

No. 29



# PEEP



The SHIELD

LOOK! IT'S TERRIFIC! READ THE INSIDE STORY!  
THE SHIELD LOSES HIS SUPER POWER!



## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

**Joe Higgins**  
**Room 315**  
**60 Hudson St.**  
**New York City**

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

CUT ON THIS LINE

### EMERGENCY ANNOUNCEMENT

Well, gang, you're about to read all about it! The way it happened—the way I lost my super-powers!

I guess by this time all of you members of the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB have received my personal note, letting you in on the big news.

But in case you're wondering, if losing my super-powers is going to stop me from fighting against crime or affect our G-Man Club in any way, you've got another think coming!

I'll be in there pitching in every issue of PEP and SHIELD WIZARD Comics . . . and whether or not I ever regain those powers, it's still an all-out battle against the enemies of the U. S., the cutthroats who are battling against our democracy. Still a fight to the death—mine or theirs. Only thing is, the fight's going to be twice as hard. I'd be a pretty poor American to lay down on the job, now—what with all those soldier boys fighting our fight on the front . . . and against odds just as great, maybe greater.

Here's Dusty, fellas—he wants to say something.

Sincerely,

*Joe Higgins*  
(The Shield)

Hiya, pals! The Shield has told you just about everything . . . all I want to add is that no matter what he's up against I'm with him all the way, and I know you are too—rooting for the power of right over might, joining the SHIELD'S CLUB, wearing his badge, being proud of the membership card and what it stands for. What more could a guy ask for? You know, I think it'd be pretty swell if you wrote the Shield and told him so. We'll be looking forward to those letters.

Sincerely,

*Dusty*

# America's Fightingest Duo

## The SHIELD and DUSTY

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, SHIELD? A BULLET NEVER STOPPED YOU BEFORE? SHIELD... DON'T YOU HEAR ME? I'M YOUR PAL, DUSTY! GET UP WE'RE IN TERRIBLE DANGER!



THE SHIELD HAS LOST HIS SUPER-POWER. DUSTY, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM. LOST IT AT A TIME WHEN OUR COUNTRY NEEDS HIM MOST! WHEN THE SCAVENGERS OF CIVILIZATION HOVER OVER OUR DEMOCRACY READY TO PICK OUR BONES CLEAN! HOW DID THIS TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE HAPPEN? READ ON AND SEE!

NIGHT, AND A PAIR OF FIGURES STEALTHILY APPROACH A DESERTED SHACK BY THE WATERFRONT...

SHH, DUSTY! THIS IS THE PLACE!



NOW WE'LL JUST PULL OUT A BRICK ON THAT WALL AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF THIS JAP SPY NEST A LONG TIME, DUSTY!

JUPITER! A DOOR'S SLIDING OPEN, SHIELD!

RIGHT...JUST AS I KNEW IT WOULD!



WHILE IN A SECRET ROOM BELOW,

HAS THE MESSAGE COME THROUGH YET?

ANY MOMENT NOW!



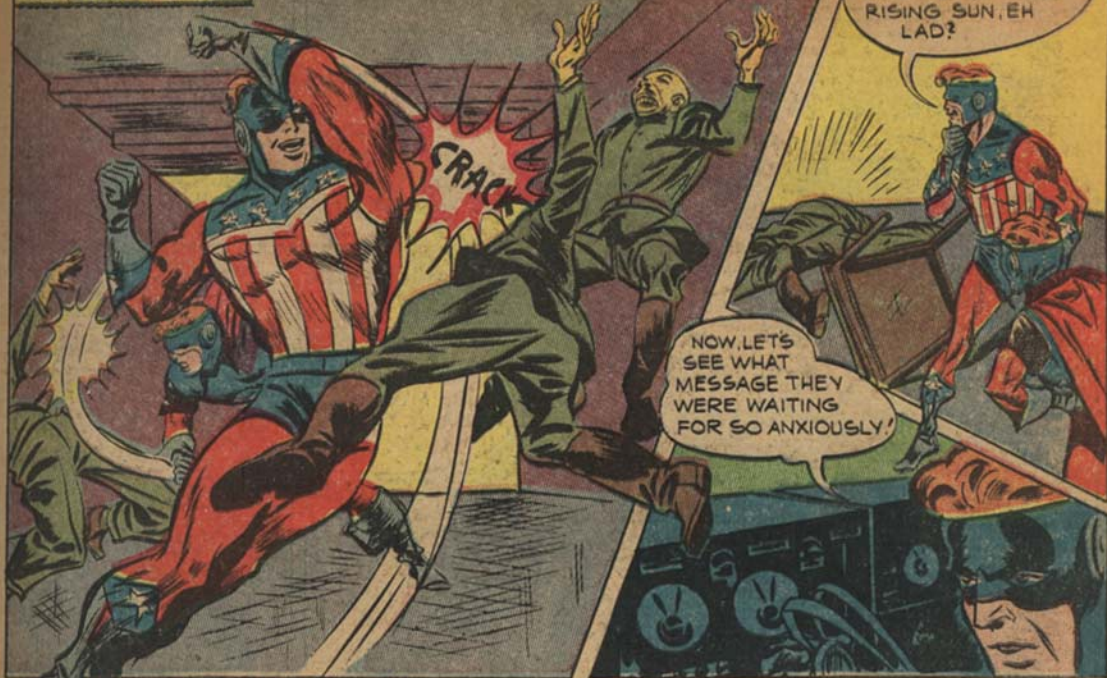
AND I DO MEAN COLD!



RIDE 'EM, DUSTY... WE'VE GOT 'EM COLD, NOW!



LIKE TWIN TORNADOES, THE FIGHTING DUO POUR IT INTO THE YELLOW HORDE...



WELL, WELL, LOOKS LIKE WE SET THE RISING SUN, EH LAD?

NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT MESSAGE THEY WERE WAITING FOR SO ANXIOUSLY!

IT'S COMING THROUGH!

GREAT SCOT!

WHAT'S UP, SHIELD?

THE FANG IS COMING TO OUR SHORES, DUSTY!

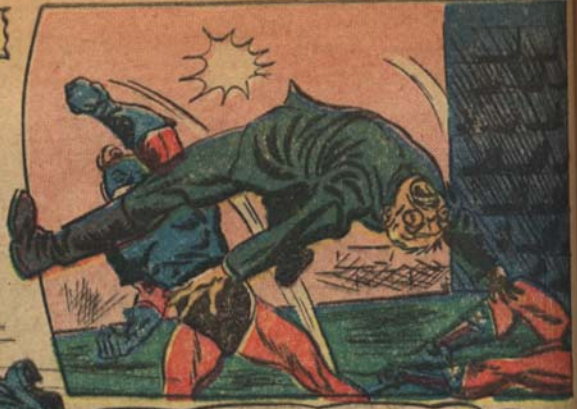
WHAT! THAT JAPANESE BUTCHER HERE AGAIN!

YES, AND DUSTY! WATCH OUT!

THEN - THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENS..

Oooh... I'VE BEEN HIT... EVERY... EVERYTHING'S GOING BLACK!

BEFORE THE JAP CAN FIRE AGAIN, A BOMB-SHELL HURTTLES INTO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH...



Y...YEAH...JUST A SCALP GRAZE!

SHIELD! WHAT HAPPENED? YOU ALL-RIGHT?

AS FOR WHAT HAPPENED, I'M NOT SURE MYSELF, BUT I SUSPECT THAT THE FORMULA OF MY FATHER'S WHICH GAVE ME MY STRENGTH IS WEARING OFF!

HERE ARE THE REST OF THE BOYS, DUSTY!

HIYA, SHIELD. WE FOLLOWED YOU LIKE YOU ASKED US!

OKAY, YOU F.B.I. BOYS CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE ON... COME ON, DUSTY!



WHERE TO, SHIELD?

BACK TO MY LABORATORY!

THIS IS THE MACHINE WHOSE RAYS GAVE ME MY SUPER-STRENGTH, DUSTY. I'VE GUARDED ITS SECRET JEALOUSLY, DUSTY! EVEN FROM YOU!

BUT NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU THE STORY. MY FATHER DISCOVERED IT AND PASSED IT ON TO ME WHILE HE WAS DYING...



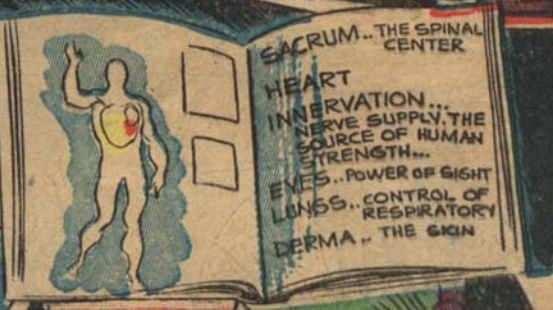
GERMAN SPIES GOT HIM IN THE LAST WAR AND WHILE HE LAY DYING IN A HOSPITAL, I WAS SUMMONED TO HIS BEDSIDE. HE GASPED THE SECRET FORMULA INTO MY EAR...



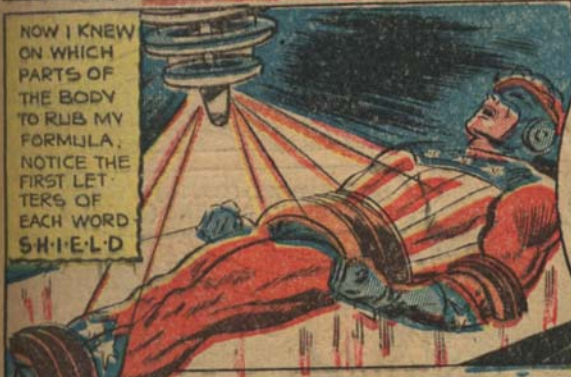
FOR YEARS I WORKED TO PERFECT THAT FORMULA... TOILING, EVER TOILING...



FOR ME THERE WAS NO REST... ONLY A CONSTANT SEARCH... THEN, ONE NIGHT, I OPENED A MEDICAL BOOK...



NOW I KNEW ON WHICH PARTS OF THE BODY TO RUB MY FORMULA. NOTICE THE FIRST LETTERS OF EACH WORD SHIELD



MY FIRST TEST OF STRENGTH SUCCESS...



BULLETS COULD NOT PENETRATE MY SKIN!



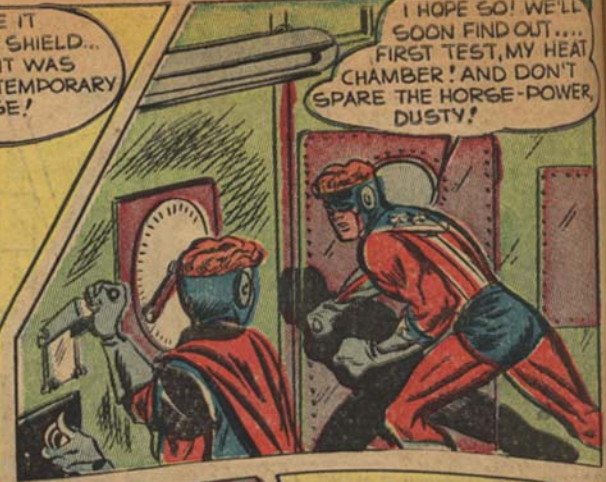
NOR HEAT SEAR MY BODY..



I NEVER THOUGHT OF THE DAY WHEN THE EFFECTS OF THE FORMULA MIGHT WEAR OFF!

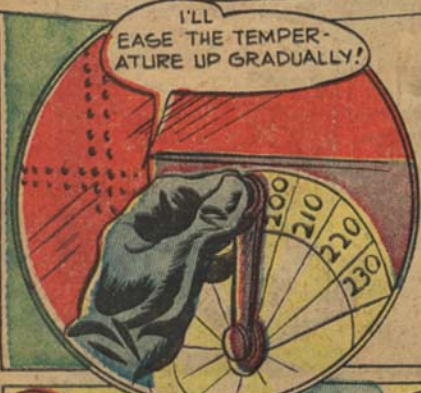
MAYBE IT HASN'T, SHIELD... MAYBE IT WAS JUST A TEMPORARY LAPSE!

I HOPE SO! WE'LL SOON FIND OUT... FIRST TEST, MY HEAT CHAMBER! AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSE-POWER, DUSTY!



I'LL EASE THE TEMPERATURE UP GRADUALLY!

AS DUSTY INCREASES THE TEMPERATURE...



