



R.E.O.'S WESTERN STAR

# TIM HOLT

NO. 30

PLACE YOUR BETS,  
GENTLEMEN!  
YOU'RE PLAYING FOR  
**REDMASK!**

10c



REDMASK MEETS  
**"LADY DOOM"**  
AND THE  
**DEATH WHEEL!**

# KNOW YOUR AIRLINES!

PRECISION ROUTES



TO EVERYWHERE

**SWISSAIR**, SWITZERLAND'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE, HERBOGS THE SOLID CHARACTERISTICS OF THAT STURDY ALPINE NATION. FOR OVER TEN GENERATIONS THE SWISS HAVE HAD A REPUTATION FOR SKILL AND SERVICE. PRECISION AND SERVICE EQUALLY BY SEW AND SURPASSED BY NONE.

THE SAME TECHNICAL SKILL AND MECHANICAL ARTIFICE THAT PRODUCES THE WORLD'S BEST WATCHES HAS GONE INTO THE BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF SWISSAIR'S SUPERB AIR TRANSPORT SYSTEM...



AS A COMPANY **SWISSAIR** IS OVER TWENTY YEARS OLD, BUT IN ITS OPERATIONS IT DRAWN ON OVER THIRTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN COMMERCIAL AIR TRANSPORTATION. INHERITING THE EQUIPMENT AND PERSONNEL OF THE **ALP AIRPARA** AIRLINE WHICH WAS FORMED IN 1919 IN ZURICH AND OF **SALIAIR** FOUNDED IN 1922 IN BASEL, **SWISSAIR** WAS BORN THROUGH THE FUSION OF THESE TWO COMPANIES IN 1933.

**SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST EUROPEAN AIRLINE TO USE AN AMERICAN-BUILT PLANE, THE LOCKHEED "COCKIN" IN 1932. LATER, THE COMPANY WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO USE THE DOUGLAS DC-2 AND DC-3. THIS **SWISSAIR** HAS ASSISTED IN ACQUAINTING SWITZERLAND AND THE REST OF EUROPE WITH THE QUALITY OF AMERICAN AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURE.



TYPICAL OF **SWISSAIR**'S THOROUGHNESS IS THE RECENT INSTANCE WHERE THE COMPANY INTERVIEWED AND TESTED 300 APPLICANTS IN ORDER TO SELECT JUST THIRTY HOSTESSES FOR TRAINING.



ON AUGUST 9, 1951, **SWISSAIR** ADDED THE DOUGLAS DC-6B TO THEIR TRANSATLANTIC SCHEDULE BETWEEN NEW YORK AND ZURICH, CUTTING THE FLYING TIME BETWEEN THESE CITIES TO A NEW LOW OF 14 HOURS. **SWISSAIR** WAS THE FIRST CARRIER TO USE THESE PLANE'S OVER THE ATLANTIC, AND ON JANUARY 3, 1952, A **SWISSAIR** DC-6B SET A NEW WORLD FLYING RECORD BETWEEN NEW YORK AND GENEVA—10 HOURS AND 27 MINUTES. THE **SWISSAIR** DC-6B ALSO SET A NEW OCEAN-CROSSING RECORD FOR COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT—4 HOURS AND 34 MINUTES—ONLY 17 MINUTES SHORT OF THE FASTEST CROSSING TO DATE, RECENTLY MADE BY A JET PLANE.



# TIM HOLT

IT RATTLES AND SPINS, AND NO MAN KNOWS WHEN OR WHERE IT WILL STOP, FOR THIS IS THE WHEEL OF DEATH, AND AFTER IT IS SPUN BY THE LADY DOOM — SOME MAN DIES! AND WHEN THE LIFE OF RED MASK OF THE RIO GRANDE IS RAFFLED OFF IN A MONSTER GAMBLE — WITH MONEY LAID ACROSS THE BOARD ON THE MARSHES OF HIS DEATH — THE GREAT HERO OF THE SOUTHWEST SEES HIS DEATH FATE PREDICTED ON —

## "THE DEATH WHEEL"



THIS IS THE WHEEL ITSELF. IT IS MADE OF STRANGE WOODS FROM EGYPT AND THE FAR EAST, SANDALWOOD AND CEDAR, DECORATED WITH OPAL AND LARIS-LAZULI. LEGEND HAS IT THAT IT WAS MADE FOR KING GOLDMOR, THE RULER OF ALL THE WORLD.



STEP UP, GENTLEMEN! LEARN YOUR FATE—DISCOVER WHAT LIES AHEAD ON THE PATHS OF LIFE—ALL FOR ONE GOLDEN SINGLET! A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY FOR A CHANCE AT—BILLIONS...

THIS IS THE LADY WHOSE HAND SPINS THE WHEEL...

THE WOMAN IS MYSTERIOUS AND ALONE. BY DAY SHE IS A TRICK-SHOT ARTIST AND KNIFE-THROWER, WHO HAS COME TO THE COW COUNTRY IN HER LITTLE RED AND GILT WAGON!



"I'LL SHOOT THREE COINS AT TWENTY PAGES, BOYS! JUST Toss 'EM INTO THE AIR AND—STEP ASIDE! WANT TO BET?"

BY NIGHT, SHE VELS HER EYES WITH LACE, AND HER WHITE HAND SPINS THE WHEEL, AND HER BIG MOUTH THISTS IN AN AWKED SMYLE...



"LAST WEEK YUH TOLD ME TO BE BORN IN 'PARADISE' JAVES! MYNY BROTHER DIED DOWN IN TEXAS — AND LEFT ME HIS RANCH!"

"I DID NOT TELL YOU — THE HORRIBLE DID!"



"STEP UP, GENTLEMAN! RISK A GOLDEN EAGLE — YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID! IT ISN'T A TRICK, BELIEVE ME! THE WHEEL KNOWS YOUR FATE!"

AT FIRST MEN LOOK AWKWARD AT THE LADY DOON AND HER FROEL, FOR OTHERS WANT ATTEMPTED TO TELL FORTUNES AND HAVE FAILED! BUT WHEN HANK EYERS DIES, AS THE WHEEL SAID, FORETOLD—



—AND WHEN EVERETT HASTERS DIES WITH A DOZEN OUTLAW BULLETS IN HIS BODY—



—AND WHEN PRETTY LIZ BECKETT FINDS GOLD ON HER BARREN RANCH, AS THE WHEEL SAID SHE WOULD...



