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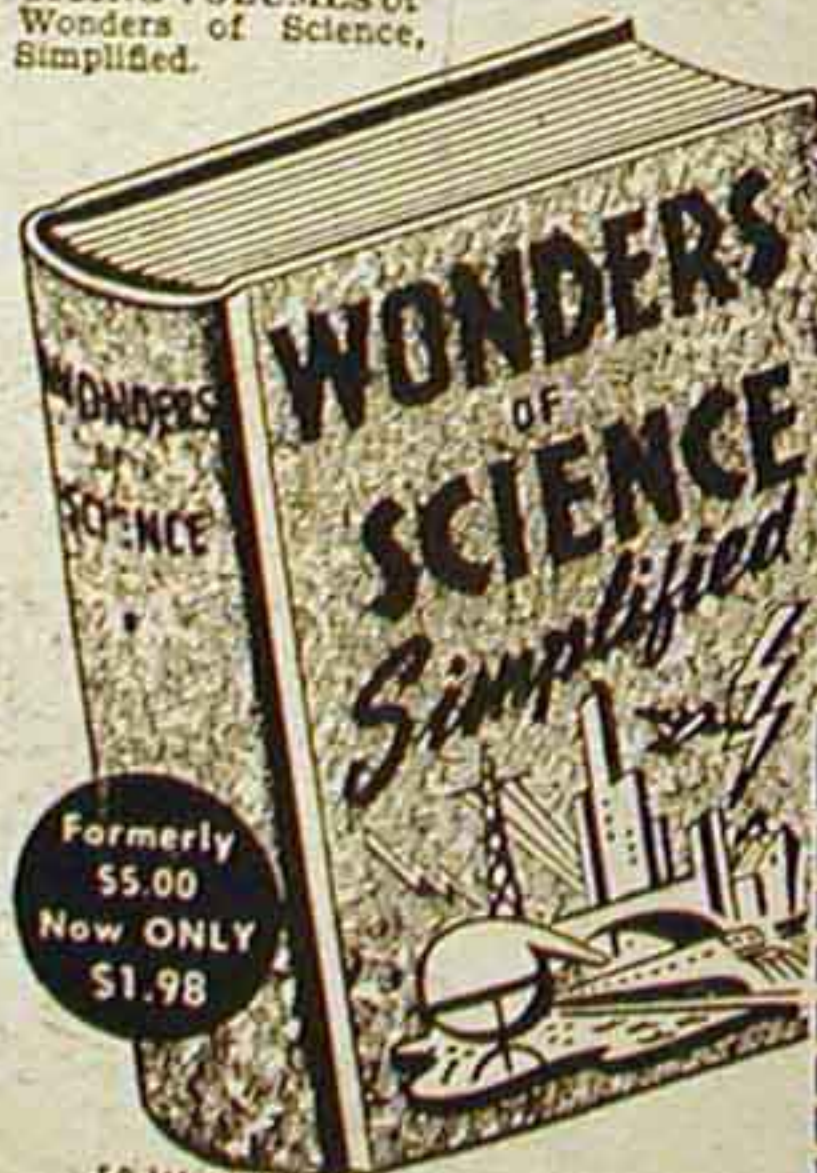
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WILLIAM PENDERGAST, THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN OF DUCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN 1754 LED AN ARMY OF UP STATE NEW YORK FARMERS IN REVOLT AGAINST NEW YORK CITY AND MADE AN UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO CAPTURE IT!



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-635

CHLOROFORM FOR THE CORPSE

A HANGMAN STORY

By SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING didn't like it.

Thelma Gordon had gone to spend the week-end at the apartment of Margaret Moore, the singer, in another city. She'd gone there to discuss Miss Moore's appearance at the forthcoming Society Relief Ball, and that's all there was to it. Margaret Moore, at 45, was well-known as a stiff-backed, respectable to the nth degree woman, and Thelma had anticipated a dull three days.

And then, on the very evening Thelma had arrived at Margaret Moore's apartment, Bob had received a phone call from her. "Hangman," Thelma's voice, low and frightened, had said, "come at once! Something terrible's happened."

So, Bob didn't like it. As The Hangman, he leaped into his car and drove down to Margaret Moore's apartment. The moment he entered the door, he liked it less.

Police were scattered all around the place. There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Thelma Gordon.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Lieutenant Brady of Homicide was there too, and he knew The Hangman. Brady smiled. "No use, Hangman," he said. "This case is cut and dried."

The Hangman looked at him, his eyes puzzled. "What case?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Brady asked. "This blonde dame here just knocked off Margaret

Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform . . ."

"What," The Hangman said, "makes you think Thelma Gordon did it?"

Brady's eyebrows lifted. "I see you know the blonde babe's name," he said. "Well, Hangman, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform, and you happen to spot a week-end guest's luggage open with a bottle of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," The Hangman said. He turned to Thelma. "What about that chloroform, Thelma?"

Thelma looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

Brady guffawed. "That's what they all say . . ."

"Easy, Brady," The Hangman said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Gordon. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," Brady said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall, and entered a room. The Hangman followed him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of

furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" The Hangman asked.

"Right," said Brady. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Brady. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"Blamed if I can tell you," Brady said. "I didn't know the dame personal." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea," said The Hangman. "As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who *really* killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. The Hangman looked them over.

One, Thelma Gordon. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as

Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

The Hangman turned to Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Lieutenant Brady. Was Margaret Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she said. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always tightly locked."

The Hangman nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

The Hangman rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

The Hangman knew the reason.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Thelma Gordon has spent week-ends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Moore always appeared at Miss Gordon's society benefits, and Miss Gordon stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

The Hangman smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you're driving at."

"You will in a minute," The Hangman said. He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she said. . . .

And then she moved back and pressed against the wall. The shadow of a noose had fallen across her features.

"There's your murderer, Lieutenant Brady," The Hangman said.

Brady scratched his head and looked vague.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over Brady's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be put down to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the win-

dow to let the smell go out—and in doing so made the mistake which is going to send her to the gallows. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is air conditioned!"

The Hangman looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Thelma's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Thelma's room as Thelma slept, and put the chloroform into Thelma's overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," Brady said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

"Well, there it is," The Hangman said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said, wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. *I did!*"

"All right, Brady," The Hangman said. "Take the cuffs off Miss Gordon—and duck! She looks as if she's going to sock you—and darned if I won't stand around and applaud while she does."

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CAN'T JUMP! I
FORGOT TO PACK
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THIS IS SYLVIA SOSHA, THE DANCER, WHO WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY MR. MALLETT FOR AN OLD CRIME SHE HAD DONE.



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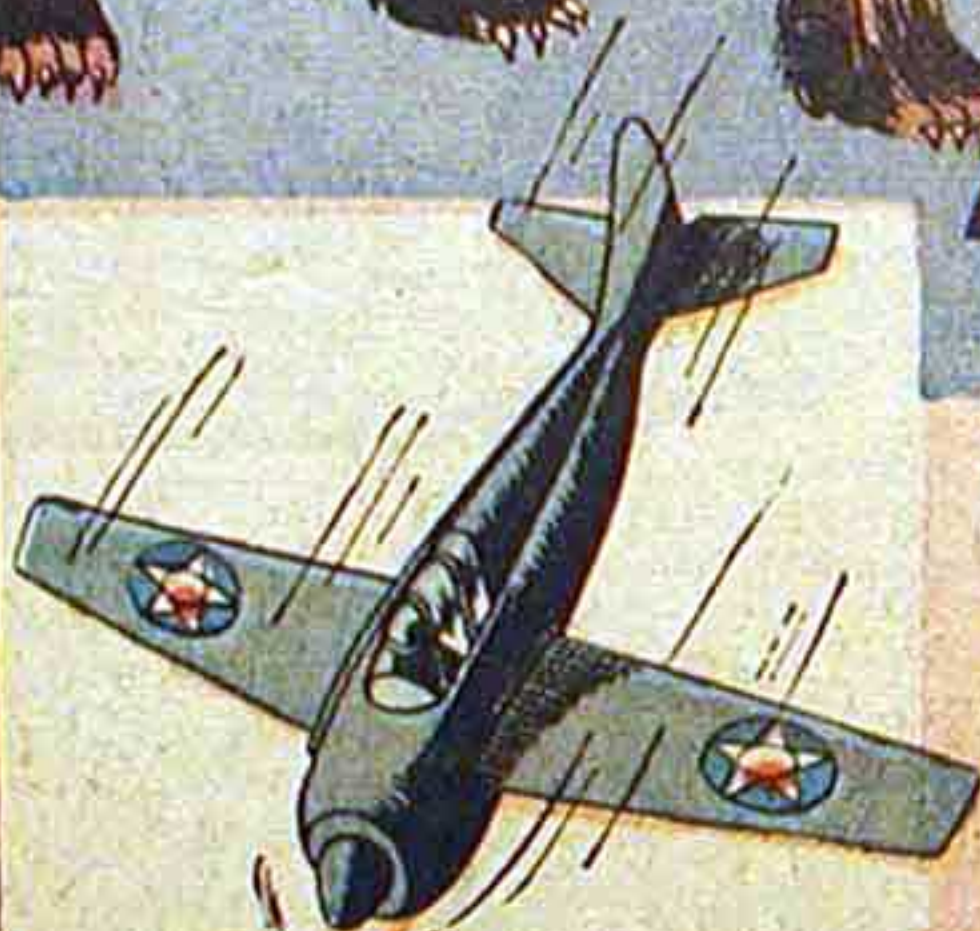
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THE "VICTORY BADGE" WE SEND YOU, HELPS YOU TO SELL SEEDS

BOY BUDDIES



SPECIAL CASE No. 10

Dusty and Roy

by Paul Reinman



THERE WAS AN AIR OF TENSION IN THE BIG COURT ROOM WHEN JOHNNY TEMPLETON, NO. 1 RACKETEER, WAS LED AWAY AS THE ACCUSED! ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HE'D FALSELY ACCUSED INNOCENT GLORIA GILBERT, THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, OF MURDER. THE COURTROOM WAS THE SCENE OF SUDDEN TURMOIL AS JOHNNY SWERVED GRABBED A POLICEMAN'S GUN, AND FIRED AT DR. FARNSWORTH, WHO HAD JUST BROUGHT FORTH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! THE BOY BUDDIES, WHO ARE AMONG THE SPECTATORS, TRY TO SAVE THEIR FRIEND DR. FARNSWORTH! WHILE ROY TRIES TO GET THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE BULLETS PATH, DUSTY MAKES FOR THE ASSASSIN.



GRAB HIM!
HE'S MAKING
FOR THE
WINDOW!

GOTTA
GET OUT
OF HERE!

WHAT A FOOL! HE
FORGOT TO OPEN
IT! TSK TSK!

CRASH



JUST WHAT I
WAS LOOKN' FOR!
I HOPE IT'S A FAST
ONE!

OH NO
YOU DON'T,
BROTHER! NO
MORE GET-
AWAYS FOR
YOU!



I'M SORRY, OFFICER,
I'M AFRAID HE WON'T
BE ABLE TO WALK
BACK RIGHT NOW! YOU
SEE, HE FELL AGAINST
THE DOOR OF THE
CAR, UNFORTUNATELY!

GOOD WORK, ME
BOY! YOU SAVED US
A LOT OF TROUBLE!

JUST THEN, THEY CARRY
THE UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR
TO A WAITING AMBULANCE..

GEE, I HOPE
HE PULLS
THRU! POOR
DOC!

LATER AT THE HOSPITAL ---
JUST LE STLL AND DONT EXERT YOUR
SELF! YOUVE LOST A LOT OF
BLOOD! LUCKLY HE MSEDSED YOUR
HEART BY AN INCH!

COME IN BOYS! AS YOU
SEE, YOU CANT GET
RO OF ME SO EASILY.
IM TOO TOUGH!

DONT
STAY TOO
LONG, PLEASE!

I SHOULD'VE LISTENED
TO YOU BOYS! YOU KNOW
BAD COMPANY! THAT BIG HEARTED
JOHNNY TEMPLETON, AND THEN
'WINE, WOMEN AND SONG'!.
JUST LOOK AT ME NOW,
BRILLIANT DR.
FARNWORTH!

THATS WHAT THEY USED TO
CALL ME! BUT I LOVED A
GOOD TIME,
TOO MUCH, IM AFRAID!
YES AND I SAW TOO MANY
BOTTLES, JUST LIKE
HERE---

WHEN I
MET HIM, GLORIA
WAS WITH HIM...

COME ON,
MAKE IT SNAPPY
YOU TWO! WE'VE GOT
TO GET GON!

