

12

# BLACK HOOD

FALL

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**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE



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# Phy Black HOOD

BY  
*C. W. Novick*

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY



**MONKEYING  
WITH  
MURDER**

ON PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND'S BEAT, A VERY AMUSING SCENE DELIGHTS THE KIDDIES - AND KIP BURLAND



THAT'S A REAL CLEVER MONKEY YOU'VE GOT THERE, MISTER



YES-A!  
GOOD-A  
BYE, NOW!

SO LONG, JOCKO. HOPE I SEE YOU AGAIN



SAY---THAT'S FUNNY!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MONKEY'S PAW? IT FEELS HOT RIGHT THROUGH THE GLOVE



MAYBE HE BURN-A IT ON A DA STOVE. GOOD A BYE!

FUNNY! I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING THAT ORGAN GRINDER IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD BEFORE



HEY, KIP! YOU PROMISED TO TELL US ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE BLACK HOOD! REMEMBER?

HA, HA, YOU KIDS NEVER GET TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT THE HOOD, DO YOU? DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME---



HELP!  
POLICE!

OH OH! TROUBLE. SORRY, KIDS - I'LL BE RIGHT UP LADY!



WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, LADY?

ONE OF OUR ROOMERS - MR. MULVEY - HE --- HE'S LEAD!



HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT, MISS. HOW'D YOU HAPPEN TO FIND HIM?

MY FATHER OWNS THIS HOUSE. I CAME TO COLLECT THE RENT FROM MR. MULVEY



KIP IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIES HEADQUARTERS

WITHOUT WAITING FOR A CORONER'S REPORT, MC GINTY, I'D SAY HE DIED BY ELECTROCUTION

DAGHABBIT! I THINK YER RIGHT, KIP



HERE'S AN EXPOSED WIRE, KIP! YUP! DEATH BY ACCIDENT ALL RIGHT



MIGHT BE, SARGE. BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THERE'S ENOUGH JUICE IN THIS TO KNOCK A MAN CLEAR ACROSS THE ROOM



DAGHABBIT! DON'T BE GIVIN' ME ANY OF YER HOTSY-POTSY FANCY THEORIES AGAIN, KIP. I KNOW AN ACCIDENT WHEN I SEE ONE!

YEAH?



I VAGUELY RECALL A CERTAIN CLOWN CALLED POGO. MY "HOTSY POTSY" THEORY WAS MURDER. YOU SAID SUICIDE, REMEMBER?

GULP!



AND THEN THERE WAS MY "HOTSY-POTSY" THEORY ON BAILEY, THE MILLIONAIRE WHO MURDERED HIS PARTNER. YOU LAUGHED AT THAT, TOO!



AND NEED I MENTION THE CORPSE ON THE CHECKER-BOARD?

GULP!

WH-WHAT DO YOU THINK WE OUGHTA DO, KIP?



FIRST, DETERMINE JUST HOW MUCH VOLTAGE THERE IS IN THIS OUTLET THEN--- SAY--- WHAT'S THIS ON MY HAND? LOOKS LIKE HAIRS! BURNT HAIRS!



I'M POSITIVE I DIDN'T TOUCH THE CORPSE. IN FACT THE ONLY ONE I TOUCHED WAS THE MONKEY---HOLY COW!

KIP!  
THIS GUY MULVEY LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR.



DAGNABBIT! I NEVER FORGET A FACE. I'VE SEEN THIS MULVEY BEFORE, I TELL YOU!

A CHECK OF HIS PRINTS IN POLICE FILES MIGHT HELP, SARGE. LET'S TRY!



AFTER A LONG AND PAINSTAKING SEARCH THROUGH THE FILES---

YOU WERE RIGHT, SARGE. YOU DID SEE MULVEY. ONLY HIS NAME WASN'T MULVEY THEN!



BUZZ SLADE OF THE OLD COLLINS-SLADE MOB!

BUZZ SLADE

2108 2108



SLADE STOOLED ON COLLINS ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, AS I REMEMBER IT. THEY GAVE COLLINS A FIVE-YEAR STRETCH, DIDN'T THEY, SARGE?

THAT'S RIGHT, KIP. AND SLADE DISAPPEARED. YOU THINK COLLINS IS OUT AND HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT?



IT SURE ADDS UP BUT PINNING IT ON HIM IS ANOTHER STORY. I HAVE AN IDEA. IF IT WORKS, WE'LL TRAP OUR MURDERER RED-HANDED!



NEXT DAY A SMALL ITEM APPEARS IN THE NEWSPAPERS---



POSING AS THE DEAD MAN, KIP WAITS IN THE APARTMENT WITH M<sup>c</sup>GINTY HIDDEN...

THE MONK  
OUGHT TO BE ALONG  
ANY MINUTE--  
I HEAR THE ORGAN  
GRINDER'S MUSIC  
NOW

I DIDN'T HAVE  
LONG TO WAIT  
HERE HE IS!



GRAB THE MONK, M<sup>c</sup>GINTY.  
I'VE GOT SOME FISHING  
TO DO--

WHA--!







HANG ONTO THE MONK AND THE BOY, SARGE, I'LL GO AFTER HIM!

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY, KIP



THIS IS A JOB FOR THE BLACK HOOD



THIS ALLEY'S A GOOD SPOT TO CHANGE AND OBSERVE OUR ORGAN GRINDER FRIEND-THERE HE GOES INTO THAT BEER JOINT



NOW WE'LL PAY MIKE'S BEER AND POOL JOINT A VISIT



ALLRIGHT, MIKE. WHERE ARE YOU HIDING COLLINS?

LOOK, HOOD, WE DON'T WANT NO TROUBLE. COLLINS AIN'T HERE

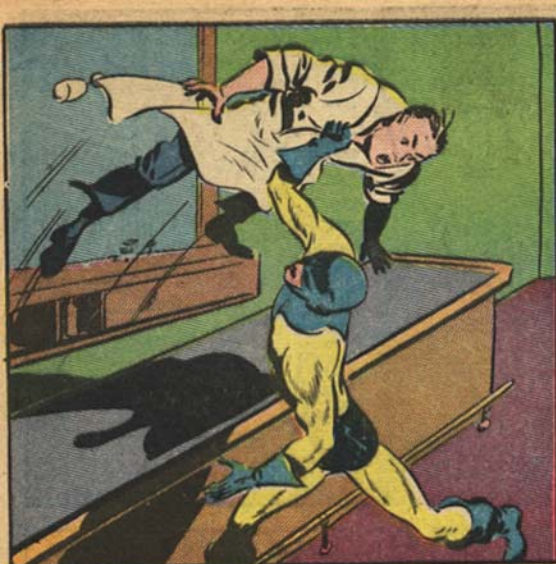


AND I SAY HE IS. THAT ORGAN GRINDER WHO DUCKED IN HERE IS BLACKIE COLLINS- AND I'M NOT LEAVING WITHOUT HIM!

YER WASTIN' YER BREATH




THE GUY THAT THREW THAT JUST THREW A PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF!







OH! OH!  
WAIT A  
MINUTE--  
SINCE WHEN  
DO THEY PUT  
CLOTHES  
INTO BEER  
BARRELS?




LET'S TIP THIS  
BABY OVER AND SEE  
WHAT'S INSIDE--




WELL! LOOK  
WHO'S HERE



A NEAT DISGUISE, BLACKIE,  
BUT IT DIDN'T WORK--GET  
UP ON YOUR FEET, BUB--  
YOU'RE COMING WITH ME




I'VE GOT TO GET BLACKIE  
BACK TO M'GINTY WITHOUT  
REVEALING MY IDENTITY



YOU'VE PUT IN A HARD  
DAY, BLACKIE. YOU NEED A  
REST

**NOT LONG AFTER--BACK AT THE VICTIM'S ROOM**



I LOST HIM--PUFF--PUFF--  
AND THEN I FOUND HIM  
KNOCKED COLD IN AN  
ALLEYWAY STRANGE,  
ISN'T IT?

YEH, C'MERE  
'N TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS MUSIC  
BOX, WILL YA,  
KIP?

C'N YA BEAT THIS-HE HAD A HIGH VOLTAGE BATTERY HOOKED UP IN HIS ORGAN BOX WITH AN ATTACHED WIRE CABLE AS A LEASH FOR THE MONK. HE CONTROLLED THE CURRENT BY THIS BUTTON



YES! THEN HE TRAINED THE MONK TO RECOGNIZE SLADE. PROBABLY BY A PHOTOGRAPH. SO WHEN THE MONK SAW SLADE, HE HOPPED ON HIM. COLLINS PRESSED THE BUTTON AND THAT WAS THAT. PRETTY INGENUOUS, COLLINS. HOW'D YOU DREAM UP SUCH A STUNT?



