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No. 1

PEEP COMICS

ACTION
DETECTIVE
ADVENTURE

INTRODUCING **THE SHIELD!**
G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY

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SHIELD

'G-MAN-EXTRAORDINARY'



G JOE HIGGINS, G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, IS THE SHIELD. ONLY ONE LIVING MAN KNOWS THE SHIELDS TRUE IDENTITY AND THAT MAN IS THE CHIEF OF THE F.B.I.---BECAUSE JOE'S FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE FAMOUS BLACK TOM EXPLOSION SET OFF BY FOREIGN SPIES DURING THE WORLD WAR HE, FROM THAT TIME FORWARD, SWORE TO DEVOTE HIS LIFE TO SHIELDING THE U.S. GOVERNMENT AND ITS PEOPLE FROM ANY HARM, AND SUCCEEDED IN SECURING AN APPOINTMENT AS G-MAN TO CARRY OUT HIS AVOWED PURPOSE. BECAUSE OF HIS UNIFORM HE IS CALLED "THE SHIELD". THIS UNIFORM, OF HIS OWN SECRET CONSTRUCTION, NOT ONLY IS BULLET AND FLAME-PROOF BUT GIVES HIM POWER TO PERFORM EXTRAORDINARY FEATS OF PHYSICAL DARING AND COURAGE. WEARING HIS SHIELD, HE HAS THE SPEED OF A BULLET AND THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES. WITH THESE POWERFUL FORCES, HE SHIELDS THE U. S. GOVERNMENT FROM ALL ENEMIES.- THE FOUR WHITE STARS ON THE FIELD OF BLUE SIGNIFY TO WHAT HE HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE -TRUTH, JUSTICE, PATRIOTISM, AND COURAGE...

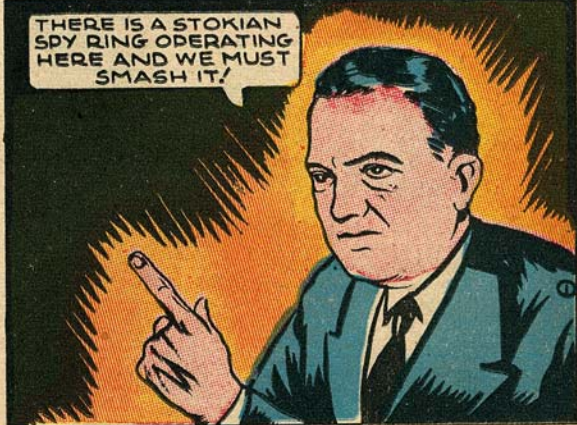
HIGGINS, I'VE GOT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU!

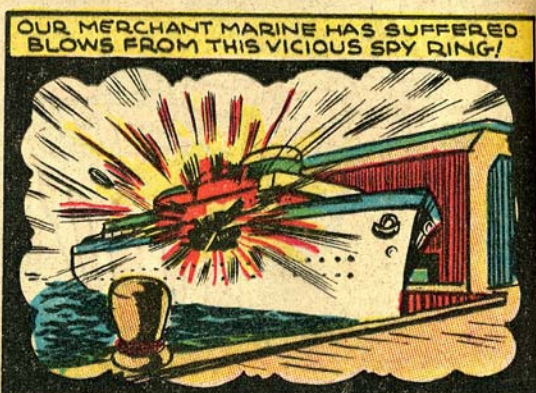
YES, SIR. I'LL DO MY BEST.



IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE - HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I.

THERE IS A STOKIAN SPY RING OPERATING HERE AND WE MUST SMASH IT!





YOU DIRTY COPPER-
I'LL KNOCK YOUR
HEAD OFF!!

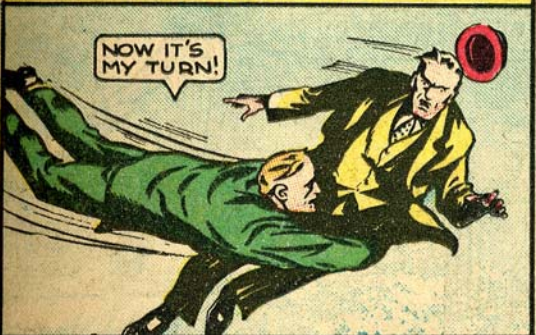


BUT WITH THE SPEED OF A FOX, HIGGINS
DUCKS THE BLOW AND IT SMACKS THE
OTHER ATTACKER, KNOCKING HIM COLD.



HIGGINS TACKLES THE SECOND STOKIAN
AND THROWS HIM.

NOW IT'S
MY TURN!



THE SPY STRIKES HIS HEAD AS HE FALLS.

UGH!



HIGGINS SEARCHES THE STUNNED SPY.

HE'S A STOKIAN
AGENT, ALL RIGHT.
HERE'S A NOTE
FROM HIS CHIEF!



THE G-MAN ARRIVES AT THE HOTEL
BRAGANZA AND ASKS FOR A ROOM.

SORRY, SIR-
WE HAVEN'T
ANY ROOMS
AVAILABLE.



DECIDING
TO GO UP
AND LOOK
AROUND,
HIGGINS IS
STOPPED
BY THE
BOY.

SORRY, SIR,
CAN'T TAKE
YOU UP
UNLESS YOU
STATE YOUR
BUSINESS.



NOT KNOWING HIGGINS' IDENTITY, THE HOUSE DETECTIVE ASKS JOE TO LEAVE.



YOU CAN'T LOAF HERE, BUDDY!

NOT WISHING TO AROUSE SUSPICION, JOE LEAVES THE HOTEL.



I CAN'T CAUSE A FUSS IN THE LOBBY, WITHOUT BEING SURE OF MY FACTS!

IN A CORNER OF THE ALLEY JOE HIGGINS OPENS HIS BRIEF CASE AND...



-AND SO THE SHIELD WILL GO INTO ACTION ON ANOTHER FRONT.

...A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS STARTLING UNIFORM, HIGGINS BECOMES THE DREADED SHIELD!



LIKE A HUMAN FLY THE SHIELD SCALES THE WALLS OF THE HOTEL.



THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY IN - FOR THE SHIELD!



HERE I AM ON THE ROOF - BUT NOW HOW DO I GET IN?

FROM A SECRET POCKET IN HIS UNIFORM, HE PRODUCES AND SETS UP A RADIO SOUND DETECTOR.



NOW TO FIND OUT IF I CAN HEAR ANYTHING!

THE SHIELD HEARS A CONVERSATION GOING ON BELOW IN A STEEL WALLED ROOM IN THE HOTEL.



THE SHIELD CAN'T TOUCH US. THIS PLACE IS BOMB-PROOF, BULLET-PROOF AND SOUND-PROOF!

BUT WHAT IF THE SHIELD-

BUT THE SHIELD'S ELECTRIC EAR BRINGS - THE MASTER SPY'S VOICE TO HIM.



WELL, NOT QUITE SOUND-PROOF! AND MAYBE I CAN TOUCH THEM.

IF THE HIDEOUT IS BOMB-PROOF, MAYBE THIS CHEMICAL WILL BE BETTER.



THE SHIELD MIXES A POTENT BREW.

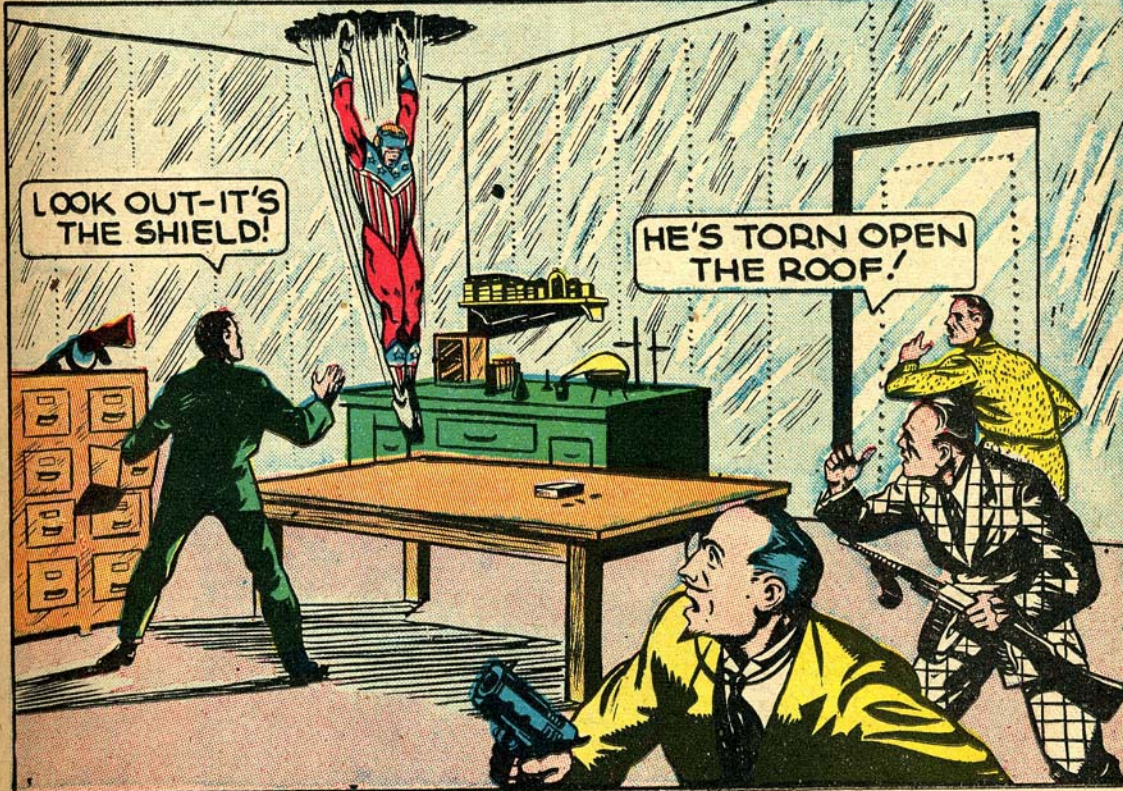
THE POWERFUL SECRET FORMULA CUTS ITS WAY THROUGH ARMOR PLATING.



IN THE HIDEOUT, JUST AS THE MASTER SPY BOASTS OF SUCCESS TO COME...



NOW FOR OUR BIG ADVENTURE - TO ASSASSINATE THE ARMY CHIEFS!



LOOK OUT-IT'S THE SHIELD!

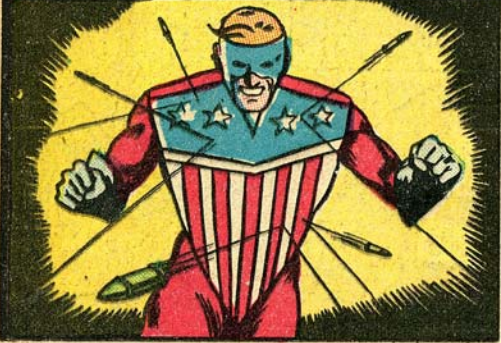
HE'S TORN OPEN THE ROOF!



SHOOT HIM DOWN!

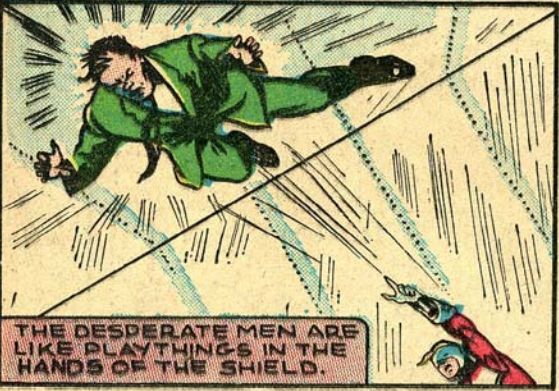
I'LL WIDE HIM OUT!

BUT THE BULLETS FLATTEN HARMLESSLY ON THE SHIELD'S UNIFORM.



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY-I'M NOT LEAVING YET!



THE DESPERATE MEN ARE LIKE PLAYTHINGS IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIELD.



STAND BACK!

I WANT TO SEE THE PAPERS IN THAT CABINET!

THE CHIEF SPY CRASHES THE SWORD DOWN ON THE SHIELD'S HEAD- BUT THE BLADE CRUMPLES.



WON'T ANYTHING STOP YOU?

NOPE-NOTHING!

THE SHIELD PUSHES THE CHIEF SPY TO ONE SIDE AND GOES THROUGH THE FILES.



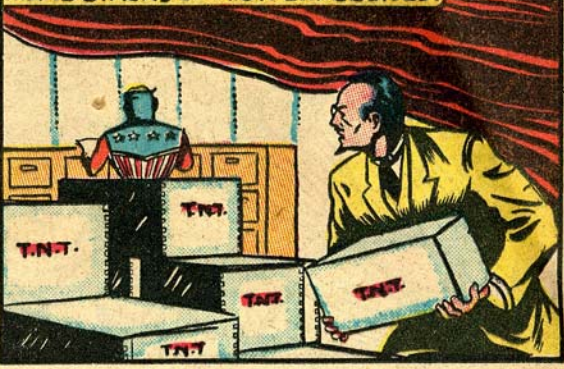
THESE DOCUMENTS LOOK INTERESTING.

IGNORED BY THE SHIELD, THE SPY SLINKS AWAY...



HERE'S THE MASTER PLAN OF THE WHOLE SPY PLOT! THIS CLEARS UP EVERYTHING!

...AND STACKS UP HIGH EXPLOSIVES.



IN A FEW MOMENTS THIS TIME BOMB WILL BLOT OUT THE EVIDENCE - AND THE SHIELD!

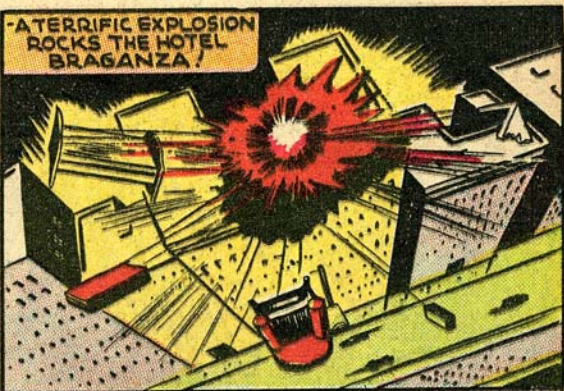


AND THE MASTER SPY ESCAPES THROUGH A SECRET PANEL.



MEANWHILE - AS THE SHIELD UNCOVERS MORE EVIDENCE...

THIS PLACES THE BLAME DIRECTLY ON THE SPIES. OUR COUNTRY WON'T HAVE TO GO TO WAR!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOTEL BRAGANZA!



PASSERS-BY ARE HORRIFIED -- ALL BUT ONE!

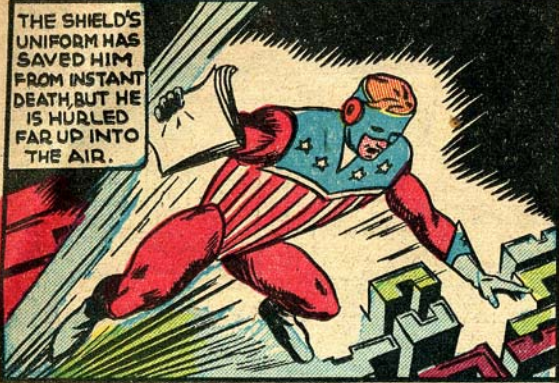
THAT SETTLES THE SHIELD!



THE MASTER SPY, UNNOTICED, SLINKS AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.

NOW TO SET UP A NEW ORGANIZATION AND START TO WORK AGAIN!

THE SHIELD'S UNIFORM HAS SAVED HIM FROM INSTANT DEATH, BUT HE IS HURLED FAR UP INTO THE AIR.



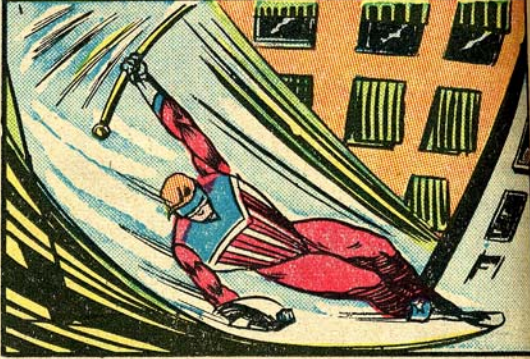
THIS WILL BE A TERRIBLE FALL EVEN FOR ME!



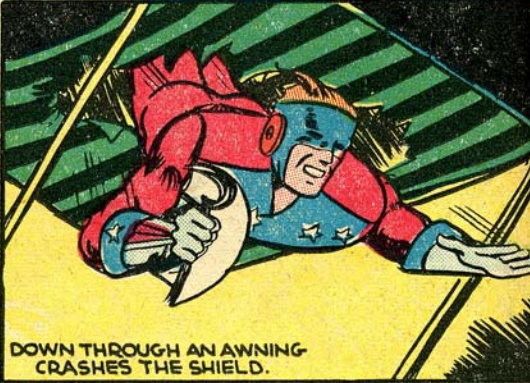
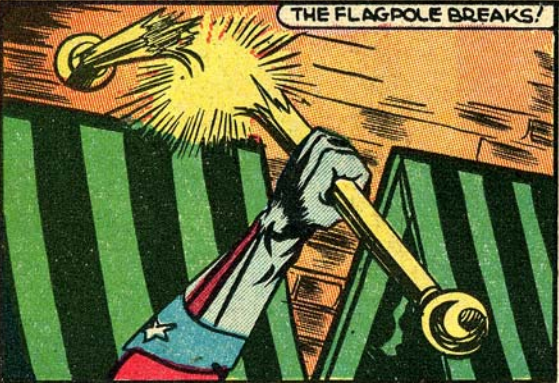
AH-A FLAGPOLE! I'LL BREAK MY FALL!



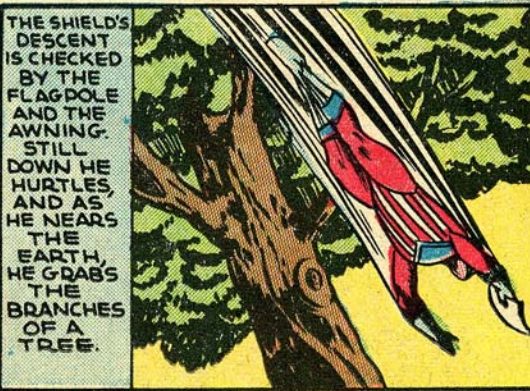
HE CATCHES THE POLE WHICH BENDS UNDER THE IMPACT.



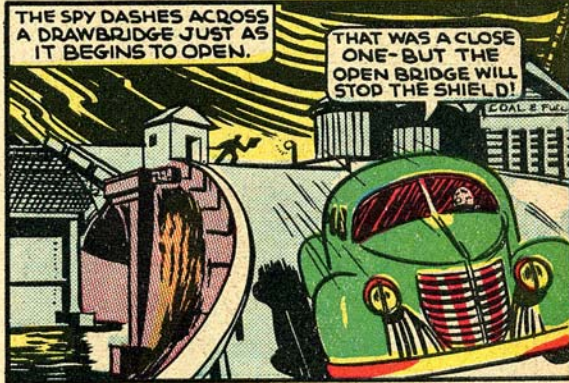
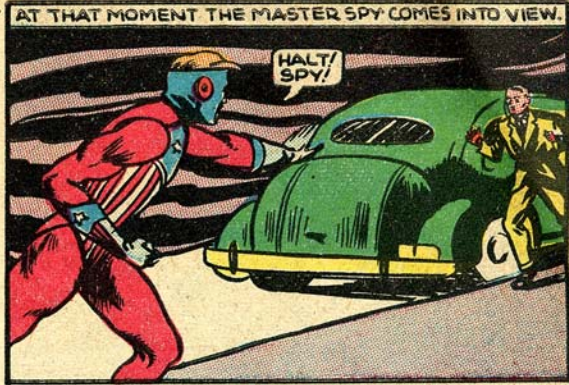
THE FLAGPOLE BREAKS!



DOWN THROUGH AN AWNING- CRASHES THE SHIELD.



