

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE!

NO.
39



The **SHIELD**

MAY

PEEP

COMICS

10¢



SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

BULLETIN NO. 18

HIYA gang. It's been quite a while since we devoted a complete page to regular club business. Somehow something always comes along, like the Victory Drive for Bonds, or a brand new M.L.J. comic magazine or a discussion on morale—all pretty important and all part of this club's purpose. But it is also pretty nice to relax and have a good old fashioned get-together with those thousands of our old Shield G-Man club members and those thousands who have recently sent in letters asking to join the club. Let's take them in order.

This letter from Billy Myers, Kittaning, Pa. Billy says that he thought that yarn of Dusty's and mine in January PEP COMICS was a real humdinger. Well, I don't mind admitting, Billy, that was one of the toughest cases Dusty and I ever had to crack. It really had us going. As for your suggestion about offering an emblem and a signature of mine and Dusty's, well, it seems to us that you have already got those; the Shield G-Man Club card is your emblem and my signature is at the bottom of them. But thanks a lot for your swell suggestion and many more thanks for the friend you want to enroll as a new member. The more the merrier.

Kenneth Blakely, Flushing, Long Island: about that contest you are asking for—there's a swell one in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS; why not take a crack at it? You will have lots of fun.

Paul Kauffman, Enola, Pa.: I got a big kick out of your letter telling me how much you enjoyed ARCHIE COMICS. If you think that was good, just wait until you see the new ARCHIE COMICS No. 2, which is probably on sale on your newsstands right now.

Well, I guess that just about cleans up the business of the day. Don't forget those two regular habits, buy bonds and send us your letters.

Sincerely,

Joe Higgins

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



THIS IS WHAT THOSE DIMES AND DOLLARS OUR CLUB MEMBERS INVESTED IN WAR BONDS AND STAMPS BOUGHT, DUSTY!

YEAH, SHIELD! AND WE NEED PLENTY MORE OF THESE BABIES TO KNOCK THE TAR OUTTA THE AXIS! SO KEEP BUYIN' GANG! BECOME A MEMBER OF OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB, RIGHT NOW!



JOIN THE **YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!**
BUY A WAR BOND OR STAMP-AND MAIL US YOUR SIGNED PLEDGE BELOW!



HONORABLE MENTION

NEW MEMBERS OF THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB!

IRWIN AND ROBERT GOLDMAN 189 EAST BROADWAY, N.Y. HAVE EACH PURCHASED 3 WAR BONDS!

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COURTNEY OGDEN, 128 W. 1ST N., RICHFIELD, UTAH
LORRAINE M. TURNER, 1621 MELPOMINE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.
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EDWARD A. NELSON, 305 575 ST, B'KLYN, N.Y.
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MILL VALLERAY

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

NAME _____
STREET _____ CITY _____
STATE _____

ONE DAY TO LIVE

A HANGMAN STORY

by Morton Marsh

NO ONE could say that Stuyvesent Grayson was a pleasant person. In fact he was downright nasty. It was his one distinguishing characteristic, and over a period of years, Grayson had made more enemies than anyone on Wall Street. What was it that made him so hated? Very simple: Stuyvesent Grayson hated everyone. In a Scrooge-like fashion he loathed everyone with whom he came into contact, he despised clerks and bank-presidents alike. Even his wife Carlotta withered under Grayson's vituperative scorn.

As this story begins Grayson is in the office of his doctor, Felix Courtney. Dr. Courtney has just completed a complete examination of his patient.

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do for you, Stuyvesent!"

"*Nothing you can do?*" the old man screamed! "B-but you must do something—I—I can't go on like this!"

"It's too late, Stuyvesent, too late!"

In a frenzy of despair the aging man flung himself against his doctor, his dissipated arms flailing frantically against the doctor's chest.

Quickly Dr. Courtney freed himself from Grayson's grasp, ran to an adjoining room and telephoned his old friend, Bob Dickering.

"Hello, Bob," he said, "look, I want you to come right down here. Stuyvesent Grayson is here, and I'm afraid I can't handle him. You see, I've just told him he's only got *one day left to live!*"

Minutes later, Stuyvesent Grayson climbed into his car and started the motor. Anxiously his wife, Carlotta, looked at him, but without a word Grayson slid the car into gear and it sputtered forward.

Anxiously Carlotta inquired as to what the doctor had said, but her husband glowered grimly and pressed his foot against the accelerator.

"Please tell me . . . what did Felix say?"

"Oh, it's Felix, is it!" retorted Grayson angrily. "Since when are you so familiar with him?"

"Don't be ridiculous," answered his wife as the car sped on, "he's been your doctor for years. Naturally I'd call him . . ."

Grayson suddenly interrupted: "Come to think of it,

Courtney has always envied me . . . marrying you. In fact today he said that he pitied you . . . my wife!"

Again Carlotta tried to elicit what had happened at the office. With a vicious snarl, Grayson turned to his right:

"You don't give a rap about me, it's Felix, Felix! It's what he said . . . every word . . . that's all you care about! I hate you like I've always hated you . . .!"

Suddenly Stuyvesent Grayson pressed the accelerator to the floor, and the car screamed forward.

"Look out!" shrieked his wife! "LOOK OUT FOR THAT CHILD!"

Horrified, Carlotta held her breath as her husband twisted the wheel rapidly, missing the innocent child by inches.

"Stuyvesent, you're everything people say about you. You're selfish and suspicious . . . and you have no heart! The world would be well rid of you!"

When Bob Dickering arrived at Dr. Courtney's office, he found the doctor anxiously pacing up and down.

"Glad you got here Dickering. Come on—we've no time to lose!"

In a quarter of an hour, the pair arrived at the Grayson Mansion.

Courtney excused himself, and ran upstairs to see his patient!

* * *

And as the library clock tolled midnight, the eerie figure of the Hangman stepped forth from the shadows. This indeed was a case for the Hangman. Jealousy, hatred, and a man with but one day to live.

At that very moment a horrible shriek pierced the air. Like a panther, the Hangman streaked upstairs. There beside the fireplace he saw Stuyvesent Grayson, his face twisted in agony, mumbling on the floor. Beside his head were the shattered remains of a glass. Dr. Courtney and Mrs. Grayson stood at one side, consternation and terror written on their faces. Quickly the Hangman bent down to catch the dying man's last words.

"... p-poison . . . sh-she poison . . ." There was an almost imperceptible flicker of the old man's eyelids . . . and he was dead!

Mrs. Grayson gasped, inadvertently her hand went to her mouth, and she choked back a little scream. "I . . . I didn't do it!" she cried. Protectingly, Dr. Courtney put his arms around the woman he had always loved.

But the Hangman had no eyes for the pair. With litmus paper and liquid from a small vial he had taken from his pocket the Hangman was examining the contents of the broken glass. Seemingly satisfied he looked up at the pair,

"Now what's your story?"

Mrs. Grayson haltingly began. She had found her husband by the firelight, and at his request had brought him a scotch and soda he'd already mixed. All she remembered was that in the dimness of the room she had seen her husband take the drink, and then fall over.

"Please . . . please . . . that's all I know. Let me go upstairs!"

Sternly the Hangman towered over the pair. "No one is to leave this room! I know who the murderer is!"

In a flash, the Doctor leaped forward, and crashed through the French windows. With cobra-like rapidity the Hangman lunged after him. Two dark forms raced across the lawn, suddenly there was a sharp crack, and one form crumpled to the ground.

"I did it, I did it!" muttered the doctor rubbing his chin. "It's true I did it!"

With a strange gleam in his eye, the Hangman spoke. "Oh no you didn't, Doctor. You're lying to protect Mrs. Grayson

because you fear she killed her husband!"

"But you can rest assured, Mrs. Grayson is no murderer!"

"B-but who else could have killed him?" whispered the doctor.

"I found potassium ferri-cyanide in that glass," began the Hangman, "and that immediately proved to me who the *real* killer was. You see, potassium ferri-cyanide has the peculiar properties of turning any liquid a *red* color. It is conceivable that in the firelight Mrs. Grayson did not notice the color of the drink her husband had mixed and which she handed him. *But Stuyvesent Grayson himself couldn't have failed to see his drink was the wrong color! Red!*"

"B-but that means . . ."

"Exactly . . . that means Grayson killed himself, and tried to pin the murder on his own wife!"

"But why?"

"As you told me on our way up here, Grayson only had one day to live. He hated his wife, and suspected that she loved you! Whether or not this is true, it was sufficient to turn his warped brain to action . . . he hoped that by incriminating his wife . . . his death would be the death of her. And it almost was!"

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Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

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Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.69, plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

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This Carrying Case
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NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

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LENGTH
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ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS

UGLY
BLACKHEADS

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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

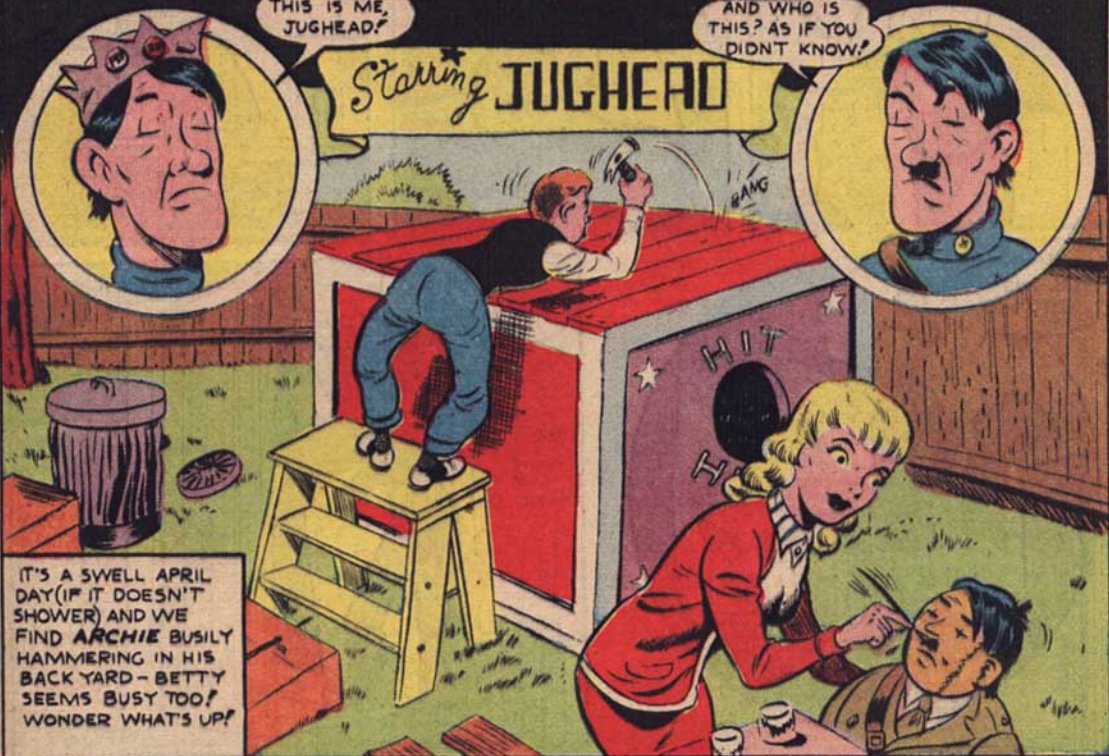
Archie

SAVED
BERRY IN
PVT MONTANA

THIS IS ME,
JUGHEAD!

AND WHO IS
THIS? AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW!

Starring **JUGHEAD**



IT'S A SWELL APRIL DAY (IF IT DOESN'T SHOWER) AND WE FIND ARCHIE BUSILY HAMMERING IN HIS BACK YARD - BETTY SEEMS BUSY TOO! WONDER WHAT'S UP!

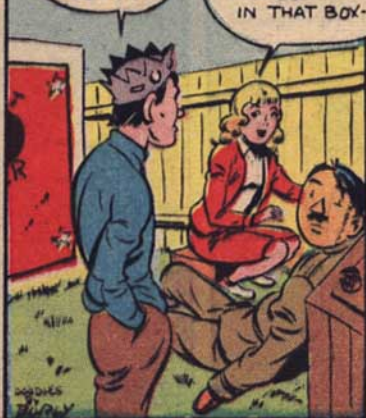
HYER ARCH? WHAT'CHER DOIN'?

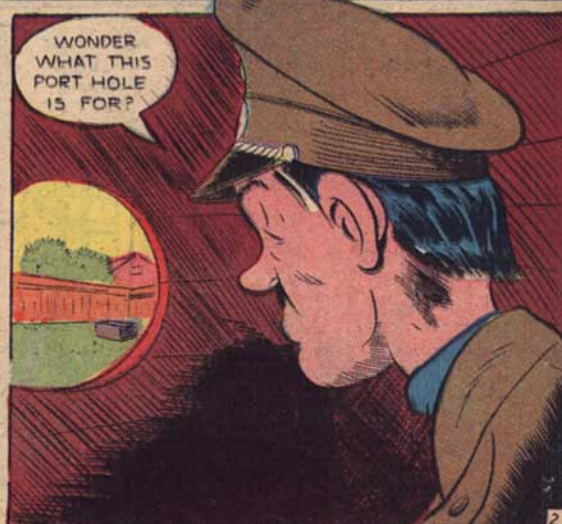
YOU'LL FIND OUT JUGHEAD! SOMETHING SPECIAL!

AIN'T THAT HITLER'S DUMMY BETTY?

UNHUNH! YOU SEE WE'RE GOING TO PUT THIS DUMMY IN THAT BOX--

... AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS A WAR STAMP GETS A CHANCE TO PUT HITLER WITH A BASEBALL! THAT WAY WE'LL GET KIDS TO FILL UP THEIR WAR STAMP BOOKS!