IN THE PEN, COPPER. I WORKED IN THE ELECTRIC PLANT. I WRACKED MY BRAIN ON HOW TO GET EVEN WITH THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT WITHOUT TAKIN' ANOTHER RAP. SO I RIGGED UP THIS GADGET



YOU ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT AT THAT!

ALMOST, MY EYE! I'M STILL GETTING AWAY WITH IT!

HEY! HE'S GOT MY GUN!



I'M SCRAMMIN' COPPERS. I GOT A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE FLAT-FEET IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND ME!

HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US, KIP!



BUT FATE, OR IS IT JUSTICE BY ANOTHER NAME, STEPS IN. THE MONK, RELUCTANT TO BE DESERTED BY ITS MASTER, LEAPS AND...



GOSH, I LEFT THE CURRENT ON BY MISTAKE. IS HE--?



YES, HE'S DEAD!

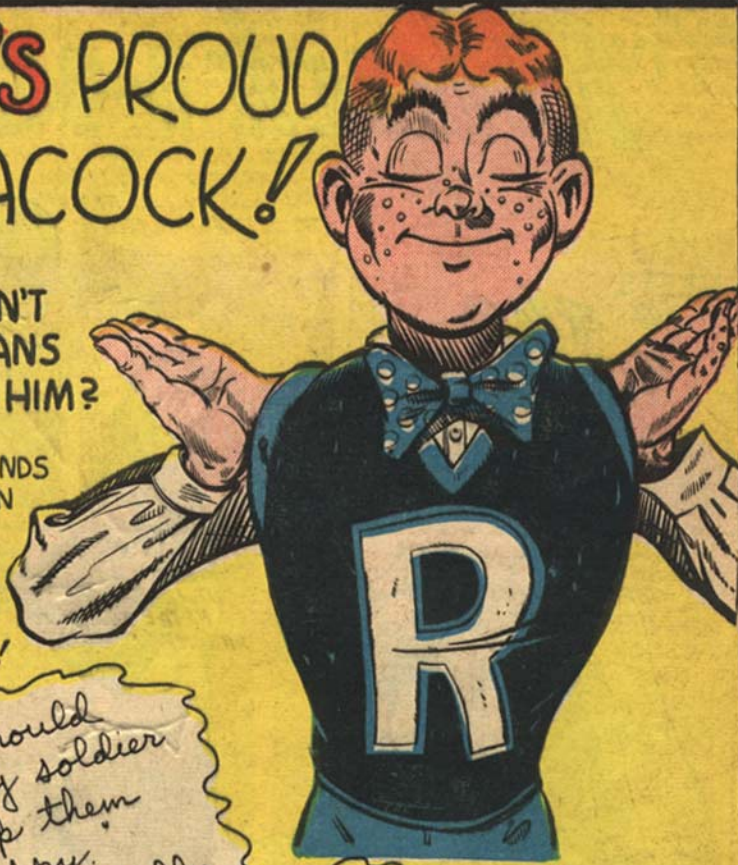
BLACKIE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL. HE'S GONE TO A HIDE-OUT WHERE ALL THE COPS IN THE WORLD WON'T FIND HIM. THE SAME HIDE-OUT THAT IMITS FOR ALL CROOKS!



# Archie's PROUD AS A PEACOCK!

AND WHY SHOULDN'T  
HE BE WHEN HIS FANS  
THINK SO MUCH OF HIM?

THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS  
OF LETTERS HAVE BEEN  
POURING IN PRAISING  
**ARCHIE, THE MIRTH  
OF A NATION!** HERE'S  
A SLIGHT SAMPLE OF  
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING!



"Archie Comics should  
be given to every soldier  
overseas to keep them  
relaxed and happy.  
Nadine Nalder  
1681 Hayes St.  
San Francisco  
California

"My whole family worries  
with, laughs with, and  
loves, Archie."

Florence Gibon  
6 Home Street  
Springfield, Mass.

"Archie's my favorite  
because he's like most  
kids my age."

Willie Mac Sampson  
Detroit, Michigan

"Whenever I'm unhappy, I  
always know one sure cure  
for the blues - Archie Comics.  
Margie Lee Huber  
917 E. Withersbee  
Flint, Mich.

"Archie and his family  
are just like real people in  
everyday life. All summer  
while I was laid up with a  
broken arm, Archie was a  
great help to me and always  
cheered me up."  
Lou R. Harkey  
23 W. High St.  
Coal Dale, Pa.

ARCHIE COMICS IS AN MLJ PUBLICATION!!

# The Black Hood

MEETS  
THE  
GREAT  
MAGOO

Man of  
Mystery



DON  
RICO-

LOOK, KIP, DON'T BE GETTIN' COCKY JUST 'CAUSE YOU GUESSED RIGHT IN A FEW CASES!

WHO ME? DID I SAY ANYTHING, SERGEANT MCGINTY?

NO, BUT YE LOOKED IT. **DAGNAB-BIT!** JUST REMEMBER, I'VE BEEN ON THE FORCE FER 25 YEARS, AND...

...THE ONLY WAY TO CATCH A CROOK IS WITH THE END OF YOUR NIGHT-STICK - UNQUOTE! WHY DON'T YOU PUT THOSE WORDS TO MUSIC, SARGE?

NONE O' YER WISECRACKS, **DAGNABBIT!**

JUST WAIT AND SEE! THE NEXT CASE THAT COMES ALONG, I'LL SHOW YE HOW A REAL **COPPER** CRACKS IT!

HELLO.. YES.. THIS IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS.. WHAT.. OKAY.. CALM DOWN.. WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

IS THAT OUR NEXT CASE, SARGE?

NAH... IT'S THAT **MAGICIAN THE GREAT MAGOO!** CLAIMS HIS LIFE'S BEEN THREATENED OVER THE PHONE.. DEMANDS POLICE PROTECTION! PROBABLY SOME CRANK!

MAYBE! AND THEN... MAYBE NOT!

THERE YE GO AGAIN, **DAGNABBIT** WITH YER FANCY THEORIES! THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT I TELL YE!

AND I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT. ONLY WHY JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS?

OKAY MR MAGNO OR WHATEVER YER NAME IS.. WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

THE POLICE! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!



I'VE BEEN GETTING PHONE CALLS FROM SOME MYSTERIOUS PERSON ALL DAY, SAYING HE'D RUIN ME AND MY ACT IF HE HAD TO KILL ME TO DO IT. I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO IT COULD POSSIBLY BE! I'M SURE I HAVE NO ENEMIES NONE AS VICIOUS AS HE SOUNDED, AT ANY RATE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! JUST A CRANK, BUT DON'T WORRY, MAGDO, WE'LL STICK AROUND AND KEEP AN EYE ON YE. JUST IN CASE ....

AH. THAT RELIEVES ME IMMENSELY, SERGEANT!

SAY! WHAT'S THAT WIGGLING IN YOUR POCKET, SERGEANT?

HUH? WH-WHERE?



BY GEORGE.. ARE YOU IN THE HABIT OF CARRYING BUNNIES AROUND?

GLORY BE.. (GULP) HOW'D THAT GET THERE?

TSK . TSK . THE THINGS PEOPLE PUT ON THEIR HAIR THESE DAYS!







DO YOU MIND IF I BORROW HALF YOUR TIE, SERGEANT?

HEY! CUT IT OUT...



DAGGNABBIT NOW LOOK WHAT YE'VE DONE! YOU AN' YER SMART TRICKS!

DON'T WORRY SERGEANT! JUST THE MAGIC WORDS IBBLE-DIBBLE-ISH KABIBBLE AND...PRESTO!



WELL, CUT OFF MY HAIR AND CALL ME BALDY!... IT WORKED!



HA, HA, HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY LITTLE JOKES! EXCUSE ME, WON'T YOU, I MUST GET READY FOR MY ACT!

GO RIGHT AHEAD! WE'LL GUARD THE DOOR AND SEE THAT NOBODY GET'S IN!



WHILE WE'RE WAITIN', KIP...

NOTHING DOING, SARGE. LEAVE THOSE TRICKS TO MAGOO. THAT'S WHAT HE GETS PAID FOR!



WHAT'S THAT!

BANG!

