

THRILLING

10¢

No. 10

COMICS



DR. STRANGE

FEATURING A COMPLETE
"DOC STRANGE" ACTION ADVENTURE

NOV.



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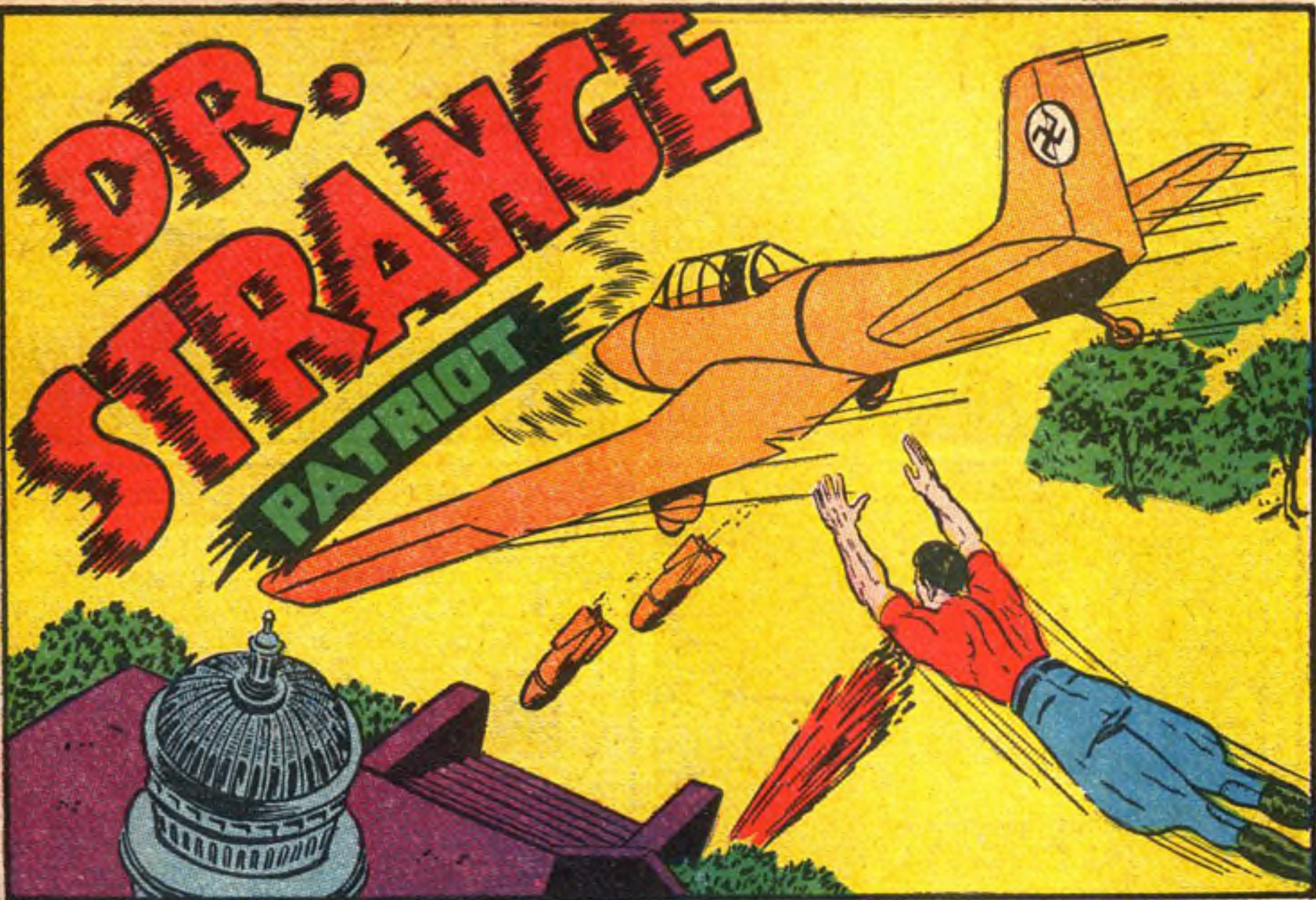
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THE GREAT METROPOLITAN POWER-HOUSE GOES UP IN FLAMES!

IT'S ARSON, ALL RIGHT! THAT'S THE FIFTH POWER-HOUSE IN A MONTH!

SKILLFUL FASCIST PROPAGANDA IS USED TO START RIOTS EVERYWHERE!

BREAK IT UP AND MOVE ALONG!

THE TROUBLE WITH THIS COUNTRY IS....


DOC STRANGE IS SUMMONED TO AN EMERGENCY MEETING IN WASHINGTON!

YOU MUST ALL USE YOUR INFLUENCE TO FIGHT THIS FASCIST TERROR WHICH HAS ARISEN! THEY MAY STRIKE AT THE NEW NATIONAL DEFENSE BUILDING NEXT-- STARTING MONDAY, IT GOES UNDER DOUBLE GUARD!

WONDER WHY I'M HERE? I'M NO INDUSTRIAL LEADER!

THE SENATOR'S RIGHT!

THERE IS ONE AMONG YOU WHO HAS ALREADY DONE MUCH TO PROVE HIS LOYALTY TO AMERICA! I CALL UPON DR. STRANGE TO COME TO HIS COUNTRY'S AID ONCE MORE... TO USE HIS COURAGE AND STRENGTH IN TRACKING THIS MENACE TO ITS SOURCE!



DOC ACCEPTS THE COMMISSION!

CONGRATULATIONS, DOC-TOR! THEY COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER MAN FOR THE JOB!

THANKS, MR. MARSH! I'LL DO MY BEST TO PRODUCE!



NEXT DAY, THE NATIONAL DEFENSE BUILDING IS BOMBED!



CRASH!

DOC INSPECTS THE RUINED STRUCTURE!

IF THEY HAD WAITED TILL MONDAY, THEY'D HAVE FOUND THIS PLACE HEAVILY GUARDED! WONDER HOW THEY KNEW ENOUGH TO STRIKE NOW?



HE DODGES AS A HUGE STONE FALLS FROM ABOVE!

WOW!! THAT WAS CLOSE!



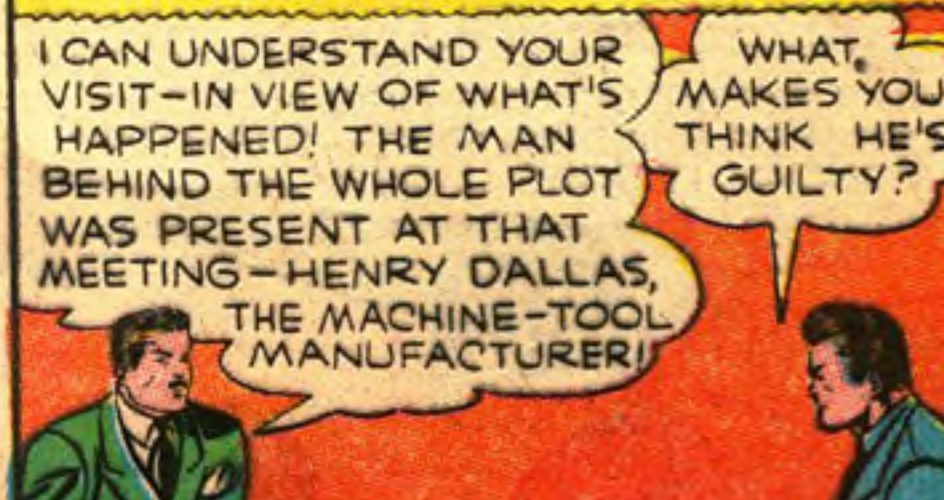
I DON'T THINK THAT WAS AN ACCIDENT! SOMEBODY KNOWS I'M ON THE TRAIL... AND THE LEAK COULD ONLY HAVE COME THROUGH THE MEN WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE MEETING! I'LL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!

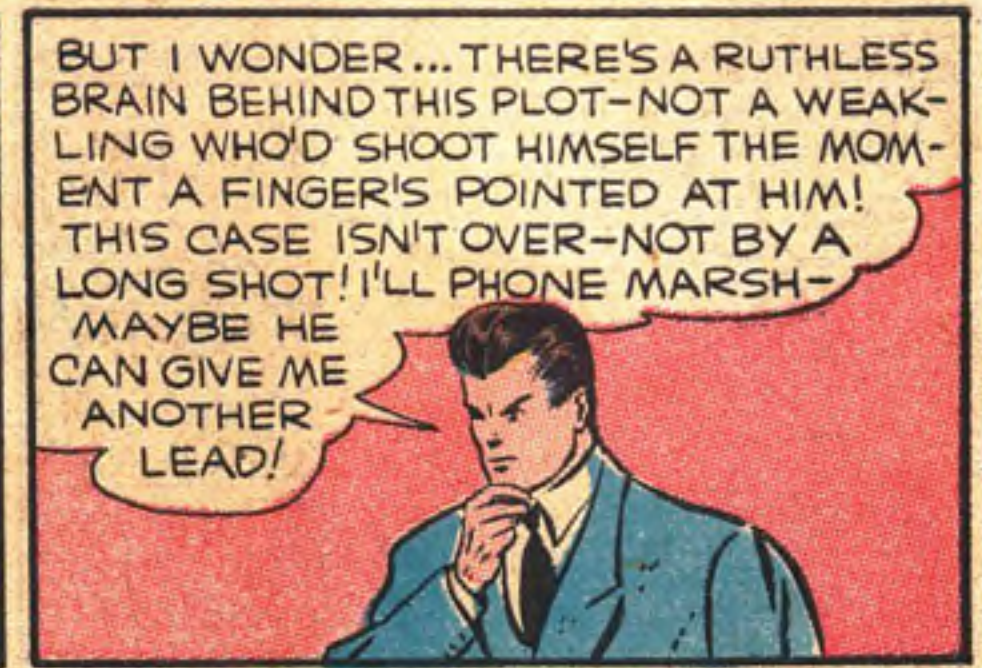


HE CALLS UPON ROBERT W. MARSH, MILLIONAIRE FINANCIER.

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR VISIT-IN VIEW OF WHAT'S HAPPENED! THE MAN BEHIND THE WHOLE PLOT WAS PRESENT AT THAT MEETING-HENRY DALLAS, THE MACHINE-TOOL MANUFACTURER!

WHAT, MAKES YOU THINK HE'S GUILTY?





SEEKING A STARTING-POINT, HE LOOKS INTO DALLAS'S AFFAIRS!



BUT HIS QUEST IS FRUITLESS!



RETURNING AFTER DARK, HE FORTIFIES HIMSELF WITH ALOSUN, A MIRACULOUS DISTILLATE OF LIQUID SUN-ATOMS WHICH AFFORDS SUPERHUMAN POWERS!



FEARLESSLY HE SCALES THE SIDE OF THE TALL SKYSCRAPER!



HOSTILE EYES WATCH HIM FROM BELOW!

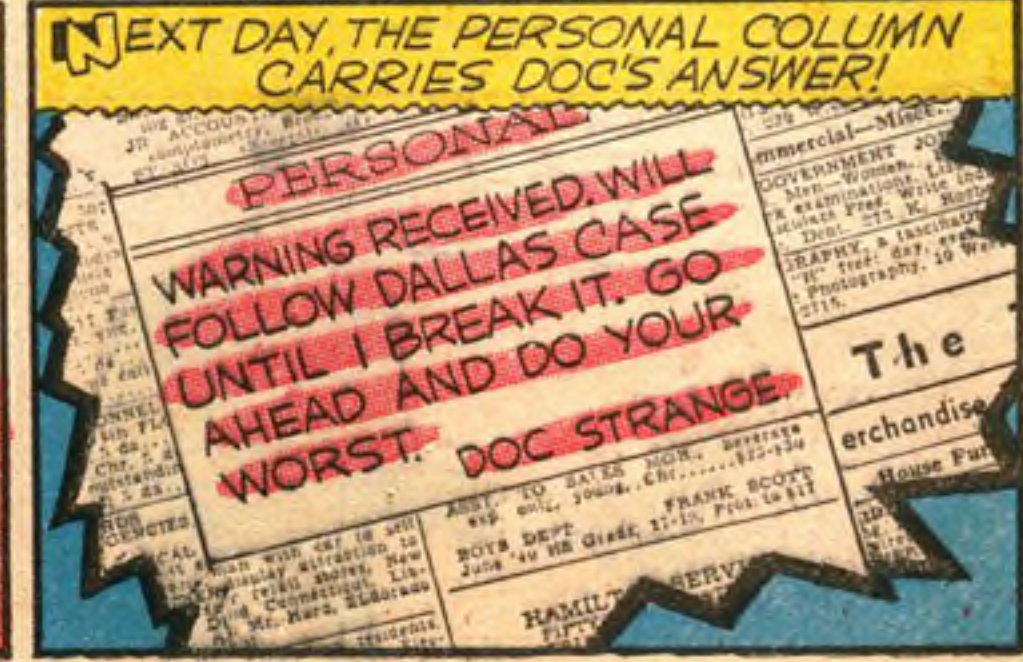
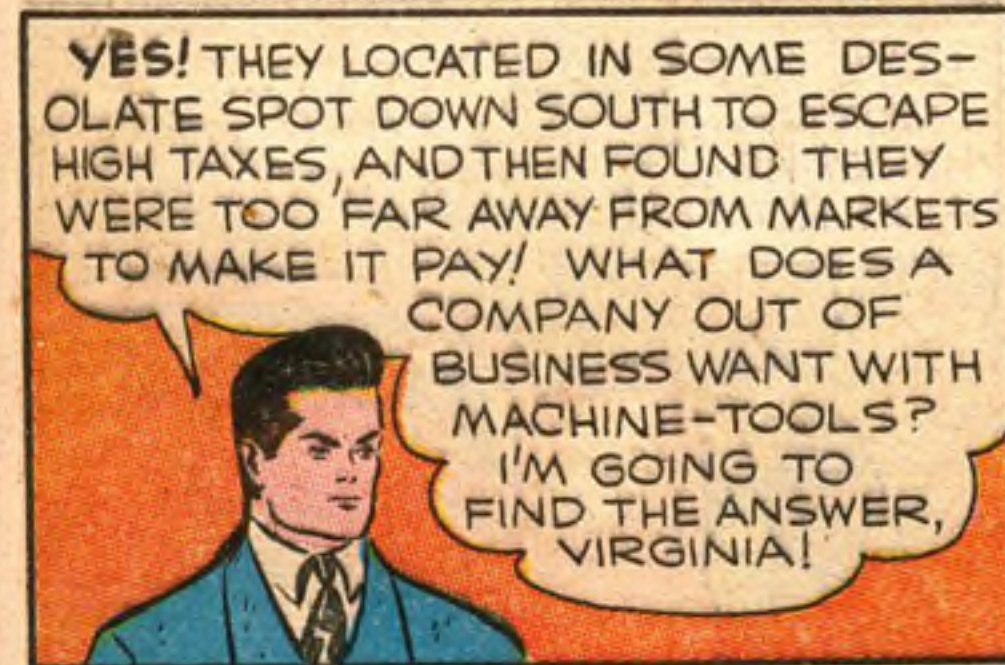
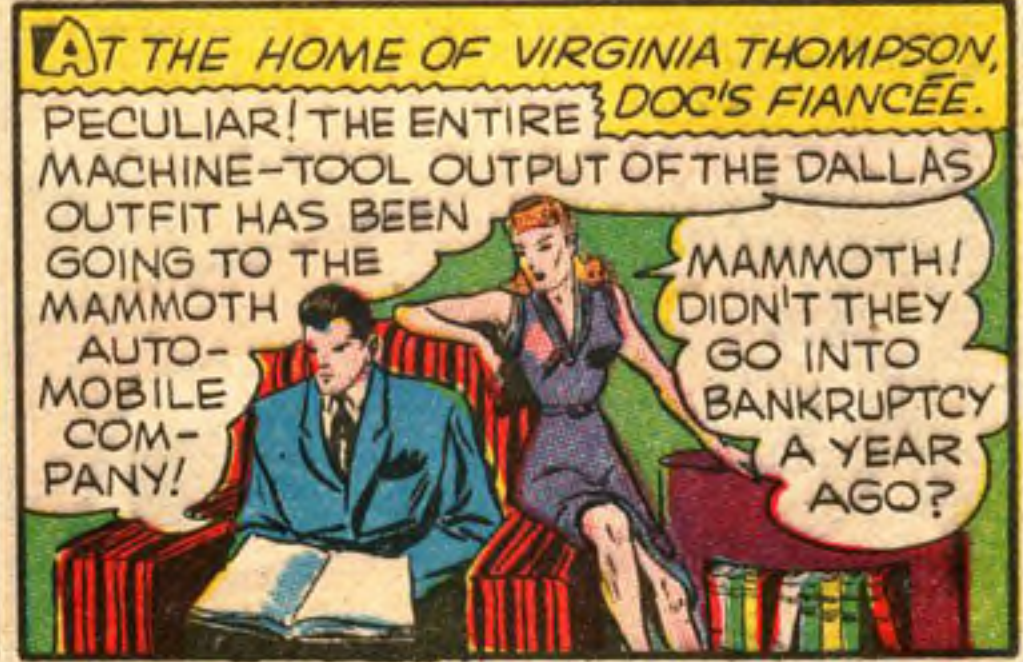


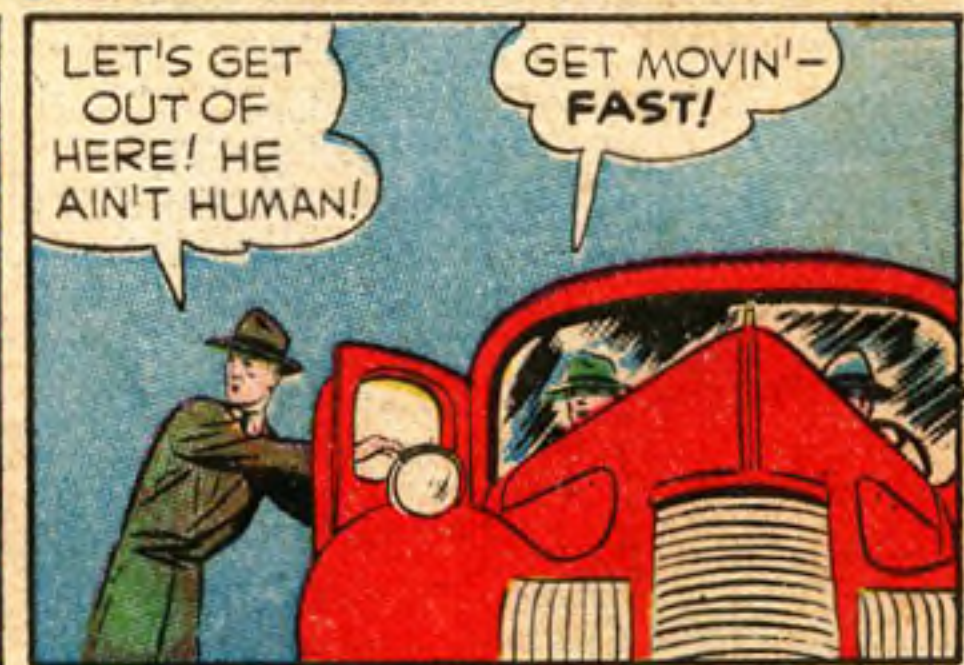
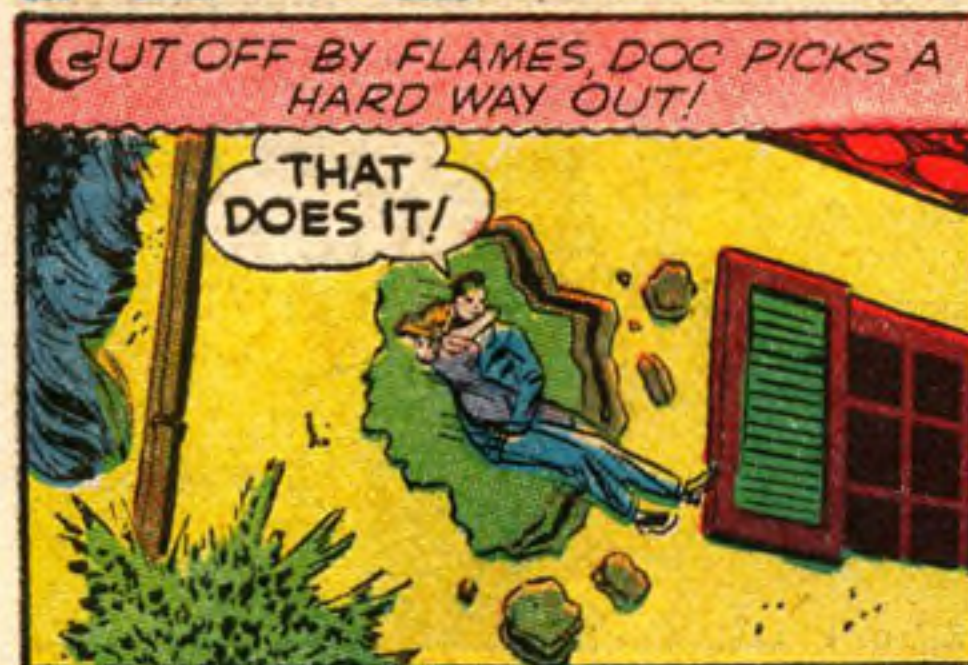
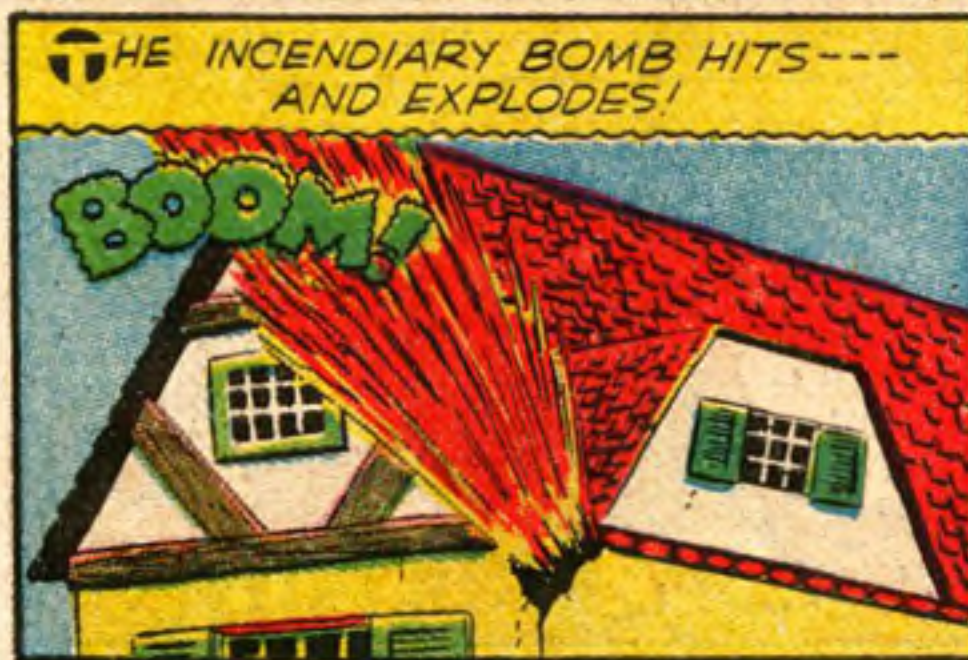
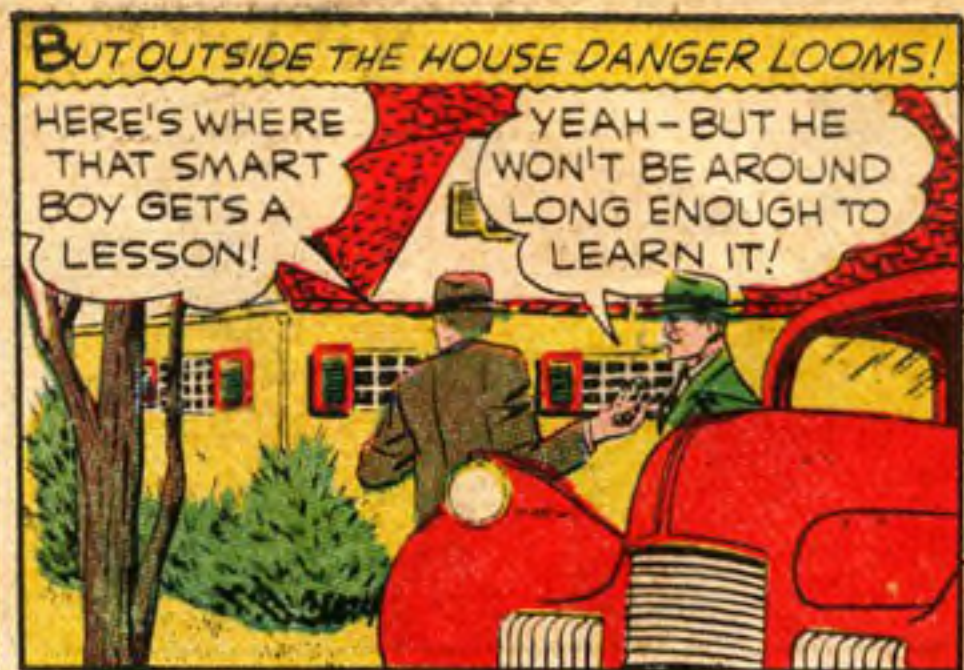
FORCING AN ENTRY, DOC RIPS THE HUGE SAFE DOOR ASIDE!

