

NO.  
44

# PEP



The SHIELD

DEC.

AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING COMIC MAGAZINE

10¢



# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 22

### THE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR!

This is probably no news to any of you G-Man members. From the way the letters have been pouring into the radio station, it would seem that everybody and their relatives are enthusiastic Black Hood fans. Dusty and I have been listening to every program since our pal, the Hood, first hit the air-waves—and take it from us, gang—he's terrific!

We could rave on and on. But the easiest way to convince yourselves is to tune in on him. The Hood's on every night, Monday to Friday, on the Mutual Broadcasting System. You'll find he's the same two-fisted he-man we've known and loved in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS for so many years.

One more thing before Dusty and I say so-long. How's about you G-Man members dropping a line to Station WOR, N. Y. C., N. Y.? Tell 'em how much you like the Black Hood. He'd sure appreciate it. And so would Dusty and I. It'd sure be nice to know all the pals the Hood made in TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS are rooting for him.

And besides, it's part of our G-Man club code to stick with our pals, isn't it?

Sincerely,

*Joe Higgins  
(The Shield)*

Here are the latest honorary members to be enrolled in the G-Man Club.

HORACE THOMPSON  
527 So. 12th Street  
Paducah, Ky.

BURTON ATKINS  
Ft. Stockton, Texas

MARILYN MUELLER  
9901 W. Schlinger Avenue  
West Allis 14, Wis.

KENNETH JAMES  
607 W. Valley  
Valley Park, Mo.

NANCY RANDLE  
1021 63  
Galveston, Texas

MARILYN TOBE  
R. 1 Lovers Lane  
Jeffersontown, Ky.

PETE POWELL  
17 Second Avenue  
Anderson, S. C.

VASCO NUNES  
103 Magnolia Street  
Newark 3, N. J.

RICHARD GARCIA  
119 E. Main Street  
Anadarko, Okla.

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

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

Joe Higgins  
Room 315  
60 Hudson St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.



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

NAME.....

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

CUT ON THIS LINE

THE ORIGINAL

# SHIELD

AND

# DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

in the

# GHOST GOES EAST



ONCE UPON A TIME, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY HAD NOTHING TO DO, SO THEY WENT TO VISIT A HAUNTED HOUSE! AND MET A VERY FRIENDLY GHOST! A MOST UNUSUAL GHOST.... WHO DIDN'T CARE MUCH FOR HAUNTING --- BUT WHO LOVED TO PAINT PICTURES! SOUNDS CRAZY, DOESN'T IT? BUT THEN, THIS IS A VERY CRAZY ADVENTURE! JUST KEEP READING YOU'LL SEE WHAT WE MEAN!

By IRVING NOWICK

WOW! WOTTA NIGHT! NO USE GOING ANY FURTHER IN THIS WEATHER, DUSTY!

YEAH, JOE THE CHIEF COULD HAVE PICKED ON BETTER WEATHER TO DRAG US TO WASHINGTON!



SAY, MISTER! IS THERE A HOTEL HERE-ABOUTS WE COULD PUT UP FOR THE NIGHT?

NOPE, THERE'S ONLY ONE HOUSE FOR MILES AROUND!



IT'S UP ON THAT HILL! BUT YOU COULDN'T GET ME THERE FOR A MILLION BUCKS, NO SIR! IT'S HAUNTED!



WELL, WE WON'T MIND PUTTING UP THERE--IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH THE GHOST!

OKAY. GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!



HA, HA--IMAGINE ANYBODY BELIEVING IN GHOSTS IN THIS DAY AND AGE!



YEAH! BUT IF THERE ARE ANY GHOSTS AROUND, THEY SURE HAVE A SWELL NIGHT TO DO BUSINESS!



THERE'S THE PLACE NOW, JOE! WHEW! IT DOES LOOK SPOOKY, AT THAT!



HOLY COW! HEAD-LIGHTS! COMING RIGHT AT ME!

JOE! SWING YOUR WHEEL, QUICK!



WITH A SHARP SCREECH OF BRAKES AND GRINDING TIRES THE CAR SWERVES INTO A DITCH AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD---

WHO'S THE MANIAC DRIVING THAT OTHER CAR?

WHAT THE SAM HILL! THERE IS NO OTHER CAR OUT HERE! LOOK OUT THERE, DUSTY!



AND IF WE'D SWERVED THE OTHER WAY THERE'S WHERE WE WOULD HAVE LANDED!

THOSE WERE OUR OWN HEADLIGHTS WE SAW REFLECTED IN THAT MIRROR!




GHOST OR NO GHOST-- HERE WE COME!

OBVIOUSLY SOMEONE IS ANXIOUS TO KEEP VISITORS AWAY FROM THAT HOUSE!

AND THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ARE GONNA FIND OUT WHO THAT SOMEONE IS, EH?

RIGHT! STRIP FOR ACTION!





WHEW! ... THE JOINT LOOKS LIKE IT WAS BUILT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR!



OH, OH! A LIGHT! LET'S INVESTIGATE!




WELL, I'LL BE--

WHO THE HECK IS THAT CHARACTER?




COME IN, GENTLEMEN, COME IN!



HOW DO YOU LIKE MY LATEST PAINTING? A MASTERPIECE, ISN'T IT?



WHO ARE YOU? WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PAINTING YOURSELF BEING HANGED?



ONE QUESTION AT A TIME PLEASE! FIRST I AM THE GHOST OF THE HOUSE OF COURSE!



YOU-- YOU'RE THE WHAT?



THE GHOST! AS FOR THE PAINTING, I ALWAYS PAINT MYSELF EXACTLY THAT WAY! BEEN DOING IT NOW FOR 150 YEARS!



YOU SEE, I WAS HANGED IN THIS VERY HOUSE AT THAT TIME--AND SINCE I LOVED TO DABBLE WITH A BRUSH WHEN I WAS ALIVE, I DECIDED TO TAKE IT UP AGAIN INSTEAD OF THE USUAL HAUNTING BUSINESS!



I USE MYSELF AS A MODEL! YOU SEE MY BODY IS STILL HANGING IN THE ATTIC!

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT!



WHY DON'T YOU GO UPSTAIRS AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

YOU'RE DARNED RIGHT I WILL!

G..GOOD GOSH!



IT.. IT IS HIM! BUT HOW WHA---- WHO WHO--- MAYBE I'M GOING NUTS!



WAIT A MINUTE! IF THIS GUY'S BEEN HANGING FOR 150 YEARS, HOW IS HIS BODY SO WELL PRESERVED?

SO YOU DIED 150 YEARS AGO! HOW NICE!

NICE! WHAT'S SO NICE ABOUT HANGING! IT'S VERY UNPLEASANT, I ASSURE YOU!

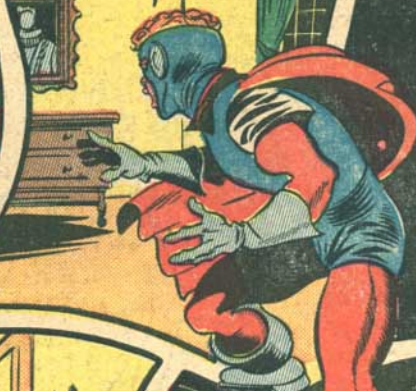
**S**UDDENLY--

HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA, HA

WHAT WAS THAT?

SAY!... WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND--- HOLY JOE! --- NOW THE PANTER'S DISAPPEARED!

I'M BEGINNING NOT TO LIKE THIS PLACE VERY MUCH! I'M NOT SCARED OR ANYTHING-- BUT YA CAN'T FIGHT WHAT YA CAN'T SEE!



WHILE THE SHIELD'S UPSTAIRS I'LL PROWL AROUND AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND!

HMM--MAYBE IT'S MY IMAGINATION-- BUT I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THIS ROOM WITH ME!



WHA-- A TRAP DOOR!

OH WELL, I'LL JUST KEEP ON LOOKING!





AT THAT MOMENT THE SHIELD COMES DOWNSTAIRS--

WHAT IN-- DUSTY AND THE GHOST PAINTER ARE GONE--- DUSTY! OH DUSTY!

FUNNY!-- IF THE KID WERE AROUND HE WOULD HAVE ANSWERED! I WONDER!



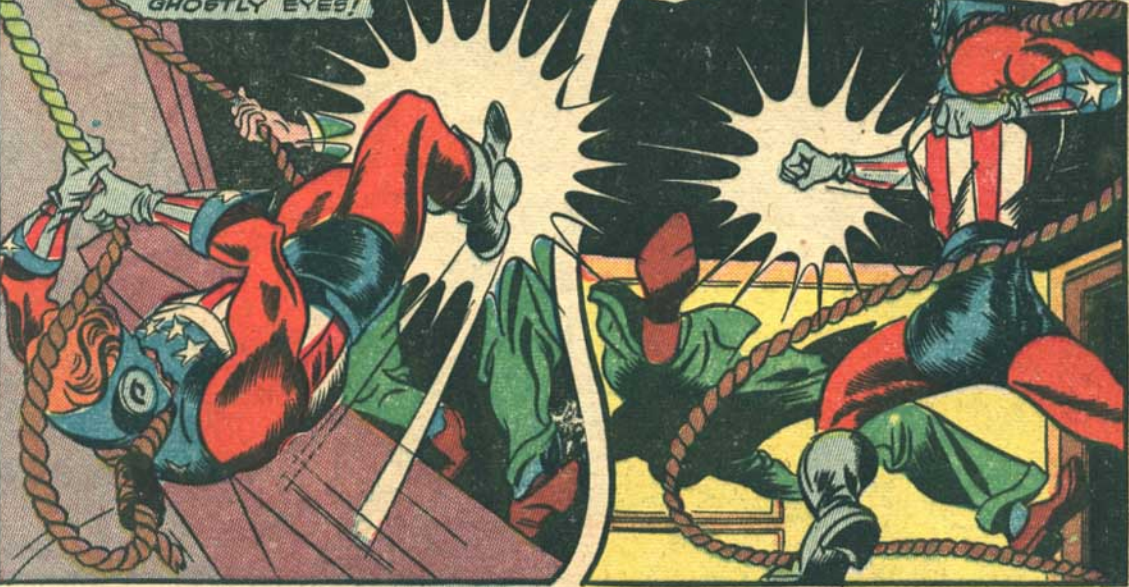
UGH--

BUT THE SHIELD'S THOUGHTS ARE CUT SHORT BY A NOOSE WHICH SUDDENLY DESCENDS AND---



WHILE FROM THE DARKNESS ABOVE A PAIR OF MALEVOLENT EYES GAZE FIERCELY UPON THE STRUGGLING SHIELD BELOW---

--- BUT SUDDENLY, THE SHIELD WHIPS HIS POWERFUL FRAME UPWARD LIKE A HUGE COILED SPRING, AND A LASHING FOOT CONNECTS WITH A VERY SOLID CHIN BENEATH THOSE GHOSTLY EYES!



NOW IT'S MY TURN TO PLAY GAMES--AND BROTHER, DO I PLAY ROUGH!

SILENTLY A PANEL SLIDES OPEN IN THE WALL BEHIND THE SHIELD---

WHERE'S THE BOY? TALK FAST, OR I'LL FASHION A NECKLACE WITH YOUR TEETH!

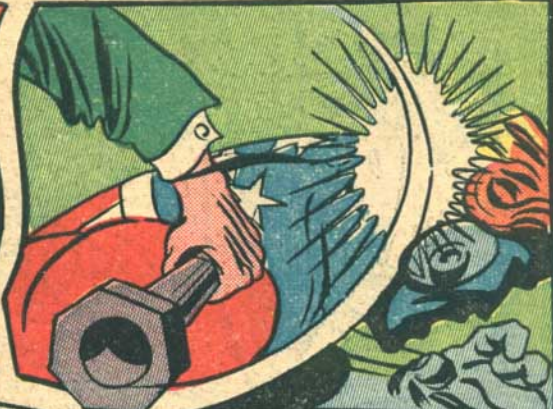
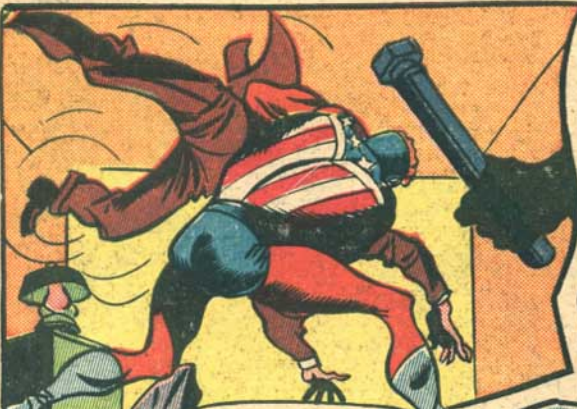
THE HECK YOU WILL-- SUCKER!

THE SHIELD TUMBLES HEAD OVER HEELS DOWN A SHAFTWAY--

SHIELD!

I'LL BE-- SNAKY CHARMER! THE GANGSTER-KILLER SO THIS IS WHERE YOU AND YOUR MOB HAVE BEEN HIDING FROM THE POLICE!

WELL, YOUR HIDING DAYS ARE OVER!



EASY NOW, SHIELD!  
OR YOUR KID  
PAL GETS IT!

