

NO. 5

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STEEL STERLING



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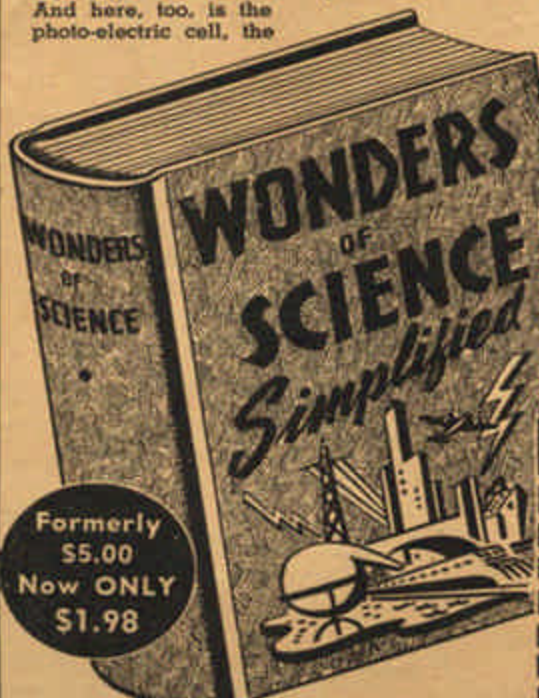
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STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

THIS IS A DIFFERENT KIND OF STORY, AND IT STARTS OFF IN A VERY DIFFERENT WAY - ON BOARD A YAN-KEE CLIPPER ...

EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE SCENE YOU SEE IS TYPICAL OF WHAT HAS BEEN HAPPENING EVER SINCE THE VOYAGE BEGAN. FOR THE CAPTAIN OF THIS FRIGATE, SCRAGGS, HAS BECOME A BY-WORD ON THE LIPS OF EVERY SAILOR FOR INHUMANITY AND CRUELTY. HOW DOES STEEL STERLING FIT IN, YOU ASK? WAIT AND SEE! YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE...



TALK BACK TO CAPTAIN SCRAGGS. WILL YOU, YOU SWINE?

STOP, YE BEAST. YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

KILLING HIM, AM I -- I'LL KILL YOU TOO!

POW



NO! NO!
DONT! PLEASE!
AAAAAAA!



NOW, YE SCUM, ARE
THERE ANY MORE OF YE
THAT WANTS TO TALK
BACK TO CAPTAIN
SCRAGGS!



THAT NIGHT...

HE'S
INHUMAN, I
TELL YA.
HE'LL KILL
US ALL!

IT'S US
OR HIM!
I SAY-
MUTINY!

I'M WITH
YE!



LATER, A FIGURE
SNEAKS UP BEHIND
THE HELMSMAN, AND...

WE'RE TAKING
OVER, MATEY!



WHILE THE REST
OF THE CREW
BURST INTO CAP-
TAIN SCRAGGS
CABIN...



WE'RE TAKIN'
OVER, YE BLOODY BUTCHER!
WE'RE PUTTING YOU OVER-
BOARD IN A ROW BOAT,
GET READY!



YE'VE GOT
ENOUGH SUPPLIES
TO FLOAT YOU FOR A LONG
TIME. IT'S A BETTER FATE
THAN YOU DESERVE!



BLAST YOUR MUTIN-
IOUS BONES. I'LL SEE
YOU ALL HANG FROM
THE YARDARM FOR
THIS... I SWEAR IT!



AND THAT'S AS MUCH OF THE STORY AS CAPTAIN SCRAGG'S LOG GAVE US, STERLING!

WHEW! SOME YARN, BUT WHY DID YOU TELL ME ALL THIS? AND WHY DID YOU CALL ME IN, GENERAL DAWES?

WELL, RECENTLY WE'VE BEEN GETTING MESSAGES FROM ABOUT HERE, GIVING US VALUABLE INFORMATION ABOUT A GERMAN U-BOAT. WE DON'T KNOW WHO'S SENDING THEM!

BUT, WE THINK THOSE MUTINEERS ARE BEHIND THIS. OUR THEORY IS THAT THEY ESTABLISHED A COLONY AND KEPT AWAY FROM CIVILIZATION ALL THESE YEARS!



SUDDENLY, THE MESSAGES STOPPED COMING THROUGH. SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO THEM, WE'RE SURE! WE WANT YOU TO TRACE THEM! WE'LL SEND A MAN ALONG WITH YOU WHO'S FAMILIAR WITH THE WILD TERRAIN!



HE'S A LITTLE ECCENTRIC! AN ENTOMOLOGIST AND, OH, OH, HERE HE COMES NOW, CHASING BUTTERFLIES AS USUAL!



ER... AH... HOW DO YOU DO, MR. POTLUCK. THIS IS VERY INTERESTING SPECIMEN-- THIS BUTTERFLY!



ALL RIGHT, GENERAL DAWES, THE PROFESSOR AND I WILL START IMMEDIATELY!



WELL, WE'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB TO DO, PROF. POTLUCK... AND DANGEROUS, TOO!

YES SIR... AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GATHER A RATHER INTERESTING COLLECTION OF BUTTERFLIES. DON'T YOU THINK?



HERE COMES STEEL NOW, LOONEY!

HE SURE TOOK HIS TIME. WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, PAL?

THESE ARE MY FRIENDS, CLANCY AND LOONEY, PROFESSOR!



HMMPH... VERY REMARKABLE LOOKING SPECIMENS! AND THESE MEN HELP YOU, YOU SAY?

HUH, THAT'S A HOT ONE!

HE COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT US!



WELL, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO THIS TIME... PROFESSOR POTLUCK AND I ARE HANDLING THIS JOB ALONE!



WHAT! YA CANT DO THIS TO US!

IT'S UNFAIR! WELL WE'LL PICKET YA - THAT'S WHAT!

EASY, BOYS!



I APPRECIATE YOUR MOTIVES, BUT OUR UNCLE SAMMY'S THE BOSS ON THIS JOB, I'VE GOT NO CHOICE!

SNIFF, SNIFF, OKAY WE'LL DO OUR PART!



AND SO, DAYS LATER, STEEL AND THE PROFESSOR ARE SCOUTING THROUGH WILD, UNEXPLORED SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES...



A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN! ADIURNAL LOPEROCARUS!



NOW TO SPRINKLE SOME OF MY GOLD DUST, AND OSSIFY IT FOR MY COLLECTION!



DID YOU SAY GOLD DUST?

HA, HA, IT'S NOT REALLY GOLD, BUT IT RESEMBLES IT. A LITTLE DISCOVERY OF MY OWN!

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT THE TREES, A SWARM OF SAVAGES...

AND BEFORE STEEL CAN RID HIMSELF OF HIS CLOTHING, HE AND THE PROFESSOR ARE COMPLETELY SUR-ROUNDED BY HORDES.

HSST.. WAIT, STERLING.. MAYBE THEY CAN GIVE US SOME IN-FORMATION!

I DON'T SEE HOW.. WE DON'T KNOW THEIR LANGUAGE!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A FIGHT ON MY HANDS!



I CAN SPEAK A VARIETY OF JUNGLE LANGUAGES. THEY'RE SURE TO UNDER-STAND ONE.. PUALA LAM-PUR..

NEGO SCHMUTZ! HMM.. THAT'S NO GOOD.. I'LL TRY THIS ONE.. YAMMA SPITOOON!

IT'S NO USE, STERLING! I'VE TRIED 17 LANGUAGES. I MUST CONFESS TO FAILURE!

FUNNY.. AND THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE BELLIG-ERENT!



WHAT WALRUS-FACED WHITE MAN TRY TO TELL US ANYHOW?

HOLY JOE.. THEY SPEAK ENGLISH!

NOW, HOW COULD THEY HAVE LEARNED ENGLISH? COULD IT BE THOSE COLONISTS TAUGHT THEM. THAT WOULD EXPLAIN THEIR FRIENDLINESS, TOO!



WE LOOK FOR WHITE MAN IN JUNGLE. YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND?

WHICH WHITE MAN THE GOOD ONES OR THE BAD ONES?

GOOD ONES OUR FRIENDS BAD ONES COME AND WISH TO KILL US, DRIVE US INTO THE JUNGLE...

I WISH TO HELP GOOD ONES. YOU TAKE US TO THEM.



WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY MEAN BY BAD WHITE MAN, STERLING?

OFF HAND, I'D SAY THE GERMANS.

APPARENTLY THEY FOUND OUT ABOUT THOSE SHORT-WAVE MESSAGES, DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHO WAS SEND THEM AND DID...

WHITE MAN CITY THAT WAY. WE NO GO WITH YOU!

BOY, THOSE BAD WHITES CERTAINLY THREW A SCARE INTO THESE POOR DUCKS!



WELL WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW PROFESSOR MAYBE YOU'D BETTER STAY BEHIND.

PSHAW I'M GOING WITH YOU.

THERE IT IS PROFESSOR OR QUIET NOW



FROM BEHIND THE PROTECTIVE UNDERBRUSH THEY SEE...

THEY'VE GOT THE COLONISTS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP. I COULD BARGE IN AND CLEAN UP ON THOSE RATS, BUT THEY'D SHOOT THE COLONISTS DOWN LIKE FLIES. IF ONLY THERE WERE SOMEWAY WE COULD DECOY THEM AWAY FOR AWHILE...

I HAVE A PLAN...

SAY WHAT'RE YOU SPRINKLING GOLD-DUST... HMM, I GET IT..



HIMMEL! WAS IST...

EIN ENGLISHER!!

A SPY!

WHO ARE YOU?

VOT ARE YOU DOING HERE.

JOVE! I HAD NO IDEA THERE WERE OTHER WHITE MEN AROUND. I'M HUNTING BUTTERFLIES

DONNER! LOOK HIS SHOES HE'S GOT GOLD ALL OFER DEM!

GOLD? HMM... DOES LOOK LIKE GOLD. MUST 'AVE PICKED IT UP WALKING.



TINK CAREFULLY PROFESSOR. REMEMBER VERE YOU WALKED?

YES! I THINK I DO RE-MEMBER

THE GOLD-RUSH IS ON WITH ONLY A SKELETON CREW LEFT BEHIND.

FOLLOW ME GENTS. YOU'RE IN FOR A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE...



AND, IN AN OVERHANGING BRANCH.....

AS THE LAST GERMAN MARCHES BY STERLING REACHES DOWN, AND...

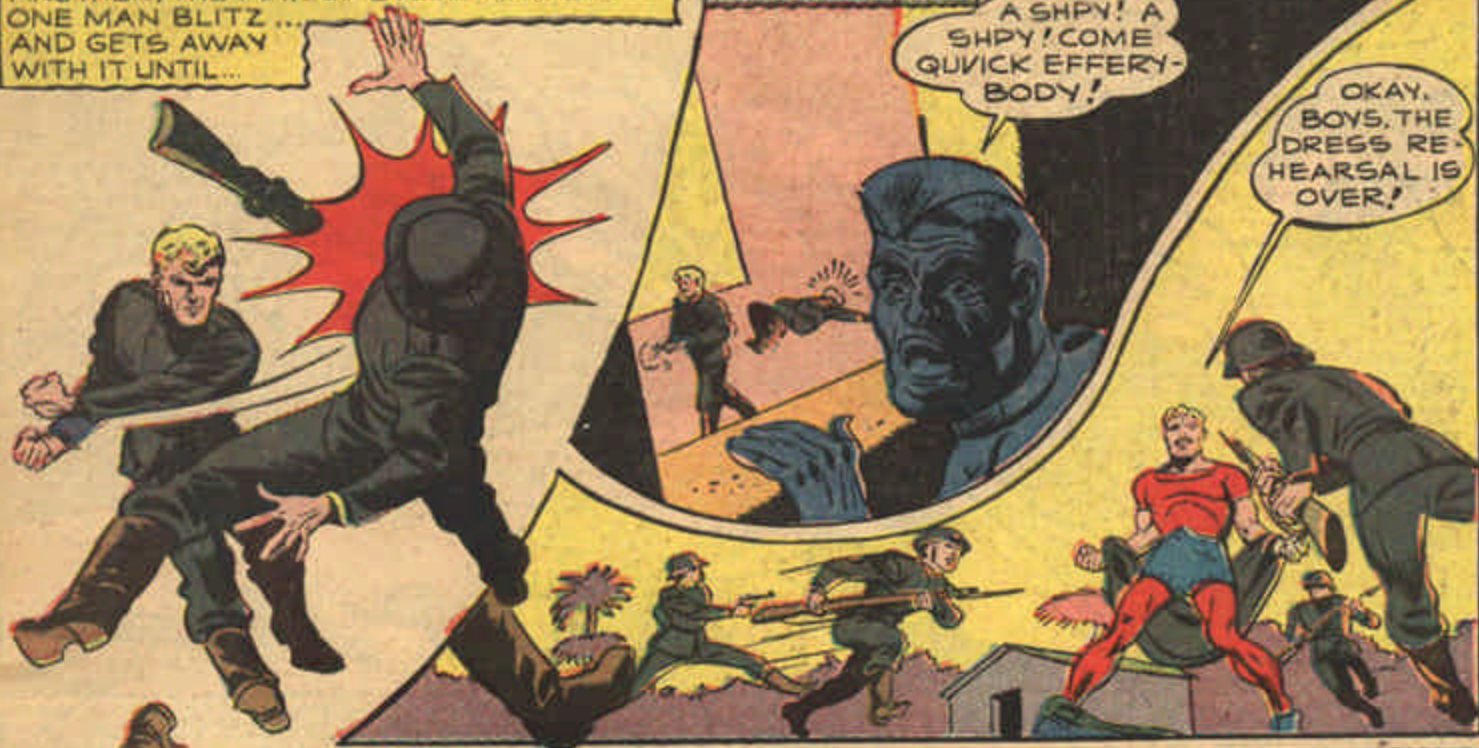


CASUALLY STROLLING FROM ONE GENTRY TO ANOTHER, THE MAN OF STEEL PULLS A ONE MAN BLITZ ... AND GETS AWAY WITH IT UNTIL...

A WATCH TOWER GUARD SPOTS...

A SHPY! A SHPY! COME QUICK EFFERY-BODY!

OKAY, BOYS, THE DRESS RE-HEARSAL IS OVER!



AND THE REAL SHOW IS ON!

YEEOW!

UKK!



HERE'S A NEW GAME. IT'S CALLED "SLAP THE JAP"

UNBELIEVINGLY, THE IMPRISONED COLONISTS WATCH THE TITANIC STRUGGLE - AND THEN THEY SHRIEK JUBILANTLY.