SOUNDS LIKE A SHOT, TO ME!



IT CAME FROM THAT DRESSING ROOM OVER THERE!

ONE SIDE Y  
EVERYBODY! WHO'S  
ROOM IS THIS,  
ANYWAY?

MITZI MARVIN!!  
MAGOO'S ASSIST-  
ANT!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!  
MITZI HAS BEEN  
SHOT!



DEAD!!

IF MAGOO HEARS OF  
THIS, HE'LL BE TOO  
BROKEN UP TO GO ON  
WITH HIS ACT! I'M THE  
OWNER OF THIS  
THEATRE, AND  
I'LL ...

WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE... WHA...  
MITZI! SHE'S  
DEAD!



THE MAN ON THE PHONE!  
HE DID THIS! HE SWORE  
HE'D RUIN MY ACT ...  
HE'LL KILL ME NEXT!

EASY  
MAGOO!  
KEEP CALM!

KEEP AN EYE  
ON THINGS, KIP!  
I'M GOIN' FOR  
HOMICIDE!

RIGHT,  
SARGE!

FUNNY ABOUT MAGOO! HE  
DIDN'T HAVE A TOUCH OF  
MAKEUP ON HIS FACE, AND  
YET HE WAS IN HIS DRESS-  
ING ROOM LONG ENOUGH  
TO SMEAR ON A TON OF  
THE STUFF - OR WAS  
HE?

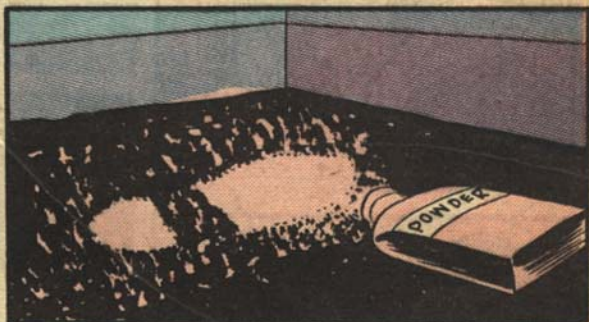


LISTEN, MAGOO, PLEASE  
PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER.  
YOUR ACT IS ON-NOW.  
YOU CAN'T LET ME  
DOWN!

ALL... ALL RIGHT  
DESMOND. I  
MUSTN'T THINK  
OF MYSELF EVEN  
AT A TIME LIKE  
THIS! **THE SHOW  
MUST GO ON!**



SAY HERE'S SOMETHING  
I HADN'T NOTICED  
BEFORE - A FOOTPRINT!



I'D SAY MITZI DROPPED  
HER POWDER WHEN SHE  
WAS SHOT-AND THE  
KILLER STEPPED IN IT.  
SO JUST ON A HUNCH I'LL  
GET ONE OF MAGOO'S  
SHOES OUT OF HIS DRESS-  
ING ROOM!



SO FAR, SO GOOD!  
NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT  
WE'LL SEE!



A  
PERFECT  
MATCH!



AND TIME FOR KIP BURLAND  
TO BECOME - **THE BLACK  
HOOD!**



I'VE GOT A LITTLE TRICK OF MY OWN TO SPRING ONE THE GREAT MAGOO-- BUT I'LL NEED DESMOND, THE THEATRE OWNER, TO HELP ME!



WHILE ON STAGE, THE GREAT MAGOO IS GOING THROUGH HIS RETINUE OF TRICKS--



FOR MY NEXT TRICK I WILL NEED A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL. IS THERE ANYONE IN THE AUDIENCE WHO CAN HELP ME OUT?



I WILL! HERE IT IS MR. MAGOO!

AH! THANK YOU MY GOOD MAN!



YOU DON'T MIND IF I BURN IT UP, DO YOU?

HEY, DON'T!



AH, I SEE YOU DO MIND IN THAT CASE, I'LL HAVE TO PLUNGE MY HAND INTO THE FLAMES, PICK UP THE ASHES, AND...



PRESTO! YOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL GOOD AS NEW!

WELL, I'LL BE - I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW IT BURN!



AND NOW FOR MY  
FAMOUS ORIENTAL TRICK!  
I LAY THIS SHROUD DOWN  
ON THE BARE FLOOR!

A FEW MAGIC  
PASSES OVER THE  
SHROUD, AND NOW  
I PICK IT UP TO  
SHOW YOU...

(GULP)...THE BLACK  
HOOD! HOW..HOW'D  
YOU GET HERE?

DON'T YOU  
KNOW?

VERY CLEVER THE WAY YOU MURDERED  
YOUR ASSISTANT, MAGOO.. AND  
CALLING IN THE POLICE TO BE YOUR  
ALIBI! BUT YOU PULLED ONE TRICK  
TOO MANY!

YOU'RE WRONG  
HOOD! HERE'S  
STILL ANOTHER  
ONE!

YOU MAY HAVE  
CAUGHT ME, BUT  
YOU HAVEN'T  
CAUGHT UP WITH  
ME!

ONE OF HIS PROP  
TRUNKS WITH A FALSE  
BOTTOM. WELL, IF IT'S  
CAT AND MOUSE HE  
WANTS TO PLAY...

I'LL PLAY WITH HIM!



BANG!



WHA... HE'S GOT A GUN! AND HE ALMOST GOT ME!

BUT ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT, MAGOO!



CRACK!



NOW BLACK HOOD, YOU'LL REGRET HAVING BEEN SO CLEVER. BEFORE I KILL YOU, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I MURDERED MITZI!



I MAKE A LOT OF MONEY WITH MY ACT BESIDES MY SALARY! A LOT OF MONEY! THE TRICK WITH THE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL YOU MAY HAVE SEEN TONIGHT WAS JUST ONE OF MY METHODS!



THE SUCKER GAVE ME A REAL BILL AND I HANDED HIM BACK A PHONEY. MITZI CAUGHT WISE TO MY RACKET AND THREATENED TO TELL THE COPS. SO I HAD TO ELIMINATE HER. I GAVE THE COPS THE PHONEY STORY ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS THREATENER TO GIVE THEM A FALSE LEAD!

AND ALSO, AS YOU CLEVERLY GUESSED, TO GIVE ME AN ALIBI. AFTER ALL THEY COULDN'T BE EXPECTED TO SUSPECT THE MAN WHOSE LIFE THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO PROTECT, COULD THEY?



AND NOW, BLACK HOOD! IT'S YOUR TURN TO D... AAAAAAH

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, HOOD, OR YOU GET THE SAME THING!



I HEARD THIS GUY'S CONFESSION ALL RIGHT BUT THAT DON'T CLEAR YOU. FIRST, TAKE OFF THAT MASK!

OH, OH! THIS CALLS FOR SOME QUICK THINKING!

DON'T YOU WANT TO CHECK ON KIP BURLAND FIRST. YOU'RE PRETTY FOND OF HIM, AREN'T YOU?

KIP! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

WELL, HE WENT INTO MAGOO'S ROOM!...

YEAH... THEN WHAT?



THEN HE WROTE  
SOMETHING ON A PIECE  
OF PAPER - LIKE THIS...



THEN HE WALKED OVER  
TO THIS CLOSET, OPENED  
THE DOOR...



... JUMPED IN LIKE THIS! AND  
SLAMMED IT SHUT BEHIND  
HIM!

HEY, YOU!  
CUT THAT  
OUT!



I'M WARNIN' YE, HOOD!  
COME OUT OF THERE  
OR I SHOOT!



**BANG!**  
**BANG**  
**BANG!**

DAGNABBIT! GONE!  
BUT HOW!

LOOKS SARGE!  
A NOTE!



*This is the false closet  
Magoo used to sneak  
out of the room to do  
his killing. You ought  
to study up on your  
magic. McGinty Hood  
P.S. Don't worry about  
Kip Burland-- you'll  
be seeing him.....*

LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS

HELLO, SARGE!  
LOOKING FOR ME?

KIP BURLAND!  
WHERE IN THUNDER  
HAVE YOU BEEN?

UH- HELLO  
COMMISSIONER!





MIGHTY FUNNY!  
EVERYTIME THE  
HOOD SHOWS UP  
YOU DISAPPEAR!  
IT'D BE  
FUNNIER  
IF YOU  
SAW US  
TOGETHER!



JUST WHAT  
DO YE MEAN  
BY THAT?  
I MEAN...  
AFTER  
ALL...  
THAT IS...  
WELL YOU  
SEE...  
HERE!  
THIS IS  
NO TIME  
FOR QUAR-  
RELLING!  
YOU BOTH  
ARE TO BE  
COMMENDED!