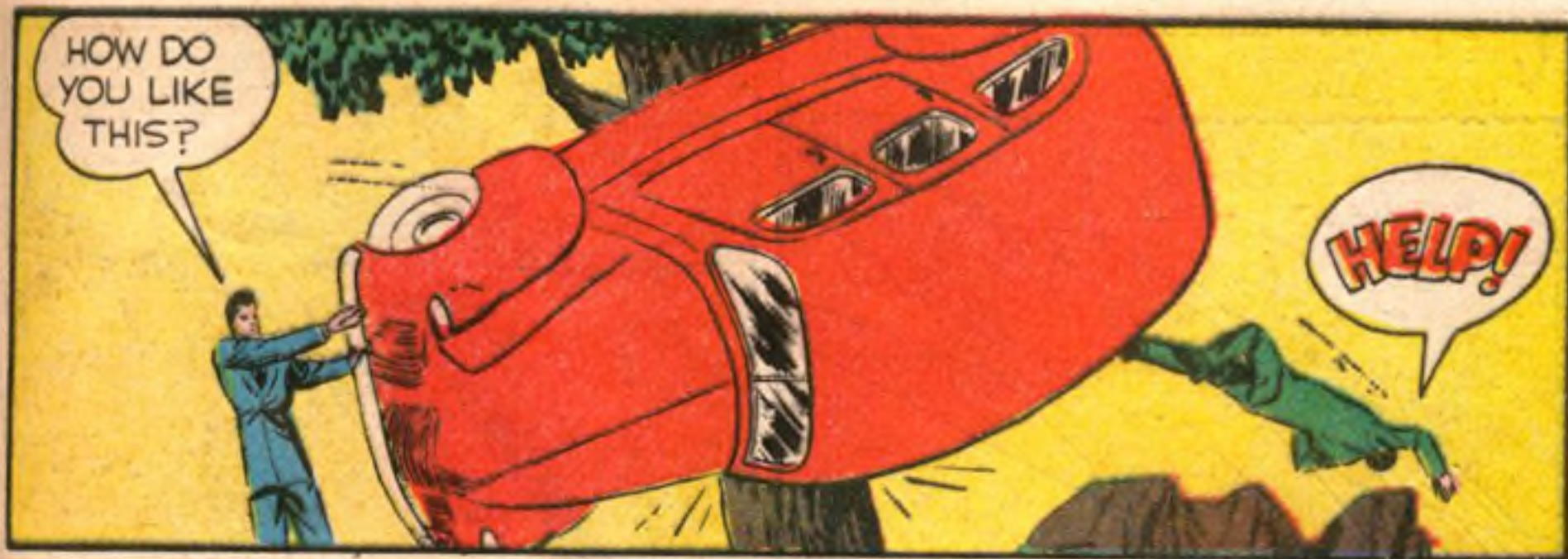


AS HE SEARCHES THROUGH THE RECORDS, THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION!

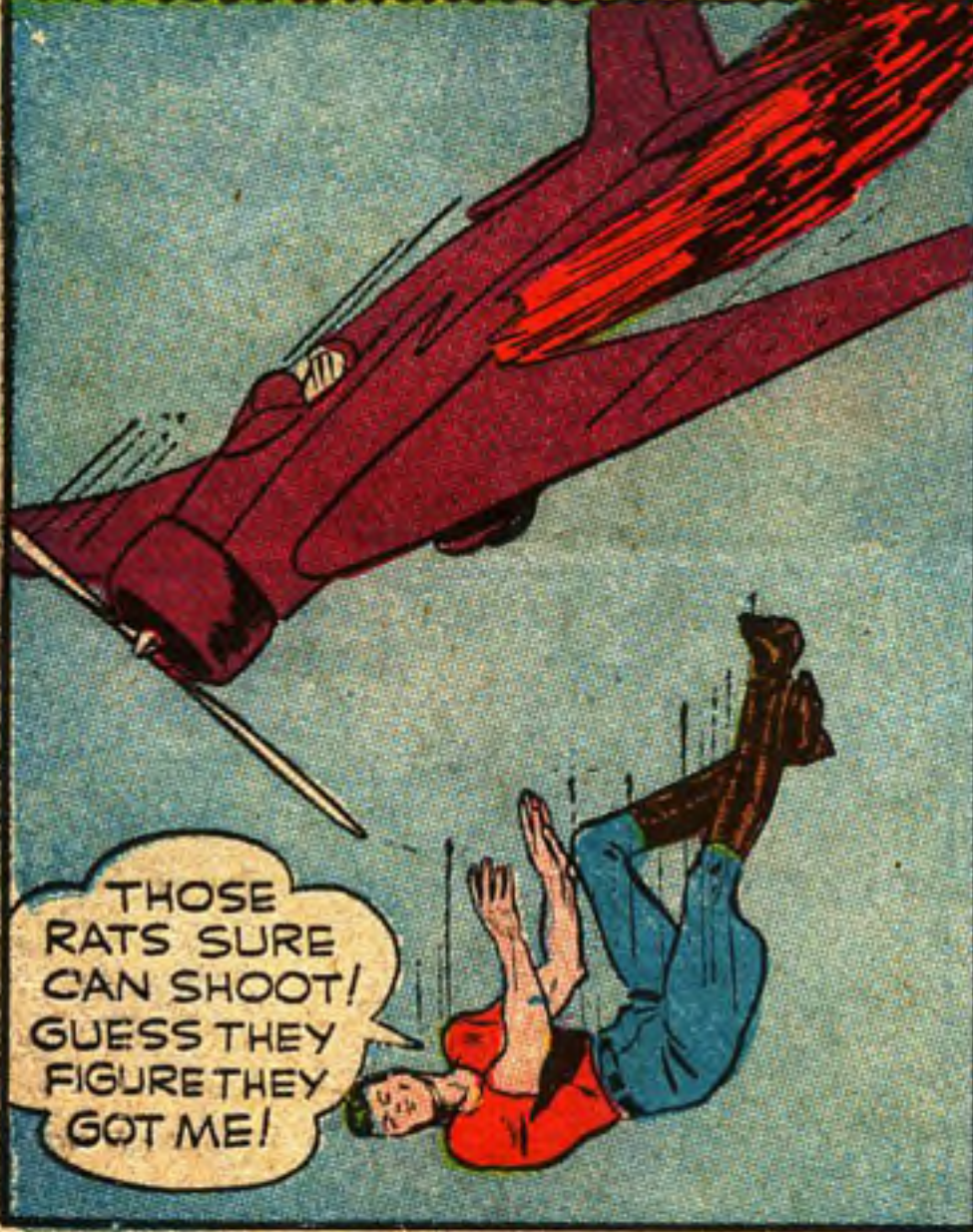








HE JUMPS AS A DIRECT HIT SENDS HIS PLANE DOWN IN FLAMES!



THOSE RATS SURE CAN SHOOT! GUESS THEY FIGURE THEY GOT ME!



I'LL SNOOP AROUND A BIT BEFORE I CALL ON 'EM!



AT A CROSS-ROADS STORE NEARBY.

THEY DON'T ALLOW STRANGERS NEAR THE PLANT. THEY'RE WORKIN' NIGHT AND DAY... GOVERNMENT CONTRACT, I HEAR. THEY DON'T SEND NOTHIN' OUT... UNLESS IT'S IN THOSE BIG PLANES THAT ARE ALWAYS COMIN' AN' GOIN'!

THANKS, POP!

ESPIONAGE BRINGS A REPORT TO THE PLANT!



YEAH... HE WAS ASKIN' PLENTY OF QUESTIONS!

THAT'S DOC STRANGE, ALL RIGHT! HAVE THE GUARD AROUND THE PLANT DOUBLED!

SECRET RADIO-TELEVISOR IS BROUGHT INTO PLAY!



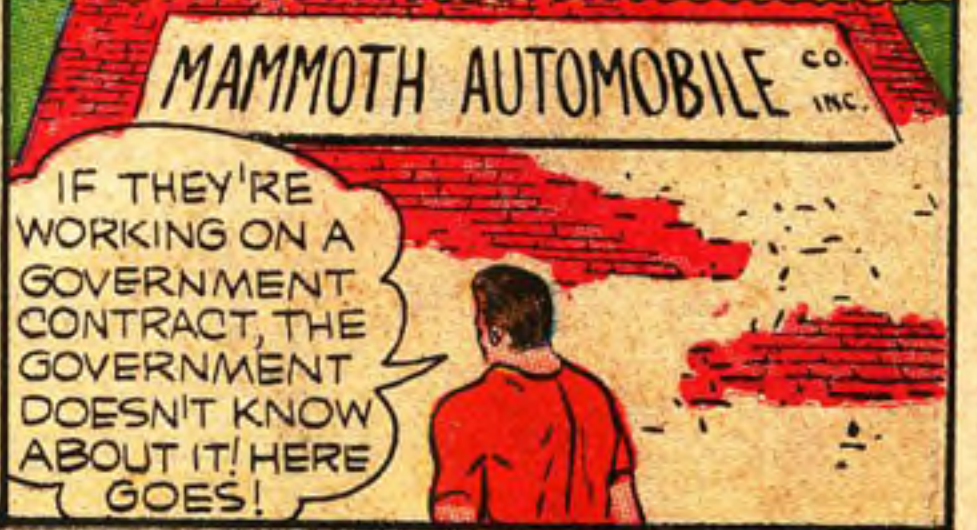
HAIL, LEADER! WHAT YOU WARNED HAS COME TO PASS! DR. STRANGE IS NEARBY!

HE MUST BE CAPTURED AND PUT OUT OF THE WAY! HE'S DANGEROUS TO OUR CAUSE!

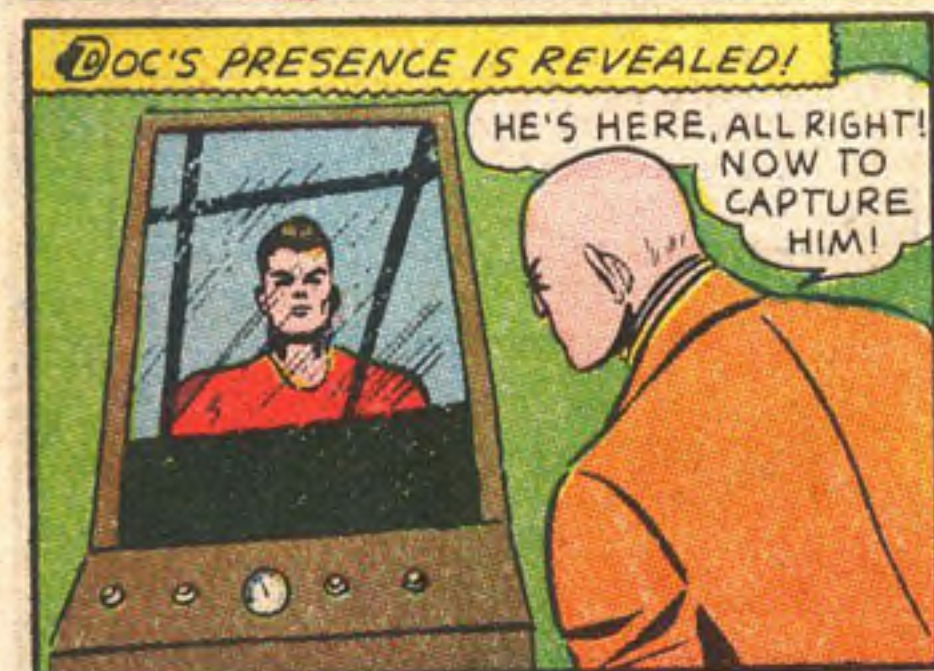
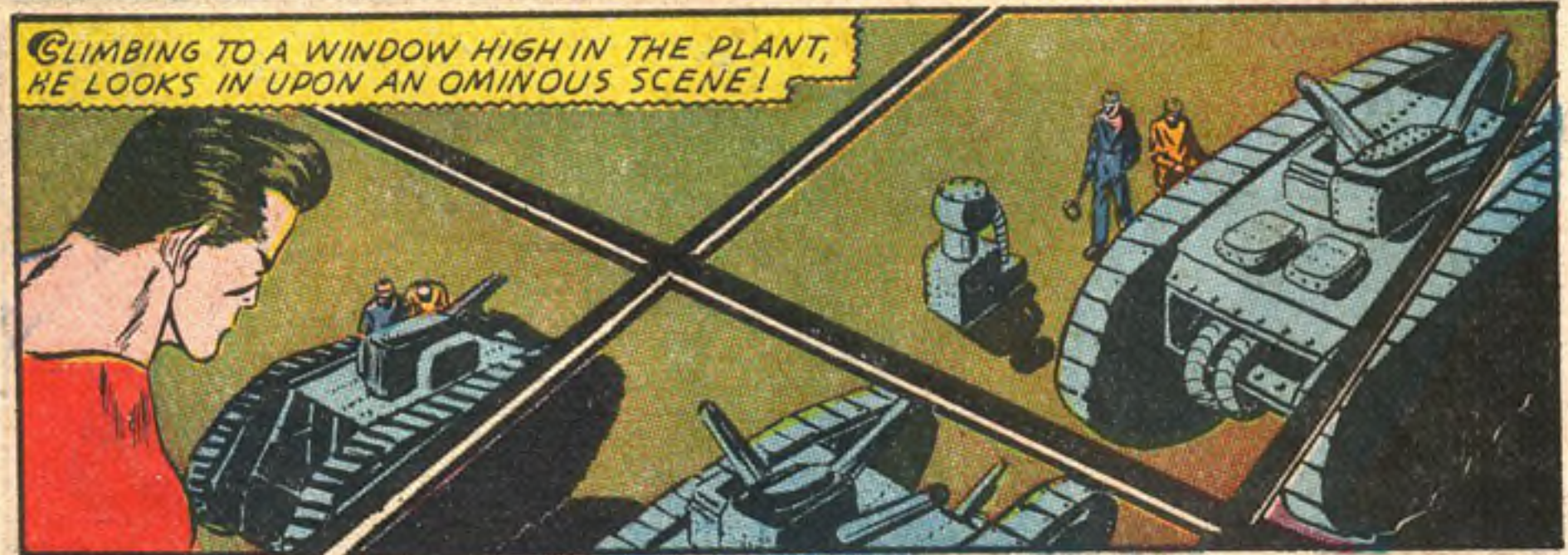
BUT HE'S NOT LIKE ORDINARY MEN... WE'VE GOT TO PLAY SAFE! SEND A TELEGRAM TO VIRGINIA THOMPSON TO FLY TO CORONADO IMMEDIATELY! SIGN STRANGE'S NAME! WHEN SHE GETS THERE, I'LL HAVE HER BROUGHT TO OUR HEADQUARTERS—SHE'LL BE OUR ACE-IN-THE-HOLE IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG!



THAT NIGHT, DOC MAKES HIS WAY TO THE MAMMOTH PLANT!



IF THEY'RE WORKING ON A GOVERNMENT CONTRACT, THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT! HERE GOES!



**BUT THE TANK-GUN'S EXPLOSIVE SHELL
REGISTERS A DIRECT HIT!**



HE WON'T HAVE ENOUGH
HEAD LEFT TO
FILL A HAT!

**HOLY SMOKE! THAT
SHELL COULDA
KILLED AN
ELE-
PHANT-
AND
HE'S
ONLY
KNOCKED
OUT!**



I GOT IT! WE'LL
FEED HIM IN-
TO THE
BIG
STAMPER-
IT'LL
GRIND
HIM
TO BITS!

**THAT DOES IT! COME ON -
WE'VE GOT TO SEARCH
THE GROUNDS TO SEE
IF HE HAD ANY
CONFEDERATES!**



SO LONG,
HERCULES!

**DOC COMES TO JUST AS
HE ENTERS THE MAW OF
THE HUGE MACHINE!**



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME,
ANYWAY? GREAT SCOTT!

**HE SHATTERS THE STAMPER, BREAK-
ING FREE!**



HERE'S ONE
DEVILISH
SCHEME
WHICH
DIDN'T
WORK!

**SO THEY TAKE
THE TANKS AWAY
BY PLANE! I'VE GOT
TO FIND OUT WHERE
THEY GO!**



**AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF, A GIANT LEAP
CARRIES HIM TO ITS TAIL!**



THEY DON'T KNOW
IT, BUT THEY'VE
GOT A
PASSENGER!



OVER THE RIO GRANDE AND INTO THE MOUNTAINS! THIS IS MEXICO, ALL RIGHT!

ALL RIGHT!



THE PLANE COMES DOWN ON AN ISOLATED PLATEAU!

NOW TO HIDE AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!



THOSE UNIFORMS - I'VE NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE! GUESS SOMEBODY'S GOT HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY!



SUDDENLY DOC IS ACCOSTED!

WHO ARE YOU AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? SPEAK UP!

I CAN'T LET HIM GIVE THE ALARM!



THIS ISN'T YOUR LUCKY DAY, BUDDY!



DISGUISED IN THE OFFICER'S UNIFORM, HE INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERIOUS PLATEAU-WITH STARTLING RESULTS!

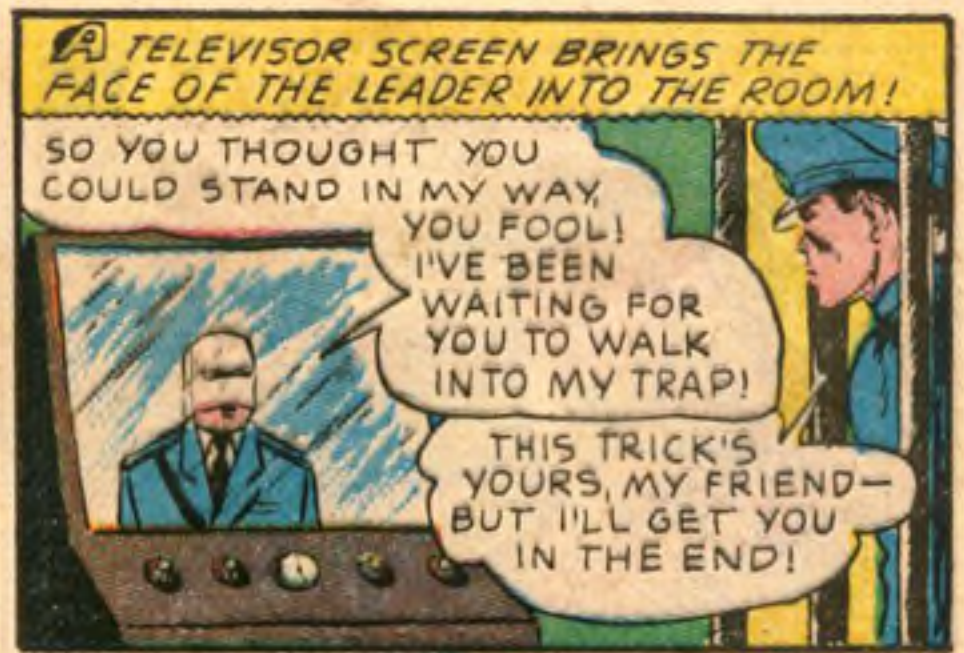
WHAT A LAYOUT THIS IS! A COMPLETE AIRCRAFT ASSEMBLY PLANT, AND TANKS AND MUNITIONS STORED UNDERGROUND! THEY'VE GOT AN ARMY READY FOR ACTION HERE - I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THEIR PLANS ARE!

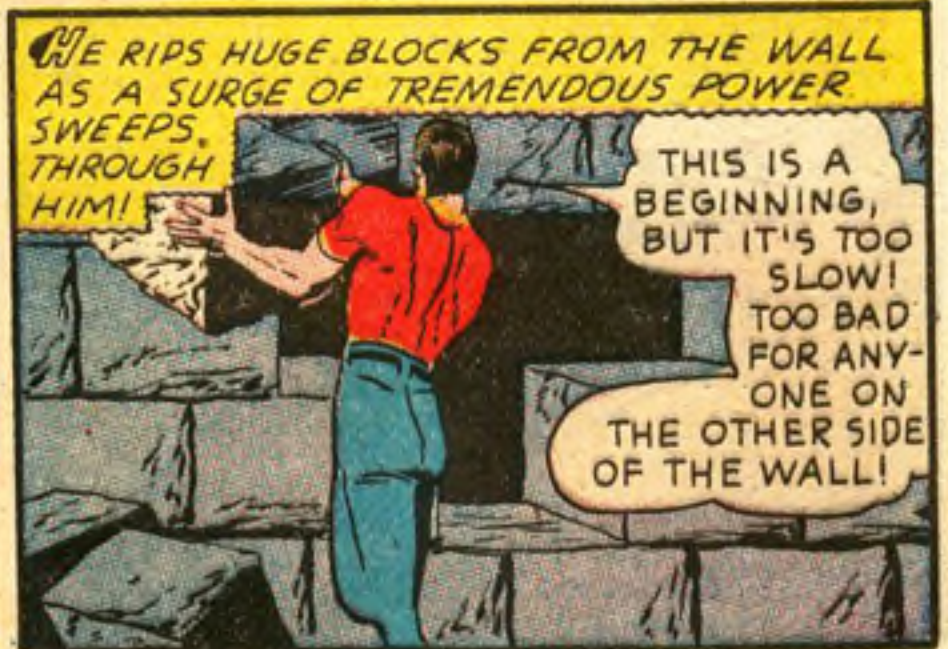
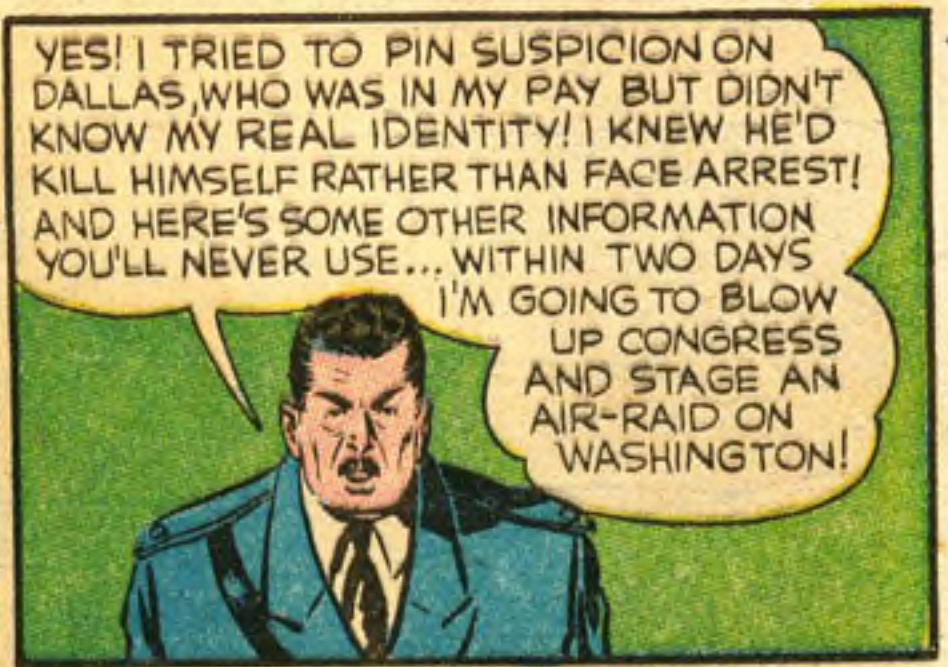


HE MAKES HIS WAY SECRETLY INTO THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING!

SO HERE'S WHERE THEIR LEADER HANGS OUT! MAYBE I CAN GET SOME INFORMATION IN HERE!

THE LEADER





A SIREN RENDS THE AIR AS THEIR ESCAPE IS DISCOVERED! THREE FAST FIGHTING-SHIPS TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT!



THEY'RE AFTER US, AND GAINING FAST! TAKE THE CONTROLS, VIRGINIA — I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!



LEAPING FROM THE PLANE, HE DIVES THROUGH THE AIR TOWARD THE ENEMY FLYERS!



THREE PLANES, EH? WELL, I'LL TRY ANYTHING ONCE!

GIANT STRENGTH SENDS THE REMAINING PLANES INTO A HEAD-ON CRASH!

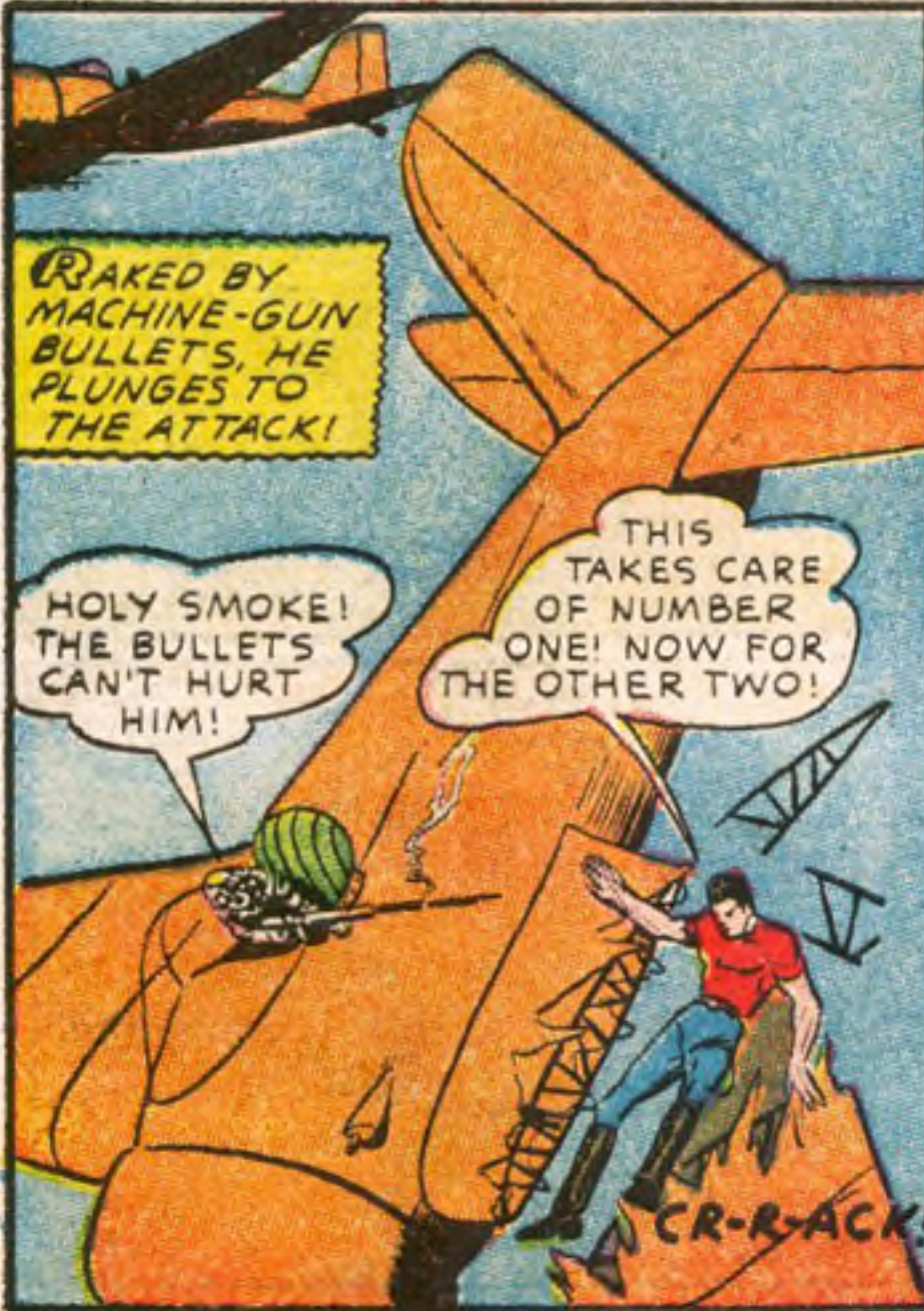


CRASH! AND THAT FINISHES THE JOB!

