THRILLING
COMICS
No. 10
Featuring a complete
"Doc Strange" action adventure

DR. STRANGE

NOV.
Here They Are!

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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, Doctor! 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!

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!
HE WAS IN MY OFFICE THIS MORNING—AND DROPPED THIS LETTER!

GREAT SCOTT! IT SAYS HE'S DONE HIS PART AND EVERYTHING'S READY FOR THE UPRISING! I'D BETTER PAY A LITTLE CALL ON MR. DALLAS!

AT DALLAS'S HOME.... BECAUSE I HAVE CERTAIN EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE IMPLICATED IN A FASCIST PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT!

BUT WHY HAVE YOU CALLED ON ME, DOCTOR?

NO! I'M INNOCENT—I CAN PROVE IT! WAIT HERE...YOU'LL SEE!

I'LL BE HERE...BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING!

WHAT THE----! A SHOT!

BANG!

ENTERING, HE FINDS DALLAS...A SUICIDE!

HE'S DEAD—AND THAT PROVES HE'S GUILTY!

BUT I WONDER...THERE'S A RUTHLESS BRAIN BEHIND THIS PLOT—NOT A WEAKLING WHO'D SHOOT HIMSELF THE MOMENT A FINGER'S POINTED AT HIM! THIS CASE ISN'T OVER—NOT BY A LONG SHOT! I'LL PHONE MARSH—MAYBE HE CAN GIVE ME ANOTHER LEAD!

MARSH? GET THIS! I ACCUSED DALLAS, AND HE KILLED HIMSELF! BUT I THINK THERE'S A HIGHER-UP BEHIND HIM!

YOU'RE RIGHT, STRANGE—AND I THINK I KNOW WHO IT IS! IT'S HELP! HELP!

RUSHING TO MARSH'S HOME, DOC FINDS THE FINANCIER MISSING!

HE'S GONE—KIDNAPPED JUST AS HE WAS ABOUT TO REVEAL THE BRAIN'S BEHIND ALL THIS!
Seeking a Starting-Point, He Looks Into Dallas's Affairs!

But his quest is fruitless!

They seem scared to tell me a thing! I'll come back tonight and find out what I'm after!

Returning after dark, he fortifies himself with Alosun, a miraculous distillate of liquid sun-atoms which affords superhuman powers!

I may need plenty of strength tonight! Here goes!

Fearlessly he scales the side of the tall skyscraper!

Dallas would pick the forty-seventh story for his offices!

Hostile eyes watch him from below!

That guy's a human fly! Let's go up, boys! I'm glad I got a key!

Forcing an entry, Doc rips the huge safe door aside!

This may be burglar-proof... but they didn't reckon with me!

As he searches through the records, there is an interruption!

Looks like I've got visitors!

Drop that book, wise guy!

Let's give 'im the works!
Seizing the mysterious book, Doc vaults from the window!

So long, boys!

Get him! He's got the records!

At the home of Virginia Thompson, Doc's fiancée.

Peculiar! The entire machine-tool output of the Dallas outfit has been going to the mammoth automobile company!

Million! Didn't they go into bankruptcy a year ago?

Yes! They located in some desolate spot down south to escape high taxes, and then found they were too far away from markets to make it pay! What does a company out of business want with machine-tools? I'm going to find the answer, Virginia!

Suddenly.....

Ooh- hh!

Look out!

Attached to the knife is a ominous note!

Hm! "Lay off the Dallas case or we'll get you and your sweetheart too!" And they want me to run an ad in the "Herald!" agreeing to their threat!

Next day, the personal column carries Doc's answer!

Warning received will follow Dallas case until I break it. Go ahead and do your worst, Doc Strange.
Doc and Virginia Await Developments!

The next move's up to them! I'm not worried! You're taking an awful chance, Doc! Whoever they are, they'll stop at nothing!

But outside the house danger looms!

Here's where that smart boy gets a lesson! Yeah—but he won't be around long enough to learn it!

The incendiary bomb hits—and explodes!

Boom!

She's fainted! I've got to get her out of here!

Cut off by flames, Doc picks a hard way out!

That does it!

Let's get out of here! He ain't human!

Get movin'—fast!

Thank heavens you're all right! Now to settle with those rats!

Rocketing through the air, he swoops down on the speeding car!

So you thought you could get away from me, eh?
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS? TALK, OR I'LL RIP YOUR HEAD OFF!

D-DON'T! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW!

I--I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM. HE GIVES ME ORDERS AND SENDS ME MONEY BY MAIL--LIKE THIS!

HM! SIGNS HIMSELF "THE LEADER"!

EH? I'LL AND GET HIM GOOD!

HITTING THE TRAIL, DOC FLIES TOWARD THE LONELY MAMMOTH PLANT!

