

FEATURING

**SHOCK GIBSON**

THE HUMAN DYNAMO

# SPEED

JULY 1940

10c

# COMICS

BIFF  
BANNON  
SPIKE  
MARLIN

No 10



# PRICE GOES UP AFTER THIS SALE

# Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS  
TICKETS • LABELS  
from real  
PRINTER'S METAL TYPE  
with PRINTER'S INK



11 inches  
High

**SPECIAL  
DURING THIS SALE**

**\$2**

## AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

### COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

Prints with  
**STANDARD HEIGHT  
FOUNDRY TYPE**

**SEND NO MONEY**

—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

### MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Extra Type - 50c	Type Case-50c
Extra Spaces	2000 pc.
and Quads 50c	Paper - - 50c

The "LITTLE-MAN"  
*works like famous*  
**GORDON PRESS**

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc. EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100. Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

**MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP**

PECK BROTHERS  
2921 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn. AMT. ENC.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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JULY, 1940

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# SHOCK GIBSON

CHARLES GIBSON was at work when his laboratory was struck by lightning. Some chemical and electrical reaction caused a mysterious change. Instead of killing the youth, it made him all-powerful, endowed with almost unbelievable strength and energy. The youth dedicated his powers for the service of humanity. He adopted a distinctive costume and the name "Shock Gibson" vowing to work always in the interest of fair play.



AT YARVARD COLLEGE WORKS DR BRONSON, FAMOUS SCIENTIST....

I'M ON THE VERGE OF A GREAT DISCOVERY!



BUT ON HIS WAY HOME, HE IS ABDUCTED....

GET IN THE CAR! THE BOSS WANTS YOU!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!



AT RINCETON COLLEGE  
ANOTHER SCIENTIST VANISHES.

WHERE IS  
PROF. CAPCHECK?

I DON'T  
KNOW! HE'S  
DISAPPEARED!



AT HALE COLLEGE THE  
SAME THING HAPPENS...

EXTRA! GREAT  
HALE SCIENTIST  
MISSING!



IN A HOLLOWED-OUT  
PEAK IN THE ROCKY  
MOUNTAINS —



— IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF  
COMRADE RATSKI, FOREIGN SPY...

YOU MEN ARE THE BEST  
OF AMERICA'S BRAINS! MY  
AGENTS HAVE KIDNAPPED  
YOU!



I AIM TO DESTROY AMERICA! I'LL  
FORCE YOU TO INVENT SCIENTIFIC  
TOOLS OF DESTRUCTION FOR ME!  
IF YOU REFUSE, — THERE'S TORTURE!  
WILL YOU WORK AS I SAY?





I SUPPOSE WE'LL HAVE TO!

HE HAS US IN HIS POWER!

THIS IS HORRIBLE!



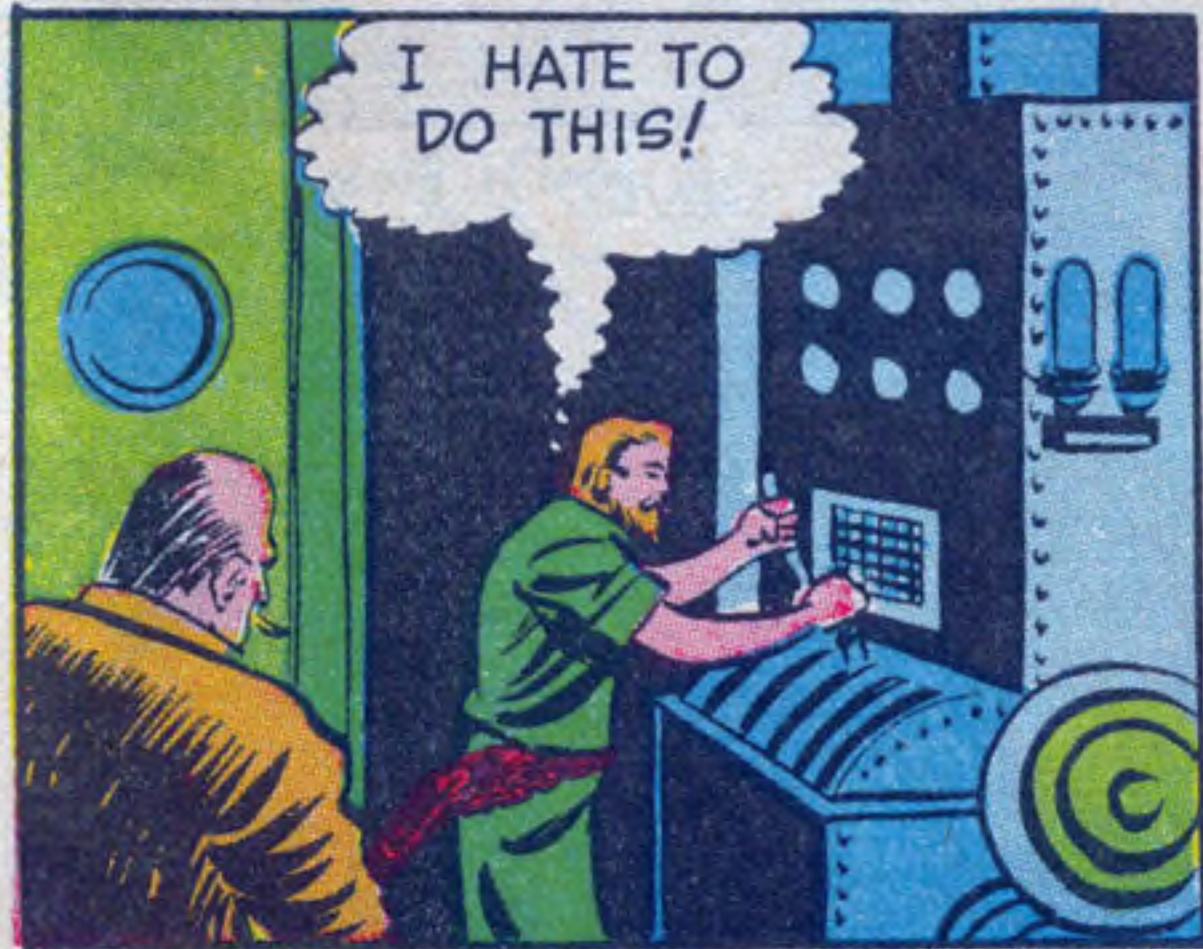
A FEW WEEKS LATER...

DR. BRONSON, HAVEN'T YOU MADE THAT EARTHQUAKE MACHINE YET?

Y-Y-YES, IT'S JUST FINISHED!



AH, GOOD! THEN YOU CAN MAKE AN EARTHQUAKE IN ANY PLACE I CHOOSE! MAKE ONE IN WESTERN CITY!



I HATE TO DO THIS!



AN EARTHQUAKE IN WESTERN CITY...



IT'S AN EARTHQUAKE!  
RUN!

WE'LL ALL BE  
KILLED!



**SHOCK GIBSON SPEEDS  
TO THE RESCUE....**

AN EARTHQUAKE IS  
BAD BUSINESS!



**HE ARRIVES IN WESTERN  
CITY....**

HELP!  
HELP!!

WE'RE TRAPPED  
UNDER  
HERE!



**SHOCK GRIPS THE HOUSE  
WITH MIGHTY STRENGTH—**

GET STEAM SHOVEL!  
WE'LL SMOTHER!



**—AND LIFTS IT....**

I DON'T NEED  
A STEAM  
SHOVEL!



**THE VICTIMS ESCAPE....**

YOU SAVED  
OUR  
LIVES!

I DON'T  
SEE HOW YOU  
DID IT!



THERE'S SOMETHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT THIS EARTHQUAKE! QUAKES ARE NOT USUAL HERE!



DOWN THE STREET A LOOTER FLIES HIS VILE TRADE....

SHOCK SPRINGS TO ACTION.



THERE'LL BE NO LOOTING HERE!

OTHER LOOTERS ARRIVE....



SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK!

BUT SHOCK'S ELECTRICAL FIELD OF FORCE SAVES HIM.



HE WHIRLS TO SEIZE THE LOOTERS....



LET GO! THE BOSS WILL RUB YOU OUT FOR THIS!



WHO IS YOUR BOSS?

WE WON'T TELL! HE'D TORTURE US!



SHOCK LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR —



— ABOVE THE CITY....

OH, OH! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



WHILE BENEATH HIM THE RUINED TOWN BURSTS INTO FLAMES



WILL YOU TELL NOW? OR SHALL I DROP YOU INTO THE FIRE?



WE'LL TELL! WE'LL TELL!!



SHOCK LANDS SAFELY OUTSIDE THE TOWN....



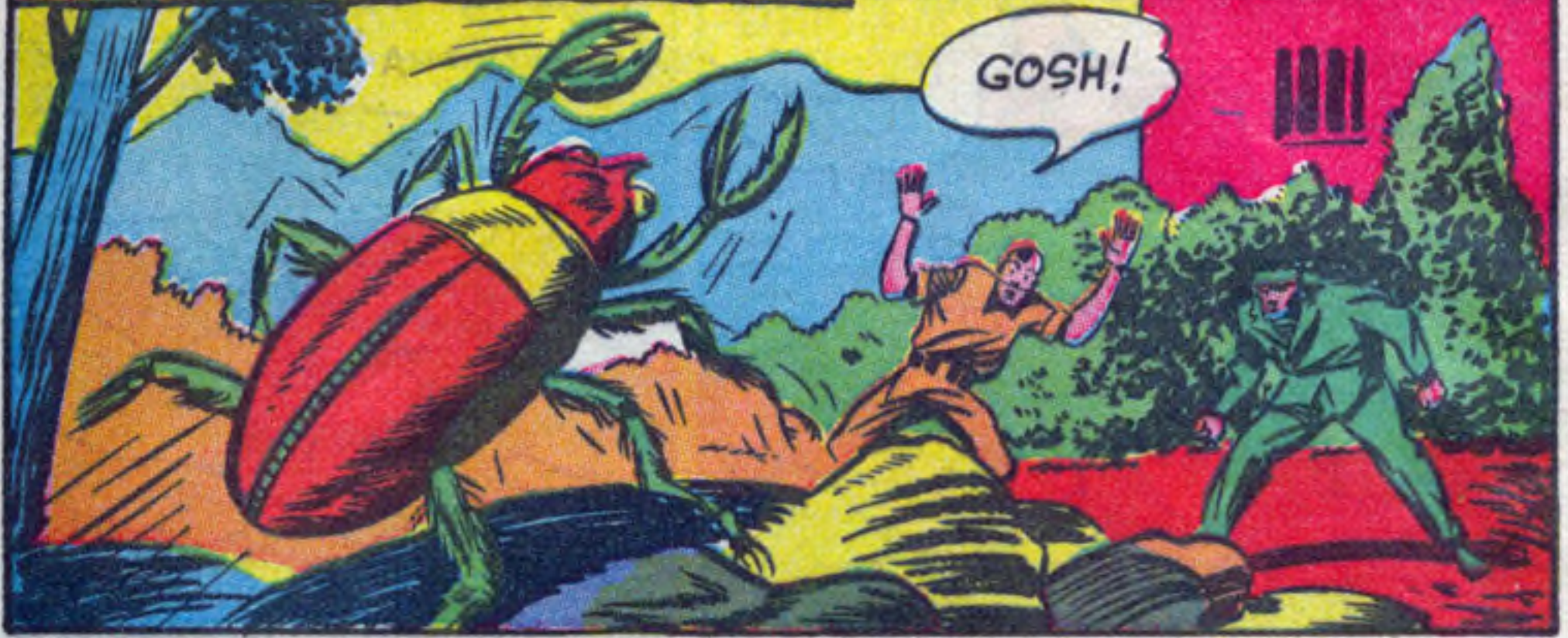
NOW TALK, YOU HUMAN VULTURES! OR WE'LL GO UP AGAIN!







THE BEETLE IS ENLARGED....



GOLLY, BOSS!  
I'M SCARED!

THERE IT  
GOES!



MY HUGE INSECTS WILL  
DESTROY AMERICA!  
CATCH ME SOME MORE  
LITTLE BUGS!



THE MONSTER BEETLE CRAWLS  
DOWN THE MOUNTAIN....



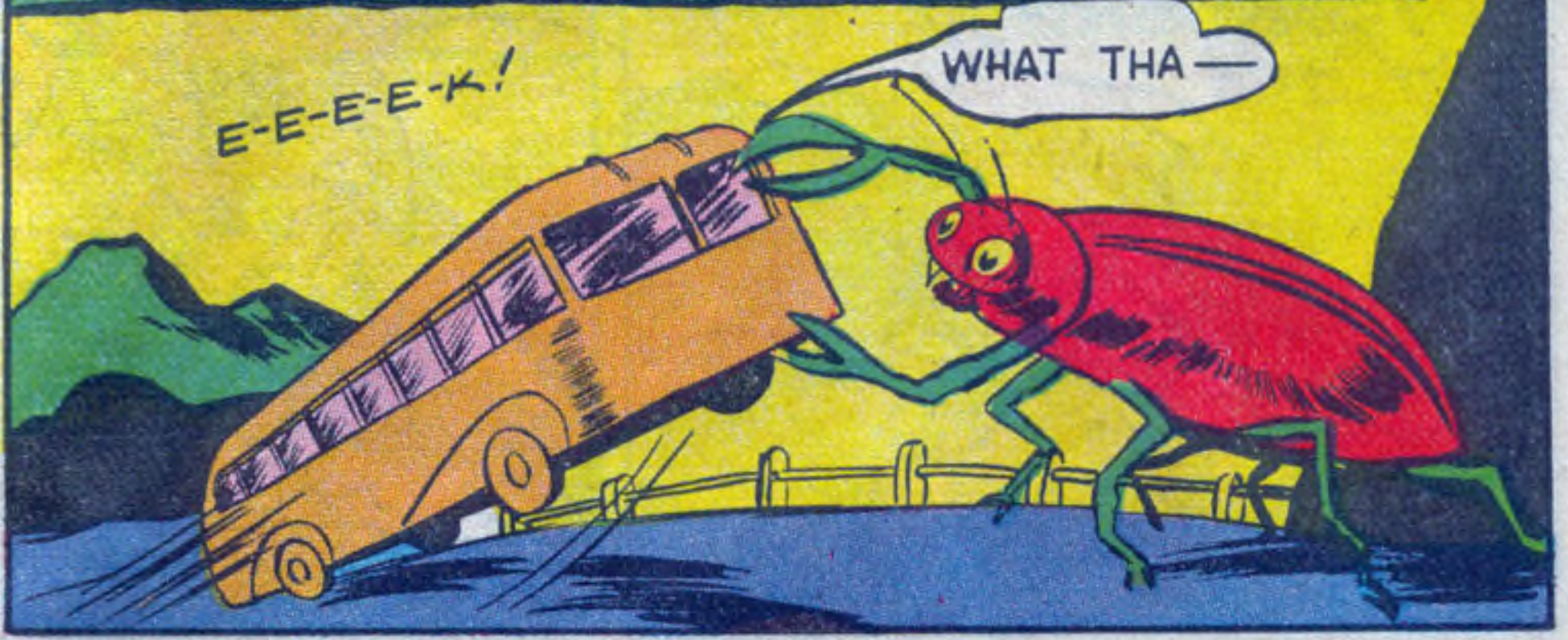
UP FROM THE VALLEY  
SPEEDS A BUS....



THE MONSTER BEETLE SHOVES IT OFF THE ROAD....

E-E-E-E-K!

WHAT THA—

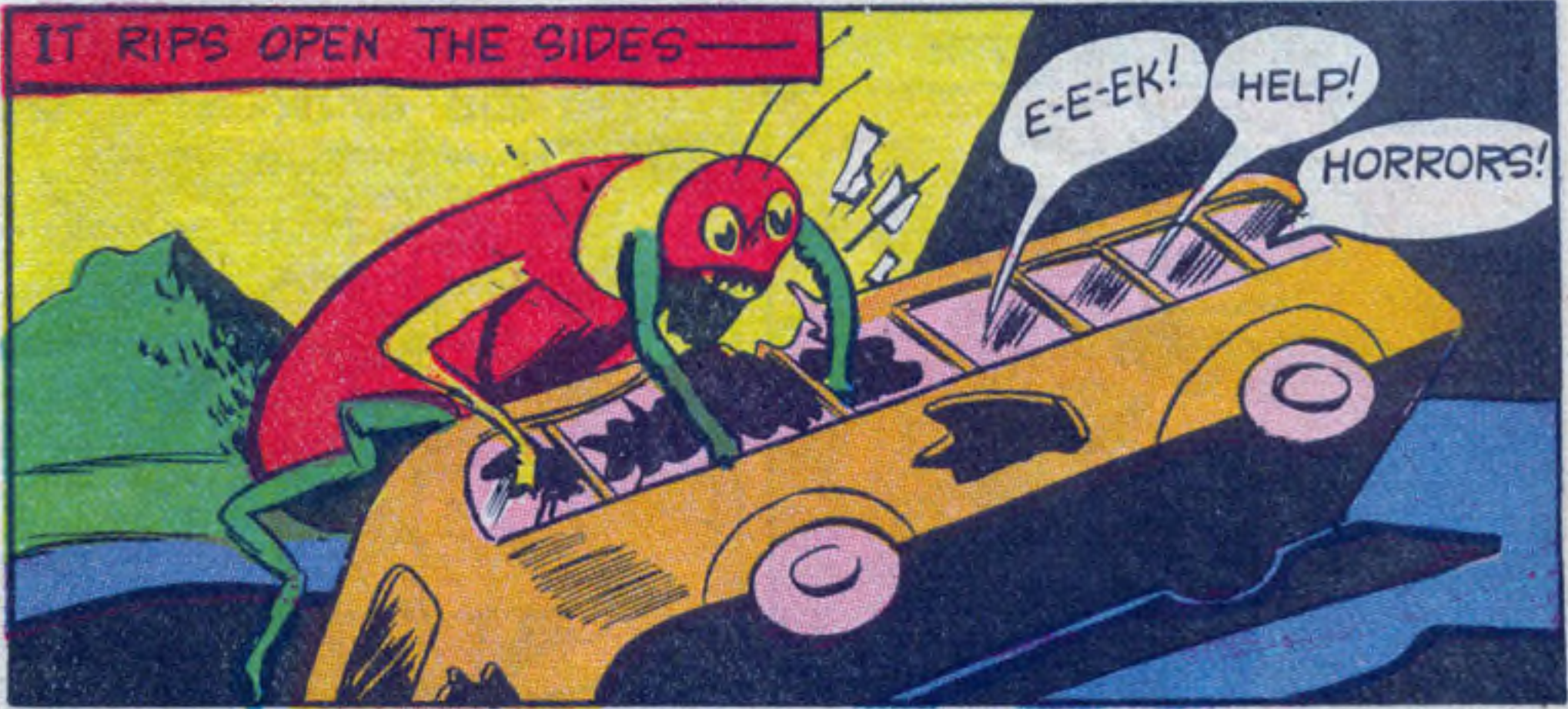


IT RIPS OPEN THE SIDES—

E-E-EK!

HELP!

HORRORS!



—AND SEIZES THE PASSENGERS....

HELP!  
HELP!!



SOMEBODY'S  
IN TROUBLE!





THAT THING MUST BE DESTROYED!



THE MONSTER REACHES FOR SHOCK...



BUT SHOCK LEAPS OVER ITS BACK....

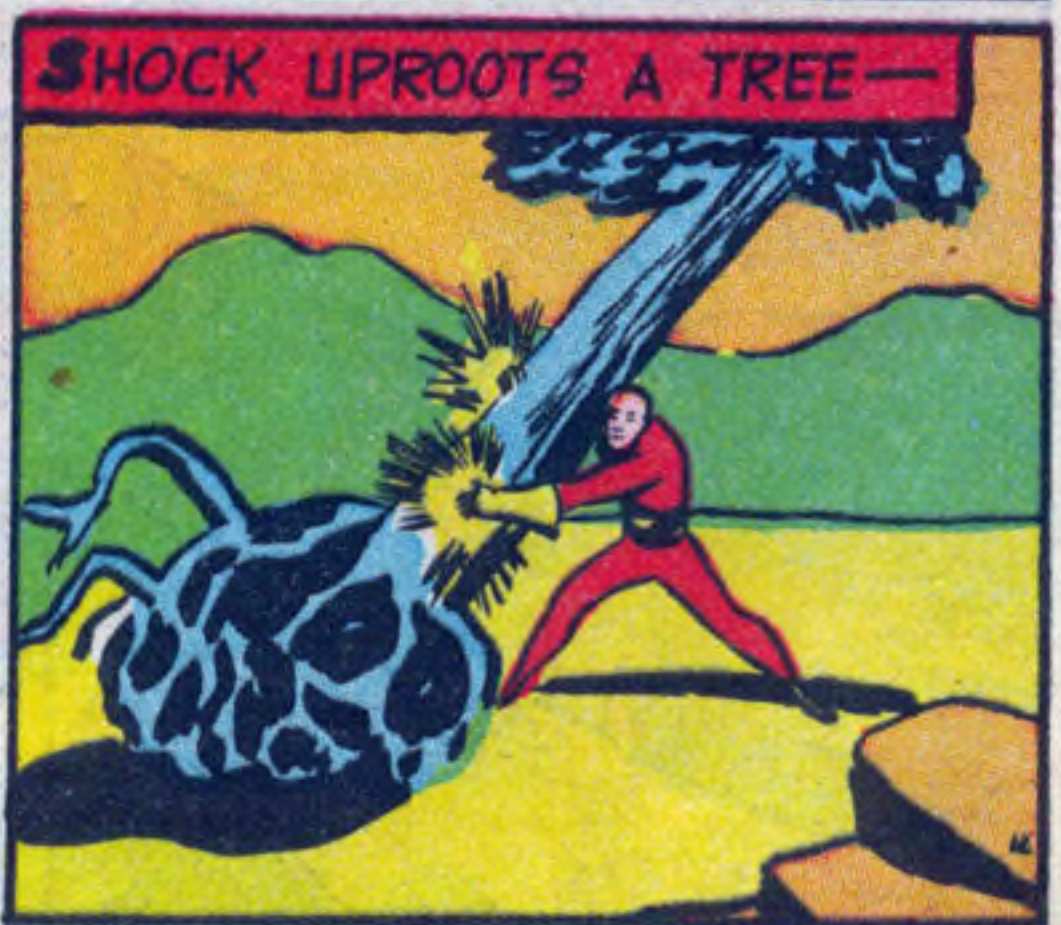
I'M NOT CAUGHT SO EASILY!



NOW I NEED A BIG STICK!

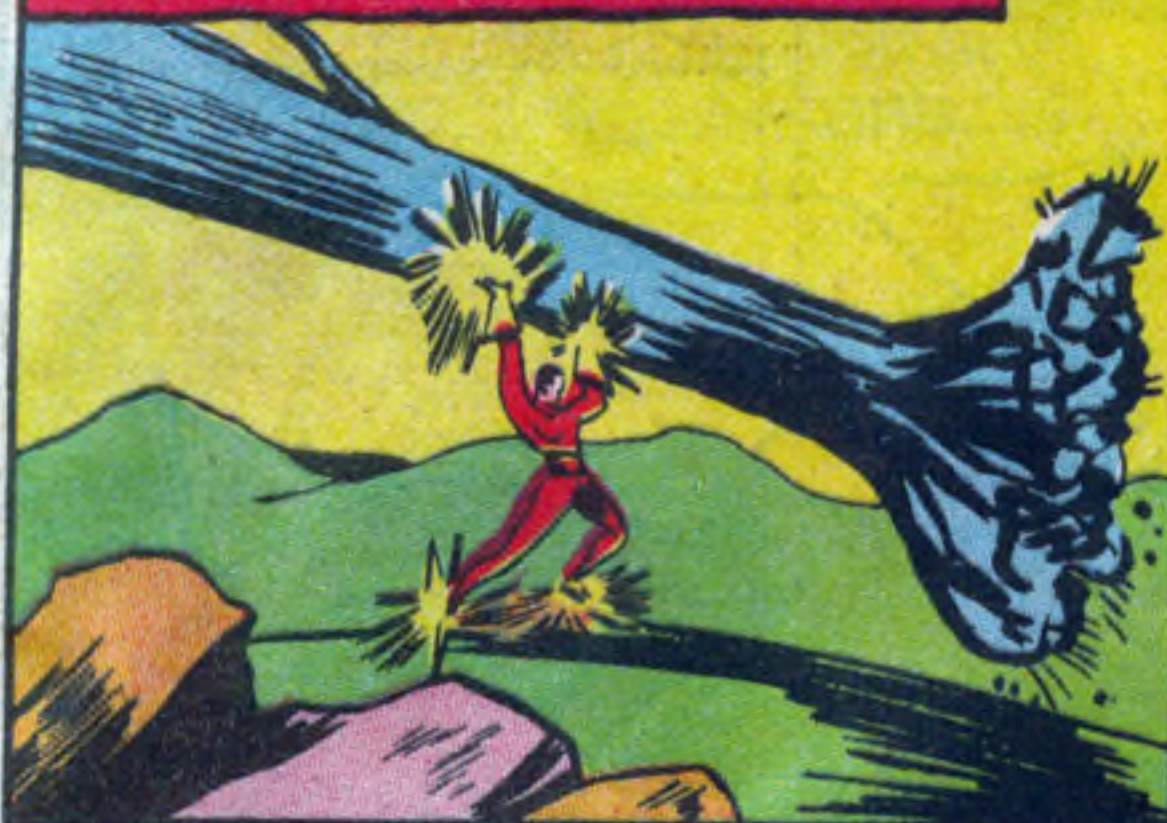


THIS TREE WILL DO!