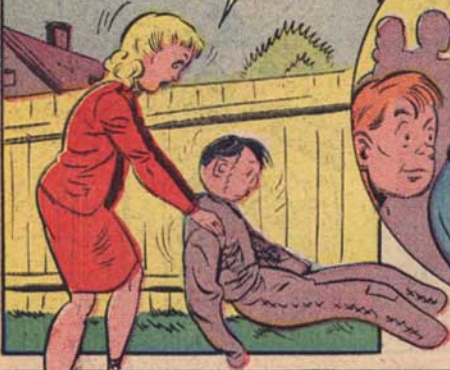


MEANWHILE

(PUFF--PUFF)
THIS DUMMY'S TOO
HEAVY! I'LL LEAVE
IT ON ARCHIE'S
LAWN

FUNNY, I KEEP THINKING
I SEE JUGHEAD... BUT
HE'S NOT HERE! OH,
THERE'S BETTY!
NEXT!!

SAY BETTY, THAT'S
A WONDERFUL JOB
YOU DID ON THE
DUMMY! COME
ON - JOIN US!

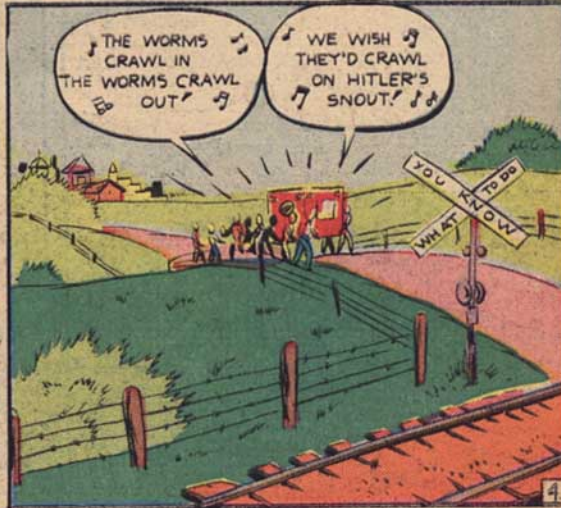


THIS PASTES THE
LAST STAMP IN MY
BOOK! NOW TO SEE
IF I CAN PASTE
THIS BOZO!



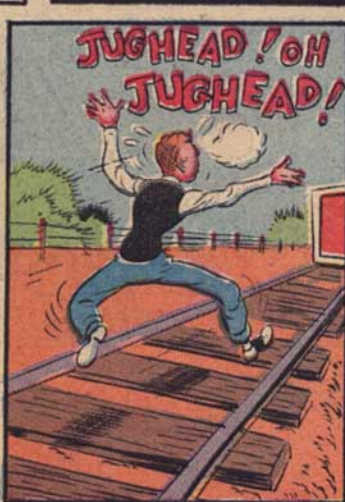
HURRAY! THE
QUOTA'S FILLED!!

GEE, I WISH
JUGHEAD WAS HERE!



♪ THE WORMS
CRAWL IN
THE WORMS CRAWL
OUT ♪

♪ WE WISH ♪
THEY'D CRAWL
ON HITLER'S
SNOUT! ♪♪



FOR FIVE YEARS
THAT TRAIN'S BEEN
LATE... AND TODAY
IT HAS TO BE
ON TIME!!

TRAIN? ARE
YOU GOING ANY-
WHERE, ARCH?

WHA?
A TRAIN!

I'VE GOT THE
KEY IN MY POCKET.
WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF THAT
BEFORE?

HURRY
UP!

CRASH

THE NEXT AFTERNOON

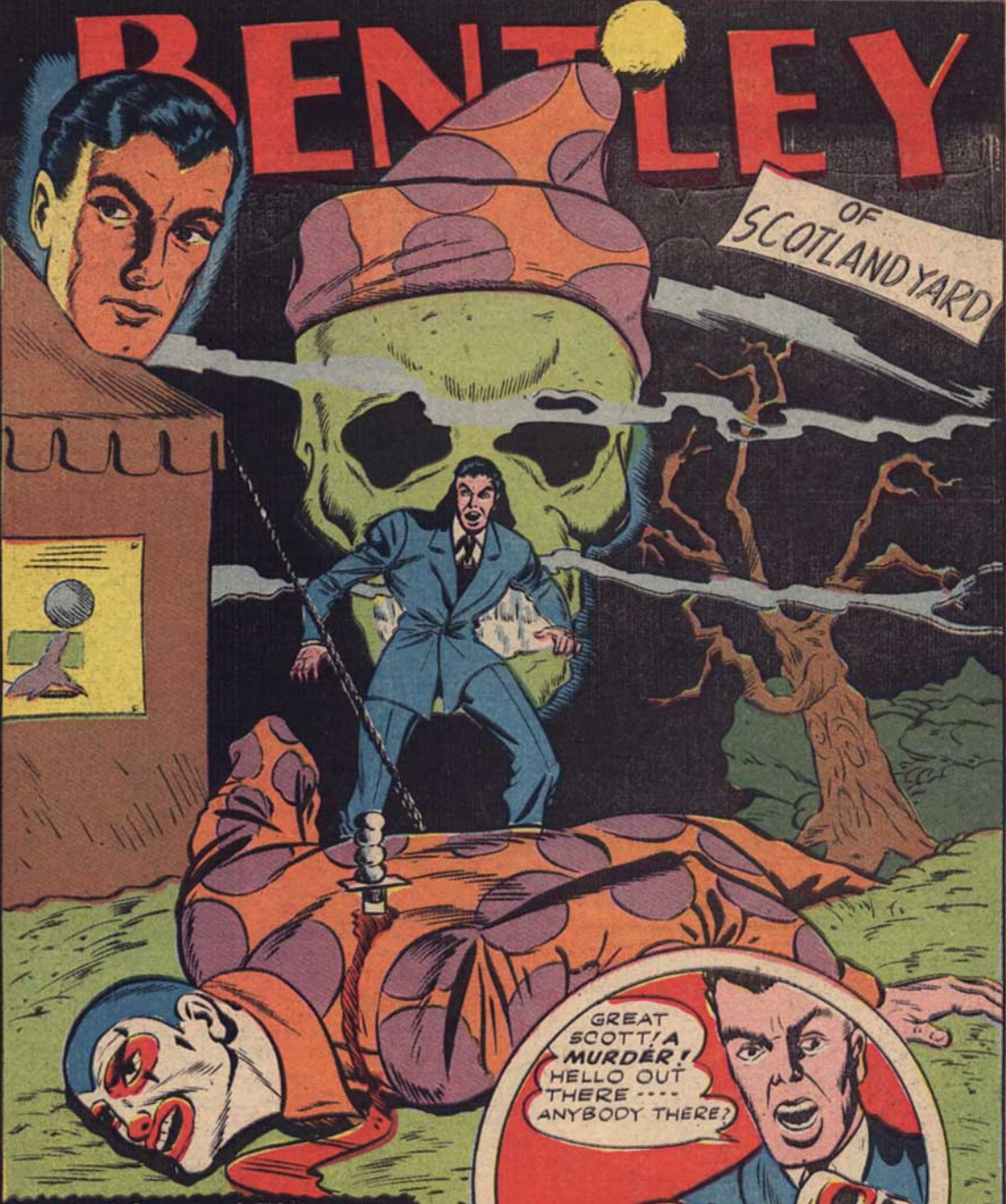
WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH YOUR ARM,
JUGHEAD?

SPRAINED
IT!

YUP, SPENT ALL
THIS MORNING
THROWING BASE-
BALLS AT THAT
DARNED DUMMY!
I HAD TO HIT
HITLER PLENTY
TO GET EVEN!

BENTLEY

OF
SCOTLAND YARD



WHO HASN'T COME TO THE CARNIVAL - AND ENJOYED EVERY THRILLING MOMENT OF IT? THE PINK LEMONADE, THE CAROUSEL, THE FERRIS WHEEL!

BENTLEY, SUPER-SLEUTH OF SCOTLAND YARD, WINDS UP A BUSY DAY BY RELAXING AT THE FAIR --- ONLY TO DISCOVER A HORRIBLE MURDER AT THE CARNIVAL!

GOOD THING, THE CARNIVAL'S CLOSED! A THING LIKE THIS MIGHT CAUSE A RIOT! WHO ARE YOU?



MY NAME'S TEX! I'M THE SINGIN' COWBOY WITH THIS OUTFIT! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?

HEY, LOOK! HERE COMES THE BOSS!



WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE? GET BACK TO WORK YOU LOAFERS!



WHAT DO YOU WANT? MY NAME'S ACE SCOTT, I OWN THIS CARNIVAL, AND I'VE GOT A RIGHT TO KNOW!

ALL RIGHT! JUST FOLLOW ME, MR SCOTT!



I FOUND THIS BODY IN THE BACK OF YOUR TENT! WHO IS HE?

HOLY MACKEREL! THAT'S JOE JACKSON, HE USED TO RUN A CONCESSION HERE, BEFORE I FIRED HIM!



SURE! FIRED HIM FOR STEALING MONEY FROM THE TILL! SOMETHING'S ALWAYS GOING WRONG AROUND HERE! COME OVER HERE, YOU GOOD FOR NOthings! COME ON!



DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS BENTLEY? THESE THREE PEOPLE AND MYSELF WERE THE ONLY ONES WHO KNEW JOE! PANTHER WOMAN, MRS. PAWLEY, OUR COOK! AND ON MY LEFT---

---I KNOW, TEX-- WE'VE MET BEFORE!



AT THAT MOMENT SPARKS OF THE CARNIVAL EMOTIONS FLY SKY WARD--

YOU PROBABLY HAD A HAND IN THIS TEX, YOU KNEW HE LOVED ME AND YOU SWORE YOU'D GET HIM--

WHY YOU--

...LITTLE LYING CAT! ME IN LOVE WITH YOU? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! BESIDES HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN IT WAS YOUR KNIFE THAT KILLED HIM!

NOW, NOW YOU TWO-- STOP FIGHTING!



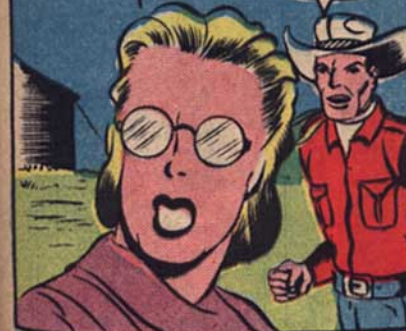
TEX WAS HAVING A BIT OF LATE SUPPER WHEN THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED, MR BENTLEY. I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!

SO THERE!

YOUR KNIFE IN THE VICTIM'S BACK DOESN'T HELP MATTERS ANY! I THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO SCOTLAND YARD!

THE CORONER IS READY WITH HIS REPORT ON THE BODY!

GOOD, I'LL SPEAK TO HIM!



OH INSPECTOR BENTLEY, SIR!



MINUTES PASS, AND SUDDENLY THE CORONER AND BENTLEY ARE RUDELY INTERRUPTED-----

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

EEEEEE

WHATEVER IT IS-- I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

RUN FOR THE CAROUSEL, SIR!



THAT CRY CAME FROM HERE! WONDER WHO STARTED THE MACHINE GOING?

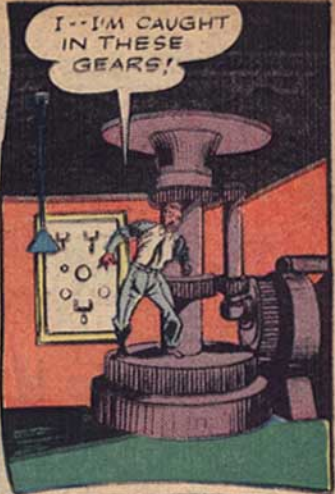


ACE SCOTT!



GET ME OUT OF HERE QUICK!

I--I'M CAUGHT IN THESE GEARS!



WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY BENTLEY SWITCHES OFF THE CURRENT---



ACE COULD HAVE SHUT THIS FROM WHERE HE WAS STANDING! WONDER WHY HE DIDN'T!

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK ME BENTLEY--- GUESS I WAS TOO EXCITED TO THINK ABOUT REACHING FOR THE SWITCH!

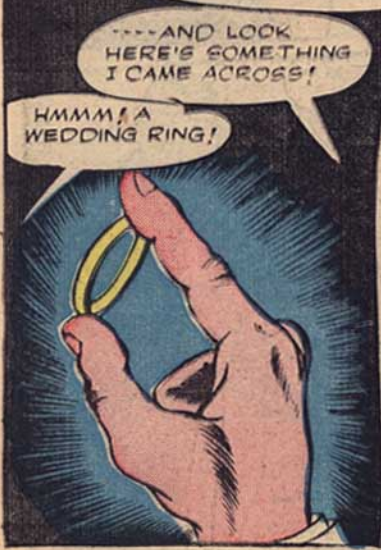


YOU SEE, I HAPPENED TO WANDER IN HERE AND SOMEONE CLOUTED ME FROM THE BACK AND PUSHED ME INTO THE TURNING GEARS!



---AND LOOK HERE'S SOMETHING I CAME ACROSS!

HMMM! A WEDDING RING!



"LOVE FROM JOE" - I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS?



LOOKOUT, BENTLEY, BEHIND YOU!



TWISTING TO ONE SIDE BENTLEY AVOIDS THE FULL IMPACT OF THE BLOW. AS HIS ASSAILANT RUNS FROM THE CAROUSEL, BENTLEY IS HOT IN PURSUIT---

OH, SO HE THINKS HE'LL GET AWAY FROM ME ON THE FERRIS WHEEL!



TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!

SECONDS LATER, THE EMBATTLED PAIR MEET ATOP THE GONDOLA--



OUT OF MY WAY!

DON'T BE TOO ANXIOUS!



SIDE STEPPING BENTLEY'S RETALIATING BLOW, THE MARAUDER VAULTS TO A LOWER GONDOLA---

LITHE AS A CAT BENTLEY LEAPS AFTER HIS ATTACKER, LANDING ON THE CATWALK OUTSIDE THE GONDOLA----

BEFORE I GO INSIDE THE GONDOLA I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER OF JOE JACKSON IS!



BENTLEY KNOWS WHO STABBED JOE JACKSON IN THE BACK WITH A KNIFE!---DO YOU? IS IT--- MRS. PAWLEY? ACE SCOTT? PANTHER WOMAN? TEX THE COWBOY? TRY TO SOLVE THIS CASE BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE!

