

EVERYONE'S CHEERING THE HANGMAN EXCEPT NAZIS AND JAPS!

# The HANGMAN

NO. 4

FALL 10¢

comics



The

# HANGMAN



THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES, DREAD SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN, LOOMS HIGH, WAITING FOR AN OCCUPANT, AND IT WON'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! FOR THE HUNTER, ARCH SLEUTH OF THE GESTAPO, IS BACK ON THE TRAIL AGAIN--A BLOOD-STAINED TRAIL WITH MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AT STAKE AND DEATH LURKING BEHIND EVERY TREE!

IRVING  
1937

THE TRAIL BEGINS AT THE FOURTH CITY BANK...

AH! FINE MORNING, ISN'T IT? EXCELLENT FOR FISHING....

BUT NOT FOR YOU, MR. SMITH. THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU... AND CONFIDENTIALLY, HE'S FIT TO BE TIED!

SIX MINUTES LATE! YOU BLASTED...! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I--I'M SORRY, MR. HOWARD. I--I WAS GETTING MY ROD READY.. THE FISHING SEASON, YOU KNOW..

IF YOU DON'T GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, SMITH, YOU'LL BE FISHING FOR A NEW JOB! SO YOU'D BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MIND..

I--I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND..

THE WORM TURNS!

I'M THROUGH BEING YOUR DOOR-MAT! KEEP YOUR JOB! I'M LEAVING..AND I'M GOING TO FISH ALL I PLEASE!

AND WITH THAT MR. SMITH GRABS HIS BRIEF-CASE --OR IS IT HIS BRIEF-CASE?

GOODBYE, YOU SLAVE DRIVER! IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!

WELL, I'LL BE...!

THE FLABBERGASTED BANK PRESIDENT GETS ANOTHER SHOCK!

THE FOOL LEFT HIS BRIEF-CASE..AND TOOK MINE!



I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!  
THERE'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE  
IN THAT BRIEF-CASE TO SEND  
ME UP THE RIVER FOR  
A HUNDRED YEARS!



**SUDDENLY** WE'RE FROM THE F.B.I.,  
HOWARD. WE'VE GOT A  
WARRANT TO SEARCH  
YOUR OFFICE!



WHY, OF COURSE, GENTLE-  
MEN, GO TO IT. FAR BE IT  
FROM ME TO IMPEDE THE  
COURSE OF JUSTICE!  
  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
HE'S LAUGHING  
UP HIS  
SLEEVE!



HOW ARE YOU  
DOING, JOE?

THE STUFF  
ISN'T ANY-  
WHERE  
AROUND!



SMITH BEATING IT WAS A  
BLESSING IN DISGUISE! SOME-  
HOW THE F.B.I. HAVE GOT-  
TEN WISE TO ME.



WE'VE BEEN TRAILING  
AND CHECKING YOU FOR A  
LONG TIME, HOWARD, AND  
TODAY WE GOT A TIP YOU HAD  
SOME INTERESTING RECORDS.  
A TIP FROM SOMEONE WHO  
NEVER STEERED US WRONG  
BEFORE.

WELL, THERE'S  
ALWAYS A  
FIRST TIME.  
HA-HA-HA!!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO THELMA GORDON  
AND BOB DICKER AT A MID-TOWN  
NEWSPAPER OFFICE ----

LOOKS LIKE THE F.B.I.  
WALKED INTO SOMETHING!  
A PHONY TIP,  
I GUESS.

I WOULDN'T  
KNOW, BUT  
HOWARD'S  
SLICK AS GREASE.  
WOULDN'T BE A BAD  
IDEA IF WE PAID HIM A  
VISIT. MAYBE  
HE'LL SLIP!



I SUSPECT IT'S THE HANGMAN WHO WANTS TO TALK TO HOWARD - NOT BOB DICKERING!

COULD BE!



BUT THE HANGMAN HAS GOTTEN INFORMATION BEFORE, WHERE THE POLICE HAVE FAILED

HOP IN, THEL!



LATER, AT THE BANKER'S RESIDENCE --

PARDON ME, MR. HOWARD, BUT THERE'S A REPORTER OUTSIDE. SHE...

A REPORTER? YOU KNOW WHAT TO TELL HER!



SORRY... AHM... BUT MR. HOWARD IS NOT AT HOME!

I DIDN'T THINK HE WOULD BE - TO US.



HOLD EVERYTHING! A LIGHTED WINDOW... IT WON'T HURT TO HAVE A PEEP THROUGH THAT SLIT IN THE CURTAIN!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THE OLD RUNAROUND! THERE'S HOWARD NOW!

WHAT'S HE DOING?

HE'S SURE ACTING FUNNY FOR A GUY WHO'S SIMPLY POURING HIMSELF A DRINK!



CALLING BERLIN! .. .. CALLING BERLIN! .. ..

AGENT 35 CALLING..THE SOUTH AMERICAN MEMORANDUM IS MISSING!.. ONE OF MY EMPLOYEES TOOK IT BY ERROR, BUT I DOUBT IF HE'LL EVEN LOOK AT IT!

AT THE OFFICE OF HEINRICH HIMMLER, HEAD OF THE GESTAPO--

JOHN SMITH, 44 WILLOW STREET, CENTERVILLE, NEW JERSEY.. HE-- BLAST IT! THEY'VE GONE OFF THE AIR!...

DER BLUNDERER! YE VILL HAFF TO CONTACT DER HUNTER, WHO ISS IN DER U.S. NOW, TO RECOVER IT. FIND OUT DER NAME AND ADDRESS OF DER EMPLOYEE!

JA, HERR HIMMLER! WHO ISS DER EMPLOYEE AND WHERE DOES HE LIFF?



AS HOWARD SHUTS OFF THE RADIO, HE HEARS A MUFFLED STEP, TURNS... AND.....

THE... THE HANGMAN!



YOU'VE TALKED YOURSELF RIGHT INTO A NOOSE, HOWARD. THIS TIME YOU'RE YOUR OWN HANGMAN!

WH...WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN THE NAZIS HAVE A NASTY WAY OF DISPOSING OF THEIR AGENTS WHO MAKE MISTAKES!



THE SAFEST THING FOR YOU TO DO IS TELL EVERYTHING. AMERICAN JUSTICE WILL GO A LOT EASIER WITH YOU THAN THE HUN'S!

YOU... YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL TELL EVERYTHING!....



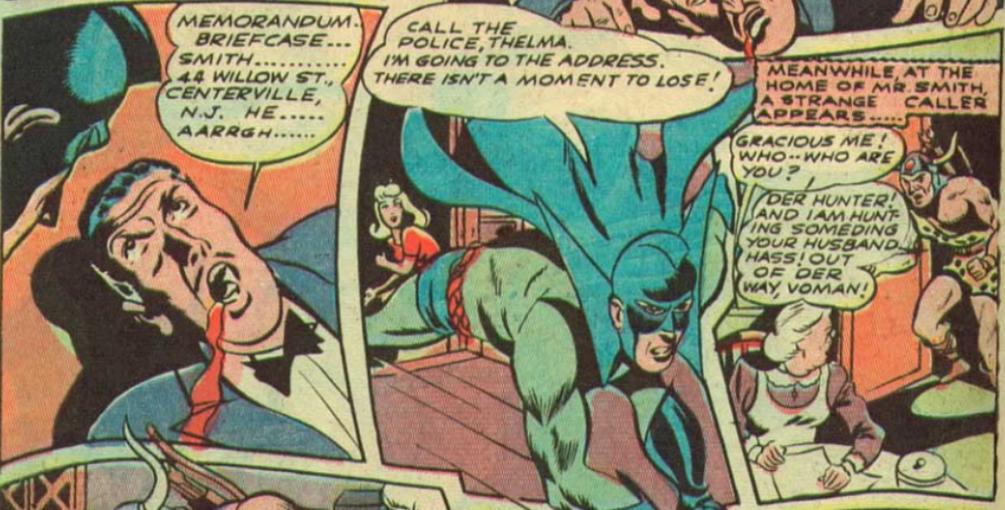


THELMA! THAT ARROW!  
DID YOU SEE WHO  
SHOT IT?

NO. SAW  
NOTHING!...

HANG... MAN  
.... I ....

HE'S PASSING OUT,  
THELMA... BUT HE'S  
TRYING TO SAY  
SOMETHING!...



MEMORANDUM...  
BRIEFCASE...  
SMITH...  
44 WILLOW ST.,  
CENTERVILLE,  
N.J. HE.....  
AARRGH.....

CALL THE  
POLICE, THELMA.  
I'M GOING TO THE ADDRESS.  
THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE  
HOME OF MR. SMITH,  
A STRANGE CALLER  
APPEARS.....

GRACIOUS ME!  
WHO...WHO ARE  
YOU?

'DER HUNTER!  
AND I AM HUNT-  
ING SOMEBING  
YOUR HUSBAND...  
HASS! OUT  
OF DER  
WAY VOMAN!

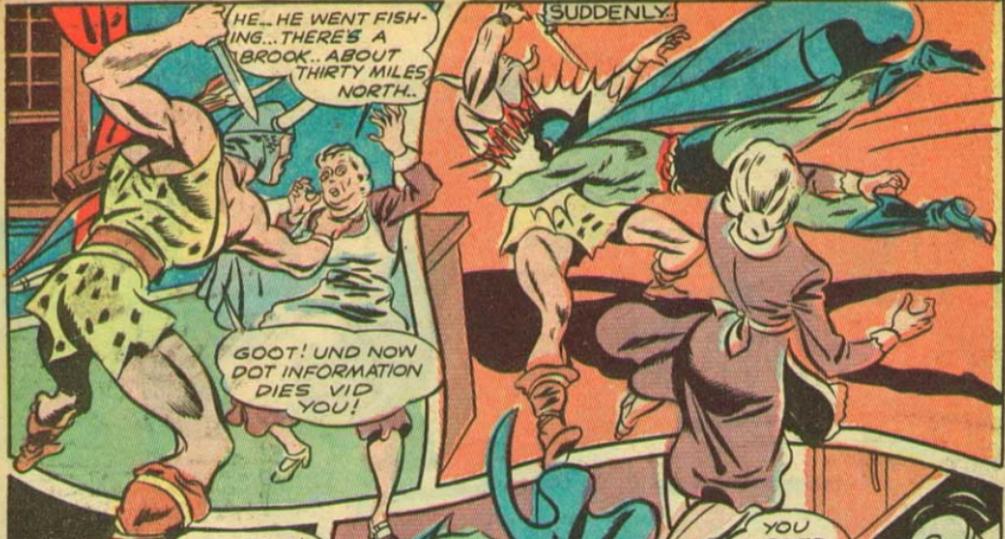


THE EXPERIENCED  
HANDS OF THE  
HUNTER RAN-  
SACK THE HOUSE...

WITH A STRIDE,  
THE HUNTER AP-  
PROACHES THE  
TABLE.....

BAH! A RECIPE  
FOR APPLE  
STRUDEL!

RECIPE FOR  
Apple Strudel  
1/2 cup flour  
1/2 cup sugar  
1 egg  
1/4 cup brown  
sugar



HE... HE WENT FISHING... THERE'S A BROOK... ABOUT THIRTY MILES NORTH.

SUDDENLY.

GOOT! UND NOW DOT INFORMATION DIES VID YOU!



OPERATOR! OPERATOR! GET THE POLICE! HURRY!

YOU CURSED MEDDLER! TAKE DOT!



GLUB..B.. AGHR-R-R...

BLINDED AND CHOKING, THE HANGMAN STANDS HELPLESS BEFORE HIS MURDEROUS FOE!

AT LAST!, DER HUNTER, VILL KILL DER ONLY QUARRY WHO HAS EVER OUT-VITTED ME!

WHE-E-E-E-E-E...

DER POLICE! I'D BETTER GO... QUICK!





I'LL POSTPONE DER HANGMAN'S FUNERAL TO A LATER DATE! FIRST COMES HERR SMITH!

WOW! MY EYES ARE BURNING UP!

MY STARS! THAT WILD MAN! DO YOUR EYES HURT?

I'LL BE OKAY IN A MOMENT!

AFTER THE HANGMAN'S SIGHT CLEARS UP...

SO YOUR HUSBAND'S GONE FISHING! THAT MEANS THE HUNTER'S GONE HUNTING! AND SO AM I!

