

YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

10¢

NO. 1

HELLO FOLKS!
THERE'S A DOUBLE
FEATURE FOR YOU IN
THIS ISSUE OF
YELLOW JACKET
COMICS

COME WITH ME IN
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE
CRIME SCHOOL" AND "THE
ADVENTURE OF THE
LEAD COFFIN!"



THERESA HELPS
THE POLICE PATROL IN
"HARBOR LIGHTS"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

NOW . . . KNOW THE SECRET OF MODERN HYPNOTISM!

25 Photographic illustrated Lessons
Show You How It's Done

KONRADI LEITNER world famous master gives you the step-by-step facts in his fascinating MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM



How many times have you heard friends say, "I wish I knew more about hypnotism!" How often have you thought, "I'd give anything to know how it's done!"

And now you can know the facts about hypnotism, and study the 25 simple, photo-illustrated lessons in Leitner's amazing "MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM"

STUDY THE METHOD OF A WORLD-FAMOUS MASTER!

Of first importance is the fact that you will own the work of an established master. Konradi Leitner, has practiced hypnotism

for over quarter of a century. He has made experiments in the laboratories of leading universities in Europe and America. He has given thousands of demonstrations before tens of thousands of people!

Leitner's findings have established that nobody under hypnosis will commit any act contrary to his or her character. Leitner's book explains A-B-C of Hypnotism in plain language, together with actual step-by-step photographs which tell you even more than words.

LEITNER GIVES YOU EXACT INFORMATION!

The lessons tell you exactly what words are used when practicing hypnotism with a medium—

what type of persons should be avoided—the exact timing of each step in any demonstration—what gestures of the hands should be used—how control is assumed over medium and audience—when and when not to give commands—how the practitioner makes suggestions and achieves obedience from the medium!

EXACT "KEY" WORDS TO USE!

Leitner's lessons explain the various acts which the medium is asked to perform while in a hypnotic condition—how the behavior of the medium is managed at all times—WHAT "KEY" WORDS ARE USED—all these and many other details necessary to the successful practice of hypnotism are made clear and simple through Leitner's words—and picture technique.

FREE!

Send for MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM now we will include with your order absolutely free THE MYSTERY OF MIND READING REVEALED, just off the press. Read the partial list of contents.

The Mystery of Mind Reading Revealed

Can anyone be a mind reader?

What are the scientific explanations of mind reading?

How do mind readers perform by radio?



Are Hitler's secrets being disclosed by mind reading?

Can mind reading be faked?

Famous examples of mind reading.

AND MANY MORE TOPICS

SEND NO MONEY—5-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

So that you may convince yourself that Leitner's book of 25 practical lessons in hypnotism is all that we describe it to be, you are under no obligations to keep it. Simply send the coupon, and if not satisfied that the book is of value to you, return it and the full purchase price will be cheerfully refunded. And remember the NEW Mystery of Mind Reading Revealed is yours FREE just the same.

5-DAY TRIAL COUPON

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. H-3712

342 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Send me, in plain wrapper, MASTER KEY TO HYPNOTISM. Also free copy of The Mystery Of Mind Reading. If not satisfied, I may return it in 5 days for full refund. I may keep THE MYSTERY OF MIND READING as my free gift.

☐ I enclose \$1.98. Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

In Canada . . . \$2.50 with order

YELLOWJACKET



FOR YEARS, VINCE HARLEY, CRIME-FICTION EDITOR OF **DARK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE** HAS FOLLOWED HIS HOBBY OF RAISING AND TRAINING BEES... FROM THEM HE HAS ABSORBED THEIR QUALITIES OF ATTACK AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH, WHILE GATHERING MATERIAL FOR HIS MAGAZINE STORIES. VINCE HARLEY, IN THE GUISE OF **YELLOWJACKET**, ATTACKS CRIME AND CRIMINALS IN A SERIES OF UNUSUAL ADVENTURES, IN WHICH THE **YELLOWJACKET BEES**, TRAINED TO OBEY HIS WISHES, ASSIST HIM TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GOAL—THE ELIMINATION OF EVIL!!



IN THE LIBRARY OF HIS PALATIAL HOME **VINCE HARLEY** CELEBRATED MYSTERY WRITER, FINISHES HIS GREATEST BOOK—

DONE AT LAST...THE PERFECT CRIME STORY...I'LL STAKE MY REPUTATION ON THIS!

YELLOWJACKET, THE FEARLESS ENEMY OF LAW-BREAKERS, HIMSELF INVENTS THE PERFECT CRIME!!!! IN HIS ROLE AS **VINCE HARLEY** FAMED MYSTERY WRITER KNOWN TO MILLIONS OF READERS....**YELLOWJACKET** DESCRIBES THE MURDER WHICH CAN'T BE SOLVED, BECAUSE THE BODY HAS DISAPPEARED!! AND HE BECOMES THE VICTIM OF HIS OWN BRILLIANT IDEA IN...**THE STEEL COFFIN CASE!!!**





I'M CUTTING OUT-
GOOMBYE! BETTER
A BROKEN LEG
THAN A COMPLETE
OVERHAULIN'!

SOMETIMES MY
FEET DONT MOVE
FAST ENOUGH
FOR MY BODY!

HEY--THAT'S THE
ONLY COPY...AND
IT'S WORTH
MILLIONS!



BREATHLESS AND SHAKEN--THE TWO CROOKS
ARRIVE AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT--

YUH BODBRAINS!
I SHOULDA DONE
THIS JOB MESELF!

BUT DE
GUY DONT
FIGHT FAIR,
CHIEF! HE
HITS BACK!

BUT IT WASNT
A TOTAL LOSS,
BOSS..... I
SNITCHED DIS
BRIEFCASE!



IT'S NOTHING BUT
A STORY!.... BUT
WAIT A MINUTE
DIS TITLE SOUNDS
INTERESTING!!

IT PROVES
WE WENT
DERE,
BOSS!

ARE YOU
KIDDEN,
CLARENCE?
DIS SHINER
AINT NO
FAKE!



DE "POIFECT
CRIME! AND
IT'S HERE!
BOYS DIS IS
TERRIFIC--ALL
WE GOTTA
DO IS FOLLOW
IT TO DE
LETTER AN'
WE'RE SITIN'
PARTY!

YOU MEAN
WE'RE
FORGIVEN,
CHIEF?

DAT'S
WHAT DE
BOSS
SAID!!

I GOT ANUDDER
IDEA --WE'LL
TRY IT OUT
ON DAT
WRITING GUY
HIMSELF! --
CALL DE
BOYS!!

I'LL
WEAR MY
NEW .45
TO DIS
PARTY!

DEY'RE
CALLED!



MINUTES LATER--A THUG-FILLED
SEDAN ROARS ACROSS TOWN AND
THEIR RIDE SPELLS DEATHLY
DANGER FOR **VINCE HARLEY**

HARLEY'S BOOKS
SELLS LIKE
PANKAKES! WE'LL
STEAL ALL DE
ROYALTIES FROM
HIS SAFE!

