

NO.  
45

# PEP



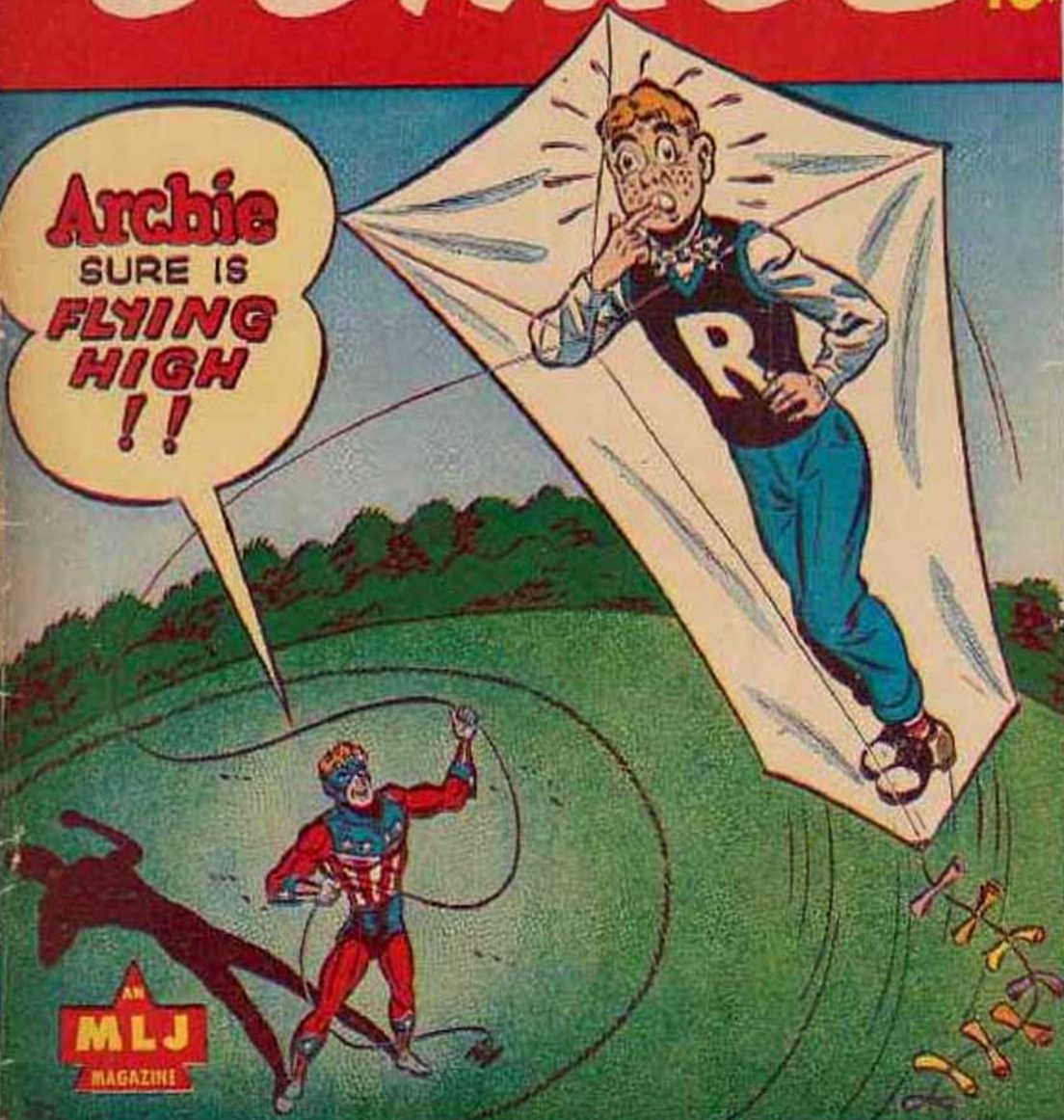
The SHIELD

JAN.

# COMICS

10¢

**Archie**  
SURE IS  
**FLYING**  
**HIGH**  
**!!**



AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE

THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
AND  
**DUSTY**  
the BOY DETECTIVE

IN  
**MURDER**  
ON  
**PARADE**



WHAT WAS THE HORROR THAT TURNED A PLAYFUL APE INTO A MAN-KILLER? THAT MADE HARMLESS SOULS INTO SAVAGE SNARLING INSTRUMENTS OF MURDER? THAT EVEN MADE DUSTY LUST FOR THE SHIELD'S BLOOD?!

by IRV NOVICK



SWELL DAY FOR A WALK, DUSTY! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE ZOO, AND WATCH "APO"

GOOD IDEA! THAT GORILLA'S ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW!

BOY QUITE A CROWD COLLECTED IN FRONT OF HIS CAGE TODAY!

YEAH! GUESS A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE HAD THE SAME IDEA!

HAW, HAW... LOOK AT APO PLAYING WITH THE CROWD! AIN'T HE A RIOT, JOE??



SUDDENLY THE CLUMSY, LOVABLE APE LOSES HIS GRIP ON THE TRAPEZE, AND COMES CRASHING DOWN...



GRUNN!



HAW, HAW, LOOKIT APO! HE'S CRYIN'!

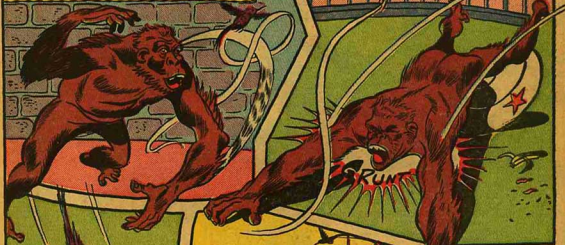
FUNNIEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN HIM DO!

ISN'T HE JUST TOO CUTE!

SUDDENLY A STRANGE BIRD FLITS INTO APO'S CAGE!

903

.. APO FORGETS HIS CRYING! AND TO THE CROWD'S GREAT AMUSEMENT PURSUES THE ELUSIVE BIRD..



THAT BIRD'S DRIVING APO WILD! I BETTER GET IT OUTA THE CAGE!







**APD! STOP TEARING AT THOSE BARS!!**

**EVERYTHING'S OKAY NOW! THE BIRDS' OUT OF THE CAGE! HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, APO!**

**GR.R.R.R...**



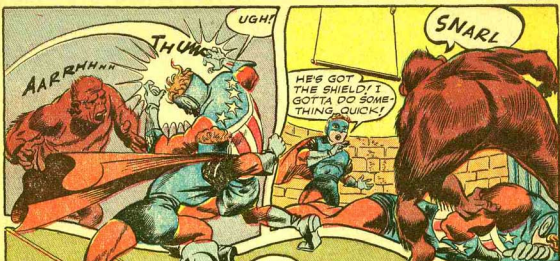
**NO, APO! DON'T!... UGHHH...**



**GREAT SCOTT! THAT APE'S KILLING HIM!!**

**IN A FLASH THE DUO LAUNCH FORTH AS SHIELD AND PUSTY!!**







NOW, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT POOR KEEPER!



IT'S SAFE TO GO IN NOW, DOC!

THANKS, I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR UN-FORTUNATE FELLOW-KEEPER!



I'M DR. RITCHIE! I WAS ONE OF THE SPECTATORS WHEN THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENED!

I DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH YOU CAN DO FOR THIS POOR GUY DOC!



HMM.. NO HEART BEAT!

YOU MEAN HE'S...



