

6. 1943  
36

# PEEP



The SHIELD

FEB.

# COMICS 10¢



ARCHIE!—THE BIRTH OF A NATION



COMMANDO



BOYLE



DANNY IN WONDERLAND



GENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YD.



Montana

THE GREATEST GALAXY OF STARS IN COMICS!

# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 15

**I'D LIKE** to make a suggestion.

These are troubled times. Our nation is at war with the Axis powers, fighting for existence and liberty. And from every family, young men have left their homes to join the fight—to do their bit with the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, or Marines.

These men operate under constant pressure and tension. They're fighting a fight to the death, and they need to relax mentally once in a while. You can help them do this.

You can help them with books. There's no greater weapon for the building of morale.

If you have a brother stationed out of the United States or in some far-off corner of the United States itself, chances are that there may be no library available to him. So, along with those cigarettes, and those cookies, and that sewing kit, send him a book. And tell him to pass it along to the other fellows in his company after he reads it.

And send him a book even if he isn't a great reader. The fellow who bunks next to him may enjoy reading.

Here are some suggestions on the kind of books you ought to send.

Funny novels go over big . . . books by authors like P. G. Wodehouse, Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman, Stephen Leacock, Arthur Kober, and Irving D. Tressler. Adventure novels are well-liked . . . books by Robert Graves, Clements Ripley, Kenneth Roberts, Rafael Sabatini, and others. Fantasies like those by Jules Verne and Edgar Rice Burroughs are swell. Mysteries—detective stories of the type written by Ellery Queen, Erle Stanley Gardner, Rex Stout, and Agatha Christie—are in great demand by men of the armed forces. And textbooks! Textbooks on radio, textbooks on mechanics . . . almost all kinds of textbooks are wanted.

And don't forget to send comic magazines!

Here's a point. If you haven't a brother in the forces, or even if you have, send books, too, to the USO. There's one in the large city nearest your home—and if you can't locate their address, your local public library will forward your books to them. The USO will see to it that your books are distributed among those fighting men who want and need them.

And if you don't have books of the kind described, send any kind of books. Different people have different tastes, and there are plenty of men who'll want to read the books you've had lying around your attic for years. Make up a package today.

That's a way you can do your share.

Keep 'em flying.

*Outstanding letters this month from:*

Lewis Lawrence  
567 Park Avenue  
New York City

John Hanley  
412 Maple Street  
Peoria, Illinois

Charles Spritman  
35 Davis  
Monte Vista, Colorado

Walter Permoda  
5301 N. Central Ave.  
Chicago, Illinois

Rita Strane  
1392-A Utah Street  
San Francisco, Calif.

Ruth Shifren  
32 Glenmore Avenue  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Melvin Robinson  
Box 174  
Drakesboro, Ky.

Harriet Staikel  
2409 Creston Ave.  
Bronx, N. Y.

Anthony Donnmaria  
97 High Street  
Newark, N. J.

Pat Mahlan  
Hoagland, Indiana

Ernest Mee  
New Richmond, Wisconsin

*Sincerely,*

*Joe Higgins (The Shield)*

## 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.

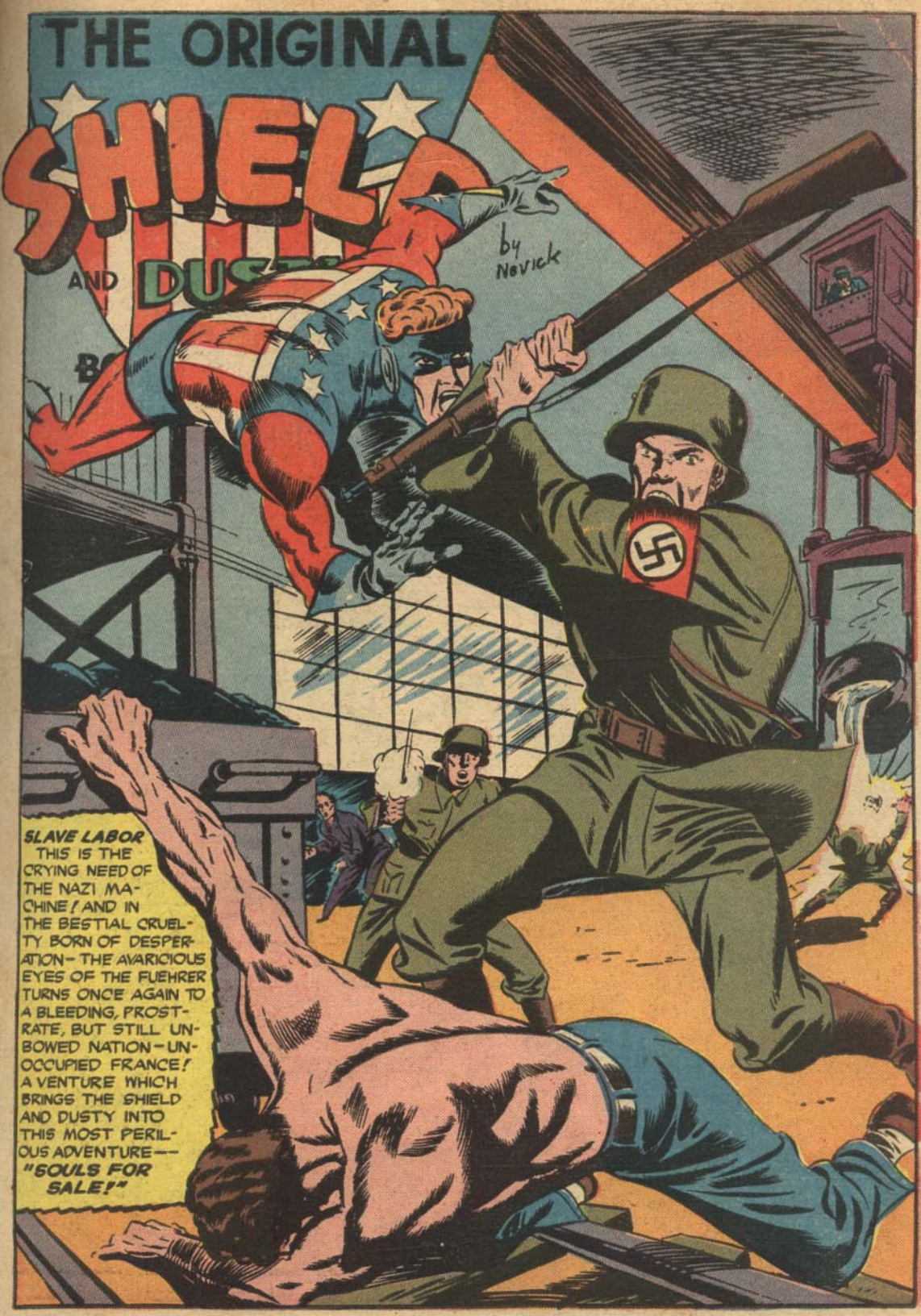


EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

NAME.....

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

CUT ON THIS LINE



THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD

AND DUSTY

by Novick

**SLAVE LABOR**  
THIS IS THE  
CRYING NEED OF  
THE NAZI MA-  
CHINE! AND IN  
THE BESTIAL CRUEL-  
TY BORN OF DESPER-  
ATION - THE AVARICIOUS  
EYES OF THE FUHRER  
TURNS ONCE AGAIN TO  
A BLEEDING, PROST-  
RATE, BUT STILL UN-  
BOWED NATION - UN-  
OCCUPIED FRANCE!  
A VENTURE WHICH  
BRINGS THE SHIELD  
AND DUSTY INTO  
THIS MOST PERIL-  
OUS ADVENTURE -  
"SOULS FOR  
SALE!"

WE MUST HAVE MORE FRENCH WORKERS FOR OUR MUNITIONS FACTORIES! YOU HAF FAILED TO SUPPLY DEM, HERR LAYAL! I TINK MAYBE I LIQUIDATE YOU! MAYBE I LIQUIDATE ALL FRENCHMEN!

B--BUT-- I----

BAH, YOU ARE A NINCOMPOOP! VE GET DER WORKERS OURSELVES! MARSHAL KLOPP, YOU VILL TAKE CHARGE!

HELLO, GENERAL RICHTER? DIS IS MARSHAL KLOPP, I ORDER YOU TO GET VUN MILLION FRENCH WORKERS! YOU KNOW DER PENALTY IF YOU FAIL!

Y-YES, MARSHAL, HEIL HITLER!

SCHULTZ, YOU DOPE, I APPOINT YOU HEAD OF DER CAMPAIGN TO GET FRENCH WORKERS FOR DER REICH! DONT YOU DARE TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

FRITZ, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR YOU! IF YOU FAIL I----

YA, CAPTAIN SCHULTZ!

SCHULTZ! I WANT YOU TO DO IT!

YES, GENERAL! (GULP)

HEIL HIT-- OOF!

MR. SECRETARY, I HAVE JUST THE MAN FOR THE JOB!

HOOVER CALLS IN JOE HIGGINS---

JOE, I'M SENDING YOU ON A SECRET MISSION TO VICHY! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO LOCATE THERIOT AND GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE!

MEANWHILE AT THE FBI OFFICE IN WASHINGTON-- HOOVER, THE NAZIS ARE HOLDING THERIOT PRISONER BECAUSE HE THREATENED TO EXPOSE THEIR PLANS TO ENSLAVE FRENCH LABOR! IF WE CAN GET HIM OUT OF FRANCE THEIR ENTIRE SCHEME WILL COLLAPSE!

YOU WILL POSE AS CARL KLUG, A NAZI AGENT WE JUST CAPTURED! HERE'S A PICTURE OF HIM!

YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME TO DO MY BEST, MR. HOOVER!

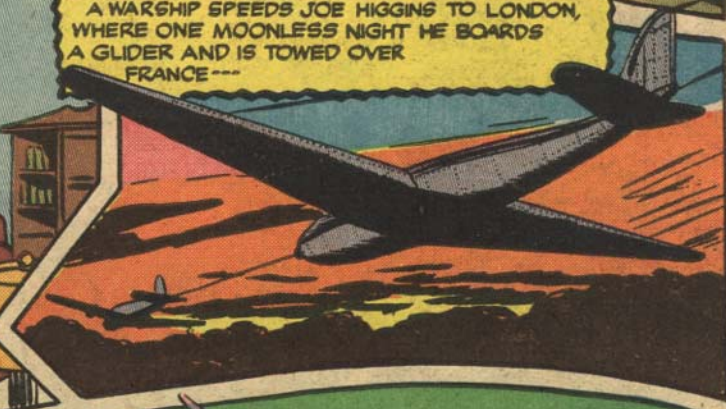
LARRY JOE HIGGINS  
GOSH, JOE, YOU AREN'T GOING WITHOUT ME, ARE YOU?

I'M AFRAID SO, DUSTY!



THIS IS A SECRET ASSIGNMENT AND A VERY DANGEROUS ONE! I COULDN'T LET YOU TAKE THE RISK!

A WARSHIP SPEEDS JOE HIGGINS TO LONDON, WHERE ONE MOONLESS NIGHT HE BOARDS A GLIDER AND IS TOWED OVER FRANCE---



NEAR VICHY, THE GLIDER IS CUT LOOSE--- IT DESCENDS SILENTLY---

SURE HOPE NO ONE SAW ME LAND!

THEN, WHEN JOE REACHES THE CITY---

I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMEONE IS FOLLOWING ME! MAYBE THIS DISGUISE ISN'T AS GOOD AS I THOUGHT IT WAS!





I'LL JUST DUCK AROUND THIS CORNER!



AND THROUGH THIS REVOLVING DOOR!



HE'S STILL ON MY TRAIL! THIS FELLOW'S SURE HARD TO SHAKE OFF! I'LL TRY THAT STORE OVER THERE!



AH, JUST THE THING! THIS STORE HAS A BACK DOOR!

I'LL GRAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT!



GOT YA! AND NOW, MISTER, LET'S SEE WHO YOU ARE!



GREAT SCOTT!

HIYA, JOE! THOUGHT YOU COULD LEAVE ME BEHIND, DID YOU?



DUSTY! HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET HERE?

WHY, IT WAS SIMPLE! ALL I DID WAS ----

SUDDENLY--- NEVER MIND THE EXPLANATIONS NOW, DUSTY! THOSE NAZIS ARE WATCHING US! I THINK WE'D BETTER START MOVING!



VAIT! VOT IS DER MEANING OF DOT NON-ARYAN UNIFORM?



TAKE DOT BOY TO HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING!



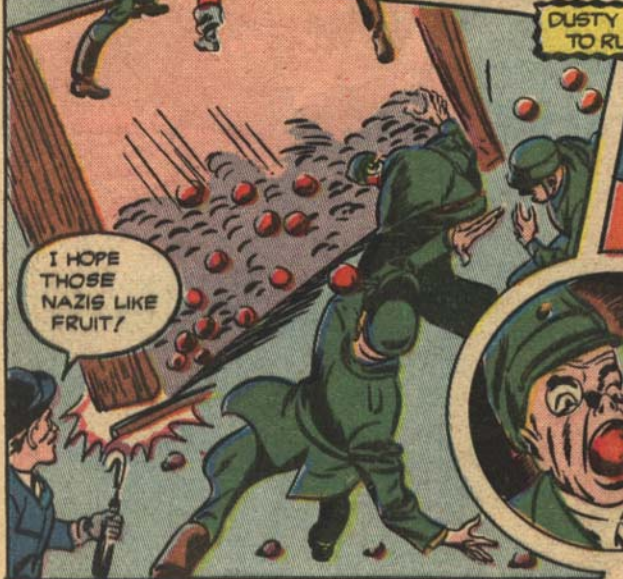
I'VE GOT TO GET DUSTY OUT OF THIS! THAT FRUIT STAND GIVES ME AN IDEA!



STEALTHILY, JOE CROOKS HIS UMBRELLA AROUND A LEG OF THE FRUIT STAND---



AND---



DUSTY BEGINS TO RUN---

I HOPE THOSE NAZIS LIKE FRUIT!



STOP DOT BOY!

AFTER HIM, QUICK!



THIS UMBRELLA SURE  
TURNED OUT TO BE  
A BIG HELP!

DIS IS WHY  
I HATE  
BANANAS!

YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE  
FOR DIS! I ARREST  
YOU INSTEAD OF DER  
BOY!

SACRÉ BLEU—  
MY BEEOUTIFUL  
FRUIT, SHE IS  
ALL SMASH!

LATER AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS—

GENERAL, I HAVE  
CAUGHT AN ENEMY  
OF DER THIRD  
REICH!

NONSENSE!  
I AM CARL KLUG,  
HERR HIMMLER'S  
SPECIAL  
AGENT!

