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The Black Terror

When Japan still dreamed of empire, no one was safe from her fascist tentacles. Well did the heroic Chinese know this from first-hand experience with the Mikado’s murderers! But there is always a day of retribution. When the guilty must come face to face with their oppressed victims. The one and only Black Terror took a hand to smash the final armed menace that still threatened free people, and Japan quivered before the wrath of democracy's mighty champion!

At an advanced American base for B-29 superforts...

The Chinese armies are closing in on Shanghai, and a bombing blow by our ships ought to make their work easier by crippling the Japs' transport! After your bomb run, you'll shuttle to airfield 'J' behind the Chinese lines!

...Then you'll reload at the base in China, and come back to hit Japanese targets before flying on to Iwo! That'll be your shuttle ride!

One more thing! The Black Terror and his partner are going along as observers, to see the strength of the Nips in that area! It's imperative that they get the news, so our war department can jockey our reserves! That's all, and good luck!
Shortly Afterwards... Shanghai!

Look... you can see the Chinese artillery! They'll be taking the city any time now!

We've got a job of our own! Stand by for bombing run! Approaching target!

Bombs Away...

Boom!

Moving trucks at nine o'clock, Tim! Turn your camera there!

Blazes! We're hit!

Meanwhile, the Terror Twins photograph the area as enemy flak sprays the skies!

Crash!

Two motors are out! The other two are wobbling!

We're in a sideslip!

See if you can't keep her up until we get over the Chinese lines!

There goes another motor, terror. I'm afraid it can't be done! All right, men! Hit the silk!

Two bad... c'mon Tim... we're leaving this big Bertha! Watch yourselves, boys! I think we're still over the Jap lines!
THE COWARDLY RATS! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT HELPLESS MEN! "THE WAIST GUNNER THEY GOT HIM!"

AGHHHH!

TERROR! MY 'CHUTE.

TIM PLUMMETS TOWARD THE GROUND...

TIM!

IN JAP TERRITORY...

EASY... I'VE GOT YOU! UNBUCKLE YOUR HARNESS!

WHEN... I THOUGHT THAT WAS IT!

HEADS UP TIM! HERE COMES THE WELCOMING COMMITTEE!

IS BLACK TERROR AND YOUNG PARTNER!

DEATH TO AMERICAN DOGS!

NOT VERY HOSPITABLE ARE YOU? BUT THIS SHOULD TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!

AGHHHH! OOOOF!

STRIKE! SET 'EM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY!

HMMM... FEELS LIKE TOO MUCH SAKI, EH, WHACKY?
THIS WILL FIX IMPETUOUS ONES!

CRACK!

OHHHH!

NOW WE SEND DEVILS TO JOIN ANCESTORS!

NO—WAIT! GENERAL BOCHI WILL WANT THAT PLEASURE FOR HIMSELF! TAKE THEM TO HEADQUARTERS!

GENERAL BOCHI'S HEADQUARTERS...

ALTHOUGH WE REGRET BEING FORCED TO VACATE SHANGHAI, YOU HAVE MADE THE DAY BEARABLE BY BECOMING OUR PRISONERS! YOU SEE, WE HAVE BEEN HERE SO LONG WE FEEL THAT SHANGHAI IS AS OUR OWN, BUT PERHAPS BOTH OF YOU CAN PROVIDE SOME AMUSING MOMENTS FOR MY DISAPPOINTMENT.

NEVER MIND THE DOUBLE TALK, BOCHI! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US? I'VE HEARD OF YOUR FANCY TORTURE METHODS!

TSK, TSK... SO IMPATIENT, MR. BLACK TERROR! YOU'LL SOON KNOW YOUR FATE! WE LEAVE --- BUT WE SHALL COME BACK VICTORIOUS!

HONORABLE GENERAL— THERE IS NOT MUCH TIME! THE CURSED CHINESE WILL BREAK THROUGH ANY MINUTE! WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH SLAVES AND ENEMY PRISONERS WE HOLD?

THE GERMANS TAUGHT US WHAT TO DO WITH UNDESIRABLES! PUT THEM ALL IN A CATTLE CAR AND TAKE THEM TO THE GAS CHAMBERS! WE HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR THEM! WE DO NOT PAMPER OUR SLAVES!

