Thousands of G.I. Joes were dying of a horrible tropical disease... and the only cure for them lay in far-off India! But when Magno and Davey volunteered for the life-saving mission, that ancient land of mystery, magic and maharajas became a land of murder.

Ladies and gentlemen, here is sensational news! The mysterious disease of which thousands of our troops have been suffering has been diagnosed as malegeria—a rare tropical disease!

The world's only known supply of anaseptium—the only cure for the disease—is owned by the maharaja of Nehurland! Max Martin of the State Department is leaving at once to negotiate the purchase of the drug.

I hope he makes it on time! You said it. Come on, let's go to the movies!
A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?

SOME BIG SHOT'S COMING ALONG WITH A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT!

MUST BE SOMEBODY IN A BIT OF A HURRY!

WHHEW! LOOK AT 'EM GO ROUND THAT CORNER!

WHILE JUST AROUND THE CORNER

SO! OUR VICTIMS ARE ARRIVED!

PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!

FOR THE HONORABLE EMPEROR!

AND THE NEXT INSTANT . . .

DAVEY! MACHINE GUNS! COME ON!

IT MUST BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

MY GOSH! I WONDER IF ANYBODY'S ALIVE! HEY THERE GOES ANOTHER CAR!

I'M GOING AFTER THAT CAR, DAVEY! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO HERE!

GOOD HUNTING, MAGNO!
Using his magnetic powers, Magno brings the car to a halt!

Not so fast, whoever you are! I want a good look at you!

What occurs! The car is being dragged backwards!

See? Above! It is the foreign devil they call Magno! We are doomed!

Better an honorable death than capture by him!

Ugh!

Well of all th' -- ! Japs! And every last one committed hari-kiri!

Meantime...

Take letter... airport... bomber... tell them Martin... India...

G-g-golly! He's dead!

Magno! This man is Max Martin, who was on his way to catch a plane for India! He asked us to finish the job for him.

Hm! A letter addressed to the Maharaja of Neuriland! This must be the contracts for that drug.

Let's go, boy! This drug has got to get back to the states or those poor G's don't stand a chance.

Right with you!
Him! That fellow from the State Department ought to be here!

Look up there — it's Magno and Davey or I'm a podo!

Magno and Davey! What's cooking, anyhow?

Hello, Captain! Is this the ship that's to go to India on the special mission?

That's right! But I have to wait for Max Martin, the diplomat!

You'll have a long wait, sir! He's dead! Murdered!

But he's asked us to complete his mission! Here are the official papers right here!

Okay! One of my buddies is down with the tropical disease and I'm anxious to get going!

We're all set! Let's go!

A moment later, the Army bomber hops off on its long flight!

And as the plane wings its way seaward...

Ah! Is so! The Yankee ship is on its way! I shall radio a warning to our base in Burma! They will indeed be happy to meet them!
Next day... Well, we're not many hours away from our goal now! Keep an eye peeled for Zeros!

I don't see a sign of anything yet! Or - Wait a minute!

Yes! Just a flash of light or something up there!

While high above - Jap fighters!

Prepare to attack! Our quarry is below!

Mango! They come now!

Right! Let's get to the guns! Come on, boy!

A few minutes later, the air is alive with the violence of battle!
OH, BOY! THIS BABY'S RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS! NOW FOR A BURST!

GOT HIM! A COUPLE MORE LIKE THAT AND I'LL BE AN OFFICIAL ACE!

PILOT TO CREW! PILOT TO CREW! WELL DONE! WE'VE DRIVEN OFF THE ONLY PLANES THEY HAD LEFT, BUT TWO OF OUR MOTORS ARE HIT!

THINK YOU'LL MAKE YOUR DESTINATION OKAY, CAPTAIN?
WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT, MAGNO! BUT IT'LL TAKE US A COUPLE OF HOURS LONGER THAN WE FIGURED!

IN THAT CASE, I THINK WE'LL LEAVE YOU AND GO IT ALONE!

OKAY! GOOD LUCK, FELLOWS! I'LL HAVE THE SHIP AT THE BASE AND IN REPAIR BY THE TIME YOU'RE READY TO START BACK!

AND SO THE INTREPID TWO DIVE FROM THE BOMB BAY AND BEGIN THEIR LAST LEG OF THE TRIP ALONE!

NEXT STOP, THE PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF NEHRULAND!
Meantime, in the Maharaja's Palace...

Your Highness, a delegation from the land of the rising sun has come!

Very well! Have them in!

Esteemed person, we have come with ample funds to purchase the so-rare anaseptium!

You have only to ask your price and we shall pay it!

I have told my minister of state many times it is for sale to nobody but the allied nations! Now get out before I have you thrown out! At once!

So sorry! Did not understand!

That's the whole trouble! You and your kind can't understand anything unless it is accompanied with an honorable kick in the pants!

One might infer from the remarks of our host that he is not favorable to our empire and our cause.

Ah! But we are not defeated by any means! Here is our friend, the minister of state!

So sorry! Unable to complete bargain with his highness!

Too bad! We are equipped to pay large sum of money for drug!

Hm! The Maharaja is a fool! But let us talk in privacy! Perhaps we can reach an agreement!
While at the palace gates
Holy Socks, Magno! What a layout! Like a Hollywood set!

Will you lead us to the Maharaja? This is the American delegation!

This way, Sahib! I shall see what I can do!

Boy, what a place to hold a bowling match!

You could run the hundred yard dash here and have room to spare!

Then it is agreed! You will place the drug in our hands!

Agreed! Er-ah- you there! Where are you going?

A fortune shall be yours!

Your Excellency! The American delegation has come!

Never mind! The Maharaja does not wish to see them! I shall deal with the American dogs!

We're representing the U.S. State Department and...

The most high has decided against supplying you with the drug! Please leave at once! The penalty for not so doing is death!

But he did! How do you like that?

Hey! You can't do that to us!

I don't like it! Something is fishy around here! The Maharaja is backing the Allies in lots of ways! We're not licked yet!
WELL, I RIDE
OURSelves OF
THOSE AMERICANS!
NOW REMEMBER,
YOU ARE TO REMAIN
OUT HERE UNTIL I
GIVE THE SIGNAL.
YOU ARE WELL
ARMED?