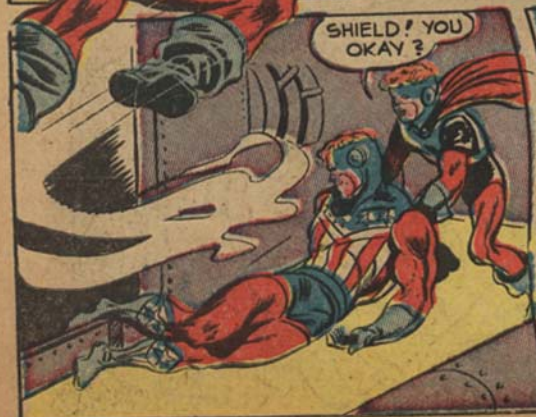
HEY! SOMETHING'S WRONG IN THERE!

HE'S FAINTED (COUGH) IT'S AN INFERNO IN HERE (GASP)



SHIELD! YOU OKAY?

I'M ALLRIGHT NOW... BUT THAT CLINCHES IT. I'VE LOST MY SUPER-POWERS ALL-RIGHT!





AREN'T YOU GONNA USE THAT RAY MACHINE ... AND TRY AND GET 'EM BACK ?

NO TIME FOR THAT..... THE FANG COMES FIRST. HE'S TOO DANGEROUS. COME ON, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE PIER!



AT THAT MOMENT AT THE PIER WHERE A SHIP FROM THE ORIENT HAS JUST DOCKED...



F.B.I. MEN, CAPTAIN... ROUTINE INSPECTION, YOU KNOW!



YES, YES, OF COURSE! STEWARD, COME HERE!



TAKE THESE MEN BELOW... F.B.I. INSPECTION, YOU KNOW!

YES SIR!

CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES IN THESE TIMES, YOU KNOW!



WHAT'S IN THAT COFFIN?



PROBABLY ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS SENT HOME FOR BURIAL!

WELL, I'LL HAVE A LOOK INSIDE LATER!




YOU'LL NEVER LOOK INSIDE, YOU OAF!





NOW  
THE FANG  
TAKES CARE  
OF YOU!


AAARGH!



THIS IS JUST A TASTE  
OF WHAT THE FANG HAS  
IN STORE FOR YOUR  
COUNTRYMEN!




FOOTSTEPS...  
I'LL HAVE TO USE  
THE PORTHOLE. FARE  
WELL, GENTLEMEN.  
HA, HA, HA!

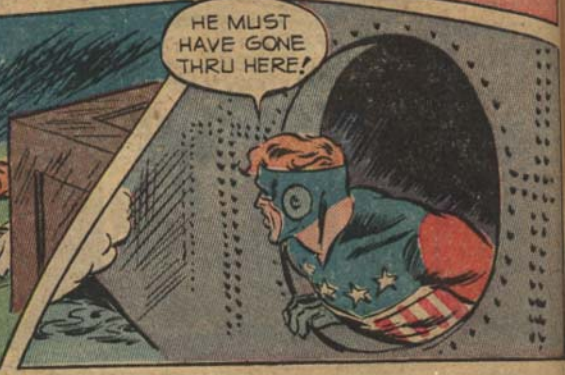


JAPANESE SPIES ABOARD  
THIS SHIP!  
ABSURD!

WELL,  
IT CAN'T  
HURT TO CHECK  
WITH THE SHIELD'S  
HUNCH, CAPTAIN!




YEOWW! YOU WERE  
RIGHT, SHIELD! THIS IS  
THE FANG'S WORK!




HE MUST  
HAVE GONE  
THRU HERE!



AT THAT MOMENT **THE FANG**  
DRAWS HIMSELF UP ONTO  
THE WHARF...



AND MAKES HIS WAY TO A PRE-  
ARRANGED SPOT...



THEN CLINGING TO THE  
SHADOWS HE IS ESCORTED  
BY AGENTS TO A WAITING  
CAR...

BUT AS THE CAR BEGINS TO ROLL ANOTHER FIGURE ALSO SLIPS FROM THE SHADOWS-DUSTY! A SWIFT CHASE...A LITHE LEAP, AND...

PRETTY SMART OF THE SHIELD TO KEEP ME POSTED ON THE WHARF. THAT GUY THINKS OF EVERYTHING!

LAST STOP.. ALL OUT!

I, THE FANG, HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED HERE BY THE EMPEROR, HIMSELF!

YES, MASTER, WE SHALL HUMBLY OBEY YOU!

GOOD! WE STRIKE AT ONCE!

THE ACCURSED PRESIDENT SHALL BE THE FIRST TO FEEL MY HAND. I SHALL BRING HIM BACK AS A GIFT FOR OUR EMPEROR- HA, HA, HA!

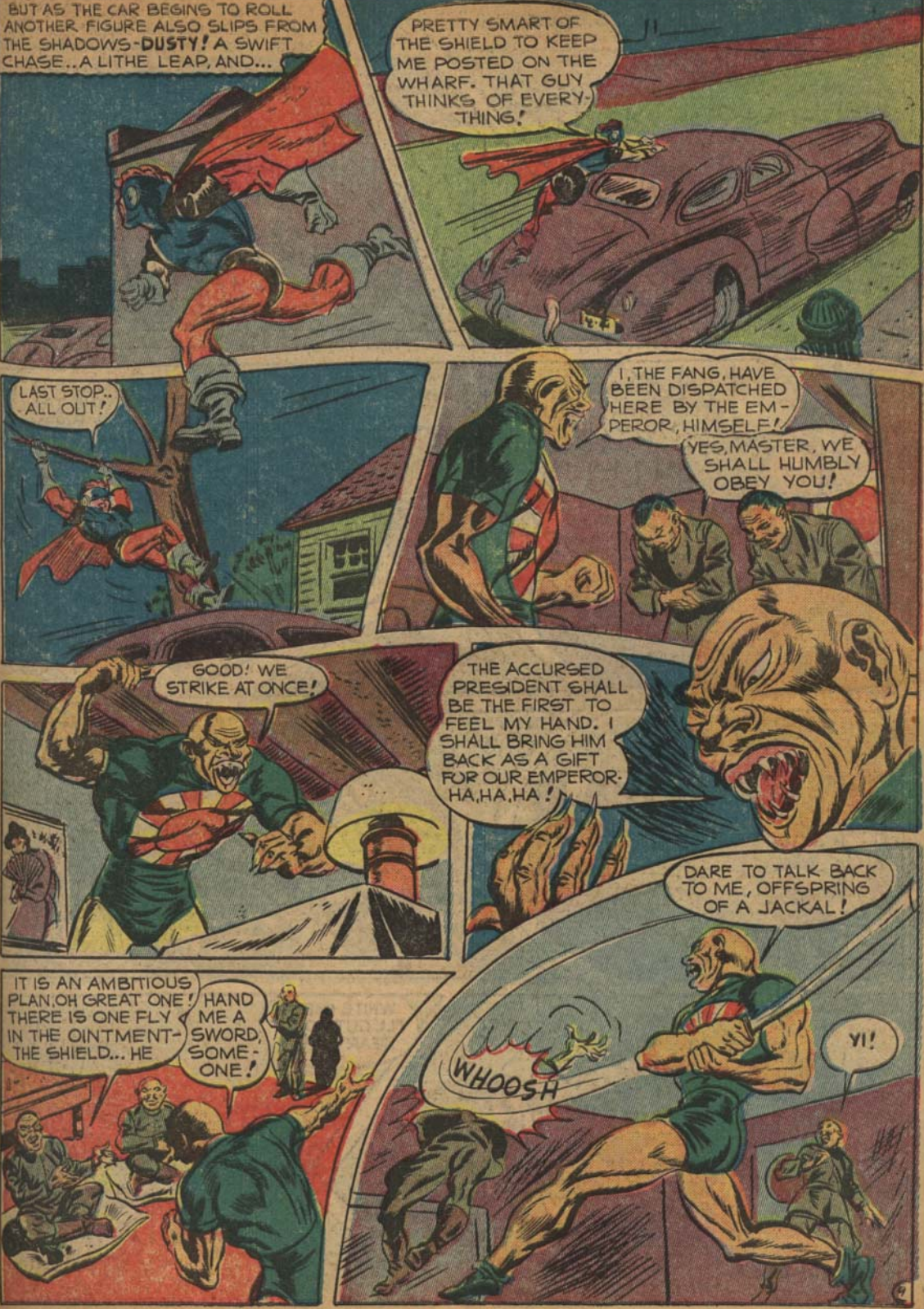
DARE TO TALK BACK TO ME, OFFSPRING OF A JACKAL!

IT IS AN AMBITIOUS PLAN, OH GREAT ONE! THERE IS ONE FLY IN THE OINTMENT- THE SHIELD... HE

HAND ME A SWORD, SOMEONE!

WHOOSH

YI!







WELL, YOU'RE CERTAINLY GETTING OFF TO A BAD START!

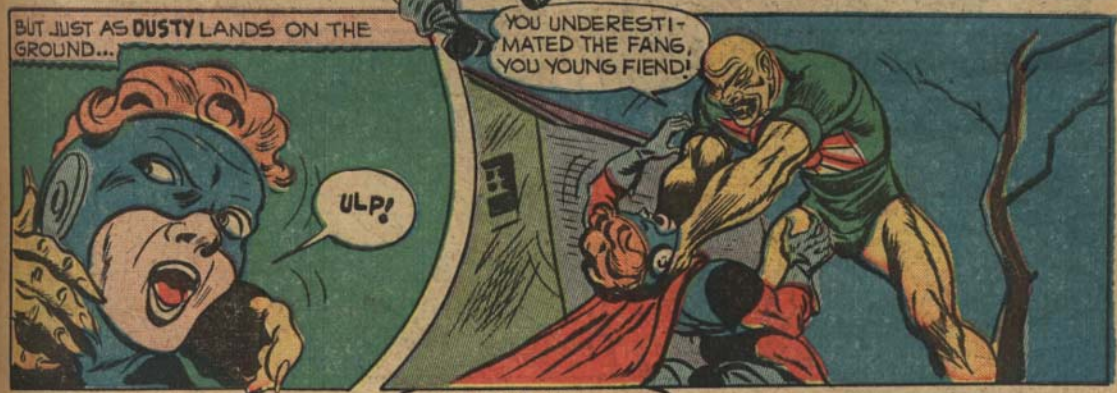
NOW, I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REALLY FANCY CUTTING!

VIPE!



S'LONG, FROG-FACE, I'LL BE SEENIN' YOU!

WOW, GOOD THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND SUKINAKI JIVE OR I MIGHT BE INSULTED!



BUT JUST AS DUSTY LANDS ON THE GROUND...

YOU UNDERESTIMATED THE FANG, YOU YOUNG FIEND!

ULP!



AND THAT WAS A FATAL ERROR...HA, HE GROWS LIMP... A LITTLE MORE PRESSURE, AND...

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT BOY, FANG!

THE... THE SHIELD!



FLEE, MASTER, IT IS USELESS TO GIVE HIM BATTLE!

COME BACK, SWINE!

HE IS AN UNCONQUERABLE DEMON!

I, THE FANG, FEAR NO MAN ON EARTH! I CHALLENGE YOUR SUPER-STRENGTH, SHIELD!



AND I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!

WHAM



OOMPH!



BAH... SO THIS IS THE UNCONQUERABLE DEMON! A FRAUD, AND A DEAD ONE SOON!



NOT SO FAST, UGLY!



THANKS, DUSTY. NOW I'LL PICK UP FROM HERE!

CRACK



AND JUST THEN..

COME ON, MEN.. THE SHIELD'S GOT THE BIG SHOT!

WE TRIED TO KEEP UP WITH YOU AFTER YOU LEFT US. BUT YOU WERE GOING LIKE A BAT OUT OF HADES!

AND A GOOD THING, TOO.. I CAME JUST IN TIME!

JUST A MINUTE, UGLY! IS THAT YOUR MEDAL ON THE GROUND?



SUCKER!

HA, HA, HE SURE FELL FOR THAT ONE. WELL, LET'S GET BACK TO OUR LAB, DUSTY!

LATER..