YOU DON'T  
THINK YOU'RE  
GOING TO  
GET AWAY  
WITH THIS,  
MUCH  
LONGER,  
DO  
YOU SNAKY?

LONG ENOUGH FOR THE  
HEAT ON ME TO COOL--  
THEN BLOW TOWN! THE  
COPS AIN'T GONNA GET  
ME FOR THAT SAUNDER'S  
KILLIN'!

PRETTY  
CLEVER SCAR-  
IN! PEOPLE  
OFF WITH  
GHOSTS!



YOU EVEN  
HAD ME  
FOOLED  
WITH THAT  
GHOST  
ARTIST  
GAG!

WHAT GHOST ART-  
IST? I NEVER PULL-  
ED DAT! YOU GOT  
SOMETHING UP  
YER SLEEVE  
SHIELD!

SNAKY!  
LOOK! HOW'D  
DAT GUY GET IN  
HERE?

OH! SO DAT'S DE GHOST  
ARTIST! NICE GAG,  
SHIELD! BUT IT AIN'T  
GONNA WORK!

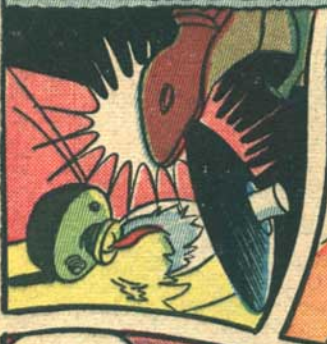


IT IS A  
GHOST!...  
YEEOW!  
LEMMIE  
OUTTA  
HERE!

O-- DEM  
BULLETS WENT  
RIGHT THROUGH  
'IM!

IN HIS FRANTIC WASTE ONE OF THE GANGSTERS KNOCKS OVER A KEROSENE LAMP--

"--AND SOON, THE ROOM IS A SEETHING INFERNO!--"



EASY, DUSTY! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND!



SNAKY HAD QUITE A START ON US, BUT MAYBE WE CAN STILL CATCH HIM!



TOO LATE!



LOOK, BOSS, LIGHTS--A CAR COMIN' TOWARD US!

IT'S ONLY DE MIRROR I PLANTED ON DE ROAD-- CRASH IT!



CRIPES! IT AIN'T A MIRROR AT ALL! IT IS A CAR!

WHAT!



DESPERATELY, THE DRIVER TWISTS HIS WHEEL FORGETFUL OF THE SHEER PRECIPICE AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, AND---



WOW! RIGHT OVER THE CLIFF! THEY DIDN'T GET AWAY AFTER ALL!



THAT FINISHES THEM! LUCKY I LEFT MY CAR IN THE ROAD-- WITH MY HEAD-LIGHTS ON!



DUSTY! WHEN WE MAKE OUT OUR REPORT TO THE F.B.I., I DON'T THINK WE'D BETTER MENTION THE GHOST! IT WOULDN'T MAKE GOOD READING ON AN OFFICIAL FILE SHEET! AND BESIDES, EVEN THOUGH WE SAW IT WITH OUR OWN EYES, I FOR ONE, STILL HALF DON'T BELIEVE IT!



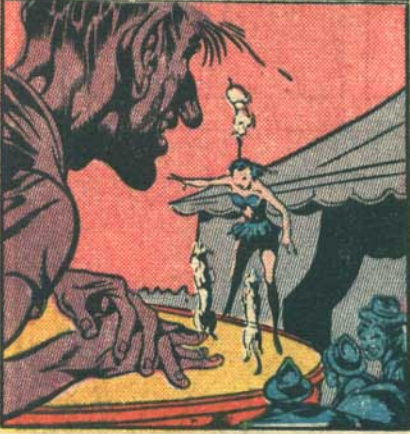
*The* **HANGMAN**

B. FURY

*In*  
**THE**  
*and*  
**SNAIL!**



OPENING SCENE... A TRAVELING CIRCUS... AT THE MOMENT, BELLA, THE BEAUTIFUL DOG-TRAINER IS DELIGHTING THE AUDIENCE WITH HER CLEVER GAMES...



THE ACT IS OVER... AND BELLA TAKES HER BOWS... IMPATIENT FOR THE AUDIENCE'S DEPARTURE....



THEN SHE HASTENS EAGERLY TO THE TENT OF SAMSON, THE STRONG MAN!...



DON'T WORRY SAMSON! IS ABOUT THAT FREAK TWISTO'S HUSBAND OF YOURS, AROUND? BELLA !!

IF HE STARTS ANY TROUBLE FOR US, I'LL BREAK HIM IN TWO!



BELLA!

YOU DOUBLE CROSSING LITTLE WITCH! SO THIS IS THE MAN YOU'VE BEEN MAKING LOVE TO, BEHIND MY BACK!



TWISTO! WAIT!

YOU RAT! DIE! DIE AS YOU DESERVE!!



TWISTO! NO! DON'T KILL HIM! PLEASE, TWISTO!



TAKE THAT, YOU FOOL!!



URRHH... HE'S GOT THE STRENGTH OF A MAD MAN!  
AND YOU, YOU'RE AS TIMID AS A MOUSE, YOU... YOU COWARD! STRONG MAN, BAH!!



BUT.. BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT, BELLA! HE TOOK ME COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!  
HMMPH... WELL, I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE THIS CIRCUS, BECAUSE WHEN TWISTO COMES TO, HE MAY TAKE YOU BY SURPRISE AGAIN!



MAYBE HE WILL, AND MAYBE HE WON'T! HEY! JOCKO! C'MERE, QUICK! WE GOT A LITTLE JOB TO DO!!



BOY! THAT DAME IS MAKIN' A SUCKER OUTA SAMSON! BUT IF I DON'T DO LIKE HE SAYS, HE'LL BREAK MY BONES! HERE, TWISTO TAKE A SLUG O' THIS!



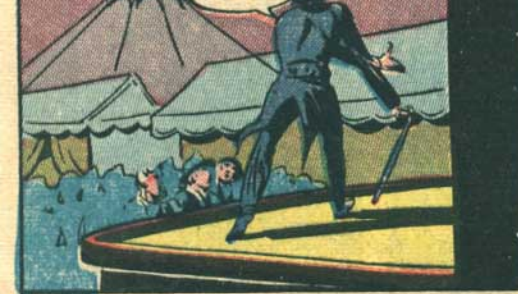
HEY, TWISTO! HURRY! YOUR ACT'S ON, NOW!  
OKAY, BOSS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF SAMSON, LATER!



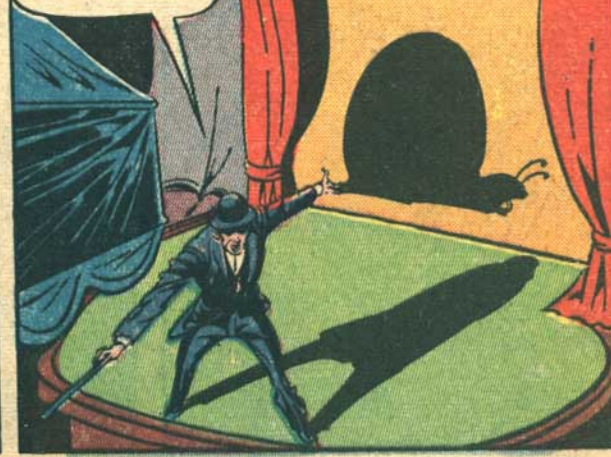
WHAT ACT IS THIS, BOB?



NOW, LADEEZ, AN' GENNULMEN, WE BRING YOU TWISTO, THE MARVEL OF THE AGE! TWISTO, THE MAN WITH THE RUBBER BONES! HIS FEATS OF CONTORTION WILL AMAZE YOU! CONFOUND YOU!



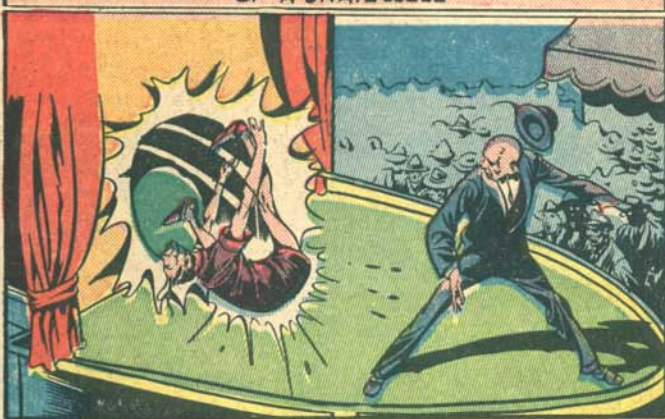
FIRST.. AN IMITATION OF A SNAIL!



HERE IT IS, LADEEZ, AN' JENNUMEN! A PERFECT SNAIL! THE CLIMAX OF TWISTO'S PHENOMENAL TALENTS! AND ALL DONE WITH THE HUMAN BODY!!



BUT SUDDENLY THE CANVAS IS BURST OPEN, AND THE CONTORTED FIGURE OF TWISTO TUMBLES OUT... STILL GROTESQUELY TWISTED INTO THE SHAPE OF A SNAIL.....



QUICK, THEL! GET A DOCTOR! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! I'LL ADMINISTER FIRST AID!

ALL... ALL RIGHT, BOB!



SOME TIME LATER....

HE WAS POISONED! THANKS TO YOUR FIRST AID, HE'LL LIVE! BUT HE SEEMS AS THOUGH HIS BONES WILL REMAIN PETRIFIED IN THAT WEIRD SHAPE!!



.. AND SO IT IS.. SOME NIGHTS LATER, AN ODDLY TWISTED FIGURE, TWISTED TO RESEMBLE A SNAIL, SLOWLY SHUFFLES UP TO ONE OF THE CIRCUS TENTS.. MALICIOUS BLACK EYES PEER INTO THE INTERIOR....



...AND AS THOUGH SATISFIED AT WHAT HE HAS SEEN, THE SNAIL HOBBLER AWAY CHUCKLING EVILY...

THEY'RE BOTH STILL WITH THE CIRCUS! GOOD! VERY GOOD! HEE, HEE, HEE!



NOW, I'LL MAKE ALL THE PREPARATIONS IN MY HOUSEHOLD, TO RECEIVE GUESTS! HEE, HEE, HEE!



NEXT NIGHT, AS SAMSON LEAVES THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...





HEE, HEE! ONE MORE TRIP... AND MY NIGHT'S WORK WILL BE DONE!!



MEANWHILE IN THE NEWS. PAPER OFFICE WHERE THELMA GORDON IS EMPLOYED...

SO SORRY, BOB! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO TO THE CIRCUS WITH YOU! MUCH TOO BUSY!



OKAY, THEL! I'LL GO MYSELF! I THINK I'VE GOT A CLUE AS TO WHO POISONED TWISTO!



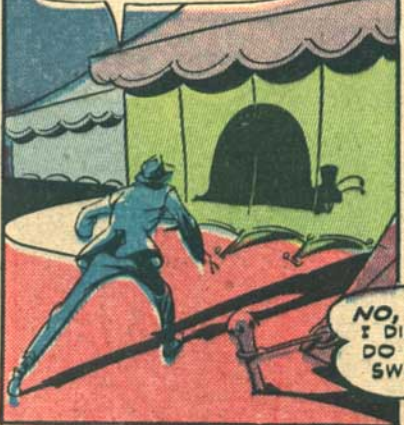
AT THE CIRCUS..



HMM... HER ACT'S OVER! I'LL WAIT FOR HER TO GO TO HER TENT BEFORE I QUESTION HER!



WELL, THERE'S HER TENT, AND... GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?



IN A FLASH, BOB DICKERING DISROBES TO STAND FORTH AS THE HANGMAN... AND HURLING INTO THE TENT, HE SEES...

LOOK AT ME MY DEAR! A PRETTY SIGHT YOU MADE ME, EH? BUT, NOW YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT... WITH YOUR LIFE!



NO, TWISTO! I DIDN'T DO IT! I SWEAR!

KEEP AWAY, TWISTO! THERE'S A GALLOWS, FOR PEOPLE, WHO TAKE THE LAW IN THEIR OWN HANDS!



THIS SNAIL CAN MOVE **FAST!**  
SURPRISINGLY FAST, HANGMAN!!  
**HEE, HEE!** NEITHER YOU, NOR  
THE GALLOWS SHALL ROB  
ME OF MY VENGEANCE!

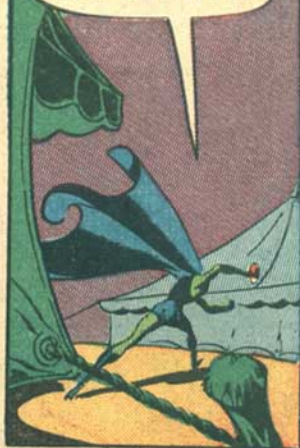


WHEN THE HANGMAN COMES  
TO....

Ooo...  
WHAT A  
CLOUT!



THE SNAIL GOT AWAY!...  
AND TOOK HER ALONG!  
ONLY ONE WAY TO  
FOLLOW THEM!!



MY CANINE FRIEND, THOR!  
I'VE USED HIM BEFORE  
TO PICK UP A TRAIL FOR  
ME! AH THERE HE IS  
NOW!