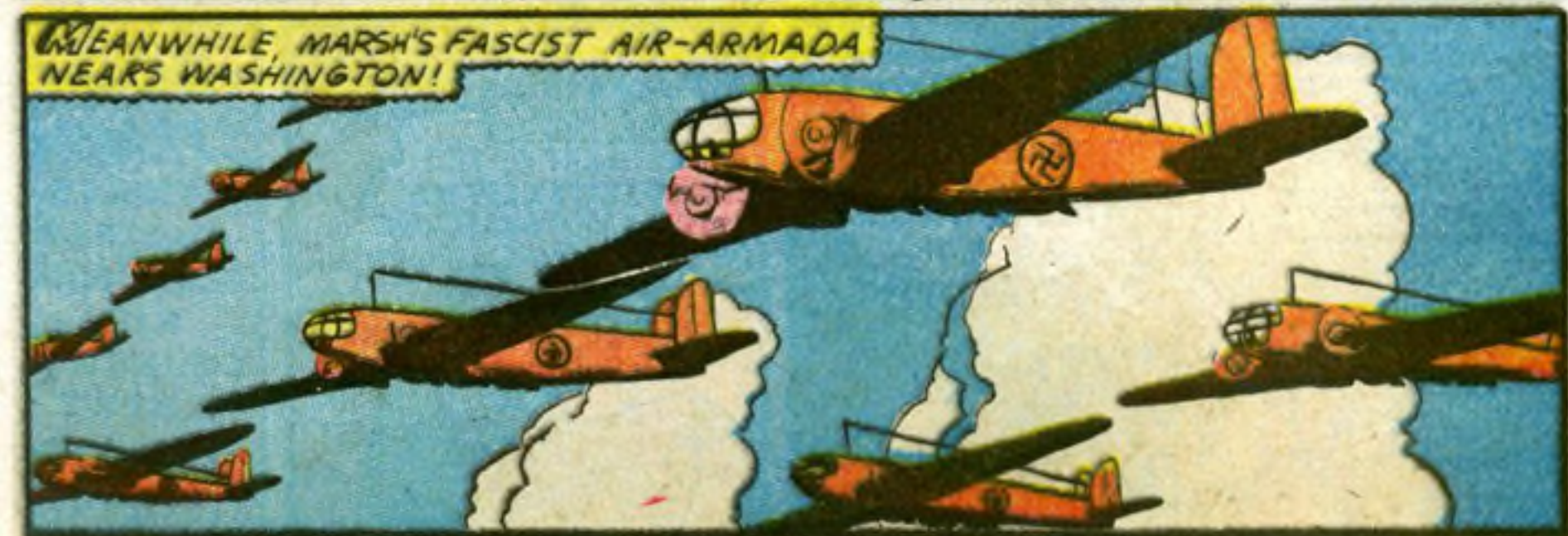
RAKED BY MACHINE-GUN BULLETS, HE PLUNGES TO THE ATTACK!

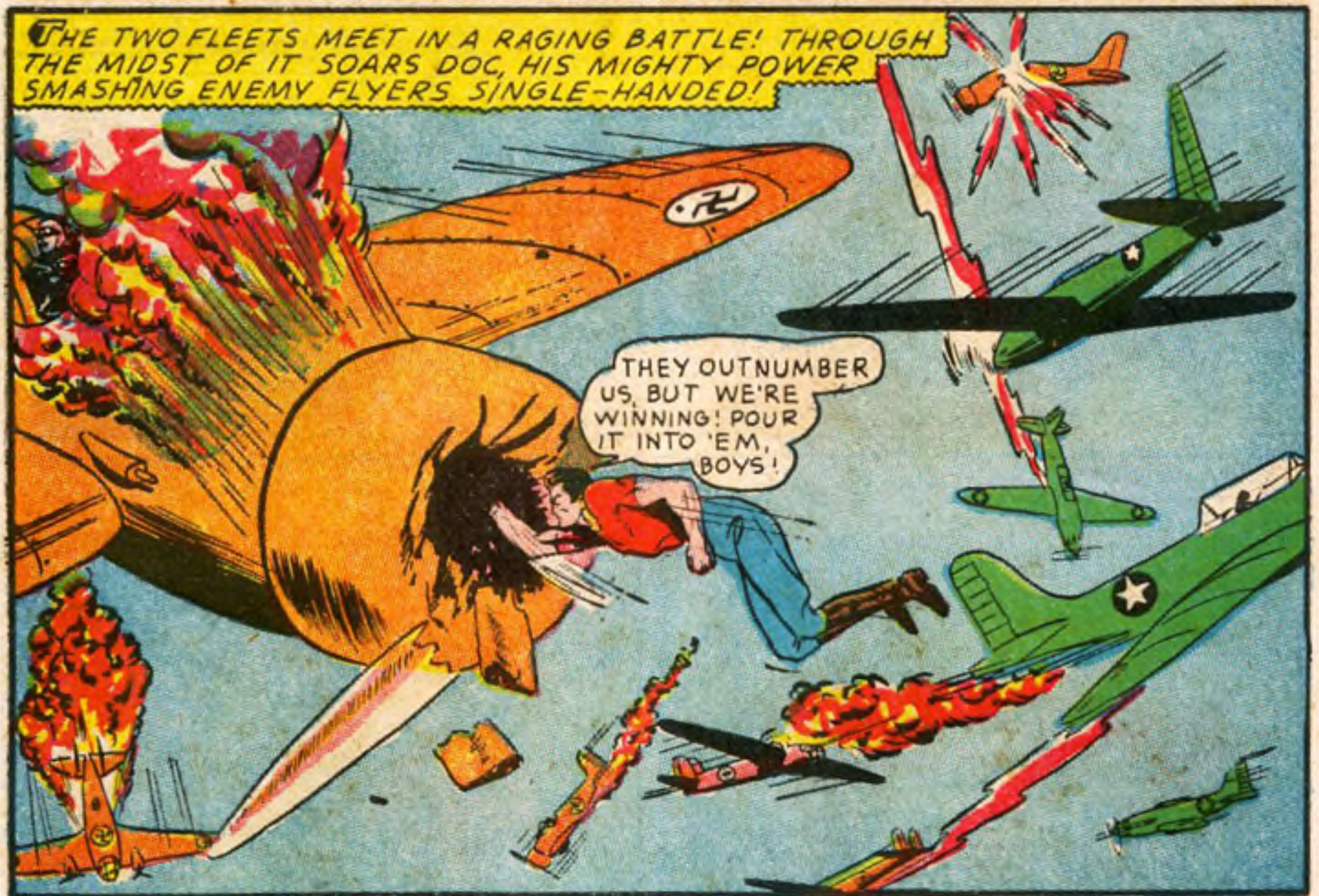
HOLY SMOKE! THE BULLETS CAN'T HURT HIM!

THIS TAKES CARE OF NUMBER ONE! NOW FOR THE OTHER TWO!

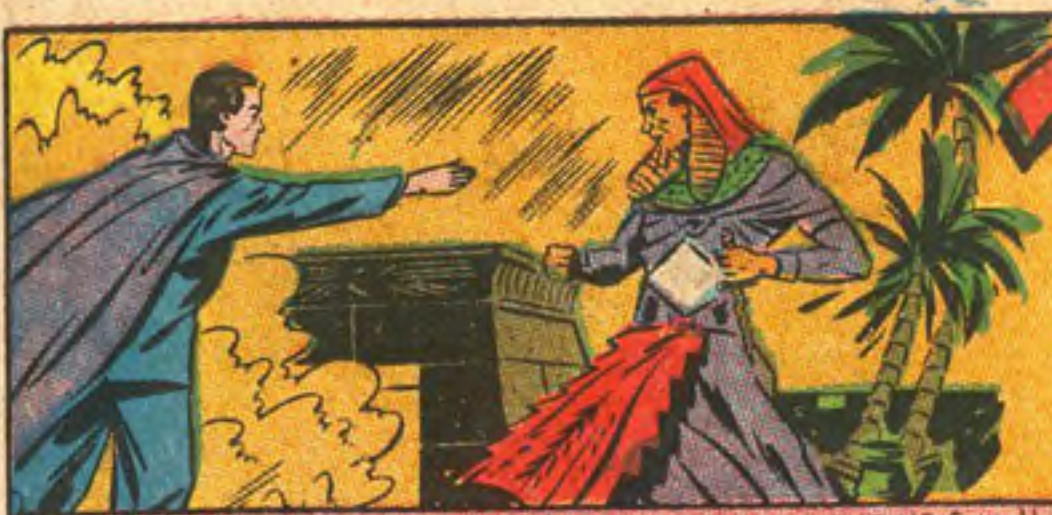


CR-RACK!





**• DOC •
STRANGE
STRIKES
ANOTHER
BLOW FOR
HIS
COUNTRY
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE!**



The Ghost

by *Elmer*

GEORGE CHANCE, THE GHOST, EMPLOYS YOGI MAGIC IN FIGHTING EVIL!! USING THE VILLAINOUS PROF. FENTON'S TIME MACHINE, HE HAS BROUGHT PRETTY BETTY MORRIS INTO THE 20TH CENTURY TO HELP COMBAT THE DANGERS THAT CONFRONT AMERICA!!

JOHN KENT, FAMOUS INDUSTRIAL LEADER, IS CHOSEN TO HEAD THE NATIONAL DEFENSE COMMITTEE!

IT'S A BIG JOB, KENT— ORGANIZING AMERICAN INDUSTRY FOR A POSSIBLE WAR!

I GO INTO ACTION IN A MONTH, EH? I'D BETTER TAKE A VACATION SO I CAN START IN FRESH!



MEANWHILE, FASCIST SPIES PLOT TO DESTROY HIM!

A MIND LIKE KENT'S CAN PUT THIS COUNTRY ON A WAR FOOTING IN NO TIME!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, NAUHEIM— GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY!



MURDER IS TOO CRUDE! IT WOULD AROUSE THE UNITED STATES AGAINST THE FIFTH COLUMN— AND WE CAN'T HAVE THAT!

I HAVE AN IDEA! I THINK WE CAN ARRANGE A DEATH FOR HIM THAT NOBODY COULD LAY AT OUR DOORSTEP!



KENT'S HOBBY IS EGYPTOLOGY! JUST BEFORE THE WAR OUR FATHERLAND RECEIVED AN OLD MANUSCRIPT GIVING THE LOCATION OF THE LONG-LOST TOMB OF KING RASAMIS! IT ALSO REVEALED THAT THE TOMB'S GUARDED BY A DEADLY SECRET WHICH WILL KILL ANYONE WHO OPENS IT! WE'LL CUT THAT PART OFF THE MANUSCRIPT, AND SEND THE REST TO KENT! HE'LL JUMP INTO IT WITH BOTH FEET!



THE GHOST RECEIVES A CALL FROM THE F.B.I.

WE'RE WORRIED, MR. CHANCE! KENT INSISTS ON EMBARKING ON SOME KIND OF EXPEDITION TO EGYPT! IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN TO HIM, WE'D BE IN THE SOUP!

MAYBE I'D BETTER CALL ON HIM AND SEE WHAT'S WHAT!



AT KENT'S HOME!

THERE'S NO DANGER ATTACHED TO THE TRIP! I'D BE A FOOL TO TURN IT DOWN, WITH THE LEAD I'VE GOT!

MIND IF I SEE THE MANUSCRIPT?



BEFORE THE EYES OF THE GHOST APPEARS A MYSTIC WARNING!

GREAT SCOTT! I'VE GOT TO WARN KENT!

DEATH

YOU'VE BEEN READING TOO MANY MYSTERY STORIES! I'M GOING, AND THAT'S FINAL!

WITH YOUR PERMISSION, THEN, I'M JOINING THE EXPEDITION!

BETTY MORRIS HEARS THE STRANGE STORY!

— SO THERE IT IS, BETTY! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE LEAVING!

I CAME INTO THIS CENTURY TO HELP AMERICA! THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FIRST CHANCE, GHOST — I'M COMING WITH YOU!

ARRIVING IN EGYPT, THEY LOCATE THE SITE OF THE LOST TOMB. EXCAVATIONS REVEAL ITS ENTRANCE!

OUR NATIVE FOREMAN'S I'LL, GHOST. MIND GOING BACK TO THE CAMP AND TAKING A LOOK AT HIM?

I'LL GO — IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO ENTER THE TOMB TILL I RETURN!

BUT WHEN THE GHOST DEPARTS —

LET'S GO, BOYS! OPEN HER UP!

BUT MR KENT! YOU PROMISED —

PLEASE DON'T GO ANY FURTHER!

I SENT THE GHOST BACK SO I COULD HAVE THE HONOR OF ENTERING THE TOMB-CHAMBER FIRST! ONE SIDE!

AS KENT OPENS THE MASSIVE PORTALS, A MYSTERIOUS CLOUD SURROUNDS HIM!

AA-AGH!

LOOK OUT! HELP!

THE KING HAS SPOKEN — IN WORDS OF DEATH!

HOLDING HER BREATH, THE COURAGEOUS GIRL BRAVES THE FUMES!

I'VE - GOT TO - GET HIM OUT!



I CAN'T BRING HIM TO! IF THE GHOST WERE ONLY HERE, HE MIGHT SAVE HIM!



BACK IN THE EXPEDITIONS CAMP, THE GHOST'S PSYCHIC MIND REGISTERS A CALL FOR AID!

HELP GHOST! COME TO TOMB - AT ONCE!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! - THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



IN AN INSTANT, HIS MAGIC TRANSPORTS HIM TO THE SPOT!

IT'S YOU! THANK HEAVEN YOU GOT HERE!

I CAN SEE I DIDN'T COME A MOMENT TOO SOON!



IS - IS HE DEAD?

I THINK HE'S BEYOND HUMAN AID! THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE!



A MYSTIC CALL GOES OUT!

HELP ME, OH YOGIS! HELP ME TO SAVE THIS MAN - AND THROUGH HIM, THE WORLD!



THE CALL IS ANSWERED!

THIS MAN HAS BUT TWO HOURS TO LIVE! NOTHING ON EARTH CAN SAVE HIM! THE SECRET OF HIS CURE LIES BURIED DEEP IN THE CENTURIES - IN THE PALACE OF THE LIVING KING RASAMIS!



THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN DO IT! GO BACK TO ANCIENT EGYPT THROUGH PROFESSOR FENTON'S TIME-MACHINE!

BUT THAT'S IN AMERICA - AND KENT HAS ONLY TWO HOURS LEFT! HOW CAN WE DO IT?



A YOGI SPELL BRINGS THEM ACROSS THE SEAS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT!

IVE HAD ALL SORTS OF EXPERIENCES, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE EVER RIDDEN A CLOUD!

IT'S FAST TRANSPORT—THE KIND WE NEED!



SECRETLY, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY INTO PROFESSOR FENTON'S LABORATORY!

LUCKY WE GOT IN WITHOUT BEING DISCOVERED!

THE BIGGEST PROBLEM LIES AHEAD—HOW TO GET BACK TO ANCIENT EGYPT!



SUDDENLY A THUG ENTERS!

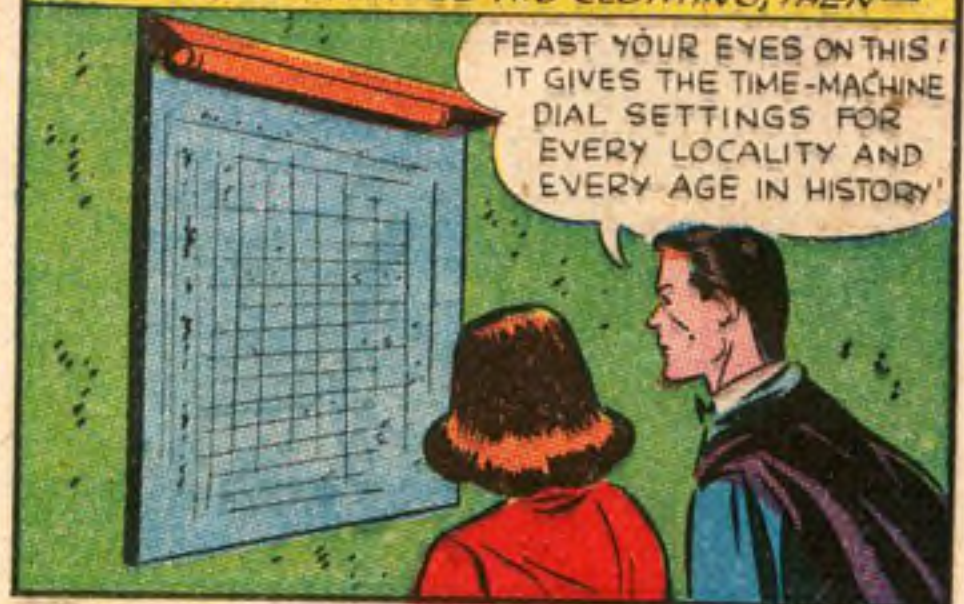
HEY, YOU! WHAT'S—

SILENCE!—LOOK INTO MY EYES! YOU CAN NEITHER MOVE NOR SPEAK!



THE GHOST CHANGES HIS CLOTHING, THEN—

FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS! IT GIVES THE TIME-MACHINE DIAL SETTINGS FOR EVERY LOCALITY AND EVERY AGE IN HISTORY!



LISTEN CLOSELY! THE TIME-MACHINE IS FOCUSED! SET IT IN MOTION, AND BRING US BACK IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS! AFTER THAT, YOU WILL HAVE NO RECOLLECTION OF THIS EPISODE!



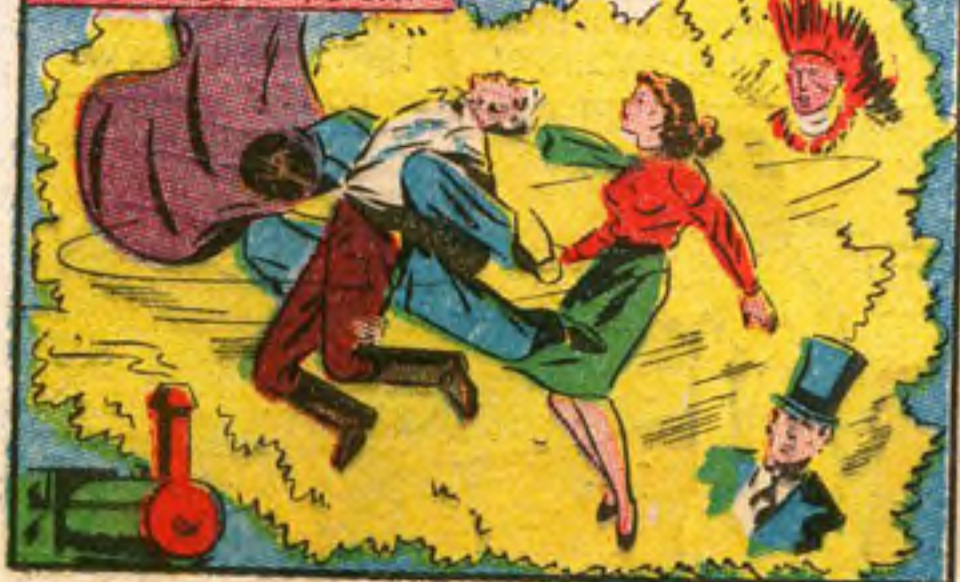
THEY ENTER THE TIME-DOME!

GET SET, BETTY! WE'RE OFF!

WITH THE FATE OF A NATION DEPENDING ON OUR SUCCESS!



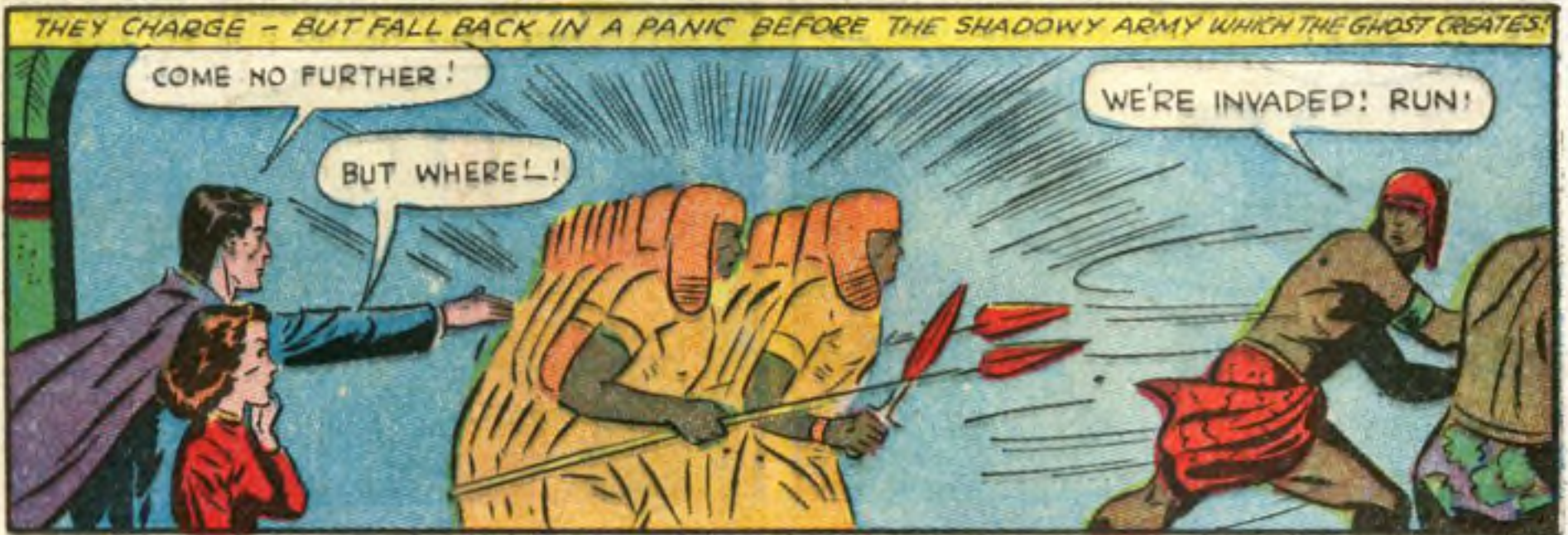
THE GREAT MACHINE WHIRLS THEM BACK THROUGH HISTORY!



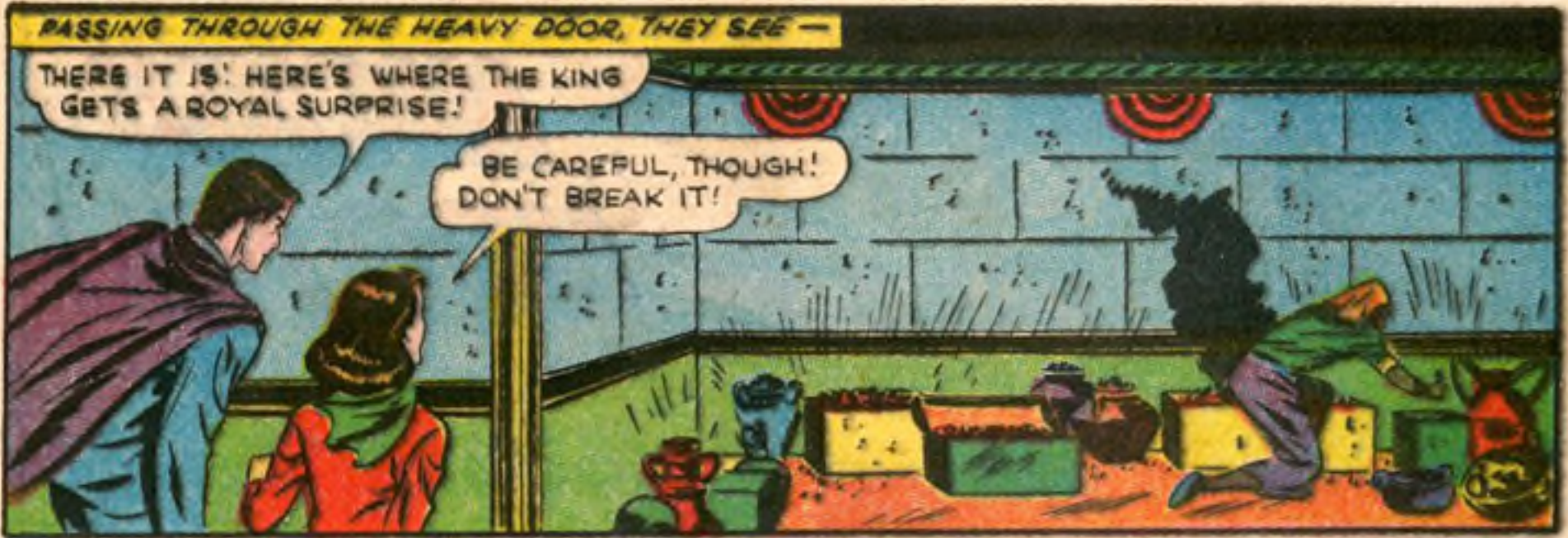
THE BLUE TIME-BEAM DEPOSITS THEM IN A RICH AND ANCIENT PALACE!

THAT MACHINE'S ACCURACY IS AMAZING! IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, IT'S BROUGHT US DIRECT TO THE PALACE OF KING RASAMIS!