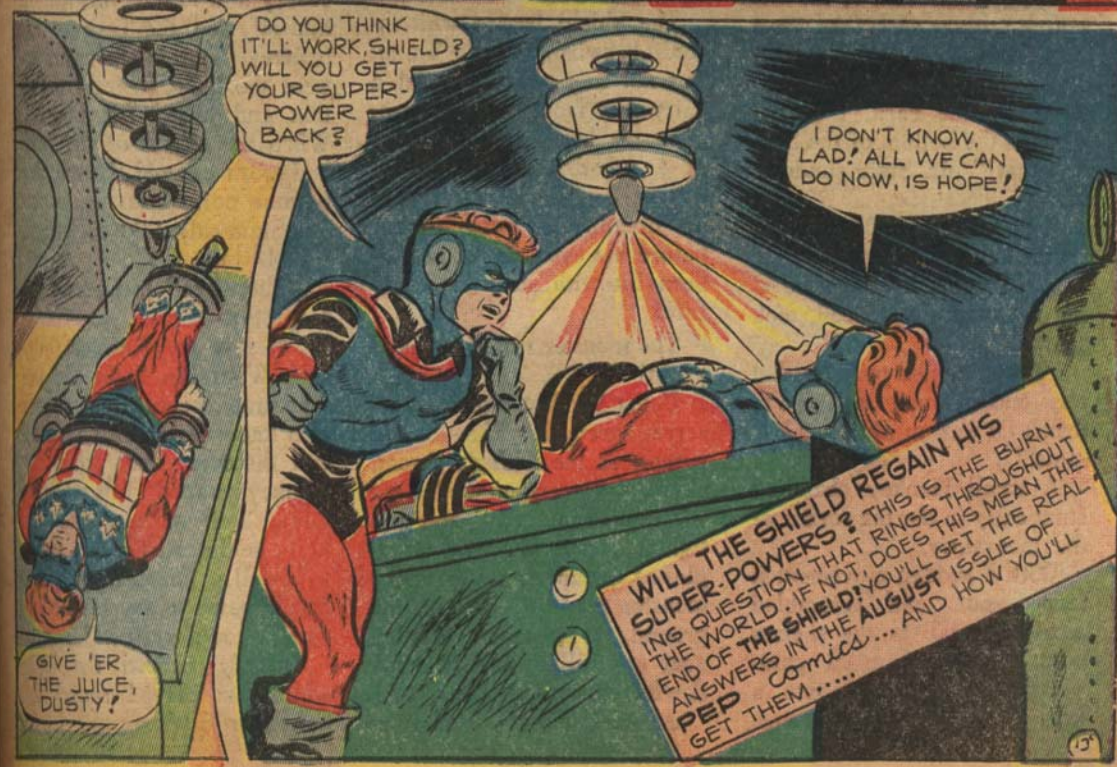
OKAY, KID! EVERYTHING'S SET!



DO YOU THINK IT'LL WORK, SHIELD? WILL YOU GET YOUR SUPER-POWER BACK?

I DON'T KNOW, LAD! ALL WE CAN DO NOW, IS HOPE!

GIVE 'ER THE JUICE, DUSTY!



**WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS?** THIS IS THE BURNING QUESTION THAT RINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. IF NOT, DOES THIS MEAN THE END OF THE SHIELD? YOU'LL GET THE REAL ANSWERS IN THE AUGUST ISSUE OF PEP Comics... AND HOW YOU'LL GET THEM.....

# THE GROTESQUE MONKEY

## A SHIELD STORY

**JOE HIGGINS** stared with horror at the contents of the iron cage. The police inspector at his side blanched, and his hand shook with fright as he automatically reached for his notebook.

Silhouetted in the glare of the daylight lamps, standing between the two men was Mr. Stain, his delicate hands as white as his long-sleeved jacket.

"You are Dr. Latham's assistant?" queried the inspector. He was making notes with the stub of a pencil in a small notebook.

"Yes, I am," answered Mr. Stain.

"Tell us exactly what happened."

"I left the laboratory an hour ago, and went to the Research Library across the street . . . for some material on an experiment we're doing, and when I came back, I found, lying at the bottom of the cage . . . that!" Mr. Stain shuddered.

"But what is it?" asked the Inspector.

Joe Higgins, his brain working with lightning speed, took charge.

"That mangled pulp of what was once human is Dr. Latham; he was an old friend of mine."

A small monkey chattered frantically in the far corner of the laboratory.

With a sudden movement it leaped out, and scrambled along the wall to the shelves covered with chemical paraphernalia. It reached into a box, as if searching for some-

thing, and then with a shrill cry held up a herb covered with fungus.

"Catch that monkey!" screamed Mr. Stain.

The laboratory assistant chased the monkey out of the house, and Joe Higgins dove after him.

All at once a horrible shrieking shattered the air from behind the clump of cypress trees.

In a trice, Joe Higgins was in his Shield uniform, racing toward the hellish shrieking. Suddenly, he burst upon a scene that would chill the marrow of the dead.

A gigantic gorilla was crushing the mangled body of Mr. Stain, and with a horribly guttural laugh dashed it against a tree.

The Shield leaped with incredible swiftness at the Thing. But not in time to prevent a hairy paw from bearing down upon his head with the force of a pile-driver. The Shield staggered and chokily caught his breath. All swam dizzily before his eyes. Never had he been hit with such force before!

The monster raised its hand again!

Using his last ounce of reserve strength, The Shield sprang at the Thing's throat, clamped down upon the beast's windpipe, squeezed tighter and tighter against the wild struggles of the ape, until the hairy monster collapsed to the ground, its strangled, demaniacal cry falling like an ugly flowing cape about The Shield.

A quick change, and once

again Joe Higgins stood forth ready to greet the Inspector and the police who came running up. With unbelieving eyes they looked at the dead gorilla!

It was shrinking!

Shrinking into the form of the little monkey that had escaped from the laboratory!

"But what happened?" asked the Inspector in hushed tones, later when they gathered round the large table at headquarters.

"I'll tell you," volunteered Joe Higgins.

"My friend, Dr. Latham had written me that he'd discovered a herb which could affect the glands of a monkey, and make it grow to unusual proportions. His assistant, Mr. Stain knew of the Doctor's discovery and to obtain it all for himself, fed the herb to the monkey. The monkey underwent the horrible transformation and killed Dr. Latham. When the effects of the herb had worn off and the monkey became normal in size again, Mr. Stain called the police and myself in. . . ."

"But why?" interposed the Inspector.

"Merely to exonerate himself. What Mr. Stain did not take into account was that I also knew of Dr. Latham's secret discovery. And when the monkey escaped while we were there, and ate more of the herb, he disposed of Mr. Stain as well. Fortunately, The Shield came to my rescue before it could get me!"

Nobody noticed the little smile that played round the corners of Joe's mouth.



# THE HANGMAN

**CAN A BATTLESHIP BE STOLEN?**  
YES, WE MEAN ACTUALLY STOLEN AS THOUGH IT WERE A WALLET OR A PIECE OF JEWELRY. NEVER HAS AMERICA'S GREATEST FOE, CAPT. SWASTIKA, EMBARKED UPON A MORE FANTASTIC MISSION... AND NEVER HAS HIS ONLY NEMESIS, THE HANGMAN, BEEN CONFRONTED WITH A MORE DANGEROUS TASK IN THIS INCREDIBLE TALE OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION...



OPENING SCENE - A COURTROOM WHERE A FIFTH COLUMNIST IS BEING TRIED...

HAVE THE JURYMEN REACHED A VERDICT?

WE FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY!

DEFENDANT, STAND UP AND HEAR YOUR SENTENCE!

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF TREASON AND SABOTAGE. THE DECISION OF THE COURT... THAT YOU BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL DEAD!

DAYS LATER, IN THE CELL OF THE CONDEMNED MAN...

LOOK... YOU CAN STILL SAVE YOUR NECK IF YOU'LL TELL US WHERE SWASTIKA IS AND WHAT HIS PLANS ARE!

BAH! YOU THINK I AM SOFT LIKE YOU YANKEE PIGS. THE NAZIS ARE MEN OF IRON. WE KNOW HOW TO LIVE AND WE ARE NOT AFRAID TO DIE.. GET OUT!

WELL, THAT'S THAT.. LOOKS LIKE HE WON'T TALK!

YEAH, JUST ANOTHER SAP TAKING THE RAP FOR CAPT. SWASTIKA!

IT'S NO USE, WARDEN. THAT SPY'S A CLAM. WE TRIED EVERYTHING!

NO.. NOT EVERYTHING, GENTLEMEN!

LET ME HAVE A WORD WITH HIM, WARDEN. I'M VERY INTERESTED IN CAPT. SWASTIKA'S PLANS TOO, YOU KNOW

HMM... I DON'T THINK YOU CAN ACCOMPLISH ANYTHING - BUT GO AHEAD AND TRY!

HA! IMAGINE DOSE FOOL  
F.B.I. MEN TRYING TO  
FRIGHTEN ME --  
A TRUE ARYAN!



SUDDENLY, A GRUE -  
SOME SHADOW CROSSES  
THE PURE ARYAN'S FACE -  
THE SIGN OF THE  
GALLOWS..



YOU NO DOUBT HAVE HEARD  
OF ME, HANS WAGNER. I  
AM CALLED -THE  
HANGMAN!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
VANT ?



I WANT TO  
TELL YOU IN DETAIL  
JUST WHAT IT MEANS  
TO BE HANGED. THERE  
IS THAT FIRST AWFUL  
MOMENT WHEN THEY  
KNOT THE ROPE  
AROUND YOUR  
NECK!

THEN THE TRAP DOOR IS  
RELEASED BENEATH  
YOUR QUIVERING  
FEET...



IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOUR NECK  
WILL SNAP... IF NOT, YOU'LL  
DANGLE THERE FOR A  
SEEMING ETERNITY...



...DANGLE TILL YOUR EYES  
POP OUT... TILL YOU'D SELL  
YOUR SOUL FOR BUT ONE  
WHEEZING GASP OF BREATH.  
...YOU'LL DIE A THOUSAND  
DEATHS, HANS!



NO! NO! I  
DON'T WANT TO  
DIE DAT VAY. SAFE  
ME, HANGMAN... I'LL  
TELL EFFERYTHING  
I KNOW!



WELL,  
HANGMAN,  
ANY RESULTS?

PLENTY... IT  
SOUNDS CRAZY  
BUT I BELIEVE  
IT!



TONIGHT CAPT SWASTIKA AND HIS MEN ARE GOING TO STEAL OUR BIGGEST BATTLESHIP RIGHT OUT OF OUR NAVY YARD!

WHAT! STEAL A BATTLESHIP!

HAW, HAW, HAW, AND DIDN'T HE TELL YOU THAT HITLER'S REALLY SANTA CLAUS IN DISGUISE!

HE DIDN'T SELL YOU THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE, I HOPE!

CAN'T SAY THAT I BLAME THEM FOR LAUGHING... BUT WHERE SWASTIKA IS CONCERNED!



..I'M NOT MISSING UP ANY BETS. NO MATTER HOW SCREWY IT SOUNDS!



UNSEEN, ANOTHER CAR PULLS OUT OF A BLIND ALLEY AS THE HANGMAN WHIZZES BY...



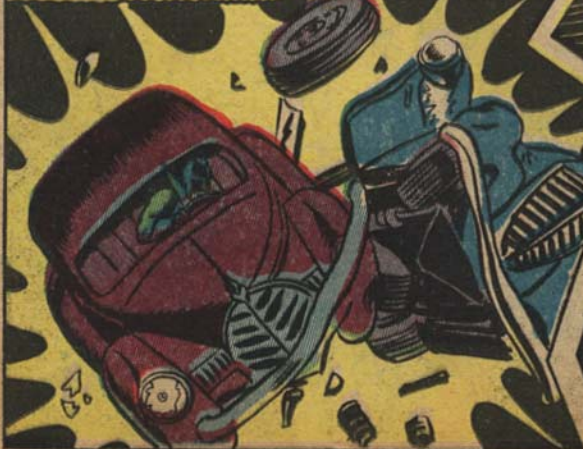
OVERTAKES HIM, AND...

WHA-

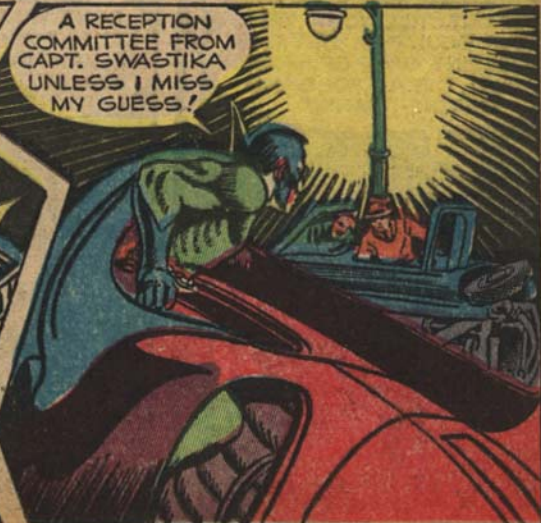
GOOTBYE, HANGMAN!



WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT THE HANGMAN SWERVES HIS CAR DIRECTLY INTO THE PATH OF HIS ASSAILANTS...



A RECEPTION COMMITTEE FROM CAPT. SWASTIKA UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS!





WELL, HE CERTAINLY HURT MY FEELINGS!

SENDING PUNKS LIKE YOU TO TAKE CARE OF ME!

WHAM

BAM

POW

CRACK



I THOUGHT HE HAD MORE RESPECT FOR ME THAN THAT!

OKAY, BOYS, YOUR ACT IS OVER!

SO TAKE A BOW!

CLUMP

CRUNCH



HANGMAN! WHAT'S HAPPENING OVER HERE?

IT ALREADY HAPPENED, OFFICER!

THOSE MEN ARE NAZIS - CAPT. SWASTIKA'S SPIES. THEY TRIED TO STOP ME FROM GETTING TO THE NAVY YARD!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!

HOP IN, HANGMAN! I'LL GET YOU TO THE NAVY YARD!

THANKS, OFFICER! NOW I KNOW I HAVE TO GET THERE IN A HURRY!

POLICE

P.D. REG. NO. 7

YOU KNOW, YOUR VOICE  
SOMEHOW SOUNDS FAMILIAR.  
SAY, WHY DO YOU KEEP YOUR  
FACE TURNED AWAY ALL  
THE TIME?

THIS IS WHY,  
HANGMAN!  
CAPT. SWASTIKA...  
OOOOOH!

YOU WERE RIGHT, HANGMAN... I  
DO HAVE MORE RESPECT THAN TO  
TRUST YOUR CAPTURE TO  
BUNGLING ASSISTANTS!

POLICE

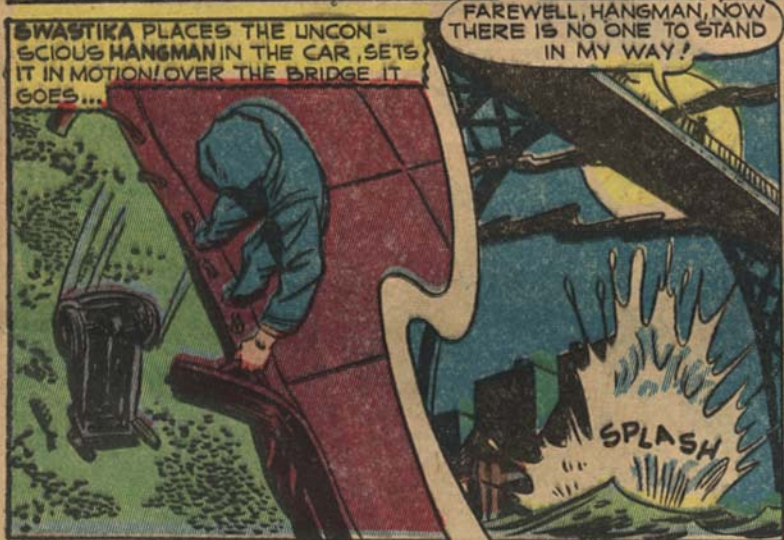
THUMP



SWASTIKA PLACES THE UNCON-  
SCIOUS HANGMAN IN THE CAR,  
SETS IT IN MOTION! OVER THE BRIDGE IT  
GOES...

FAREWELL, HANGMAN, NOW  
THERE IS NO ONE TO STAND  
IN MY WAY!

THE POLICEMAN I STOLE  
THESE CLOTHES FROM WILL  
NEVER HAVE USE FOR HIS  
UNIFORM AGAIN... SO OVER  
IT GOES, TOO... HA, HA, HA...



MEANWHILE, THE IMPACT OF  
THE WATER HAS REVIVED THE  
HANGMAN...

MY HANDS AND  
FEET... THEY'RE BOUND.  
I CAN KEEP AFLOAT IF I  
KEEP MOVING MY LEGS!

G...GETTING  
TIRED... CAN'T  
KEEP THIS UP  
MUCH LONGER...  
GUESS SWASTIKA  
WINS TH... THE  
FINAL HAND!

(GASP)  
WH... WHA...  
(SPUTTER)  
WHAT...  
HAPPENED?



THEN, AS A LAST INSPIRATIONAL RESORT THE HANGMAN ALLOWS HIMSELF TO SINK...



FRANTICALLY, WITH HIS STRENGTH FAST WANING HE SAVES HIS BONDS AGAINST THE BROKEN WIND-SHIELD..



SUCCESS..



THAT (GASP) WAS AS CLOSE (WHEEZE) TO MY FINISH AS I EVER (SPUTTER) WANT TO GET!



OUR SCENE CHANGES.. A LONE SENTRY PACES HIS POST BEFORE THE ENTRANCE TO A PIER-SHED AT THE NAVY YARD...



SUDDENLY...



AW.. YA KILLED HIM, SWASTIKA.. YA PROMISED TO LET ME 'FINISH 'IM OFF MYSELF!



QUIET, ICE-PICK, YOU'LL GET YOUR FUN SOON... GET INTO HIS CLOTHING!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! NOW. NO SLIP-UPS!

DON'T WORRY, CAP.. I'LL DO MY PART!



KEEPING IN THE SHADOWS, ICE-PICK MAKES HIS WAY UP THE GANG-PLANK...

SENTRY WHY HAVE YOU LEFT YOUR POST?

WELL, LIEUTENANT, IT'S LIKE THIS..





SAY, SOMETHING  
QUEER ABOUT YOU.  
TURN AROUND SO  
I CAN HAVE A  
LOOK AT YOU!

AAGLL

SURE,  
TAKE A GOOD  
LOOK 'CAUSE  
IT'S YOUR LAST,  
HAW, HAW!

GOOD WORK,  
ICE-PICK! NOW TO  
GET RID OF THAT  
ONE QUIETLY!

THAT'S MY  
SPECIALTY, CAP,  
GETTIN' RID OF  
GUYS QUIETLY!

FIRST, I'LL  
UNSCREW  
THIS ICE-  
PICK O'  
MINE, LIKE  
THIS!

BOYBOY  
AM I HAVIN'  
FUN TONIGHT!

G-G-G-H-H-U-U

LOWER THE ROPE  
LADDER, ICE-PICK. I'  
GIVE THE SIGNAL!

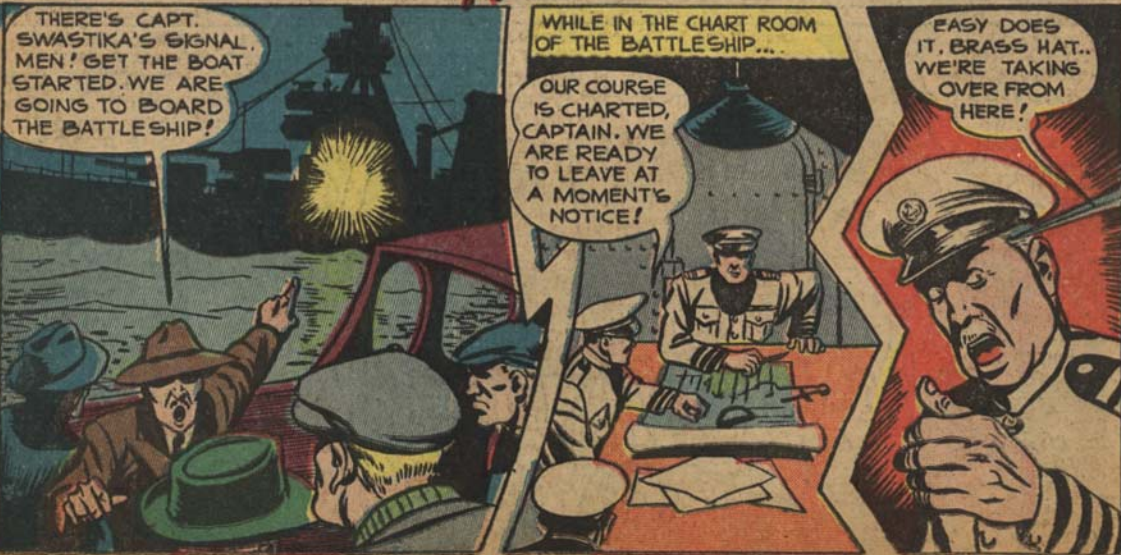


THERE'S CAPT.  
SWASTIKA'S SIGNAL.  
MEN! GET THE BOAT  
STARTED. WE ARE  
GOING TO BOARD  
THE BATTLESHIP!

WHILE IN THE CHART ROOM  
OF THE BATTLESHIP...

OUR COURSE  
IS CHARTED,  
CAPTAIN. WE  
ARE READY  
TO LEAVE AT  
A MOMENT'S  
NOTICE!

EASY DOES  
IT, BRASS HAT..  
WE'RE TAKING  
OVER FROM  
HERE!





CAPT. SWASTIKA!  
AH...I SEE YOU KNOW ME BY REPUTATION.THAT MAKES THINGS EASIER.. YOU KNOW I MEAN BUSINESS!



SUMMON ALL MEN ON DECK ... AT ONCE!

I DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO SWASTIKA, BUT YOU'VE OVER-REACHED YOUR-SELF THIS TIME!



WHEEE WHEEE WHEEE  
HOLY CATS! WHAT A TIME TO CALL US FOR INSPECTION



WHAT IS THIS NAVY COMIN' TO ANYWAY ?



WHAT IS THIS, A GAG ? WHERE IS THE CAPTAIN?

MAYBE THIS IS A NEW KIND A DRILL!

SUDDENLY...

STAY WHERE YOU ARE EFFERY-BODY!

WHAT IN...

HOLY JOE!

VUN FALSE MOOF UND YE SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE DOGS!

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN, MEET YOUR NEW COMMANDER: CAPT SWASTIKA ! FROM NOW ON YOU ARE IN THE SERVICE OF THE GERMAN NAVY, HA,HA,HA!



UNDER THE MENACING GUNS OF SWASTIKASMEN , THE SAILORS ARE HERDED INTO CAPTIVITY...



HEIL ,FUHRER! YOUR SERVANT, CAPT SWASTIKA HAS DONE THE IMPOSSIBLE... I CAN'T FAIL NOW... I CAN'T!



I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE OF THAT, SWASTIKA. YOU'VE STILL GOT THE HANGMAN TO RECKON WITH!



WARNED BY SOME INSTINCT, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS, DUCKS, AND...



GOTCHA NOW..... OOF!



AWR!

POW

THEN BACK TO THE MACHINE GUN JUST IN TIME TO 'QUIET' SWASTIKA'S ONRUSHING MEN...



BANG

TAT TAT TAT TAT TAT

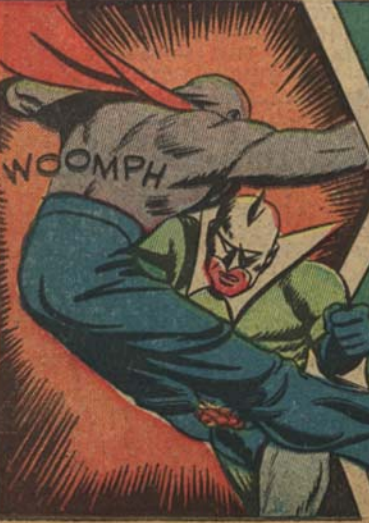


THERE GOES SWASTIKA, SAVING HIS OWN HIDE AS USUAL!



THE FIENDS TAKE THE HANGMAN...HE'S CATCHING UP WITH ME!

BANG



WOOMPH



SPLAT



BONG

I'M GOING TO  
RID MYSELF ONCE  
AND FOR ALL  
OF... WHAT  
WAS THAT?  
FOOTSTEPS!



OOOH,  
MY HEAD!

NEXT DAY...  
WUXTRY!  
READ ALL  
ABOUT IT..  
HANGMAN  
ARRESTED!

INCREDIBLE!  
TRYING TO  
STEAL A  
BATTLE-  
SHIP!



I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T  
BEAR OUT THE HANGMAN'S  
STORY.. IT WAS I, MYSELF,  
WHO MANAGED TO OVER-  
COME ONE OF THE SPIES  
- AND FREE MY MEN!



YOU SEE HOW PALPABLY  
FALSE THE HANGMAN'S  
STORY IS, LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.  
THERE IS NOT ONE SHRED  
OF EVIDENCE TO SUPPORT  
HIS FAIRY TALE.. THERE CAN  
BE ONLY ONE VERDICT!..