IN THESE
TIMES, ONE
DOES NOT
TAKE
CHANCES!

ONCE I LEARN
WHERE HE HAS
STORED THIS
DRUG, I SHALL
USE THIS DIRK
TO END HIS
USELESS LIFE!
NOW I SHALL
ENTER!

THERE'S MORE
THAN ONE WAY
TO SKIN A CAT,
DAVEY. LET'S
FIND OUT WHERE
THE MAHARAJA
LIVES IN THIS
PLACE AND GET
IN SOME OTHER
WAY!

HOW'S ABOUT
TRYING THOSE
STAIRS
OVER
THERE?
I THINK
HIS
SUITE
IS
SOMEWHERE
ABOVE
THERE!

I'LL TRY IT
THIS WAY
YOU TRY
THAT
APPROACH
CHECK!

GOSH! A GUY COULD
GET LOST FOR DAYS
AROUND THIS NECK
OF THE WOODS!

AND LIKE A COILED SPRING,
THE MAN-EATING BEAST LEAPS!
But a split second later—a hurling form zooms to the rescue!

Good thing I had some of this training at Penn State!

First down and plenty of places to go!

What the heck!

RRRRRRRRR!

Wow! Is that the cat you thought you knew more than one way to skin?

Whew! You almost ended up as a steak for that baby!

That must be the Maharaja's suite up there! It's pretty well guarded!

No reason why we can't magnetize ourselves to that iron grill work and get up there the easy way.

Better not take chances of both of us walking into a trap! You try that window to the left and I'll take this one!

Okay!
WHILE INSIDE THE ROYAL SUITE . . .

YOU WILL NEVER LEARN WHERE THAT VITAL DRUG IS STORED! I DO NOT TRUST YOU FOR A MOMENT!

VERY WELL, THEN! HERE IS MY ANSWER!

DEATH TO YOU!

HELP!

IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO SCREAM! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

DON'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT, PAL!

STAY AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL PLUNGE THE DIRK INTO HIS HEART!

PLEASE! DO NOT COST ME MY LIFE! PERHAPS WE CAN DICKER WITH HIM!

IT'S ALWAYS EASIER TO DICKER WITH GUYS LIKE THIS WHEN THEY'RE UNARMED!

NICE GOING, BOY!

HELP! TO THE RESCUE MY FRIENDS!

DON'T TELL ME THE BUM HAS SOME STOOGES HIDING AROUND HERE! WELL, BRING 'EM ON!
As the Japs rush into the room they are met by a surprise.

Is the signal from the minister? Ugh!

Well! More visitors!

How's this for a surprise!

Oops! So sorry! Wrong room!

It's the right room but the wrong time—-for you!

I ought to wind up the little affair; I think!

And now my American friends—-I know what you have come for, and it is ready for you! And may your journey home be swift and safe!

I hope so! Another day's delay will cost those Yanks their lives!

Well, your highness, what do we do with the trash?

I shall deal with them in my own way, my friend.

Oh, oh! Gonna make hash of the trash, huh?
NEXT DAY—THE BOMBER LANDS SAFELY AT THE AMERICAN FIELD!
HOME AGAIN! THIS FLYING STUFF IS WONDERFUL, EH, MAGNO?
RIGHT! AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!

I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE WITH THIS, DOCTOR!
JUST IN TIME, BOYS! A SPLENDID JOB AND THE ARMY THANKS YOU!

LATER...
WELL, DAVEY, WHAT'S ON THE POCKET NOW?
HOW'S ABOUT TAKING IN THAT MOVIE, MAGNO?

FEEL LIKE SEEING SOMETHING NICE AND RESTFUL?
I DON'T CARE... JUST SO THERE'S NO TIGERS AND STUFF IN IT!

OH, OH! LOOK WHAT'S PLAYING! LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.
IT'S REALLY A WONDERFUL PICTURE! A THRILLING TALE OF INDIA!

NO, THANKS! WE JUST GOT BACK FROM A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN INDIA!
SURE! COMPLETE WITH TIGERS AND A MAHARAJA!

OH! A COUPLE OF WISE GUYS, EH? SOME PEOPLE HAVE A PECULIAR SENSE OF HUMOR!

IT'S THE END.
There is a legend among the Indians in the American desert that a terrible and unholy bird of fire protects the land against all foreigners! The legend was almost forgotten until the pre-flight school for Chinese pilots was suddenly and unaccountably struck by the fury of this ancient legend of the fire bird!

At the home of ace crime fighter, Mr. Risk...

Telegram for Mr. Risk!

I'll take it, boy!

What is the trouble, master?

An old friend of mine, who's running a pre-flight school for Chinese pilots out west needs our help! Pack our bago, Abdul! We're taking the first plane for the desert!
MR. RISK! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOPE YOU HAD A NICE TRIP!

HELLO, GRANT! TRIP WAS GOOD ENOUGH - THE ROUGHEST PART OF IT WAS COMING OUT HERE FROM THE AIRPORT IN THIS STATION WAGON.

COME INTO MY QUARTERS, MR. RISK. I HAVE SOME THINGS TO TELL YOU!

GOOD ENOUGH, GRANT. OH, OUR BAGS!

FILIPINO BOY SAY HE TAKE CARE OF THEM, MASTER!

NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, GRANT?

IT'S ABOUT AN OLD INDIAN SUPERSTITION!

LEGEND SAYS THAT A GIANT FIRE BIRD PROTECTS THE LAND AGAINST ALL OUTSIDERS! I'M AFRAID OUR CHINESE STUDENTS MAY BE INFLUENCED BY THE LEGEND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS!

BUT WHY SHOULD YOU BE WORRIED? HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED YET?

ONLY THIS: NIGHT BEFORE LAST, WHEN THE BOYS WERE ALL SLEEPING, I ACTUALLY SAW THE FIRE-BIRD FOR A FEW SECONDS OVER BY THE MOUNTAIN!

HM! NOT VERY FAR OVER THERE, IS IT?

NO! AND, INCIDENTALLY, THE CHINESE PILOTS ARE OVER THERE RIGHT NOW TAKING A HIKE! I HOPE THEY GET BACK BEFORE NIGHTFALL - IT'S GETTING DARK RIGHT NOW!

GOOD LORD! LOOK! OVER THERE BY THE MOUNTAIN!