WHERE IS YOUR  
IDENTIFICATION,  
HERR KLUG?

WHY, THAT'S  
FUNNY— IT'S  
MISSING! I  
MUST HAVE  
DROPPED  
IT!

GREAT WORK,  
SCHULTZ! HE HAS  
NO IDENTIFICATION!  
HE MUST BE A SPY!

I THINK MAYBE  
I VILL BE  
PROMOTED!

EXCUSE,  
PLEASE! I  
FIND THESE  
PAPERS!



ACH HIMMEL! SCHULTZ,  
YOU DOPE! DIS MAN IS  
HERR KLUG! APOLOGIZE  
AT VUNCE!

BUT, MY  
FRUIT,  
SHE IS  
RUIN!

EXCUSE ME, HERR  
KLUG! I MADE A  
MISTAKE! AND  
HOW IS YOUR  
COLLEAGUE,  
HERR BLOCK?

WHO?  
HERR B--  
BLOCK?  
OH, HE  
IS FINE!

AHA! I HAF CAUGHT HIM  
NOW! DERE IS NO HERR  
BLOCK! I CHUST MADE  
IT UP!



BUT, DUSTY HAS BEEN  
LISTENING AT THE WIN-  
DOW----

HE SPURTS  
ACROSS THE STREET  
TO A PHONE-----

OPERATOR, CONNECT  
ME WITH GENERAL  
RITTER AT NAZI  
HEADQUARTERS,  
HURRY, URGENT!



CLEVER VORK, SCHULTZ!  
MAYBE I VILL PROMOTE YOU,  
AFTER ALL! I ALWAYS SAID  
YOU VERE A SMART FELLOW!

HELLO! WHO IS CALLING? HERR  
BLOCK! FROM HIMMLER'S OFFICE!  
YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW IS YOUR  
FRIEND, CARL KLUG? OH-H-H/HE  
IS FINE! OH SURE, I VILL TREAT  
HIM VERY NICE!



**SCHULTZ!!!**

YOU BUNGLER! DIS IS DER LAST STRAW. I ORDER YOU TO ARREST YOURSELF!

I AM SO SORRY, HERR KLUG. I WILL BE DELIGHTED TO HELP YOU.

OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GENERAL, NO HARD FEELINGS

I'LL EVEN TELL YOU THAT HERR HIMMLER SENT ME ON A SPECIAL MISSION TO DEAL WITH AN ENEMY OF THE THIRD REICH



I WAS ON MY WAY TO INTERVIEW AND...AHEM... "CONVINCE", THERIOT---

HAW! HAW! CONVINCE HIM! I UNDERSTAND. THERIOT IS AT DER ESTATE, ISN'T HE?

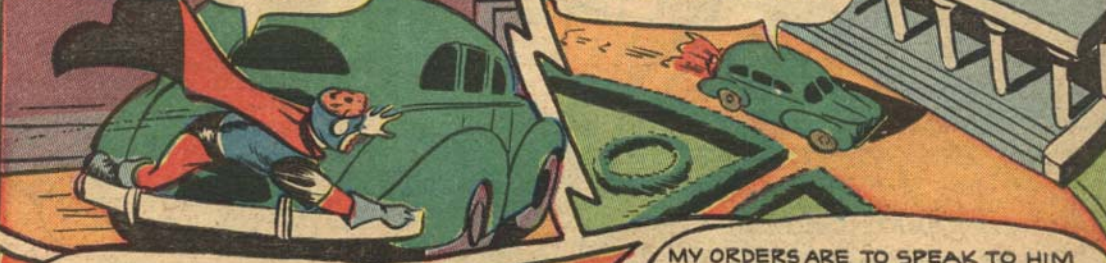
W-WHY, YES, THAT'S RIGHT, AT THE ESTATE.

I TAKE YOU DERE, MYSELF IT VILL BE A PLEASURE!



WELL - LOOKS LIKE THE SHIELD IS DOING SOME TRAVELLING - I COULD STAND A CHANGE OF SCENERY MYSELF.

HAW! HAW! YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE DER FUEHRER'S ENEMIES, DON'T YOU, HERR KLUG?



LIEUTENANT, THIS IS MY GOOD FRIEND, CARL KLUG, FROM HIMMLER'S OFFICE.

HEIL HITLER!

MY ORDERS ARE TO SPEAK TO HIM ALONE, LIEUTENANT, AND CONVINCE HIM OF HIS MISTAKE IN OPPOSING THE FUEHRER. I WILL USE MY OWN METHODS.

HAW! HAW! SPECIAL TREATMENT, EH, HERR KLUG?



HE ISS IN DIS ROOM, HERR KLUG. NO ONE VILL INTERFERE VID YOUR TREATMENT GUARD, YOU ARE DISMISSED.

OH YES, LIEUTENANT, HERR KLUG IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE

EXCUSE ME, GENERAL, I AM EXPECTING A CALL FROM HERR HIMMLER.

YES, HERR HIMMLER, VE GUARD THERIOT VERY CAREFULLY. HERR KLUG IS TALKING TO HIM NOW.

**VOT!!**

HERR KLUG WAS CAPTURED IN AMERICA LAST WEEK?

HIMMEL!  
VE HAF BEEN TRICKED!

NOW LISTEN, CAREFULLY, M'SIEUR THERIOT, I AM THE SHIELD, SENT BY THE AMERICAN F.B.I. TO RESCUE YOU!

BON DIEU! YOU ARE JOKING!

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, AMERICAN SCHWEIN!

OH, OH... HERE COME A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO DON'T LIKE MY BRAND OF JOKES— BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS.

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF THE CAMOUFLAGE NOW!!

I'M STILL TAKING YOU OUT OF HERE, THERIOT, ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!

AND THIS IS AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY!

OR DON'T YOU BOYS AGREE WITH ME?

NOW'S OUR CHANCE, THERIOT, LET'S GO!

THEES EES MADNESS, M'SIEUR SHIELD. WE CANNOT ESCAPE, BUT I DO AS YOU SAY!

DUSTY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

SO, I'M THE GUY YOU COULDN'T USE ON THIS TRIP, EH, SHIELD? PARDON ME, WHILE I GIVE YOU THE HORSE-LAUGH-- HAW! HAW!

STOP AT THAT HOUSE! I HAVE FRIENDS THERE WHO WILL HELP US.

HERE COME THE NAZIS, SHIELD, RIGHT BEHIND US.

M'SIEUR THERIOT... YOU HAVE ESCAPED!

YES, FRANCHOT, BUT NOT FOR LONG UNLESS YOU HELP US. THE NAZIS ARE AT OUR HEELS.

SAY NO MORE, M'SIEUR. FOLLOW ME. I HAVE A SPEED-BOAT IN READINESS FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES

DIABLE! THE NAZI PEEGS ARE CLOSE. KEEP GOING M'SIEURS. I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!!

BANG BANG

VIVE LA FRANCE.

HERE IT IS... THE SPEEDBOAT!! HURRY! HOP IN!

NEXT STOP- ENGLAND!! I FEEL PRETTY BAD ABOUT FRANCHOT! IF ONLY I...

DON'T, M'SIEUR SHIELD- HE DIED AS HE WISHED, AND AS I WOULD WISH, IN THE SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY.



AND SO SEVERAL DAYS LATER, FROM BBC---

---AND SO, MY COUNTRYMEN, I TELL YOU **RESIST!** RESIST WITH YOUR LAST DROP OF BLOOD! THE NAZI BANDITS, WHO KNOW NO LAWS, STOP AT NOTHING TO GAIN THEIR ENDS - YES, EVEN TO **KIDNAPPING THEIR SLAVE LABOR FROM FREE FRANCE**



AND FROM A SECRET RADIO STATION IN FRANCE-----

FREE FRENCHMEN, EVERYWHERE! LET YOURSELVES BE HEARD AT ONCE! YOU HAVE HEARD M'SIEUR THERIOT! RESIST THE NAZI CRIMINALS! **RESIST!**



THE "UNDERGROUND" ISSUES LEAFLETS-----

*Free France*  
**RESIST, FRENCHMEN!**  
STRIKE A BLOW AGAINST HITLER AND HIS AGENT LAVAL!  
DEMONSTRATE TOMORROW IN FRONT OF NAZI HEADQUARTERS AGAINST SLAVE LABOR!

DOWN WITH LAVAL!  
VIVE DE GAULLE!  
LONG LIVE FREE FRANCE!



INSIDE---

SCHULTZ, THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

HEIL HIT--- OW!



THE MARSHAL CALLS---

GENERAL KLOPP, I DEMOTE YOU! YOU WILL BE LIQUIDATED AT ONCE!

MARSHAL, YOU ARE FIRED! RETURN AT ONCE YOUR 723 MEDALS AND YOUR 129 UNIFORMS!



I THINK I BETTER PRACTISE MY PAINTING! MIT SUCH DUMBKOPFS AROUND ME! SOON MAYBE, I NEED A NEW JOB!



**HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS?**  
IT'S ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!



THE

ANG

IT WAS ONLY A FIGURINE. A STATUETTE OF A LEOPARD TRANSPORTED FROM THE INNERMOST DEPTHS OF THE DARK CONTINENT—AFRICA! BUT IN ITS WAKE IT LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND DEATH! A TRAIL TAKEN UP BY **THE HANGMAN!** A TRAIL WHICH PROMISED TO LEAD HIM TO THE SAME FATAL END AS THE OTHERS WHO SOUGHT OUT ITS SECRET, -----  
**"THE SECRET OF THE LEOPARD'S CURSE"**

B. F. J.

WELL, THELMA, LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO GET A HUMAN INTEREST STORY!

IT DOES SEEM THAT WAY, BOB. OH WELL, I'LL COME BACK TO THESE SLUMS TOMORROW!

SUDDENLY---

HELP!  
HELP!

THOSE SCREAMS CAME FROM UP THERE!

GOOD LORD! THAT MAN--- HE'S HORRIBLY MUTILATED! HIS FACE AND CHEST ARE RIPPED TO SHREDS!

THE --- THE LEOPARD --- THE BLACK LEOPARD --- IT GREW --- AND GREW AND --- OOOOOO!

POOR FELLOW, HE'S DEAD! HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN TERRIBLE AGONY!

I'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AT ONCE THELMA!

YES, BOB!  
WHAT'S THIS OVER HERE?

WHY, IT'S A STONE FIGURE OF A LEOPARD!



HMM--- THAT'S STRANGE! JUST BEFORE THAT POOR FELLOW DIED, HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A LEOPARD! AND HIS WOUNDS LOOK LIKE CLAW MARKS! I WONDER---

I'LL CALL THE POLICE, BOB!

SOME TIME LATER--- OH, IT'S YOU, DICKERING! YOU'RE ALWAYS STUMBLING INTO MURDERS SOMEHOW! WHO IS IT THIS TIME?

HELLO, CHIEF! I HAVEN'T YET HAD TIME TO IDENTIFY HIM!

IN FACT I'M NOT EVEN SURE HE WAS **MURDERED**. HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH!

AND WE FOUND THIS STATUE OF A LEOPARD---

YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO TELL ME THIS STATUE KILLED HIM, ARE YOU? BE YOUR AGE, WILL YA, AND LEAVE THE DETECTIN' TO GUYS WHO GET PAID FOR IT!

JUST THEN, A FIGURE, UNNOTICED, ENTERS THE ROOM, AND---

EXCUSE ME, OFFICER, I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT LEOPARD!

SAY! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO YOU COME TO BE HERE?

I AM DR. GREW, EXPLORER! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS LEOPARD AND ITS HISTORY--- AND A VERY WEIRD ONE IT IS. I CAN ASSURE YOU--- THAT IS, IF THE LEOPARD IS GENUINE!

YOU SEE THE VICTIM VISITED ME A SHORT WHILE AGO AND WISHED TO CONSULT ME ABOUT THE LEOPARD WHICH HE HAD--ER-- FOUND! I PROMISED I WOULD DROP IN ON HIM AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY!

UNFORTUNATELY, I WAS TOO LATE, BUT IF I COULD TAKE THE LEOPARD WITH ME AND STUDY IT, PERHAPS I WILL CLEAN UP THE MYSTERY!

HMM--- OKAY-- GO AHEAD AND TAKE IT!

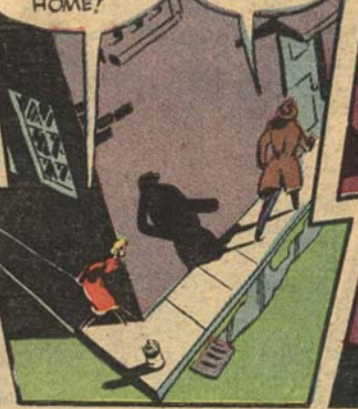
HO HUM-- WELL I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE PAPER WITH THIS STORY! GOOD NIGHT, BOB!

GUESS I'LL GO HOME AND TURN IN MYSELF-- (YAWN)-- GOOD NIGHT!

I'LL JUST WAIT TILL BOB'S GONE AND THEN I'M HEADING STRAIGHT FOR DR. GREW'S HOME!

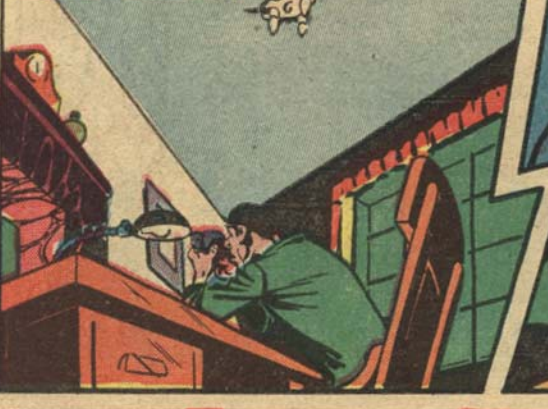
I'LL JUST DUCK INTO THIS ALLEY TILL THELMA IS GONE!

IN THE ALLEY, BOB QUICKLY DOFFS HIS OUTER GARMENTS AND EMERGES AS **THE HANG-MAN!**



MEANWHILE, IN HIS LABORATORY, DR. GREW STUDIES THE LEOPARD WITH RISING EXCITEMENT! THE PERSPIRATION SUDDENLY BEGINS TO STREAM FROM HIS PORES AND HIS FACE GOES DEAD WHITE AS HE REALIZES---

--- BY THE LORD HARRY! THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! IT'S THE SACRED LEOPARD OF THE LEOPARD TRIBE!



THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHA--- IT'S COMING TO LIFE!

