

No. 27

64
PAGES
OF
ACTION!

MAY, 1939

Detective COMICS

10¢

STARTING THIS ISSUE:
THE AMAZING AND
UNIQUE ADVENTURES OF
THE BATMAN!



CRIME NEVER PAYS



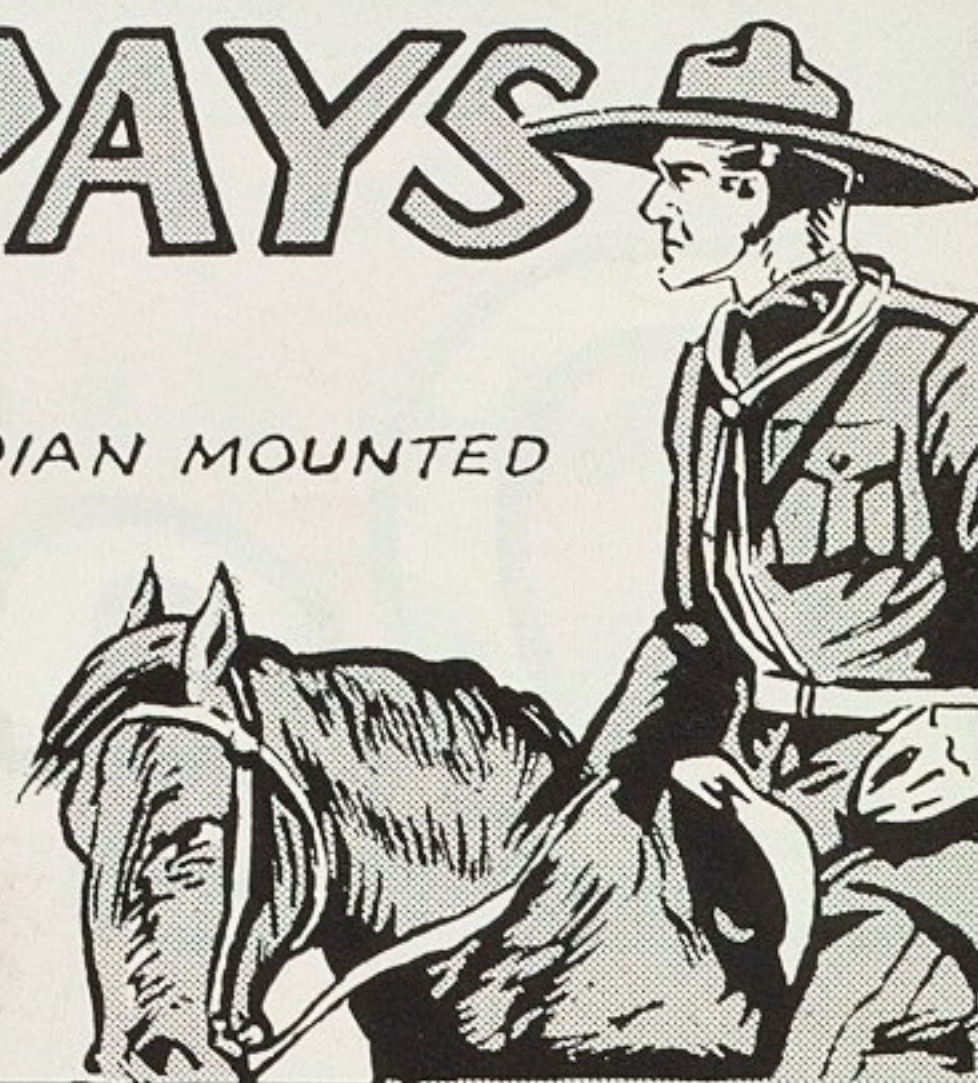
HELEN BLIXT -
OF SALT LAKE CITY, ONE OF THE LEADING BALLISTICS EXPERTS OF THE U.S.



BULLETS BETRAY NO LESS THAN FINGERPRINTS

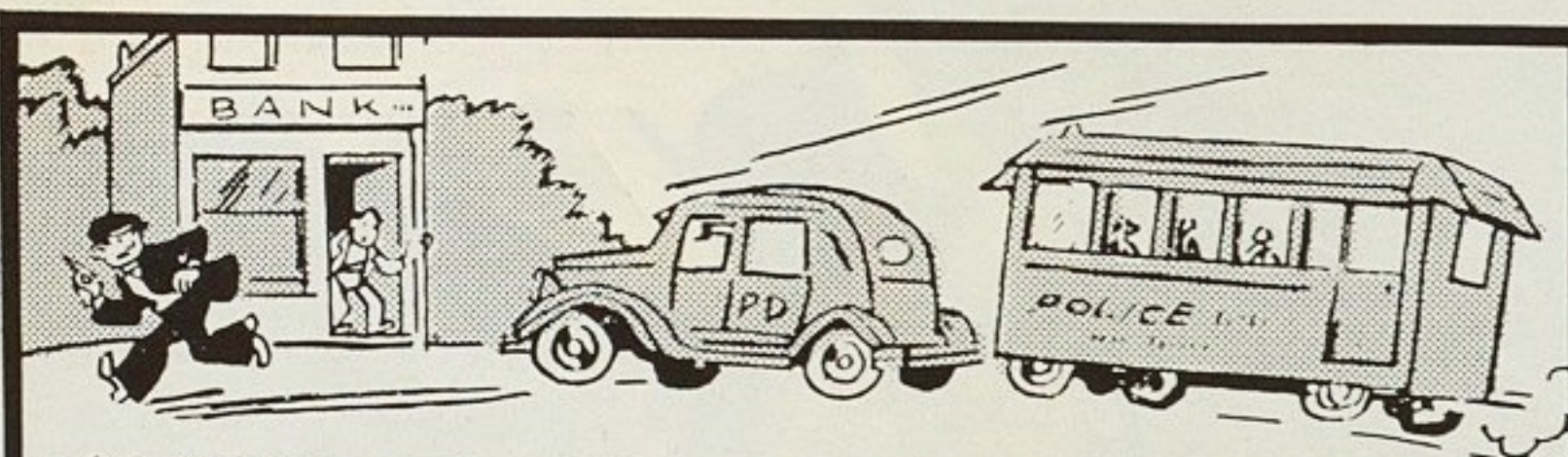
FORENSIC BALLISTICS - THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF MISSILES IS A GREAT AID IN CRIME DETECTION. AN INDIVIDUAL FIREARM WILL LITERALLY STAMP ITS OWN "FINGERPRINT." NO TWO GUNS ARE ALIKE AND EACH MARKS THE BULLETS IT SHOOTS. TODAY ALL SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED DETECTIVES POSSESS THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS TO ACT AS EXPERTS AND CAN TELL WHAT TYPE OF WEAPON DISCHARGED A BULLET.

The ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE CAME INTO EXISTENCE OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO 1875, AND TODAY THERE IS A TOTAL OF NEARLY 3,000 IN THE FORCE.



HOLE IN LEAF CLUE

WHEN A MAN WAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT TO DEATH, LUKE MAY, CRIMINOLOGIST, OF SEATTLE, WAS CALLED ON THE CASE. THE VICTIM HAD BEEN SHOT BY SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE AS HE SAT BY THE WINDOW IN HIS STUDY. LUKE MAY NOTICED THAT - IF THE SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED CLOSE TO THE GLASS, THE PANE WOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN. OUTSIDE, NEAR A TREE, MAY LOOKED AROUND FOR CLUES, AND GLANCED AT A LEAF ON A LEVEL WITH THE WINDOW. THROUGH IT WAS A BULLET HOLE. TRACING THE FLIGHT OF THE SLUG LED HIM TO A WINDOW IN A ROOMING HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET THE SLAYER HAD OCCUPIED THE ROOM. HIS DISCRPTION WAS SECURED AND HE WAS ARRESTED.



TRAVELING CRIME HEADQUARTERS

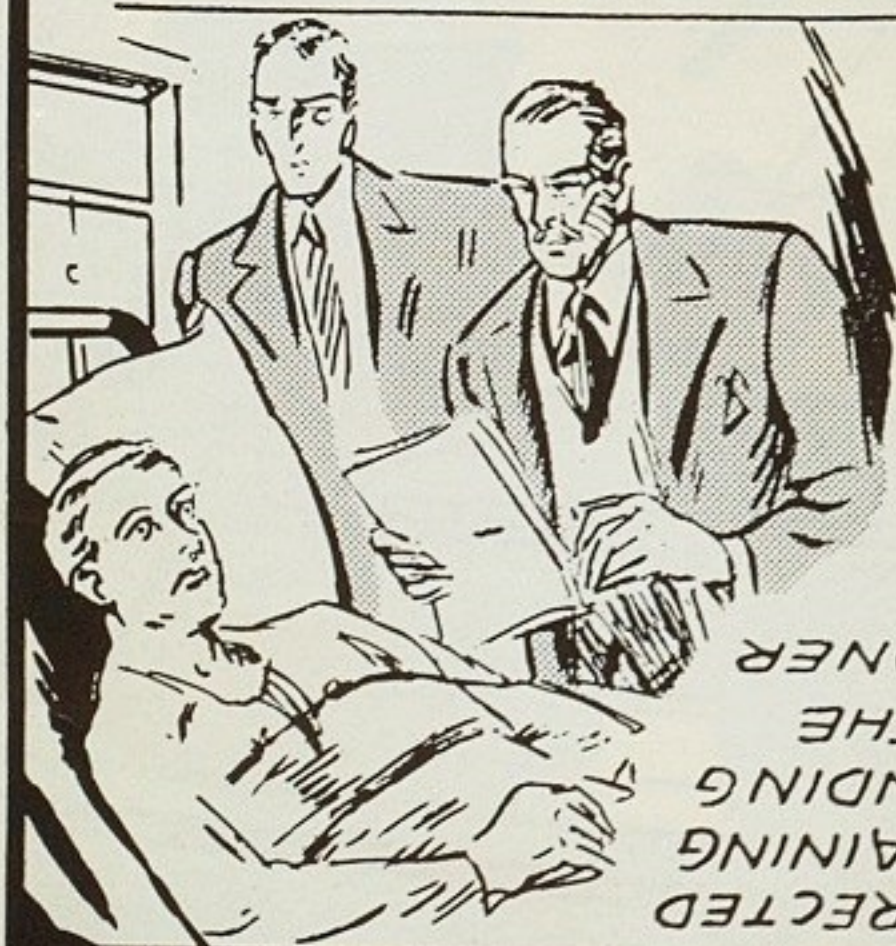
A POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON WHEELS - AN AUTO-MOBILE TRAILER - THAT CAN SPEED DIRECTLY TO THE SCENE OF A SUSPECTED OR KNOWN CRIME WITHOUT DELAY IS USED BY THE NASSAU COUNTY POLICE DETECTIVE DIVISION, NEW YORK. IT IS OUTFITTED WITH THE NEEDS OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD INCLUDING CHAIRS TO ACCOMMODATE SUSPECTED PERSONS OR WITNESSES DURING THE PROCESS OF QUESTIONING. THE TRAILER ALSO CONTAINS A LABORATORY EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING A COMPLETE FINGERPRINTING OUTFIT.

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION STARTED THEIR FINGERPRINT COLLECTION IN 1924 AND IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

1214	RIGHT THUMB	44
NAME	John Doe	C
OFFENSE	Burglary	S
CHARGE	1st Degree	10
		R
		A
		M

ROLLED IMPRESSION

DETEC-TEST ?



WHAT IS A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS ?

ANSWER - A WRIT DIRECTED TO THE PERSON DETAINING ANOTHER, COMMANDING HIM TO PRODUCE THE BODY OF THE PRISONER AT A CERTAIN TIME AND PLACE.



ROBS U.S. TREASURY DISPLAY GOLD (?)

THE ONE AND ONLY ROBBERY EVER STAGE IN THE U.S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS COMMITTED BY AN UNKNOWN THIEF IN 1934. IF THE BARS OF METAL WHICH WERE STOLEN FROM THE DISPLAY WINDOW HAD BEEN GOLD IT WOULD HAVE BEEN VALUED AT \$30,000 - BUT THEY WERE ONLY GILDED. SCRAP IRON.

VINCENT A SULLIVAN, Editor

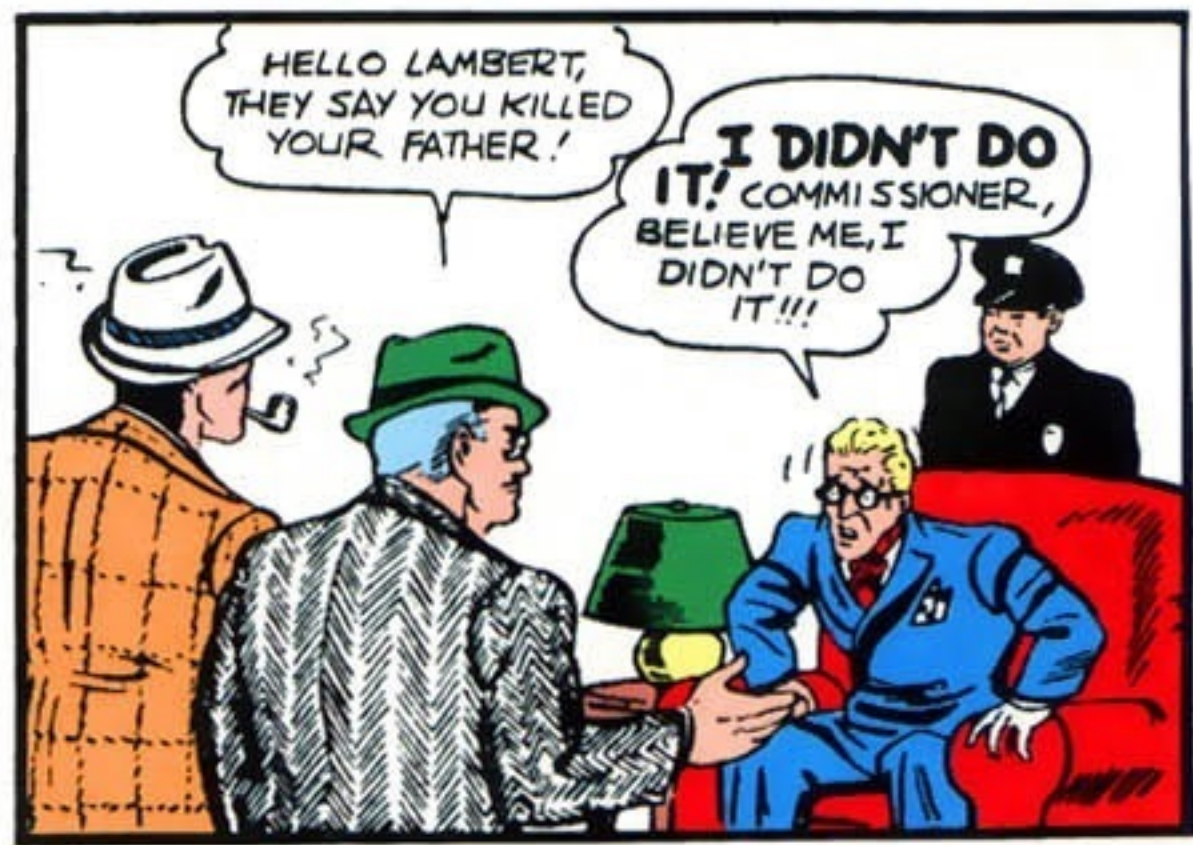
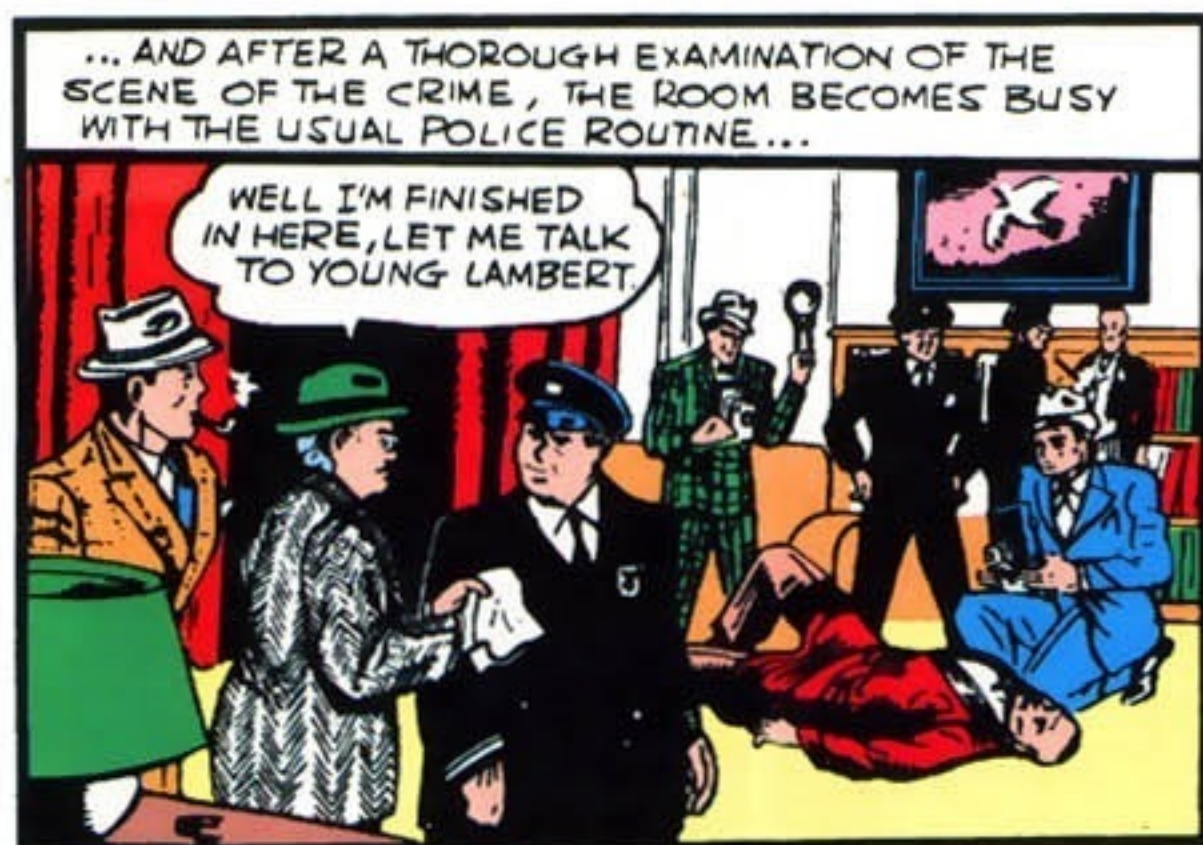
DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly by DETECTIVE COMICS, INC., 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription rates: 12 issues by mail in the United States and its possessions, \$1.20; elsewhere \$2.20. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Entire contents copyright 1939, by Detective Comics, Inc. For advertising rates, address Combined Publications, Inc., 125 East 46th Street, New York City. Western Office: Harley L. Ward, Inc., 360 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE BAT-MAN

THE CASE OF THE CHEMICAL SYNDICATE.

by **Robt Kane**

THE "BAT-MAN", A MYSTERIOUS AND ADVENTUROUS FIGURE, FIGHTING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND APPREHENDING THE WRONG DOER, IN HIS LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL FORCES OF SOCIETY... HIS IDENTITY REMAINS UNKNOWN.

CALM YOURSELF, MY BOY, AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT!

...WELL SIR... TONIGHT I CAME HOME EARLY, AND AS I WAS PASSING THE LIBRARY I HEARD A GROAN... I RUSHED IN AND THERE WAS MY FATHER LYING ON THE FLOOR, WITH A KNIFE STICKING UP FROM HIS BACK....

...AND AS I RUSHED IN, I GOT THE IMPRESSION OF SOMETHING LEAPING OUT OF THE WINDOW... I ALSO NOTICED THAT FATHER'S SAFE WAS OPENED....

...I PULLED THE KNIFE OUT OF MY FATHER'S BODY, AND TURNED HIM TOWARD ME JUST IN TIME TO HEAR HIM SAY...

...CONTRACT...
CONTRACT...
OH HHHH,

...AND THEN HE DIED, THAT'S HOW I GOT MY FINGER PRINTS ON THE KNIFE... THAT'S THE TRUTH, COMMISSIONER

HMM! DID YOUR DAD HAVE ANY ENEMIES OR PEOPLE WHO HAD AN INTEREST IN HIS BUSINESS ACTIVITIES?

...NOT THAT I KNOW OF, EXCEPT HIS THREE FORMER BUSINESS PARTNERS... LET'S SEE, THEY WERE - STEVEN CRANE, PAUL ROGERS AND ALFRED STRYKER

COMMISSIONER, THERE'S A MAN NAMED STEVE CRANE WHO WANTS TO SPEAK TO OLD LAMBERT. WHEN I TOLD HIM THAT LAMBERT WAS MURDERED HE GOT VERY EXCITED AND WANTED TO SPEAK TO YOU!

THIS IS COMMISSIONER GORDON, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

... YESTERDAY, MR. LAMBERT CALLED AND TOLD ME HE RECEIVED AN ANONYMOUS THREAT ON HIS LIFE... TODAY I RECEIVED THE SAME... THAT'S WHY I CALLED UP... AND I'M AFRAID I'LL BE NEXT... WHAT SHALL I DO?

WAIT... AND DO NOT LEAVE ANYBODY IN - WE'LL BE OVER SOON AS WE CAN - WHAT'S THAT, BRUCE?

HO HUM! I'LL LEAVE YOU HERE TO FINISH YOUR WORK... I'M GOING HOME.

... MEANWHILE STEVEN CRANE SITS IN HIS LIBRARY WITH A FEELING OF IMPENDING DANGER... WHEN SUDDENLY...

... THERE IS A SICKENING SHOT... CRANE SLUMPS IN HIS CHAIR - DEAD! THE MURDERER RUSHES TO THE SAFE AND SECURES A PAPER...



DID YOU GET THE PAPER?

YEAH!



... AS THE TWO MEN LEER OVER THEIR CONQUEST, THEY DO NOT NOTICE A THIRD MENACING FIGURE STANDING BEHIND THEM... IT IS THE 'BAT-MAN'!

THE BAT-MAN !!!



THE 'BAT-MAN' LASHES OUT WITH A TERRIFIC RIGHT...

CRACK!



... HE GRABS HIS SECOND ADVERSARY IN A DEADLY HEADLOCK... AND WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE...



SENDS THE BURLY CRIMINAL FLYING THROUGH SPACE...



THE 'BAT-MAN' SWIFTLY PICKS UP THE PAPER THAT THE MURDERER STOLE FROM STEVEN CRANE'S SAFE...



... MEANWHILE THE COMMISSIONER DRAWS UP IN HIS CAR...

IT'S THE BAT-MAN! GET HIM!



MR. CRANE HAS BEEN MURDERED, SIR - IT'S HORRIBLE

THAT'S TWO DEAD PARTNERS OUT OF THE FOUR THAT HAVE RECEIVED THREATENING NOTES THE OTHER TWO MUST HAVE RECEIVED THEM TOO... LET'S GO TO ROGERS NEXT!



THE 'BAT-MAN' READS THE PAPER HE SNATCHED FROM THE KILLERS AND A GRIM SMILE COMES TO HIS LIPS

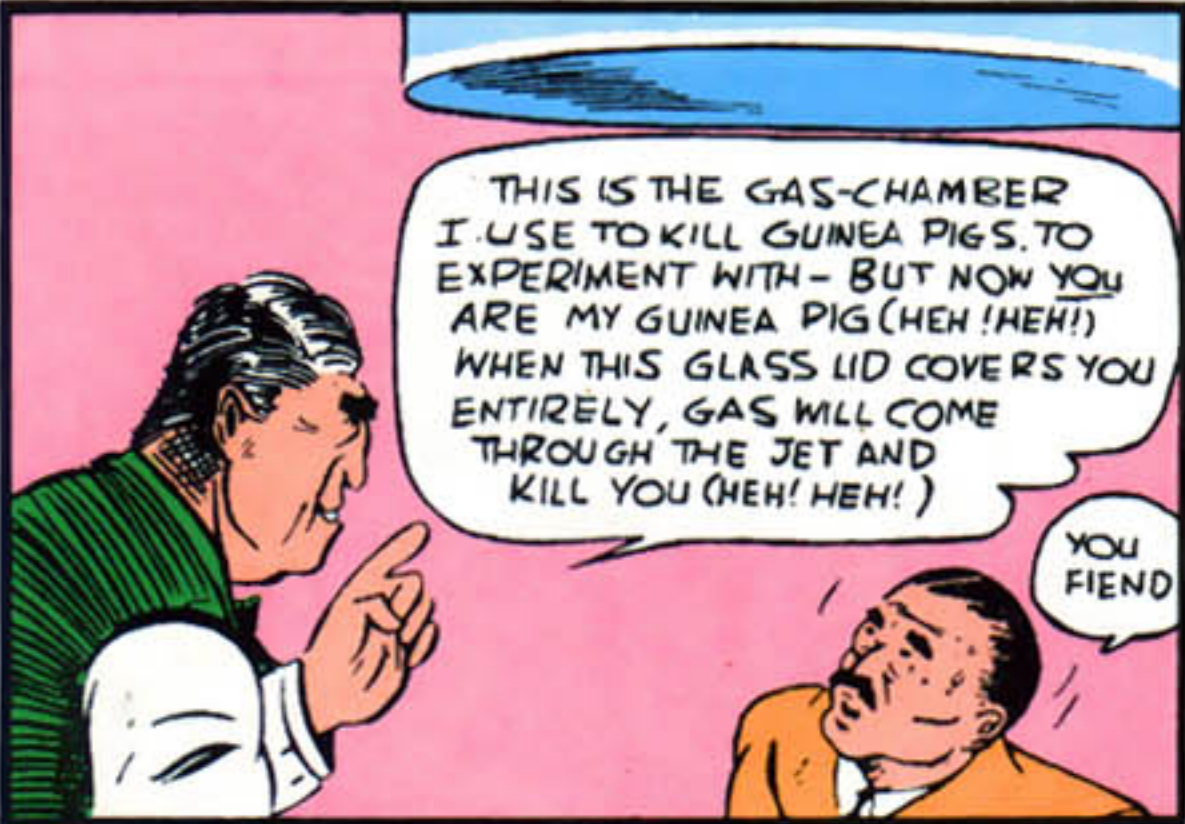


HE SPEEDS HIS CAR FOWARD TO AN UNKNOWN DESTINATION

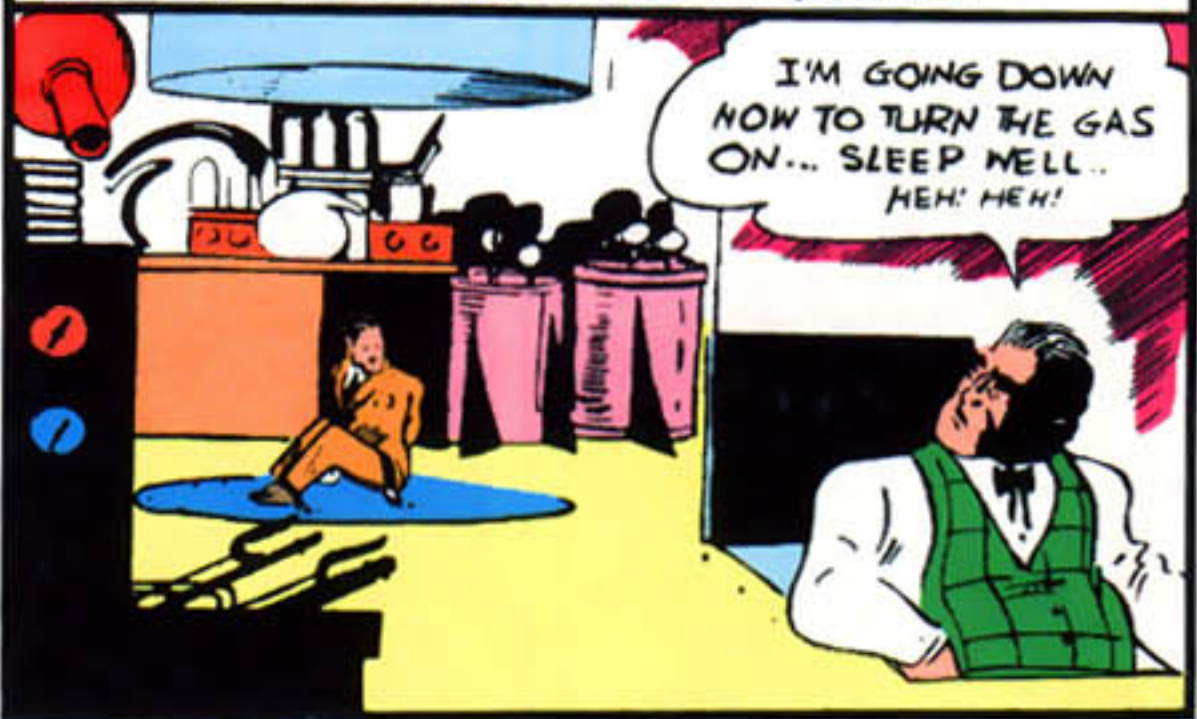
...MEANWHILE ROGERS WHO HAS LEARNED OF LAMBERT'S DEATH BY NEWS BROADCAST, HAS ALL-READY GONE TO THE NEIGHBORING LABORATORY OF HIS ERSTWHILE PARTNER, ALFRED STRYKER...



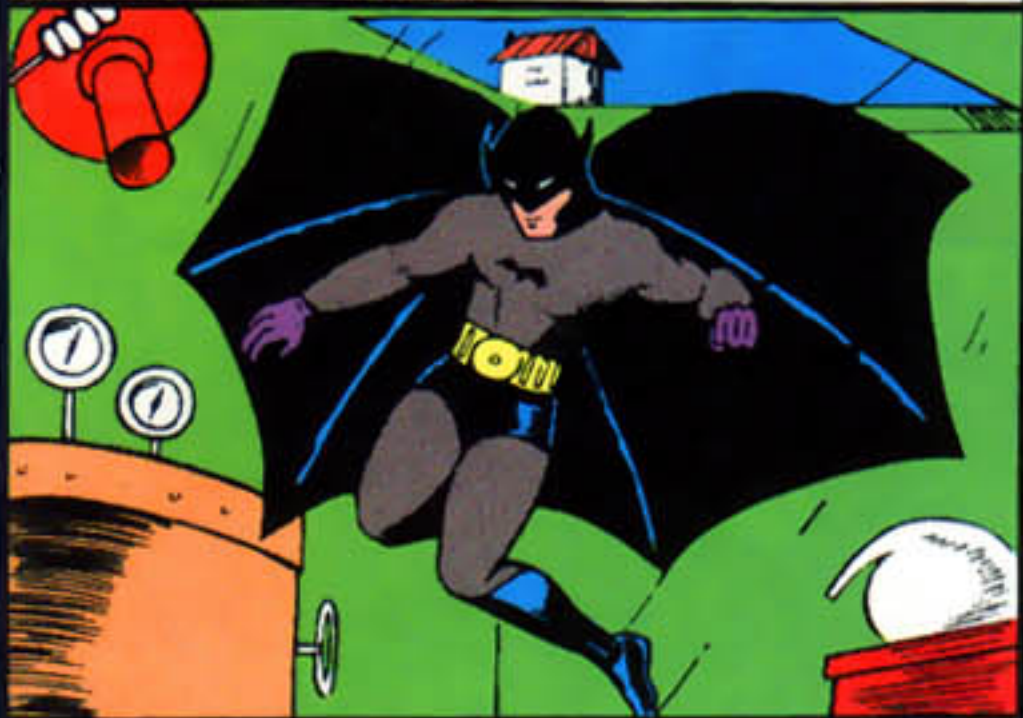
JENNINGS, STRYKER'S ASSISTANT, CARRIES ROGERS TO THE BASEMENT OF THE LABORATORY...



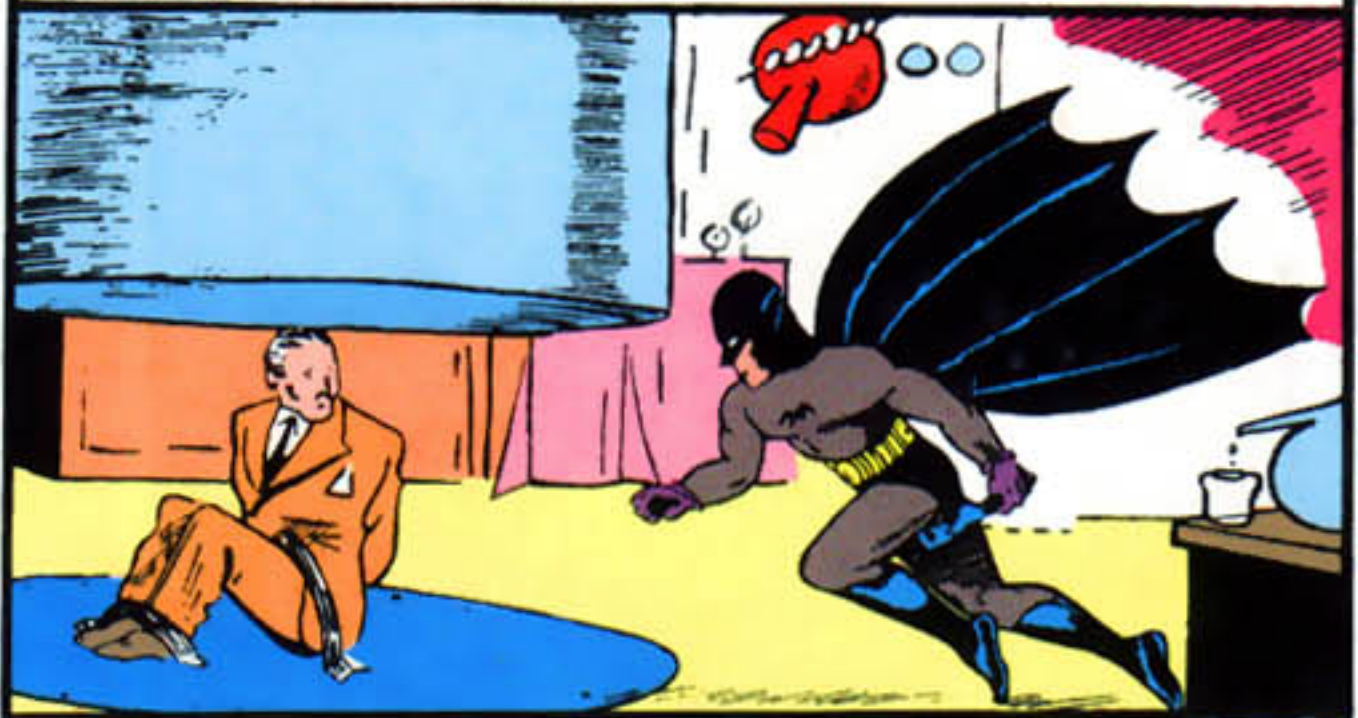
JENNINGS PULLS A BRAKE WHICH STARTS THE GLASS DOWN OVER ROGERS AND CERTAIN DOOM...



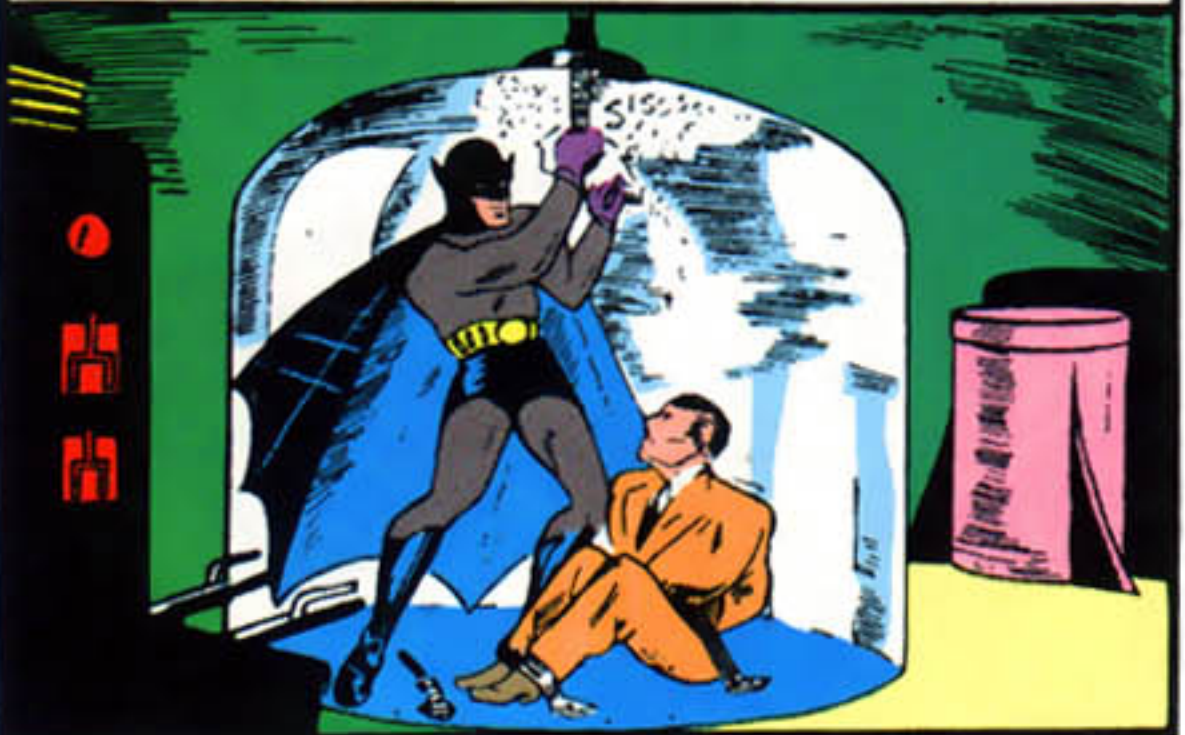
AT THAT MOMENT THE "BAT-MAN" LEAPS THROUGH AN OPEN TRANSOM...



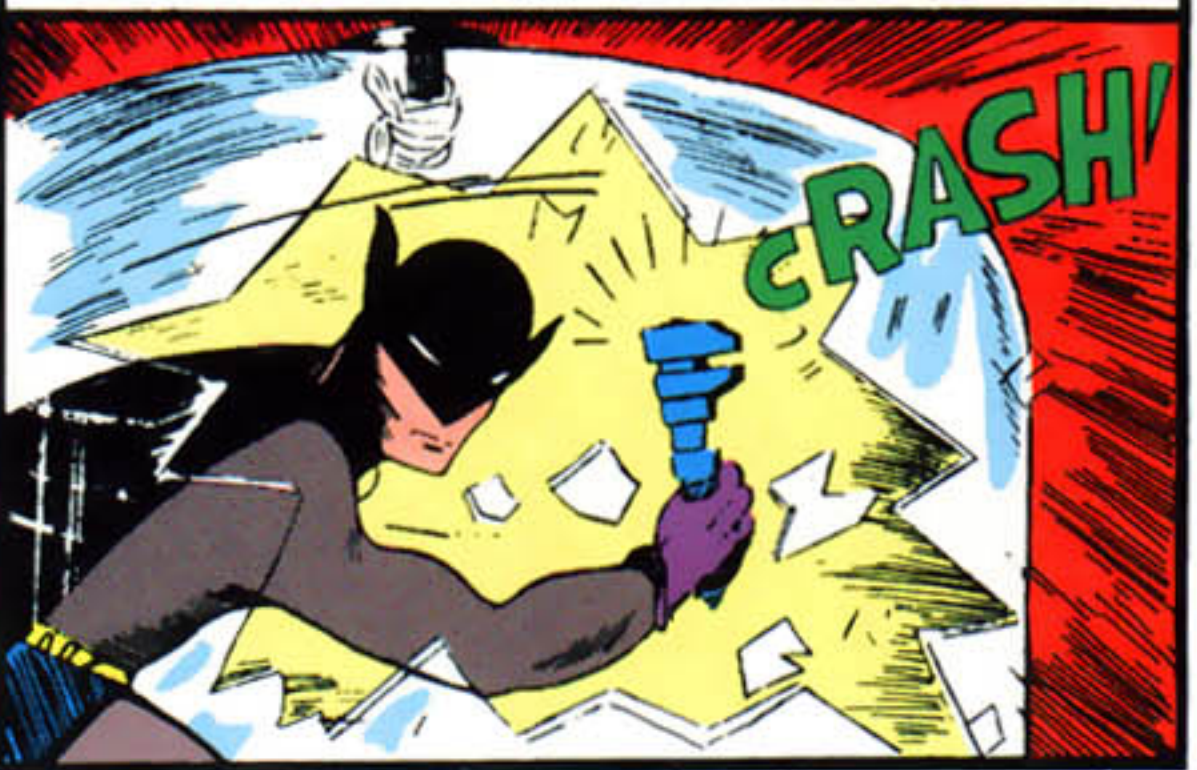
...THE "BAT-MAN" SEIZES A WRENCH FROM A TABLE AND LEAPS FOR THE GAS-CHAMBER...



THE "BAT-MAN" QUICKLY PLUGS THE GAS-JET WITH A HANKERCHIEF, AS THE GAS-CHAMBER DECENDS ENTIRELY OVER THEM...



...HE THEN UNTIES ROGERS, AND WITH A POWERFUL SWING...



JENNINGS RETURNS AND IS STARTLED BY THE BAT-MAN...
HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN...



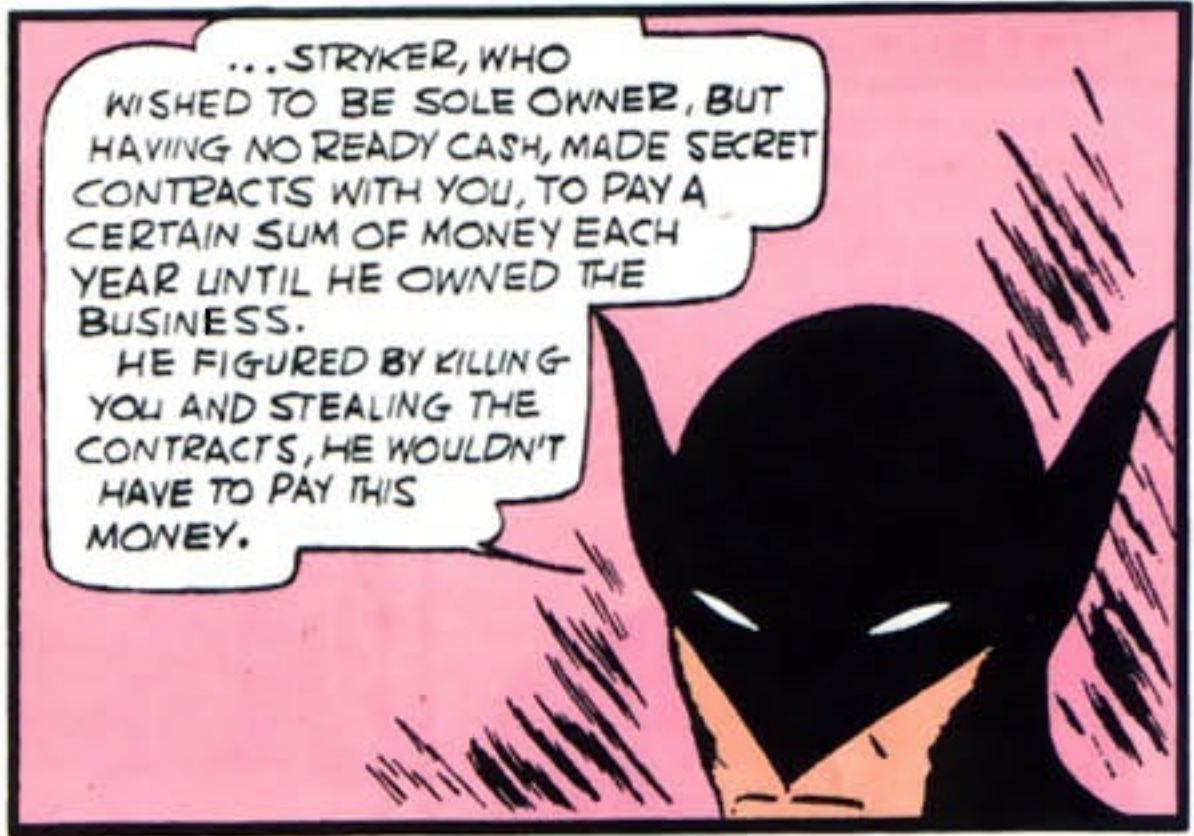
...THE "BAT-MAN" GREET'S JENNINGS WITH A FLYING TACKLE



MEANWHILE ALFRED STRYKER HAS HEARD THE CRASH OF THE GAS-
CHAMBER ... AS HE ENTERS THE LABORATORY...



HOWEVER STRYKER HAS NOT NOTICED THE "BAT-MAN" WHO
HAS SECLUDED HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWS...

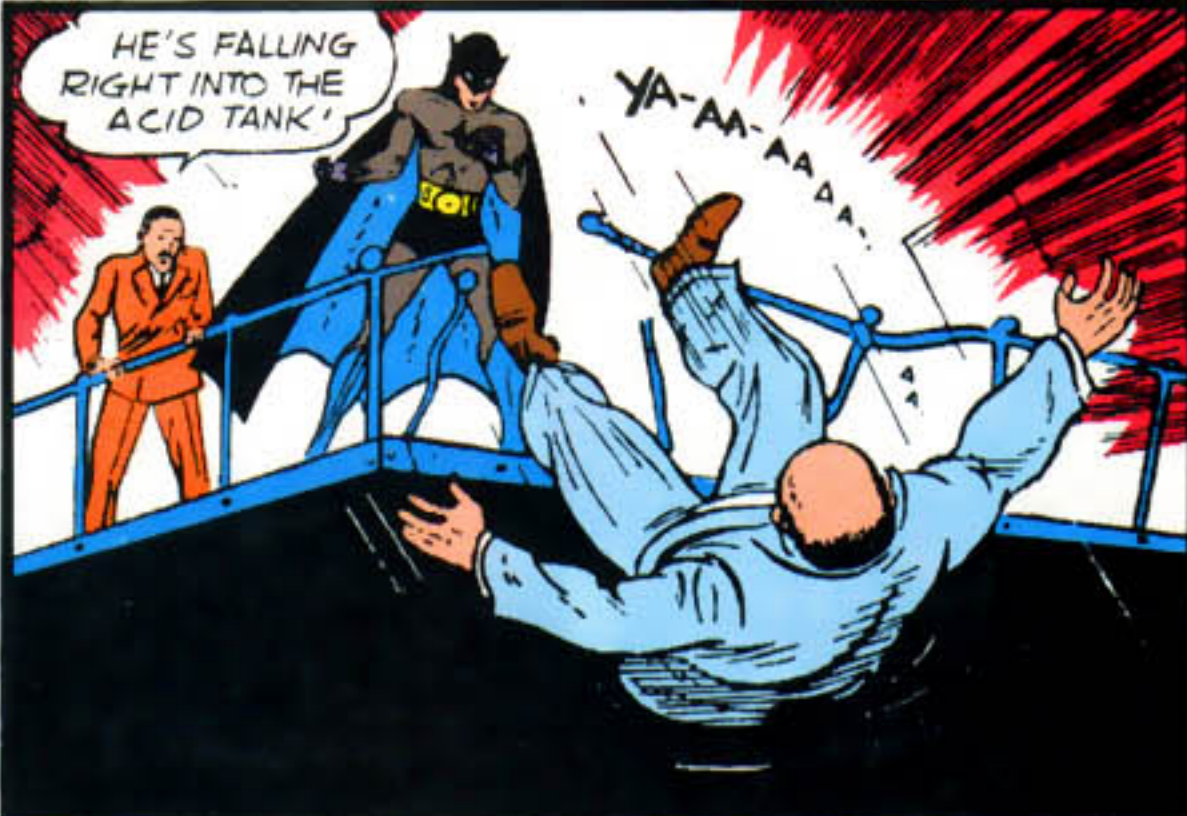
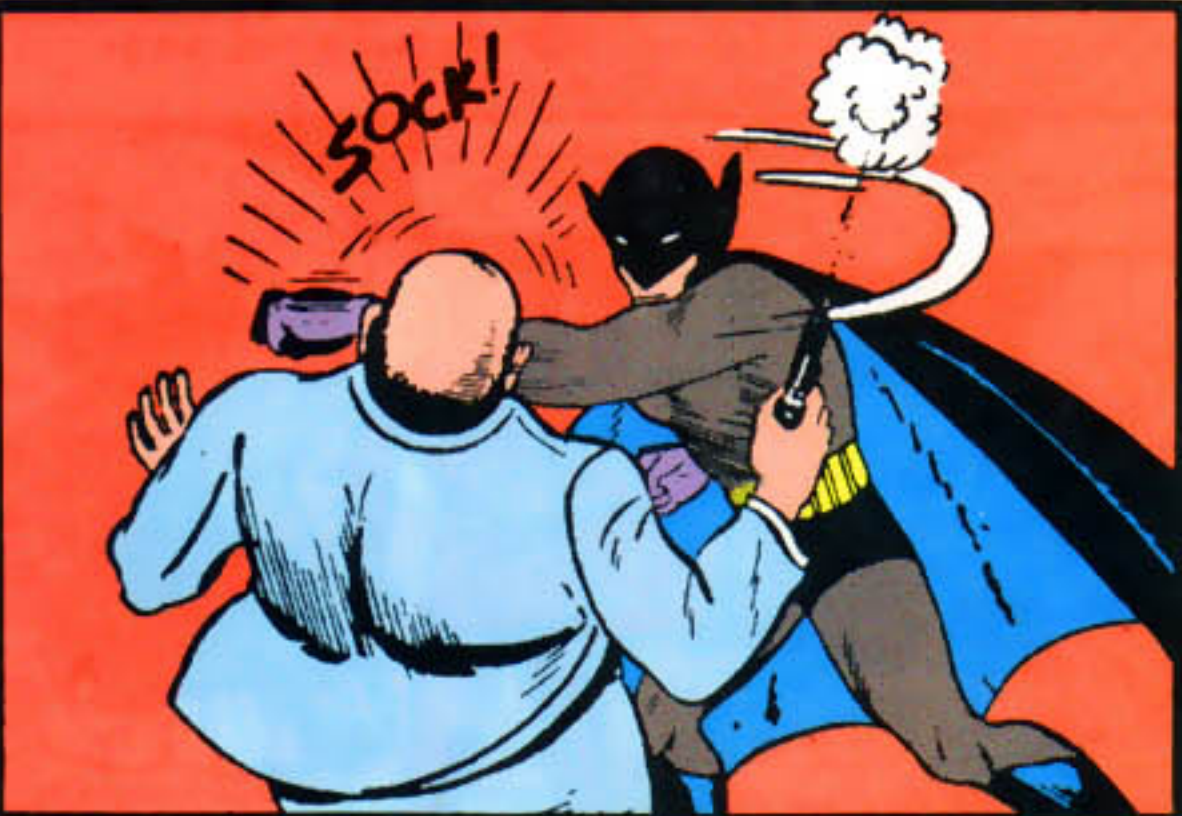


HMM, A VERY CLEVER SCHEME, AND BEING THE CONTRACTS WERE A STRICT SECRET BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US, OUR HEIRS OR THE OUTSIDE WORLD WOULDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THEM... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

I SECURED THIS CONTRACT FROM ONE OF HIS HIRED KILLERS

... SUDDENLY, STRYKER, WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MAD MAN, TEARS HIMSELF FREE FROM THE GRASP OF THE BAT-MAN...

— SURE... I DID IT! BUT YOU WON'T SEND ME TO THE 'CHAIR' FOR IT!!! I'LL —



A FITTING ENDING FOR HIS KIND.

... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU... WHY— GONE!

THE NEXT DAY, YOUNG BRUCE WAYNE IS AGAIN A VISITOR AT THE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE ... WHO HAS JUST FINISHED TELLING BRUCE, THE LATEST EXPLOITS OF THE 'BAT-MAN'.

... AND THEN ROGERS SAID THE BAT-MAN WENT THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!

HMM, A VERY LOVELY FAIRY-TALE COMMISSIONER, INDEED

AFTER BRUCE WAYNE HAS GONE...

... BRUCE WAYNE IS A NICE YOUNG CHAP. BUT HE CERTAINLY MUST LEAD A BORING LIFE... SEEMS DISINTERESTED IN EVERYTHING

... BRUCE WAYNE RETURNS HOME TO HIS ROOM... A LITTLE LATER HIS DOOR SLOWLY OPENS...

... AND REVEALS ITS OCCUPANT... IF THE COMMISSIONER COULD SEE HIS YOUNG FRIEND NOW... HE'D BE AMAZED TO LEARN THAT HE IS THE 'BAT-MAN!'

WATCH FOR A NEW THRILLING 'BAT-MAN' STORY...

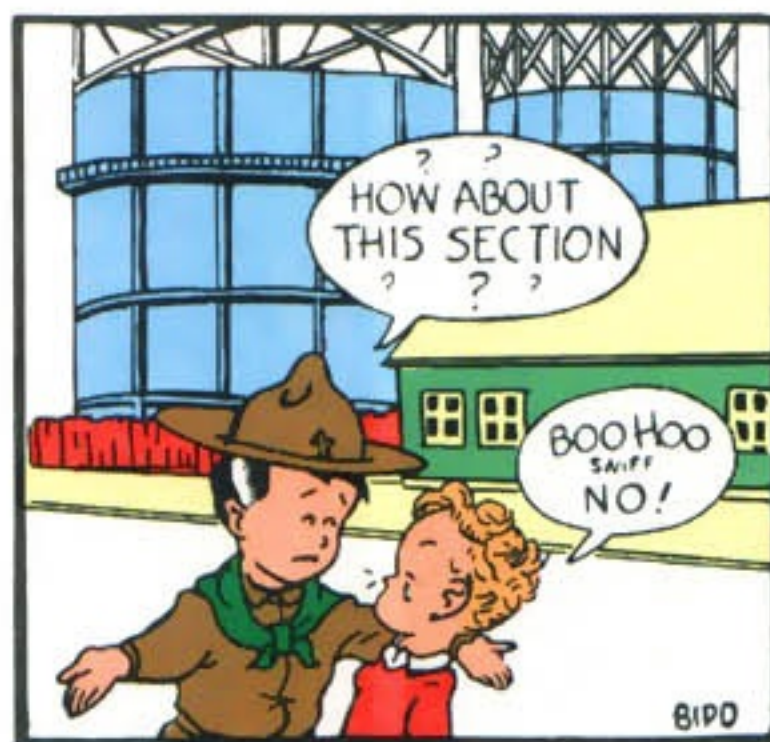
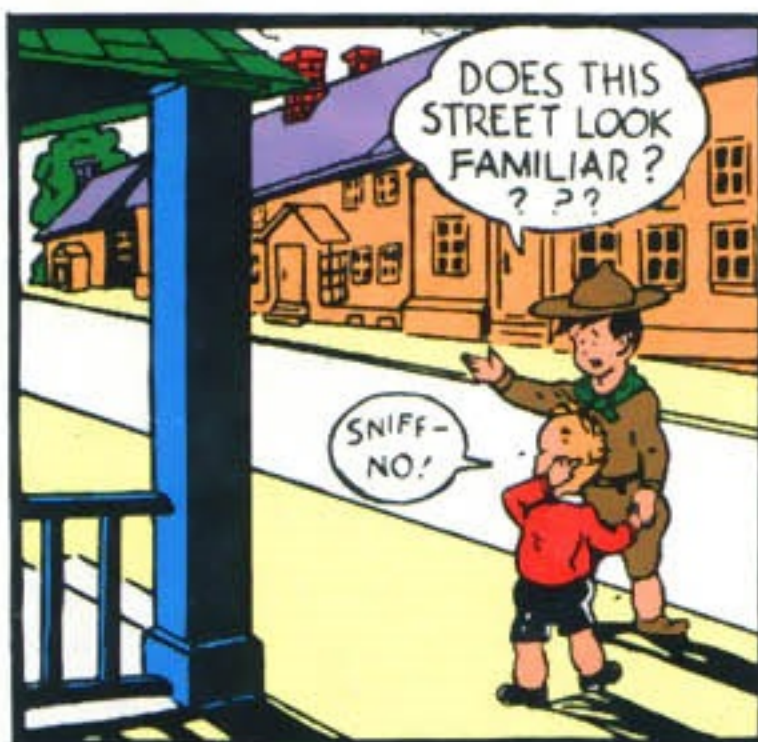
NEXT MONTH

Bob Lang

FINIS

The thrilling adventures of SUPERMAN appear each and every month in Action Comics!

