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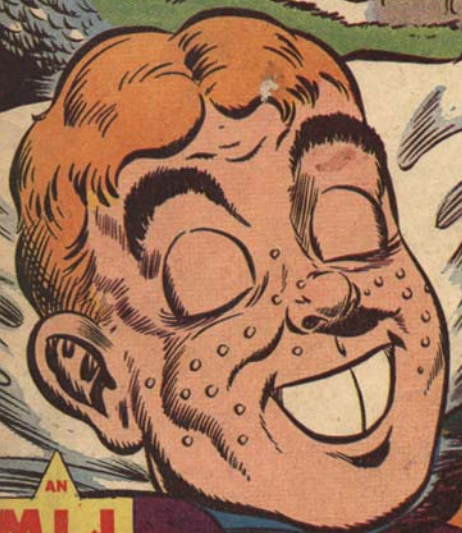
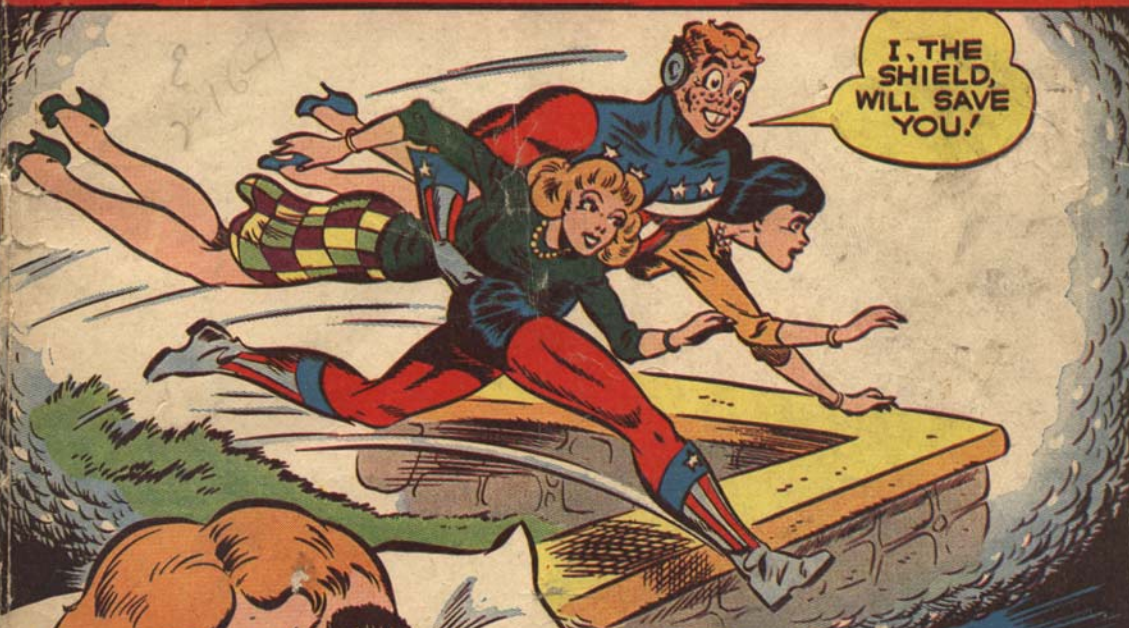
# PEP



THE SHIELD

MAR.

# COMICS 10¢



AN  
**MLJ**  
MAGAZINE



24 30  
33 19  
47 38

# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 25

HELLO, GANG:

This is not an ordinary bulletin, it is a reminder. A reminder of what it means to be a SHIELD G-MAN member. We've got the finest club in the world because we have the finest members in the world.

In this time of trouble and bloodshed, boys and girls with high ideals and the spirit of democracy in their hearts were never so much needed. Democracy isn't just a word, it is a belief, perhaps even a religion; a religion of the entire world in which there is no difference between any race, creed or color. Unfortunately, there are people right here in our beloved country who will have you believe otherwise. Don't let them do it. Always remember the next guy is as good as you are, and you are as good as the next guy.

Supposing we have some kind of a contest. I am going to ask you for letters on democracy. Just tell us what you think of Hitler and his way of doing things as compared with the American way of doing things. For instance, here, we elect our government. In Germany, Hitler picks the government. Here we have fair trials for everyone. Over there, they shoot them without a trial. Here, all men are considered equal, over there, the Germans are the super-race. Get the idea?

The best letters will be published every issue on this page and the winners will get an autographed portrait of Dusty and myself. So sit right down and write those letters on democracy right now.

14 25 15  
22 12 20  
57 38  
22/24

*Joe Higgins*  
(The Shield)

### USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

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

Joe Higgins  
Room 603  
241 Church St.  
New York City

Dear Joe:

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



NAME.....

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

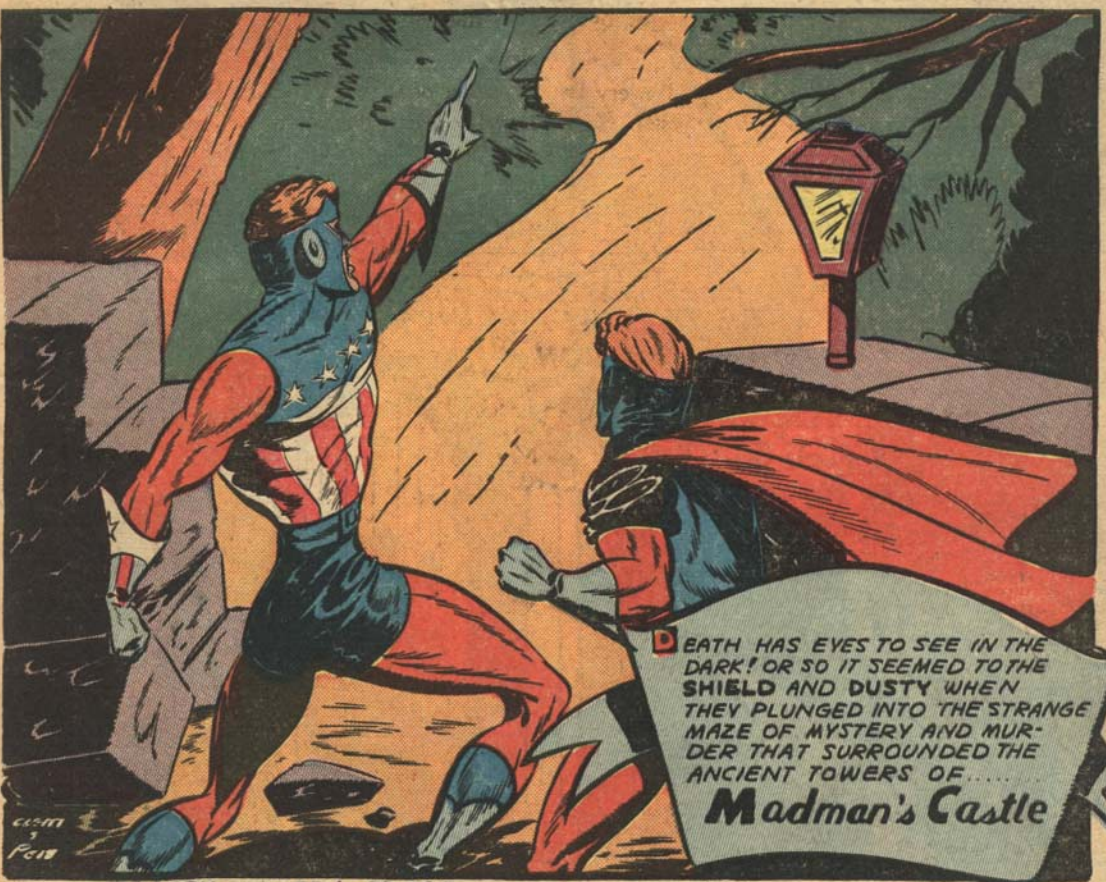
CUT ON THIS LINE

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

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



in *The* **MADMAN'S CASTLE**



**D**EATH HAS EYES TO SEE IN THE DARK! OR SO IT SEEMED TO THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WHEN THEY PLUNGED INTO THE STRANGE MAZE OF MYSTERY AND MURDER THAT SURROUNDED THE ANCIENT TOWERS OF.....  
**Madman's Castle**

MANY AND STRANGE LETTERS  
PASS THROUGH THE OFFICES  
OF THE FBI.....



HMMM! THIS  
IS A NEW  
ONE!



WHAT DO  
YOU MAKE  
OF IT?

READS THE  
SAME AS THE  
OTHERS! WHAT'S  
SO DIFFERENT  
ABOUT THIS  
ONE?



Come at once:  
you may be in  
time to prevent  
great harm to  
your country!

Charlotte  
Max



DIDN'T YOU NOTICE  
THE CREST-OF-ARMS?  
THAT PARTICULAR  
DESIGN IS USED  
ONLY BY ROYALTY!

DON'T TELL  
ME YOU'RE GOING  
HIGH-HAT?



DON'T BE  
SILLY! I'M  
JUST  
CURIOUS!

I KNOW THE  
SIGNS... WHEN  
DO WE MOVE  
IN WITH THE  
DUKES AND  
DUCHESSSES?

AND SO THE NEXT  
NIGHT, JOE HIGGINS  
AND DUSTY STAND  
AT THE ENTRANCE  
TO A RUINED CHAT-  
EAU...

LOOKS LIKE  
ROYALTY IS  
OUT OF FASHION  
THESE DAYS!

I'M ANXIOUS  
TO MEET  
THIS  
CHARLOTTE  
MAX!



I WONDER  
IF ANY-  
BODY'S  
HOME?

YOUR GUESS  
IS AS GOOD  
AS MINE!



PARDON ME... WE  
CAME TO SEE CHAR-  
LOTTE MAX!

NEVER HEARD  
OF HER! YOU'VE  
COME TO THE  
WRONG  
HOUSE!

I'M SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE!  
WE GOT A LETTER FROM  
HER YESTERDAY... AND IT  
WAS MAILED FROM THIS  
ADDRESS!

IMPOSSIBLE!  
GO AWAY!

WELL, I'LL  
BE!

IT'S A LONG  
WAY BACK TO  
TOWN. WE  
MIGHT AS WELL  
GET STARTED!

SOMETHING'S QUEER  
ABOUT THIS, DUSTY!  
THAT OLD MAN KNEW  
MORE THAN HE TOLD  
US!



WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?

A SCREAM!  
SOUNDED LIKE  
A WOMAN'S  
VOICE!

HELP!  
HELP!



THAT'S OUR  
CUE! COME  
ON!

RIGHT  
WITH YOU  
SHIELD!



LET  
HER  
GO!



JUST WHOM  
ARE YOU REFERRING  
TO?

THE WOMAN WHO  
SCREAMED... THAT IS...  
I... ER...



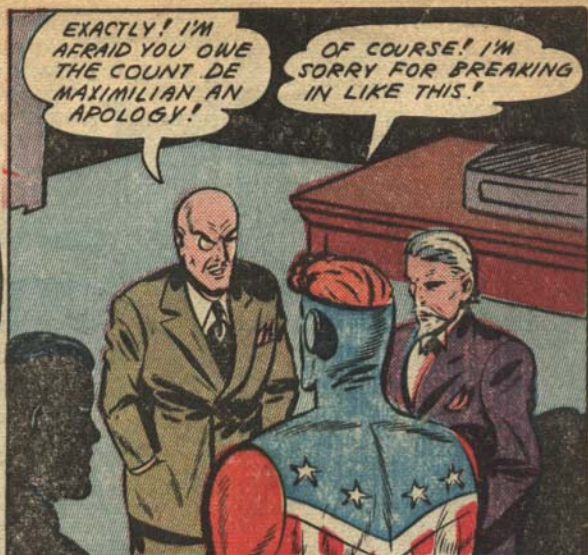
DO YOU ENJOY THE MIDNIGHT HOUR? IT'S ONE OF MY FAVORITE PROGRAMS!

YOU MEAN THE SCREAM CAME FROM THERE?



EXACTLY! I'M AFRAID YOU OWE THE COUNT DE MAXIMILIAN AN APOLOGY!

OF COURSE! I'M SORRY FOR BREAKING IN LIKE THIS!



GOSH! WE SURE LOOKED FOOLISH, FOOLISH, SHIELD!

I'VE SEEN THAT MONOCLED GUY BEFORE!



I KNOW! HE'S KURT RIEMAR!

THE FORMER AUSTRIAN CONSUL?



THE FBI'S NEVER BEEN SURE WHETHER OR NOT HE'S A SPY! HE'S BEEN TOO CLEVER TO GET MIXED UP IN ANYTHING SHADY!



MAYBE WE'D BETTER TAKE ANOTHER LOOK! ONLY THIS TIME WE'LL BE MORE CAREFUL!



GOSH! THIS PLACE IS AS BLACK AS DEATH!



DON'T SAY SUCH THINGS! YOU MAKE ME NERVOUS!



WHA?

SHHH!  
BE QUIET!



I CAN'T SEE!  
IS THAT YOU,  
SHIELD?

I AM THE  
COUNT DE  
MAXIMILIAN!



I HEARD YOU COME  
IN! I MUST TALK TO  
YOU-- ALONE! IT'S  
ABOUT MY DAUGHTER!



SHE'S BEING  
HELD A PRIS...  
AAAAH!!

**BANG!**  
**BANG!**



HE'S BEEN  
SHOT! TURN  
ON THE LIGHTS!

WHERE ARE  
THEY? I  
CAN'T SEE  
A THING  
IN HERE!



HE'S DEAD! TWO  
SHOTS THROUGH  
THE BACK--  
AND SO CLOSE  
TOGETHER  
YOU COULD  
COVER THEM  
WITH A NICKEL  
PIECE!



IT CAN'T BE, SHIELD!  
NOBODY COULD  
SHOOT LIKE THAT  
IN THIS DARKNESS!

THERE WAS NO  
LIGHT TO SEE BY!  
YET SOMEONE SAW  
THE COUNT WELL  
ENOUGH TO KILL  
HIM!



IT'S IMPOSSIBLE--UNLESS  
THE KILLER HAD EYES  
THAT CAN SEE IN THE  
DARK!