"THAT
WHICH HATH
MADE THEM
DRUNK, HATH
MADE ME BOLD,
WHAT HATH
QUENCHD THEM, HATH
GIVEN ME FIRE!"

"GOOD NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT,
PARTING IS
SUCH A SWEET
SORROW, THAT A
I SHALL SAY GOOD NIGHT
TILL IT BE TOMORROW!!"

OKAY, SHAKE-
SPEARE, THAT'S
ENOUGH! NOW
LET'S GO!

HURRY UP
AND GET IN, DOC!
DONT YOU SEE THE
LADY IS TIRED AND
WANTS TO GO
HOME?

CAST
OFF MY
GOOD, A
MAN, CAST
OFF!

AND AS WE DROVE THRU THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE...

STOP, PLEASE, MY FRIEND IS HURT!

WHAT'S THAT JOHNNY? LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY IN DISTRESS!

WELL, OF ALL THE---

GET IN, YOU DRUNKEN FOOL!

WHAT'S HAPPENED, BOYS? CAN I HELP YOU? I'M A DOCTOR!

HE'S GOT A NASTY CUT ON HIS FOREHEAD! HE---

WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! SUCH CALLOUSNESS! HE MUST BE HEARTLESS!

AS YOU SEE, DOC, I PULLED THRU ALL RIGHT! IT WAS ONLY A CUT!

YES, DUSTY, THAT WAS ONLY ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF JOHNNY TEMPLETON---

I'M SORRY, MY BOY!

HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ONE OF THE WORST CRIME WAVES IN THE ANNALS OF OUR FAIR CITY! HE SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE TO PROSECUTION, ESPECIALLY SINCE OUR ENERGETIC MAYOR WAS BUSY IN THE CAPITOL!



NOW LISTEN, JOHNNY, GO EASY, WILL YOU! THE MAYOR WROTE ME FROM THE CAPITOL TO WPE OUT THE RECENT WAVE OF CRIMES, OR HE'LL BE BACK AND DO IT HIMSELF!

OH, HE WILL, WILL HE? WHY, THAT'S JUST DANDY! DONT WORRY MILLY, I'LL FIX HIM, AND FOR GOOD TOO! YOU KNOW, IM A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF GLORIA, HIS DAUGHTER! GET IT?



THAT EVENING, JOHNNY THREW ONE OF HIS WLD PARTIES! GLORIA WAS THERE.

I GOT SPURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE
JINGLE ♪ ♪



HIYA, BABE!

GET YOUR DIRTY HANDS OFF OF HER, TWITCHY!

I TOLD YOU NOT TO ANNOY US!



IN A COLD RAGE, JOHNNY TOOK TWITCHY INTO THE ADJOINING ROOM----

A FEW MINUTES LATER, HE CAME BACK ALONE! HE WALKED OVER TO ME----

[...] D... DONT MEAN IT, BOSS!

SHUT UP, AND GET IN HERE!



GET YOUR THINGS READY NOW! ILL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TRY OUT YOUR NEW EXPERIMENT! YOU KNOW, THE ONE ABOUT AMNESIA!



I HOPE SHE WON'T NOTICE THE TASTE OF THIS SLEEPING POWDER!

WELL, HERE'S TO YOUR FUTURE, GLORIA! MAY IT BE A HAPPY ONE!

OOOH, I FEEL SO DROWSY I'M SOOOO TIRED, SO TRED! GOT TO LIE DOWN!

COME ON, DOC, FOLLOW ME AND LOCK THE DOOR AFTER YOU!

WELL I HOPE IT WORKS OR WE'LL BOTH BE SUNK! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM?

I WORKED FAST TO GET THE RIGHT SOLUTION...

HE WAS TOO MUCH OF A WISE GUY!

ARE YOU SURE, DOC, THAT WHEN SHE WAKES UP SHE WON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED?

THIS INJECTION WILL CAUSE AN AMNESIA WHICH WILL LAST FROM THREE TO FOUR HOURS!

AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL GLORIA, WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOUR OLD MAN! HA, HA, HA!



W--WHERE AM I? WHO AM I? I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING!

WHAT'S THAT? DO I KILL HIM? HOW HORRIBLE!

BUT THE FOLLOWING WEEK MAYOR GLBERT RETURN CITY, ALARMED BY THE RISING WAVE OF CRIME... THAT SETTLES IT!

GEORGE 'TWITCHY' HOLMDALE WAS FOUND MURDERED LAST NIGHT! HIS BODY WAS FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER! HE WAS A HENCHMAN OF JOHNNY TEMPLETON! INTOLERABLE!

MULLIGAN, WHY DIDNT YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE MURDERS? WHY DID I PUT YOU IN CHARGE? WHY DIDNT YOU TRY TO GET THAT JOHNNY TEMPLETON? THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS THAT HE'S BEHIND ALL THIS! BRING HIM IN TODAY!

A FEW HOURS LATER... HIYA, MAYOR, IF YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, YOU DDNT HAVE TO SEND THE WHOLE FORCE!



NOW LISTEN YOU PUNK, I'LL GET THE GOODS ON YOU YET! JUST WAIT AND SEE!

I WOULDNT TALK SO LOUD, MAYOR! YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER ARE IN IT, BUT DEEP!

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS! THERES YOUR MURDERER OF TWITCHY! YOUR DAUGHTER, GLORIA! WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THAT?

NOW YOU TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM US OR IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU AND GLORIA! GET IT? JUST KEEP AWAY FROM ME, AND YOUR DAUGHTER'LL REMAIN FREE!



YOU WIN, TEMPLETON! I'M HELPLESS! I'VE WARNED HER REPEATEDLY TO STAY AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR FAST CROWD!



BUT THRU A QUEER COINCIDENCE AN OFFICER HAD NOT GOTTEN THE ORDER TO STAY AWAY FROM TEMPLETON---



HEY YOU, TEMPLETON, I WAS JUST LOOKIN' FOR YOU! COME ALONG!

I TELL YOU GUYS, JUST LET ME TALK TO THE MAYOR! I DONT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT MURDER!



HE WAS YOUR PAL WASN'T HE?

COME CLEAN NOW, TEMPLETON! I FOUND THIS IN YOUR POCKET! SO YOU TRIED TO SHIELD HER! WELL, WE'LL HOLD YOU AS A MATERIAL WITNESS!



ALL RIGHT, COPPER, I'LL TALK! GLORIA GILBERT KILLED HIM!

AND SO GLORIA HAD TO STAND TRIAL FOR MURDER---



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, WE SHALL PROVE TO YOU HOW GLORIA GILBERT SHOT AND KILLED THAT POORMAN IN COLD BLOOD! AND THEN, MIND YOU, SHE WENT DANCING AT A PARTY OF A CERTAIN MR. TEMPLETON!

AND YOU SAY WHEN YOU ENTERED THE ROOM THERE WAS GLORIA STANDING WITH A GUN IN HER HAND, OVER THE BODY OF YOUR FRIEND? AND YOU TOOK THE SNAPSHOT?



STEADY, STEADY, MY DEAR!

YESSIR, THAT'S RIGHT!

BUT I DON'T REMEMBER, (SOS, SOS) DAD! IT'S ALL SO-FANTASTIC!

THAT'S A LIE, SR! I WAS THERE, TOO! GLORIA WAS WITH ME ALL EVENING! AT 12 O'CLOCK JOHNNY TOOK A POKE AT TWITCHY AND DRAGGED HIM INTO THE NEXT ROOM---



LATER HE CAME BACK ALONE! AT ONE O'CLOCK HE GAVE GLORIA A SLEEPING POWDER WITH HER WINE! THEN WE PUT HER IN THE NEXT ROOM, WITH THE DEAD BODY OF TWITCHY! THEN I GAVE THE UNCONCIOUS GIRL AN INJECTION WHICH CAUSED TEMPORARY AMNESIA WHEN SHE WOKE UP!



WHY, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE CROSSING /G*// SQUEALER, I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS!

THANK YOU, DR. FARNSWORTH! I SHALL NEVER FORGET IT!



OH, HOW WONDERFUL OF YOU, KEN! I WANT TO THANK YOU---

WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST! YOU WERE THERE, TOO! GLORIA IS REALLY NOT A BAD GIRL AFTER ALL...

DR. FARNSWORTH I JUST HEARD IT OVER THE RADO! TEMPLETON HAS CONFESSED, AND GLORIA GILBERT HAS BEEN ACQUITTED! I SUPPOSE SHE'LL THANK YOU PERSONALLY VERY SOON TOO!

I'M GLAD THAT THEY GOT THE BIG SHOT, TEMPLETON! I'M ONLY SORRY I COULDN'T BE WITH G...

G--L--ORIA---

LOOK AT THAT, ROY! HE MUST HAVE HAD THAT WITH HIM ALL THE TIME!

WHY, IT'S GLORIA'S PICTURE! HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN LOVE WITH HER! I WONDER IF SHE KNEW!

The BOY BUDDIES



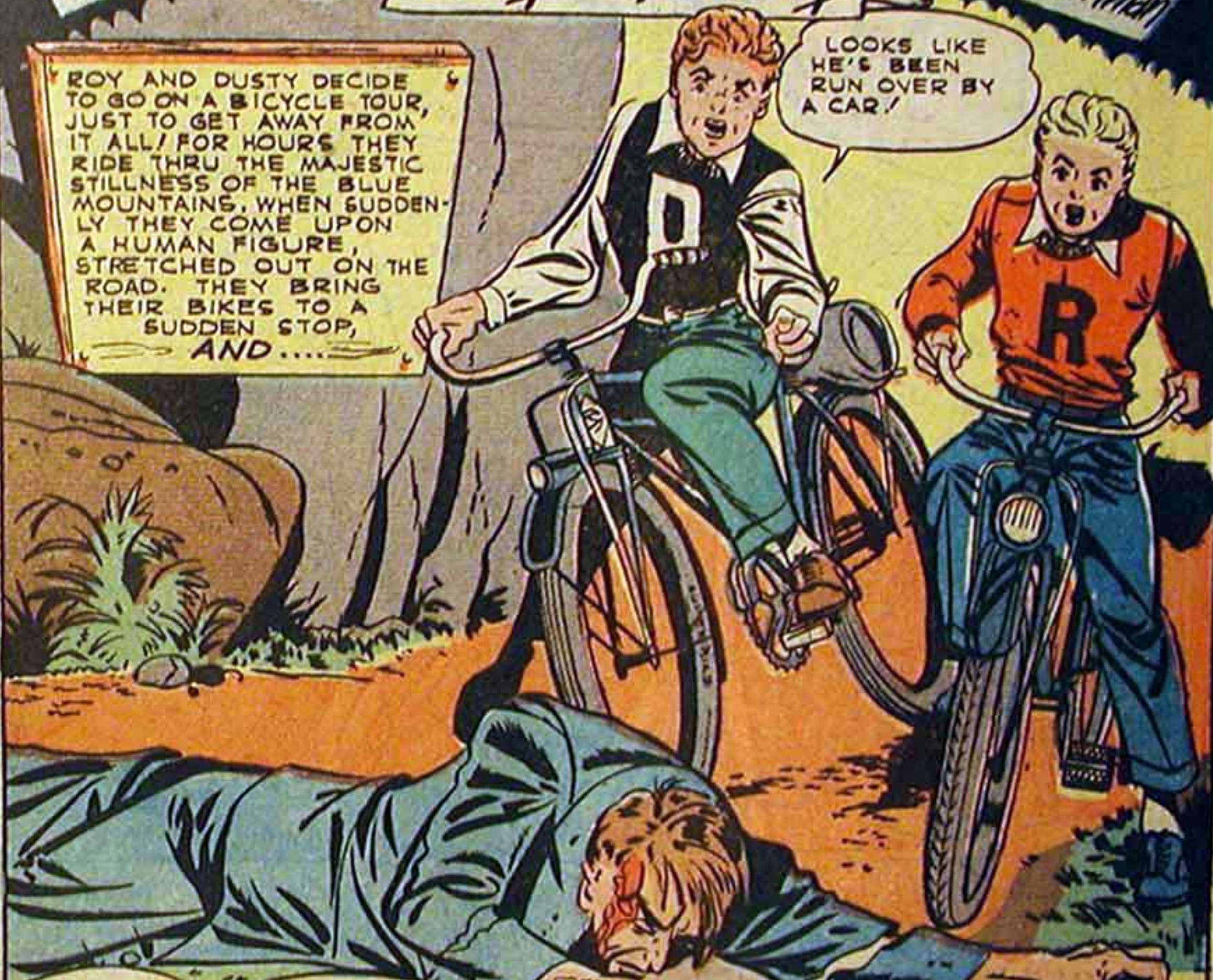
SPECIAL CASE NO. II

Roy and Dusty

by Paul Reinman

ROY AND DUSTY DECIDE TO GO ON A BICYCLE TOUR, JUST TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! FOR HOURS THEY RIDE THRU THE MAJESTIC STILLNESS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, WHEN SUDDENLY THEY COME UPON A HUMAN FIGURE, STRETCHED OUT ON THE ROAD. THEY BRING THEIR BIKES TO A SUDDEN STOP, AND....