THIS COMPACT, THOR!  
SMELL IT! THAT'S A  
GOOD DOG!

HANGMAN!  
WHAT'S  
UP??



SORRY, JOE! NO  
TIME TO EXPLAIN  
NOW! I'LL SEND  
YOUR BLOOD  
HOUND BACK!  
WHEN I'M  
THROUGH  
WITH HIM!

THAT'S OKAY, HANGMAN!  
GOOD LUCK!



HE'S HOT ON THE  
SCENT! NICE  
GOING, THOR!



AHA... LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ARRIVED!  
OKAY, THOR! BACK TO YOUR  
MASTER! I WON'T NEED YOU  
ANYMORE!!

HMM... THINGS ARE QUIET  
AROUND HERE! TOO QUIET  
TO SUIT ME! WONDER IF  
THIS IS THE RIGHT  
PLACE??

WHA...

WELCOME HANGMAN,  
HE, HE! YOU SEE, I  
WAS PREPARED FOR  
YOUR VISIT TOO!!

AND YOU'RE JUST IN TIME,  
TOO, TO SEE THE SNAIL  
WREAK HIS VENGEANCE!!

THERE YOU SEE MY BEAUTIFUL,  
BUT FAITHLESS WIFE! SHE SHALL DIE SLOWLY,  
LINGERINGLY! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO  
HURRY FOR A SNAIL! HEE, HEE...

BUT NO *SLOWER* THAN  
WILL BE SAMSON'S DEATH!  
CLEVER, EH,  
HANGMAN!

AS FOR YOU, HANGMAN, I HAVE A PARTICULARLY CHOICE DEATH! NICE AND SLOW! I WRAP YOU SECURELY IN THIS WATER-HOSE! THERE! AND WHEN I TURN THE WATER-FAUCET ON...



... THE HOSE WILL SWELL, AND GRADUALLY CRUSH YOU TO DEATH! PLEASANT, EH? YOU AND MY LOVELY WIFE SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WATCHING EACH OTHER DIE!



THE INSANE FIEND! THAT WILD HORSE WILL DRAG HER AROUND TO HER DEATH!



... UGH... AND THIS HOSE IS (GASP) GETTING TIGHTER... UGH... TIGHTER... ONE CHANCE OF GETTING... LOOSE... HAVE TO TAKE IT...



HORSE... CLOSE ENOUGH... (GASP)... HERE.. GOES!



REARING WITH PAIN AND FURY, THE HORSE'S SHARP HOOF'S FEAR AT IT'S PROSTRATE TORMENTOR, AND RIP THE WATER-SWOLLEN HOSE....



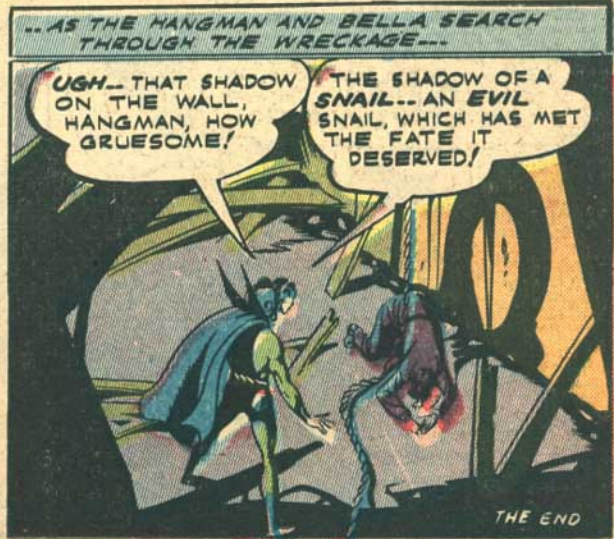
ABRUPTLY, THE HANGMAN ROLLS OUT OF HARMS WAY, DISENGAGES HIMSELF FROM THE DEFLATED WATER-HOSE, AND...



NOW, TO GET THAT GIRL AWAY FROM THE HORSE!

THERE!... SHE LOOKS ALL RIGHT, JUST A BIT SHAKEN UP!





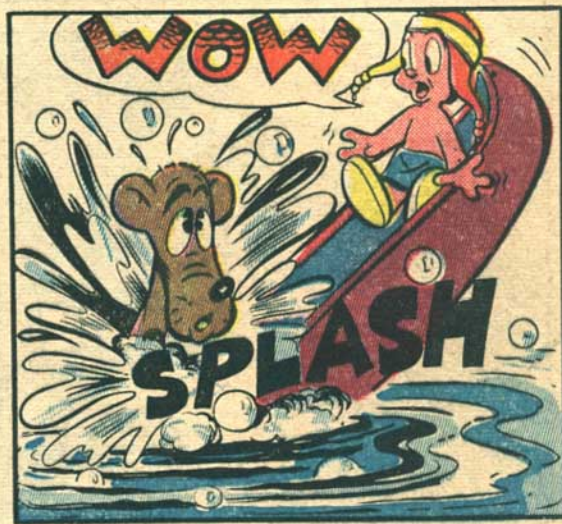
# Lil Chief Bugaboo



**OH! OH!** FIDO, THE MOUNTAIN-LION BUGABOO SHAVED TO LOOK LIKE A DOG, IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN!

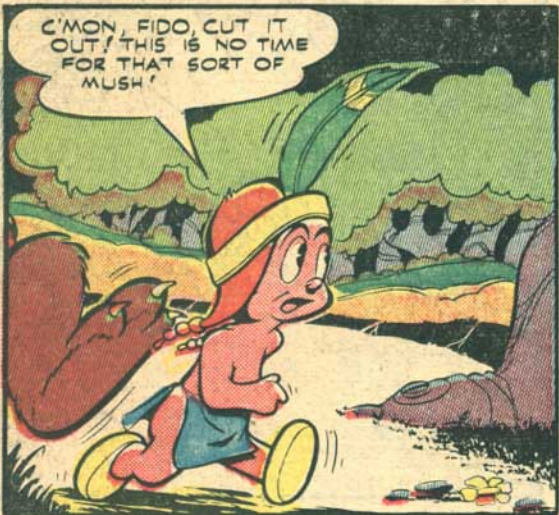
HIM PAIN IN NECK! HIM EAT E' TRYTHING, DO NOTHING! YOU GETTUM HIM OUT OF HERE! IF HIM NOT GONE, YOU'LL GO TOO!

THEY CAN'T DO THAT TO US, FIDO! TONIGHT WE'LL RUN AWAY FROM HOME.. WE'LL SHOW THEM!!





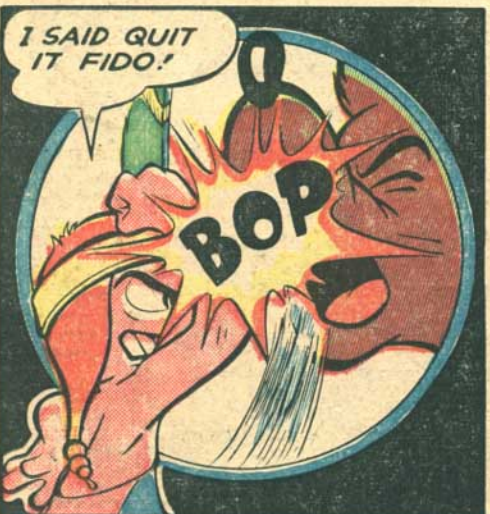
WE'LL WALK THROUGH THE WOODS... THAT'S AS GOOD A WAY AS ANY, TO RUN AWAY FROM HOME!



C'MON, FIDO, CUT IT OUT! THIS IS NO TIME FOR THAT SORT OF MUSH!



UNAWARE THAT IS NOT FIDO, BUT A BEAR BEHIND HIM, BUGABOO BECOMES VERY ANNOYED AND ANGRY...



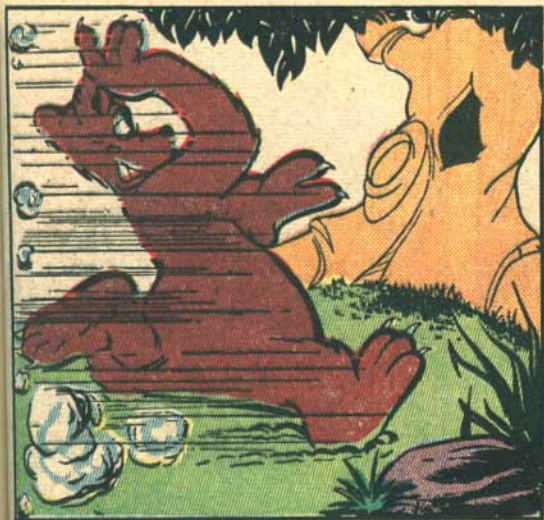
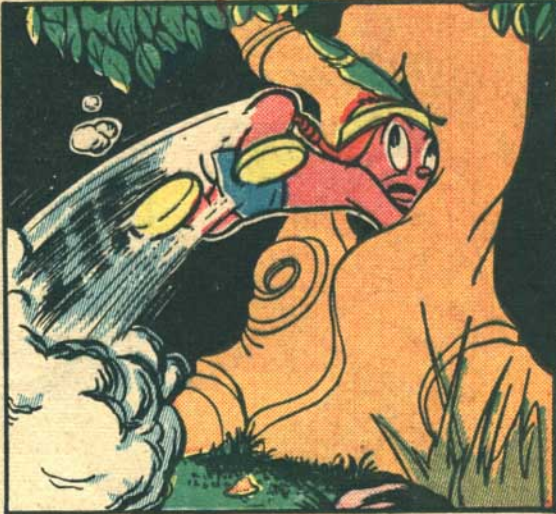
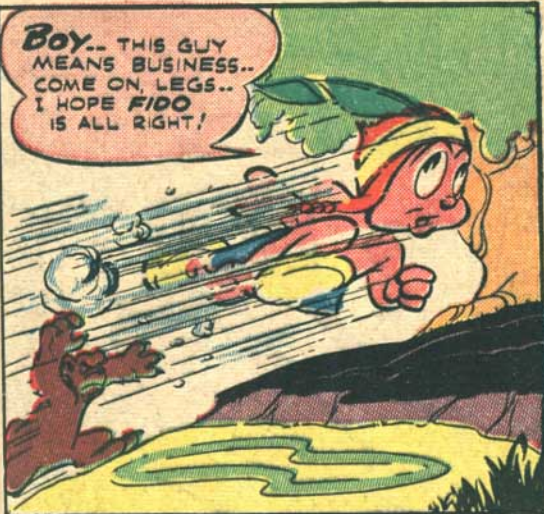
I SAID QUIT IT FIDO!



HEH, HEH... I ER.. OH.. HEH, HEH... GULP! I WAS ONLY KIDDING OF COURSE! YA... YOU CAN TAKE A JOKE. CANTCHA?



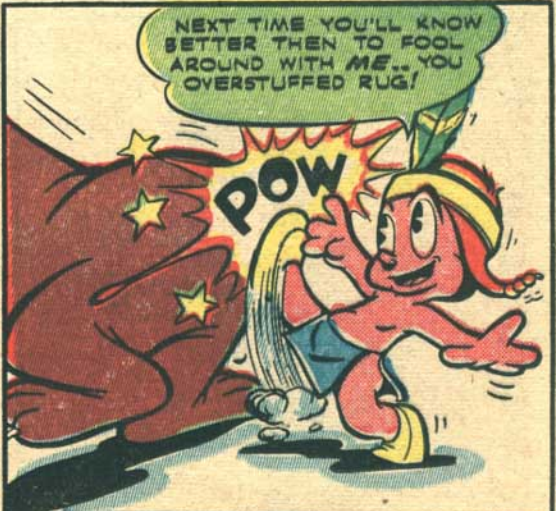
Boy... THIS GUY  
MEANS BUSINESS...  
COME ON, LEGS...  
I HOPE FIDO  
IS ALL RIGHT!

