

NO.
34

PEEP



The SHIELD

DEC.

COMICS 10¢



AMERICA'S
FASTEST
GROWING
COMIC
MAGAZINE!!



USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c 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.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

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

CUT ON THIS LINE

BULLETIN NO. 13

I'M going to be a kind of transmitter this month. Generally I use this space to talk things over with you members of the Shield G-Man Club, but I stopped up to the office a while ago and got into a discussion with several of the fellows up here and they asked me to forward a couple of thank-yous for them and . . . and, well, here I am doing it.

The first thank-you message comes from Carl Hubbell, the young artist who transcribes all those letters you sent for the Sergeant Boyle contest to the Sarge himself, and both Boyle and Carl are delighted at the swell letter response you gave them. As you'll see when you get to the Sergeant Boyle story further in the book, all contest winners have been announced right in this issue.

The second thank-you message comes from The Hangman . . . and he wants to thank *John S. Anderson, Larry Heaney, James Figueira, Oliver Anderson, and Don McRae*, all of 1340 Blake Street, Berkeley, Calif. for the swell letter these boys whipped up and sent him. I read the letter and thought it was pretty fine, too. The boys told The Hangman about their hate for brute-strength Nazi methods of government . . . and in their short letter they've managed to reflect the opinions of all Americans. We all feel that way about Adolf and Co., fellows. Let's keep doing all we can toward the purchase of war bonds and stamps—and make sure that it won't be long before the man with the moustache is healing his last heel. Now to say a thing or two on my own hook. Have you fellows and girls seen the latest **TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS**? It's a magazine which is getting sweller and sweller and funnier and funnier with each issue, and you're really missing something if you don't give it a try. Look it over, and then enter the **TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS** "opinions" contest. You've a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of the crack **TOP-NOTCH** artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

RICHARD MacGRAY
257 Chestnut Street
Needham, Mass.

WILLIAM BEACH
Route 2
Danville, Ohio

BERNARD BROOK
3447 West 19th Avenue
Denver, Colorado

MARVIN D. SCHWIFF
18 Cedar Lawn Sq.
Galveston, Texas

RUTH MARTINEAU
Maronie Hospital
Covina, Calif.

WAYNE ALBERT FORD
Box 675
Twin Falls, Idaho

ETHEL MOSKOWITZ
729 Euclid Avenue
Miami Beach, Florida

CHARLES SCHUBERT
229 West Des Moines
Salina, Kansas

RICHARD BAXTER
38 Mildred Avenue
Mattapan, Texas

DOLORES REESE
4530 Wayne Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Joe Higgins

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE



IT WAS FUNNY ABOUT THE RUG ---
THE WAY IT TURNED UP AT THE
MURDERS.

NOT THAT THE RUG COULD HAVE
ANY CONNECTION WITH THE
CRIMES --- NO, IT COULDN'T. IT
WASN'T A VALUABLE RUG --- JUST
A CHEAP, GAUDY BIT OF FABRIC,
SOLD OVER AN AUCTIONEER'S
COUNTER.

AND YET IT CONTINUED TO
TURN UP

WHY?

THAT'S WHAT *THE SHIELD* AND
DUSTY AIMED TO FIND OUT-----

EARLY ONE EVENING, DUSTY ENTERS JOE HIGGINS' ROOM...

HYA JOE! I...
HEY, JOE! JOE!
WHAT'S WRONG,
PAL?

DUSTY, I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT MY LAST ATTEMPT TO RECOVER MY SUPER-POWERS... THE ATTEMPT THAT DIDN'T WORK! I FEEL PRETTY LOW ABOUT IT! I GUESS I'LL NEVER GET MY SUPER-POWERS BACK!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE WORRIED ABOUT SOME-THING **IMPORTANT!** YOU'VE DONE ALL RIGHT SO FAR WITHOUT YOUR SUPER-POWERS---AND YOU'LL GO ON DOING ALL RIGHT. C'MON, LET'S GO OUT AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOMETHING TO HELP YOU FORGET ABOUT YOUR TROUBLES!

AW, IS THAT ALL?

AND MINUTES LATER, AS THEY WALK ALONG THE STREET...

HEY, JOE, LOOK--
AN AUCTION!
LET'S GO IN!

OKAY, DUSTY!
MAYBE THEY'VE
GOT SOMETHING WE
CAN USE!

---AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'LL ACCEPT BIDS ON THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD RUG! NOTE ITS FINE TEXTURE AND ITS UNUSUAL DESIGN. WHAT AM I OFFERED?

I BID
ONE BUCK,
PAL!

I'LL MAKE THAT
TWO DOLLARS!

HEH! HEH! HERE'S
WHERE I HAVE
SOME FUN!

I'LL BID TWENTY
FIVE DOLLARS!

STUPID FOOL! I'LL MAKE THAT FIFTY DOLLARS!

-- GOING --- GOING --- GONE! SOLD TO THE MAN WITH THE CIGAR FOR \$750!

HOLY SOCKS! I DIDN'T EVEN EXPECT TO GET \$20 FOR THIS RUG!



I BID 750 DOLLARS!

HEH, HEH! WELL, I SPENT MORE THAN I FIGURED ON, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THAT MAN'S FACE!

GEE, DUSTY--- THERE WAS SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT BIDDING!

YEAH--- DID YOU SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE OF THE GUY WHO DIDN'T GET THE RUG? BRRR! HE LOOKED READY TO MURDER THE FAT FELLOW!



MATT SIDD



SUDDENLY---

DUSTY! LISTEN!

QUICKLY, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY STRIP OFF THEIR OUTER CLOTHING AND EMERGE AS THE SHIELD AND DUSTY---

SOMEONE'S YELLING!

WHY-- IT'S THE FAT FELLOW! AND HE LOOKS PRETTY OUTNUMBERED!

HELP HELP





HAVEN'T YOU GUYS EVER LEARNED ANYTHING ABOUT FAIRNESS?

NO? WELL, HERE'S A GOOD STIFF LESSON FOR YOU!

SLAM

WHAM

YOU ALL RIGHT, MISTER?

YEAH...G-GLESS I AM! YOU CAME JUST IN TWE!

OKAY, STUDENTS, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY!

POP



WHAT WERE THOSE FELLOWS AFTER?

G-GEE, I SURE DON'T KNOW, UNLESS... UNLESS THEY WERE AFTER THE RUG I JUST BOUGHT!



RUG? WHAT WOULD GUYS LIKE THAT WANT WITH A RUG?



NO, I GUESS THEY WERE AFTER YOUR MONEY, THAT'S ALL ---- HELLO, SERGEANT? THIS IS THE SHIELD! WILL YOU SEND THE WAGON OVER TO PITKIN AND AMBOY? I'VE GOT SOME VISITORS FOR YOU!

SAY, WHAT DID YOU WANT THE RUG FOR, ANYHOW?

MY BROTHER COLLECTS 'EM... AND I WAS HAVING A LOT OF FUN OVER-BIDDING THAT GUY!... WELL THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO! SO LONG, SHIELD, AND THANKS FOR RESCUING ME!

THEN NEXT DAY...

JOE! JOE! LOOK AT THIS!

DAI

CHARLES BARTON NOTED MANUFACTURER FOUND DEAD

CHARLES BARTON

CHARLES BARTON, NOTED MANUFACTURER, RESIDING AT 222 64TH ST. WAS FOUND



SURE IS A FUNNY COINCIDENCE, HUH, SHIELD?

I'M NOT SO SURE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

STEP IT UP, DUSTY! THIS IS THE 1900 BLOCK!

WE'RE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY, MRS. BARTON. WE'VE COME TO SEE YOU ABOUT... ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND'S DEATH!

JUST ON A HUNCH, MRS. BARTON, WHERE'S THAT RUG YOUR HUSBAND BOUGHT YESTERDAY?

WHY... WHY HE SENT IT TO HIS BROTHER BILL AT 222 POWELL STREET. BILL LIVES IN APARTMENT 4.

HEY, T-TAKE IT EASY, SHIELD! I CAN'T FLY, YOU KNOW!

POWELL STREET'S ONLY A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.

THERE'S THE BUILDING NOW!

LET'S GET UP-STAIRS QUICK! I GOT A--- FUNNY FEELING---



HOLY MACKEREL!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY BEAT US OVER HERE!

SUDDENLY---

THE DOORBELL!

CITY DELIVERY! PACKAGE FOR WILLIAM BARTON!

I'LL TAKE IT!

WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF---- IT'S THE RUG!

JUMPIN' JEEPS!



HEY, WAIT---A---MINUTE! **DUSTY!** THE MURDERED GUY WAS AN ARCHITECT! SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE SOME TRACING PAPER AROUND THE PLACE!

I'LL LOOK AROUND, SHIELD!



YOU GOT IT! GOOD! HAND IT HERE!



LET'S SEE NOW! IF I'M RIGHT---



I AM RIGHT, DUSTY, THERE'S A MAP WOVEN INTO THE DESIGN OF THIS RUG!



SUDDENLY---

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, SHIELD! THERE IS A MAP ON THE RUG!--- MIKE! JOE! GET THE RUG AND THE TRACING HE JUST MADE!



THERE'S OUR CUE, DUSTY!

LET'S TAKE 'EM!

RIGHT!



COUNT 'EM OFF, DUSTY!
ONE!

TWO!

WHAM

BAM

THAT'S AS FAR AS YOU COUNT!

THREE!

SOK

I'M NOT SO SURE OF THAT, TOUGH GUY!

SLOGG! SLOGG! HELP ME!

I'LL FIX THE PUNK!

THAT DOES IT! YOU GUYS TIE THESE TWO UP AND GET 'EM OVER TO THE HIDE-OUT! I THINK I'VE GOT A USE FOR THEM!



NOW TO BURN THIS TRACING!



GOOD! EVERYTHING'S ALL SET-- EXCEPT FOR MY TALK WITH THE SHIELD AND DUSTY! I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE HIDEOUT AND CLEAN THAT UP!

LATER, AT SLOGG'S HIDEOUT ---

I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU GUYS! TELL ME--- HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS?



A MILLION DOLLARS!

LET'S HEAR YOUR PROPOSITION!

I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED!

IT ALL STARTED A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, WHEN I WAS OUT IN SINGAPORE. A COCKNEY SEAMAN TOLD ME A STRANGE STORY-- A STORY ABOUT A RUG --



H'I TELL YOU, GUVINOR-- THIS RUG IN MY CABIN ABOARD THE MARIA HAS A MAP ON IT SHOWING HOW TO GET TO A LOST AZTEC CITY! THERE'S MILLIONS IN GOLD THERE, I TELL YOU-- MAYBE BILLIONS!



G'WAN! I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT!

I PRETENDED TO SCOFF, BUT WHEN WE GOT OUTSIDE---

THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, PAL!



THAT NIGHT, I SNEAKED ON BOARD THE *MARIA*---



THEN, WHEN THE SHIP WAS WELL OUT TO SEA, I SET FIRE TO THE CARGO ----



THE ENTIRE CREW RAN TO PUT OUT THE FIRE, AND WHILE THEY WERE KEPT BUSY, I GOT THE RUG ----



THEN, WITH THE RUG UNDER MY ARM, I STOLE A LIFEBOAT AND STARTED AWAY. THE FIRE ON THE SHIP CONTINUED TO BURN---



BUT WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT THE *MARIA* WAS SHIPPING DYNAMITE. BEFORE THE LIFEBOAT HAD EVEN BEGUN TO SAIL AWAY---



THE NEXT THING I KNEW A MAN WAS BENDING OVER ME ----

EASY, SON, EASY! YOU WERE THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE *MARIA*! WE FOUND YOU IN THE WATER WITH YOUR RUG CLUTCHED UNDER YOUR ARM!



MY RUG! WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT?

WHY, I GAVE IT TO SOME NATIVE IN THE MALAYS! IT WAS JUST A CHEAP WATER SOAKED CARPET! I-- I DIDN'T THINK--



I FOLLOWED THE RUG FROM CITY TO CITY--- HUNTING DAY AND NIGHT IN BAZAARS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. BUT THE RUG WAS ALWAYS AHEAD OF ME--



UNTIL FINALLY, AT AN AUCTION HOUSE RIGHT IN THE CITY---

DONALD STYL AUCTIONS

HOLY MIKE! THERE IT IS-- RIGHT IN THE WINDOW!





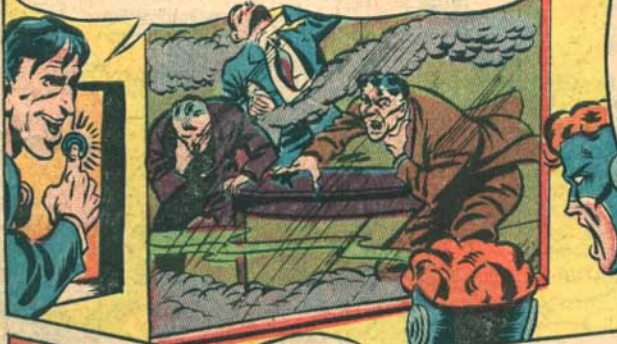
AND THEN THAT FAT FOOL OVERBID ME--- AND I HAD TO LET HIM WIN THE BID BECAUSE I THOUGHT HE KNEW SOMETHING... BUT I GOT THE RUG NOW! HEH, HEH, HEH! I GOT IT NOW!

EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE! I'VE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO FINISH!

THESE ARE THE MEN WHO HELPED ME GET THE RUG! I CAN'T USE THEM ANY MORE--- BUT I CAN USE A COUPLE OF GUYS LIKE YOU ON MY EXPEDITION! ARE YOU WITH ME?

