



No. 11

BLACK HOOD

SUMMER

comics

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MAGAZINE

10¢



in 15 minutes - PLAY this

CLARINET Harmonet

FREE



with this amazing offer! Act at once and get in on this amazing offer. You who have always yearned to play the clarinet will get hours and hours of fun and unusual entertainment out of this CLARINET HARMONET. Get yours now and get the full benefit of the exceptional **FREE OFFER!** made for a limited time only. With this sensational offer, you only pay for the CLARINET HARMONET. And we include many other features **FREE.** If you have ever heard the Kings of Jazz, up in front of their bands, playing the hottest and sweetest music in the world on their clarinets—if you have envied the magic of their notes, then this offer is made to help you. Read on and learn all about this offer.

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* The HARMONET has ridges between the fingering holes to guide the fingers in finding and covering the holes.

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The

Black Hood

MAN of MYSTERY



TALE
OF THE
TERRIBLE
TRUNK

HARRY SHORTEN-EDITOR



YUP, KIP!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
CATCH A
CROOK!

... I KNOW,
SARGE! WITH
THE END OF A
NIGHTSTICK! BUT
BRAINS HELP TOO!



AFTER
HIM, KIP!
HE'S DRIVIN'
LIKE A WILD-
MAN!

E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E



THERE'S
THE CAR,
MCGINTY!




WE'LL JUST
WAIT FOR
THAT SPEED
DEMON. - I'LL
THROW TH'
BOOK AT HIM!

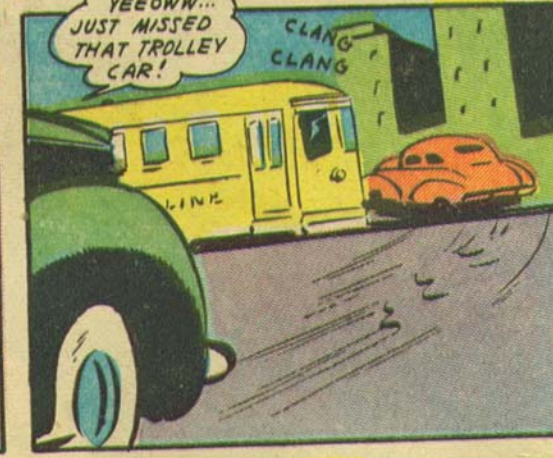
HE SURE
WAS IN AN
AWFUL HURRY
TO GET TO
THIS AUCTION
STORE! WONDER
WHY?



HERE
HE COMES
NOW-



DAGNABBIT!
WHERE DOES
THAT LUNATIC
THINK HE'S
GOIN'?



YEEOWW...
JUST MISSED
THAT TROLLEY
CAR!

CLANG
CLANG



OKAY, WISE GUY. LET'S SEE YER LICENSE!

CERTAINLY OFFICER!



WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME MY SPEEDING TICKET AND LET ME GO! I'M IN A GREAT HURRY, SERGEANT!



YEAH! MOVE ASIDE, FATTY. THIS TRUNK AIN'T NO FEATHER!

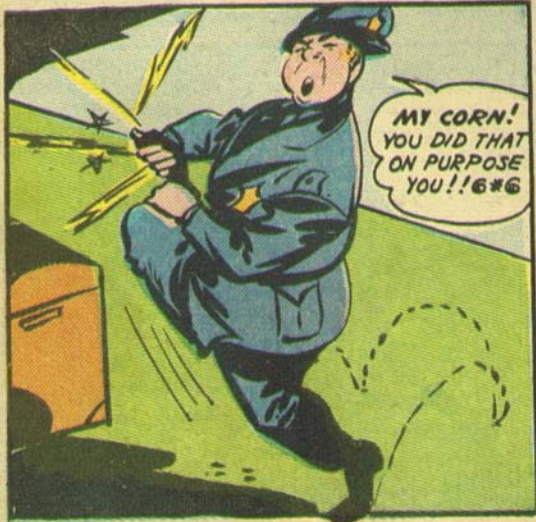


DROP THAT TRUNK LOUD MOUTH. I GOT PLENTY TO TELL THIS GUY!

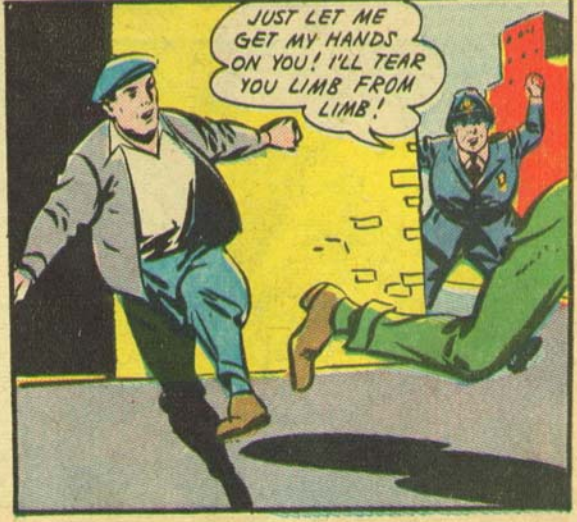


OWW!


OKAY BY US!



MY CORN! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE YOU!! 6*6




JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!



HERE! LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH THAT TRUNK!

THANKS, OFFICER. I ASSURE YOU I'LL DRIVE A LOT MORE CAREFULLY GOING BACK!




FRANK PRIESTLY, THE MILLIONAIRE, RISKING HIS NECK JUST FOR AN OLD TRUNK AT AN AUCTION! I DON'T GET IT!




I FIXED THOSE GORILLAS! WHERE'S THE SPEED DEMON?

I GAVE HIM THE TICKET, SARGE, AND HE LEFT!




SAY! HOW'D YOU CUT YOUR HAND, KID?

I DIDN'T KNOW I DID!




HEY! I'VE GOT NO CUT ON MY HAND! WHERE'D THIS BLOOD COME FROM, THEN?



HOLY COW! MAYBE...

MAYBE WHAT, KID?



AUCTION

I WANT TO ASK THAT AUCTIONEER A FEW QUESTIONS, SARGE!

SAY! WHAT'S GOT INTO YE!



I'M VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THAT TRUNK FRANK PRIESTLY BOUGHT!

OH! SO THE DETECTIVE BUGS BIT YOU AGAIN! BOY, YOU'RE THE LIMIT!



YOU'RE THE AUCTIONEER WHO SOLD A TRUNK TO MR. PRIESTLY, AREN'T YOU?

SURE! SO WHAT?



WHO DID THAT TRUNK BELONG TO? AND WHAT WAS IN IT?

IT BELONGED TO A MR. JOHN BAILEY. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT 'CAUSE PRIESTLY INSISTED ON BUYIN' IT CON-TENTS UNSEEN!



AND WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH A GUY WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO BID \$6000 FOR AN OLD CRUMMY TRUNK!



\$5000 FOR THAT TRUNK! HMM... QUEER, HUH SARGE!

SO WHAT! IF YE WENT AROUND AR-RESTIN' EVERYBODY WHO ACTED QUEER, THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH JAILS!



KIP! YE CAN'T MAKE PRIESTLY SHOW YE HIS TRUNK WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT!

I KNOW THAT SARGE. BUT MAYBE PRIESTLY DOESN'T!



WELL, GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, MR. PRIESTLY!

THAT TRUNK
YOU BOUGHT AT
THE AUCTIONEERS!
WE WANT TO SEE
WHAT'S IN IT!

THAT'S A
STRANGE REQUEST!
I DON'T HAVE TO
SHOW IT TO YOU,
YOU KNOW!



BUT I
SEE NO HARM
IN IT - FOLLOW
ME!



THERE IT
IS! HELP
YOURSELF!

OF COURSE!
WHAT DID
YOU THINK!