—THEN THE SILVER DOLLARS RATTLE AND ROLL ACROSS THE BOARDS OF THE WHEEL OF FATE!



# TIM HOLT

FROM EL PASO TO CHEYENNE, FROM  
 RANGER TO POSSE CITY TALES OF THE  
 WHEEL SPREAD AND GROW. AND THEN,  
 ONE AFTERNOON...



POAT! A BROKEN WHEEL!  
 NOW I HAVE TO STAY HERE  
 UNTIL I CAN GET HELP!



WAL, WAL!  
 —A WOMAN!

QUITE A GAL' ALL  
 ALONE, TOO!

DON'T GET ANY  
 IDEAS ABOUT ROBBING  
 ME, BOYS...



I CAN SHOOT THE WHISKERS  
 OFF A CAT'S ERM AT FIFTY  
 FEET! NOW, GIVE ME A HAND  
 WITH MY WAGON!

THIS IS THE LADY ODOM AND HER WHEEL. COME INTO THE  
 OUTLAW TOWN OF SANDSPRING MORNING



SHE SETS UP HER WHEEL, AND IT  
 BATTLE AND GAINS THE BUSINESS  
 OF THE HARDY GUNMEN WHO  
 BECOME ITS STEADY CUSTOMERS



HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS  
 IN GOLD! TELL ME I'LL ROB THE  
 BULLET BANK WITHOUT JOHNNY  
 '770 JERMAK— AND IT'S  
 YOURS!

JERMAK! JERMAK!  
 THAT'S ALL I HEAR! IS HE  
 SO WONDERFUL THEN?  
 PERHAPS, IF HE FACED MY  
 WHEEL OF FATE—WHO  
 KNOWS? IT MIGHT FORETELL  
 HIS DEATH...



I WILL HOLD A MONSTER  
 RAFFLE! A SHOOTSTAKE OF  
 DEATH! THE OUTLAWS WILL  
 BET ON THE NUMBER OF  
 JERMAK'S DEATH—AND  
 THE WHEEL WILL SELECT  
 THE WINNER!

WORD OF THE DEATH RAFFLE GOES OUT ACROSS THE DESERTS AND THE MOUNTAINS, INTO THE COW COUNTRY...

DEATH TO REDMASK!



ONE MORNING AT THE T-BARN RANCH...

HEAR ABOUT THE RAFFLE THAT OUTLAW TOWN IS HOLDING? THEY'RE MAKING BETS ON THE WAY THAT REDMASK DIES!



MOMENTS LATER TIM HOLT RECALLED HIS WORN WORKBOAT GARMENTS AND POKE THE COWBOY HABIT UP—ACROSSER OF THE RIP GARDNER!

IF SOMEONE IS TAKING BETS ON THE MANNER OF MY DYING, IT'S HIGH TIME I SWIG CHIPS IN THE GAME MYSELF!



RIGHTLY THE LADY BOOM STATIONS HERSELF BY THE CANYON PASS THAT IS THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO THE OUTLAW TOWN OF HANGMAN'S NOOSE...

HE WILL COME I SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT THE RAFFLE—IT WILL BRING HIM SOMETIME... AWWW!



HERE HE COMES NOW! HE FANCIED HIMSELF SAFE, AS FAR FROM TOWN AS THIS, HE WILL NOT HEAR THE SWIG-COVERED NEEDLE AS I BLOW IT AT HIM!



A MOMENTARY STING, A QUICK NUMBER OF THE SENSES—AND REDMASK CRASHES FROM THE SADDLE!



SO! THE GREAT REDMASK LIES AT MY FEET—HELPLESS!





EAGER VOICES CRY ASSENT — AND THEY ARE LIFTED AS THE FEVER OF GAMBLING RISES TO A HOT FLAME UNDER THEM!

FOR THIS IS THE GREATEST GAMBLE OF THEIR LIVES AS THEY PLAY ON THE DEATH OF THEIR GREATEST ENEMY! EVERY EYE IN THE ROOM DIVERTS ITSELF TO THE WHEEL AS IT SPINS.

AROUND AND AROUND IT SPINS! ITS BLISSFUL POINTER SLIPS THROUGH NOTCH AFTER NOTCH THEN, THE WHEEL SLOWS.



# TIM HOLT

AS REDMASK OPENS HIS EYES, THE WHEEL STOPS, ITS POINTER CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO SPACES...



THE WHEEL HAS DECIDED. IT IS NEITHER DEATH BY WATER NOR DEATH BY FIRE. I GO FREE!

NO, REDMASK! YOU DIE BY BOTH....?

MOMENTS BEFORE DAWN, A CAVALCADE OF GALLOPING OUTLAWS RACE PAST A GROUP OF ABANDONED WAGONS ABOVE THE HEIGHTS OF OUTLAW TOWN...



DOOM—

YOU ARE TIED IN SUCH A MANNER THAT AS THE WHEEL CIRCLES YOU WILL BE CHOKED TO DEATH BY THE BOPPS, AND AT THE SAME TIME—DROWNED!



IT IS ONLY SITTING THAT YOU MEET YOUR DEATH ON A WHEEL FOR, WAS IT NOT THE WHEEL THAT FORETOLD THE MANNER OF IT?



COME ON! HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD! LET'S GO BACK TO TOWN AND PLAN OUR ROBBERIES!

HE'LL NEVER GET AWAY! THANKS TO THE LADY DOOM!



OLD BUSTER MACHINERY, REPAIRED FOR THE TASK OF KILLING REDMASK, STANDS UP. THE WHEEL SPINS AROUND SLOWLY, NEARLY...

THEY'VE TIED THESE BOPPS SO I CAN'T MOVE—SO THAT AT EACH REVOLUTION OF THE WHEEL THE BOPPS ABOUT MY NECK CHOKES ME...IT'S GETTING TIGHTER AND TIGHTER...



EVEN IF I DO WORK FREE—BEFORE I CAN GET OFF THE WHEEL, IT WOULD CATCH ME BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE CEMENT RIM OF THE WATER-TROUGH...