YES HE'S DEAD ALLRIGHT! TOO BAD THAT APE HAS ALMOST TORN HIM TO SHREDS!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE, THAT APO. WHO'S ALWAYS BEEN SO AMIABLE SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS!

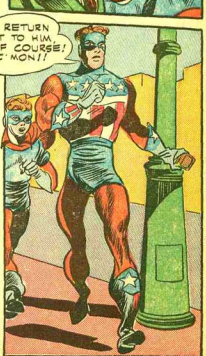


AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES THE CASE, DUSTY'S KEEN EYE SPOTS SOMETHING...



IT'S DOC. RITCHIE'S INSTRUMENT CASE! HIS NAME AND ADDRESS ARE ON IT!

WELL! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO WITH IT??



RETURN IT TO HIM OF COURSE! C'MON!!



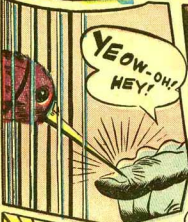
IS DR. RITCHIE IN?

(GULP) THE SHIELD! ER.. YES! WON'T YOU COME IN??

THANKS, VERY MUCH FOR RETURNING THIS! STUPID OF ME TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT!!

THAT'S OKAY, DOC!

WELL WHADDA YOU KNOW? THIS BIRD LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE THAT ANNOYED APO!



YEOW-OH! HEY!



Ooo!... DRAT THAT BIRD!



HERE, LET ME DRESS IT FOR YOU!

AW, NEVER MIND, DOC./ IT'S NOTHING!



SAY... WHAT'S THE MATTER DUSTY? YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD SINCE WE LEFT THE DOC'S OFFICE

N... NOTHING, I.. I GUESS!!

BUT SUDDENLY, A WILD GLEAM LIGHTS DUSTY'S EYES... AND HIS FACE BECOMES A TWISTED THING OF HATE!..

...AND VICIOUSLY HE FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE DUMBFOUNDED SHIELD..



WHA-OOF!

I'LL KILL YOU,  
SHIELD.. I'LL  
KILL YOU!

DUSTY!.. WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?  
SNAP OUT OF IT WILL  
YOU?!

SORRY LAD!..  
BUT I'VE  
GOT TO  
DO THIS..  
FOR YOUR  
SAKE!!

DUSTY LAD!  
SPEAK TO ME!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?!

THANK  
HEAVEN! HE'S  
COMING TO! THAT  
SOCK JOLTED HIM  
BACK TO HIS  
SENSES!

I'M OKAY NOW  
SHIELD BUT I.. I  
WENT CRAZY RIGHT  
AFTER THAT  
BIRD BIT ME!

SUFFERING  
SASSAFRAS!..  
APO GOT  
WILD TOO, AFTER  
A BIRD BIT HIM..  
THE SAME KIND  
THAT NIPPED  
DUSTY!

C'MON DUSTY  
WE'RE GOING  
BACK TO THE  
DOC'S PLACE!

DOC'S NOT  
HOME EH?  
WELL WHERE  
IS HE??

THAT SIR  
IS NONE  
OF YOUR  
BUSINESS!  
GOOD NIGHT!

IT'LL BE A BAD  
NIGHT FOR YOU  
IF YOU DON'T  
START TALKING..  
AND FAST!!

D..DON'T GET SORE, SHIELD!.. I..I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS THAT IMPORTANT!.. HE'S AT THE MORGAN MANSION.. A SOCIAL VISIT! BEEN THEIR FAMILY DOCTOR FOR YEARS!



THE MILLIONAIRE MORGANS, EH? WELL, WE'RE PAYING THEM A SOCIAL VISIT TOO.. AND IF YOU LIKE YOUR NOSE IN FRONT OF YOUR FACE, YOU WON'T WARN YOUR BOSS WE'RE COMING!



C'MON DUSTY! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!!



AT THE MORGAN MANSION...

I KNEW YOU'D WANT TO KNOW ABOUT JEFF AND LINDA'S ENGAGEMENT, DOC! THAT'S WHY I CALLED YOU IMMEDIATELY!

CONGRATULATIONS JEFF! HERE'S A LITTLE GIFT!



THE BEST MAN WON.. AND NO HARD FEELINGS! OOPS.. THE BIRD'S ESCAPING! GET IT WILL YOU, JEFF?



SURE THING DOC!

OWW.. THE LITTLE THING'S BITING!!



JEFF DEAR! YOUR FINGER'S BLEEDING!

FORGET IT!.. HOLD THE CAGE DOOR OPEN! I'LL PUT IT BACK!



WELL.. LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WEDDING PLANS! JEFF, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?!



MY LORD!.. JEFF! HAVE YOU GONE MAD?? HELP! HELP?!!





WE GOT  
HERE JUST  
IN TIME,  
DUSTY!!

HELP!



FATHER! ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT? I'LL NEVER  
FORGIVE, JEFF FOR  
THIS!!

DON'T BLAME  
JEFF MISS MORGAN!  
IT'S NOT HIS FAULT!

BUT.. BUT HE  
TRIED TO KILL  
MY FATHER!



YOU'RE MISTAKEN! IT WAS  
DOCTOR RITCHIE WHO  
TRIED TO KILL YOUR  
FATHER!

WHAT!  
YOU'RE  
MAD!



NO! YOU'RE  
MAD, DOCTOR..  
THINKING YOU  
COULD GET  
AWAY WITH IT!  
I KNOW ALL  
ABOUT THAT  
BIRD OF  
YOURS!



ALL RIGHT! YOU WIN  
SHIELD!. YES THERE  
WAS A STRANGE  
POISON SMEARED  
ON THAT BIRD'S  
BEAK! A POISON  
I DISCOVERED  
WHEN I WAS  
IN THE TROPICS!  
INJECTED INTO  
THE BLOODSTREAM,  
IT DRIVES MAN  
AND BEAST  
WILD WITH  
RAGE!!

I COULDN'T BEAR THE  
THOUGHT OF LOSING LINDA!  
SO I HIT ON THIS SCHEME  
OF GETTING JEFF TO  
KILL HER FATHER, BUT  
IT FAILED.. SO THERE'S  
NOTHING YOU CAN  
DO TO ME!!



OH YES, THERE IS... YOU FORGET THAT A ZOO-KEEPER WAS KILLED AS A GUINEA PIG IN YOUR EXPERIMENT!!

BEFORE YOU TURN THIS SKUNK OVER TO THE POLICE, I'D LIKE A LITTLE PRIVACY WITH HIM, SHIELD!

HMM... I GUESS YOU'RE ENTITLED TO IT AT THAT!!

NEXT PAY...

ANSWER THE DOOR-BELL WILL YOU DUSTY??

O.K.!

EXCUSE, SEÑOR I LEEVE NEXT DOOR! WOULD YOU TAKE CARE OF MY PET FOR A LEEETLE WHILE?

GLAD TO! WHERE IS IT??

A BIRD!

GRACIAS, SEÑOR! HERE EET...

SLAM

DIABE! EES THEES THE GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY?

WHO WAS IT, DUSTY?

WHEW! HUH? OH JUST SOME PEDDLER!

THE LATEST GREATEST ARCHIE COMICS OF THEM ALL IS ON SALE RIGHT NOW! GET YOUR COPY OF ARCHIE NO. 5 WHILE YOU CAN...

# Catfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS

HEY!  
YO BUSTED  
HIS NOSE  
CLEAN OFF!