NOTHING
BUT A LOT
OF JUNK!



NOW ARE
YOU SATISFIED,
SMART GUY!

I'LL
BE..



THEN HOW DID
I GET THIS BLOOD
ON MY HAND?

OH THAT! I CUT
MYSELF LIFTING
THAT TRUNK. THEN
WHEN I SHOOK YOUR
HAND, I MUST HAVE
SMEARED YOU WITH MY
BLOOD!



MEANWHILE, KIP BURLAND DOES A STRANGE THING.
STEALTHILY REMOVING THE BADGE HE OPENS THE
CLASP, MOVES UP TO PRIESTLY AND JABS THE POINT
INTO THE LATTER'S HAND...





OUTSIDE

I THINK IT'S
TIME FOR THE BLACK
HOOD TO PAY MR.
PRIESTLY A VISIT!



AH! HERE'S
THE CORPSE!



AT THAT MOMENT IN PRIESTLY'S
CELLAR, A PECULIAR SCENE
IS BEING ENACTED...



NOW TO DESTROY
THE BODY
COMPLETELY
AND I'M IN THE
CLEAR!



ONLY ONE
THING STOPPING
YOU, PRIESTLY—
THE BLACK
HOOD!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK,
HOOD!



MEDDLER! I DON'T
KNOW HOW YOU FOUND
OUT! BUT YOU WON'T
TALK!





BUT BEFORE THE AVALANCHE OF COAL HURTTLES FROM THE CHUTE, THE HOOD ROLLS DEXTEROUSLY TO ONE SIDE AND...

Oof!

PRIESTLY, HIMSELF IS TOPPLED IN THE PATH OF THE BLACK FLOOD!

HELP!
UGH!

KIP BURLAND!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN GALLIVANTIN' AROUND?

I HOPE I WAS ABLE TO CLOSE UP THAT CHUTE IN TIME!

LATER
HIYA, SARGE!
I BROUGHT YOU COMPANY!

OUR OLD FRIEND MR. PRIESTLY!
REMEMBER HIM!

OWooo! ARE YOU STILL AFTER HIM FER SOME CRIME YOU DREAMED UP!

WELL, HERE'S A DREAM THAT'S GOING TO DO SOME TALKING SARGE! GIVE!

ALL RIGHT! THE GAME'S UP ANYHOW! IT ALL STARTED YESTERDAY IN MY EX-PARTNER, MR. BAILEY'S HOUSE! WE WERE QUARRELING VIOLENTLY....

YOU SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY SHARE IN THE BUSINESS, PRIESTLY, AND I'M GOING TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF TO HANG YOU!

BAILEY, YOU'RE A STUPID FOOL! I ONLY TOOK YOU IN AS A PARTNER BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR MONEY!



BUT NOW THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THAT WAY!

PRIESTLY! DON'T..... UGH!



I HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. WHEN I WAS SURE HE WAS DEAD, I DECIDED TO RIFLE THROUGH HIS ROOM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY.

THEN I HEARD FOOTSTEPS. I BECAME PANIC. I LOOKED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE BODY. I SIGHTED BAILEY'S TRUNK...



I FIGURED I'D COME BACK WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR AND REMOVE THE TRUNK. BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! BAILEY WAS BANKRUPT—AND HIS BELONGINGS WERE TAKEN AWAY TO BE AUCTIONED THE VERY NEXT DAY!



THAT'S THAT, SARGE.. ER.. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY DUMB DETECTIVE THEORIES!



THE BLACK HOOD PUZZLE PAGE



JOE CLAPP.. NIGHT CLUB SINGER.. WAS MURDERED AT THE MICROPHONE.. ELECTROCUTED!! THIS IS A PHOTO TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED!! THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS BRONSON.. PART OWNER OF THE CLUB.. HE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY CLAPP... THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS AL CLAPP... JOE'S BROTHER... JOE MARRIED AL'S FIANCEE AND THEY HAVE NEVER SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE... THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THEM BOTH ON SUSPICION.. WHO IS THE MURDERER ???

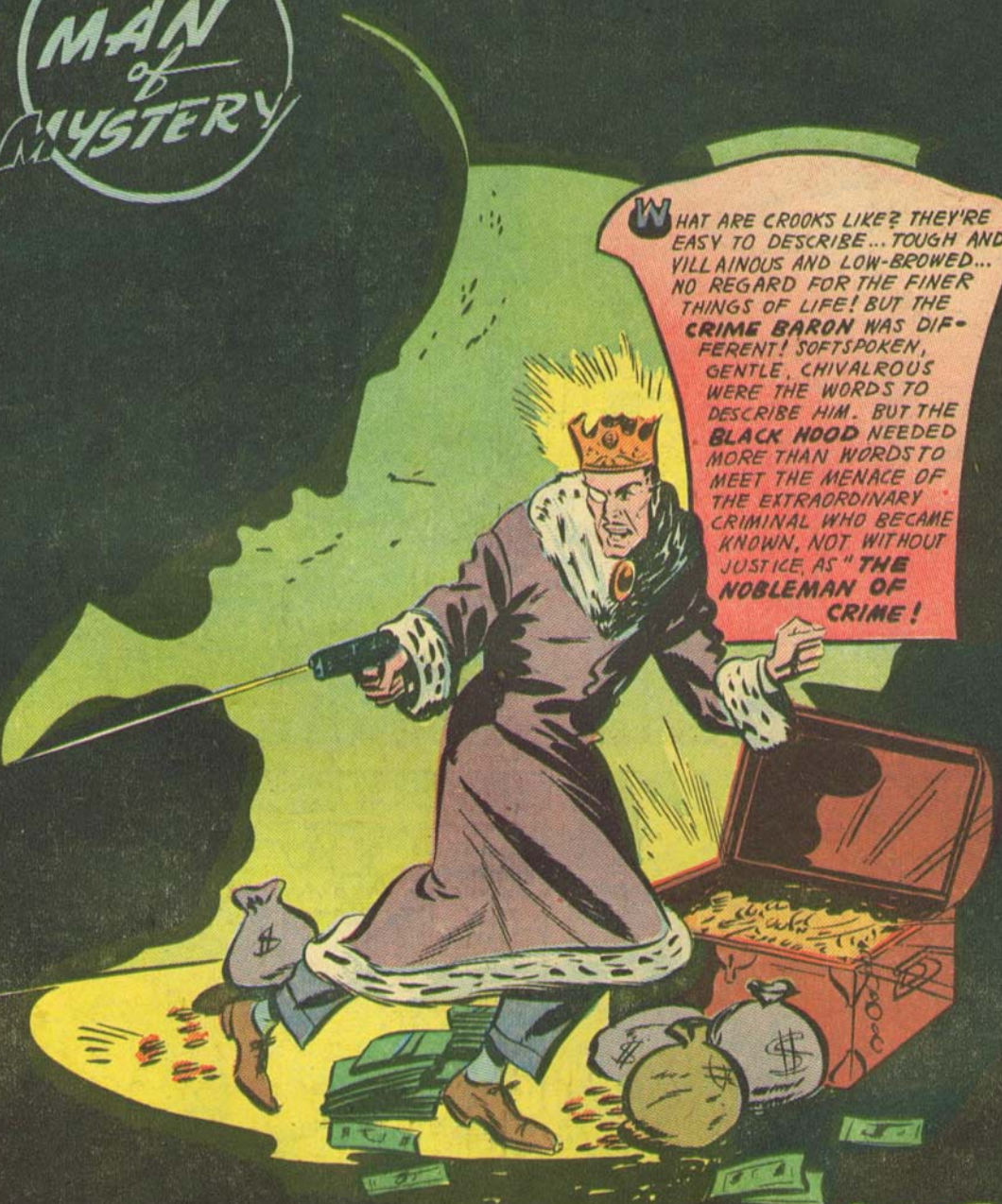


THE BLACK HOOD KNOWS!!! DO YOU??? JUST HOLD THIS PAGE BEFORE A MIRROR AND KNOW THE MURDERER!
 JOE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED BY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT WHICH AL CLAPP HAD RIGGED UP BY AN EXTRA WIRE LEADING TO THE WALL PLUG NEXT TO HIS TABLE... WITH THE BLACK HOOD'S AID THE POLICE CONVICTED BOTH PARTNERS OF CONSPIRING TO MURDER JOE CLAPP BECAUSE HE WAS TAKING OVER OWNERSHIP OF THE NIGHT CLUB THROUGH MONEY HE HAD LENT THEM AND WHICH THEY COULDN'T REPAY!!