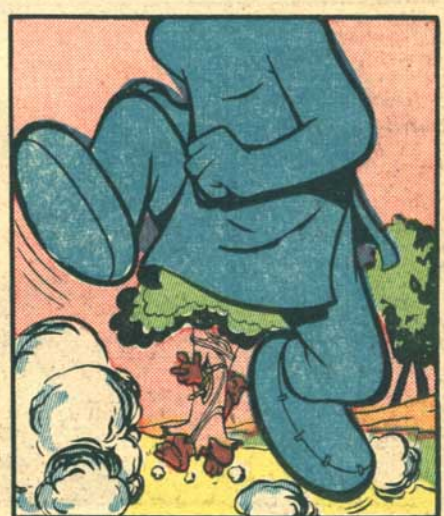
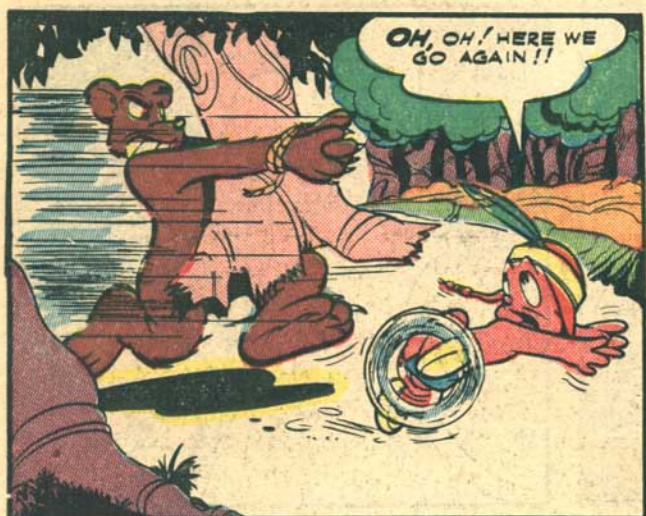
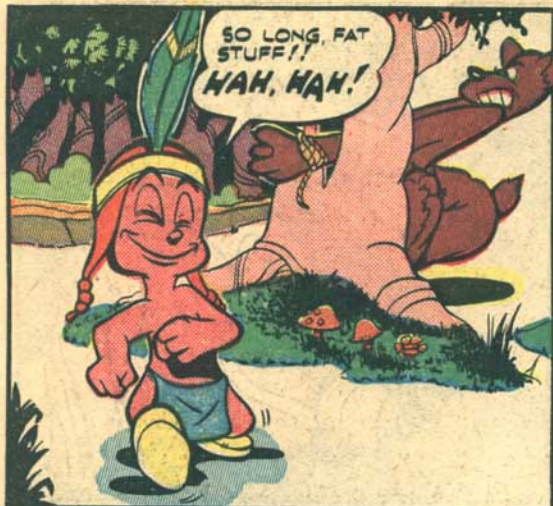


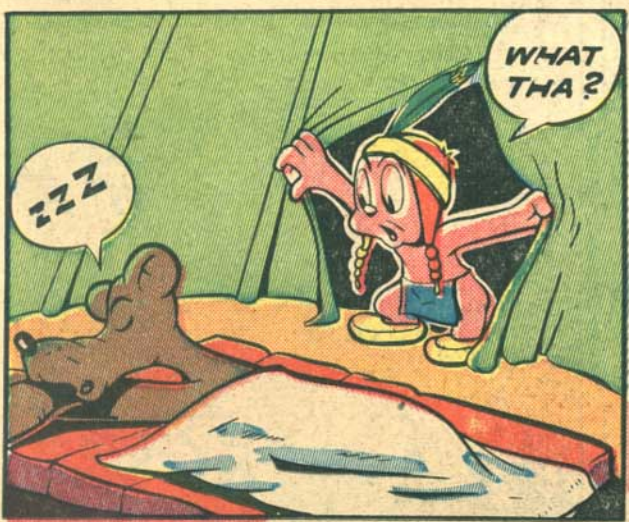
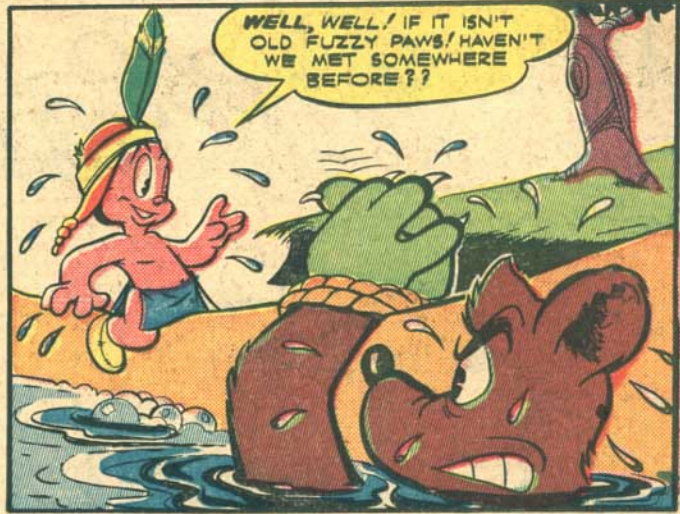
HAH! THAT'LL  
HOLD YOU FOR  
A WHILE, TOUGH  
GUY!!



NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW  
BETTER THEN TO FOOL  
AROUND WITH ME.. YOU  
OVERSTUFFED RUG!







# Catfish Joe

YESSIR, SON, YORE  
A-STANDIN' RIGHT  
ON TOP O' OL' COLONEL  
BUNGSNORT'S HAID!

By  
LARRY HARRIS

YOU REMEMBER JOE ACCIDENTALLY  
GOT HOOKED ONTO AN AIRPLANE  
WHICH SNATCHED HIM RIGHT  
OUT OF HIS ROWBOAT ON THE  
MISSISSIPPI AND DROPPED  
HIM RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF  
THE GREAT MURKY MOUNTAINS

AN' I'M POWERFUL GLAD YER  
WILLIN' T' CHOP THAT PINE  
TREE OFF'N HIS NOSE!

TAITERHEAD!

TH' OL' COLONEL'S GRAN' SON HIRED  
ME T' TAKE CARE O' THIS CARVIN'  
OF HIS GRAN'PAPPY BUT 'TWIXT MY  
ROOMATIZZUM AN MY POSSUM  
HUNTIN' I RECKON I BEEN A MITE  
NEGLECTFUL!

YEAH! FER FOUR ER FIVE  
YEARS BY TH' LOOKS O'  
THAT TREE!

TH' GRAN'SON ONLY COMES OUT FROM TH' CITY 'BOUT EVERY FOUR ER FIVE YARS - HE PAYS ME FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR AN' LET'S ME AN' MY FAM'LY LIVE IN TH' OL' BUNGSPORT MANSION THAT'S BACK IN TH' WOODS A SHORT PIECE!



BUT HE'S A-COMIN' TOMORRER AN' IF HE SEES THAT TREE ON HIS GRAN'PAPPY'S NOSE I'LL SHORE 'NUFF LOSE MY JOB!

CAW-HAW!

HUSH, OL CROW! THIS IS SAD!



C'MON - WE'LL GO TO TH' HOUSE AN' GIT TH' ROPES AN' THINGS YO'LL BE A-NEEDIN'!



THAR SHE IS! MY FAM'LY'LL BE MIGHTY PROUD T'MEET YO!

GOSH I HAIN'T DRESSED FITTEN T'MEET FOLKS!



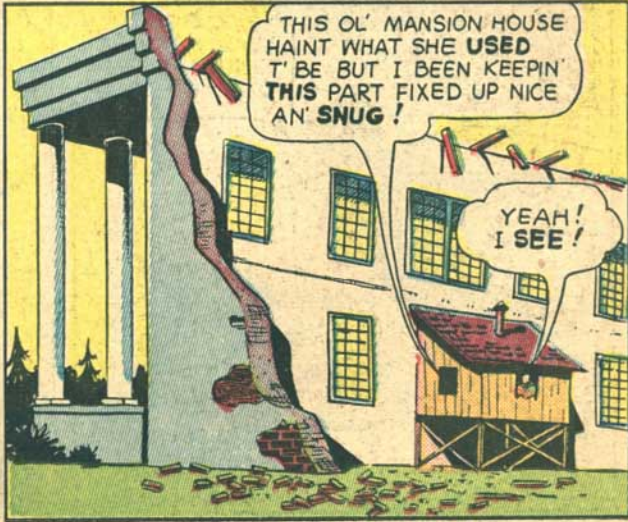
OH, THEY HAIN'T PERTICK'LAR!

HEY!



THAT'S MY FAMILY - TH-BEST PACK O' YARMINT HOUNDS IN TH' COUNTY - THEY'S MIGHTY AFFECKSHINUTT!

OUCH! GIT EM OFFA ME!



THIS OL' MANSION HOUSE HAIN'T WHAT SHE USED T'BE BUT I BEEN KEEPIN' THIS PART FIXED UP NICE AN' SNUG!

YEAH! I SEE!

WITH THESE THINGS IT'LL  
BE A EASY JOB FER YO  
T' GIT THAT TREE OFF'N  
GRANPAPPY'S NOSE!



YO KIN KINDA TIE  
YERSELF ONTA THAT  
BOARD WHILST I  
MAKE TH' PULLEYS  
FAST T' THIS TREE!



NOW JES' SET BACK  
ON TH' BOARD AN' SLIDE  
RIGHT OVER TH' EDGE!

GOSH! THAT'S A  
LONG WAY DOWN!  
YA SHORE YO KIN  
HOLD THAT ROPE?



NOW DON'T BE  
SCAIRT! TH' YOUNG  
FELLER THAT USED  
TO HELP ME NEVER  
WAS A BIT SCAIRT!

WHY HAIN'T  
HE A-HELPIN'  
YO NOW?



HE'S DAID!

GULP!

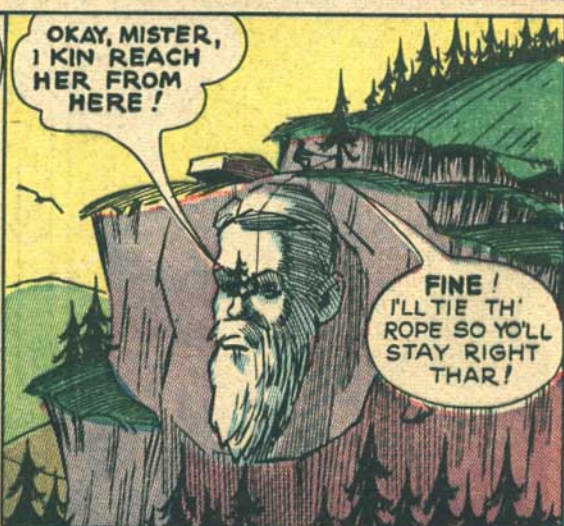


HOLLER WHEN  
YO GITS WITHIN  
CHOPPIN' DISTANCE  
O' THAT TREE!



OKAY, MISTER,  
I KIN REACH  
HER FROM  
HERE!

FINE!  
I'LL TIE TH'  
ROPE SO YO'LL  
STAY RIGHT  
THAR!



WELL, TH' QUICKER  
I GIT THIS DONE TH'  
SOONER I'LL GIT BACK  
ON SOLID GROUND!



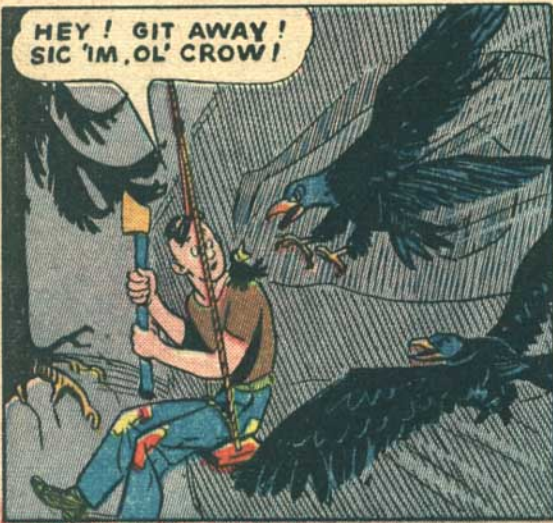
OH, OH! FRESH POSSUM  
TRACKS! RECKON I GOT  
TIME T' HUNT  
THAT FELLER  
WHILE TH'  
YOUNG-UN'S  
A-CHOPPIN'!



JOE'S CHOPPING ANGRERS A  
PAIR OF EAGLES NESTING  
BEHIND GRAN'PAPPY'S  
RIGHT EAR — —



HEY! GIT AWAY!  
SIC 'IM, OL' CROW!



SKEDADDLED! I HOPE HE  
GITS IN TH' TREES 'FORE THEY  
KETCH HIM! WHY DON'T TH'  
OL' MAN SCARE THEM CRITTERS  
WITH HIS GUN?!



HERE'S WHY -

HOLED UP DAWGONNIT!  
AN JES' WHEN I HAD  
MY MOUTH ALL SET FER  
A MESS O' POSSUM PIE!










FINE! HANG ON NOW! I'M A-PULLIN'YO UP!




GOSH, THANKS, SON! NOW YOUNG BUNG-SNORT'S BOUND T' LET ME KEEP MY JOB!

BUT THEY'S SOMETHIN'-




TAINT ONLY TH' FIVE DOLLARS A-YEAR SALARY I'D BE A-LOSIN' BUT THINK O' MY PORE FAM'LY GITTIN' KICKED OUTTA TH FINE OL' BUNG-SNORT MANSION!



C'MON, MISTER! I'LL HELP YO PACK!

HUH? WHAT FER? I HAINT A-GOIN' NOWHAR!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THEM TREE ROOTS WAS PURTY DEEP IN TH ROCK AN' WHEN I BEGUN CHOPPIN' SHE STARTED A-SNAPPIN' AN' CRACKIN'—



AN GRAN'PAPPY'S NOSE JES' DROPPED RIGHT OFF!

LOOKS LIKE TH' OL' MAN'S IN A TOUGH SPOT! BUT MEBBE THEY'S A WAY OUT! NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS WILL TELL TH' STORY! **DON'T MISS IT!** P.S.—NEXT MONTH JOE WILL ANNOUNCE TH' WINNER OF HIS CONTEST TO FIND A NAME FOR HIS TALKING CROW!