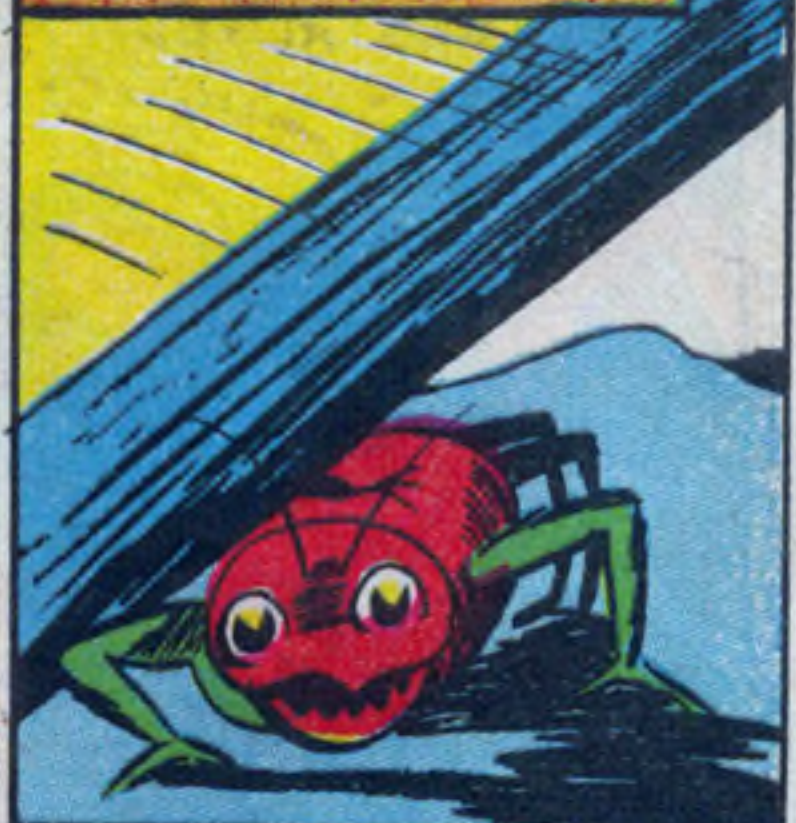


SHOCK UPROOTS A TREE—

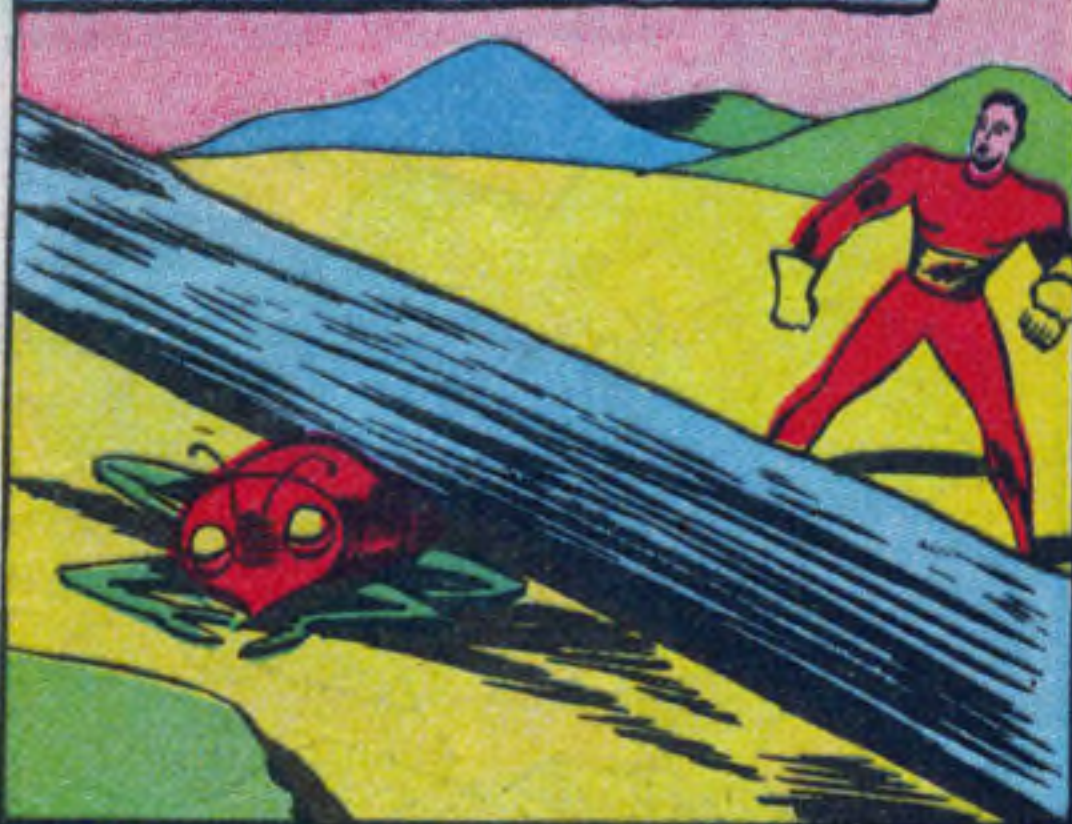
—AND SMASHES IT DOWN—



—ON THE BEETLE—



—KILLING THE MONSTER...



MEANWHILE....



SOON A GIANT FLY BUZZES OFF....



BOSS, I DON'T LIKE THOSE THINGS!

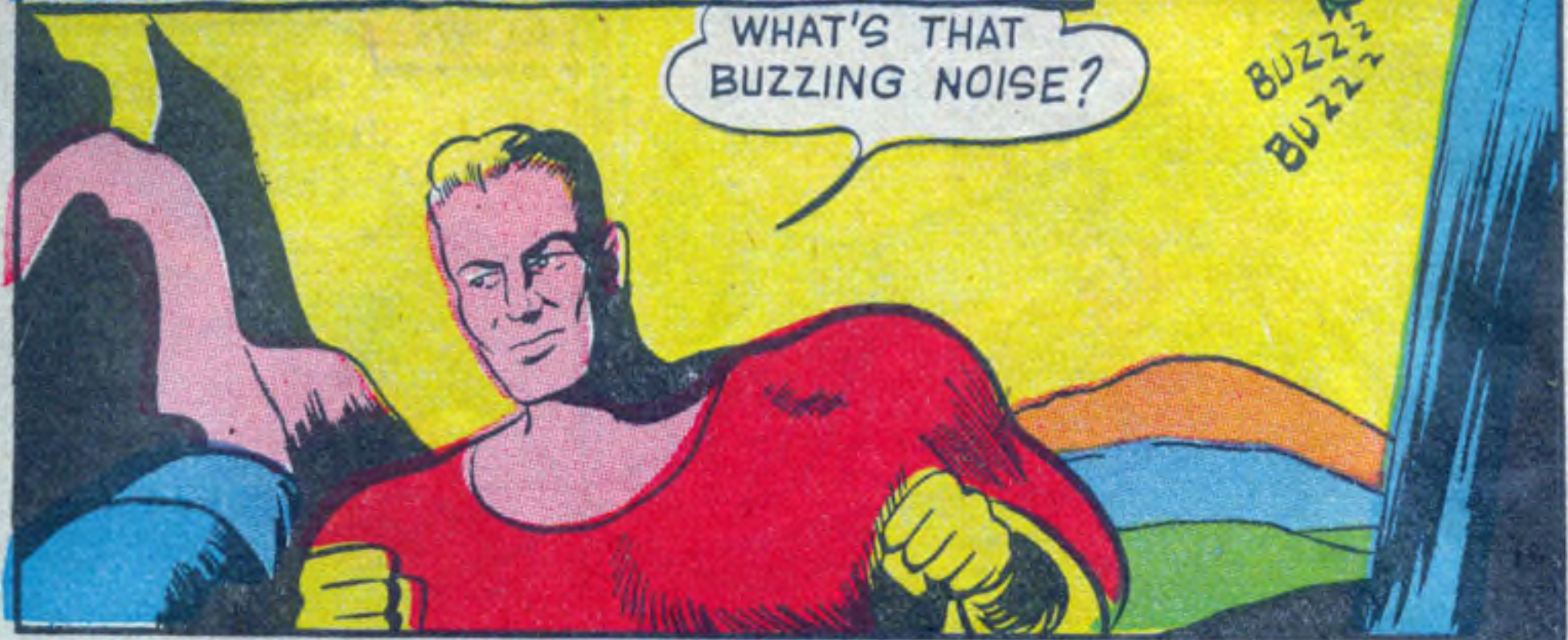
YOU KEEP STILL! THEY'RE WONDERFUL!



THE GIANT FLY SWOOPS AT SHOCK....

WHAT'S THAT BUZZING NOISE?

BUZZZZ  
BUZZZZ



IT SEIZES HIM—



— AND CARRIES HIM INTO THE AIR....

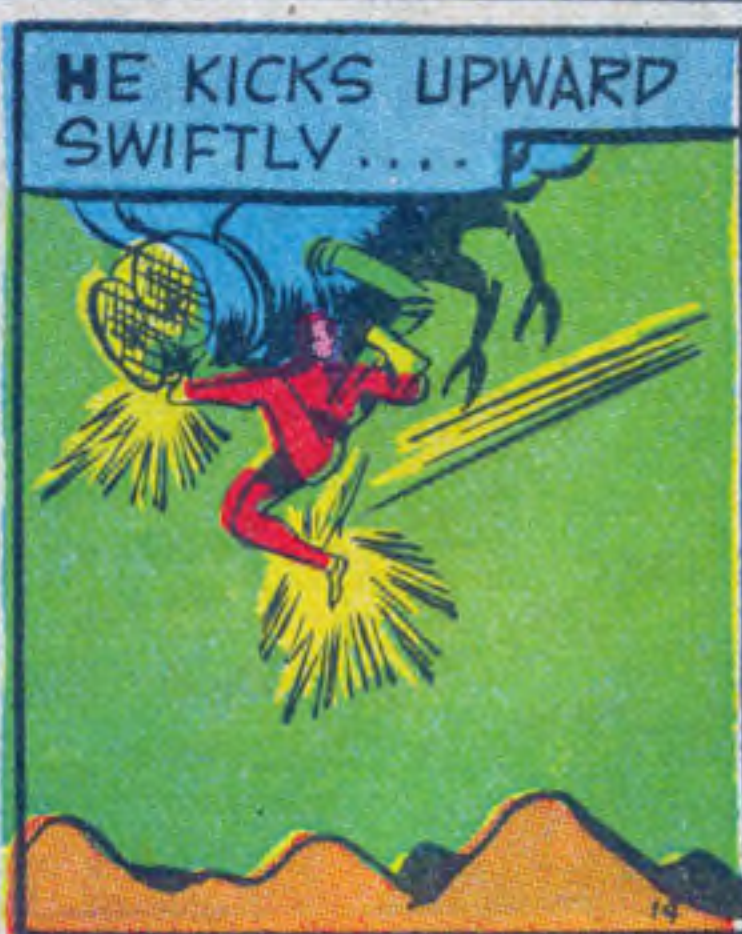


BUT SHOCK RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE....

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

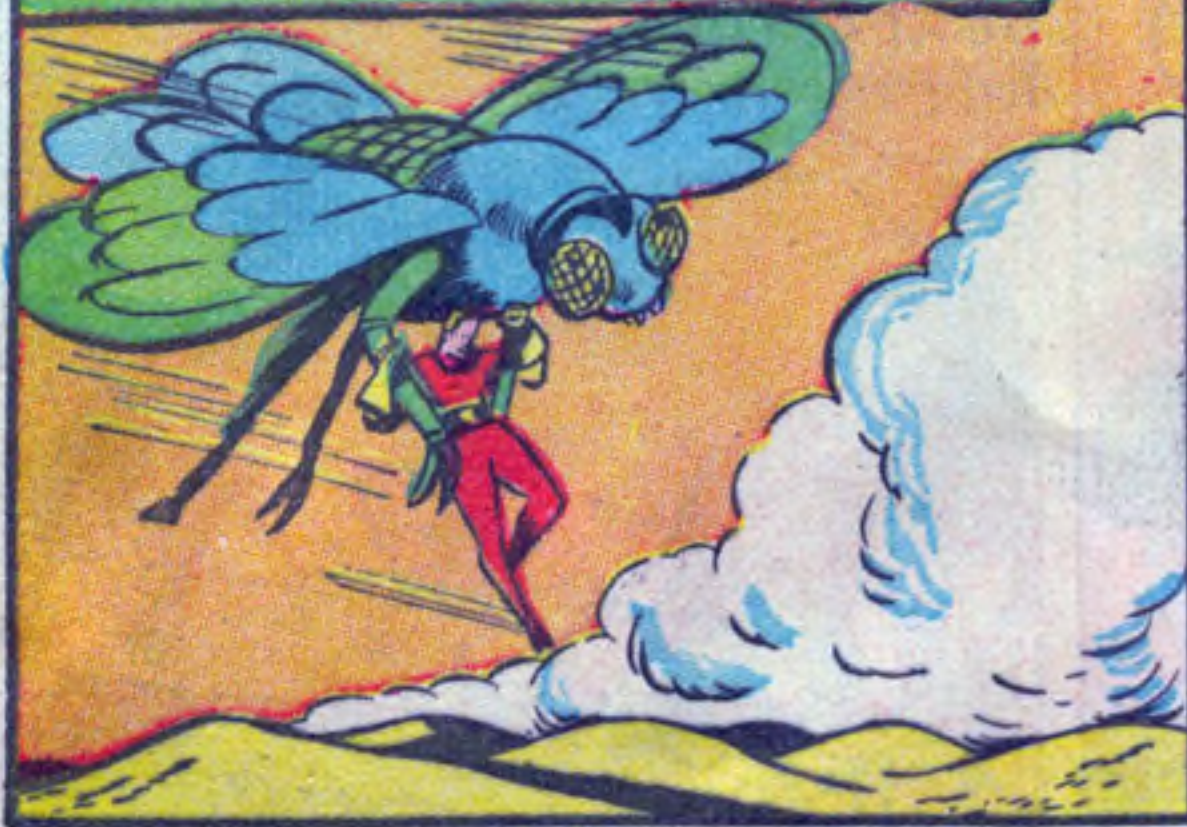


HE KICKS UPWARD SWIFTLY....





—AND KILLS THE GIANT FLY...



THEN SHOCK PARACHUTES DOWN.

THE WINGS ACT JUST LIKE A CHUTE!



IT'S A HAPPY LANDING!



SHOCK CONTINUES ON HIS WAY....

I'M GETTING NEAR SKYTOP MOUNTAIN!



ON SKYTOP MOUNTAIN....

THAT NOSEY SHOCK GIBSON IS COMING!

BOSS, THAT'S BAD!



I'LL FIX HIM!  
CATCH ME A SPIDER!



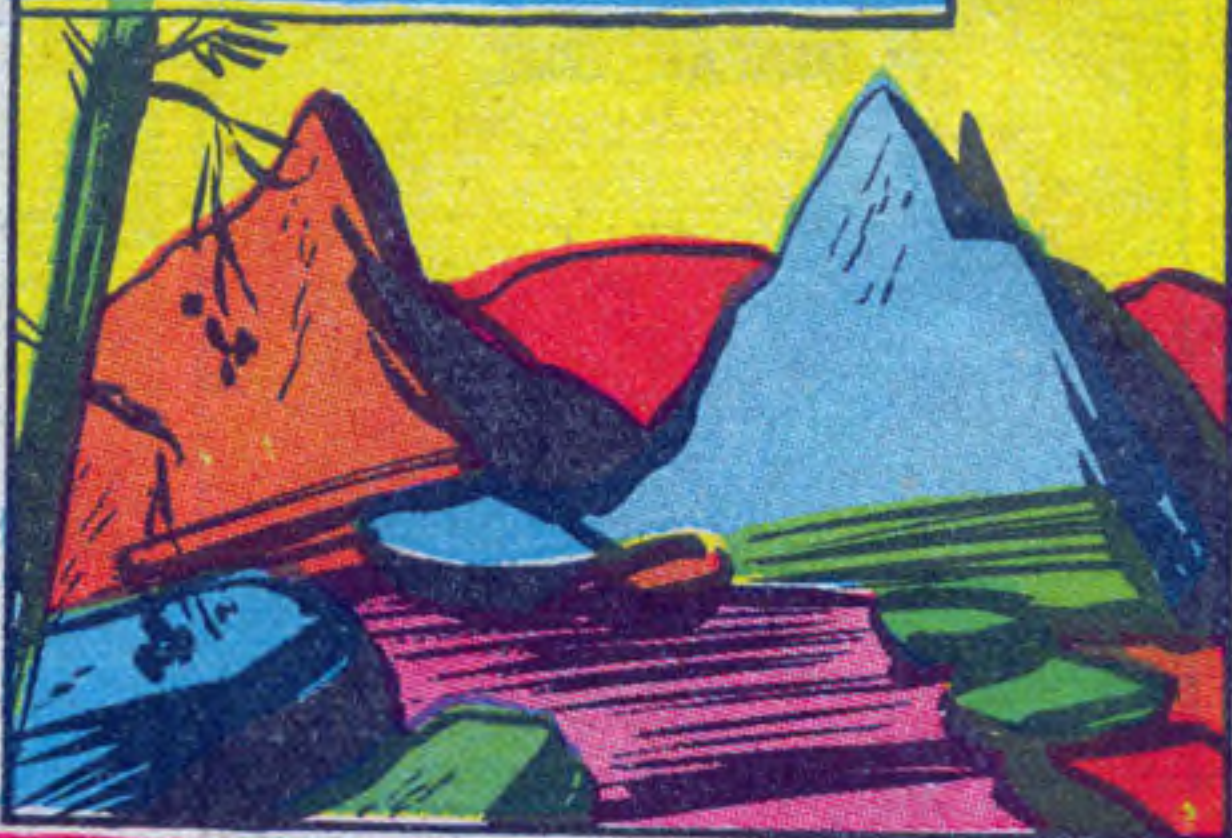
A MONSTER SPIDER IS  
CREATED....



BOSS, THAT'S  
TERRIBLE! I  
QUIT!



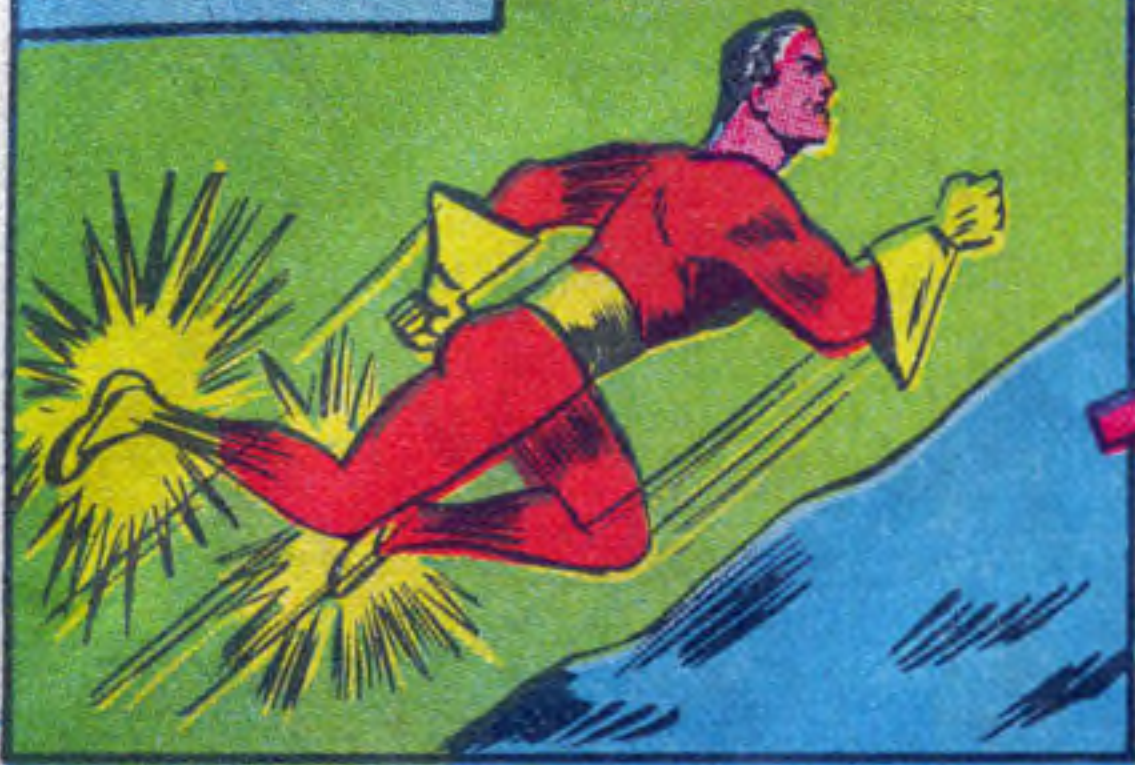
BETWEEN TWO PEAKS —



—THE MONSTER SPIDER SPINS A HUGE WEB....



SHOCK, BOUNDING UP THE MOUNTAIN —



— LANDS IN THE HUGE WEB....

HEY!  
WHAT'S THIS?



HE STRUGGLES ...

I'VE GOT TO  
BREAK OUT  
SOMEHOW!!



THE MONSTER SPIDER APPROACHES ....

THIS ISN'T  
PLEASANT!



SHOCK CREATES ELECTRIC SPARKS



— AND THE WEB CATCHES FIRE ....



THE MONSTER SPIDER IS BURNED UP ....



WHEW! THAT SPIDER ALMOST GOT ME!



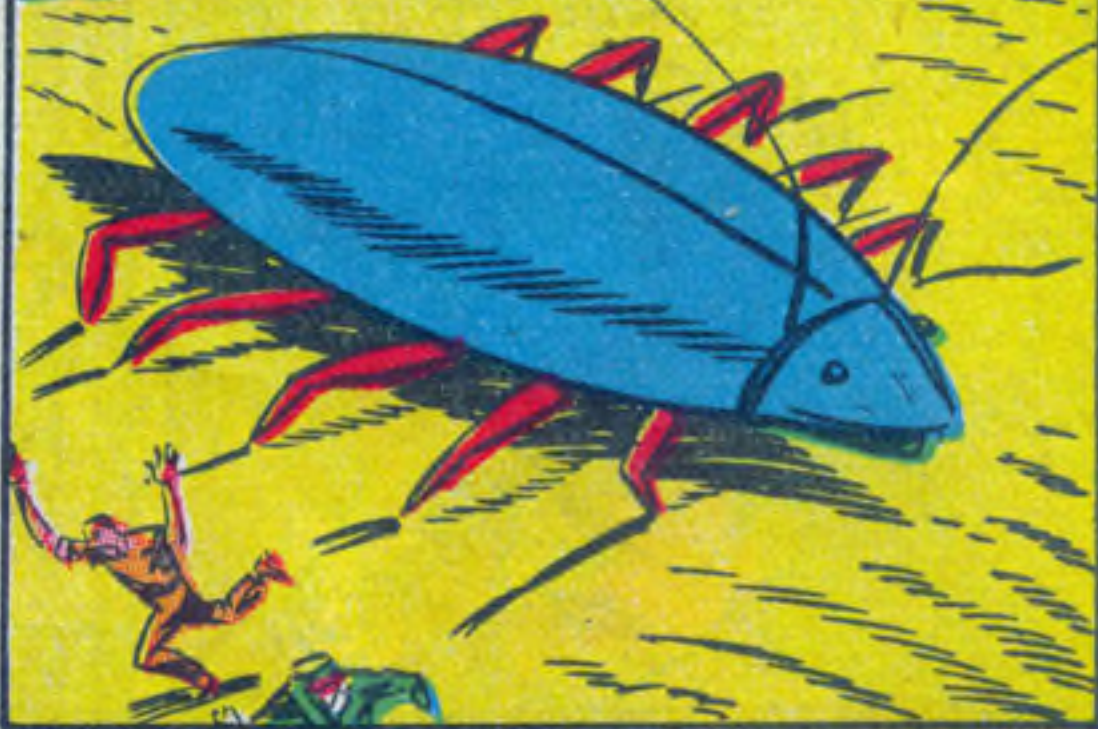
HE'S KILLED MY SPIDER!



I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I'LL TRY A COCKROACH NEXT!



A MONSTER COCKROACH IS CREATED....



BUT THE HUGE ROACH TURNS ON RATSKI....

NO, NO!  
KEEP AWAY!



IT SEIZES HIM —

IT'S GOT ME! OH!



—AND CARRIES HIM OFF IN ITS JAWS....

HELP!  
HELP!!



JUST AS SHOCK ARRIVES...

RATSKI HAS MET THE FATE HE DESERVED. I THINK THAT'S THE END OF HIM!



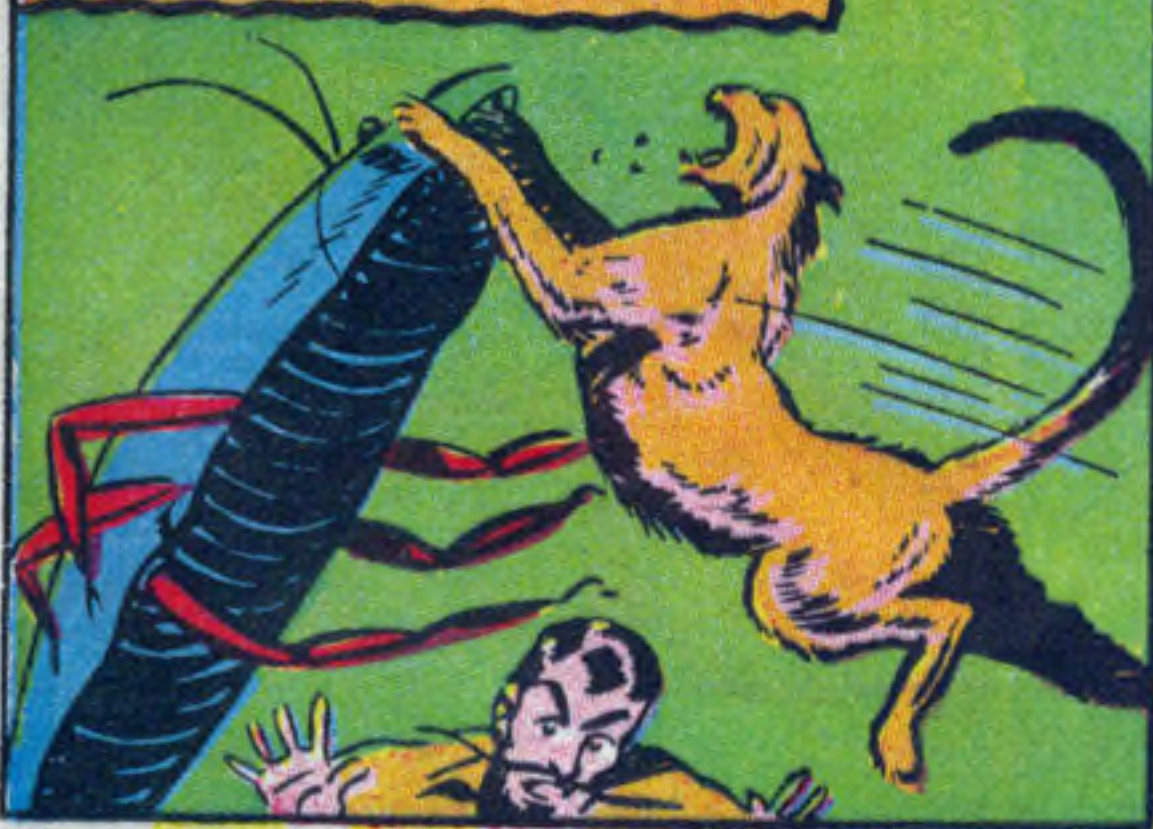
— SPRINGS AT THE GIANT ROACH...



