

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!! CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS!

NO.
31

SEPT.

PEEP

COMICS

10¢



The SHIELD



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

SPECIAL BULLETIN

I received a sad and mournful letter the other day. The club-member who wrote it advised me to give up my fight against injustice, because the Japs and Nazis are strong and the battle will be too hard without my super-powers. After stating this, the writer asked me two questions.

Question one, which asked when I expected to recover my super-powers, can be replied to by saying simply, "Your guess is as good as mine, fellow. Naturally, I'm doing my best to recover my father's formula, but only time can tell when, if ever, I'll succeed."

But I want to say more than that. I want to say that the recovery of my super-powers is only a minor issue, compared to this war going on right now. The loss of my super-powers is a thing of the past . . . like the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the loss of Bataan. And just as American soldiers are inspired to stronger battle by their losses, instead of being discouraged by them—my fight is going to be stronger and stronger until, along with our fighting men, I'll crash through to victory.

Question two asks, "Joe, you know my opinion, but what about yours? Do you think you can win your battles unaided by super-power?" I'll answer by telling a little story.

Dusty told me this one, and it happened one summer when he was at camp. The camp bully had been picking on one young fellow there . . . until the counselor suggested that the boys get into the ring and battle their arguments out. A date was set . . . and when it arrived, the boys stepped into the ring and started to fight.

Well, for the first ten minutes it looked as if the bully was going to win. But little by little the fight turned, until our young friend won hands down. It wasn't until then that the young fellow revealed he'd hurt his wrist that morning—so that every move he made was horribly painful.

Dusty asked the fellow, "Weren't you afraid that you weren't going to win?" The fellow looked at Dusty, and smiled. "I knew that if I dodged the fight, or lost the fight, I'd be bullied and ordered around all day—I'd lose my freedom! I didn't stop to think whether or not I was going to win—I knew that I had to win!"

The United Nations know that they have to win to remain free—and every one of you members of the Shield G-Man Club can help. Wars aren't completely won on the battle-field. You're doing your part by buying war stamps with every spare dime and quarter you've got, and it's a great part indeed.

Outstanding members this issue:

Charles Murphy
Box 355
Elma, Washington

Margaret Smithers
38 Winfield Avenue
Jersey City, New Jersey

Pat Geco
Wave Crest Home
Far Rockaway, New York

Melvin Famerec
Rt. 1, Algoma, Wisconsin

Willard Mallott
Spring, Texas

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Jean Cantwell
R.R.3, Vincennes, Indiana

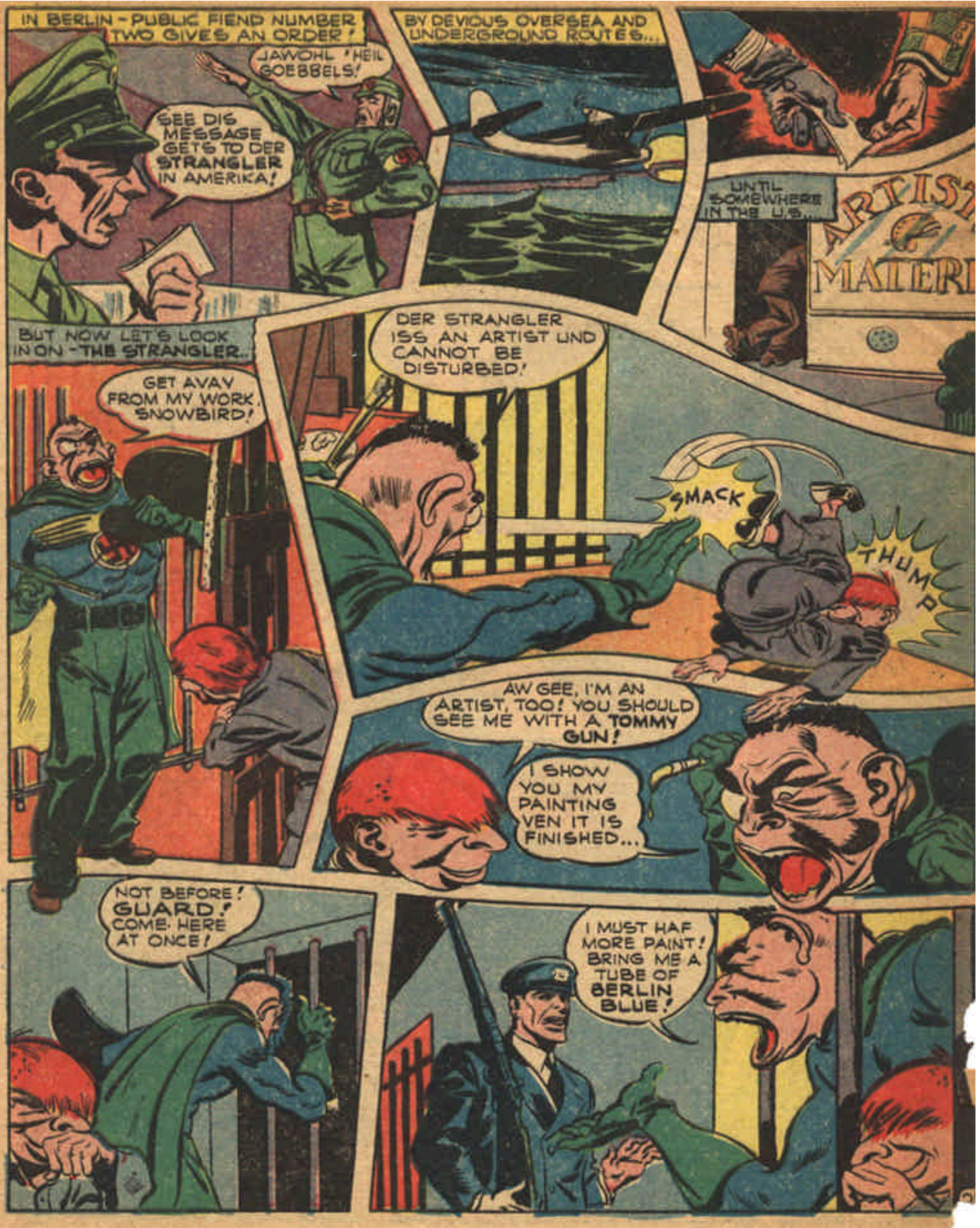
*Joe Higgins
(the Shield)*

THE SHIELD • DUSTY

WITH
BATTLE
THE STRANGLER AND SNOWBIRD

HA! A MASTERPIECE, EH, SNOWBIRD? BUT DIS PICTURE VILL COME TRUE YET! MARK MY VORDS! I VILL ESCAPE FROM DIS PRISON UND GET RID OF DIS CURSED SHIELD UND HIS BRAT, DUSTY, IN JUST DIS VAY! I, DER STRANGLER, SVEAR IT!





IN BERLIN - PUBLIC FIEND NUMBER TWO GIVES AN ORDER!

BY DEVISIOUS OVERSEA AND UNDERGROUND ROUTES...

JAWOHL 'HEIL GOEBBELS!

SEE DIS MESSAGE GETS TO DER STRANGLER IN AMERIKA!

UNTIL SOMEWHERE IN THE U.S...

ARTIST MATERIAL

BUT NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON - THE STRANGLER...

DER STRANGLER ISS AN ARTIST UND CANNOT BE DISTURBED!

GET AVAY FROM MY WORK, SNOWBIRD!

SMACK

THUMP

AW GEE, I'M AN ARTIST, TOO! YOU SHOULD SEE ME WITH A TOMMY GUN!

I SHOW YOU MY PAINTING VEN IT IS FINISHED...

NOT BEFORE! GUARD! COME HERE AT ONCE!

I MUST HAF MORE PAINT! BRING ME A TUBE OF BERLIN BLUE!

TAKE IT EASY!
YOU DON'T HAVE
TO SHOUT!

DER ART SUPPLY
STORE AT 60 HUDSON
STREET ISS DER ONLY
VUN DOT HAS IT!

THE STRANGLER MUST
HAVE PULL WITH THE
WARDEN! I'M SUPPOSED
TO GET HIM SOME
PAINT!

DON'T GET
STEAMED UP,
GARRITY!..



...IT WON'T BE
LONG BEFORE
"BIG HANDS"
GETS THE HOT
SEAT, SO LET
HIM HAVE WHAT
HE WANTS!

OKAY!
I'LL SEND
A TRUSTY
OUT TO
GET IT!

LATER AT THE
SUPPLY STORE..



ART
SUPPLY
STORE
PAINTS



GIMME A
TUBE OF
BERLIN
BLUE -
PAL!

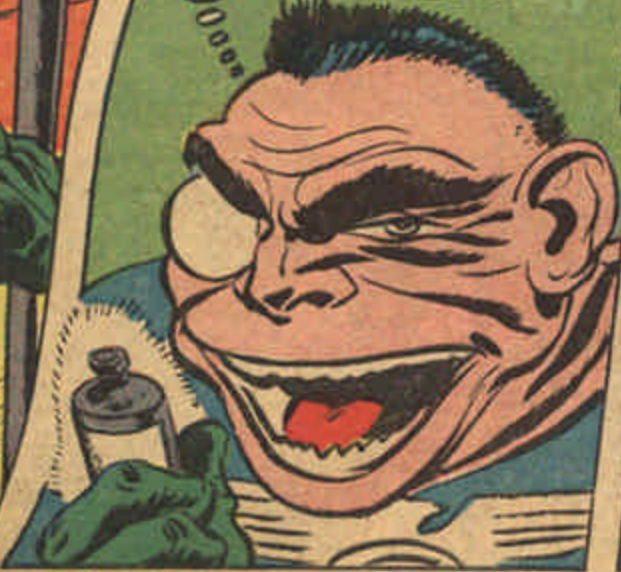
YOU'RE
LUCKY!
I'VE ONLY
ONE TUBE
LEFT!



HERE'S YOUR PAINT,
STRANGLER! THINK IT'LL
MAKE A REMBRANDT
OUT OF YOU!

PERHAPS
NOT, MEIN FRIEND!
BUT IT VILL MAKE A
MONKEY OUT OF YOU!

AS SOON AS THE GUARD'S
BACK IS TURNED...THE STRANGLER
SQUEEZES THE TUBE, REVEAL-
ING GOEBBEL'S NOTE...





DER GUARDS ON DER NEXT CORNER VILL NEED SILENCING! COME ALONG, SNOWBIRD!

WHAT A SLOW NIGHT! I MIGHT AS WELL BE HOME PLAYING PINOCCHLE WITH MY OLD LADY!

YEAH! I WISH SOME CON WOULD TRY A BREAK - JUST ONCE!



SUDDENLY...

H-HELP-P.

ARRRRGH



OH BOY! A TOMMY GUN! OBOY, OBOY, OBOY!

DON'T! YOU IMBECILE! DON'T FIRE IT!



YOU FOOL, DO YOU WANT TO SPOIL EVERYT'ING?



ALONG THE CELL-BLOCK, A GUARD CHECKS UP!

TAKING A NAP, STRANGLER?

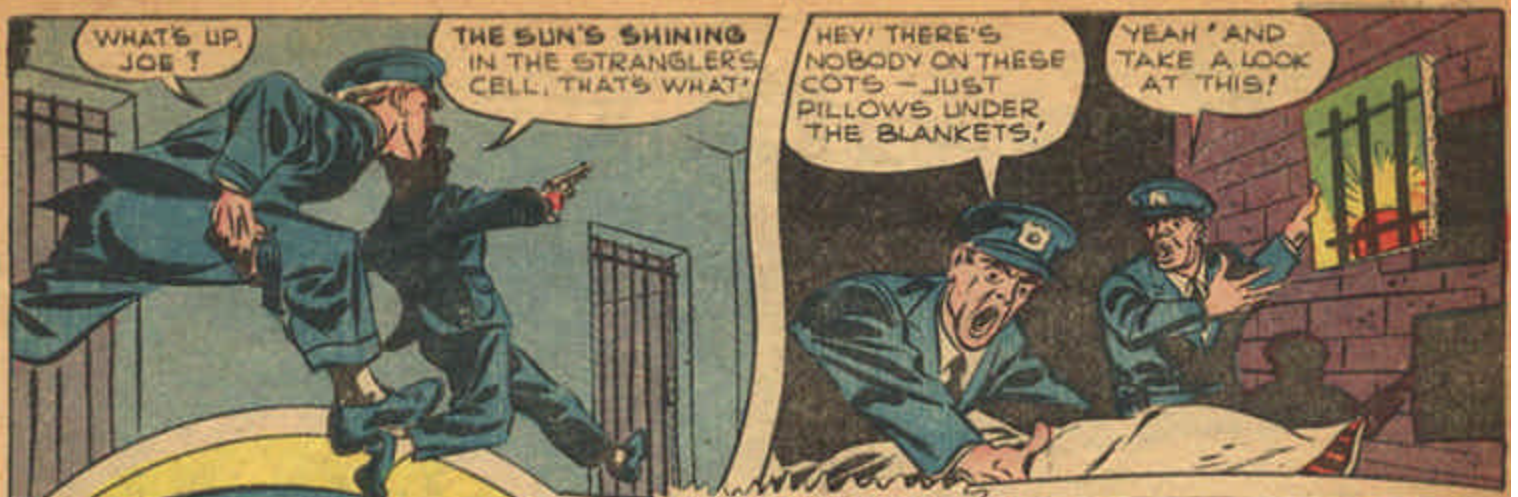


HIYA, JOE! READY TO RELIEVE ME?

SURE, CHARLEY! I'M ON THE NIGHT SHIFT FROM NOW ON!



ULP! NIGHT? DID YOU SAY NIGHT?



WHAT'S UP, JOE?

THE SUN'S SHINING IN THE STRANGLER'S CELL, THAT'S WHAT!

HEY! THERE'S NOBODY ON THESE COTS - JUST PILLOWS UNDER THE BLANKETS!

YEAH ' AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



SOUND THE ALARM!

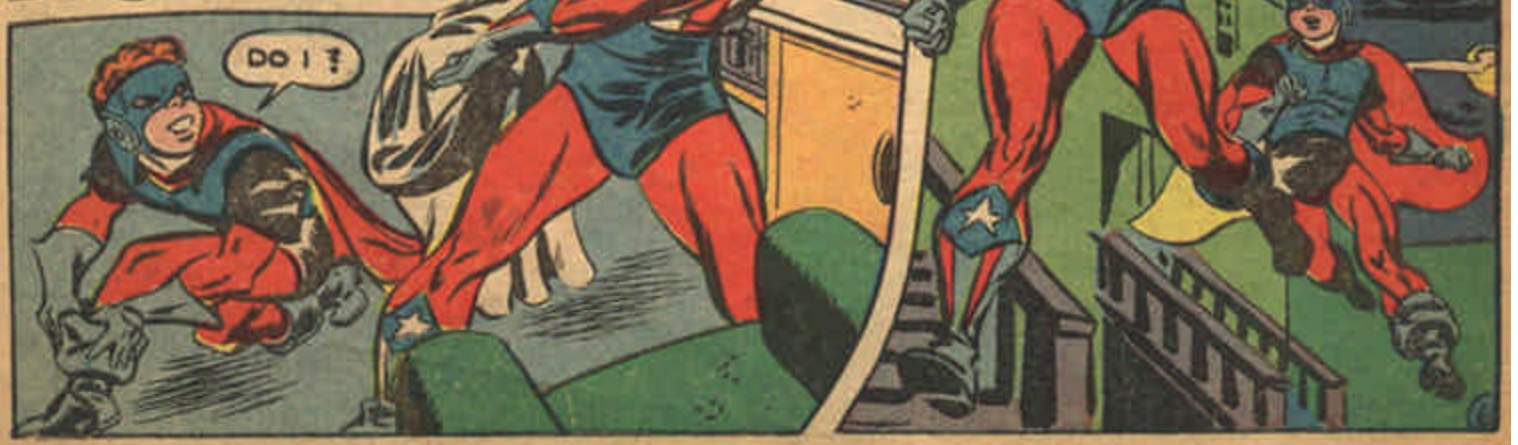
WE INTERRUPT THIS BROADCAST TO BRING YOU A SPECIAL FLASH! THE STRANGLER AND HIS CELL-MATE, THE SNOWBIRD, ESCAPED FROM STATE PRISON!

DUSTY!.. DID YOU HEAR THAT?



THE STRANGLER ESCAPED WITH SNOWBIRD! I HAVE A HUNCH I KNOW WHERE THEY'LL HEAD FOR!

SNOWBIRD'S OLD MOB CHIEF, "SNAKEYES" STILLETTI! REMEMBER HIM?



DO I?!

THAT'S THE GUY SNOWBIRD TOOK THE RAP FOR IN THE FIRST PLACE!

RIGHT! AND HE'S THE ONE WE'RE GOING TO SEE!



SO DE LITTLE JERK'S BROKEN OUTA DA PEN, EH? HE BETTER NOT SHOW HIS MUG AROUND HERE!

SNOWBIRD ESCAPED. BLAH. BLAH. BLAH!

... MEANWHILE AT STILLETTI'S HIDEOUT



H-HEY, DE SNOWBOID!
YEAH! AN LOOKA DAT GORILLA WITH HIM!

H'YAH, SNAKE-EYES!



BEAT IT, SNOWBIRD! YOU'RE TOO HOT TO HANDLE.. SCRAM, HOPHEAD!

I TINK VE VILL HAF TO SHOW YOUR FRIENDS A LITTLE DISCIPLINE - JA, SNOWBIRD?



BOYBOY - OBOY! AM I GONNA HAVE FUN NOW, STRANGLER! HOW'S DIS FOR A FANCY HEM - STITCHIN' JOB?



RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



NOW YOU DO VOT I TELL YOU OR I HANDLE YOU PERSONALLY!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO WEAR DIS SUIT O' SNAKE-EYES!

