

JAN.
No. 1

PEEP COMICS

ACTION
DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE

INTRODUCING **THE SHIELD!**
G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY

10¢

64 PAGES

ALL COLOR

Also—
BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND
YARD
—
THE COMET
—

THE MIDSHIPMAN and others



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The NEWS STAND SHIELD 'G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY'



IRVING
HOVICK

JOE HIGGINS, G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, IS THE SHIELD. ONLY ONE LIVING MAN KNOWS THE SHIELD'S TRUE IDENTITY AND THAT MAN IS THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I. --- BECAUSE JOE'S FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE FAMOUS BLACK TOM EXPLOSION SET OFF BY FOREIGN SPIES DURING THE WORLD WAR, HE, FROM THAT TIME FORWARD, SWORE TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO SHIELDING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND ITS PEOPLE FROM ANY HARM, AND SUCCEEDED IN SECURING AN APPOINTMENT AS G-MAN TO CARRY OUT HIS AVOWED PURPOSE. BECAUSE OF HIS UNIFORM HE IS CALLED "THE SHIELD". THIS UNIFORM, OF HIS OWN SECRET CONSTRUCTION, NOT ONLY IS BULLET AND FLAME-PROOF BUT GIVES HIM POWER TO PERFORM EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF PHYSICAL DARING AND COURAGE. WEARING HIS SHIELD, HE HAS THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES. WITH THESE POWERFUL FORCES, HE SHIELDS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FROM ALL ENEMIES. - THE FOUR WHITE STARS ON THE FIELD OF BLUE SIGNIFY TO WHAT HE HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE - TRUTH, JUSTICE, PATRIOTISM AND COURAGE...

HIGGINS, I'VE GOT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU!

YES, SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST.

IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I.

THERE IS A STOKIAN SPY RING OPERATING HERE AND WE MUST SMASH IT!



YOU DIRTY COPPER-
I'LL KNOCK YOUR
HEAD OFF!!



BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A FOX, HIGGINS
DUCKS THE BLOW AND IT SMACKS THE
OTHER ATTACKER, KNOCKING HIM COLD.



HIGGINS TACKLES THE SECOND STOKIAN
AND THROWS HIM.

NOW IT'S
MY TURN!



THE SPY STRIKES HIS HEAD AS HE FALLS.

UGH!



HIGGINS SEARCHES THE STUNNED SPY.

HE'S A STOKIAN
AGENT, ALL RIGHT.
HERE'S A NOTE
FROM HIS CHIEF!



THE G-MAN ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL
BRAGANZA AND ASKS FOR A ROOM.

SORRY, SIR-
WE HAVEN'T
ANY ROOMS
AVAILABLE.



DECIDING
TO GO UP
AND LOOK
AROUND,
HIGGINS IS
STOPPED
BY THE
BOY.

SORRY, SIR, I
CAN'T TAKE
YOU UP
UNLESS YOU
STATE YOUR
BUSINESS!



NOT KNOWING HIGGINS' IDENTITY, THE HOUSE DETECTIVE ASKS JOE TO LEAVE.

YOU CAN'T LOAF HERE, BUDDY!



NOT WISHING TO AROUSE SUSPICION, JOE LEAVES THE HOTEL.

I CAN'T CAUSE A FUSS IN THE LOBBY, WITHOUT BEING SURE OF MY FACTS!



IN A CORNER OF THE ALLEY JOE HIGGINS OPENS HIS BRIEF CASE AND...

-AND SO THE SHIELD WILL GO INTO ACTION ON ANOTHER FRONT.



...A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS STARTLING UNIFORM, HIGGINS BECOMES THE DREADED SHIELD!



LIKE A HUMAN FLY THE SHIELD SCALES THE WALLS OF THE HOTEL.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY IN - FOR THE SHIELD!



HERE I AM ON THE ROOF - BUT NOW HOW DO I GET IN?



FROM A SECRET POCKET IN HIS UNIFORM, HE PRODUCES AND SETS UP A RADIO SOUND DETECTOR.

NOW TO FIND OUT IF I CAN HEAR ANYTHING!



THE SHIELD HEARS A CONVERSATION GOING ON BELOW IN A STEEL WALLED ROOM IN THE HOTEL.

THE SHIELD CAN'T TOUCH US. THIS PLACE IS BOMB-PROOF, BULLET-PROOF AND SOUND-PROOF!

BUT WHAT IF THE SHIELD-



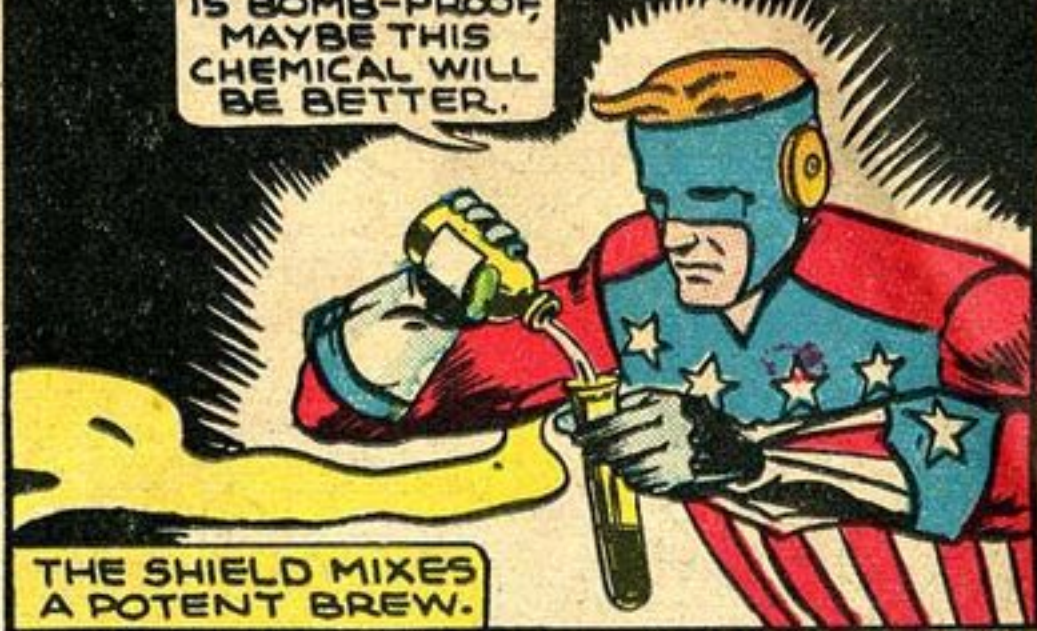
BUT THE SHIELD'S ELECTRIC EAR BRINGS
THE MASTER SPY'S VOICE TO HIM.

WELL, NOT QUITE
SOUND-PROOF!
AND MAYBE I CAN
TOUCH THEM.



IF THE HIDEOUT
IS BOMB-PROOF,
MAYBE THIS
CHEMICAL WILL
BE BETTER.

THE SHIELD MIXES
A POTENT BREW.



THE POWERFUL SECRET FORMULA CUTS
ITS WAY THROUGH ARMOR PLATING.



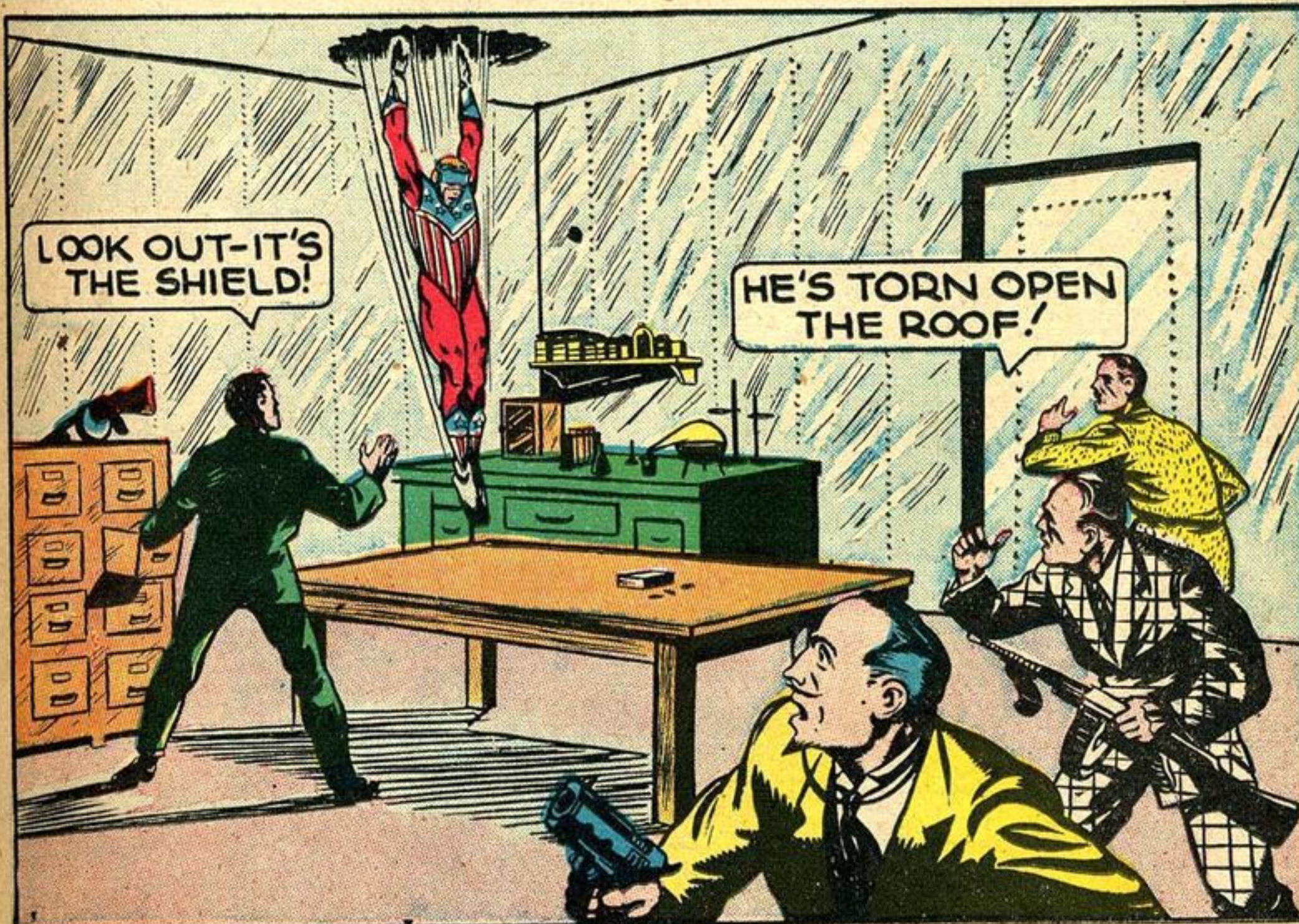
IN THE HIDEOUT, JUST AS THE MASTER
SPY BOASTS OF SUCCESS TO COME...

NOW FOR OUR BIG
ADVENTURE--TO
ASSASSINATE THE
ARMY CHIEFS!



LOOK OUT--IT'S
THE SHIELD!

HE'S TORN OPEN
THE ROOF!

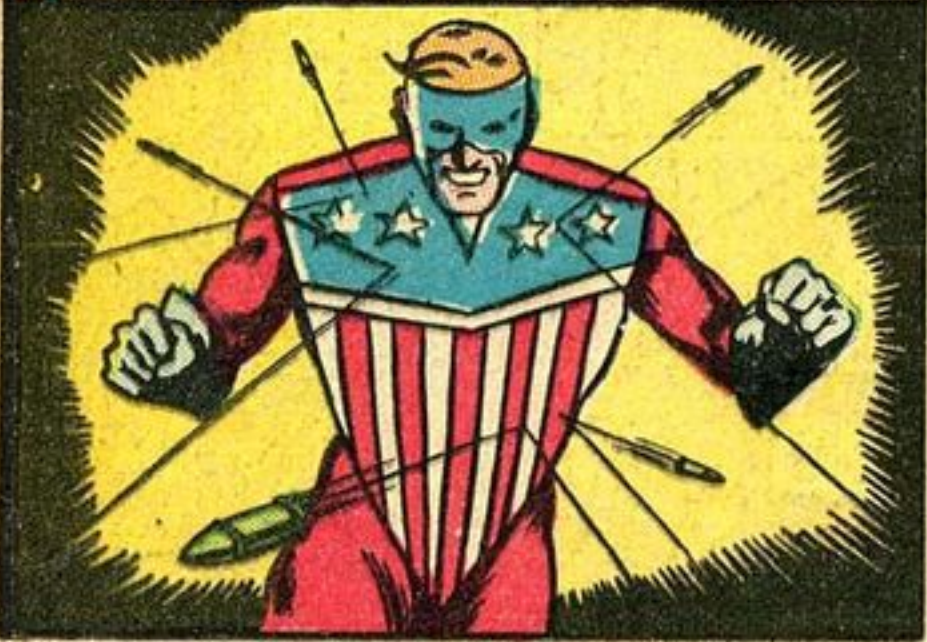




SHOOT HIM DOWN!

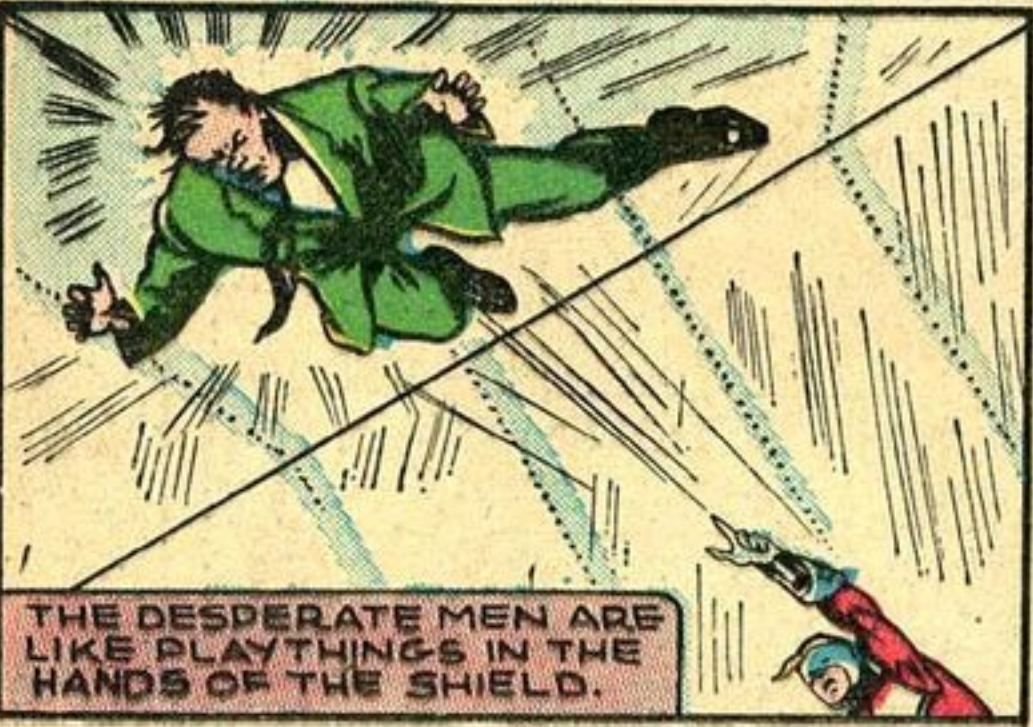
I'LL WIDE HIM OUT!

BUT THE BULLETS FLATTEN HARMLESSLY ON THE SHIELD'S UNIFORM.



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY-I'M NOT LEAVING YET!



THE DESPERATE MEN ARE LIKE PLAYTHINGS IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIELD.



STAND BACK!

I WANT TO SEE THE PAPERS IN THAT CABINET!



THE CHIEF SPY CRASHES THE SWORD DOWN ON THE SHIELD'S HEAD- BUT THE BLADE CRUMPLES.

WON'T ANYTHING STOP YOU?

NOPE-NOTHING!



THE SHIELD PUSHES THE CHIEF SPY TO ONE SIDE AND GOES THROUGH THE FILES.

THESE DOCUMENTS LOOK INTERESTING.

IGNORED BY THE SHIELD, THE SPY SLINKS AWAY...



...AND STACKS UP HIGH EXPLOSIVES.



THE SHIELD'S
UNIFORM HAS
SAVED HIM
FROM INSTANT
DEATH, BUT HE
IS HURLED
FAR UP INTO
THE AIR.



THIS WILL BE A
TERRIBLE FALL—
EVEN FOR ME!



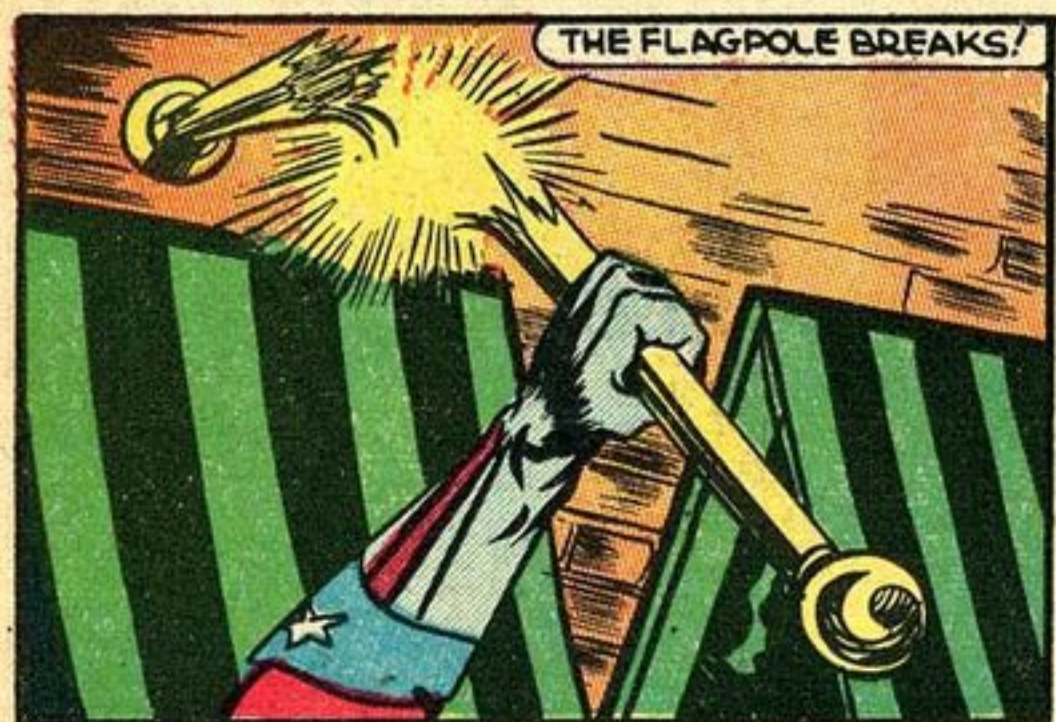
AH—A FLAGPOLE!
I'LL BREAK
MY FALL!



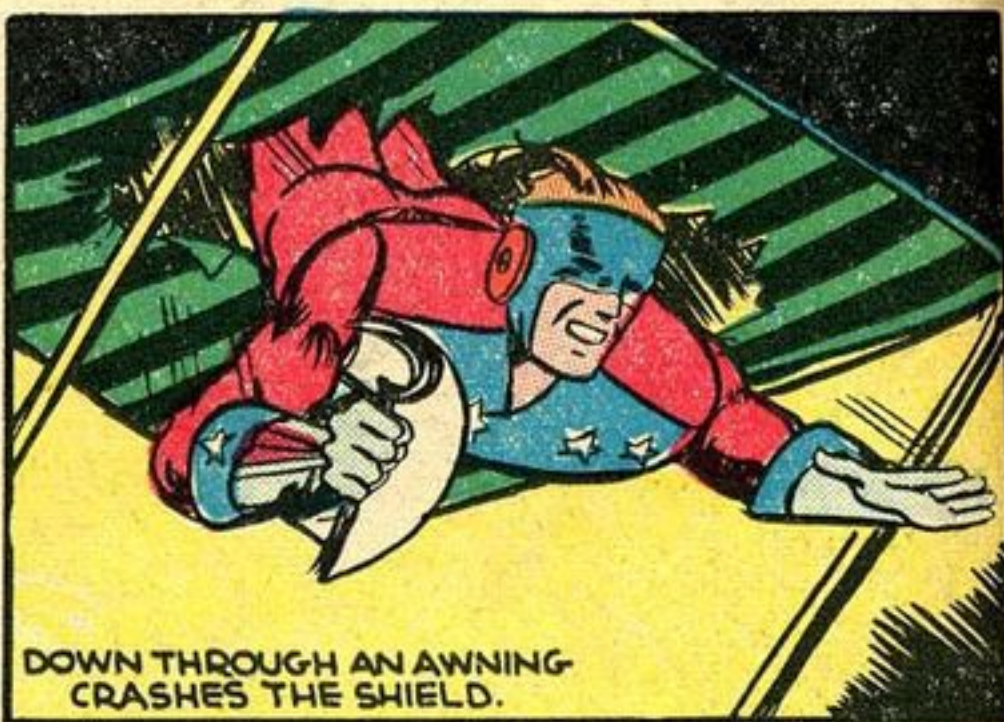
HE CATCHES THE POLE, WHICH BENDS UNDER THE IMPACT.



THE FLAGPOLE BREAKS!

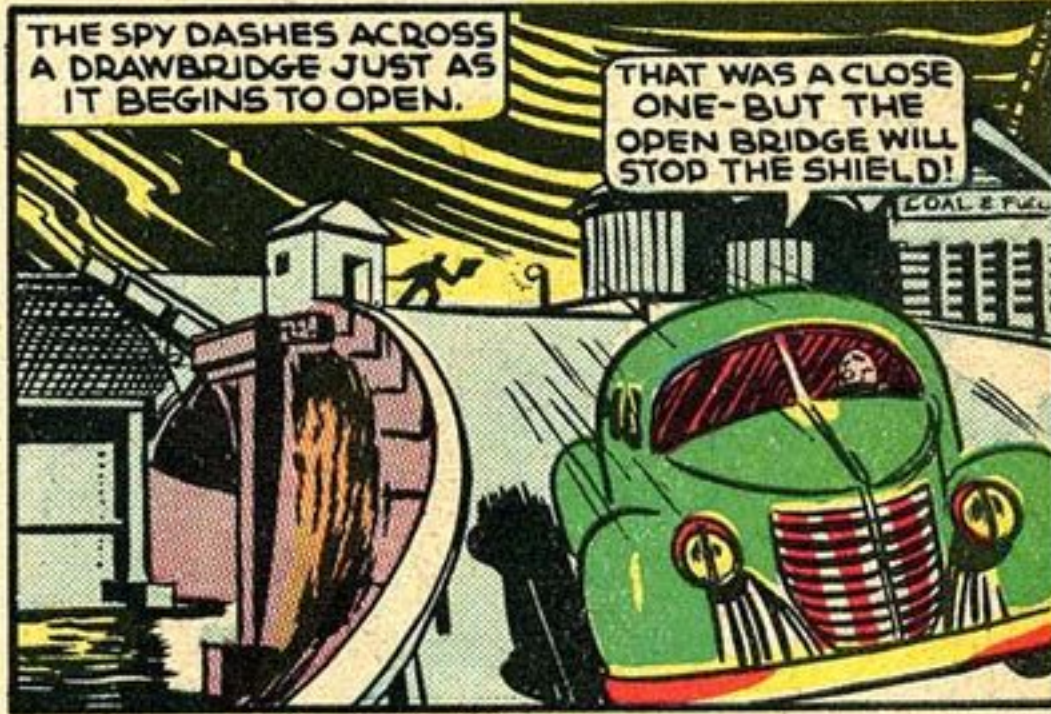
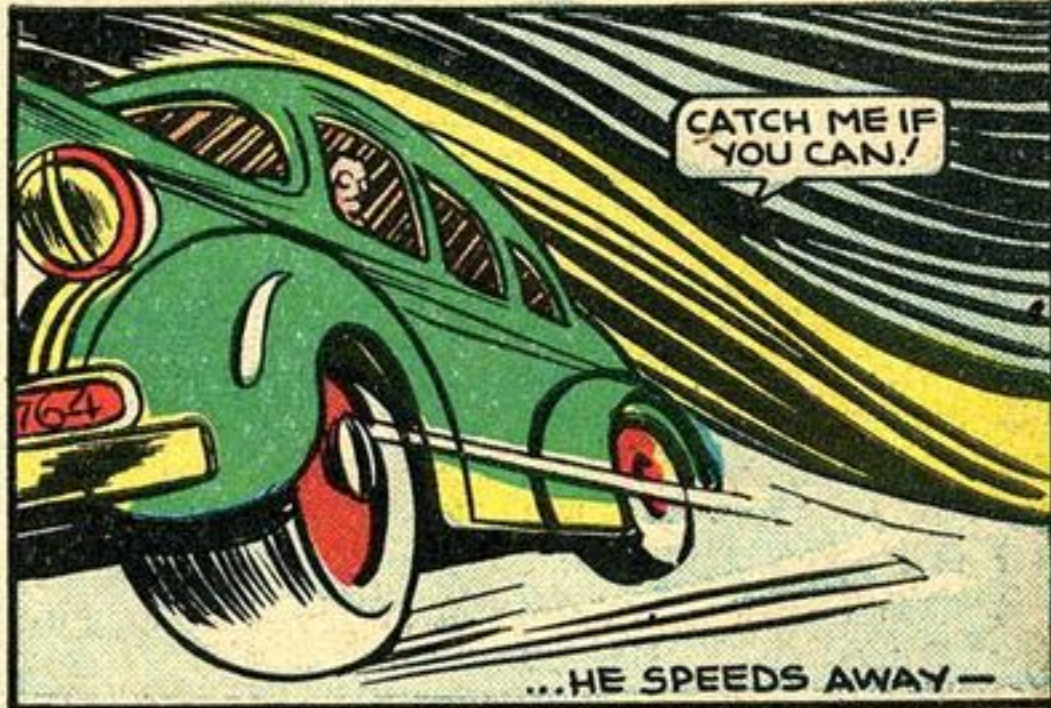
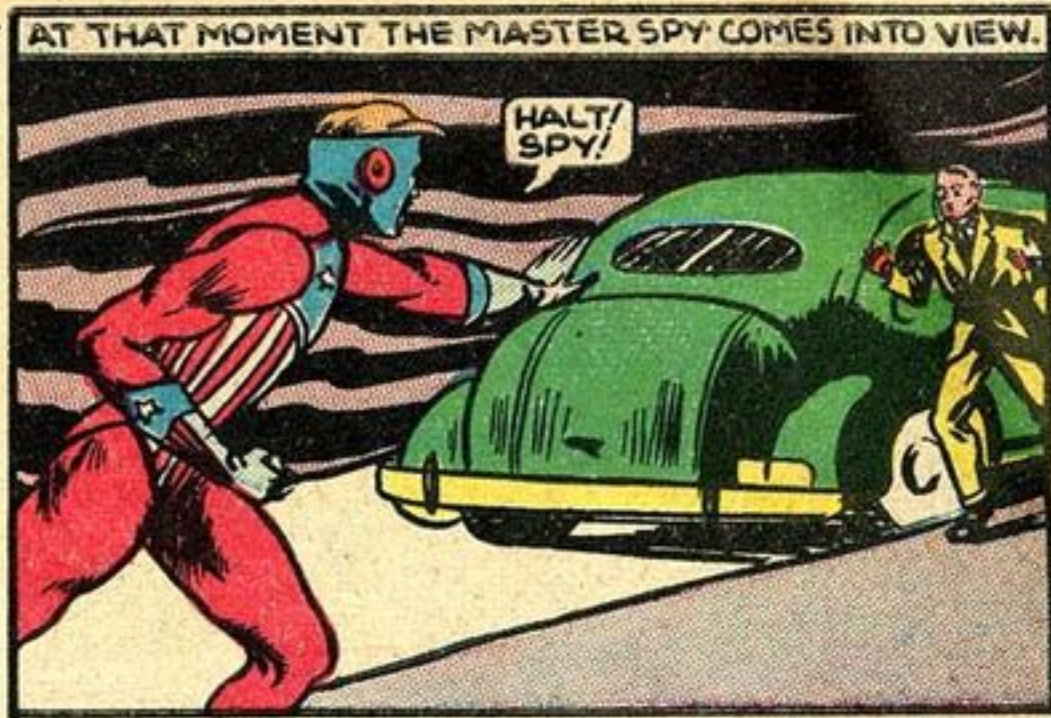


DOWN THROUGH AN AWNING
CRASHES THE SHIELD.