THAT MUST BE IT NOW! I'LL GO DOWN AND GET A GOOD LOOK!

HIS PLANE IS SIGHTED FROM BELOW!

HURRY IT UP! THAT GUY'S A SPY--WE GOT TO BRING HIM DOWN!

SWOOPING LOW, HE IS GREETED BY A BURST OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE FIRING AT ME!
He jumps as a direct hit sends his plane down in flames!

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!

That night, Doc makes his way to the Mammoth Plant!

Mammoth Automobile Co. Inc.

If they're working on a government contract, the government doesn't know about it! Here goes!
A GIANT LEAP SCALES THE HIGH WALL!
I'll have to watch my step—
they'll have the place well guarded!

HE GOES INTO ACTION AS TWO GUARDS BAR HIS WAY!
Out of my way, boys!
I've got a busy night ahead!

CLIMBING TO A WINDOW HIGH IN THE PLANT,
he looks in upon an ominous scene!

DOC'S PRESENCE IS REVEALED!
He's here, all right!
Now to capture him!

I want you and the boys to round him up!
Take along that new model tank-gun—and
Don't be afraid to use it!

You'll get him with his head blown off!

CORNERED!
Looks like trouble ahead!

Here's where you get yours, strong-man!

Maybe you're wrong, boys!
But the tank-guns 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 scot?!

The shatter's the stamper, breaking 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!

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 SOME-Body'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
As he enters the office, a barred cage drops, trapping him!

What they've got me!

Clang!

A televisor screen brings the face of the leader into the room!

So you thought you could stand in my way, you fool! I've been waiting for you to walk into my trap!

This trick's yours, my friend—but I'll get you in the end!

No man or army on earth can stop me! The end of American democracy is at hand! The rule of the swastika must flourish under my dictatorship! And as for your threats—

Get him out of that uniform and leader! Into his own clothes! And put him in our strongest cell!

Yes, leader!

A telegram signed with your name brought Miss Thompson here! Surrender, or it will be the worse for her!

Help, Doc!

Virginia! All right, you dog— I'll give in!

I sure did mess this up! I could still get out of it some—how—if it weren't for Virginia!

Suddenly the masked leader enters!

Where's your famous strength now, stranger? You'll rot here, while I go on to conquer America!

You spoke too soon, you lunatic!

Summoning all his power, Doc breaks his chains!

AA-agh! Will I?
THE LEADER IS UNMASKED!

COME A STEP CLOSER AND I SWEAR YOU'LL NEVER SEE MISS THOMPSON ALIVE AGAIN!

MARSH! SO YOU'RE THE LEADER OF THIS FILTHY MOVEMENT!

YES! I TRIED TO PIN SUSPICION ON DALLAS, WHO WAS IN MY PAY BUT DIDN'T KNOW MY REAL IDENTITY! I KNEW HE'D KILL HIMSELF RATHER THAN FACE ARREST! AND HERE'S SOME OTHER INFORMATION YOU'LL NEVER USE... WITHIN TWO DAYS I'M GOING TO BLOW UP CONGRESS AND STAGE AN AIR-RAID ON WASHINGTON!

ALONE, DOG GOES INTO ACTION!

LUCKY THEY DIDN'T FIND THIS ALOU SUN WHEN THEY RETURNED MY CLOTHES! I'LL NEED ALL MY STRENGTH, SO HERE GOES!

HE RIPS HUGE BLOCKS FROM THE WALL AS A SURGE OF TREMENDOUS POWER SWEEPS THROUGH HIM!

THIS IS A BEGINNING, BUT IT'S TOO SLOW! TOO BAD FOR ANYONE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL!

NOT MUCH TIME! I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!

A PASSING GUARD SUPPLIES VITAL INFORMATION!

YOUR LEADER HAS A WOMAN PRISONER! WHERE IS SHE?

IN-A CELL ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE PLANS BUILDING--

THERE'S NO TIME TO TALK! COME ON!

HERE'S A PLANE - HANDY FOR OUR GETAWAY!

HURRY!
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!

Racked by machine-gun bullets, he plunges to the attack!

Holy smoke! The bullets can't hurt him!

Giant strength sends the remaining planes into a head-on crash!

This takes care of number one! Now for the other two!

Crash! And that finishes the job!
WASHINGTON AT LAST! NOW TO GET TO THE AUTHORITIES WITH WHAT WE KNOW!

THAT'S THE STORY, GENTLEMEN! WITHIN TWO DAYS, MARSH PLANS TO BLOW UP CONGRESS AND RAID WASHINGTON BY AIR!

HE'S PROBABLY GOT A TIME-BOMB PLANTED AT THE CAPITOL ALREADY! YOU'RE IN CHARGE, DR. STRANGE—YOU'VE WORKED WONDERS SO FAR!

