

PRESENTING

THE GREAT RADIO SHOWS

NO. 1

COMIC SECTION

SUMMER - 1976

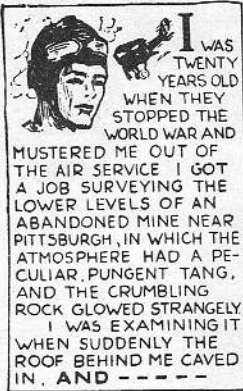


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2 BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25th CENTURY

the Great Radio Shows

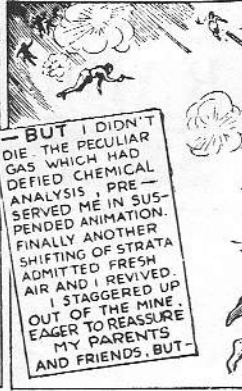
CHAPTER I



I WAS TWENTY YEARS OLD WHEN THEY STOPPED THE WORLD WAR AND MUSTERED ME OUT OF THE AIR SERVICE. I GOT A JOB SURVEYING THE LOWER LEVELS OF AN ABANDONED MINE NEAR PITTSBURGH, IN WHICH THE ATMOSPHERE HAD A PECULIAR PUNGENT TANG, AND THE CRUMBLING ROCK GLOWED STRANGELY. I WAS EXAMINING IT WHEN SUDDENLY THE ROOF BEHIND ME CAVED IN. AND ---



TRAPPED!!
GAS KNOCKING ME OUT TOO-- GETTING SLEEPY.... GUESS IT'S DONE FOR--GOOD BYE ALL--
MOTHER



--- BUT I DIDN'T DIE THE PECULIAR GAS WHICH HAD DEFIED CHEMICAL ANALYSIS, PRE-SERVED ME IN SUSPENDED ANIMATION. FINALLY ANOTHER SHIFTING OF STRATA ADMITTED FRESH AIR AND I REVIVED. I STAGGERED UP OUT OF THE MINE, EAGER TO REASSURE MY PARENTS AND FRIENDS, BUT--



HALF BREEDS!

WHERE AM I-- DELIRIOUS? MEN FLOATING IN THE AIR! EXPLOSIVE BULLETS! SOMEBODY'S STARTED ANOTHER WAR!



GOOD NIGHT! A HUNDRED YARD JUMP! AND A GIRL SOLDIER, TOO! SAY SISTER, NEED HELP? HOLY CATS! TH' POOR KID'S HURT WHO CAN SHE BE?



WHEN I EMERGED FROM THE MINE WHERE I HAD LAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION, IT WAS TO FIND A STRANGE WORLD. I STOOD IN A VAST FOREST AND A GIRL SOLDIER, SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, CRASHED AT MY FEET UN-CONSCIOUS



GUESS THAT'S KNOCKIN' 'EM FOR A ROW, TH' DIRTY PUPS!



TAKE IT EASY, SISTER-- THEY'VE GONE

YOU DROVE THEM OFF? BUT WHO ARE YOU? YOUR ACCENT AND CLOTHES ARE SO STRANGE-- WHAT ORG DO YOU BELONG TO?



WHAT D'YOU MEAN, ORG? ORGANIZATION? I DON'T BELONG TO ANY-- I'M BUCK ROGERS A FALL OF ROCK TRAPPED ME WHILE I WAS SURVEYING THAT MINE I JUST GOT OUT A FEW MINUTES AGO



YOU'RE EITHER CRAZY, OR A SPY! IF THAT CAVE EVER WAS A MINE IT HASN'T BEEN WORKED SINCE 2030 A.D. -- 400 YEARS AGO

WHOA-A-A! BACK UP! DO YOU MEAN THIS IS THE YEAR 2430?



I HAD DIFFICULTY IN CONVINCING THE GIRL I HAD SLEPT FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS IT WAS HARD TO BELIEVE IT MYSELF, BUT IN THE END ---



--AND HERE'S MY SERVICE BUTTON TO PROVE IT.

I BELIEVE YOU NOW. BUT YOU CAN'T LIVE ALL ALONE IN THIS FOREST. I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO MY ORG.



COME ON-- WE'LL GET THIS HALF BREED'S JUMPING BELT FOR YOU HE'LL NEVER NEED IT AGAIN

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT A LEAP!



THIS JUMPING BELT CONTAINS 'INERTRON' IT HAS REVERSE WEIGHT-- IT FALLS UPWARD-- YOU ONLY WEIGH FOUR OR FIVE POUNDS NOW

IT SURE FEELS FUNNY



NOW WE'LL JUMP FOR THE AL-LEGHENY ORGZONE. MY NAME'S WILMA. ARE YOU MARRIED?

GOSH NO! SAY-- DON'T DROP ME, SISTER!



WHY DID YOU ASK IF I'M MARRIED, WILMA?

OH, FOR NO PARTICULAR REASON, ONLY THE ORG NEEDS MORE ELIGIBLE BACHELORS



HEY! DON'T POINT THAT THING AT ME! IT MIGHT GO OFF

HELLO, HELEN-- PUT UP YOUR GUN-- HE'S ALL RIGHT HE SAVED MY LIFE

O-K IF YOU KNOW HIM, WILMA. TOO MANY HALF BREEDS AROUND HERE TO TAKE ANY CHANCES I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OFF THIS POST



HERE COMES A QUEER LOOKIN DIRIGIBLE -- OH, BABY, IS SHE STEPPING.

THIS IS NO DIRGIBLE THOSE LIGHT RAYS HOLD IT UP. IT'S A MONGOL RAIDER!!

DUCK FOR COVER!

WILE HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH



THOUGHT I SAW THREE TRIBESMEN ON THE TELEVISION VIEW PLATE-- THROW THE PORT DIS-INTEGRATOR RAY ON THEM-- WIPE THE BEASTS OUT

AYE AYE SIR

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CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

BOBBY BENSON

Based upon the radio serial of the same title presented daily over Columbia network stations by the Hecker H-O Company, Inc.