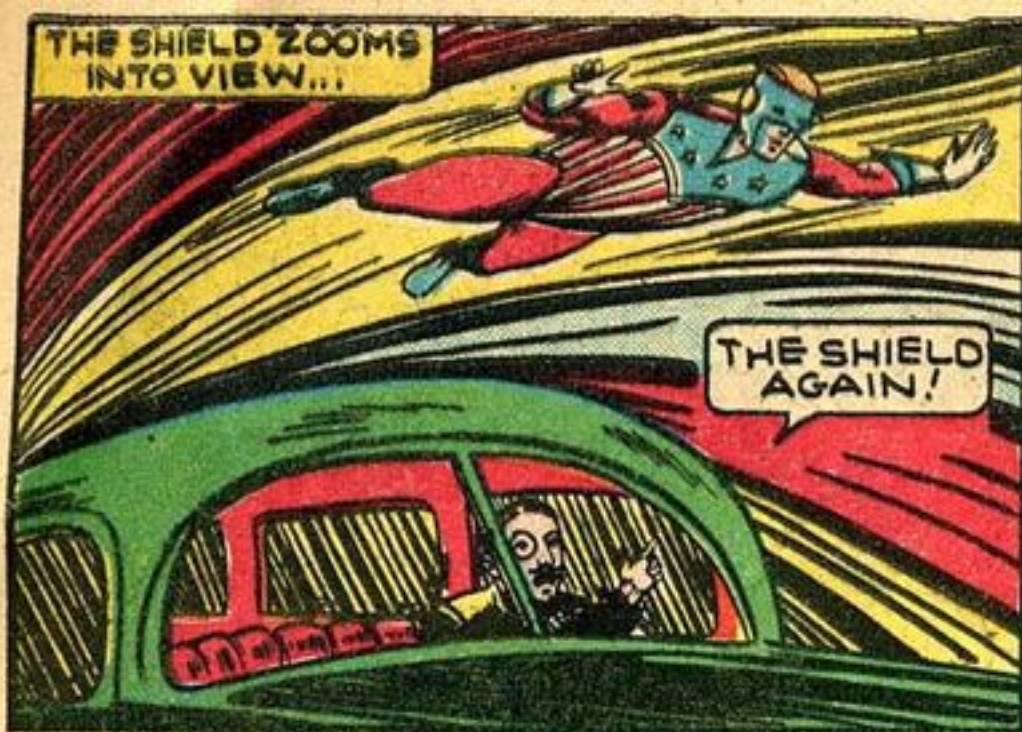


THE SHIELD'S
DESCENT
IS CHECKED
BY THE
FLAGPOLE
AND THE
AWNING.
STILL
DOWN HE
HURTLES,
AND AS
HE NEARS
THE
EARTH,
HE GRABS
THE
BRANCHES
OF A
TREE.





THE SHIELD ZOOMS INTO VIEW...



THE SHIELD AGAIN!

...AND SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CAR.

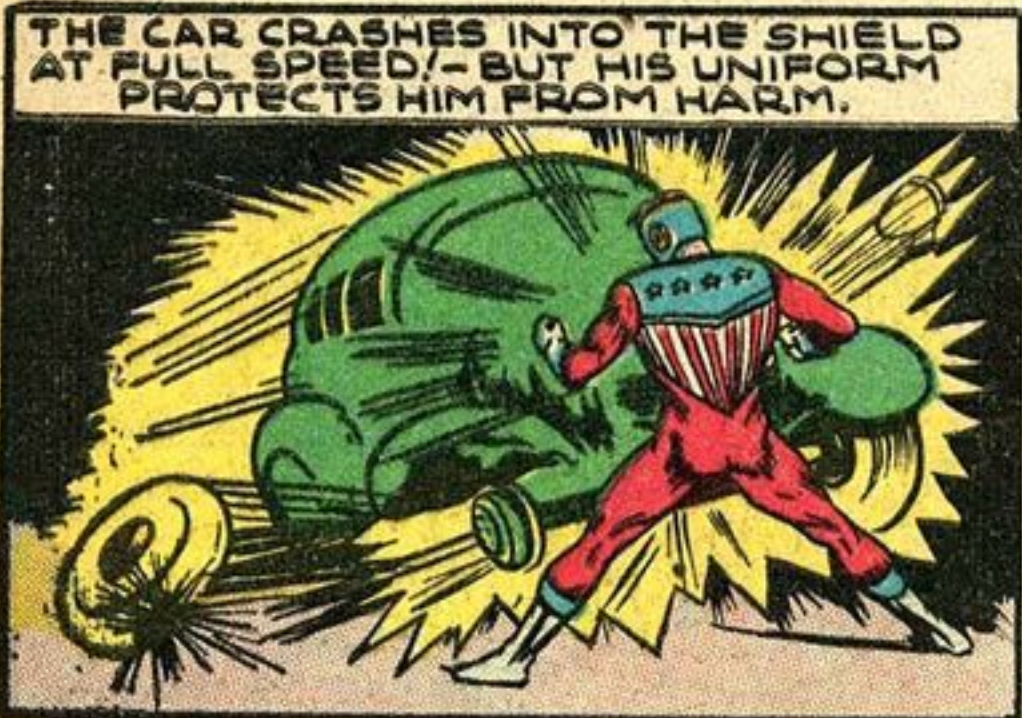


HALT!! SURRENDER!

OUT OF MY WAY-OR, I'LL SMASH YOU!

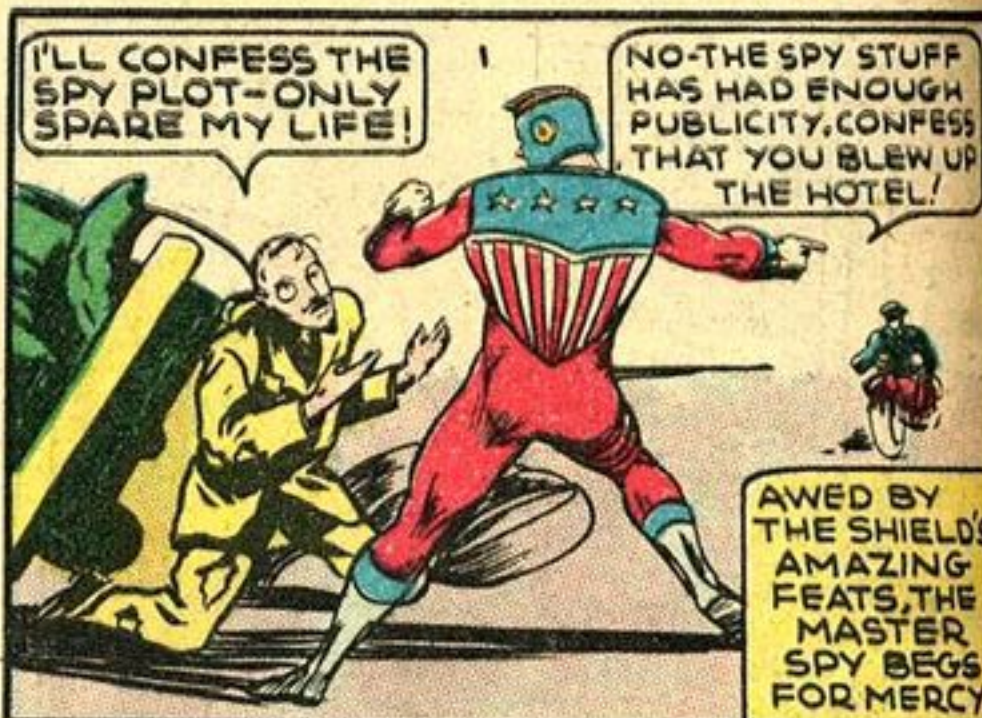
CORT ST

THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE SHIELD AT FULL SPEED!- BUT HIS UNIFORM PROTECTS HIM FROM HARM.



I'LL CONFESS THE SPY PLOT- ONLY SPARE MY LIFE!

NO-THE SPY STUFF HAS HAD ENOUGH PUBLICITY, CONFESS THAT YOU BLEW UP THE HOTEL!



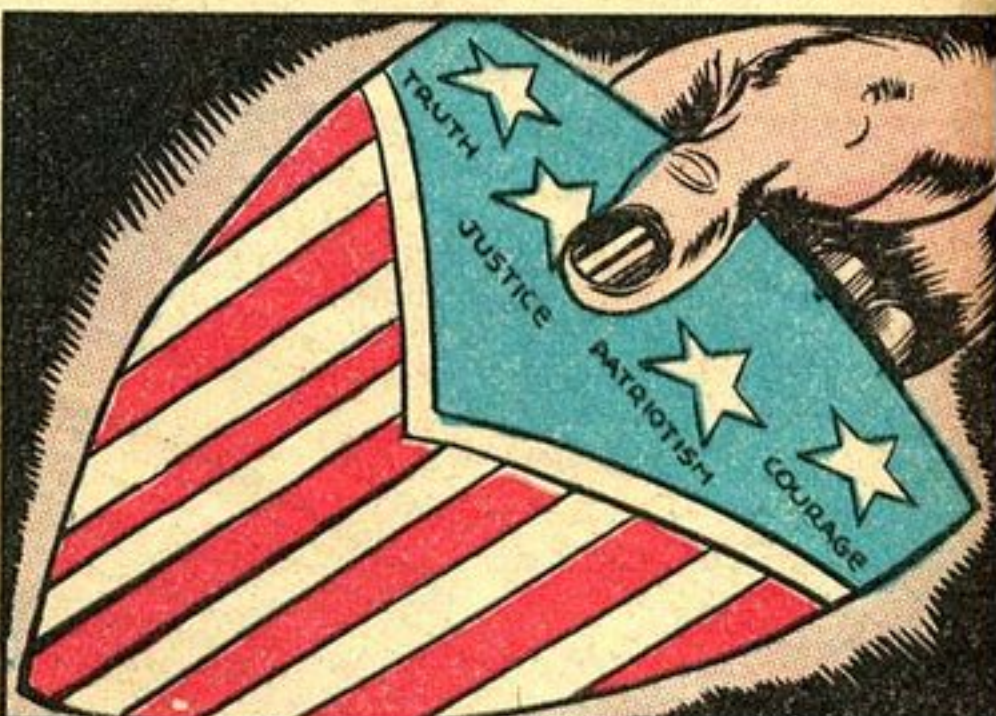
AWED BY THE SHIELD'S AMAZING FEATS, THE MASTER SPY BEGS FOR MERCY.

NOT WISHING TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY, THE SHIELD PLACES HIS CARD IN THE SPY'S HAND AND SILENTLY DISAPPEARS.



I SURRENDER, OFFICER- I BLEW UP THE HOTEL BRAGANZA!

THEN YOU'LL GO TO PRISON FOR LIFE, BUT WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?



AS PLAIN JOE HIGGINS, THE SHIELD REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF



YOU DID A GREAT JOB HIGGINS?

THANKS CHIEF. WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?

THE SHIELD- ALWAYS READY TO PROTECT AMERICA, RECEIVES ANOTHER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FROM HIS CHIEF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!



THE

COMET

JOHAN DICKERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, DISCOVERS A GAS THAT IS FIFTY TIMES LIGHTER THAN HYDROGEN. HE ALSO DISCOVERS THAT, BY INJECTING SMALL DOSES OF THE GAS INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM, HIS BODY BECOMES LIGHT ENOUGH TO MAKE GREAT LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR!



SMASH
ADVENTURES
OF
THE MOST
ASTONISHING
MAN ON THE
FACE OF
THE
EARTH

by
JACK SOLE

AFTER MANY OF SUCH INJECTIONS, HE FINDS THAT THE GAS ACCUMULATES IN THE EYES AND THROWS OFF TWO POWERFUL BEAMS —

THESE RAYS, WHEN THEY CROSS EACH OTHER, CAUSE WHATEVER HE LOOKS AT TO DISINTEGRATE COMPLETELY

!!!
1.

THERE GOES MY TEST-TUBE RACK!



TO PREVENT DISINTEGRATING EVERYTHING HE LOOKS AT, IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR HIM TO WEAR A GLASS SHIELD OVER HIS EYES, FOR GLASS IS THE ONLY THING THAT THE RAY CANNOT PENETRATE!



REALIZING SUCH A PHENOMENON WOULD WRECK CIVILIZATION IF IT SHOULD FALL INTO EVIL HANDS, HE DESTROYS THE FORMULA AND MAKES A SOLEMN VOW TO USE HIS POWERS EVER FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANITY!—
THUS IS BORN
THE COMET!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A SMALL HOUSE IN CHICAGO.

NO MORE SMALL-TIME FOR US, BOYS!—FROM NOW ON, WE'RE OUT FOR **REAL CASH!**—EVER HEAR OF A LITTLE GAME CALLED, **"MURDER-FOR-INSURANCE?"**

BUT, AIN'T THAT TOO RISKY, JAKE POISON, I MEAN?



NOT WITH THIS STUFF!—**TYPHOID FEVER GERMS!** DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES—NO TRACE OF ANY POISON—WHY, IT'S **FOOLPROOF!!**

CHEEZE! WHERE'D JA GET IT?



THE **"BOSS"** IS GONNA SHIP US A BATCH EVERY WEEK!—NOW HERE'S THE SET-UP!—WE CONTACT BENEFICIARIES OF LARGE INSURANCE POLICIES AND OFFER TO BUMP OFF THE INSURED WITH THESE GERMS FOR **HALF THE AMOUNT OF THE POLICY!**



SOON AFTERWARDS, NEWS OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE TERRIFIES ALL CHICAGO!

WUXTRA!!

TYPHOID FEVER EPIDEMIC SWEEPS CITY!



JOHN! CAN YOU HOP THE NEXT PLANE FOR CHICAGO? IT'S **URGENT!**

THE COMET RECEIVES A CALL FROM A FRIEND!



YOU! BET!



THAT'S ONE WAY
OF HOPPING THE
CHICAGO PLANE!

WITH THE SPEED OF
LIGHT, THE COMET
PIERCES THE NIGHT!



AT HIS FRIEND'S HOME, THE
COMET HEARS A STRANGE
STORY—

—AND HE WANTED
TO KILL MY WIFE
WITH GERMS FOR
HALF THE INSURANCE!



HE'S COMING
FOR MY ANSWER
TODAY!—I DIDN'T
DARE NOTIFY THE
POLICE!—CAN'T
YOU DO SOMETHING
ABOUT IT?



AT THIS POINT, THE DOORBELL RINGS

HERE'S OUR
ANSWER, BUD!

YOU'LL
PAY FOR
THIS!!

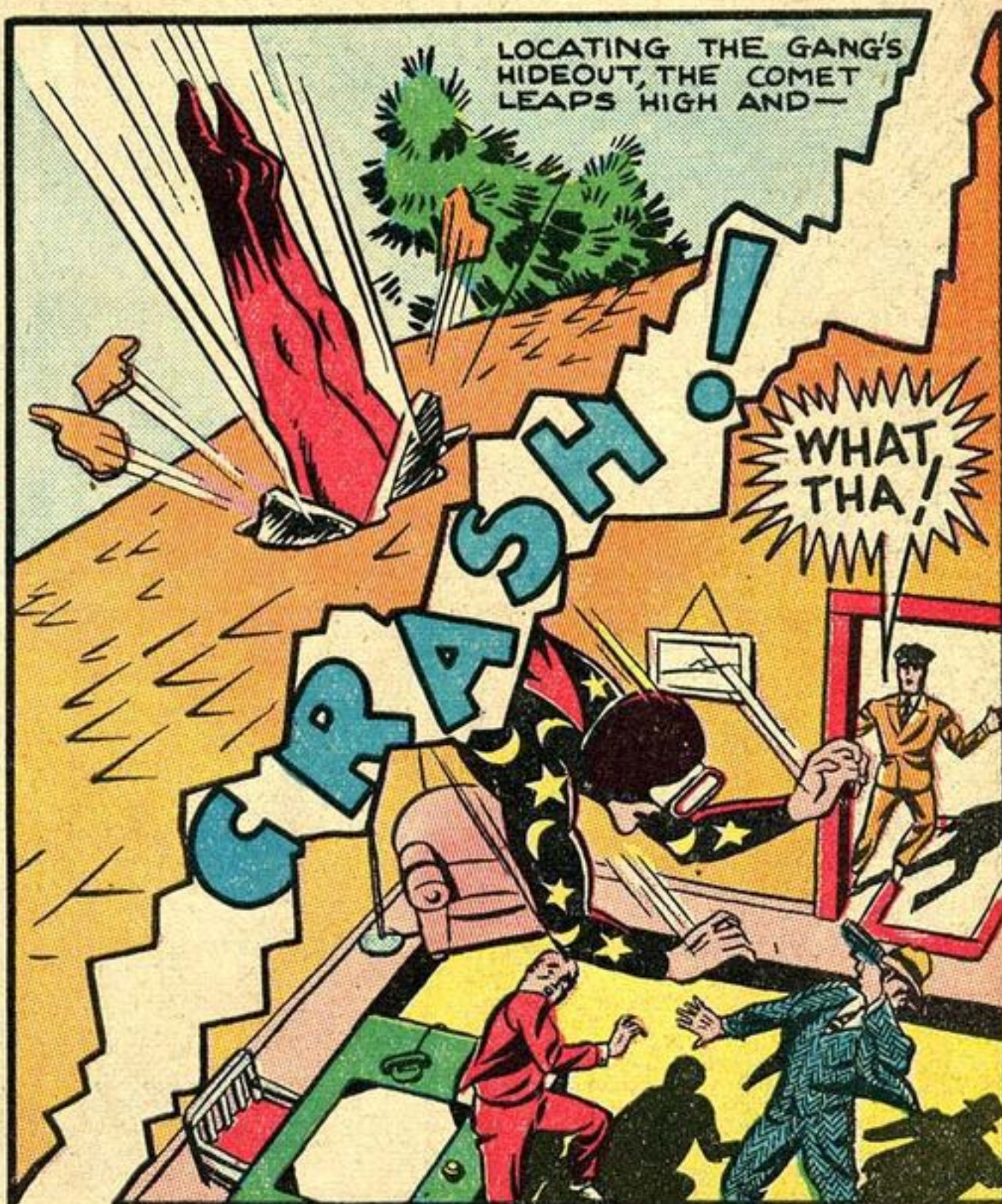


THE THUG SPEEDS AWAY,
FOLLOWED BY THE COMET,
WHO SNAPS HIS VISOR UP AND
FOCUSES HIS DESTRUCTIVE
RAY AT THE AIR IN FRONT OF
HIM.—THIS CAUSES THE DUST
IN THE AIR TO DISINTEGRATE,
MAKING AN EFFECTIVE
SMOKE SCREEN!



WONDER WHAT'S
MAKIN' THIS CAN
SMOKE LIKE THAT?!

LOCATING THE GANG'S
HIDEOUT, THE COMET
LEAPS HIGH AND—



CRASH!

WHAT
THA!





AMID SCREAMS OF TERROR,
THE CRUEL MURDERERS
MELT INTO NOTHINGNESS!



THE COMET LOOKS AROUND
FOR POSSIBLE CLUES OF
THE "BIG BOSS" IDENTITY.

HOMING PIGEONS!
I'LL BET THAT'S HOW
THEY'VE BEEN
CONTACTING HIM!



FREEDING ONE OF THE
PIGEONS, THE COMET
FOLLOWS! — IT LEADS
HIM TO A BEAUTIFUL
HOME IN THE SUBURBS.



THERE'S A MAN
LEAVING THE
HOUSE!

THE COMET DIVES EARTHWARD

I'LL SNEAK UP
ON HIM!



HUH?!-



DR. ARCHER! —
SO THIS IS HOW YOU
SPEND YOUR IDLE
HOURS! — DEALING
DEATH IN GERMS!!

LET ME DOWN! —
DO YOU HEAR? —
LET ME DOWN!!



AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR! —
THE WORLD HAS TOO
MANY OF YOUR KIND
ALREADY!!

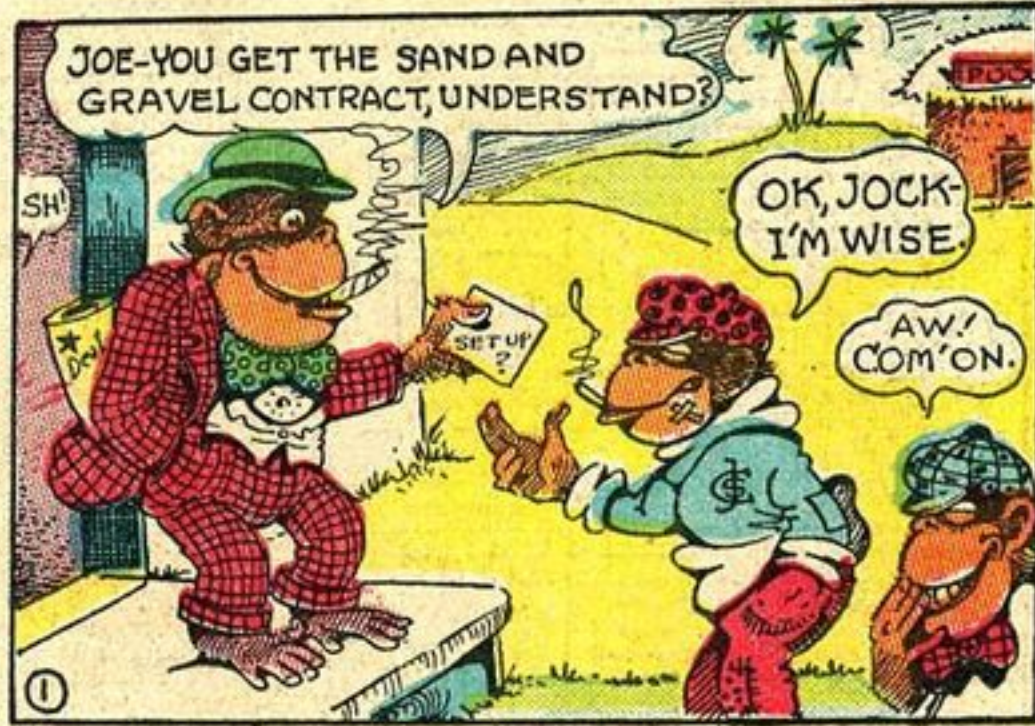
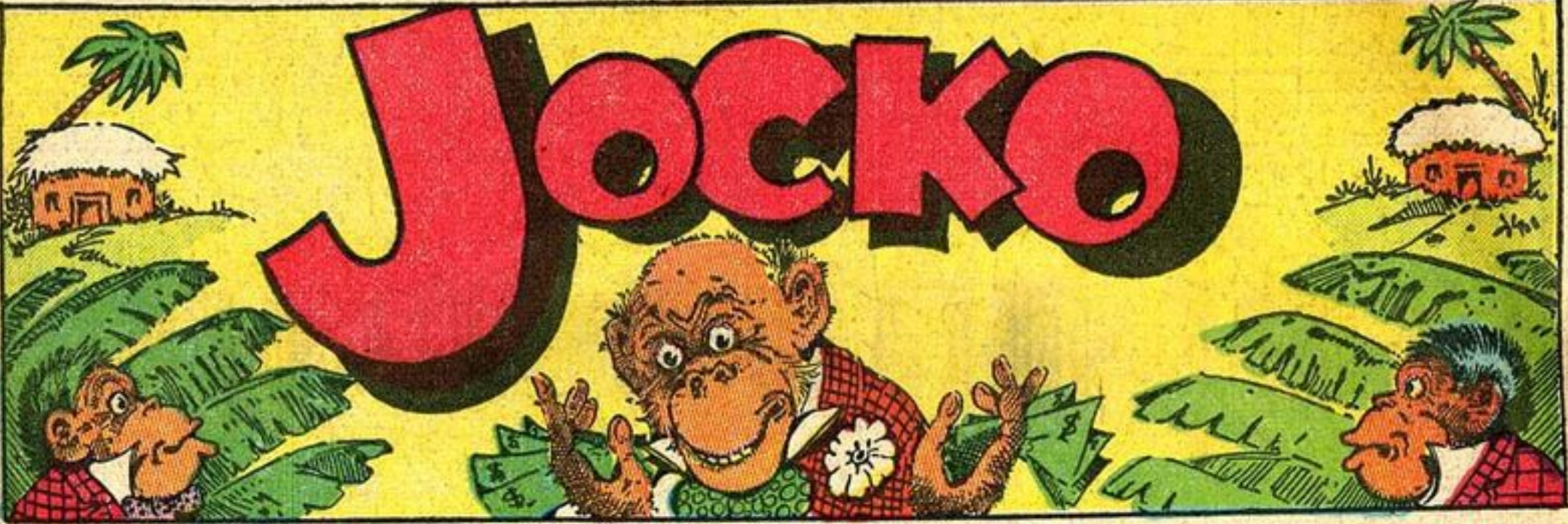


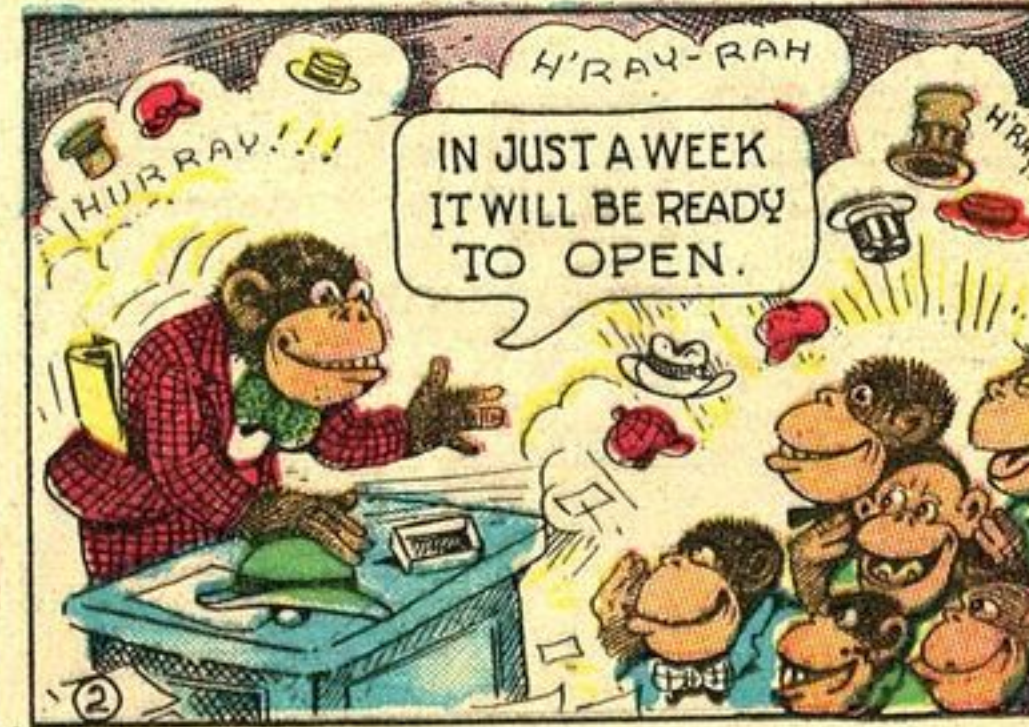
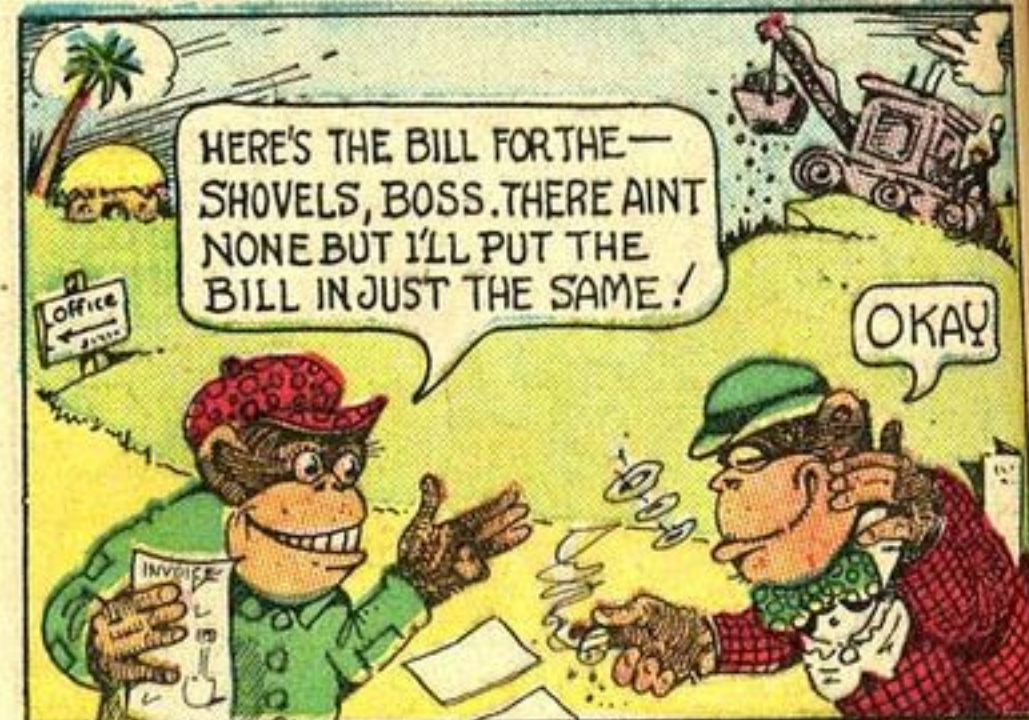
AND SO, WITH THE
GANG DEMOLISHED,
THE COMET FLASHES
AWAY ON ANOTHER
ERRAND OF JUSTICE!