AND WHEN BENTLEY BREAKS THROUGH THE GONDOLA DOOR--

MRS. PAWLEY, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE! ALL DRESSED IN MEN'S CLOTHES!

YOU WON'T GET ME, BENTLEY! I'LL PUSH YOU OUT OF THE GONDOLA!

DUCK!

BUT FATE STEPS IN AS MRS. PAWLEY'S MURDEROUS INTENTIONS MISFIRE--

I--I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS! JOE JACKSON WAS MY HUSBAND! WE MET WHEN I WAS AN ACROBAT WITH A CIRCUS! WHEN HE CAME HERE HE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE PANTHER WOMAN! I HATED HER!

OH NO! HELP!

MOMENTS LATER--

SHE'S STILL BREATHING!
GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED?

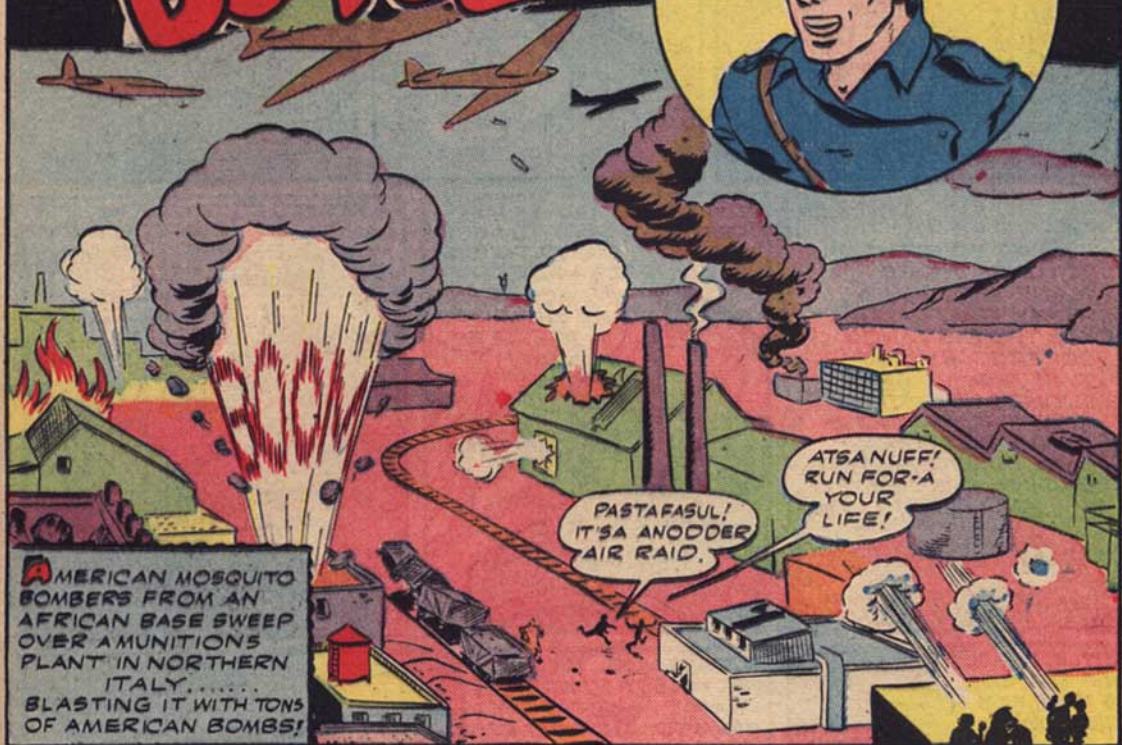
SO YOU KILLED YOUR HUSBAND IN A JEALOUS FIT WITH HER DAGGER! YOU THOUGHT CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WOULD CONVICT THE PANTHER WOMAN! BUT YOU MISSED UP ON ONE THING!

ACE SCOTT IS ALSO IN LOVE WITH HER! YOU SCOTT THOUGHT THE PANTHER WOMAN HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE MURDER SO YOU TRIED TO LEAD ME OFF THE TRAIL WITH A COOKED-UP STORY!
THAT'S TRUE, BENTLEY!

ONE CLUE THAT POINTED TO MRS. PAWLEY WAS THE WEDDING RING! SHE CLAIMED TEX WAS WITH HER AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER! IF SHE HADN'T BEEN GUILTY HOW DID SHE KNOW WHEN THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED?



SERGEANT BOYLE



A AMERICAN MOSQUITO BOMBERS FROM AN AFRICAN BASE SWEEP OVER A MUNITIONS PLANT IN NORTHERN ITALY..... BLASTING IT WITH TONS OF AMERICAN BOMBS!

BOY! THAT DOES IT! NO MORE GUNPOWDER WILL BE MADE THERE FOR AWHILE! WELL IF WE WANT SUPPER AT THE BASE WE'D BETTER HEAD FOR AFRICA!



AN ENEMY PLANE! QUEECK WEEH THE GUN! SHOOTA HEEM DOWN!



JUMPIN' JIMINY! WHO'S SHOOTING OFF THE FIREWORKS? THOSE BULLETS ALMOST HIT THE BULLSEYE!



GOSH! A BUNCH OF MUSSOLINI'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT BOYS! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD SHOOT!

WELL, THEY DID DARN WELL! GOT OUR WHOLE INSTRUMENT BOARD!



BOYLE! LOOK! HERE COME A COUPLE OF TONY PLANES!



I SEE THEM! I'LL HEAD UP INTO THOSE CLOUDS AND DUCK 'EM!

WELL WE LOST 'EM! NOW TO GET BACK TO AFRICA! I HAVE TO GUESS WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS! IF ONLY THE FOG WOULD LIFT!



AND SO FOR HOURS BOYLE PILOTS HIS PLANE THROUGH A HEAVY FOG! GAUGING THE DISTANCE COVERED BY THE TIME THEY'VE BEEN FLYING! HE DECIDES THAT THEY'VE CROSSED THE MEDITERRANEAN! SUDDENLY THE ENGINE COUGHS AND DIES!



BOYLE, WE'RE GOING DOWN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO!

NO GAS! WE'VE GOT TO LAND! AND THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY! WE SHOULD BE IN AFRICA BY NOW!

A PERFECT LANDING! HOW D'YOU DO IT, BOYLE!

IT WAS ALL, LUCK, TWERP! I COULDN'T SEE WHETHER WE WERE LANDING ON A FIELD OR A MOUNTAIN TOP! WONDER WHERE WE ARE?



BOYLE, I FEEL OFF BALANCE, AS IF WE WERE STILL MOVING!



DON'T BE DUMB! THAT'S A VERY COMMON SENSATION RIGHT AFTER LANDING! HOPE OUT AND WE'LL SEE WHERE WE ARE!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, BOYLE! I CAN'T SEEM TO TOUCH THE GROUND!

DON'T WORRY, TWERP! IT CAN'T BE MORE THAN A LITTLE JUMP!



SAY! THE FOG'S LIFTING! HOLY CROCKEY! WE'VE LANDED ON A TRAIN!

OH HHH! HALP GET ME UP QUICK!



OWWWW! I TOLD YOU WE WERE STILL MOVING, BOYLE!

TWERP! WE'RE HEADING FOR A TUNNEL! COME ON!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN WHEN THAT PLANE HITS THE ENTRANCE! BUT I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND WHEN IT DOES!



FLAT! FALL FLAT!



JUST MADE IT! THERE GOES OUR PLANE!

IT WON'T EVEN MAKE GOOD KINDLING! BUT IS IT DARK OR IS IT DARK IN HERE!



FRESH AIR AT LAST! ANOTHER MINUTE IN THERE AND I'D HAVE SUFFOCATED!

YEAH! I... BOYLE! LOOK AT YOURSELF! YOU'RE BLACK AS THE ACE OF SPADES!



YOU'RE A LITTLE SOOTY, YOURSELF, TWERP! ---- OH, OH! HERE COMES A HEINIE GUARD!

VOT'S ALL DER NOISE? VOT'S HAPPENING?



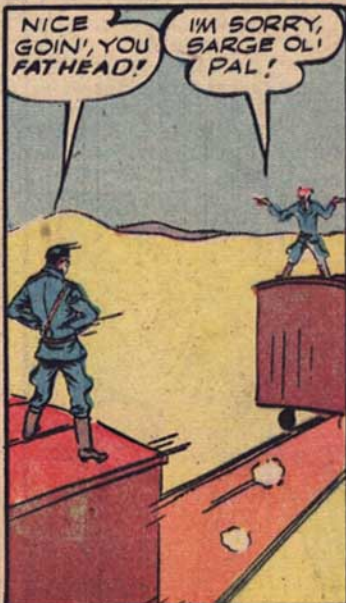
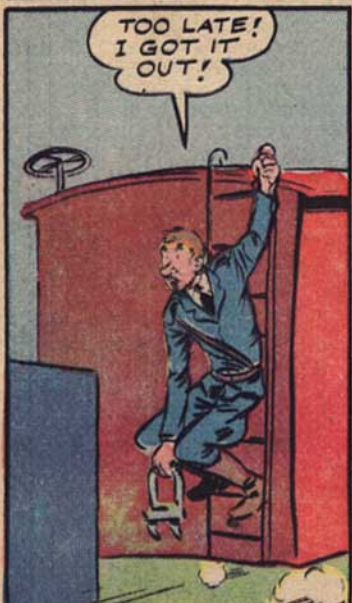
WHO ARE YOU? VOT ARE YOU DOING ON DER TRAIN? MAYBE YOU ARE SPIES!

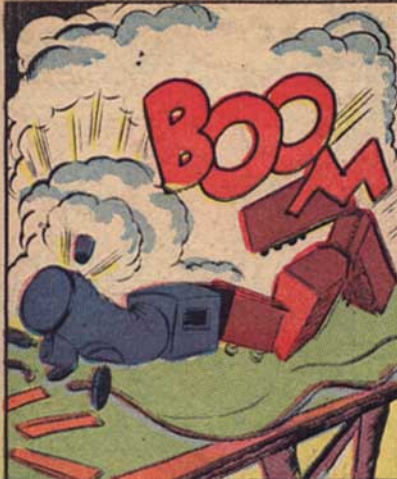
VE ARE DER ENGINEER UND FIREMAN! DERE WAS A LITTLE EXPLOSION IN DER ENGINE! IT HAPPENS EVERY TRIP! WE ARE USED TO IT BY NOW!



BBE DOT NODDING MORE HAPPENS! VE ARE CARRYING TURKISH ENVOYS IN THE LAST CAR ON A TOUR OF CHERMANY! VE MUST MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION!

IBS DOT RIGHT--- DON'T WORRY, VE VILL DO EFFERY- TING IN OUR POWER TO GIFF DEM SOMETHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT!





YES SIR!

A FEW HOURS LATER THEY ARRIVE IN LEIPZIG!...

THE HERR AMBASSADORS UND I TAKE NOW A LIDDLE WALK, BEFORE ZUPPER! YOU CARRY THEIR BAGGAGE TO THEIR ROOMS! YOU'LL BE FED IN THE KITCHEN!

THANK YOU, KAPITAN!

I HOPE YOU KNOW HOW WERE GOING TO GET OUT ALIVE! LET'S DUMP THESE BAGS AND GO GET OUR VITTLES! WE CAN START WORRYING LATER!

HMM... NOT BAD, CHOW! I'LL HAVE SOME OF THAT TURKEY COOK! SAY, THAT SALAD LOOKS GOOD TOO! I'M STARVED!

SO! DER ONLY TURKEY IN ALL GERMANY, UND YOU'LL HAVE SOME? BAH!

DOT TURKEY 155 SPECIAL FOR DER TURKISH GENTS, UND DER 'SALAD 155 FOR DER TWO KAPITANS! YOU VILL FIND YOUR FOOD IN THE PANTRY!

O.K. PAL! KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON!

YE, GODS! IS THAT OUR DINNER?

YOU CAN HAVE MINE, IF YOU WANT IT! PERSONALLY I'M GOING TO SEE IF I CAN'T RUSTLE UP SOME REAL CHOW.

I'VE GOT TO DOPE OUT SOME WAY OF GETTING THOSE TURKS OUT OF HERE AND I CAN'T DO IT ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

YES, AND... GOSH!! LOOK AT THAT!



(SNIFF!) AHHH... LOVELY! I NEVER TOLD YOU, SARGE, BUT I USED TO BE QUITE A GARDENER!

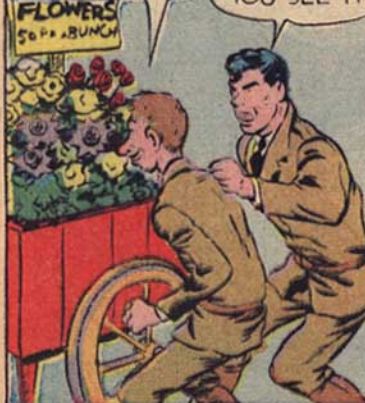
YOU DONT SAY! WELL, PULL YOUR BEAK OUT OF THAT POISON IVY, YOU DOPE! DONT YOU SEE IT?

YES GENTLEMEN? MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE SOME ROSES OR A NICE BUNCH OF VIOLETS?

NO! BUT I'LL TAKE A BAGFUL OF THOSE PRETTY SHINY GREEN LEAVES! AND SEND ME THE BILL!

FIRST YOU TELL ME TO KEEP AWAY FROM IT, THEN YOU BUY A WHOLE BAGFUL! WHAT FOR?

THE COOK JUST WENT UPSTAIRS WITH THE TURKEY! WHAT FOR TWERP? STICK AROUND AN' SEE!



WOW! POISON IVY IN THE SALAD! HOLY SMOKE, BOYLE, WHO'LL EAT THAT STUFF??



OUR TWO UGLY NAZI FRIENDS I HOPE! NOW LET'S BEAT IT, BEFORE WE GET CAUGHT!

WELL, HE'S TAKIN' IT TO THEM! I HOPE THEY DON'T CATCH ON!