CHAPTER I

For over an hour, Bobby Benson had been waiting in the little room that led into Sunny Jim's big office, and for the second or third time he wished that he had brought Bart along with him.

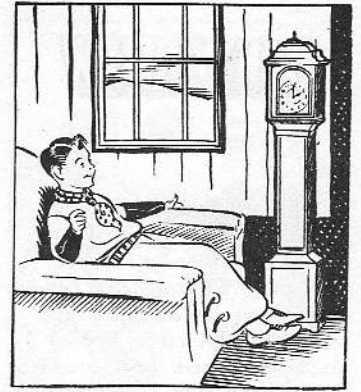
Sunny Jim was Bobby's guardian, for Bobby was the owner of a



Bobby Wished Bart Was with Him

big ranch and the master of half a score of top-hand cowboys, who were more than loyal to the "Little Boss," as they called him. Bobby did not know his guardian very well, and he had come down to the office today without Bart because he wanted to get better acquainted with Sunny Jim, but he had not expected to be kept waiting for such a long time.

And, to tell the truth, Sunny Jim



He Had to Wait a Long Time

had not expected to keep Bobby waiting, but he had some big news for Bobby and he had been getting everything ready for the big surprise.

Finally the smiling secretary opened the door, and Bobby marched into the big office and across to the huge desk from behind which the funny old man was stretching a welcoming hand.

When Sunny Jim was excited,



Sunny Jim Extended a Welcoming Hand

his two funny tufts of hair that seemed to grow up quite straight from above his ears would seem even straighter, and today they were positively bristling.

"Bobby, I'm glad to see you," the old man told him.

"Glad, to see you too, sir," Bobby answered.

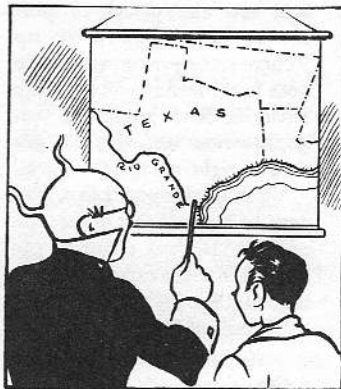
"I've got big news for you, Bobby." Sunny Jim's eyes twinkled with excitement. "For a long while



"Bobby, I'm Glad to See You."

I've felt that there was little future for you in the ranching business in these parts, and I've been looking around for something in Texas. Well, Bobby, I've found something. Ten thousand acres with limitless grazing privileges in the Rio Grande country with the river forming your southern boundary and making water certain at all times." He pointed to a map.

Excitement kept Bobby from



He Pointed to a Map

speaking. Deep in his heart he had always carried just such an ambition, but he had been a little scared to make the suggestion. Now his old guardian was making him see the picture of just an ideal ranch in his mind's eye—exactly what he had always wished for!

Sunny Jim hurried on.

"The owner is extremely anxious to sell. Part can be cash and part stock delivered at Alpine, Texas,



Bobby Saw It in His Mind's Eye

within forty days. Bobby, from every source through which I could check, I'm told that this is one of the most worth-while properties in Texas. I don't want to have you feeling that I'm trying to influence you in any way, Bobby, but I do feel that this is a chance of a lifetime. What do you think?"

Bobby breathed hard.

"Can't we write right away and tell him we'll buy?"



Sunny Jim Hurried On

"Good boy, Bobby, I knew that you'd agree," Sunny Jim's hair stood up like a battle signal. "We'll do better than write. I should have him on the phone any minute."

Almost as if it had been pre-arranged the phone bell tinkled.

"It's them," Sunny Jim murmured with more enthusiasm than grammar. "Shall I tell them it's all right?"

Bobby nodded. There is no need



"It's Them," Sunny Jim Murmured

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

DON WINSLOW

CHAPTER I

While preparing to investigate a refugees' rest camp in Pennsylvania, Commander Don Winslow and his partner, Red Pennington, received an urgent summons from Admiral Warburton's office. There they heard of the disaster which had befallen

was available for inspection, and found that it was. "Flown up here from Pensacola," the Admiral said. "You can see for yourself there are no structural defects."

It was true enough. The parachute seemed perfect in every respect. "The maker's name is stamped here," Admiral Warburton pointed out. "Roderick Rich Manufacturing—"

"What?" Don exploded. "Rod-

ed there, on the trail of an enemy agent.

Don and Red did not yet know, but Asmara was bitterly disappointed. Thus far, she had accomplished nothing. The foreign spy, mistaking her for an accomplice, had avoided her since her arrival. Now even as Don and Red drove along the highway, Asmara was determined to force the enemy's hand.

Nearing Richville, Don and

a well-remembered voice. Don whirled to greet an old friend.

"Jack Bain!" he cried warmly, pumping the man's hand. "Haven't seen you since you left the Navy!"

"I'm plant superintendent here," Bain told them. "Come into my office, pals."

Red whispered to Don, "Lucky break. Let's pump him dry!"

Bain, however, could tell them



The Admiral Sent for Them



The Parachute Seemed Perfect



They Saw the Plant Ahead



"I Never See Mr. Rich."

three of their men during parachute maneuvers at the Pensacola Air Station.

"Defective chutes, sir?" Don asked, his lips a thin line.

"No!" Admiral Warburton thundered. "All three opened perfectly! Those men landed without a scratch, and yet they were picked up dead!" His eyes bored into Don's. "It's a blasted mystery that must be solved!"

Don asked if one of the chutes

erick Rich! Admiral, that's the old gentleman who has that refugees' rest camp in Pennsylvania!"

"By George! A strange coincidence!"

"Or is it?" Red asked softly.

The Roderick Rich Manufacturing Company was near the refugee camp which had claimed Don's attention. Asmara, the girl with whom they had worked so well in the past, was now station-

Red saw the parachute plant ahead. Don summed it up: "There's one person who figures both in the factory and the camp. Roderick Rich himself. I want an interview with that old gentleman right now!"

Upon reaching the office, however, he was told that this was impossible. He was about to protest, when there came a welcome interruption.

"Winslow! Pennington!" cried

little. "Even I never see Mr. Rich," he explained. "The old gentleman barely survived a terrible auto accident a few years back. I guess his face looks like nothing human. He stays in seclusion, attended by a couple of doddering old servants."