TENDERFOOT



A ROSATI, 42 E 20th St.
Please send me the FREE ROSATI CATALOGUE

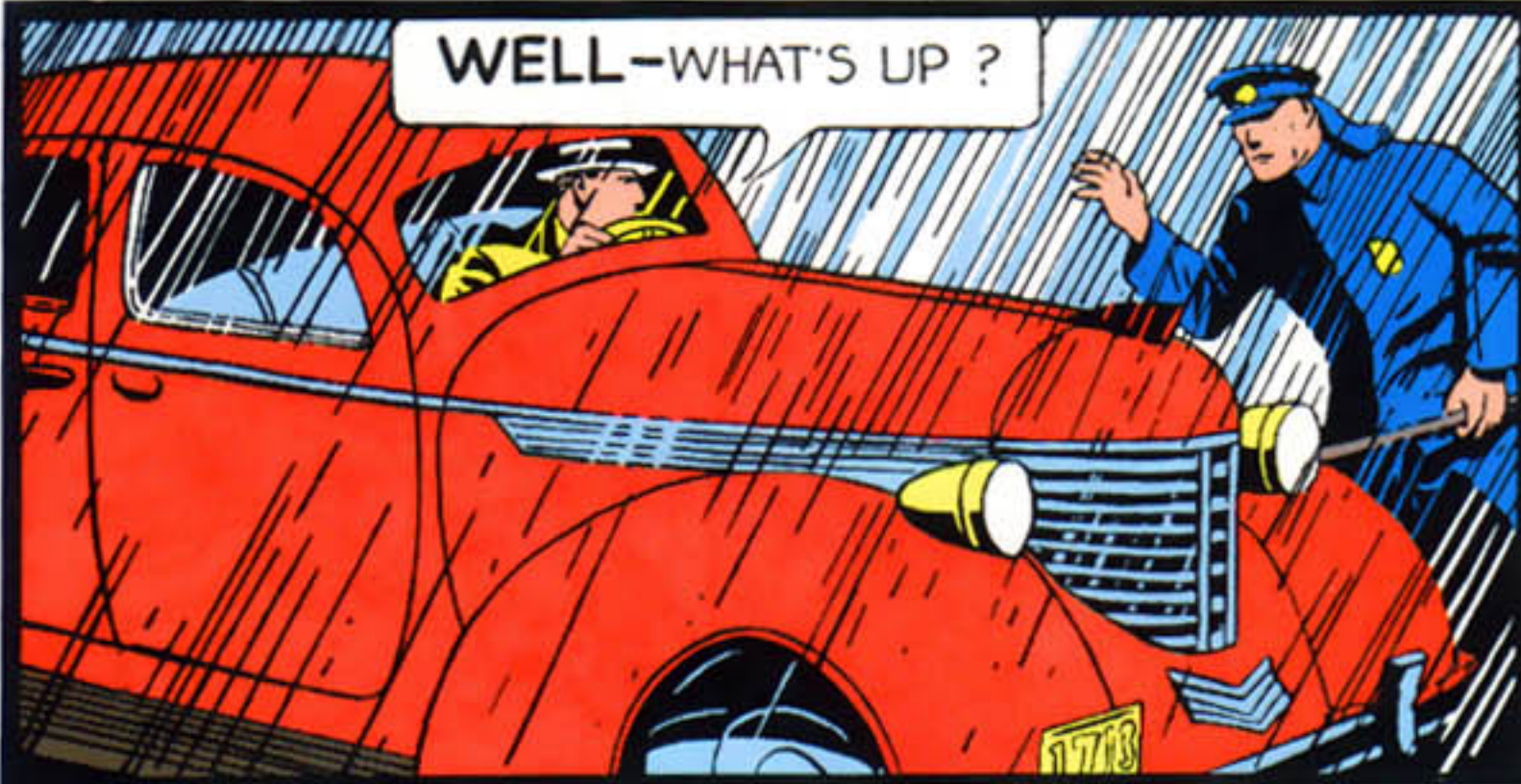
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR
AND THE
KILLERS OF KURDISTAN
BY FRED GUARDINEER



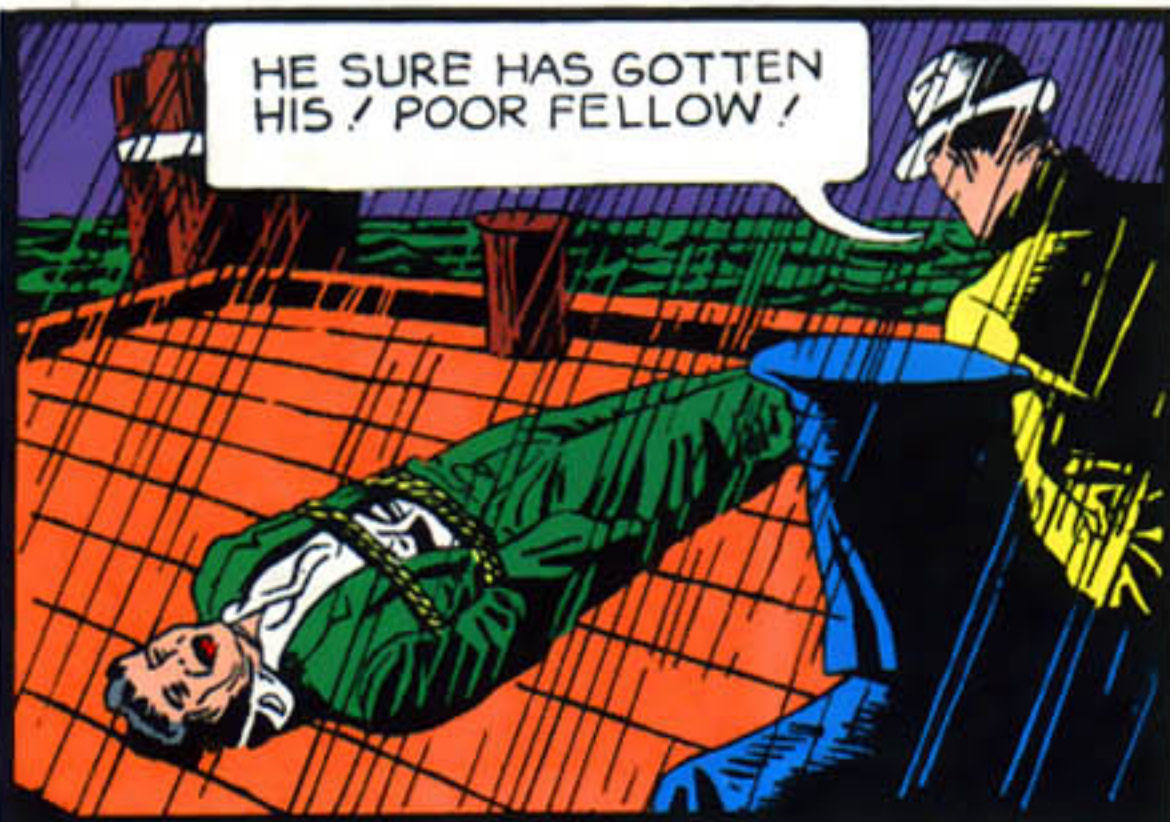
WELL—WHAT'S UP ?



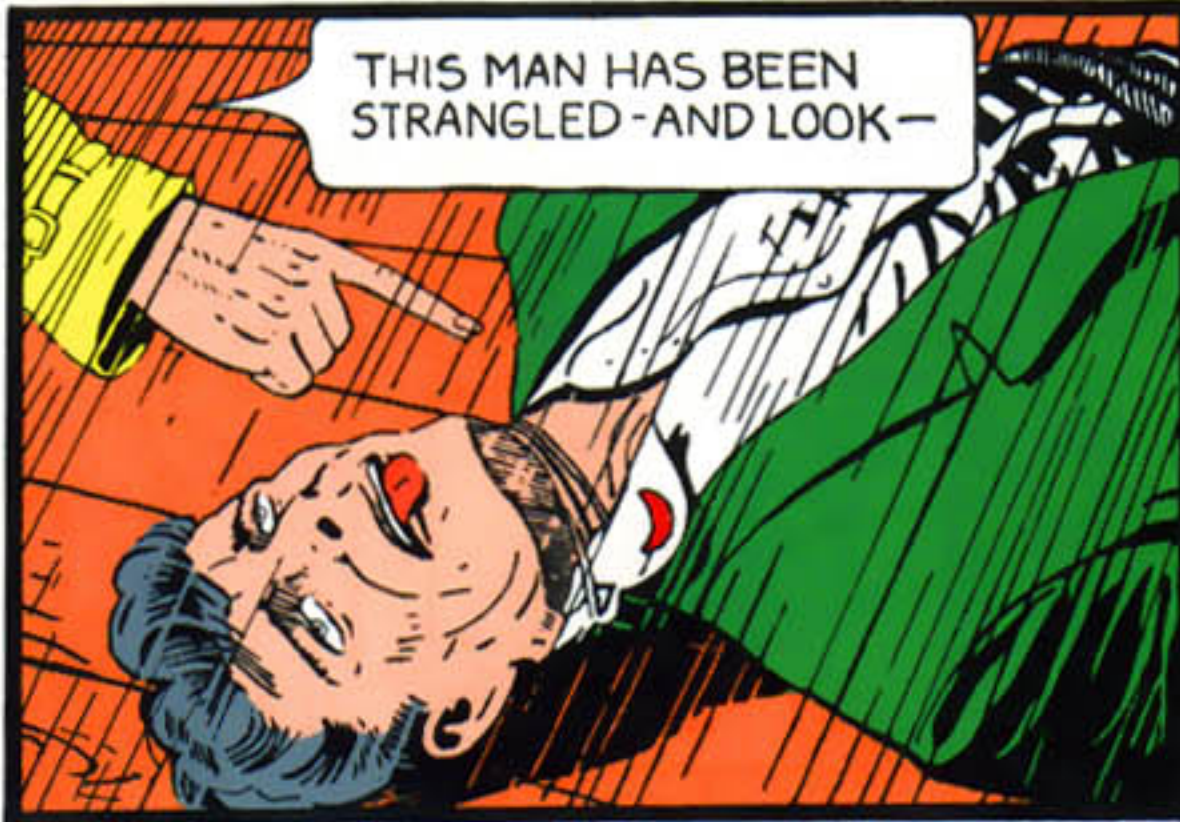
THERE'S A DEAD MAN
OVER HERE, MR. SAUNDERS
WE JUST DRAGGED HIM
FROM THE RIVER. CARE
TO TAKE A LOOK ?



HE SURE HAS GOTTEN
HIS ! POOR FELLOW !



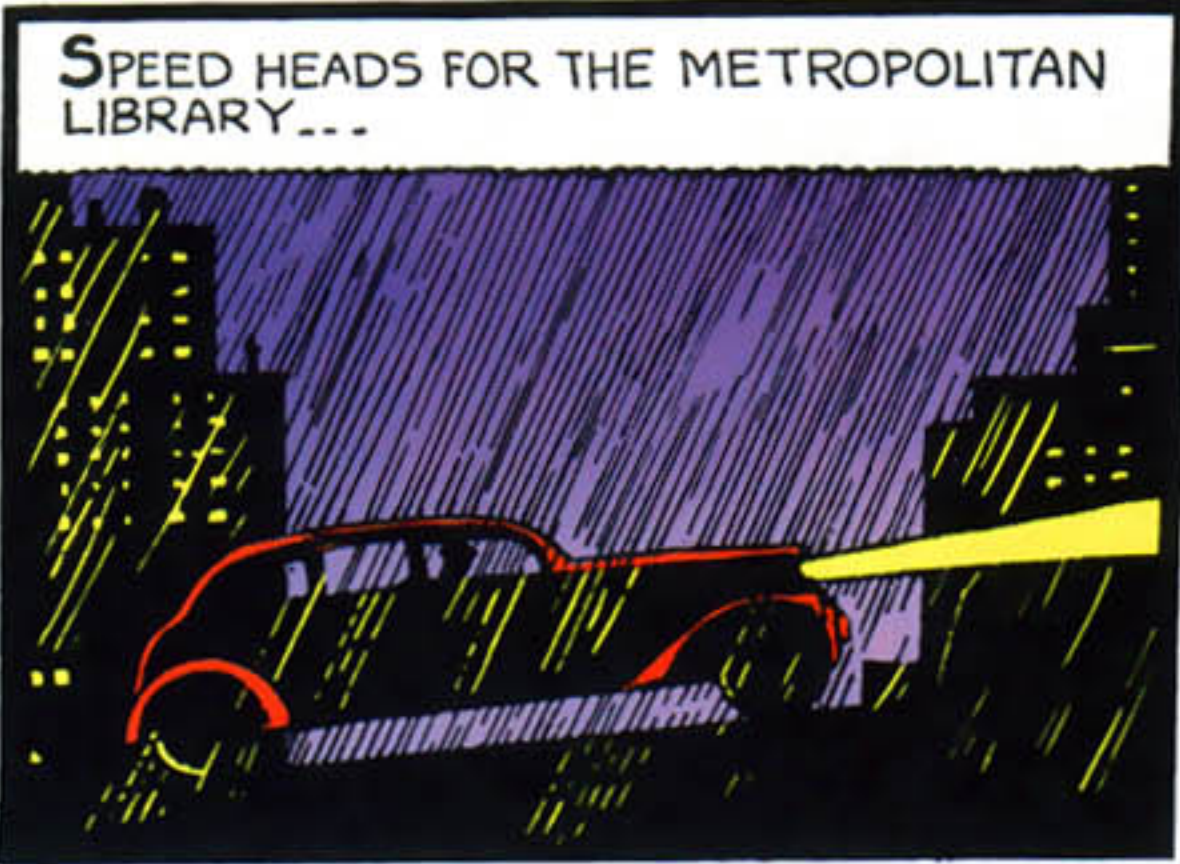
THIS MAN HAS BEEN
STRANGLER—AND LOOK—

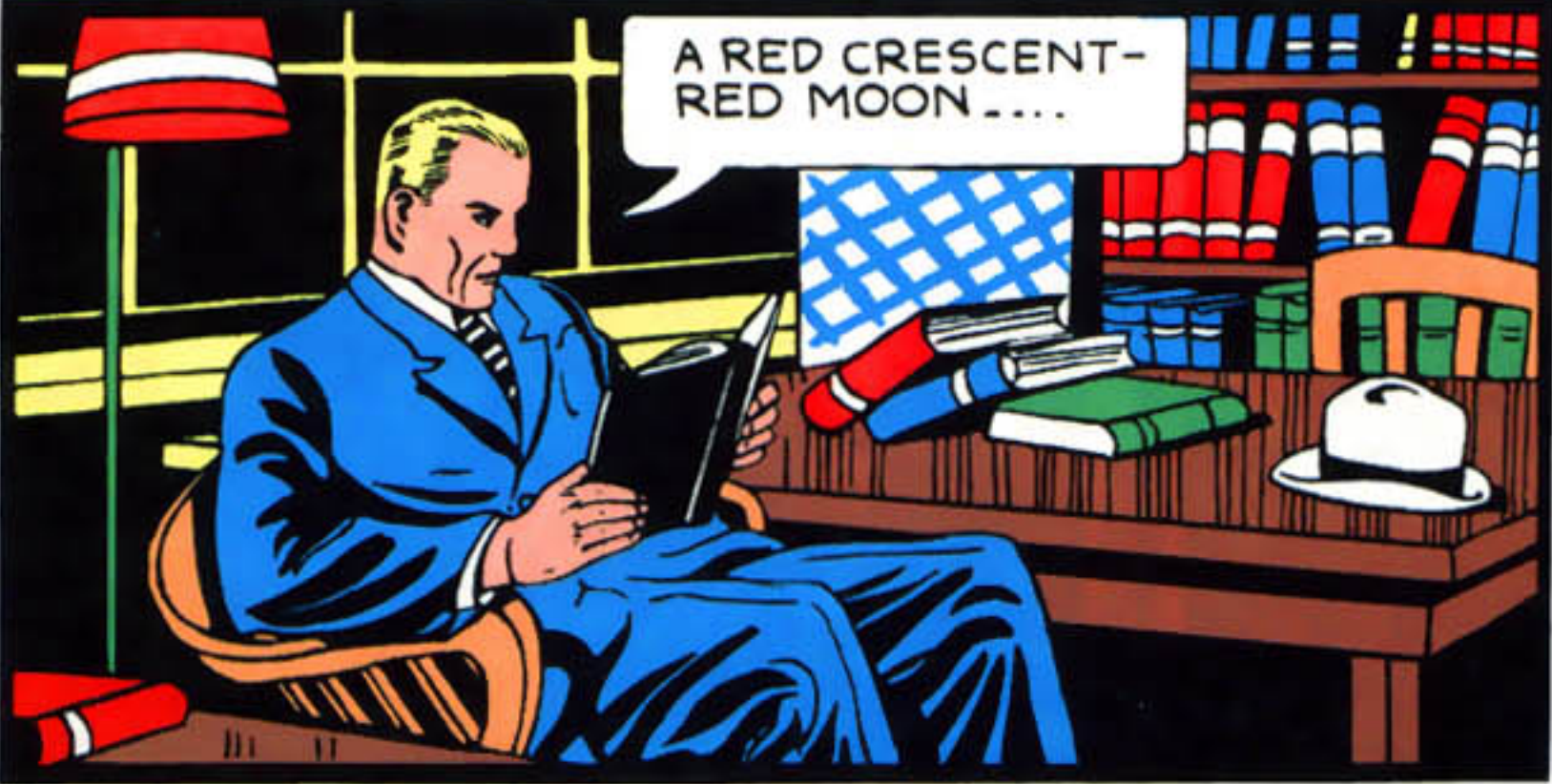


THIS GROWS MORE AND MORE INTER-
ESTING . I WANT TO DO SOME
RESEARCH ON IT !



SPEED HEADS FOR THE METROPOLITAN
LIBRARY...





A RED CRESCENT-
RED MOON



NOW I WONDER IF IT IS AT
ALL POSSIBLE -



SPEED VISITS AN AUTHORITY ON
EASTERN LORE

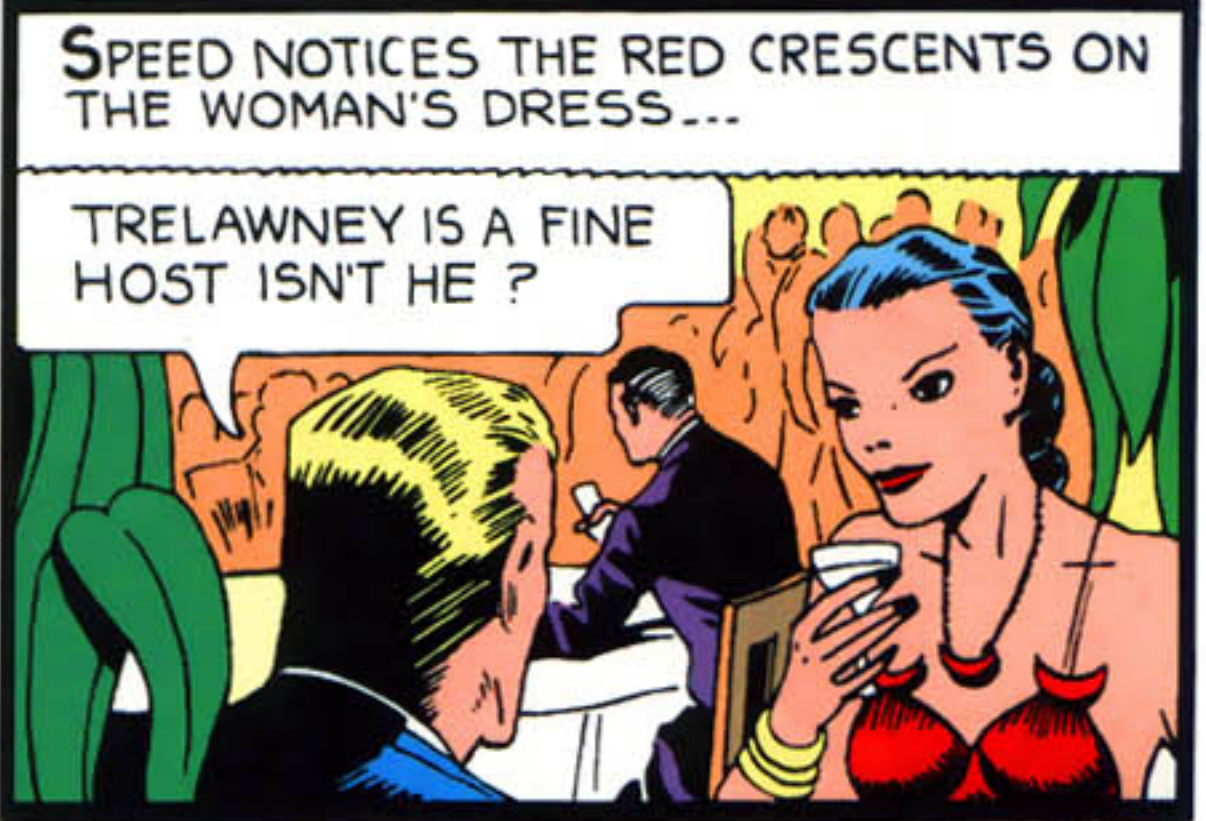


I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE
HAVING A PARTY, TRELAWNEY,
OR I WOULDN'T HAVE
INTERRUPTED -

NOT AT ALL-
COME IN,
SPEED!



MAY I PRESENT MY FRIEND, SPEED SAUNDERS -



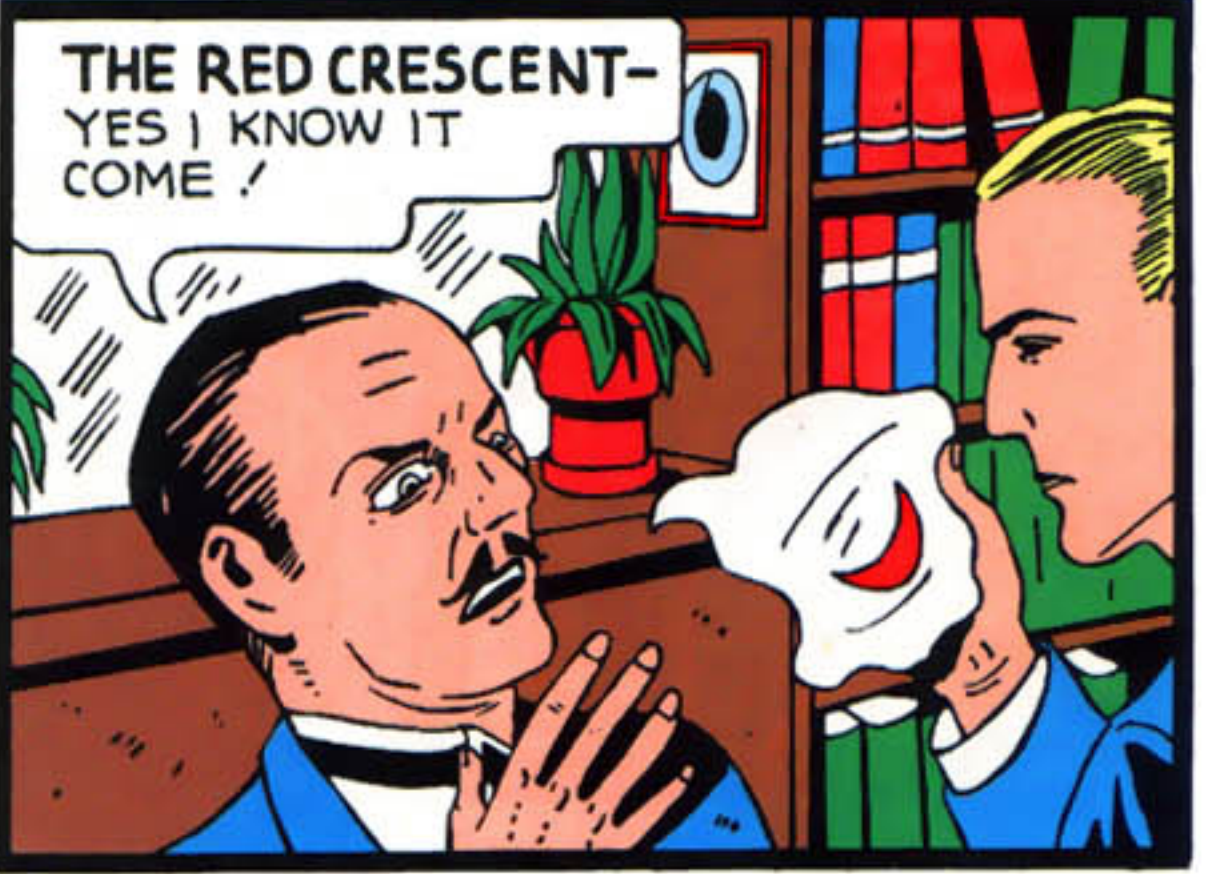
SPEED NOTICES THE RED CRESCENTS ON
THE WOMAN'S DRESS...

TRELAWNEY IS A FINE
HOST ISN'T HE ?



AND ON HER HANDKER-CHIEF ...

YES, HE IS. HE
CERTAINLY
KNOWS HOW TO
ENTERTAIN !

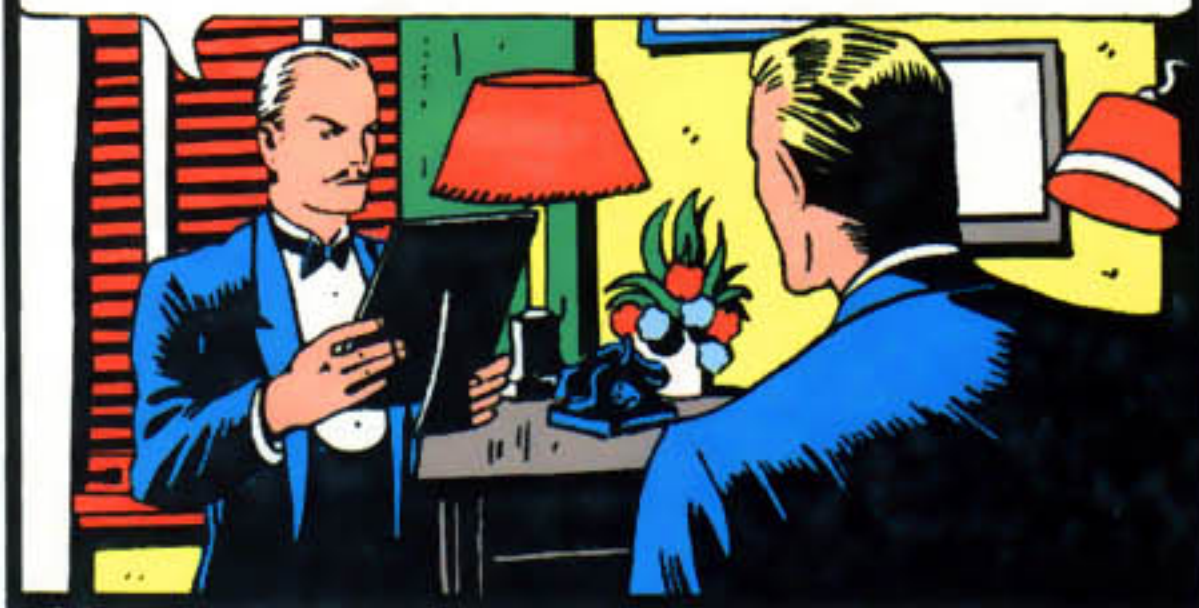


THE RED CRESCENT-
YES I KNOW IT
COME !

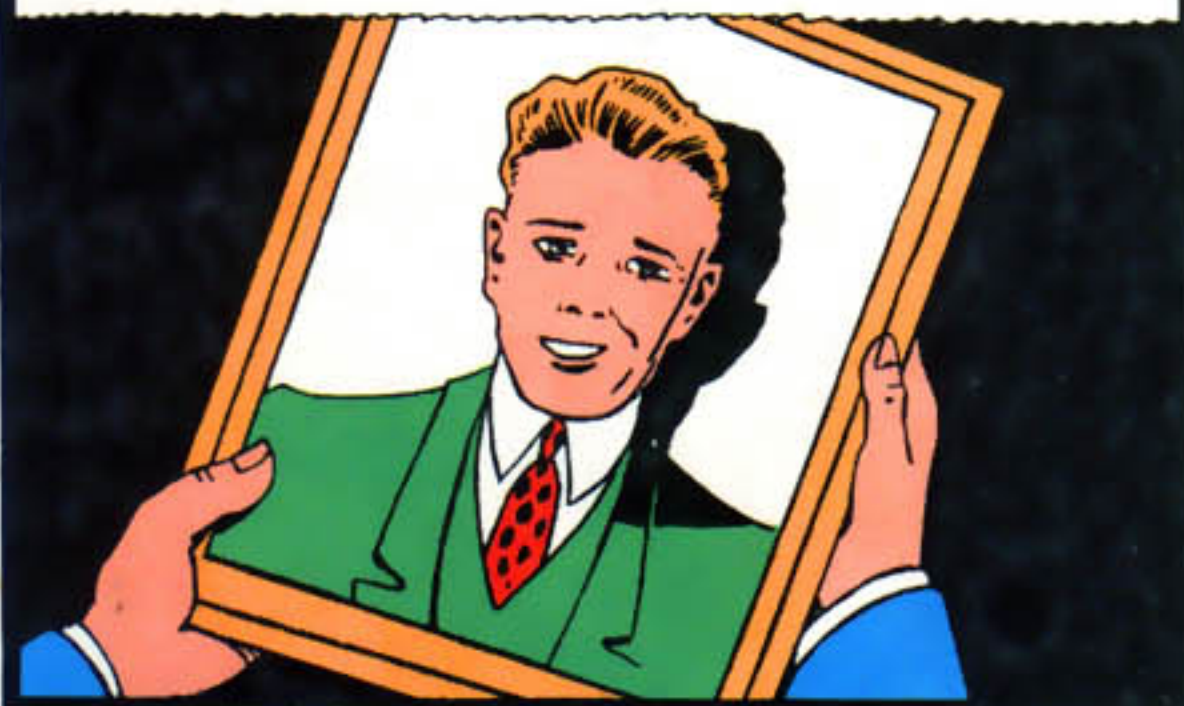
LET'S GO TO MY DEN WHERE
WE CAN TALK SAFELY !



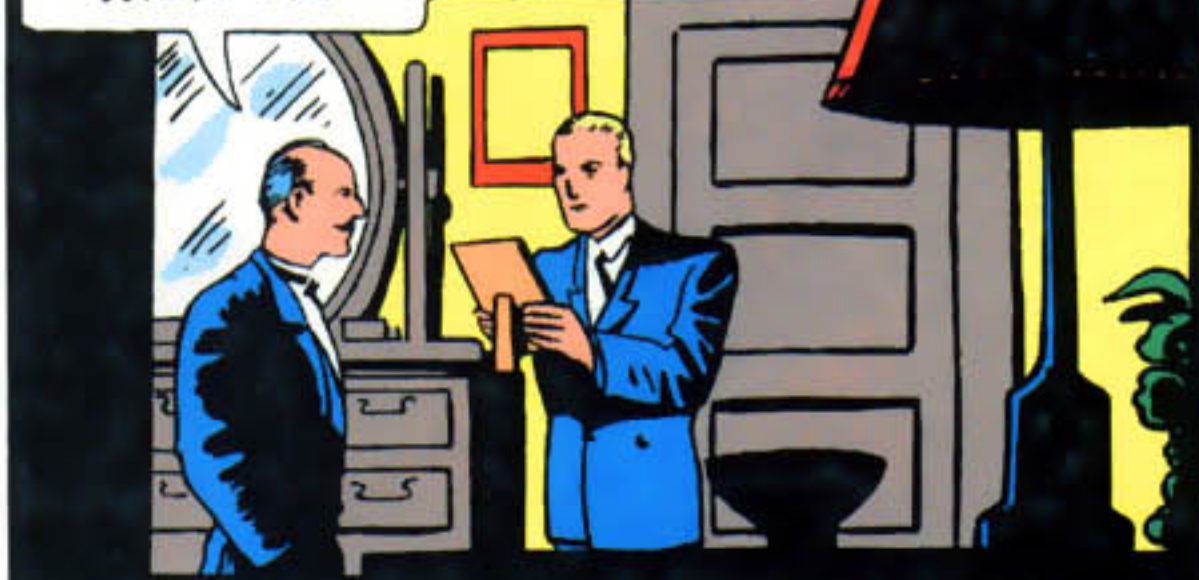
YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE KURDISTAN KILLERS?
WELL, I LEARNED SOMETHING OF THEIR SECRETS,
A FRIEND AND MYSELF. HERE IS HIS PICTURE.



TRELAWNEY'S FRIEND IS THE DEAD MAN !



I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS,
SAUNDERS. THOSE KILLERS
ARE DEMONS - FIRST TOM -
THEN ME -

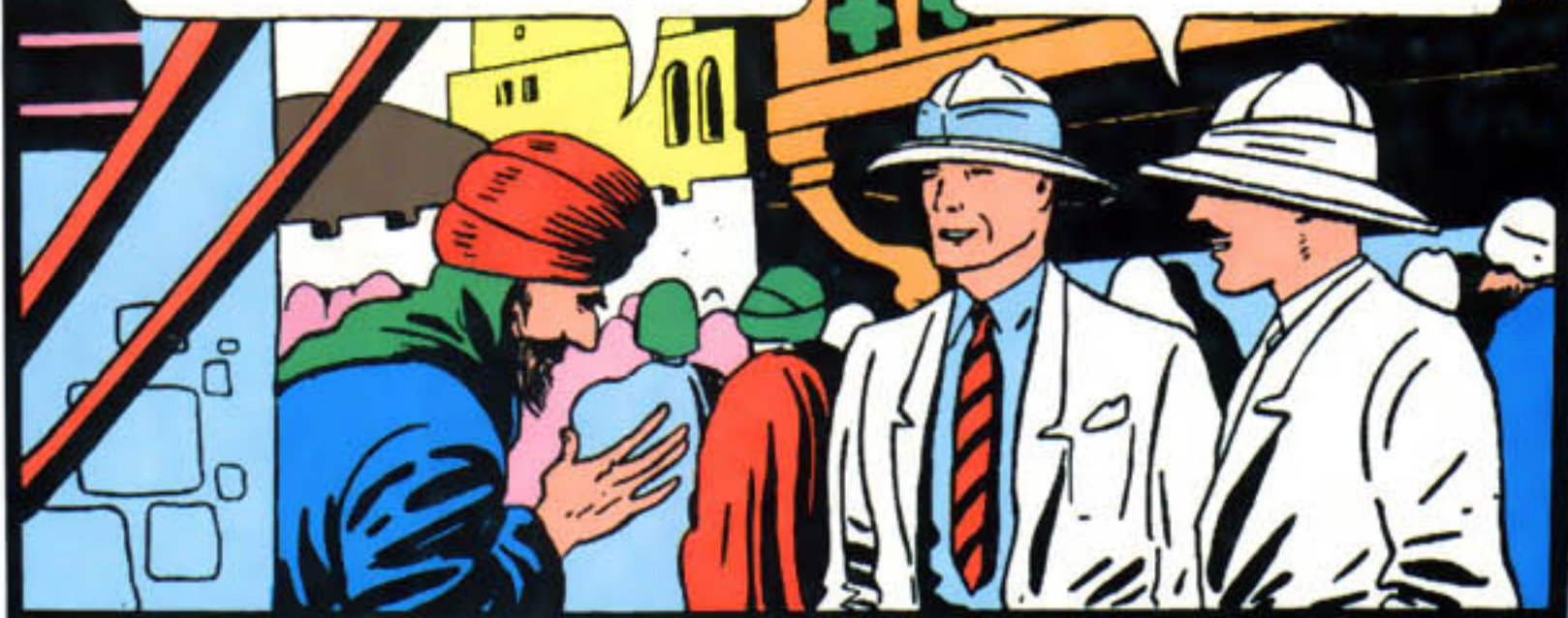


LET ME TELL YOU OF THE
KURDISTAN KILLERS, SPEED.
YEARS AGO TOM AND I
STOPPED IN A LITTLE TOWN
IN ARABIA



WOULD THE EFFENDI CARE
TO SEE THE SIGHTS ?

WHAT DO YOU SAY
TOM - SHALL WE ?



"WE FOLLOWED HIM FOR FUN".....

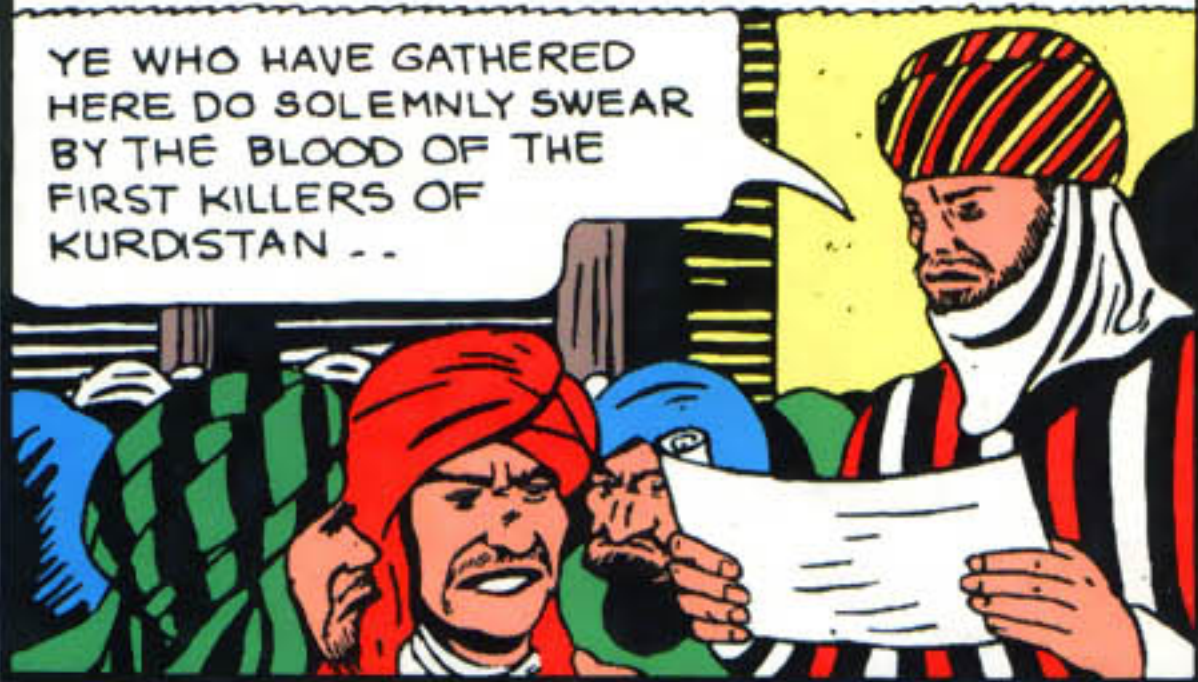


"AND WE FOUND A MEETING OF KURDISTAN
KILLERS"....



THE OATH OF THE KILLERS OF KURDISTAN IS ADMINISTERED...

YE WHO HAVE GATHERED HERE DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY THE BLOOD OF THE FIRST KILLERS OF KURDISTAN...

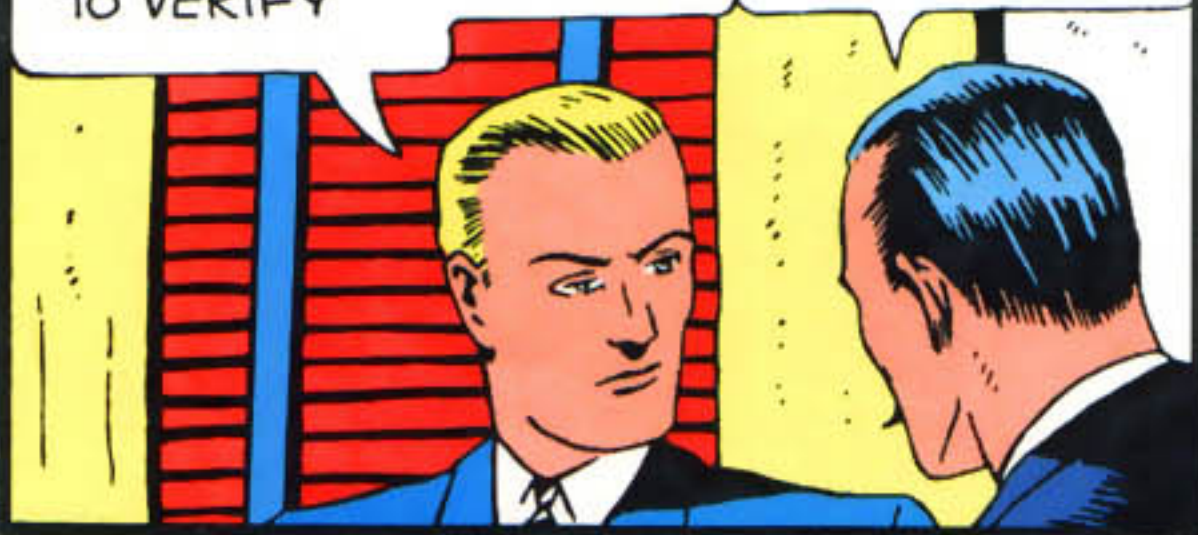


TOM AND I SWORE ON THAT OATH UNWITTINGLY AND NOW WE'RE BOUND KILLERS OF KURDISTAN! WE WOULDN'T KILL - SO NOW WE GET KILLED!



I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO BRING AN END TO THIS. I HAVE A FEW SUSPICIONS WHICH I'D LIKE TO VERIFY

IN THE MEAN-TIME, LET'S JOIN THE COMPANY!

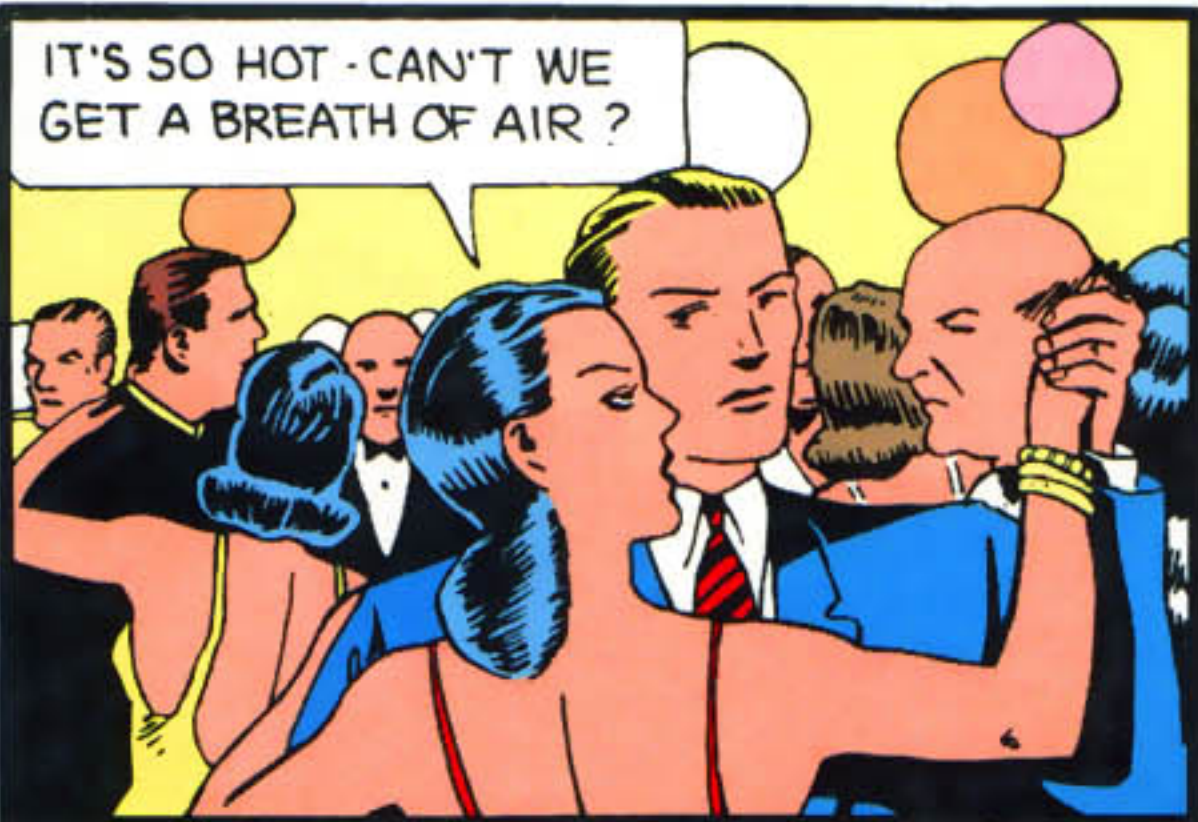


OH! THERE YOU ARE! DO YOU CARE TO DANCE?

I'D BE DELIGHTED!



IT'S SO HOT - CAN'T WE GET A BREATH OF AIR?



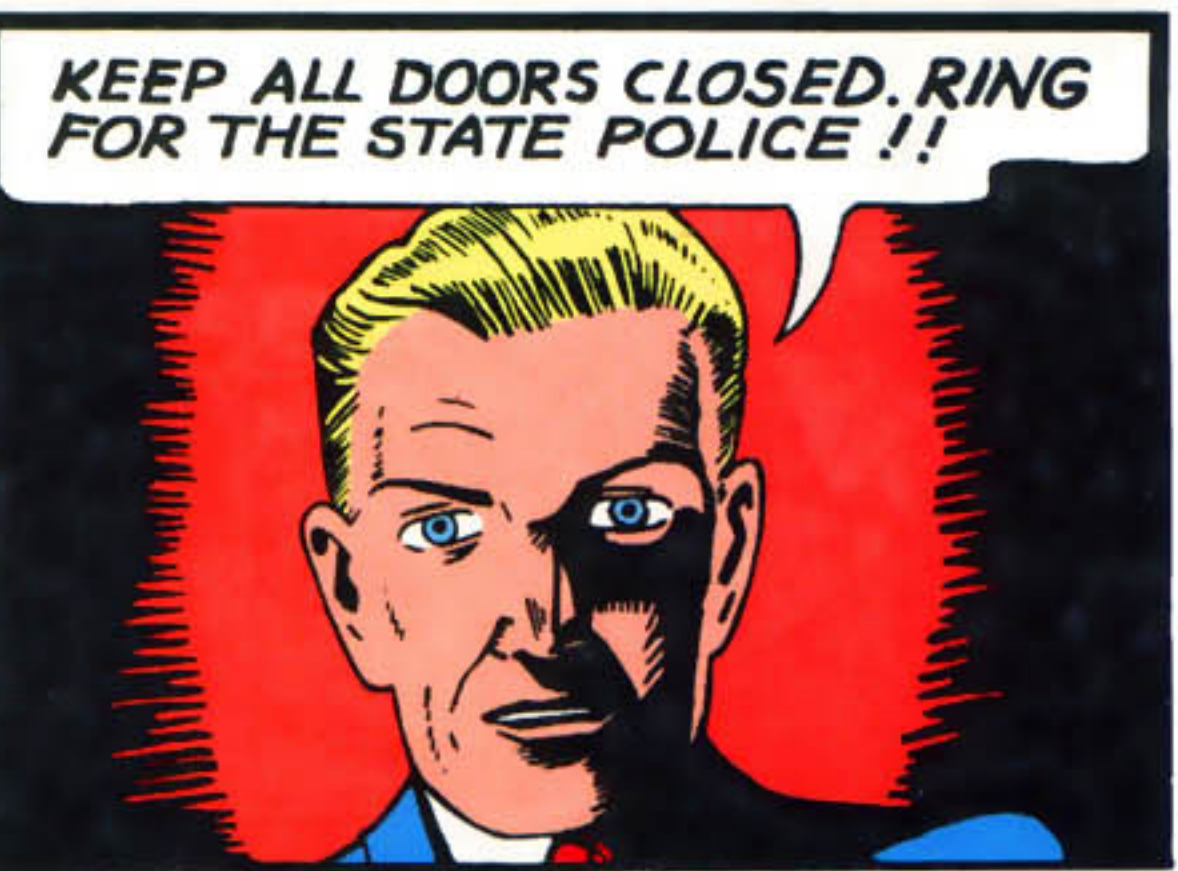
LOOK OUT TRELAWNEY!



DEATH STRIKES THE SWORN KURDISTAN KILLER...

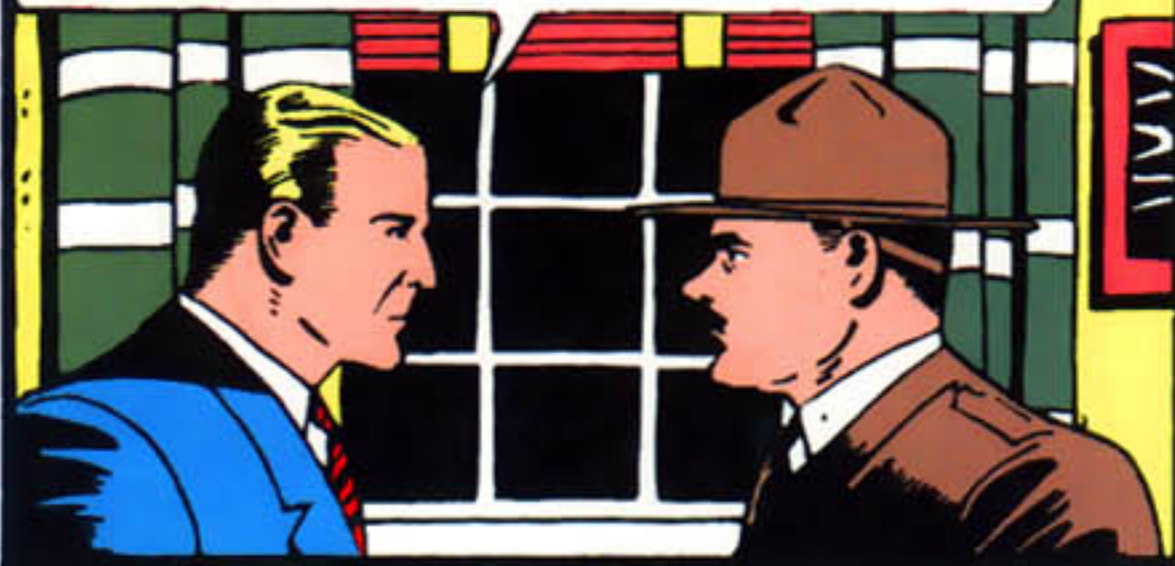


KEEP ALL DOORS CLOSED. RING FOR THE STATE POLICE !!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ...

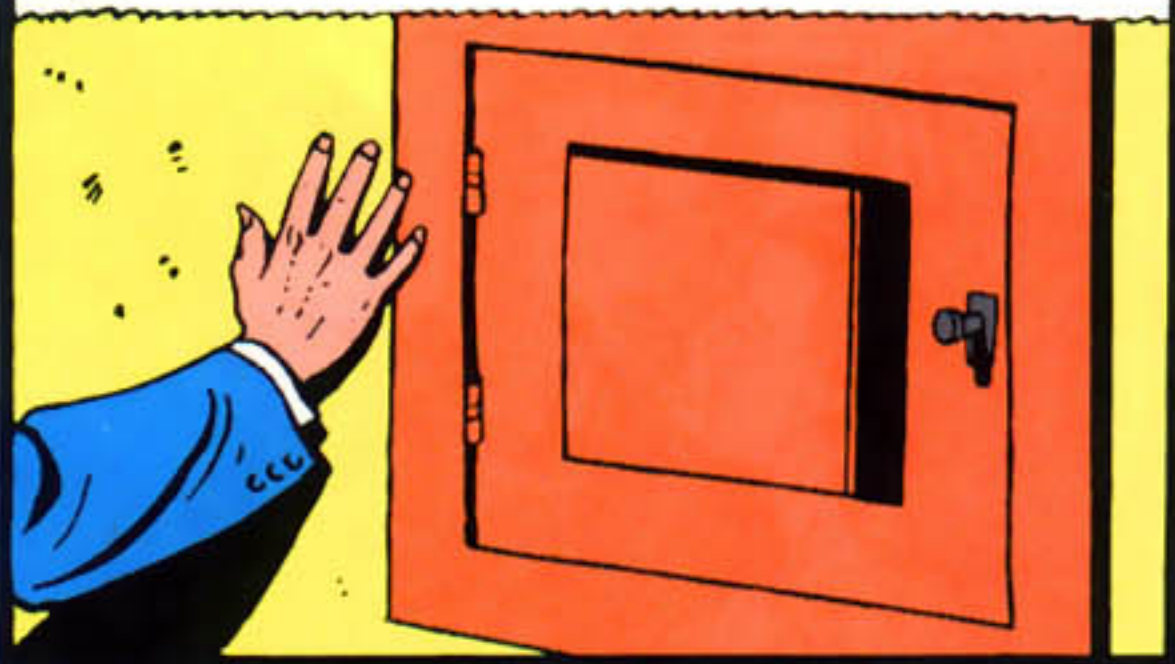
THERE'S A GUN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE PREMISES, LET'S TAKE A LOOK !



