

SIBILANT, MOCKING LAUGH PIERCES THE THICK DRAPES OF GLOOM. THEN A SUDDEN BEAM OF LIGHT. THE SHADOW OF A GALLOWS. GRIM REMINDERS TO THE CONSCIENCE OF THE UNDERWORLD THAT THE PATHS OF CRIME LEAD ONLY TO

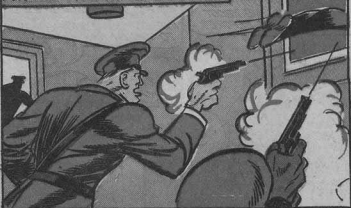
THE HANGMAN

By
CLIFF
CAMPBELL



ONE NIGHT THE POLICE ARE STARTLED BY THE CRASHING ENTRY INTO THE STATION HOUSE OF ONE THEY THINK TO BE THEIR ENEMY-THE COMET.

THE COMET IS, AS USUAL, REPAID FOR HIS TROUBLES WITH BULLETS.



THE COMET RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT.



THELMA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WAITING FOR YOU-AS USUAL!

OH, I FORGOT ALL ABOUT OUR DATE. SORRY TO KEEP YOU WAITING, THEL. BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE, YOU KNOW?



OH, COMET! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THIS UP AND BECOME JUST PLAIN JOHN DICKERING. YOU'VE MORE THAN ATONED FOR THE ACCIDENTAL KILLINGS OF THAT POLICEMAN!



WE COULD BE MARRIED AND...

NO, THEL! WE COULD NEVER BE HAPPY. MY CONSCIENCE WOULDN'T ALLOW ME. WHILE I LIVE, I'VE GOT TO TRY AND MAKE AMENDS!



AS THE COMET GOES TO ANOTHER ROOM TO DRESS, A FIGURE MAKES FOR HIS APARTMENT.



WOW! IS JOHN GOING TO BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!

WHAT IN...THE COMET? WHY! I THOUGHT MY BROTHER, JOHN DICKERING... GOOD LORD! YOU ARE JOHN!



ROBERT!

TO THINK MY OWN MEEK BROTHER IS THE COMET, THE ONE I ADMIRE SO MUCH!

WELL, I GUESS I'M CAUGHT!... BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE IN COLLEGE NOW, AREN'T YOU?



A FINE BROTHER YOU ARE! DIDN'T EVEN KNOW THAT I'VE JUST GRADUATED WITH A MASTER'S DEGREE!

WELL I'VE BEEN KIND OF BUSY, AND...

OH...ER THEL! I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN. THIS IS...

I HEARD! YOUR BROTHER! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT HIM BEFORE?

HE'S MUCH TOO GOOD LOOKING, HA, HA, HA! SAY I'VE GOT AN IDEA! ROBERT CAN TAKE YOU OUT TONIGHT, I'VE GOT SOME WORK TO FINISH UP!

SAY! I'LL HAVE TO DROP IN ON YOU UNEXPECTEDLY MUCH MORE OFTEN WITH THIS SORT OF INDUCEMENT!

THE NEXT FEW WEEKS ARE EXTREMELY BUSY ONES FOR THELMA, AS SHE MAKES THE ROUNDS OF THE TOWN-ESCORTED EVERYWHERE BY BOB DICKERING!



IN THE APARTMENT OF BIG BOY MALONE, AS THE DAY OF THE TRIAL OF THE CRIMINAL CAUGHT BY THE COMET DRAWS CLOSE...

THE D.A'S GONNA GIVE CHUGGER THE WORKS ON THE STAND, TOMORROW. AND YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS!

YEAH! HE'LL BLOW THE LID RIGHT OFF OUR RACKET!

THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY WHOSE TESTIMONY COUNTS - JOHN DICKERING. WE GOTTA RUB HIM OUT IN SPRING CHUGGER. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE LABORATORY OF THE COMET!



"HIYA KIDS! HAVIN' A GOOD TIME?"

"YES! IN SPITE OF YOU, JOHN DICKERING!"

"LOOK JOHN... WHY DON'T YOU GET SOME SENSE?"



"HOW CAN A GUY IN HIS RIGHT MIND NEGLECT A GIRL AS NICE AS THEL THE WAY YOU DO?"

"HEY! YOU SOUND LIKE YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH HER YOURSELF!"



"YOU SHOULDN'T SAY SUCH THINGS, JOHN! YOUR BROTHER IS A FINE CHAP--AND YOU'VE HURT HIS FEELINGS!"

"I DIDN'T MEAN IT THAT WAY, THEL. I WAS JUST JOKING!"