"But, great Scott!" Red blurted. "He must come to the plant some times!"

"Oh, yes. He slips in very late at night. Our watchmen give him



"It's a Blasted Mystery!"



Asmara Was There



An Old Friend Worked There



They Would Watch for Him

FRANK MERRIWELL

CHAPTER I

Arriving at Yale, Frank Merriwell got a job as Mr. Penderman's secretary, for he had to work his way through college. Mr. Carver had given him a letter, and that letter had got him the much-needed job.



Frank Walked Back to the Campus

all about, Frank ambled over there. "What's the big news? If it is big news," Frank asked.

"Bulletin board," one lad replied, "announcing freshman baseball practice."

The boy looked around more intently and gave Frank a more studied glance.

"I say," he began, "you're Frank Merriwell of Fardale, aren't you?"



"You're Frank Merriwell, Aren't You?"

er at Fardale, were off for the first freshman baseball practice, with high hopes of becoming Yale's all-star battery, just as they had been for Fardale.

"Gosh, Frank," Bart burst out with a grin, "I can't wait to get the old mask tucked around this chin of mine!"

"And my fingers are just itching for the feel of a horsehide again,

can, Frank, and you know it."

As they walked into the gymnasium to change to their baseball togs, Frank was wondering what reason there could be for Tom Stirling to be so friendly. Stirling was almost leaning over backward to be nice to him, and up till now they had been bitter rivals.

When they had finished changing, the coach made a brief speech

Bart," Frank asserted, lifting his nose to sniff the spring baseball air that was blowing through the campus trees.

As they walked along the edge of the college property, a chap by the name of Stirling, son of a well-to-do business man, drove up in his sport car.

"Hello, Frank. Hello, Bart. Going to baseball practice? I'll drive



Frank Wondered Why Stirling Was Friendly

"I wonder," Frank mused, as he walked back to the campus, "if I'll ever know what was in that envelope Mr. Carver had me take to Mr. Penderman. Not that it matters, of course."

His attention was drawn to a crowd of lads down the walk a little way; they all seemed to be exceedingly excited about something. Curious to learn what it was

Remember him, fellows?"

"Sure. The great Merriwell."

"Fardale's baseball ace!"

"Goodbye Harvard. Yale has Merriwell!"

"They say he's another Brocca!"

To these praises Frank tried to pay no attention. They embarrassed him rather than otherwise.

Next day he and Bart, his catch-

you over to the gym."

The boys climbed in with alacrity.

"I never saw you pitch, Frank," Stirling remarked, "but they say your fast ball is a honey."

"Thanks!" Frank acknowledged the compliment. "You pitch, too, don't you, Stirling?"

"Yes," Stirling admitted, "but I can't throw the ball the way you

about the season's practice:

"Boys! From among you Yale hopes to pick her future stars. Forget you're 1934's frosh team. You're 1935's varsity! Let's go!"

Frank and Bart joined the group trying out for the battery positions. In a few moments, Frank was trying his first wind-up. His baseball career for Yale had begun.

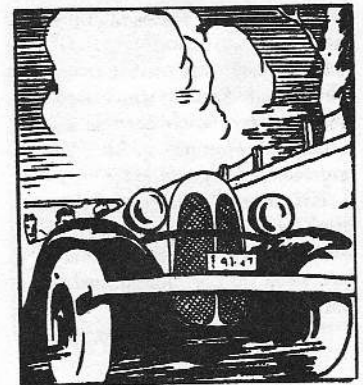
The afternoon's practice was



"What's the Big News?"



Frank and Bart Going to Baseball Practice



Stirling Drove Them to the Gym



The Coach Made a Brief Speech

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT

CHAPTER I

Ikky Mudd stretched luxuriously. He rose from the davenport and strolled into the bedroom where Captain Midnight was carefully tying a bow tie.

"Gettin' dolled up, huh, Cap'n?" Ikky cried. "A date, mebbe?"



"A Date, Mebbe?"

"Pick up the sixty-four dollars," laughed Midnight. "A date's just what I've got. I'm in the mood for some fun, too."

"Has she got a girl friend for me, too?" asked Ikky hopefully.

"Of course. If only to keep you out of my hair."

A loud knock drowned Ikky's reproachful. "Aw, gee."

He opened the door and a messenger boy handed him an envelope, saying tersely, "For Cap-



He Received a Message

tain Midnight. Important."

Ikky handed the message to Midnight. "Say, mebbe the gals ain't comin' after all?"

Captain Midnight opened the message and read it.

"What gives?" Ikky asked anxiously. "Bad news?"

"The date's off."

"Yeah, I knew that right away. But what's the matter? Is something wrong?" pressed Ikky.

"No, we're just getting an-



"We're Getting Another Job."

other job to do. Colonel Harnish wants to see us."

"Colonel Harnish," echoed Ikky. "That means action!"

The two men entered the Colonel's offices, where a secretary was busily engaged at the typewriter. As he rose and advised them that Colonel Harnish would see Captain Midnight in a few minutes, the Colonel himself walked in. "Captain Midnight?" he repeated. "Colonel Harnish



The Colonel Walked In

will see *Captain Midnight* right now. This way, gentlemen." He led them into his private office, where a handsome but tired-looking man awaited them.

Colonel Harnish spoke. "Of course you recognize Mr.—"

"Of course. Who doesn't know him?" smiled Midnight as he shook hands. "All the boys say he's swell on the entertainment tours of the fighting fronts."

"Yeah," laughed the man. "So



They Were Introduced

I'm kicked upstairs as adviser on civilian show business. Colonel Harnish is the big *morale* expert for the armed forces."

"Which means," interpolated the Colonel, "that what the boys want, we give 'em."

Captain Midnight nodded. "And now the boys want—?"

"And now the boys want Helena Troy," sighed the Colonel.