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR!



WE'RE TOO LATE, ROY. HE'S DEAD! HIS BODY IS ALL BRUISED AND BATTERED!

LOOK, DUSTY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

THAT'S STRANGE! A MATCH BOOK WITH TWO CROSSED MATCHES! I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS.



DUSTY PUTS THE MATCH BOX IN HIS POCKET...

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM? WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE!

ROY AND DUSTY CUT TWO STRONG BRANCHES FROM A TREE TO MAKE A STRETCHER.



NOW CONNECT THE BLANKETS WITH THE STICKS AND TIE IT TO THE FRAME OF THE BIKE?

LET'S HOPE IT'S STRONG ENOUGH!

NOW KEEP YOUR FEET ON YOUR BIKE.... THAT'S IT!

IT'S A GOOD THING WE HAD THOSE BLANKETS WITH US!



SEE THAT SIGN OVER THERE! TWO MORE MILES TO THE NEXT TOWN!



THAT'S THE PLACE... ROY!

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? IS HE DEAD?

WE FOUND HIM ON THE ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS! HE WAS ALREADY DEAD, SO WE TOOK HIM STRAIGHT TO YOUR OFFICE, SHERIFF!



HOURS LATER...

WELL, BOYS, THE DOCTORS SAID THAT HE DIED BY FALLING OFF THE CLIFF AND HE WAS THEN RUN OVER BY A CAR! YOU DID YOUR BEST! YOU KIN LEAVE NOW!

S'LONG, BOYS!

I CAN'T FORGET THE DEAD MAN'S FACE! THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WERE NO IDENTIFICATION MARKS ON HIM!

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

FORGET IT AND STOP PLAYING DETECTIVE, WILL YA!



A FEW HOURS LATER.

I'M GETTING TIRED, LET'S STOP AT THAT INN OVER THERE!

HEY, DUSTY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO **CROSSED TREES** IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!



WHY, THESE **TREES** AND THE **INN** BEHIND IT ARE JUST LIKE THE **MATCH-COVER** WE FOUND IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT! I HAVE A HUNCH THESE PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT!

I'M SORRY, BOYS, BUT WE HAFF **NO EMPTY ROOMS!** THEY'RE **ALL TAKEN!**



WELCOME BREWERS CONVENTION

CAN'T YOU ZEE WE HAFF A CONVENTION ??

YOU DON'T MIND IF WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT BEFORE WE LEAVE!

I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT!

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE GERMANS IN THERE! JUST LIKE A BUND MEETING!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S STICK AROUND AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!

BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE... MANY BREWERS ARE OF GERMAN STOCK!

I HAVE AN IDEA!

I'M PUTTING THE CATSUP BOTTLE IN MY POCKET! WE'RE GOING TO FAKE AN ACCIDENT, GET IT?

THAT'S A CLEVER IDEA, DUSTY. LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS!

BOY, OH, BOY, IF THEY GET WISE, WE'RE SUNK!!

I'M SORRY, MISTER, MY FRIEND FELL OFF HIS BIKE AND GOT HIMSELF A NASTY CUT! WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PUT US UP OVER NIGHT!

WHAT?... ALL RIGHT, COME IN!



IF I REFUSE, THEY MIGHT GET SUSPICIOUS... THEY MIGHT TALK! IF I LET THEM IN, I TAKE AN AWFUL CHANCE.....

ALL RIGHT, FOLLOW ME! I HAVF A VERY SMALL ROOM FOR YOU! IT'S NOT A REGULAR GUEST ROOM, BUT IT'LL DO, I HOPE!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BOYS!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR! WE WON'T FORGET IT!

I HOPE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!

WELL?



BY AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE THE CLERK PATS ROY ON THE SHOULDER AS HE BRUSHES BY AND DISCOVERS THE...

HEINRICH, WE HAVF TWO KIDS IN OUR HOUSE WHO FAKED AN ACCIDENT SO I WOULD GIFF THEM A ROOM! I'M AFRAID THEY KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE!.. ANYWAY I LOCKED THEM INTO THE CORNER ROOM!

KEEHOOPP



THE DOOR..... WHY, IT'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE! LOOKS LIKE WE FELL INTO A TRAP!

WHAT'S A MATTER, ROY?

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT! STEEL SHUTTERS AT THE WINDOWS!!





DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING, ROY?

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US BY GAS!...

YES, GAS!

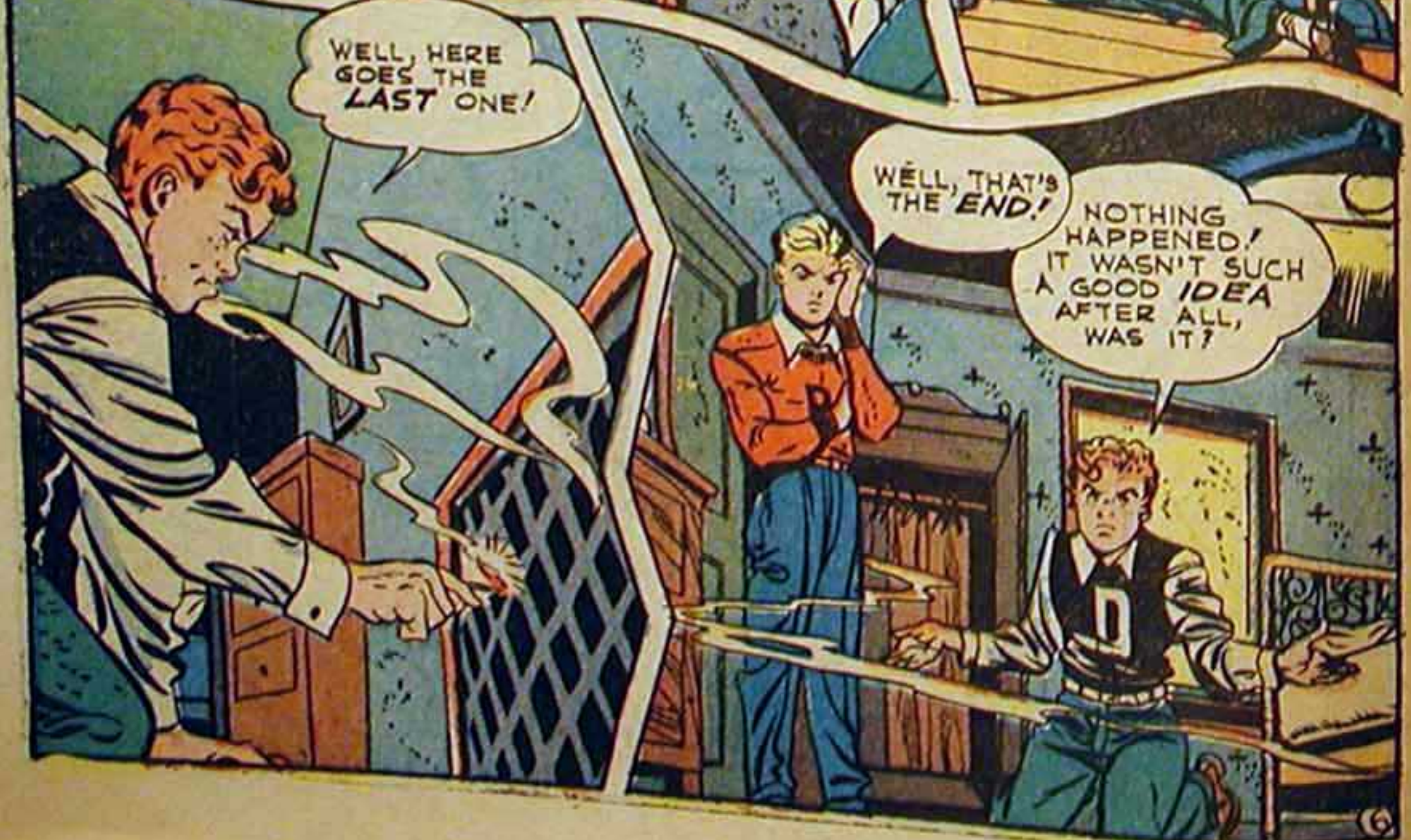
LOOK! THAT'S WHERE IT COMES FROM! PROBABLY FROM DOWNSTAIRS!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE STILL HAVE THESE MATCHES! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!

YOU SEE, ROY, IF I THROW THE BURNING MATCH DOWN INTO THE SHAFT, IT MIGHT REACH THE OPENING OF THE VALVE, AND CAUSE AN EXPLOSION... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

I'M AFRAID IT DIDN'T WORK! LET'S TRY AGAIN!



WELL, HERE GOES THE LAST ONE!

WELL, THAT'S THE END!

NOTHING HAPPENED! IT WASN'T SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL, WAS IT?

LUCKILY, THE BOY BUDDIES
ARE THROWN CLEAR OFF THE
WRECKAGE AND LAND MINUS
THEIR OUTER CLOTHING ON
THE LAWN...

GOOD THING
WE WORE OUR SUPER
OUTFITS UNDERNEATH!
...ARE YOU
HURT
DUSTY?

I'M ALL
RIGHT, I
GUESS!

BUT A FEW SECONDS LATER
A MIGHTY EXPLOSION
SHATTERS THE STILL OF
THE NIGHT....

HURRY UP!
DUSTY, HERE
COMES THE
ARTILLERY!

LET'S HIDE
IN HERE!

FRIGHTENED
THE NAZIS
POUR
OUT
THROUGH
THE DOOR..

AFTER THEM
MEN, DON'T
LET 'EM GET
AWAY!

HERE,
GOES NO. 1 ON
THE
HIT PARADE!

HERE COMES
THE FIRST ONE!

LET ME
GIVE HIM MY
SPECIAL
ATTENTION!

SWISH

BANG



JUST DROP IN,
RIGHT NEXT TO
YOUR
FRIEND!

HE'S ALL YOURS,
ROY, AND IN
UNIFORM TOO!
HOW CHARMING!
TSK, TSK!

WHAM!

I'VE GOT
THE ANSWER
TO OUR
PRAYERS!

I GUESS THIS
WAS OUR LAST
VISITOR!

WHAT ARE WE GOING
TO DO WITH THAT BUNCH?
WE CAN'T CARRY THEM
ALL TO THE
AUTHORITIES,
OR CAN WE?