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!



YOU SEARCH THE ROOMS ON THIS SIDE OF THE HOUSE! I'LL TAKE THE EAST WING!

RIGHT!



THE KILLER MAY BE LURKING IN AMBUSH ANYWHERE IN THIS PLACE! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL!



OOPS! SORRY TO INTRUDE!

DID MY FATHER SEND YOU HERE?

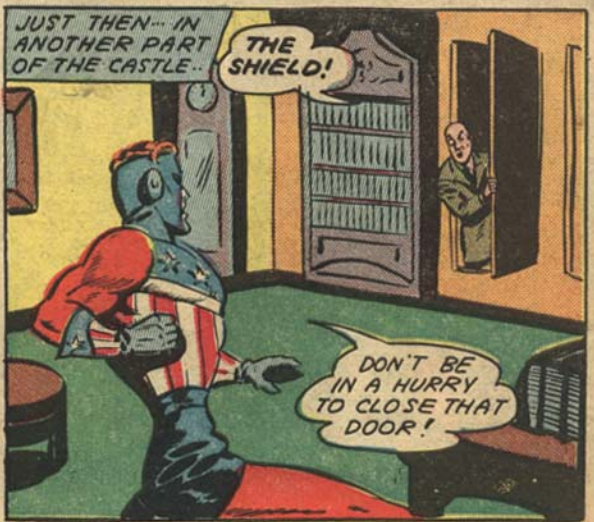


WHO IS YOUR COUNT FATHER? DE MAXIMILIAN, OF COURSE! HE DOESN'T APPROVE OF MY PAINTING! HE'S ALWAYS SENDING SOMEONE TO ANNOY ME IN THE MIDDLE OF MY WORK.



HE WON'T ANNOY YOU ANY MORE! ... YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME!

LET GO OF MY ARM, YOU PEASANT!



JUST THEN-- IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CASTLE..

THE SHIELD!

DON'T BE IN A HURRY TO CLOSE THAT DOOR!





STAY BACK!

NOT ON YOUR TINTYPE!



JUST LIE DOWN AND REST A WHILE!



MFFFF!



YOU'RE CHARLOTTE MAX!

YES! I WROTE A LETTER TO THE FBI! KURT RIEMAR FOUND OUT! HE WANTED TO KILL ME-- BUT MY FATHER WOULDN'T LET HIM!



HE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME LATER, ANYWAY! BUT THEY DIDN'T DARE DEFEY MY FATHER TO HIS FACE!

HOW DID YOUR FATHER GET MIXED UP WITH KURT RIEMAR?



RIEMAR IS AN ENEMY AGENT! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO STIR UP A ROYALIST REVOLUTION IN MEXICO!



MY FATHER IS A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN--THE LAST KING OF MEXICO! RIEMAR WANTED TO PUT HIM ON THE THRONE!

QUITE AN AMBITIOUS SCHEME!

I WANTED TO BE PLAIN CHARLOTTE MAX-- HERE IN AMERICA! BUT MY FATHER COULDN'T STOP DREAMING OF THE OLD DAYS OF ROYALTY! HE DIDN'T REALIZE THEY WERE USING HIM AS A FASCIST TOOL!



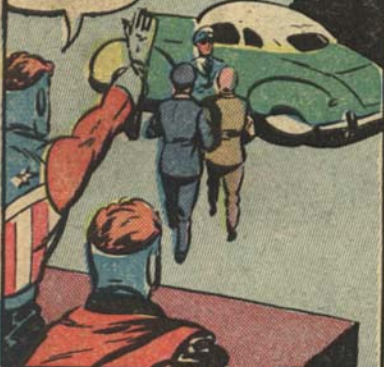
CALL THE POLICE! THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF RIEMAR!

OKAY, SHIELD!



TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM OFFICER! THE F.B.I. WILL WANT TO HAVE A HEART-TO-HEART TALK WITH HIM!

WE'LL STICK TO HIM LIKE A COAT OF PAINT!



THAT WINDS UP THE CASE! WE'D BETTER BE GOING!

I'M NOT SO SURE!



YOU THINK RIEMAR KILLED THE COUNT?

SURE! THE COUNT CHANGED HIS MIND WHEN HE SAW HIS DAUGHTER WAS IN DANGER... AND RIEMAR HAD TO KILL HIM!



THEN HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT THE COUNT WAS KILLED IN A COMPLETELY DARK ROOM? BY A MURDERER WHO SAW WELL ENOUGH TO PUT TWO BULLETS INTO HIS HEART AT TWENTY FEET!

GOSH! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!

THIS MURDER WAS PLANNED IN ADVANCE! BY SOMEONE WHO HAD A METHOD ALREADY DECIDED UPON! AND THAT PERSON WAS NOT KURT RIEMAR!



LET'S RECONSTRUCT THE SCENE!  
SUPPOSE THIS ROOM WAS COMPLETELY  
DARK... WITHOUT A TRACE OF LIGHT  
ANYWHERE? WHERE DID THE MURDERER  
GET ENOUGH LIGHT TO SEE BY?



WHAT ARE  
YOU DRIVING  
AT, SHIELD?

THE FACT THAT THE  
LIGHT COULD COME  
FROM ONLY ONE  
PLACE! FROM  
COUNT DE  
MAXIMILIAN!



JUST THEN

SHIELD! THE  
LIGHTS WENT  
OUT!



BANG  
BANG

DUCK!



WOW! THOSE  
SHOTS CAME  
CLOSE!

BECAUSE OUR  
KILLER CAN  
SEE IN THE  
DARK!



QUICK! STAND  
WITH YOUR  
BACKS TO  
THE WALL!

WHAT'S THE  
IDEA?



DON'T COME NEAR ME, SHIELD! OR I'LL KILL YOU!

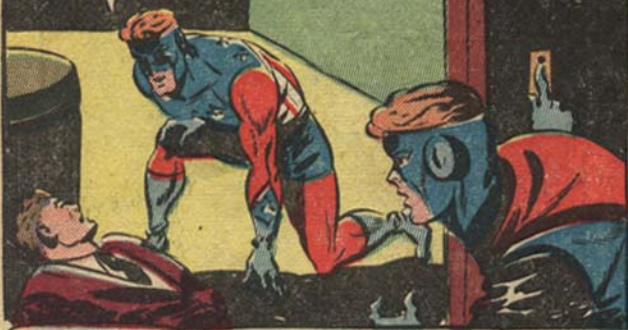
YOU'RE IN FRONT OF ME NOW!



AND I FIGURE YOUR JAW SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT HERE!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE COUNT'S OWN SON WAS HIS MURDERER!



HOW DID YOU KNOW?

I SAW THE PHOSPHORUS IN HIS PAINT BOX! HE DAUBED IT ON THE COUNT'S BACK—AND WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT HE FIRED INTO THE LIGHT MADE BY THE PHOSPHORUS!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU MADE US STAND WITH OUR BACKS TO THE WALL

I THOUGHT HE MIGHT TRY THE SAME TRICK ON US! QUEER, BUT IT WAS PHOSPHORUS THAT SHOWED WHERE HE WAS INSTEAD!

TRACES OF THE LUMINOUS PAINT WERE STILL ON HIS FINGERS!



WHY DID HE DO IT? HE THOUGHT HE WOULD BE MADE KING IN YOUR FATHER'S PLACE! HE INHERITED THE SAME MAD LOVE OF POWER!



YOU KNOW, I ALMOST WISH THEY'D TRIED THEIR REVOLUTION! THEY WOULD HAVE LEARNED HOW A PEOPLE WILL FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY!—AND THAT'S A LESSON THAT TYRANTS ALL OVER THE WORLD NEED TO BE TAUGHT!



END

# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS

## Communique #13

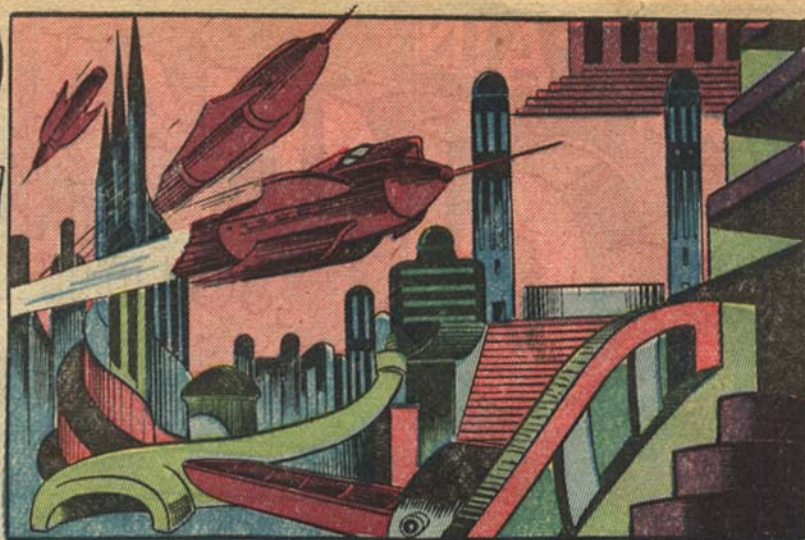
WE GIVE YOU A PEEK INTO THE FUTURE!  
A THOUSAND YEARS INTO THE FUTURE, TO  
BE EXACT, A FUTURE WHICH WILL BE MADE  
POSSIBLE BY THE BATTLE CRY OF THE  
COMMANDOS TODAY!!

**WE'LL NEVER BE LICKED!"**



THE YEAR.. 2944...  
THE PLACE..  
THE UNITED STATES  
OF EUROPIA!  
A VERY DIFFERENT  
EUROPE FROM THE  
BLOODY, BATTLE-  
SCARRED CONTINENT  
FIGHTING OFF  
THE NAZI  
HORDES TODAY,  
AND YET ONE  
WONDER,  
ARE THE INHABITANTS  
OF THIS UTOPIA  
AWARE THAT  
THEY OWE THEIR  
EXISTENCE  
TO THOSE HEROES  
OF YESTER YEAR?

THAT IS  
OUR STORY!



OUR STORY OPENS IN A MUSEUM IN THE  
CAPITOL OF UNITED EUROPE! A MUSEUM  
WHICH IS A MONUMENT TO A RACE OF  
CULTURE, HARMONY, AND PEACE...

HAVE YOU  
BROUGHT ALL  
MY SKETCHES,  
QUINTOS?

YES,  
DANTON!

BEAUTIES,  
SIR! NO WONDER  
YOU'RE KNOWN  
AS THE **GREATEST**  
ARTIST IN EUROPIA!

YES, QUINTOS!  
THEY'RE  
PRETTY  
ENOUGH!



.. AND YET  
NONE OF THEM  
ARE **EXACTLY**  
WHAT I WANT!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
SIR!

WELL I'VE BEEN  
COMMISSIONED TO DO  
THE MURAL FOR THIS  
MUSEUM, A MURAL THAT  
WILL SYMBOLIZE THE  
STRUGGLES OF OUR  
ANCESTORS!

AND NONE OF THESE  
SKETCHES SEEM TO GRASP  
THAT FEELING, I'M DRY  
OF INSPIRATION, GET ME  
A ROCKET SHIP QUINTOS  
I'M GOING ON A TRIP!

YES,  
DANTON!

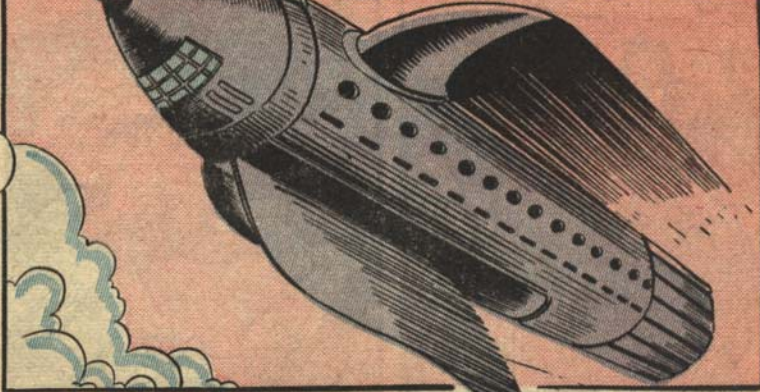


PERHAPS, I'LL BE ABLE TO WORK BETTER AT MY ESTATE IN ITALY! FAREWELL, QUINTOS!

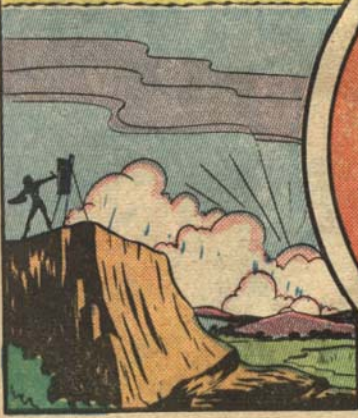


FAREWELL, SIR, AND GOOD LUCK!

AND SO IT IS, EUROPE'S GREATEST ARTIST HURTTLES THROUGH THE STRATOSPHERE AT 1000 MILES AN HOUR, BENT ON A SINGLE QUEST... BUT FAR LESS STRANGE THAN THE EXPERIENCE DESTINED TO BE THE FRUIT OF THIS IMPULSE...



FOR DAYS, DANTON ROAMS THE COUNTRYSIDE, NEAR HIS ESTATE TRYING TO CAPTURE THE ELUSIVE INSPIRATION FOR HIS MURAL---



IT'S NO USE! I STILL HAVEN'T GOT IT!!



PHEW! THE SUN'S HOT... AH!... A CAVE! A GOOD PLACE TO COOL OFF!



WHAT'S THIS... LOOKS LIKE A RUSTED IRON POT.. NO! I RECOGNIZE IT NOW! IT'S A HELMET.. A **COMMANDO HELMET!**



AND THAT KNIFE IN THE SKELETON! I'VE SEEN IT IN THE MUSEUM! IT'S A **COMMANDO'S KNIFE!**



**JOYE!** BLOOD MARKS OVER THE WALL! WHAT A BITTER BATTLE MUST HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN HERE!