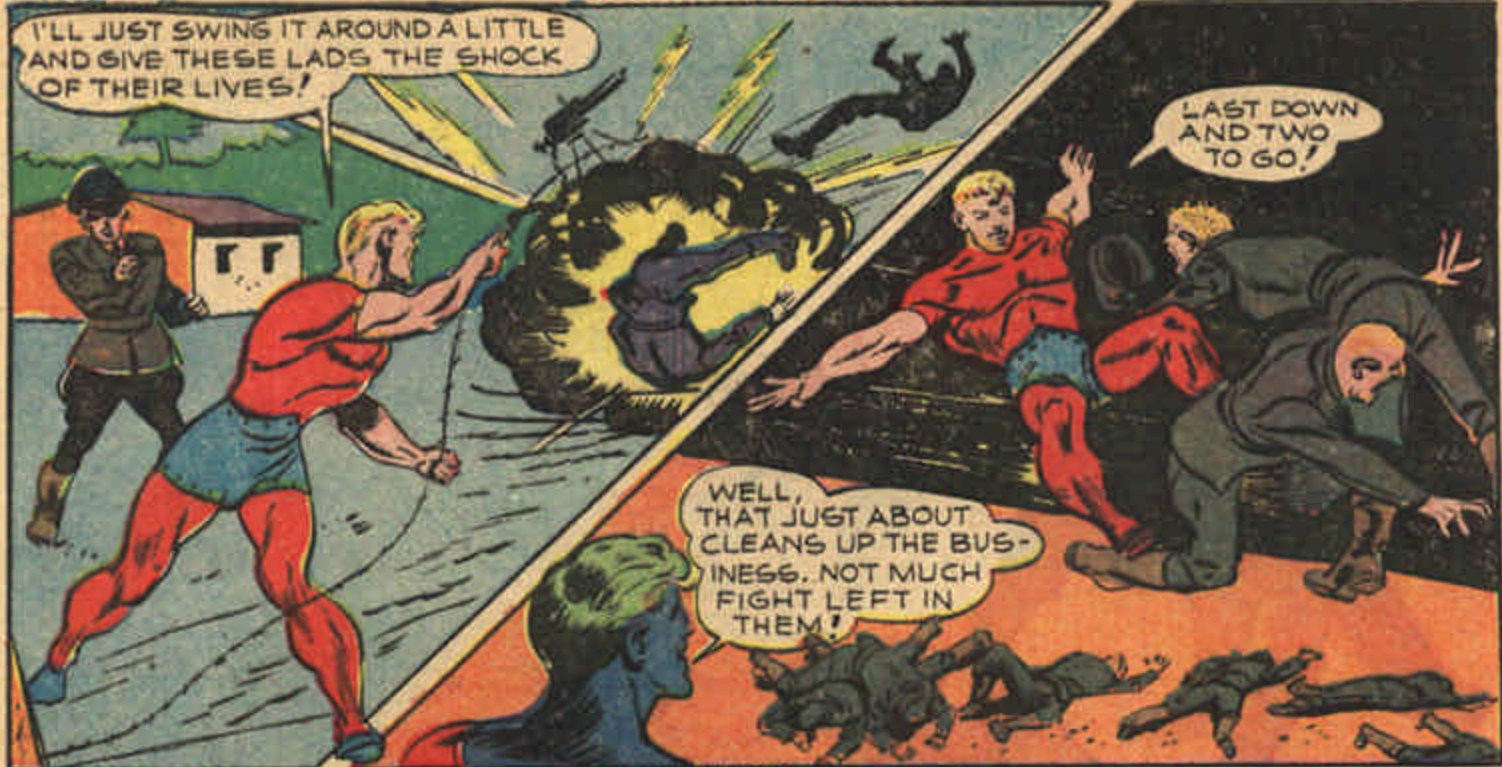


GLORY BE.. HE'S SUBDUING THEM ALL!



SUDDENLY STERLING RUNS TO THE BARBED WIRE FENCE...

AH... JUST AS I THOUGHT, IT'S ELECTRICALLY WIRED!



I'LL JUST SWING IT AROUND A LITTLE AND GIVE THESE LADS THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES!

LAST DOWN AND TWO TO GO!

WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT CLEANS UP THE BUSINESS. NOT MUCH FIGHT LEFT IN THEM!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS, YOU CAN COME OUT NOW!

FREEDOM! BLESSED FREEDOM!.. WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU FIND US?



GREETINGS, STERLING!

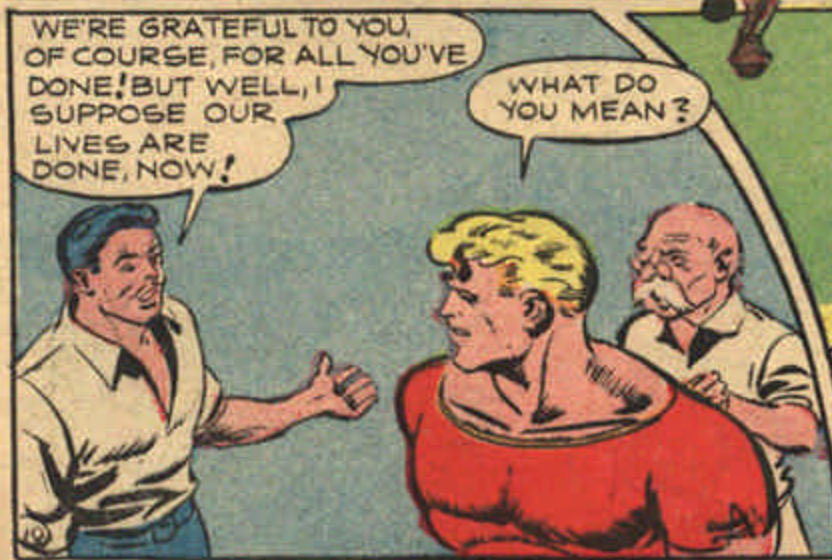


BACK SO SOON, PROFESSOR ..? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE NAZIS?

ER.. AH. THEY MET WITH A SLIGHT ACCIDENT..



IT SEEMS I... ER... LOST MY SENSE OF DIRECTION.. AND ODDLY ENOUGH LED THEM RIGHT TO THE TRIBESMEN.. TSK, TSK, REVENGEFUL CHAPS, THOSE SAVAGES!

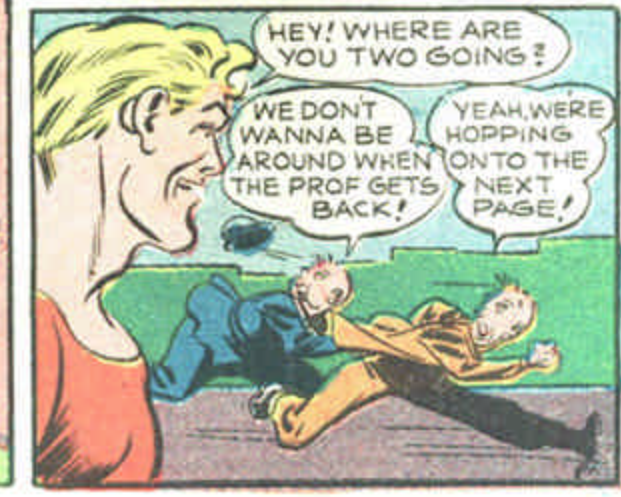
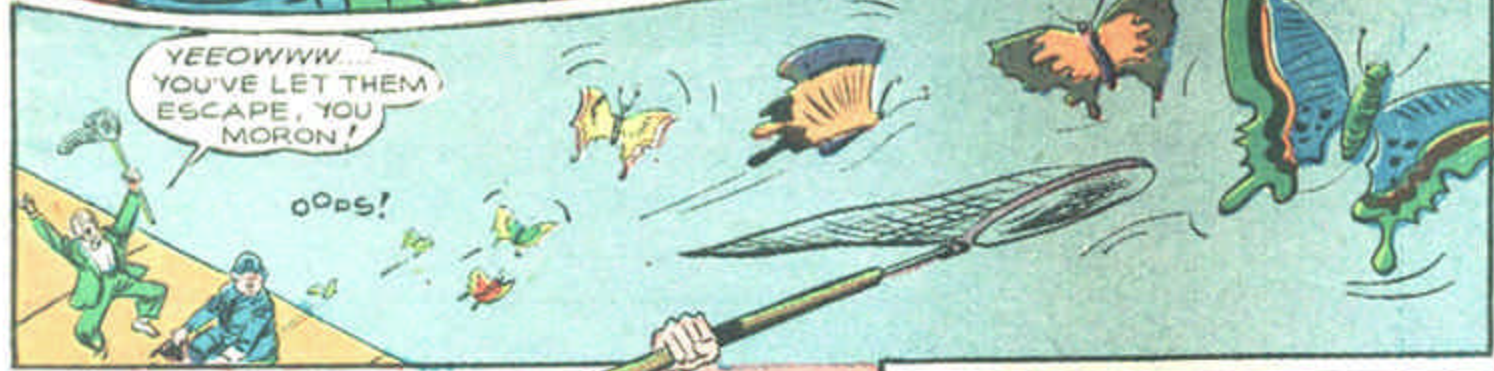
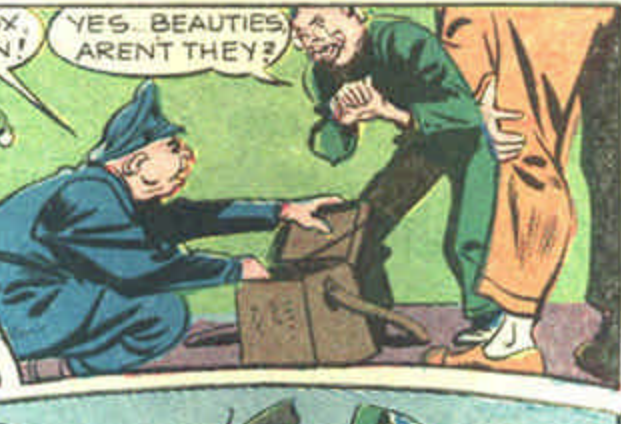


WE'RE GRATEFUL TO YOU, OF COURSE, FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE! BUT WELL, I SUPPOSE OUR LIVES ARE DONE, NOW!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



THIS PLACE IS THE ONLY HOME WE KNOW. WE ARE ALL ONE GREAT FAMILY! SOON CIVILIZATION WILL COME AND TRAMPLE OVER US. BREAK UP OUR HOMES - OUR FAMILIES.. OUR HAPPINESS IS AT AN END!



WORLD WONDERS

"VIRTUOUS BEN"

D ISCOVERING HIMSELF FULL OF FAULTS WHEN A YOUNG MAN, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN SET UP 13 BASIC VIRTUES WHICH HE MADE INTO A CHART. HE WORKED HARD ON ONE EACH WEEK UNTIL HE HAD MADE A HABIT OF ALL 13 - THESE HE PRACTICED UNTIL THE END OF HIS LIFE!



"THE CHINESE CARNEGIE"

HOUEI T'ZE - A WEALTHY MERCHANT DID IN CHINA AS ANDREW CARNEGIE DID IN AMERICA - IN THE 5th CENTURY HE BUILT AND EQUIPPED OVER **200** LIBRARIES-COMplete WITH BOOKS-MANUSCRIPTS AND ATTENDANTS!

-0055

ALI BASHA OF ALGIERS, A BARBARY PIRATE IN 1571 COMMANDED A FLEET OF OVER **250** SHIPS



Clancy and Looney

EVERY STORY STARTS AT THE TOP 'O THE PAGE (GRUNT)-AN' THAT'S ... WHERE WE'RE GOING TO BEGIN, TOO (UGH)--

BOY, THAT STEEL BURNS ME UP SOME - TIMES, CLANCY!

YEAH, IF ONLY WE COULD DO SOME OF THE THINGS HE CAN!

STOP JAWIN' AND PUSH, YA LONG DRINK OF WATER!

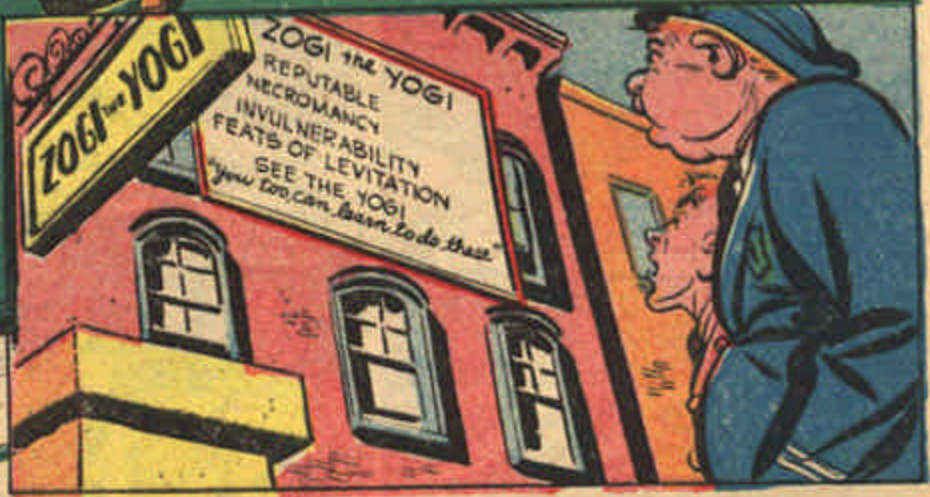
WELL - STEEL STERLINGS TWO EXPERT ASSISTANTS DIDN'T MAKE MUCH OF A SHOWING THAT TIME! BUT - WAIT! CLANCY AND LOONEY ARE ABOUT TO START OUT ON AN ADVENTURE OF THEIR OWN, NOW! FOLLOW ALONG ... AND WATCH THE FUN ----

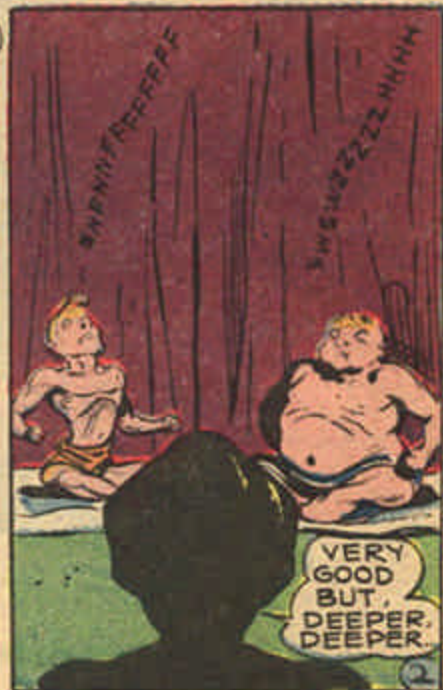
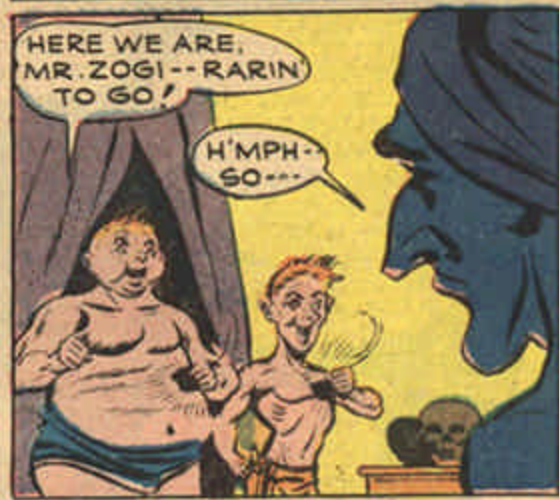
I - UH - I'M --- SHOVIN'.

