

NO.
48

PEP

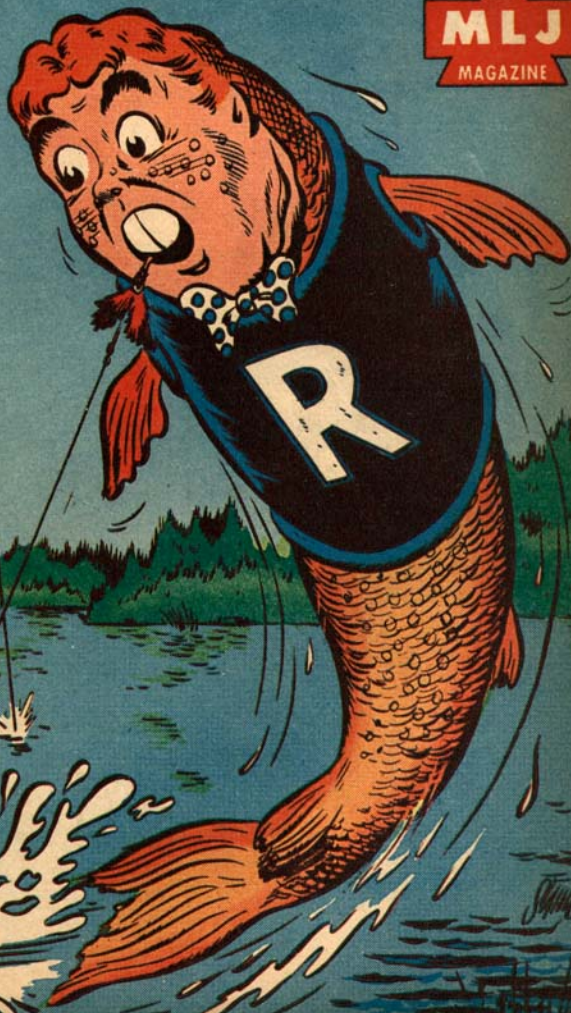


The SHIELD

MAY

COMICS 10¢

BOY!
HOW'S THAT
FOR A
CATCH,
SHIELD
?



FLASH!
THE
BLACK HOOD
IS NOW IN
PEP
COMICS

SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

GREETINGS, GANG:

At this writing the contest we started in last month's PEP magazine has not yet hit the newsstands. Therefore, naturally, no contestant's letters have been received. So, this in between period is a good time to transmit a vital message from your government to you.

There is a very acute shortage of paper and Uncle Sam wants you to save all the scrap paper you can get your hands on. And, here is the nice part. When you have saved enough paper to make a worthwhile bundle, DON'T GIVE IT AWAY! SELL IT. Here is a chance for you to make some money and be patriotic at the same time.

Anything at all that is paper means money in your pocket. Old newspapers, magazines, cardboard boxes, etc. Now, here is how you go about selling it. Every city, town and village will have a salvage department. In the bigger cities it might be a junkman or a circulation collection depot whose address you can find out by calling your local O.P.A. Board. In smaller towns it might be your local church organizations or Boy Scout Headquarters or the Red Cross, and so on.

Remember, paper is ammunition, vital ammunition. Dusty and I know that if there is one group of boys and girls in this country who will come to the aid of Uncle Sam when he needs them, that group is the SHIELD G-MAN CLUB. Well, your Uncle Sam needs you now. So, go to it, boys and girls.

Sincerely,

*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.....

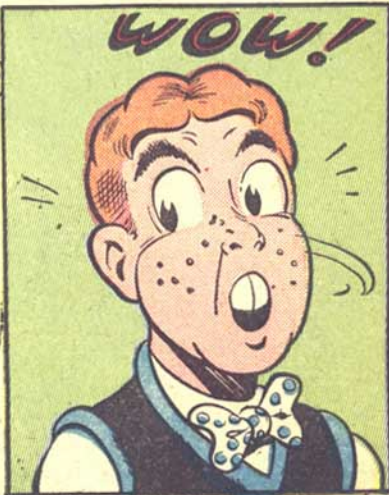
CUT ON THIS LINE

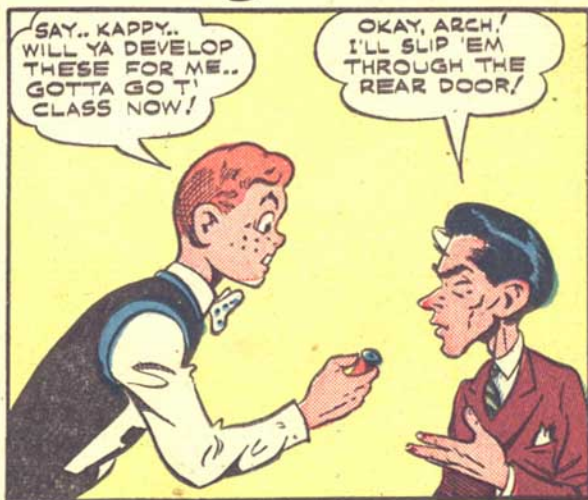
EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

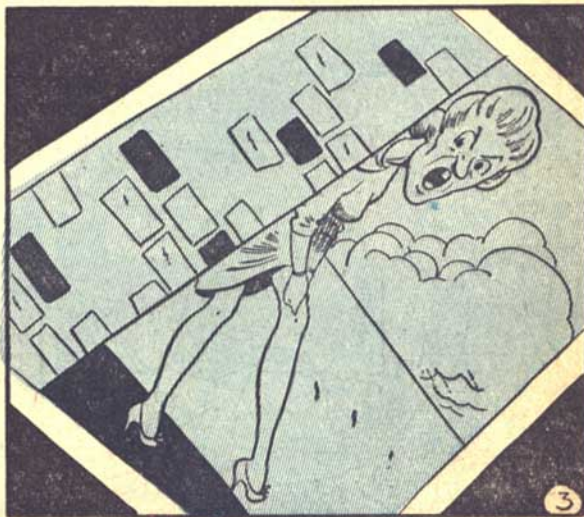
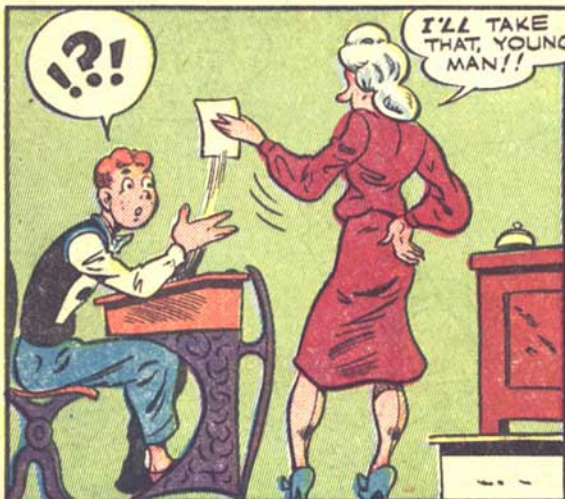
Archie

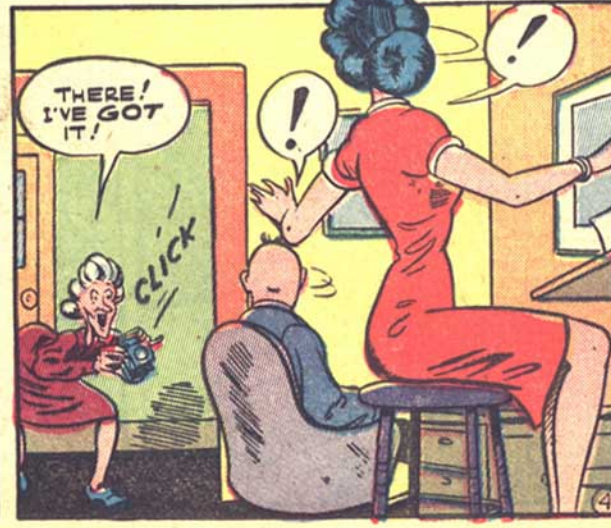
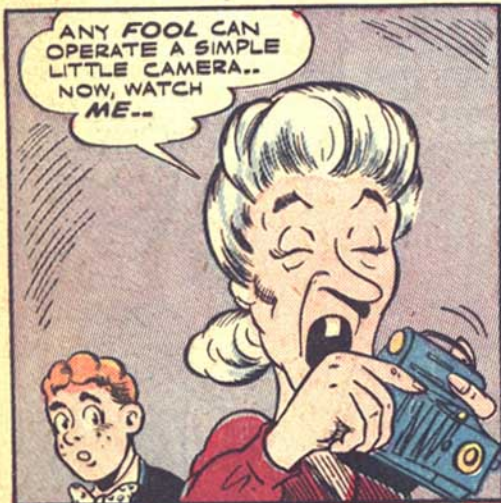
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Camera Bugs

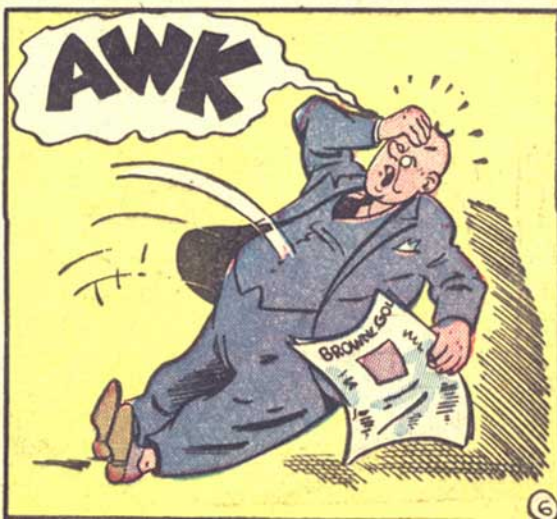
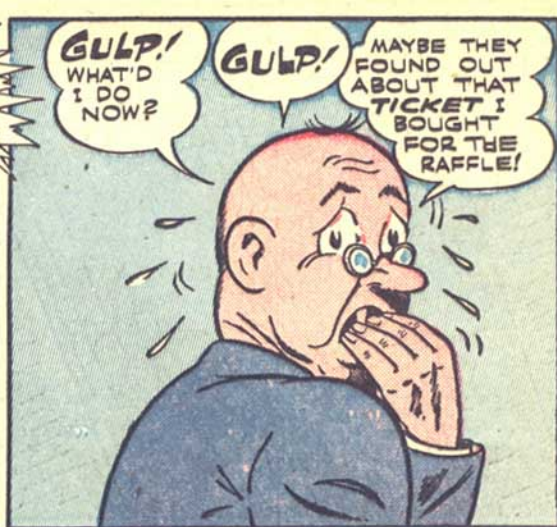