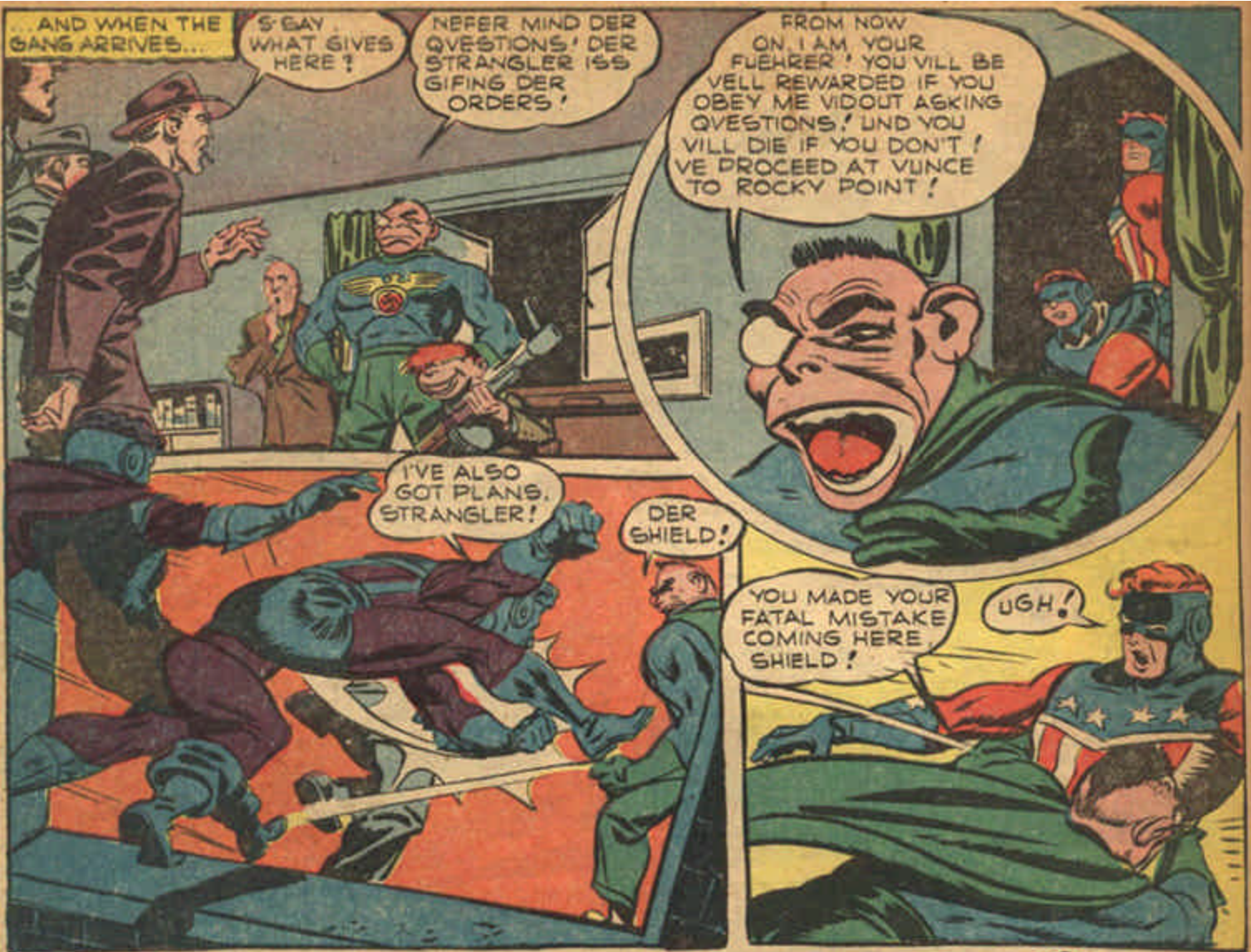
NIX! YOU'RE THE BOSS!



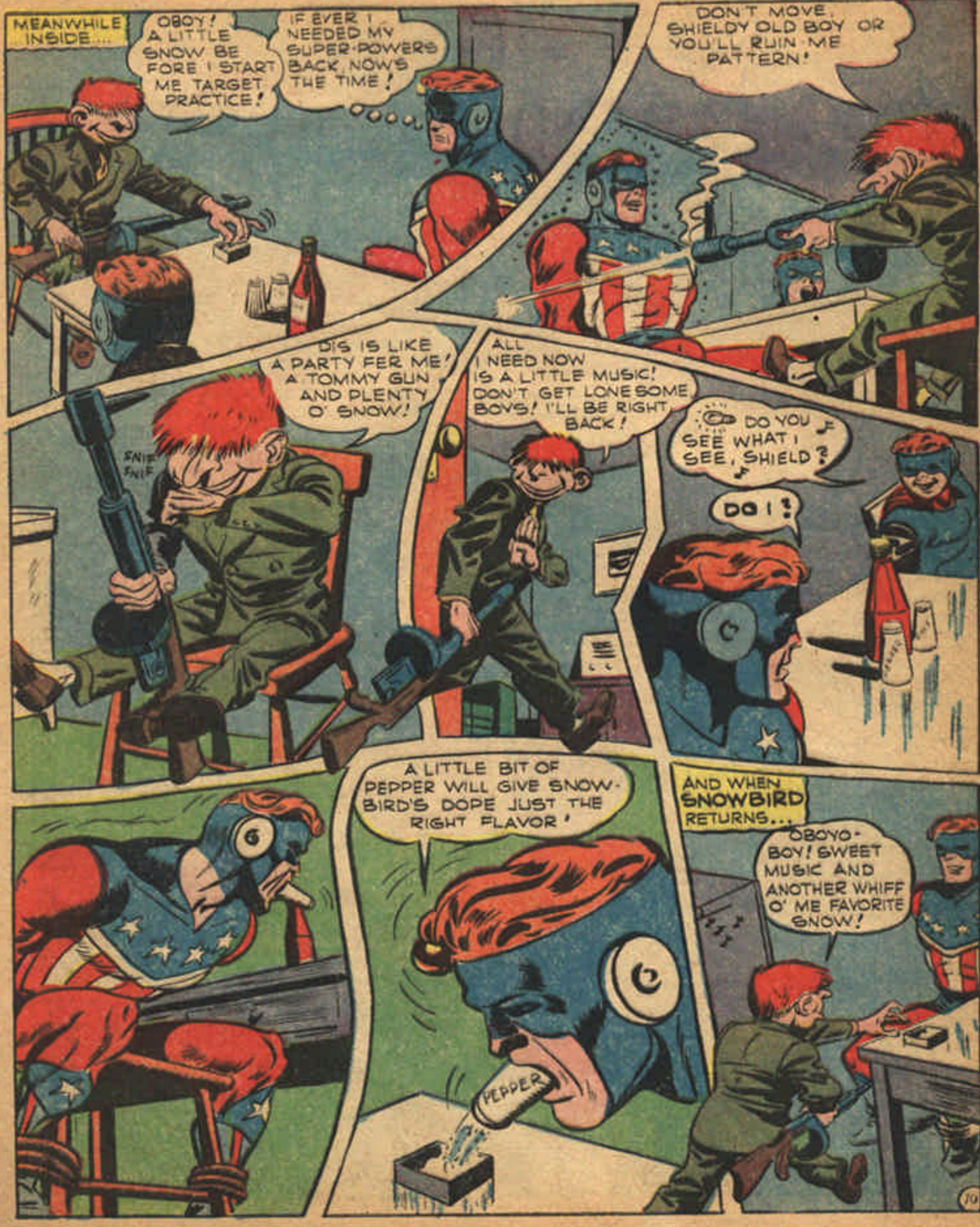
SPEAK! OR I CRUSH DER SKULL LIKE AN EGG-SHELL!

O-KAY - O-KAY - I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

HELLO, LIMEY! DIS IS SNAKE-EYES! GET DE MOB TOGETHER AN SCRAM UP TO MY JOINT! YEAH - RIGHT AWAY!







MEANWHILE INSIDE...

OBOY! A LITTLE SNOW BE FORE I START ME TARGET PRACTICE!

IF EVER I NEEDED MY SUPER-POWERS BACK, NOW'S THE TIME!

DON'T MOVE, SHIELDY OLD BOY OR YOU'LL RUIN ME PATTERN!

D'IS IS LIKE A PARTY FER ME! A TOMMY GUN AND PLENTY O' SNOW!

ALL I NEED NOW IS A LITTLE MUSIC! DON'T GET LONESOME BOYS! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, SHIELD?

DO I?!

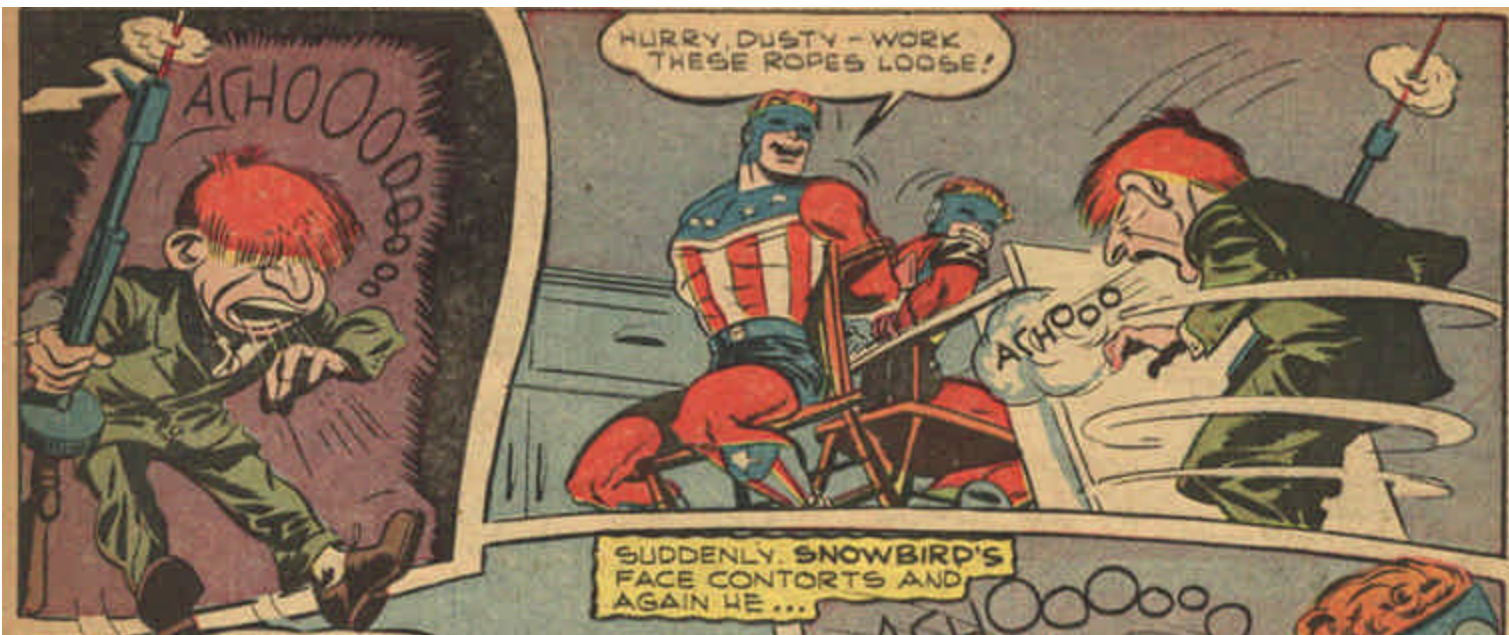
A LITTLE BIT OF PEPPER WILL GIVE SNOW-BIRD'S DOPE JUST THE RIGHT FLAVOR!

AND WHEN SNOWBIRD RETURNS...

OBOYO-BOY! SWEET MUSIC AND ANOTHER WHIFF O' ME FAVORITE SNOW!

SNIF SNIF

PEPPER



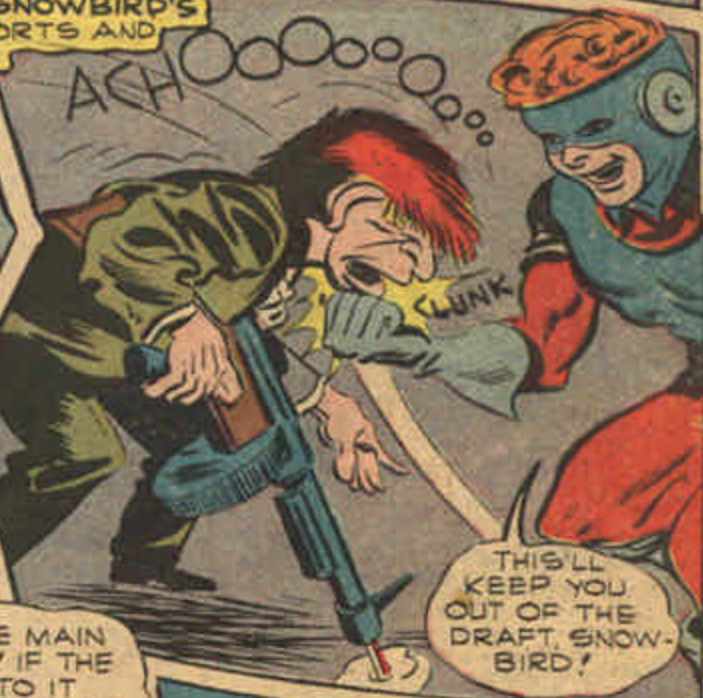
HURRY, DUSTY - WORK THESE ROPES LOOSE!



SUDDENLY, SNOWBIRD'S FACE CONTORTS AND AGAIN HE ...



STAND WHERE YOU ARE, CHUM! ME TRIGGER-FINGER'S KINDA ITCHY!



THIS'LL KEEP YOU OUT OF THE DRAFT, SNOW-BIRD!



LET'S GO, DUSTY - TO ROCKY-POINT!

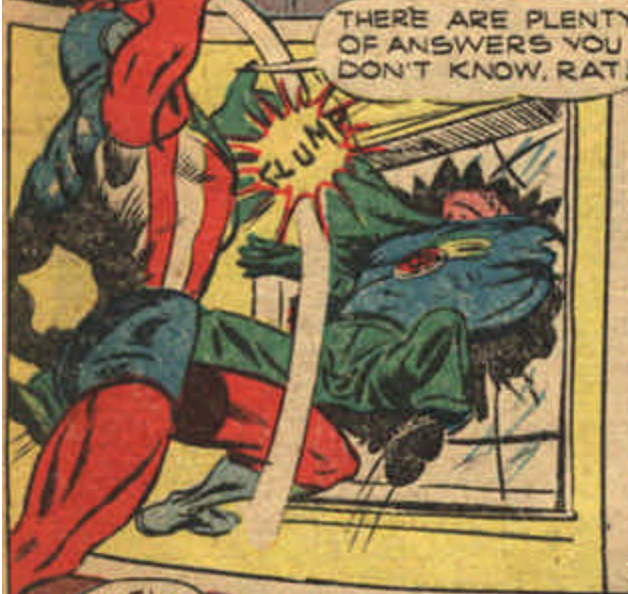
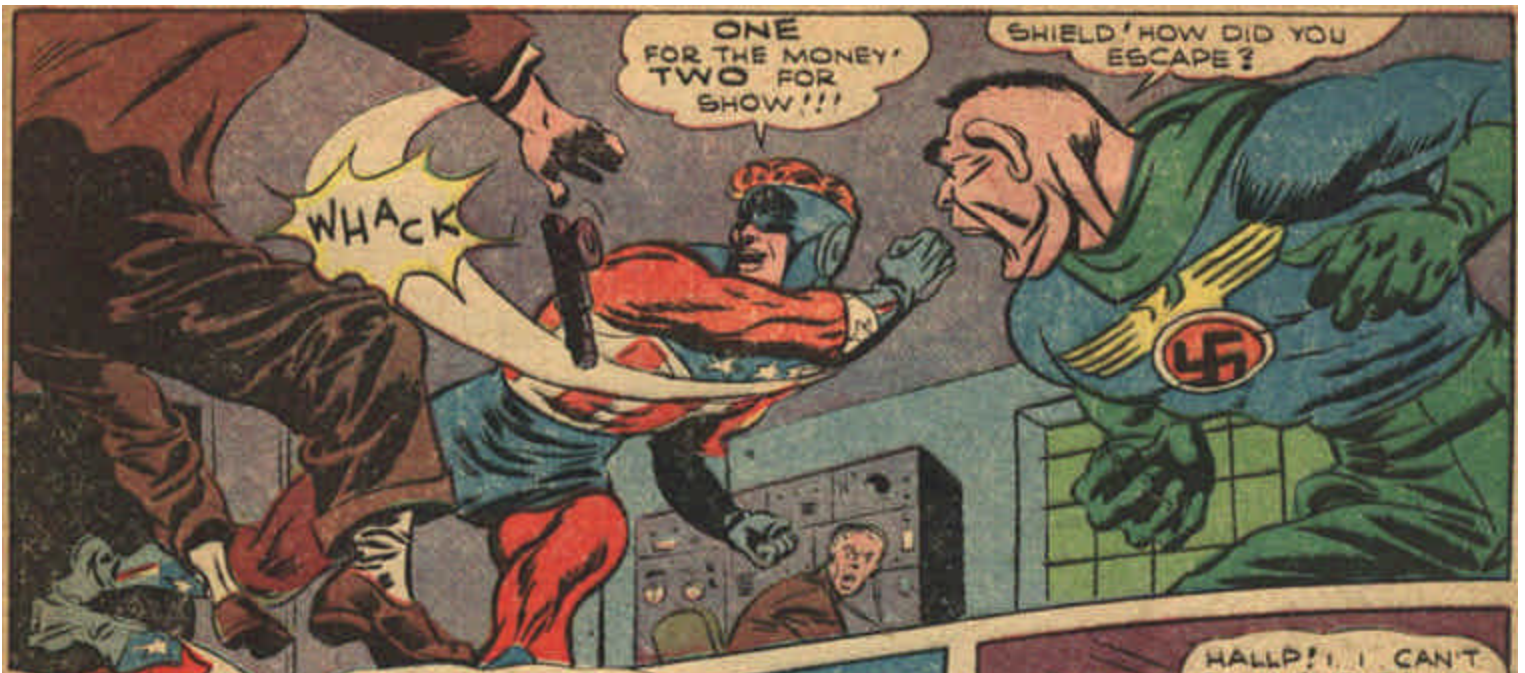
BUT I DON'T GET WHAT THE STRANGLER'S DOING THERE!

THAT'S WHERE THE MAIN RADIO LOCATOR IS! IF THE STRANGLER GETS TO IT FIRST - NAZI PLANES CAN SWEEP INTO OUR HARBORS UNDETECTED!