DON'T WORRY, NOTHING WILL HAPPEN TO HIM... IF I CAN HELP IT!

THAT'S A BIG PROMISE I GAVE HER... HERE'S HOPING I CAN KEEP IT!... THE HUNTER'S A GENIUS AT STALKING!

I DON'T LET THAT MONSTER DO ANYTHING TO MY HUSBAND! PLEASE HANGMAN, HE'S ALL I'VE LEFT IN THIS WORLD!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE HUNTER GOT HERE SO SOON AFTER HOWARD RADIOED BERLIN — UNLESS HIS ORIGINAL INTENTION WAS TO STALK AND KILL ME.

I THOUGHT CERTAINLY HE WAS A CORPSE WHEN I LEFT HIM IN GERMANY. WELL, I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP NOW!



HE'S AS CUNNING AS THE DEVIL HIMSELF IN FORESTS OF ANY KIND!

TRUER WORDS, THE HANGMAN NEVER SPOKE!

THE NOOSE JERKS TIGHT AND YANKS THE HANG-MAN SKYWARD!

RAUCOUS LAUGH-TER RESOUNDS THROUGH THE WOODS!

THE BOWSTRING STRUMS LIKE A BANJO AND A FEATHERED SHAFT WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR!

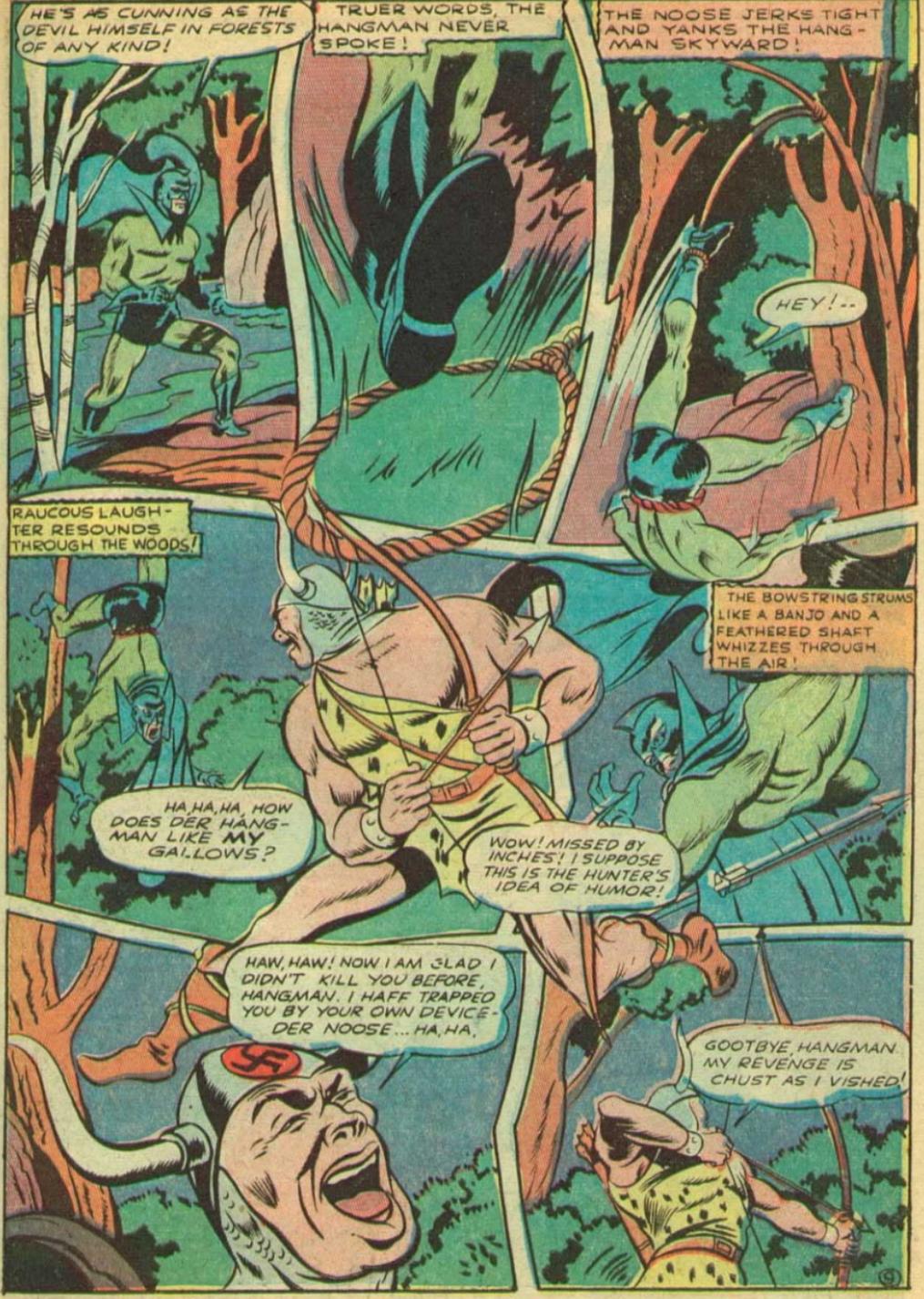
HA HA, HA, HOW DOES DER HANG-MAN LIKE MY GALLOWES?

Wow! MISSED BY INCHES! I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE HUNTER'S IDEA OF HUMOR!

HAW, HAW! NOW I AM GLAD I DIDN'T KILL YOU BEFORE, HANGMAN. I HAFF TRAPPED YOU BY YOUR OWN DEVICE—DER NOOSE... HA, HA,

GOOTBYE, HANGMAN. MY REVENGE IS CHUST AS I WISHED!

HEY!--



BUT SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THE ROPE FROM WHICH THE HANGMAN HANGS PARTS!

VOT ISS?



?

HE MUST HAFF BROUGHT REINFORCEMENTS! CURSE HIM!

BUT BEFORE HE CAN TAKE AIM, ANOTHER BULLET WHISTLES UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE!

IT'S A TRAP!... UND I ALMOST FELL FOR IT!



WHEW.... I NEVER WANT TO BE SO CLOSE TO DEATH AGAIN.

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!



WONDER WHO MY UNKNOWN SAVIOUR IS?



DID I GET IT?

GET WHAT?



THAT BIG BUCK DEER, OF COURSE!

OPEN HUNTING SEASON, EH? HE GOT AWAY... FORTUNATELY FOR ME! THANKS A MILLION!





NOW WHY ON EARTH DID HE THANK ME FOR MISSING A DEER? HE MUST BE NUTS!

I CAN ALMOST HEAR THIS ONE SIZZLING IN THE FRYING PAN!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT

HAH! DERE HE IS!

BUT LANDS A BIGGER FISH!



MR SMITH CASTS FOR TROUT--



HIMMEL! MY HAND!...

THE ENRAGED HUNTER HAULS ON THE LINE..

GOODNESS!

COME HERE, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE ROACH!



WERE IS DOT. MEMORANDUM? SPEAK..OR I'LL WRING YOUR NECK!

YO..YOU MEAN MR HOWARD'S PAPERS? I LEFT 'EM HOME. I WAS GOING TO MAIL ---



YOU LIE.. WHAT! DER.. DER HANGMAN!

YOU'RE THROUGH HUNTER! DROP HIM!



SURE I DROP HIM,  
YOU CAN HAFF HIM!



H-A-L-P!  
I CAN'T  
SWIM!..



HA, HA! YOU VON'T CHASE  
ME NOW, HANGMAN. YOUR  
DECADENT DEMOCRATIC  
SPIRIT VON'T ALLOW A  
MAN TO DROWN!



HE'S RIGHT - I  
CAN'T LET SMITH  
DROWN!



UPWARD AND OUT-  
WARD HURTL'S  
THE HANGMAN,  
ABOVE THE  
RAGING  
STREAM!



THAT TREE! ITS  
THE ONLY CHANCE!



GRAB  
MY  
FEET..  
QUICK!



NOW HANG  
ON TIGHT  
WHILE  
I PULL  
MYSELF  
BACK UP.



THAT  
KILLER!  
HE'S GONE!



BUT NOT FAR,  
SMITTY! COME ON!  
I'LL SHOW YOU!

AS THEY RACE THROUGH THE WOODS THEY STOP AT THE SOUND OF A BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM!

THAT'S THE VOICE OF THE HUNTER!...

WELL, THERE HE IS. HE FELL FOR MY TRAP THIS TIME WITH GRIMMER RESULTS THAN I'D RECKONED!

HE CAUGHT HIS NECK IN A VINE - AND HANGED HIMSELF!



FUNNY, THE HUNTER BEING HIS OWN HANGMAN. WELL, THIS TIME I'M SURE HE'S CLAIMED HIS LAST VICTIM!

NOW JUST WHERE ARE THOSE PAPERS, SMITH?

BUT I TOLD THE TRUTH, I LEFT THEM HOME!

HOME AGAIN... ARE YOU SURE YOU DIDN'T SEE 'EM, MYRA? SMALL SHEETS OF FOOLSCAP.

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE? I WROTE MY RECIPES ON THE BACK OF THEM!

GREAT SCOTT! HITLER AND HIS GANG OF THIEVES TRANSACTED A FORTUNE THROUGH HOWARD!

LATER...



TRANSACTIONS  
\$300,000 FOR BUND  
1,000,000 BRAZIL FOR  
SABATINI  
\$500,000 MARKS TO  
ARGENTINE ATT  
100,000 TO ATTAIN  
\$10,000 FOR SABOT

The Chronicle  
**HITLER'S TRANSACTIONS  
EXPOSED**

By THE MA GORDON

**THE HANGMAN  
TODAY UNCOVERED.....**

**The END**

Special  
Case  
#11

DEATH LOOMS OVER THE MURKY WATERS-WATCHING AS THE SEA COUGHS UP ITS CARGO OF DEAD MEN, FOR THE SEA CAN BE A STRANGE AND HORRIBLE PLACE - AND SAILORS CAST OFF ANCHOR REALIZING THAT EACH CRUISE MAY BE THEIR LAST ONE. THIS IS THE STORY OF A DEATH CRUISE - WHERE A SCHOONER BECAME A FLOATING COFFIN IN MID-OCEAN... FOLLOW THE HANGMAN AS HE FIGHTS A GRIM BATTLE AGAINST EVIL IN "THE CRUISE OF THE SKELETONS"



# THE HANGMAN

THE NIGHT IS DARK AND STORMY AS AN INNOCENT-LOOKING SCHOONER FIGHTS ITS WAY THROUGH THE WAVES...

SUDDENLY A COAST GUARD CUTTER MOVES ALONG-SIDE...

INSIDE THE CUTTER...

SAY, THOSE TWO MEN ON THE SCHOONER ARE MOTIONING TO US! PULL ALONG-SIDE! WE'RE BOARDING HER!

AVE, AVE, SIR!

AS THEY BOARD...

HOLY CATS! WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

IT WAS TROPICAL FEVER DID IT! FEVER WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE CREW... ALL BUT ME AND MY MATE!

FEVER, EH? TOO BAD... BUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MATE? WHAT'S HE MAKING THOSE FUNNY MOTIONS FOR?

THE FEVER GOT 'IM TOO! HE'S DEAF AN' DUMB!

LATER, AS THE COASTGUARDS MEN LEAVE...

GOOD DAY, SIR!

MIND YOU, I'M NOT ENTIRELY SATISFIED WITH YOUR STORY! I DON'T THINK YOU'VE HEARD THE LAST OF THIS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THELMA'S EDITOR SCANS A RIVAL NEWS-PAPER...

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF... SCOOPED! I'LL GET THELMA WORKING ON THIS AT ONCE!

DA  
MYSTERY MAKES SCHOONER PORT: CREW OF SKELETONS CAPTAIN SAYS "LOG BOOK LOST" MARINE BOARD TO INVESTIGATE



AND THE FOLLOWING MORNING  
THELMA AND BOB DICKERING  
ENTER THE MARINE INQUIRY  
COURT...

THIS SHOULD BE  
INTERESTING,  
THEL!



HMM! LOOKS  
LIKE THE  
PROCEEDINGS  
HAVE ALREADY  
STARTED!



WILL CAPTAIN  
MAUP TAKE  
THE STAND?