D'YA TINK
FIVE OF US
IS ENOUGH
OF US BOSS?
I'D FEEL
SAFER WID
MORE COMPANY
ALONG!

PRESENTLY—



WE'LL CARRY
OUT ALL HIS
INSTRUCTIONS
TO A T...
DEN WE
CAN'T GO
WRONG!

DAT'S IT...
DE LIVIN'
ROOM!

INSIDE, VINCE HARLEY FINISHES A HURRIED
CALL TO THE POLICE...

YOU'LL HAVE TO CANCEL MY CONTRACT FOR
THE "PERFECT CRIME" STORY! IT'S BEEN
STOLEN... AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE PATIENCE
TO REWRITE IT... THANKS FOR THE SYMPATHY!



YOU MUGGS GOT YOUR
NERVE RETURNING TO THE
SCENE OF YOUR CRIME!

KEEP UP BOYS! DAT'S
WHAT IT SAYS IN
CHAPTER TWO!

DAT'S US,
CHUMP...
TANKS FER DE
INTRODUCTION.

THE CUTHBERT
MOB... MY
FAVORITE
PUNCHING
BAG!

RUSH 'IM
BOYS... IT SAYS
SO HERE!!



MAYBE HE WROTE
BETWEEN DE LINES
BOYS!

HEY-I DIDN'T
READ HIS
PART!

BUT SUPERIOR NUMBERS COUNT... AND
SO SHORTLY....

OKAY BOYS-I'M
LICKED... BUT
WHAT DID YOU
DO WITH MY
MANUSCRIPT!

I HOPE YUH REALIZE
HOW EDUCATIONAL IT IS,
PAL... EVERY CROOK
SHOULD HAVE ONE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
YOUR MANUSCRIPT...
IT WON'T GO TO
WASTE!!!







LOOK, CLANCY—
A FUNERAL!

LOOKS MIGHTY
PECULIAR, DOUGHERTY!
MUST BE A SEA
CAPTAIN WANTIN'
T'BE BURIED IN
THE BRINY!!



BOO, HOO! THIS IS
BUSTIN' ME HEART!

PHOOEY— IT'S
BUSTIN' ME BACK!

WE'RE NEARING
THE END OF THE
BOOK, BOYS— DIS
PART IS ON PAGE
238!



DAT'S A WEIGHT
OFF ME CHEST!

DE POOR FISHES
WON'T MAKE
NOTHIN' OUTTA
DIS DEAL!!

AND SO ENDS A
GREAT STORY! SO
LONG FISH-BAIT!
AND HERE'S YER
STORY— WE WON'T
BE NEEDIN' IT
ANYMORE!



POOR MAN! BUT HE'S
A LUCKY SAILOR TO
BE HAVING GOOD
FRIENDS LIKE YOU
GENTS TO SEE HIM
OFF!

THANKS, OFFICER!
IT'S THE LEAST
WE COULD DO
FOR 'IM!



BUT DEEP IN THE RIVER **VINCE HARLEY**
IS BUSILY ADDING ANOTHER CHAPTER TO HIS
STORY—

I KNEW THIS
AUTO JACK WOULD
COME IN HANDY!
AH, THERE, IT
GOES!



THOSE THUGS BROKE THE
LAWS WHEN
THEY STOLE
MY STORY
AND THAT'S
DANGEROUS!!!



LOOK, CLANCY!
IT'S THE DEAD
COME TO
LIFE!

MAYBE THIS ISN'T
SALT WATER! SOME
OF THESE SEAMEN
ARE FUGGY GUYS!

HOLY
SMOKES! HERE'S
MY MANUSCRIPT!



THE WRITER HURRIES HOME FOR A BRIEF STOP--
JUST LONG ENOUGH TO ASSUME HIS ROLE AS
THE YELLOWJACKET--

I'VE GOT TO GET MY REVENGE
ON THOSE WOULD BE MURDERERS!--
THANK GOODNESS I'VE GOT
MY STORY BACK!



THEY EVEN HAD
THE POLICE AS WITNESSES
TO MY DEATH--JUST AS I
PLANNED IT IN MY BOOK!



AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH FOR THE KILLERS
FINALLY...

I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU SCOUNDRELS HERE
AT THE BIGGEST JEWELERS IN TOWN!

I'LL HAVE TO WORK
FAST TO MAKE A
CLEAN SWEEP OF
THIS MOB!



LET'S PLAY HIDE
AND GEEK--I'LL
HIDE AND YOU
FIND ME!

DI'LL BE FUN BUT IT'LL
COST YOU YOUR LIFE
WHEN WE CATCH UP
WITH YOU!

SMACK!

AFTER 'IM
MEN!



C'MON, YOU
FAT FELONS--
FASTER!

AFTER 'IM--
DON'T LET 'IM
ESCAPE!

BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT YELLOWJACKET LOCKS THE REAR DOOR AND MAKES HIS WAY AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE STORE --



YELLOWJACKET SENDS HIS BEES INTO THE STORE --



COME RIGHT AWAY! AND BRING THE RIOT SQUAD!



AFTER SEVERAL MINUTES....

THEY'RE ROBBING THE BEST JEWELRY STORE IN THE CITY-- AND IN BROAD DAYLIGHT!

THEY SURE HAVE GOOD TASTE!



Ow!
I'M SHOT!

I'M STABBED!

DO A GOOD JOB ON 'EM, BEES!

THEY'RE DRILLING ME!



SAVE US!

WE'LL CONFESS TO EVERYTHING!

IT'S BEES! WE CAN'T GO IN THERE-- WHAT'LL WE DO?!!







YELLOWJACKET

WHEN AN EDUCATED CRIME EXPONENT TURNS TEACHER AND PASSES HIS EVIL LEARNINGS ON TO HIS MORE ILLITERATE COLLEAGUES AND EXPECTS HIS PUPILS TO REWARD HIM WITH VARIOUS LOOT, IT CANNOT BE DENIED THAT A FANTASTIC ESTABLISHMENT IS IN THE MAKING! ONE MAN, WHO IS BEING RECOGNIZED BY THE UNDERWORLD AS A MENACE TO CRIME, STRUGGLES TO DISSOLVE THIS NEWLY CONCOCTED SCHOOL FOR CRIME! THAT MAN IS—

YELLOWJACKET!



OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS—

BAH! I SLIPPED ONCE AND IT COST ME TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PEN—BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT NOW!

I'M THROUGH WITH THE PENNY-ANTE STUFF! FROM NOW ON, IT'S THE BIG-TIME SLOT FOR ME! THERE'S NO DENYIN' I'M ONE OF THE SHARPEST CRIMINALS IN THE BIZ AND NO ONE CAN STOP ME!

AT THAT MOMENT, GREEDY EYES HAVE SPOTTED THE DETERMINED CRIMINAL—

DA GUYS ALONE! THIS SHOULD BE AN EASY TAKE, C'MON!





LOOK, PROFESSOR! WOULD YOU MIND TELLING YOUR STUDENTS TO EASE UP IN THEIR EXERCISES? THAT CONTINUAL RACKET THEY HAND OUT IS TERRIFIC!



