PRICE GOES UP AFTER THIS SALE

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

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 possi-
bile this LOW price.

COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substan-
tially built, ALL STEEL press,
mechanically operated rubber ink-
ing roller, 3x3 1/2 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
and Quads 50c
Paper - - 50c

11 inches
High

SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE
$2

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 adver-
sising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

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

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

NAME

ADDRESS
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 HARVARD 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-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 plies his vile trade....

Shock springs to action

Other looters arrive....

There'll be no looting here!

Shoot him in the back!

But Shock's electrical field of force saves him.
ME 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 BOSS IS COMRADE RATSKI! HE MADE THE EARTHQUAKE?

WHAT?

IT'S TRUE! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT BUT HE DID IT! HE'S SOMEWHERE NEAR SKYTOP MOUNTAIN!

THE STATE POLICE ARRIVE...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

ARREST THESE TWO MEN FOR LOOTING!
Hey you! Wait! I want to talk to you!

Can't wait! I'm going to be busy!

Shock starts for Skytop Mountain....

A man-made earthquake! That's serious!

Meanwhile, Ratski....

One drop of this serum will enlarge any small insect to the size of an ox! B-b-but it is criminal to use it!

Professor Capcheck, I want that serum for enlarging insects!

I h-h-have it!

Outside the laboratory....

I'm ready! This little bug? What for?
THE BEETLE IS ENLARGED....

GOLLY, BOSS! I'M SCARED!

THERE 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....

NOW I'LL TRY IT ON A FLY!

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?

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!

SHOCK CONTINUES ON HIS WAY....
I'M GETTING NEAR SKYTOP MOUNTAIN!

IT'S A HAPPY LANDING!

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 —

HE STRUGGLES... I'VE GOT TO BREAK OUT SOMEHOW!!

THE MONSTER SPIDER APPROACHES... THIS ISN'T PLEASANT!

— LANDS IN THE HUGE WEB —

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?
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... RATS! HAS MET THE FATE HE DESERVED. I THINK THAT'S THE END OF HIM!

BUT IN THE VALLEY A MOUNTAIN LION —

SPRINGS AT THE GIANT ROACH....

DURING THE FIGHT —

RATS! ESCAPES... I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!
Meanwhile...

This must lead to something!

Shock crashes thru the door...

--- INTO RATSKI'S HEADQUARTERS...

HE FREES THE SCIENTISTS...

You can go back to your colleges!

This was his hideout allright!

Thank heaven you came! Ratski was a fiend!
This must all be destroyed!

Gentlemen, you must forget all your inventions!

We will! We will!

You must come to Varvard! We'll give you a degree!

I can't spare the time! There's too much evil in the world!

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 fairplay. 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 GIBSON! 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!

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.

FILL THIS OUT NOW!!

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.............................................

Address...........................................................

City...............................................................State.............................................
CRASH, CORK and the BARON

THE THREE ACES

DOWN IN PARAGUAY
THE THREE ACES KNOCK ABOUT... JOB-HUNTING....

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...

EEE! I'M SCARED!

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

HUT, THE PILOTS TAKE OFF WITH THEIR ARDENT CARGO... A BRISK BREEZE FLIRTS ABOUT THE SHIPS... CORK BUMPS INTO AN AIRPOCKET!
The plane spins crazily earthward!

Crash... Cork's in a spin! We better land!

Cork snaps out just in time to avoid disaster....

My hero!!

This is a heck of a time for you two to be "mooning"!

I don't think he's feeling too well, Mr. Crash....

Now... are we all here? There's Flibbet 1... and Flibbet 2... and...

Flibbet 3 is missing! Ach, the dummkopf!

Oh, the exquisite butterflies!

Now, where the heck did that... here's her beret!!

Soon, they emerge into view of a strange figure, a few yards off!

She's the baby of the family... she was born in June... that's Gemini, you know...
What are you so mad about?

Funny... blonde hair, blue eyes! He's a white man!

No, these are the Guatos. They're all blonde and fair! A strange tribe here's a picture...

But I can't understand this attack... they're normally quite peaceable.

Here's his canoe!

Did you hear that? A scream!

Look! It's Flibbet 3!