LOOK AT THAT,
DUSTY! A SHORT
WAVE BROAD-
CASTING SET!
IT SEEMS WE
STUMBLED
RIGHT INTO
THEIR HEAD-
QUARTERS

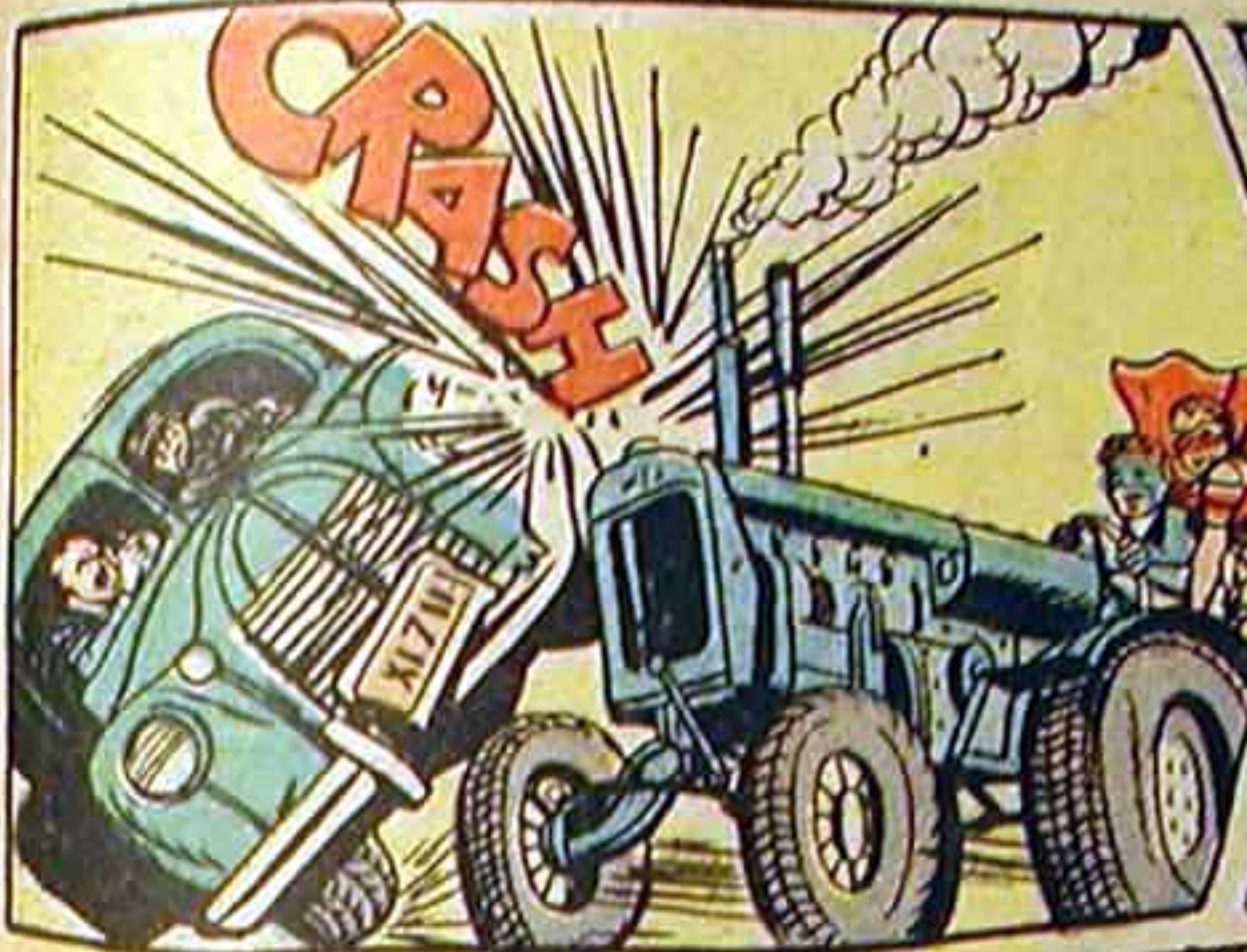
JUST A
MOMENT,
ROY!

JUST TIE
THE CHAIN
AROUND THE
SHED AND I'LL
ATTACH IT TO
THE TRACTOR!

THAT'S
A SWELL
IDEA! THIS
SHED IS MADE
OF CORRUGATED
METAL I DON'T
THINK IT'LL
FALL
APART!

SEE HOW
EASY IT IS!
I ONLY WONDER
WHERE THE OTHERS
ARE! THERE
MUST HAVE
BEEN MORE
!!

OH, LOOK
AT THAT!
TRYIN' TO GET
AWAY! GIVE 'EM
THE OLD HEAVE-HO
BUT
MECHANICALLY
!!



The End

HANGMAN



THE HANGMAN AND THE PROPHET!

AS THOUGH FROM THE PAGES OF THE BIBLE STEPPED THE FANTASTIC FIGURE OF *THE PROPHET* PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO A JEERING PEOPLE! WHAT WAS THE STRANGE SECRET OF THIS CREATURE OF THE PAST? THE SECRET THAT WAS TO LEAD THE HANGMAN INTO THE BIZARRE ADVENTURE OF
THE VOICE OF DOOM!

B. W.

IT IS THE EVENING OF DEC 7, 1941!

GATHER AROUND ME, MY PEOPLE! HARKEN TO THE WARNING OF THE PROPHET BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



BEWARE! I WARN THEE, BEWARE! YOU ARE LIVING IN A WORLD OF FLAME AND BRWSTONE! AT ANY MOMENT, THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WILL CRASH FROM THE SKY! YOUR ENEMIES ARE READY TO STRIKE!

STRANGE OLD FELLOW ISN'T HE, THELMA? I WONDER IF----



SHUT UP, YOU WARMONGER!

KEEP TALKIN', PROPHET, YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!

IF YOU WERENT BLIND YOU'D REALIZE THIS COUNTRY IS UNPREPARED! ASLEEP!

OH YEAH?

I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP, WISE-GUY! YOU'RE BOTH TRYIN' TO STIK' UP TROUBLE! YOU AND THAT PHONY PROPHET!



SOCK 'M, TM! THE GUY'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!

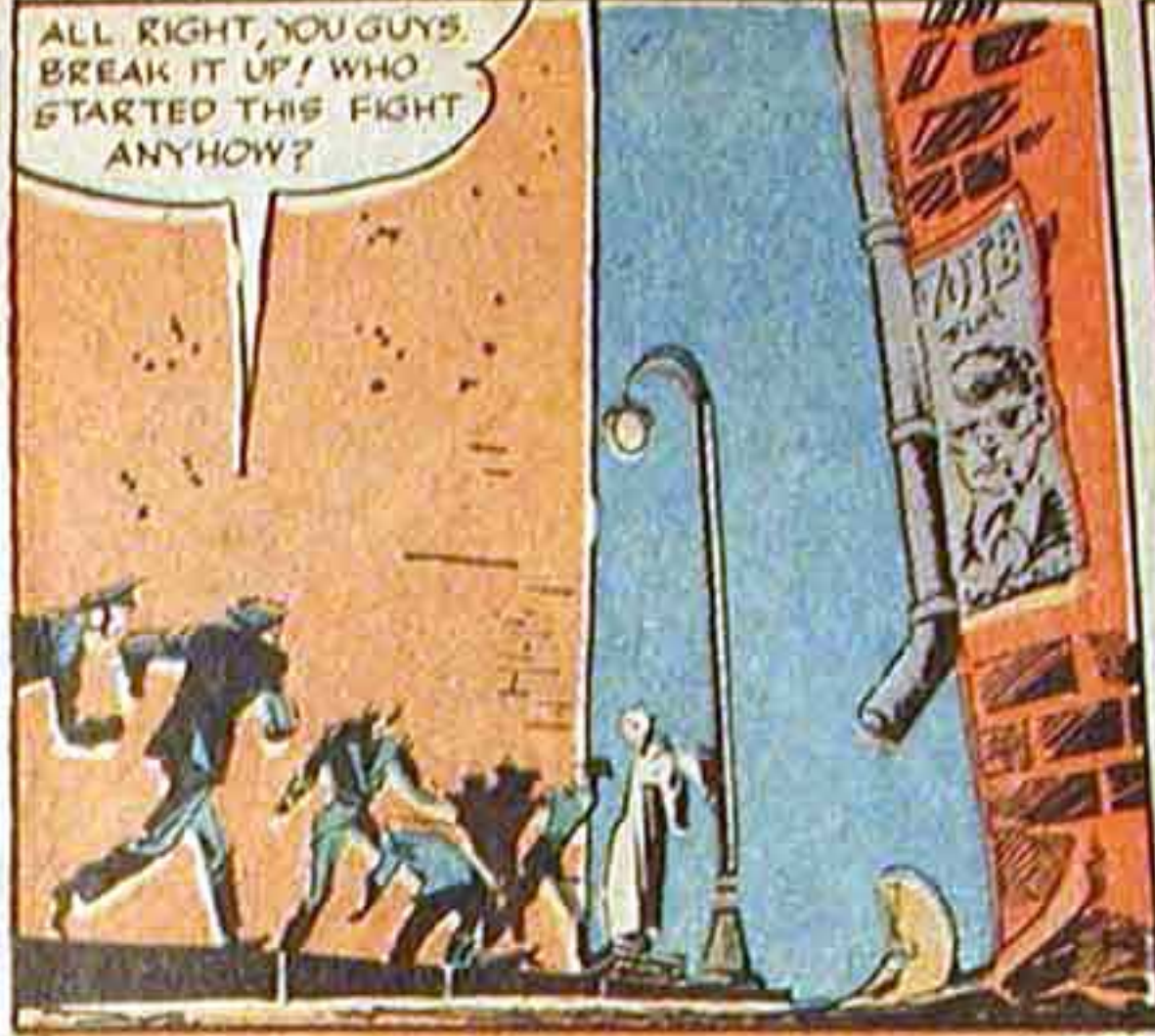
SO IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, EH?

LEMME AT 'M!

AND AMONGST THE CROWD, BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON----

COME ON, THEL, WE'D BETTER GET THE POLICE BEFORE THIS DEVELOPS INTO A FIRST CLASS RIOT!





ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS. BREAK IT UP! WHO STARTED THIS FIGHT ANYHOW?



IT'S THAT PHONY *PROPHET* AGAIN! C'MON YOU! YOU'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' YER MOUTH OFF ON MY BEAT FOR THE LAST TIME! THIS TIME IM RUNNIN' YOU IN!



---AND I DONT KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM, CHIEF--



BUT EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK HE'S BEEN SHOUTIN' SOMETHING ABOUT DEATH FROM THE SKIES! EVEN SAID IT WOULD HAPPEN *TONIGHT!*



JUST THEN--- FLASH---OUR NAVAL BASE AT PEARL HARBOR HAS JUST BEEN BOMBED BY THE JAPANESE!



THAT MAN'S A SPY!
YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT THAT BOMBING BEFORE IT HAPPENED!
THE FBI WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



HELLO, F.B.I.? THIS IS SERGEANT KELLY! WE'VE GOT A SPY DOWN HERE! SEND OVER A COUPLE OF MEN *RIGHT AWAY!*



THE F.B.I. MEN ARRIVE---
SOUNDS SCREWY TO ME -- A SPY CALLING HIMSELF *THE PROPHET!*
YEAH YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THOSE JAPS WILL DO NEXT!



DON'T TRY TO HAND US ANY OF THAT PROPHET STUFF GRANDPA! WHO TOLD YOU ABOUT THAT BOMBING? YOU'D BETTER START TALKING!

I TRIED TO WARN YOU, AND YOU SCOFF AT ME! I SHALL SAY NO MORE!



WHO HELPED YOU? WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?

IT'S NO USE, BILL, HE'S SHUT UP LIKE A CLAM!



WHEW! I GIVE UP, SARGE! THIS FELLOW'S JUST A HARMLESS OLD CRACKPOT! SEND HIM OVER TO NIGHT COURT!



MEANWHILE, AT NIGHT COURT-----

YOUR HONOR, HERE'S A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS TO RELEASE MY CLIENT, ARSON JOE!

VERY CLEVER, RAND BUT, SOMEDAY YOU'LL MAKE A MISTAKE! THEY ALL DO!



NICE WORK, RAND! I KNEW YOU'D SPRING ME!

YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU TO BE CAREFUL!



NEXT CASE! HERE HE COMES NOW, BOB-THE PROPHET! I TELL YOU, THERE'S A STORY HERE SOMEWHERE!

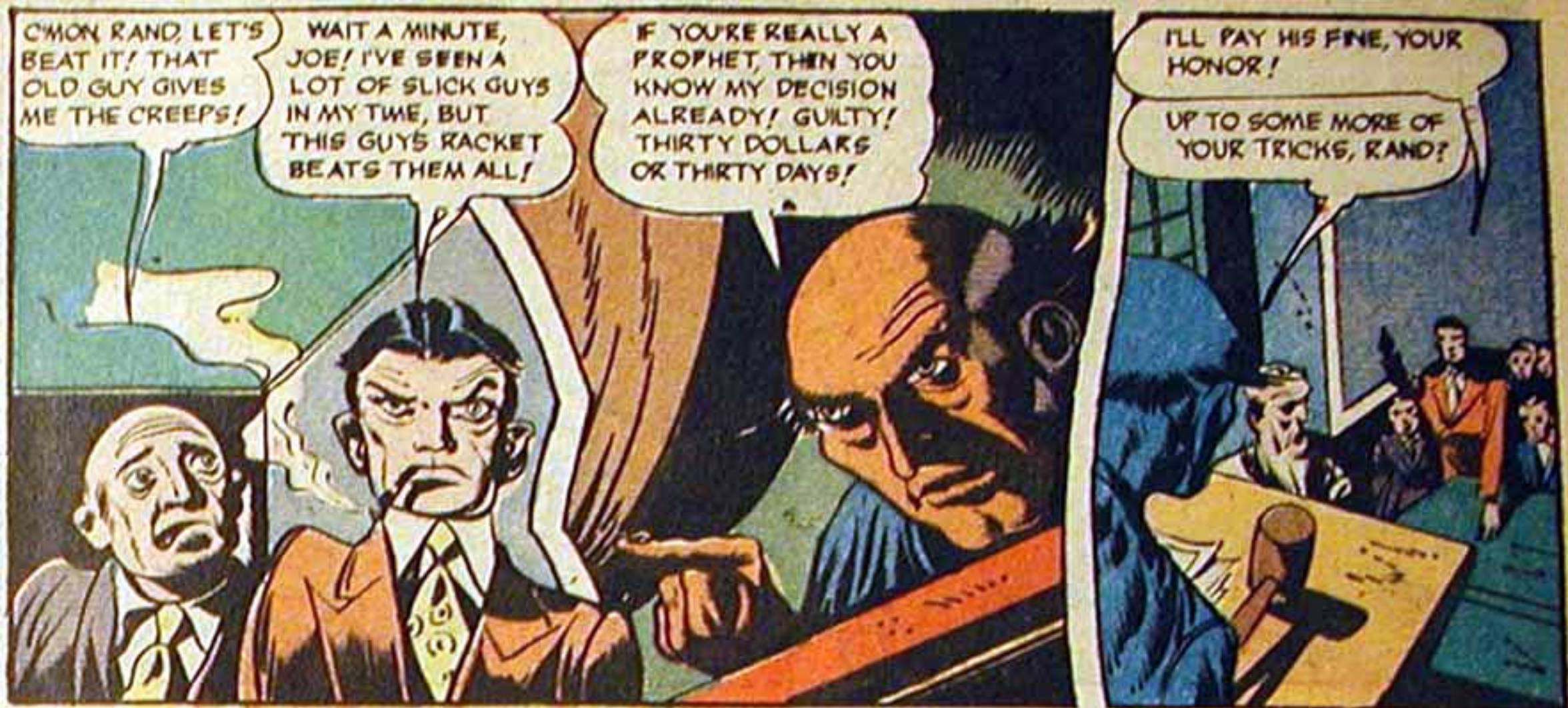
MAYBE SO THELMA. THAT PREDICTION OF HIS WAS CERTAINLY A REMARKABLE CONFIDENCE-TO SAY THE LEAST!