THIS CAVE IS A VERITABLE MUSEUM OF RELICS FROM THAT HORRIBLE **SECOND WORLD WAR OF THE 20 TH. CENTURY!** I THINK I'LL DO SOME EXPLORING!



I WONDER WHAT STORY SURROUNDS THESE TRAGIC ARTICLES!



I WONDER... I WONDER... I FEEL SO TIRED....



AND SO... OUR ARTIST IS FLASHED BACK THROUGH THE AGES IN HIS DREAM... BACK TO THE YEAR 1943! AT THE BREAK OF DAWN, THE COMMANDOS LAND ON THE BULLET-SWEPT BEACHES OF ITALY! ONCE MORE, OUR HEROES ARE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, WITH THE ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION... THE NAZIS AND FASCISTS!





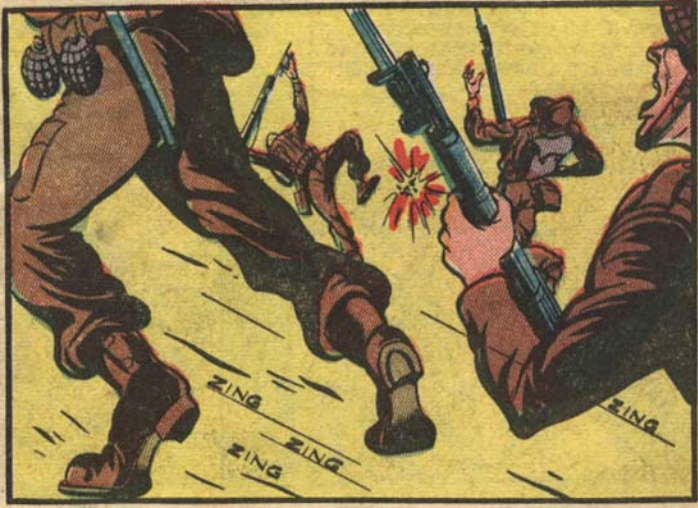
UP AND AT 'EM, COMMANDOS!  
EVERY MAN TO HIS  
OBJECTIVE!!



SUDDENLY, PANDEMONIUM BREAKS LOOSE! SHELLS  
EXPLODE ALL AROUND.... THE AIR IS FILLED WITH  
THE SMOKE AND CRIES OF BATTLE....



THEY'VE SPOTTED  
US.. RUN FOR  
THE HILLS

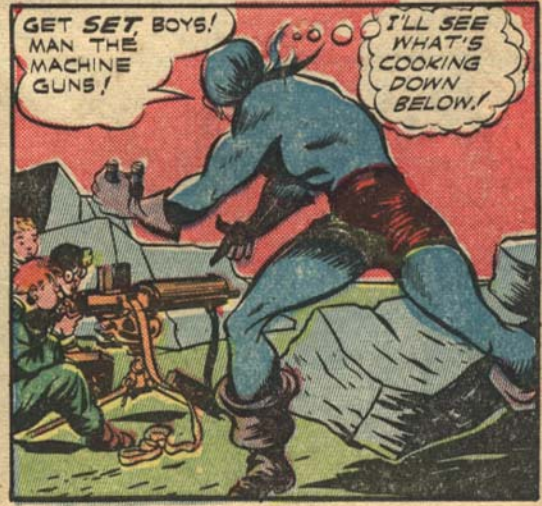


LET'S ENTRENCH  
HERE! THIS HILL  
DOMINATES THE PASS!  
WE'LL HOLD 'EM 'TILL  
REENFORCEMENTS  
ARRIVE!



GET SET, BOYS!  
MAN THE  
MACHINE  
GUNS!

I'LL SEE  
WHAT'S  
COOKING  
DOWN  
BELOW!



HOLY FISHES!  
LOOK WHAT  
I SEE!



THE COMMANDOS ARE RE-EMBARCKING!  
DO WE MAKE A BREAK FOR IT  
OR STAY AND DEFEND THIS  
PASS 'TIL REINFORCEMENTS  
ARRIVE!

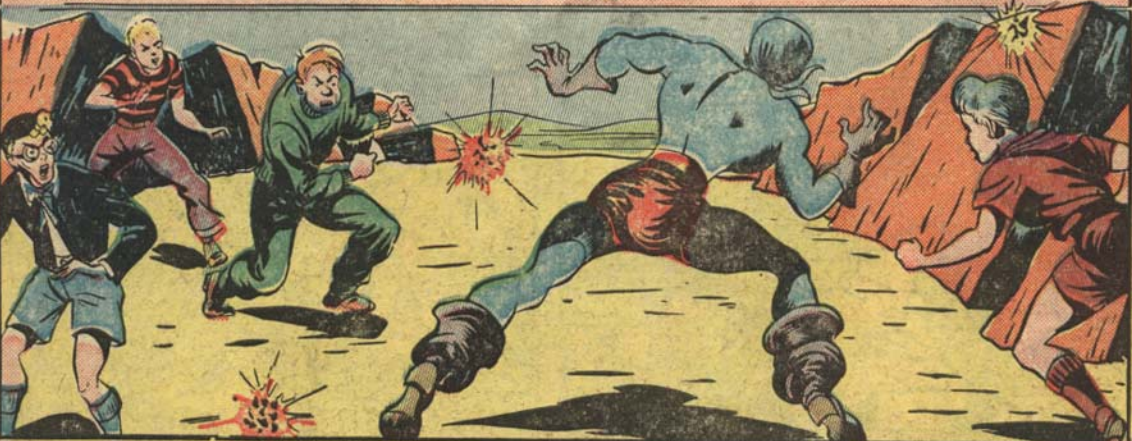


WE  
STAY!

OF  
COURSE!



AND SOON THE SHELLS BEGIN TO EXPLODE ALL AROUND THEM... THE ACRID SMELL  
OF CORDITE FILLS THE AIR...



HEY, FELLERS!  
HERE DEY COME!  
GIVE 'EM DE  
WOIKS!

AND ACTION THE NAZIS GET! THEY ARE MOWED  
DOWN BY MACHINE GUN FIRE....

ACHTUNG!

HIMMEL!

SUDDENLY...

LOOK!  
THEY'RE  
COMING OVER WITH  
PLANES! MAKE FOR  
THE CAVE!

HURRY, BOYS!  
THEY'RE DROPPING  
EGGS!

AND SO BEGINS A SAGA OF  
HEROISM, UNPARALLELED IN  
THE HISTORY OF THE WAR!  
FOUR BOYS, AND A MAN HOLDING  
A CAVE AGAINST THE  
DESTRUCTIVE FURY OF  
HUNDREDS!

THIS IS IT, LADS! THERE'S  
ONLY ONE LAST ROUND  
OF MACHINE GUN  
AMMUNITION LEFT!

WE CAN STILL  
BREAK OUT OF HERE  
AND GET AWAY WITH  
WHOLE SKINS!  
THE DECISION  
LIES WITH  
YOU!

YA BIN CHIPPIN' ON THE CAVE WALL WIT' DAT KNIFE FER HOURS! WHY DON'CHA CUT IT OUT!

EASY, BOYS! WE MUSTN'T LET OUR NERVES CRACK!

IT'S MY ANSWER TO CAP'S QUESTION, BIG MOUTH!

SAY! TAKE A LOOK AT WHAT BILLY SCRATCHED OUT! WELL, DAT'S MY ANSWER TOO!

MINE TOO!

ET MOI!

LET'S SHAKE ON IT!



AND SO IT IS! THE NAZIS GET THE ANSWER TO CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S QUESTION IN COLD LEAD...



BUT SOON, THE MACHINE GUN AMMUNITION IS EXHAUSTED! RELENTLESSLY THE GERMAN SWARM INTO THE CAVE...



...ONLY TO BE MET BY A WITHERING RIFLE! BUT EVEN THAT IS FINALLY USED UP...



GET YOUR KNIVES READY, BOYS!

FAST AND FURIOUS CONTINUED THE LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE IN THE WEIRD LIGHT OF THE SUBTERRANEAN CAVE...



...NO QUARTER WAS GIVEN... NONE ASKED...



WHEN SUDDENLY...





THIS IT IS THAT SOME WEEKS LATER A NEW MURAL ADORNS THE MUSEUM, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM! A MURAL WHICH SWEEPS EUROPIA WITH ITS MESSAGE AND INSPIRATION..



# The HANGMAN

and The NOOSE!



THIS STORY REALLY BEGINS IN THE YEAR 1608, WHEN THE NOTORIOUS BUCCANEER, ELIAS WOLFE, WAS ON TRIAL FOR HIS LIFE -



WE FIND YOU GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF HIGH PIRACY! THE SENTENCE IS DEATH-- BY THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE!

AS ELIAS WOLFE WAS LED FROM THE COURT, HE BROKE FREE FROM THE BAILIFFS -



YOU'LL NEVER HANG ME!

SEIZE HIM!



@%!!\$@



TRAPPED! BUT YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE!

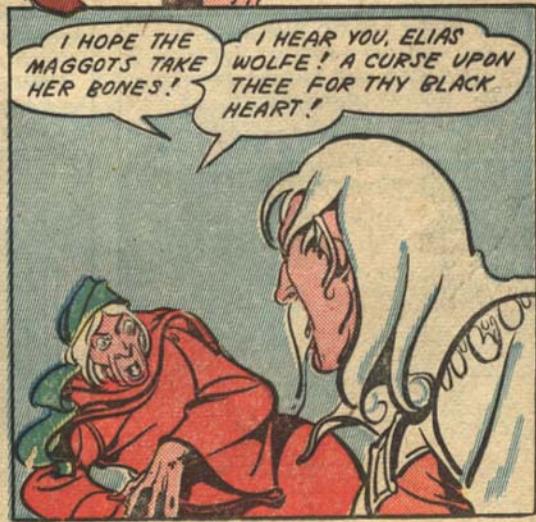


BY A MISCHANCE, THE BULLET THAT WOLFE MEANT FOR HIS PURSUERS STRUCK DOWN AN OLD GYPSY WOMAN



WE'VE GOT YOU! BUT YOU'VE KILLED THE GYPSY!

THE OLD HAG DESERVED TO DIE! I WOULD'VE ESCAPED--HAD SHE NOT BLOCKED MY PATH!



I HOPE THE MAGGOTS TAKE HER BONES!

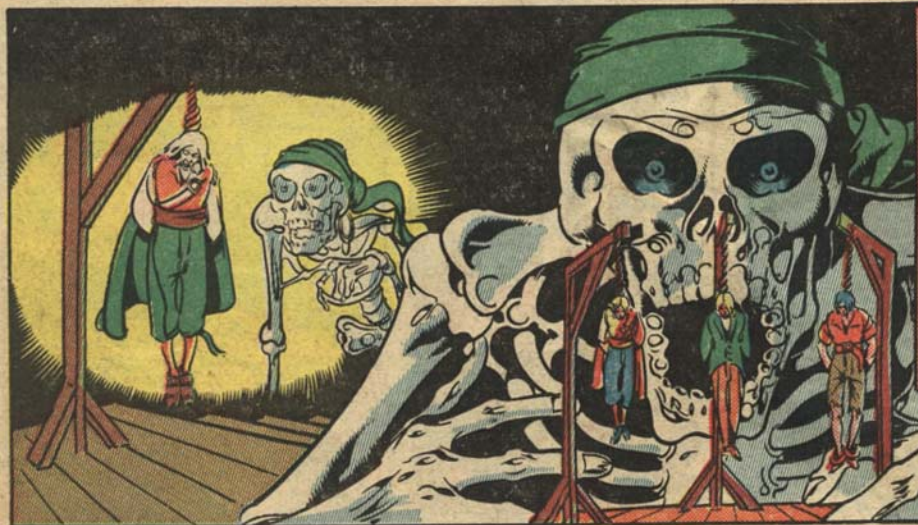
I HEAR YOU, ELIAS WOLFE! A CURSE UPON THEE FOR THY BLACK HEART!

LET ALL THY OFFSPRING DIE AS THOU WILT-  
AT THE END OF A NOOSE! NONE SHALL  
ESCAPE THE FATE!



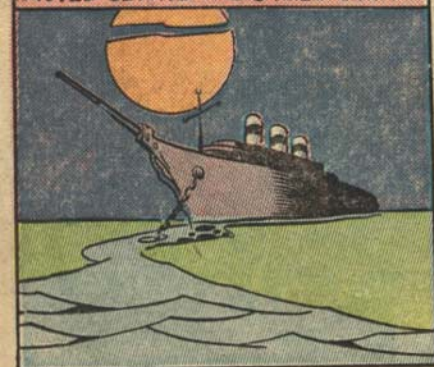
I AM NOT AFERAED OF A  
WOMAN'S CURSE!  
NOT ELIAS WOLFE!

COME  
ALONG!



BUT ELIAS WOLFE  
DIED AT THE END  
OF A HANGMAN'S  
NOOSE... AND BY A  
STRANGE QUIRK  
OF FATE, SO DID  
THE MEMBERS  
OF THE WOLFE  
CLAN WHO FOL-  
LOWED HIM! SOME  
FOR MUTINY, AND  
SOME FOR MURDER  
OTHERS FOR THEIR  
FAITH OR THEIR  
POLITICS... ALL OF  
THEM DIED --

AND THE LAST OF THE WOLFE  
CLAN.. RICHARD WOLFE - RETURNED  
TO THE SEA. HE WAS A PIRATE  
TOO.. IN THE MODERN SENSE  
THOUGH HIS GAMBLING SHIP NEVER  
MOVED BEYOND THE 5 MILE LIMIT...



HARVEY GRAHAM, THE PLAYBOY,  
HIT A LUCKY STREAK AT  
ROULETTE! WE OWE HIM FIFTY  
GRAND, AND HE WANTS TO  
COLLECT!

I CAN'T PAY  
HIM!



WE CAN'T WELSH ON  
HIM! HE'D TELL  
EVERYBODY HE  
KNEW AND RUIN OUR  
BUSINESS!

SEND HIM TO  
ME! I'LL TALK TO  
HIM!







MR. WOLFE WILL SEE YOU NOW

I HOPE HE'S GOT THE CASH READY!



BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON ARE AMONG THOSE WHO WATCH THE LUCKY WINNER DEPART-

GRAHAM WON A FORTUNE TONIGHT! SOME PEOPLE HAVE ALL THE LUCK



DOESN'T LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'LL FIND YOUR FEATURE STORY HERE TONIGHT!

NOTHING EXCITING HAS HAPPENED!

I HAVEN'T GIVEN UP, BOB!



AT THIS MOMENT ..

ROSA! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

TONIGHT IS BAD LUCK... AND DEATH! I SAW IT IN THE CARDS! I CAME TO WARN YOU!



SAVE YOUR PROPHECIES FOR THE CUSTOMERS! THEY PAY FOR THAT HOKUM. I'M BUSY!

I ONLY TELL YOU WHAT IS WRITTEN!



I'M SORRY GRAHAM BUT I CAN'T PAY YOU THE FIFTY THOUSAND TONIGHT!

YOU'LL PAY OR I'LL TELL EVERYONE I KNOW THAT YOU'RE A CROOK! I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF BUSINESS!



I'LL TELL THEM ANYWAY! I... WHA?

SIT DOWN, GRAHAM!



GIVE ME THAT GUN...  
OOO...N

LOOK OUT!



I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM!

I WARNED YOU!  
WHAT IS WRITTEN CANNOT BE CHANGED!



BAD LUCK.. AND DEATH! I TOLD YOU!

STOP BLABBERING! TELL THE BOYS TO GET RID OF OUR GUESTS..

AND THEN MEET ME HERE IN THE CABIN!



THE VISITORS ARE LOADED INTO A MOTOR LAUNCH TO BE TAKEN ASHORE--

I DON'T SEE HARVEY GRAHAM ANYWHERE!

HMM THAT IS

QUEER! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM EITHER! HE'LL BE ALONG!



I'M GOING TO LOOK FOR HIM!

DON'T BE SILLY

THEL! THEY'RE WAITING FOR US!



WE'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOARD THIS SHIP! AND A GOOD NEWS-PAPER WOMAN SHOULD FIND OUT WHY!



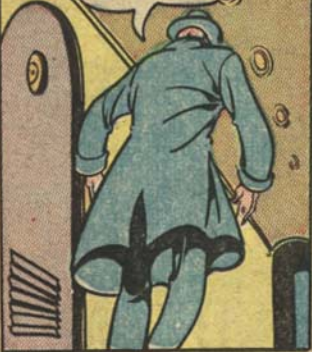
DON'T WORRY THEL! I'M GOING TO FIND HARVEY GRAHAM!

BOB!



OF ALL THE LOWDOWN TRICKS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I MEET YOU ASHORE!

I DON'T WANT THEL TO GET INTO TROUBLE! AND THERE IS TROUBLE ABOARD THIS SHIP! GRAHAM DIDN'T STAY BEHIND BECAUSE HE WANTED TO.



AS BOB DICKERING TURNS A CORNER OF THE DECK, HE COMES UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A GRIM SCENE-



WHAT TH...  
GET HIM!

DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE! HE'S SEEN TOO MUCH TO LIVE!



BONG



SEND HIM TO JOIN GRAHAM! OVER THE SIDE!



NO ONE WILL FIND THEIR BODIES!

SPLASH

BUT THE SHOCK OF COLD WATER REVIVES BOB DICKERING AND HIS SUPERBLY TRAINED ATHLETIC BODY DOES THE REST--



I'M LUCKY TO BE ALIVE BUT RICHARD WOLFE IS GOING TO BE SORRY!



WOLFE'S CABIN SHOULD BE NEAR HERE!

THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL, GENTLEMEN! I'LL WAGER YOU THOUGHT I'D SHARE YOUR FATE-AND END MY DAYS ON A HANGMAN'S NOOSE! BUT YOU'RE WRONG



DON'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT!



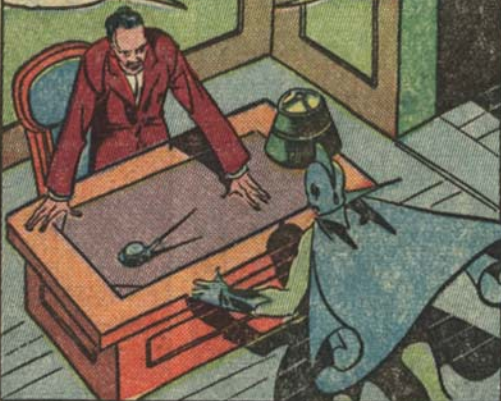
THE HANGMAN! WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

YOU KILLED HARVEY GRAHAM!



YOU WON'T ESCAPE THE PENALTY FOR YOUR CRIME! YOUR DOOM IS SEALED, RICHARD WOLFE!

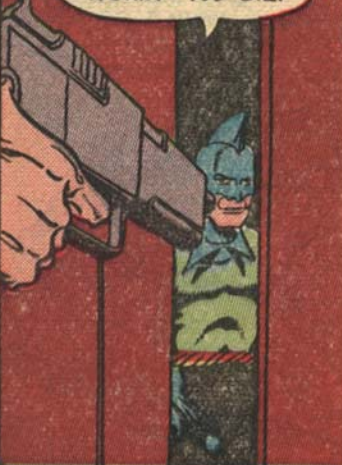
YOU TALK BRAVELY FOR A DOOMED MAN!



IN MY BUSINESS, I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS! ONE OF MY MEN IS IN THE NEXT ROOM--WITH A PISTOL AIMED AT YOUR HEART! I SIGNALLED HIM THE MOMENT YOU ENTERED!



WHEN I SIGNAL HIM AGAIN-- YOU DIE!



LET'S SEE HOW HE CAN SHOOT IN THE DARK!



WHHEW! PRETTY CLOSE! THAT GUY'S A DEAD SHOT. ALL RIGHT!



I'LL GET THE HANGMAN MYSELF!



THERE HE IS! HE'S OPENING THE DOOR!



AAAAAHHH!

GOT HIM!



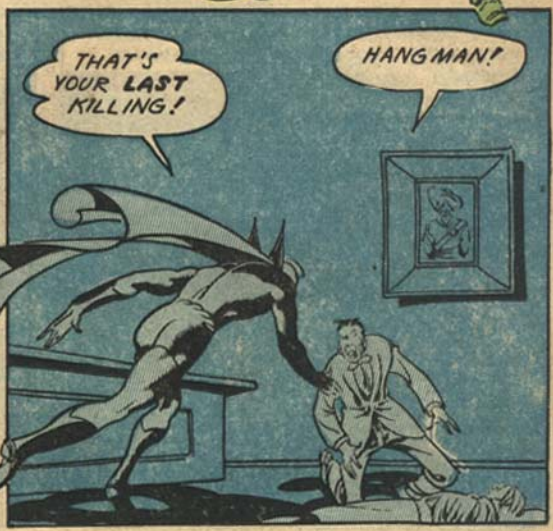
ROSA!

YOU CANNOT..ESCAPE! IT IS.. WRIT- TEN.. THAT YOU DIE! JUST AS THEY DIED.. SO.. MANY.. YEARS.. AGO....



THAT'S YOUR LAST KILLING!

HANG MAN!



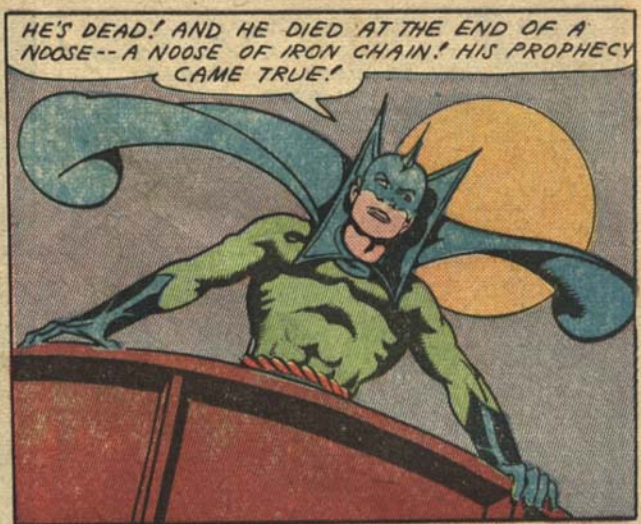
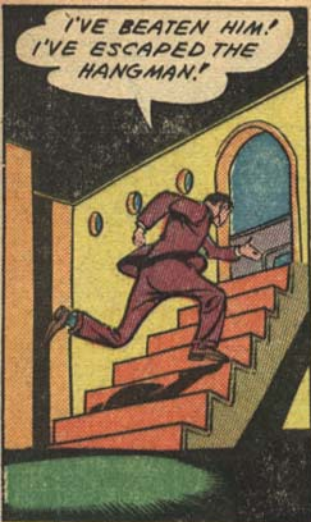
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!

WANT TO BET ON THAT ?



YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT, EH ?





# CORPSES DON'T WALK

By Lee Floren

JOE MANTON squeezed the trigger and the automatic kicked back against the palm of his hand. But there was no report; the silencer—and the roar of the storm outside—saw to that.

Manton looked down at the corpse. Old Jake Walker lay on his back, his blood already covering the splintery floor of the log cabin. His left arm was cramped under his thin body, the other was flung out. Manton's heart beat heavily.

The safe-door was still open. He shut it and then turned the dial until it was locked. The irony of this cut into him deeply. Old Walker was supposed to have had cash in that safe. Manton had made him open it.

But, the safe had been empty.

Then, old Walker had lunged for his gun, there on the table. And Manton had shot him through the brain. Manton tensed suddenly, his breathing suspended. He listened. Had he heard a footstep outside? No, there was only the blizzard, howling at the cabin's eaves.

He thought, *I gotta watch my nerves.*

He worked quickly, got old Walker's gun; it was the same caliber as his own. He placed it in Walker's hand, curled the fingers around its cold handle. He cast a brief glance around the cabin.

He had left no fingerprints because he had worn gloves. Because of the blizzard, nobody had seen him leave the town of Waterville, a half-mile away. Everything was okay; he would never be tied up with this murder.

He went outside.

The night was dark now, like the inside of a black barrel of tar. The snow spun in eddies covering his tracks behind him. It stung at his face with needle-sharpness. Despite the zero weather, his face

felt hot, flushed. He needed a drink, a stiff drink. He went into the Diamond Bar saloon.

His fingers were trembling. Well, there was no blood on them. A booming voice broke into his thoughts.

"Hello, Manton."

Fear ripped through Manton. He'd know that voice anywhere. He turned his head slowly. Gradually his fear subsided. He'd have to keep himself from getting scared like this; nobody knew he'd murdered old Jake.

"Hello, Sheriff Carr."

"Have a drink, Manton?"

"Thanks."

The sheriff drank and then listened to the storm outside. "Hell of a night," he said.

Manton smiled. "Nice night for a murder," he poked.

"Things are quiet," said the sheriff.

Manton's nerves quieted then. He wished he hadn't made that crack about "murder," but evidently Carr paid it no attention.

"Heard your dad was sick," he said.

"He is," said Manton.

"That's too bad."

Manton said nothing. Carr knew how things set between him and his father. Then Manton felt an urge to talk. This silent manner of the law-man was irritating.

"He hasn't sent for me, sheriff, and I don't suppose he will."

"You maybe ought to go see him."

Manton shook his head. "No. He kicked me out. He said I was no good an' he wanted to forget me. I've worked here for six months, worked with my hands for a damn small bit of money. If he knew I was working in his mine, he'd probably get me canned."

"Too bad, Manton."

Next morning he went down

with the rest of the miners in the bucket. He listened but nobody mentioned old Jake. That meant, then, that nobody had found Jake's body. Manton thought of fleeing, but he wiped that plan aside. That would cast suspicion in his direction. He'd stay, bluff it through.

Nobody mentioned old Jake.

He worked the shift, came up. The wind had died now but the snow lay thick. It crunched beneath his boots. He met Sheriff Carr in front of the General Store. His heart quickened. Then he held his emotions tightly.

"Cold day," he said.

"You were lucky. You were underground all day; down there it's warm. Us poor mortals up here had to suffer in the cold."

Manton laughed. "But you ain't got no callouses on your hands, sheriff."

"How's your dad?"

"I don't know," Manton said. He added, "And I don't care."

Carr nodded.

Manton went down the street. He wondered if Carr were watching him? He wanted to look back to see but he decided against it. He went into the saloon.

*My God!* he thought.

For there was a man drinking at the bar. A lanky thin man who wore a dirty mackinaw and boots and heavy woolen pants. But Manton wasn't interested in his clothes. The man's face was what sent horror through him. For the man was old Jake!

*No, no* he thought. *No, no. . .*

But it was Jake! Or was it? No, it wasn't. Manton relaxed. This man's face was a little different than Jake's. A little fuller and the whiskers— The man looked at Manton and Manton's breath froze again. Then sanity returned. It couldn't be Jake—Jake was dead!

No, it wasn't Jake.

"What'll it be, Manton?" asked the bartender.

Manton turned, suddenly. He collected his nerves. "Bourbon," he said huskily.

The bartender said, "You look sick, fella."

"Don't feel well," said Manton.

He tossed off his drink, and left. Outside in the dark, he stood beside a building. His heart beat until he could hear it.

*Dead men don't walk, he thought.*

But don't they? Maybe they come back—Manton knew that was foolish thinking. Then the man left the saloon. The light of the building fell against him. And again Manton felt terror rip through him.

*No, it couldn't be—it couldn't.*

But it could be! Maybe he had just wounded old Jake. Maybe Jake had come to and washed his face and put on his cap— But then, Jake would have recognized him, back there in the saloon, and this man hadn't.

Then another thought came. Old Jake hadn't come to work today and yet nobody was talking about why he hadn't showed up. Maybe he hadn't died! Maybe he'd just told somebody he was sick and wasn't going to work. Maybe Jake had decided to stalk him and kill him.

Manton watched.

The man crossed the street to Sheriff Carr's office. There was a lamp lighted there but evidently Carr was not in because the man came out. Manton heard him speak to a woman who happened to be passing.

"Where's Sheriff Carr?"

"Up at the depot."