"JOKING! THAT'S THE BIG TROUBLE WITH YOU. YOU TAKE EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY LIGHTLY--EXCEPT YOUR WORK! YOU COULD WELL USE SOME OF ROBERTS QUALITIES!"



"NO DOUBT OF IT, THEL!"

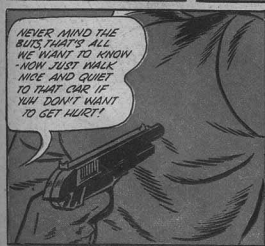
"AS' BOB WALKS' OUT, STILL ANGRY--"

"HEY, YOU! IS YOUR NAME DICKERING?"

"WHY, YES! BUT..."



"NEVER MIND THE BUTS, THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW--NOW JUST WALK NICE AND QUIET TO THAT CAR IF YUH DON'T WANT TO GET HURT!"



"AT THAT MOMENT, THE COMET LOOK'S OUT AND SEES--"

"BOB'S IN TROUBLE!"



THE COMET GOES TO HIS BROTHER'S AID, ZOOMING AFTER THE CAR, HE RAISES HIS VISOR, AND BLASTS A TIRE!



BOB TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION AND MAKES A BREAK.



GREAT GUNS!
THEY'RE SHOOTING AT BOB!



LOOK!!
THE
COMET!

OKAY! NOW
YUH GET IT!

THE COMET DRAWS THE KILLER'S FIRE FROM HIS BROTHER TO HIMSELF!



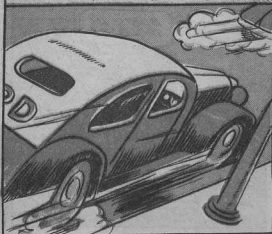
ooo!

COMET,
WATCH
OUT!

BOB BECOMES A TEARING ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION, AS HE SEES HIS BROTHER'S PUGH!



A PASSING POLICE CAR IS ATTRACTED BY THE SHOOTING, AND RUSHES TO THE SCENE...



THERE THEY ARE!
MUST BE
A GANG WAR!



BOB FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A CROSS-FIRE!

MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE! HE MAY STILL BE ALIVE!



THE BACK ALLEY. IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!



THIS FIRE ESCAPE'LL TAKE ME BACK TO THE COMET'S LABORATORY!



HERE WE ARE!



HE'S STILL BREATHING - BUT FAINTLY. MUST GET HIS CLOTHING OFF!



COMEY! OH! HE... HE'S... EASY, THEL! WE'VE ALL GOT TO GO SOMETIME!



MY TURN NOW!... YOU TWO STICK TOGETHER! KIND OF MEMORIAL TO ME. G... GOOD-BYE, BOB! BYE THEL... AAAHH!



JOHN! YOU MUSTN'T DIE! YOU MUSTN'T!

HE'S DEAD, BOB! (SOB SOB) THE GREATEST MAN I EVER KNEW!

HE DID IT TO SAVE MY LIFE, THEL!



I'LL CARRY ON FOR HIM, THEL! I'LL BRING HIS MURDERERS TO THE HANGMAN! I'LL BE THEIR HANGMAN!

BOB BENDS HIS EFFORTS IMMEDIATELY TO HIS TASK IN HIS DEAD BROTHER'S LABORATORY...

CRIMINALS ARE ALL COWARDS AT HEART, SO MY FIRST TASK WILL BE TO FIND A UNIFORM THAT WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS!

I'VE GOT IT! NOW, I'LL GET INTO MY NEW OUTFIT, AND SEE WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

AND SO IS BORN, GANG LANDS MOST FEARFUL MENACE... THE HANGMAN!

THE DAY OF THE TRIAL....

YOUR HONOR, WHERE IS THE CHIEF WITNESS, MR. JOHN DICKERING?

APPARENTLY, MR. DICKERING WILL NOT SHOW UP TO PREFER CHARGES! CASE DISMISSED!

HA, HA! WE TOLD YOU, YOU'D BE SPRUNG, DIDN'T WE? MALONE ALWAYS PLAYS BALL WITH HIS BOYS!

SUDDENLY, A DRAB-CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES FROM BEHIND A PILLAR... THE HANGMAN!

WHAA... WHO... HOW?

BOB

HERE'S A SLEEPING POWDER FOR YOU, TOO... TO MAKE YOU LESS TROUBLE SOME!



WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS CHUGGER IN HIS ARMS, THE HANGMAN LEAPS OUT A WINDOW!



AND HURTTLES TOWARD A TRUCK STACKED WITH HAY



HALP! MURDER! KID-NAPPER! HE'S DRIVING AWAY IN THAT TRUCK!