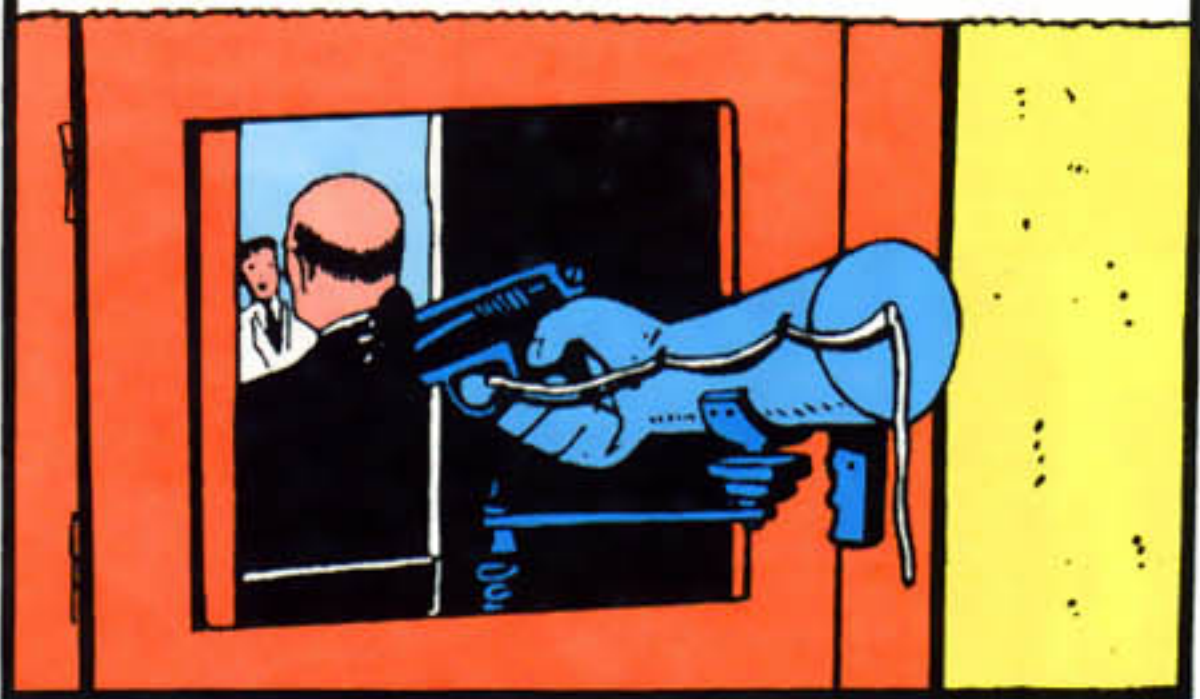
THIS IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SPOT WHERE TRELAWNEY WAS KILLED. THERE OUGHT TO BE A SECRET OPENING ...



AS SPEED PRESSES HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE WALL - A PANEL SLOWLY OPENS !



AND THE DEATH WEAPON IS REVEALED !



IN THE MEANTIME THE TROOPER LOCATES THE FRIGHTENED MAID SERVANT ...

I - I'LL TELL !



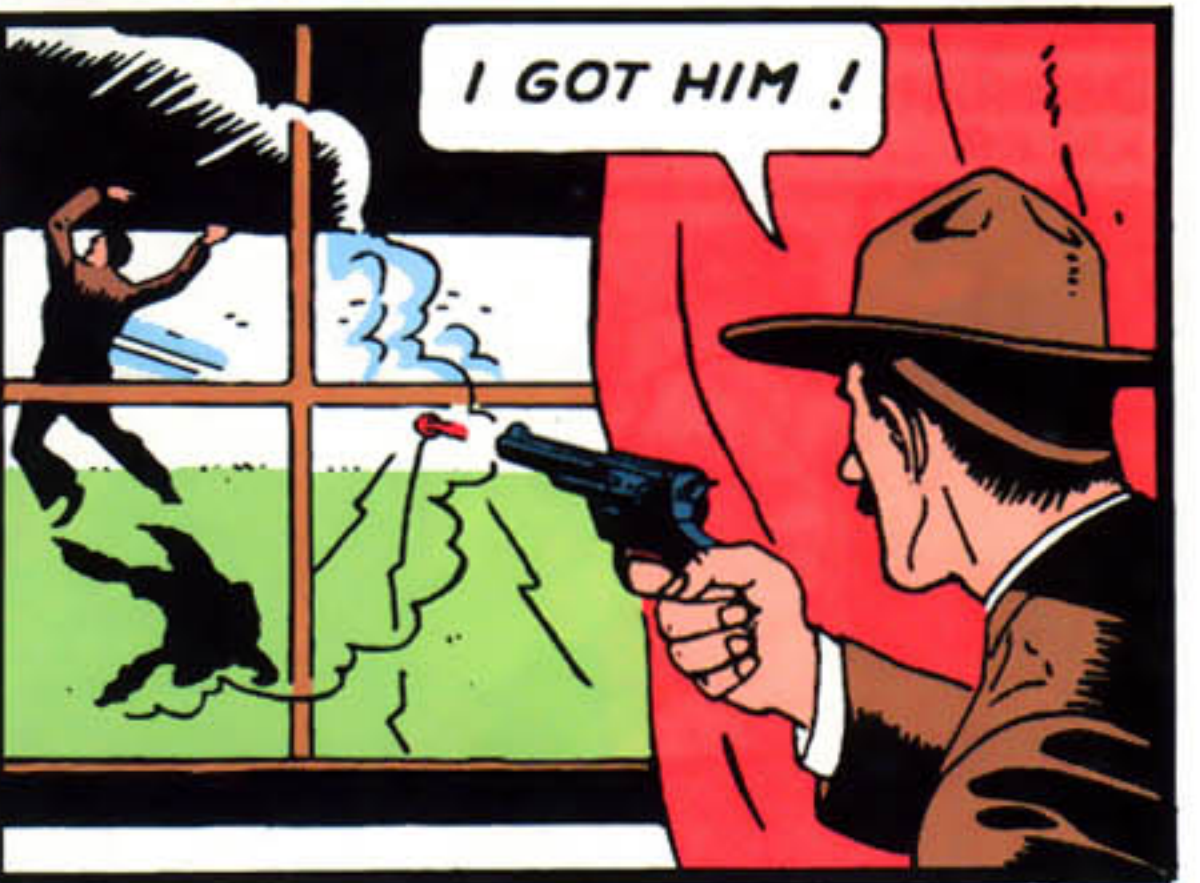
MY LOVER WORKS HERE WITH ME, BUT OFTEN A WOMAN CALLS HIM AND HE LEAVES ! HE WAS UP EARLY THIS MORNING, WORKING SECRETLY IN THE KITCHEN -

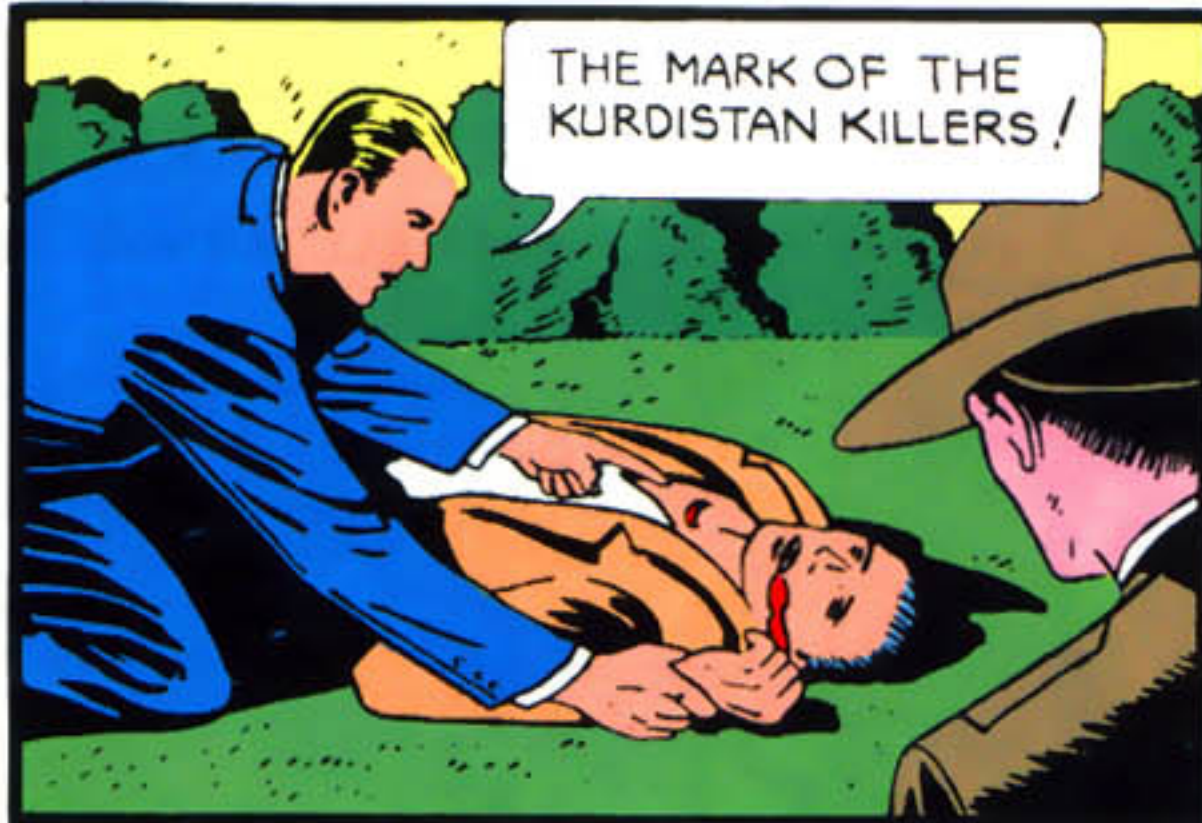


THERE HE GOES - AFTER HIM !



I GOT HIM !

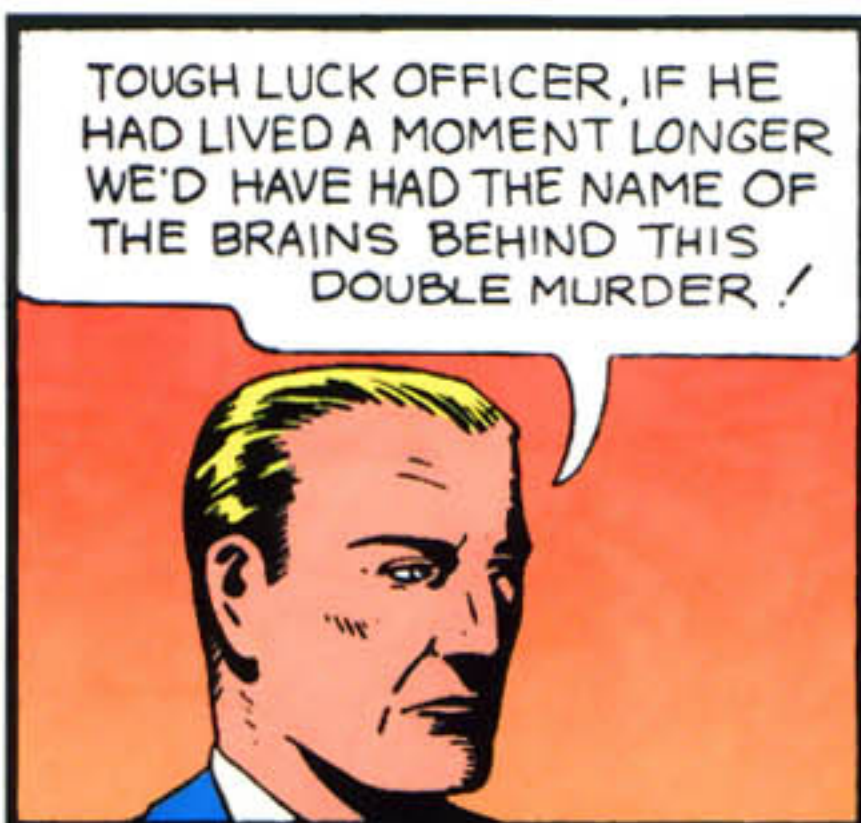




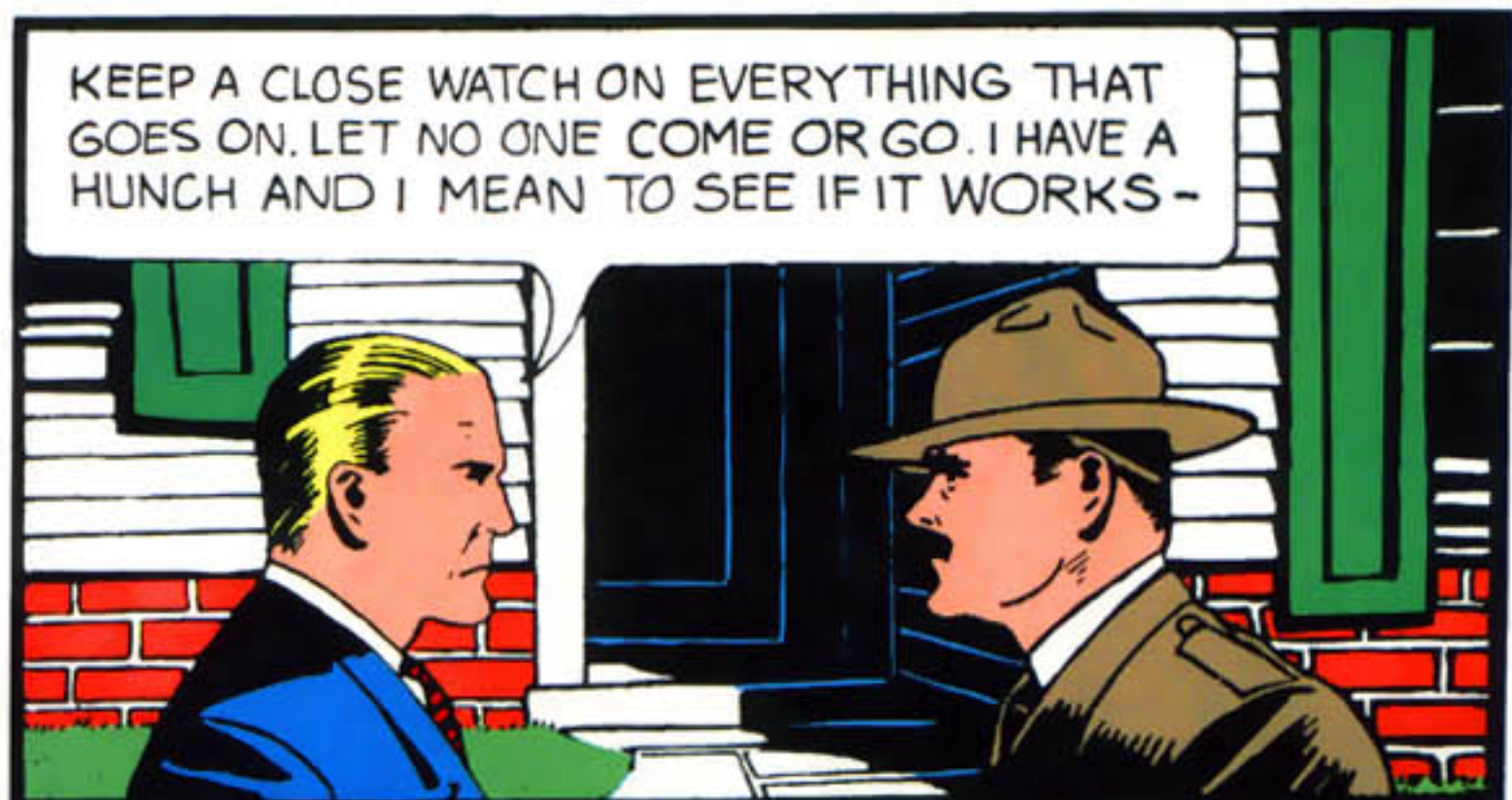
THE MARK OF THE
KURDISTAN KILLERS!



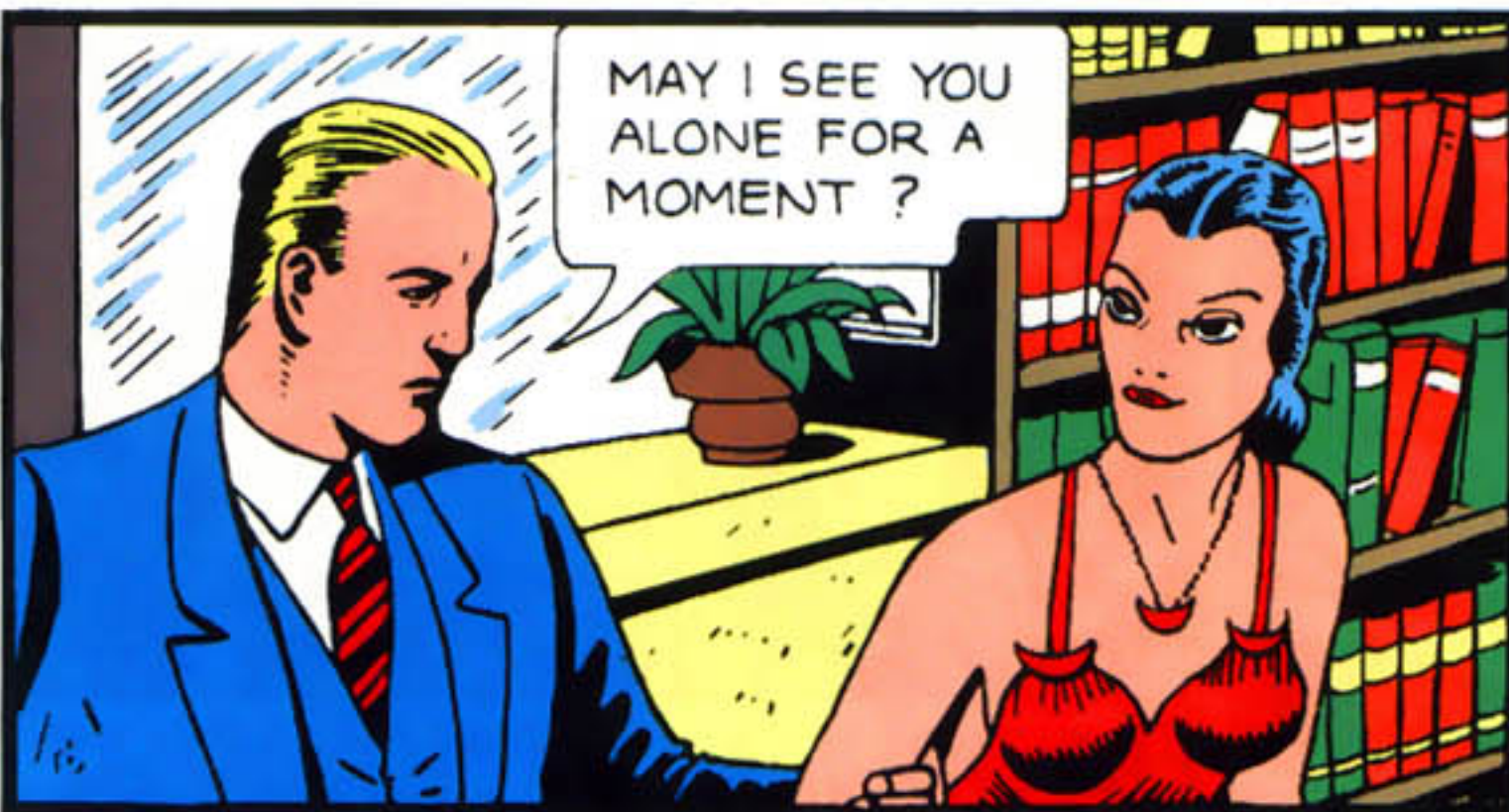
I KILLED TRELAWNEY. I SET THE
TRAP GUN AND FIRED, BUT I
WAS MADE TO DO IT BY...



TOUGH LUCK OFFICER, IF HE
HAD LIVED A MOMENT LONGER
WE'D HAVE HAD THE NAME OF
THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS
DOUBLE MURDER!



KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON EVERYTHING THAT
GOES ON. LET NO ONE COME OR GO. I HAVE A
HUNCH AND I MEAN TO SEE IF IT WORKS -

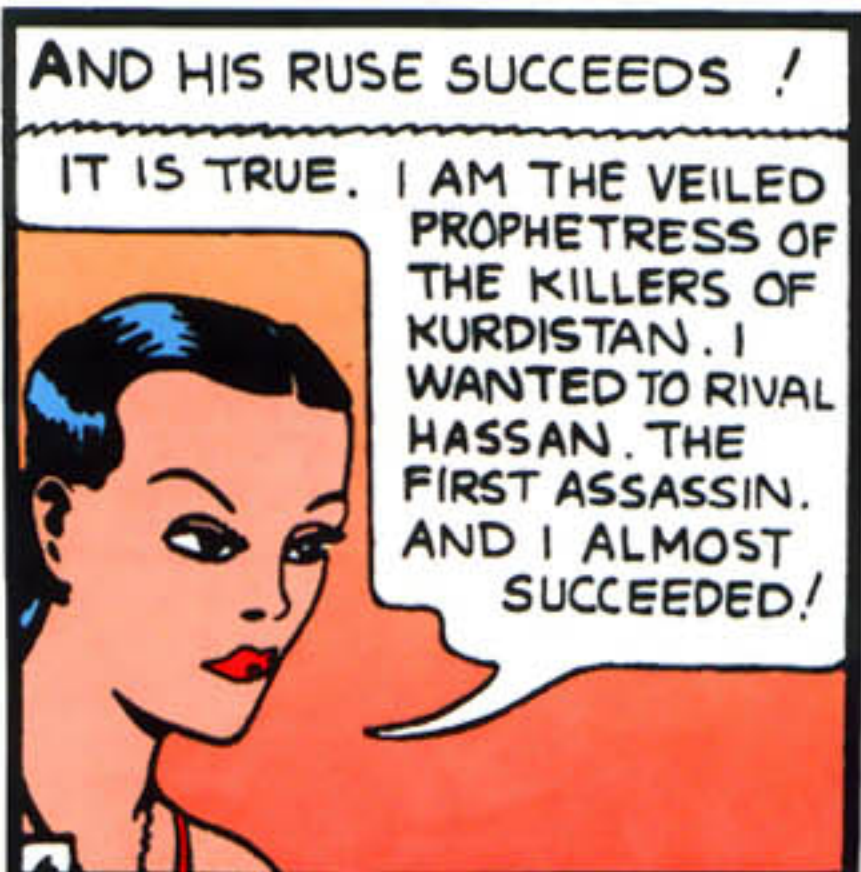


MAY I SEE YOU
ALONE FOR A
MOMENT?

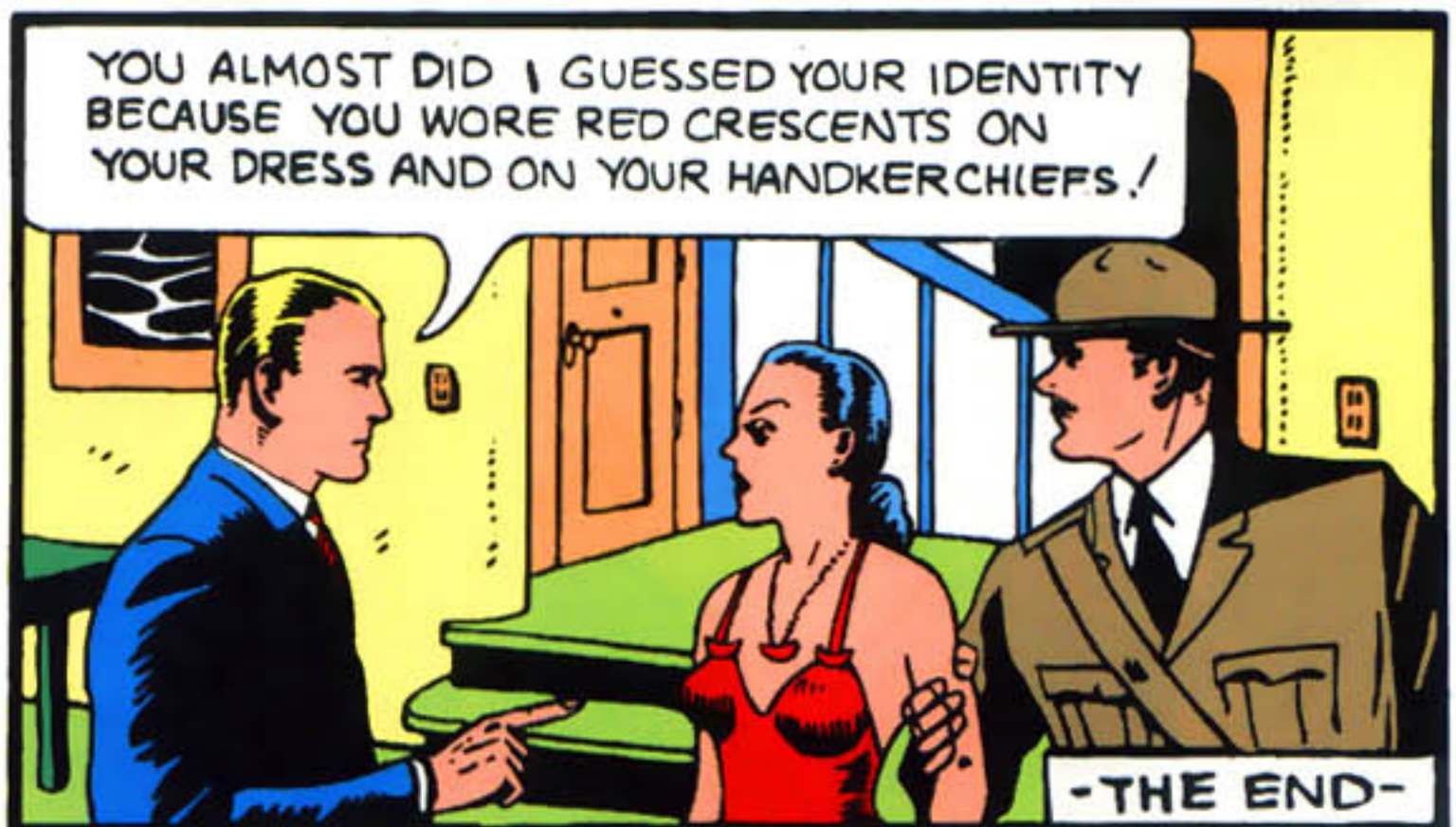


SPEED TRIES TO BLUFF A CON-
FESSION FROM THE WOMAN -

YOUR SERVANT CONFESSED -
WHY DID YOU
ORDER HIM TO
KILL TRELAW-
NEY AND HIS
FRIEND?



AND HIS RUSE SUCCEEDS!
IT IS TRUE. I AM THE VEILED
PROPHETRESS OF
THE KILLERS OF
KURDISTAN. I
WANTED TO RIVAL
HASSAN. THE
FIRST ASSASSIN.
AND I ALMOST
SUCCEEDED!



YOU ALMOST DID I GUESSED YOUR IDENTITY
BECAUSE YOU WORE RED CRESCENTS ON
YOUR DRESS AND ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS!

-THE END-

Buck MARSHALL

RANGE
DETECTIVE

BY
H. FLEMING

• BULLET BLUFF •

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE
DETECTIVE, LOOSENS HIS
SIX-GUN IN ITS HOLSTER
AS HE HEARS THE RAPID
TATTOO OF PONY HOOF
ON THE STONY BOTTOM
OF THE VALLEY TRAIL.

SOME HOMBRE
HIGH-TAILING
IT, FAST AND
HOT!

THERE HE GOES —
SEEMS TO BE IN A SWEAT —
MUST BE SOME REASON —
I'LL TAKE AFTER HIM —

MAYBE IT'S NONE OF
OUR BUSINESS PEPPER
BUT I'M PLUMB
CURIOUS —

BUCK SEES THE RIDER DISMOUNT BEFORE THE
SHERIFF'S OFFICE, DROP HIS REINS TO THE
GROUND AND STRIDE TO THE DOOR —

WHEN
BUCK
ARRIVES
A LITTLE
LATER,
THE
SHERIFF
HAS PUT
ON HIS
HAT AND
COAT
AND IS
ABOUT
TO LEAVE
WITH
HIS
VISITOR

HELLO, BUCK — MIGHTY
GLAD TO SEE YOU!
MEET MATT DOYLE
OF THE BOX-K.

DOYLE HERE,
JUST FOUND HIS
BOSS, JERRY KANE,
SHOT TO DEATH —
WE'RE GOING
RIGHT OVER
TO BOX-K.
COME
ALONG —



DOYLE IS CHECKING UP ON THE STOCK IN THE CORRAL - THEY HAD ABOUT 40 HEAD THERE FOR SHIPMENT - WE'LL LOOK IN THE HOUSE WHILE HE'S AWAY.



AFTER LOOKING THROUGH THE HOUSE, BUCK AND THE SHERIFF FIND THAT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DISTURBED

WELL, ROBBERY DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE MOTIVE ANYWAY - HERE COMES DOYLE BACK - I'LL HAIL HIM



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY STOCK MISSIN' SHERIFF



WHEN THE SHERIFF GOES FOR HIS HORSE, BUCK SPEAKS IN A LOW TONE -

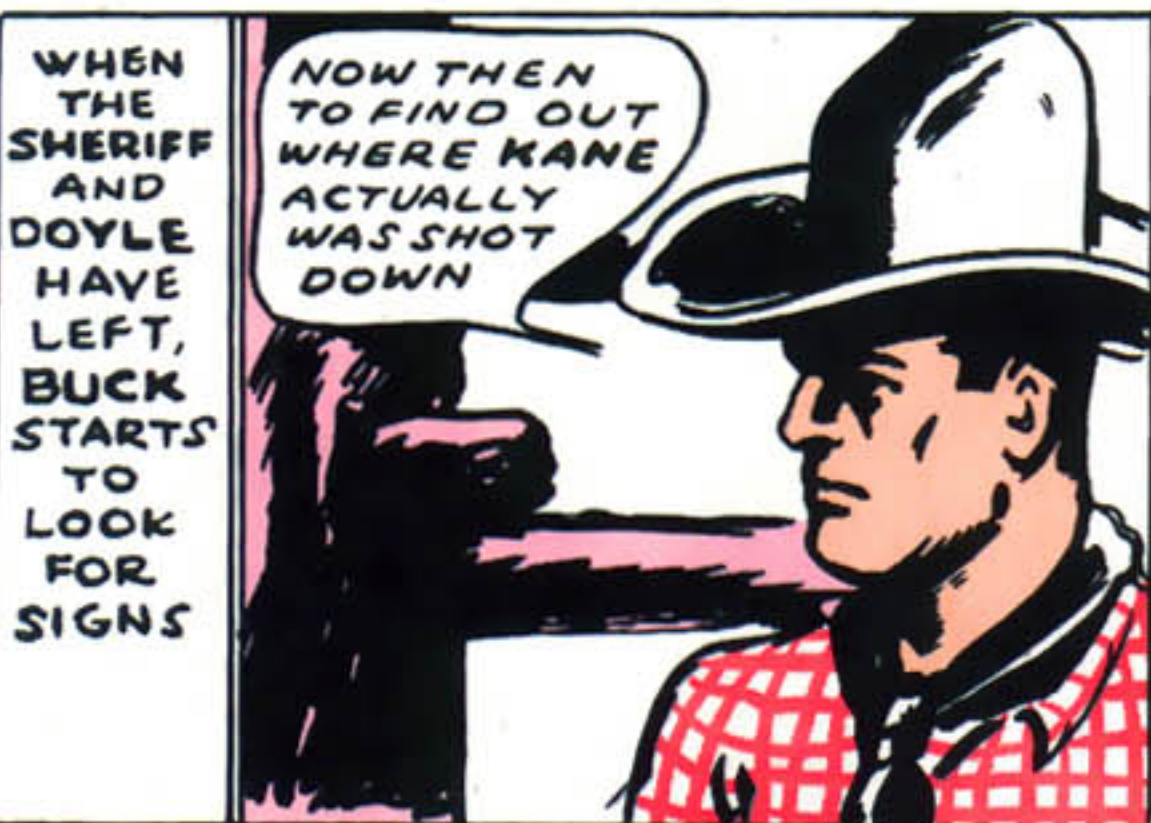
WHEN YOU GO BACK WITH THE BODY, TAKE DOYLE WITH YOU

O.K. BUCK I SAVVY-



WHEN THE SHERIFF AND DOYLE HAVE LEFT, BUCK STARTS TO LOOK FOR SIGNS

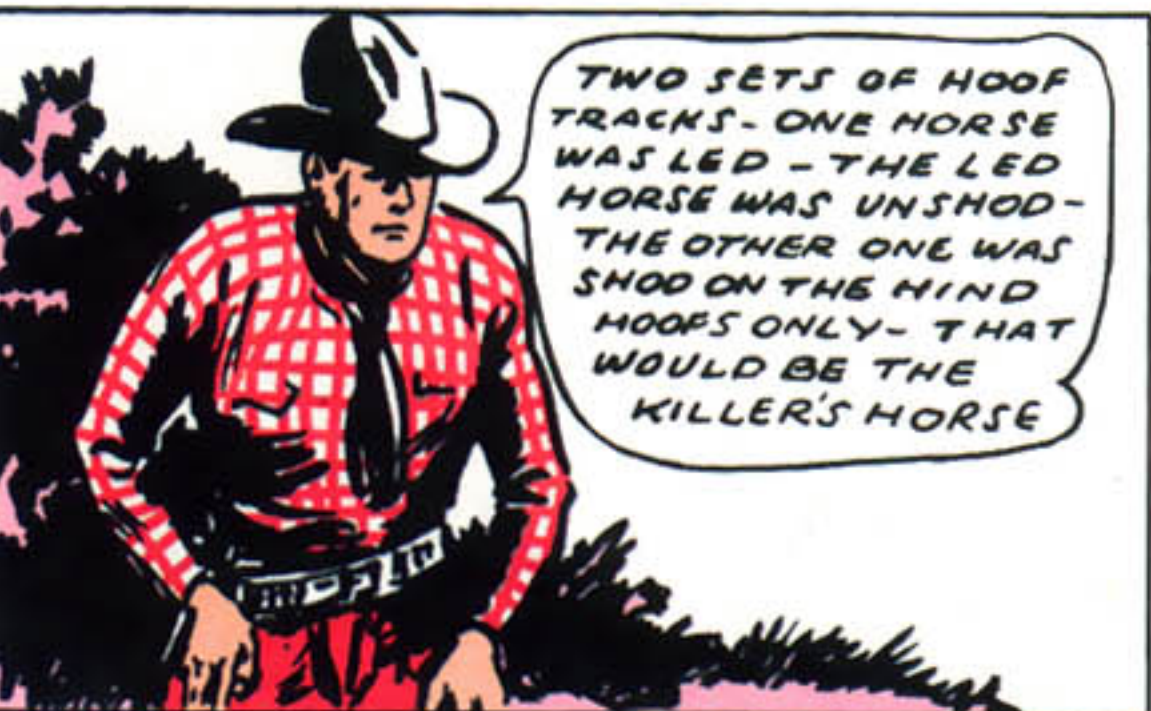
NOW THEN TO FIND OUT WHERE KANE ACTUALLY WAS SHOT DOWN



KANE'S OVERALLS SHOWED SOME YELLOW CLAY STICKING TO THEM - I CAN FIND NO YELLOW CLAY AROUND HERE



TWO SETS OF HOOF TRACKS - ONE HORSE WAS LED - THE LED HORSE WAS UNSHOED - THE OTHER ONE WAS SHOED ON THE HIND HOOF ONLY - THAT WOULD BE THE KILLER'S HORSE



THIS KILLING OCCURRED LESS THAN 4 HOURS AGO AFTER THE LIGHT RAIN THIS MORNING



BY CIRCLING AROUND, BUCK FINALLY COMES UPON TRACKS.

MOUNTING HIS HORSE, BUCK STARTS TO BACK TRACK THE HOOF PRINTS -

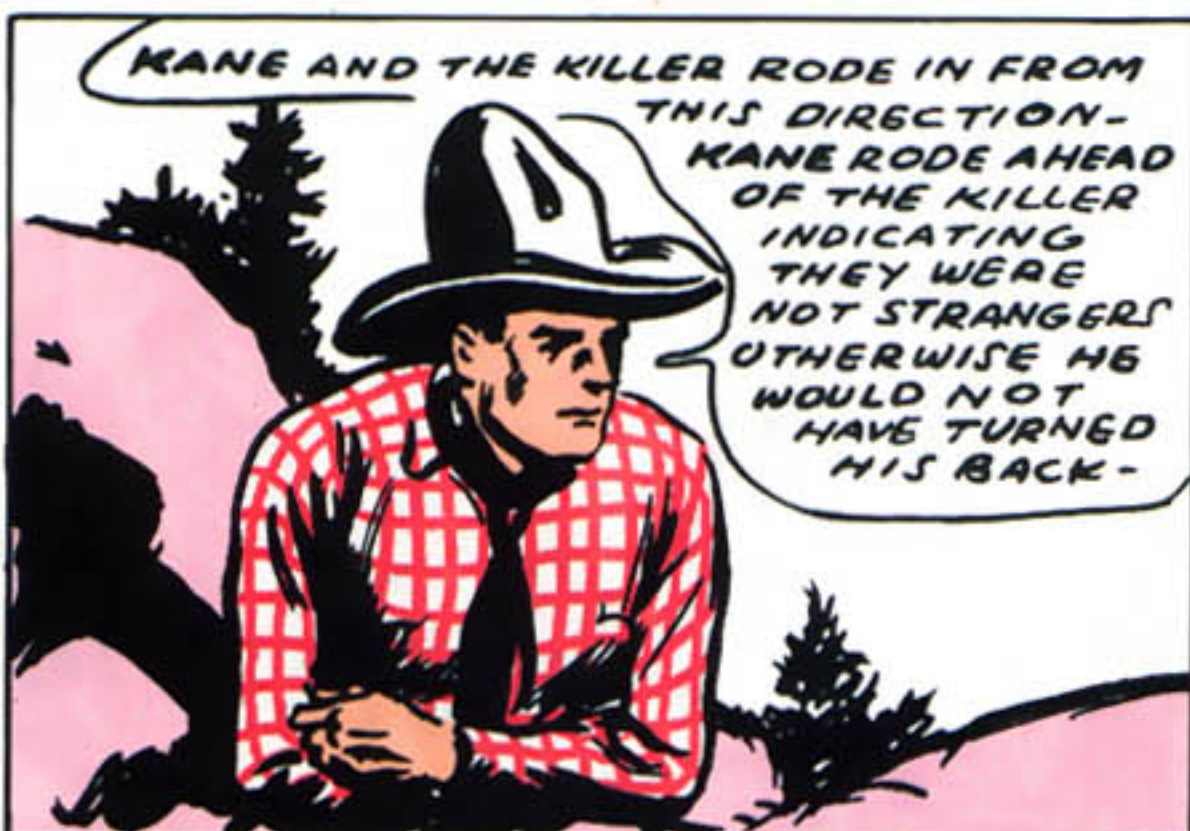
AFTER
A WHILE,
THE
TRAIL
LEADS
INTO
A
ROCK
STREWN
GULCH-
BUCK
DISMOUNTS
AS HE
COMES TO
A PATCH
OF YELLOW
CLAY



THERE'S WHERE
KANE WAS SHOT
FROM HIS
HORSE



-THE GROUND IS CUT UP
BEHIND THESE BUSHES
THIS IS WHERE THE
KILLER FIRED THE SHOT
AND STARTLED
HIS HORSE



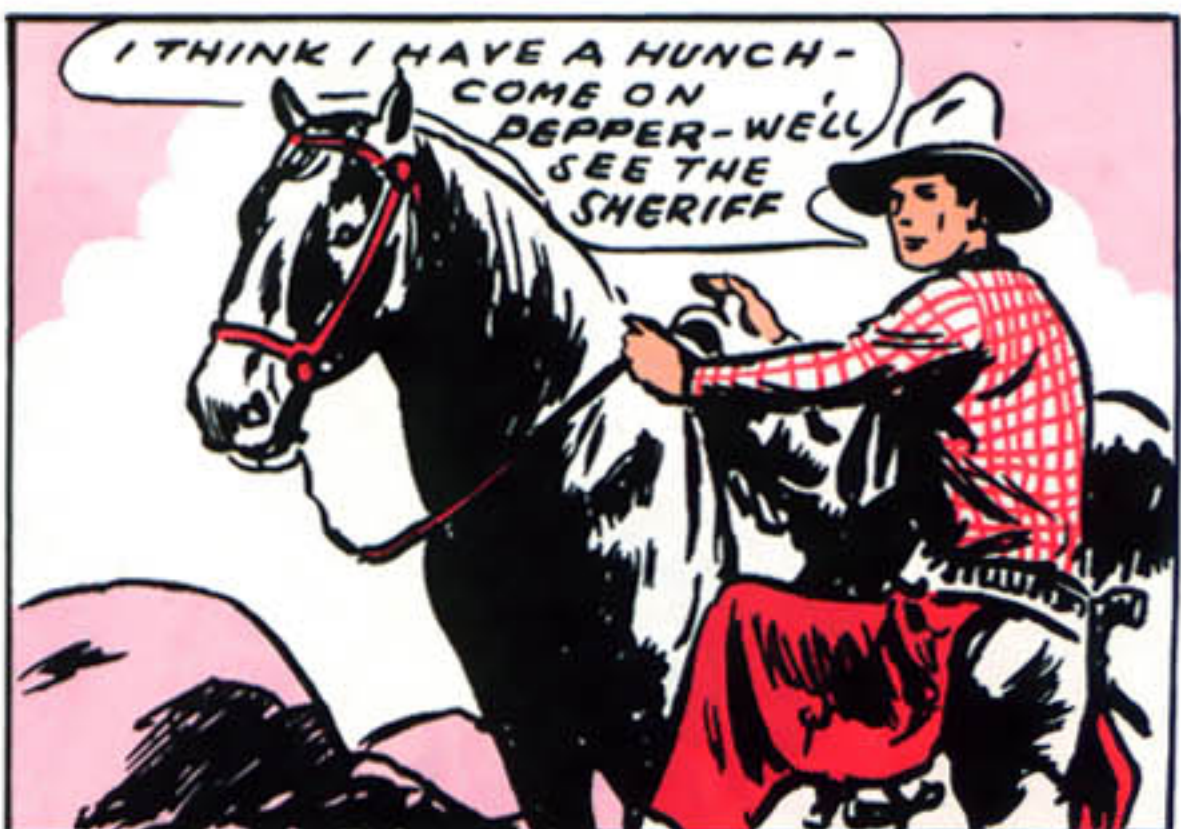
KANE AND THE KILLER RODE IN FROM
THIS DIRECTION-
KANE RODE AHEAD
OF THE KILLER
INDICATING
THEY WERE
NOT STRANGERS
OTHERWISE HE
WOULD NOT
HAVE TURNED
HIS BACK-



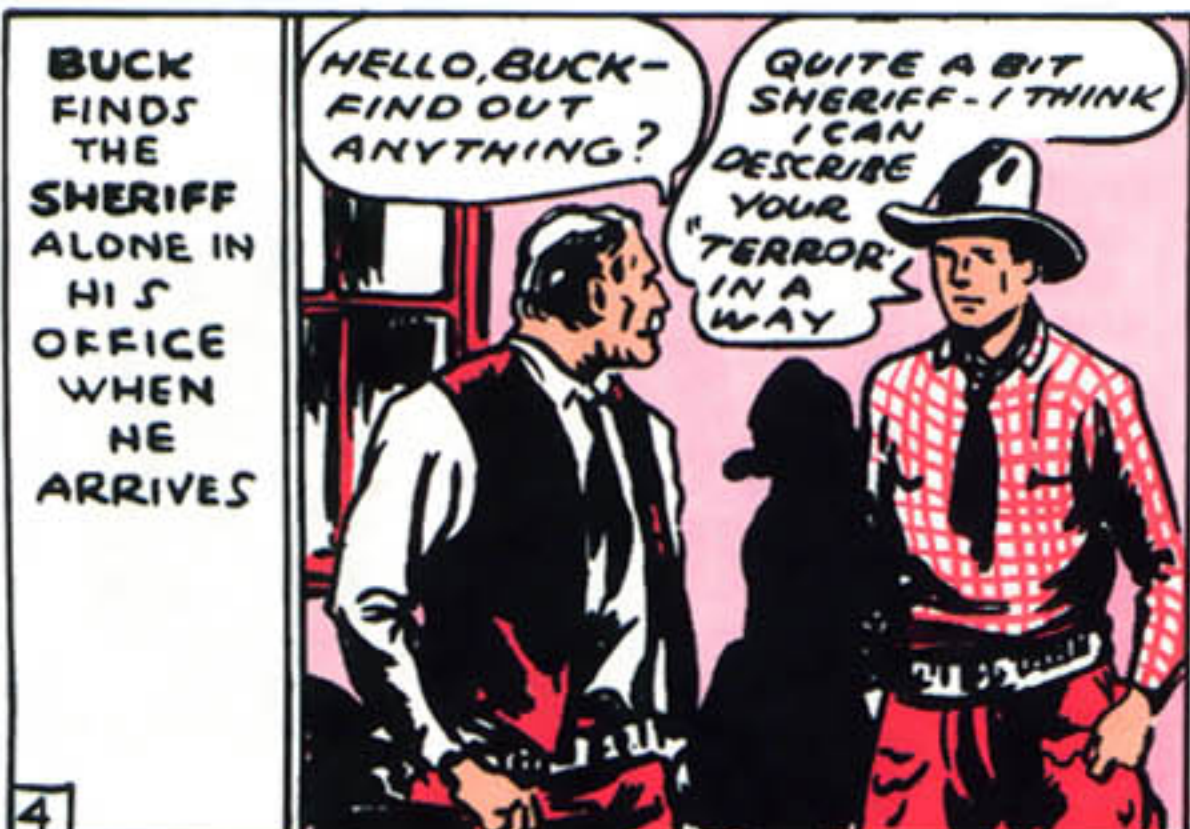
AFTER THE SHOOTING,
THE HOOF PRINTS SHOW
THAT THE KILLER
LEFT HIS HORSE
NEAR THIS THORN-
BUSH- HERE'S ANOTHER
CLUE- A HAIR FROM
IT'S TAIL- THE
HORSE WAS WHITE-



THIS HOMBRE'S FOOT PRINTS ARE CLOSER TOGETHER
THAN MINE - SO LIKELY, HE IS NOT AS
TALL AS I AM - HIS
HEELPRINTS ARE
DEEP INDICATING
THAT HE IS HEAVY
SET- HE TOES IN
WITH HIS LEFT FOOT



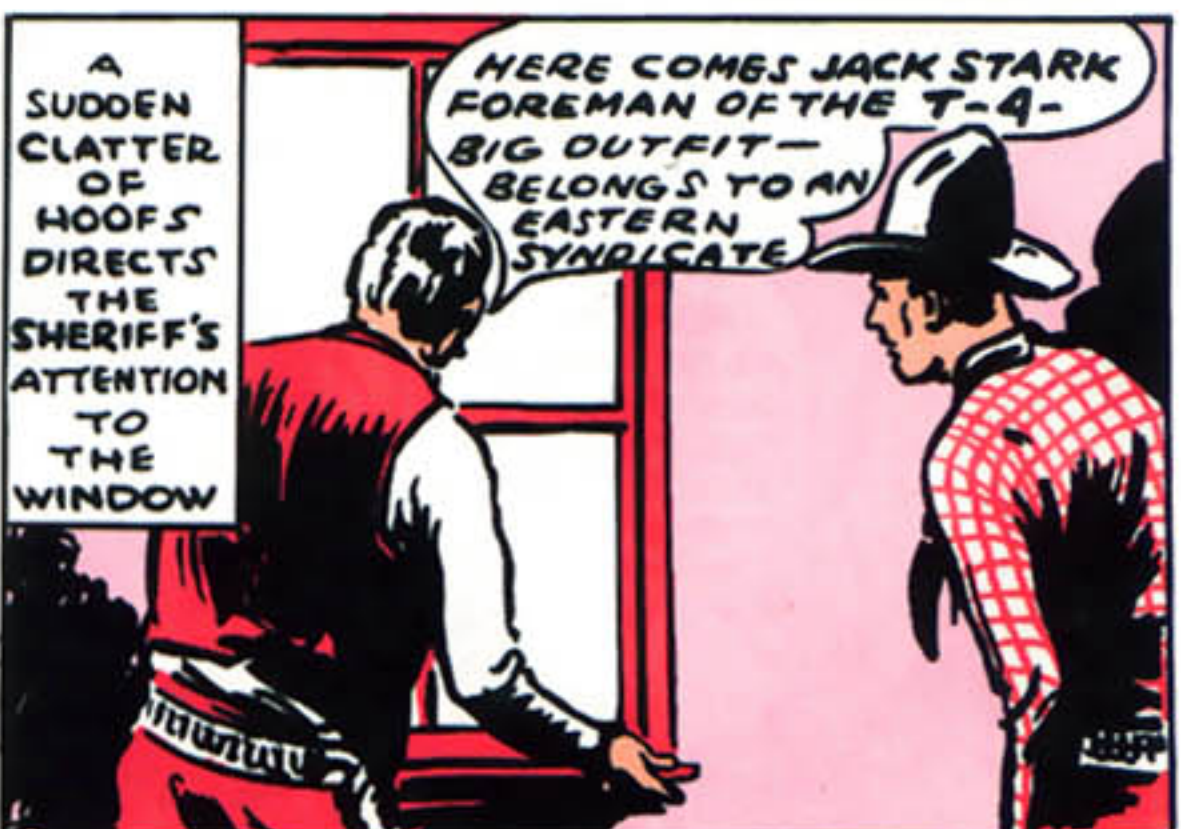
I THINK I HAVE A HUNCH -
COME ON
PEPPER - WE'LL
SEE THE
SHERIFF



HELLO, BUCK -
FIND OUT
ANYTHING?

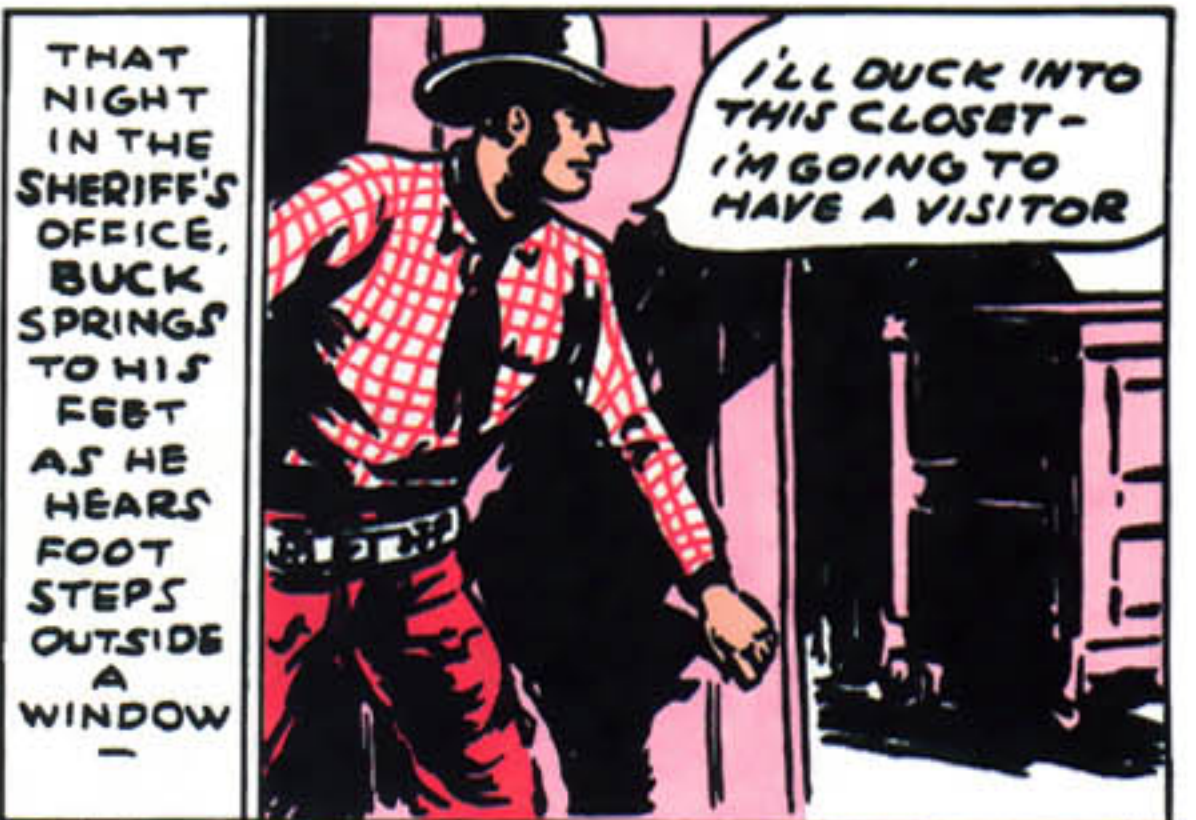
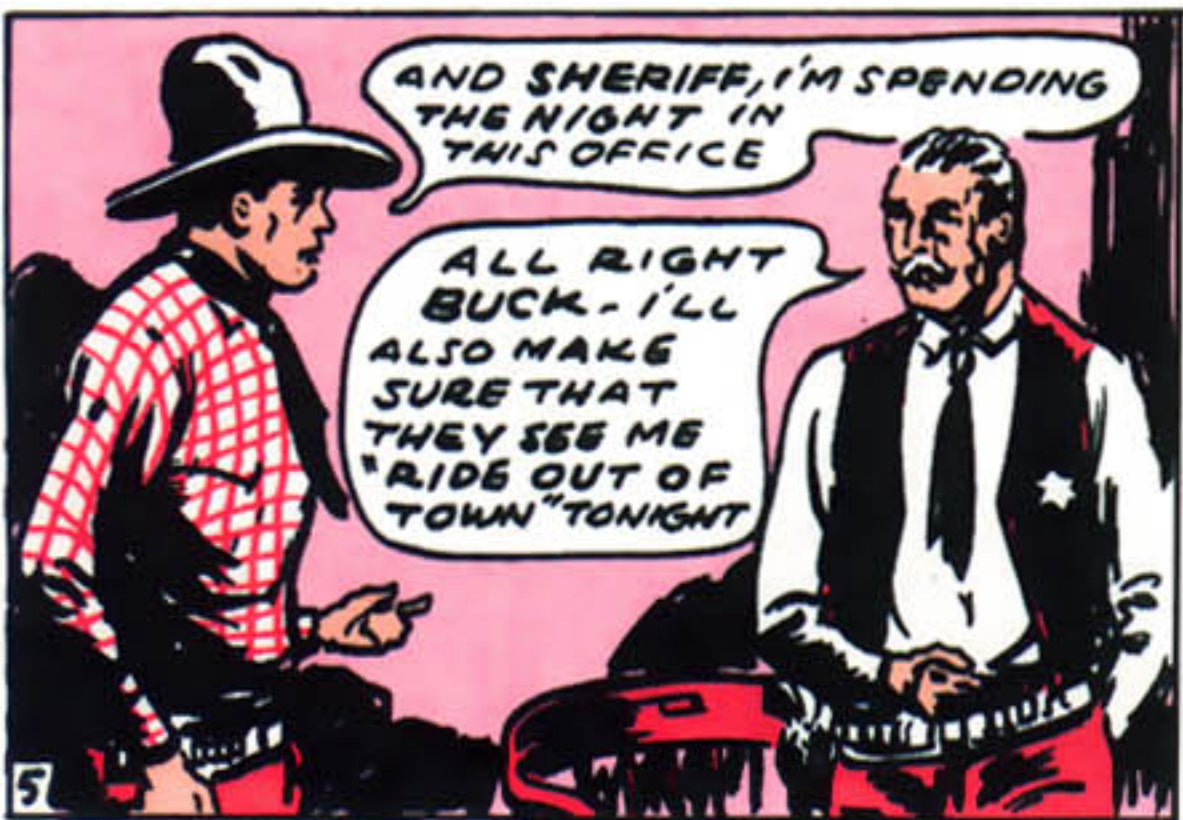
QUITE A BIT
SHERIFF - I THINK
I CAN
DESCRIBE
YOUR
"TERROR"
IN A
WAY

BUCK
FINDS
THE
SHERIFF
ALONE IN
HIS
OFFICE
WHEN
HE
ARRIVES



A
SUDDEN
CLATTER
OF
HOOF'S
DIRECTS
THE
SHERIFF'S
ATTENTION
TO
THE
WINDOW

HERE COMES JACK STARK
FOREMAN OF THE T-4-
BIG OUTFIT -
BELONGS TO AN
EASTERN
SYNDICATE



BUCK HEARS
SOME
ONE
FORCE
A
WINDOW
THEN,
PRESENTLY
A
FAINT
RATTLE
OF
TOOLS
NEAR
THE
SAFE

AFTER
THE
BLACK
CARTRIDGE



GRAB
YOUR EARS,
STARK!