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, the entertainment expert. "Helena

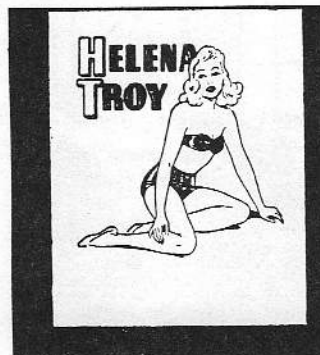


"They Want Helena Troy."

Troy. Hollywood's highest priced star. Too pin-up for words. From Tarawa to Tunis, the boys whistle for *Helena Troy*. She says she'll go on a tour if she gets a private plane and escort."

"I'm beginning to catch on," commented Midnight dryly.

Colonel Harnish smiled. "Helena Troy is much too temperamental for the tough spots, but we would like to send her to Af-



"What the Boys Want, We Give 'Em."

rica. If you, Captain Midnight, would consider escorting her—"

Captain Midnight nodded. "Squirring screen stars isn't exactly my pidgin, but if that's what HQ thinks I can do best right now—why, of course I'll do it."

"It won't be easy," warned Brown. "She's a pain in every way except to look at."

Ikky stood near the door.

"Africa—and a movie star," he dreamed. "This'll be like a vaca-



"Of Course I'll Do It."

CHARLIE McCARTHY

CHAPTER I

One sunny September morning Charlie McCarthy opened his eyes and stared dully at the walls of his bedroom. He didn't jump out of bed, as he usually did, humming gaily as he dressed. Instead he



Charlie Stared Dully at the Walls

Edgar Bergen, he would have to study tiresome lessons.

He sighed deeply and wished that school had never been invented. He had been so happy, living with Edgar Bergen. He had almost forgotten the miserable, unhappy days, before Mr. Bergen had found him, the days when he was a homeless, little waif, selling newspapers on the street corners. Since Mr. Bergen had given him a



Edgar Bergen Had Found Him on the Streets

"I don't think I can go to school today. Maybe I'll never be able to go to school at all," Charlie groaned in a weak, small voice.

"Why, Charlie, what in the world is the matter with you?" Mr. Bergen asked, walking to the bed and staring down at the boy.

"That's what I'd like to know," Charlie moaned. "What can be the matter with me? I feel funny all over. I never felt like this before."



"I Don't Think I Can Go to School Today."

case you'd better stay in bed and I'll call the doctor."

"Oh, don't go to that trouble, Mr. Bergen," Charlie protested quickly. "I'm afraid no doctor can do me any good. All I need is rest and quiet and maybe some breakfast. Just a little breakfast, you understand, Mr. Bergen. Just a very small plate of bacon and eggs and a tiny slice or two of toast and a glass of milk. Of course, you



"I'll Call the Doctor," Said Mr. Bergen

lay quietly, his auburn head buried in his pillow, and the sparkle was gone from his round, brown eyes.

This was the day which he had been dreading for weeks, the first day of school. His long, happy summer vacation was ended. Instead of playing games and swimming in the ocean, he would be cooped up in a dull school room. Instead of going to the beach and to ball games with his good friend,



His Long, Happy Vacation Was Ended

home, the entire world had changed for Charlie. Everything was perfect, until the first day of school arrived.

Suddenly the door opened and Edgar Bergen stepped into the room. Quickly Charlie closed his eyes and sighed again.

"Wake up, Charlie," Mr. Bergen called cheerfully. "It's time to dress for school. You mustn't be late the very first morning."

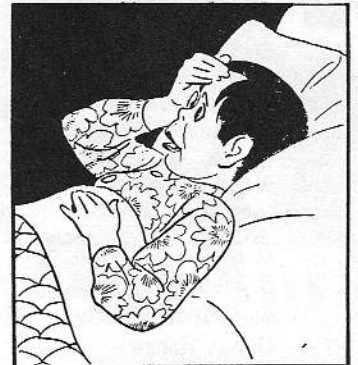


"Wake up, Charlie."

"You mean that you're suffering pain, Charlie?" Mr. Bergen asked.

"It's worse than pain," Charlie mumbled. "It's agony, terrific agony. I ache all over. My bones throb. My muscles burn. My head feels like a balloon. It's ex-ex-excruciating, that's what it is, excruciating."

"Well, well, that's too bad, Charlie," Mr. Bergen said, a sudden twinkle in his eyes. "If that's the



"My Head Feels Like a Balloon."

might add a little jam and some cereal, if you think I should have more nourishment. I'll try to force the food down my throat, if you think best. And then, after breakfast, if you'll bring me my airplane and adventure magazines, I'll stay in bed and rest. That will do me more good than any doctor."

"I'm sure it will, Charlie," Mr. Bergen agreed, walking toward the door. "It's too bad that you



"All I Need Is Rest and Quiet."

THE GREAT RADIO SHOWS

QUIZ

By Bob Tetzloff

The 20's, 30's and 40's found people sitting in front of a little brown box on a table. Words and music, comedy, drama, all escaped the confines of this box by way of the loudspeaker. There was no picture yet people sat transfixed as they stared at this marvel. There was a picture but it was a different picture in the eye of the beholder. The picture conjured up was that of the individuals imagination. Everyone had their own favorite character so we'll see how much you can recall concerning these characters, their real names or their radio residences.

- Two people played the Great Gildersleeve on radio. Name either or both.
- Match up the following characters with the actor who played their role.

A. Fibber McGee	a. Kenny Delmar
B. Henry Aldrich	b. Gale Gordon
C. Dagwood Bumstead	c. Staats Cotsworth
D. Brad Runyon, The Fat Man	d. Ezra Stone & Norman Tokar
E. Senator Claghorn	e. Dwight Weist, Raymond Edward Johnson and Jay Jostyn
F. Mr. District Attorney	f. Arthur Lake
G. Amos of Amos 'N Andy	g. J. Scott Smart
H. Casey, Crime Photographer	h. Freeman Gosden
I. The Voice of Inner Sanctum	i. Raymond Edward Johnson, Paul McGrath and House Jameson
J. Osgood Conklin, of "Our Miss Brooks"	j. Jim Jordan

- Now pair up these radio personalities with their radio addresses.