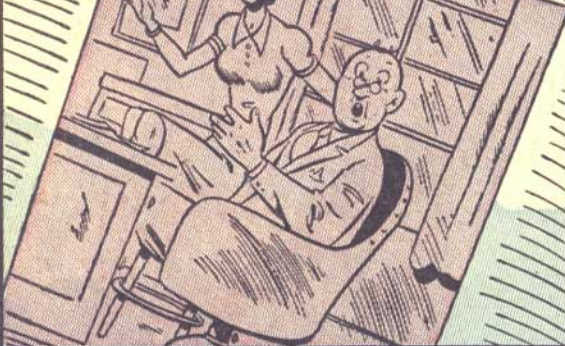




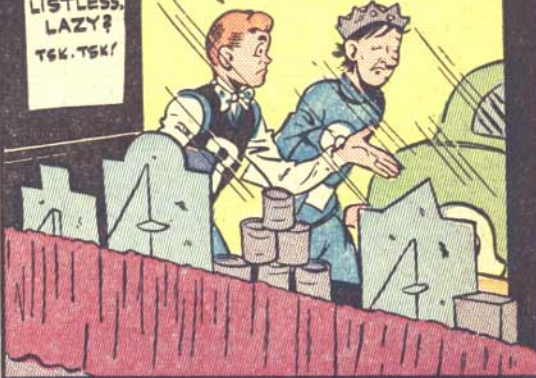




WAGG
RIVERDALE HIGH'S OWN PAPER
WEATHERBEE... MAN OF ACTION! (?)

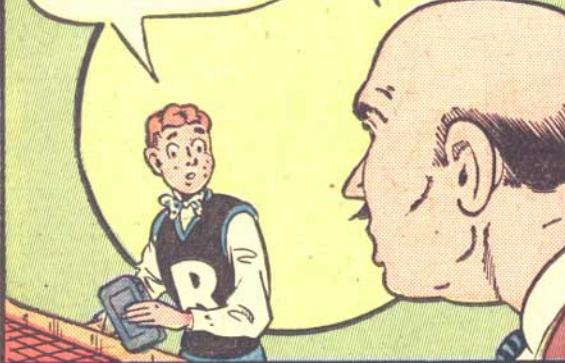


LATER... THEN, HE SAYS, TAKE THAT BLANKETY, BLANK CAMERA!
 YEAH... I KNOW... RELAX WILL YA?



POP, I DON'T WISH TO SEEM UNGRATEFUL, BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL USE THIS CAMERA ANYMORE!

NONSENSE, M' BOY! DON'T GET DISCOURAGED!



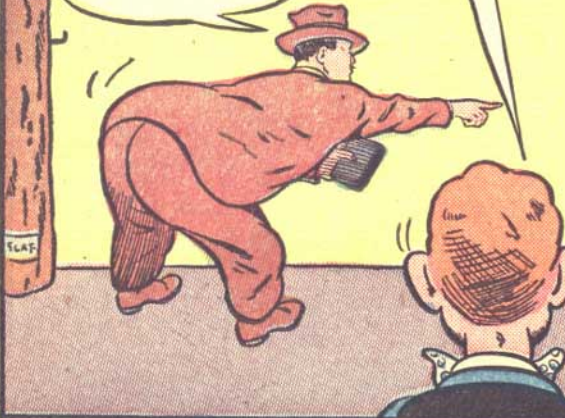
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO TAKE PICTURES, THERE'S NOTHING TO IT!

YEAH! THAT'S WHAT GRUNDY SAID!



SEE NOW... JUST TAKE A SIMPLE SUBJECT LIKE THAT..

IT'S SIMPLE NOW ANYWAY!



SEE, ARCH, IT'S AS SIMPLE AS 'A' 'B' 'C'!





ONE HOUR LATER



The **BLACK HOOD**

MAN
of
MYSTERY

THE
CORPSE
ON THE
CHECKER BOARD



AT PRECINCT 73...

TSK-TSK!
HMMM...

STILL KIBITZING,
EH, MC. GINTY?

JUST MOVE THE
THIRD CHECKER
IN THE KING
ROW!

THIS
ONE?

HE'S GOT
YOU,
MONAHAN!

YOU'RE AS
GOOD A CHECKER
EXPERT AS YOU
ARE A COP, MC.
GINTY/YOU'RE
NOT EVEN A
GOOD KIBITZER!

BAH! I CAN
BEAT THE LIKES
OF YOU ANY
DAY!

AND I'LL
PROVE
IT!

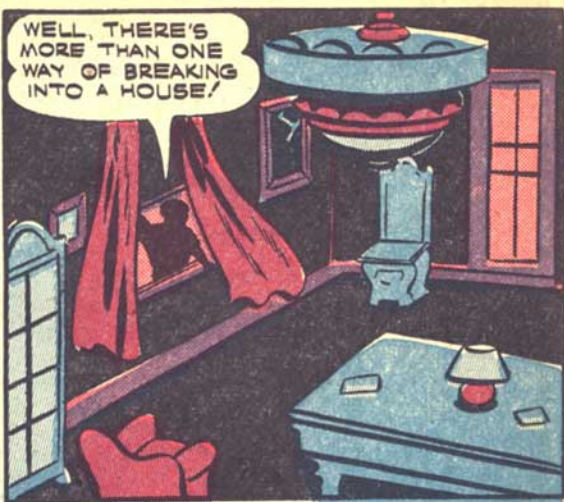
I CAN'T STAY
FOR THE
BLOODSHED!
SOMEBODY'S
GOT TO
PATROL A
BEAT!

I MIGHT AS
WELL BE A
HERMIT, OR A
LIGHTHOUSE
KEEPER...

..FOR ALL
THE
EXCITEMENT
I GET!

A SHOT!
MAYBE I SPOKE
TOO SOON!

BANG!



WOW! WONDER
HOW LONG I'VE
BEEN LYING
HERE?

AND LOOK AT THE
COMPANY I'VE
BEEN KEEPING!
A DEAD MAN!



HA-HA!
YOU WALKED
INTO MY
TRAP,
MONAHAN!



YOU POOR
FISH! I JUMP
YOU HERE,
AND...

THE PHONE'S
RINGING!



SUICIDE!..
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE,
BURLAND!



LET'S GO!
THE CHECKER
GAME CAN
WAIT!

YOU'RE JUST
LOOKING FOR
AN EXCUSE
TO GET
OUT OF
A LOSING
GAME!



DOORBELL'S
RINGING!
MC. GINTY
CERTAINLY
DIDN'T WASTE
ANY TIME
GETTING
HERE!



HMMM... SO THIS IS THE GAME JOSHUA MARTIN WAS PLAYING JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED!



I'LL TAKE THIS TO HEADQUARTERS! CHECK ON FINGERPRINTS!

FINGERPRINTS, PHOOEY! WE'VE ALREADY CAUGHT OUR MURDERER!



IN HIS OWN APARTMENT, KIP BURLAND BECOMES THE BLACK HOOD..

I' GUESS THAT'S BABS NOW!

KNOCK KNOCK



YOU SENT FOR ME, HOOD?

YES, I WANT YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR ME!



HAVE THE POLICE EXPERTS CHECK THIS STATUE FOR FINGERPRINTS!

IS THAT ALL?



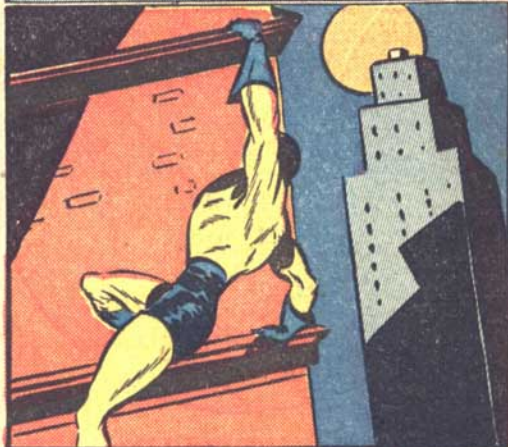
IT'S IMPORTANT! IT'S PART OF A JIGSAW PUZZLE I'M PIECING TOGETHER... THAT WILL CONVICT A MURDERER!



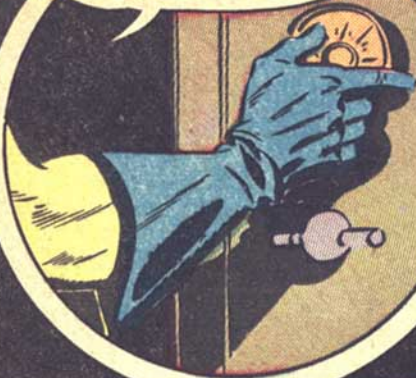
AND I'M GOING TO PICK UP THE OTHER PIECES RIGHT NOW!



ONCE AGAIN THE BLACK HOOD PROVES HIS AMAZING AGILITY AS HE MOUNTS STEADILY UP THE SHEER BUILDING WALL...



CRACKING SAFES MAY NOT BE FASHIONABLE FOR A **CRIME FIGHTER...** BUT IT'S SURE A HANDY THING TO KNOW!



JOSHUA MARTIN'S WILL! THIS IS WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!



OH-OH.. I'M ABOUT TO ENTERTAIN A VISITOR!



WHA-?

WELCOME TO YOUR LAW OFFICES, MR. PENDLE!



SO THE BLACK HOOD TURNS COMMON THIEF!

ONLY TO CATCH A MURDERER! YOU KILLED JOSHUA MARTIN!



YOU'RE CRAZY!

AND YOU PLANNED TO GET RID OF HIS SON BY GETTING HIM CONVICTED OF MURDER! SO YOU WOULD INHERIT JOSHUA MARTIN'S MONEY.. AS PROVIDED IN HIS WILL!



YOU'RE GUESSING, HOOD! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!



YOUR FINGERPRINTS WILL CLINCH THE CASE! THEY'RE ON THE STATUETTE YOU USED TO KNOCK OUT THE COP! BECAUSE HE FOUND YOU ON THE SCENE OF THE MURDER!





YOU DEVIL!
I'LL KILL
YOU TOO!

BANG



YOU'RE THROUGH
KILLING!!
PERMANENTLY!

WHAM!



LATER, AT JOSHUA MARTIN'S
HOUSE!...