BLAST YER HIDE
YOU SKULKIN' COYOTE

DROP
THAT



WITH A SNARL OF RAGE, STARK LEAPS TO
HIS FEET —

WITH
THE
SPEED
OF A
BULLET,
STARK
SWINGS
DOWN
HIS
HAMMER
ON
BUCKS
GUN
BARREL

SMASH



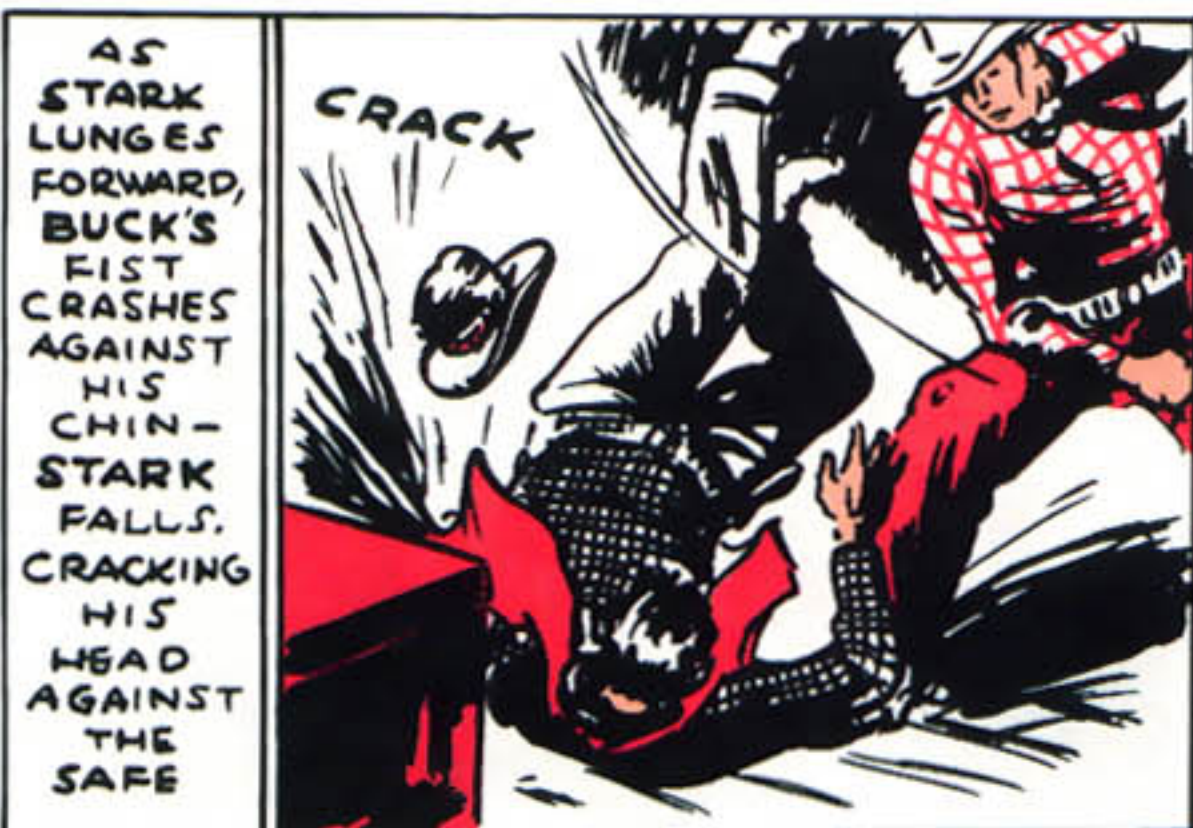
NOW THEN, STARK, I'M
TURNING YOU OVER TO
SOME GENTS WHO WILL
BE MIGHTY GLAD TO
FIT A NOOSE AROUND
THE NECK OF THE "TERROR"

NO, NO - DON'T
DO THAT!
GIMME A CHANCE!
I'LL TELL ALL



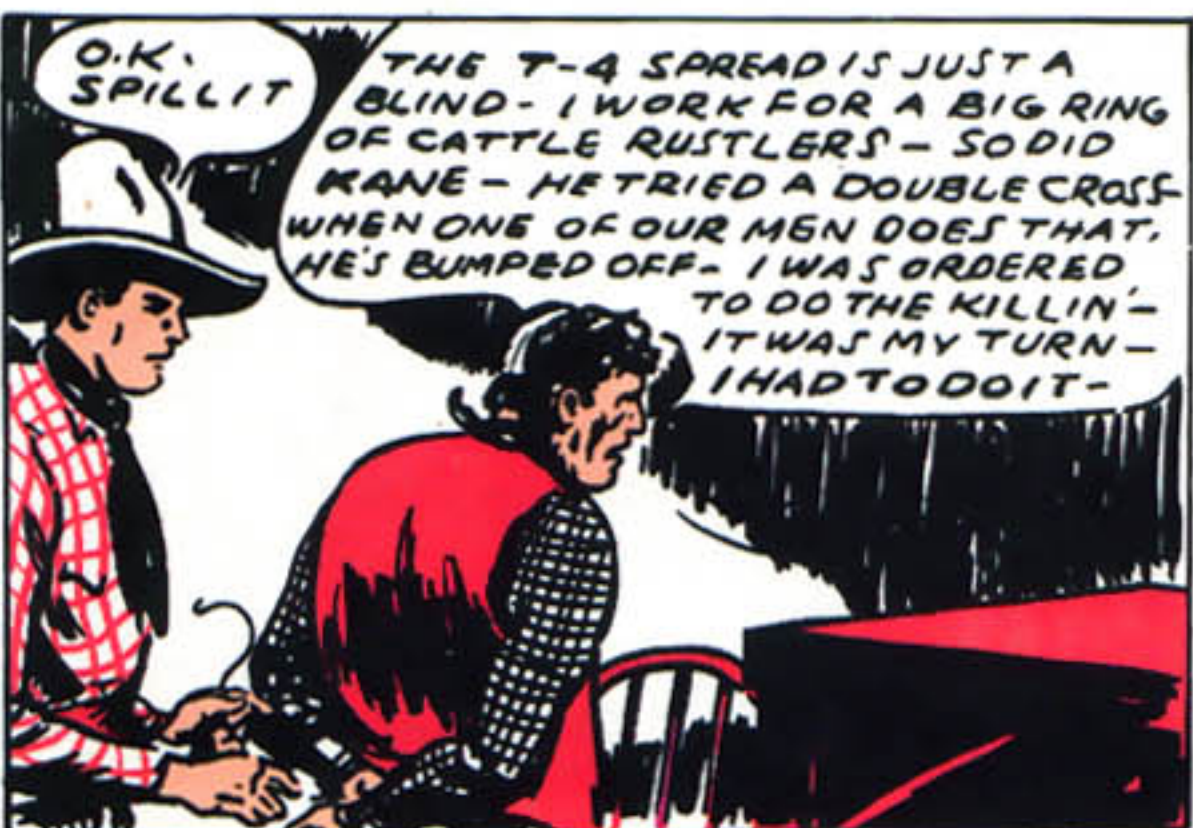
AS
STARK
LUNGES
FORWARD,
BUCK'S
FIST
CRASHES
AGAINST
HIS
CHIN -
STARK
FALLS.
CRACKING
HIS
HEAD
AGAINST
THE
SAFE

CRACK

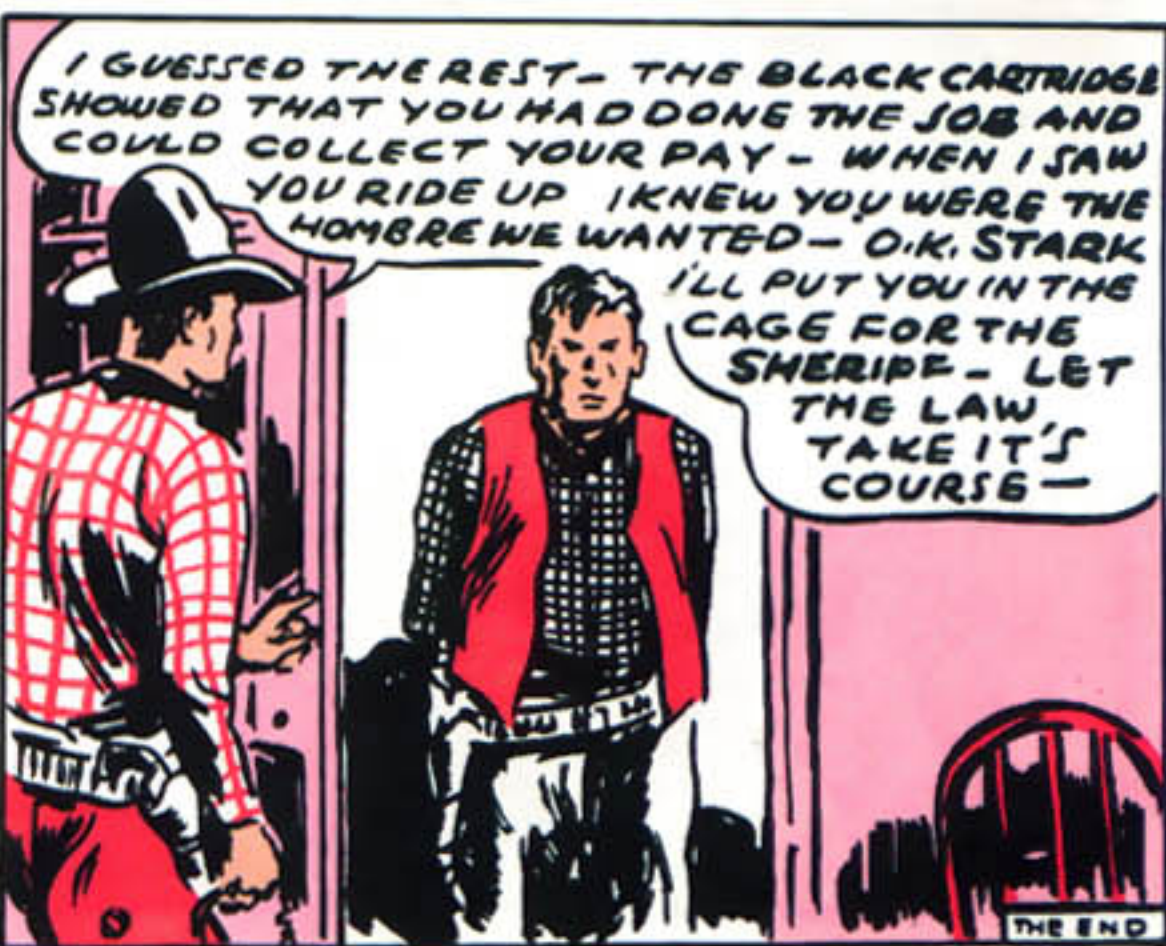


O.K.
SPILL IT

THE T-4 SPREAD IS JUST A
BLIND - I WORK FOR A BIG RING
OF CATTLE RUSTLERS - SODD
KANE - HE TRIED A DOUBLE CROSS
WHEN ONE OF OUR MEN DOES THAT,
HE'S BUMPED OFF - I WAS ORDERED
TO DO THE KILLIN' - IT WAS MY TURN -
I HAD TO DO IT -



I GUESSED THE REST - THE BLACK CARTRIDGE
SHOWED THAT YOU HAD DONE THE JOB AND
COULD COLLECT YOUR PAY - WHEN I SAW
YOU RIDE UP I KNEW YOU WERE THE
HOMBRE WE WANTED - O.K. STARK
I'LL PUT YOU IN THE
CAGE FOR THE
SHERIFF - LET
THE LAW
TAKE IT'S
COURSE -



THE END

SPY

by JERRY SIEGEL
and JOE SHUSTER

A DINNER IS THROWN INTO PANDEMONIUM WHEN ITS GUEST OF HONOR, CONGRESSMAN SNEED, HEAD OF A COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES CLUTCHES HIS SIDE, AND COLLAPSES~~~DEAD!

GET A DOCTOR!

TOO LATE!~ HE'S DEAD!