YOU REMEMBER THAT AS A FAVOR TO MISTER PUFFER, THE CARETAKER, JOE CHOPPED A TREE OFF THE NOSE OF COLONEL BUNGSNORT'S GREAT MOUNTAIN CARVING —

THE ROOTS OF THAT TREE HAD CRACKED TH' ROCK AN' WHEN I STARTED CHOPPIN'—**BINGO**—DOWN SHE WENT!

AN' YOUNG ALVIN BUNGSNORT'S A-COMIN' OUT FROM TH' CITY T'DAY TO SEE IF I BEEN DOIN' A GOOD JOB O' CARETAKIN' ON HIS GRAN'PAPPY'S STACHOO!

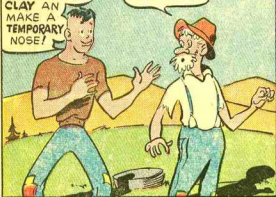
HE'S GONNA BE POWERFULL UPSET WHEN HE SEES WHAT'S HAPPENED AN' I RECKON I'LL BE PLUMB OUTTA A JOB!

H-M-M! MEBBE WE KIN FIX THAT NOSE!



**HUH!** IT'D TAKE A PASSEL O' STEAM ENGINES T' YANK THAT CHUNK O' ROCK OUTTA TH' RIVER AN HISSIT IT BACK UP **HERE!**

BUT MEBBE WE COULD HISSIT UP BUCKETS OF CLAY AN MAKE A **TEMPORARY NOSE!**



**YOU MUST BE TETCHED!** IT WOULDN'T LAST NO LONGER THAN TH' FIRST RAIN STORM!

IT WOULDN'T HAFTA! YOU SAID YOUNG BUNGSNORT ONLY COMES OUT HERE EVERY FIVE YEARS SO IF IT LOOKS ALL RIGHT **TODAY** YER JOB'S GOOD FER A **LONG TIME!**



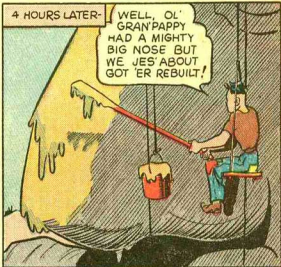
H-M-M! IT SOUNDS **CRAZY** BUT WE CAN'T BE SHOT FER TRYIN!

THEN WE BETTER GIT STARTED RIGHT AWAY!



4 HOURS LATER-

WELL, OL' GRAN'PAPPY HAD A MIGHTY BIG NOSE BUT WE JES'ABOUT GOT 'ER REBUILT!



GOLLY, IT SEEMS LIKE I SHOVELED UP ENOUGH MUD T PLASTER TH' WHOLE SIDE O' TH MOUNTAIN!



LOOKS LIKE TH OL' MAN GOT SOME **LUMPS** IN THIS BUCKET O' CLAY!



**TAITER  
HEAD!**

**WHAT TH'!? OL' CROW!  
HOW IN HECK DID YOU  
GIT IN THAR?**



**I'LL PUT YA  
HERE IN GRAN'-  
PAPPY'S EYE! IF  
YOU TRIED TO  
FLY NOW YOU'D  
FALL LIKE A  
ROCK!**



**STILL LATER-**

**I RECKON  
SHE'S ALL  
FINISHED, MR. PUFFER! I'M  
A-COMIN' DOWN ON TH'  
ROPE!**



**BY GOLLIE'S, SON,  
YER A GEENYUSS!  
I BET TH' OL'  
COLONEL HISSSELF  
COULDN'T TELL  
THAT NOSE  
FROM TH' REAL  
ONE!**

**SHUCKS!  
'TAINT  
NOTHIN'!**

**RECKON I'D  
BETTER BE  
HEADIN' FER HOME!  
MEBBE YOU KIN TELL  
ME TH' WAY TO  
MUDCAT, MISSISSIPPI?**

**I NEVER  
HEERD O'  
MUDCAT  
BUT I S'PECT  
MISSISSIPPI  
MUS' BE T'  
TH' SOUTH!**



**AT THIS MOMENT A CAR IS  
APPROACHING BUNGSNORT MOUNTAIN!**

**HOW THRILLING!  
TO HAVE YOUR  
OWN GRAND-  
FATHER'S FACE  
CARVED ON THE  
SIDE OF A  
MOUNTAIN!**

**WELL,  
NATURALLY WE  
BUNGSNORTS DO  
FEEL RATHER  
PROUD!**



**GRANDFATHER  
WAS QUITE A  
HANDSOME OLD  
GENT! FOLKS  
SAY I RESEMBLE  
HIM AROUND  
THE NOSE!**

**GOODNESS!  
I CAN HARDLY  
WAIT TO SEE IT!**



OH DEAR -  
IT'S THUNDERING!  
WE'D BETTER  
STOP AND  
PUT THE  
TOP UP!

NO - WE'VE  
GOT TO HURRY!  
ONCE THE CLOUDS  
SETTLE WE WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
SEE THE FACE!



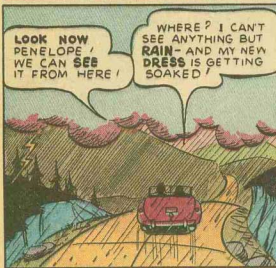
GET READY NOW! WE'LL SEE  
IT FROM THE TOP OF THE NEXT  
HILL!

BUT ALVIN!  
IT'S STARTING  
TO RAIN!



LOOK NOW  
PENELOPE!  
WE CAN SEE  
IT FROM HERE!

WHERE? I CAN'T  
SEE ANYTHING BUT  
RAIN - AND MY NEW  
DRESS IS GETTING  
SOAKED!



DOGGONE IT! THOSE THUNDER CLOUDS  
HAVE COVERED IT! NOW WE'LL HAVE  
TO WAIT UNTIL THE STORM IS OVER!

BUT I DON'T WANT  
TO WAIT! I'M COLD  
AND WET AND MY  
CLOTHES WILL BE  
RUINED!



BUT GRANDPA IS AT HIS  
BEST WITH THE THUNDER  
CLOUDS CURLING OVER  
HIS BROW!

I'D LIKE TO  
CURL A COUPLE  
OVER YOUR BROW!



YOU'LL FORGET ABOUT  
THE RAIN WHEN YOU  
SEE THIS MAGNIFICENT  
SPECTACLE!

RIGHT NOW I'D  
SETTLE FOR A  
LEAKY UMBRELLA!





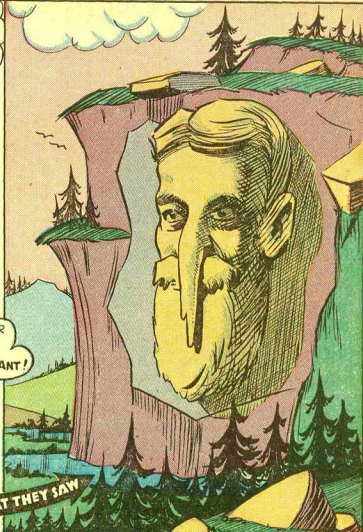
IT'S BEGINNING TO CLEAR! NOW WATCH RIGHT OVER THERE! AND DON'T FORGET TO NOTICE THE MAJESTIC BUNGSNORT NOSE!

KACHOO! THIS BETTER BE GOOD!



THERE IT IS! LOOK! A-W-W-K!

HA! YOUR GRANDPA MUST BE PART ELEPHANT!



JOE IS HEADIN' HOME -

WONDER HOW FAR IT IS TO MUDCAT? ME AN' OL CROW WILL SURE BE GLAD T' GIT HOME!