THE DEAD MAN
SPELT OUT HIS
KILLER'S NAME!
SEE THOSE
BLANK SPACES
ON THE
CHECKERBOARD!



ALL
THE
SPACES
ARE
NUMBERED!
JOSHUA MARTIN LEFT
OUT THOSE SPACES
WHOSE NUMBERS
WERE THE SAME AS
LETTERS
IN
THE ALPHABET
!!!



LUCKY, YOU
FIGURED IT OUT,
SARGE! BECAUSE
THERE WEREN'T
ANY FINGERPRINTS
ON THAT
LOOKING CHECKER
STATUETTE!

TO BE SURE!
I SAID THAT
WAS A FUNNY
LOOKING CHECKER
GAME! THE
MURDERER DON'T
LIVE THAT CAN
FOOL
ME!



DAGNABBIT!
IF ONLY I
COULD FIGURE
A WAY THAT
CHECKERS COULD
TRAP THE
BLACK HOOD!



THAT'S ONE
GAME I'D
LIKE TO SEE!
ONLY I'D HAVE
TO BE THERE
AS.. ER..
OFFICIAL
KIBITZER!

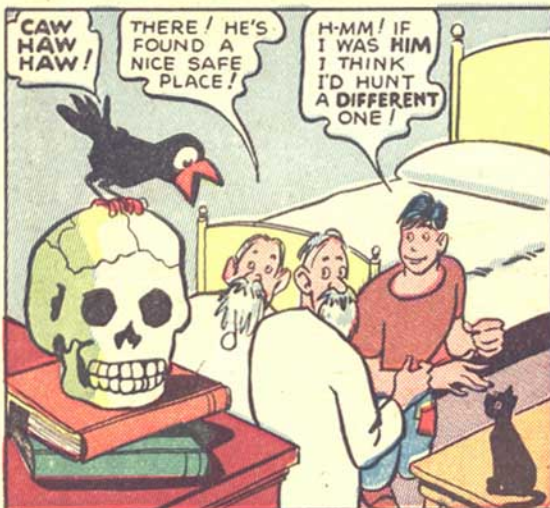
END

Catfish Joe

By
LARRY HARRIS

SEEKING SHELTER FROM A STORM JOE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE MOUNTAIN LABORATORY OF THE GOOBER TWINS -- HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THESE WEIRD SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST PERFECTED A STRANGE CONCOCTION THAT WILL MAKE A MAN JUMP LIKE A FLEA AND THAT THEY ARE ANXIOUS TO TRY IT OUT ON SOMEONE!







LATER - NOW THAT BREAKFAST IS OVER PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO STEP OUT AND ADMIRE THE VIEW FROM OUR MOUNTAIN!

YES! WE DONT WANT YOU TO BASH OUT YOUR BRAINS ON THE CEILING!

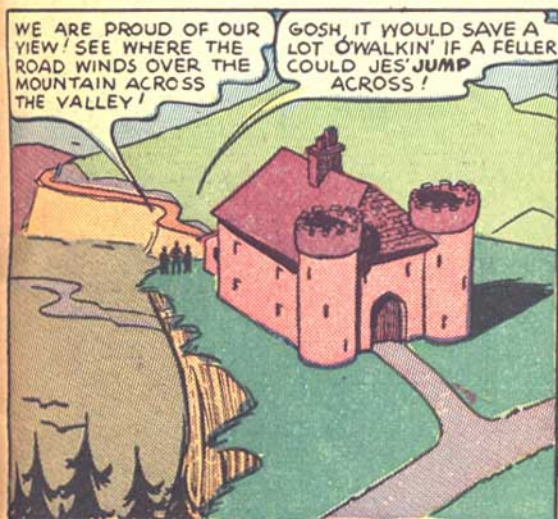
HUH? WHAT DO YO MEAN?



BROTHER FUDDY IS HAVING HIS LITTLE JOKE! COME, LET US STEP OUTSIDE!

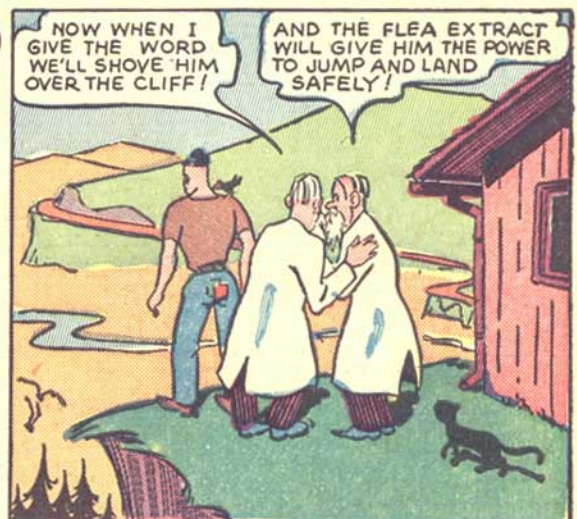


HORTENSE, LEFT BY HERSELF, JUMPS ONTO THE TABLE AND LAPS UP THE FEW DROPS REMAINING IN THE BREAKFAST DISHES!



WE ARE PROUD OF OUR VIEW! SEE WHERE THE ROAD WINDS OVER THE MOUNTAIN ACROSS THE VALLEY!

GOSH IT WOULD SAVE A LOT O'WALKIN' IF A FELLER COULD JES' JUMP ACROSS!



NOW WHEN I GIVE THE WORD WE'LL SHOVE 'HIM OVER THE CLIFF!

AND THE FLEA EXTRACT WILL GIVE HIM THE POWER TO JUMP AND LAND SAFELY!



WHAT'S TH' MATTER NOW GABBY?

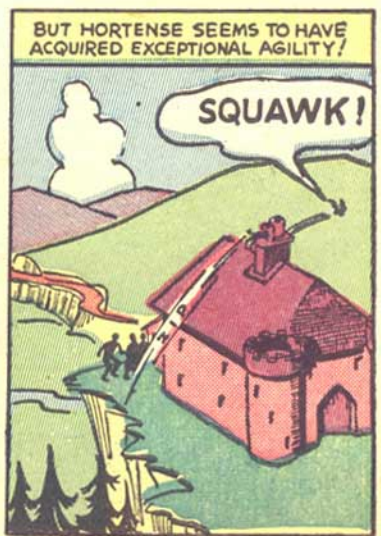
TAITERHEAD! TAITERHEAD!

THAT CAT IS AFTER HIM AGAIN!



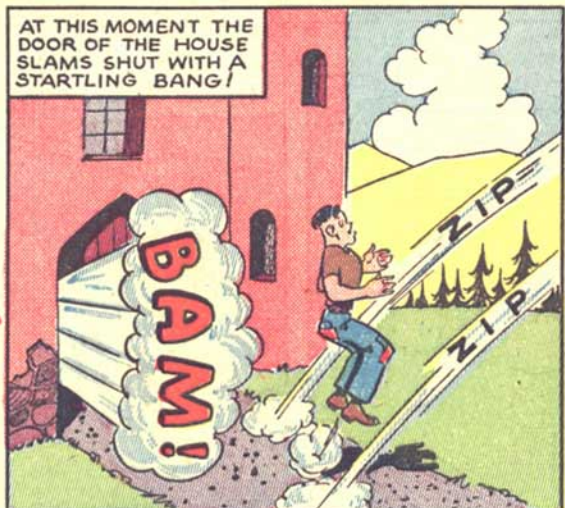
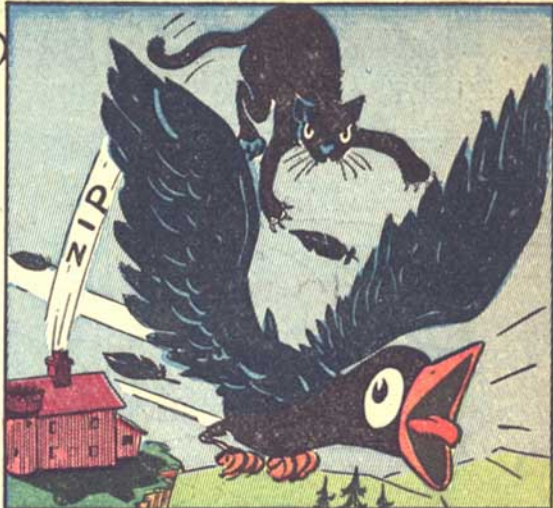
CAW-HAW-HAW!

HA, HA! ATTABOY GABBY! YER SAFE ENUFF UP THAR!



BUT HORTENSE SEEMS TO HAVE ACQUIRED EXCEPTIONAL AGILITY!

SQUAWK!





YOU'RE NOT DREAMING SON!

WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THOSE VITAMIN PILLS WE GAVE YOU FOR BREAKFAST?

I THOUGHT YOU NEEDED 'EM MORE 'N ME SO I PUT 'EM IN YORE OAT-MEAL!



GOSH! WAS IT THEM VITYMINS THAT MADE YO JUMP LIKE THAT?

YES-THAT WAS OUR LATEST DISCOVERY! WE WERE GOING TO LET YOU BE THE FIRST TO TRY IT!



OH BOY! IF I COULD JUMP LIKE THAT I'D BE BACK HOME IN MUDCAT IN NO TIME!



WELL, HERE TRY A COUPLE OF THE PILLS!

GEE, THANKS! THIS'LL SAVE AN AWFUL LOT OF WALKIN'!



HERE'S YOUR OLD CROW BACK! I WONDER WHERE HE LEFT OUR CAT?

NOW TAKE IT EASY AT FIRST, SON! THOSE PILLS ARE MIGHTY POWERFUL!



WHEE! YO'LL HAFTA STIR YORE FEATHERS, GABBY. IF YO WANNA KEEP UP WITH ME!



GOSH- I FORGOT TO WARN HIM THAT THE EFFECTS OF THE FLEA EXTRACT WILL WEAR OFF IN EXACTLY ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES!

NO MATTER- HE'LL FIND IT OUT! ALL THAT WILL HAPPEN IS THAT SUDDENLY HE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WALKING!




ONE HOUR AND SEVEN MINUTES LATER ---

GOSH, GABBY, WE'VE COVERED A LOT O' GROUND SINCE WE LEFT THEM GOOBER TWINS!