BUT IN THE VALLEY A MOUNTAIN LION —



DURING THE FIGHT —



— RATSKI ESCAPES...

I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!



MEANWHILE...

THIS MUST LEAD  
TO SOMETHING!



SHOCK CRASHES  
THRU THE DOOR —



— INTO RATSKI'S  
HEADQUARTERS...

THIS WAS HIS  
HIDEOUT  
ALLRIGHT!



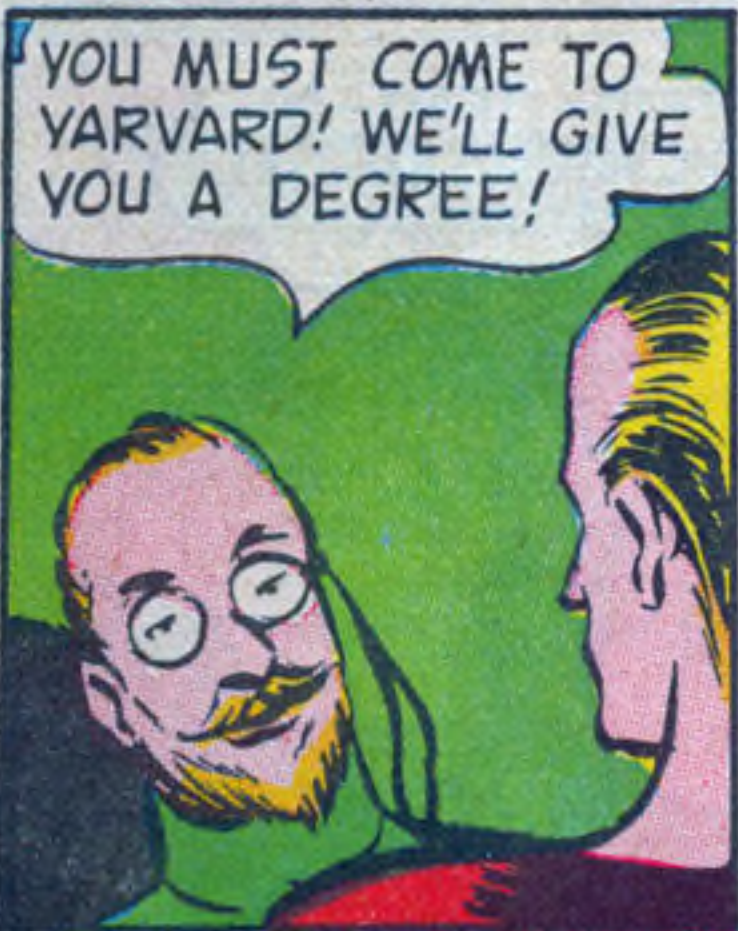
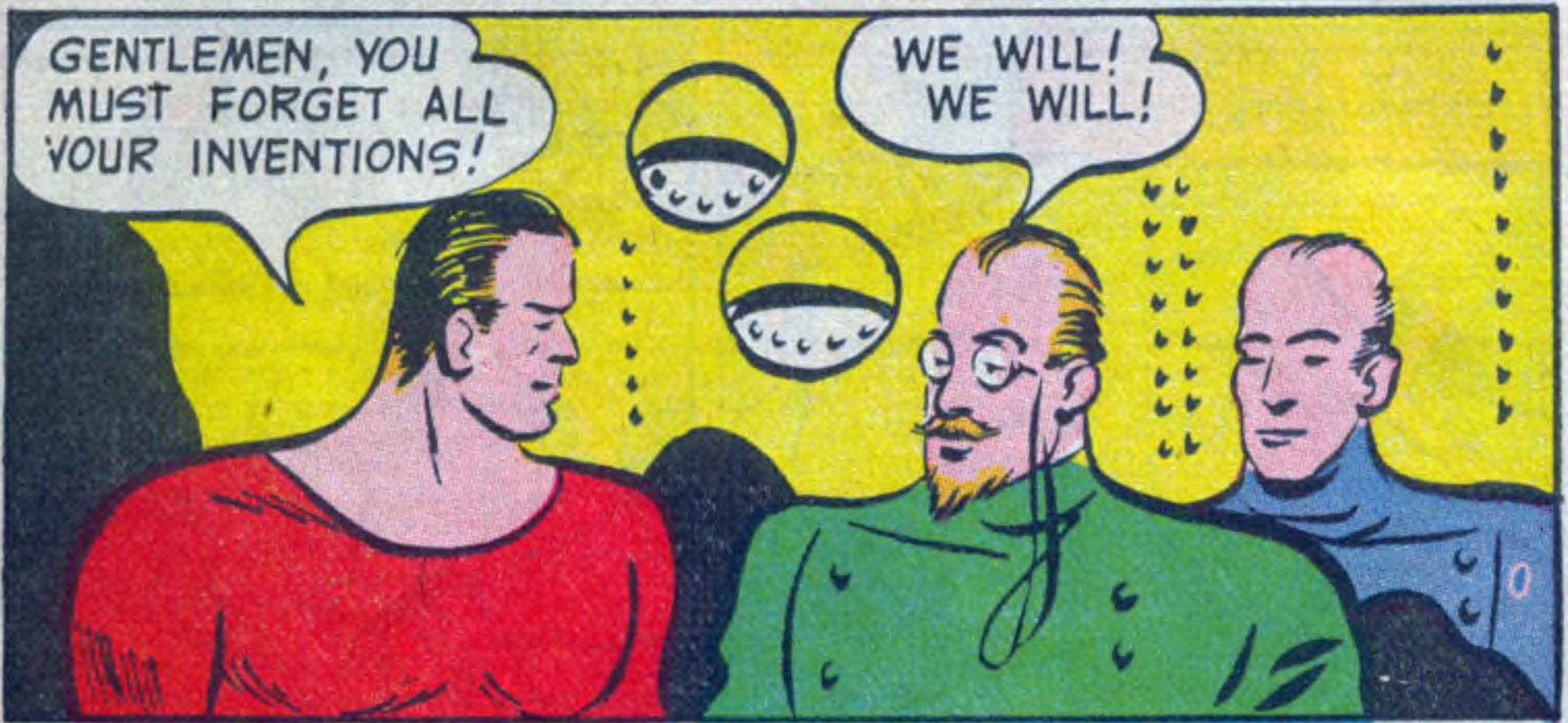
HE FREES THE  
SCIENTISTS...

YOU CAN GO  
BACK TO YOUR  
COLLEGES!



THANK HEAVEN  
YOU CAME! RATSKI  
WAS A FIEND!





FOLLOW THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
**SHOCK  
GIBSON**  
IN EACH ISSUE  
OF  
**SPEED  
COMICS..**



HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE A HUMAN DYNAMO!

JOIN THE

# SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS

Get A "Live Wire" Button



Of course, everyone wants to help protect fair-play. Everyone wants to be as much of a human dynamo as he or she can. Now you can join with others who are organized to try and increase their powers. The SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS enlist on the side of justice and square dealing. The SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS all wear the famous "LIVE WIRE" BUTTON. Each volunteer gets an enrollment card and one of the beautiful and impressive "LIVE WIRE" BUTTONS. This button is really something! It's the most AMAZING button you ever saw. It has an electric, dynamic look about it that gets attention everywhere you wear it. Joining the VOLUNTEERS puts YOU on the side of SHOCK GIB-

SON! You'll want to join NOW and get your enrollment card and button AT ONCE! So use the coupon below and begin wearing your button in a few days. All you have to do is send in your name and address on the coupon and then enclose (10c) in coin or stamps to cover the cost of mailing. There will be no further dues or payments of any kind. Send the coupon to the address given on it and you'll receive your enrollment card and the "LIVE WIRE" BUTTON and be a LIFETIME member in good standing of the SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS! Why not do it TODAY? A human dynamo never hesitates about anything once his or her mind is made up! Fill out the coupon at the bottom of the page NOW!

**FILL THIS OUT NOW!!**

## YOU WILL GET

(1) An enrollment card in the SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS.

(2) An amazing electric-looking "LIVE WIRE" BUTTON, which shows that you are a member of the VOLUNTEERS.

SHOCK GIBSON  
c/o Speed Comics  
381 Fourth Avenue  
New York City

Dear Shock:

I want to be a member of the SHOCK GIBSON VOLUNTEERS. I am enclosing 10c to cover the cost of mailing my "LIVE WIRE" button and SHOCK GIBSON certificate.

Name..... Age.....  
(Print)

Address .....

City..... State.....

# CRASH, CORK

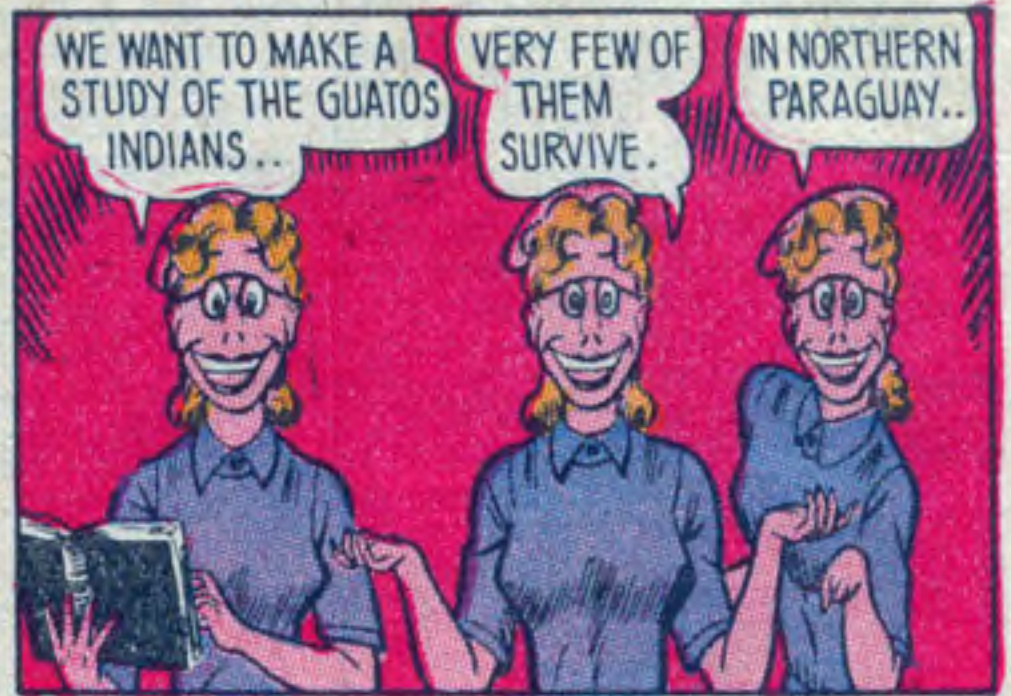
## and the BARON

THE THREE ACES

By Fred NORTH



UNWRAP YOUR BOATS, BOYS, WE HAVE A LITTLE FLYING ASSIGNMENT WITH THE MISSES FLIBBET!

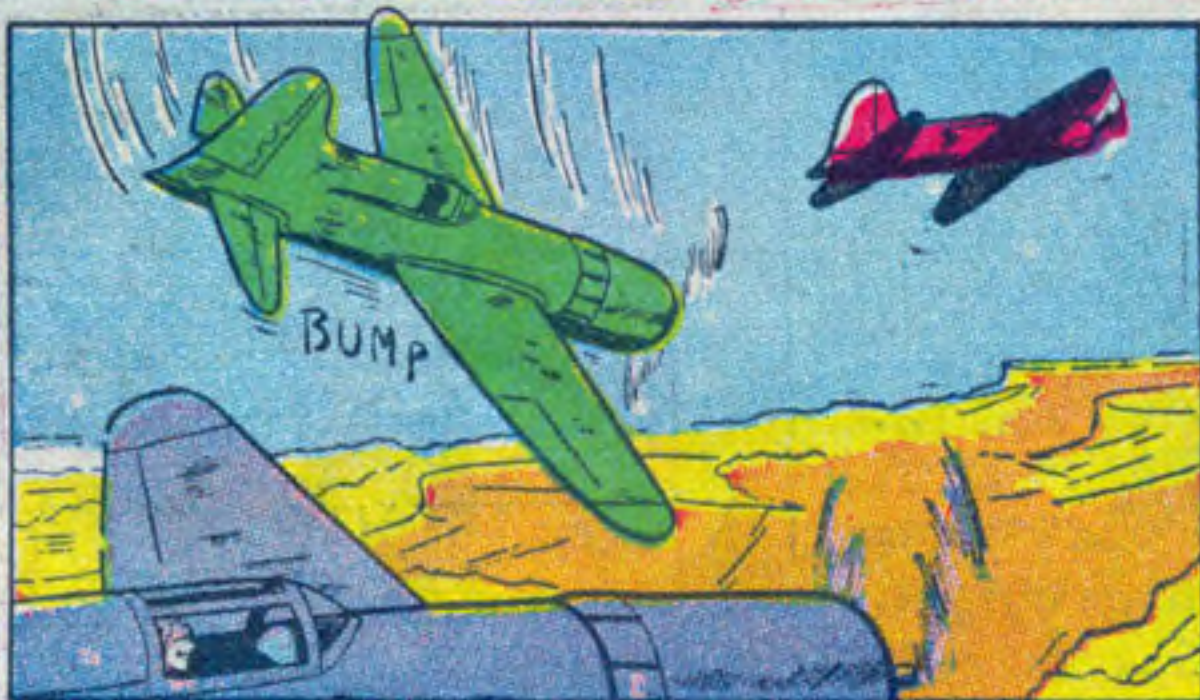


WE WANT TO MAKE A STUDY OF THE GUATOS INDIANS..

VERY FEW OF THEM SURVIVE.

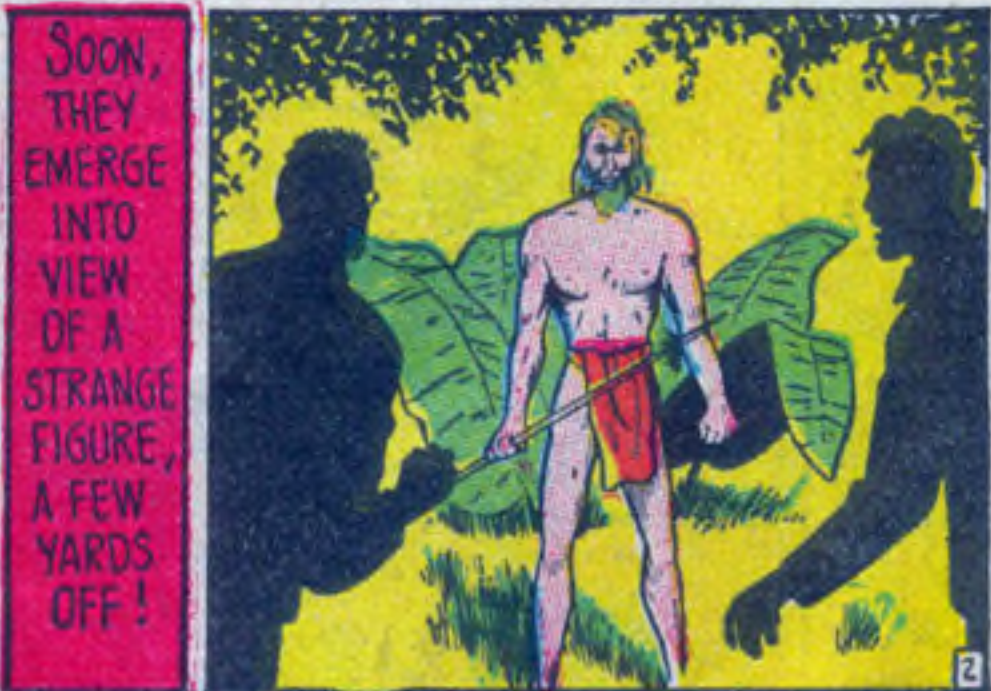
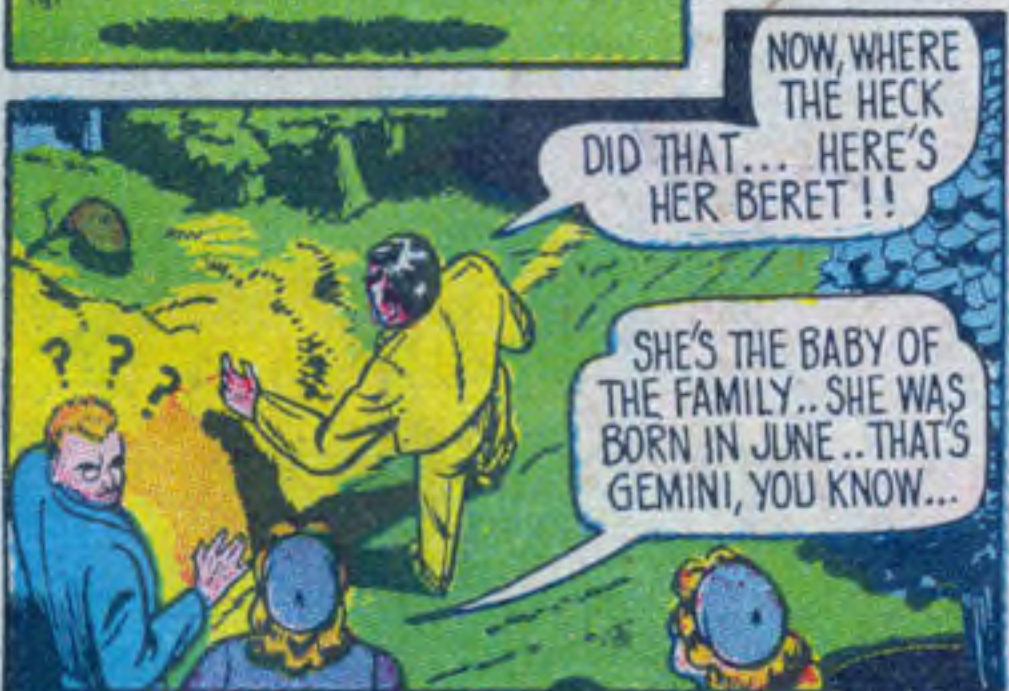
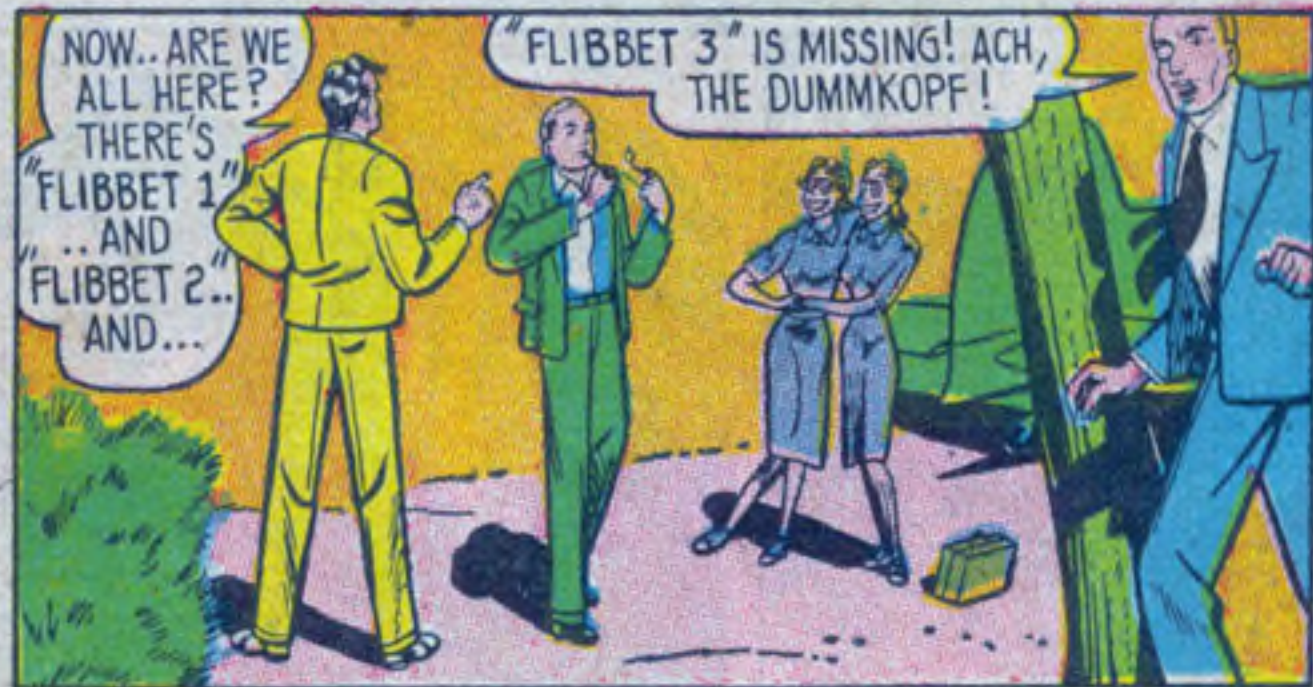
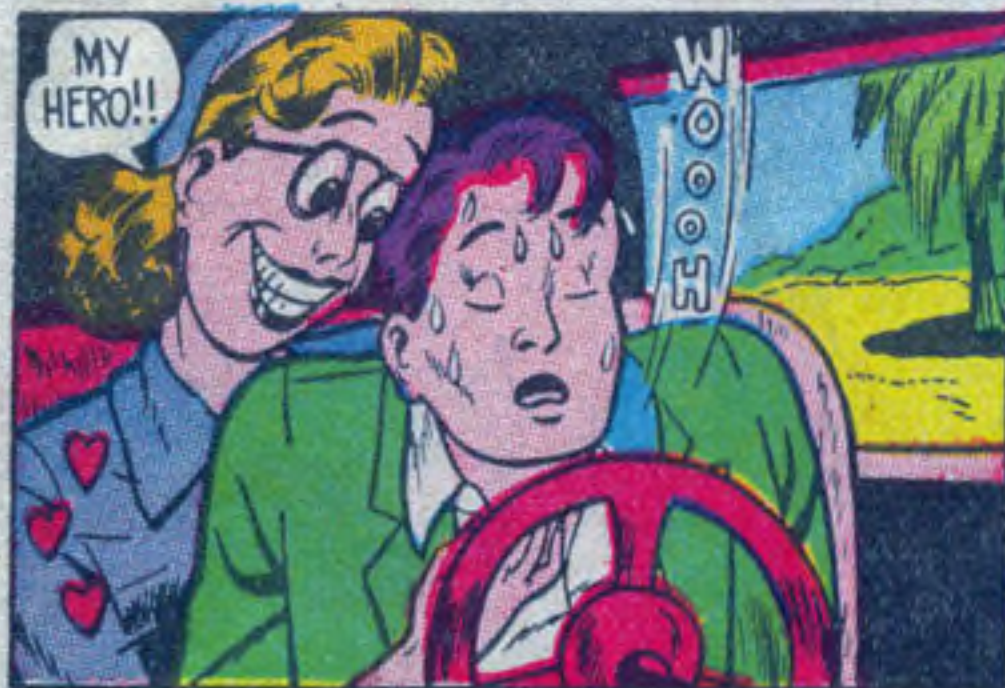
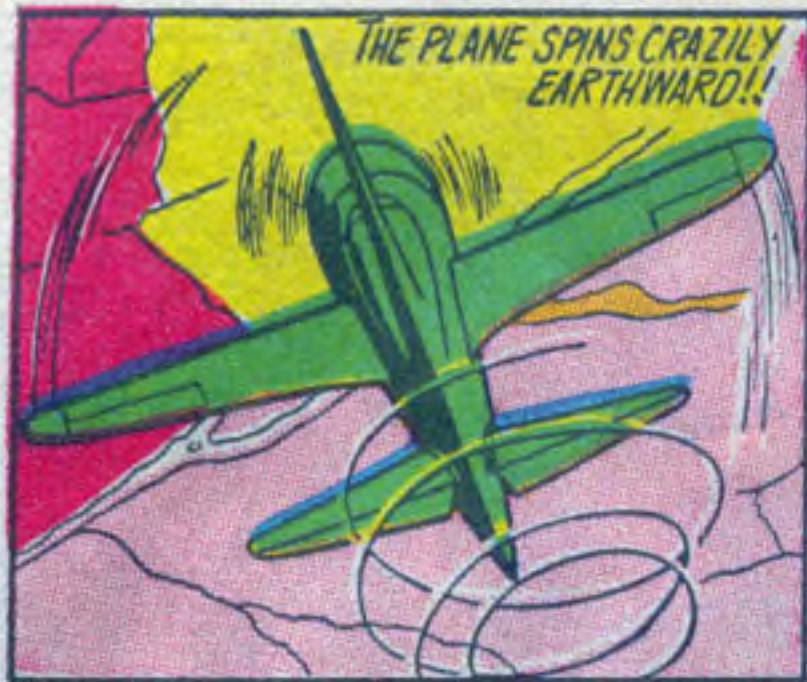
IN NORTHERN PARAGUAY..