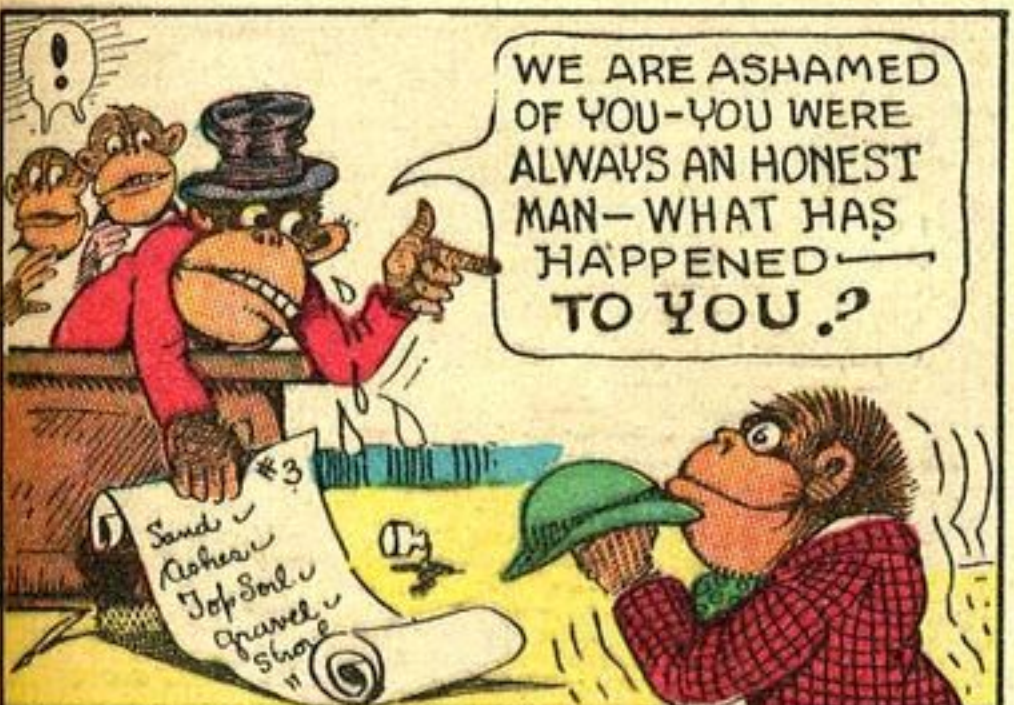
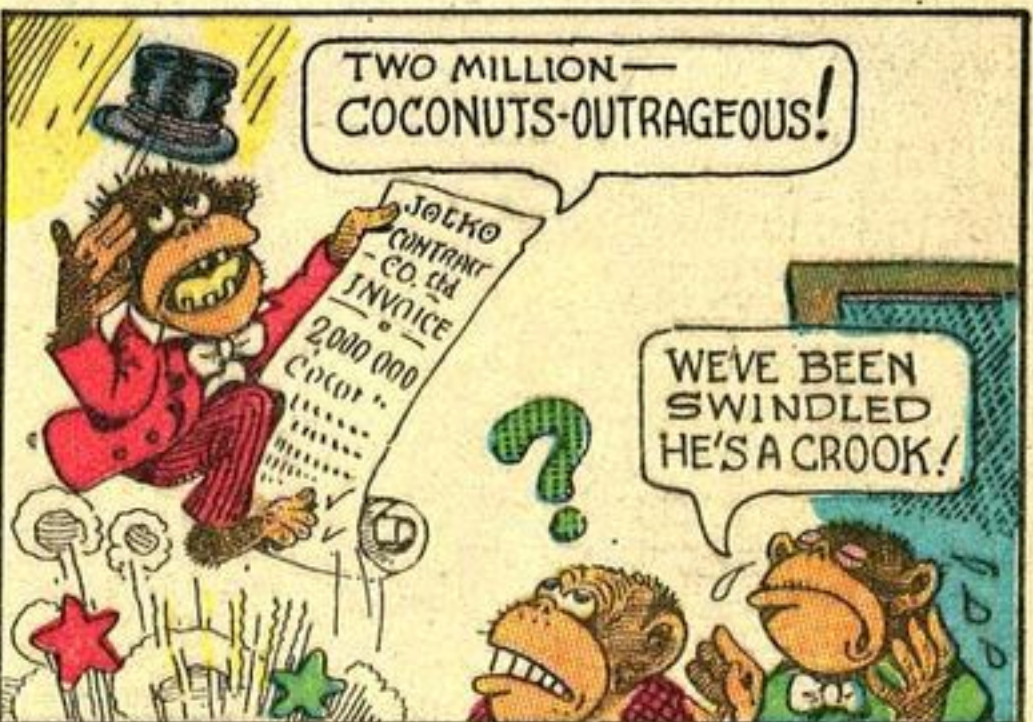
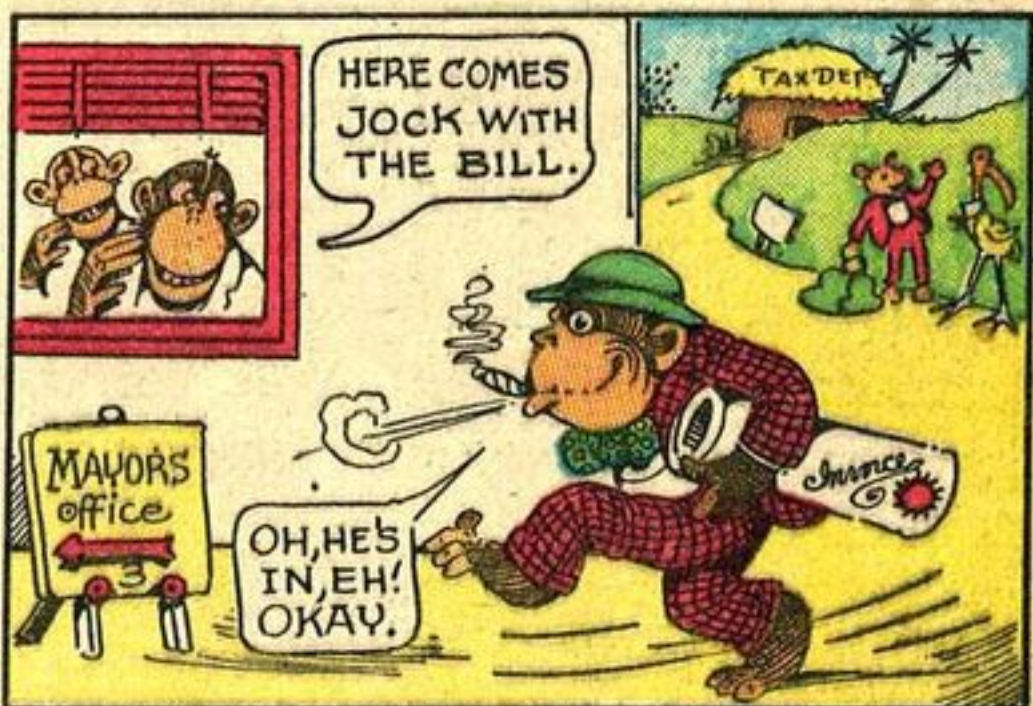
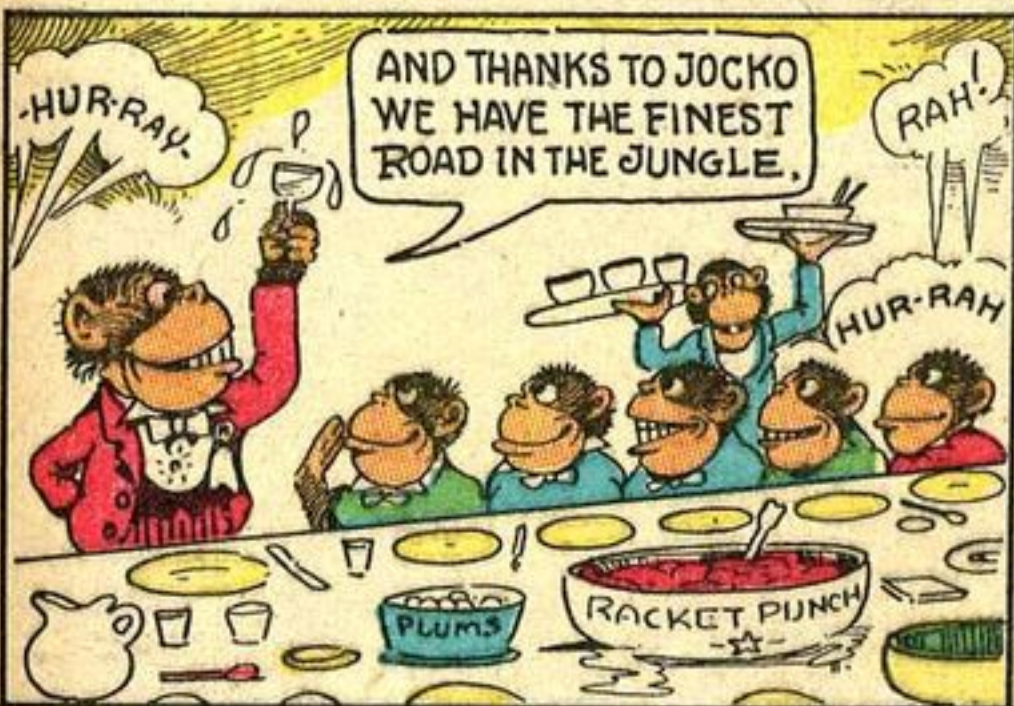
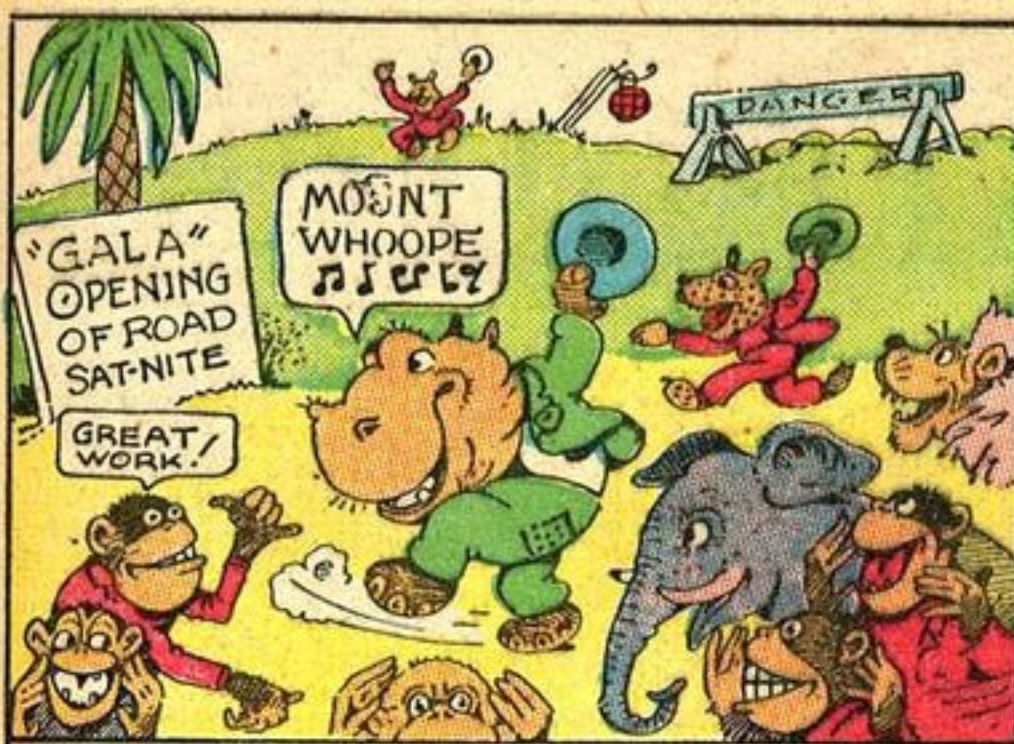


ANOTHER THRILLING "COMET" STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF — PEP COMICS!

Jocko







SERGEANT BOYLE

HENRY "HANK" BOYLE, AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN LONDON, STARTS OUT FOR HOME WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT, BUT HIS SHIP IS TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN U-BOAT. RESCUED, BOYLE JOINS THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, WHERE HE IS MADE A SERGEANT. WE FIND SERGEANT BOYLE AND A FEW BRITISH TOMMIES SOMEWHERE IN NO-MAN'S LAND...



UND I VILL TAKE YOU OUT SAFELY, IF YOU TAKE ME A PRISONER-UND DONT KILL ME.

O.K. BUT ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!



I SAY, SERGEANT, DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE?

SURE IS! THIS GUY'S TOO SCARED TO TRY ANY TRICKS!

DEES VAY-

O.K.



THE GERMAN SOLDIER LEADS THE WAY...

ACH-VAS IST DAS?

LOOK OUT MEN-IT'S A TRAP!



THE PRISONER LEADS THEM INTO A GERMAN TRENCH.

BUT SERGEANT BOYLE LETS GO...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU TWO!!



HERE ARE YOUR GUNS, GENTLEMEN!

UGH!

UGH!



HEARING THE SHOTS, MORE GERMANS COME CHARGING OUT TO THEIR GUNS.

TWAS A NASTY RUMPUS, EH, JOE?

YEAH, BUT WHERE IS BOYLE?

LAST I'D SEEN OF HIM, HE WAS FIGHTING LIKE A WILDCAT! -- DON'T TELL ME THEY GOT HIM!



SERGEANT BOYLE'S FURIOUS ATTACK SENDS THE HUNS TEMPORARILY TO COVER.

LOOK GUYS-I HIT THE JACKPOT, NO SLUGS BUT T.N.T. STICKS AND A SWITCH BOX --





THE GERMAN'S OPEN FIRE AS SERGEANT BOYLE AND HIS MEN GO OVER THE TOP.



AMID RELENTLESS FIRE THE MEN MAKE FOR THE HOLE.



THE EARTH REEKS WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE.



THEY SETTLE DOWN TO WAIT FOR DARKNESS.



WHEN NIGHT FALLS...



SERGEANT BOYLE GOES OVER TO TACKLE THE MACHINE GUN NEST SINGLE HANDED.



DAYBREAK, THE GERMAN'S THINK THE JACKETS AND HELMETS SET UP BY BOYLE, ARE BRITISH SOLDIERS.



THEY DIRECT THEIR FIRE ON THE EMPTY UNIFORMS.

QUICK-FRITZ,
HUGO-THERE
IS ANOTHER!



DAS VILL
STOP HIM!



THE LONE FIGURE
CHARGING TOWARD
THE GERMANS IS
NONE OTHER THAN
-SERGEANT BOYLE.

I'LL STOP THAT
CHATTER BOX!

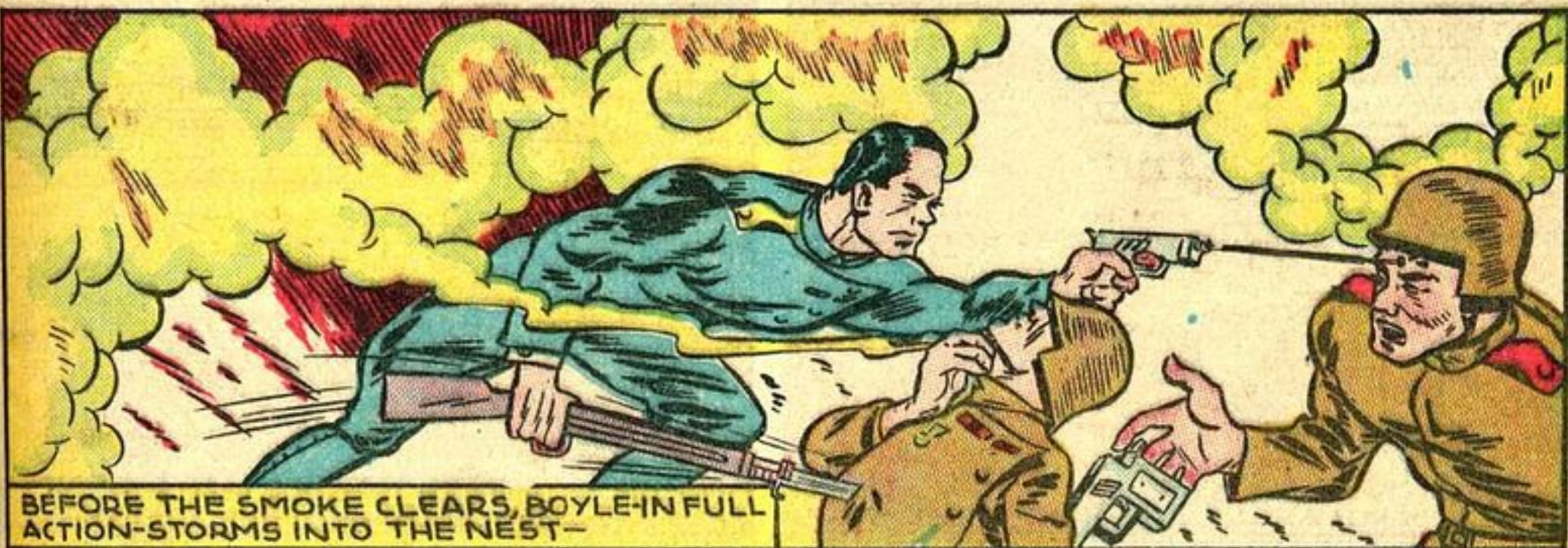


DODGING BULLETS, BOYLE HURLS A GRENADE

UGH!



THE BURSTING GRENADE
MOMENTARILY STOPS
THE ENEMY'S FIRE...



BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARS, BOYLE IN FULL
ACTION-STORMS INTO THE NEST-

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK!

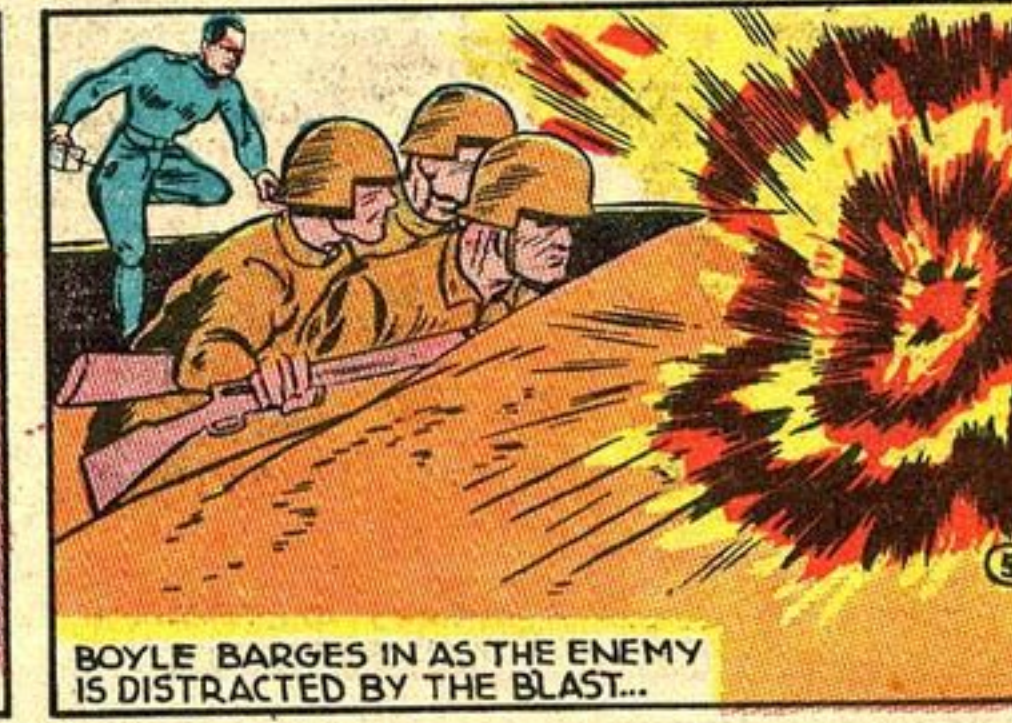
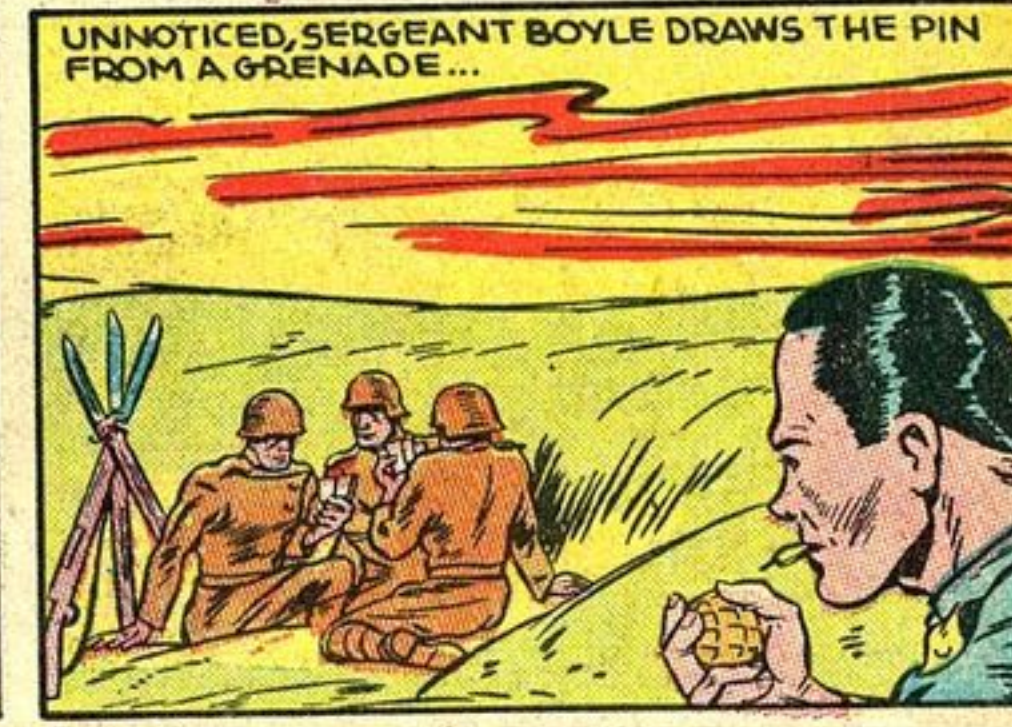
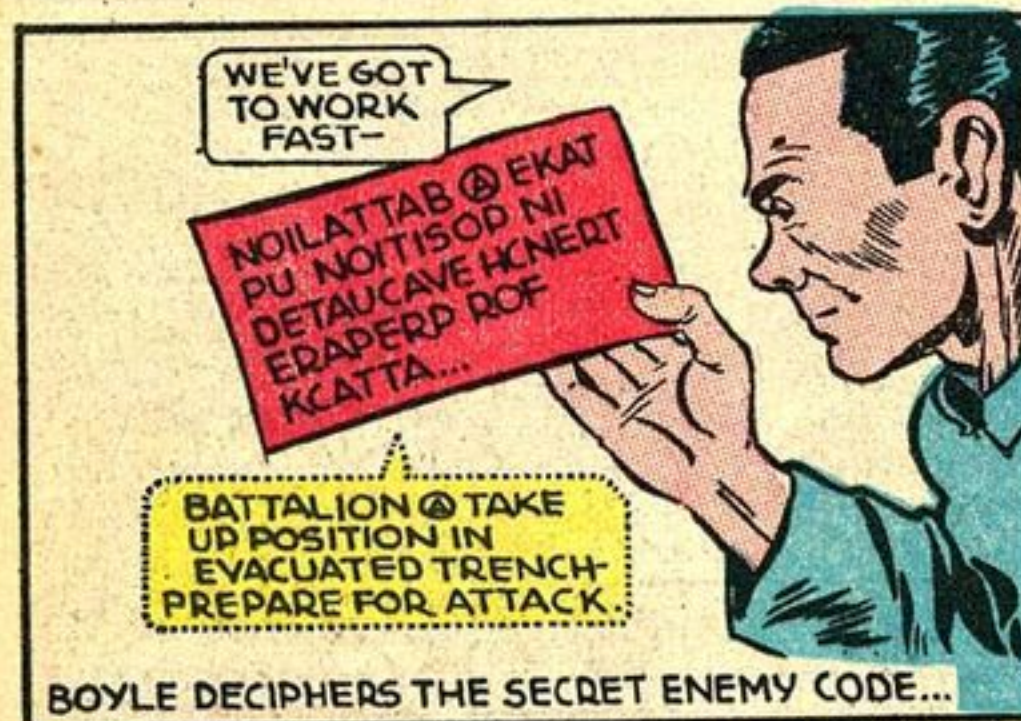


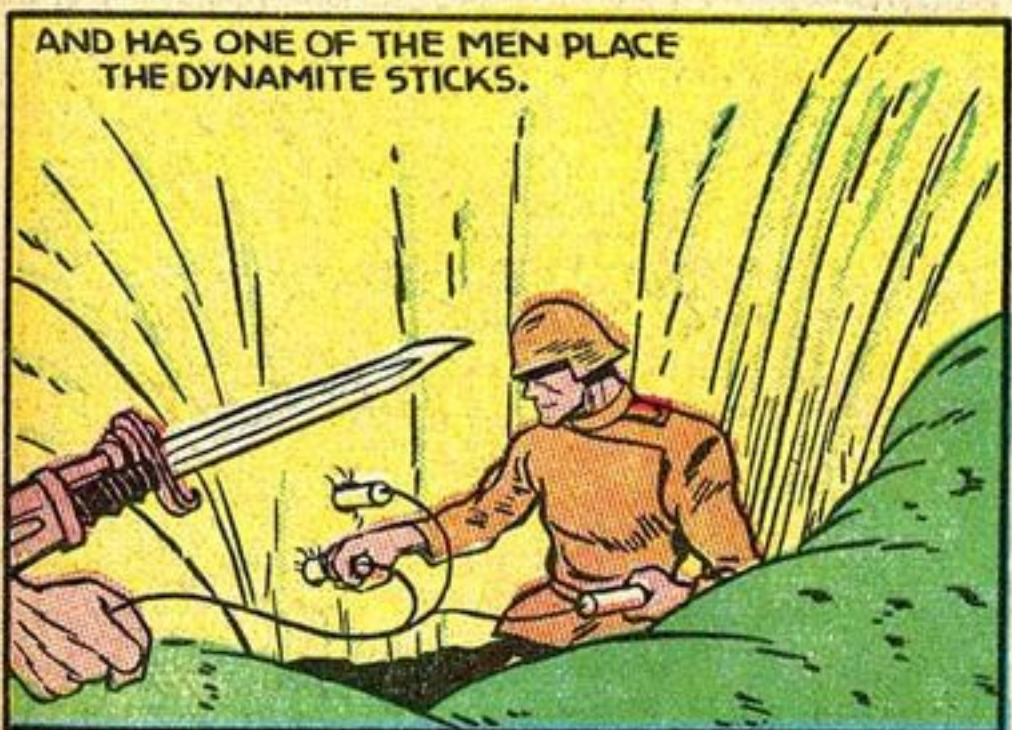
THE MACHINE-GUNNER TRAINS HIS DEADLY
WEAPON ON SERGEANT BOYLE...



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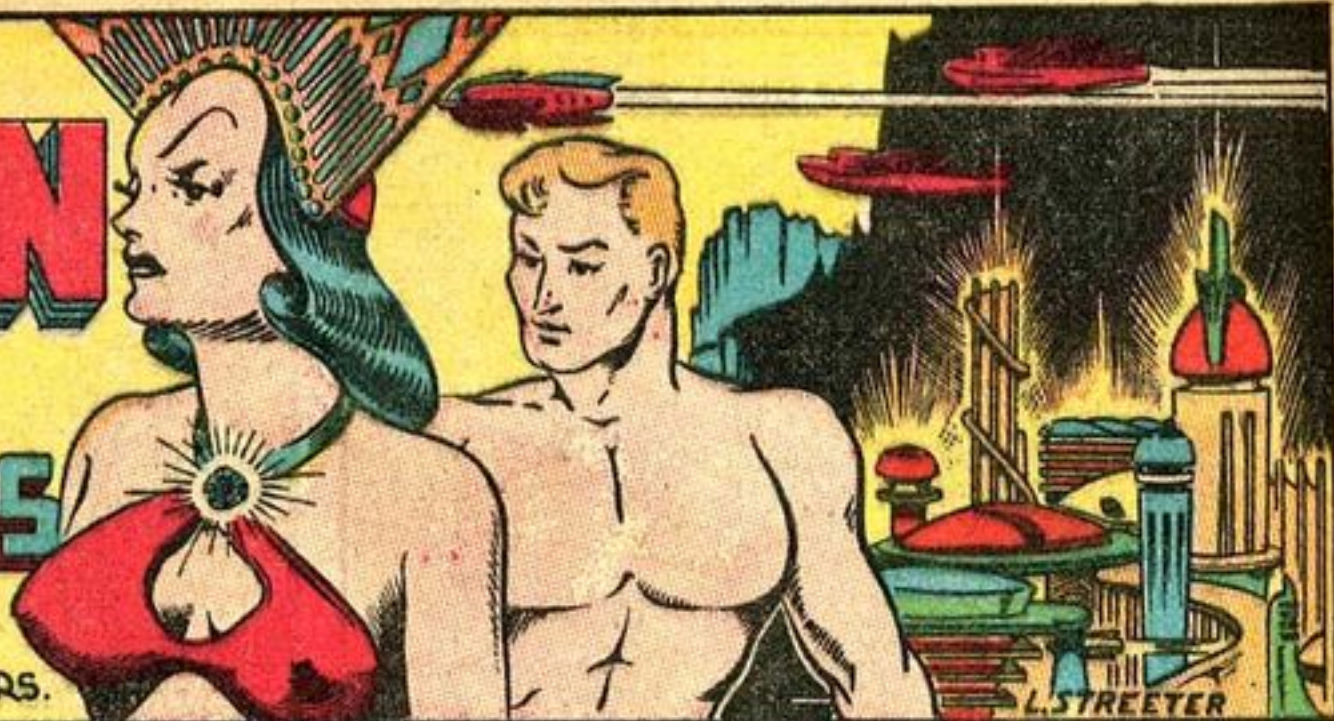
DODGING THE SHOTS-BOYLE'S BULLETS HIT THE
MAGAZINE, EXPLODING THE MACHINE GUN....