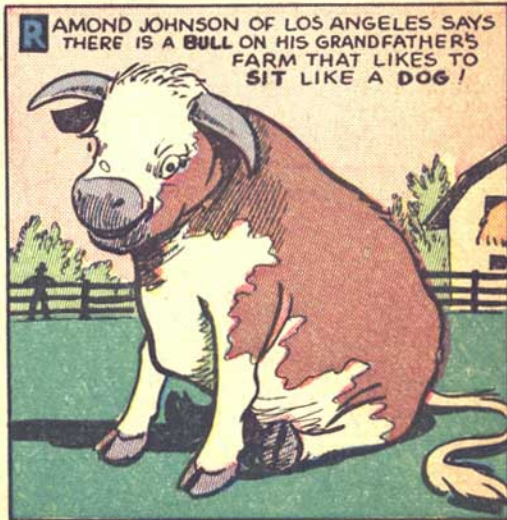


NOT REALIZING THAT HIS JUMPING POWER HAS WORN OFF, JOE HURTTLES OVER THE CLIFF! CAN ANYTHING SAVE HIM? WHY SHORE! IF YOU DONT BELIEVE IT SEE NEXT MONTH'S **PEP!**



Animal-Antix

SEND IN YOUR "ANIMAL-ANTIX" TO
CATFISH JOE PEP COMICS
241 CHURCH ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.



CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the
BOY
SOLDIERS

Special Communique

14

THIS IS A VERY SAD REPORT! A VERY
SAD REPORT INDEED! IT CONCERNS
THE SHATTERING OF A COMMANDO'S
DREAM!—ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S
PIPE
TO BE DREAM-
EXACT!



BY CLEM
FEIN

MORNING IN THE PALATIAL RESIDENCE OF ALASTAIR MORGANBILT-

WHERE IS THAT VALET?

DID YOU RING, SIR?

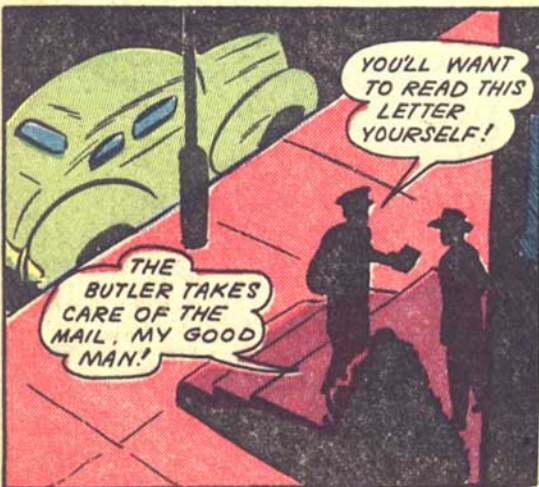
CONFOUND IT! WHERE IS HARRY, MY VALET? DOES HE EXPECT ME TO DRESS MYSELF?

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR! HARRY WAS DRAFTED INTO THE ARMY THIS MORNING!

VERY INCONSIDERATE OF HIM, I MUST SAY!

I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT FEND FOR MYSELF... WHERE IN HELL IS MY CUFFLINK?

IF THIS WAR KEEPS, THE SERVANT PROBLEM WILL BE APPALLING! GENTLEMEN SHOULD NOT BE SUBJECTED TO SUCH INDIGNITIES!



YOU'LL WANT TO READ THIS LETTER YOURSELF!

THE BUTLER TAKES CARE OF THE MAIL, MY GOOD MAN!

IMPERTINENT FELLOW! I'LL REPORT HIM TO THE PROPER AUTHORITIES!... WHA-WHAT'S THIS? I'M DRAFTED!

INDUCTION NOTICE

UNITED STATES OF A

GREETINGS - YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED TO AT YOUR LOCAL DRA ON TWENTY DAYS

EMILY! COME QUICK! MR. MORGANBILT HAS FAINTED!



LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE FOR THE FAR-FAMED COMMANDOS...

COMMANDO RECRUITING →

FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU WANT TO JOIN OUR OUTFIT! YOU ARE ER. NOT THE TYPE OF MAN WE USUALLY TAKE ON!



ANYONE CAN JOIN THE REGULAR ARMY! BUT A GENTLEMAN MUST PLAY A ROLE ADAPTED TO HIS STATION IN LIFE! SOMETHING THAT HAS A LITTLE MORE GLAMOR!

SO YOU THINK THE COMMANDOS ARE 'GLAMOROUS'?

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I WON'T BE THERE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU!

I APPRECIATE YOUR INTEREST, OLD FELLOW!



AND SO ALASTAIR MORGANBILT WENT TO WAR! HE SUFFERED THROUGH ARDUOUS WEEKS OF BASIC TRAINING AND (BECAUSE HE WAS ASSIGNED TO COMMANDO DUTY) HE WAS SHIPPED QUICKLY OVERSEAS! THERE, ON AN ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, HIS EDUCATION BEGAN...



DOWN ON YOUR BELLIES!



BUT-BUT
IT'S MUDDY.
SERGEANT!

AIN'T
THAT A
CRYIN'
SHAME?



WELL THAT'S TOO
!67000 BAD! I'LL
MAKE YOU EAT MUD
AN' LIKE IT!

YOU DON'T WANTS TA
GET YOUR NICE LITTLE UNIFORM
ALL DIRTY,
DO YOU?



KEEP YOUR
HEAD DOWN!
THEY'RE
STRAFING!

I WON'T STAND
FOR THIS! I'LL...
WHAT TH...!



DIG IN, BOY! THAT
MUD'S BETTER THAN
BULLETS!




NOW YOU'LL GET YOUR JUDO
LESSON! JUDO IS THE SAME THING AS
JIU-JITSU-- ONLY IT'S NASTIER, ROUGHER,
AND DIRTIER!






MORGANBILT!
COME
HERE!



YOU'RE A LAZY, STINKING,
NO GOOD @@@*!!
FURTHERMORE, YOU
OUGHT TO @%*
BEFORE \$6*!



YOU CAN'T TALK
TO ME LIKE THAT!
WHA?



AND THAT, BOYS, IS
YOUR FIRST
LESSON IN JUDO!

AFTER WEEKS
OF MAYHEM,
MISERY AND
MUD, THE.....
BIG
DAY
ARRIVED.....



YOU MEN HAVE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO WORK WITH CAPTAIN
COMMANDO! YOUR JOB IS TO DESTROY
THE JAP RADIO STATION ON NUAHI!..GOOD
LUCK TO YOU
ALL!

THAT NIGHT A LANDING BARGE APPROACHES THE NUAHI SHORE..



PASS THE COAL BLACK! TELL THE MEN TO SMEAR IT ON THICK!



GIVE YOURSELF A DINGE TINGE, FELLA!

NO, THANK YOU!



I DON'T SEE THE NEED FOR MAKING UP LIKE A BLACK-FACE COMEDIAN!

OKAY, GANG!



YOU'RE GONNA LOOK REAL PRETTY!

HELP! LET ME GO!



MAMMY



COME ON, MEN DON'T MAKE A SOUND!



STEALTHY AS INDIANS ON THE TRAIL, THE COMMANDOS WORK THEIR WAY UP THE BEACH.



THERE'S THE RADIO STATION! KEEP DOWN- AND WE MAY BE ABLE TO GET CLOSE BEFORE THEY SPOT US!



WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?

IT ISN'T RIGHT! IT ISN'T GENTLEMANLY TO SNEAK AROUND LIKE THIS!



WHY DON'T YOU WAVE AN AMERICAN FLAG AND GO GALLOPING UP ON HORSEBACK? THIS ISN'T LIKE THE STORY BOOKS, BUB! THIS IS WAR!



BUT WE CAN FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN! AND I'LL DO IT!



FOLLOW ME! TO VICTORY OR DEATH!



DID THAT SCREWBALL BLOW HIS TOP!

NO MATTER! THE JAPS SEE US! LET'S GO!

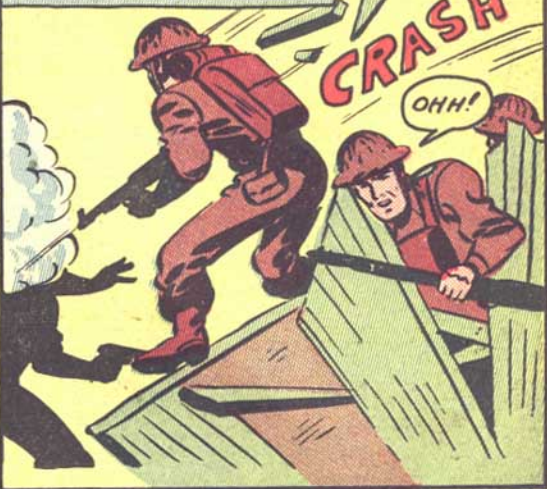


ALL HOPE OF SURPRISE GONE, THE COMMANDOS CHARGE DESPERATELY UP THE HILL IN THE FACE OF MURDEROUS FIRE-



YOU'RE HIT!

FIGHTING SAVAGELY, THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE HOUSE-



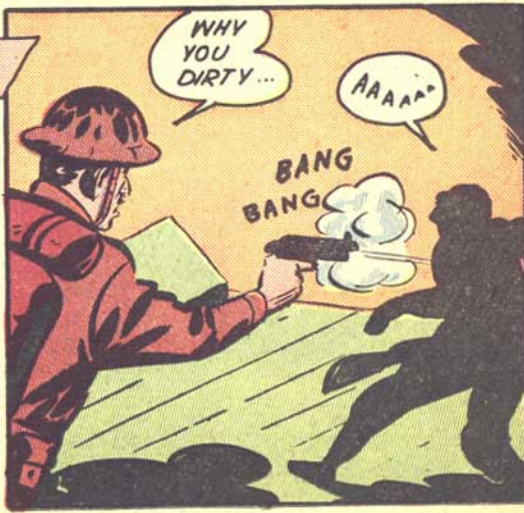
IT'S MY FAULT! I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LED THE CHARGE!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GIVE THE \$70! JAPS ONE FOR ME!



BUT NO SOONER IS THE WOUNDED COMMANDO LEFT ALONE--

DIE, AMERICAN DOG!



WHY YOU DIRTY...

AAAAA

BANG BANG

SUDDEN BLIND FURY FILLS ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S MIND WITH THE CRAZED DESIRE FOR REVENGE -

FIGHT LIKE GENTLEMEN, EH? THE LOUSY MURDERERS! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT ANIMALS!