MEANWHILE, A LOW-SLUNG SEDAN APPROACHES "ROCKY POINT"

THERE'S A SENTRY, STRANGLER!



BOY! WE REALLY STARTED SOMETHING, SHIELD! WHEW! I'M STILL DIZZY TRYING TO KEEP TRACK OF ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO SENT IN TO JOIN OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!

YES, DUSTY!.. BUT IT'S NO SURPRISE TO ME! I KNEW THEY'D FLOCK TO THIS KIND OF CLUB - A CLUB FOR YOUNG AMERICANS! WE CAN ONLY PRINT A FEW NAMES OF THE THOUSANDS WHO SUBSCRIBED, BUT WE'LL GET AROUND TO ALL OF THEM SOONER OR LATER, SO GET ON THE BANDWAGON, YOU YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA! JOIN UP NOW! YOU NEED AMERICA! AMERICA NEEDS YOU!

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

SPECIAL MENTION

YNES ZAVAZLA, PO BOX 122, LOS BANDS, CALIF... HAS BOUGHT THREE BOOKS OF VICTORY STAMPS... HARRY SULLIVAN, 19 STOCKHOLM ST, NEWPORT, R.I. HAS BOUGHT \$15 WORTH OF VICTORY STAMPS... GLENN RAY HATFIELD, CARYVILLE, TENN.; JAMES CHARLES GRIESMAN, 4202 BINGHAM AV, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, AND FLETCHER AND DAN BOWLING, MOBILE COUNTY, SPRING HILL, ALA. HAVE ALL BOUGHT VICTORY BONDS.

KENNETH ADOLPHSON, 302 4TH AV, MANISTEE, MICH.
 HOWARD ANDERSON, 110 FITZLUISH ST, BAY CITY, MICH.
 HARRY ARTER RFD#2, CRESTLINE, OHIO.
 RALPH ASADOURIAN, 177 HANOVER ST, MANCHESTER, N.H.
 ROBERT NOLAN BANKER, BRITT, IOWA
 CRAWFORD BATES, 8818-132ND ST, RICHMOND HILL, N.Y.
 BARBARA ANN BENSON, 15 SHUPPERT BOX 14, BEND, IND.
 JERRY BEZDEK, LOUISE, TEXAS
 HARVEY LEE BLAIR, CLAYTON, OKLAHOMA
 ISADORE BLOOMBERG, 3842 PARK AVE, KANSAS CITY, MO.
 STANLEY BECHNER, 4506 W 18TH TERRACE, MIAMI, FLA.
 BILLY BOYLES, 1310 ADAMS AV, CLARKSBURG, W. VA.
 DONALD BRANT, 920 E JACKSON ST, MUNCIE, IND.
 JOANN BREKKEN, 2510 RIVERSIDE AVE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
 MANUEL CAREEN, 106 B ST, BOX 305, HURLEY, N. MEXICO
 JOHN CARSTADNER, 1312 PERSIMMON ST, MOBILE, ALA.
 JIM CARTER, 1312 PACIFIC TERR, KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON
 HELENE JEONG HO CHIN, 326-7TH ST, OAKLAND, CALIF.
 BILL CLEMINSHAW, 106 COLLEGE ST, HUDSON, OHIO
 HAROLD COUCH, 350 GRISB ST, PETERSBURG, VA.
 DON COURNEYER, 15 PATHBUN ST, WOONSOCKET, R.I.
 JOSEPH CRAMER, 1664 MILLER ST, LITICA, N.Y.
 FRANCES DALTON, 5133-5TH AV, PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS
 IRWIN DAUGHERTY, ROUTE 3, BOX 24, PHILLIPS, W. VA.
 WALTER DAVIS, 239 HUNTINGTON ST, N. LONDON, CONN.
 CLYDE W. DAYTON, RFD#2, FRAZIEBURG, OHIO
 TENNYSON DEWITTER, BIG SANDY, MONTANA
 ORVILLE EIDEM, JR., 1103 CHERRY ST, GRAND FORKS, N.D.
 THOMAS JOSEPH EGGIS, 443 EAST 24TH ST, N.Y. N.Y.
 CHARLES GRANT ELLIOTT, 243 PHILIP ST, N. ORLEANS, ALA.

ARMENIE FEBBE, 815 PENNSYLVANIA AV, BANGOR, PA.
 JAMES FRIEL, 8300 ROSELAWN, DETROIT, MICH.
 VERNON FRENKEL, 230 S FULTON ST, ALLENTOWN, PA.
 LIBBY GOLDSTEIN, 1127 WARD AVE, BRONX, N.Y.
 LESTER GRAFF, JR., 424 E WEST 2ND, DAVENPORT, IOWA
 CARL GRAVES, KNOBEL, ARKANSAS
 BILLY GREER, 504 WEST MARKET, JOHNSON CITY, TENN.
 EDWARD GUNDRUM, 21 W. McMILLAN, CINCINNATI, OHIO.
 DONALD HAHN, 304 S. 18TH ST, MT. VERNON, ILLINOIS
 BOBBY HALL, 208 WALNUT, POKOMOKE, MARYLAND
 LEONARD HARDY, BOX 424, MIAMI, ARIZONA
 GRADY HARTFIELD, ROUTE 3, HAZLEHURST, MISSOURI
 KENNETH HEYS, 2315 MELDEN ST, SAVANNAH, GA.
 JAMES HIBBS, PIEDMONT, OHIO
 JOE HINCHCLIFFE, 611 N. 5TH ST, KEARNY, NEW JERSEY
 FLETCHER HIXSON, CABOT, ARKANSAS
 JANICE HEPPINGER, 939 N. KILBOUN, MILWAUKEE, WIS.
 CAROL L. HOEL, RT 11, BOX 808, PHOENIX, ARIZONA
 JOSEPH HUCK, 4305 WENTWORTH AV, CHICAGO, ILL.
 GEO HUDDLESTON, 2504 PINE ST, BUTTE, MONTANA
 JIMMY HUSTED, GRANT AND CANAL, CORONA, CALIF.
 JOHN GRADY JENKINS, 117 N. 5TH ST, TEMPLE, TEXAS
 PAUL KAZEK, 4210 MENARDM, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
 PAUL KAUFMAN, BOX 57, ENOLA, PENNSYLVANIA
 EUGENE KIED, 928 CLINTON ST, BUFFALO, N.Y.
 JIMMY KOLOCETRENIS, 3148 CAROLINE ST, ST. LOUIS, MO.
 WILLIAM KNAPP, 7 MONUMENT ST, DEPOSIT, N.Y.
 WILLIAM LEE, 845 BROADWAY ST, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 BUDDY LEEFSON, 460 BEARDLEY ST, AKRON, OHIO
 DEWEY EARL LYNCH, 184 HOOVER ST, COALINGA, CALIF.

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A \$50 BOND OR A TEN-CENT VICTORY STAMP -- BY BUYING ALL YOU CAN AFFORD, YOU'RE HELPING YOUR COUNTRY GREATLY. WAS YOUR NAME MENTIONED IN THIS ISSUE? IF NOT, BUY WAR STAMPS, FILL OUT THE COUPON ON THIS PAGE -- AND WATCH THE FOLLOWING ISSUES FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF YOUR MEMBERSHIP IN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!!!

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!

ADDRESS _____ NAME (PRINT PLAINLY) _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

THE HANGMAN



THIS IS A TALE OF TWO HUNTERS! BOTH OF EXCEPTIONAL INTELLIGENCE AND UNUSUAL STRENGTH - AND BOTH EXTRAORDINARILY SKILLFUL AT STALKING THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME OF ALL - MAN! BUT THERE IS ONE VAST DIFFERENCE, ONE PITS HIS WITS IN THE INTERESTS OF JUSTICE, AND THE OTHER SERVES THE FORCES OF TYRANNY AND OPPRESSION!

IT IS A TALE WHICH, IN A WAY, SYMBOLIZES THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE OF OUR FIGHTING DEMOCRACIES AGAINST THE BUTCHERS WHO WOULD CRUCIFY HUMANITY ON A SWASTIKA. IN SHORT, IT IS A TALE OF THE HANGMAN AND THE HUNTER!

IN OCCUPIED FRANCE, DER HENKER SITS AT A TRIBUNAL OF DOOM AND CHECKS OVER A LIST OF CONDEMNED FREE FRENCH PATRIOTS...

GOOT! DER LIST IS COMPLETE! DO NOT WASTE BULLETS ON DER DOGS! HANG DEM! EFFERY ONE OF DEM!

JA, HERR HENKER, VE SHALL FOLLOW YOUR ORDERS IMMEDIATELY!

FRENCH DOGS! VE SHALL TEACH DEM TO LOVE OUR NAZI PHILOSOPHY IF VE HAF TO HANG DEM ALL TO DO IT. COURT DISMISSED!

THEN, WHEN THE HENKER IS ALONE...

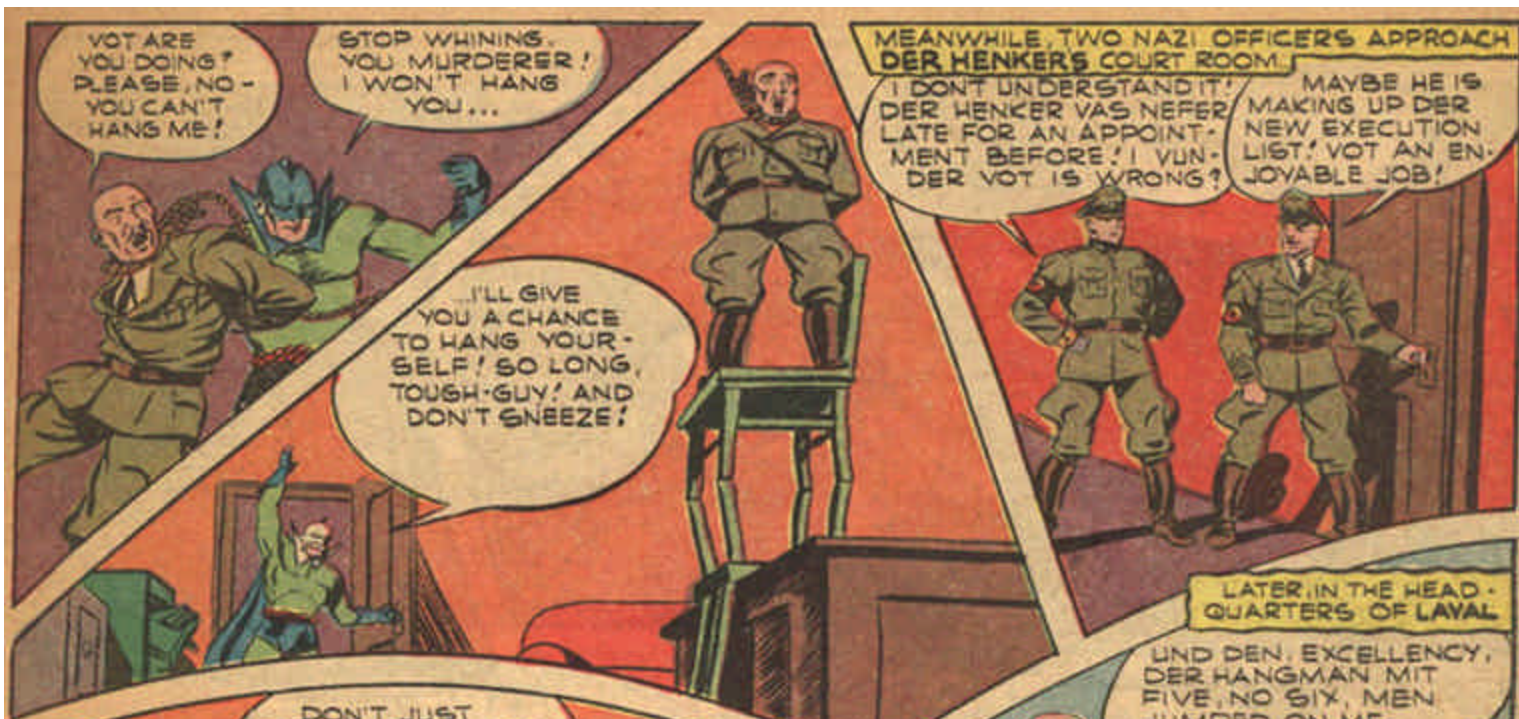
THE GALLOWES!

YES, I TOO AM KNOWN AS THE HANGMAN - BUT I DEAL IN JUSTICE, WHILE YOU DEAL IN OPPRESSION AND HATRED!

WHAT SORT OF CHILD'S PLAY IS THIS? I'LL -

NO, YOU WON'T!

-AND THIS IS NO CHILD'S PLAY!



VOT ARE YOU DOING? PLEASE, NO - YOU CAN'T HANG ME!

STOP WHINING. YOU MURDERER! I WON'T HANG YOU...

...I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO HANG YOURSELF! SO LONG, TOUGH-GUY! AND DON'T SNEEZE!

MEANWHILE, TWO NAZI OFFICERS APPROACH DER HENKER'S COURT ROOM.

I DONT UNDERSTAND IT! DER HENKER VAS NEFER LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT BEFORE! I VUN- DER VOT IS WRONG?

MAYBE HE IS MAKING UP DER NEW EXECUTION LIST! VOT AN ENJOYABLE JOB!

LATER, IN THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF LAVAL

UND DEN, EXCELLENCY, DER HANGMAN MIT FIVE, NO SIX, MEN JUMPED ON ME FROM BEHIND!



DON'T JUST STAND DERE, YOU FOOLS! GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!



THEN THIS AMERICAN HANGMAN WENT THRU YOUR FILES, YOU SAY?

JA, EXCELLENCY! I FOUND HIM TOOTH AND NAIL LIKE A TIGER! BUT DERE WERE TOO MANY, UND...

STOP JABBERING, YOU FOOL!

THIS IS SERIOUS! THIS HANGMAN IS A MAN MUCH TO BE FEARED! WHY HE MIGHT EVEN TRY TO GET AT ME!

DONT WORRY, HERR LAVAL!

DON'T WORRY! THE MAN IS CLEVER ENOUGH TO GET INTO OUR COUNTRY ... INTO OUR VERY OFFICES! IS THERE ANYONE IN ALL EUROPE WHO CAN CATCH HIM?

YES! I AM CALLING HIM NOW! THE HUNTER!



THE SCENE CHANGES TO A NEARBY CONCENTRATION CAMP...

ACH DIS ISS HEAVY FOR AN EMPTY COFFIN! IT MUST WEIGH TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!

FEELS GOOT TO PUT IT DOWN! IT MUST BE A COFFIN FOR A VERY FAT FRENCHMAN!

BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AS A NAZI OFFICER PASSES..

YAH!



HANDS REACH OUT, AND...

YAAAHH!



LATER, A FIGURE HUGGING THE SHADOWS APPEARS IN THE TURN-KEYS OFFICE ...

WAKE UP, PIG!

Z-Z-Z-Z HUH? YA!



NO, NO, DON'T BODDER PUTTING ON DER LIGHTS! I'M IN A HURRY, TAKE ME TO CELL 33!

JA WOHL!



DIS IS IT, HERR KAPITAN!

GOOT! YOU MAY GO BACK TO YOUR POST!

NO! I TINK I STAY RIGHT HERE!

GOOT EVENING, HANGMAN! I VAS WAITING FOR YOU!

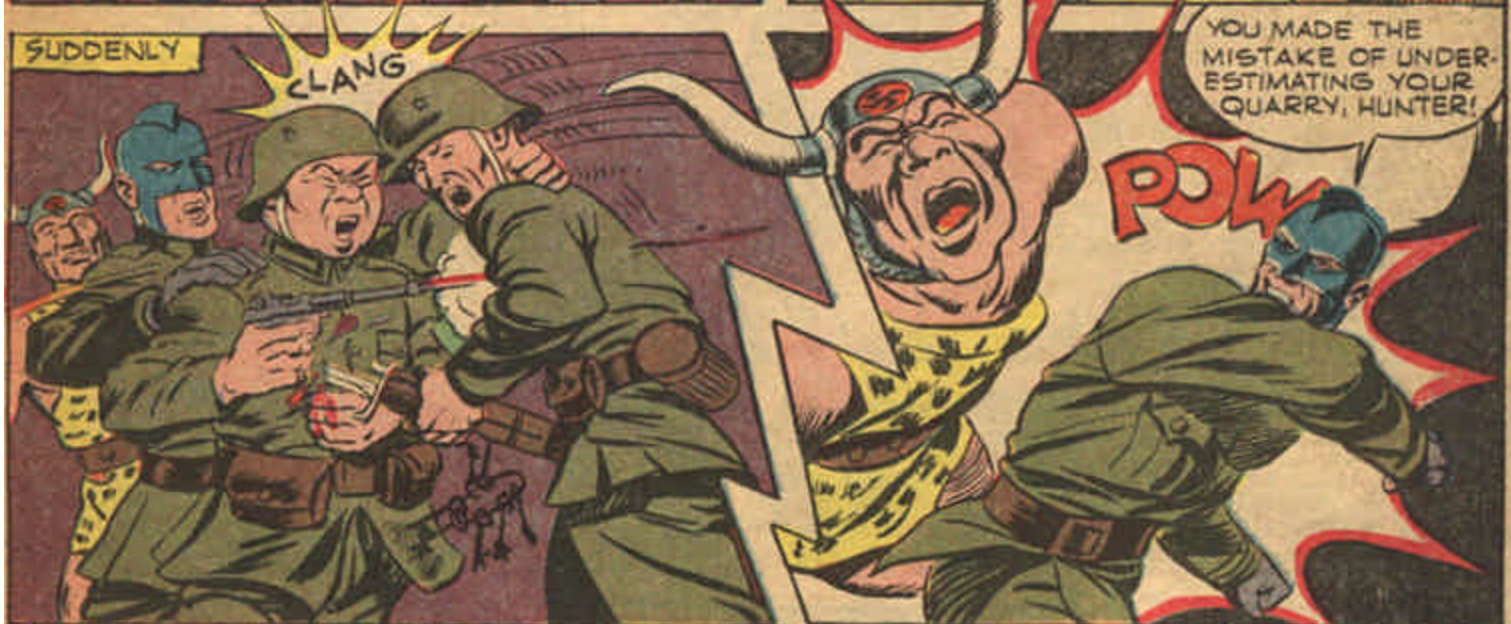
THE HUNTER!