A SEARCH OF THE CAPITOL PROVES FRUITLESS!

WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE, SIR! NOT A BOMB AROUND!

THERE'S GOT TO BE ONE! MARSH WASN'T DEPENDING ON BOMBING THIS PLACE FROM THE AIR!

DOC'S SUPERSENSITIVE EARS PICK UP A CLUE!

I THOUGHT I HEARD A TICKING!

IT COMES FROM ABOUT THERE—RIP UP THE FLOOR AND SEE WHAT'S UNDERNEATH!

A DEADLY BOMB IS DISCOVERED!

YOU WON'T DO ANY HARM NOW!

WATCH OUT, DOCTOR!

A DEADLY BOMB IS DISCOVERED!

AS THE TIME DRAWS NEAR FOR MARSH'S PROMISED AIR-RAID, DOC BUILDS A POWERFUL DEFENSE!

THEY WON'T CATCH US NAPPING! THE WHOLE CITY'S COVERED BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, AND I'VE ASSEMBLED A SWEET LITTLE FLYING FLEET THAT CAN DO IT'S BIT!

WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU, STRANGE!

MEANWHILE, MARSH'S FASCIST AIR-ARMADA NEARS WASHINGTON!
SCOUTS SEND IN THEIR WARNING! DOC'S PLANES WARM UP!

WE'RE ALL SET NOW! I THINK I'LL MAKE A ROVING FIGHT OF IT—WITHOUT BENEFIT OF PLANE!

THE TWO FLEETS MEET IN A RAGING BATTLE! THROUGH THE MIDST OF IT SOARS DOC, HIS MIGHTY POWER SMASHING ENEMY FLYERS SINGLE-HANDED!

THEY OUTNUMBER US, BUT WE'RE WINNING! POUR IT INTO 'EM, BOYS!

Anti-aircraft fire accounts for the few fascist planes which break through! Marsh's attack is routed!

WOW! THERE'S ANOTHER! LOOKS LIKE THE GOOD OLD U.S. WINS!

VICTORIOUS, DOC RECEIVES THE THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION!

As president of the United States, let me express the gratitude of every loyal citizen! I've only done my duty, SIR!

DOC STRANGE STRIKES ANOTHER BLOW FOR HIS COUNTRY IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE!
The Ghost

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, Naheim - 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 any one 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 FBI.

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?
Betty Morris hears the strange story:

- So there it is, Betty! I came into this century to help America! This looks like my first chance, Ghost – I'm coming with you!

But when the ghost departs —

Let's go boys! Open her up!

Please don't go any further!

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 RIMES!
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!

IT'S YOU! THANK HEAVEN YOU GOT HERE!
IN AN INSTANT, HIS MAGIC TRANSPORTS HIM TO THE SPOT!

SOMETHINGS WRONG!—THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
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!

I've 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 whirs 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!
LEAVING KENT, THEY WANDER INTO A CORRIDOR—AND ARE SPOTTED BY GUARDS.

They charge—but fall back in a panic before the shadowy army which the ghost creates:

COME NO FURTHER!

WE'RE INVAGED! RUN!

THE GHOST AND BETTY ENTER THE THRONE ROOM OF KING RASAMIS!

Who are you that has dared to invade the palace of Rasamis?

We are strangers from a far land, oh King—come on a mission of peace!

I wish the cure for the death mist which protects the tombs. See this treasure! First let me consult with my advisers!

Here! Is it enough?

It is rich indeed! But first let me consult with my advisers!
NEVER WILL I YIELD THE SECRETS OF THE CURE! BUT THERE IS MUCH GOLD – AND THE WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL!

YOUR POWER IS GREAT, OH KING! SEIZE BOTH AND DEAL WITH THIS INTERLOPER IN YOUR OWN WAY!

AN EVIL PLAN!

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR DECISION, RASAMIS?

YOU HAVE PLAYED INTO MY HANDS, FOOL! BOTH THE TREASURE AND THE WOMAN SHALL BE MINE! SEIZE THEM, GUARDS!

YOU TREACHEROUS DOG!

BACK, OR MY BLADE PIERCES HER THROAT!

TAKE THIS INSOLENT ROGUE OUT AND THROW HIM TO THE LIONS!

ONCE AGAIN THE GHOST'S MAGIC SAVES THE DAY! A SECRET WORD BRINGS A TORRENT OF WATER INTO THE THRONE ROOM, ROUTING THE KING AND HIS FOLLOWERS!

FORGET IT! NOW WE GO TO WORK IN EARNEST!

THANKS FOR RESCUING ME, GHOST!

NOW THAT RASAMIS KNOWS WHAT WE'RE AFTER, THE FIRST THING HE'LL DO IS TAKE STEPS TO GUARD IT! WE'LL FOLLOW HIM – INVISIBLE!