A. Dobie Township	a. Just Plain Bill Davidson
B. Metropolis	b. The Johnson Family
C. Melody Ranch	c. Dagwood Bumstead
D. Sky Ranch	d. Tom Mix
E. Chicazola	e. Henry Barbour of One Man's Family
F. 79 Wistful Vista	f. Fibber McGee
G. Shadylane Avenue	g. Clark Kent
H. Silver Creek, Colorado	h. Gene Autry
I. Hartville	i. Throckmorton P. Gildersleeve
J. Summerfield	j. Our Gal Sunday

- Lots of character actors received as much publicity as the star of the show. In the following cases, see if you can name the characters role that he or she played in supporting the star.
 - Barbara Jo Allen on the Bob Hope Show
 - Mervyn Bogue, comedy companion of Kay Kysers College of Musical Knowledge
 - Jack Kelk, sidekick of Henry Aldrich
 - Walter Tetley, nephew of the Great Gildersleeve
 - Penny Singleton, wife of the head of the house on Shadylane Avenue

NEW RADIO SENSATION!
"FIBBER MCGEE and MOLLY"

 LAUGHS... MUSIC... ENTERTAINMENT
10 P.M. TUESDAYS
 WBZ Boston - WBZA Springfield
 WHAM Rochester
JOHNSON'S Auto Wax and Cleaner

"TONIGHT IS QUAKER PARTY NIGHT"

 YOU WANT TO BE SURE TO TUNE IN, TOO.
BIGGER BETTER!
 More Fun for the Whole Family
in this great variety show starring
TOMMY RIGGS and BETTY LOU
 ... with Freddie Rich and his greater "Quaker Party" orchestra ... and a sparkling selection of favorite new talent including popular announcer David Ross. Don't miss it—Remember—it's *tonight and every Monday night*. So tune in
NBC RED NETWORK
8 to 8:30 P. M.
 E. D. T.

ANSWERS

- Harold Peary and Willard Waterman
- A-J B-D C-F D-G E-a F-e G-h H-c I-l J-i
- A-d B-g C-h D-e E-b F-f G-c H-j I-a J-l
- A. Vera Vague
 B. Ish Kahihle
 C. Homer Brown
 D. Leroy Forrester
 E. Blondie



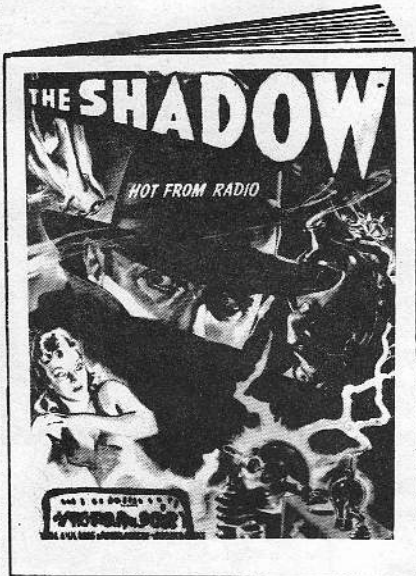
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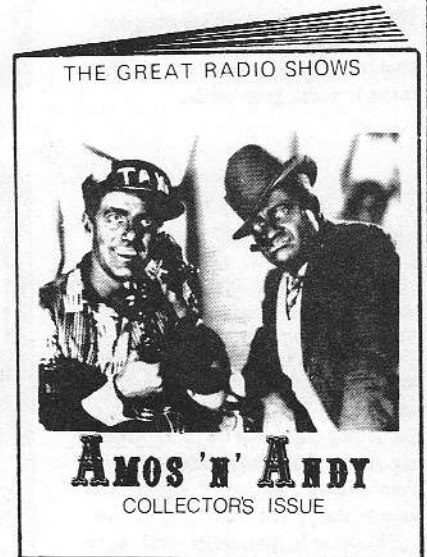
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TAILSPIN TOMMY

CHAPTER I

Captain Smith, owner of the Three-Point Aviation Company, leaned back at his desk and hummed to himself contentedly. Everything was running smoothly—almost too smoothly. Outside the office door a plane rested on the runway, its motor ticking steadily as cargo was stowed aboard.

A stenographer appeared in the

That's why we conceived the idea of taking the cash to the mines by plane."

Captain Smith thought for a moment.

"We can provide the transportation, all right—but how about landing down there?"

Mr. Peabody leaned forward earnestly.

"There shouldn't be any difficulty about that with a small plane. We'll make it worth your while."

Tommy and Skeeter, ace pilots—and pals as well—were not long in answering Captain Smith's wire. Cancelling their entries in the Miami air races, they flew back to Three-Point at full throttle and Tommy was soon in close conference with his boss.

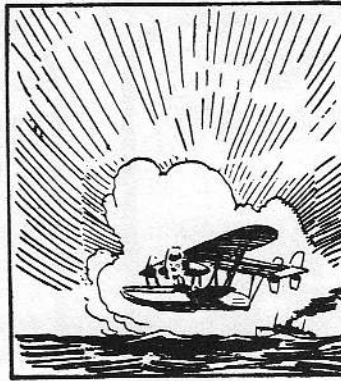
"Your only passenger will be a paymaster for the Atlas Mining Com-

flying job—without frills or thrills. "Do I take the low wing job?" he asked hopefully.

"No, it has too fast a landing speed," said the Captain. "You'll take this Three-Point 'Thirty.'"

They were approaching a slow but sturdy plane standing before one of the hangars.

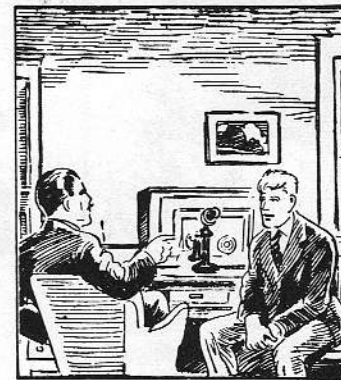
"Okay, Chief!" said Tommy. "It'll be slow going, but I can land it on a Mexican peso if I have to. Bring on the cash paying customer."