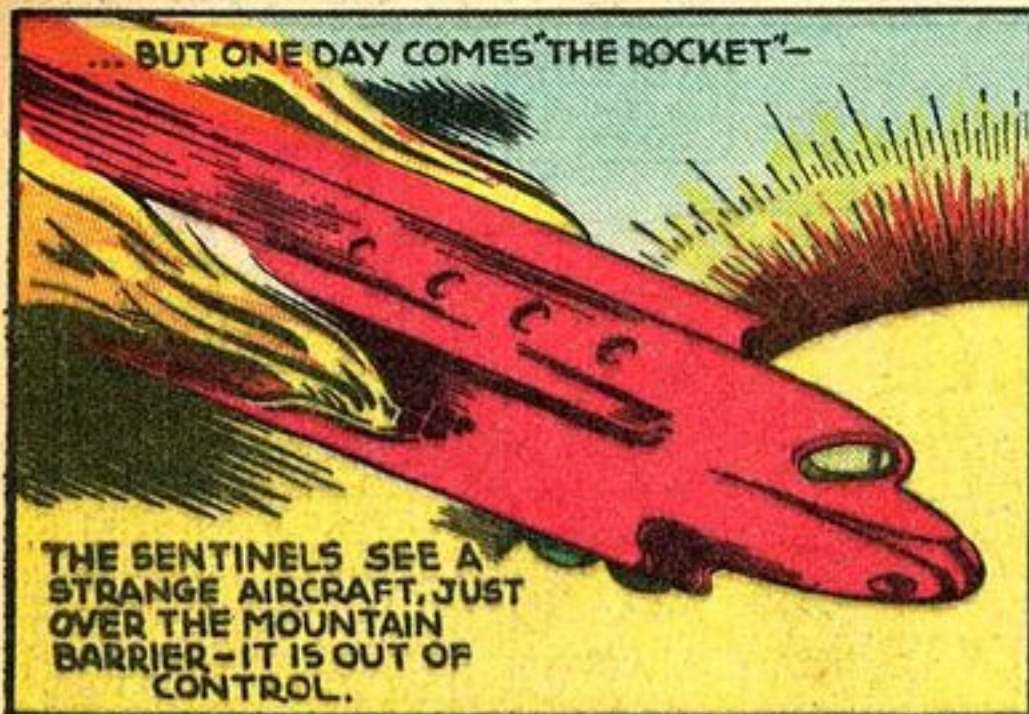
The QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

THE DIAMOND EMPIRE, HIDDEN
WONDER OF THE WORLD, HOLDS ITS
SECRETS BEHIND IMPASSABLE BARRIERS.



L. STREETER

... BUT ONE DAY COMES "THE ROCKET"—



THE SENTINELS SEE A
STRANGE AIRCRAFT, JUST
OVER THE MOUNTAIN
BARRIER—IT IS OUT OF
CONTROL.

THE PILOT'S STILL
ALIVE, GET HIM OUT!



THE SHIP CRASHES IN THE
CENTER OF THE CITY.....

WHO ARE YOU WHO
STREAKS DOWN ON
US LIKE A ROCKET?

THAT'S MY NAME
"THE ROCKET." I COME
FROM A FAR LAND.



THE ROCKET REFUSES TO
REVEAL HIS REAL IDENTITY

WE ALLOW NO STRANGERS
IN THE DIAMOND EMPIRE!

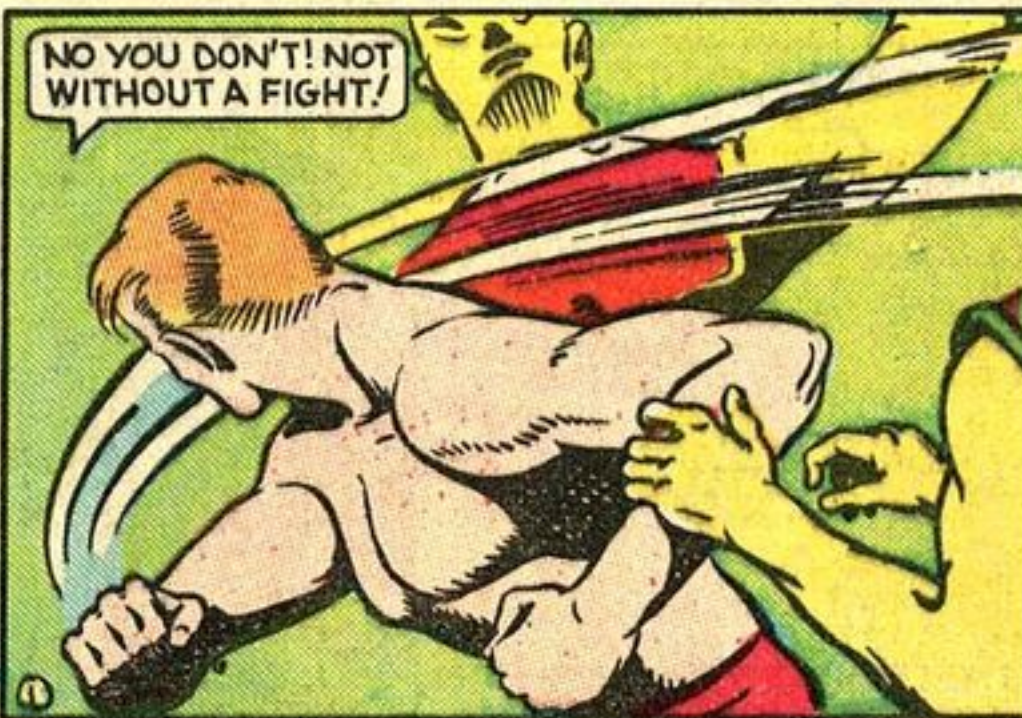
I CAME BECAUSE I'VE
HEARD OF THE GREAT
BEAUTY OF YOUR QUEEN.



DOG! YOU DARE MENTION
OUR QUEEN IN SUCH A FREE
MANNER? MAKE HIM PRISONER



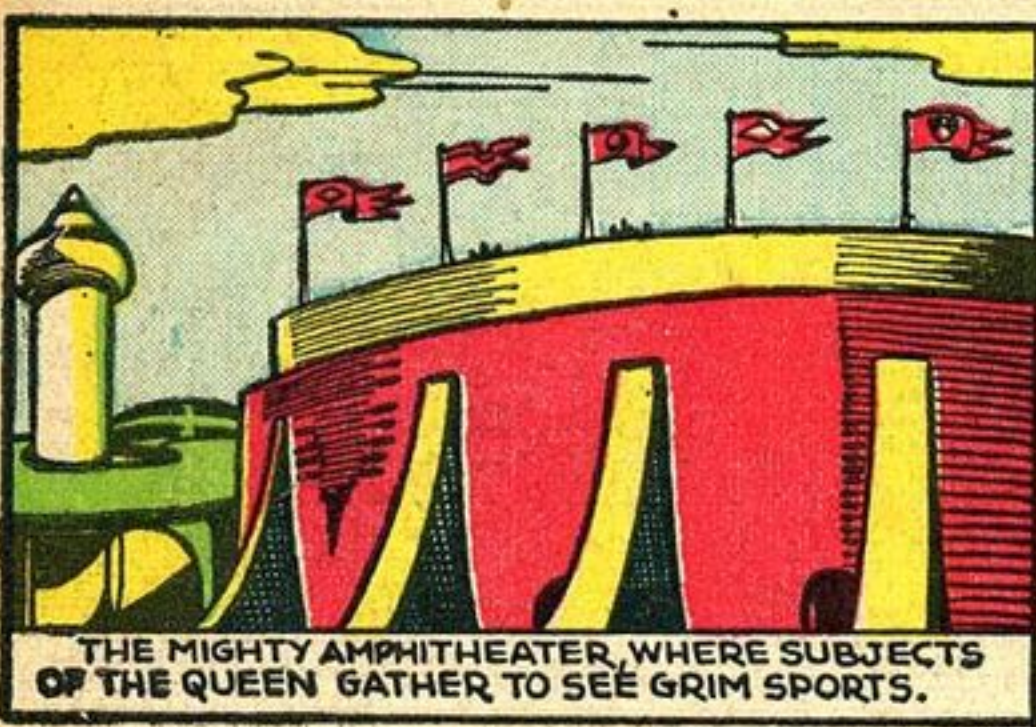
NO YOU DON'T! NOT
WITHOUT A FIGHT!





MANY YEARS AGO, A TALL, POWERFUL WHITE MAN CRASHED HIS ANCIENT AIR-PLANE IN THE SACRED DOMAIN OF DIAMONDS. HIS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE WON THE RESPECT OF THE DIAMONDERS. VON KELTER, THE KING AT THAT TIME, WAS A CRUEL RULER. THE PEOPLE REVOLTED, DETHRONED VON KELTER AND MADE THE STRANGE WHITE MAN KING. THE PRESENT QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FIRST WHITE KING.







YOU FIGHT WELL...
I SPARE YOUR LIFE...

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS
FORCED TO ADMIRE THE STRANGER.



...BUT, MR. ROCKET, YOU
WILL REMAIN MY SLAVE!

I AM ALREADY
YOUR SLAVE, O
BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.



THIS MAN HAS THE
STRENGTH OF A BULL-
NO, AN ELEPHANT!

AND THE ROCKET IS SET TO WORK, HIS MIGHTY
MUSCLES' EQUALING THE FORCE OF GREAT MACHINES



MEANWHILE....
MEMBERS OF THE
VON KELTER CLAN,
THE FAMILY OF
NOBLES WHO RULED
THE DIAMOND
DOMAIN FOR
THOUSANDS OF
YEARS BEFORE
THE COMING OF
THE FIRST WHITE
KING, SECRETLY
PLOT TO OVERTHROW
THE PRESENT
QUEEN'S REGIME.
RADO VON KELTER,
CRUEL AND VICIOUS
LEADER OF THE
CONSPIRATORS,
DESIRES THE CROWN.

WE SHALL KILL
THE QUEEN!

THEN YOU WILL
RULE, VON KELTER.



VON KELTER ENLISTS THE VAGABONDS
OF THE KINGDOM...

REMEMBER, YOU'LL BE
REWARDED WHEN -
THE QUEEN'S DEAD!



-AND THE MURDERERS
IN THE QUEEN'S PRISON.

YOU WILL BE SECRETLY
SET FREE TO HELP US!



AT DAWN OF
THE DAY SET
FOR THE
OUTBREAK...



TAKE THAT, FOOL!

(4)

THE CONSPIRATORS SNEAK UP ON THE LOYAL GUARD.



THE TIME HAS COME!

...AND THE HIDDEN HORDES RUSH FORTH AT THE SIGNAL.



A FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...



THE ROYAL GUARDS, OUTNUMBERED, ARE PREPARED TO DIE FIGHTING...



EVERYWHERE LOYAL SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN ARE BEING KILLED OR DRIVEN AWAY...



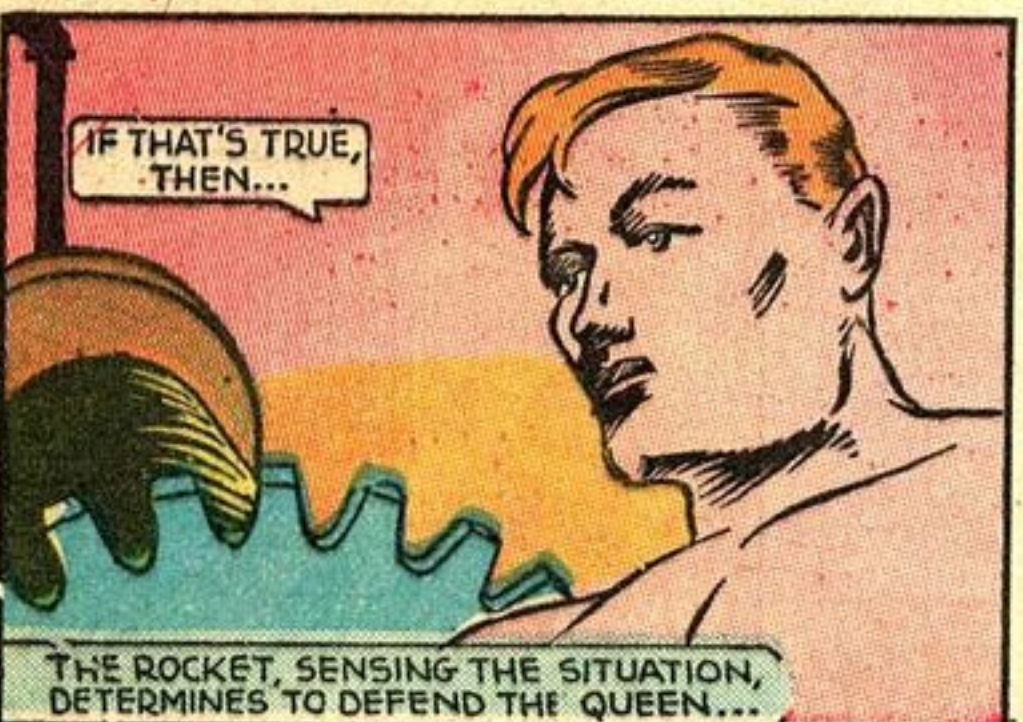
DOWN WITH THE QUEEN!



IN THE PALACE MACHINE ROOMS.

FOOL! THE RULE OF THE QUEEN IS OVER! BETTER JOIN THE FORCES OF VON KELTER!

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?



IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN...

THE ROCKET, SENSING THE SITUATION, DETERMINES TO DEFEND THE QUEEN...



TRAITOR!

-AND GOES INTO ACTION.

THE TRAITOR SUBDUED, THE ROCKET GRABS A DAGGER AND RUSHES TO THE GATE.



GIVE ME THAT PIG STICKER!!

FLY--IT'S THE ROCKET!

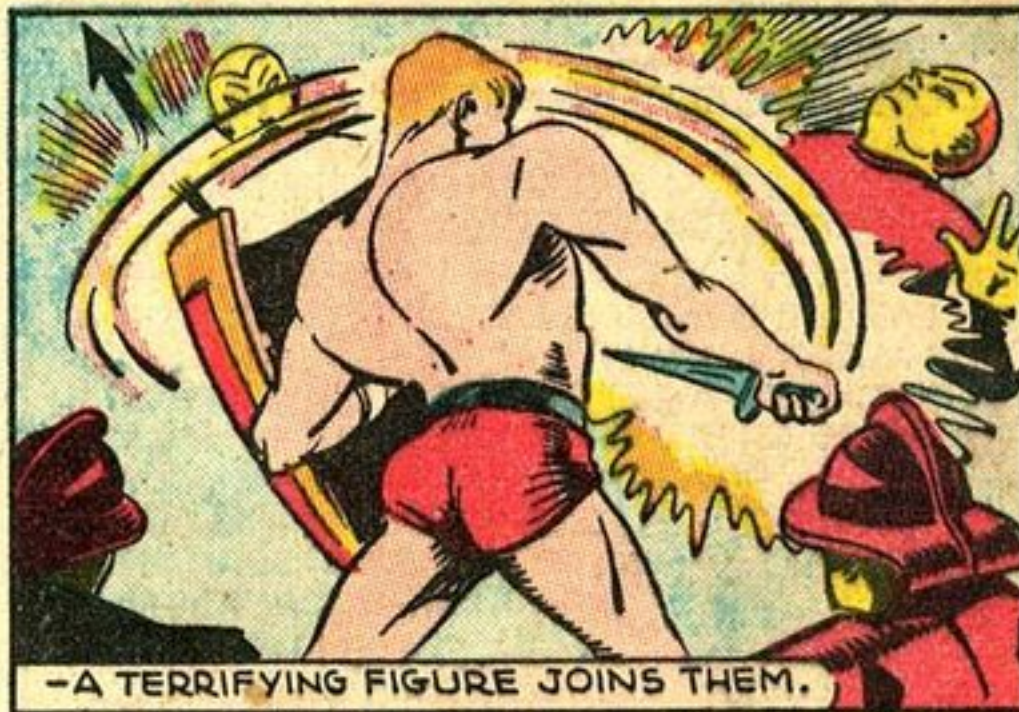


HE STORMS INTO THE HORDE OF CONSPIRATORS.

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS!

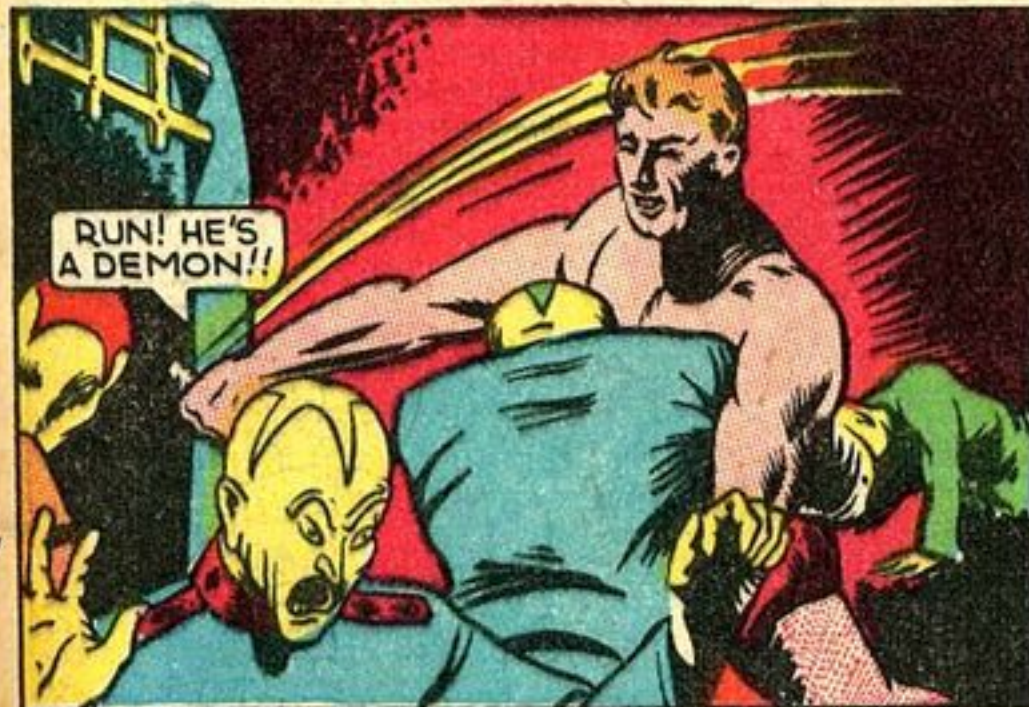


THE QUEEN'S MEN, OUT NUMBERED, FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE, WHEN.....



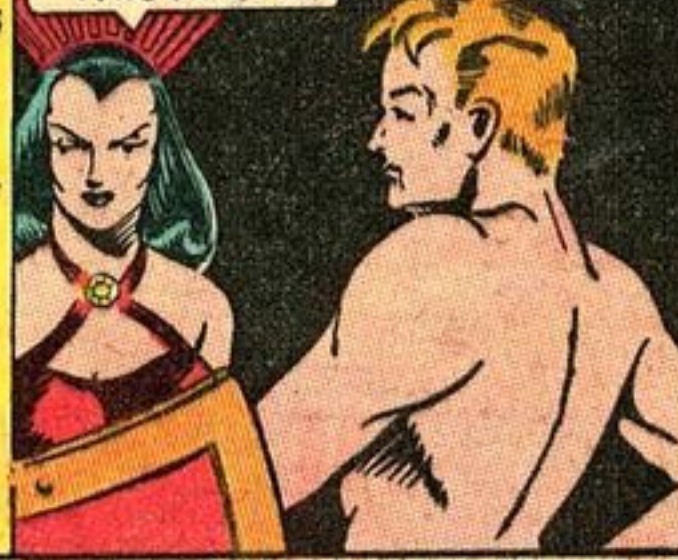
-A TERRIFYING FIGURE JOINS THEM.

RUN! HE'S A DEMON!!



FIGHTING LIKE AN UNLEASHED HURRICANE, THE ROCKET TURNS THE TIDE OF BATTLE. THE QUEEN'S GUARDS RALLY AROUND THE VALIANT STRANGER AND ROUT THE LAST OF THE CONSPIRATORS. RADO VON KELTER IS CAPTURED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE THE CITY AND IS COMMITTED TO PRISON. ORDER IS INSTALLED ONCE AGAIN AND THE QUEEN STILL REIGNS OVER THE DIAMOND DOMAIN.

WHY DID YOU DO THIS FOR ME?



I WAS WILLING TO BE YOUR POOREST SLAVE, BUT NEVER TO SUBMIT TO COWARDLY TRAITORS!

IN THAT CASE...



YOU ARE NO LONGER MY SLAVE, BUT MY CHIEF CAPTAIN AND TRUSTED FRIEND, SIR ROCKET.



BUT WILL RADO VON KELTER GIVE UP HIS FIGHT FOR THE CROWN?- AND WHO IS THE ROCKET?- DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!



FU CHANG, AMERICAN UNIVERSITY-EDUCATED CHINAMAN, MAKES HIS HOME IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.

BECAUSE OF HIS DEVOTION TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHINESE GODS AND BECAUSE HE HAS SWORN HIS LIFE TO AID THE OPPRESSED, SING PO, A FAMOUS MAGICIAN AND DIRECT DESCENDANT OF ALADDIN, UPON HIS DEATH HAD WILLED TO FU CHANG A SET OF MAGIC CHESSMEN. THESE CHESSMEN POSSESS ALL THE MAGIC POWERS OF ALADDIN'S LAMP AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR FU CHANG'S SPECTACULAR SOLUTIONS OF GREAT INTERNATIONAL MYSTERIES.



YOU WILL DO AS I SAY, OR...

RIGHTLY HAVE YOU BEEN NAMED THE DRAGON!



STROLLING THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN, FU CHANG IS AMAZED TO SEE...

TAKE YOUR DEGRADED HANDS FROM THE PERSON OF THE HIGH-BORN TAY MING!



MANY IN CHINATOWN OBEY FU CHANG, BUT THE DRAGON DOES NOT!



BUT, LIKE LIGHTNING, FU CHANG WARDS OFF DEATH, AND THEN...



FLINGS THE DRAGON HEAVILY OVER HIS SHOULDER!

IT IS THE DEEP JOY OF THIS PERSON
THAT HIS HUMBLE EFFORTS HAVE
AIDED THE LOVELY TAY MING.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS FU CHANG
MISUNDERSTOOD--THERE WAS
NO TROUBLE--NO DANGER--

SHE IS IN PERIL
THOUGH SHE SEEKS
TO HIDE IT--WHY?

MINE IS THE POWER
TO REVEAL THIS
INJUSTICE!

LATER--IN A SECRET CELLAR
IN THE HEART OF SAN
FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN...

GREAT GOD OF MY
FOREFATHERS--ALL
THINGS ARE POSSIBLE
WITH YOUR HELP!

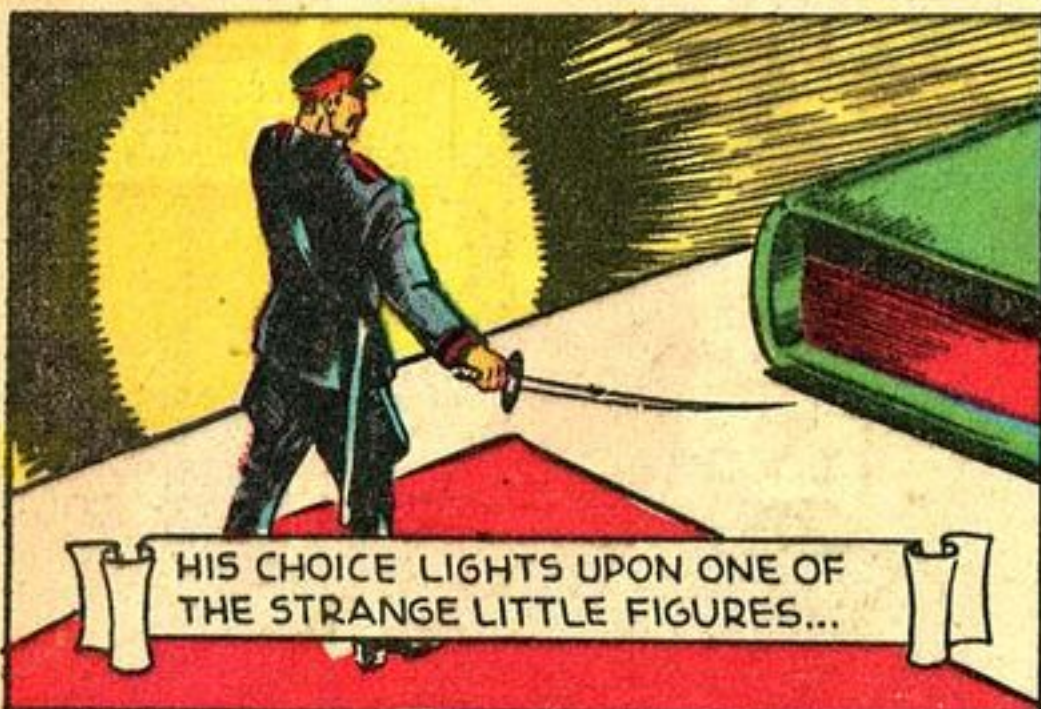
...HE DONS HIS NATIVE GARB.



ONCE AGAIN I SEEK TO
DISCOVER AND RIGHT
A SECRET WRONG!



FU CHANG TURNS HIS ATTENTION
TO THE MAGIC CHESSMEN!



HIS CHOICE LIGHTS UPON ONE OF
THE STRANGE LITTLE FIGURES...



I SUMMON THE WARRIOR
TO HELP ME!



AND THEN THE GRAVEN IMAGE OF FU CHANG'S
GOD STIRS AND AWAKENS!



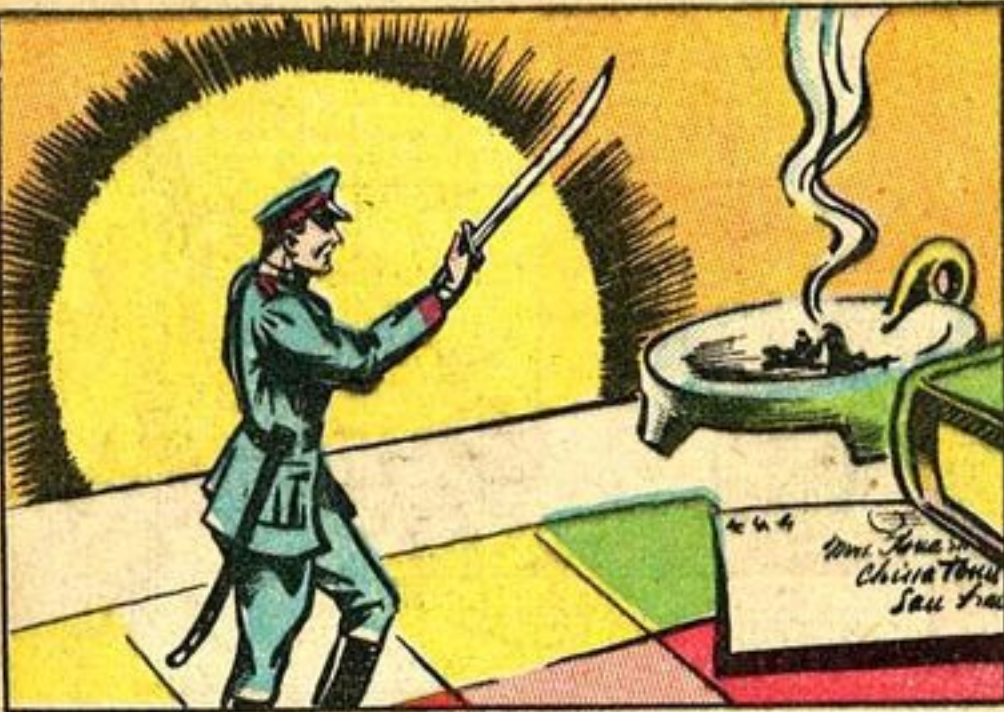
LET IT BE AS
FU CHANG DESIRES!