The man went that way. Soon he and Carr came back, talking. Then Carr called to a passerby.

"Mike, seen Joe Manton?"

"Just saw him in front of the hardware store."

"I'm looking for him," said Carr.

Again terror knifed through Manton. Carr was looking for him! There was something here he didn't quite understand. Carr had no reason to be looking for him. Or had he? Did Carr know he had killed old Jake?

Carr saw him then. "Oh, Manton."

Fear gripped Manton. Fear turned his feet and sent him hurrying through the snow. He'd have to get away! Carr and this man—this man who looked like Jake—or was he old Jake? The night swallowed Manton.

Carr said, "Now what's ailing him?"

"Let's go to the cabin," said the man.

Manton was fleeing through the night. He was along the creek. He tripped over a root and went down. He got up, wallowing in the snow. His hand was on his gun. He didn't know where he was at first. Then ahead, he saw the outlines of old Jake's cabin.

Many thoughts went through him. He had to get out, but he'd settle this thing—he'd go see if Jake was dead. Manton pushed into the cabin. The place was inky dark. It was cold, too.

Fingers trembling, he lighted a match. The light flared, lighted the cabin momentarily, then died suddenly. The interval of light had been so brief he had seen nothing of importance. He had one more match. He touched it to the lamp.

The yellow rays shot out. He stared at the floor. His fear subsided then. For there lay old Jake just as he had left him. One arm crooked under him, the other holding the gun.

Then, he heard the men outside. They were coming toward the cabin. He couldn't go out the door. Desperately, he looked for a window. There was one but it was on the same side of the room as the door. He was trapped!

Carr came in first. Manton's bullet ripped into the sheriff's shoulder.

Behind Carr was the man—the man who looked like old Jake. Manton shot at him and missed, and then Carr had his gun out. Manton saw the flare but he never heard the report. He died too fast.

Carr said, "He broke my shoulder."

"What is this all about?" the man asked.

"Search me," said Carr. "There's your brother, fellow. He's dead." Carr knelt beside old Jake. "He's committed suicide."

The man frowned. "Now why did he kill himself?"

"Funny old duck," said Carr. "Threatened a number of times to kill himself. You came too late to see your brother alive, fellow. But what's Manton doing here? And why did he shoot at me?"

"What did you want to see him about?"

"Quite a long story," said Carr slowly. "His father is rich, he owns the mines here. He owns mines all over the West. His father died a few hours ago. I was just coming from the depot with the telegram when I met you. You see, I wanted to notify Manton that his father had left him his entire fortune."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF PEP COMICS, published monthly except June and November at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York }  
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the PEP COMICS, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Editor, Harry Shorten, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Managing Editor, John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Business Manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M.L.J. Magazine (Partnership), 160 West Broadway,

New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 160 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT, Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1943.  
MAURICE COYNE, Notary Public (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)



# Archie

is an **MLJ** feature

JUMPIN' GEE!!  
I WOULDN'T WANT  
TO BE IN ARCHIE'S  
PLACE FOR  
ANYTHING!

HA! HA! YEAH, HE  
SURE IS HOT  
STUFF!

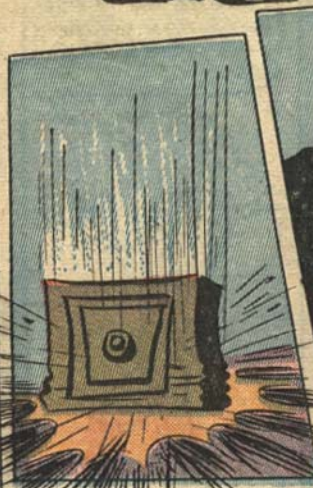
AN  
**MLJ**  
PUBLICATION



WATCH  
OUT  
BELOW!

**DANGER  
ZONE**

HEH! HEH  
THE TROUBLE  
THAT KID, ARCHIE  
GETS INTO!





WE'LL FIND OSCAR TODAY IF IT TAKES ALL WEEK I KNOW HE'S NEARBY!

WE'LL SOON CATCH UP WITH HIM--WE'RE ON HIS TRAIL NOW!

?

STORY BY HUBBELL

# Archie

Shaw



HEY, POP! OSCAR'S MISSING!

HURRAY! AT LAST WE'RE RID OF THIS BEAST!

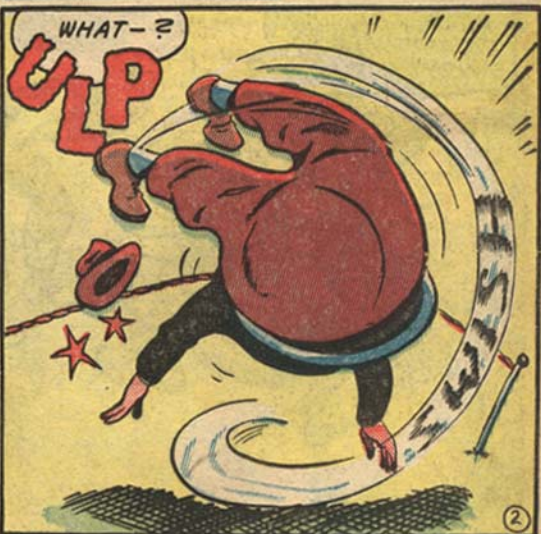
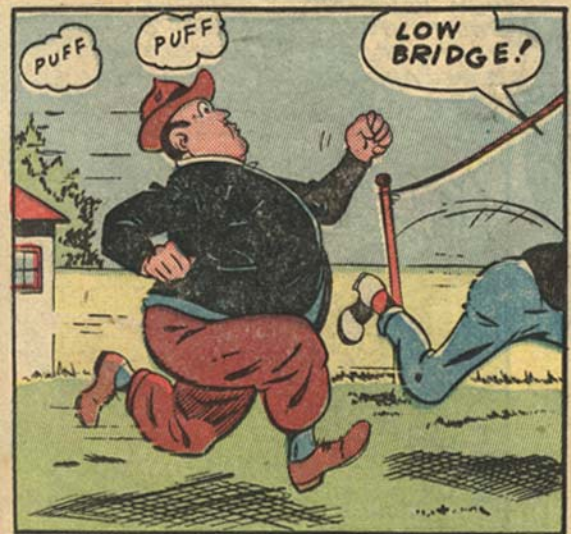
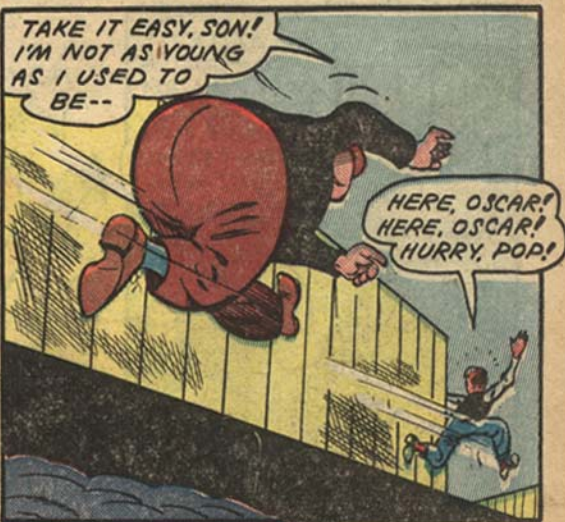


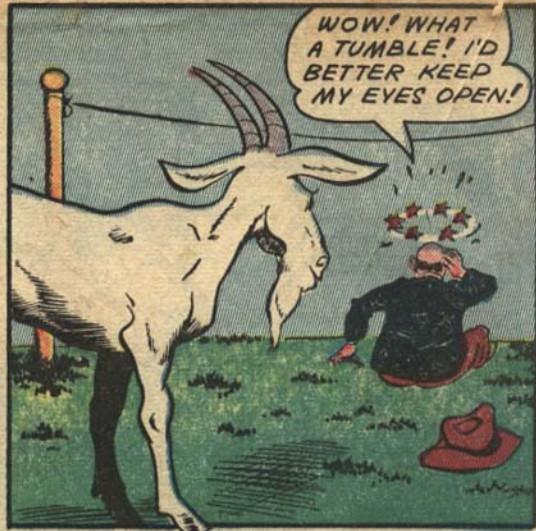
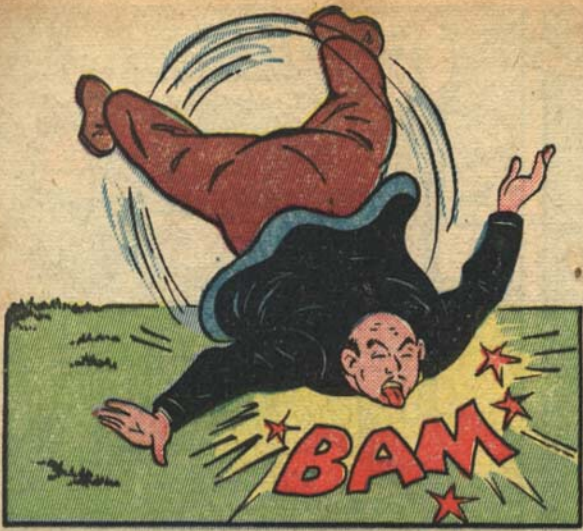
AW GEE-- HE MIGHT BE STARVING AND COLD-- AFTER ALL HE'S LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY!



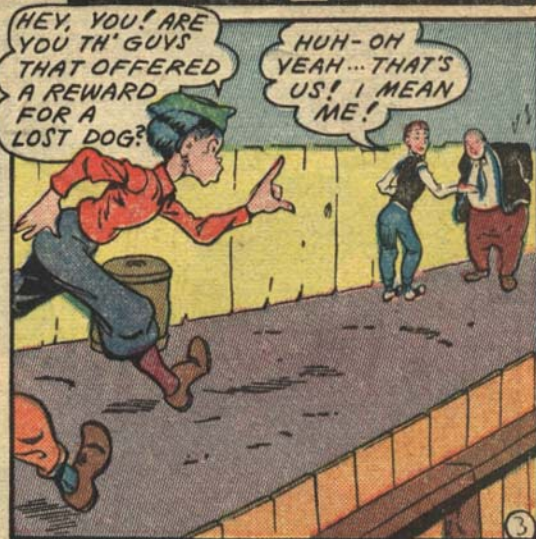
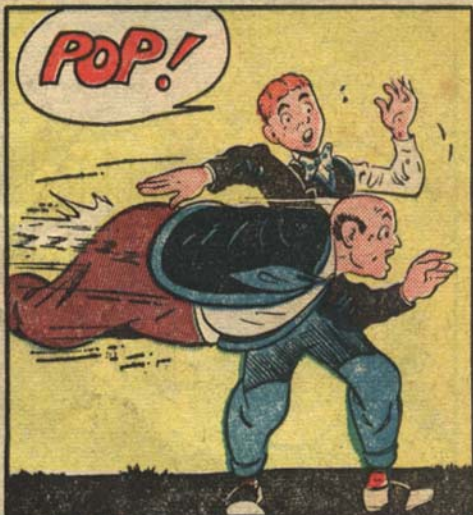
ARCHIE'S RIGHT! NOW GET OUT AND LOOK FOR HIM-- POOR OLD OSCAR!

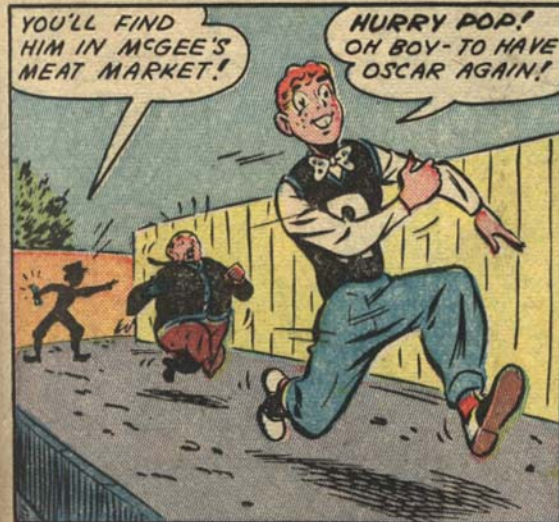
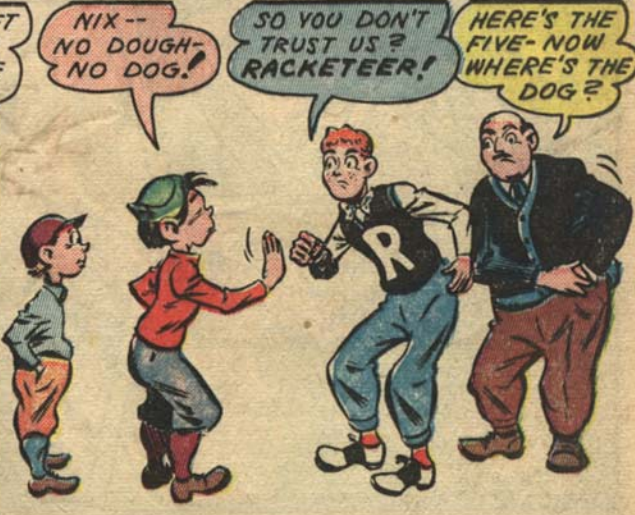
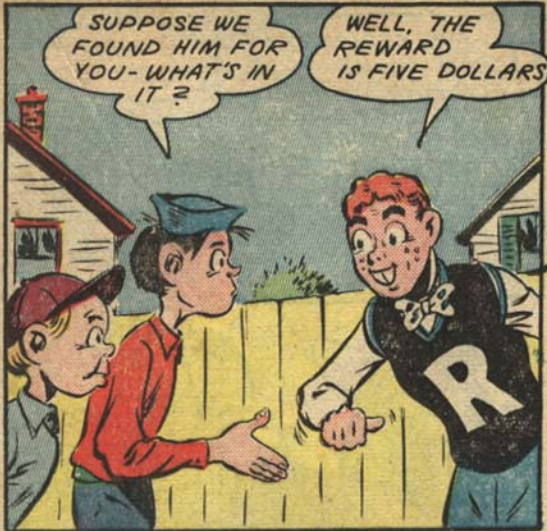
ALL RIGHT-- ALL RIGHT-- BUT I STILL THINK HE'S A NUISANCE!