...I TELL YOU THAT  
TROPICAL FEVER KILLED  
'EM. THE LOG BOOK WAS  
LOST OVERBOARD... BUT  
MY WORDS GOOD  
ENOUGH, AIN'T  
IT?



VERY WELL, MAUP:  
NOW WE'LL HAVE  
YOUR MATE GIVE  
TESTIMONY!

IT AIN'T  
NO USE,  
JUDGE THE  
FEVER GOT  
HIM TOO! WE  
CAN'T TALK  
OR HEAR!



THE JURY DISCUSSES DECISION...

AND  
I THINK...

NO, NO!  
I TELL  
YOU!

BUT,  
GENTLEMEN  
PLEASE.



FINALLY... WE RULE  
THAT THIS  
CASE BE DIS-  
MISSED BECAUSE  
OF LACK OF  
EVIDENCE!



WELL, I GUESS  
THAT'S THAT,  
THELMA!

I GUESS IT IS,  
BOB! BUT THE  
DECISION... WAIT!  
I'M GOING TO  
TALK TO CAPTAIN  
MAUP MYSELF!



OH, CAPTAIN! I'M A  
REPORTER! COULD YOU  
GIVE ME SOME INFORM-  
ATION FOR MY NEWS-  
PAPER?

CAPT. MAUP WHIRLS AND...

GET AWAY FROM ME!  
GET AWAY, BEFORE I...



MEANWHILE, BOB WATCHES THE MATE...

HOLY HORSE!  
LOOK AT HIM JUMP  
WHEN THE HORN  
BLEW!



BUT HE'S  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE DEAF! I'D  
BETTER GET  
TO WORK ON  
THIS!



BOB RETURNS TO THELMA...

NOW YOU BE A GOOD  
GIRL AND RUN ALONG  
HOME - I'VE ...UH...GOT  
AN APPOINT-  
MENT, AN  
IMPORTANT  
AP-  
POINT-  
MENT!

SO LONG,  
THELMA!

SOMEHOW I  
WONDER IF MR.  
BOB DICKERING  
ISN'T TRYING ONE  
OF HIS OLD TRICKS  
ON ME!

LATER...

I'VE  
FOLLOWED  
THEM FOR MORE  
THAN A MILE AL-  
READY! I WONDER  
HOW MUCH FUR-  
THER THEY'RE  
GOING!



FINALLY THE MATE AND  
CAPTAIN MAUP SEPARATE  
AND THE MATE GOES TO  
HIS SHABBY ROOM...

THEN LIKE A HARBINGER OF DOOM,  
A BEAM OF LIGHT CUTS THROUGH  
THE MURKY DARKNESS, AND THE  
SOUL-CHILLING SYMBOL OF THE  
HANGMAN IS VIVIDLY ETCHED  
ACROSS THE MATE'S FACE - THE  
GALLOWS...

YOU CAN DROP YOUR ACT  
NOW. YOU'RE NO MORE  
DEAF AND DUMB THAN I  
AM. THERE'S SOMETHING  
ROTTEN ABOUT THIS  
WHOLE BUSINESS -  
AND YOU'RE GOING TO  
TELL ME!









INSIDE THE SHIP...





SUDDENLY...

GRAB THAT GUY! HE WAS FIGHTING WITH THE CAPTAIN!

WAIT A MINUTE! HOLD IT, FELLOWS, YOU'VE GOT THIS WRONG!



YOU'RE SHIPPING WITH A MURDERER! MAUP'S WANTED BY THE POLICE!



IT'S NO USE, HANGMAN! YOU'RE LICKED! I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP — AND WHAT I SAY GOES! GRAB HIM, MEN!



OKAY, MAUP — IT LOOKS LIKE I'M LICKED...



...DOESN'T IT?

SLAM



BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE BLACKNESS!

GET HIM! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

BANG!  
BANG!



BUT THE HANGMAN IS ALREADY OUTSIDE...

OH OH! MORE GUYS IN MY WAY!



BUT NOT FOR LONG!

**MORE MEN RUSH UP AND THE HANGMAN GOES TO WORK**



CAN'T YOU GUYS TAKE A HINT?

LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO CLEAN UP THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU BEFORE YOU'LL LET ME PASS!



**BUT MORE AND MORE MEN ENTER THE FIGHT AND FINALLY...**

ONE MOVE AND I'LL SMASH YOUR HEAD RIGHT IN!



NOW, MR. HANGMAN - I'M GONNA TEACH YOU TO STICK YOUR NOSE INTO MY BUSINESS!



I'VE GOT YOUR FATE ALL PLANNED FOR YOU, HANGSMAN! HEH HEH! AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FATE IS GOING TO BE?



I'M THE LAW ON THIS SHIP - AND I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU HANGED! HEH, HEH, HEH! I'M GOING TO BE YOUR HANGSMAN! IT'S SO FUNNY... THAT I, CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! STRING HIM UP!



WAIT!

GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HAVE MY SAY! YOU SAILORS THINK YOU'RE GOING ON AN ORDINARY CRUISE, DON'T YOU? WELL, YOU'RE WRONG! DEAD WRONG!



YOU'VE HEARD OF THE ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, HAVEN'T YOU? WELL, THAT'S WHERE THIS SHIP IS HEADED - ASK MAUP!



IS THAT TRUE, CAPTAIN?  
IF THIS SHIP IS HEADED  
FOR THE ISLE OF LOST  
SHIPS — WE'RE  
TURNING BACK  
RIGHT  
NOW!

TURNIN'  
BACK,  
EH?

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET  
FOR QUESTIONING  
MY ORDERS!

YAAARRH

CAPTAIN MAUP TURNS TO  
RACE TOWARD HIS CABIN.

GET HIM!  
GET THE RAT!

THEY'LL  
NEVER  
GET  
ME.

BUT RIGHT IN  
BACK OF HIM.

THAT'S  
THE IDEA!  
CLOSE IN  
ON THE  
KILLER!

SLOWLY THE GURROUNDING MEN  
CLOSE IN... CLOSER... CLOSER.

KEEP CLOSING  
IN! WE'LL FIX  
HIM!

CAPTAIN MAUP LEAPS  
UP THE NEARBY RATLINES.

NO, YOU  
WON'T! YOU'LL  
NEVER  
GET  
ME!

THE HANGMAN RACES IN  
PURSUIT...

I'M COMING  
RIGHT  
AFTER  
YOU, MAUP!

GREAT GUNS!  
IT'S SLIPPERY AS  
THE DEVIL UP  
THERE!





CAPTAIN MAUP FIRES...

GET BACK, HANGMAN, I'LL KILL YOU!



BUT THE BULLET MISSES AND THE HANGMAN KEEPS CLOSING IN...

NOT THAT TIME, MAUP!



I'VE GOT HIM CORNERED, NOW! THERE'S NO WAY FOR HIM TO GET OFF THAT BOOM!



GET BACK! I WARN YOU!

IT'S ALL OVER, MAUP! I COUNTED THE BULLETS AS YOU FIRED 'EM- AND YOUR GUN'S EMPTY!



VERY WELL, THEN - YOU'VE GOT ME! BUT IF I CAN'T HAVE THIS LOG-BOOK...



... THEN YOU CAN'T HAVE IT, EITHER!



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN DIVES AFTER THE LOG-BOOK...

THAT BOOK CONTAINS EVIDENCE! I'VE GOT TO GET IT!



BUT AS CAPTAIN MAUP WATCHES, A SAILOR SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM AND...

GOT YOU, YOU KILLER!

MAUD FALLS INTO THE WATER.



HE'S HALF UNCONSCIOUS FROM THE FALL, HE DOESN'T DESERVE IT - BUT I BETTER GIVE HIM A HAND!



BUT BEFORE THE HANGMAN CAN REACH HIM.

A SHARK!



AAAAAEE!!!



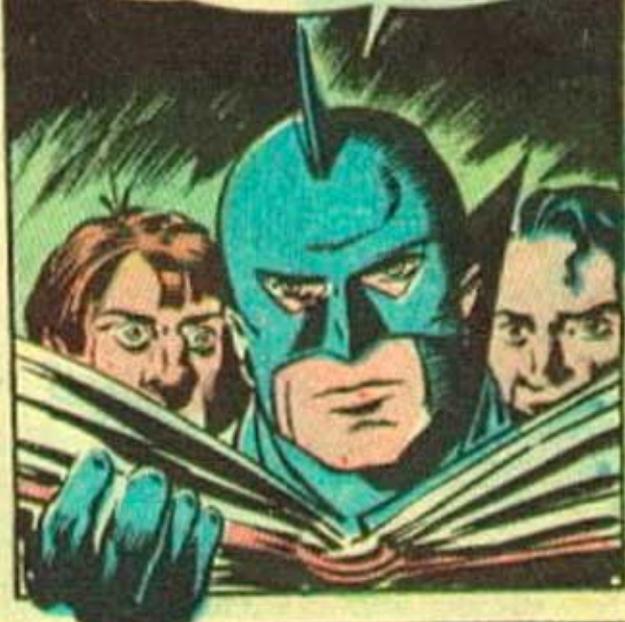
THE HANGMAN IS HELPED INTO THE SHIP...



GRAB HOLD OF THIS ROPE, HANGMAN!

ON THE SHIP THE HANGMAN READS THE LOG BOOK...

THE ENTIRE STORY IS TOLD RIGHT IN THESE PAGES...



ONE DAY THEY CAME TO ME, COMPLAINING...

CAPTAIN, OUR FOOD AND WATER'S RUNNING OUT. AND THE MEN ARE DISCOURAGED! WE GOTTA TURN BACK!



I FIXED THEM! I LASHED THEM UNTIL THE BLOOD RAN, UNTIL THEY BEGGED AND SCREAMED FOR MERCY!!



Every day we were getting closer to the Isle of Lost ships, with its wrecked crafts full of rich cargoes. I knew we'd reach it soon. But my crew was getting restless, uneasy...

"THAT SCARED THEM—MADE THEM KNOW THAT I WAS THE BOSS... NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS, AND DON'T COME WHINING TO ME AGAIN!"



"THEN, THREE DAYS LATER, THEY DID COME WHINING AGAIN, AND THIS TIME I DECIDED TO TEACH THEM A STRONGER LESSON..."



"YOU SWINE! THIS TIME I'LL KILL YOU!"

"BUT THREE OF THEM RUSHED ME, AND I RAN TO MY CABIN..."



"WHERE I GOT MY MACHINE GUN AND RIDDLED THE RATS..."



"DIE! HEH HEH HEH! ALL OF YOU!"

"THEN I TOOK THE REST OF THE WHINING CREW AND LOCKED 'EM UP IN THE DAMP AND SLIMY BRIG..."



"NOW, YOU SWINE! LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE LIVING ON ONE CUP OF WATER AND ONE SLICE OF BREAD A DAY..."



"GREED MADE HIM A MURDERER—AND AS A MURDERER, HE DIED! THAT'S THE ETERNAL FATE OF ALL KILLERS—DEATH! IT'S A PITY THEY FIND OUT TOO LATE... THAT IT DOESN'T PAY!"

*I taught 'em, all right. They died, all of them with their tongues hanging out, and so skinny that their skin clung to their bones. The ones with bullets in 'em I threw overboard. I never found the Isle of Lost Ships. But I'll find it some day. I'll find it some day.*

"THAT'S ALL IT SAYS! BUT MAUP'LL NEVER FIND HIS... ISLE OF LOST SHIPS NOW!"



The End

# THE HANGMAN

AND

THE RETURN OF

# TYRANNOSAURUS REX

THIS IS THE HANGMAN'S STRANGEST CASE....ONCE AGAIN, THE HANGMAN BATTLES A KILLER...BUT THIS TIME THE KILLER IS AS BIG AS A CITY BLOCK AND AS STRONG AS A THOUSAND MEN! THIS KILLER CAN'T BE HARMED...FOR KNIVES AND GUNS AND CANNON CANNOT PIERCE HIS SCALY SKIN! AND THIS KILLER IS A MILLION YEARS OLD! READ THE STORY OF THE HANGMAN VERSUS TYRANNOSAURUS REX, NATURE'S MOST HORRIBLE CREATION!



**EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA**

**EXTRA**

**SCIENTIST FINDS LIVE PREHISTORIC MONSTER....**

RETURNING TO AMERICA TODAY

AT THELMA GORDON'S APARTMENT...