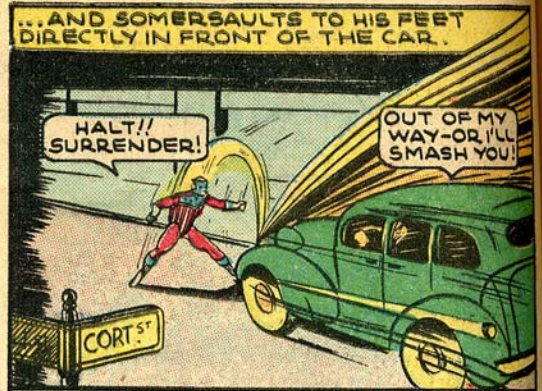
THE SHIELD'S DESCENT IS CHECKED BY THE FLAGPOLE AND THE AWNING- STILL DOWN HE HURTLES, AND AS HE NEARS THE EARTH, HE GRABS THE BRANCHES OF A TREE.





THE SHIELD ZOOMS INTO VIEW...

THE SHIELD AGAIN!

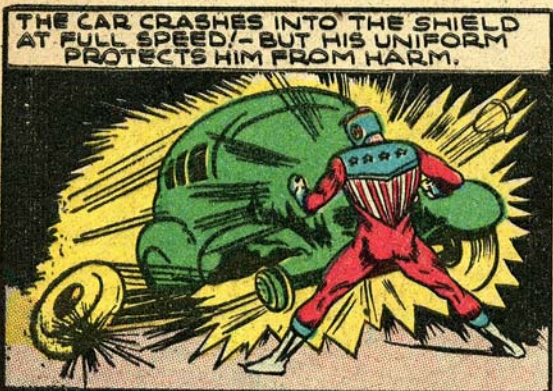


... AND SOMERSAULTS TO HIS FEET DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE CAR.

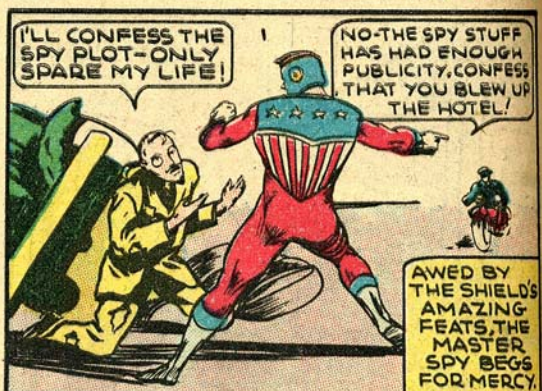
HALT!! SURRENDER!

OUT OF MY WAY-OR,I'LL SMASH YOU!

CORT ST



THE CAR CRASHES INTO THE SHIELD AT FULL SPEED!- BUT HIS UNIFORM PROTECTS HIM FROM HARM.



I'LL CONFESS THE SPY PLOT-ONLY SPARE MY LIFE!

NO-THE SPY STUFF HAS HAD ENOUGH PUBLICITY,CONFESS THAT YOU BLEW UP THE HOTEL!

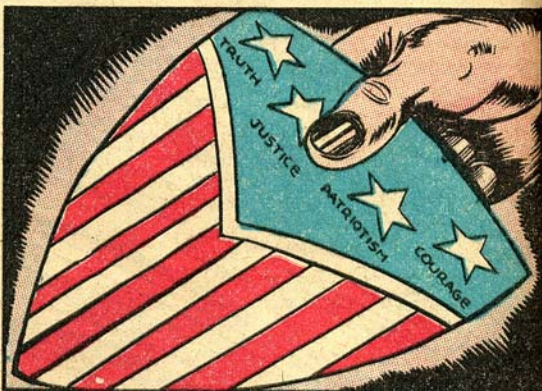
AWED BY THE SHIELD'S AMAZING FEATS,THE MASTER SPY BEGS FOR MERCY.



NOT WISHING TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY, THE SHIELD PLACES HIS CARD IN THE SPY'S HAND AND SILENTLY DISAPPEARS.

I SURRENDER, OFFICER- I BLEW UP THE HOTEL BRAGANZA!

THEN YOU'LL GO TO PRISON FOR LIFE. BUT WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR HAND?



AS PLAIN JOE HIGGINS, THE SHIELD REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF

YOU DID A GREAT JOB HIGGINS!

THANKS CHIEF. WHAT'S MY NEXT ASSIGNMENT?

THE SHIELD- ALWAYS READY TO PROTECT AMERICA, RECEIVES ANOTHER DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FROM HIS CHIEF IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!



JOHAN DICKERING, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, DISCOVERS A GAS THAT IS FIFTY TIMES LIGHTER THAN HYDROGEN. HE ALSO DISCOVERS THAT, BY INJECTING SMALL DOSES OF THE GAS INTO HIS BLOODSTREAM, HIS BODY BECOMES LIGHT ENOUGH TO MAKE GREAT LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR!



SMASH
ADVENTURES
OF
THE MOST
ASTONISHING
MAN ON THE
FACE OF
THE
EARTH

by JACK COLE

AFTER MANY OF SUCH INJECTIONS, HE FINDS THAT THE GAS ACCUMULATES IN THE EYES AND THROWS OFF TWO POWERFUL BEAMS

THESE RAYS, WHEN THEY CROSS EACH OTHER, CAUSE WHATEVER HE LOOKS AT TO DISINTEGRATE COMPLETELY

!!!



TO PREVENT DISINTEGRATING EVERYTHING HE LOOKS AT, IT BECOMES NECESSARY FOR HIM TO WEAR A GLASS SHADE OVER HIS EYES, FOR GLASS IS THE ONLY THING THAT THE RAY CANNOT PENETRATE!



REALIZING SUCH A PHENOMENON WOULD WRECK CIVILIZATION IF IT SHOULD FALL INTO EVIL HANDS, HE DESTROYS THE FORMULA AND MAKES A SOLEMN VOW TO USE HIS POWERS EVER FOR THE BENEFIT OF HUMANITY?—
THIS IS BORN THE COMET!



THE SCENE SHIFTS TO A SMALL HOUSE IN CHICAGO.

NO MORE SMALL-TIME FOR US, BOYS!—FROM NOW ON, WE'RE OUT FOR **REAL CASH!**—EVER HEAR OF A LITTLE GAME CALLED, **MURDER-FOR-INSURANCE?**

BUT, AIN'T THAT TOO RISKY, JAKE-POISON, I MEAN?



NOT WITH THIS STUFF! **TYPHOID FEVER GERMS!** DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES—NO TRACE OF ANY POISON—WHY, IT'S **FOOLPROOF!!**

CHEEZE! WHERE D'JA GET IT?



THE "BOSS" IS GONNA SHIP US A BATCH EVERY WEEK!—NOW HERE'S THE SET-UP!—WE CONTACT BENEFICIARIES OF LARGE INSURANCE POLICIES AND OFFER TO BUMP OFF THE INSURED WITH THESE GERMS FOR **HALF THE AMOUNT OF THE POLICY!**



SOON AFTERWARDS, NEWS OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE TERRIFIES ALL CHICAGO!

WUXTRA!!
TYPHOID FEVER EPIDEMIC SWEEPS CITY!



JOHN! CAN YOU HOP THE NEXT PLANE FOR CHICAGO? IT'S URGENT!



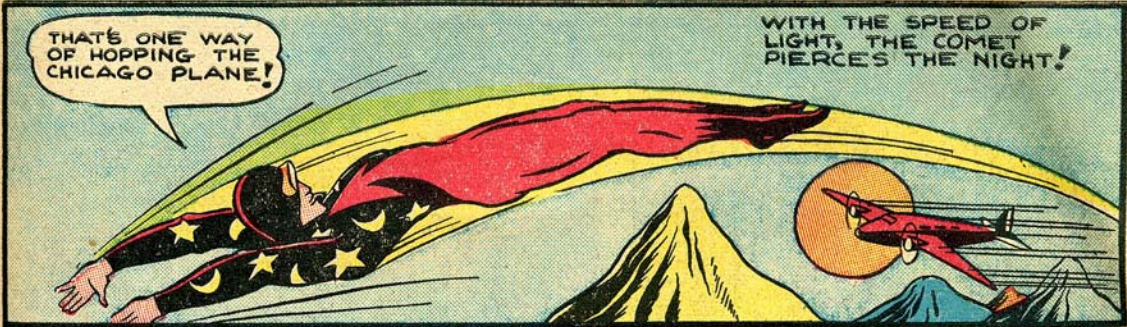
THE COMET RECEIVES A CALL FROM A FRIEND.



YOU! BET.

THAT'S ONE WAY OF HOPPING THE CHICAGO PLANE!

WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE COMET PIERCES THE NIGHT!



AT HIS FRIEND'S HOME, THE COMET HEARS A STRANGE STORY-

-AND HE WANTED TO KILL MY WIFE WITH GERMS FOR HALF THE INSURANCE!



HE'S COMING FOR MY ANSWER TODAY! - I DIDN'T DARE NOTIFY THE POLICE! - CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?



AT THIS POINT, THE DOORBELL RINGS

HERE'S OUR ANSWER, BUD!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!!



THE THUG SPEEDS AWAY, FOLLOWED BY THE COMET, WHO SNAPS HIS VISOR UP AND FOCUSES HIS DESTRUCTIVE RAY AT THE AIR IN FRONT OF HIM. THIS CAUSES THE DUST IN THE AIR TO DISINTEGRATE, MAKING AN EFFECTIVE SMOKE SCREEN!



WONDER WHAT'S MAKIN' THIS CAR SMOKE LIKE THAT?!



LOCATING THE GANG'S HIDEOUT, THE COMET LEAPS HIGH AND-

CRASH!

WHAT THA!



A FEW DAYS LATER THE COMET SPIES ONE OF THE THUGS

JUST A MINUTE! GIVE ME THAT SACHEL!

SO! TYPHOID GERMS! THOUGHT I WAS KIDDING, EH? — ALLRIGHT, LEECH — WHERE'S YOUR HANG-OUT THIS TIME?

D-DON'T CHOKE ME! IT'S ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE TRI-STATE BUILDING!

NO! NO! DON'T!!

BUD, YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS!

WITH VENGEANCE IN HIS HEART, THE COMET LEAPS FOR THE TOP OF THE TRI-STATE.

RAISING HIS PROTECTIVE VISOR, HE CASTS THE DISINTEGRATING RAY ON THE BUILDING, AND DIVES INTO THE HOLE MADE BY IT, — BUT —

CRASH!

THE COMET CRASHES INTO A SHEET OF PLATE GLASS WHICH HIS RAY CANNOT PENETRATE!

UNCONSCIOUS, THE COMET IS BROUGHT INSIDE —

NEAT IDEA, JAKE — LINING THE WALLS WITH PLATE GLASS!

THIS IS THE END, WISE GUY!

JUST IN TIME, THE COMET REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS. — HE DESTROYS THE BULLET IN MID-AIR —

DUFF

PREPARE TO FACE YOUR MAKER!

AMID SCREAMS OF TERROR,
THE CRUEL MURDERERS
MELT INTO NOTHINGNESS!

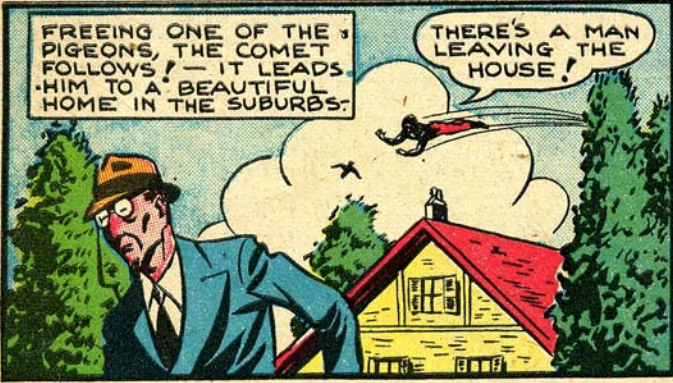


THE COMET LOOKS AROUND
FOR POSSIBLE CLUES OF
THE "BIG BOSS" IDENTITY.



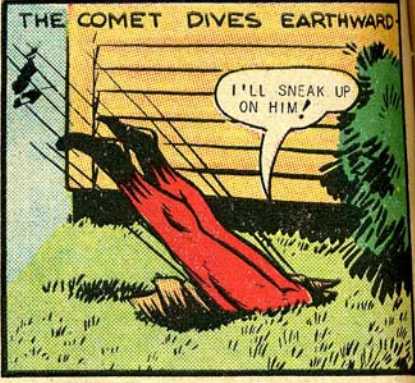
HOMING PIGEONS!
I'LL BET THAT'S HOW
THEY'VE BEEN
CONTACTING HIM!

FREED ONE OF THE
PIGEONS, THE COMET
FOLLOWS! - IT LEADS
HIM TO A BEAUTIFUL
HOME IN THE SUBURBS!



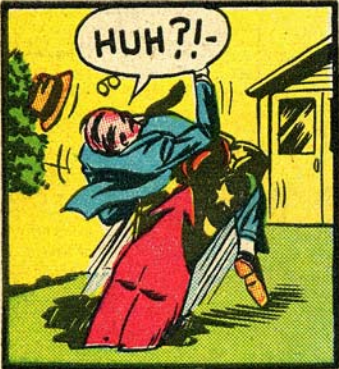
THERE'S A MAN
LEAVING THE
HOUSE!

THE COMET DIVES EARTHWARD



I'LL SNEAK UP
ON HIM!

HUH?!-



DR. ARCHER! -
SO THIS IS HOW YOU
SPEND YOUR IDLE
HOURS! - DEALING
DEATH IN GERMS!!

LET ME DOWN! -
DO YOU HEAR? -
LET ME DOWN!!



AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR! -
THE WORLD HAS TOO
MANY OF YOUR KIND
ALREADY!!

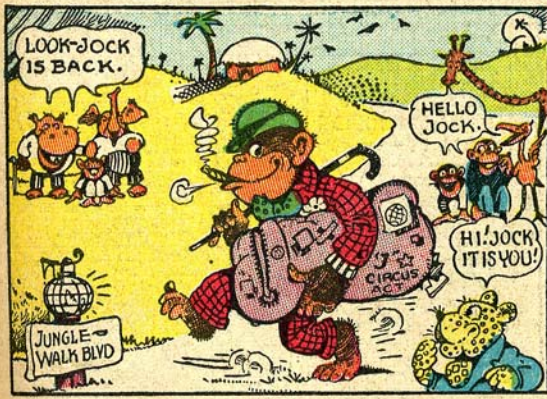
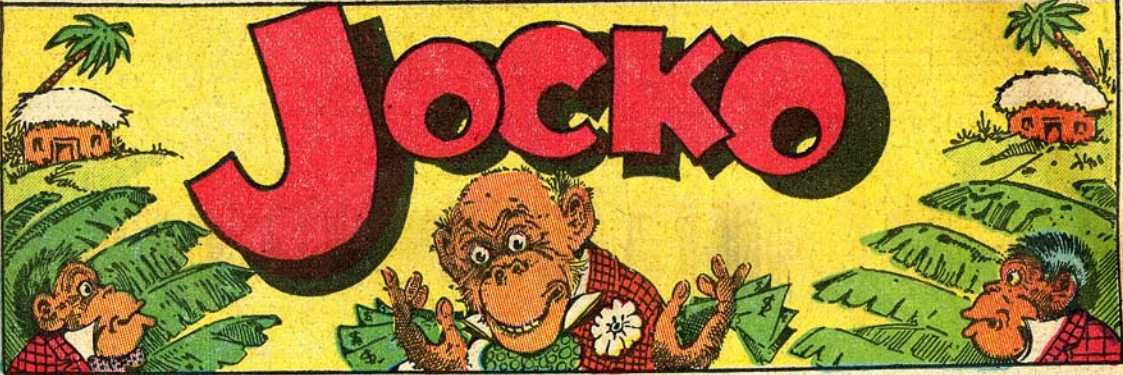
EEEEYOooooo



AND SO, WITH THE
GANG DEMOLISHED,
THE COMET FLASHES
AWAY ON ANOTHER
ERRAND OF JUSTICE!

ANOTHER THRILLING "COMET" STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF — PEP COMICS!

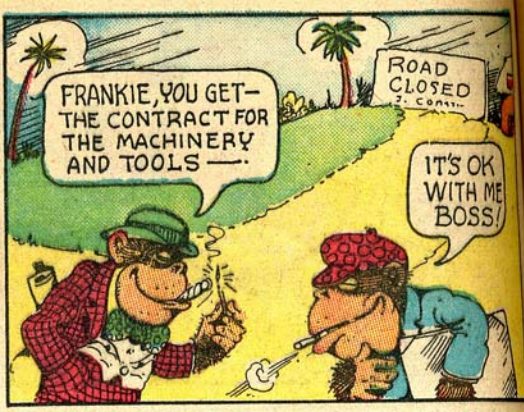
Jocko





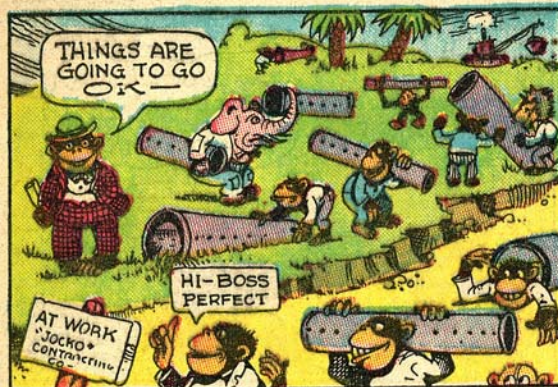
BILLIE, YOU SUPPLY THE LABOR—RIGHT?

OKAY BOSS



FRANKIE, YOU GET—THE CONTRACT FOR THE MACHINERY AND TOOLS —

IT'S OK WITH ME BOSS!



THINGS ARE GOING TO GO OK

HI—BOSS PERFECT



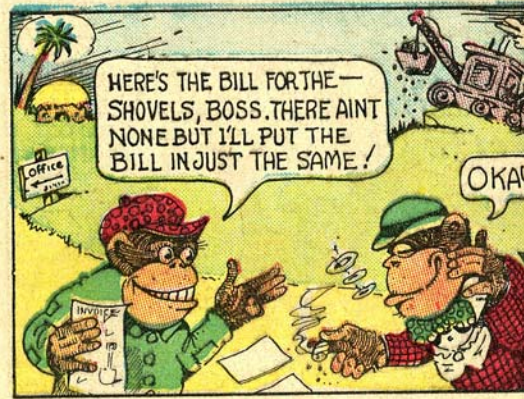
OK. THE PAYROLL, CHIEF—THERE'S 200 DEAD HEADS ON IT —

THAT'S OK. DONT WORRY BILL —



OKAY

HERE YOU ARE, BOSS—200 CARLOADS OF SAND—SH—HA! HA! THERE WAS ONLY 50.



HERE'S THE BILL FOR THE—SHOVELS, BOSS. THERE AINT NONE BUT I'LL PUT THE BILL IN JUST THE SAME!

OKAY!



YES GENTLEMEN IT'S GOING ALLRIGHT.

WHEN WILL THE ROAD BE FINISHED?