OH OH! I LEFT OL CROW PARKED BACK THAR IN GRANPA BUNGSNORT'S EYE!



HE CAINT FLY WITH HIS FEATHERS FULL O' MUD! I'LL HAFTA GO RIGHT BACK AN GIT HIM!



CAW-HAW!  
TAITERHEAD!  
TAITERHEAD!

OL' CROW  
HOW'D YOU  
EVER GIT HERE ?

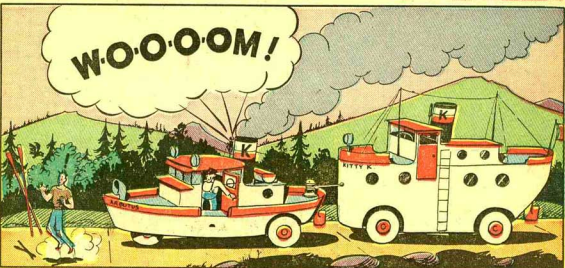


CAW-HAW-  
HAW-HAW!

OH, I SEE !  
TH' RAIN WASHED  
TH' MUD OUTTA  
YORE FEATHERS!  
I'M SHORE GLAD  
I DON'T HAFTA  
CLIMB BACK UP  
THAR AFTER YA !



W.O.O.O.M!



GOLLY, OL' CROW, I  
SHORE HOPE I WAKE  
UP AN' FIND THIS IS A  
DREAM 'CAUSE IF IT  
HAINT I 'SPECT I'M  
PLUM' OUTTA MY MIND!



**I**T'S NO DREAM, JOE, AN' YOU HAINT LOSIN' YORE MIND! YOU'VE JEST COME FACE T' FACE WITH OL' CAPN KEEL AN' HIS LAND-GOIN TUG-BOAT! BUT JEST WAIT TILL YOU GO INTO ACTION IN NEX' MONTH'S "PEP"! YOU HAINT SEEN NOTHIN' YET !

**Hi GANG —**

I WANNA THANK YO ALL FER SENDIN' IN SO MANY SWELL NAMES FER MY TALKIN' CROW! I FINALLY DECIDED T' PICK "GABBY" FER HIS NAME 'CAUSE IT SEEMS T' JUST FIT HIM! I AM SENDIN' PICTURES OF ME AN' TH' CROW TO TH' THREE OF YOU WHO SUGGESTED THAT NAME :

DIANE CARROLL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

GEORGE WOLFE, HAMMOND, INDIANA

ALFRED DU BOIS, 1356 EAST 169TH ST.

(I DON'T KNOW TH' NAME OF ALFRED'S

CITY SO I'M HOLDING HIS PICTURE

TILL I HEAR FROM HIM)

YOURS TROOLY,  
*Catfish Joe*  
*an' Gabby*



# CAPTAIN COMMANDO and the BOY SOLDIERS

**WE**  
DEDICATE THIS  
TALE TO AN UNSUNG  
HERO! THE  
**WAR**  
**CORRESPONDENT**  
*Very, very  
Sincerely  
Capt. Commando  
& the Boy Soldiers*

**FINAL**  
VOL. 60 NO. 364

**GRAND**



**THIS IS A TALE OF A WAR HERO! HE DOESN'T WEAR A UNIFORM OR EVEN CARRY A GUN! HIS WEAPONS ARE WORDS! HE NEVER WON A MEDAL ALTHOUGH HIS VALOR IS BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY! HIS NAME HAPPENS TO BE NEWELL NORTON, BUT HE'S MUCH PROUDER OF THE NAME - WAR CORRESPONDENT!**



OUR STORY BEGINS WHERE MOST STORIES END--IN A GRAVEYARD! CAPTAIN COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS ARE DIGGING A SIMPLE SHALLOW GRAVE--

ALL RIGHT, FLATBUSH, HAND ME THE TYPEWRITER!

WHAT'S THIS! A TYPEWRITER BEING BURIED!!

SO LONG, NEWSY NORTON! WE KNOW YOU'D WANT IT THIS WAY!

CAP, IS-- IS IT OKAY IF--IF I SAY A FEW WORDS OVER DAT GRAVE?

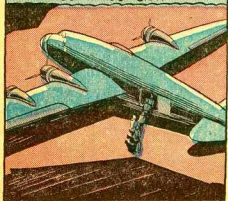
I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! GO AHEAD, FLATBUSH!

NEWSY, WHEREVER YOU ARE, I--I WANT YOUSE TO KNOW I'M BORRY FER THE HEEEL I BEEN! YOUSE WUZ A BETTER MAN DAN I'LL EVER BE! S'LONG, PAL! WE'LL KEEP PUNCHIN'-- FER YOUSE!

WHAT IS THE STORY BEHIND THIS STRANGE SCENE? A EULOGY OVER A TYPEWRITER? THE ANSWER IS OUR TALE! A TALE WELL WORTH REPEAT-ING! IT ALL BEGAN WITH A ROUTINE COMMANDO FORAY--

HEY WAIT A MINUTE! YOU GUYE GOT YOURSELF A GUEST! YOURS TRULY, NEWSY NORTON!

OFF INTO THE NIGHT ROARS THE PLANE BEARING ITS CARGO OF SUPERBLY TRAINED NAZI DEATH-DEALERS ---



MY PAPER ASSIGNED ME TO COVER ONE OF YOUR RAIDS, CAPTAIN COMMANDO! HOW MANY ARMIES WE GONNA WIPE OUT TONIGHT?

LOOK HERE, NORTON! WE'RE HERE TO DO A JOB - NOT GET PUBLICITY!



IF YA ASK ME, CAP, DAT GUY'S JOB IS JUST ANNUDDER WAY TO DODGE DE DRAFT!

NO-BODY ASKED YOU, UGLY!



YOU'VE GOT AN OFFICIAL PASS TO ACCOMPANY US, BUT IF YOU'VE GOT ANY GLAMOUROUS IDEAS ABOUT HEADLINES YOU'LL SOON LEARN DIFFERENTLY!



WHY, YA SAWED OFF SHRIMP FOR TWO CENTS I'D PIN YER EARS BACK!

IZZASSO, YOU REFUGE FROM A REFORM SCHOOL! THE BIGGEST NEWS ON THIS TRIP IS THEY GOT YOU FOR A MASCOT INSTEAD OF A BULLDOG!



HERE! CUT OUT THIS SQUABBLING YOU TWO!

WHY, I'LL--



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER FLATBUSH! LAY OFF NORTON! HE'S GOT HIS JOB AND WE'VE GOT OURS!

AH OKAY CAP!



PREPARE YOUR MEN CAPTAIN COMMANDO! WE'RE OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!

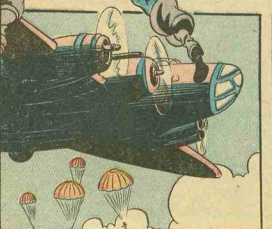




OKAY, LADS!  
LET'S  
RIDE!



GERONIMO



SO FAR, SO GOOD! ALL SEEM TO BE PRESENT AND ACCOUNT-ED FOR!



ONE MORE COMIN' DOWN, CAP! AND-- AND-- HOLY COW!

LOOK WHAT HE'S DOING!



BOY! WOTTA YARN! EXPERIENCE OF A PARACHUTE JUMP FRESH OFF THE GRIDDLE! I'LL GET A BONUS FOR THIS!