THE HAND OF
THE GOD MOVES-



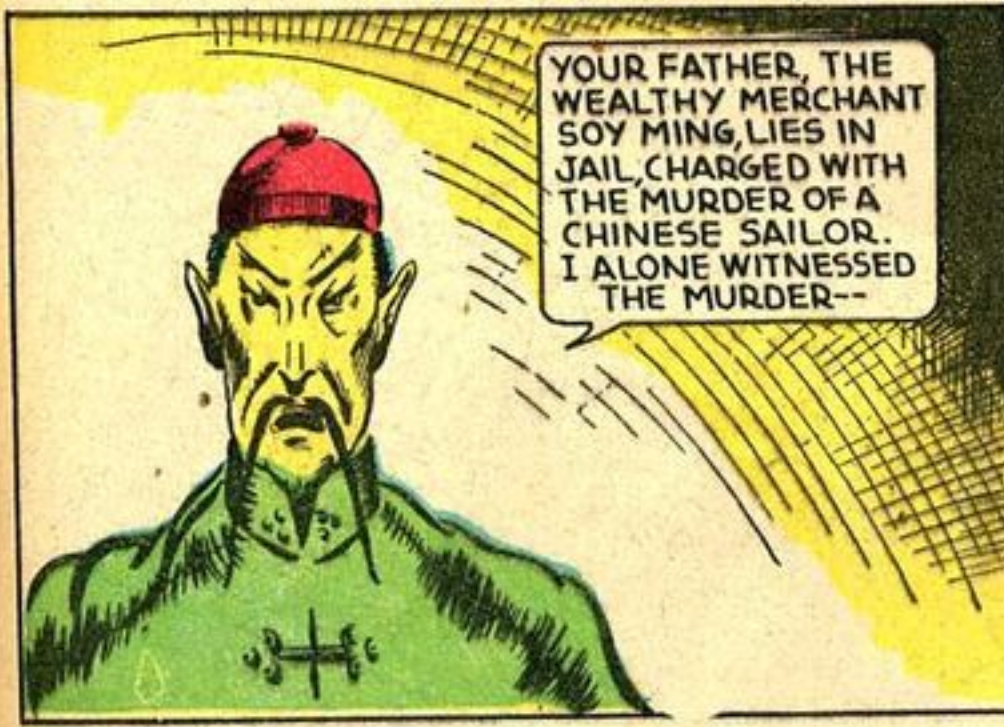
LIVE-AND SERVE
FU CHANG!



SO YOU HAVE
BECOME REASONABLE?

WILL NOTHING
SOFTEN YOUR
HEART? MY--

MEANWHILE AT THE DRAGON'S
HEADQUARTERS, A VISITOR ARRIVES.



YOUR FATHER, THE
WEALTHY MERCHANT
SOY MING, LIES IN
JAIL, CHARGED WITH
THE MURDER OF A
CHINESE SAILOR.
I ALONE WITNESSED
THE MURDER--



AND YOU WILL MARRY ME, OR
I WILL GIVE THE EVIDENCE
THAT WILL DOOM HIM!



I STILL HOPE TO BE SAVED!
I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF
A FRIENDLY POWER!

NOBODY CAN HEAR
US IN THIS ROOM--
NOT EVEN A BIRD
COULD ENTER
WITHOUT MY
KNOWLEDGE!



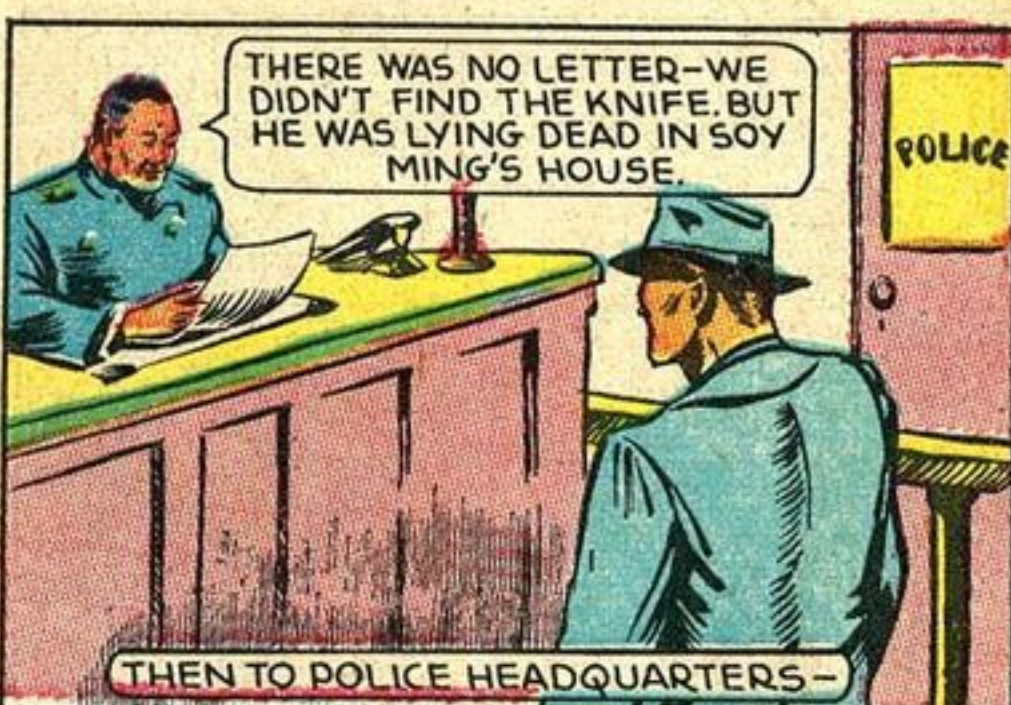
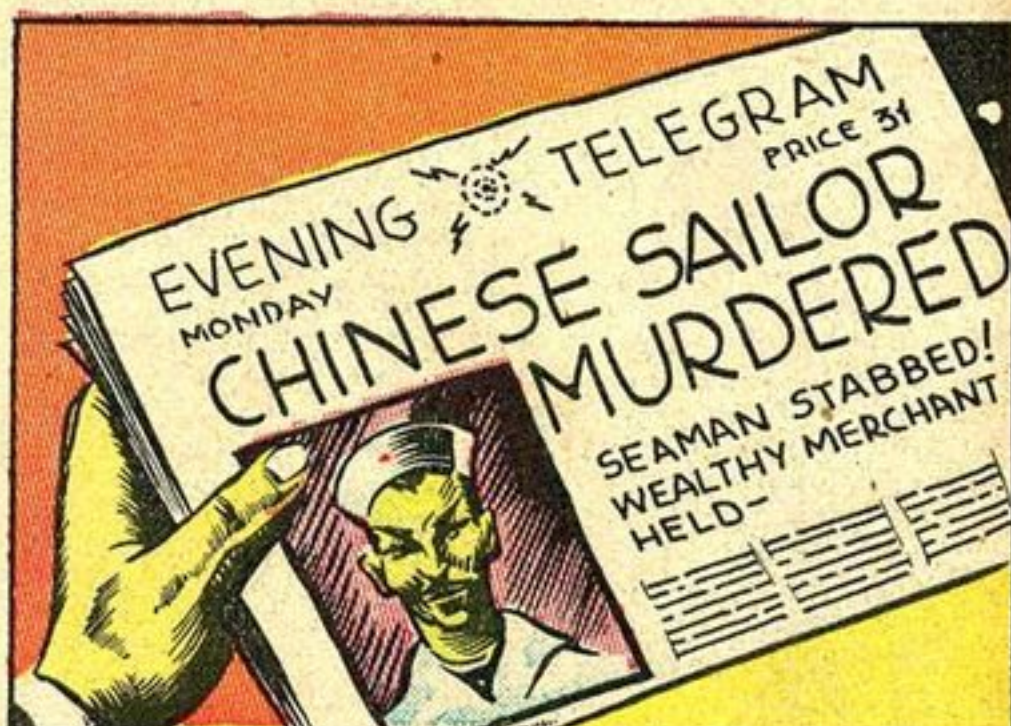
BUT AS THE DRAGON BOASTS, A STRANGER
INDEED OVERHEARS.



CHOOSE, TAY MING! AND
DO NOT HOPE FOR HELP--
NOT EVEN FU CHANG!



THE TINY SPY HAS HEARD ENOUGH,
AND HEADS FOR HOME...



NOW TO PROVE IF
MY GUESS IS CORRECT!



I COME TO PROVE THE
BLACKNESS OF YOUR HEART!



AND INTO THE DRAGON'S DEN HE BURSTS!

YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING!
LEAVE THIS PLACE AND
TAKE THAT SILLY TOY-
MAN WITH YOU.....

NOT SO FAST! MY TINY
HELPER SEEMS TO TELL
ME SOMETHING, LOOK!



YES! HE SAYS THAT YOU
HAVE CONCEALED SOMETHING
BEHIND THAT HANGING.

STAND BACK!!

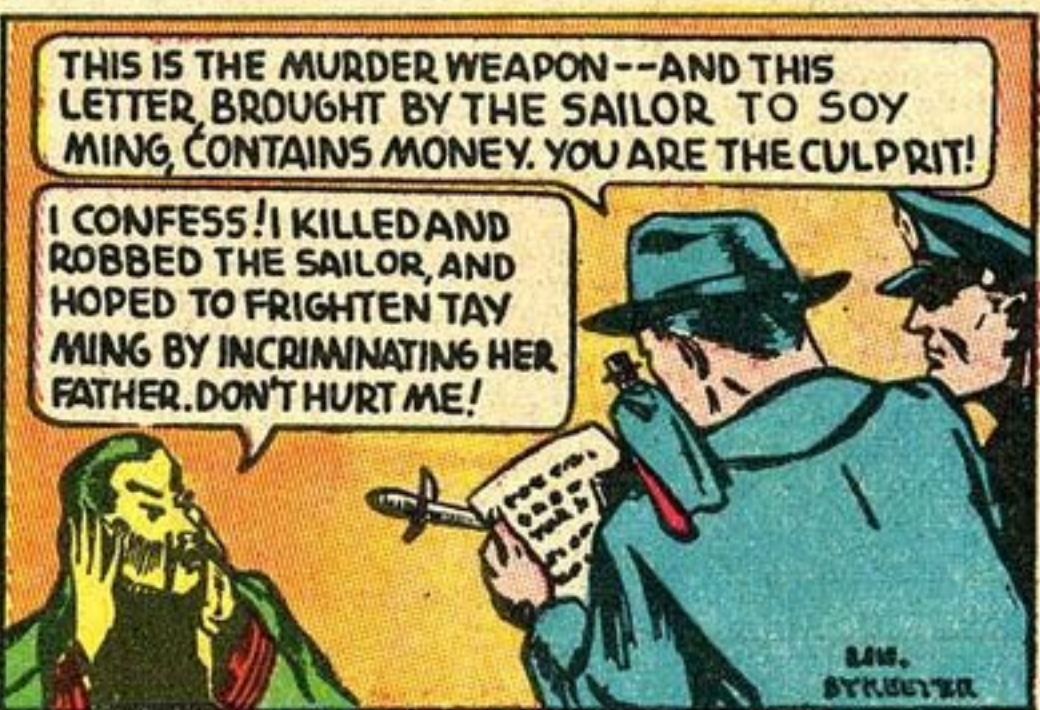


CLIPPED ON THE CHIN BY FU CHANG, THE
DRAGON GRABS THE CURTAIN FOR SUPPORT,
EXPOSING THE LETTER AND MURDER WEAPON!



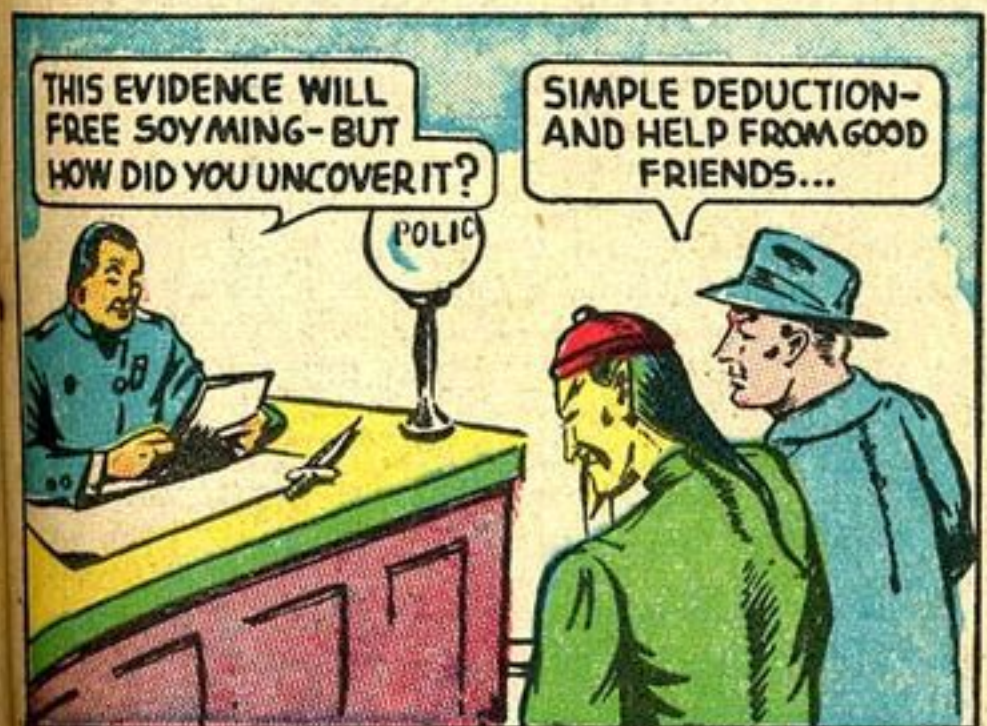
THIS IS THE MURDER WEAPON--AND THIS
LETTER BROUGHT BY THE SAILOR TO SOY
MING, CONTAINS MONEY. YOU ARE THE CULPRIT!

I CONFESS! I KILLED AND
ROBBED THE SAILOR, AND
HOPED TO FRIGHTEN TAY
MING BY INCRIMINATING HER
FATHER. DON'T HURT ME!



THIS EVIDENCE WILL
FREE SOYMING--BUT
HOW DID YOU UNCOVER IT?

SIMPLE DEDUCTION--
AND HELP FROM GOOD
FRIENDS...



HOW CAN I THANK THE
ILLUSTRIOUS AND
SUPERLATIVE FU CHANG?

BY ALLOWING
ME TO SERVE
TAY MING.



ANOTHER THRILLING **FU CHANG**
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF **PEP COMICS!**

MURDERER'S BREW

BY WILL HARR



Through five blizzard torn hours, Dr. Frank Landry nursed his monoplane. He was a new, modern kind of backwoods doctor who used a plane to reach his far flung patients.

Landry banked and swooped low over a pine forest that he was barely able to distinguish through the swirling snow. Then he saw Pierre Ambot's cabin at the edge of the forest and mentally patted the instruments by which he had gauged his flying.

He set the plane down on a level portion of ground that he used every time he visited crabbed, old Pierre. The skis hit the snow, jarred the plane once and then settled down evenly as he taxied across the field. He shut off the motor, left his helmet and goggles on to help him walk through the blizzard and got out. He took his black bag and began to hike. It was about fifteen minutes march to the cabin.

As he neared it, he frowned. There was no spiral of smoke coming from the chimney and certainly Pierre wasn't abroad in this storm. Yet if he was inside—why not the spiral of smoke?

As he neared the cabin, he wiped snow off his goggles and saw that the door was partly open. Landry began running as best he could through the drifts. He flung the cabin door wide and gave a cry of horror. Someone had slit Pierre's throat from ear to ear!

The body was still warm, indicating that the crime was very recent for the intense cold would have long since cast the body in stiff lines of rigor mortis. Landry made a very brief examination and then hurried to a small shed at the rear of the cabin. As he expected, the cache of fine furs was gone.

Landry closed the door of the cabin, shielded his face against the wind whipped flakes of snow and set out due north. Chabot's cabin was scarcely a mile away and Landry wondered if he'd find the same grisly reception.

Upon reaching the cabin he shook off the mountain of snow which accumulated on his shoulders, then stepped inside.

Chabot leaped to his feet. "The good Doctor," he cried in genuine pleasure. "You 'ave been in trouble, no? Your plane she come down in the storm?"

"No," Landry answered, removing his coat. "I set her down near Ambot's cabin. He's dead—murdered—and his cache of furs has been stolen. Have you seen anything of strangers, Chabot?"

"No—nothing out of the way, docteur. But I have heard that two men prowl like wolves and prey on lonely trappers. Me—I would not like to see them for I have five thousand dollars worth of silver fox in my cache. You think they will come here?"

"I don't know," Landry said and rubbed his hands in front of the stove. "The fact that they struck so close to you—and such a short time ago, might make it wise to lock up."

"Yes—at once." Chabot removed a modern rifle from two pegs on the wall. He quickly pumped a shell into the firing chamber and then locked the door. As he turned away a sharp knock came on the door.

Chabot reached for the heavy cross bar to slide it back. There was a crash behind them. They turned swiftly and looked into the muzzle of a forty-five pistol that was thrust through the broken window. Behind it was a sharp featured man with a coon-skin cap that almost covered his face.

"So," he snarled, "you were ready for us, no? That is too bad. Now open the door, but first—drop your guns—or my little pet will speak and you may not like her language."

Landry and Chabot let their weapons fall to the floor. Chabot slid back the bar and the door was thrust open by a chunky, grinning devil who held a rifle ready.

"I have them, Boileau," he smiled thinly. "Come around to the door and enter Ah—it is the Doctor with Chabot. Keep the hands up—like that. Chabot—I have heard you have fine furs this season, no?"

Chabot did not reply. The thin one called Boileau entered after a few moments, shook the snow off his coat and unbuttoned it. He grinned at Chabot.

"The furs I have found, mon ami. Truly you are a great trapper. They will bring a good price at the settlement."

Denault, the second killer, sniffed the air and licked his lips. "Ah—there is food. We are hungry, Doctor—and you will prepare us food at once."

Landry snapped, "You can starve to death for all of me. I won't feed murderers."

"Then—maybe—the great Chabot will do it, yes? Boileau—I leave it to you. See that we are fed."

Boileau touched Chabot's throat with the point of a knife and the stinging pain seemed to set off the inferno within the trapper's heart. With a bel-low of rage he swept his chair away, jabbed out one short armed blow that caught Boileau just over the heart and sent him reeling backward.

Instantly the other killer swung his rifle around and fired pointblank. Chabot stopped in his mad rush, doubled up and grasped his stomach like a man afflicted with acute indigestion. Then his thick legs slowly buckled under him and he slid to the floor without a sound.

Denault swung his rifle toward Landry. "You will prepare the food," the killer snarled. "Or would you prefer to dine on a dinner of lead, Doctor?"

Landry didn't answer. He sliced chunks of bacon, threw them into a pan and then mixed corn meal. Finally he served the food and the two men wolfed it.

"I'm going to look at Chabot," Landry said. He hasn't made a sound since you shot him. He may be dead."

"So," Denault growled, "that is nothing to me. But you are the Doctor. See for yourself. If he is not dead—then I will slit his throat!"

Landry's lips went tight, but he turned away. The two killers watched him narrowly as he knelt beside Chabot and gently raised him. Chabot groaned and opened his eyes, but a moment later he lapsed back into unconsciousness again.

Landry arose. "I'm going to give him a drink of whiskey," he said. "It will warm him—perhaps rouse him from the stupor."

"Whiskey?" Denault's eyes flashed. "But whiskey is better for healthy men, Doctor. Get it at once!"

Landry opened his kit and removed a bottle. Boileau stepped up and snatched it, slapping the doctor across the face with the back of his hand as he did so. Landry tensed to spring but Denault swung his gun menacingly. The two killers finished the whiskey and hurled the empty bottle into a corner.

Then Boileau turned to Landry. "Because of your hospitality we have decided not to kill you," he said with a crooked smile. "But of course we tie you up so you cannot run to the Mounties."

As he finished talking, he tripped Landry and swept down on him before he could arise. He tied his wrists and ankles and then doubled him up cruelly by passing a rope around his neck and drawing it tight beneath his knees. Denault nodded his approval. Boileau hummed a French tune as he tied the unconscious Chabot.

Denault dumped a pail of water on the burning wood in the stove, extinguishing the fire completely. He opened the cabin door, shoved a thin piece of wood under it so that there was no chance of its closing accidentally. He turned around in the doorway and bowed.

"Goodbye, Doctor. It may be chilly here, but at least you cannot say we were unmerciful."

Landry gritted his teeth in anger. Denault laughed, called to Boileau who was busy stowing Chabot's furs on a dog sled. Landry heard Denault sing out to the dogs and they were off.

Landry inched his way to where his medicine kit rested on a chair. He knocked the chair over and the contents of the bag spilled out. He found a keen scalpel, but the position of his wrists prevented him from using it on his own ropes. He had to awaken Chabot somehow.

He rolled over until he was able to clasp a bottle of ammonia. He inched his way to Chabot's side, then worked the cork of the bottle free. He raised himself up a little and dropped the bottle of ammonia on the trapper's chest.

Not able to saw his own bonds with the scalpel, Landry managed to cut through the ropes which held Chabot. Chabot coughed and stirred as the fumes spread. His eyes opened.

"Chabot," Landry said softly. "You must get me free so that I can save you. Take this knife, hold it firmly and cut—cut, Chabot!"

The trapper obeyed clumsily, slowly. As the blade slit through the last strand of rope, Chabot lapsed back into unconsciousness.

Landry tore the ropes from around him. He arose, chafed his wrists a moment and then lifted Chabot to the table. He made a fire, heated water and scrubbed. Thirty minutes later he rolled down his shirt cuffs. Chabot was awake now and feeling better. Landry held a bullet between his fingers.

"Dug it out, all right," he told Chabot. "You're weak from loss of blood. If I can get you to my plane—"

"Near Ambot's cabin?" Chabot sighed. "You can-



not carry me that far, Doctor. I am heavy—two hundred and thirty pounds."

"A dog sled will do it," Landry said. "I'll go get one."

He drew on his coat, helmet and goggles. He picked up Chabot's rifle, waved to him and vanished through the door.

"The good Doctor has gone mad," Chabot said. "There is no dog sled within a hundred miles. He cannot land his plane any closer to my cabin than it is now. I am doomed and he has gone crazy!"

Then Chabot heard Landry's voice sing out a command to the dogs and one of them yelped. A few moments and Landry pulled up, riding the runners of a dog sled. Crammed into the sled itself was Denault and Boileau, both covered with bales of fur. Landry came in and grinned at Chabot.

"Our two murdering friends will remain here while I take you to the nearest post. Then I will send the Mounties for them."

"But," Chabot cried in astonishment. "it is their own sled. Why did they stop? Why did they not shoot you?"

Landry was busy tying the two men up. "They were fast asleep, Chabot. That bottle of whiskey did the trick. It was Ambot's medicine. He refused to take medicine for his insomnia, and so I put a sleeping potion in the whiskey. One ounce was Ambot's dose, but these killers finished off the whole bottle. I knew that before they got far they would fall asleep. My medicine became—a murderer's brew!"

BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD

IN LONDON THE NIGHT WAS CLEAR AND CALM—
AND NOBODY WAS PREPARED FOR THE
MAYFAIR MONSTER.

AS BRENDA JOYCE WALKS DOWN A QUIET STREET, THE
HIDEOUS FIGURE OF A WEREWOLF SNEAKS UP BEHIND HER.



WITHOUT WARNING, THE
MONSTER STRIKES!



LET GO OF
THAT GIRL!

BUT BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE A DEATH
BLOW, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND
YARD APPEARS ON THE SCENE.



ENRAGED, THE MONSTER TURNS ON BENTLEY.



BENTLEY BRINGS HIS HEAVY CANE
CRASHING DOWN ON THE HEAD OF
THE MONSTER, BUT IT BREAKS IN TWO.

CLANG!



WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE
MONSTER SPRINGS AT BENTLEY.





BENTLEY DIGS HIS FOOT INTO THE MONSTER'S STOMACH AND...



...THROWS THE CREATURE OVER HIS HEAD.



THE SHAGGY WEREWOLF TAKES A HEAVY FALL!



HURT AND BEATEN, THE MONSTER SLINKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.



H'MM / SHE MUST BE PARALYZED WITH FEAR!



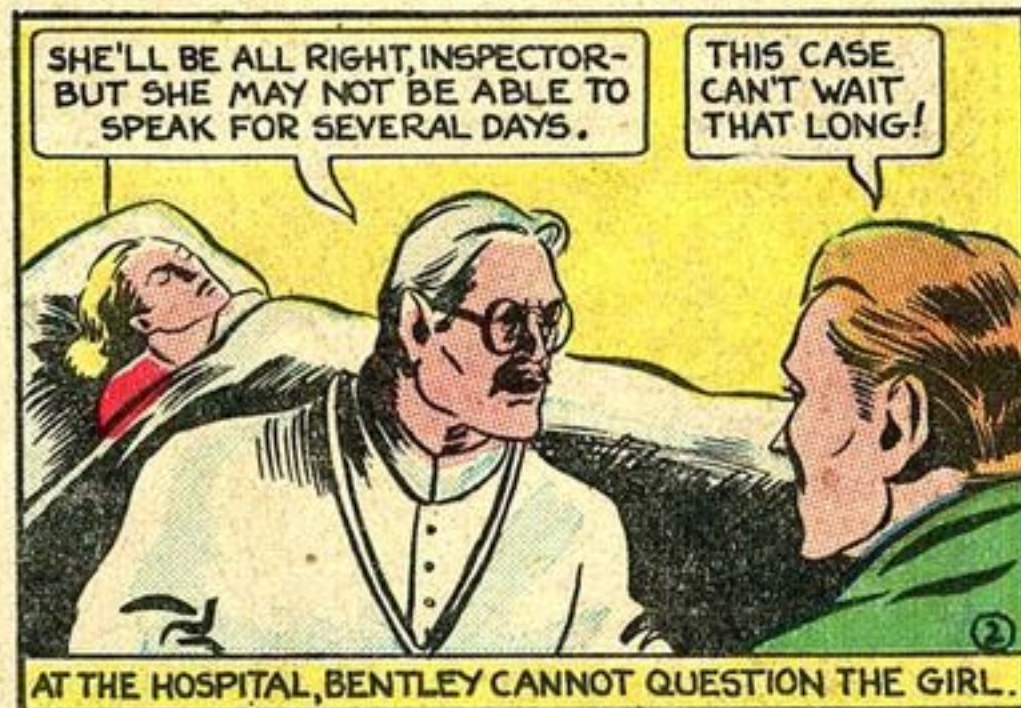
DON'T BE ALARMED. I'M A POLICE OFFICER - INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.

IT - IT WAS THE MAYFAIR MONSTER!



THE GIRL FAINTS IN BENTLEY'S ARMS.

POOR GIRL! WHAT A FRIGHT! I'LL RUSH HER TO A HOSPITAL!



SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR - BUT SHE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SPEAK FOR SEVERAL DAYS.

THIS CASE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!

AT THE HOSPITAL, BENTLEY CANNOT QUESTION THE GIRL.

EVEN THOUGH THE VICTIM CAN'T SPEAK, COMMISSIONER, I THINK I CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE INVESTIGATION!

HAVE YOU GOT A CLUE, BENTLEY?



NEXT MORNING, BENTLEY ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF SCOTLAND YARD.

SHE HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BRENDA JOYCE, WEALTHY WARD OF SIR RUPERT NAPIER, OF MAYFAIR. SHE CALLED HER ASSAILANT - THE MAYFAIR MONSTER.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS ABOUT THAT MONSTER?



YES - THE CLUE IS THAT I BROKE MY STICK OVER ITS HEAD WITHOUT HURTING IT!

SOUNDS LIKE A WEREWOLF!



YOU KNOW THE WEREWOLF LEGEND - A MAN WITH MAGIC POWERS IS ABLE TO TAKE ON WOLF-LIKE FORM AND FEROCITY.

WELL, THIS WEREWOLF DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT JIU JITSU!



I GAVE MR. WEREWOLF ONE TUMBLE - I MAY PIN HIM DOWN PERMANENTLY!



YES, THIS IS SIR RUPERT'S RESIDENCE. WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING, SIR?

INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.



BENTLEY SEEKS OUT SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S TOWN HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE EXCLUSIVE MAYFAIR DISTRICT.

JOLLY GLAD YOU CAME, INSPECTOR. HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY POOR WARD, BRENDA?

SHE IS AT THE HOSPITAL, DOING WELL, SIR RUPERT!



SHE SAID SOMETHING BEFORE SHE FAINTED - SOMETHING ABOUT A MAYFAIR MONSTER.



MAYFAIR MONSTER?
FANTASTIC!

QUITE SO - FANTASTIC!
-AND THIS CURIOUS
OLD BOOK...?



BENTLEY TAKES A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY SHELF.

I SAY, THIS IS A BOOK
OF LEGENDS. SEE, HERE'S
A CHAPTER ABOUT THE
WEREWOLF!