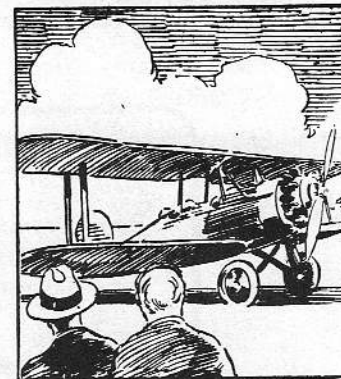
At the Air Races



Captain Smith's Visitor



Explaining the Job



The Three-Point 'Thirty'

doorway. "Mr. Eric Peabody, from the Atlas Mining Company, to see you, Captain Smith."

"Ask him to come right in, June."

Mr. Peabody presented his business briefly and to the point.

"Once each month," he explained, "our company must transport through desert country a large amount of money to pay the men in our mines. So far, we have had the misfortune to lose three pay rolls to border bandits in the last year, Captain Smith."

Captain Smith studied his caller soberly. He asked a question or two about the location of the mines, pulled down a wall map, and swung about in his chair.

"It's a deal!" he said suddenly. June, wire Tommy and Skeeter to come home right away! I want Tommy to make a special flight."

pany," explained Captain Smith. "He will carry about twenty thousand dollars. Of course, he'll be armed."

Tommy was interested. "There's some danger of a hold-up, eh?"

Captain Smith smiled as they left the office and started to the plane. "Well, Tommy, no. That's really why the company chartered a plane. The previous pay rolls were lost to ground bandits south of Saltillo."

Tommy sighed heavily. Evidently he was signed up for another straight

A swarthy man came staggering across the field. Several bandoliers of cartridges were strapped around him; in his hand he carried a sub-machine gun.

"Tommy," said Captain Smith, "this is Luis Romero, of the Atlas Company. He's your passenger."

Tommy eyed Mr. Romero's arma-



Captain Smith in His Office



"Wire Tommy To Come Home."



They Left the Office



Luis Romero, the Guard

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

Gang Busters

CHAPTER I

We will call this man Red Duncan, because his hair was red and because that was not his real name. As a matter of fact, it took the police a long time to learn his real name. Even in the end he did not like very much to talk about himself. He seemed, as hard as he was,

to be a little ashamed while Gang Busters, those veteran police officers, sat and talked with him when they finally caught up with him.

But Red Duncan was tough and had a heart as cold as meat on ice. Make no mistake about that. He was tough because he wanted to be tough. He was cold because that suited him right down to the sight of his gun.

For several years in his early youth Red Duncan packed with



We Shall Call Him Red Duncan

the petty criminals who commit small thefts and prowls; who live by their dull wits and therefore do not live well. One night a criminal of this type may stay at a first-class hotel and drink the best and eat the best. Then for months he may live in the jungles and flophouses and eat like a stray dog—whatever he can find, because no crime pays and petty crimes pay less than any other kind.

A petty criminal may waylay a



He Was a Petty Criminal

man and find only a few cents in his pocket. Few men carry a great deal of money around with them. So the chances of selecting a man who has a lot of money in his pockets are not very good.

Red Duncan did not do so well for several years while he was just one of thousands and thousands of "small time punks." Then one day he made a decision. If he had put that decision into words, he would have said something like this:



He Found Only a Few Cents

"I will live by the gun and when the time comes I will be willing to die by the gun. That is the way I will try to make crime pay. I will stake everything and when the time comes I will pay."

So Red Duncan stepped out of that shadowy army of small time crooks and went out to play a desperate game against the greatest odds in the world. He thought that by deciding to pay full price he might get the full value. He did



"I Will Live by the Gun"

not realize that under a civilization such as ours, with strong and brave men sworn and ready to enforce the law, the price of death is almost certain to be death itself. Death buys death and death pays for death. It is the law in almost every state.

But Red Duncan said he did not believe the odds were that much against him, and if they were—what of it? Had not he already made up his mind to pay the price



Death Buys Death

even if the price were his own life?

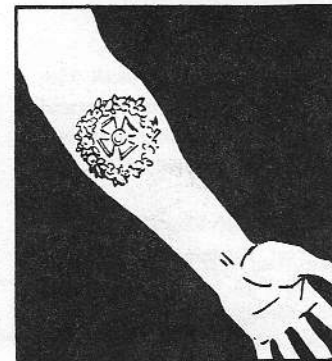
Red Duncan was a special kind of criminal. The Gang Busters who worked on his case were very much interested in him. All the millions of people who listen each week to Phillips H. Lord's Radio Program, named "Gang Busters" in honor of the police officers throughout the country who bust gangs, knew Red Duncan under his right name. They were asked to watch for him. He had a floral wreath and a cross



Millions Hear Gang Busters

tattooed on his left forearm, an anchor tattooed on his right forearm and eagles with unfinished flags tattooed on his chest. No one was ever to learn why he had not let the artist finish that eagles and flags tattoo. He must have just got up and said, "Nuts."

In many ways Red Duncan was a hard guy to understand, but he was not hard to identify once he became a suspect. That's the way with the underworld. A man has



His Left Arm Was Tattooed

a buck tooth or flags and eagles or a mole or a birthmark or a crooked finger or stoop shoulders and he commits a crime. Then he wonders how the police are able to say that he has a buck tooth, stoop shoulders or eagles and flags tattooed on him or a mole behind his left ear or a knife scar on his shin bone or even an operation scar on his stomach. But let a man commit a crime and the police ask questions about him.

JIMMIE ALLEN

"The Air Adventures of Jimmie Allen"

CHAPTER ONE

CLOSE beside the broad current of the Missouri, the Kansas City station of the National Airways squatted under a yellow full moon, whose brightness rivaled the glow of electric lights shining from its windows. Small ripples on the riv-

er's wide expanse caught the reflections of moon and stars in countless tiny flashes of silver light. And high up in the black western sky appeared two tiny points of red and green,—the running lights of the great tri-motor passenger plane from Dallas and Fort Worth. The low, smooth drone of its many cylinders grew steadily in volume as the mighty transport swept in over the airport and started circling for



The Mighty Plane Swept Over the Airport

a landing on the flood-lighted field.