I HAVE LONG WISHED TO MATCH WITS WITH YOU, HANGMAN! BUT I DID NOT EXPECT TO WIN SO EASILY!

I'LL ADMIT THE FIRST TRICK IS YOURS, BUT HOW DID YOU TRACK ME DOWN?

THAT IS MY SECRET! CLEVER AS YOU WERE IN HIDING YOUR TRACKS, I WAS EVEN MORE CLEVER! NOW I SHALL SHOW YOU THE PRISONER YOU WISHED TO FREE!



SUDDENLY

CLANG

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE OF UNDERESTIMATING YOUR QUARRY, HUNTER!

POW



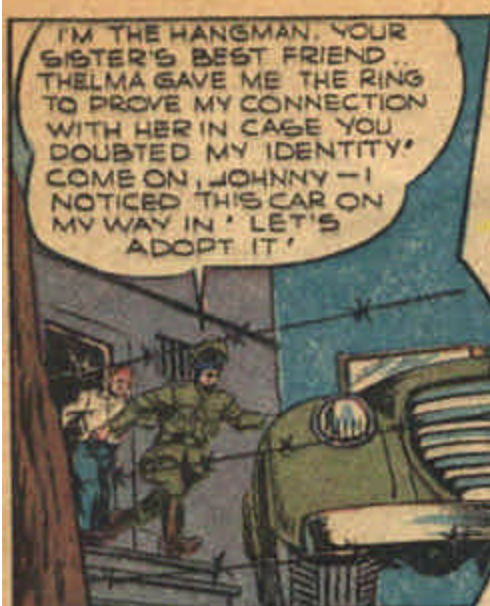
I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST NOW!

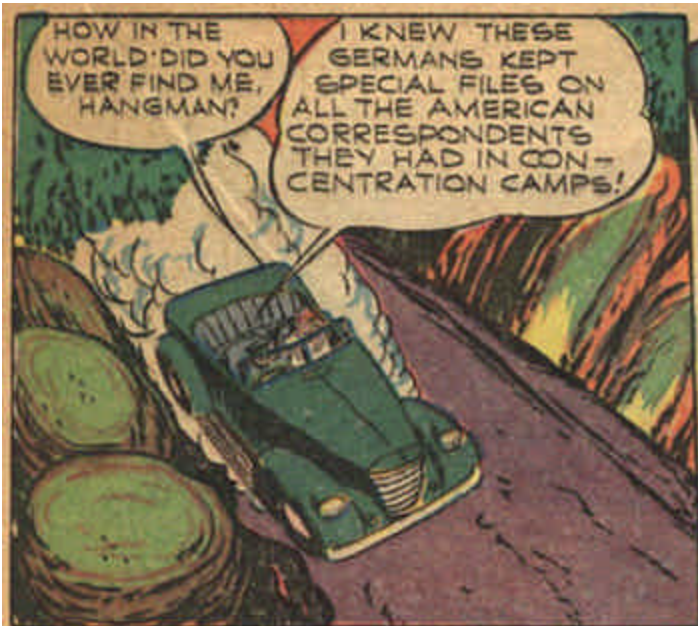
ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY GORDON - COME ON OUT!

I WON'T ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS, I TELL YOU...!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO - JOHNNY - RECOGNIZE THIS RING?

WHY IT'S MY SISTER, THELMA'S!





HOW IN THE WORLD'DID YOU EVER FIND ME, HANGMAN?

I KNEW THESE GERMANS KEPT SPECIAL FILES ON ALL THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS THEY HAD IN CONCENTRATION CAMPS!



SO ALL I HAD TO DO WAS FIND THOSE FILES, AND I DID!

MERE CHILD'S PLAY, EH, GETTING PAST THE ENTIRE GESTAPO AND HALF THE GERMAN ARMY!



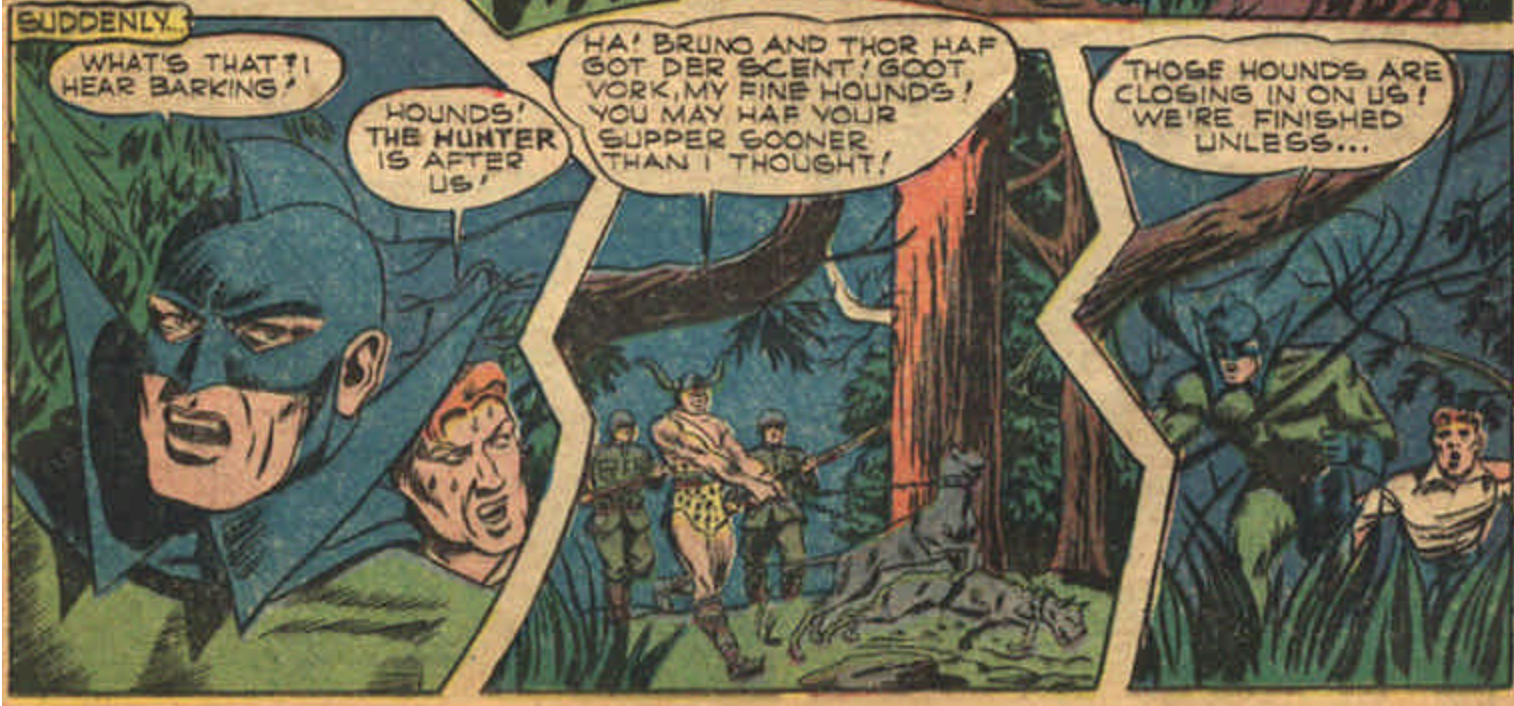
NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS, JOHNNY! WE'LL HAVE TO DITCH THE CAR AND TAKE TO THE WOODS!

RIGHT-HANGMAN!



FOR HOURS THEY MOVE WARILY THROUGH THE WOODS. PHEW! PRETTY TOUGH GOING! BUT THE BORDER ISN'T MUCH FURTHER OFF!

THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT! I'M-- PRETTY TIRED!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THAT?! HEAR BARKING!

HOUNDS! THE HUNTER IS AFTER US!

HA! BRUNO AND THOR HAF GOT DER SCENT! GOOT YORK, MY FINE HOUNDS! YOU MAY HAF YOUR SUPPER SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!

THOSE HOUNDS ARE CLOSING IN ON US! WE'RE FINISHED UNLESS...





LATER:

I COULD ONLY GET 2 BARRELS, HUNTER!

IT IS ENOUGH! POUR IT ALL INTO DER WATER!

NOW, YOU TWO GO DOWNSTREAM MIT DER DOGS, UND SHOOT DEM ON SIGHT... DER CURRENT VILL CARRY DER OIL DOWNSTREAM!



...UND BURNING OIL SHOULD MAKE T'INGS A LITTLE HOT FOR DEM IF DEY ARE IN HIDING!

JUPITER! BURNING OIL! AND THE FLAMES ARE COMING RIGHT AT US!

HURRY, HANGMAN! LET'S GET OUT OF THIS SPRING OR...

NO! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!



WE'RE GOING TO SWIM UNDERWATER UPSTREAM AND EMERGE BEHIND THOSE FLAMES... TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND SWIM FOR DEAR LIFE!



YOU! KEEP FOLLOWING DER FLAMES... DEY'VE GOT TO COME OUT SOONER OR LATER!



WE (GULP) MADE IT — HANG-MAN!

SHHH! THERE'S THE HUNTER! AND HE'S ALONE!

FRITZ! HANG! AS SOON AS DER DOGS PICK UP DER SCENT, RELEASE DEM! I VANT DOSE TWO TORN TO PIECES!

POW



QUICK, JOHNNY! STRIP AND CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THE HUNTER. THE WIND IS BLOWING YOUR SCENT TOWARD THE HOUNDS!



NOW WE'LL HIDE IN THIS TREE AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



DEY HAF PICKED UP DER SCENT, UND DER HUNTER SAID TO RELEASE DEM!

SO VE RELEASE DEM!

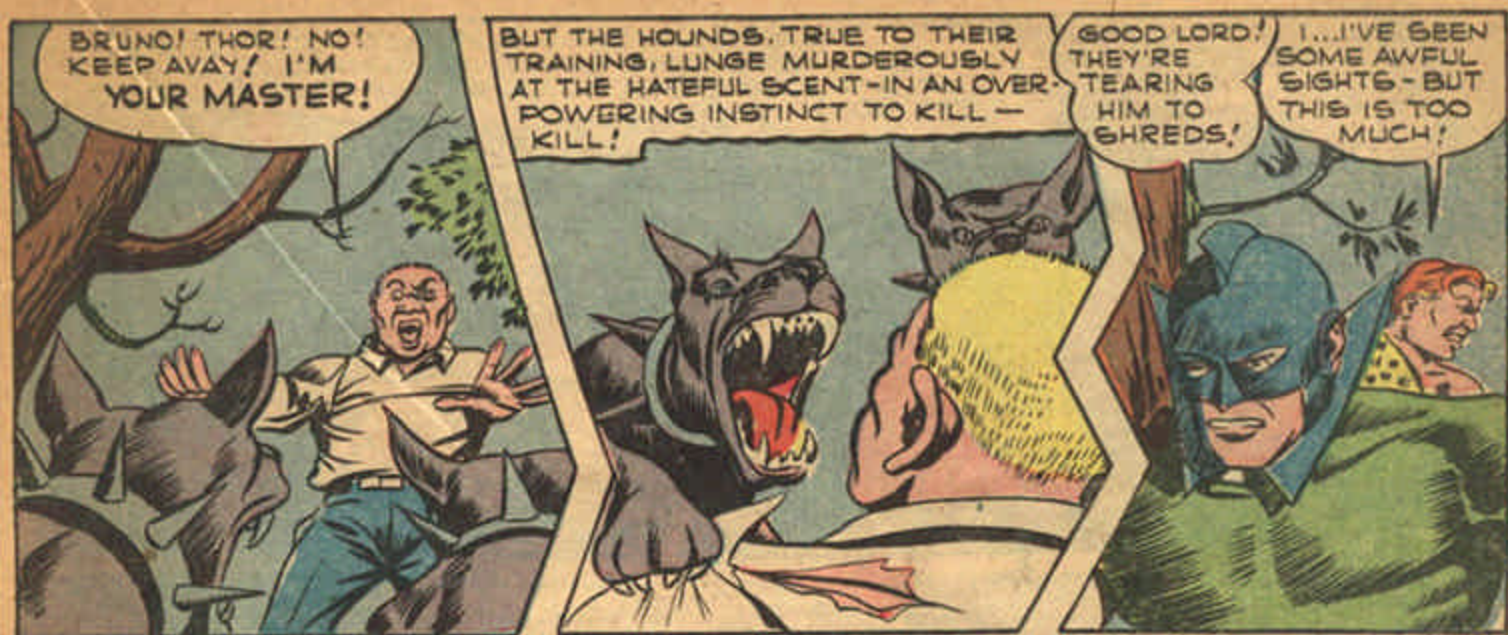
GGRRYOWWWW



OOOOHH! VOT HIT ME?

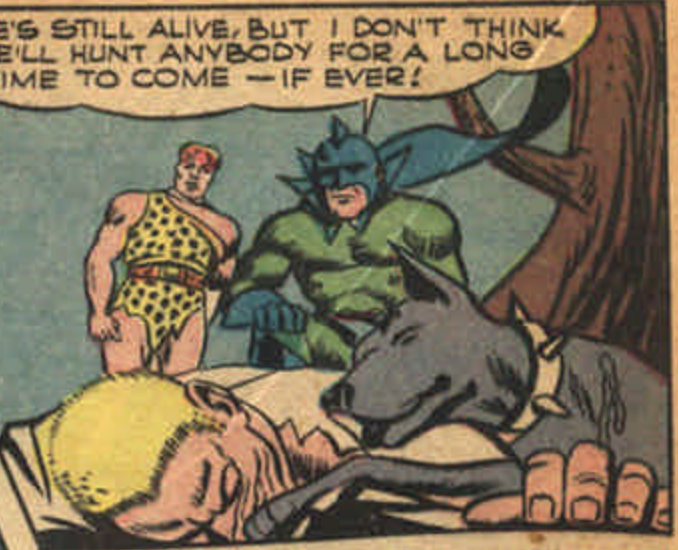


VOT'S DIS? I'M VEARING DIFFERENT CLOTHES! UND MY HOUNDS ARE RUNNING AT ME!





COME ON DOWN, LAD! WE'VE WON!



HE'S STILL ALIVE, BUT I DON'T THINK HE'LL HUNT ANYBODY FOR A LONG TIME TO COME - IF EVER!



COME ON JOHNNY! WE CAN'T QUIT NOW!



LOOK! WE MADE IT! THERE'S FREEDOM AHEAD!

AND SO, ONCE AGAIN, THE DUO RESUME THEIR MARCH TOWARD FREEDOM...
THE ONE HAVEN OF REFUGE IN A WAR-TORN, ENSLAVED EUROPE... THE ONE LIGHT REMAINING IN A DARK CONTINENT - SWITZERLAND...



AND SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE:

BUT-BUT-BUT-MEIN FUEHRER! NO BUTS! YOU ARE ALL RESPONSIBLE FOR DER HANGMAN'S ESCAPE. VOT'S TO STOP HIM FROM GETTING TO ME MIT SUCH INCOMPETENT FOOLS AROUND ME!



NOTHING, HERR HITLER! NOTHING CAN STOP THE HANGMAN FROM GETTING TO YOU. FOR SO LONG AS THERE IS A FREE SOUL IN THIS WORLD YOU MUST MEET YOUR HANGMAN!



DEATH DRAWS A CARTOON

A HANGMAN STORY

BOB DICKERING pressed down hard on the gas pedal of his roadster. "We're almost there, aren't we, Don?" he asked.

Don Livingston smiled, his pudgy features looking almost handsome as they lit up. "Just about," he said. The smile grew on his face. "It does my heart good to see so staunch an admirer of my brother."

Bob's foot continued to work the pedal. "I've admired Flynn Livingston for almost ten years—ever since he first began to appear," he said. "He's the most perfect cartoonist I've ever seen. You'll find mistakes in other art jobs, but never in your brother's. Every detail perfect; every detail accurate." He swung the car along a side street. "It was certainly great news to me when I heard that he'd joined the staff of the new expose magazine, *Truth*. I'll tell him that when you introduce me to him."

Don's smile faded. "Bob," he said. "I'm pretty worried about these new cartoons Flynn's drawing for *Truth*. I know the magazine is doing a swell job, exposing crooked politicians and all that but, well, it's too dangerous. One of the rats may get sore and do something about it."

"No," said Bob. "My opinion is that he ought to keep right on doing his job, ridding this city of its destructive elements." He stopped the car. "This is it, isn't it?"

Don nodded, and the two men walked briskly up the stairs. They went through a series of rooms, past Flynn's living quarters, past a room full of information files the artist used to uphold his reputation of never having an inaccurate detail in his drawings. They started to enter the artist's workroom . . . and stopped.

Flynn Livingston lay over his desk, his head resting stiffly on top of an unfinished drawing. There was a knife in his back.

Bob peered at the unfinished

drawing and recognized it at once. The previous issue of *Truth* had advertised this cartoon—the artist's own expose of the man behind all crooked politics in the city.

It was a simple enough drawing, a scene showing the District Attorney pointing at a portrait of the political leader and saying, "This is him." But the killer had arrived in time. The mystery man's face was in outline; the features had not yet been drawn in.

Suddenly, Bob's eyes clouded over with thought. Flynn had drawn the D. A. in the attitude of a schoolteacher pointing at an object on a black-board . . . but he'd drawn him pointing with a *walking-stick* instead of a pointer! And it was quite obviously a walking-stick, with ornate head and all. Was it possible that Flynn Livingston, noted for great accuracy in his art, had made a mistake in his last drawing?

And then, as suddenly, the puzzlement left Bob Dickering's eyes. The walking-stick was a message . . . and he understood its meaning!

"I'll go to the nearest phone and call the police," said Bob. Flynn Livingston had always considered the telephone a nuisance and a bother, and he had none in his apartment. "You stick around and keep an eye on things." He rushed out of the room, and down the stairs.

Downstairs, he quickly slipped out of his civilian clothes and emerged as—The Hangman! He had talked Don Livingston into taking him over here to meet Flynn because he'd feared something like this would happen, and he'd wanted to look around without arousing suspicion. And though he had come too late to prevent murder—he was not too late to avenge it!