THE FIRE BIRD!

THE FIRE BIRD HAS STRUCK!

COME ON! LET'S GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!
HE SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN SOMEWHERE OVER THERE!

YES! JUST OVER THAT LITTLE RISE IN THE GROUND! I GUESS IT WAS ONE OF THE PILOTS — THE OTHERS ARE COMING OVER, TOO!

POOR DEVIL! THERE HE IS!

GOOD HEAVENS! HIS CLOTHES ARE ALMOST BURNEO OFF HIM!

WHAT HAPPENED, FELLOWS?

SIR, WE WERE HIKING SUN LOW, MAY HIS SOUL BE IMMORTAL, STRAYED FROM THE REST OF US — AND YOU SAW THE REST!

ABDUL, SEE THAT THE BOY'S BODY IS BROUGHT SAFELY BACK... COME ON, GRANT! TELL ME, WHO WOULD WANT TO RUIN THIS SCHOOL OF YOURS?

NOBODY, AS FAR AS I KNOW! EXCEPT THE ENEMY OF COURSE! YOU SEE! I'M THE ONLY CIVILIAN WHO'S BEEN GIVEN THE HONOR OF TRAINING THESE BOYS! WE'RE TRAINING THEM HERE TO FIGHT THE JAPS BECAUSE THIS COUNTRY IS ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE THE COUNTRY THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IN!

HM! SAY — MIGHTY FINE SWIMMING POOL YOU HAVE HERE! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I WANT EVERYONE IN THIS CAMP TO TURN OUT FOR A SWIM TOMORROW! AND THAT MEANS EVERYONE FROM YOU RIGHT DOWN TO THE SERVANTS!

OKAY! YOU'RE HANDLING THE CASE SO WE'LL DO IT!
NEXT DAY -
WE'VE N'T RISK -
HAVE YOU SPOTTED OUR FIRE BIRD YET?
NOT YET! BUT PERHAPS SOONER THAN YOU THINK!

ABDUL, DO YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE SWIM?
YES, MASTER! AND IT IS AS YOU TOLD ME IT MIGHT BE!

OKAY, GRANT! YOU CAN CALL OFF YOUR SWIMMING PARTY ANYTIME YOU WANT TO! I THINK WE'LL SOON FIND YOUR FIRE BIRD FOR YOU!

I MUST SAY, RISK - I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR METHOD OF OPERATING!

IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND BECAUSE THE FIRE BIRD IS A MIGHTY HARD BIRD TO UNDERSTAND, GRANT! BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT HIS NUMBER!

HERE ARE TOWELS, MR. GRANT PLEASE!
THANKS, MANUEL! NOW RISK, WHAT IS YOUR NEXT MOVE?

WHY AM I GOING TO FIND THE FIRE-BIRD'S NEST?

WHEN DO YOU PROPOSE TO START ON YOUR HUNTING EXPEDITION?
AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK! AND THAT WON'T BE VERY LONG NOW!
That night... Don't worry about me, Grant! And Abdul is around somewhere!

And so Mr. Risk begins the ascent of the mountain...

If my deductions are all wet, I'm going to feel like one foolish man!

And as Mr. Risk nears the ridge... a shadowy figure follows close behind!

And the next instant—a second figure raises a weapon and...

Hm! Mighty windy right here! This is just about the place to...!

Aha! The not-so-smart Mr. Risk has taken his last risk! The fire bird shall fly again tonight!
I WAS A HARMLESS FILIPINO SERVANT, EH? THESE YANKEES ARE SO INTOLERABLY STUPID!

AND NOW, THE VERY PARACHUTES THE YANKEES MAKE TO SAVE THEIR MEN WILL CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM FOR THE FIRE BIRD!

THE WIND SWOOPING DOWN OVER THE RIDGE IN THE MOUNTAIN WILL CARRY THE FOOL BY PARACHUTE RIGHT OVER THE SIDE! AND WHEN I TOUCH A MATCH TO IT JUST AS I TOSS HIM OVER — HA!

YOU AND YOUR KIND HAVE TOUCHED YOUR LAST MATCH TO ANYTHING...

YOU HAVE FOOL SOME PEOPLE SOME OF TIME BUT NOT ABDUL AND HIS MASTER ANY OF TIME!

SON OF THE RISING SUN WHO? WHERE ARE YOU? WHO — —

WOW! WHAT HIT ME? GOOD THING I'VE GOT YOU AROUND, ABDUL!

GOOD THING FOR YOU — BUT BAD THING FOR OUR FRIEND THERE! COME, MASTER! WE TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP!
SOME TIME LATER...

THERE'S SOMETHING DEVILISHLY FIENDISH ABOUT ALL THIS! I WISH I KNEW WHERE RISK AND.... HELLO! COME IN!

MR. RISK! AND-- BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MANUEL? THE FIRE BIRD!

THE FIRE BIRD GOT HIM? NO GRANT! WE GOT THE FIRE BIRD!

AND MANUEL IS HIM!

IT'S SIMPLE--THAT'S WHY IT'S HARD TO FIGURE OUT! YOU SEE, MANUEL IS REALLY A JAP SPY AND DID HIS BEST TO RUIN THE MORALE OF YOUR CHINESE PILOTS!

HE INTENDED TO MURDER ONE BY ONE--AS MANY OF YOUR BOYS AS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO BREAK UP THE SCHOOL! HE LEARNED OF THE LEGEND OF THE FIRE BIRD AND CASHED IN ON IT!

HE HAD A NEAT LITTLE CAVE IN THE HILLS. BY STRAPPING HIS VICTIM TO A CHUTE, LIGHTING IT, AND PUSHING IT OFF THE CLIFF, HE CREATED THE ILLUSION OF A GIGANTIC FIRE BIRD WITH ITS PREY.

AN AMAZING PIECE OF WORK, MR. RISK! BUT WHY DID YOU SUSPECT MANUEL FROM THE FIRST?

WHEN I ASKED YOUR MEN TO GO BATHING, I NOTED THE FOOTPRINTS OF ALL OF THEM, AND MANUEL'S BIG TOE WAS SEPARATED FROM THE NEXT AS ARE ALL JAP TOES! THEY GET THAT WAY FROM WEARING SHOES WITH THINGS RUNNING BETWEEN THOSE FIRST TWO TOES! IT WAS REALLY A MOST SIMPLE CASE!
Boot Hill Recruits

By Cliff Howe

SLIM NOBLES' eyes were as blue as the heat-blistered wallpaper in the sheriff's office, his bare head covered in the desert sun streaming through the window. He crossed his battered sombrero in his hand and squinted in the morning light.