Inside the station several passengers raised their heads at the snarl of the nearing motors and began talking excitedly. Even for the more seasoned air travelers the thrill of a passage in one of the great new planes of National Airways was very much in evidence. Even the telegraph messenger, Jimmie Allen, a wide-awake, clear-eyed youth of seventeen, showed a



Jimmie Allen, the Telegraph Messenger

trace of excitement, though the constant arrival and departure of passenger planes was routine.

The thunder of motors outside the station had stopped, and a few sharp calls from the field warned of the mighty plane's taxied approach toward the station. Several passengers hurried through the door.

"Hey, you, look out for the propellers," called a mechanic. "They



The Plane Taxied Toward the Station

are still spinning, even if the power's off!"

"Passengers keep back! Give us a chance to unload," warned another voice.

"National Airways Liner Number Ten, from Dallas, Fort Worth, Oklahoma City, and Tulsa," droned the station master as the steel gate clanged open. Passengers descending from the plane began filing into the station.



The Station Master Called Out

"Hey, telegram! Where's that messenger?" barked a thick-set, broken-nosed traveler as he pushed through the door. "Tel-e-gram!"

"Here you are, sir!" cried Jimmie Allen, hurrying up with a pencil and pad of blanks.

"Gimme!" grunted the man, seizing the pad and scratching a message with heavy haste. "Send that out and make it snappy, see? And say, where's the radio hut?"



The Man Seized the Pad

"Down at the end of that row of hangars, sir," replied Jimmie, squinting at the penciled message. "But pardon me, sir. I can't make out this message."

The broken-nosed customer whirled angrily on the boy. "What is the matter—can't ya read English? Here—'Eight nine seven two elephants and kangaroos.' Get it? Now scram, and send it out just like that."



"Now Scram!"

Returning from the desk Jimmie sighted a tall, trim-uniformed fellow just coming through the station door—the pilot of Number Ten.

"Hi, Speed! How's the trip?"

"Great, Jimmie," the tall pilot replied, with a grin. "With that full moon, it was almost as bright as day, and the air smooth as silk. Not a bump in it."

The two fell into step, heading

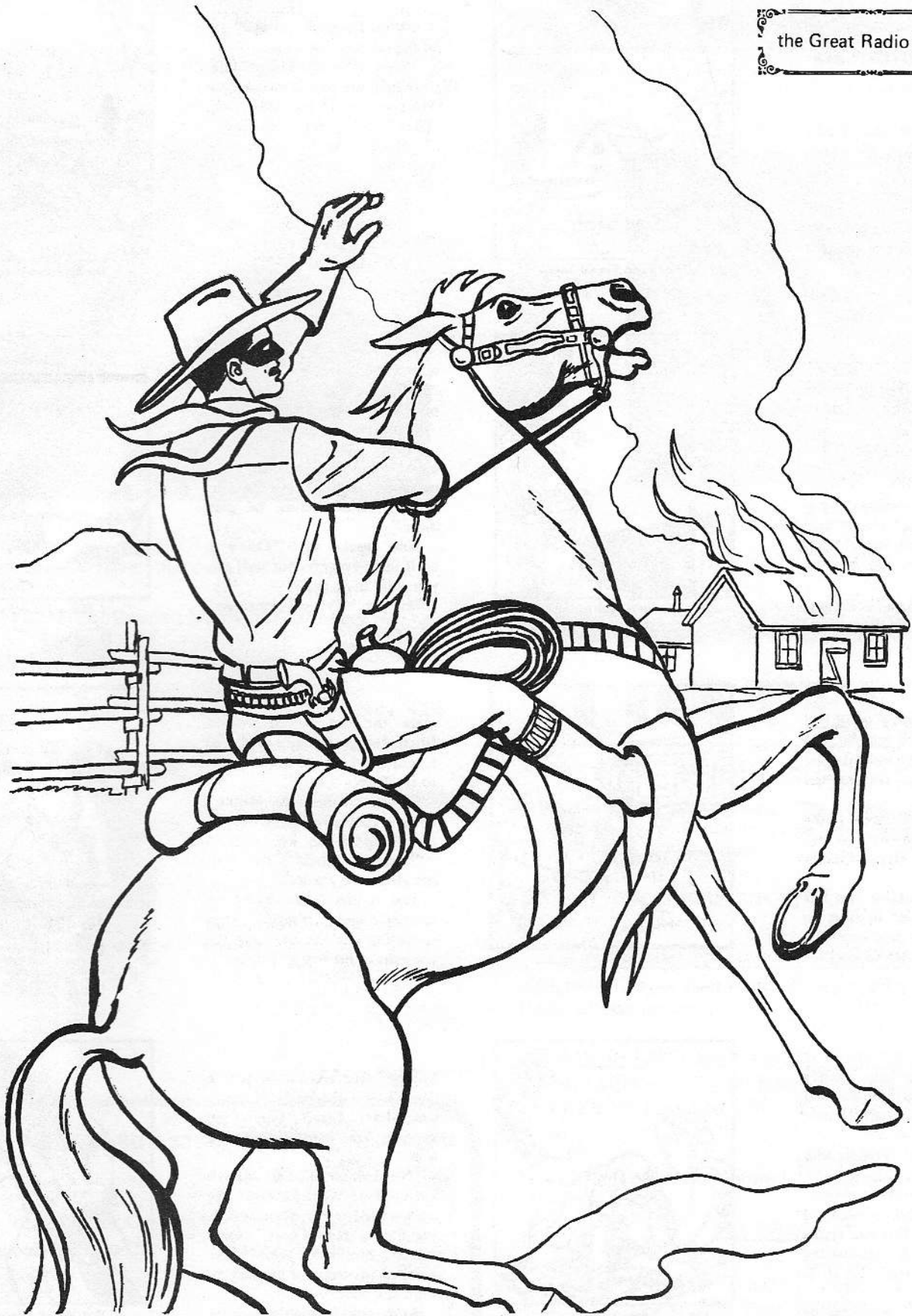


Jimmie Greeted the Pilot

down the line of hangars. "I'll go with you as far as the radio hut; got a message for Bill Bailey," the boy confided. After a few steps he looked up, catching the pilot's eye.