Through the murky maze of swamps, they follow the distant canoe.

Oh joy! A Guatos habitat! Shh... not so loud!
HALLO! ANYBODY HOME?

HEY!!

GOODNESS! HOW DO YOU DO?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE MAD ABOUT...

AFTER A SUCCESSFUL FIGHT, THE PARTY ENTERS THE CRUDE SHELTER....

OHH... THERE'S GAIL! YOOHOO!

WHEN GAIL COMES INTO THE HUT, A STRANGE THING HAPPENS...

MY, HOW IRRITABLE YOU ARE, GAIL!
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...

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!!

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!

BUT THE LAD RESISTS AND MEETS AN UNTIMELY END!
The two fliers fight desperately, but are hopelessly outnumbered...

In the midst of the melee, 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 was not satisfied unless he could bend vun und all to his vill...

The now friendly natives heap 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.
SAM, I'M TIRED OF THESE PLAYBOY ROLES—HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A PART IN THE OUTDOOR PICTURE YOU ARE MAKING?

NO!

YOUR PUBLIC WOULDN'T STAND FOR IT, TED!

BUT, YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN ME A CHANCE!

PARRISH, YOU'RE NOT THE TYPE WE WANT. AND THAT'S FINAL!

NOT THE TYPE FOR HE-MAN ROLES—IF HE ONLY KNEW I WAS THE MAN WITH 1000 FACES!

THAT GUY'S GOING TO LISTEN TO ME—I'LL RIG UP A FAKE KIDNAPPING, AND THEN RESCUE HIM!

HIM—TOUGH LOOKING ENOUGH NOW TO GET SOME ACCOMPlices!

TED ENTERS A SHADY WATERFRONT DIVE

HOW WOULD YOU GUYS LIKE TO MAKE SOME EASY DOUGH?

ANY TIME, BUD!

...AND THAT'S THE SET UP—WELL JUST SCARE HIM A LITTLE AS A GAG!
That night, the producer's car is stopped on a lonely road. He is forced out.

What is this? Help!

Quiet, fatty! Or we'll let you have it!

The road ahead is blocked. Ted brakes the car to a halt.

Dark figures step from the roadside.

Get 'em up, boys!

We overheard your plans—this is a real snatch!

We'll take him with us!

I wanna thank you for setting up a perfect plan for us—hideout an' all!

Get in the car!

Shove it off the cliff!
Ted and the two toughs inside the car hustle 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 step from the car... Ted Springs a trap—
the thugs are enmeshed in cactus...

Ee-yow! @#?!?

Sometime later...

How can I refuse? You saved my life,
but I'll probably lose my shirt!

Call the police, Sam. I'll hold 'em!

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 Hoofs!"

I don't get the academy award for my secret performances against crime!

Next month the man with 1000 faces in his role as the mysterious crime fighter!
RALPH 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 preferred 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 a while, 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 smashed 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, pum-
melting 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, un-
wrapped the lone sandwich and lifted apart the
bread. Stuck between two thin slices of ham,
greasy but safe, reposed five ten dollar bills.
The government has to transport this secret ray-gun to Station X, but the spies are thick as flies!

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.

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

OK BANNON--
GOOD LUCK!

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

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

MEANWHILE, THE TRAIN ROARS ON--

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!
THE SPY UNSCREWS THE GUN Coffin!

Ah! Here is the secret gun!

EXCUSE ME FOR LOOKIN' OVER YOUR SHOULDER,

BUT--

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO OPEN THAT!

POW

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 PURSUDES 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!
DON'T SEE HIM.

BIFF OVERTAKES HIM!

I'M SUNK!

NO! NO!
I'LL TELL ALL!
I'LL CONFESS IN WRITING TOO.

AT LAST THE TRAIN ARRIVES AT "STATION X."

NOW WE'LL GET THAT COFFIN OUT-- WITH THE GUN INSIDE!

THE COFFIN'S HERE.
WHERE THE DEVIL IS THE GUARD?

HERE I AM -- MAKING SURE THE GUN IS SAFE!!

Follow Biff Bannon in every issue of Speed Comics.
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...
IN RAPID SUCCESSION TWO SHELLS RIP INTO THE HULL OF THE SUB

WITH A SUCKING, HISSING GROAN, THE SHIP 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' F? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SNEAKING ABOUT!