GO ON, THOSE TWO DOPES COULDN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE, IF I'D PUT COCONUTS IN IT!!

WELL, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, IT'S A GOOD JOKE! NOW WHAT??



WE'LL PROBABLY BE GETTING UP EARLY, TWERP! WE'D BETTER HIT THE HAY!

NEXT MORNING... HIT THE FLOOR, TWERP! IT'S... WELL?? COME ON IN!



ACH DU LIEBER! GET QUICK A DOCTOR! LOOK AT ME! VE HAFF BEEN POISONED.

OH, IT'S YOU KAPITAN! I DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE YOU! SAY! THAT LOOKS LIKE TURKISH PHYSIOLYSIS!



VOT??

HIMMEL! DEY MIGHT INFECT DER WHOLE COUNTRY! ACH! MAYBE EVEN....



YES! I HEAR THERE'S A REGULAR EPIDEMIC IN TURKEY! YOU MUST HAVE GOTTEN IT FROM THOSE TWO DIPLOMATS!

MAYBE EVEN THE FUHRER?? WE MUST STOP THEM AT ALL COSTS BUT WE MUST BE DIPLOMATIC! I WILL GO AND PLEAD WITH THEM TO LEAVE!!



(SNIFF!) YOU ARE A BRAVE MAN! I WILL GET A CAR TO TAKE YOU WITH THEM TO THE AIR PORT! GO AND TALK TO THEM NOW!

GENTLEMEN! I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS! A DEADLY GERMAN PLAGUE HAS BROKEN OUT! YOU MUST LEAVE AT ONCE, BEFORE YOU ARE INFECTED!



PLAGUE? GOOD HEAVENS!

—GULP!—



SEE YA NEXT MONTH, GANG!
Sarge!

CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
**BOY
SOLDIERS**



BRITISH EIGHTH
ARMY TAKES TRIPOLI!
22 GERMAN DIVISIONS
TRAPPED AT STALIN-
GRAD! AMERICANS
LAND IN NORTH
AFRICA!

YES! NOBODY WILL
DENY THE GLORY
AND GREATNESS OF
THESE ACHIEVEMENTS!
BUT THERE ARE OTHER
THINGS THAT ARE
ALSO IMPORTANT IN
THE MAKING OF THIS
WAR! THINGS WHICH
ARE NOT WORLD-
SHAKING----- BUT
SMALL AND HUMAN,
AND WHICH MAKE US
REALIZE THAT THIS
IS A WAR OF HUMANS
TO WHOM SMALL
THINGS COUNT--AS
WELL AS PONDEROUS,
AWESOME MACHINES!
THINGS LIKE A
LETTER, FOR IN-
STANCE!

BY IRV NOVICK



MAIL BOYS!

HOT PUPS! DERES ONE FOR ME!



HMM! ...IT'S FROM ME OLE FLATBUSH GANG!

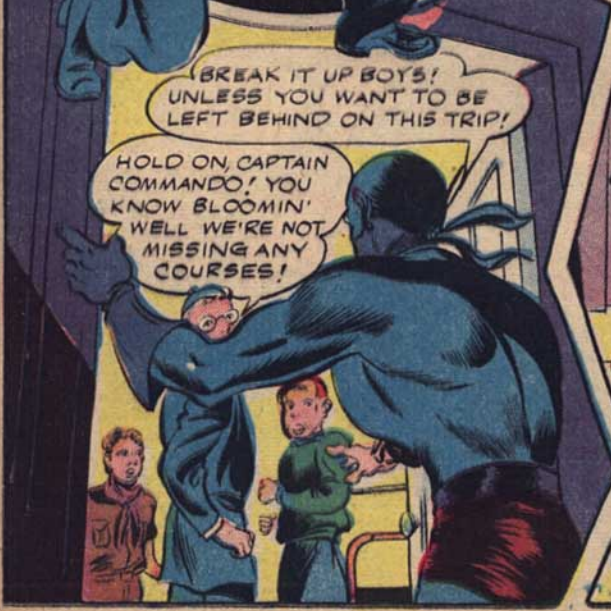


WHY THE DIRTY RATS! THE NOIVE OF SOME PEOPLES CHILDREN!



WHAT'S WRONG? FLATBUSH? WHAT'S IN THE LETTER THAT'S UPSET YOU SO?.

G'WAN! LET ME ALONE ..THIS IS MY BUSINESS!



BREAK IT UP BOYS! UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE LEFT BEHIND ON THIS TRIP!

HOLD ON, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! YOU KNOW BLOOMIN' WELL WE'RE NOT MISSING ANY COURSES!



IMAGINE DEM BUMS SAYIN' DAT ABOUT ME IT'S DAT STINKY DOLAN WHO'S STARTED DEM RUMORS! JUST WAIT'TIL I GET BACK TO FLATBUSH! I'LL FIX HIM!

AT DAWN -- SOMEWHERE IN NORWAY,
THE COMMANDOS STREAM FROM THEIR
LANDING BARGES TO STRIKE ---

...AND TAKE THE GERMAN GARRISON
BY SURPRISE!

COMMANDOS!



HOW DO Y'
LIKE COLD STEEL
AND HOT LEAD?



I GOT
DIS
ONE,
BILLY!

THIS SUPER-
MAN FELL
DOWN ALMOST
BEFORE I HIT
HIM, FLATBUSH!

FEW SECONDS LATER A SERIES
OF EARTH SHAKING BLASTS DE-
NOTE THE DESTRUCTION OF THE
OIL DEPOT ---



GATHER YOUR
PRISONERS AND
GET BACK TO
THE BARGES!

ACH! DIS IS TERRIBLE!
JUST VEN VE VERE
TO BE REVIEWED BY
OUR GLORIOUS
FUEHRER!

JA! UND I VAS
GOING TO PUT ON
CLEAN UNDER-
WEAR, TOO, IN
HIS HONOR!

WHAT'S
DAT YOU
DONKEYS SAID?
WHERE AND WHEN
IS "DER FOOEY"
GONNA REVIEW
TROOPS? GIVE
OR I'LL BLAST
YOU!

DON'T
SHOOT!
I'LL TELL!
TOMORROW
AT
TRONDHEIM!

NOW AIN'T
DAT
INTERESTIN'?

CAP! IS
FLAT BUSH
ON THE
BARGE?

WHY NO! I
THOUGHT
HE WAS
WITH
YOU!

GREAT SCOT! MAYBE HE WAS
HURT! GET THAT BARGE
MOVING, MEN! WE'VE ALREADY
STAYED TOO LONG! THE NAZIS
MAY SEND REINFORCEMENTS!
YOU, YOUNGSTERS GO ALONG
WITH 'EM! HURRY NOW!

I'M GOING BACK
AND LOOK
FOR FLATBUSH!

NOT
A SIGN
OF HIM ANY-
WHERE? WHAT
ON EARTH
COULD HAVE
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

HE'S
BEEN ACT-
ING QUEER
EVER SINCE HE
GOT THAT LET-
TER! EVEN DUR-
ING THE FIGHT HE
DIDN'T SEEM HIM-
SELF!

MAIS NON,
MON CAPI-
TAIN
YOU DO
NOT LEAVE
US BEHIND!

YOU SAID
A MOUTHFUL!
ARMAND!
FLATBUSH'D
NEVER
DITCH US!



MONSIEUR COMMANDO, THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF FOOT-PRINTS AROUND HERE! HOW CAN YOU TELL THOSE BELONG TO HIM?

BECAUSE FLATBUSH JUST HAD THE NEW HEEL PUT ON HIS SHOE AND I RECOGNIZE THE BRAND!

NICE WORK ARMAND! THESE FOOTPRINTS LEAD AWAY FROM THE GARRISON!



WHERE ON EARTH DID THAT CRAZY COOT RUN TO?

AFTER HOURS OF TRAILING--

HOLY JOE THIS IS TRONDHEIM!



MAYBE HE'S WANDERING AROUND IN A DAZE, CAP! HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOCKED ON THE DOME!

NOT VERY LIKELY, BILLY! THESE PRINTS ARE TOO STRAIGHT AND STEADY!



OUR TROUBLES ARE REALLY BEGINNING! NOW HOW ARE WE GOING TO SEARCH FOR HIM WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT OURSELVES?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT THE THING FOR US TO DO IS TO GET OURSELVES A HIDEOUT! WITH OUR CLOTHES WE'RE AS CONSPICUOUS AS W.O. FIELD'S NOSE IN A BLACKOUT!



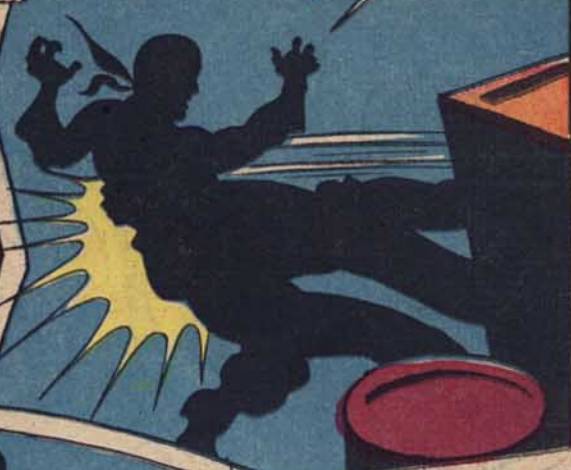
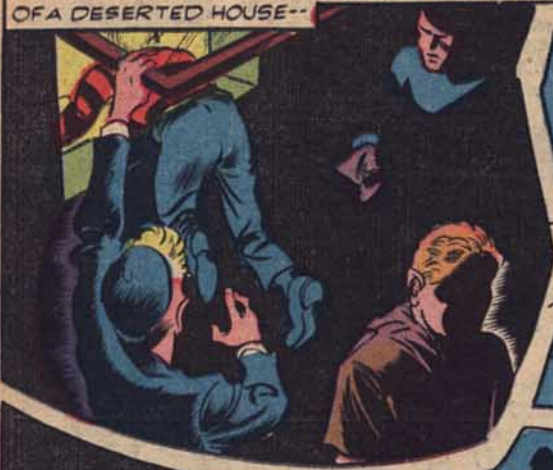
WHAT THE HECK DID HE WANT TO COME TO TRONDHEIM FOR, ANYWAY?



MUGGING THE WALLS -- TAKING ADVANTAGE OF EVERY SHADOW, THE COMMANDOS FINALLY WORM THEMSELVES INTO THE CELLAR OF A DESERTED HOUSE --

SUDDENLY --

WHAT THE DEVIL?



THE PLACE IS FULL OF NAZIS!

LET GO OF ME YA DIRTY NAZI!

MAKE EVERY PUNCH COUNT!

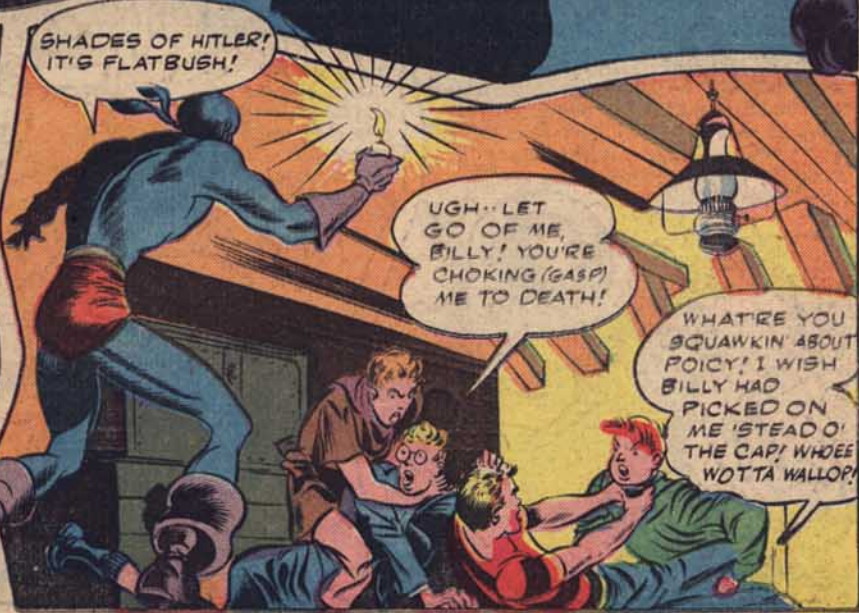
IT'S A TRAP!



I'VE GOT 'EM!

SO HAVE I!

FIND A LIGHT AND LET'S GET A LOOK AT THESE BABIES!



SHADES OF HITLER! IT'S FLATBUSH!

UGH -- LET GO OF ME, BILLY! YOU'RE CHOKING (GASP) ME TO DEATH!

WHAT'RE YOU SQUAWKIN ABOUT POICY! I WISH BILLY HAD PICKED ON ME 'STEAD O' THE CAP! WHDEE WOTTA WALLOP!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA FLATBUSH?
WHY DID YOU DUCK OUT ON US
THAT WAY? WHY DID YOU
COME HERE TO TRONDHEIM?

YES, BY JOVE!
YOU'VE LED
US A BLOODY
CHASE!

I GOT MY
REASONS--AND
I AIN'T TELLIN'--
SEE! THIS IS MY
SHOW--- SEE!
YOU FELLAS
SHOULDN'TA
FOLLOWED ME!

LOOK, FLATBUSH!
YOUR SHOW IS
OUR SHOW! WE
ONCE MADE A
PROMISE TO
STICK TOGETHER--
AND WE WILL!
BUT WON'T YOU
TELL US WHAT

THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!

I CAN'T,
CAP--
HONEST!

ALL RIGHT! HAVE IT YOUR OWN
WAY! RIGHT NOW WE'RE ALL IN THE
SOUP! LET'S TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT!
TOMORROW WE'LL BE ABLE TO THINK
OUR WAY OUT OF THIS MESS!

BUT
THE NEXT
MORNING---

HEY, CAP!
FLATBUSH
FLEW THE
COOP AGAIN!