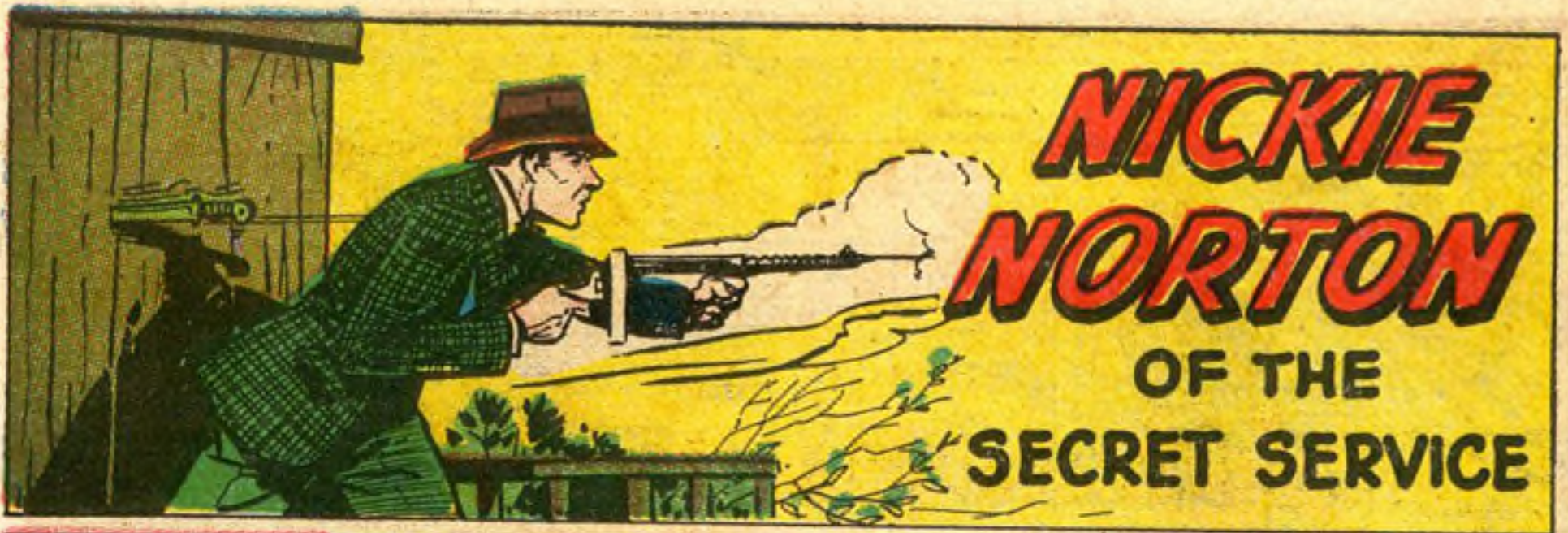






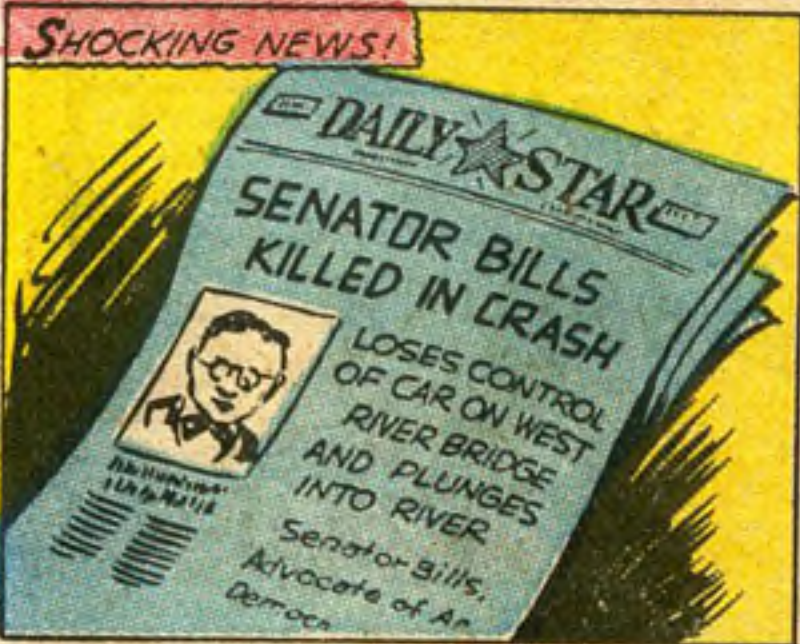


FOLLOW THE GHOST! HE'S SURE TO ENCHANT YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!



NICKIE NORTON

OF THE
SECRET SERVICE



SHOCKING NEWS!

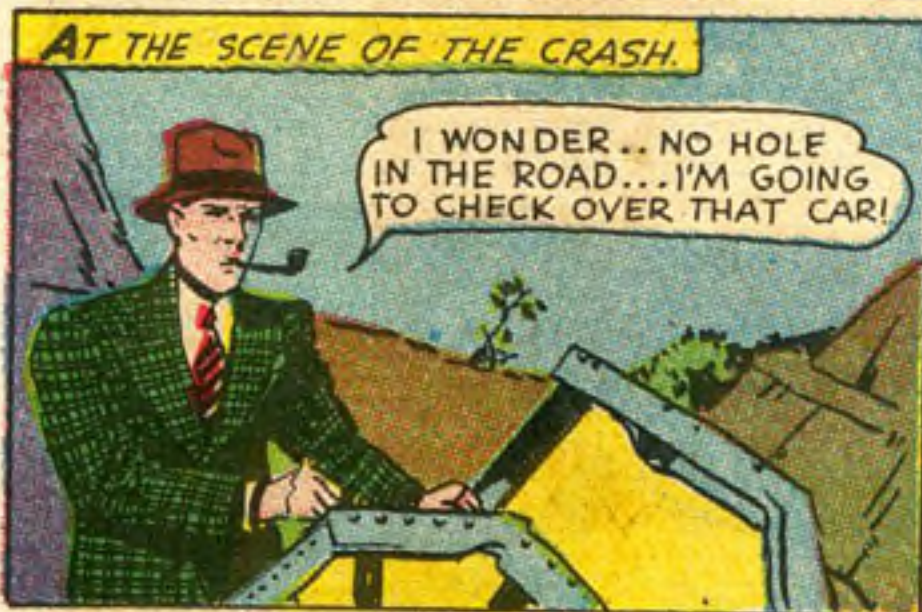
DAILY STAR
**SENATOR BILLS
KILLED IN CRASH**
LOSES CONTROL
OF CAR ON WEST
RIVER BRIDGE
AND PLUNGES
INTO RIVER
Senator Bills,
Advocate of An
Democ



AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS.

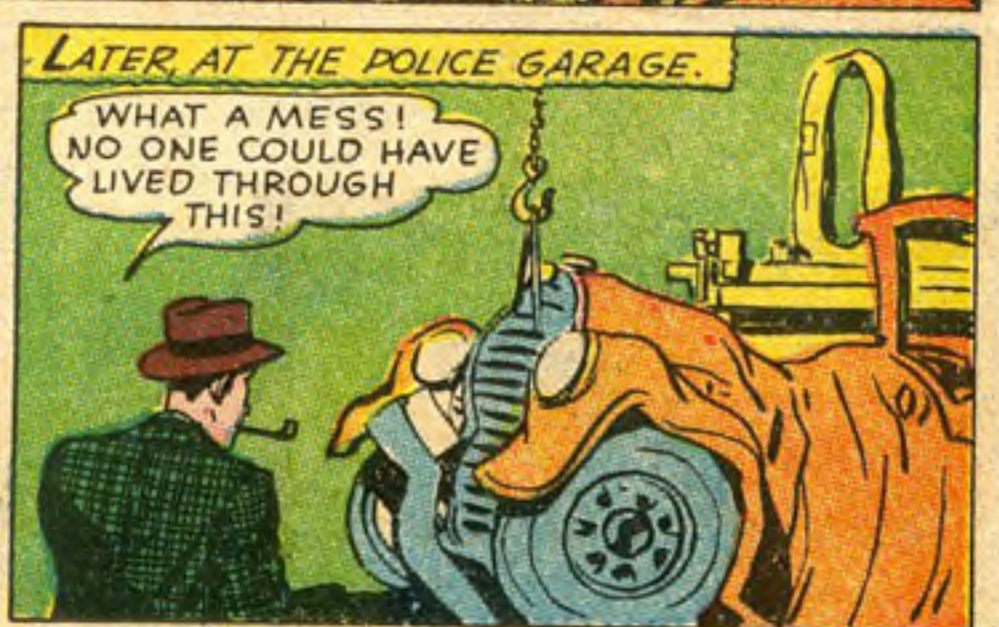
I WANT YOU TO LOOK INTO THIS, NORTON! SENATOR BILLS WAS A CAREFUL DRIVER. I DON'T LIKE IT!

I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT, IF IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT!



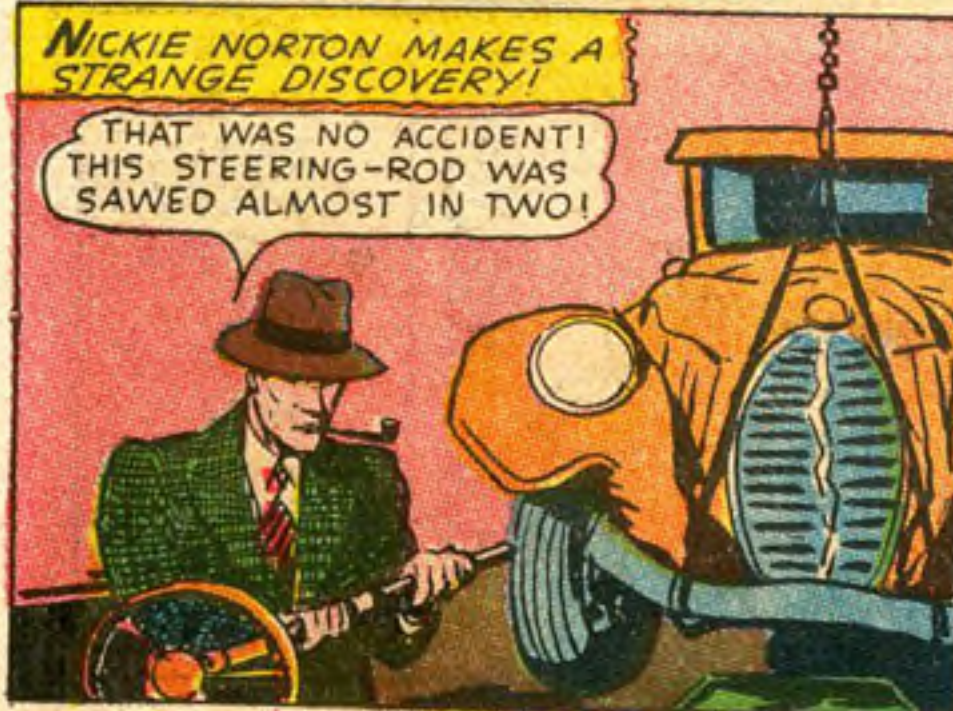
AT THE SCENE OF THE CRASH.

I WONDER... NO HOLE IN THE ROAD... I'M GOING TO CHECK OVER THAT CAR!



LATER, AT THE POLICE GARAGE.

WHAT A MESS! NO ONE COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THIS!



NICKIE NORTON MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY!

THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT! THIS STEERING-ROD WAS SAWED ALMOST IN TWO!



YOU WERE RIGHT, CHIEF! THAT ACCIDENT WAS PLANNED! I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE UP AGAINST AN ORGANIZED MOB OF KILLERS!

IT'S IN YOUR LAP, NORTON! I WANT QUICK ACTION ON THIS ONE!

THAT NIGHT, IN SENATOR BILLS' GARAGE —

EVERY KIND OF TOOL HERE BUT A HACK-SAW. THAT FITS IN WITH MY IDEA!



FILINGS, EH? THAT WASN'T SO SMART OF 'EM! I'LL KEEP THESE AND MATCH 'EM WITH THE STEEL IN THE STEERING ROD!



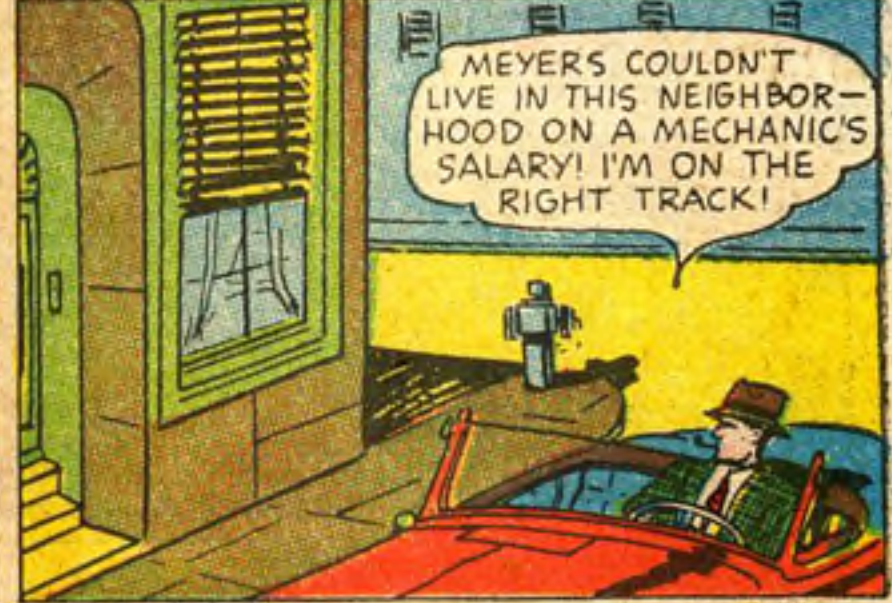
AT THE POLICE LABORATORY.

IDENTICAL! THOSE FILINGS CAME FROM THE STEERING ROD!

I KNEW IT! I'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE MECHANIC WHO WORKED FOR THE SENATOR — FAST!



MEYERS COULDN'T LIVE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ON A MECHANIC'S SALARY! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



HE TRIES AN OLD RUSE!

WESTERN UNION!

OKAY — JUST A MINUTE!



YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MEYERS, FOR THAT 'ACCIDENT' TO SENATOR BILLS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



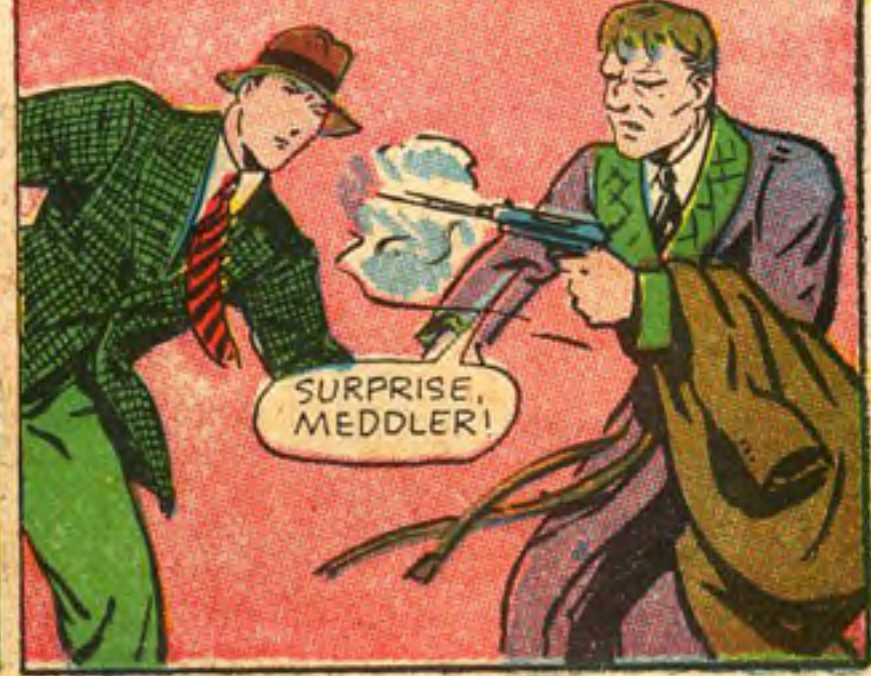
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH ON YOU TO BURN YOU, MEYERS!

I'M CLEAN — I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE! I'LL GET MY COAT AND GO WITH YOU!



THE TREACHEROUS MECHANIC WHIPS A GUN OUT OF HIS COAT AND FIRES!

SURPRISE, MEDDLER!



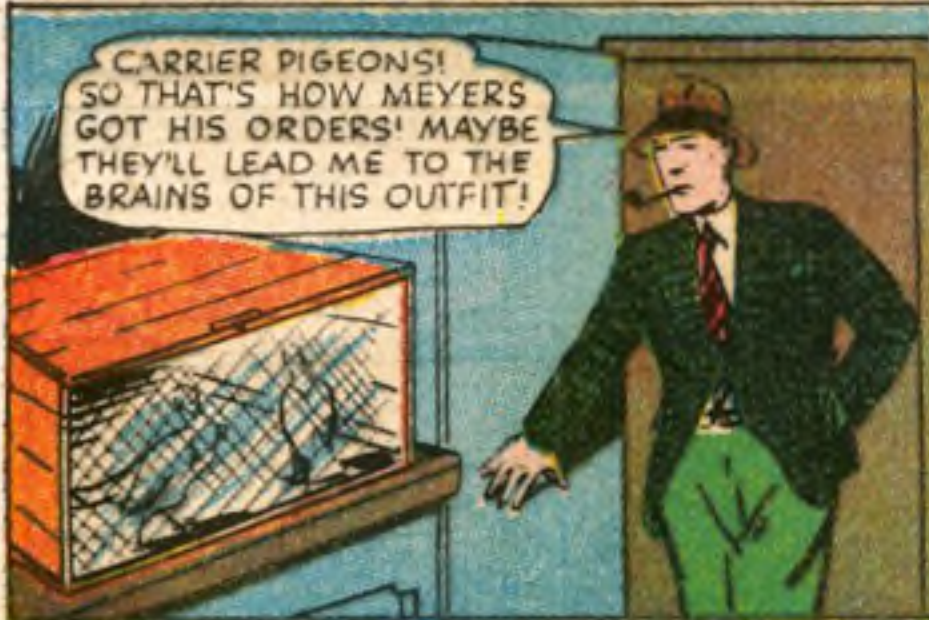
BUT NICKIE IS TOO QUICK ON THE DRAW!



THAT SAVES THE EXPENSE OF A TRIAL! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT BEFORE THE POLICE COME!



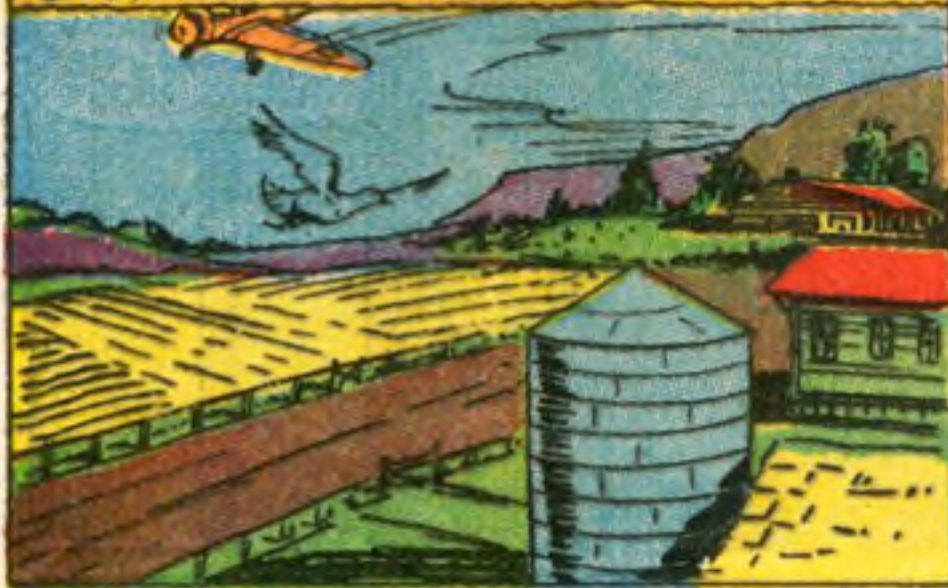
CARRIER PIGEONS! SO THAT'S HOW MEYERS GOT HIS ORDERS! MAYBE THEY'LL LEAD ME TO THE BRAINS OF THIS OUTFIT!



NEXT MORNING HE RELEASES A PIGEON FROM A GOVERNMENT PLANE!



THE CARRIER PIGEON LEADS THEM TO A FARM-HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY!



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, NICKIE HITS ON A PLAN!

I'LL SNEAK OVER THERE ALONE TONIGHT, AND LOOK THE PLACE OVER. I THINK IT HOLDS THE ANSWER TO THE KILLING!



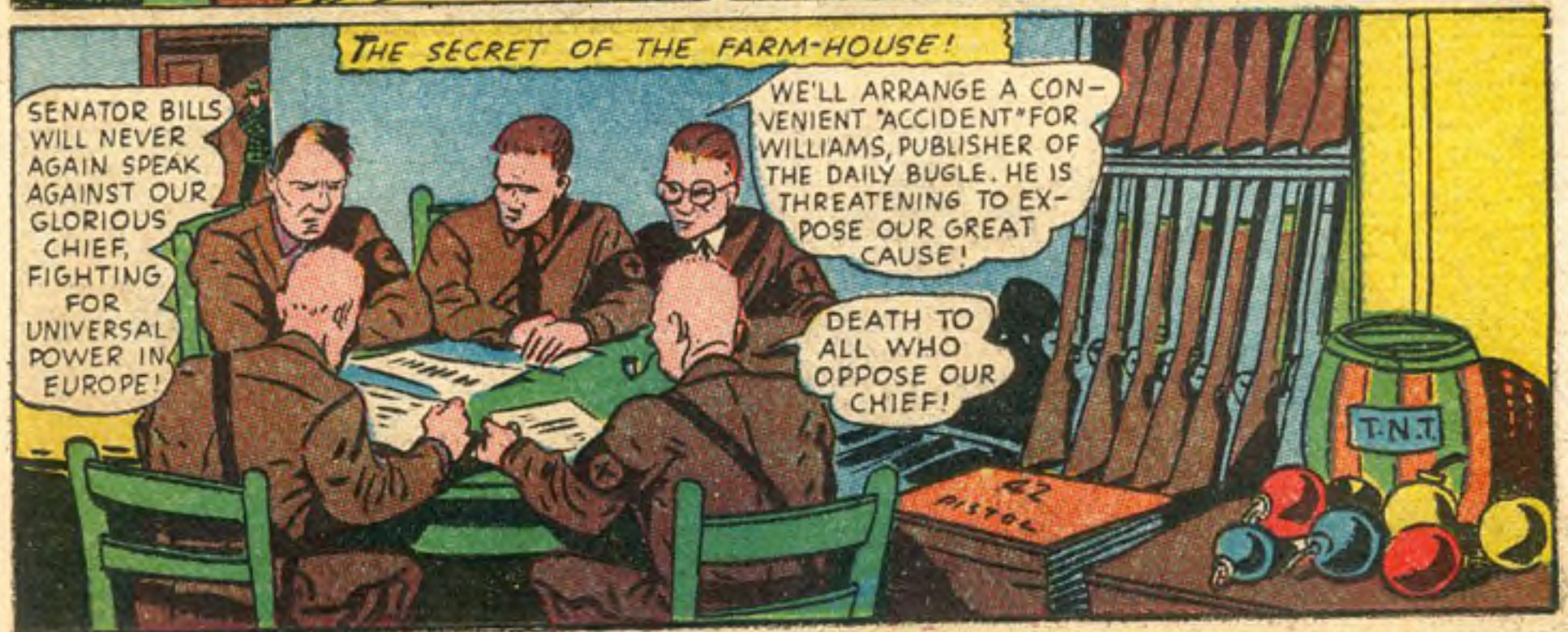
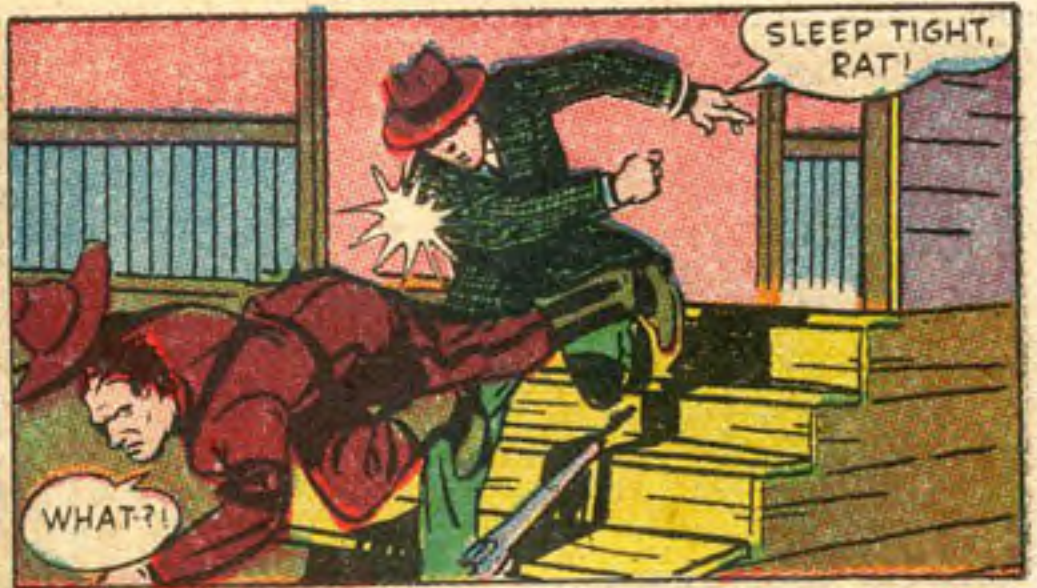
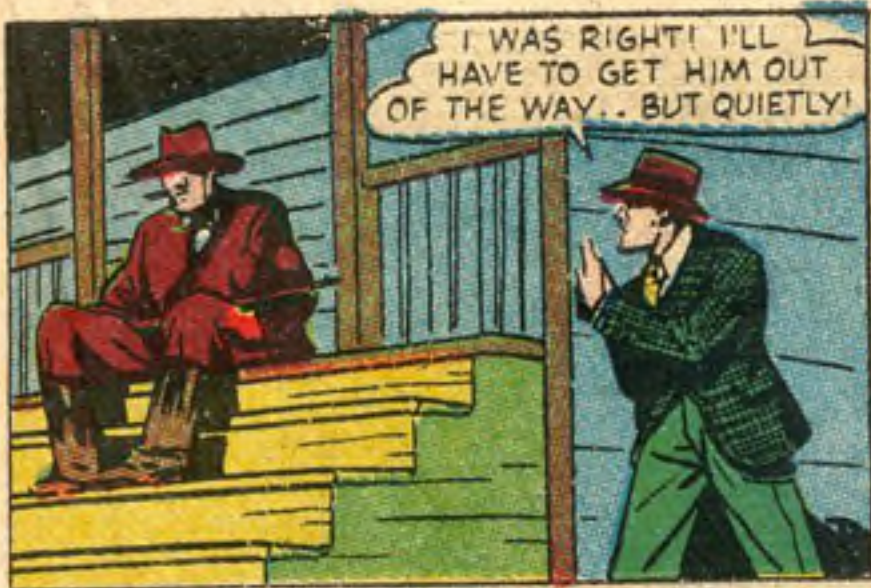
WATCH MEYERS' APARTMENT! I'LL RELEASE A PIGEON FROM THE FARM-HOUSE WHEN I NEED YOU! THEN COME IN FORCE, READY FOR ANYTHING!