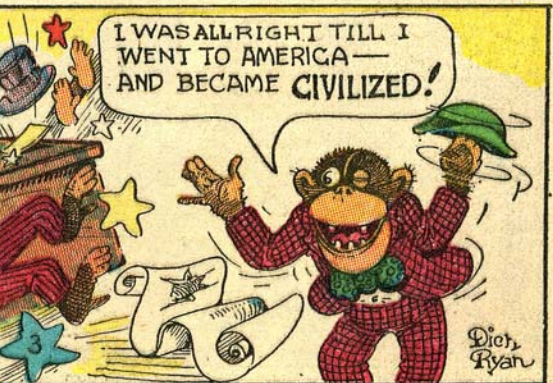
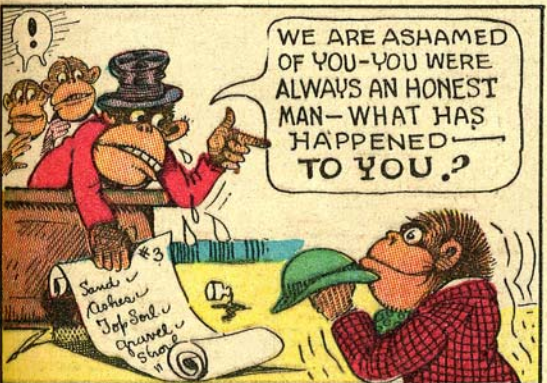
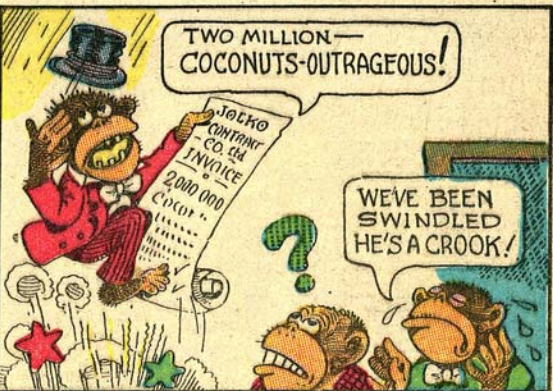
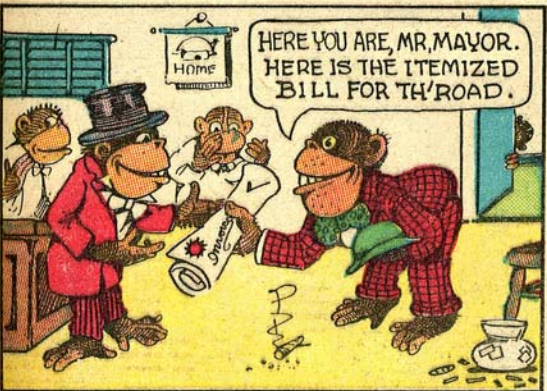
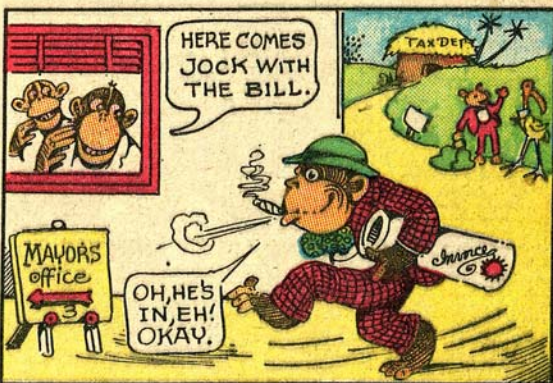
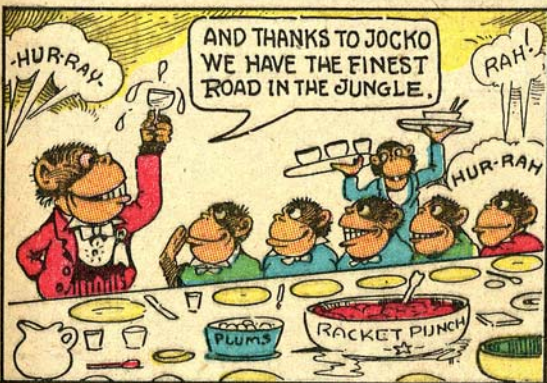
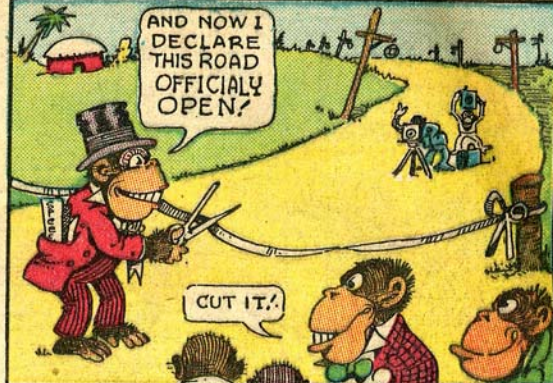


H'RAY—RAH

IN JUST A WEEK IT WILL BE READY TO OPEN.


HURRAY!!!

H'RAY

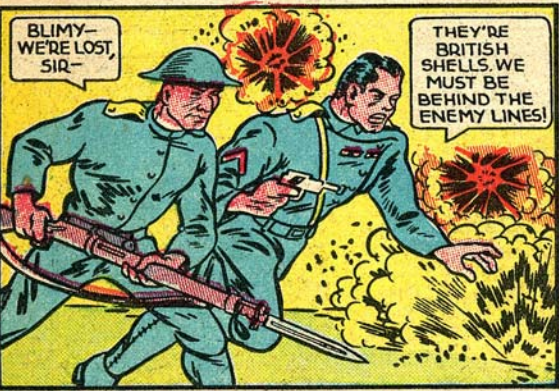


Diets Ryan

SERGEANT BOYLE

A large illustration of Sergeant Boyle in a blue military uniform, wearing a cap and aiming a red machine gun. He is positioned behind a sandbag wall. In the background, there are explosions and a bright yellow sky.

HENRY "HANK" BOYLE, AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN LONDON, STARTS OUT FOR HOME WHEN WAR BREAKS OUT, BUT HIS SHIP IS TORPEDOED BY A GERMAN U-BOAT. RESCUED, BOYLE JOINS THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, WHERE HE IS MADE A SERGEANT. WE FIND SERGEANT BOYLE AND A FEW BRITISH TOMMIES SOMEWHERE IN NORMAN'S LAND...

Two British soldiers in blue uniforms are running through a battlefield. The soldier in the foreground is carrying a rifle with a bayonet attached. They are surrounded by yellow smoke and explosions.

BLIMY—WE'RE LOST, SIR—

THEY'RE BRITISH SHELLS. WE MUST BE BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES!

Sergeant Boyle is talking to another soldier in a blue uniform. They are in a trench-like setting with explosions in the background.

THERE'S A DUGOUT AHEAD, SIR!

STAY BACK, MEN! I'M GOING AHEAD AND TAKE A LOOK!

Sergeant Boyle is in a dugout, looking towards an entrance. A lone German soldier in a brown uniform is running towards him, holding a rifle.

AH! I HAVE COMPANY!

IN THE DUGOUT SERGEANT BOYLE IS ATTACKED BY A LONE GERMAN.

Sergeant Boyle is attacking a German soldier who is lying on the ground. Boyle is using a bayonet on the soldier's rifle. The German soldier has a surprised expression.

-PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS!

Sergeant Boyle is kneeling and talking to a German soldier who is sitting on the ground. Boyle is holding a small object, possibly a whistle.

PLEES—DO NOT SHOOT, NO—NO ACH? NO!

SERGEANT BOYLE WHISTLES FOR HIS BUDDIES.

Sergeant Boyle is pointing a handgun at a German soldier who is sitting on the ground. The German soldier looks nervous.

SPEAK UP, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE ALONE?

I GOT LOST FROM MY COMPANY AND WAS LEFT HERE!

UND I WILL TAKE YOU OUT SAFELY, IF YOU TAKE ME A PRISONER-UND DONT KILL ME.

O.K. BUT ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!



I SAY, SERGEANT, DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE?

SURE IS! THIS GUY'S TOO SCARED TO TRY ANY TRICKS!

DEES VAY-

O.K.



THE GERMAN SOLDIER LEADS THE WAY...

ACH-VAS IST DAS?

LOOK OUT MEN-IT'S A TRAP!



THE PRISONER LEADS THEM INTO A GERMAN TRENCH.

BUT SERGEANT BOYLE LETS GO...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, TWO!!



HERE ARE YOUR GUNS, GENTLEMEN!

UGH!

UGH!

HEARING THE SHOTS, MORE GERMANS COME CHARGING OUT TO THEIR GUNS.

TWAS A NASTY RUMPUS, EH, JOE?

YEAH, BUT WHERE IS BOYLE?

LAST I'D SEEN OF HIM, HE WAS FIGHTING LIKE A WILDCAT! -- DON'T TELL ME THEY GOT HIM!



SERGEANT BOYLE'S FURIOUS ATTACK SENDS THE HUNS TEMPORARILY TO COVER.

LOOK GUYS-I HIT THE JACKPOT, NO SLUGS BUT T.N.T. STICKS AND A SWITCH BOX --





LOOK'S LIKE THERE'S MORE OF 'EM!

QUICK-INTO THAT SHELL HOLE -

THE GERMANS OPEN FIRE AS SERGEANT BOYLE AND HIS MEN GO OVER THE TOP.



AMID RELENTLESS FIRE THE MEN MAKE FOR THE HOLE.



SEE ANYTHING, SIR?

THEY'RE COVERING US WITH A MACHINE GUN!!

THE EARTH REEKS WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE.



GAD WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT ALIVE!

WAIT TILL IT GETS DARK- I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THEY SETTLE DOWN TO WAIT FOR DARKNESS.



QUICK MEN - GIVE ME YOUR JACKETS AND HELMETS!

WHEN NIGHT FALLS...



SERGEANT BOYLE GOES OVER TO TACKLE THE MACHINE GUN NEST SINGLE HANDED.



LOOK - THERE!

DAYBREAK, THE GERMANS THINK THE JACKETS AND HELMETS SET UP BY BOYLE, ARE BRITISH SOLDIERS.



THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

THEY DIRECT THEIR FIRE ON THE EMPTY UNIFORMS.

QUICK-FRITZ,
HUGO-THERE
IS ANOTHER!



DAS VILL
STOP HIM!



THE LONE FIGURE
CHARGING TOWARD
THE GERMANS IS
NONE OTHER THAN
-SERGEANT BOYLE.

I'LL STOP THAT
CHATTER BOX

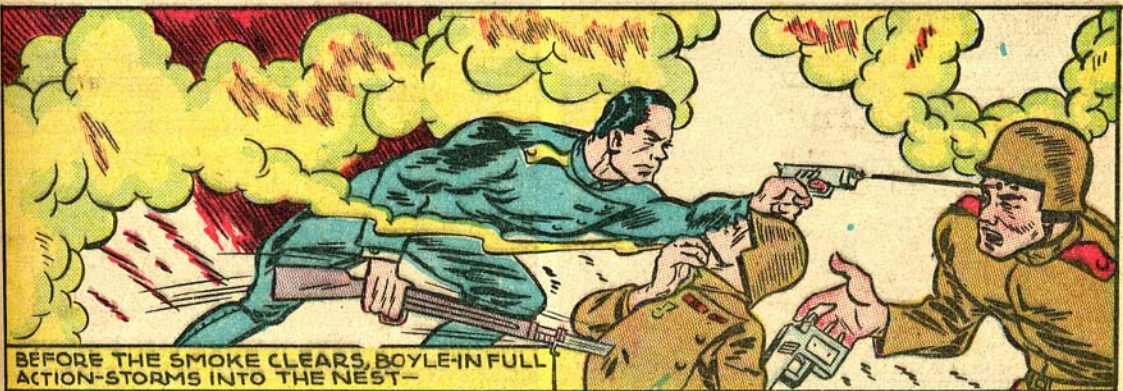


DODGING BULLETS, BOYLE HURLS A GRENADE

UGH!



THE BURSTING GRENADE
MOMENTARILY STOPS
THE ENEMY'S FIRE...



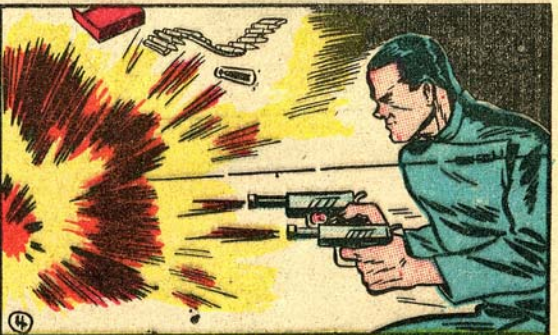
BEFORE THE SMOKE CLEARS, BOYLE-IN FULL
ACTION-STORMS INTO THE NEST-

SAY YOUR
PRAYERS!

THAT'S
WHAT YOU
THINK!



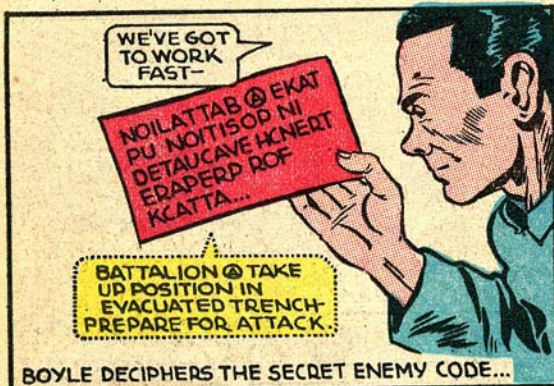
THE MACHINE-GUNNER TRAINS HIS DEADLY
WEAPON ON SERGEANT BOYLE...



DODGING THE SHOTS-BOYLE'S BULLETS HIT THE
MAGAZINE, EXPLODING THE MACHINE GUN....



SERGEANT BOYLE RETURNS TO HIS COMRADES -



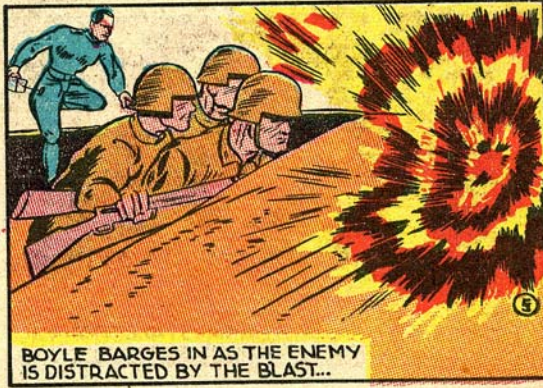
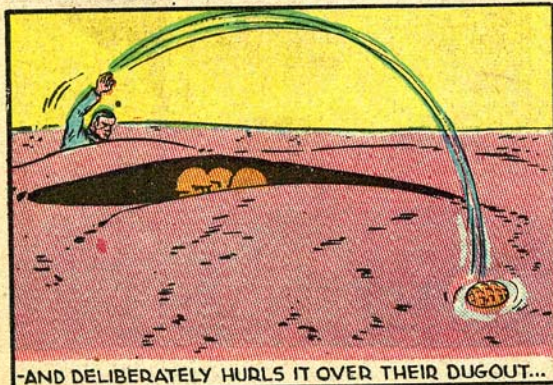
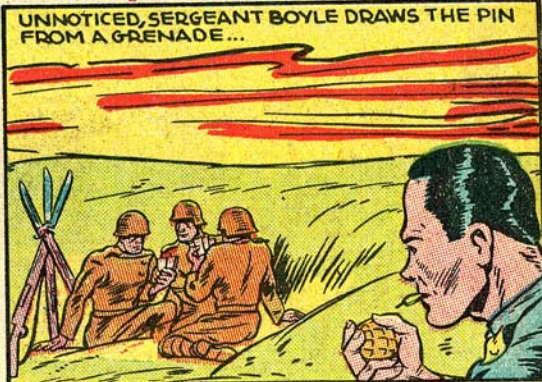
BOYLE DECIPHERS THE SECRET ENEMY CODE...

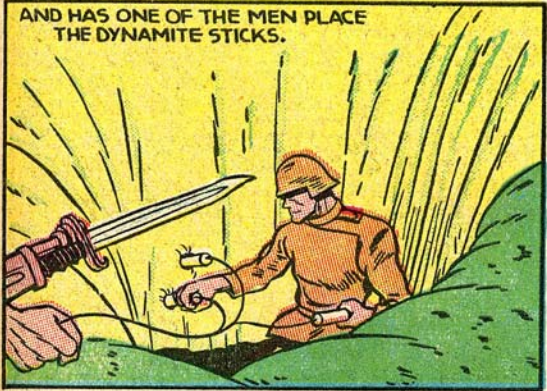


SERGEANT BOYLE GOES INTO ACTION...



IN NO-MAN'S LAND, HE HEARS ENEMY VOICES.



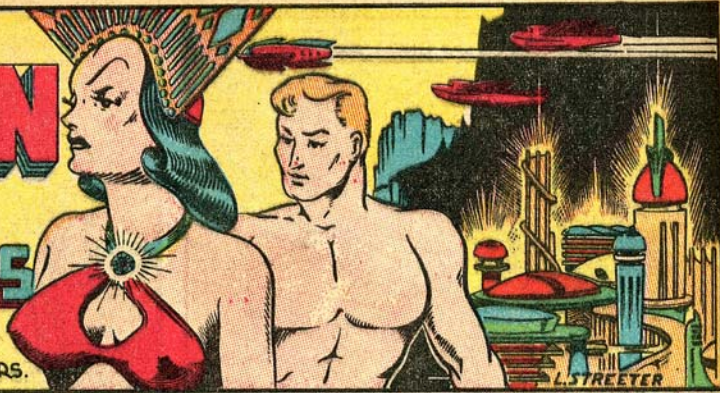


ANOTHER STARTLING ADVENTURE !!!

FEATURING SERGEANT BOYLE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS !!!

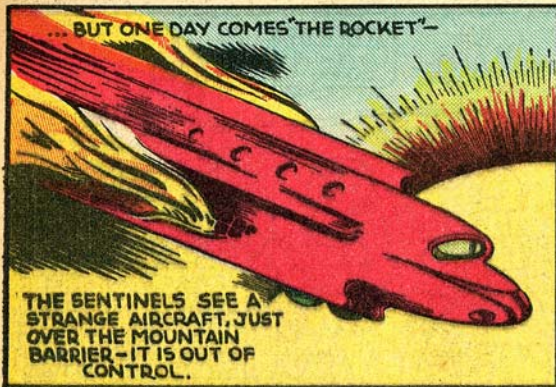
The QUEEN OF DIAMONDS

THE DIAMOND EMPIRE, HIDDEN
WONDER OF THE WORLD, HOLDS ITS
SECRETS BEHIND IMPASSABLE BARRIERS.

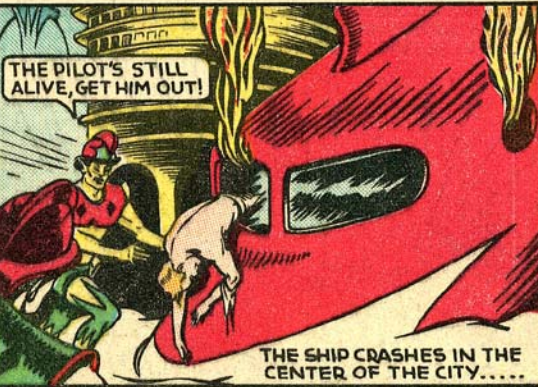


L. STREETER

... BUT ONE DAY COMES "THE ROCKET" —



THE SENTINELS SEE A
STRANGE AIRCRAFT, JUST
OVER THE MOUNTAIN
BARRIER — IT IS OUT OF
CONTROL.



THE PILOT'S STILL
ALIVE, GET HIM OUT!

THE SHIP CRASHES IN THE
CENTER OF THE CITY.....



WHO ARE YOU WHO
STREAKS DOWN ON
US LIKE A ROCKET?

THAT'S MY NAME
"THE ROCKET." I COME
FROM A FAR LAND.

THE ROCKET REFUSES TO
REVEAL HIS REAL IDENTITY

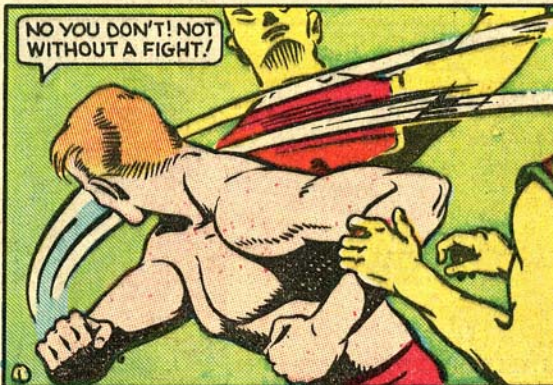


WE ALLOW NO STRANGERS
IN THE DIAMOND EMPIRE!

I CAME BECAUSE I'VE
HEARD OF THE GREAT
BEAUTY OF YOUR QUEEN.



DOG! YOU DARE MENTION
OUR QUEEN IN SUCH A FREE
MANNER? MAKE HIM PRISONER



NO YOU DON'T! NOT
WITHOUT A FIGHT!



YOU MUGS BETTER CALL OUT THE RESERVES!

BUT THE MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE ROCKET, RESISTS MIGHTILY.



MANY YEARS AGO, A TALL, POWERFUL WHITE MAN CRASHED HIS ANCIENT AIR-PLANE IN THE SACRED DOMAIN OF DIAMONDS HIS STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE WON THE RESPECT OF THE DIAMONDERS. VON KELTER, THE KING AT THAT TIME, WAS A CRUEL RULER. THE PEOPLE REVOLTED, DETHRONED VON KELTER, AND MADE THE STRANGE WHITE MAN KING. THE PRESENT QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FIRST WHITE KING.



WHY THE DISTURBANCE?