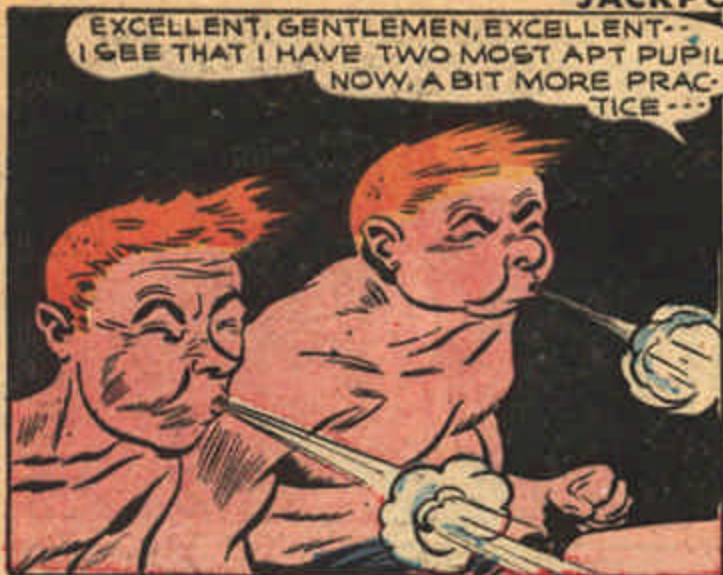
BLANKETY - BLANK FAT DOPE. WHAT DO WE HAVE TO DO THIS FOR?



VIPEE! COME ON, CLANCY - WE'RE ON OUR OWN NOW!







EXCELLENT, GENTLEMEN, EXCELLENT-- I SEE THAT I HAVE TWO MOST APT PUPILS NOW, A BIT MORE PRACTICE---



THE LESSON PROCEEDS..

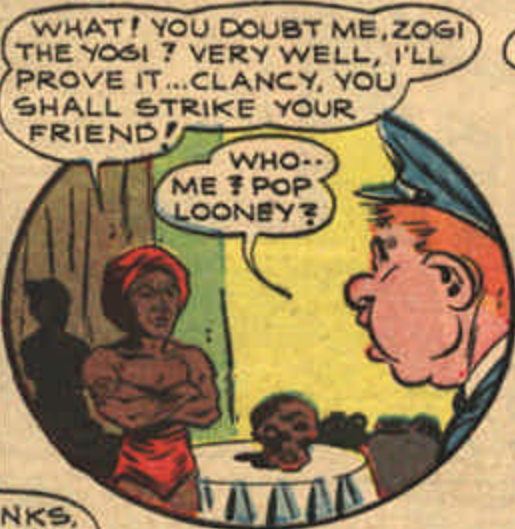
FINE, MR. LOONEY... AND YOU, MR. CLANCY... COME, FIX YOUR MINDS ON THE YOGI'S THOUGHT WAVES!



ONE HOUR LATER..

AHH...MY FRIENDS...YOU ARE NOW IN HARMONY WITH THE SPELL OF THE GREAT ZOGI!

GOSH, THANKS, BUT HOW DO WE KNOW THIS WILL REALLY WORK?



WHAT! YOU DOUBT ME, ZOGI THE YOGI? VERY WELL, I'LL PROVE IT...CLANCY, YOU SHALL STRIKE YOUR FRIEND!

WHO... ME? POP LOONEY?



UH..UH.. LOOK, MAYBE, THAT IS..

I COMMAND YOU.. STRIKE HIM... FEAR NOT.. HE IS PROTECTED!

WELL...



BUT... A MIRACLE ...

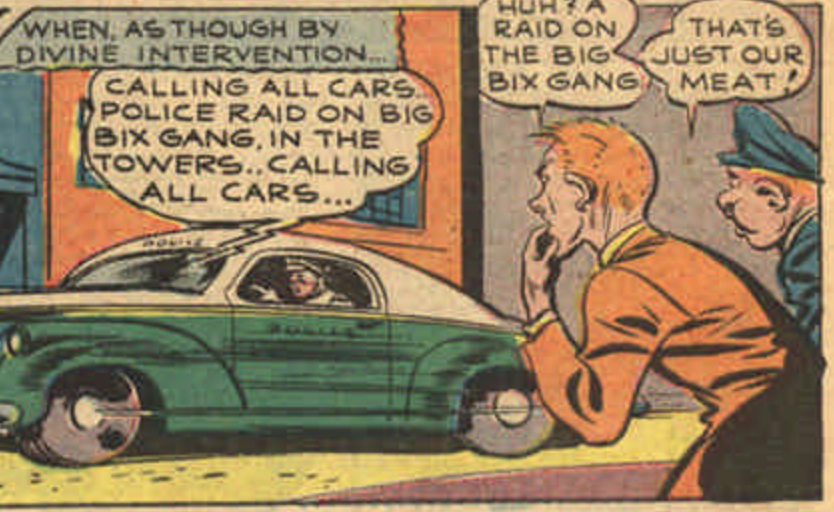
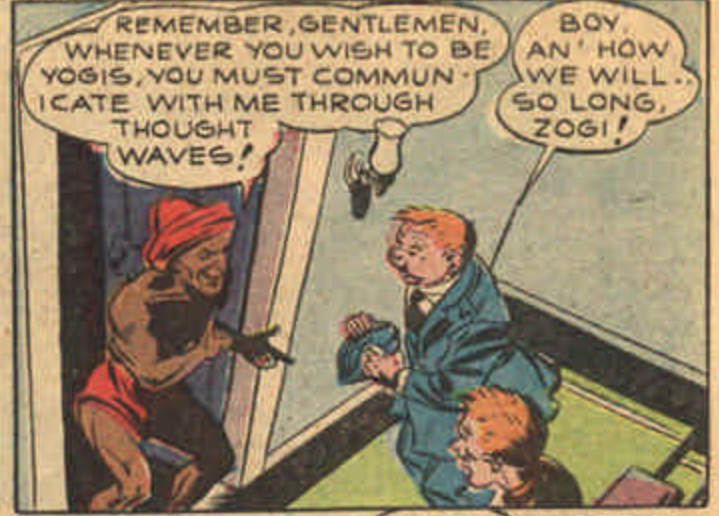
CLANCY...IT..IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT.. I JUST THOUGHT OF THE YOGI, AND OH-- MY--

YOU SEE?



AND NOW... THE CRUCIAL TEST! LOONEY.. TAKE THIS AXE IN YOUR HANDS...

AU.. AN AXE..?





HEY--THE COPS!

OKAY, YOU SLOBS, YOU'RE THROUGH!

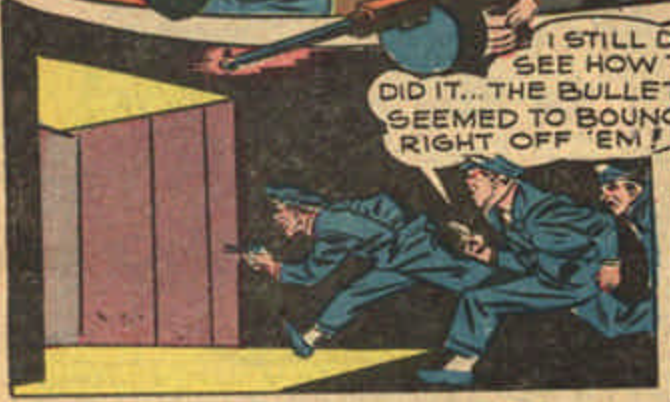
MOW 'EM DOWN, MAXIE!



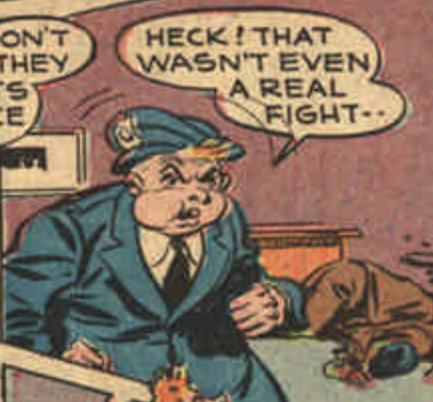
WHILE OUTSIDE--

SOCK CRASH

WHY--UH--THEY MADE IT! COME ON, SARGE--WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW 'EM UP, NOW...



I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THEY DID IT... THE BULLETS SEEMED TO BOUNCE RIGHT OFF 'EM!



HECK! THAT WASN'T EVEN A REAL FIGHT--

LET'S GET THE REST O' THE GANG, THEN. THEY'RE IN THE PENT HOUSE!



B-BUT LET'S TAKE ANOTHER BREATH WHEN WE GET THERE!

COME ON, LOONEY, WE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE ON THAT ELEVATOR--



AND ONCE AGAIN



SHMAZOO!

L-LOOK! IT'S--- THEM AGAIN!



THOUGHT YOU COULD SNEAK AWAY ON US, HUH?



BOY, HERE'S A TRICK EVEN STEEL CAN'T DO!

AND AGAIN THE POLICE FOLLOW IN OUR SUPER-HEROES' WAKE...



GREAT--GUNS! AGAIN?

TSK, THE POLICE, I PREGUME--LATE AS USUAL--!

QUITE, AND TIME WE WERE GOING OLD BOY!



HEY, STOP THAT-- THAT AIN'T NO DOOR-- IT'S A WINDOW TWENTY STORIES UP!

ONLY TWENTY STORIES!



OOH-- THEY'VE COMMITTED SUICIDE!

GOOD BYE, NOW!

TSK, TSK, I THOUGHT IT WAS AT LEAST THIRTY!

BUT SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG..THE MAGIC SHMAZOO DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK NOW...

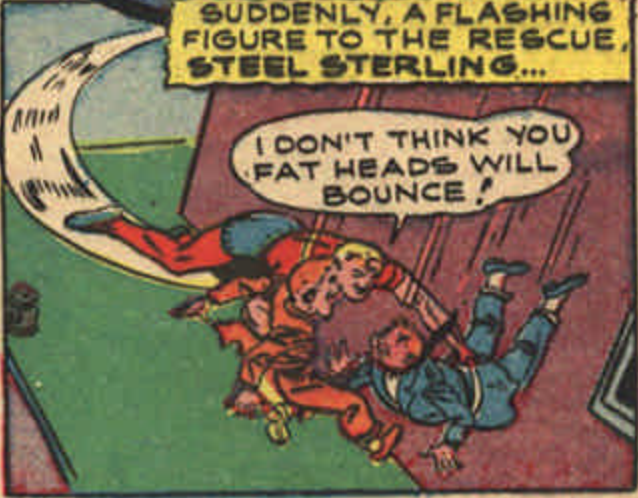


HEY, CLANCY-- ARE WE FLYIN' ...OR... FALLIN'--?



AND HERE'S WHY..

OUT TO LUNCH



SUDDENLY, A FLASHING FIGURE TO THE RESCUE, STEEL STERLING...

I DON'T THINK YOU FAT HEADS WILL BOUNCE!



OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TRY MORE OF THAT STUFF!

NO! NO, WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!

SAY, HOW'D YOU KNOW ANYWAY?



I FOLLOWED YOU AND HAD A TALK WITH THAT YOGI AFTER YOU LEFT. BETTER KEEP AWAY FROM THAT STUFF - IT'S DYNAMITE!

YOU'RE TELLING US.. BOY, THE ONLY TIME I WANT TO SEE A GUY WITH A TURKISH TOWEL WRAPPED AROUND HIS HEAD AGAIN, IS IN A TURKISH BATH!

RELAX-AND DIE

A STEEL STERLING STORY

Clancy and Looney stopped outside of Lum Fong's Chinese restaurant. Clancy looked down at a paper in his hand.

"This is the place all right."

Looney shook his head doubtfully. "It still sounds crazy to me. Just because Steel Sterling is on the trail of opium smugglers, what's that got to do with us visitin' a chow mein joint?"

Clancy looked at his friend. "Looney," said he, "sometimes I wonder why somebody like me, who has got brains, pals around with somebody like you, who ain't got any. Didn't we get this note, saying to come to 13 Cherry Blossom Place? Ain't this 13 Cherry Blossom Place?"

"Sure," said Looney, "but..."

"But nothin'!" cried Clancy, fast losing his patience. "The note said we were goin' to meet somebody who'd tell us where to find the opium smugglers, didn't it? Well, what are we waitin' for?"

Inside the restaurant, even Clancy began to have doubts. Under the figured lanterns, the place seemed gloomy and deserted. No one was at the booth tables.

"It's empty!" Looney said, with something that sounded like relief. "Let's go!"

Just as they turned to leave, Clancy gasped. "L-l-look!"

In the doorway they had just entered there now stood a huge Mongol, all of seven feet in height. He was carrying a scimitar.

"D-do-y-o-u-s-see-what-I-s-see?" Clancy asked.

"I'm seein' it," Looney said, "but I still don't believe it!"

In the next instant, neither of them had any reason for doubt. The huge Mongol had picked them both up from the floor and was carrying them toward the rear of the restaurant. As they approached, a door swung back on silent hinges.

"G-Goodbye, ol' pal," Clancy muttered.

"It was n-nice knowing you," said Looney.

They were on adjoining blocks, their heads resting in the curved place in the wood. Above each of them stood one of the huge Mongols, his scimitar upraised.

Even as they spoke, the scimitars flashed up. In an instant their heads would roll into the baskets prepared for them.

Clancy closed his eyes. So did Looney.

There was a sudden rending crash. Clancy and Looney looked up startled. The two Mongols had whirled. They were raising their scimitars against a new opponent. Clancy and Looney recognized him in the same instant.

"Steel Sterling!"

The two scimitars swung. There was a clanging clatter, and the scimitars broke against the man of steel. Then Steel Sterling's mighty fists were in action.

One of the huge Mongols

threw up his hands and grabbed at his stomach. He rolled over, writhing in pain. The other staggered back into the wall. Steel Sterling hit him again, and he kept right on going, through the wall!

In the other room a short man, clothes in flowing robes, looked up dismayed. He had been busy unpacking wooden crates — of opium!

He turned to flee, but he had not even taken the first step before Steel Sterling had caught him up.

Steel's deep voice, exclaimed, "Just as I thought! A Jap!"

Later, Steel Sterling explained to his two friends that he had been on the trail of the opium smugglers for weeks. He had suspected that the opium was being smuggled in by Japs to undermine the morale of the Chinese people. When they found out that Steel Sterling was on their trail, the smugglers tried to strike at him through Clancy and Looney, his friends.

Clancy tugged at his collar. "Boy, that was a close one! For a minute there I thought I was gonna lose my head."

"You never had one, ya dumb sap!" said Looney. "I told ya not to go to that restaurant!"

"Why, you feeble-minded son of a moronic monkey, I...!"

"Looks to me," Steel observed, laughing, "as though you're both about to lose your heads anyway. Come on, boys, make up!"