The BLACK HOOD

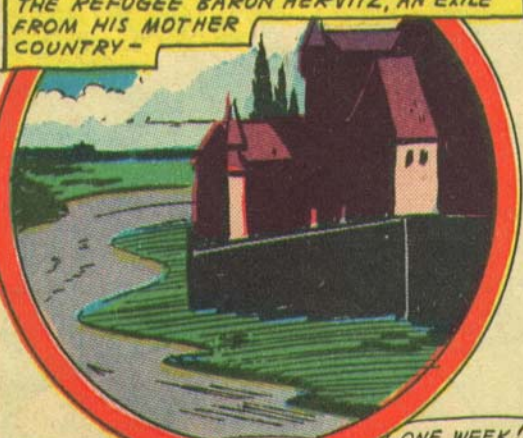
MAN
of
MYSTERY

WHAT ARE CROOKS LIKE? THEY'RE EASY TO DESCRIBE... TOUGH AND VILLAINOUS AND LOW-BROWED... NO REGARD FOR THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE! BUT THE **CRIME BARON** WAS DIFFERENT! SOFTSPOKEN, GENTLE, CHIVALROUS WERE THE WORDS TO DESCRIBE HIM. BUT THE **BLACK HOOD** NEEDED MORE THAN WORDS TO MEET THE MENACE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL WHO BECAME KNOWN, NOT WITHOUT JUSTICE, AS "**THE NOBLEMAN OF CRIME!**"



By **CLGIN**
& **Ferr**

OVERLOOKING A WIDE AND PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE IS THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF THE REFUGEE BARON HERVITZ, AN EXILE FROM HIS MOTHER COUNTRY -



AND HERE OUR STORY BEGINS -

YOU CAN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE! SO THE BANK WILL TAKE POSSESSION OF YOUR ESTATE!



ONLY THIS HOUSE REMAINS OF MY FORTUNE! I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO KEEP IT!

YOU HAVE ONE WEEK TO RAISE THE MONEY! I WISH YOU LUCK!

ONE WEEK! I COULD NOT RAISE THE MONEY IN A YEAR! WHAT SHALL I DO?



DAILY STAR
BANDITS ESCAPE WITH \$50,000 IN DARING R.

EVEN BANDITS MAKE MORE MONEY THAN I DO THESE DAYS!



HMM! A LIFE OF CRIME IS NO WORSE THAN POVERTY! MY ANCESTORS COLLECTED TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE! IN MY OWN WAY, WHY CAN'T I DO THE SAME?



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, A STRANGE GROUP OF MEN FIND A HOME AT BARON HERVITZ' CASTLE -

NOW BEFORE WE PROCEED FURTHER, WE MUST FIND A SUITABLE TITLE FOR YOU!

I ALMOST GOT A TITLE ONCE! ONLY JOE LOUIS HIT ME WIT' A RIGHT HAND AND....



I DON'T MEAN THAT KIND OF A TITLE! NATURALLY A MAN OF MY SOCIAL POSITION MUST HAVE FRIENDS OF AN EQUAL STATION IN LIFE! ... SO YOU WILL BECOME NOBLEMEN!



HENCEFORTH, YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS THE DUKE OF FELONEE!

GEE, THANKS! YOU'RE AWFUL GOOD TO ME!



AND YOU WILL BE THE COUNT OF KLEPTOMANIA!

GOSH! ME MOTHER WOULD A BEEN PROUD O' ME!



THE EDUCATION OF "CRIME BARON'S" NOBLEMEN BEGAN AT ONCE!

NO! NO! YOU SHOULD NEVER BE HEARD EATING SOUP!

OKAY, BARON!... BUT HOW'LL DEY KNOW I'M ENJOVIN' MESELF?



CORRECT! YOU SHOULD BOW FROM THE WAIST AND KISS A LADY'S HAND!

IF I DONE THIS TO MAMIE, SHE'D CROWN ME WIT' A BRICK!



CLOTHES (ON CREDIT, OF COURSE) ARE A PART OF EVERY NOBLEMAN'S WARDROBE ...

BE CERTAIN THAT MY FRIEND, THE DUKE, GETS EVERYTHING HE WANTS!



BUT OF COURSE, MONSIEUR LE BARON!

WHILE OUTSIDE, A PUZZLED KIP BURLAND WATCHES -



I COULD SWEAR THAT WAS MUGGER MALONE IN THERE! WHAT'S HE DOING IN A SWANK STORE LIKE THIS?

AFTER MUGGER MALONE DEPARTS, KIP BURLAND MAKES INQUIRIES—

YOU ARE MISTAKEN! THAT MAN WAS THE DUKE OF FELONEE! HE IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF BARON HERVITZ!

YOU DON'T SAY!



I'D STAKE MY LIFE HE WAS MUGGER MALONE! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT!



BUT THAT NIGHT THE CRIME BARON STRIKES!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION! WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR NECKLACE!

OHH! JERVIS CALL THE POLICE!



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SURE! FIRST I WRAP UP DIS BLACK JACK IN SILK, SO'S NOT TO CAUSE ANY UGLY LOOKIN' MARKS!

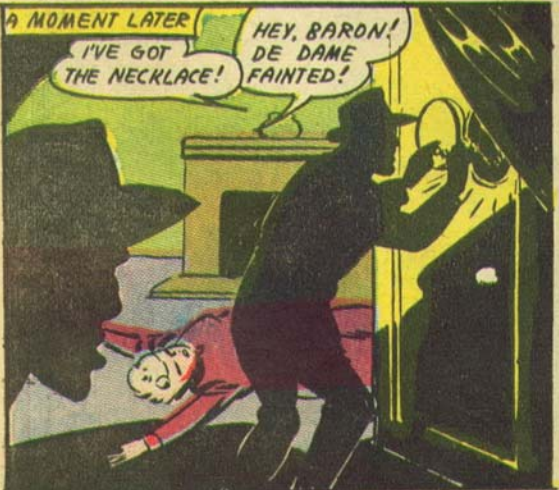
THEN I GIVES IT TO HIM! ONLY IT AIN'T CRUDE AND COMMON DIS WAY! DIS IS GOOD MANNERS!



A MOMENT LATER

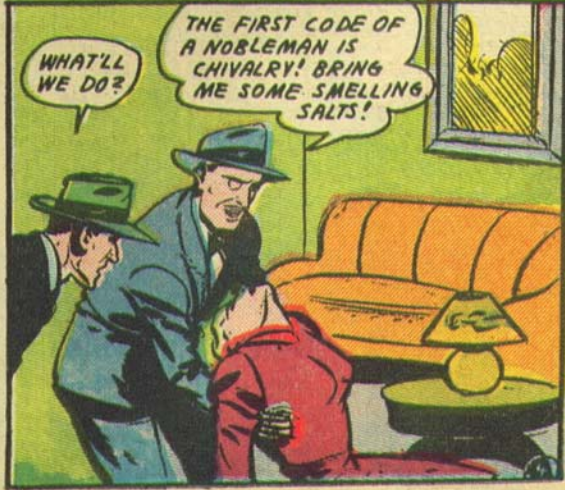
I'VE GOT THE NECKLACE!