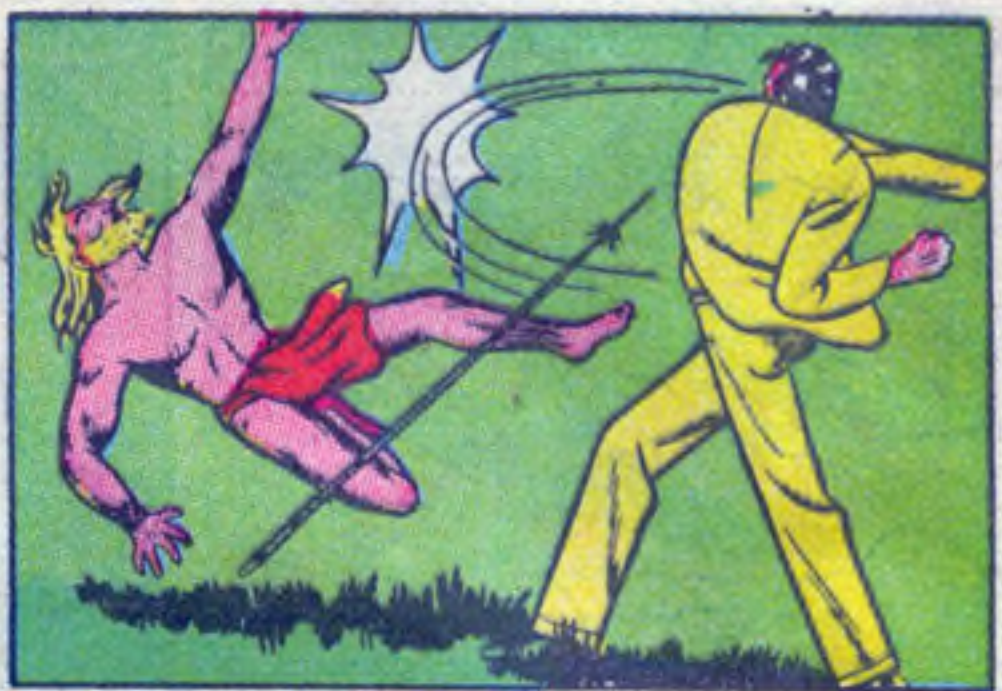
THUS, THE PILOTS TAKE OFF WITH THEIR ARDENT CARGO... A BRISK BREEZE FLIRTS ABOUT THE SHIPS... CORK BUMPS INTO AN AIR-POCKET!



EEE! I'M SCARED!

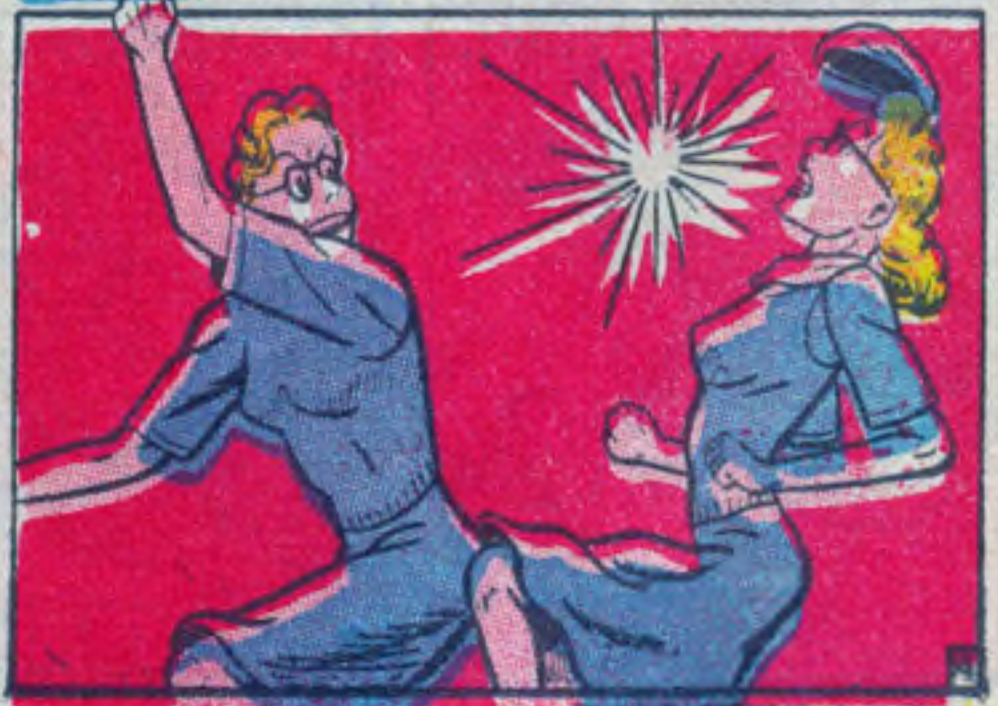
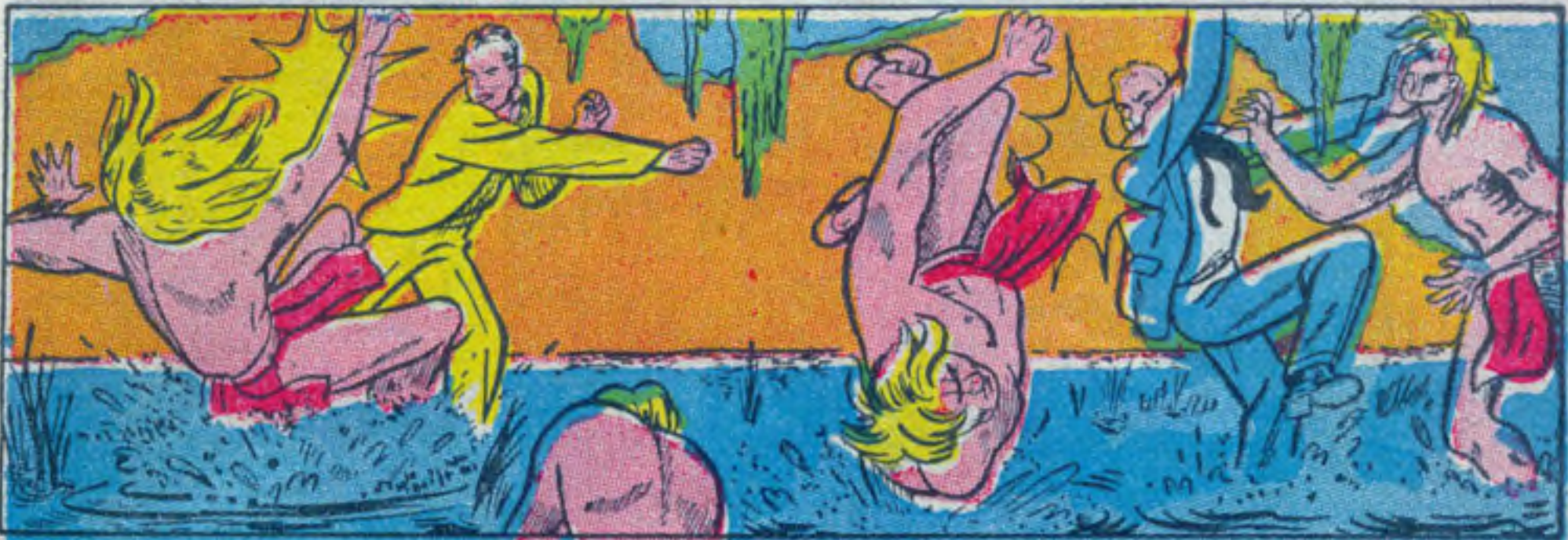
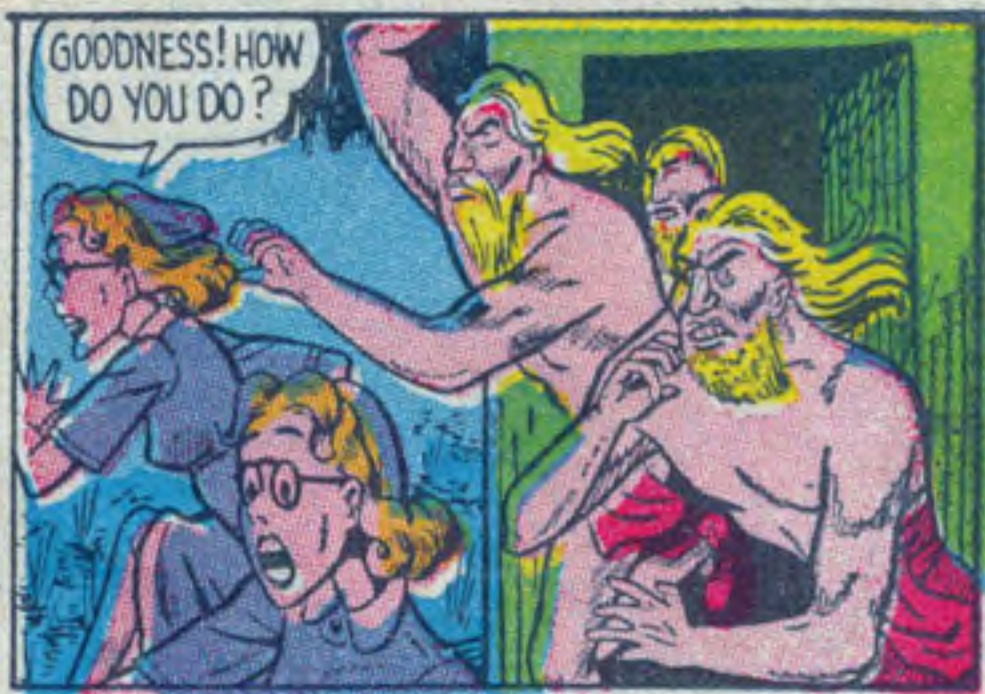
HEY, LEGGO! HECK, NOW WE'RE IN A SPIN! LEGGO!

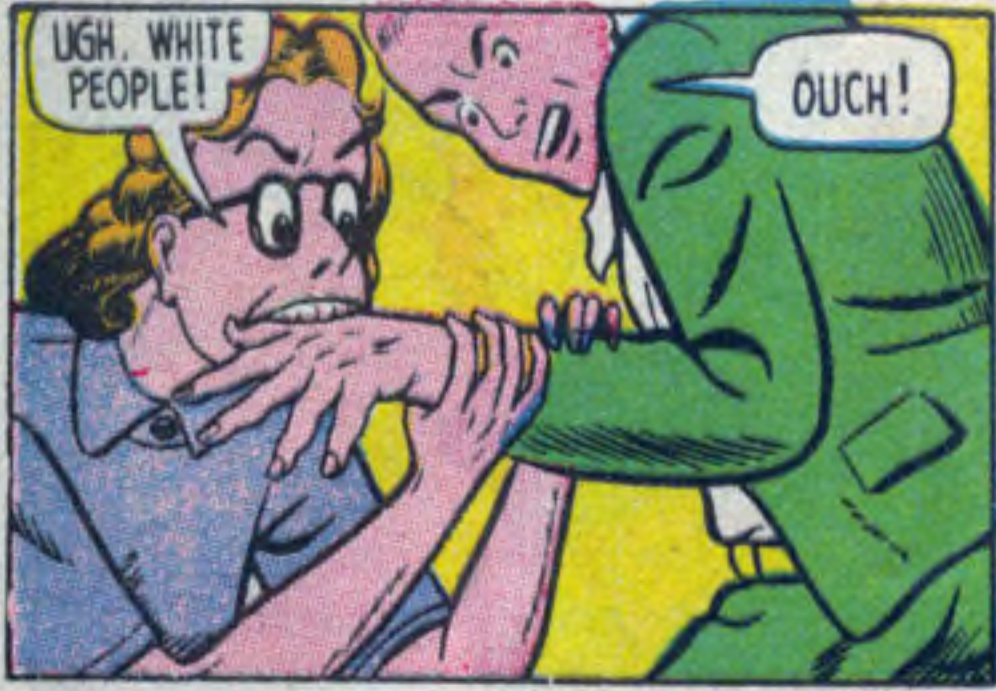




THROUGH THE MURKY MAZE OF SWAMPS, THEY FOLLOW THE DISTANT CANOE.







UGH, WHITE PEOPLE!

OUCH!



NI LATS IS MY LORD.. HE HAS BUT TO COMMAND!

WHAT GOES ON HERE?? I'M GETTING ALL BALLED UP!

CRASH AND THE BARON FINALLY PREVAIL UPON THE GIRL TO LEAD THEM TO NI LATS..



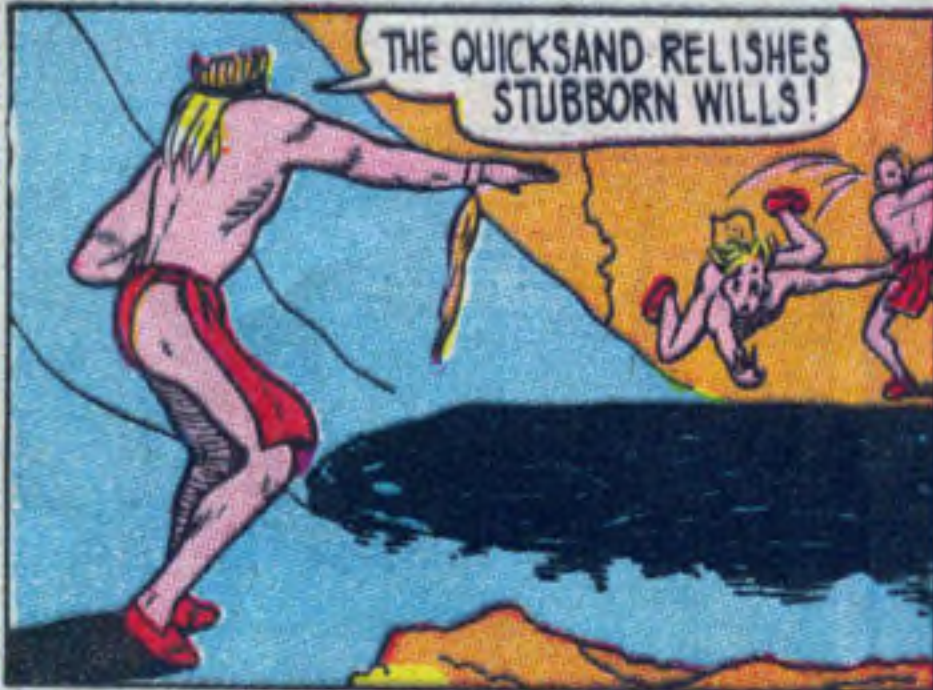
WHAT'S HE DOING!

HIMMEL! I HAF IT.. HE HAS HYPNOTIZED ALL THESE PEOPLE.. EVEN FLIBBET HERE!

THE WITCH DOCTOR WEAVES HIS SPELL ON A YOUNGSTER...



BUT THE LAD RESISTS.. AND MEETS AN UNTIMELY END!



THE QUICKSAND RELISHES STUBBORN WILLS!

A DRUM YIELDS ITS BASS VOICE TO DROWN OUT THE CRIES OF THE ANGUISHED YOUTH!



AND GAIL FLIBBET LEAPS DOWN IN A HYPNOTIC FRENZY!!



HEY..!



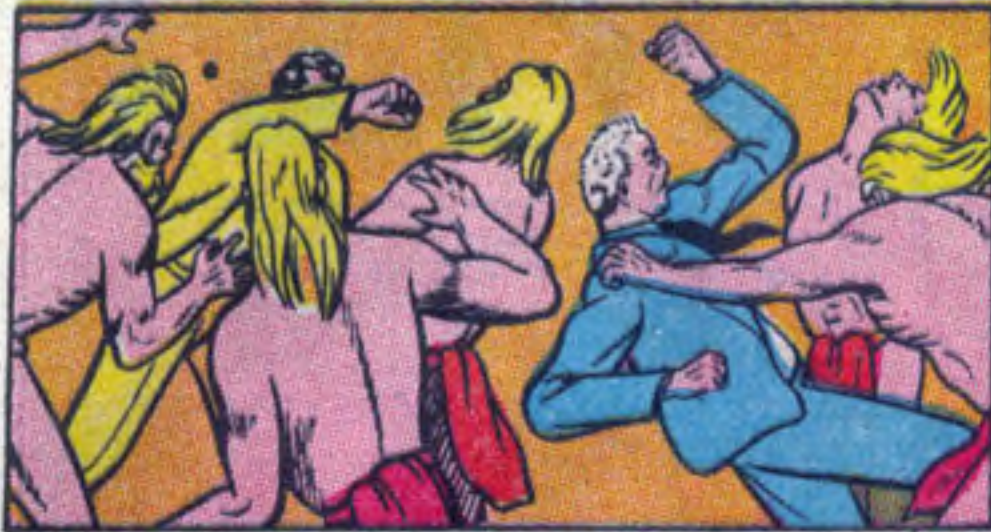
IS THIS A PARTY, GAIL? HOW NICE!

OH, FOR-! WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

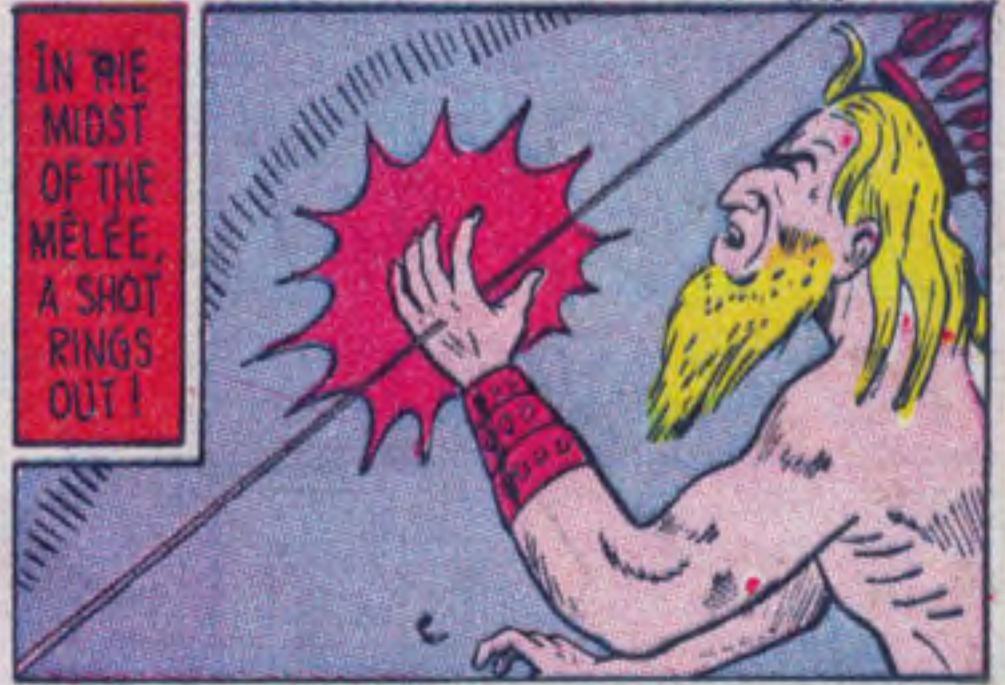


AH! MORE SQUAWS FOR NI LATS! KILL THE MEN... TAKE THEIR HEADS!

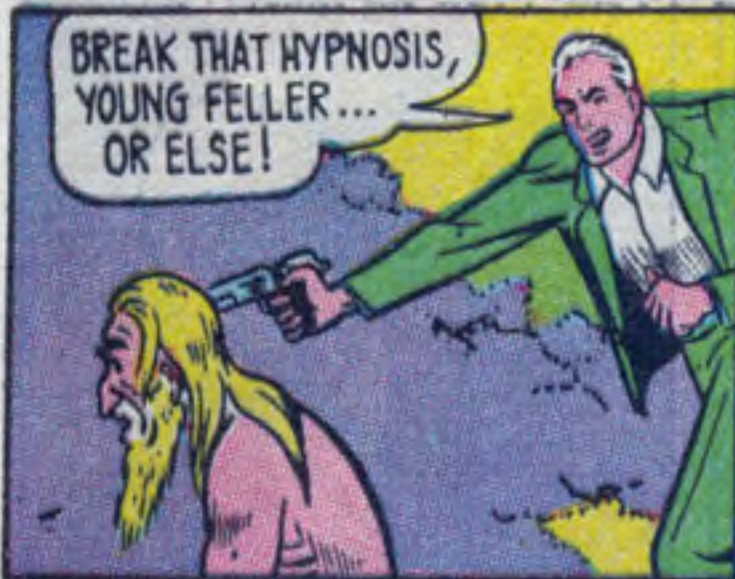
THE TWO FLIERS FIGHT DESPERATELY, BUT ARE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED...



IN THE MIST OF THE MÊLÉE, A SHOT RINGS OUT!

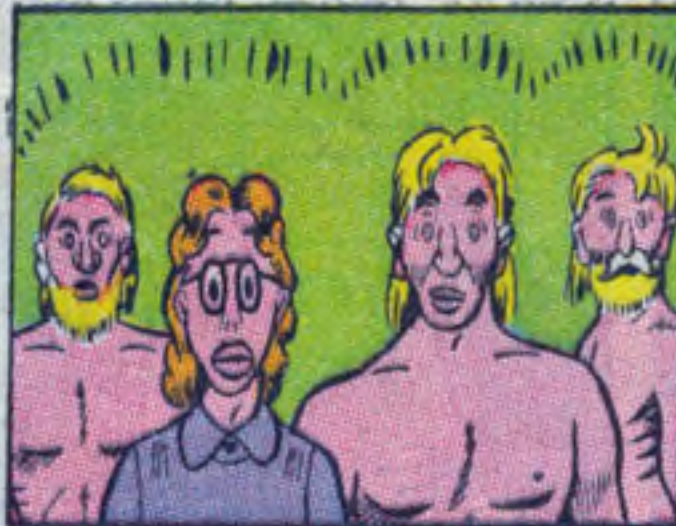


IN THE STARTLED SILENCE THAT ENSUES:



BREAK THAT HYPNOSIS, YOUNG FELLER... OR ELSE!

THE UNNERVED VOODOOIST RASPS A COMMAND.. AND THE SPELL IS BROKEN!



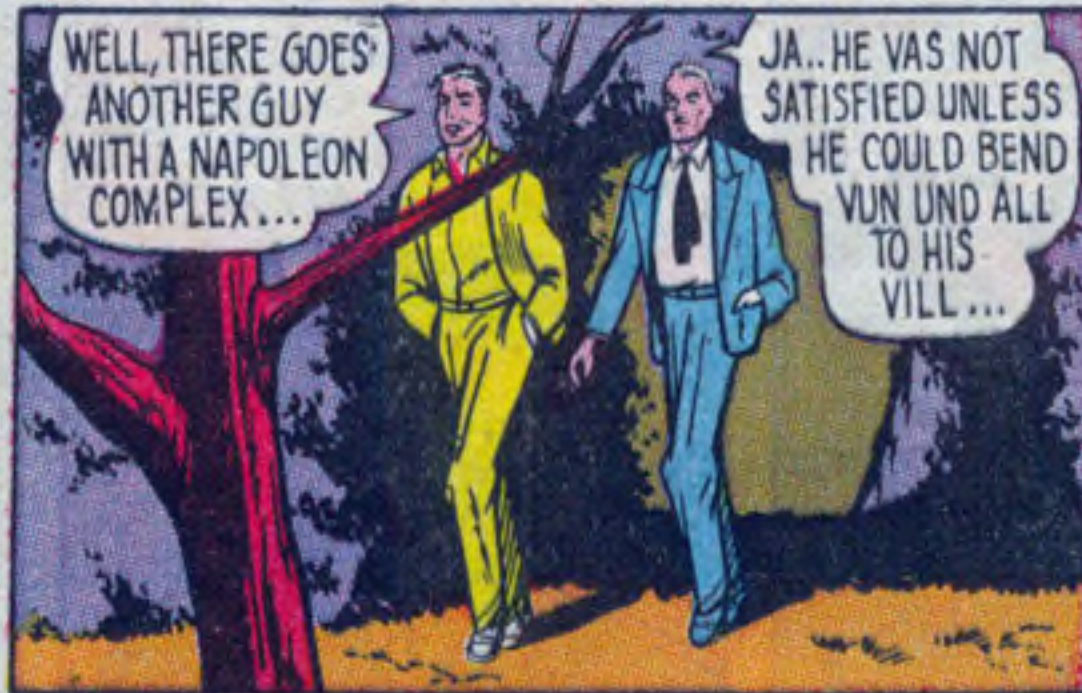
NORMAL ONCE AGAIN, THE TRIBE REALIZES THE DUPLICITY OF THE WICKED HYPNOTIST...



THE FRIGHTENED WRETCH FLEES.. AND STUMBLES INTO HIS OWN DEATH TRAP!...



WELL, THERE GOES ANOTHER GUY WITH A NAPOLEON COMPLEX...



JA.. HE VAS NOT SATISFIED UNLESS HE COULD BEND VUN UND ALL TO HIS VILL...

THE NOW FRIENDLY NATIVES HEAR THEIR THANKFUL PRAISE ON THE VISITORS.. AND RESUME THEIR HAPPY MODE OF LIFE....

FOR A FEW MEASLY DOLLARS THESE BLASTED FEMALES WISH ALL THAT TROUBLE ON US! AN' YOU'RE THE ONE WHO..

YEAH, I KNOW.. I WAS A DOPE! WE'RE GOING TO SHIP 'EM RIGHT OUT O' HERE!



OH, NO.. WE'RE STAYING A MONTH.. AND WE'RE GOING NATIVE, THE BETTER TO STUDY THEM! AND YOU MEN ARE TO HELP US.. HERE ARE YOUR GARMENTS!



TAKE A TRIP WITH CRASH, CORK AND THE BARON AGAIN NEXT MONTH.