IT--- IT'S BREATHING FLAME AND SMOKE! I MUST GET OUT OF THIS ROOM! I--- I---



MY GOD!---THE LEOPARD----IT'S GROWING!---NO--NO--I MUST BE GOING MAD! IT CAN'T BE!

OW WRRRR

IT'S A MONSTER! HELP! HELP!

ROARRRR

AT THIS MOMENT---  
THERE'S A LIGHT IN THE LABORATORY! DR. GREW MUST BE STUDYING THAT LEOPARD!

HELP!

WHAT'S THAT? A CRY FOR HELP! DR. GREW MUST BE IN DANGER!

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO DR. GREW?

HE'S BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH! ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE LEOPARD!

THIS IS GETTING MORE SERIOUS EVERY MOMENT! THAT LEOPARD IS DEADLY---WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

SOMEONE'S PROWLING ABOUT! I'LL JUST TURN OFF THESE LIGHTS!

SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS AND A SHADY FIGURE ENTERS THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM---

---AND THROUGH THE DARKNESS GOES THE CAPED FIGURE OF THE HANGMAN HURTLING AT THE INTRUDER---

GOT YOU!

EEEEEE!

CRASH!

AND AS THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN---

WHY, T-THELMA! GULP!

YOU CAD! STRIKING A LADY!

BUT, THELMA, YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING BACK TO YOUR OFFICE!

AND YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE GOING HOME--  
EEK! WHO'S THAT?

IT'S DR GREW--OR RATHER WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM! HE'S BEEN TERRIBLY MAULED AND THE LEOPARD IS GONE!

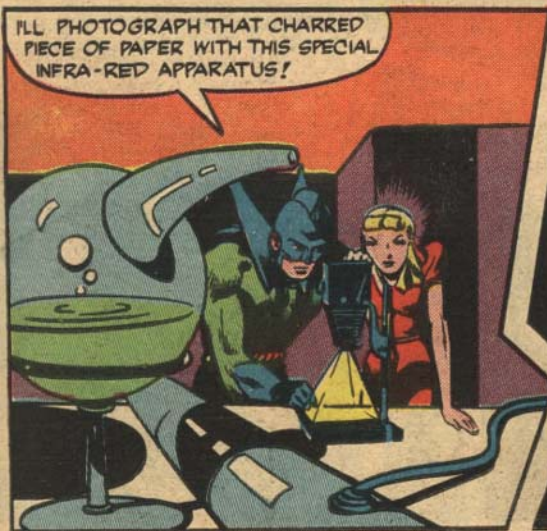
THIS IS BAFFLING! FIRST A STATUE COMES TO LIFE AND KILLS TWO MEN--AND THEN IT DISAPPEARS!

AND SO FAR NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO HELP FIND THE MURDERER--- IF THERE IS A MURDERER!

HANGMAN! WHAT'S THAT SMOULDERING IN THE FIRE-PLACE?

IT'S A NOTE OF SOME KIND, BUT IT'S PRETTY BADLY CHARRED!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH THIS MAY PROVE TO BE AN IMPORTANT CLUE, THELMA! LET'S TAKE IT BACK TO MY LABORATORY!



I'LL PHOTOGRAPH THAT CHARRED PIECE OF PAPER WITH THIS SPECIAL INFRA-RED APPARATUS!

THERE! THAT DOES IT! NOW IF THERE WAS ANY WRITING AT ALL ON THAT PAPER MY CAMERA WILL HAVE PHOTOGRAPHED IT! I'LL PUT THE NEGATIVE INTO THE DEVELOPING SOLUTION AND WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



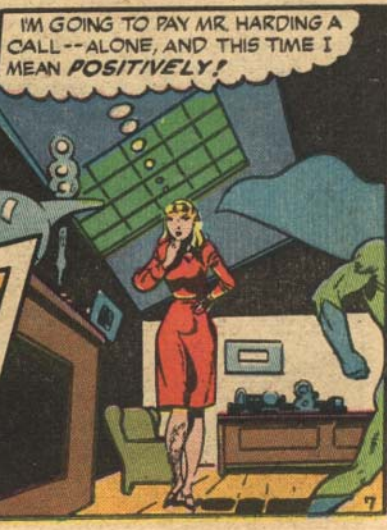
Alfred Harding  
Exchange 4711

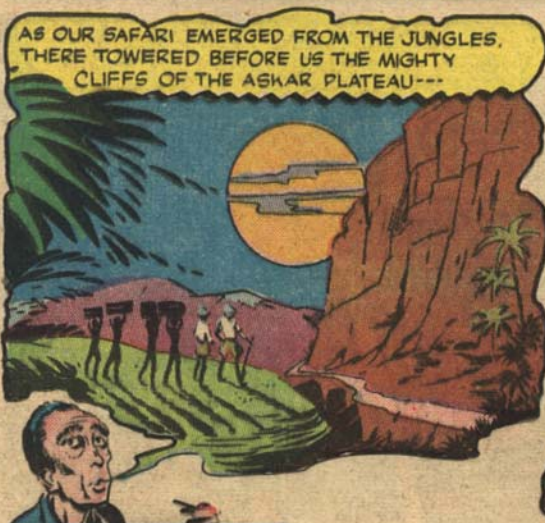
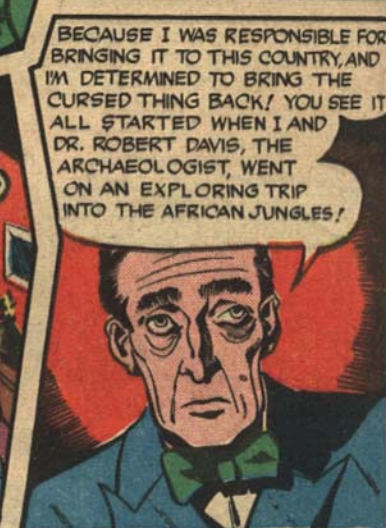
ALFRED HARDING-- HMM-- HE'S ALSO AN EXPLORER, ISN'T HE, THEL?

WHY, YES! RECENTLY RETURNED FROM AN AFRICAN EXPLORATION AS A MATTER OF FACT!



I'M GOING TO PAY MR. HARDING A CALL-- ALONE, AND THIS TIME I MEAN POSITIVELY!





THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT GO ON ALONE---

FOR HOUR AFTER HOUR WE FOUGHT OUR WAY UP. ONE FALSE STEP MEANT SUDDEN DEATH----

LET'S TURN BACK, DAVIS! I HAVE A FOREBODING OF MISFORTUNE! THERE'S SOMETHING WEIRD AND EVIL ABOUT THIS PLATEAU!

DON'T BE A FOOL, HARDING!

THAT NIGHT WE REACHED THE TOP!



NEXT MORNING---

LOOK OUT, DAVIS! THERE'S A LEOPARD ON THAT BRANCH! HE'S GOING TO SPRING!

I QUICKLY RAISED MY RIFLE AND FIRED POINT BLANK AT THE HURLING BEAST! I WAS TOO CLOSE TO MISS----

STAND BACK, DAVIS! I GOT HIM!



THAT'S STRANGE, NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING, BUT I'M POSITIVE I HIT HIM! IT WAS POINT BLANK RANGE!

OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, HARDING DON'T BE SO JUMPY! YOU'RE SEEING THINGS!

LATER---

GREAT SCOTT! DAVIS, COME HERE! QUICK! AM I DREAMING OR IS THAT REALLY-----



A SIGHT OF AWESOME SPLendor GREETED MY EYES! A BLACK LEOPARD TEMPLE, AND FEROCIOUS LEOPARDS GUARDING AN ALTER ON WHICH STOOD----



A BLAZING STATUETTE--A STONE FIGURE SO MAGNETIC THAT IT SEEMED TO BE ALIVE!



THAT STATUE! I MUST HAVE IT! LOOK AT THOSE FLAMING EYES-- HUGE DIAMONDS-- THEY MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

NO, NO! DAVIS, YOU'RE MAD! LET'S TURN BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BUT DAVIS WAS BEYOND REASONING THAT NIGHT! WE BOTH APPROACHED STEALTHILY--

THOSE WILD LEOPARDS-- THEY'RE COMING AT ME-- THEY'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!



THEY'VE STOPPED! IT MUST BE THIS STATUE I'M HOLDING! THEY WON'T HARM ME AS LONG AS IT'S IN MY POSSESSION! HARDING IS RIGHT, PERHAPS! THOSE LEOPARDS SEEM TO BE NEARLY HUMAN!

LATER THAT NIGHT, DAVIS WAS EXAMINING THE LEOPARD BY THE FIRE, WHEN---

THE STATUE-- IT'S ALIVE-- IT'S GROWING--GROWING!







I FLED FROM THAT SPOT AS THOUGH PURSUED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF! I ALMOST PERISHED IN THOSE SWAMPS, BUT NOTHING COULD MAKE ME STAY NEAR THAT CURSED LEOPARD----



SOMEHOW I ESCAPED! I NEVER SAW THAT STATUE AGAIN TILL DR. GREW CALLED ME FOR CONSULTATION TONIGHT! HE KNEW I HAD BEEN TO THE LEOPARD COUNTRY!

HOW IT CAME HERE I DO NOT KNOW, BUT MY CONSCIENCE WILL NOT REST EASY TIL I RETURN IT WHERE IT BELONGS! STATUE?

HMM--A VERY STRANGE STORY/MIND IF I EXAMINE THIS STATUE?

AS THE HANGMAN GOES OVER TO THE FIREPLACE TO EXAMINE THE STATUE, HIS KEEN EYES NOTICE---



THOSE CLAWS! THEY CONFIRM MY ORIGINAL HUNCH! HARDING YOU ARE THE MURDERER AFTER ALL!

JUST THEN--- FUMES COMING FROM THE STATUE-- CAN'T BREATHE-- GETTING WEAK!



IT'S ALIVE--  
SPRINGING  
AT ME!



BUT SUDDENLY, A SHOT  
RINGS OUT----



HANGMAN, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THAT  
WASN'T A LEOPARD THAT ATTACKED  
YOU! IT WAS HARDING--HE HAD  
METAL CLAWS ON HIS HANDS!



I'M OKAY NOW!  
JUST A  
LITTLE  
DIZZY!

I SEE IT ALL NOW! THOSE FUMES WERE A  
HYPNOTIC DRUG, VAPORIZED BY THE HEAT OF  
THE FIRE! THE VICTIM WAS HYPNOTIZED INTO  
THINKING THE LEOPARD  
WAS ALIVE AND  
GROWING!



HARDING COMMITTED THOSE  
MURDERS TO GET THAT LEOPARD--  
AND NOW I'M GOING TO GET  
HARDING!



THERE  
HE  
GOES!



ALL RIGHT HARDING, I'M CALL-  
ING THE TURNS FROM HERE  
ON!



YOU WERE VERY CLEVER  
NOTICING THOSE CLAWS, HANG-  
MAN! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU  
HOW I USE THEM!





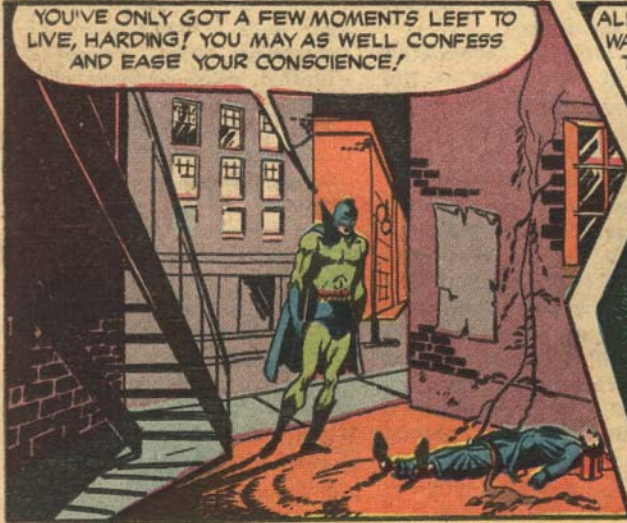
YOU'LL NEVER PUT A NOOSE AROUND MY NECK, HANG-MAN!



THE VINE—IT'S TEARING AWAY FROM THE WALL—I'M SLIPPING!



THE LOOSE VINE WHIPS ABOUT—A QUICK WRENCH—AND HARDING'S NECK IS BROKEN!



YOU'VE ONLY GOT A FEW MOMENTS LEFT TO LIVE, HARDING! YOU MAY AS WELL CONFESS AND EASE YOUR CONSCIENCE!



ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN, THE STORY I TOLD YOU WAS TRUE, EXCEPT THAT IT WAS I WHO STOLE THAT STATUETTE, NOT DAVIS! I KILLED HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO STOP ME! KILLED HIM THE WAY I KILLED THE OTHERS!



WHEN I STAGGERED INTO A TOWN HALF DEAD, THE STATUETTE WAS STOLEN FROM ME BY A BEACH COMBER! I TRACED HIM HERE AND—UHHHHHHH

HE'S DEAD!



MURDER AND BLOOD ALL BECAUSE OF MAN'S AGE-OLD CURSE—*GREED!* AND THE IRONY IS THAT THE LEOPARD'S EYES ARE NOT EVEN DIAMONDS—



THEY'RE *GLASS!* MURDERERS AND CRIMINALS, WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT INEVITABLY YOU FACE YOUR *HANGMAN?*

# BOOKS DON'T BLEED

## A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THE Hangman walked briskly up to the door and knocked. When it was opened he said, "How do you do? I'm—"

The girl who had opened the door smiled up at him. "—The Hangman," she finished "Naturally. It's easy enough to recognize you in your uniform."

The Hangman followed her down a long hall and into a wide living room. Two girls, both very young, and a big, wide-shouldered man were waiting there for him. The Hangman was introduced all around.

"Look," The Hangman said, "how about explaining this to me? I came here because Thelma asked me to come, but I'm not quite sure as to what you want me to do."

Janice Lane, the young lady who'd opened the door, answered the question "It's very simple," she said "Vivian, Mildred and I are criminology students. We're studying the various methods of detecting crime, and as one of this country's most famous crimefighters, we realized that you'd be able to give us quite a few pointers. So, since I know Thelma Gordon slightly and since I've heard about her connection with you, I asked her to ask you to help us out."

"That's right, Hangman," the man cut in "I came here to see Janice's father about some store matter—I'm Mike O'Leary, chief detective in Mr. Lane's downtown department store—and he's out somewhere. While I've been waiting for his return, the girls have thrown a million questions at me."

The Hangman smiled "Well," he said, "I doubt if I'll make a very good teacher."

"You're just modest," Janice said. "Tell us, Hangman, what methods do you use in solving murders?"