AND THEY'LL DIE LIKE ANIMALS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

AIEEE

SO YOU'RE TRYING TO RUN AWAY! TAKE THIS WITH YOU! HA HA HA



BUT ONE WILY JAP PLAYING POSSUM, SUDDENLY HEAVES A GRENADE AT ALASTAIR MORGANBILT, THE ONE MAN ARMY.



AL! WATCH OUT!

BANZAI! DIE, YANKEE PIG!

AND THE EXPLOSION OF A GRENADE MARKS FINIS TO ALASTAIR MORGANBILT'S ONE MAN REIGN OF TERROR -



BUT AFTER THE FIGHTING IS OVER...

DE JAPS WON'T BE TUNIN' IN ON DIS WAVELENGTH NO MORE! THE TIDE OF THIS BATTLE!



AND I ALWAYS T'UGHT HE WAS TOO FANCY TO BE IN ANY GOOD FIGHT!

HE LIVED A GENTLEMAN! BUT HE DIED A FIGHTING MAN! THAT'S A TITLE ANY MAN HAS A RIGHT TO BE PROUD OF!



END

MONEY

FOR LETTERS OR POSTCARDS TELLING US WHICH IS YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTER IN **PEP COMICS!**

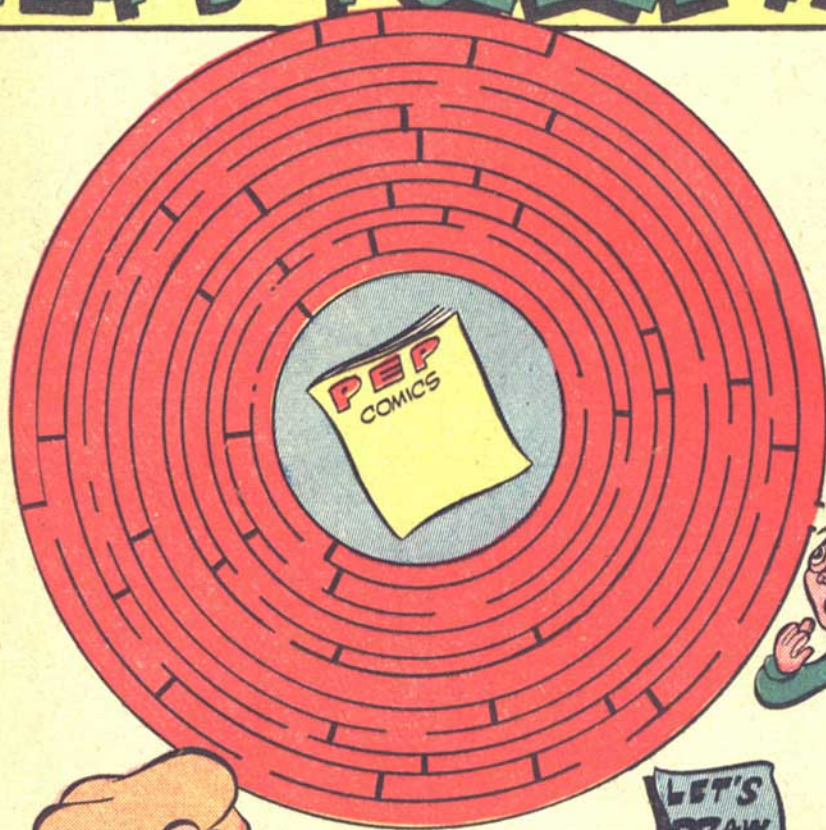
EVERYBODY WINS! NOBODY LOSES!

THE TEN BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A WHOLE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION OF **PEP COMICS**, **FREE!** EVERY BOY OR GIRL WHO WRITES A LETTER OR POSTCARD AND WHOSE NAME APPEARS IN **PEP COMICS** WILL RECEIVE A **WAR STAMP!**

START WRITING NOW..AND LOOK FOR YOUR NAME! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO **PEP COMICS**, 241 CHURCH STREET, NEW YORK CITY!



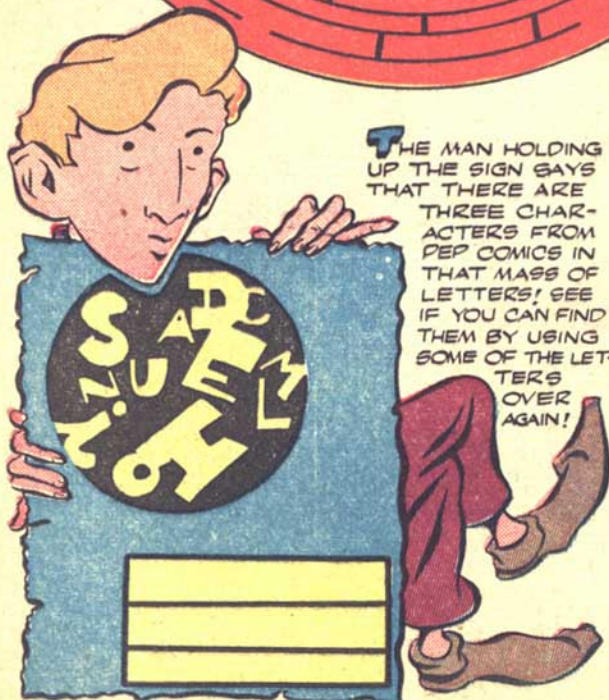
PEP'S PUZZLE PAGE



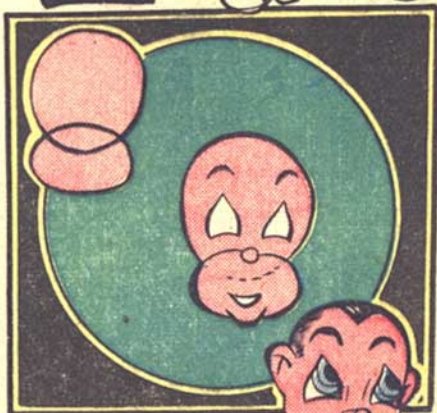
OUR LITTLE FRIEND, HERE, WAS PLAYING COPS AND ROBBERS! HIS TASK WAS TO GET THE COPY OF PEP COMICS IN THE MAZE! DOES HE GET IT?



LET'S DRAW

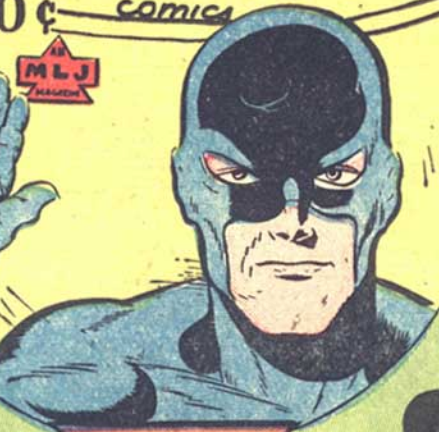
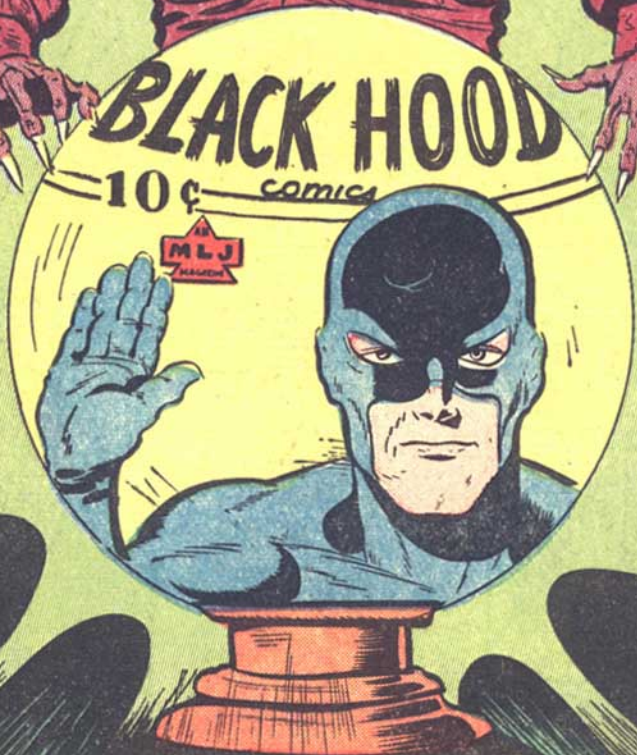


THE MAN HOLDING UP THE SIGN SAYS THAT THERE ARE THREE CHARACTERS FROM PEP COMICS IN THAT MASS OF LETTERS! SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM BY USING SOME OF THE LETTERS OVER AGAIN!



Bill Vigoda

I SEE THE THRILLS OF A
LIFETIME IN STORE FOR
YOU. THE SENSATIONAL
NEW COMIC MAGAZINE
BLACK HOOD COMICS
IS NOW ON SALE.
YOU FACE A VERY
DARK FUTURE IF
YOU DON'T HURRY
AND GET **YOUR**
COPY BEFORE
THEY'RE ALL
GONE!



THE HICK COP

by Leo Hoban

THE body lay sprawled in the curious flatness of death near the huge mahogany desk in the spacious library. The .38 caliber revolver was clutched in rigid fingers in the right hand. The hole in the right temple was precise and ringed with an uncertain and wavering circle of brownish-black cordite.

"Yep," Matt Scott drawled, "seems it's suicide alright. But it's downright strange that old man Urlap should take his own life. There's no reason for it, seems to me. He had money—plenty of it—a nice daughter and son, an' always seemed to be chipper and happy. Yessir, it's downright strange."

"Begging your pardon, sir," the butler said, "but Mr. Urlap had been very despondent of late. Something had been troubling him."

"Like what?" Scott's bushy eyebrows arched and his faded blue eyes were steady and inquisitive. Bundled in his dripping raincoat he looked like a huge and friendly mastiff. He was the one-man police force of the mountainous village of Greentree, the county seat three miles distance in the valley below.

"I'm not sure just what the trouble was, sir," the butler went on, "but Mr. Urlap wasn't himself ever since his daughter announced her engagement to that polo player, Mr. Yoder."

"Is that so?" Scott drawled. "That's interesting. When was this Mr. Yoder up here?"

"Not for two weeks, sir, when the engagement party was held in the garden."

Sheriff Scott looked through the drenched windows of the library out into the garden.

When lightning flashed and thunder rumbled the white glory of the Eucalyptus tree in the far corner showed briefly. It was the only such tree within hundreds of miles and had been the dead man's prize possession in his strange garden. Collecting strange species of exotic plants had been Urlap's hobby and his garden his pride.