WHAN!





UP HERE!  
CALL OFF  
THAT MAN-  
EATER SO'S  
I CAN COME  
DOWN!



WE'RE CERTAINLY  
GRATEFUL-MR MCGEE  
FOR FINDING AND  
TAKING SUCH GOOD  
CARE OF OSCAR!

IS THAT  
YOUR DOG!



YES SIR-  
OSCAR CERTAIN-  
LY IS OUR DOG!

THAT'S ALL  
I WANTED TO  
KNOW!



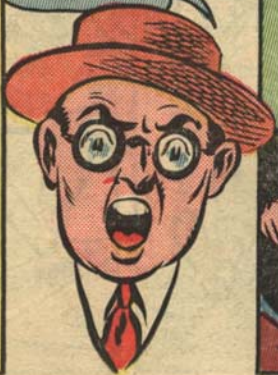
THAT ANIMAL JUST  
ATE FIVE DOLLARS  
WORTH OF MEAT!  
AND YOU'RE GOING  
TO PAY FOR IT!



HA-HA-HA- WE CAN'T GET  
MEAT, AND MY DOG GETS \$5.00  
WORTH! IT'S WORTH PAYING IT-  
JUST FOR THE LAUGH!



SEE IF YOU CAN  
LAUGH THIS OFF!  
IT'S GOING TO TAKE  
ONE HUNDRED  
AND TWENTY  
POINTS!



WHAT?  
120 POINTS?





LATER

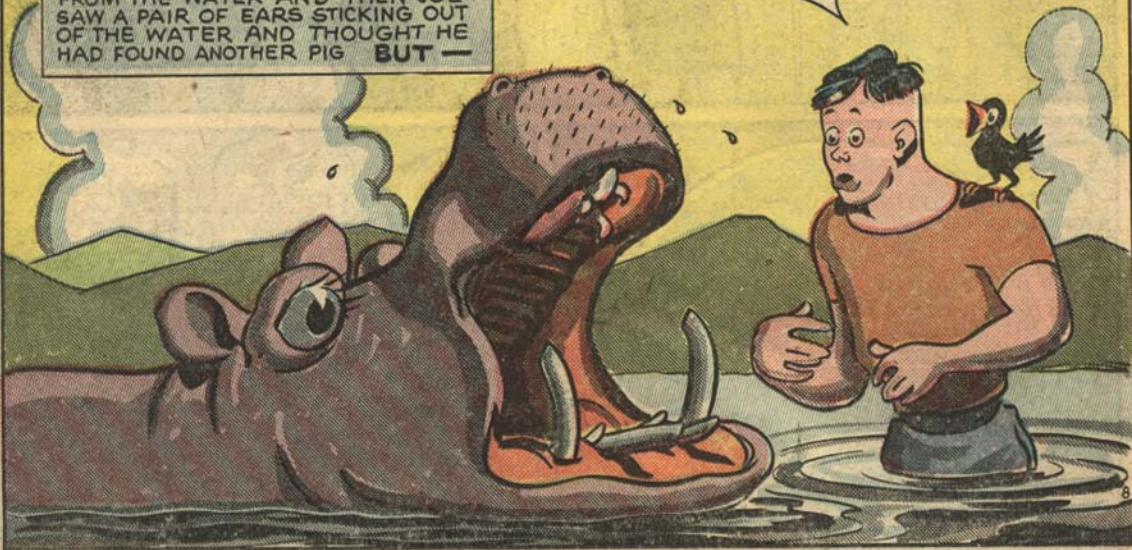


# Cattfish Joe

By LARRY HARRIS

**Y**OU REMEMBER JOE WAS ABOARD CAP'N KEE'S LANDGOIN' TUGBOAT WHEN THEY RAN INTO A FLOOD. THEY RESCUED SEVERAL ANIMALS FROM THE WATER AND THEN JOE SAW A PAIR OF EARS STICKING OUT OF THE WATER AND THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND ANOTHER PIG — BUT —

GOSH! I AINT NEVER SEEN NO HAWG WITH A FACE LIKE THAT!



THAT HAINT NO HAWG, SON! THAT'S A HIPPO!

BUT GRAN'FATHER! I READ IN A BOOK THAT HIPPOS ARE FOUND ONLY IN AFRICA!

I GUESS MEBBE THIS FELLER HAINT READ TH' BOOKS!



WHY JOE! HOW'D YOU GET BACK ABOARD SO QUICKLY!

I GOT TO STUDYIN' ABOUT WHAT THEM CRITTERS EATS AN' I FIGGERED I BETTER GIT OUT OF REACH TILL I FIND OUT IF THEY LIKE MEAT!



DROP THIS LOOP OVER HIS HEAD, JOE, AN' WE'LL TOW HIM ALONG! THEY'S MEBBE SOMEBUDDY MIGHTY SORROWFUL 'BOUT LOSIN' THAT CRITTER!

H-M-M! IFF'N IT WAS ME I'D BE GLAD T' GIT RID OF 'M!

HOW'RE YA DOIN' BACK THAR SON?

OKAY CAPN! TH' HIPPO IS A-COMIN' ALONG LIKE A HOUN' DAWG ON A LEADIN' ROPE!

BY CRACKY! THAR'S TH ROAD WE BEEN A-LOOKIN' FER! NOW WE KIN CLIMB OUT ON DRY LAND AGAIN!

GOOD! THEN WE CAN GET RID OF THIS MENAGERIE WE'VE BEEN COLLECTING IN THIS FLOOD!

ALL BUT TH' HIPPO! IT WOULDN'T BE FITTEN TO TURN THAT CRITTER LOOSE IN TH' WOODS! MIGHT HURT SOMEBUDDY!

A SHORT DISTANCE UP THE ROAD AT THE MOUNTAIN ESTATE OF LADY BIDDLEBOOT THE AFRICAN EXPLORER-

CÔME, DOLORES. IT'S TIME FOR YOUR LUNCHEON!

NOW, NOW, DOLORES! MUSTN'T SULK! COME GET THE NICE LUNCH OR I'LL GIVE IT TO THE LITTLE PUSSYCAT!

THAT I WOULD LIKE TO SEE!

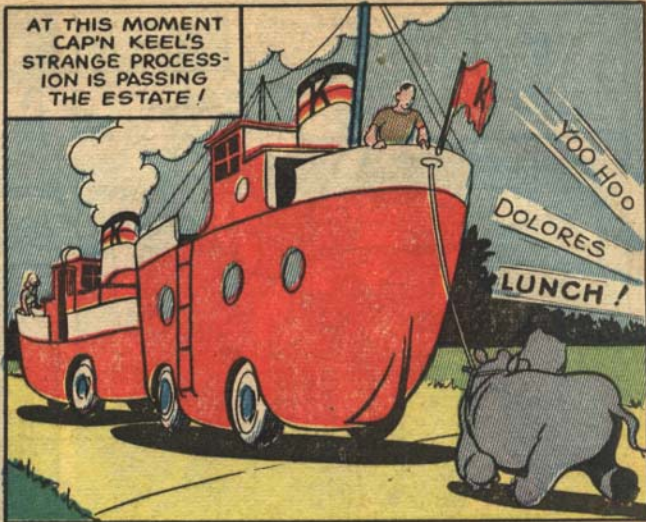
BWARE OF THE HIPPO SWIM AT YOUR OWN RISK!





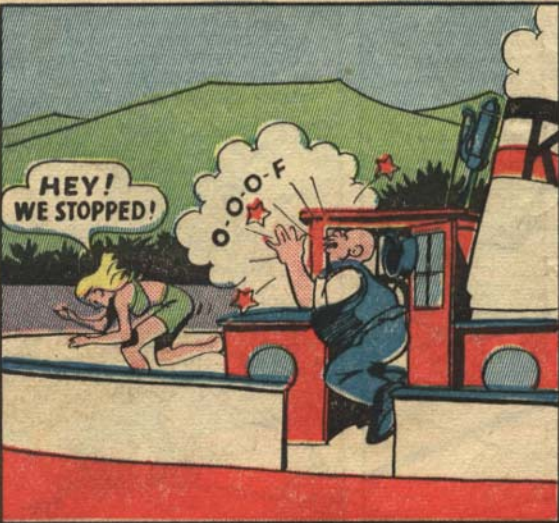
MY GOSH, BOSS, LOOK! I BET DOLORES HAS TOOK A POWDER!

OH DEAR! SHE MAY BE HURT! I'LL SEE IF I CAN CALL HER!



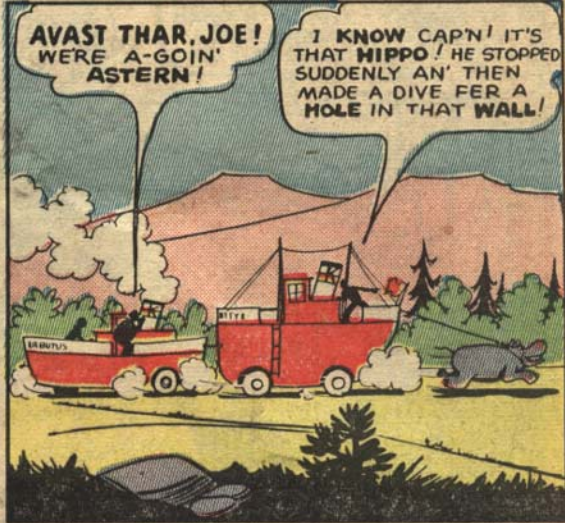
AT THIS MOMENT CAP'N KEEL'S STRANGE PROCESSION IS PASSING THE ESTATE!

YOO HOO  
DOLORES  
LUNCH!



HEY! WE STOPPED!

O-O-F



AVAST THAR, JOE! WERE A-GOIN' ASTERN!

I KNOW CAP'N! IT'S THAT HIPPO! HE STOPPED SUDDENLY AN' THEN MADE A DIVE FER A HOLE IN THAT WALL!



DOLORES! YOU NAUGHTY GIRL! GIVING YOUR MAMA SUCH A SCARE!




MA'AM, IS THAT CRITTER A RELATION OF YOURS?

I BEG YOUR PARDON! WERE YOU ADDRESSING ME?

BY GOLLY! THERE IS A RESEMBLANCE AT THAT!





THERE'S A LIGHT UP  
AHEAD! MEBBE WE  
KIN GIT THESE FOLKS  
T' LET US SLEEP IN  
THEIR BARN TONIGHT!




IT'S A SPOOKY LOOKIN'  
PLACE BUT I'M GLAD  
IT'S HERE! THAT  
STORM IS A-COMIN'  
MIGHTY FAST!

**H**URRYING AHEAD OF  
JOE WE TAKE A  
PEEK INSIDE THIS  
MYSTERIOUS LOOKING  
PLACE AND MEET  
THE INFAMOUS  
GOOBER TWINS -  
FUDDY AND DUDDY!  
THESE BRILLIANT  
SCIENTISTS HAVE  
JUST COMPLETED  
ANOTHER OF THE  
WEIRD EXPERIMENTS  
THAT HAVE GIVEN  
THEM THEIR  
UNUSUAL REPUTATION!




IT IS  
FINISHED.  
BROTHER  
FUDDY!  
THE GOOBER  
HAVE DONE  
IT AGAIN!

A REMARKABLE  
ACHIEVEMENT, BROTHER  
AUDDY! THE GOOBER  
FLEA EXTRACT HAS  
BEEN PERFECTED!



**C**ORRECT BROTHER!  
ONE DOSE OF THE  
GOOBER FLEA  
EXTRACT  
WILL GIVE A PERSON  
THE STRENGTH AND  
STAMINA OF A FLEA  
IN PROPORTION TO  
HIS SIZE!

A MAN CAN  
JUMP TWO THOUSAND  
FEET AT A SINGLE  
BOUND AND LAND  
WITHOUT INJURY--  
---WE HOPE!



AND YOU, MY DEAR  
BROTHER, SHALL BE  
THE FIRST TO TEST  
THE REMARKABLE  
POWER OF OUR  
ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY!

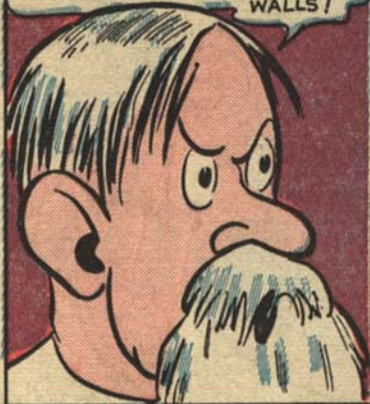
OH NO, BROTHER  
DUDDY, THAT HONOR  
MUST BE YOURS!

I INSIST, BROTHER FUDDY, YOU MUST HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF BEING FIRST!

NO, BROTHER DUDDY! IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE FIRST!

YOU FORGET THAT I TESTED THAT BAT EXTRACT WE MADE AND SPENT A MISERABLE DAY BLINDLY FLITTING ABOUT THE ROOM BASHING MY HEAD AGAINST THE WALLS!

YES - BUT I TRIED OUT THE ELIXIR OF SNAKE OIL AND WORE ALL THE SKIN OFF MY STOMACH WRIGGLING ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!



KNOCK!

WAIT, BROTHER! SOME LUCKY PERSON IS KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR!

SPLENDID! IT SHALL BE HIS GOOD FORTUNE TO BECOME THE GOOBER FLEA EXTRACT PIONEER!

KNOCK!