The Hangman held up a

hand. "Easy there," he said. "It's not as simple as all that. Different murders, committed in different ways, require different methods of detection." He thought for a moment "But if you want a generalization," he continued, "I can say this much. If you wish to solve a murder committed by a clever criminal—look for the little things."

Janice's eyes were large "How do you mean little things?" she asked.

The Hangman considered "Well," he said "put it this way. In a crime of passion or rage, committed in an unpremeditated fashion by a man or woman who until that moment had been non-criminal, you can generally pin the crime on him or her by some large mistake he or she made. Something like leaving fingerprints on a gun, or committing the crime with a weapon which could be traced—something big, and rather foolish." He paused "But with the clever criminal, the man with the twisted mind who plans his crime carefully, goes over it step by step, you've got to look for the little clues. You've got to be literally like Sherlock Holmes, careful to examine every cigar ash, every little thing which may lead to a solution."

Janice smiled "Oh," she scoffed, "you're not going to try to make us believe that you work in the Sherlock Holmes fashion, are you?"

The Hangman smiled back at her "You needn't scoff," he said "I may not use Sherlock Holmes methods to the extent the fictional detective did—for the purposes of fiction, the author exaggerated—but believe me that looking for the little things is the basic tenet in crime detection. Occasionally it's something you hear, and occa-

sionally it's something you see—but let one little item not fit into a smooth pattern, and the good detective will immediately focus on that item and see why it doesn't fit."

And then, suddenly, The Hangman stopped speaking and stared at a door across the room "That closet," he said tensely, "when did you last open it?"

The smile left Janice's face "Why, not for days, probably," she said "That's more of a storeroom than a closet. My brother, who's away at college, keeps all his books there. Why do you ask?"

"Books don't bleed," said The Hangman, and pulled the door open.

A body tumbled out.

Janice stared at the body and screamed, piercingly "It's my father," she said.

The Hangman bent down and examined Lane's body. A paper-knife protruded from Lane's chest, and blood had rushed plentifully from the wound. Lane was still warm, but very much dead.

The Hangman stood up and grasped Janice's shoulders. "Look," he said tightly, "don't go hysterical on me. You wanted to learn about crime, and some murderer's brought it right to your front door. If you want the murderer to escape punishment, keep yowling. If you want me to get to work on this, calm down and let me ask you a few questions. I understand the shock, and I sympathize—but calm down!"

Janice took her hands away from her eyes "All right," she said tiredly, "I'll calm down. What do you want to know?"

The Hangman looked over and noticed with grim amusement that both Janice's friends, the future criminologists, had fainted. "Do you recognize the

knife?" he asked.  
 Janice stared at the knife and turned away, shuddering.  
 "Yes—yes, I recognize it. It's my father's."

"Where does your father keep it?" The Hangman asked.  
 "My father kept it on the desk in his study," Janice said.  
 "I see what you're getting at. Anybody who visited my father once or twice at his study would know that the knife was kept there."

"All right," The Hangman said. "And now—how about enemies? Did your father have any enemies?"

"No," Janice said. "Everyone in business liked him." She hesitated. "Of course . . . No. No, he had no enemies."

"You started to say something," The Hangman said. "What was it?"

"It's really nothing," Janice said. "My father occasionally backed a play—the theatre was his hobby. Sometimes he fired performers for drinking and things like that . . . and he had arguments with them. There was one man—I didn't get his name—who came here a few times and was positively abusive. My father finally had to throw him out."

"I see," said The Hangman. "I'll work on that later." He turned to Mike O'Leary. "Now I want to ask you a few questions."

"Me?" said O'Leary. "Listen, Hangman . . ."

"Relax," said The Hangman. "This is routine. I was just wondering what you came here to see Lane about."

"It wouldn't interest you," O'Leary said. "I just wanted to see him about some routine shoplifting stuff."

"Let me judge what'll interest me," The Hangman said. "Was it your practice always to consult Lane about routine matters?"

O'Leary shook his head. "No. Just on shoplifting matters. We been having so much of it lately at the store that Mr. Lane asked me to keep him informed of every new development."

"What was this new develop-

ment?"  
 "Well," said O'Leary, "it was pretty usual stuff, but I thought Mr. Lane would like to know about it anyhow. I was cruising around the store about two hours ago when I spotted some dame lifting underclothes and stuff off the counters and slipping 'em into her coat. Well, I followed her around for a while, just to make sure I wasn't mistaken. Finally she saw me watching her, and just when she was about to ditch the stuff out one of the fire exits between the fourth and fifth floors I grabbed her. She's down at headquarters now."

The Hangman smiled. "All right, brother," he said. "It's all over."

O'Leary moved back, and his face contorted with terror as the shadow of a noose fell across his features. "What—what are you talkin' about?" he whimpered.

The Hangman took hold of his collar and pushed him against the wall. "You can drop the O'Leary act now," he said. "It's all over."

"You're crazy," the man said. "I don't know what you mean." "Don't you?" The Hangman said. He reached forward and rubbed his hand along the other man's face. Grease-paint smudges appeared on his gloves. "You're not O'Leary. You're that actor Janice was just talking about. You hated Lane, and you worked up this scheme to kill him."

The Hangman's eyes were cold. "Stop snivelling, rat," he said. "Your plan's backfired, and that's all there is to it. You certainly planned it carefully. You studied the real O'Leary and made up like him. Then you came here and made sure that you arrived when Lane was alone. When he let you in as O'Leary, you killed him and stuffed him in that closet. Then—and here was the cleverest part of your scheme—you came back later, again as O'Leary, but this time when Janice and her friends were here. You came back at a time you knew the real O'Leary

would be travelling home by subway alone, so that he had no alibi. You planned to stick around a while, then leave, telling Janice to tell her father about that shoplifter. Then while the police checked and found that no shoplifter had been arrested, they'd suspect O'Leary—thinking he had told Janice that shoplifter story just as an excuse to enter the house—possibly to destroy some evidence. . . ."

Suddenly with the desperation of a cornered rat, the fake O'Leary kicked out. His foot caught The Hangman on the leg and threw him to the floor. With a cry of triumph, the actor leaped forward.

But The Hangman wasn't there any longer. He had slid quickly to the side . . . and as the actor leaped, his left fist moved upward with the speed and impact force of an express train. There was a sharp crack, and the actor went bye-bye.

The Hangman took a deep breath. "There's your murderer," he said.

Janice looked bewildered. "But, Hangman," she said. "I—I don't understand. How did you know he wasn't really O'Leary?"

"O'Leary, being the chief of detectives at your father's store, would know his business," The Hangman said. He smiled. "I knew this guy was a phony because of one of those little things I was telling you about. You see, in the story the phony told me, he said that he'd arrested some woman for shoplifting when she tried to ditch the stuff she stole in an exit between the fourth and fifth floors. That means the arrest would have been made in the building."

The Hangman walked to the phone to call the police. "A rudimentary knowledge of law helps a crime fighter, too," he remarked. "You see, the law says that even if a person lifts a dozen items off a counter without telling the salesgirl—it still isn't shoplifting unless the items are taken out of the store!"

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# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

## and the BOY SOLDIERS

by IRVING NOVICK



DESERT WARFARE - SCENE OF MEN FIGHTING IN TORRID TEMPERATURE - FIGHTING NOT ALONE AGAINST THE MORTAL FORCES OF THE NAZIS, BUT THE IMMORTAL HEAT OF THE SUN! AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND, CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS TAKE THEIR PLACE ALONGSIDE THE COMMANDOS OF THE DESERT TO CONQUER THE FORMIDABLE FORTRESS OF GENERAL ROMMEL - THE FORTRESS KNOWN AS - - -  
"THE PYRAMID PILLBOX"



DON'T LET THE HEAT GET YOU, KID --- HERE, TAKE A SLUG OF MY WATER!




I'M THIRSTY!  
YEAH --- THIRSTY ---  
THIRSTY! ---  
THIR-S-T-Y!



KID!  
COME BACK ---

NO! FIRST  
I'M GONNA  
TEAR THE SUN  
OUT OF THE SKY  
AND DROWN IT ---

WHILE ON AN-  
OTHER PART  
OF THE EARTH'S  
SURFACE--A FOUNTAIN OF WATER RUNS  
OVER THE BODIES OF  
LANGUID LADES.



SOMEHOW IT DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT  
FOR ME TO BE ENJOYING  
MYSELF AT YOUR PARTY,  
JOHN, WITH SO MUCH WAR  
AND SUFFERING ---

NOW, NOW!  
NO WAR TALK, JUDY!  
AWFULLY BORING, DON'T  
YOU KNOW?

**BORING ---**  
JOHN GRAYSON,  
HOW CAN YOU SAY  
SUCH A THING,  
WHEN ---

WAIT A  
MINUTE,  
JUDY!  
LET'S  
LISTEN!

CAIRO -- SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT  
NEAR TOBRUK, A VALIANT BRITISH  
AND AMERICAN ARMY HAVE BEEN  
REPULSED FOR A THIRD TIME! GENERAL  
WRIGHT REPORTS THAT THE LACK OF  
WATER AND THE UNBEARABLE HEAT ARE  
LOSING THE WAR OF THE DESERT FOR  
THE ALLIES! ROMMEL'S SOURCE OF SUPPLIES  
IS STILL SECRET ---



STAND BY FOR  
A SPECIAL  
ANNOUNCEMENT!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, JOHN GRAYSON! IRONICAL, ISN'T IT? THOUSANDS OF BOYS DYING FOR A LITTLE WATER, WHILE YOU ---

WHOA! NOW DON'T GET YOURSELF ALL HEATED UP, JUDY---

HERE---MAYBE THIS WILL COOL YOU OFF---

WHY, YOU---YOU--- YOU LOATHESOME UNPATRIOTIC---



TAKE A LONG DRINK, YOU DRIP! I'M LEAVING---



WHEW--- I CARRIED THAT A LITTLE TOO FAR! WHAT A GIRL---



CALLING STATION W2XY3, CALLING BILLY GRAYSON-- CAPTAIN COMMANDO CALLING! COME IN W2XY3!



THIS IS W2XY3--- BILLY GRAYSON SPEAKING FOR THE BOY SOLDIERS! COME IN, CAPTAIN COMMANDO

BOY-O-BOY, NOW FOR SOME ACTION! I'M TIRED OF SCHOOL!



COMMANDO ORDER OF THE DAY! **STAND BY FOR ACTION!** PLACE: TOBRUK! OBJECTIVE: ROMMEL! REPORT IMMEDIATELY AT COMMANDO AIRPORT!

LATER IN THE STUDY OF JOHN GRAYSON---



THAT NIGHT---A PERFECT TAKE OFF AND THE SKY TENANTS A GIANT PLANE SPEEDING TOWARDS A DESTINATION DEFINITELY KNOWN!



WE'RE IN FOR A DIFFERENT KIND OF FIGHTING, LADS! NO HIDING PLACES NO FRIENDLY PEOPLE TO POINT THE WAY---IT'S JUST MAN-TO-MAN OPEN DESERT WARFARE! ARE YOU GAME?



DESERT WARFARE? LEAD ME TO IT! I WAS BRUNG UP IN THE DESERTS OF CANARSIE!



CIRCLING OVER THE DESERT COMMANDO S'CLEVERLY CAMOUFLAGED AIRPORT, THE PLANE READIES FOR A THREE POINT LANDING ---

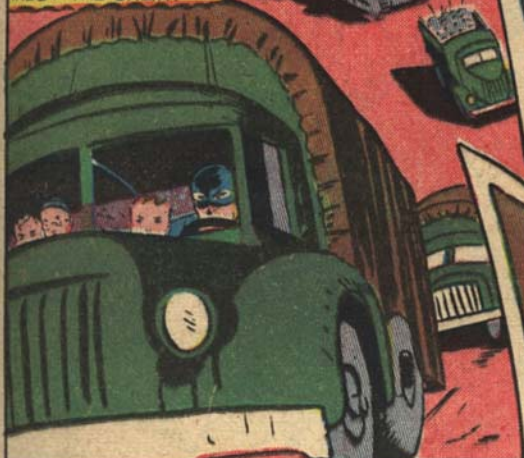


YOU'RE A HAPPY SIGHT FOR DESERT-WEARY EYES, CAPTAIN! I ASKED FOR A DIVISION OF COMMANDOS, AND I GOT IT!

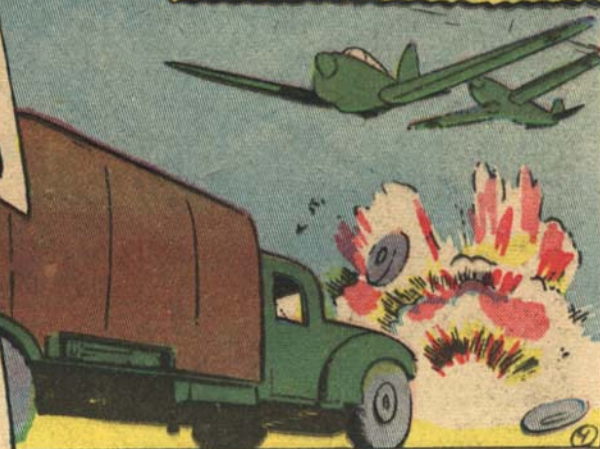


THANKS, MAJOR, WE'RE READY FOR OUR BATTLE STATIONS!

NO TIME LOST---THE CARAVAN OF MACHINES SURGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ENEMY---



THEN---FROM SEEMINGLY NOWHERES, A SWARM OF MESSERSCHMITTS SWOOP FROM THE SKIES, POURING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!



GALLANTLY, THE ALLIES FIGHT OFF THE ATTACK, UNTIL, AT LAST, THE SKIES ARE CLEARED.

THERE YOU HAVE IT, CAPTAIN --- ROMMEL COMMANDS AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT OF SUPPLIES! WE COULD LICK THEM, MAN FOR MAN, GUN FOR GUN, BUT WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR SUPPLIES? THAT'S YOUR JOB, CAPTAIN --- **FIND THAT SOURCE OF SUPPLY!**

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE, MAJOR!

THIS IS IT! LET'S GO, BOY SOLDIERS!