INCITING A RIOT, EH? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

ONLY THIS! YOU'RE A PACK OF FOOLS-ALL OF YOU!



WHAT? YEA-- I GIVE THEE ANOTHER PROPHECY! BLACKNESS WILL SMITE THIS CITY TOMORROW NIGHT- ITS LIGHTS EXTINGUISHED!



C'MON RAND, LET'S BEAT IT! THAT OLD GUY GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

WAIT A MINUTE, JOE! I'VE SEEN A LOT OF SLICK GUYS IN MY TWE, BUT THIS GUY'S RACKET BEATS THEM ALL!

IF YOU'RE REALLY A PROPHECY, THEN YOU KNOW MY DECISION ALREADY! GUILTY! THIRTY DOLLARS OR THIRTY DAYS!

I'LL PAY HIS FINE, YOUR HONOR!

UP TO SOME MORE OF YOUR TRICKS, RAND?



WHY, YOUR HONOR, I'M JUST TRYING TO HELP THIS POOR OLD MAN!

Y'KNOW, POP, I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT IT'S GOT ME STUMPED!

GAME? I PLAY NO GAMES! I AM HERE TO HELP MANKIND, TO LEAD MY FLOCK OUT OF DARKNESS, EVEN AS MOSES DID!



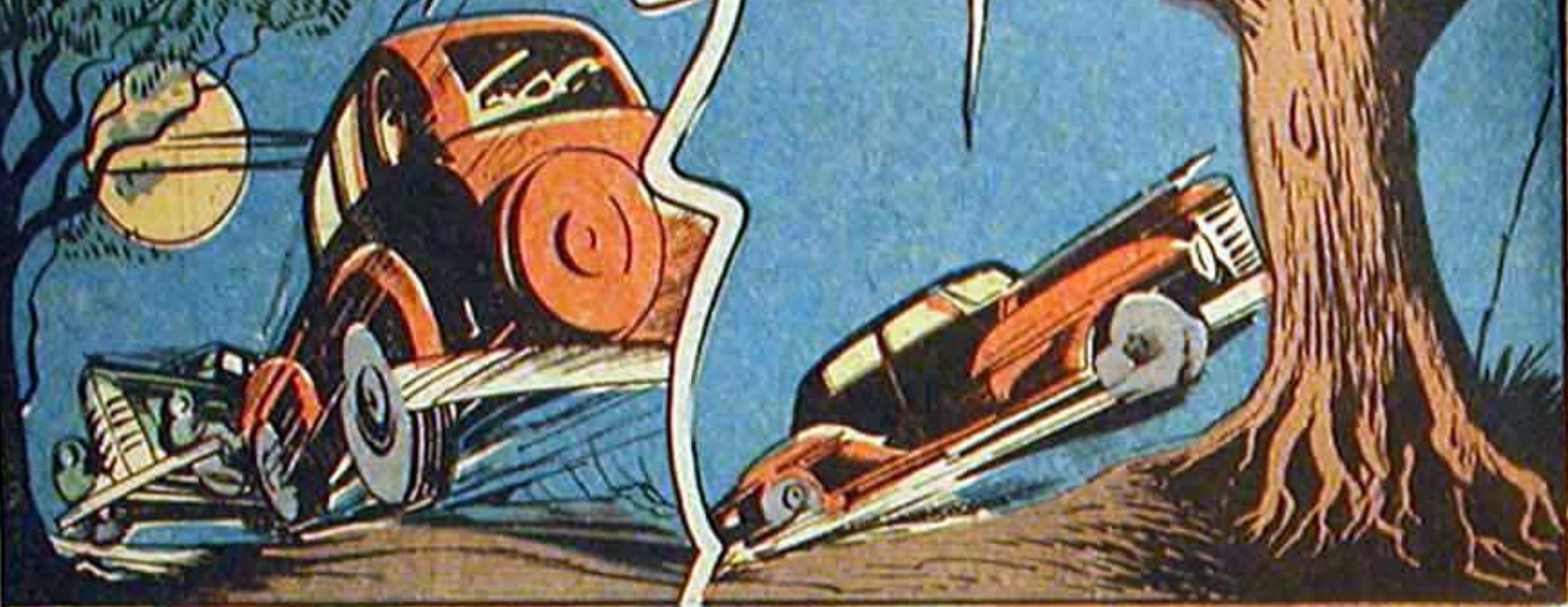
LOOK, YOU'RE TALKING TO DIXIE RAND, SEE, THE SMARTEST MOUTH PIECE IN THE COUNTRY! SUPPOSE YOU DROP THE ACT AND LET ME IN ON YOUR RACKET!

I SEE YOU DOUBT ME, TOO! YOU HAVE HELPED ME AND NOW I SHALL HELP YOU WITH A PROPHECY!

BEWARE THE SPINNING WHEELS-- THE WHEELS OF DEATH!

AW, YOU'RE NUTS--- GREAT SCOTT---
THAT CAR AHEAD, IT'S SKID-
DING!

I'VE GOT TO SWERVE
OFF THE ROAD!



THANKS FOR WARNING ME,
PROPHET! I GUESS YOU'RE
THE REAL MCCOY AFTER
ALL! HOP IN, I'LL TAKE YOU
OVER TO MY PLACE!

BOYS MEET MY PAL, *THE PROPHET*.
HE REALLY KNOWS WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN!

GEE, DIXIE MUST BE GETTIN'
SOFT-- FALLIN' FOR
THAT GUY'S LINE!

YEAH!



HOLY SMOKE! I JUST
REMEMBERED! THE
OLD BOY PROPHESIED
THE CITY LIGHTS
WOULD GO OUT
TOMORROW NIGHT!
HMM--- I WONDER---

EX--EXCUSE US, PRO-
PHET, I'D LIKE TO HAVE
A---AHEM--- PRIVATE
TALK WITH MY
FALS!

NEXT NIGHT AT ARMY HEAD-
QUARTERS---
IS EVERYTHING
IN READINESS
FOR THIS CITY'S
*SURPRISE
BLACKOUT!*

YES,
SIR--

AND IN THE APARTMENT OF
BOB DICKERING---

WHEEEEEEEEEEE
BOB! WHAT'S
THAT! SOUNDS LIKE
A SIREN!



GREAT SCOT! IT'S A SURPRISE BLACK-OUT, THELMA --- AND I'M AN AIR-RAID WARDEN! C'MON, I'VE GOT TO BE ON THE JOB! I SEE ALL THE LIGHTS ARE OUT IN THIS AREA!



WHY THAT'S STRANGE! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE BANK!



I'D BETTER GO IN AND NOTIFY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THE BLACKOUT! GUESS HE DIDN'T HEAR THE SIREN! YOU WAIT HERE, THEL!



WHILE INSIDE THE BANK, AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS ROUNDS ---

LET HIM HAVE IT, DUTCH!

HE'S GOT IT! AND HOW!



BOY, DIXIE'S HUNCH ABOUT THAT *PROPHET* WAS OKAY, DIS BLACKOUT IS MADE TO ORDER!

SHUT UP AND GET THAT SAFE OPEN!



JUST THEN, THE TERRIFYING SYMBOL OF DOOM FOR ALL CRIMINALS APPEARS --- THE SHADOW OF THE *HANGMAN'S NOOSE!*

OPENING NIGHT, EH, BOYS?

I'M AFRAID YOU LUGS NEED MORE REHEARSING!





THE JIG'S UP! WHEREVER THAT HANGMAN IS - THAT'S WHERE I DON'T WANNA BE!

YEEOW!... GANGWAY - GIMME ROOM!

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

GET THAT MOTOR RUNNING! WE GOT A CHANCE FOR A GET-AWAY WHILE THE HANGMAN'S BUSY LOOKIN' AT THE WATCHMAN!

STOP GABBIN AND HOP IN!



WAIT FOR ME, BOYS! I'M GOING YOUR WAY!



NOT TONIGHT, YOU AINT HANGMAN! GET OFF DAT RUNNING BOARD!



YOU NAILED HIM FOR GOOD, JOE!

QUICK, HANDOVER DAT TOMMY. DIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM PERMANENT!



OKAY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

SPILL! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! DEKE HE GOES ROLLIN' INTO DAT STAIR-WELL!



HANGMAN! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! WHAT HAPPENED?

BANK ROBBERS, THE!



WHAT I CANT FIGURE OUT IS HOW THEY PICKED JUST THE NIGHT OF A SURPRISE BLACK-OUT - ALMOST AS IF THEY KNEW ABOUT IT IN ADVANCE!

THEY LOOKED LIKE SOME OF RAND'S GANG--
SAY!-- RAND --- BLACKOUT -- THAT PROPHET --
OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL NOW! LISTEN,
THELMA, CALL THE POLICE AND GET THEM
OVER TO RAND'S PLACE AS FAST AS YOU
CAN! HURRY, WE
HAVENT A MINUTE
TO SPARE!

MEANWHILE AT RAND'S APARTMENT---

YOU SEE, BOYS, THE PROPHET WAS RIGHT ABOUT
THAT BLACKOUT! IF THE HANGMAN HADN'T SHOWN
UP, WE WOULD HAVE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!



BUT, UNSEEN, THE PROPHET HAS
ENTERED---

SO! YOU HAVE
TURNED MY PROPHECY TO
YOUR EVIL PURPOSES!



HOW DID
HE GET
IN HERE?

HE HEARD ABOUT THAT
BANK JOB! I'LL HAVE TO
DO SOME FAST TALKIN'!

WHY, PROPHET! HOW COULD YOU
THINK SUCH A THING! WE'RE HONEST
BUSINESSMEN! HOW ABOUT A NICE
LITTLE PREDICTION FOR TOMOR-
ROW NIGHT, EH?



WELL, C'MON, OPEN UP!
I'M GOING TO GET A
PROPHECY IF I HAVE
TO SLAP IT OUT OF
YOU!

VERY WELL THEN, IF YOU
INSIST! I PREDICT
THAT YOU SHALL DIE
IN THE HANGMAN'S
NOOSE!

WHY, YOU DIRTY--- SO I'M GOING TO
DIE, AM I? WELL HERE'S MY PREDICTION,
YOU'RE CROAKIN' RIGHT NOW!



SUDDENLY, RAND STOPS AGHAST AS HE SEES THE DREAD SIGN OF THE HANGMAN--

WHA--- WHAT'S THAT?

YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST CRIME, RAND!

THE--- THE HANG-MAN!



SO YOU KILLED THE PROPHET, EH, RAND? WELL I HEARD HIS LAST PROPHECY!

AND I'M GOING TO SEE TO IT THAT IT COMES TRUE!