TAKE THE AMERICAN DOGS, TOO! LET THEM DIE WITH THEIR PRECIOUS, CHINESE ALLIES! WE WILL SEE HOW MUCH GAS THE BLACK TERROR CAN TAKE BEFORE PRAYING FOR BLESSED DEATH!

THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING, BOCHI! I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN!
Crammed With the Helpless Chinese Survivors Into a Cattle Car...

Move slowly, or you find bayonet in body!

Send a detachment along with the train to dispose of them! I will follow later! A new line of defense is being set up to stop the miserable Chinese, and we will yet win!

Yes, honorable one!

Please... we will suffocate in here! Our children...

Silence! Nippon's soldiers are not concerned with what happens to Chinese!

I will soon have your hands free of the ropes!

Thanks, old fellow!

This is... horrible! We can't let these people die! We must do something!

The train stops after an agonizing hour...

Look... a building! It must be the gas chamber!

Hmmm... I've got my strength back, and the first thing I'm going to do is give these poor devils a chance to get away!

This ought to let some air in here!

Crash!
THAT'S ALL... WE'RE CLOSING THE SHOOTING GALLERY!

GET EM, TIM! THEY'RE GOING TO OPEN UP ON THESE PEOPLE!

FLEE TO THE WOODS!

THOSE MURDERING MONKEYS ARE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

KEEP PUNCHING, TIM! THE CHINESE CAN ESCAPE IN THOSE WOODS!

THEY SURE HAVE THE JAWS YOU LOVE TO TOUCH!

CHINESE BOMBERS! THEY'RE TRYING TO KNOCK OUT THE RAILROAD!

WATCH YOURSELF, TERROR! THOSE BOMBS ARE FALLING TOO CLOSE!

LOOK OUT...! OH HH!
CHINESE BOMBERS SHOOT DOWN OWN AMERICAN ALLIES! SAVE NIPPON'S SOLDIERS EXTRA WORK! IS FUNNY, NO?

LET US TAKE REFUGE IN CHAMBER UNTIL CHINESE DOGS FLY OFF! THEN WE WILL THROW BLACK TERROR AND HIS YOUNG FRIEND IN HERE TO TEST THE GAS! BOMB HIT MAY HAVE DONE DAMAGE!

BOOM!

SAINTED ANCESTORS! WE ARE LOCKED IN!

GAS... IT IS COMING IN! THE GAS IS AUTOMATICALLY RELEASED WHEN DOOR IS CLOSED! WE MUST GET OUT!

LET ME OUT... LET ME OUT! (COUGH, COUGH) I'M UNDIGNIFIED WAY TO DIE! ONLY INFERIORS DIE THIS WAY! I MUST GET OUT... (COUGH) OUT... I... MUST!!

WHA...! YOU ALL RIGHT, TIM? YES... I GUESS SO... EXCEPT FOR A HEADACHE! WHERE ARE THE NIPS?

THE AMERICANS... THEY ARE ALIVE! ONLY THE BLACK TERROR'S STRENGTH CAN OPEN DOOR! HE CAN SAVE US!

YES... HE CAN! SHOUT, HONORABLE (COUGH, COUGH) CAPTAIN!

HELP! GET US OUT! HELP US!
Look... the Japs are locked inside their own gas chamber!

Caught in their own trap! That's irony, eh, Terror?

Get us out! We'll save us! We'll give you anything!

We have secret Army information which is yours if you save us!

Are... are... you going to free those rats?

They deserve to die as they meant others to die, Tim! It would be ironic justice! But they should face a crime court to confess their crimes! Besides... our Army can use the information they're willing to barter!

Well... here goes...

Hurry... we... are dying... (cough...) gas... gas...

General Bochi and the rest of the detachment arrive...

Where are the soldiers? Sacred ancestors! The Black Terror is free! Get him! He is trying to save the Chinese devils in the gas chamber!

The sudden attack diverts the Black Terror from the gas chamber door!

Here's the rest of them, Terror! Looks like a big party!

As the fight rages, outside, one more figure has moved into the horror chamber... death...

These rats are making the decision whether those others inside are going to live or not! But maybe they can use some more company when they visit their ancestors!
The Chinese see their liberators battling overwhelming odds...