WHY? THAT COIL OF ROPE—AS THE NOOSE TIGHTENS AROUND MY NECK—THAT PIECE OF SLACK GETS **BUBBER!**



AS THE HUGE WHEEL DROPS DOWNWARD FOR A SECOND INSLARE THROUGH THE WATER-TROUGH AND AS THE NOOSE AROUND HIS THROAT TIGHTENS DICKENINGLY, REDMASK STRUGGLES SIDWAYS...



BY WRIGGLING AROUND I CAN MAKE THAT SLACK EVEN LONGER—SO THAT IT HANGS OUT OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHEEL...

AS THE WHEEL DESCENDS, THE BLACK ROPE IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE WHEEL AND THE EDGE OF THE CEMENT WATER-TROUGH—AND SLICED AS IF BY A KNIFE!



MOMENTS LATER



ONCE THE ROPE WAS CUT, THE PARTS THAT WERE BOUND AROUND MY THROAT CAME LOOSE. THE WHEEL SAID IT TO GO FREE—AND **FREE I AM!**

THESE WAGONS ARE JUST WHAT I NEED



WITH SANDUST AND TIMOS GATHERED FROM THE WOODS, AND WITH A FLAME BEGUN BY A SPARK FROM STEEL AND FLINT, A GREAT CARAVAN OF BLAZING WAGONS IS SOON ROLLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE!



THE FIRE-WAGONS CRASH INTO THE DRY, SUN-BAKED BUILDINGS OF THE OUTLAW TOWN!



FRAMED BY THE BREEZE, THE FLAMES EAT HUNGREY AT THE WOODEN BUILDINGS! SOON THE ENTIRE TOWN IS ON FIRE, THE ONLY SAFE PLACE BEING SOME HUNDRED YARDS OUTSIDE THE TOWN LIMITS!



BUT AS THE OUTLAWS BIDE ON THEIR VENGEANCE MISSION, HIDDEN SPIES POUR A SHEET OF FLAME AT THEIR PACKED RANGE—



SEEING DISASTER ALL AROUND HER, THE LADY DOOM PLEGS WITH HER UN-GOTTEN LOOT—



*IT'S THE LADY DOOM DEAD! OF WILL THE GREAT WHEEL OF FATE SPIN OUT AN ESCAPE FOR HER—SO THAT ONCE AGAIN, IN SOME OTHER TIME, HER HEAL WILL OBEY MORE CROSS THAT OF RED MASK OF THE BO GRANDE!*

# MAJOR MARS

NUMBER 44 SPACE SCIENCE

## MISSION TO VENUS

"YOU MUST COPY THE VENUSIAN ROCKET PLANS FROM THEIR MICROFILM!"

"I UNDERSTAND, COPY IT, BUT NOT STEAL IT!"

"PROFESSOR, HE DESIGNED THE RING ESPECIALLY FOR THIS MISSION!"

"YOU'LL HAVE IT IN AN HOUR!"

"ROCKET 34 OF EARTH—IT'LL BE LANDING ON VENUS IN 10 MINUTES!"

"ONE SHORT BLAST AND YOU'LL SLEEP AN HOUR!"

"WHAT HAPPENED?"

"WORE THE RING, MADE A COPY WITH MY ROCKET RING AND THE SLIDE SAID, THEN BACK TO EARTH!"

"CONGRATULATIONS, MAJOR! YOU'VE SAVED US FROM 'EM!"

"THANKS TO MY ROCKET RING THE VENUSIANS DON'T KNOW WHAT PLANS I COPIED!"

"GET ONE OF THESE ROCKET RINGS FOR YOUR VERY OWN!"

# Major Mars' own ROCKET RING

A OTHER EXCITING FEATURES:  
 - 250 MICROFILM SLIDES - SECRET CHAMBER  
 - MEASURING GAUGE - DETACHABLE WITH CHAIN  
 - COMPASS MAP OF SOLAR SYSTEM  
 - FIVE 475 AMP BATTERIES  
 - APPROX. 2 NEGATIVES AND 14 PRINTING PAPERS.  
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1000  
 FOR  
 1000  
 BATTERIES  
 WITH  
 1000



MAIL TODAY

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ (Box 112 New York 26, N. Y.)  
 Send me \_\_\_\_\_ Rocket Rings (including 4 negatives, 14 printing papers and five Super 475 Amp)  
 Send me \_\_\_\_\_ sets of 4 comic negatives and 14 papers.  
 I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ tags  
 1000 and 1 tag for each ring, 10¢ and 1 tag for each set of comic papers.  
 I enclose \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 PLEASE USE METRIC UNITS

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TIM HOLT

# The GHOST RIDER

THE HARRY IS A GREAT JOE OF LEAVING — A LONELY WOMAN WITH WOODEN FEET AND THE WINGS OF A FRIEND! BUT WHEN THE LEGEND COMES TO LIFE IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF TOWN OF EL DORADO THE GHOST RIDER FIGHTS AGAIN — IN A FIGHT STRUGGLE FOR HIS LIFE, AS HE BATTLES TO THE DEATH WITH —

THE  
CLAYS  
OF  
HORROR!



A MAN SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT, WITH FEAR BLENDING HIS EYEBALLS AND CASTING A FLOOD OF TERROR DOWN ON HIS FURNACE!



# TIM HOLT

THE TOWN DRUNK STUMBLED FORWARD, LURCHING SIDEWAYS.



GAMBOBY  
SAID SCATHINGLY?  
"— AAHWWWW!"

STARK TERROR CAN SCOUR A MAN'S SOUL!  
AS THE TOWN DRUNKARD FALLS BACKWARD,  
HIS TONGUE STRIDES AWAY BY ITS OWN CLAW.

I DIDN'T SEE — THAT THING!  
IT WASN'T THERE! I COULDN'T  
HAVE SAID IT!



WHATEVER IT WAS — IT'S  
GONE! GLENN I WAS  
ANGERING IT, AFTER ALL...



A WOMAN'S FOOTPRINT,  
AND — AND THE MARKS OF AN  
IRON CLAW!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE BACKROOM OF AN EL DORADO  
SALOON, FOUR MEN SIT WITH FEAR SHOWING IN THEIR EYES...



WHAT DO  
WE DO  
NOW?