LET'S HURRY! KENT HAD ONLY TWO HOURS TO LIVE, AND THE TIME'S ALMOST UP!

I WAS RIGHT! HE'S GOING INTO HIS STRONG-ROOM! GUESS THAT'S WHERE HE KEEPS THE CURE!
PASSING THROUGH THE HEAVY DOOR, THEY SEE —

There it is! Here’s where the King gets a royal surprise!

Be careful, though! Don’t break it!

THANKS, PAL! THIS IS JUST WHAT I'M AFTER!

RETURNING TO KENT'S BODY, THEY PREPARE TO ADMINISTER THE FATEFUL POTION!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

WE MAY BE TOO LATE — LOOKS LIKE HE'S DEAD ALREADY! BUT HERE GOES!

THE CURE WORKS!

WHAT—WHAT’S HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

TAKE IT EASY, OLD MAN: YOU'RE GOING BACK HOME WHERE YOU'RE NEEDED!

BACK IN FENTON'S LABORATORY, THE GHOST'S HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION IS AT WORK!

TWO HOURS. BRING THEM BACK IN TWO HOURS — AND THEN FORGET! IT'S TIME NOW!

THE TIME-TRAVELERS RETURN SARELY TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

BACK AGAIN, GHOST!

AND NOW TO REPORT TO THE F.B.I.!

THANKS, GHOST: WITH KENT AT THE HELM, AMERICA CAN PROCEED WITH DEFENSE PLANS!

IF IT'S FOR OUR COUNTRY, YOU CAN CALL ON US ANYTIME!

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

DAILY STAR

SENATOR BILLS KILLED IN CRASH

LOSES CONTROL OF CAR ON WEST RIVER BRIDGE AND PLUNGES INTO RIVER

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 were 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 -

Flings, 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 flings 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!

Sorry, pal, the surprise is on you!

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!

We're at 2000 feet, sir!

O.K., little pal--fly away home!

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!

Be careful, Norton! They're tough!

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!
I was right! I'll have to get him out of the way... but quietly!

Sleep tight, rat!

Good thing I had that rope! Now for a look into the house!

What?

Nobody here! But there's light coming from under that trap door!

Down... to what?

Stairs! Well, here goes!

Stairs don't creak!

I hear voices! I hope these stairs don't creak!

The secret of the farm house!

Senator Bills will never again speak against our glorious chief fighting for universal power in Europe!

We'll arrange a convenient accident for Williams, publisher of the Daily Bugle. He is threatening to expose our great cause!

Death to all who oppose our chief!
PATRIOTS IN THIS ROSTER OF DESTINY ARE 500 NAMES OF THOSE SWORN TO DIE FOR OUR CHIEF!

WHEN HE HAS DRIVEN EUROPE TO ITS KNIVES, 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 BANDS!

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!

UNCLE SAM WILL BE INTERESTED IN YOUR FRIENDS HERE!

HE SEIZES THE ROSTER!

PUT 'EM HIGH, RATS, IF YOU WANT TO LIVE!
Meanwhile, at Meyers' apartment...

Here it is! Let's go, boys... the party's on!

Meanwhile, Nickie is in trouble!

Get behind the table, men! Cut him down!

Meyers: This is a good time to exit suddenly!

Come on up single file... and have your heads blown off!

One of you help me through the window. I'll get him from behind!

Keep firing through the trap-door to distract his attention! He won't live to tell what he knows!

Sirens screaming, help arrives!

There's his car, Chief!

Not fair, boys! Five to one!

We can't let him get away! He has the roster with all the names!
Tell all the men to spread out and surround the house. Don't fire until you hear from Norton— if he's still alive!

O.K., boys, come and get ‘em! They're cooling off in the cellar!

All—except one!

Police! I'll have to get to the plane!

Unseen, the desperate leader races to the plane!

I'll machine-gun all of them into the ground!

Nickie takes in the situation!

A plane! One of them must have gotten away! He's going to attack!

Good thing this table is heavy! That'll keep the rest of 'em down there!

The government men are powerless under the onslaught of the diving plane!
WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, MEN! SCATTER! STAY DOWN!

NICKIE HAS ONE HOPE!

THERE MUST BE A MACHINE-GUN IN ONE OF THOSE CARS. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE AGAINST THAT PLANE!

MAN AGAINST PLANE, IN A DEATH DUEL!

GOT HIS MOTOR! THAT'S HIS FINISH!

THE FLAMING PLANE CRASHES INTO THE FARM-HOUSE!

FITTING JUSTICE!

THEY GOT WHAT THEY DESERVED!