THAT KID IS BEGGING FOR A FIR-
ING SQUAD --OR A SANITARIUM--
WHATEVER IT IS HE'S UP TO
WE CAN'T LET HIM DO
IT ALONE!

RIGHT,
CAP!

AND AT
THAT MOMENT
ADDRESSING
THE OCCUPA-
TION TROOPS
IN TRONDHEIM!

I HAAF COME
HERE TO
ADDRESS YOU
AT GREAT
PERSONAL
RISK! BUT
TO MYSELF
VOT DO I
CARE FOR
DANGER! EFEN
IF DOSE RUSSIANS
KILL A MILLION
OF MY TROOPS,
DEY CAN'T
SCARE ME!

VE ARE A SUPERIOR PEOPLE!
VE NEFER RUN AWAY! VUNCE
VE GET STARTED VE NEFER
STOP-- EGGSEPT FOR STRA-
TEGIC REASONS LIKE-- HAR-
RUMPH-- ER-- SHTALINGRAD!

TAKE YOUR
GLORIOUS FUEHRER!
SO FEARLESS --
SO BRAVE -- BLAH,
BLAH, BLAH,
ALWAYS GOING
VERE DER DANGER
IS GREATEST!

AFTER HIS SPEECH THE 'FOEY'
REVIEWS HIS TROOPS---

HEIL,
HEIL,
HEIL!

DER 'FOEY'
STOPS TO ADMIRE
THE SNOWMAN--

OO-- SUCH
A BOOTIFUL REPRO-
DUCTION OF
ME-- PROB-
ABLY MADE
BY AN AD-
MIRER!

THE SNOW-
MAN SUDDENLY
COMES TO LIFE
AND OUT POPS
FLATBUSH--

HOLD
STILL!
DARN YA?

I GIFF UP!
I SURRENDER-RR!

STAND STILL A MINUTE
WILLYA, YA PHONEY!
OOF---

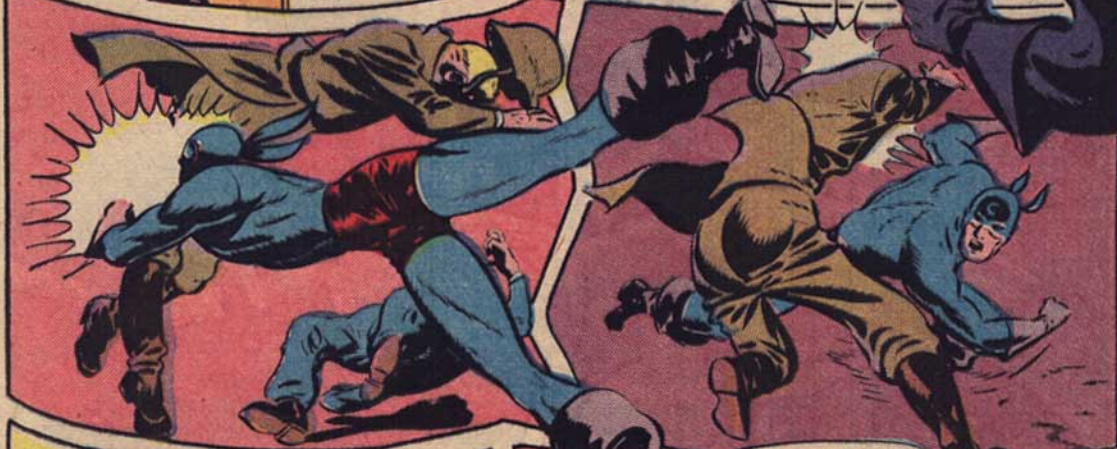


MEANWHILE--

BLAZES!-- OF ALL THE LOONEY TRICKS! TACKLING HITLER SINGLEHANDED!

VOT!--- ONLY A POY! I'LL KILL HIM PERZONALLY!

ALL RIGHT, LADS! LET'S GO!



OH, OH! HERE COMES THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY!

WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL OFF! QUICK INTO THAT MOTOR-DRIVEN SLED!



DUCK, YOU YOUNG ROOSTER! I'LL HANDLE THIS!

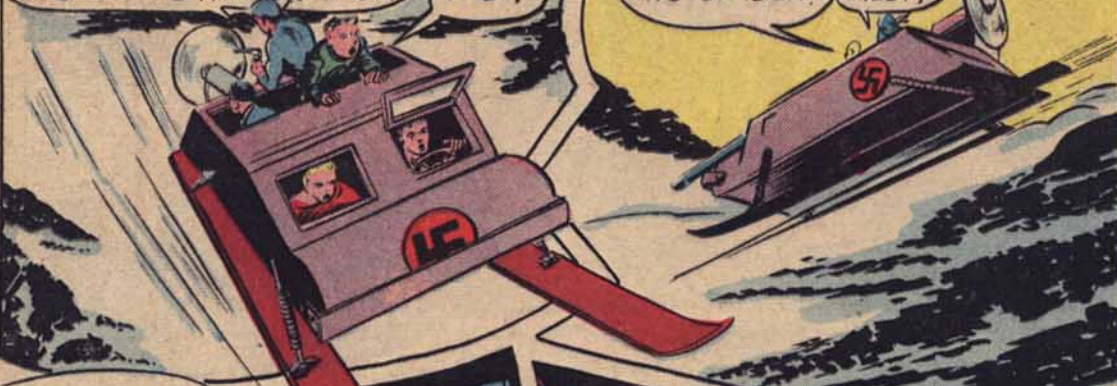


OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY TO
OUTSPEED THEM TO THE COAST
AND TRY TO HI-JACK A BOAT

HIT IT
UP, BILLY!

HEY! WE'RE
SLOWIN' DOWN!
WOTSA IDEA?

IS SOMETHING
WRONG,
BILLY?



I DON'T KNOW
MYSELF, CAP!
MAYBE WE'RE
OUTTA GAS OR
BUMPIN'!

LOOK -- THEY'RE
COMING UP!

SUFFERIN'
SWEAT SOCKS,
ONE O' THEIR
BULLETS GOT
OUR
TANK!



STAND BACK, LADS
THIS IS OUR
ONLY CHANCE!

THE ONE CHANCE IN A MILLION SUCCEEDS
AS THE TRAIL OF GAS IGNITES RAPIDLY, BE-
FORE THE ONRUSHING GERMAN SLED CAN
SWERVE OUT OF THE PATH---



CAP! MORE OF
THEM
ARE COM-
ING UP!

YES! WE'RE
SURROUNDED!
BUT THEY
WON'T TAKE
US WITHOUT
A FIGHT!

BLIMEY,
BOYS!
IT'S THE
CAPTAIN
HIMSELF!

COMMANDOS!



GIVE IT TO THE JERRIES, MEN!



LATER, BACK AT THEIR BARRACKS--

YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER TIME TO SHOW UP BOYS! BUT HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO BE HERE?

WELL, WE DELIVERED THOSE PRISONERS AS YOU ORDERED, CAP--AND WE CAME BACK TO LOOK FOR YOU--WE HEARD THE EXPLOSION AND HERE WE ARE---

NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, WILL YOU TELL US WHY YOU WENT AFTER HITLER SINGLEHANDED! WERE YOU TRYING TO KILL HIM?

NAW! HE'LL GET HIS IN GOOD TIME! IT WUZ DAT LETTER I GOT FROM DE GANG! DE MOIVE O' DAT STINKY DOLAN! HERE READ IT!



...n so stinky says er yella Flatbush. He says ya went around blodyn about how youse wuz gonna pull dat phoney mustash right offa Hitler's puss and send it to us for a soverner. But words is cheff.

So now he's made himself leader o' de gang, an' says he'll got it back to youse when youse bring back dat mustash. Jeez, thyn' get it soon, well ya Flatbush. Dat Stinky gets our goat. Yours, De Gang

WELL, I'LL BE-- OF ALL THE SCREWY-- I GIVE UP!

I COULDN'T LET DA GANG TINK I WUZ YELLA, COULD I-- NOW READ ME ANSWER!



Dear Gang,
I got disappointed moose. Hitler's mustash is real, all right. It's dat Hitler who's de phoney. I couldn't get his mustash - but I almost had his nose if it hadn't been for a little matter o' de German army 'n' youse kin tell dat Stinky dat when I get back to de ole town I got a couple o' Commando trucks speshul for him. Flatbush

DANNY

IN WONDERLAND

DON'T TAKE ANY WOODEN NICKELS!



HAVE A GOOD TIME, PLUTO!

IN SHADOWLAND, ALL IS EXCITEMENT. PRINCE PLUTO IS TAKING HIS FIRST VACATION IN THIRTY SEVEN YEARS!



WELL, TATA!

HUMPH! AIN'T HAD A VACATION. HE SAYS, SOME CRUST!

YEAH! HOW ABOUT US!

HOW ABOUT ME TRAILING AFTER THAT JERKED-UP KUPKAKE DAY AFTER DAY!

WHY, AH THINKS THAT KUPKAKE'S A RIGHT CUTE L'IL FELLER! Y'WANNA SWAP, HONEY?

HEY! LET'S ALL US SHADOWS SWAP PEOPLE!

SHAY! THASH A GOOD IDEA! HIC! ANYBODY WANNA SHADOW TH' DRUNK! I BEEN STUMBLIN' AROUND AFTER!

YIPPEE! WILL WE HAVE FUN!



ER, PARDON ME, MR. SCRUGGS, YOUR SHADOW LOOKS VERY PECULIAR!

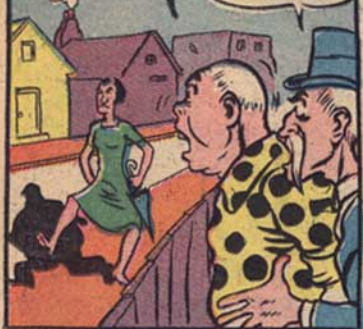


OH YES! HMP! WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT YOURS!

HUH? GOSH! WH-WHERE DID THAT COME FROM!

YIFE! HERE COMES MISS SQUIGGLE WITH MY SHADOW! IF SHE SPOTS ME, IT'S CURTAINS!

WHAT ABOUT ME? SHE'LL PROBABLY BLAB IT ALL OVER TOWN! LET US HIDE IN YOUR HOUSE!



SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME! IT'S THAT SHADOW! HEY! LEGGO THAT FENCE!

NO SIRREE!! I'M STAYING HERE! NOTHING LIKE PLENTY OF SUNSHINE. I ALWAYS SAY!



LISTEN, LADY, IT'S ALL A GHASTLY MISTAKE! WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR SHADOW HOME?

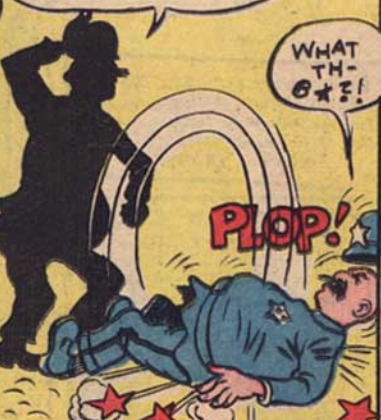
WHAT! I'LL TEACH YOU TO INGUINATE THAT MY SHADOW'D FOLLOW AS RE-PULSIVE AS YOU! THE IDEA!



MEANWHILE, ALL OVER WONDERLAND THE SHADOWS REVOLT...



AN' A GOOD IDEA IT IS! WHOY SHOULD TH' LIKES O' ME BE AFTHAR LAYIN' ON TH' GROUND?



TODAY I AM A MAN! WAHOOO!

GULP! POOR OFFICER O' GOGGIN!



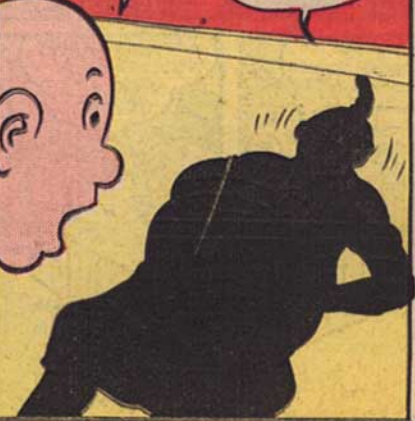
AS ANYONE WILL AGREE, THIS IS INDEED A SAD STATE OF AFFAIRS. WE NOW LOOK IN ON KUPKAKE THE DWARF...

HO-HUM! NOW FOR A NICE COOL SHOWER. OOPS, SHOWER THAT WAS YESTERDAY!



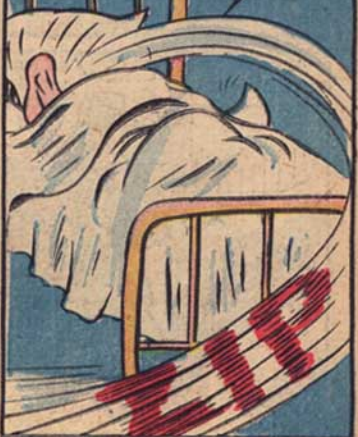
GULP! WH-WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?

HEE! HEE! AH'S YO' NEW SHADDUH, HONEY! YAS SUH!



OME WHEE OME

G-GAWSH! A LADY SHADOW!



I CAN'T DRESS WITH YOU IN HERE! GET OUTA HERE, I SAY!



♪ BUT AH CAINT, HONEY, AH IS YO' LIL' SHADOW! ♪

FINE THING! CAN'T EVEN HAVE A LITTLE PRIVACY! WELL, I'LL SHOW YA! I'LL GET DRESSED IN HERE!



HEY! WAIT A MINUTE, HONEY! DON' LEAVE ME!



WELL, IF YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME YOU BETTER HURRY 'CAUSE I CAN'T WAIT FOR ANY OL' FAT LADY!

KUPPY! WHAT'S THE MATTER F AND WHERE DID YOU GET THAT SHADOW?



DON'T ASK ME! I JUST GOT UP AN THERE SHE WAS! HOW COME YOUR SHADOW'S STILL OKAY F?

IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE WONDERLAND SHADOWS ARE ON STRIKE! DANNY'S FROM THE REAL WORLD SO I BELONG TO A DIFFERENT UNION!