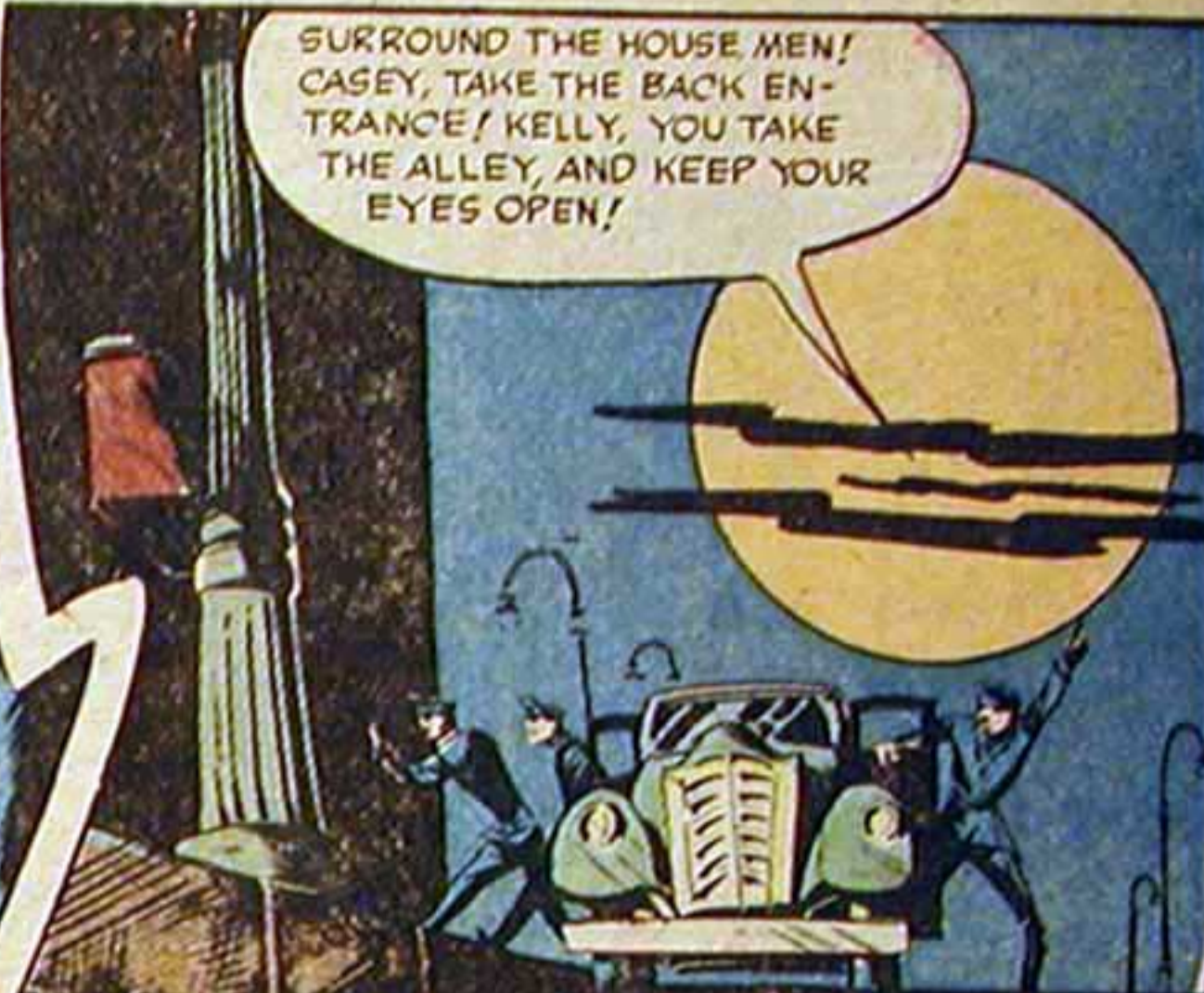
THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, RAND! YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF FAST TALKING UP TO NOW! BUT YOU WON'T TALK YOURSELF OUT OF THE GALLOWS!

NICE GOING, CHIMP! C'MON, YOU GUYS, LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!





MEANWHILE--- THERE'S RAND'S PLACE, CHIEF! BETTER WARN YOUR MEN TO BE CAREFUL, CHIEF! RAND'S MOBSTERS ARE **KILLERS**



SURROUND THE HOUSE MEN! CASEY, TAKE THE BACK ENTRANCE! KELLY, YOU TAKE THE ALLEY, AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!



STEP ON IT, YOU GUYS! I'VE GOT MY CAR OUT--- GULP--- **WE'RE TOO LATE!**



YEEOWW! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF! NOW!



SCURRYING LIKE RATS ON A SINKING SHIP, THE MOBSTERS SCATTER MADLY TO ESCAPE THE POLICE NET CLOSING IN ON THEM----



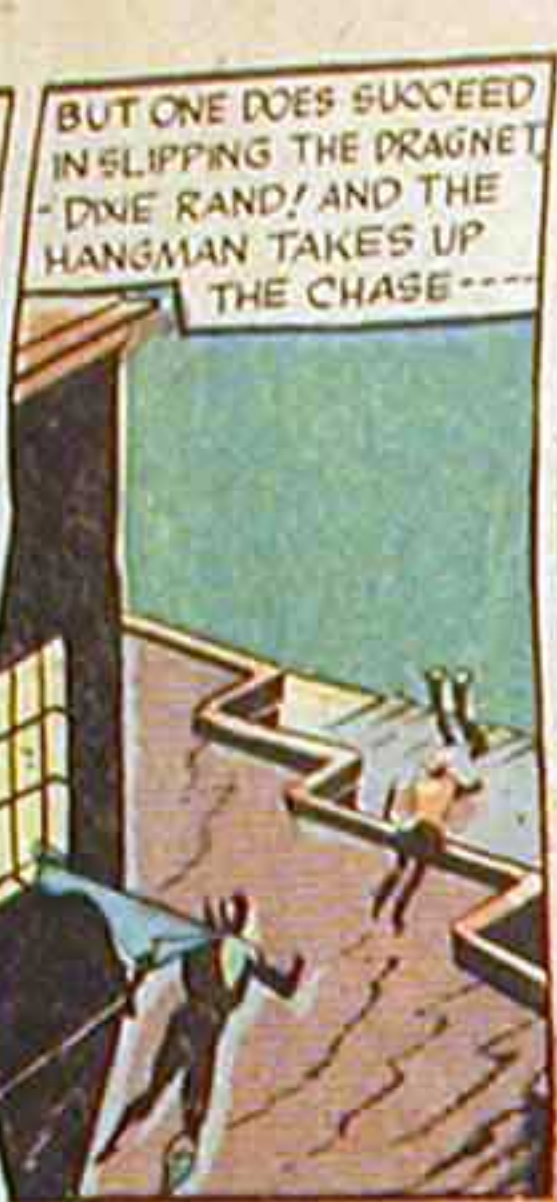
WHOA, THERE, JOE! YOU'RE NOT THINKING OF RUNNING OUT ON THE JUDGE, ARE YOU? HE'S SAVING A NICE CELL FOR YOU!



I OUTSMARTED THOSE BULLS! NOW TO GET OUT THROUGH THE BACK ALLEY!



HELLO, DUTCH! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? EXERCISING? YOU'LL GET PLENTY UP AT THE BIG HOUSE!



BUT ONE DOES SUCCEED IN SLIPPING THE DRAGNET - DIXIE RAND! AND THE HANGMAN TAKES UP THE CHASE----



PROPHET OR NO PROPHET, DIXIE RAND ISN'T GOING TO BE HANGED, NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



RAND'S TRYING TO GRAB THAT SPEEDBOAT ROPE --- HEY, YOU FELLOWS IN THE SPEEDBOAT! HOLD UP! WAIT!



THEY DIDN'T HEAR ME --- SAY, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH RAND --- HE SEEMS TO BE ALL TANGLED UP IN THAT ROPE! HE STRUGGLING!



HEY TOM, I'M TRYIN' TO PULL IN THIS ROPE, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TANGLED UP IN IT! GIMME A HAND, WILL YOU?



GREAT CAESAR! IT'S A MAN! HAUL HIM IN - QUICK!



YEEOWW!... HE'S DEAD... STRANGLERED BY OUR HITCHING ROPE! THE GUY PUT HIS OWN NECK IN A NOOSE!

UGH...WHAT A WAY TO DIE! WONDER HOW IT HAPPENED?

THE END

THE

MANU





MANY ARE THE DARK AND TRAGIC SECRETS HIDDEN ETERNALLY IN THE BLACK DEPTHS OF "OLE MAN RIVER"—THE MISSISSIPPI! AND STILL ANOTHER ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN ADDED THAT FATEFUL NIGHT THE LUMBERING PADDLEBOAT CHURNED ALONG ITS MURKY SURFACE! FOR AMONG THE PASSENGERS, THERE STALKED A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER MURDERER! AND THE HANGMAN FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST THE STRANGEST AND MOST PUZZLING CASE OF HIS CAREER, AS HIS NOOSE REACHES OUT FOR THE **MURDERER ON THE MISSISSIPPI!**

Bob Fujie

ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT---

I'M GLAD YOU GOT THIS IDEA FOR A VACATION, BOB! THIS SEA AIR IS SWELL!

SURE IS! SAY, WE MUST BE READY TO LEAVE PORT! THE LAST PASSENGERS ARE COMING ABOARD!



A PARSON COMES UP THE GANGPLANK---

WHAT'S WRONG MY GOOD MAN? YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE!

TROUBLE IS RIGHT! WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN THIS SUITCASE-ROCKS?



HA, HA! I AM TRAVELING RATHER HEAVY AT THAT! HERE-- PERHAPS A TIP WILL RECOMPENSE YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THANKS, PARSON! WOW! SURE FEELS GOOD TO PUT THAT SUITCASE DOWN!



RIGHT BEHIND THE PARSON COME TWO MORE PASSENGERS----

TAKE US TO OUR STATEROOM QUICKLY, STEWARD! POOR FIFI IS TRED--- I WANT TO FEED HER!



SUDDENLY---

FIFI! STOP THAT THIS MINUTE!



IT SEEMS YOUR DOG DOESN'T LIKE ME, MISS--- MISS---

MRS. EVE BRADBURY FIFI IS SUCH A NAUGHTY DOG!



THEN AS MR. AND MRS. BRADBURY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY---

HEY! YOU'VE DROPPED MY SUITCASE!



I'M AWFULLY SORRY, SIR! I'LL HAVE YOUR BELONGINGS BACK IN A JIFFY!



OH NO, YOU DON'T! GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY THINGS, YOU---

WHA..?





STUPID, NOSEY FOOL!



YOU DONT HAVE TO GET SORE ABOUT IT! I WAS ONLY TRYIN TO BE HELPFUL!



THERE SURE ARE SOME QUEER CHARACTERS ON THIS BOAT TO DAY!

THERE CERTAINLY ARE! I WONDER WHY THAT MAN GOT SO ANGRY! THE STEWARD TRIED TO HELP HIM!



SUDDENLY THELMA STARES - GOOD HEAVENS! TALK ABOUT QUEER CHARACTERS! LOOK AT THAT MAN WITH THE SLOUCH HAT!



ISNT HE MONK FREDRICKS, THE GANGSTER WHO WAS JUST LET OUT ON PAROLE?

BY JOVE, YOU'RE RIGHT!



JUST THEN--- HEEEEELLA

WHAT'S THAT?



ID BETTER FIND OUT!



HELP! HELP! HE'S --- KILLING ME!



HANDS OFF HIM, BROTHER!
MURDER'S STILL LLEGAL
IN THIS COUNTRY!

HE DESERVES THE
BEATING OF HIS
LIFE! THE SNOOP-
ING RAT!

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE
CRAZY! IM NOT
INTERESTED IN
YOUR PRIVATE
AFFAIRS!



THAT'S THE SECOND TIME
THAT MADMAN ATTACKED ME.
FIRST WHEN I TRED TO HELP
HIM PUT HIS BELONGINGS BACK
IN HIS TRUNK---AND THE SE-
COND TIME WHEN I WAS
WALKING AWAY!



YOU FOOL!
THAT STEWARD
MEANT NO
HARM!

HE WAS WISE TO US, I
TELL YOU! HE WAS TRYING
TO EXAMINE MY BAGGAGE!



YOU ARE CRAZY--JUST
AS THE STEWARD
SAID! I'VE GOT A
GOOD MIND TO WALK
OUT ON YOU! I'M
GOING TO MY ROOM!



THEN THAT NIGT AS BOB DICKER-
ING CHANGES FOR DINNER---

I CANT SETTLE DOWN!
THERE'S AN ODD FEELING OF
TENSENESS ON THIS SHIP--AS
THOUGH SOMETHING'S ABOUT
TO HAPPEN, AND IT'S KEEPING
ME ON EDGE! HEY--WHAT'S
THAT IN THE
WATER?