WITH YOU! THE DEVIL WE ARE, YOU MURDERING RAT!

OH, SO YOU'RE NOT WITH ME, EH? THEN I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TOO!



YOU GO FIRST, BRAT!



DUSTY!

NOW WATCH YOUR PAL DIE, SHIELD!



YOU OUTSMARTED YOURSELF, WISEGUY! THAT LONG STORY YOU TOLD GAVE ME PLENTY OF TIME TO LOOSEN THESE ROPES!

H--- HURRY, SHIELD! HURRY! THIS--- GAS IS--- GETTING ME!



THE SHIELD'S LOOSE! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!

SUDDENLY..



HE'S GETTING AWAY!
AFTER HIM, DUSTY!

SLOW UP! THIS
IS AS FAR AS
YOU GO!

NO, SHIELD!
I'M NOT GO-
ING TO LET
ANYTHING STOP
ME NOW!

BUT AS SLOGG RUNS
FORWARD, HE TRIPS--- ON HIS
OWN RUG---

BUT I THINK
I'LL STOP JUST
LONG ENOUGH
TO FINISH
YOU!

AND FALLS---
ON HIS OWN
KNIFE---

WITH A GREAT
EFFORT
SLOGG LIFTS
THE RUG
AND...

I--- I'M
DYING! IF I
CAN'T--CAN'T
HAVE THE
RUG, NO-
BODY
CAN!

AAAAAAGH

DUSTY
RUSHES
FORWARD
BUT---

NO, DUSTY
LET IT BURN!

BUT, SHIELD!
WHY?

THAT RUG HAS DONE
ENOUGH DAMAGE ALREADY!
MURDER AND
DEATH HAVE
FOLLOWED
IN ITS WAKE
WHEREVER
IT TRAVELED!
LET IT
BURN!

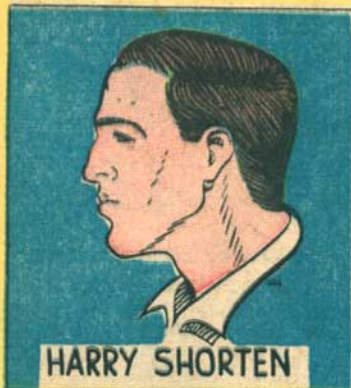
**THE
SHIELD
AND DUSTY
APPEAR IN
PEP
COMICS
AND
SHIELD-WIZARD
COMICS!**
FOLLOW THEIR
UNUSUAL AD-
VENTURES IN
BOTH THESE
MAGAZINES!

THE END

NOTICE! BECAUSE OF THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS OF APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP YOU'VE SENT IN--SO MANY THAT WE HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO TABULATE AND ALPHABETIZE THEM AS YET--THE **YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA** PAGE WILL NOT APPEAR IN THIS ISSUE. HOWEVER, THE PAGE WILL RESUME NEXT ISSUE, LISTING, AS IN THE PAST, THE NAMES OF ALL NEW MEMBERS. IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO, SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THE **YOUNG SOLDIER'S OF AMERICA CLUB, RM. 315, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C.** JOIN THIS CLUB FOR PATRIOTIC AMERICANS!

MEET THE EDITOR

by SCOTT FELDMAN



ONE bright April morning about a million years ago—or anyway, it *feels* like a million years ago—I meandered over to 60 Hudson Street, to begin work as assistant editorial director for the M.L.J. comic magazines.

I took the elevator up to the third floor, and started to enter the M.L.J. offices at Suite 315. At this point, a man came rolling out and almost knocked me over.

The man was clutching a manuscript in his hand, and he looked as though he had just fallen off a roller-coaster and landed on his head.

Halfway into the long hall which precedes the outer office, I tangled with another man. This fellow had an artist's portfolio under his arm, and he looked like he'd fallen off the same roller-coaster.

I later learned that both these men had just emerged from a story conference with Harry Shorten, my new boss . . . and that they'd had their bad ideas tossed out so quickly and new ideas added so quickly that it sent them away pretty much dazed.

Well, maybe I'm exaggerating a bit. Maybe a story conference with Harry Shorten doesn't produce such mind-whirling effects. But I do know that H.S. has the peculiar

knack of considering a story and getting right to the basic wrongs, if any. You can call him a hard editorial master, and you can call him a slave-driver, but his habit of working with artists and writers through every stage produces the best comic stories published. You know what I mean if you read his magazines.

I'll give some personal details:

Harry Shorten's a young fellow, twenty-seven or twenty-eight. Height, 5-11; weight about 190; all muscle. I remember my first impression when meeting him. "Here," I said to myself, "is a guy I'll never attempt to poke in the snoot." I wasn't surprised when I learned later that Short had starred on the New York University football team (been All-Eastern, in fact) and had later played pro football in the American League.

Unlike many people in the writing business, who pounded typewriters while biting their teething rings, Harry Shorten, up till the time he entered college, had no idea that he was headed for a literary career. But he was on the football team at NYU, and this gave him an idea for a book called, "How to Watch a Football Game." He wrote the book, and the book was published. It had a spectacular sale . . . and this made him think more seriously about writing. He began to write sports stories for the pulp magazines in his spare time.

All this while, he was continuing his college work as a Geology major, and by the time he had graduated with honors, he'd sold so many sports stories that he'd lost count.

Well, he was out of college now, and while he was waiting for something good to develop

in the geology field, he continued to write more sports stories. Then someone asked him to write some stories for the comic magazines. He started on these, and was so successful, that before he knew it he'd been made editorial director up here at M.L.J. Shortly afterwards he was offered an excellent position in Washington as a geologist, and he refused it. . . .

At present, he manages PEP COMICS, ZIP COMICS, TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS, HANGMAN COMICS, JACKPOT COMICS, and SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS. Editing two magazines is a man-sized job; Short edits six, and handles his work capably. He accounts for his ability to get all his work done on deadline to Irving Novick, Bob Montana, Paul Reinman, Carl Hubbell, "Red" Holmdale and all the other crack artists who work for him.

Short's a settled married man now, with a beautiful wife named Rose, and a fifteen-month-old daughter named Melinda who is the sweetest, swellest, cutest, loveliest, most wonderful and amazing baby girl on earth. (Honest, this description is strictly my own opinion. The fact that Short is holding a baseball bat near my head as I write has nothing to do with it.)

To sum up, it's a pleasure to work for the guy. Yessir, I—wait a minute!

**SCOTT FELDMAN—
COME HERE!!!!**

Ulp! I guess he's found out about that spelling error I missed when I proofread that Shield story. All right, I'm coming. I'm coming. Keep your shirt on.

\$\$\$&*!! There must be an easier way of earning a living!

Coming, boss. . . .

THE HANGMAN



SABOTAGE!

WARS AREN'T COMPLETELY WON ON THE BATTLEFIELD. THEY'RE WON WHEN ONE SIDE RUNS OUT OF MATERIAL.

THAT'S HOW THE NAZIS INTEND TO WIN THIS WAR. THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE OUR OIL SUPPLY.

THEY'RE TRYING TO CRIPPLE IT BY DESTROYING OUR OIL RIGHT AT ITS SOURCE.

THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE TRYING TO DO. AS OUR STORY OPENS, THE HANGMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO AMERICAN OIL FIELDS IN MEXICO TO MAKE SURE THEY WONT!-----

OUR STORY OPENS AT GAUYILO, MOST IMPORTANT OIL TOWN IN MEXICO---



IN THE DARKNESS, A CROUCHED FIGURE WORKS FURIOUSLY---

VUN MORE MINUTE UND DIS PLACE VILL GO UP IN SMOKE!



A PEON APPROACHES---

FOR DIOS! A LIGHT! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



EET--EETS A SABOTEUR!



ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, MY FRIEND!



UND MAYBE I'LL TRY A LITTLE SABOTAGE ON YOU!



SUDDENLY---

MAYBE YOU WON'T NAZI!



THE HANGMAN!



AT YOUR SERVICE!



WHAM

THELMA GORDON RUNS UP--

HANGMAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THIS CUTE BOY WAS ABOUT TO SET THE OIL FIELDS AFIRE, THELMA!



THEES EES NOT THE FIRST TIME THEENGs LIKE THEES HAVE HAPPENED, SENOR-- BUT WE ALWAYS THOUGHT THEM ACCIDENTS!

LATER, AT THE OFFICE OF MIGUEL LOPEZ, WARDEN OF THE NEARBY PRISON-- AND SO WHEN I READ ABOUT ALL THESE 'ACCIDENTS' I DECIDED TO CHECK UP ON THEM, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

I KNOW! I'D HEARD ABOUT IT! THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT AN ORGANIZED BAND OF SABOTEURS IS OPERATING HERE--

WE ARE DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU, SENOR HANGMAN!

WE'D BETTER VISIT THE NAZI AND SEE IF WE CAN FORCE SOME INFORMATION OUT OF HIM!

I'LL TAKE YOU THERE, HIS CELL IS RIGHT DOWN THE HALL!



THE DIRTY PIG!

YOU'RE IN A SPOT, PAL / ARE YOU READY TO TALK AND SAVE YOUR NECK? WHO'S THE HEAD OF YOUR RING?

TALK? SURELY YOU'RE JOKING! I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO SAY!

OUTSIDE--

--AND HE WAS ABOUT TO SET THE OIL FIELDS ON FIRE! THE WHOLE TOWN WOULD BURN TO THE GROUND!

WHY WAIT TILL A JURY HANDS IN A DECISION? WHY SHOULDN'T WE TAKE JUSTICE INTO OUR OWN HANDS?

LET'S STRING HEEM UP!
YOU'RE RIGHT PEDRO!



AND IN THE CELL---

THE CROWD OUTSIDE-- THEY'RE GOING TO STORM THE PRISON AND LYNCH THE SABOTEUR!

THEN AN OMINOUS BEAM CUTS THROUGH THE DIM-LIT CELL, ACROSS THE HORRIFIED FACE OF THE NAZI-- THE SIGN OF THE GALLOWS...

THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU, NAZI! COMING TO HANG YOU. SOON YOU'LL BE A CORPSE SWAYING IN THE WIND... HANGING THERE UNTIL THE BUZZARDS LICK YOUR BONES CLEAN!

YOUR FUEHRER CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM THAT FATE- BUT I CAN- IF YOU'LL TALK!

Y...YES. I'LL TALK. I... I DON'T WANT TO DIE SO HORRIBLY!

I'D LIKE TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE, WARDEN- TO SAVE HIM FROM THE MOB! DO YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO DOING IT MY WAY?

NO, NO! NONE AT ALL! ANYTHING YOU SAY!

MY DEPUTY AND I WILL HOLD THE CROWD OFF AS LONG AS POSSIBLE! GOOD LUCK!

THANKS! I'LL NEED IT!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE MOB BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR---

WHERE EES HE, LOPEZ? WHERE EES THE DOG? TELL US OR WE KEEL YOU, TOO!

STAND BACK! STAND BACK! OR THERE'LL BE BLOOD-SHED!

WE'RE WARNING YOU, LOPEZ! WE DON'T WANT TO HARM YOU, BUT IF YOU DON'T STEP ASIDE---

SUDDENLY-

CRASH

WHAT--
WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK, THE NAZI IS GONE
AND---AND THE BARS OF
THE WINDOW ARE TORN
AWAY!

AND IN THE HANGMAN'S CAR, FROM
WHICH THE CELL WINDOW STILL HANGS--

THIS IS AS
FAR AS WE
GO!

OKAY, NAZI-TALK
AND TALK STRAIGHT!
THE MINUTE I THINK
YOU'RE LYING TO ME,
YOU GO RIGHT BACK
TO THAT MOB!

I---I'LL TALK!
ALL THE THINGS WE DO
ARE PLANNED BY ONE
MAN--WHOSE NAME---

WELL! HOW GOOD
TO SEE YOU AGAIN,
HANGMAN!

YAAAAAAHH

CAPTAIN
SWASTIKA!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!


NOT QUITE, HANGMAN--

IT ISN'T SO EASY TO KILL A MAN OF MY STRENGTH AND INTELLIGENCE! WITH THE AID OF MY FRIEND ICEPICK HERE, I AM OPERATING MORE SUCCESSFULLY THAN EVER!


MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO PUT A STOP TO THESE OPERATIONS OF YOURS, SWASTIKA!

I THINK NOT! ICEPICK, TAKE CARE OF HIM!






SO LONG,
BOYS!




AFTER HIM! HE CAN'T
GET AWAY! HE'S HEADED
RIGHT TOWARD THE EDGE
OF THE CLIFF!



HOLY CATS!
I'M
STUCK!




STUCK IS
THE RIGHT
WORD,
HANGMAN!
I BEEN WANTING
TO CARVE YA' UP
WIT' MY ICE-PICK
FER A LONG TIME, AND
NOW....




HE--HE'S JUMPED!



LOOK!... DER HANGMAN'S
CAPE FLOATING ON DER
VATER... BUT NO SIGN OF
DER HANGMAN!!



DER RIVER MUST BE AT LEAST
A HUNDRED FEET DOWN! HE'S
DEAD ALL RIGHT!--



COME, YE'D BETTER
FINISH OUR YORKE ON
DOSE OIL
FIELDS!

BUT THE HANG-MAN IS NOT DEAD---

WHEW! IT WAS A LONG SHOT JUMPING FOR THIS VINE- BUT IT WORKED! I'M HIDDEN FROM THEIR SIGHT BY THIS MOUNTAIN BRUSH!