I'M VERY SORRY... I SHALL CAUTION MY STUDENTS TO BE A LITTLE MORE QUIET IN THE FUTURE!



DO YA THINK D' SNOOPER SUSPECTS ANYTHING TOPAZ?

OF COURSE NOT, NOW GO BACK TO YOUR EXERCISES!



BUT KNOW-IT-ALL TOPAZ IS WRONG--

HMM! I SAW "BUGS" DUGAN AND "FINGERS" FIP IN THERE! THOSE THUGS CAN'T BE GOING TO SCHOOL JUST FOR EDUCATION!



THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE SET-UP! I MAY SEEM FUNNY BUT YELLOWJACKET IS GOING BACK TO SCHOOL!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE ---

NOW, BEFORE WE BEGIN TODAY'S LESSON, I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR HOME-WORK!



DID YOU DO TODAY'S ASSIGNMENT SLIPPERY?

SOMITAINLY TEACHER! TAKE A GANDA AT DIS!



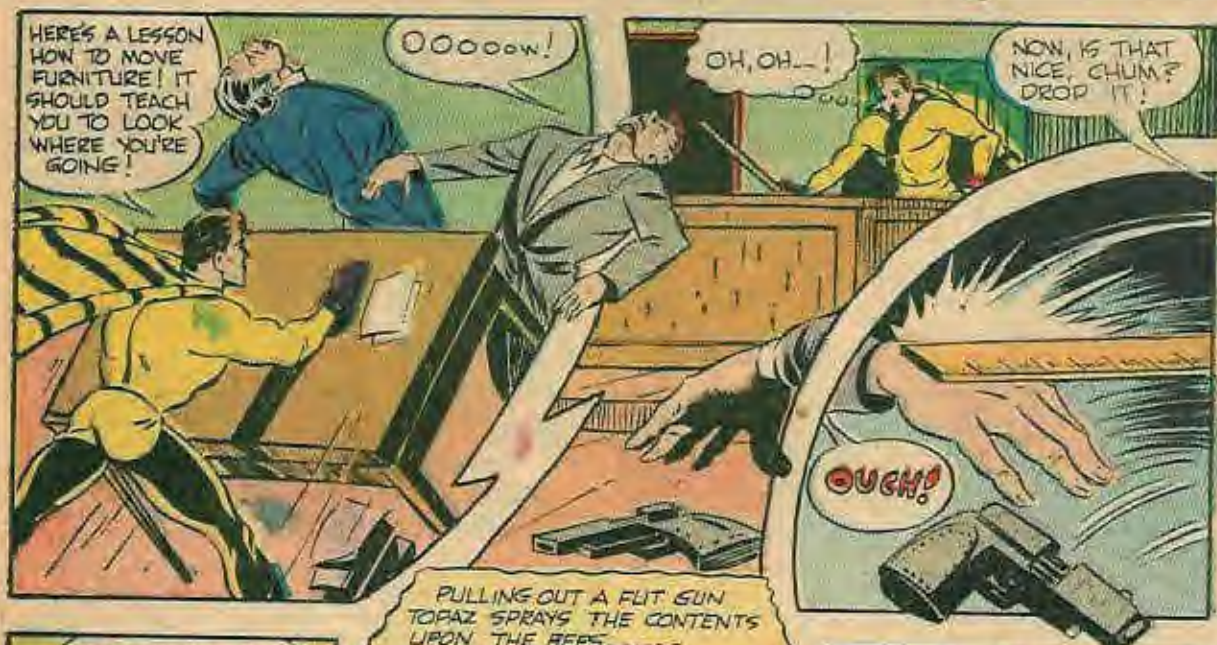
GOOD, NOW TODAY'S LESSON WILL TAKE UP VARIOUS WAYS OF GAINING ENTRANCE TO A BANK!



SUDDENLY--

FIRST YOU-- WH-- YELLOWJACKET!







SECOND LATER, TOPAZ AND HIS STUDENTS IN CRIME RUSH INTO THE FUR STORAGE WAREHOUSE...

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, START CLEARING THE PREMISES. THAT FIRE DOWN THE BLOCK MAY SPREAD TO THIS BUILDING!



HEY, BUD STEP IT UP! YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!

B-BUT I'M THE MANAGER! SOMEONE MUST REMAIN IN THE WAREHOUSE!



NONSENSE! I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY!

W-WELL ALL RIGHT! BUT THIS IS HIGHLY IRREGULAR!



I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU. BEFORE THEY FIND OUT WE AIN'T REAL FIREMEN - WE'LL HAVE THIS JOINT CLEANED!



BUT SUDDENLY

YELLOWJACKET! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!!!

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A MINUTE CHUMP!



SO YOU BOYS HAVE GONE IN FOR FIRE FIGHTING, EH?



WELL, I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO PUT THEM "OUT!"



YOU BOYS ARE IN FOR A BEE-DOOTIFUL TIME!

NO-NO! KEEP 'EM AWAY!





OUT OF COMMISSION

THE sharp crack of a rifle brought unexpected stillness to the jungle skirting the edge of the hard-packed beach. Sparky hurled himself from the wing of the plane, hit the sand and started to run. Again there came the sound of a shot. A spigot of sand erupted to his right, as he hurled himself into the dense undergrowth, dropped to one knee.

It was very still now, with just the soft rustle of waves along the beach. Sparky touched the damp on his forehead, began to inch his way forward—

Away to the right, closer at hand this time, came the repeated crack of a rifle. Sparky crouched down. This last shot could have been Craig's from somewhere in the jungle. Craig was up there as look-out, while Sparky worked on the fuel pump. Sparky pushed cautiously forward, keeping low, watching.

At last he saw Craig standing above something sprawled on the ground.

"Old sure-shot," Sparky moved up, stared down at the relaxed body of the Jap, half across a log. "What's it all about?"

Craig's tanned face was tight beneath hard lines. "It means, kid, that we aren't the only ones here. Those shots probably tipped off any pals this guy might have had!"

Sparky nodded, turning to stare into the shadowy undergrowth about them. "I get it. We take off fast or... not at all. But maybe you're wrong. About there being others—"

"Wishful thinking, kid. Get back to your cooking. I'll have a look-see. Maybe... just maybe... you're right. I hope so!"

Sparky slid back through the jungle, hesitated a moment at its edge, then moved swiftly across the beach. It was hot in the sun and every second counted. Probably Craig was right. No doubt when they came in for an emergency landing they had been seen. If they didn't hustle now it would be too late.

IT MIGHT have been minutes later, or hours even, when the plane was ready for service again. Sparky wiped his hands clean, turned to stare up and down the beach, into the shadows of the jungle. Craig was gone a long time now. Sparky knew he didn't dare test this job. They'd have to take it off cold and trust to luck. If only Craig would come back.