CAP'T SWASTIKA

BATTLES

THE HANGMAN



SPECIAL
CASE
NO.4

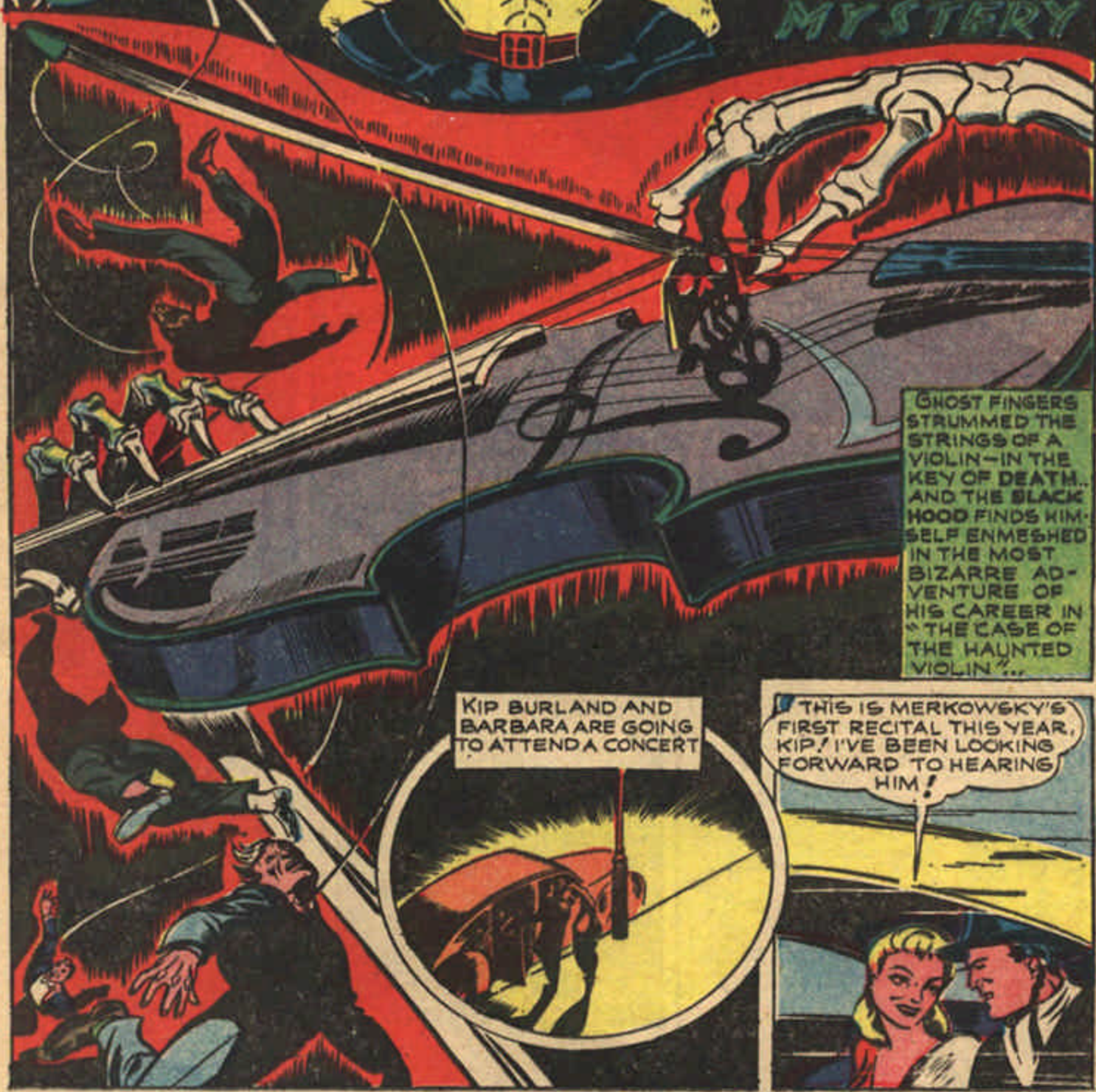
THE HANGMAN VS. CAPTAIN SWASTIKA

A GIGANTIC SCHEME WAS ONE DAY BORN IN THE BRAIN OF HITLER HIMSELF A SCHEME FOR THE QUICK CONQUEST OF THE U.S.-HE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCHED THE MOST RUTHLESS, MOST DIABOLICALLY CLEVER OF HIS VASSALS CAPTAIN SWASTIKA TO EXECUTE IT, AND IN SO DOING, PRESENTED THE HANGMAN WITH HIS GREATEST FOE, YET!

BUY YOUR COPY OF **HANGMAN COMICS-NOW!**
FOR A PULSE-RACING, ACTION PACKED HANGMAN ADVENTURE THAT WILL MAKE THE BLOOD POUND MADLY IN YOUR VEINS! **THE HANGMAN AT HIS BEST !!**

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



GHOST FINGERS STRUMMED THE STRINGS OF A VIOLIN—IN THE KEY OF DEATH.. AND THE BLACK HOOD FINDS HIMSELF ENMESHED IN THE MOST BIZARRE ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER IN "THE CASE OF THE HAUNTED VIOLIN"...

KIP BURLAND AND BARBARA ARE GOING TO ATTEND A CONCERT

THIS IS MERKOWSKY'S FIRST RECITAL THIS YEAR, KIP! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO HEARING HIM!

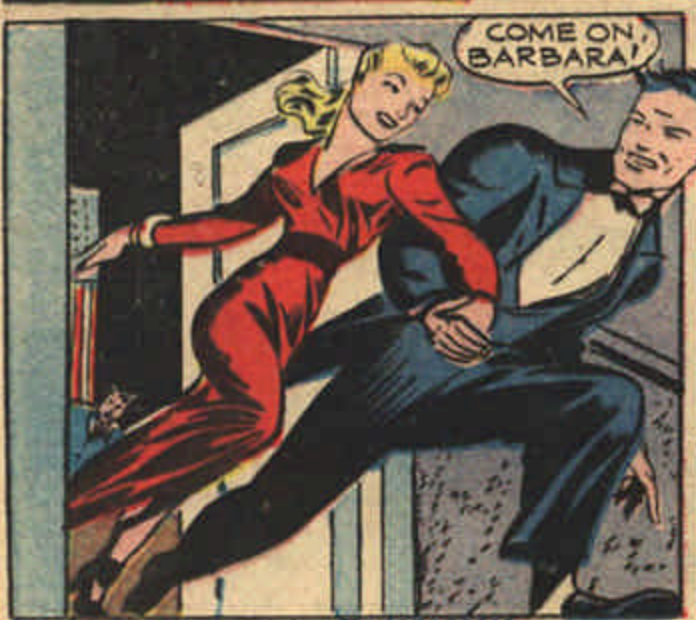




KIP BURLAND IS FIRST TO REACH THE STRICKEN MAN



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT MCGINTY IS FRANKLY SKEPTICAL. I HEARD OF MUSIC "BORING A GUY TO DEATH" -- BUT I'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT ACTUALLY KILLED ANYONE!



A QUICK TRANSFORMATION AND THE BLACK HOOD STANDS READY FOR ACTION



IT FEELS GOOD TO GET INTO WORKING CLOTHES AGAIN!



AT THE WESTMORE APARTMENTS...

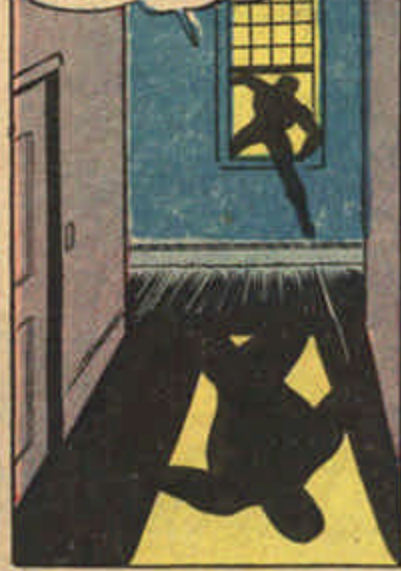
THE VIOLIN! IT'S PLAYING THE DANCE OF DEATH!



THAT VIOLIN SEEMS TO BE PLAYING ON THIS FLOOR!



THAT'S QUEER! IT'S STOPPED!



AS THE BLACK HOOD ENTERS AN APARTMENT THE DOOR OPPOSITE HIM OPENS...



INSTINCT SAVES THE BLACK HOOD...



YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE... NOW IT'S MY TURN AT BAT!





START TALKING! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE!



I GET IT! YOU MEANT TO KILL THE MAN WHO WAS PLAYING THAT VIOLIN!



THEN I'M NOT CRAZY! YOU HEARD HIM, TOO!



HE'S DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND... ALWAYS HE PLAYS THAT INFERNAL "DANCE OF DEATH" AND WHEN I LOOK FOR HIM HE'S GONE!



I MUST TELL SOMEONE!... MY STORY BEGAN SEVERAL YEARS AGO...



I WAS A MEMBER OF THE ROUMANIAN QUARTET... THERE WAS MERKOWSKI, HENDEL, LAZAR, AND MYSELF JANZIBO!



ONE DAY A YOUNG MAN NAMED OCTAVUS CAME TO US... HE WANTED US TO PLAY A MELODY HE HAD WRITTEN... "THE DANCE OF DEATH"!



IT WAS A WEIRD, MACABRE MUSIC... ONCE HEARD, IT WOULD HAUNT YOU FOREVER.

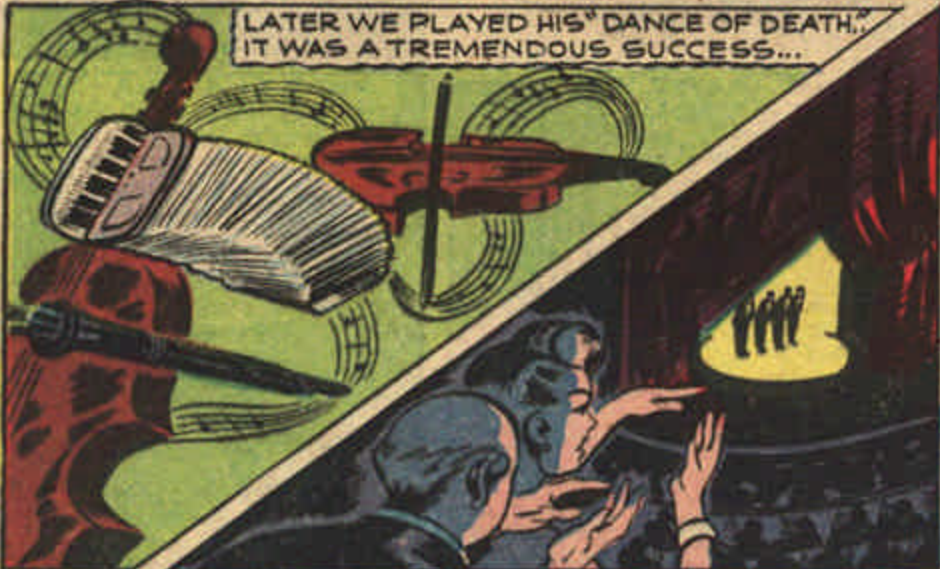
A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE WERE TO PERFORM HIS WORK IN PUBLIC WE LEARNED THAT YOUNG OCTAVUS HAD DIED!

HE DIED UNKNOWN, WITHOUT FRIENDS...WE WERE PRESENT AT THE SIMPLE FUNERAL RITES AT GREENGRAVE...



LATER WE PLAYED HIS "DANCE OF DEATH." IT WAS A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS...

IN FACT THE MELODY BECAME THE BASIS OF OUR GREAT FAME!...BUT WE NEVER TOLD WHO HAD WRITTEN IT... WE LET THE CRITICS THINK THAT "THE DANCE OF DEATH" WAS OUR OWN!



THEN THE QUARTET BROKE UP! ALL OF US WENT OUR SEPARATE WAYS... I THOUGHT THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN, BUT THE PAST FEW NIGHTS I'VE HEARD "THE DANCE OF DEATH" AGAIN... AND ALWAYS WHEN I LOOK FOR THE MYSTERIOUS VIOLINIST, HE IS GONE!

THAT'S QUEER... SOME-ONE WAS PLAYING "THE DANCE OF DEATH" TO-NIGHT WHEN MERKOWSKY DIED!

SUDDENLY...

THE VIOLIN... IT'S PLAYING AGAIN!



IT'S A GHOST, I TELL YOU... THE GHOST OF OCTAVUS.







I HAVE THE QUEEREST FEELING THAT SOMEONE HAS BEEN HERE BEFORE ME!



"WILLIAM OCTAVUS - DIED 1941" - THIS IS IT, ALL RIGHT!



NOW TO SEE IF HE'S INSIDE!



WHILE HE PEERS INTO THE COFFIN - BEHIND HIM A HAND RAISES A VIOLIN STICK, SHARPENED TO A DAGGER EDGE...



DIE, LAZAR! DIE!

YOU!... AAGH...



AT THAT MOMENT...

SOMEONE'S COMING... I'LL HIDE HERE!



THE DOOR'S OPEN... LAZAR MUST'VE GOT HERE BEFORE ME!



DEAD!... I WAS TOO LATE, AFTER ALL!



AND THIS COFFIN... IT'S EMPTY!

AND THERE GOES THE MURDERING "GHOST"!



OH, NO YOU DON'T!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED... I CAN'T BUDGE IT!

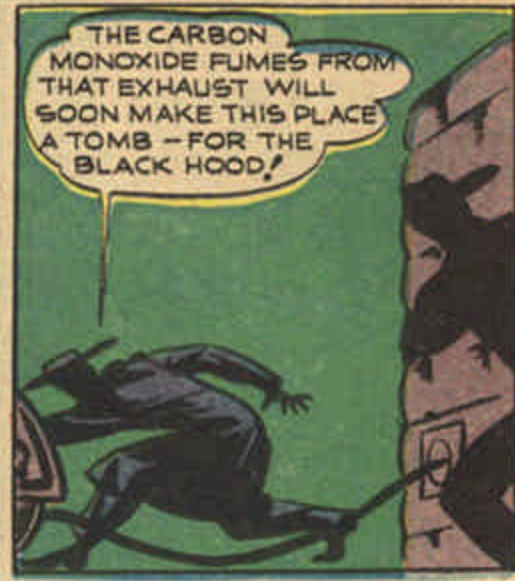


OUTSIDE, THE MURDERER FLEES TO LAZAR'S CAR...

BACKING THE CAR UP TO THE AIR FUNNEL...



HE FITS THE EXHAUST PIPE OF THE CAR TO IT...



THE CARBON MONOXIDE FUMES FROM THAT EXHAUST WILL SOON MAKE THIS PLACE A TOMB - FOR THE BLACK HOOD!



GREAT GHOSTS... MY HEAD'S REELING... M-MUST BE GAS C-COMING IN... I... I'M TRAPPED!

STAGGERING HE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE COFFIN...



I-I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST IF I EXPECT TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!



THIS HASP ON THE COFFIN... IT MIGHT WORK... I... I'M FINISHED ANYWAY IF I DON'T TRY IT!

WITH A WRENCHING EFFORT THE BLACK HOOD TEARS THE HASP LOOSE BUT HE IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED...

USING THE HASPAS A CROWBAR THE BLACK HOOD APPLIES HIS FAST WANING STRENGTH

SECONDS LATER THE BLACK HOOD EMERGES FROM THE TOMB...



A STRANGE, WILD CHASE TAKES PLACE AMONG THE GHOSTLY HEAD STONES OF ANCIENT GRAVES...