CAP! DAT GUYS JUST A PLAIN JOIK! WHY DONT WE LEAVE 'M BEHIND!

QUIET FLATBUSH!



I HEARD THAT YOU-- YOU BRAT! NOBODY'S LEAVING ME BEHIND SEE?

NOBODY-- CEPTIN YERSELF! WAIT'LL DE GOIN' GIT'S HOT YOU'SELL FOLD UP LIKE AN ACCORDION!

COME ON, BOYS! NO TIME TO WASTE! ON TO OUR OBJECTIVE --- THE AIRPORT!

**A** GHOST IN THE NIGHT! AN AGILE SUKE-FOOTED TIRELESS GHOST! A GHOST WHO STALKS THROUGH THE SHADOWS AS EASILY AS THE NORMAL MAN MIGHT CROSS A STREET IN DAYLIGHT-- THIS IS A **COMMANDO!**

(PUFF) CANT KEEP UP WITH 'EM! (PUFF) THOSE GUY'S AINT HUMAN!

OWOOO! WHAT NEXT--

WHAT TH--

**BUBBLES**

G#!\*G#!  
I WOULD STEP  
INTO A HOLE!

BUT NEWSY GAMELY PERSISTS IN HIS  
LABORIOUS EFFORTS TO KEEP UP  
WITH THE COM-  
MANDOS!

Oooo--MY  
MOTHER WARNED  
ME NOT TO BE-  
COME A RE-  
PORTER!

MEANWHILE, THE  
COMMANDOS SIGHT  
THEIR OBJECTIVE--

DOWN,  
EVERY-  
BODY!

GET SET FOR ACTION,  
MEN! IS EVERYBODY  
HERE?

EVERYBODY,  
'CEPTIN' DAT  
NOISY  
NORTON!

I  
KNEW  
HE'D FOLD  
WHEN DE  
PRESSURE  
WUZ ON! HE'S  
PROBABLY FOUND  
HISSELF A NICE  
COMFORTABLE  
HIDE-OUT!

OKAY, LADS!  
**CHARGE!**



THIS WAY TO THE HANGAR!



ZUM TOT, COMMANDO TEUFEL!



AAIEEEEE



WOW! THEY'RE COMIN AT US THICK AS FLIES!

BILLY! BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!

BUT ALMOST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH!



WHAAA... ALMOST GOT ME...

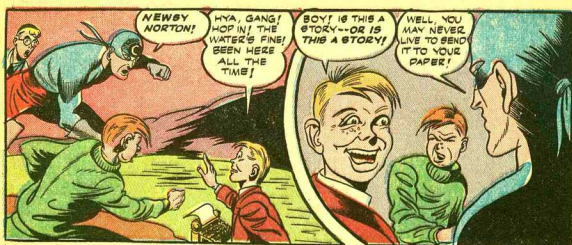
MEAN-TIME ARMAND AND FLATBUSH ARE NOT IDLE!

NOW I LET IBM HAVE EST, EH, FLATBUSH!









MIRACULOUSLY, NEWSY RUNS, UNSCATHED THRU  
A HAIL OF DEATH-----



---AND AS THE COMMANDOS WATCH BREATHLESSLY,  
WAITING FOR THE GRENADES TO EXPLODE, NEWSY  
DARTS INTO THE HANGAR, AND-----



BACK IN ENGLAND,  
THE NEXT DAY--

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE  
FULFILLED YOUR MISSION  
NOBLY, CAPT. COMMANDO!



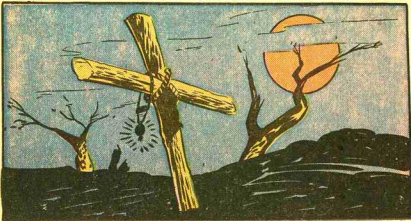
IT IS MY PLEASURE TO BE-  
STOW ON YOU THE HIGH-  
EST DECORATION OF THE  
LAND!

THANK  
YOU, SIR!



**T**HIS THEN IS  
THE STORY  
BEHIND THE  
BURYING OF  
THE TYPE-  
WRITER! NOW  
LET US RE-  
TURN TO THE  
GRAVEYARD  
WITH CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO  
AND THE BOY  
SOLDIER!

I'M GOING TO GIVE THIS THING TO  
YOU NEWSY, THE GUY IT REALLY  
BELONGS TO!



**W**E JOIN WITH YOU  
CAPTAIN COMMANDO  
IN EXTENDING A  
TRIBUTE TO  
NEWSY NORTON  
WHO HAD ANOTHER  
NAME HE WAS  
MUCH PROUDER OF,  
**WAR  
CORRESPON-  
DENT!**



THANKS A MILLION FOR  
THAT *SHOWER* OF LETTERS  
TO WJZ, THE BLUE NETWORK,  
N.Y.C. GANG, TELLING 'EM  
HOW MUCH YOU ENJOY LISTENING  
TO ARCHIE ANDREW'S!  
JUGHEAD AND I ARE HAPPY  
'CAUSE WE'VE MADE YOU  
HAPPY. SO KEEP LISTENING,  
AND KEEP WRITING!

**Archie**  
COMICS *is*



**MLJ**  
LEADS *the* WAY!

*The* **BLACK HOOD** **WANTS YOU**



*to*  
**TUNE  
IN  
on**  
**WOR MUTUAL  
BROADCASTING  
SYSTEM**

*Every  
night*  
**5:15 EWT**

# GENIES DON'T KILL

by Maurice Howard

"SHE sat up all night with her husband's corpse," Sergeant Duffy explained. "An' this morning they found her dead."

"I'll take a look," Cone said.

The body of old Mrs. Livingston sat slumped in a chair beside the coffin—a thin little wisp of woman, almost lost in a billowing black taffeta dress. Her head dangled sidewise. Her eyes were closed, as though during this night-long, loving vigil beside her dead husband, she had fallen quietly into eternal sleep.

"So what killed her?" Sergeant Duffy said. "That's what we want to know. Mr. Cone. Doc Carter says her health was okay. People don't just die of a broken heart, you know."

"What her husband died of," Cone said. "might have something to do with it."

"He died of lobar pneumonia," the Sergeant retorted. "He might have pulled through at that, but he got cramps the last day or two."

"Cramps," Cone said. "are especially interesting."

Voices in the hall sounded behind them. "That's the relatives," Sergeant Duffy explained. "Two grandsons—they're cousins. An' a grand niece. An' there's the housekeeper. She discovered the old woman's body, about seven this morning. You want to question 'em?"

"I'll talk to them," Cone said.

But instead, he moved into the shrouded room, tall and silent, gazing down at the dead face in the coffin; and at the face of the dead woman in the chair where now a thin shaft of light from an edge of a window blind was striking to show that her bloodless lips were parted as though with a faint smile of contentment that she had gone to join her husband.

Strange detective who had no theories, few questions to ask, and who just seemed to stand staring, with the sides of his thin patrician nose dilating like the nostrils of an impatient, quivering race horse.

"The relatives," Sergeant Duffy prompted, "might be worth your attention, Mr. Cone. There's a sweet inheritance, what I hear. All share alike. An' the old housekeeper—she

gets ten grand or so for a legacy."

"I'll talk to them now," Cone said. "I wonder if they're interested in Hindu magic."