The sun was high when Sparky checked his carbine and .45. He ploughed into the undergrowth, worked his way up over a ridge and started down on the far side. Once in a while he could see a little lagoon below. The occasional glimpse of the beach showed it deserted—

Somewhere a shadow moved and Sparky flung the carbine to his shoulder. The sharp crack of the shot rocketed through the silence. The shadow was gone—

But other shadows converged swiftly. Japs. Sparky whirled as they poured out of the underbrush and surrounded him. Japs... and more Japs. All of them covered Sparky with rifles. Slitted black eyes stared back defiantly, thin lips moving faintly across one or two faces.

"You stand still," one of them announced, moving ahead of the others. "Else... you get shot."

"I kinda thought so," Sparky murmured. "What's this? A reception committee? Where's the ball gonna be held?"

"No ball. You stay right here. Your friend—"

"Oh-oh," Sparky snarled. "I expected that. Well, since you've got him—"

SPARKY flung himself forward. A rifle cracked, but he knew it would be a miss, because no one would dare fire at him for fear of hitting their leader. Next instant Sparky ripped the Jap around, flung an arm across his throat and tightened down. He ripped the automatic out of its holster, jerked it up and pumped lead. He had a strangle hold on his captor, hold-

ing him up as a guard. The automatic blazed vengefully. Then it clicked. . . .

Something crashed against Sparky's head from behind. In his last seconds of consciousness he knew someone had sneaked up behind, rammed the butt of a rifle around the tree for a knock-out. After that Sparky went down in a heap.

CONSCIOUSNESS returned slowly. Sparky's head and shoulders ached savagely. He lifted his head painfully. His body was suspended by his arms from a rope flung over the limb of a tree. His toes barely touched the ground. His body felt as if it had been stretched miles.

Slowly Sparky twisted his head, stared up at the limb over which the rope had been thrown. His hands were numb. He lifted his feet and the weight of his body drew the limb down a little, but not enough to break.

Somewhere down on the beach a slim whistle cut the stillness and Sparky paused to stare. From his hanging position he had an almost unobstructed view of the lagoon. . . .

Now the waters broke softly and something lifted through the blue. The conning tower of a sub. For a moment Sparky held his breath, watching as the under-sea craft exposed its ominous dark length.

A Jap sub. And here for—what?

Frantically Sparky turned his attention to the limb above him. The nearest obstructing branch of any size was a good sixteen inches along. There were nubbins in the way, to be sure—

Swiftly Sparky worked the rope, digging his toes into the ground. If he could get it out far enough it would break.

He was halfway out when he stopped to stare down upon the beach, watching the sub there. Men swarmed out upon her deck, more Japs were on the beach. One of them was looking up the hillside, to where Sparky was spot-lighted in the boiling sun.

With dull agony he saw a soldier raise a rifle. Frantically Sparky hurled his weight against the rope toward the end of the limb. It slid almost all the way. He yanked his legs up—

The whine of a bullet sounded past his ear. Next instant the limb bowed gently, held a second, broke with a soft snap.

Sparky dropped to the ground. Pain and weariness almost drove him to his face. He fought it off, stumbled to his feet. Again there came the ominous whine of a bullet. Another. . . .

Stumbling into the woods, Sparky stared

back, saw the Japs streaming along the beach, plunging into the woods after him.

A WAY along the ridge a cloud of smoke billowed up softly. It thinned out and Sparky saw a sheet of flame rolling down across the beach, widening, dancing higher and higher, rolling out across the water like a tidal wave. A second later it had reached the sub, was surrounding her. Flames licked up.

A sudden explosion rocked the ground, hurling rocks and bits of trees and leaves high into the air. Flame was licking through the woods. Sparky could hear the hungry crackle of it, eating its way viciously uphill.

Someone broke out of the shadows of the woods, plunged toward where Sparky crouched. A Jap, carrying a rifle—

Sparky whirled. And a familiar voice reached out to him:

"Keep going! Don't stop. It's me . . . Craig!"

They were over the ridge, half stumbling, half falling, down toward the narrow strip of beach. Craig panted, "Didn't know what . . . happened to you. Saw you later . . . tied up. I—I fixed 'em!"

They were on the beach, were tumbling into the plane. Above the island, rising into the sky like a colored umbrella, rose a cloud of smoke. Flames licked up beneath it, and the hiss of withering underbrush sounded like water in a hot skillet.

"What's it all about?" Sparky yelled. "I—"

"I'll take this job up," Craig snapped. "We've gotta hurry!"

SPARKY'S breath almost choked till the prop kicked over, and the motor broke into life. Craig waited, warming it, feeling the throttle out until the last second. He called, "I borrowed that first Nip's uniform so I could get past them. In the excitement they didn't tumble. Saw them get you and saw the sub come in. There was only one thing to do!"

"Go on. I'm no mind reader!"

Craig grinned. "They had a fueling base here. Halfway up the hill, in a tunnel. Enough oil and gas to run the Jap fleet a month. Or almost. At any rate, it'll give them a nice baking! I blew it up!"

"Yeah. But I'm beginning to sizzle—"

Craig grinned back as the plane snapped forward, zoomed into the late afternoon sky. "You're not half as hot as it's already gotten for those Japs back there. This is one secret base they won't use for a long time to come!"

THE END

DEBUNKER



LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE?
LIGHTNING STRUCK THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 15 TIMES IN 15 MINUTES—IN THE DESERTS OF SOUTH AFRICA, 2,000 TIMES IN SAME PLACE.



THE PRAIRIE DOG IS NOT A DOG—BUT A RODENT OR A SQUIRREL.



BLOODHOUNDS ARE VICIOUS?
QUITE THE OPPOSITE—ARE GENTLE PEACEFUL DOGS SHOW NO INTEREST IN A TRAILED PERSON—ONLY BAY TO INFORM THEIR MASTER.

DIANA THE HUNTRESS



FRIGHTFUL FAMINE LURKS IN WAR'S WAKE, AN ALLIED ASSAULT DRIVES HITLER'S HORDE FROM THE HELLENIC ISLES..... AMERICA RUSHES RELIEF TO THE GALLANT GREEKS THROUGH U.N.R.R.A. BUT AS GALLANT MEN GRADUALLY WEAKEN AND BABIES CRY FOR BREAD, A BLOODY CURSE CLUTCHES THE HEART OF MERCY! IN PURSUIT OF THE PERIL FLASHES **DIANA THE HUNTRESS**, NEVER QUAVING FROM A THREAT OF DOOM TO HER IMMORTAL BODY!

TONY PALMA, HEAD OF THE U.N.R.R.A. AGENCY IN ATHENS, RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS PACKAGE---



HOLY SMOKE NICK! WHAT'S ON THIS SKEWER? A HUMAN EYE!

THE CURSE...THE CURSE OF KASHGAR!



AS YOU WILL, ALMIGHTY ZEUS... IF YOUR CHOICE WON'T OFFEND THE MIGHTY HERCULES!

NAY, I HAVE A HEAVIER TASK FOR GOD OF BRAUN!

TO CORINTH I SHALL SPEED AND PIT ALL MY IMMORTAL STRENGTH AGAINST THE FIEND WHO FATTENS ON FAMISHED PEOPLE!