# TED PARRISH

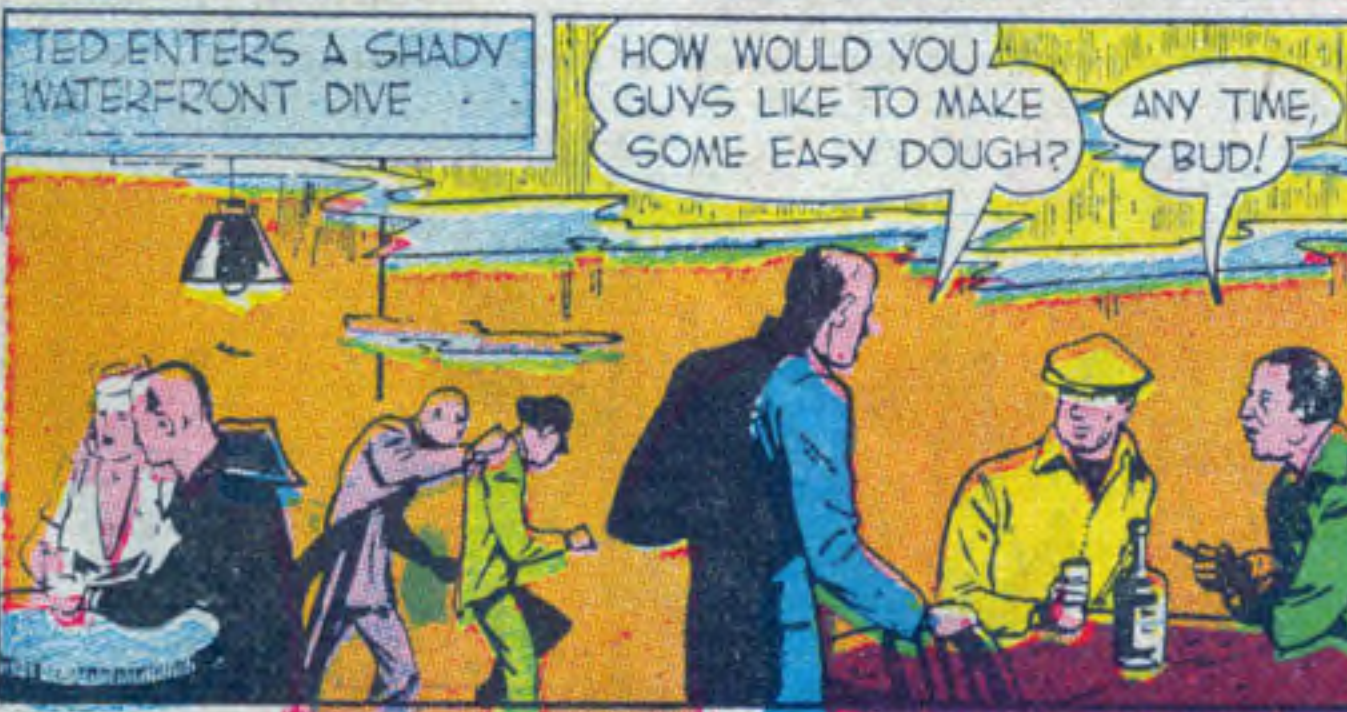
THE MAN WITH

1,000 FACES . . .



BY  
Bob Stanley

TED PARRISH, FAMOUS MOVIE STAR, IS THE UNKNOWN, MYSTERIOUS MAN WITH 1000 FACES. TED IS IN CONFERENCE WITH HIS PRODUCER . . .



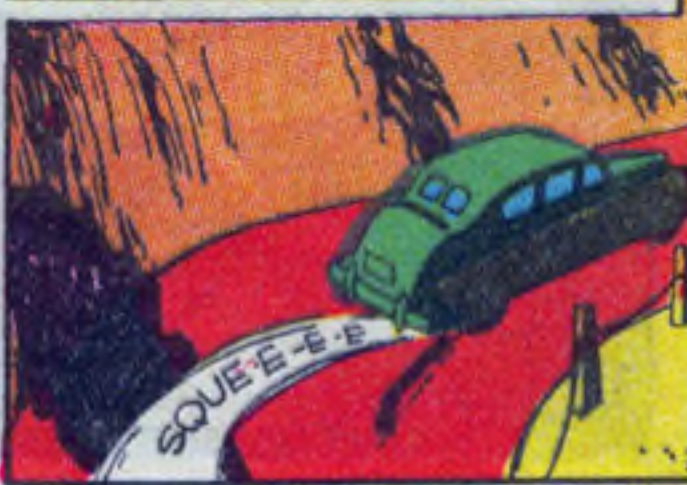




THAT NIGHT, THE PRODUCER'S  
CAR IS STOPPED ON A LONELY  
ROAD. HE IS FORCED OUT.



THE ROAD AHEAD IS BLOCKED.  
TED BRAKES THE CAR TO  
A HALT.



DARK FIGURES STEP FROM  
THE DOORSIDE.



WITH TED AND THE TWO TOUGHS INSIDE, THE CAR HURTTLES DOWN TOWARD A STREAM BELOW.



I'M LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO OPEN THIS WINDOW DURING THE PLUNGE!



TED ATTEMPTS TO FREE THE OTHERS.

TED IS FORCED TO COME UP FOR AIR... HIS DISGUISE IS WASHED AWAY.



THOSE POOR DEVILS ARE TRAPPED IN THE CAR!



THIS IS NO LONGER A JOKE... THOSE KILLERS ARE HOLDING SAM!



THEY MUST THINK WE WERE ALL KILLED - NOW TO GET IN QUIETLY!

STEALTHILY, TED STALKS THE LOOKOUT.



PARRISH - WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

QUIET! - YOU'RE FREE - COME WITH ME!



NOW WE'LL SEE HOW GOOD AN ACTOR YOU ARE! - PUT THESE THINGS ON!

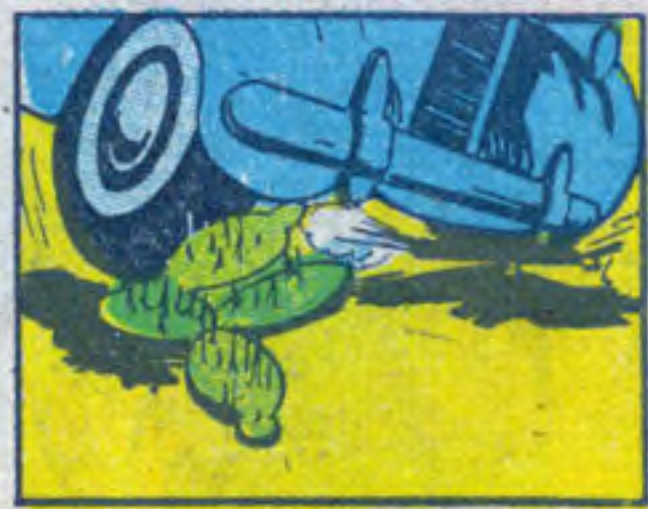
THE KILLERS DISCOVER THE ESCAPE-  
THEY PURSUE THE FREED MAN . . .



DID YOU SOURDOUGHS SEE  
A MAN COME THROUGH  
HERE?

YEP, WE SEEN  
A CITY FELLER  
GO THAT-A-WAY!

THE CAR LURCHES FORWARD-  
BUT CACTUS NEEDLES RIP  
THE TIRES TO SHREDS



THE KILLERS STEPPED FROM  
THE CAR. TED SPRINGS A  
TRAP- THE THUGS ARE EN-  
MESHED IN CACTUS . . .



EE YOW!-  
@\*!!?!



CALL THE POLICE,  
SAM, I'LL HOLD  
'EM!

SOMETIME LATER-



HOW ABOUT  
GIVING ME  
THAT ROLE  
NOW?

HOW CAN I  
REFUSE?- YOU  
SAVED MY LIFE,  
BUT I'LL PROBAB-  
LY LOSE MY SHIRT!

SOON TED IS HARD AT WORK  
ON THE MOVIE . . .



MONTHS LATER, THE PICTURE HAS BEEN RELEASED..  
AT THE MOTION PICTURE ACADEMY DINNER . . .

MR. PARRISH, IT IS MY PLEASURE  
TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS AWARD  
FOR YOUR SPLENDID PERFORMANCE  
IN THAT SUCCESSFUL PICTURE,  
'THUNDERING HOOPS!'



I DON'T GET THE  
ACADEMY AWARD FOR  
MY SECRET PERFORM-  
ANCES AGAINST  
CRIME!

NEXT MONTH, THE  
MAN WITH 1000  
FACES IN HIS ROLE AS THE  
MYSTERIOUS CRIME FIGHTER.



## BOXCAR BATTLE

by  
Rex Rollins

**R**ALPH MORGAN was on his way to New York to look for a job. He only had fifty dollars, hard-saved money, to his name, so he didn't spend it on railroad fare. He would need it in the big town until he found work. Like many another man before him, he was riding the freights. It was cheap and so far it was the most fun Ralph had enjoyed in his eighteen years of life.

Right now, it was pouring kettles full of rain on the outside world, but Ralph sitting in a boxcar with his companion, as dry and warm as though they were riding a club car. Making almost as good time, too, on this through freight eastward.

"So you're going to make your fame and fortune in the big city," said the bearded, thin-faced man next to Ralph in the doorway as they watched the countryside flying by. "I hope you haven't come along without any cash!"

Ralph cast a sharp look at the hobo. The man's eyes were wide and guileless and Ralph couldn't know that they had looked the same way many a time while their owner picked a pocket.

"Well, I wouldn't tell everybody, "Duke," Ralph confided. "But we're alone and you look honest. I have fifty dollars with me!"

"Fine!" said Duke. His palms began to itch just at the thought of that much cash and of how easy it was going to be to get it away from this dumb country boy. "You'll sure need it, there in the city. But be careful who you mention it to. That's a lot of money!"

"Don't you worry," Ralph said. "I'm nobody's fool!"

Ralph pulled out a greasy paper bag from his pocket, unwrapped it, took one of the two husky sandwiches, broke it in half and proffered a part to Duke.

Duke accepted the food, graciously and while his lean jaws munched, watched Ralph carefully rewrap the remaining sandwich and stow it back into his pocket.

"Save the rest for supper," Ralph said and started in to eat.

They had scarcely finished the light lunch when the long freight slowed down to labor up a steep grade. Suddenly a dirty-hatted head appeared at the door of the boxcar. Then another. Ralph and Duke extended hands and soon the two other hobos were safely aboard the car.

"Well, pardners," Duke greeted them. "How're my friends, Lefty and One-Eye?"

It seemed that Duke, Lefty and One-Eye were friends of the road, as of old. Duke promptly introduced them to Ralph and the four discussed bumming conditions about the country. After awhile, Duke stood up.

"I guess we're going fast enough, again. Lefty—One-Eye, I've got good news. Our Friend, Ralph, here, has fifty dollars in his pocket. Now I'd suggest that would be just enough dues to make him a life-member of the Hobos of America, Inc. . . Hand it over, Ralph!"

Lefty and One-Eye licked their lips. They advanced a step toward Ralph.

"Oh, no you don't!" Ralph said. His square jaw hardened. "I should have known better than to trust an ordinary bum. But your crookedness

won't do you any good. You'll have to kill me before you'll get that money!"

"Well, then," Duke said, grinning crookedly. "I'm afraid we'll have to coax you a little bit!"

At a sign from Duke, One-Eye and Lefty leaped toward Ralph. The boy backed against a wall of the boxcar, lashed out with both fists. One blow caught Lefty on the ear and he tumbled over backward. The other smacked One-Eye on the shoulder, spun him around.

Before Ralph could cock his fists again, Duke was upon him in a long, flying leap. Ralph went down in a heap, with Duke on top of him. Over and over they rolled in the dirt of the car, pummeling and punching each other for all they were worth.

Somehow Ralph managed to get a foot in the bum's stomach and with a hefty shove sent him flying across the boards. But before he could struggle to his feet, Lefty came sailing at him from behind.

By a quick wrestling trick Ralph threw him off, too, once more, got his back to the wall. This time, all three crooks came at him at once. Ralph lanced out blows like a professional boxer. Again and again he managed to drive the now yelling, cursing hobos away. At length, his arms tired.

His punches shot out slower and slower and with one great concentrated rush the gang closed in on him, threw him roughly to the floor.

While Lefty and One-Eye sat on his arms and legs, Duke went hurriedly through his pockets, came out empty handed.

"C'mon you young scamp!" Duke cried. "Where have you hidden the dough?"

"I—I was only kidding you, Duke!" Ralph bluffed, pantingly. "You know—bragging—trying to impress you!"

In spite of Ralph's protests they continued the search. They ripped out the lining of his jacket and searched his entire person for a money belt or a hidden purse or pouch. Unsuccessfully.

Suddenly, Lefty started ripping off his shoes. "They must be in here, them greenbacks, Duke," he said. "We should have thought of it before. Kids always try and hide money in their shoes. They think no one will think of looking for it there!"

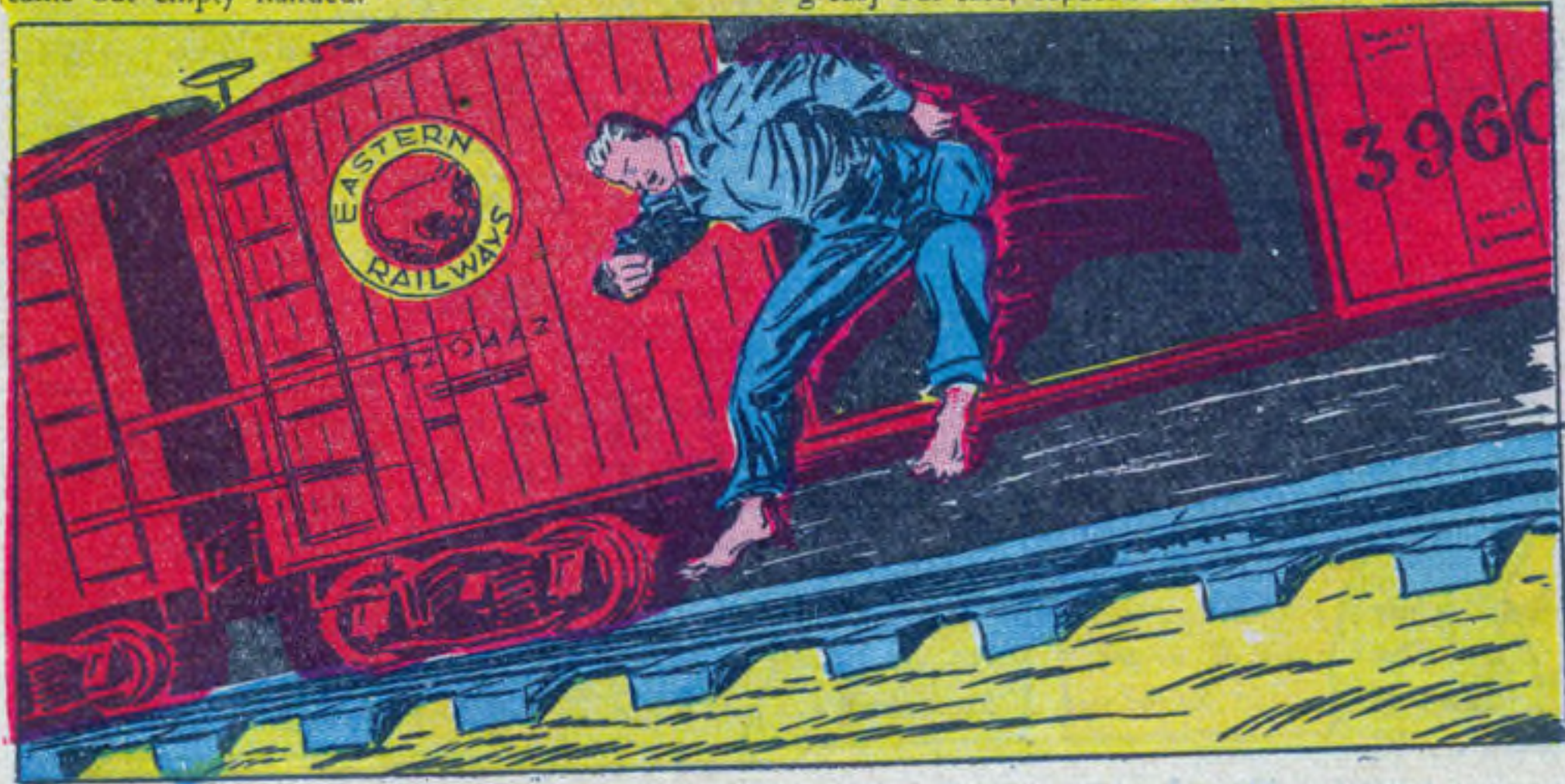
As they removed both leathers, Ralph grinned to himself, but outwardly he grimaced and pleaded: "Please don't take all of my money, fellows!"

At that the crooks thought surely that they had hit the hiding place at last. They took the shoes over by the door to examine them in the light. Excitedly, they dug out the inner soles, tapped the heels and felt around up inside the toes.

While they were thus occupied, Ralph rose up, silently, snatched his clothes up in one hand and leaped to the door. Before they could stop him, he shot out and down onto the cinder bed of the railroad and rolled over and over.

When the train had passed safely on out of sight, Ralph murmured. "Well, I lost a pair of shoes, but I've still got my fifty!"

He pulled the paper bag from his pocket, unwrapped the lone sandwich and lifted apart the bread. Stuck between two thin slices of ham, greasy but safe, reposed five ten dollar bills.



# BIFF BANNON

of the U.S. MARINES

THE GOVERNMENT HAS TO TRANSPORT THIS SECRET RAY-GUN TO STATION X, BUT THE SPIES ARE THICK AS FLIES!

by REM BRANT

HUSHED WHISPERS FILL THE AIR AT MARINE HEADQUARTERS....

HOW ARE WE GOING TO TRANSPORT THAT RAY GUN TO STATION X?

SIMPLE! WE'LL HAVE TO DIVERT ANY SUSPICION ON THE PART OF SPIES! INSTEAD OF SENDING THE GUN UNDER HEAVY GUARD, WE'LL SEND IT IN A COFFIN!

OH, BANNON-- COME HERE!

YES, SIR.

WE HAVE A LITTLE MISSION FOR YOU--

YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY NURSEMAID TO A CORPSE!

YES, BIFF -- JOE SNEEP DIED--  
YOU DIDN'T KNOW HIM --AND  
WE'RE SENDING HIM HOME  
YOU'LL ACCOMPANY THE  
COFFIN.

HEH, HEH! LITTLE  
DOES BIFF REALIZE  
THE RAY GUN IS  
REALLY IN THE  
COFFIN..

OOO...

A LITTLE LATER, THE "COFFIN" IS  
PUT ABOARD A TRAIN.

O.K. BANNON--  
GOOD LUCK!

BUT SOMEHOW, SPIES HAVE WAYS  
OF FINDING OUT SECRETS---

MEANWHILE, THE TRAIN ROARS ON...

THE U.S. RAY GUN IS IN A COFFIN  
ABOARD THE 9:43. NOW  
HERE'S WHAT  
WE'LL DO---

AND BIFF SNOOZES...

THE TRAIN STOPS AT A STATION,  
AND ANOTHER COFFIN IS PUT ON!



AS BIFF SLEEPS, THE SECOND  
COFFIN SLOWLY OPENS.

AH HE'S ASLEEP!  
NOW TO GET  
THE RAY GUN  
FROM THE  
OTHER COFFIN!

ZZZZZ

THE SPY UNSCREWS THE GUN COFFIN!



AHHH' HERE IS THE SECRET GUN!

EXCUSE ME FOR LOOKIN' OVER YOUR SHOULDER, BUT--



YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO OPEN THAT!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



THE SPY ESCAPES!



SO THAT'S WHAT HE WANTED! THE SECRET GUN IS IN THIS COFFIN! THAT GUY'S A SPY!

BIFF PURSUES HIM ATOP THE TRAIN!



WHY DID I HAVE TO DROP MY GUN?

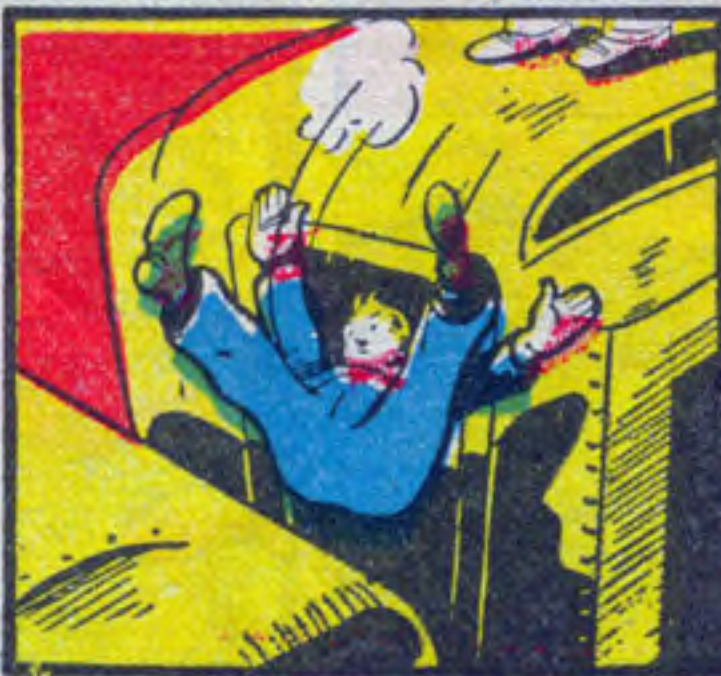
PUFF PUFF



NOW I GOT YOU!

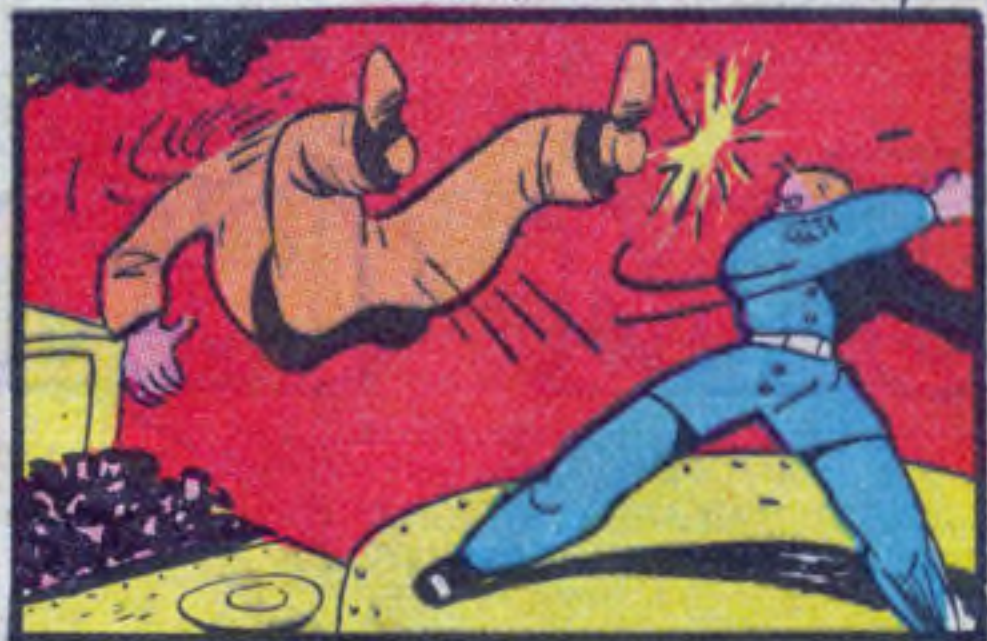
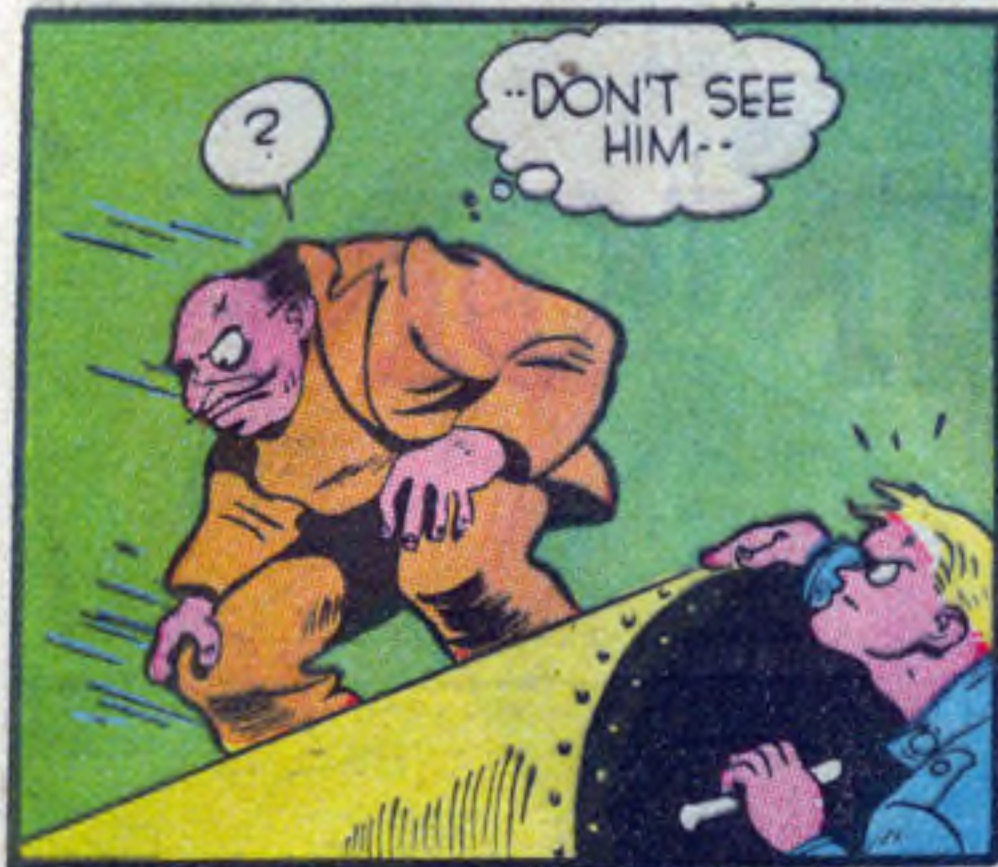


A LOW BRIDGE SLAPS BIFF.



LUCKY I WASN'T KILLED!