"He didn't like this Mr. Yoder?" It was more of a statement than a question.

"He was civil to him, but I'm certain that he did not approve of him as a future son-in-law."

"Just why do you think that?"

"Well," the butler said hesitantly, "you could tell the way that he looked at him and he was rather aloof, too, and—"

"And what?"

"Well. . . Mr. Urlap recently has received a great deal of mail from a detective agency. I'm sure that he was trying to check up on Mr. Yoder."

"You seem damned sure of a lot of things," Scott grunted. "Where are these letters?"

The butler's eyes wavered. "He—he destroyed them."

Sheriff Scott's mouth went tight.

"You hear the shot?"

"No sir. I left Mr. Urlap in here about three hours ago. I found him—like this—when I brought him his evening scotch and soda. Then I called you."

"How about his dinner? It's away past dinner time."

"We were having dinner late. Miss Urlap and her brother and his fiancee and Mr. Yoder were to come to dinner. I believe the storm has delayed them. They

should have been here some time ago."

"Didn't they phone that they would be late?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Yoder phoned from Bennett about an hour ago."

"An hour ago! Why didn't you inform Mr. Urlap of this. You would have discovered his body sooner if you had."

"Mr. Urlap had left orders not to be disturbed until scotch and soda time," the butler said austere. "I always obey instructions."

Scott knew futility again. This butler . . . everything so damned pat. He would have liked to smack the guy around. But only city cops can get away with that.

"Could anyone get into this place without you knowing it?"

"No-o," the butler said hesitantly, "unless—" he jerked his right thumb— "unless they came over the garden wall. And that's unlikely."

During the intermittent lightning flashes Scott studied the sheer high wall and guessed its height at about twelve feet. Anyone topping that would have to have great agility and strength.

Scott tugged at his stubbled chin. "There's something about this that don't smell right, but it's beyond me. I guess I will have to call 'em." He started toward the telephone on the desk.

The ringing of the front doorbell stopped him in midstride. Its echoes rang hollowly through the huge house.

The butler looked questioningly at Scott.

"Bring them into the sitting room," Scott instructed. He looked again at the telephone, paused, then turned his back to it, crossed the library and closed the door behind him.

He was standing spraddled-legged, his wise eyes veiled when the four young people entered the room. He knew the two Urlaps, but the other girl and Yoder were strangers to him.

Yoder was a six-footer, flint-eyed, and walked with the muscular grace of an animal. His eyes met Scott's and his natty mustache became a tight line above his tight mouth.

"Why—Sheriff Scott—how nice of you to come," Patricia Urlap began, then stopped abruptly. "Is anything wrong?"

"Please sit down," Scott said. He turned to the butler. "You too."

Patricia's face went pale, and her clenched hands trembled as she seated herself on the divan. Yoder took a position beside her and slid an arm about her shoulders.

Four pairs of eyes regarded the grizzled old sheriff quizzically. The butler sat primly at the edge of his chair.

"There has been an accident here—" Scott began.

Patricia turned to the butler. "You were instructed to watch father carefully, Moler," she accused the butler. "He wasn't well."

"Dammit, sis!" young Urlap said, "I told you we should have gotten a nurse and not left father with this leech."

Patricia had her hand pressed to her mouth. Her voice came in an almost inaudible whisper.

"Father is dead?"

Scott shifted his feet uncomfortably.

The butler coughed politely and said: "Very sad, miss. He took his own life—a suicide."

"No he didn't," Scott said flatly, "he was murdered!"

Yoder spun on his heel to face the butler. "You damned murderer!" he shouted. "Patricia told me about you, how you were always chiseling on the old man, but he kept you on anyway—even liked you."

"He was my master—a good master!" the butler said simply.

"So good," Yoder derided, "that he left you twenty-five thousand dollars in his will. You knew Patricia and I were coming here to live after our marriage. Then you wouldn't have been alone with him—had a chance to murder him and collect. So you took this last opportunity knowing you were safe from witnessing eyes because we were delayed by the storm.

"That makes quite a case against him," Scott says. "Might hold water. City cops I guess, would hold him—but I'm not goin' to."

"What!"

"Nope," Scott drawled, "but I'm taking the murderer in. I understand you called from Bennett, Mr. Yoder, to tell that the party would be late?"

"Why—why, yes," Yoder's voice was suddenly brittle, "just before I joined the party at Morrison. It was me that made them late, you see. Roads were in terrible condition."

"So's the bridge between Bennett and Morrison," Scott snapped. "Yup, it's in terrible condition. Fact is, it was washed out five hours ago."

"Why—why, perhaps I was mistaken from which town I made the call. It might have been—uh—"

"No—you're right—it doesn't matter," Sheriff Scott said harshly. "I'm taking you in for murder. I don't know what your reason was for killing the old man, but I got a hunch it was to make sure of your marriage and the fortune Patricia will inherit. The old man had found out something not very nice

about you, and was ready to expose you. What it is doesn't interest me. The city cops and the D. A. will present it in court. They're good in tracing down such things. I ain't."

Some of the color returned to Yoder's face. "You old fogey, you'll hear about this. Why I'll slap a court suit on you that—"

"You won't be able, son. It's hard for a man who's going to die in the electric chair to do any suiting."

"What!" Yoder was suddenly stiff again and his head was cocked to one side as though he could hear the swift beating of the wings of doom.

"Yep," Scott lazed. "You're not supposed to have been up here for a couple of weeks, Yoder, yet the mud on the in-step of your shoes is cluttered with the brown fallen needles of the Eucalyptus tree. And there's more of them sticking out of the cuffs of your trousers. Only an athlete could scale that wall and you did that tonight."

A small automatic seemingly jumped into Yoder's hand.

"Al right, hicktown cop, you got me but neither you nor anyone else in this room will be alive to present such evidence. You're taking it first, hick!" The gun centered on Scott's breast. He steeled himself for the impact. The two women were screaming.

As though felled by an axe, Yoder suddenly pitched face forward. The fragments of a heavy vase was scattered about the floor. Blood oozed from a gash in the side of his head.

Scott retrieved the dropped gun and turned twinkling eyes on the butler.

"Is that any way to act—throwing vases at guests?"

"Sorry, sir," the butler said impassively. "I had to do it. Shall I call the city police now?"

"Sure thing. I don't want this varmint around me."

MLJ LEADS *the* **WAY**

OTHER
MAGAZINES!

AN
MLJ
PUBLICATION

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

DO YOU KNOW

???

BY ED COCCIN

WE'RE TO PICK UP
OUR MEN ON THE LEFT
BANK OF THE
RIVER -- WHICH SIDE
IS IT SIR ?

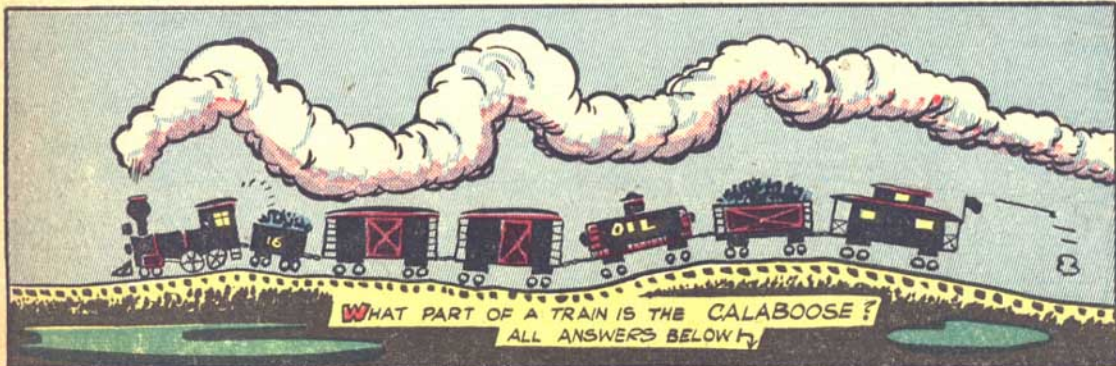
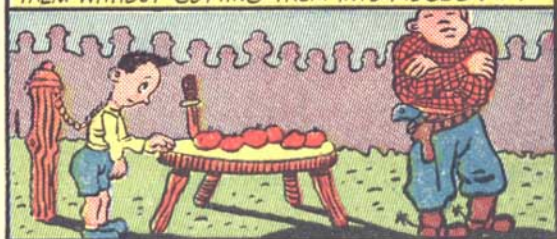
WHY, LIEUTENANT,
DON'T YOU KNOW ?

HOW WOULD
YOU TELL THE
LEFT BANK OF
A RIVER FROM
THE RIGHT ?

IF YOU HAD SEVEN PIG AND TWO DIED -- HOW
MANY WOULD YOU HAVE LEFT ?



TO SAVE THE LIVES OF THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE HOW
WOULD YOU DIVIDE SIX APPLES EQUALLY AMONG
THEM WITHOUT CUTTING THEM INTO PIECES ? ? ?



WHAT PART OF A TRAIN IS THE CALABOOSE ?
ALL ANSWERS BELOW

1. SHUT OFF YOUR ENGINES AND DRIFT -- FACE DIRECTION IN WHICH YOU'RE DRIFTING -- RIGHT BANK IS
ON YOUR RIGHT SIDE 2. YOU'D STILL HAVE SEVEN PIGS... FIVE LIVING AND TWO DEAD 3. YOU COULD
MAKE APPLESAUCE AND CUTTING THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE INTO PIECES WOULDN'T SAVE THEIR
LIVES... 4. CALABOOSE IS A JAIL -- LITTLE HOUSE CAR ON END OF TRAIN IS A 'CABOOSE'

PRIZES for You -- COME an' GET 'EM



--and MONEY, too!



SIGNAL
KNIFE



5 POWER
SPYGLASS



FLASHLIGHT

WRIST
WATCH



HAND AXE



FIELDER'S
GLOVE and BALL

HERE it is Fellers—the chance of a lifetime to earn all the MONEY and PRIZES you want. Look 'em over! Are they Jim Dandies? And How! A real wrist watch, a baseball glove and ball that will really fill the bill—a regular "he man" hand axe that can split a cat's whisker—yes sir—every prize a pippin and yours in addition to a regular income that will make you the envy of your whole gang. Start today to get the PRIZE you want, and find out for yourself what a thrill it is to have real money jingling in your pocket. All this can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazine to regular customers. Send in the coupon and get started today.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio.

Dear Jim: I want to claim some of your wonderful Prizes. Please send me your PRIZE BOOK and start me earning MONEY and PRIZES right away.