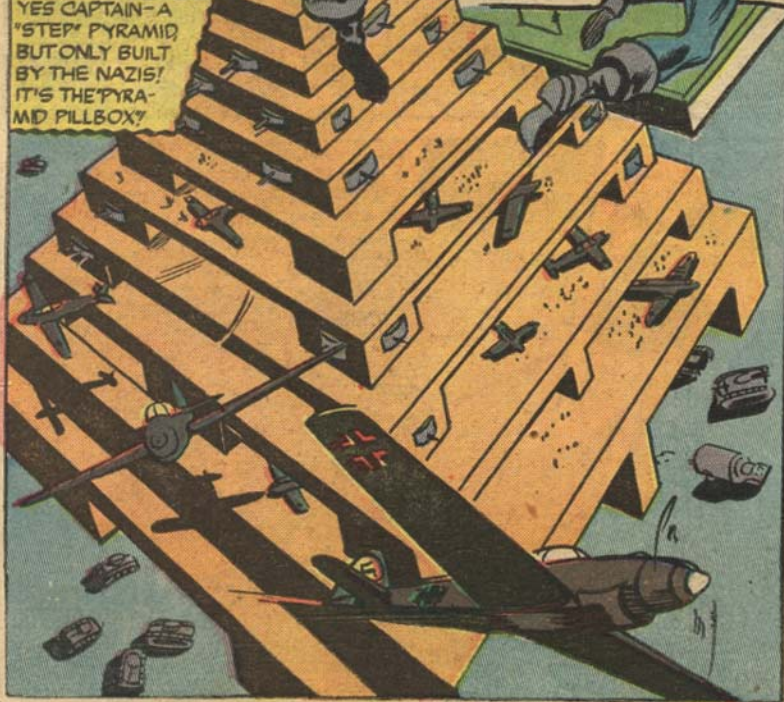
I COULD KISS YOU, CAP! DIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

BRAVO!

THAT'S PECULIAR --- A "STEP" PYRAMID! THEY'RE ONLY FOUND IN BABYLON! HOW COME?

YES CAPTAIN --- A "STEP" PYRAMID, BUT ONLY BUILT BY THE NAZIS! IT'S THE PYRAMID PILLBOX!

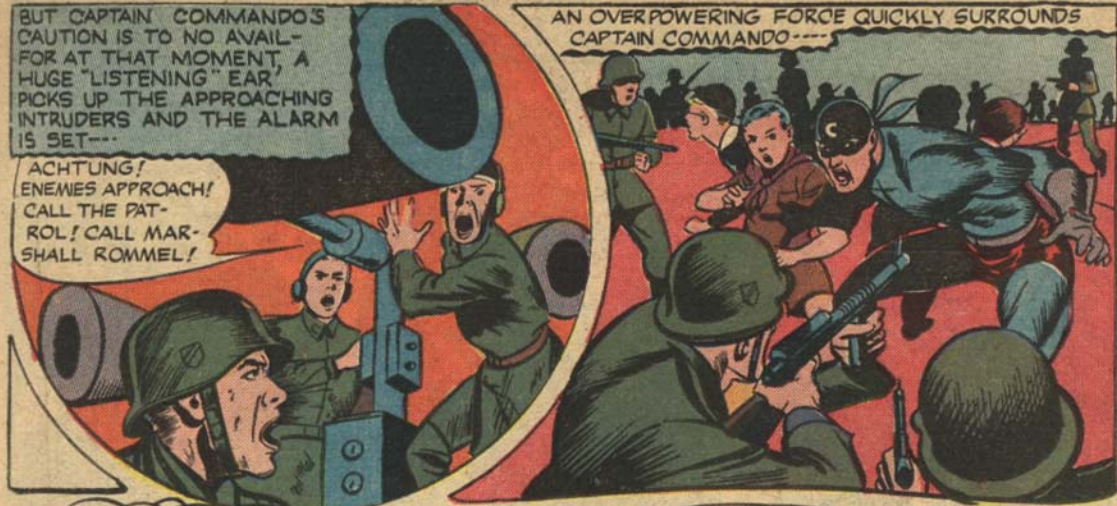
LOOK, GANG, THERE'S SOMETHING DEFINITELY FISHY ABOUT THAT PYRAMID. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT IT. NO NOISE NOW WE DON'T WANT TO TIP FRITZ OFF IF HE'S ANYWHERE AROUND



BUT CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S CAUTION IS TO NO AVAIL—FOR AT THAT MOMENT, A HUGE "LISTENING" EAR PICKS UP THE APPROACHING INTRUDERS AND THE ALARM IS SET---

ACHTUNG!  
ENEMIES APPROACH!  
CALL THE PAT-  
ROL!  
CALL MAR-  
SHALL ROMMEL!

AN OVERPOWERING FORCE QUICKLY SURROUNDS CAPTAIN COMMANDO----



NO USE TRYING TO FIGHT BACK NOW—TOO MANY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THEY WOULD PREPARE THEMSELVES FOR A COM-  
MANDO RAID!

ZO, AT LAST I MEET YOU!  
THE GREAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO  
AND HIS BOY BRATS!



YOU STUPID AMERICANS, VEH VILL YOU LEARN THAT VE NAZIS ARE NOT TOY SOLDIERS! HO, HO, THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTWIT ME! HA, HA!  
TAKE THEM AWAY! HA, HA, HA!

THE PRISONERS ARE PUT TO WORK IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OF THE FORTRESS----

IF I WASN'T SO BORED WITH THIS DESERT THIS CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD HAVE BEEN GREAT SPORT! OH, THIS DREADFUL PLACE!



KEEP WORK-  
ING, SOLDIERS,  
WE AREN'T LICK-  
ED YET!



SERGEANT! I'M BORED! THIS QUIET IS DEAFENING! DO SOMETHING! DANCE, SING, WHISTLE---SOMETHING! BUT PLEASE ENTERTAIN ME!

YA, HERR MARSHALL!



CORPORAL! DER MARSHALL IS BORED! DO SOMETHING!

JA-- I DO--- BUT WHAT?



DER MARSHALL IS BORED!

VAT CAN VE DO?

THE ORDER MAKES ITS ROUNDS INTO THE CONCENTRATION CAMP---



DID YA 'EAR THE BLOKE SAY THE MARSHALL IS BORED!



TELL HIS MAJESTY THAT CAPTAIN COMMANDO WILL ENTERTAIN HIM!



HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A BASEBALL GAME, MARSHALL? NO? IT'S AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPORT AND I KNOW YOU'D LIKE IT!

SOUNDS AMUSING! IT SOUNDS VERY, VERY ENTERTAINING!

MAKE YOUR PREPARATIONS, CAPTAIN-- BUT MAKE SURE YOU AMUSE ME!



BACK IN THE CAMP PREPARATIONS FOR THE GAME GO UNDER WAY---

MINUTES LATER, A SHADOW STALKS ACROSS THE WALLS---

IT'S CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

BUT I SAY, CAP WHY DO YOU WANT TO ENTERTAIN THAT BLIGHTER?

BECAUSE IT GIVES US MORE FREEDOM--- AND A CHANCE TO TRY AND MAKE AN ESCAPE... NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO...



GOOD T'ING I'M A DODGER FAN! DIS IS RIGHT IN MY LINE!

BRING THOSE BASEBALLS IN HERE--- QUICK!



DON'T BE SO NOIVOUS, LIMEY! FILL DEM APPLES WIT' DAT WOIM JUICE!

BLIMEY! THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE IN 'ERE TO BLOW UP THE WHOLE JERRY ARMY!



AT LAST - THE GAME BEGINS - ALLIES VS. NAZIS --- A HOLIDAY HAS BEEN DECLARED AND THE ENTIRE NAZI GARRISON IS PRESENT!

THE CAPTAIN INSTRUCTS HIS TEAM---

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN! YOU ALL HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! REMEMBER THE SIGNAL AND DON'T MISS!



STRIKE THE BUM OUT!

THE NAZIS ARE EASILY RETIRED VIA THE STRIKE OUT ROUTE---

AND TAKE TO THE FIELD----

THAT'S NINE STRIKES IN A ROW, CAP!

OOF

NOW IT'S OUR TURN AT BAT—WAIT HERE WHILE I SET THE STAGE FOR OUR ENTRANCE!

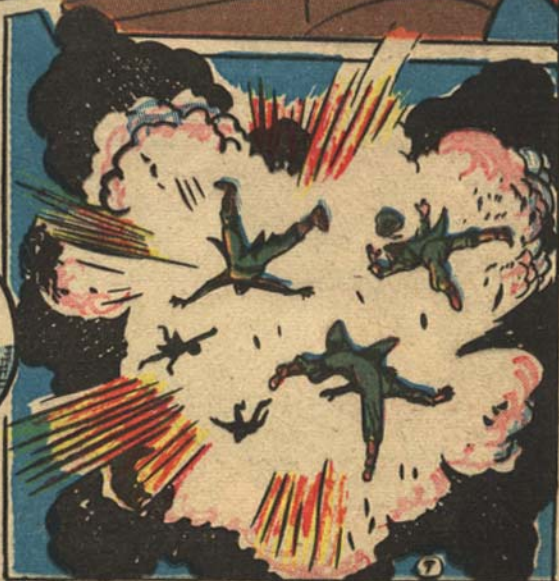
HERE, HERR MARSHALL—IT IS THE CUSTOM IN AMERICA THAT THE GUEST OF HONOR THROW OUT THE FIRST BALL TO HIS TEAM!

IS DOT ZO? DIS IS VUNDERBAR! IM BEGINNING TO LAUGH ALREADY!

HA, HA, HA - HIMMEL DIS IS FUN! HA, HA - IM DYING OF LAUGHING!

BE CAREFUL NOW, MARSHALL—THROW IT RIGHT TO YOUR MEN!

OH, IF DER FUEHRER COULD ONLY SEE THIS HE WOULD ALSO DIE LAUGHING. HA, HA!





OUT AT HOME PLATE!

LAUGH THIS OFF, YOU MINOR LEAGUE CHUMPS!



CONFUSION TAKES OVER - NAZIS ARE CAUGHT OFF GUARD - THE AMERICAN BASEBALL BECOMES A FIRST-CLASS WAR WEAPON.....



SHULTZ! SHTEP ON IT! EVERYTHING'S GONE CRAZY!

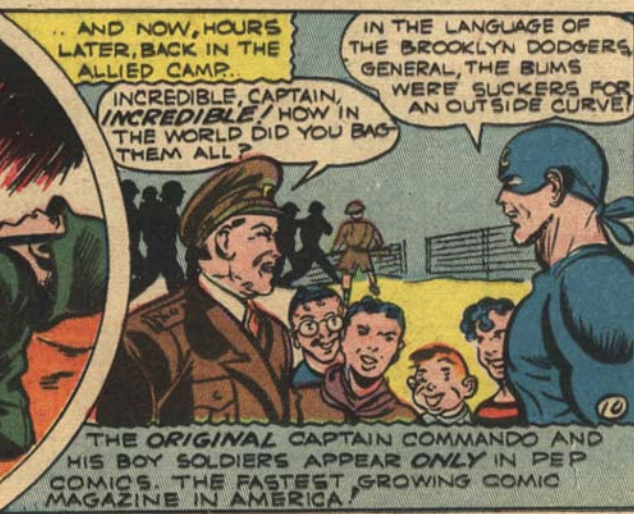


OH, OH, THERE GOES DE MARSHALL!

CATCH, ROMMY, WIT DE COMPLIMENTS OF DE BROOKLYN DODGERS!



QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE. THE ALLIED PRISONERS, LED BY THE COMMANDOS, ATTACK WITH MURDEROUS FURY



.. AND NOW, HOURS LATER, BACK IN THE ALLIED CAMP.

IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS, GENERAL, THE BUMS WERE SUCKERS FOR AN OUTSIDE CURVE!

INCREDIBLE, CAPTAIN, INCREDIBLE! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU BAG THEM ALL?

THE ORIGINAL CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND HIS BOY SOLDIERS APPEAR ONLY IN PEP COMICS. THE FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE IN AMERICA!

HERE'S AN ARITHMETIC  
LESSON!



JOHN BOW

**THESE** **AND** **THESE**

**WAR STAMP** **WAR STAMP** **BOND** **BOND**

**MAKE THESE**

**DO YOUR PART! BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS NOW!**

## YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

- HONORABLE MENTION -

ROBERT STUART LIEBMAN, 300 MAIN STREET, WHITE PLAINS, N.Y. AND GERALD SULLIVAN, 1204 WATSON AVE., SCRANTON PA., HAVE BOTH PURCHASED \$25 WAR BONDS.

RICHARD BERRY, BOX 175, BEEBE, ARKANSAS  
 PHYLLIS BLOCK, 4623 REISTERTOWN ROAD, BALTIMORE, MD.  
 RICHARD FLOYD BRANNER, 316 TERRACE DR., AUSTIN, TEXAS  
 JOHN BRZOWOWSKI, 653 NASSAU ST., ORANGE, N.J.  
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 LILLIAN CARR, 66 NORTH AVE., NEW ROCHELLE, N.Y.  
 WILLIAM R. CHEEK, 202 CALHOUN ST., CHARLESTON, S.C.  
 EILEEN COLLINS, 287 WILLIS AVE., BRONX, N.Y.  
 ALLAN CHUNG, R.O. BOX 31, CALIF. U.S. 101, MADRONE, CALIF.  
 JIMMY CLARK, 94-3 HARMON AVE., DANVILLE, ILL.  
 BOBBIE COUSON, 4-08 PEACHTREE ST., DOUGLAS, GA.  
 JOYCE CRAWFORD, 2025 W. BROADWAY, ENID, OKLA.  
 BERTHA CROWNOVER, 220 TURNPIKE A., CLEARFIELD, PA.  
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 BOBBIE LEWIS GARRISON, SIMPSONVILLE, S.C.  
 CHARLES JOHN GEIST, 2ND ST. PIKE, SOUTHAMPTON, PA.  
 ORVILLE GREYNOLDS, JR., DEPOT ST., MONONGAH, W. VA.  
 LOUIS HANECKER, 418 W. 18TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y.

JIMMY HATLEY, 304 COLLEGE ST., BOAZ, ALABAMA.  
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 EDWARD LAKE JONES, 904 AVE. B, DODGE CITY, KANSAS  
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 NONA LEE MALISKY, FAIRVIEW ROUTE 2, PORT ANGELES, WASH.  
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 MELVIN RUBINSTEIN, 1325 GRANT AVE., BRONX, N.Y.  
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**JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA ... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A \$50.00 BOND - BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON OR COPY IT ON A POSTCARD, SEND IT ALONG TO US AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!**

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

NAME (PRINT PLAINLY)

STREET

CITY

STATE



# SERGEANT BOYLE

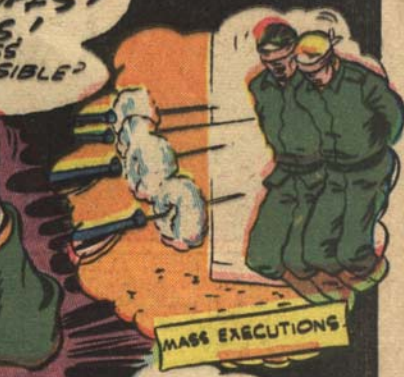
WHEN FIELDMARCHAL DOMMEL GOT OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND RETURNED TO THE AFRICAN FRONT HE FOUND HIS SHATTERED ARMY TRYING TO REORGANIZE FROM ITS STUNNING DEFEAT (SEE PEP COMICS, JAN.,)... IN DOMMEL'S FURIOUS CLEANUP CAMPAIGN, WE FIND

DER HONOR OF DER THIRD REICH ISS AT STAKE! WHOEVER IT VAS, I VANT HEEM

CAUGHT!