THE DAY OF THE TRIAL..

AND YOU STILL MAINTAIN,  
HANGMAN, THAT YOU WERE  
NOT IN ON THIS PLOT  
WITH CAPT. SWASTIKA!

NEXT  
WITNESS,  
PLEASE!

YES... I  
WAS TRYING TO  
PREVENT  
HIM, I TELL  
YOU!



GUILTY! HA, HA, THIS IS THE  
BIGGEST JOKE YET. I COULDN'T  
GET RID OF HIM MYSELF, SO  
THE POLICE DO. A WONDER-  
FUL EXAMPLE OF HOW  
DEMOCRACY WORKS!

THE HANGMAN'S GOING TO BE HANGED! THIS IS TOO GOOD FOR ME TO MISS...CAPT. SWASTIKA SHALL BE ONE OF THE AUDIENCE!



WHILE IN THE HANGMAN'S CELL...

HANGMAN, THIS IS ABSURD! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO YOU!



LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE ALREADY DONE IT, THEL!

IT ISN'T MY OWN FATE THAT WORRIES ME, THELMA, IT'S THAT CAPT. SWASTIKA IS STILL LOOSE TO PREY ON AMERICA!



OH, HANGMAN (sob) I... I LOVE YOU (sob) THEY CAN'T TAKE YOU AWAY FROM ME!



PLEASE, THELMA, TRY TO BE BRAVE!

THE DAY OF RECKONING...

YOU GO NOW TO MEET YOUR MAKER. CLEANSE YOUR HEART OF BITTERNESS, MY SON!



I'M NOT BITTER, FATHER!

HAVE YOU ANY LAST REQUESTS, HANGMAN?



YES, WARDEN, JUST ONE!

I WANT TO SEE THE AUDIENCE THAT IS GOING TO VIEW MY EXECUTION!



WHAT? HMM... AN UNUSUAL REQUEST, BUT I SEE NO HARM IN ALLOWING YOU!

THE HANGMAN IS ESCORTED TO A ROOM WHERE THE REPORTERS ARE GATHERED.



ONE SIDE, GENTLEMEN, I THINK I SEE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!



OFF WITH THAT HAT YOU...AH, JUST AS I THOUGHT---CAPT. SWASTIKA!

YOU FELL FOR IT, SWASTIKA - HOOK LINE AND SINKER...I KNEW YOU'D SHOW UP FOR MY HANGING... OOF. HE'S SLIPPING OUT OF HIS COAT!



YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT ME YET, HANGMAN!

FRANTICALLY, CAPT. SWASTIKA FLEES THROUGH THE FIRST OPEN DOOR HE SEES...



ALONG THE CORRIDOR, THE CHASE CONTINUES UNTIL SWASTIKA DARTS INTO A ROOM...

HE'S TRAPPED! HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE EXECUTION ROOM!

JUST THE SAME, I WON'T BE SATISFIED UNTIL WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS ON HIM!

STAND BACK, EVERYBODY, WE'RE GETTING INTO THAT CHAMBER!



GREAT JUPITER!  
HE'S HANGED  
HIMSELF!

IF THAT ISN'T THE  
HEIGHT OF IRONY? HE  
CAME TO ATTEND MY  
HANGING... AND WALKED  
RIGHT INTO HIS OWN NOOSE!

HE'S NOT DEAD YET! HE'S  
STILL BREATHING, BUT  
FAINTLY!

WHAT'S THIS  
ALL ABOUT? WHO  
IS SUPPOSED TO  
BE HANGED  
ANYWAY?

YEAH!  
WHAT ABOUT  
YOU, HANGMAN?  
WHO WHAT.

EASY, FELLOWS.  
I'LL LET THE  
WARDEN EXPLAIN.

THE WHOLE THING WAS A  
GIGANTIC HOAX, GENTLEMEN, TRIAL  
AND ALL - THE HANGMAN'S IDEA TO  
DRAW CAPT. SWASTIKA OUT  
OF HIDING!

WOW... WATTA  
STORY!

NEXT DAY  
I STILL DON'T  
FORGIVE YOU  
FOR NOT LET-  
TING ME IN ON  
IT, BOB!

I'M  
SORRY,  
THEL!

BUT EVERYTHING DEPENDED  
ON THE STRICTEST SECRETARY  
IT WORKED EVEN BETTER THAN  
I THOUGHT. IT MADE YOU TELL  
ME SOMETHING - OR HAVE  
YOU FORGOTTEN?

THE HANGMAN  
APPEARS ONLY IN PEP  
and HANGMAN Comics

# BAIT FOR THE GALLOWS

## A HANGMAN STORY

**P**OLECAT Carson stirred uneasily in his chair. Suddenly, he listened intently. He leaped to the window and peered outside through a slit in the window-shade. No, nobody down there! Nothing but the street-lamp blurred on the wet pavement.

Nervously he drummed his damp fingers on the table. This waiting, waiting was making a wreck of him! He couldn't understand it! A week ago he bumped off Louie Fletcher, and the night before last he plugged Snake-Eyes Polchik. Only Rats Walker to dispose of and then he'd be the big-shot!

But something was going wrong! He couldn't make it out; there hadn't been a line in the newspapers about the murders! And not a stir from the cops! Surely Louie and Snake-Eyes were big enough to rate the front-page! Polecat sweated as he thought about it! No one was on his tail! Nobody asked any questions or asked for his alibi!

One more thing made it more fear-making than anything else. His trusted henchmen had disappeared—completely.

Here he hid in his two-room apartment, just waiting for the chance to go out and give Rats his. But what was the use of hiding out when no one was chasing him?

Suddenly Polecat felt a blast of chilly air across his face. Swiftly he reached for his rod and looked up. Framed in the doorway stood a forbidding figure: a huge mus-

cular man, swathed in a black cape.

"Y-you here again? L-leave me alone, willya!" Polecat stuttered, his gun waving nervously.

"No one can escape The Hangman," answered the dark figure accusingly. "Give yourself up . . . confess to your crimes. . . ."

"Never!" shrieked Polecat hysterically. "I didn't do it! I didn't do nothing!"

He pulled the trigger. A shot rang out, and the room filled with acrid smoke. In blind dread Polecat sprang for the door. The Hangman was gone!

"That guy's getting too much for me," whispered Polecat. "I'm gettin' outa here! Now's the time to get rid of Rats Walker for good!"

A short time later, Polecat stepped out of the bathroom in Rats' apartment. Behind him, inside the tub, covered with water lay Rats' drowned body.

"Easy does it!" muttered the murderer. "Now there'll be no more splitting of the shake-down dough! It'll be all mine!

Polecat switched off the light, and turned the door-knob. Suddenly a yellow glow penetrated the room. Polecat started back in terror. Etched on his face was the shadow of the gallows—the mark of the harbinger of doom to criminals, The Hangman!

"I warned you," said The Hangman grimly, "your number's up!"

"I'll make sure of your number this time," screamed Polecat. In a maniacal fury,

he fired his revolver through his coat pocket. "I'll kill you! —I'll kill you!"

The Hangman side-stepped the shot and lurched out with a smashing fist. Polecat's body jarred to the wall, but he kept firing. As The Hangman advanced, Polecat shot again and again. But The Hangman disregarded the hot bullets.

He delivered another punch, this one to the stomach! As Polecat doubled up in agony, The Hangman sent a fierce jaw-crusher to his chin! It was all over!

Later at headquarters, the Sergeant scratched his head wonderingly as he locked the cringing murderer in a cell.

"Don't let him get at me again, please Sarge, willya please!" Polecat blubbered. "I'll tell everything . . . everything I know!"

Meanwhile twenty yards away in the police office, the Captain of the force stared at The Hangman.

"I'm glad we followed your advice, Hangman," said the Captain earnestly. "We knew Polecat Carson had committed those crimes, but we had no proof. We couldn't get a murmur out of his lieutenants."

"You can keep his henchmen now," answered The Hangman. "Taking them into protective custody before worried Polecat considerably. But now Polecat has incriminated them completely. A criminal always draws the noose about his own neck!"

The Captain smiled: "Yes," he remarked, "but with your help, Hangman!"

HAPPY  
NEW YEAR!

THE PEOPLE OF BURMA CELEBRATE  
THEIR NEW YEAR ON APRIL FIRST  
BY THROWING WATER ON  
EACH OTHER!



## MARRYING THE DEAD

IN CERTAIN PARTS OF CHINA IF  
A DAUGHTER DIES BEFORE SHE IS  
MARRIED AND ANOTHER FAMILY  
HAS A SON WHO DIES BEFORE HE  
IS MARRIED, THE PARENTS HAVE  
A GRAND WEDDING BETWEEN THE  
TWO - THE FAMILIES THEN THINK  
THEMSELVES RELATED!

## FROG WORSHIPPERS

AMONG SOME  
MOORISH TRIBES FROGS  
ARE HELD IN SUCH  
HIGH ESTEEM THAT,  
IF ONE IS FOUND  
IN A TENT, IT IS  
NOT INJURED BUT  
POLITELY ASKED  
TO GO AWAY!



-GOSS



# DANNY IN WONDERLAND

ANY SIGN OF  
DANNY, KUPPIE  
AND SNAPPER,  
YET?

REMEMBER,  
EVERYBODY!  
QUIET WHEN  
HE COMES!

BOY! IS  
DANNY GONNA  
BE SURPRISED?

HEY!..WHAT'S GOING ON  
HERE..ANYWAY? IS THERE  
A BLACKOUT IN WONDER-  
LAND? WAIT A MINUTE!  
WE JUST REMEMBERED!  
TODAY IS...OOPS...ALMOST  
LET IT SLIP THAT TIME,  
IT'S A SECRET..YET?  
BUT YOU'LL SOON SEE  
WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT...

ER..AH..LET'S  
TAKE A WALK  
AROUND THE  
BLOCK, DANNY!

WHAT?  
ANOTHER  
WALK?

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?  
YOU'VE BEEN WALKING  
ME FOR AN HOUR..NOW  
I'M GOING HOME!

ER..AH..GUESS I'LL GO  
HOME TOO,DANNY! MEET  
YOU THERE..S'LONG!

WELL,  
I'LL BE...

I COULDN'T HOLD  
HIM ANY LONGER.  
HE'S COMIN'!

WE'RE  
ALL READY  
FOR HIM,  
KUPPIE!

WHEW!  
BOY, AM  
I GLAD!





THE...ER...SPECIAL GUEST HAS ARRIVED GOOD FAIRY!

GOOD! SEND HER IN!



ANNOUNCING MISS ALICE OF WONDERLAND!

ALICE OF WONDERLAND?



GOLLY! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU (GULP) ALICE!

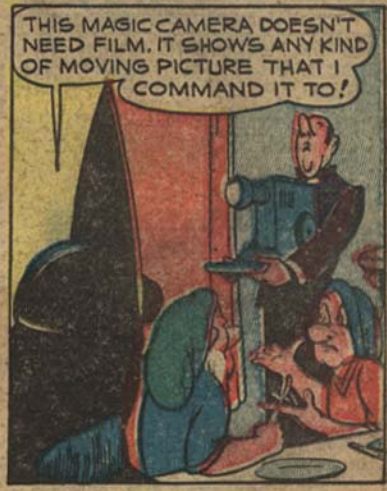
AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, DANNY (SIGH)



THOSE TWO ARE SO BUSY MOONIN' AT EACH OTHER I'LL NEVER EAT IF I WAIT FOR THEM. BRING ME MY FOOD, AND PLENTY OF IT!



AND NOW WE COME TO THE SURPRISE OF THE EVENING. JARVIS..... BRING IN THE MAGIC CAMERA!



THIS MAGIC CAMERA DOESN'T NEED FILM. IT SHOWS ANY KIND OF MOVING PICTURE THAT I COMMAND IT TO!



AND IN HONOR OF DANNY, I'M GOING TO COMMAND IT TO SHOW SOME OF DANNY'S BRAVE DEEDS FOR WHICH WONDERLAND IS SO GRATEFUL!



THE SCREEN IS UNROLLED, AND THE CAMERA STARTS TO GRIND...

WE'LL START WITH DANNY'S MOST RECENT ADVENTURES AND WORK BACK!



FIRST, HIS ADVENTURES WITH NIP VAN TWINKLE...