# Archie

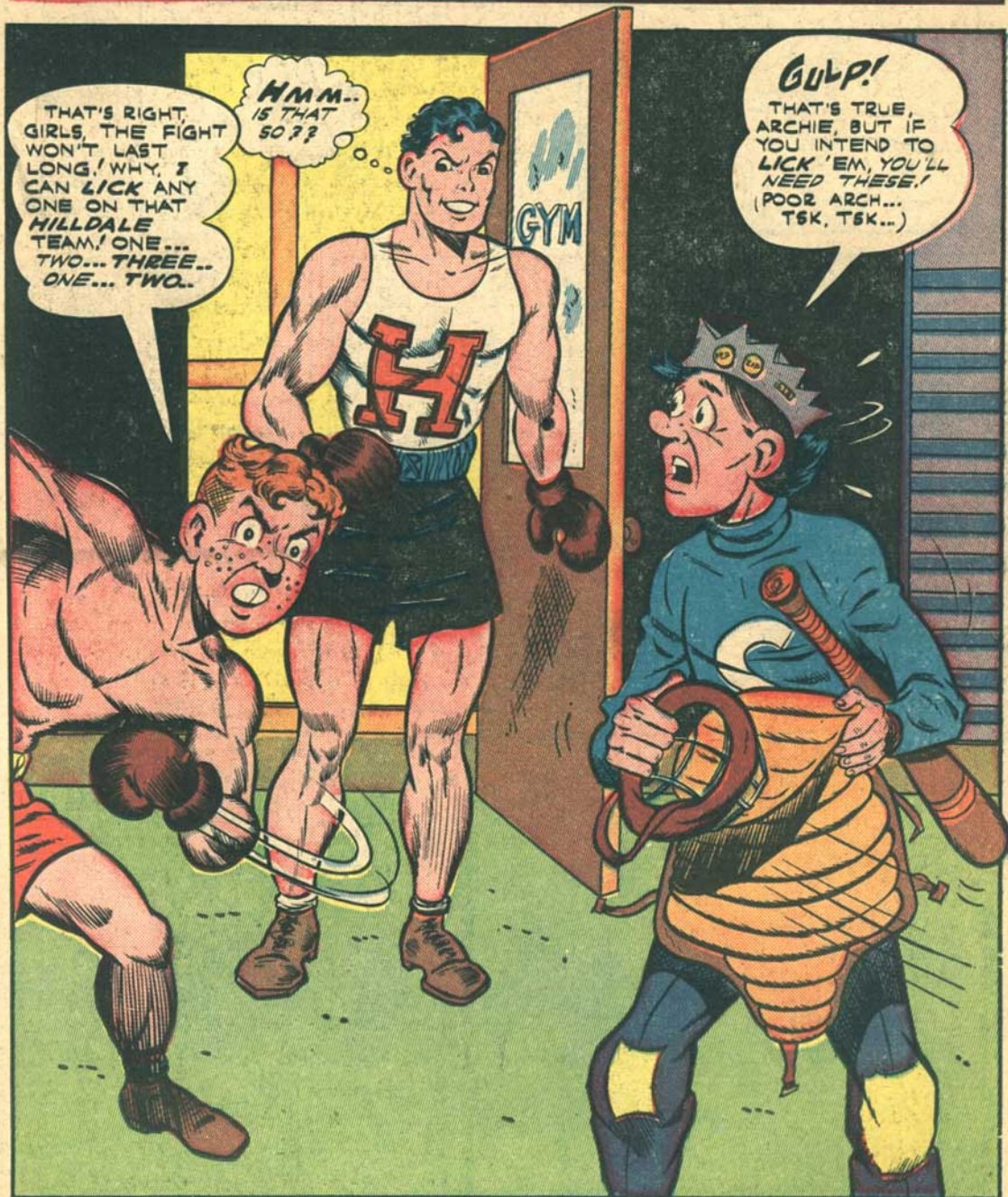


♪ OH, BETTY! ♪  
JUST LOOK AT THAT  
GORGEOUS HUNK O'  
MAN! WHAT SHOULDERS,  
WHAT A CHEST! WHAT  
A MAN! ♪

NOW, YOU'RE  
TALKING WITH WORDS,  
VERONICA! WITH  
HIM IN THE RING,  
THE FIGHT SHOULDN'T  
LAST LONG!!  
OH, BOY!



# ARCHIE *the* PUG





WATCH THIS, JUG.. I LEAD WITH A LEFT AND A RIGHT AND A...

AW, ARCHIE, RELAX! THE ONLY THING YOU CAN BOX IS, ORANGES!



ARCHIE, COME HERE!

OKAY, POP, I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!



TAKE THIS EYEGASS PRESCRIPTION DOWN TOWN TO THE OPTOMETRIST, WILL YOU?

SURE, POP!



Y'KNOW, JUG, I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF TRYIN' OUT FOR THE RIVERDALE BOXIN' TEAM!

WELL, JUST THINK ABOUT IT... PERIOD!



HEY, LAMB-BRAIN! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO KNOW, I'M DATIN' UP VERONICA TONIGHT!



LOOK, REGGIE MANTLE! FOR THE LAST TIME I'M TELLIN' YOU VERONICA IS MY GIRL. SEE?

NO, I DON'T SEE!



AND IF YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT I'LL ONLY BE TOO GLAD TO OBLIGE!

OKAY REGGIE! YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU TWO!

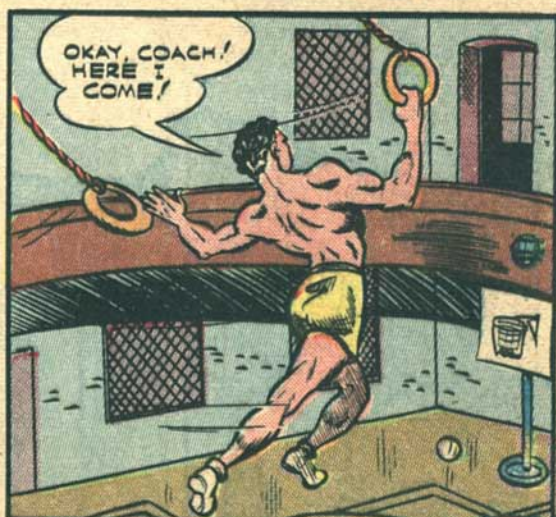


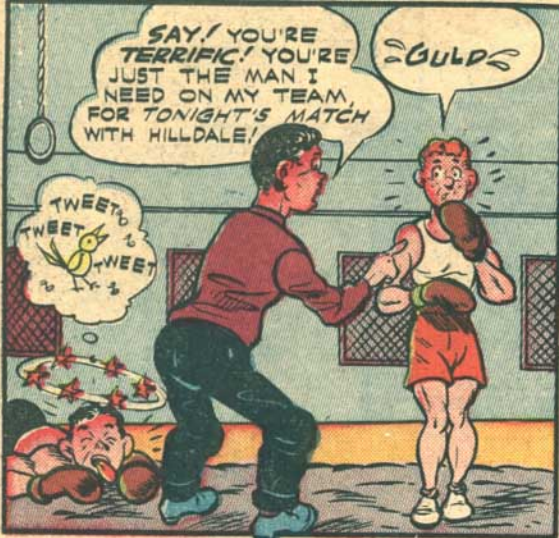
UHP! IT'S MR. LEFT JAB THE BOXIN' COACH!

IF YOU TWO KIDS MUST FIGHT, DO IT AT THE GYM, WHERE I CAN WATCH! I CAN USE SOME MATERIAL FOR THE TEAM!

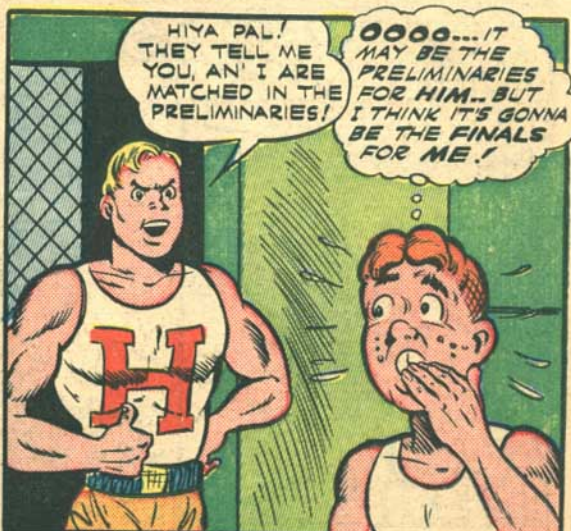
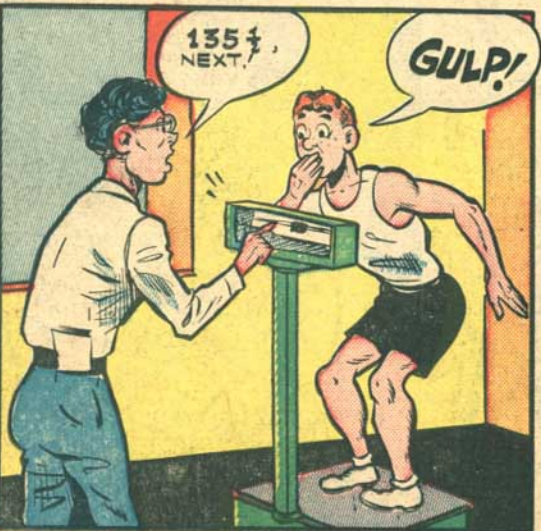


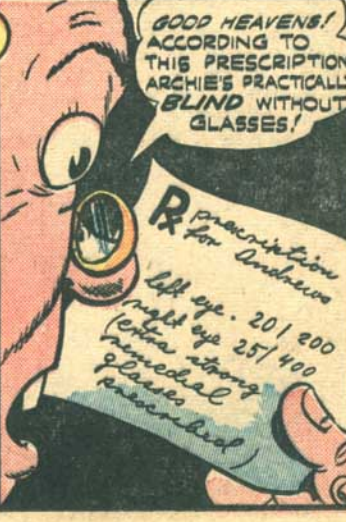
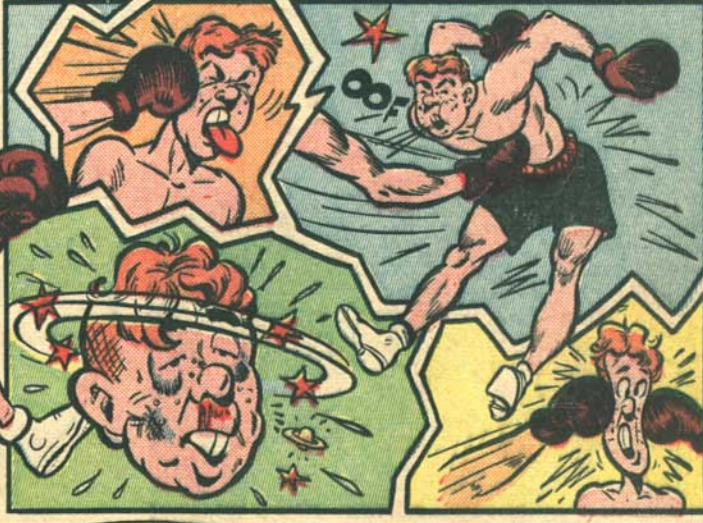
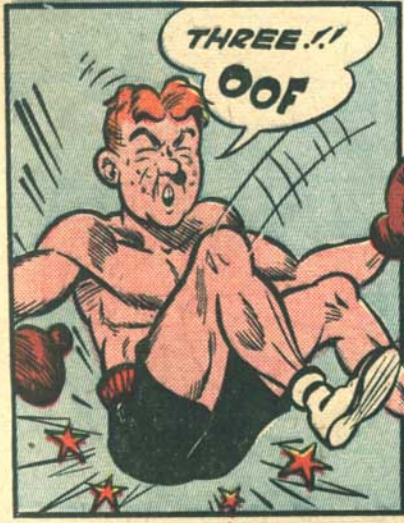
AND SO, ARCHIE COMPLETELY FORGETTING ABOUT HIS FATHER'S EYEGGLASS PRESCRIPTION, HURRIES DOWN TO THE GYM TO SETTLE THIS GRUDGE FIGHT WITH REGGIE! AND CONFIDENTIALLY GANG, THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE WHEN THEY START THROWING FISTS IS, BETWEEN THEM....