NOW WHO CAN THAT BE? IF IT'S WHO WE THINK IT IS THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME MIGHTY EXCITING HAPPENINGS IN NEXT MONTH'S PEP COMICS

# Animal-Antix

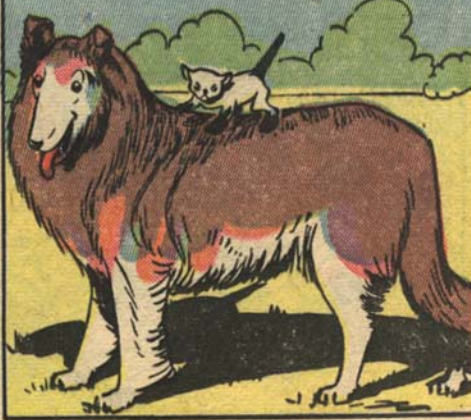
SEND YOUR ANIMAL-ANTIX TO CATFISH JOE, PEP COMICS 160 W. BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

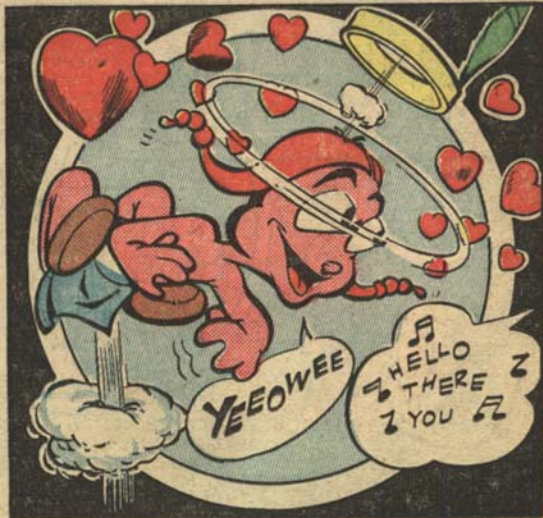
BOBBY WARNKE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO SAYS A SQUIRREL CAME DOWN THE CHIMNEY AND STOLE NUTS FROM A BOWL ON A TABLE!

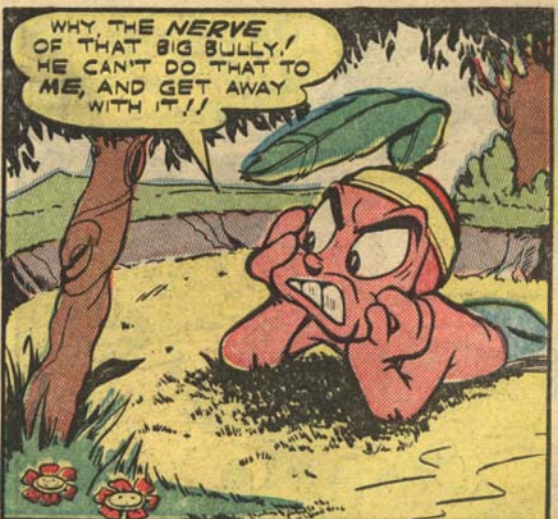
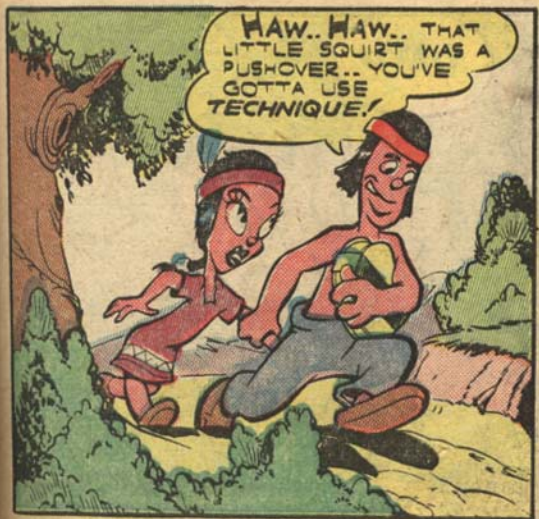
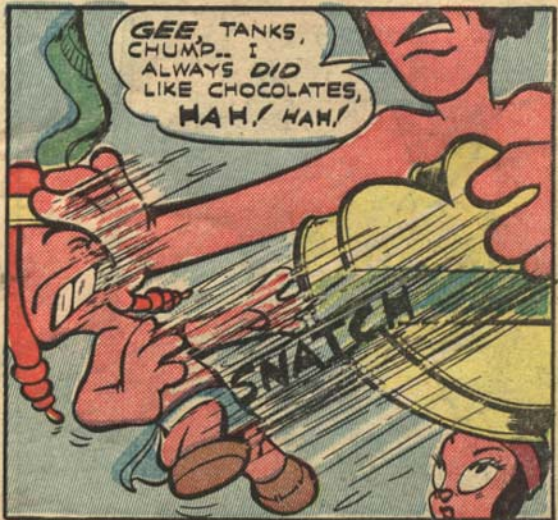
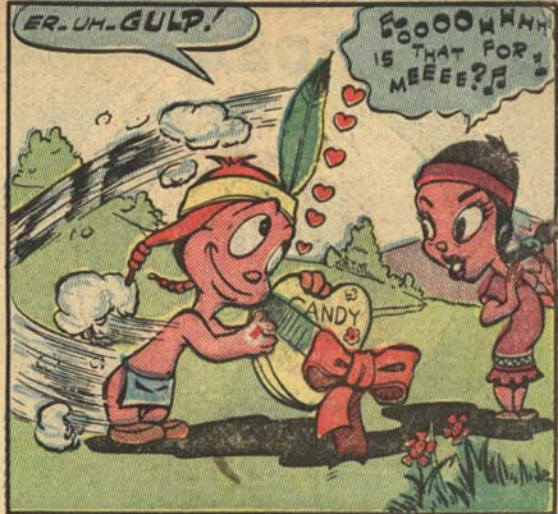
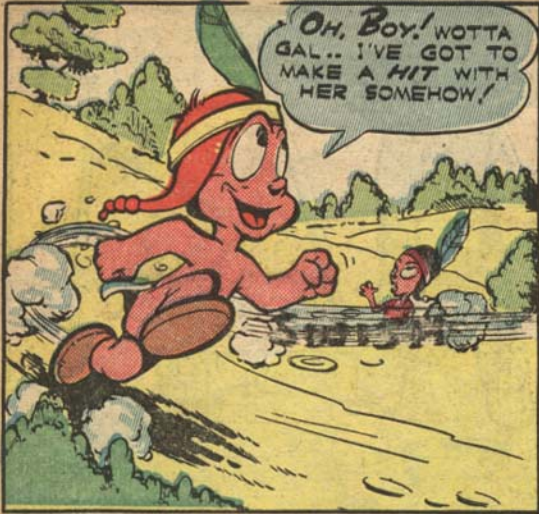


PATTY HOFFMAN OF PORTLAND OREGON SAYS HER UNCLE JACK HAS A PET DEER ON HIS RANCH THAT HE HAS TRAINED TO JUMP THROUGH A HOOP!

KENNETH WINTER OF INDIANAPOLIS WRITES THAT HIS KITTEN, BEULAH, LIKES TO RIDE ON THE BACK OF A BIG COLLIE DOG NAMED SHEP!







**IDEA!**



I'LL FIX THAT  
BIG BULLY'S  
WAGON!



FIRST I'LL GET  
INTO THIS  
BEAR RUG!



BOYOBOY! WILL  
I MAKE THAT GUY  
LOOK SILLY!  
HEH! HEH! HEH!  
I'LL SCARE HIM  
TO DEATH!

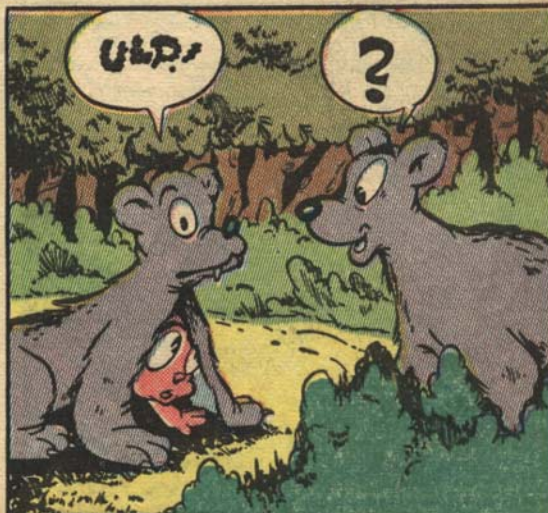


OH, OH... HERE  
THEY COME NOW!  
HAW-HAH!  
THIS IS GONNA  
BE FUN!

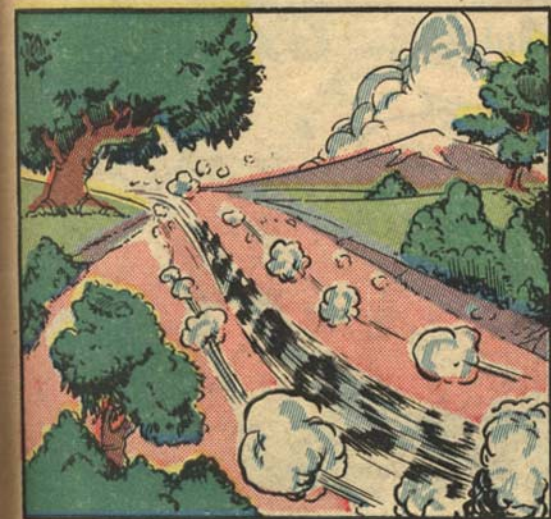
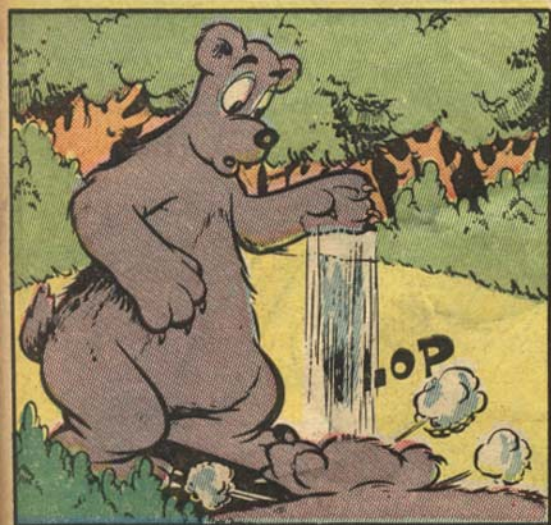
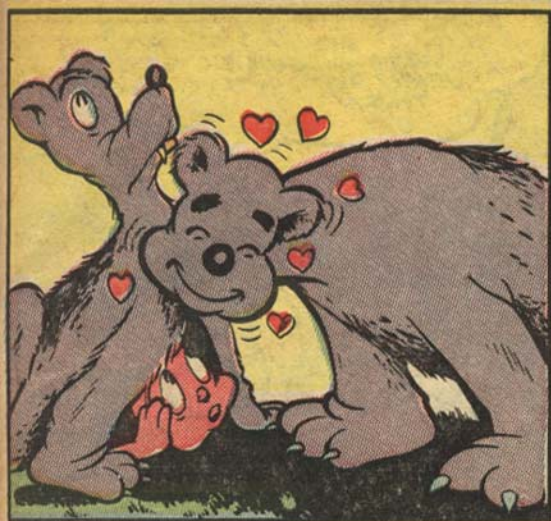


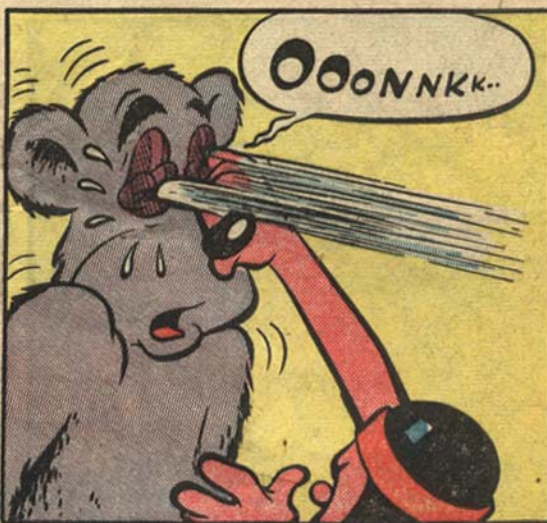
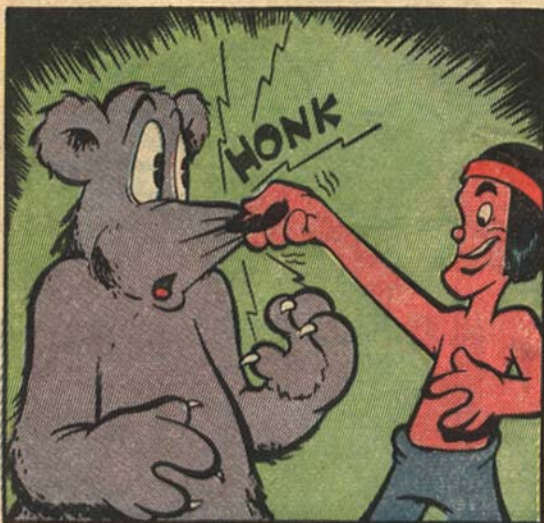
Ugh!

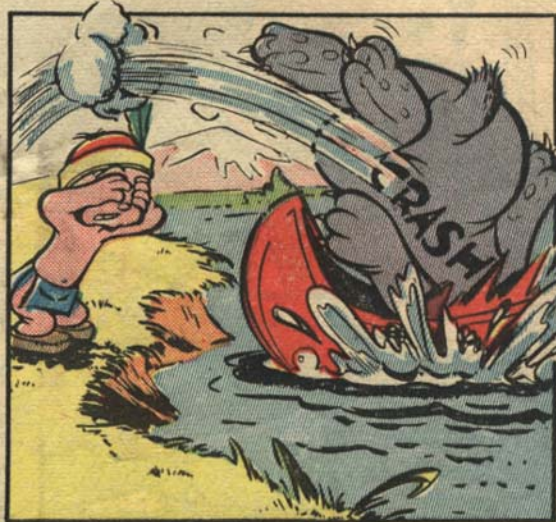
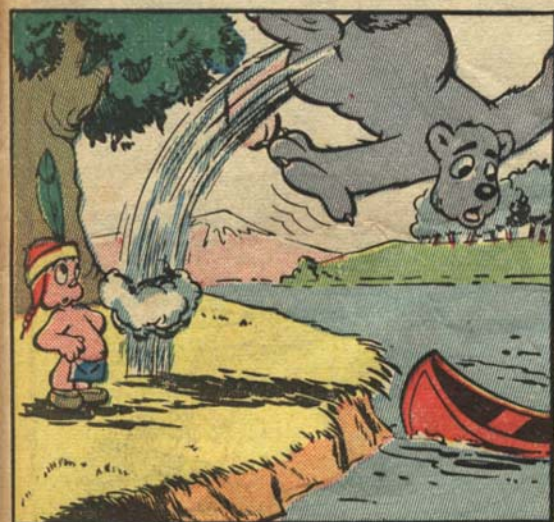
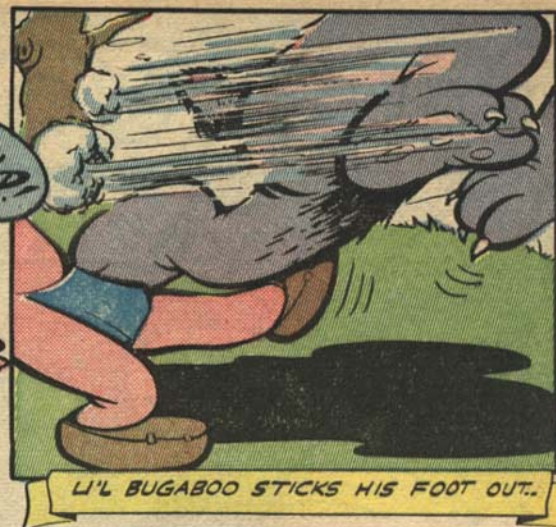
?