IT'S SO UNBELIEVABLE, BOB... WHY, THE TYRANOSAURUS HAS BEEN EXTINCT FOR A MILLION YEARS OR MORE!

I DON'T KNOW, THELMA... DR. GONIG'S A VERY RELIABLE SCIENTIST!

BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, DR. GONIG'S BOAT IS DOCKING AT TWO O'CLOCK, WE CAN JUST MAKE IT!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, BOB!

AND AT THE DOCK....

MINUTES LATER, DR. GONIG SPEAKS TO THE CROWD....

HEY, BU D— WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY IS EVERYBODY STANDING AROUND?

DON'T YOU READ NEWSPAPERS, MISTER? DR. GONIG'S BRINGING BACK ONE O' THEM PREHISTORIC MONSTERS FROM AFRICA!

I SUPPOSE YOU ALL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HOW I DISCOVERED THE TYRANOSAURUS REX. I CAME UPON HIM SUDDENLY IN A HIDDEN MOUNTAIN PASS IN AFRICA... ONE GREAT REPTILE LEFT OF ALL THOSE WHO ROAMED THIS EARTH IN 1,000,000 B.C.!

... I WAS ABLE TO CAPTURE HIM BECAUSE HE GAUGHT HIS FOOT IN A CREVICE... AND HE'D PROBABLY BEEN THERE FOR DAYS AND WAS WEAK WITH HUNGER. OTHERWISE... WELL, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHEN YOU SEE HIM! YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY HE WAS NAMED TYRANOSAURUS REX: LITERALLY... KING OF THE TERRIBLE LIZARDS.

PLEASE STAND BACK NOW! WAY BACK, PLEASE! THE CRATE CONTAINING MY DISCOVERY IS BEING LOWERED!

SLOWLY THE HUGE CRATE IS LOWERED TO THE GROUND...

GEE, LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT CRATE!

GREAT SCOTT!

POLICEMEN PUSH BACK THE CROWD...

STAND BACK! COME ON!  
COME ON, GET BACK NOW!



AND AT THE EDGE OF THE CROWD...

THAT GRATE IS BIG, ISN'T IT, THEL?

ENORMOUS!  
SOMEHOW IT MAKES ME FRIGHTENED...



SUDDENLY...THE HEAVY SUSPENSION WIRES SNAP..!

LOOK OUT!

S N A P



AND...

THE MONSTER IS LOOSE...!!!



GRAAA AHH



EEEEEE

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN ARE CRUSHED UNDERFOOT AS THE HUGE MONSTER CHARGES FORWARD.....

AND SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE CROWD RUNS THE HANGMAN!

THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO ATTACK THAT MONSTER...! WAIT! I'VE GOT IT!



HELP!

I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN LEAPS INTO A NEARBY DOCK CRANE....

THIS HAD BETTER WORK!



AND SETS THE GREAT MACHINE INTO MOTION....

SURE HOPE MY AIM IS GOOD!



THE MACHINE FINDS ITS MARK....

BUT...

CRRRUNCH



IT... DIDN'T EVEN HURT HIM, HE'S GOING TO CHARGE!



THE MONSTER SMASHES AGAINST THE DOCK CRANE, AND THE HANGMAN SAILS THROUGH THE AIR... RIGHT INTO THE WATER.....

AND WHEN HE EMERGES.

THE TYRANOSAURUS IS GONE!



GREAT CAESAR! LOOK AT THE TEETH ON THIS CRANE SHOVEL...THEY'RE BENT RIGHT IN!



EMERGENCY SQUADS AND AMBULANCES COME TO THE AID OF THE PEOPLE CRUSHED AND MANGLED BY THE MONSTER.....

AND AS DAYS PASS, NEWSPAPER HEADLINES TELL A HORRIBLE STORY.....

STEP IT UP, BILL! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST TO SAVE SOME OF THESE PEOPLE!

I!... KNOW, TOM! OVER A HUNDRED ARE DEAD ALREADY!



EXTRA DAILY  
EXTRA BALTIMORE  
MONSTER IN THE CITY



24/SAN FRANCISCO TRIBUNE-POST  
EXTRA

MONSTER  
KILLS 150

DETROIT 7  
MONSTER IN  
DETROIT  
FABRIQUES WRECKED  
HUNDREDS KILLED



AND ON AND ON AND ON AND ON... THE MONSTER MOVES THROUGH THE UNITED STATES.... KILLING AND SMASHING EVERYWHERE.....

MEANWHILE, THE HANGMAN READS... AND PONDERES....

I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS SOMEHOW... IN SOME WAY... LET ME THINK! LET ME THINK!





FUNNY... HIS GOING TO CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND DETROIT AND SAN FRANCISCO ! I WOULD HAVE EXPECTED HIM TO HEAD FOR SOME SWAMP LAND..... LIKE LOUISIANA, FOR INSTANCE.....

THEN MAYBE... NO, THAT'S FANTASTIC ! BUT THIS WHOLE BUSINESS IS FANTASTIC ! LET'S SEE NOW... HE WAS LAST SEEN IN PHILADELPHIA... NOW IF MY THEORY IS CORRECT....

HE OUGHT TO BE HEADED FOR GAMDEN, NEW JERSEY... WHERE THE WILLEX DEFENSE FACTORY IS LOCATED ! I'M GOING TO BEAT HIM THERE !



LATER AS HENRY SELLY, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WILLEX FACTORY SITS AT HIS DESK....

SELLY TURNS AND....

WH...WHAT DO YOU WANT ?

THERE'S THE MAN I'VE GOT TO SEE !



YOUR PLANT IS IN GREAT DANGER ! THE TYRANNOSAURUS REX IS HEADED THIS WAY !

GOOD LORD ! WE'D BETTER WARN THE WORKERS AT ONCE !



THE HANGMAN ADDRESSES THE WILLEX EMPLOYERS.....

...THE MONSTER'S ALREADY KILLED A THOUSAND PEOPLE AND WRECKED DOZENS OF BUILDINGS AND FACTORIES- I NEED YOUR HELP TO DESTROY HIM. I'M ASKING YOU TO RISK YOUR LIFE! WILL YOU HELP ME?

DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID? A CRACK AT THE MONSTER!

MY KID BROTHER WAS KILLED WHEN THAT BIG LIZARD FIRST ESCAPED!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

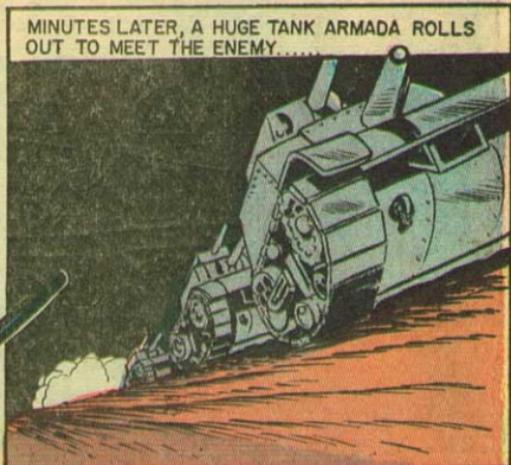
LET'S GET GOING!



THANKS, MEN! WE'LL ATTACK THE MONSTER WITH TANKS....BE READY FOR HIM AS SOON AS HE APPEARS!



MINUTES LATER, A HUGE TANK ARMADA ROLLS OUT TO MEET THE ENEMY.....



....JUST IN TIME, FOR SUDDENLY--AN EARTH-SHATTERING ROAR.....



....AND THE STRANGEST BATTLE OF ANY WAR BEGINS  
.... MONSTER AGAINST MACHINES!



WITH A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR, THE MONSTER RUSHES FORWARD....

A HAIL OF BULLETS MEETS HIM, BUT HE DOESN'T FALTER....



GOOD LORD, THE BULLETS DON'T EVEN HARM THE MONSTER!



DEATH...FOR THE TANK DRIVERS, AS THE TYRANNOSAURUS' MIGHTY TAIL AND CLAWS SMASH AND SPLINTER THE SMALL TANKS!



AND IN ONE OF THE TANKS...



THE HANGMAN LIFTS HIS GUN AND....

HE'S KILLING THE MEN AS FAST AS THEY COME AT HIM! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING PRONTO!

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE HE'S PICKED ME FOR THE NEXT CASUALTY!

MAYBE I'LL CHANGE HIS MIND!



BULLETS SMASH INTO THE MONSTER, BUT HIS GLAWS CONTINUE TO DECEND...

AND AS THEY HIT THE TANK...

THE HANGMAN LANDS ON THE HARD GROUND....

..... MY CUE TO GET OUT OF HERE!

THEN, WHEN HE RISES TO A SITTING POSITION...

WHAT'S THAT STUFF LEAKING OUT OF THE MONSTER'S PAW?

HOLY HANNAH!

IT'S...IT'S OIL! THIS MONSTER'S A PHONY!

IT'S RUNNING AWAY!  
I MUST HAVE SHATTERED AN OIL LINE!

RETREATING, PAL?  
WELL, I DON'T THINK YOU'LL GET VERY FAR!



NOW LET'S SEE IF I CAN MOUNT HIM!



HERE! COME!



...READY...

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THIS EYE'S MADE OF GLASS!



...OR NOT!



THE WHOLE THING'S CRYSTAL CLEAR TO ME NOW! NO WONDER THE MONSTER SHOWED UP IN CITIES LIKE BALTIMORE AND ALL THOSE OTHERS! THEY'RE VITAL DEFENSE CITIES...AND THE MONSTER DESTROYED FACTORIES AND ARSENALS!...I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THIS RIGHT NOW!



THAT'S THE BOY. OPEN YOUR MOUTH... SO I CAN WALK RIGHT IN!



THE HANGMAN ENTERS  
THE MOUTH...

INSIDE THE TYRANNOSURUS...  
DR. GONIG...

TH-THE HANG-  
MAN'S NOOSE!

WELL! LOOK  
WHO'S DOWN THERE!

WHAT? WHO  
SAID THAT?



YES, THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE,  
GONIG... THE SYMBOL OF YOUR  
DOOM. AS A NAZI AND TRAITOR  
TO YOUR COUNTRY... YOU'LL  
DIE!

BUT I THINK I'LL  
GIVE YOU A LITTLE  
WORKING OVER FIRST!



A FOURTH NAZI SNEAKS UP FROM  
BEHIND, AND.....

AND HERE'S A LITTLE  
SOMETHING FOR YOU  
BOYS!

INTERFERING  
FOOL!



MEANWHILE, THE CONTROLS HAVE BEEN NEGLECTED, AND THE FAKE MONSTER RUSHES TOWARD A STEEP PRECIPICE!

INSIDE...

SUDDENLY THE MONSTER LURCHES HALF OVER THE PRECIPICE AND THE NAZIS ARE HURTLING TO ONE CORNER.....



ALL RIGHT, CARL ! PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD!



VOT--VOT'S HAPPENING?

GOOD LORD ! WE'LL BE KILLED!



THE HANGMAN RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS....



QUICK ! RUN TO THE OTHER END ! OUR WEIGHT'LL BALANCE IT !



QUICKLY, THE HANGMAN RUNS TO ONE OF THE MONSTER'S CLAWS AND.....

THEIR WEIGHT'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH ! WE'RE SURE TO CRASH !



THIS'LL SERVE AS AN ARMOR WHEN WE FALL !



THE NAZIS REACH THE OTHER END  
OF THE MECHANICAL MONSTER...



BUT...

WE'RE FALLING!



THE REMAINING WILLEX  
WORKERS STARE....



HOLY CATS!  
THE MONSTER'S  
SPLIT RIGHT  
OPEN!

IT...IT'S  
MADE OF IRON!  
IT'S A PHONY!

COME ON! LET'S  
RUN OVER THERE  
AND EXAMINE IT!



SUDDENLY.....

AND OUT OF THE WRECKAGE EM-  
ERGES... THE HANGMAN!



SO IT WAS A NAZI  
TRICK, EH? WELL,  
THEY'RE ALL DEAD  
NOW!

LOOK! THAT--  
THAT CLAW'S  
MOVING!



THE NAZIS HAVE FAILED AGAIN! BUT  
THIS TIME WE'RE GOING TO SEND  
THEIR WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION RIGHT  
BACK TO THEM... IN THE FORM OF  
BOMBS! THERE'S ENOUGH SCRAP  
METAL HERE TO BLAST BERLIN  
OUT OF THIS  
WORLD!