DUMMKOPFS! IDIOTS! WHO ISS RESPONSIBLE?



SEND IN FOUR OF OUR BEST SPIES! I HAFF AN ASSIGNMENT TO ASSIGN!

AT LAST VE ARE GETTING SOMEWHERE! DER MAN RESPONSIBLE ISS CALLED SERGEANT BOYLE!

JA, HERR FIELDMARCHAL! HE ISS IN CAIRO ON FURLOUGH!

YOU SENT FOR US, HERR FIELDMARCHAL?

VE HAFF LEARNED DOT SERGEANT BOYLE ISS IN CAIRO! YOU ARE TO GO GET HIM, UND BRING HIM BACK!





SO YOU SEE, OFFICER YOU VERE MISTAKEN! VE VERE JUST PLAYING A LITTLE JOKE!

ON YEAH? WELL, IT SOUNDS FISHY TO ME, AN' I'M TAKIN' YOU ALL DOWN TO HEADQU...



ARRRRGGGHH



VOT HAPPENED TO THOSE TWO? ACH, THERE THEY ARE!



SPIRITUALIST MEETING ADM. FREE

SPIRITUALIST MEETING, HMMM... DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU BELIEVE THIS STUFF, TWERP!

NO, BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHEN THE WAR'LL BE OVER!

IF THAT'S WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, I CAN TELL YOU MYSELF. WHEN EVERYBODY GOES OUT 100%!

BOY, ARE YOU SMART, AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT! ALL THE SAME I'M GOING IN!

DEY VENT IN DOT SPIRITUALIST PLACE? NOW VE GOT TO WAIT FOR DEM TO COME OUDT!

DUMBKOPF! VHY SHOULD VE WAIT? YOU THREE GO IN THE FRONT UND GET RID OF DOT DOORMAN, UND I VILL SNEAK AROUND TO DER BACK UND TAKE CARE OF DOT SWAMI!!



THIS HAD BETTER BE GOOD, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'LL BE LUCKY TO GET OUT OF HERE WITH OUR THIRTY BUCKS!

AW-SARGE, YOU'RE TOO SUSPICIOUS!

WALK THIS WAY!



SIT HERE... EXCUSE ME! SOMEONE ELSE JUST CAME IN!

IF YOU'RE RUNNING SHORT OF SEATS, PAL, LET ME KNOW! I'LL BE GLAD TO KICK IN WITH MINE!

DO YOU GENTLEMEN WISH TO ATTEND THE SPMUM FFRRS? SLURG.. OOPR.. UGH!

TSH! TSH! SHOULD'NT MUMBLE !!





LET US FIRST HIDE DER BODY, UND DEN VHEN DER LIGHTS GO OUDT VE SNEAK IN UND GET BOYLE UND HIS FRIEND!

JA, HERE COMES DER KAPITAN NOW!



SO! VE ARE ALL READY FOR THE SEANCE? GOOT! VE BEGIN!



BEFORE VE TURN OUDT THE LIGHTS, VE MUST PREPARE OURSELVES TO TALK VID THE SPIRITS! PUT YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS UND CONCENTRATE!

HEY



IF YOU HAVENT GOT ANY POCKETS OF YOUR OWN, I'M SORRY! BUT KEEP OUT OF MINE!

OK, BUT TRY TO BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL!

OH, WAS THAT YOUR POCKET? HEH, HEH, I'M SORRY!



SORRY! HE'S SORRY! CAUGHT HIM, HE MEANS! IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA SIT HERE WHILE HE PICKS MY POCKET, HE'S NUTS!



DOES EFERYBODY HAFF DEIR HANDS IN DEIR POCKETS? FINE! TURN THE LIGHTS OUDT!

JA/WID PLEASURE!



NOW VE ALL RELAX, SOOO... ISS EVERYBODY ISS CONCENTRATING! DOT'S NICE, IF YOU HEAR ANYBODY MOVING AROUND, IT ISS JUST THE DEAD SPIRITS!

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS! THAT'S BOYLE FINDING ANOTHER SEAT!



THIS IS BETTER! OUR DOUGH'LL BE A LOT SAFER OVER HERE!

VE CAN'T MISS! DRY ARE SITTING DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM EACH ODDER!

HM, I TINK DIE VUN ISS BOYLE! VHERE ISS MY BLACKJACK ??

EEK! SOMETHING TOUCHED ME!



AHHH! DER SPIRITS HAFF COME! I VLL SPEAK TO DEM! SPIRITS! ARE YOU READY? ANSWER, VUN KNOCK FOR YES, TWO KNOCKS FOR NO!

SAY? WHATS A BIG ID... ??

HEY! WHO'S..

CLUNK!

BOP!



THE SPIRITS  
HAFF LEFT!  
TOO BAD!  
TURN ON THE  
LIGHTS!

SAY!  
HOW DID  
YOU  
GET  
HERE  
??

THAT'S FUNNY!  
THAT CROOK'S  
GONE! AND  
TWERP!  
TWERP'S  
GONE TOO!

CURSES!  
SOMETHING VENT  
WRONG! DEY  
DIDN'T GET  
BOYLE!

ER. DOTS  
ALL 'FOR  
TODAY!!  
'COME  
BACK  
TOMORROW  
!!

AND NOT ONLY  
THAT! THAT CROOK  
GOT AWAY WITH  
OUR MONEY,  
AFTER ALL!

MAYBE  
TWERP  
SAW IT AND  
FOLLOWED  
HIM!

THAT'S DUMB!  
HOW COULD HE HAVE  
SEEN HIM IN THE DARK!  
I THINK I'LL GO BACK  
TO HAVE A TALK  
WITH THAT  
SWAMI!

OH ON! SOMEONE'S  
HIDING BEHIND  
THAT CURTAIN!

ALL RIGHT,  
WHO EVER YOU  
ARE! COME ON  
OUT OF THERE,  
OR I'M GOING  
TO DRAG  
YOU  
OUT!

WON'T COME OUT, EH?  
OKAY, WE'LL SEE ABOUT...  
HOLY CATS! IT'S  
THE SWAMI'S ASSISTANT!  
HE'S DEAD!

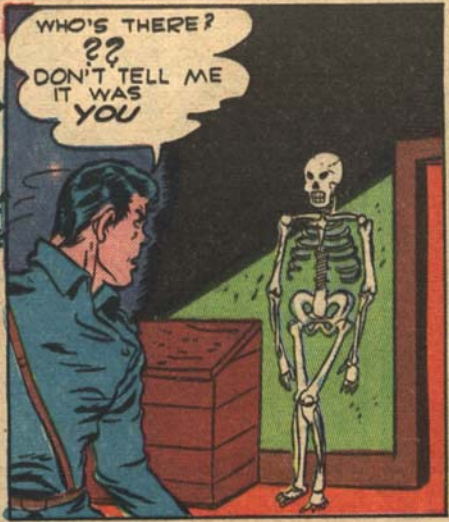
FIRST THE GUY NEXT TO  
ME PICKS MY POCKET, THEN  
HE AND TWERP BOTH  
DISAPPEAR, AND THIS GUY  
TURNS UP DEAD! ON  
TOP OF THAT THE SWAMI'S  
ACCENT WAS PRETTY  
SUSPICIOUS!

I THINK I'LL LOOK  
AROUND IN THE BACK.  
MAYBE I CAN FOUND  
OUT SOMETHING!



WELL, I'VE SEARCHED HIGH AN' LOW AND NOT A TRACE OF... **WHAT'S THAT NOISE?**

**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



WHO'S THERE?  
??  
DON'T TELL ME  
IT WAS  
**YOU**



WELL, I'LL BE  
A **MONKEY'S  
UNCLE!**



**GET ME OUT!**  
I'AM YOGI  
RAMASHAPIRO!  
A BIG ROUGH  
MAN TIED ME  
UP AND  
PUT ME IN  
HERE!

I THOUGHT  
THAT GUY WAS  
A **PHONEY!**  
WONDER WHAT  
HIS GAME  
IS!



**B. BUT?  
GLUB?**

THIS SOUNDS LIKE  
HIM COMING NOW! GET  
BACK DOWN AND KEEP  
QUIET. I'LL GET YOU  
OUT LATER!



I'M BEGINNING  
TO SEE THE  
LIGHT!

THOSE CLUMSY IDIOTS!  
HOW COULD DEY HAFF  
GOTTEN DER WRONG  
MAN! IF VE GO BACK  
WIDOUT BOYLE,  
DOMMEL VILL HAFF  
US ALL  
SHOT!



VELL VE VILL JUST HAFF  
TO COME BACK FOR HIM!  
AND DIS TIME VE DON'T  
MISS!



OUR SUBMARINE  
ISS STILL SAFE!  
THE OTHERS  
SHOULD GET HERE  
SOON! DEN VE  
CAN MAKE PLANS  
TO CATCH DOT  
BOYLE!



VOT ISS KEEPING DEM? DEY SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW!



I DONT WANT TO PLAY TAG WITH THAT MINIATURE CANNON HE'S LUGGING.. OKAY, LITTLE PEBBLE, MAKE A **BIG SPLASH!**



**SPLASH!**

?



**SPEAK UP! WHO ISS DOWN THERE? ANSWER, OR I SHOOT!**



**KONK**



I'LL SLIP INTO HIS SUIT, WHILE I FIGURE OUT THE NEXT MOVE...NONE TOO SOON! HERE THEY COME!



OOOHHHH... MY HEAD! MY STOMACH! OOOOHHHH!

THEY'VE GOT TWERP ALL RIGHT! I'D KNOW HIS VOICE ANYWHERE!



DOT VAS AN EASY JOB! DER FIELDMARSHAL, HE VILL BE VERY PLEASED!

OPEN UP DER SACKS! I WANT TO BE SURE DEY ARE REALLY HERE!



VOT'S THE MATTER? CERTAINLY VE GOT DEM! OPEN DER OTHER SACK, HEINRICH!



THIS IS A FRIENDLY TIP.. DON'T MISS SERGEANT BOYLE NEXT MONTH..

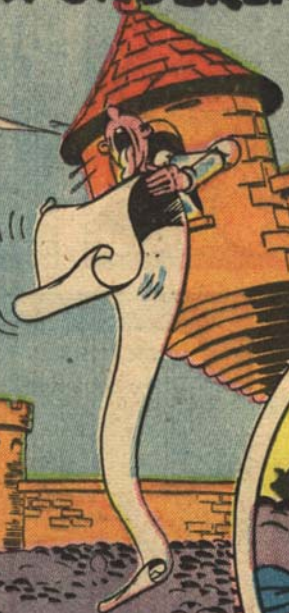


# DANNY

b  
"RED" HOLDALE

## IN WONDERLAND

HEAR YE / HEAR YE!  
PRINCESS MORGIANA  
KIDNAPPED! CALLING  
ALL HEROES / CALLING  
ALL MEN / THE PRINCESS  
HAS BEEN SWIPED!



THIS IS TERRIBLE, KUPPIE!  
I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER-- BUT  
I MUST GO ALONE THIS TIME.



WHADDAYA MEAN....  
ALONE AIN'T I YOUR  
PAL... AIN'T I YOUR  
PROTECTOR-- YOU  
CAN'T DO ANYTHING  
WITHOUT ME.



GOSH--HE  
IS GOING...  
AND LEAVING  
ME BEHIND

SO LONG, KUPPIE.  
TAKE CARE  
OF THINGS  
WHILE I'M  
AWAY



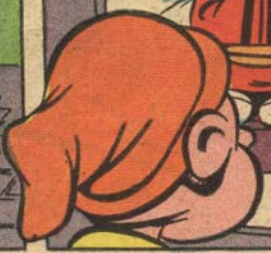
THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!  
AFTER ALL I'VE DONE FOR  
HIM. MY BUDDY... NUTS!

OH, MISERY, OH SORROW-  
I'VE GOTTA THINK OF SOME-  
THING. I'LL GET THE PRINCESS  
BACK MYSELF.

Antiques



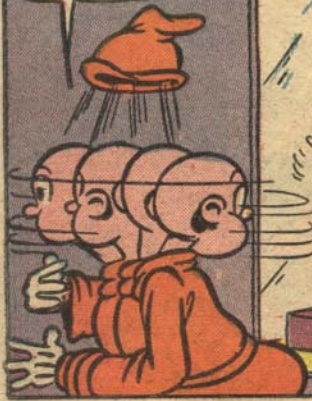
WHAT ARE YOU  
LAUGHING AT?



NOBODY LAUGHS AT  
KUPPIE AND GETS  
AWAY WITH IT. TAKE  
THIS!



WOW!  
DO YOU SEE  
WHAT I SEE?



OBOYOBOYOBOY

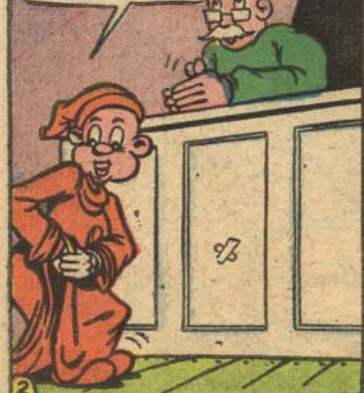


QUICK! WRAP UP  
THAT STATUE IN  
THE WINDOW.  
HOW MUCH IS IT?

WHY THAT  
WILL BE 75



SURE, SURE, GEE I THOUGHT  
IT WOULD COST MUCH  
MUCH MORE. HERE'S  
YOUR 75 CENTS.



ARE YOU KIDDING?  
I SAID 75 DOLLARS

OOOHHH



WELL, I GUESS  
YOU WEREN'T MEANT  
TO BE MINE, PAL!  
75 SMACKERS!  
WOW!

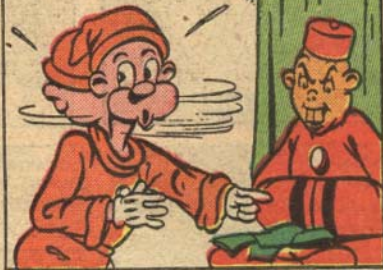


HEY... HOW'D THAT MONEY  
GET HERE



NOBODY  
LOOKING?

