



10c

ALL NEW STORIES

MAY NO. 50



# HOUSE of MYSTERY

I SEE DANGER AHEAD FOR YOU! A LION... MENACES... YOU -- BEWARE!

A LION?!? ALL OF YOUR OTHER PREDICTIONS CAME TRUE--BUT WHERE WOULD I MEET A LION IN THIS TOWN?



Featuring "The AMAZING SWAMI!"

Also: "I RODE MAN O' MARS!"

"THE SONG THAT HAUNTED!"

"I WAS THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK!"



Now, GET ALL THESE  
Buddy 5 PICTURE PACKED  
YOU COURSES

**FREE** If you mail  
coupon NOW  
as I did!

HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

**YOU Can Become  
AN AMAZING NEW  
3-D HE-MAN**



Like  
We  
Did

LOOK  
at ME and  
MY PALS!

What a  
Pitiful lot of  
SKINNY  
WRECKS like YOU  
We were BEFORE  
We mailed coupon!  
Yes, PAL—NOW

**YOU** MAIL THE  
COUPON  
BELOW

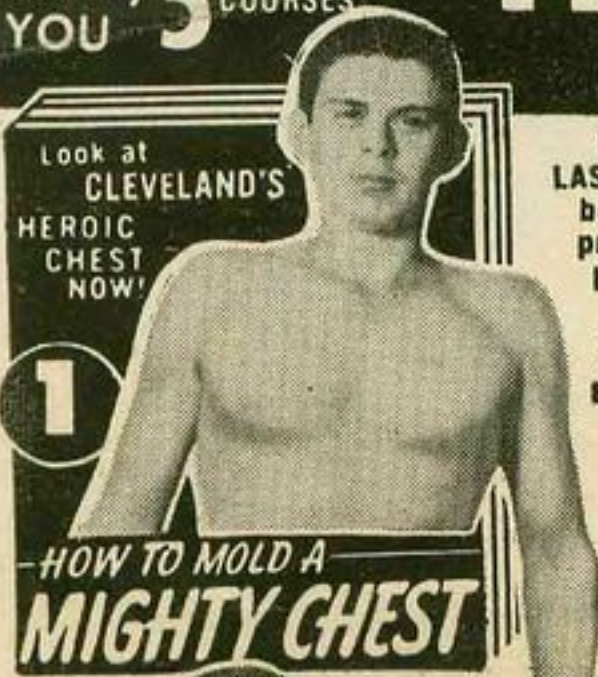
and Get a NEW  
HE-MAN BODY  
for Your OLD  
SKELETON FRAME!

**YOU CAN WIN  
\$100<sup>00</sup>  
AND A BIG 15"  
TALL SILVER CUP**

LIKE WE  
DID!



NO! Friend  
you don't  
have to be SKINNY,  
WEAK or FLABBY any  
more—just mail the  
FREE coupon below as I  
did! But DO IT NOW—  
This may be YOUR LAST  
CHANCE!



May be  
LAST CHANCE  
before \$1  
price goes  
back!

Cle-  
land  
BEFORE



NOW

JIM NORMAN  
before  
NOW  
I gained  
1000% in  
HE-MAN LOOKS  
POPULARITY and  
STRENGTH

I gained  
70 lbs. of  
MIGHTY MUSCLE  
Won a BIG SILVER TROPHY  
and made the football team.  
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,  
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from  
this ANEMIC SHRIMP →  
to this MUSCULAR HE-MAN

I added 6 inches  
to each ARM  
10 inches to my CHEST  
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED  
53 lbs.  
OF SHAPELY  
POWER-

PACKED  
MUSCLES

I Was a  
Skinny,  
Scared,  
Girl-Shy

Skeleton.  
Now My  
Body is  
the Best  
in the  
Neighbor-  
hood. Pal  
—Do as I  
Did—Mail  
The Coupon  
Below.

AFTER  
R. HIRSCH  
BEFORE

NOW—YOU MAIL  
COUPON and GET  
ALL 5 COURSES

**LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON**

- 1 FIVE COURSES
- 2 MUSCLE METER
- 3 Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. NC-65

Tell Me How To  
WIN \$100, etc.

**FREE**  
Millions were  
sold at \$1.  
**PLUS BIG  
PHOTO BOOK  
of  
STRONG MEN**  
which also tells  
how to  
**WIN TROPHY  
and \$100!**

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
Director

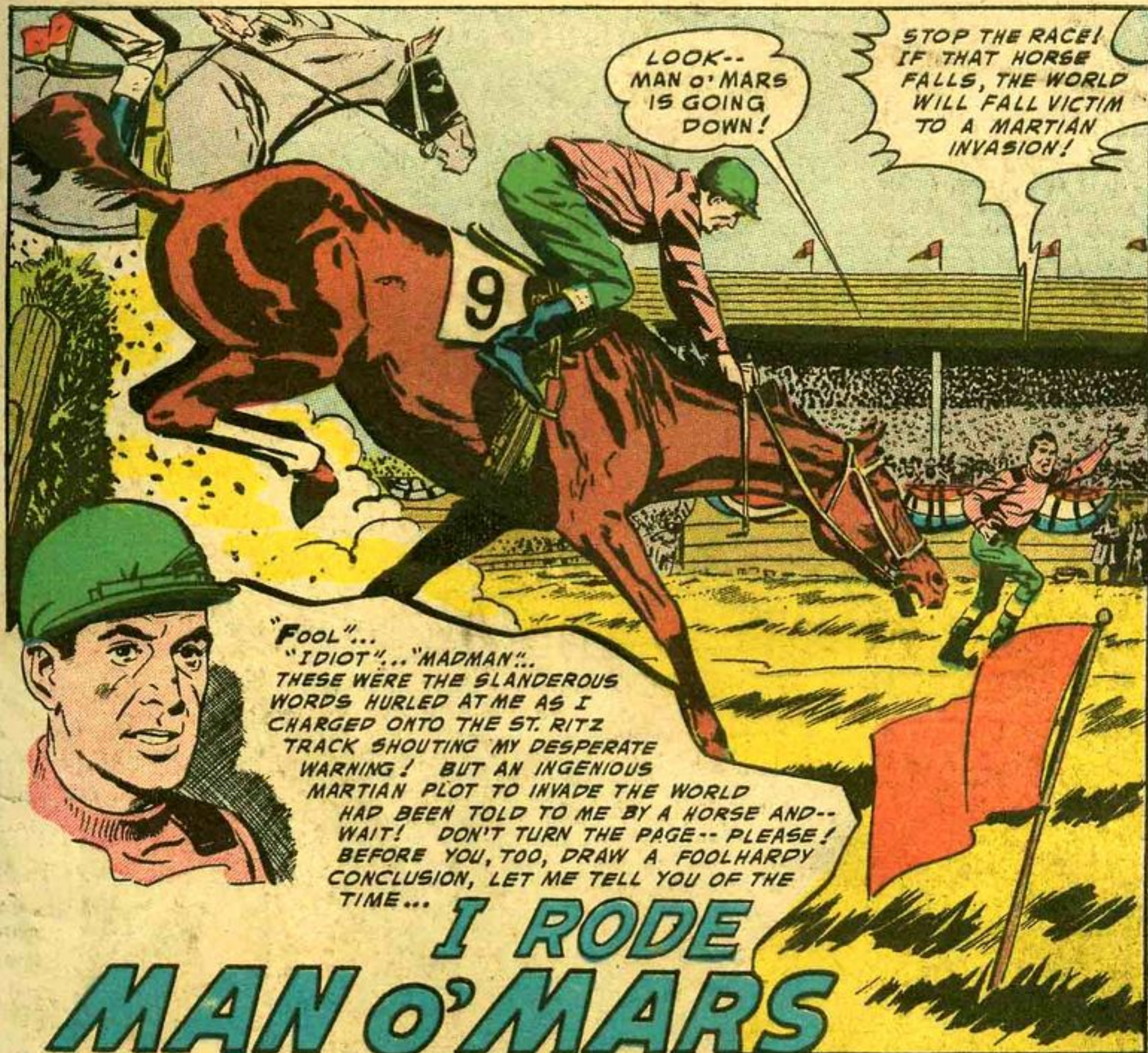
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

MAIL NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR **FREE** OFFER AND PRIZES!





LOOK--  
MAN O' MARS  
IS GOING  
DOWN!

STOP THE RACE!  
IF THAT HORSE  
FALLS, THE WORLD  
WILL FALL VICTIM  
TO A MARTIAN  
INVASION!



"FOOL"...  
"IDIOT"... "MADMAN"...  
THESE WERE THE SLANDEROUS  
WORDS HURLED AT ME AS I  
CHARGED ONTO THE ST. RITZ  
TRACK SHOUTING MY DESPERATE  
WARNING! BUT AN INGENUOUS  
MARTIAN PLOT TO INVADE THE WORLD  
HAD BEEN TOLD TO ME BY A HORSE AND--  
WAIT! DON'T TURN THE PAGE-- PLEASE!  
BEFORE YOU, TOO, DRAW A FOOLHARDY  
CONCLUSION, LET ME TELL YOU OF THE  
TIME...

# I RODE MAN O' MARS

IT ALL BEGAN THE DAY I JOCKEYED AT ST. RITZ--  
A COURSE IN EUROPE'S INTERNATIONAL PLAY-  
GROUND! AS USUAL, I FINISHED "UP THE TRACK"--

IT TOOK A LOT OF COURAGE TO ENTER THE  
JOCKEY'S ROOM LATER...

OUT OF THE MONEY AGAIN!  
I THOUGHT I RATED  
THIS HORSE PERFECTLY--  
BUT HE JUST DIDN'T  
HAVE IT!

I HEAR  
HE'S NEVER  
HAD A WINNER!  
GIVENS  
SHOULD  
GIVE UP!

LUCKY HE'S A  
JOCKEY-OWNER!  
NOBODY ELSE  
WOULD GIVE HIM  
A MOUNT!



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THEY WERE RIGHT--AND A LOSING STABLE DOESN'T LAST LONG IN "THE SPORT OF KINGS"! LATER, I TOLD MY FRIEND AND TRAINER, TIM HILL, OF MY DECISION...

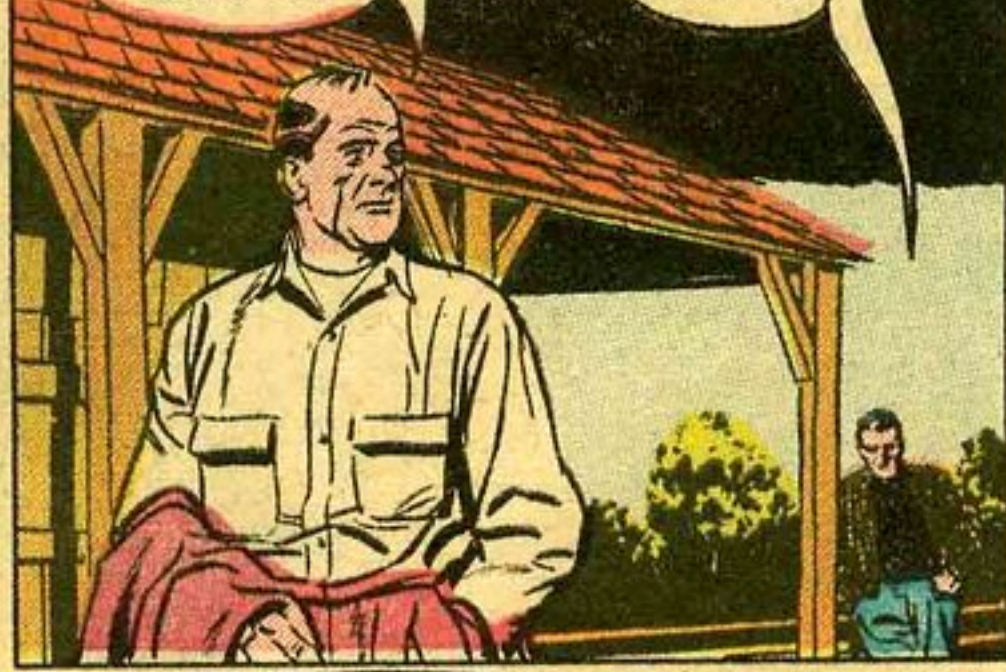
GIVE UP RIDING? I THINK YOU'RE BEING FOOL-HARDY, MR. GIVENS! RACING'S A GAMBLE--AND YOU'VE JUST BEEN UNLUCKY!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT, TIM! LAST WEEK I COULDN'T EVEN KEEP OUR STABLE'S HOPE, MAN O' MARS, RUNNING STRAIGHT!



THE COLT WAS JUST A LITTLE JUMP-SHY, THAT'S ALL! STOP WORRYING, MR. GIVENS-- YOU'LL REACH THE WINNER'S CIRCLE SOME DAY! STAY WITH IT!

THANKS FOR YOUR ENCOURAGEMENT, TIM-- I'LL SLEEP ON IT!



BUT SLEEP WAS IMPOSSIBLE THAT NIGHT! AND I FOUND MYSELF STROLLING ABOUT THE STABLE AREA TRYING TO REACH A DECISION...

WHAT SHALL I DO? I'D KEEP RIDING IF I THOUGHT THERE WAS A CHANCE OF BREAKING THIS JINX...

I CAN DO THAT FOR YOU, GIVENS... IF YOU WILL GIVE ME THE CHANCE...



HUH? IS THAT YOU, TIM? WHERE ARE YOU?



IT WAS THEN THAT IT HAPPENED--THE MOST SHOCKING MOMENT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE...

I'M RIGHT HERE, GIVENS... BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

A TALKING HORSE--? NO... IT CAN'T BE! IT'S... A--A GAG...

WHERE ARE YOU? WHO IS IT? ANSWER ME-- THIS ISN'T FUNNY!

I SPOKE THOSE WORDS... LISTEN CAREFULLY, GIVENS... THIS IS THE GREATEST THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU--!