GOOD LORD! THE VINES BREAKING!

LOOKS LIKE I'M SUNK!

SUDDENLY A ROPE DROPS DOWN---

WHEW!

I WONDER WHO MY LIFE SAVER IS!

THELMA! HOW DID YOU FOLLOW ME OUT HERE?

WITH THE WARDEN'S CAR, HANGMAN-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT A MINUTE TO WASTE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE OIL FIELDS-- AND PRONTO!



AND JUST OUTSIDE THE OIL FIELD---

ALL RIGHT, MEN-- YOU'VE GOT YOUR ORDERS! YOU KNOW NOT TO DO!



HERE, ICEPICK-- DER OTHER MEN ALL HAVE GUNS! HERE IS VUN FOR YOU!

HEH, HEH! YOU'RE A GREAT KIDDER, CAP! YOU KNOW MY ICE PICK DOES ALL MY WIPING OUT JOBS FOR ME!

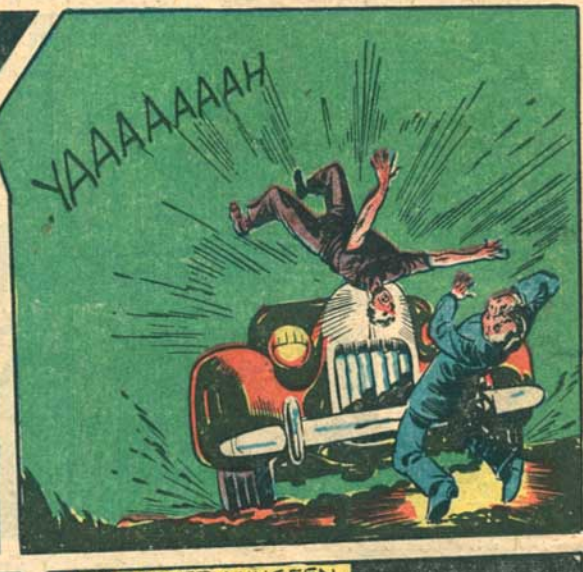


WE'RE ALL SET! LET'S GO!



CARAMBA! THOSE CARS ARE COMING RIGHT TOWARDS US!

STOP! STOP!



YAAAAAAA



MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS RUSH FORWARD, BUT---

FINISH OFF EVERY VUN OF DEM!



A LONE SENTRY, UNSEEN, MANNING A MACHINE GUN ATOP THE WALL, HUSS THE SHADOWS, WAITS FOR THE NAZIS TO EMERGE, AND...



DIE-- YOU DIRTY NAZI RATS!

VOT---?

AEEEEE



AND NOW TO GET THEIR LEADER---

THE FOOL! I'LL UNSCREW MY ICEPICK--



ICEPICK TOSSES HIS WEAPON---

VAAAAAH



I NEVER MISS, CAP! HE, HE, HE! I NEVER MISS!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! LIGHT YOUR TORCHES UND GO TO WORK!



HA, HA! DIS IS DER END OF YUN MORE MENACE TO THE NAZI CAUSE!



BUT ICE-PICK IS NOT QUITE SO HAPPY FOR AS HE STANDS ON THE TURRET WALL--

THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY OF SHUTTING YOU UP FOR A WHILE! I'VE PLENTY OF WORK AHEAD OF ME!

GLUG
GLUG

A
A
E
E
E
E
E

MEANWHILE ONE OF THE NAZIS PREPARES TO HEAVE HIS TORCH RIGHT AT THE OIL LINES--

DIS I DO FOR DER FUEHRER!

AND THIS I DO FOR F. D. R.!

RAT-TAT-TAT

NOW, YOU GUYS-- STAND WHERE YOU ARE! THE FIRST ONE TO MOVE GETS A STOMACH FULL OF LEAD!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! CHARGE HIM! ARE VE GOING TO LET ONE MAN END OUR PROJECT?

THE NAZIS SWARM FORWARD AND---

SORRY, BOYS-- BUT YOU'RE FORCING ME TO DO THIS!

AAAAA

RAT
TAT
TAT

AND JUST THEN, MORE MEXICAN SOLDIERS
SPEED THROUGH THE GATE---

CARAMBA!...LOOK, PEDRO!
SEÑOR HANGMAN HAS
ALREADY SUBDUED
THE NAZIS!

BUENO, HANGMAN!
WE'LL TAKE CARE OF
THESE DOGS
NOW!

BUT---

SWASTIKA!...
HE'S MAKING A
BREAK FOR IT!

QUITE A HABIT OF YOURS,
RUNNING OUT ON THE
BOYS WHEN THE GOING
GETS ROUGH, EH
SWASTIKA?

I'LL FIX YOU FOR
RUINING MY
PLANS!

YOU'LL NEVER
BOTHR
ME
AGAIN!

DON'T COUNT
ON THAT,
PAL!

MEANWHILE ICEPICK WAS REVIVED AND---

THERE'S THAT XRG?! HANGMAN AGAIN. I'LL CHOP HIM DOWN THIS TIME -- BUT GOOD!



BUT AS HE TOSSES THE WEAPON, CAPTAIN SWASTIKA STUMBLES TO HIS FEET---

YAAAAAH

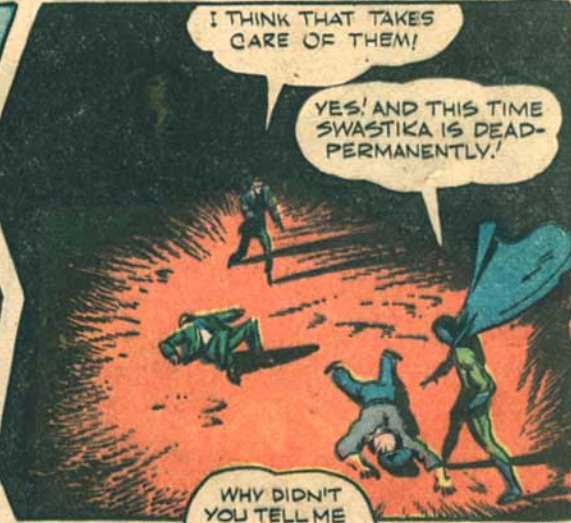


THEN BEFORE ICE-PICK CAN ESCAPE, A MEXICAN SOLDIER SIGHTS HIM TAKES AIM---



I THINK THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!

YES! AND THIS TIME SWASTIKA IS DEAD PERMANENTLY!

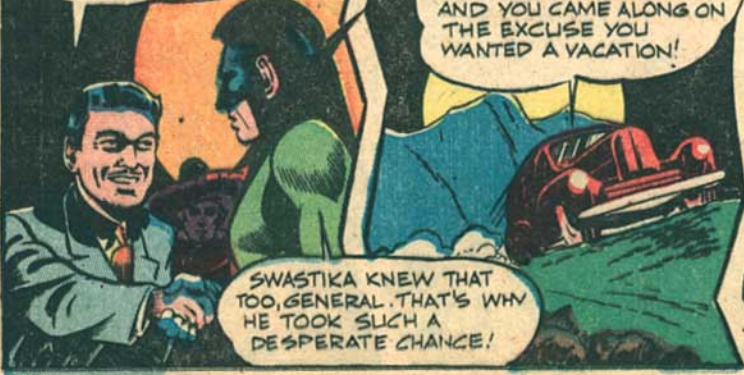


WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOUR SABOTAGE SUSPICIONS? WHY, YOU'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME AT ALL, BOB DICKERING!

I'M JUST CATCHING SOME OF THAT VACATION I TOLD YOU ABOUT, THEL. ZZZZZZ!

I'M GENERAL CARLOS SIERRA HEAD OF THIS DIVISION! IF YOU HADN'T HELD THOSE NAZIS AT BAY OUR CAUSE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED A VITAL BLOW, HANGMAN!

AND NEXT DAY... BOB DICKERING! I'M STILL ANGRY AT YOU! I CAME OUT HERE FOR A STORY ON LATIN AMERICAN RELATIONSHIP IN THIS WAR AND YOU CAME ALONG ON THE EXCUSE YOU WANTED A VACATION!



SWASTIKA KNEW THAT TOO, GENERAL. THAT'S WHY HE TOOK SUCH A DESPERATE CHANCE!



The END

MURDER MAKES A PHONE CALL

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

BOB DICKERING had seen Sidney Benton looking like this before. He'd seen him this way during the thirty-odd times he'd attended a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Sidney Benton doing the Romeo. Benton looked just as he had looked during each of Romeo's death scenes.

But this wasn't acting.

Benton lay on the deep-red couch in his living room, the ornate French telephone he had been using still clutched in his slender, lifeless fingers.

Over his body hovered Mac Messner, looking like a worried, bespectacled scarecrow. Messner was the worst dressed, and the richest, actor's agent in Hollywood. Messner moaned, over and over, "My star client!"

The coroner diagnosed the death as having come from electrical burns, and Mac Messner and Bob Dickering were asked down to Police Headquarters.

It was murder, no doubt about that. Someone had rigged up Benton's phone so that when he lifted the instrument he'd received a fatal electrical shock.

Mac Messner testified that Benton had just come in from New York to make a picture for one of the Hollywood studios; that he, Messner, had personally ordered the telephone installed; that the telephone had been installed just that afternoon; and that, although the number was an unlisted one and could not be gotten through the Information operator, a dozen people had been in Benton's apartment that night and could have set up the death trap and noted the phone number. Dickering had been walking toward Benton's door and heard the phone ring and stop ringing as it was picked up . . . followed a split second later by Benton's strangled scream. Shortly afterwards, Messner had appeared.

All this Messner testified. And Bob Dickering, who had been Sidney Benton's childhood friend,

said nothing. He just waited. . . .

He waited until Messner and he were released. He told Messner that he was tired and wanted to get some sleep. And as soon as Messner entered a cab, he stepped into a darkened alley . . . and emerged as The Hangman!

It was simple, really simple. He entered Benton's room through a side window, made some quick and satisfactory examinations, and left as silently as he had come. He made some further investigations . . . and then he went to Mac Messner's home. . . .

Messner was alone. He sat in a comfortable Morris chair, a stubby pipe clamped between his thick lips. His eyes were closed.

He opened them when The Hangman called his name.

Then he saw the shadow of the nose on the wall and recoiled.

"You're guilty, Messner," The Hangman said.

Messner wet his lips. "I don't get you," he said heavily.

"You were the only one who could have killed him . . . because, as the one who ordered the phone installed, you alone knew the phone number!"

Messner began to sputter.

"Wait a minute," The Hangman said. "I want to tear apart a few possibilities even before you suggest them. Since the Information operator won't give out unlisted numbers, the only section of the telephone company from which the number could have been gotten was the business office . . . and that was closed for the night *by the time Benton's phone was installed!* Pretty illogical, isn't it, that a killer would first set a death trap and *then* break into a communications building to get the phone number which was needed to spring the death trap?"

"But . . ." Messner began.

"More possibilities," cut in The Hangman. "Benton himself couldn't have given out the phone number to his visitors at his welcome party earlier tonight—be-

cause he didn't know it! I've just questioned Bob Dickering, and he tells me he asked Benton for his phone number and Benton replied that he himself didn't know it."

Messner's voice finally broke through. "That's a lie!" he said. "Why didn't Benton look right on the phone to give his number to Dickering? Why, for that matter, couldn't any one of a dozen people find out the number by looking at the card on the phone stand which lists the number?"

The Hangman smiled grimly. "That's where you made your mistake," he said. "You're a business man and you get many calls each week from unexpected sources . . . and so you can't use an unlisted phone, and you've probably never had one. Listen, friend: An unlisted phone has *no* number on the base."

"All right," Messner said softly. "You've tabbed it right. My agency business hasn't been doing as well as people think—and I've been collecting a lot of big money from young kids with the promise that I'd get them into pictures. If this got out to the studios, I'd be through—but I've managed to keep the kids quiet . . . until Benton stumbled into my office just when I was collecting a couple of grand from a kid. He was going to tell the studios about me in the morning . . . so I stopped him. I should've waited until he made a call himself instead of phoning him tonight; I see that now—but I didn't want to take the chance that he wouldn't make any calls till morning."

Messner ended his speech with a maniacal laugh, and then he jumped . . . right into The Hangman's fist. The Hangman hit him once, hard, and he went down.

The jury declared Messner guilty of first degree murder.

That was the end of Mac Messner's career as an actor's agent. It was also, of course, the end of Mac Messner.

Captain COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT THE COMMANDOS.... THOSE SUPER-SOLDIERS WHO WORK IN THE DARK AND DEAL CONSTANT DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE NAZI FORCES.

NOW, FOR THE READERS WHO HAVEN'T FOLLOWED THE ADVENTURES OF **CAPTAIN COMMANDO & THE BOY SOLDIERS** IN THE PAST, WE REINTRODUCE ON THIS PAGE----

1. CAPTAIN 'COMMANDO - AMERICAN-BORN LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE BRITISH COMMANDOS.
2. BILLY GRAYSON - AMERICAN
3. GERALD SYKES - ENGLISH
4. ARMAND DE LATOUR - FREE FRENCH
5. ERIK JANSEN - NORWEGIAN

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND READ THE FIGHTING FINEST MOST STARTLING ADVENTURE----

OFF THE COAST OF NORWAY--- A GREAT CONVOY HEADING FOR MURMANSK MEETS DISASTER---



THE DEADLY-ACCURATE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES SPEAK THEIR SONG OF DEATH--- SHIP AFTER SHIP HEELS, SPINS--- THEN PLUNGES BENEATH THE OILY WAVES!