REACHING EARTH, DIANA IS STARTLED BY A RUSH OF AIR-

MERCURY... MESSENGER OF THE GODS!... WHAT FATE BRINGS YOU?

A DIRE WARNING FOR YOU FROM ZEUS!

BEWARE! YOUR IMMORTALITY CANNOT PROTECT YOU FROM THE SWORDS OF KASHGAR! IT IS CURSED!

THE GODDESS OF HUNT FEARS NOT DEATH! BEGONE YOU ALARMIST!

WE AIN'T GOT ENOUGH GUNS FOR A PITCHED BATTLE, MR. PALMA!

BUT WE'VE GOT GUTS! I'LL DRIVE THE LEAD TRUCK MYSELF!

BABIES CRYING FOR BREAD! SICK MEN MOANING FOR MEDICINE! NOTHING CAN STOP US TONIGHT NICK!

NOTHING BUT-- DEATH!

MANY MILES AHEAD, DIANA HARKENS TO A TALE OF HORROR!

WHY DO YOU FEAR KASHGAR?

HIS BANDITS EVEN LOOT THE HOME OF THE POOR—MY HUSBAND AND SONS WERE BRUTALLY MURDERED—AND LOOK AT MY BABY!



SEE? HE STARVED TO DEATH!

BY THE MIGHT OF GODS, THIS BESTIAL GREED SHALL BE AVENGED! WHERE IS KASHGAR'S HIDEOUT?



I'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR LEADER.....HE CRAVES BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!



AND I CRAVE THE BLOOD OF THE CRUEL KASHGAR!

A TIGRESS, HA? I'LL TAME YOU!



YOU'D BETTER LEARN SOME TRICKS FIRST, JACKAL!

EYOW!



DON'T FOLLOW HIM! HE'LL LEAD YOU INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH!

BETTER I DIE THAN FOR GREECE TO STARVE!



AHEAD LURKS A SNIPER IN AMBUSH---

FIE! A FEMALE ARCHER TRAILS A WOUNDED SCOUT..I'LL PUT A BULLET BETWEEN HER EYES!



THAT SNEAKING VIPER WON'T
LIKE THE TASTE OF MY
VENOMOUS ARROW!



THE TWANG OF A BOWSTRING, THE WHINE OF
A SWIFT SHAFT AND DIANA SCORES ONE AGAINST
THE ENEMY--

PASHA DIES, BUT I
SHALL SLIT THE
FEMALE'S THROAT!

EEYAH!



INFIDEL
WRETCH!

HE WHO CURSES
THE GODS MUST
PAY WITH HIS
LIFE!



THE WOUNDED TURK I WAS
TRAILING HAS VANISHED...IF
KASHEAR'S BAND LURKS
NEARBY, I'LL BE TRAPPED IN
A RING OF DEATH!



KASHEAR, THE TURKISH
TERRORIST, CHUCKLES AT
HIS SCOUTS MISFORTUNE--

WOUNDED BY A
WOMAN? BAH!
DIE LIKE A DOG,
YOU SCUM!

BUT, MASTER!
SHE IS A
TIGRESS OF
FEARFUL
STRENGTH!



TO THE ATTACK, NOBLE
SONS OF ALLAH! MY
LOOKOUT SPIES HAVE
SPIED TRUCKS BOARING
UP THE VALLEY!



OUR LOOT PILES HIGHER AND
HIGHER AS THE PEASANTS
STARVE... THIS FOOD WILL
BRING US A FORTUNE IN
ISTANBUL!



THEY ARE ON THE MARCH AND THE BRUTE AT THEIR HEAD MUST BE THE DREADED KASHGAR!



ZELUS' WARNING TO DIANA GETS STARTLING PROOF ---

HO - WHAT INFIDEL DARES THE FURY OF MY MAGIC SWORD? OFF WITH THE BEGGAR'S HEAD!



AND THE CURSE DESCENDS UPON DIANA -

BACK, YOU FIENDS!

A WOMAN! TAKE HER ALIVE!



HIS SWORD IS SATAN-BLESSED! I CAN'T SURVIVE!

I'VE CAUGHT HER! BRING THE CHAINS! WHAT A TEMPTING VICTIM FOR TORTURE!



TRUCKS! THE AMERICAN FOOL IN ATHENS WAS NOT FRIGHTENED BY THE SKEWERED EYE!

ZELUS - I BEG OF YOU! GIVE ME STRENGTH!

KASHGAR NEEDS GUNS NICK! HE SENT THAT EYE AS A THREAT SO WE ARM THE TRUCKS!

AROUND THE CURVE AHEAD, TONY, LOOK!







FAMOUS TALES of TERROR

BY
EDGAR
ALLAN
POE



DUSK WAS GATHERING ITS LONG SHADOWS AS POE REINED HIS MOUNT TO STARE AT A DISMAL HOUSE.

WHAT A GLOOMY OLD PLACE! IF RODERICK USHER WERE NOT MY FRIEND, I'D NEVER DARE STOP HERE.



THE HOUSE WAS HAUNTED NOT BY A GHOST—BUT A NAMELESS DREAD—A DREAD THAT CLUNG LIKE MOSS TO THE ROTTING EAVES! DISASTER ALONE COULD BREAK THE SINISTER SPELL. AND WHEN THE FINAL HOUR STRUCK, NO POWER ON EARTH COULD PREVENT—THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!



MASSA'S WAITIN' FER YOU, MISTAH POE. YOU-ALL GO RIGHT IN, SUH.

ER, YES, RUF.



MR. POE? AH, YES... BUT I FEARED YOU WOULD NOT RISK THIS VISIT. FOLLOW ME.

DREARY DOMICILE I MUST SAY! A QUEER ODOR TAINTS THE AIR, LIKE THE DANK PRESENCE OF DEATH!



THE MASTER AWAITS WITHIN. ER, 'TIS QUITE ALL RIGHT. DON'T HESITATE.

YES, YES, OF COURSE.

A CLAMMY CHILL FINGERED POE'S SPINE AS THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND HIM.



RODERICK! WHERE ARE YOU? SPEAK TO ME!



EDGAR - I'M SO THANKFUL YOU RECEIVED MY LETTER. COME. PLEASE SIT DOWN.



YOU HAVE CHANGED MUCH SINCE WE LAST MET. WHAT, ER, SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?

A MALADY - PERHAPS A NERVOUS AILMENT, IMPRISONING ME IN A TOWER OF TERROR.

DOES THIS
HOUSE BY
ANY CHANCE
AFFECT YOU?

ALAS, THAT'S TRUE.
FOR YEARS I'VE
NEVER DARED
VENTURE OUTSIDE
IT'S WALLS.



A MUFFLED TREAD- THEN POE'S
EYES WIDENED IN TERROR!

GOOD HEAVENS! WHO'S
THAT? SHE'S IN A
HYPNOTIC TRANCE!



YOUR SISTER
MADELINE -
WHAT'S WRONG
WITH HER?