MY MARTIAN COLLEAGUES AND I WERE EXPERIMENTING IN THOUGHT PROJECTION. THROUGH AN ERROR, I TOOK POSSESSION OF THIS FOUR-LEGGED CREATURE!

AND NOW, MY MIND IS IMPRISONED WITHIN THIS HORSE! THUS IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO COMMUNICATE WITH YOU VIA MENTAL "THOUGHT WAVES"!

MAN O' MARS... A HORSE... TALKING TO ME! A DREAM... HALLUCINATION... IT MUST BE! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY...

I TURNED... AND, SUMMONING ALL MY WILL POWER, MANAGED TO PLACE ONE TREMBLING LEG BEFORE THE OTHER...

I'VE GOT TO RUN... RUN... RUN!!!

VERY WELL, GIVENS... YOU WILL NEED TIME TO GRASP THE MAGNITUDE OF THIS SITUATION! I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU... HERE IN MY STABLE!



UTTER FEAR KEPT ME FROM THE STABLE AREA FOR FIVE DAYS! BUT IN THAT TIME I REACHED A DEFINITE CONCLUSION, AFTER I'D SEEN A DOCTOR...

I GATHERED MY COURAGE AND VISITED THE ANIMAL...



J. BROWNE  
M. D.  
OFFICE HOURS  
2PM - 4PM

THE DOCTOR ASSURED ME MY MIND IS IN ORDER! SO IT WAS NO HALLUCINATION-- MAN O' MARS IS POSSESSED BY A BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

SO... YOU HAVE RETURNED, EARTHLING! DOES YOUR MIND NOW HAVE THE CAPACITY TO GRASP THIS UNIQUE SITUATION?

YES... AND I THINK THE PROPER AUTHORITIES SHOULD BE NOTIFIED TO CONFIRM THIS... PHENOMENON!



IMPOSSIBLE! I HAD THE POWER TO MAKE BUT ONE MENTAL CONTACT-- AND YOU ARE IT, GIVENS! THIS FREAK SITUATION CAN NEVER BE CONFIRMED!

AND NOBODY WOULD EVER BELIEVE MY STORY! WELL, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

TO THE RACES! I HEARD THAT MAN O' MARS WAS JUMP-SHY! MY WILL-POWER CAN CORRECT THAT!

IF YOU COULD, WE'D BE A CINCH TO WIN THE INTERNATIONAL HANDICAP! LET'S HAVE A WORKOUT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

AS MAN O' MARS AND I BREEZED THE MORNING MILE, CLOCKERS GAPED AT THEIR WATCHES IN AWE...

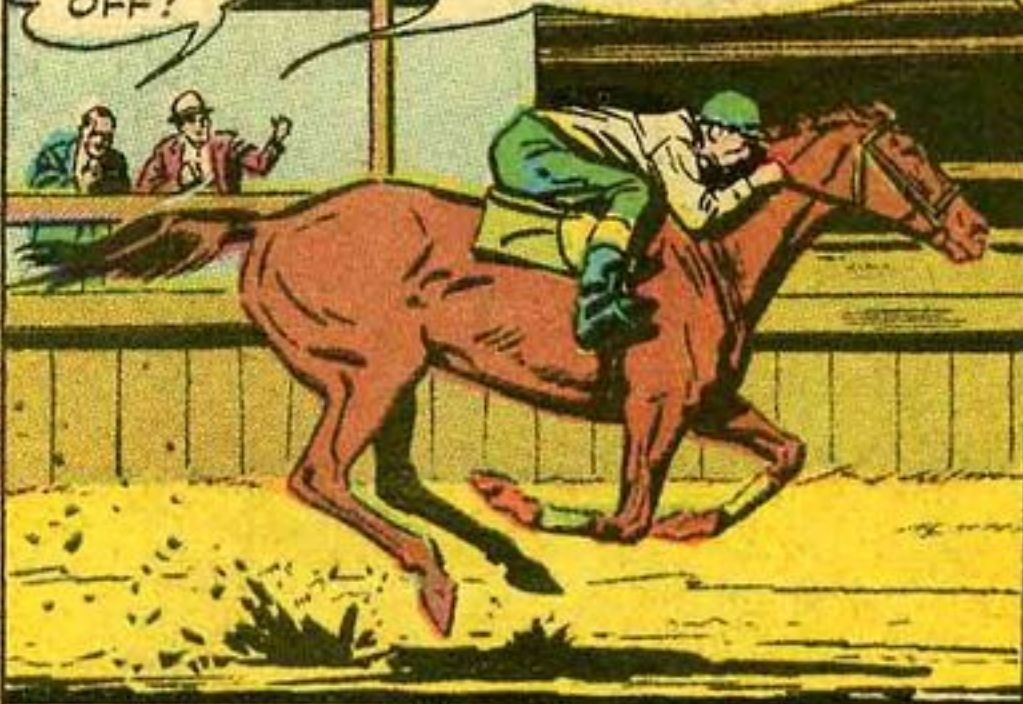
LATER, I QUESTIONED MAN O' MARS--OR RATHER, THE FRIENDLY BEING THAT HAD POSSESSED THE ANIMAL...

I CAUGHT 'EM AT 1:35 FLAT! MY WATCH MUST BE OFF!

OFF NOTHING -- I CLOCKED THE SAME TIME! THAT WORK-OUT ALMOST BROKE THE TRACK RECORD!

ARE YOU SURE YOU WANT TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS? I COULD RETIRE YOU TO A FARM TO LIVE OUT YOUR EARTH LIFE...

NEVER! AS AN EARTH-LING BEAST, I AM PREPARED TO DO MY DUTY! BUT ONE THING YOU MUST PROMISE ME, GIVENS...



I INSIST UPON BEING TREATED LIKE ANY OTHER RACE HORSE! IF I AM SERIOUSLY INJURED, YOU WILL HAVE ME DESTROYED! I DEMAND THE PRIVILEGES OF THE ANIMAL I POSSESS!

VERY WELL, MARS... IT'S A PROMISE!

ON THE DAY OF THE BIG RACE-- I WAS HIGHLY ELATED -- FOR A "WIN" AT LAST SEEMED WITHIN MY GRASP! BUT AS I APPROACHED THE STABLE...

LOOKS LIKE THIS IS THE DAY... AND I'LL HAVE MY FIRST WINNER IN FRONT OF WORLD LEADERS WHO ARE ATTENDING THE RACE... HUH? WHAT'S HE THINKING...?

I TRICKED THE FOOL EARTH-LING GIVENS! WHEN I FALL AND BREAK MY LEG DURING THE RACE, THIS WORLD WILL BE DOOMED...



I FROZE... SHOCKED BY MARS' MENTAL THOUGHT WAVES THAT REACHED MY MIND...

SUDDENLY, MARS COMMUNICATED WITH ME! I HAD BLUNDERED...

G-GREAT SCOTT-- I'VE BECOME THE VICTIM OF A... A... MARTIAN SCHEME! I CAN'T RIDE MAN O' MARS... NO ONE MUST! I'LL HAVE HIM SCRATCHED AT ONCE...

YOU FORGET THAT I CAN ALSO READ YOUR THOUGHTS, GIVENS! NOW THAT YOU KNOW OUR PLAN, I MUST NOT ALLOW YOU TO INTERFERE... HUH...?





BEFORE I COULD CRY A WARNING, I WAS STRUCK DOWN...



O-OH...

MR. GIVENS... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

LATER, I LEARNED WHAT OCCURRED NEXT...

HE'S... OUT COLD, TIM! WHAT'LL WE DO?

GET A SUBSTITUTE RIDER, OF COURSE! MR. GIVENS WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME IF I SCRATCHED HIS HORSE!



I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE FIRST AID ROOM TO HEAR THE FRIGHTENING WORDS OF THE TRACK ANNOUNCER...

AND AT THE QUARTER POLE JUMP, THAT'S DARIUS AND MAN O' MARS COMING UP TO CHALLENGE... OH, THAT'S MAN O' MARS GOING DOWN...



THERE'S THE PLANNED SPILL! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE AND STOP THE MARTIAN SCHEME...

TIM! TIM! DON'T LET THE VET DESTROY THAT HORSE!

HUMPH! I GUESS GIVENS REALLY HAS CRACKED! THEY SAY HE'S BEEN TALKING TO HORSES LATELY!



DON'T SHOOT! THANK HEAVEN... I'M IN TIME!

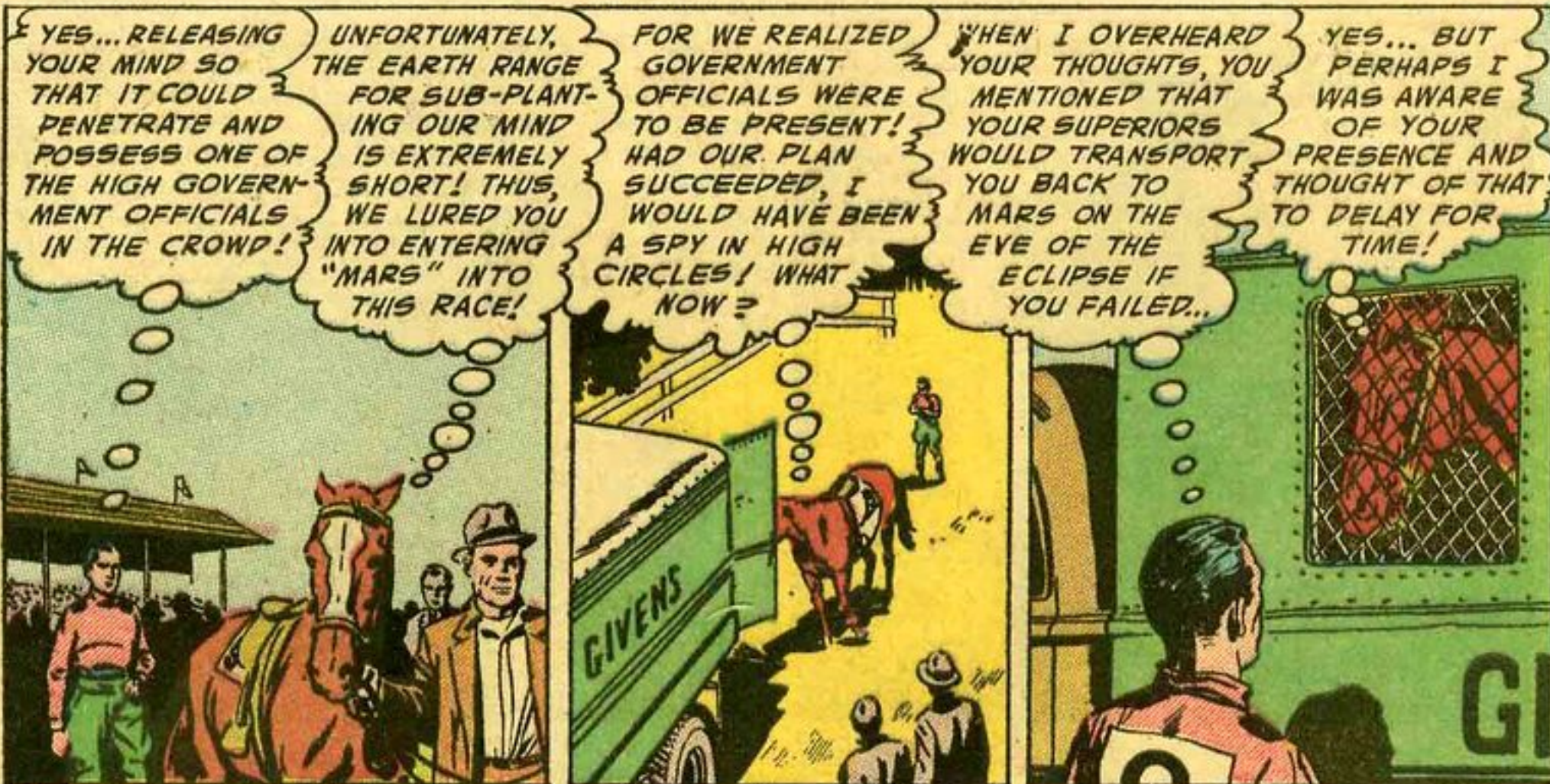
BUT, MR. GIVENS-- THE HORSE HAS A BROKEN LEG! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM NOW! ACCORDING TO RACE-TRACK LAW, HE MUST BE DESTROYED!

NO! I THINK TOO MUCH OF MAN O' MARS! I'M GOING TO HAVE THAT LEG PUT IN A CAST AND RETIRE HIM TO A FARM!

EARTHLING INTERFERER-- IN ANOTHER INSTANT OUR PLAN WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED-- I WOULD HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!







YES... RELEASING YOUR MIND SO THAT IT COULD PENETRATE AND POSSESS ONE OF THE HIGH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS IN THE CROWD!

UNFORTUNATELY, THE EARTH RANGE FOR SUB-PLANTING OUR MIND IS EXTREMELY SHORT! THUS, WE LURED YOU INTO ENTERING "MARS" INTO THIS RACE!

FOR WE REALIZED GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS WERE TO BE PRESENT! HAD OUR PLAN SUCCEEDED, I WOULD HAVE BEEN A SPY IN HIGH CIRCLES! WHAT NOW?

WHEN I OVERHEARD YOUR THOUGHTS, YOU MENTIONED THAT YOUR SUPERIORS WOULD TRANSPORT YOU BACK TO MARS ON THE EVE OF THE ECLIPSE IF YOU FAILED...

YES... BUT PERHAPS I WAS AWARE OF YOUR PRESENCE AND THOUGHT OF THAT TO DELAY FOR TIME!



YOU'RE BLUFFING -- HAVING YOUR LITTLE JOKE ON ME BECAUSE I DEFEATED YOUR SCHEME!