YES, MY WARD'S
BOOK. SHE STUDIES
SUCH THINGS.



RIGHT ENOUGH! IT
SAYS HERE, "TO DEAR
BRENDA, FROM HER
GODFATHER."

THAT'S MYSELF. I GAVE IT
TO HER. IF I'D GUESSED
THAT HER IMAGINATION
WOULD BE STIRRED UP
LIKE THIS, I'D HAVE BURNED
THE BOOK FIRST!



YES, PERHAPS HER WORDS
WERE ONLY IMAGINATION -
BUT SHE WAS FOUND LYING
ALONE AND WOUNDED IN
THE STREET, YOU KNOW.

REALLY? I HEARD THAT
THE MONSTER WAS
DRIVEN OFF BY YOU
YOURSELF, INSPECTOR.



NO - IT WAS ONLY AN IDLE
RUMOR, SIR RUPERT. SHE WAS
FOUND AFTER THE MONSTER
WAS GONE. I MUST GO NOW.



BENTLEY PAUSES IN THE OUTER HALL TO ADMIRE SIR
RUPERT'S PAINTINGS.



A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM CAUSES HIM TO TURN
SUDDENLY AND SEE...



...THE HORRIBLE MONSTER CHARGING DOWN ON HIM.



THE MONSTER DOWNS THE INSPECTOR WITH A BLOW.



ALTHOUGH STUNNED, BENTLEY HEARS A PISTOL SHOT.



INSPECTOR BENTLEY,
ARE YOU BADLY
HURT?

I DON'T THINK SO.
WHAT BECAME OF
THE MONSTER?



...AND A MOMENT LATER SIR RUPERT APPEARS
AND KNEELS OVER THE INSPECTOR.

I JUST HAPPENED TO FOLLOW
YOU INTO THE HALL. I SAW
THE ATTACK AND DROVE THE
THING AWAY BY SHOOTING.

SAY NOTHING OF
THE MATTER JUST
NOW, SIR RUPERT.
THANK YOU FOR
YOUR HELP!



AGAIN INSPECTOR BENTLEY GOES TO THE HOSPITAL. WITH
A PLAN IN HIS MIND, HE SEEKS THE DOCTOR'S COOPERATION.

I THINK MY PLAN WILL
WORK, DOCTOR. PLEASE
CALL SIR RUPERT
IMMEDIATELY.

I SHALL DO SO AT
ONCE, INSPECTOR.



SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S RESIDENCE?
DOCTOR TRENT SPEAKING. LET ME
TALK TO SIR RUPERT, PLEASE.



WE'RE SENDING MISS
BRENDA HOME TO YOU.
SHE IS FEELING MUCH
BETTER!

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR. THAT
IS VERY
GRATIFYING!



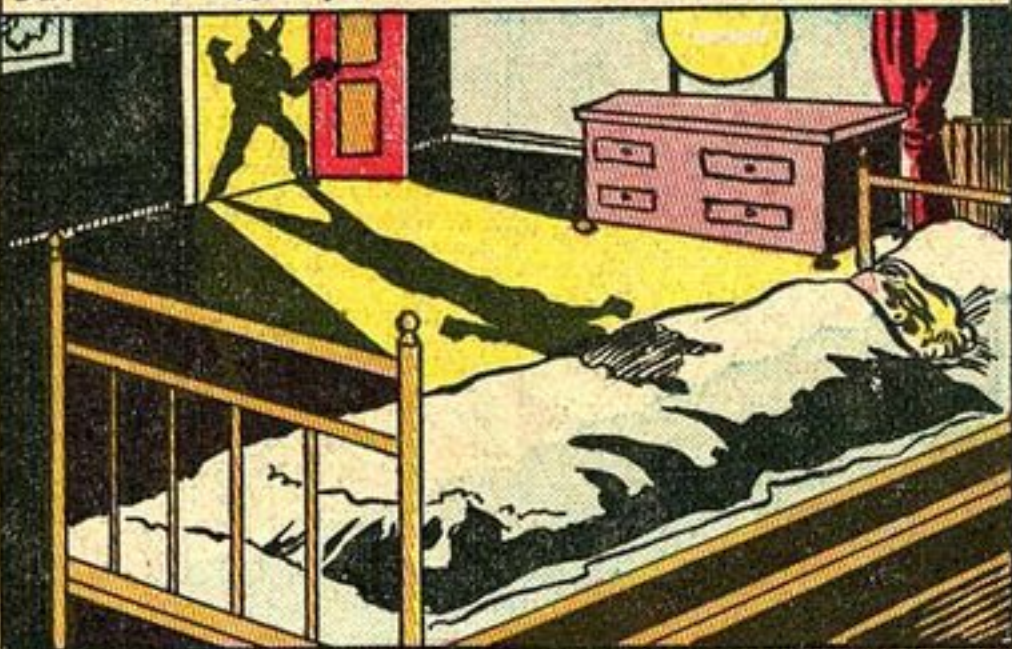
THAT SAME EVENING - AT SIR RUPERT'S HOME...

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR RUPERT -
BUT DON'T DISTURB HER TONIGHT.

I SHALL GUARD
HER MYSELF,
DOCTOR!



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL IS STILL IN THE SICK-ROOM



...THE MONSTER APPEARS TO CLAIM ITS VICTIM!



THE TALONS EXTEND TO REND AND CLUTCH WHEN...



SUDDENLY A WIG COMES OFF IN THE MONSTER'S HAND, AND BENTLEY SPRINGS NIMBLY OUT OF THE BED!



I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, SIR RUPERT! THIS IRON MASK BROKE MY CANE AND GAVE ME THE CLUE THAT IT WAS A FAKE HEAD!



YOU WANTED TO KILL YOUR WARD FOR THE MONEY LEFT TO HER IN YOUR TRUST. YOU EXCITED HER IMAGINATION WITH THE BOOK ABOUT WEREWOLVES.



YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN YOU SPOKE OF MY BEING PRESENT AT THE RESCUE OF YOUR WARD. HOW COULD ANYBODY KNOW I WAS THERE - BUT THE MONSTER?

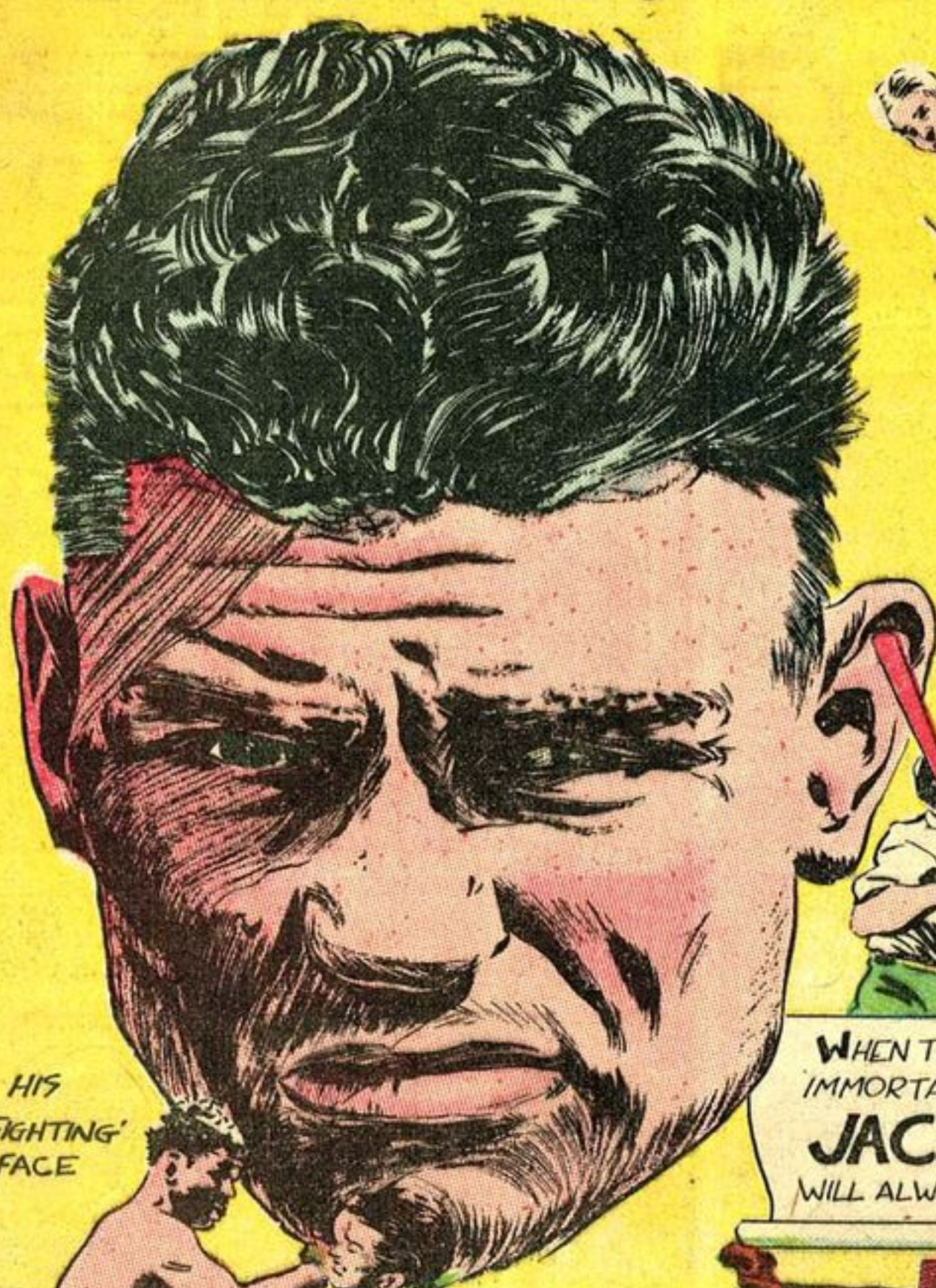


YOU TRIED TO THROW ME OFF THE TRAIL BY PRETENDING TO RESCUE ME -- FROM YOURSELF! AND SO I CAME HERE TONIGHT DISGUISED AS MISS BRENDA - AND YOU FELL INTO THE TRAP!



AND SO THE MAYFAIR MONSTER WAS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD. FOLLOW BENTLEY IN ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

JACK DEMPSEY



HIS
FIGHTING
FACE



WHEN THE COLORFUL FIGURES OF SPORT'S
IMMORTALS PASS IN REVIEW

JACK DEMPSEY

WILL ALWAYS BE AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE

IT WAS THE END OF
A GREAT FIGHTING
CAREER WHEN TUNNEY
BEAT DEMPSEY AT
PHILADELPHIA IN 1926
-BUT HIS NAME
BECAME A LEGEND
THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD —



WHEN THE MANASSA MAULER LAY
ALMOST FATALLY ILL, THE WHOLE
WORLD PRAYED FOR A SPEEDY
RECOVERY

HAGEN

THE DAILY EXPRESS

KLONDIKE CAFE ROBBED!

BY JACK BINDER

SLUG WICKUM'S GANG SUSPECTED!

THE TATTLER
WITH TED MCCOY

SUSPECT IN CAFE HOLDUP

GANGSTER CHIEF'S CIGAR-LIGHTER
FOUND AT SCENE OF CRIME!

BY FLASH CALVERT



CALL ME "SLUG"



THE PRESS GUARDIAN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE FALCON, AIDS THE DAILY EXPRESS IN ITS EFFORTS TO RID CENTRAL CITY OF GANGSTERS. THINGS ARE QUIET FOR AWHILE, BUT ONE DAY CITY EDITOR JIM BOYD GETS A TIP ON A VERY SENSATIONAL STORY.

HELLO-YEAH?
I'LL SEND A MAN OVER
AT ONCE!



THE EDITOR CALLS IN FLASH CALVERT,
THE ACE REPORTER...

WHAT'S UP,
CHIEF?

A GANG HELD UP THE KLONDIKE
CAFE, FLASH! GET OVER THERE
AND PHONE IN THE FACTS FOR
AN EXTRA.



FLASH HOPS INTO
HIS CAR AND
DASHES TO THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME.

THE DAILY EXPRESS

THE DAILY EXPRESS



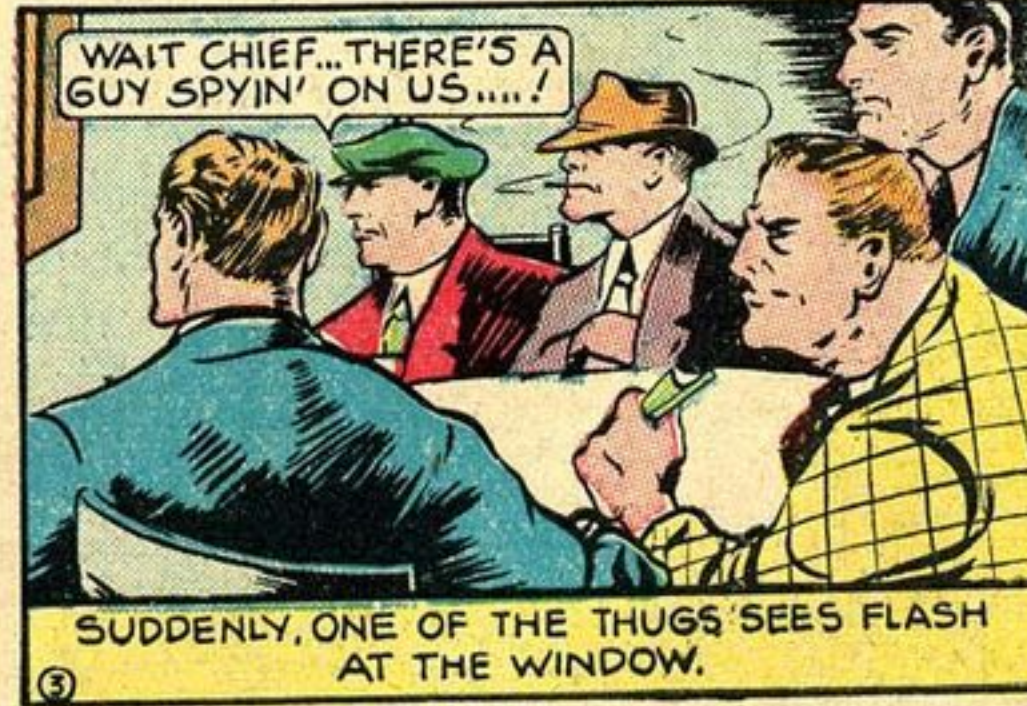
HEY, YOU CAN'T
GO IN THERE!

LET HIM GO.. HE'S
FLASH CALVERT,
THE REPORTER.



ARRIVING AT THE KLONDIKE CAFE, FLASH IS
STOPPED AT THE DOOR BY A POLICEMAN.





IN A SURPRISE MOVE, THE GANGSTERS GRAB FLASH AND DRAG HIM INTO THE ROOM.



THE SMART REPORTER, HUH? TRYIN' TO GET SOMETHING ON ME!

YES... AND NOW I'M SURE THAT YOU AND YOUR MOB HELD UP THE KLONDIKE CAFE!



OKAY.. SO I HELD UP THE KLONDIKE! BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO PRINT IT IN THE DAILY EXPRESS!



WHILE SLUG IS TALKING, A SINISTER FIGURE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GANGS DEN. IT IS THE FALCON.. THE GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS



GET'EM UP, YA SNOOP!

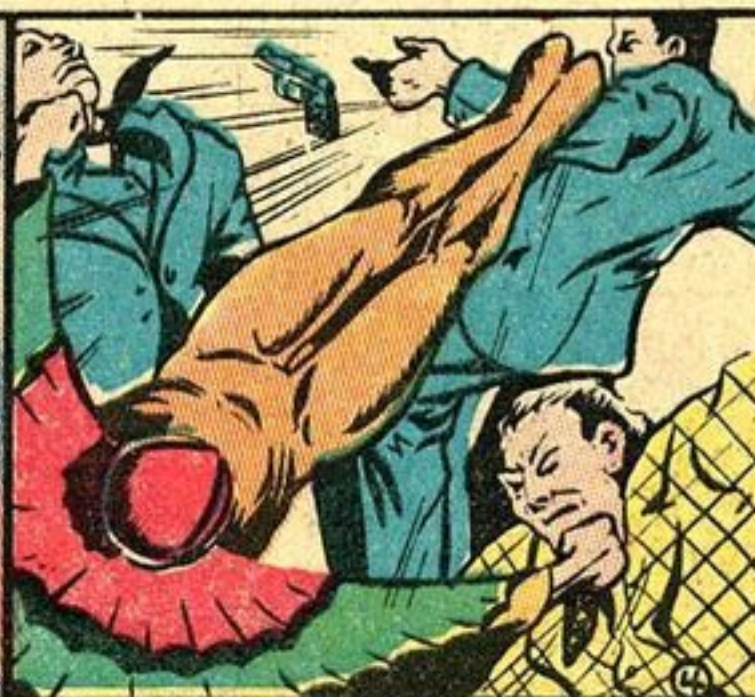
THE FALCON DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS, HE GIVES THEM!

C'MON BOYS, LET'S TIE HIM UP, TOO!

THE GANGSTERS MAKE A RUSH FOR THE FALCON..



..BUT HE EXPLODES INTO ACTION. WITH HANDS AND FEET MOVING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, HE SMASHES INTO THE GANGSTERS BOWLING THEM OVER RIGHT AND LEFT.



LIKE A DEVASTATING HURRICANE, THE FALCON CRASHES HEADS TOGETHER AND SENDS THEM SPRAWLING.



WITH HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS, THE FALCON DOWNS THE REMAINING GANGSTERS.



YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS...I'M GOIN' TO FINISH YOU!

SLUG WICKUM SNEAKS UP ON FLASH...GUN IN HAND..



..BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE FALCON SWOOPS DOWN ON HIM, AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND. BEFORE SLUG CAN GET AWAY, THE FALCON BEATS HIM UNMERCIFULLY UNTIL



YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE OUT A FULL CONFESSION!

YES/YES! I'LL DO IT!

...THE GANGSTER CHIEF, THOROUGHLY WHIPPED, BEGS FOR MERCY. THE FALCON TELLS HIM THAT ONLY BY SIGNING A FULL CONFESSION CAN HE HOPE TO GET MERCY FROM THE PRESS GUARDIAN.



SLUG, SHAKING FROM FEAR, WRITES OUT HIS CONFESSION.

Slug?



ALL RIGHT, SLUG, NOW UNTIE THIS MAN!

THE FALCON ORDERS SLUG TO UNTIE FLASH. WHEN FREE, FLASH PROCEEDS TO TIE UP EACH OF THE MOBSTERS.



OKAY, REPORTER, HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS, AND YOU'VE GOT THE CONFESSION. NOW CALL THE POLICE!



THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BUT TELL ME... WHO ARE YOU?

JUST CALL ME THE FALCON. I'M NOT DISCLOSING MY REAL NAME UNTIL THIS CITY IS FREE OF CRIME.

THE FALCON, GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS, REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY. WHILE FLASH KEEPS THE THUGS COVERED, THE FALCON DISAPPEARS.



HELLO, CITY DESK?... FLASH SPEAKING. I'VE GOT THE KLONDIKE ROBBERS, RUSH SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND SEND A FLOCK OF COPS.



BUT WHILE FLASH TALKS TO HIS EDITOR, SLUG GETS HIS HANDS FREE, AND WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE GANGSTER LUNGES AT FLASH.



.. AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND. WHILE THEY BATTLE, THE OTHER THUGS FREE THEMSELVES.



FLASH IS NOW ALONE AGAINST THE MOBSTERS,....



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH FLASH WAS DOOMED BY THE OVERWHELMING NUMBERS. SUDDENLY THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN AND THE POLICE RUSHED IN. THEY SOON HAD THE GANG UNDER CONTROL.

EXTRA
DAILY THE EXPRESS
— DEC 7, 1939 —
SLUG WICKUM CAPTURED!
CONFESSES KLONDIKE HOLDUP

IN A SHORT TIME AN EXTRA IS ON THE STREETS, TELLING OF THE CAPTURE.



GOOD WORK, FLASH! WHO IS THE FALCON?

I DON'T KNOW.. BUT HE IS A REAL ENEMY TO CRIME!

WHO IS THE FALCON? FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS**

ANIMAL

ANTICS

"AND IF HE CRIES
JUST TAKE HIM IN
YOUR ARMS AND
WALK THE FLOOR
WITH HIM—"

"BILLIE GIRAFFE
WINS BY A NECK"



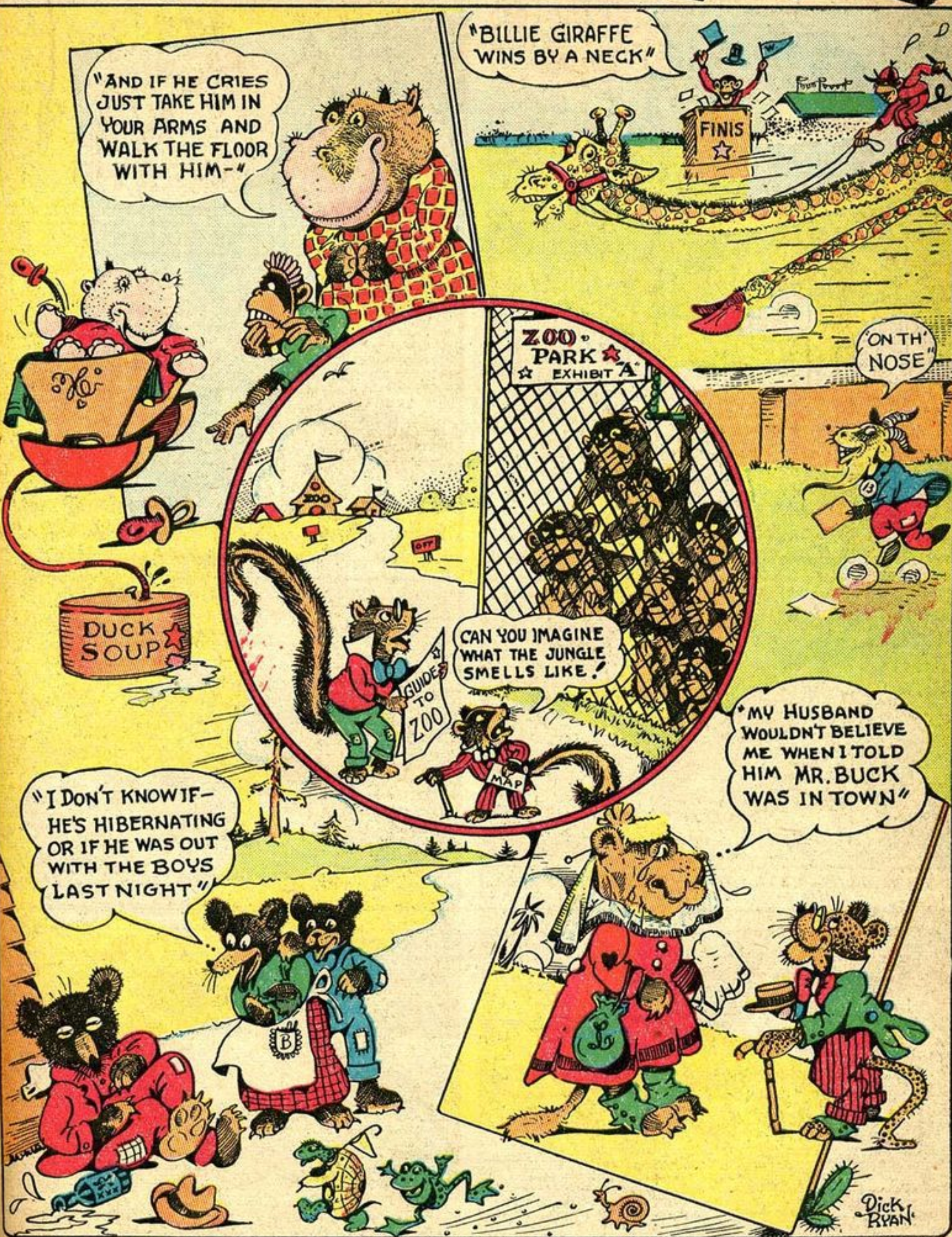
"ON TH'
NOSE"

ZOO PARK
EXHIBIT A

CAN YOU IMAGINE
WHAT THE JUNGLE
SMELLS LIKE!

"MY HUSBAND
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
ME WHEN I TOLD
HIM MR. BUCK
WAS IN TOWN"

"I DON'T KNOW IF—
HE'S HIBERNATING
OR IF HE WAS OUT
WITH THE BOYS
LAST NIGHT"



Dick
Ryan

The MIDSHIPMAN

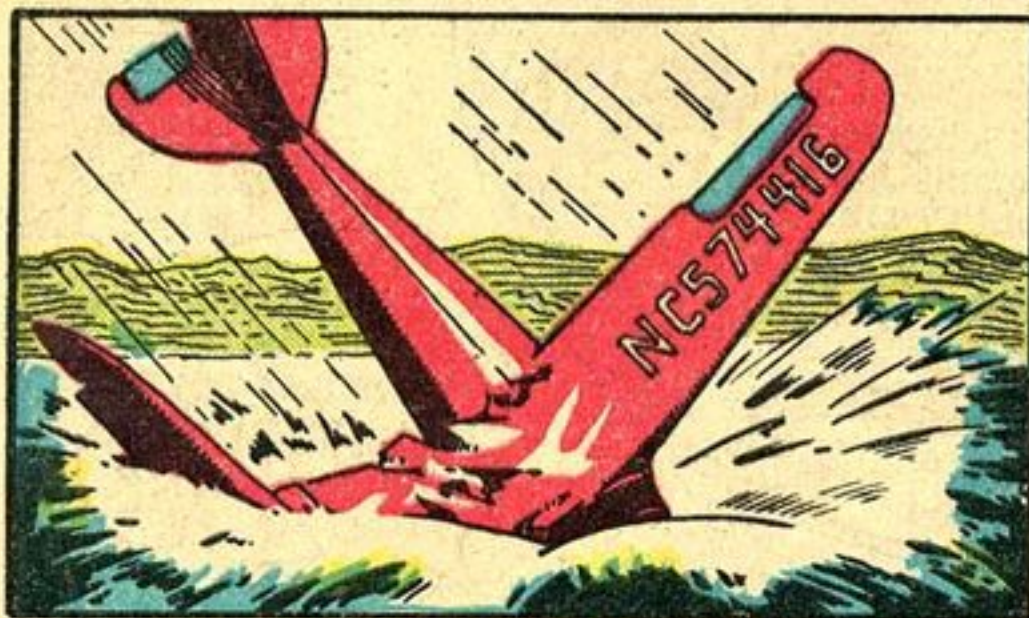


BY
WILL HARR
ILLUSTRATED BY
E.M. ASHE, JR.

MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON SAT ON THE BANK OF THE SEVERN RIVER, CRAMMING FOR THE EXAMS. IT WAS ALL QUIET ALONG THE RIVER WHEN THE PURR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION. SUDDENLY, TO HIS HORROR, THE MOTOR SPUTTERED AND THE PLANE DIVED INTO A TAILSPIN. DOWN CAME THE PLANE, -LEE STANDING BY HELPLESS.

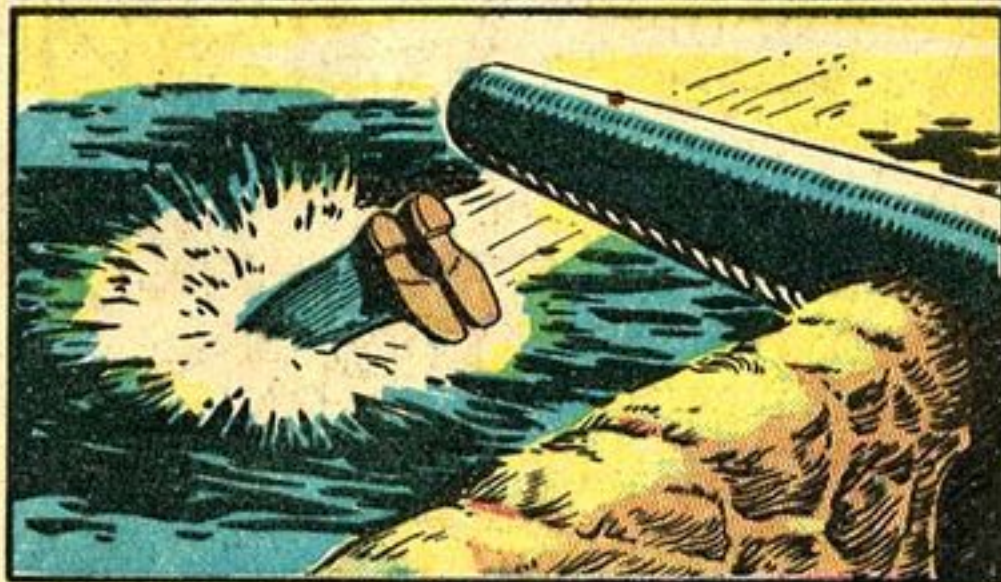
THAT PLANE IS OUT OF CONTROL!

MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON FINDS A GIRL AND A RIVAL AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.