THE END



# DEATH BY REMOTE CONTROL

## A HANGMAN STORY

THE reporters from the Globe, Sun-Telegram, and Chronicle poised their pencils. The Hangman was about to make a statement to the District Attorney:

"D.A., I've compiled a list of the criminals who are on the loose . . . and the crimes they're responsible for. I've run up against quite a few," said the Hangman smilingly, "but my memo pad contains those I haven't put where they belong! Tomorrow night that list will be in your hands!"

In the labyrinth of the underground, four mobsters nervously puffed at their cigarettes. A crumpled late edition of the Globe lay on the table. At last the Slugger spoke:

"Guess it's all up, boys! I'm movin' outa town—you comin' along?"

"You bet," growled one of the gangsters, the Weasel, as he was known.

"Count me in," added Johnnyboy. Johnnyboy looked so young, but his mind was warped with the desire to kill. Often the Slugger had thought his trigger-finger was too itchy; perhaps he'd get rid of Johnnyboy some day.

"I'm with you Slugger," remarked Lucky Lou. "This town ain't gonna be safe if de Hangman hands in my name."

The Slugger rose to his feet, went to the inner room, closed the door behind him . . . and reached for the telephone.

After what seemed an eternity, Slugger came out, a smile on his face.

"I just been speakin' to the Hangman. I know he hangs out with that Thelma Gordon

dame. Well, it's all fixed . . . every man has his price, and the Hangman's gonna be reasonable. I want you boys to pick him up at Triangle Square at eleven tonight. Hey, Johnnyboy, run out and get me a coke, will ya?" As Johnnyboy ran out, the three remaining mobsters stared knowingly at each other, and bent forward, intent upon their plans.

Later, as a white moon picked out the city with milky light, the two beady eyes of the black sedan blinked as it pulled up at the Square. A muscular hooded figure stood under a street-lamp, arms akimbo . . . The Hangman!

Three masked men stepped out of the car. A hasty conversation ensued, and the men allowed themselves to be frisked.

"I hope you don't mind," said the Hangman, "but I want to make sure you lads aren't double-crossing me!"

Satisfied, the Hangman climbed in, followed by the others. The rear door slammed shut, and the black sedan slipped into the night.

Minutes ticked by . . . they were nearing the edge of town. Soon the coast-line darted into view. A hundred yards away stood a deserted light-house on a fringe of rock. The Hangman was aware of the roaring of the surf, hundreds of feet below. The car pulled up.

"Here's de hideout—everybody out!"

"You go wid de Hangman, Johnnyboy," spoke a harsh voice. "We just wanna turn de car round, and we'll be right witcha!"

"Sure, Lucky," replied

Johnnyboy. He also wore a mask, but his slight youthful frame was unmistakable.

Suddenly shots pierced the night, blackness enveloped Johnnyboy as he sank to the ground. Grazed, the Hangman whipped about to charge his attackers, when—two more shots flashed towards him. He doubled up on the moist earth.

Lucky Lou and Weasel ran up to where the two bodies lay stretched out! "Too bad we hadda knock off Johnnyboy," remarked the Weasel soberly. "He was a good kid—mebbe he had an itchy trigger-finger, but he was a good kid!"

"Orders is orders," said Lucky Lou laconically. "Slugger says bring 'em out to dis lonely spot, an' bump 'em off together—so's Hangman won't get suspicious—an' we did jus' that! Boy whatta day this'll be for all my pals in town—think of it, Weasel; the Hangman's dead."

"Come on, let's not nang around de Hangman, Lucky! Grab dat memo book Slugger wants, an' let's scam."

The deft fingers of Lucky Lou, ex-pickpocket, and now lock-picker extraordinary, frisked the Hangman's recumbent form.

"I get it!"  
"Okay, dump 'em inna sea—both of 'em!"

"We gotcher memo book, Slugger!" cried Weasel, as the pair returned from their mission of murder. "An' de Hangman never got wise we hadda rod hid inna steering-wheel!"

"Hand it over, Weasel," answered Slugger. "What did you do with the bodies?"

"We threw 'em both inna sea, like you told us!"

"S.A-Y! You lousy mugs—this ain't the memo book I want! This is some screwy address-book! Weasel! Get that stupid carcass of yours over to the Hangman's house and search it thoroughly! I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT BOOK!"

It seemed so easy to gain access to the house. But Weasel had been there three hours, and not a sign of the memo book. If he returned without it, he knew Slugger would deal him out of the game. As it was, Johnnyboy was gone . . . and now—

Suddenly the door swung wide. The Weasel turned, and what met his eyes froze his senses like the grip of an icy hand! For there, dripping with water, and with seaweed hanging from his arms and neck, was the Hangman!

"I've come back from the dead, Weasel!" Chilling words dropped mercilessly upon the terrified Weasel. Slowly the Weasel retreated; there was another door at the far end of the room—he'd escape that way. But as he neared it, the grim harbinger of doom, *the gallows*, flashed across the door. Quaking with fear, the Weasel held his ground.

"Do you know what dying feels like, Weasel?" asked the form of the Hangman. "Hot bullets scorching, your brains numb, and then the long downward fall into the cold, cold water—choking, gasping for life, and finally, life ebbs, and you are a dead, numbed, skin-blue husk, churning along with the tide—lifeless!"

Weasel's blood pounded at his temples, his eyes became glazed orbs, his entire body

shook. "I didn't killya, honest, Hangman, honest I didn't! It was Lucky Lou who done it, honest! N-no, don' come any closer, DON'T! I was only obeyin' orders from the Slugger! He wants dat memo book o' yours!" The form of the Hangman advanced, and a hand covered with slime and seaweed extended towards the quaking Weasel. Weasel shrieked, and blindly thrashed his way to the street.

"Get rid of Weasel fast!" muttered Slugger to Lucky Lou after he'd listened to the tale. "Hangman coming back from the dead! This job's just gone to Weasel's head—we can't use him any more." A swift blow on the skull, and Weasel's inert body was strapped onto a chair, his feet placed in a wooden wash-bowl. Cement poured in, and when it had hardened, two shapes carried the unconscious form to the river, and the last the night heard of Weasel was a large splash . . . Weasel was through!

"Where to now, Slugger?" asked Lucky Lou as the pair raced along in their sedan. "State Cemetery, Lucky! I went down to the morgue this morning, and was told a man with the build of the Hangman had been found off shore. Someone claimed the body, and it was buried this afternoon! The Hangman *must* have had that memo book on him! I got to get it!"

The crunch of two spades into the newly filled in earth echoed against the side of a white mausoleum nearby. "This ain't my idea of a pleasant evening," muttered Lucky Lou. "Boy, this place gives me the jitters!"

"DOES IT, LUCKY?" The

metallic coldness of the voice of doom rang out in the darkness. Both thugs stopped their work, holding their breath. An eerie green glow fastened itself to their faces—*the gallows!*

"H-Hangman!" choked the Slugger! "I th-thought you were d-dead!"

"I had on a nice brand of bullet-proof vest, Slugger! And the man who was found in the sea and supposedly buried here—well, the guard at the morgue was an FBI man. I've been on your trail for months!"

"You won't get me!" With the desperation of the doomed, Slugger lunged at the Hangman, his spade swung high. As it crashed down, the Hangman side-stepped neatly . . . and the weapon of iron and wood crunched into Lucky Lou's head. Slugger had killed Lucky Lou!

The Slugger gasped, his hand clenched over his heart: "G-got to g-get that note-book . . . GOT TO!" In an instant Slugger keeled over.

Suddenly the awesome scene was broken by the arrival of the FBI. Slugger opened his eyes, and murmured: "Th-the note-book, where is it?"

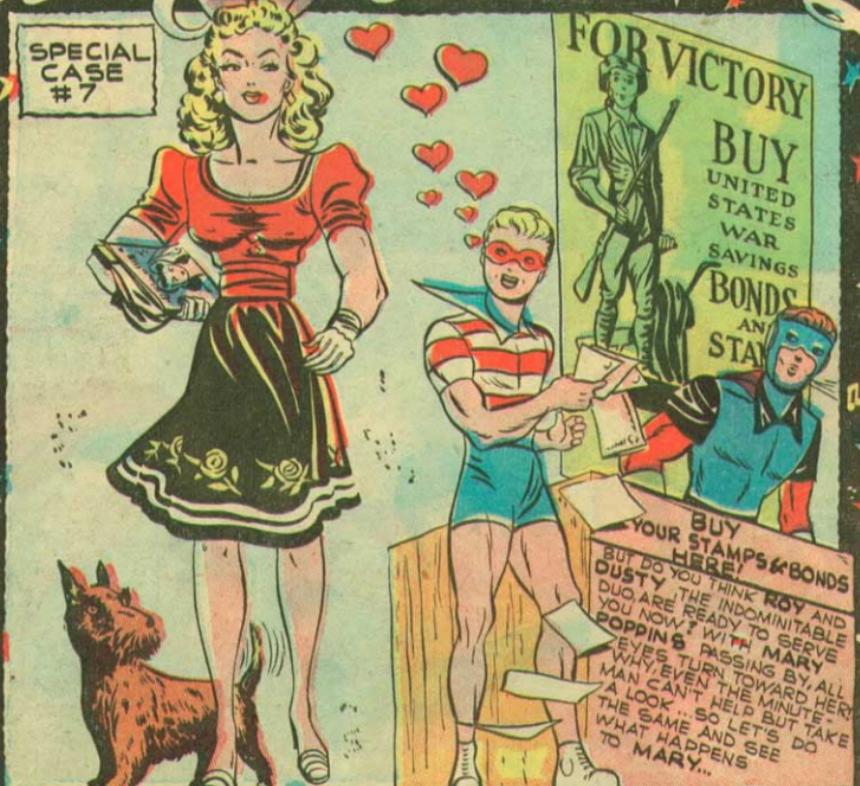
"*There never was any, Slugger!*" replied the Hangman. "But I knew you would come out of hiding if you thought there was one! Fear—fear that your past was catching up to you brought about the deaths of Weasel, Johnnyboy, Lucky Lou, and finally . . . you, Slugger! The noose of the gallows will fit right over your head!"

"N-no, n-not the gallows," whispered Slugger. All at once he gave a little scream, and fell over—*dead.*

ROY and DUSTY

# The Boy Buddies

SPECIAL CASE #7



FOR VICTORY  
 BUY  
 UNITED STATES  
 WAR SAVINGS  
 BONDS AND  
 STAMPS

BUY YOUR STAMPS & BONDS  
 HERE!  
 BUT DO YOU THINK ROY AND DUSTY THE INDOMITABLE DUO ARE READY TO SERVE YOU NOW? WITH MARY POPPING PASSING BY, WHY TURN TOWARD HER? ALL MAN CAN'T HELP BUT TAKE A LOOK... SO LET'S DO THE SAME AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO MARY...



HELP! POLICE!  
 HE STOLE MY HANDBAG!



COME ON, ROY,  
 LET'S CATCH THIS PURSE-SNATCHER!

RIGHTO, DUSTY!



RUN THAT WAY, ROY! I'LL GET HIM FROM BEHIND!

PURSUED BY THE BOY BUDDIES, THE THIEF MAKES A DASH ACROSS THE STREET.



I CAN'T SHAKE OFF THESE BRATS!



TRYING TO GET AWAY WITH A LADY'S HANDBAG, EH? WELL YOU PICKED THE WRONG TIME AND THE WRONG POCKET!



I GOT THE BAG, ROY!

HERE HE IS, OFFICER! WE CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED!



HMM... SOME PERFUME! MUST BE SOME DAME THIS BAG BELONGS TO!



BOYS, DID YOU TAKE MY BAG FROM THAT NASTY PURSE-SNATCHER!

YEAH, LADY, HERE IT IS!



OOOH, YOU WONDERFUL BOYS! I WANT TO THANK YOU SOOO MUCH... HMMM... SMACK! SMACK!

AW, SHUCKS LADY, IT WAS NOTHIN'!



EMBARRASSED BY THAT SUDDEN FEMINE EMBRACE ROY AND DUSTY TRY TO BEAT A HASTY RETREAT!

PLEASE, BOYS, DON'T GO AWAY YET! I JUST WANT TO SHOW YOU MY APPRECIATION!