ONLY TIME WILL TELL, GIVENS! BUT IF I'M NOT BLUFFING, MY MIND WILL BE FREE TO POSSESS A HUMAN ONCE THIS ANIMAL DIES! THEN, EVENTUALLY OUR PLAN WILL SUCCEED! **HEE-HAW!**

THE MARTIAN'S THREAT KEPT ME ON EDGE FOR A WEEK. WAS HE OR WAS HE NOT BLUFFING?



FINALLY, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE ECLIPSE...

WELL, THIS IS IT! I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO IF THE CREATURE IS STILL HERE! **MARTIAN-- SPEAK TO ME!**

THANK HEAVEN-- THE MARTIAN MIND THIEF HAS LEFT THE ANIMAL! MAN O' MARS IS HIS OLD SELF NOW, AND THE THREAT FROM OUTER SPACE IS NO MORE!

**WHINNY**

THE END.



# FOLLOW THIS TRACK

TO THE MOST  
EXCITING TRAILS  
OF DANGER AND  
SUSPENSE EVER  
BEFORE OPENED  
TO YOU!

EVERY TRAIL IN  
"KINGS of  
the WILD"  
EXPLODES IN  
THE LIFETIME OF  
ADVENTURE ONLY  
"SHOWCASE"  
CAN OFFER!



## "KINGS of the WILD"

IS THE BOOK YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR-- IF YOU WANT TO  
SEE ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT--WRITE TO THE ONLY MAGAZINE WHOSE  
EVERY ISSUE IS A BRAND NEW WORLD OF SURPRISE--

### "SHOWCASE No. 2"!

SUPERMAN-DC

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE 2ND IN A SERIES OF  
STARTLING INNOVATIONS IN COMICS: SHOWCASE!  
EACH ISSUE WILL BE AN EXCLUSIVE SHOWCASE  
SURPRISE, COMPRISED OF THE THRILLING  
ADVENTURES *you* WANTED!

LOOK FOR  
SHOWCASE *at*  
YOUR NEWSSTAND!





# MOOLAH

the  
MYSTIC

HENRY  
BOLTROFF

IT'S A WONDERFUL DAY  
FOR A DRIVE IN THE  
COUNTRY!

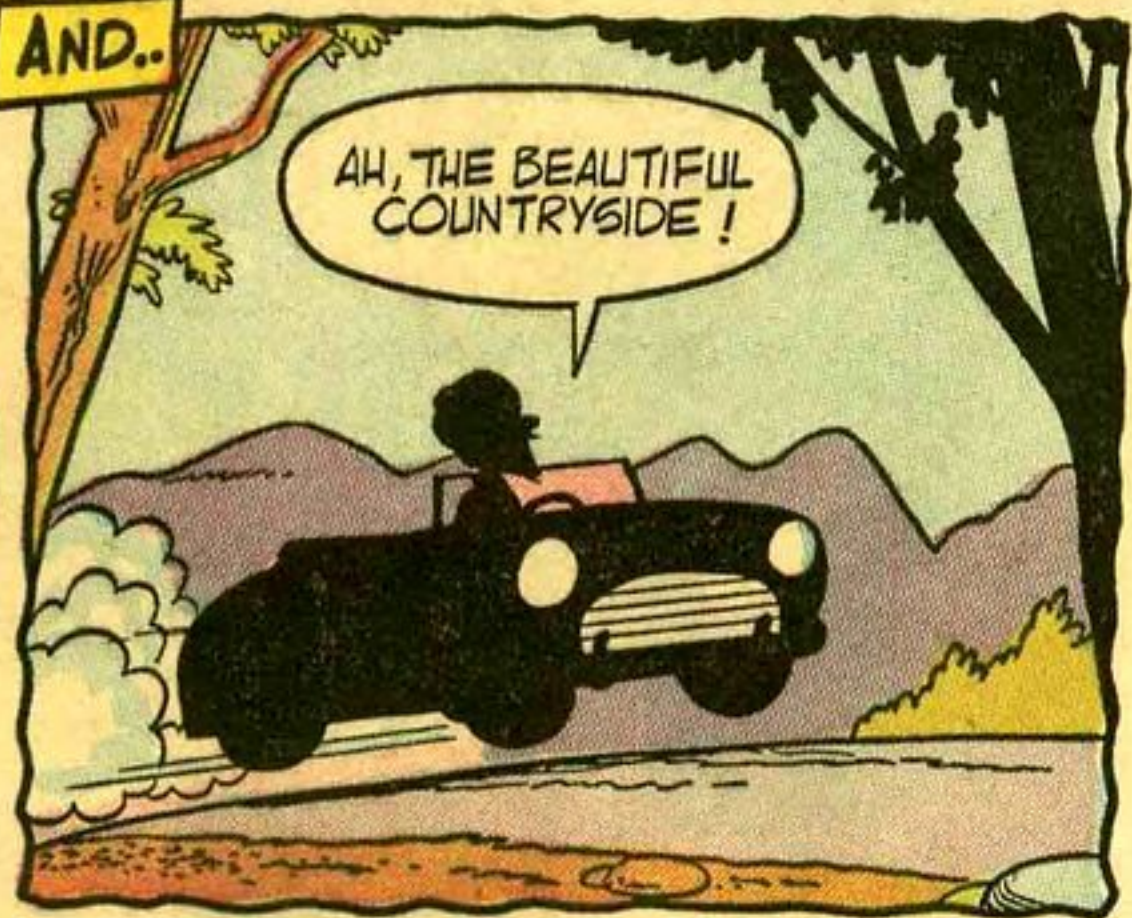


BUT BEFORE I GO, I'LL  
GAZE INTO MY CRYSTAL  
BALL - AH-- I SEE  
NO FLAT TIRES  
TODAY!



AND..

AH, THE BEAUTIFUL  
COUNTRYSIDE!

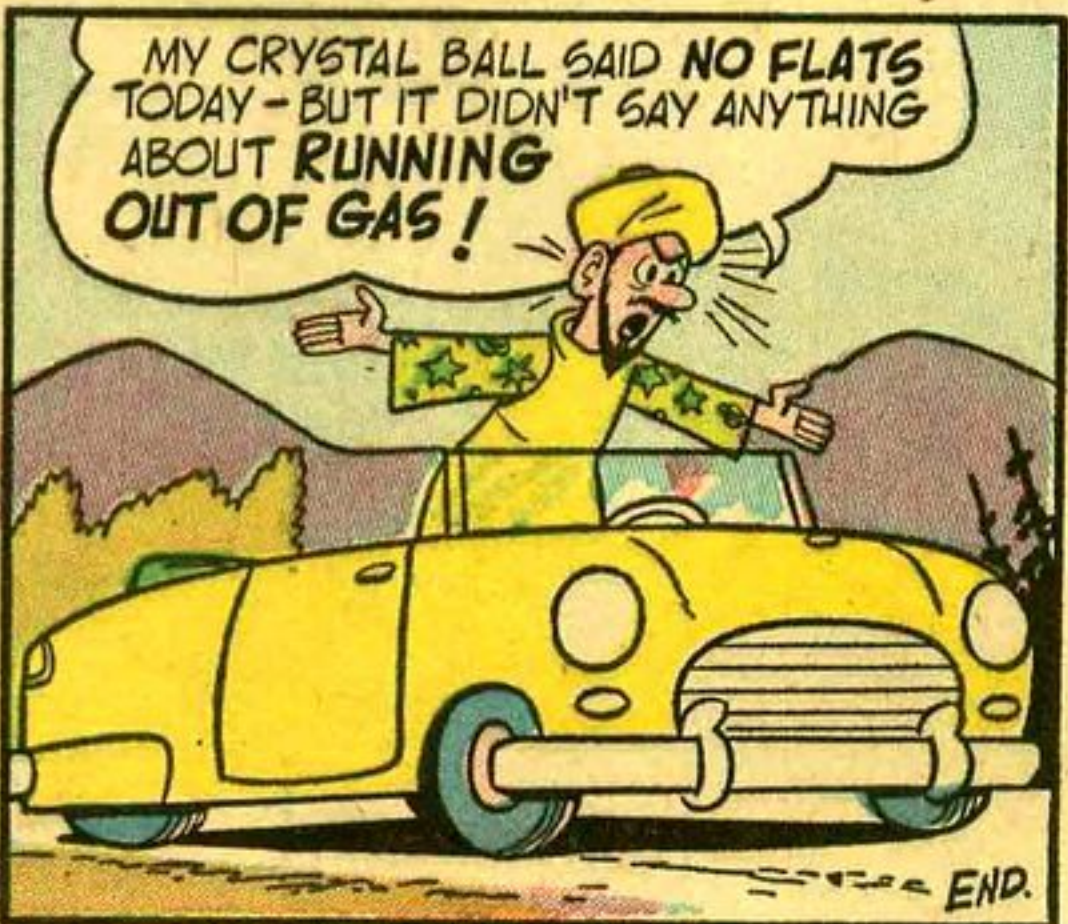


WHAT'S  
THAT?

SPUT!  
SPUT



MY CRYSTAL BALL SAID NO FLATS  
TODAY - BUT IT DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING  
ABOUT RUNNING  
OUT OF GAS!





**H**E CLAIMED THREE MEN HAD STOLEN HIS SONGS. HE DARED THEM TO A STRANGE TEST. HE PLAYED THOSE TUNES FOR THEIR EARS ALONE-- BUT HE ALSO PLAYED A STRANGE RHYTHM ON HIS COLOR ORGAN THAT BECAME--

## THE SONG THAT HAUNTED



**GUILTY!** ALL OF YOU ARE GUILTY OF STEALING MY SONGS. LISTEN AS I PLAY-- AND I WILL **PROVE** IT TO YOU!

AS THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE NEW SMASH-HIT MUSICAL "LACE CURTAINS," THUNDERING APPLAUSE ROCKS THE ROYAL THEATRE...

SUDDENLY, A VOICE RINGS OUT HARSHLY OVER THE ORATION...

ANOTHER HIT FOR BARNES, EVANS AND COLE!

WHAT SONG WRITERS!

**STOP!** THAT APPLAUSE SHOULD BE MINE! I WROTE THOSE SONGS. THEY STOLE THEM!

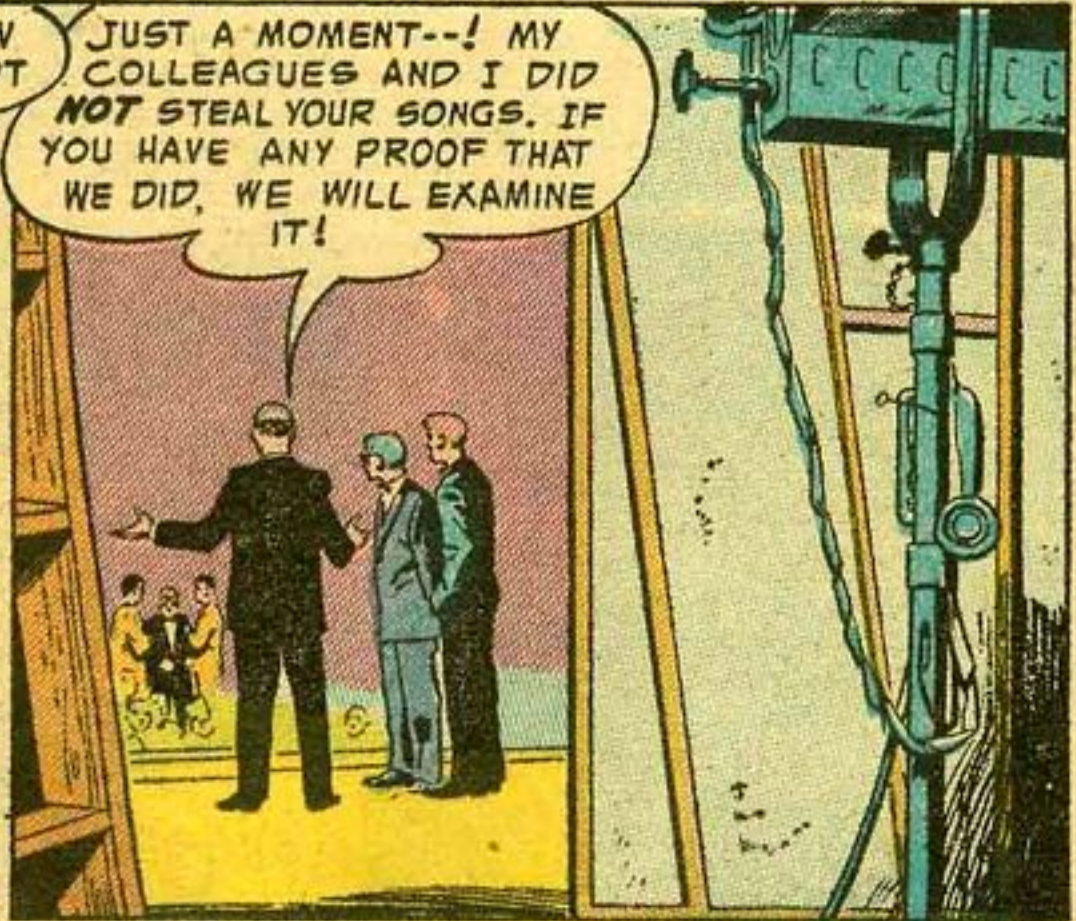




USHERS HURRY DOWN THE AISLE...

THAT'S RIGHT-- THROW ME OUT! BUT YOU WON'T STOP ME--!

JUST A MOMENT--! MY COLLEAGUES AND I DID NOT STEAL YOUR SONGS. IF YOU HAVE ANY PROOF THAT WE DID, WE WILL EXAMINE IT!



YES, I DO HAVE PROOF-- BUT YOU MUST LISTEN TO IT! COME TO MY STUDIO, AND I WILL PLAY THE SONGS I ACCUSE YOU OF STEALING! THEN YOUR GUILT WILL BE APPARENT!

THE MAN IS MAD!

HUMOR HIM. WE KNOW WE'RE INNOCENT!