GOEH, LET'S GO FOR A WALK, DANNY! MAYBE WE CAN FIGGER THIS OUT!

SAY, MISTER, WHAT'S GOIN' ON F WHAT'S THE CROWD WAITING FOR F?



DON'T YOU KNOW F IT'S GROUNDHOG DAY! THAT'S THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

AHH! HERE HE COMES NOW! RIGHT ON TIME! QUIET, FOLKS!



DON'T SCARE HIM! IF HE GOES BACK INSIDE WE'LL HAVE 40 MORE DAYS OF WINTER!



DID JA HEAR THAT? HE SAID HE'D NEVER COME OUT AGAIN!



WHY DID THE SHADOWS HAVE TO REVOLT ON SUCH AN IMPORTANT DAY AS THIS F WHAT'LL WE DO?

GULP! NO SPRING!

SUDDENLY THE GOOD FAIRY APPEARS

DANNY, I NEED YOUR HELP! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONGS IN THE LAND OF SHADOWS! YOU MUST FIND PRINCE PLUTO AND TELL HIM!

WE'LL TRY! NOW DO WE GET THERE?



DON'T WORRY, GOOD FAIRY. WE'LL SHOW THOSE MMF!

WHY, HONEY, NOW YO' ALL TALK, DON' YO' LIKE ME NO MO'?



WE'LL HOPE WE ARE! HERE THE PRINCE IS IN!

SHADOWLAND PLUTO, PROP.



HEY! SIT UP OFFA DA GROUND YA SCAB! SHADOW DIS DANNY GUY!

NUTS! I'M A MEMBER OF THE EARTH SHADOWS, LOCAL 803! BEAT IT, BUD!

THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS, SHADOW! PUT UP YER DUKES!

I ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE, BUT DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU!



I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!

DON'T GET LOST, KUPPIE!



WHO'S THIS LITTLE SQUIRT?!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SHADOWS, I GOT A CANDLE HERE SO IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL DO LIKE I SAY!

SURROUND HIM!



THE GOOD FAIRY SAID THESE SHADOWS WERE AFRAID OF LIGHT! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

THERE! THAT'LL FIX Y...?? GOSH! IT MAKES 'EM B-BIGGER!



AS KUPPIE LIGHTS HIS CANDLE THE SHADOWS SHOOT UPWARD

HEH! HEH! HEH!

AND NOW... WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?



D-DANNY... HELP!

KUPPIE! YOU DOPE, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT WHEN THE LIGHTS FROM BELOW THE SHADOWS GET LONGER? PUT THAT CANDLE OUT!

GULP!

CURSES! WE'RE SMALL AGAIN!



SAY YOUNG FELLER IF YER LOOKIN' FER PRINCE PLUTO, HE WENT UP THETAWAY AURORA BOREALIS 'S TOGGIN' A PARTY!

THANKS!

HURRY UP, KUPPIE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND PLUTO WHILE IT'S STILL GROUNDHOG DAY!

SHE'S HOLDIN' ME BACK, DANNY!

C'MON, FAT LADY! GOF, BOY IS SHE HEAVY!

AIN'T WE GONE FAR ENOUGH YET?

STOP COMPLAINING, LADY! AFTER ALL, WE DIDN'T ASK YOU TO COME! ALL WE HAVE TO DO NOW IS SHINNY UP THIS NORTHERN LIGHT AN' WERE THERE!

AH CAINT GO NO FATHER --AH RECKON AH'LL LAY DOWN AN' SLEEP-- OR DIE-- IT DON'T MATTER W-WHICH!

OH, BOY! I CAN SEE THE PALACE UP AHEAD!

NO! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GOING!

WE MUST SEE PRINCE PLUTO AT ONCE! TELL HIM THE SHADOWS IN WONDERLAND ARE REVOLTING!

A BOREALIS PALACE
HOW JOLTING! WAIT HERE! I WILL CONVEY THE NEWS!

REVOLTING! BAH! THEY'RE NAUSEATING, BUT I CAN'T LEAVE THE P-PARTY! 'RIC IT WOULDN'T BE CRICKET!

OF COURSE NOT, YOU SILLY THING! DANNY, RUN OVER TO THE SWITCHBOARD AND TURN ON THE AURORA BOREALIS! THAT'LL CONTROL THE SHADOWS UNTIL THE PRINCE'S RETURN!

HM, LOOK AT THAT! LIGHTNING SNOW, STARS, WIND, STORM... SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

HEY, DANNY, LEMME PULL THE SWITCH, WILL YA?

THERE...?? GOLLY... WHAT HAPPENED?

KUPPIE! YOU PULLED THE WRONG SWITCH!

HEY! WHAT IS THIS? A BLACKOUT?

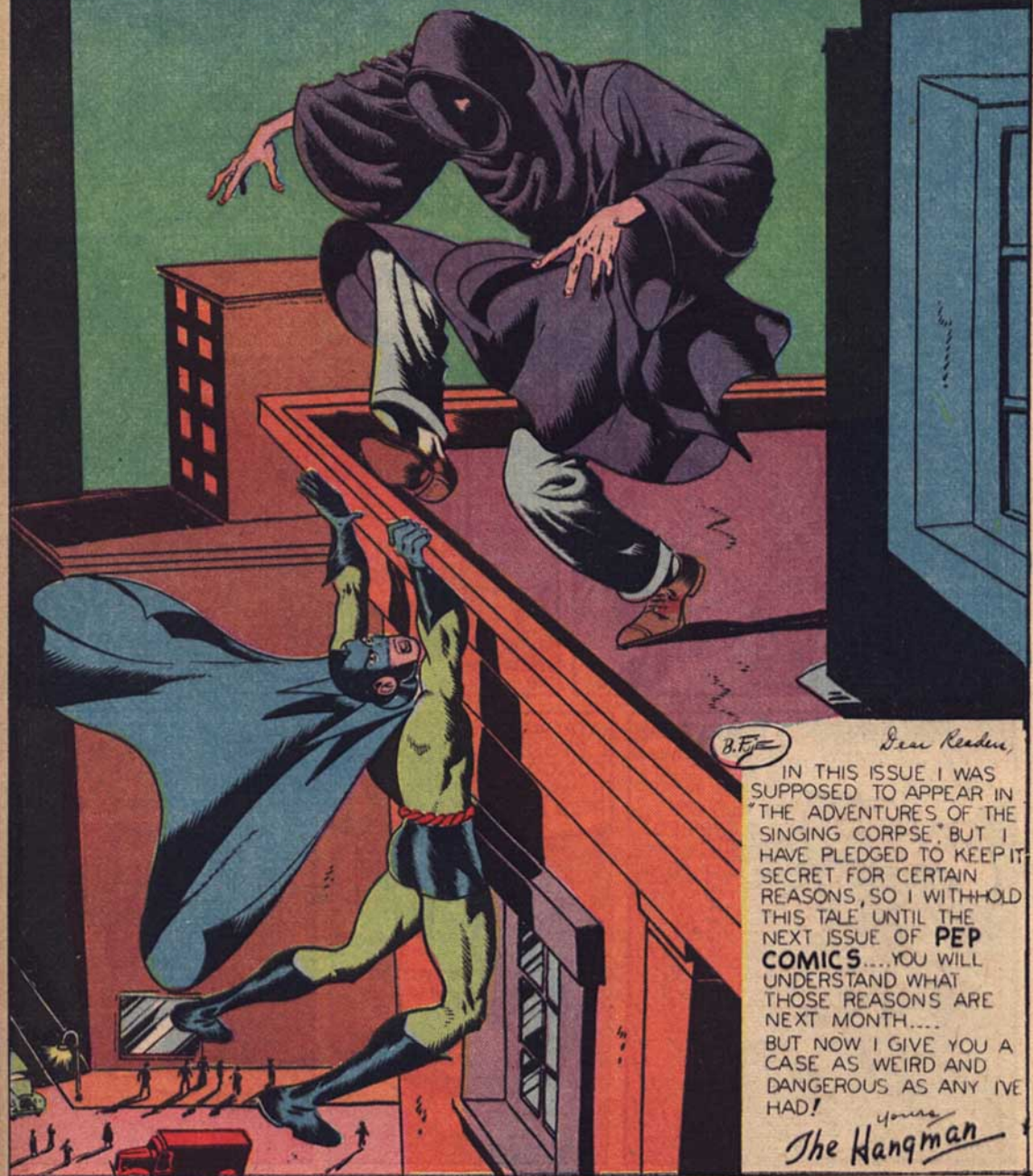
LIGHTS!



T
H
E

THE HANGMAN

IN MURDER BY APPOINTMENT



B.F.

Dear Reader,

IN THIS ISSUE I WAS SUPPOSED TO APPEAR IN "THE ADVENTURES OF THE SINGING CORPSE," BUT I HAVE PLEDGED TO KEEP IT SECRET FOR CERTAIN REASONS, SO I WITHHOLD THIS TALE UNTIL THE NEXT ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS**... YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT THOSE REASONS ARE NEXT MONTH....

BUT NOW I GIVE YOU A CASE AS WEIRD AND DANGEROUS AS ANY IVE HAD!

Yours

The Hangman



WHAT WAS THE SURPRISE YOU SAID YOU HAD FOR ME, BOB?

I HAVE TICKETS FOR THE NEW PLAY OF HARRY SHORTENS, FOR TONIGHT



HEY! MISTER, WATCH OUT!



BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL MISTER! YOU WANT TO BE MORE CAREFUL, MISTER!



THANKS EVER SO MUCH, I DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW I STUMBLED, BUT THANKS AGAIN!

OH THAT'S ALRIGHT, I'M GLAD I WAS AROUND TO DO IT!



YES, BUT I REALLY OWE MY LIFE TO YOU, CAN I REWARD YOU?

EXCUSE ME, BUT I MUST BE GOING! I HAVE TO CATCH UP TO THAT YOUNG LADY



HEY! THELMA! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF RACING OFF WITH ME?

HURRY! BOB, I'M FOLLOWING A MAN THAT STOOD NEAR THE OLD ONE THAT TRIPPED!



YOU AND YOUR HUNCHES I S'POSE YOU'RE GOING TO SAY IT WAS ATTEMPTED MURDER

I'M SURE THAT MAN TRIPPED HIM!



WELL THERE GOES YOUR SUSPECT, INTO THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB IN TOWN! THEY JUST DON'T HAVE MURDERERS FOR MEMBERS!

COULDN'T YOU JUST GO IN AND FIND OUT WHO THAT MAN WAS? I HAVE A HUNCH IT MIGHT LEAD TO SOMETHING!



LOOK HERE, THELMA, THE CENTURY CLUB IS VERY EXCLUSIVE!

I CAN'T JUST GO IN AND QUESTION THOSE MEMBERS! I'D GET THROWN OUT ON MY EAR! IT'S TIME WE WERE AT THE THEATRE!



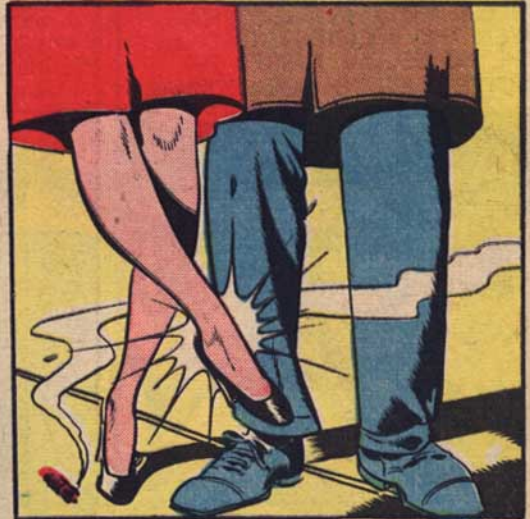
OH WE CAN ALWAYS GO TO THE THEATRE!

AHH! THE SAME YOUNG MAN THAT SAVED MY LIFE! COINCIDENCE TO SEE YOU IN FRONT OF MY CLUB! I'M MAJOR BALFOUR!



OH! MAJOR! MR DICKERING SAID HE'D LOVE TO VISIT THE CLUB... IF HE COULD....

HEY! I DON'T...



IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO INVITE HIM! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME I HAVE TICKETS FOR THE THEATRE, ANYHOW!



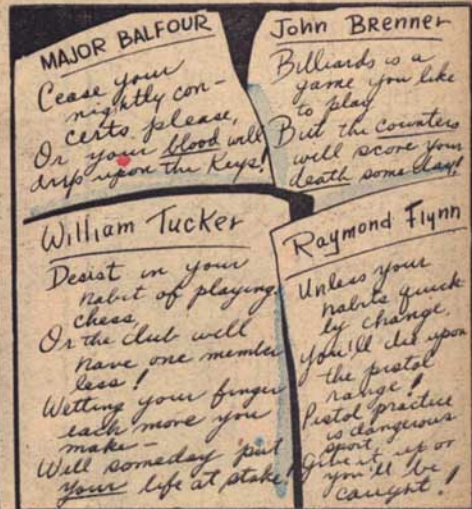
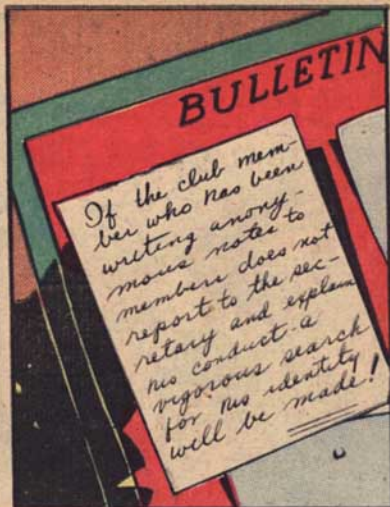
AHM! THERE'S THAT CHAP WE FOLLOWED! HE MUST BE A STEWARD HERE! IT'S ALL VERY ODD!