A DISEASE
WHICH BAFFLES
THE BEST
PHYSICIANS
THERE IS
NO HOPE.



ON RETIRING TO A GUEST
CHAMBER, POE WAS
STARTLED BY HIS HOST.

UH? OH,
'TIS YOU!

MADELINE HAS
SUFFERED A STROKE.
I FEAR YOU'LL NEVER
SEE HER AGAIN.



SHE DID NOT DIE?
IN SUCH CASES
THE LIVING ARE
HARDLY
DISTINGUISHABLE
FROM THE DEAD.

DESPITE
SLEEPLESS
NIGHTS,
POE
REMAINED
SEVERAL
DAYS
LONGER
WITH HIS
DREAD-
STRICKEN
FRIEND.

THE BRUSH REFLECTS
YOUR TORTURED
MOOD, RODERICK.

YEA - THE
MYSTIC DEPTH
OF MY WORK
FRIGHTENS ME!







SEE THAT
UNEARTHLY
GLOW!

YES, A FRIGHTFUL
STORM, BUT DON'T
BE AFRAID.



AN EERIE SHAFT OF UNNATURAL
LIGHT POURED THROUGH THE WILD
CLOUDS ONTO THE HOUSE OF USHER!



YOU MUSTN'T
STARE SO.
IT'S MERELY AN
ELECTRICAL
PHENOMENA.

NO! NO!
IT'S THE
SIGN OF
IMPENDING
DOOM!



BE CALM. I'LL
READ YOU
SIR LAUNCELOT'S
"MAD TRIST."

IT'S
COMING.
I KNOW
IT'S
COMING!



"ETHELREL, FEARING
THE RISING TEMPEST,
SMOTE THE
PLANKS WITH HIS
MACE AND..."

WHAT WAS
THAT CREAKING?



DON'T MOVE, RODERICK!
I HEARD IT!



FOR DAYS I'VE HEARD
NOISES YET I DARED
NOT SPEAK. WE PUT
HER ALIVE IN
THE TOMB!

HEAVEN
HELP US-
SHE'S
COMING!





"SHE HAS BROKEN FROM THE COFFIN! I HEAR THE HORRIBLE BEAT OF HER VENGEFUL HEART!"

"THE DOOR- IT'S OPENING!"

HINGES CREAKED, THEN THE LIVING CORPSE STOOD BEFORE THEM, MOANING WEIRDLY!



NO, MADELINE! IT WAS A MISTAKE - I SWEAR!

HE CAN'T SURVIVE! THE SHOCKING TERROR WILL KILL HIM!

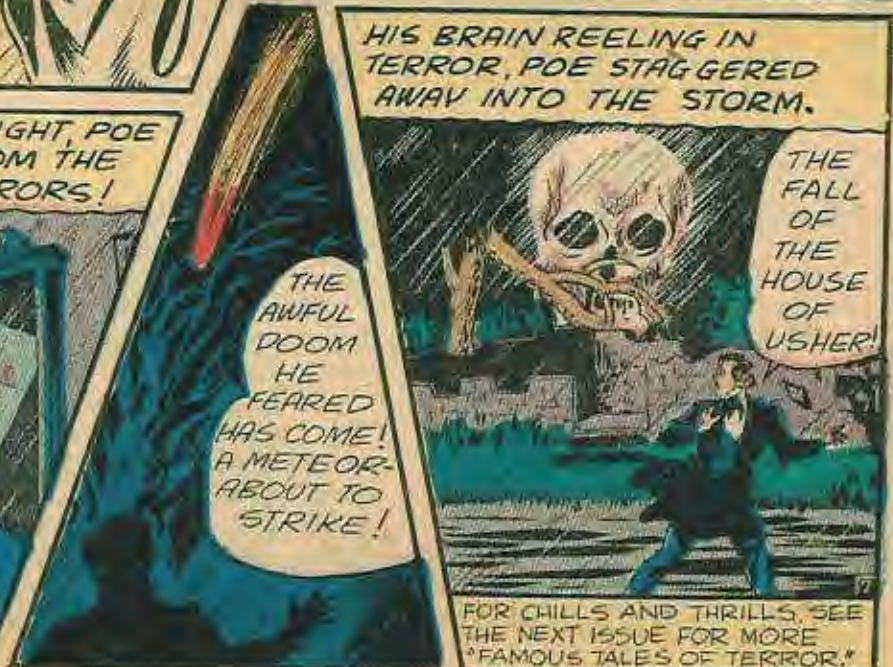
SHE FELL UPON HIM IN HER DEATH THROES. NOW BOTH ARE DEAD!



AGHAST WITH FRIGHT, POE FLED MADLY FROM THE HOUSE OF HORRORS!



HIS BRAIN REELING IN TERROR, POE STAGGERED AWAY INTO THE STORM.



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER!

THE AWFUL DOOM HE FEARED HAS COME! A METEOR- ABOUT TO STRIKE!

FOR CHILLS AND THRILLS, SEE THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE "FAMOUS TALES OF TERROR."



KING *of The* BEASTS



DEATH AND DESTRUCTION STALK THE CIRCUS AND DANNY KING FINDS HIMSELF PLAYING THE CLOWN! OVERLOOKING THE DANGER THAT SURROUNDS HIM, KING BOLDLY VENTURES TO EXPOSE THE-----
CIRCUS SABOTEUR

A SUDDEN OUTBURST OF MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDIES OCCURS AT THE CIRCUS WHERE DANNY KING IS EMPLOYED---



SOMETIME LATER ON THE CIRCUS GROUNDS--

I TELL YOU DANNY, SOMEONE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME! I'M SURE OF IT! THOSE RECENT TRAGEDIES WEREN'T ACCIDENTS! I'D BET MY BOTTOM DOLLAR ON THAT!

HIM! MAYBE YOU ARE RIGHT!





MOMENTS LATER, IN THE CLOWN-MASTER'S TENT

I WANT TO CONCEAL MY IDENTITY, SO DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW WHO I AM. CRANE! AS A CLOWN, I MAY BE ABLE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, KING!

I'VE GOT TO CATCH CALLAHAN'S MURDERER! DO YOU KNOW IF HE HAD ANY ENEMIES?

MAYBE--MAYBE NOT! I COULDN'T TELL YA!

MINUTES PASS, AND THEN---

WELL, HOW DO I LOOK? THINK ANYONE WILL RECOGNIZE ME?

HA! IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT I'D THINK YOU WERE CALLAHAN HIMSELF!

WELL, LET'S GET GOING! OUR ACT IS NEXT!

THE SCENE QUICKLY CHANGES TO THE BIG TOP! THE SHOW IS ON!

HE'S ONE GUY NOBODY LIKES!

AND HIGH ABOVE ME YOU SEE DUBBLE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST AERIALIST!

WHY, I RECALL HIM! HE USED TO BE THE TEAM OF DUBBLE AND CROSS!

TILL CROSS FELL AND COULDN'T WORK AGAIN! DUBBLE IS ALONE NOW! TRIES TO HOG THE WHOLE SHOW!