LATER AT SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS:

CHIEF, HERE ARE THE NAMES OF EVERYBODY CONNECTED WITH THAT ROTTEN MOVEMENT! I GOT IT FROM THE LEADER OF THE GANG!

GREAT WORK, MY BOY! I KNEW YOU'D BREAK THIS CASE, IF ANYBODY COULD!

THANKS, CHIEF -- ANYWAY, THAT'S ONE FIFTH COLUMN THAT WON'T BOTHER UNCLE SAM ANYMORE!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF NICKIE NORTON IN THRILLING COMICS!
The Lone Eagle: The war-bird is assigned to a secret mission!

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!

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!

That night the Lone Eagle passes the ship's bulletin board...

What? Judson murdered! He's the man I'm supposed to see!

Bulletin! C.L. Judson, London mystery man, reported slain!
The Lone Eagle has fallen into Rossi’s trap.

There’s our man! The only one who was startled by the bulletin.

Precisely! Simple, wasn’t it?

On the liner’s bridge—

This bulletin is a hoax! We didn’t post it!

Quite a clever trick! And I led with my chin!

One of Rossi’s men stalks the unsuspecting eagle. 

So he is foolhardy enough to walk the deck alone at night! He’ll pay for it!

He leads on the eagle from behind!

What the—!!

This is your end, Signor!

I’m glad you told me—

Because I have a very important appointment—

—And I intend to keep it!

—but he has yet to reckon with Major Rossi! Guess that conks the spy situation!
Later in Rossi's cabin --

"Piero's not back yet! If that American has killed him I'll --!"

"Quiet, you fool! We'll use a different method!"

"The Lone Ranger is followed when the ship docks!"

"Now to look up Judson -- and find what this is all about!"

Judson explains the mystery!

"Your country has just sent us one of the new air tanks -- and you're here to help us build others at my factory! We'll have a look at it at eight in the morning -- Thames Dock 18!

O.K., Mr. Judson! I'm grounded for fair now!

Rossi and his aide are ready to strike!

"Here's our chance, Major!"

"Wait! Judson is more important!"

The manufacturer is startled by a menacing shadow!

"Wh-who is that?"

The assassins rifle Judson's papers!

"Here it is! Thames Dock 18! We'll have to work fast!"

Bono!

They steal to the deserted pier!

"Success at last! The air tank is ours!"

"Not yet! We must get it out of England first!"

Airtank - Judson, Ltd.

London, England
ROBY ACCEPTS A GRIZZLED SKIPPER IN A WATERFRONT PUB!

SURE I WANT A VOYAGE -- MY THICK'S BEEN LAYED UP FOR TWO MONTHS! WHAT'S THE PORT?

Mogadiscio! It will take a good ship.

Mogadiscio! Blimey, that's about way down the coast of Africa!

IN SOMALILAND TO BE EXACT! IS IT A DEAL?

In the dead of night the freighter slips out for distant seas!

After waiting on the dock next morning, the Lone Eagle calls on Judson.

Yes, sir! Mr. Judson's valet found his body just an hour ago!

Jumping hedgehopper! This explains why I couldn't find the air tank on the pier!

He rushes to the port collector's office!

I'm the American aviation consultant! Did a ship pull out of dock 18 during the night?

Righto -- and without clearance papers! We're sending a destroyer after her.

Never mind the destroyer! This is my hunting-party!

The R.A.F. supplies a fast pursuit plane!

We've got to recover the air tank, captain!

It's my job to find a freighter with "M" on her funnel and the air tank first!
The pursuit ends off the coast of France!

Rossi mans the airtank's rapid-fire gun!

The major will stop that meddler!

If I don't lose my ship first!

They'll either head back to port or get riddled!

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 renewes the chase!

They won't get far, Captain!

Get after that freighter! It has Italian agents aboard!
1200 yards to the starboard! Man the tube!

Hold on! If we sink her the air tank will be lost! I've got a better plan!

Waiting until dark, the warship runs alongside her quarry!

From now on it's my scrap!

The lone eagle disposes of the deck-watch!

There's a nice cool brig waiting for you below!

The sound of the scufle carries through a port-hole!

What? He may have nine lives—but here goes the ninth!

Rossi's bullet brings the eagle down!

Only wounded, eh? But him in irons!

This is your round—but the fight isn't over yet!

Day's drag on in the freighter's steaming hold.

There's no chance of escaping until we dock—and I'm beginning to think they're girdling the Equator!
After several weeks the ship reaches Mogadiscio!

The lone Eagle is freed!

We're taking the Airtank north to our military headquarters at Harrar! You're coming along for questioning now.

There may be a few answers you're not looking for.

Heading through the Ogaden Desert, the convoy is sighted by fierce Gallia warriors!

See! The conquerors. Approach! We fight!

The Uninary Italian's head into an ambush!