PUFF PUFF  
WE FINALLY GOT  
RID OF HER ROY!  
MAYBE SHE  
WOULDN'T BE  
SO BAD WITH-  
OUT GLASSES!

WELL,  
HERE WE  
ARE BACK  
AGAIN AT  
OUR STAND  
AND STILL  
SHORT OF  
OUR WEEKLY  
QUOTA OF  
SELLING  
WAR BONDS!

YEAH,  
WE BETTER  
MAKE A REAL  
BIG SALE...  
AND VERY  
SOON, TOO!

YOU  
KNOW  
WHAT?  
LET'S GO  
TO OLD MAN  
POPPINS'  
HIS OFFICE  
IS RIGHT  
THERE!

HMM...NOT A BAD  
IDEA...ONLY I UN-  
DERSTAND IT'S  
HARDER TO SEE  
THAT MAGNATE  
THAN THE PRES-  
IDENT! BUT I'M  
GAME!



MEANWHILE AT  
J.P. POPPINS'  
OFFICE...

PROBABLY  
NOTHING BUT CHARITIES  
AND THINGS LIKE THAT.  
EVERY TIME SOMEBODY  
WANTS TO SEE ME HE  
ALSO WANTS SOMETHING  
FOR NOTHING! TELL  
THEM I'M IN  
CONFERENCE!

VERY WELL,  
MR. POPPINS!

NOW WHAT  
WAS I SAYING,  
GENTLEMEN?

MR. POPPINS, TWO  
BOYS ARE HERE  
TO SEE YOU ABOUT  
BUYING SOMETHING  
OR OTHER!

WHA...WHAT'S  
THAT? HARUMPH!



SORRY, BOYS,  
YOU CAN'T SEE  
MR. POPPINS  
TODAY! MAYBE  
SOME OTHER  
DAY!

WHAT?  
WHY?

AW, SHUCKS!

BUT, MISS,  
WE MUST  
SEE HIM! IT'S  
VERY IMPORTANT  
TO US...MR.  
POPPINS IS  
VERY INFLU-  
ENTIAL AND  
WE FEEL...

OH, OH!  
DUCK, DUSTY!  
HERE COMES  
TROUBLE  
AGAIN!

OH, HALLOO,  
BOYS, WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING HERE?

LOOK, MISS, WILL  
YOU STOP FOLLOWING  
US AROUND? YOU  
THANKED US ONCE...  
THAT'S ENOUGH!

TOO MUCH-  
I'D  
SAY!



WELL, LOOK AT THAT! SHE'S GOT SOME NERVE, DUSTY, GOING STRAIGHT INTO THE PRIVATE OFFICE...

WHY CAN SHE GO IN UNANNOUNCED AND WE CAN'T EVEN SEE MR. POPPINS?

BECAUSE, MY DEAR BOY, SHE'S ONLY HIS DAUGHTER MARY!

LATER...

HELLO! YOU BOYS STILL WAITING? NOT FOR ME THAT'S SURE!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE DEAD WRONG; YOU'RE JUST THE ONE WE'RE WAITING FOR!

SURE, WE WANT YOU TO HELP US SELL YOUR DAD WAR BONDS!

OH, WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA! I'LL HELP YOU ALL RIGHT; IN FACT I'LL DO MORE THAN THAT. NOW HERE'S A WAY FOR US TO SELL WAR BONDS... NOT ONLY TO DAD, BUT ALSO TO OUR FAMILY AND FRIENDS!

AND SO, DAYS OF FEVERISH ACTIVITY ENDED, WITH THE BOY BUDDIES BUSY IN THE BARN OF THE POPPINS' ESTATE, AND MARY SENDING OUT INVITATIONS. THEN, ONE DAY...

CHARITY CIRCUS  
MARY, DUSTY & ROY, PROD.  
20¢ seasonally nu acts!!!

STEP THIS WAY, FOLKS!  
NO ADMISSION CHARGED!

HOW QUIANT, AGATHA! I WONDER WHAT POPPINS HAS UP HIS SLEEVE?

I DON'T KNOW, MAXWELL! I HAD TO CANCEL MY APPOINTMENT WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS TO ATTEND!

MY WORD: IS THIS THE "GALA" ENTERTAINMENT POPPINS SPOKE OF IN HIS INVITATION?

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR FIRST NUMBER WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE ONE AND ONLY...

SMARTO  
THE  
ADDING HORSE

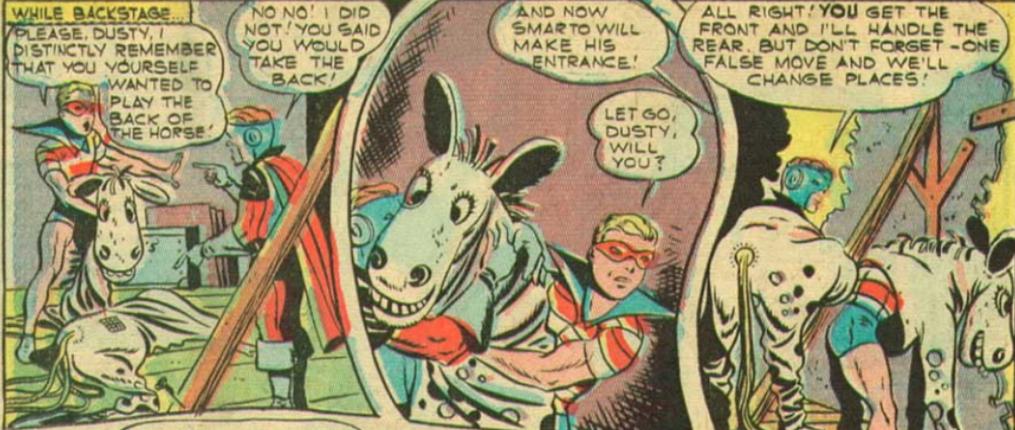
WHILE BACKSTAGE... PLEASE, DUSTY, I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER THAT YOU YOURSELF WANTED TO PLAY THE BACK OF THE HORSE!

NO NO! I DID NOT! YOU SAID YOU WOULD TAKE THE BACK!

AND NOW SMARTO WILL MAKE HIS ENTRANCE!

ALL RIGHT! YOU GET THE FRONT AND I'LL HANDLE THE REAR, BUT DON'T FORGET - ONE FALSE MOVE AND WE'LL CHANGE PLACES!

LET GO, DUSTY, WILL YOU?

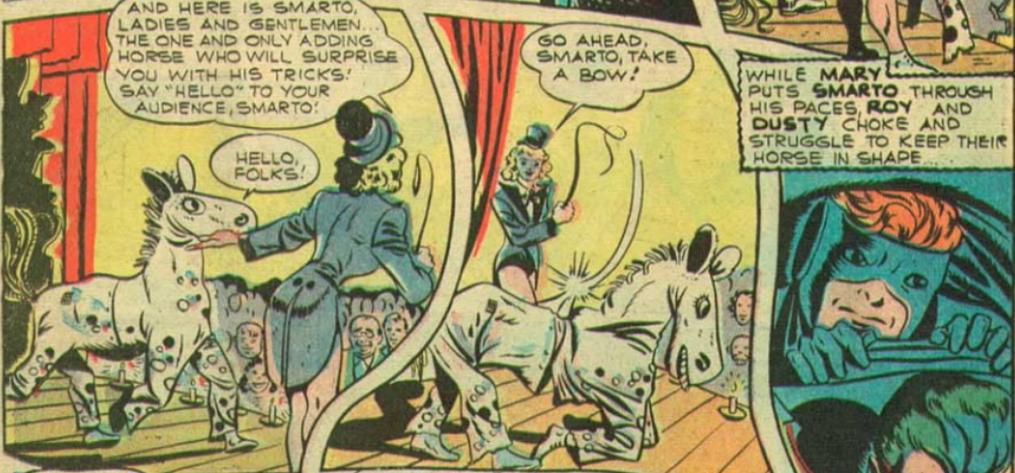


AND HERE IS SMARTO, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... THE ONE AND ONLY ADDING HORSE WHO WILL SURPRISE YOU WITH HIS TRICKS! SAY "HELLO" TO YOUR AUDIENCE, SMARTO!

GO AHEAD, SMARTO, TAKE A BOW!

HELLO, FOLKS!

WHILE MARY PUTS SMARTO THROUGH HIS PACES, ROY AND DUSTY CHOKE AND STRUGGLE TO KEEP THEIR HORSE IN SHAPE...



WATCH OUT, ROY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ALL RIGHT, WISE GUY, TAKE THAT!

OH MY! WHAT ARE YOU BOYS DOING? NOW LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR HORSE!

Ooooooohhhhh



@\*\* #?? @ \*o

WHEN THEY FINALLY STRUGGLE TO THEIR FEET, THE HORSE IS ALL TWISTED...

LET GO, YOU HORSES' TAIL, WILL YA?

I CAN'T! STOP, ROY, YOU'LL TEAR THE HORSE APART!

AND AMIDST ROARING LAUGHTER, ROY AND DUSTY END THEIR TUG-O-WAR BY TAKING A SPILL!

MINUTES LATER, ROY AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES ANNOUNCES... LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER WE GIVE YOU THE 8TH WONDER OF THE WORLD!



ATOP THE STAGE, ON A PLATFORM, DUSTY WAITS FOR THE SIGNAL TO MAKE THE DOG WITH A FISH MASK OVER HIS HEAD JUMP.

"MUGGSO" WILL DIVE FROM A HEIGHT OF MORE THAN 20 FEET INTO A SMALL TUB OF WATER... HE NEVER MISSES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



GEE, I HOPE WE MAKE A BETTER SHOWING THIS TIME OR WE'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE TOWN!

BUT LOOK — IN HIS PREOCCUPATION, DUSTY SWISHES HIS POLE AROUND, RIGHT INTO A HORNET'S NEST...

AND YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NOW... WELL, TURN THE PAGE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF...







LISTEN, EVERYBODY, DON'T LEAVE YET! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS HERE! THAT'S WHY WE GAVE YOU THIS SHOW!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS HERE!!!

BUT, MARY, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME!

WE WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS, DADDY!

LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT, FOLKS! PUT YOUR MONEY IN HERE ... THANK YOU AND THANK YOU!

MARY AND THE BOY BUDDIES DO A WHOLE OF A BUSINESS, SELLING ALMOST ALL THE SUPPLY OF STAMPS AND BONDS...

LET ME HAVE TEN OF THESE!

TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO, BOYS! JUST BECAUSE I HAD SUCH A SWELL TIME, I'LL BUY ALL YOU HAVE LEFT!

SEEING MRS. RICHITCH DOING A SOMERSAULT WAS WORTH MORE THAN THAT!



WELL, FOLKS, WE HOPE YOU, TOO, LIKED OUR LITTLE SHOW! WE SURE DID OUR BEST!

AND FOR A GOOD CAUSE, TOO!

YES, MARY, YOU SAID IT! HOW'S ABOUT IT, GANGS! BUY BONDS TO BEAT THE BUND AND STAMPS TO LICK THE AXIS! LET'S GIVE AS MUCH AS WE CAN BECAUSE WE WILL, WE MUST BEAT THE AXIS!

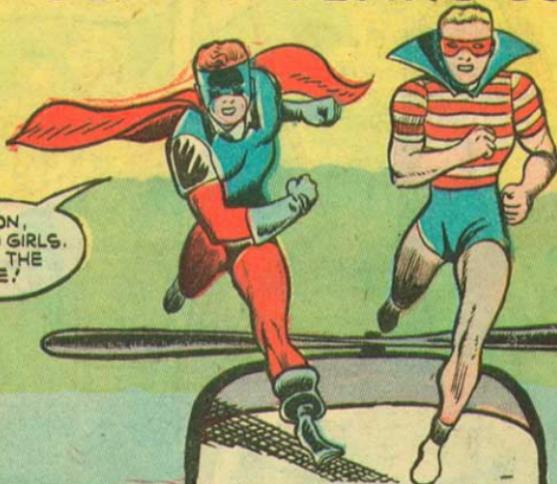
DO YOUR SHARE TODAY! BUY RIGHT NOW UNTIL IT HURTS!

WOOF WOOF MEANING IT CAN'T HURT YOU AS MUCH AS IT DOES HITLER!!



the END

# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS



COME ON,  
BOYS AND GIRLS.  
GET INTO THE  
PLANE!