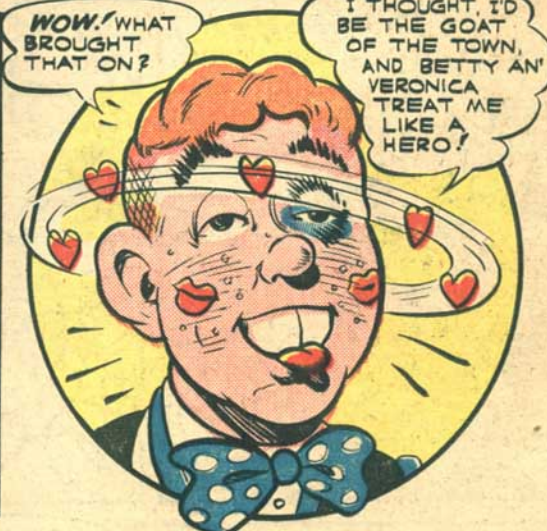
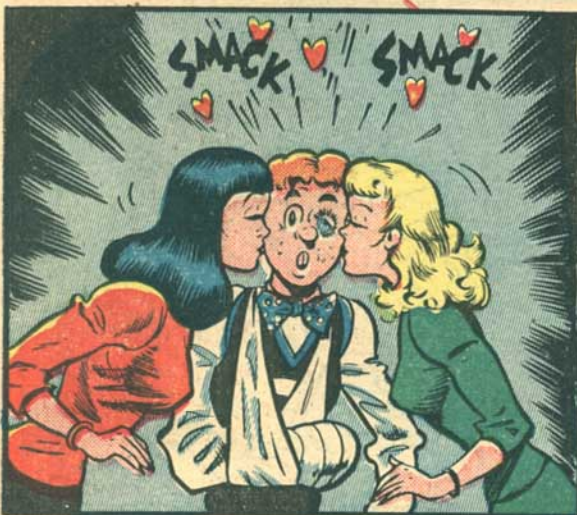
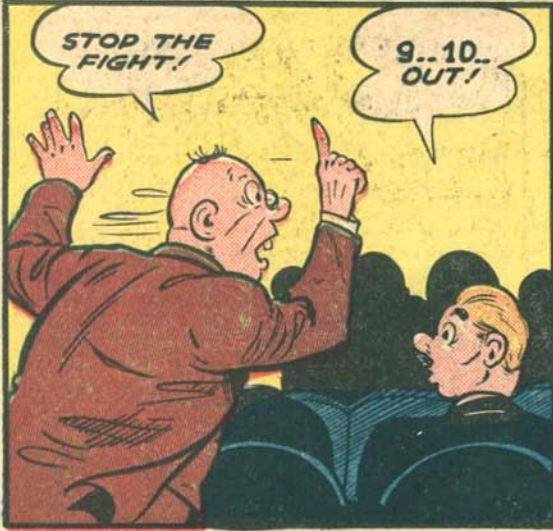




**THAT NIGHT**  
THE RIVAL HILLDALE TEAM ARRIVES..







**HAVE YOU TUNED IN ON ARCHIE YET? HE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ON THE BLUE NETWORK! LAUGH YOUR TROUBLES AWAY WITH ARCHIE ANDREWS! AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE! HE'S ANXIOUS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO ARCHIE ANDREWS, STATION W.J.Z., N.Y.C. N.Y.**

AT THE ANDREWS RESIDENCE.  
 MARY! WHERE ARE THOSE GLASSES, I SENT ARCHIE FOR YESTER. DAY?  
 I DON'T KNOW, FRED! BUT IF YOU WANT YOUR PRESCRIPTION...

HERE IT IS!

RIVER DALE THE BROWN AND GOLD RIVER DALE  
 ARCHIE CALLED THE TRUE SPIRIT OF RIVERDALE..  
 FIGHTS FOR RIVERDALE ALTHOUGH NEARLY BLIND WITHOUT GLASSES ABOVE: IT IS WITH THE GREAT PRIDE.. CRIPTION OF ARCHIE'S GLASSES...  
 ARCHIE LOSES, BUT REFUSES TO ALIBI... PRINCIPAL WEATHERBEE CALLED ARCHIE RIVERDALE'S GREATEST..



# THE BLACK HOOD

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE W.O.R.  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM .....



I, THE  
BLACK HOOD,  
DO SOLEMNLY  
SWEAR, THAT I'LL  
GIVE YOU THE SAME  
THRILL A MINUTE ON  
THE RADIO, THAT I  
GIVE YOU IN EVERY  
ISSUE OF TOP  
NOTCH LAUGH  
COMICS!

AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE

**T**HE BLACK HOOD IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... **AND TUNE IN!** A TWIST OF THE DIAL... AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS... WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD!** WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **M.L.J.** PUBLICATION... YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD**, STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C., N.Y.



TUT, TUT!

-TUT!

Adventurer

BRAVO!  
HURRAY!  
FOR MARCO LOCO!!

WE NEVER WOULD  
HAVE BEEN FREED  
FROM OUR CHAINS,  
IF THESE BRAVE  
GENTLEMEN HADN'T  
LICKED THE  
PIRATES!

I SAY  
MAKE 'EM  
CAPTAIN...

...AND  
FIRST  
MATE!!



SHAME!  
-GOGGIN-

PHOOEY!  
RATS! I  
CAPTAIN THUD  
SHOULD BE SKIPPER!  
NOT THAT BLUBBER  
BELLY! PHOOEY,  
I SAY!

NO CEREMONY IS COMPLETE  
WITHOUT FOOD! SO LET'S GO  
DOWN, WHERE THEY DISH IT OUT...  
AND BOY, DO THEY....



WE WANT  
OUR EATS!  
WE WANT  
OUR EATS!

SERVICE!  
GARSON!  
WAITER!  
FOOD!

SAME  
HERE!

TUT..TUT! HAVE  
PATIENCE, BOYS!  
HERE'S A SNOOCH  
SPECIAL! PANCAKES!



THE NEXT DAY..



WHAT!  
PANCAKES  
AGAIN  
???

AH--YES,  
DELICIOUS, GOLDEN  
BROWN, DELECTABLE  
DELICACIES....

...AND SO,  
THE NEXT  
DAY AND  
THE ONE  
AFTER  
THAT AND  
THE DAY  
THAT  
FOLLOWED  
THE CREW  
ATE  
NOTHING  
BUT...  
PANCAKES!  
WHY?  
(SHHH....  
IT SEEMS  
THAT SNOOCH  
CAN'T COOK  
ANYTHING  
ELSE...



GENTLEMEN,  
TODAY I  
PROMISE YOU  
SOMETHING  
DIFFERENT!

YEAH?  
WHAT??



-FLAPJACKS!  
-HULP!

BY ANY  
OTHER NAME,  
THEY'RE  
STILL  
SHINGLES!  
AFTER  
HIM!



SUDDENLY--  
LAND  
AHOY!



HMM--  
IT LOOKS  
KIND OF  
FAMILIAR,  
SNOOCH!

YUP! IT  
OUGHT TO BE,  
MARCO, 'CAUSE  
WE PASSED IT  
TWO WEEKS  
AGO!



UUP!  
WE  
DID??



HMM--  
THERE'S A  
LARGER ISLAND  
BEYOND THAT  
SMALL ONE..  
HMM--

MAYBE TONIGHT  
I WILL DEPART  
FROM THIS SHIP  
WITH THE STOLEN  
JEWELS I HAVE  
BORROWED  
HMM--



THE JEWELS  
ARE ABOARD!  
NOW TO GO  
BACK AND GET  
SOME GRUB!



MEANWHILE..

I THINK WE  
SHOULD GET  
RID OF THAT  
FAT MARCO  
LOCO BEFORE  
WE WIND UP  
IN THE BUG  
HOUSE!

AND THAT  
PANCAKE PUSS  
SNOOCH MUST  
ALSO HIT  
THE BREEZE!

DID YOU  
HEAR THAT,  
MARCO? COME,  
WE WILL MAKE  
OUR LEAVE  
IN THE BOAT  
THAT TRAILS  
BEHIND!



'TIS BETTER  
WE GO  
THAN BE  
BEATEN --  
MAY  
BE HANGED!



I'M SO  
HUNGRY, I  
COULD EAT  
PANCAKES!

MAYBE THERE  
IS SOMETHING  
HERE --

**LOOK!**



**FOOD-  
?**

**NAW-  
JEWELS!  
WE'RE RICH!**

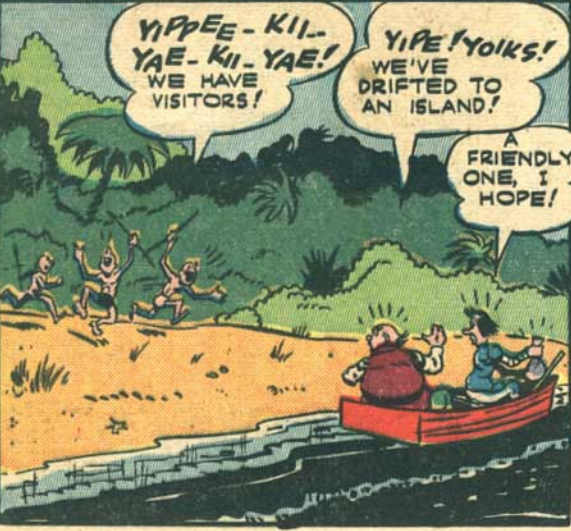
YIPPEE-KII-  
YAE-KII-YAE!  
WE HAVE  
VISITORS!

YIFE! YOIKS!  
WE'VE  
DRIFTED TO  
AN ISLAND!

A  
FRIENDLY  
ONE, I  
HOPE!

AS MAYOR AND CHIEF  
OF THIS ISLAND I WELCOME  
YOU, AND ESPECIALLY YOUR  
GIFTS! YOU MAY HAVE  
THE RUN OF THE ISLAND  
FOR THESE CHARMING  
THINGS!

AHEM... WE  
CAN? THE  
WHOLE  
ISLAND? GIRLS  
TOO? GULD!



AND TO THINK!  
THESE BEADS  
ARE ONLY MADE  
OUT OF GLASS!  
WHOOOPS...  
THAT'S ANOTHER  
RINGER!!

AH, ME! NEVER  
BEFORE HAVE  
I SEEN SUCH  
BEAUTY!

I'M  
NEXT!

I'VE GOT  
MY BEADS!

I'LL GET  
LOLITA!



...AND SO OUR HEROES LIVED  
LIKE KINGS... UNTIL...

MARCO LOCO, BLAST  
THAT GK'D?! CROOK!  
HE STOLE THE JEWELS,  
& STOLE! I'LL CUT  
HIS FAT HEART  
OUT!



DON'T  
WORRY,  
MARCO!  
I'M RIGHT  
BEHIND  
YOU!

GULP!  
HOW DID  
HE GET  
HERE?  
AND  
WHY?

TRY TO KILL  
MY FRIENDS,  
EH? TO THE  
DUNGEON  
WITH HIM,  
MEN!

LEMME AT  
'IM! I'LL  
TEAR HIM  
GIZZARD  
FROM GALL  
BLADDER!

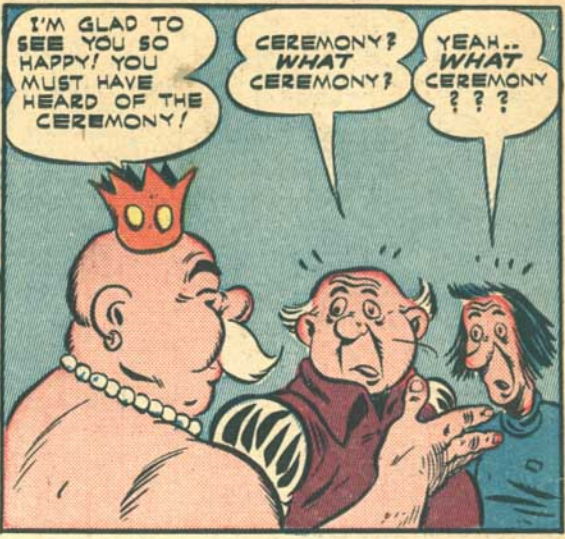
YOU'RE A STINKER!  
A LIAR! A CHEAT!  
A PIG! A COW! A  
HORSE! A WHOLE  
BARNYARD! I'LL  
GET EVEN!





CAPTAIN THUD'S IN IRONS! CAPTAIN THUD'S A JAIL BIRD!!

AND NOW OUR WORRIES ARE OVER! TRA-LA-LA!



I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU SO HAPPY! YOU MUST HAVE HEARD OF THE CEREMONY!

CEREMONY? WHAT CEREMONY?

YEAH.. WHAT CEREMONY ???

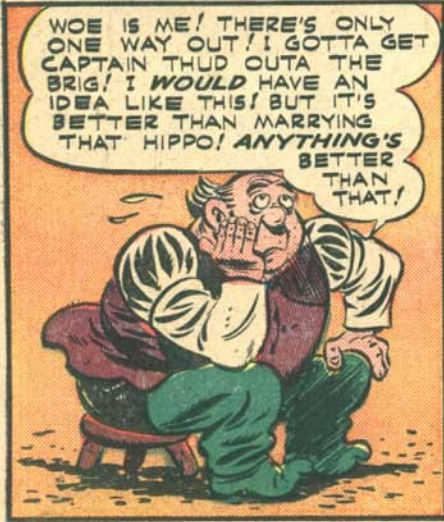


WHY, YOUR WEDDING CEREMONY, OF COURSE! LOOK THERE STANDS THE LOVELY CREATURE, YOU HAVE CHOSEN!



BY THE LAW OF THE ISLAND, THE THIRTEENTH GIRL TO CATCH YOUR BEADS, WILL BE YOUR WIFE!

BAH! ULP! FOOEY!!



WOE IS ME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! I GOTTA GET CAPTAIN THUD OUTA THE BRIG! I WOULD HAVE AN IDEA LIKE THIS! BUT IT'S BETTER THAN MARRYING THAT HIPPO! ANYTHING'S BETTER THAN THAT!



GRRR... IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY FOR ME TO GET OUTA HERE! WHAT I WOULD'NT DO TO THAT @\*!\*: @G/\* MARCO LOCO!



BOY! I'D HATE TO BE IN MARCO LOCO'S SHOES, IF HE GETS CAPTAIN THUD OUT OF THE BRIG! DON'T FAIL TO READ THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF MARCO LOCO IN PEP COMICS!