THE PITIFUL REMAINDER DESPERATELY SCATTER--- FLEE FOR SAFETY--- THE GREAT CONVOY SUFFERS A CRUSHING DEFEAT!



ON THE SINKING FLAGSHIP--- AM SENDING SOS! SHE'S GOING UNDER! SOS! SOS! COME IN, PLEASE! IN DISTRESS! SOS! LATITUDE---

SAVE YOURSELF! SAVE YOURSELF! SAVE YOURSELF!



---AND AT GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, ENGLAND---

HE STOPPED SENDING, SIR! BROKE OFF JUST AS HE WAS GIVING ME HIS POSITION! I'M AFRAID, SIR, THAT---

---THAT THEY'VE GONE DOWN--- YES--- I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT---



THEN INTO THE ROOM BURSTS A FAMILIAR INSPIRING FIGURE! CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!

FAST WORK!



ANOTHER CONVOY HAS JUST BEEN DESTROYED, CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- THOSE SHIPS WERE BOUND FOR THE RUSSIAN PORT OF MURMANSK WITH PRECIOUS SUPPLIES! THAT'S THE THIRD TIME THIS HAS HAPPENED--- AND IT CAN'T GO ON ANY LONGER!

YOUR MISSION--- TO DESTROY THE NAZI COASTAL BATTERIES CONTROLLING THE NORTHERN SEA LANES! PLAN OF OPERATIONS AND SIZE OF TASK FORCE ENTIRELY UP TO YOU! HAPPY LANDINGS, AND MAY GOD PROTECT YOU!

VERY GOOD, SIR! WE LEAVE AT ONCE. THANK YOU,



MEANWHILE... IN THE SECRET UNDERGROUND
COMMANDO BARRACKS---

H'I SAY H'ITS ABOUT
TIME WE HAVE A
SCRAMBLE, EH
CHAPPIES?

YOU AN'T
KIDDING! ACTION'S
WHAT WE WANT,
JERRY!

OLI!



I HAVE
NOT SEEN
ERIK LATELY!
YOU HAVE,
BEELY, NON?

HEY, THAT'S
RIGHT!
ERIK'S
NOT
HERE---

'ALLO
THERE'S A
BLOOMIN'
NOTE PINNED
TO 'IS PIL-
LOW!



Dear friends,
I was so homesick... I
have gone back to see
my parents... do not be
too angry via me. I
could not help it. I
had had been long
time from Norway for
me an' no longer I
could schindit id. It
melt soon nince again.
Your friend,
Erik Jensen



'E'S GONE
BACK!



HE WAS SICK TO SEE
HIS PAPA AND MAMA---
I UNDERSTAND, BUT I---
HAVE NO MORE
PAPA! HE
IS DEAD--



OH, CUT
IT OUT!
COMMANDOS
DON'T
CRY!

GET HAWAY,
BILLY! 'IS
GOVERNOR WAS
A REAL 'ERO
NOT ONE OF THEM
BLOOMIN' PLYBOYS
LIKE YOURS---'OW
WOULD YOU KNOW 'OW
'E FEELS?



TAKE THAT
BACK OR---

H'IT'S THE
BLOODY TRUTH
AND YOU KNOW
IT!

SUDDENLY, CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
ENTERS---

HEY, CUT OUT THIS
FIGHTING! IF YOU CAN'T
ACT LIKE MEN--- THEN GET
OUT OF THE COMMANDOS!
OUR WORK IS TOO DANGEROUS
AND IMPORTANT FOR US TO
BEHAVE LIKE BABIES! NOW
PREPARE YOUR GEAR---
WE LEAVE IN TEN MINUTES!



SORRY,
JERRY!

H'IT'S QUITE
ALL RIGHT,
BILLY!

MAKE 'OW YOU
SAY, BEELY---
SNAPPEE?

--WHILE AT THAT MOMENT --AT A LITTLE FISHING VIL- LAGE ON THE NORWEGIAN COAST--- PAST A DOZ- ING NAZI SENTRY---A BOY SILENTLY STEALS!



HE IS ERIK JANSEN, BOY SOLDIER! DOWN THE MAIN STREET, SOUNDLESSLY, CAREFUL OF EVERY STEP, HE GOES, TOWARDS---



--THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS!



SSH! WHO COULD IT BE--- SO LADE AT NIDE? OPEN! OPEN QVICK---I HAVE A STRANGE FEELING---



HOW IS EVERYTHING IN ENGLAND? ARE THEY GOING TO OPEN A SECOND FRONT SOON, ERIK? I DON'T KNOW, FATHER! AND IF I DID I COULD NOT TELL! YOU MUST BE STARVED AFTER THAT LONG TRIP, SON!



SUDDENLY!-- THE SLEEPY QUIET OUTSIDE IS BROKEN BY ANGRY SHOUTS!

DO YOU HEAR---WHAT IS IT? ERIK--- THE GESTAPO! THEY HAVE DISCOVERED YOU ARE HERE!



LOOK FATHER! IT'S NOT ME THEY'RE AFTER! WH--WHERE ARE THEY MARCHING THOSE MEN?



THE HOSTAGES MAKE A SUDDEN BREAK BUT.

HOSTAGES--FOR THE FIRING SQUAD, ERIK! THOSE BEASTS WILL NOT BE SATISFIED TIL THEY'VE WIPED OUT OUR ENTIRE TOWN!

SUDDENLY THE WATCHERS ARE STARTLED BY A FAMILIAR WHISTLE!

WH--OH!
ERIK JANSEN!
IT IS ERIK!

ERIK! HE HAS
COME BACK FROM
ENGLAND!

ERIK,
MEET US
AT THE
CAVE---
TONIGHT!

HE IS A
COMMANDO
YOU KNOW!

HE WILL KNOW
WHAT TO DO
ABOUT GETTING
OUR PEOPLE
FREE!

LET'S GO
TO THE CAVE
AND WAIT
FOR HIM!



LATER, THAT NIGHT---
ERIK JANSEN, COMMANDO-
TRAINED IN THE WAYS OF
STEALTH, TAKES TO THE
WOODS---

---AND ON NEARING THE OCEAN,
STOPS--- THEN WHISTLES!

FEE-FEE!
FEE-FEE!

ERIK!
COME DOWN!
WE ARE
WAITING!

AND WHEN ERIK
SLIPS INTO THE
CAVE---

WHAT
IS THIS---

WE HAVE
ALREADY ELECTED YOU
OUR LEADER ERIK!

WE MUST FREE
OUR PEOPLE OR
THE NAZI BANDITS
WILL KILL THEM!

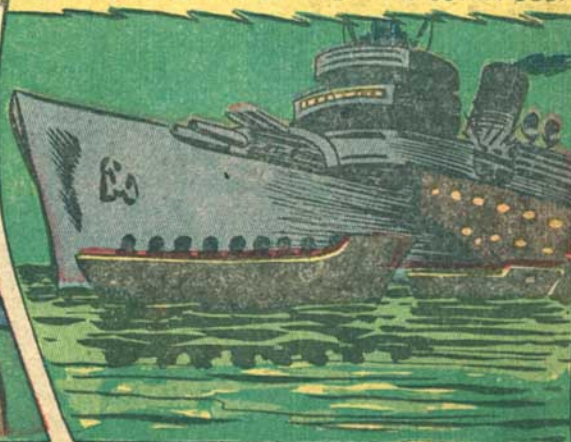
ERIK---WHAT
SHALL WE DO?
MY FATHER IS
AND ONE OF THE
MINE HOSTAGES
TOO!

LET
ME
THINK!

MEANWHILE--- OUT ACROSS THE CHOPPY NORTH
SEA ABOARD A SLEEK DESTROYER, LAST-MINUTE
PLANS ARE GONE OVER!

CHECK YOUR GEAR! NO SLIP-UPS! WE'RE
STRICTLY IN THE DARK ON THIS, YOU
KNOW-- OUR SECRET
AGENTS FAILED TO GET
IN TOUCH WITH US!
SPREAD OUT AND CIRCLE
THE COASTAL BATTERIES---

A MINUTE LATER--- OVER THE SIDE AND INTO
THE ARMORED INVASION BARGES GO THE TOUGH-
EST FIGHTERS OF ALL TIME--- THE COMMANDOS!



AS THE DIESEL MOTORS DRIVE THE BARGES TO THE DARK SHORE, WRAITH-LIKE, OUT OF THE EVENING MIST, A SMALL FISHING BOAT MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARS---

--- TO THE COMMANDOS' HORROR, WHILE IN THE STRANGE FISHING BOAT---
--- FOR THIS IS A SECRET RAID! THEY MUST NOT BE DETECTED!



HERE I AM, SVEN! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOU SAW---OH!

FLAT BOATS, MANY OF 'EM, COM INK DERE, SEEF IF IT IS DER NAZIS VE ARE---

CLOSER AND CLOSER SPEED THE BARGES--- THE FISHING BOAT IS SURROUNDED ---



UP MEN! PREPARE TO BOARD HER!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO! IT'S ERIK, SIR! ME--ERIK JANSEN! DON'T SHOOT!

MON DIEU, ZO EET EES! ERIK JANSEN!

THE BARGES GO ALONGSIDE---AND---



ERIK! THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? WHO ARE THESE KIDS? SPEAK UP!

DEY ARE ALL MY SCHOOL FRIENDS FROM HOME! VE WERE SAILING TO ENGLAND WHEN THESE KIDS SIGHTED US, SIR--- TO JOIN UP WITH YOU AND THE BOYS!

ERIK GIVES CAPTAIN COMMANDO THE NEEDED INFORMATION CONCERNING THE EXACT LOCATION OF THE NAZI SHORE BATTERIES, AND---

MY FRIENDS KNOW DER WHOLE COAST AROUND HERE LIKE A BOOK, CAPTAIN COMMANDO--- DEY VILL LEAD YOU DERE, RIDE NOW!

WHAT A BREAK! THAT'S FINE, ERIK--- YOU'RE FORGIVEN FOR GOING AW.Q.L.!



READY! AIM---

WHILE IN THE TOWN SQUARE---



SUDDENLY THE SLEEPY TOWN'S QUIET IS BROKEN BY THE SHRILL STACCATO BARK OF DOZENS OF GUNS--- BRING IN THE DISTANCE FROM ALL DIRECTIONS!!

THE DRUMMING GUNFIRE GROWS LOUDER--- THE NAZIS MILL IN CONFUSION--- THE TOWN-PEOPLE GO MAD WITH JOY, FOR THIS IS---



BOOM BOOM BANG

VOT GIFFS? HIMMEL! GUNS! SHOOD!

TO YOUR STATIONS! AT VUNCE--- DOUBLE QUICK!



THE COMMANDOS!

THEY HAFF COME!

FOR THIS IS THE COMING OF **THE COMMANDOS!!**
COMING WITH HATE IN THEIR HEARTS AND A SMILE ON
THEIR BLACKENED LIPS, COMING OUT OF THE NIGHT
WITH THE STEALTH OF A THOUSAND INDIANS AND
THE FEROCITY OF FREEMEN WHO LAUGH AT DEATH!!!

FOR
KING
HAAKON

FOR
NORWAY!!

FOR
LIBERTY!

FOR
ENGLAND!

FOR
FREEDOM!
COME ON!

HIMMEL!
DER
COMMANDOS!
AAGH!

HOLD DEM
BACK FROM DER
GUNS!
TELEPHONE
FOR REINFORCE-
MENTS!!

NO YOU
DONT!

HELLO!
HELLO!
GENERAL
HEADQUARTERS!
SEND--UGG!

TRY TO CALL YOUR NAZIS IN OSLO, EH?

MEANWHILE ON ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH



WE'VE GOTTA KNOCK OUT THAT MACHINE GUN NEST! LOOK!

THOSE DEVILS! THEY'RE HOLDING UP OUR WHOLE ADVANCE! NON?



AS THE BOYS MAKE WARILY TO-WARD THE NAZI MACHINE GUNNERS, A FIGURE LOPES ACROSS THE CLEARING RIGHT IN THE DIRECTION OF SPUTTERING DEATH--

IF THOSE HEINIES SEE THOSE KIDS, IT'LL BE CURTAIN FOR THEM, I'VE GOT TO KEEP THEIR ATTENTION DISTRACTED!

CIMON, FELLAS WE'LL JUMP THOSE MACHINE GUNNERS!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



GOT 'EM, CAP!

NICE, TEAM-WORK, LADS!

ONCE AGAIN ACROSS THE CLEARING TOWARD HIS OWN LINES--



I'VE GOT TO RALLY THE BOYS FOR A CHARGE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

BAM

BAM

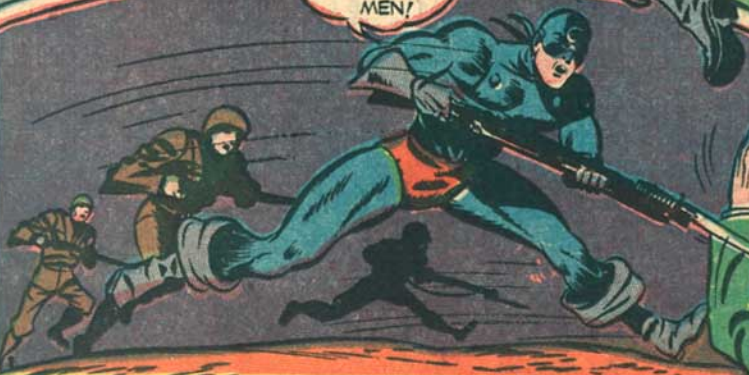
WHEW! THOSE BULLETS ALMOST HAD MY NAME ON THEM --- OUT OF YOUR FOX HOLES, BOYS, UP AND AT 'EM!