WHILE LEE WATCHES, THE PLANE CRASHES INTO THE WATER.

IMMEDIATELY, LEE DIVES INTO THE WATER TO SAVE THE PILOT. NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS HIS MIND.



POWERFUL STROKES BRING LEE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS OBJECTIVE.



JUST AS THE PLANE STARTS TO SETTLE, HE PULLS THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT FROM THE COCKPIT AND SWIMS AWAY, BARELY AVOIDING THE SUCTION CAUSED BY THE PLANE.

WITH EVERY MUSCLE BULGING, LEE SWIMS TOWARD SHORE WITH THE CUMBERSOME FIGURE OF THE UNCONCIOUS PILOT. ONCE ON THE BANK HE LIFTS THE GOGGLES AND DISCOVERS...



WHY-IT'S A GIRL!

LEE WORKS FEVERISHLY UNTIL THE GIRL STIRS AND BECOMES CONSCIOUS.



I'M ALL RIGHT NOW- AND THANKS FOR SAVING ME. I'M MAE DENNIS.

PLEASURE IS ALL MINE. I'M LEE SAMSON.

LUCKILY, THE GIRL WAS NOT INJURED IN THE CRASH AND SOON REGAINS HER STRENGTH.

MY FATHER IS A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER. I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU, FOR SAVING ME.

I'LL ONLY ACCEPT ONE REWARD-



LET ME ESCORT YOU TO THE DANCE, TONIGHT.

I'D LOVE TO, BUT...



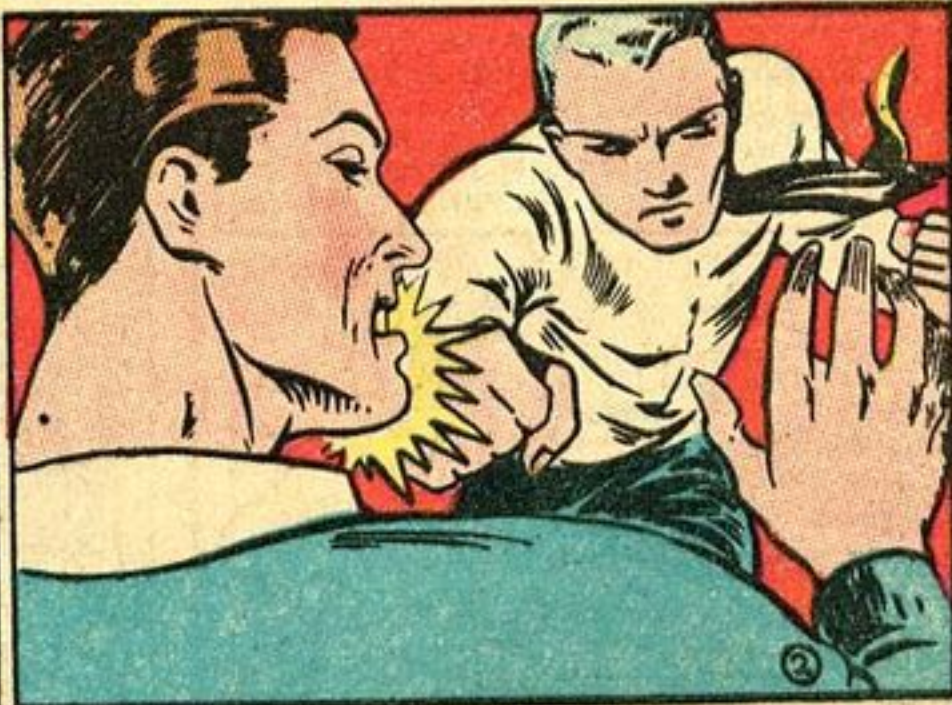
YOU'RE TOO LATE! MISS DENNIS IS GOING WITH ME!

DON LEWIS- FROM NEARBY RECTOR COLLEGE, IS AT THE ACADEMY TO COMPETE IN THE SHELL RACES.



I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL!! TAKE THAT!

LEWIS SMASHES HIS FIST INTO LEE'S MIDSECTION, REGAINING HIS BREATH, SAMSON CHARGES INTO HIS OPPONENT, LANDING SOLID RIGHTS AND LEFTS UNTIL DON BEGINS TO TOTTER.



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...



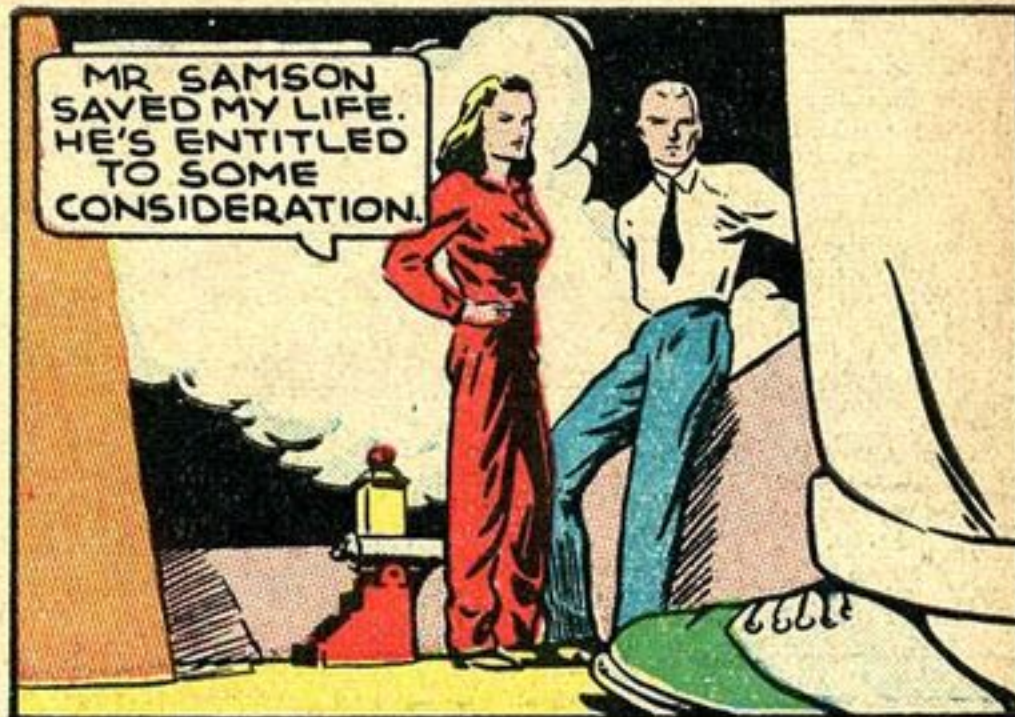
DROPPED BY ONE OF LEE'S HAY-MAKERS, LEWIS GRABS A HEAVY BRANCH AND LUNGES FOR THE MIDSHIPMAN. LEE TWISTS THE STICK OUT OF DON'S HAND—



AND THE GIRL STEPS BETWEEN THEM.



AND NOW MR. LEWIS, I'M NOT YOUR GIRL FRIEND-AND I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

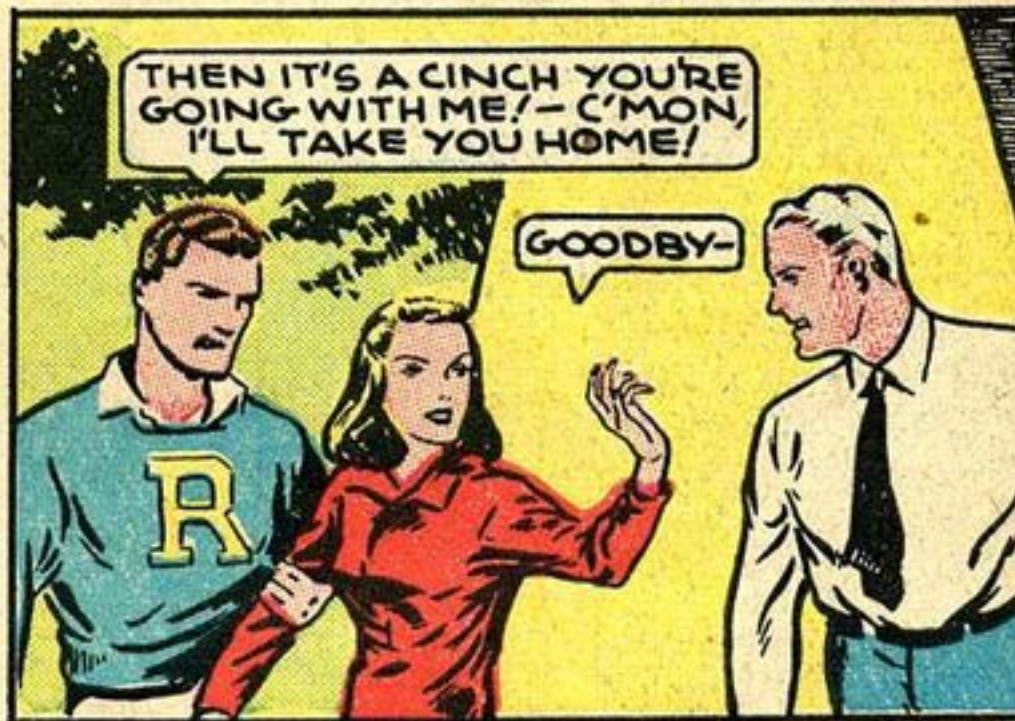


MR. SAMSON SAVED MY LIFE. HE'S ENTITLED TO SOME CONSIDERATION.



I'LL GO TO THE DANCE WITH THE ONE WHO WINS THE BOAT RACE THIS AFTERNOON!

LEE SAMSON, ACE OARSMAN OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, IS ENTERED IN A SPECIAL RACE WITH DON, CHAMP OARSMAN OF RECTOR COLLEGE. DON OFFERS TO TAKE THE GIRL TO HER HOME. LEE DOES NOT OBJECT SINCE MIDSHIPMEN AREN'T ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE ACADEMY GROUNDS.



THEN IT'S A CINCH YOU'RE GOING WITH ME! - C'MON, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

GOODBY-

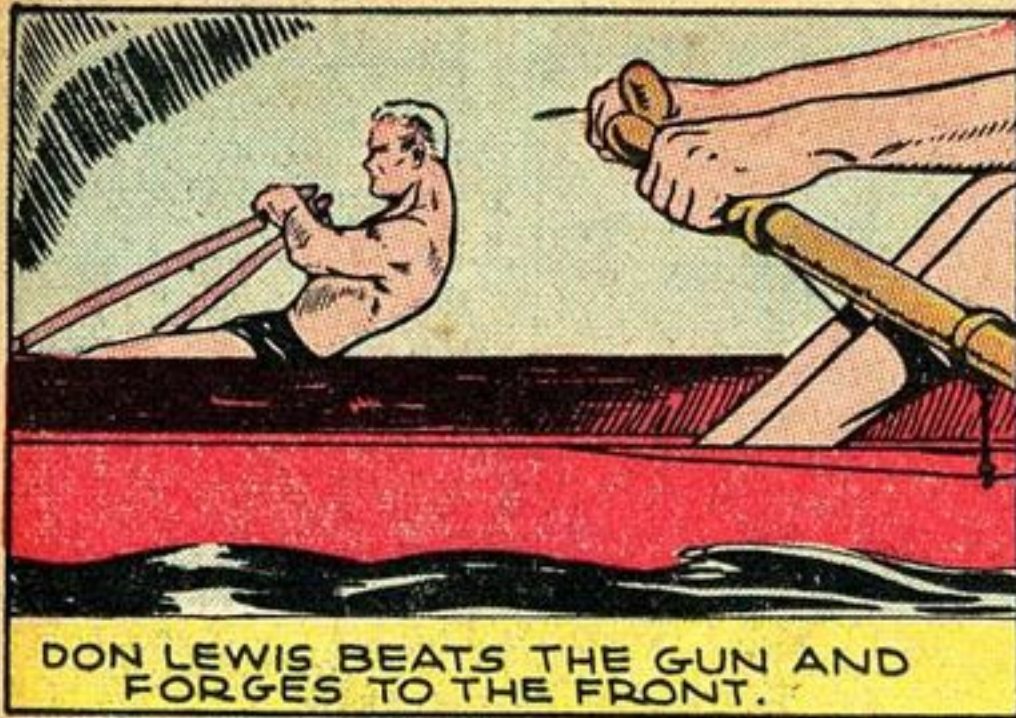


THAT AFTERNOON-A SPECIAL RACE BETWEEN LEE AND DON.

YOU'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE ACADEMY WHEN THIS IS OVER, CHUMP!



THEY'RE OFF!



DON LEWIS BEATS THE GUN AND FORGES TO THE FRONT.

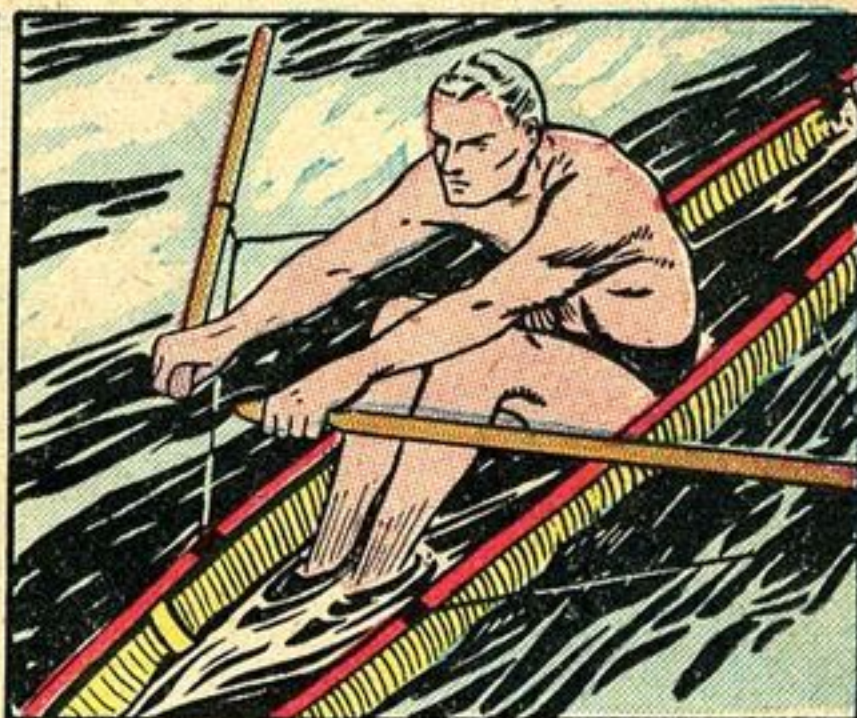


SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, LEE'S POWERFUL STROKES BRING HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS RIVAL. AS THEY NEAR THE FINISH LINE, LEE FINALLY PULLS UP ON EVEN TERMS WITH DON. BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

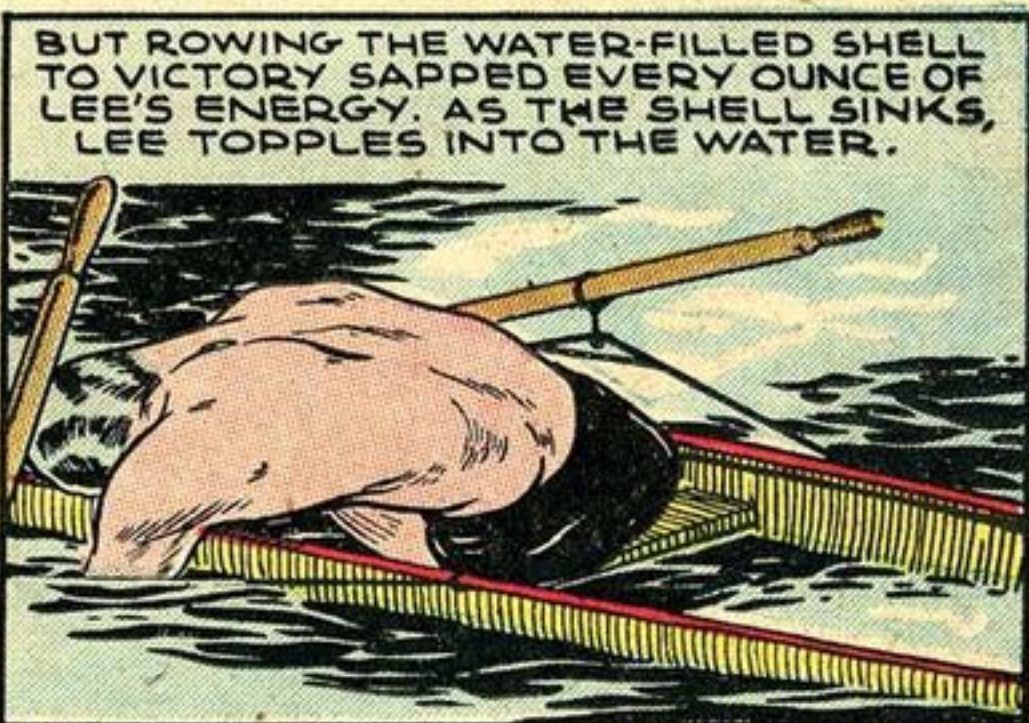


DON LEWIS CRASHES HIS OAR ACROSS THE PROW OF LEE'S FRAGILE SHELL.

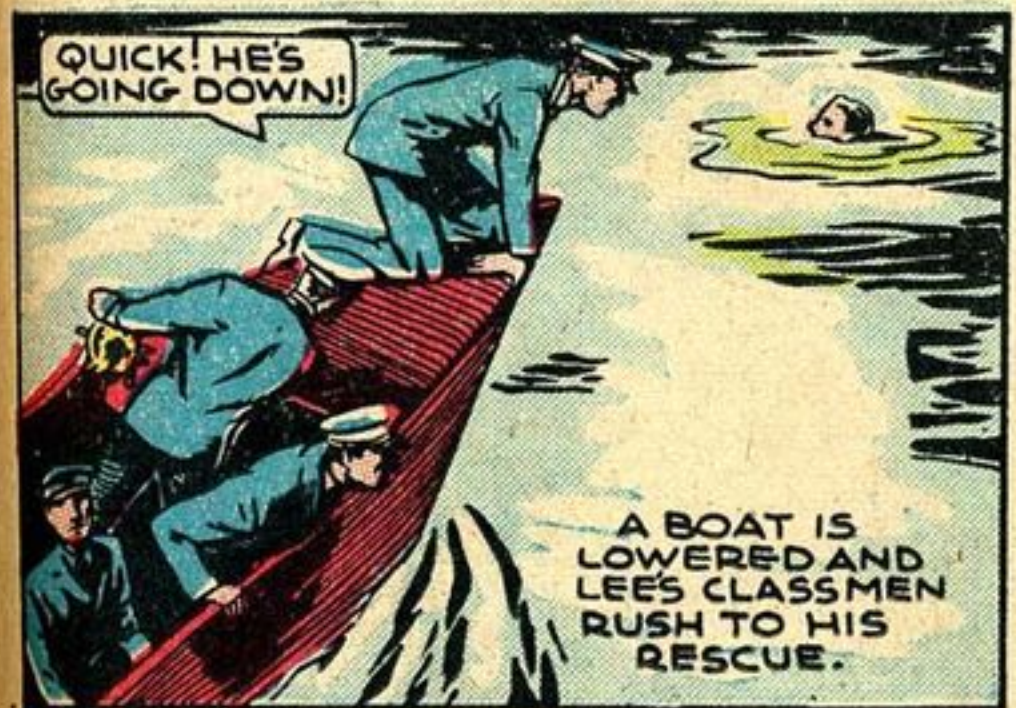
LEE'S SHELL RAPIDLY FILLS WITH WATER, RETARDING HIS SPEED CONSIDERABLY. DOUBLING HIS EFFORTS, THE MIDSHIPMAN STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO FORGE AHEAD. INCH BY INCH HE GAINS ON HIS RIVAL UNTIL THEY REACH THE FINISH LINE AND...



MIDSHIPMAN SAMSON WINS THE RACE.



BUT ROWING THE WATER-FILLED SHELL TO VICTORY SAPPED EVERY OUNCE OF LEE'S ENERGY. AS THE SHELL SINKS, LEE TOPPLES INTO THE WATER.



QUICK! HE'S GOING DOWN!

A BOAT IS LOWERED AND LEE'S CLASSMEN RUSH TO HIS RESCUE.



JUST AS LEE'S HEAD WAS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR BELOW THE SURFACE, CAPABLE HANDS FISHED HIM OUT.

I'M OKAY NOW—
JUST OUT OF
BREATH.

THE MIDSHIPMAN RESTS
EASILY IN THE RESCUE BOAT.

DON LEWIS
NOT ONLY
LOST THE
BOAT RACE,
BUT ALSO
THE OPPOR-
TUNITY TO
ESCORT MISS
DENNIS TO
THE DANCE.
AS HE IS
NOT ONE
TO ACCEPT
DEFEAT
GRACEFULLY,
HE SEEKS
REVENGE
WHEN LEE
COMES OUT
OF THE GYM.



DON LEWIS LEAPS UPON THE
UNSUSPECTING MIDSHIPMAN.



BUT LEE SAMSON, EXPERT IN
THE ART OF JIU-JITSU, TOSSES
DON OVER HIS SHOULDER.

AHEM—MR. LEWIS—
CAN YOU EXPLAIN
WHY YOUR OAR
SMASHED
MIDSHIPMAN LEE
SAMSON'S SHELL?



AS LEE IS ABOUT TO CLIP
DON, THE CHIEF OFFICER
OF THE ACADEMY APPEARS.

LEE COMES TO THE AID
OF LEWIS AND EXPLAINS
IT AWAY AS AN ACCIDENT.

I'M SURE
IT WAS AN
ACCIDENT,
SIR.

IN THAT
CASE, WE'LL
DROP THE
MATTER.



THANKS, LEE, IF YOU
HADN'T BACKED ME
UP I WOULD HAVE
BEEN EXPELLED FROM
RECTOR COLLEGE.

FORGET
IT, DON.

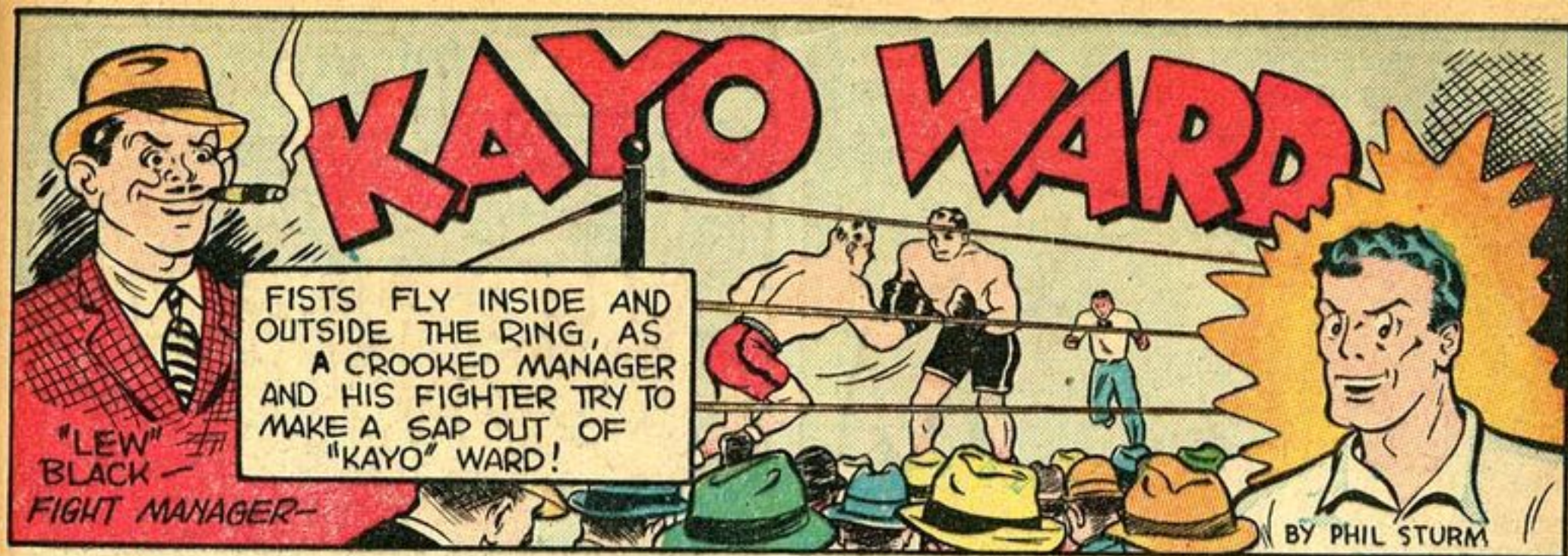


AFTER THE OFFICER
LEAVES, DON APOLOGIZES.

AND THAT
NIGHT AT
THE DANCE,
THE SMILES
OF MISS
DENNIS ARE
AMPLE
REWARD FOR
MIDSHIPMAN
SAMSON.



FOLLOW
MIDSHIPMAN
LEE SAMSON'S
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
AT THE NAVAL
ACADEMY IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF PEP COMICS.



ED, YOU SURE SAVED US
THAT TIME - SAY, WHERE'D
YOU GET SO STRONG?

MAYBE IT
COMES FROM
EXERCISING

WANT A LIFT,
EDDIE?

NO, THANKS, - CONNIE
AND ME ARE GONNA
WALK HOME -

DON'T YOU LIKE
WALKING HOME? WHAT'S
WRONG, DEAR?

CAN YOU
BEAT
THAT!
LOOK,
CONNIE -

YOU AIN'T
HERE FOR
NOTHIN', LEW.
WHO'S THE
PLUG THIS
TIME?

OUCH - I TELL YOU I
AIN'T GOT NO ONE -

TWO THUGS ARE 'ROUGHING UP' LEW BLACK,
BIG TIME FIGHT MANAGER -

-LOOK, DEAR, ONE'S
HOLDING HIM AND
THE OTHER FELLOW
IS PUNCHING HIM -

GOSH - THAT AIN'T
RIGHT - S'CUSE ME
A MINUTE, CONNIE!

YOU SHOULDN'T HIT ANYONE
WHEN HE'S BEIN' HELD!