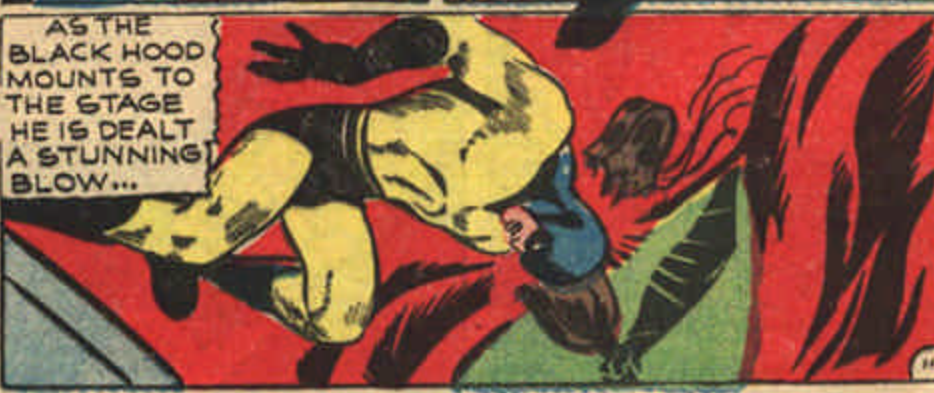
ON THE HEELS OF HIS PREY THE BLACK HOOD VAULTS THE CEMETERY WALL...

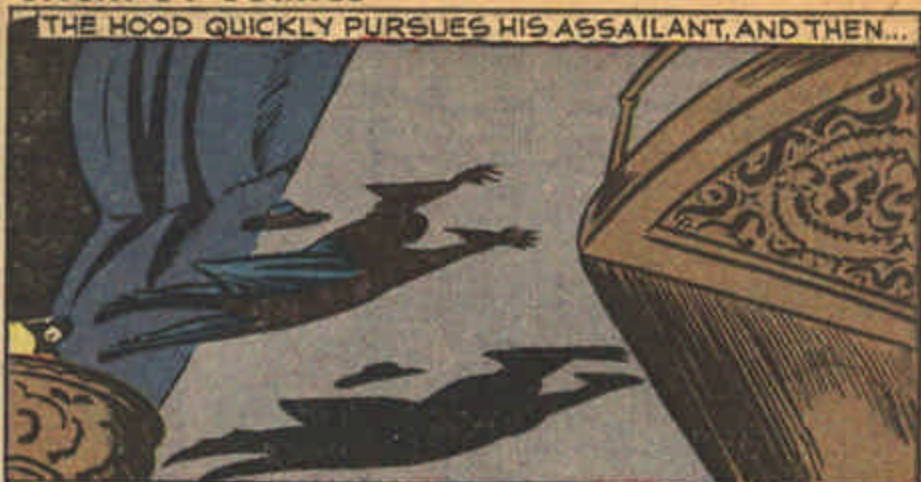
THE FUGITIVE DUCKS INTO THE LOBBY OF A CONCERT HALL...

YOUR GOOSE IS PRACTICALLY PARBOILED ALREADY!



AS THE BLACK HOOD MOUNTS TO THE STAGE HE IS DEALT A STUNNING BLOW...





DOWN THE MURDERER PLUMMETS... HIS BACK BREAKS LIKE A DRY TWIG ACROSS THE BACK OF A CHAIR...

YOUR GAME IS UP NOW, OCTAVIUS. I KNEW IT WAS YOU WHEN I SAW YOUR CORPSE MISSING FROM THE MAUSOLEUM. HOW DID YOU GET THEM TO THINK YOU WERE DEAD?



MURDER ON WHEELS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

Kip Burland didn't like it. But, so far as he could see, there was nothing he could do.

Barbara went on, "Kip, it was terrible! The Killer Gang just drove up alongside the armored car, and then cut loose with machine guns." A slight nervous tremor shook her slim body. "It was over before I could breathe!"

"Barbara," Kip said, "you've got to try to forget about it."

But he knew that his words would not help. He glanced around at the ballroom where under colored lanterns masqueraders in gay costumes were dancing. Even bringing Barbara here had not taken her mind off the horrible crime she had witnessed.

Kip was worried about her. So far, Barbara had been the only witness to one of the Killer Gang's robberies—who had lived. Besides the terrible impression it had made on her mind, there was the danger that the Killer Gang would try to remove a witness who might sometime identify them to the police.

Suddenly the lights on the night club stage went up. The master of ceremonies came out, and held up his hands for silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the show will begin . . ."

He had got just that far when the men came out on the stage behind him. A hand rose with a gun. The master of ceremonies fell forward on his face.

In the audience a woman nervously giggled. A man began to applaud, mockingly.

On the stage there were now several men, wearing masks. They carried sub-machine guns with an air of authority.

"This ain't part of the show!" one of the men growled. "Put your hands up on the table, in plain sight, and don't nobody try to move."

In the dead, puzzled silence that followed, one voice was clear. Barbara had come to her feet. Her face was pale, strained.

"It's the Killer Gang," she cried.

On the stage, one of the bandits swung up his tommy gun.

"That's the dame who was at the armored car job! Give it to her!"

In the same instant Kip Burland pulled Barbara down, under the table. Someone switched out the lights. In the darkness there came the orange spurts of machine gun fire.

Then the lights came on. One of the gangsters was just raising his tommy gun to fire again when a strangled cry burst from his lips.

"The—The Black Hood!"

The gangster flung away his gun and turned to flee. In a trice, The Black Hood was upon him. He raised him high above his head and flung him against another gangster who was raising his tommy gun to blast him down. Both men went back off the stage and landed in the orchestra pit. The cymbals gave off a brassy clang.

The leader of the gang leapt from the stage onto a table. A strange chase began, with the night club tables as stepping stones. Then The Black Hood launched himself in a hurtling tackle.

He hit the gang leader just at the knees. The table went over with a clatter of tableware. The gang leader gave a last despairing scream. Then both men hit the floor with terrific impact!

The Black Hood was the first to get up. The gang leader lay still, his neck twisted at a grotesque angle. He was dead, his neck broken by the collision with the floor!

Outside there was the heavy sound of running feet, the blowing of police whistles. A squad of bluecoats tumbled into the room.

Later, Kip Burland took Barbara Sutton home. The effects of that terrible night seemed to have worn off. She was smiling.

"I-I'm glad it's over," she said. "I think that was what made the memory of it all so awful, knowing that those men were free. But now that The Killer Gang is broken up—forever, it seems somehow to wipe out their hideous crimes." There was a twinkle in her eyes as she looked at him. "Kip, will you thank The Black Hood for me?"

Kip returned her smile, gravely. "I'll be sure to do that, Barbara," he said.

JULY TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS

IS OUT BECAUSE **YOU** ASKED FOR IT!
and here are the reasons you'll want to buy it!!

- 1 YOU LIKE LAUGHS, SO YOU'VE GOT AN ASSORTMENT OF **COMICAL COMICS** THAT'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH UNTIL YOU CRY !!
- 2 YOU LIKE SPINE-CHILLING THRILLS, SO YOU'VE GOT THE BEST SPINE-CHILLER IN THE BUSINESS.... **THE BLACK HOOD!**



LOOK FOR THIS PICTURE. YOU'LL SEE IT ON THE COVER OF JULY TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS AND IT'LL BE YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY !!!

Archie

by 

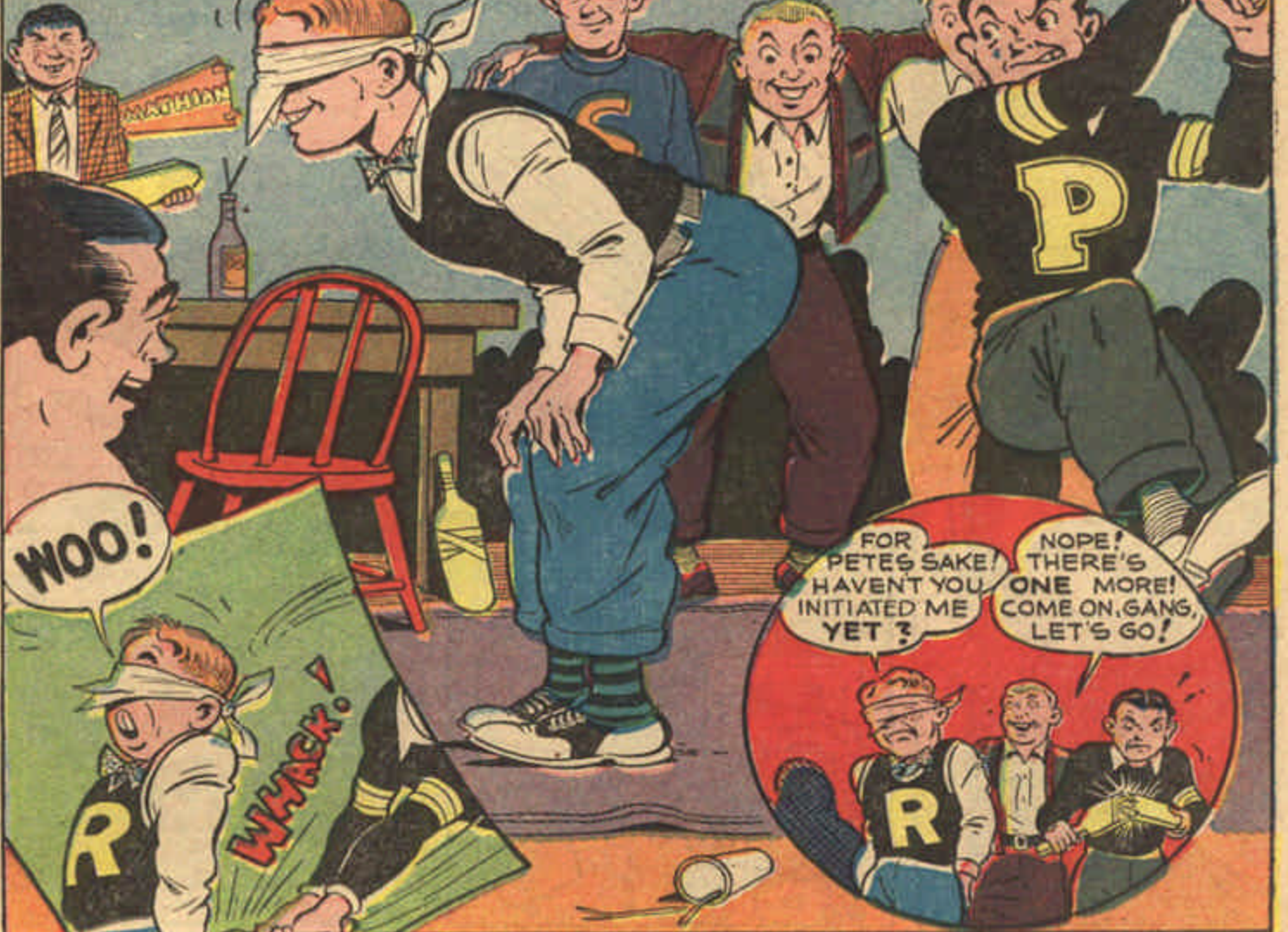
CLASS DAY!
GOSH IT'S FUN. TO-
NIGHT I JOIN THE
PHILOMATHIAN AND
SATURDAY IS THE
BOAT RIDE!



ARCHIE ANDREWS
MAY BE "UP THE CREEK"
BUT TONIGHT HE GETS THE
PADDLE...THE OCCASION IS
HIS INITIATION INTO RIVER-
DALE HIGH'S PHILOMATHIAN
CLUB!

THIS ISN'T
GOING TO HURT
IS IT FELLAS ?

OH, NO!



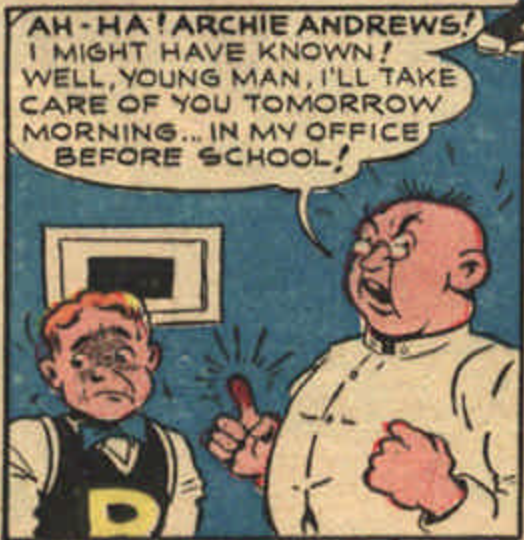
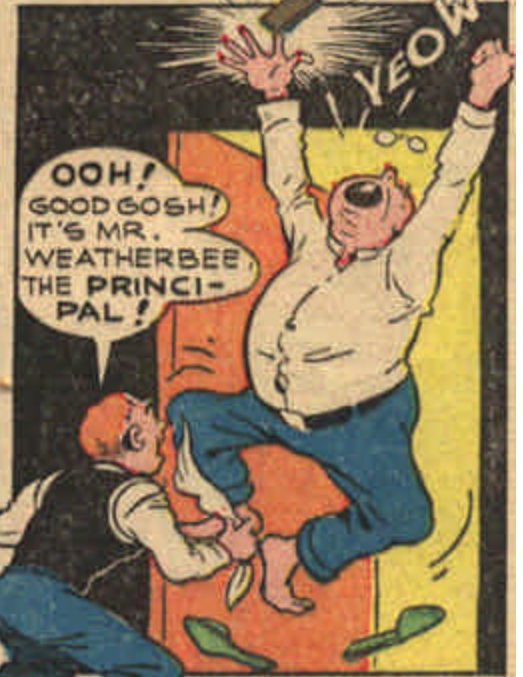
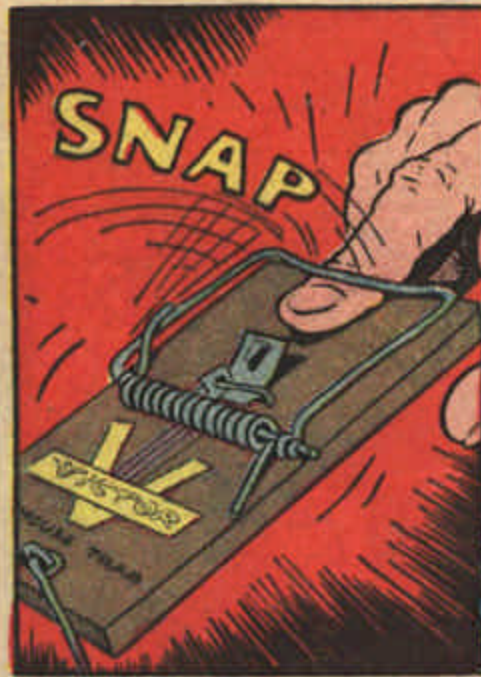
WOO!