U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS~~~

ACCORDING TO THE MEDICAL REPORT, SNEED DIED OF AN INTERNAL HEMORRAGE. HOWEVER, SINCE ANOTHER MEMBER ON THE COMMITTEE HAS RECENTLY DIED INSTANTLY~~~

~~~YOU SUSPECT MURDER! LET ME HAVE THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE THREE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE!

BART DROPS IN ON CONGRESSMAN LITTLE~~~

I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE SNEED'S DEATH. MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?

STEP RIGHT IN, AND JOIN ME AT THE TABLE. I'M HAVING LUNCH.

IT'S MY THEORY THAT THE CONGRESSMAN DIDN'T DIE A NATURAL DEATH. NOW IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHO IT IS THAT WOULD WANT HIM OUT OF THE WAY~~~!

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU I BELIEVE I DO KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE!

IN MY OPINION, THE KILLERS ARE~~~ OH-HH!

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S WRONG?

DEAD!!



BART SUMMONS A DOCTOR---

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY HE DIED OF?

INTERNAL HEMORRAGE!

ALARMED, REGAN DASHES TO THE HOTEL ROOM OF CONGRESSMAN BOOKER.

DON'T ARGUE. COME WITH ME, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

I'LL DO NO SUCH THING! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE HOTEL DETECTIVE!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT! GET ME?

I G-GET Y-YOU!

NEXT, BART CALLS ON THE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE, CONGRESSMAN STOKER---

GET GOIN'!

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?

DON'T BLAME ME! I NEVER SAW THIS MANIAC BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

RUSHING THEM TO ANOTHER HOTEL, BART REGAN FORCES THEM TO REGISTER UNDER FALSE NAMES---

NOW NOT A FALSE MOVE OUT OF EITHER OF YOU!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

HOUSE PHONES

WHEN THEY ARE SAFELY LOCKED IN THE HOTEL ROOM---

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS.~ THE SECRET SERVICE BELIEVES YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER. WILL YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE CO-OPERATE BY STAYING UNDER COVER?

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP IN ANY WAY WE CAN.

I'D LIKE TO LOOK OVER THE FILES OF YOUR COMMITTEE'S FINDINGS IN SEARCH OF A CLUE. CAN THEY BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ME?

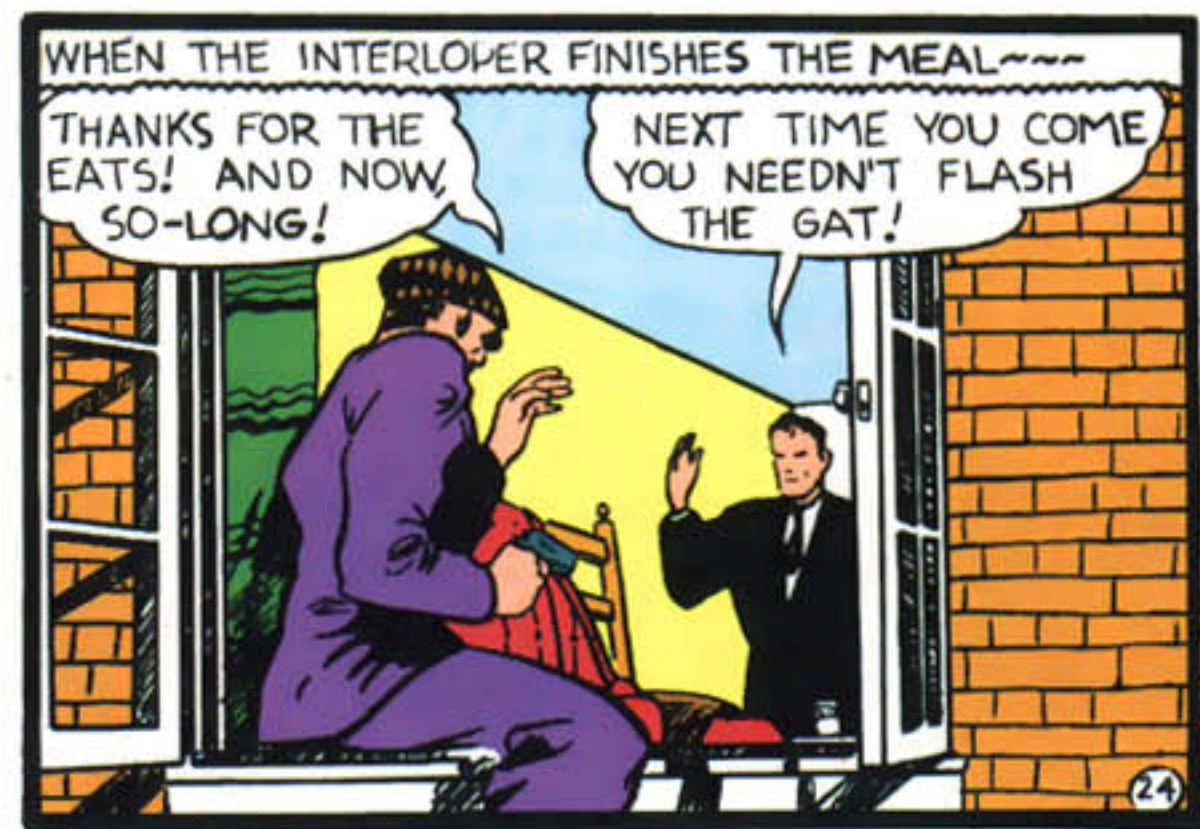
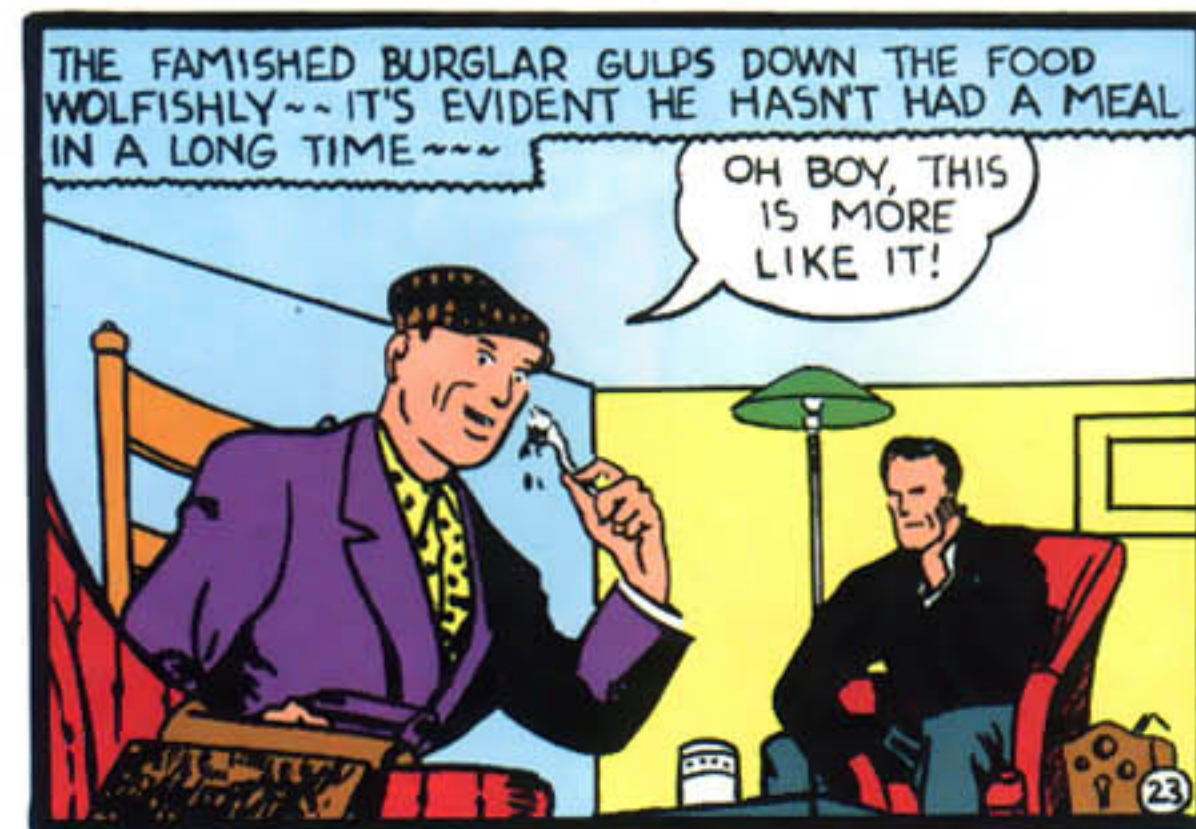
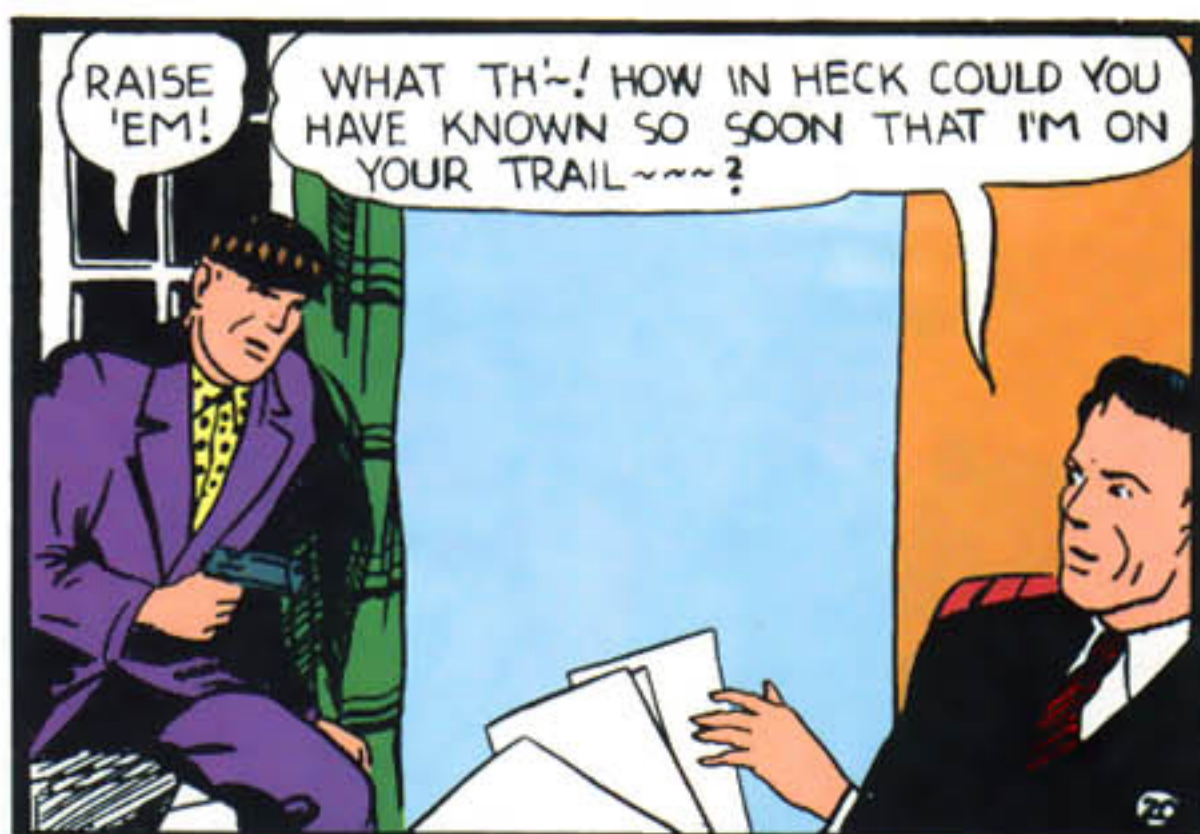
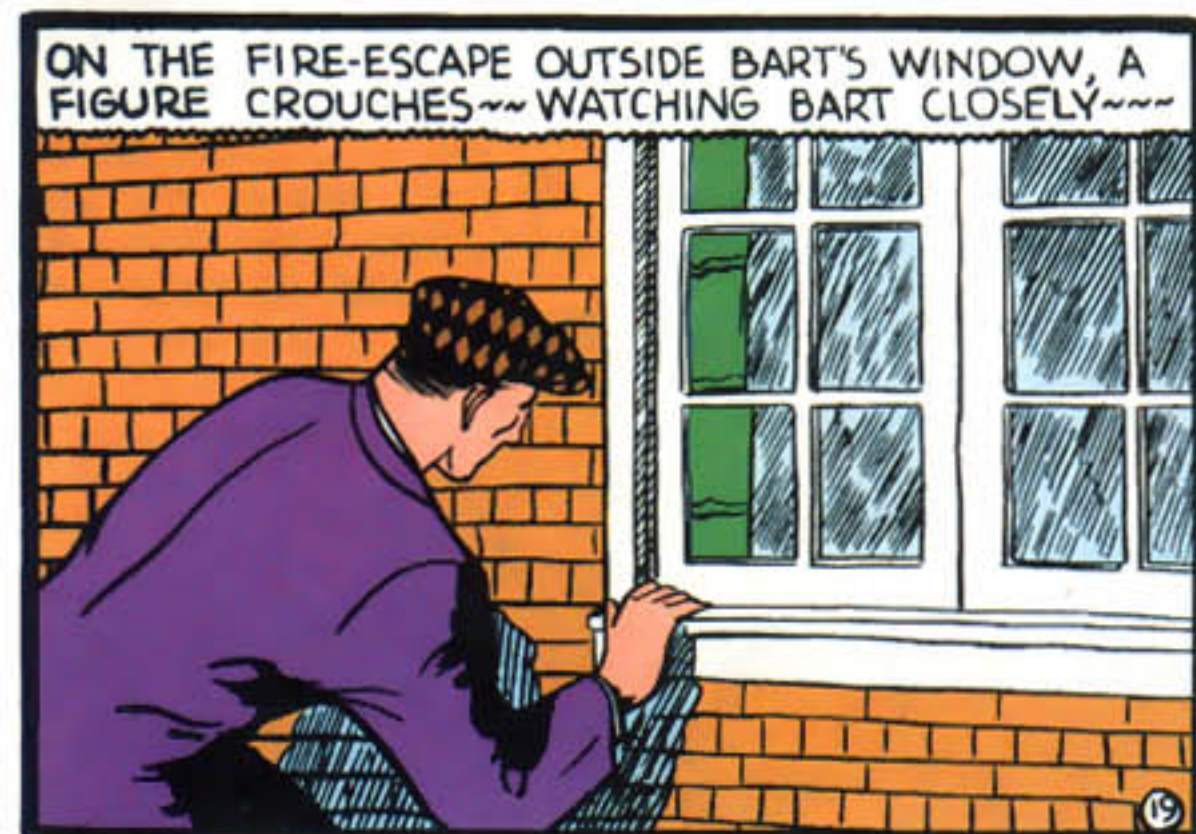
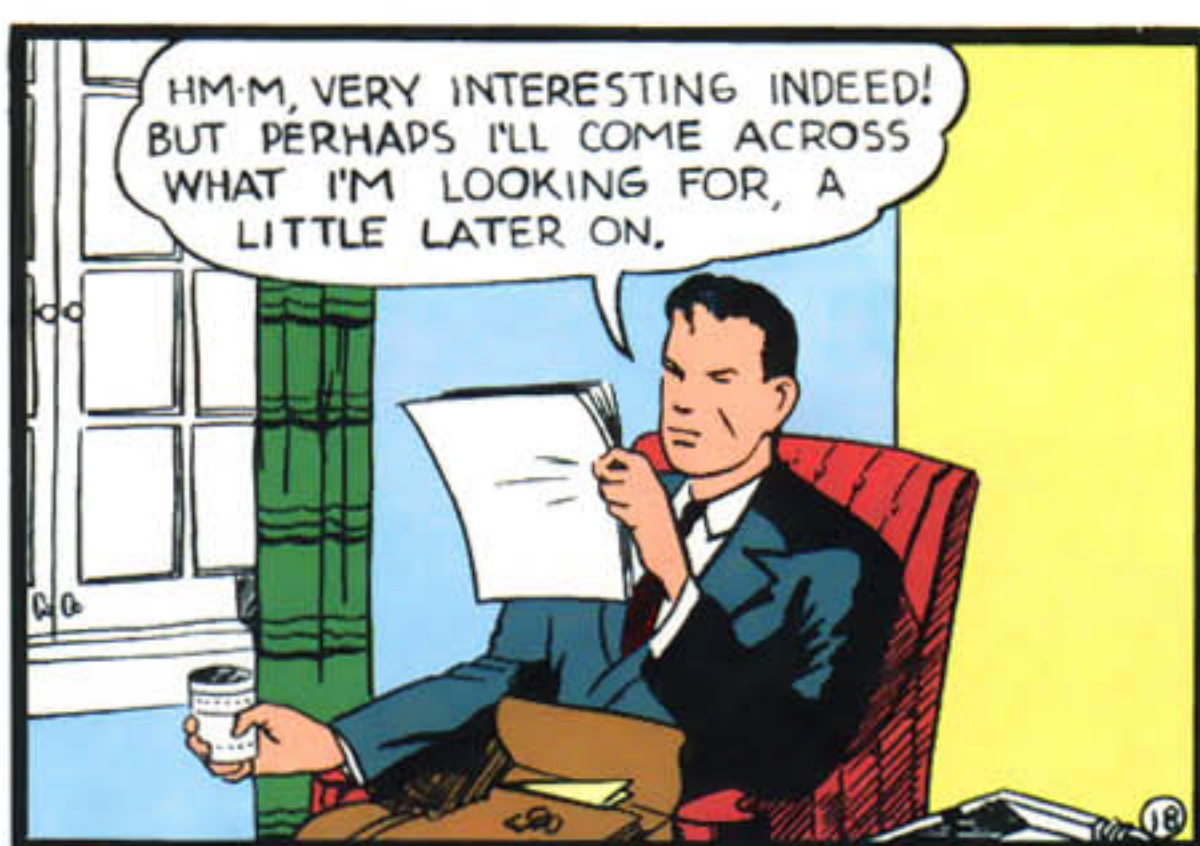
PRESENT THIS NOTE TO MY SECRETARY AND SHE'LL GIVE YOU A DUPLICATE OF THE FILES.

LATER~

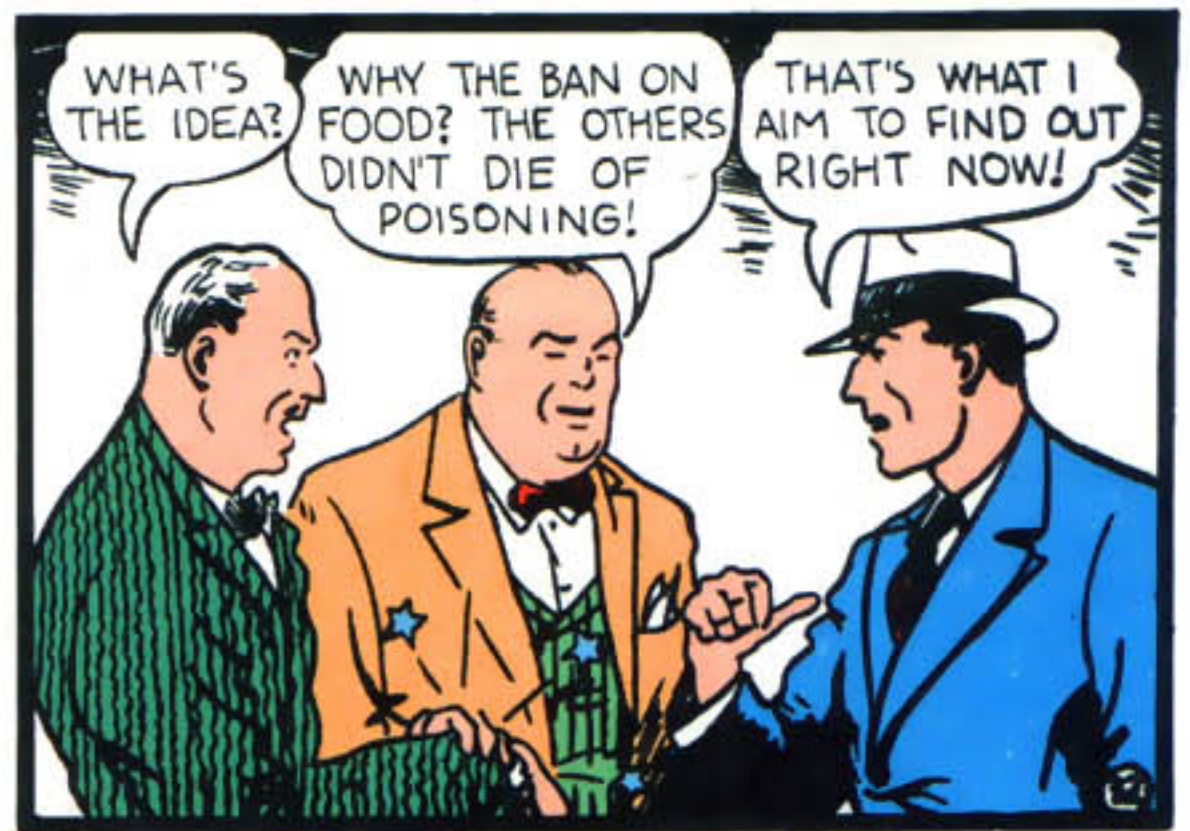
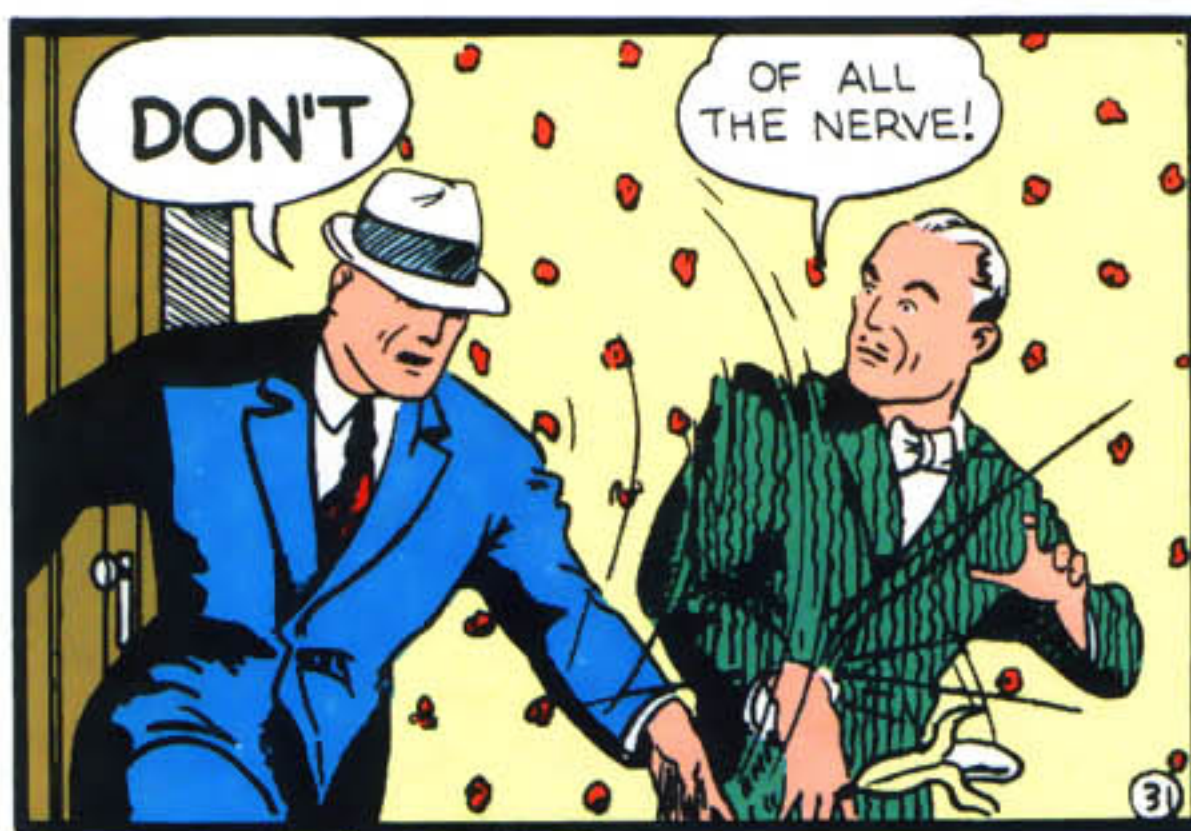
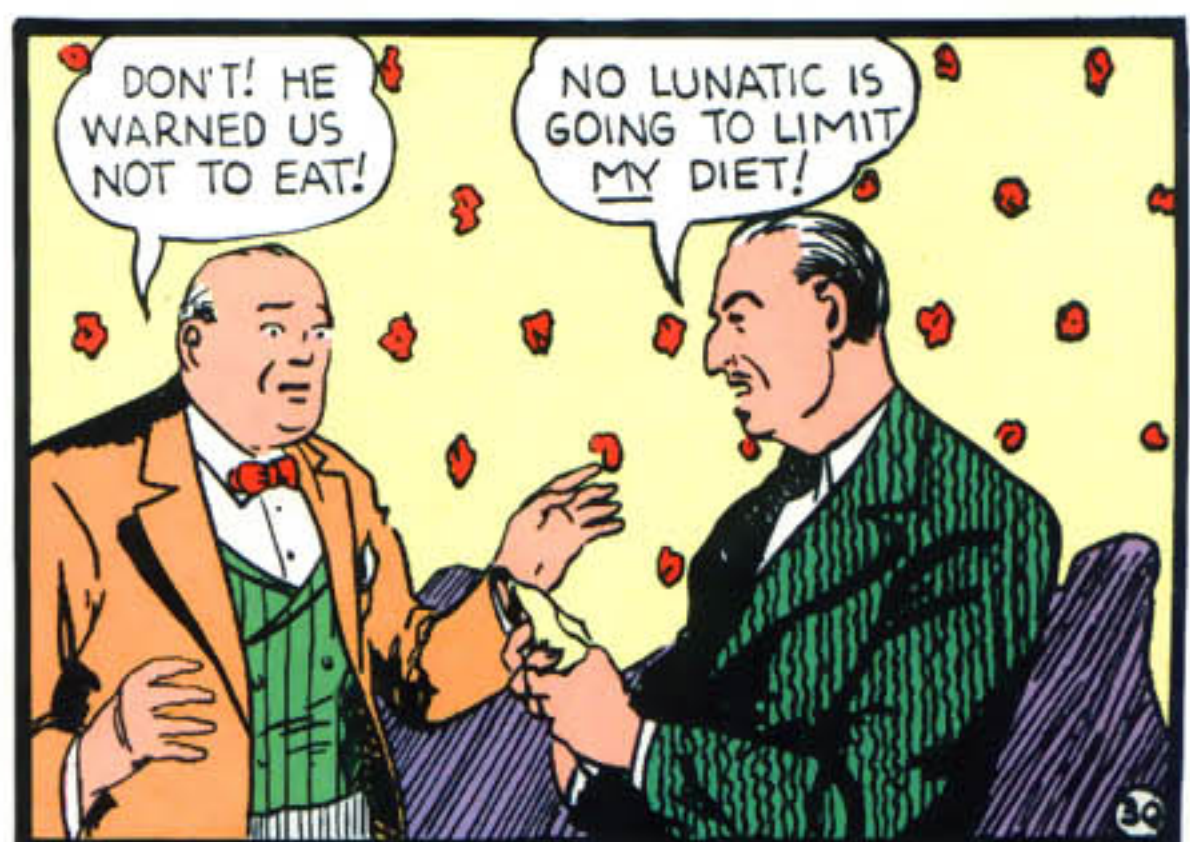
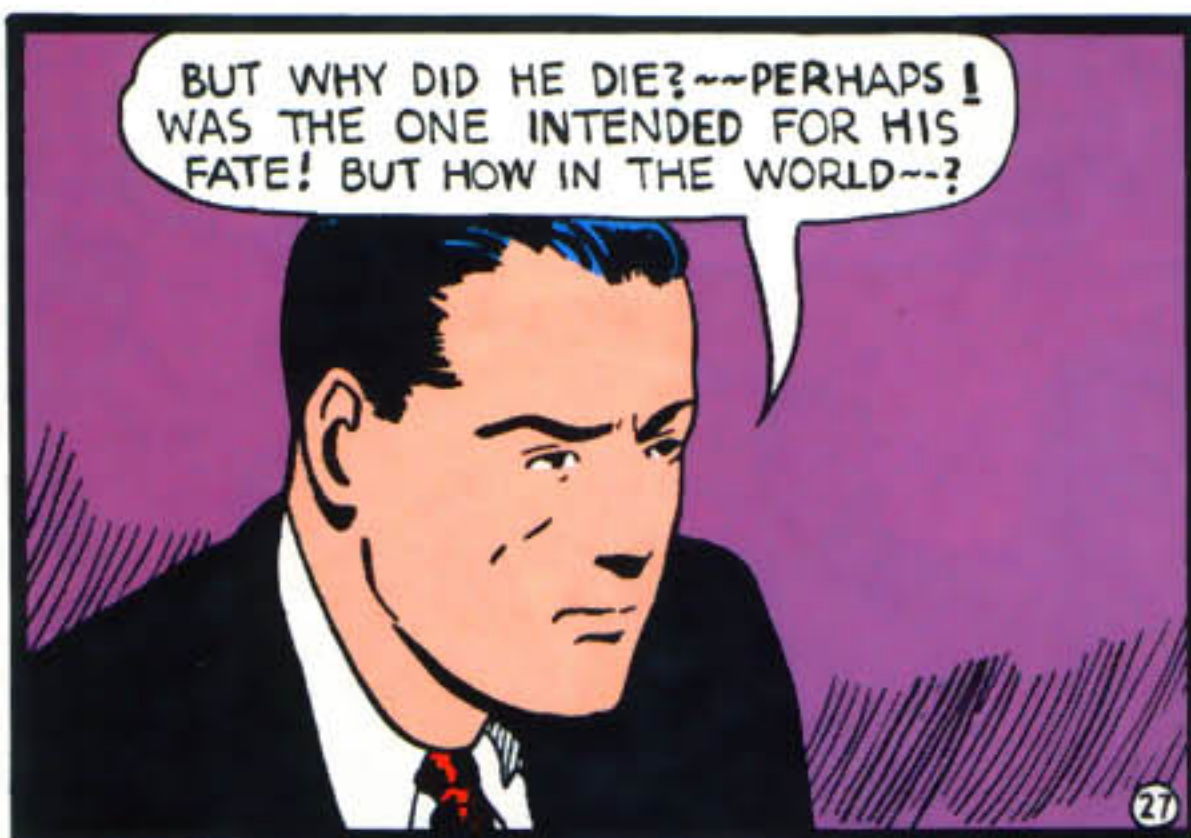
HERE IS THE MATERIAL YOU WANT!

THANK YOU!~I HOPE IT CONTAINS THE INFORMATION I NEED.

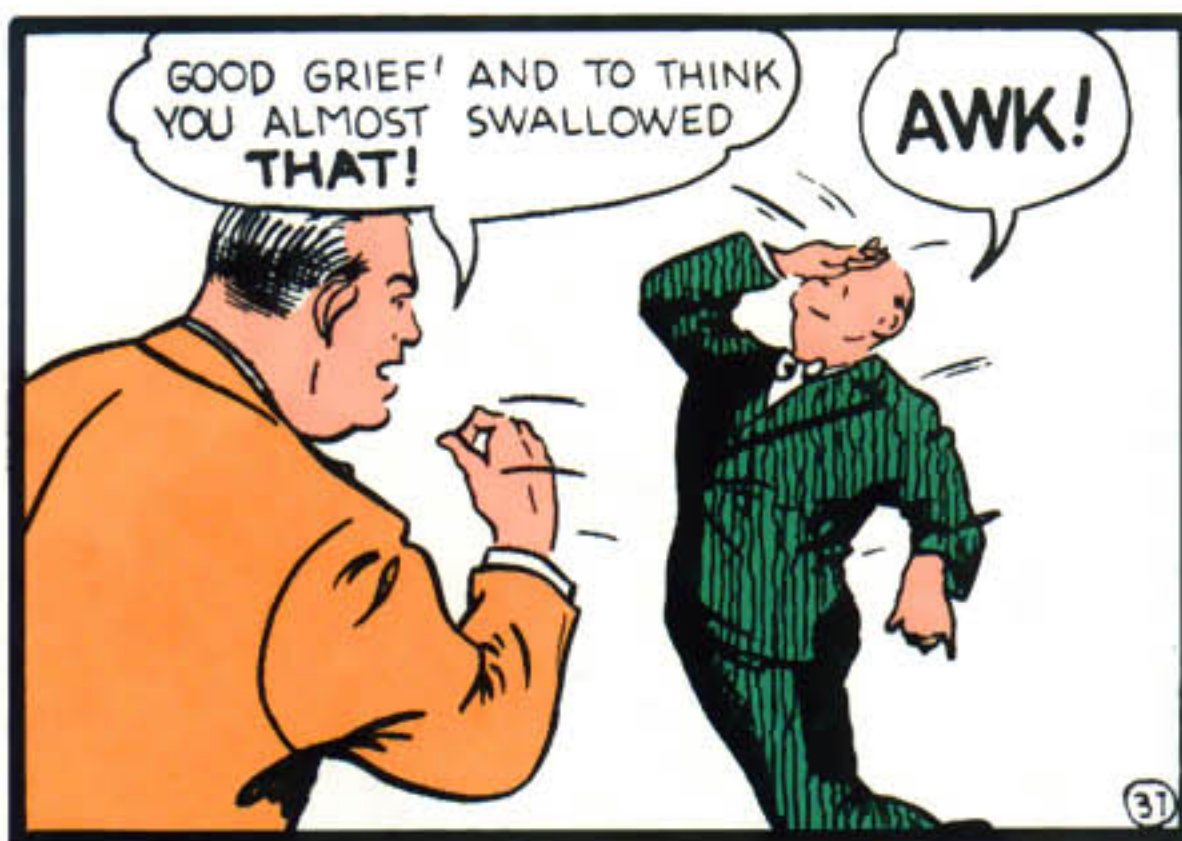
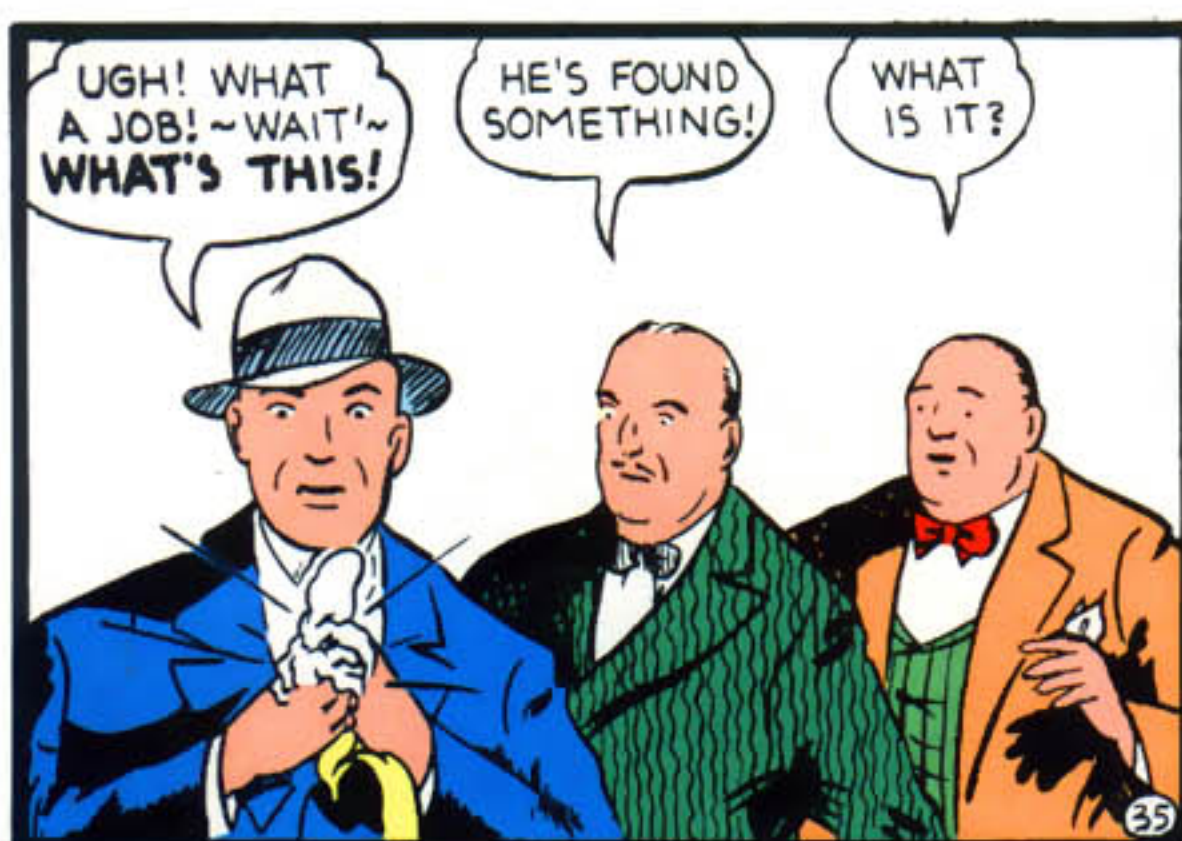
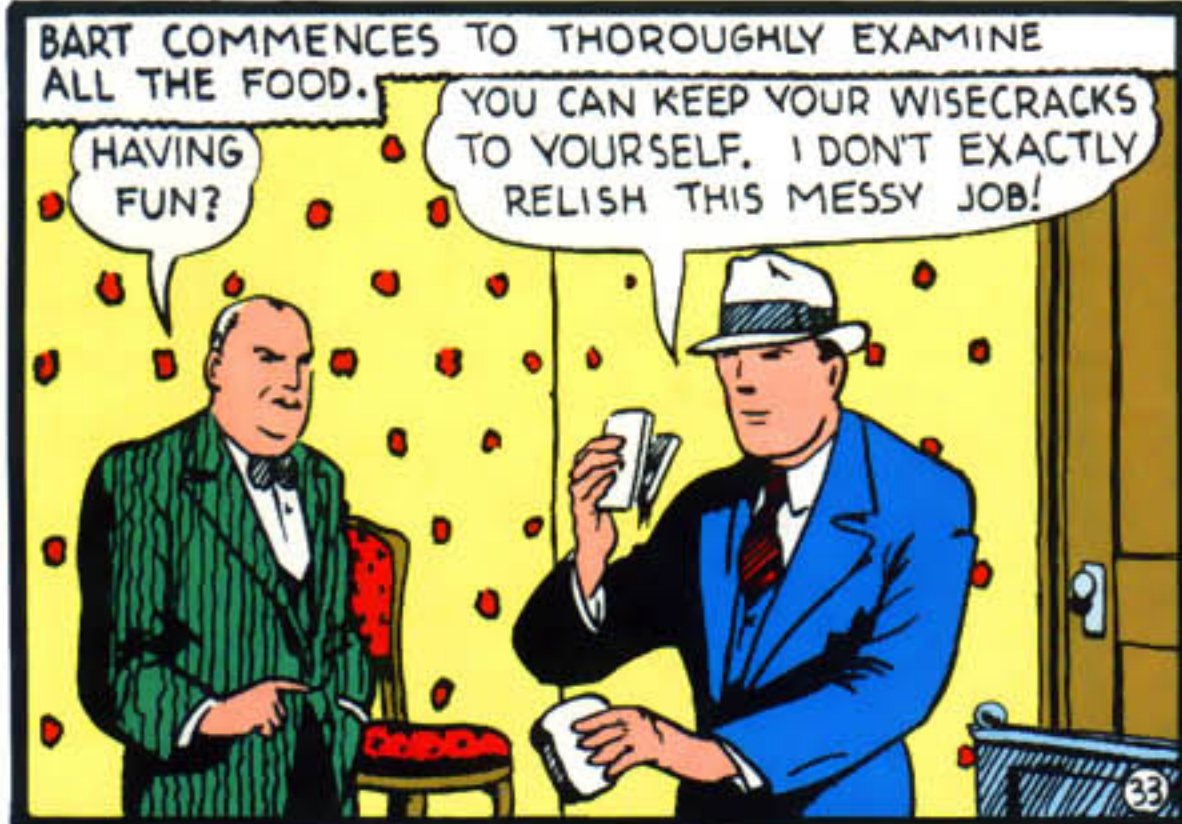




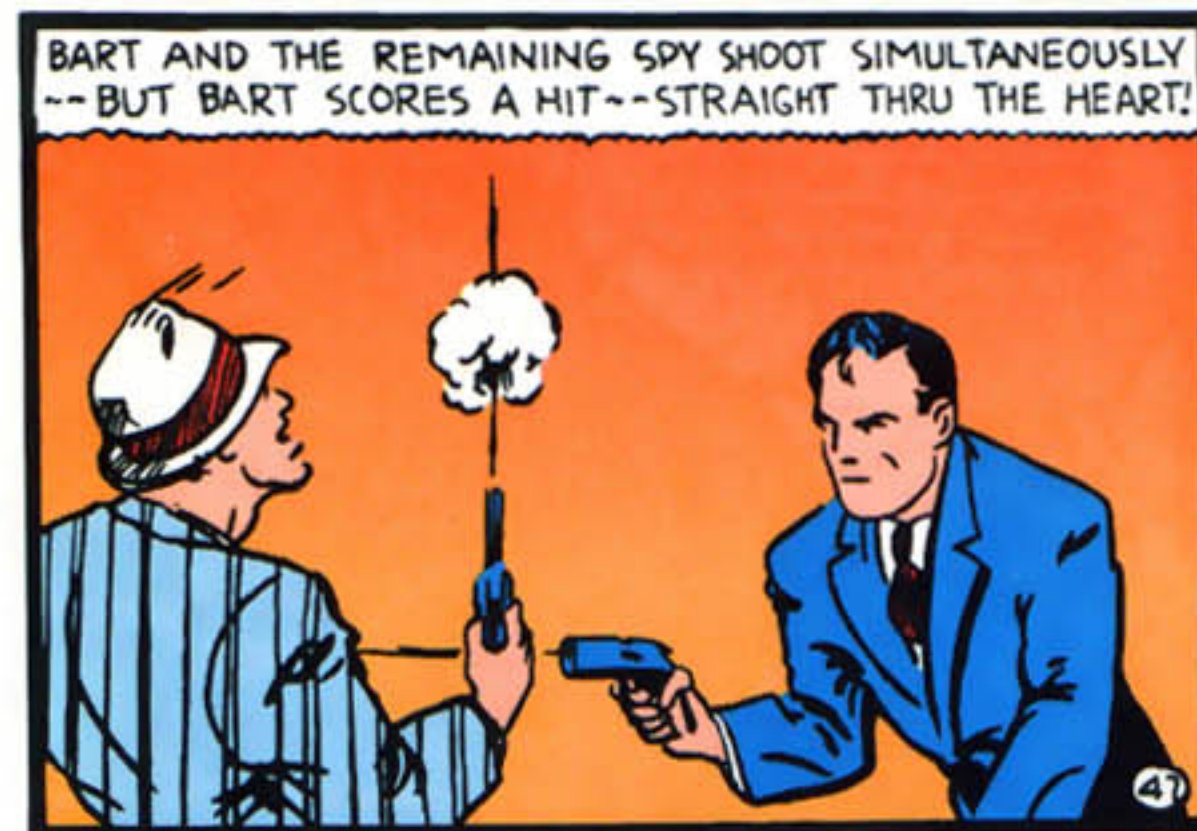
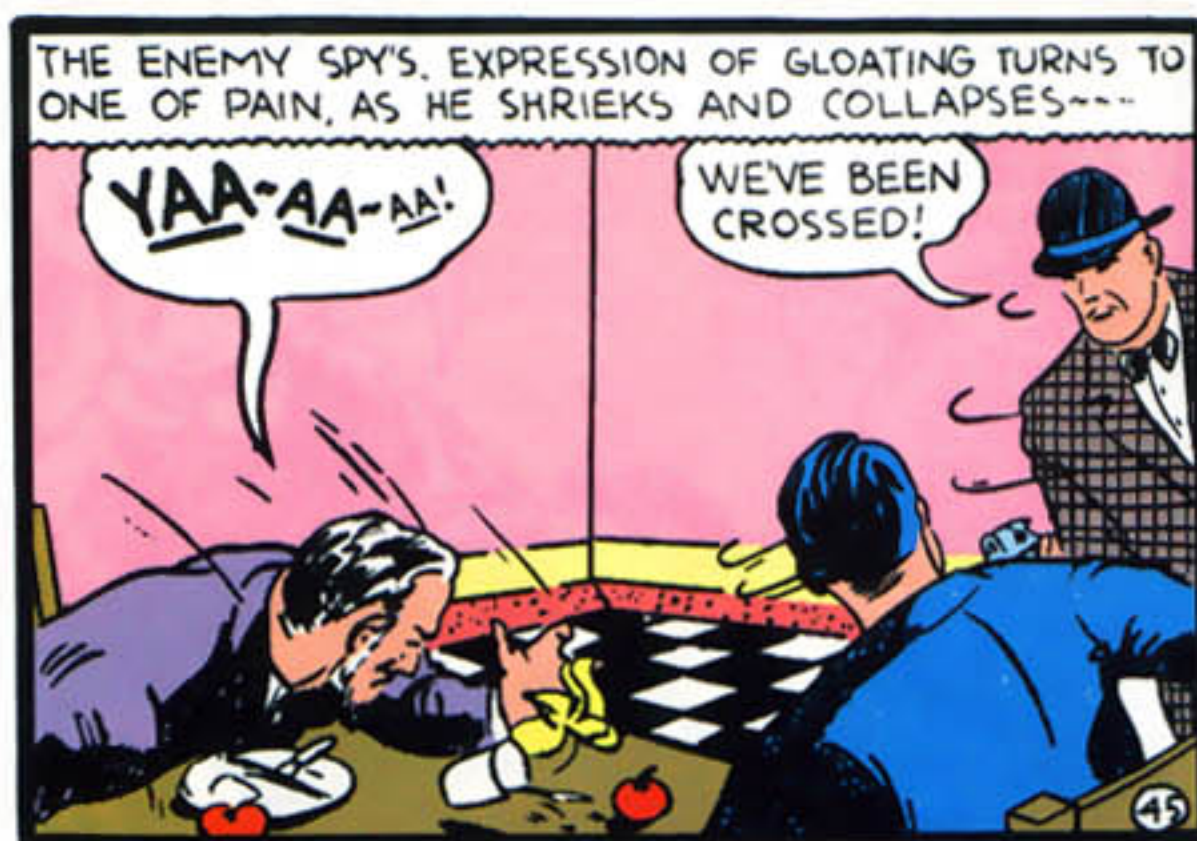
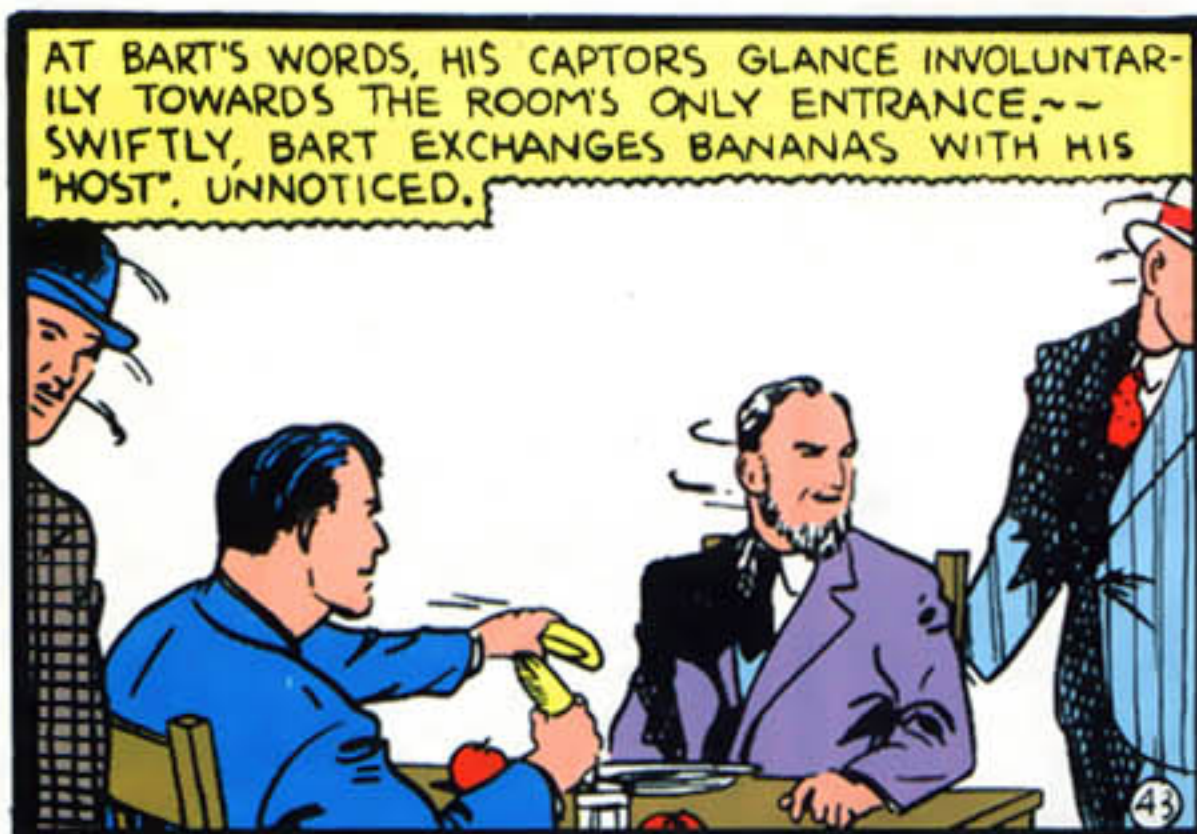
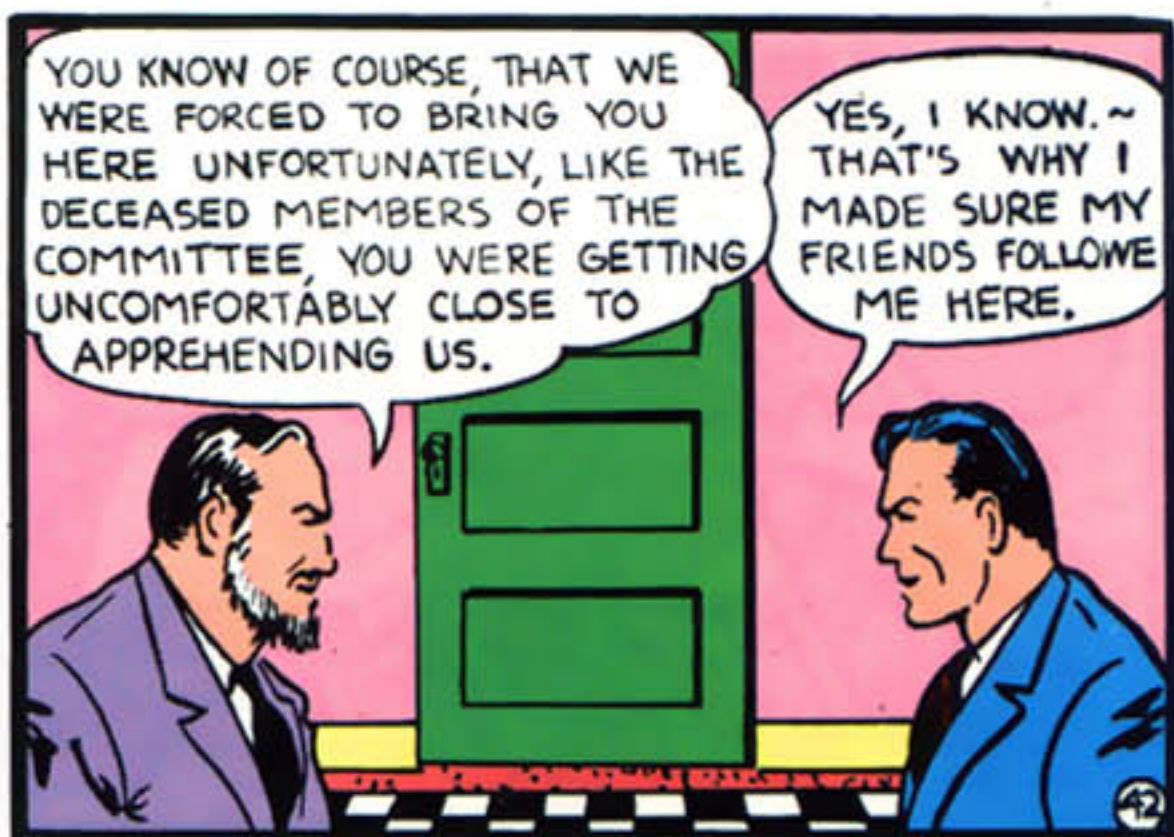














# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-  
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE  
POLICE, THE CRIMSON CARRIES  
ON THE WORK OF BEFRIENDING  
THE HELPLESS. KNOWN AS THE  
CRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CHINESE  
SERVANT, WING, LEE TRAVIS  
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG  
PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE  
LEADER

BY  
*Jim Chambers*

MURDER ON THE OCEANIC LINE DOCKS



TWENTY MINUTES LATER ONE CAR CROWDS  
ANOTHER INTO AN "EL" POST



BADLY MUTILATED THE DRIVER IS RUSHED TO  
THE HOSPITAL



OH DOCTOR,  
LOOK!

THREE MEN DASH IN FROM A PRIVATE AMBULANCE.



O.K. DOC, WE'RE  
TAKING THAT GUY  
WITH US!

YOU'RE DOING  
NOTHING OF  
THE SORT! HE'S  
IN—

HAVE IT YOUR  
WAY, DOC.



LEE TRAVIS WATCHES THE TELETYPE



GREAT SCOTT! TWO  
HEADLINE MURDERS.  
ABE GOLD, NIGHT CLUB  
OWNER AND A NURSE  
IN A HOSPITAL  
KIDNAPPING!



LEE GOES TO THE POLICE GARAGE—

SERGEANT I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT WRECK THAT WAS PULLED IN THIS MORNING.

SURELY, MR. TRAVIS, IT'S OVER THERE.

LEE FINDS A CANDID CAMERA IN THE WRECK—

HM, FILM HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT.

WHAT TIME DID BEARD CRASH?

ABOUT 11:00 THIS MORNING.

WING, THE CRIMSON RIDES TONITE! WE MUST GET BEARD'S FILM BACK. IT'S THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO HANG A DOUBLE MURDER.

EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS, MR. TRAVIS.

YOU SEE I FIGURE THIS FELLOW BEARD WAS SNAPPING PICTURES AT THE DOCK WHEN GOLD WAS SHOT. THEN THEY KIDNAPPED HIM FROM THE HOSPITAL TO COVERUP.

THE CRIMSON'S FIRST STOP IS A SECRET GAMBLING DEN KNOWN AS FRANK'S PLACE.

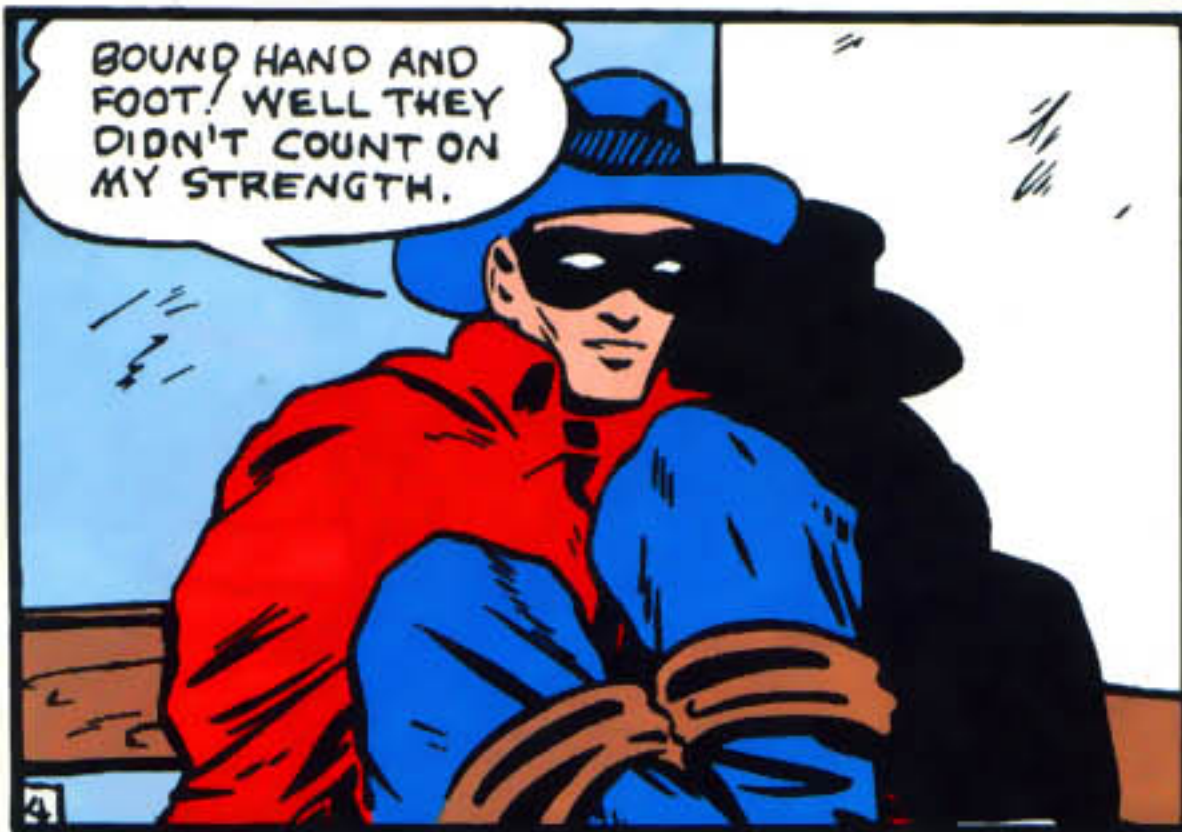
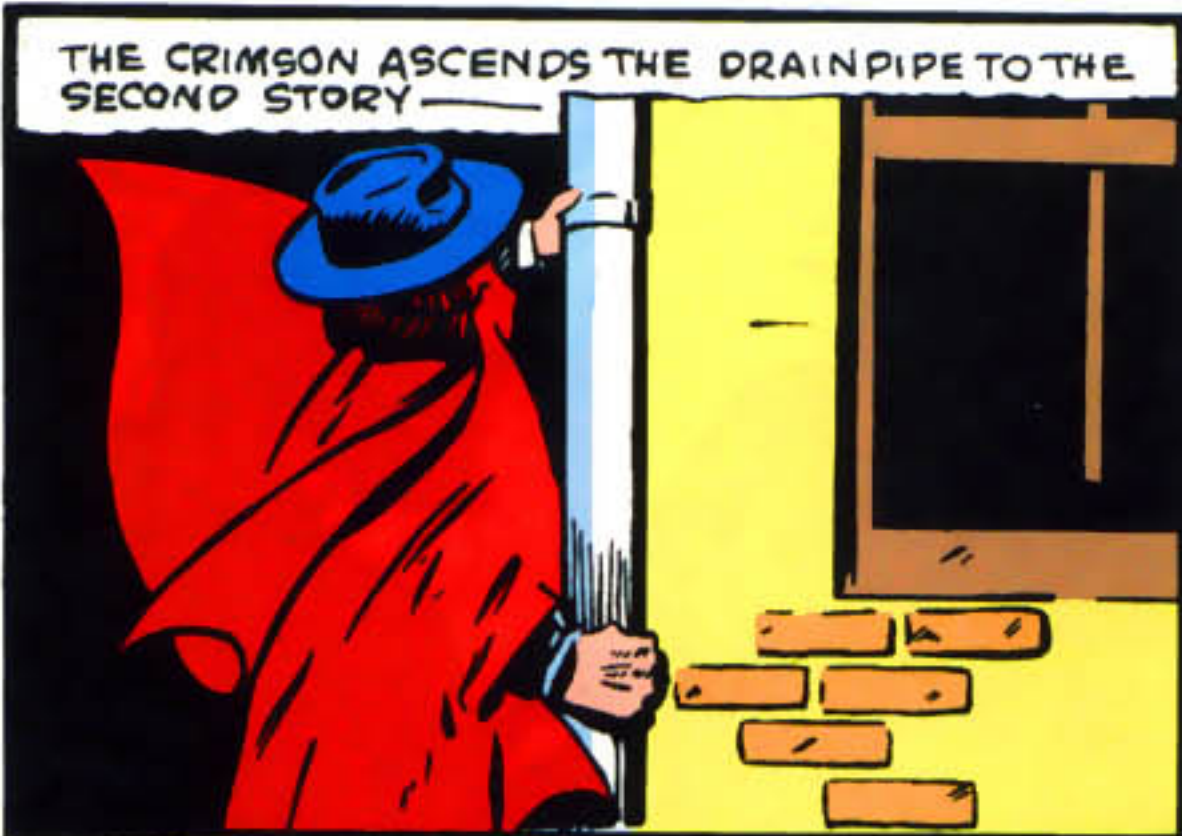
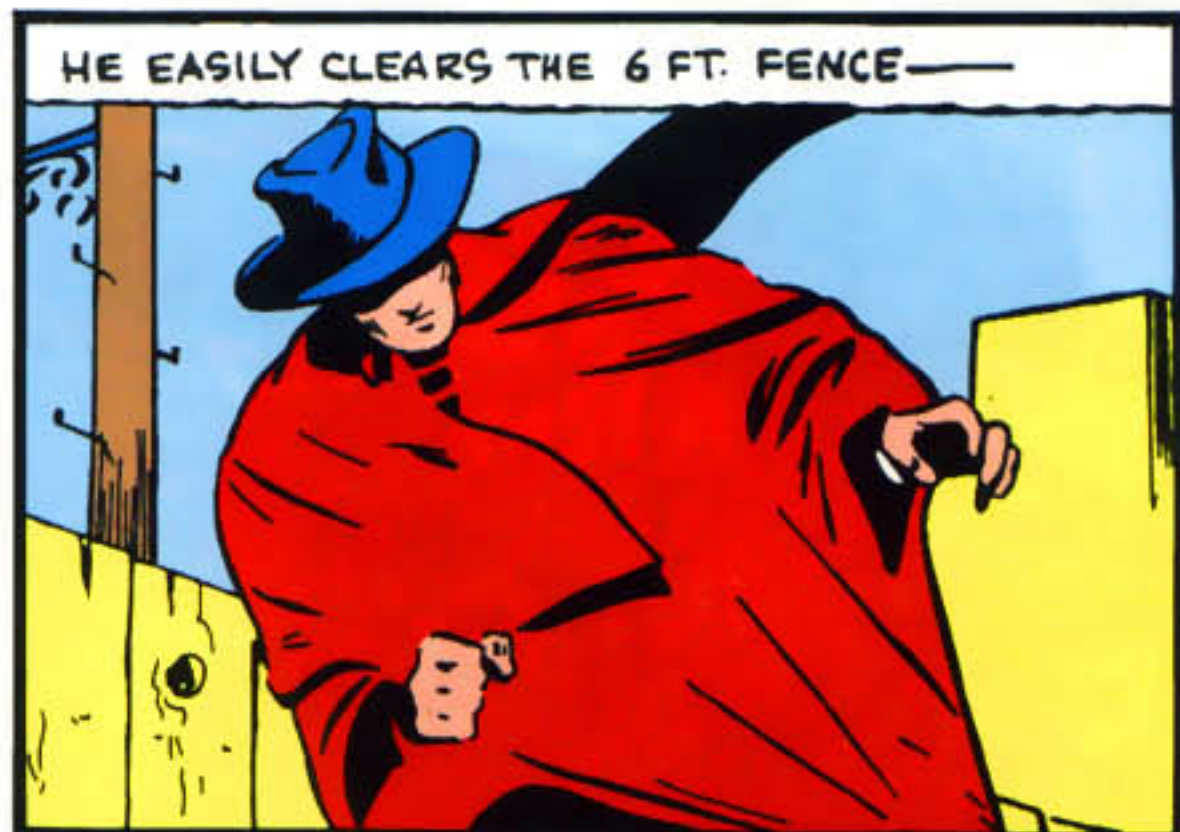
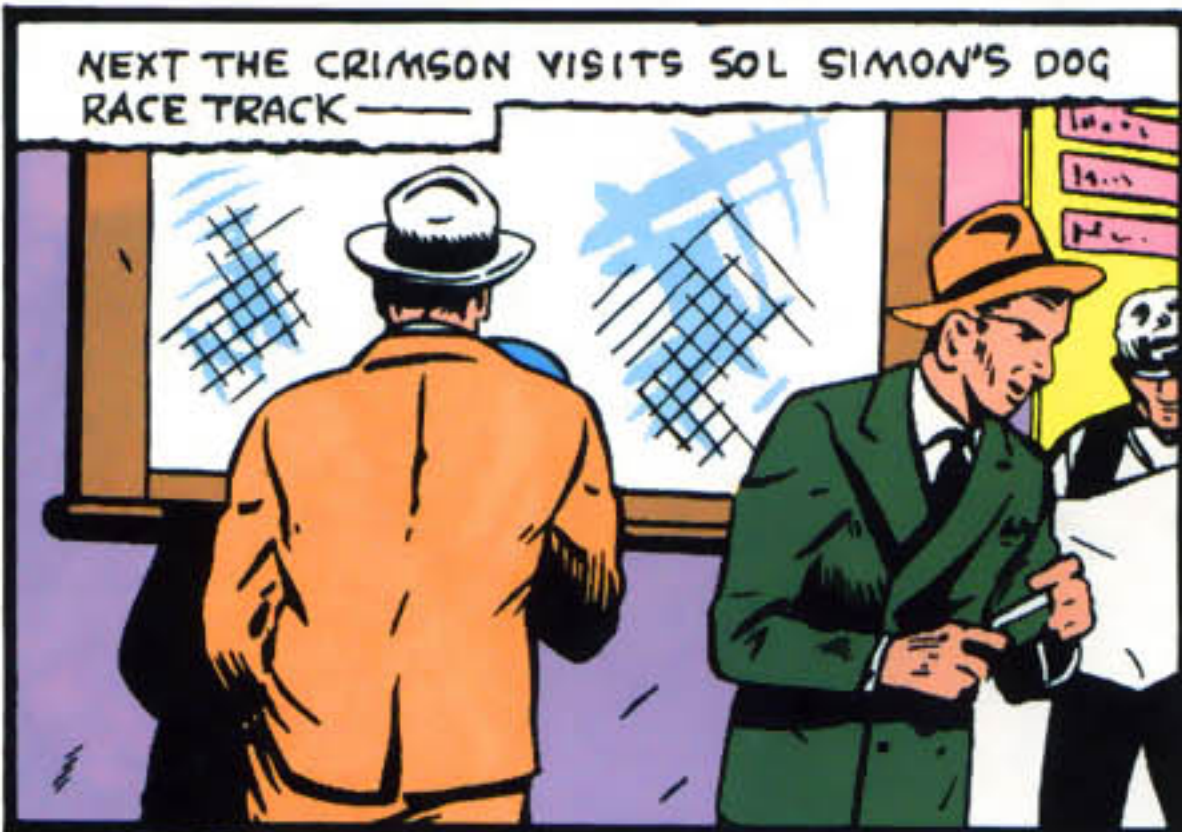
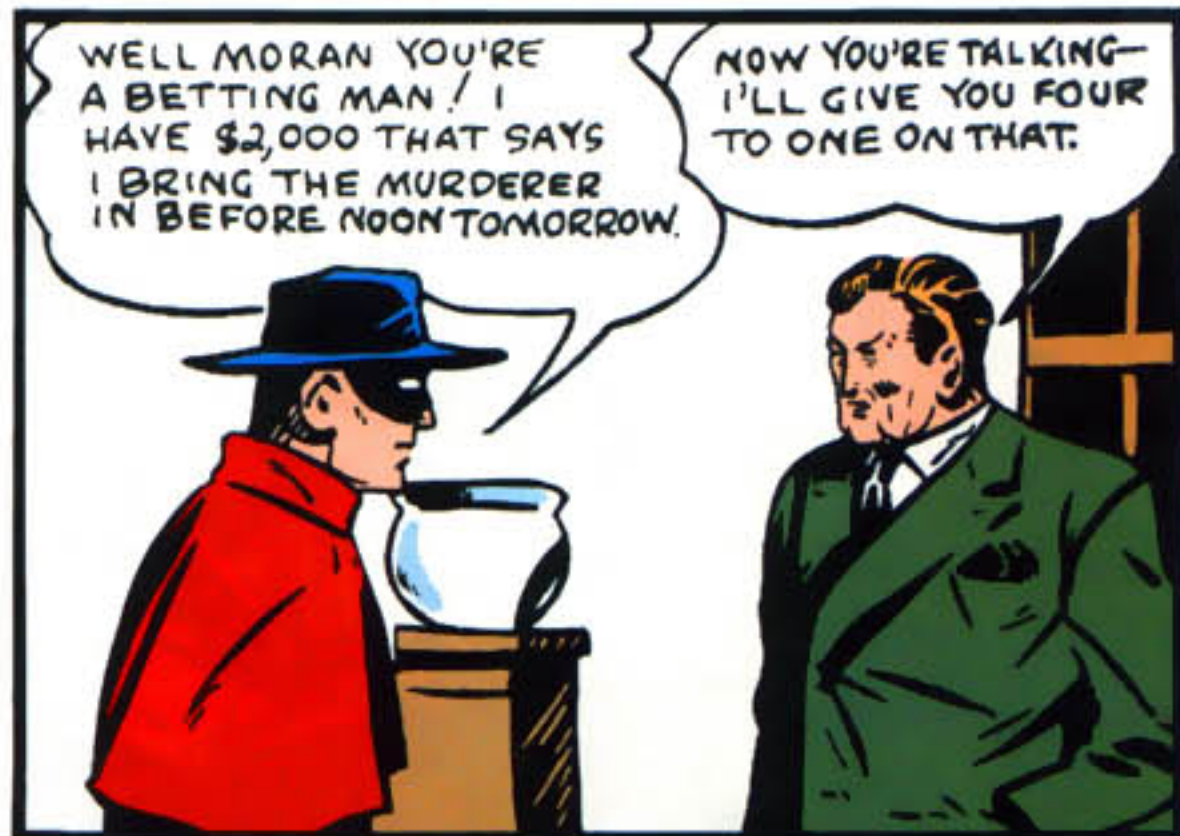
BACK OF THE GAMING ROOMS—

THE CRIMSON HEARS VOICES APPROACHING—

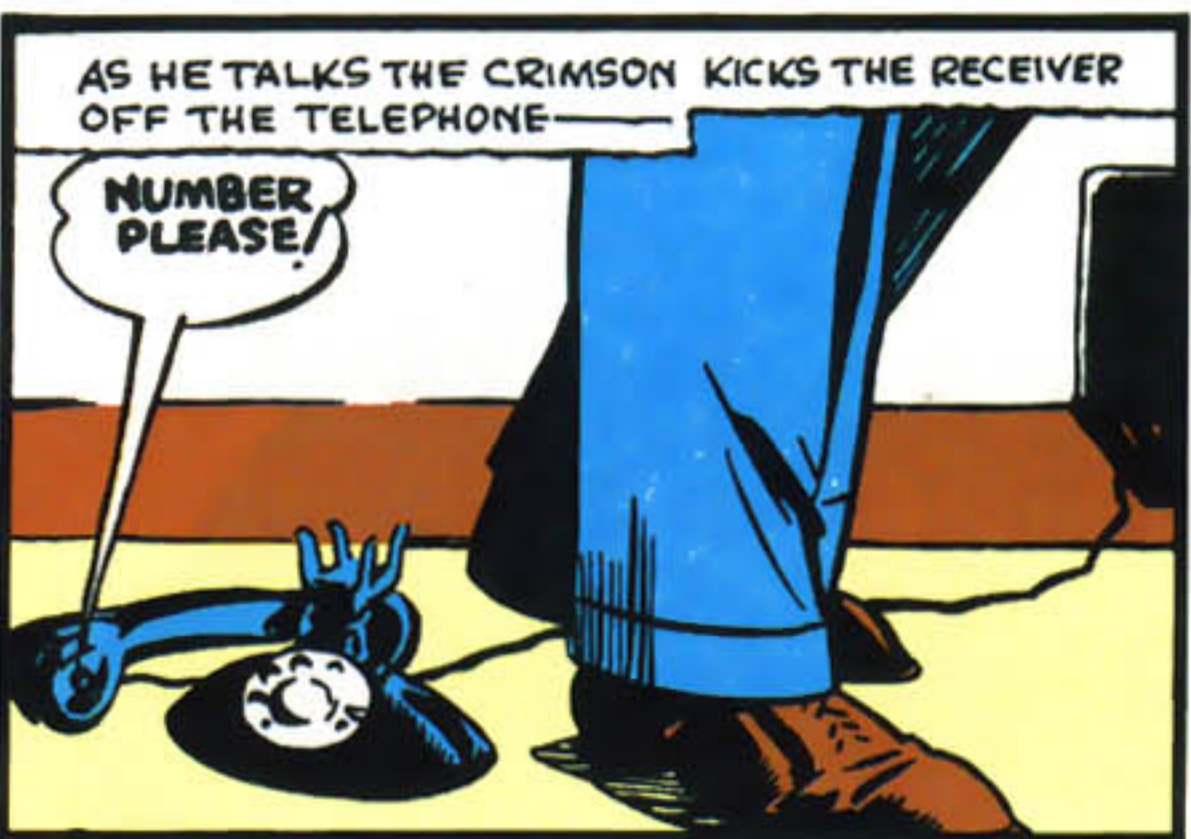












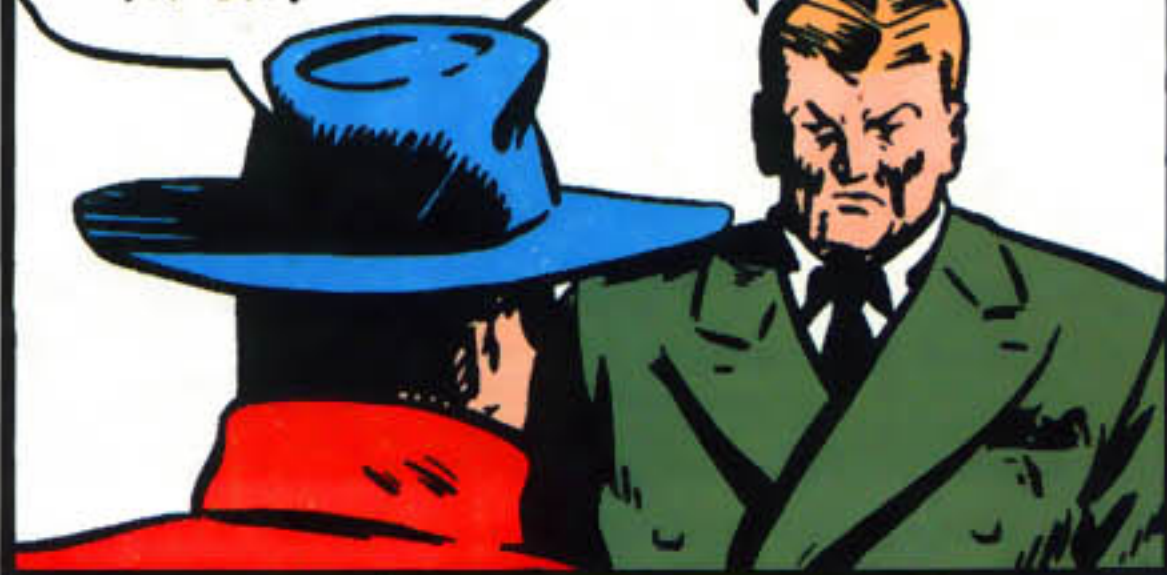


WELL, MIKE MORAN,  
YOU KILLED ABE GOLD  
'CAUSE HE WELSHED ON  
A \$100,000 BET. THIS FILM  
HOLDS THE EVIDENCE. BEARD  
HAD IT SO YOU KILLED HIM  
TOO. TOO BAD ABOUT THAT  
NURSE. THAT WAS MESSY.

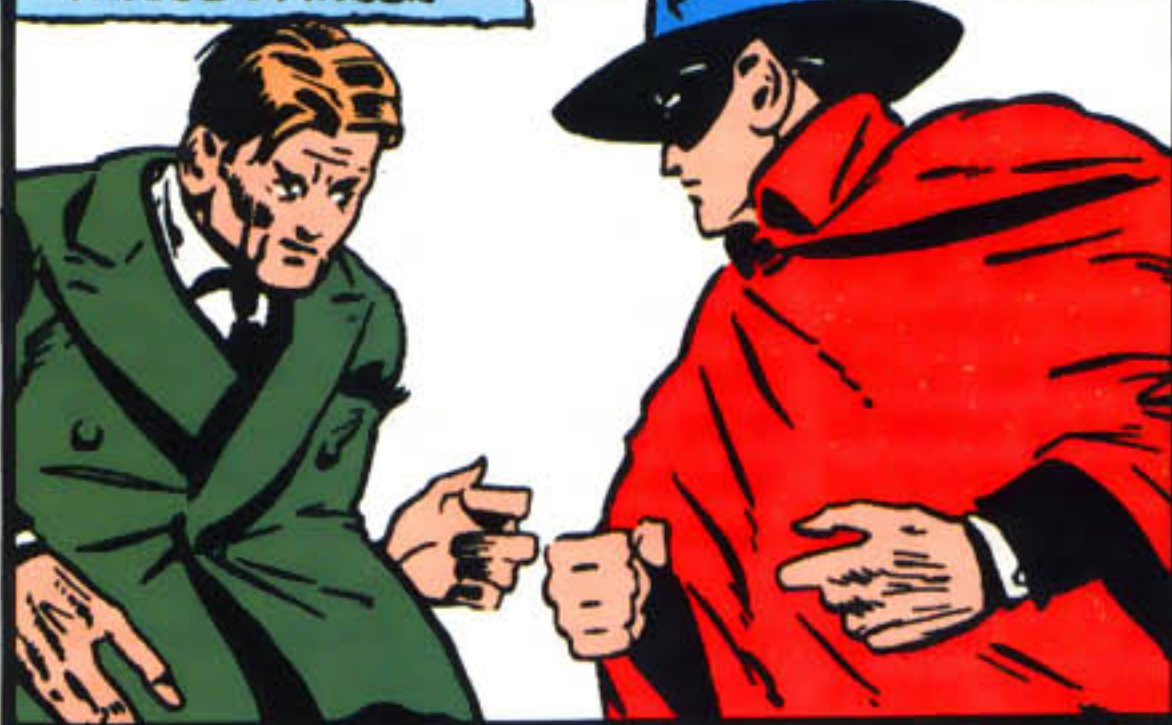


THEN YOUR PALS  
GOT THE IDEA THEY  
COULD HOOK YOU FOR  
MORE DOUGH WITH  
THIS FILM. YOU CAME  
TO PAY OFF.

PRETTY SLICK  
NOW YOU GET  
YOUR REWARD!



BUT THE CRIMSON WAS FASTER THAN MIKE'S  
TRIGGER FINGER—



OTHER EARS HEAR THE SHOT AND RELAY THE  
MESSAGE TO THE POLICE—



IN THE JAIL HOUSE—

SAY, CHIEF, MORAN  
GAVE ME THIS CHECK  
FOR \$8,000 FOR THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER!  
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I DUNNO, MAC,  
WE'LL LEAVE IT  
HERE UNTIL THE  
INSPECTOR COMES  
BACK!



GOOD NIGHT!  
IT'S GONE—  
THE CHECK. I  
JUST—



WELL, MIKE MORRIS,  
HAS DONE ONE GOOD  
DEED—THIS CHECK  
GOES TO CHARITY!



DO NOT MISS  
THE COMING  
CHAPTERS IN  
THE EXCITING  
LIFE OF THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER.





# DEATH ON THE AIRWAVES

By  
Paul Dean



**T**HE large and spacious Studio A, of the Federal Broadcasting System, was filled with an appreciative audience. The orchestra leader raised his baton and the plaintive strains of a Russian love song rose and swelled, filling the studio with unforgettable melody. The microphones, standing before the assembled group of musicians, picked up each delicate tone and transmitted the music to the millions of listeners throughout the nation.

At a gesture from the leader, the melody softened and from the wings of the stage stepped the handsome and romantic tenor, Richard Drew. Thunderous applause greeted him as he walked to the center and stood before one of the "mikes", waiting for his cue to pour his appealing song into the ears of scores of breathless listeners.

The orchestra leader nodded his head and Drew opened his mouth to sing . . . but no sound was heard! For suddenly his face was twisted and contorted by horrible pain. He clutched his throat, the color draining from his face and leaving it a sickly pallor. His knees buckled and he sank to the steps of the platform. A woman in the rear screamed but the orchestra continued to play and sev-

eral attendants rushed from the side and carried the limp form off the stage.

A doctor was hurriedly summoned and after a hasty examination he pronounced Drew to be dead. The news of the tragedy was relayed to the executive offices of the company, and President Benson himself traveled down from his home in Westchester to lend whatever assistance he could.

This was the first of a series of unexplained deaths that occurred the following month at the Federal Broadcasting Company's Studios. Miss Elaine Rutland, the operatic soprano, collapsed before the microphone and died before medical aid could be obtained. Eddie Dorson, the famed comic character, died in the same manner a few days later.

President Benson could stand it no longer and finally solicited assistance from the police. Captain Richard Byrne, of the Detective Squad, arrived at the office of the radio mogul and was immediately shown into Benson's private room.

"These deaths have been happening too often, much too often to be natural!" Benson complained, his face haggard and lined with worry. "And if they persist, the company faces ruin! Both the stars and the advertisers will refuse to have anything to do with an organization that seems to be functioning under the very wings of Death!"

Byrne lit a cigarette. "You think these people were murdered?"

"I certainly do, Captain!" the president cried. "Still, in every case the doctors claimed that the unfortunate victims had died natural deaths. The whole business is horrible!"

"Have there been any indications or have you received any

notes that might point towards foul play?" the detective inquired.

"One of my reasons for calling you down here, Captain, was to show you the note that arrived in this morning's mail!" Benson opened his desk drawer and took out a plain white envelope.

Byrne fingered the envelope for a moment and then extracted a sheet of brown paper, evidently torn from a larger sheet of wrapping paper. Unevenly printed on the paper in red crayon was this message:

*You refused me my one chance and opportunity and for this you shall feel the bitter sting of my revenge. Unseen and unknown, Death shall stalk your radio studios!*

The detective handed the unsigned note back to Benson. "Of course, this may be one of those so-called 'crank' notes; but there again, it may be quite real!"

The radio executive mopped his moist brow. "Is there anything you can suggest?"

"Perhaps if I were to be employed here in the studio for a week or so I may be fortunate enough to uncover some clue that will put us on the right track," said Byrne. "Could you arrange that, Mr. Benson?"

"I'd be only too glad to," replied the distressed president.



BE AN EXPERT  
MARKSMAN!

Have FUN

Get a DAISY AIR RIFLE

USE  
BULLS EYE  
copper-coated  
steel shot for ac-  
curate shooting.  
Bulls Eye is the  
only shot OFFICIALLY  
APPROVED for Daisys  
225 Shots 5c  
only



Get in on the big fun...  
get your heart set on a  
famous DAISY... go to  
your Dealer NOW and see  
the beautiful models selling  
from \$1.25 up. Or, write us  
today for Picture Circular  
showing all 7 Daisy Air Rifle  
models, enclosing thin dime  
for mailing-handling charge  
on Circular.



**A**s an employee of the broadcasting company, Detective Byrne could come and go throughout the various offices and studios without attracting attention. And he made use of this privilege to the utmost. He first studied and memorized the layout of every floor of the radio organization and then turned his keen powers of observation on the many workers of the company.

One evening, three days later, as he walked along a corridor to take the elevator down to the main floor, he saw the furtive figure of a man slip into the darkened and empty Studio A. Byrne followed quietly and in the gloomy interior of the large studio, watched the unknown person hurry across the floor to the control room, a small glass-enclosed section where the technicians controlled the volume of sound and the other operations of a broadcast. The man remained in the small room for several minutes, then reappeared and hurried through the doorway into the corridor.

Byrne immediately entered the control room and made a thorough investigation. Beneath one of the large tables back near the wall, he came across something that caused him to whistle with surprise.