YES, BOYS  
AND GIRLS. IF  
YOU HAVEN'T JOINED  
THE JUNIOR  
FLYING CORPS  
YET, YOU'RE MISSING  
A SWELL OPPOR-  
TUNITY! HERE'S YOUR  
CHANCE TO JOIN  
AN ACTIVE  
CLUB-- A CLUB  
FOR AMERICANS!

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

RAY SANCHEZ 915 N.22 ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.  
ART SCHILLER 2924 PULASKI, CHICAGO, ILL.  
BILL SMITH 320 S. 44 ST. PHILA., PA.  
W. SOELLNER 281 NORTHWOOD, RIVERSIDE, ILL.  
LEORA SQUIRES, BOX 554, FORSYTH, MONT.  
D. THOMPSON, 1744 S. 9TH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH  
D. THOMPSON, 65 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.  
J. THOMPSON, 55 RICHARD, PASSAIC, N.J.  
JOHN TORBET, SUMMITVILLE, COLORADO  
PERCY VALLEY, RT. 1, BOX 36, BARTON, VT.  
D. VOGEL 1234 JEFFERSON AV.,  
HUNTINGTON, W. VIRGINIA  
HERB WAVE 770 PINE, CAMDEN, N.J.  
JOAN WHITE 17, N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE

MELVIN ADLER 906 E 173 ST. N.Y. CITY  
JADONIA ANTEPI, PLEASANTVILLE  
COLLEGE SCHOOL, PLEASANTVILLE, NY  
WM. ARNETT, BOX 463, RT. 1, OSWEGO, ORE.  
MILTON BECK, 39 W. MAIN ST., ADAMSTOWN, PA.  
JIM BENEDON, 1379 TELLER AV. BRONX, N.Y.  
HERB BLITZ, 2635 S. SHERIDAN, PHILA., PA.  
SELMA BRILL, 11 N. CHESTER, BALTIMORE, MD.  
BRUCE BROWN, 2200 AV. A, BEUMONT, TEXAS  
GUS CAITO JR. 1517 N. 14 ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.  
FRANK DEFEU, 418 VALLEY BROOK, LYNHURST, N.J.  
ALAN COHAN, 683 LENOX RD. BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
WM. EGAN, 176 MORELAND, MIDLAND BEACH, FLA.  
A. DONLAN, 111 BRADLEY ST. N. HAVEN, CONN.  
BOB GROSS, 283 STEPHANS, BELLEVILLE, N.J.  
AL FALKOWSKI, 3 BECKETT AV. SALEM, MASS.  
AL FIORANTE 28-08 23 AV. LONG IS. CITY, NY.  
CECELIA HENRY 364 FISK, PHILA., PA.  
JACK JOHNSON R. 1, UNDERWOOD, IOWA  
MILTON KADIS 98 QUITMAN ST., NEWARK, N.J.  
TOM KEATING, 4 DIVISION ST., DANBURY, CONN.  
JOHN LEED 43 W. MAIN ST. ADAMSTOWN, PA.  
LOUISE Lenco 1626 GREEN, PHILA., PA.  
JAMES LUCIA 645 STATE, CAMDEN, N.J.  
M. MARTIN 2109 S. 24 ST., LINCOLN, NEB.  
SAMUEL MASSEY 1661 PITKIN AVE. B'KLYN, NY.  
ROL MACKAY 535 HICKORY, ALBILBNE, TEXAS  
JOHN MYERS WINONA, TEXAS  
A PEACEMAN 201 S. MAIN, LIBERTY, N.Y.  
A. PEDRICK 1005 1ST AV. NORTHFIELD, N.J.  
BOB REFELD 372 KELTON, COLUMBUS, O.  
JACK REFELD 372 KELTON, COLUMBUS, O.  
EV ROBINSON 1032 5TH AV. MOLINE, ILL.  
GERALD ROYCE, PERKINSVILLE, VT.  
RONALD ROYCE, PERKINSVILLE, VT.  
JOHAN RUSHING BOX 111, HAWLEY, TEX.  
DON RUSSELL, 31 SCHUYLER, ORANGE, N.J.  
NORM SALT 367 18TH AV. PATERSON, N.J.

MARY ANN CAVALLA 5000 HUDSON  
BLVD. W. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
D. CLARK 348 E. JEFF. AV. STOCTON, CAL.  
E. CONAWAY 583 W. COLLEGE, YORK, PA.  
E. EMERSON BOY 22 N. LIMERICK, ME.  
L. EVANS 2133 MAURY ST. LOUIS, MO.  
A. GINDLER, 1102 N. 61ST AUSTIN, MINN.  
J. HALPEN 2410 TUXEDO, DETROIT, MICH.  
J. KOVEG, 1082 SOUTHERN, BRONX, N.Y.  
E. LADAN 1607 ST. JOHN'S, B'KLYN, N.Y.  
E. RILEY 4006 JACKSON, KAN. CITY, MO.  
H. SPERL 1827 LIGHT, BALTIMORE, MD.  
RYASSER 112 FRONT, BEAVER DAM, WIS.

HERE'S HOW YOU JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE  
ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR  
FLYING CORPS**, ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY.  
THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME  
ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST.

COME ON, GANG! KEEP THIS CLUB **GROWING!**

# ROY AND DUSTY THE BOY BUDDIES

Special  
Case  
# 7

WERE YOU EVER STOPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER WHO SNAPPED YOUR PICTURE AS YOU WALKED DOWN THE STREET TOWARD HIM? WELL, IF THIS OCCURRED AND YOU TOOK THE CAMERAMAN UP ON HIS OFFER TO SELL YOU THE PHOTO HE'D JUST TAKEN, ALL THAT PROBABLY HAPPENED WAS THAT YOU GOT A PRETTY BAD PHOTO BUT THAT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT ROY OR DUSTY. EXCITEMENT SEEMS TO FOLLOW THEM AROUND. READ ON AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY'RE STOPPED BY A SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER.

AS THE BOY BUDDIES WALK TOWARD THE TREASURY BUILDING TO HAND IN FUNDS THEY COLLECTED IN THE SALE OF DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS...

HEY, DUSTY, LOOK!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! THAT GUY'S TAKING OUR PICTURE!



HERE Y'ARE, KIDS! SEND TWO BITS TO THE ADDRESS ON THIS CARD AND YOU'LL RECEIVE THE SWELL PICTURE I TOOK OF YOU IN THOSE MASQUERADE COSTUMES... OH, OH, GRAB THIS CARD, WILL YA, KIDS? THERE'S MORE BUSINESS!

SUDDENLY... HEY, DOWN THERE! STOP THAT MAN! HE'S A NAZI SPY!

NOW LOOK PRETTY, MISTER! I'M TAKING YOUR PICTURE!

GET AWAY FROM ME! I DON'T WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN! GET AWAY!



THE NAZI RIPS A KNIFE FROM HIS POCKET OUT OF MY VAY. BRAT! I'LL FIX YOU!

HEAR THAT ROY? WATCH ME STOP THE GUY!

GO TO IT, DUSTY! I'LL HANDLE THE FELLOW THROUGH!



ROY LEAPS FORWARD...



PULL THE EMERGENCY CORD, MISTER! THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

SOMEBODY MIGHT GET OFFENDED AND PUT YOU RIGHT WHERE YOU BELONG!

DON'T YOU KNOW IT ISN'T GOOD MANNERS TO PULL KNIVES ON PEOPLE?



THE BOY BUDDIES SEIZE SOME TIRES,  
AND GO QUICKLY TO WORK...

I ALWAYS  
DID SAY  
TIRE-ROLLING  
IS FUN!

WELL, HERE'S  
ONE MORE SABOTEUR  
WHO DIDN'T SUCCEED  
IN HIS ROTTEN  
CAREER. THE  
PLANS ARE  
RIGHT IN HIS  
POCKET!

FUNNY - HIS TRYING TO STEAL THOSE  
PLANS? HE MUST HAVE KNOWN HE  
DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE OF GET-  
TING AWAY WITH THEM!... WELL,  
THANKS, BOYS, FOR STOPPING HIM!  
THE PLANS ARE PLENTY IMPORTANT  
TO OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM!

ALL RIGHT,  
BUD - MOVE!  
AND DON'T  
TRY ANYTHING!

I'LL GO QUIETLY.  
HEH, HEH, HEH! I'LL  
BE GLAD TO GO  
ALONG WITH YOU...  
NOW!

DARNED IF I KNOW... HOLY  
CATS! I GET IT! NO WONDER  
THAT PHOTOGRAPHER  
BEAT IT AWAY IN SUCH A  
HURRY! NOW WHERE'S  
THAT CARD HE GAVE US?

MINUTES LATER...

SOON AFTERWARDS...

WELL,  
THIS IS IT,  
DUSTY!

YEAH! BUT WE'D  
BETTER NOT GO  
IN WEARING OUR  
UNIFORMS. LET'S  
VISIT THAT PAWN  
SHOP ACROSS THE  
STREET!

SURE,  
BOYS! I  
FIX YOU  
UP FINE!

JUST OUR LUCK!  
VISITORS AT A TIME  
LIKE THIS! I TOLD  
YOU TO LOCK  
DER SHOP!

DON'T WORRY,  
KULLMAN! I'LL  
GET RID OF  
DEM!

UNITED  
CAMERA  
CORP.

TIWAS

OUT! WE ARE CLOSED FOR DER DAY! COME BACK TOMORROW!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE! THESE CAPS AND GOWNS WERE HIRED FOR OUR GRADUATION TODAY, AND WE HAVE TO RETURN 'EM SOON!

AND FURTHERMORE, THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT. WE WANT OUR PICTURES TAKEN NOW - AND YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE 'EM NOW! YOU HEAR? I DEMAND THAT YOU TAKE OUR PICTURES RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

VE'D BETTER TAKE THE PICTURES, KULLMAN! DER BRAT'S MAKING SO MUCH NOISE SO MUCH NOISE DOT DER POLICE.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! TAKE DER PICTURES - BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!



I'LL POSE FIRST... AND BE CAREFUL WITH MY PICTURE! WATCH THE HIGHLIGHTS AND THE SHADOWS... AND THE UM - HIGHLIGHTS!

ATTABOY, ROY! YOU KEEP 'EM BUSY WHILE I CRUISE AROUND!

QUICKLY DUSTY MOVES INTO A DARK CORNER, REMOVES THE CAP AND GOWN, AND HUNTS UNTIL... HMM - STAIRS! LET'S SEE WHERE THEY LEAD TO...

.. DARKROOM, EH? THAT'S JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



NOW TO HAVE A LOOK IN THERE! I SURE HOPE THIS DOOR DOESN'T SQUEAK!

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE - THE SIDEWALK PHOTOGRAPHER HIMSELF! LET'S SEE IF I CAN HEAR WHAT HE AND THAT OTHER GUY ARE SAYING!



NO, NO - YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WRONG. TURN MY FACE TO THE LEFT - NO, NO, NOT QUITE THAT MUCH - WAIT - MORE TO THE RIGHT AGAIN!

AND DOWNSTAIRS...  
GOOT! DER PHOTOGRAPHS OF DER PLANS ARE PERFECT. UND DER STUPID F.B.I. MEN VILL NEFER GUESS DOT OUR MAN DELIBERATE LY SACRIFICED HIMSELF SO THAT YE COULD GET THESE!

SEE? I TOLD YOU IT WAS A GOOD IDEA!

IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT! WHY, THE DIRTY SAB-OTEURS... THAT GUY NEAR THE TREAGURY WASN'T HIDING HIS FACE... HE WAS HOLDING UP THOSE RANS SO THAT THE PHOTOGRAPHER COULD TAKE A PICTURE OF THEM THAT CAMERA-MAN ONLY TOOK A PICTURE OF ROY AND ME TO AVERT SUSPICION!

MEANWHILE, UPSTAIRS...

I'M GONNA GET ROY AND WE'LL MOP UP THE WHOLE DIRTY BUNCH OF 'EM!... HEY! WHAT'S THAT?

THAT OIL CAN'LL PROBABLY BRING 'EM RUNNING; I'D BETTER GET ON THIS CRATE!..





YES SIR! I ALWAYS SAY THE BEST DEFENSE IS AN OFFENSE!

AND BACK UPSTAIRS! ACH - YOU ARE DRIVING US CRAAAAAZY!