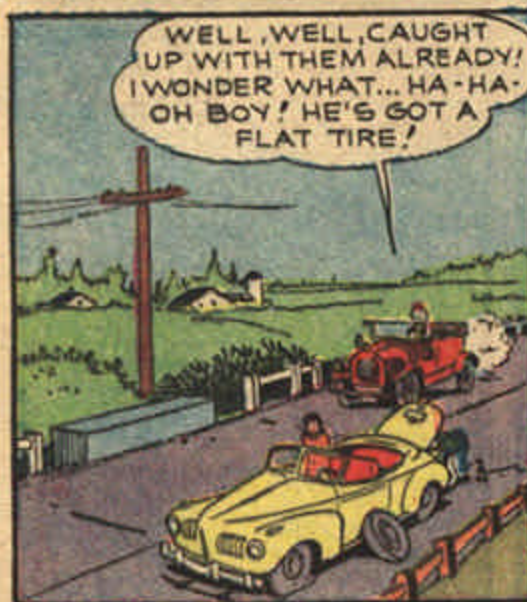
FOR
PETE'S SAKE!
HAVEN'T YOU
INITIATED ME
YET ?

NOPE!
THERE'S
ONE MORE!
COME ON, GANG,
LET'S GO!

WHACK!

R







GOSH, I WAS SO WRAPPED UP IN VERONICA SAYING "YES" I NEARLY FORGOT MY DATE WITH THE PRINCIPAL!



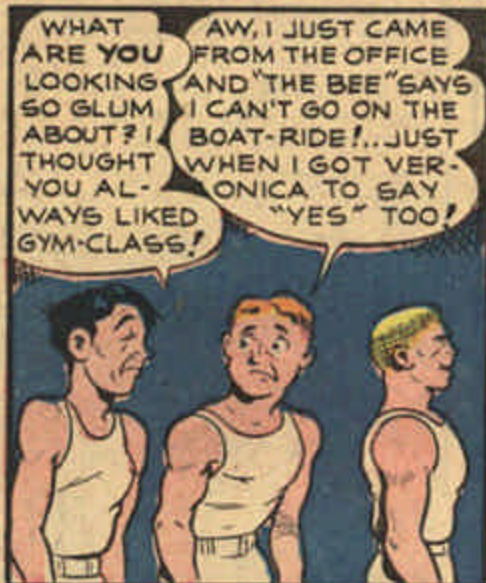
HARUMP! WELL, MR. ANDREWS, I SUPPOSE YOU THINK THAT WAS A VERY FUNNY STUNT YOU PULLED LAST NIGHT... WILL YOU TELL ME WHATEVER MADE YOU DO SUCH A THING?



I'M SORRY, SIR, I CAN'T TELL YOU-
HMMM! VERY WELL! I KNOW JUST HOW TO PUNISH YOU! YOU MAY NOT GO ON THE BOAT RIDE SATURDAY!



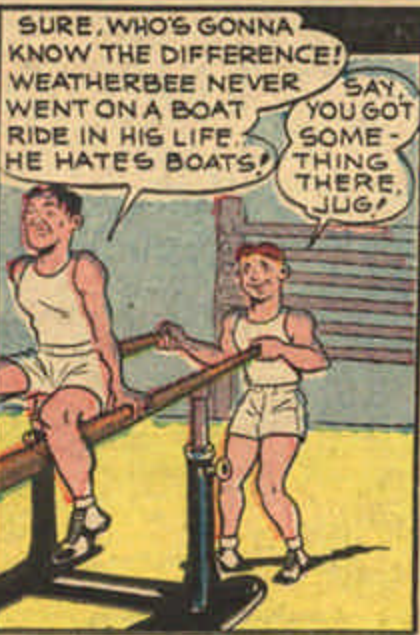
I FEEL TERRIBLE. MISS TOKAR, ERBEE AND I CAN'T EVEN WRITE WITH THIS CONFOUNDED FINGER!
YOU NEED A REST, MR. WEATHERBEE AND I KNOW JUST THE THING!



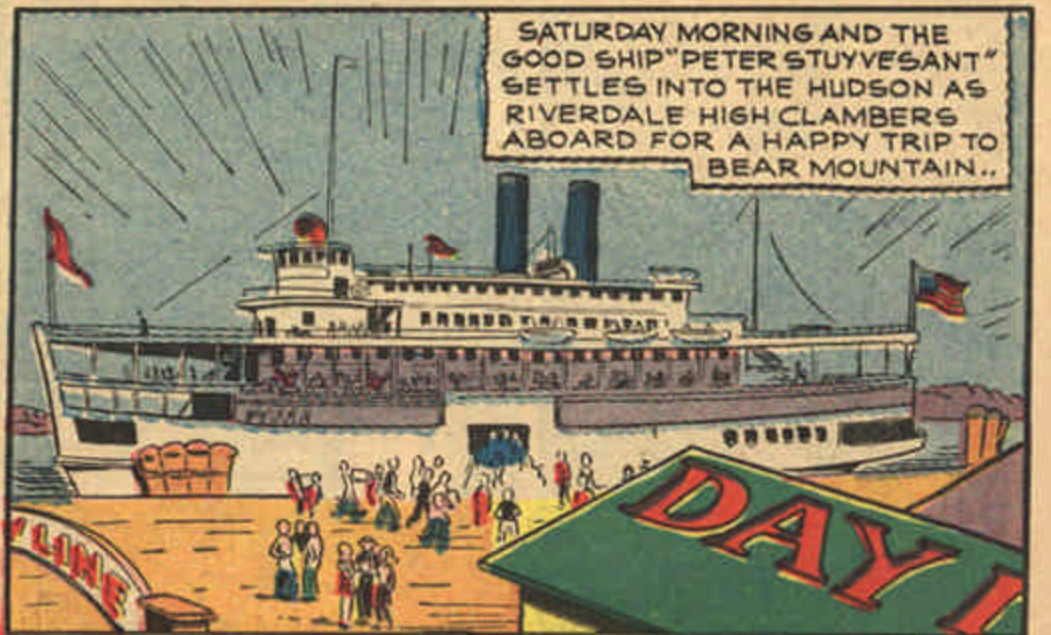
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT? I THOUGHT YOU ALWAYS LIKED GYM-CLASS!
AW, I JUST CAME FROM THE OFFICE AND "THE BEE" SAYS I CAN'T GO ON THE BOAT-RIDE!.. JUST WHEN I GOT VERONICA TO SAY "YES" TOO!



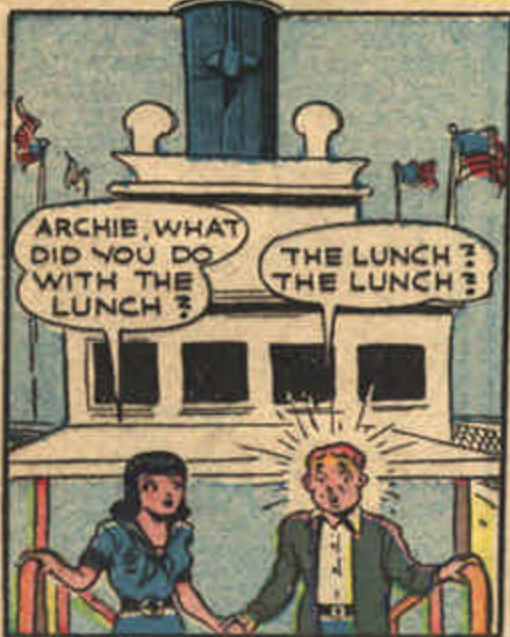
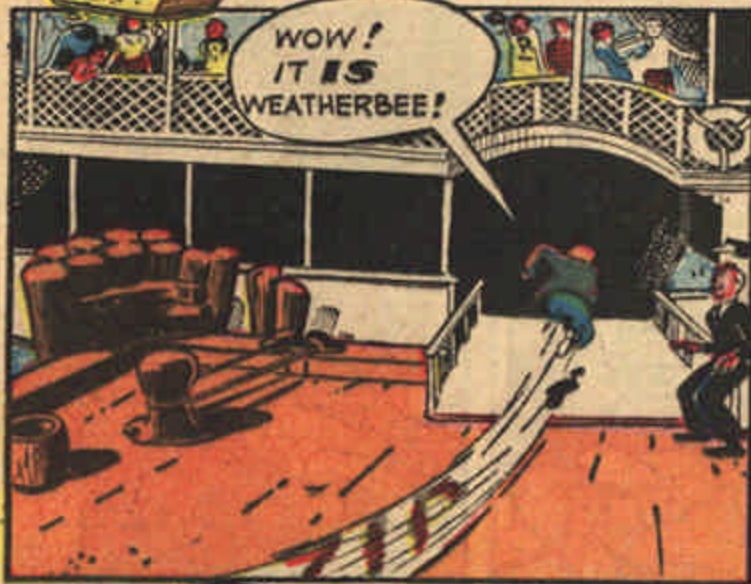
I WOULDN'T LET THAT STOP ME. WHY DON'T YOU GO ANYWAY!
WHAT?



SURE, WHO'S GONNA KNOW THE DIFFERENCE! WEATHERBEE NEVER WENT ON A BOAT RIDE IN HIS LIFE. HE HATES BOATS!
SAY, YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE, JUG!



SATURDAY MORNING AND THE GOOD SHIP "PETER STUYVESANT" SETTLES INTO THE HUDSON AS RIVERDALE HIGH CLAMBERS ABOARD FOR A HAPPY TRIP TO BEAR MOUNTAIN..





ISN'T THIS SWELL UP HERE? DOESN'T THAT AIR MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD?

YES, BUT IT ALSO MAKES ME FEEL HUNGRY!



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, VERONICA. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO HUNGRY... JUST SIT RIGHT HERE AND I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE WITH THE BEST LUNCH YOU EVER HAD!



STAND UP AN' CHEER! CHEER LONG AND LOUD FOR DEAR OLD RIVERDALE



SO MISS NORTON SAYS "HOW WOULD YOU PUNCTUATE THIS SENTENCE--" DORA, THE PRETTY BLONDE IS GOING DOWN THE STREET"-- I SAYS "I'D MAKE A DASH AFTER DORA!"



YEAH! DIG ME SEYMOUR!



HA! CAUGHT YA, ARCHIE ANDREWS!



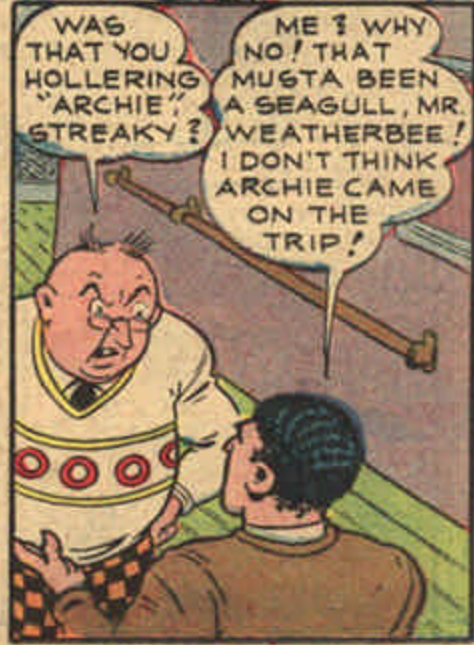
FOR PETE'S SAKE, STREAKY, QUIT YELLIN' MY NAME--

I'LL YELL ALL I WANT! LISSSEN - ARCHIE - WHATS THE IDEA SWIPIN' MY GAL'S LUNCH!



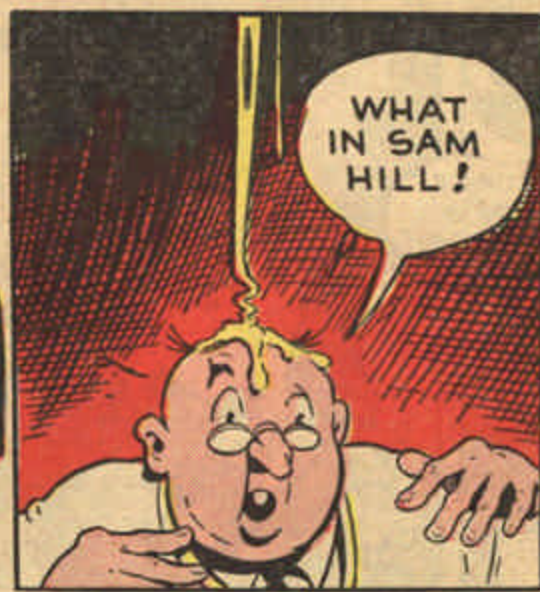
ARCHIE ?? DID I HEAR SOMEONE YELL.. "ARCHIE"?

OOO...OH! NOW YOU'VE DONE IT... LISSSEN, STREAKY, DON'T GIVE ME AWAY-I'M DUCKING!



WAS THAT YOU HOLLERING "ARCHIE" STREAKY?

ME ? WHY NO! THAT MUSTA BEEN A SEAGULL, MR. WEATHERBEE! I DON'T THINK ARCHIE CAME ON THE TRIP!





MR. JUSTICE

TIBET-LAND OF THE UNKNOWN, OF THINGS BEYOND HUMAN UNDERSTANDING. WHERE WHITE MEN HAVE JOURNEYED, AND NEVER RETURNED, WHERE SCIENTISTS FOR AGES HAVE TRIED ITS MYSTERIES TO UNRAVEL-AND FAILED. THIS IS THE LAND MR. JUSTICE COMES TO, IN HIS WEIRDEST ADVENTURE YET...

OUR SCENE OPENS ON A PAIR OF DOTS IN THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE TIBETAN HILLS...



AT LAST, THEY REACH THE SUMMIT OF A JAGGED PEAK AND SEE...



PROF. NORTON! LOOK! A TRIBE!

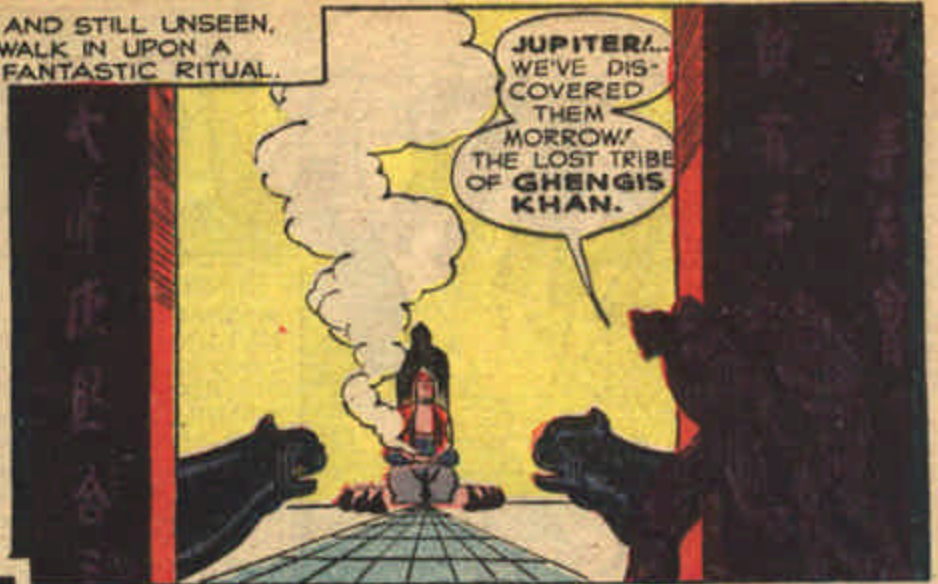
YES, PROF. MORROW, PERHAPS OUR SEARCH IS AT AN END!



SILENTLY THE PAIR MAKE THEIR WAY TO A TEMPLE.



AND STILL UNSEEN, WALK IN UPON A FANTASTIC RITUAL.