DID HE EVER HAVE TROUBLE WITH CALLAHAN?

CAN'T SAY, BUT DUBBLE HATES EVERYBODY ANYWAY! THEN AGAIN, I DIDN'T LIKE CALLAHAN EITHER! HE WAS TOO SNOOPY!





I'M BEGINNING TO SEE IT NOW! THIS ANSWERS PART OF THE TROUBLE, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST?



AM I SEEING THINGS? IT'S THE D-DEAD CLOWN!

HA, HA! DON'T LOOK FRIGHTENED! I'M NOT CALLAHAN!



THEN WHO ARE YOU?

FIRST, THERE'S YOUR SABOTEUR AND MURDERER!



THE CLOWN-MASTER?

YES! THESE OLD CLIPPINGS OF DUBBLE AND CROSS! CROSS ACCUSED DUBBLE OF SPIKING HIM, FORCING HIM TO RETIRE AS AN AERIALIST! HE SWORE VENGEANCE!



NOW THAT I RECALL, CROSS WANTED TO WORK AS AN AERIALIST, BUT I REFUSED HIM THE JOB AS HE WAS ALL WASHED UP AS ONE, SO I GAVE HIM THE JOB OF CLOWN-MASTER!

AH! THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING



CROSS PLANNED TO RUIN YOU, THE SHOW AND DUBBLE! HE HAD NO INTENTION OF KILLING ANYONE, BUT THE SNOOPY CALLAHAN FOUND OUT TOO MUCH!

THAT SETTLES IT! BUT WHO ARE YOU?



ME? HA, HA, --- PEEK-A-BOO!

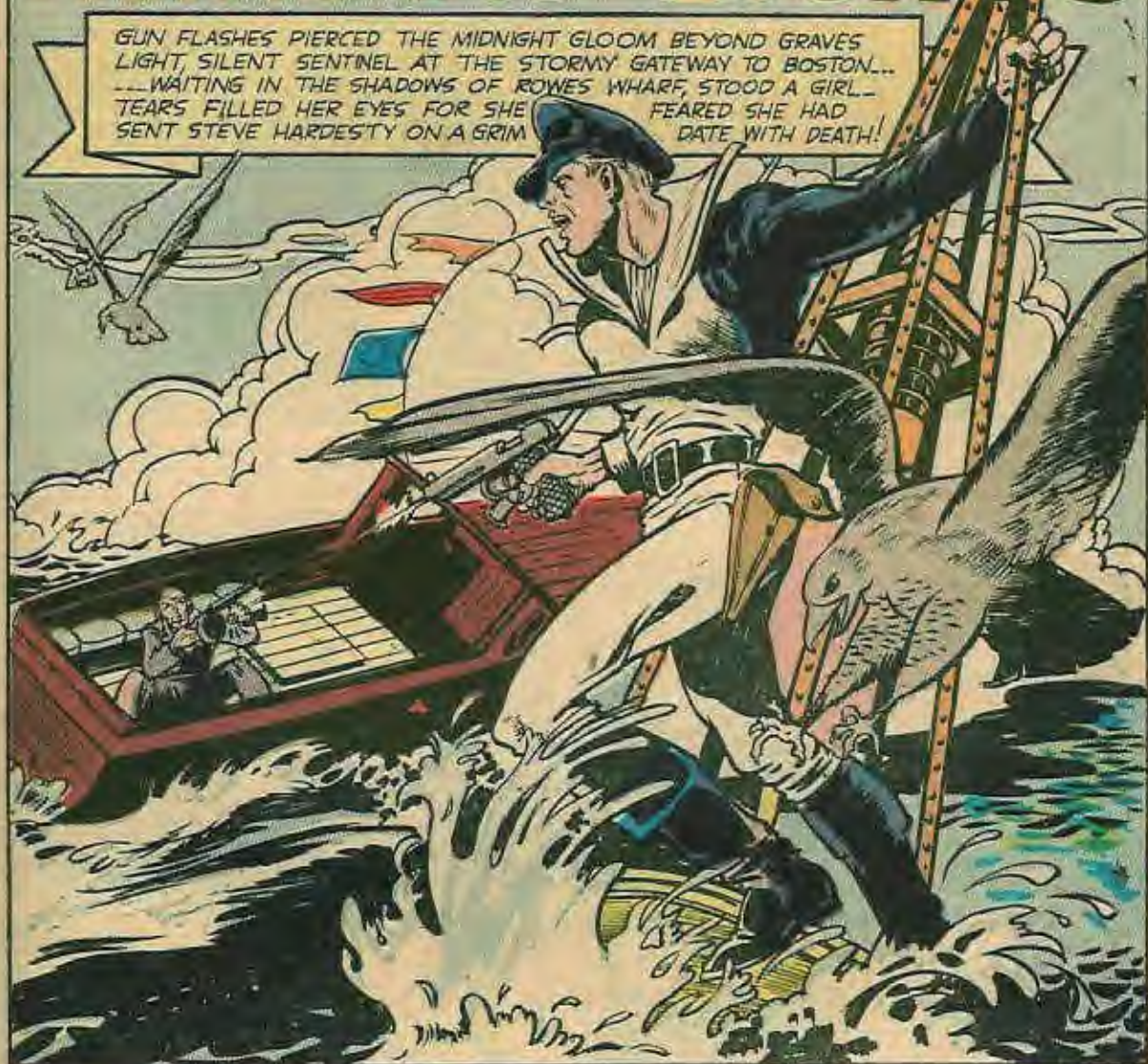
WH--! IT'S DANNY KING!



SEE THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF YELLOWJACKET COMICS FOR THE ADVENTURES OF "KING OF THE BEASTS"

HARBOR LIGHTS

GUN FLASHES PIERCED THE MIDNIGHT GLOOM BEYOND GRAVES LIGHT, SILENT SENTINEL AT THE STORMY GATEWAY TO BOSTON...
 ...WAITING IN THE SHADOWS OF ROWES WHARF, STOOD A GIRL...
 TEARS FILLED HER EYES FOR SHE FEARED SHE HAD
 SENT STEVE HARDESTY ON A GRIM DATE WITH DEATH!



OUTSIDE THE BACK ROOM OF A SCOLLAY SQUARE TAVERN...

JAKE WOULD KILL ME IF HE KNEW I'D FOLLOWED HIM!



CUSTOM INSPECTORS DON'T BOARD THE CRISTOBAL 'TILL MORNING! THE STUFF'S WAITING FOR US...LET'S GO!

THREE FLASHES IS THE SIGNAL, EH, JAKE? OKAY, C'MON!





HOLD IT, KID!
I DON'T LIKE
SNOOPERS!

PLEASE, JAKE...
I DIDN'T WANT
YOUR PALS TO
SEE ME!



MY LANDLADY
THREATENED!

YOU NEED DOUGH, HUH?
TAKE THIS AND SCRAM!



FIVE MINUTES LATER, OPPOSITE THE
MILK STREET POLICE STATION---

STEVE!...I'VE GOT
A TIP FOR YOU!