"But sheriff?" he choked, Dal Perry never killed anybody, let alone Old Smoky, the express agent. An as for him rubbin' the stage— The young cowboy waved a lanky arm as if the thought of his friend doing such a thing was entirely out of the question.

Sheriff Clyde Phillips shifted his big body in his swivel chair and dug at his full-grown mustache. With an economy of energy he hilted an elbow to push up the sombrero he always wore. The sheriff was over half bald.

"Rip Scanlon says Dal's guilty," he said with a funny grin. "An' Rip's a good citizen here in Mesa Flats ownin' the Red Front Saloon an' a couple other enterprises hereabouts. An' then there's Pete Moran forin' of the Triple S ranch. Both of them's gently and they saw young Perry shoot Old Smoky and make off with the express box he pulled off the stage."

Slim's long face looked unhappy. He limped a step closer to the sheriff's desk, his hand hanging onto the edge. The story is right," he said earnestly. "Only you've got it backwards. It's the other way around— Rip Scanlon did it, him and Pete Moran."

The big man snorted and jerked his feet down from the top of the desk. A shade of irritation flaked his wide brow. "Slim, don't be a young fool. Good thing I'm alone here I wouldn't want anybody else to hear you. Better get back to your job paintin' the livery barn."

Slim's gullet rose in his throat. It kept him from talking.

The sheriff said, "Listen, young sprout. I know Dal's a friend of yours—but don't get excited about him. And, he added severely, 'Don't ever make any charges against anybody—especially Rip and Pete—unless you've got evidence. An I mean evidence."

Slim nodded and looked toward the back room. "I'll remember about the evidence," he promised. "I'd like to see Dal before I go back to work."

"Okay to that—go right in, Slim. Jest no monkey business."

He looked at the tall rangy cowboy curiously. "I'd like to help you, Slim, but there's no way. Even Dal Perry thinks he rubbed that stage and killed Old Smoky."

Slim stopped in his tracks. Across his pale face toward the sheriff. He was—Dal was—drunk.

AT SUNDOWN Slim finished painting Cole's livery barn. He took the half gallon or so of white paint inside, took a turp rag and rubbed the white spots off his worn Levis. Then he limped down the block-long street toward the express office to sweep it out.

In the three months since he had taken over his horse Slim had taken on spare job around Mesa Flats. Working in the livery barn was one of his jobs sweeping out the express office was another.

Slim stopped to rest his leg in front of the Red Front Saloon. He decided it might be even more restful leanin' on the brass rail inside. So Slim had a beer. His smoky blue eyes took in the whole room. Rip Scanlon wasn't in sight. Neither was Pete Moran.

A sinister angry mumble ran along the bar Slim held his breath. "Why wait for a trial?" blurted out a voice.

"This young Perry's no good—a drunk—lazy—fired from the Circle R ranch." Slim gulped down his beer and limped out the bat-wing doors. He half ran to the sheriff's office. He burst inside out of breath. The sheriff was just as he had left him except now one spurred boot was crossed over the other one on the table and his cloth sack of tobacco was lowered a couple of inches.

Slim blurted him, "They're going to lynch Dal Perry—now tonight!"

Sheriff Phillips took down his feet and sat the end off his cigarette before throwing it away.

"Funny," said the sheriff. "I was just waiting for somebody to come and tell me that. Humph! The boys know my deputies are away chasin' a rustler."

"What are you goin' to do?" queried Slim.

The sheriff got up, went to the window, and looked out. "You muck on, Slim. Me an' my prisoner I reckon, will ride on over to Circle City—out the back way."

"Gee," said Slim. He backed out of the doorway and limped over to the express office where he started in on his chores.

When he was through he stood outside the building, and watched the glares from the Red Front windows light the haze of dust which still hung above the street. Rip Scanlon's drinking establishment was already growing noisy as the evening's business got under way. Slim looked at that building for a long time and tried to swallow the lump which kept rising in his throat.

I GOT to do it," Slim cried at last. He grumbled and swung his face toward the jail. "Now why did Dal Perry have to go an' drag me in that night when my horse fell on me? Why couldn't it have been somebody else? Pop always said for me to pay my debts— an' I reckon this is the only one I owe. So, that's it—I gotta help Dal."

Slim's eyes burned into the deepening gloom beyond the sheriff's office. Two horsemen moved out of the shadows and nosedlessly away in the direction of Circle City. Slim grinned.

A half hour later the lanky red-headed was again at the bar inside the Red Front. Rip Scanlon was there now. And Pete Moran. They seemed to be waiting for the men at the bar to work themselves into a frenzy over the lynching. Rip grinned evilly at Pete and waved his hand at the barkeep to hasten the proceedings.

The shifty-headed bartender called, "Drink up, gent. On the house."

After a while Slim's voice got loud. His limp helped him to stagger when he moved up to Rip's table.

"It'll happen all at once," he cried brokenly. "I know it's goin' to happen—"

Get out of here, he said. Pete irritably. Rip Scanlon reached over and caught Slim's arm.

Rip's hard jaw barely moved when he talked, but it was moving now in a question. "What's on your mind?"
Slim staggered against him. "The express office," he said, looking from one man to the other. "The express office will be robbed. Somebody's sure to know about the secret shipment of payroll cash for the Crenshaw Mine—"

Pete's eyes glittered. Then he snorted in disgust. "You're crazy, Slim. They only pay once every two months, and they got two hundred men up there. That payroll would be a pile of dinero!"

"The new agent don't know about this country. He figures, I reckon, that the strong box is good enough to hold that secret shipment—"


Slim warped his long face and grinned into his cups. "You going to set up any more drinks, Mr. Scanlon?" Without waiting he answered Rip's first question. "The sheriff was away chasin' Dal Perry—"

"What?" Rip grasped Slim's arm, spun him around. "What you talkin' about? Do you mean to tell me that Dal Perry's get away?"