Rossi escapes as the column is wiped out!

I've got to reach Harrar for help! Those savages will wreck the Airtank!
Meanwhile, the lone eagle is cornered!
Hold on, boys! I'm a pal of the king of kings!
You come with us to chief!

He convinces the ballas of his friendship.
Lend me a few strong men, chief, and I'll be able to fly my war-bird!
It is well! Strike swiftly!

Assembling the airtank, the eagle flies over Harrar!
It looks like an ammunition column ready to set out! If I only had a bomb to pitch at 'em!

Pulling a lever, he sends the tank hurtling down! It lands with a terrific explosion!
The impact did it! It's curtains for all of 'em—Including Rossi!

The lone eagle speeds toward British territory!
The tank section can be replaced—and the airtank is still our secret!

The victorious ace comes to a safe landing in Kenya!
You saved the colony by wrecking that ammunition convoy, captain!
I'm heading back for Britain as soon as I've refueled! There's work to do there!

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?

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

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!
THE REHEARSAL BEGINS!

Nothing can separate us - A-A-AH-H!

HELP!

GOOD STUFF, TINKER!
If you act like that tomorrow -

HE'S NOT ACTING!
LOOK!

TINKER'S DEAD!
GET THE POLICE!

INSPECTOR CAVANAUGH, A WELL-MEANING BLUNDERER, ARRIVES AT THE THEATRE -

I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN JUST BEFORE THE OPENING!

I'LL HANDLE THAT GUY KNIGHT!

PERRY KNIGHT

KNIGHT IS ARRESTED IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK!

THINK UP A NEW LINE, KNIGHT! YA BETTER CONFESS!

A TERRIFYING SCREAM RINGS OUT!

YE GODS! WHAT NOW?

THAT'S LINDA'S VOICE!
DON'T STAND THERE GAPPING!

STICK 'EM UP!
I GOTCHA COVERED!

LINDA - SHE'S GONE!
THE ROOM'S EMPTY!

CAVANAUGH QUESTIONS THE THEATRE-OWNER!

SINCE YOU ASK, INSPECTOR - I DID SEE KNIGHT LEAVE THIS ROOM BEFORE REHEARSAL -

SURE I DID!
I PROPOSED TO LINDA!

A-HA! SO SHE'S FAKIN' A DISAPPEARANCE TO COVER YOU!
Peggy Allen, the daring woman in red, enters the case.

Knights 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.

Knights 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!

You're the next to die!

Something restrains the fatal stroke!

Here it comes!

Changed your mind, did you?

Leading into the wings, the black death slashes the curtain rope.

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: So he must have gone up! I'll take a --

Peggy: Hey, you! Come down from there!

Inspector: Certainly, Inspector!

Peggy: Bong!

Inspector: Oof!!

Inspector: No use staying any longer tonight! Cavanaugh will be all over the place when he comes to!

Peggy: Weber was just here! He wants to close the theater -- says there's no use opening tonight with his leading lady gone!

Peggy: Tell him to use Miss Lytell's understudy! As for the leading man --

Peggy: I've got reasons for wanting Knight released -- so he can play his role as the Black Death!

Peggy: It's an unusual request, Peggy! But if I can talk Weber into opening the play -- Knight will be in it!

Peggy: That night the woman in red waits for the drama to begin!

Peggy: 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!

Peggy: The house-lights grow dim -- and the curtain rises on Black Death!
THE 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.
WHERE'D THAT SCREAM COME FROM?
I'LL SEND YOU A TELEGRAM LATER!

RELEASING THE WEIGHTED ROPE, SHE SUSPENDS UPWARD.
I'M TAKING A LOOK UP THERE!

HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE —
CAVANAUGH IS COMING UP THE WING-LADDER! NOW WHAT?

THE WOMAN IN RED SPOTS A CHILLING FIGURE!
FLANKED ON BOTH SIDES, BUT NOT FOR LONG!

NOW I KNOW WHAT THIS ROPE IS FOR!

ENTERING A SECRET CHAMBER IN THE WALL, THE WOMAN IN RED FINDS LINDA LYTELL!
WHO — WHO ARE YOU? IS KNIGHT ALL RIGHT?
UNLESS I'M WRONG, HE'LL BE UP THE LADDER BEFORE CAVANAUGH!
AND NOW —

WEBER'S DISGUISE IS SNATCHED FROM HIS FACE!
I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU!
I LOVE LINDA — WANTED TO GET KNIGHT OUT OF THE WAY.

LATER AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
SO THAT'S WHY WEBER WANTED THE THEATER CLOSED — HE COULDN'T GET LINDA OUT WHILE THE POLICE WERE ON GUARD!