I'M FRANKLY CURIOUS AS TO WHAT SORT OF PROOF HE THINKS HE HAS!



NOT LONG AFTER, IN NORBERT FRUM'S STUDIO...

COME IN, COME IN, ONE AT A TIME! SUPPOSE YOU, RALPH BARNES. LISTEN TO ME FIRST WHILE THE OTHERS WAIT!

AS RALPH BARNES SEATS HIMSELF FRUM BEGINS TO PLAY THE HIT TUNES FROM "LACE CURTAINS." AS THE NOTES FILL THE STUDIO, WAVES OF BRILLIANT COLOR RIPPLE ACROSS THE ROOM...



THOSE COLORS! WHAT ARE THEY? WHERE ARE THEY COMING FROM?



SUDDENLY, THE MUSIC SWELLS. THE STRANGE COLORS BRIGHTEN, GROW MORE VIVID. AS RALPH BARNES STARES, SWEAT BREAKS OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD--

I'VE DEVELOPED A COLOR KALEIDOSCOPE WHICH IS SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE ORGAN. THE COLORS PUT THE AUDIENCE INTO THE MOOD OF MY MUSIC!



STOP--! PLEASE STOP--! I--I'M FAINTING!



YOUR GUILT BETRAYED YOU, RALPH BARNES. UNABLE TO STAND THE THOUGHTS OF YOUR PUBLIC DISGRACE-- YOU COLLAPSED!



THERE IS YOUR COLLEAGUE, GENTLEMEN. HE FAINTED WHEN HIS OWN GUILT PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



WHAT CAUSED HIM TO KEEL OVER? THERE'S NO SMELL OF GAS IN THE ROOM!

DO--DO YOU THINK RALPH REALLY STOLE THOSE SONGS HE HELPED US COMPOSE?

IT IS YOUR TURN NOW, BERTRAM EVANS!

Y-YES, I KNOW!





ONCE AGAIN, THE TONES OF THE ORGAN PEAL OUT. VIVID REDS--BLUES--YELLOWS--GREENS-- WASH ACROSS THE ROOM--



SOMETHING STRANGE IS HAPPENING TO ME. I--I FEEL SO WEAK, SUDDENLY!

AND BERTRAM EVANS CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR!

YOU FOOL! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT COLOR CAN BE AS EMOTIONALLY EXHAUSTING AS GREAT MUSIC?



FAST, MILITARY MUSIC PEPS YOU UP, MAKES YOU STAND STRAIGHT AND FEEL EXCITEMENT! SAD, SLOW MUSIC DEPRESSES YOU, CAN EVEN MAKE YOU WEEP. GAY RHYTHMS GIVE US ALL A LIGHT, AIRY FEELING! AND JUST AS MUSIC STIMULATES THE EMOTIONS-- SO DOES COLOR!



RED IS AN EXCITING COLOR. ENOUGH OF IT CAN MAKE A MAN ANGRY. PURPLE LIGHT MAKES A MAN RESTLESS, UNEASY! CERTAIN COMBINATIONS OF COLORS CAN EVEN SPOIL ONE'S DIGESTION. THESE ARE PROVEN SCIENTIFIC FACTS!



THIS COLOR KALEIDOSCOPE I INVENTED THROWS COLORED LIGHT ACROSS A ROOM. AFTER ALL, LIGHT ITSELF, LIKE COLOR, IS ONLY VIBRATING ELECTRONS TRAVELLING THROUGH THE ETHER!





GOOD GRIEF--! EVANS COLLAPSED, TOO! WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO RALPH BARNES! HIS GUILT PROVED TOO MUCH FOR HIM, JUST AS IT WILL PROVE TOO MUCH FOR YOU WHEN YOU HEAR MY MUSIC!



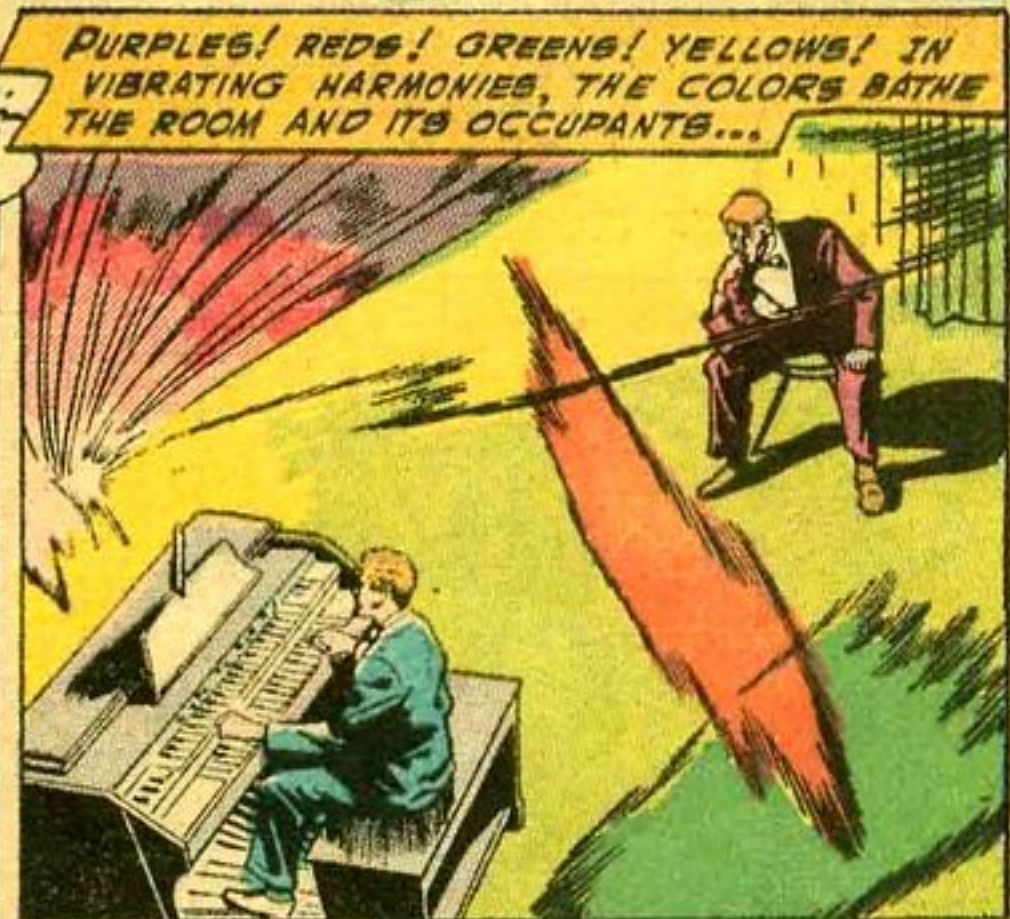
NERVOUSLY, LUCIUS COLE TAKES HIS PLACE IN A CHAIR IN THE ROOM AS NORBERT FRUM BEGINS TO PLAY...

WILL--WILL I COLLAPSE, TOO? I KNOW I'M INNOCENT OF ANY WRONGDOING-- BUT SOMEHOW ALL THIS MAKES ME FEEL GUILTY. BUT WHY-- HOW?



THE SONOROUS NOTES OF THE ORGAN THUNDER AS A CURTAIN OF SHIMMERING COLOR EMERGES...

IN A MOMENT, LUCIUS COLE WILL FAINT AS DID THE OTHERS! THEN I WILL HAVE THEM ALL WHERE I WANT THEM!



PURPLES! REDS! GREENS! YELLOWS! IN VIBRATING HARMONIES, THE COLORS BATHE THE ROOM AND ITS OCCUPANTS...



SUDDENLY, NORBERT FRUM'S FINGERS FALTER ON THE KEYS. HE SENSES SOMETHING IS WRONG...

NOTHING'S HAPPENING TO COLE! WHY ISN'T HE REACTING AS BARNES AND EVANS DID?



HIGHLY AGITATED, THE ORGANIST RISES, HIS EYES FALL ON THE TILTED ORGAN MIRROR...

THE MIRROR IS OUT OF POSITION! MY ELBOW MUST'VE HIT IT WHEN I TURNED TO BERTRAM EVANS! AND-- AND I CAN SEE THOSE TERRIBLE COLORS! I ALWAYS PLAYED WITH-- MY EYES CLOSED!



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

THOSE COLORS ARE AFFECTING ME!  
I--I CAN FEEL MY PULSE POUNDING,  
SWEAT BEADING MY FOREHEAD!

GREAT SCOTT! FROM FAINTED--  
NOT I! WHAT STRANGE FORCE  
IS LOOSE IN THIS ROOM?



I ALONE AM GUILTY! MY COLORS STIMULATE  
THE EMOTIONS, UNTIL A MAN FAINTS. HIS  
FAINTING MAKES HIM THINK HE IS GUILTY. I  
HOPED TO MAKE MYSELF A FORTUNE  
IN THIS WAY FROM MUSICIANS LIKE YOU,  
AUTHORS, INVENTORS...

MY OWN INVENTION-- A COLOR KALEIDO-  
SCOPE-- FUSED COLORS TO CREATE  
CERTAIN EMOTIONS! THOSE COLORS,  
PLUS MY MUSIC, CREATED PSYCHO-  
SOMATIC AND PHYSIOLOGICAL CHANGES  
IN THE BODY! THOSE REACTIONS  
SIMULATED GUILT, AS UNNERVING  
AS **REAL** GUILT!



BUT YOU-- NOTHING  
HAPPENED TO YOU!  
MY COLORS DID NOT  
HARM YOU!

OF  
COURSE  
NOT!

I WAS THE ONE PERSON THOSE COLORS  
COULD NEVER AFFECT, BECAUSE I AM--  
**COLOR BLIND!** NOW SUPPOSE YOU  
COME ALONG TO A POLICE STATION.  
I'M SURE THE LAW WILL HAVE  
SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU...







**ADMIT ONE (1) TO  
PALISADES  
AMUSEMENT PARK  
NEW JERSEY**  
GOOD MONDAYS and FRIDAYS  
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS) UNTIL 9 P.M.  
Direct Buses from N.Y. 167th St. & B'way.  
41st St. & 8th Ave.





# Get YOUR Ticket to the **TREASURY of BOOKS!**



BOY, THIS SURE HAS BEEN FUN, SUPERMAN, LIKE BEING ON A MAGIC CARPET!

BUT NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST TREAT OF ALL!

WE'RE HEADED FOR A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO ENJOY THE WORLDS OF THE PAST, THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE!



HUH?



SAY, THIS IS JUST THE PUBLIC LIBRARY!

YES--AND YOU'LL FIND EVERYTHING I PROMISED RIGHT HERE. SEE YOU LATER.



LATER...

LOOK AT THIS-- ALL ABOUT MY FAVORITE BASEBALL PLAYER!

AND THIS STORY ABOUT AN OLD-TIME SEA CAPTAIN AND A WHITE WHALE IS TERRIFIC!



AND THIS ONE IS ABOUT PEOPLE LIVING 1,000 YEARS FROM NOW. IT'S FASCINATING!



YOU SURE KEPT YOUR PROMISE, SUPERMAN!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING. YOUR LIBRARY CARD IS YOUR LIFETIME TICKET TO NEW WORLDS--TO A TREASURY OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE AND DELIGHT!