UH... HERE'S  
YOUR 75  
DOLLARS,  
MISTER.



BOY! THIS SURE  
IS HEAVY. HE COULD  
DIET!



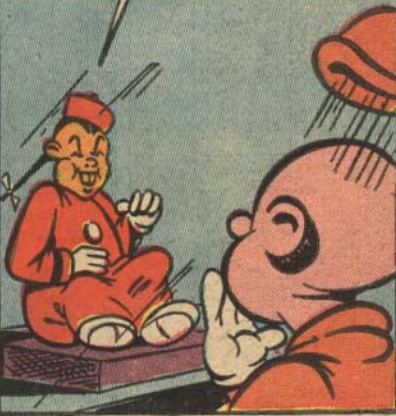
WHEW! I CAN'T WALK  
ANOTHER STEP. I'M BE-  
GINNING TO THINK IT WASN'T  
SUCH A GOOD IDEA BUYIN'  
THIS HUNK O' STONE AFTER  
ALL!



CONFUCIOUS SAY "BETTER TO  
BUY STONE AND WALK WITH  
IT THAN BUY IT AND SLEEP UNDER  
IT-- SIX FEET UNDER!"



ME, CONFUCIOUS, VELLY SMART  
MAN. ME KNOW ALL-EE  
ANSWERS - EVEN TO SIXTY-FOUR  
DOLLAR QUESTIONS.



AH... IT FEELS  
GOOD TO STRETCH.  
CONFUCIOUS WAS  
GETTING BORED IN  
ANTIQUA SHOP!  
GLAD YOU CAME  
ALONG!

GOSH-  
NOW I'VE  
SEEN  
EVERY-  
THING!



MAYBE CONFUCIOUS  
CAN BE OF SERVICE  
TO KUPPIE.

COME TO  
THINK OF IT...  
YOU SURE  
COULD!



PRINCESS MORGIANA'S BEEN  
KIDNAPPED, AND DANNY  
WENT OFF TO FIND HER  
AND LEFT ME  
BEHIND, AND NOW  
I WANNA SHOW HIM  
THAT HE AIN'T THE  
ONLY HERO SO MAYBE  
YOU CAN HELP ME (WHEW)  
HUH?

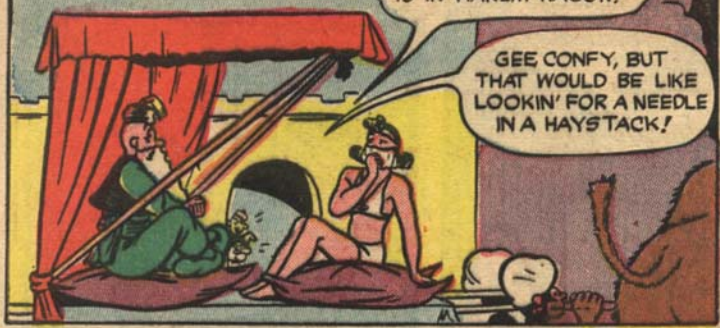


LOOK WHAT'S COMING DOWN THE STREET! A HAREM CARAVAN!

CONFUCIOUS SOLVE BIG MYSTERY! PRINCESS IS IN HAREM WAGON!

FOLLOW ME, CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHEN LOOKING FOR NEEDLE—FIRST FIND HAYSTACK"!

BUT HOW YOU GOING TO PICK OUT THE PRINCESS! THEY'RE ALL WEARING VEILS!



GEE CONFY, BUT THAT WOULD BE LIKE LOOKIN' FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK!



WHAT A DIVE! WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET IN THERE!

CONFUCIOUS SAY, "TIME IS SHORT, HOP IN ALREADY!"

GOSH---I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! IF WE'RE CAUGHT! ANYBODY AROUND!

NOBODY AROUND! QUICK-IN HERE!



ZOWIE! THERE'S SO MANY IN THERE! HOW ARE WE GOING TO PICK OUT THE PRINCESS?

CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHO CARES? QUICK--INSIDE!"

GOSH--THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!

CONFUCIOUS SAY "WHEN MAN IS CONFUSED BY WOMAN--LET CONFUSION REIGN"!

MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US IF THE PRINCESS IS AROUND!



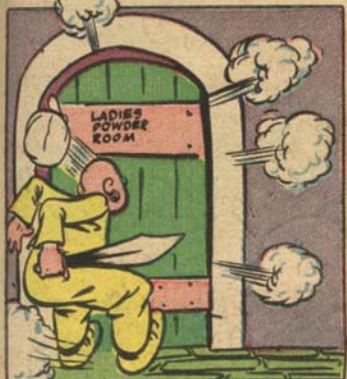
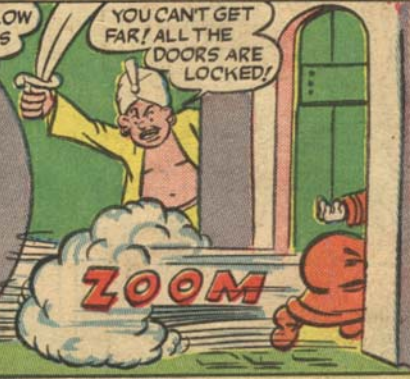
WE DON'T KNOW IF SHE'S THE PRINCESS BUT A NEW GIRL CAME YESTERDAY--- SHE'S LOCKED IN THAT ROOM!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT- CONFUCIOUS!

CONFUCIOUS ALWAYS RIGHT!

DON'T SAY A WORD, PRINCESS, HOP ON TO THIS SHEET AND I'LL SAVE YOU

BUT-- BUT!





I GOT YA - YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD PUT SOMETHING ACROSS ON ME!



THE MAHARAJAH WILL REWARD ME WELL FOR THIS!



MIGHTY MAHARAJAH - I HAVE CAUGHT THESE TWO TRYING TO KIDNAP THAT NEW GIRL!



KIDNAP? NEW GIRL? OH HER? HA - YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO GO THRU ALL THAT TROUBLE!



I'M GLAD TO GET RID OF HER - ONLY DID IT AS A FAVOR FOR A FRIEND! BUT SINCE YOU BOYS WANT HER - TAKE HER!



SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW MUCH I APPRECIATE THIS, BOYS! REMIND ME TO GIVE YOU BOTH PRESENTS NEXT CHRISTMAS!



WELL, HERE WE ARE AT THE KING'S PALACE! I STILL DON'T LIKE THAT SULTAN'S GET ATTITUDE!

CONFUCIOUS SAY 'HE WHO LOOKEE GIFT HORSE IN MOUTH

BIG HORSE, LAUGH!



KUPPIE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE! WHO IS THAT VEILED WOMAN?

SHE'S THE PRINCESS WISEGUY! NEXT TIME YOU WON'T BE SO UPPITY, AND FURTHERMORE--

BUT THE PRINCESS HAS ALREADY BEEN RETURNED!



WHO THE HECK IS THIS ONE--- MY MOTHER-IN-LAW!

SO YOU GOT YOUR PAL, THE SULTAN TO SWIPE ME FOR HIS HAREM, DID YOU---GRRR---



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THIS IS NO TIME TO EXPLAIN - NOT WITH A MOTHER-IN-LAW ON THE LOOSE!



SAY--- WHO IN THE WORLD TOLD YOU SHE WAS THE PRINCESS, ANYWAY?

SO, CONFUCIOUS! YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS DO YOU, SMART-ALEC?



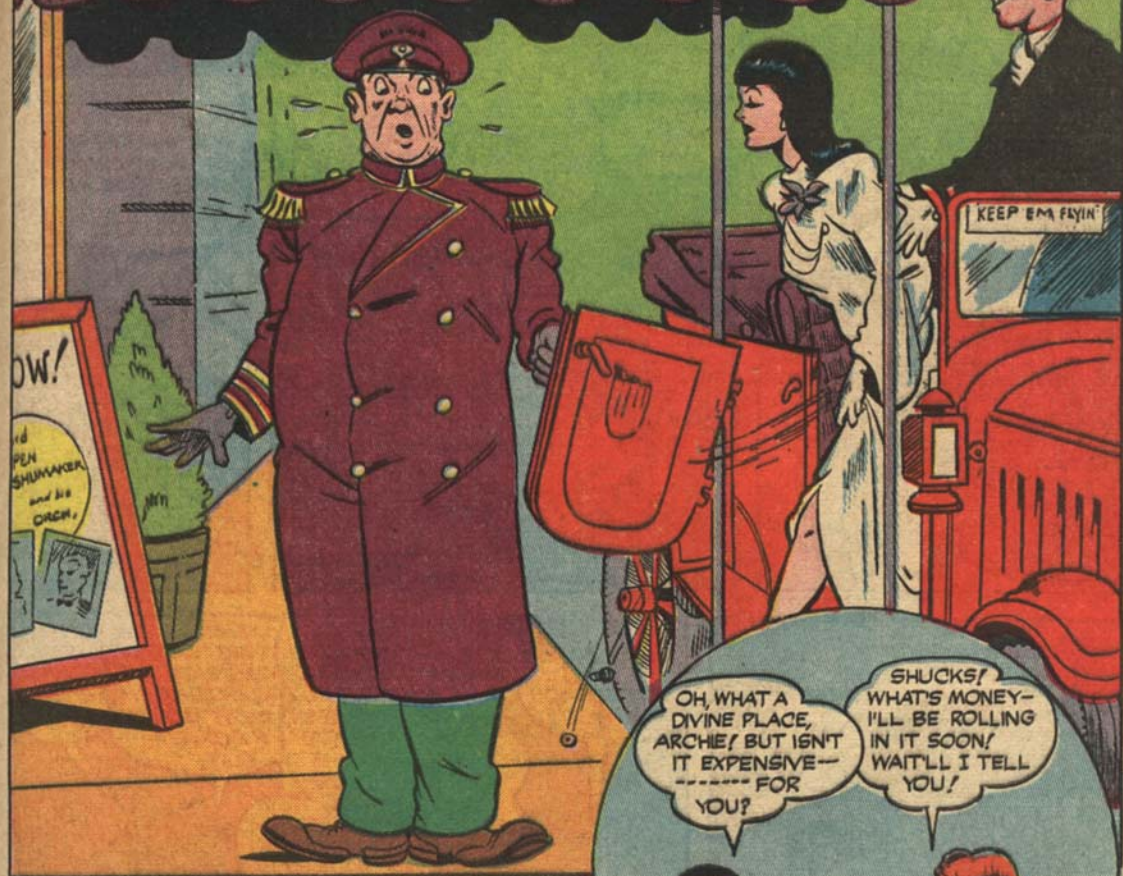
CONFUCIOUS MIGHT HAVE GIVEN KUPPIE A BUM STEER! BUT HE SURE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT, WHEN CONFUCIOUS SAY 'HIM WHO BUY PEP COMICS, GETEE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN COUNTRY!

# Archie

by  
Montana

## THE 3-11 CLUB

OH!  
JUST PUT THE  
DOOR IN THE BACK  
SEAT!



OH, WHAT A  
DIVINE PLACE,  
ARCHIE! BUT ISN'T  
IT EXPENSIVE--  
----- FOR  
YOU?

SHUCKS!  
WHAT'S MONEY--  
I'LL BE ROLLING  
IN IT SOON!  
WAIT'LL I TELL  
YOU!



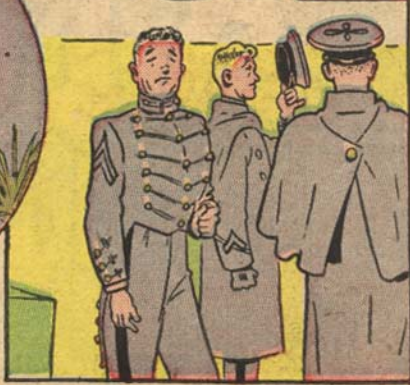
SO I WENT DOWN TO MR. WALLACE'S OFFICE AND HE HAD A SWELL PART-TIME JOB FOR ME; DIDN'T SAY WHAT--- BUT---

SAY! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A WORD I'VE SAID!

AH---WHAT? OH, I'M SORRY, ARCHIE!

WELL, YOU CAN'T BLAME VERONICA OR ANY OTHER GIRL! BECAUSE ALL FEMININE EYES ARE ON THE **WENT-WORTH CADETS** WHO HAVE JUST ENTERED---

CHECKROOM



WILL THE OWNER OF THE CAR-- LICENSE NUMBER 29812 PLEASE STEP OUT TO THE FRONT DOOR! THE DOORMAN CAN'T START IT!

HEY, THAT'S ME! S'CUSE ME, VERONICA!

WHAT'S A MATTER?

WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME THE COMBINATION TO THIS JALOPY SO I CAN GET IT OUT OF HERE! IT'S DRAWING A CROWD!

YOU'D THINK THAT GUY WAS TOO DRESSED UP TO CRANK A CAR! AFTER ME GIVIN' HIM A NICKEL, TOO!



WHAT DO YOU SAY, MISS VERONICA? FOUR THIRTY AT THE ACADEMY TOMORROW?

WELL--

I'M REALLY SORRY, OLD MAN, BUT I DIDN'T SEE YOU WITH HER!

DIDN'T SEE? IF YOU WEREN'T SO BUSY STICKING OUT THAT FAKE CHEST, YOU'D HAVE SEEN ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK, A GIRL LIKE HER COMES UNESCORTED WITH A BUNCH OF WOLVES --IN-- IN MONKEY SUITS LIKE YOU AROUND!

LISSEN, CARROT TOP! NOBODY CAN CALL THE UNIFORM OF **WENT WORTH** A MONKEY SUIT!

OH NO! WHO'S GONNA STOP ME!







WAIT A MINUTE, YOU TWO!  
I'M SURPRISED AT YOU COR-  
PORAL BRENT! REMEMBER  
THE REPUTATION OF  
WENTWORTH! YOU CAN'T  
FIGHT HERE!

THEN LET  
HIM NAME THE  
PLACE, SERGEANT!  
LET HIM!



I'LL NAME IT!  
YOU CAN BOTH MEET  
ON THE FIELD BY THE  
BIG OAK AT THE  
ACADEMY---AT FOUR  
THIRTY TOMORROW  
AND SETTLE IT LIKE  
GENTLEMEN!

OH! A  
DUEL, HUH?  
SUITS ME!

SUITS ME!  
FOUR THIRTY!  
GOSH! THERE  
GOES MY DATE  
WITH VERONICA!



NEXT MORNING,  
AT SCHOOL--

YES, I'VE GOT A  
JOB FOR YOU AFTER  
SCHOOL AS AN  
USHER AT THE  
STRAND, ARCHIE!

GOSH! YOU  
MEAN I CAN  
SEE ALL THE  
MOVIES FREE?



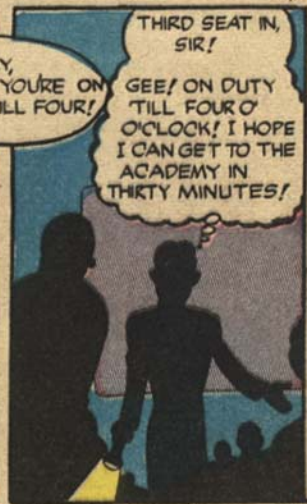
NOPE! I WON'T  
ACT AS YOUR SECOND  
AT THE DUEL UNLESS  
YOU LET ME IN THE  
MOVIES FREE  
TOO!

NOT SO LOUD!  
ALL RIGHT, I'LL  
DO IT! WAIT IN  
THE ALLEY!



HOT DOG! IF  
VERONICA COULD  
ONLY SEE ME  
NOW!

OKAY,  
GABLE, YOU'RE ON  
DUTY TILL FOUR!



THIRD SEAT IN,  
SIR!

GEE! ON DUTY  
TILL FOUR O'  
CLOCK! I HOPE  
I CAN GET TO THE  
ACADEMY IN  
THIRTY MINUTES!



COME ON!  
COME ON!  
GET IN  
QUICK!



BOY, WHAT A PICTURE!  
DUELING AN EVERY-  
THING! WHAT A COIN-  
CIDENCE!



TAKE THAT,  
CLAUDE MORON!

NO YOU  
DON'T COUNT  
BURLEEQUE,  
YOU FIEND!



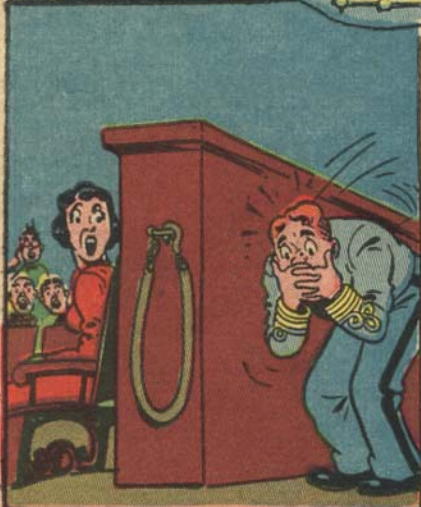
HA, HA! NOW I HAVE YOU--- DISARMED! HA! DID YOU EVER HAVE A FOIL RUN THROUGH YOUR THROAT?

Y-YOU COULDN'T!

GULP!



NO, NO! DON'T! AAAAAA!



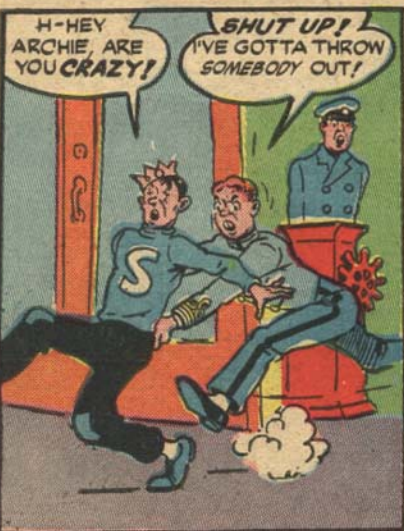
OMIGOSH! THE MANAGER!

ARCHIE! PSSST! ARCHIE!



ARCHIE, FOR GOODNESS SAKE FIND OUT WHO YELLED LIKE THAT AND THROW HIM OUT!

Y-Y-YESSIR!



H-HEY ARCHIE, ARE YOU CRAZY!

SHUT UP! I'VE GOTTA THROW SOMEBODY OUT!



LATER! IN FACT 4:00 P.M.!

GEE, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO CHANGE MY UNIFORM!

THERE'S THE BUS AT THE CORNER!



VERONICA! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WELL IF YOU **MUST** KNOW, I HAVE A DATE WITH CORPORAL BRENT AT FOUR THIRTY!

**CORPORAL BRENT?** THAT'S GRATITUDE! I'M RISKING MY LIFE IN A DUEL FOR **YOUR** HONOR AND YOU'RE DATING THE GUY!

A DUEL? OH, ARCHIE, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUS! HA, HA, HA!

WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY

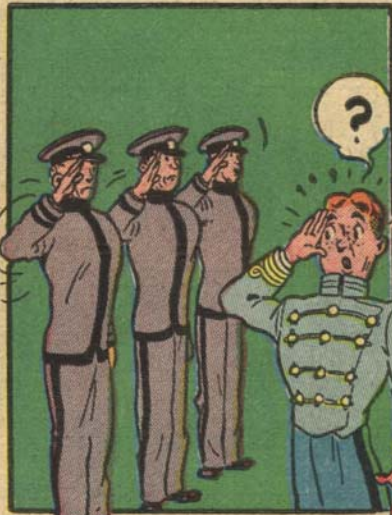
YOU DON'T THINK I CAME UP HERE FOR A PICNIC?

HMMM! HE BROUGHT ENOUGH HELP... PROBABLY TO CARRY HIM HOME-- LATER!



COAT!

YES SIR!



GEE, I NEVER SAW **THAT** UNIFORM BEFORE!

OH SURE-- THAT'S WHERE ALL THOSE CHAMP ATHLETES COME FROM!

I THINK IT'S THAT BIG ACADEMY NEAR FORT FLATBURG!

THEY DO!



GOTTA LIMBER UP! UGH! AH! UGH! TAKE THAT!



I'M READY, SERGEANT! HAND ME MY SABRE!

**WHAT!** YOUR **SABRE!** WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU ARE-- IN VIENNA? THIS IS A BOXING MATCH!



WONDER IF THIS GUY IS GOOD?

JEEPERS, I THOUGHT I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COAT, BUT THIS GUY REALLY HAS MUSCLES!





# Bentley

## of Scotland Yard

IN THE CASE OF THE STEEPLECHASE MURDERS!

LAUGHTER, GAITY... AND THE THRILLING EXCITEMENT OF "THE SPORT OF KINGS" RUNS KAMPANT AT THE STARLINE STEEPLECHASE ---- EAGERLY THE SPECTATORS WATCH THE SLEEK STALLIONS RACING FOR THE FINISH LINE ---- SUDDENLY EVERYONE GASPS! FOR BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES ---- THEY SEE THE FEARFUL SPECTRE OF ---- **DEATH AT THE TRACK!**



THAT JOCKEY'S FALLING!

HE'LL BE KILLED!

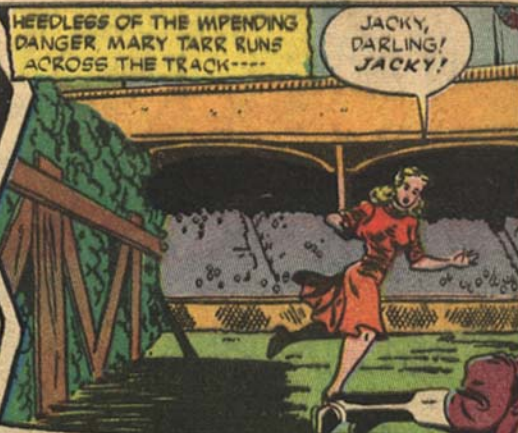
Paul Reinman



THE HORSE HAS CRUSHED HIM! HOW HORRIBLE!

IT'S JACKY TARR!

IT'S JACKY MY HUSBAND!



HEEDLESS OF THE IMPENDING DANGER, MARY TARR RUNS ACROSS THE TRACK----

JACKY, DARLING! JACKY!



SUDDENLY MORE HORSES CLEAR THE HURDLE----

LOOK OUT, MISS! GET AWAY FROM THERE!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT WOMAN OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE SHE GET'S HURT!



LOOKOUT! THE HORSES ARE COMING!

JACKY! JACKY! SPEAK TO ME, DARLING, PLEASE!



SPLIT SECONDS BEFORE THE GRINDING HOOFS THUD AGAINST THE TRACK, BENTLEY DRAGS THE GRIEVING WOMAN TO SAFETY!



LATER AT THE OFFICE OF JULIUS POST, MANAGER OF THE STEEPLCHASE----

I'M DEEPLY SORRY, MRS. TARR!

I TOLD JACKY NOT TO RACE TODAY! HE HAD A WARNING!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNEW ABOUT THAT WARNING, JULIUS! BECAUSE YOU BROUGHT JACKY THE LETTER THIS MORNING!

YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MR. STARR! I HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT LETTER CONTAINED! NONE AT ALL!

WAIT A MOMENT! DON'T WASTE TIME TALKING ABOUT A LETTER...

WHAT IS IT, MR. BOLGER?

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, BELIEVE ME! SOMETHING'S BEHIND THIS ---- AND I HAVE A PIECE OF EVIDENCE IN MY POCKET THAT CONVINCES ME ----

--- THIS IS A CASE OF MURDER, AND I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS! FOLLOW ME ACROSS THE TRACK, EVERYONE!

THE HORSE JACKY FELL OFF WAS MY HORSE! ALL OF YOU ARE ACCUSING EACH OTHER - AND I'M THE ONE WHO IS RUINED! I STAKED EVERY PENNY ON THIS RACE AND I'M WIPED OUT! BESIDES, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

I CAN'T HANG AROUND HERE! I HAVE TO SEE ABOUT STABLING MY HORSE!

I DON'T KNOW WHY I SHOULD WAIT HERE EITHER - I WANT TO GO HOME!

YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT! AFTER ALL - WHAT AUTHORITY HAS THIS BENTLEY PERSON OVER US?

WAIT FOR ME, YOU THREE! THE CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE IS UP IN THE JUDGES' TOWER!

YES, THE WITNESSES LEAVE! ALTHOUGH BENTLEY MIGHT HELP THEM, THEY THINK FIRST OF THEMSELVES ----

THERE THEY GO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN I COULDN'T HOLD THEM HERE ON THE SHRED OF EVIDENCE I HAVE!

MAYBE MY BLUFF WILL STILL WORK!

YES, JACKY COULD HAVE BEEN MURDERED FROM HERE!

HE ISN'T THE ONLY ONE! I'VE A GUN AIMED AT YOU! UP WITH YOUR HANDS!

MY PLAN WORKED!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW! NOW WHERE IS THAT EVIDENCE?

IN MY RIGHT HAND JACKET POCKET! GET IT YOURSELF!

I WILL!

WITH A SUDDEN BACKWARD BLOW BENTLEY SMASHES HIS ELBOW AGAINST HIS ASSAILANT'S FACE---

THINK I NEED A LITTLE MORE ELBOW ROOM!



BUT ALL IS NOT OVER YET! AND AS THE DARK FORM DASHES FOR THE LADDER BENTLEY REACHES FOR THE GUN!

YOU WON'T GET FAR!

I'VE AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE YET, MR. BENTLEY!

THE TIME FOR CARD TRICKS IS OVER! COME DOWN FROM THERE!

COME UP AND GET ME IF YOU CAN!

SLAMMING THE TRAP DOOR IN MY FACE WON'T STOP ME! *HERE GOES!*

YOU'RE AT THE END OF THE LINE---- COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS!

**CRASH!**

WHO DOES BENTLEY FIND ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRAP-DOOR? WHO IS THE MURDERER?

WELL, I'M NOT IN THERE! I'M NOT A MURDERESS! I LOVED MY HUSBAND JACKY! BESIDES HOW COULD IT BE ME, I DON'T WEAR MEN'S CLOTHES!

ME? JULIUS POST? HOW COULD I BE THE MURDERER? WHAT WOULD I HAVE TO GAIN BY A KILLING THAT BROUGHT SCANDAL TO THE RACE-TRACK?

WELL, IT ISN'T ME! FIRST OF ALL, I CAN'T EVEN HOLD A GUN---- BESIDES, WHY SHOULD I KILL MY FAVORITE JOCKEY---- THE MAN WHO WON EVERY RACE FOR ME?



YES, IT'S ME--- BRETT BOLGER---  
SO WHAT? YOU HAVEN'T  
ANYTHING ON ME!



HAVEN'T I? MAYBE  
YOU'RE FORGETTING  
THIS GUN WITH WHICH  
YOU TRIED TO KILL ME?  
BESIDES IT HAS A  
TELESCOPIC  
SIGHT---



--- YOU AIMED AT YOUR OWN  
HORSE! YOU SHOT AT THIS  
BUCKLE THAT HELD THE  
SADDLE IN PLACE---



THE BUCKLE SNAPPED  
AND THE SADDLE SWUNG ROUND--  
DUMPING JACKY TARR IN THE PATH  
OF THE HORSES! YOU WANTED YOUR  
HORSE TO LOSE-- BUT YOU DIDN'T  
THINK IT WOULD TURN OUT  
TO BE MURDER!



YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT YOU  
WON'T GET ME! I CAN'T LIVE  
TO FACE THE GALLOWES!



SUICIDE'S TOO EASY A  
WAY OUT FOR YOU, BOLGER!  
YOU'VE GAMBLERD YOUR MONEY  
AND LIFE AWAY-- NOW PAY THE  
PENALTY LIKE A MAN!



I KNEW THAT BOLGER HAD BET  
EVERY LAST CENT ON ANOTHER  
HORSE! ONLY A MAN HEAVILY IN  
DEBT WOULD TRY TO KEEP HIS  
OWN HORSE FROM WIN-  
NING! IN ORDER TO  
TRICK THE MURDERER INTO RE-  
VEALING HIS  
IDENTITY, I SAID I KNEW  
WHO HE WAS!  
IN REALTY THE  
ONLY EVIDENCE I  
HAD WAS THE  
BROKEN BUCKLE!



# Be a RADIO Technician



**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute**  
Established 27 years  
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.

Broadcasting Stations employ N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians as operators, installation, maintenance men and in other capacities and pay well.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

## I Trained These Men



### \$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.

### \$200 a Month in Own Business

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased, I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field." ARLIB J. FROEHRNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.



### N. R. I. Student Now Lieutenant in U. S. Army Signal Corps

"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

## I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs

# More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

### Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra In Spare Time

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own **FULL TIME BUSINESS**... making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the **NEW** jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

### How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

### A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

### Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, **MUCH HIGHER PAY**. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.



### Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—3 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

**THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY**

**TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS**

## FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7**  
**National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.**

Mail me **FREE** without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

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**RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**

# HURRY! HURRY!

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**WRIST WATCHES** for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



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Given for selling only one order. Sent express collect—**SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.**



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**PEPPERELL BLANKET** Genuine Pepperell "Warmweave" Blanket for selling only one order.



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OUR 25TH YEAR.

**Send No Money—We Trust You**  
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