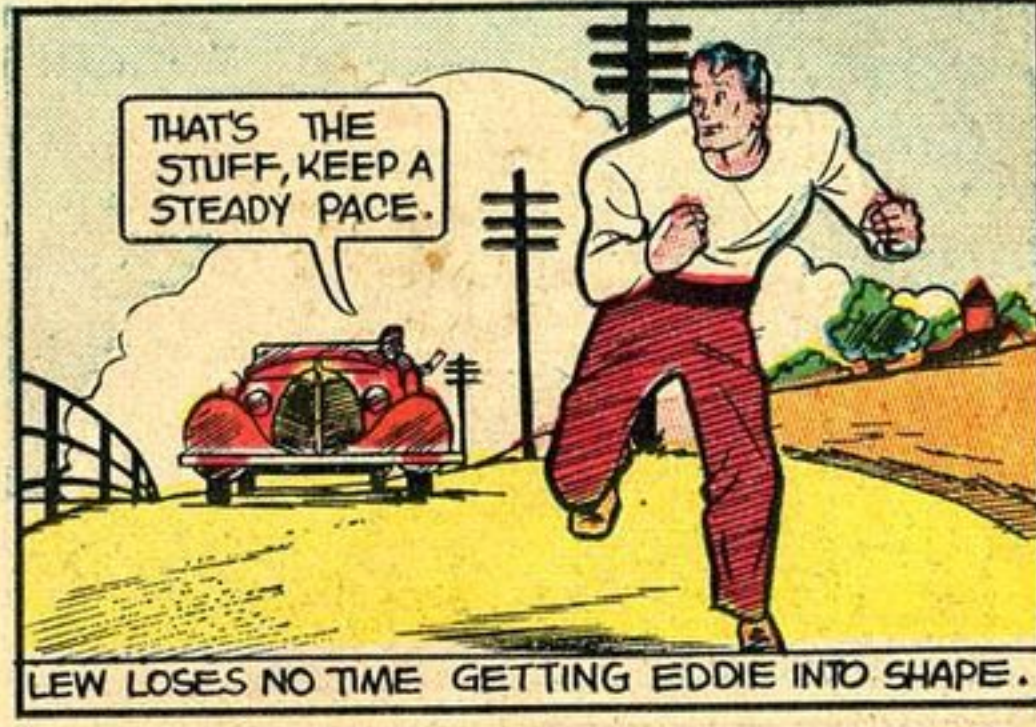
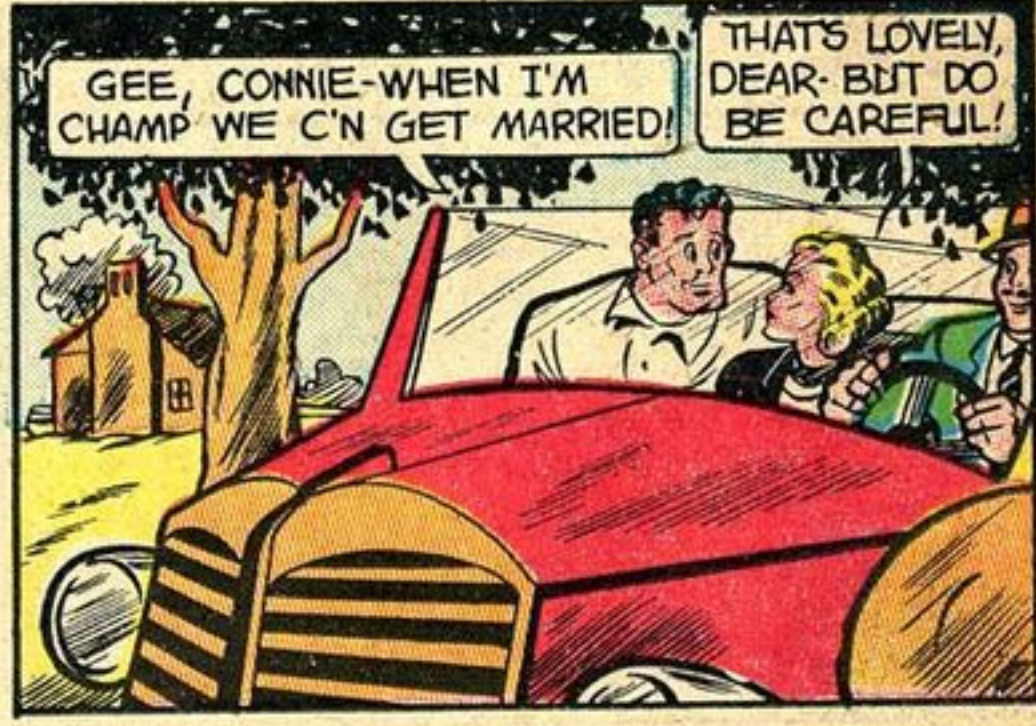
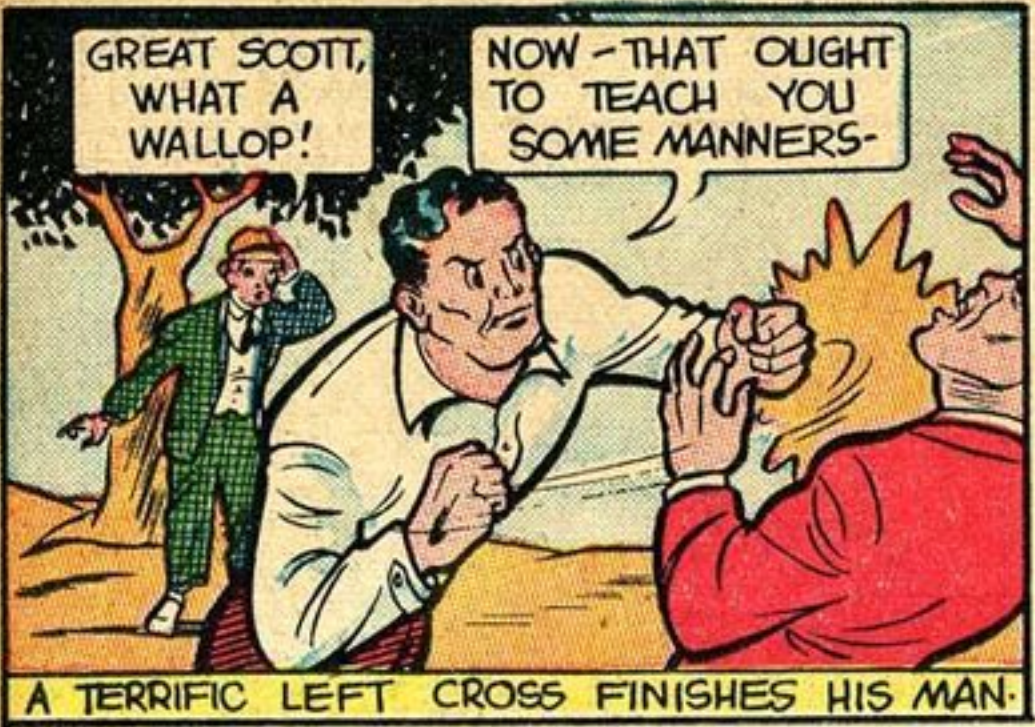
INFURIATED BY THE THUG'S DIRTY-WORK, EDDIE
DECIDES TO TAKE A HAND IN THE AFFAIR -

TAKE THAT -
YOU PUNK!

MY, YOU CAN'T
EVEN HIT!

WOW! WHAT A RIGHT!

HIS PAL KAYOED BY EDDIE, THE OTHER
THUG STEPS INTO THE PICTURE.

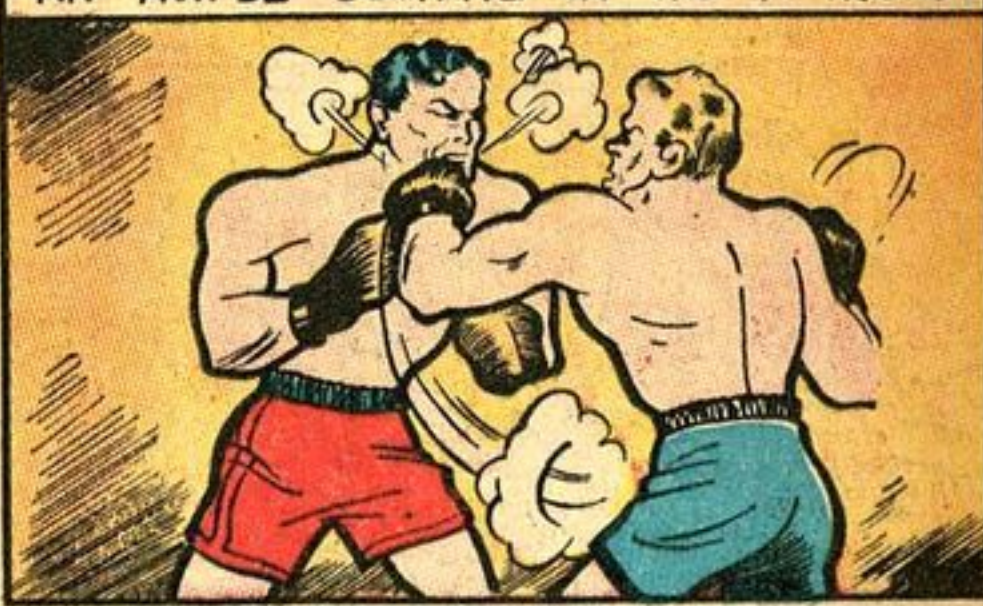


-KAYO WARD WILL ATTEMPT TO STAY 3 ROUNDS WITH "ONE ROUND" HOGAN FOR A PRIZE OF \$250!

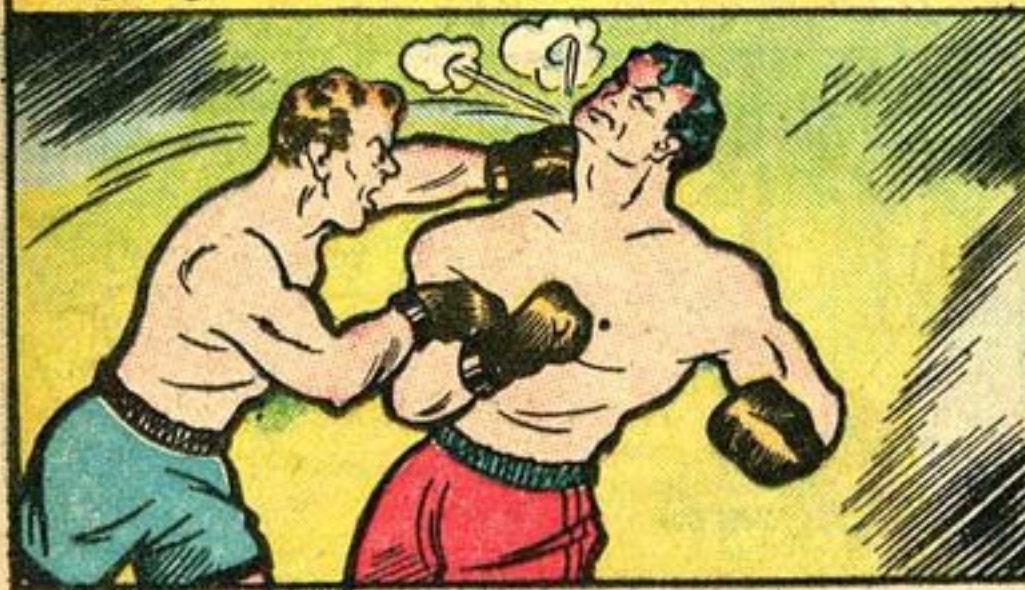


THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT -

-CONFUSED BY THE CROWD - KAYO TAKES AN AWFUL BEATING IN THE 1ST ROUND.



HOGAN - A RING VETERAN, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY TRICK OF THE TRADE.



DON'T BOX HIM, EDDIE - HE'S TOO SMART, GET IN AND SLUG HIM - KILL HIM -

I CAN'T DO THAT, LEW. THAT'S MURDER!



IN THE SECOND ROUND, HOGAN BECOMES A LITTLE WORRIED AND TRIES SOME DIRTY WORK.



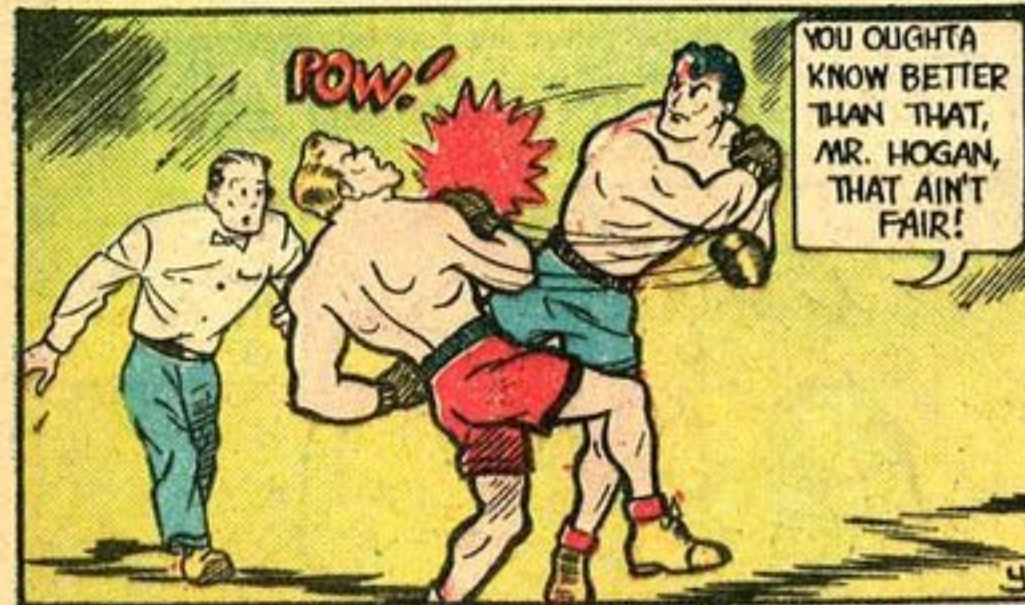
WHY, THE DIRTY COWARD, DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT, EDDIE!



MEANWHILE, CONNIE ROOTS HARDER FOR EDDIE -

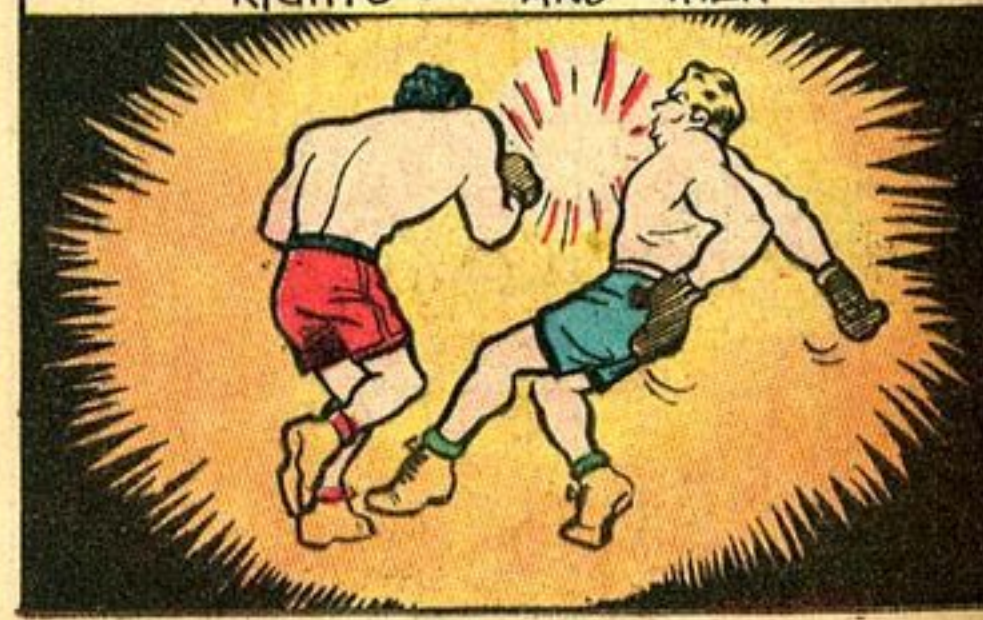
POW!

YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MR. HOGAN, THAT AIN'T FAIR!



INCENSED BY HOGAN'S UNFAIR TACTICS, EDDIE TURNS INTO A FIGHTING MADMAN -

-A SERIES OF FURIOUS LEFTS AND RIGHTS - AND THEN -



- NINE -
TEN - YER
OUT !

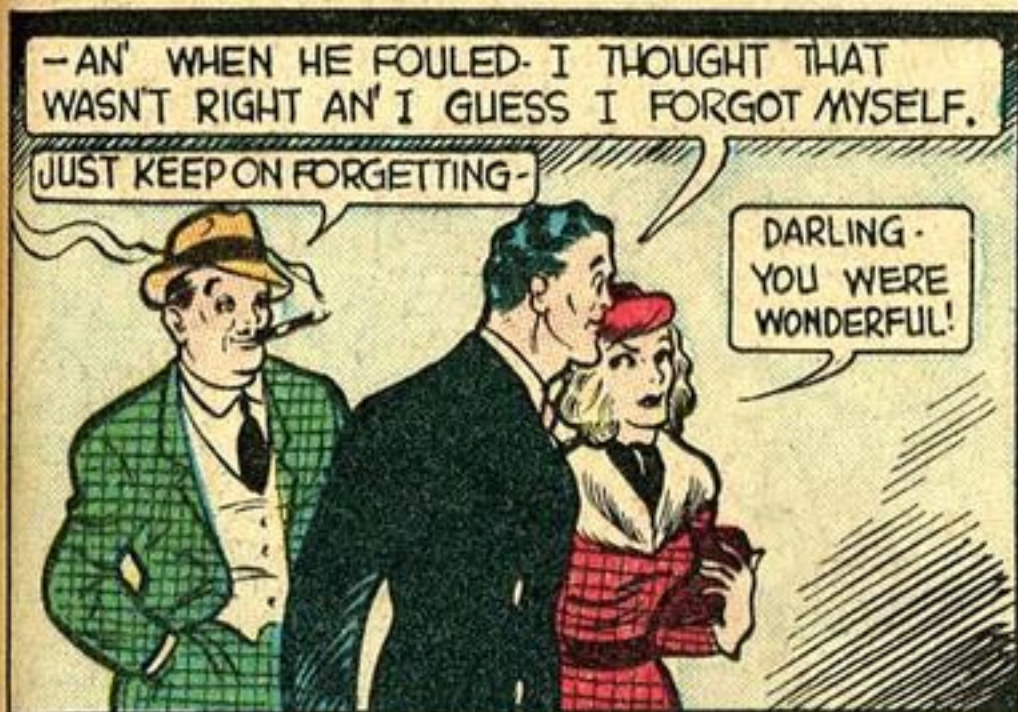


THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR-SAY, KID-WHAT
STARTED YOU OFF IN THE SECOND ROUND?



- IN KAYO'S DRESSING ROOM -

- AN' WHEN HE FOULED- I THOUGHT THAT
WASN'T RIGHT AN' I GUESS I FORGOT MYSELF.
JUST KEEP ON FORGETTING-



DARLING -
YOU WERE
WONDERFUL!

WHY, YOU'RE A NO GOOD
BUM- LETTING A GREEN
KID LIKE THAT TAKE
OUR DOUGH-

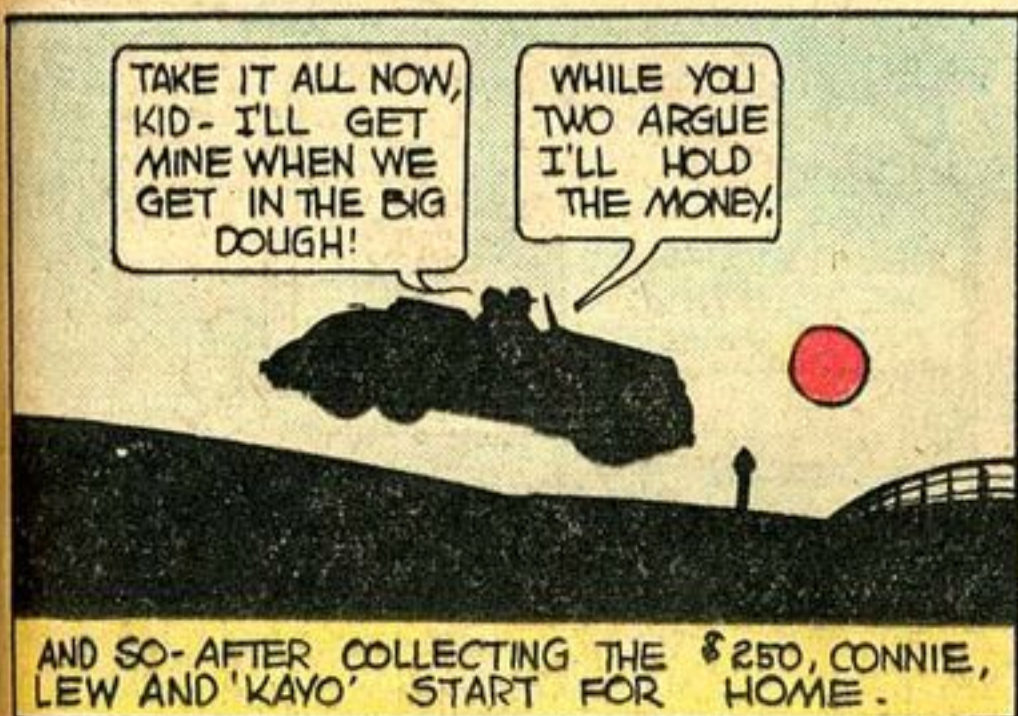
WHEN THEY PASS THE RAIL-
ROAD YARD TONIGHT WE'LL
GET IT ALL BACK-



- MEANWHILE- IN HOGAN'S DRESSING ROOM -

TAKE IT ALL NOW,
KID- I'LL GET
MINE WHEN WE
GET IN THE BIG
DOUGH!

WHILE YOU
TWO ARGUE
I'LL HOLD
THE MONEY!



AND SO- AFTER COLLECTING THE \$250, CONNIE,
LEW AND 'KAYO' START FOR HOME.

MAYBE WE BOTH AIN'T GOT IT
NOW- LOOKS LIKE A STICKUP -



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS,
GET OUT OF THE
CAR AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS UP!

AN' DON'T TRY
ANY FUNNY
BUSINESS!

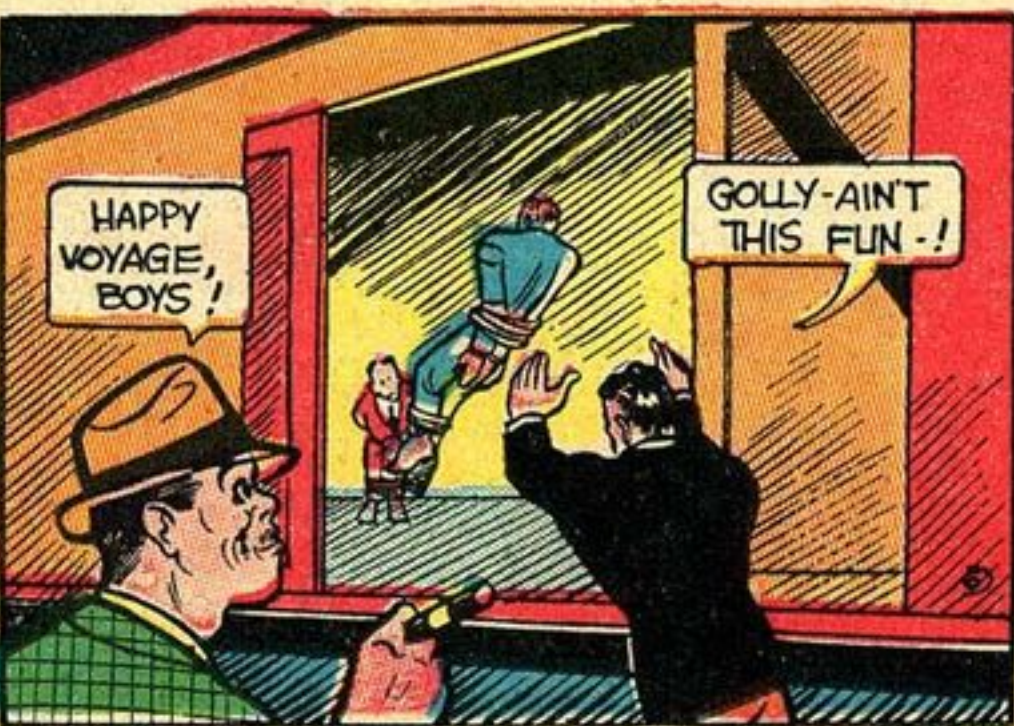
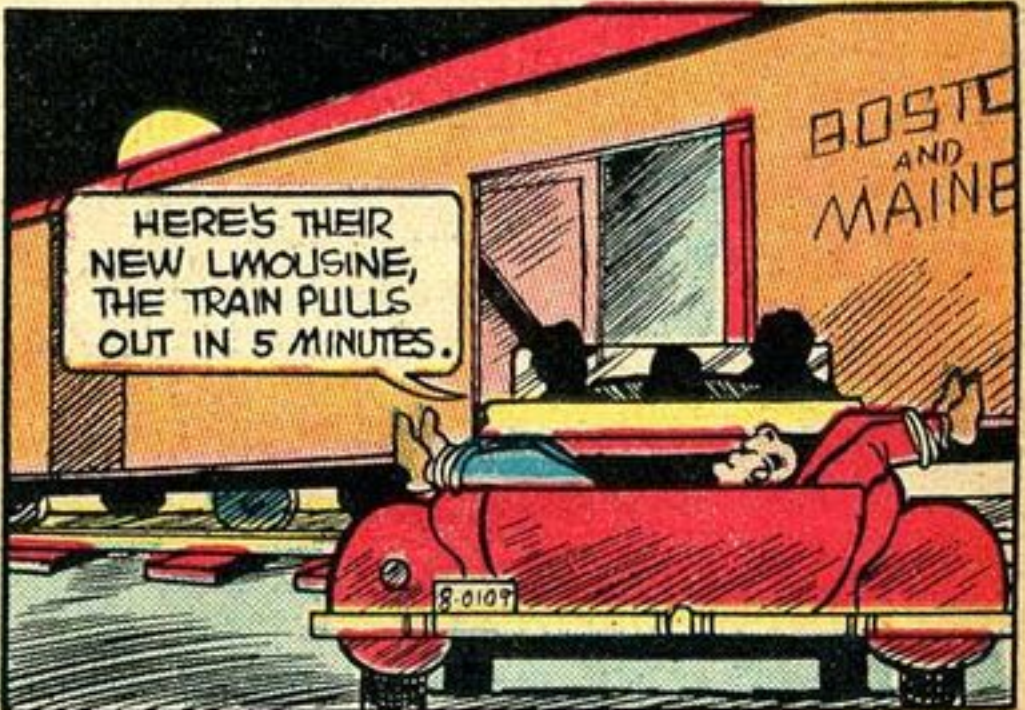


HOGAN AND HIS MANAGER APPROACH THE CAR -

KEEP THEM COVERED
WHILE I FRISK THEM.

THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU
INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE.





You Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play An Instrument

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'd get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.

COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY. . . . **\$2.98**

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.



Send No Money! Hurry Coupon! Start Recording At Once!

HOME RECORDING CO.,
Studio BP, 11 West 17th St.,
New York, N. Y.
Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)
Send.....additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.
Name
Address
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NOTE: Canadian and Foreign \$3.00 cash with order.

Dealers Write!

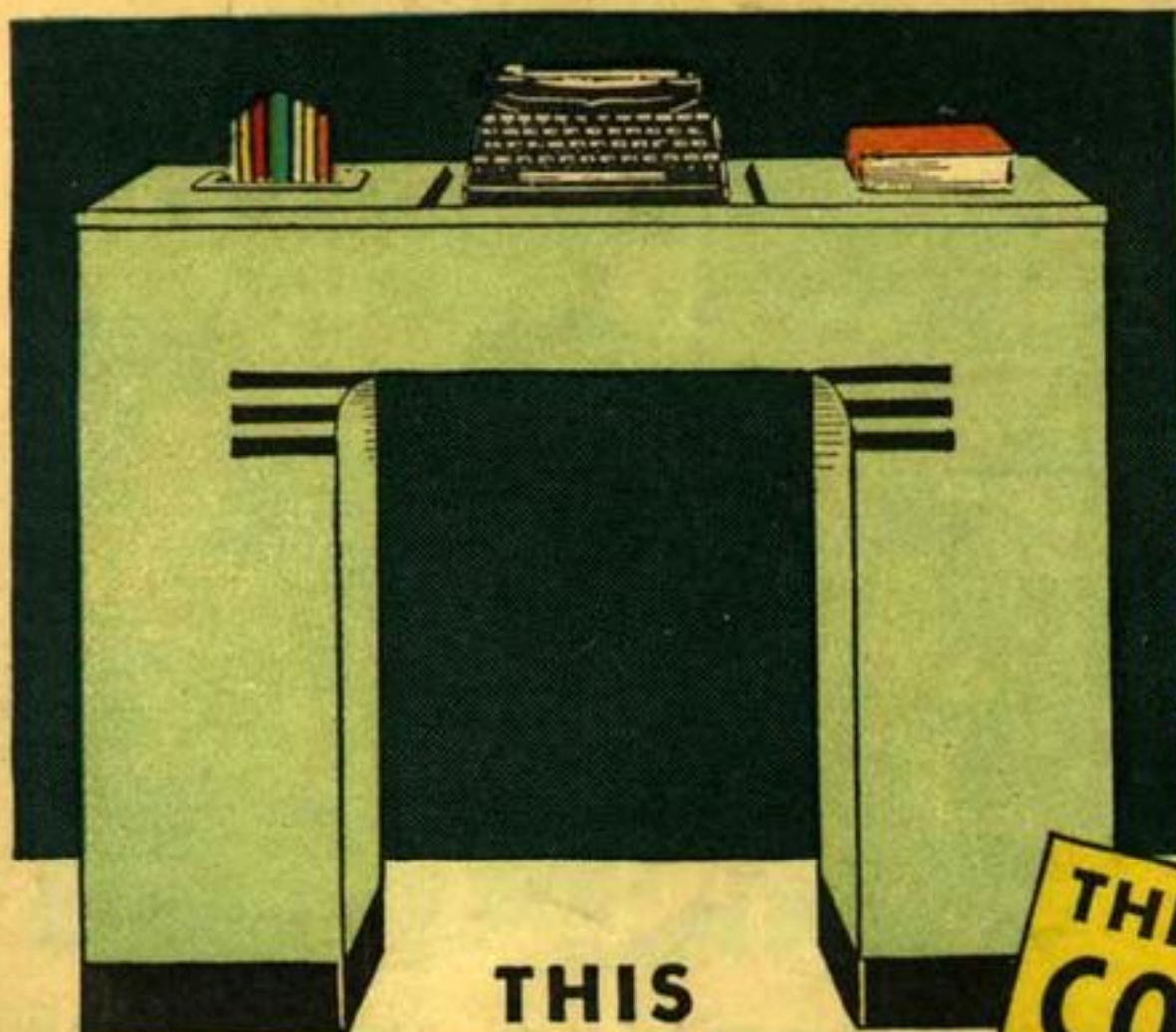
Reliable dealers are invited to write for full particulars.

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ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
OLD OR NEW TYPE
PHONOGRAPHS AND PORTABLES

HOME RECORDING CO.

Studio BP

11 West 17th St., New York, N. Y.



THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

WITH ANY REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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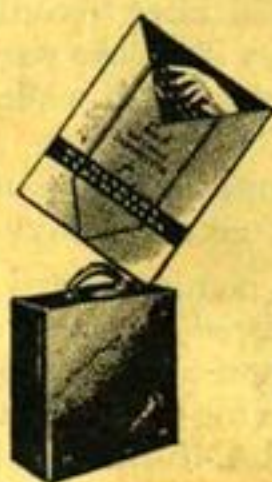


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