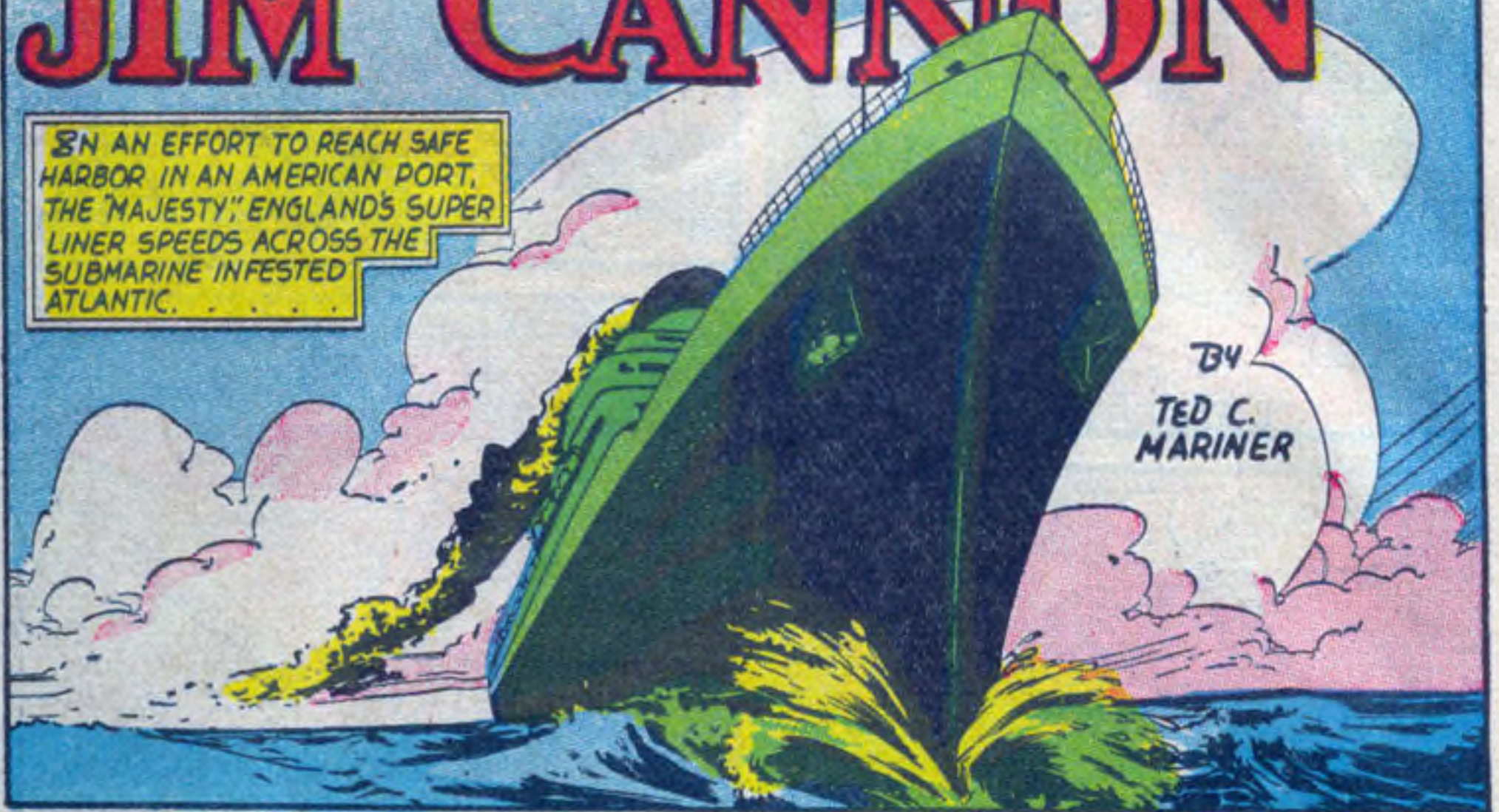
Follow  
BIFF  
BANNON  
every month in  
SPEED  
COMICS!

4

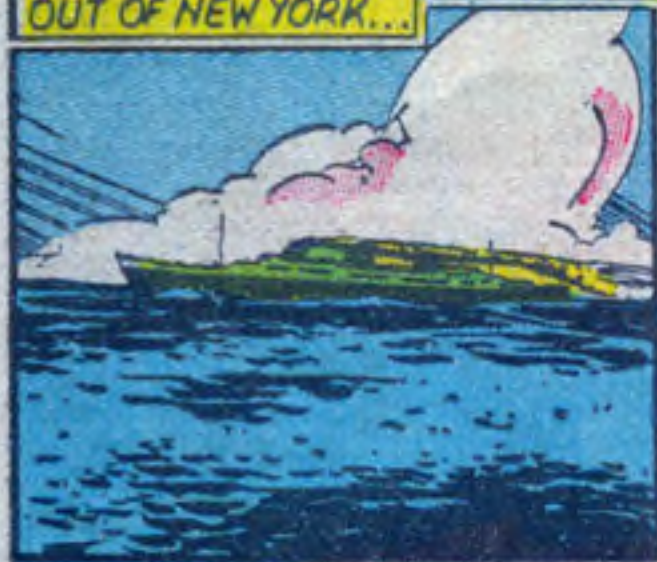
# Lieutenant JIM CANNON

IN AN EFFORT TO REACH SAFE HARBOR IN AN AMERICAN PORT, THE "MAJESTY," ENGLAND'S SUPER LINER SPEEDS ACROSS THE SUBMARINE INFESTED ATLANTIC.

BY  
TED C.  
MARINER



WITH TWO DAYS TRAVEL BEHIND HER, THE "MAJESTY" IS 24 HOURS OUT OF NEW YORK...



IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, SIR

I AGREE WITH YOU, LIEUTENANT CANNON.



SUDDENLY, A LOOKOUT SHOUTS

SUBMARINE, PORT SIDE!



SWIFTLY, THE HUGE GRAY RAIDER POKES ITS NOSE FROM THE SEA



FROM ITS DECK, IT HURLS WHINING SHELLS AT THE SPEEDING LINER...



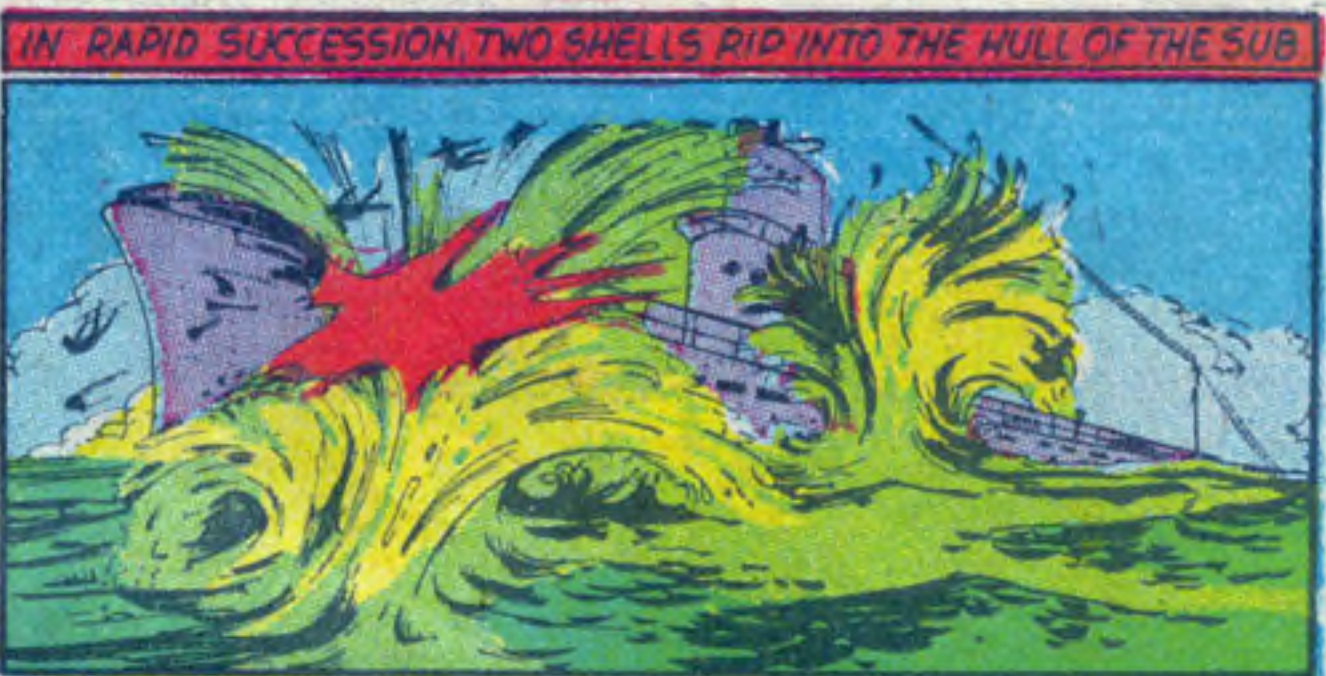
THE 'MAJESTY'S' PICKED GUN CREW JUMPS TO ACTION...

RANGE FIVE HUNDRED FEET.. READY..





FIRE!



IN RAPID SUCCESSION, TWO SHELLS RIP INTO THE HULL OF THE SUB

WITH A SUCKING, HISSING GROAN, THE U-BOAT SINKS BELOW THE SURFACE.



THERE'S NOT A SURVIVOR LEFT, CANNON.



NEWS OF THE "MAJESTY" IS IN EVERY HEADLINE. WALTER ENGELS, A MINOR ATTACHE AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE, READS WITH GREAT INTEREST.



SO, THE "MAJESTY" IS HERE FOR SAFE KEEPING!

QUICKLY, HE MAKES A TELEPHONE CALL.



HELLO, AL? X-27 CALLING. WE SINK THE "MAJESTY" THE DAY AFTER IT DOCKS HERE.

PIGMY TUGS SWARM LIKE FLIES ABOUT THE SUPER LINER AS IT DRAWS NEAR ITS BERTH.



THAT NIGHT, CANNON RECEIVES ORDERS TO ATTEND THE OFFICERS' BALL.



THE ENTIRE CONSULATE CORPS WILL BE THERE. WATCH EVERY ONE.

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, CANNON ARRIVES AT THE BALL.



I'VE GOT TO FIND A CLUE!



GOOD EVENING, MR ENGELS.

EVENING, CANNON. COME ON IN!

LATER, WHILE SMOKING A CIGARETTE, CANNON HEARS A SOUND!

WHAT TH' ?! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SNEAKING ABOUT!



SPRINGING TO THE DOOR, HE WATCHES...

SHE'S TAKING SOME PAPERS FROM ENGELS' ROOM!



AS SHE STEALS DOWN THE HALL, THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL HIDES THE PAPERS...

I'VE GOT THE PLANS BACK! NOW, TO SAVE THE LINER!



QUICKLY, SHE REJOINS THE PARTY...

PERHAPS IF I WERE DANCING WITH HER, I COULD LEARN SOMETHING!

I THINK I'LL DANCE TO AVOID SUSPICION!



DODGING BEHIND A MARBLE COLUMN, THE GIRL SWIFTLY DONS A MASK AND A LONG CLOAK...



CANNON HAS LOST SIGHT OF HER...

BUT SHE, MEETING HIM, ASKS FOR A DANCE...



WOULD THE GENTLEMAN BE GALLANT ENOUGH TO DANCE WITH A LONELY GIRL?

SUDDENLY A GONG IS STRUCK...

UNMASK, PLEASE!



WITH A START, CANNON RECOGNIZES THE GIRL!

ARE YOU SURPRISED?

MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW!



NOW, HOW ABOUT THOSE PAPERS YOU TOOK FROM ENGELS' ROOM?



THE GIRL WHIPS A GUN FROM BENEATH HER CLOAK...

SORRY HANDSOME, MY PLANS DON'T INCLUDE YOU!



RUNNING TO THE CURB, SHE JUMPS INTO A CAB...

PIER TWELVE! AND HURRY!!



SUDDENLY, ENGELS APPEARS ON THE SCENE...

I SAW THAT! COME! MY CAR'S PARKED RIGHT OVER THERE!



HEEDLESS OF ANY DANGER, ENGELS PURSUES THE FLEEING GIRL.



MEANWHILE, THE CAB ARRIVES AT THE WATERFRONT.



DRIVER, THIS IS NOT PIER TWELVE!

SORRY, LADY, BUT...

THIS IS WHERE YOU GET OUT! COME ON, STEP ON IT!



JIM ARRIVES AS THE CABBY PUSHES THE GIRL TOWARD A DARK DOORWAY.



HE LEAPS FROM THE CAR.



(THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE!)

CANNON SUBDUES A GUARD.



BUT FINDS ENGELS CALMLY CONFRONTING HIM.



THAT WAS A NICE SOCK, CANNON, BUT YOU'RE THROUGH!

WHAT TH??

SO YOU'RE THE TRAITOR IN OUR CONSULATE! YOU.. YOU..!!



WITH A SWIFT BLOW, CANNON SENDS ENGELS SPRAWLING DOWN THE STEPS. THE GIRL STEALTHILY SEIZES A BOTTLE FROM THE TABLE.



AT HIM, BOYS!

WHIRLING ABOUT, SHE DASHES THE BOTTLE AGAINST THE CABBY'S SKULL.



MEANWHILE, CANNON FIGHTS DESPERATELY.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER HIS ASSAILANTS KEEP COMING.



THE PACE IS TERRIFIC AND JIM BEGINS TO TIRE.



ATTACKED FROM ALL SIDES, HE CAN BARELY RESIST.



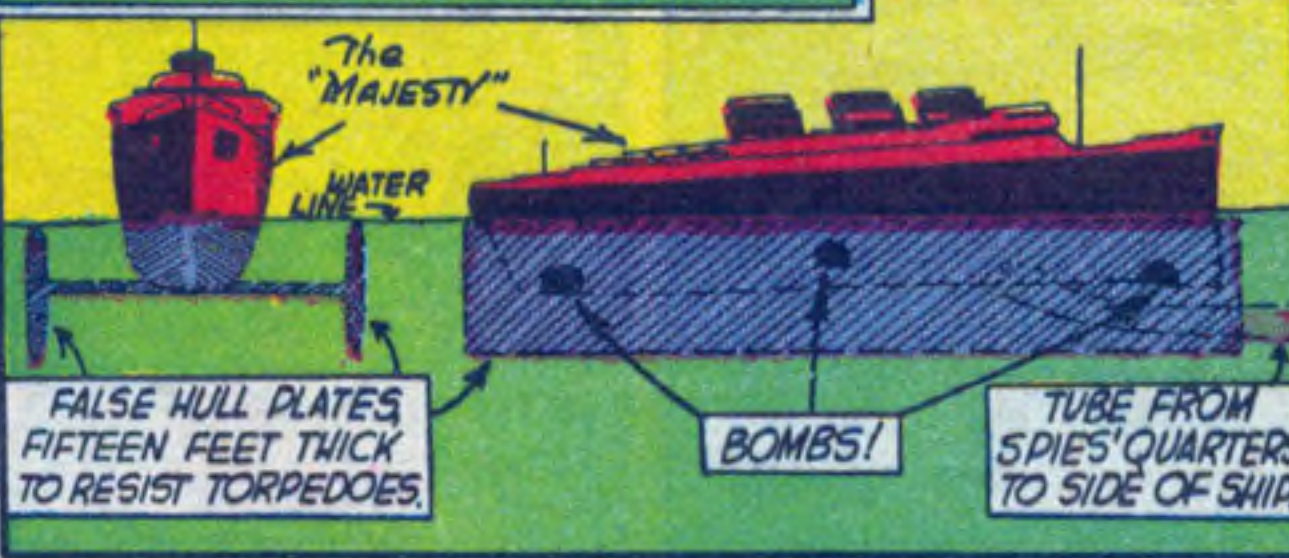
BUT THE GIRL IS ALERT! SHE GRABS THE CABBY'S GUN.



FINALLY, THE VILLAINS ARE UNDER CONTROL. THE GIRL EXPLAINS HER POSITION.



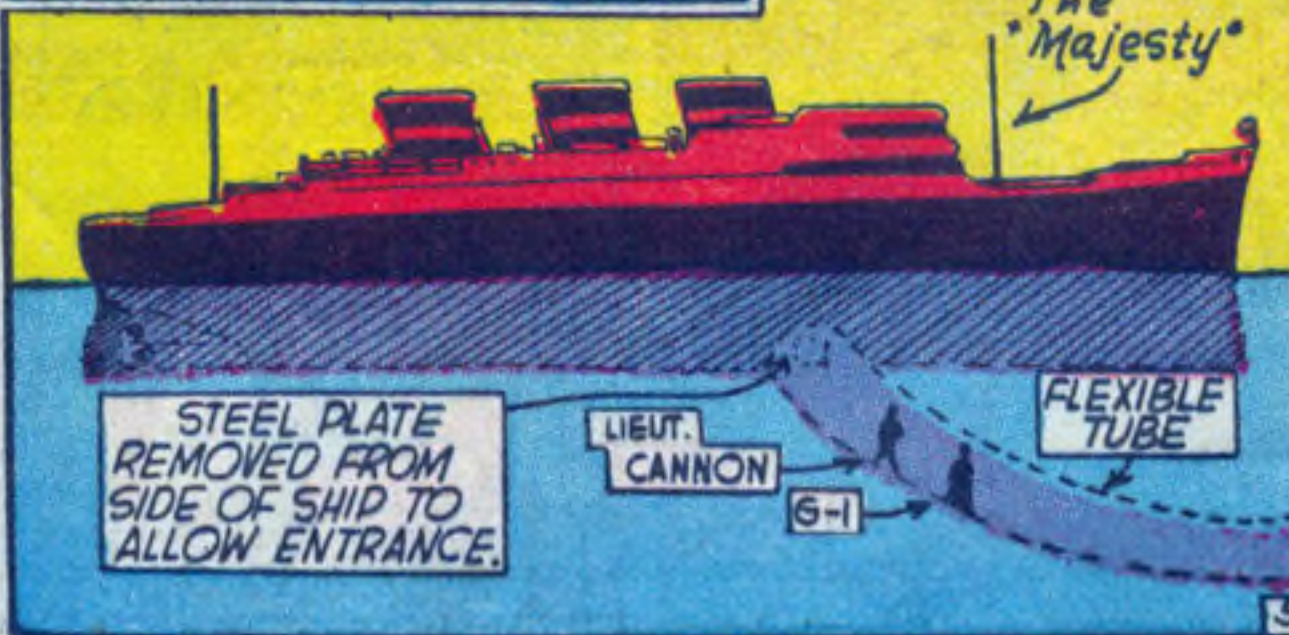
CROSS SECTION VIEW OF THE RECOVERED PLANS, SHOWING THE THICK STEEL UNDER-WATER PLATES.



CANNON AND G-1 ENTER THE SPIES' TUBE!



THEY QUICKLY ENTER THE SHIP.



**INSIDE THE VESSEL**



YOU GO TO THE FORE, I'LL GO AFT.

RIGHT!

**THEY SEPARATE ON THEIR RESPECTIVE MISSIONS**



MEET ME AMIDSHIP. WE'LL GET THE CENTER BOMB TOGETHER.

O.K., JIM.

**CANNON FINDS THE FIRST BOMB**



THIS WON'T GO OFF! NOW ONLY TWO TO GO!

**AT THE SAME TIME, G-1 REACHES THE SECOND BOMB.**



GOSH! THIS FUSE IS SHORT!

**ENGELS, BADLY WOUNDED, HAS TRAILED CANNON AND G-1 TO THE SHIP. WEAKLY, HE ENTERS THE CENTER SHIP CHAMBER**



YOU!

LOOK OUT G-1, I'LL FIX HIM!

**WITH HIS LAST REMAINING OUNCE OF STRENGTH, ENGELS LOCKS THE STEEL DOOR**

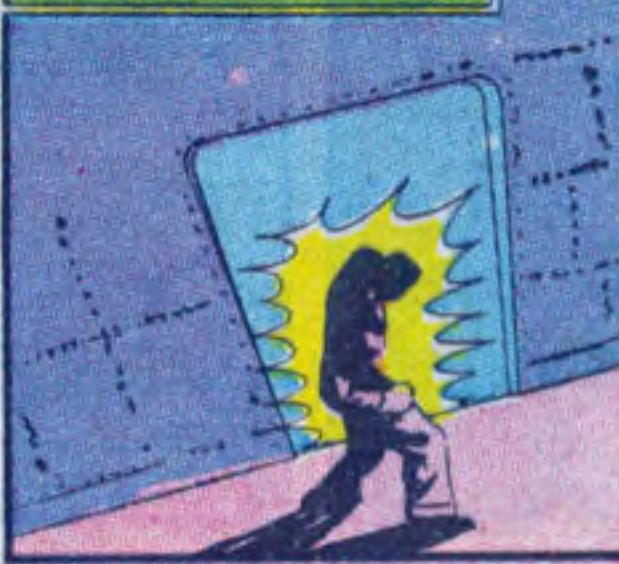


F-FOR THE FATHERLAND!

**CLUTCHING FOR SUPPORT, HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR.. DEAD.**



**CANNON FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE STEEL BARRICADE.**



**CANNON! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT! THE LAST BOMB WILL EXPLODE!**



**PRECIOUS MINUTES ELAPSE BEFORE CANNON FINDS A LOOSE FLOOR BOARD IN THE STORE ROOM.**



I THINK I'VE FOUND IT!

**RIPPING UP THE BOARD, JIM EXPOSES THE BOMB, JUST IN TIME.**



**SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE HUGE LINER LEAVES THE AMERICAN HARBOR SAFELY.**



DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCITING ADVENTURE OF LIEUTENANT CANNON.

# LANDOR

## MAKER OF MONSTERS

BY  
GREGORY  
TOREY

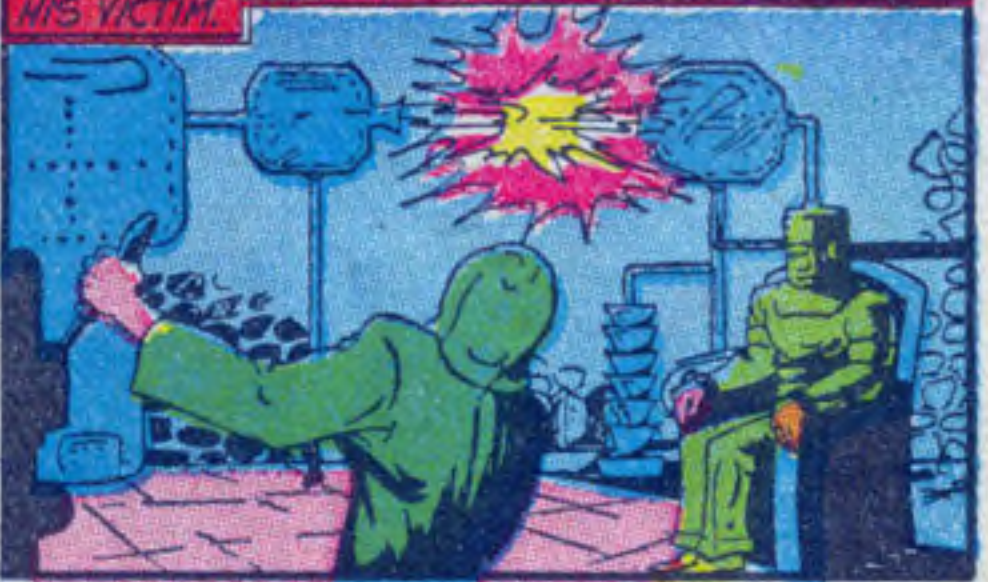
WITH FIENDISH CUNNING, LANDOR, BRILLIANT MAD SCIENTIST, USES THE MIND OF A FAMOUS CRIMINOLOGIST TO WREAK VENGEANCE UPON JACK TORRENCE.



IN HIS LABORATORY, LANDOR GAZES WITH MAD GLEE AT JOHN POWERS, WELL KNOWN CRIMINOLOGIST.

MY LIGHTNING WILL PREPARE HIM FOR MY USE! HE WILL BECOME A THIEF!

A MOMENT LATER, LANDOR PULLS THE SWITCH SENDING JAGGED BOLTS OF LIGHTENING TOWARD HIS VICTIM.



AH! IT WORKS WELL! HIS BRILLIANT MIND IS COMPLETELY IN MY POWER!

SUDDENLY, TWO HOODLUMS APPEAR AT LANDOR'S DOOR.

HERE'S DE TORRENCE GUY. WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' HIM?

BRING HIM INSIDE.





JACK TORRENCE IS IMPRISONED IN A DAMP GLOOMY DUNGEON.



WE NABBED HIM WHILE HE WAS ALL ALONE. WE GOT HIM WITH A GOOD SLUG ON THE HEAD!

THAT'LL HOLD YOU UNTIL I'M READY FOR YOU.

RETURNING TO HIS LABORATORY, LANDOR RELEASES POWERS.



WE'LL GO TO THE JEWELER'S. YOU WILL OPEN THE SAFE.

YES, MASTER.



MY PLAN IS PERFECT! WE WILL LEAVE TORRENCE TO FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, LANDOR'S CAR ROLLS DOWN THE CASTLE ROAD ON ITS WAY TO THE JEWELER.



POWERS DEFTLY OPENS THE SIDE DOOR TO THE JEWELRY SHOP, WHILE LANDOR GETS TOOLS AND ISSUES ORDERS.



BRING TORRENCE IN WITH US.

TORRENCE IS DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR.



HURRY, HURRY!

FROM THE MASS OF GEMS TAKEN OUT OF THE SAFE, LANDOR CHOOSES A FEW TO LEAVE BESIDE JACK.