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW YOU BROKE  
THIS CASE MCGINTY,  
BUT I SHOULDN'T  
BE SURPRISED IF  
YOU'RE A LIEUTEN-  
ANT BEFORE LONG!  
CONGRATULATIONS!  
GEE THANKS,  
CHIEF. IT'S  
ALL IN  
KNOWIN' THE  
TRICKS OF  
THE  
GAME!



SAY, TALKIN'  
ABOUT  
TRICKS. LEMME  
SHOW YOU A  
GOOD ONE,  
CHIEF!

SAY! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING  
WITH MY TIE?



HEY!  
CUT THAT OUT!  
THAT TIE COST  
ME FIVE BUCKS!

TUT!  
TUT!  
NOT A  
THING TO  
WORRY ABOUT!



NOW, I'LL JUST  
SAY SOME MAGIC  
WORDS... IBBLE-DIBBLE  
ISH-KABIBBLE, AND  
PRESTO!

WELL!



GULP!  
HEH! HEH!  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK!

HMM...  
LET ME  
HAVE THOSE  
SCISSORS!



AW,  
COMMISH!  
DON'T  
AW, HAVE  
A HEART!



... AND YOU CAN  
FORGET ABOUT  
THAT PROMOTION  
YOU LUNKHEAD!



SOME PEOPLE  
HAVE NO SENSE  
OF HUMOR!



The  
End

# THE CAT AND THE ROSE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

By WESLEY BROOK

THE afternoon at the Stewarts' had been boring.

Only friendship had brought Kip Burland to the palatial mansion of his old friend, Frank Stewart. The estate, situated on the curving shores of a large lake offered no attraction for Kip. Kip liked the quiet countryside and the beautiful mansion well enough. But he didn't care for these week-end parties. And he cared less to be dragged into family quarrels. . . . An argument between Stewart and his wife Jane over some triviality. One word led to another. Before long the name of Thomas Stewart had been violently dragged into the discussion. Thomas was the brother of Frank. And with this new development, Mrs. Stewart's agitation increased considerably.

As Kip strolled toward the gleaming hothouse, a glittering mass of panes and light, he saw Mrs. Stewart emerge from the building hurriedly, her long green dress fluttering in the wind. She was plainly upset as she ran toward the house.

Kip quickened his pace and caught the distressed woman as she was about to stumble over a low hedge in her path.

Jane Stewart looked at him in horror.

"Oh, Kip Burland!" Then her voice sank to a low sob. "It's Frank. He's in there, dead!"

Kip let go his hold of her hand and with a few lengthy bounds was inside the hothouse. His keen eyes took in the scene at a glance. They did not miss the body crumpled before a potted English hedgerow, nor did his ears miss the subtle click of the back door of the great building as it shut. Without waiting to examine the body he bounded to the transparent, glass panelled walls. His keen senses had not deceived him. The top of the man's head showed for an instant behind a row of acacia trees, then vanished.

Kip drew a sharp breath. Returning to the body, he turned it over silently. Here was sheer horror. Death had come painfully to Frank Stewart. From the contorted appearance of the mouth, he deduced immediately the cause of death. Poison!

Suddenly Kip's eyes lighted on a scrap of paper. He pounced on it and scanned the contents eagerly. A long, drawn-out whistle came from his lips. "Hmmm . . ." he mused, "this seems to be a case for — the Black Hood."

The police inquest, held a few hours later, brought out no details other than the more or less obvious facts. Only one man was aware of the bizarre aspects of the case and that man was not present. The Black Hood was busy elsewhere!

The coroner's report came

a few moments later.

"Arsenic," stated the investigating detective dryly. "Suicide."

Mrs. Stewart's face was a mask.

"My husband never kept poisons of any sort in the house. Besides he was not the suicidal type. He had everything to live for."

"We'll get to that later, Mrs. Stewart," remarked the detective. "Just now— Say, where is Mr. Stewart's brother. He was here a few moments ago, but now where has . . . ?"

In a small room under the great bulk of the hothouse a shadow moved—the shadow of a man average in height, undistinguished in appearance, his hair a brittle, sandy color. The shadow, thrown by the light of a small electric bulb, moved, intruded upon a bench, flowed like a stream, and then emerged on the wall of reddish brown brick. An arm came up, and arm holding a small object, limp, helpless in coma—or death.

The man with the undistinguished face was calm and immobile as he raised the body of the Persian cat he was carrying and deposited it on the bench, then removing some metallic objects from an inside coat pocket, he laid them beside the inert body and crossed the tiny room to the opposite wall.

In the dim glow the surgical instruments — for ly-

ing beside the dead cat were several scalpels — glittered softly, ready for their work.

The tinkle of metal sounded harshly in the close-packed air of the room, then came the steady, drip-drip-drip of some mysterious fluid.

Abruptly a match flared, approached a torch reposing on the bench. Then came a rush of flame that hissed and roared, lighting up the storeroom with a leaping red flare.

The face drew closer to the cat on the bench. A sal-low-skinned hand reached forth and grasped a scalpel. Clutching tightly in an experienced grasp, the hand went sharply upward, preparatory to a vicious downward thrust that would have severed one of the animal's legs from its body.

"Stop!" a grim voice echoed through the close confines of the room above the roaring flame of the blowtorch. Abruptly the hand dropped. The scalpel clattered uselessly to the floor.

"Black Hood!" the cringing figure drew back suddenly, tense, expectant. Etched with brilliant clarity by the burning blowtorch.

"You were careless, Tom Stewart," said the Hood and indicated the dead body of the Persian cat.

"What do you mean?" stammered the wretched brother of Frank Stewart.

"The scheme worked — almost. You poisoned Frank, and you did it cleverly. The coroner did not find the

means by which the poison was introduced to the body because your brother in his convulsions swallowed the hedge leaf. You knew your brother was in the habit of absently chewing on the leaves of ordinary English potted hedges when he was in the hothouse. And you knew that the plants were sprayed with a weak solution of arsenic to preserve them from insects. A perfect setup for you. You sprayed a one hundred percent solution on the leaves of all the potted hedges in the greenhouse and then invited Frank out to see your new roses." The shadow on Stewart's face grew bigger, blacker.

"How did you know," he whispered hoarsely. His eyes, glittering with hate, narrowed to almost invisible slits.

"You accidently dropped a note from your brother dated a week ago, asking you to order more arsenic for the plants. It was that fact which started my suspicions of you, Tom. It was simple to check up at the chemical supply company and ascertain who had ordered the arsenic—undiluted! But the conclusive evidence was Jane Stewart's Persian cat which Frank carried fondly to the hothouse with him. Cats, like all other animals eat raw greens, Tom, from instinct, as roughage in their diet. The cat ate a few leaves from the potted hedge—the only foliage in the hothouse so near the floor—at the same time that your brother was con-

sidering the beauties of your new rose and absently chewing on one of the same leaves.

"There were cat hairs on the rough concrete floor, rubbed from the body as the poor creature struggled in its last agony. When I returned to the house, I discovered on inquiry that the cat was missing.

"You slipped away from the inquest a few moments ago, determined to come here unobserved and remove the evidence of your guilt. The blowtorch was for the purpose of entirely consuming the dead cat in ashes."

Tom's hand tightened on his throat. The other stole toward a half-open canister lying on the bench not far from the cat's corpse. The uncertain, surging light caused the contents to throw an evil green glow against the low ceiling.

A wild shriek resounded in the room as Tom flung himself upon the canister, clawed wildly at the powdered green arsenic and stuffed his mouth with the deadly chemical.

"You'll never take me alive, Black Hood," he gasped.

A few minutes later, Kip emerged from the damp cellar. He gazed appreciatively about the greenhouse, taking in the rare beauty of the many plants developed to full blossom by the perverted genius of Tom Stewart.

He lingered for awhile, then left to complete the inquest.

# FLYING DRAGONS



COME IN FRIENDS... I HAVE A TASK FOR YOU TWO! THERE IS AN ENEMY FORCE NEARBY THAT MUST BE DESTROYED!

IN ORDER TO ATTACK THE ENEMY, WE CAN ONLY PASS THROUGH THIS VALLEY... THE JAP SENTRIES WOULD EASILY SPOT US FROM A DISTANCE! IT WILL BE YOUR TASK TO LAND BEHIND THEIR LINES AND OVERCOME THESE SENTRIES! WE WILL WAIT AT THIS END OF THE VALLEY, FOR YOUR SIGNAL!