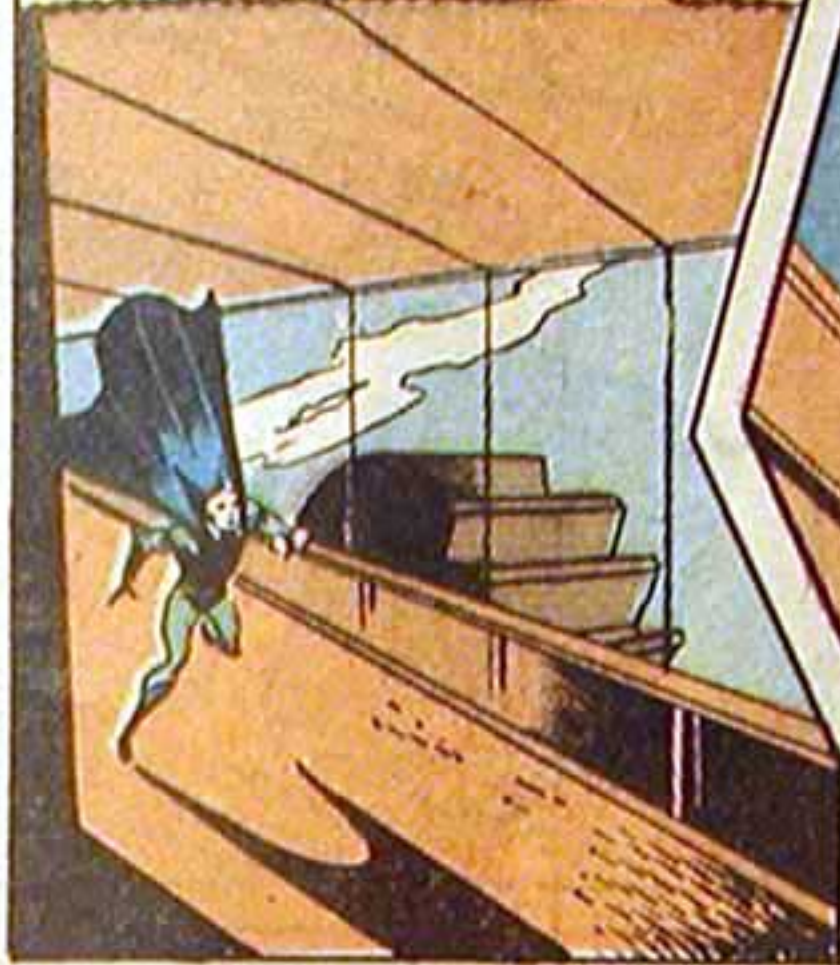
SUDDENLY, BOB STARES OUT
OF THE PORTHOLE---

GREAT GUNS!
IT HAS
HAPPENED!



QUICKLY BOB DICKERING
REMOVES HIS OUTER
CLOTHING AND EMERGES
AS THAT GRIM FOE OF
EVIL -- **THE HANGMAN!**

THE HANGMAN RACES TO THE
END OF THE BOAT---



AND DIVES RIGHT INTO
THE WATER---



NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM
AND FIND OUT IF I SAW RIGHT!



I WASN'T
MISTAKEN!



HMM! IT'S THE
TOUGH GUY--- THE
ONE WHO WAS
SETTING OUT TO
STRANGLE
THAT STEWARD!



I'D BETTER
DRAG THE BODY
ONTO SHORE!---



--- BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
PROSECUTE A MURDERER
WITHOUT SHOWING A
CORPSE!



AND NOW I'D BETTER
FINISH UP MY PLAN...
AND THEN TRY TO
CATCH THE SHIP
AT THE NEXT
PORT!



SOME TIME LATER...



I-- I'LL TALK! I TALKED HIM INTO STEALING THE JEWELS! WE WANTED TO GET MARRIED, AND WE COULDN'T BECAUSE OF THE CHICKEN FEED HE EARNED AS A SOCIAL SECRETARY!



BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MURDER! I SWEAR IT!



MEANWHILE, THELMA HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT THE MURDER---

BOB IS WRONG IN THINKING THAT WOMAN DID IT-- I'M SURE THE MURDERER IS THAT GANGSTER, MONK FREDRICKS!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE JEWELS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THIS STATEROOM!



JUST THEN---

ALL RIGHT, YOU! GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF THAT DRAWER!



I DON'T LIKE SNOOPY DAMES, SEE?



GET MOVIN'! YOU AND ME ARE GOIN FOR A LITTLE ONE-WAY WALK!

TSK, TSK! WONT YOU EVEN LET A GIRL PRETTY HERSELF UP?



BUT IF YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY-- I WONT KEEP YOU WAITING!



AND NOW MR. FREDRICKS GET YOUR HANDS UP!

MY EYES! MY EYES!



SOME MINUTES LATER---

HERE'S THE ONE YOU OUGHT TO QUESTION ABOUT THE MURDER, HANGMAN! HE PULLED A GUN ON ME, BUT I MANAGED TO GET IT AWAY FROM HIM!



SUDDENLY FREDRICKS SWERVES--

MURDER! YOU'RE NOT HANGING A MURDER RAP ON ME!



TAKE IT EASY, FREDRICKS!



NOBODY'S HANGING ANYTHING ON YOU!



BUT IF YOU WANT TO STAY HEALTHY---



--STICK AROUND AWHILE!



ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN-- BUT I DON'T HAVE A HAND IN ANY MURDER--



IT'S JUST THAT-- WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A GUY WITH MY REP WERE TRED FOR MURDER! I'D BE CONVICTED EVEN IF I DIDN'T DO IT!



LISTEN, THEL-- YOU'D BETTER GO AND GET THE STEWARD WHILE I CRUISE AROUND A BIT!



GUDDENLY---

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT DOG?



WOOF
WOOF

I DON'T KNOW! SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE BOTHERING HIM!



WOOF

GET AWAY! GET AWAY!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW! THE POOCH IS AFTER THE PARSON AGAIN!



OH, DEAR! THAT DOG DOES SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN A DISLIKE TO ME!

HOLY...! WHEN THE DOG BIT AT HIS LEG, I THOUGHT I SAW-----



OH, PARSON---I WONDER IF YOU'D ACCOMPANY ME! I'M QUESTIONING SOME PEOPLE AND I'D LIKE YOU TO BE A WITNESS!

CERTAINLY! I'M GLAD TO BE OF HELP!



NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL HERE, THERE'S SOMETHING I WISH TO SHOW YOU!



BUT FIRST--- I WANT TO CHECK UP ON SOMETHING! HOLD THE FORT, THELMA!



QUICKLY THE HANGMAN RUSHES INTO A CERTAIN STATEROOM---



AND PROCEEDS TO EXAMINE THE CONTENTS OF A SUITCASE---



JUST AS I THOUGHT! EMPTY!

THEN THE HANGMAN PROCEEDS
BACK TO EVE'S STATEROOM----

AND NOW, HERE'S
WHAT I WANTED TO
SHOW YOU!



ONE OF YOU KILLED
THIS MAN--AND I'M
PRETTY SURE I KNOW
WHICH ONE!



WELL, WHAT ARE
YOU LOOKING AT ME
FOR? I---I HAVEN'T
ANY PART IN THIS
BUSINESS! I'M HERE
AS A WITNESS!



NO, FRIEND, I'M AFRAID THE GAME'S UP! YOU
CAN TAKE OFF THAT PHONY REVERSED
COLLAR! YOU'RE NO MORE A
PARSON THAN I AM!



I KNEW YOU WEREN'T A PARSON WHEN I SAW
THAT YOU WERE WEARING SPATS! A PARSON
WOULDN'T WEAR SPATS! THEN I REMEMBERED
YOUR SUITCASE--- THE ONE SO
HEAVY THE STEWARD ASKED IF IT
WAS FILLED WITH ROCKS! I WENT
TO YOUR STATEROOM AND FOUND
THE BAG EMPTY, IT HAD
BEEN FILLED WITH



ROCKS----
ROCKS TO
WEIGH DOWN
WILKINSON'S
BODY WHEN
YOU THREW
HIM OVER-
BOARD!

ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN--- YOU'VE GOT
IT ALL FIGURED OUT! SURE I'M REED,
WHOSE JEWELS WERE STOLEN BY
WILKINSON! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT
ME YET!



THELMA LIFTS HER GUN BUT---

WAIT, THELMA--DONT
SHOOT! THERE ARE ONE
OR TWO THINGS HE
HASN'T EXPLAINED!
I WANT TO GET HIM
ALIVE!



THE FOOL! WHERE DOES HE
EXPECT TO RUN ABOARD
SHIP?



THE CHASE CONTINUES-- DOWN DECKS, THROUGH CABINS, THROUGH THE SALON----



TSK, TSK! MISSED! YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT!

UNTIL FINALLY, REED RACES ROUND A CORNER AND LEAPS INTO A LIFEBOAT---



AS SOON AS HE RETURNS THE CORNER, I'LL PUT A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD!

AND AS THE HANGMAN STARES AROUND HIM--



I WONDER WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE!

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH HANGMAN!

BUT-- GREAT HEAVENS! THE GUNS OUT OF BULLETS!



BUT IF I CAN'T USE THE GUN TO SHOOT YOU---



I'LL USE IT TO CRACK YOUR HEAD OPEN!



AND NOW TO THROW HIM INTO THE SHIP'S PADDLE-WHEEL! HE'LL BE CRUSHED-- MANGLED!



BUT SUDDENLY---

AND REED HIMSELF FALLS INTO THE PADDLES---



QUICK! STOP THE BOAT!



THE SHIP'S OFFICERS HAUL REED UP.



BUT--- I'LL GET A DOCTOR!

NO-- IT--- IT'S NO USE! M-- DYING!



I--- DONT SUPPOSE THERE'S MUCH HARM IN TELLING EVERYTHING--- NOW! HERE, HANGMAN, HERE ARE THE JEWELS WILKINSON STOLE FROM ME!



WHY--WHY, THESE JEWELS ARE PHONY, THEY'RE PASTE!



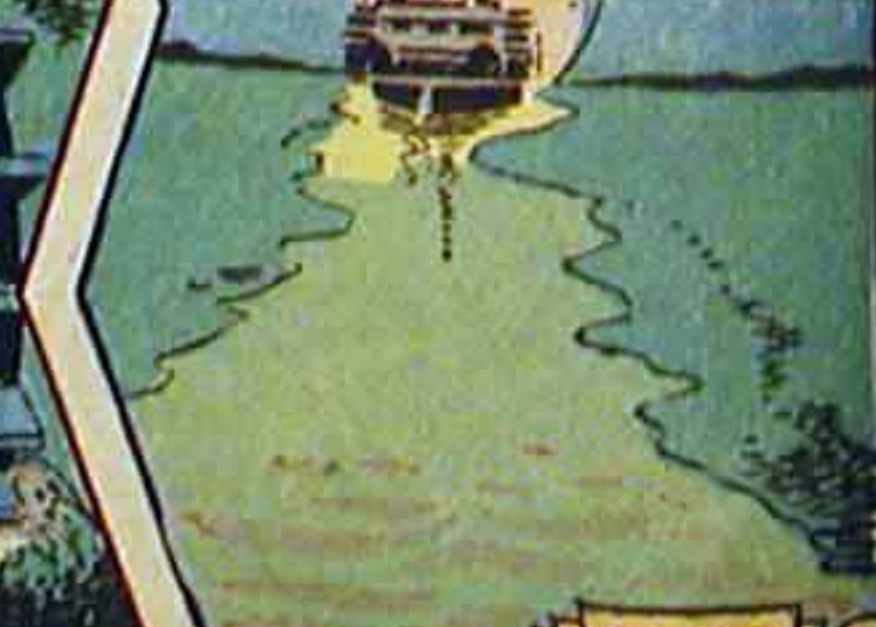
EXACTLY, YOU SEE, I'D PAWNED THE REAL JEWELS! THEN I HAD THESE MADE-- AND TEMPTED WILKINSON TO STEAL THEM! WHEN HE DID, I COLLECTED THE INSURANCE! NATURALLY I HAD TO COME AFTER HIM AND KILL HIM-- BECAUSE WHEN HE'D TRY TO SELL THEM SOMEWHERE THE WHOLE THING MIGHT COME OUT-- SO-- I-- I



HE'S DEAD!