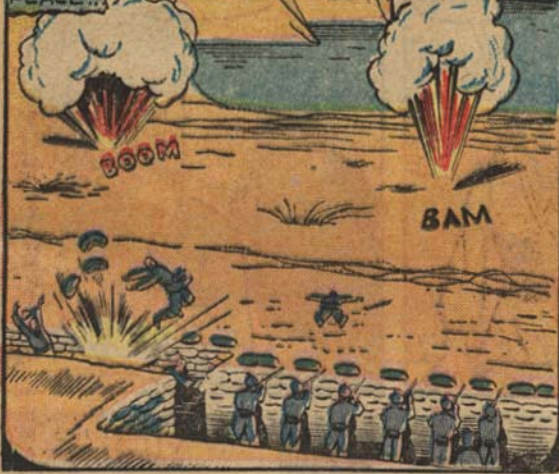
HERE WE SEE DANNY HELPING THE TIMID LION...



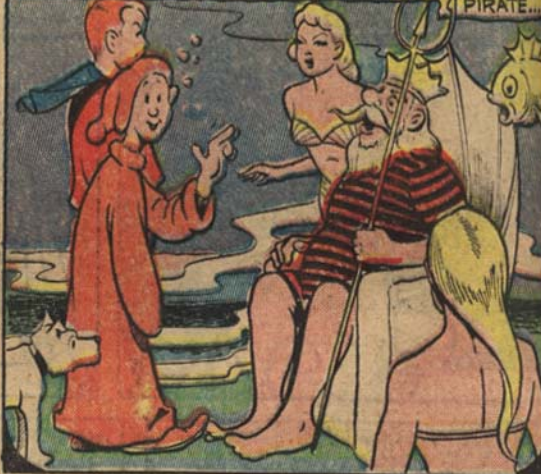
NOW DANNY IS PREPARING TO LEAVE BOOGIE-WOOGIE LAND...



...AFTER PUTTING TO A HALT A HORRIBLE BLOODY WAR AND LEAVING IT A LAND OF PEACE...



DANNY BEING THANKED BY KING NEPTUNE FOR RIDDING THE SEAS OF BLACK BART, THE PIRATE...



DANNY'S FRIEND, THE GENIE, WHO HELPED HIM RID US OF HOGWASH, THE MAGICIAN, THE SCOURGE OF WONDER-LAND...



DANNY IN BACKWARDS LAND. AS YOU ALL KNOW, HE SUCCEEDED IN DETHRONING THE TYRANNICAL, MAD KING...



THE BEGINNING  
OF HIS MOST  
THRILLING AD-  
VENTURE...



WHEN YOU  
FOUGHT THE ONE  
EYED GIANT.....  
REMEMBER,  
DANNY?



'I'LL NEVER  
FORGET,' BOY.  
I THOUGHT I  
WAS A GONER.  
THEN!



HERE YOU ARE  
RIDDING US OF WONDERLAND'S  
WORST KIDNAPPER, DANNY. HE  
LURED BAD CHILDREN AWAY  
AND MADE THEM INTO  
DONKEYS!

HOW HAPPY YOU MADE ALL  
THOSE POOR MOTHERS WHEN  
YOU RETURNED THEIR CHILD-  
REN...



SUDDENLY, THE GOOD FAIRY  
BRINGS THE SHOW TO A  
CLOSE..

BOY, WHAT  
A SHOW THAT  
WAS!

THE  
END

LIGHTS,  
PLEASE!

THAT IS  
ENOUGH FOR  
ONE NIGHT,  
FOLKS!

ONCE AGAIN THE GATHERING WILDLY ACCLAIMS DANNY,  
WONDERLAND'S BOY HERO...



OH, DANNY,  
YOU, YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL!

GOLLY!  
(GULP) GEE  
WHIZ!





HAW, HAW, HOW'D YA LIKE THAT, SNAPPER? THOSE TWO DON'T KNOW WHEN THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO DIM, AND SEEMINGLY FROM OUT THE MIRRORS STEP A HORRIBLE PAIR OF FIGURES...



WHA... WHA... DANNY! HELP!



HEY! LEGGO MY PAL, DANNY! THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT MIRROR, SNAPPER!



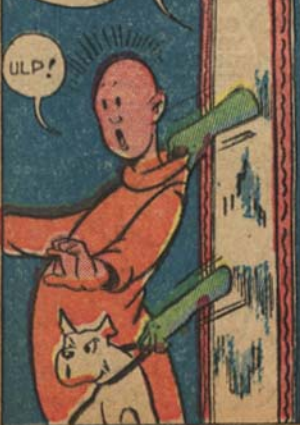
C'MON WE'LL FOLLOW THEM THROUGH... OOP...



LEMME IN! YA CAN'T DO THAT TO MY PAL!



OH, SO YOU WANNA COME IN, EH? OKAY! YOU ASKED FOR IT!



WH... WHERE ARE WE? WHERE'S DANNY?



TALK ABOUT YOUR CRAZY ADVENTURES - THIS BEATS THEM ALL.. WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO OUR FRIENDS NEXT? ARE YOU IN FOR SOME SURPRISES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS...

# SERGEANT BOYLE

ON THE ~~CENSORED~~ ~~CENSORED~~ BATTLEFRONT OF ONE OF THE ADVANCED POSITIONS IN THE PACIFIC - SERGEANT BOYLE AND A HARDY GROUP OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS ARE STEMMING THE ONRUSHING TIDE OF VASTLY SUPERIOR JAP FORCES!



SORRY TO SEE YOU GO, SLANT-EYES! HAPPY LANDINGS!

HEY! BOYLE! GENERAL WAKELY WANTS TO SEE YOU!

WE'RE SUFFERING HEAVY LOSSES, BOYLE. I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

WAIT A SEC... GENERAL! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE MOST OF THE MEN OFF THIS PENINSULA BY BOAT-







I'LL COVER YOUR RETREAT WITH A HANDFUL OF MEN. I'M SURE WE CAN HOLD OUT FOR SOME TIME!



ALL RIGHT, BOYLE! YOU ASKED FOR IT, AND YOU'RE THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

JUST LEAVE US ONE OF THOSE MOB-QUITO BOATS.....! KNOW WE CAN HOLD THE ENEMY OFF!



BOYLE, IT'S MEN LIKE YOU WHO'VE MADE OUR GALLANT STAND POSSIBLE! IT'S A BIG ORDER TO ASK EVEN OF YOU BUT I HAVE IMPLICIT FAITH IN YOU!



TAKE EVERY POSSIBLE MAN WITH YOU, SIR! THE FEWER WE ARE THE TOUGHER WE'LL BE TO FIND...OR HIT!

KEEP FIRING EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT FOR THIRTY MINUTES AND THEN MAKE YOUR ESCAPE! GOOD LUCK!



WE'RE GIVING 'EM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT SARGE!

THAT'S IT! MAKE 'EM THINK THERE'S A WHOLE ARMY UP HERE!



ONLY TEN MINUTES MEN! AND THEN WE'LL-- WELL, I'LL BE A BLUE-NOSED BABOON.... LOOK WHO'S COMIN'!



GOLLY, TWERP, WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?

AW, SARGE, I JUST COULDN'T LEAVE WITH THE OTHERS, KNOWING YOU WERE STILL BACK HERE!



OKAY, GANG! TIME'S UP! LET'S RUN FOR IT!

THAT'S WHAT I CAN DO BEST, SARGE!



FASTER, BOYLE, THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US!

THE WATER NEVER LOOKED MORE INVITING..... COME ON, FELLAS!



SUDDENLY, A SHELL ZOOMS OUT OF THE AIR...



GOSH! OUR BOAT'S GONE! THEY MUST HAVE HIT IT!

YEP, AND HERE COME THE YELLOW-BELLIES! I'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS THAN THIS, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN!



FINALLY OVERCOME BY OVERWHELMING ODDS, BOYLE AND HIS SMALL GROUP OF VALIANT SOLDIERS ARE THROWN INTO A TRANSPORT PLANE BOUND FOR A CONCENTRATION CAMP IN MANILA...



SEVERAL HOURS LATER THE TRANSPORT ARRIVES AT A MANILA AIRPORT...



THIS FILTH CAN WORK IN OUR CONCENTRATION CAMP. THEIR PRESENCE WILL RELEASE MORE OF OUR MEN FOR FIGHTING!

HEAR THAT, BOYLE? THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE US WORK IN THE CONCI-CAMP!



PERMISSION TO PASS... PRISONERS FOR THE SUN-EMPEROR!



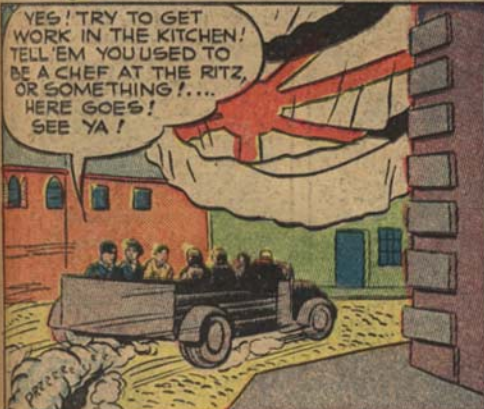
THESE PIGS WILL BE POISONED BY THE BAD FOOD! HA HA HA HA!

YES, HA HA HA HA! WE SERVE THE WORST WE CAN TO OUR PRISONERS!



PSST! TWERP! I'M WORKING THESE CORDS LOOSE!

CAN I HELP YA, SARGE?



YES! TRY TO GET WORK IN THE KITCHEN! TELL 'EM YOU USED TO BE A CHEF AT THE RITZ, OR SOMETHING!... HERE GOES! SEE YA!



THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE! ME FOR THAT IN A HURRY!



GOOD! THIS IS THE LAST BATCH OF FOOD TO GO!



I SHALL BE BACK BEFORE THE SUN HAS SET!

BE SURE TO TAKE SHORTEST ROAD TO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP!

THE CAMP! THEY WON'T MIND IF I TAG A-LONG!

YAGASAKI FOOD CO.

DESIST HONKING!  
WE HEARD YOU  
FIRST TIME!



SO THE  
CAMP'S NEAR  
THE WATER'S  
EDGE! HMM!  
THAT'S SOME-  
THING TO RE-  
MEMBER!



WHAT DETAIN YOU SO LONG  
DESPICABLE ONE?, THE GUARDS  
ARE STARVED!  
  
QUIET  
JABBERING TONGUE  
AND SHOW ME WHERE  
TO CARRY FOOD!



AN AMERIC...  
OOF!

OH, OH,  
IF THOSE  
DISHES  
LAND -  
THE  
NOISE'LL  
BRING  
THE  
WHOLE  
GARRISON



WHEW!

PLOP  
PLOP  
PLOP  
PLOP



EE GLOO  
GLONG  
NAGASAKI?

WHAT?  
PUT DOWN  
THERE'



SURE!

AMERICAN!  
STICK 'EM  
HANDS UP!



I GOT  
'IM BOYLE'

NICE GOING  
TWERP!



BOYLE!  
HOW'D YOU  
DO IT?

NO TIME  
FOR EXPLAN-  
ATIONS, WE'VE  
GOT TOO MUCH  
WORK TO DO!



HMM! KNOCK-  
OUT DROPS!...  
JUST WHAT THE  
DOCTOR ORDERED!

THE FLAVOR OF KNOCK-OUT DROPS WILL ADD A LOT TO THIS SUKI-YAKI!

BOY-OH BOY! WHAT A DINNER!

SOON AS THE GUARDS ALL TURN UP FOR CHOW, I'LL LET THE OTHERS OUT!

**BONG BONG**

DINNER GONG... MORE WELCOME THAN SOUND OF DYING AMERICAN!

AH! FOOD! BIG APPETITE ANTICIPATES BIG BELCH!

SLUP SLUP SLURP SLURP

IN AN INSTANT THE KNOCK-OUT DROPS TAKE EFFECT...

BLUB

INTO THE TRUCK QUICK! WE GOTTA GET PAST THOSE GUARDS!

????? MAN AT WHEEL NOT JAPANESE! SOUND ALARM!

BANG

BANG

**WHREEE**

DARN! THEY GOT OUR TIRES! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN FOR IT!

CALUMP CALUMP CALUMP

LET'S GO DOWN THIS WAY, MAYBE WE CAN ESCAPE IN A BOAT ON THE WATERFRONT!



HEY, LOOK AT THAT MOB OF JAPS!

WOW! WHAT DO WE DO NOW, SARGE?

WE CAN'T SNEAK PAST THESE GUYS! THEY'VE SEEN US!



LOOK! AMERICANS WE KILL THEM TILL THEY ARE DEAD - NO?