...AND SO THE FLYING DRAGONS GO FORTH FROM THEIR SECRET HANGAR IN THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN...





LOOK! THAT JAP SCOUT PLANE HAS SEEN US! WE'VE GOT TO PREVENT HIS INFORMING THE ENEMY OF OUR POSITION !!



HAAAA... THAT FINISHES HIM!

SKIRTING THE ENEMY CAMP, THEY FIND A CLEARING BEHIND THE JAP LINES...



A PERFECT LANDING!



CAREFUL, MICKEY... THE SENTRIES ARE SOMEWHERE ABOUT!



SHH... THERE THEY ARE! NOW DON'T FORGET! GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY! BUT QUIETLY!



SURPRISE!



WHAT COULD BE QUIETER? **THIS GUY** WON'T COME TO FOR DAYS... ..**IF EVER..**



**THIS PLACE IS EMPTY, EXCEPT FOR THOSE SENTRIES! THOSE JAPS MUST BE SCOUTING AROUND! LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND IN THIS REGIMENTAL HOUSE!**



**VERY INTERESTING! LOOK, MICKEY... PLANS FOR A SECRET WEAPON!**



**DID YOU LOSE SOMETHING, GENTLEMEN?**



**HO! SO MY GUESTS ARE THE FLYING DRAGONS! AND I SUPPOSE YOUR GUERRILLA FRIENDS ARE WAITING NEARBY!**



**I HOPE YOU BOTH ARE COMFORTABLE! MY CHINESE ORDERLY WILL PERFORM A BIT OF TORTURE WHILE I PREPARE AN AMBUSH ON YOUR FRIENDS!**



**YOU CHINESE TRAITOR! STAY BACK!**



**DO NOT FEAR! I AM ONE OF YOU! STILL NOW! I'LL UNITE YOU!**

NOW, KNOCK ME UNCONSCIOUS, SO THAT WHEN YOU ARE MISSED, NO SUSPICION WILL BE CAST UPON ME!

WELL!



I HATE TO DO THIS.. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT!



YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN.. BUT MY FIST DOESN'T FEEL THE SAME!

HEY! HANK, LOOK!



JAP SENTRIES! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! NOW THIS IS WHAT YOU DO, MICKEY!...

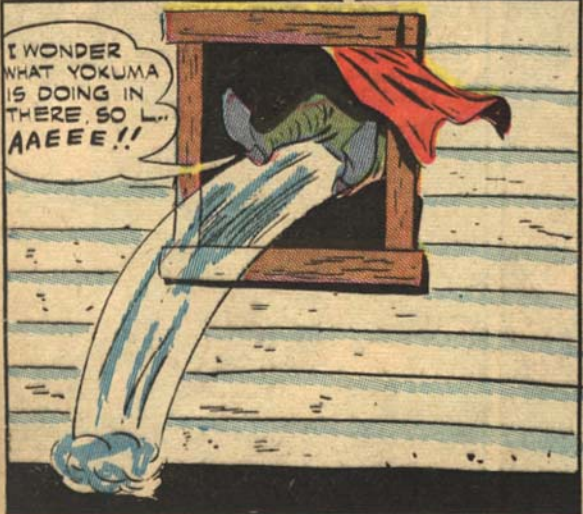


WHAT GOES ON HERE?? UGGHHH!

GOOD WORK, MICKEY!



I WONDER WHAT YOKUMA IS DOING IN THERE, SO L... AAAAA!!



LATER.. TWO JAP SOLDIERS EXIT..

WALK SLOWLY! JUST AS IF WE WERE TAKING A WALK!



WE'VE MADE IT!  
HURRY NOW! WE'VE  
GOT TO WARN  
THE GUERILLAS!

ARE YOU ALL  
SET, MEN??

WHAT THE..??  
THE FLYING  
DRAGONS!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!  
HOW DID THEY ESCAPE?  
I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE  
IN THAT CHINESE  
FOR THIS!

KNOCKED  
SENSELESS!  
THIS SHOULD  
AWAKEN YOU!  
YOU FOOL!

MEANWHILE..

THERE ARE  
THE JAPS NOW!  
LET'S GIVE  
IT TO 'EM!

TAKE THAT  
YOU KILLERS!

WE'VE GOT THE AMBUSHERS  
OUT OF THE WAY.. BUT WE'VE  
GOT TO HURRY BEFORE  
THE MAIN BODY OF  
TROOPS ARRIVE!



IT'S THE IRON BIRD!  
LOOK! HE GIVES  
THE SIGNAL TO  
ATTACK!



THE ENEMY TAKEN BY SURPRISE IS SOON MADE  
SHORT ORDER OF, BY THE VALIANT CHINESE  
GUERRILLAS...

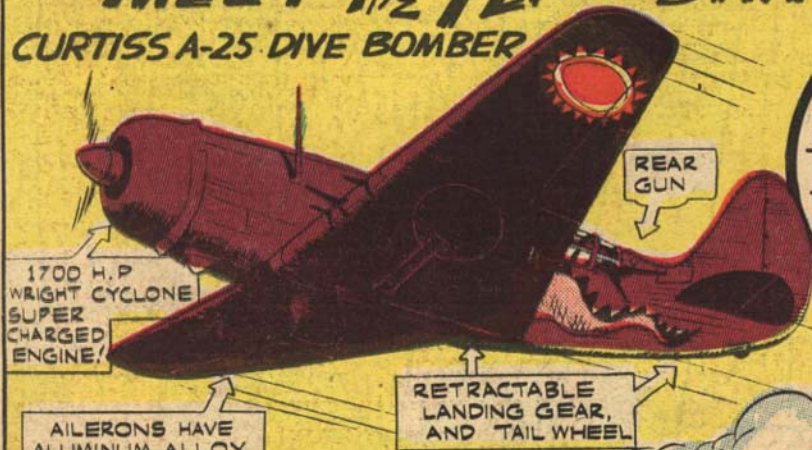


AND SO, THE FLYING DRAGONS FLY ONWARD  
TOWARDS FURTHER ADVENTURES IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF BLACK HOOD COMICS



# MEET THE FLYING DRAGON

## CURTISS A-25 DIVE BOMBER



1700 H.P  
WRIGHT CYCLONE  
SUPER  
CHARGED  
ENGINE!

AILERONS HAVE  
ALUMINUM ALLOY  
FRAMES AND ARE  
FABRIC COVERED!

RETRACTABLE  
LANDING GEAR,  
AND TAIL WHEEL

REAR  
GUN

THIS  
NEW PLANE  
HAS GREATER  
SPEED RANGE AND  
STRIKING POWER  
THAN ANY OTHER DIVE  
BOMBER!  
THE A-25 IS AN ARMY  
VERSION OF THE  
CURTISS SBZC-1  
HELL-  
DIVER!