"So this is how our murderous friend has been doing the job!" he exclaimed to himself. He took off his coat and for the next hour was busily engaged at a task that would, he hoped, reveal the identity of the person who had been causing the mysterious deaths of the radio performers.



The following evening final and meticulous preparations were being made for the popular General Brands broadcast to be heard at 8 o'clock. The large Studio A was filled to capacity and the musicians sounded their instruments, waiting for the cue to start the show.

President Benson and Detective Byrne sat off to one side near the control room. The detective puffed on a cigarette and spoke to the radio executive: "If I'm not mistaken, the murderer will show his hand during this broadcast!"

"I trust you're right!" groaned Benson.

The hand on the wall clock pointed to the hour of eight. A signal was flashed, the lights dimmed and the orchestra burst into the opening song of the broadcast. Without interruption, the show progressed until the moment came for Brian DiAngelo, the guest star, to deliver his song.

He approached the microphone and prepared to sing. Suddenly, from the microphone itself, a cloud of blue smoke poured and enveloped Di Angelo. The singer staggered back, surprised and momentarily blinded.

Byrne leaped from his chair and rushed into the control room. He jabbed his automatic into the back of the man at the control board. "Get up just as you are," he ordered. "One false move and you'll have the pleasant sensation of a bullet drilling through your murderous spine!"

After a slight pause, the program continued and Byrne and the man, followed by President Benson and several officials made their way into a side room. "Here, gentlemen, is the murderer!" said Byrne.

"But how did he commit the murders?" asked Benson. "And why?"

"His reason for these wholesale killings was obviously revenge, possibly at one time he failed to pass an audition as a singer or an entertainer," replied the detective. "But his method was most ingenious!"



Byrne lit a cigarette and continued. "Our friend here installed a thin rubber tubing from his control room through the wire leading to the microphone, up through the metal stand to the headpiece of the microphone. Then when the proper time arrived, he pressed a tiny plunger that forced a spray of deadly poison (that was invisible and practically without odor) through the tubing and into the face of the artist standing before the microphone. The result, as you know, was instantaneous death. I discovered this deadly contraption last night and I substituted a harmless chemical that produced a cloud of smoke in place of the death-dealing poison!"

THE END

## BOYS EARN MONEY AND Big PRIZES

I WISH I HAD SOME SPENDING MONEY

HERE'S MY CHANCE! I'LL MAIL THE COUPON!

NOW I HAVE MONEY AND A BICYCLE DESIRES!

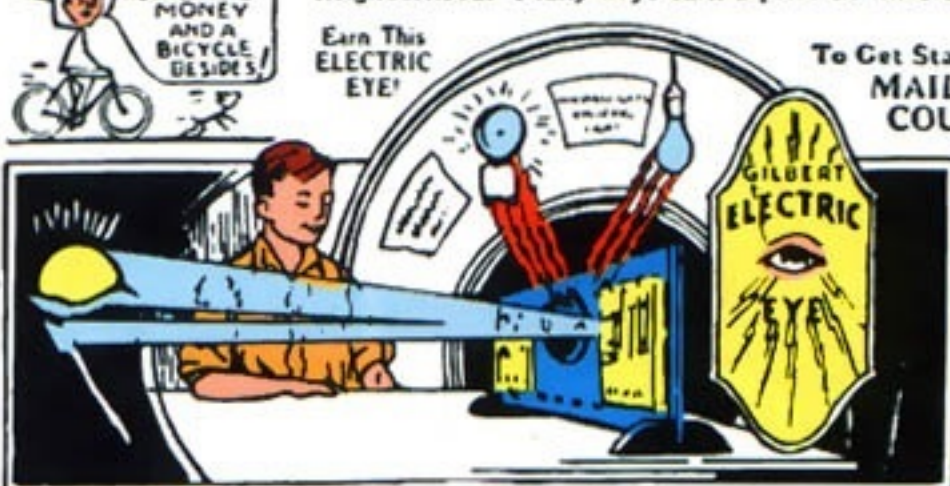
Earn This ELECTRIC EYE!

**WHAT** a thrill to flash down the street on this deluxe Silver King speedster! Built long and low for instant get-away. Streamlined bow-arch frame made of polished aluminum alloy—looks like silver. Comes fully equipped with blast hornlite, coaster brake, balloon tires (giving you that "air-flo" ride), chain guard, luggage carrier, and other up-to-date accessories.

Earn this bike, and any of 300 other prizes, including an electric eye that will mysteriously open doors, ring alarms, flash signals. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver our fine magazines to people whom you secure as customers in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day.

Earn This ELECTRIC EYE!

To Get Started at Once MAIL THIS COUPON!



Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. S75,  
The Crowell Publishing Co.  
Dear Jim, I want to make MONEY and earn PRIZES.  
Start me and send me your big Prize Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# BRUCE Nelson.

By Tom Hickey.

BOY! NEW ORLEANS AT MARDI GRAS TIME. THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE.

MY OLD FRIEND ED LANE IS A DETECTIVE DOWN HERE. I THINK I'LL LOOK HIM UP.



ONE HOUR LATER IN ED LANE'S APARTMENT

BRUCE OLD MAN, YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME ON A CASE THAT'S A WOW!

NO WOW'S FOR ME THANKS ED. I CAME HERE TO SEE THE MARDI GRAS.



LISTEN! A WOMAN WAS MURDERED DOWN IN THE FRENCH QUARTER AND UNDER VERY PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES. COME ON! I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.



THIS WOMAN'S NAME WAS LILI GRAUET. SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS PERSON AND HAS LONG BEEN ON OUR LIST OF SUSPICIOUS AND DOUBTFUL PEOPLE. SINISTER RUMORS CONCERNING HER HAD REACHED US AND BEEN SIFTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT GLEANING ENOUGH TO WARRANT AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.



BEYOND THE FACT THAT SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL AND WEALTHY FOREIGNER, AND DESPITE HER FRENCH NAME, FIERY SOUTHERN BLOOD WAS IN HER VEINS, WE HAD LEARNED NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE OF THE FRENCH QUARTER CONSIDERED HER A WITCH.



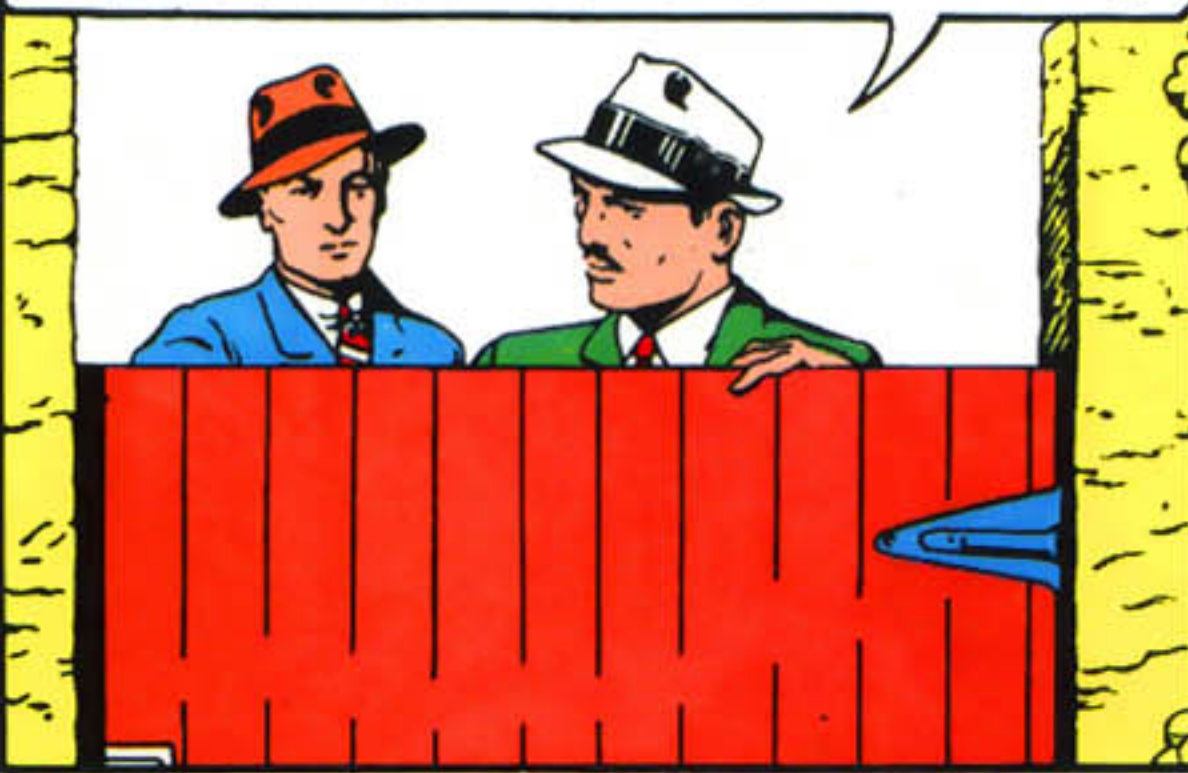
THEY FINALLY CAME TO LILI GRAUET'S PLACE. A SQUAT STRUCTURE WITH AN OUTFLUNG WING FACING THE STREET.

IT LOOKS AS IF SHE HAD THAT BUILT SO NO ONE COULD SPY ON HER. LET'S LOOK AROUND BACK.





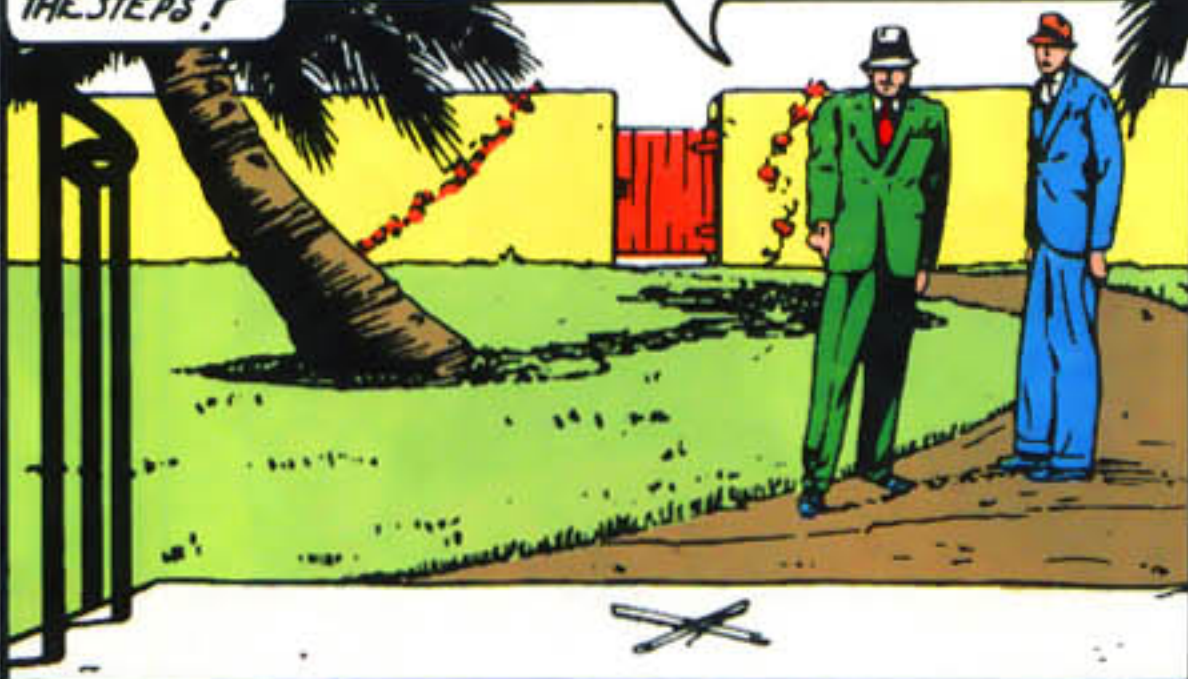
HERE'S A GATE, AND IT'S UNLATCHED TOO. COME ON!



LOOK AT THIS TRAIL IN THE PATH HERE ED. I WONDER WHAT MADE THAT?



PERHAPS A SNAKE MADE IT SLIDING THROUGH THE SAND. LOOK! I WONDER WHAT THESE MATCHES ARE DOING THERE ON THE STEPS?



TWO CHARRED MATCHES TIED WITH SCARLET THREAD TO FORM A CROSS. HMM!

WAIT! DON'T TOUCH IT! CROSSED MATCHES ARE A VODOO SYMBOL. LITERALLY THEY MEAN 'KEEP AWAY- DEATH IS HERE!'



VODOO — HERE IN NEW ORLEANS? YOU'RE DREAMING! WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE THIS ONE GOT TO DO WITH MAGIC?

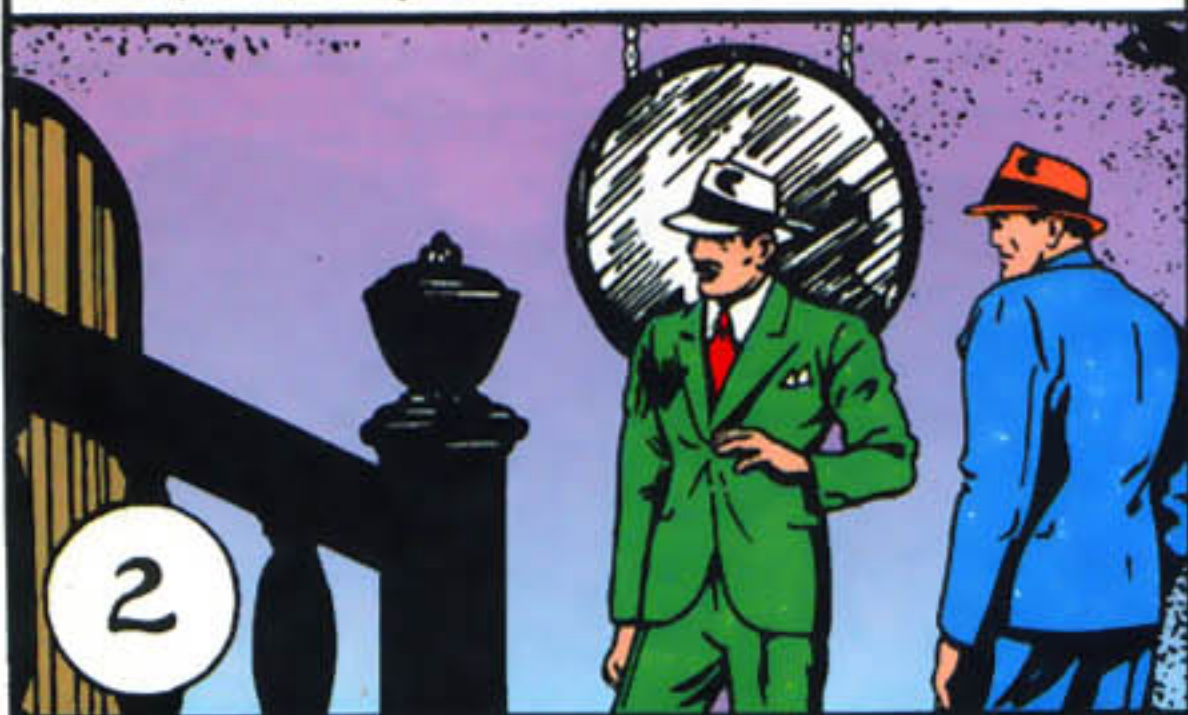


YOU SAY SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS FOREIGNER. FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE MAY HAVE BELONGED TO THE CREOLE COLONY AT BATON ROUGE.



YOU MAY BE RIGHT. LET'S GO IN.

THEY ENTERED A DARK HALL. THERE WAS A CURIOUS MUSKY SMELL AND THE AIR SEEMED WARM AND STICKY.



THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF THE CRIME AND THERE A SHOCKING SIGHT WAS REVEALED TO THEIR GAZE.

GOOD NIGHT LANE! WH- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER?

WHY - I - I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!

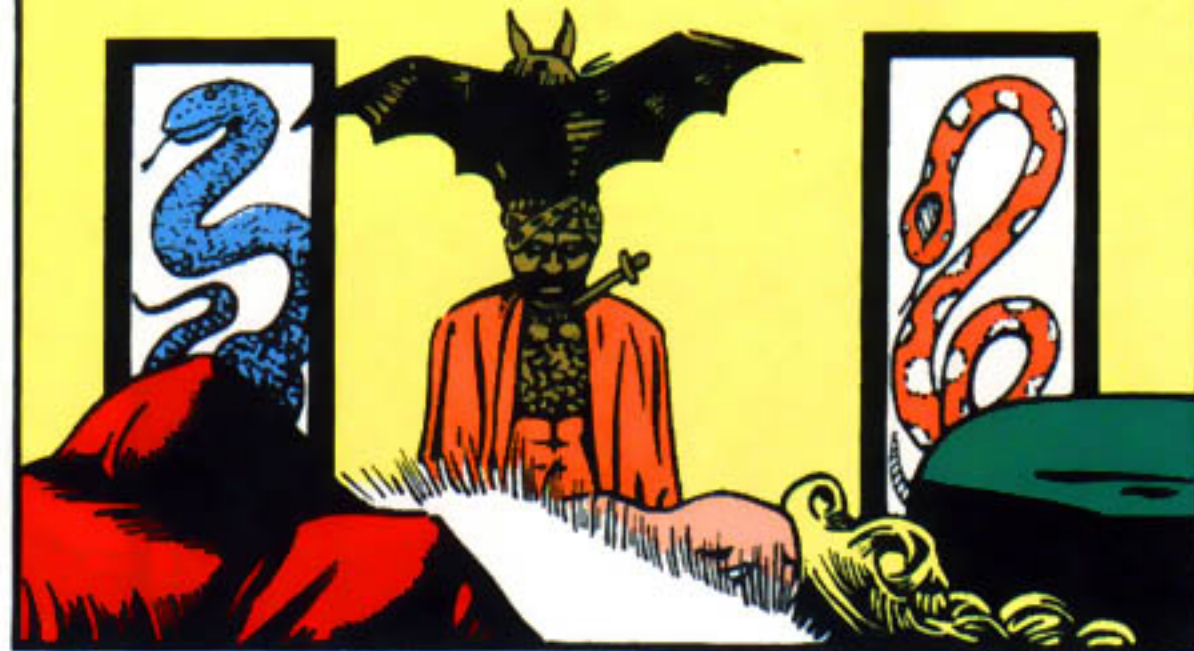




SPRAWLED ON A BED, HER LEGS DRAWN UP AS THOUGH CONTORTED WITH AN AGONIZING CRAMP, WAS THE MYSTERY WOMAN.



THE WOMAN'S BLACK, TERROR-FILLED EYES STARED FIXEDLY AT A HORRIBLE WOODEN EFFIGY ON A BLACK MARBLE ALTAR ON EACH SIDE OF WHICH WERE SYMBOLIC SNAKE PAINTINGS.



ED WE'VE SOMETHING TO CONTEND WITH HERE I'VE NEVER FACED BEFORE 'BLACK MAGIC'. THAT EFFIGY THERE, THE BAT WITH ITS CLAWS STUCK IN THE SNAKE SKIN TURBAN, THE BLOOD RED CROSS ON THE BROW, THE STILETTO PROTRUDING FROM THE THROAT, THOSE SNAKE PAINTINGS, THEY ALL REPRESENT SOMETHING. THEY'RE SYMBOLS OF BLACK MAGIC!

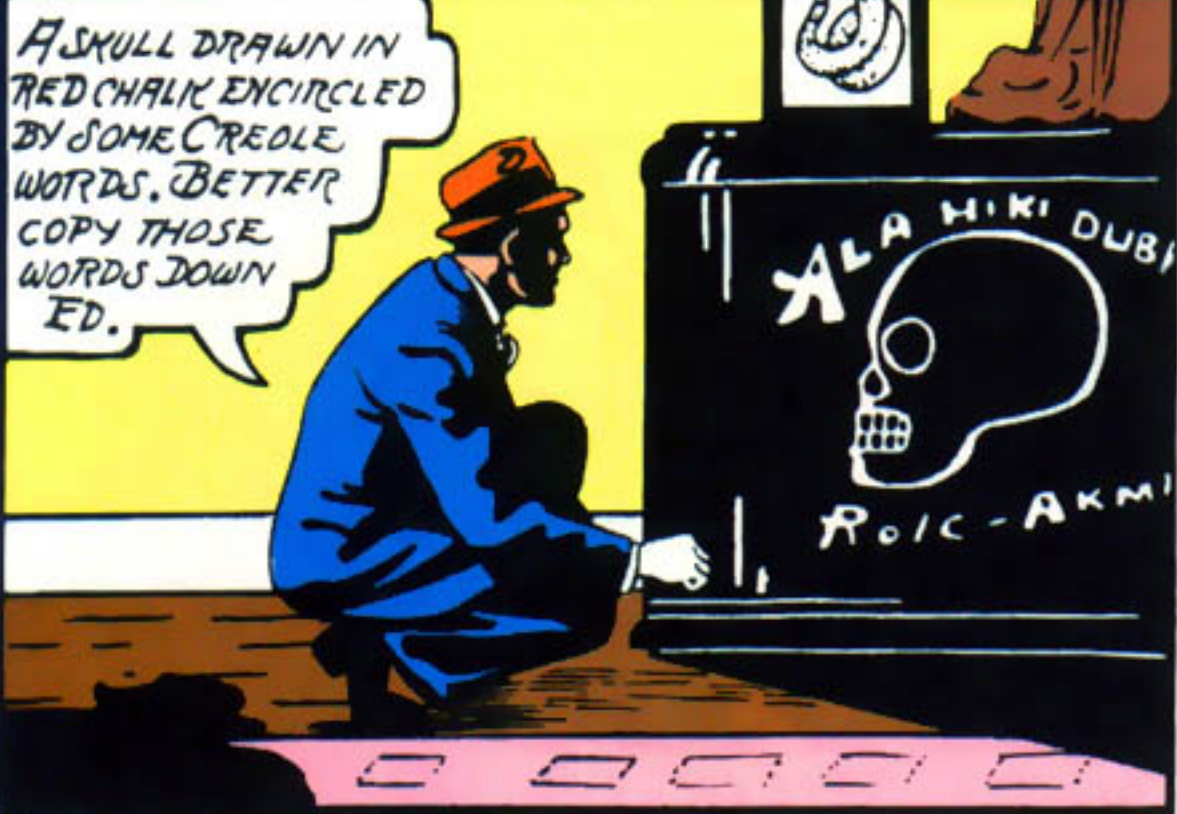


YA KNOW BRUCE, I THINK THIS WOMAN DIED OF SHEER FRIGHT. I KNOW THE SET UP IS ENOUGH TO SCARE ME TO DEATH.

HARDLY ED. TAKE A LOOK HERE ON THE LOWER PART OF THIS BLACK MARBLE ALTAR.



A SKULL DRAWN IN RED CHALK ENCIRCLED BY SOME CREOLE WORDS. BETTER COPY THOSE WORDS DOWN ED.



NELSON BENT AND SNIFFED THE DEAD WOMAN'S LIPS.

THERE'S NO ODOR OF POISON. WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE KILLED HER? I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF VIOLENCE.



HOW ABOUT THE TRACK OUTSIDE? SHE MAY HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY A SNAKE. THE TINY PUNCTURES WOULD BE HARD TO FIND.

HMM! POSSIBLE, BUT NOT PROBABLE. YOU'VE BEEN IN THESE PARTS QUITE A WHILE ED. CAN YOU FATHOM CREOLE? CAN YOU READ WHAT'S CHALKED ON THE ALTAR?



ROUGHLY TRANSLATED THOSE WORDS MEAN 'DIE - MAN WHOM I HATE - FOR ONLY THUS CAN DAMBALLA'S CURSE BE RECALLED' - THIS WOMAN WAS PRACTISING BLACK MAGIC. SHE WAS WILLING SOMEONE TO DIE!





BUT IF SHE WAS DOING THE DEWITCHING, WHY IS SHE DEAD?



THERE'S A SUPERSTITION THAT SOMETIMES THE EVIL INVOKED WILL RECOIL AND KILL THE MAGIC-MAKER. A SORT OF POETIC JUSTICE. I SEE NO STILETTO IN HER THROAT THOUGH.

AW LANE OLD MAN, TALK SENSE!



SENSE! WE'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND. THE PLACE REEKS OF BLACK HATES AND BLACKER SUPERSTITION. WHAT WENT ON HERE? WHO WAS THIS MAN SHE WAS WILLING TO DIE? LOOK - CAN YOU DOUBT THAT INSANE HATE IS THE MOTIVE HERE?

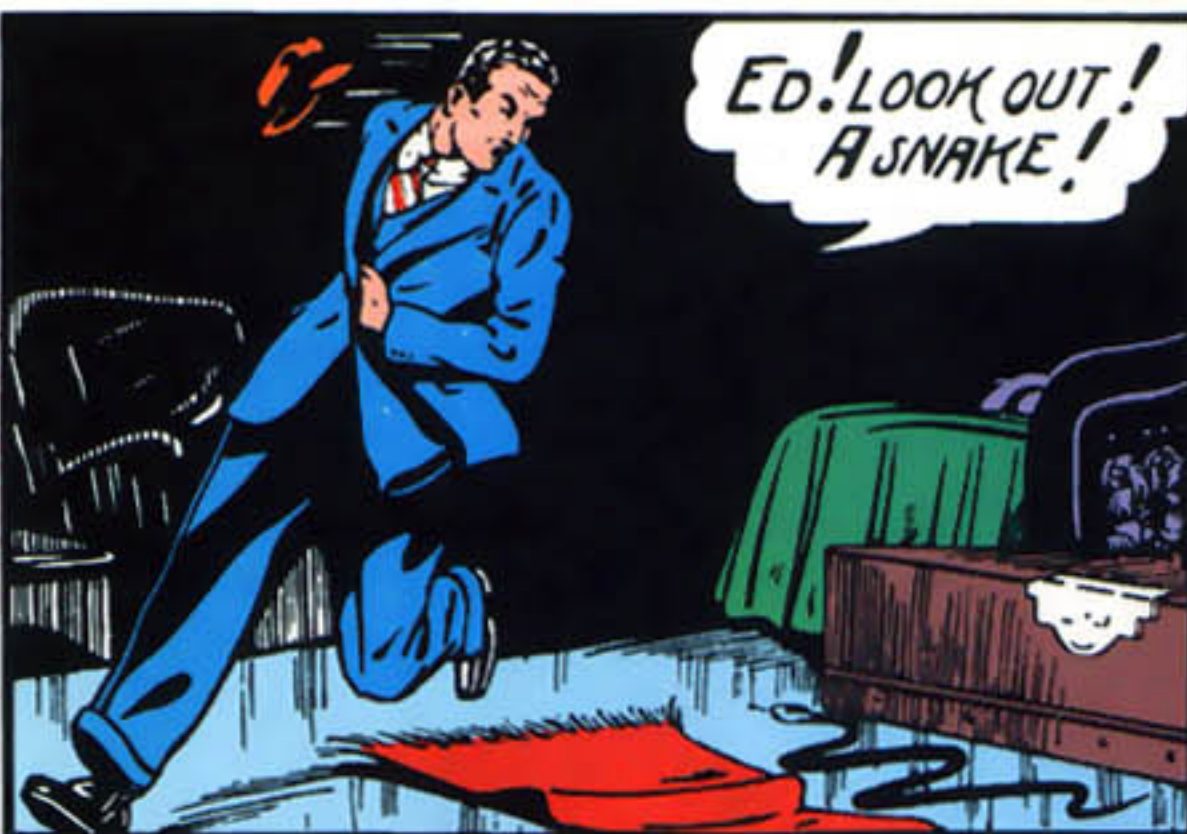


LANE NODDED TOWARDS AN UNFRAMED PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN ON THE WALL. IT HAD BEEN SLASHED AND PUNCTURED AND A DAGGER THRUST THROUGH THE CANVAS IN THE VICINITY OF THE HEART.

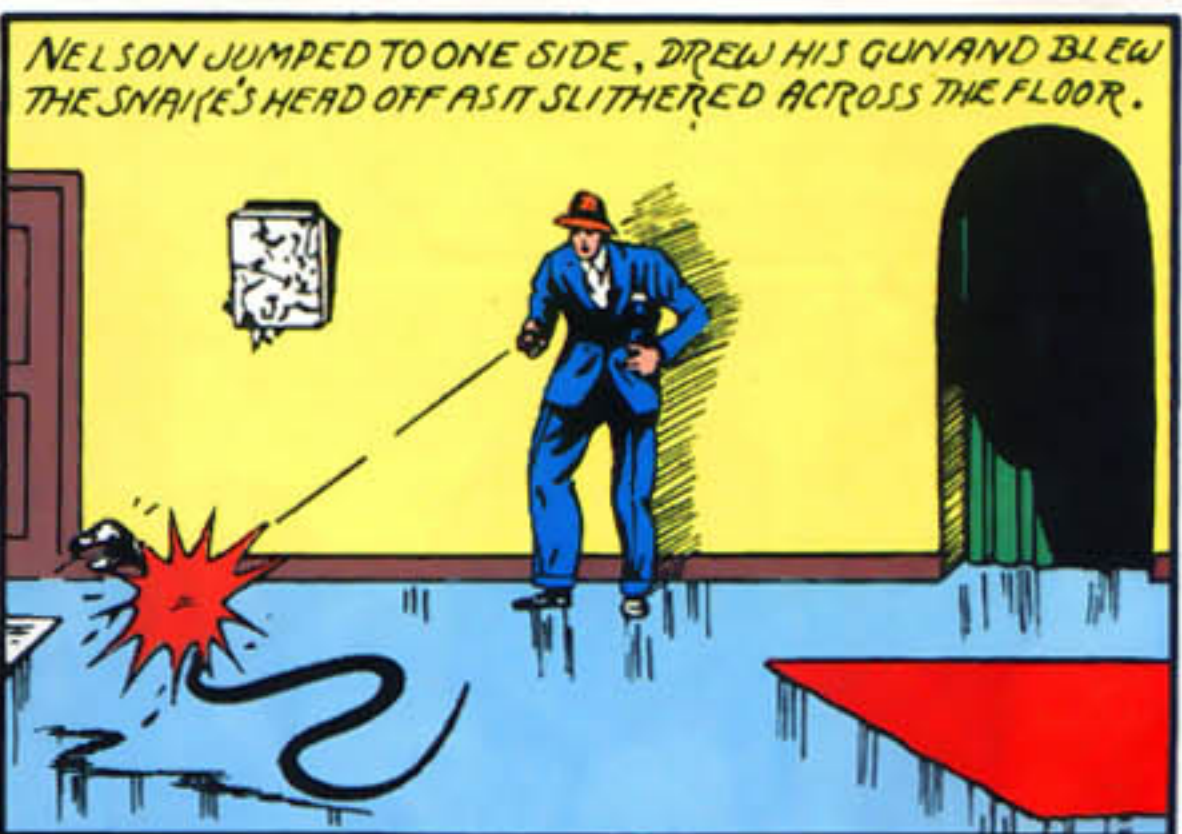


HMM! - WHOEVER DID THIS MUST HAVE BEEN OFF THEIR NUT.

I SUPPOSE HE WAS THE ONE SHE WAS 'WILLING' TO DIE. NO DOUBT HE CAUGHT HER RATHER MUMMERY - KILLED HER IN SOME WAY - AND NOT CONTENT WITH THAT - DROVE THE DAGGER INTO HER PICTURE. BUT HOW DID HE KILL HER?



ED! LOOK OUT! A SNAKE!



NELSON JUMPED TO ONE SIDE, DREW HIS GUN AND BLEW THE SNAKE'S HEAD OFF AS IT SLITHERED ACROSS THE FLOOR.

NELSON PICKED UP THE HEAD AND EXAMINED IT.

WE HAD NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF ED. THIS SNAKE HAS NO POISON FANGS.



SHE WAS NO DOUBT USING IT TO CAST A SPELL. THESE WITCHES GENERALLY USE A SNAKE FOR THAT PURPOSE.



LOOK HERE BRUCE. HERE'S A HEAP OF CLOTHES THAT'S BEEN DRAGGED OUT OF HER WARDROBE AND STREWY ABOUT. AND THERE'S HER HAT AND GLOVES TOO - JUST FLUNG ACROSS THE ROOM AS IF SHE CAME HOME IN A BLIND RAGE, AND IN A MAD RUSH TO START HER DEWITCHING.





AND LOOK HERE IN THIS CLOSET. A MAN'S EVENING CLOTHES, ALSO A FEW LOUNGE SUITS, SHOES, LINEN, ECT, ALL COMPLETE.



AND - HEY! - A WIG AND BEARD - VERY CLEVERLY MADE TO GRIP WITH ALMOST INVISIBLE SUCTION CUPS.



SO THE 'MAN SHE HATED' - WHO IS PROBABLY THE MURDERER - KEPT A CHANGE OF CLOTHES HERE? BESIDES WHICH, HE CAME AND WENT DISGUISED.



AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WENT WITHOUT HIS DISGUISE THIS TIME, WHICH MIGHT BE CAUSED BY A PANIC FLIGHT. I'VE A NOTION THERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE HERE IF WE COULD SEE IT.



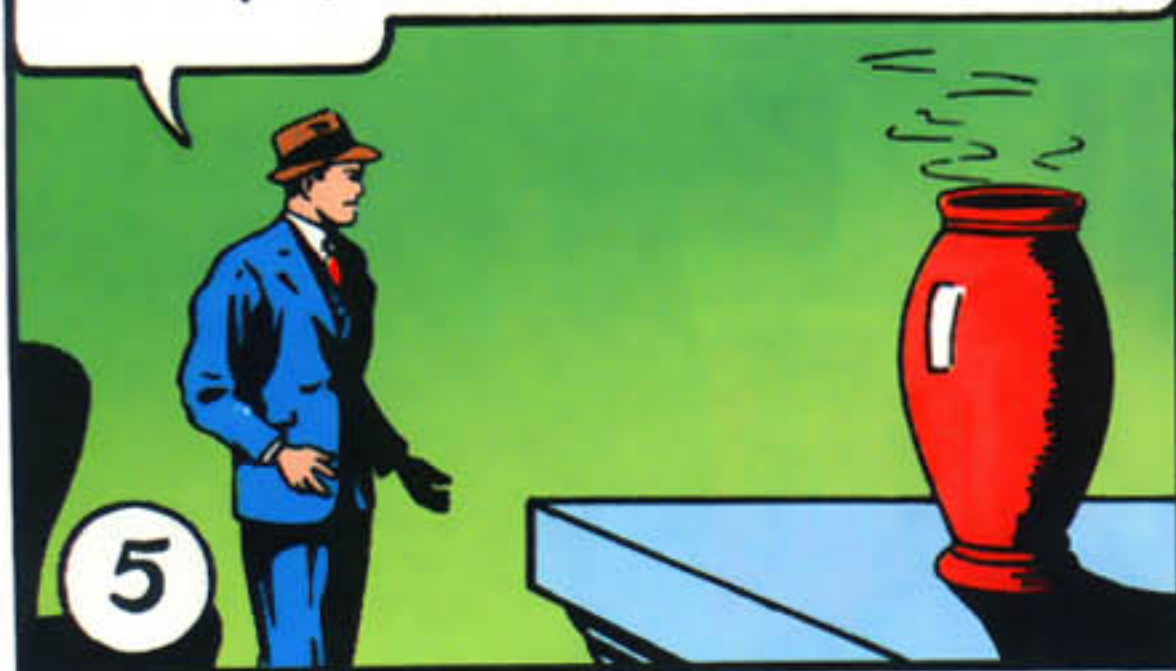
JUST WHY DID HE LEAVE HIS BEARD AND WIG BEHIND? THE HOUSEKEEPER MUST KNOW HIM FOR HE WAS EVIDENTLY AN INTIMATE. YOU HAVEN'T QUESTIONED HER YET. HAVE YOU?



NO, NOT YET. THE SIGHT OF ALL THIS SENT HER INTO HYSTERICS, AND SHE HASN'T RECOVERED.



WAIT A SECOND ED. I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING I HADN'T BEFORE. DO YOU NOTICE A FAINT ODOR IN THE AIR? IT SEEMS STRONGER ON THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM.



'SNIFF - SNIFF' - IT'S OVER HERE. IT'S COMING FROM THIS COPPER URN. I'VE GOT IT ED! IT'S **DEVIL SMOKE!**

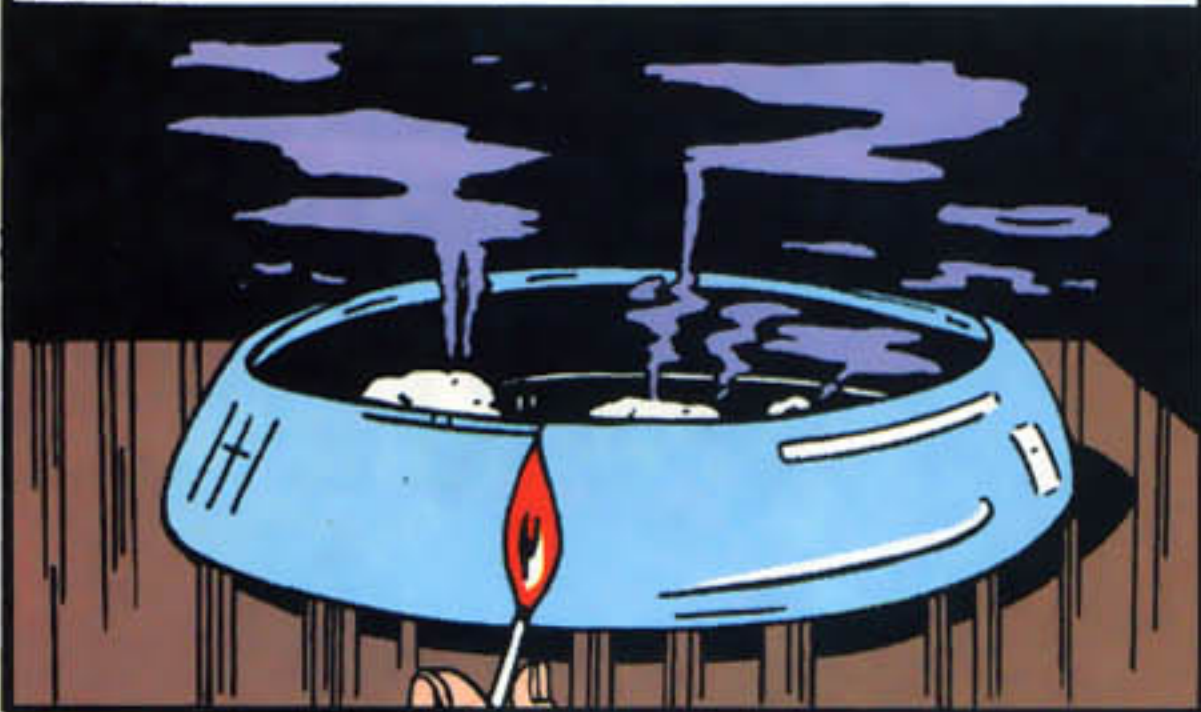




WHEN I WAS IN AFRICA I CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT. IT'S THE STUFF AFRICAN JORCERERS USE FOR TRIAL BY ORDEAL.



HE PICKED OUT THE GUMMY LUMPS, PUT THEM IN AN ASH TRAY AND SET A MATCH TO THEM.



STUMBLING, HALF FALLING, HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE WINDOW.



NELSON WAS ALMOST AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WHEN HE NOTICED THE LIGHT GREEN VAPOR COMING FROM THE ROOM AND SMELLED THE POWERFULL FUMES.

ED! WHAT'S UP?  
ARE YOU O.K.?



NELSON LEFT THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE. LANE LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY AT THE COPPER VASE.



IMMEDIATELY A SPIRAL OF OILY GREEN VAPOR ROSE. LANE WATCHED INTERESTEDLY. THE NEXT THING HE KNEW HE WAS COUGHING AND THE ROOM WAS REELING. HE CLUTCHED AT THE TABLE AS HIS KNEES BEGAN TO SAG.



BUT THE POWERFULL FUMES WERE TOO INTENSE. HE PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE AND LAY STILL.



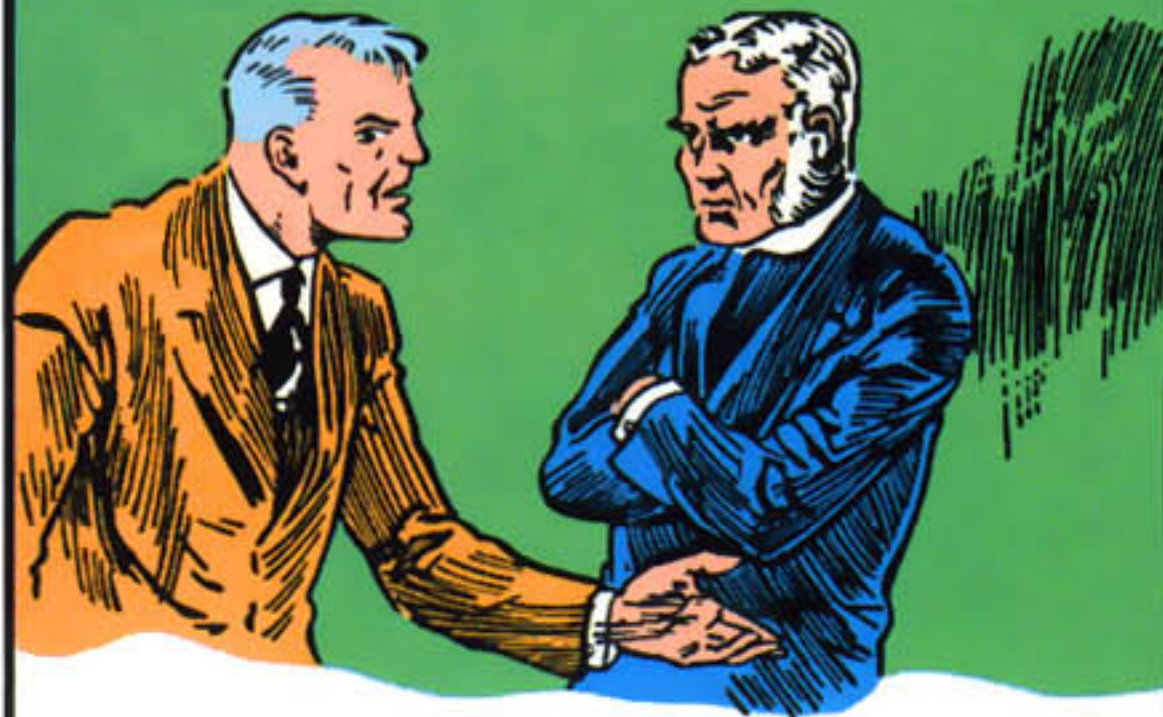