# MARCO LOCO

## Adventurer

LAND HO!  
-GULP!!

by  
CARL  
HUBBELL

WE FIND TWO MEMBERS OF MARCO LOCO'S CREW CHATTING ON DECK...

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE WE HAD ANY EXCITEMENT, MERRY!

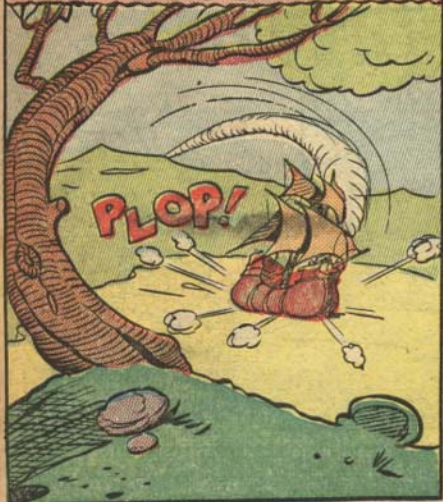
AYE!  
I WISH WE WERE ASHORE!

SUDDENLY THE SKY DARKENS, THERE IS A FEARFUL CLAP OF THUNDER, THE SEA HEAVES TUMULTUOUSLY, AND A HUGE WATER SPOUT LIFTS THE SHIP INTO THE AIR!

WHAT HO?

MAN!  
THE LIFEBOATS!

THE VESSEL FLIES THROUGH THE AIR, AND LANDS ON AN UNKNOWN SHORE...



OD'S BODKINS! WE SEEM TO BE AGROUND!

WE'RE AGROUND ON THIS SIDE TOO!



ALL I SAID WAS, I WISHED WE WERE ASHORE!



A STRANGE BUSINESS, SNOOCH! I WONDER WHERE WE ARE?

MAYBE THAT FELLOW KNOWS!



WHAT LAND IS THIS, FRIEND?

YOU MUST BE STRANGERS HERE!

YEP! JUST DROPPED IN!



ALAS! FLEE WHILE YOU YET MAY! THIS IS AN EVIL LAND OF WITCH-CRAFT AND SPELLS!

WITCH-CRAFT? DON'T BE SILLY!



IT IS TRUE! MAY I BE STRUCK DOWN DEAD! A FEW YEARS AGO THIS WAS A HAPPY LAND!



LATELY, KING JERQUE II HAS BEEN PRACTICING SORCERY, AND NOW ALL IS MISERY!



NO ONE CAN TELL WHEN, OR ON WHOM, THE KING'S ILL. DIRECTED SPELLS WILL NEXT FALL! IT IS INDEED AN UNFORTUNATE SITUATION!



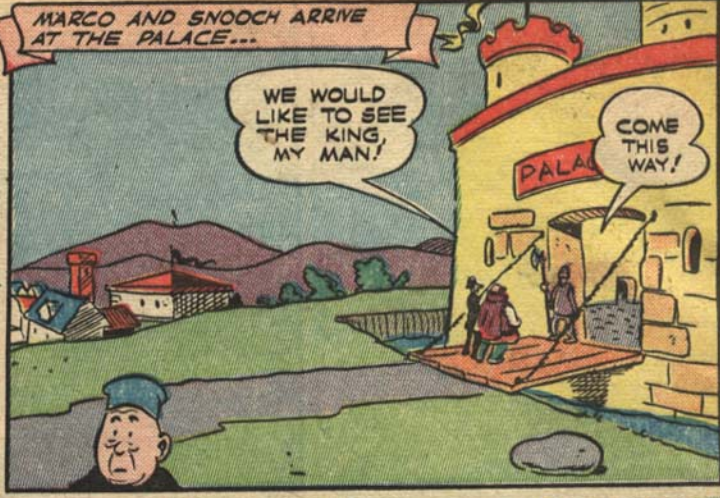
SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD! IT K.KEEPS CHANGING! I DON'T F.FEEL VERY WELL!

AH YES! SEE WHAT I MEAN?



WHERE DO I FIND KING JERQUE?

AT THE PALACE, FOUR LEAGUES DOWN THE ROAD, YOU CAN'T MISS IT!!



MARCO AND SNOOCH ARRIVE AT THE PALACE...

WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE KING, MY MAN!

COME THIS WAY!



HIS MAJESTY, THE KING!



ARE YOU THE KING?

THAT I AM!

HAVE A CHAIR!

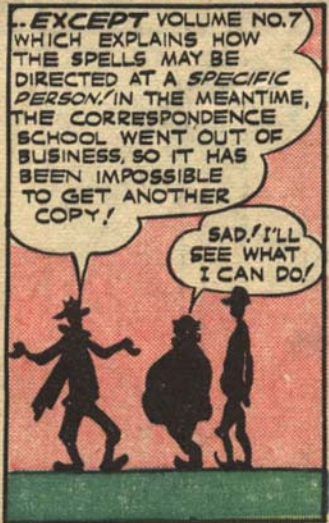


WELL, YOU'VE GOT MY SHIP ON THE ROCKS WITH YOUR @##\*! MAGIC! NOW, GET IT OFF, I SAY!

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASING! IT CAN'T BE DONE! SORRY!



SIX YEARS AGO, I SENT FOR A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MAGIC, WITH A VIEW TO CASTING A SPELL ON A POWERFUL ENEMY OF MY PEOPLE/ALL THE BOOKS ARRIVED...



..EXCEPT VOLUME NO.7 WHICH EXPLAINS HOW THE SPELLS MAY BE DIRECTED AT A SPECIFIC PERSON, IN THE MEANTIME, THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL WENT OUT OF BUSINESS, SO IT HAS BEEN IMPOSSIBLE TO GET ANOTHER COPY!

SAD, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!



COME, SNOOCH, LET US GO TO THE CITY, AND SEEK VOLUME SEVEN!!

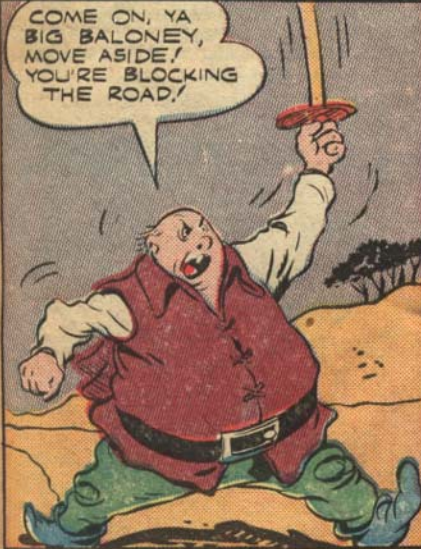
MAYBE IF WE TRIED ALL THE SECOND.HAND BOOK.STORES!

SUDDENLY...

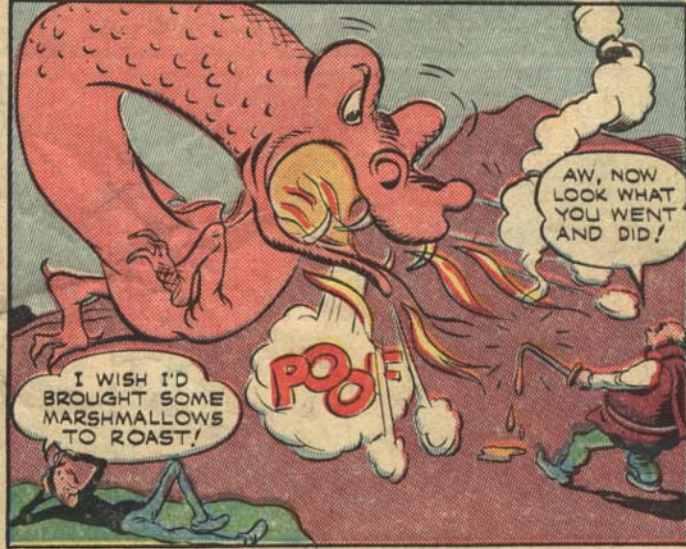
# ARROOOWO GHH



'S'DEATH!  
A DRAGON!



COME ON, YA  
BIG BALONEY,  
MOVE ASIDE!  
YOU'RE BLOCKING  
THE ROAD!



I WISH I'D  
BROUGHT SOME  
MARSHMALLOWS  
TO ROAST!

# POOF

AW, NOW  
LOOK WHAT  
YOU WENT  
AND DID!



SUDDENLY, THERE IS A  
DEAFENING EXPLOSION...



WHY.. WHO  
ARE YOU?  
WHERE'S THE  
DRAGON?

THAT WAS  
ME! I TURNED  
INTO A DRAGON  
LAST THURSDAY!



IT IS ALL KING  
JERQUE'S DOING!  
I DO WISH HED STOP  
PRACTICING THOSE  
TRICKS OF HIS!  
I DO INDEED!

\*\*\*\*\*  
?!!

THE POPULACE  
WILL BE GRATEFUL  
TO US, SNOOCH,  
IF WE FIND THE MISSING  
BOOK! THEY MUST  
FIND THIS SORT OF  
THING VERY TRYING,  
POOR SOULS!

(SNERR?)

AND HOW LONG  
HAVE YOU BEEN  
IN THIS CONDITION,  
MY UNFORTUNATE  
FELLOW?

**GROWRRR**  
RRR  
RRR  
RRR

I HAVE A  
FEELING, SNOOCH,  
WE HAVE MADE  
A MISTAKE!

GRRR!!

GULP!  
LOOK OUT!

THIS IS THE  
END, SNOOCH!  
WHAT A HORRIBLE  
FATE!

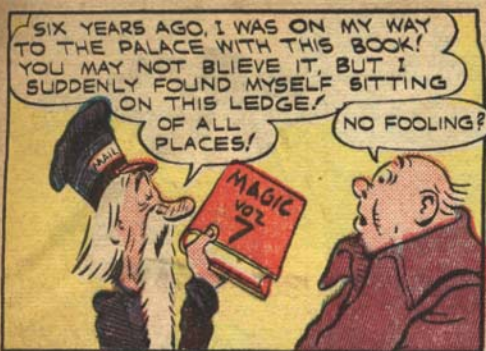
GOOD  
BYE,  
MARCO!

SAVED!

WELL, I'LL BE..  
WHO MIGHT  
YOU BE  
GRANDPA?

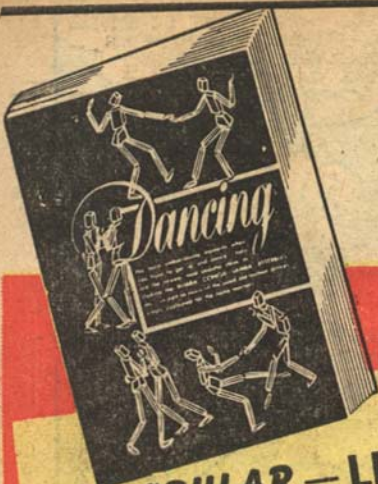
I, SIR, AM  
A POSTMAN!





AND SO THEY RETURN TO THE PALACE.





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"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Her's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

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## WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY A Complete Guide to Charm Part of Contents

#### SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

1. How to take care of your skin.
2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
3. Secrets of Smart Hair-Styling.
4. Hands can tell a tale; manicuring.
5. Your feet should be admired.
6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
7. Do you sit correctly?
8. What you should weigh.
9. Table of Average Weights.
10. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
11. If you are thin, putting on weight.
12. Does one have to exercise?
13. Assuring personal cleanliness and hygiene; check list.
14. Take care of your teeth.
15. How much sleep do you need?
16. She Walks in Beauty.
17. When is a girl smartly dressed? Knows her type—never overdressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain nerve and dash.
18. How to effect certain optical illusions to appear taller or shorter, thinner or rounder.
19. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
20. How to dress if you are very tall.
21. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles for you.
22. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; What goes with what.
23. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
24. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
25. Six rules for being well-groomed.
26. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
27. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

#### SECTION II—WHAT TO DO TO IMPROVE YOUR RELATIONS WITH OTHERS.

28. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
29. What a smile can do; laughter.
30. Adding interest to your voice.
31. Looking at other people with open mind.
32. Your troubles are your own; don't spread your woes.
33. The art of conversation. Don't be a blunderer; omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
34. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedias; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
35. How to be interesting talker.
36. Listen with mind as well as ears.
37. Do people like you more as time goes on?
38. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
39. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
40. Having a good time at a party.
41. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
42. How are your telephone manners?
43. Write the sort of letters you would like to receive.
44. Shopping, pleasure or ordeal?
45. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
46. Don't be a martyr-type; out of fashion to enjoy poor health, or sacrifice life for children, parents, etc.
47. The wishy-washy dear is burden to herself and others; let people know your likes and dislikes.
48. How to handle the question of money matters.
49. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say, "readings" or "Guerlain's Perfume"? etc., etc.
50. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
51. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your own and mine the theme—emphasize all your good qualities.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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