SOMEbody KILLED ED / ONLY US  
FOUR MEN WE WERE ALL —  
PARTNERS!

SOME HOURS AFTER SUN-  
UP IN THE OFFICE OF THE  
SHERIFF, MARSHAL RES FURY  
EXAMINES THE EVIDENCE —

WHERE THEY ARE — THE  
PRINTS AND THE CLAW MARKS —  
BLOOD-RED AND BURNING, IF IT  
WASN'T FOR THAT, I'D THINK  
THEY WERE DRAGON FEET!  
THERE ARE THINGS!

EXCEPT FOR ONE THING —  
I REMEMBERED THE PLACE  
WHERE THOSE FOOT-  
PRINTS WERE — AND  
THEY WERE IN THE SAND  
BAPTIST — AND SOMEONE  
WAS GOING TO  
KILL ME — ALIVE!  
DIE!



# TIM HOLT

CAR, FRANKO — DU HELLER — DEAN MOOPER — TOM THORPE —  
FOUR MEN WITH A SECRET, FOUR MEN WHO HAVE A REASON TO  
FEAR — THE HAPPY!

"NOBODY KNOWS THAT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, WE  
KILLED WILL MARTIN —"

THEY SAY  
THE HAPPY KILLS  
MEN WHO HAVE —  
SECRETS!

BUT HOBODY  
KNEW THAT WE  
WERE FRIENDS,  
EXCEPT LEE!



WE DO IT, NOW  
WE WON'T WORK FOR  
HIM NO MORE!

HE FOUND THE HIDE, BUT  
WE'LL SAY WE FOUND IT!  
IT WILL SAVE US ALL  
NOW!

WE'LL BURY HIM DEEP DOWN, UNDER  
THE BOTTOM FLOOR, NOBODY WILL EVER  
FIND HIM DOWN THERE!



AND NOW, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, IT IS AS IF THE GHOST  
OF THE MURDERER WILL MARTIN HAS LIFTED FROM THE SCENE,  
DEMANDING VENGEANCE! ON HIS WAY HOME CARL FRANKO,  
MERTIC THE HAPPY —



MEN, LOOKING BRIGHT IN THE SHINE OF  
THE SILVERY MOON — THE GHOST  
RIDER GALLOPS FORWARD.



I HUNDED  
THOUSAND YOU!  
I CAN YOU IN  
THE COUNTRY!

BUT WHEREVER YOU ARE, THING  
OF EVIL, YOU MUST ANSWER TO  
THE GHOST RIDER!



SUDDENLY HIS FOOT TRIPS  
ON A LOOSE STONE!



THE GHOST RIDER PLUNGES BACKWARD, THE IRON CLAVES DRIVING FOR HIS FACE —

CAN'T RECOVER MY BALANCE IN TIME TO STOP HER —



BOLTING FORWARD LIKE A HAUNT OF THE NIGHT, HOUSERS SPECTRE REARS HIGH —

GOOD BOY, SPECTRE! YOU REARED UP TWICE TIME!

THE



MINUTES LATER, HIS THUNDERING HOOF BEATS THE GHOST RIDER'S SPECTRE UPON SPECTRE —

THE BOY AWAY! BUT SHE HAS NO RHYTHM, TUGS! SHE WAS DEAD! A WOMAN WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MAN!



IT CAN LASTER.

BEING A STRONG WOMAN, IT'S JUST POSSIBLE SHE USED SOME MECHANICAL GADGETS TO HELP HER GET OFF THE GROUND, TO GIVE THE ILLUSION THAT SHE WAS FLYING!



OF COURSE, A HOLE HERE FOR A BOLT — THE BOLT TO BE ATTACHED TO A HIGH WIRE — SUCH AS A CIRCUS APPALNAI NIGHT LINE! SHE COULD SWING DOWN ON IT — USE IT TO AFFECT AN ESCAPE!



ELF WELLES — TRAM MOONER — TOM TEDDALE! ALL BEING AS IF THEY HAD AN IMPORTANT DATE WITH SOMEONE! I'LL FOLLOW!



THE THREE BOYS ENTER THE SHAFT OF THE GREAT EL DORADO MINE. BY TORCH LIGHT, THEY DESCEND INTO THE LOWER DEPTHS. A SECRETY PASS, SLITTING BACK, LED IN THE BLACK SHADOWS —

HE'S STILL HERE! JUST AS WE PUT HIM, SO MANY YEARS AGO!



# TIM HOLT



I'VE PLANTED A SEED OF DOUBT IN THEIR MINDS / THEY'LL LOOK UPON EACH OTHER WITH SUSPICION FROM NOW ON— AND PERHAPS ONE OF THEM WILL REVEAL INFORMATION THAT I NEED TO SOLVE THIS CASE!





THAT NIGHT, TWO FIGURES RAN OUT OF THE  
MINE SHAFT, A SKELETON IN THEIR ARMS...



THE NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY AN ELDITCH SCREAM...



BUT TOM TISDALE'S SCREAM BRINGS HELP FROM  
ANOTHER SOURCE! THE SHOCK RIDER LAUNCHES  
HIMSELF FORWARD—



SWIRLING, THE SHOCK RIDER LEAPES FORWARD, HIS  
METAL CLAWS GRIPPING FOR THE GHOST RIDER'S EYES—



BACK AND FORTH THE SEVEN FIGURES WHEEL,  
LOCKED TIGHT IN MORTAL COMBAT—



# TIM HOLT

I THOUGHT SO! THAT CLEM IS FITTED TO A LEATHER SHOE THAT SLIPS ON CLEM'S THE HIND AND HEIST!



WHA FOR THE WAGG ITSELF!

NO! NO! YOU SHAN'T! I WON'T LET CLEM!



BEHOLD HER, GENTLEMEN! BILLY MARTIN — DAUGHTER OF WILL MARTIN — THE MAN YOU MURDERED! SHE IS THE LADY WHO ATTACKED YOU, SEEKING REVENGE!