WHAT HAPPENED?

THE TRUCK WENDS ITS WAY UP A STEEP MOUNTAIN TRAIL, AND THEN, AS DARK DESCENDS...



SCREECH

I MUST HAVE HIT HIM HARDER THAN I THOUGHT! HE'S STILL OUT COLD!... WELL, ALL THE BETTER FOR MY PURPOSE!



WHEN CHUGGER REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHAA.. WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?.. WH.. WHY IS IT SO DARK IN HERE?!



FOR HOURS THE KILLER IS LEFT IN THE DARKNESS, UNTIL...

(WHY DON'T SOMEBODY COME? LEM-ME OUTTA HERE! I'M GOIN' NUTS!)



SUDDENLY, A BEAM OF LIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS... AND A GRISLY SHADOW TAKES SHAPE BEFORE CHUGGER'S HORRIFIED GAZE!

TH...THE GALLOWS!



STOP IT! STOP IT! I'M GOIN' CRAZY! WHADDA YA WANT? WHO ARE YOU?

THEN A HOLLOW VOICE FLOODS THE ROOM...

TELL ALL, MURDERER! TELL ALL, OR MEET YOUR HANGMAN!



I'LL TELL EVERYTHING TO THE COPS, TO ANYBODY, ABOUT BIG BOY MALONE! ONLY GET ME OUTTA HERE!



IN A ROOM ABOVE...

I THOUGHT THAT RAT WOULD TURN YELLOW, THEY ALL DO! NOW TO GET THE COPS!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS COME TO 12 BARRET STREET IMMEDIATELY!



WHO?..WHAT?.. THE HANGMAN?.. IS THIS A GAG? HELLO! HELLO!

CALLING CAR SEVEN! GO TO 12 BARRET STREET! CALLING CAR...



WHILE AT 12 BARRET STREET...

'N YA LET CHUGGER GET KIDNAPPED RIGHT UNDER YER NOSE!



IT HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY, BIG BOY!

NOBODY PULLS A STUNT LIKE THAT ON BIG BOY MALONE! I'LL GET THE GUY WHO.....



SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT!



THE DARKNESS IS PIERCED BY A SINGLE RAY OF LIGHT AND ON THE WALL IS FLASHED THE HANGMAN'S CALLING CARD!



CRIPES! ..G. GAL-LOWS!

YOUR GALLOWS, MALONE!



SH... SHOOT HIM!

SHOOT AND BE HANGED!.. NOT A BAD EXPRESSION, EH, MALONE?



LET GO... AAARRRH!



JUST THEN... ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY! GET YOUR HANDS UP!



LOOK! THE CLOAKED GUY! HE'S JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW!



THE HANGMAN SWINGS, PENDULUM-LIKE FROM THE TELEPHONE WIRES TO THE ADJOINING ROOF... AND ESCAPES!



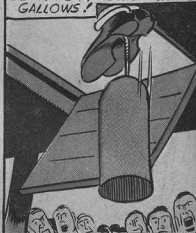
WEEKS LATER...

THE FIRST OF JULY, AND...

DEATH FOR MALONE ON THE GALLOW'S!

EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! QUICKEST CONVICTION ON RECORD!

DAILY TABLOID
MALONE GUILTY TO HANG JULY 1



WUMF EDITION! **TIMES-BUGLE**... XXX

MALONE EXECUTED



THAT SPRING AT THE...
CITIZENS...
BIG BROTHER...
GUILTY...

SEE, THELMA, I'VE KEPT MY VOW TO THE COMET. I'VE AVENGED HIM!



AND NOW, I'LL CARRY ON HIS WORK! THE COMET HAS DIED, BUT HIS SPIRIT LIVES ON... IN THE HANGMAN! BEWARE, CRIMINALS, YOU CANNOT OUTRUN YOUR OWN CONSCIENCE... NOR ESCAPE THE GALLOW'S!



WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS UNIQUE AND THRILLING FEATURE? WE STEWED AND COOKED OUR BRAINS FOR MONTHS TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING **NEW!** AND **DIFFERENT!** WE THINK WE'VE ACHIEVED ABSOLUTE SUCCESS WITH THE **HANGMAN**.... DO YOU??

DO YOU LIKE HIM WELL ENOUGH TO WANT TO SEE A MAGAZINE OF 64 COMPLETE PAGES OF BRAND NEW **HANGMAN** ADVENTURES?

IF YOU DO, WRITE TO THE **HANGMAN**
RM. 315
60 HUDSON ST
NYC