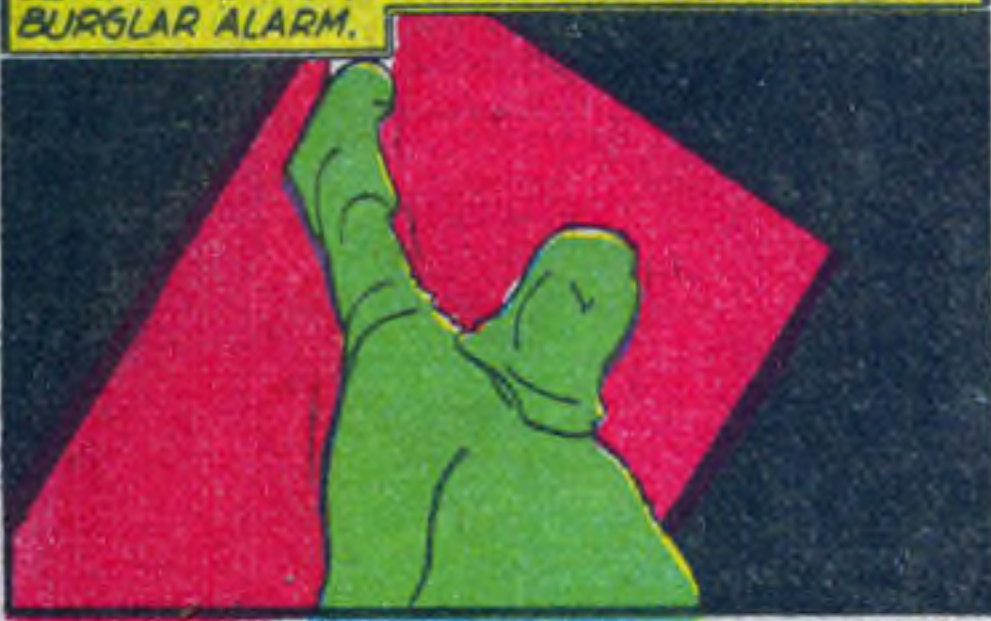


FOR YOU - MY FRIEND! HA! HA!

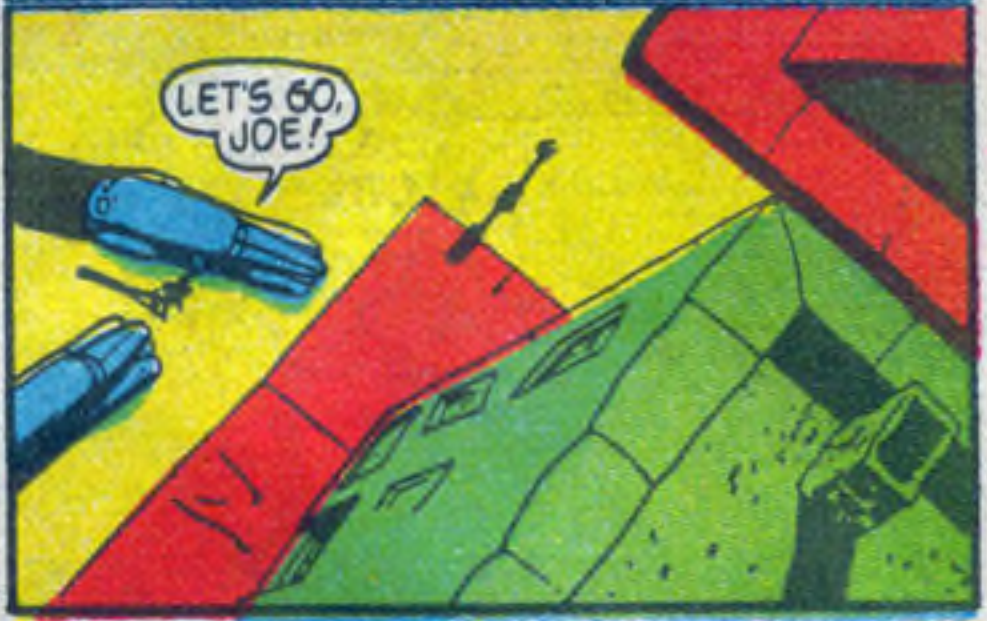


THE POLICE WILL COME... AND THEN... HA! HA!

LEAVING THE SHOP, LANDOR TRIPS OVER THE BURGLAR ALARM.



WITH SCREAMING SIRENS, THE POLICE ARRIVE



SOME HOURS LATER, MARCIA, JACK'S FIANCEE, RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



WITH KUNG-FU-TSE, MARCIA HURRIES TO THE JAIL HOUSE.



AFTER JACK'S STORY IS TOLD, KUNG-FU-TSE, HIS CHINESE FRIEND, DETERMINES TO HELP.



AT BREATH TAKING SPEED, HE HEADS FOR LANDOR'S CASTLE.



QUIETLY, HE SLIPS IN THROUGH A BACK DOOR.



AND OVERHEARS LANDOR GLOATING TO POWERS.



WITH GUN DRAWN, KUNG-FU-TSE INTERRUPTS THE TWO CRIMINALS.



GET YOUR HANDS UP! QUICKLY!

LANDOR FLIES INTO A DEVILISH RAGE!



YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! GET HIM, POWERS!

WITH A SWIFT TACKLE, POWERS KNOCKS THE GUN FROM KUNG-FU-TSE'S HAND.



THE CHINESE RECOVERS QUICKLY HE LANDS A TERRIFIC LEFT TO POWERS' CHIN.



MEANWHILE, LANDOR RUSHES TO THE FRAY.



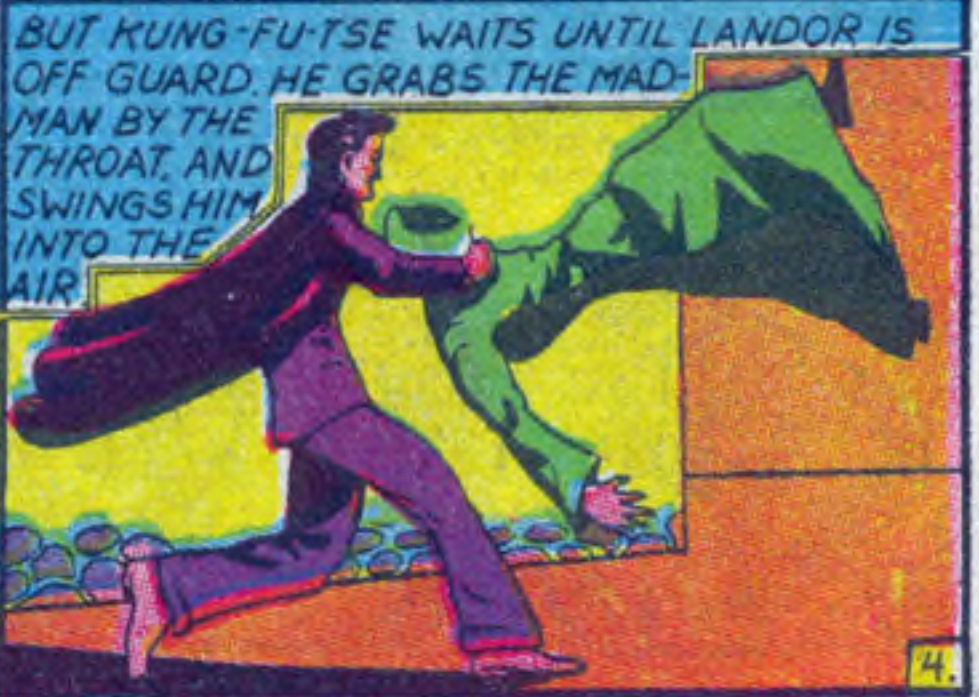
YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NOR CAN ANYONE ELSE!

FIERCELY, THE MEN BATTLE.



I'LL GET YOU! I'LL GET YOU!

BUT KUNG-FU-TSE WAITS UNTIL LANDOR IS OFF GUARD. HE GRABS THE MAD-MAN BY THE THROAT, AND SWINGS HIM INTO THE AIR.



AND HURLS HIM AGAINST THE IRON DOOR



THE STUNNED SCIENTIST FLEES TO ANOTHER ROOM.



GRABBING POWERS, KUNG-FU-TSE LEAVES THE CASTLE



TOSSING POWERS INTO HIS CAR, KUNG-FU-TSE STARTS FOR HEADQUARTERS.



AS THE CAR JOLTS ALONG, POWERS REGAINS HIS NORMAL STATE . . .



LEAVING POWERS TO EXPLAIN TO THE DESK SERGEANT, KUNG-FU-TSE RUSHES TO TORRENCE'S CELL.



IN A SHORT WHILE, TORRENCE, MARCIA, AND KUNG-FU-TSE LEAVE THE POLICE STATION . . .



SOON THEY ARE SPEEDING FOR HOME.



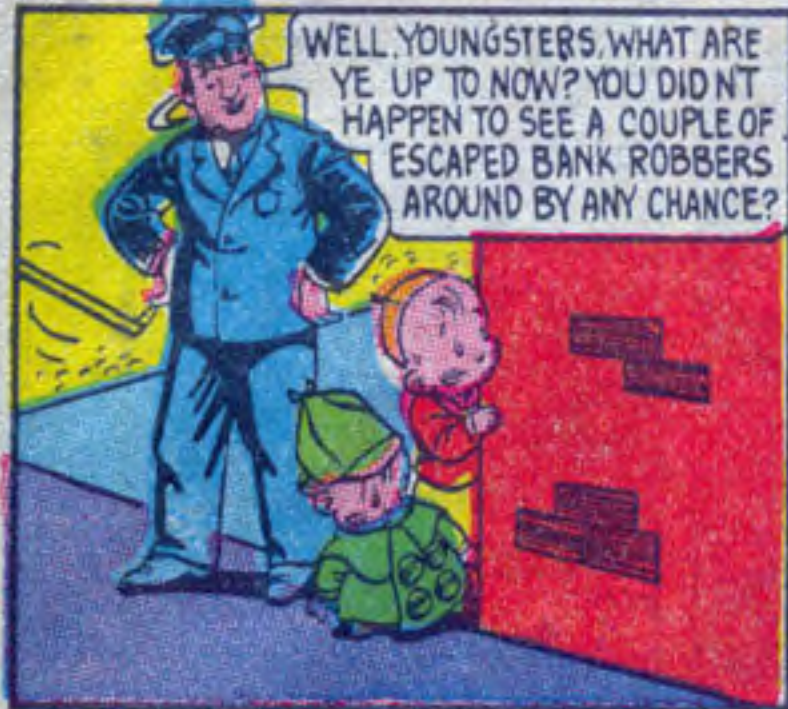
WILL LANDOR ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT AGAIN? WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPEED COMICS. 13

# NICK & DICK

## DEMON SLEUTHS

SOMEBODY'S FOLLOWIN' ME!

by  
E. J. HAMILLTON



NICK IS BROUGHT IN THE HOUSE SEATED BEFORE HIM IS ONE OF THE ROBBERS COUNTING MONEY

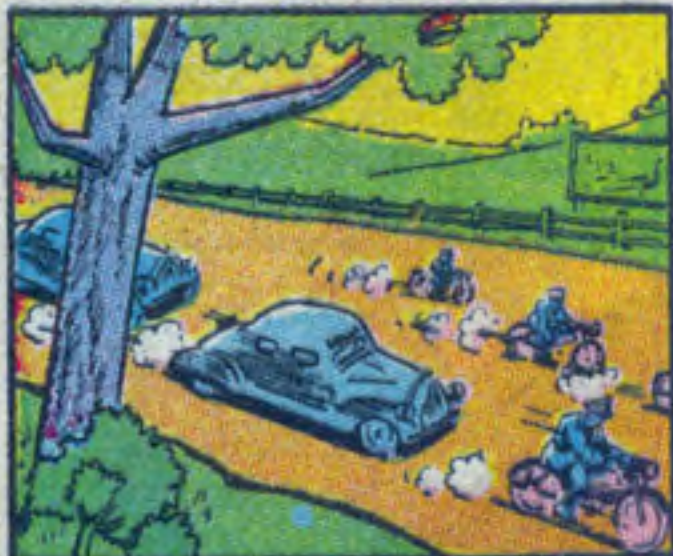


YOU NUMBSKULL! WHY DID YOU LET THE OTHER BRAT GIT AWAY-WE BETTER SCRAM-THE COPS WILL BE ON OUR TAIL BEFORE WE KNOW IT!

COME ON, RILEY, GIT TH' LEAD OUTA YA SHOES I KNOW WHERE THE CROOKS' HIDEOUT IS.. THEY'VE GOT NICK A PRISONER!



NO TIME TO LOSE! -RUSH THE RESERVES- BE CAREFUL, THEY ARE WELL-ARMED AND DANGEROUS.



MEANWHILE, ALL AVAILABLE POLICEMEN ARE RUSHED TO THE SCENE OF ACTION

STEP ON IT, RILEY! YA MIGHT'A BEEN A CHAMP RUNNER ONCE BUT YA RUN LIKE A RETIRED LETTER-CARRIER NOW!



SOON THE WOODS AROUND THE HOUSE ARE SWARMING WITH COPS BENT ON CAPTURING THE OUTLAWS.

COME ON, MEN! LETS MOVE IN ON THEM!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, WE HAVE YOU CORNERED FROM ALL SIDES!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT, MEN, IT'S EMPTY- THEY FLEW TH' COOP!



NICK'S LEFT A TRAIL OF JELLY BEANS...

THIS WAY, I'VE PICKED UP THEIR TRAIL AGAIN!



KEEP 'EM HIGH- ONE FALSE MOVE, AND WE'LL BLOW YOU TO BITS!



YES, THEY'RE REAL HEROES!

AW-THAT AINT NOTHIN'-IT'S ALL IN A DAYS WORK FER A SLEUTH!



NICK AND DICK GOT THEIR MAN AND ALSO THE \$250 REWARD-WATCH FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!

# MARS

# MASON

OF THE INTERPLANETARY MAIL SERVICE

MARS IS SENT TO OPEN A NEW AIR ROUTE FROM EARTH, TO THE PLANET, URANUS, WHERE A BAND OF EARTH-MEN HAVE SET UP A COLONY.



BY  
GLENN ROSS

NOW!  
FOR  
URANUS!

BRR-R!  
IT'S  
GETTING  
COLD!

LATER

MARS FINDS URANUS A FREEZING  
WASTE LAND.

JUST AS HE ARRIVES, THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF URANUS  
RAID THE OUT-POST, WHICH THE EARTH MEN HAVE SET UP. . .

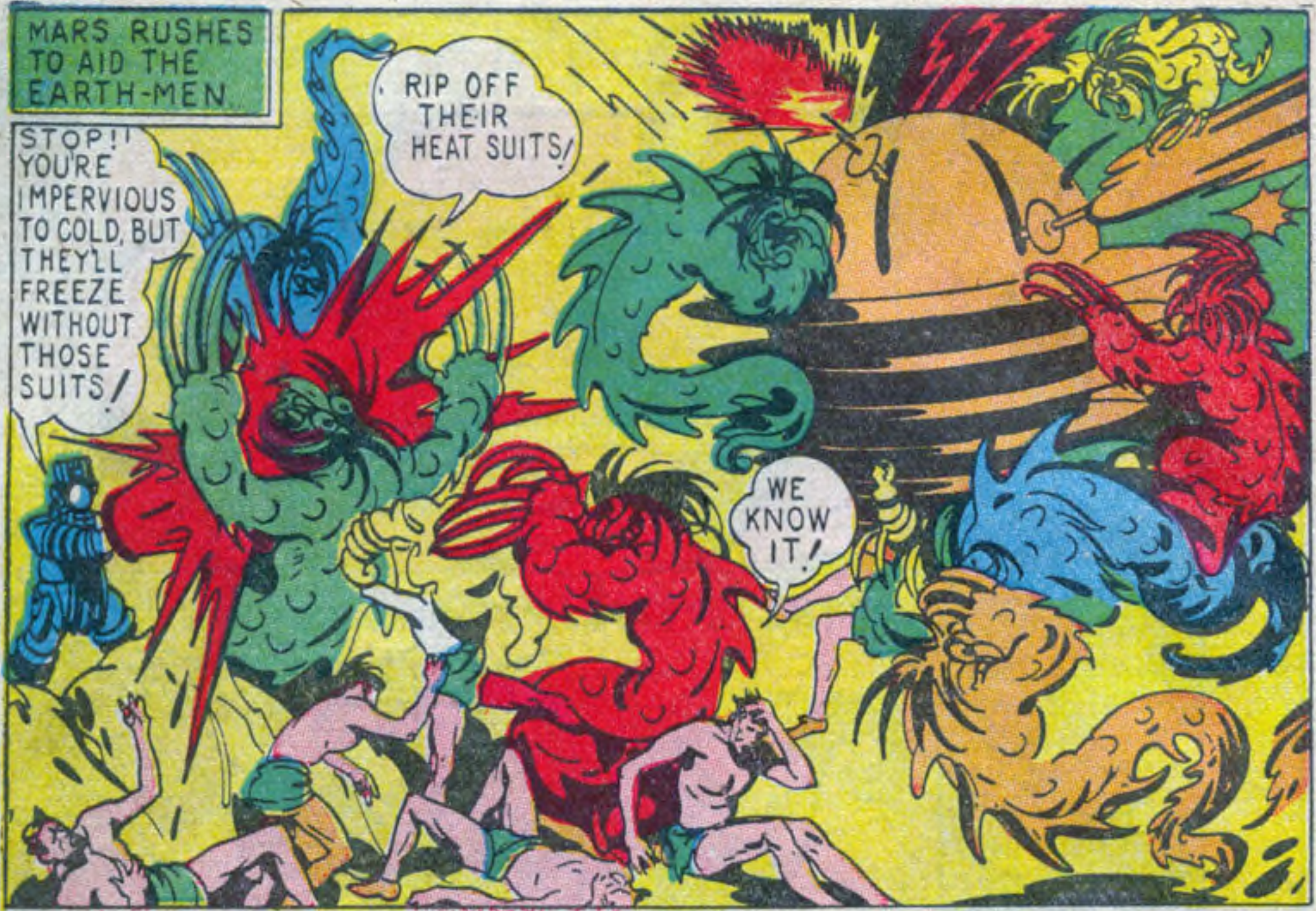
WOW!  
JUST IN TIME  
FOR A FIGHT!

MARS RUSHES TO AID THE EARTH-MEN

STOP!! YOU'RE IMPERVIOUS TO COLD, BUT THEY'LL FREEZE WITHOUT THOSE SUITS!

RIP OFF THEIR HEAT SUITS!

WE KNOW IT!



THE ENEMY ROUTED, MARS CARRIES THE FREEZING EARTH-MEN TO THEIR OUTPOST

THE MEN REVIVE



DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW SUN'S RAYS WILL BE ATTRACTED. OPPOSITE POLES OF A MAGNET ATTRACT THE SAME WAY



HAVING LISTENED INTENTLY, AN EARTH-MAN SILENTLY TIP-TOES FROM THE ROOM





HE ZOOMS TO MERCURY.



MEANWHILE, ON MERCURY, THE RULER PLOTS.



THE EARTH-MAN SPY BURSTS IN.



HE RELAYS HIS NEWS.



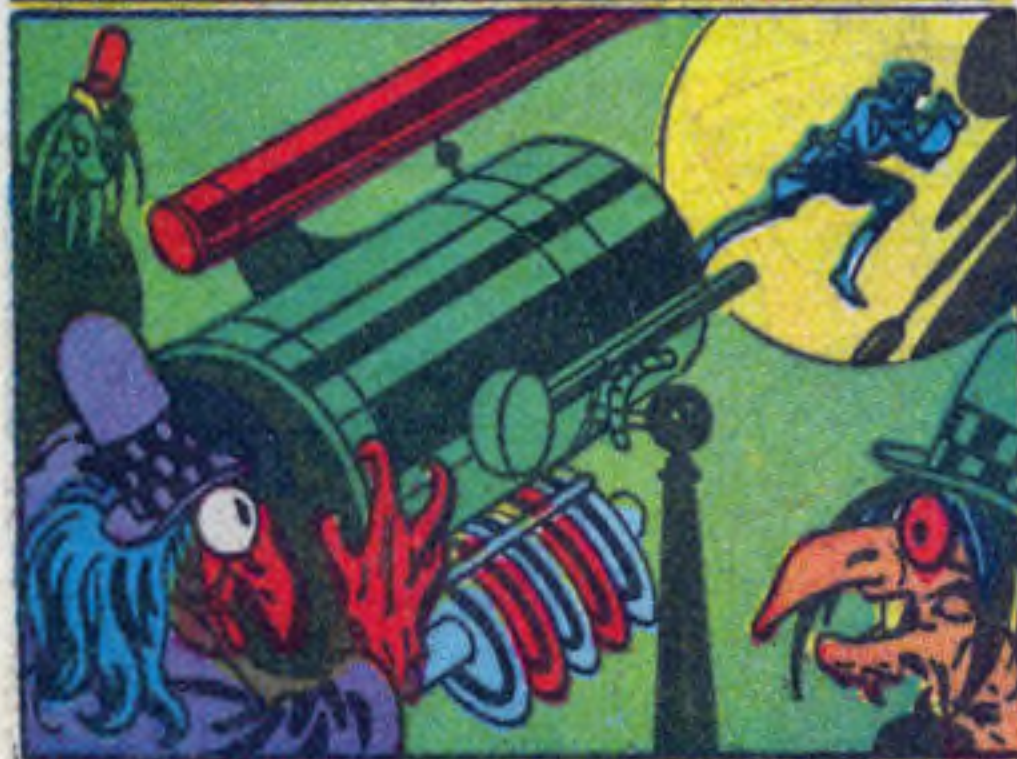
IN THE MEANTIME, MARS CONTACTS EARTH.



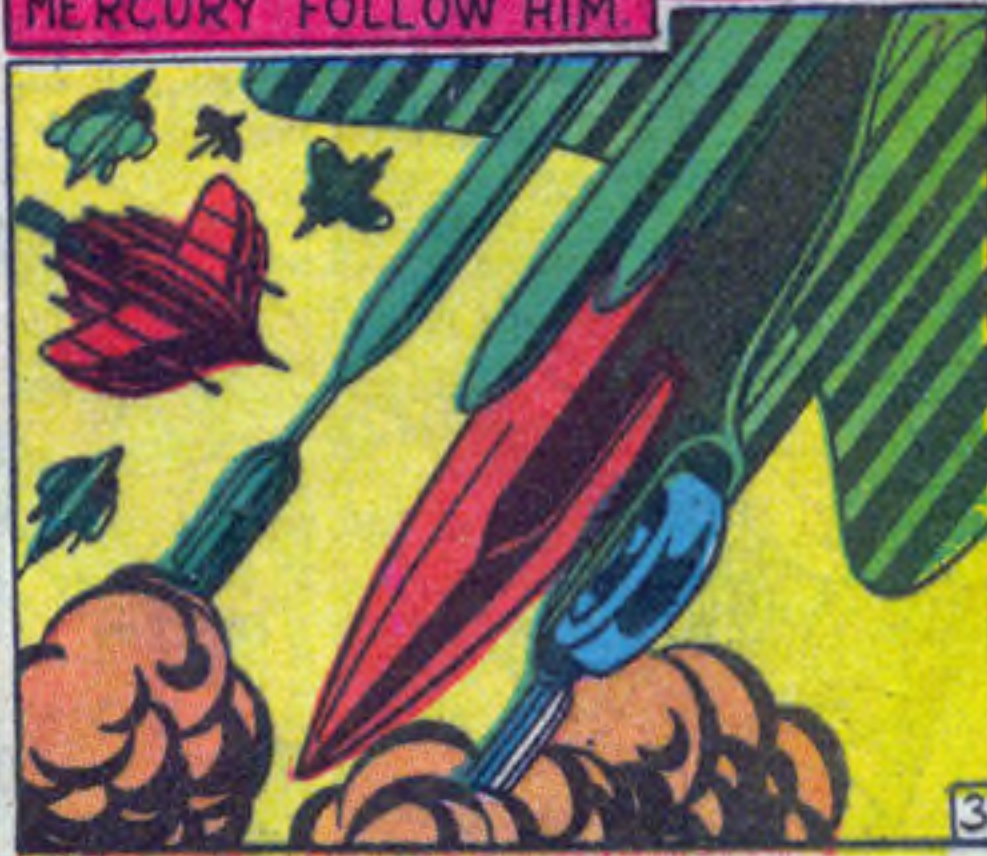
EARTH RECEIVES THE MESSAGE



AS MARS HASTENS TO HIS SHIP WITH THE PRECIOUS RAY, POWERFUL TELESCOPES ON MERCURY RECORD HIS EVERY MOVE.