Pete Moran was on his feet now, heavy-set and swarthy before the thinner Rip Scanlon. His jowls pulled back in a wolfish snarl Slim spoke up in a hurry.

"Dal Perry, get away all right, but I reckon the sheriff thinks he can catch him or he'd come over here for help. Will you keep your eye on the express office, Mr. Scanlon? I feel kind of responsible—"

"Leave it to us," said Rip. "An' don't say nothin'"

Slim nodded with apparent disinterest and limped back to the bar. In the glass he could watch Rip and Pete in earnest conversation. A couple of minutes later he saw them go through the side door.

"Checkin' on me," whispered Slim to himself. "Well, they'll sure find Dal gone—and it's too early for them to bother the express office—"

As soon as Slim staggered out through the batting doors he lost that stagger. He moved along the pine-boarded walk toward the livery stable in a hurry. But soon he slowed down. Plenty of time for the plan he had in mind. And it would be midnight before the sheriff got back from Circle City.

But Slim didn't wait for the sheriff to ride into Mesa Flats. Shortly before midnight, he rode out to meet the sheriff Slim was excited by the time he found the big man riding placidly along the road.

"The express office has been robbed!" Slim cried. "They broke in the back window, prised that old iron box open—"

The sheriff swore lustily. "Now what do you know about that? I no sooner get out of town than something's got to happen—I shoulda left Perry here."

Slim kept the moonlight out of his face when he asked softly. "You know it wasn't Dal this time, don't you, sheriff?"

The sheriff snorted and gave his mount a dig with his spurs. Slim followed. Just before his horse broke into the single street of Mesa Flats the sheriff pulled up, swung his mount against Slim's.

"Tell me something," he growled. "How does it come you know so much about all this?"

"I figured with you out of town somebody had to watch the place. With you and your deputies all away somebody was sure to rob that iron box—especially if they figured the Crenshaw payroll was in it." Slim chased the Adam's apple out of his throat and added, "You always said to get evidence so I set a trap for them outlaws—"

"Did you catch them?"

"Dunno. I ain't accusin' anybody until you see the evidence."

"Come on," howled the sheriff. "I still don't know what they got out of that safe. The Crenshaw payroll won't be in for another week."

Fifteen minutes later the sheriff and Slim pushed through the doors of the Red Front Saloon. They blinked for a moment in the poor light of the swinging kerosene lamps, then moved on to the bar. Slim was wearing a gun for the first time in months. The sheriff had two irons, with bullets crossing at his middle.

Thick wolfish Rip Scanlon pushed away from the bar. At his side was the shorter, more shrewd Pete Moran. His small eyes were murderous as he glared at the slim young man facing him.

Rip Scanlon's lips began to move. "Did you get him? Did you get Dal Perry?"

The sheriff didn't speak, just nodded and looked steadily at the pair. Looked them all over from riding boots to sombreros.

Slim spoke up. "The sheriff had Dal Perry all the time the strong box at the express office was robbed. That means that Dal didn't do it! Any more than he robbed the stage and killed Old Smoky."

Rip cursed under his breath, moved farther away from the bar. Now he was under the full light of the kerosene lamp. The sheriff's eyes widened as he looked at his clothes. His voice came in a growl.

"Rip Scanlon—an' you, Pete Moran—unbuckle your gunbelts!"

Rip looked blank. Then sudden comprehension came to him. He went for his gun, snarling at Pete to do the same. Slim's blue eyes blazed with excitement. While his own hand dived for his six-gun he saw the sheriff go into a crouch.

All hell broke loose then. But when the guns finished spitting red and orange, Slim and the sheriff were still on their feet. Beyond the smoké of their six-guns lay Rip Scanlon and Pete Moran.

The customers began to slip back from behind the bar. The bartender came up from behind it.

"I reckon you guessed right, sheriff. But how did you know for sure?"

Sheriff Phillips snorted and put away his gun. "Hell, I couldn't miss. My new deputy here trapped 'em."

He put a heavy hand on Slim's shoulder and grinned. "Slim painted the inside of the express office with enough of the livery stable's white paint to mark up the wall when they came to steal a payroll that wasn't there. Evidence, just look at it! It's all over Rip and Pete."

Slim seemed suddenly aware of the six-gun still in his hand. He hastily holstered it while the men of Mesa Flats crowded up to stare at the fallen gunman. Under the direct rays of the hanging lamp they saw white splotches on Rip Scanlon's clothes. And there was a long white paint line across Pete Moran's hips and holster.

Slim looked at the sheriff, then nodded towards the floor. "That makes Dal Perry free, doesn't it?"

"That makes Dal Perry free," said the sheriff. "An' it makes you my deputy!"
“Money may not be everything” says Chuck Connors! “But a little of it can keep you from worrying yourself as thin as a dime!”

Wow! Looka that! I guess they figure the boys are adults and now I gotta raise me some dough!

I can’t collect my allowance ’til tomorrow, so I’d better think of something else fast!

Jitterbugs’ big dance tonight! Admission adults $1, free to high school girls and boys!
OH BOY, THERE'S JUST ENOUGH OF THESE GINGER ALE BOTTLES TO NET ME A BUCK! I'M IN LUCK!

AT A NICKEL A PIECE FOR THESE, I CAN JUST MAKE IT!

WHOOPES!

HMMM! WONDER WHAT I CAN SALVAGE FROM THIS MESS?

BUY MORE BONDS

WELL, TEN CENTS IS BETTER THAN NOTHING! EVEN ROCKEFELLER HAD TO START OUT WITH SOMETHING!

NOW LET'S SEE, ONLY NINETY CENTS TO GO! WONDER HOW MUCH I COULD GET FOR PAWNING MY SILVER CUP I WON AT THE SPOH HOP?
I hate to do this but if I win first prize tonight I can get this cup back tomorrow.

How much? Huh? How much?

Very cheap stuff, my boy. But for you I'll even advance a dollar!

There you are, Chuck! For nobody but a nice boy like you would I do this! There's a nice shiny silver dollar!

Hot dogs! That's all I need!

I knew I'd get it somehow! It takes a few brains, that's all!

Gulp! Must have dropped it! Hey! Stop!

Daggon it! There it goes! Now I'll have to fish it out!
WELL, WITH THE TEN CENTS I STILL HAVE, I CAN BUY A CHEWING GUM AND PUT IT ON A STICK AND FISH THAT DOLLAR OUT OF THERE!