GIVE IT TO 'EM MEN!



KAMERAD, VE SURRENDER!





SUDDENLY...
ERIK!
WHAT'S
WRONG?

CAPTAIN!
THE
PEOPLE HAVE RE-
CAPTURED THEIR
TOWN---AND BLOWN
UP THE NAZI
AMMUNITION
STOREHOUSE!



---WELL, WE'VE
ACCOMPLISHED A GREAT
DEAL MORE THAN WE
INTENDED--THANKS
TO THESE LIBERTY-
LOVING PEOPLE!

OUR
CONVOYS WILL
GET THROUGH,
NOW!



THEN THE TOWNSPEOPLE PAY A
TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO---

HOORAY FOR THE
LEADER OF THE
COMMANDOS!



AND THEN EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD
IN THE TOWN INSISTS ON SHAKING HANDS
WITH THE MAN WHO SAVED THEIR LIVES---



FINALLY,
CAPTAIN
COMMANDO
GIVES THE
ORDER
WHICH
COMPLETES
THE
RAID---

BLOW THOSE
GUNS UP! WE'RE
NOT GOING TO
GIVE THE
GERMANS A
CHANCE TO
USE 'EM AGAIN!



AND AS THEY MOVE INTO THE DISTANCE---



GOODBYE! THANKS
FOR ALL YOU'VE
DONE!

OKAY, MEN!
LET'S SHOVE
OFF!



GEE, I---I SURE
WISH WE WERE GOING
BACK WITH THEM

NEVER MIND, OLAF! WE
CAN DO PLENTY OF HARM
TO THE NAZIS RIGHT
HERE! OUR UNDERGROUND
IS BECOMING
STRONGER EACH
DAY!

the END

WORLD WONDERS



THE ANOMNA ANTS IN AFRICA LINK THEMSELVES TOGETHER INTO A LIVING BRIDGE SO THE OTHER ANTS MAY CROSS THE STREAM...



PARIS POLICE TRAIN DOGS TO DIVE INTO THE SEINE RIVER AND RESCUE PEOPLE WHO HAVE FALLEN OR HAVE JUMPED IN.



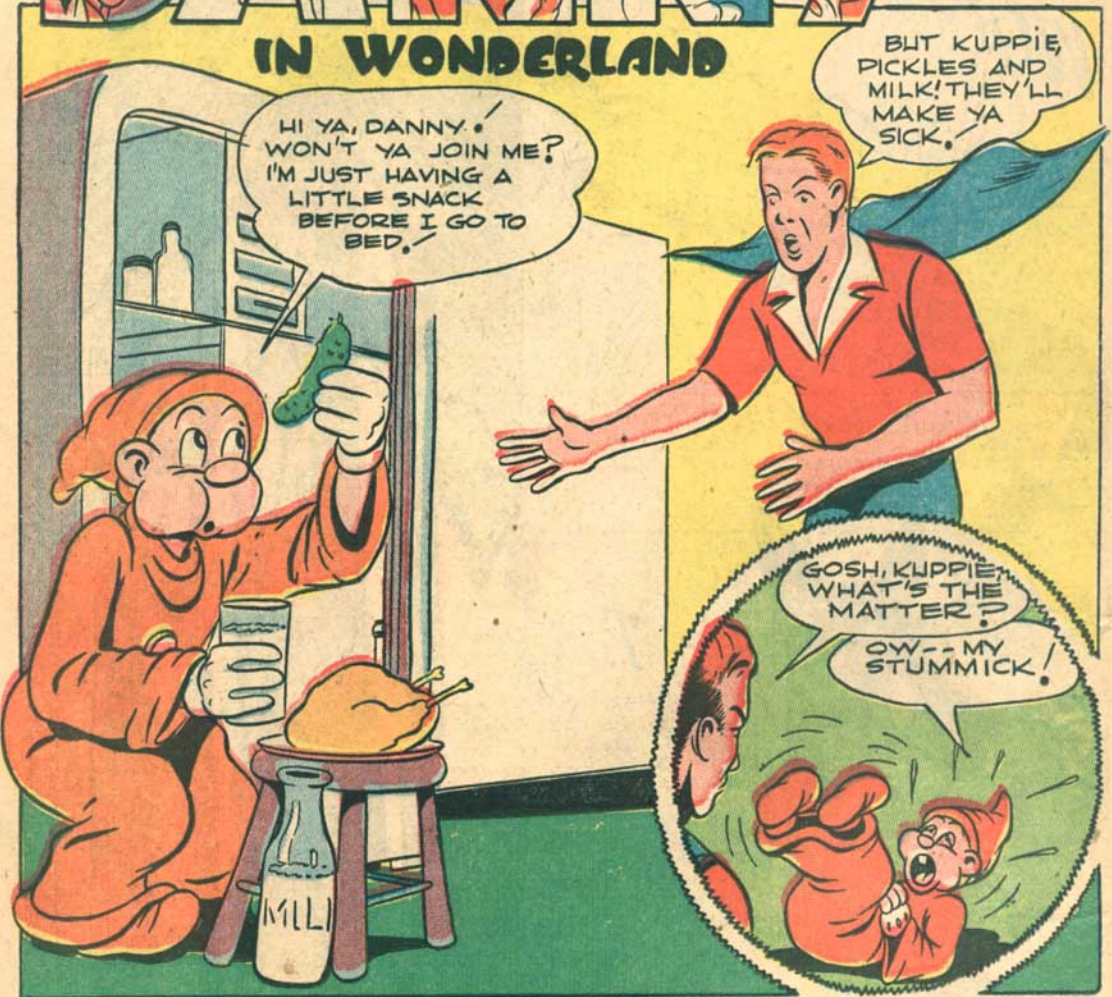
CERTAIN RODENTS OF THE LIBYA AND SAHARA DESERTS **NEVER DRINK** FROM THE TIME THEY ARE BORN UNTIL THEY DIE ... THEY FEED MAINLY ON DRY SEEDS.

THE GIANT REDWOOD TREE, NATIVE OF SOUTHERN OREGON AND NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, GROWS AS HIGH AS **350** FEET AND HAS BARK AS THICK AS **12** INCHES ... ITS LIFE IS SOMETIMES **3000** YEARS ...

ANNY

by
"RED" HOLMDALE

IN WONDERLAND



HI YA, DANNY. •
WON'T YA JOIN ME?
I'M JUST HAVING A
LITTLE SNACK
BEFORE I GO TO
BED. •

BUT KUPPIE,
PICKLES AND
MILK! THEY'LL
MAKE YA
SICK. •

GOSH, KUPPIE,
WHAT'S THE
MATTER? •
OW-- MY
STUMMICK! •

OWW!
MY
STUMMICK!
BACK, I'M
GONNA GET THE
CASTOR OIL!
Y' JUST STAY THERE
IN BED, KUPPIE.
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK. •

CASTOR
OIL! •

I'M GETTING
OUTTA
HERE. •



ZIP



I WILL NOW DEMONSTRATE THE FAMOUS EAST INDIAN BASKET TRICK!



AFTER PLACING THE LID ON THE BASKET—I PROCEED TO VENTILATE IT WITH A NUMBER OF SWORDS!



APPARENTLY THE BOY IN THE BASKET HAS DISAPPEARED—EH?



OOOOOOO... WHY CAN'T I LEARN TO KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT...?



AND NOW TO CONCLUDE THE MIRACLE, I REMOVE THE SWORDS AND THE LID AND...



HERE HE IS, STILL IN ONE PIECE!



WELL, DO YA BELIEVE ME NOW!



WELL, I GUESS I'LL KNOCK OFF FOR TODAY—GOTTA PACK MY STUFF AND GET HOME.



GEE, I SURE WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAGICIAN! KIN I HELP YOU, HUH?



YOU A MAGICIAN! HAW! DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, HEY! BUT EASY WITH THOSE THOSE STRAPS. I SURE WISH YOU'D TEACH ME SOME O' YOUR TRICKS!



OKAY, OKAY! GEE WHIZ, I SURE WISH YOU'D TEACH ME SOME O' YOUR TRICKS!

I AIN'T AS DUMB AS I LOOK—HONEST, I COULD BE A BIG HELP!



NO, I TELL YA! ABSOLUTE- LY, NO.



OBEDY, YA DIDN'T SAY POSITIVELY THEN, YA WILL TEACH ME, WON'T YA?



BUT REMEMBER YA TALKED ME INTO IT, I'M GIVING YOU AN APPRENTICE JOB. NOW WHERE'S THAT RECIPE? AH, HERE IT IS!



YEAH-YOUR FIRST JOBB'LL BE TO DISENCHANT THE KING OF GOOFLE LAND. THIS RECIPE'LL TELL YA HOW TO BREW THE MAGIC POTION, I WARN YA, DON'T SLIP UP!



I'M GOING UP TO TAKE A NAP NOW, SO I'LL LEAVE YA TO YOUR JOB. DO YA THINK YOU CAN MANAGE IT?



ALL I GOT T'DO IS FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS-HMM, FIRST I ADD A BARREL O' THIS STUFF AND TWO BARRELS OF THAT.



NOW FIVE HUNDRED AND ONE SHOVELS OF THIS. GOSH, THIS IS BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PROJECT!



NOW I STIR IT A LITTLE AND THEN-



HMM-NOW A WHOLE BOTTL E OF SULPHURIC ACID. AH, THERE IT IS.

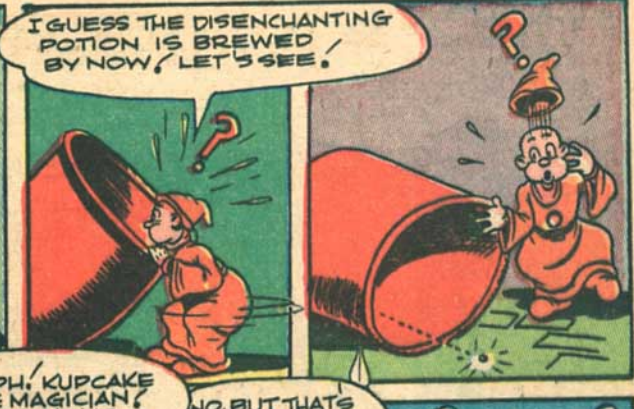


SO LUCKY I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WOW, IF DANNY COULD SEE ME NOW!





WOW!
WHAT HAPPENED?



I GUESS THE DISENCANTING
POTION IS BREWED
BY NOW, LET'S SEE!



LATER... HEY...
WHERE DO
YOU THINK
YOUR'E
GOING?

UH... OH...
ER... HELLO
GUARD, I
-UH- WANNA
SEE THE
KING.



HMMPH! KUPCAKE
THE MAGICIAN,
SORRY, WE'VE
GOT A
MAGICIAN!

NO, BUT THAT'S
NOT GOING
TO HELP YOU
ANY!

IS HE
A UNION
MAN?



IDEA

OH!!
NO!!



HMM-- JUST WAIT
AND SEE-- AH,
HERE'S WHAT
I NEED.

I'LL
PICKET
THE JOINT.

UNFAIR
TO UNION
MAGICIANS

HEY, PUT
THAT SIGN
AWAY-- LET'S
TALK THIS
OVER.

I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT--
AFTER ALL I'M
A UNION GUARD
MYSELF.

NOW YER
TALKIN'.
LEAD ME
TO YOUR
ENCHANTED
KING.



HEY, HELP, GET
THAT #
MUTT OFF
ME!



SHH... QUIET,
YOU SAP.

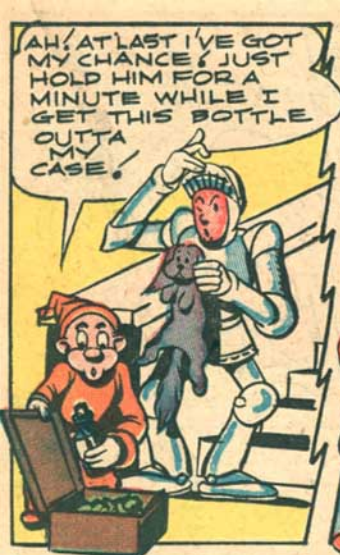
JUST LET ME
GET MY HANDS
ON THAT MUTT!!

THIS IS
THE KING!

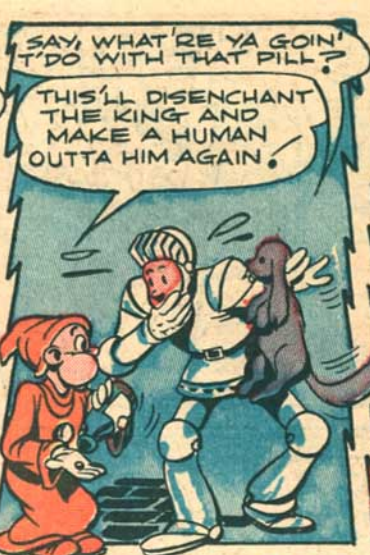
THE K...
KING!



YAP!



AH, AT LAST I'VE GOT MY CHANCE! JUST HOLD HIM FOR A MINUTE WHILE I GET THIS BOTTLE OUTTA MY CASE!



SAY, WHAT'RE YA GOIN' T'DO WITH THAT PILL?
THIS'LL DISENCHANT THE KING AND MAKE A HUMAN OUTTA HIM AGAIN!