AND THE PADDLE BOAT CHURNS ALONG THE FACE OF 'OLE MAN RIVER' THE RIVER WHOSE MURKY WATERS WOULD HAVE ADDED ANOTHER TO ITS MANY DARK SECRETS BUT FOR THE HANGMAN!





Bob Fudge
T. D. PRETA

FROM OUT OF A SHABBY GARRET FILLED WITH PAINTINGS WHICH DON'T MAKE THE GRADE STEPPED **THE ARTIST**, A MAD MURDERER WHO PAID BACK FRANKNESS ---- WITH DEATH! **THE ARTIST** WAS FRUSTRATED, HIS PAINTINGS WERE NOT MAKING HIM FAMOUS ---- AND HE SET OUT TO MAKE SURE THE WORLD WOULD HEAR OF THEM! HE PAINTED PICTURES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE BEING MURDERED ---- AND PROCEEDED TO KILL THE PEOPLE IN EXACTLY THE WAY PICTURED! SO A GREAT MANY PEOPLE CAME TO HEAR OF **THE ARTIST**! AND ONE OF THESE PEOPLE WAS THE ARCH-ENEMY OF EVIL ----
THE HANGMAN!

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE STUDIO OF NORTON ROCKHILL, FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTER---



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND--



MR. ROCKHILL, COULD I--- SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE ?

WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? I'VE TOLD YOU THAT YOUR WORK SHOWS ABSOLUTELY NO PROMISE! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP ANNOYING ME!



JUST A MOMENT, MR. ROCKHILL! THIS PAINTING IS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE OTHERS! I'M SURE IT'LL INTEREST YOU----



GET READY FOR A SURPRISE, MY DEAR MR. ROCKHILL!



LOOK! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY MASTERPIECE? THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, ROCKHILL! HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!



WHAT---? WILSON, HAVE YOU GONE MAD? NO-- DONT! NO! NO!



AEEEEEE



HOURS LATER, AN EXTRA HITS THE STREETS---

NEW YORK PRESS
NORTON ROCKHILL MURDERED



STRANGE PAINTING ONLY CLUE TO MURDERER

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE--

I TELL YOU, MR. COMMISSIONER, YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THIS MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT TO--- OR HE'LL KILL US NEXT!



AND AT BOB DICKERING'S HOME--

HMM! FUNNY ABOUT THAT PAINTING!



LOOK--YOU SEE THIS PAINTING FOUND ON ROCKHILL'S BODY! WELL, EACH OF US RECEIVED A SIMILAR PAINTING IN THE MORNING MAIL--TELLING HOW WE WERE GOING TO DIE!



I THINK THE HANGMAN HAD BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



ARE YOU GOING TO PERMIT THIS MADMAN TO ROAM THE STREETS? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT? ANSWER ME!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! THE POLICE ARE DOING ALL THEY CAN!



SUDDENLY, A FIGURE ENTERS THE ROOM. THE HANGMAN!



MR. COMMISSIONER!

I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THIS CASE! WITHIN THREE DAYS, I HOPE TO CRACK IT FOR YOU!



AND NOW LET'S LOOK INTO THE PAST! WHAT STARTED JOHN WILSON, THE ARTIST, ON HIS BLOODY CAREER? READ ON AND SEE, AS WILSON ENTERS A SWANKY ART GALLERY---



INSIDE THE GALLERY, WILSON PLEADS WITH JULIAN JONAS, OWNER OF THE GALLERY---

ALL RIGHT, WILSON! IF ONLY TO STOP YOU FROM ANNOYING ME, I'LL LOOK AT YOUR BLASTED PAINTINGS!



WHEW! WE'VE WALKED THREE FLIGHTS ALREADY! HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT?

JUST TWO MORE FLIGHTS, SIR!



FINALLY, THEY REACH WILSON'S GARRET---

WHAT A RELIEF TO SIT DOWN!---HEY, THIS CHAIR'S CAVING IN!



OH, PLEASE, MR. JONES! PLEASE DON'T GO! PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOUR PAINTINGS HAD BETTER BE WORTHWHILE!



THEY ARE, SIR--- THEY ARE! HERE-- THIS IS MY MASTERPIECE, WINTER MORN!



WHAT! IS THAT YOUR MASTERPIECE? GOOD HEAVENS, MAN--- IT'S AWFUL!



HA, HA, HA! I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME! COMING ALL THE WAY OVER TO SEE THAT!



THEN LATER, WILSON ENTERED AN ART STORE---

I HOPE HE HAS THOSE SUPPLIES READY FOR ME!



CHARGE--ELEVEN DOLLARS! BUT I HAVENT ANY MONEY RIGHT NOW! COULDN'T YOU-- COULDN'T YOU EXTEND ME CREDIT?



WHAT! NO MONEY! THEN GET OUT OF HERE! WHERE WOULD YOU GET MONEY TO PAY ME BACK IF I EXTENDED YOU CREDIT?



NO! NO! YOU CANT TAKE THESE SUPPLIES BACK! I NEED THEM FOR MY WORK!



AND IF YOU WONT GIVE THEM TO ME ON CREDIT, ILL TAKE THEM FREE!



OH, YEAH? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



GET TOUGH WITH ME, WILL YA? I'LL BREAK YOUR SCRAWNY NECK!



BUT WILSON SEIZES AN ARTIST'S KNIFE, AND...

YAAAAAH



I-- I'VE KILLED HIM! I'VE KILLED HIM!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



AND THE ARTIST RUSHES OUT OF THE STORE, FORGETTING THE PORTRAIT HE HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM.

HOURS LATER---

GET THE LATEST PAPER! MURDER IN AN ART SUPPLY STORE!



HEY--- MY--MY PAPER! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY NEWS-PAPER?



HEY-- YOU CROOK! COME BACK WITH THAT NEWSPAPER!



LOOK! THEY'VE GIVEN THE MURDER A FULL-PAGE SPREAD! AND--AND THERE'S THE PORTRAIT I PAINTED FEATURED RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF IT!



WHAT A TWIST OF FATE! BEFORE THIS I COULDN'T GET MY PAINTINGS EXHIBITED ANYWHERE! AND NOW-- THROUGH MURDER-- MILLIONS WILL SEE MY WORK!



VERY WELL THEN! THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! I'LL PAY BACK A FEW DEBTS---AND BECOME A WORLD-FAMOUS PAINTER AT THE SAME TIME!



WILSON RETURNS TO JONAS' ART GALLERY---



WHAT-WHO'S THERE?

YOU AGAIN! GET OUT! I TOLD YOU WHAT I THINK OF YOUR PAINTINGS!



JUST A MOMENT! I'M SURE THIS PAINTING WILL PLEASE YOU MORE!



GET OUT OF MY WAY WHILE I UNWRAP IT!



THERE, MR. JONAS! HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS PAINTING?



I--- I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, WILSON? HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?



YES, MR. JONAS! I'VE GONE CRAZY ALL RIGHT---



KILL-CRAZY!

AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW--
MURDER AFTER MURDER OCCURS
IN THE ART FIELD---



AND THEN, AT THE OFFICE OF THE
EDITOR OF *ART REVIEWS* MAGAZINE---



EH? WHAT'S THAT?
A PACKAGE FOR ME?



GOOD--
GOOD LORD!
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN?



THIS
IS WHAT
IT MEANS,
MR. EDITOR!

AND DOWNSTAIRS, THE HANGMAN
WHO HAS BEEN SCOURING THE
ART DISTRICT, HEARS----



A
SHOT!

THAT TOOK CARE OF
HIM! NOW TO.. GOOD LORD!
IT.. IT'S.. THE HANGMAN!



SO YOU'RE
THE ARTIST!
LOOKS LIKE
I'VE COME TO
THE END OF
THE TRAIL!





YOU'RE RIGHT, HANGMAN! THIS IS THE END OF THE TRAIL... FOR YOU!

BETTER IMPROVE YOUR AIM BEFORE YOU BOAST, MURDERER!



AND IT'S NO USE TRYING TO RUN AWAY...



...BECAUSE YOU'VE HAD YOUR FUN... AND YOU'VE GOT TO PAY FOR IT!



GET THAT THROUGH YOUR HEAD, YOU SCRAWNY RAT! YOU'RE HEADED FOR THE GALLOW'S!



BUT AS THE HANGMAN TALKS, THE ARTIST STEALTHILY MOVES A FOOT FORWARD AND ----



NO, HANGMAN, THIS TIME YOU'RE WRONG...



MY FAME HAS JUST BEGUN! NO ONE IS GOING TO STAND IN THE WAY OF MY CAREER!

THE NEXT DAY, THE ARTIST SCANS A NEWSPAPER---

ART NEWS
ART EXHIBIT TODAY
AT AMBOY HALL.
MICHAEL LAURIE
FAMOUS ART CRITIC
TO PRESIDE.

INTERESTING!
VERY INTERESTING!
A SPLENDID OPPOR-
TUNITY TO RENEW
MY ACQUAINTANCE-
SHIP WITH MR. LAURIE.

THE GREAT MR. LAURIE WHO ONCE SNEERED AT ME..
RIDICULED ME. I DON'T THINK HE'LL SNEER THIS
TIME. IN FACT I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED
IF MY WORK OF ART WERE TO LEAVE HIM
BREATHLESS... HA HA, HA! YES! FOREVER BREATHLESS!



LATER THAT DAY, MICHAEL LAURIE
ARRIVES AT AMBOY HALL---

THERE'S
LAURIE
NOW!

I GUESS THE
EXHIBIT'S
ABOUT TO
START!

INSIDE, LAURIE MOUNTS THE STAGE--

I WILL NOW PRO-
CEED TO DISCUSS
THESE PAINTINGS!

AND AS LAURIE TALKS, A
FIGURE WATCHES TENSELY,
--- THE HANGMAN!

UNLESS I MISS
MY GUESS,
THERE'S GONNA
TO BE ACTION
ANY MINUTE
NOW!

NOTE THIS PAINTING ---
A PORTRAIT BY KENMANNI!
NOTE ITS SIMPLICITY---ITS
DEEP SOMBRE BEAUTY!
A GREAT WORK!

AND NOW FOR THE
NEXT PAINTING! IT---
GOOD HEAVENS!



IT---IT'S THE ARTIST!
HE'S AFTER ME!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,
LAURIE! NOTHING'S
GONG TO HAPPEN
TO YOU!



BUT EVEN AS THE HANGMAN
RUSHES INTO PROTECT LAURIE,
UP IN THE LIGHT TOWER A FIGURE
CLINGING TO THE SHADOWS MAKES
ITS WAY TOWARD THE LIGHT
SWITCH. PULLS IT...

THE HALL IS PLUNGED
INTO BLACKNESS!
SUDDENLY, A FLASH-
LIGHT GLIMMERS...

...AND THROWS ITS
EERIE RAYS OVER THE
HORROR-TWISTED
FEATURES OF--MICHAEL
LAURIE!



NO!
NO!



THEN SUDDENLY...

SORRY,
LAURIE--
BUT THIS
IS FOR
YOUR OWN
GOOD!

THE BLOW THROWS
LAURIE TO THE FLOOR...
JUST IN TIME! AN AXE
WHIZZES PAST HIS HEAD.

...THEN THE LIGHTS FLICK ON,
THE ARTIST STANDS ON THE
STAGE---





SO YOU'RE HERE, EH?
WELL, I'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU AND LAURIE
BOTH!



TSK! TSK!
MISSED
AGAIN!



THIS TIME, FRIEND,
YOU'RE NOT GET-
TING AWAY!



BUT AS THE HANG-
MAN STEPS FORWARD



HE TRIPS ON LAURIE'S UN-
CONSCIOUS BODY---



AND THE AXE BITES INTO THE GROUND
WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS HEAD---



THEN!

I THINK I'D BETTER
CLEAN YOU UP--
AND FAST!



I DONT LIKE PEOPLE WHO SWING AXES AT ME---



AND SOMETIMES IM NOT TOO GENTLE WITH 'EM!



THE ARTIST CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH HIS OWN CANVAS!



HERE'S THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TERRORIZING THE ART FIELD FOR THE PAST WEEK! ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE POLICE!



LATER---

I CANT UNDERSTAND IT, HANGMAN! WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE FOR ALL THESE CRIMES!

BITTERNESS LAURIE! BITTERNESS AT HIS LACK OF SUCCESS IN THE ART FIELD!

THE CRITICISMS FAMOUS ARTISTS MADE OF HIS WORK WARPED HIS MIND! HE SET OUT TO KILL ALL THE PEOPLE HE FELT WERE AGAINST HIM! BUT HE'S COMMITTED HIS LAST MURDER! THE GALLOWES WILL MARK THE END OF HIS BLOODY CAREER!



THE END