# TRIPLE-CROSS

By CHET MANNING

ORVILLE WHITTEN looped the free end of the black knit tie around the knot another time as he watched himself in the mirror of the cheap bureau. What he needed right then was one more drink. Just one more. He had to watch his step not only tonight but for the next few days. Those detectives would be nosing around if they suspected anything and he had to have his wits about him.

He went over to the shelf and took down a bottle of cheap gin. "Here's to Courvoisier, chum," he toasted himself, naming his favorite brandy. In a short while, it would be no more of this damned gin, often pleaded for on credit at the local package store.

He scratched at a shiny spot on the cheap suit that clothed his slim body, then tossed off the drink. He slapped the glass down on his typewriter table, glared. Beside the battered portable was that latest rejection slip from an editor. "I regret that we will be unable to use your manuscript for our publications but thank you for the . . ."

Orville Whitten thumbed his nose at it haughtily. He would be all finished with that, too, thank God. Of course, some day he might sit down at his leisure and turn out the kind of a book of which he was easily capable. But he wouldn't have to keep pushing out those damned pot-boilers to eat and go around licking the boots of those sneering editors.

He walked over for a fresh cigarette, passing the thick black curtain across the little ell that served him as a dark room. Yes, and when things were different, he would have a real photographic lab set up in his new apartment. He slid into his cheap trench-style raincoat, buckled it, surveyed himself in the mirror again. Yeah, and he'd have one of those real smart three-hundred-and-fifty-buck cam-elhair sports coats, too.

Oh, he had it all planned out. When a man knows, simply knows, a thing is going to happen,

he makes plans. He went to a bureau drawer, drew out one of those inexpensive metal strong-boxes you buy at drugstores, unlocked it, and drew a gun from the wad of cloth inside. It was a Police Positive.

"Oh, it's murder, he says," he hummed a snatch from the song-hit as he went out . . .

It was chill and it was drizzling slightly with the river traffic honking away out in the haze. But Orville Whitten ignored the weather. He was too exhilarated. "Murder's a tonic," he muttered.

He caught a bus and moved halfway down the aisle and gave the hot eye to a dyed blonde. Then he remembered that very shortly he wouldn't waste time looking at something like her. Not with what he would have in his pocket. At midtown, he paced around the terminal until the suburban coach swung in, unable to stand still. He felt like a chap at a dance waiting for the music to start.

And this time he was calling the tune. He wasn't going out to old Uncle Edson's to kowtow around and laugh at the old goat's stupid stories and then obsequiously lead up to a small touch. He was going out there to kill him. Orville felt the form of the gun in his coat pocket beneath his raincoat. The gun belonged to his uncle.

So, he had the gun, a gun that could only be traced to the dead man, when he was dead. Then there was the day, Wednesday. That was the day the old woman who kept Uncle Edson's house took the night off and went home to stay with relatives. So there would be no witnesses to even know he had been there.

Then there was the letter. He had it in his inside pocket now. The letter, the biting sarcasmic letter Uncle Edson had written him in reply to his note that he was so desperate that if he didn't get money he was about ready to take his own life. Uncle Edson had ironically called his attention

to the fact that the New York State legal code no longer considered it a crime for a man to take his own life. A man's life belongs to him, Uncle Edson had written. There was one line that was a beauty, for his plans at least, Orville remembered. "What I say is," Uncle Edson had written, "that when a man gets tired of the struggle on this earthly sphere at any time, it is his privilege to discontinue his tenure thereon when he wishes." That was a honey. When the police saw that on top of the picture of the old boy slumped over his desk with a bullet in his head and one of his own guns lying beside him. . . .

And he had applied the clincher himself with his phone call to Uncle Edson that afternoon.

"I know how I can raise some money—a good chunk, if I can show I'm your heir," he had told his uncle over the wire.

"And who the devil says you are?" Edson had come back.

Orville hadn't been too worried. He was the only relative old Edson had left, anyway. "I don't know. But if I am, if I can show proof and you'll back me up, I can get hold of enough to pay you back what I owe you," he had applied the clincher.

"Oh," Uncle Edson had appeared to think for some little time. Then he had said, "All right. Suppose you drop out to see me this evening—after dinner."

Which fixed it up to the crossing of the last "t." Uncle Edson would take the will out of his wall safe, prove to him he was named as sole heir, return the will very carefully and then—powie! Uncle Edson would just be a police case sprawled at his own desk. A case that would go down in the records as "suicide."

Edson Whitten pattered out again into the serving pantry in his brocade dressing gown. The stage was very nicely set, he decided.

He slid aside a Vermont bot-

le a moment and smiled benignly at the labelless decanter behind it. In that cut-glass decanter was a nice dose of potassium cyanide. He had picked it up that time some weeks ago when he had paid an unexpected call on his nephew, Orville. Dear Orville had passed out cold when he was ready to leave, so he had borrowed a fair amount of the cyanide from his photographic supplies without his knowledge.

After all, this little idea of homicide had been flitting around in the back of Edson's head for some months. Ever since he fully realized the twin facts that dear Orville never would be able to pay back the hundreds he had lent him over the years and that the bank would foreclose the mortgage on his home when it came due. He couldn't pay it, of course.

Those little secret sins of his ate up money, more money than Edson had realized. Bookmakers always demand payment in full on the last losses before you could lay another bet. And even those girls in the second-rate nightclubs could swig down a lot of high-balls and get ideas about what would make a nice gift from Daddy. No, few people, much less Orville, were aware of it. But Edson Whitten was flat broke.

He wouldn't be for long though. He hummed to the tune on the radio in the front room. The number was "Black Magic." Edson repeated the words of the refrain after the singing star. "Down and down, I go. . . ." Round and Round, I go. . . ."

Edson felt so good he made himself up a quick one, fingers caressing the stopper of the cyanide carafe once or twice. It was all so simple. There was a little matter of that insurance policy he had taken out on Orville's life a few years ago. By mutual agreement, of course, with him as the beneficiary. So everything was all right. It was for a nice cosy ten thousand. The idea, when they agreed on it, was for the policy to protect Uncle Edson against any loss in view of dear Orville's demise.

That policy was the setup. The rest was a mere matter of details that had almost worked themselves

out. Orville calling up for an appointment on his housekeeper's night off. The cyanide he had borrowed from dear Orville. Then that desperate money-begging letter from Orville just a short while ago. One line in it was a beauty. "Unless I can procure some financial aid at once—and you are my only hope—I am afraid there is no sense in my keeping up this vain existence. I am ready to take my own life. . . ."

There. That was the clincher. Now, all he had to do was shoot dear Orville his little Cyanide Blossom Special, put the body in the car out back, drive him home, and tote him up the stairs.

The doorbell rang. It was Orville. "Five minutes late, too," Uncle Edson tch-tched as he passed through the living room.

Things went over very smoothly. Orville said the place looked black as sin, as if there were nobody home, coming down the road. Which was just the impression Uncle Edson wanted the neighbors to get.

"Well, I have these heavy shades and draperies pulled, Orville. You never can tell when one of those blasted blackouts will come. And—of course, there's always the danger of raiders sweeping in with no blackout warning. So—your Uncle Edson is prepared."

"You're right, at that," Orville agreed. "And I am, uncle," he added under his breath, keeping a hand in that side pocket where he had the gun to hide the bump of it.

Uncle Edson was even pleasant about bringing out the will. He showed dear Orville where he was named sole heir. "That's that. Now, how about a little drink."

Uncle Edson sat down and his hand shook a little as he reached for his cocktail glass. A good stiff jolt would make it easier for him to go through with the job. Then his eyes strayed to the clock dial and reflected in it he saw what was coming. Orville was sliding over behind him with a gun.

Uncle Edson's glass slipped from his fingers and spilled its contents across the blotter. Then the gun muzzle was at the side of his head.

"All right." Orville had a shaky

laugh in the back of his throat. "Get yourself a drink before you leave this world, uncle."

Edson sat rigid. "No—no thanks," he said. He knew any pleading would have been wasted. Knew because he realized his nephew was just as cold-bloodedly intent on murder as he had been.

Something snapped in Orville. Perhaps it was the result of the years of boot-licking and figuratively salaaming to this uncle. Now, this last time he was going to have his way. "Take my drink, uncle!" he said, throat dry. "Take it, I tell you! Take it!"

"No—n-no," Edson gargled, knowing what was in that drink.

Edson Whitten's chalk-hued hand moved out. But Orville beat him to it. He grabbed up the still filled cocktail glass, put it to his uncle's mouth, and barked, "Drink, you old fool!"

Edson Whitten drank it in a gulp. Maybe it was better than being shot. And even as the poison grabbed at his vitals like writhing hot serpents, the phone jangled. He had forgotten to plug up the bell with tissue as he had planned, his excuse in the morning if anybody had tried to reach him.

He grabbed the phone. Then the crisp voice of an operator was coming over the wire. "Excuse it, please. A mistake—"

"Mis-take!" shrieked Edson into the mouthpiece as his vitals were wracked by the poison. He fought for breath. "My nephew—murdered m-me—cyanide p-poison—from his photo laboratory . . . murder . . . police. . . ." And then he was down out of the chair on the floor as the stunned Orville grabbed for the instrument.

The operator's voice was yelling stridently from the other end. Orville knew it was too late as he saw his dying uncle cease his paroxysms at his feet.

"It's murder, he says," he muttered thin-voiced. His uncle had been out to murder him. But now he himself was caught, in the very trap set for him. The police would never believe—

Orville Whitten placed the muzzle of the Police Positive against his own temple and pulled the trigger. . . .



# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

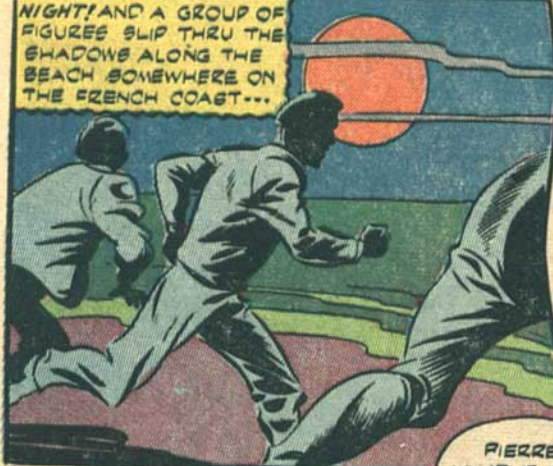
and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS

*in*  
**HEROES  
NEVER  
DIE**

THIS IS A SCENE  
HITLER WOULD GIVE TEN  
YEARS OF HIS LIFE  
TO SEE !!  
**CAPTAIN COMMANDO  
AND THE  
BOY SOLDIERS**  
LINED UP BEFORE A  
NAZI FIRING SQUAD!  
BUT EVEN WERE THIS  
TO HAPPEN, IT  
WOULD NOT DO THE  
FUEHRER  
ANY GOOD!  
FOR THIS TALE WILL  
PROVE TO YOU THAT  
**HEROES  
NEVER DIE !!**



NIGHT! AND A GROUP OF FIGURES SLIP THRU THE SHADOWS ALONG THE BEACH SOMEWHERE ON THE FRENCH COAST--



NOW I GIVE THE SIGNAL! VOILA! AND PRAY THAT OUR RENDEZVOUS IS KEPT!



PIERRE, WHAT IF THEY DO NOT COME WITH THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION!

SACRÉ BLEU! THEN

WE OF THE UNDERGROUND WILL CONTINUE TO FIGHT WITH OUR BARE HANDS IF NEED BE!

THERE IT IS, LADS! OUR SIGNAL! LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!



SUDDENLY A BEAM OF LIGHT STABS THE DARKNESS EXPOSING THE MEN!



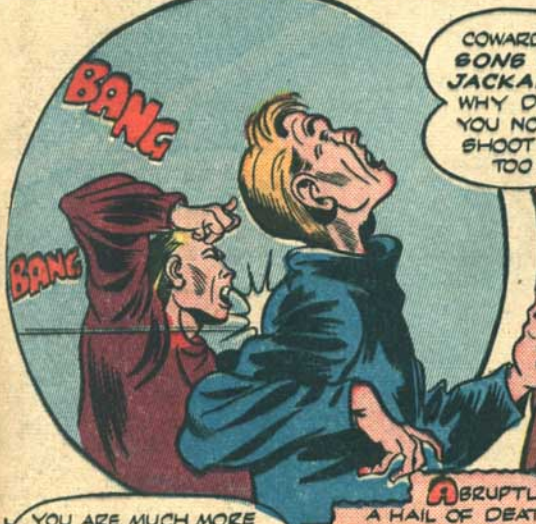
DON'T MOVE, SCHWEIN!



SO! OUR LITTLE TRAP HAS CAUGHT PIERRE GAULLE LEADER OF DER FRENCH UNDERGROUND! VERY NICE! NICE!



TURN AROUND,  
SCUM! MACH  
SCHNELL!



COWARDS!  
SONS OF  
JACKALS!  
WHY DO  
YOU NOT  
SHOOT ME  
TOO?

NEIN,  
HERR  
GAULLE!

**A**BRUPTLY  
A HAIL OF DEATH SPAT-  
TERS OUT OF THE DARKNESS  
AMONG THE NAZIS!

YOU ARE MUCH MORE  
VALUABLE TO DER  
GESTAPO ALIVE!  
YOU UNDERSTAND?