SPRINGING TO THE DOOR, HE WATCHES...
SHE'S TAKING SOME PAPERS FROM ENGELS' ROOM!

HE STEALS DOWN THE HALL.
THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL HIDES THE PAPERS...
I'VE GOT THE PLANS BACK!
NOW TO SAVE THE LINER!

QUICKLY, SHE Joins THE PARTY.
Perhaps if I were dancing with her, I could learn something!

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

CANNON HAS LOST SIGHT OF HER...

BUT SHE MEETS HIM, ASKS FOR A DANCE.

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

SUDDENLY A GONG IS STRUCK...

WITH A START, CANNON RECOGNIZES THE GIRL!

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

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

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

Suddenly, Engels appears on the scene...

SORRY HANDSOME, MY PLANS DON'T INCLUDE YOU!

Pier Twelve! And hurry!!

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.

So you're the traitor in our consulate! You... you!!

With a swift blow, Cannon sends Engels sprawling down the steps. The girl stealthily seize 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....

I can't hold out much longer!

Attacked from all sides, he can barely resist....

But the girl is alert! She grabs the cabbys gun....

Stop! All of you!

Finally, the villains are under control. The girl explains her position....

I am G-1, American secret agent. I have information that the bombs are being placed in the ship now! We must go there!

Cannon and G-1 enter the spies' tube!

Hurry!

All clear! Come on.

Cross section view of the recovered plans, showing the thick steel underwater plates....

False hull plates fifteen feet thick to resist torpedoes.

They quickly enter the ship....

Steel plate removed from side of ship to allow entrance.

The Majesty
INSIDE THE VESSEL.

YOU GO TO THE FORE, I’LL GO AFT.

RIGHT!

THEY SEPARATE ON THEIR RESPECTIVE MISSIONS.

OK, JIM?

MEET ME AMIDSHIP, WE’LL GET THE CENTER BOMB TOGETHER.

CANNON FINDS THE FIRST BOMB.

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

AT THE SAME TIME, GI REACHES THE SECOND BOMB.

ENGELS, BADLY WOUNDED, HAS TRAILED CANNON AND GI TO THE SHIP. WEAKLY, HE ENTERS THE CENTER SHIP CHAMBER.

WIT HIS LAST REMAINING OUNCE OF STRENGTH, ENGELS LOCKS THE STEEL DOOR.

GOSH! THIS FUSE IS SHORT!

YOU!

LOOK OUT GI, I’LL FIX HIM!

FOR THE FATHERLAND!

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

CANNON FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE STEEL BARRICADE.

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.
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!

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 with him? Bring him inside.
JACK TORRENCE IS IMPRISONED IN A DAMN GLOOMY DUNGEON... WE NABBED HIM WHILE HE WAS ALL ALONE. WE GOT HIM WITH A GOOD SLUG ON THE HEAD!

RETURNING TO HIS LABORATORY, LANDOR RELEASES POWERS. THAT'LL HOLD YOU UNTIL I'M READY FOR YOU.

WE'LL GO TO THE JEWELERS. YOU WILL OPEN THE SAFE.

YES, MASTER.

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

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

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

TORRENCE IS DROPPED UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR. HURRY!

BRING TORRENCE IN WITH US.

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

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

FOR YOU - MY FRIEND! HA! HA!
Leaving the shop, Landor trips over the burglar alarm.

With screaming sirens, the police arrive.

Let's go, Joe!

Some hours later, Marcia, Jack's fiancée, receives a phone call from police headquarters.

What? In jail? I'll be right over!

With Kung-Fu-Tse, Marcia hurries to the jail house.

Jack! What in the world has happened?

After Jack's story is told, Kung-Fu-Tse, his Chinese friend, determines to help.

I must go see Landor now!

At breathtaking speed, he heads for Landor Castle.

Quietly, he slips in through a back door...

And overhears Landor gloating to Powers.

You've done well. I might even restore you to normal!

Yes, Master.
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 MAN BY THE THROAT, AND SWINGS HIM INTO THE AIR.
AND HURLS HIM AGAINST THE IRON DOOR
SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE THAT?