HEY, HOLD HIM!
I CAN'T HE'S RUNNING AWAY!



COME BACK HERE, YOUR HIGHNESS. I WON'T HURT YOU! ALL YA GOTTA DO IS SWALLOW THIS PILL!



IT'LL BREAK YOUR ENCHANTMENT! HONEST IT WILL!
ARF! ARF!



OW!



!!OXX?? STUPID MUTT, IT'D SERVE HIM RIGHT IF I LEFT HIM A DOG!



BUT I'M NOT GONNA FALL DOWN ON MY FIRST JOB IF I GOTTA CHASE HIM BOWLEGGED.



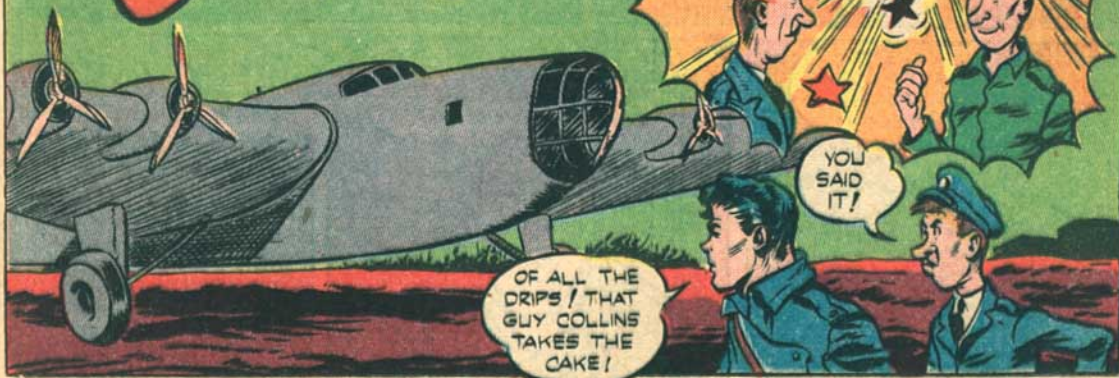
GOT CHA!



THE END

SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



I SUPPOSE COLLINS WILL GO AROUND SAYING WE RAN OUT, BUT IF THE MAJOR HADN'T GIVEN US PERMITS TO GO TO AFRICA I'D HAVE GONE! ...GOT YOURS?

YEP! IF I DIDN'T HAVE SUCH A STRONG RECORD, WE NEVER WOULD HAVE GOTTEN THEM!

WE'RE PRETTY FULL! HOW ABOUT SEATS IN THE BOMBARDIER CABIN?

OKAY BY ME! JUST TAKE OFF, THAT'S ALL WE WANT!

BUT THE NERVE OF THAT GUY, SAVING I WROTE ALL THOSE LETTERS IN THAT WAR BOND CONTEST!...

IF I'D HEARD SLAPSE PLAY 'JINGLE JINGLE' JUST **ONCE** MORE, **GRRR!**



WELL, LET'S FORGET IT! WE'LL BE ON THE AFRICAN FRONT SOON AND THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF ACTION!

THERE'LL BE A COMBAT PLANE WAITIN' FOR US IN SWITZERLAND TO FLY DOWN TO EGYPT! HOT DOG!

LOOK TWERP! HERE'S THE BLOOD PLASMA THEY GAVE US TO DELIVER!





THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE BLOOD! MAYBE THEY MADE A MIS-TAKE!

THEY JUST TAKE THE RED CORPUSCLES OUT! IT'S O.K.!



MEANWHILE---
WELL, GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK MY BOY! BE VERY CAREFUL OF THIS NITROGLYCERINE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, MAJOR! WE'LL WATCH IT LIKE A BABY!

C'MON CORP! OR THAT PLANE WILL GO WITHOUT US!



WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT! LOOK OUT FOR THAT NITRO!

BUMP BUMP

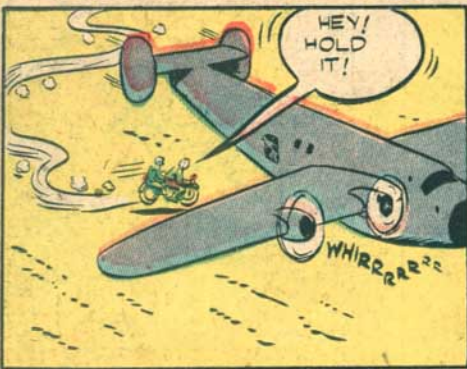


I THOUGHT MAYBE BOYLE HAD CHANGED IN THE LAST YEAR! BUT HE'S JUST AS DUMB AND PIG-HEADED AS EVER! WHAT A SAP!



HE'S GETTING MORE LIKE THAT LAMEBRAIN TWERP EVERYDAY!

SHE'S ON THE FIELD NOW, CORP! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!



HEY! HOLD IT!
WHIRRARRRR



GRAB HOLD, SLAPSIE! YOU CAN DO IT!
PUF PUF



NICE RUNNING, KID! DON'T LET GO!



SO LONG, COLLINS, YOU DOPE! IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, IT'LL BE TOO SOON!

YIPPEE! NO MORE JINGLE, JANGLE JINGLE!"



I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAY TO SEE THE LOOK ON BOYLES FACE WHEN HE LEARNS WE'RE GONE!

CAN I TAKE THAT BAG FOR YOU?



HANDS OFF! THIS IS VERY EXPLOSIVE NITROGLYCERINE WE'RE TAKIN' TO EGYPT!



BY AFTERNOON, THEY ARRIVE IN SWITZERLAND



WE'LL BE HERE TILL MORNING / WHERE'S A GOOD HOTEL?

THE AJAX ISS VERY GOOD!



I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER WAKE UP! I WAS YELLING AT YOU FOR TEN MINUTES

HO-HUM! LET'S FIND A HOTEL, SARGE!



THE ELEVATOR ISS RIGHT OVER HERE! IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, JUST RING!

THANKS, PAL!



HEY! ANYBODY HERE? HOW ABOUT A ROOM?

COMING, SIR!

I'LL SIGN THE----- AH?

Corporal Collins



WELL-L?

AHEM! DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT, TOOTS?

SO!



COME IGOR, WE ARE LATE!

ARRRRGGH! CROOK! WIFE STEALER! IGNORENCIA!



YOU OUGHTA BE MORE CAREFUL TWERP! THAT'S PRINCE IGOR KREPLACH! THE SINGER! HE'S A FRACKSHOT TOO!

HOW SHOULD I KNOW SHE WAS MARRIED?

EEF I SEE YOU AGAIN, I WEEL CHALLENGE YOU TO A DROOL!



LEAVING US? B-B-BUT SURELY, PRINCE, AFTER ALL THESE Y-Y-YEARS---

BAH! WHEN KREPLACH ANGRY, HE EES LIKE YILD HONNAL! ER-- YOU GOT A ODDER HOTEL?



YES YES YES!! OUR NEW HOTEL THE REGIS! VERY FINE PLACE! ALL NEW!!

GOOD! VE GO DERE!!

MEANWHILE COLLINS IS HAVING HIS TROUBLES--



OH, CORPORAL! YOU HOO! YOU BAD BOY!

DARN! I'VE BEEN DODGIN' HER FOR AN HOUR! WHY DOESN'T SHE PLAY WITH SOMEBODY ELSE?



SHE'S GONE! WHEW! HOPE I CAN MAKE IT TO THE STAIRS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, CORP? YOU LOOK PALE!

IF THAT BIG HORSE DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALONE I'LL LOOK WORSE!



DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, CORP! SOME HOT TUNES ON MY MOUTH ORGAN WILL CHEER YOU UP!



HURRY IT UP TWERP, AN' WE'LL GO EAT!

GOOD! BOY! HOW PEACEFUL WITH NO COLLINS AND SLAPSIE!



SPLURS THAT JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE

?? WHAT THE--??



QUICK! WHO'S IN THE ROOM ABOVE US!



ABOV YOU? HMM-- TWO MILITARY GENTLEMENS, I BELIEVE --- LET'S SEE ---



COLLINS! I THOUGHT SO!



YES! HE'S VERY POPULAR MAN! ONE OF OUR OTHER GUESTS JUST SENT HIM A NOTE! YOU LIKE TO MEET HIM?

NO THANKS! I KNOW HIM (ALREADY, I'M AFRAID!



C'MON SLAPSIE! IF MISS HIPPOPOTOMUS IS GOING TO START WRITING LOVE LETTERS THE ONLY THING TO DO IS MOVE OUT!



OH! SOMEBODY WAS JUST ASKING FOR YOU!

OH OH! HERE SHE COMES AGAIN!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I GOTTA MAKE A PHONE CALL!



80,641,702 WOMEN IN EUROPE AN' I MEET HER!

PEEK-A-BOO! SILLY BOY! WHERE ARE YOU?



OUR NEW HOTEL, HE'S JUST FIFTEEN MINUTES WALK THISA WAY!... ER---ISS ANYTHING WRONG?

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH SOLDIERS! VERY RESTLESS! WE'LL TRY SOME OTHER JOINT!



FUNNY I DIDN'T SEE COLLINS NAME THERE BEFORE! I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES OPEN! HEY!



BOY! I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER LEAVE! WELL SO LONG! ANY OTHER HOTELS AROUND?

Y-YES, SIR, THE REGIS EES OUR NEW HOTEL! YOU LIKE GO DERE? O.K. WHERE IS IT?



HE'S GONE! I'VE LOOKED EVERY WHERE! HE WAS SO HANDSOME!



GIVE ME MY BILL! I'M LEAVING! (SNIFF)



WHAT? YOU TOO? ER-- I MEAN, WHERE WILLA YOU GO TO!



I D-DON'T CARE, JUST SO IT'S N-NICE AND QUIET! BOO-HOO!



I HAVE JUSTA THE PLACE! DA REGIS! VERY NICE! YES? NO? YES!!



ONE HOUR AGO I HAVE LOTSA CLIENTS! NOW EVERYBODY HE'S GONE OVER TO DA REGIS! I GO NOTTS!



IF WE DON'T EAT SOON, WE'LL NEED THIS BLOOD PLASMA OURSELVES!

HMM! LOOKS OKAY, TWERP!



AT LAST WE ARE HALONE, MY LEETLE PAPAOSHKA! NO MORE STUPID SOLDI--



I KEEL HEEM! I AM RIPPING HEEM IN PIECES! AAARRGH!



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT? I HOPE SLAPSIE HASN'T GOTTEN HIMSELF INTO A MESS!



HOLY SMOKE! OH, YOU DEAR BOY! I JUST KNEW YOU COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE ME!



MY GOSH! HOW'D SHE GET HERE?

IVE GOTTA FINISH MY REPORT AN' IM OUT OF INK! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

MAKE IT SNAPPY. THE FOOD WILL BE UP IN A SEC



WRITING ROOM



SO HE DEFIES DE GREAT KREPLACH! HA! NOW I KEEL HIM 'QUEECK!' NO! GRODUALLE!

DEAR SIR... NO! DEAR **DOG!** EET GEEVE ME PLEASURE TO DROOL WITH YOU WITH PEESTOLS WITH GONS WITH SWORDS WITH DAGGERS WITH IIR-EE.



OOHHH! AN' HE'S A CRACK SHOT!



BOYLE! THAT PRINCE, HE'S HERE! HE'LL K-KILL ME!

SO WHAT! SO'S COLLINS! I JUST HEARD "JINGLE JANGLE" AGAIN! LET'S GO!



AT THE AIRPORT--- WE CHANGED OUR MINDS!! WHERE IS THAT PLANE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FLY DOWN TO EGYPT?

BUT YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE UNTIL TOMORROW!



I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! TAKE A LOOK, TWERP! THEY AREN'T HIDING IN HERE ARE THEY?

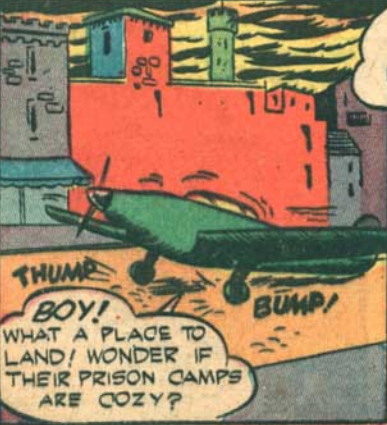


HOURS LATER THEY APPROACH TARANTO---



HERE'S THE ITALIAN COAST! A LITTLE HOP ACROSS THE WATER AN' WE'LL BE IN AFRICA!

AND WE CAN'T GET THERE ANY TOO--- WHAT'S THAT? THE MOTOR?



THUMP BOY! WHAT A PLACE TO LAND! WONDER IF THEIR PRISON CAMPS ARE COZY?

ONE OF THE JARS GOT CRACKED, BOYLE! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?

WHAT? CRACKED? MIGHT AS WELL TOSS IT AWAY! HMM! WONDER WHERE EVERY BODY IS?





GOSH! YOU SAY THEY INJECT THAT STUFF IN PEOPLE?

TWERP! THIS ISN'T BLOOD PLASMA! IT'S NITRO-GLYCERINE!



WHAT'S ALLA NOISE? YOU COME FOR WINE TO LAUNCH DA NEW TRANSPORTS?



SO THAT'S IT! SURE! SURE!



WAITA! THATSA RIGHT! WE ISSA ENGLISH UNI-FORM? YOU SPIES? WINE!



BOY! WAS THAT GUY A DOPE! ARE YOU SPIES? HA HA HA!