SHE WAS AN AERIALIST IN A CIRCUS, THAT DEVELOPED HER STRENGTH AND HER ABILITY ON THE HIGH WHEELS! MARC WANTED FOR SUCH AN ATHLETIC WOMAN TO PRETEND TO FLY ON THOSE WHEELS AND BRING UP WITH YOUR OWN, SHE COULD STEER IN CLEM THE WHEEL — AND BECOME YOU! SHE WORKED WITH BILL WELLES, WHO BROUGHT HER OUT HERE, WHEN HE CAME THIS TO COUNTRY, SHE BLEW HIM WITH A POISONED NEEDLE!



NO USE TO FLEE! YOU ARE AS GUILTY AS SHE!

NO FLY!



MY ROPE — AND THEN THE ROPE OF THE *WHEELS*! ALL WHO SIN IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR PAY THE PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIMES! MOVE ON TO JAIL!



AWAY, SPIES — THE DEWAS APPROACHES!





# OUTLAW HANDS

**H** was a lean man, with the mark of the sun burned into the brows flash of his face. He sat on the high rock with the patience of an Indian, watching the diamond-stack railroad engine chug and puff its way along the gleaming rails of the Union Pacific, up the rising slopes of Baddehorn Hill. There was over fifty thousand dollars in crisp new bills in the Wells-Fargo box that rattled and jounced on the worn floorboards of the baggage car.

"By tomorrow night, that fifty thousand will be in my pocket," the man said.

He dropped the cigarette that was almost burning his thin lips. He rose from his crouch and stepped on it with the sole of a worn boot. His spur made a musical jangle.

Fifty thousand dollars! It made a nice sound on the lips, and it brought fine ideas to the mind that thought about the greenbacks. In neat stacks they would be, within the Wells-Fargo box.

"They'll carry it like that, from the railroad station to the bank," he whispered, watching a thin plume of smoke from the railroad engine drift away on a wind eddy. "That's when I'll step into the picture—after it gets to the bank."

The sight of his big Colt Peacemaker reminded him—

His hands flashed down, white and supple in the dying sunlight. They laced the gun easily, flushing their long barrels. The man's hard lips smiled thinly.

"Just as fast as I ever was, but I gotta keep in practice! A man can't let his self forget one single thing when he rides the long trail. The law's always looking to catch a man in a mistake. But it's man's smart and don't make a mistake—the law will never get him."

That was the doctrine that Turk Madden lived by, here in the rocky desolation of the badlands. It had seen him from one cow town to another, living by his wits and daring, by the speed of those hands as they leaved leather horses with drawn cigars. He planned each move when he undertook a robbery. He looked over the ground. He made a careful study of the men involved. When he was sure he had calculated every risk involved, he struck.

Turk checked as he drew the light-leather gloves that protected his hands from the bite of

rails and the scratches of cactus thorns. He was proud of his hands. They were a necessary part of his work. It was their speed with the guns that had saved his life on more than one occasion. Every three months he threw away his gloves and bought new ones. He took no chances.

"My hands and my horse," he said, and walked down the rocky slope toward the big gray station that was cropping at a few sparse tufts of bunch grass.

He put a heel into the stirrup and swung up into the big Pueblo saddle. The gray shook his head as the man settled his weight, and with the touch of a toe, cantered off into the setting sun.

Like so many other western towns that had sprung upon the rim of the Western Trail, taking its growth from the steady stream of Texas long-horned that swung northward from the Llano Estacado every year, Baddehorn Quirk lived mostly at night. The lantern lamps, the swing-lag doors, the tiny places in saloons like the Green Lady and the Federal Queen highlighted the shifting crowds that inhaled and moved from one lane of lamplight before the saloons, to the next.

Turk Madden mingled with the crowd. He liked this life, moving among people, rubbing shoulders in the cool night air. An outlaw lives alone as much, he thought bitterly, as he trailed a pair of cowboys into the National Fur. He liked just listening to voices and laughter. He rarely drank. It was dangerous for a man who lived on the rim of society.

"Care for a little game?" a voice asked at his elbow.

Madden shook his head, automatically turning. A little thrill ran through him. It was Sheriff Parker smiling up at him—the sheriff of this town that he was going to rob some time after camp tomorrow!

Madden said, "Sorry, I'm about broke. Got to go back to the ranch tomorrow, to save up for another occasion six months from now."

The sheriff nodded understandingly. "It's just a friendly game. Pretty sure, if you and I could usually play together, but one of them experts is new to town, and can't be here."

Madden scratched at his chin thoughtfully.

Might be a good idea to jolt in, scare this badge-wearer into getting friendly, and then pump him! He let a smile twist his lips into a good-natured grin.

"Well, now. Maybe I might sit in at that, if it's just pennance. Can't afford to lose much, but if sure would help to pass the time."

The sheriff was delighted, and said so. He went on. "Me and the boys don't like to play four handed. Five is better. Your settin' is makin' it just right. What ranch you drawin' your pay from?"

Madden told him, hardly thinking, accepting his cards. It was an old story to him. He had made it up years ago, and it was second nature to him to repeat it. He told it so well, he knew it was convincing. He said, "Pigpen up in the Little Brother country. Beeswax-beeswax. Do a little bull-doggin' at the rodeos when they hit up our way. Every few months I get a hankerin' for new tack. Then I collect my back pay and light out. Never saw nothin' I like better than the Little Brother beachhead, though, so I always go back."

A player tossed in some chips, and the game was on. The sheriff took the pencils from off his face, and turned his mind to the game. No man spoke now, for though they played for small stakes, the game itself drew and held them. Turk Madden kept the smile on his lips, but now his smile was honest. He was enjoying himself.

Again and again he slid his hand out to take in chips. Luck was riding with him — luck that he sincerely hoped would ride with him again tomorrow. He peered back at the players as they joshed him about a stranger's luck. He laughed when they laughed, and he treated to drinks when it was his turn.

Once the sheriff said, "You know Abe Carruthers up in the Little Brother country?"

Turk chuckled. He had made it his business to learn about that land below the Sweetwater River. He rode through it every so often, making friends. He said confidently, "Passed the time of day with Abe about four months ago. Learned his daughter was havin' a baby."

The sheriff nodded, and relaxed. "Heard about that, myself."

Turk Madden thought, if he was trying to check up on my story of being in the Little Brother country, he's got his answer now! An hour after midnight, Turk got to his feet and stretched.

"Tim three dollars and some cents to the good," he said. "If nobody objects, I'll be turnin' in. I got me a long ride tomorrow, northward."