SUDDENLY- THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS APPEARS.



THE ROCKET IS AMAZED AT THE QUEEN'S BEAUTY.

ARE YOU SOME BARBARIAN MAKING WAR AGAINST ME?

WHY... ER... NO!



I MAKE NO WAR AGAINST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN!



THE ROCKET'S REMARK ANGERS THE QUEEN...

INSOLENT ONE! I SHALL PUNISH YOU! SEIZE HIM AT ONCE!



THE SOLDIERS HESITATE BEFORE SEIZING HIM...

DON'T BE AFRAID, CHIEF-- I WON'T FIGHT AGAINST THE ORDERS OF SO LOVELY A LADY.



THIS VERY DAY, I SHALL WATCH HIM FACE FEROCIOUS BEASTS IN THE ARENA!

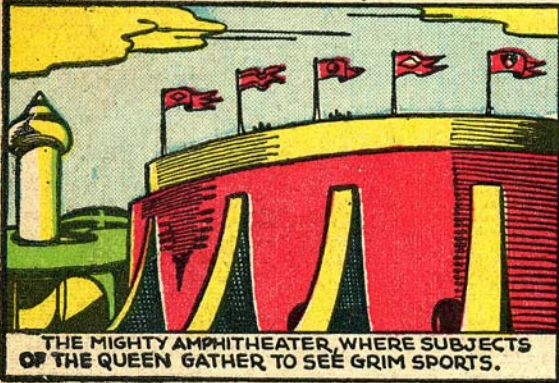
IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO PERFORM FOR HER MAJESTY!

HE GOES WITH THEM PEACEFULLY.

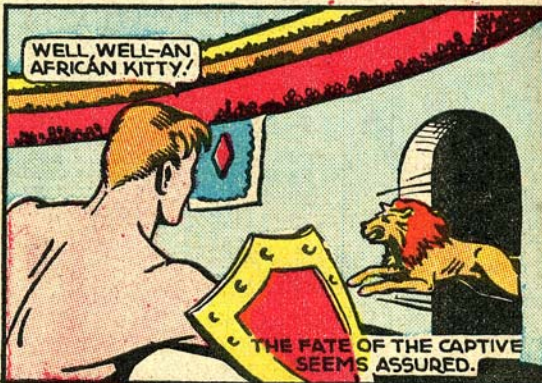


DID THE DIAMOND EMPIRE EVER SEE A MAN SO INSOLENT?

NEVER-YOUR MAJESTY, NOR ONE SO STRONG AND HANDSOME.



THE MIGHTY AMPHITHEATER, WHERE SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN GATHER TO SEE GRIM SPORTS.

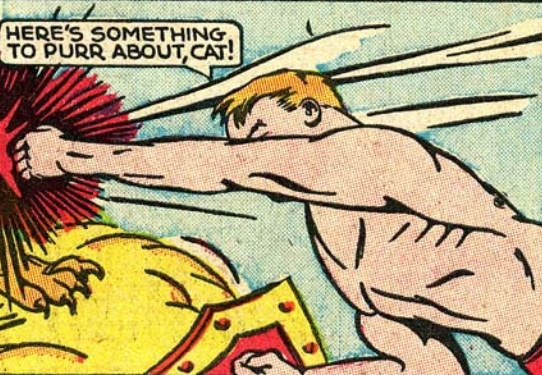


WELL, WELL-AN AFRICAN KITTY!

THE FATE OF THE CAPTIVE SEEMS ASSURED.



THE ROCKET MEETS THE LION'S VICIOUS CHARGE WITH A LEFT HOOK.....



HERE'S SOMETHING TO PURR ABOUT, CAT!



A MIGHTY BLOW DOWNS THE JUNGLE KING...

AND HERE'S ANOTHER...!



WAS THIS A PET OF YOURS, YOUR MAJESTY? GET ME ANOTHER ONE!

THE ROCKET CARRIES THE LIMP ANIMAL TO THE QUEEN.



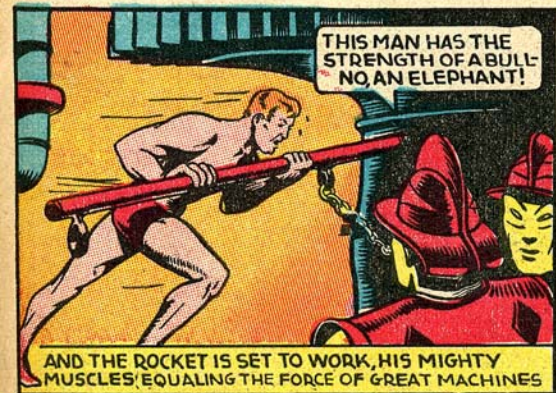
YOU FIGHT WELL...
I SPARE YOUR LIFE...

THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS IS
FORCED TO ADMIRE THE STRANGER.



... BUT, MR. ROCKET, YOU
WILL REMAIN MY SLAVE!

I AM ALREADY
YOUR SLAVE, O
BEAUTIFUL QUEEN.



THIS MAN HAS THE
STRENGTH OF A BULL -
NO, AN ELEPHANT!

AND THE ROCKET IS SET TO WORK, HIS MIGHTY
MUSCLES, EQUALING THE FORCE OF GREAT MACHINES



MEANWHILE....
MEMBERS OF THE
VON KELTER CLAN,
THE FAMILY OF
NOBLES WHO RULED
THE DIAMOND
DOMAIN FOR
THOUSANDS OF
YEARS BEFORE
THE COMING OF
THE FIRST WHITE
KING, SECRETLY
PLOT TO OVERTHROW
THE PRESENT
QUEEN'S REGIME.
RADO VON KELTER,
CRUEL AND VICIOUS
LEADER OF THE
CONSPIRATORS
DESIRES THE CROWN.

WE SHALL KILL
THE QUEEN!

THEN YOU WILL
RULE, VON KELTER.



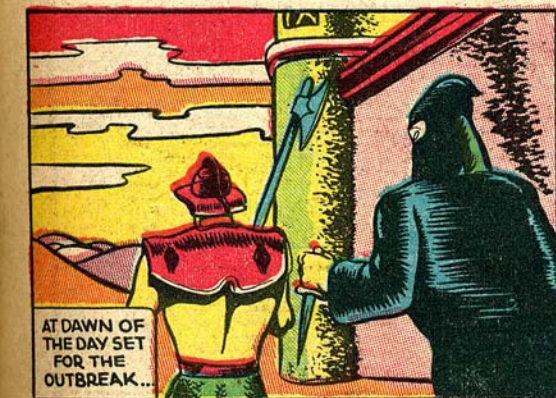
REMEMBER, YOU'LL BE
REWARDED WHEN -
THE QUEEN'S DEAD!

VON KELTER ENLISTS THE VAGABONDS
OF THE KINGDOM...



-AND THE MURDERERS
IN THE QUEEN'S PRISON.

YOU WILL BE SECRETLY
SET FREE TO HELP US!



AT DAWN OF
THE DAY SET
FOR THE
OUTBREAK...



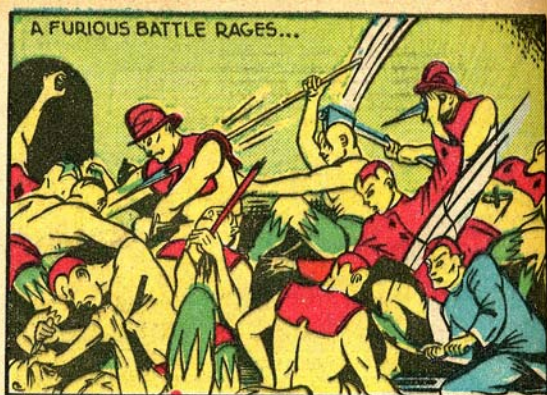
TAKE THAT, FOOL!

THE CONSPIRATORS SNEAK UP ON THE LOYAL GUARD.



THE TIME HAS COME!

...AND THE HIDDEN HORDES RUSH FORTH AT THE SIGNAL.



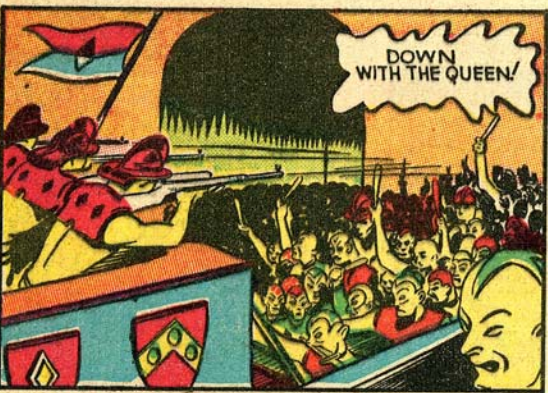
A FURIOUS BATTLE RAGES...



THE ROYAL GUARDS, OUTNUMBERED, ARE PREPARED TO DIE FIGHTING...



EVERYWHERE LOYAL SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN ARE BEING KILLED OR DRIVEN AWAY...



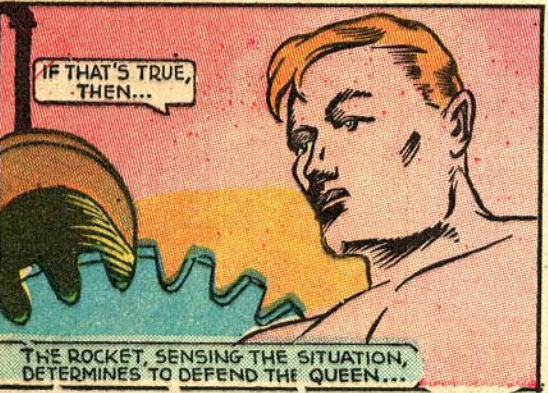
DOWN WITH THE QUEEN!



IN THE PALACE MACHINE ROOMS.

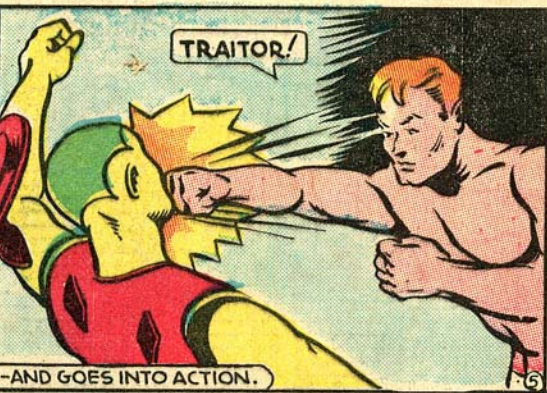
FOOL! THE RULE OF THE QUEEN IS OVER! BETTER JOIN THE FORCES OF VON KELTER!

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THAT?



IF THAT'S TRUE, THEN...

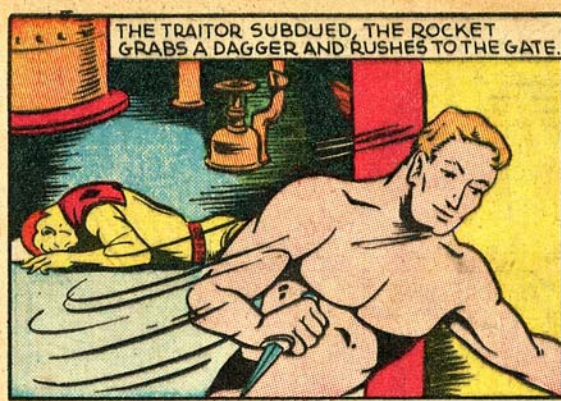
THE ROCKET, SENSING THE SITUATION, DETERMINES TO DEFEND THE QUEEN...



TRAITOR!

-AND GOES INTO ACTION.

THE TRAITOR SUBDUED, THE ROCKET GRABS A DAGGER AND RUSHES TO THE GATE.



GIVE ME THAT BIG STICKER!!

FLY--IT'S THE ROCKET!

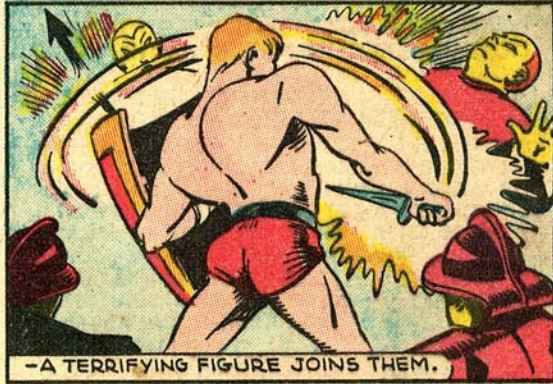


HE STORMS INTO THE HORDE OF CONSPIRATORS.

DOWN WITH THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS!

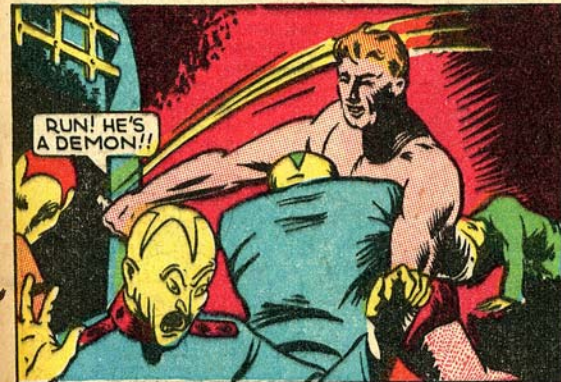


THE QUEEN'S MEN, OUTNUMBERED, FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE, WHEN.....



-A TERRIFYING FIGURE JOINS THEM.

RUN! HE'S A DEMON!!



FIGHTING LIKE AN UNLEASHED HURRICANE, THE ROCKET TURNS THE TIDE OF BATTLE. THE QUEEN'S GUARDS RALLY AROUND THE VALIANT STRANGER AND ROUT THE LAST OF THE CONSPIRATORS. RADO VON KELTER IS CAPTURED WHILE ATTEMPTING TO FLEE THE CITY AND IS COMMITTED TO PRISON. ORDER IS INSTALLED ONCE AGAIN AND THE QUEEN STILL REIGNS OVER THE DIAMOND DOMAIN.

WHY DID YOU DO THIS FOR ME?



I WAS WILLING TO BE YOUR POOREST SLAVE, BUT NEVER TO SUBMIT TO COWARDLY TRAITORS!

IN THAT CASE...



YOU ARE NO LONGER MY SLAVE, BUT MY CHIEF CAPTAIN AND TRUSTED FRIEND, SIR ROCKET.



BUT WILL RADO VON KELTER GIVE UP HIS FIGHT FOR THE CROWN?-AND WHO IS THE ROCKET?-DON'T FAIL TO SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!

FU CHANG

INTERNATIONAL DETECTIVE



FU CHANG, AMERICAN UNIVERSITY-EDUCATED CHINAMAN, MAKES HIS HOME IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN.

BECAUSE OF HIS DEVOTION TO THE TEACHINGS OF THE CHINESE GODS AND BECAUSE HE HAS SWORN HIS LIFE TO AID THE OPPRESSED, SING PO, A FAMOUS MAGICIAN AND DIRECT DESCENDANT OF ALADDIN, UPON HIS DEATH HAD WILLED TO FU CHANG A SET OF MAGIC CHESSMEN. THESE CHESSMEN POSSESS ALL THE MAGIC POWERS OF ALADDIN'S LAMP AND ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR FU CHANG'S SPECTACULAR SOLUTIONS OF GREAT INTERNATIONAL MYSTERIES.



YOU WILL DO AS I SAY, OR...

RIGHTLY HAVE YOU BEEN NAMED THE DRAGON!



STROLLING THROUGH SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN, FU CHANG IS AMAZED TO SEE....

TAKE YOUR DEGRADED HANDS FROM THE PERSON OF THE HIGH-BORN TAY MING!



MANY IN CHINATOWN OBEY FU CHANG, BUT THE DRAGON DOES NOT!

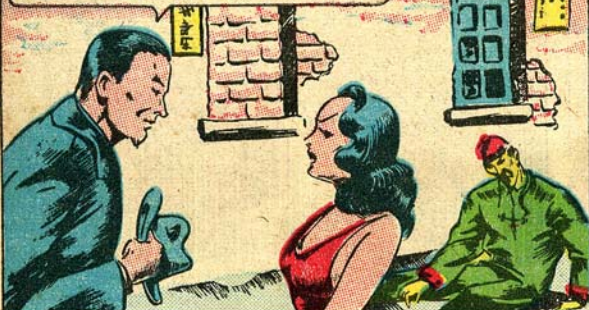


BUT, LIKE LIGHTNING, FU CHANG WARDS OFF DEATH, AND THEN...



FLINGS THE DRAGON HEAVILY OVER HIS SHOULDER!

IT IS THE DEEP JOY OF THIS PERSON THAT HIS HUMBLE EFFORTS HAVE AIDED THE LOVELY TAY MING.

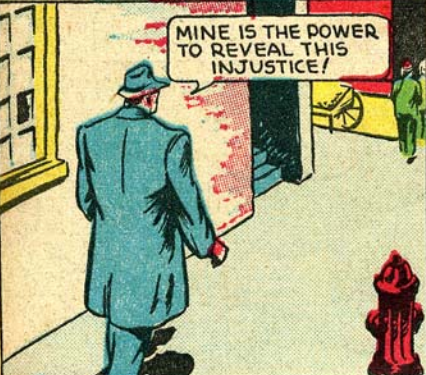


THE ILLUSTRIOUS FU CHANG MISUNDERSTOOD--THERE WAS NO TROUBLE--NO DANGER--

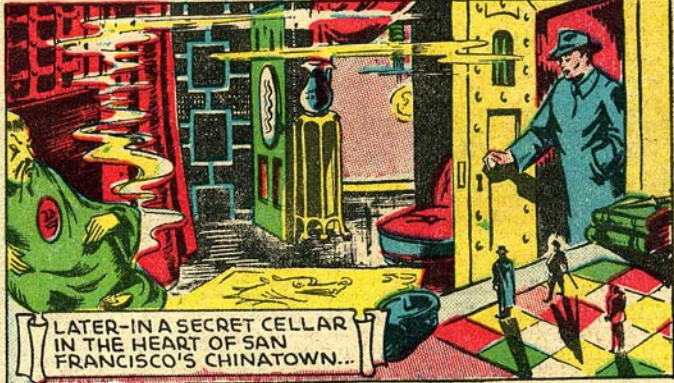


AND TAY MING FLEES IN CONFUSION, LEAVING HER RESCUER ALONE.

SHE IS IN PERIL, THOUGH SHE SEEKS TO HIDE IT--WHY?



MINE IS THE POWER TO REVEAL THIS INJUSTICE!



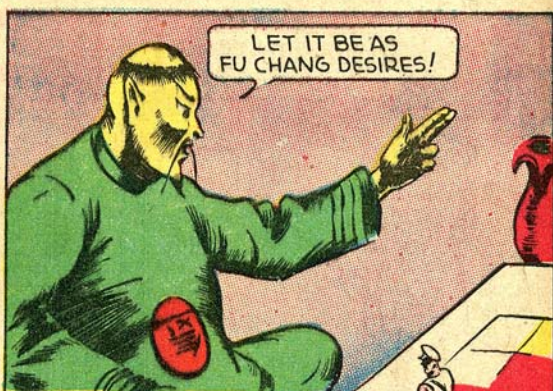
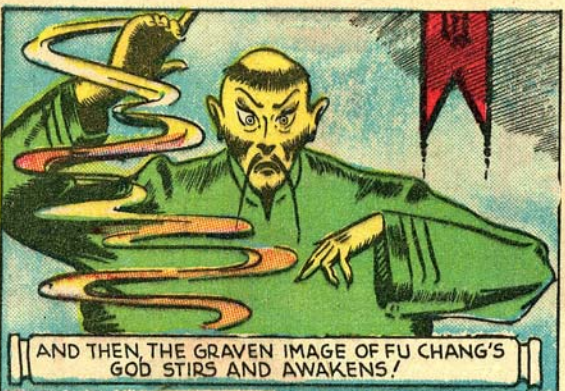
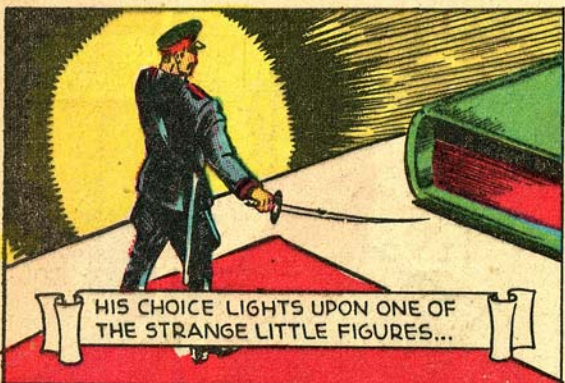
LATER--IN A SECRET CELLAR IN THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN...