GIVE ME THOSE BOTTLES TWERP!



GEE! POURING OUT ALL THAT SWELL CHAMPAGNE!



WE'LL FILL 'EM UP WITH NITRO IN-STEAD! CORK 'EM UP, KID!



WELL HERE'S THE DOCK, BUT HOW'LL WE GET THROUGH THIS CROWD?



P55T! HERE ISSA DA WINE TO LAUNCH DA BOATS! PASS DEM DOWN! VIVA! OKEY DOKE



PASS DEM DOWN! O.K.

PASSA DEM DOWN! O.K.



ABOUT TIME! GIVEA DEM HERE!



C'MON! LET'S GO BEFORE WE GET CAUGHT! HEY!



WAIT! WHAT'S THE EXCITEMENT?



STOPI DONTA LAUNCH! OH OH! THE JIGS UP! THEY'RE WISE!



I GOTTA PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM IL DUCE!

MY FRIENDS! DESA ISSA A GREAT DAY FORA DA AXIS! DA MASS LAUNCHING OF DESA NEW SUPER-TRANSPORTS WILL BE HEARD AROUND DA WORLD!



WITHA DESA FINE SHIPS WE WILL SOON WIN DA WAR! THEN WE CAN ALLA GO TO NEW YORK AND GETA RICH QUICK! BLA BLA



HEV/WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THINGS START POPPING! WHEW!

BRAVO! VIVA IL DUCE!



"HOKAY/ LET'S GO! ONE... TWO... THREE!"



BOOM BOOM!
BOOM!
PASTA FASOOL!
WHATS A MATA?
ATS A TOO MUCH!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE AIRPORT BEFORE THEY FIGURE IT OUT! RUN!



HERE COMES A GUARD! I THOUGHT EVERYBODY WAS DOWN AT THE DOCK!

EASY! MAYBE WE CAN BLUFF HIM!

STOPA! WAITA UP!



I HEARD WANA BIG NOISE! WATS A MATA?

WELL, ER...



OH BABY! ONE OF OUR PLANES!

THAT ENGLISH PLANE! HE'S A DROP A BOMB ON OUR NEW BOATS! I'LL SHOOTA HEEM DOWN!

CARAMBA! GO AHEAD!



GIVA HEEM ONE FOR ME!



?? ZABAGLIONE!
THAT WAS A ENGLISH UNIFORM?



LOOK! A TONY PLANE! --- SAY! WHAT IS HE DOING?



V, EH? WELL, THAT'S PRETTY GOOD RECOMMENDATION!

AFTER CONTINUING ACROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN TOGETHER, THE TWO PLANES FINALLY LAND IN EGYPT...
THAT GUY HELPED US OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT!

I'LL GO OVER AND SAY THANKS!



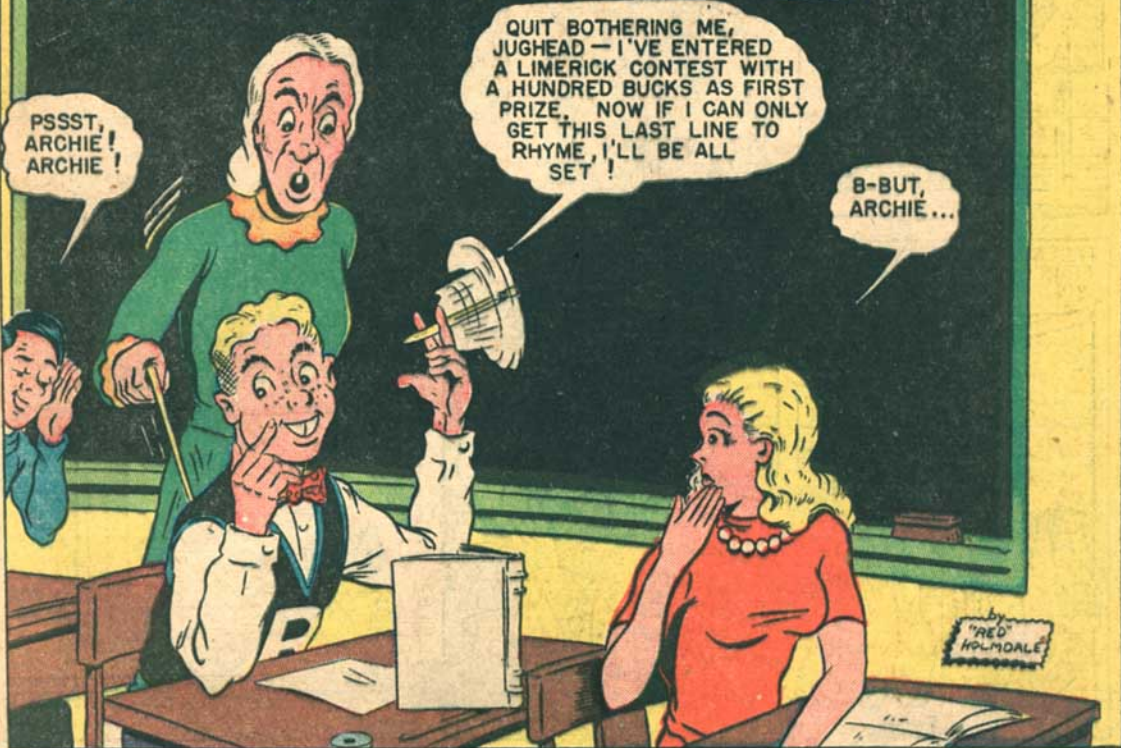
SO IT'S YOU! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA OF FOLLOWING US?

FOLLOWING YOU? WHY YOU IDIOTS DELIGHT! COME DOWN OUTTA THERE AN I'LL SLAP YOUR EARS BACK!

THANKS! FOR ALL THE SWELL LETTERS YOU SENT ME! IT WAS PRETTY TOUGH PICKING THE BEST ONES, BUT WE FINALLY DECIDED THE PICTURES OF TWERP AND MYSELF BE SENT TO 1. PAUL HILF OF PITTSBURGH, PA. AND 2. JANET HALSTEN, OF MELBOURNE, FLORIDA.



Archie



(GULP) HELLO, MISS GRUNDY, I-I-ER-YOU SEE I'M JUST —! HMMMPH! NO EXCUSES, ARCHIE ANDREWS. I'LL SEE YOU AFTER SCHOOL!

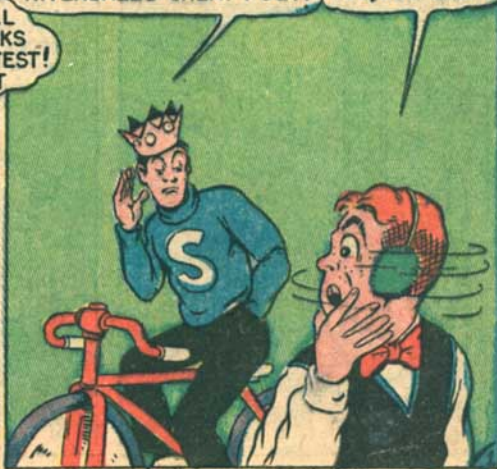


LATER

JEEPERS, NOBODY UNDERSTANDS ME — BUT WAIT'LL I WIN THAT HUNDRED BUCKS FROM THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! THINGS'LL BE DIFFERENT THEN — I BET!



HEY, SHAKESPEARE, HOW'S RIVERDALE'S GREAT POET? HUH — OH, IT'S YOU, JUGHEAD!

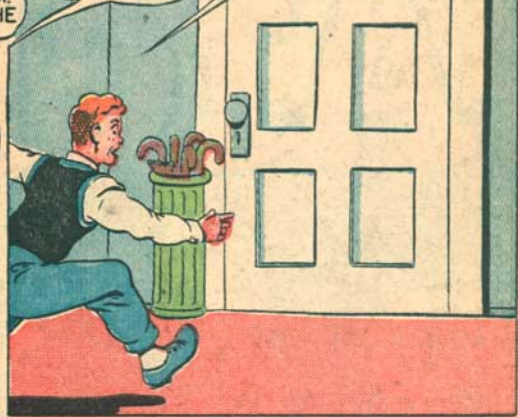


YOU CAN LAUGH IF YA WANT TO— BUT JUST WAIT'LL I WIN THIS LIMERICK CONTEST! I'M MAILING MY ENTRY NOW—

HAW-HAW— THAT GUY ARCHIE SURE HAS SOME SCREWY IDEAS. HMM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA ON HOW I CAN PLAY A SWELL GAG ON HIM. I'LL JUST GO DOWN TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE!

ARCHIE, THE DOORBELL'S RINGING!

I'LL GET IT, MOM!



TELEGRAM FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS! SIGN HERE!

JUST A MINUTE! I'LL CALL HI— SAY! THAT'S ME! Q— QUICK, THAT MAY.....

YIPPEE — I WON! I WON! ZOWIE! I'M RICH! A HUNDRED BUCKS!

BOY! WAIT'LL I TELL THE GANG! I'LL BET THEY'LL BE SURPRISED! JUST THINK OF ALL THE THINGS I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY— I'LL PROBABLY BE ABLE TO RETIRE AND GET SOME KID TO ATTEND MY CLASSES FOR ME! GEE, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT— A HUNDRED BUCKS!



— TELEGRAM —
MR. ARCHIE ANDREWS RIVERDALE:
THIS IS TO NOTIFY YOU THAT YOU HAVE WON FIRST PRIZE IN OUR LIMERICK CONTEST — YOUR \$ 100.00 CHECK WILL ARRIVE. SHORTLY — SWEETIE CANDY INC

O.K. FELLERS — STEP UP TO THE FOUNTAIN — THE TREATS ON ME!

HUH?

HEY, ARCHIE! WHAT'RE YA GOIN' TO USE FOR MONEY? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR CREDIT STANDS!

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT TO USE FOR MONEY? THIS TELEGRAM, ICKY!

WELL? DO YOU WANT ME TO BRING MY BUSINESS TO SOME OTHER ICE CREAM EMPORIUM?

WOW! A HUNDRED BERRIES! THE HOUSE IS YOURS, ARCHIE!

WOW! SAY THAT AGAIN!





YOU SURE ARE A SPORT, ARCHIE!

BOY, HE FELL FOR THE GAG HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!

AW, FORGET IT, AN' HAVE ANOTHER ROUND, BOYS!

I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I JUST CAN'T!

WOW! DO I FEEL SICK! IN A PLEASANT SORTA WAY THOUGH!

ME, TOO!

I'LL SEE YA LATER, FELLOWS I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!



HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, JUGHEAD? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A RACCOON COAT—AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT THE MONEY...

JEEPERS, THIS IS GETTING OUTTA HAND—I'D BETTER TELL ARCHIE IT'S ALL A GAG!



YI, H'IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE, SEE—H'ITS NICE UND SNUG, NO?

HEY, ARCHIE, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOTTA TELL YA!

BUT, ARCHIE!

SHH—TELL ME LATER, JUGHEAD—HOW DO YA LIKE THIS COAT—PRETTY SNAZZY, EH? O.K., UNCLE, I'LL TAKE IT!

IT'S PREKTICAL A STEAL AT \$42.97—IN CASH, OF CUSS!



DON'T WORRY, UNK! JUST CHARGE IT—HERE, THIS TELEGRAM WILL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

HMM... I DUN'T LIKE CREDIT. BUT IN THIS CASE I SUPPOSE H'ITS HOKAY!

B, BUT!



B-BUT ARCHIE, I'VE GOTTA TELL YA SOMETHING!

NOT NOW, JUGHEAD! I'VE GOTTA BE OFF AND SEE IF I CAN FIND BETTY AN' TELL HER THE BIG NEWS!



HI, BETTY! WAIT UP! BOY, HAVE I GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

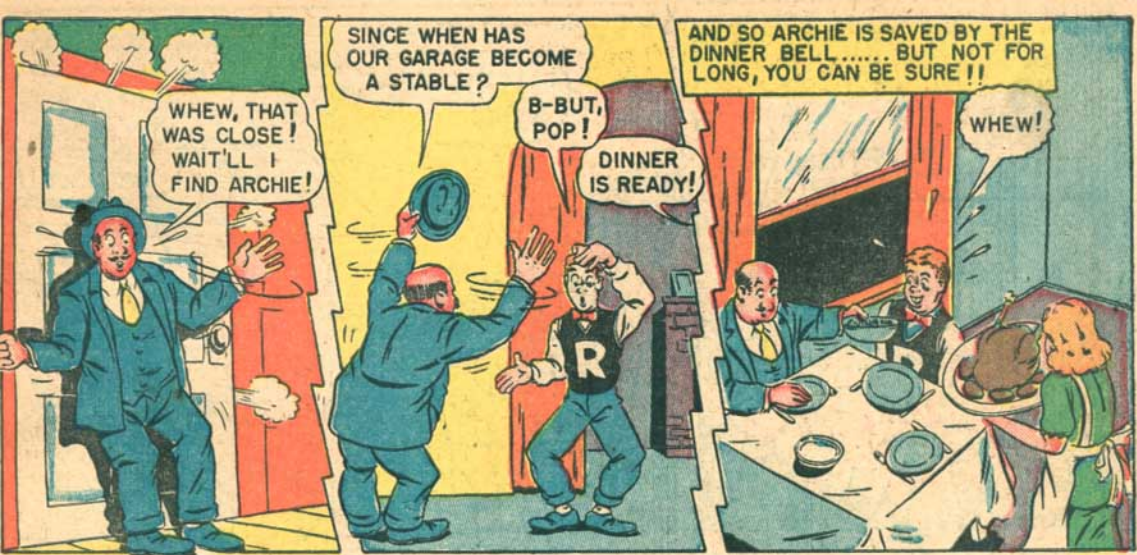
HUH—OH HELLO, ARCHIE!