The sheriff tossed in his cards.

"Deal us all out, Jim. Bechin we've had our fun. I have to hit the sack myself. I got a busy day, up in the Selmas hills, lookin' for that rancher that's been botherin' the Kago-Savin stock."

Turk kept his poker face fixed rigid on his features. Good! The sheriff will be out of town tomorrow. That makes it all the easier!

He felt so good he allowed himself two fig-

gura of rye for a nightcap, instead of the usual one.

The night shining in his eyes woke Turk Madden next morning. He stretched lazily, put his hands behind his head, and chuckled.

"I got it all set. I even made friends with the sheriff last night. Folks know me. They won't suspect nothin' when I go into the bank, soon's the doors open this mornin'."

One minute to subdue the cashier. Half a minute to lift the real little bundles that would be waiting for the day's business. Secret the spring lock, and close the door behind him. Gallop out of town, with fifty thousand dollars in his pockets! By the time somebody woke to the fact that the bank was late in opening — the relocked door would fool them for a little while — he would be a mile out of town, and going fast. The gray stallion was fully reined, and ready to run.

"It's a cinch," he said, and bounded out of bed.

He ate breakfast at Mrs. Murphy's restaurant, with a window table that allowed him to keep his eye on the bank door. He had sat here for the last five mornings, timing the cashier, timing his waitress. He knew that no one paid the slightest bit of attention to him.

He had even made friends, in a fashion, with the cashier, going there immediately after breakfast every morning to cash a five dollar bill into smaller denominations. He lit a cigarette and one moment after the cashier unlocked and opened the door, he was crossing the street swiftly, with long strides.

The cashier had not even time to lift the green Salas shades that veiled the bank from the sunlight and from the eyes of passersby, when Turk slid into the building.

His hand went down and brought out his gun —

"Hold it!"

He knew that voice. Only a few short hours ago, he had heard it laugh and speak and even swear in a good-natured manner. Now Turk Madden froze rigid, with his Colt half in and half out of his holster.

The sheriff moved forward, gun in hand. He held out a reward badge. Turk's eyes brooded at it. It was a good likeness of him on the paper, but it was his picture.

"Almost fooled me, now," said the sheriff, squinting up. "You only made one mistake. About that Little Brother country, now —"

Turk said bitterly, "Don't tell me I've never been there! I have! I know Abe Carruthers, too."

The sheriff nodded. "Could be. Probably is the truth. I'm talking about something else! You said you punched cows and hallooed across in that country. Boy, you never did any work like that in your life! Your hands are as white and as well-cared for as a woman's! That'll make me suspicious. I worked all night, found this dodger, and hid here, until you made your play. Now, let's get movin' — to jail!" THE END

WITH ONLY THREE BULLETS LEFT, AND A SCORE OF PRANTED, HOWLING APACHES GALLOPING FULL-FAST AT THEM, TIM HOLT AND HIS DEARIE PRED CHITO KNOW THAT ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE THEIR LIVES IN—

# TIM HOLT

"The FIGHT at the WATER HOLE!"



Water is more precious than gold in the arid, white-lavender of the Southwest. Runoff from dry springs and intermittent bands sometimes fill a stone trough—

HERE COME THE LITTLE DESERT ANIMALS TO DRINK THEIR FILL....



HERE, TOO, COME MEN, AND WHERE MEN COME, THERE COMES—DEATH....



# TIM HOLT

TRAVELING ACROSS THE DESERT ON THEIR WAY HOME TO THE T-BASH-BRANCH, TIM AND ONTO PICK UP ON NEEDED SUPPLIES.



WE'LL TAKE SEVERAL CANTERBURY FOR WATER.

I AM HAVE THE DYNAMITE WE WILL BE USING FOR BLASTING THE ROCKS OUT OF THIS WEST MEADOW!



GOOD IDEA! WE'LL TAKE ALL OF IT WE CAN. SAVE US A TRIP DOWN HILL. NOW LET'S GET MOVING. WE'VE A LONG WAY FROM HOME...

THE DAYS ARE HOT ON THE DESERT. THERE IS LIKE A SPONGE WORKING IN A MAN'S THROAT, DRYING IT.



ONE CANTERBURY'S EMPTY, BETTER SAVE THE BEST FOR THE ANIMALS!

SIGHT OF THE WATERHOLE BRINGS A HARD ANKLE TO A MAN'S LIFE —



ONTO — LOOK YONDER! A WATERHOLE!

AW! WE ARE SAFE! PLENTY AQUA FOR THE HORSES. PLENTY AQUA FOR US!

THERE ARE OTHER FOLK THAT TRAIL THE TRAIL — TWO BLACK FOLK IN A SHIP RED FACE.



WHITE MEN-WATED AQUA-LIKED — SO TO DRINK WATER! WE *KP*!

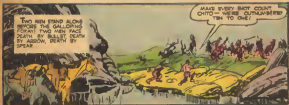


DEATH TO THE PHEM-LANDERS!



ON OUR FEET ONTO — APACHES!

# TIM HOLT





WE'VE DEVEN THEM OFF—FOR A LITTLE WHILE; BUT THEY'LL COME BACK ...

OUR BULLETS ARE GETTING LOWER, TIM! ONLY A FEW LEFT!



YOU'RE RIGHT! WE DON'T GOAW PREPARED TO FIGHT AGAIN! I'S BEEN PEACEFUL LATELY I DON'T KNOW TELATSEE HAS JUMPED THE REGINATION, THIS CHANGE'S THING...



IF WE'RE LUCKY, WE MIGHT SLEP AWAY BEHIND THESE Ocotillo BUSHES...

A SHRIEL YELPING WAD-WHOOP SENDS THEM SCURRYING BACK TO THE TRAIL, DOING WITH ARROWS BOSHORING STONE AT THEIR HEELS.



DIVE FOR COVER! PRONTO!



THEY'VE SEED US! BACK WE GO!

ONCE MORE THEY MAKE THEIR ATTEMPT, ONCE MORE BULLETS AND WAD ARROWS DRIVE THEM TO SHELTER...

NOW TELATSEE LIFTS HIS SPEAR! NOW TELATSEE HIS EYES GUTTERING WITH MAD HATE, CRIES OUT TO HIS WARRIORS!