NAME _____ AGE _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____
(*) If your city is so divided

First—fill out the coupon and mail it to me on a penny postcard—I'll start you at once and send you A FREE PRIZE BOOK. All you have to do to earn PRIZES AND A CASH INCOME is to deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or other activities. Send coupon today. If you don't want to clip coupon, write to MR. JIM THAYER, DEPT. 22 THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

SEND FOR **FREE** PRIZE BOOK

MARCO LOCO

by HUGBELL

Adventurer



rescued an oriental cast-
away from the sea, and
journeying to the far East.



AHEH!

This is the tale of how
that noble being
of valiant heart
MARCO LOCO..

WELL ACCORDING
TO MARCO'S
DIARY..

Met the Great **GENGHIS KHAN!**

LOG At Sea,
April 16-
I have noticed great
sadness among the
crew. Misfortune has
overtaken us.
Snooch the cook, is
sick!!!

ALACK, POOR
SNOOCH IS
STILL ABED!

I HOPE
HE RECOVERS,
BOON, POOR
FELLOW!

AY! (sob) FOR
THREE DAYS
WE HAVE NOT
EATEN!



FEELING ANY
BETTER TODAY,
OLD PAL?

Snooch NO!
OOHNNHH



WELL, DON'T WORRY ABOUT
US! WE AREN'T SO
TERRIBLY HUNGRY...
.. YET..

D. DON'T EVEN
MENTION
FOOD!
OOHNNHHHH

ZOUHOS! I SHOULD HAVE ENGAGED AN ASSISTANT COOK! THIS IS A PRETTY PICKLE!.. AND..YUM.. SPEAKING OF PICKLES...

IT'S INHUMAN!

WHAT A HORRIBLE SIGHT! I CAN'T BEAR IT!

OH!

BANG!

THE CREW SWARMS OUT OF THE

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

LOOK!

DON'T LOOK! IT'S AWFUL!

A MONSTROUS, SLITHERING, SLIMY, SEA SERPENT!..!

HURRY! JEREMY! HELP ME SWING THE STERN GUN AROUND! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

JUST A LITTLE MORE! THAT'S IT!

BAM!

HOORAY! HE DID IT!

MARCO LOCO HAS KILLED THE HORRIBLE SEA SERPENT!

THREE CHEERS FOR MARCO!





NOW QUIT WORRYING. BUM CHOW, YOU'LL BE HOME IN NO TIME!

NORTHWARD ALONG THE COAST THEY SPEED..

WE ARE NOW APPROACHING THE TEMPLE OF OH POOH!

THAT SO?

HALT!

CUSTOMS INSPECTION/ QUOTE - "ANYONE TRYING TO SMUGGLE OPIUM, LIQUOR, TOBACCO, OR JEWELS INTO OH PUH PROVINCE, SHALL BE BEHEADED!" UNQUOTE!

GULP!

? PSST... GIVE ME THAT, MARCO!

AND NOW, HAVE YOU ANY OF THOSE ITEMS, HMMM?

WHY, ER... GULP! ER...

CERTAINLY NOT! DO WE LOOK LIKE SMUGGLERS?

HERE'S YOUR EYE BACK! TRICKY LITTLE GUY AIN'T I?

WHOOIE! THAT YOU ARE, ONE.EYE!

AT LAST, THEY ARRIVE IN, SUM BUM CHOW'S VILLAGE...



GEETINGS, FUTURE FATHER-IN-LAW! I BUM CHOW RETURN TO CLAIM YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND!

ALAS! YOU COME TOO LATE! EVEN NOW, SHE AND GENGHIS KHAN ARE AT THE CHURCH!



DO YOU, GENGHIS KHAN, TAKE THIS WOMAN, ETC. ?



YAS! STOP!

HAH! WHO ARE YOU TO THUS BURST IN ON THE WEDDING OF THE GREAT KHAN?



MARCO'S THE NAME! HERE IS THE LEFT EYE OF THE DRAGON OF OH POOH! KINDLY TAKE YOUR BAUBLE AND GO!

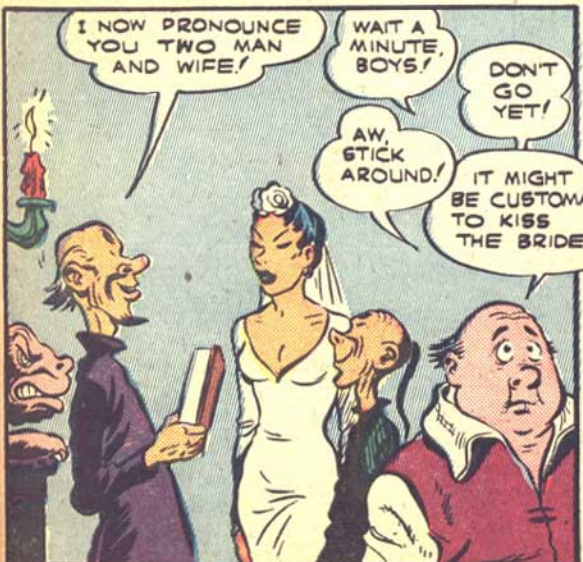
AW, POOEY!



MY HERO! LET'S FINISH THE CEREMONY!

JILTED AGAIN!

GULP! AW, GEE!



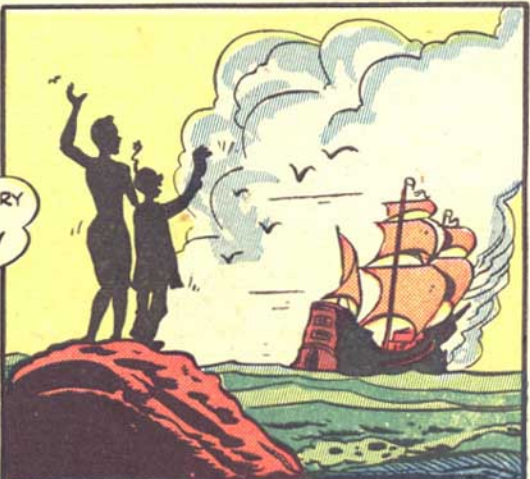
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU TWO MAN AND WIFE!

WAIT A MINUTE, BOYS!

DON'T GO YET!

AW, STICK AROUND!

IT MIGHT BE CUSTOMARY TO KISS THE BRIDE!



SO, IT'S OFF TO NEW ADVENTURES FOR MARCO LOCO! SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE

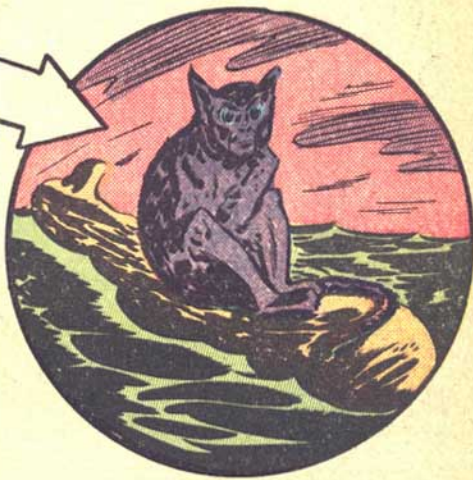
The **CURSE** OF THE
BLACK MONKEY



OUR STORY OPENS IN THE CROW'S NEST OF A U.S. TRANSPORT..

WHAT'S THAT? A PIECE OF FLOATING WRECKAGE, AND... HOLY MACKEREL!

NO WONDER THE SAILOR IS AMAZED, FOR LOOK AT THE SURVIVOR HE SEES..



THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KEEP THE MONK, CAPTAIN!

WELL, YOU SAW HIM FIRST, JOHNSON! FUNNY THAT A MONKEY SHOULD BE THE ONLY SURVIVOR!



THAT EVENING A RAGING GALE BLOWS UP..



THIS IS SURE A QUEER LOOKIN' MONK! ALL BLACK AND BLIND AS A BAT! GIVES ME THE CREEPS THE WAY IT JUST KEEPS STARIN'...



MAKES ME FEEL AS THOUGH SOMETHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN ANY...

AGH H H H



AND BLIND THOUGH IT SEEMS TO BE THE BLACK MONKEY MAKES IT'S WAY UNERRINGLY TOWARD DECK, LEAVING BEHIND IT'S DEAD OWNER...



NEXT DAY--

COME IN!

KNOCK
KNOCK

WHAT IS
IT, LIEUT.
COOK?

IT'S ABOUT
THIS MONK, SIR!
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO
WITH IT!

NONE OF THE
BOYS'LL HAVE IT!
THEY SAY IT'S
A JINX!

SUCH NONSENSICAL
SUPERSTITION! JOHNSON'S
DEATH WAS SHEER ACCIDENT..
HERE..I'LL
TAKE IT!

DAYS LATER THE SHIP
PULLS INTO HOME PORT..

NOW YOU'RE GOING
TO MEET THE BEST
FAMILY A MAN EVER
HAD, MONK!

ANN, DEAR
IT'S GOOD
TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!

OH, ANDREW!
I'M SO GLAD
YOU'RE
SAFE!

HELLO,
DAD!



I'VE BEEN DOING THINGS, WHILE YOU WERE AT SEA, DAD! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY *WINGS*?

I'M PROUD OF THEM FRANK, AND YOU TOO!



SAY, THAT'S A FUNNY LOOKING MASCOT YOU BROUGHT HOME, DAD! WHAT'S IT'S NAME?

OH, THE BOYS CALLED HIM "THE *JINX*"! THEY HAD A QUEER NOTION, THAT...



OH... I... I... FEEL D... DIZZY...



HA, HA... JUST A SPELL! IT'LL PASS OFF DEAR!

JUST THE SAME, I'M GOING TO PUT YOU TO BED AND CALL THE DOCTOR!



LATER...

I'M SORRY, MRS. STIMSON! THE TROPICAL FEVER WORKED TOO FAST!

YOU MEAN HE'S...



YES.!!

SO, ONCE AGAIN "THE *JINX*" LIVES UP TO IT'S NAME! A SHIP WITH ALL HANDS LOST! A SAILOR STRUCK BY LIGHTNING! AND NOW A SHIP CAPTAIN! MERELY CO-INCIDENCE, OR IS THIS BLACK MONKEY WITH IT'S WEIRD, UNSEEING EYES REALLY A HARBINGER OF EVIL? LET US SEE!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT MONK, FRANK?