HEY!...WHAT ARE YOU
DOING
HERE?



THEY'RE GRABBING
SOME STUFF TONIGHT
OFF THE 'CRISTOBAL'.
THIS PROVES I'M
ON THE LEVEL,
STEVE!

THIS SOUNDS
HOT.... THE
CRISTOBAL
HASN'T PASSED
CUSTOMS!



SURE-I
PROMISE!

OH STEVE!
BUT BE
CAREFUL!

I AIN'T
LETTIN'
THAT DAME
QUEER THE
WORKS!



OOH! THAT
BULLET ALMOST
STRUCK ME!

STAND
BACK!
I'LL
DROP
THAT
GUY!



SLUG
SCANLON-
DEAD...!

YEAH...NOW
BEAT IT, BABY!--
I DON'T WANT
YOU HELD FOR
QUESTIONING!







JAKE! THERE'S A COPPER ON THAT BUOY--- PLUG 'IM!



**JAKE'S SNEAK ASSAULT
ENDS IN HIS DISASTER**

SLEEP THAT ONE OFF. I'M
BRINGING YOU BACK ALIVE!



OKAY, GUS! EVERYTHING
IS UNDER CONTROL
NOW... HOOK ON A
TOWLINE!



JEEPERS! YOU MADE A
CLEAN SWEEP STEVE.
WHAT'S THE CONTRA-
BAND?

COCAINE! ENOUGH
SNOW TO HOP UP
EVERY GUNMEN
AND KILLER ON
THE EAST COAST!

THERE'D BEEN THE DEVIL
TO PAY OFF IF WE HADN'T
CAUGHT THIS STUFF...
WHO TIPPED YOU OFF,
STEVE?



BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS
UNANSWERED EVEN AS THEY
REACH THE POLICE DOCK---

CALL THE WAGON
FOR JAKE, GUS...
I'VE GOT TO
MAKE A PHONE
CALL!

HEY! --
WHAT'S THE
RUSH?



IF STEVE WOULD
ONLY FORGET THAT
I'M JAKE BURNS'
SISTER... HOW CAN
I MAKE HIM
BELIEVE!

THERESA!



STEVE! -- YOU
CAUGHT HIM
WITH THE
GOODS?

YES... AND I'LL BELIEVE YOU
EVERY TIME ANYWHERE...
ALWAYS I'LL BELIEVE YOU
DARLING!





ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD
THIS BOOK MAKES IT
EASY TO WRITE
Thrilling
LOVE LETTERS

Follow the Easy Instructions and Model Letters in This Amazing Book — *They Click!*

No matter where you go as a member of Uncle Sam's Armed Forces, this handy book always tells you just how to write thrilling love letters to your sweetheart. You know what it means to *get* letters from the girl back home — and it means just as much to her when she reads your letters, especially if they're thrilling expressions of your love! No longer need your letters be dry as dust, awkward or uninteresting. Imagine the pride and satisfaction of knowing that your letters will be read and re-read and then saved for the time when you will be together again — letters that will be among her dearest treasures.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS shows you how the most common things can sound interesting. Don't rack your brain, hour upon hour, to convey that "certain something" in the most exciting way. Your letters can now reflect your

personality. Too often people with sparkling, vibrant personalities write poorly, only because they do not know how. **HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS** will help you to express your personality in love letters. No one who writes letters should be without this amazing book. It's as necessary as the paper you write on.

HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS contains dozens of actual sample letters that show just how to write your letters properly from beginning to end. Included in this "Must" book are scores of model love letters by world famous people. You will also find in this valuable book lists of useful synonyms — common errors, and how to avoid them — the correct spelling of many catchy words, and many more important letter-writing hints. Read the list of the **HOW TO** chapters — and remember, you can examine this book at our expense!



**EXCITING LOVE
LETTERS KEEP HER
THINKING OF YOU!**

MONEY-BACK OFFER!

We believe you can write winning love letters with the help of this amazing book — but we want you to be the judge! Examine the book 10 days — if not delighted with results, return it and your money will be promptly refunded! Stravon Publishers, 342 Madison Ave., New York City 17, New York.

MAIL THIS COUPON

PARTIAL CONTENTS

How to say the most in a V-mail letter.
How to express your love.
How to make her wild with you.
How to make her of your faithfulness.
How to "Break the Ice."
How to write to Dad & Mom.
How to tell her those "little things" of love.
How to discourage the "too romantic" friend.
How to make your sweetheart write more often.
How to make everyday events sound interesting.
How to write the girl you meet on your day off.
How to make her break in down.
How to "make up" with your sweetheart.
How to write an anniversary letter.
How to propose by mail.
How to help her keep her chin up.
10 tips to letter writers.



98¢

STRAVON PUBLISHERS, Dept. 1-12
342 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Send book, "How to Write Love Letters," (in plain wrapper), by return mail. If not delighted with book, I may return this purchase in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman 98¢ plus postage.

☐ I enclose 98¢ — send postpaid.

Your Office does not deliver C.O.D. in F.P.O. or overseas A.P.O. Send 98¢. Same refund holds.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Canada and Foreign — \$1.25 with order.

THOUSANDS of MEN NOW

Appear
SLIMMER

Feel
BETTER

Look
YOUNGER

with **Commander**

The Amazing NEW Abdominal Supporter



MAKE THIS TEST →
WITH YOUR OWN HANDS
AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN

Commander Wearers all over America Say—

"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. B.
Blandish, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. G. C. S.
St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be putting it mildly—I can see that it fills a long-felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feeling. I never miss putting it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

J. C. McG.
St. Paul, Minn.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

P. R.
Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

SEND FOR IT TODAY—USE THIS COUPON

INTRODUCTORY TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

WARD GREEN CO., DEPT G-11

342 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send me the "COMMANDER" for ten days Free Trial. I will pay postman the special price of \$2.98 plus postage. If not satisfied after wearing it ten days, I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

My waist measure _____ My height is _____
(Send string the size of waist if measuring tape is not available.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ Check here if you enclose \$2.98 with this order and we will pay postage charges. The same refund offer holds.



COMMANDER IS NEW AND MODERN!

The absence of gaudy steel ribs, dangling buckles and bothersome laces will prove a joy. COMMANDER has a real man's lock type pouch, completely detachable. IT GIVES GENUINE MALE PROTECTION. Try this amazing new belt with full confidence . . . and at our risk. SEND FOR IT NOW!

"THE SECRET OF THE "INTERLOCKING HANDS"

Only COMMANDER contains this New principle. A porous non-stretch material is built into the special stretchy body of the COMMANDER. STRETCHES 10 to 14 INCHES HIGH . . . in the outline of two interlocking hands for EXTRA DOUBLE SUPPORT where you need it most. NO BUCKLES, LACES or STRAPS.



10 DAY FREE TRIAL SEND NO MONEY

Wear COMMANDER ONLY
ten days FREE. If it fails to do all we say, send it back and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

\$2.98

SIZES 28 to 47

SPECIAL LARGE SIZES 48 to 60, \$3.98