# I WAS THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

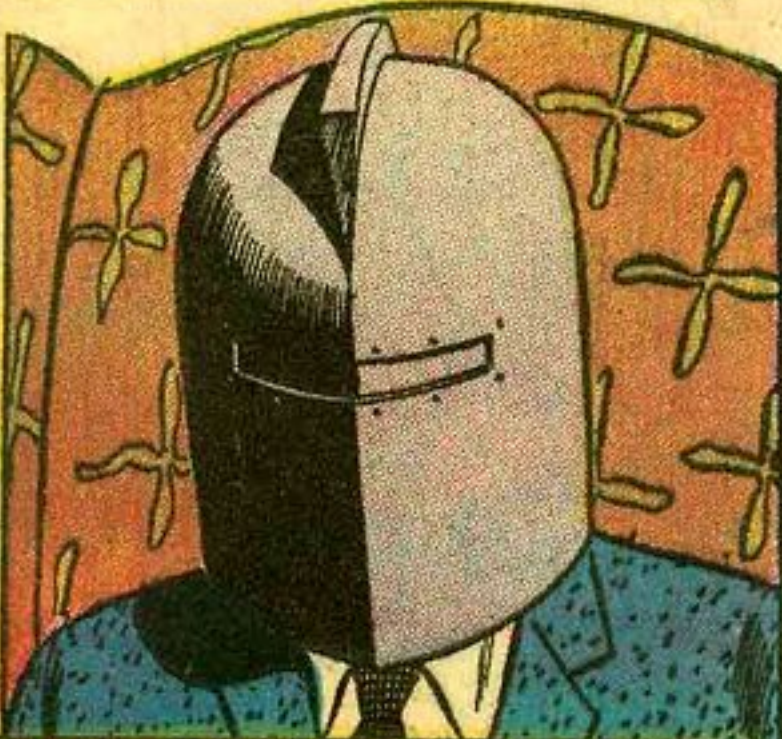
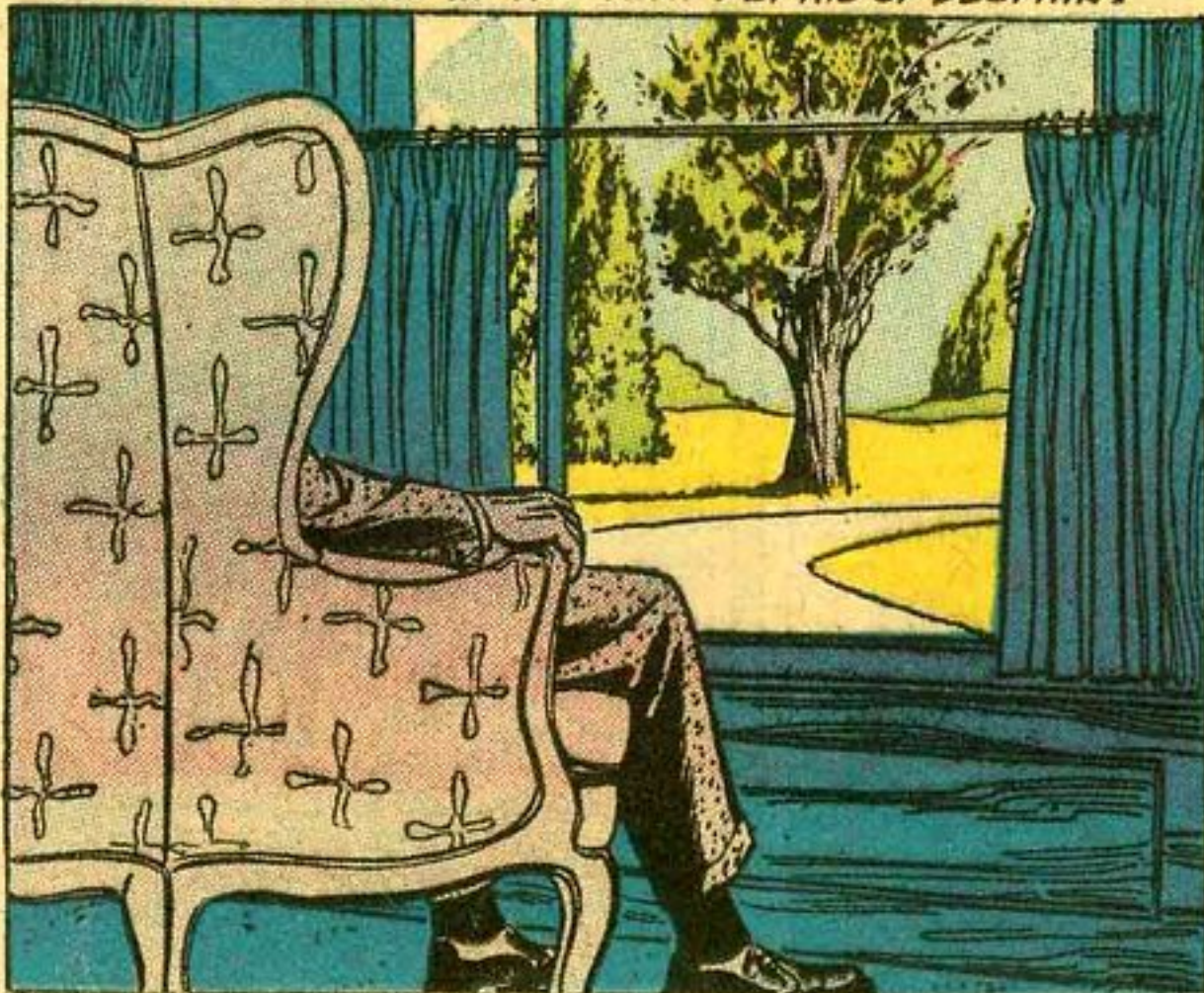
ONCE BEFORE IN HISTORY, A TRAGIC FIGURE HAD BEEN DOOMED TO WEAR A METAL MASK FOR THE REST OF HIS DAYS! BUT STRANGER STILL WAS THE REASON THAT FORCED ME, DEREK HOAK, A SCIENTIST, TO BECOME A MODERN MAN IN THE IRON MASK!

HE SAYS, HE MUST WEAR IT THE REST OF HIS LIFE--  
→ SOB!-- BUT HE REFUSES TO TELL ME WHY!



FOR DAYS I HAD SAT THERE, NUMBED, REFUSING TO LEAVE MY WINDOW... SUNK IN THE VERY DEPTHS OF DESPAIR!

AND WHO COULD BLAME ME?... FOR I WAS DOOMED TO WEAR AN IRON MASK FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE...



YES... I HAD BEEN WRENCHED FROM MY USEFUL LIFE AS A SCIENTIST, AND CAST INTO A WORLD OF EVER-LASTING DARKNESS!



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

I, WHO HAD LOVED TO LISTEN TO THE LAUGHTER OF LITTLE CHILDREN PLAYING ON MY ESTATE, NOW HEARD INSTEAD...

RUN, RUN! A TERRIBLE MAN IN AN IRON MASK!

NO, NO-- PLEASE DON'T RUN AWAY! I WON'T HURT YOU!

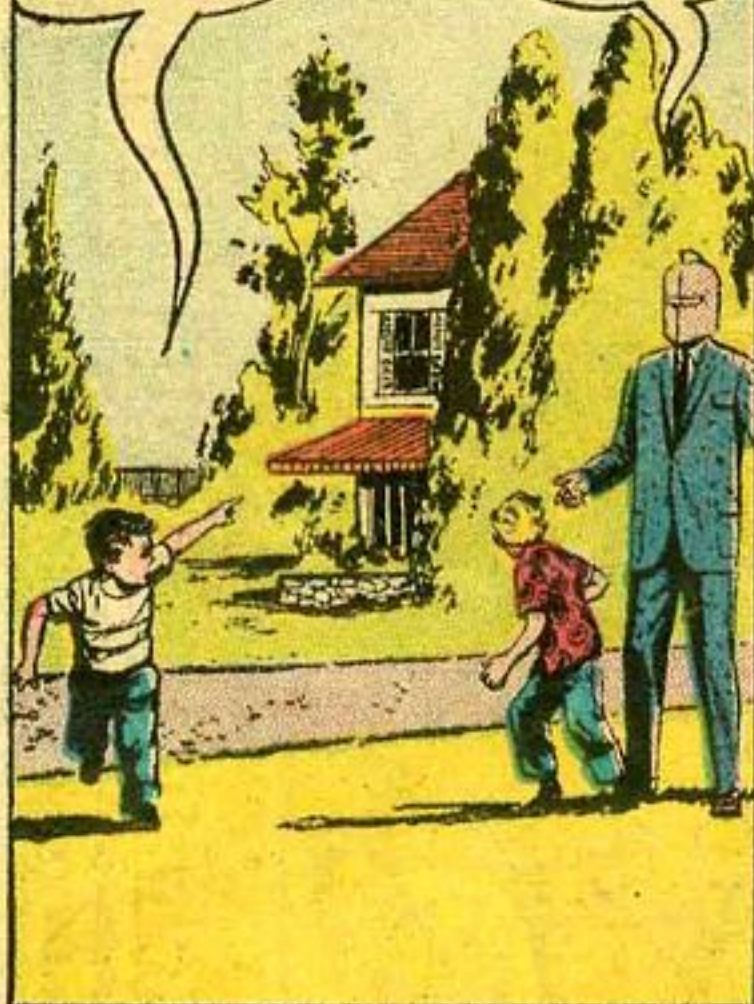
AND, SEVERAL DAYS LATER, WHEN MY FIANCEE, JANE, CAME TO FIND OUT WHY I HADN'T CALLED HER...

W-WHO ARE YOU?

I--I AM DEREK, MY DEAR! AS YOU CAN SEE-- I--I COULDN'T CALL YOU!

WHAT KIND OF A SILLY JOKE IS THIS? WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT STUPID MASK? TAKE IT OFF AT ONCE!

NO-- I DARE NOT! TO TAKE IT OFF NOW WOULD MEAN YOUR DEATH!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

I CAN'T SAY MORE! YOU MUST GO AWAY-- FORGET ABOUT ME-- FOR I AM DOOMED!

I HEARD HER FOOTSTEPS FADE AWAY... AND SOON, THE FOOTSTEPS OF MY ASSISTANT, JUDSON TROY...

HOW CAN I GO ON, JUDSON? NEVER TO SEE JANE AGAIN? UNABLE TO CONTINUE MY VALUABLE SCIENTIFIC WORK?

I--I'M SORRY, SIR!

PERHAPS, IN A FEW WEEKS, THE EFFECTS WILL WEAR OFF, SIR-- AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO REMOVE THE MASK!

I--I HOPE SO, JUDSON-- BUT I DOUBT IT!



ARE YOU WONDERING, READER, WHY I HAD TO WEAR THE MASK? BE PATIENT-- YOU SHALL SOON LEARN THE STARTLING REASON!



FOR JANE HAD GONE STRAIGHT TO A NEWSPAPER REPORTER— FRIEND OF HERS, AND NEXT DAY...

AND SO I TOLD HIM HOW IT STARTED... THAT DAY IN MY LABORATORY...

BUT YOU **MUST** SPEAK, MR. HOAK! YOU'RE A FAMOUS SCIENTIST! THE PUBLIC HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!

I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. WALTERS! VERY WELL--I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

SORRY I MUST HIDE THESE FORMULAS AWAY-- EVEN FROM YOU, JUDSON! MY CONTRACT WITH THAT FIRM I'M WORKING FOR DEMANDS IT!

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR-- I UNDERSTAND!... BY THE WAY, THIS NEW NUCLEAR-BASED CHEMICAL IS READY TO BE TESTED!



JUDSON HAD STEPPED OUT FOR SOME CLEAN TEST TUBES WHEN I PLACED A SMALL FLAME UNDER THE CHEMICAL, AND...

FOR AN INSTANT, I COULD SEE NOTHING... BUT WHEN MY SIGHT RETURNED, I REACHED FOR THE TEST TUBES JUDSON HAD JUST BROUGHT IN, AND...

MY EYES!

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?

I--UH-- DON'T KNOW, SIR!



I THEN REACHED FOR A NEWSPAPER THAT LAY ON MY WORK TABLE, WHEN...

PUZZLED, I TURNED TO JUDSON, AND...

GREAT SCOTT-- WHAT'S HAPPENING AROUND HERE!?

STOP LOOKING AT ME! IT'S YOUR EYES -- THEY SEEM TO BE BURNING A HOLE IN ME! TURN AWAY! **TURN AWAY!**



WHAT WAS THE MEANING OF THIS STRANGE AND SHOCKING THING? I WOULD KNOW IN THE NEXT INSTANT...



# HOUSE OF MYSTERY

FOR, AS I CLAMPED SHUT MY EYES...

IT SOUNDS CRAZY... BUT THAT NUCLEAR FLASH... IT DID SOMETHING TO YOUR EYES

YES... MADE THEM GIVE OFF A DEADLY RADIATION OF SOME KIND!



JUDSON FLED AT ONCE TO A LOCAL ANTIQUE SHOP WHERE HE OBTAINED THIS IRON MASK!

AN ORDINARY BANDAGE, YOU SEE, MIGHT FALL OFF-- SO JUDSON HAD THE EYE SLITS OF THE MASK **SEALED**-- AND LINED THE MASK WITH LEAD TO PREVENT THE RADIATION FROM SEEPING THROUGH!

BUT, PERHAPS YOU CAN BE CURED? WHY NOT SEE AN EYE DOCTOR?



THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HOW CAN AN EYE DOCTOR LOOK INTO MY EYES? HOW DARE I RISK HIS LIFE?

THAT'S TRUE!... BUT WE **MUST** DO SOMETHING! WE CAN'T LET HIM SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE LIKE THAT!

IT WAS MY LOYAL ASSISTANT, JUDSON, WHO HIT ON A BRILLIANT IDEA...

LISTEN... THERE'S A CHANCE THAT THE EFFECTS OF THAT NUCLEAR BLAST MAY HAVE WORN OFF! LET'S TRY IT OUT!

GOOD IDEA! BUT WHAT OF THE DESTRUCTION IF IT **HASN'T** WORN OFF?



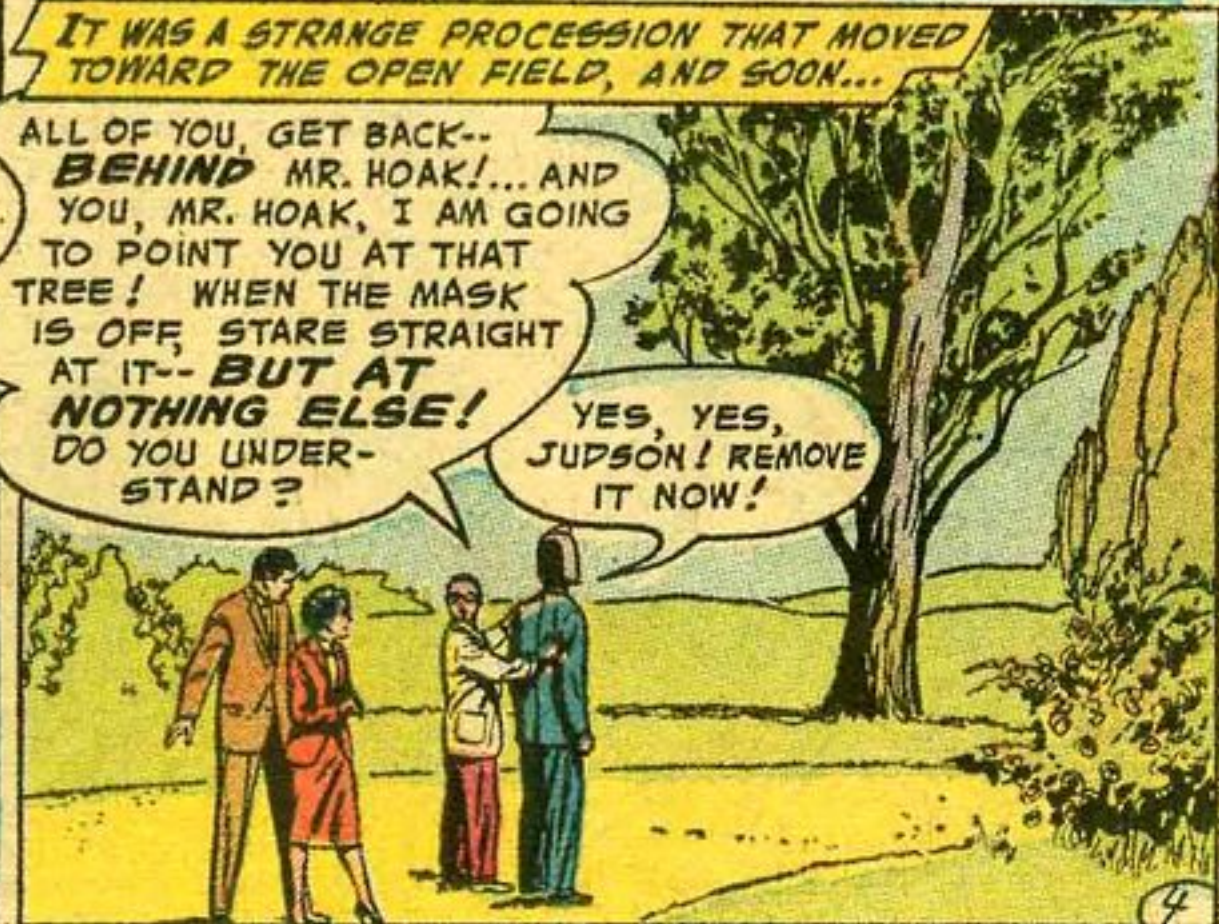
DEREK CAN GO OUT INTO THE OPEN FIELD! HE CAN LOOK AT THAT BIG TREE OUT THERE! IF NOTHING HAPPENS TO IT, WE'LL KNOW HE'S ALL RIGHT!

THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA! COME, DEREK-- LET ME LEAD YOU OUT!

IT WAS A STRANGE PROCESSION THAT MOVED TOWARD THE OPEN FIELD, AND SOON...

ALL OF YOU, GET BACK-- **BEHIND** MR. HOAK!... AND YOU, MR. HOAK, I AM GOING TO POINT YOU AT THAT TREE! WHEN THE MASK IS OFF, STARE STRAIGHT AT IT-- **BUT AT NOTHING ELSE!** DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

YES, YES, JUDSON! REMOVE IT NOW!





THEN, JUDSON STOOD BEHIND ME, AND SLOWLY LIFTED THE MASK...

NEXT INSTANT, I FOCUSED MY EYES ON THE TREE...

BUT I SPOKE TOO SOON, FOR AT THAT DREAD MOMENT...

A-ARE YOUR EYES UNCOVERED, YET, SIR?

A--A LITTLE MORE, JUDSON!



NOTHING HAPPENED!

I--I THINK I'M ALL RIGHT! I THINK I'M ALL RIGHT!



IT WAS A MOMENT I SHALL NEVER FORGET...

IT WAS FINAL NOW... AND I KNEW THAT NEVER AGAIN WOULD I DARE LOOK AT THE BEAUTIFUL OBJECTS ON EARTH...

BUT AS THE COLD METAL OF THE MASK DESCENDED, I WAS STRUCK BY A SUDDEN THOUGHT, AND...

QUICKLY-- PUT THE MASK BACK ON ME-- BEFORE-- BEFORE I DESTROY SOMEONE!

YES, SIR-- I'M COMING!



DEREK-- HE KNOCKED THE MASK OUT OF JUDSON'S HANDS! AND IS STARING RIGHT AT HIM!

TURN AWAY, YOU FOOL! DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?





**BUT, TO THEIR SHOCKED SURPRISE... YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, DEREK! BUT--I DON'T UNDERSTAND!**

NEITHER DO I UNDERSTAND! BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT-- AND SOON!

COME INTO MY LABORATORY! THAT IS WHERE I THINK WE'LL FIND THE ANSWER! YOU, TOO, JUDSON!

Y-YES, SIR!



I MADE THE DISCOVERY ONLY MINUTES AFTER I WAS INSIDE...

SO THIS IS WHY MY FAITHFUL ASSISTANT, JUDSON TROY, WANTED TO BLACK OUT MY EYES--SO I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE THAT HE WAS **COPYING** THESE PRECIOUS FORMULAS!... THAT'S IT, ISN'T IT, JUDSON?

YES... SINCE YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS ON ME, I MAY AS WELL CONFESS! I PLANNED TO SELL THE FORMULAS TO ANOTHER COMPANY!

IT WAS EASY FOR A CHEMIST LIKE JUDSON TO CREATE A SMALL BLINDING EXPLOSION... TO MAKE PAPER BURST INTO FLAMES... AND TO SET UP A REMOTE-CONTROLLED SWITCH TO EXPLODE THAT TREE!

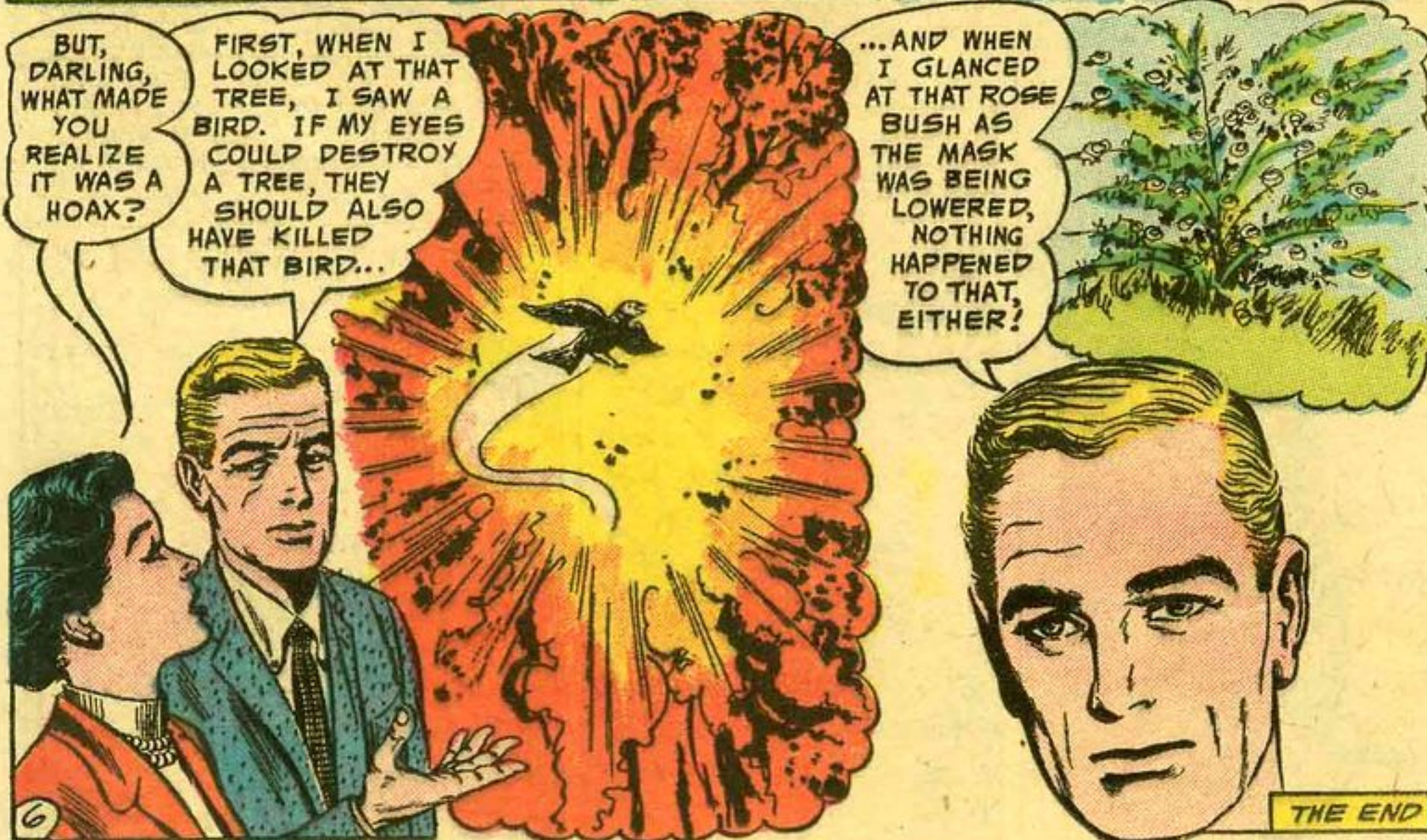
IT WAS JUDSON WHO GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT YOUR EYES COULD DESTROY... AND JUDSON WHO PICKED OUT THAT TREE FOR YOU TO LOOK AT!



BUT, DARLING, WHAT MADE YOU REALIZE IT WAS A HOAX?

FIRST, WHEN I LOOKED AT THAT TREE, I SAW A BIRD. IF MY EYES COULD DESTROY A TREE, THEY SHOULD ALSO HAVE KILLED THAT BIRD...

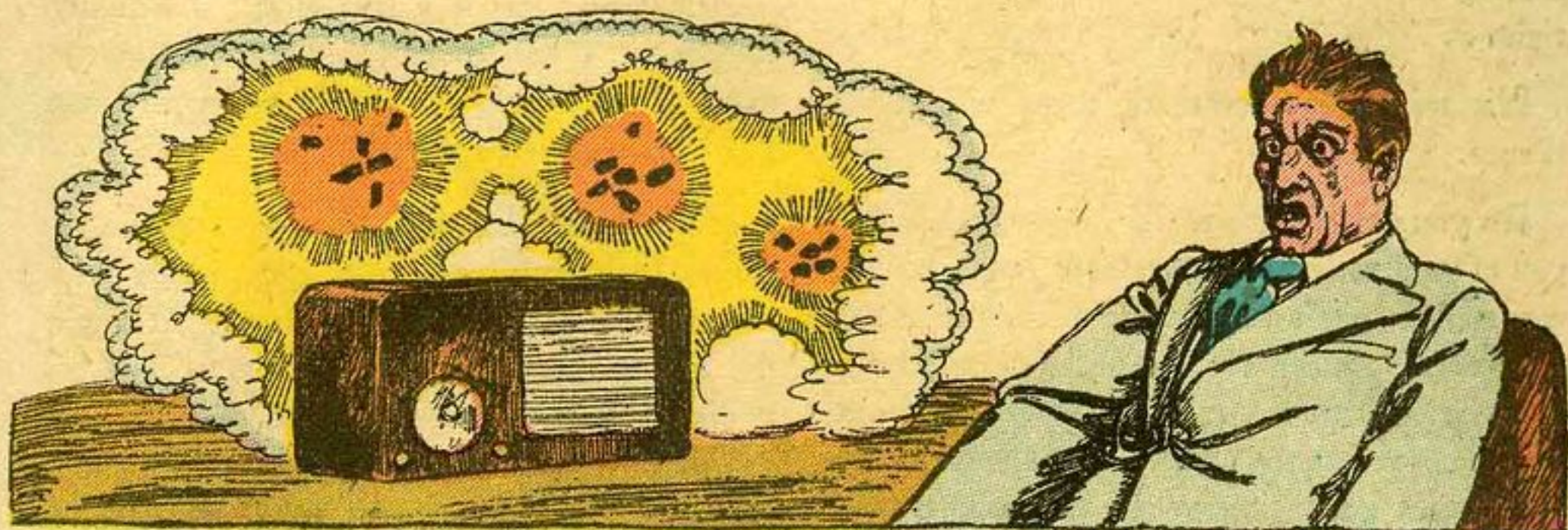
...AND WHEN I GLANCED AT THAT ROSE BUSH AS THE MASK WAS BEING LOWERED, NOTHING HAPPENED TO THAT, EITHER!



THE END



# THE MARAUDERS FROM MARS



**T**HIS is a true story. This actually happened in our country, not many years ago.

Across the nation, families were relaxing before their radios, contemplating the quiet weekend that had just passed, listening indifferently to the strains of dance music emanating from a ballroom in New York City. Suddenly, the cold voice of an announcer broke in:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt our program . . . to bring you a special bulletin from the Intercontinental Radio News. . . . Professor Farrell of the Mount Jennings Observatory, Chicago, Illinois, reports observing several explosions of incandescent gas, occurring at regular intervals on the planet Mars."

A brief description of the "explosions" followed, and the announcer concluded, "We now return you to the music. . . ."

With another pleasant tune coming over their sets, the listeners shrugged off this rude interruption and continued about their Sunday night business. Little did they realize the grim events that were shortly to follow.

For that same announcer broke in a second time, this time to say, ". . . Due to the unusual nature of this occurrence, we have arranged an interview with the noted astronomer, Professor Pierson, who will give us his views on this event. . . ."

Now, ears began to perk as Professor Pierson gave a scientist's description of gasses erupting on the surface of Mars. Yet even this learned man didn't seem to know the fate that lay ahead—at least, not until a further report came in, stating that ". . . a huge flaming object, believed to be a meteorite, fell on a farm in the neighborhood of Grovers Mill, New Jersey. . . ."

From then on, events moved swiftly, and all over the United States, pulses began palpitating, frantic ears became glued to their radio sets. In spite of Professor Pierson's calm assurances, few listeners doubted that this flaming object was more than a mere meteor.

Indeed, according to the radio report, no sooner did the scientist race out to that little New Jersey community, to investigate the phenomenon, than the top of the fallen object from space began to unscrew, and the commentator who'd accompanied Pierson cried into his microphone, "A humped shape is rising out of the pit!"

Curious townsfolk began advancing on the "humped shape," but the thing quickly repelled them with a mirror-like device that emanated scorching heat rays. And amid the jumble of startled, screaming spectators could be heard the stunned announcer's words:

"Now the whole field's caught fire! The



woods . . . the barns . . . the gas tanks of automobiles . . . it's spreading everywhere! It's coming this way, about twenty yards to my right . . ."

His microphone crashed, there was dead silence.

Do you believe this really happened? Were you at your radio when the New Jersey militia was called out, and scouting planes reported three massive machines that had emerged from the Martian missile—machines that wiped out all human resistance with heat rays—machines that began advancing across the countryside, wreaking havoc in their paths! Do you remember how not even the army's heaviest artillery could cope with these invaders, who were able to protect themselves with a thick, black smoke-screen?