HEY, BARON! DE DAME FAINTED!



WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FIRST CODE OF A NOBLEMAN IS CHIVALRY! BRING ME SOME SMELLING SALTS!



W-WHERE AM I ?

SAFE IN YOUR OWN HOME!
I AM TRULY SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU THIS INCONVENIENCE!

THIS GAG IS MADE OF VELVET AND WILL NOT BRUISE YOUR MOUTH!

DESE ROPES ARE VELVET TOO! NOTHIN' BUT THE BEST FOR WOMEN! DATS OUR MOTTO!



AU REVOIR, MADAME!
I SHALL CALL THE POLICE AS SOON AS WE ARE SAFELY AWAY!
THEY WILL RELEASE YOU!



BOY! DIS CHIVALRY ANGLE PAYS OFF BIG, EH BARON?

NATURALLY! A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL IS WELCOME IN OUR BEST HOMES- SO HE CAN LEARN THEIR MOST VALUABLE...ER... SECRETS!

BUT THE CRIME BARON DOES NOT GO UNSEEN -

NOW I'M SURE THAT'S MUGGER MALONE! WHO'S THE MAN WITH HIM?

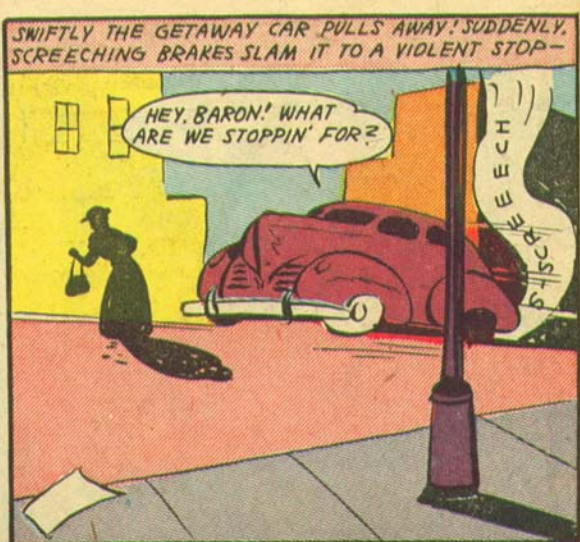


BUT HE'S GOT THE RICHBILT NECKLACE!



HEY BARON! LOOK!







THERE YOU GO!
RUNNING INTO DOORS
AGAIN!



NOW I'LL TROUBLE
YOU FOR THAT
NECKLACE!

TSK-TSK!
SUCH CRUDE
MANNERS!



SINCE YOU WANT
IT, HERE IT IS!

SLAP



AND HERE'S
SOMETHING TO
GO WITH IT!

OOF!



I GOT
HIM!



TAKE HIM WITH
US! HE MUST
PAY THE PENALTY
FOR HAVING
STRUCK A
NOBLEMAN!

WHAT'LL
WE DO
WITH HIM,
BARON?

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE DUNGEON OF BARON HERVITZ CASTLE—

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR SURROUNDINGS. I ADMIT THIS IS NOT A VERY PLEASANT SPOT TO FACE ... DEATH!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

PUNISH YOU! IN MY COUNTRY, A PEASANT WHO DISPLEASES HIS NOBLE MASTER IS EXECUTED!


AS A NOBLEMAN, I CANNOT KILL YOU MYSELF! SO I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES ... ON THE GUILLOTINE!


THIS IS THE TRADITIONAL METHOD FOR DISPOSING OF ONE'S ENEMIES! I'M SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE AN EXECUTIONER...

WHEN THE CANDLE BURNS DOWN, THE FLAME WILL CUT THROUGH THE ROPE! AND THE BLADE WILL FALL! ... AN INGENUOUS DEVICE, ISN'T IT?

NOW MY FELLOW NOBLEMEN AND I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT! COLLECTING FUNDS FOR THE RELIEF OF MY SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN! ... I'M SURE YOU WILL EXCUSE US!



I CAN'T MOVE OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT BLADE! I'M TIED DOWN TOO TIGHTLY!




THAT ROPE WON'T LAST MUCH LONGER EITHER! I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!




IF I CAN CATCH THAT ROPE JUST AS IT BREAKS, I MAY BE ABLE TO KEEP THE BLADE FROM DESCENDING TOO FAR!



GOT IT!



NOW I CAN USE THE SHARP EDGE TO CUT THROUGH THESE ROPES!



JUST IN TIME!...
WHEW! I'LL NEVER WANT A CLOSER SHAVE THAN THAT!

Klunk

THE CRIME BARON SAID HE WAS COLLECTING FUNDS FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN! THE UNITED WAR FUND IS DONATING ITS RELIEF MONEY TONIGHT! THAT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!



I'VE GOT A BIT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THE CRIME BARON!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE CRIME BARON DRINKS A TOAST WITH THE DELEGATES FROM HIS COUNTRY TO THE WAR FUND-

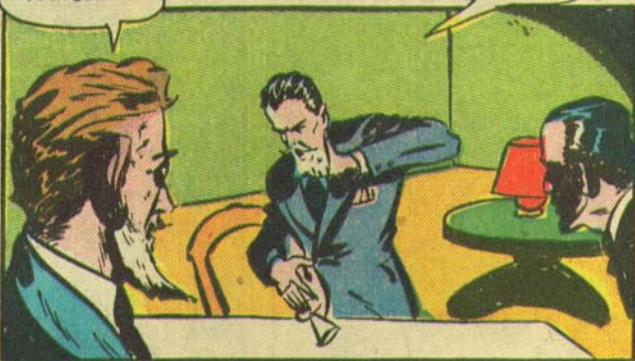
TO OUR HOME-LAND'S GLORIOUS FUTURE!

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT BARON!



WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET YOU, BARON HERVITZ! YOU SEE....

I... I FEEL FUNNY.... THAT WINE!.....



I DRUGGED THAT WINE GENTLEMEN! YOU WILL SLEEP PLEASANTLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



DEFT FINGERS PERFORM A MIRACLE OF MAKEUP-

YOU'RE A GENIUS, BARON!

NO ONE WILL SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!

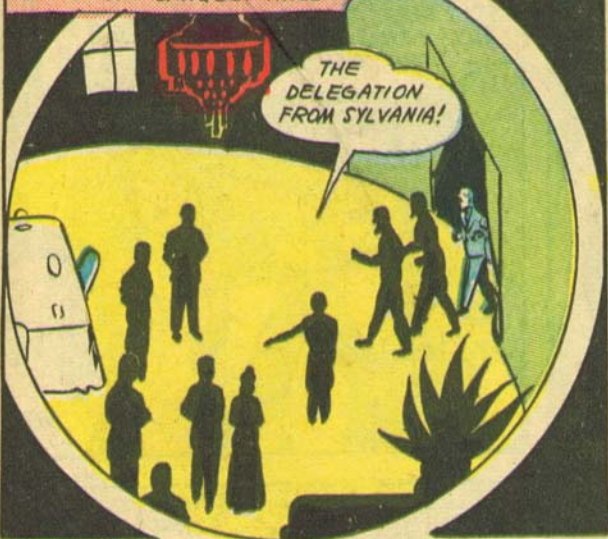


NOW LET US GO TO THE BANQUET HALL!

I COULDN'T TELL YOU FROM THE REAL THING, BARON!



SO, A SHORT HALF HOUR LATER, THE "DELEGATES" ENTER THE BANQUET HALL -



WE ARE PROUD TO DONATE THIS MONEY TO YOUR VALOROUS PEOPLE! I KNOW THAT YOU WILL PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

AH, THANK YOU! I PROMISE YOU MY. ER ...PEOPLE WILL PUT IT TO **VERY** GOOD USE!