Bill Vguder

# THE BEGIN-AIRE

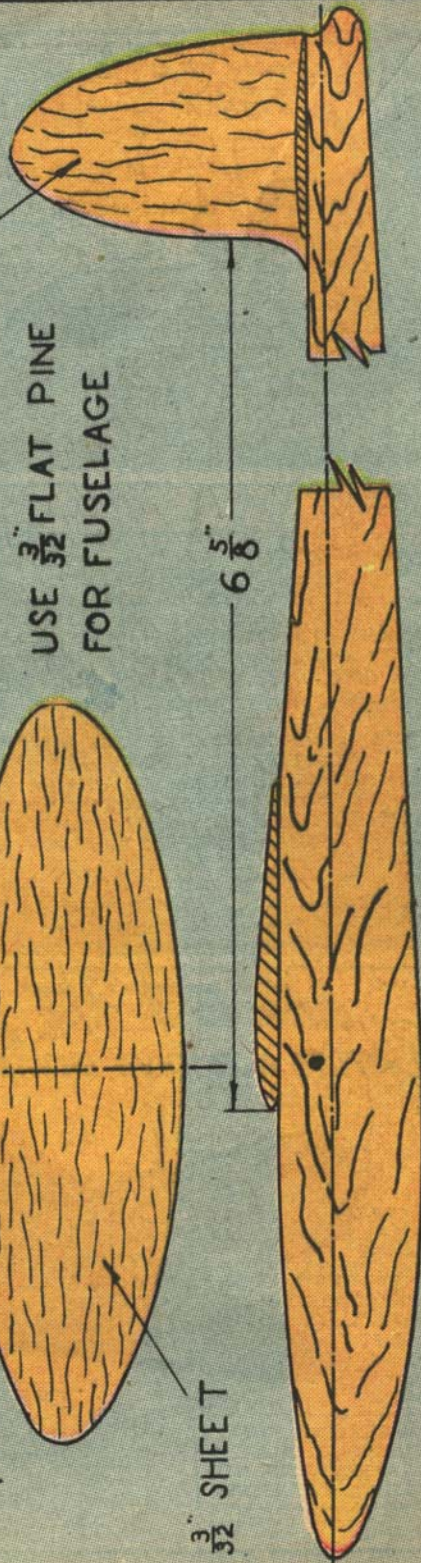
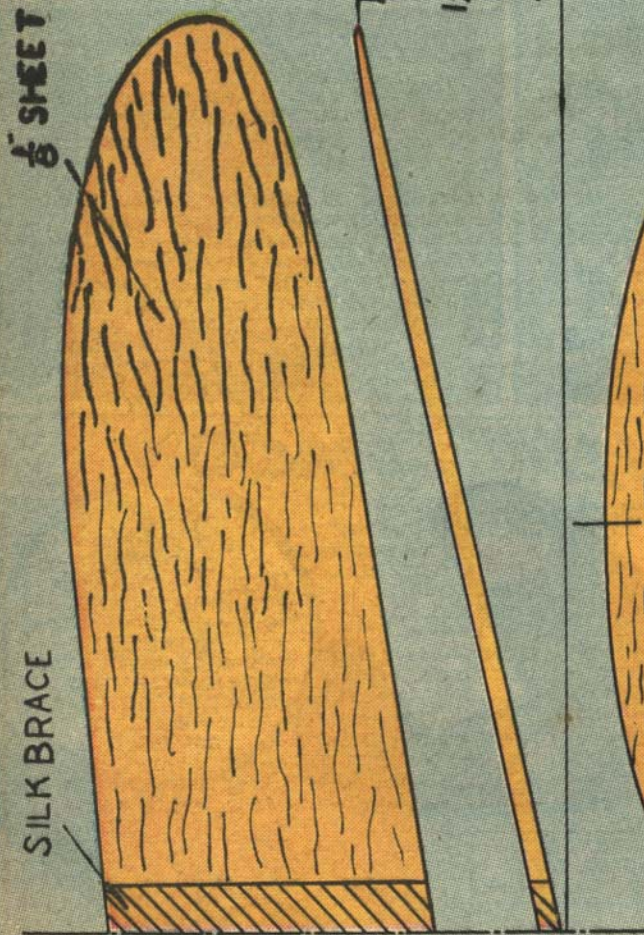
DESIGNER: G. VERDI

DRAWN: L. BUGALO

NOTE: ALL VIEWS  
FULL SIZE UNLESS  
OTHERWISE SPECIFIED

RUDDER CUT FROM  
 $\frac{1}{16}$ " FLAT BALS

USE  $\frac{3}{32}$ " FLAT PINE  
FOR FUSELAGE



## BUILDING INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BEGIN-AIRE

ALL PARTS ARE FULL SIZE ON THE PLANE SO IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO TRACE THEM.

SELECT A HARD PIECE OF  $\frac{1}{4}$  SHEET Balsa OR  $\frac{1}{8}$  PINE FOR YOUR FUSELAGE CUT TO SHAPE; BEING CAREFUL TO LEAVE THE SECTIONS WHERE WING AND TAIL ARE MOUNTED FLAT. SAND BODY TO STREAMLINE SHAPE. MAKE THE WINGS FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$  SHEET MEDIUM STOCK. CUT TO CORRECT OUTLINE AND THEN SAND AN AIRFOIL SECTION INTO ENTIRE WING, TAPERING THE SECTION TOWARD THE TIPS. CRACK AND GLUE DIHEDRAL INTO A WING. ALLOW TO DRY THOROUGHLY, THEN GIVE THREE COATS OF DOPE WITH SANDINGS BETWEEN EACH COAT. BALANCE WING TO MAKE SURE ONE SIDE IS NOT HEAVIER THAN THE OTHER. ATTACH TO FUSELAGE BY GROOVING A "V" SECTION INTO THE FUSELAGE TO RECEIVE THE WING. USE THREE COATS OF GLUE AND SLICKBRACE ON TOP FOR A STRONG JOINT. CUT OUT STABILIZER AND RUDDER FROM  $\frac{1}{16}$  MEDIUM STOCK. SAND TO STREAMLINE SECTIONS. FINISH OFF WITH COAT OF DOPE AND ANOTHER SANDING. ATTACH TO BODY, CHECKING TO SEE THAT THE TAIL AND WINGS LINE UP IN RELATION TO EACH OTHER.

IF DESIRED, FUSELAGE MAY BE GIVEN A THIN COAT OF GLUE AND SANDED FOR GLOSSINESS AND STRENGTH. BALANCE BY ADDING CLAY UNTIL THE FLATTEST GLIDE IS OBTAINED. TWIST THE RUDDER SO THAT THE GLIDER CIRCLES WITHOUT GOING INTO A SPIN. LAUNCH INTO WIND, THROWING GLIDER AS YOU WOULD A BALL.

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An important  
message to the  
**BOYS and GIRLS**  
of **AMERICA!**

from  
**GENERAL  
ARNOLD**

COMMANDING GENERAL  
U. S. ARMY  
AIR FORCES

**WAR DEPARTMENT  
WASHINGTON**

We of the armed forces urge every young man and woman of pre-military age who has been filling a summer war job to return to school this autumn. Such work is important, but your education has top priority. You will serve your country best by making the most of your education opportunities, for this is not only a brave man's war--it is also a smart man's war.

If you plan to enter military service, you will find that a good education offers the best assurance of progress and recognition. In all branches of service, we need trained leaders, engineers, scientists and specialists. And in the years to follow victory we will need them even more, as our nation charts its progress in the post-war world.

FOR VICTORY



BUY  
UNITED STATES  
WAR  
BONDS  
AND  
STAMPS

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'H. H. Arnold'.

H. H. ARNOLD,  
General, U. S. Army,  
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

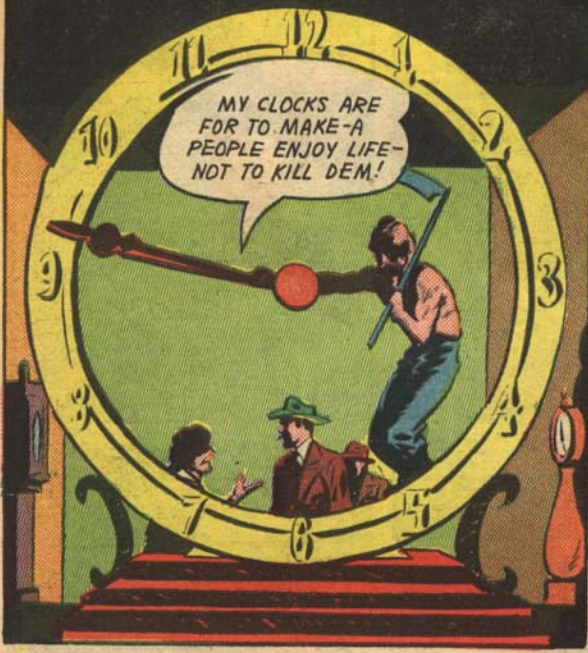
# The *Black Hood* HOOD

MAN  
OF  
MYSTERY

**VENGEANCE**  
FROM THE  
**GRAVE**







MY CLOCKS ARE FOR TO MAKE-A PEOPLE ENJOY LIFE- NOT TO KILL DEM!



I KNOW YOU WANT-A TO USE-A IT FOR TO MURDER SOME-BODY - NOT DA PRACTICAL JOKE LIKE YOU TRY TO MAKE-A ME THINK. I NO GONNA HELP YOU NOW - GET-A OUT!

MEANWHILE DOWN THE STREET, PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND MAKES HIS REPORT...



WELL, THAT'S THAT!



HMM... LIGHTS ARE STILL ON IN MARIO'S. I'LL DROP IN AND SAY GOODNIGHT!



NO WHERE AROUND... GUESS HE'S WORKING IN THE SHOP IN THE BACK. OH WELL, I WON'T BOTHER HIM!



MY WATCH SEEMS TO BE A LITTLE FAST!



I HAVE A LITTLE MORE TIME THAN I THOUGHT BEFORE I CLOCK IN AT THE STATION HOUSE!



LATER-AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..