THAT NIGHT, HE STARTS HIS LONE MISSION!

THEY MUST HAVE A GUARD AT THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE! I'LL SNEAK AROUND BY THE SIDE!







PATRIOTS, IN THIS ROSTER OF DESTINY ARE 500 NAMES OF THOSE SWORN TO DIE FOR OUR CHIEF!



WHEN HE HAS DRIVEN EUROPE TO ITS KNEES, WE WILL NOT FAIL OUR EXALTED CHIEF HERE!



IRONICALLY, THE LEADER SENDS FOR NICKIE'S AIDES!

THANKS, PAL! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF!

THIS MESSAGE WILL INSTRUCT MEYERS TO TAKE CARE OF WILLIAMS!



MEANWHILE THE GUARD HAS SLIPPED HIS BONDS!

THERE'S THAT SPY! THIS KNIFE WILL TAKE CARE OF HIM!



BUT THE KNIFE MISSES!

WHAT'S THIS?



YOU ASKED FOR IT!



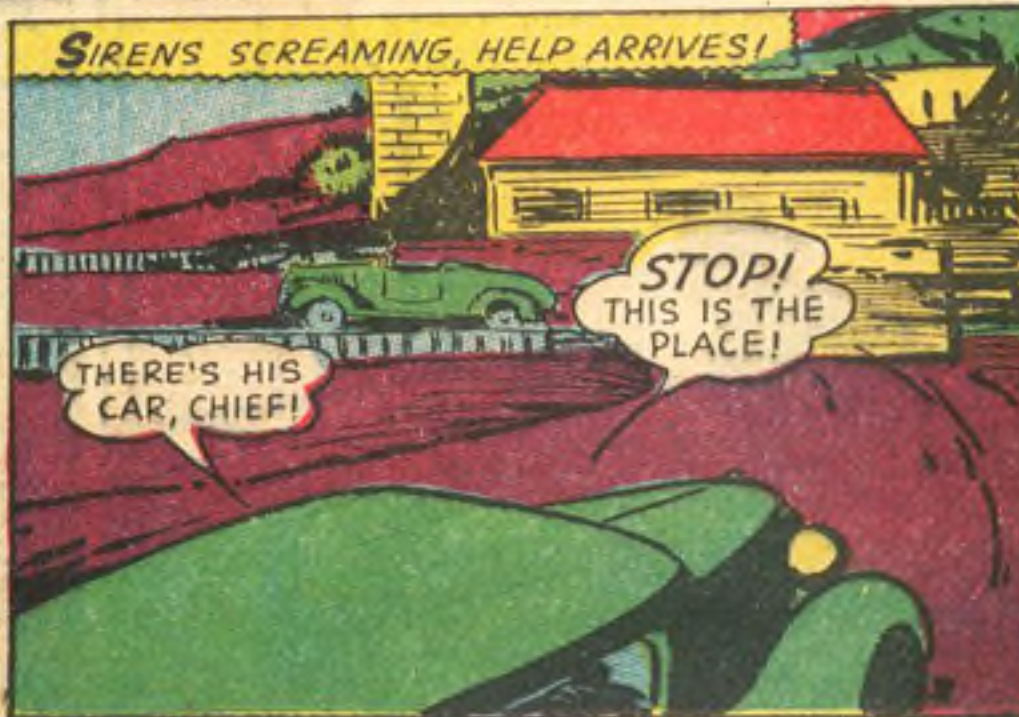
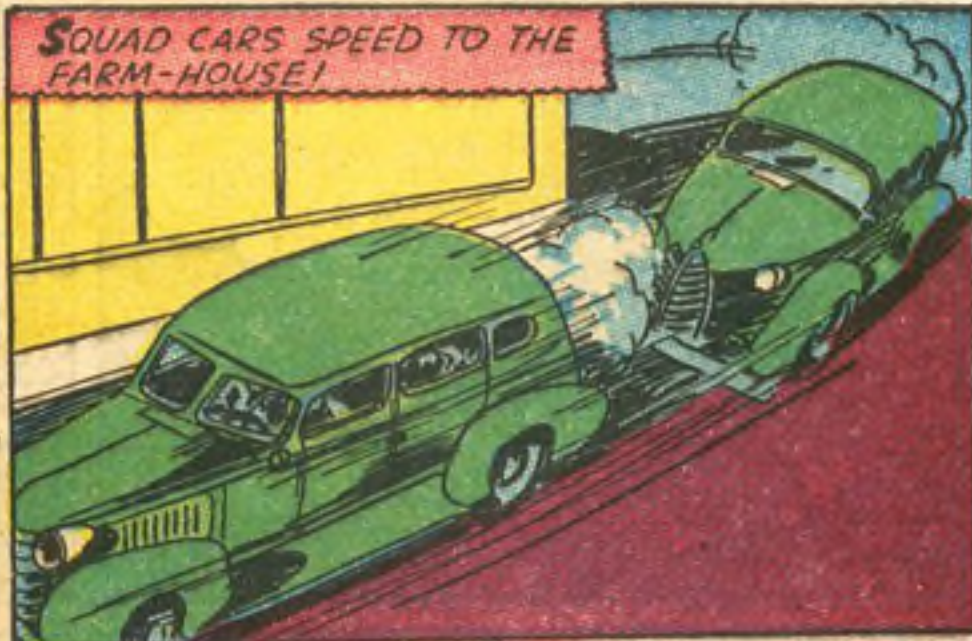
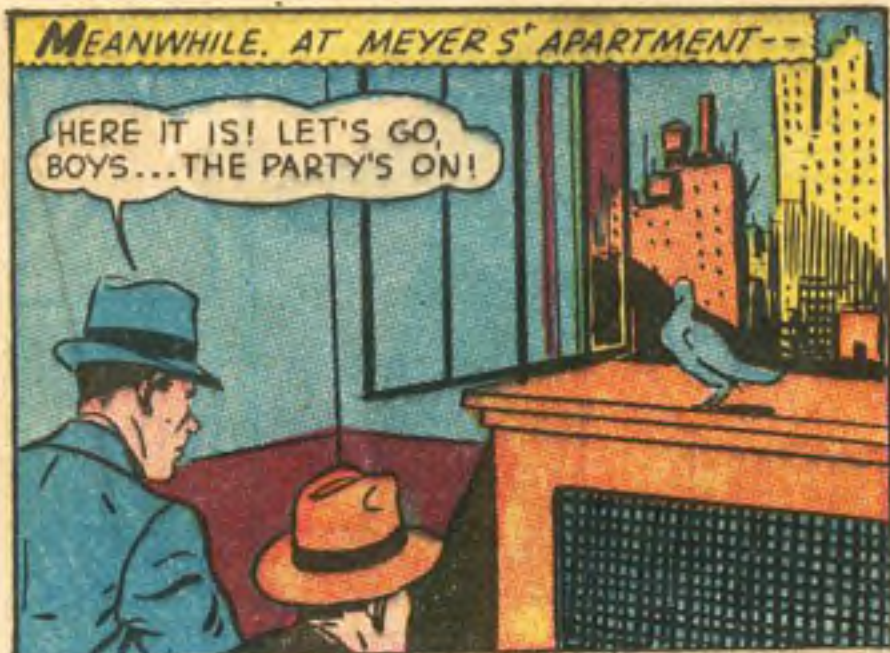
A DESPERATE STAND!

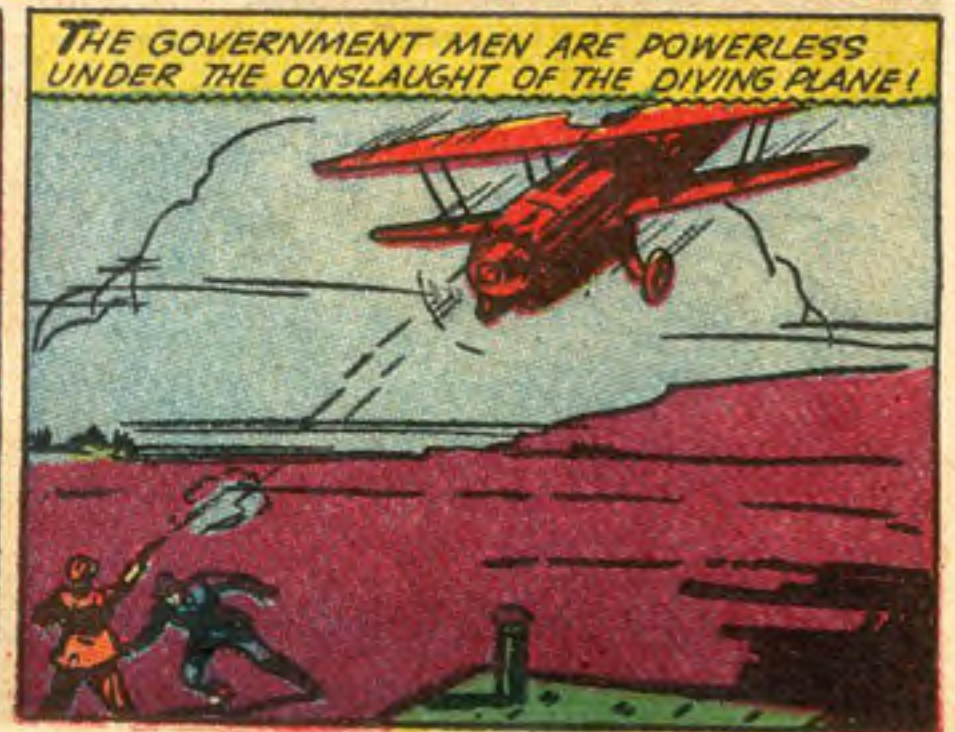
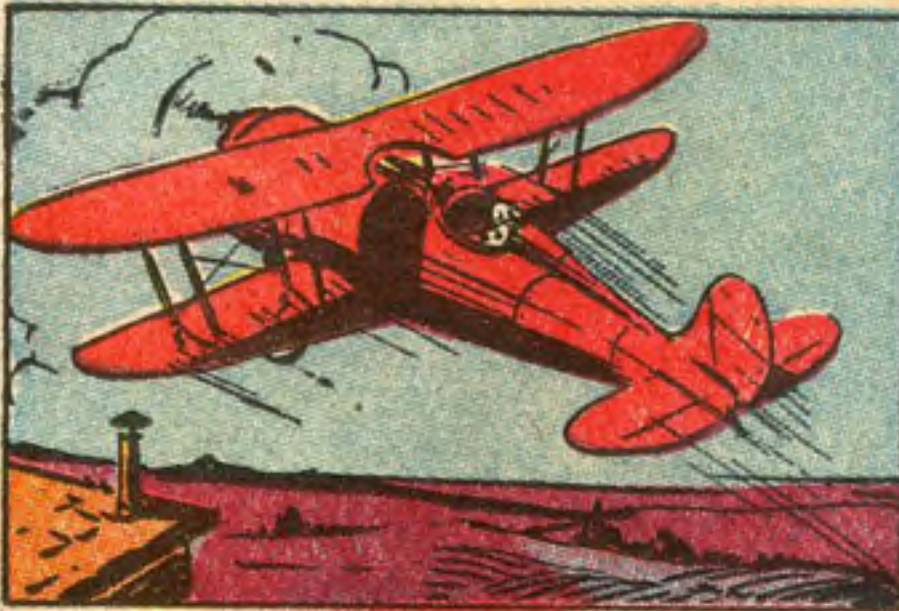
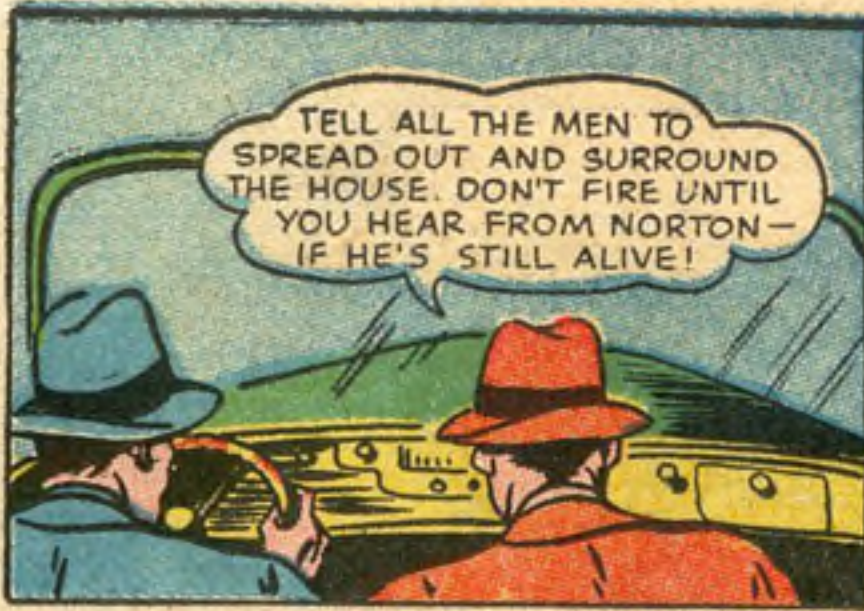
PUT 'EM HIGH, RATS, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!

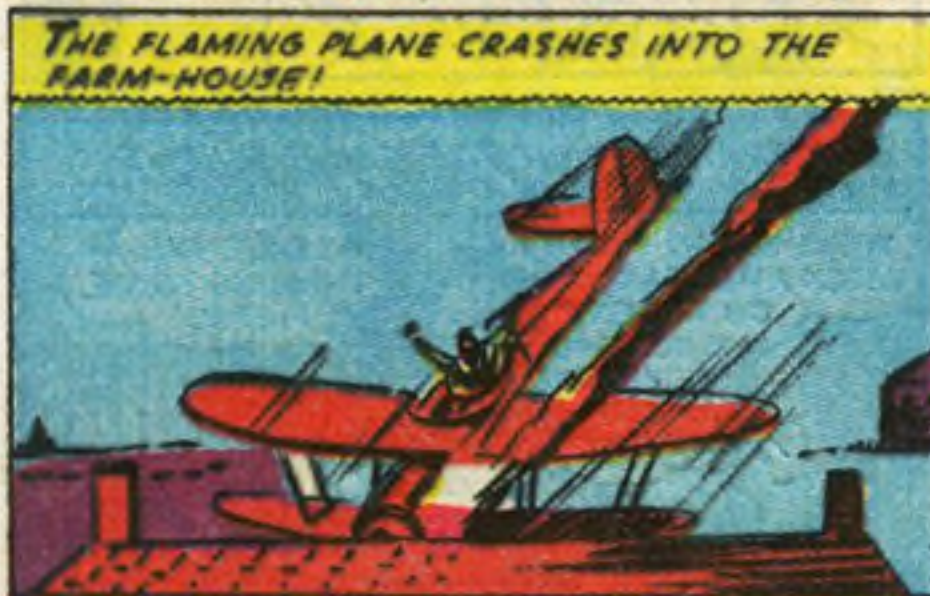
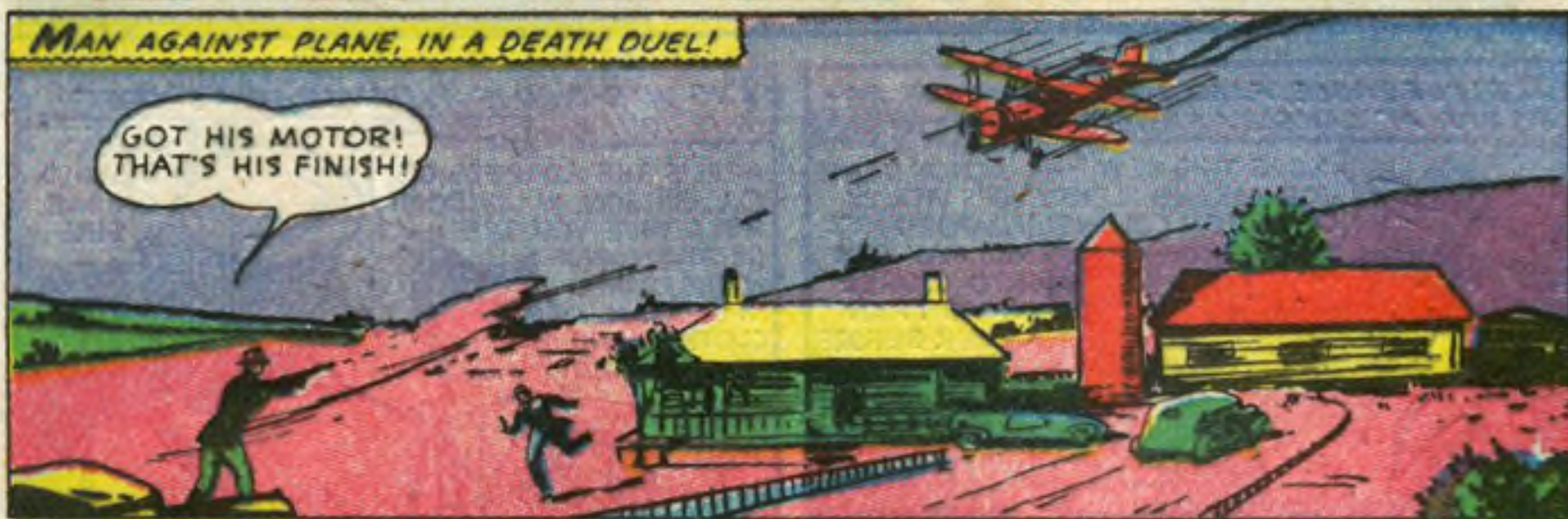


UNCLE SAM WILL BE INTERESTED IN YOUR FRIENDS HERE!

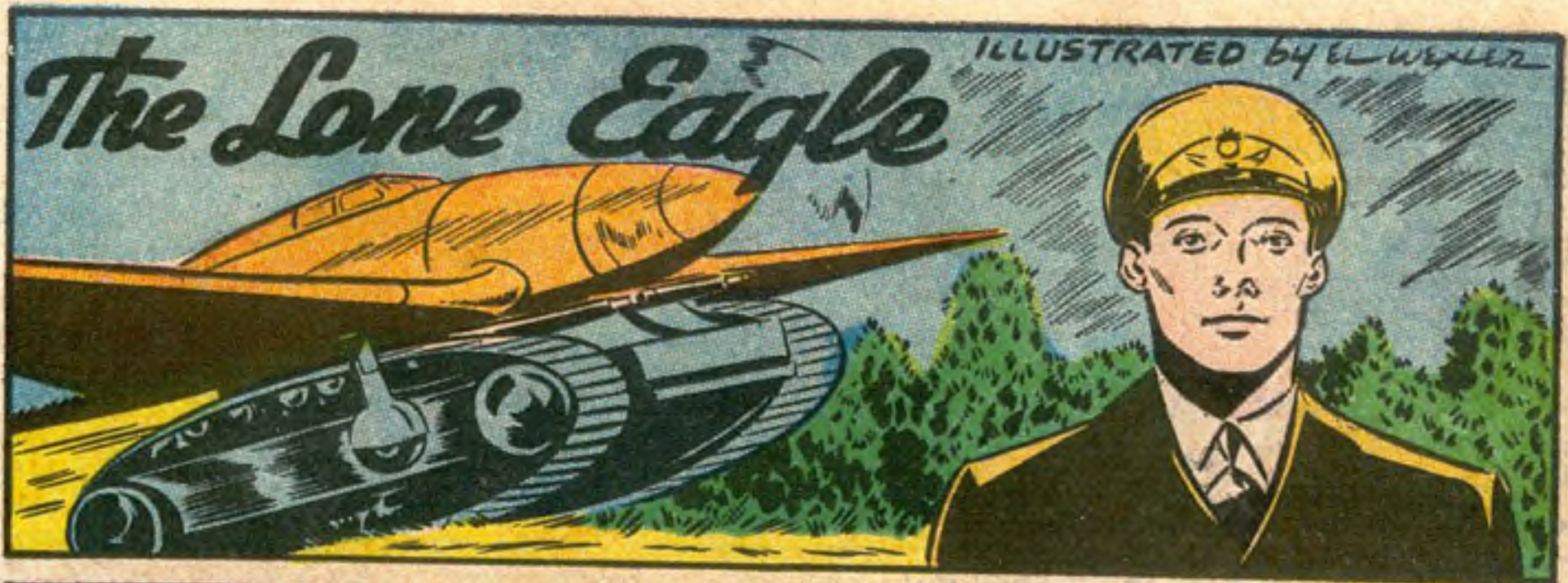
HE SEIZES THE ROSTER!







FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
NICKIE NORTON
IN
THRILLING COMICS!



THE LONE EAGLE, FAMED AMERICAN ACE, REPORTS AT LANGLEY FIELD!

HOPE THIS NEW JOB MEANS PLENTY OF ACTION, COLONEL!

ACTION OR NOT, IT'S VITALLY IMPORTANT! YOU MAY RUN INTO WORSE JAMS THAN EVER BEFORE!

THE WAR-BIRD IS ASSIGNED TO A SECRET MISSION!

HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF C.L. JUDSON, IN LONDON! HE'LL GIVE YOU THE DETAILS! MEANWHILE, TRAVEL IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES AND BE ON GUARD!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, SIR!

ABOARD A FAST LINER--

LOOKS LIKE A DULL TIME AHEAD! NO PLANE-- NO UNIFORM!

BUT TRAVELING ON THE SAME SHIP IS MAJOR ROSSI, CRACK ITALIAN ESPIONAGE AGENT!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHICH AMERICAN ON THIS SHIP IS GOING TO SEE JUDSON, MAJOR! BUT HOW?

LEAVE THE THINKING TO ME, PIETRO!

THIS WILL BRING HIM OUT!

BULLETIN!
C.L. JUDSON,
LONDON MYSTERY
MAN, REPORTED
SLAIN!

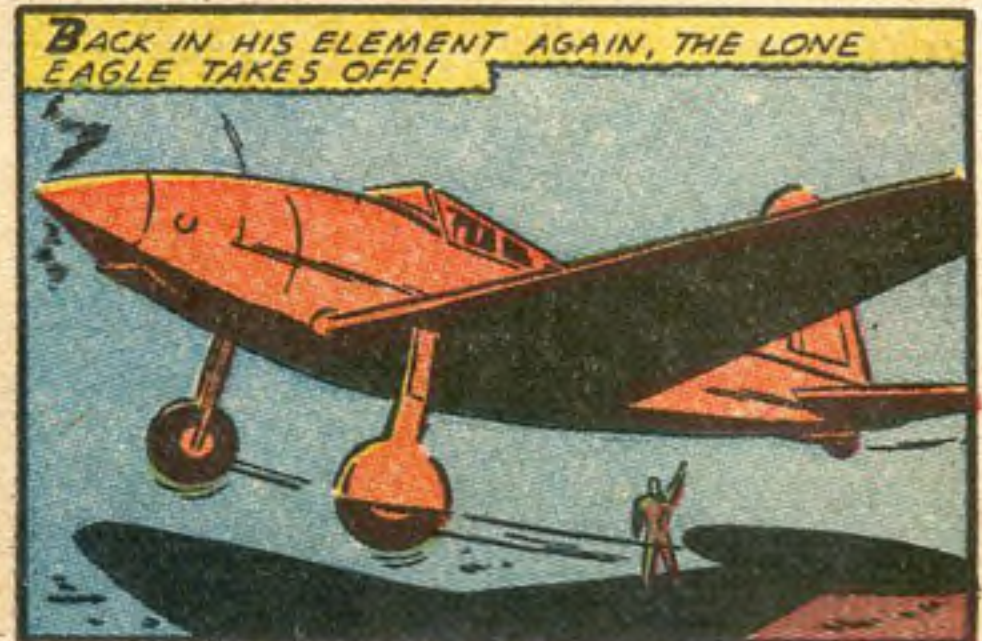
THAT NIGHT THE LONE EAGLE PASSES THE SHIP'S BULLETIN BOARD--

WHAT! JUDSON MURDERED! HE'S THE MAN I'M SUPPOSED TO SEE!

S.S. ANSONIA
CABLE NEWS







THE PURSUIT ENDS OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE!



THEY'LL EITHER HEAD BACK TO PORT OR GET RIDDLED!

ROSSI MANS THE AIRTANK'S RAPID-FIRE GUN!



THE MAJOR WILL STOP THAT MEDDLER!