The relatives were all tense, exceedingly nervous, excited. Shocked by the tragedy, of course. Surely no one, appraising them now, could have selected one of them to be guilty of a double murder. The two grandsons seemed both under thirty: John Livingston—slim, handsome, with wavy tousled black hair and a face aristocratic, as his dead grandfather's—a face grim and strained now, with thin pale lips that tried to smile as he shook Cone's hand. And there was his cousin, Peter Rance—short and round and plump, with sparse pale hair plastered dankly on his bearded forehead.

The girl—Ann Livingston—was a little frightened brown dove, clinging to the hand of the middle-aged housekeeper who sat beside her. All of them were frightened, as the members of any household would be with mysterious tragedy suddenly striking, and with a bullying Police Sergeant obviously anxious to fasten murder upon them.

"Do we have to go all over it again?" the handsome John Livingston protested.

"Not with me," Cone said. "Sergeant Duffy is puzzled by the death of Mrs. Livingston."

"Why wouldn't I be?" Duffy demanded.

"You would," Cone agreed. "Hindu magic is very puzzling. No one can understand it."

The housekeeper—gaunt and dour—involuntarily shifted her chair with a rasp which was startling in the tense silence. She was gazing blankly at Cone. All of them blankly stared.

"What's that mean?" the fat little Peter Rance stammered. "Who said anything about Hindu magic?"

"I did," Cone said. "I've been up the Ganges. India is very interesting. Do you suppose old Mr. Livingston was interested in Oriental occultism by any chance?"

John Livingston said: "Yes, he was. Grandfather lived in India, years ago. As a matter of fact, he met grandmother in Benares. They were married there."

"Then she believed in Hindu magic, also?"  
"An' it frightened her," the housekeeper said with a sudden breathless burst.

"I've heard," Cone said, "that a djinn is generally a beneficent sort of fellow. Nobody should be afraid of a djinn."

There was no one smiling. They all looked as though they were shuddering.

"Well I don't get any of this," Sergeant Duffy declared.

"We're thinking," Cone said, "that a djinn—a genie you know—may have appeared miraculously to Mrs. Livingston, last night at her vigil over her dead husband."

"And frightened her to death?" Duffy demanded. "Now say, listen——"

"I wish we could summon him tonight," Cone said. "Maybe he was there and saw what happened, who knows? I wish we could summon him and make him tell us. Let's try it, shall we?"

"You'll have an autopsy on both bodies?" Cone suggested, when presently he and the Sergeant were again alone.

"Sure. But the devil of it, Doc Carter had to go to Albany. He'll be back tomorrow and perform the autopsies then."

"Arsenic is apt to give you cramps," Cone said.

Duffy nodded. "Doc an' I both thought of that. But the old woman——"

"Didn't die of cramps. Quite true, Sergeant. Let's see what the djinn says tonight—if we can summon him."

"Mr. Cone, listen," Duffy pleaded. "Are you kiddin' me?"

"I never was more serious," Cone said.

The big hall clock was chiming midnight. There were two occupied coffins now in the little room—coffins with candle-light flickering eerily on them, flickering on the two dead faces and on the drawn faces of the living who sat silently beside them.

Only Cone was on his feet, his tall lean figure painted by the candlelight which cast multiple shadows of him monstrously shifting on the walls as he moved. It was as though in the silent breathless little room, only he and his shadows were alive.

"I'll close the door," he said softly. "If we get that djinn out of his hair, no need to let him escape."

Cone was building a small charcoal fire in

the brazier now; and then from a desk in the room corner he came with brown-black sticks of incense.

"The Hindu legend as I've heard it," he was saying softly, "is that if you burn this over one who has died, the djinn imprisoned within it will come out. Did Mr. Livingston ever tell you that?"

No one answered. Then the handsome poetic-looking young John Livingston responded:

"Yes, something like that. Grandfather always said he wanted this incense burned in the brazier beside him when he had died."

"Because the djinn would come to soothe his troubled, departing spirit," Cone said.

"Mrs. Livingston promised to do it," the housekeeper said suddenly. "But it frightened her."

Redolent blue-black wisps of vapour were rising now from the big brazier as Cone ignited the incense, dropping a bundle of the little sticks on the charcoal fire.

"Come on djinn, let's have a look at you," Cone jibed. "Don't be afraid of us."

"This is crazy," young Livingston suddenly was muttering. "This is——"

His words were stricken away as a chair clattered. On his feet Peter Rance stood trembling, his rotund face suddenly ashen.

"I don't—like this," he gasped. And then he broke. "You fools—we've got to get out of here. We'll be dead, all of us! Get that door and window open—you idiots—don't you feel queer already?" He was staggering on his feet, wildly terrified, in a panic rushing for the door; but the bulky Sergeant Duffy shoved him back.

"You're ruining everything," Cone said.

"Am I? Am I? That—what you—you don't know—that's arsenic burning in that incense! The fumes of it—we'll be wafted off into death in another minute. Get us out of here, I tell you! Let me out—can't you feel your head reeling already?"

"That's terror and guilty imagination making you reel," Cone said. "That's your murderer, Sergeant. The fumes of burning arsenic are a nasty lethal dose in a small close room like this. He thinks I'm burning the incense he gave old Mrs. Livingston to burn last night."

Cone was faintly smiling now. "Fortunately, I'm not," he said.



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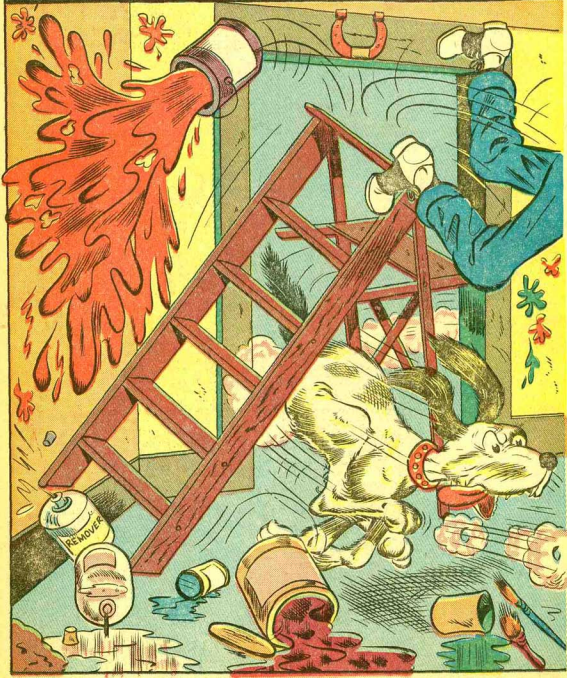
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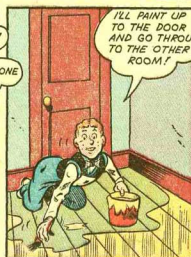
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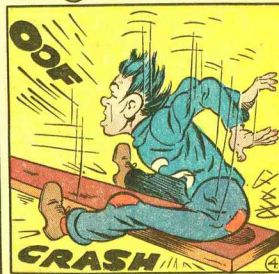
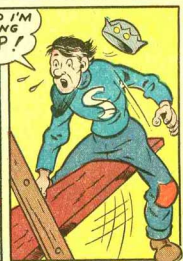


# THE PAINTER











GOSH, JUGHEAD, THE PAINT SPILLED OVER MY POP'S GOOD SUIT!

I'LL TRY SOME OF THIS PAINT REMOVER THAT OUGHT TO HELP!