He waited a minute, and then, with startling suddenness, he burst

into the murder room. Don stared at him numbly.

The Hangman's keen eyes took in all the details of the room pretending that he was seeing it for the first time. "Don Livingston," he said, after a moment "look at the wall behind you!"

Don looked, and he took a step backward, face contorted. "The Hangman's noose!" he hissed.

"It's the sign of your guilt," said The Hangman, tightly. "You are the secret leader of crime in this city—and you killed your brother to keep him from exposing you! He was drawing when you came in to kill him, and he knew that you'd destroy the sheet if he wrote something like, 'Don killed me'. So he simply sketched a walking stick into the D. A.'s pointing hand, and you didn't even notice anything wrong. But I understand the message, Don. It's a walking-stick, a *cane*—symbol of Cain in the Bible, who killed his own brother!"

There was a crackling silence. And then, fiercely, Don Livingston lunged, a knife in his hand.

The Hangman raced forward to meet him. His hand caught Don's wrist, and the two men fought for possession of the weapon. It was the crazed strength of the murderer against the cool, methodical science of The Hangman.

And then, suddenly, Don Livingston went limp. The Hangman, realizing what had happened, released his hold—and the killer dropped to the floor. In the struggle, Don Livingston had plunged the weapon into his own heart!

The Hangman looked at the murderer's body, his eyes tired. Certainly the murder had been avenged, but that did not bring back the life of a great and fearless artist. Wearily, he walked down the stairs . . . to return to the personality of Bob Dickering and to summon the police.

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS

IN FRANCE, THE STORY OF A PEOPLE'S COURAGE IS BEING WRITTEN IN BLOOD! CONQUERED, THEY ARE STILL UNCONQUERABLE AND THEIR HOPE OF FUTURE VICTORY IS SURE, UPHELD BY FIGHTING HEROES LIKE CAPTAIN COMMANDO, WHOSE ONLY FAITH IS FREEDOM!



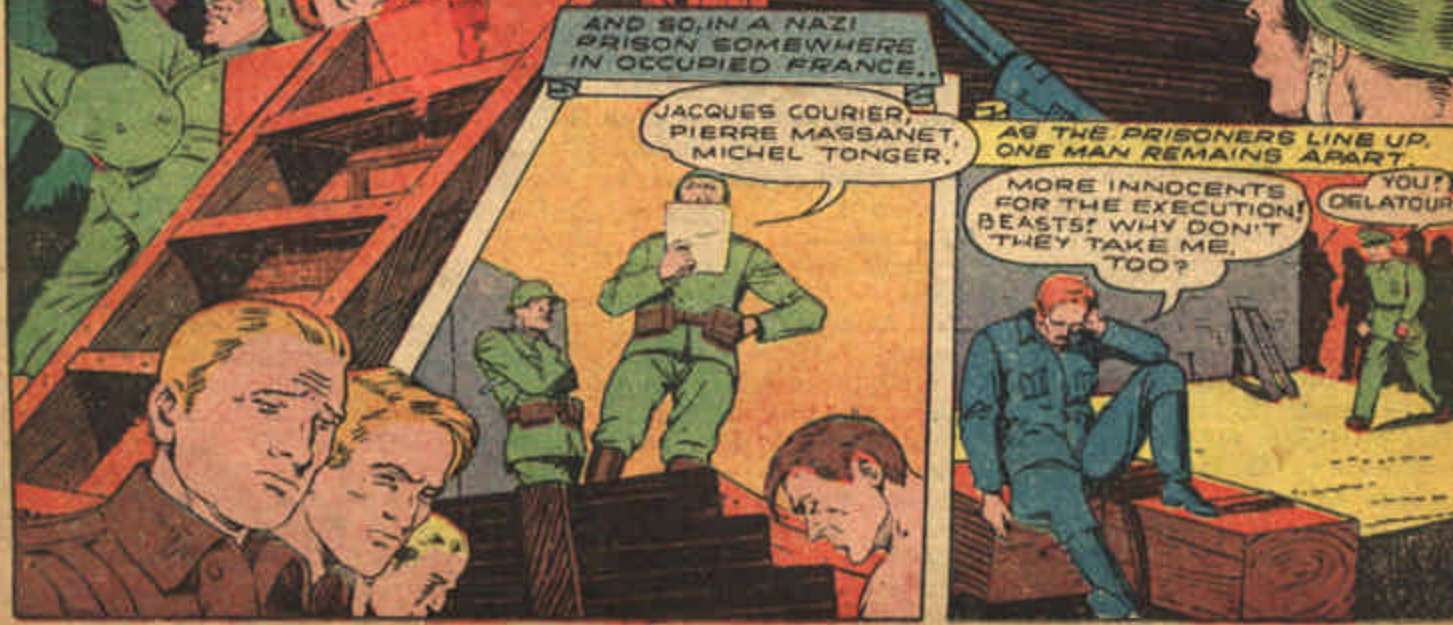
AND SO, IN A NAZI PRISON SOMEWHERE IN OCCUPIED FRANCE...

JACQUES COURIER,
PIERRE MASSANET,
MICHEL TONGER.

AS THE PRISONERS LINE UP,
ONE MAN REMAINS APART.

MORE INNOCENTS
FOR THE EXECUTION!
BEASTS! WHY DON'T
THEY TAKE ME,
TOO?

YOU?
DELATOUR.



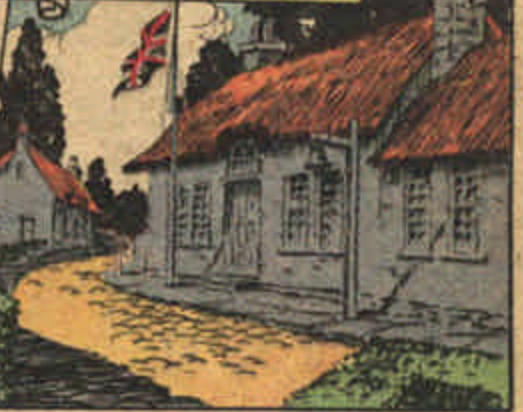


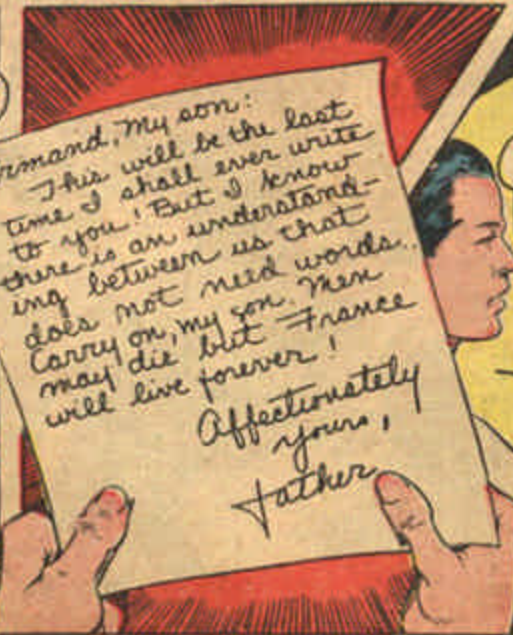
AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE GONE...

MEANWHILE, THE SUN IS RISING ON AN EMBATTLED FORTRESS-ENGLAND...



...WHERE FREEDOM LIVES AMONG THE HUMBLEST.. IN A RUSTIC SCHOOLHOUSE SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE LONDON...









HAVE A PLANE READY TONIGHT.. NO, I'M GOING ALONE THIS TIME!



THAT NIGHT, A GIANT PLANE GATHERS SPEED AT A LONELY AIRPORT, TAKES TO THE AIR WITH A GREAT ROAR OF ENGINES.

WE WERE PRETTY TAIL HEAVY ON THAT TAKE-OFF, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!



CAPTAIN COMMANDO MAKES HIS WAY TO THE REAR OF THE PLANE.

NO WONDER! HOW DID YOU KIDS GET ABOARD?



WHY, WE JUST SORTA GUESSED YOU WERE UP TO SOMETHING, SO WE SHOWED UP ANYWAY!



I'VE GOT A GOOD MIND TO SEND YOU BACK!

MONSIEUR, PLEASE! SET EES MY FATHER'S LIFE IN DANGER!



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, ARMAND? AND YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRY SHOULD PROVE HELPFUL! GET INTO YOUR PARACHUTES!



GOOD WORK, ARMAND? YOU TALKED HIM INTO IT!

OUI..BUT I AM NOT SO SURE I LIKE THIS PARACHUTING! I NEVER DID EET BEFORE!



ALL RIGHT, PILOT! WE'RE OVER OPEN COUNTRY NOW!

BY GAR, YOU CAN ONLY FALL ONCE WIDDOUT DEM!

HIGH OVER HOSTILE FRANCE, THE INTREPID GROUP BAILS OUT.

AND FAR BELOW THEY COME TO EARTH TO BEGIN THEIR STRANGEST AND MOST PERILOUS ADVENTURE!

HERE GOES NOTHING!

UP HERE, DELATOUR! AREN'T YOU INTERESTED IN THE TIME OF YOUR OWN DEATH?

MEANWHILE, IN THE NAZI PRISON AT LES BOURGES...

FAREWELL, MONSIEUR DELATOUR! I AM SORRY THIS HAD TO HAPPEN... BUT I DID EVERYTHING I COULD!

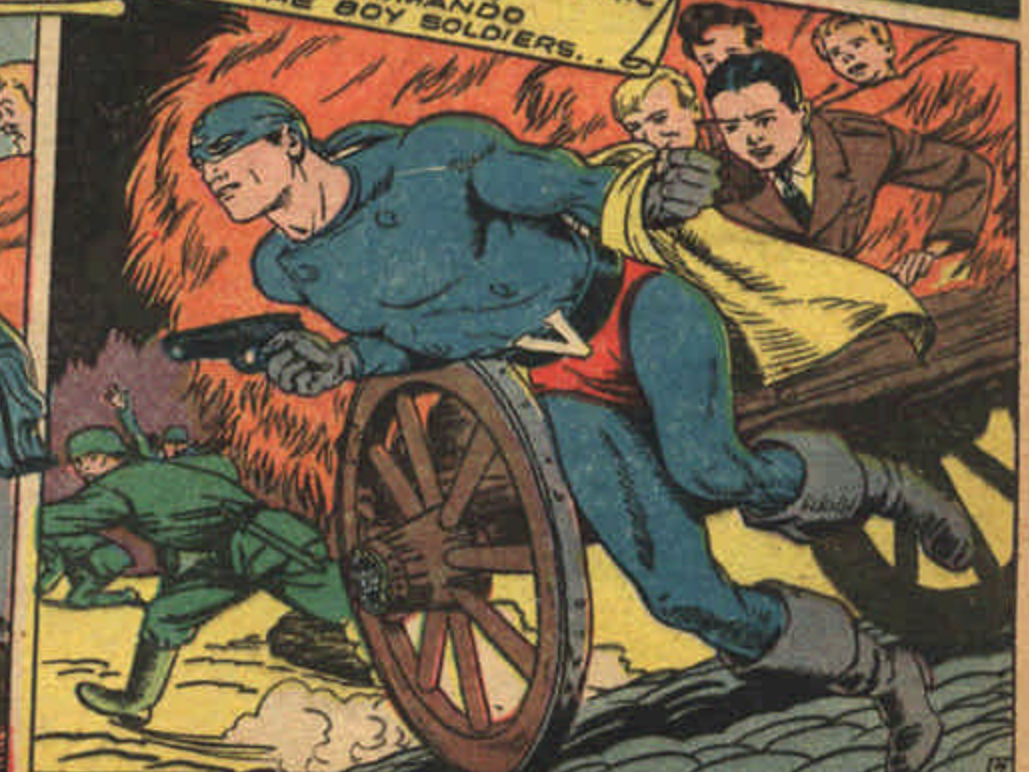
HENRI DELATOUR! YOU ARE SENTENCED TO BE HANGED IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE AT DAWN!

I KNOW THAT! IN YOUR OWN WAY YOU ARE FIGHTING FOR FRANCE TOO!

AND SO, TO A MUFFLED BEAT OF DRUMS, HENRI DELATOUR IS LED TOWARD THE SCAFFOLD. WHILE UNNOTICED, A HAY WAGON APPROACHES WITH A SIMPLE PEASANT IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT...

A CROWD GATHERS TO WATCH, SULLEN AND ANGRY, HELPLESS BEFORE THE THREAT OF NAZI GUNS!





DESPERATELY FIGHTING, THEY SURGE TOWARD THE GALLOWS.

OUT OF MY WAY, MISTER! I'M COMING THROUGH!

GET HIM!

OOFF!

GET HIM!



TOO BAD YOU NAZIS. NEVER HAD A CHILDHOOD, OR YOU'D KNOW ABOUT THIS TRICK!



A NAZI GUARD TAKES AIM WITH A DEADLY AUTOMATIC GUN.

THE DEVIL SHOULD HAVE A PITCHFORK, MAIS NON?



DURING THE CONFUSION, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS SEIZE AN OFFICER'S CAR.

LET'S GO, LADS!



AS THE CAR PICKS UP SPEED, A MAN DASHES FROM THE CROWD... THE VICHY GUARD!

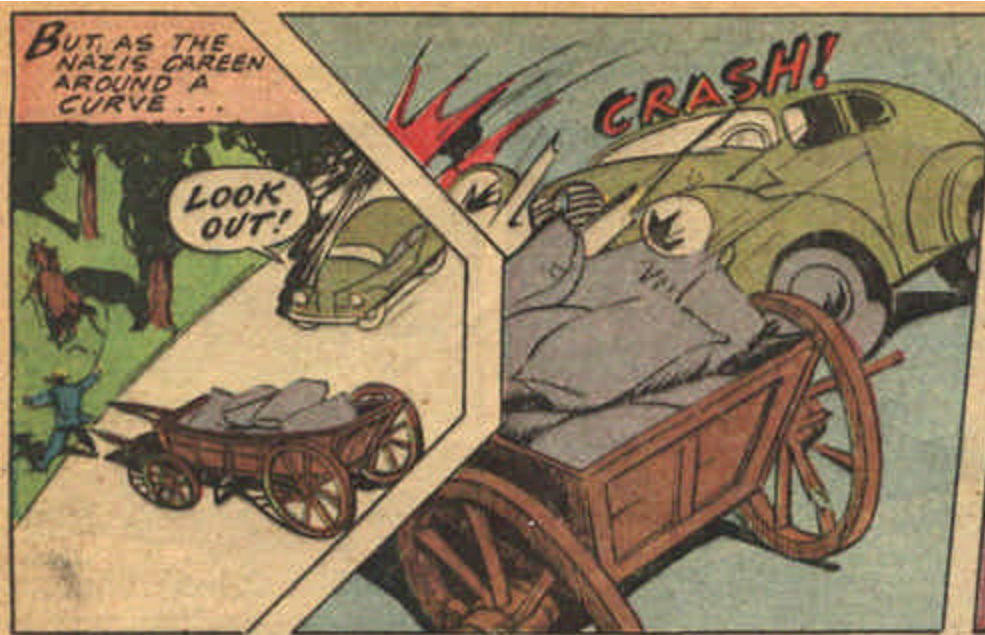
NO! DON'T.. HE'S A FRIEND!

HURRY! THE NAZIS ARE AFTER US!



A MAD CHASE BEGINS!





BUT AS THE NAZIS CAREEN AROUND A CURVE...

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!



DUMKOPF!! I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED FOR THIS!

BUT, MESSIEUR, I WAS SIMPLY TRYING TO GET OUT OF YOUR WAY!...



HELLO' HELLO! VOT'S DER MATTER WITH DER PHONE?

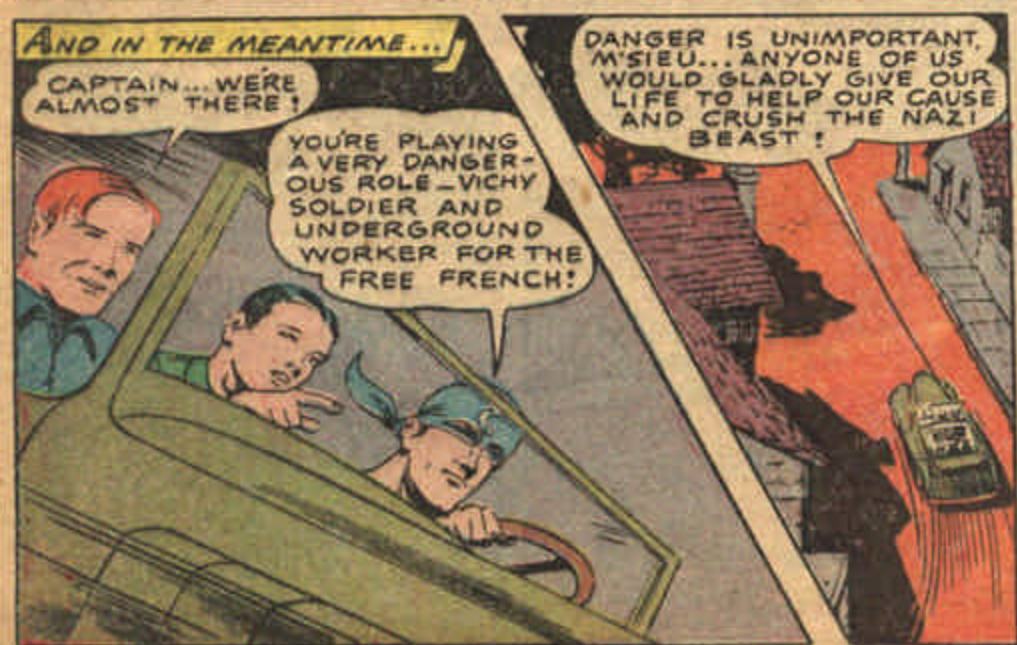


SEND OUT AN ALARM... WIRE EFFERY GUARD STATION TO BE ON DER ALERT!



HURRY! DON'T SIT THERE!