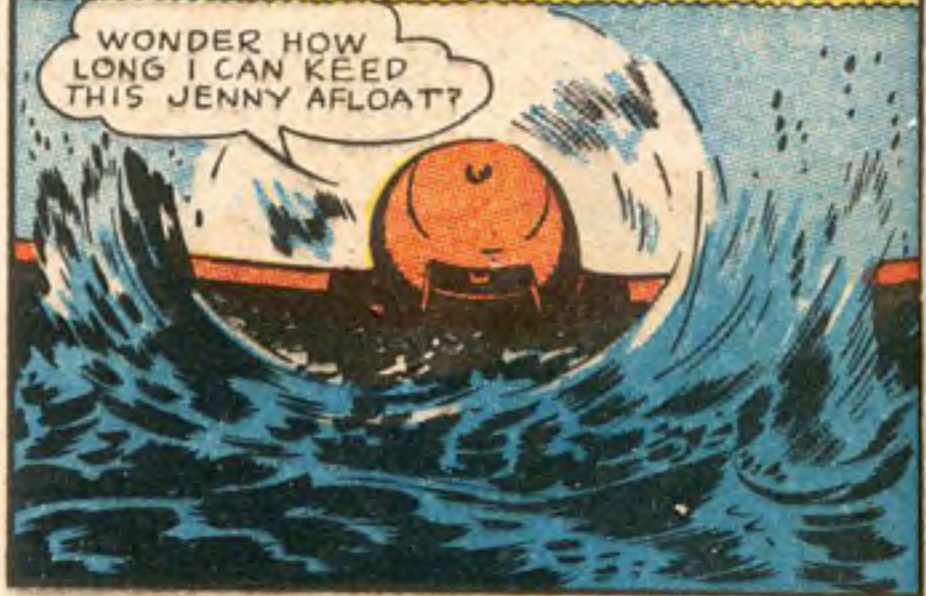
IF I DON'T LOSE MY SHIP FIRST!

THE LONE EAGLE'S PLANE IS STRUCK!



THERE GOES MY RUDDER! AND NO PARACHUTE!

HIS SKILL BRINGS THE SHIP TO A LANDING!



WONDER HOW LONG I CAN KEEP THIS JENNY AFLOAT?

THE WRECK IS SIGHTED FROM A BRITISH TORPEDO-BOAT!



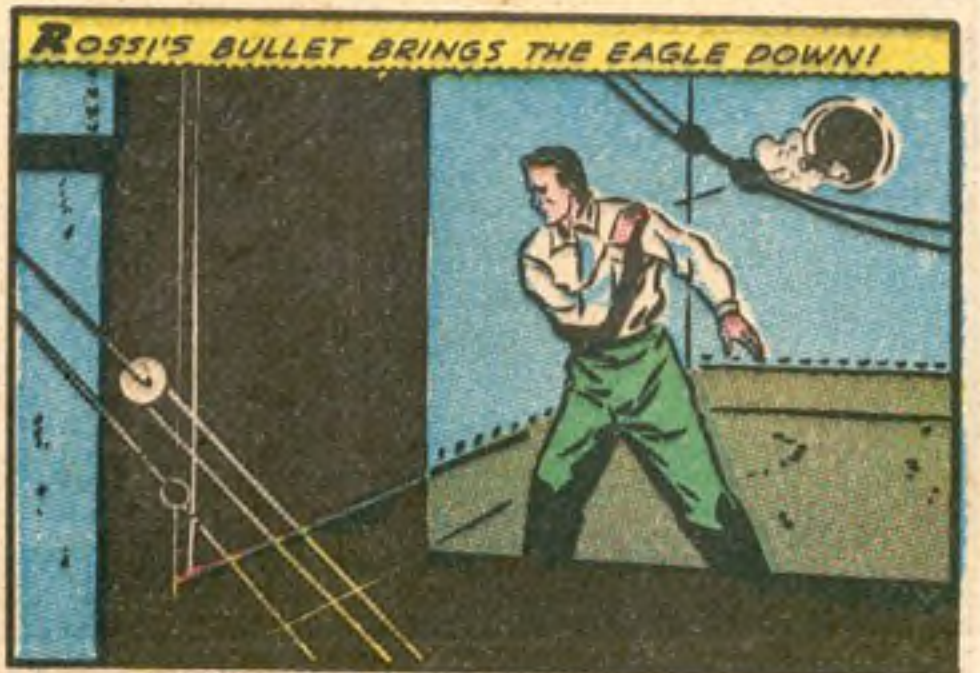
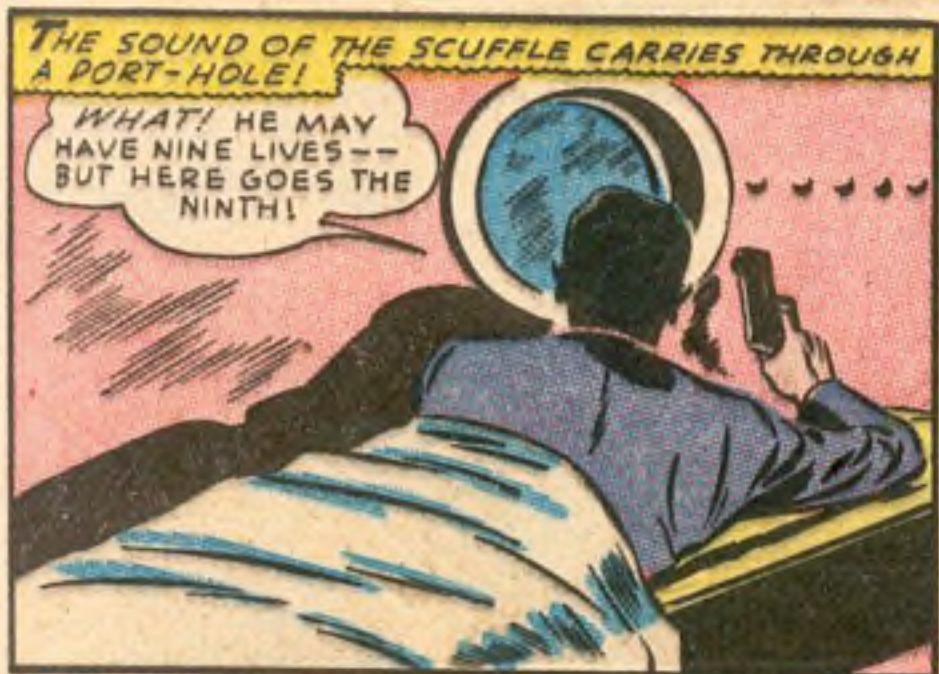
IT'S ONE OF OUR PLANES! WE'LL DRAW CLOSE ENOUGH TO THROW A LINE!

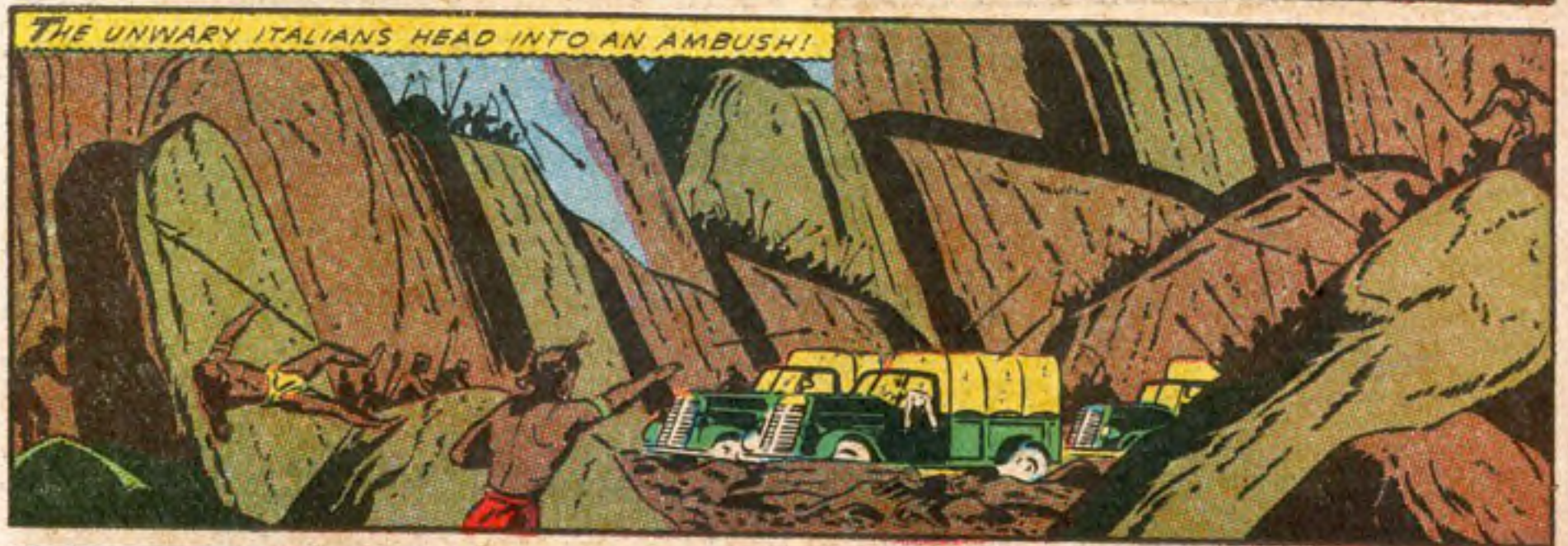
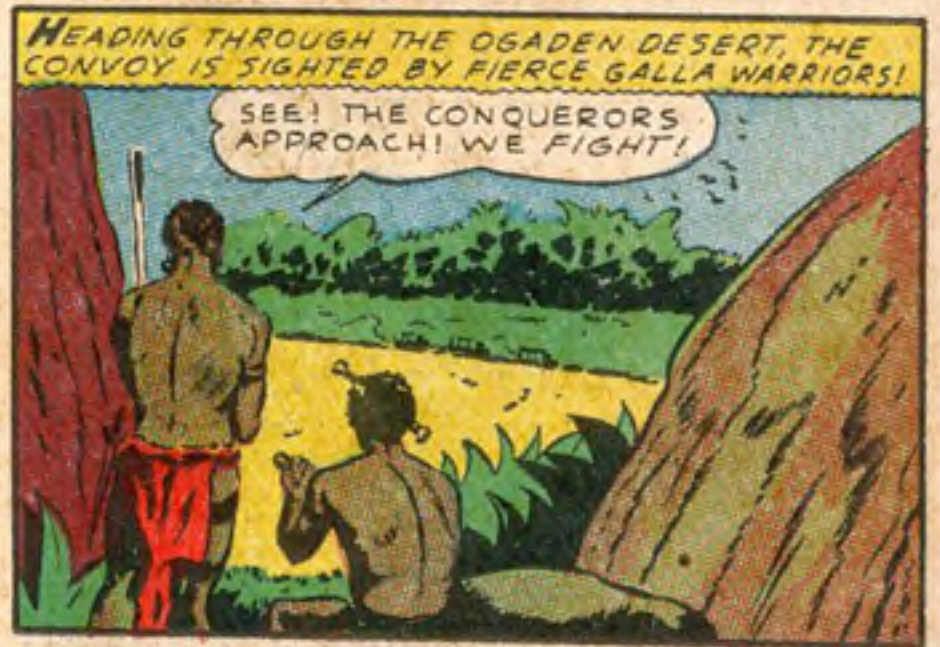
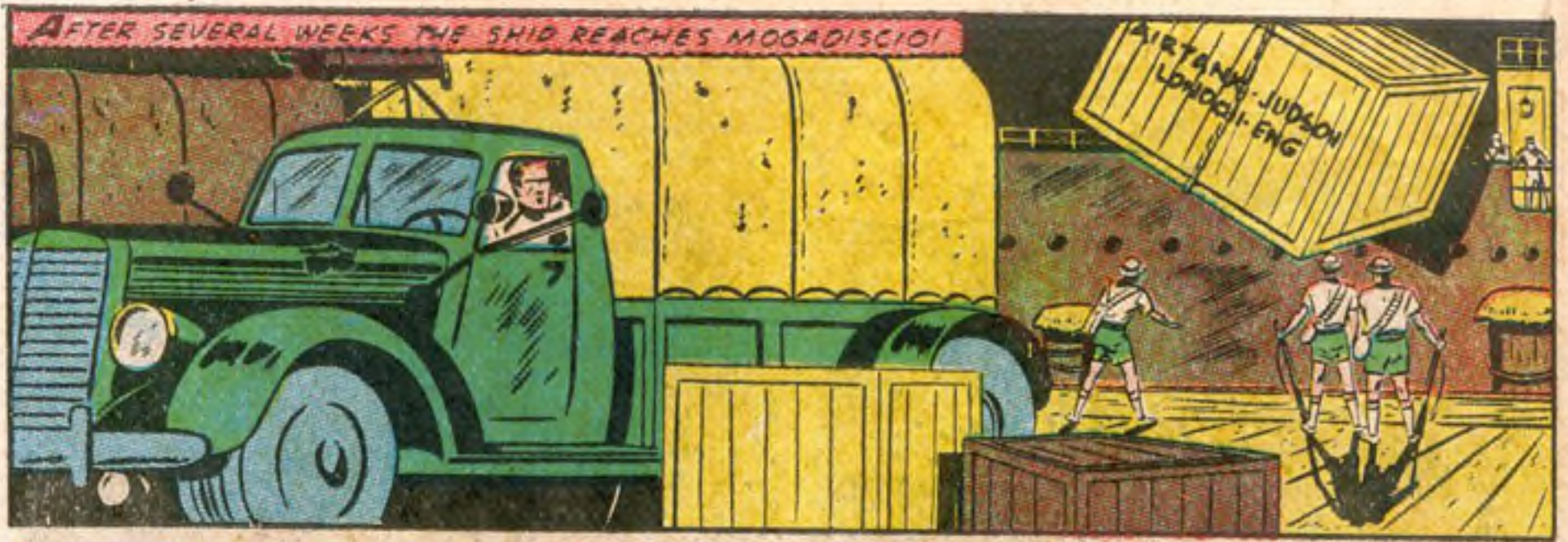
THE LONE EAGLE RENEWS THE CHASE!



GET AFTER THAT FREIGHTER! IT HAS ITALIAN AGENTS ABOARD!

THEY WON'T GET FAR, CAPTAIN!







NEW ADVENTURES AWAIT THE LONE EAGLE NEXT MONTH!

The Woman in Red



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF LINDA LYTELL, A NOTED ACTRESS —

I'VE BEEN YOUR LEADING MAN FOR YEARS, LINDA. WON'T YOU LEAVE THE STAGE AND MARRY ME?

I'VE GOT TO REFUSE AGAIN, PERRY — ESPECIALLY WITH "BLACK DEATH" OPENING TOMORROW NIGHT!

PERRY KNIGHT MEETS THE THEATRE-OWNER OUTSIDE LINDA'S ROOM —

HELLO, MR. WEBER!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, PERRY! I WANT TO DRINK TO THE SUCCESS OF OUR NEW PLAY!

A TOAST FOR "BLACK DEATH"!

RIGHT! AND NOW I'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR OUR LAST REHEARSAL!

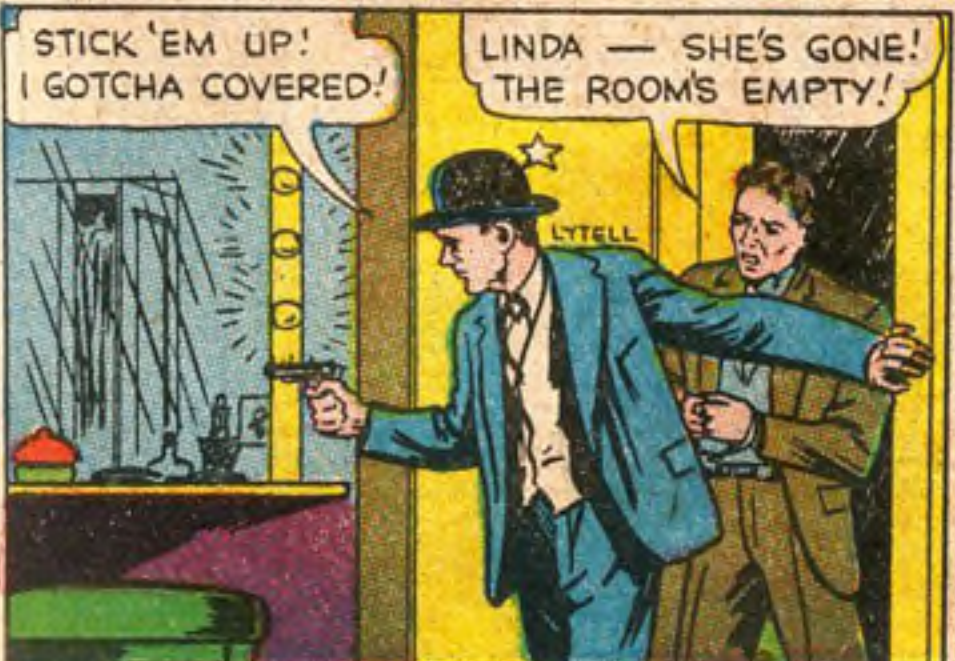
KNIGHT DONS HIS FANTASTIC COSTUME —

I'M FEELING A LITTLE SHAKY! NERVOUS TENSION, MAYBE!

THE STAGE MANAGER GETS THE CAST READY!

DON'T FORGET YOUR CUE, KNIGHT! WHEN TINKER TELLS LINDA "NOTHING CAN SEPARATE US", YOU PRETEND TO SHOOT HIM WITH THE BLANK PISTOL!

I'M READY!



PEGGY ALLEN, THE DARING "WOMAN IN RED," ENTERS THE CASE!

KNIGHT MAY BE GUILTY, PEGGY — BUT WE'RE NOT SURE! I'VE THROWN A POLICE CORDON AROUND THE THEATRE!

I'LL SNEAK PAST THEM TONIGHT, COMMISSIONER, AND TAKE A LOOK!

ELUDING THE GUARD, PEGGY GETS INTO HER COSTUME BACKSTAGE!

KNIGHT MAY HAVE BEEN JEALOUS OF TINKER — BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN LINDA LYTELL'S DISAPPEARANCE!

THE BLACK DEATH LURKS IN THE WINGS!

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS CASE THAN INSPECTOR CAVANAUGH THINKS!

THE DREAD FIGURE STRIKES! SCENE 3

YOU'RE THE NEXT TO DIE!

HERE IT COMES!

SOMETHING RESTRAINS THE FATAL STROKE!

CHANGED YOUR MIND, DID YOU?

LEAPING INTO THE WINGS, THE BLACK DEATH SLASHES THE CURTAIN ROPE!

ACT I

MISSED HIM!

THE WOMAN IN RED LEAPS THROUGH THE BACKDROP, UNAWARE OF A FORM WAITING IN THE SHADOWS!

HE'S NOWHERE ON EITHER SIDE!

INSPECTOR CAVANAUGH GOES INTO ACTION!



SO HE MUST HAVE GONE UP! I'LL TAKE A —

HEY, YOU! COME DOWN FROM THERE!



CERTAINLY, INSPECTOR!

BONG!

OOF!!

NO USE STAYING ANY LONGER TONIGHT! CAVANAUGH WILL BE ALL OVER THE PLACE WHEN HE COMES TO!



PEGGY REPORTS TO THE COMMISSIONER NEXT MORNING!



WEBER WAS JUST HERE! HE WANTS TO CLOSE THE THEATER — SAYS THERE'S NO USE OPENING TONIGHT WITH HIS LEADING LADY GONE!

TELL HIM TO USE MISS LYTELL'S UNDERSTUDY! AS FOR THE LEADING MAN —



I'VE GOT REASONS FOR WANTING KNIGHT RELEASED — SO HE CAN PLAY HIS ROLE AS THE BLACK DEATH!

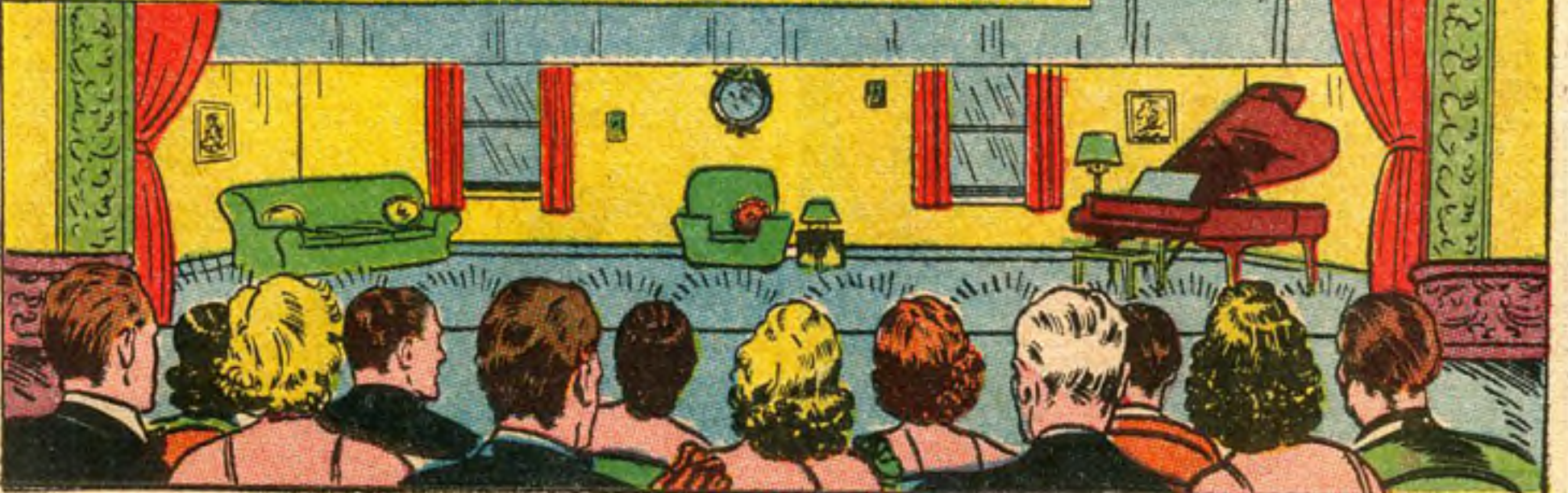
IT'S AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, PEGGY! BUT IF I CAN TALK WEBER INTO OPENING THE PLAY — KNIGHT WILL BE IN IT!



THAT NIGHT THE WOMAN IN RED WAITS FOR THE DRAMA TO BEGIN!

I'M SURE OF ONE THING — KNIGHT ISN'T THE GUILTY MAN! SOMEONE'S MASQUERADING IN HIS COSTUME — AND BEFORE THE PLAY IS OVER I'LL KNOW WHO!

THE HOUSE-LIGHTS GROW DIM — AND THE CURTAIN RISES ON "BLACK DEATH"!



THE DRAMATIC CRITICS SIT THROUGH THE FIRST ACT!

I NEVER SAW SUCH A FLOP! I'M LEAVING!

WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY -- IT'S A RAINY NIGHT!



THE INSPECTOR IS ON THE JOB IN THE LEFT-HAND WING!

GET READY, MIKE! HERE'S THE SCENE WHERE KNIGHT COMES OUT AS THE BLACK DEATH!



KNIGHT PRESSES THE TRIGGER OF THE BLANK PISTOL --

NOTHING CAN SEPARATE US!



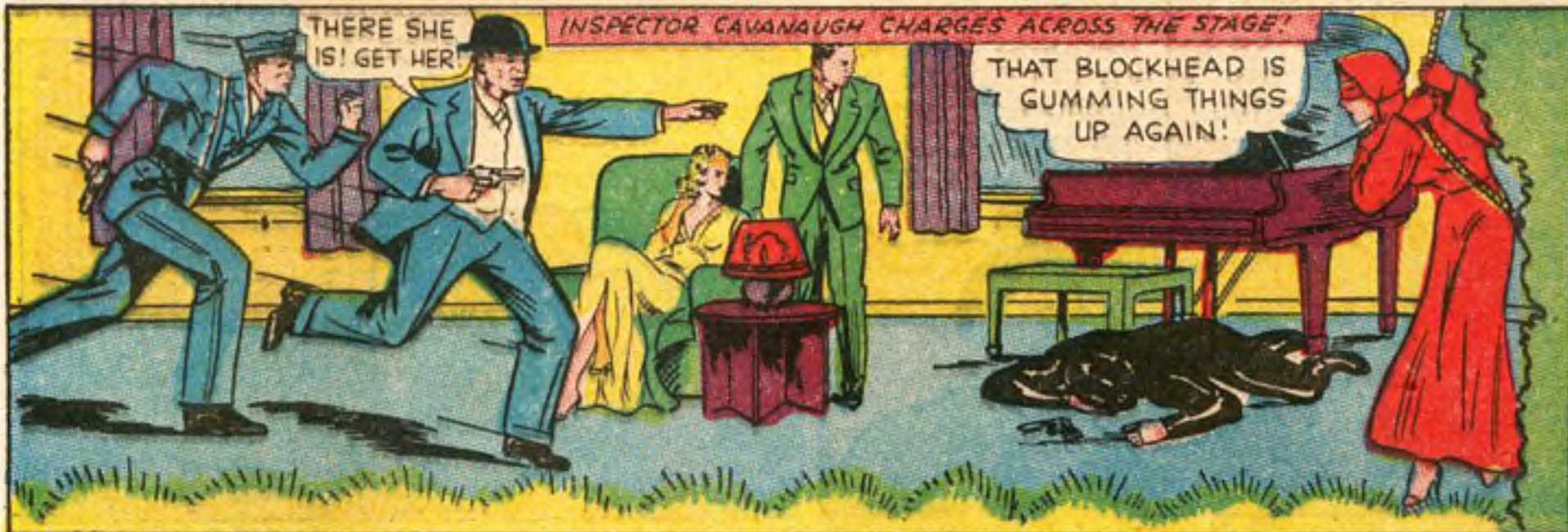
-- AND IS INSTANTLY BOWLED OVER AS A SHOT RINGS OUT!



THERE SHE IS! GET HER!

INSPECTOR CAVANAUGH CHARGES ACROSS THE STAGE!

THAT BLOCKHEAD IS GUMMING THINGS UP AGAIN!



I AIN'T FALLIN' FOR THAT ONE AGAIN, EITHER!