BUT I ONLY WANT TO MAKE SURE THAT YOU GET MY PICTURE RIGHT!



VOT'S DOTNOISE?

IT CAME FROM DER CELLAR..

YE'D BETTER GO DOWN UND FIND OUT VOT'S WRONG!

YAH!

BUT BEFORE THE NAZI CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, DUSTY WHIRLS AND...



SO DOT'S IT!

FIX HIM QUICK!

I GOT HIM!

...UND NOW TO FINISH HIM OFF!

WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING?



SUDDENLY...



ALL RIGHT!  
DROP THOSE GUNS!  
THIS IS THE  
POLICE!

YAH!  
YAH! VE  
DROP  
OUR GUNS!

YAH!  
DON'T  
SHOOT!

VOT...?

I'LL  
TAKE THAT  
GUN!

GET THE MITTS UP...HIGH!  
ALL RIGHT, ROY, YOU CAN  
TURN THE LIGHTS ON  
NOW!

BOY  
OBOY! AM I  
GRATEFUL TO  
THE INVENTOR  
OF FLASHLIGHT  
BULBS!



DAILY  
SPIES CA  
BY BOY B



Story: La Gr  
Dance the pres  
Daily Spies  
through the an  
shortly. With  
100-mile case  
found in the  
hours, at only  
one...

BOYS AND GIRLS,  
YOU'VE JUST SEEN  
HOW ROY AND I  
CLEANED OUT A  
NEST OF NAZI  
SABOTEURS.  
NOW HERE'S  
YOUR CHANCE  
TO GET INTO  
THE FIGHT!

25  
~~WAR DEFENSE~~  
BOND

YES, BOYS  
AND GIRLS!  
HERE'S YOUR  
CHANCE TO  
HELP SMASH  
THE JAPS  
AND NAZIS  
BY BUYING  
WAR STAMPS  
AND BONDS.  
TAKE EVERY  
SPARE CENT  
YOU'VE GOT  
AND BUY  
YOURSELF  
A SHARE  
IN AMERICA!



# The BOY BUDDIES

ROY and DUSTY



DON'T LET THIS STORY HAPPEN!

WE'RE LOSING THE WAR. THE GERMANS ARE SHOOTING DOWN OUR PLANES... SINKING OUR SHIPS... KILLING OUR SOLDIERS. WE'VE ONLY A RAGGED HANDFUL OF MEN LEFT IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS... A HANDFUL OF MEN AGAINST GERMAN MILLIONS. SLOWLY BUT SURELY, THE NAZIS ARE ADVANCING ON OUR SHORES. THEY'VE BOMBED OUR CITIES TIME AND AGAIN. WE CAN'T WIN. WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE AGAINST THEM...

by  
Scott  
Feldman

ONE NIGHT AS THE BOY BUDDIES SNATCH A FEW HOURS OF SLEEP IN THEIR NEW YORK APARTMENT...

ROY! ROY! GET UP! THE SIRENS GOING AGAIN!

ANOTHER AIR RAID! THIS IS THE FOURTH ONE THIS WEEK!

LISTEN TO THOSE PLANES, ROY, I-I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT WE'RE ... NOT DOING SO GOOD!  
DON'T TALK ABOUT IT, DUSTY! LET'S GO DOWNSTAIRS AND SEE IF WE CAN HELP WITH THE GUNS!



BUT THIS IS THE FINAL RAID ON NEW YORK, FOR ALONG WITH THE PLANES...

... COME SWARMS OF NAZI SOLDIERS THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF KILLERS TO WIPE OUT THE REMAINING AMERICAN MEN...



GIVE 'EM ALL WE GOT, BILL. IF WE GO DOWN, WE GO DOWN FIGHTING!

BY THE FORCE OF NUMBERS, THE NAZIS CRUSH FORWARD...

FOR EVERY NAZI WHO FALLS, FIVE MORE COME UP TO TAKE HIS PLACE...



KILL DEM! KILL DEM! YE MUST TAKE NEW YORK!



AND WITH THE BOY BUDDIES...

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, DUSTY? THESE ARE OUR LAST SHELLS!

DOES THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

HOURS LATER, GENERAL VON SHMUTZ TAKES OVER...

THIS ISS A VERY COMFORTABLE CHAIR, MAYOR. I KNEW DOT I WOULD BE SITTING IN IT SOONER OR LATER.

I HAF IT ALL PLANNED. FIRST I VILL TAKE ALL DER JEWS UND CATHOLICS AND PUT DEM IN A CENTRAL CONCENTRATION CAMP..

ALL RIGHT, GENERAL... YOU'VE WON! WHAT IS YOUR FIRST MOVE AS HEAD OF THIS CITY?

THE FLAG OF SURRENDER GOES UP OVER CITY HALL...

BUT-- BUT YOU CAN'T DO THAT! YOU CAN'T!

VOT? YOU QUESTION MY PLANS? LIEUTENANT TAKE CARE OF HIM!

FINALLY, THE COMMANDING OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY CONFER...

WELL... THIS IS... IT!

I GUESS IT IS, TOM. WE'RE THROUGH...



DAYS LATER, THE BOY BUDDIES MOVE SILENTLY ALONG ALLEYS AND SIDE PASSES...

EASY, NOW...

EASY! IF THOSE KRAUTS SEE US, WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD!

GEE, I HOPE THEY'RE STILL... ALIVE! THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MESS!



SUDDENLY, NAZI TRUCKS ROLL ONTO THE ROAD A-HEAD OF THEM...



BUT...

USE DER MACHINE GUN ON DEM, FRITZ!

YAH!

WE HAVEN'T HAD OUR SHARE OF THE FIGHTING, NAZIS. WE'RE GONNA KNOCK OFF A FEW OF YOU BEFORE WE GO!



AND FROM BEHIND A BUSH...

OKAY PETE... LETS GO!



HMM... DIS VUN ISS NOT DEAD YET. I'LL FINISH HIM...



THE BOY BUDDIES LEAP FORWARD...

THIS IS FOR STARTING TO USE A BAYONET ON A DYING MAN!

AND THIS, JUST BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE!

I'LL FIX DOSE BRATS!



BUT DUSTY HAS FINISHED WITH THE BAYONETTING GERMAN...

NO, I'LL FIX YOU PAL!

LET'S GET GOING, ROY! WE'VE DONE SOME DAMAGE ANYHOW...

RIGHT THROUGH THIS ALLEY. IT LETS OUT INTO ANOTHER STREET!

I'M WITH YOU, ROY!



AND AS THE NAZIS RUN UP...

ACH! I'M FALLING!

WATCH OUT!

TAKE THIS IN A JUMP THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

A MINUTE LATER FROM OUT OF ANOTHER PILE OF RUBBISH...

VAIT! VE MUSTN'T GIF UP TOO EASILY. DEY MUST BE SOMEWHERE IN THE STREET OR DER END OF DER ALLEY!

WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE!

CLOSER THAN YOU THINK! ONE OF THOSE GUYS ALMOST STEPPED ON MY HEAD!

DOT ACCURSED RUBBISH SLOWED US UP! DER BRATS ARE NOYHERE IN SIGHT!



AS THEY CONTINUE TO HEAD TOWARD THE HOME OF THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD THEY SEE SUDDENLY...



I'M AFRAID... THERE'S NOTHING HERE THAT WE CAN EAT, SON!

-THAT'S ALL RIGHT, DAD! I'M NOT HUNGRY -MUCH!



MISTER, WE'VE BEEN KIND OF KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS FOR THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS... AND I GUESS WE'RE NOT UP ON THINGS! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO EAT OUT OF BAR-RELS?



I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MY BOY. I'M A JEW! I WAS A PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY BEFORE THE NAZIS TOOK OVER. THEY THREW ME OUT OF MY HOUSE, LEAVING US WITHOUT FOOD...



WEARILY THEY CONTINUE TO SNEAK ALONG THE STREETS, WHEN...

THINGS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, DUSTY!

I GUESS THEY DONT, ROY!



AND IN DUSTY TEAR-FILLED EYE IS REFLECTED, FROM ACROSS THE STREET... A BURNING CHURCH...



DUSTY!... LOOK!

THE.... THE YANKEE STADIUM! WHERE WE USED TO SEE ALL THOSE SWELL BASEBALL GAMES!



FINALLY THEY REACH THE APARTMENT OF THE SHIELD, AND THE WIZARD...

WELL, THE BUILDING'S ALL IN ONE PIECE, DUSTY!



THAT'S ONE BIT OF LUCK. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED THAT THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD ARE OKAY, TOO!

GEE, IT SOUNDS AWFULLY QUIET IN THERE!

WELL, OPEN IT, WILL YA! OPEN IT! DONT JUST S-STAND THERE!



GOOD GLORY!





GOOT EVENING, BOYS!  
COME RIGHT IN! YOU WILL  
BE HAPPY TO KNOW DOT YOUR  
FRIENDS DER SHIELDUND  
DER WIZARD PUT UP A  
FIGHT UND VE VERE FORCED  
TO KILL DEM!..... HANS, DO  
AS YOU VERE INSTRUCTED!

DIS TIME VE'RE MAKING  
SURE DOT YOU VONT  
ESCAPE!

THE BOY BUDDIES ARE TAKEN  
IMMEDIATELY BEFORE A NAZI  
JUDGE...

DESE TWO  
HAVE  
BEEN AR-  
RESTED FOR  
TREASON  
AGAINST DER  
GOVERNMENT!

TAKE DEM  
BEFORE A  
FIRING SQUAD  
.....  
NEXT  
CASE!



BUT YOU  
HAVEN'T EVEN  
HEARD THE  
EVIDENCE!

TAKE  
POSE  
WHINING  
BRATS  
OUT OF  
HERE!

THEY'RE KILLING US!  
THEY'RE KILLING  
US! THEY'RE...  
THEY'RE...



A CAR BACKFIRING! WHY,  
TH--THE WHOLE THING  
WAS A DREAM!

...AND I DREAMED  
THAT THE  
NAZIS HAD  
TAKEN OVER  
NEW YORK,  
AND KILLED  
THE SHIELD  
AND THE  
WIZARD,  
AND...

NOT ANOTHER  
WORD, PAL. LETS  
GET DOWN TO  
OUR BOND COUN-  
TER AT ONCE!

DON'T FOOL YOUR-  
SELF, READER-- IT  
CAN HAPPEN HERE!  
DON'T LET IT  
HAPPEN! BUY WAR  
STAMPS AND BONDS  
**NOW!**



The END

# CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Get it the American Way



32 PC. DINNER SET

Girls! Boys! Get this fine "ROSE" DINNER SET for mother. Sell only one order. Sent Expressage Collect



GIRLS! You'll love this FULL SIZE TOILET & MANICURE SET. Given for selling only one order.



JIM PRENTICE'S FAMOUS ELECTRIC FOOTBALL GAME  
Boys! Don't miss the thrill of this fast moving Electric Game.



Boys! Girls! Get this famous Chemistry Set without cost.



NEW CANDID TYPE CAMERA  
Easy to focus, quick in operation. Given for selling only one order.



U. S. ARMY OUTFIT

A WONDERFUL BOYS PRIZE

Belt, holster and army Colt Repeater cap pistol. Given for selling only one order.

"CHEMCRAFT" CHEMISTRY SET. Hours of instructive fun. Given for selling only one order.



WRIST WATCH for boys, girls, men & women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



VICTORY WATCH & FOB  
Newest type watch with track dial & red second indicator. Sell only one order.



GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET



You can be a straight shootin' cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap pistol, handkerchief and hat. All given for selling only one order of Xmas Packs.

ELECTRIC MOVIE OUTFIT  
with film. Given for selling only one order, plus 50c extra. Show movies at home.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., DEPT. 733 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY "AMERICAN" WAY!

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself and gifts for Mother and Dad.

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE CATALOG.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Catalog.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Catalog—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept 733 Lancaster, Pa.

### OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

- Given per plan in our BIG PRIZE BOOK.
- Complete Electric Train Set
- "Take Me Along" Case
- Airplane Set
- Ice Skates
- G-Man Finger Print Set
- Ukulele
- Family Bible
- Sleepy Head Doll
- Electric Lamp
- Pen & Pencil Set with Dictionary
- Gene Autry Guitar