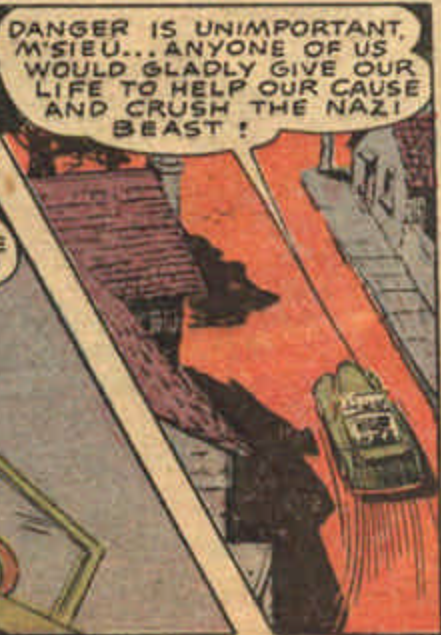
BUT, MESSIEUR, THE WIRES ARE DOWN, WE HAD SUCH A HEAVY STORM LAST NIGHT!



AND IN THE MEANTIME...

CAPTAIN... WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

YOU'RE PLAYING A VERY DANGEROUS ROLE - VICHY SOLDIER AND UNDERGROUND WORKER FOR THE FREE FRENCH!



DANGER IS UNIMPORTANT, M'SIEU... ANYONE OF US WOULD GLADLY GIVE OUR LIFE TO HELP OUR CAUSE AND CRUSH THE NAZI BEAST!



THEY ARRIVE AT THEIR DESTINATION...

LET'S SWING INTO ACTION FELLOWS! WE HAVE TO GET BY THOSE GUARDS AT THE END OF THE PIER!

A FEW FEET FROM THE NAZIS, THE CAR SCREAMS TO A HALT, BEFORE THE SURPRISED GUARDS REALIZE WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

LET'S GO!

YOU TWO OUGHT TO KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER!

ONE!

SECOND!

T'HIRD!

QUATRE!

DELATOUR WRESTS A RIFLE AWAY, AND FLAYS ABOUT HIM WITH TELLING EFFECT.

AT LAST,

THEY'RE FINISHED, LAOS. AND THAT WAS A FINE PIECE OF WORK, DELATOUR!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN!

ALL BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE VICHY SOLDIER ENTER THE BOAT.

COME ABOARD! WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE!

I'M GOING TO STAY HERE, CAPTAIN! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE AT HOME! BON JOUR, MY FRIENDS! GOD GO WITH YOU!

AS THE BOAT SPEEDS AWAY FROM SHORE... A FINAL SHOT RINGS OUT... THE VICHY GUARD STAGGERS.

IT SEEMS THAT... WHAT I SAID ABOUT DYING FOR MY CAUSE IS PROVEN! BUT I CAN... AT LEAST DIE A FREE MAN! VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE! VIVE LA DEMOCRACIE!

YOU MURDERING HUNS! FOR EVERY MAN THAT FALLS TODAY, A HUNDRED WILL RISE IN HIS PLACE! WE'LL BE BACK!



DANNY

IN WONDERLAND

YIPPEE! HERE I COME, DANNY

AS THEY SWIM, A "LOG" FLOATS LAZILY BY

HEY, DANNY, TAKE A LOOK AT ME. I'M A WATERSPOUT!

BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE, KUPKAKE!

SMIFF
SMIFF

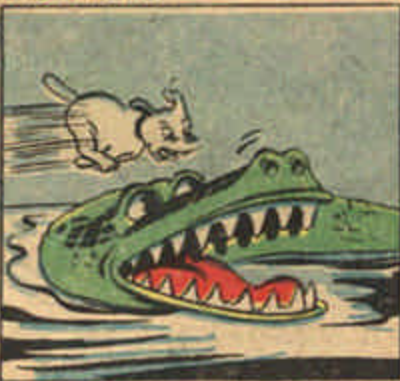
RED HOLMGALE

SUDDENLY, ON THE SHORE SNAPPER SEES...



HANG ON SNAPPER! MY SWORD'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ALLIGATOR!

SNAPPER LEAPS TO PROTECT HIS FRIEND



MY MAGIC SWORD'S ON THE SHORE! I'VE GOT TO GET IT!



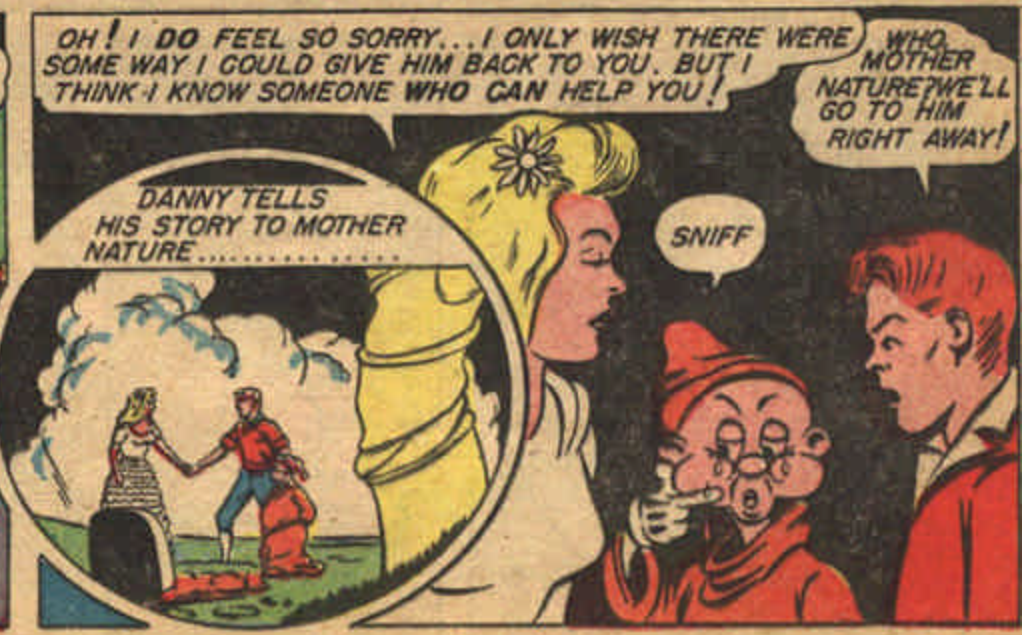
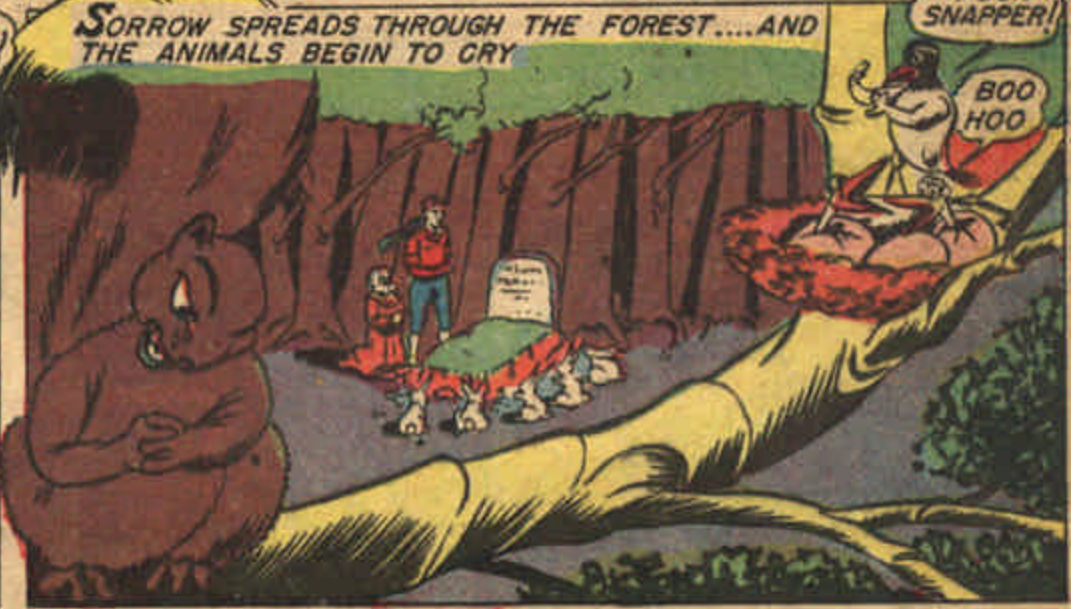
WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
(PUFF) HURRY

THE MAGIC SWORD FINDS ITS MARK



BUT THE ALLIGATOR THRASHES AROUND AND HIS TAIL SLAMS SNAPPER AGAINST A TREE!





FATHER TIME, DANNY—AND HE MAY NOT BE SO EASY TO GET TO. HERE—TAKE THIS CAMOUFLAGE ROBE AND ROAD MAP! AND GOOD LUCK!



THANKS, MOTHER NATURE.

THANKS A LOT!

THEY PROCEED THRU THE FOREST



THE MAP SAYS TO CONTINUE ALONG THE TRAIL!

...UNTIL WE SIGHT THE FIERY GAVERNS, AND THERE THEY ARE NOW!



G-GEE, THESE CANYONS LOOK D-DANGEROUS!



WATCH YOUR STEP, KUPPIE! THESE LEDGES ARE SLIPPERY

Y-YEAH! AND IT SURE IS WINDY HERE! I'M S-SCARED, DANNY!



GAREFUL, KUPPIE, WE'RE IN THE FIERY GAVERNS NOW!

HEY, GUS, LOOK... DESSERT!



DON'T BE SCARED, KUPPIE. JUST FOLLOW ME!



KUPPIE!

HELP!



GOT YA!



UNH! IT'S SO SLIPPERY—I CAN'T GET YOU UP!

HUNGRILY THE FLAMES STAR OUT, FURIOUS AT LOSING THEIR PREY! BUT.....

THAT DID IT!

SOME MINUTES LATER.....

ANOTHER CAVE. THIS MUST LEAD TO THE CAVERNS OF THE MONSTERS!

N-NO KIDDING!

I GUESS WE OUGHTA USE THOSE CAMOUFLAGE ROBES MOTHER NATURE GAVE US I'LL SLIP MINE ON NOW, AND.....

! ? ?

DANNY! DANNY! WHERE ARE YOU? DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, DANNY!

HERE I AM KUPPIE, RIGHT BEHIND YOU. THIS CAMOUFLAGE ROBE MADE ME LOOK LIKE PART OF THE SURROUNDINGS, AND YOU COULDN'T SEE ME!

Ulp!

JUST KEEP YOUR ROBE WRAPPED AROUND YOU, AND THE MONSTERS WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE PASSING THROUGH!

WELL, HERE IT IS, KUPPIE THE MOUNTAIN WE'VE GOT TO CLIMB...

GEE IT'S PRETTY BIG, ISN'T IT...?

BOY (PUFF) THIS IS PRETTY TOUGH, KUPPIE, BUT WE'RE ALMOST AT THE TOP!

(PUFF PUFF) I HOPE SO. WE'VE CLIMBED SO MUCH MY CORNS ARE DEVELOPING CORNS!

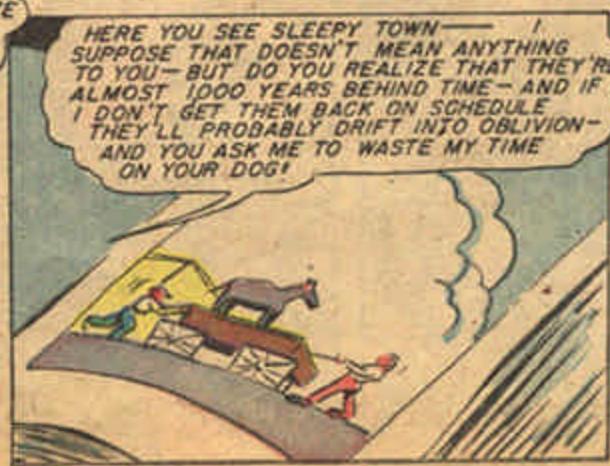
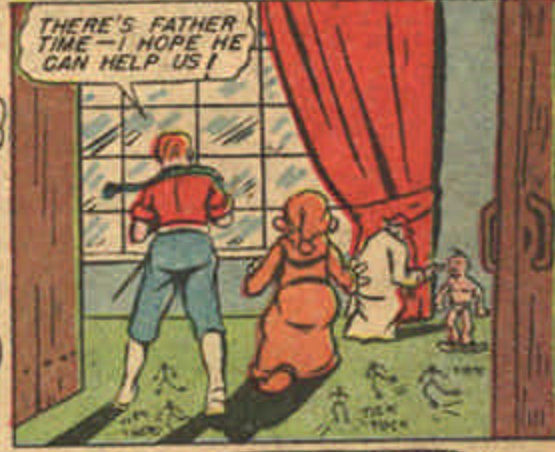
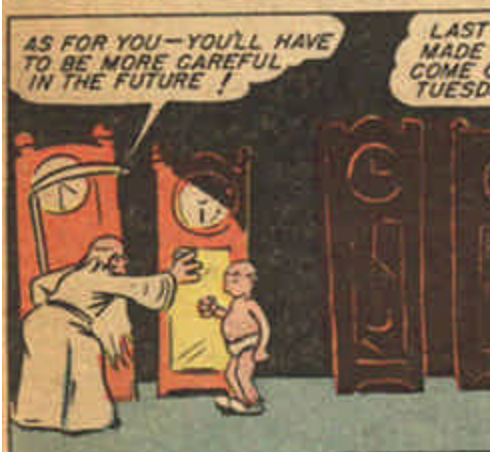
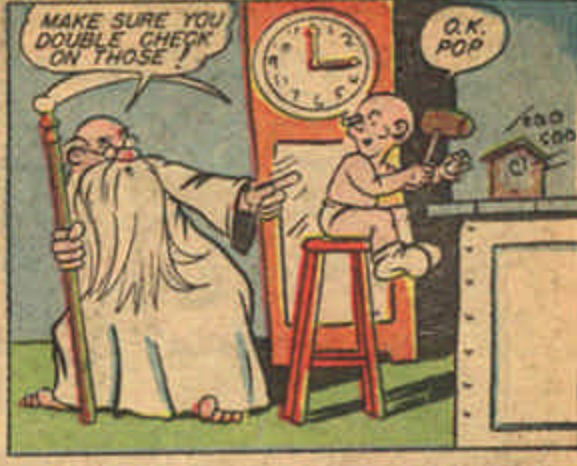
JUST A FEW MORE FEET, KUPPIE!

HEH HEH! THOSE GUYS THINK THEY'RE GOING TO REACH THE TOP. BOY, ARE THEY IN FOR A SURPRISE!



JUST AS DANNY AND KUPPIE ARE ABOUT TO REACH THE TOP THE MOUNTAIN SHOTS UP





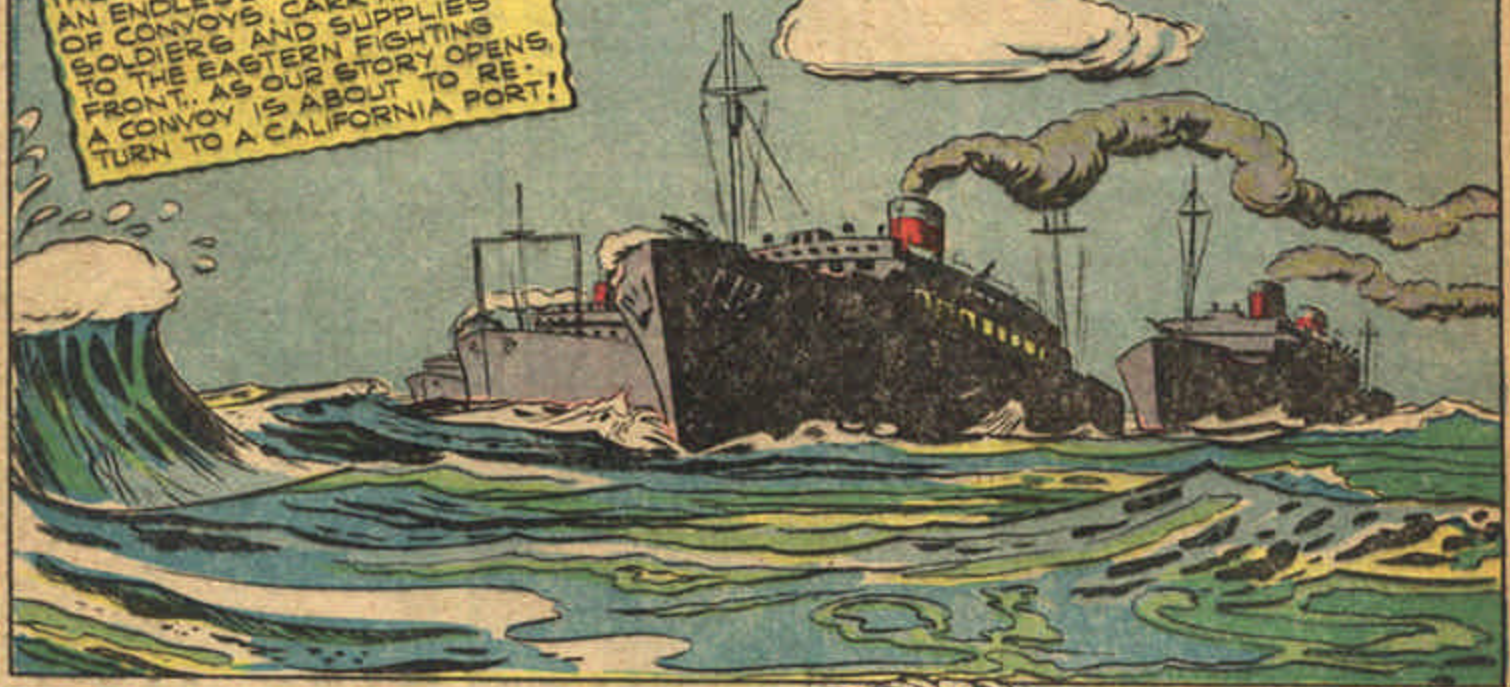
WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF DANNY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP GOMICS

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE PACIFIC OCEAN STEAMS AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF CONVOYS, CARRYING U.S. SOLDIERS AND SUPPLIES TO THE EASTERN FIGHTING FRONT. AS OUR STORY OPENS, A CONVOY IS ABOUT TO RE-TURN TO A CALIFORNIA PORT!