NICE GOIN,  
CAP! YER  
KNOCKIN'  
'EM DOWN  
LIKE CLAY  
PIGEONS!

THAT'S A FEW  
LESS NAZIS WHO'LL  
SHOOT PEOPLE IN  
THE BACK  
FLATBUSH!



COMMANDOS!  
I MUST GET  
AWAY!!

CAP! LOOK!  
THE HEAD KRAUT  
IS DUCKIN' OUT  
ON US!



BOYBOY! WOT A  
CHANCE TO GIVE ME  
PITCHIN' ARM A  
WOIK-OUT!



WID DE  
COMPLIMENTS  
O' DE BROOKLYN  
DODGERS YUH  
NAZI BUM!!



**BOOM!**

**STRIKE!**

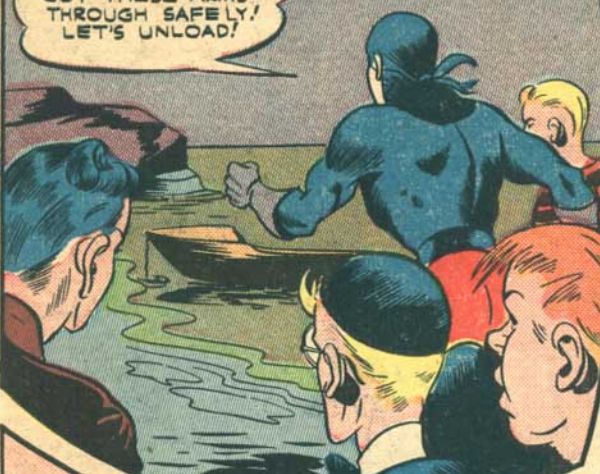
THAT JUST  
ABOUT CLEANS  
THEM UP M'SIEUR  
GAULLE! TOO  
BAD YOUR  
COMRADES HAD  
TO DIE!

NON, M'SIEUR  
COMMANDO!  
THEY DID NOT  
DIE! YOU SEE,  
WE LOVERS  
OF FREEDOM  
HAVE A  
PECULIAR  
PHILOSOPHY  
ABOUT  
HEROES!

WITH US, HEROES  
NEVER DIE!!



WELL, ANYWAY, WE GOT THESE ARMS THROUGH SAFELY! LET'S UNLOAD!

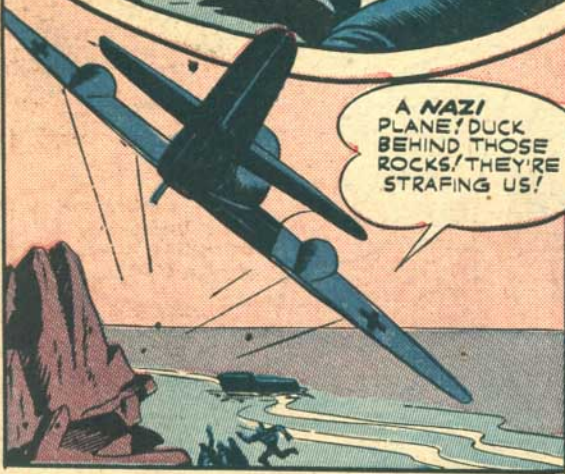


**ROAR**

WHAT'S THAT?



A NAZI PLANE! DUCK BEHIND THOSE ROCKS! THEY'RE STRAFING US!



M'SIEUR COMMANDO! LOOK! THEY HAVE SEEN THE BOAT!



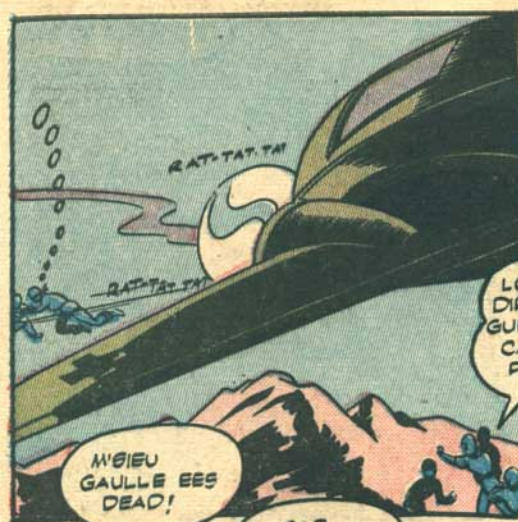
FILTHY BOCHE! HOW I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'D ----

PIERRE! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? COME BACK!



DOWN PIERRE! DOWN! THEY'RE COMING FOR US!!





LOOK! THE DIRTY RATS GUNNIN' THE CAP AND PIERRE!

CAP! CAP! YOU ALL RIGHT?

M'BIEU GAULLE EES DEAD!

CAP SPEAK TO ME! PLEASE, CAP!

IT--IT'S NO USE, BILLY! TH- THEY GOT CAP!

NO, NO! YOU CAN'T DIE CAP! I WON'T LET YOU DIE!

PIERRE! WHERE ARE WE...I FEEL SO STRANGE!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE. M'BIEU COMMANDO! BUT I THINK WE ARE DEAD!

DEAD! BUT I'VE SO MUCH WORK TO DO, PIERRE! I MUSTN'T DIE!

HEROES NEVER DIE, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

WHA...

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHO ARE YOU?

I AM SOMEONE WHO THOUGHT AS YOU DO, NOW! THAT I DIED BEFORE MY WORK WAS DONE!

THEY HANGED ME, THOSE NAZIS DID! HANGED ME IN A TOWN YOU MAY REMEMBER -- LIDICE!



I WAS A SIMPLE PEASANT WHO HAD THE HONOR OF BEING THE UNDERGROUND LEADER OF OUR TOWN! THEY CAUGHT ME AND HANGED ME! AND THOUGHT THEY WERE DONE WITH ME!

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO THE REST OF YOU SWINE! CEASE RESISTANCE OR HIS FATE WILL BE YOURS!



WELL-- THAT SHOULD IMPRESS THE SCUM, EH, HANS? THEY WON'T DARE LIFT A FINGER AGAINST US NOW!

JA, HERR KOMMANDANT! THEY'LL CO-OPERATE, I'M SURE!



YOU SEE CAPTAIN, THERE WERE OTHERS WHO CARRIED ON-- IN MY MEMORY! MY NAME! FOR EVERY ONE OF US WHO DIE, A THOUSAND SPRING UP TO TAKE OUR PLACE!



**3** SUDDENLY ANOTHER SPIRIT APPEARS....



THAT'S RIGHT, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! I CAN VOUCH FOR THAT!



MY STORY IS NOT UNLIKE THE CZECHO-SLOVAKIANS! I WAS A GREEK PEASANT! I, TOO, RESISTED THE FASCIST BEAST! I, TOO, WAS CAUGHT, BUT I WAS NOT SO FORTUNATE! THEY GAVE ME NO QUICK DEATH! FOR ME IT WAS THE TORTURE RACK!



TELL US, YOU FILTHY LOUT!

NEVER... OWOOO...



MY HUSBAND! THEY'RE TEARING HIM TO PIECES!

GET AWAY! YOU CAN'T GO IN!



HIS SCREAMS --- STOPPED! HE --- HE'S DEAD... OOOOOO...

HA-HA-HA!



YES I WAS DEAD BUT IN BODY ONLY! FOR THAT NIGHT... A SQUADRON OF R.A.F. BOMBERS! HEADED THIS WAY!



THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, HERR LIEUTENANT! IN THIS DARKNESS THEY'LL NEVER SEE OUR CONCEALED AMMUNITION DUMP!

GOTT IN HIMMEL! THE PEASANTS' FIELDS ALL ABOUT US ARE ON FIRE!



IT IS LIGHTING UP OUR STOREHOUSE AS IF IT WERE DAYLIGHT!





YES, MY OWN PEOPLE HAD SET FIRE TO THEIR FIELDS TO SERVE AS A BEACON FOR THE BOMBERS! SO YOU SEE--I DID NOT REALLY DIE! NOR WILL I EVER DIE WHILE THERE IS A TYRANT ON OUR SOIL!



COME, M'SIEUR COMMANDO! IT IS TIME FOR US TO GO!

I-I'M TRYING TO PIERRE--BUT SOMETHING'S HOLDING ME BACK!



A VOICE REACHING THRU SPACE! A VOICE I CANT RESIST!

CAP CAP



I'M COMING! I'M COMING!

CAP CAP



CAP! CAP! LOOK! HIS EYES ARE OPENING! CAP'S ALIVE! ALIVE!

IT'S A MIRACLE!

HELLO, BILLY--WH--WHERE AM I?

(GULP) YOU'RE ALIVE, CAP! THAT'S ALL THAT COUNTS! EVERYBODY BUT-- BUT ME GAVE YOU UP FOR DEAD!



YEAH! BILLY WOULDN'T LEAVE YER BED-SIDE, CAP!

OUI--AFTER WE BUILD THE RAFT AND BRING YOU AND M'SIEUR GAULLE BACK, BEELLY KEEP CALLING YOUR NAME OVER AND OVER AS THOUGH HE WEEESH TO CALL YOU BACK FROM THE GRAVE!

TOO BAD THEY COULDN'T SAVE THAT GAULLE CHAP, CAP! HE DIED!

NO, PERCY! YOU'RE WRONG! PIERRE GAULLE WAS A HERO--AND HEROES NEVER DIE!



# HELP UNCLE SAM

—make official  
PLANE models



SOME KNIFE!  
AND THE  
BLADES ARE  
SO EASY TO  
RENEW, TOO!

OH, SURE —  
IN ABOUT  
SECOND; 8  
BLADES, TOO  
— ONE FOR  
EACH JOB!

HERE'S THE PAY-  
OFF — A BIG DETAILED  
INSTRUCTION BOOK —  
FREE!

GEE! I WANT  
TO MAKE NAVY  
MODELS, TOO!  
I'LL ASK DAD  
FOR A SET!

OO, GEE,  
DAD —  
THANKS A  
MILLION!

SURE, SON.  
HERE'S THE  
MONEY.  
YOUR SEVERAL  
UNCLE SAM'S  
RIGHT NOW!

## Free!

"HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE", profusely illustrated. Chuck full of information. Also contains actual plans of several planes. FREE to you with your X-ACTO order.

# X-acto

KNIVES change  
amateurs into expert  
modellers F.A.S.T.!

Your X-ACTO knife always has sharp newness... the reason is the surgical-keen blade is instantly interchangeable. All you do is insert a new blade which is done in a jiffy. X-ACTO is an ever-keen knife that you re-blade to re-sharpen. Furnished in a variety of 8 instantly interchangeable blades, making X-ACTO an all-around tool for hundreds of purposes for which sharp knives are needed.

Now... to help you use these super X-ACTO knives to their best possible advantage, we give you absolutely FREE with your order... the great profusely illustrated book "HOW TO BUILD SCALE MODELS FOR DEFENSE" which contains actual plans of several planes and other invaluable information. You will find hundreds of users for X-ACTO knives. No other tactical plane models wanted by the Navy for template cutting and all other cutting requiring extreme precision. There is an X-ACTO knife for every cutting purpose. Surprisingly sharp, they quickly permit you to get into those hard-to-get-at corners. X-ACTO has proven its value for every whittling or carving job.

**LET'S TAKE X-ACTO APART**  
Just four parts... the solid handle, the hollow sleeve, the split collet, the world's keenest blades. SLEEVE: ¼ turn clockwise releases blade. Unscrew sleeve, slip off and see split collet, which grips blade, like lathe collets grip work. Collet taper shows why only ¼ turn of sleeve loosens or tightens blade. Fast? You'll say so!

Order your X-ACTO today... see it on display at most leading hardware, hobby shops or department stores... or send coupon direct to us.



**\$2.00**  
Complete

Kit No. 62—trouble set with 2 handles, 12 blades and fitted wooden chest. \$2.00

**\$3.50**  
Complete

Kit No. 82—Furnished with 3 handles, 12 blades and fitted wooden chest. \$3.50

**EITHER 50¢**

No. 2 X-ACTO knife for heavy carving—Complete with one blade 50c. No. 52—With 5 extra assorted blades. \$1.00

ORDER NOW  
We will  
include a  
copy of our  
"HOW TO  
BUILD SCALE  
MODEL PLANE"  
Prepared by  
perita. profusely  
illustrated.

—a  
special blade for every job



# X-acto EVERKEEN KNIFE

RE-BLADE TO RE-SHARPEN



buy it by  
MAIL—  
OR  
AT YOUR  
DEALERS

X-ACTO  
CRESCENT  
PRODUCTS CO.

Dept. 511, 440-4th  
AVENUE, NEW YORK, 16, N. Y.

Send at once X-ACTO I have checked. It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return within five days for refund. Also enclose gift. I am entitled to as per your special offer.

I will pay postman \$..... plus postage on arrival

Enclosed find \$..... in full payment

X-ACTO desired.  Kit No. 82—\$3.50  Kit No. 62—\$2.00

No. 1 (light)—with one blade 50c.  No. 51—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00  No. 2 (heavy)—with one blade 50c.

No. 52—with 5 extra assorted blades \$1.00

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

NOTE: If you live outside of U. S. A., send money order in U. S. funds.