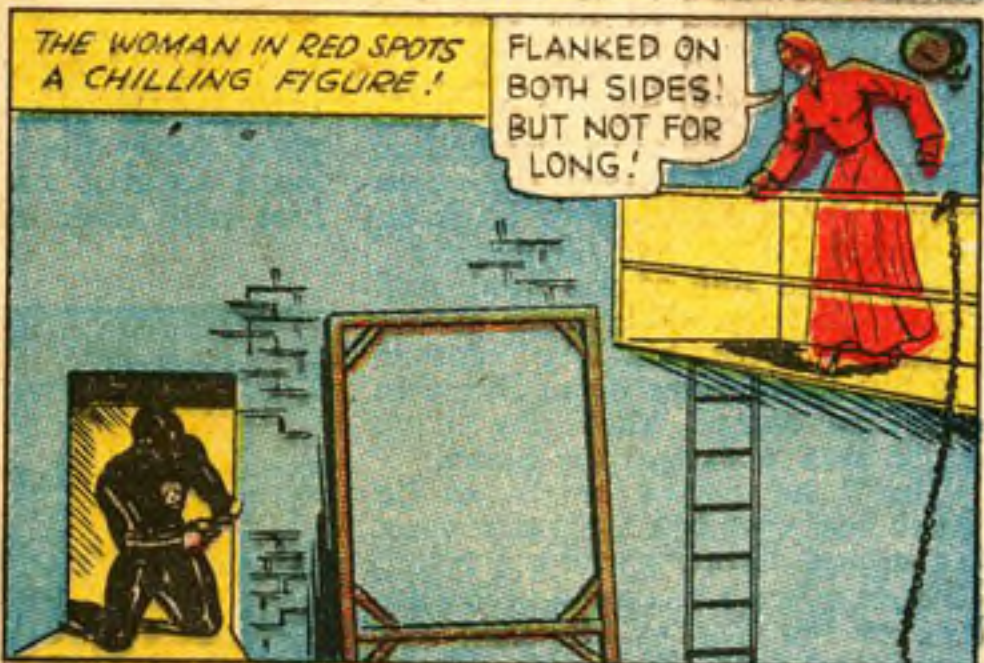
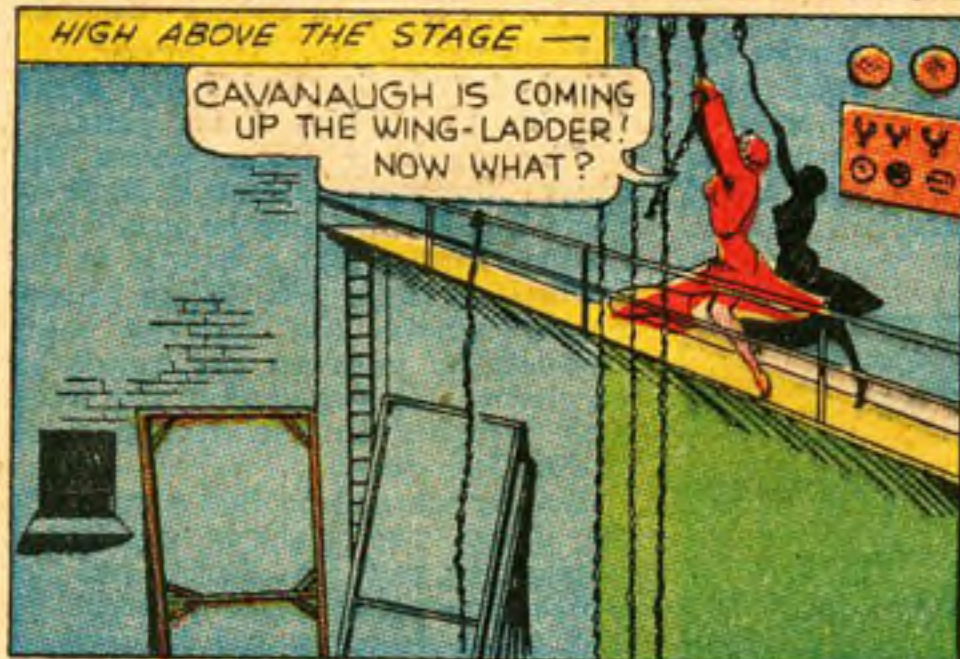
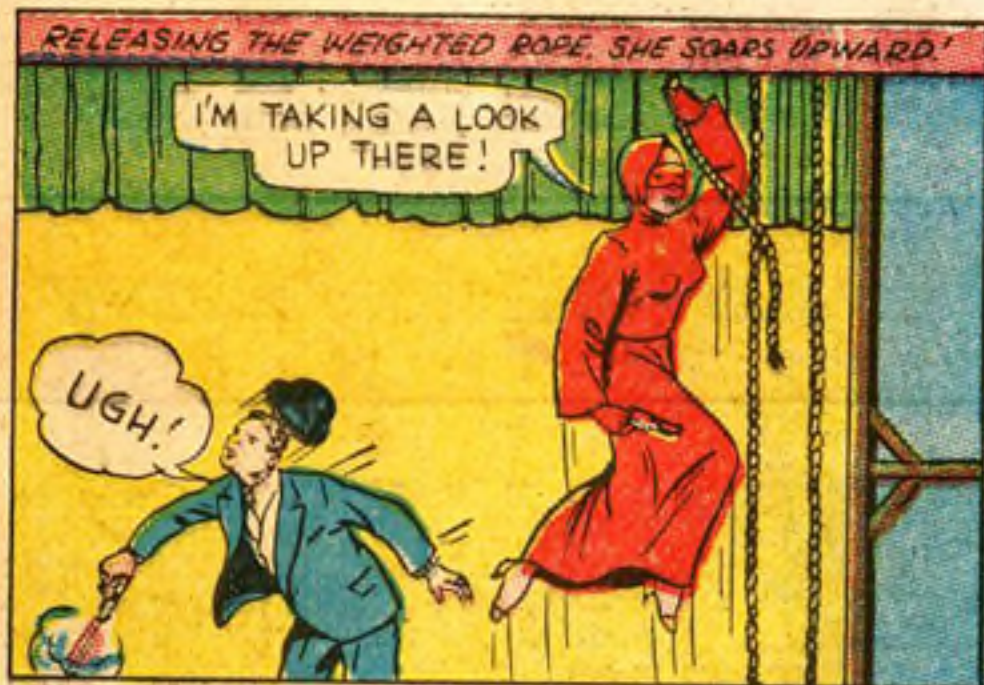
THE CRITICS ARE AGREEABLY THRILLED -- THEN --

SAY! THIS PLAY HAS SOMETHING AFTER ALL!

WHAT ACTION! GOOD LORD -- WHAT'S THAT!

HELP!





Jungle Rescue

An Adventure Story by JACKSON COLE



**B O B B Y
T H O M A S**
awoke and looked about anxiously, but it was too dark in the tent for him to be able to see clearly. The boy was sure that he had heard a scream

coming from somewhere back in the jungle. What had happened?

He leaped out of his bunk and dressed hastily. He liked living in Africa with his big brother Jim, but there were times like this when he found that the dark jungle was a dangerous place.

"Jim!" he called softly as he discovered that his brother's bunk was empty. "Jim, where are you?"

There was no answer and Bobby went to the flap of the tent and peered out into the night. There were stars in the blue sky, but the dense undergrowth of the jungle was black and dismal-looking in the shadows.

Bobby found that he was a little bit worried. He was sure that Jim had gone to see about that scream. The boy realized that someone might have cried out more than once before the sound had awakened him.

"That might have been Sally Smith who screamed," said the boy thoughtfully.

Sally was a little blond girl who lived some distance away in the jungle with her family. Once Bobby had rescued her from some lions and another time he had saved her from a rhinoceros, and everybody had said that he was very brave.

To his relief he heard someone come crashing through the brush and saw that it was his big brother Jim. Bobby wasn't afraid, but he felt safer when Jim was around with his big elephant gun.

"What happened, Jim?" asked Bobby, as his brother came closer. "I thought I heard somebody scream."

"You did," said Jim. "Some natives kidnaped Sally. It was her mother who screamed when the natives ran away with the girl."

"Couldn't you stop them?" asked Bobby.

"No, they were gone by the time I reached the Smith's camp," said Jim. "They went down the river in their canoes."

"We've got a canoe," said Bobby excitedly. "Come on, let's follow them."

"One of the men who works for Mr. Smith tried it," said Jim. "When he reached the narrow place down the river, the natives were waiting for him and killed him with their spears."

**Bobby Proves That
There Are Times
When Young Fellows
May Sail In Where
Adults Fear to Tread!**

Jim Thomas turned away, ordering Bobby to remain in camp while he went back to the Smiths to see if there wasn't some other way they could rescue the little girl.

Bobby wanted to help, but he knew better than to argue with his brother. After Jim had gone, the boy went down to the river bank where their light canoe had

been pulled up on dry ground. An idea struck Bobby as he looked at the canoe. If he could lie down in the canoe and let it drift downstream—the natives might think it was empty and let it get by them.

"I'll do it," said Bobby. Pushing the canoe into the water, he climbed into it, and lying down flat he was hidden from view.

The canoe drifted down the river. The natives saw it float by them but Bobby was so small that he just looked like a bundle in the bottom of the craft. When he got below where the natives were camped he paddled the canoe in to shore. He found that the wind was blowing in the direction of the native camp.

Bobby wanted to find some way to drive the natives upstream where Jim and Mr. Smith and the other men could capture them. He had some matches and he lighted a fire in the brush. It burned fast—and soon the natives had to run when they found the flames were coming in their direction. Jim and the rest were waiting for them with ready guns and captured them. Sally was with the natives and she was saved.

"That was smart of you, Bobby," said Jim when he learned what his young brother had done. "The Smiths are very grateful to you for rescuing Sally."

"That's nice," said Bobby. "But I wish Sally would go home—the jungle is no place for little girls. They are always in danger and somebody has to save them."

**THRILLING
ADVENTURES**

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in Action Stories Every Month*

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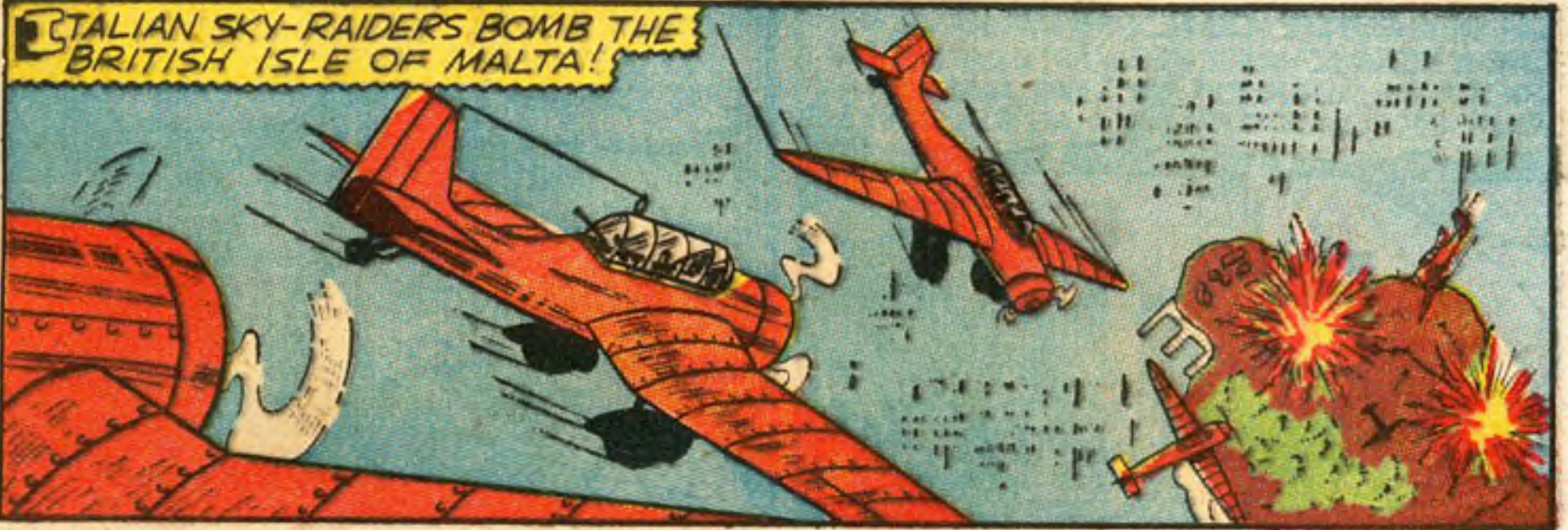


TOM NILES

UNDERSEA RAIDER



ITALIAN SKY-RAIDERS BOMB THE
BRITISH ISLE OF MALTA!



THE NEWS IS RECEIVED AT THE
BRITISH ADMIRALTY!

IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THEY
ATTACK GIBRALTAR! THEN WHAT? WE'VE
GOT TO KEEP MOST OF OUR FLEET IN THE
CHANNEL, TO COVER BOTH ENGLAND AND
FRANCE!



THIS CALLS
FOR A
TICKLISH BIT
OF ESPIONAGE...
AND TOM
NILES!

TOM NILES, THE GREAT UNDERSEA
RAIDER, IS SUMMONED!

OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORTS AN ITALIAN FLEET
MASSING OFF LIBYA! GO DOWN THERE,
POSING AS A GERMAN SPY, AND FIND OUT
WHAT'S WHAT! WE'LL SUPPLY YOU
WITH FORGED PAPERS!



MY SUB
WILL GET ME
DOWN THERE
SAFELY...AND
THE REST IS
UP TO ME!

THESE MAY INTEREST YOU! THEY'RE
A NEW DEVELOPMENT--A COMBINATION
MINE AND TIME-BOMB!



THEY MIGHT
COME IN HANDY!
I'LL TAKE A
FEW ALONG!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, TOM'S SUBMARINE
COMES TO THE SURFACE IN A LONELY
COVE IN THE GULF OF SIDRA!



THE ITALIAN
ADMIRALTY'S ESTAB-
LISHED A BASE AT
TOCRA! I OUGHT TO
BE BACK SHORTLY!

YOU'LL FIND
US WAITING,
SIR!

M ASQUERADING AS A GERMAN SPY, TOM REPORTS AT TOCRA!

SCHMIDT OF THE GERMAN INTELLIGENCE, SIR—REPORTING FOR DUTY WITH OUR ALLIES!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, HERR SCHMIDT. THESE PAPERS SEEM IN ORDER!

WE WON'T HAVE ANY WORK FOR YOU TILL AFTER OUR ATTACK ON GIBRALTAR! OUR FLEET'S SAILING TOMORROW!

GREAT SCOTT! THE INFORMATION I WANTED, FIRST SHOT OUT OF THE BAG!

AH, SCHLEUTER! YOU MUST KNOW HERR SCHMIDT, HERE! HE'S A MEMBER OF YOUR INTELLIGENCE!

WE HAVE NO OPERATIVE BY THAT NAME! THE MAN'S A SPY!

SORRY, BOYS! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

HELP! GUARDS!

SWARMING IN, THE GUARDS OVERCOME TOM!

UGH!

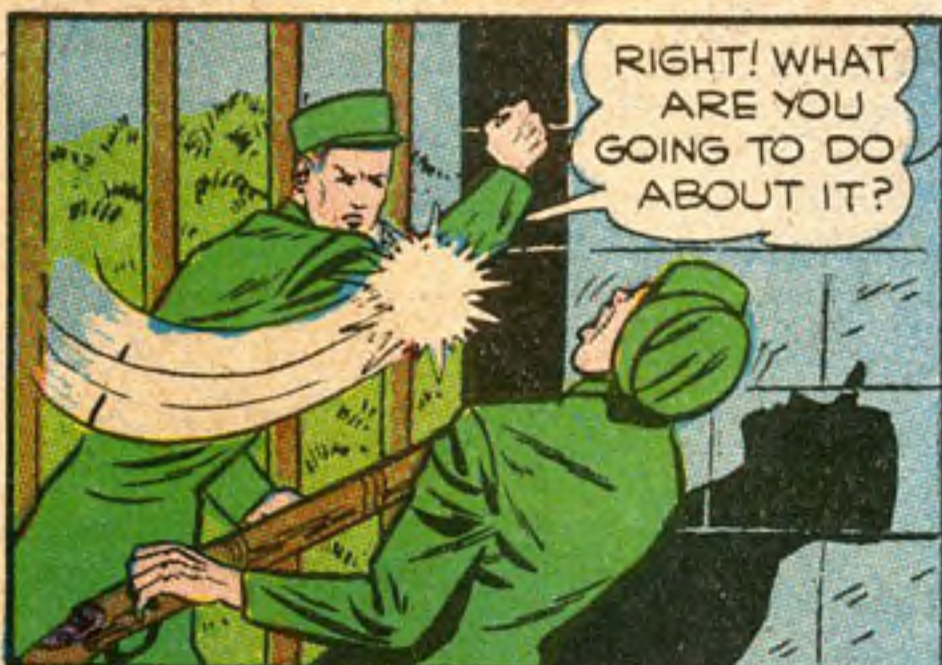
TAKE THAT!

THROW HIM INTO A CELL! WE'LL SETTLE WITH HIM LATER!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND GET WORD TO GIBRALTAR! I CAN'T SEE ANY WAY TO ESCAPE...EVEN THAT SKYLIGHT IS BARRED!

HE HITS UPON A CLEVER SCHEME!

I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH THAT SKYLIGHT...BUT I HOPE TO MAKE ENOUGH NOISE TO ATTRACT THE GUARD!





AS HE LANDS, HE IS SURROUNDED BY MENACING BRITISH SOLDIERS!

DON'T LET THIS PLANE FOOL YOU!
I'M TOM NILES, UNDERSEA
RAIDER... TAKE ME TO YOUR
COMMANDING
OFFICER!

SORRY,
COMMANDER!
WE HAD NO
WAY OF
KNOWING!



TOM'S MESSAGE IS RECEIVED GRAVELY!

YOU BRING BAD NEWS, NILES!
OUR MAIN FLEET'S IN
THE CHANNEL-- IT CAN'T
HELP US DEFEND THE
ROCK! WE'LL HAVE TO
DO THE BEST WE CAN!

YOU CAN
COUNT ON ME,
SIR... IF A
SINGLE
SUBMARINE
WILL
HELP!



HE RETURNS TO HIS SUBMARINE IN THE GULF OF SIDRA!

GLAD
YOU'RE BACK,
COMMANDER!

THERE'S NO TIME TO
LOSE! AN ITALIAN FLEET'S
ON ITS WAY TO GIBRALTAR--
WE'VE GOT TO
OVERHAUL 'EM!



THAT NIGHT, THEY RISE TO THE SURFACE IN THE MIDST OF THE ENEMY ARMADA, ANCHORED IN PREPARATION FOR A DAWN ATTACK!

LUCKY THEY'RE NOT SHOWING ANY LIGHTS! THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED US! GET OUT THE BOAT--- AND NOT A SOUND!



THESE MINE-BOMBS PACK THE DEADLIEST EXPLOSIVE KNOWN! THEY STICK TO THE SHIP BY MAGNETISM, AND BY THE TIME ANYONE GETS AROUND TO SPOTTING THEM THE TIMER WILL SET 'EM OFF!



JUST BEFORE DAWN THE GIBRALTAR LOOKOUTS GIVE THE ALARM!

ONE OF OUR AIR-SCOUTS REPORTS A BATTLE-FLEET APPROACHING, SIR!

ORDER ALL MEN TO THEIR STATIONS! WAIT UNTIL THEY'RE IN EFFECTIVE RANGE... THEN LET GO WITH EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!



THE BATTLE IS ON! A TERRIFIC BROAD-SIDE FROM GIBRALTAR SCORES A DIRECT HIT!

CRASH

WE'RE IN THEIR RANGE, SIR! THEY'VE ALREADY SUNK ONE OF OUR SHIPS!

BUT THE LAST WORD WILL BE OURS! SIGNAL THE FLOTILLA TO KEEP UP FIRE UNTIL THEY BLAST THAT ACCURSED ROCK OUT OF THE MEDITERRANEAN!

ITALIAN GUNS TAKE THEIR TOLL! THAT'S THE FOURTH BATTERY THEY'VE PUT OUT OF COMMISSION!

BOOM

BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT, TOM'S MINE-BOMBS GO INTO ACTION!

BANG! **CRACK**

THE UNDERSEA RAIDER SPEEDS INTO THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE!

FOUR SHIPS BADLY DAMAGED BY OUR MINES, SIR!

GOOD! NOW FOR SOME REAL SHOOTING! LET'S GO!

THE DREAD UNDERSEA RAIDER STRIKES TORPEDOES, LAUNCHED WITH DEADLY AIM, WREAK HAVOC!

GIBRALTAR'S GUNS FINISH THE JOB! THE ENEMY FLEET IS ROUTED!

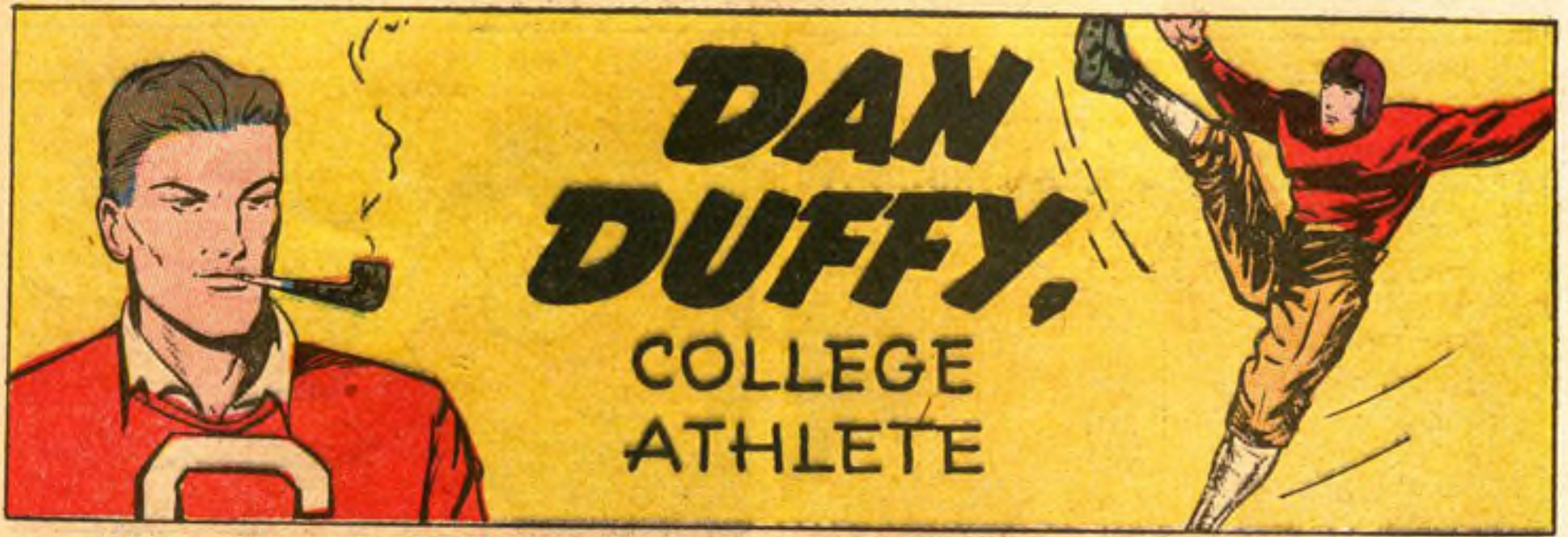
LANDING AT GIBRALTAR, TOM RECEIVES AN OVATION!

BRITAIN WILL PASS THROUGH HER DARK DAYS WITH MEN LIKE YOU ON THE JOB!

TOM NILES

RETURNS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!

DON'T MISS IT!



DAN DUFFY

COLLEGE ATHLETE

DAN DUFFY, CAPTAIN OF THE CARSON UNIVERSITY ELEVEN, MEETS A NEW PLAYER!

THIS IS FRED THOMAS, DAN! HE WAS A STAR ON THE YALE TEAM BEFORE HE CAME TO CARSON!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, THOMAS! WE CAN USE A TOP-NOTCH PLAYER!

THE NEW HALFBACK QUICKLY RISES TO FAME! HIS GREAT PLAY SCORES THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN IN THE TRENT GAME!

YOU TACKLED TOO LATE, BOY SCOUT!

AND THEY TOLD US TO WATCH OUT FOR DUFFY! YOU'RE THE THREAT ON THIS TEAM!

TOUCHDOWN!

OLLIE BRANT, THE NEW TRAINER, TAUNTS DAN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, DUFFY--SLIPPING? WHY, THOMAS'LL CROWD YOU TO THE BENCH IN A WEEK!

BETTER LET UP, BRANT. I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF THAT STUFF!

THAT'S FOOTBALL FOR YOU! ONE DAY YOU'RE UP ON TOP, NEXT DAY THEY'RE SAYING YOU'RE WASHED UP! THOMAS HAS JUST BEEN GETTING THE BREAKS - HE THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD!

THAT NIGHT, HE FINDS THOMAS WITH MARCIA LEE!

SO NOW YOU'RE BUTTING IN ON MY DATES! CAN'T I EVER GET RID OF YOU?

LOOKS AS IF I'M TAKING THE PLAY AWAY FROM YOU WITH YOUR GIRL TOO, EH, DUFFY?

WHY, YOU--

STOP IT, DAN! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S JUST TRYING TO RILE YOU?

A SERIES OF LOCKER-ROOM ROBBERIES CONFOUND THE CARSON TEAM!

FIVE LOCKERS HAVE BEEN OPENED, AND VALUABLES STOLEN! ONLY YOU MEN HAVE ACCESS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM! I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE AN INSIDE JOB!

WOW! THAT'S A TOUGH PILL TO SWALLOW!



AS THE PLAYERS DISPERSE TO THEIR LOCKERS --

MAKE THAT SIX LOCKERS, COACH! SOMEBODY COLLARED MY WATCH, AND LEFT THIS CUFF-LINK AS A CALLING-CARD!



HMI! IT'S INITIALED "D.D."

WHY-WHY-IT'S MINE!

YOU WERE A BIT CARELESS, EH? COACH, I INSIST ON HAVING DUFFY'S LOCKER SEARCHED!



A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY!

STOLEN JEWELRY- IN MY LOCKER! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!

IT'S PART OF THE MISSING STUFF, ALL RIGHT!

MY WATCH ISN'T THERE! RETURN IT, OR I'LL PRESS CHARGES!



UNABLE TO CLEAR HIMSELF, DAN IS SUSPENDED AND JAILED!

THE STUDENT BODY DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT IT YET, DAN. WE'LL CLEAR YOU!

YEAH! I GOT AN IDEA WHO'S AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



"BLINK" GORDON, DAN'S PAL, ACCUSES THOMAS!