THE STUNNED SCIENTIST FLEES TO ANOTHER ROOM.

GRABBING POWERS, KUNG-FU-TSE LEAVES THE CASTLE

I'VE ALL THE EVIDENCE I NEED RIGHT HERE!

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

I WONDER WHERE LANDOR WENT?

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

WH-WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

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

I ROBBED THE JEWELRY STORE, I SEEMED TO BE IN SOME SORT OF A COMA.

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

I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE FREE, JACK!

I OWE IT ALL TO KUNG-FU-TSE HERE.

SOON THEY ARE SPEEDING FOR HOME.

WELL, LANDOR GOT AWAY AGAIN!

WILL LANDOR ESCAPE HIS JUST PUNISHMENT AGAIN? WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF SPEED COMICS.
SOMEBOY'S FOLLOWIN' ME!

WELL, YOUNGSTERS, WHAT ARE YE UP TO NOW? YOU DIDN'T HAPPEN TO SEE A COUPLE OF ESCAPED BANK ROBBERS AROUND BY ANY CHANCE?

THERE YOU GO AGAIN, RILEY, ALWAYS KIDDIN'. WHY DON'T YOU BE SERIOUS ONCE IN AWHILE?

NO BOYS, I MEAN IT—THEY ROBBED OUR LOCAL BANK LAST NIGHT AND BY Golly, THERE'S A $250 REWARD FOR THEIR CAPTURE!

$250 REWARD GOS! THAT'S ALMOST A MILL-YUN!

YOU BETTA BE CAUTIOUS, DICK!

CAUTION, ME EYE, I'M GONNA CAPTURE 'EM IF IT'S THAT LAST THING I DO!

IF YA ARE WID ME, COME ON—IF YA AINT, YA BETTA GO HOME AND FINISH YA PIANO LESSON!

LET'S BE SENSIBLE AND TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE....

YOU'RE A FINE SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD, AIN'T YOU? COME ON, BRACE UP!

AFTER NICK PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER, THEY SLOWLY CREEP UP THE HILL TOWARDS THE HOUSE.

STOP SHAKIN'! YOU'LL UPSET ME STOMACH!

WHAT'RE YOU KIDS DOIN' ROUND HERE, ANYWAY?

LONG'S YA SO ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE, COME ALONG AND I'LL SHOW YA!
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 CRACKS 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.

COME ON, MEN! LET'S MOVE IN ON THEM!

STEP ON IT, RILEY! YA MIGHTA 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.

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

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

NICKS LEFT A TRAIL OF JELLY BEANS...

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

YES, THEY'RE REAL HEROES!

AW—THAT AIN'T NOthin'—IT'S ALL IN A DAYS WORK FOR A SLEUTH!

NICK AND DICK GOT THEIR MAN, AND ALSO THE $250 REWARD—WATCH FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH!
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.

NOW! FOR URANUS!

BRR-R! IT'S GETTING COLD.

LATER

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.

They'll live if I can get them inside!

The men revive.

With a certain type of ray, the heat from the sun can be drawn to Uranus--making it habitable.

Yes! But the ray must be drawn like a thread by some object.

I have it! A ship can draw the ray from Uranus and contact another ship with a similar ray from Earth--where the two rays meet--the heat rays from the sun will thus be attracted to Uranus.

Diagram showing how sun's rays will be attracted. Opposite poles of a magnet attract the same way.

Uranus

Ray → Ship

Point of contact

Ray → Ship

Earth
HE ZOOMS TO MERCURY.
MEANWHILE, ON MERCURY, THE
RULER PLOTS.
THE EARTH-MAN SPY
BURSTS IN.
I HAVE IMPORTANT
NEWS! ABOUT A
HEAT RAY!

I WILL
OVERCOME
THE INHABITANTS
OF URANUS AND
SET UP A COLONY
THERE!

HE RELAYS HIS NEWS...
IN THE MEANTIME, MARS
CONTACTS EARTH.
EARTH RECEIVES THE
MESSAGE.
SEND SHIP WITH THIN
RAY TOWARD URANUS,
IMMEDIATELY! MUST
CONTACT IN HALF HOUR
OR VENTURE WILL
FAIL. IMPORTANT TO
HEAT URANUS!
MARS MASON.