HE DOPED KNIGHT BEFORE THE REHEARSAL, PUT ON A SIMILAR COSTUME, AND SHOT TINKER!
BUT HE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS WHEN HE TRIED TO GET KNIGHT TOO!

NEXT MONTH! THE WOMAN IN RED GETS A CASE PACKED WITH THRILLS!
Bobby Thomas 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 kidnapped 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 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 down-stream—the natives might think it was empty and let him 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."

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**Thrilling Adventures**

Takes You to Exotic Lands in Action Stories Every Month

NOW ON SALE 10% AT ALL STANDS
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!

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

THEMIGHT COME IN HANDY! I'LL TAKE A FEW ALONG!

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!

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

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

YOU'LL FIND US WAITING, SIR!
MASQUERADING AS A GERMAN SPY, TOM REPORTS AT TOCRA!
SCHMIDT OF THE GERMAN INTELLIGENCE, SIR—REPORTING FOR DUTY!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND GET WORD TO GIBRALTAR! I CAN'T SEE ANY WAY TO ESCAPE... EVEN THAT SKYLIGHT IS BARRED!

WE WON'T HAVE ANY WORK FOR YOU TILL AFTER OUR ATTACK ON GIBRALTAR! OUR FLEET'S SAILING TOMORROW!
THE INFORMATION I WANTED, FIRST SHOT OUT OF THE BAG!

Glad to know you, Herr Schmidt. These papers seem in order!

Ah, Schleuter! You must know Herr Schmidt, here! Operative by that name! The man's a spy!

Sorry, boys! I'm getting out of here!

Help! Guards!

WARMING IN, THE GUARDS OVERCOME TOM!
Ugh!

Take that!

Throw him into a cell! We'll settle with him later!

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!
The guard is taken in by the ruse!

So you thought I'd gotten away, eh?

Ugh!

He dons the guard's uniform!

Now to see if his clothes pass me through!

As he reaches the outer gate, he is discovered!

You're not a guard! You're that prisoner they just brought in!

Right! What are you going to do about it?

Jim makes off in a hail of lead!

There he goes! It's the British spy!

Stop him!

You got here just too late, pals!

At the waterfront, he sights a strong Italian battle-fleet!

There they are... all set for their attack on Gibraltar! I've got to do something!
Hi! A Speedboat... and crates of dynamite! That gives me an idea!

I'll pile on the speed! Here's where one enemy battleship gets a surprise!

Crashing into the Dreadnaught, the dynamite-laden boat explodes!

Here goes!

Boom!

Flying fists! Too bad I can't take you along!

Now for this plane... and a quick getaway!

He speeds away in the stolen plane!

He arrives over Gibraltar... and is greeted by a burst of anti-aircraft fire!

WOW! They think I'm an enemy plane! Hope I can get down before one of those shells hits me!
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!
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 AIRSCOUTS 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 BROADSIDE FROM GIBRALTAR SCORES A DIRECT HIT!

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!

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, WRECK HAVOC!

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

LANDING AT GIBRALTAR, TOM RECEIVES AN OVAITION!

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, 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 ROBBERS! CONFUSE 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!

Hm! 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!

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!

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!
TELL ME—IS THERE ANYONE ON THE TEAM WHO HAS A GRUDGE AGAINST DUFFY?

NAW! EXCEPT MAYBE THE TRAINER, DOLLIE BRANT. HEY—HE COULD HAVE DONE THOSE JOBS!

WHAT'S WHERE HE LIVES! WHAT NOW?

WAIT HERE! I'LL TRY PSYCHOLOGY ON HIM—ILL ACCUSE HIM TO HIS FACE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

HELLO, THOMAS! WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?

JUST THIS! I'VE GOT PROOF THAT YOU ROBBED THOSE LOCKERS AND PLANTED SOME OF THE STUFF ON DUFFY!

WISE GUY, EH? SEE HOW MUCH GOOD IT'LL DO YOU!

UGH!

AS BLINK LISTENS AT THE WINDOW—

THAT YOU, TONY? I Gotta SCRAM OUTA TOWN. AN' I GOT A LOT OF STUFF I'LL LET YOU HAVE CHEAP! MEET YOU ABOVE KELLY'S BAR IN AN HOUR!

BLINK CARRIES THE NEWS TO MARCIA!

BRANT'S ON HIS WAY TO SELL THE STUFF HE STOLE TO SOME FENCE! WHAT DO WE DO?

NOBODY'LL BELIEVE US! IF DAN WERE ONLY FREE, I'LL BET HE COULD CLEAR HIMSELF!

DAN RECEIVES VISITORS!

WHAT THE—?

SHH! IT'S BLINK! WE'VE COME TO GET YOU OUT!

THE "VISITORS" LEAVE!