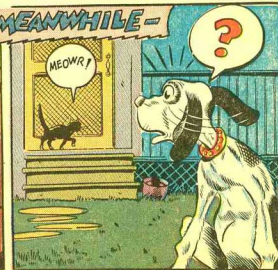
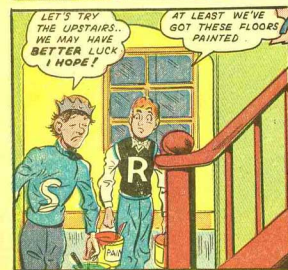
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK WE SHOULD-N'T HAVE STARTED THIS!



YIPE!

WOW! HOW'M I GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO POP?

YOU COULD BLAME THE MOTHS!



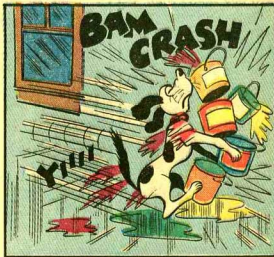
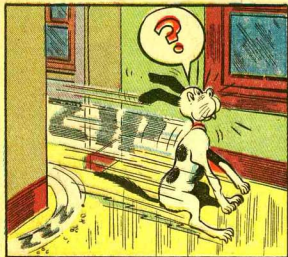
LET'S TRY THE UPSTAIRS.. WE MAY HAVE BETTER LUCK I HOPE!

MEOWR!

MEANWHILE -

AT LEAST WE'VE GOT THESE FLOORS PAINTED







# Li'l Chief

# Bugsaboo

SHHHH...  
FIDO! HERE'S  
A SWELL SHOT  
AT A TURKEY!  
UMMM!!

DAVE  
HIGGINS

WATCH THIS  
SHOT, FIDO!





YEE-OH



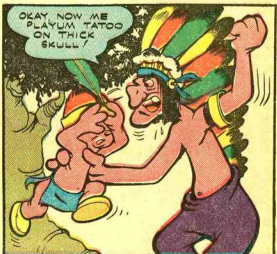
DID YOU DO THAT??



WELL... ER... YOU SEE... GULP!  
AH... ER... YES!!



OKAY NOW ME PLAYUM TATOO ON THICK SKULL!

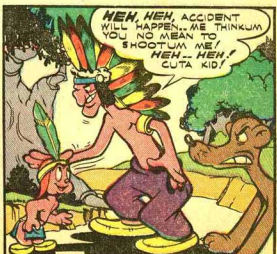


OH!  
OH!

GRRRR



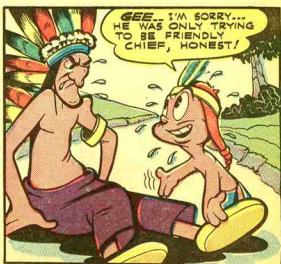
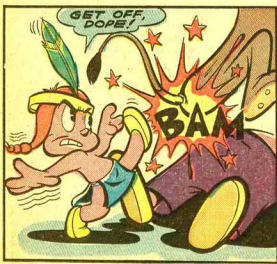
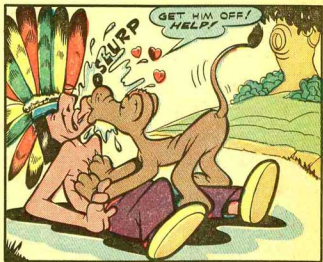
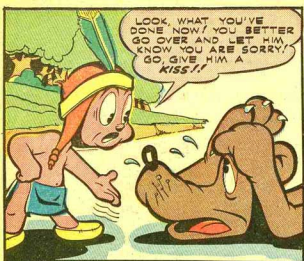
HEH, HEH, ACCIDENT WILL HAPPEN... ME THINKUM YOU NO MEAN TO SHOOTUM ME!  
HEH... HEH! CUTA KID!

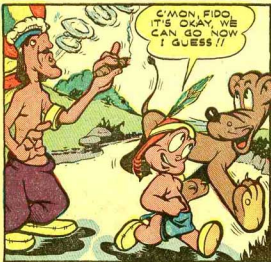






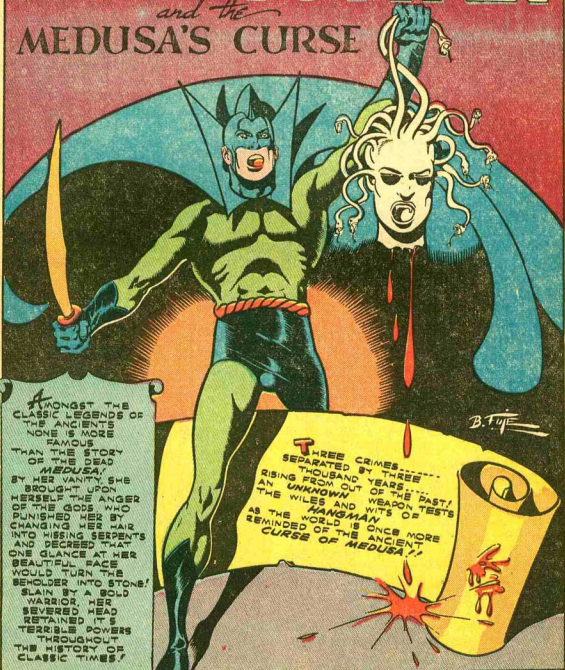






# The HANGMAN

## and the MEDUSA'S CURSE



AMONGST THE CLASSIC LEGENDS OF THE ANCIENTS NONE IS MORE FAMOUS THAN THE STORY OF THE DEAD MEDUSA! BY HER VANITY SHE BROUGHT UPON HERSELF THE ANGER OF THE GODS WHO PUNISHED HER BY CHANGING HER HAIR INTO HISSING SERPENTS AND DECREED THAT ONE GLANCE AT HER BEAUTIFUL FACE WOULD TURN THE BEHOLDER INTO STONE! SLAIN BY A BOLD WARRIOR, HER SEVERED HEAD RETAINED ITS TERRIBLE POWERS THROUGHOUT THE HISTORY OF CLASSIC TIMES!

THREE CRIMES SEPARATED BY THREE THOUSAND YEARS RISING FROM OUT OF THE PAST! AN UNKNOWN WEAPON TESTS THE WILES AND WITS OF HANGMAN AS THE WORLD IS ONCE MORE REMINDED OF THE ANCIENT CURSE OF MEDUSA!!

B. F. F.



DIM LIGHTS... SHADOWS LURKING ON THE WATERFRONT. THE SQUEAL OF GRINDING BRAKES...



STEP ON IT, LEN... HE'S GETTING CLOSE!

SUDDENLY...

THE EXCURSION ISN'T RUNNING TONIGHT, KID!

TH... THE HANGMAN!



SO, I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A TRIP MYSELF!



IF YOU RETURN THE STUFF, I'LL SEE YOU GET A BREAK!

I'LL NEVER TALK!

YOU'RE GETTIN' DE BREAK, HANGMAN... HERE!



SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS AGAIN, BUT I'LL GET THAT LENNY MYERS, IF IT TAKES THE REST OF MY LIFE!



A PERFECT SCORE, DERBY! WE KNOCKED OFF A JEWELRY STORE, AND ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN THE SAME NIGHT!!

WHAT NOW, LENNY?



NOW, I'M GONNA VISIT MY OLD MAN, HE'S LONESOME FOR HIS WANDERING BOY !!

HOW TOUCHIN' WANT ME ALONG TO CASE THE JOINT FER YOU, KID??

NAH! THE OLD COOT'S POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE! WONDER WHAT HE MEANS BY THIS TELEGRAM?

MY OLD MAN'S A PROFESSOR, DERBY! AN ARCHAEOLOGIST!