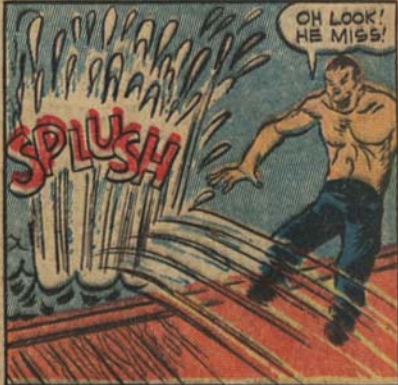
OH YES, WE KILL THEM TO LITTLE PIECES, NO?



THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US! PICK YOUR MAN, BOYS! THE OLD FLYING WEDGE FORMATION!



I DON'T LIKE THAT GUY IN THE CERISE PANTS! WATCH MY FLYING TACKLE!



OH LOOK! HE MISS!



MAYBE THIS'LL STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUR SLANT EYES!



NAW! LOOK IT JUST MAKES 'EM WORSE, SARGE!



HERE ARE SOME FISH NETS TO TIE THESE BLOKES UP IN! HEY!



THAT TAKES CARE OF THOSE GUYS... WHAT HAPPENED TO TWERP?

HERE HE IS!



SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR SWIM, TWERP - BUT WE GOTTA GET GOING!

VERY FUNNY BOYLE! NOW GET ME OUT OF HERE, YOU IDIOT!



EVERYBODY GET IN BACK? OKAY! LET'S GO!



WE'LL BE IN OPEN COUNTRY SOON BUT WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET... ANY THING CAN STILL HAPPEN!

HALT! UGH!



THIS, FOR INSTANCE! LET'S HAUL THOSE BLOCKS OUT OF THE ROAD BEFORE WE'RE SPOTTED!



HEY TWERP! WHERE YOU GOIN' ?

ER..ER.. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK, BOYLE!



LOOK, WATANABE! AMERICANS!

ERECT YOUR HANDS, PLEASE!

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF...



KEEP UP HANDS!

JAPS, JAPS, JAPS! THIS IS GETTING MONOTONOUS!



AHH CHOO

OH BOY!



BANG!

LAAGH



ATTA BOY, SARGE!

WE CAN USE THESE VINES TO HAUL THOSE BLOCKS OFF THE ROAD... SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON ?



TWERP, THAT WAS THE LUCKIEST COLD YOU EVER CAUGHT!.. GE - SUNDHEIT!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN LUCKY? I'LL PROBABLY GET PNEUMONIA. AH CHOOOO

BETTER BE ON HAND FOR THE NEXT STORY, GANG... IT'S TOPS!!

ANOTHER SMASHING TRIUMPH FOR  
THE FINEST COMIC BOOK ON THE  
STANDS! HERES WHAT YOU GET IN  
**AUGUST**

**ZIP**



**1 STEEL STERLING**

PAGE 3

in **THE DRAGONS of DOOM!!**

BARON GESTAPO IS LOOSE AGAIN!! AND HIS DREAD HAND REACHING ACROSS THE VAST PACIFIC, HOVERS OVER AMERICA'S GREATEST GENERAL LIKE A TALON OF DEATH, BUT ZIPPING TO THE RESCUE IN A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME, STEEL STERLING, MAN OF STEEL.

**2 THE WEB**

PAGE 15

in **THE COMING OF THE WEB!!....**

THE WEB IS BORN!!...HOW DID THIS UNIQUE, AWE-INSPIRING FORCE FOR JUSTICE COME INTO BEING? WHY DID HE ADOPT THE GUISE OF A WEB? THE ANSWERS ARE TOLD IN A STORY THAT REACHES A CRASHING CRESCENDO OF THRILLS AND EXCITEMENT.



**3 BLACK JACK**

PAGE 28

in **DEATH TRUMPS THE BLACK SEVEN!!**

THE BLACK SEVEN! WHO CAN EVER FORGET THIS WEIRD FIGURE POSSESSED OF THE EVIL LUCK OF THE DEVIL HIMSELF? A LUCK THAT ONCE AGAIN IS TO GLASH WITH THE WIT AND GUNNING OF THE ONLY PERSON EVER TO TRUMP IT—BLACK JACK. HERE IS A TALE AS UNFORGETTABLE AS IT IS UNUSUAL!



**WORLD WONDERS**

**4** PAGE 39

**5 WILBUR**

PAGE 40

in **FOURTH of JULY BLUES!!**

WILBUR AND FOURTH OF JULY. WHAT DOES THAT ADD UP TO? RIGHT. FIREWORKS! AND WHAT FIREWORKS! A BARREL OF TROUBLE (AS USUAL FOR WILBUR.



**BLACK WITCH**

PAGE 47

in **THE GRAVE GIVES UP ITS DEAD!**

HORROR STALKS ABROAD. AS THE DEAD DIE TWICE. THE BLACK WITCH'S CAULDRON BUBBLES AS IT NEVER BUBBLED BEFORE.

**7 ZIP'S HALL OF FAME**

"SCARSDALE JACK" NEWKIRK PAGE 54

HE FOUGHT OUR FIGHT AND DIED IN A BLAZE OF GLORY BUT HIS SPIRIT, THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA, SHALL NEVER DIE. ON TO VICTORY WITH "SCARSDALE JACK."



**ZAMBINI**

PAGE 60

in **ALL OUT FOR FREEDOM**

SHOULDERS TO THE WHEEL, AMERICA AND AFTER YOU'VE READ THIS ZAMBINI STORY, YOU'LL KEEP THAT WHEEL ROLLING. EVER ROLLING UNTIL OUR JOB IS DONE!



# Archie


by  
Montana




BOY, THIS IS THE LIFE!  
NOTHING TO DO  
BUT SIT UP HERE  
AND GET TAN  
AND EAT MY  
FAVORITE  
FRUIT!



HERE IT IS, GANG! THE STORY  
WE PROMISED YOU! ARCHIE  
ON VACATION!  
ARCHIE IS AT CAMP STULE ON  
VERONICA LAKE (OF COURSE  
THE NAME HAD NOTHING TO DO  
WITH HIS CHOICE)  
JUGHEAD HAS TALKED HIM IN-  
TO A JUNIOR COUNSELOR'S JOB  
AND RIGHT NOW ALL IS PEACE  
... BUT DON'T GO AWAY!



ON THE BEACH, THE HEAD COUNSELOR IS  
PREPARING TO TAKE A VISITING PARENT  
FOR HER FIRST CANOE RIDE...



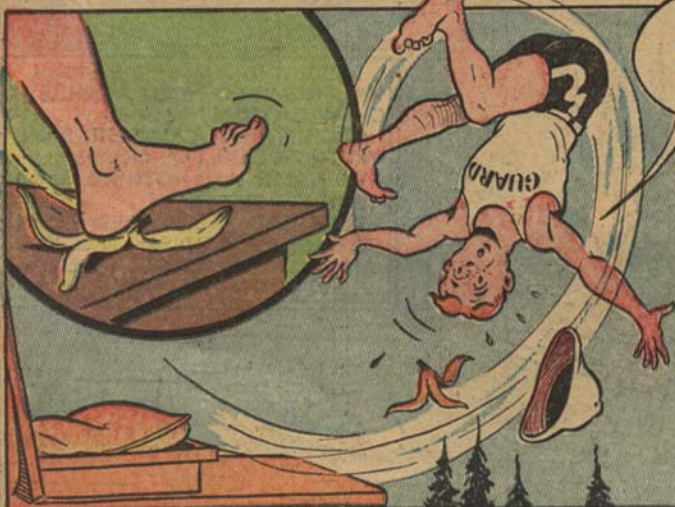
OH, THIS IS SO  
THRILLING!



OH, WE'RE ALWAYS  
GLAD TO HAVE MOTHERS  
VISIT OUR CAMP!



*Suddenly*



HOLY SMOKE! MUST BE AN AIR RAID!







NOW DON'T  
LOSE SIGHT OF  
ME OR YOU'LL  
GET LOST!

COME ON, YOU  
FELLAS! DON'T LOSE  
SIGHT---HEY! HEY! HEY....  
FELLAS, WHERE ARE  
YOU?

HEY, HELLO!  
HELLOOOO  
**HEY!**  
GULP! I'M LOST!

MUCH LATER

AND STILL LATER...

'S A SHAME TO  
DIE SO YOUNG.  
WONDER HOW  
THEY'LL FIND ME?  
.....DEAD FROM  
STARVATION  
'SPOSE!

YIPPEE!  
I MADE IT!  
BOY, OH BOY, AM  
I GLAD TO SEE  
OUR CAMP!

HEY, FELLAS!

"GULP"

OOOH!  
A BOY!

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING IN  
CAMP WINNEBANANA?  
DON'T YOU KNOW  
THIS IS A GIRLS  
CAMP!

I THOUGHT  
IT WAS MY  
CAMP. I'M LOST  
...I...I DON'T SUP-  
POSE YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING TO EAT  
BEFORE I GO BACK  
INTO THE WOODS?

OH! THE  
POOR BOY!

HE'S BEEN  
LOST!

AND HE'S  
STARVING!

MARY,  
GO TO THE  
KITCHEN AND  
GET SOME  
FOOD!

HERE, SIT  
HERE...WHAT  
IS YOUR  
NAME?



TEE, HEE, ISN'T THIS JUST TOO THRILLING FOR WORDS? HE'S THE FIRST BOY EVER TO STEP FOOT IN THIS CAMP, MILDRED!

YES, I'D HATE TO THINK WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF MISS PARKER EVER CAUGHT HIM HERE!

ULP!



JIGGERS, GIRLS! HERE COMES MISS PARKER NOW.. WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING- QUICK!



HERE, QUICK! PULL ON THESE BLOOMERS!

AND THIS MIDDIE BLOUSE!

HERE'S MY GREW HAT... HURRY!



AH! A NEW GIRL. WHY YOU MUST BE. SHIRLEY, THE NEW COUNCILOR. I WAS EXPECTING TOMORROW!



I JUST KNOW YOU'LL LIKE IT HERE - SHIRLEY DEAR, WE'RE JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!

SMACK



NOW, GIRLS, LET'S GATHER AROUND THE CAMP FIRE FOR...



WE WILL HAVE OUR USUAL ENTERTAINMENT. SHIRLEY, WILL YOU DO FIRST HONORS?

(GULP) WHO ME? B-BUT-- WHAT'LL I DO?



WHY, BALLET DANCING, OF COURSE YOU TOLD US ON YOUR APPLICATION THAT YOU WERE AN EXPERT BALLET DANCER. NO FALSE MODESTY, NOW!





THAT WAS LOVELY, DEARY! SO GRACEFUL WASN'T IT, GIRLS?

OH THANK YOU



THAT'S ALL FOR THIS EVENING, GIRLS! NOW EVERYONE TO THE SHOWERS BEFORE BED. REMEMBER OUR RULE... A SHOWER AT NIGHT MAKES US SLEEP TIGHT



COME, COME, NOW! NO FALSE MODESTY, LITTLE GIRL!

B-BUT WAIT!  
I.....! SPUTTER



HELLO!

EEK!  
WHO'S THAT?

SHOWERS



THERE HE IS!  
THAT'S ARCHIE!

HA, HA,  
WHAT YOU DO IN  
THOSE BLOOMERS,  
ARCHIE?



YE GODS... SHE'S A HE!  
I MEAN HE'S A SHE... I MEAN... OOH THIS IS TERRIBLE!

JUST WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS!

BOY, WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER FIND YOU!



IF THIS GETS OUT MY CAMP'S REPUTATION WILL BE RUINED... I'LL SUE YOU FOR A MILLION DOLLARS!

MY CAMP'S ALREADY RUINED, BUT DON'T WORRY- I'LL TAKE CARE NOBODY HEARS ABOUT IT!



AND HERE I WAS WORRIED THAT YOU WERE LOST IN THE WOODS.. BAH! I NEVER HAVE ANY LUCK!



NEXT DAY... DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, ARCHIE! NEXT TIME YOU APPLY FOR A COUNSELOR'S JOB YOU CAN SAY YOU'VE HAD EXPERIENCE!

ARCHIE'S STILL ON VACATION IN THE NEXT PEP GANG.. AND THAT MEANS ANOTHER FUN FEST WITH AMERICA'S FUNNIEST YOUNGESTER!