MY, MY, MY! DO THESE OLD EYES DECEIVE ME, OR DO I ESPY A SILVER DOLLAR REPOSING RESTFULLY BELOW?

MAYHAP FATE IS KIND AFTER ALL. MAYHAP THE WORLD IS NOT SO CRUEL! AH! HERE IT COMES NOW!

NOW TO—ULP! HEY, YOU?

YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND? WERE YOU SPEAKING WITH ME, SIR?

YES! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT—AH! DO NOT BOTHER ME WITH RANDOM OBSERVATIONS! FATE HAS BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PRESENT ME WITH A DOLLAR! AND NOW MY CHILDREN CAN HAVE MILK TONIGHT!

THREE STARVING KIDS, HUH? WELL, I GUESS HE NEEDS IT MORE THAN I DO! BUT THAT LICKS ME!
Golly, I’m sorry, mister!

Of all the nerve! And I have to send a telegram before I catch the Western Express! Now I’ll never make it!

Well, sir—I’d be glad to send your wire if you’d tell me what to say. That’ll save you some time!

Never thought of that! Here, young man—the message is written on this piece of paper! Send it collect!

And—er—here’s a dollar bill for your trouble!

Oh boy!

Must have been in a bit of a hurry about something, I guess!
Thirty seconds later . . .

Now to get up to the hall for the rest of the dancing!

Sure I am! What's that got to do with it?

Well, can't you read? All high school students are admitted free!

Hey! What's the idea? Lemme in!

Hey! What for? The Jitterbug contest is over, Chuck!

What's the matter? Aren't you a high school student?

Oh, my gosh! And all this time I've been trying to raise a dollar! Well, better late than never!

Breakin' up for the night Connors! Outta the way!

Oorrr, well!
IT WAS A FIENDISH DEVICE THE GENIUS CREATED—
A MACHINE THAT WAS MEANT TO DESTROY FOREVER THE
SWORD AND HIS MIGHTY WEAPON, EXCALIBUR! AND
ONLY LANCE LATER COULD HALT THE MAD SCHEME.... BUT
HOW COULD LANCE SAVE HIS FRIEND WHEN THAT FRIEND
WAS ALREADY CARRIED INTO THE DAYS OF LONG AGO,
BEYOND THE REACH OF ANY ORDINARY MORTAL!

IN A SECRET LABORATORY, THE GENIUS
WORKS FEVERISHLY!
EVERYONE KNOWS YOU CAN CAPTURE TELE
VISION WAVES AND SEE THINGS THAT ARE
HAPPENING AT THE MOMENT YOU TUNE IN SO...

THEN IT MUST BE POSSIBLE TO
CAPTURE WAVES OF THE PAST AND
SEE THINGS WHICH WERE
HAPPENING CENTURIES
AGO!
AND NOW I HAVE SUCCEEDED! I CAN BRING BACK SCENES FROM THE PAST!

AND NOW I GO ONE STEP FURTHER! WITH THE AID OF THIS NEW ELECTRONIC WAVE RECORDER, I CAN TRANSPORT ANYTHING OR ANYBODY INTO THE PAST THAT IS RECORDED ON MY SCREEN!

I HAVE AN ALMOST CERTAIN FEELING THAT ARTHUR LAKE IS REALLY THE SWORD—SO I SHALL SEND HIM AND HIS EXCALIBUR BACK INTO HISTORY—WHERE I SHALL LEAVE HIM FOREVER!

NOW BY TURNING MY DIALS I CAN BRING MY MACHINE PICTURES RIGHT UP TO THE PRESENT TIME! THERE—TWENTY YEARS! AND NOW....

LET US SEE WHERE THIS ARTHUR LAKE IS! AHA! THERE'S THE AIRPORT AT HIS FATHER'S FACTORY

AND THERE HE IS NOW! TAKING HIS SOLO FLYING LESSON! HA! HA! BUT HE SHALL NEVER RETURN FROM THIS FLIGHT!
At that moment...

I wish Lance was here to see this but he's out selling war bonds again! Well, dad—here I go!

Good luck, son! Happy landings.

You don't have to worry, Mr. Lake! Your son is the best student I've ever had. He'll make a fine flyer.

I'm glad of that! He'll be able to test-flight our ships!

Boy! This is the life! And this baby acts like a trained puppy!

Hah! There he goes! But he's going further than any man ever flew before! He's going back into the ages! Now a twist of the dial!

Hey! What the heck goes on here? I can't see anything but a lot of circles and stuff! I must be going blind!

And with a final twist of the dial, the genius sends the tiny plane backward through the centuries!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...

WHAT THE Heck happened, anyhow? I never saw this country before!

UNLESS I'M COMPLETELY NUTTY, THAT'S A CASTLE DOWN THERE! AND THERE ARE SOME GUYS RUNNING AROUND, TOO!

HOLY HANNAH! THOSE FELLOWS ARE DRESSED LIKE KNIGHTS! MUST BE A MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION OR SOMETHING.

WELL, WHATEVER IT IS, I'M GOING TO LAND AND FIND OUT WHERE I AM!

THE MYSTERIOUS BIRD FROM THE HEAVENS IS ALIGHTING!

WE HAD BETTER INFORM HIS MAJESTY AT ONCE! HE WILL WISH TO SEND HIS KNIGHTS TO CAPTURE IT!
meanwhile back at the
lakeside airport.....
but gary, what happened?
one moment the plane was
there and the next n-
est it was gone!
it's beyond me, mr. lake?
may be a freak cloud
forming up there con-
cealing the plane from us.
but well soon know! i've
got the rest of our pi-
lots up there looking
around.

hey, there! mr. lake where's
arthur? did he pass
his test?

hello lance, well we don't
know what
happened to
arthur.

he took off and then dis-
appeared! all the search-
ing planes have returned with-
out a single clue! there's
something mighty awful
happened to him--but we
can't find out what it is!

ha, ha! at last i'm rid of
that lake brat! too many
times he has fooled my
plans and if he didn't
the sword did!

but now, i'm rid of him! and unless
i'm mistaken, which i never am
the sword has gone with him
now to find excalibur!
curses! in my excitement i completely forgot
about that young friend of his! but
i shall deal with him at once in a
most unexpected manner!
Well, if Arthur’s in trouble, Excalibur will be with him. I’m going to see, if it’s gone from its hiding place or not.