IN TWO QUICK BOUNDS HE REACHED THE DOORWAY. HE STAGGERED BACK CHOKING.



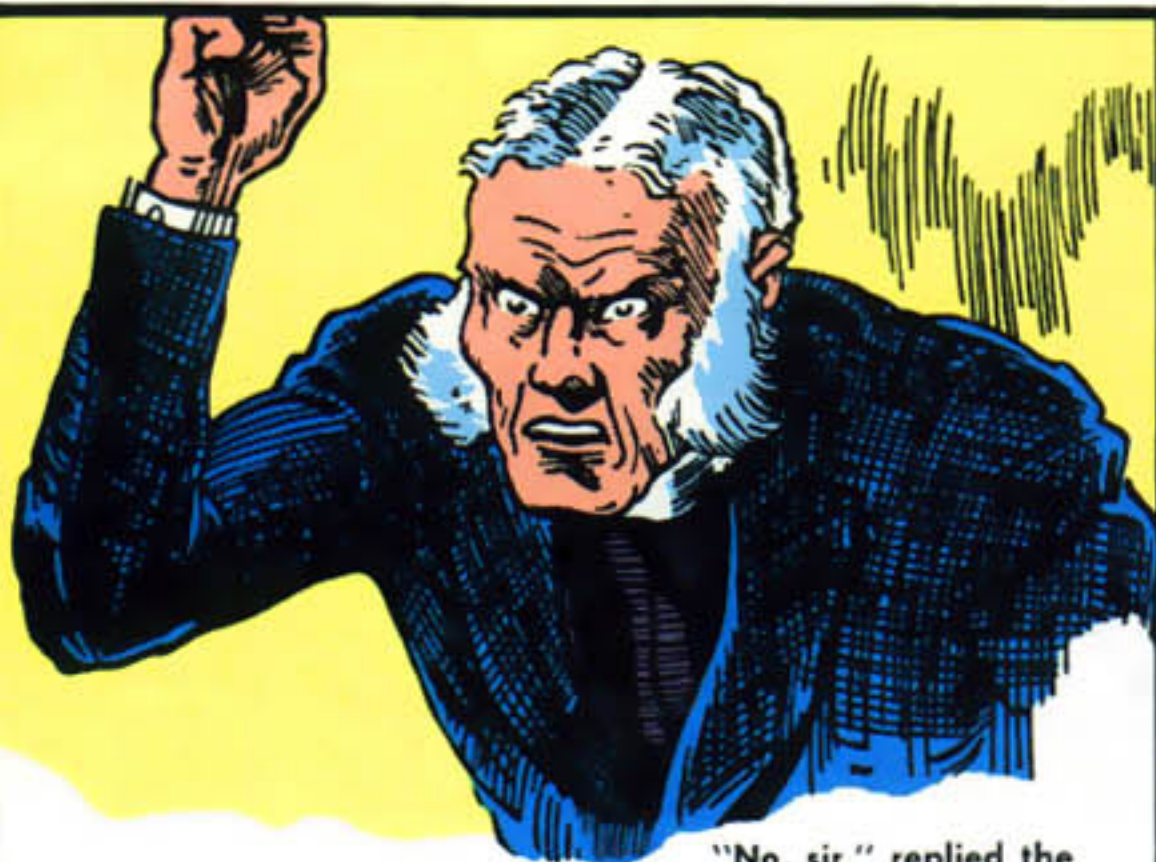


# The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANGHU!

By  
SAX ROHMER



"You would be a dead man now if it were not for your friend in China," Smith told Mr. Eltham earnestly. "China today is not the China of '98. It is a huge secret machine, ruled by THE SEVEN. You must not return to China!"

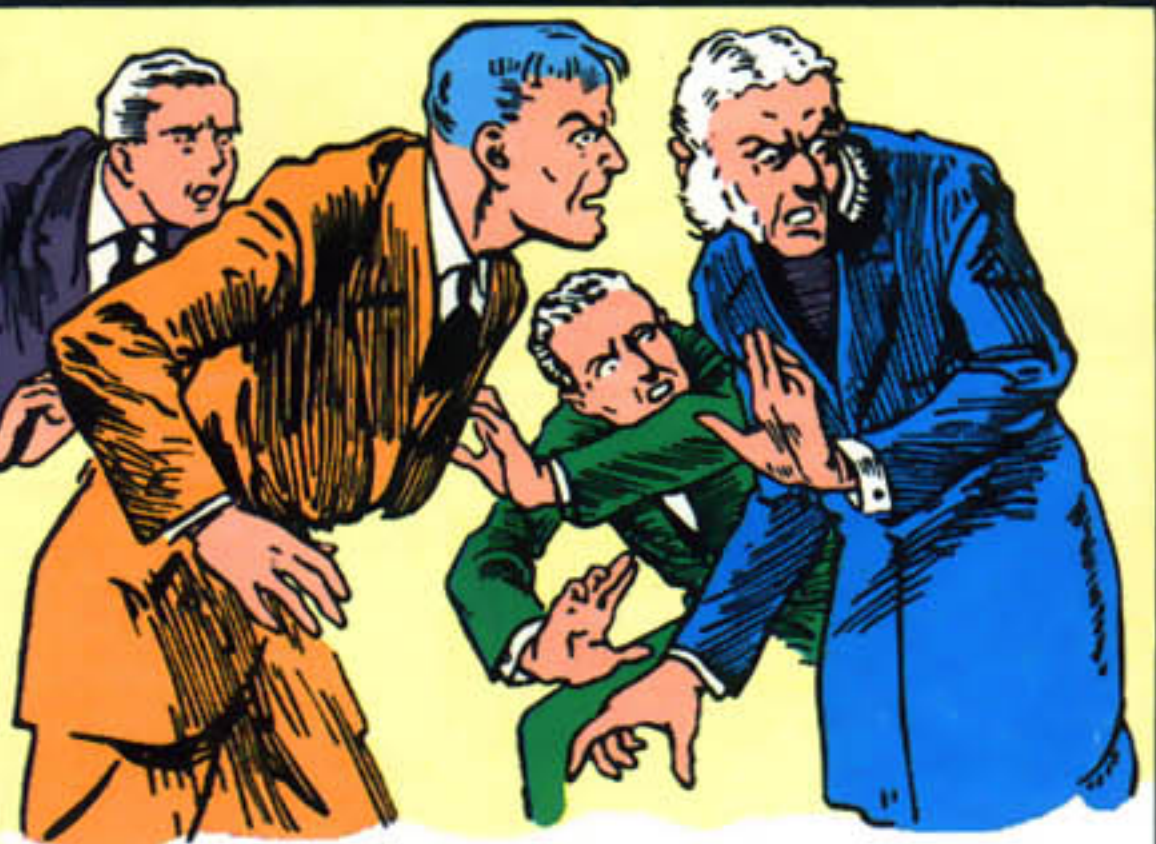


"No, sir," replied the clergyman, in his voice a strange mixture of deep spiritual reverence and intense resolution. "I am called to Nan Yang!"

Here was the Fighting Missionary, "Parson Dan" showing through the surface of the Rev. J. D. Eltham.



"Nan Yang is a barrel of gunpowder. You would be the lighted match," Smith stated. "I insist that you abandon your visit to the interior of China. The Yellow Peril today is a real and terrible threat. The peace of the world is at stake . . ."



"I will reconsider my decision," Mr. Eltham said. The storm had blown over. Yet the very atmosphere of Redmoat seemed impregnated with Eastern devilry . . . And then, through the silence, cut a throbbing scream, the scream of a woman in agonized fear!



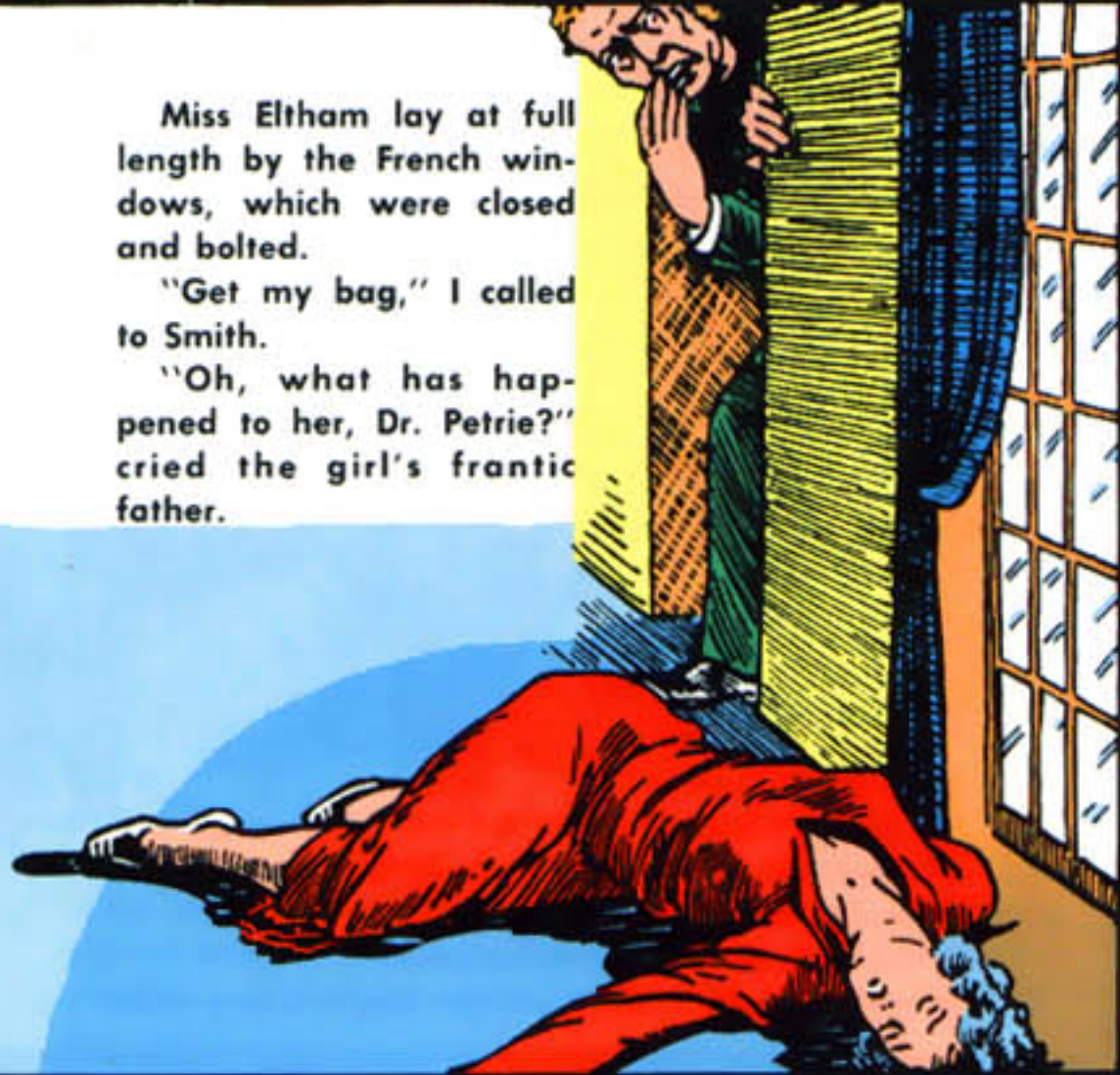
At the woman's scream—and Mr Eltham's cry, "It's Grebal"—Nayland Smith, Mr. Eltham, Denby and I all dashed pell-mell from the library and into the drawing room whence came the startling call . . .



Miss Eltham lay at full length by the French windows, which were closed and bolted.

"Get my bag," I called to Smith.

"Oh, what has happened to her, Dr. Petrie?" cried the girl's frantic father.



"She has only fainted," I replied, as I bent over Miss Eltham. "She will soon be all right."

The girl sighed shudderingly, and opened her eyes, and I helped her to stand. Suddenly, with a look of terror, she grasped my arm . . .

"At the window!" she choked. "They looked up at me from the steps to the lawn. Two green eyes!"



I found Greba Eltham fully recovered when she summoned me to her room a few minutes later.

"We are anxious to know more about what alarmed you, Miss Eltham," I told her.



"I was standing at the drawing-room window looking out onto the lawn when I saw those two green eyes, Dr. Petrie!" she murmured. "They shone like the eyes of a cat."

"Are you sure it was not a cat, Miss Eltham?"

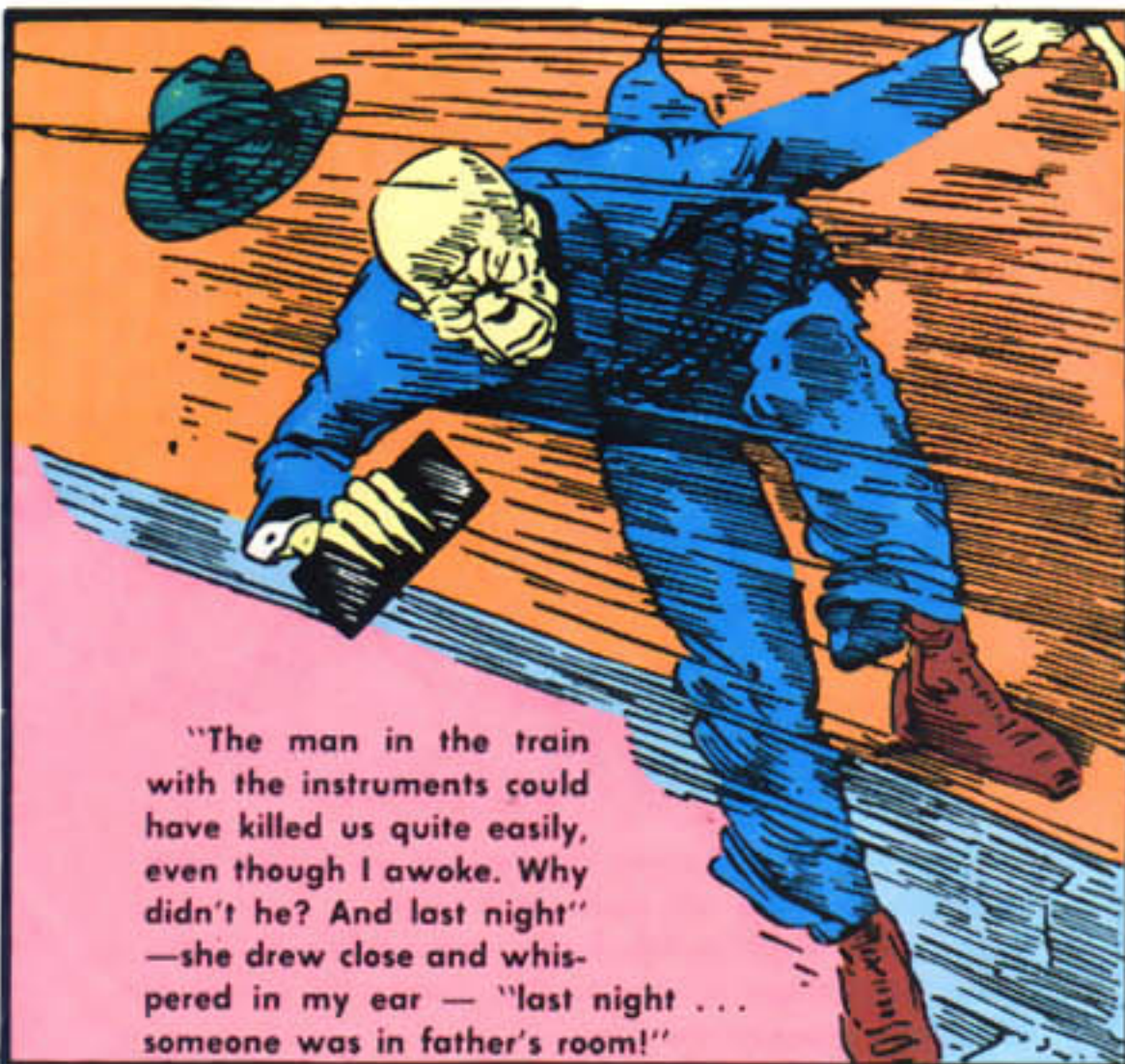
"The eyes were too large. There was something dreadful about them. . . ."

2



"What does it all mean, Dr. Petrie?" she pleaded. "Vernon Denby tells me that some awful Chinaman is trying to kill Mr. Smith and if the same man wants to kill my father, why has he not done so?"





"The man in the train with the instruments could have killed us quite easily, even though I awoke. Why didn't he? And last night" —she drew close and whispered in my ear — "last night ... someone was in father's room!"



"Last night I could not sleep, Dr. Petrie," Miss Eltham said. "I heard something moving in my father's room next to mine, and knocked on the wall. . . ."  
 "How could anyone get into his room?"  
 "I cannot imagine . . . But I am not sure it was a man!"



"I looked out of my window as father awoke and replied to my knock. Something moved swiftly into the shadows . . . something with a long thin body, and of a brownish color, marked with sections, and all of six feet long . . . I heard a swishing sound in the shrubbery . . .



"There's where I saw . . . whatever it was . . ." She paused a moment and said: "Father thinks nothing can pass our defenses. But there is something in Redmoat that comes and goes at will . . . Listen! Caesar knows it!"

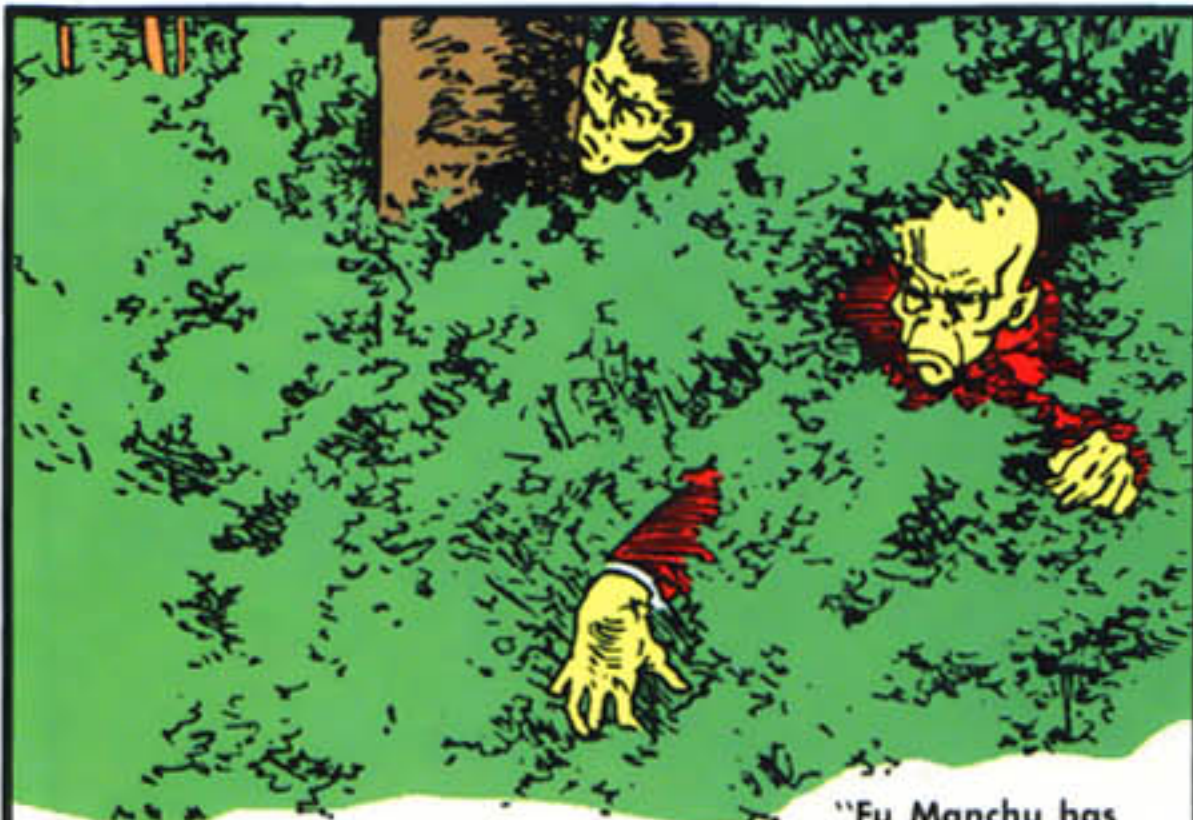


We could hear the mastiff howl. Yes, Caesar sensed the mystery that hung over Redmoat . . . Again and again the clank-clank of his chain as he hurled the weight of his body against it rang eerily through the night.



"Eltham has influential Chinese friends, but they dare not have him in Nan Yang at present," Nayland Smith told me later that night as we puzzled matters over in my room. "Eltham would see too much —and know its dire meaning."

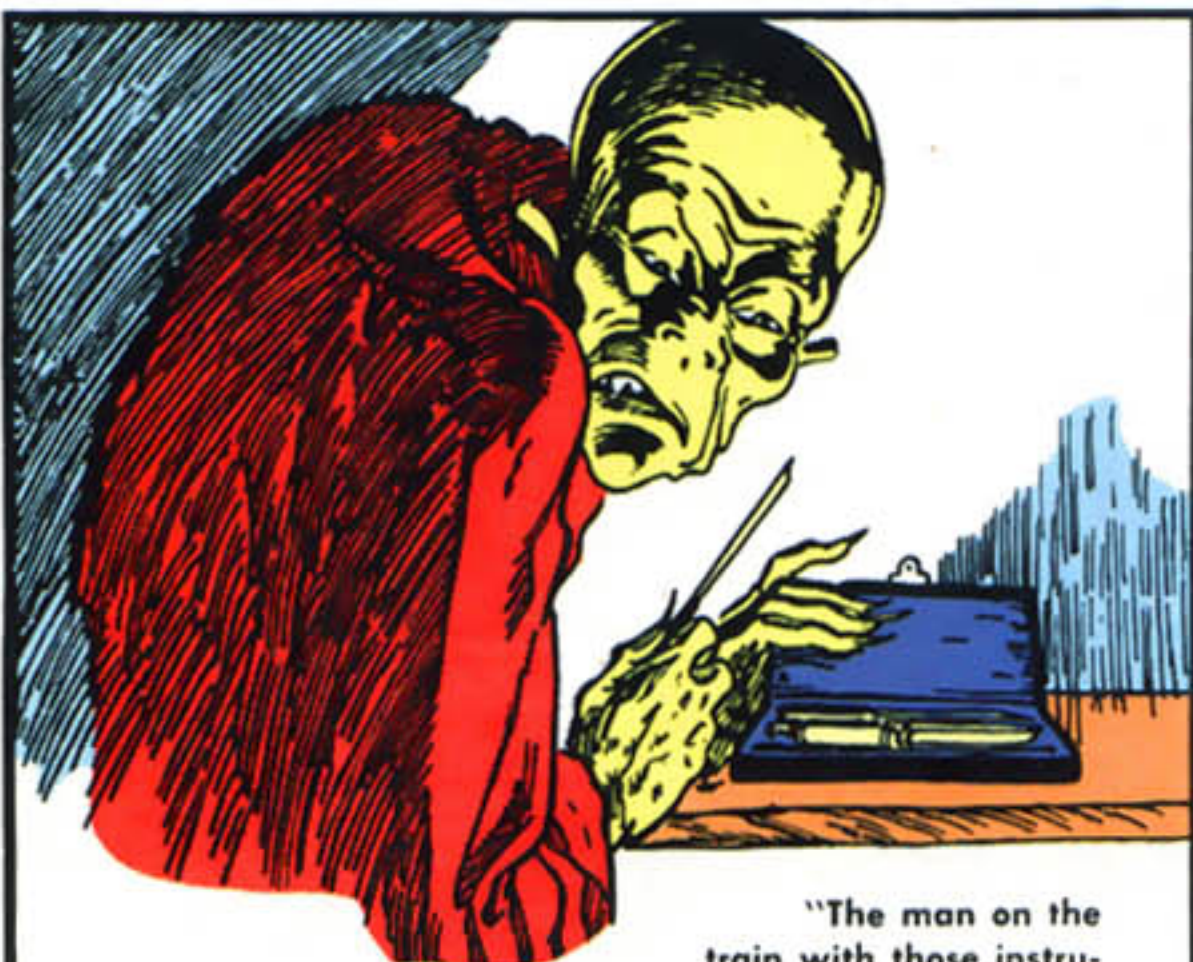




"Fu Manchu has been baffled by Eltham's precautions at Redmoat, I think," observed Smith, "but during Eltham's absence he provided some mysterious means of getting at him here. Yet Eltham has accounted for every rat-hole. A tunnel is impossible — all stone under house and grounds. Nobody can get in."



"How are they going to get at him, Petrie? That's the question. There is no entrance nor exit except the gate. How was the collie killed? That is significant."

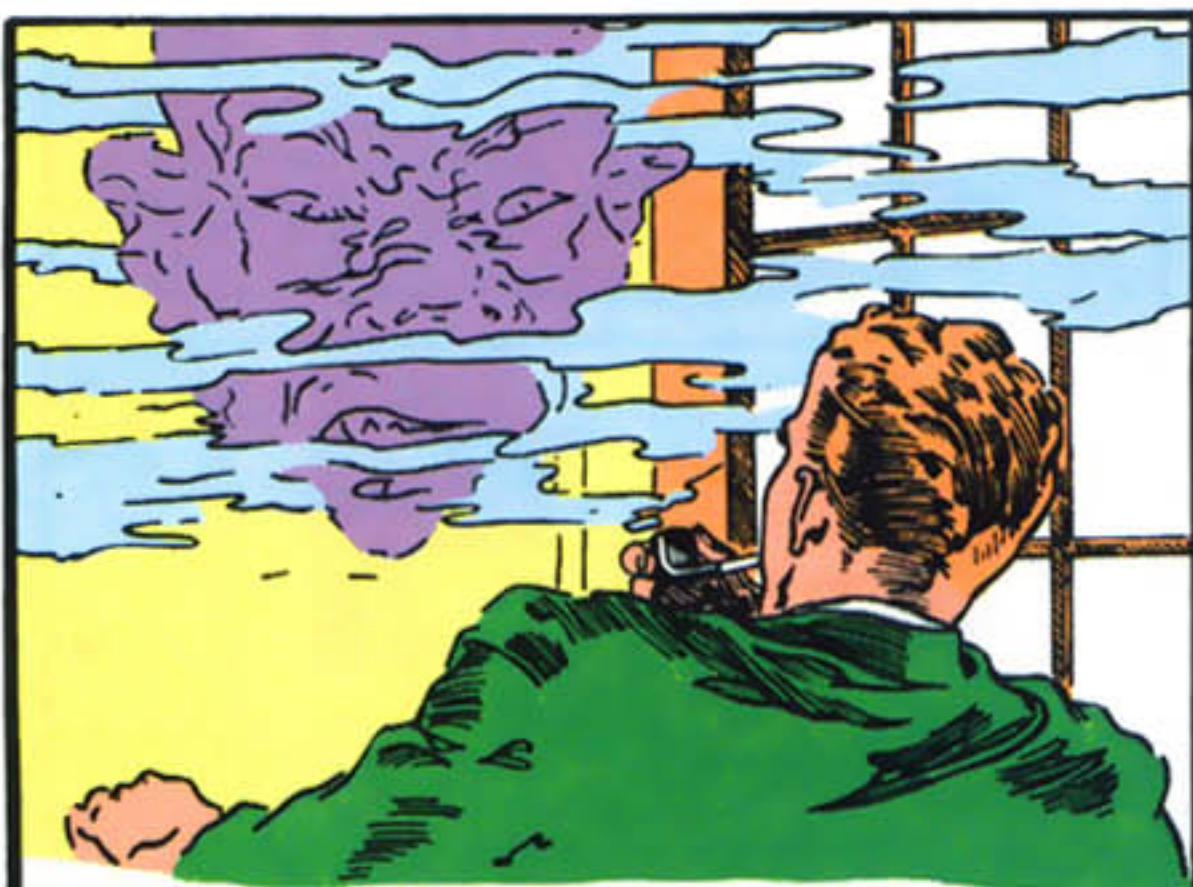


"The man on the train with those instruments ... the something Greba heard in her father's room ... the green eyes at the window ... Fu Manchu stalks Eltham, Petrie—but what does he want to do to him?"

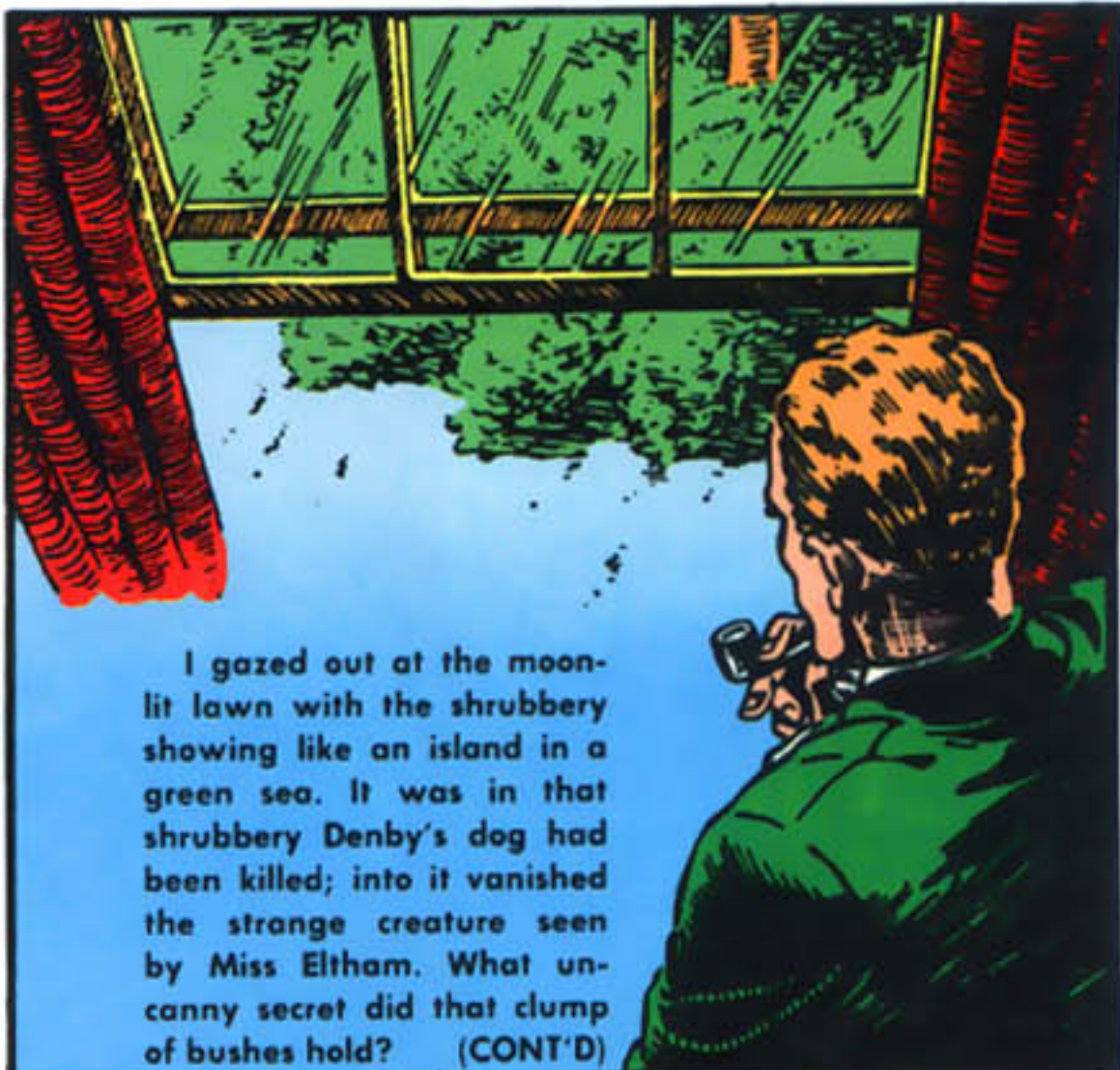


"I have it," I told Nayland Smith. "Fu Manchu has instructions to keep Eltham from going to China without killing him, though how, I don't know."

"Quite so, Petrie. He probably has orders to be merciful. But heaven help the victim of Chinese mercy! Good night."



I had looked once upon the awful Chinese doctor, and now, alone in my room, I seemed again to see his face, with those strange green eyes. Perhaps at this moment he was near. The mastiff Caesar howled without ceasing.



I gazed out at the moonlit lawn with the shrubbery showing like an island in a green sea. It was in that shrubbery Denby's dog had been killed; into it vanished the strange creature seen by Miss Eltham. What uncanny secret did that clump of bushes hold? (CONT'D)



# FLATFOOT FLANNIGAN

by  
Gustawson



CALLING ALL CARS — — CALLING  
ALL CARS — — BANK ROBBERY  
ON MAIN AND CENTER STREETS!  
— — YOU TOO FLANNIGAN!!

O-OH, HUM  
'SCUSE  
ME!

HEY, FLANNIGAN—  
THAT CALL WAS  
FOR US TOO!!

G-GOSH, YES —  
S-S-SO IT WAS.  
C'MON, LET'S  
G-G-GO!

WE'RE THE FIRST  
ONES HERE — LOOK —  
THERE THEY GO!!

W-WHOA, BESS!

ARE YOU CRAZY—??  
WHY DID YOU STOP  
WHEN WE WERE  
ALMOST UP TO  
THEM ???

THERE'S A RED LIGHT —  
I'M NOT GOING TO  
TAKE A CHANCE OF  
GETTING A TICKET!



# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## DANZIG MARKS ANNIVERSARY

The Free City of Danzig, located about 250 miles from Berlin, has been a most important commercial city of central Europe for centuries, but at the moment its political importance is overshadowing all other claims of distinction. For almost a thousand years its rule has passed in steady succession from one power to another and its present status became effective on January 2nd, 1920.

The latest stamp issue from Danzig does not honor anything as modern as the establishment of a free city. Instead, history is retraced one hundred and twenty five years to the Union of Danzig and Prussia in 1814.

In medieval days the city was held at different times by Brandenburg, Pomerania, Poland and Denmark. In the fourteenth century it had come under Teutonic rule, under which it prospered rapidly. It was one of the chief towns of the Hanseatic League. The Teutonic order became oppressive, as all orders did in those days, and in 1455 Danzig became allied to Poland. The constant wars of the next few centuries were keenly felt and led to frequent changes in Danzig's rule. In 1793 it was allied to Prussia, Napoleon declared the port a Free City in 1807, and it was given back to Prussia in 1814. This last date is the one commemorated on the new stamp issues.

After its commercial prestige, which is very great indeed, Danzig is chiefly distinguished for its picturesque medieval aspect. So it is fitting that the new stamp designs go back to those yesterdays for inspiration.

A group of three knights, themselves in armor and riding panted horses, appears on the 5 pfennig stamp in bright green.

The 10 pf. value, printed in red brown, depicts the signing of a treaty between Danzig and Sweden in 1630. The union of 1814 is directly honored on the 15 pf. slate-blue stamp which shows a drummer boy leading a group of soldiers. A battle led by Stephen Bathory is being fought on the 25pf. brown-violet issue.

## Nicaraguan Issue

A view of Diario Park provides the design for all values in a recent stamp issue from Nicaragua. The stamps are printed in the following denominations and colors: 1½ centavo olive-green; 2 centavos rose-red; 3c light blue; 6c red-brown; 7½c dark green; 10c black; 15c orange 25c violet; 50c bright green and 1 cordoba, yellow.

## Stamp Outfit Free

Scarce AIRMAIL TRIANGLE from Mozambique Co.! Hard-to-get NORTH BORNEO (a real beauty)! BOTH these unusual stamps (missing from most collections) ALSO a set of U. S. stamps more than 50 years old, a WATERMARK DETECTOR (with instructions how to use it), and our famous JUNGLELAND PACKET from such countries as Sarawak, Gold Coast, Perak, mysterious Sudan, etc. including cannibals, head-hunters, bushwackers, native animals and other jungle thrillers—this big outfit with ALL these fascinating stamps is ABSOLUTELY FREE to approval applicants sending 3c postage! Giant list 500 stamp bargains included WRITE TODAY!

MIDWOOD STAMP CO., DEPT. X  
MIDWOOD STATION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## 33 FIJI ISLANDS, 3c TRIANGLES, 3c

Gold Coast, Mexico and others. All for only 3c to approval applicants. One packet only to a customer.

FLORAL CITY STAMP CO.  
BOX 9F WASHINGTON C. H., OHIO

6 TRIANGLES BIG DIAMOND 5 AIRMAILS! also Big packet of world-wide stamps including rare Borneo, Silver Jubilee, Belg. Congo, Dutch Indies, Siam, P. I., Cuba, China, Brazil, many Brit. Colonies, Chile & Mexico. 6c to approval applicants.

EUREKA STAMP CO., Dept. M, Burbank, Calif.

## WRIGHT 9-PART Wonder Collection

- 1—Nice packet of old countries.
- 2—Two sets of airmail stamps.
- 3—Lot U. S. Commemoratives
- 4—Select mint Br. Cols.—new king
- 5—Set triangle & diamond stamps.
- 6—Packet of 15 diff. Asia.
- 7—10 Africa—worth a dime!
- 8—Br. Jubilee, Coronation stamps.
- 9—Packet 19th century stamps all 40 years old or more.

Believe it or not, ALL these with lists & approvals for 5c!

LEE WRIGHT & CO.  
2527-K Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.

## WORLD'S SMALLEST AIRMAIL

FREE STAMP MAGAZINE!

\$2.00 U. S. Airmails, Bird, Indian, Airplane Commemoratives, Special Issues, scarce stamps from 25 countries, 5c with approvals.

CAPITAL STAMP CO.  
Dept. DC, 413 W. Roosevelt Blvd., Little Rock, Ark.

## Super-Wonder Packet Offered

containing 60 different stamps from AFGHANISTAN, TRANS-JORDANIA, NORTH BORNEO, MANCHUKUO, SUDAN, GUADELOUPE, IRAQ, SARAWAK, FRENCH and BRITISH COLONIES, including natives, beasts, ships, etc. This entire packet for only 5 cents to approval applicants. Big illustrated lists free.

KENT STAMP CO.  
Box 87 (18), G. P. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

## U.S. \$1, \$2, \$4, & \$5 Stamps

Included in our packet of 25 DIFFERENT UNITED STATES STAMPS given to new approval applicants sending 3c postage. Perforation Gauge and Millimeter Scale also included.

BROWNIE STAMP SHOP, DEPT. DC  
FLINT MICHIGAN

## EARN CASH!! EARN STAMPS!!

Sell my approval books, approval sheets, and nickel package. Bargains in stamps and profits for you.

MORTIMER ELLIS

2841 West 37th Street, Dept. DT-5  
Brooklyn, New York

**FREE!!** TWO CORONATION SETS, an Abdication Stamp of King Edward, and TWO pretty foreign pictorial sets including an Austrian set. You can have these historically interesting stamps by sending us 4c (four cents) to cover cost of postage and packing. Interesting approvals included.

R. T. ROBERTS & CO.  
312 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

## 120 STAMPS FOR 5c

ABELL "LITTLE GIANT" LOT  
NOTHING LIKE IT ANYWHERE

120 all diff. from every corner of world; triangle & diamond stamps, bicolours, ships, ODD COUNTRIES like Azerbaijan, Afghanistan, Schleswig, Surinam, South Sea Islands, Zanzibar; also NICE LOT U. S. A commemoratives, civil war issue, battleship Maine. \$1, \$2 & \$5 high values, etc. Sounds impossible, but everything (list value \$2.50) with lists & approvals, sent exactly as described—for only 5c!