Or perhaps you were one of those who took the advice of a frantic Air Force radio operator:

"Warning! Poisonous black smoke pouring in from Jersey marshes . . . gas masks useless! Urge population to move into open spaces. . . ."

Yes, from Maine to California, the exodus was on. In some homes, families leaped from their radios and took to the footpaths and highways that might lead them to safety. Others believed Earth's doom inevitable, and so they repaired to their basements, hoping they could somehow avoid the Martians' final onslaught.

Yet who could hope to survive when one brave announcer, who'd stuck to his post, revealed "No. . . No more defenses. Our army wiped out . . . artillery, air force, everything wiped out. This may be the last broadcast!"

And when, finally, this same man cried out, "Martian cylinders are falling all over the country. One outside Buffalo, one in Chicago, St. Louis . . . seem to be timed and spaced," did you dare remain to hear of the imminent end, or were you one of the throngs that flocked

to the coasts and mountains, still hoping against hope?

Remember, this is a true story; it actually happened. What would you have done on the night of October 30th, 1938, when all these startling events transpired?

Had you remained glued to your radio, refusing to believe your own ears, you'd have heard, at last, an announcer saying, "Tonight the Columbia Broadcasting System, and its affiliated stations coast-to-coast, has brought you *War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells . . . the seventeenth in its weekly series of dramatic broadcasts featuring Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater on the Air."

That's all it was, a simple radio show! But little did Mr. Welles, the famed actor-director-producer who staged this drama, dream that people would take it as seriously as they did. How, indeed, could he forecast that some of his most ardent fans would take him seriously when those "reports" about the "invaders" started coming over the airwaves? After all, didn't an announcer clearly state, at the beginning of the program, that this was to be a dramatization of the famous story by that great writer of science-fiction, H. G. Wells?

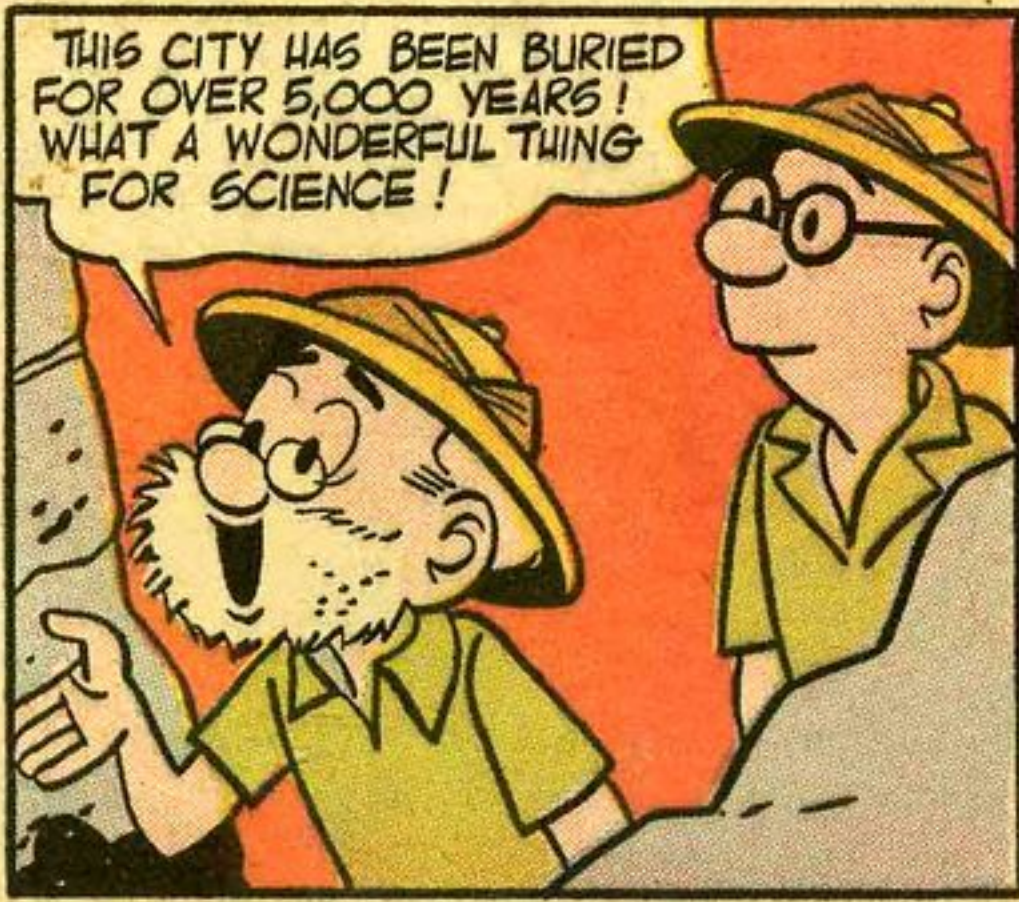
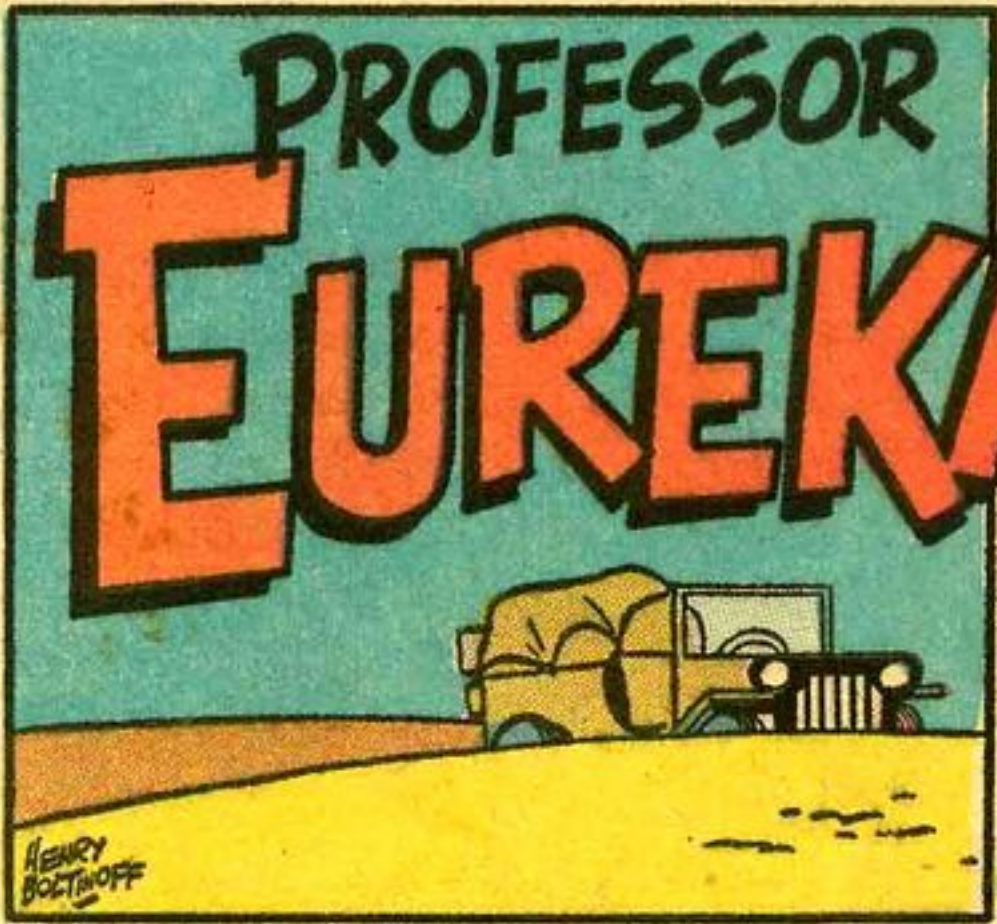
Still and all, radio stations everywhere began getting so many calls, demanding to know what had become of the "Martians," that for the rest of the evening they were forced to make spot announcements that ". . . the entire story and all of its incidents were fictitious."

But the damage had been done. The following morning, newspapers told of a "tidal wave of terror that swept the nation," and the chairman of the Federal Communications Commission called the program "regrettable."

Yet, many of those who were around at the time, listening in, will never forget the utter panic that seized them. Were you one of them?

—George Kashdan







JARU'S CRYSTAL BALL DIFFERED FROM THE GLASS GLOBES USED BY ALL OTHER FORTUNE-TELLERS... FOR HIS REALLY WORKED! BUT BEHIND THE FANTASTIC FORECASTS OF THIS STRANGE SWAMI LURKED A MYSTERY EVEN MORE PERPLEXING!

# THE AMAZING SWAMI

NO ONE IN THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW THIS SECRET ABOUT ME--NO ONE!



THIS STARTLING TALE BEGINS IN THE CITY EDITOR'S OFFICE OF AN EASTERN NEWSPAPER...

DID YOU BUZZ FOR ME, CHIEF?

YES, LUCKY-- COME ON IN! I'M TAKING YOU OFF THE CRIME BEAT FOR AWHILE, TO PUT YOU ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT!

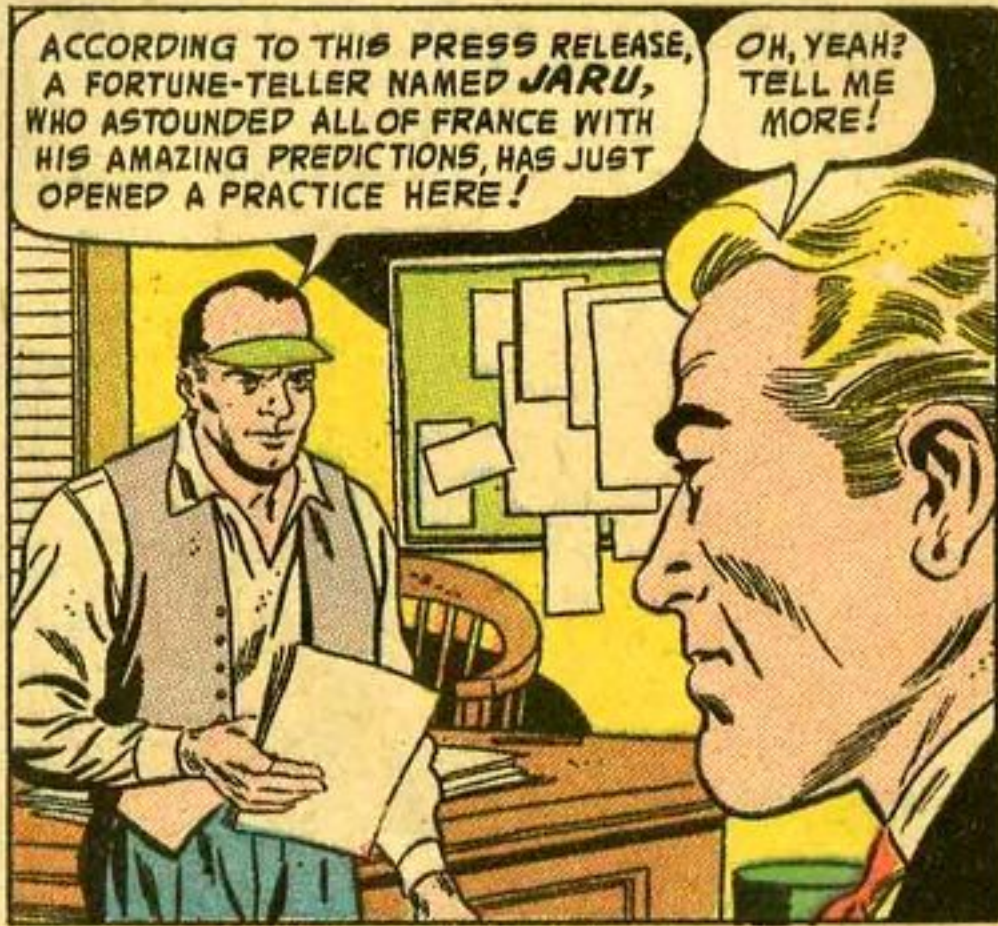
YOU'RE JUST THE MAN FOR THIS JOB, LUCKY-- WITH THAT RABBIT'S FOOT AND THE REST OF YOUR LUCKY CHARMS!

MAYBE MY LUCK HAS RUN OUT, CHIEF-- I NEVER DID SOLVE THAT MILLION-DOLLAR KENT ROBBERY! WHAT'S THE NEW ASSIGNMENT ALL ABOUT?





# HOUSE OF MYSTERY



ACCORDING TO THIS PRESS RELEASE, A FORTUNE-TELLER NAMED **JARU**, WHO ASTOUNDED ALL OF FRANCE WITH HIS AMAZING PREDICTIONS, HAS JUST OPENED A PRACTICE HERE!