"Gee, Speed, one of these days I'm going to bring in my own ship as pilot. I'm coming on fast in my flying studies. As soon as I'm able to qualify—Say, Speed, who's bringing in Number Twenty-four tonight?"

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE



THE LONE RANGER COLORING CONTEST

just color the picture above and send it to the lone ranger contest, box 23, vauxhall, N.J. 07088 the person who sends in the best coloring will win 10 free lone ranger radio shows on tape, winner will be listed in the next issue, be sure to give your I.D. number.

OUR GANG ADVENTURES

CHAPTER I

Froggie, Happy and Bucky were silently watching their bonfire when Janet came racing across the yard.

The boys looked up gloomily, and Froggie was the first to speak. "Gosh, ya know, Janey, Happy's movin' away."



Janet Raced Toward Them

folks bought a farm in Oak Haven an' I have to go out there now with a key an' sweep the house out."

"Sweep it out with a key? At's gonna take a long time," Red kidded.

"Haven't got time to argue with you gagmen," Happy said as he started to walk away. "I gotta catch the bus. See you to-night."

"Hey—psst, Red," Froggie

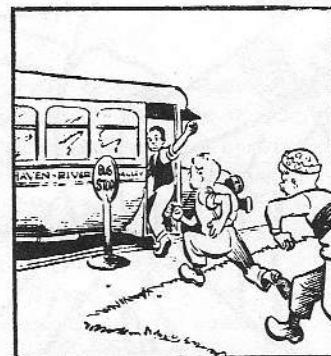


"My Folks Took a Farm."

to explain. "Happy's goin' out on the one o'clock bus, he told me that before. We can take the bus right away, an' it's only ten o'clock now."

The boys quickly agreed to the plan, but Janet decided to stay in town and help Happy's mother.

The boys raced for the bus stop and were just in time to catch the bus. As they were hurrying down the aisle looking for



The Gang Raced to the Bus

Red hurried to help Froggie pick up the mess and stopped short. "Gosh, look at all the new money," he exclaimed.

"Yeh, an' a gun!" Froggie added.

The man quickly recovered his belongings and growled, "I told you to leave that bag alone. Don't you know it's against the law to interfere with the U. S. Government?"

"Hey, aren't you Swede



"Golly, a Gun!"

"Who—Happy?" asked Janet as she sat down on a log.

"Yeah, Janey," Happy said, "my folks are movin' out to Oak Haven, about fifteen miles away. They bought a farm out there."

"Hello, gang," Red said as he sauntered up. "Who's goin' away?"

"I am!" retorted Happy.

"No kiddin'?" Red asked.

"Where you goin'? To jail?"

"No," laughed Happy, "my



The Boys' Faces Were Glum

whispered behind his hand. "Let's surprise Happy by gettin' out there ahead of him."

"What for, Doc?" Red asked.

"Well, Ol' Hap's movin' away," Froggie explained, "an' maybe we could help by cleanin' up the house before he gets there."

Janet spoke up. "That's a swell idea, Froggie, but how are you goin' to do that?"

"Simple," Froggie continued



Happy Hurried Home

seats, the bus started with a lurch. Froggie fell into the lap of a man and knocked his briefcase to the floor.

"Gee, excuse me, Mister," Froggie apologized, as he stooped to pick up the bag.

"Leave it alone," the man growled as he reached for it.

Just at that moment the bus lurched again, Froggie went sprawling into the aisle, and the contents of the bag spilled out.



Froggie Fell in the Bus

Young?" Red asked as he took a good look at the man. "Remember Matty Lane? That's my brother. You used to box with him."

"No kiddin'! You're Matty's kid brother? Well, I'll be—" the man started to say, then hesitating, he changed his tone, "Naah, you're mistaken, kid!" He grabbed his bag and hurried toward the door.

As the man hurried away from



"Let Me out Here, Driver."

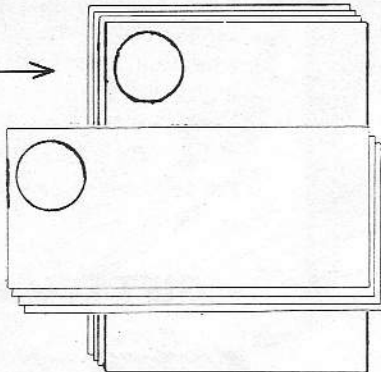
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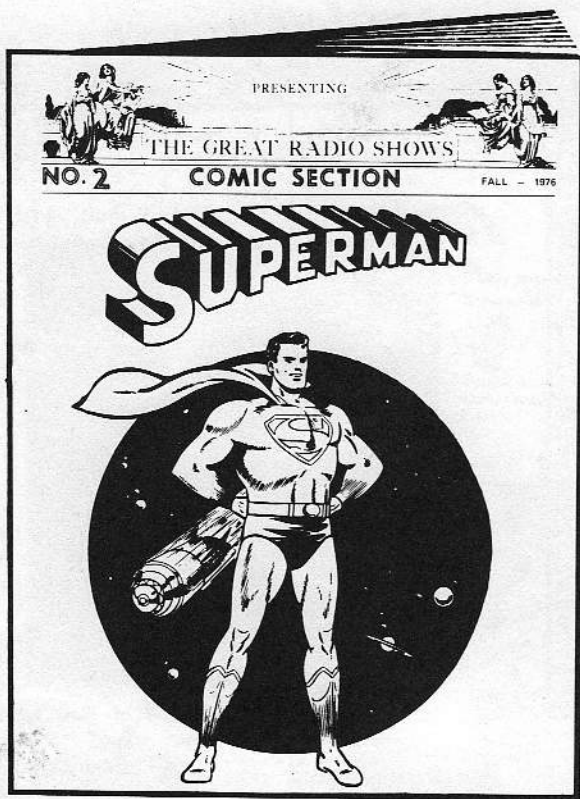
is Nick LaBella — Oyster Bay, New York who wins 10 FREE Shadow Radio Shows on tape.

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