ABELL STAMP CO.  
1818-K St. Paul St. Baltimore, Md.

## 62 DIFF. STAMPS FOR 5c.

(Cat. values \$1.40)

Unbelievable value! At least SIX triangles & diamond stamps! Airmail, animal, bicolor, war stamps—China, Japan, Manchukuo & insurgent Spain, bull-fight stamp, Asia, Africa, South Sea Islands—a collection in itself. Everything with lists & approvals, 5c.

O. W. CROWDER CO.  
127 K E. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.





# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

COSMO IS CALLED TO IMMIGRATION HEADQUARTERS.

COSMO, THE SMUGGLING OF CHINESE TO OUR SHORES IS CREATING A SERIOUS PROBLEM. FRANKLY, WE HAVE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO FIND THEIR POINT OF ENTRY, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED FOR YOU. WILL YOU HELP US?

I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT A TRY, CARG.



YOU CLEANED UP THE REDFERN MYSTERY BEAUTIFULLY, COSMO. I'M SURE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING HERE.

THOSE CHINESE ARE PRETTY SLICK CUSTOMERS. DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW I'M INTERESTED IN THIS THING.



COSMO ENROLLS AT THE FRISCO SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

I WANT A SPECIAL COURSE IN CHINESE TAUGHT ME INSIDE OF THIRTY DAYS-- CAN YOU DO IT?

A MONTH IS A VERY SHORT TIME. I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO TEACH YOU.



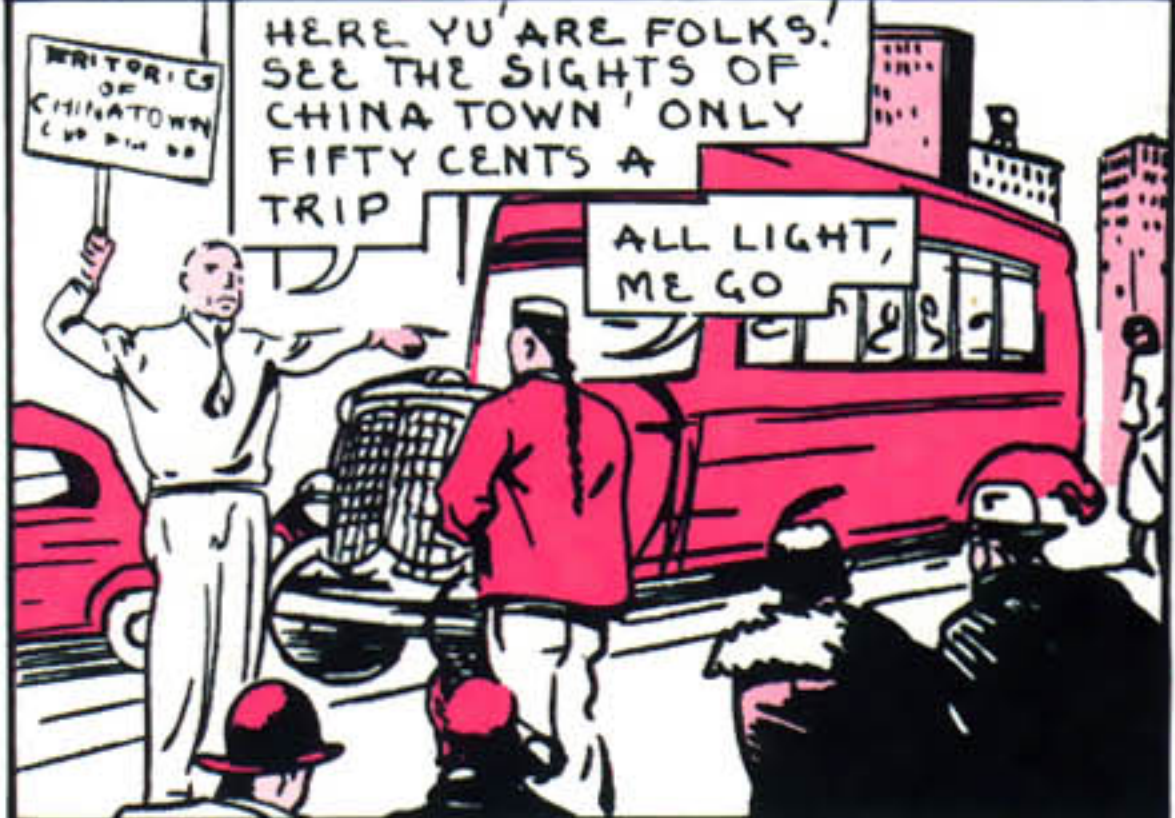
BY INTENSE APPLICATION COSMO ACQUIRES A FAIR KNOWLEDGE OF CHINESE.

AH, YOU'D MAKE A FINE CHINESE AMBASSADOR. COULD YOU CONTINUE A BIT LONGER. YOU ARE VERY APT.

5211 72-- BUT 361 n. NOW MY TIME IS UP. I MUST LEAVE FOR CHINA



BUT SECRETLY COSMO DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A CHINESE AND PREPARES FOR ACTION.





IN THE BUS COSMO PICKS A SEAT ALONGSIDE A YOUNG CHINESE.



AS THEY RIDE ALONG COSMO FORCES THE CONVERSATION.



COSMO MAKES THE MOST OF HIS NEW FRIEND AND IS AT LAST REWARDED WITH AN INVITATION TO THE FEAST OF THE DRAGON.



AT THE FESTIVAL HE MEETS MANY IMPORTANT ORIENTALS.





FO LEE, THIS  
IS MY BOSS,  
KWAN JOY LO.  
YOU WANT  
MAKE BIG  
PAY?

ME LIKE  
GOOD JOB  
VELLY MUCH

ME PAY WELL  
FOR WORK.  
BUT NO TALK-  
EE, SEE?

ME NO TALKEE,  
KWAN JOY LO.  
YOU TAKE ME  
TO GOOD JOB,  
EH?

O K. BUT  
YOU TALKEE.  
BE WARNED,  
KWAN JOY LO  
KILL YOU LIKE  
RAT.

NEXT DAY

HERE IS PLACE,  
FOLLOW ME.

OSHI PAI SHIPPI

INSIDE YEN LO SPEAKS WITH THE CLERK.

O.K. THIS WAY.  
BOSS HIM ALL  
INSIDE.

IN BACK OF THE SHIPPING ROOM THEY  
ENTER A SMALL CHAMBER. JOY LO RE-  
MOVES A FEW BOXES AND PRESSES  
A SMALL PANEL.

BARGE COME TAKE  
YOU. YOU VERY CARE-  
FUL. I WATCH YOU NO  
MAKE MISTAKE.

THE WALL OPENS UP.

THE PASSAGE LEADS OUT UNDER THE  
WHARF.

SOON WE MAKE  
BIG JOB, BIG PAY

A BARGE LAYS TO. A SECRET DOOR  
IN ITS SIDE IS LET DOWN AND YEN LO  
WITH COSMO STEALS ABOARD.



WHILE UP ABOVE THE BARGE IS OSTENSIBLY ONLY LOADING ON COAL.



A TUG SNORTS AND THE BARGE IS TOWED FROM THE WHARF.



DOWN THE ESTUARY AND OUT TO SEA IT GOES.



MIDNIGHT - THE CHINESE ARE ROUSED AND MUCH ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE BARGE.

ALL LIGHT!  
EV'LYBODY LEADY  
MOVE VELLY QUICK



COSMO HEARS THE LOW MOAN OF A STEAMER WHISTLE AND THE CLANGING OF BELLS.

AHOY!  
STAND BY  
TO LOAD  
CARGO.



OUT OF THE STEAMER'S PORT HOLE COMES A STEADY STREAM OF HUMANS.



AT LAST THE COAL BARGE IS LOADED WITH JABBERING CHINAMEN. IT HEADS BACK FOR THE WHARF.



SUDDENLY THE BARGE BANGS INTO THE DOCK UPSETTING ALL ON BOARD. COSMO'S JACKET GETS TORN ON A NAIL.

LOOKEE!  
WHITE SKIN -  
HE NO CHINA-  
MAN.





DETECTED, COSMO RUNS FOR THE DECK OF THE BARGE.



PURSUED HE LEAPS TO THE WHARF.



SEVERAL ORIENTALS LEAP AFTER HIM AS THE BOAT SUDDENLY SWINGS OUT FOR AN ORDERED GETAWAY.



THERE IS BUT ONE AVENUE OF ESCAPE FOR COSMO-THE SECRET PASSAGE.

WELL, I SURE STIRRED UP A NEST OF HORNETS THAT TIME.  
I'D HATE TO BE MADE INTO CHOP SUEY



DOWN THE DARK CORRIDOR HE DASHES, DRAWING HIS AUTOMATIC.



AT THE HIDDEN DOOR HE FUMBLES ABOUT FOR THE SECRET SLIDE.



TRAPPED, COSMO HEARS A SOUND ON THE OUTER SIDE. SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE EVIL FACE OF KWAN JOY LO.

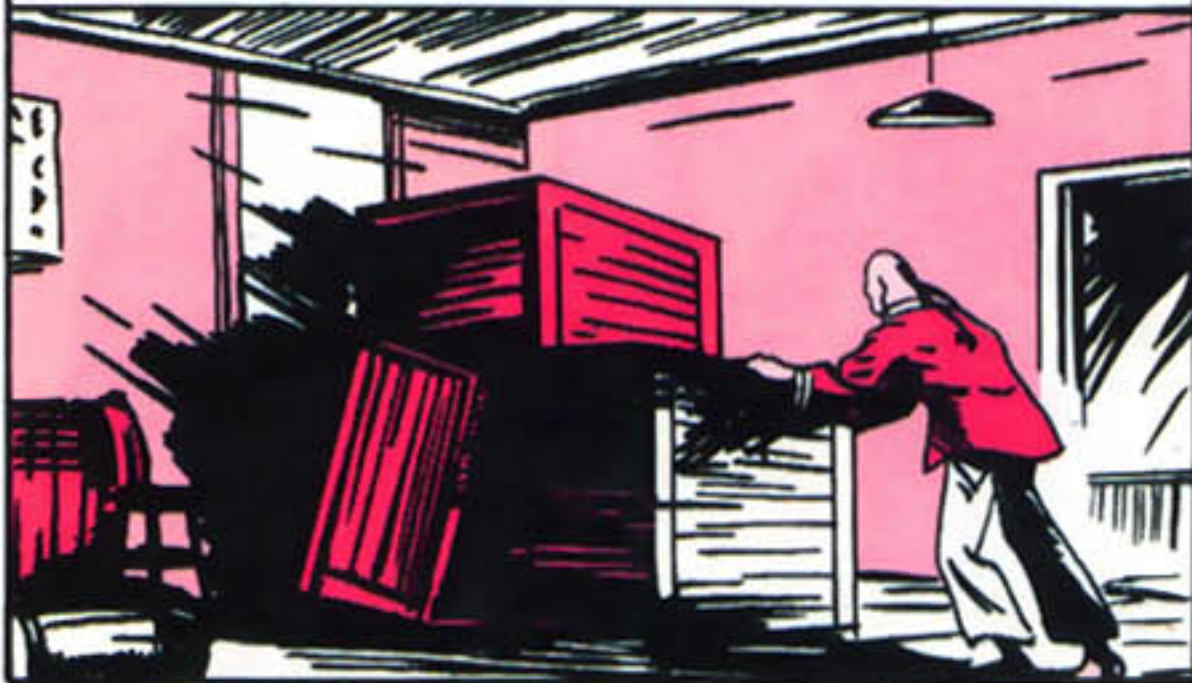


INSTANTLY COSMO LEAPS FOR THE ORIENTAL, SURPRISING HIM WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT.





COSMO RUSHES OUT AND PUSHES HEAVY CASES AGAINST THE DOOR TO DELAY THE PURSUERS.



NEXT MOMENT HE IS IN THE OFFICE, HIS GUN LEVELED AT THE CLERK AS HE REACHES FOR THE PHONE.



ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE A GONER - POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS-QUICK!

COSMO SPEAKING - SEND A SQUAD TO 69 SHORE SIDE IMMEDIATELY -



WITH A GIGANTIC LEAP COSMO CLEARS THE DESK AND LANDS BEHIND THE CLERK.



HE HURLS THE HAPLESS CLERK INTO HIS PURSUERS MIDST



HE GAINS THE OUTER DOOR AND RUNS INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE.



HERE, HERE, CHOP STICKS, AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHAT-YOU'RE, COSMO?

SURE, MIKE DONOVAN, AND I'M A DANCING DERVISH TOO - DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO HEAR OF COSMO?

WELL, MAKE SURE NOW - MAYBE I'M NAPOLEON AFTER ALL --

BUT COME, LET'S ROUND THESE CHINKS UP BEFORE THEY HOTFOOT IT FOR CHINA.



THE CHINESE SUBDUED COSMO PICKS UP THE PHONE AGAIN..

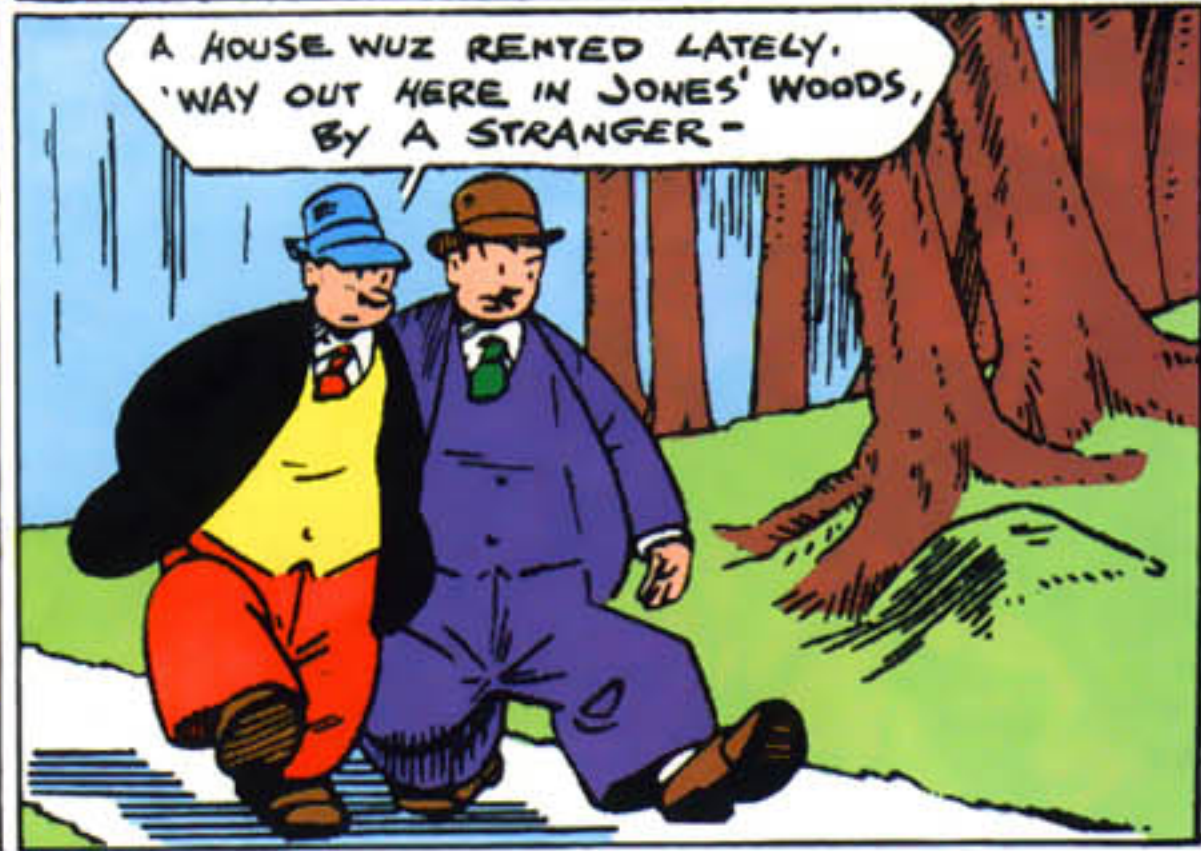
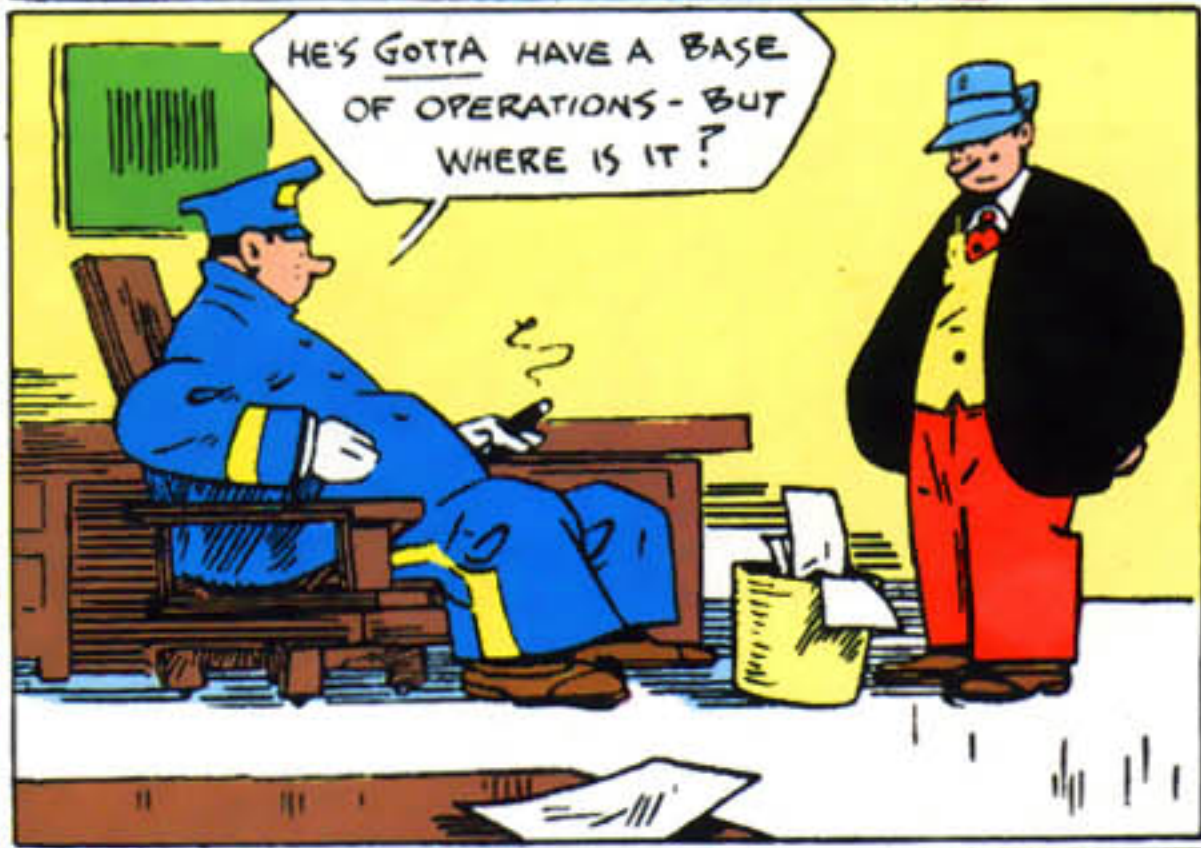
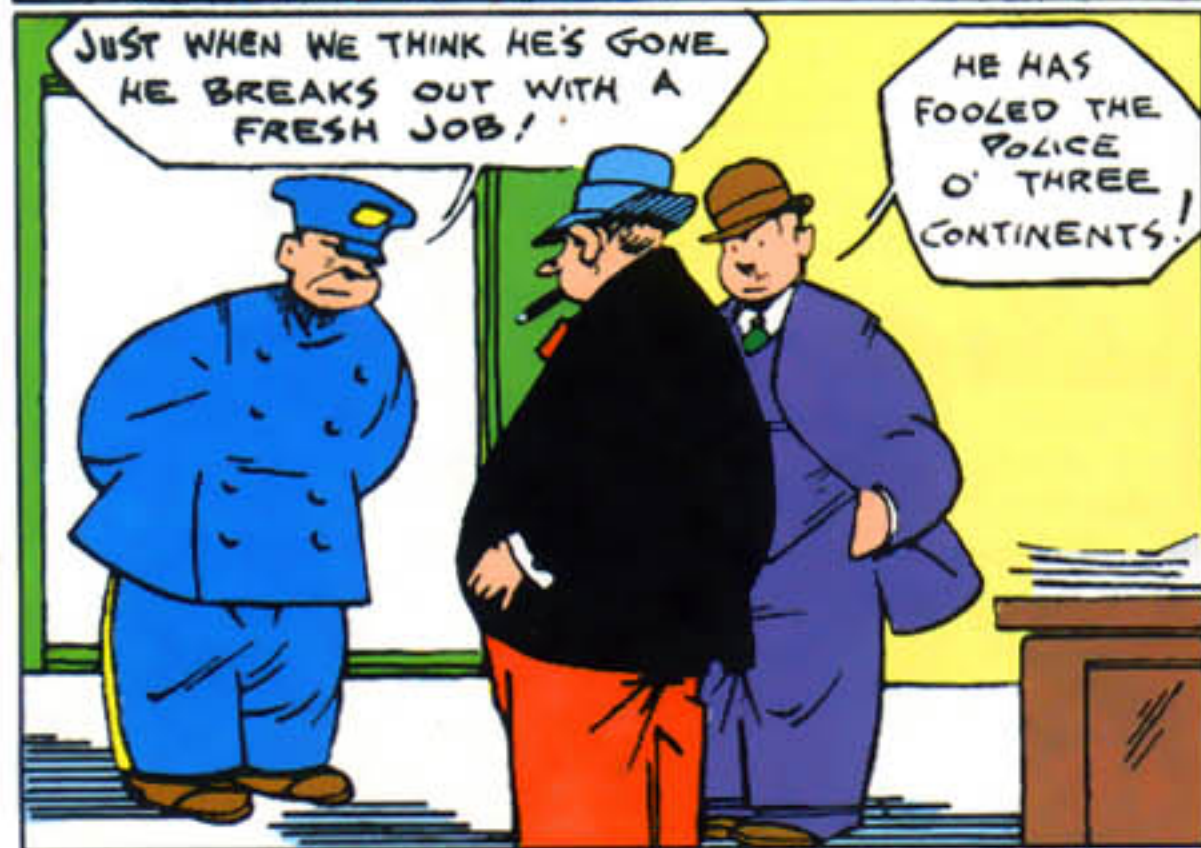


HELLO! COAST GUARD? PICK UP COAL BARGE AND TUG NEAR PIER 39 THEY'RE CHINESE SMUGGLERS, WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE GANG.

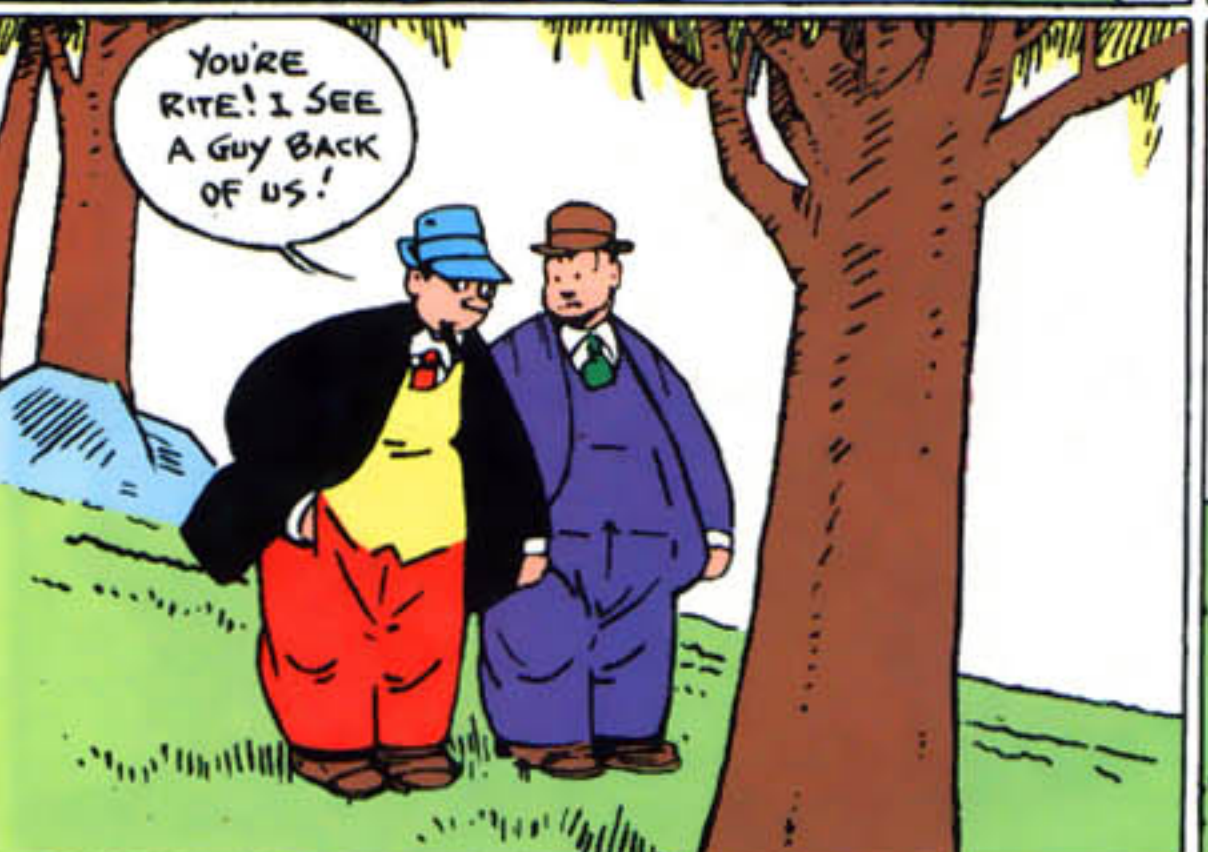
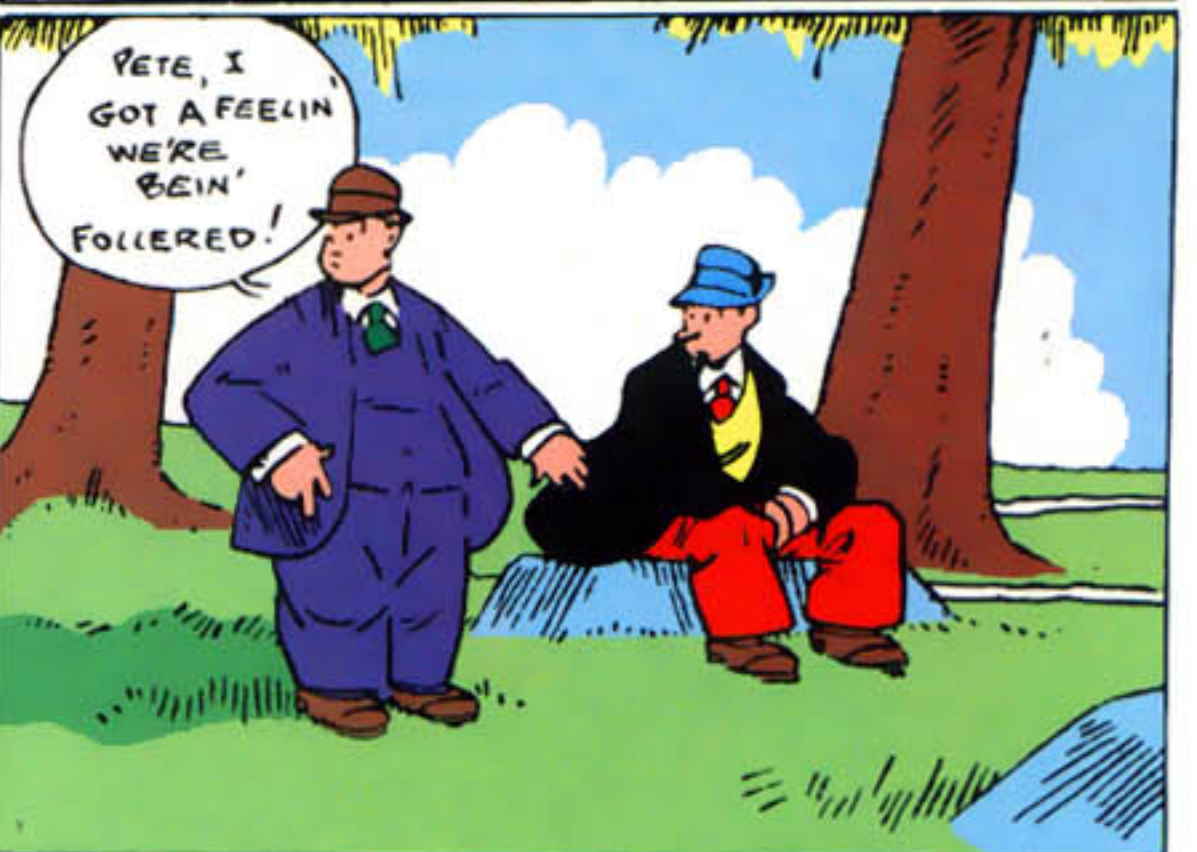
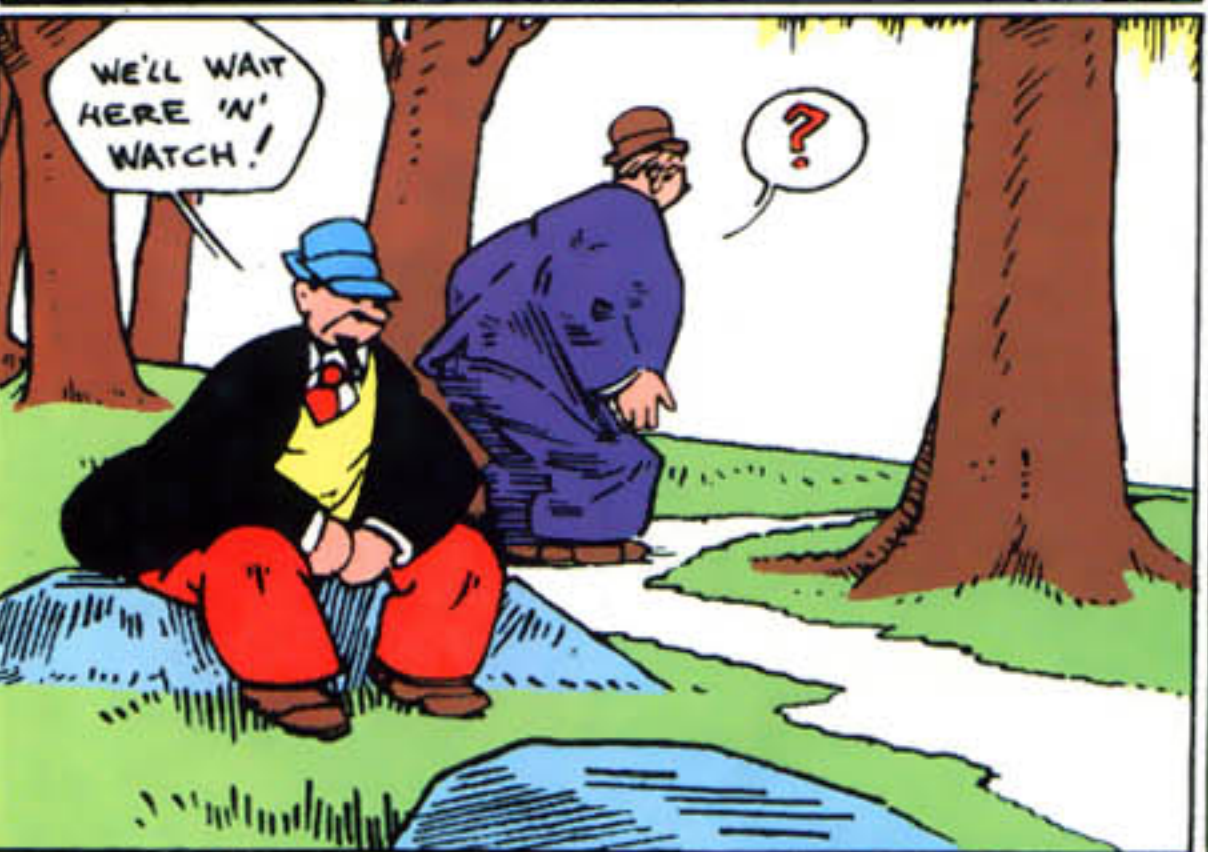
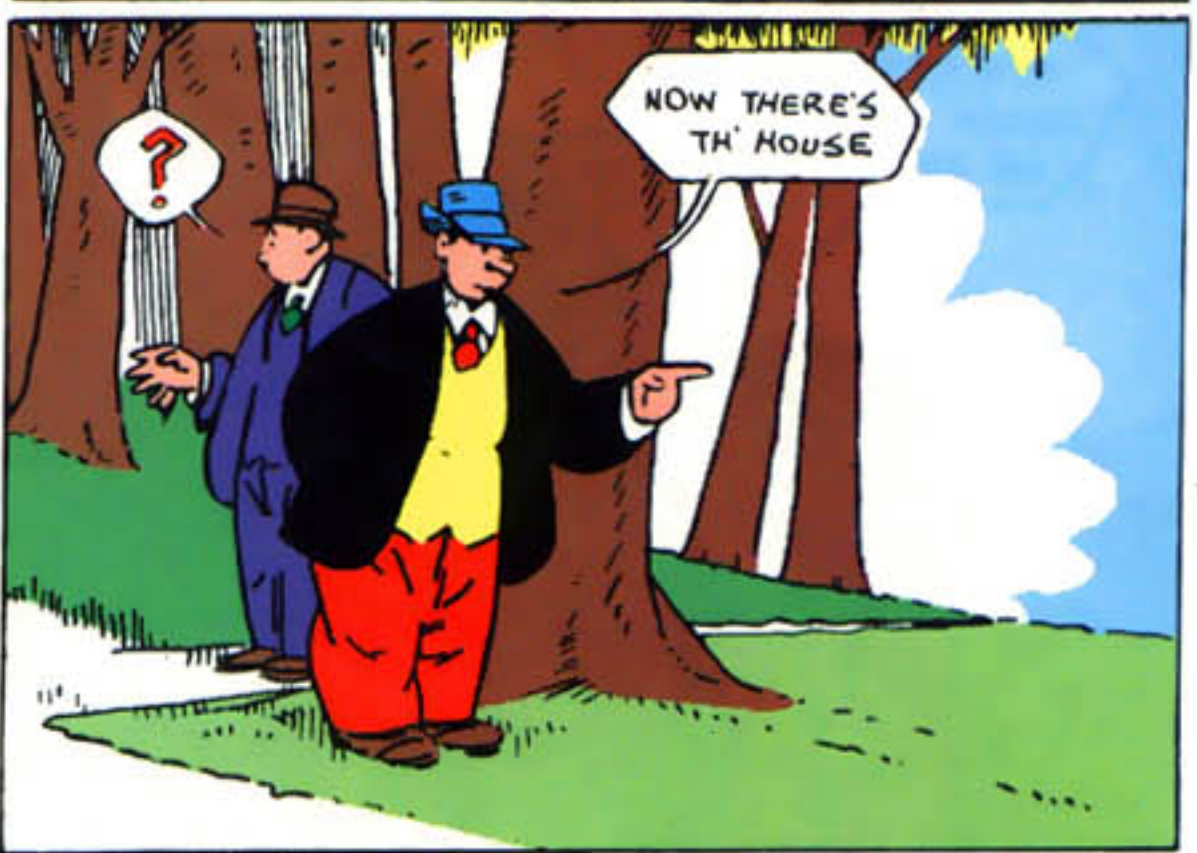
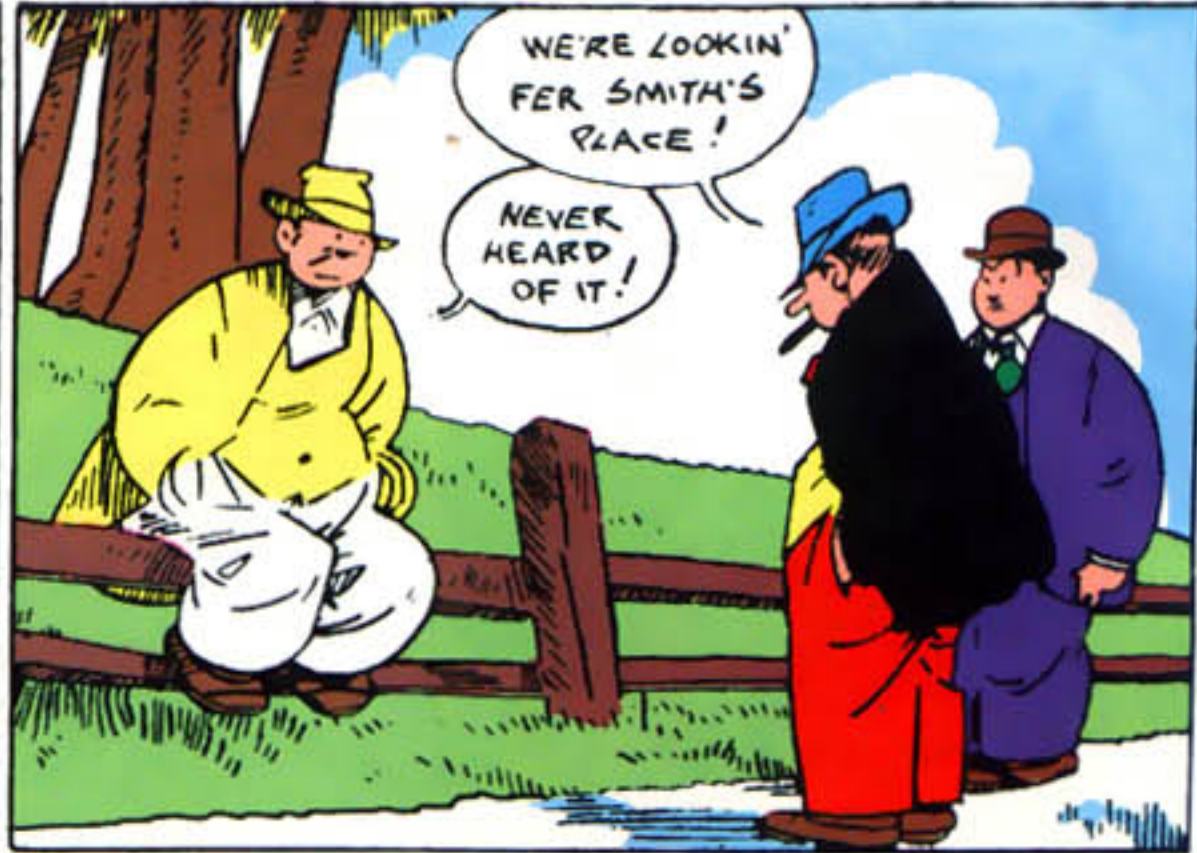


# PLAIN CLOTHES PETE

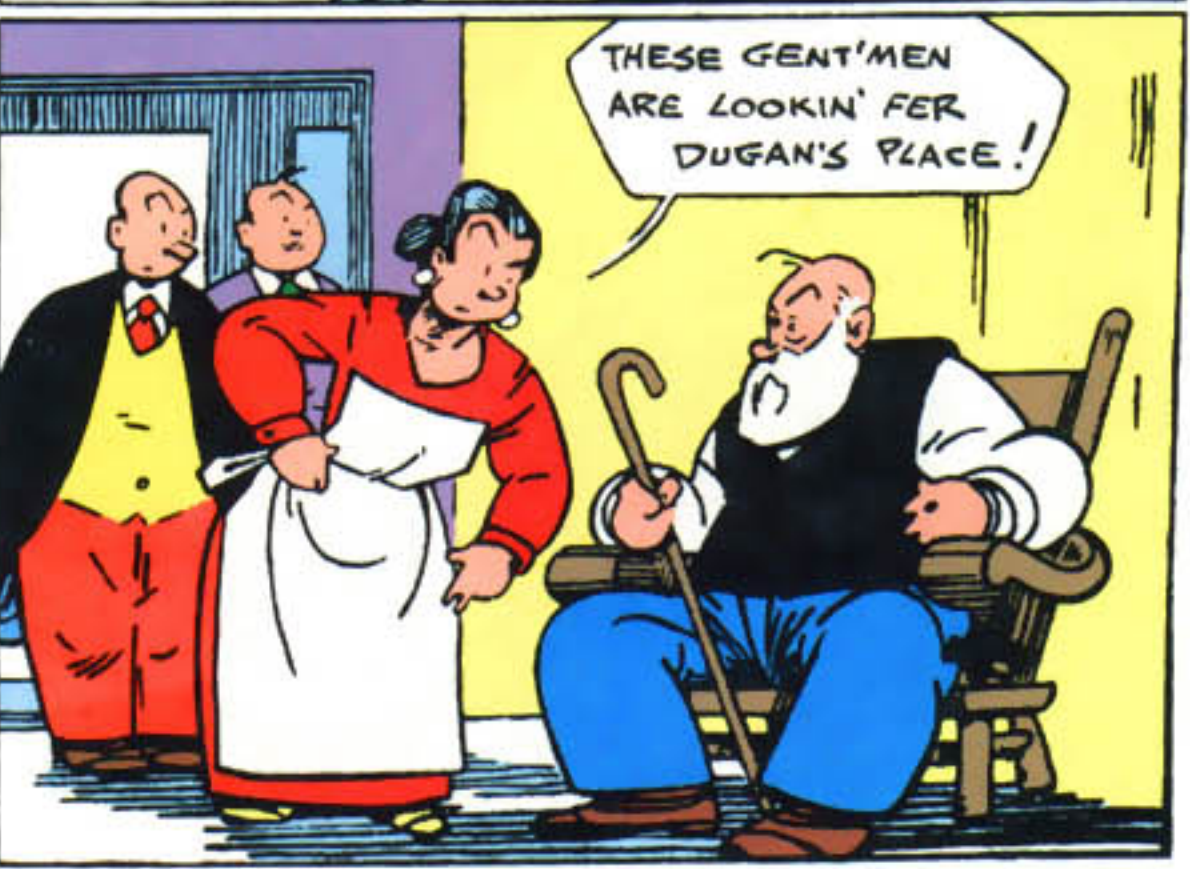
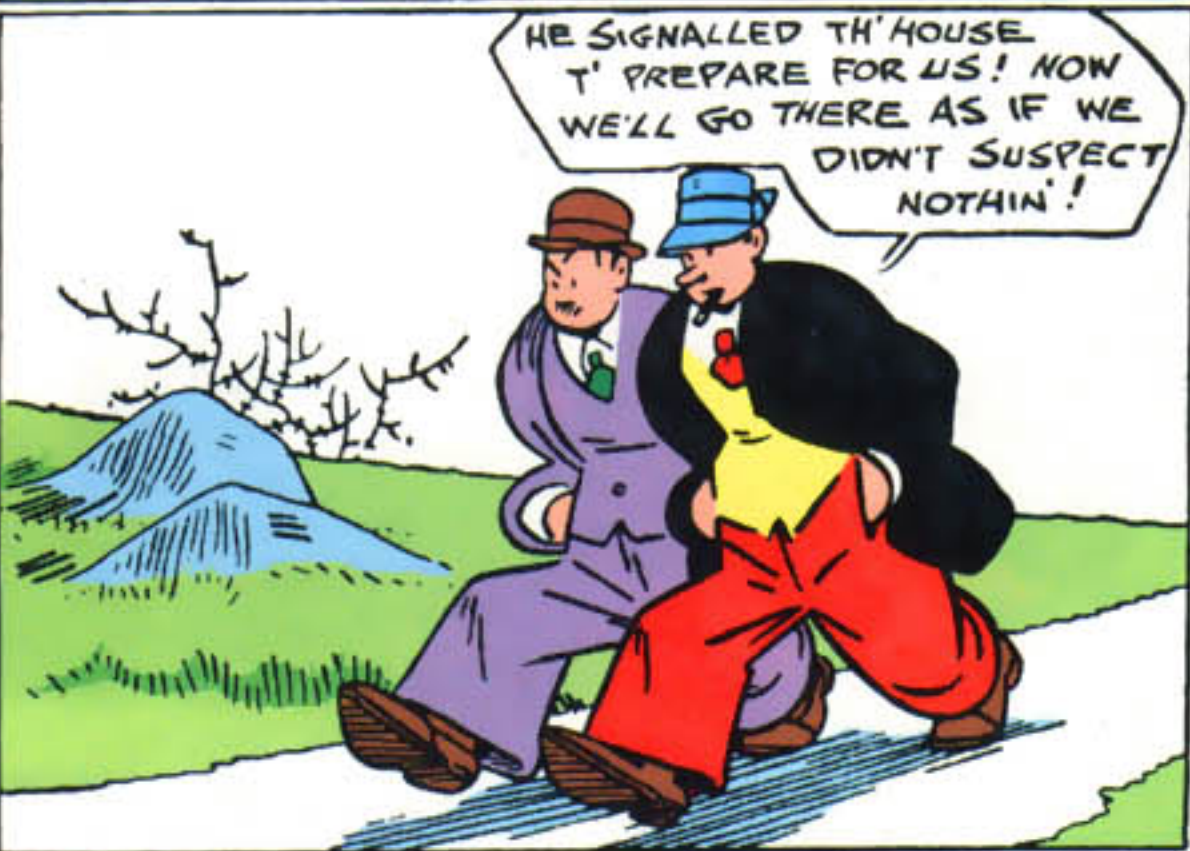
BY ALGER



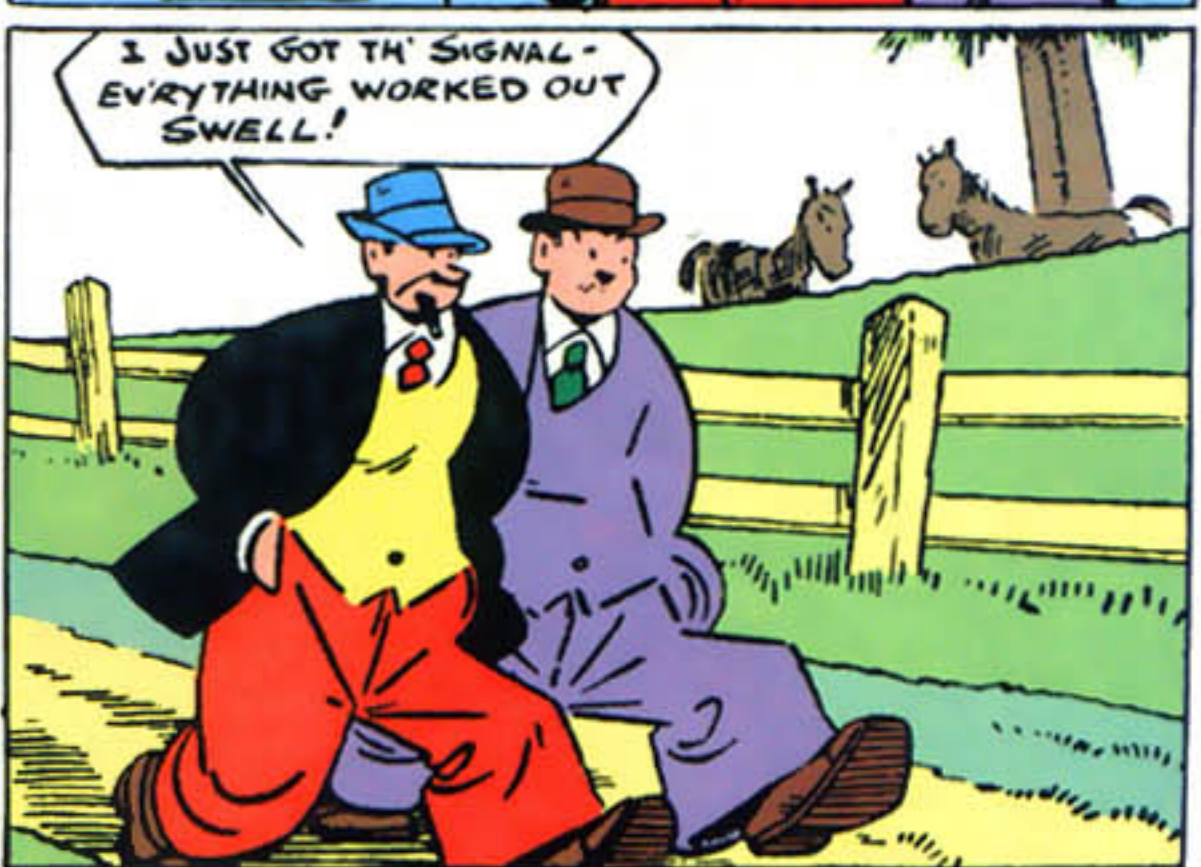
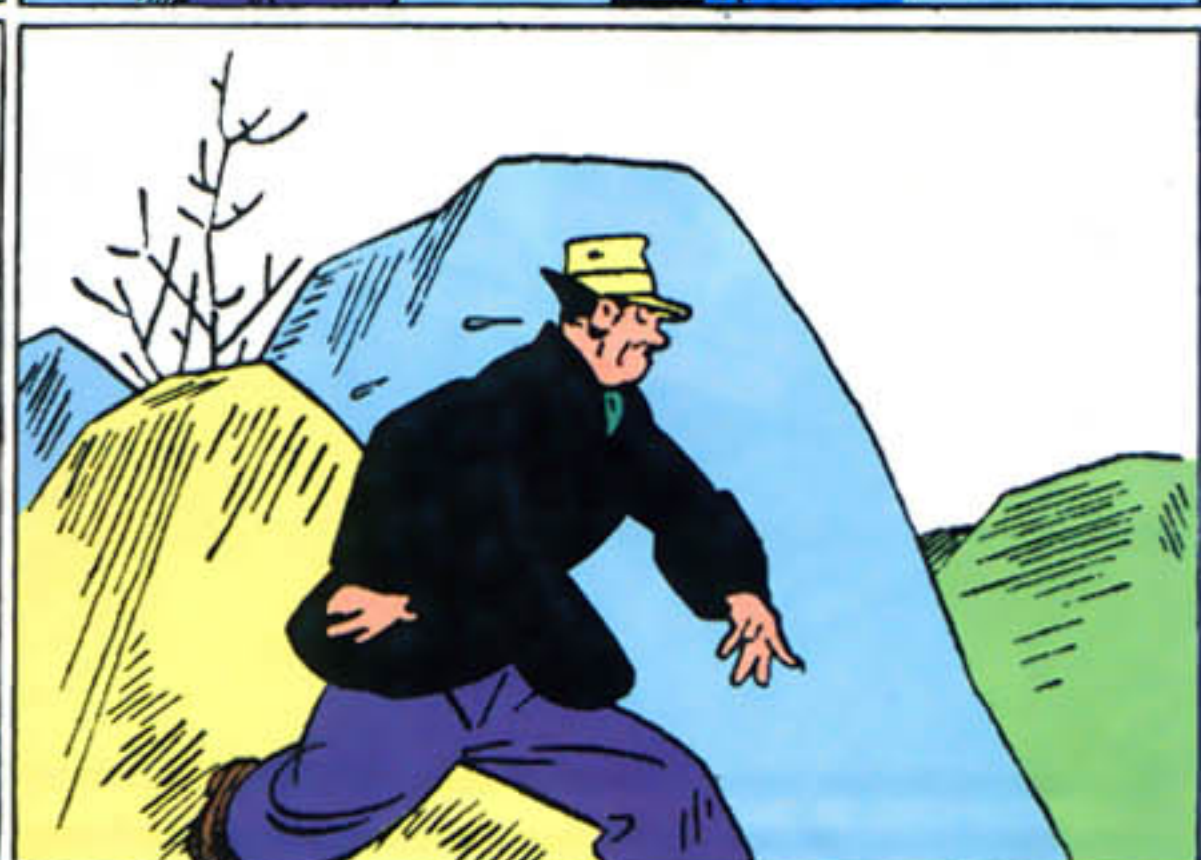
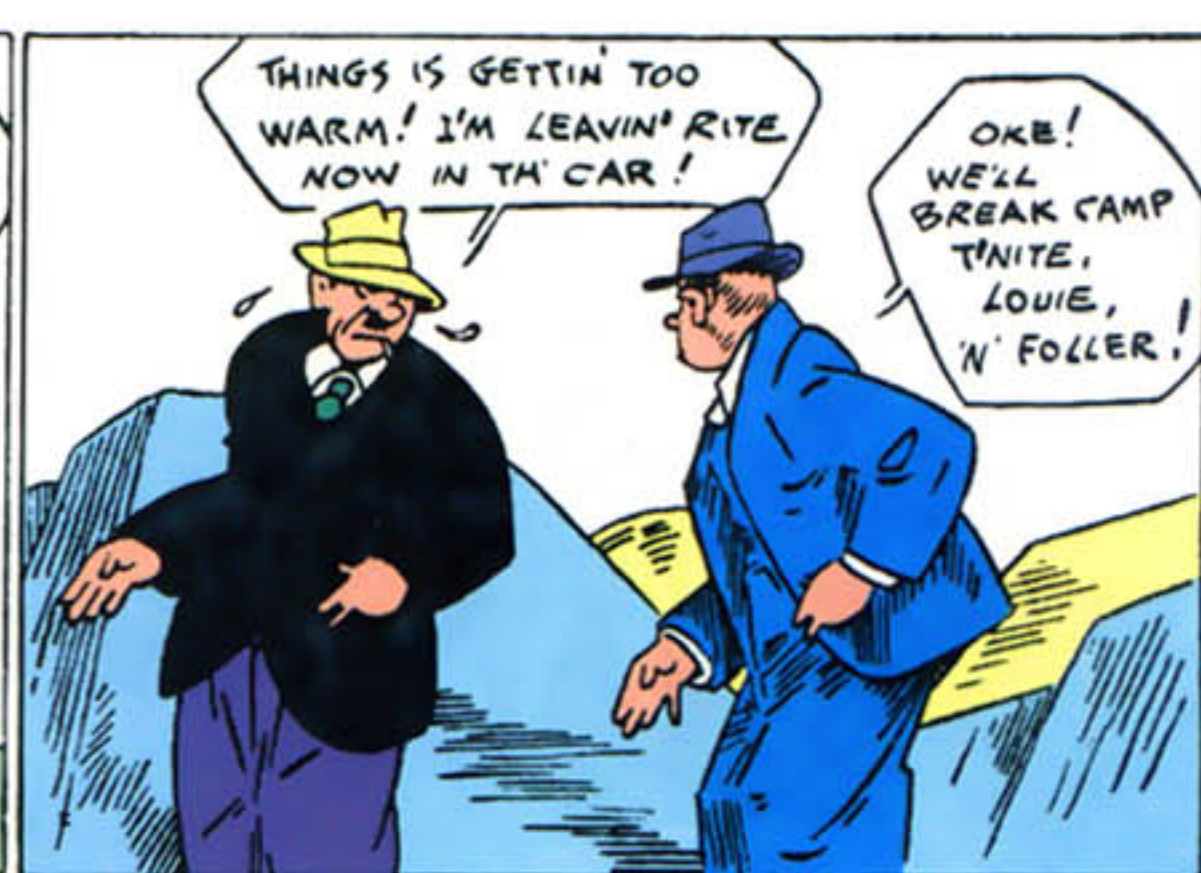
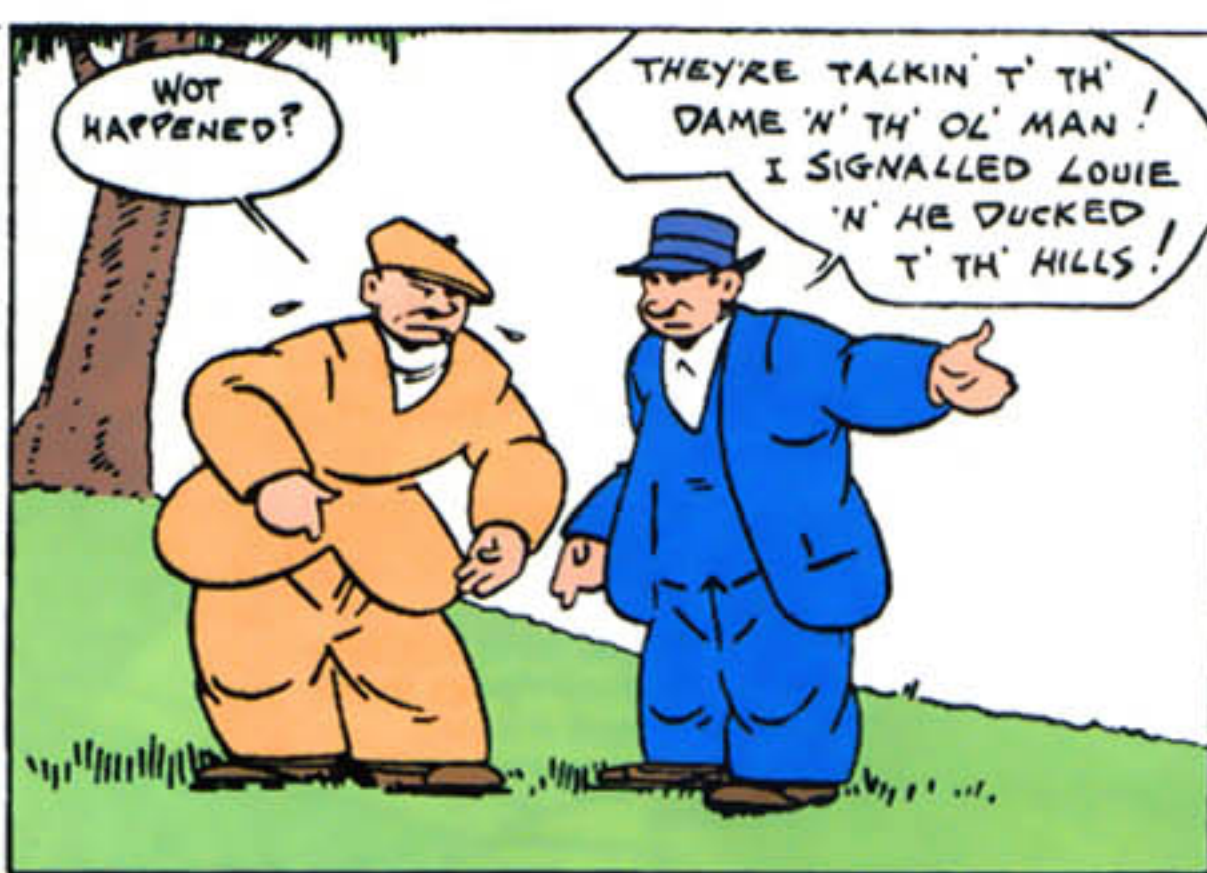














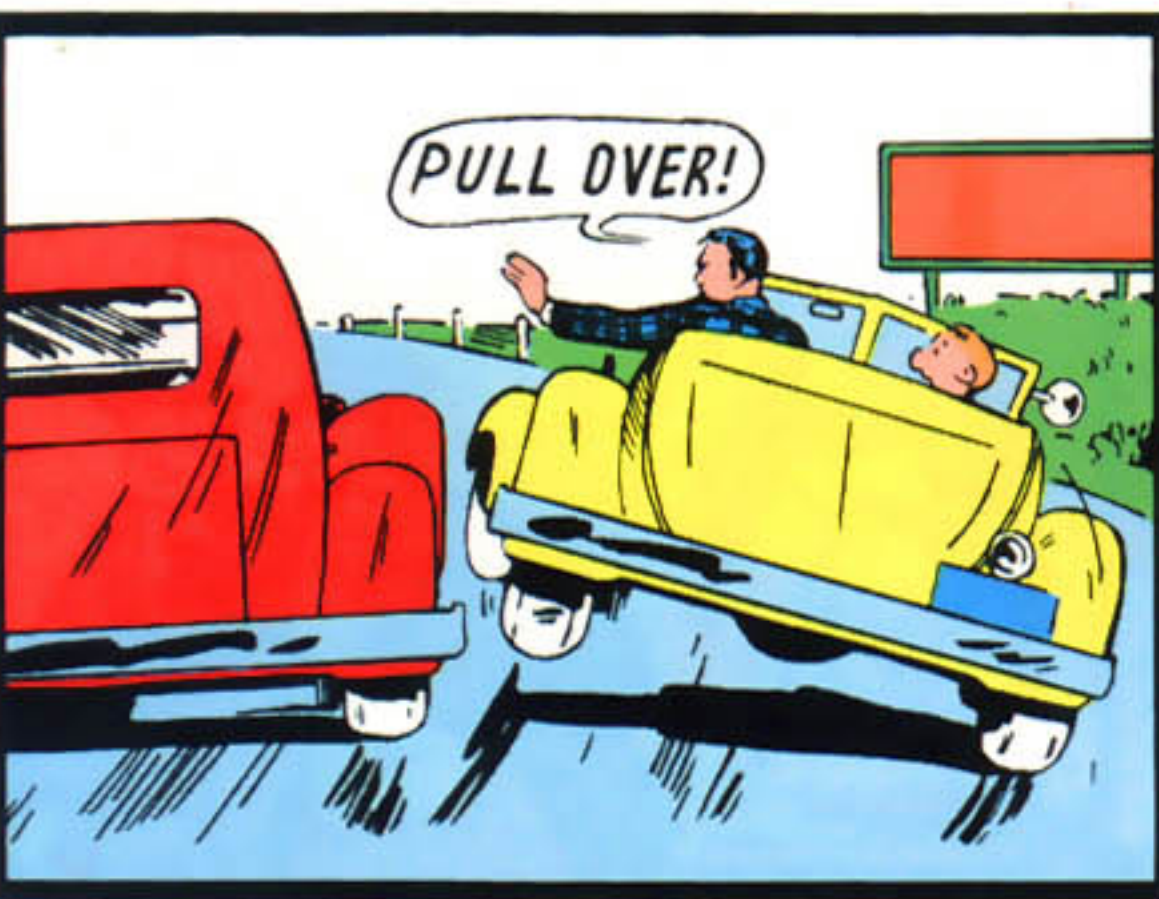
# SLAM BRADLEY

by  
JERRY  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

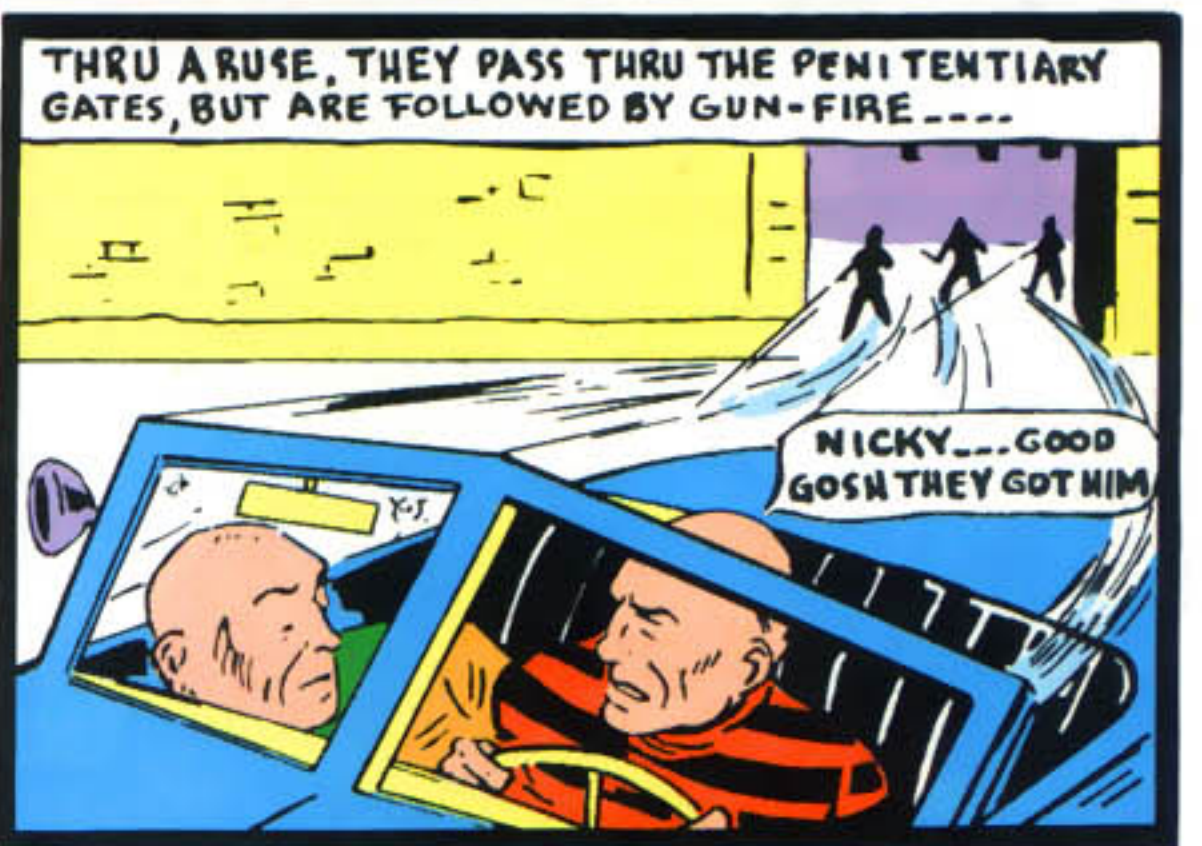
OUT JOY-RIDING, TO RELAX FROM THE TENSION OF MANHUNTING, SLAM BRADLEY, TOUGH PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS PARTNER PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, FIND THE RIDE NO PLEASURE WHEN A HURTLING SEDAN FORCES THEM OFF THE ROAD, AS IT WHIZZES BY AT A TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED!

AFTER 'IM!

WHY TH' DURN ROADHOG!  
HE DIDN'T EVER BLOW  
HIS HORN!









**SLAM AND SHORTY TOSS A FAREWELL DINNER FOR DICK.**

THAT'S WHY I'M LEAVING FOR SWITZERLAND. WE'VE A TIP THAT HE SKIPPED THE COUNTRY AND HEADED THEREABOUTS.

HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU AS A PARTING GIFT.

FUNNY, THERE'S BEEN A NATIONWIDE MAN-HUNT FOR "BLACK JACK" BUT THEY AIN'T FOUND NO TRACE OF HIM YET.



A WATCH!—THANKS SLAM, I'LL ALWAYS KEEP IT WITH ME

TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOURSELF



DAYS PASS... THEN WEEKS... WITHOUT FURTHER WORD FROM DICK!...

I DON'T KNOW, BUT FRANKLY, I'M WORRIED—LET'S DROP IN ON FEDERAL MEN HEADQUARTERS

WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE HE'S SO MUM?



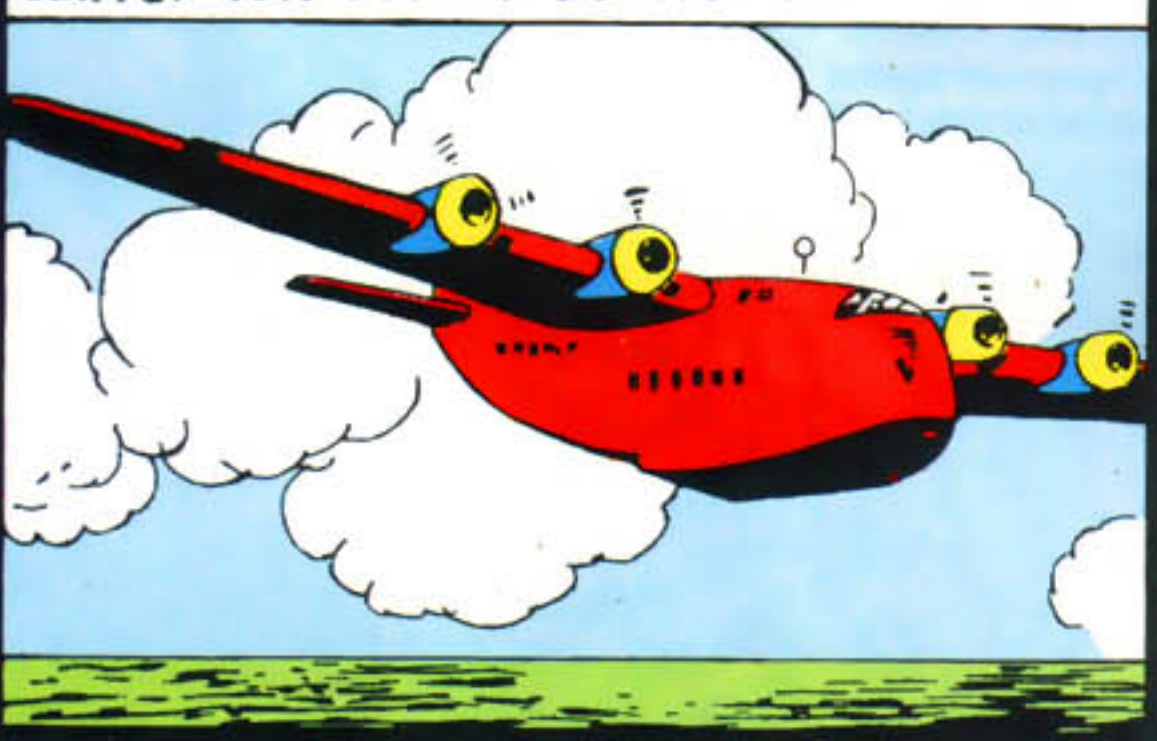
WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM EITHER. SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG. WHAT CAN WE DO?

I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! I'M HEADIN' FOR SWITZERLAND, AND LOOK HIM UP MYSELF!

SWITZERLAND? WHY THAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THE GLOBE! YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT



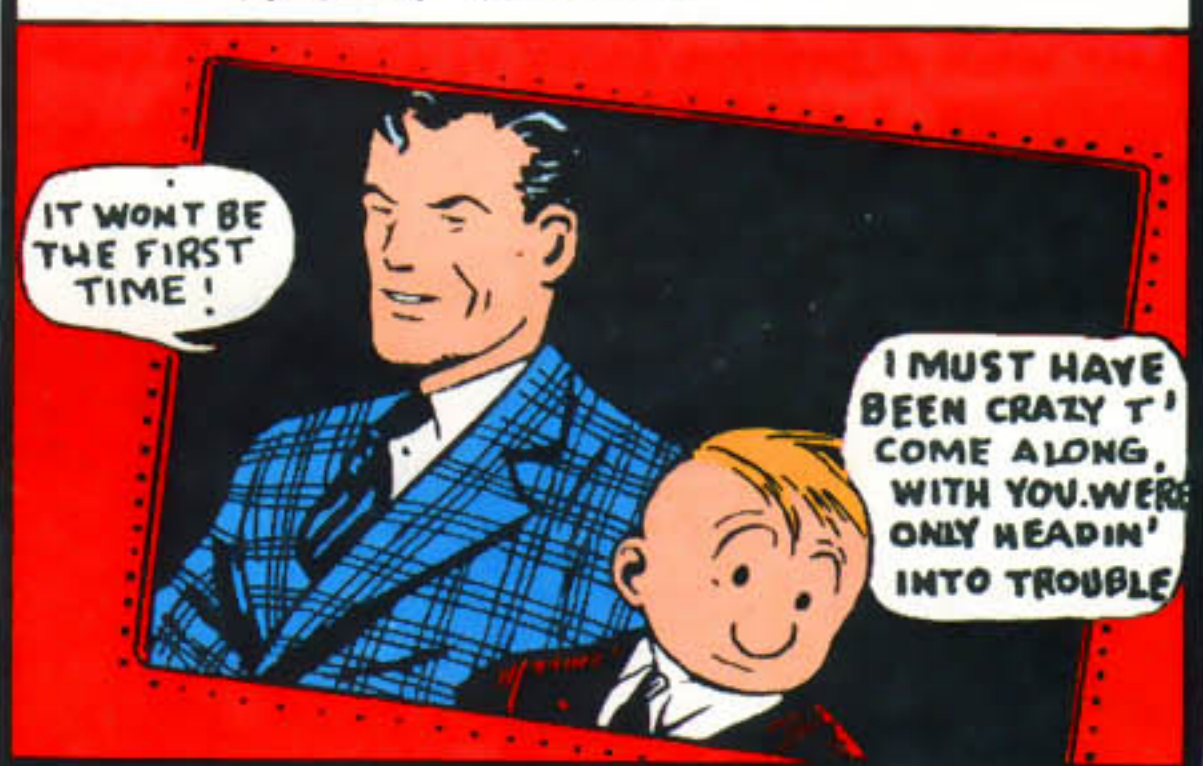
SEVERAL HOURS LATER... THE TRANS-ATLANTIC CLIPPER SETS OUT FOR EUROPE.....



ABOARD IT-----

IT WON'T BE THE FIRST TIME!

I MUST HAVE BEEN CRAZY T' COME ALONG WITH YOU. WE'RE ONLY HEADIN' INTO TROUBLE



A FAST FLIGHT LANDS THEM IN SWITZERLAND—THEY CATCH A TRAIN AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER ARRIVE AT DONNER INN....

I'D LIKE TO REGISTER FOR MY FRIEND AND MYSELF.

LUCKILY THERE'S ONE DOUBLE-ROOM LEFT.



ALONE, SLAM TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO GLANCE THRU THE INN REGISTER...

THAT'S STRANGE! I CAN'T FIND DICK'S NAME—BUT THERE'S AN ERASURE, WHERE HIS NAME MIGHT HAVE BEEN REMOVED AND ANOTHER SUBSTITUTED.

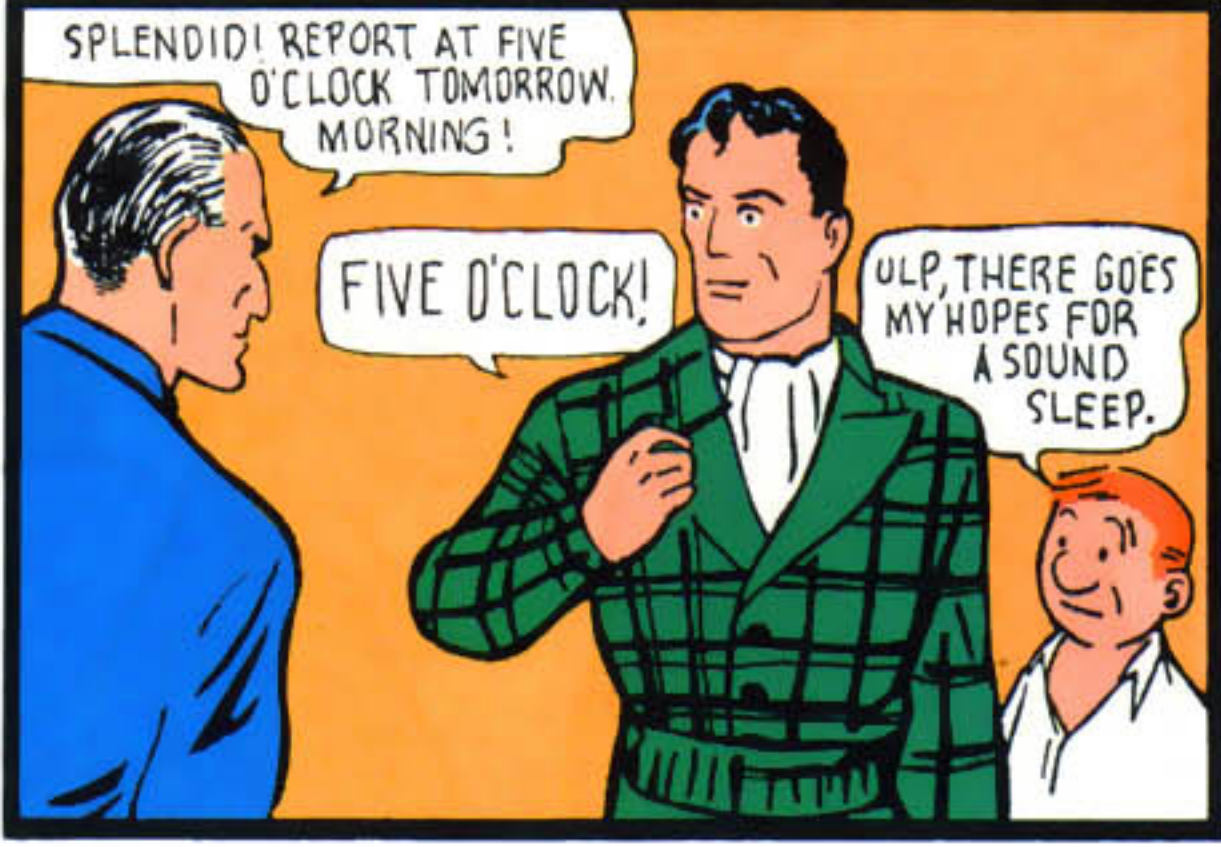
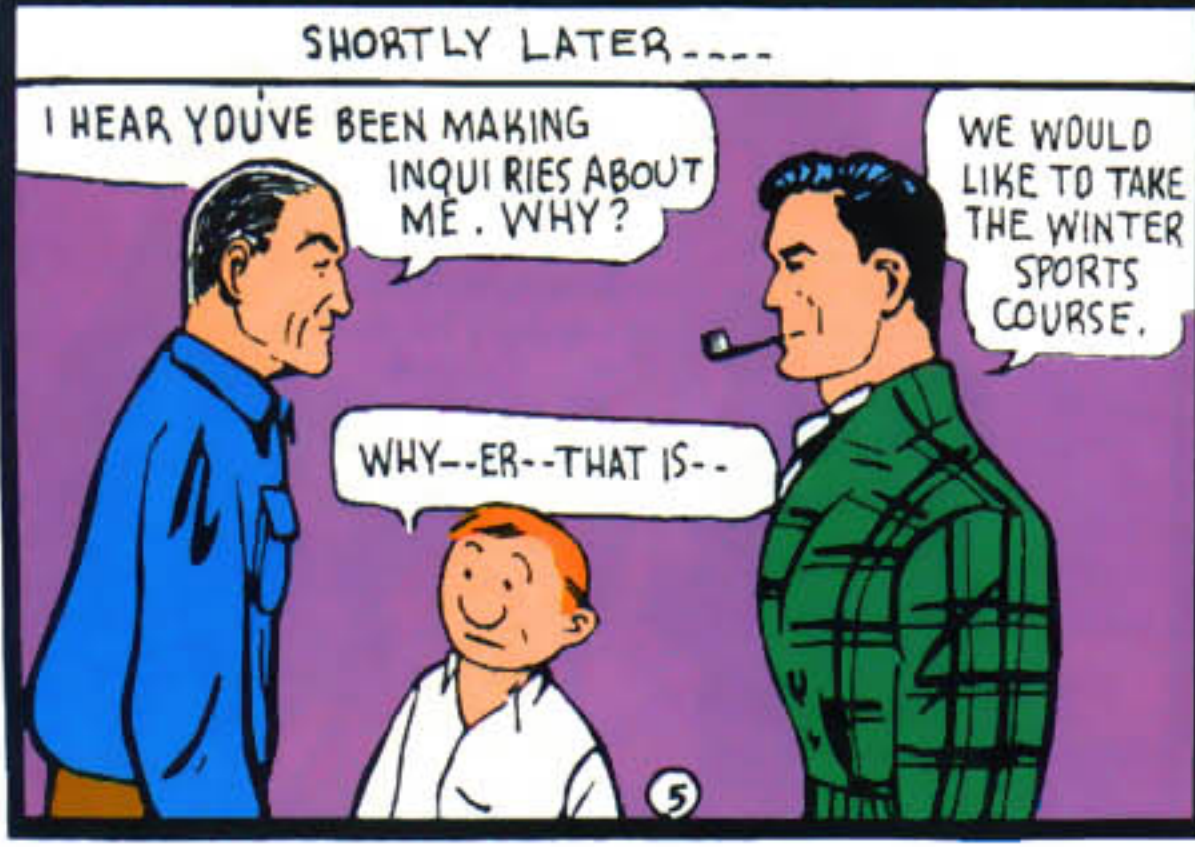
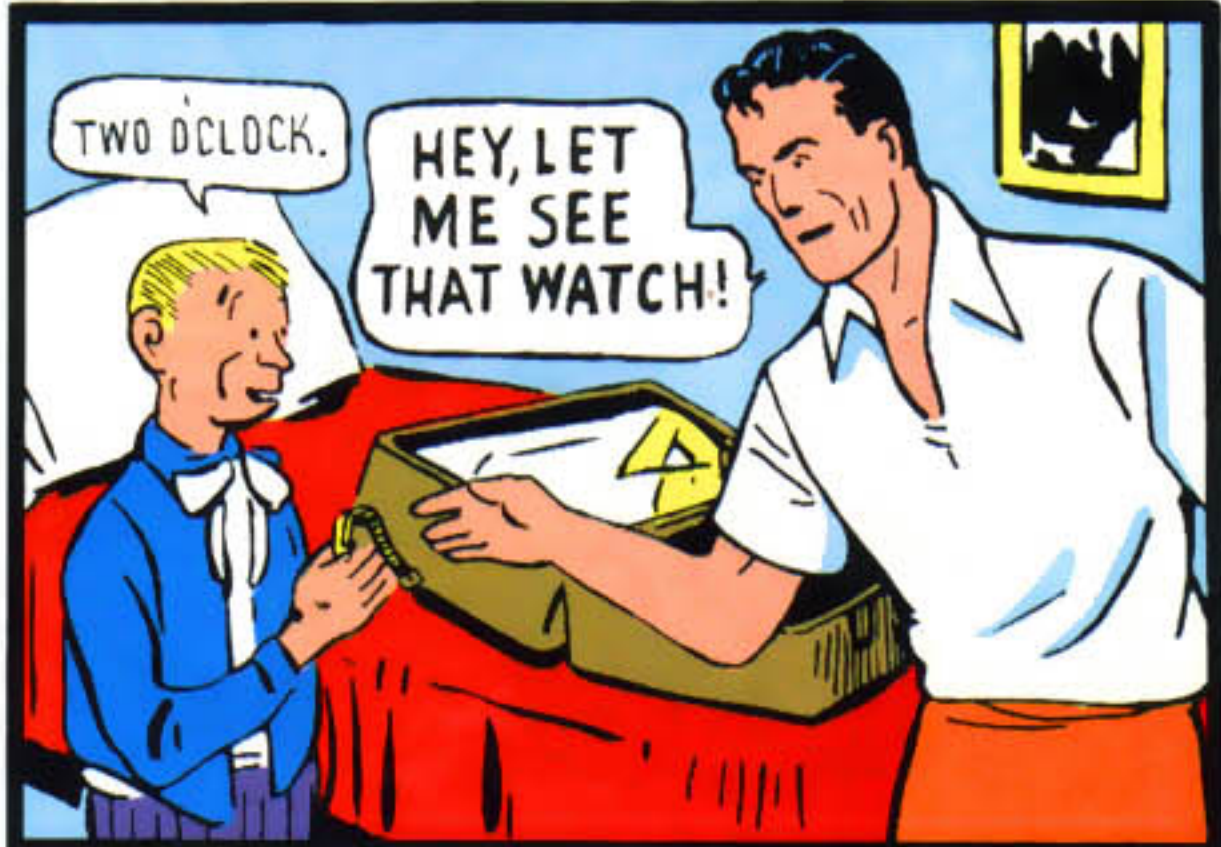
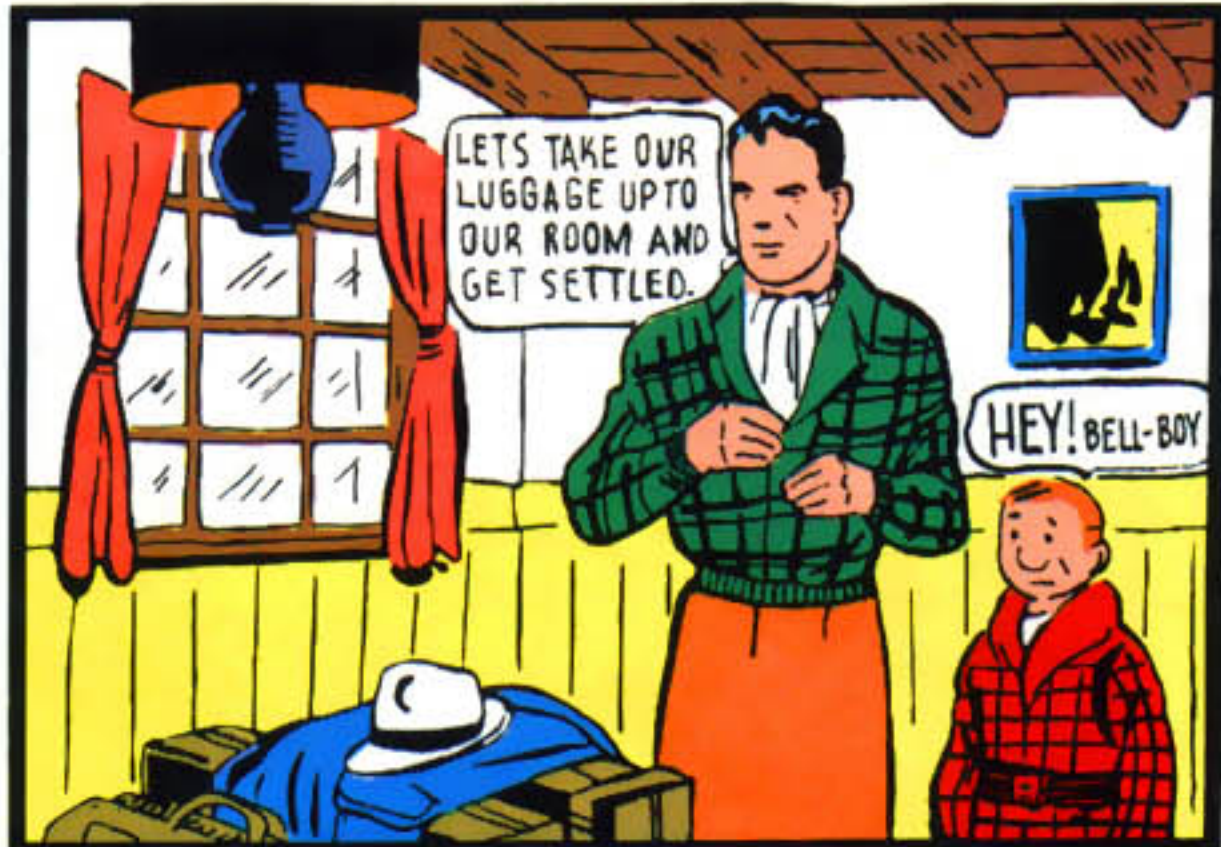




THAT AFTERNOON SHORTY DOES A FEW TURNS ON THE SKATING RINK...









ANYTHING ELSE ON THE PROGRAM?

5 A.M.

IF YOU AND YOUR SMALL FRIEND WISH, YOU MAY JOIN A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING PARTY SOON TO LEAVE.

OKAY BY ME!

LATER- ON THE SIDE OF A PRECIPITIOUS MOUNTAIN...

ENJOYING IT?

TOO MUCH LIKE WORK!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, A HAND CUTS THE ROPE ATTACHING SHORTY TO THE OTHERS.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, SHORTY LOSES HIS FOOTHOLD AND PLUNGES OUT INTO SPACE!

HELP!

LUCKY I CAUGHT THIS LEDGE WITH ONE HAND, BUT HOW LONG CAN I HANG ON?

DON'T GO! IT'S SUICIDE!

BUT IT'S CERTAIN DEATH FOR SHORTY IF I DON'T!

UPSY-DAISY!

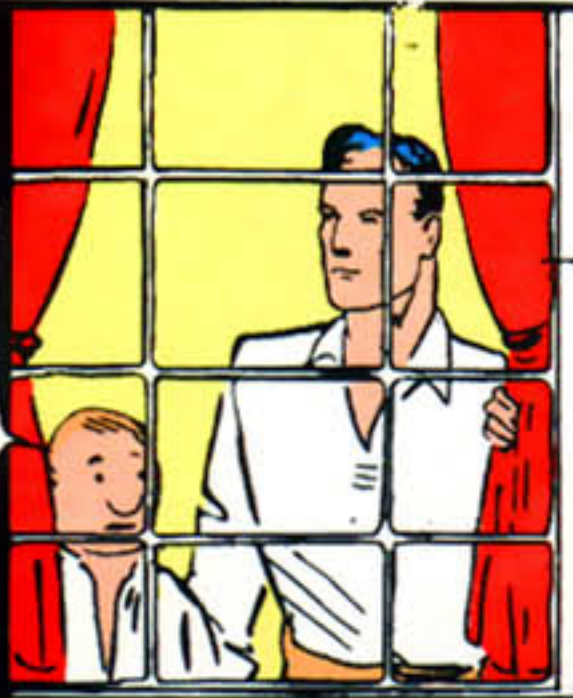
WHEW! IF YOU HADN'T COME JUST WHEN YOU DID...!

THEY SAY YOUR ROPE BROKE... BUT IT LOOKS CUT TO ME!

AN' SOMEONE WAS SHOOTIN' AT ME! SLAM! THEY MUST SUSPECT WHY WE'RE HERE!



THAT NIGHT ...



WOTS A IDEA OF  
KEEPIN' US UP  
SO LATE? I'D  
LIKE A LITTLE  
SLEEP... IF YA  
DON'T MIND!

LOOK! THERE  
THEY GO!

TWO FIGURES SPEED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE SNOWS, AWAY FROM  
THE VACATION RESORT.....



SLAM AND SHORTY SWIFTLY FOLLOW.....



I HOPE THEY  
LEAD US TO  
THE END OF  
THE TRAIL!

THOSE SKI-ING  
LESSONS OUGHTA  
COME IN HANDY  
NOW!

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!



GOOD! SOON  
WE'LL BE RID  
OF THOSE  
DETECTIVES  
FOR ONCE AND ALL

GALE DENNIS AND HELGER SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTER A CAVE!



FUNNY. IT'S WARM  
IN HERE! AND THERE'S  
LIGHT AHEAD!

SH-H THEY  
MIGHT HEAR  
US



UP WITH 'EM!

NOW WE'RE  
GETTIN'  
SOMEWHERE

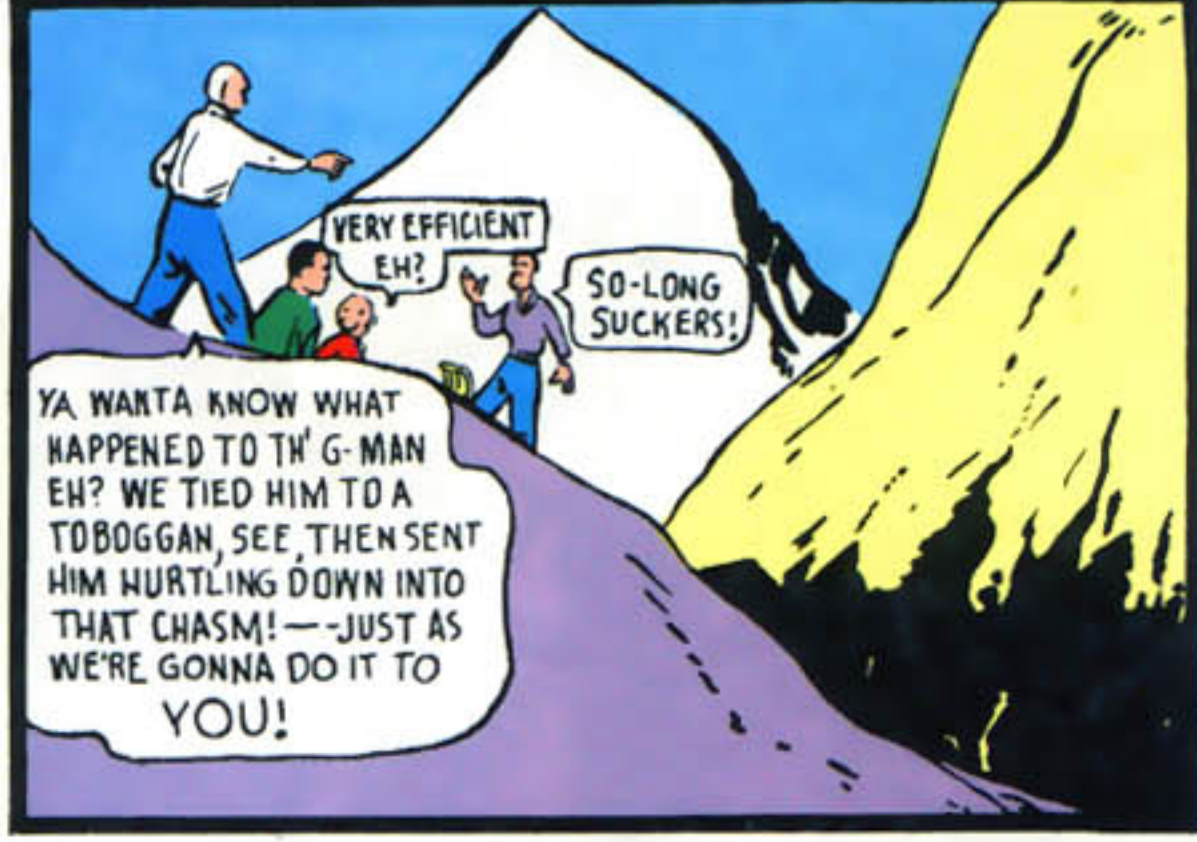
WE'RE  
CAUGHT!

WHAT TH?

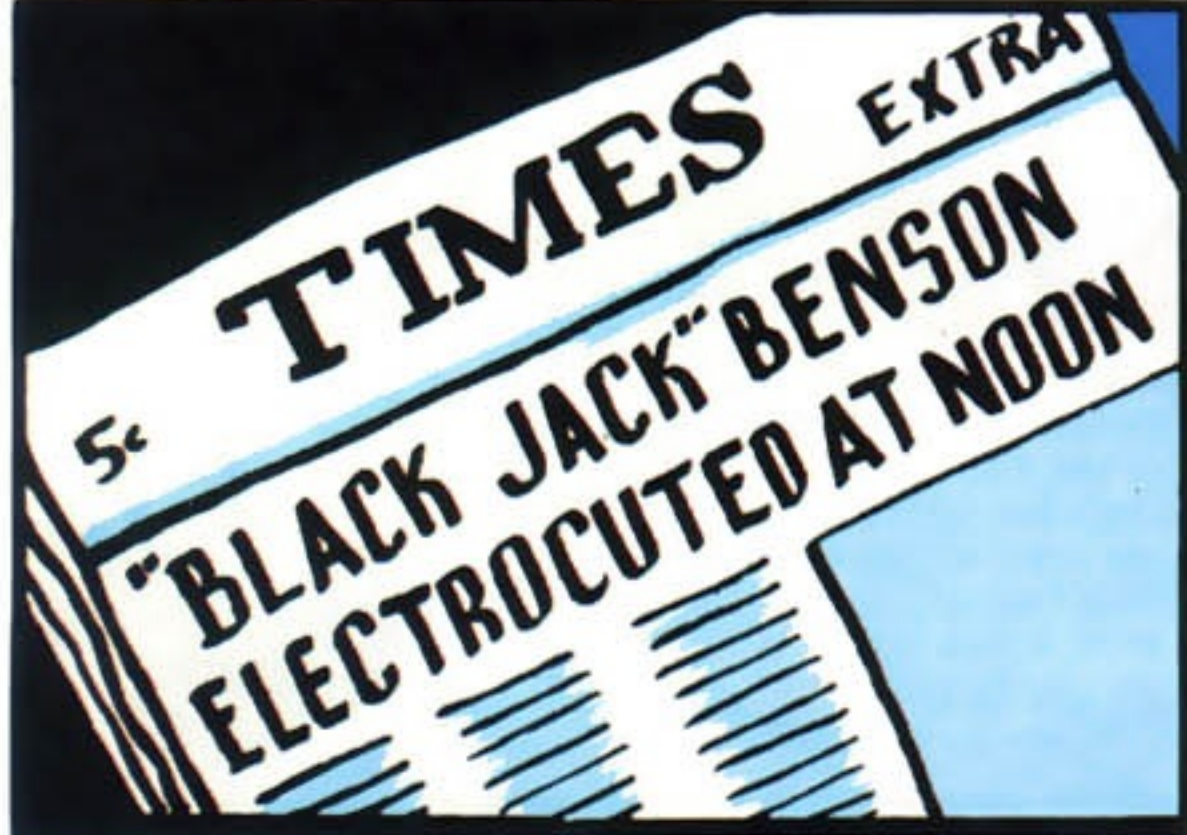
DROP THAT  
GUN!













**Thanks, Boys and Girls of America,**  
for the wonderful reception you gave these two newest and finest  
comic books last month! They're even **BETTER** this month!



FUN  
•  
ACTION  
•  
MYSTERY  
•  
ADVENTURE

Here Are Miniature  
Reproductions  
of the May  
Issues of  
These Great  
New Comic  
Magazines



FUN  
•  
THRILLS  
•  
MYSTERY  
•  
ADVENTURE

**BOTH  
NOW ON SALE  
AT YOUR NEWS DEALER!**

### THE ONLY COMIC MONTHLY WITH ALL YOUR FAVORITES!

Mutt & Jeff, Ben Webster, Tippie, Reglar Fellers, Skippy, Toonerville Folks, and Scribbly—and a host of new friends you'll like, including H. C. Claudy's "Mystery Men of Mars", Hop Harrigan, Bobby Thatcher, Wiley of West Point, Spot Savage, Magic and Puzzle Pages, Stamp and Sport Features.

CONTINUING

**RED, WHITE and BLUE**

*America's Greatest Adventure Strip!*

### A COMPLETE MOVIE SHOW FOR TEN CENTS!

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

**STAGECOACH**

with  
CLAIRE TREVOR  
JOHN WAYNE  
ANDY DEVINE

**THE SAINT  
STRIKES BACK**

with  
GEORGE SANDERS  
WENDY BARRIE

**ARIZONA LEGION KING of the TURF**

with  
GEORGE O'BRIEN

with  
ADOLPHE MENJOU

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

JACKIE COOPER in  
**SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE**

Shorts—News Reels—Comedies

**THEY'LL SOON BE YOUR FAVORITE COMIC BOOKS!**