WELL-IT'S ABOUT TIME YA SHOWED UP! WHERE IN SAM HILL YA BEEN?



WHAT'S EATING YOU MCGINTY? I'M HERE ON TIME!

IN A PIG'S EYE YOU ARE. YER A HALF HOUR LATE!



BUT I JUST CHECKED MY WATCH WITH ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCK'S AND MARIO IS NEVER WRONG!

WELL, HE IS THIS TIME! HERE- CALL THE OPERATOR AND CHECK THE TIME!



HELLO, OPERATOR - MAY I HAVE THE RIGHT TIME PLEASE? - IT IS EH? THANK YOU -



YOU'RE RIGHT SARGE. ONE OF MARIO'S CLOCKS IS WRONG FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I KNOW HIM-SOME-THING FUNNY ABOUT THAT!



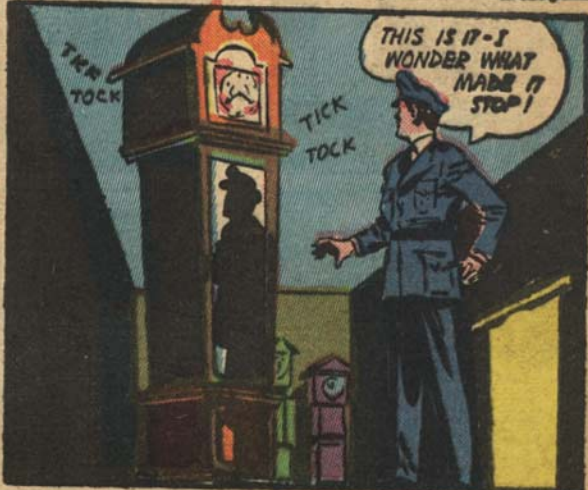
NOW DON'T TELL ME YA SMELL A CRIME BECAUSE A CLOCK STOPPED, DAGNABBIT!

JUST THE SAME IT DOESN'T HURT TO GO BACK AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

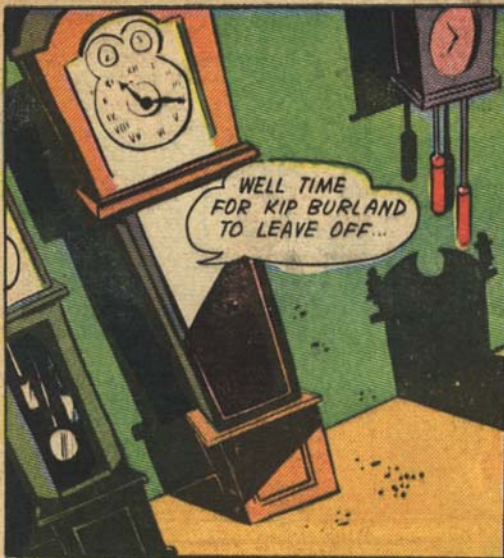




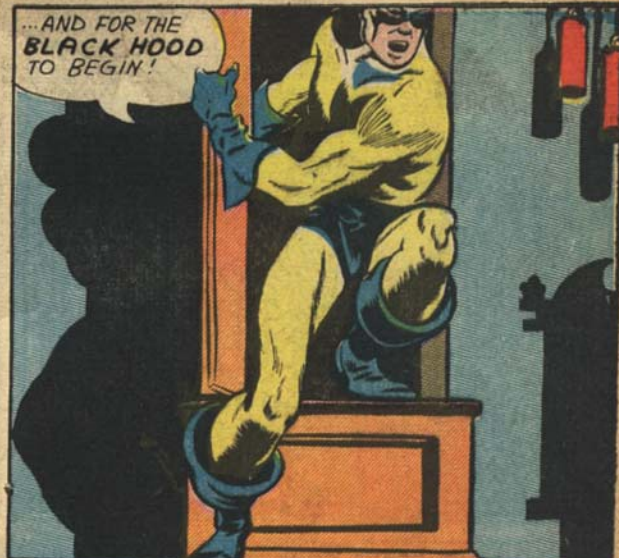
A SHORT WHILE LATER, KIP REACHES MARIO'S SHOP...







WELL TIME FOR KIP BURLAND TO LEAVE OFF...



...AND FOR THE BLACK HOOD TO BEGIN!



KEEP LOOKIN' MOKE!  
WE'LL FIND THAT CLOCK IF  
IT TAKES US ALL NIGHT!

TICK  
TOCK

TICK  
TOCK

BOY-- IT SURE  
IS SPOOKY WIT'  
ALL DESE CLOCKS  
TICKIN' IN HERE,  
ROCCO!



SUDDENLY ...

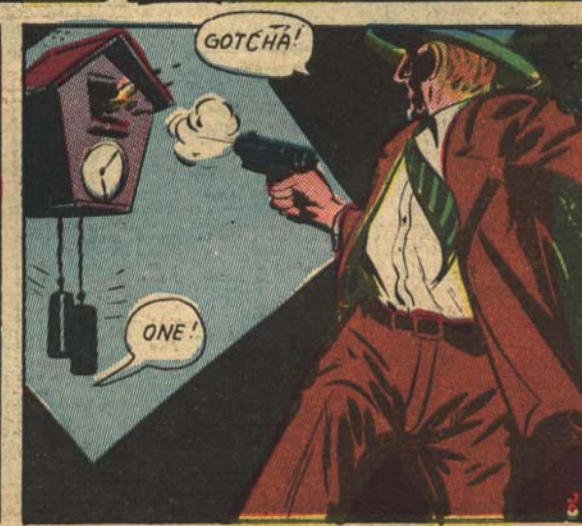
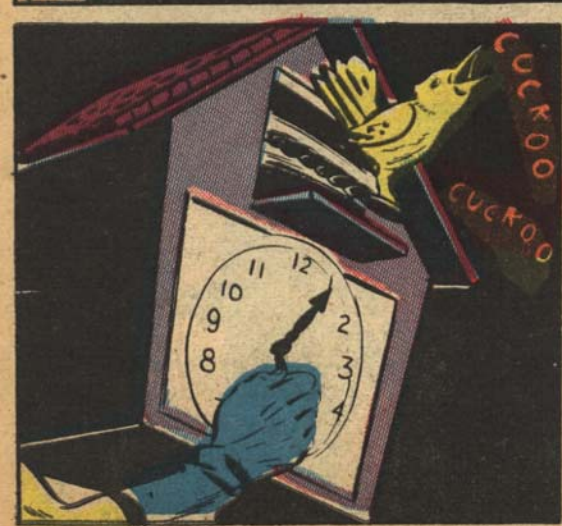
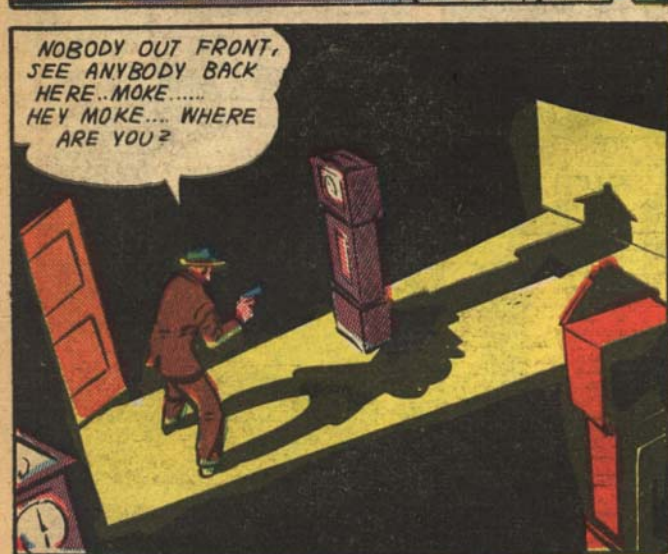
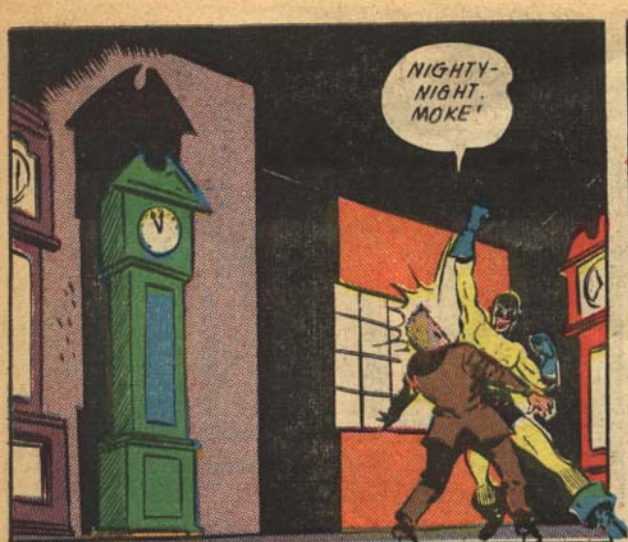
HEY !! WHO  
TURNED OUT  
THOSE LIGHTS!