LET'S GET OUR PICTURE AND FLEE. IF WE'RE SEEN WE'LL NEVER LEAVE ALIVE!



SUDDENLY..... DISCOVERY!



COME ON, MORROW! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!



DESPERATELY, THE TWO SCIENTISTS FLEE FOR THEIR LIVES WITH THE TRIBE IN HOT PURSUIT.

THEN



UGH!



....AND A WEIRD CEREMONY IS PERFORMED OVER HIS CORPSE.



IN THE AUDIENCE - MR. JUSTICE SUDDENLY, A FIGURE STALKS PAST HIM... HE LOOKS UP...

THAT MAN LEAVING! HE'S NOT OF THIS WORLD! HE'S A WALKING DEAD MAN!

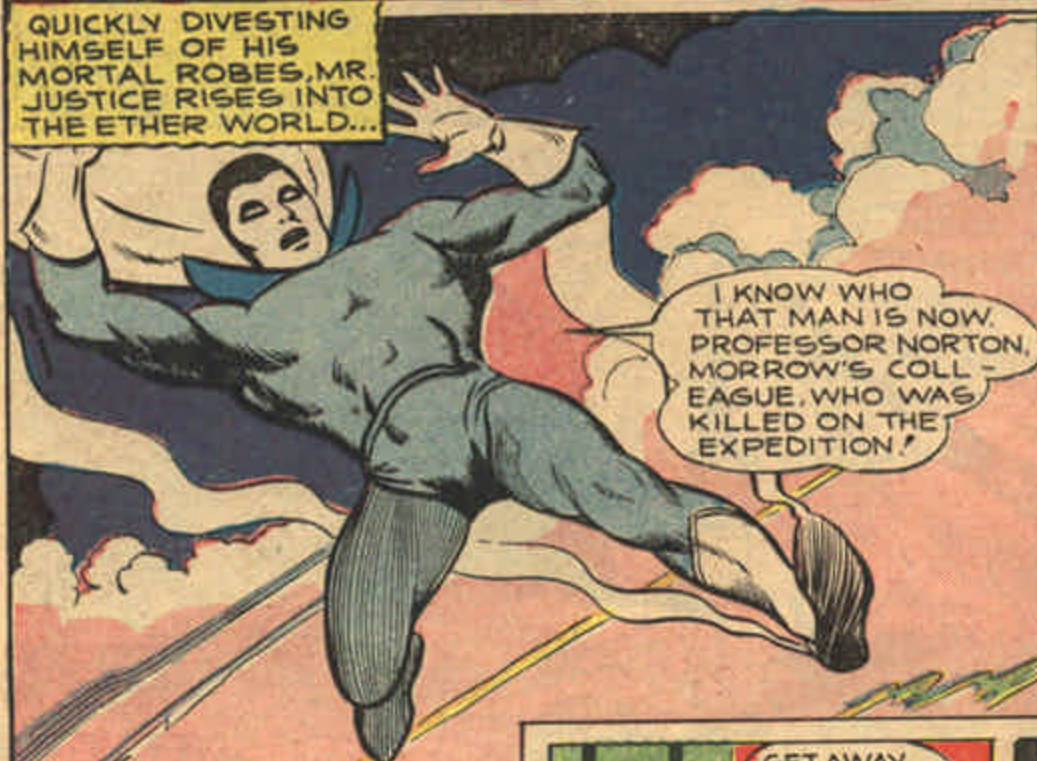
SPLENDID WORK, PROFESSOR MORROW!

THANK YOU!

I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THAT MAN!



QUICKLY DIVESTING HIMSELF OF HIS MORTAL ROBES, MR. JUSTICE RISES INTO THE ETHER WORLD...



I KNOW WHO THAT MAN IS NOW, PROFESSOR NORTON, MORROW'S COLLEAGUE, WHO WAS KILLED ON THE EXPEDITION!

AND GUIDED BY HIS PSYCHIC SPIRIT ARRIVES AT THE HOME OF THE WALKING DEAD MAN...

THAT CANDLE! IT'S GLOWING SO EERILY!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CANDLE I CAN'T QUITE UNDERSTAND!

GET AWAY FROM THAT CANDLE, I WARN YOU!

NORTON!



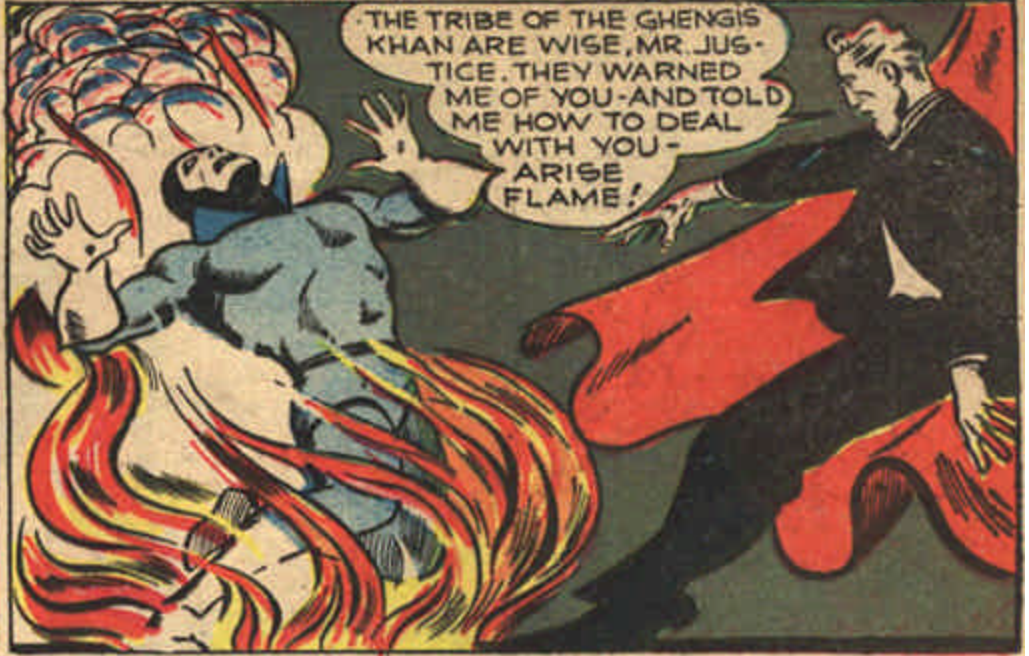
I KNOW YOU'RE DEAD, NORTON. WHY DO YOU RETURN FROM THE OTHER WORLD?

TO KILL! TO KILL PROFESSOR MORROW!





YOU'LL KILL NO ONE WHILE I'M AROUND, NORTON!



THE TRIBE OF THE GHENGIS KHAN ARE WISE, MR. JUSTICE. THEY WARNED ME OF YOU-AND TOLD ME HOW TO DEAL WITH YOU-ARISE FLAME!



THAT RING OF FIRE. IT'S SAPPING MY STRENGTH. AND YET I CAN'T ESCAPE!



NO, IT IS THE SPIRIT FLAME, MR. JUSTICE! ONLY A MORTAL CAN QUENCH IT. NEITHER OF US IS MORTAL!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A MORTAL IS ON HER WAY TO THE DEAD PROFESSOR-HIS DAUGHTER, MARY!



GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?



BECAUSE SHE IS MORTAL, HER EYES DO NOT SEE THE SPIRIT FLAME- AND AS SHE STEPS THRU IT TO GO TO MR. JUSTICE, IT IS QUENCHED...

THANK YOU, MISS NORTON! YOU SAVED ME! DID YOU SEE YOUR FATHER?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? MY FATHER IS DEAD. WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS?

I WISH I KNEW MYSELF. BUT I DO KNOW ONE THING, PROFESSOR MORROW'S LIFE IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER, AND ONLY I CAN SAVE HIM!

LATER, AS PROFESSOR MORROW STANDS IN HIS GARDEN, LOOKING OUT AT THE LAKE...

DEAD WHITE HANDS PUSH THE HEAVY STATUARY...

AND A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE THE MOMENT OF IMPACT... MR. JUSTICE INTERVENES...

CRASH

MR. JUSTICE AGAIN. HOW COULD HE HAVE ESCAPED MY TRAP!

SWIFTLY, THE ROYAL WRAITH PURSUES THE LIVING CORPSE

OVERTAKES HIM, AND.....

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANYMORE CHANCES WITH YOU!



THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO KEEP THE LIVING DEAD... THE CAVE OF LOST SOULS.



AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HOLD THEM HERE... DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH THEIR HEART!



I KNOW YOU ARE IN ETERNAL SLAVERY TO THE **GHENGIS KHAN** UNTIL YOU COMPLETE YOUR MISSION OF VENGEANCE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!



MORROW IS NOT SAFE WHILE THAT HORROR STALKS THE EARTH. I MUST TRY TO RETURN HIM TO HIS GRAVE!



MR. JUSTICE SOON ARRIVES AT THE TEMPLE OF THE TRIBE OF KHAN...



SHRINKS HIMSELF UNTIL HE IS ABLE TO ENTER THE MOUTH OF THE IDOL...



AND AWAITS THE GATHERING OF THE TRIBE IN THEIR SACRED RITUAL...



SUDDENLY, THE TRIBE IS TERRIFIED BY AN UN-EARTHLY GLOW EMANATING FROM THEIR GOD.



THEN, THE EXPANDING SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE GROWING LARGER -- AND LARGER -- TERRIFYING THE TRIBESMEN...



AND STILL HE GROWS UNTIL HE LOOMS OVER THE ENTIRE CITY AND ALL FLEE MADLY INTO THE HILLS...



NOW, OH GOD OF THE ANCIENT KHAN, YOUR ETERNAL FLAMES MUST SMOULDER AND DIE - AND YOUR SPIRIT MUST VANISH, FOR THERE ARE NONE LEFT TO WORSHIP YOU!

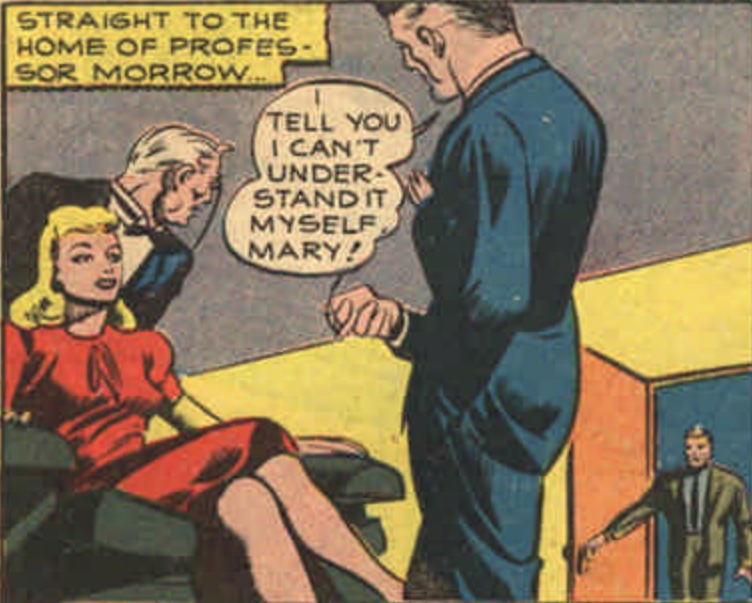
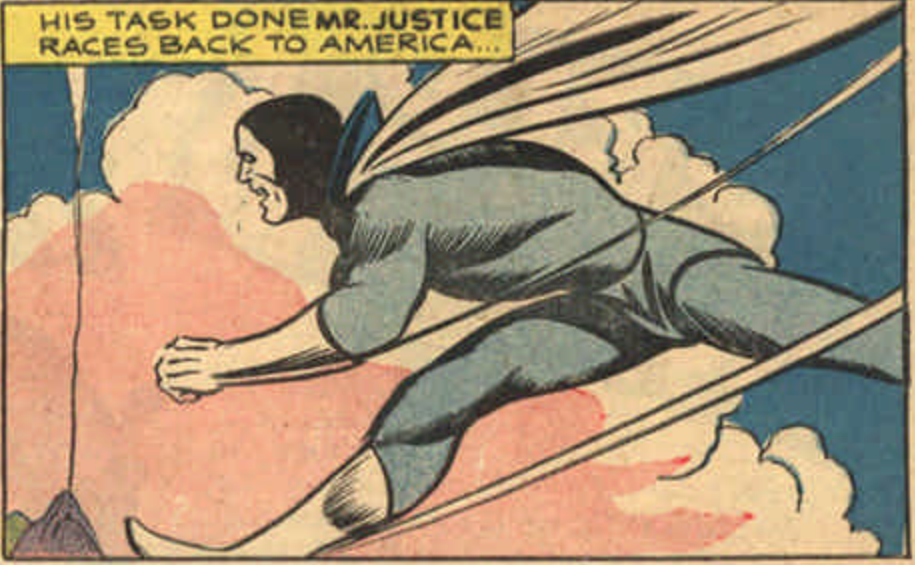


EVEN AS MR. JUSTICE SPEAKS THESE WORDS, THE CANDLE OF LIFE HOLDING NORTON'S SPIRIT IN BONDAGE, FLICKERS...



AND AS IT SPUTTERS AND DIES THE WRITHING BODY OF NORTON CEASES TO STRUGGLE...





WORLD WONDERS

"CLEVER HANS"

D HORSE IN BERLIN, GERMANY, IN 1900 COULD READ GERMAN - DO ARITHMETIC - COULD HANDLE FRACTIONS - ANSWER QUESTIONS - GIVE THE DATE AND TELL TIME TO THE MINUTE!



HOMING PIGEONS HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO FLY 550 MILES IN A SINGLE DAY!



CAMEL EXPRESS

CAMELS FROM EGYPT WERE USED TO CARRY FREIGHT FROM ALBUQUERQUE, N.M. TO LOS ANGELES, CALIF. IN 1857...



"BESSIE"

THE MASCOT OF FIRE COMPANY NO. 39 OF NEW YORK CITY, TRAVELED ALONE TO AND FROM HER MASTERS HOUSE ON THE CITY RAILWAY - AND WAS SO CLEVER THAT THE COMPANY GAVE HER A FREE PASS!

SERGEANT BOYLE

by HUBBELL

THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY! SEE THAT YOU'RE ALL BACK FOR CHOW! OKAY, FALL OUT!

I WONDER WHERE BOYLE IS?

BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE! NOW THAT BOYLE ISN'T HERE TO HOLD ME BACK, I'M GETTIN' TO BE A REAL BIG SHOT!

ATTENTION READERS! BECAUSE OF THE WAR, IT IS UNWISE TO REVEAL THE NAMES OF TOWNS OR LOCATIONS MENTIONED IN THIS STORY. THIS CENSORSHIP WILL NOT AFFECT THE STORY ITSELF IN ANY WAY!

COME TO THINK OF IT THOUGH, EXCITEMENT HAS HIT A NEW LOW SINCE THAT BIG BALONEY DISAPPEARED. GEE, I WONDER WHAT DID HAPPEN TO HIM!