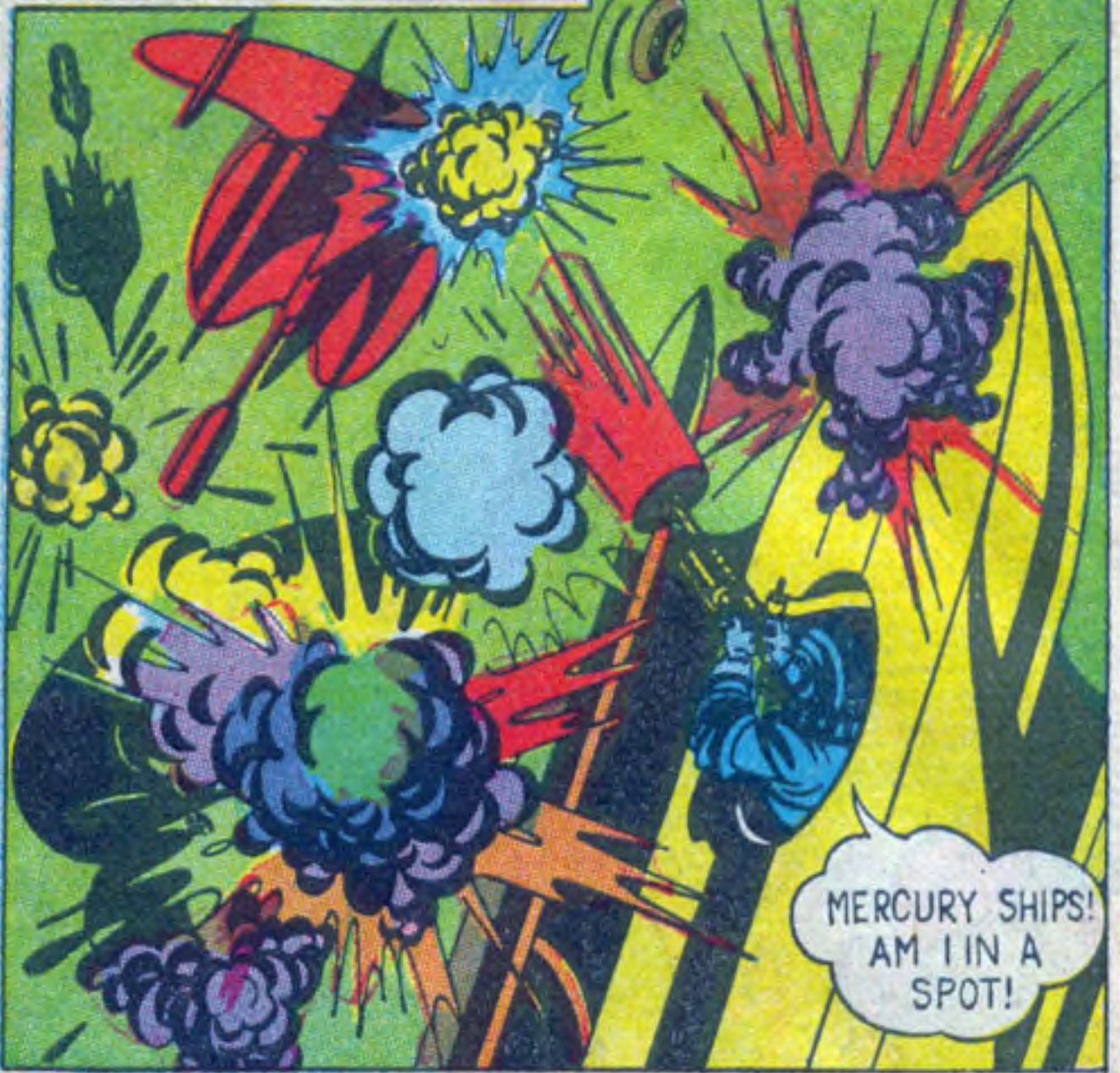


AND, NOW, DOZENS OF SHIPS FROM MERCURY FOLLOW HIM.



THE RAY STREAKS OUT  
BEHIND MARS' SHIP.

SUDDENLY, AMIDST BLINDING FLASHES OF LIGHT, THE  
MERCURIANS ATTACK HIM.



WITHOUT SLACKENING SPEED,  
MARS BOMBARDS THEM WITH  
DEADLY RAYS.

AT THIS POINT, AS DIRECTED, A  
SHIP STARTS FROM EARTH.

THE MERCURIANS NOW  
FORCE MARS INTO A PERIL-  
OUS UP-SIDE-DOWN POSITION!



BUT, WITH EXPERT SKILL, MARS RIGHTS HIS SHIP AND SWINGS ABOUT.



HA! FINISHED TEN THAT TIME,

AS THE REMAINDER CLOSE IN A CIRCLE ABOUT HIM, MARS SHOOTS UP LIKE A GEYSER! THEN... OVER !!



TURNING SWIFTLY, HE SO DISABLES THE ENEMY SHIPS, THAT THEY CRASH INTO ONE ANOTHER AND FALL, SPLINTERED AND BURNING, INTO OBLIVION!



MARS NOW CONTACTS THE RAY FROM EARTH.



WELL, I MADE IT!

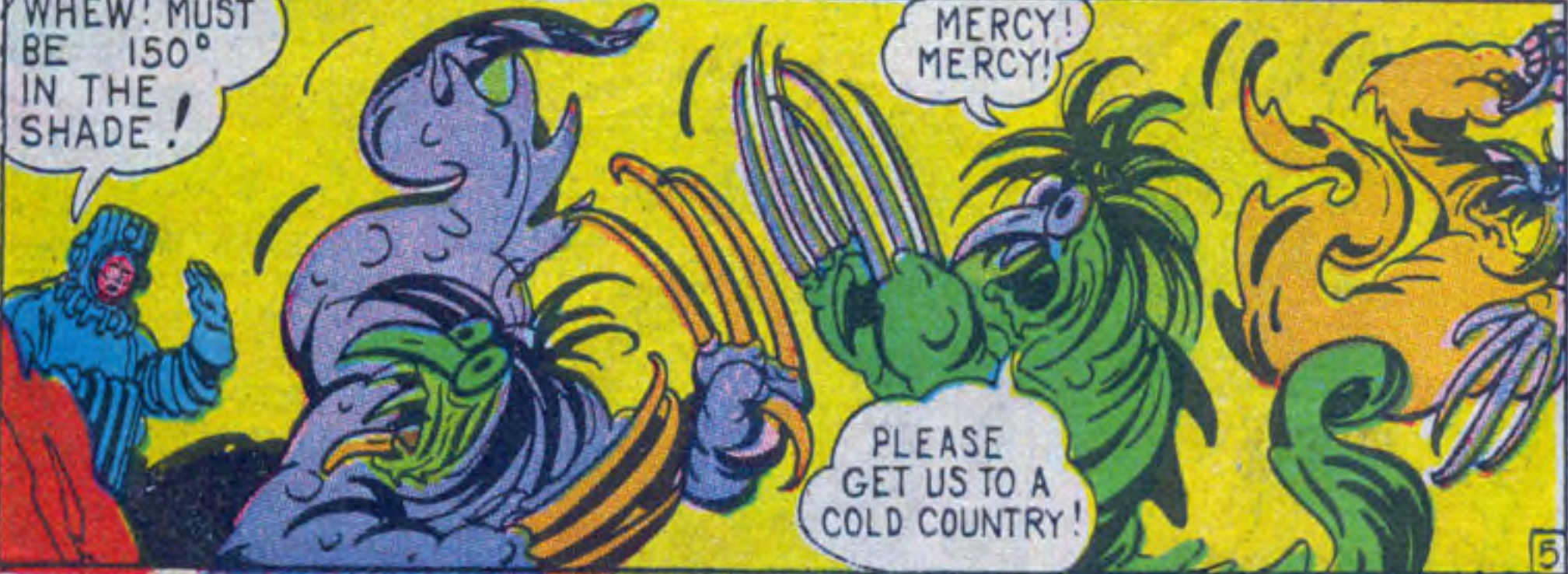
THE HEAT IS INSTANTLY FELT ON URANUS!



WE'LL DIE!

MARS RETURNS TO URANUS TO FIND THE ICE MELTING AND THE MONSTER MEN DYING!

WHEW! MUST BE 150° IN THE SHADE!



MERCY! MERCY!

PLEASE GET US TO A COLD COUNTRY!

MARS MAKES SEVERAL TRIPS TO THE NORTH POLE WITH THE MONSTER-MEN. THEY QUICKLY REVIVE.

I'LL TRANSPORT YOU TO THE NORTH POLE! ALTHOUGH YOU DONT DESERVE IT!



BOY! DOES THIS ICE FEEL GOOD!



BACK ON URANUS, MARS COMPLETES PLANS FOR THE AIR ROUTE. HE ALSO CHECKS THE NUMBER OF EARTH-MEN AT THE OUT-POST.

HM! ONE GONE! I WONDER-



GUESS I'LL PAY MERCURY A VISIT!



HE SURPRISES THE EARTH-MAN SPY.

FOUND YOU, EH?

WH-?



THE SPY SAVAGELY RESISTS!



BUT MARS' MUSCLES BULGE- AND HE DELIVERS A KNOCK-OUT BLOW!



AND, NOW! EARTH AND JUSTICE FOR YOU! AND A GOOD SLEEP FOR ME!



MARS MASON WILL GIVE YOU A GREAT THRILL IN ANOTHER BREATHTAKING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPEED COMICS →

# SPIKE MARLIN



134  
Carl Larson



TREASURE AND TREACHERY GO HAND IN HAND, AS SPIKE CHURNS THE SEAS WITH SWIFT ACTION, IN A BATTLE TO THE FINISH WITH A FIERCE MONSTER OF THE DEEP. . . . .



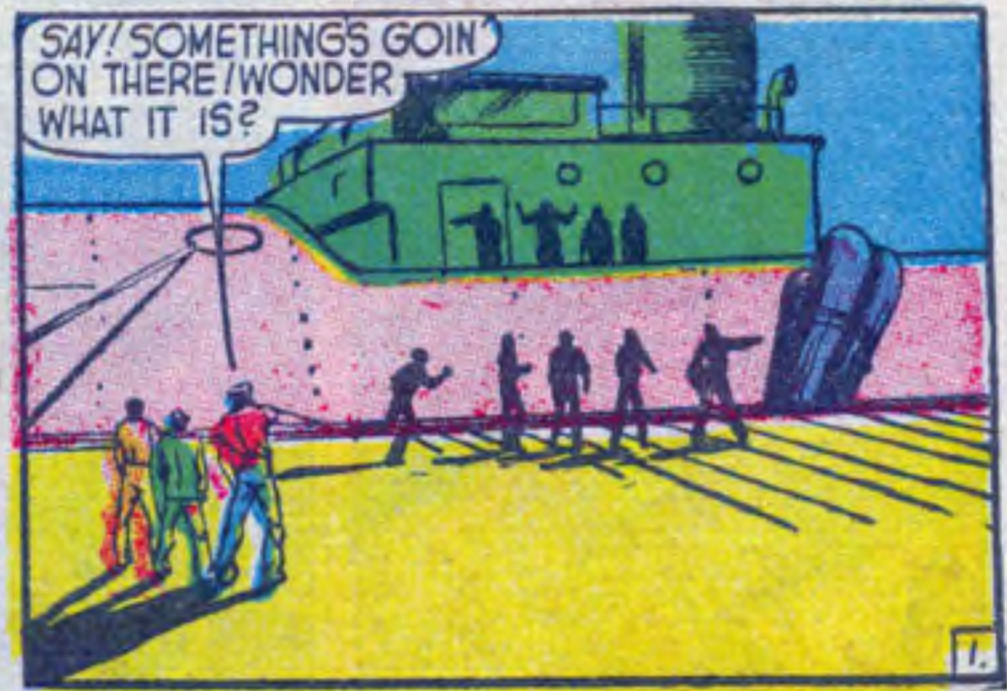
THEY'LL BE SHOVIN' OFF LOOKIN' FOR GOLD SOON!  
YEAH! I'D LIKE TO BE GOIN!  
SAY, BOYS, WHO'S GOIN' TREASURE HUNTING?



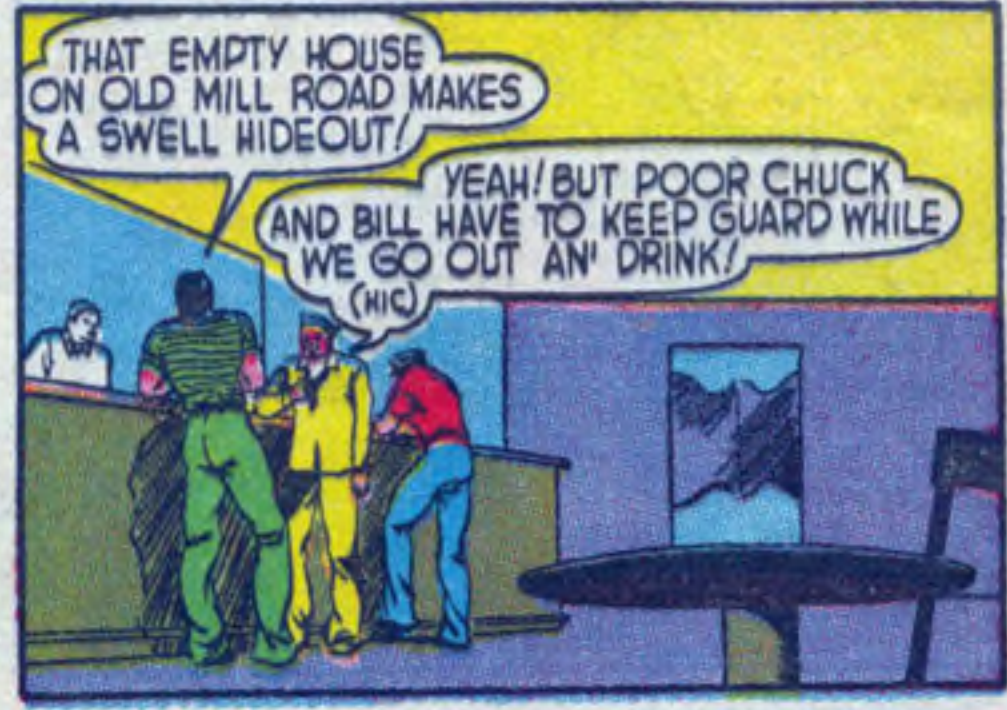
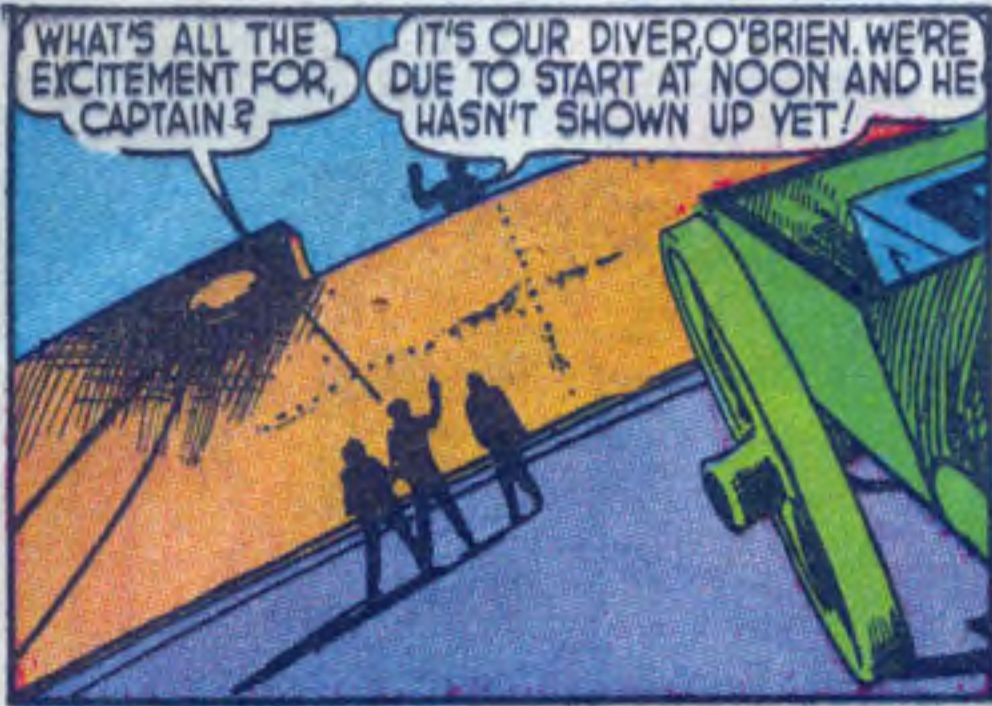
HOWDY, SPIKE! SURE, THERE'S A TREASURE HUNT, AND WHAT'S MORE, THEY'VE GOT DAN O'BRIEN, THE BEST DIVER IN THE WORLD!  
THEN, LET'S GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND GIVE THEM A GOOD SEND OFF!

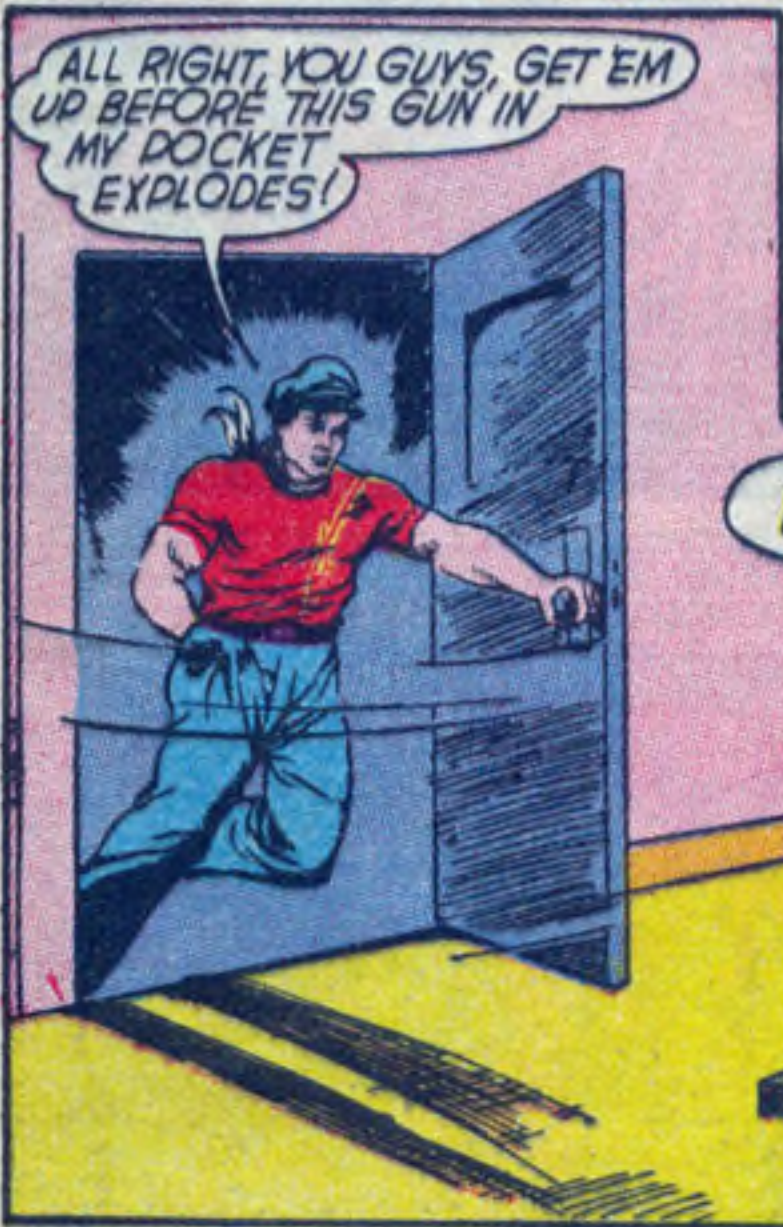


GEE, I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT GUY!  
YOU MEAN DAN? SAY, HE'S DUG UP MORE TREASURE THAN CAPTAIN KIDD EVER SUNK!



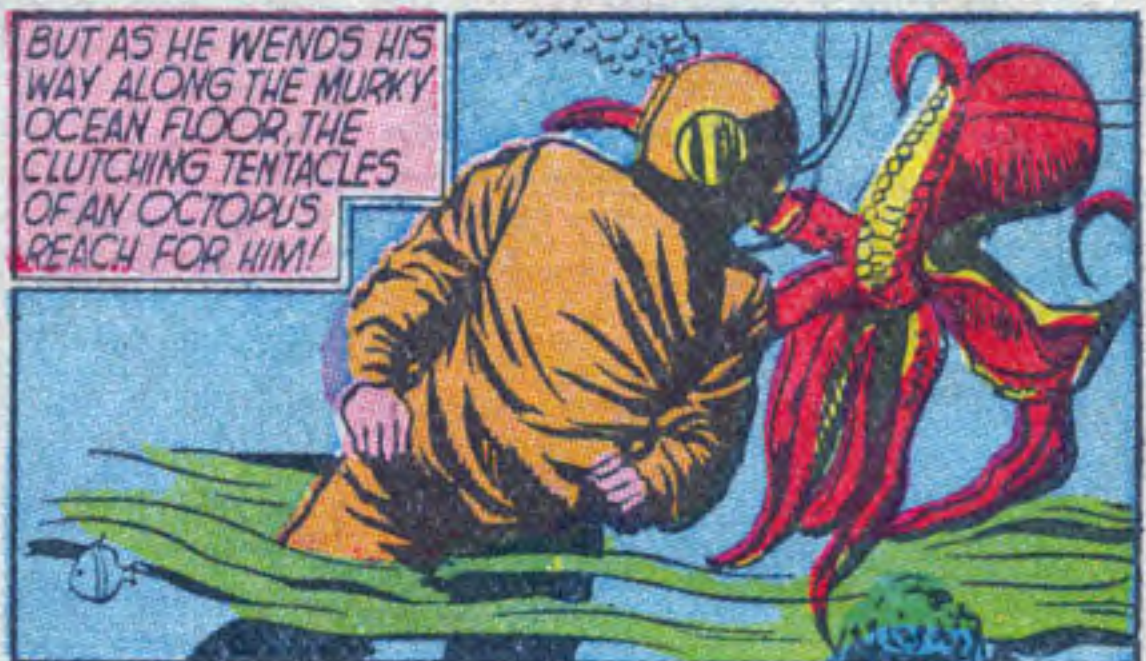
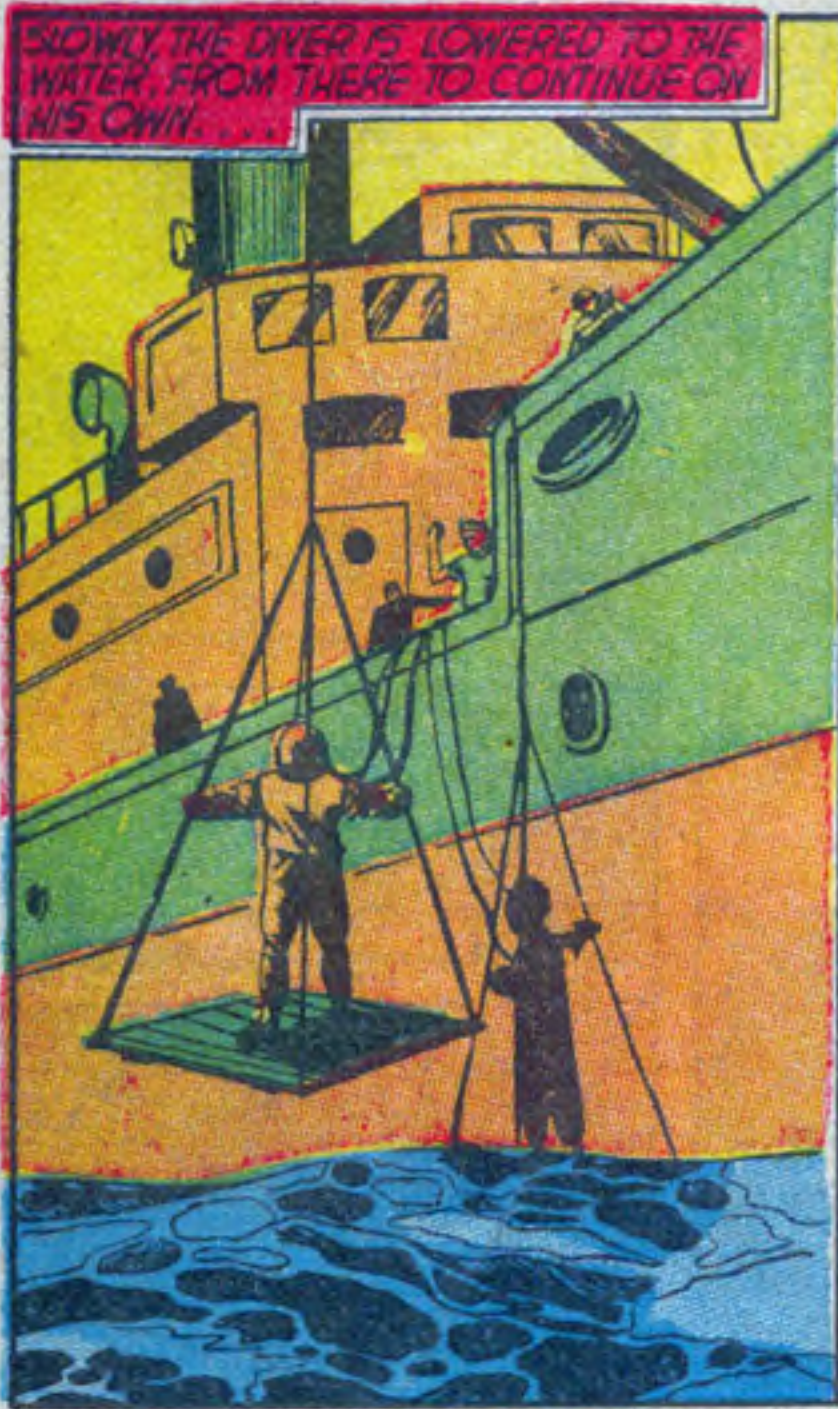
SAY! SOMETHING'S GOIN' ON THERE! WONDER WHAT IT IS?





TAKING A DESPERATE CHANCE, THE KIDNAPPERS ESCAPE...







BUT SANE STRIPPING TO THE WAIST, GRABS A KNIFE AND DIVES INTO THE WATER WITHOUT THE AID OF A SUIT!



THERE'S HIS AIR LINE...



GAD! WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT! THEY CRUSH A PERSON SLOWLY TO DEATH!



AS SPIKE DIVES FOR THE OCTOPUS IT WHIRLS, STRIKES AT HIM!



HE WRIGGLES ONE ARM LOOSE...



AND WITH A QUICK THRUST, SUBDUES THE OCTOPUS.



BY THIS TIME, HIS LUNGS HAVE ALMOST REACHED THE BURSTING POINT.



SPIKE COMES FLYING OUT OF THE WATER...



THE DIVER IS PLENTY SICK AND WE HAVEN'T ANOTHER DIVER ON BOARD! WELL, THERE GOES OUR TREASURE! THOSE CROOKS WILL GET AT IT BEFORE WE SEND ANOTHER DIVER



NOT SO FAST, CAP, I'M DOWN TOMORROW! READY TO GO DOWN! I'M A BIT OF A DIVER MYSELF!

AFTER A BIT OF DISCUSSION, SPIKE DONS THE DIVING SUIT AND IS LOWERED INTO THE WATER...



AH! THERE SHE IS!



AS SPIKE ENTERS THE HOLD, HE NOTICES AIR BUBBLES BEHIND HIM.



SUDDENLY WHIRLING, HE GRABS ONE OF THE MEN.

AND SWINGS HIM INTO ANOTHER.



WATCH FOR ANOTHER SEAFARING ADVENTURE WITH SPIKE IN THE NEXT ISSUE! 16



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