JEEZ! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM! NOBODY EVEN SUSPECTED US!

COME ON! BEFORE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH!



JUST BEFORE THE CRIME BARON DEPARTS ...

I WONDER IF YOU WOULD MIND HAVING THIS DANCE WITH ME!

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!



I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DANCE WITH A REAL CELEBRITY!

THE CRIME BARON'S GONE CRAZY! WE OUGHTA LAM OUT OF HERE!



DON'T WORRY! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!

OH, NO? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



THE BLACK HOOD!



SORRY, BOYS,
BUT I'M COMING
THROUGH!

Ooooff



I FEAR I HAVE OVERSTAYED
MY LEAVE! FAREWELL, MY
LADY! I WILL NEVER FORGET
THIS DANCE!



YOU WON'T
FORGET THIS
WALLOP
EITHER!

I'LL GET
YOU
WON'T!



WHAT'S
THE MEAN-
ING OF
THIS?

THESE MEN ARE
FRAUDS! THEY
ARE TRYING TO
STEAL THE RELIEF
MONEY BY MASQUER-
ADING AS THE REAL
SYLVANIAN DELEGATION!



NEXT DAY AT PRECINCT ?!

THE CRIME BARON IS
SAFELY BEHIND BARS, KIP!
WE WON'T BE HEARING
FROM HIM
ANYMORE!

I WONDER? WE'D NEVER
HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF HE HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A
CHIVALROUS
CUSS!



SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW
MAYBE IF WE COULD
FIND OUT THE BLACK
HOOD'S WEAKNESS,
WE'D GET HIM BEHIND
BARS TOO!

YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE, MCGINTY!



END!

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"Any murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmured Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later, established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end

of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, Herr Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an

agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending your agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, comment up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a creased look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobster crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger man. Smiley let him have it. Bullets whizzed out of the gun imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lips till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Not had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

BOY BUDDIES

ROY
and
DUSTY
in

GEE... YOU CAN'T
SEE A THING IN
THIS BLACKOUT...
OOPS... SORRY
MA'M!

NOBODY CAN
SEE US EITHER..
THAT'LL KEEP US
OUT OF TROUBLE





THERE'S A GOOD SHOW AT THE BIJOU.. WE'D BETTER HURRY IF WE WANT TO BEAT THE BLACKOUT



THAT FELLOW UP THERE HAD BETTER GET READY OR ELSE HELL FIND HIMSELF CAUGHT AT THE WINDOW WITH HIS LIGHTS ON!



YOU'VE GOT TO BE AFTER THOSE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.. VERY CARELESS!

YOU SAID IT!



SUDDENLY..



THAT WAS A SCREAM COMING FROM THAT HOUSE!

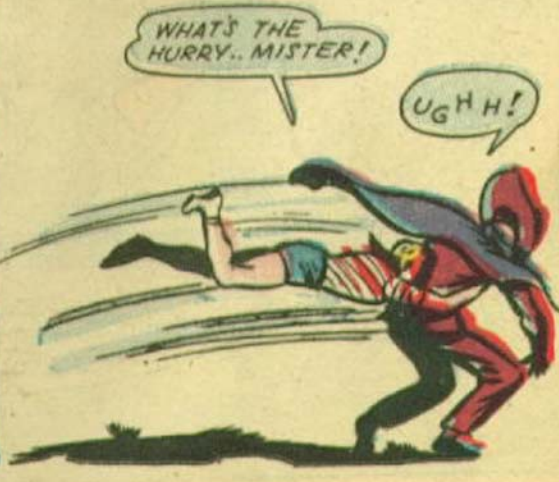
IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOY BUDDIES HAD BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



A RAPID CHANGE, THEN:

THERE'S SOMEONE RUNNING OUT!

SNOOPERS, EH?



WHAT'S THE HURRY.. MISTER!

UGHH!

ACH! YOU
MEDDLING
FOOLS!



TAKE
THAT!



NOW WHERE'S
THE OTHER?



RIGHT
BEHIND YOU..
DOPE!



OUCH!

WHERE
WAS I??



SUDDENLY..

YOU'D BETTER
WORRY ABOUT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING..
WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S THE
BLACKOUT!
ALL THE LIGHTS
HAVE GONE
OUT!



HA HA
HA HA
HA HA

HE'S
GONE! I
CAN'T
SEE
HIM!



HOW ARE YOU, ROY?

I'M OKAY! JUST STUNNED!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN HERE!

OH..JOHN!
"SOB" SOB"
YOU'RE DEAD!
DEAD!



I SUGGEST YOU LIE DOWN A BIT MADAM.. I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

NO.. "SOB" I WANT TO BE NEAR JOHN!



MURDER! MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO BEFORE THE POLICE COME!



W-WHO ARE YOU?



DON'T BE ALARMED MA'M.. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.. JUST TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!



MY HUSBAND WAS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON WITH SECRET WAR PLANS.. HE HAD STEPPED IN HERE FOR HIS COAT.. AND WHEN HE DIDN'T COME OUT.. I LOOKED IN AND SAW HIM.. "SOB" ... LIKE THIS... "SOB"!



WAS THERE ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE, BESIDES THE BUTLER, BEFORE THIS HAPPENED?

WELL... THERE WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY HUSBAND.. PROF. WOLF.. BUT HE WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THIS.. THEY WERE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS! H.. HE LEFT EARLY TO AVOID THE BLACKOUT!



HOW ABOUT YOU? WHERE WERE YOU AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER?

M-ME? WHY I WAS IN MY ROOM GETTING READY FOR THE BLACKOUT!



HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO QUESTION ME? YOU'RE ONLY KIDS!



THE SIRENS HERALD THE END OF THE BLACKOUT...

DON'T WORRY MA'M WE'LL FIND YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDERER!



I LOOKED AT THE DEAD MAN'S WATCH.. IT STOPPED AT 8 O'CLOCK.. RIGHT BEFORE THE BLACK-OUT

LET'S SEE WHAT PROF. WOLF HAS TO SAY!



THAT'S HIS PLACE ACROSS THE STREET!

SAY.. THIS HOUSE LOOKS FAMILIAR FOR SOME REASON!



ROOM 402 THIS IS IT!



H..HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

DON'T BE ALARMED.. PROF. WOLF!



I WOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT THE TIME OF JOHN STARK'S MURDER!



MURDERED!
JOHN
DEAD!



HE WAS KILLED AT 8 O'CLOCK!
YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS WEREN'T YOU?



JOHN MURDERED! HOW HORRIBLE! WHO DID IT?



I'LL HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN TO BRING THE FIEND TO JUSTICE!
JOHN WAS MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS!



WELL WHOEVER DID THE KILLING DIDN'T ENTIRELY GET WHAT HE WAS AFTER, PROF. THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PLANS IS STILL IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STARK!



LATER AT THEIR APARTMENT...

WE SEEM TO BE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL.. WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SAY! HOW ABOUT GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE SHIELD? HE COULD CHECK ON THE BUTLER AND THE PROF. FOR US!



GOOD IDEA, ROY! HELLO SHIELD.. WE'VE GOT A CASE HERE AND WE'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON THESE FELLOWS... YEH.. SOON AS POSSIBLE !!



LATER

THAT'S THE SHIELD!

RING
RING



YEH... I GOT IT.. THAT'S IT.. RIGHT.. ALL DOWN.. THANKS S'LONG!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.. DUSTY!

Charles Schmidt... Butler, Former Amateur Boxer. Son of Naturalized German Parents.. No Bond Connections. Good references from N.Y. Employment Agency. Prof. Wolf.. Studied at Oxford Has received Global Prize for invention of secret gun, with fellow associate John Stark... Last heard, was completing further tests...