I WILL HEAT URANUS AND
PREVENT EARTH FROM GETTING THE
CREDIT! MERCURY MUST HAVE THAT HONOR.
SOMETHING TELLS ME TO HURRY!

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.

Mercury ships! Am I in a spot!

Without slackening speed, Mars bombard them with deadly rays.

At this point as directed, a ship starts from Earth.

The Mercurians now force Mars into a perilous upside-down position!

I've got to contact in time!

Now we'll get him!
But, with expert skill, Mars rights his ship and swings about. As the remainder close in a circle about him, Mars shoots up like a geyser! Then... over!!

Ha! Finished ten that time.

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. The heat is instantly felt on Uranus.

Well, I made it!

Whee! Must be 160° in the shade!

Mercy! Mercy!

Please get us to a cold country!
I'll transport you to the North Pole, although you don't 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.

Guess I'll pay Mercury a visit!

Found you, Eh?

Hm! One gone! I wonder...

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

Teasure 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! I wonder what it is?
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT FOR CAPTAIN?
IT'S OUR DIVER O'BRIEN. WE'RE DUE TO START AT NOON AND HE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET!

DAN O'BRIEN... HMM... COME TO THINK OF IT, I'VE N'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR AWHILE!

I SMELL A RAT! THIS IS A TREASURE HUNT AND THE DIVER IS MISSING! HMM...

A BAR IS A GOOD PLACE TO FIND DIRTY WORK, I'LL PLAY DRUNK!

OL'CAT BAR

A BEER, CAP! (hic)

HE SURE PUT UP A BATTLE!

THAT RIGHT I GAVE HIM WAS A DIP, RIGHT ON THE JAW!

THAT EMPTY HOUSE ON OLD MILL ROAD MAKES A SWELL HIDEOUT!

YEAH! BUT POOR CHUCK AND BILL HAVE TO KEEP GUARD WHILE WE GO OUT AN' DRINK!

SAY! WAS THE GUY LISTENIN' TO US?
WE'D BETTER NAB 'IM!

JUST A MINUTE YOU!

KEEP YOUR PAWS OFF ME!
Spike Marlin/Thank heaven you've come!

Don't stand there! Untie that man before I let you have it!

All right, you guys, get 'em up before this gun in my docket explodes!

What th-?

Taking a desperate chance the kidnappers escape....

You came just in time, Spike! They know about the treasure, and are going after it in a few days!

Tie them up, Dan, while I keep 'em covered!
Why didn't you shoot them, Spike?
With my harmless little pipe? Let 'em go, they won't cause us any more trouble!

Early the next morning Spike, the diver, and the treasure hunters head for the spot designated on their map.
Here I go Captain! I won't come up till I've found the gold.
Lots of luck and don't stay down too long!

Slowly the diver is lowered to the water, from there to continue on his own.

But as he wends his way along the murky ocean floor, the clutching tentacles of an octopus reach for him!

The diver struggles to free himself, but is helpless in the grasp of the powerful octopus.

The diver doesn't answer our call! Something must be wrong! Pull him up with the cable!
Something is holding him down. We can't pull him up!

Captain, I'll go down to see what's up!
But we have no other diving outfit!
As Spike dives for the octopus, it whirls, strikes at him!

But Spike, stropping to the mast, grabs a knife, and dives into the water without the aid of a suit!

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 down tomorrow!

Not so fast, Cap; I'm 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...

Blub! This is one time I'm using my head.

He's tuggin' the line! Hurry! Pull it up!

It's heavy, boys, this is going to be some haul, captain!

I can't wait!

As Spike pushes deeper into the hull, he comes upon the treasure...

And before long the treasure, along with Spike's, is hoisted up to the ship!

Spike, we are so indebted to you that the boys have decided to give you the largest share of the treasure!

I'm sorry, Captain.

It ain't for me! You see, I'm a very happy-go-lucky fella without money! I don't know what I'd be if I had money, so I'm staying on the safe side. I'll stay broke!

Watch for another seafaring adventure with Spike in the next issue!
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