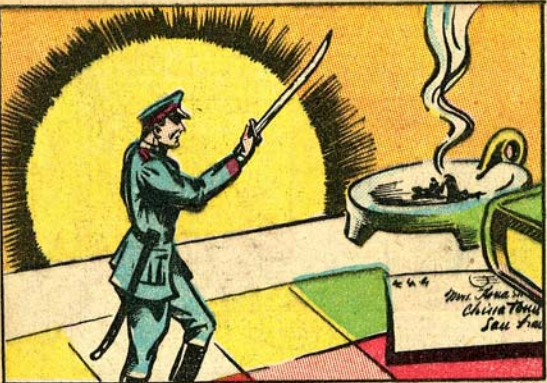


...HE DONS HIS NATIVE GARB.

GREAT GOD OF MY FOREFATHERS--ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE WITH YOUR HELP!







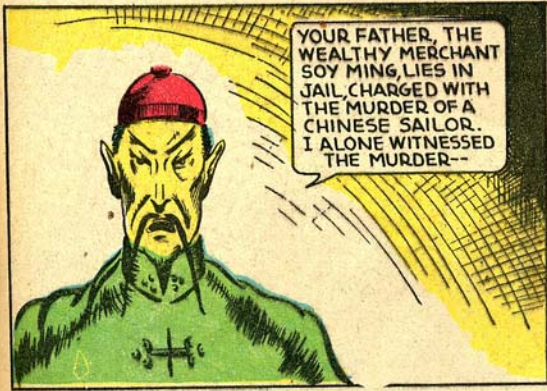
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Tom Jones
China Book
Soc. Inc.



SO YOU HAVE
BECOME REASONABLE?

WILL NOTHING
SOFTEN YOUR
HEART? MY--

MEANWHILE AT THE DRAGON'S
HEADQUARTERS, A VISITOR ARRIVES.



YOUR FATHER, THE
WEALTHY MERCHANT
SOY MING, LIES IN
JAIL, CHARGED WITH
THE MURDER OF A
CHINESE SAILOR.
I ALONE WITNESSED
THE MURDER--



AND YOU WILL MARRY ME, OR
I WILL GIVE THE EVIDENCE
THAT WILL DOOM HIM!

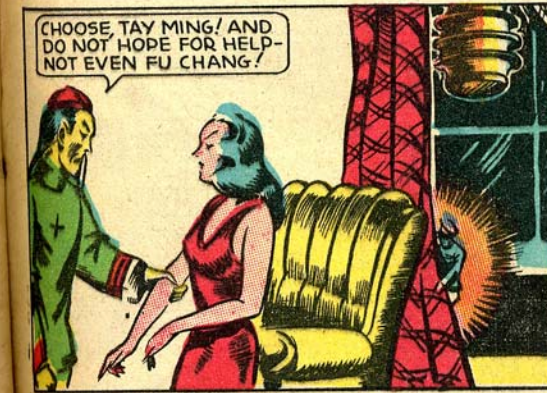


I STILL HOPE TO BE SAVED!
I FEEL THE PRESENCE OF
A FRIENDLY POWER!

NOBODY CAN HEAR US
IN THIS ROOM--
NOT EVEN A BIRD
COULD ENTER
WITHOUT MY
KNOWLEDGE!



BUT AS THE DRAGON BOASTS, A STRANGER
INDEED OVERHEARS.



CHOOSE, TAY MING! AND
DO NOT HOPE FOR HELP--
NOT EVEN FU CHANG!



THE TINY SPY HAS HEARD ENOUGH,
AND HEADS FOR HOME...



THE FACTS ARE NOW KNOWN ABOUT THE DRAGON'S HOLD UPON TAY MING!

THE IDOL SPEAKS—



IF THE DRAGON WITNESSED THE MURDER, MIGHT HE NOT HAVE COMMITTED IT INSTEAD OF SOY MING?

FU CHANG NOW KNOWS THE DRAGON'S INTENTION AND MOTIVE, BUT CANNOT SEE HOW TO FORESTALL HIM.



HERE, YOUNG ONE.

READ ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS MURDER OF THE CHINESE SAILOR

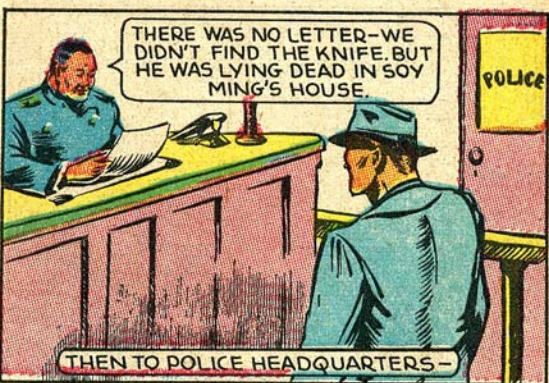


EVENING TELEGRAM PRICE 34
MONDAY
CHINESE SAILOR MURDERED
SEAMAN STABBED!
WEALTHY MERCHANT HELD—



WE KNOW HE WAS VISITING SOY MING, DELIVERING A LETTER FROM CHINA WHICH CONTAINED MONEY.

FU CHANG SEEKS OUT THE SHIP OF THE DEAD SAILOR.



THERE WAS NO LETTER—WE DIDN'T FIND THE KNIFE. BUT HE WAS LYING DEAD IN SOY MING'S HOUSE.

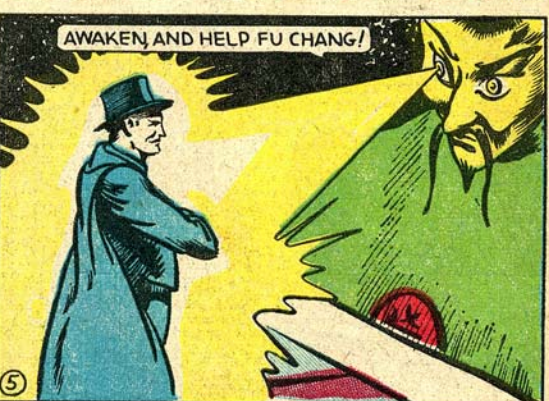
THEN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS—



AGAIN GOD OF MY FOREFATHERS, GIVE ME A HELPER—ONE WITH ALL-SEEING EYES!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU WISH!

AND FINALLY, BACK TO HIS LAIR OF MAGIC



AWAKEN, AND HELP FU CHANG!

NOW TO PROVE IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT!



I COME TO PROVE THE BLACKNESS OF YOUR HEART!



AND INTO THE DRAGON'S DEN HE BURSTS!

YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING! LEAVE THIS PLACE AND TAKE THAT SILLY TOY-MAN WITH YOU.....

NOT SO FAST! MY TINY HELPER SEEMS TO TELL ME SOMETHING, LOOK!

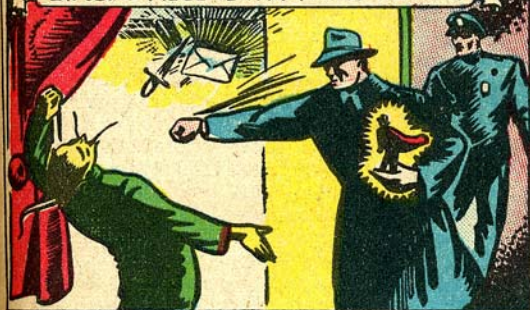


YES! HE SAYS THAT YOU HAVE CONCEALED SOMETHING BEHIND THAT HANGING.

STAND BACK!!



CLIPPED ON THE CHIN BY FU CHANG, THE DRAGON GRABS THE CURTAIN FOR SUPPORT, EXPOSING THE LETTER AND MURDER WEAPON!



THIS IS THE MURDER WEAPON -- AND THIS LETTER BROUGHT BY THE SAILOR TO SOY MING, CONTAINS MONEY. YOU ARE THE CULPRIT!

I CONFESS! I KILLED AND ROBBED THE SAILOR, AND HOPED TO FRIGHTEN TAY MING BY INCRIMINATING HER FATHER. DON'T HURT ME!



THIS EVIDENCE WILL FREE SOYMING - BUT HOW DID YOU UNCOVER IT?

SIMPLE DEDUCTION - AND HELP FROM GOOD FRIENDS...



HOW CAN I THANK THE ILLUSTRIOUS AND SUPERLATIVE FU CHANG?

BY ALLOWING ME TO SERVE TAY MING.



ANOTHER THRILLING FU CHANG ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS!

MURDERER'S BREW

BY WILL HARR



Through five blizzard torn hours, Dr. Frank Landry nursed his monoplane. He was a new, modern kind of backwoods doctor who used a plane to reach his far flung patients.

Landry banked and swooped low over a pine forest that he was barely able to distinguish through the swirling snow. Then he saw Pierre Ambot's cabin at the edge of the forest and mentally patted the instruments by which he had gauged his flying.

He set the plane down on a level portion of ground that he used every time he visited crabbed, old Pierre. The skis hit the snow, jarred the plane once and then settled down evenly as he taxied across the field. He shut off the motor, left his helmet and goggles on to help him walk through the blizzard and got out. He took his black bag and began to hike. It was about fifteen minutes march to the cabin.

As he neared it, he frowned. There was no spiral of smoke coming from the chimney and certainly Pierre wasn't abroad in this storm. Yet if he was inside—why not the spiral of smoke?

As he neared the cabin, he wiped snow off his goggles and saw that the door was partly open. Landry began running as best he could through the drifts. He flung the cabin door wide and gave a cry of horror. Someone had slit Pierre's throat from ear to ear!

The body was still warm, indicating that the crime was very recent for the intense cold would have long since cast the body in stiff lines of rigor mortis. Landry made a very brief examination and then hurried to a small shed at the rear of the cabin. As he expected, the cache of fine furs was gone.

Landry closed the door of the cabin, shielded his face against the wind whipped flakes of snow and set out due north. Chabot's cabin was scarcely a mile away and Landry wondered if he'd find the same grisly reception.

Upon reaching the cabin he shook off the mountain of snow which accumulated on his shoulders, then stepped inside.

Chabot leaped to his feet. "The good Doctor," he cried in genuine pleasure. "You've been in trouble, no? Your plane she come down in the storm?"

"No," Landry answered, removing his coat. "I set her down near Ambot's cabin. He's dead—murdered—and his cache of furs has been stolen. Have you seen anything of strangers, Chabot?"

"No—nothing out of the way, docteur. But I have heard that two men prowl like wolves and prey on lonely trappers. Me—I would not like to see them for I have five thousand dollars worth of silver fox in my cache. You think they will come here?"

"I don't know," Landry said and rubbed his hands in front of the stove. "The fact that they struck so close to you—and such a short time ago, might make it wise to lock up."

"Yes—at once." Chabot removed a modern rifle from two pegs on the wall. He quickly pumped a shell into the firing chamber and then locked the door. As he turned away a sharp knock came on the door.

Chabot reached for the heavy cross bar to slide it back. There was a crash behind them. They turned swiftly and looked into the muzzle of a forty-five pistol that was thrust through the broken window. Behind it was a sharp featured man with a coon-skin cap that almost covered his face.

"So," he snarled, "you were ready for us, no? That is too bad. Now open the door, but first—drop your guns—or my little pet will speak and you may not like her language."

Landry and Chabot let their weapons fall to the floor. Chabot slid back the bar and the door was thrust open by a chunky, grinning devil who held a rifle ready.

"I have them, Boileau," he smiled thinly. "Come around to the door and enter Ah—it is the Doctor with Chabot. Keep the hands up—like that. Chabot—I have heard you have fine furs this season, no?"

Chabot did not reply. The thin one called Boileau entered after a few moments, shook the snow off his coat and unbuttoned it. He grinned at Chabot.

"The furs I have found, mon ami. Truly you are a great trapper. They will bring a good price at the settlement."

Denault, the second killer, sniffed the air and licked his lips. "Ah—there is food. We are hungry, Doctor—and you will prepare us food at once."

Landry snapped, "You can starve to death for all of me. I won't feed murderers."

"Then—maybe—the great Chabot will do it, yes? Boileau—I leave it to you. See that we are fed."

Boileau touched Chabot's throat with the point of a knife and the stinging pain seemed to set off the inferno within the trapper's heart. With a bellop of rage he swept his chair away, jabbed out one short armed blow that caught Boileau just over the heart and sent him reeling backward.

Instantly the other killer swung his rifle around and fired pointblank. Chabot stopped in his mad rush, doubled up and grasped his stomach like a man afflicted with acute indigestion. Then his thick legs slowly buckled under him and he slid to the floor without a sound.

Denault swung his rifle toward Landry. "You will prepare the food," the killer snarled. "Or would you prefer to dine on a dinner of lead, Doctor?"

Landry didn't answer. He sliced chunks of bacon, threw them into a pan and then mixed corn meal. Finally he served the food and the two men wolfed it.

"I'm going to look at Chabot," Landry said. "He hasn't made a sound since you shot him. He may be dead."

"So," Denault growled, "that is nothing to me. But you are the Doctor. See for yourself. If he is not dead—then I will slit his throat!"

Landry's lips went tight, but he turned away. The two killers watched him narrowly as he knelt beside Chabot and gently raised him. Chabot groaned and opened his eyes, but a moment later he lapsed back into unconsciousness again.

Landry arose. "I'm going to give him a drink of whiskey," he said. "It will warm him—perhaps rouse him from the stupor."

"Whiskey?" Denault's eyes flashed. "But whiskey is better for healthy men, Doctor. Get it at once!"

Landry opened his kit and removed a bottle. Boileau stepped up and snatched it, slapping the doctor across the face with the back of his hand as he did so. Landry tensed to spring but Denault swung his gun menacingly. The two killers finished the whiskey and hurled the empty bottle into a corner.

Then Boileau turned to Landry. "Because of your hospitality we have decided not to kill you," he said with a crooked smile. "But of course we tie you up so you cannot run to the Mounties."

As he finished talking, he tripped Landry and swept down on him before he could arise. He tied his wrists and ankles and then doubled him up cruelly by passing a rope around his neck and drawing it tight beneath his knees. Denault nodded his approval. Boileau hummed a French tune as he tied the unconscious Chabot.

Denault dumped a pail of water on the burning wood in the stove, extinguishing the fire completely. He opened the cabin door, shoved a thin piece of wood under it so that there was no chance of its closing accidentally. He turned around in the doorway and bowed.

"Goodbye, Doctor. It may be chilly here, but at least you cannot say we were unmerciful."

Landry gritted his teeth in anger. Denault laughed, called to Boileau who was busy stowing Chabot's furs on a dog sled. Landry heard Denault sing out to the dogs and they were off.

Landry inched his way to where his medicine kit rested on a chair. He knocked the chair over and the contents of the bag spilled out. He found a keen scalpel, but the position of his wrists prevented him from using it on his own ropes. He had to awaken Chabot somehow.

He rolled over until he was able to clasp a bottle of ammonia. He inched his way to Chabot's side, then worked the cork of the bottle free. He raised himself up a little and dropped the bottle of ammonia on the trapper's chest.

Not able to saw his own bonds with the scalpel, Landry managed to cut through the ropes which held Chabot. Chabot coughed and stirred as the fumes spread. His eyes opened.

"Chabot," Landry said softly. "You must get me free so that I can save you. Take this knife, hold it firmly and cut—cut, Chabot!"

The trapper obeyed clumsily, slowly. As the blade slit through the last strand of rope, Chabot lapsed back into unconsciousness.

Landry tore the ropes from around him. He arose, chafed his wrists a moment and then lifted Chabot to the table. He made a fire, heated water and scrubbed. Thirty minutes later he rolled down his shirt cuffs. Chabot was awake now and feeling better. Landry held a bullet between his fingers.

"Dug it out, all right," he told Chabot. "You're weak from loss of blood. If I can get you to my plane—"

"Near Ambot's cabin?" Chabot sighed. "You can-



not carry me that far, Doctor. I am heavy—two hundred and thirty pounds."

"A dog sled will do it," Landry said. "I'll go get one."

He drew on his coat, helmet and goggles. He picked up Chabot's rifle, waved to him and vanished through the door.

"The good Doctor has gone mad," Chabot said. "There is no dog sled within a hundred miles. He cannot land his plane any closer to my cabin than it is now. I am doomed and he has gone crazy!"

Then Chabot heard Landry's voice sing out a command to the dogs and one of them yelped. A few moments and Landry pulled up, riding the runners of a dog sled. Crammed into the sled itself was Denault and Boileau, both covered with bales of fur. Landry came in and grinned at Chabot.

"Our two murdering friends will remain here while I take you to the nearest post. Then I will send the Mounties for them."

"But," Chabot cried in astonishment. "it is their own sled. Why did they stop? Why did they not shoot you?"

Landry was busy tying the two men up. "They were fast asleep, Chabot. That bottle of whiskey did the trick. It was Ambot's medicine. He refused to take medicine for his insomnia, and so I put a sleeping potion in the whiskey. One ounce was Ambot's dose, but these killers finished off the whole bottle. I knew that before they got far they would fall asleep. My medicine became—a murderer's brew!"

BENTLEY

OF

SCOTLAND YARD

IN LONDON THE NIGHT WAS CLEAR AND CALM—AND NOBODY WAS PREPARED FOR THE MAYFAIR MONSTER.

AS BRENDA JOYCE WALKS DOWN A QUIET STREET, THE HIDEOUS FIGURE OF A WEREWOLF SNEAKS UP BEHIND HER.



WITHOUT WARNING, THE MONSTER STRIKES!



LET GO OF THAT GIRL!

BUT BEFORE IT CAN STRIKE A DEATH BLOW, BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD APPEARS ON THE SCENE.



ENRAGED, THE MONSTER TURNS ON BENTLEY.



BENTLEY BRINGS HIS HEAVY CANE CRASHING DOWN ON THE HEAD OF THE MONSTER, BUT IT BREAKS IN TWO.



WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE MONSTER SPRINGS AT BENTLEY.





BENTLEY DIGS HIS FOOT INTO THE MONSTER'S STOMACH AND...



...THROWS THE CREATURE OVER HIS HEAD.



THE SHAGGY WEREWOLF TAKES A HEAVY FALL!



HURT AND BEATEN, THE MONSTER SLINKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.

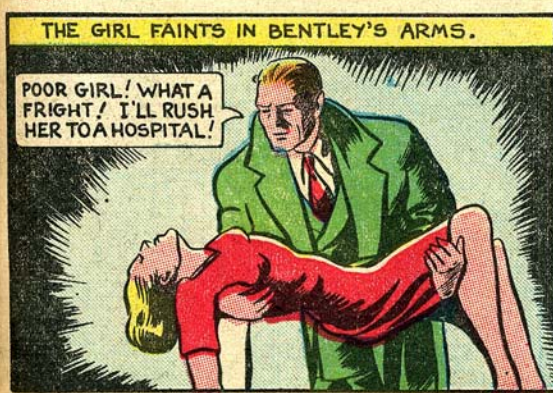


H'MM /SHE MUST BE PARALYZED WITH FEAR!



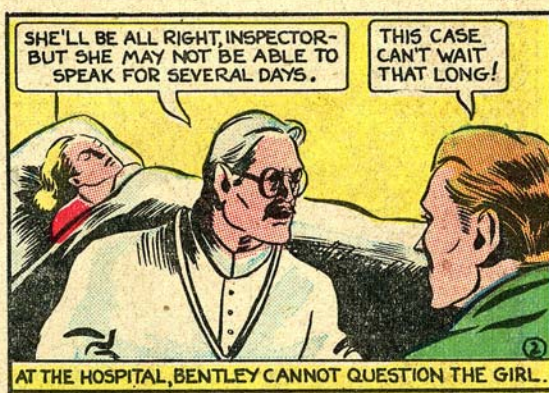
DON'T BE ALARMED. I'M A POLICE OFFICER - INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.

IT - IT WAS THE MAYFAIR MONSTER!



THE GIRL FAINTS IN BENTLEY'S ARMS.

POOR GIRL! WHAT A FRIGHT! I'LL RUSH HER TO A HOSPITAL!



SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, INSPECTOR - BUT SHE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SPEAK FOR SEVERAL DAYS.

THIS CASE CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!

AT THE HOSPITAL, BENTLEY CANNOT QUESTION THE GIRL.

EVEN THOUGH THE VICTIM CAN'T SPEAK, COMMISSIONER, I THINK I CAN GO AHEAD WITH THE INVESTIGATION!

HAVE YOU GOT A CLUE, BENTLEY?



NEXT MORNING, BENTLEY ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER OF SCOTLAND YARD.

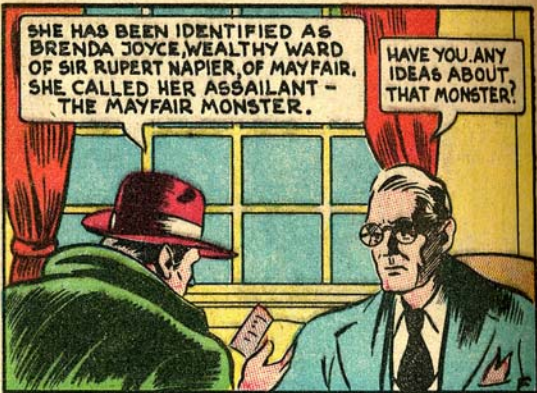
YES - THE CLUE IS THAT I BROKE MY STICK OVER ITS HEAD WITHOUT HURTING IT!

SOUNDS LIKE A WEREWOLF!



SHE HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BRENDA JOYCE, WEALTHY WARD OF SIR RUPERT NAPIER, OF MAYFAIR. SHE CALLED HER ASSAILANT - THE MAYFAIR MONSTER.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEAS ABOUT THAT MONSTER?



YOU KNOW THE WEREWOLF LEGEND - A MAN WITH MAGIC POWERS IS ABLE TO TAKE ON WOLF-LIKE FORM AND FEROCITY.

WELL, THIS WEREWOLF DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT JIU JITSU!



I GAVE MR. WEREWOLF ONE TUMBLE - I MAY PIN HIM DOWN PERMANENTLY!



YES, THIS IS SIR RUPERT'S RESIDENCE. WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING, SIR?

INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD.



BENTLEY SEEKS OUT SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S TOWN HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE EXCLUSIVE MAYFAIR DISTRICT.

JOLLY GLAD YOU CAME, INSPECTOR. HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY POOR WARD, BRENDA?

SHE IS AT THE HOSPITAL, DOING WELL, SIR RUPERT!



SHE SAID SOMETHING BEFORE SHE FAINTED - SOMETHING ABOUT A MAYFAIR MONSTER.



MAYFAIR MONSTER?
FANTASTIC!

QUITE SO - FANTASTIC!
-AND THIS CURIOUS
OLD BOOK...?



BENTLEY TAKES A BOOK FROM THE LIBRARY SHELF.

I SAY, THIS IS A BOOK
OF LEGENDS. SEE, HERE'S
A CHAPTER ABOUT THE
WEREWOLF!

YES MY WARD'S
BOOK. SHE STUDIES
SUCH THINGS.



RIGHT ENOUGH! IT
SAYS HERE, "TO DEAR
BRENDA, FROM HER
GODFATHER."

THAT'S MYSELF. I GAVE IT
TO HER. IF I'D GUESSED
THAT HER IMAGINATION
WOULD BE STIRRED UP
LIKE THIS, I'D HAVE BURNED
THE BOOK FIRST!



YES, PERHAPS HER WORDS
WERE ONLY IMAGINATION -
BUT SHE WAS FOUND LYING
ALONE AND WOUNDED IN
THE STREET, YOU KNOW.

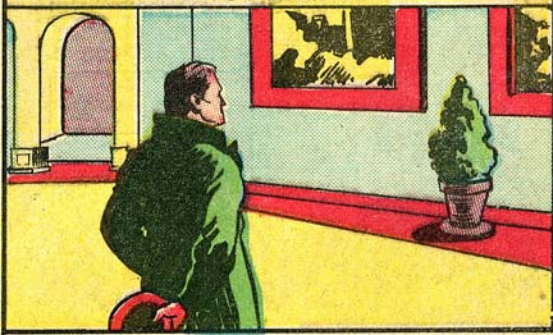
REALLY? I HEARD THAT
THE MONSTER WAS
DRIVEN OFF BY YOU
YOURSELF, INSPECTOR.



NO - IT WAS ONLY AN IDLE
RUMOR, SIR RUPERT. SHE WAS
FOUND AFTER THE MONSTER
WAS GONE. I MUST GO NOW.



BENTLEY PAUSES IN THE OUTER HALL TO ADMIRE SIR RUPERT'S PAINTINGS.



A MOVEMENT BEHIND HIM CAUSES HIM TO TURN
SUDDENLY AND SEE...



...THE HORRIBLE MONSTER CHARGING DOWN ON HIM.



THE MONSTER DOWNS THE INSPECTOR WITH A BLOW.



ALTHOUGH STUNNED, BENTLEY HEARS A PISTOL SHOT.



INSPECTOR BENTLEY, ARE YOU BADLY HURT?

I DON'T THINK SO. WHAT BECAME OF THE MONSTER?



...AND A MOMENT LATER SIR RUPERT APPEARS AND KNEELS OVER THE INSPECTOR.

I JUST HAPPENED TO FOLLOW YOU INTO THE HALL. I SAW THE ATTACK AND DROVE THE THING AWAY BY SHOOTING.

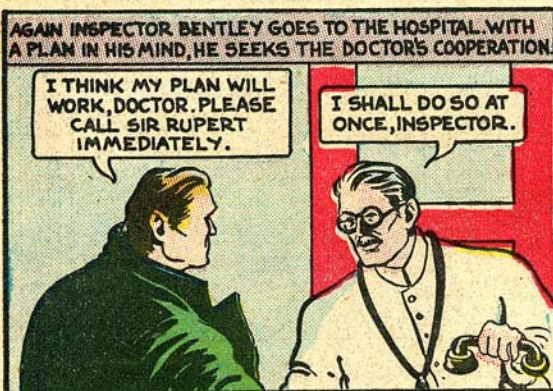
SAY NOTHING OF THE MATTER JUST NOW, SIR RUPERT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP!



AGAIN INSPECTOR BENTLEY GOES TO THE HOSPITAL WITH A PLAN IN HIS MIND, HE SEEKS THE DOCTOR'S COOPERATION.

I THINK MY PLAN WILL WORK, DOCTOR. PLEASE CALL SIR RUPERT IMMEDIATELY.

I SHALL DO SO AT ONCE, INSPECTOR.



SIR RUPERT NAPIER'S RESIDENCE? DOCTOR TRENT SPEAKING. LET ME TALK TO SIR RUPERT, PLEASE.



WE'RE SENDING MISS BRENDA HOME TO YOU. SHE IS FEELING MUCH BETTER!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR. THAT IS VERY GRATIFYING!



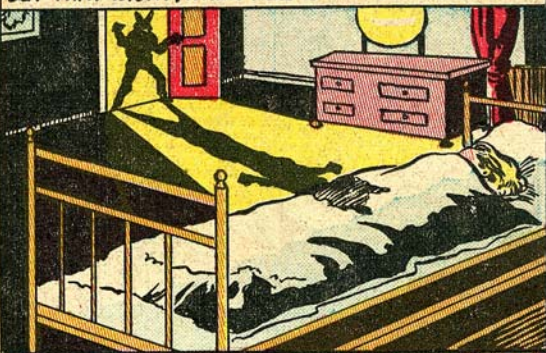
THAT SAME EVENING - AT SIR RUPERT'S HOME...

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, SIR RUPERT - BUT DON'T DISTURB HER TONIGHT.

I SHALL GUARD HER MYSELF, DOCTOR!



BUT THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL IS STILL IN THE SICK-ROOM



...THE MONSTER APPEARS TO CLAIM ITS VICTIM!



THE TALONS EXTEND TO REND AND CLUTCH WHEN...



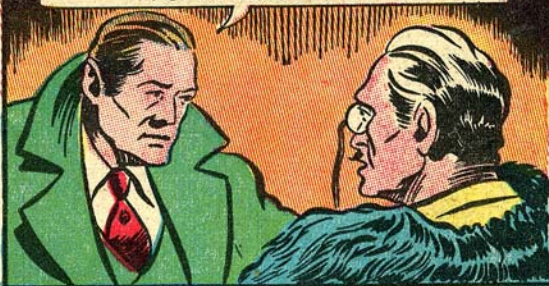
SUDDENLY A WIG COMES OFF IN THE MONSTER'S HAND, AND BENTLEY SPRINGS NIMBLY OUT OF THE BED!



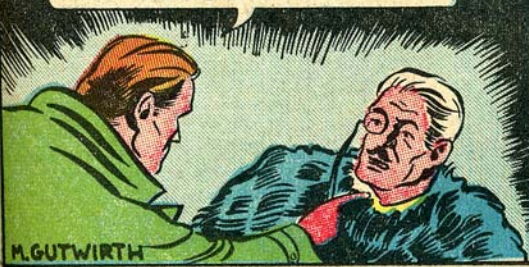
I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU, SIR RUPERT! THIS IRON MASK BROKE MY CANE AND GAVE ME THE CLUE THAT IT WAS A FAKE HEAD!



YOU WANTED TO KILL YOUR WARD FOR THE MONEY LEFT TO HER IN YOUR TRUST. YOU EXCITED HER IMAGINATION WITH THE BOOK ABOUT WEREWOLVES.



YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY WHEN YOU SPOKE OF MY BEING PRESENT AT THE RESCUE OF YOUR WARD. HOW COULD ANYBODY KNOW I WAS THERE - BUT THE MONSTER?



YOU TRIED TO THROW ME OFF THE TRAIL BY PRETENDING TO RESCUE ME -- FROM YOURSELF! AND SO I CAME HERE TONIGHT DISGUISED AS MISS BRENDA - AND YOU FELL INTO THE TRAP!



AND SO THE MAYFAIR MONSTER WAS CAUGHT AND BROUGHT TO JUSTICE BY INSPECTOR BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD. FOLLOW BENTLEY IN ANOTHER HAIR-RAISING MYSTERY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

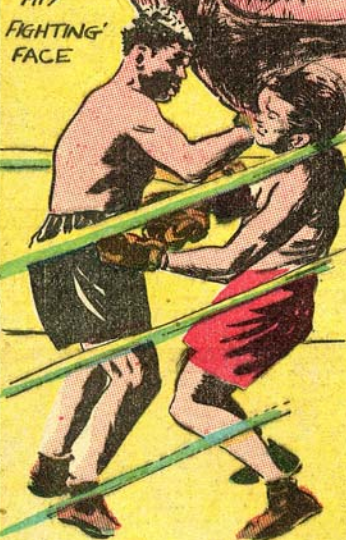
JACK DEMPSEY



HIS
FIGHTING
FACE



WHEN THE COLORFUL FIGURES OF SPORTS
IMMORTALS PASS IN REVIEW
JACK DEMPSEY
WILL ALWAYS BE AT THE HEAD OF THE PARADE



IT WAS THE END OF
A GREAT FIGHTING
CAREER WHEN TUNNEY
BEAT DEMPSEY AT
PHILADELPHIA IN 1926
BUT HIS NAME
BECAME A LEGEND
THROUGHOUT THE
WORLD



WHEN THE MANASSA MAULER LAY
ALMOST FATALLY ILL, THE WHOLE
WORLD PRAYED FOR A SPEEDY
RECOVERY

THE DAILY EXPRESS

BY JACK BINDER

THE KLONDIKE CAFE ROBBED!

SLUG WICKUM'S GANG SUSPECTED!

THE STATTLER WITH TED MCCOY

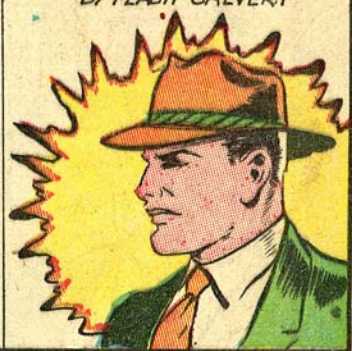
SUSPECT IN CAFE HOLDUP

GANGSTER CHIEF'S CIGAR-LIGHTER FOUND AT SCENE OF CRIME!

BY FLASH CALVERT



CALL ME "SLUG"



THE PRESS GUARDIAN, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE FALCON, AIDS THE DAILY EXPRESS IN ITS EFFORTS TO RID CENTRAL CITY OF GANGSTERS. THINGS ARE QUIET FOR AWHILE, BUT ONE DAY CITY EDITOR JIM BOYD GETS A TIP ON A VERY SENSATIONAL STORY.

HELLO-YEAH? I'LL SEND A MAN OVER AT ONCE!



THE EDITOR CALLS IN FLASH CALVERT, THE ACE REPORTER...

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

A GANG HELD UP THE KLONDIKE CAFE, FLASH! GET OVER THERE AND PHONE IN THE FACTS FOR AN EXTRA.



FLASH HOPS INTO HIS CAR AND DASHES TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.



HEY, YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!

LET HIM GO.. HE'S FLASH CALVERT, THE REPORTER.



ARRIVING AT THE KLONDIKE CAFE, FLASH IS STOPPED AT THE DOOR BY A POLICEMAN.

WHAT HAPPENED? GIVE ME THE DOPE, MISTER!

FOUR MASKED MEN-ROBBED AND SHOT ME-LEFT NO CLUES!

FLASH INTERVIEWS THE OWNER OF THE CAFE.

NO CLUES, EH? I'VE SEEN THIS LIGHTER BEFORE... IN THE HANDS OF SLUG WICKUM!

FLASH HAD PICKED UP AN OBJECT FROM THE FLOOR.



I NEVER SAW ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT. IF SLUG DROPPED IT, HE'S GUILTY!!



HEY, I'LL TAKE THAT!

HERE IT IS, OFFICER. AT LEAST YOU HAVE SOME EVIDENCE!

FLASH TURNS THE CIGAR LIGHTER OVER TO THE POLICE!...

THEN RUSHES TO A TELEPHONE, CALLS HIS EDITOR, AND GIVES HIM THE SCOOP ON THE EVIDENCE HE HAS UNCOVERED.

HELLO, CITY DESK? I'VE GOT A LEAD ON THE KLONDIKE HOLDUP POINTS TO WICKUM AND HIS GANG!



EXTRA
WICKUM ACCUSED OF HOLDUP!
LOST LIGHTER TRACED TO RACKET CHIEF

WITHIN TEN MINUTES, AN EXTRA APPEARS ON THE STREET. HEADLINES SCREAM THE STORY OF SLUG WICKUM'S COMPLICITY IN THE CASE.

BUT WHEN FLASH RETURNS TO THE OFFICE A SURPRISE AWAITS HIM. HE FINDS SLUG WICKUM THERE.



I WANT TO SEE YOU, FLASH!



SLUG WICKUM JUST SHOWED ME HIS CIGAR LIGHTER... HE DIDN'T LOSE IT, YOU LUG-HEAD! YOU'RE FIRED!



HERE IT IS--BEEN
IN MY POCKET
ALL THE TIME!

..BUT IT'S JUST
LIKE THE ONE
I FOUND!



..AND I'LL TAKE A POKE
AT YOU FOR ACCUSIN'
ME, SMART GUY!



WELL, AS LONG
AS I'M FIRED...
TAKE THIS..!



AND HERE IS ONE FOR
GOOD MEASURE..!

AS SLUG WICKUM SLINKS OUT, FLASH ASKS FOR
A CHANCE TO CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY.



GIVE ME ANOTHER
CHANCE, CHIEF; AND
I'LL CLEAR THIS MESS
UP BY MIDNIGHT!

OKAY!
BUT IT'S YOUR
LAST CHANCE!



DETERMINED
TO SOLVE THE
PUZZLE OF THE
TWIN LIGHTERS,
FLASH TRAILS
SLUG TO THE
GANG'S HIDE-
OUT...CAUTIOUSLY
HE PLACES A
LADDER
AGAINST A
LIGHTED
WINDOW.

FLASH SEES SLUG AND HIS MEN SEATED AT A
TABLE... SLUG FLASHES A LOT OF MONEY.



I FIXED OUR ALIBI AT
THE PAPER, THEY'RE GLAD
I'M NOT SUING G... NOW
TO DIVY THE SWAG!



WAIT CHIEF...THERE'S A
GUY SPYIN' ON US....!

SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE THUGS SEES FLASH
AT THE WINDOW.

IN A SURPRISE MOVE, THE GANGSTERS GRAB FLASH AND DRAG HIM INTO THE ROOM.

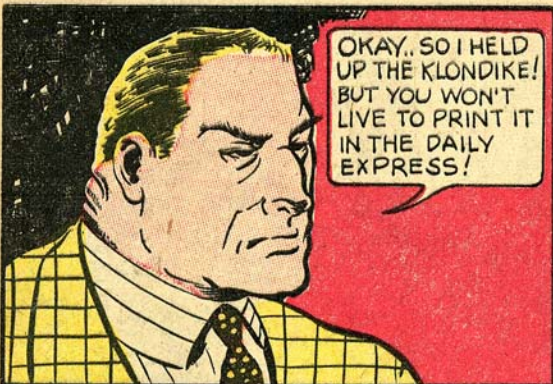


THE SMART REPORTER, HUH? TRYIN' TO GET SOMETHING ON ME!

YES... AND NOW I'M SURE THAT YOU AND YOUR MOB HELD UP THE KLONDIKE CAFE!



OKAY.. SO I HELD UP THE KLONDIKE! BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO PRINT IT IN THE DAILY EXPRESS!



WHILE SLUG IS TALKING, A SINISTER FIGURE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF THE GANGS DEN. IT IS THE FALCON.. THE GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS



GET 'EM UP, YA SNOOP!

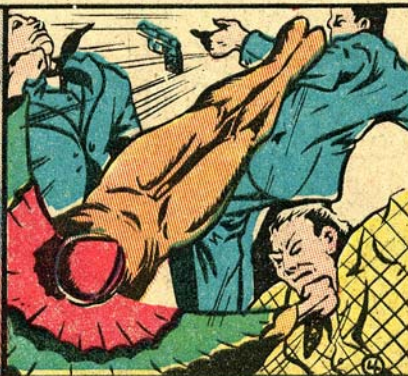
THE FALCON DOES NOT TAKE ORDERS, HE GIVES THEM!

C'MON BOYS, LET'S TIE HIM UP, TOO!

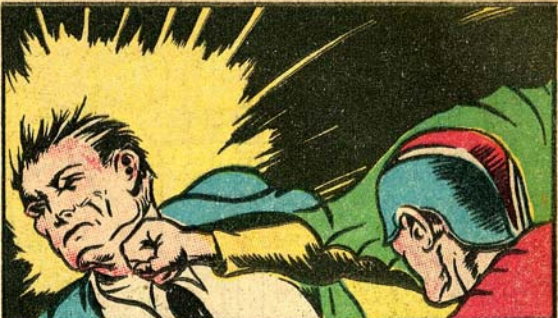
THE GANGSTERS MAKE A RUSH FOR THE FALCON..



..BUT HE EXPLODES INTO ACTION. WITH HANDS AND FEET MOVING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, HE SMASHES INTO THE GANGSTERS - BOWLING THEM OVER RIGHT AND LEFT.



LIKE A DEVASTATING HURRICANE, THE FALCON CRASHES HEADS TOGETHER AND SENDS THEM SPRAWLING.



WITH HAMMER-LIKE BLOWS, THE FALCON DOWNS THE REMAINING GANGSTERS.

YOU'RE THE CAUSE OF THIS...I'M GOIN' TO FINISH YOU!



SLUG WICKUM SNEAKS UP ON FLASH...GUN IN HAND.

BUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE FALCON SWOOPS DOWN ON HIM, AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND, BEFORE SLUG CAN GET AWAY. THE FALCON BEATS HIM UNMERCIFULLY UNTIL



YOU'RE GOING TO WRITE OUT A FULL CONFESSION!

YES! YES! I'LL DO IT!