ERS NO SEE, TIM! THEY ARE MOVING US TRAPPED!



AHH YAAA-HAAAA! RID OVER THE PARRA-LUCKY-TRAIL PRONTO! FOR THEY HAVE NO BULLETS LEFT!



# TIM HOLT



ONE MOMENT TELATSE SHOUTS HIS HATE FOR THE WHITE MAN! LATE THAT IS ECHOED IN THE BROADENED THROATS OF HIS FIGHTING MEN—



THE WATERHOLE NEVER CHANGES. SOMETIMES THE ANIMALS COME TO DRINK. SOMETIMES MEN COME, AND WHEN MEN COME TO SIP THE COOL LIQUID WITH THEM COMES DEATH!



TIM HOLT

# TIM HOLT

HE WAS THE MOST DESPERATE CRIMINAL IN ALL EUROPE! HE WAS THE GIFT OF GENIUS. WITH MAKEUP GREASE AND PAINT, HIS NIMBLE FINGERS COULD ALTER HIS APPEARANCE WITH SUCH PERTINENCE THAT NO MAN WOULD EVER SEE HIM THE SAME!

AND WITH THE FRENCH POLICE THE SURRITIC HOT ON HIS TRAIL, THIS CRIMINAL GENIUS, ANTON LEVIAIRE, FLIES TO AMERICA—THE AMERICA OF THE EARLY WEST—WHERE, WAITING IN THE TOWN OF BULLET IS JERAMASKA, DESTINED TO MATCH WITS, GUN-PLAY AND KNIFE-THROWING WITH—

**"THE MAN OF 1,000 FACES!"**



FLIES ON A HANDSHEFT NIGHT WITH EAR SCWALLING IN SURTS ACROSS ITS COBBLESTONES! A MAN BLUING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS HIS LIFE DEPENDING ON HIS SPEED.



AS HE RUNS THIS MAN WORKS AT HIS FACE, RIPPING AWAY A GLOB OF WAX. HERE, A BIT OF PAINT THERE

"THAT DEVILISH DETECTIVE, CALVERT IS TOO SMART! I'LL HAVE TO GO INTO THE SEWERS TO ESCAPE HIM, AND ONCE AGAIN CHANGE MY DISGUISE



# TIM HOLT

THE PAIRS SEWERS—FLUKE, SLINK, GUB—ECHOING TO THE PAINT SLAP-SLAP OF BACH'S FEET.



AND LATER—FRESH AIR IN A MAN'S LUNGS, AND THE SIGHT OF SAILS FLAPPING IN A LAZY BREEZE... A SAILP—READY TO LIFT ANCHOR! WHO CARES WHERE SHE'S GOING—AS LONG AS SHE'LL CARRY MUP?



NEXT MORNING.

IT IS HIS PRINT—THE FINGERPRINTS OF LEMARE, THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES, HE HAS HERE, THEN, ON THE WATERFRONT!

HE MAY HAVE STOWED ABOARD? THE BRIG, MANGY LEE, BOUND FOR AMERICA, HISBU BERTILLON?



NEEDNOT. THIS WAS ALPHONSE BERTILLON, WHO INVENTED THE CRIME-FIGHTING TECHNIQUE OF FINGERPRINTS.

YOU MUST FOLLOW HIM, HISBU CALVERT! HE IS TOO DANGEROUS A CRIMINAL TO LIVE! HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES!

AT ONCE, HISBU!



A STEADY WIND WHIPS WESTWARD. THE BRIG, MANGY LEE, MAKES GOOD TIME AS SHE ROUNDS THE FLORIDA KEYS AND HTS WESTWARD TOWARD GALVESTON.



FROM GALVESTON TO DALLAS, THEN WESTWARD TO TAOS, AND ON TOWARD CALIFORNIA. SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, ANTON LEMARE SEES HIS FIRST REPPON, AND MOMENTS LATER—

AS AN INDIAN, I CAN GO ANYWHERE. UNNOTICED! I SHALL TAKE THE NAME OF EAGLE FEATHER!



ONE DRY, EAGLE FEATHER ENTERS BULLET

I THINK WE TAKING A VACATION, TIM. THINGING BRS TOO GONE? AROUND HERE.



# TIM HOLT



# TIM HOLT



AT THE T-BAR-H RANCH, SOME MORNINGS LATER...



JUST THE SAME, WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES PEELER RIGHT NOW! WE'D BETTER SASHAY OVER TO THAT WANTED RIGHTS MEETING OF ALL THE RANCHERS!



AT THE RANCHERS' MEETING, THE MAN OF 1000 FACES SHOWS HIS ASSUMED NAME WITH A FLOURISH



BUT AS TIM TURNS SIDEWAYS, HE BUMPS INTO THE FALSE JIM SPENCER, AND THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR



# TIM HOLT

SOMEWHAT LATER...

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GRINNING AT?

YOU ARE ALWAYS SCOLDING ME FOR GOING AROUND WITH THE GUEYS! NOW YOU GO AROUND WITH THEM, HUH?



GO AROUND WITH GUEYS? ARE YOU LOCO?

WHY YOU GETTING ~~POUNCE~~ ON YOUR SHIRT, THEN? AHA! YOU CANNOT FOOLING CHITTY!



SOME DAYS LATER, A VISITOR RAPS ON THE DOOR OF THE T-BAR-W RANCH...

ROUGE? HMM... I WASNT OUT WITH ANY GIRL— AND THE ONLY CONTACT I HAD WITH ANYONE WAS WHEN JIM SPENCER AND I FELL TOGETHER! BUT HE DIDNT HAVE ANY ROUGE ON!



I RECEIVED YOUR LETTER, M'FEU. TELL ME OF YOUR SUSPICIONS!

JIM SPENCER IS RIGHT-HANDED, BUT HE WRROTE WITH HIS LEFT HAND! SOME DAYS AGO HE WROTE WITH HIS RIGHT HAND!



I FELL AGAINST HIM, AND GOT ROUGE ON MY SLEEVE. NO MAN WEARS ROUGE—EXCEPT AN ACTOR—OR A MAN WELL-VERSED IN MAKE-UP! IT MIGHT JUST BE THAT THIS SPENCER REALLY IS LEMAIRE!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE TOWN OF BULLET...