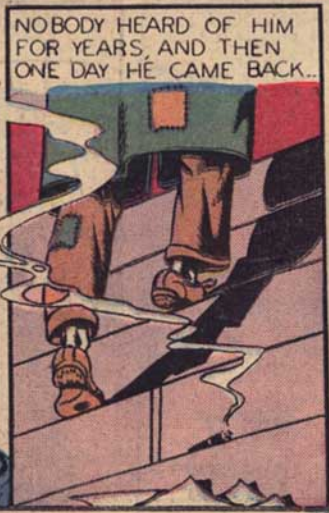


PARDON ME, BUT WERE YOU AT PARK AND 10TH ST. BEFORE?



WHAT BUSINESS IS IT OF YOURS WHERE I WAS?





WE GAVE HIM THE JOB! AND NOW THE MEMBERS RECEIVE THREATENING LETTERS! THEY ALL ARE THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THAT FATEFUL NIGHT!



HM...WOULD YOU POINT OUT THE MEN WHO RECEIVED THE NOTES



I MIGHT TELL YOU THAT THE MEN ARE SET IN THEIR HABITS...FOR EXAMPLE MAJOR BALFOUR PLAYS THE PIANO AT 8 SHARP! BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS!



THAT'S TUCKER! THE BEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE CLUB! HE PLAYS EACH NIGHT AT THE SAME TIME! THE THREATS WOULDN'T STOP HIM!



THAT'S JOHN BRENNER! BILLARDS IS HIS HOBBY!



AND THAT'S RAY FLYNN! HE'S A CHAMPION CRACK PISTOL SHOT! NEVER MISSES A NIGHT OF PRACTICE!



WELL I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW, MR DICKERING! THANK YOU FOR YOUR HELP... I ONLY HOPE IT WAS A JOKE!



TSK! TSK! THE EFFRONTERY OF SOME PEOPLE! HUMM-P-H-H GOSH! WHAT'S A WIDOW?





HM... HERE'S THE SCABBARD THAT THE SWORD* WAS TAKEN FROM... SAY! WHAT'S THAT SHOUTING DOWNSTAIRS!



WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MR TUCKER!

HE'S DEAD! HE COLLAPSED!

I GUESS IT WAS A HEART... ATTACK!



NO! IT WAS MURDER! LOOK AT HIS FINGER... IT'S DISCOLORED... SOMEONE KNEW HE HAD THE HABIT OF LICKING HIS FINGER WHEN HE PLAYED CHESS!



...AND PUT POISON ON HIS CHESS PIECES!!



GENTLEMEN! ONE OF YOU IS THE... MURDERER!!



...AND UNTIL I FIND WHICH ONE, I SUGGEST THE REST OF YOU DON'T INDULGE IN YOUR USUAL PASTIMES!



THE DEVIL I WON'T!

TALK ABOUT STUBBORNESS!

IF ONLY I FIND THAT STEWARD BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



HOW ABOUT YOU FLYNN?.. GOING TO PISTOL PRACTICE?

OF COURSE! I DON'T SCARE EASILY!



I WISH FLYNN WOULD SKIP TO-NIGHT! IT SEEMS LIKE CHALLENGING FATE! AFTER ALL, THERE'S A MURDERER AFTER HIM!

I AGREE BUT HE'S DETERMINED SO LET'S GO DOWN AND JOIN HIM!



THAT'S ODD! THE PISTOLS ARE READY BUT FLYNN'S NOT HERE!

WELL LET'S START WITHOUT HIM HE'LL PROBABLY COME WHEN HE HEARS US



STOP! DON'T SHOOT THAT PISTOL!!



JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! THE MURDERER PUT YOU BEHIND THE TARGET SO THAT THE FIRST SHOTS OF YOUR FRIENDS WOULD KILL YOU!



TELL ME, WHO WAS IT THAT TIED YOU UP?

I DON'T KNOW, WHO EVER IT WAS HAD A HOODED ROBE! THAT...



HA-HA-HA!! NEARLY CAUGHT YOU, FLYNN IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THE MEDDLING HANGMAN! NEVER MIND, I'M NOT THROUGH YET!



I'M NOT THROUGH EITHER! AND I WON'T BE UNTIL THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE SNAPS YOUR NECK AND BREAKS IT!!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST!



CARELESS OF YOU,
HANGMAN!



YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!! I THOUGHT
FOR AWHILE THAT YOU WERE
DEAD!

NEVER MIND ME!
WHERE DID THE
MURDERER GO?



I SAW A BLACK ROBED FIGUR
STANDING OVER YOU WITH A
CLUB! WHEN HE SAW ME HE
RAN UP THE STAIRS! HE WAS
HUMPED SO IT MUST BE THE
STEWARD! HE MAY BE IN HIS
ROOM!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED! I'LL
HAVE TO BREAK IT IN!



I'LL BE HE'S HERE! BUT
HE SEEMS TO BE UNCONSCIOUS!



LOOK! HE MUST HAVE COMMITTED
SUICIDE! THERE'S THE BOTTLE OF POISON
ON THE TABLE! HE'S THE MURDERER!
THERE'S THE ROBE HE WORE!



IS THAT SO? HOW DO YOU
KNOW IT'S POISON? YOU
SEEM A LITTLE TOO QUICK TO
FIGURE THINGS OUT! I
THINK YOU ARE THE MURDER-
ER!



SO! YOU GUESSED
BUT WHAT GOOD
WILL IT DO? NOW
YOU'LL DIE TOO!



YES, HANGMAN! I'M THE MURDERER! UNFORTUNATELY I HAD SOME DEBTS TO PAY... AND USED THE CLUBS FUNDS.. MY VICTIMS WERE ALL HEAVILY INSURED!



AND AS CLUB SEC RETARY, I WOULD HANDLE THOSE FUNDS! I KNEW THAT REEVES WAS SUSPECTED... BUT I WANTED TO MAKE SURE! I PUT POISON IN HIS COUGH MEDICINE! OBVIOUS CASE OF SUICIDE!



...BUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE WONT DO YOU ANY GOOD... UNLESS YOU'RE IMMUNE TO GAS! HA, HA, HA!



TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE AROUND FOR BRENNER'S MURDER! I'M GOING TO ATTACH THE BILLIARD COUNTER WIRE TO THE ELECTRIC CURRENT! WHEN HE GOES TO SCORE HE'LL BE ELECTROCUTED!



THE GAS IS GETTING WORSE! I'VE GOT TO GET FREE!



OH! THIS ISH WORSSH THAN PINK ELEPHANTS. OH TH' EVIL OF LIQUOR!

WELL, I'LL BE... SAY UNTIE ME QUICKLY!



DIDN'T YOU DRINK THAT COUGH MEDICINE

NAH! DIDN'T SMELL GOOD THAT WHISKEY WAS BETTER!

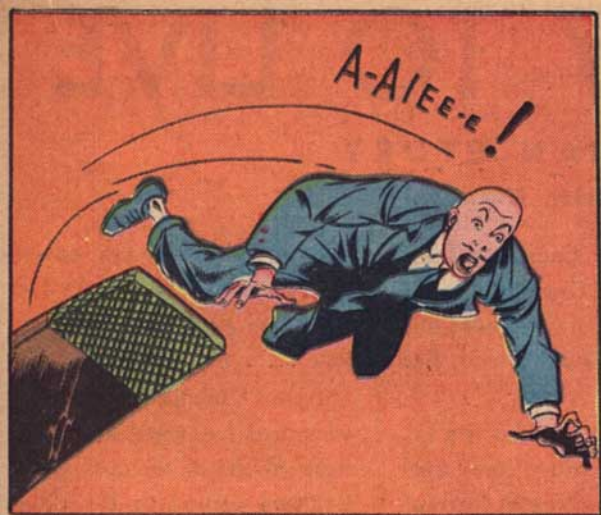


SOBER UP REEVES WILE TRIED TO MURDER BOTH OF US!

WHA--GOOD HEAVENSH! I'LL CALL TH' POLISHE!







Y'SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU! THAT GUY WOULDN'T DARE TOUCH ME!

IT WAS JUST LUCK, THAT SAVED YOU, BRENNER! THE MURDERER WAS WILE! HE'S IN THE POOL WITH A BROKEN NECK!



HANGMAN, DID YOU CATCH WILE?

YES, HE'S DEAD BY THE WAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR REEVES THE MURDERER WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED!



LATER

SO, WHILE YOUR HUNCH WAS WRONG, IT DID LEAD TO THE MURDERER!



OH-OH! LOOK! SEE THAT MAN OVER THERE, Y'KNOW I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THE WAY HE'S ACTING!



OH! NO-BOB! NO!

ANOTHER HUNCH, HEY! WELL, WE'LL SETTLE IT RIGHT NOW! ERR PARDON ME, MISTER, BUT WOULD YOU TELL THE YOUNG LADY WHAT'S IN THAT PACKAGE?

WHO! ME!



OH-ER THIS? WHY IT'S A BOWLING BALL I WON TONIGHT! MY WIFE DISAPPROVES OF BOWLING, AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET IT IN MY HOUSE!

THE END

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE

IN THE CITY OF
CORPSES!

WHAT WAS THE GRUESOME
THING THAT THREATENED TO
CONVERT AN ENTIRE CITY
VIBRANT AND TEEMING WITH
LIFE INTO A VAST GRAVEYARD?
A CITY OF CORPSES!
THE FATE OF AN ENTIRE
NATION DEPENDED ON WHETHER
THAT INCOMPARABLE DOO--THE
SHIELD AND DUSTY COULD
FIND THE ANSWER TO THAT
HORRIBLE RIDDLE IN TIME!!






BETTER TAKE IN A MOVIE, OR SOMETHING, DUSTY, I'M GOING TO BE STUCK HERE A WHILE, ON THIS REPORT TO THE F.B.I.


NOTHING DOING, JOE!

YOU'RE JUST LIABLE TO RUN INTO SOME EXCITEMENT ON THIS NAZI SPY CASE YOU'RE ON, WHILE I'M GONE! NO SIREEE!! I'M STICKIN' CLOSE BY!!

OKAY, YOU LITTLE RASCAL! I'LL ORDER SOMETHING TO EAT!!




HELLO.. HELLO... FUNNY, THERE'S NO ANSWER! THE SWITCHBOARD IN THIS HOTEL IS OPEN ALL NIGHT! WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GET IT OURSELVES!!




SAY... WHAT'S THIS NOW? THE ELEVATOR'S NOT WORKING!

FUNNY DOINGS GOING ON, DUSTY!!



WHAT IN... EMPTY! WHERE'S EVERYBODY?!



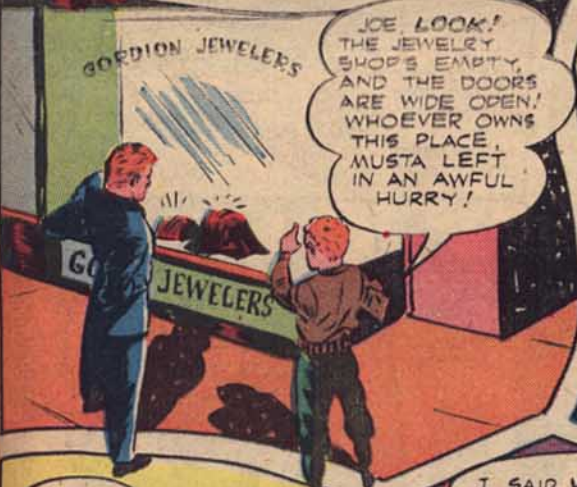
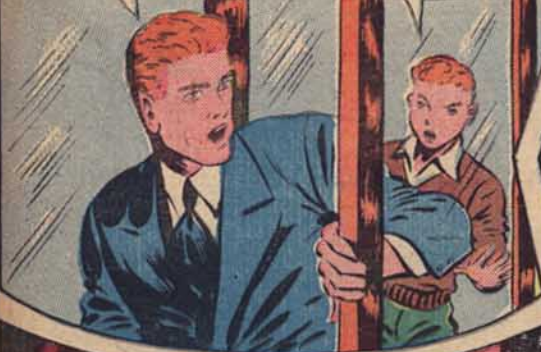
YOU GOT ME, PAL, THIS LOBBY WAS FILLED WITH PEOPLE THIS MORNING WHEN WE CHECKED IN!

THIS IS SCREWY!
PEOPLE DON'T
DESERT A HOTEL
JUST LIKE THAT!

AND IT CAN'T BE
AN A/I.R. RAID...
OR WE'D HAVE
HEARD IT!

HOLY CROCKEY!
THE ENTIRE
NEIGHBORHOOD
IS EMPTY!

AND THE
TROLEYS HAVE
STOPPED
RUNNING!



JOE LOOK!
THE JEWELRY
SHOP'S EMPTY,
AND THE DOORS
ARE WIDE OPEN!
WHOEVER OWNS
THIS PLACE,
MUSTA LEFT
IN AN AWFUL
HURRY!

HEY...
THERE'S
SOMEBODY
AT LAST!

YES.. HE
LOOKS LIKE
HE WANTS TO
GET SOMEPLACE
FAST, TOO!



HEY,
WAIT
UP
BUD!!

I SAID WAIT
UP!.. WHAT'S
HAPPENED HERE?
WHERE IS EVERY
BODY?... WHAT
ARE YOU SO
AFRAID OF?

LET ME
GO! LET
ME GO,
I TELL
YOU!

WE'LL ALL BE DEAD, IF
WE DON'T GET OUT OF
THIS CITY OF DEATH.
THAT HORRIBLE BLACK-
OUT MAY COME AGAIN
AT ANY MOMENT! THE
FIRST
TIME...



...IT WAS FIRST NOTICED BY MY LITTLE BOY...

HEY, MOM! IT IS GETTING DARK, BUT I PUT OUT MY LIGHTS! AIR RAID WHISTLE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BLACKOUT! WHAT ON EARTH CAN THAT PECULIAR SMELL BE?

BUT THAT WASN'T ANY BLACKOUT. THAT PECULIAR SMELL MY WIFE NOTICED WAS DEATH. BLACK CLOUDS OF DEATH, THAT SUDDENLY BLANKETED THE CITY. IT FIRST STRUCK THE ARMY BARRACKS ON THE CITY OUTSKIRTS.