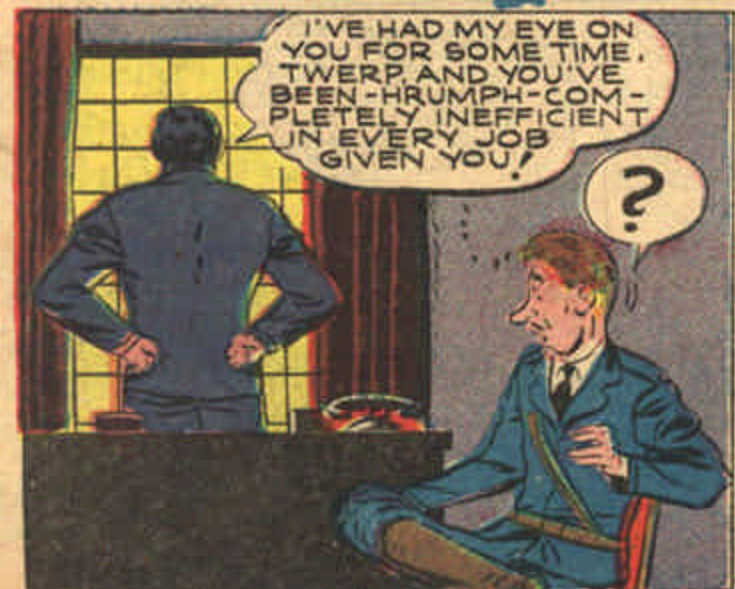
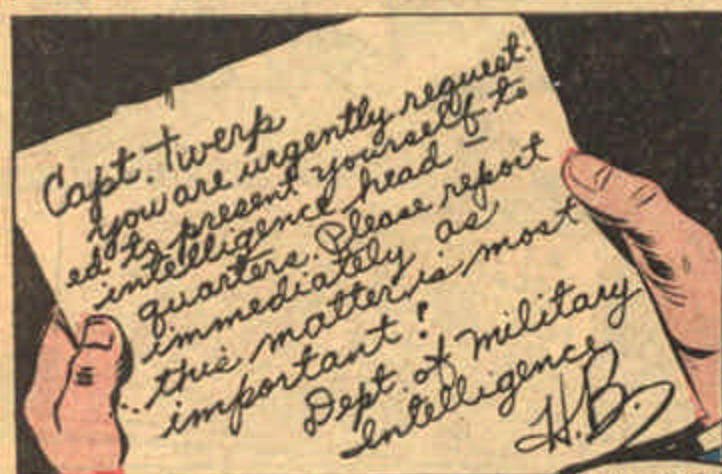
AW, WHO CARES ANYWAY! WHO WANTS HIM HANGIN' AROUND?

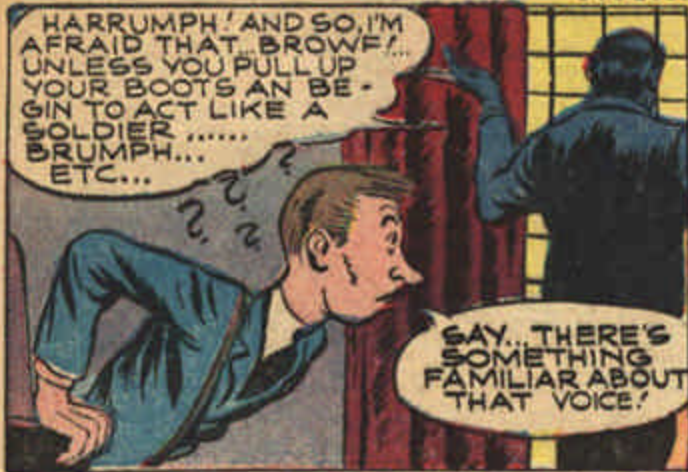
GEE, WHAT'S THE USE OF KIDDIN' MYSELF? I HAVEN'T HAD ANY FUN SINCE SARGE DIS-APPEARED!

NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENS ANYMORE! I THINK... UGH!

ZOK











HEH! WE GAVE HIM THE SLIP. THE BIG LUG!

WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET! KEEP RUNNING!



HERE'S THE JUNGLE! WE'D BE GOOD IF WE LOCATED A HERD OF ELEPHANTS IN THERE!

YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! I KNOW THIS COUNTRY LIKE THE PALM OF MY HAND!

THE FOREST IS SO THICK AS TO BE IMPENETRABLE IN ANY OTHER WAY THAN ON FOOT... FOR TWO LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS BOYLE AND TWERP FORCE THEIR WAY DEEPER AND DEEPER WITHOUT SUCCESS.... ON THE MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY.....



OUCH! THESE BLANKETY BLANKY BRAMBLES!

TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE GETTING INTO JAP-HELD TERRITORY!



WHEW! NOTHING BUT JUNGLE AN' MORE JUNGLE!

WAIT UP, DANIEL BOONE! HERE'S PART OF A GIRL'S SHOE! WE MUST BE GETTIN' WARM!



SARGE! SARGE! THERE'S A GUY OUT THERE WITH TWO HEADS AN' SIX HANDS! NO KIDDIN' - COME LOOK!



AN' TWO LEFT FEET, I SUPPOSE! IS THAT YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?

N-NO! I'M NOT KIDDING. THERE IT IS - SEE IT?



SO THAT'S WHAT HAD YOU IN SUCH A STEW! NICE GOIN', TWERP!

GOSH! A STATUE?

HA HA HA HA



OH! THANK HEAVEN! A MAN!

SAY, WHO...

?



I'VE NEVER BEEN SO GLAD TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! I WAS BEGINNING TO GIVE UP HOPE OF EVER GETTING OUT OF HERE! OH, I FORGOT... I'M MARGIE KNOX!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE OLD GATCH--ER--GENERAL KNOX'S DAUGHTER?

HOLY SMOKE!

ER AHM! ER AHM! ER AHM!



HEH, HEH! BOYLE HAS NO MANNERS... I'M CAPTAIN TWERP!

THAT'S NICE.. DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET US BACK TO SAFETY--ER... SERGEANT?

I'M A STRANGER HERE MYSELF! BUT CAPTAIN TWERP KNOWS THESE PARTS LIKE A NATIVE!



SO, LEAD ON, MACTWERP! WE'LL FOLLOW ALONG BEHIND!

OF ALL THE B...X...E... WHAT'S THE USE!

UNDER TWERP'S CAPABLE GUIDANCE AND KEEPING A SHARP LOOK-OUT FOR STRAY JABBE THE THREE FOR HOME...



HOURS LATER. SORRY TO BE A GISSY BUT I'VE JUST GOT TO REST A MINUTE!

POOR KID.. YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT! HERE I'LL CARRY YOU!



STILL LATER..

TWERP, WE'VE BEEN HIKING FOR HOURS. I HOPE YOUR SENSE OF DIRECTION IS OKAY!

LISTEN, BOYLE, WHO WAS HERE FIFTEEN YEARS AGO - YOU OR ME? I KNOW WHERE WE ARE, SO SHUT UP!



YEAH? WELL, DON'T LOOK NOW BUT SOME THING TELLS ME WE'VE SEEN THAT STATUE BEFORE!

MIGOSH!





TAKEN PRISONER BY THE JAPS, BOYLE AND TWERP ARE TOSSED INTO THE CLINK...

YOU AND YOUR BRIGHT IDEAS!

AWWW, SARGE, HOW WAS I TO KNOW WHO HE WAS?

WHAT BOTHERS ME IS WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER! I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE DONE TO HER!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS! GUARD! HEY! GUARD!

SHUT WAGGING MOUTH OR WILL PUT ABRUPT END TO MISERABLE LIFE!

OW! WHY, YOU..

THAT SLANT-EYED X!@! YOU STILL HAVE THAT BOOMERANG, TWERP?

SURE, BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH THIS?

THEY SAY A DROWNING MAN GRABS AT A STRAW THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE, TWERP!

OLD JAUNDICE - PUSS SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE NOW...

PSST-HE'S COMIN! THIS MUST BE PERFECTLY TIMED!

WE DID IT! NOW HAUL ON YOUR END OF THE CORD, TWERP!

UG GLUG BLUB

MASH MY FINGERS, WILL YOU? HOW DOES THIS FEEL?

I GOT HIS KEYS, BOYLE!





WITH THE RAPID FIRE PITCHING WHICH HE MADE FAMOUS AT N.Y.U., BOYLE PUTS OUT THE WHOLE SUKI-YAKI! TEAM IN RAPID SUCCESSION..





HOLD 'EM, BOYLE! I'M COMIN'!



WRAP HIM UP, TWERP! NICE TIMING THERE, KID!

GIVE 'EM THE OLD HEAVE-HO, SARGE!

BONG



ANY MORE, SARGE?

NOPE! THAT'S THE LOT!



NOT A BAD BATTING AVERAGE IF I SAY SO MYSELF!

BOY! I'LL SAY! I HOPE THOSE SUKI-YAKIS APPRECIATE ALL THE TROUBLE WE TOOK!



MEANWHILE BACK IN ~~CENSORED~~ REAL TROUBLE IS BREWING.

(?@X/*) THAT GENERAL! YOUR BLOOD PRESSURE!



SHARROP! NEVER MIND MY BLOOD PRESSURE! I'LL BREAK THAT @X!! BOYLE IF IT'S THE LAST THING I... WHAT'S THAT DIN OUTSIDE? HAVE IT STOPPED AT ONCE!



WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET? OH, H'YA GENERAL! MISS ME?



MISS YOU? WHY, YOU... YOU... SPFRLLMMTH!... Y-YOU MHWRFTHK!

IF THERE'S ONE THING I HATE MORE THAN MAKING SPEECHES, GANG, IT'S KEEPING A SECRET. BUT I'M GOING TO TIP YOU OFF ANYWAY. BE PREPARED FOR THE SHOCK OF YOUR LIFE IN THE JULY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH. AND FOR THE LOVE OF MUD, DON'T TELL THE BLACK HOOD I TOLD YOU!



...DELIBERATELY LEAVING YOUR POST. I'LL HAVE YOU DEMOTED. I'LL... I'LL...

FATHER! HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO SERGEANT BOYLE THAT WAY! HE SAVED ME FROM AN ENTIRE JAP REGIMENT, AND...



...AND YOU CAPTURED THEM ALL! HRRUMPH! AS I WAS SAYING, MY BOY, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT, JUST CALL ON ME! YASSS!

THANKS! NOW ABOUT THAT DESK JOB, GENERAL... I THINK CAPTAIN TWERP IS JUST THE...

HEY! CUT THAT OUT!





C'mon - PICK YOUR PRIZE

BOYS · GIRLS
MEN · WOMEN

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 30 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$3.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

Real Live CANARY



What a pet! You will love it. Canary and Cage both given for selling only two orders. WRITE TODAY. Sent Express Collect.



BOTH GIVEN

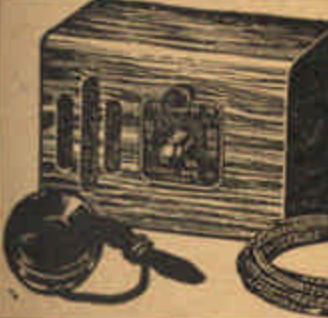
GUITAR-UK AND MANDOLIN

Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. BOTH GUITAR-UK and Mandolin given for selling only 30 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

PRIZE TYPEWRITER GIVEN



\$15. for best letter written on this machine. Simply dispose of only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c a pkt. and Typewriter is yours.



RADIO
Pocket Size Needs no batteries or electrical connections. Sell only two 30 pkt. lots.

22 Piece TABLEWARE SET GIVEN



Set of 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 1 Butter Knife and Sugar Bowl. GIVEN for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10 cts. a pkt.

LADIES' NEW FASHION WRIST WATCH GIVEN



Sparkling enameled ivory case. Yours for disposing of only two orders of Garden Spot Seeds. WRITE TODAY.

Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful Set Given for selling only 1 order of Seeds. Sent Express Collect.

CANDID-Type CAMERA



Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. a packet and this splendid camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

BLUE BIRD GRANITE GIVEN



Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen. Entire Set Given for selling only 30 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. WRITE TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY
WE TRUST YOU.



Crinkled BED SPREAD

Attractive Colors. The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting stripes. Size 90 x 90. Simply dispose of only 1 order.

Basket Ball GIVEN



Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 30 pkts. at 10 cts. each.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN



Handsome finish, highly polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. GIVEN for selling only 1 order. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.



A COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT

Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling only one 30 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10 cts. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.

THIS PIN IS YOURS FREE

Just mail this Coupon today and this beautiful Pin, symbolic of American Freedom, will be sent right along with the seeds. HURRY!

MAIL COUPON TODAY

35th Year

Lancaster County Seed Co., Station 390 Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 30 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10 cts. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

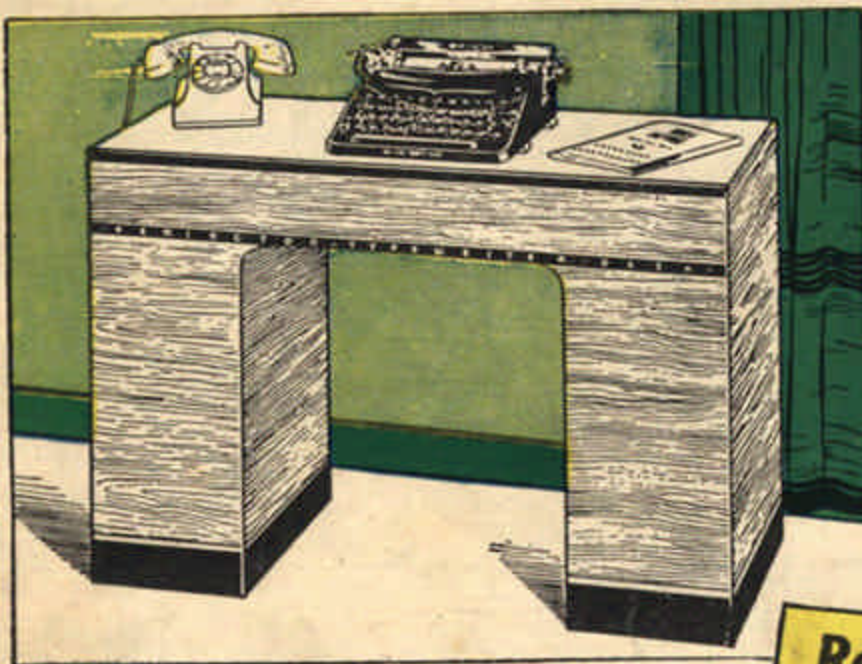
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____

Print your last name plainly below

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.

ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN OFFER



Remington's Amazing Combination Offer

How easy it is to get this combination. Just imagine! A small deposit and the balance on Remington's easy ten pay plan. Become immediately the possessor of this beautiful desk and a brand new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon. **DO IT TODAY!**

THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR \$1.00 ONLY

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk of handsome walnut grain, finished with rich Burgandy top which will fit into the decorations of any home, and made of sturdy fiber board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold six hundred (600) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a miniature office in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU! LEARN TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 44-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Deluxe Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release, double shift key; two color ribbon; automatic reverse, tabulator; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide, writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, pay all shipping charges and refund your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc. Dept. 479-3
Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 44 page Typing Booklet. Also about the Remington ten pay plan. Send Catalog.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....