I'M ON TO YOU, YOU SKUNK! YOU FRAMED DAN TO GET HIM OFF THE TEAM! YOU'RE THE GUY WHO ROBBED THOSE LOCKERS!

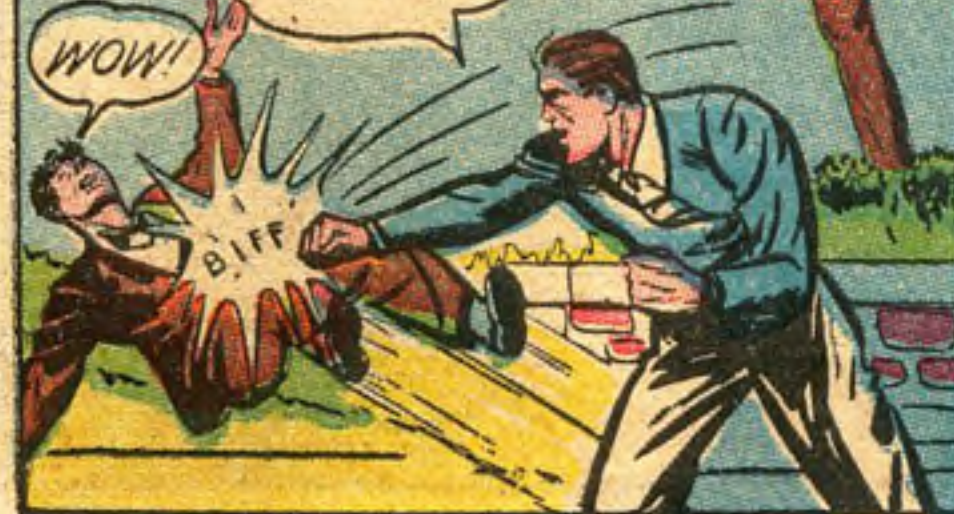
I'M SORRY IT HAD TO BE A LITTLE GUY WHO SAID THAT, BECAUSE --



-I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK FROM ANYBODY!

WOW!

BIFF!

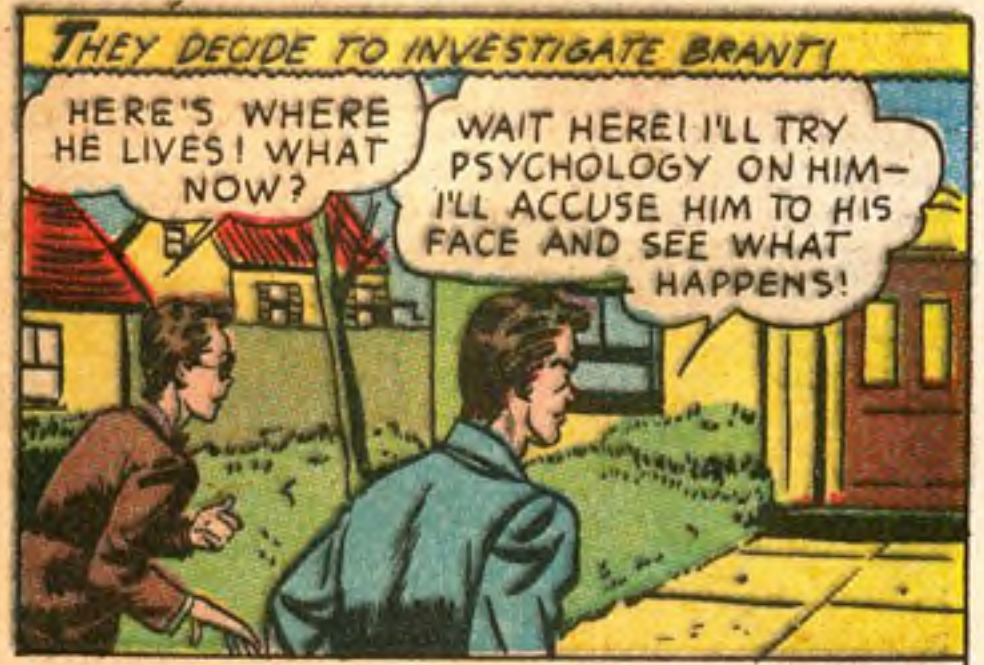


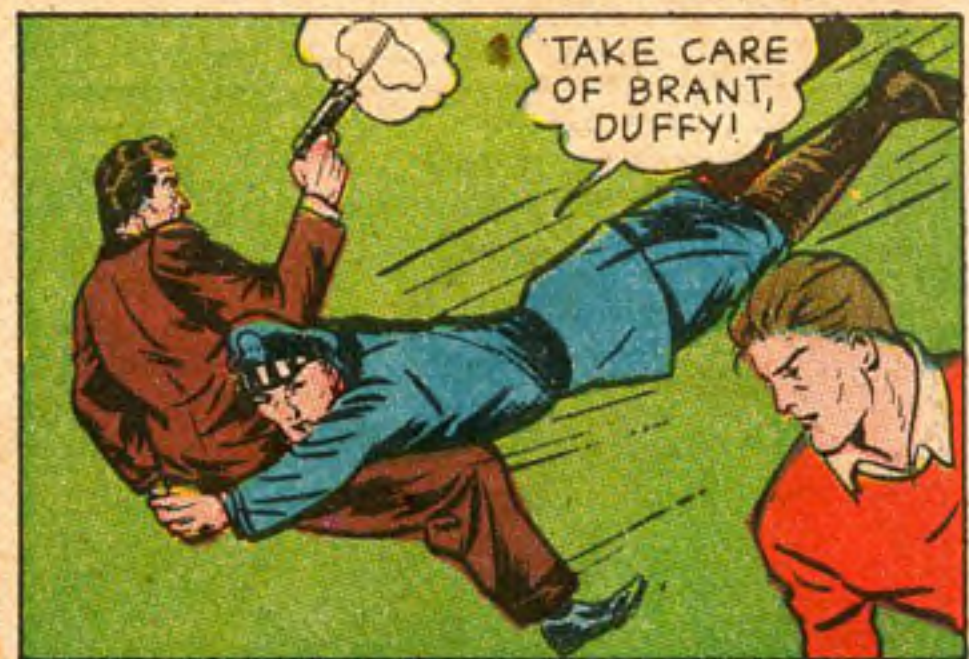
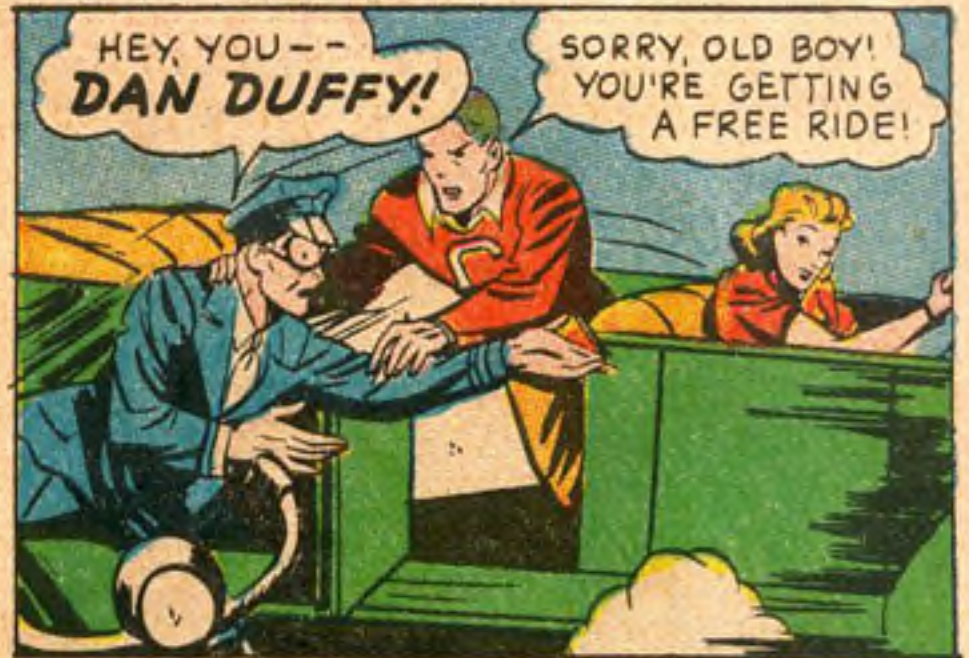
RECOVERING, BLINK COMES BACK GAMELY!

I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL PULVERIZE YOU! I'LL --

YOU'VE GOT COURAGE, ALL RIGHT! MAYBE I WAS TOO HASTY! A FELLOW WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU CAN'T BE A CROOK!







APPEARING BEFORE THE DEAN, DAN IS CLEARED!

WE GOT BRANT AT THE JAIL NOW! HE'S CONFESSED!

I'M HAPPY TO REINSTATE YOU, DUFFY! THOMAS TOLD ME THE STORY BEFORE HE LEFT FOR THE STADIUM! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WE'RE PLAYING KEYSTONE STATE TODAY?

DOWN ON THE FIELD, THE TIDE TURNS AGAINST CARSON! STILL SUFFERING FROM BRANT'S BLOW, THOMAS COLLAPSES!

THERE GOES THOMAS! HE'S FAINTED!

WITH HIM AND DUFFY BOTH OUT, WE'RE LICKED!

THE HOME TEAM GIVES GROUND!

YOU'RE OUT OF BOUNDS, KEYSTONE!

YEAH - WITH A THIRTY YARD GAIN!

RACING ONTO THE FIELD, DAN DUFFY REPORTS TO COACH BLAKE!

HERE'S A NOTE FROM THE DEAN REINSTATING ME, COACH!

I KNEW YOU WERE INNOCENT, DAN! WE'RE TRAILING 14-6 - GET IN THERE AND MOP UP THE FIELD WITH 'EM!

DAN'S RETURN WELDS CARSON INTO A FIGHTING UNIT! PLAYING LIKE A MADMAN, HE RIPS THROUGH FOR A TOUCH-DOWN!

IF I CAN ONLY BEAT THE GUN WE MAY MAKE A GAME OF THIS YET!

WITH THE SCORE 14-13, KEYSTONE STIFFENS! CARSON'S BALL AT MIDFIELD, FOURTH DOWN, WITH LESS THAN A MINUTE TO PLAY!

WE CAN'T GIVE THE BALL UP NOW! THEY'LL BE WATCHING FOR A PASS - LET'S TRY FOR A FIELD GOAL!

YOU'RE NUTS! NOBODY COULD MAKE IT AT THAT DISTANCE!

STRAIGHT AND TRUE THE BALL LEAVES DAN'S TOE! A MIRACULOUS SIXTY-YARD FIELD GOAL WINS THE GAME FOR CARSON!

AFTER THE GAME -

YOU SURE DID PULL THAT GAME OUT OF THE FIRE, DAN!

WHO WOULDN'T - WITH A SCHOOL LIKE CARSON TO FIGHT FOR?

GET YOUR THRILLS WITH DAN DUFFY IN THRILLING COMICS!

— • —

The Publisher Pledges That **THRILLING COMICS** Will Always Be Dedicated to Clean Entertainment!



EVERY DAY IS ELECTION DAY!



JUST now, the entire nation is interested in the coming elections. Whether or not you are old enough to vote, you should be interested in the campaign and its outcome. As an American, you surely appreciate the great privilege of voting—a sacred right, one of the many that makes America the home of freedom and liberty.

Election day comes but once a year—but, in a larger sense, you can make every day an election day all your own! "To elect" merely means "to choose." Each day you are faced with many choices. Your happiness and success, your worth to yourself, your family and your country, depend on the type of choice you make.

Choose right rather than wrong. Choose to be patriotic and loyal to America. Choose to be fair, square and honest. Choose to be kind, and perform good deeds daily.

You'll find that an election day of this sort, which can take place every day in the year, will be great fun! Try it.

You've Elected **THRILLING COMICS**

One thing I am sure of, to judge from your thousands and thousands of enthusiastic letters, coming from every part of the country, is that you have elected or chosen **THRILLING COMICS** as your favorite magazine!

Another thing is shown by your letters—you have elected Doc Strange as your favorite comic character!

Let's look over some of these swell letters of yours. First we'll quote from the message of Edward Reilly, of Portland, Ore.:

THRILLING COMICS is the best of them all, in my opinion. It strikes the keynote of Americanism. It is packed with fun, action, adventure. Doc Strange is a wonderful character. I'm all for **THRILLING COMICS**.

Another interesting letter comes from Martin Wolfe, of Boston, Mass.:

No. 8 **THRILLING COMICS**, featuring Doc Strange in the South Seas, was the best yet. How do you find it possible to keep on improving, when you started out with such a fine magazine in the first place. Keep it up.

Well, the grand letters you fellows and girls are sending in, so packed with ideas, are sure helping us to improve—so part of the credit belongs to you!

Now listen to Arthur Corcoran Wright, San Francisco, Cal.:

Am writing from the Coast to tell you how much I like **THRILLING COMICS**. My father likes it too, and we always read it together. He says it is a good clean book to read.

Let's hearken to a girl reader, now—Lucille Brownley Ryan of Chicago:

I certainly admire The Woman in Red. I am so glad you have something for us girls, that I'm sure all the other readers like it too. I like Doc Strange also.

Alfred Waller, Seattle, Wash., has this to say:

The only trouble with **THRILLING COMICS** is that it does not come out often enough.

To you, Alfred, and to all others who find they become impatient between issues, we recommend our companion comics magazines—**STARTLING COMICS** and **EXCITING COMICS**. They're both dandy—and have many comic strips you'll be sure to like. You can get them in between issues of **THRILLING COMICS**. They're both clean, wholesome and entertaining.

Last but not least, let's hear from James Jordan, Philadelphia:

Your magazine is the best I ever saw. Every picture tells a story. Keep up the good work.

Now, that's short and to the point! Thank you, Jimmy!

Join Our Club

Everybody—join **THE THRILLING CLUB**! Just sign, clip and mail the coupon below. There are no dues or fees. We'll send your membership card along immediately and give you a hearty welcome.

And here's another chance to vote—elect your favorite comic strips!

Next month we'll bring you all the comic strips you like best—plus some new surprise features. Every page glamorous and exciting! Be on hand for this gala number. And watch for new special features and a prize contest coming soon!

Read *every* issue of **THRILLING COMICS**—for we are making each new issue better than the last, and you can't afford to miss any of them!

Keep writing me. A postcard will do as well as a letter. Let's be pals!

THE EDITOR.

P.S.—If you want a beautiful silveroid membership card, tear the name strip "THRILLING COMICS" from the cover of this issue and send it along with a stamped self-addressed envelope.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THRILLING COMICS MAGAZINE TC-10

22 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of **THE THRILLING CLUB**. I am enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope and the name-strip from the cover of this issue for my **FREE** membership card.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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

The three best strips in this issue in my opinion are:

<input type="checkbox"/> Dr. Strange	<input type="checkbox"/> The Lone Eagle
<input type="checkbox"/> The Ghost	<input type="checkbox"/> The Rio Kid
<input type="checkbox"/> Tom Niles	<input type="checkbox"/> Mickie Norton
<input type="checkbox"/> The Woman in Red	<input type="checkbox"/> Dan Duffy

(Please check Three)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



THE Rio Kid

THE KID CAMPS AT THE FOOT OF A MOUNTAIN IN WESTERN ARIZONA



GUESS THIS PLACE IS AS GOOD AS ANY FOR TONIGHT!

HIS SHARP EARS PICK UP THE SOUND OF HOOFBEATS!



HORSES - IN THIS DESERTED SPOT! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!

HE SIGHS A BAND OF MASKED DESPERADOES!



DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS. I'LL FOLLOW 'EM AND SEE WHAT'S UP!

MASKING HIS FACE, THE KID BRINGS UP THE REAR!



HOLDING A LITTLE MEETING, EH?

C'MON! TH' BOSS IS INSIDE!

HE OVERHEARS A DARK PLOT!



WE CRACK THE CARLOS BANK TONIGHT! DAWSON'LL SEE THAT THINGS ARE OKAY! WHEN WE GET THE GOLD, WE COME BACK HERE AND DIVVY IT UP!

RIGHT, BOSS!



THE KID REMEMBERS THE NAME "DAWSON!"



SO YUH'RE ONE OF THE CROOKS TOO, EH, DAWSON?

STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!

GET 'IM, JOE!



C'MON, YUH SKUNKS! MY FISTS ARE STILL ITCHIN'!

DON'T LET 'IM ESCAPE!



THE KID BRINGS HIS GUNS INTO ACTION!

A LITTLE GUN PLAY, EH? HOW'S THIS?



THE SHOTS WAKEN THE TOWN!

HEY! WHAT'S TH' MATTER?

THERE'S A FIGHT AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!

SOMEBODY'S GETTIN' KILLED!

POW

BAM

SHERIFF

BINGO!

POW

WHAM



MEANWHILE--

MIGHT NOT LOOK SO GOOD IF THESE PEOPLE WERE TO SEE ME JUST NOW, SHERIFF! BUT I KNOW YUH'RE IN WITH THE FELLA THEY CALL 'THE BOSS!' YUH'LL BE SEEIN' ME!



AT THE BANK.

RECKON THEY WON'T TRY NOTHIN' TONIGHT. BUT I'LL WAIT AWHILE AND MAKE SURE!

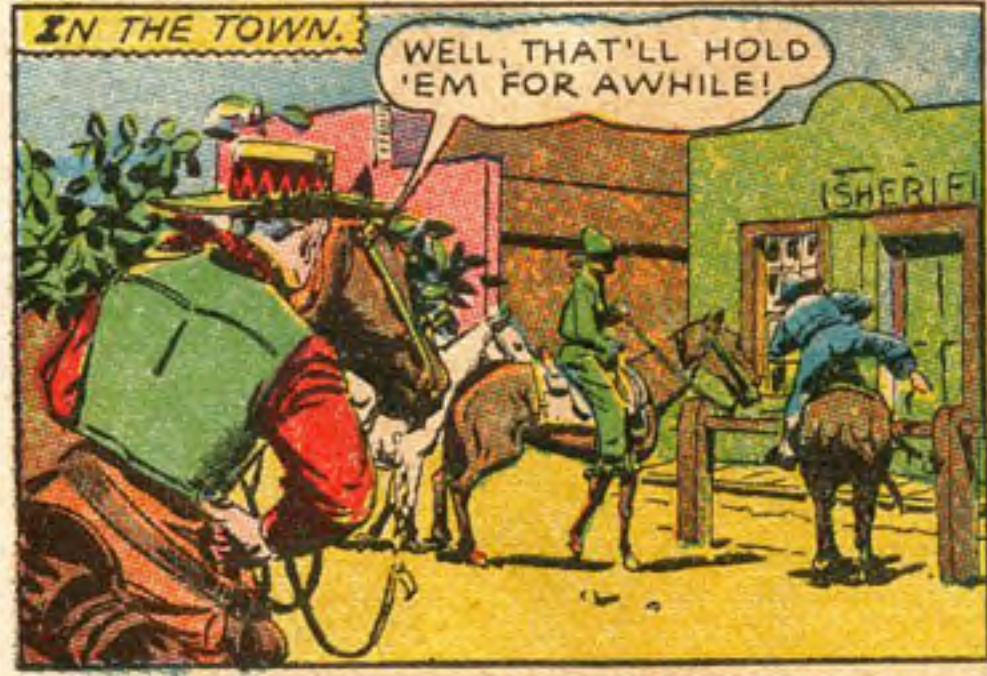


HIGH ON A HILL, THE BOSS AND HIS GANG SEE THAT SOMETHING IS AMISS!

IT MUSTA BEEN THE RIO KID!

SOMETHIN'S UP, BOSS! WE CAN'T CRACK TH' BANK NOW!

I'LL FIX DAWSON FOR THIS!



IN THE TOWN.

WELL, THAT'LL HOLD 'EM FOR AWHILE!



SUDDENLY--

HOLD YOUR FIRE, RIO KID! I'M A FRIEND!

HOW DO YUH KNOW MY NAME?



I'VE BEEN HEARING THINGS ABOUT YOU! MY NAME'S CARSONS-I RUN THE NEWSPAPER IN TOWN. THE SHERIFF AND TOM BAKER, THE BOSS, ARE IN CAHOOTS! BAKER'S A CROOKED POLITICIAN!

AND YUH WANT ME TO HELP CLEAN UP?



THAT'S RIGHT, KID! IF WE CAN ONLY GET SOME PROOF ON BOTH OF 'EM, THEY'D BE IN JAIL IN NO TIME!

OKAY, CARSONS. YUH CAN COUNT ME IN!



THE KID HAS A HUNCH!

I THINK WE'LL FIND OUT SOMETHING AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE! LET'S GO!



THEY OVERHEAR "THE BOSS" IN AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION!

IF IT WASN'T FOR YUH, DAWSON, WE'D HAVE THE GOLD BY NOW! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL TOMORROW NIGHT! AND I DON'T WANT ANY SLIP-UPS THIS TIME, UNDERSTAND?

IT WASN'T MY FAULT, BOSS!



AND OUTSIDE...
TOMORROW NIGHT,
EH? C'MON, WE GOT
TO GET STARTED!

WHAT D'YOU PLAN
TO DO, KID?



GET ME SOME MEN
WHO CAN BE TRUSTED!

I'LL HAVE 'EM FOR
YOU TOMORROW
MORNING!



THE RIO KID HAS A
PLAN THAT'LL WIPE
OUT BAKER AND HIS
GANG!

NEXT DAY, IN CARSONS' NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

BAKER'LL TRY TO RAID THE
BANK TONIGHT! WE'LL BE
WAITING FOR HIM AND
GIVE HIM A TASTE
OF LEAD!



WE'LL GET HELP FROM THE
PRESIDENT OF THE BANK!

WE'LL SHOW
'EM!



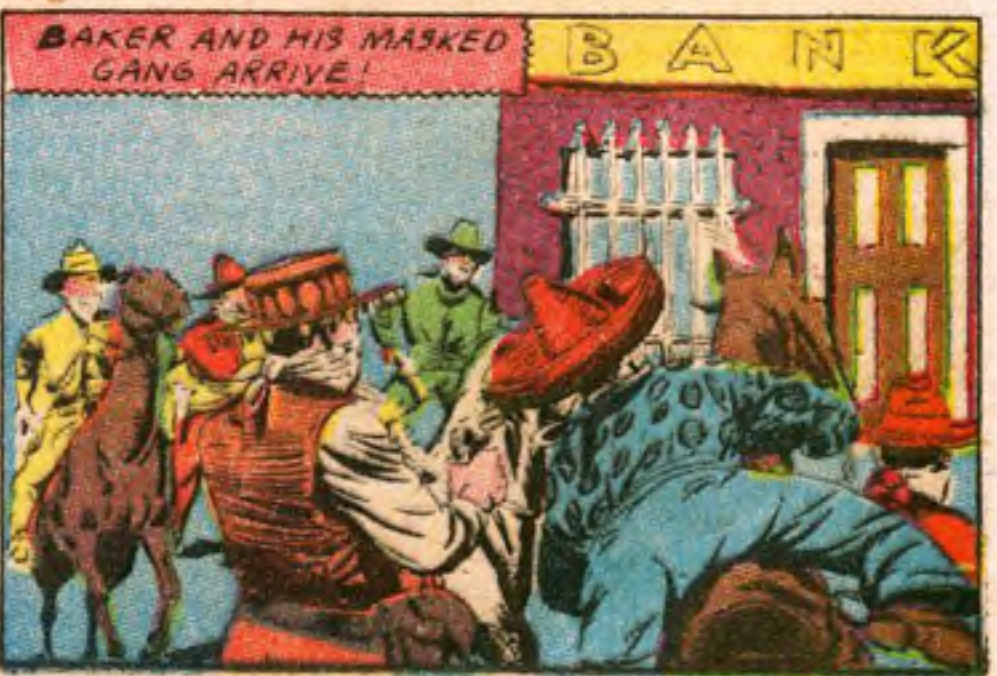
AT THE BANK. IF YOU HELP US, DOYLE,
WE'LL BREAK UP THEIR PLOT!

YOU'VE GOT MY
HELP, CARSONS!



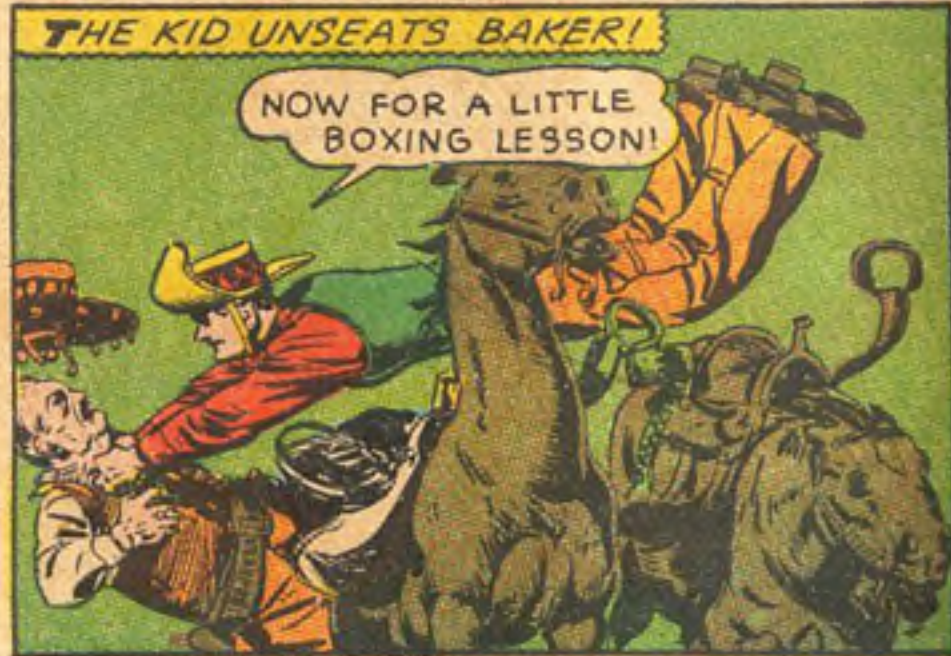
THAT NIGHT--

THEY'LL BE COMIN' SOON!
GET READY, MEN!



BAKER AND HIS MASKED
GANG ARRIVE!

BANK



THE RIO KID

★ RETURNS IN NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING COMICS ★

★

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME



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

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and other famous orchestra leaders use.

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