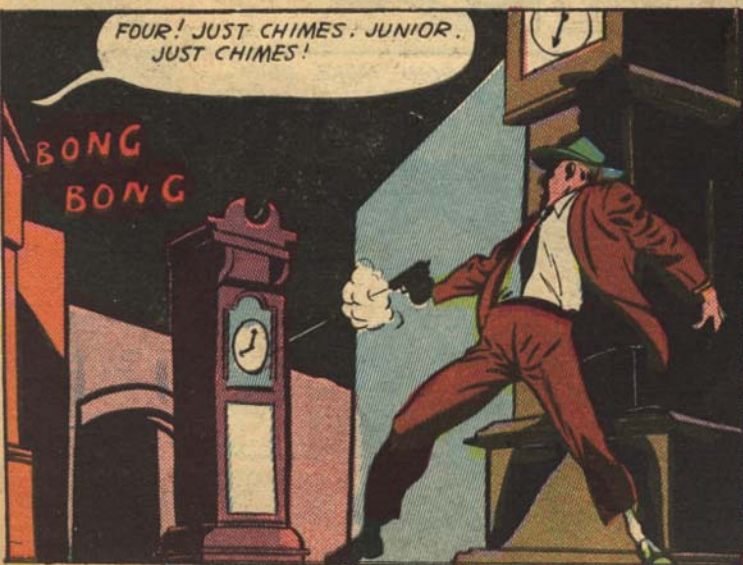
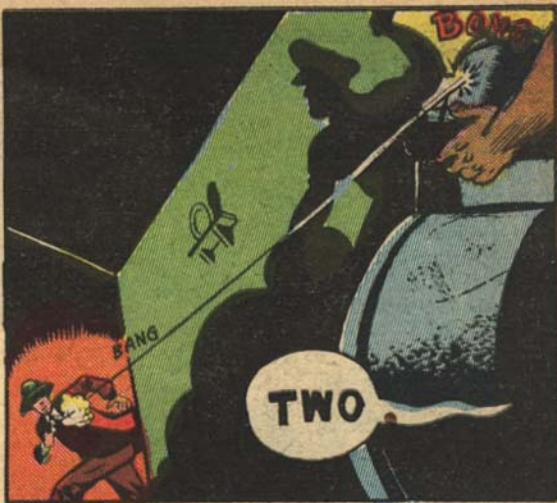
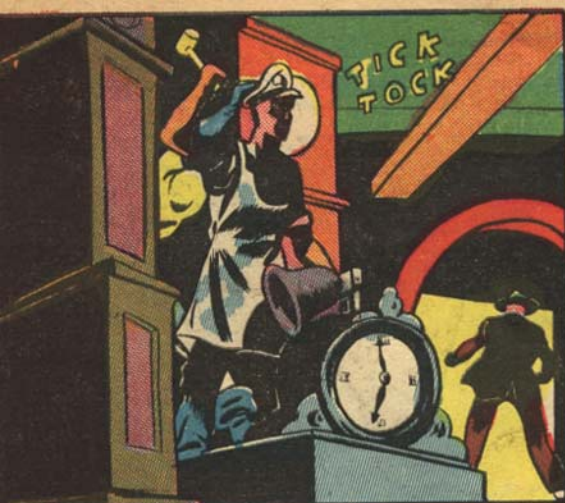


I'M GOIN' OUT FRONT TO  
INVESTIGATE - YOU  
STAY HERE MOKE

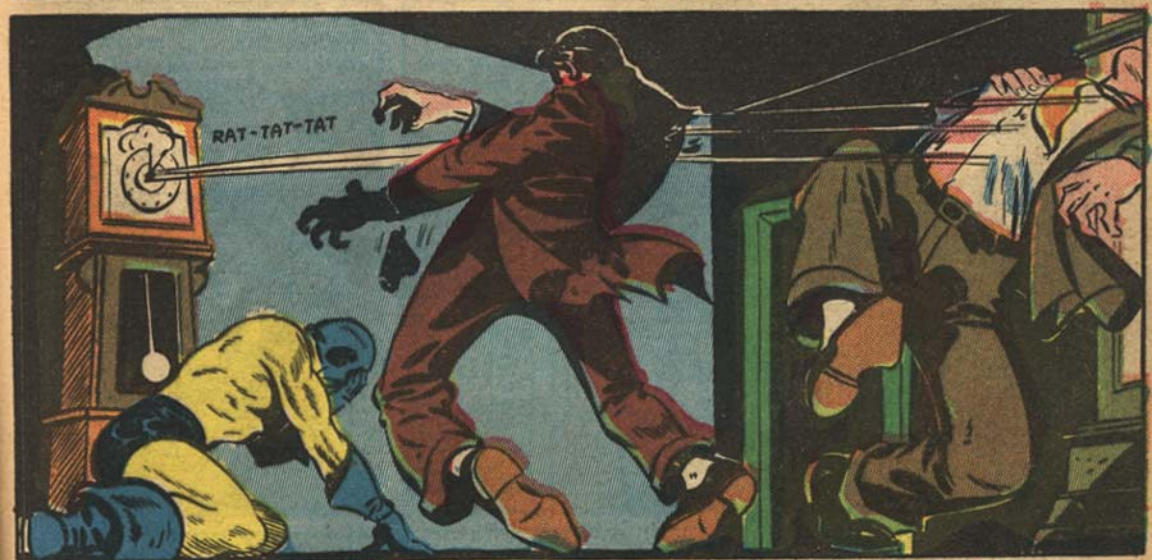
O.K. BUT  
HURRY!











HELLO - MCGINTY?... KIP BURLAND TALKING. COME DOWN TO MARIO'S RIGHT AWAY. I'VE GOT ONE OF MY "FANCY THEORIES" TO SHOW YOU!



LATER...

G-GOSH W-WHAT HAPPENED?

RECOGNIZE THEM... ROCCO AND MOKE FORMERLY THE RING-LEADERS OF KILLERS INCORPORATED!



THEY MUST'VE TRIED TO GET FANCY WITH THEIR KILLINGS, AND GOT MARIO TO MAKE UP A CLOCK WITH A BUILT IN MACHINE GUN. MAYBE GIVE IT TO ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS AS A PRESENT!



MARIO PROBABLY BACKED DOWN AT THE LAST MINUTE. SO THEY KILLED HIM AND TRIED TO FIND IT THEMSELVES. FORTUNATELY FOR ME, THE CLOCK WAS SET TO GO OFF AT ONE!

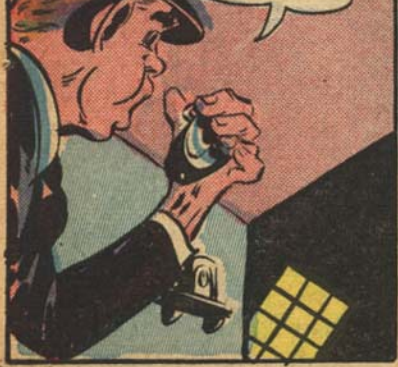


WELL, I'LL BE...

HEY - BY THE WAY - WHERE'S MY WATCH? OH! HEH - HEH - MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, MCGINTY.. YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY!



GULP... MY... MY BEAUTIFUL WATCH! RUINED! WHY.. YOU I OUGHTA.. HEY WAIT A MINUTE! THIS ISN'T MY WATCH!



IT'S YOURS! HERE'S YER INITIALS K.B.!

IT COULDN'T BE - MINE'S IN MY POCKET HERE... OH, OH, IT'S YOURS!



MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPER, KIP, HEH HEH... KEEP COOL WHILE I GO FOR HOMICIDE

RATS!





# WORLD WONDERS



**T**HE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM...



PARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



CERTAIN RODENTS OF THE LIBYA AND SAHARA DESERTS **NEVER DRINK** FROM THE TIME THEY ARE BORN UNTIL THEY DIE... THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.

**T**HE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS 350 FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS 12 INCHES... ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES 3000 YEARS....

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**COMPLETE  
READY  
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