IT WAS MY DAD'S! I'M KEEPING IT FOR A MASCOT!...

SURE IS A **QUEER**
LOOKIN'
BUGGER!
BLACK AS
SIN!

AND **BLIND**
TOO! DAD SAID
HIS CREW THOUGHT
IT BAD LUCK!
CALLED IT
"THE
JINX!"

BUT I **DON'T**
BELIEVE IN
THAT ROT,
ANY MORE
THAN... **HEY!**
WE'RE **LOSIN'**
ALTITUDE!



MOTOR'S
CONKIN' OUT!
BAIL OUT,
CHARLIE!



CRASH!

FROM THE WRECKAGE A
LONE SURVIVOR
EMERGES..



FROM HAND TO
HAND "THE
JINX" TRAVELS...
EVER BRINGING
MISFORTUNE...
IT'S BEADY
LITTLE GLITTER-
ING EYES
UNSEEING..AND
YET SEEMING
TO SEE ALL! THEN
AFTER A DEVIOUS
PROCESS OF
EXCHANGE, WE
PICK UP IT'S CAREER
ONCE AGAIN.. THIS
TIME IN POSSESSION
OF PIETRO, THE
ORGAN GRINDER..



'AT'S
ENOUGH
FOR ONE
DAY, **JINX!**



HA-- WE
MAKE A DA
GOOD BUSINESS
TODAY!



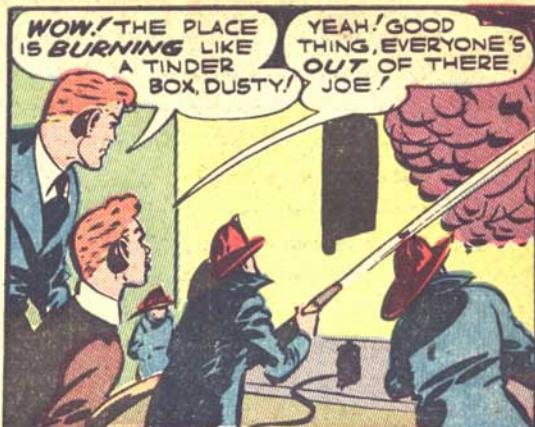
HARD LUCK..A
MONK, THEY TELL ME
WHEN THEY SELL-A
YOU TO ME! **HA!**
FOR ME YOU ARE
THE GOOD..A
LUCK!

FOR YOU GOOD LUCK, EH, PIETRO?! PERHAPS YOU WOULD CHANGE YOUR MIND IF YOU COULD SEE WHAT WAS TO BE IN STORE FOR YOU IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE! THAT VERY EVENING IN FACT.. AFTER YOU'VE GONE TO SLEEP!



WOW! THE PLACE IS BURNING LIKE A TINDER BOX, DUSTY!

YEAH! GOOD THING, EVERYONE'S OUT OF THERE, JOE!



GREAT THUNDER! JOE, LOOK! ON THE TOP FLOOR!

A MAN! AND HE'S TRAPPED!



HELP, A.! HELP, A.! (COUGH, COUGH)



A NEARBY ALLEY PROVIDES A SUITABLE REFUGE.

RIGHT! WE'RE GOING ON THE ADJOINING ROOF!

TIME FOR THE, SHIELD AND, DUSTY, EH, PAL?



WHAT NOW, SHIELD?

NOW FOR A GOOD STRONG ROPE!



AND HERE IT IS.. THIS CLOTHES-LINE!



TIE IT GOOD AND TIGHT AROUND YOU, DUSTY

OKAY! BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!





YOU WILL IN JUST A MINUTE!

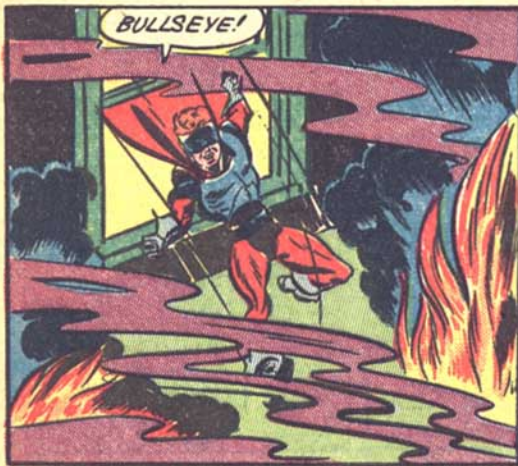


HEY!
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULD.
NOW JUMP, DUSTY!



GOOD BYE!
NOW TO SWING YOU INTO THE WINDOW!



BULLSEYE!



I'LL BE GOT HERE TOO LATE!
HE'S DEAD!



I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU MANAGED TO KEEP ALIVE, MONK! BUT I'LL SEE TO IT YOU STAY THAT WAY!



GOOD WORK, LAD. NOW WE'LL BOTH CLIMB DOWN THIS POLE!



FUNNY LOOKIN' CHIMP!
COAL BLACK!

GOOD LORD!
I THINK THE MONK'S BLIND, DUSTY!



THAT MAKES IT TWICE AS STRANGE, SHIELD! A BLIND MONKEY SURVIVES, WHILE ITS HEALTHY OWNER DIES!



OH WELL, I'M GONNA KEEP IT FOR A MASCOT, JOE!

HMM... WASN'T MUCH OF A MASCOT FOR THAT POOR OLD ORGAN GRINDER!



RUN ALONG TO THE APARTMENT, LAD. I'M GONNA DROP IN ON MY OLD FRIEND, DOC HASKELL!

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST, HUH. OKAY, SEE YOU LATER!



HELLO, DOC! LONG TIME NO SEE!

HELLO JOE! JUST GOT BACK FROM INDIA! GLAD YOU LOOKED ME UP!

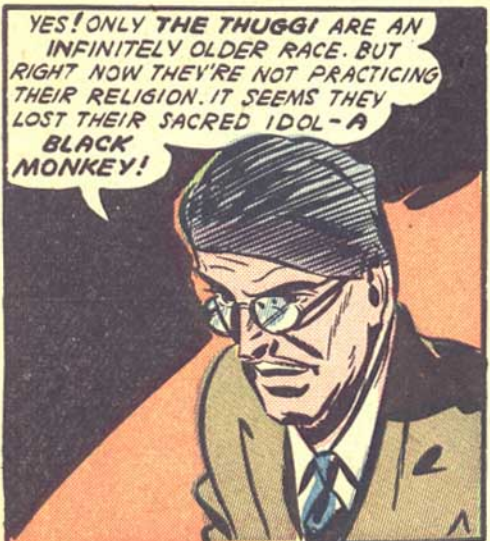
INDIA HUH! EXPLORING AGAIN. I SEE!

YES! THIS TIME A VERY CURIOUS TRIBE CALLED THE THUGGI!

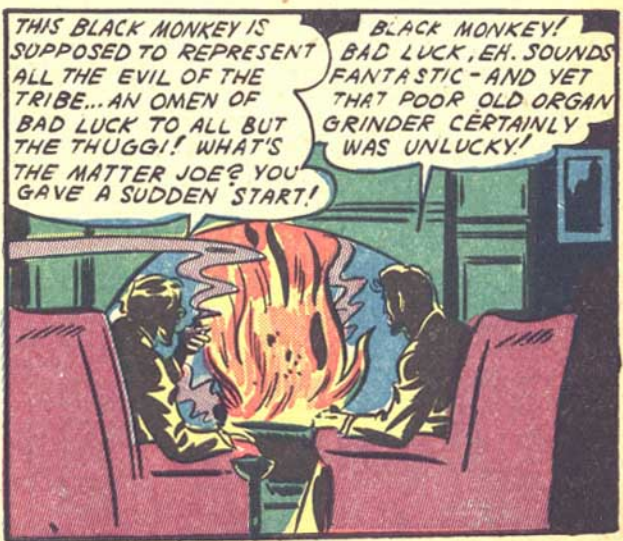


THEY HAVE A PECULIAR CODE OF LIVING! THEY WORSHIP CRIME, MURDER AND VIOLENCE!

HMM- SOUNDS A GOOD DEAL LIKE THE JAPS AND NAZIS, DON'T THEY!



YES! ONLY THE THUGGI ARE AN INFINITELY OLDER RACE. BUT RIGHT NOW THEY'RE NOT PRACTICING THEIR RELIGION. IT SEEMS THEY LOST THEIR SACRED IDOL - A BLACK MONKEY!



THIS BLACK MONKEY IS SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT ALL THE EVIL OF THE TRIBE... AN OMEN OF BAD LUCK TO ALL BUT THE THUGGI! WHAT'S THE MATTER JOE? YOU GAVE A SUDDEN START!

BLACK MONKEY! BAD LUCK, EH. SOUNDS FANTASTIC - AND YET THAT POOR OLD ORGAN GRINDER CERTAINLY WAS UNLUCKY!



TELL ME DOC!
IS THAT MESSING
THUGGI MONKEY
BLIND?



WHY YES!
HOW DID YOU
KNOW? THE
THUGGI ALWAYS
BLIND THEIR
MONKEY
GOD!

THAT'S ALL
I WANT TO
KNOW!
SO LONG
AND
THANKS!



OUTSIDE, JOE HIGGINS, THE F.B.I. MAN,
BECOMES THE SHIELD!

MAYBE IT'S
JUST A CRAZY
HUNCH! BUT
I'M NOT
TAKING ANY
CHANCES!



AT THAT MOMENT...
PUT 'EM
UP, BRAT!

LEGS SARDI!
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE IN THE
PEN!



WHERE YOU
AN' VER PAL, JOE
HIGGINS. PUT ME,
HUH! BUT I
BUSTED OUT.
AND I'M GETTIN'
EVEN. YOU FIRST!



YOU'RE
THROUGH!
UGH!

WRONG,
LEGS! YOU'RE
THROUGH!



WHEN I FINISH
WITH YOU, YOU'LL
THINK PRISON
IS A REST
CURE!



DUSTY! HE'S
HIT! DUSTY,
LAD! SPEAK TO
ME!

I-I'M ALL RIGHT!
HE - HE JUST WINGED
ME, SHIELD -
THANKS TO YOU!



SHIELD!
LOOK! SARDI'S
MAKING A
GETAWAY!



AND SO, BOYS AND GIRLS, READ YOUR NEWSPAPERS CAREFULLY FROM NOW ON. SHOULD SOME PECULIAR DISASTER OVERTAKE THE YELLOW RULER - REMEMBER THE BLACK MONKEY!