SO YOU'RE REALLY MAKING THIS TRIP TO THE STATES? WHAT A LUCKY STIFF YOU ARE!

I WOULDN'T GO IF THINGS WEREN'T AS QUIET AS THEY ARE. BE SEEING YOU IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, ANYWAY!



WIPPOOBS WIPPOOBS



SO LONG, BOYLE! HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

SO LONG, BOYS, I'LL GIVE YOUR REGARDS TO ALL THOSE LITTLE BLONDES!



THAT SOB X-1- CAB DRIVER! HE HIT EVERY STOP LIGHT IN TOWN!

IF I MISS THIS BOAT, I'LL PERSONALLY MURDER HIM!



I AM, YOU DOPE! QUICK, TOSS ME THAT ROPE!



GOSH! MADE IT! WHEW!

WHAT DO YOU WANT ALL THAT JUNK FOR? WE'LL BE BACK IN A FEW DAYS!



I ONLY BROUGHT ONE OVERCOAT & GARGE. BUT I FORGOT MY RUBBERS!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING! THE NORTH POLE! YOU WON'T NEED 'EM!



I CAN'T TELL YOU JUST WHEN THE NEXT CONVOY LEAVES FOR THE EAST, BUT YOU HAVE AT LEAST A WEEK!

WELL? WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, BOYLE?



FRISCO AT LAST! WONDER HOW MUCH TIME WE HAVE?

WHY DON'T YOU ASK THE O.C. WHEN THE NEXT CONVOY LEAVES?



WE'LL BE STUCK HERE FOR ANOTHER WEEK! BUT IF YOU'RE FIXED FOR CASH, I HAVE AN IDEA HOW WE CAN HAVE SOME FUN!



NOW THIS IS SOMETHING LIKE IT! HOW DO YOU LIKE THE U.S. TWERP?

OH, IT'S SWELL! HEY, LOOK! AN INDIAN 'WAWA WAWA WAWA'!

WHOOO... WHOOO... WHOOO...



SEVERAL DAYS LATER.

HOLY SMOKE! L-LOOK BOYLE, ARE WE THERE?

YEP! WE'RE THERE, TWERP! NEW YORK, HERE WE COME!

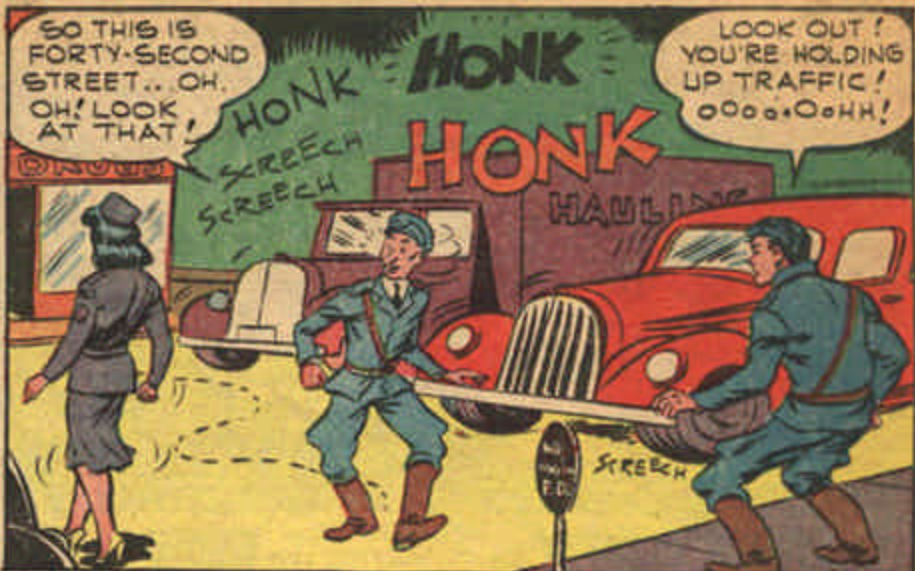


I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE SINCE -- HEY! LOOK OUT!

WOW! LOOK AT THOSE TALL BUILDINGS!

TOOT TOOT

HONK HONK

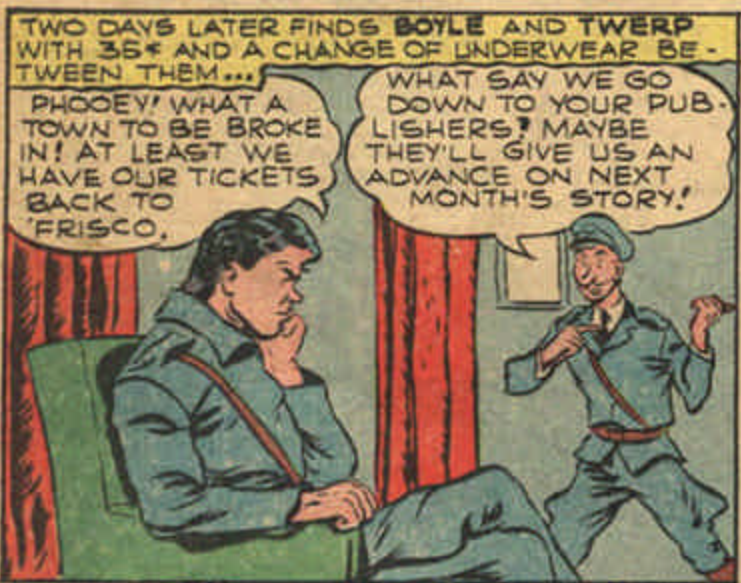


SO THIS IS FORTY-SECOND STREET.. OH. OH! LOOK AT THAT!

HONK HONK

SCREECH SCREECH

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE HOLDING UP TRAFFIC! OOOO-OoHH!



TWO DAYS LATER FINDS BOYLE AND TWERP WITH 35¢ AND A CHANGE OF UNDERWEAR BETWEEN THEM...

PHOOEY! WHAT A TOWN TO BE BROKE IN! AT LEAST WE HAVE OUR TICKETS BACK TO 'FRISCO.

WHAT SAY WE GO DOWN TO YOUR PUBLISHERS? MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE US AN ADVANCE ON NEXT MONTH'S STORY!



THE PUBLISHERS! HOLY MACKEREL! WHAT A SAD I AM! I HAVEN'T SENT THEM A STORY FOR THIS MONTH YET!!

YOU DIDN'T! GEE, M-MAYBE THEY'LL BE MAD AT YOU!



WELL, THIS IS IT... ER... I T-THINK I'LL WAIT OUT HERE!

QUIT WORRYING, WILL YOU? IF I REMEMBER RIGHT, THE DEADLINE ISN'T FOR A COUPLE DAYS YET!



THAT OFFICE IS PRIVATE! CAN I HELP YOU BOYS?

DON'T WORRY, BABE! MY FRIEND KNOWS THE EDITOR!

TAKE A LOOK IN HERE, KID! HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!



NO KIDDIN', SHORT! BOYLE DIDN'T SEND A STORY IN THIS MONTH! AND I HAVEN'T THE GHOST OF AN IDEA FOR A PLOT!

THINK, MAN, THINK! WE'VE GOT A DEADLINE ON THIS MAGAZINE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW



MAYBE IF WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER WE COULD HATCH OUT A STORY OURSELVES!

HMM! SHUT UP! I'M GETTING AN IDEA! DON'T DISTURB MY TRAIN OF THOUGHT!

HA, HA! THEY DIDN'T SEE US COME IN!

SHHH! THIS'LL BE GOOD! LET'S WATCH 'EM STRUGGLE!

..SUPPOSING WE DO A STORY WHERE BOYLE SINKS A JAP AIRCRAFT CARRIER WITH A CAN-OPENER!

SAY! WHY DON'T YOU WHIP UP A STORY ABOUT BOYLE COMING TO NEW YORK ON FURLOUGH?

TWERP! C'MERE!

NAW, THAT'S OLD STUFF! HOW ABOUT... NO, THAT'S NO GOOD, EITHER!



HEY! THAT'S A THOUGHT! NOT BAD!.. WHAT DO YOU THINK, SHORTEN?

YEAH.. SAY? WHO SAID THAT, ANYWAY? HOLY CATS! BOYLE!

H'YA, BOYS! SURPRISED TO SEE ME?

I HOPE YOU GUYS WILL BE GOOD FRIENDS, TWERP THINKS YOU MAKE HIM TOO DUMB!

ANY FRIEND OF BOYLE'S IS ONE OF MINE! SO PUT 'ER THERE! HOW ABOUT MAKING A SKETCH OF ME?

SURE! I'D BE GLAD TO!



OKAY! ENOUGH OF THAT.. NOW WHY DON'T YOU GUYS GET TOGETHER ON THE STORY! AND FOR PETE'S SAKE, RUSH IT!

SURE THING! WHERE'S A NICE QUIET PLACE TO GO?

C'MON UP TO THE STUDIO, SARGE! YOU CAN GIVE ME THE STORY UP THERE AND I'LL START THE DRAWINGS!

C'MON, TWERP! WE'RE GOING! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?

HAHAHA HA HA HA! LOOK AT THESE ENGRAVERS' PROOFS OF THE NEW "JACKPOT" WHAT A KID THIS ARCHIE IS!

WE'LL WORK THIS STORY OUT BETTER ALONE, TWERP! WHAT SAY WE MEET AT THE U.S.O. LATER?

SURE! MEANWHILE I'LL TAKE IN SOME OF THE SIGHTS, S'LONG!



HA HA HA HA HA





JEEPS, GUYS! LOOK AT THIS BIRD COMIN' HE LOOKS LIKE CAPTAIN TWERP!

HELLO, THERE, GONNY! YEAH! I'M CAPTAIN TWERP! HOW DID YOU KNOW ME?

NO KIDDIN'! YA REALLY ARE? GEE!

UPP... BOYLE? ER, HE'S DOWN AT THE U.S.O... BUT HE'S ALL TIED UP! SO YOU KNOW ABOUT US, HUH? MAYBE YOU'D LIKE MY AUTOGRAPH?

GEE, WOULD YA? BOY, THAT'S PEACHY! SURE, WE READ ABOUT SERGEANT BOYLE ALLA TIME!

NAH, IT CANT BE! HE'S BUSY FIGHTIN' THE JAPS!

YEAH! I BETCHA! LETS ASK HIM!

OH YEAH! WELL WHERE'S SERGEANT BOYLE AT?

I AINT GOT ANY PAPER... WOULD YOU WRITE IT HERE IN MY NOTE-BOOK?

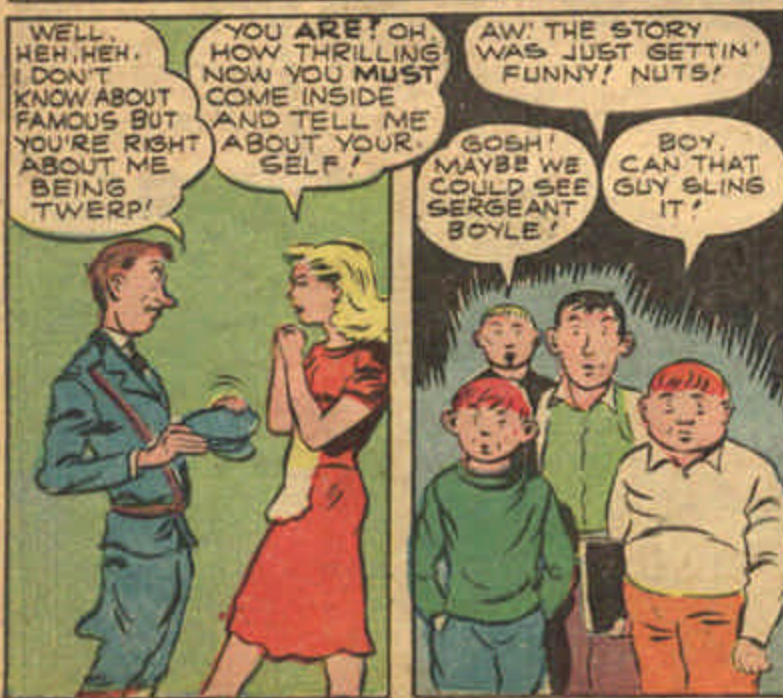


SAY IF THAT GUY IS REALLY TWERP, HE MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE CONVOY THAT'S SAILING FOR AUSTRALIA!

SO! LILU! GET DOT OFFICER INSIDE! QUEECK!

SO THERE I WAS, WITH TWENTY JAPS CLOSIN' IN FROM ALL SIDES, BUT WAS I SCARED? NOT ME! QUICK AS A FLASH, I - HUH?

OOH! YOU MUST BE THE FAMOUS CAPTAIN TWERP! YOU'RE SO HANDSOME!



WELL, HEH, HEH. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT FAMOUS BUT YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ME BEING TWERP!

YOU ARE? OH, HOW THRILLING NOW YOU MUST COME INSIDE AND TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF!

AW! THE STORY WAS JUST GETTIN' FUNNY! NUTS!

GOSH! MAYBE WE COULD SEE SERGEANT BOYLE!

BOY, CAN THAT GUY SLING IT!



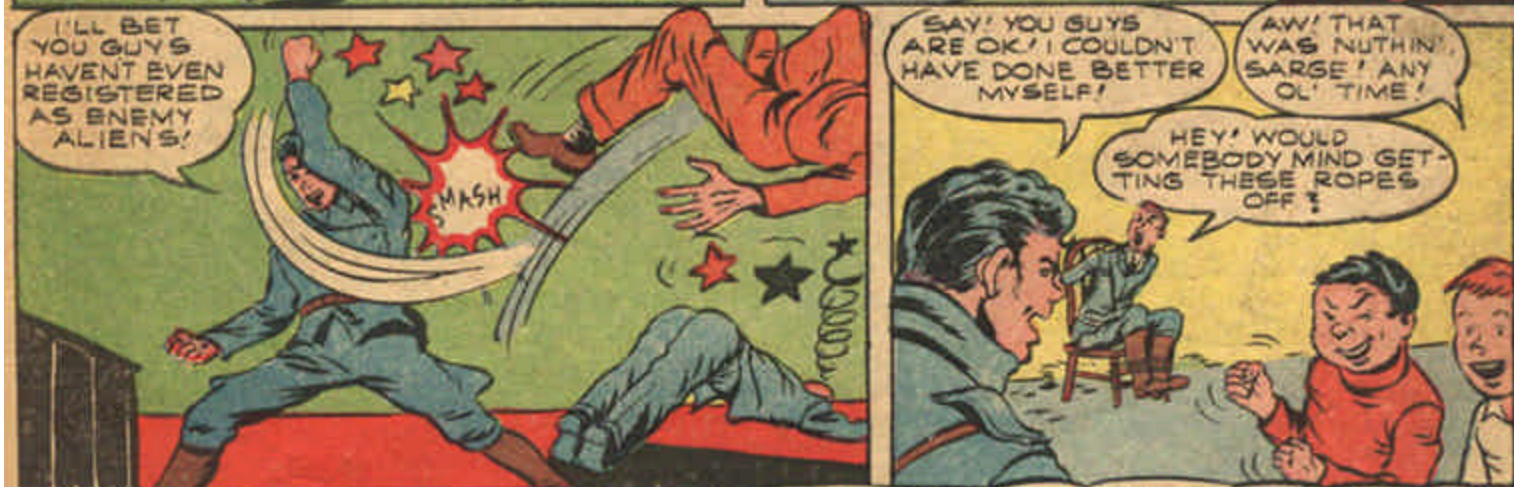
MEANWHILE AT U.S.O HEADQUARTERS

WHAT COULD'VE HAPPENED TO TWERP? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE HOURS AGO!

MAYBE HE'S WAITING OUTSIDE... I'LL GO AN' LOOK!







MELODIES OF MURDER

A SHIELD STORY

DUSTY grinned as they entered the music shop. "Aw, come on, Joe," he said. "You act as though you're going to have a tooth pulled."

Joe Higgins groaned in mock agony. "It's this way, Dusty," he explained. "I like swing music well enough, but somehow I feel like doing something other than just listening to records tonight. What say we go to a wrestling match, huh?"

Dusty shook his head positively, and led the way down the aisle, past the sheet-music counter, over to the record shelves. "Nothing doing," he said. "I've had my eye on this shop for over a month, and I want to pick up a few new platters to add to my collection."

As they reached the record shelves, the solitary clerk stepped up to them, a professional smile on his thin, weasel-like face. "I was just about to close up," he said. "But I've got to bring my sales report to Mr. Glaubner, the owner, and if you wish to look around for yourselves while I'm upstairs in his office, you're perfectly welcome to do so."

"Thanks," said Dusty. "We'll do that." The clerk nodded and walked upstairs.

Dusty began to pick joyfully through the records. He kept at this for about five minutes; then, he straightened up and shook his head. "Funny," he said. "I thought they'd have a better selection than this. There isn't a single worthwhile platter here. C'mon let's go." He turned to leave, and suddenly swivelled back. "Hey, wait a minute, there's a pile of records behind the counter, I'm going to have a look at them."

He selected several of the top platters and examined them interestedly. "*Sing Sing Sing*, by Benny Goodman, *Tuxedo Jump*, by Erskine Hawkins, *Runnin'*

Wild, by Glenn Miller. I don't own any of these, but I've always wanted to." He turned to Joe. "Switch on the juke, will you, Joe? I want to hear these babies once more before I buy them."

Joe switched on the machine, and Dusty slipped the needle in place. The music began to pour forth. "You can't beat Benny Goodman," Dusty commented. He listened for a moment as the orchestra collaborated on smooth melody, and then he said, "Get this. Here's where Benny himself does a clarinet solo."

He was wrong. The mood of the music suddenly changed, and a saxophone began to bleat. It was a very poor saxophone job, jerky, unmusical.

Dusty almost leaped into the air. "There's something phony here," he said. "I've heard Benny Goodman's version of *Sing Sing Sing* about three hundred times, and I say a clarinet solo should have been played." He paused. "Hold on. Let's hear the trumpet take off."

There was no trumpet. Instead, a drummer began his beat, pounding the skins in an odd, staccato rhythm.

Joe Higgins had been listening with amazement and sudden understanding etched across his features. "You needn't repeat yourself, Dusty," he said. "There's something phony here, all right, and I think I know what it is."