Huh? Either my EYES ARE GON' BACK ON ME OR THIS OLD DAME'S GROWN A FOOT!
THE JAILBREAK SUCCESSFUL, DAN AND MARCIA SPEED TOWARD BRANT'S RENDEZVOUS!
WE'RE SUNK, DAN! HERE COMES A MOTORCYCLE COP!
WE CAN'T LET HIM STOP US! GRAB THE WHEEL AS HE COMES UP!

HEY, YOU — DAN DUFFY!
SORRY OLD BOY! YOU'RE GETTING A FREE RIDE!

TOO BAD I HAVE TO DO THIS — BUT YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO CATCH THE MAN WHO PULLED THE ROBBERS I WAS JAILED FOR!
HEAVEN HELP YOU IF YOU CAN'T PRODUCE!

ARRIVING AT THE RENDEZVOUS, THEY HEAR—
SO IT WAS YOU PULLED? I HEARD ENOUGH—THOSE LOCKER-ROOM JOBS, EH, BRANT? I CAN'T GIVE YOU MUCH — THIS STUFF'S HOT!

AS THEY BREAK IN, A FAST SHOT KNOCKS THE GUN FROM THE POLICEMAN'S HAND!
DROP THAT GUN, COPPER!
LOOK OUT!

BANG!

DAN CHARGES THE HUGE TRAINER!
I'LL RIP YOU APART, BOY!
NOT TILL YOU GET A TASTE OF THE DUFFY TREATMENT!

TAKE CARE OF BRANT, DUFFY!

WOW!
NO CHARGE! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?
 Appearing before the Dean, Dan is cleared!
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 me. I knew you were the Dean reinstituting 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 touchdown!
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!
EVERY DAY IS ELECTION DAY!

UST 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 for 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, real stories. Doc Strange is a wonderful character. I’m all for THRILLING COMICS.

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

No. 7 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.:

I 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 enthusiastically 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 never runs 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 alloveroid membership card, tear the name strip “THRILLING COMICS” from the cover of this issue and send it along with a stamped self-addressed envelope.
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 HOOF BEATS!
HORSES—IN THIS DESERTED SPOT! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!

HE SIGHS A BAND OF MASKED DESPERADOS!
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 WEAVER:"CMON, 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 DIVY IT UP!

RIGHT, BOSS!
Hey! There's twelve men in here! And only eleven in our gang!

Off with your handkerchiefs, men!

The Kid Strikes!

C'mon, yuh crooks! Yuh're fightin' the Rio Kid!

I'll fix him, boss!

Don't let him get away!

Now to get to Carlos and tell the sheriff!

So long! I'll be seein' yuh!

Never mind-him! He can't stop us! Get to the bank!

Got to work fast! Those waddies'll be here mighty quick!

In Carlos, the Kid pulls up at the sheriff's office!

Where's the sheriff? I'm sheriff Dawson!

What's up?
THE KID REMEMBERS THE NAME "DAWSON!"

SO YUH'RE ONE OF THE CROOKS TOO, EH, DAWSON?
STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!
GET 'IM, JOE!

DONT LET 'IM ESCAPE!
C'MON, YUH SKUNKS! MY FISTS ARE STILL ITCHIN'!

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!

ARLOS BANK
HOTEL
BEVEDERE SALOON

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!

Something up boss! We can't crack the bank now!

I'll fix Dawson for this!

It musta been the Rio Kid!

In the town:

Well, that'll hold 'em for awhile!

Suddenly:

How do you know my name?

Hold your fire, Rio Kid! I'm a friend!

I've been hearing things about you! My name's Carson - I run the newspaper in town.

The sheriff and Tom Baker, the boss, are in cahoots!

Baker's a crooked politician!

That's right, kid! If we can only get some proof on both of 'em, they'd be in jail in no time!

Okay, Carson. You can count me in!

They overhear "The Boss" in an interesting conversation!

If it wasn't for you, 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?

The kid has a hunch!

I think we'll find out something at the sheriff's office! Let's go!
AND OUTSIDE... 
TOMORROW NIGHT, EH? COME ON, 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!

Baker'll try to raid the bank tonight! We'll be waiting for him and give him a taste of lead!

NEXT DAY, IN CARSONS' NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

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

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!
The Kid pursues!  
He got me!  
Oh!

Bad eye, Baker!

The Kid unseats Baker!  
Now for a little boxing lesson!

Yuh gonna' talk now, Baker?

Baker confesses!  
Well?

All right! I'll talk! Only don't hit me again!

The fight over and the crooks rounded up, the Kid is ready to leave!  
Wish you'd stay and be sheriff of this town, Kid!

Thanks! That's nice of you! But I gotta be on my way!

The Kid rides into the rising sun, looking for new adventures!

The Rio Kid returns in next month's thrilling comics!  
★
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