Hm! I wonder where he’s going? Perhaps he himself can lead me to Excalibur! Perhaps I’d better not kill him yet!

A few minutes later, in the secret hiding place of Excalibur.

Gone! Then Arthur is really in danger! I’ve got to find the genius and get to the bottom of this!

I believe I am the person you desire to see, so much to see?

Genius? You? But what...

I’ll ask the questions from now on, my young friend!

Oof!

The only one that counts is the $64 question! And I’ve got it!

Suddenly, Lance slips and...

And here is the answer to your question!

Now that I know Excalibur is gone, I shall send this young puppy back through the centuries to join the fate of that lake bray! In that way, there shall be no trace of either of them!
At that moment, Arthur Lake steps out of his plane, several hundred years in the past. Here comes the reception committee. I just hope they can tell me where I am!

Hi, there! What's cooking? Making a knighthood movie on location?

Hold! Surround the stranger and carry lances at the ready!

You guys must be kiddin'!

The stranger speaks in a strange tongue but we must not be tricked!

Okay! If that's the way you want to play it, I'll go along peacefully!

Your Majesty, you wish to question this strange birdman?

I know not who you are, but you may speak freely! Arthur! Holy King Arthur is known as a just and fair man. Mean I'm really back in the days of knighthood?

At that instant... The King! He's been fired upon!

Look! We are surrounded by our mortal enemies!
While in the Genius' Laboratory, . . .
What hit me? Where am I? Oh—the Genius. I remember now!

So at last you are coming to your senses!

But you shall not live in this world long enough to remember much more! I shall give you a sample of what will befall you!

What kind of Devilish scheme do you have cooked up now?

A Time Machine! A machine that turns back the Ages and also transports into the past anyone that I wish to transport! That is where your friend has gone! Watch I will show you!

Ah there he is now! And he looks troubled—as well he should be! Let us get a larger image to ascertain!

Ha-ha! He is with King Arthur and his men, and the Infidel Knights of the Realm have them in ambush! You may now witness the end of your friend!

Ah! C'mon, Art! Don't let them get you! Run for Excalibur!

Easily, my dear genius! I put it aboard his ship the night before he was to do his solo flight! I figured it might bring him luck! Now we'll see what happens, smart guy!
AND AS LANCE SPEAKS....

GOOD Golly! This must be a dream! King Arthur didn't die this way in any book I ever read!

REMEMBER, MY LAD—MANY THINGS ARE SAID IN LATER YEARS WHICH ARE NOT SO! I DO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU ARE FROM—BUT IF YOU HAVE READ OF ME, REMEMBER THAT MUCH OF IT MAY HAVE BEEN ONLY LEGEND!

THIS IS A TOUGH SITUATION! BUT THANK HEAVEN LANCE INSISTED ON PUTTING EXCALIBUR IN MY SHIP FOR GOOD LUCK!

NOW TO GET GOING! I HOPE LANCE WHEREVER HE IS, WON'T BE EMBARRASSED WHEN I PULL EXCALIBUR FROM THE ROCK! AFTER ALL, HE'S GOING TO UNDERGO A TRANSFORMATION, TOO!

AND ONCE AGAIN, ARTHUR LAKE STEPS BEFORE EXCALIBUR, TOUCHES THE HILT AND...

ONCE AGAIN ARTHUR LAKE BECOMES THE MIGHTY AND INVINCIBLE SWORD.
AND AT THAT SPLIT SECOND IN THE GENIUS' LABORATORY, LANCE LARER BECOMES THE LANCE!

NOW, MY HOMELY FRIEND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?

STAY AWAY FROM ME! I WAS RIGHT! YOU AND ARTHUR LAKE ARE THE LANCE AND THE SWORD!

YOU'LL NEVER BRING YOUR FRIEND BACK! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

OH, YEAH!

NOT SO FAST, GENIUS! THINK YOU'RE UNDER THE WELCOME?

OH, STOP SCREECHING! I WANT TO TAKE IN A MOVIE!

HELP! LET ME DOWN!

NOW TO GET THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOW ARTHUR'S MAKING OUT! OH BOY! THERE HE COMES NOW OUT OF THE PLANE!
NOW, LET'S HAVE A GO AT SOME OF THESE COOKIES WHO THINK THEY'RE SO TOUGH!

HE FIGHTS WITH THE FURY OF A DEMON!

NAY! WITH THE FURY OF THE KING HIMSELF!

SHALL I DEVOUR YOU INTO THE EARTH AS A HAMMER DRIVES A STAKE?

THE STAKES ON ME, BUD—IF YOU CAN FIND THE POINTS!

BEHOLD! OUR STRANGE FRIEND OF THE SKY LAND IS TURNING THE TIDE!

FORSOOTH! THE INFIDELS ARE CALLING A RETREAT!

ALL HAIL OUR NEW KING! THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!

THAT'S MIGHTY THRILLING TO HE MAN OF THE ROUND TABLE BUT I CANNOT ACCEPT THE HONOR.

GOODBYE! AND MAY THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE LIVE FOREVER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PLANE WITH ARTHUR AT THE CONTROLS ZOOMS OFF AGAIN.
NOW TO BRING ARTHUR AND THAT SHIP BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME! ALL THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—TURN THIS LITTLE DIAL HERE!

BUT AS LANCE INTENTLY WATCHES THE DIAL, THE GENIUS SECRETLY WIGGLES FROM HIS ABSURD POSITION!

NOW I HAVE YOU! YOU SURE ARE A COCKY FELLOW!

AND AS LANCE LASHES OUT, THE GENIUS STUMBLERS BACKWARD IN FRONT OF THE TIME CONE!

AND NOW FOR THE OLD ONE-TWO! I'LL—HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THE GENIUS HAS DISAPPEARED!

I GET IT! HE STEPPED IN FRONT OF THAT GADGET THAT HE WAS GOING TO USE TO SEND ME BACK INTO ANTIQUITY! WELL GOOD RIDDANCE!

HOT DOG! ARTHUR'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING AT THE AIRPORT! I'LL BEAT IT OUT THERE RIGHT NOW!
I'll be double-reved and spun in a spin! Let's go!