**WE DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!**

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE HISTORY OF COMICS  
SOMEONE HAS **LOST HIS SUPERPOWER!!!**



THRILL WITH THE NEW  
**SHIELD** AS HE CROSS-  
ES SWORDS WITH HIS  
GREATEST FOE.....  
**THE HUN!!!**



**SHIELD-WIZARD** NO 7

*SOMETHING SENSATIONALLY NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!!!*

**GUARDING THE FRONT LINE-AMERICA'S DOUGHBOYS**



**AND GUARDING THE HOME FRONT-AMERICA'S**

**"BOY-SOLDIERS"**



ESPECIALLY RECRUITED FOR

**PEP COMICS**

**AUGUST**

**AUGUST**

WHO ARE THE BOY SOLDIERS? WE'LL TELL YOU THIS MUCH THEY'RE DIFFERENT. PEP DEFIES ANY OTHER MAGAZINE TO IMITATE THEM!!!



# BENTLEY

OF SCOTLAND YARD



HERE IS A NEW BENTLEY MYSTERY, IN WHICH THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE CLASHES WITH THE WILY MURDERER KNOWN ONLY AS MR. X AND FOLLOWS A BLOOD TRAIL OF LURKING TERROR AND DEATH TO A SURPRISING CONCLUSION... MIDNIGHT... A LOVELY LONDON STREET AND A BODY ETCHED IN HIDEOUS OUTLINE AGAINST A GRAVEYARD FENCE!



GLORY BE! IT'S HENSHAW! AND HE'S CRUCIFIED!

ELLO? 'ELLO? ROBERTS'S REPORTING. SIR! IT-IT'S MURDER. 'ORRIBLE MURDER, IF I DO SAY SO!



Paul Cimman

NEXT MORNING BENTLEY, SCOTLAND YARD'S CELEBRATED DETECTIVE, REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF...



YOU SENT FOR ME?

LAST NIGHT ONE OF OUR MEN WAS MURDERED! TODAY WE GOT THIS NOTE IN THE MAIL...HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



X marks the spot - the guess where Death will strike next. Mr. X

SOUNDS LIKE SOME CRANK LETTER WRITER TO ME!

THAT LETTER WAS MAILED AN HOUR BEFORE THE MURDER! BENTLEY, YOU MUST FIND THIS MR. X BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!



IN THE LONELY ATTIC ROOM OF A HOUSE ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS A STRANGE FIGURE READS BY A FLICKERING, YELLOW CANDLE LIGHT...

SO SCOTLAND YARD HAS ORDERED A CITY-WIDE SEARCH FOR MR. X!



WELL, THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME! THE STUPID FOOLS!



THEY HAVE THE SECRET RIGHT BEFORE THEIR EYES. IF THEY ONLY KNEW... HA, HA, I'M TOO CLEVER FOR THEM!



THAT SAME NIGHT, ON A STREET IN PICADILLY, A "BOBBY" IS PATROLING A QUIET BEAT...



LOOKS LIKE THERE WON'T BE MUCH DOING TONIGHT!



BENTLEY ARRIVES SOON AFTER...

SUDDENLY A SHOT RINGS OUT.



MORE OF MR. X'S WORK! LOOK AT THIS, CHIEF!



I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES.. UNTIL MR. X IS CAUGHT I WILL ASSIGN TWO PATROLMEN TO EVERY BEAT!



AND SO, IN A TENSE AND ELECTRIC PERIOD OF WAITING-WAITING FOR DEATH TO STRIKE, THE POLICE DOUBLE THEIR PATROLS...



MAKES ME FEEL LIKE A FOOL, HARRY!

IT'S ORDERS! THIS MR. X IS DANGEROUS!



THAT SOUNDED LIKE GLASS BREAKING!

LET'S GO!



VANDALS, MOST LIKELY.. I'LL TAKE A LOOK INSIDE WHILE YOU KEEP GUARD!



DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY IN HERE!



A SHOT!  
IT CAME FROM  
OUTSIDE!



HE, HE  
GOT ME,  
FRED!

HE WON'T  
GET AWAY!



HE KILLED  
MY BUDDY!

THAT  
MAY BE  
MR. X!

BENTLEY  
IS CRUISING IN  
A CAR NEARBY.



WE'VE  
GOT HIM  
TRAPPED!



HA, HA, HA!  
I'M ONE JUMP  
AHEAD OF  
YOU!

SCREECH



I CAN'T LOSE  
HIM!... BUT I CAN  
KILL HIM!



THAT WAS HIS LAST  
SHOT! AND IT'LL BE  
THE LAST CHAPTER  
IN THIS MURDER  
STORY!

WITH A DESPERATE LUNGE, BENTLEY GRABS THE MURDERER...



GOT YOU!

CLAWING, GOUGING LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL, THE MURDERER FIGHTS BACK...



FIENDISHLY STRONG, HIS FINGERS TIGHTEN ON BENTLEY'S THROAT...



I'LL HAVE YOUR LIFE!



NOT WHILE I STILL HAVE MY WITS ABOUT ME!

WITH A LOW GROWL OF RAGE, THE FIEND TURNS AND FLEES. HE LEAPS FOR THE REAR OF A TRAIN PULLING OUT OF THE STATION...



HA, HA, HA!



HE'S ESCAPING!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME NOW!

THE NEXT DAY...



I HAD A GOOD LOOK AT HIS FACE. AND I JUST LOOKED THRU THE ROGUE'S GALLERY... HE'S JOHN DOHERTY, THE ESCAPED CRIMINAL!

YEARS AGO HE WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE FOR THE MURDER OF A WOMAN KNOWN ONLY AS 'LADY X'... HE SWORE VENGEANCE AGAINST THE POLICE... SAY, THAT MAP GIVES ME AN IDEA... I THINK I KNOW WHERE DOHERTY WILL STRIKE NEXT?



HERE IS THE MAP OF LONDON, SHOWING THE MURDER SITE'S THAT SO INTERESTED THE FAMOUS SLEUTH. LOOK CLOSELY! CAN YOU, TOO, SEE THE SAME CLUE BENTLEY DOES? MATCH YOUR WITS AGAINST THOSE OF THE MASTER DETECTIVE....





THAT NIGHT BENTLEY WALKS A LONDON BEAT IN THE UNIFORM OF AN ORDINARY PATROLMAN...



CITY OF LONDON

# THE SHIELD AND DUSTY

WE'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE, DUSTY!

IT'S THE BIGGEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO US YOUNGSTERS, SHIELD!

UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

TO JOIN THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" ENLIST NOW - AND SEE THE WORLD AT PEACE ONCE AGAIN!

.....

BONDS FOR SAVINGS - BONDS FOR VICTORY - BONDS FOR FREEDOM!

**BUY! BUY! BUY!**



DUSTY AND I HAVE A COUPLE OF BOOKS WE'D LIKE YOU TO SEE, GANG... THEY'LL HELP YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA!



HERE IS ONE!

AND HERE'S THE OTHER!



OVER IN GERMANY YOU'VE GOT TO READ THE FIRST ONE - WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT, IT'S DEDICATED TO DEATH..

"AND NOW, MEET THE AUTHOR... HE'LL TELL YOU A FEW THINGS ABOUT HIS BOOK..."



"YOUTH HAS NO TIME FOR PLAY, YOUTH MUST BE REGIMENTERED... BE TAUGHT HOW TO KILL FOR THE FATHERLAND.."



"THERE IS LIVING ROOM IN THIS WORLD ONLY FOR GERMANY. WE HAVE CONCENTRATION CAMPS FOR THOSE WHO THINK OTHER WISE."



"MIGHT MAKES RIGHT BOW TO GERMANY'S WILL OR BE SLAUGHTERED..."



"ALL EUROPE SHALL BE GERMANY'S BREAD BASKET..."

"WAR TO THE DEATH! UNTIL EVERY ENEMY OF THE NEW ORDER HAS BEEN EXTERMINATED!"



"THIS IS THE OTHER BOOK. GANG! WRITTEN BY THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA!"



"THE STORY OUR BOOK TELLS:"



"IS PLAYGROUNDS FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA. SO THAT THEY MAY GROW TO BE STRONG HEALTHY CITIZENS!"



"IT TELLS OF A NATION AT PLAY..A NATION AT PEACE.."



"A NATION THANKFUL FOR THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM AND PROSPERITY"



"AND THE GREATEST MESSAGE IS:"

*The Bill of Rights*  
That all men are created free and equal... endowed with the inalienable rights of freedom of speech, freedom of worship, freedom of the press.  
George Washington  
Thomas Jefferson



THESE ARE THE BOYS WHO ARE GIVING THEIR ALL TO KEEP THE AMERICAN STORY FROM BECOMING A LEGEND... **KEEPING IT ETERNALLY ALIVE....** THE AMERICAN SOLDIER ON THE FIGHTING FRONT!

AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE **"YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"** ON THE HOME FRONT. KEEP THIS BOOK FILLED. **DO IT NOW!**



Become **"A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA"**  
 BUY WAR STAMPS. THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW AND MAIL IT TO **PEP comics** -% THE SHIELD AND DUSTY - GO HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE.... EVERY ISSUE OF **PEP comics** FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

NAME (IN FULL) \_\_\_\_\_ STREET \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ CITY \_\_\_\_\_

YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD. NOV. 1942



**AMERICAN INDIANS**  
WERE THE FIRST TO EAT  
CRACKER JACK - THEY  
MADE IT BY MIXING  
POPPED INDIAN  
CORN AND MAPLE  
SURUP!



## CHEESE CANNONBALLS

IN A SEA BATTLE BETWEEN  
BRAZIL AND URUGUAY IN  
THE 19<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY THE  
CAPTAIN OF THE URUGUAY  
SHIP RAN OUT OF SHOT, SO  
HE USED **HARD, ROUND  
DUTCH CHEESES!**  
THE BRAZILIANS THOUGHT  
IT WAS SOME STRANGE  
BUT POWERFUL CANNON-  
BALL AND WERE SO  
FRIGHTENED THAT  
THEY HURRIEDLY  
SAILED AWAY!



## GIANT CAKE

THE GREAT CAKE BAKED FOR  
THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO CELEBRATE  
VICTORY IN 1730 WAS **54 FEET**  
LONG AND **24 FEET** WIDE AND  
WAS SERVED TO OVER  
**30,000 PEOPLE!**



AVIATION UTILITY



AVIATION METALLSMITH



AEROGRAPHER



RIGID AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUN CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



TURRET CAPTAIN



PRINTER



ELECTRICIAN'S MATE



PAINTER CARPENTER'S MATE PATTERNMAKER



COOK BAKER



BUGLER



PHOTOGRAPHER



BOWSIGHT



RAFT'S EFFICIENCY IN COMBAT



MACHINIST'S MATE WATER TENDER BOILERMAKER



SHIPPER'S MATE



YEOMAN



FULLY QUALIFIED STEWARD



BILLETARY



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER



COMMANDER



CAPTAIN



REAR ADMIRAL



VICE ADMIRAL



ADMIRAL



TURRET CAPTAIN



SIGNALMAN



QUARTERMASTER



MASTER DIVER



EXPERT RIFLEMAN



OFFICER'S ESQUAD OFFICER'S COOK THIRD CLASS



PARACHUTE MAN



TORPEDOMAN



FIRE CONTROLMAN



RADIOMAN

Special to the readers of **PEP COMICS**

A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF

# GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

# FREE!

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

### A NEW AMAZING INVENTION

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



**NOT A TOY—BUT A REAL PROJECTOR**  
REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

## SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR

### HOW TO GET YOUR GEN. MacARTHUR PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about FIFTY pictures of "MEET THE NAVY" together with a GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly, together with your picture portrait of General Douglas MacArthur suitable for framing.

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**M. L. J. MAGAZINES, Inc. DEPT. A**  
160 West Broadway New York City

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping. And a copy of a picture portrait, suitable for framing, of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL COST.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (print clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)

Not necessary to send coupon — A facsimile will do.

GEE what a build!  
Didn't it take a long  
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS  
Makes Muscles Grow  
Like Magic!

# Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?



LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU



5 inches  
of new  
Muscle



What a  
difference!



Here's what ATLAS  
did for ME!

John Jacobs  
BEFORE

John Jacobs  
AFTER



For quick results  
I recommend  
CHARLES  
ATLAS



GAINED  
29  
POUNDS

## CHARLES ATLAS

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in international contest—in competition with ALL men who would consent to appear against him.

This is a recent photo of Charles Atlas showing how he looks today. This is not a studio picture but an actual untouched snapshot.



## Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or how young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vice-like grip, make those legs of yours like and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE. My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

**FREE BOOK**  
"Everlasting Health and  
Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259W 115 East 23rd St., New York City.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259W**  
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

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