WHO CARES! WHAT'S DIS MEDUSA'S COISE BUSINESS?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT DOESN'T HURT TO FIND OUT! I'LL GO SEE HIM BEFORE HE CROAKS!

### WESTERN TELEGRAPH

AM DYING BECAUSE OF MEDUSA'S CURSE STOP COME HOME AT ONCE STOP MUST TELL YOU THE STORY STOP IF YOU EVER HAD A SPARK OF DECENT IN YOU IT'S YOUR CHANCE TO PROVE IT STOP

FATHER



LATER...

AH, THERE YOU ARE, LEONARD, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!!

I CAME SOON AS I GOT HIS TELEGRAM, DOC!

HAS MY SON, LEONARD COME YET, NURSE?

HERE I AM, DAD!



YOU'RE *BAD* LEONARD! STOP ALWAYS WERE! BUT YOU'RE THE *ONLY* ONE WHO CAN SAVE MY SOUL... AND YOUR OWN TOO!!

STOP JABBERING, LEONARD! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THIS WILL SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT IT'S *TRUE*. YOU KNOW THE REPUTATION I ONCE HAD AS AN ARCHAEOLOGIST! I HAD MANY FRIENDS AND *ENEMIES*!

"IT WAS A BITTER RIVAL, WHO SENT ME THE MOST ASTOUNDING FIND ANY ARCHAEOLOGIST EVER POSSESSED!"

THE DOORBELL, NICHOLS!! I'LL ANSWER IT, SIR!





PACKAGE FOR PROF MYERS!

I'LL SIGN FOR IT! MY GOODNESS...IT CAME ALL THE WAY FROM CRETE!



PROFESSOR HEMPSTED HAS SENT YOU A PACKAGE, SIR, FROM CRETE SIR!

HEMPSTED? IT CAN'T BE... HE'S JEALOUS OF MY WORK! HE HATES ME... WELL, OPEN IT!!



'NICHOLS DID, AS I ORDERED - HIS LAST ORDER!!'

IT'S A STATUE, SIR... AAAGHH...



'IN THE MIRROR I SAW WHAT HAPPENED! I WATCHED, PETRIFIED FOR I HAD RECOGNIZED.....

... THE HEAD OF MEDUSA !!



YES! THE MOST DREADED SPECTRE OF ANCIENT TIMES! FOR HER INSULTS TO THE GODS, MEDUSA'S HAIR HAD TURNED INTO WRITHING SERPENTS AND ANYTHING SHE LOOKED UPON, HAD TURNED TO STONE!



NOW, HEMPSTED HAD UNEARTHED THE CURSED HEAD AND SENT IT TO ME! CAUTIOUSLY I APPROACHED WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT! I HELD MY JACKET BEFORE MY EYES AS I APPROACHED IT WITH STARK TERROR.....

IT'S INCREDIBLE THAT THE HEAD SHOULD RETAIN SUCH POWER AFTER SO MANY CENTURIES!



COVERING THE HEAD WITH MY JACKET I REPLACED IT IN THE BOX AND HASTILY SUMMONED A DOCTOR!!

IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF HEART FAILURE, PROFESSOR!

HEART FAILURE... HMMM... YES!



SINCE THAT DAY, I'VE BEEN A BROKEN MAN! TORN BETWEEN THE DESIRES OF DESTROYING THIS HORRIBLE HEAD, OR TRYING TO STUDY IT AS A SCIENTIST! NOW, IT IS TOO LATE FOR ME TO DO EITHER!



YOU... YOU MUST DESTROY IT FOR... FOR ME / P... PROMISE ME L... LEONARD...  
AAAHHH...

HE'S DEAD!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

SO, THIS IS THE MEDUSA'S HEAD! WHAT A CRAZY YARN! THE OLD GUY MUST HAVE GONE NUTS IN HIS OLD AGE!!



SO, YA FINALLY GOT BACK... IS DAT DE OLD MAN'S MAZUMAT?  
TO YOU? I'M THE BOSS HERE, AND I DON'T ANSWER QUESTIONS!



IZZAT SO? FAT LOT O' GOOD YOUR BOSSIN'S DONE US / DE HANGMAN'S SO HOT ON OUR TAIL, WE CAN'T EVEN TAKE OUR SHOES OFF !!



HOW LONG YA THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE HE NABS US?

HMM... MM... MM... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, DERBY....



.. SURE.. I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO TAKE OVER FOR A WHILE.. GO AHEAD.. TAKE A LOOK AT THAT BOX!



NOW, YOU'RE TALKIN! KID / MY IDEA IS, TO LAY LOW.. HUH... WHAT'S THIS?



GNNNNNN... IT WORKS! I WON'T BE TROUBLED BY THAT LAME BRAIN ANYMORE!!



SO! THE HANGMAN'S HOT ON MY TAIL, EH? WELL, I'LL SEE THAT HE CATCHES UP WITH ME... AND I KNOW WHERE HE'S SURE TO LOOK!



THE WILY KILLER RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF HIS ESCAPE.....

HANGMAN WON'T FORGET TO CHECK THE CAR FOR CLUES.....



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER..

... NOT A TRACE OF THEM... THE KID'S CLEVER BUT HE MUST HAVE LEFT SOME CLUE ... SAY! WHO'S THAT?



I'VE GOT YOU NOW!

DON'T BE A SAP, HANGMAN... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



NO TRICKS NOW! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I FIGURE I'LL GET A B'REAK IF I GIVE MYSELF UP!



SEE... I BROUGHT THE JEWELS BACK... HERE...



SO YOU'RE GOING STRAIGHT, EH? THAT'S SMART...

YOU DON'T KNOW YET HOW SMART!



I DON'T TRUST HIM... WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO.. WELL, I MAY AS WELL LOOK INTO THIS!!





HARMLESS... AS I THOUGHT! YET HE EXPECTED IT TO KILL ME, AND IT DID KILL HIM!



YES! THESE LITTLE BARBS DID IT.. I'LL STAKE MY LIFE THAT THEY'RE POISONED! BUT BY WHOM? THE KID WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT OF IT!!



THE TWENTY YEARS OLD BOX TELLS ITS FATAL TALE...

PROFESSOR HEMPSTED.. HE'S THE FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGIST.. MAYBE HE CAN THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS!



NEXT DAY...

HANGMAN... THIS IS QUITE AN HONOR... WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

A LITTLE PROFESSIONAL ADVICE PROFESSOR HEMPSTED!



I JUST WANTED TO FIND OUT, IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT...



E-E-E-EE! DON'T TOUCH ME!



NO! NO! I DIDN'T REALIZE WHAT I WAS DOING! I WAS MAD WITH JEALOUSY! I WANTED TO BE RID OF MYERS!!



WAIT! I'LL TELL! IT'S A STONE STATUE I FOUND IN CRETE! I PUT A RARE POISON ON THE SHARP BARBS, HOPING TO KILL PROFESSOR MYERS, BY RECREATING THE CURSE OF MEDUSA!



SOMETHING WENT WRONG.. HE DIDN'T DIE.. BUT IT WAS ALMOST AS GOOD! HE RETIRED AND SINCE THEN I HAVE HAD ALL THE HONORS!



MYERS HAS WON AFTER ALL! THE CURSE I CREATED HAS COME BACK TO HAUNT ME.. BUT I'LL BE FREE OF IT NOW!



HE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE! BUT HE PAID THE PRICE OF HIS OWN EVIL! AS ALL EVIL DOERS EVENTUALLY MUST!!