STUDIED AT OXFORD, EH. BUT MRS. STARK TOLD ME HER HUSBAND WENT TO YALE!



AND THE PROF. TOLD US THEY WERE CLASSMATES. REMEMBER?

RIGHT! WE'LL SEE WHO'S LYING, SOON!



THERE HE IS AT THE WINDOW!



PROF. WOLF!
HOLY SMOKE!
THIS GUY'S
DEAD!

YES! HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR SOME
TIME! YOU WOULD
HAVE SEEN HIM.
IN FACT, HAD YOU
LOOKED INTO
THE CLOSET BEFORE!

AM I SEEING
THINGS?
TWIN'S?...
WHO ARE
YOU?



I GET IT! YOU KILLED THE
PROF. DISGUISED YOURSELF
AS HIM, AND TRIED TO WORM
THE PLANS OUT OF STARK.

PRECISELY! BUT THE FOOL
WAS STUBBORN. I HAD TO
KILL HIM TOO... AS I SHALL
YOU TWO. FIRST THIS TEAR
GAS!

LATER

AS SOON AS I GET
THE REST OF THE
PLANS, I SHALL
RETURN TO FINISH
YOU OFF. AUF
WIEDERSEHEN!



THAT RAT ISN'T AS
CLEVER AS HE THINKS!
WE'LL GET OUT OF
HERE A LOT QUICKER
THAN HE FIGURED ON!

I SEE THE
SAME THING
YOU'RE LOOKING
AT, ROY!

FIRST GET
THIS POKER
RED HOT!

AND THE REST
IS OBVIOUS!





WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HOUSE BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!



C'MON DOGS! GIDDAP!



THE MASQUERADE IS OVER MRS. STARK.. I KILLED YOUR HUSBAND.. NOW GIVE ME THE OTHER HALF OF THE PLANS I TOOK!



YOU TWO GET IN MY HAIR!

BAM

SOCK



ARE YOU SURE THE HAIR IS YOURS? HANS BORCHARDT!



HANS BORCHARDT? SAY, WHO ARE YOU, MR. BUTLER?

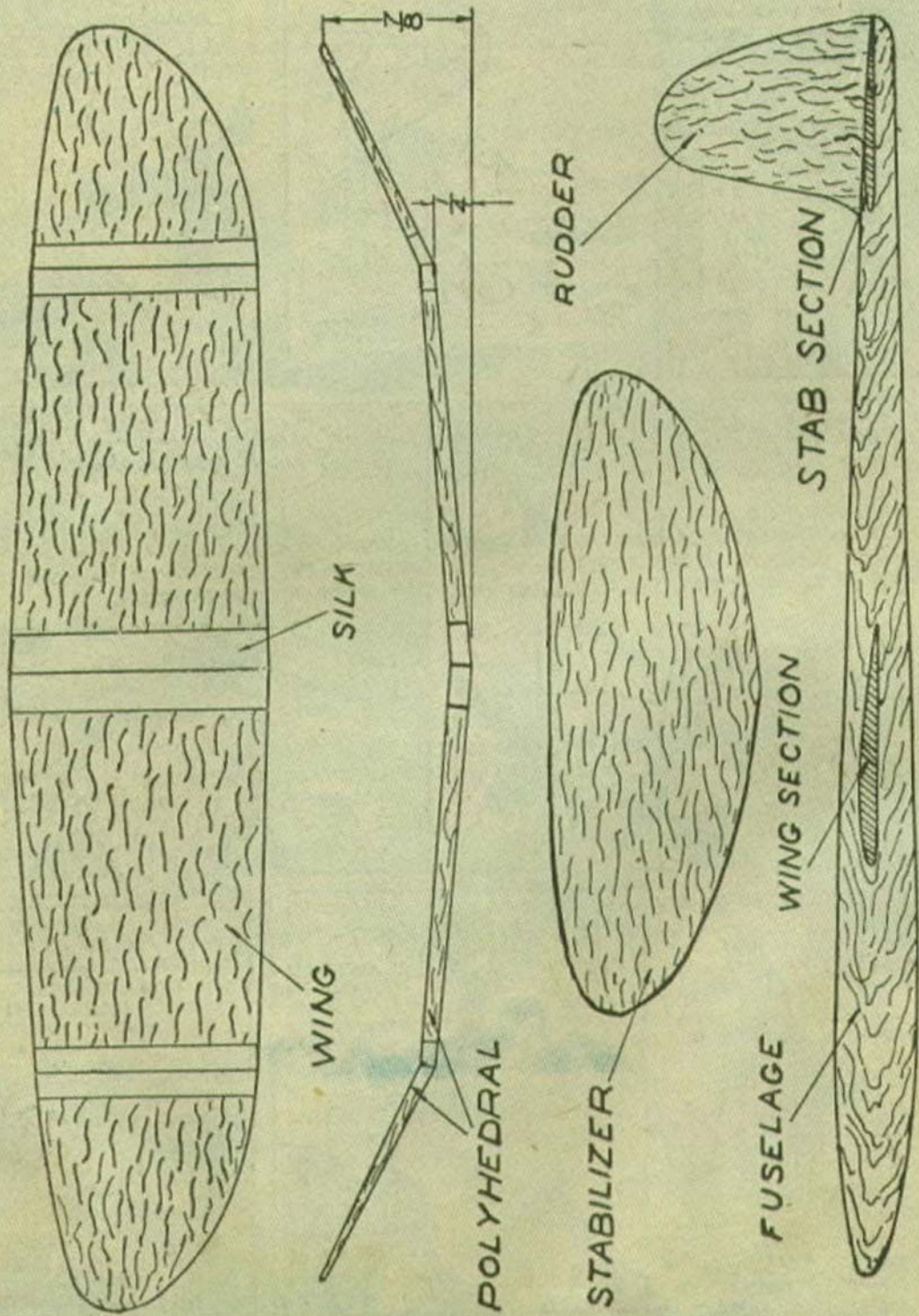


I'M JOE JONES.. SECRET GOVT. OPERATIVE, IMPERSONATING THE REAL BUTLER.. I'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS PHONY! HE'S A NAZI SPY.. KILLED THE REAL PROF. WOLF! HE ALMOST SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS, BUT THANKS TO YOU LADS, HIS SPYING DAYS ARE OVER!



WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE, ROY!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT PICTURE WE WERE GOING TO SEE!



INSTRUCTIONS

THE WING IS MADE OF SOFT $\frac{3}{32}$ " Balsa. TRACE THE OUTLINE FROM THE PLANS, SAND EACH PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION, COAT THE BUTT ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. THE POLYHEDRAL CAN BE MOST EASILY CONSTRUCTED IF EACH JOINT IS DONE INDEPENDENTLY.

AFTER EACH PANEL IS CEMENTED TO THE ADJACENT ONE, FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH THE BRUSH! SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER EACH JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON FORMS A SMOOTHER SKIN. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY, WITH SMOOTH SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH-IN ON THE RIGHT WING, (INCREASE OF ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR TIP) AND SLIGHT WASH-OUT ON LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

THE STABILIZER IS CUT FROM $\frac{1}{4}$ " SHEET AND FINISHED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE WING AFTER THE VERY THIN AIRFOIL IS OBTAINED. USING $\frac{1}{16}$ " FLAT FOLLOW SAME PROCEDURE IN MAKING THE RUDDER AS WAS USED IN MAKING THE STABILIZER. THE FUSELAGE IS MADE FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT PINE. SHAPE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS AND SAND TO FAMILIAR CROSS SECTIONS. NOTE THE SLOT IN THE FUSELAGE TO HOUSE THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. CHECK PERFECT ALIGNMENT! CEMENT THE RUDDER IN PLACE AND SET IT FOR A SLIGHT RIGHT TURN. THE WASH-IN OF THE RIGHT WING WILL PREVENT THE SHIP FROM BANKING TOO STEEPLY. APPLY FOUR COATS OF CEMENT OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND GLIDES TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC AND BECAUSE BOTH CLIMB AND GLIDE IS TO THE RIGHT NO ALTITUDE IS LOST. IN TESTING THE GLIDER, MAKE A FEW HORIZONTAL THROWS, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED. THROW YOUR SHIP INTO THE WIND AND START RUNNING DOWNWIND.