Look! Gary! There's Arthur's plane now!

Arthurr! What happened? We thought you met a mysterious fate. Nothing wrong folks. Just made a er-a a routine flight!

Arthur! How are you, boy? Hi, Lance, I just finished my flight!

How about it, Arthur? Did you pass your test? How about it, instructor? Do you get by? Yes! You get by and there are a couple of other things that got by, too! Completely by me!

Sometimes this younger generation puzzles me!

Gosh! What else could we say, Arthur? Some things on heaven nobody would have and earth that are believed what really better left unsaid and happened.

I know it! There are things that are super mystery! Lance and Arthur as the sword and the lance have another thrill up their sleeves with Arthur's first official flight as a transport pilot!
Paul and his pals, Betsy Ross and Pat Henry, prove that even fiery tempered people aren't really impossible— as long as their fiery tempers contain even the small spark of patriotism!

Paul and his pals start the Red Cross's new drive. They wish there was something they could do to help. They do, too! But they need $200 million dollars! Gee whiz!

That's just it! We can't raise all that money ourselves! But if we do our part, then the whole nation together can do it!

You're right, Paul! But what can we do? How about putting on a show? We can do that!
We don't know enough kids who can do tricks and things!

Oh, no? Well—how about Joe and Jim right there?

You're really getting hot at that trick, Jim!

Wish I had a nice, smooth stage to try it on! These streets have too many bumps!

Hey Joe! Hey Jim! Come over here a minute!

Hello, Paul! Be right there!

How about being in our show we're putting on for the Red Cross?

Gosh! Do you think we're good enough?

Sure you are! All you need is a little more practice!

Okay, if you say so! We'll be ready any time you say!

Well there's one act! I wonder who else we can get?

I have it! How about Don Cooper's act?

I never thought of it as an act before—but people would like it!

Sure they would! Let's find him!
AND SO WE THOUGHT YOU AND TRIXIE WOULD BE A GOOD ACT!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I'LL SHOW YOU TRICKS I'VE TAUGHT HER!

UP YOU GO, TRIXIE! EASY DOES IT, GIRL. THAT'S A SWELL ACT! LOTS OF DOGS CAN SIT ON THEIR HIND LEGS—but not many can do it that way!

TRIXIE CAN STAND ON HER HIND LEGS, TOO! BUT SHE BALANCES A BALL!

GEE DON! YOU'VE TAUGHT HER THAT SINCE I SAW HER PERFORM!

AND SO BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER, PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE PUT TOGETHER A REAL LIST OF PERFORMERS!
NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING TO PUT OUR SHOW ON, PAUL?

MR. BARNETT OWNS THAT THEATRE THAT'S CLOSED FOR THE DURATION! MAYBE WE'LL LET US HAVE IT! LET'S GO AND ASK HIM!

EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT WE'D LIKE TO SEE MR. BARNETT!

WHOM SHALL I SAY IS CALLING AND WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

YOU CAN TELL HIM, PATRICK HENRY, BETSY ROSS AND PAUL REVERE JR.

YES, AND YOU CAN TELL HIM IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR THOUSANDS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN!

I SEE!? HE'S VERY BUSY BUT I'LL TELL HIM!

A MOMENT LATER....

YOU MAY HAVE EXACTLY THREE MINUTES! THIS WAY, PLEASE!

MR. BARNETT WE'RE PUTTING ON A SHOW FOR THE RED CROSS AND WE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU'D LET US HAVE YOUR VACANT THEATRE FOR A NIGHT!

SO THAT'S IT! CERTAINLY! ANYBODY CAN HAVE IT FOR $100 A NIGHT!

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE THOUGHT YOU'D DONATE IT FOR THE GOOD CAUSE!

BAH! THE RED CROSS HAS PLENTY OF MONEY! THEY CAN PAY FOR IT ALL RIGHT! BESIDES WHAT'S THE RED CROSS EVER DONE FOR ME?
Since we have only three minutes of your time, I can't tell you everything the Red Cross does... but I'll tell you some of the things they're doing for the men who are fighting for you!

"They make sure there are plenty of sterilized bandages and medicines shipped overseas wherever a Yank is fighting your fight!"

"The Red Cross operates a wonderful emergency ambulance corps that is helping out overseas as well as at home!"

"And I think everybody knows what the blood plasma they collect and ship overseas has done to save our boys' lives!"

"Those are just a few of the things, Mr. Barnett! But our three minutes are up now, so we'll be going!"

"And even here at home, they make sure the families of service men are taken care of until their husbands can come back again!"
I GUESS I NEVER REALIZED HOW IMPORTANT THE AMERICAN RED CROSS REALLY IS. HERE'S A PERMIT TO USE MY THEATRE, AND IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE YOU NEED LET ME KNOW!

OH, BOY! THANKS A MILLION, MR. BARNETT! NOW THE SHOW CAN GO ON! YOU'RE A SWELL MAN, MR. BARNETT!

AND SO THE SHOW GOES INTO ITS FINAL REHEARSAL, AND THEN....

PAUL'S SHOW PLAYS TO A CAPACITY HOUSE!

THOSE KIDS ARE GOOD! I'M GLAD I CAME! AND LOOK HOW MUCH THEY'VE RAISED FOR THE RED CROSS!
The next day...KDS, I've called you here to present you with my check for $100. It's made out to the Red Cross, but I want you to give it to them.

Oh boy! They'll certainly be glad to get this, sir!

This is a copy of the advertisement that appeared in the newspaper:

For Victory Salvage Scrap!
Save Paper and Fats!
Buy Extra War Stamps and Bonds!
And Write to the Boys in the Service!


Of Super Mystery Comics published quarterly at Springfield, Mass. for October 1, 1944.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared A.A. Wyn, who being duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Super Mystery Comics and that the following is a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1913, embodied in section 337 Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, business manager, etc., are A.A. Wyn, 37 West 44th St., New York, N.Y.

2. That the publication was issued as follows during the immediately preceding 12 months:

A.A. Wyn
37 West 44th St.
New York, N.Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (if there are none, so state):

4. That the two paragraphs next above give the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustor is acting, is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embodying all the information and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock or any securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 200,000 (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1944.

[Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner]