

NO. 38

PEP



THE SHIELD

APRIL

LOOK! COMICS' GREATEST SENSATION
ARCHIE - MIRTH OF A NATION!

10¢



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 17

WELL, one of our members has at last brought up a subject that has scared many a good man silly in the past. We knew of course that it was coming up some day and we'd have to face it. Anyway, Billy Myers of Gruskin Apartments, Market St. in Kittaning, Pennsylvania suggested in his excellent letter that we send out signatures of both Dusty and myself with the regular club emblem. This is kinda embarrassing because we didn't know that anyone thought the signatures of the Shield and Dusty that valuable. Dusty is especially flattered and from the way he's flexing his right arm it looks as though he's getting ready for the flood of requests. Well, fellow members, what do you think of the idea? Let's have opinion on the subject from everybody. Don't forget that it's up to you club members to see to it that we don't get rusty. An idea a month from every boy and girl is just what is needed to keep the old blood pumping through the club veins.

Billy is also a great little worker for the Shield G-Men for he's promised to recruit at least one more member by Christmas. Now that's the kind of Christmas present we should all give to our fellow club members—a brand new member to share our good fellowship. You boys out there might be interested to know that the idea of recruiting a member every month was originated by a girl, pretty member Janice Rheinman of 34 Poplar Street, Remington, Arizona. Now what do you all say, shall we shift into high gear and spread the good word of the Shield G-Men far and wide over our land? Any improvements on the idea are more than welcome.

While I'm on the subject of ideas, Dusty thought up one this morning that for practicality had us all down here at headquarters gasping. It concerns the difficult subjects of gifts for birthdays and such and seems such an excellent way of solving the problem that I'm passing it on to you for consideration. Here it is:

If you're ever stuck for something to give a girl or boy friend on his or her birthday or special occasion, why not buy a complete set of MLJ Comic Books, wrap them up with the usual ribbons and stuff and mark on the package: Prescription for the Blues. Take One Book Every Day.

If the occasion arises in the near future, I recommend the new Archie Comics for laughs and Top-Notch and the latest Zip for thrills. You can't miss with these splendid magazines. And don't forget that the Shield Wizard is a darn good mag, too.

Keep the letters coming, fellows and girls!

Outstanding letters received from:--

KENNETH BLAKELY

JOSEPH BIVONA

ESTELLE HARNICK

43-17 Browne St., Flushing, L. I., N. Y.

410 E. 11th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

809 Metropolitan Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.



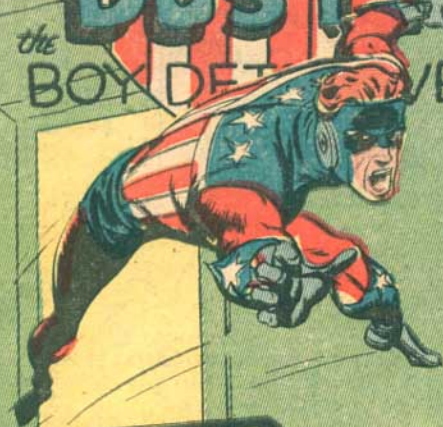
NAME.....

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


CUT ON THIS LINE

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

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE



BY IRV
NOVICK

A large illustration of a man with dark hair and a white shirt, wearing a black mask over his eyes. He is leaning forward, holding the head of a man in a blue and red superhero costume. The man in the costume has a black mask and a large, circular device on his head. The man in the white shirt has a menacing expression, with his mouth open as if speaking or shouting. The background is a large, stylized, grid-like pattern.

THE SHIELD AND DUSTY HAVE MATCHED STRENGTH AND WITS WITH AMERICA'S WORST ENEMIES AND ALWAYS WON - BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY CLASH WITH THE DEVIL EYED DOCTOR OF NAZIDOM! THE MAN WHO THRU HYPNOSIS MADE HITLER THE DEMON HE IS - AND HE IS NOW IN AMERICA USING HIS POWERS OVER HUMAN MINDS TO MAKE PATRIOTS INTO TRAITORS!

JOE HIGGINS IS RETURNING HOME AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR CLUES IN AN INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND ROBBERY AT A DEFENSE PLANT--

A SHOT, IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THAT LIGHTED WINDOW!

IN THE OFFICES OF THE CITADEL TRUST COMPANY----

I KNOW IT'S AN INSIDE JOB- BUT WHO COULD THE TRAITORS BE?

WHO'D BE HERE AT THIS HOUR? WHAT'S THAT?



GOOD LORD! IT'S WILKES! HE'S STILL BREATHING!

SHIELD! THIS ISN'T SUICIDE IT'S MURDER! BEFORE I DIE LET ME TELL YOU!-- BEEN MIXED UP IN THE INDUSTRIAL DIAMOND THEFTS---- FIFTH COLUMN WORK ---- COULDN'T HELP IT 'TIL TONIGHT! I THREATENED TO TALK --- OTHERS ARE BENSON, FRASER, PARKER AND PETERS!



ENOUGH DIAMONDS STOLEN TO RUIN AMERICAN WAR PRODUCTION--- THEY'LL BE SMUGGLED TO GERMANY BY U-BOATS THIS FRIDAY NIGHT --- WE'RE JUST SMALL FRY- THE MAN TO GET IS THAT FIEND WHO DUPED US--- AAAGGHH!

DIED JUST TOO SOON! I'D BETTER LET THE POLICE DISCOVER THE BODY! IF THE MAN BEHIND THIS THINKS HIS PLAN TO SILENCE WILKES WORKED, HE'LL GET CARELESS! MUSTN'T SCARE HIM, HE MIGHT DISPOSE OF THE DIAMONDS!

JOE, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT?

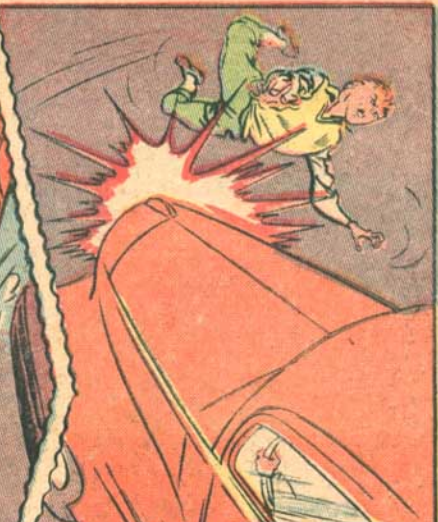
WALKING AND THINKING, DUSTY I STUMBLED ONTO THE FIRST CLUE TO THE DIAMOND ROBBERIES!



I WANT TO SEND THIS LETTER TO HOOVER, RIGHT AWAY!

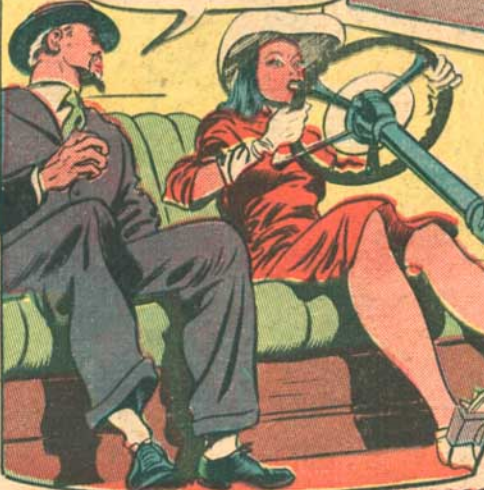
I'LL MAIL IT FOR YOU, JOE - YOU MUST BE PRETTY TIRED. I'LL BE BACK IN A MINUTE, THO. TO HEAR THE WHOLE STORY IS IT ABOUT THE DIAMONDS?

AS DUSTY MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE STREET TO A MAIL BOX----



FOOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE DRIVEN ON! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO STOP?

HEY-- WATCH OUT!



GEE, MISTER IS HE HURT BAD?

I CAN'T TELL YET! GET HIM IN MY CAR AT ONCE! I'M A DOCTOR!

YOU ARE SUCH A STUPID CREATURE!!! FIRST TO HIT HIM-- THEN TO STOP!! NOW I MUST TREAT HIM, AND HE MAY DIE ON MY HANDS!

AT THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE--

HE'S IN SUCH FINE, PHYSICAL CONDITION, HE HAS HARDLY BEEN INJURED AT ALL - JUST A MINOR CONCUSSION! THIS PAPER MAY IDENTIFY HIM!



FATHER, WHY MUST YOU BE SO HATEFUL? YOU KNOW IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! YOU'RE A DOCTOR - YOU COULDN'T LEAVE HIM THERE! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU, LATELY?



It seems unbelievable that the men mentioned should be traitors in the war industry - but I believe Wilkes shall try to discover who the leader is before Friday. If you do not hear from me by then, they may lead you to him, but wait til Friday, you are the only person who know of this besides Dusty.

SUCH AMAZING LUCK! THIS LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY THE SHIELD! BY THE LORD HARRY THIS BOY MUST BE DUSTY, THE BOY DETECTIVE, THEN! BUT I MUST MAKE SURE! FIRST I MUST CALL A GENERAL MEETING OF MY COLLEAGUES AT ONCE!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME STAY WITH HIM, FATHER - ISN'T HE NICE LOOKING?

STOP JABBERING - TRY TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM! I'LL BE BACK!



WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED? HOW DID I GET IN THIS ROOM?

SHHH! LIE BACK OR YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF! YOU WERE IN AN ACCIDENT!



HE WOKE UP LONG ENOUGH TO SAY THAT JOE HIGGINS, CHELSEA 2-2530 SHOULD BE NOTIFIED! SHALL I PHONE HIM?

NO! I'LL ATTEND TO IT - JUST STAY WITH HIM UNTIL I COME BACK!

I WONDER WHY THE DOCTOR CALLED US HERE TODAY?



GENTLEMEN! I TRUST YOU READ OF WILKES 'SUICIDE' - IF THAT DIDN'T CONVINCE YOU OF THE NEED FOR OBEDIENCE - I HOPE THIS LETTER WILL!

MY GOD! THE SHIELD LISTS ALL OUR NAMES BUT THE DOCTOR'S!



YOU PROMISED TO PROTECT US KLEE!

HOW DID YOU GET THIS FROM REACHING HOOVER?

YOU ARE STILL SAFE, FOOLS - ONLY BECAUSE I MANAGED TO INTERCEPT THIS LETTER! YOU BRING IN THE REST OF THE DIAMONDS AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE SHIELD! YOU SEE I HAVE DISCOVERED HIS TRUE IDENTITY! BY TOMORROW THE SHIELD WILL BE DEAD!

LATER IN THE DAY, AT DUSTY'S BEDSIDE ----

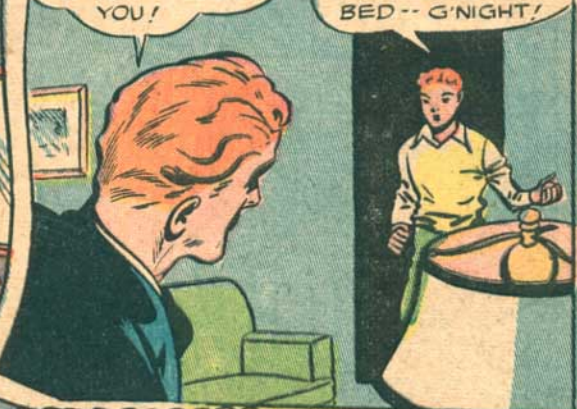
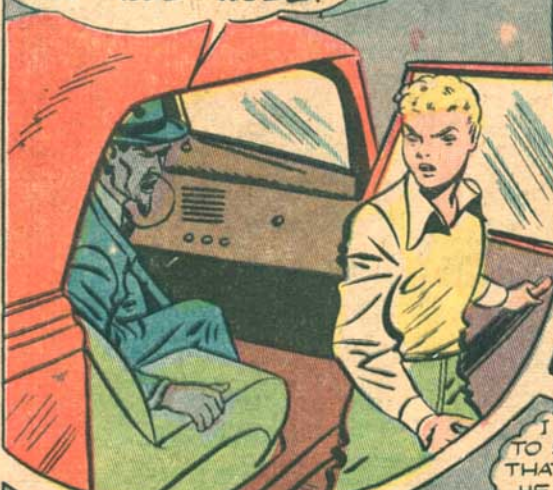
AH -- THE BOY'S HALF AWAKE, NOW TO USE MY POWERS OF HYPNOSIS ON HIM! DUSTY LOOK AT ME -- LOOK INTO MY EYES -- DEEP INTO MY EYES ----



REMEMBER --- YOU MUST OBEY!
YOU MUST KILL THAT FRIEND
OF YOURS TONIGHT ---
KILL -- KILL --- KILL!

HY THERE DUSTY!
WHERE'VE YOU BEEN
ALL DAY? I BEGAN
TO WORRY ABOUT
YOU!

OH, I JUST WANDERED
AROUND --- I'M
PRETTY TIRED ---
THINK I'LL GO TO
BED -- G'NIGHT!



I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE
TO SAY GOODBYE TO
THAT NICE BOY BEFORE
HE LEFT! I WONDER
HOW HE IS? -- I'LL
CALL WHILE
FATHER IS
OUT!

FUNNY, THAT DOESN'T SOUND AT ALL
LIKE DUSTY! HE DIDN'T EVEN ASK
WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT - OR IF I GOT
ANY FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT THE
DIAMOND ROBBERIES!
I WONDER IF HE'S
OKAY?

HELLO ---
MAY I SPEAK
TO DUSTY, PLEASE?



I'M SORRY -- HE'S GONE
TO BED -- CAN I TAKE
A MESSAGE FOR HIM?
THIS IS JOE HIGGINS
SPEAKING!

WHY YES -- THIS IS ELISE
KLEE -- I JUST WONDERED
HOW HE WAS FEELING AFTER
HIS ACCIDENT ---
I GUESS MY
FATHER SPOKE
TO YOU!

ACCIDENT? WHAT HAP-
PENED! --- OH, I SEE ---
NO YOUR FATHER DIDN'T
CALL ME, TODAY --- YOU
SAY YOUR FATHER IS
DR. JOSEPH KLEE? ---
THANK YOU VERY MUCH,
I'LL TELL DUSTY ---
GOODNIGHT!



NOW, WHY DIDN'T DUSTY TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED? WHY DIDN'T THE DOCTOR CALL? LET'S SEE WHO HE IS---

KLEE, JOSEPHA.
LEADING PSYCHIATRIST,
PRACTICED IN GERMANY
TILL 1937. MEMBER OF
HYPNOTIC SOCIETY!

SLEEPING PILLS! THAT'S NOT LIKE DUSTY! UNLESS THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED THEM! I WONDER IF HE GAVE HIM ANYTHING ELSE TO TAKE!

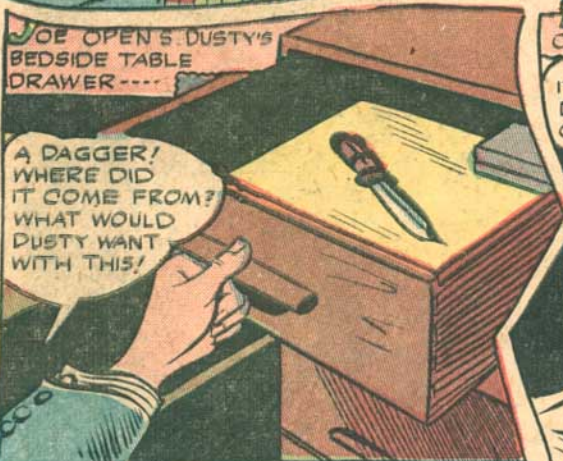


JOE OPENS DUSTY'S
BEDSIDE TABLE
DRAWER----

BACK IN HIS
OWN ROOM--

A DAGGER!
WHERE DID
IT COME FROM?
WHAT WOULD
DUSTY WANT
WITH THIS!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE! I'D TRUST
DUSTY WITH MY LIFE! HE
COULDN'T DO ANY INTENTIONAL
WRONG!



LATER THAT NIGHT DUSTY
AWAKES IN A COLD SWEAT----

WAKE UP AND DO MY
BIDDING! GET THE
KNIFE FROM THE
DRAWER!

LIKE ONE IN A DREAM
DUSTY REACHES FOR THE
DRAWER AS DR. KLEES VOICE
GOADS HIM ON -----

STILL UNDER THE HYPNOTIC
SPELL, DUSTY ENTERS
JOE'S BEDROOM----

GO TO HIS
ROOM, THE
KNIFE IN YOUR
HAND!



RELENTLESSLY THE VOICE WITHIN HIS MIND ORDERS HIM TO KILL ---



HELLO! POLICE? ... I JUST COMMITTED MURDER! YES --- JOE HIGGINS, THE G-MAN!

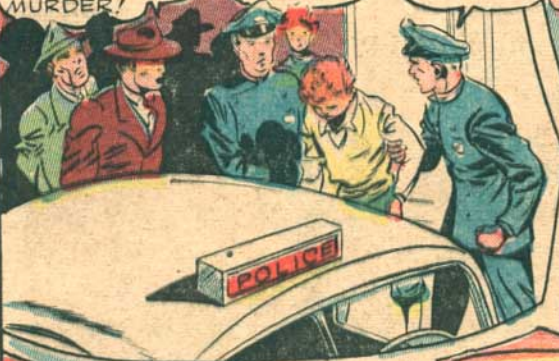


IMAGINE A YOUNG KID LIKE THAT COMMITTING MURDER!

AND HIS BEST FRIEND TOO!

GET IN THERE YUH LITTLE PUNK!

HA, HA! THE PERFECT CRIME! WHETHER THEY KEEP IT A SECRET OR NOT I KNOW THE SHIELD IS DEAD!



THE MORNING PAPERS HEADLINE THE STORY!



IT'S A PLEASURE TO DRINK TO THE SHIELD DEAD! WITH HIM OUT OF THE WAY YOU ARE STILL UNSUSPECTED! WHO WOULD DREAM THAT GREAT MEN LIKE YOU WOULD ROB YOUR OWN PLANTS!




DUSTY REMEMBERS NOTHING EXCEPT THAT HE KILLED JOE ---



HOOVER HAS HEARD OF JOE HIGGIN'S DEATH AND ARRIVES AT THE MORGUE... THIS IS A TERRIBLE THING! WHERE'S THE BODY?






EVEN COVERED BY THE SHEET IT LOOKS LIKE HIGGINS! IT CAN'T BE, THOUGH! HE CAN'T BE DEAD!

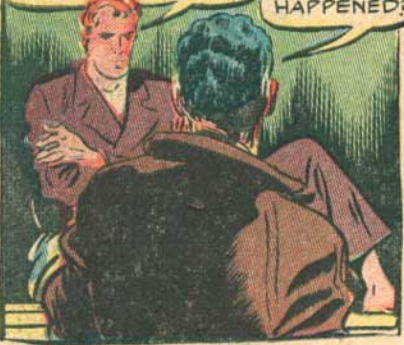


GOSH CHIEF I'M SURE GLAD YOU GOT HERE -- ANOTHER HOUR AND I'D HAVE BEEN FROZEN STIFF!

SHIELD!
YOU'RE ALIVE!
WHAT'S GOING ON?



YOU DIDN'T GET MY LETTER? THAT EXPLAINS A LOT! I WONDERED HOW KLEE GUESSED I WAS THE SHIELD! HE MUST'VE GOTTEN HIS HANDS ON IT SOMEHOW!



...WHEN I FOUND THAT DUSTY HAD BEEN TREATED BY DR. KLEE, A MASTER HYPNOTIST, I WAS CERTAIN THAT KNIFE WAS MEANT FOR ME!

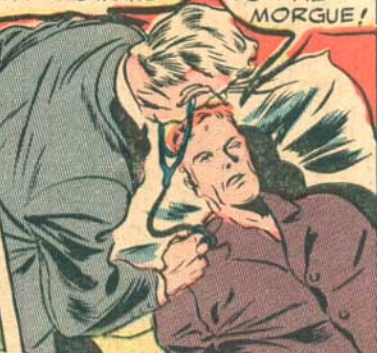
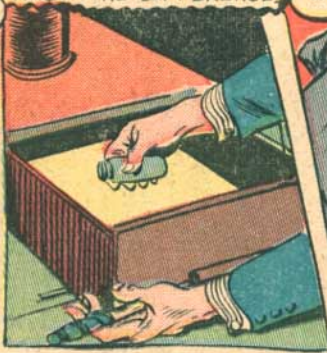
YES -- BUT YOU DIDN'T STOP DUSTY! HE STILL THINKS HE KILLED YOU! WHAT HAPPENED?

I EXCHANGED THE KNIFE FOR THE PILL BOTTLE! SINCE DUSTY WAS HYPNOTIZED I KNEW HE WOULDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!


HE THOUGHT HE KILLED ME -- BUT WHEN THE MEDICAL EXAMINER CAME --

STEADY! ACT AS IF I'D BEEN MURDERED -- BUT SEND WORD TO HOOVER TO COME TO THE MORGUE!

WHY THIS MAN...



I HATED TO FOOL DUSTY! BUT IT HAD TO LOOK LIKE THE PERFECT CRIME TO FOOL THAT DEVIL DR. KLEE!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WON'T YOU NEED HELP?



I'M HEADED FOR KLEE'S PLACE, I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE! SEND SOME MEN AS SOON AS YOU CAN!

THE SHIELD ARRIVES AT DR. KLEES HOME--

MY FATHER? HE LEFT FOR KEYPOINT THIS MORNING! BUT-- YOU'RE THE SHIELD! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM FOR?

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN! WHAT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO GET THERE?

WE CAN TAKE THE PRIVATE AMBULANCE! I'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY!

LET'S GO!

THE SHIELD AND DR. KLEE'S DAUGHTER RACE TOWARD KEYPOINT----

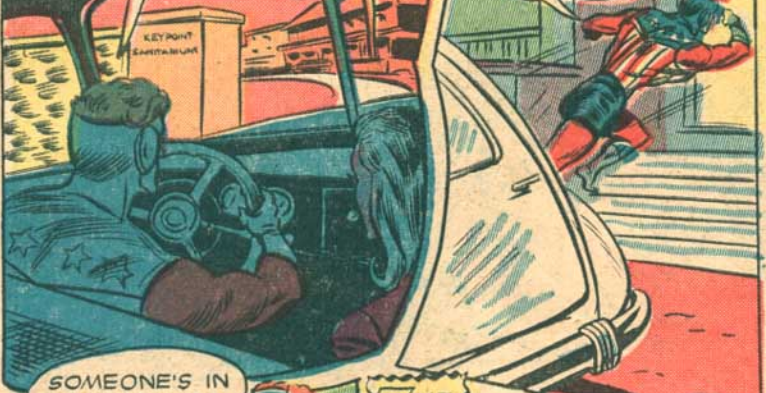


HOPE I'M STILL IN TIME! YOU STAY IN THE CAR! THIS ISN'T A PICNIC!

BUT YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHAT'S HAPPENED!

YOU'LL KNOW SOON ENOUGH, MISS KLEE!

EMPTY AS A PICKED POCKET! COULD THAT GIRL BE IN ON THIS WITH HER FATHER?



SOMEONE'S IN THAT VAULT!

THE SHIELD SWINGS BACK THE HEAVY DOOR--



HELP! LET US OUT OF HERE!

KLEE, YOU SCOUNDREL, WE'LL --- WHY-- IT--IT'S THE SHIELD!

SHIELD! THANK GOD YOU'RE ALIVE! DID YOU CATCH DR. KLEE? HE'S LEAVING BY SUB FOR GERMANY WITH A LOAD OF DIAMONDS!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOSS KLEE, DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU!

WHY YOU FILTHY TRAITORS! GLAD I'M ALIVE-- YOU WON'T BE--



YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE US SHIELD!
WE WERE PATIENTS OF KLEE! UNDER
THE GUISE OF MEDICAL TREATMENT
HE HYPNOTIZED US AND FORCED
US TO STEAL DIAMONDS FROM
OUR OWN PLANTS! JUST BEFORE
HE LEFT HE BROKE THE SPELL
SO WE'D KNOW WHAT WE DID!

SUDDENLY INCENDIARY
BOMBS SET BY KLEE EX-
PLODE!

A WALL OF FLAME BLOCKS
THEIR WAY!

GOOD LORD! WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF
HERE ALIVE!

OUR ONLY CHANCE IS
TO RUN FOR IT!
LET'S GO!

THIS BETTER
NOT BE A
TRICK!



GOOD! YOU
MADE IT! NOW
QUICK, WHERE'S
THE DOCK?

SHIELD! THERE'S KLEE
AND THE NAZIS NOW!
THEY'RE LOADING THE
DIAMONDS!

RIGHT BEHIND
THE SANITARIUM!
THAT DEVIL KLEE
HAD EVERYTHING
PLANNED TO
PERFECTION!

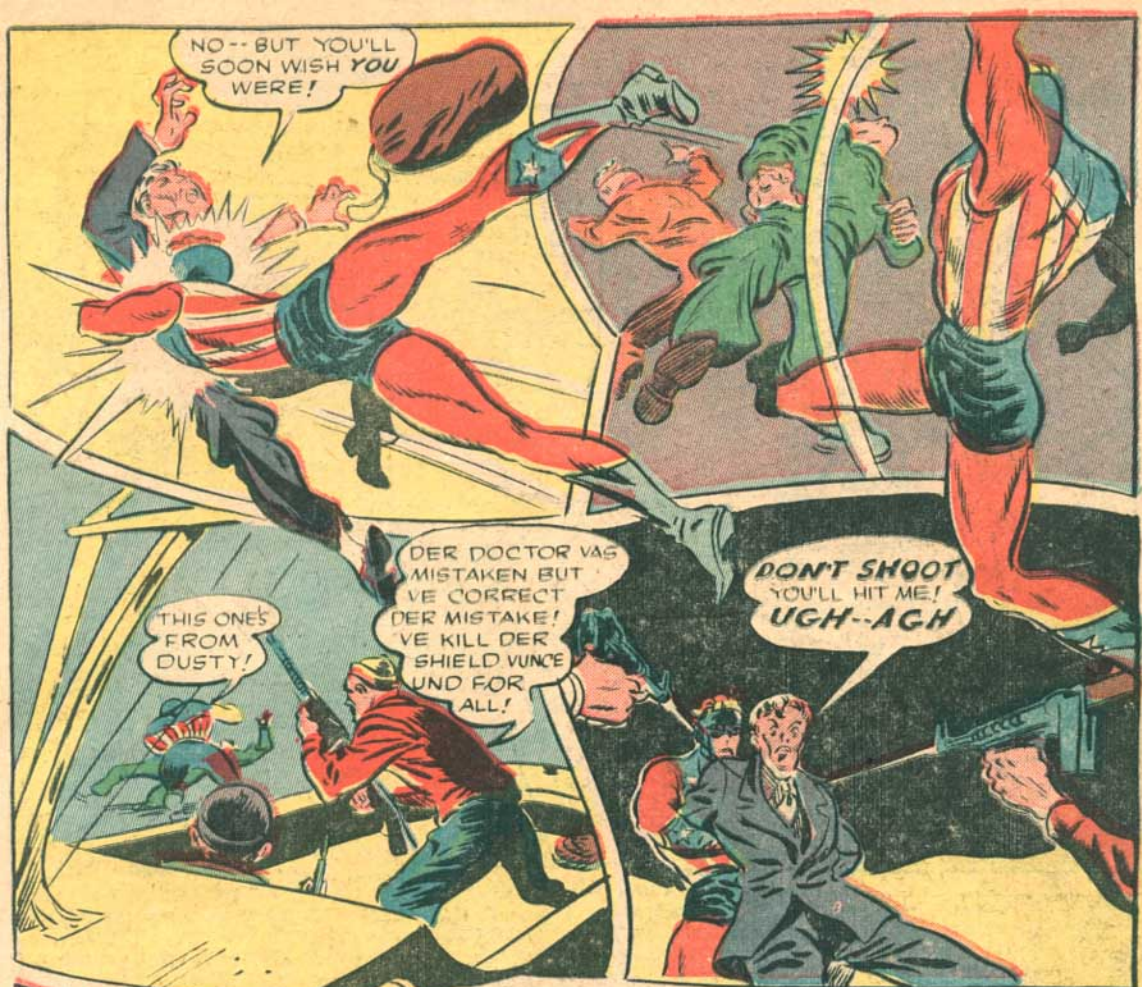


SHIELD! YOU'LL BE
KILLED! THOSE
NAZI SEAMEN HAVE
TOMMY GUNS! YOU
CAN'T HANDLE
THEM ALONE!

HURRY, TAKE THE DIAMONDS
AND HAND OUT THE EXPLOSIVES.
I WANT TO FINISH THAT
SANITARIUM COMPLETELY--
IF MY INCENDIARIES
HAVEN'T ALREADY
DONE SO!

THERE MUST BE NO
TRACE OF ME LEFT BE-
HIND... WHA-- THE SHIELD
BUT-- BUT-- YOU'RE DEAD!








LEGGO THAT WHEEL!
I'M NOT READY TO MEET
YOUR SHIPMATES,
YET!



AS THEY STRUGGLE, THE PILOTLESS BOAT,
LOADED WITH HIGH EXPLOSIVES HEADS FOR
THE SUB-----



THE SPEEDBOAT CRASHES
HEAD-ON!



FATHER! PLEASE
SPEAK TO ME!



GET AWAY FROM ME YOU LITTLE
FOOL I'M NOT YOUR FATHER!
I COMMITTED HIM TO AN ASY-
LUM TO GET CONTROL OF HIS
MONEY, HAD TO
ADOPT YOU TO
DO IT! WISH--
---AGGH



DON'T CRY, ELISE! HE HAD
IT COMING TO HIM! WHEN
I GET TO TOWN I'LL HAVE
THE AUTHORITIES LOCATE
YOUR REAL FATHER!




I'VE GOT TO GET
BACK TO TOWN, SO
I'LL LEAVE THE
DIAMONDS WITH YOU!
TELL YOUR STORY TO THE
F.B.I. AND I THINK YOU'LL
BE CLEARED OF TREA-
SON!

LATER--



VISITOR
TO SEE
YOU!

LEAVE ME
ALONE! I
DON'T WANT
TO SEE
ANYONE!



NOT EVEN
ME?

(GULP) J-JOE
IT--IT'S-- YOU!
I--DIDN'T KILL
YOU! OH, GEE,
GOLLY! THIS IS
THE HAPPIEST
DAY OF MY
LIFE!

HANGMAN



EXTRA DAILY STAR EXTRA
★★★ ★★★
THE CRIME BEHIND THE NOOSE

MANY FEATURES GO TO MAKE UP THE FRONT PAGE OF THE DAILY STAR --- IN THESE PAGES YOU WILL FIND LOVE, DEATH, LAUGHTER --- AND THE **HANG-MAN'S NOOSE!**
(STORY CONT. ON PAGE 2)



VIRGINIA PARKER
SUB-DEB
(STORY ON PAGE 4)

B. F. J. E.

PAGE TWO
THE DAILY STAR
 FOR INSTANCE, HERE
 ARE THREE STORIES,
 SEEMINGLY UNRE-
 LATED-- BUT IN
 REALITY THEY ARE
 FOOTSTEPS OF A
 BLOODY TRAIL-- A
 TRAIL DESTINED TO
 LEAD TO THE --
GALLOWS!!

OUR FIRST SCENE
 IS IN THE EDITOR'S
 OFFICE OF THE
**DAILY
 STAR**---

MAKE IT SNAPPY,
 COPY BOY, I'VE GOT
 TO CHECK THE PROOFS
 ON **ITEMS ONE, TWO
 AND THREE!** HURRY!

COMING,
 SIR?



**UNIDENTIFIED
 BODY WASHED UP ON
 BEACH**

A STRANGE
 SCENE TOOK
 PLACE TO-DAY
 AS A GROUP OF
 MEN HUDDLED
 ROUND A BODY
 THAT HAD BEEN
 WASHED UP ON
 POINTER'S
 BEACH.

"BODY WASHED UP ON
 THE BEACH"--- LET US
 PEER INTO THE STORY
 BEHIND THE COLD PRINT.
 A GROUP OF MEN ARE
 GATHERED AROUND THE
 WASHED UP BODY.



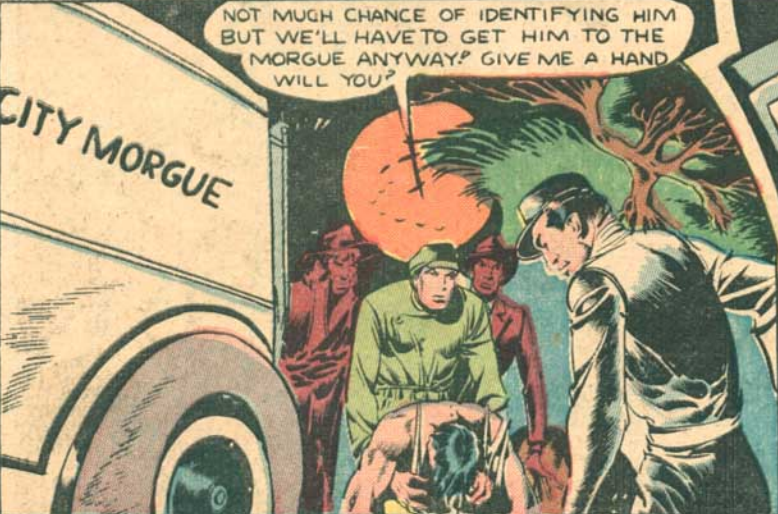
UGH--WHAT A MESS!
 THAT GUY MUSTA BEEN
FISH FOOD FOR A
 LONG TIME!



HEY-- **LOOK, THIS FUNNY
 MARK ON HIS CHEST!**
 THAT WASN'T DONE BY NO
 FISH! LOOKS LIKE A SPIDER!
 OH, WELL! LET'S CALL THE
 POLICE!



NOT MUCH CHANCE OF IDENTIFYING HIM
 BUT WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO THE
 MORGUE ANYWAY! GIVE ME A HAND
 WILL YOU?



**DEATH AT NASH
 MANSION**

EARLY THIS
 MORNING, BAR-
 TON NASH, THE
 WEALTHY RE-
 CLUSE, ACCIDENT-
 ALLY SHOT JOHN
 SCOTT, HIS OLD
 FRIEND AND FAM-
 ILY LAWYER. BE-
 LIEVING MR. SCOTT
 TO BE A PROWLER





WELL, HE DIDN'T GET WHAT HE CAME AFTER ANYWAY! NOW I'LL TURN HIM OVER AND HAVE A LOOK AT HIM BEFORE I CALL THE POLICE!



THEN BARTON NASH DOES A STRANGE THING! HE BURNS THE PHOTOGRAPH TORN FROM HIS ALBUM!



LATER... WE JUST GOT A CALL ABOUT A BURGLAR SHOOTING. IS THIS THE PLACE?

YES, BUT IT WASN'T A BURGLAR! I SHOT---



IT WAS MY LAWYER, WILLIAM SCOTT, I SHOT BEFORE I RECOGNIZED HIM! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN PROWLING IN THE DARK! THIS HOUSE WAS AS MUCH HIS HOME AS MINE!



HMM... THAT SURE IS TOUGH, MR. NASH! I KNOW HOW UPSET YOU MUST BE, BUT THESE THINGS DO HAPPEN!



AND STILL ANOTHER FOOTSTEP ON THE GALLOWS--TRAIL--

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE HANGMAN

by Thelma Gordon

"YES" THE HANGMAN TOLD ME " THAT CRIMINAL MENTALITY RUNS IN QUEER CHANNELS, BUT THERE ALWAYS IS A FLAW IN ITS REASONING -- AN UN-FORSEEN WITNESS, AN OVERLOOKED INSIGNIFICANT CLUE!"

"EVEN THE CORPSE SOMETIME SEEMS TO RETURN FROM THE FRUSTRATING PURPOSE"



AMONG THELMA GORDON'S MANY READER'S THERE IS ONE WHOSE EYES DRINK IN ITS CONTENTS WITH EAGERNESS AND SPECULATION!

THE DAILY STAR *
AN INTERVIEW WITH *
by Thelma Gordon



I WONDER IF THIS THELMA GORDON COULD HELP ME FIND THE HANGMAN! I NEED HIS HELP!



HE WANTED THE HANGMAN, POOR FELLOW AND HE'S GOING TO GET HIM! WHAT THAT ON THE FLOOR? LOOKS LIKE A DIARY!



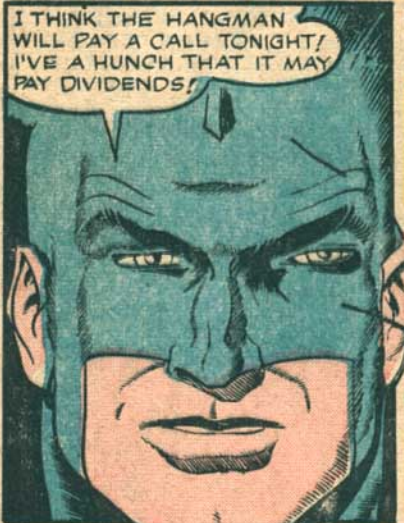
IT IS -- AND IT WOULD SEEM THAT THE POOR WRETCH TURNED IT DELIBERATELY TO THIS PAGE JUST BEFORE HE DIED! HE WAS TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING!



April 30, 1933

A terrible scandal appeared in the *Loosemouth News* today, with the full story of poor Mr. Updell's disappearance. So can't believe he did it and yet what is out to believe? The paper printed a picture of Mr. Nash, Mr. Updell and myself taken on our fishing trip. Mr. Nash put it in his clipping book.

I THINK THE HANGMAN WILL PAY A CALL TONIGHT! I'VE A HUNCH THAT IT MAY PAY DIVIDENDS!



THAT NIGHT-- THIS IS THE PLACE TO LOOK! ALL RIGHT! AHH *THERE'S WHAT I WANT!*



HMM, APRIL, 1933! WONDER IF IT'S HERE?



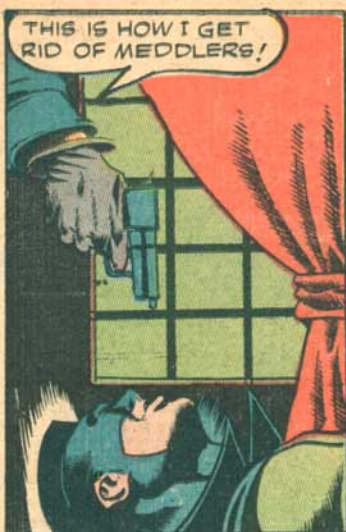
HERE'S THE ITEM, CAREFULLY FILED AWAY, BUT THE PICTURE AT THE TOP OF IT IS MISSING!



WHO COULD HAVE TORN IT OUT --- ? AAAAAH!

YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT HANGMAN!





THIS IS HOW I GET RID OF MEDDLERS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE MAID, HURRYING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR APPROACHES THE LIBRARY ON THE RUN--



THIS IS WHERE ALL THE NOISE IS COMING FROM! HELLO--HELLO IS ANYBODY IN THERE?



EEK... THE HANG-MAN! WH--WHAT HAPPENED?

NOTHING MORE THAN A BUMP ON THE HEAD-- DID YOU SEE ANYBODY RUN FROM THIS ROOM?



HE BEAT IT WHEN HE HEARD YOU MISS/ S--A--Y WHAT'S THIS IN THE BASKET?



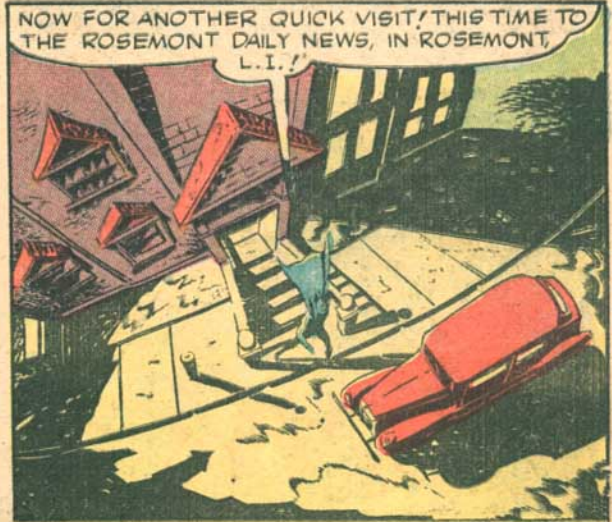
HMM---AN ENVELOPE THAT CONTAINED TICKETS ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN SHIP, NO DOUBT! THIS IS GETTING VERY INTERESTING!

PAN SOUTH AMERICAN LINES



LIKE A FLASH THE HANGMAN PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE, DIALS A NUMBER, AND --- YES, THE S.S. BRAZIL LEAVES PIER 63 IN ONE HOUR!

ONE HOUR, HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

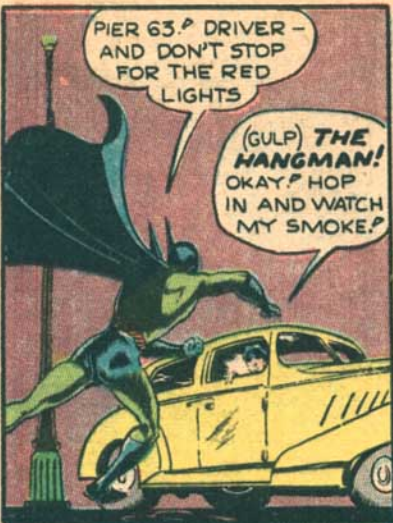


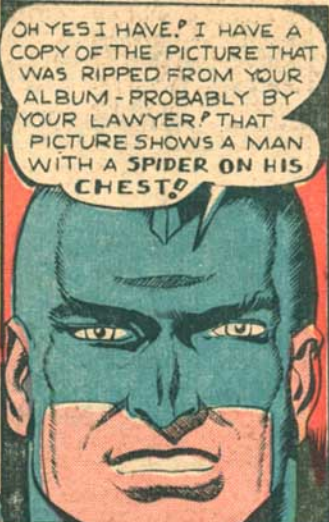
NOW FOR ANOTHER QUICK VISIT! THIS TIME TO THE ROSEMONT DAILY NEWS, IN ROSEMONT, L.I.!



SHOWN ABOVE ARE BARTON NASH AND HIS PARTNER, JOHN UPDIKE, WHO ABSCONDED WITH THE FIRM'S FUNDS--AND HAS NOT BEEN SEEN SINCE. THIS PICTURE WAS LAST YEAR WHILE TWO WERE ON THEIR VACATION.







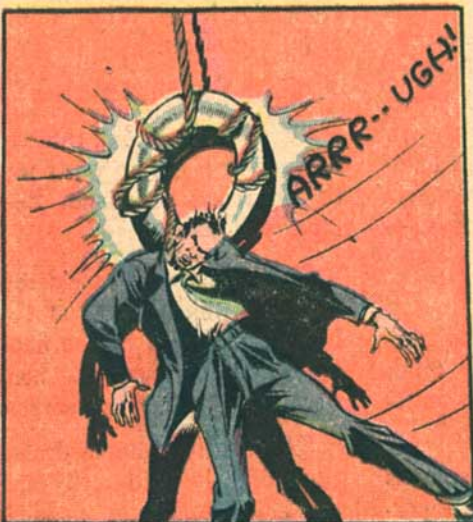
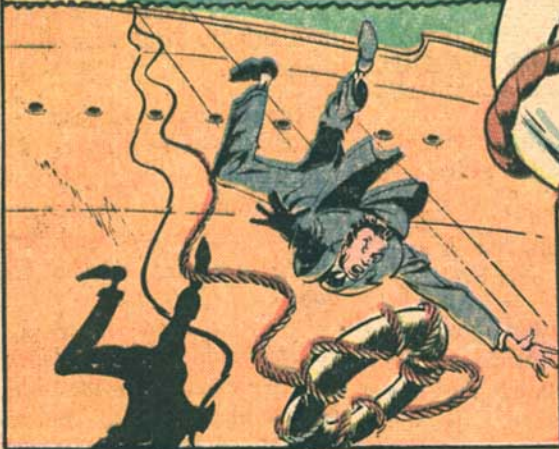
TRIPPING THE HANGMAN, THE VICIOUS KILLER DASHES OUT OF THE CABIN -----



THE BOATS NOT TOO FAR FROM SHORE? IF I CAN REACH IT I'LL LOSE THAT BLASTED HANGMAN!



AS NASH LEAPS, HIS FOOT TANGLES WITH A LIFE PRESERVER, WHICH HURTTLES OVERBOARD WITH HIM AND -----



AND SO, THE SHIP SAILS OUT TO SEA - BEARING WITH IT **THE HANGMAN**, GRIM DISPENSER OF JUSTICE, TO A NEW AND MORE SPECTACULAR ADVENTURE -----
"THE ADVENTURE OF THE SINGING CORPSE"

BE WITH THE HANGMAN IN THE NEXT, MORE THRILLING
PEP COMICS!



MURDER OUT OF MIND

A HANGMAN STORY

by Alan Barrister

THE shrill whistle of the Twentieth Century keened as the great streamlined train rushed from the tunnel and emerged into Jersey. The trip had begun. Nothing could now stop the roaring steel monster until it reached Chicago. Come wind, rain, floods, come earthquake or tornadoes, the Twentieth Century Limited would get there on time.

Bob Dickering, sitting in one of the coach compartments put away the personal notes he had made of his last case and prepared for bed. A neat and tidy person, it was only a few minutes before his clothes were put away in the tiny compartment provided for the purpose and he had donned a conservatively colored bathrobe.

"Haven't had any sleep for twenty four hours," he yawned to himself and rang for the porter.

"Pull out the bed, will you son?" he asked as the colored porter entered.

"Yassuh," the boy bent to the task but his eyes were wide open and glittering. This did not escape the notice of Bob Dickering, nor did he fail to glimpse the haunting terror in their depth.

"Anything wrong, son?" he asked and smiled sympathetically.

The porter bent up from his task and gazed about the compartment anxiously.

"Ah suppose ah shouldn't tell you, suh, but there is somethin' powerful wrong on board this here train," then his eyes made another circuit of the compartment.

"Yes?" Bob Dickering, ears keenly alert, bent closer.

"Well, suh," the boy gulped, "there's been a murder!"

"What? On the Twentieth Century? Nonsense, we've just left New York."

"I ain't kiddin, suh. A man was shot in the next car . . ."

"Alright, porter, you can go now." Bob fished in his wallet and handed the boy some small change.

As soon as the boy was gone, an astounding change came over the bland features of Bob Dickering. A hard light appeared in his eyes. Rapidly he peeled off his bathrobe and with the suddenness of thought was revealed as—
The Hangman.

"They'll be around to my room, soon, anyway," he murmured to himself. "I think they'll appreciate some anticipating in the long run."

It took a bare thirty seconds to traverse the distance separ-

ating his room from the murder compartment.

"Hangman!" gasped the chief conductor from his position on the floor where he was examining the corpse. He extended a hand anxiously. "You have the darndest penchant for turning up in the right places."

"Thanks," replied the Hangman briefly. "But what about the police?"

The conductor shooed out the cluster of passengers who had given way in awe before the entrance of the famous guardian of justice and then closed in again, and shut the door.

"Impossible," he whispered. "We cannot stop the train. No one aboard has the authority to do so. Only a direct wire from the home office would have any effect!"

"Have you notified them?"

"Yes, of course, but you can be sure we'll get no reply until we reach Cleveland. Red tape, you see."

The Hangman considered this, the while gazing at the body of the man on the floor of the compartment. He bent down to examine the corpse.

"A totally unprecedented situation," he said softly and the chief conductor nodded.

The Hangman indicated the smoothly rounded hole in the dead man's head. "Hmmm, apparently penetrated just beneath the right ear, tore through the brain and emerged slightly above the left ear." He bent aside, groping along the floor board. "Ah," he breathed, "here it is," and held up a bullet shiny and speckled with blood.

"It must have come through there," said the conductor pointing to the hole in the compartment window. "By the way, know who he is?" he moved closer to the Hangman and his voice sank to a whisper.

"Great guns!" exclaimed the Hangman, taken aback. "The most famous literary refugee from Germany!"

"It certainly looks like murder," commented the conductor dryly.

Hangman toyed with the bullet.

"It could have been an accident," he said, then dismissing the idea, shook his head. "No, you are probably right. He has literally *thousands* of enemies, any one of which would be happier to kill him than inherit a million dollars. Keeping track of the movements of this man would have been easy for the man—or men—who apparently killed him. It wouldn't surprise me if they had stationed killers all along the line, at selected spots from here to Chicago. They may have reasoned that a few would miss, but at least one would succeed. Beautiful theory, isn't it?"

"That's the one I had," an-

nounced the conductor proudly.

Hangman ignored him. He rummaged carefully among the dead man's papers for awhile.

"Nothing here to indicate he expected to be shot at. A few personal notes of literary interest, some calling cards and money." He extracted an envelope from among the other papers and considered it. "A letter. The name above the return address indicates it must have been from a very close relative, possibly a member of his immediate family." He hesitated a moment, then opened the envelope, extracted the small folded sheet of cheap paper within and read it swiftly.

"Who's it from?" asked the conductor with justifiable curiosity.

The Hangman did not reply immediately. Something was happening to him. His tall form seemed to grow in stature. The already wide shoulders deepened. On the stern face appeared a look of implacable hatred.

"From his mother," he said finally, "telling him that the Nazis had finally shot his wife and two children."

"Hangman," gasped the conductor and his eyes went wide, for on the eastern wall of the room had suddenly appeared the shadow of the gallows and the noose—yawning toward the east, toward Germany.

"It was not murder," said the Hangman, slowly. "*It was suicide.* Or rather, it was not murder as we understand it,

but long-range torture that finally drove this man to take his life. I suspected as much when I examined the bullet and the hole in the window. Driven to desperation, afraid to let the world know he had died a helpless coward, he fired a bullet through the glass pane—*outward*—the direction of the bullet was plainly indicated. I knew the bullet which killed him had not passed through glass because it was not characteristically scratched. A bullet fired through glass at the short range from which it was supposed to have been fired could not possibly have penetrated both sides of the skull. Having prepared what he thought was the evidence that would convince the world he was murdered, he then carefully calculated the angle at which the murder bullet would have traveled through his skull and committed suicide. The fatal missile showed nothing but the marks to be seen in such a case."

"Everything fits, doesn't it?" asked the conductor, somewhat shamefacedly. He seemed almost sorry that his original theory had not been confirmed.

The shadow of the gallows on the eastern wall thickened, grew heavier, gained substance and solidity.

"Everything but the vengeance of the Hangman—which in this case must wait . . ." The cloaked and hooded figure moved slowly out the door into the crowded corridor.

". . . but it will not wait long!"

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

SOFTENERS

THIS IS THE STORY OF A JOCKEY, **BOOTS O'GRADY!** BOOTS LOVED TO RIDE A WINNER! BUT MORE THAN THAT, HE LOVED HORSES AND THE THINGS, THE BEAUTIFUL, SLEEK CREATURES STOOD FOR! AND BECAUSE BOOTS' LOVE FOR A HORSE WAS SO GREAT, WHEN THE ROLL OF HONOR OF THE MEN WHO HELPED WIN THIS WAR THUNDERS ACROSS THE PAGES OF HISTORY, THE NAME OF **BOOTS O'GRADY** WILL BE ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST STARS IN THE FIRMAMENT OF HEROES!



by MURPHY

AS A CHILD BOOTS O'GRADY WAS A FAMILIAR SIGHT CURRYING HORSES AND DOING ALL SORTS OF NECESSARY TASKS AROUND THE STABLE ---

--- HIS GREAT LOVE AND TREMENDOUS KNOWLEDGE OF HORSES HELPED HIM BLOSSOM INTO ONE OF THE FINEST JOCKEYS -----



TAKE IT EASY BABY-- WE'RE WINNING THIS ONE HANDS DOWN!

SO IT WAS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHEN HE WAS PICKED TO RIDE ONE OF THE FAVORITES IN THE GREATEST RACE OF THE SEASON, THE ARLINGTON DERBY---

A CHANCE REMARK MADE AT THE STABLES BEFORE RACE TIME IS OVERHEARD BY ONE OF THE OFFICIALS-----

TURF TALK

BOOTS O'GRADY TO RIDE SUREFOOT AGAINST RIVAL TED SMALL ON KLAXON



HEY BOOTS- IF YA HAD A MILLION BUCKS WOULD YA BET IT ON YOUR NAG TO WIN TO-DAYS RACE?

IF I HAD A MILLION BERRIES- WHICH I AN'T GOT- I'D LAY IT ALL ON KLAXON, CAUSE I THINK HE'S THE BETTER HORSE!



WHEN THE OTHERS LEAVE, BOOTS, IS ACCOSTED BY THE RACE TRACK OFFICIAL-----

OH YEAH? THE RACING COMMISSION MIGHT THINK OTHERWISE!

A SHORT WHILE LATER---

I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID- IF YOU'RE THINKING OF THROWING THIS RACE THINK TWICE- I'VE GOT A LOT OF 'MOXIE' SUNK ON SUREFOOT!

LISTEN, I NEVER PULLED A CROOKED STUNT AND I AIN'T AMIN' TO NOW! IF SUREFOOT LOSES IT'S BECAUSE HE AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH!

HIT THE ROAD, BUM! BEFORE I SIC THE TRACK 'BULLS' ON YOU!

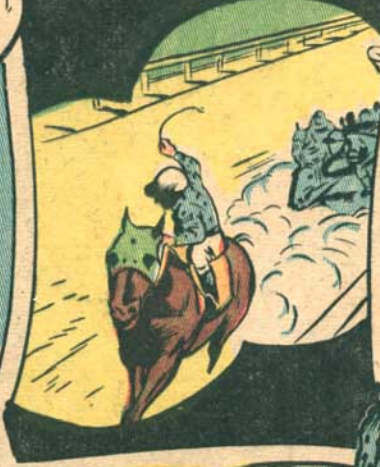
A BEAUTIFUL DAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN- AND A LARGE CROWD-- IN FACT, THE LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF ARLINGTON! THEY'RE AT THE POST- O'GRADY ON SUREFOOT AND SMALL ON KLAXON- THE TWO FAVORITES- STEADY NOW--- **THEY'RE OFF!**



THEY'RE BUNCHED TOGETHER, KLAXON, IN THE CLEAR, ROBUST A SECOND AND SUREFOOT IN FIFTH -- NOW THEY'RE STRETCHING OUT -- THERE GOES SUREFOOT TO FOURTH PLACE, TO **THIRD**, HE'S **PASSING** ROBUST, NOW HE'S RUNNING NECK IN NECK WITH KLAXON ---- HE'S **PULLING AHEAD**, HE'S OUT IN THE **OPEN** ----

--IT'S **SUREFOOT** IN THE LEAD AS THEY GO DOWN THE HOME STRETCH--**BOOTS** IS DRIVING HIM VERY HARD - HE'S ANXIOUS TO WIN - HE LOOKS LIKE A **CINCH**----

HE'S STUMBLER-- BOTH JOCKEY AND HORSE ARE DOWN--A FEW LENGTHS IN FRONT OF THE TAPE --- THE OTHERS ARE CHARGING BY-- IT'S **KLAXON THE WINNER!**



POOR HORSE - JUST WHEN WE HAD THE RACE ALL SEWED UP, TOO!

LATER, IN THE LOCKER ROOM ----

HEY **BOOTS**! THE TRACK OFFICIALS WANNA SEE YA RIGHT AWAY IN THE OFFICE!

O.K., **CHUCK**, BE RIGHT THERE!

I WONDER WHAT'S UP!



IN THE OFFICIALS OFFICE--

BECAUSE OF CERTAIN EVIDENCE IT'S NECESSARY THAT WE SUSPEND YOU, PENDING A RULING BY THE RACING COMMISSION!

EVIDENCE? YOU MEAN LIES! THIS CHEAP CROOK'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT? HE'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME! I TELL YA!

AT EVERY TRACK **BOOTS** IS MET WITH THE SAME STORY--

FINALLY---



REALLY, BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY **BOY!**

SORRY **O'GRADY** BUT WE HAVE TOO MANY JOCKEYS NOW

THANKS!

NEWS HERALD

BOOTS O'GRADY FOUND GUILTY

TRACK OFFICIALS TESTIMONY CONVICTS JOCKEY BEFORE RACING COMMISSION SUSPENDED INDEFINITELY

HURT AND DISILLUSIONED BOOT'S O'GRADY ADOPTS A DANGEROUS PHILOSOPHY---

---AND THIS WILL BE CALLED NUTS! THE "CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN," FOR MAN WILL SHARE WITH HIS BROTHERS IN THE FOUR FREEDOMS! THAT'S A LOTTA BUNK! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET ALONG IN THIS WORLD, AND THAT'S TO TAKE WHAT YA WANT NO MATTER WHO GETS HURT!



2ND 50 YEARS LATER, A MAN WITH A POISONED MIND FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SLAVE COUNTRY, FRANCE --- RIDING THE HORSES FOR THE FRENCHMEN WHO "CO-OPERATE" WITH THE NEW ORDER! AND THAT MAN- BOOTS O'GRADY!

WE WHEEL GEEVE FIVE THOUSAND FRANCS TO THROW ZEE RACE! MAKE IT TEN THOUSAND SAND, AND YOU'RE ON! GEEVE BET TO HEEM HENRI!



THAT NIGHT, NEARBY, A MUNITIONS PLANT IS BLOWN SKY-HIGH----



HOURS LATER, ON THE EDGE OF A FIELD, NOT FAR AWAY-----

THE PLANE THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO PICK US UP IS TWO HOURS OVERDUE!



THAT MEANS THAT WE'RE TRAPPED!

NOT YET, BUT WE ARE IN A BAD SPOT, FROM NOW ON IT'S A CASE OF "THE FOXES AND THE HOUNDS," WITH US AS THE FOXES!

AND DOSE "NASTIES" ARE SURE GONNA BE TOUGH TO OUT FOX!



MEANWHILE AT THE LOCAL GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS-----

IT VAS DER VORK OF COMMANDOS! BUT DEY COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED SINCE NO PLANES HAVE BEEN REPORTED IN THE VICINITY-- SEND OUT SEARCHING PARTIES, SCOUR THE ENTIRE AREA -- BLOCK ALL ROADS -- DER SVINE VON'T GET AWAY!

GUARDS ARE POSTED EVERYWHERE AND SEARCHING PARTIES ARE SENT OUT IN ARMORED TRUCKS--





GET BACK!
WHEW - WHAT LUCK!
WE ALMOST WALKED RIGHT
INTO THE ARMS OF
THAT PATROL!



THIS PLACE IS LOCATED
NEAR THE SEA! IF WE BEAR
DUE WEST, WE MIGHT REACH
IT! ONCE THERE WE MIGHT
BE ABLE TO GET A BOAT!

JOLLY GOOD
THING THE STARS
ARE OUT, SO WE
CAN TELL WHICH
DIRECTION IS
WEST! EH WHAT?

OUI!



HEY CAP-
LOOK! A
CAR!

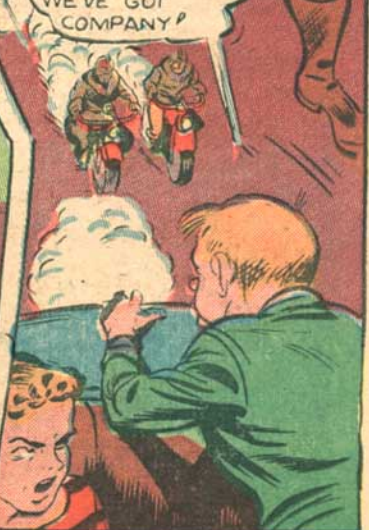
YES-AND OF ALL
PLACES, TOO! MAYBE
IT'S A GOOD THING,
THEY'D NEVER THINK
TO LOOK HERE!
BUT FIRST WE'LL
HAVE TO GET RID
OF THAT GUARD!



THAT SHOT
WAS LOUD ENOUGH
TO WAKE UP THE
ENTIRE GERMAN ARMY!
WE'D BETTER GET
MOVING-QUICK!

I HOPE THIS BABY
CAN STEP 'CAUSE WE'LL
HAVE THE GESTAPO
FOLLOWING US BE-
FORE YOU CAN SAY
RUMPELSTILKIN!

OH YEAH?
RUMPELSTIL -
HOLY MACKERAL -
WE'VE GOT
COMPANY!





COME ON YOU GUYS HELP ME LIFT THIS SEAT!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING OLD BEAN!



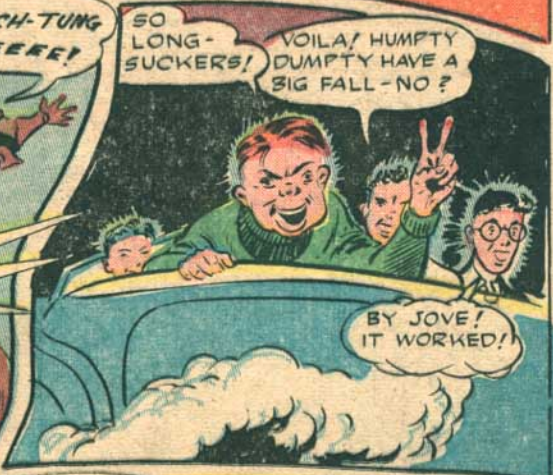
DIS OUGHTA CATCH A COUPLE O' RATS!



GIB ACH-TUNG AIE-EEEE!

SO LONG-SUCKERS!

VOILA! HUMPTY DUMPTY HAVE A BIG FALL-NO?



BY JOVE! IT WORKED!



A WHILE LATER--

END OF THE LINE FELLOWS- WE'RE OUT OF GAS!



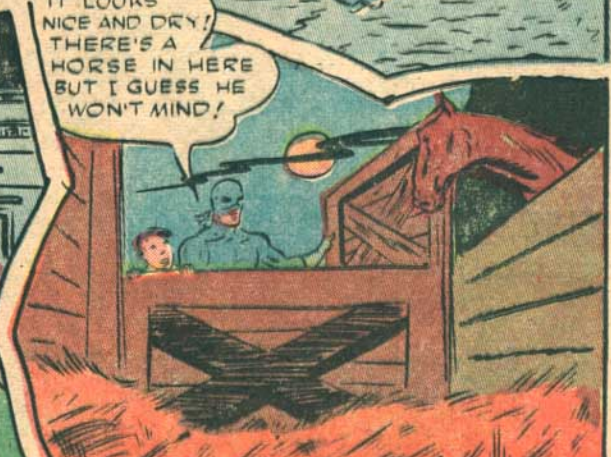
A SLIGHT PUSH AND OVER SHE GOES!



AFTER WALKING SOME DISTANCE--

LOOKS LIKE A RACE TRACK AND STABLES! IT'S A GOOD PLACE TO SPEND THE NIGHT!

WHAT THE SAM HILL IS THAT?



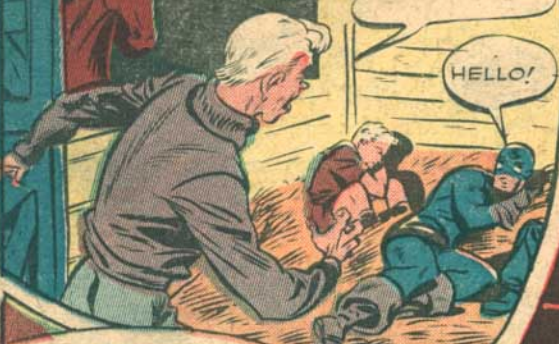
IT LOOKS NICE AND DRY! THERE'S A HORSE IN HERE BUT I GUESS HE WON'T MIND!

THE NEXT DAY AS BOOTS GOES TO THE STABLES TO RUB DOWN HIS HORSES...

WHAT IN TARNATION IS THIS? HEY YOU BUMS! SCRAM!

HELLO YERSELF! WHO ARE YOU GUYS? WHAT'S YER RACKET?

I SEE YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, SO I GUESS I CAN TRUST YOU! I'M CAPTAIN COMMANDO, AND THESE ARE THE BOY SOLDIERS! WE WERE TRAPPED AFTER A RAID AND THE NAZIS ARE LOOKING FOR US!



HELLO!



BUT YOU CAN HELP US - GET THE BOYS JOBS AS JOCKEYS AND A JOB AS A STABLE HAND FOR ME! THE NAZIS WOULD NEVER SUSPECT US AND YOU'D BE DOING YOUR COUNTRY A GREAT SERVICE!

DON'T GIMME THAT PATRIOTIC HOOEY! AFTER THE DIRTY DEAL **MY COUNTRY** GAVE ME, I DON'T OWE IT A THING! GET IT! GO FIND YOURSELVES A HOLE AN' CRAWL INTO IT! BOOTS O'GRADY TAKES CARE OF HIMSELF, SEE!

IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT TALK I'LL THRASH YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE!

NOW AIN'T THAT CUTE? LISTEN, LITTLE LORD FAUNTLE-ROY, ONE MORE CRACK OUTTA YOU AND I'LL KNOCK YA RIGHT OUTTA YER FANCY PANTS!



WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT? LISTEN TO HIM, HE'S ASKIN' FOR IT! THAT DOES IT!



JUST A LITTLE JIU JITSU, HOPE IT DOESN'T HURT TOO MUCH!



WOW! IF THAT PANTYWAIST IS SO TOUGH, WHAT ARE THE OTHERS LIKE? GUESS I'LL STRING ALONG WITH THEM! THEN I'LL TURN THEM IN AND COLLECT A NICE REWARD FOR MYSELF!



YOU MISSED THAT TIME BOOTS!

O.K. I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!

THAT'S BETTER! AFTER A WHILE, PERHAPS, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO ARRANGE WITH A LOCAL FISHERMAN FOR OUR ESCAPE!



LATER THAT SAME DAY... COMMANDOS? ARE YOU KIDDIN', SCHVINE! HAFF YOU 'ZEEN ANY COMM-ANDOS HERE?

FRTIZIE? THERE AIN'T NO ONE HERE BUT US JOCKEYS AND THAT HALF-WIT STABLE HAND!



MEANWHILE FROM HIS PERCH AT BERCHTSDES-GARTEN THE CHIEF VULTURE DICTATES ORDER--

... AND SO I HAFF PICKED YOU MEN TO GOVERN OVER DIS AREA IN FRANCE! HOWEVER YOU ARE NOT TO VISIT THE RACE TRACK LOCATED THERE, UNDER PENALTY OF DEATH!

JA, MEIN, FUEHRER!



--- GAMBLING UND SUCH FOOLISHNESS IS FOR DER VEAK UND DECADENT FRENCHMEN - NOT FOR STRONG, PURE ARYANS LIKE US! GO NOW!



AFTER HIS EMISSARIES LEAVE DER FOEYER DIALS A NUMBER AND WHISPERS INTO THE PHONE ---

HELLO-HELLO! LOOIE? DIS ISS SHICKLEGRUBER--- PLACE TWO MARKS ON SCHNITZLEBAUM TO VIN IN DER FOURTH RACE!

AT THE RACE TRACK, A FEW DAYS LATER--

VE HAFF HEARD, THAT YOU CAN ER-- KAFF--KAFF-- SORT OF FIX A RACE OR TWO!



SURE, I'LL FIX ANYTHING FOR A PRICE!

TWENTY THOUSAND FRANCS? HOWEVER THIS TRANSACTION UND OUR PRESENCE HERE **MUST** BE KEPT A SECRET!

JA! DER FUEHRER WOULDN'T LIKE IT!

UND NEITHER WOULD VE!

SOME MINUTES LATER--

NOW LISTEN YOU GUYS-- I'VE GOT A BIG DEAL ON THIS AFTERNOON, AND YOU'RE GOING TO RIDE IN TODAY'S RACE! I'M SUPPOSED TO PUT ON A GOOD SHOW AND THEN LOSE THE RACE! NOTHING'S TO GO WRONG! SAVVY!

O'BOY!

OKAY! LITTLE BOOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

REMEMBER-- NO SCHLIPS OR DOUBLE-CROSSES!

GEE! WHERE DO THESE GUYS GET THIS KIND OF DOUGH? NO WONDER HALF OF FRANCE IS STARVING!

WELL, IT'S NOT SKIN OFF MY NOSE!

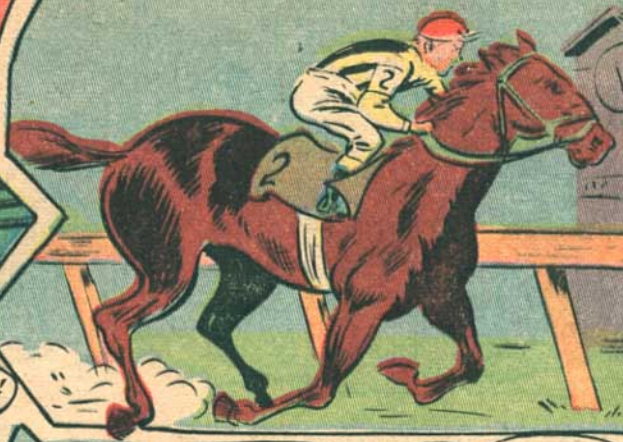


BEFORE THE RACE...

THEY'RE OFF--AT LEAST ONE IS.....

NOW, YOU'RE SURE YA KNOW HOW TO RIDE!

OF COURSE! WHAT'S THERE TO RIDIN' A HORSE?



LET'S LOOK AT THE OTHERS...

HEY, WHO-AH! WHATSA MATTER? Y'GOT ST. VITUS DANCE OR SUMPIN'!



STOP EATIN' GRASS AND GET GOING! DON'T YOU KNOW WE'RE IN A RACE?

MOVE, WILL YA?

BON DIEU! MAYBE THEY ARE IN LOVE--NOW?



LOOK AT THEM MONKEYS! SURE **WE KNOW** HOW T'RIDE! WAIT'LL I GET THOSE GUYS! I'LL KILL 'EM! I'LL MOIDER 'EM!

VE ARE ROINED! DER SCHVINE SHALL PAY FOR DIS!

HE CANT DOO DIS TO US!

ACH DU LIEBER!



YOU DUMB CLUCKS! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO KICK A HORSE WITH YOUR SPURS? I WAS SUPPOSED TO LOSE THIS RACE, NOT WIN IT!

PIG, SVINE, COCHIN! VE HALF BET ALL OUR MONEY ON YOUR LOSING!

YEAH? SO WHAT?

YOU AINT DOIN' A THING TO **ME!** I HAPPEN TO KNOW WHAT YOUR FUEHRER THINKS OF HIS MEN BETTING ON THE NAGS-- GET IT!



OH! OH! HERE COMES TRIPLE TROUBLE!



VY YOU-- YOU--

WHAT NIGHT AT THE STABLES---

I SMELL SMOKE!

THE NAZIS HAVE SET THE TRACK ON FIRE. NEXT IT'LL BE THE STABLES!

THERE GOES ONE WITH A TORCH!

THE HORSES'LL BOIN! THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! THOSE DOITY RATS! IT AIN'T THE HORSES FAULT IF I'M A CROOK--- WHY DON'T THEY TAKE IT OUT ON ME, INSTEAD OF POOR DUMB ANIMALS?

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE LONG AGO! NOW WE'D BETTER HURRY IF WE WANT TO SAVE ANY OF THE HORSES!

THEY STRIVE DESPERATELY TO SAVE THE HORSES---



REVIEWING THEIR HANDWORK FROM A DISTANCE THE NAZIS DISCOVER-

IT IS DER CURSED CAPTAIN COM-MANDO AND HIS COHORTS!

OH! OH! THIS LOOKS LIKE IT! WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

OH, NO? EACH ONE OF YOU MOUNT A HORSE AND FOLLOW ME!

AFTER DEM MEN! CAPTURE DEM DEAD OR ALIVE!



FOLLOWING BOOTS' INSTRUCTIONS THEY QUICKLY MOUNT THEIR HORSES AND CHARGE MADLY THRU THE ONRUSHING NAZIS -----

GOTT IN HIMMEL!



AND SO AFTER A LONG DESPERATE RIDE -----

THE COAST -- AND THERE'S A BOAT!

YEAH, MY BOAT!

PLAYIN' BALL WIT' THOSE NAZIS IS A JITTERY BUSINESS! I BEEN HANGING ON TO THIS SHIFF FOR AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS!



I WUZ GONNA DOUBLE-CROSS YOU GUYS --- BUT WHEN I SEEN 'EM BURN THEM HORSES - POOR, HELPLESS BEAUTIFUL BEASTS - SOMETHING INSIDE ME SNAPPED AND I REALIZED HOW LOW I HAD SUNK! IF ONLY THERE WUZ SOME WAY I COULD SQUARE MYSELF?

MAYBE THERE IS BOOTS! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A COMMANDO?

BOY-O-BOY! COULD I? I'D BET MY LIFE ON YOU GUYS - AND BOOTS O'GRADY ALWAYS BETS ON A SURE THING!



TALKING ABOUT SURE THINGS HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE COMICS #2 YET? DON'T MISS THIS SURE THING IN THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY! IF IT'S AN M.L.J. PUBLICATION, IT'S A SURE THING!!!

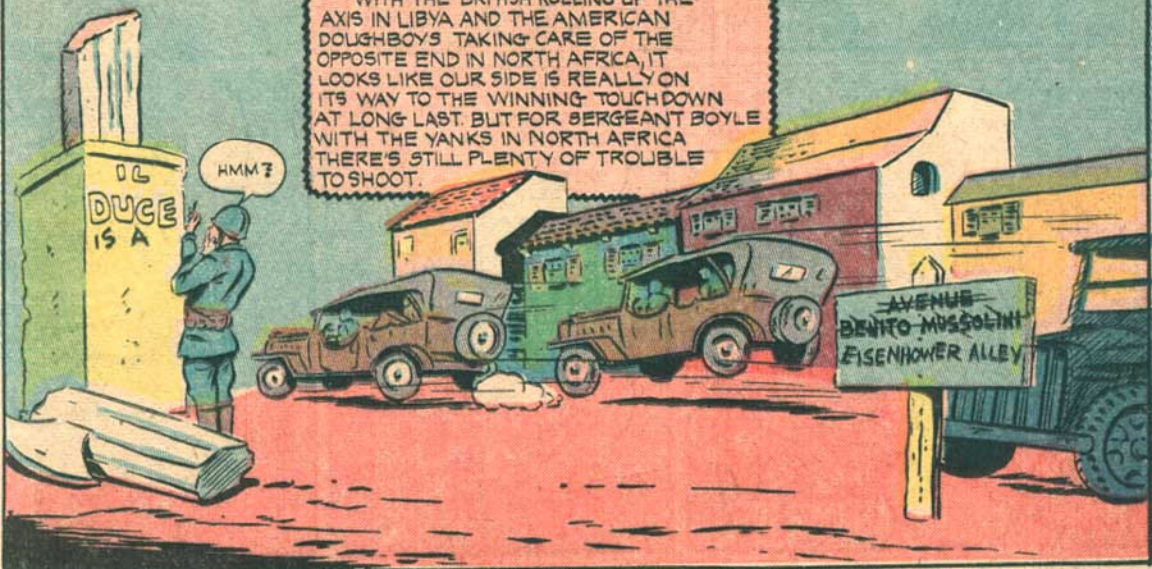
SERGEANT BOYLE

BY HUBBELL



THE YANKS HAVE COME!

WITH THE BRITISH ROLLING UP THE AXIS IN LIBYA AND THE AMERICAN DOUGHBOYS TAKING CARE OF THE OPPOSITE END IN NORTH AFRICA, IT LOOKS LIKE OUR SIDE IS REALLY ON ITS WAY TO THE WINNING TOUCHDOWN AT LONG LAST. BUT FOR SERGEANT BOYLE WITH THE YANKS IN NORTH AFRICA THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF TROUBLE TO SHOOT.



WHILE RESTING UP BETWEEN PATROLS, BOYLE AND SOME OF THE BOYS ARE PLAYING A FRIENDLY LITTLE GAME...

WELL, THAT CLEANS ME OUT!

ME TOO! REMIND ME TO HIDE THE CARDS NEXT TIME YOU COME AROUND, SARGE!

WHAT? THROUGH ALREADY?

HEY, SARGE! THE GENERAL WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!

THANKS, BO! HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME!

DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME, GENERAL?

COME IN, BOYLE! WE'RE WAITING FOR YOU!





WILL YOU STOP GRUMBLING! I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO GO, YOU VOLUNTEERED! REMEMBER!

SURE I VOLUNTEERED. THINK I'D LET YOU HANDLE SUCH A DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT BY YOURSELF?



HOURS LATER, OVER SARDINIA



I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF ANYTHING. LOOKS LIKE AN AIR FIELD FROM UP HERE!

GUESS WE BETTER LAND AND TAKE A GOOD LOOK! HANG ONTO YOUR HAT, TWERP!



WH-WHAT'S THAT??



THAT AIRPLANE WE HEARDA, HE'S GONE NOW!

BEEG SPLASH FROMA DA LAKE!



UGH! OF ALL THE PLACES WE COULD'VE LANDED, YOU WOULD PICK A MUD-HOLE!

LOOK! THERE'S A LAKE OVER THERE! WE CAN CLEAN UP A LITTLE!



HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER? COME ON IN, YOU BIG SISSY!

NOT ME! THAT WATER LOOKS TOO GOLD! I'M DOIN' ALL RIGHT THIS WAY!



UHP! W-WOMEN! GO AWAY! WE HAVEN'T G-GOT ANY CLOTHES ON!

OH! ENGLIESHA SPIES! COME OUTA DERE! YOU CAN GETA DRESSED INA DA BUSHES! WE WAIT FOR YOU!

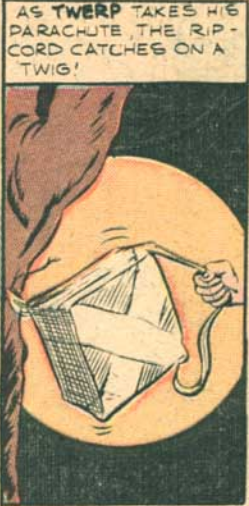
GOSH! WE SURE ARE IN A SPOT! WHAT'LL WE DO, SARGE?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? YOU GOT US INTO THIS JAM, NOW GET US OUT!



OH! I WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY GUN!! SEE YOU HAVE IT!

YES, YOU NO GOODA SPY, AND I CAN SHOOTA, SO COME WITHA ME!



AS TWERP TAKES HIS PARACHUTE, THE RIP-CORD CATCHES ON A TWIG!



?



ATTSÄ MÄTTÄ! LOOKÄ MÄRIÄ! IT'SÄ REÄL SILK!

MARRONE! SPUMONI! IT'SÄ MAGNIFICENT!



SAY! IF YOU TURNED US IN, THE AUTHORITIES WILL KEEP THOSE CHUTES! NOW, LADIES, IF YOU'RE SMART, AND LET US GO, MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A LITTLE PRIVATE DEAL!

WELL... MUSSOLINI HE WOULDÄ NOT LIKE IT... BUT...



OKAY! IT'SÄ A DEAL THEN? WHAT DO YOU SAY?

SURE THINGÄ, WE NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE!

*HOT DOG! NOW WE CAN LOOK FOR THAT SECRET AIR BASE!



HOURS LATER

SARGE, WE'VE COMBED EVERY INCH OF THIS JOINT! WE'LL NEVER FIND IT!

IT SURE LOOKS THAT WAY! WE MIGHT ÄS WELL HEAD BACK!



YEOW! WHAT'S THAT?

BÄTCHIGÄLUP PÄSTÄFÄSUL



IT'S COMING FROM IN THERE ÄLL RIGHT!

TWERP, YOU DID IT! YOU FOUND THEIR SECRET AIR-FIELD! IT'S RIGHT UNDER THIS HILL!

PÄSTÄFÄSUL ÄTTSÄ MÄTTÄ NOSPICÄDÄ ITALIANÄ ... MUSSLE INN!



A COUPLE OF BLOCK BUSTER GRENADES WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

WATSA DEES?



BOOM!

THEY WON'T BE USING THAT FIELD FOR A WHILE! RUN TWERP!



HALTA! POOSH UP DA HAND!

SPAGHETTIES!



THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO HOLD A GUN...SEE?



OW!

URG!

BANG!



TAKEN PRISONER BOYLE AND TWERP ARE TAKEN TO THE PRISON CAMP...

YOU SAY WE CAN'T KEEP YOU COOPED UP HERE? THAT'S A RIGHT! IN THE MORN-ING YOU WILL BE HUNG! HA! HA!

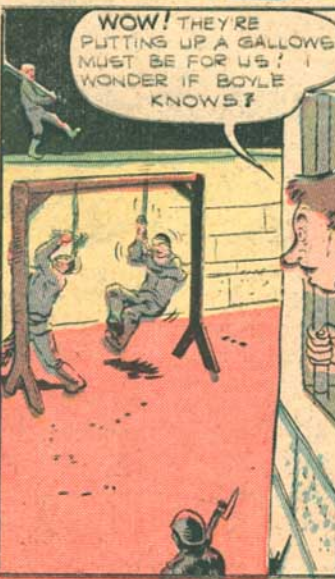
HA! HA! WHY DON'T YOU TORTURE US TO DEATH? AND HAVE A GOOD LAUGH? OW! TAKE IT EASY, DOC!



MEANWHILE TWERP IS BUSY IN THE KITCHEN...

I'D GIVE MY RIGHT ARM TO TAKE A POKE AT THAT 6*!?!* COOK!! WHAT'S ALL THAT BANGIN'?

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK



WOW! THEY'RE PUTTING UP A GALLOWES! MUST BE FOR US! I WONDER IF BOYLE KNOWS?



HEY! BRINGA MY WINE IN HERE! HURRY!

THAT GUY'D MAKE A GOOD FOS HORN!

COMING! COMING!



ABOUTA TIME!
PUT IT DOWN
AN GET OUTA
HERE!

BOYLE!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

PLAYING
POKER! WHAT
DOES IT LOOK
LIKE?



OH! POKER HUH?
HEH, HEH! TRIM
HIS EARS OFF
SARGE!

I GOTTA FULLA
HOUSE! WHATA
YOU GOT? HA!
YOU LOSE!
AGAIN!

WELL, WELL!
SO I DO!
GUESS THIS
ISN'T MY
LUCKY
NIGHT!



GOSH! I
NEVER SAW
YOU DROP A
GAME BEFORE!
HOW FAR A-
HEAD ARE
YOU?

AHEAD?
I'M LOSING!
HOW MUCH
DO I OWE
YOU, WEASEL-
PUGGS?



ATS A FEEFTY-
FOUR TOUNSAND-
LIRAS, OR ATA
PRESENT RATE
OF EXCHANGE,
JUSTA 1800
DOLLARS!



1800 BUCKS! WOW!
SAY, I'LL TOSS YOU
FOR IT! DOUBLE OR
NOTHING! HEADS
YOU WIN, TAILS I
LOSE! WHAT DO
YOU SAY?

HE MOSTA BE
NOTTS!

HOKAY, I
GEEBY YOU
ONE LASTA
CHANCE!



YOU LOSE!
ITSA TAILS!
YOU OWE-A
ME 3600
DOLLARS!

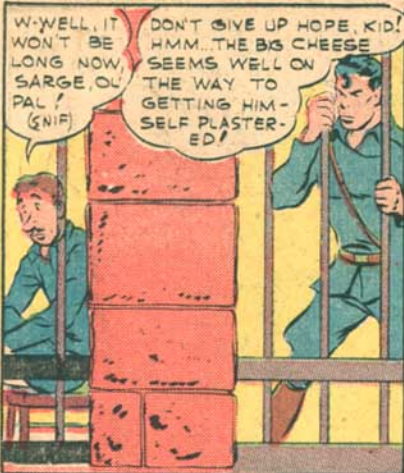


TSK! TSK!
OH WELL, EASY
COME, EASY GO!
TOO BAD I CAN'T
PAY UP!



WHAT?
CANTA
PAY?

NO! HOW COULD I?
YOU THINK I CARRY IT
AROUND WITH ME? ALL
MY DOUGH IS IN AFRICA!
WELL, I THINK I'LL TURN
IN! GIVE ME A HAND WITH
CAPT. TWERP, WILL YOU?
HE SEEMS TO HAVE
FAINTED!



W-WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SARGE, OL' PAL! (SNIF)

DON'T GIVE UP HOPE, KID! HMM...THE BIG CHEESE SEEMS WELL ON THE WAY TO GETTING HIMSELF PLASTERED!



3600 DOLLARS! ALLA DA NEW UNIFORMS I COULDA BUY WITHA THAT MONEY! HIC! HIC!



DA CHANCE HE'S A KNOCKS ONCE! I WILL TELLA HEEM I FIXA UP HEES ESCAPE IF HE GETS DA MAZUMA! HIC! I CAN ALWAYS HANG HIMA LATER!



SHHH! DON'TA MAKA NO NOISE! HIC! I ARRANGEA YOUR RELEASE! CAN YOU GET THATA 3600 DOLLARS?

IT'S A CINCH! YOU LET US OUT OF HERE AN' WE'LL BEND YOU THE DOUGH AS SOON AS WE HIT AFRICA!



YOU TINK I'M A CRAZE? YOU WRITE LETTERS FIRST! WHEN DA MONEY, HE'S ARRIVE, YOU GO! HIC! WRITE!

OH, I SEE! I'D HAVE TO THINK IT OVER FIRST!

BURP EXCUSA ME!



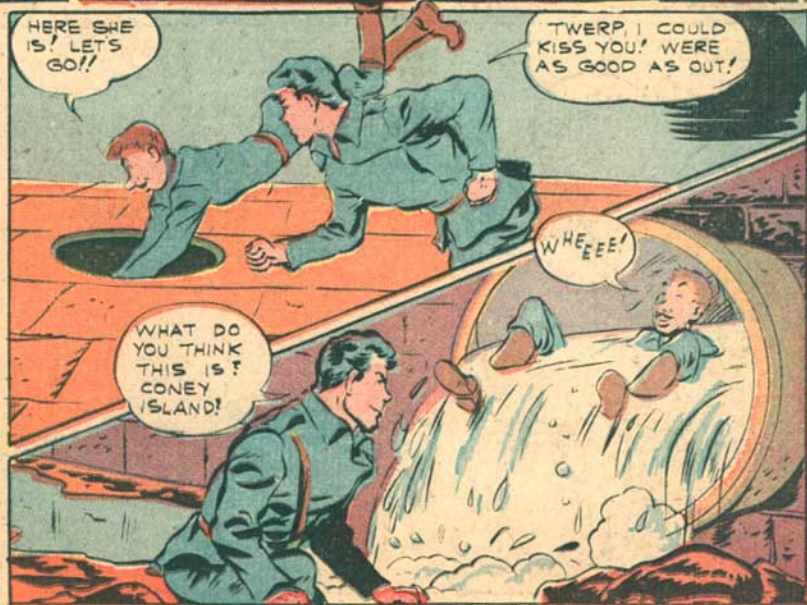
HURRY! MAKE UPA YOUR MIND! OOF!

SORRY! WE CAN'T WAIT SO LONG! I GUESS WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DO IT THIS WAY!



COME ON, SARGE! THERE'S A SEWER IN THE KITCHEN!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU! SOON AS I MAKE OUR PAL COMFORTABLE!



HERE SHE IS! LET'S GO!!

TWERP! I COULD KISS YOU! WERE AS GOOD AS OUT!

WHEEE!

WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS? CONEY ISLAND!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR CRATE, AND QUICK! I HOPE WE MAKE IT!

LOOK! THERE'S A PLANE LANDING UP AHEAD!



HERE COMES THE PILOT! KEEP DOWN! HE HAIN'T SEEN US YET!



HALT! WHO GOES THERE?



HOLY CATS! LOOK, SARGE! IT'S THAT FRENCH GENERAL, FORAIN!

SO HE'S STILL WORKING WITH THE ITALIANS! I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A PONEVY! ...HEY, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



WELL, WELL! HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE?

OH, IT'S A YOU AGAIN! HOW YOU LIKE OUR NEW SPRINGA OUTFITS?



GOODBY!



LATER, BACK IN AFRICA...

KEEP MOVING, GENERAL!

YOU FOOL! I TELL YOU YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!

BOYLE! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? UNHAND GENERAL FORAIN AT ONCE!



JEEPS, BOYLE, HOW WERE WE TO KNOW THAT GENERAL FORAIN CAME ALL THE WAY OVER TO RESCUE US?

STOP TALKING ABOUT IT! IT'S YOUR DEAL, TWERP!

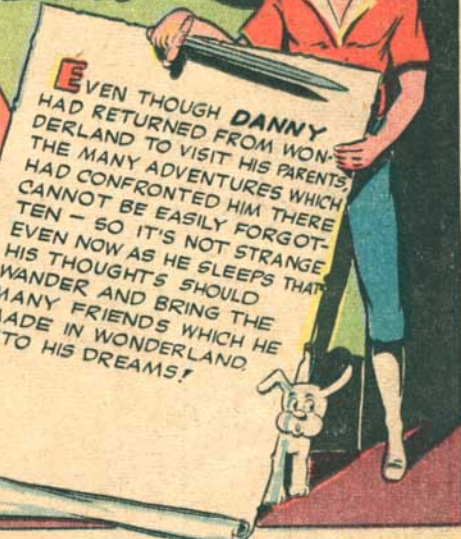
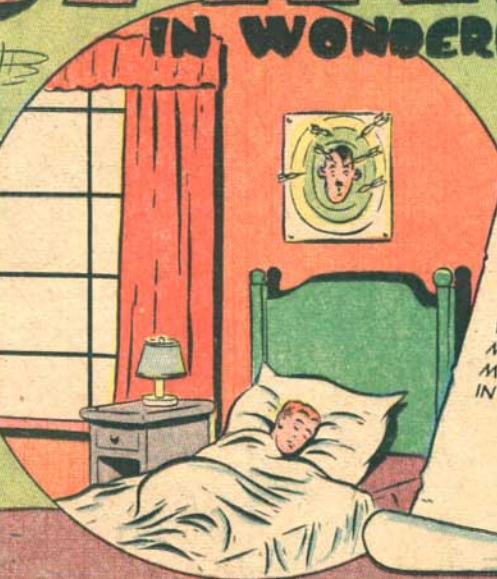


LAUGH YOUR TROUBLES AWAY EVERY ISSUE OF PEP COMICS WITH SERGEANT BOYLE

By "RED" HOLMDALE

DANNY

IN WONDERLAND

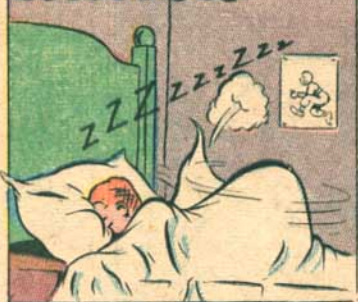


EVEN THOUGH **DANNY** HAD RETURNED FROM WONDERLAND TO VISIT HIS PARENTS, THE MANY ADVENTURES WHICH HAD CONFRONTED HIM THERE CANNOT BE EASILY FORGOTTEN - SO IT'S NOT STRANGE EVEN NOW AS HE SLEEPS THAT HIS THOUGHTS SHOULD WANDER AND BRING THE MANY FRIENDS WHICH HE MADE IN WONDERLAND INTO HIS DREAMS!

OH/OH! IT LOOKS LIKE DANNY IS GETTING RESTLESS!



HE'S NOT ONLY RESTLESS BUT SEEMS TO BE HAVING A NIGHT MARE-----



WHEW-WHAT A DREAM-I! I THOUGHT I HEARD THE GOOD FAIRY CALLING FOR HELP! GOSH I WONDER IF IT REALLY WAS A DREAM!



GOLLY! THAT DREAM SEEMED AWFULLY REAL - I'M GONNA GET DRESSED - MAYBE THEY NEED ME IN WONDERLAND!



I'M ALL SET-NOW TO GET BACK TO WONDERLAND! I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME HELP THOUGH!



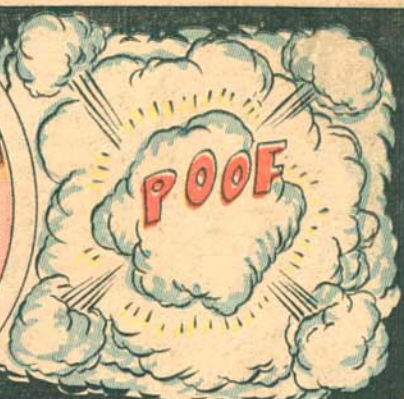
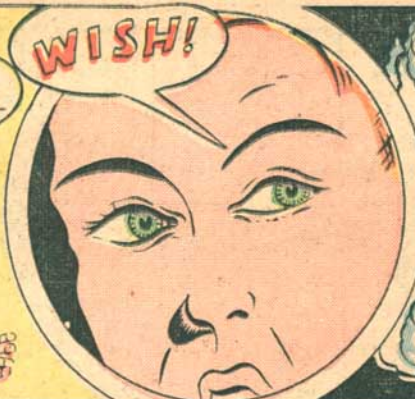
SAY - HOW ABOUT YOU - YES I'M TALKING TO ALL YOU SWELL BOYS AND GIRLS WHO ARE READING THIS MAGAZINE! WILL YOU HELP ME GET BACK TO WONDERLAND?



WELL IF YOU'LL ALL WISH WHEN I SAY SO! I'M SURE THAT'LL HELP! SO IF YOU'RE ALL READY-GET ON YOUR MARK, GET SET, AND-



WISH!



JEEPERS-THAT WAS SWELL-NOW TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS AND-HUH? WHO'S CALLING?



PSST HEY DANNY!

IT'S ME-LOOK-DOWN HERE- WHISTLE!



WELL I'LL BE-KUPPIE AND SNAPPER!

BOY I'M SURE GLAD TO BE BACK IN WONDERLAND WITH YOU!

YEAH, AND DANNY WE SURE NEED YOUR HELP UP HERE!



WHAT IS THE MATTER KUPPIE?



GOSH, EVER SINCE YOU LEFT US-WONDERLAND HAS BEEN OVER-RUN BY SUPER-STITION AND NOT ONLY THAT!

BUT EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE UNABLE TO DO ANY-THING ABOUT IT!



HMM-I GUESS THERE WAS SOME TRUTH TO MY DREAM AFTER ALL! C'MON KUPPIE LET'S GO AND SEE THE GOOD FAIRY!



LATER---DANNY HAS GONE TO THE PALACE OF THE GOOD FAIRY!



I'M SURE GLAD YOU CAME BACK TO HELP US DANNY-BECAUSE IT LOOKS LIKE WONDERLAND IS DOOMED!



DON'T WORRY GOOD FAIRY, KUPPIE-SNAPPER AND I WON'T REST TILL WE'VE DEFEATED SUPERSTITION!



OH! OH! HERE COMES TROUBLE!





GEE, WE NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT-GOSH, THANKS FOR TELLING US - WE'LL RIP UP ALL THE FLOORS RIGHT AWAY!

WELL I'LL BE



BOY, THEY MUST BE ALL CRAZY! EH, DANNY?

NO KUPPIE, THEY'RE JUST VICTIMS OF SUPERSTITION!



WOW - IT'S SURE GETTING DARK, EH, DANNY!

YEAH THAT'S BECAUSE OF THE CLOUD OF SUPERSTITION!



YI! BLACK CATS! GEE THAT'S BAD LUCK!

FORGET IT, KUPPIE AND DON'T BE SUPERSTITIOUS!



WHO ME - EH? HOLY SMOKES, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HEH! HEH! SAY SHORT, DARK AND HANDSOME! DON'T YOU THINK I'M BEAUTIFUL?

BEAUTIFUL, HUH? WHY--WHY----



HEY, DON'T FORGET WHAT THE GOOD FAIRY TOLD YOU!

BUT I WAS JUST GONNA TELL HER THAT SHE WAS---



NEVER MIND-- I KNOW WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO TELL HER---



BUT THE FAIRY SAID THAT WE MUST ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH!

VERY WELL! THEN SHE'S THE UGLIEST WOMAN THAT I'VE EVER SEEN!

YI!



WITH KUPPIE'S WORDS THE WITCH DISAPPEARS!



WOW! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE IS SHE?

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU TOLD A LIE!



LATER--

IT'S GETTING LATE, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT?

NOW YOU'RE TALKING! BOY AM I TIRED!



HELLO - WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE I KNOW MARSH-MELLOWS GROW?

GULP! - FOOD? SURE - I'LL GET DANNY TOO!



OH NO, DON'T WAKE HIM UP! COME ALONE!



HOLY SMOKES! ARE THEY REAL?

BUT OF COURSE! AND THEY'RE VERY GOOD! HAVE ONE!



BUT SNAPPER IS THE FIRST TO SAMPLE THE MARSH-MELLOWS---

OW



OH/OH! THEY'RE ALIVE! MAYBE IM SCARED AFTER ALL!

AND AT THIS MOMENT---



YI! THEY'RE TURNING INTO-- INTO GHOSTS! C'MON SNAPPER, LET'S GET OUT TA HERE!

OH, DANNY HALP!



KUPPY'S CRY BRINGS THE DANNY TO THE RESCUE-- BUT---

COMING KUPPY-- WHERE ARE YOU?



BUT DANNY FALLS INTO A PIT AND IS SWALLOWED BY THE EARTH----



KUPPY AND SNAPPER!

GEE DANNY, IM SORRY I GOT YOU INTO THIS!



DON'T BE, KUPPY-- THIS IS LUCKY-- WE'VE REACHED THE VERY HEART OF SUPER-STITITION LAND-- NOW TO FIND THE CHIEF!

I'LL BET HE'S IN THAT ROOM THERE!



THERE HE IS KUPPY LET'S RUSH HIM!



IF YOU DON'T BREAK THE SPELL OVER WONDERLAND - WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY YOU!

B-BUT I ONLY MANAGE THE PLACE FOR THE DEVIL - I'M REALLY NOT A BAD GUY YOU KNOW!

YOU'RE NOT? LOOK AT YOURSELF - YOU MUST HAVE A GUILTY CONSCIENCE!

B-BUT I HAVE NO CONSCIENCE - THE DEVIL STOLE IT!

AND HE WON'T GIVE IT BACK TO ME TILL I'VE ANNEXED WONDERLAND WITH SUPERSTITION LAND!

DON'T YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T BARGAIN WITH THE DEVIL!



I'LL SOON SEE IF YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH - I'LL GET YOUR CONSCIENCE FROM THE DEVIL!

THAT'S THE WAY TO HIS PRIVATE CHAMBERS, BUT DON'T LET HIM KNOW I SENT YOU!

C'MON KUPPIE! THIS IS DOING MORE THAN THE FAIRY TOLD US TO DO!

JEEPERS! WHAT'LL WE DO - IT'S A WALL OF FLAME!

HMM - I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HAW! HAW! THE HEAT'S REFLECTING OFF MY MIRROR AND GETTING HIM GOOD!



HMM I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE WASTEFUL WITH THIS FUEL RATIONING GOING ON!

SAY THERE'S THE DEVIL - WAIT'LL I GET MY MIRROR OUT!

OUCH!



WITH HIS SWORD DANNY CUTS A HOLE IN THE WALL OF FLAMES --- THEREBY GAINING ENTRANCE TO THE DEVIL'S CHAMBERS!

WHY YOU - YOU! DON'T YOU KNOW I'M THE DEVIL - GET THE DEVIL OUTTA HERE BEFORE I...



C'MON KUPPIE, LET'S JUMP HIM!



NOW DEVIL TELL US WHERE YOU'VE GOT ALL THE PEOPLES CONSCIENCE HIDDEN!



OVER IN THAT CORNER!

I'LL GET 'EM DANNY!



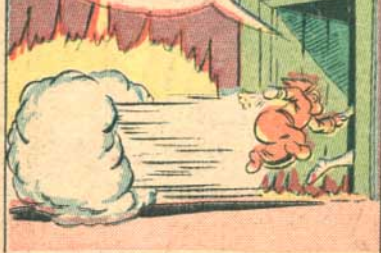
SAY SOME OF THESE ARE SHINY AND THE REST ARE ALL BLACK!



THE BLACK ONES BELONG TO THE DEVIL - THE OTHERS DON'T! C'MON QUICK!



WE'VE GOTTA GET BACK AND DISTRIBUTE THESE CONSCENCES BEFORE WONDERLAND BECOMES OVERRUN BY SUPERSTITION!



WELL IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYBODY IS GOING TO BE HAPPY AGAIN!



COME AND GET 'EM FOLKS!

NOW THAT YOU'RE ALL TRANSFORMED BACK TO YOUR NATURAL SELVES WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT COMING TO JOIN WONDERLAND?



HEY DANNY, WHAT ABOUT THE BLACK CLOUDS - HOW'RE WE GONNA GET RID OF IT!



HORRAY FOR WONDERLAND

OH THAT - SEE THIS FURNACE - WELL THE CHIMNEY COMES OUT AT THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN! IT BURNED THE WITCHES BLACK MAGIC - BUT SEE IT'S NEARLY BURNT OUT NOW!



NOW WE'LL THROW ALL THE WITCHES' CLOTHES AND THINGS IN THE FIRE, AND THEN GO OUTSIDE AND WATCH THE RESULTS!



GOSH THE CLOUD TURNED TO A RAINBOW!

MEANWHILE - BACK AT DANNY'S HOME -

IT'S A NOTE FROM DANNY - HE'S GONE BACK TO WONDERLAND - OH WELL I GUESS THEY NEED HIM THERE!

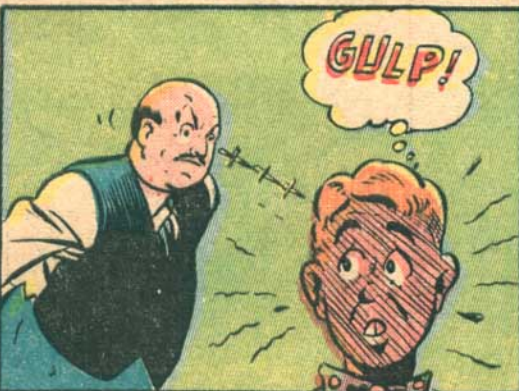
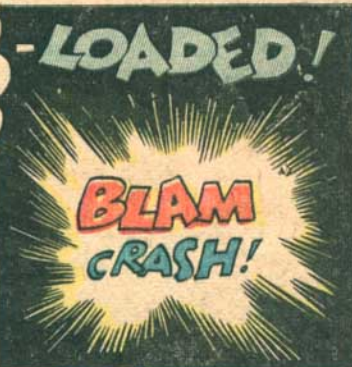
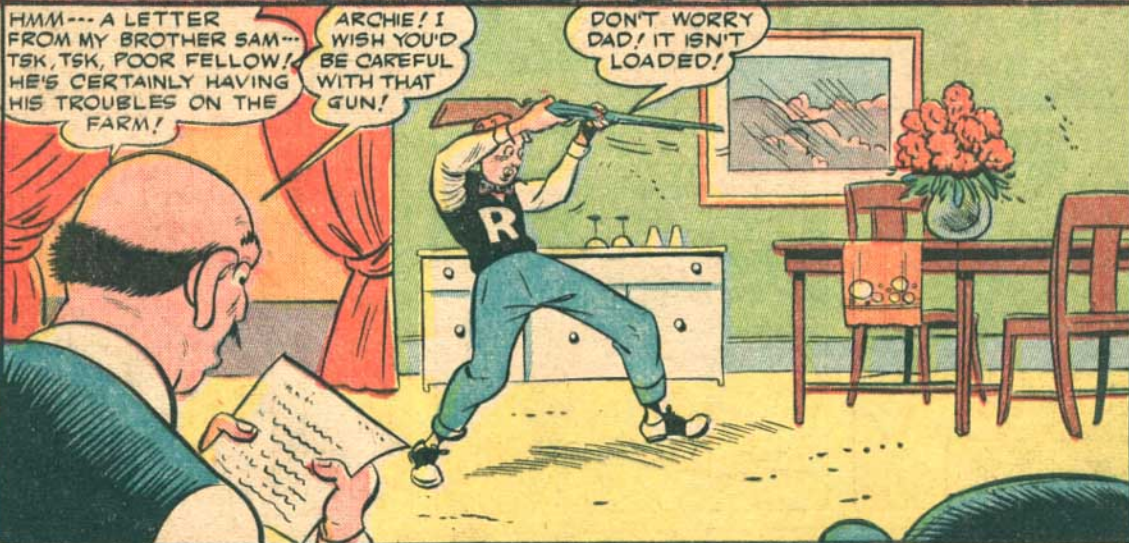


YES, MOTHER, I GUESS SO!

NEXT MONTH DANNY AND KUPPY WILL BE BACK WITH ANOTHER ADVENTURE IN WONDERLAND - WATCH FOR IT - IN PEP COMICS!

Archie

by
Montana

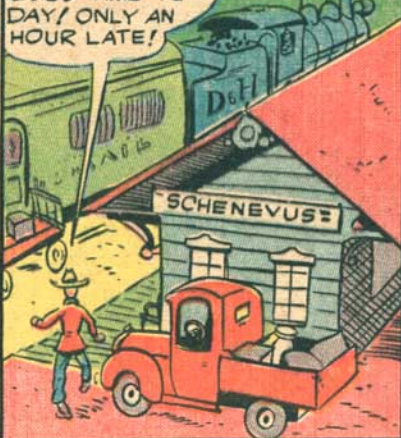


ARCHIE SHOULD BE IN ON THE 3:15. I'LL GO DOWN ON TO THE STATION AND PICK HIM UP!



BUST MY BRITCHES!

THE TRAIN MADE GOOD TIME TODAY! ONLY AN HOUR LATE!

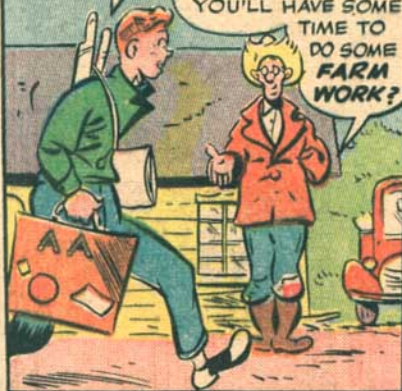


HELLO UNCLE SAM! HOW ARE AUNT AGGIE AND GRANDMA? YOU SURE ARE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! HERE, SON, LET ME HELP YOU WITH YOUR LUGGAGE!



THANKS UNCLE, I CAN HANDLE 'EM MYSELF!

HMM--FISHING ROD, RIFLE--YOU LOOK LIKE YOU CAME HERE FOR A VACATION! THINK YOU'LL HAVE SOME TIME TO DO SOME FARM WORK?

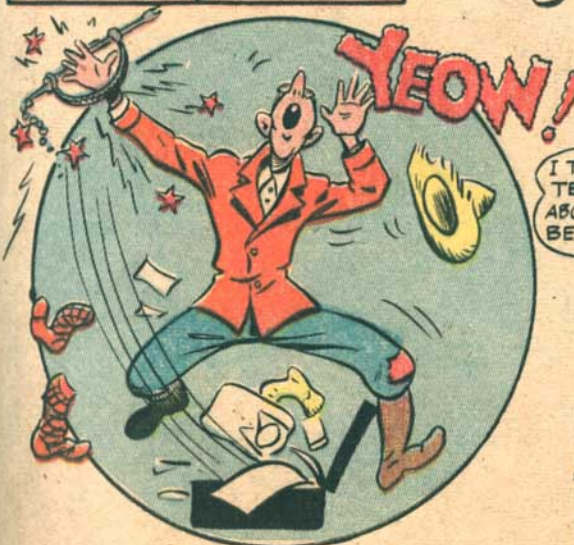


OOOPS!



UNCLE SAM, BE CAREFUL! THERE'S A ---

OH--THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ARCHIE, I'LL PICK UP THESE CLOTHES!



HOLD IT, SAM I'LL HAVE IT OFF IN A MINUTE!

OOOOO--- I'LL NEED AN AMPUTATION FER SURE!

I TRIED TO TELL HIM ABOUT THAT BEAR TRAP!





CONSNRIN IT!
YOU HAVEN'T
CHANGED
ANY SINCE
THE LAST
TIME YA
VISITED WITH
US!



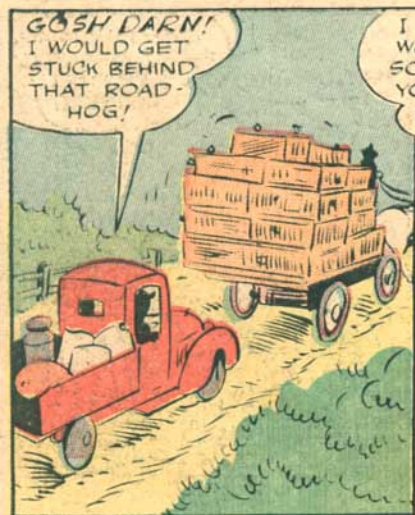
NOW HOW IN
TARNATION
AM I GONNA
DRIVE WITH
THIS HAND?

DON'T WORRY,
UNCLE! I'LL
DRIVE THE
TRUCK
FOR YOU!



DONT DRIVE SO
FAST, WILL YA?
I PAY GOOD
TAXES FER
THESE ROADS!
MIGHT AS
WELL RIDE
ON EM-
NOT OVER
EM!

GOLLY! I'M ONLY
TRYING TO GET
YOU HOME IN A
HURRY SO
YOU CAN
TAKE CARE
OF THAT
HAND!

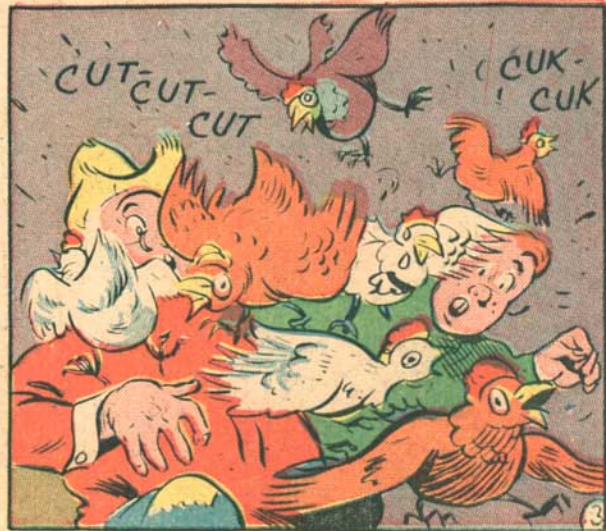
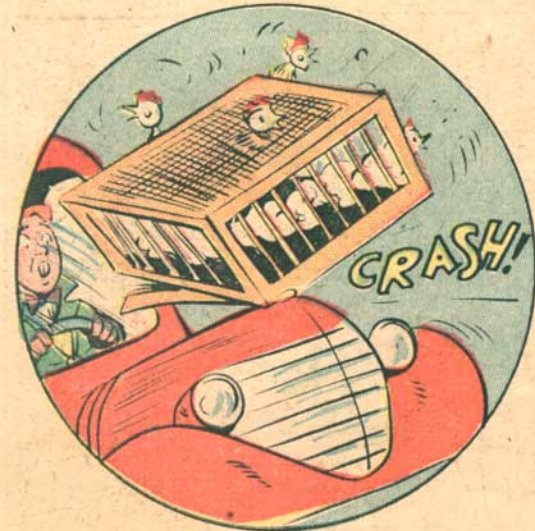


GOSH DARN!
I WOULD GET
STUCK BEHIND
THAT ROAD-
HOG!



I WISH YOU
WOULDN'T STAY
SO CLOSE TO HIM!
YOU MAKE ME
NERVOUS!

DON'T WORRY!
WE CITY DRIVERS
KNOW ALL THE TRICKS
OF THE ROAD - I'LL SOON
PASS HIM UP!

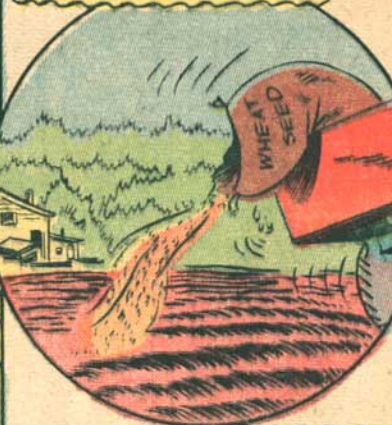
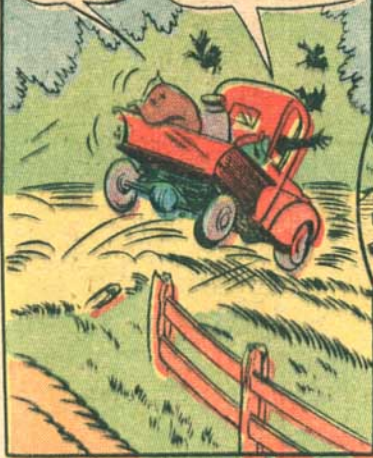


SHOO, SHOO
DARN
YOU!

ARCHIE! WATCH
OUT! WE'RE GOING
OFF THE ROAD!

RIGHT THROUGH FARMER
RAMSEY'S NEWLY PLANTED
CORN FIELD -----

STOP! CONSNARN
YE! YER RUININ'
MY FRESH FUR-
ROWED FIELDS!



AND SO FAR IN-
TO THE NIGHT--

WHAT ARE YOU SQUAWK-
ING ABOUT? WE
SPILLED ALL OUR
WHEAT!

YEEOW

KEEP ON PICKIN', DAG NAB
IT! I AIN'T LETTIN' YA GO
TIL YE'VE PICKED EVERY
ONE O' THEM **WHEAT**
GRAINS OUTTA MY
CORN FIELD!



NEXT MORNING ----

STILL LATER-- WUNDER WHAT
KIN BE KEEPIN' SAM SO LONG?
OH, I HEAR A MOTOR, THAT
MUST BE SAM AND ARCHIE
NOW! THAT BOY SHOULD BE
A **BIG HELP TO SAM!**

HELLO, AUNT
AGGIE!
OOOO MY
BACK! MY
HAND----
MY HEAD!



SUCH A SPECTACLE
YOU MADE OF
YOURSELF LAST
NIGHT! I HOPE YOU
DIDN'T PUT ANY
WRONG IDEAS IN
NEPHEW ARCHIE'S
HEAD!

LAND
O' GOSHEN
WHATEVER
HAVE YOU
BEEN UP
TO, SAM
ANDREWSE!

LET'S NOT
TALK ABOUT
IT, AGGIE! IS
THE BOY UP YET?





HERE I BE UNCLE SAM-- DAGNAB IT!

?!?



WHERE IN TARNATION DID YOU EVER DREAM UP THAT OUTFIT?

I DIDN'T DREAM IT UP! I SAW A PICTURE OF TOM SAWYER ONCE AND THIS IS WHAT HE WORE!



WE'LL GO SEE, "THE GRAPES OF WRATH", YOU GO BACK UPSTAIRS AND PUT ON SOME CLOTHES YOU CAN WORK IN!



OKAY, UNCLE SAM, I'M RARIN'! T' GO! WHAT DO I DO FIRST?

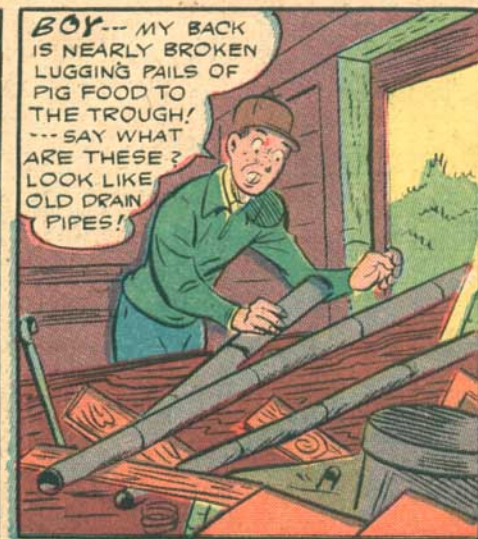
FEED THE PIGS!



FEED PIGS! HUH? THAT'S NOT MY IDEA OF FARM LIFE! I FIGURED ON BRANDING COWS AT LEAST!



PHEW--- HOW MUCH DO THESE PIGS EAT, ANYWAY?



BOY--- MY BACK IS NEARLY BROKEN LUGGING PAILS OF PIG FOOD TO THE TROUGH! --- SAY WHAT ARE THESE? LOOK LIKE OLD DRAIN PIPES!



IDEA IDEA IDEA IDEA IDEA IDEA

BY CRACKY! WHAT'S ARCHIE UP TO NOW WITH ALL THAT HAMMERING?

BANG
KNOCK
KNOCK
BANG



OH, WELL, AS LONG AS HE KEEPS OUTTATROUBLE I'M SATISFIED!



THE HOG-FEED POURING FROM ARCHIE'S NEW INVENTION HURTTLES UNCLE SAM OVER THE TROUGH INTO THE PIG STY!



AND INTO THE FIG-PUDDE ----



SLUP SLUP

THAT NIGHT---- THE FARM WILL DO ARCHIE (AND ME) A WORLD OF GOOD! MAKE A MAN OF HIM!



I SUPPOSE SO (SIGH)-- OH, THERE'S THE DOORBELL! I'LL ANSWER IT!



ARCHIE!

HELLO FOLKS --- UNCLE SAM SAID HED BE ABLE TO HANDLE THE FARM HIMSELF WHEN THE DOCTOR LET S HIM OUT OF BED!

The End!

There is no Rationing on **Laughs**

IN THE NEW MAY

ZIP

COMICS!!

HERE HE IS GANG,
THE **TOP LAUGH-**
MAKER OF THEM
ALL ---- **SEÑOR**
BANANA!

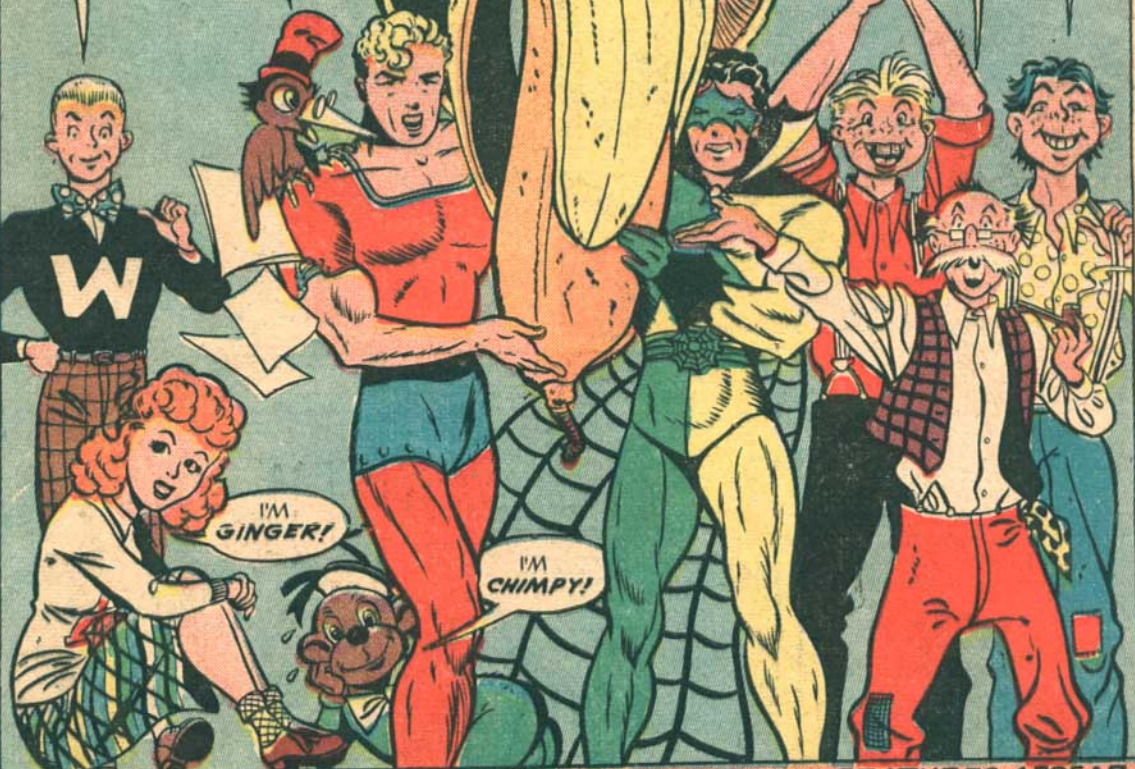
I'M STILL
AROUND,
GANG ---
WILBUR
WILKINS OF
WESTFIELD!

DON'T FORGET
ME, STEEL!
WOODY THE
WOODPECKER!

I'M
SLAPPY
YUK, YUK,
YUK!

I'M
PAPPY!

I'M
HAPPY!



I'M
GINGER!

I'M
CHIMPY!

ALL THESE BRAND NEW, UNBELIEVABLY FUNNY FEATURES APPEAR
IN THE MAY ZIP COMICS! MAY ZIP WILL APPEAR ON SALE
ALMOST ANY DAY, NOW! TAKE A TIP, BUY **ZIP!**

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD



A THICK PEA-SOUP FOG HANGS OMINOUSLY OVER LONDON'S THAMES RIVER. IT IS NIGHT AND THE EERIE ATMOSPHERE IS PUNCTUATED BY THE LOW MOAN OF TUGBOATS.

IN AN EFFORT TO GET AWAY FROM HIS STUFFY OFFICE, **BENTLEY** OF SCOTLAND YARD STROLLS THROUGH THE RUINED CITY.

SUDDENLY HE COMES UPON THE WEIRDEST CASE OF HIS CAREER ----

AS HE STUMBLES OVER A **CORPSE** WASHED UP ON THE BEACH -- A **GRINNING CORPSE!**

COME WITH **BENTLEY** AND TRY TO HELP HIM SOLVE

THE CASE OF THE LAUGHING CORPSE!



AS BENTLEY EXAMINES THE "LAUGHING CORPSE"
A TAXI DRIVES PAST---

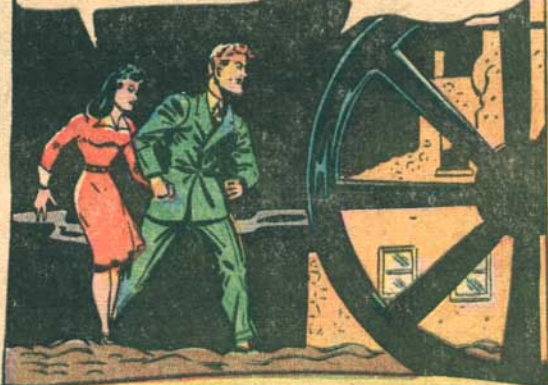
LOOK EVELYN,
A BODY!

STOP THE
TAXI, DRIVER!



AND THERE'S
ANOTHER MAN
BENDING OVER
IT? I WANT TO SEE?

KEEP BACK!
THIS IS NOTHING
FOR A WOMAN
TO LOOK AT!



WHAT IS IT, GEORGE?
WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

PLEASE EVELYN!
PLEASE DON'T
LOOK!!

OH NO!!
IT'S--- IT'S JOHN
MY HUSBAND!



MEANWHILE BENTLEY
FETCHES A "BOBBY"

HURRY UP,
OFFICER! A
CORPSE HAS
BEEN WASHED
ASHORE!

RIGHTO!

BLIMEY 'E
CERTAINLY IS
ALL WASHED
UP, EH SIR?



LOOK AT
HIS FACE HE'S
LAUGHING!

I'M BENTLEY OF
SCOTLAND YARD!
HAVE THE CORONER EX-
AMINE THIS BODY TO DE-
TERMINE HOW HE DIED!

I'LL DO
THAT, SIR!



*"BOBBY" IS THE ENGLISH
NICKNAME FOR A POLICEMAN!

NOW YOU TWO--- I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE. WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S GEORGE MARINER. I WAS DRIVING PAST WITH MRS. FRAGGUS, HERE AND WE JUST HAPPENED TO SEE THE BODY.

THAT'S TRUE! THE B-BODY OF M-MY HUSBAND -- YOU SEE --- I--I-- DIDN'T LOVE HIM ANYMORE---

... B-BUT TO FIND HIM **DEAD!** **MURDERED!** IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!



HMM, WHY SHOULD MRS. FRAGGUS THINK IT'S MURDER WHEN IT COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE BEEN SUICIDE !!!

YOU TWO ARE COMING WITH ME TO SCOTLAND YARD RIGHT NOW. TAXI! TAXI!

ROUND UP EVERYONE DR. FRAGGUS KNEW AND BRING THEM TO MY OFFICE!

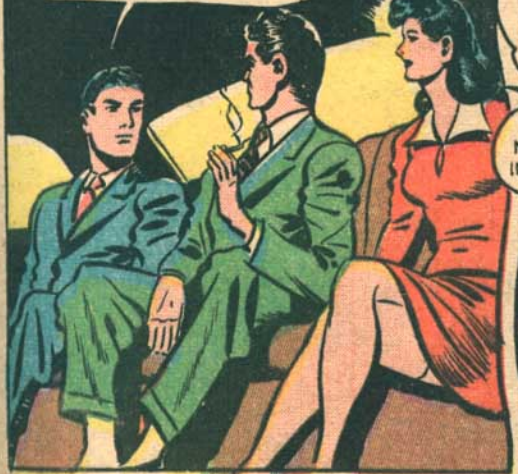
RIGHTO SIR!



ENROUTE TO SCOTLAND YARD--
I'M HOLDING YOU BOTH ON SUSPICION OF MURDER. I KNEW YOUR HUSBAND BY REPUTATION, MRS. FRAGGUS. HE WAS A WELL KNOWN DENTIST. BOTH YOU AND YOUR BOYFRIEND HAD PLENTY OF MOTIVE TO WANT TO GET RID OF HIM. YOU'D INHERIT A TIDY FORTUNE!

YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME, MY HUSBAND WAS BROKE. THE ONLY ONE IN THE FAMILY WHO HAD ANY MONEY, WAS ELI FRAGGUS-- JOHN'S TWIN BROTHER?

WHERE'S ELI, NOW? THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW.



THAT'S NOT TRUE, INSPECTOR.



JUST THEN THE DOOR OPENS AND THE BOBBY RETURNS!

HERE YOU ARE SIR! THE HOUSEKEEPER, MRS TRIGGS, AND ELI, MR. FRAGGUS' BROTHER! I FOUND THEM BOTH AT THE FRAGGUS HOUSE!



ELI!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN TOWN?



MR ELI WAS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE TOWN WITH THIS SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY!



ANY EXPLANATION, ELI?

YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO BRING ME HERE! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS! THAT MONEY IS MINE!



THAT'S TRUE, MR. BENTLEY! THE MONEY BELONGS TO ELI! HE'S BEEN AWAY FOR YEARS! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW HE WAS BACK IN LONDON!



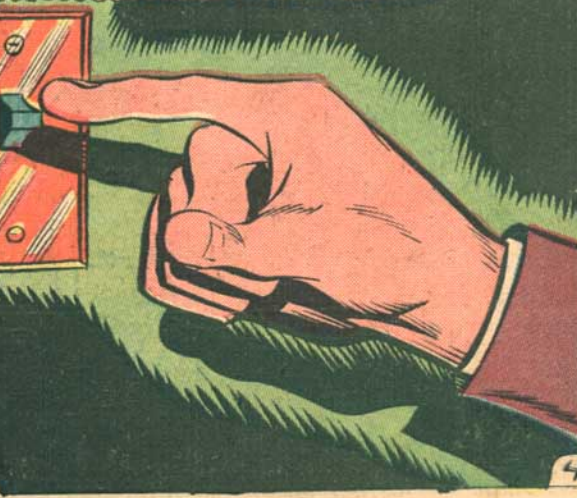
HE RETURNED YESTERDAY, MRS. FRAGGUS!

--- IS THERE A RAZOR IN THAT SUITCASE? I THINK I'VE GOT A SOLUTION!



WHY--ER-- YES SIR! THERE IS! 'OW DID YOU KNOW?

AT THAT VERY MOMENT----



WHO TURNED THE LIGHTS OUT?

INSPECTOR BENTLEY?
WHERE ARE YOU?

BANG

UGHHHH...
ARRR!!

WHO FIRED
THAT SHOT?...
WHERE ARE THOSE
DASHED LIGHTS -
OH H HERE WE
ARE?

BENTLEY!
IS THAT YOU?
ARE YOU HURT, SIR?

OH NO, I'M NOT! IN THE
DARK I DUCKED OVER TO THIS
DOOR! SOMEONE TRIED TO
SHOOT ME, BUT ONLY SUCCEEDED
IN KNOCKING OUT SOMEONE ELSE!

THE PERSON WHO
TRIED TO DO AWAY
WITH ME, IS THE
MURDERER I'M
LOOKING FOR!

AND THAT
MURDERER IS
**SOMEONE IN
THIS ROOM!!**

BENTLEY BY EXAMINING
THE CLUES HAS FOUND OUT
WHO THE MURDERER IS,
CAN YOU DO THE SAME?
THE CLUES ARE IN THE
STORY---- CAN YOU GUESS
THE IDENTITY OF THE
MURDERER? IS IT.....
MRS. EVELYN FRAGGUS -
- WIFE OF THE DENTIST???
GEORGE MARINER -
- HER BOYFRIEND???
ELI FRAGGUS --
- BROTHER OF THE DENTIST???
MRS. TRIGGS -
- THE HOUSEKEEPER ????
THE POLICEMAN ????

I DON'T KNOW, BUT THEY SURE PACKED A PILE-DRIVER!

WHY IT'S GEORGE? WHO HIT YOU?

THE MURDERER HIT GEORGE - TRYING TO GET ME! AND HE'S DR. FRAGGUS!

MY HUSBAND THE MURDERER? B-BUT I DONT UNDERSTAND? HE'S HE'S DEAD?



NOT SO CRAZY THAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE EVIDENCE? YOU WERE HARD UP AND NEEDED MONEY? SO WHEN YOUR BROTHER ELI CAME TO TOWN, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR YOU TO KILL HIM, SHAVE OFF YOUR MUSTACHE AND CHANGE CLOTHES? PRESTO, YOU BECAME YOUR BROTHER?

OH NO HE'S NOT? THERE IS YOUR HUSBAND? YOU ARE DR. JOHN FRAGGUS!! YOU WEREN'T MURDERED AT ALL? YOU KILLED YOUR BROTHER, ELI?



Y-YOU'RE CRAZY?

I'M FILLING YOUR TEETH WITH A HANDFUL OF KNUCKLES - THIS VISIT?



COME BACK HERE, DOCTOR---



THREE CLUES POINTED TO THE ONLY POSSIBLE SOLUTION? ONE WAS **THE CORPSE FLOATED!** TWO, **THE HORRIBLE LAUGHING GRIN ON THE VICTIM'S FACE,** AND THREE, **THE RAZOR!!**

WITH THE RAZOR, THE DOCTOR SHAVED OFF HIS MUSTACHE TO ASSUME THE IDENTITY OF HIS TWIN BROTHER? THE BODY **FLOATED** BECAUSE THE LUNGS WERE FILLED WITH **GAS!** AND THE GRIN ON HIS FACE PROVED THAT IT WAS **LAUGHING GAS!** AND ONLY A DENTIST HAS ACCESS TO IT?



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