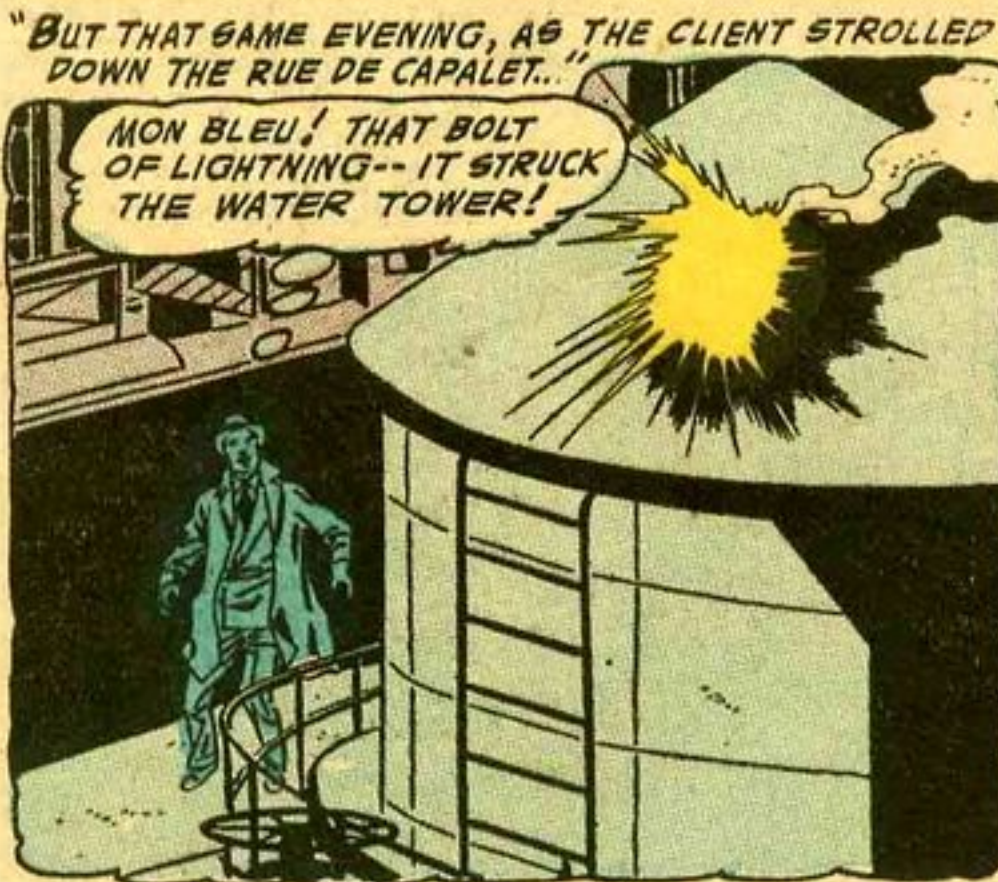
OH, YEAH? TELL ME MORE!



"WELL, FOR INSTANCE, IN HIS PARIS PLACE ONE DAY..."

MY FRIEND, I SEE DANGER FOR YOU... DANGER INVOLVING A LARGE BODY OF WATER!

MAIS NON-- IT IS RIDICULOUS! I HAVE NO INTENTION TO MAKE ANY VOYAGE ON WATER! YOUR CRYSTAL BALL-- I'M AFRAID IT MAKES ONE BIG MISTAKE!



"BUT THAT SAME EVENING, AS THE CLIENT STROLLED DOWN THE RUE DE CAPALET..."

MON BLEU! THAT BOLT OF LIGHTNING-- IT STRUCK THE WATER TOWER!



"AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...!"

HELP!  
HELP!



SO THAT SWAMI'S PREDICTION CAME TRUE, EH? SOUNDS INTERESTING, CHIEF... BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT **ME** TO DO?

GO SEE HIM... HERE'S HIS ADDRESS! I'VE ALREADY MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH **JARU**... HE KNOWS YOU'RE GOING TO CHECK ON HIS CRYSTAL BALL!



THUS, THAT SAME DAY, IN THE STUDIO OF **JARU**...

GOOD FRIEND, I WELCOME THIS OPPORTUNITY TO PROVE THE POWERS OF MY AMAZING CRYSTAL BALL! YOU ARE SCOFFING, I KNOW... BUT PLEASE-- DO NOT JUDGE ME UNTIL YOU WITNESS MY DEMONSTRATION TONIGHT!

HMPH... YOU SURE SOUND CONFIDENT... I'LL BE HERE!



HOURS LATER, AS A CLIENT TIMIDLY TAKES HIS SEAT...

SILENCE, SIR--WHILE I COMMUNE WITH THE SPIRITS!

HE SOUNDS LIKE ALL THE OTHER PHONY FORTUNE-TELLERS I'VE COME ACROSS!



SUDDENLY, AS A STRANGE LIGHT GLOWS INSIDE THE GLOBE...

YOUR NAME IS CASPER BROOKS.. I SEE YOU PERFORMING A BRAVE FEAT-- AND WINNING HONOR, FAME, AND MONEY!

I PERFORMING A BRAVE FEAT? GRACIOUS!

HA, HA--LOOK WHO THAT SWAM! PICKS TO BE A HERO!



SHORTLY AFTER...

THIS IS A CRAZY ASSIGNMENT! NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO FOLLOW THAT CLOWN AROUND, TO SEE IF JARU'S PREDICTION COMES TRUE.



JUST THEN, THE WAIL OF A SIREN PIERCES THE SILENT NIGHT, AND...

GRACIOUS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

OFF THE STREET, MISTER! A BIG-TIME HOODLUM WAS SPOTTED ON THIS STREET...THERE MAY BE SHOOTING!



HA, HA--LOOK AT THAT BIG HERO, DUCKING INTO A DOORWAY!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, FATE TAKES A HAND IN THE PROCEEDINGS, AS...

I'VE BEEN SPOTTED BY THIS LITTLE GUY! OUT OF MY WAY!

GRACIOUS, HOW DREADFUL! THIS MUST BE THE BADMAN THE POLICEMEN ARE SEEKING!







LOOK WHAT BECAME A HERO... J-JUST LIKE THAT SWAMI PREDICTED! OR--OR WAS IT JUST A COINCIDENCE?

NEXT DAY, THE NEWSMAN IS SUMMONED TO WITNESS ANOTHER READING...



MAKE HASTE, MY FRIEND-- HERE COMES MY CLIENT!

SURE, SURE... BUT DON'T EXPECT TO REPEAT YESTERDAY'S SUCCESS! YOU JUST HAD A LUCKY BREAK--IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



ONCE AGAIN, THE GLOBE GLOWS, AND STRANGE WORDS EMANATE FROM THE SWAMI'S LIPS...

ALL DAY LONG, THE NEWSMAN TRAILS JARU'S SECOND CLIENT--TILL FINALLY, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

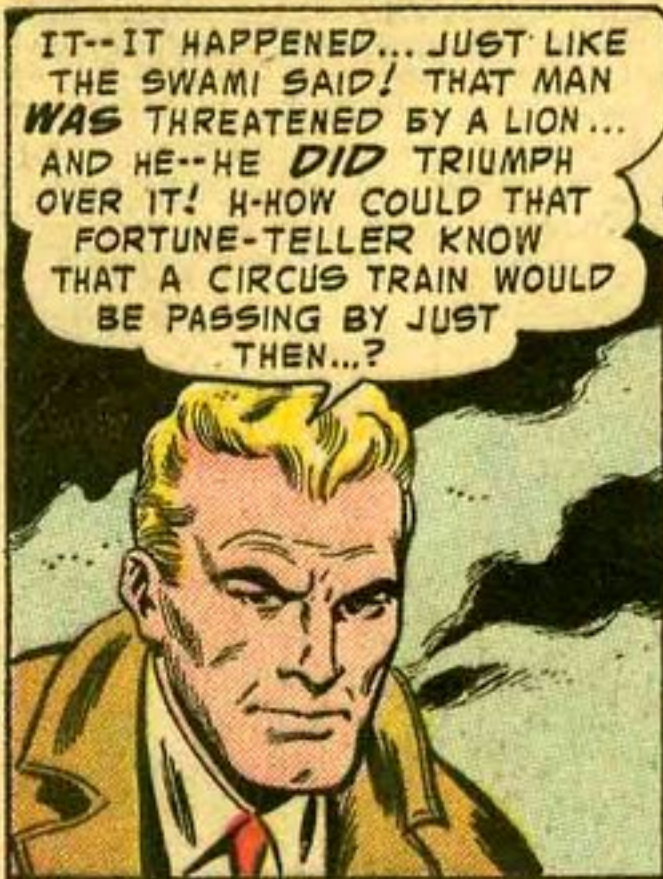


HMM! I'LL BE FOLLOWING THIS GUY AROUND FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE, WAITING FOR HIM TO RUN INTO A LION! I'D BETTER TELL MY BOSS THE SWAMI'S A PHONY!





BUT AT THAT INSTANT...







SOON... HA, HA--THE SWAMI WAS WRONG THIS TIME! MY MONEY DIDN'T FLY AWAY AFTER ALL! IT'S ALL HERE-- STILL MINE, STILL MINE!



ABRUPTLY... YOU'RE WRONG, LUCKY-- AND THE SWAMI WAS RIGHT! YOU CAN CONSIDER THAT THE LOOT IS FLOWN AWAY!

POLICE! THEN--THEN THIS WAS ALL A TRAP, TO MAKE ME LEAD YOU TO WHERE I HID THE MONEY?

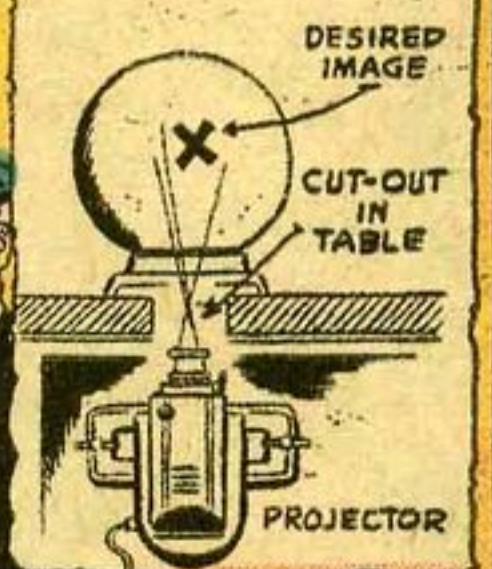


THAT'S RIGHT, LUCKY! YOU SEE, YOU WERE SUSPECTED ALL ALONG OF BEING BEHIND THAT MILLION-DOLLAR KENT ROBBERY! BUT THE POLICE WANTED TO MAKE SURE THEY'D GET THE LOOT AS WELL AS YOU!

S-SO YOU SET UP A PHONY FORTUNE-TELLER... KNOWING I HAD A SUPERSTITIOUS NATURE-- AND WOULD FALL FOR IT! BUT THAT CRYSTAL BALL-- AND THOSE PREDICTIONS THAT CAME TRUE...



THE CRYSTAL BALL WAS ONLY A CLEVER PROJECTION DEVICE--USING SPECIALLY PREPARED FILMS OF ALL THE PEOPLE WHO WERE SCHEDULED TO APPEAR, INCLUDING YOURSELF!



AS FOR THAT LITTLE HERO-- AND THE MAN WHO FOUGHT THE TAME LION-- WELL, THE POLICE BORROWED THEIR SERVICES FROM THAT CIRCUS YOU SAW PASSING THROUGH! "JARU" BY THE WAY, IS A NEW PLAINCLOTHESMAN--AND A GOOD ONE, I MIGHT ADD!



ALL AT ONCE, AS A SUDDEN WIND BLOWS UP... HEY! GRAB THOSE BILLS, MEN-- BEFORE THEY FLY AWAY!



THE MONEY... FLYING AWAY--JUST LIKE I SAW IT IN THE CRYSTAL BALL! JUST A COINCIDENCE, LUCKY, BELIEVE ME... JUST A COINCIDENCE!

THE END



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IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.40

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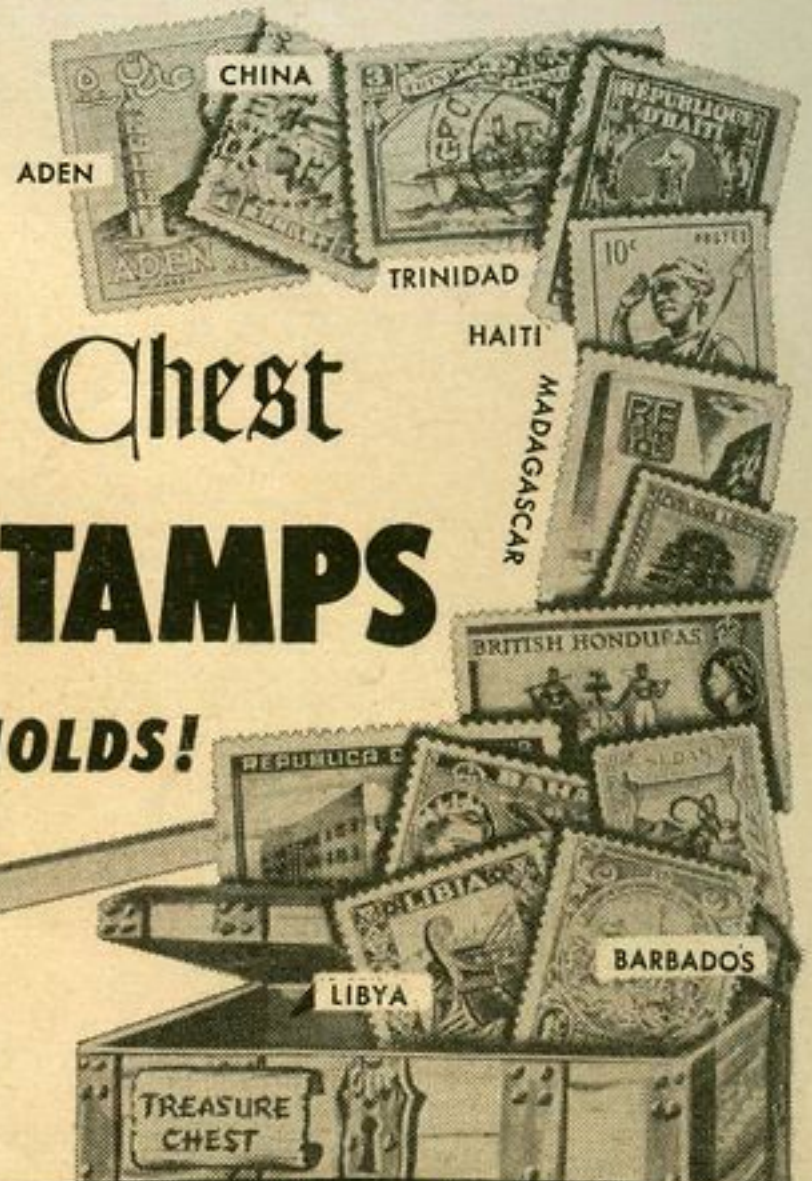


# FREE!

TO GET NAMES FOR OUR MAILING LIST



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