He snatched up the Benny Goodman record. "Lock that door so that nobody comes in," he said. "We've got some business here."

Dusty quickly followed instructions, and the pair raced up the stairs. At the head of the stairs, they stopped for a moment to remove their outer clothing, and The Shield and Dusty were ready for action!

They burst into the room marked "Office of Hugo Glaubner."

Glaubner was seated behind his desk talking to his clerk. "What is all this?" he demanded.

"I'll tell you what all this is," The Shield clipped out. He placed the Benny Goodman record on Glaubner's desk. "I've just discovered a neat bit of fifth column activity."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Glaubner.

"Don't act, Glaubner," said The Shield. "Millions of phonograph records are shipped yearly to South America. You insert instrumental solos and ship these discs to your agents in South America. They play the real record and the changed record at once, and when a part differs in the changed record, they copy it down Morse code, Glaubner, is easy to send via drum-beats and the playing of a saxophone."

Glaubner's breath hissed through his teeth. "Get them, Fritz," he said softly.

With a lightning-fast motion, he pulled a gun from his desk drawer, and brought it up spitting flame. A bullet bit into the wall.

He didn't fire a second shot. He didn't have a chance. The Shield was on him, fists flashing. Two blows and Glaubner was through.

Dusty had also leaped toward Glaubner, and the clerk, Fritz, took advantage of this. He dashed out of the door and began to run wildly.

Dusty raced after him, and after examining Glaubner to make sure he was really out cold, The Shield followed to help.

But his help wasn't necessary. He found Fritz lying on the floor, unconscious. Dusty had hit him on the head with the pile of faked phonograph records!

"Golly, I should have hit the rat harder," said Dusty. "His being a Nazi is bad enough, but can you imagine the nerve of the guy—cutting out a Benny Goodman solo. It's positively inhuman!"

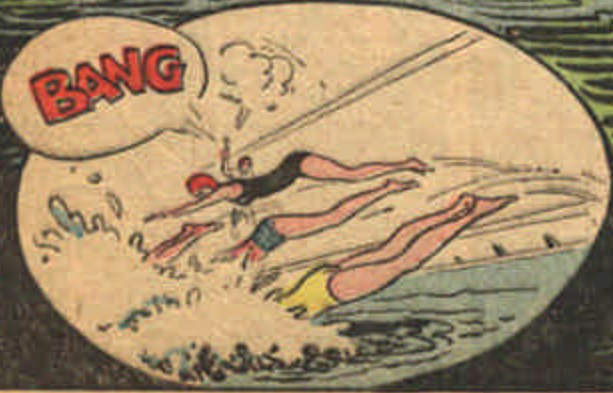
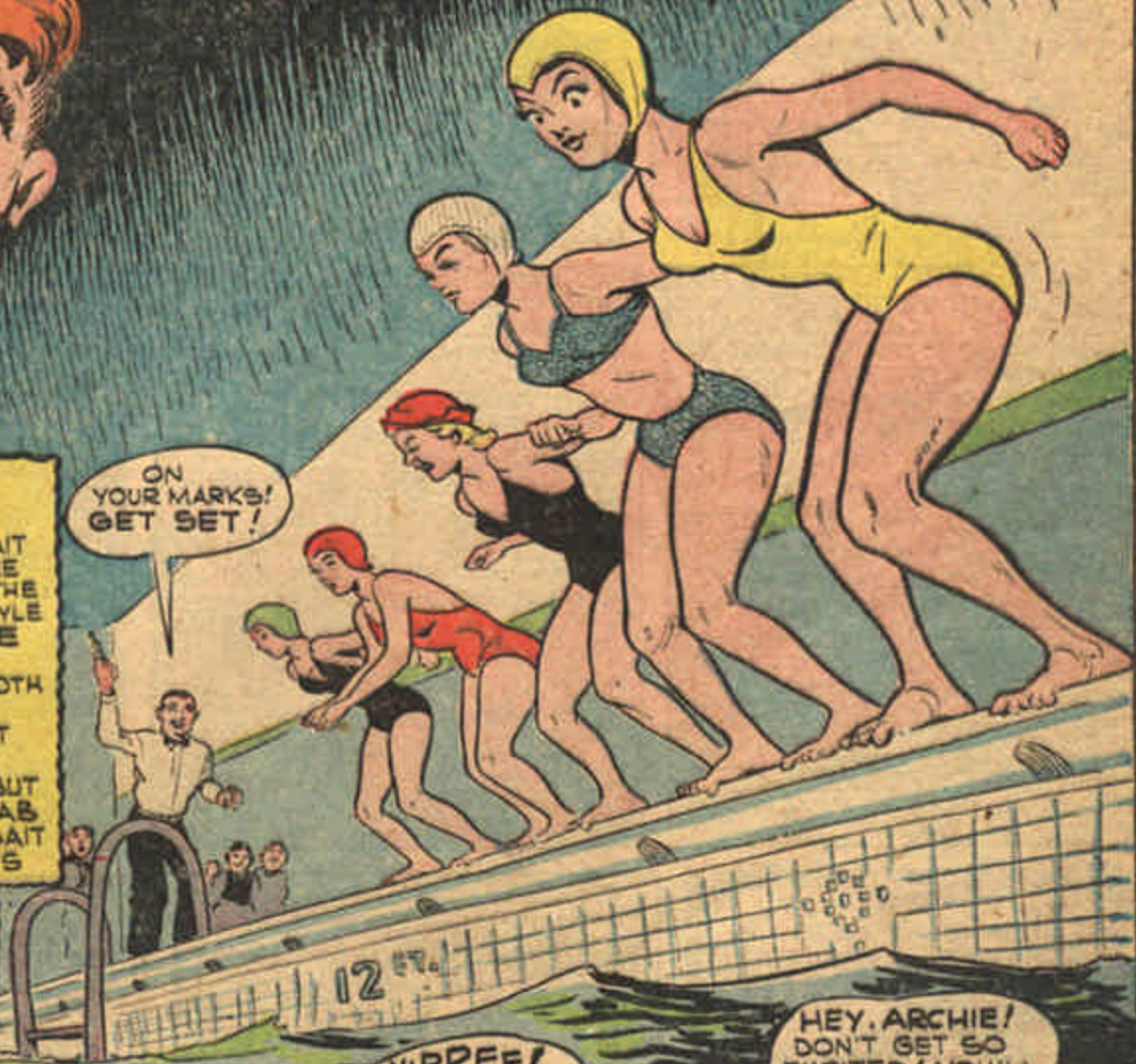
Archie

by MONTANA



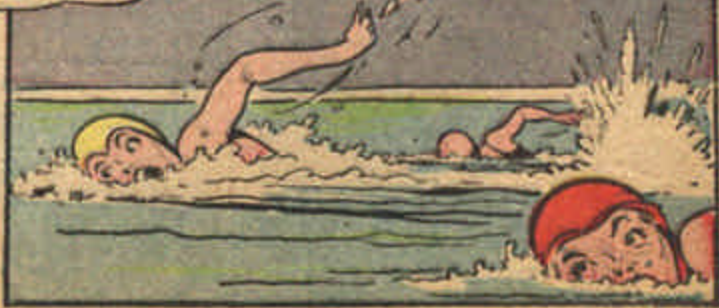
IT'S THE ANNUAL SWIMMING MEET AT RIVERDALE HIGH AND THE STUDENTS WAIT BREATHLESSLY FOR THE STARTER'S GUN AND THE "SENIOR GIRLS FREE STYLE RACE!" POOR ARCHIE COULDN'T ENTER THE MEET THIS YEAR... A MOTH GOT INTO HIS BATHING SUIT (AND FRANKLY, IT LOOKED BETTER IN IT THAN ARCHIE DOES) BUT THERE'S NOTHING DRAB ABOUT THAT DATE-BAIT ON THE RIGHT! SHE'S VERONICA LODGE BOSTON SUB-DEB AND SHE WON'T HIT THAT WATER HALF AS HARD AS SHE'S HIT ARCHIE!

ON YOUR MARKS! GET SET!



YIPPEE! VERONICA'S OUT IN FRONT! COME ON, VERONICA!

HEY, ARCHIE! DON'T GET SO EXCITED! YOU'LL FALL IN!







NICE GOING, ARCHIE! RIGHT IN MR. LODGE'S HAT....





TWA RADIOGRAM
 ARCHIE ANDREWS
 VIA WASHINGTON FLAGSHIP
 CALL ME COLLECT IMMEDIATELY
 UPON LANDING AT
 WO 27300 EX2255
 B.K. LODGE



SENATOR FELDMAN SPEAKS...



NOW THAT MR. ER--AH--ANDREWS IS HERE LET'S GET TO THE POINT!

ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE THEIR HANDS!



THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT MR. LODGE SAID TO VOTE FOR--INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION!

NOW ALL IN FAVOR OF INTERSTATE COORDINATION!



JEE PERS! I THINK THAT'S WHAT HE SAID-- INTERSTATE COORDINATION... I WISH I'D WRITTEN IT DOWN! THEY BOTH SOUND ALIKE!



THAT'S FUNNY-- I COUNTED FOUR TO FOUR-- THAT'S EIGHT HANDS BUT THERE ARE ONLY SEVEN OF US. H.M. SOMEBODY VOTED TWICE!



LET'S TRY IT AGAIN - ALL THOSE IN FAVOR OF INDEPENDENT CONCENTRATION RAISE YOUR HAND!

ALL IN FAVOR OF INTER-STATE COORDINATION HMMM! THREE TO THREE. THIS TIME SOMEBODY DIDN'T VOTE AT ALL!



PARDON ME. BUT, MR. ANDREWS... ARE YOU GURE YOU'RE VOTING?

LUL! GOSH-- I... ER... I HAVEN'T MADE UP MY MIND YET!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND!

NOW MY STATE FEELS THAT! LISTEN TO ME, ANDREWS!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! PLEASE! ONE AT A TIME!



4 HOURS LATER

AND THAT, MR. ANDREWS, IS WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE INTERSTATE COORDINATION!

GEE, I NEVER LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY!

ME NEITHER!



GENTLEMEN, I'M GLAD MR. ANDREWS WAS NOT AS HASTY AS WE WERE IN VOTING. ON RECONSIDERING THE FACTS I'M SURE WE ALL SEE OUR WAY CLEAR NOW!... SUPPOSE WE CAST ANOTHER BALLOT!

BOSTON GLOBE
LODGE BILL CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY!
VOTE 7 TO 0 FOR INTER-STATE CO-ORDINATION IN WASH!
BROWN and GOLD RIVERDALE HIGH SCHOOL 0-0
ANDREWS RETURNS FROM WASHINGTON



DADDY SAID TO GIVE YOU A BIG KISS! YOU PRACTICALLY PUT HIM IN THE GOVERNOR'S CHAIR!

WELL, ARCHIE'S BATTING 400 WITH VERONICA NOW, BUT WHAT ABOUT BETTY COOPER? FOLLOW ARCHIE IN PEP and JACKPOT COMICS 6

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD
IN THE
CHURCH-STEEPLE
MURDERS

GLORY BE!
THAT MAN UP
THERE! WHAT A
HORRIBLE WAY
TO DIE!

HALOOO!
ANYBODY
HERE?

WHY, YES,
WHAT IS IT?

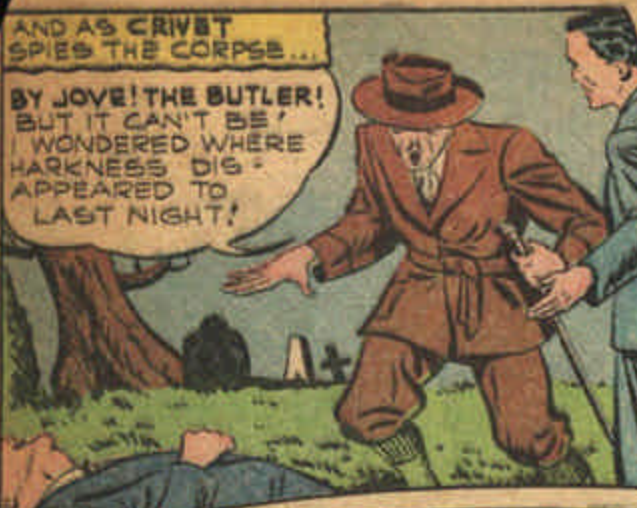
THE QUIET PEACE OF A
SUNDAY MORNING IN AN
ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE
IS SUDDENLY
SHATTERED BY DEATH!
THE HORRIBLE FIGURE
OF AN IMPALED CORPSE
STARTS BENTLEY
OF SCOTLAND YARD
ON THE MOST HAR-
ROWING ADVENTURE
OF HIS CAREER —





AND AS CRIVET SPIES THE CORPSE...

BY JOVE! THE BUTLER! BUT IT CAN'T BE! I WONDERED WHERE HARKNESS DID - APPEARED TO LAST NIGHT!



HARKNESS WAS GOING TO MEET ME IN THE BELFRY AT MID-NIGHT LAST NIGHT! AT A QUARTER TO MIDNIGHT I HEARD THE BELLS TOLL AND FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER I WENT UP AND WAITED! COME ALONG - I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE!

SLOWLY THE FOURSOME ASCENDS THE WINDING STAIRS WHICH LEADS TO THE TOWER!



THIS BENTLEY, IS THE BELFRY OF OUR LITTLE CHURCH!

AND THAT'S THE OBSERVATION WINDOW AT WHICH HARKNESS WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE MET ME! BUT HE NEVER SHOWED UP!

JIM! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T COME UP WITHOUT THE BUTLER OR MYSELF! YOU MIGHT TRIP AND FALL!

THIS IS MY WIFE, ANNE, MR. BENTLEY SHE ALWAYS WORRIES ABOUT ME!

OH! ARE YOU HERE ON A VACATION?

HMM! I WAS! DOESN'T MUCH LOOK AS THOUGH I'LL GET ONE VERY STRANGE, THIS!





DR. TASS, I THINK I KNOW... HMM!

SHE'S A VERY SWEET GIRL ALL RIGHT! WOULDN'T MIND BEING MARRIED TO HER MYSELF!



WELL, NOW THE TWO LOVE BIRDS HAVE LEFT - I MUST ALSO BE GOING, BENTLEY! I'VE WORK TO DO, YOU KNOW!



LEFT ALONE IN THE BELFRY, BENTLEY SUDDENLY SPIES A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER.



BENTLEY BENDS DOWN TO EXAMINE WHAT MAY BE A VITAL CLUE... SUDDENLY THE GREAT BELLS BEGIN TO RING!



BUT THESE BELLS SHOULDN'T BE RINGING NOW - UGGGGH!



KNOCKED OFF BALANCE, BENTLEY FLINGS HIMSELF DESPERATELY AT THE CLAPPER OF THE LARGEST BELL!



GOOD HEAVENS! I'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH! STOP RINGING THOSE BELLS BELOW!



AS THE BELL SWINGS HIGH, BENTLEY LETS GO, AND...



... LANDS ON THE PRECARIOUSLY NARROW PLATFORM...

BONG



BUT LOOK! BENTLEY'S BACK IS PRESSING AGAINST THE POINT OF THE STEEPLE!

I UNDERSTAND NOW! THESE OLD ENGLISH CHURCHES ARE BUILT SO THE STEEPLES CAN BE RAISED OR LOWERED... SOMEBODY KNOWS IT AND IS REGULATING THIS STEEPLE FROM THE BELFRY BELOW!

LET'S SEE IF I CAN MAKE OUT WHO'S DOWN THERE... I SAY! WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

BY JOVE! SOMEONE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE!

ONE OF YOU FOUR IS SURPRISED TO SEE ME HERE! ONE OF YOU HOPED I WAS DEAD!

WELL, WELL! THIS IS INTERESTING... THIS CLEANS UP THE ENTIRE CASE!

THE EXAMINATION OVER...

NOW I'M CONVINCED! I KNOW WHICH OF YOU IS THE MURDERER OF HARKNESS, THE BUTLER!

I WANT TO TAKE A LOOK AT EACH OF YOUR WATCHES! YOU FIRST, MR. CRIVET!

BY SHREWD DEDUCTION BENTLEY HAS GIFTED THE CLUES AND DISCOVERED THE IDENTITY OF THE MURDERER!

WHO IS IT?
1. JIM CRIVET? 2. DR. TASS?
3. THE SEXTON? 4. ANNE CRIVET?
MAKE YOUR DECISION BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE!

IT'S YOU, ANNE CRIVET! YOU COMMITTED THE MURDER AND THEN KNOWING I WAS IN THE BELFRY, YOU TRIED TO KILL ME!

TREMBLING UNDER THE ACCUSATION ANNE CRIVET, DASHES PAST THE GATHERING.

UP UP THE LONG WINDING STAIRS...
THEY WON'T GET ME ALIVE!

I'M TOO LATE!

LATER, INSIDE... HERE IS A MARRIAGE LICENSE FOUND IN THE BELFRY. IT FELL FROM HARKNESS' POCKET... IT PROVES THAT ANNE WAS A BIGAMIST - MARRIED TO BOTH OF YOU. THE HARSH TRUTH IS SHE MARRIED YOU FOR YOUR MONEY!

THEY PLANNED TO IMPALE YOU, MR CRIVET, ON THIS SLIDING STEEPLE - ONLY ONE THING WENT WRONG!

ANNE'S WATCH WAS FIFTEEN MINUTES FAST! YOU TOLD ME YOU HEARD THE CLOCK CHIME AT A QUARTER OF TWELVE LAST NIGHT. ANNE WAS RINGING THE BELLS, KNOWING YOU WOULD BE KNOCKED OFF YOUR FEET...

...AGAINST THIS STEEPLE! YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPALED ON IT, ROBBED OF EVERYTHING - AND IT WOULD HAVE LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT, BUT BECAUSE OF THE IRONY OF FATE, HER WATCH WAS FAST, SHE RANG THE BELLS TOO SOON - AND HER HUSBAND WAS KILLED!

Disease Often Misunderstood

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that a test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

*Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved*

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.





AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER

Special to the Readers of PEP COMICS

A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF

GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

For 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.

AMAZING

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.



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.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

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)



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



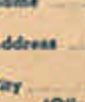
AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER



AIRCRAFT CARRIER

Not necessary to send coupon - A facsimile will do.