OH, ARCHIE! I THINK IT'S SIMPLY GRAND, YOU WINNING THE LIMERICK CONTEST! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU'D BE A SUCCESS!

SO DID I. BUT I WASN'T SURE JUST WHEN!





WHEW, THAT WAS CLOSE! WAIT'LL I FIND ARCHIE!

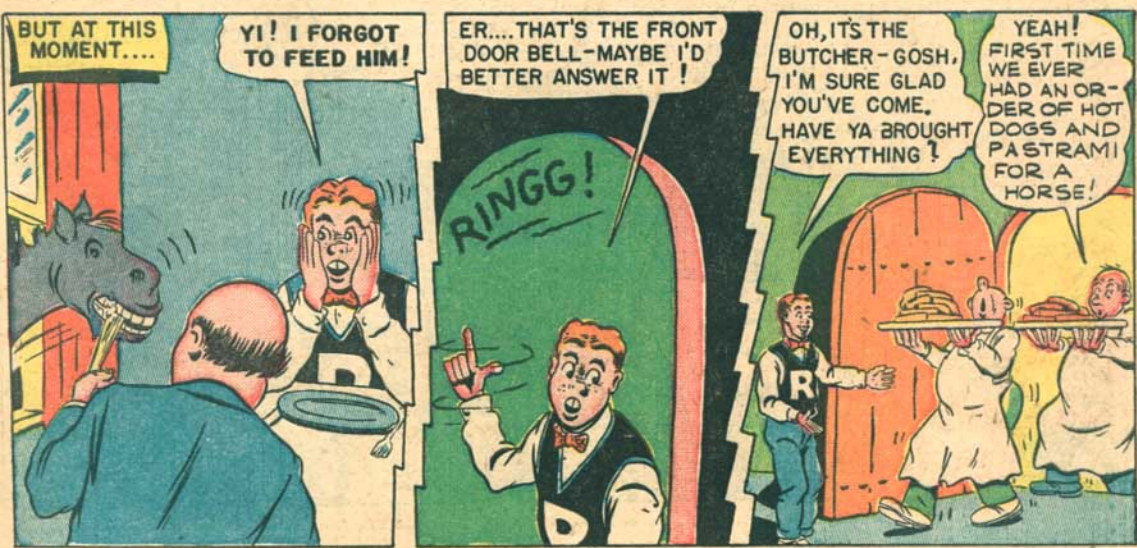
SINCE WHEN HAS OUR GARAGE BECOME A STABLE?

B-BUT, POP!

DINNER IS READY!

AND SO ARCHIE IS SAVED BY THE DINNER BELL..... BUT NOT FOR LONG, YOU CAN BE SURE !!

WHEW!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT....

YI! I FORGOT TO FEED HIM!

ER...THAT'S THE FRONT DOOR BELL-MAYBE I'D BETTER ANSWER IT!

OH, IT'S THE BUTCHER-GOSH, I'M SURE GLAD YOU'VE COME. HAVE YA BROUGHT EVERYTHING?

YEAH! FIRST TIME WE EVER HAD AN ORDER OF HOT DOGS AND PASTRAMI FOR A HORSE!

RINGG!



JUGHEAD ALSO MAKES HIS APPEARANCE....

I JUST CAME OVER TO TELL YA SOMETHING, ARCHIE!

O.K. COM'N IN!

AND SO JUGHEAD TELLS ARCHIE THE SAD STORY...

SO YA SEE, THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, AND IT WAS ONLY A GAG!

WOE IS ME! WHY DON'T PEOPLE TELL ME THESE THINGS?

FOR THE LAST TIME-I TELL YOU I REFUSE TO PAY FOR IT!

LISTEN, BUD, YOUR SON CAN'T GO AROUND ORDERING THINGS AND THEN REFUSE TO PAY FOR THEM!

AND AS IF ARCHIE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE:

HOW ABOUT PAYING FOR THAT HORSE YA BOUGHT?

NEVER MIND THE HORSE - JUST SETTLE FOR THAT RACCOON COAT!

GEE - YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, ARCHIE!



WE WANT OUR MONEY!

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!

JEEZ, HERE'S ANOTHER GUY!

MUST BE SOME KIND OF A CONVENTION GOING ON HERE - HEY! SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR ARCHIE ANDREWS!

THAT'S ME!



YIPPEE! I WON! I'VE REALLY WON THE CONTEST!

HURRY, LET'S SEE THE CHECK!

THERE'S NO CHECK HERE, THE PRIZE IS A HUNDRED DOLLAR WAR BOND!

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH, I'M TAKING MY COAT BACK!

ME, TOO! WAIT'LL I GET MY HORSE!

HEY, HOW ABOUT ME? HOW'M I GONNA GET MY SODAS BACK?

WHAT'RE YA LOOKING AT ME FOR? SEE ARCHIE!



NOW THAT YOUR DEBTS ARE SETTLED WITH THOSE OTHER GUYS - YOU CAN COME WITH ME AND SQUARE OFF THAT SODA BILL!

B-BUT, I DON'T SEE HOW, DO YOU?



HOW CAN YA DRINK THAT STUFF, JUGHEAD? WHEN I GET FINISHED WORKING MY BILL OFF - I HOPE I NEVER SEE ICE CREAM AGAIN!



HEY, GANG! HAVE YA HEARD OF THE SPECIAL TREAT WE'RE GONNA HAVE FOR YOU SOON? IT'S A BRAND NEW COMIC MAGAZINE, AND IT'S NAMED AFTER ME! SO WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR NEWS DEALERS! THANKS, PALS!



BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD

A
BODY!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
IT--- ITS
LORD
GANNETT!

THERE WERE FOUR THINGS----A
DEATH BY LIGHTNING, A STEAM
SHOVEL, AN UNREPORTED FLIGHT
PLAN, AND A PIECE OF WIRE----
FOUR THINGS WHICH DIDNT ADD
UP.

BUT BENTLEY ADDED THEM UP
---AND BY CAREFUL CONSIDER-
ATION OF THESE FOUR THINGS
MANAGED TO FIND THE SOLU-
TION TO THE MOST INTRICATE
CASE OF HIS CAREER.

THE CLUES ARE RIGHT BEFORE
YOU. TEST YOUR ABILITIES AS
A DETECTIVE.

ARE YOU AS GOOD AS
BENTLEY?

WALT COWMAN

FLASH! EARLY THIS MORNING LORD GANNETT WAS FOUND DEAD NEAR HIS HOME... STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! LORD GANNETT HAD APPARENTLY PARACHUTED FROM A PLANE...

WHEN THE NEWS-PAPERS PRINT THE STORY, ALL ENGLAND IS AGHAST...

LORD GANNETT! WHAT A PITY!

HOW TERRIBLE!



THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS! I'VE GOT THE LIST OF ALL FLIGHT PLANS IN LONDON... AND NO PLANE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER GREENWICH!

BUT THEN HOW COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED ONTO THE STEAM SHOVEL?... I THINK I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

AND IN HIS OFFICE, WENTLEY SCANS THE SAME NEWSPAPER...

London Times
LORD GANNETT FOUND DEAD ON HUGE STEAM SHOVEL AT GREENWICH

WHICH THE BODY OF SIR GANNETT WAS DISCOVERED THIS MORNING ON A STEAM SHOVEL WHICH HAD BEEN USED TO AWAY BOMB DEBRIS. LORD GANNETT APPARENTLY PARACHUTED...



LATER...

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE STEAM SHOVEL, NOW!

SUDDENLY, WITH THE SWIFTESS OF LONDON STORMS, LIGHTNING STRIKES THE SKY...

HMM! THE WEATHER'S ACTING UP!

WELL, I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT THAT! LET'S SEE IF I CAN FIND ANYTHING INTERESTING ON THE STEAM SHOVEL!



GLORY! A WIRE!
I WONDER WHAT
IT'S DOING UP HERE?
LET'S SEE NOW...



THINKING
SWIFTLY, BENT-
LEY LEAPS FROM
THE CRANE---



WHEW!
IF I HADN'T JUMPED IN TIME,
THAT LIGHTNING WOULD HAVE
FINISHED ME!--- HEY, HOLD ON A
MINUTE! I COULD HAVE SWORN
I SAW A LIGHT BLINKING FROM
THAT HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD,
JUST AS THE LIGHTNING STRUCK!
FUNNY, MAYBE I'D BETTER
GO OVER THERE....



I'M INVESTIGATING THE DEATH
OF LORD GANNETT! WILL YOU
ASK ALL THE MEMBERS OF
HOUSEHOLD TO ASSEMBLE?





I'M JENNINGS, SIR!

I'M DR. EDWARDS, LORD GANNETT WAS MY NEPHEW!

I'M THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, INSPECTOR!

I'M THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD GANNETT'S COUSIN! I PRESUME YOUR VISIT IS IN REFERENCE TO LORD GANNETT'S UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT?

I'M SORRY, DUKE! I SUSPECT THAT IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT! IT WAS MURDER!



MURDER, EH? THEN YOU HAD A HAND IN IT, BEDFORD! YOU WERE ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE LORD'S FORTUNE!

WHAT!



WHY, YOU LYING FOOL, I'LL

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!



WE'VE GOT TO WORK TOGETHER AND SOLVE THIS CASE--NOT FIGHT ABOUT IT!

ALL RIGHT, BENTLEY--BUT HIS ACCUSATION IS ABSOLUTELY UNTRUE!



I'M SORRY, BENTLEY, MAYBE I DID GO OFF ON A LIMB... BUT I'M SO BROKEN UP BY MY NEPHEW'S DEATH THAT I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING!

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, DOCTOR!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY! THIS IS ONE INSULT TOO MUCH! COME, MARIA!



HENRY! HENRY! YOU SHOULDN'T ACT THIS WAY! GEORGE DIDN'T MEAN WHAT HE SAID!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM, INSPECTOR! HE'S HAD THESE TANTRUMS BEFORE!

I'M AFRAID I MUST, DOCTOR...

I'VE GOT TO GO UPSTAIRS AND ASK HIM A FEW QUESTIONS!

AND WHILE I'M UPSTAIRS, I THINK I'LL LOOK AROUND FOR THAT BLINKING LIGHT I SAW!



THERE'S THE WINDOW FACING THE STEAM SHOVEL! THE LIGHT PROBABLY CAME FROM THERE!

AND THIS DOOR IS RIGHT IN BACK OF THE WINDOW!

I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT'S IN THIS ROOM!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!

WHAT DOES BENTLEY SEE IN THE ROOM? DO YOU KNOW?
WAS LORD GANNETT MURDERED? AND IF SO ---- WHO IS THE KILLER? IS IT DOCTOR EDWARDS? JENNINGS THE BUTLER? THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD? OR THE DUKE OF BEDFORD?
READ ON AND SEE -----



WHAT A WEIRD
LOOKING
MACHINE!

THIS IS THE MACHINE USED TO
MURDER GANNETT! THE KILLER
PROBABLY KNOCKED GANNETT OUT
PUT HIM ON THE STEAM SHOVEL,
AND THEN ELECTROCUTED HIM
WITH THIS MACHINE
SO THAT IT
WOULD APPEAR
TO BE ACCIDENTAL
DEATH BY
LIGHTNING!

HELLO!
WHAT'S
THIS?

NOT SO FAST...
DR. EDWARDS!

HELP! I'M
FALLING AGAINST
THE MACHINE!

WAAAAAAAAAH

THERE'S YOUR MURDERER! I
SUSPECTED SOME ELECTRICAL
DEVICE HAD BEEN USED WHEN I
SAW A WIRE ON THE STEAM
SHOVEL! AND WHEN I
WAS ALMOST KILLED
BY 'LIGHTNING' AND SAW
A LIGHT BLINKING HERE,
I DECIDED TO INVESTI-
GATE!

EDWARDS INVENTED A NEW
WAR WEAPON--AND HE WORK-
ED SO HARD AT IT THAT IT AF-
FECTED HIS BRAIN. WHEN THE
MACHINE WAS COMPLETED
AND READY TO TEST, HE
DIDN'T CARE WHO HE
USED AS A GUINEA PIG. SO
HE SELECTED HIS NEPHEW!
... BUT EDWARDS HAS
PAID FOR HIS CRIME! HE
DIED MOST FITTINGLY--
BY HIS OWN MURDER
WEAPON!

the END

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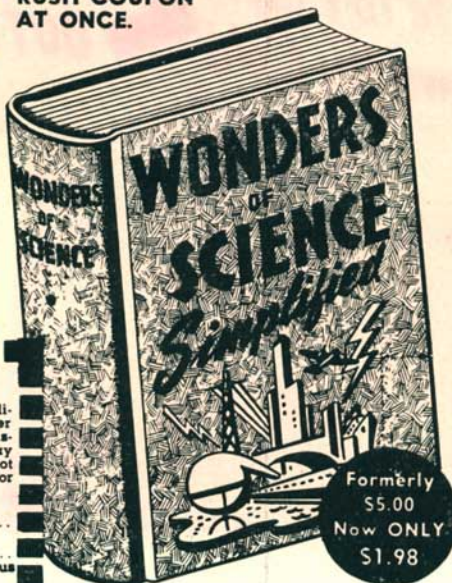
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