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

HERE'S HOW TO JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, M.L.J. PUBLICATIONS, 241 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY—THEN WATCH BLACK HOOD COMICS FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST—

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PAUL WILMOTH, BOX 330, MESQUITE, TEXAS



HELLO, FOLKS!
I'M POGO THE
CLOWN!

The BLACK HOOD

IN
**POGO'S
LAST TRICK**

I'VE JUST
FIGURED
OUT A NEW
TRICK TO
AMUSE
YOU!

IT'S A VERY,
VERY FUNNY
TRICK!

SO FUNNY,
IN FACT
IT KILLED
ME!

By CLOHI

OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE CIRCUS VISITING NORTHVILLE—

HE'S DEAD
ALL RIGHT,
MCGINTY!

YEAR, KIP!
STABBED IN
THE BACK!



... BUT THAT
KNIFE BELONGS
TO STILETTO, OUR
KNIFE-THROWING
ARTIST!

STILETTO HATED POGO - AND
MADE NO BONES ABOUT IT!
IN FACT JUST TONIGHT, POGO
NEARLY RUINED STILETTO'S
ACT BY ACCIDENT!

"POGO CAME BOUNCING OUT
ON HIS POGO STICK IN HIS
USUAL ACT!"



... THEN HE BOUNCED OVER THE ELEPHANT LIKE
HE ALWAYS DOES

HOORAY
FOR
POGO



"... AND HEADED FOR THE TANK WHENEVER HE
LANDED IN THE WATER, HE ALWAYS BROUGHT
THE HOUSE DOWN"



"BUT HE MUST HAVE MISJUDGED THIS TIME. HE SAILED RIGHT OVER THE TANK."



"... AND SLAMMED INTO STILETTO, WHO WAS DOING HIS KNIFE THROWING ACT JUST THEN."



"... STILETTO WENT NUTS AND KAYDED POGO."



"THE CROWD THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW ACT AND WENT WILD."



BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY STILETTO'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



AND YOU SAY YOU HAD TO BREAK THE LOCK TO GET IN HERE, MR. LUKE?

YEAH! IT WUZ LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!



THAT TRANSDOM IS THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS ROOM, SARGE!

THAT MEANS THE KNIFE HAD TO COME THROUGH THERE!







NOW, I'LL JUST SPRINKLE SOME FINGER-PRINT POWDER ON THE KNIFE...



THEY'RE THE SAME, SARGE, AND NO OTHER PRINTS ON IT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! STILETTO, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF POGO THE CLOWN!



SAY, I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, SARGE!



YOU'RE NOT HANGING THIS RAP ON ME!

HEY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!



SNAP



!!! HE CUT MY SUSPENDERS. GET 'IM, MEN!

STILETTO! STOP!

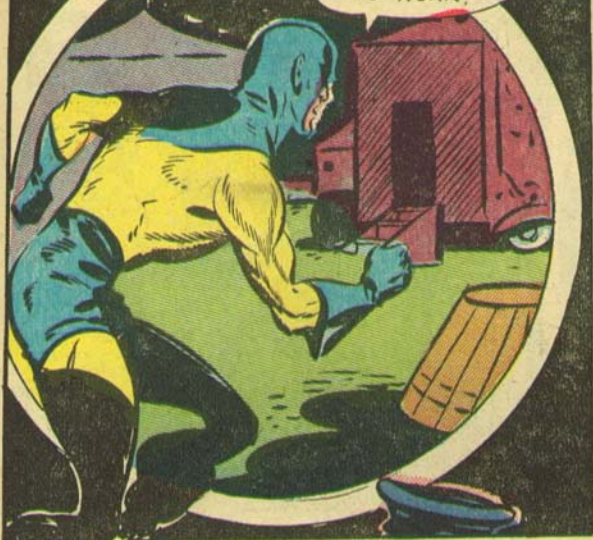


MONAHAN! YOU TAKE THAT SIDE! I'LL LOOK FOR HIM HERE!

RIGHT, BURLAND! HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN VERY FAR!

KIP BURLAND SHEDS
HIS UNIFORM TO BECOME...

THE BLACK
HOOD NOW GOES
TO WORK!



WHAT'S THAT!
I THOUGHT I SAW
A FIGURE DODGE
BEHIND THAT TENT?



SUDDENLY...



HOLY SMOKES!
STILETTO'S GOT
ME CORNERED!



SO YOU'RE
AFTER ME TOO,
BLACK HOOD. WELL,
UNLESS YOU LISTEN
TO ME, I'LL PUT A
KNIFE THROUGH YOUR
HEART!



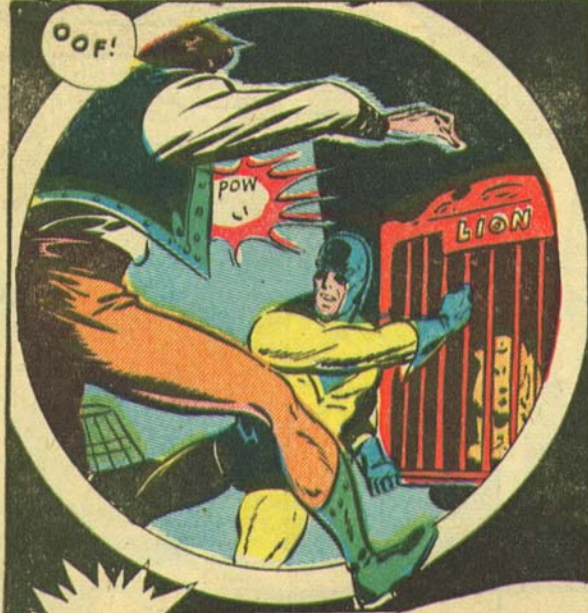
OOMPH!

VERY
HANDY
THROWING,
STILETTO!



BUT I CAN DO
SOME THROWING
MYSELF!





OOF!

POW

LION

ONCE AGAIN, STILETTO FLIPS A MURDEROUS BLADE! BUT THE HOOD DUCKS AND THE KNIFE WHIZZES INTO THE LION CAGE!



R-ROAR



YEEOWRRR



YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET, HOOD!



NOW I'LL FIX YOU!



OUT LIKE A LIGHT! WHEW, HE SURE DID PUT UP A FIGHT!



NOW TO GET BACK INTO MY COPS UNIFORM AND GET HIM BACK TO MCGINTY!



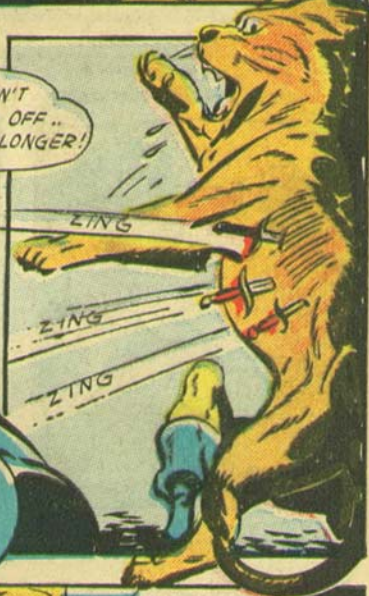
GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THE LION'S BROKEN OUT OF ITS CAGE!