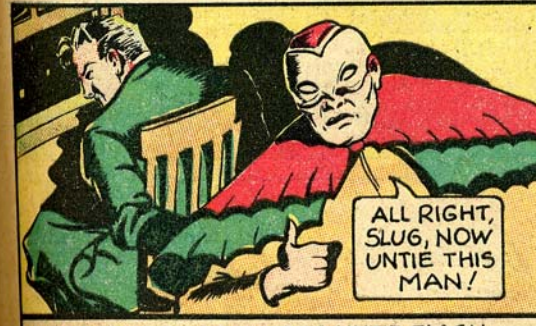
THE GANGSTER CHIEF, THOROUGHLY WHIPPED, BEGS FOR MERCY. THE FALCON TELLS HIM THAT ONLY BY SIGNING A FULL CONFESSION CAN HE HOPE TO GET MERCY FROM THE PRESS GUARDIAN.



I hereby confess to the robbery of the Klondike Cafe, and name as my accomplices, Butch Kapa, Joe Rocco, Mike Spikes.

SLUG, SHAKING FROM FEAR, WRITES OUT HIS CONFESSION.

Slug?



ALL RIGHT, SLUG, NOW UNTIE THIS MAN!

THE FALCON ORDERS SLUG TO UNTIE FLASH. WHEN FREE, FLASH PROCEEDS TO TIE UP EACH OF THE MOBSTERS.



OKAY, REPORTER, HERE ARE YOUR PRISONERS, AND YOU'VE GOT THE CONFESSION. NOW CALL THE POLICE!



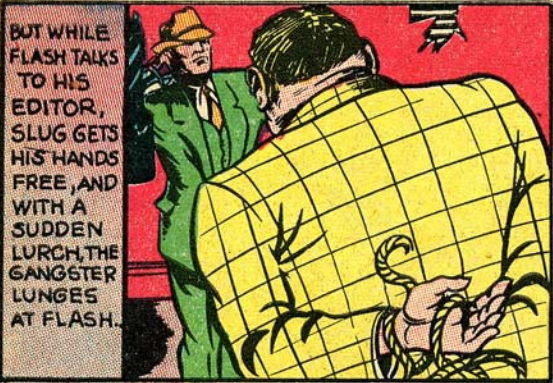
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, BUT TELL ME ... WHO ARE YOU?

JUST CALL ME THE FALCON. I'M NOT DISCLOSING MY REAL NAME UNTIL THIS CITY IS FREE OF CRIME.

THE FALCON, GUARDIAN OF THE PRESS, REFUSES TO REVEAL HIS IDENTITY. WHILE FLASH KEEPS THE THUGS COVERED, THE FALCON DISAPPEARS.



HELLO, CITY DESK?... FLASH SPEAKING. I'VE GOT THE KLONDIKE ROBBERS, RUSH SOME PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND SEND A FLOCK OF COPS.



BUT WHILE FLASH TALKS TO HIS EDITOR, SLUG GETS HIS HANDS FREE, AND WITH A SUDDEN LURCH, THE GANGSTER LUNGES AT FLASH.



... AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND WHILE THEY BATTLE, THE OTHER THUGS FREE THEMSELVES.



FLASH IS NOW ALONE AGAINST THE MOBSTERS,....



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH FLASH WAS DOOMED BY THE OVERWHELMING NUMBERS. SUDDENLY THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN AND THE POLICE RUSHED IN. THEY SOON HAD THE GANG UNDER CONTROL.

EXTRA
DAILY THE EXPRESS
 — DEC 7, 1939 —
SLUG WICKUM CAPTURED!
CONFESSES KLONDIKE HOLDUP

IN A SHORT TIME AN EXTRA IS ON THE STREETS, TELLING OF THE CAPTURE.



GOOD WORK, FLASH! WHO IS THE FALCON?

I DON'T KNOW.. BUT HE IS A REAL ENEMY TO CRIME!

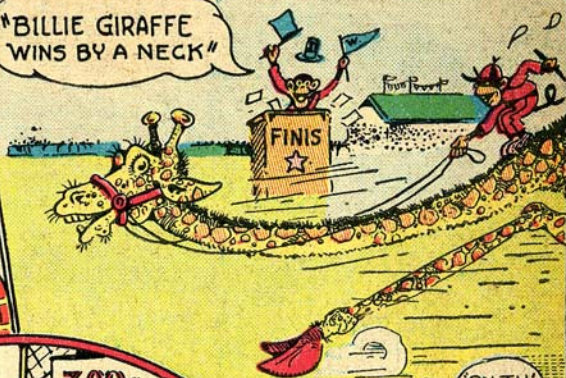
WHO IS THE FALCON? FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE PRESS GUARDIAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS

ANIMAL

ANTICS

"AND IF HE CRIES
JUST TAKE HIM IN
YOUR ARMS AND
WALK THE FLOOR
WITH HIM—"

"BILLIE GIRAFFE
WINS BY A NECK"



"ON TH' NOSE"



ZOO PARK
EXHIBIT A

CAN YOU IMAGINE
WHAT THE JUNGLE
SMELLS LIKE!



"MY HUSBAND
WOULDN'T BELIEVE
ME WHEN I TOLD
HIM MR. BUCK
WAS IN TOWN"

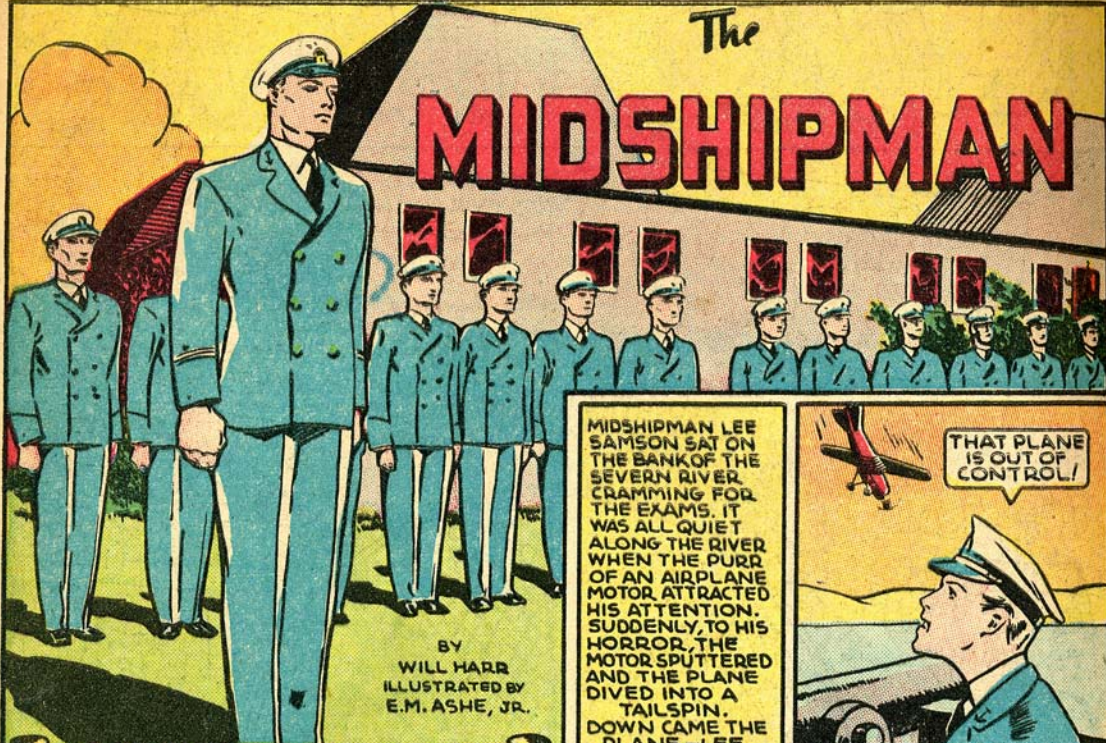
"I DON'T KNOW IF—
HE'S HIBERNATING
OR IF HE WAS OUT
WITH THE BOYS
LAST NIGHT"



Dick Ryan

The

MIDSHIPMAN

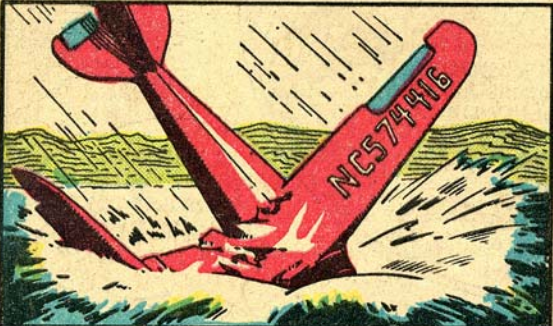


BY
WILL HARR
ILLUSTRATED BY
E.M. ASHE, JR.

MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON SAT ON THE BANK OF THE SEVERN RIVER, CRAMMING FOR THE EXAMS. IT WAS ALL QUIET ALONG THE RIVER WHEN THE PURR OF AN AIRPLANE MOTOR ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION. SUDDENLY, TO HIS HORROR, THE MOTOR SPUTTERED AND THE PLANE DROVE INTO A TAILSPIN. DOWN CAME THE PLANE, -LEE STANDING BY HELPLESS.

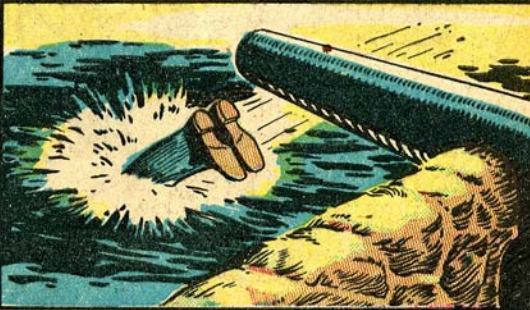


MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON FINDS A GIRL AND A RIVAL AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

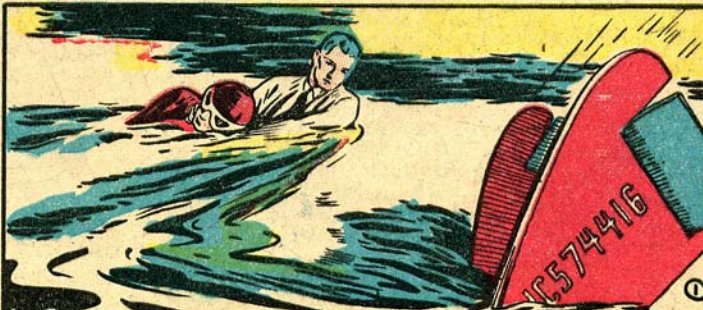


WHILE LEE WATCHES, THE PLANE CRASHES INTO THE WATER.

IMMEDIATELY, LEE DIVES INTO THE WATER TO SAVE THE PILOT. NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS HIS MIND.



POWERFUL STROKES BRING LEE CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS OBJECTIVE.



JUST AS THE PLANE STARTS TO SETTLE, HE PULLS THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT FROM THE COCKPIT AND SWIMS AWAY, BARELY AVOIDING THE SUCTION CAUSED BY THE PLANE.

WITH EVERY MUSCLE BULGING, LEE SWIMS TOWARD SHORE WITH THE CUMBERSOME FIGURE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS PILOT. ONCE ON THE BANK HE LIFTS THE GOGGLES AND DISCOVERS...



LEE WORKS FEVERISHLY UNTIL THE GIRL STIRS AND BECOMES CONSCIOUS.



I'M ALL RIGHT NOW- AND THANKS FOR SAVING ME. I'M MAE DENNIS.

PLEASURE IS ALL MINE. I'M LEE SAMSON.



LUCKILY, THE GIRL WAS NOT INJURED IN THE CRASH AND SOON REGAINS HER STRENGTH.

MY FATHER IS A RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER. I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU, FOR SAVING ME.

I'LL ONLY ACCEPT ONE REWARD-

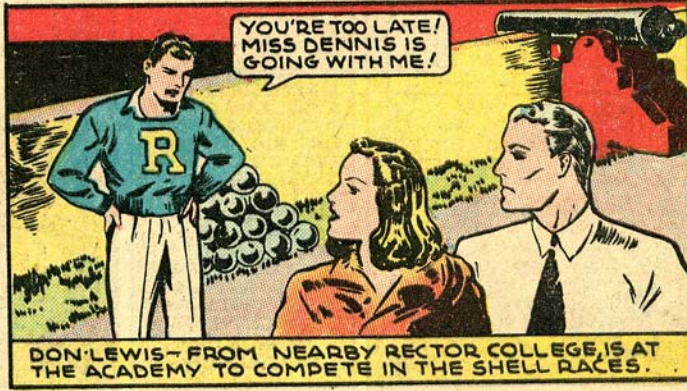


LET ME ESCORT YOU TO THE DANCE, TONIGHT.

I'D LOVE TO, BUT...



YOU'RE TOO LATE! MISS DENNIS IS GOING WITH ME!

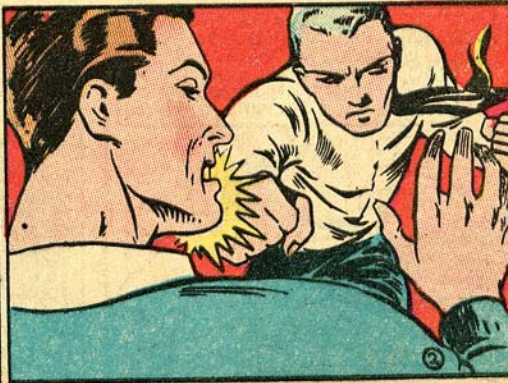


DON LEWIS - FROM NEARBY RECTOR COLLEGE, IS AT THE ACADEMY TO COMPETE IN THE SHELL RACES.

I'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL!! TAKE THAT!



LEWIS SMASHES HIS FIST INTO LEE'S MIDSECTION REGAINING HIS BREATH, SAMSON CHARGES INTO HIS OPPONENT, LANDING SOLID RIGHTS AND LEFTS UNTIL DON BEGINS TO TOTTER.



SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING...



DROPPED BY ONE OF LEE'S HAY-MAKERS, LEWIS GRABS A HEAVY BRANCH AND LUNGES FOR THE MIDSHIPMAN. LEE TWISTS THE STICK OUT OF DON'S HAND-

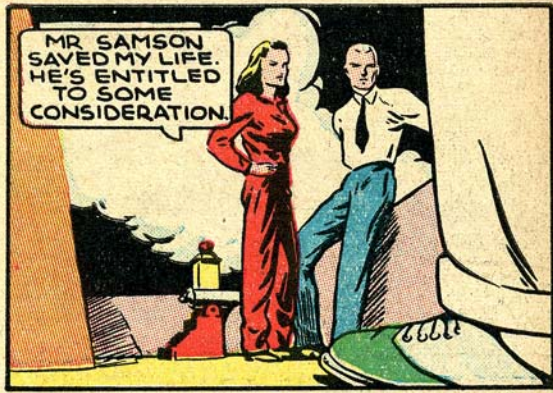


STOP IT! REMEMBER YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GENTLEMEN!

AND THE GIRL STEPS BETWEEN THEM.



AND NOW MR. LEWIS, I'M NOT YOUR GIRL FRIEND-AND I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GOING WITH YOU!



MR SAMSON SAVED MY LIFE. HE'S ENTITLED TO SOME CONSIDERATION.



I'LL GO TO THE DANCE WITH THE ONE WHO WINS THE BOAT RACE THIS AFTERNOON!

LEE SAMSON, ACE OARSMAN OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY, IS ENTERED IN A SPECIAL RACE WITH DON, CHAMP OARSMAN OF RECTOR COLLEGE. DON OFFERS TO TAKE THE GIRL TO HER HOME. LEE DOES NOT OBJECT SINCE MIDSHIPMEN AREN'T ALLOWED TO LEAVE THE ACADEMY GROUNDS.



THEN IT'S A CINCH YOU'RE GOING WITH ME.- C'MON, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME!

GOODBY-

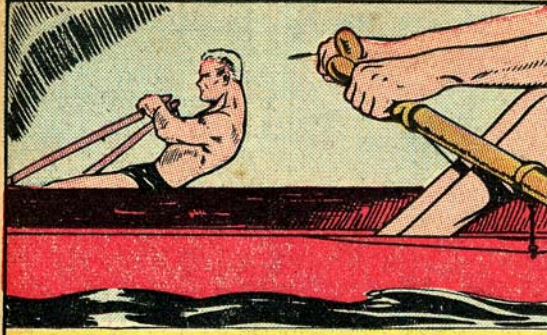


THAT AFTERNOON--A SPECIAL RACE BETWEEN LEE AND DON.

YOU'LL BE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE ACADEMY WHEN THIS IS OVER, CHUMP!



THEY'RE OFF!



DON LEWIS BEATS THE GUN AND FORGES TO THE FRONT.

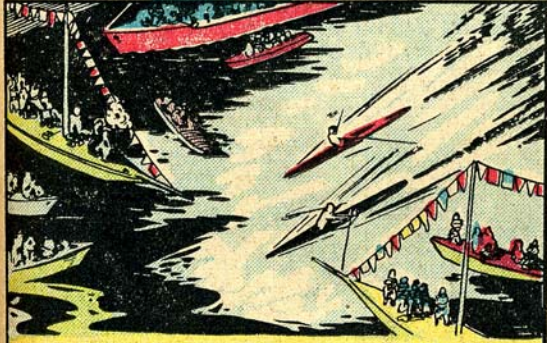
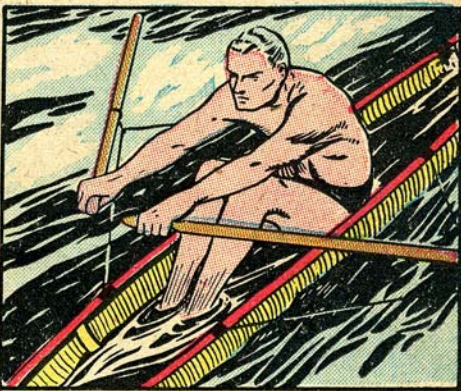


SLOWLY BUT STEADILY, LEE'S POWERFUL STROKES BRING HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO HIS RIVAL. AS THEY NEAR THE FINISH LINE, LEE FINALLY PULLS UP ON EVEN TERMS WITH DON. BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

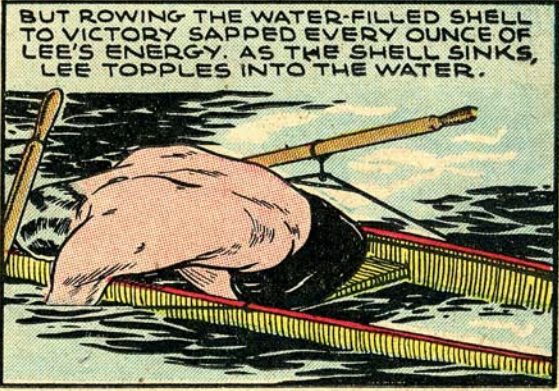


DON LEWIS CRASHES HIS OAR ACROSS THE PROW OF LEE'S FRAGILE SHELL.

LEE'S SHELL RAPIDLY FILLS WITH WATER, RETARDING HIS SPEED CONSIDERABLY. DOUBLING HIS EFFORTS, THE MIDSHIPMAN STRAINS EVERY MUSCLE TO FORGE AHEAD, INCH BY INCH, UNTIL THEY REACH THE FINISH LINE AND...



MIDSHIPMAN SAMSON WINS THE RACE.



BUT ROWING THE WATER-FILLED SHELL TO VICTORY SAPPED EVERY OUNCE OF LEE'S ENERGY. AS THE SHELL SINKS, LEE TOPPLES INTO THE WATER.

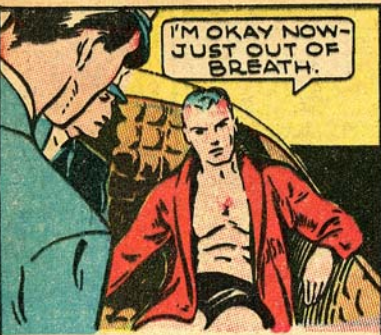


QUICK! HE'S GOING DOWN!

A BOAT IS LOWERED AND LEE'S CLASSMEN RUSH TO HIS RESCUE.



JUST AS LEE'S HEAD WAS ABOUT TO DISAPPEAR BELOW THE SURFACE, CAPABLE HANDS FISHED HIM OUT.



I'M OKAY NOW - JUST OUT OF BREATH.

THE MIDSHIPMAN RESTS EASILY IN THE RESCUE BOAT.

DON LEWIS NOT ONLY LOST THE BOAT RACE, BUT ALSO THE OPPORTUNITY TO ESCORT MISS DENNIS TO THE DANCE. AS HE IS NOT ONE TO ACCEPT DEFEAT GRACEFULLY, HE SEEKS REVENGE WHEN LEE COMES OUT OF THE GYM.