CRATES FROM FRANCE? WE HAVE A STRANGER IN TOWN?

YESSIR, JIM! SOME DETECTIVE FROM THE SURETE! VISITIN' TIM HOLT, TRYING TO TRACK DOWN SOME FRENCH CRIMINAL!



SO? I THINK THIS FRENCH *detective* WILL NOT LIVE VERY LONG!



# TIM HOLT

IN THESE CRATES ARE MUCH DETECTIVE MATERIAL, MISS HOLT! WITH BORTILLON DEVELOPING FINGERPRINTING, WITH HANS CROSS AND LOCARD FIGHTING CRIME WITH NEW TECHNIQUES—WE IMPROVE OUR ABILITY TO FIGHT CRIMINALS.

GO ON, CALVERT. THAT'S ONLY EAGLE FEATHER—HERE FOR A HANDOUT!



IT IS TOO DANGEROUS, HERE IN THE OPEN! I WILL WAIT FOR NIGHT! BUT AT LEAST I HAVE SEEN THE DETECTIVE. IT IS CALVERT, ALL RIGHT!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS TIM AND PAUL CALVERT CANTER BACK FROM A MEETING WITH SHERIFF BADE OF BULLET...

WE ARE READY TO STRIKE. WE—WOOOON!



I SEE HIM! IT'S EAGLE FEATHER!



YOU DON'T GET AWAY JUST BY RUNNING, HOMBRE! I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL!



BUT THERE ARE PLACES IN THE ROCKS OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS WHERE A MAN ON FOOT MAY GO, AND A HORSE MAY NOT FOLLOW...

WHILE HE DISMOUNTS, I MUST FIND A SHELTER OF SOME KIND—IN WHICH TO CHANGE INTO ANOTHER DISGUISE...



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER, THE MAN OF 1000 FACES EMERGES AS A PROSPECTOR TRUDDING ALONG IN THE SANDS...



YOU SEE AN INJUN GO PAST HERE, OLD TIMER?

RECKON I DID, FRIEND! HE WAS RUNNING WESTWARD LIKE TO BUST A GUT!



TAKE CARE OF... MY DRY... SERVANT, BUT! USE MY ROCKS... MICROSCOPE... FIGHT CRIME... GET LEHARE...!

I PROMISE!

WITH BLACK POWDER, TIM SECURES THE PRINTS OF THE MAN WITH 1000 FACES.



THIS FINGERPRINTING IS SUCH A NEW SCIENCE, LEHARE - WON'T BE ON HIS GUARD AGAINST IT...

NEXT EVENING, IN THE SILVER STAR SALOON



PASS ME THAT CANDLE, JIM!

HOURS LATER, WORKING WITH BOOKS AND MICROSCOPE...



THE SAME! THEY MATCH, BUT! EAGLE FEATHER'S FINGERPRINTS ARE THE SAME AS JIM SPENCER!

AH!

AS THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT NEARS, THE CRIMSON-CLAD FORM OF REDMASK RACES ALONG THE PRAIRIE LANDS...



LEHARE KNOWS TIM HOLT IS AFTER HIM. HE WILL NOT BE SUSPICIOUS OF REDMASK!

BUT AS REDMASK ENTERS THE YARD OF THE HATBOX RANCH—



WHO IS THIS WHO RIDES LIKE A FLAME IN THE NIGHT?



# TIM HOLT

MOMENTS LATER...

FORGIVE MY DELAY. I WAS ASLEEP. THE OWNER, JAMES SPENCER, IS IN TOWN!



WHOEVER HE IS—WHATEVER HE WANTS—SOMETHING TELLS ME I WILL BE SAFER WITH HIM—**DEAD!**



OUTSIDE THE WINDOW—

A GUNBARREL—SHINING IN THE MOONLIGHT! THAT OLD SERPENT WAS LEONARD HIMSELF!



OHNNK!



YOU'LL HANG FOR THE MURDERS OF JIM SPENCER AND PAUL CALVERT—AND NOBODY KNOWS HOW MANY OTHER POOR DEVILS!



BUT THERE IS NO FEAR IN THE HEART OF ANTON LEONARD! EVEN IN THE BULLET ZING, HIS FACE TWISTS IN FURY...

THE FOOL! DOES HE THINK CELL BARS CAN HOLD THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES?



**Do NOT FAIL TO GET YOUR COPY OF TIM HOLT MAGAZINE**

—AND READ AGAIN OF THE RECKONING WILLIAM, WHO CAN MAKE UP HIS FEATURES TO RESEMBLE ANYONE AT ALL—EVEN TIM HOLT HIMSELF!

THE SHOW'S ON,  
GANG!

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Looky up the money you save! BINGE just with a penny, nickel, dime or quarter (see caption). Besides your great new Television Bank lights up into a big 300 watt! So a nice reward, the screen lights like dancing life!

AND NOW! WHAT A FUTURE! Whether you go for "radio" shows (light and bulb) or want a screen (battery or poppy camera) you've got the—only! BINGE—right on the minute Television Bank! What a new, exciting device has ever come

(price you the brightest, clearest, picture set!)

Yours or those looking over BINGE—THE FUTURE! When you've looked your relaxing life at the picture, (or your camera looks for your beautiful "show") Lights come on automatically in new picture apparatus! To light new picture, touch camera lens. The last time BINGE exciting picture in all — a light dramatic scene (see, scene scene scene, television camera, small figure, show and scene shows with his tooth dog!

WANT YOU "IN THE MONEY" — AND FAST! Your money into the MONEY! BINGE—will make the marvelous new Television Bank! By use of your bank, picture or camera without the usual depositing enough in the the

company there! And with BINGE wonderful picture in the — you bank BINGE MONEY just by looking down bank!

IT'S A MONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the one of all your friends with great new Television Bank! A special model, it's an even more eye of the most expensive one. Complete with the beautifully illuminated speaker grille and other all new specially built bank, 400" x 47", has most necessary bank. Automatic screen light produced by picture, remarkable picture. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU. Bank even complete with bulb, battery and money key for opening and emptying and your wealth at savings.

**... BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL  
NEW TELEVISION BANK!  
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