... THEN BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES COULD TRACE THE CAUSE, THE DEATH CLOUDS FLOATED INTO THE CITY.

"MADNESS BROKE LOOSE AS PEOPLE RAN FOR THEIR LIVES. AND THE WEIRDEST PART WAS THE TERRIBLE SILENCE THROUGH IT ALL. IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THOSE HIDEOUS CLOUDS SMOTHERED ALL SOUND..."

SOUNDS FISHY TO ME! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE IF YOUR STORY IS TRUE??

I RAN WITH THE REST, AND RETURNED WHEN THE CLOUDS HAD PASSED! I HAD TO GET MY VALUABLES! EVEN IF IT MEANT MY LIFE!

HEY... WAIT A MINUTE!

THAT GUY WASN'T ACTING! HIS FRIGHT WAS GENUINE. ALL RIGHT!

LET HIM GO, DUSTY!



COME ON,
WE ARE GOING
TO CHECK WITH
THE POLICE
IN THIS
TOWN!

IF THERE
ARE ANY
POLICE
LEFT!

SHIELD! LOOK! UP
ON THAT ELECTRIC
LIGHT POLE!

WHAT'S
THAT BIRD
DOING??

HEY YOU!
COME DOWN FOR
A MINUTE! MAYBE
YOU CAN ANSWER
A FEW
QUESTIONS!

SCRAM!
I'M TOO
BUSY!

HEY!

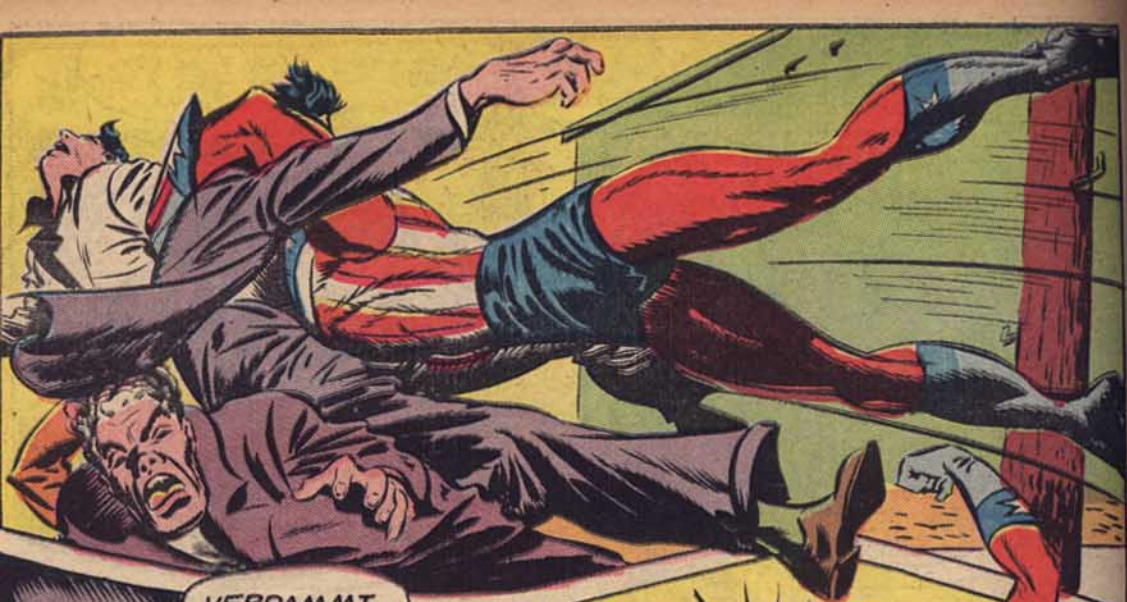
YOU'LL BE A LOT
BUSIER PICKING UP
YOUR TEETH, IF
YOU'LL GET NASTY!

REINHARDT..
ERNST...
COME OUT..
QUICK!!
IT'S THE
SHIELD!

OH, HO! SO
THAT'S
THE WAY
THE WIND
BLOWS,
EH?

LET'S SHOW
'EM A REAL
HURRICANE,
SHIELD!

SLAM!



VERDAMMT,
SCWEIN!
TAKE DOT!



HIT THE
KID.. WILL
YOU??



YOU'RE THE
LAST!!





HOW ARE YA FEELING, KID??

O.K.? I GUESS IT ISN'T EVERY DAY SOMEONE HITS YOU WITH A HAMMER!



LOOKS LIKE I MISSED THE SHOW!

DON'T WORRY.. YOU MAY SEE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE YET!



COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO THIS ELECTRIC COMPANY! AND IN THEIR OWN TRUCK!



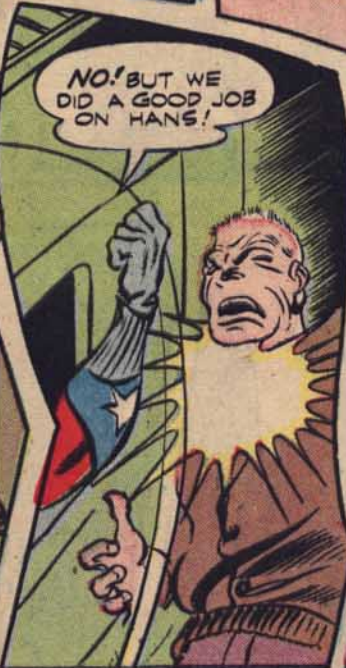
THE TRUCK SPEEDS THRU THE DESERTED STREETS...



WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE ELECTRIC CO... A GUARD STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS!..

ACME ELECTRIC COMP.

IS DOT YOU, HANS? DID YOU DO A GOOD CHOB ON DER LIGHTS?



NO! BUT WE DID A GOOD JOB ON HANS!



ALL CLEAR DUSTY.. NOW TO GIVE THIS PLACE THE ONCE OVER!

ELECTRIC COMPANY

GO EASY, LAD! I'VE A HUNCH WHOEVER IS IN THIS PLACE, WON'T WANT TO BE DISTURBED... ESPECIALLY BY US!!

CENTRAL LIGHT. ING. SYSTEM

JUST A MINUTE DUSTY!!

BULBS

I DON'T GET IT!

THEY ENTER THE MAIN SWITCH-ROOM AND SEE...

AH! JUST AS I THOUGHT! BUSY LITTLE BEES, AREN'T THEY??

HOLY SMOKES! NAZIS!!

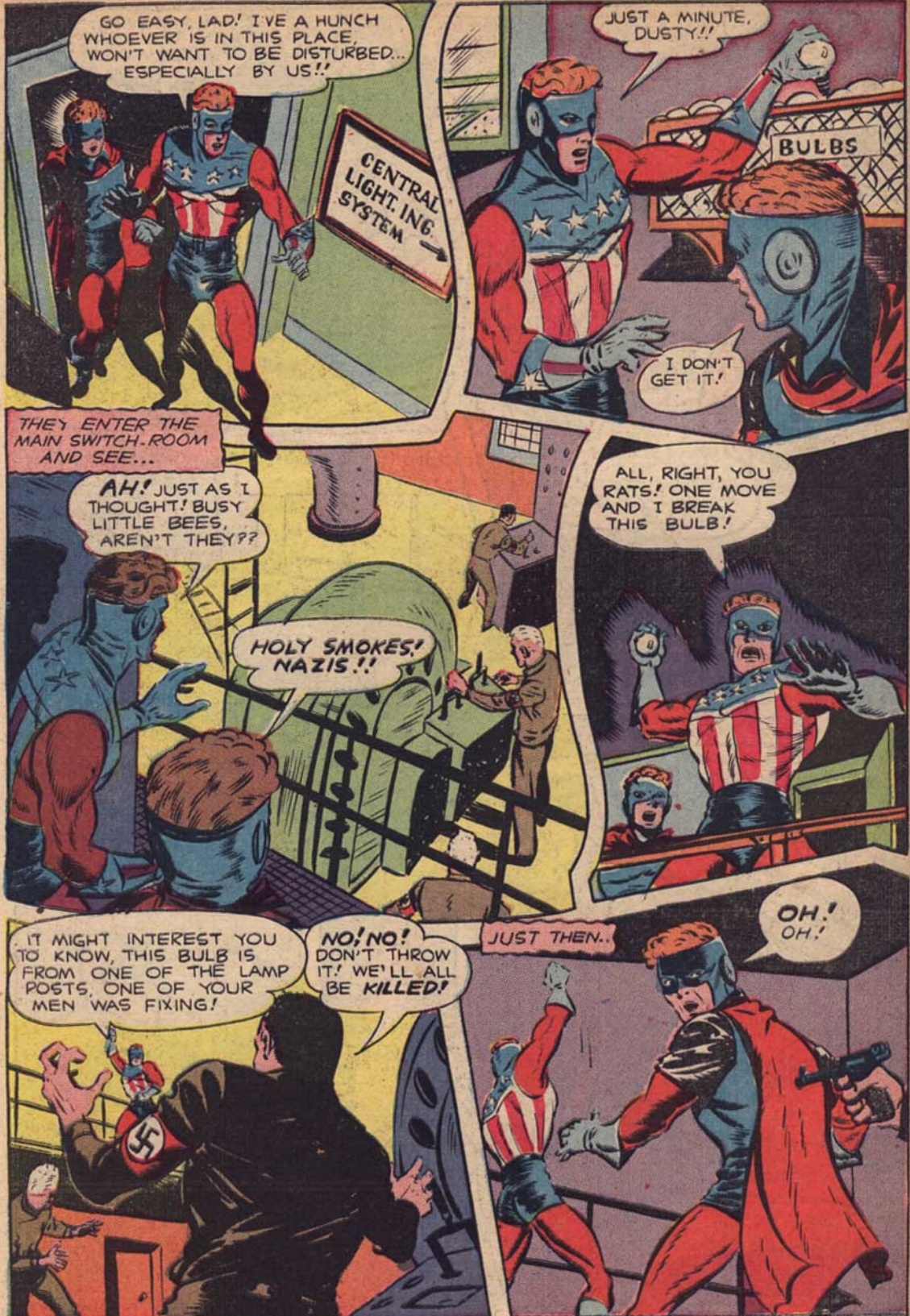
ALL, RIGHT, YOU RATS! ONE MOVE AND I BREAK THIS BULB!

IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO KNOW, THIS BULB IS FROM ONE OF THE LAMP POSTS, ONE OF YOUR MEN WAS FIXING!

NO! NO! DON'T THROW IT! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!

JUST THEN..

OH! OH!



YOU MAY AS WELL TOSS THAT BULB AWAY, SHIELD. I SAW YOU TAKE IT FROM THE ORDINARY BULB RACK IN THE HALL...AND NO TRICKS IF YOU VALUE YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS' LIFE!

WHAT THE DEVIL! IT'S YOU! THE MAN WITH THE SUITCASE! THE GUY WHO CAME BACK FOR HIS VALUABLES!

O.K. YOU WIN! WHAT'S YOUR CONNECTION HERE??



YOU MEAN YOU WANTONLY USED IT ON AN ENTIRE CITY?

CERTAINLY! A CITY TODAY! THE ENTIRE COUNTRY TOMORROW.. NOW THAT I KNOW MY GAS IS EFFICIENT! I'LL HAVE YOUR ACCURSED U.S. ON IT'S KNEES, BEGGING FOR PEACE!

MY "CONNECTION" AS YOU CALL IT IS VERY SIMPLE! I AM A CHEMIST IN THE SERVICE OF THE FATHERLAND.. A VERY BRILLIANT CHEMIST, IF I SAY SO MYSELF! MY DISCOVERY OF THE DEATH-DEALING NERVE GAS.. OR BLACKOUT GAS, AS IT'S HYSTERICAL VICTIMS CALLED IT.. IS TESTIMONY TO THAT!!



YOU'RE WRONG, YOU SNAKE! AMERICANS WILL DIE ON THEIR FEET, BEFORE THEY'LL LIVE ON THEIR KNEES!

SPLENDID! THEY WILL HAVE THAT CHOICE! THE BULBS WHICH EXUDE MY NERVE-PARALYZING GAS HAVE BY THIS TIME BEEN DISTRIBUTED ALL OVER THE CITY.. AND WHEN MY MEN THROW THAT SWITCH....



NOW'S MY CHANCE!

YOU GABBY GUYS
ARE ALWAYS
SUCKERS FOR
JIU-JITSU!

GOTT IN HIMMEL!
HERR KUNZE IS
FALLING INTO A
LIVE ELECTRICAL
UNIT!!

EEY YAAH!

WELL! WHAT DO YOU
KNOW! THOSE NAZIS
DON'T LIKE OUR
COMPANY, SHIELD!

IT'S TOO
LATE TO DESERT,
RATS! YOUR
SHIP IS ALREADY
SUNK!

WE'RE GETTING
OUTTA HERE...
FAST.. BUT
FAST!

DON'T SPARE
THE HORSES ON
THESE MURDERERS
DUSTY!

I'M JUST
KNOCKING 'EM
SLIGHTLY **COLD**,
SHIELD... SO I CAN
PICK 'EM UP
AND DO IT
AGAIN!!



NOT A CREATURE
WAS STIRRING
NOT EVEN
A RAT!

YEAH! TAKIN' THESE
LUNKS INTO TOW IS
MORE OF A JOB FOR
THE STREET CLEANING
DEPARTMENT THAN
IT FOR THE POLICE!

HEY SHIELD!
HERE'S THE BULB!
LOOK IT FELL
INTO THIS
WASTE
BASKET!



BOY! YOU EVEN HAD
ME FOOLED WHEN
YOU THREATENED
TO THROW IT!

LET'S SEE
THAT A
MINUTE!

HOLY
SMOKE!

WHAT IS
IT, SHIELD!



WHAT MIRACULOUS
LUCK IT DIDN'T
BREAK WHEN I
TOSSED IT AWAY!
THIS ONE REALLY
CONTAINS GAS!

Y'-YOU
MEAN
IT AIN'T
A FAKE?

THAT'S
RIGHT!

O-OH!

THE END