DON LEWIS LEAPS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING MIDSHIPMAN.



BUT LEE SAMSON, EXPERT IN THE ART OF JIU-JITSU, TOSSES DON OVER HIS SHOULDER.



AHEM - MR. LEWIS - CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHY YOUR OAR SMASHED MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON'S SHELL?

AS LEE IS ABOUT TO CLIP DON, THE CHIEF OFFICER OF THE ACADEMY APPEARS.



LEE COMES TO THE AID OF LEWIS AND EXPLAINS IT AWAY AS AN ACCIDENT.

I'M SURE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, SIR.

IN THAT CASE WE'LL DROP THE MATTER.



THANKS, LEE, IF YOU HADN'T BACKED ME UP I WOULD HAVE BEEN EXPELLED FROM RECTOR COLLEGE.

FORGET IT, DON.

AFTER THE OFFICER LEAVES, DON APOLOGIZES.



AND THAT NIGHT AT THE DANCE, THE SMILES OF MISS DENNIS ARE AMPLE REWARD FOR MIDSHIPMAN SAMSON.

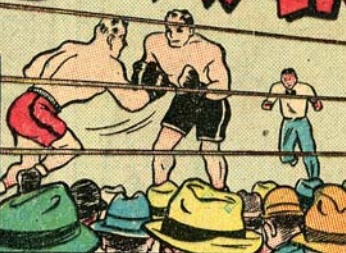


FOLLOW MIDSHIPMAN LEE SAMSON'S EXCITING ADVENTURES AT THE NAVAL ACADEMY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS.

KAYO WARD



FISTS FLY INSIDE AND OUTSIDE THE RING, AS A CROOKED MANAGER AND HIS FIGHTER TRY TO MAKE A SAP OUT OF "KAYO" WARD!



BY PHIL STURM



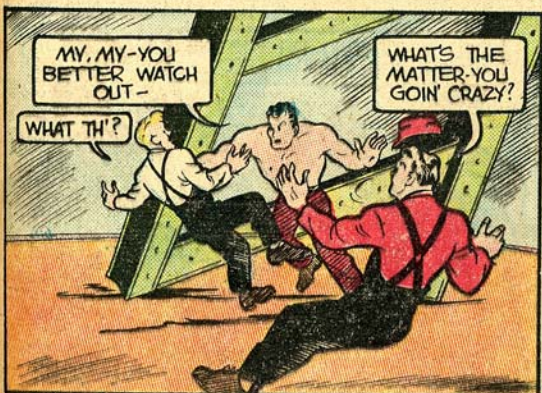
LOOK AT THAT GUY WORK - HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL THE HEAT.

WITH A BODY LIKE THAT, HE COULDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!



LOOK OUT - THAT GIRDER'S FALLING!

GOLLY - IT'S GONNA HIT 'EM!



MY, MY - YOU BETTER WATCH OUT -

WHAT TH'?

WHAT'S THE MATTER - YOU GOIN' CRAZY?



WITH MUSCLES BULGING AND PUTTING HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH TO ADVANTAGE, EDDIE STOPS THE GIRDER'S FALL.



QUICK, YOU MEN, I CAN'T HOLD THIS UP MUCH LONGER!



GEE, THANKS, EDDIE. YOU SURE ARE A HERCULES -

ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE -

ED, YOU SURE SAVED US THAT TIME - SAY, WHERE'D YOU GET SO STRONG?

MAYBE IT COMES FROM EXERCISING



WANT A LIFT, EDDIE?

NO, THANKS - CONNIE AND ME ARE GONNA WALK HOME -



DON'T YOU LIKE WALKING HOME? WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?

CAN YOU BEAT THAT! LOOK, CONNIE -



YOU AIN'T HERE FOR NOTHIN', LEW, WHO'S THE PUG THIS TIME?

OUCH - I TELL YOU I AIN'T GOT NO ONE -



TWO THUGS ARE 'ROUGHING UP' LEW BLACK, BIG TIME FIGHT MANAGER -

-LOOK, DEAR, ONE'S HOLDING HIM AND THE OTHER FELLOW IS PUNCHING HIM -

GOSH - THAT AIN'T RIGHT - S'CUSE ME A MINUTE, CONNIE!



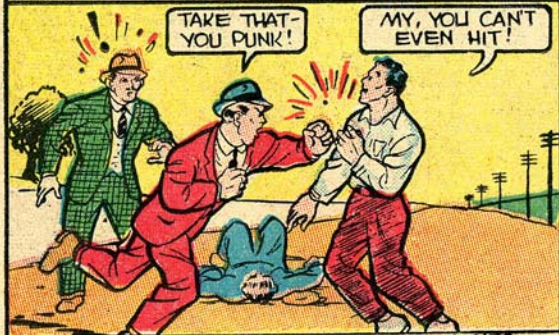
INFURIATED BY THE THUG'S DIRTY-WORK, EDDIE DECIDES TO TAKE A HAND IN THE AFFAIR -

YOU SHOULDN'T HIT ANYONE WHEN HE'S BEIN' HELD!



TAKE THAT - YOU PUNK!

MY, YOU CAN'T EVEN HIT!



HIS PAL KAYOED BY EDDIE, THE OTHER THUG STEPS INTO THE PICTURE.

WOW! WHAT A RIGHT!





GREAT SCOTT, WHAT A WALLOP!

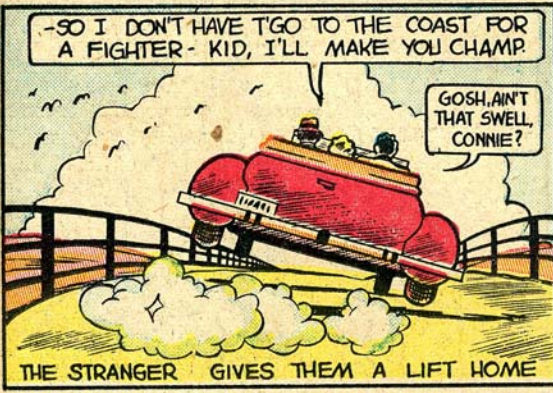
NOW - THAT OUGHT TO TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS-

A TERRIFIC LEFT CROSS FINISHES HIS MAN.



WOW-A NATURAL-KID, YOU'RE GREAT-WHAT'S YOUR FIGHTING NAME?

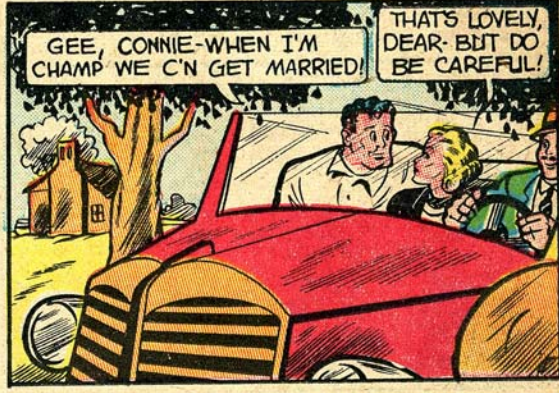
EDDIE WARD, BUT I'M NO FIGHTER.



-SO I DON'T HAVE T'GO TO THE COAST FOR A FIGHTER- KID, I'LL MAKE YOU CHAMP.

GOSH,AIN'T THAT SWELL, CONNIE?

THE STRANGER GIVES THEM A LIFT HOME



GEE, CONNIE-WHEN I'M CHAMP WE C'N GET MARRIED!

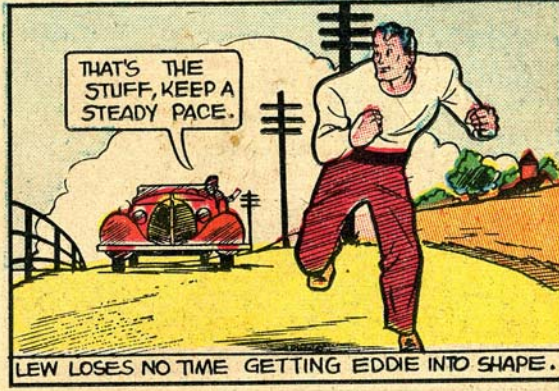
THAT'S LOVELY, DEAR- BUT DO BE CAREFUL!



AND LEW BLACK SAYS HE'S GONNA MAKE ME CHAMP!

ATTABOY, ED!

AT HOME, EDDIE BREAKS THE NEWS



THAT'S THE STUFF, KEEP A STEADY PACE.

LEW LOSES NO TIME GETTING EDDIE INTO SHAPE.



THAT'S IT- KID- HARDER- STRAIGHTER- DON'T TAKE YOUR EYES OFF IT-

AND SO, AFTER 3 WEEKS OF TEDIOUS TRAINING, EDDIE IS A MUCH IMPROVED BOXER.



TOMORROW NIGHT'S THE TEST, KID, 3 ROUNDS WITH "ONE ROUND" HOGAN AT BRINK'S THEATER - ARE Y' SCARED ?

NO-ONLY I FEEL FUNNY IN FRONT OF CROWDS.

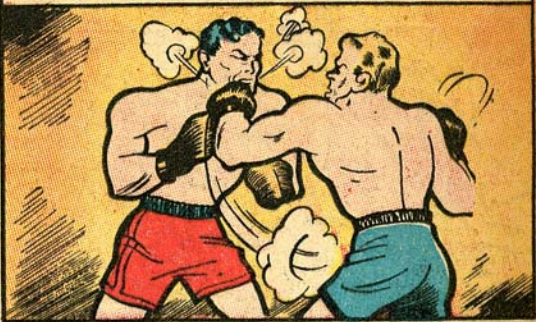
AND SO, AFTER 3 WEEKS OF TEDIOUS TRAINING, EDDIE IS A MUCH IMPROVED BOXER.

-KAYO WARD WILL ATTEMPT TO STAY 3 ROUNDS WITH "ONE ROUND" HOGAN FOR A PRIZE OF \$250!

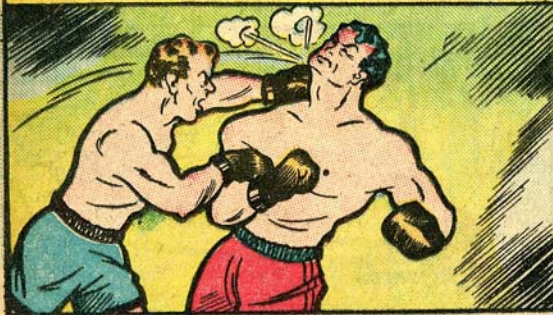


THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT -

-CONFUSED BY THE CROWD - KAYO TAKES AN AWFUL BEATING IN THE 1ST ROUND.



HOGAN - A RING VETERAN, TAKES ADVANTAGE OF EVERY TRICK OF THE TRADE.

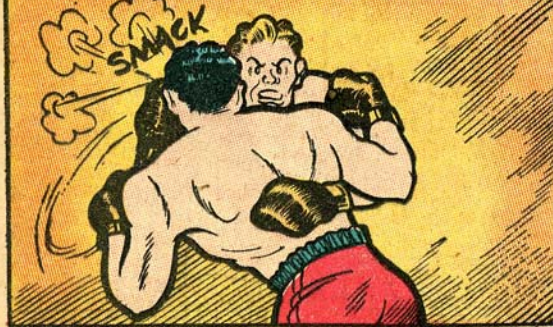


DON'T BOX HIM, EDDIE - HE'S TOO SMART, GET IN AND SLUG HIM - KILL HIM -



I CAN'T DO THAT, LEW. THAT'S MURDER!

IN THE SECOND ROUND, HOGAN BECOMES A LITTLE WORRIED AND TRIES SOME DIRTY WORK.



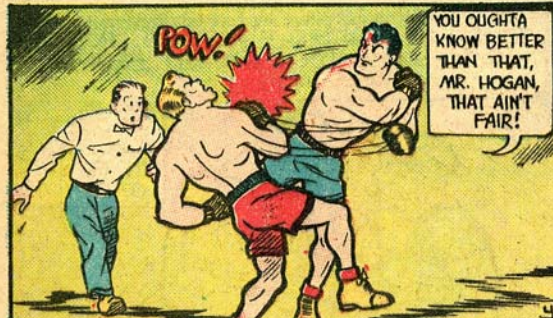
WHY, THE DIRTY COWARD, DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT, EDDIE!



MEANWHILE, CONNIE ROOTS HARDER FOR EDDIE -

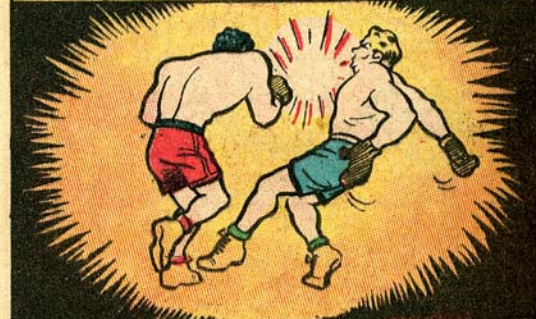
POW!

YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, MR. HOGAN, THAT AIN'T FAIR!

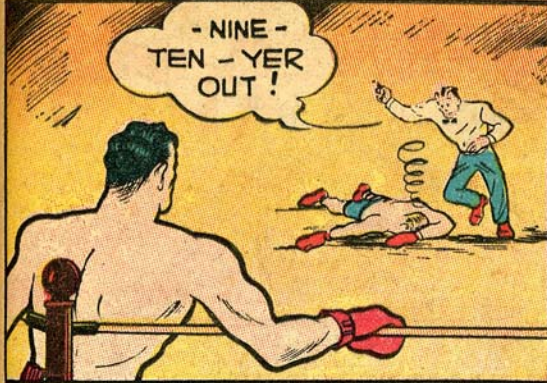


INCENSED BY HOGAN'S UNFAIR TACTICS, EDDIE TURNS INTO A FIGHTING MADMAN -

-A SERIES OF FURIOUS LEFTS AND RIGHTS - AND THEN -



- NINE -
TEN - YER
OUT !

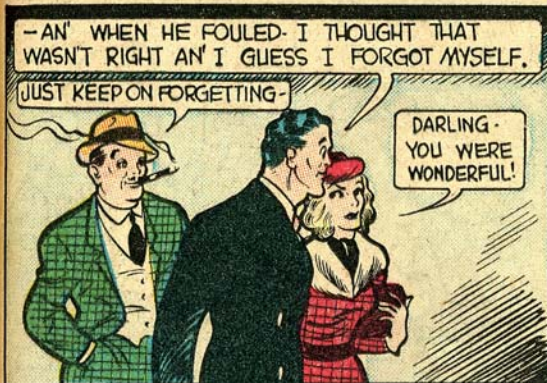


THAT'S WORTH FIGHTING FOR- SAY, KID- WHAT
STARTED YOU OFF IN THE SECOND ROUND?



- IN KAYO'S DRESSING ROOM -

- AN' WHEN HE FOULED- I THOUGHT THAT
WASN'T RIGHT AN' I GUESS I FORGOT MYSELF,
JUST KEEP ON FORGETTING-



DARLING -
YOU WERE
WONDERFUL!

WHY, YOU'RE A NO GOOD
BUM- LETTING A GREEN
KID LIKE THAT TAKE
OUR DOUGH-

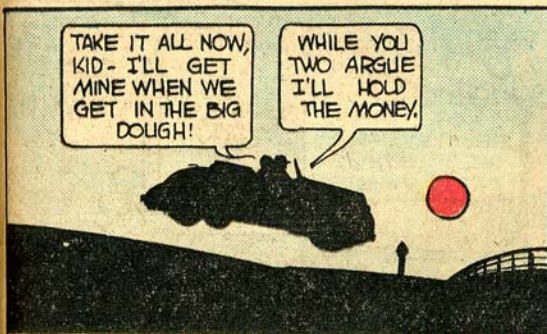
WHEN THEY PASS THE RAIL-
ROAD YARD TONIGHT WE'LL
GET IT ALL BACK-



- MEANWHILE- IN HOGAN'S DRESSING ROOM -

TAKE IT ALL NOW,
KID- I'LL GET
MINE WHEN WE
GET IN THE BIG
DOUGH!

WHILE YOU
TWO ARGUE
I'LL HOLD
THE MONEY!



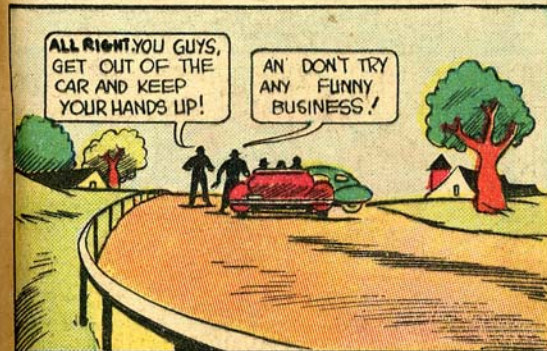
AND SO- AFTER COLLECTING THE \$250, CONNIE,
LEW AND 'KAYO' START FOR HOME.

MAYBE WE BOTH AIN'T GOT IT
NOW- LOOKS LIKE A STICKUP -



ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS,
GET OUT OF THE
CAR AND KEEP
YOUR HANDS UP!

AN' DON'T TRY
ANY FUNNY
BUSINESS!

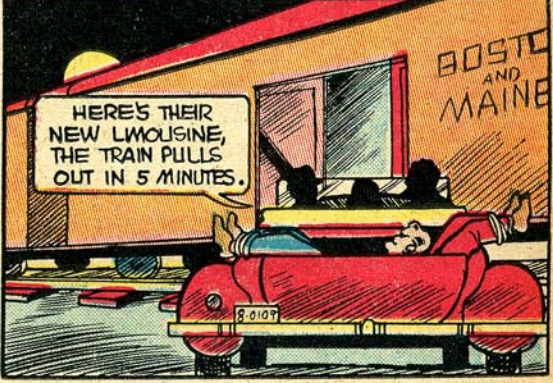
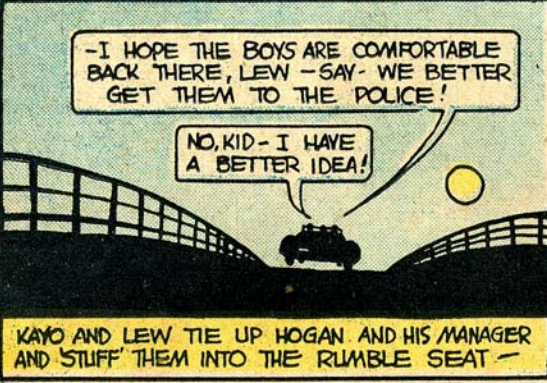
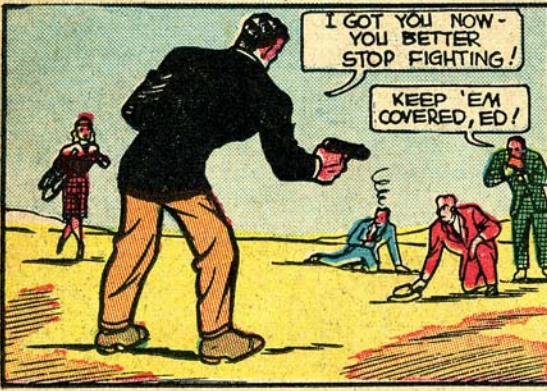


HOGAN AND HIS MANAGER APPROACH THE CAR -

KEEP THEM COVERED
WHILE I FRISK THEM.

THAT'S GOING TO GET YOU
INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE.





You Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play An Instrument

THINK OF IT! I JUST MADE THIS RECORD WITH THE NEW HOME RECORDO!

IT'S WONDERFUL - AND SO SIMPLE - PLEASE LET ME MAKE A RECORD.

YES, BOB, AND IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE YOUR VOICE!



Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'd get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY . . . \$2.98

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.



Send No Money! Hurry Coupon! Start Recording At Once!

HOME RECORDING CO.,
 Studio BP, 11 West 17th St.,
 New York, N. Y.
 Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98, plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$3.00 and save postage.)
 Send.....additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 City and State.....
 NOTE: Canadian and Foreign \$3.00 cash with order.

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OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C. ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS RECORD PLAYERS RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS OLD OR NEW TYPE PHONOGRAPHS AND PORTABLES

HOME RECORDING CO.
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THIS BEAUTIFUL DESK FOR ONLY \$1.00

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A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

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To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-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

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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe 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, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

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