ROAR

SNARLING WITH PAIN AND FURY BECAUSE OF THE KNIFE IN HIS PAW, THE LION HURTLIES AT THE HOOD-A ROARING AVALANCHE OF DESTRUCTION!



UGH.. CAN'T HOLD HIM OFF.. MUCH... LONGER!



ZING

ZING

ZING

WHEN! YOU SAVED MY SKIN THAT TIME, STILETTO!

YES! I'M A FOOL, I SUPPOSE! BUT... BUT... I'M THROUGH RUNNING AWAY. I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP!

YOU NEVER DID A SMARTER THING IN YOUR LIFE, STILETTO. PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND HAS QUITE A SURPRISE FOR YOU AND SERGEANT MCGINTY!

YOU AND SERGEANT MCGINTY!

OH, OH, HERE COMES MONAHAN! TIME FOR THE HOOD TO RETIRE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER

OH THERE
YE ARE, KIP!
MONAHAN
CAUGHT THE
KILLER!

YOU MEAN
HE CAUGHT
STILETTO DON'T
YOU SARGE!

THAT'S WHAT
I SAID- STILETTO,
THE MURDERER!

I'M AFRAID I'LL
HAVE TO SHATTER
YOUR BEAUTIFUL
OPEN AND SHUT
CASE, SARGE...

...BUT STILETTO DID NOT
KILL POGO, THE CLOWN!

WHAT!

THAT'S RIGHT!
I WAS ABOUT TO
TELL YOU WHAT I'D
DISCOVERED WHEN
STILETTO MADE
A BREAK!

IF YOU'LL
FETCH ME A
DUMMY, MR. LUKE,
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHO KILLED POGO!

SURE, PATROLMAN
BURLAND! BUT I
DON'T SEE WHO
ELSE COULDA
DONE IT!

KIP! WHAT
KINDA HORSE
PLAY IS THIS?

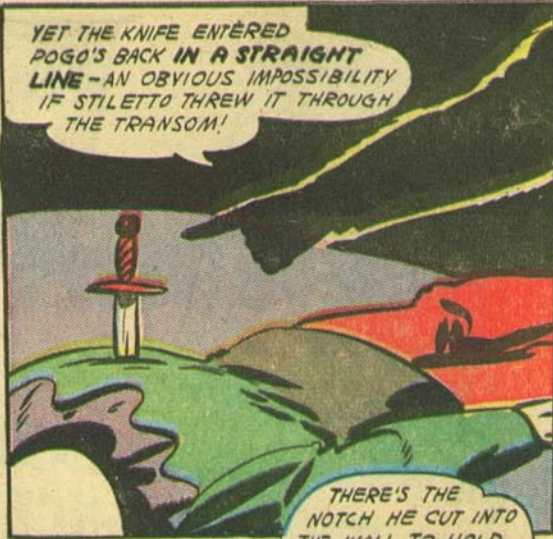
YOU'LL SEE,
SARGE. FIRST I'LL
PUT THIS DUMMY
WHERE POGO
MUST HAVE STOOD
BEFORE HE
DIED!

NEXT, I WANT
STILETTO TO GO
INTO THE NEXT
ROOM AND THROW
THE KNIFE THROUGH
THE TRANSOM!


NICE THROW!
JUST WHERE
POGO GOT THE
KNIFE!




BUT NOTICE THAT THE KNIFE ENTERS THE BACK SLANTING DOWNWARD WHEN FLUNG THROUGH THE TRANSOM!



YET THE KNIFE ENTERED POGO'S BACK IN A STRAIGHT LINE—AN OBVIOUS IMPOSSIBILITY IF STILETTO THREW IT THROUGH THE TRANSOM!



THERE'S THE NOTCH HE CUT INTO THE WALL TO HOLD THE KNIFE IN PLACE WHILE HE FELL AGAINST IT!




I ALSO DISCOVERED THAT POGO HATED STILETTO BECAUSE THEY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN!

BUT WHO DID KILL POGO, THEN? IT WUZ STILETTO'S KNIFE, AND...




SURE! THE KNIFE POGO STOLE WHEN HE "ACCIDENTALLY" FELL ON STILETTO DURING HIS ACT... POGO KILLED HIMSELF, SARGE!




POGO LIVED LIKE A CLOWN—AND DECIDED TO DIE LIKE ONE. HE FIGURED ON TAKING HIS HATED RIVAL WITH HIM IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE WAY—AND ALMOST DID!



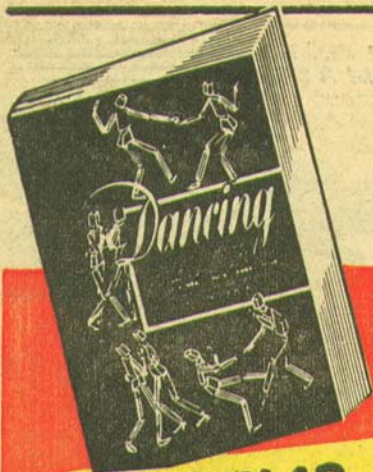
HELLO, FOLKS! HERE I AM AGAIN—YOUR OLD FRIEND POGO!



CAN'T HANG AROUND ANY LONGER. I'M QUITE DEAD YOU KNOW!



GUESS THE LAST LAUGH WAS ON ME AFTER ALL! SO LONG EVERYBODY!



TWO BOOKS Included FREE



BE POPULAR - LEARN The NEWEST DANCES in 5 DAYS...or NO COST!

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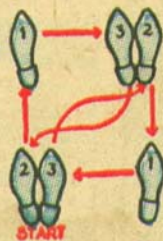
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**HOW JOE'S BODY
BROUGHT HIM**

**FAME INSTEAD
OF SHAME**



HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!

THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH



LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.



THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU LITTLE BOY!



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!



OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HERO OF THE BEACH

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

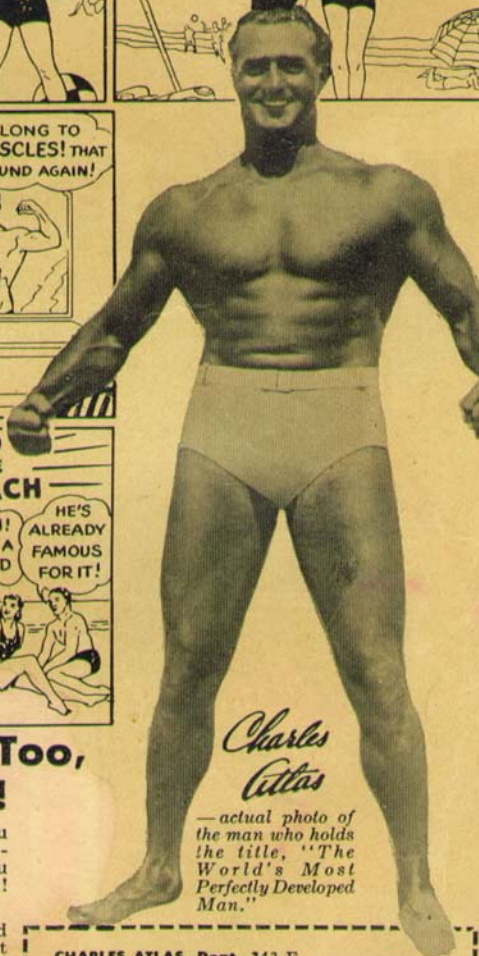
"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

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FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 343-F 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 343-F 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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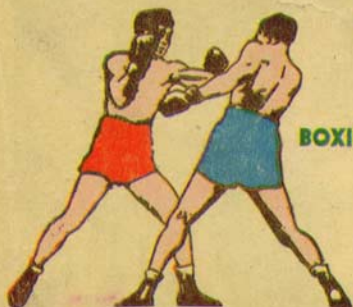
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