Our benefactors battle the enemy! They need help!

Death to the Nipponese! Revenge for our tortured people!

Kill the child slayers!

Spurred on by memories of agonizing years under the whips of the invaders, the Chinese fight with wild fury!

Death to the invaders! Revenge for our tortured country!

A-eeeee! Devils fight like mad!

How does this Chinese and American combination strike you?

They fight like something inhuman! I must escape! My troops will be prisoners or among the dead!

Terror! Look! The general... he's getting away!

They follow! If they catch me... it will be worse than Hara Kiri!

They... must... not... catch me! That farmhouse... perhaps I can find a place to hide...!

They must... hide me!
HIDE ME...HIDE ME! THEY'LL KILL ME! THE BLACK TERROR AND...SOLDIERS...SAVE ME!

SAVE YOU? WHY SHOULD A CHINESE PEASANT SAVE A MURDERING JAP OFFICER? WHY SHOULD I SAVE ONE WHOSE SOLDIERS TORTURED MY TWO SONS?

NO...NO...!

IT IS WRITTEN...A DAY OF RETRIBUTION WILL COME! TODAY IS THE DAY!

MINUTES LATER...

WE SEEK A JAPANESE GENERAL, FARMER! DID YOU SEE...? OH!

FATE SENT HIM TO ME! I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF TO RIDE MY COUNTRY OF ONE MORE MURDEROUS ENEMY!

SHORT TIME LATER, A CHINESE PLANE WAITS TO FLY THE TERROR TWINS BACK TO THEIR BASE....

GOODBYE! OUR COUNTRIES FIGHTING TOGETHER MUST SURELY TRiumph over the CAUSE OF EVIL! CHINA WILL YET BE FREE!

THAT WE KNOW BLACK TERROR! AND IN THE DAYS TO COME, ALL CHINESE WILL KNOW THAT THE BLACK TERROR HELPED BRING THAT FREEDOM!

WE, BLACK TERROR WILL BE BACK IN OUR NEXT ISSUE. WATCH FOR HIM.
PEPSI THE PEPSI-COLA COP

Hold still, Feedbag—I'm riding you today and you're gonna win! This shot in the leg will put us ahead by six lengths!

Ouch!

Zowie! You're doin' ninety, Pepsi! I should have borrowed two bucks to bet on us!

Feedbag wins!

I've done my good steed for today!

Wrarr!

Ow!

I knew he'd get a kick out of this!

Doggon'yuh! No, lil' dope can squirt me! "Uh... I mean... no, lil' squirt can dope me!

You solved a case and won a case of tasty Pepsi-Cola!

You keep the soup—I take the drink!

Pepsi sez: You're on the right track when you ask for Pepsi-Cola!
Young Glenn Lanning wanted to follow in the footsteps of his father, Harry Lanning, who was an important figure in the growing radio industry. Glenn was fascinated whenever he visited the experimental laboratory where his father worked high in the tower of the Empire State Building in New York.

The laboratory was a room about twenty-four feet square, and had control rooms and dials along one corner of it. There were the usual microphones and other props of a radio studio in it.

"What are you working on tonight?" Glenn asked his father.

"A new lighting arrangement for scanning," the father said. "If it works here, we'll move it up to the main studio in Radio City."

Neither the father nor the son realized that it was almost midnight. But suddenly a grim voice behind them said:

"Okay, fellows, stick them up."

Glenn and his father turned around, and saw two men standing in the doorway of the studio. One of them was holding a gun trained on them.

"Take it easy," said the man with the gun. "You've got some valuable equipment here, and we're needing it. It doesn't belong to you, so why should you risk your lives for it?"

Harry Lanning relaxed, motioned for the boy to do the same thing. He watched as the second thug started to select the most expensive items in the laboratory, and put them in a wooden case which was in the hall on a small wheeled cart.

"You don't think you're going to be able to get these things out of the building, do you?" asked Glenn Lanning. "The night watchman checks everything that goes out at this time."

"Don't worry about that," Gunner Kane, the man with the gun, told them. "We've taken care of the watchman."

Both Lannings were shocked at this. If these men had beaten up the watchman or killed him, they would have no mercy on Glenn and his father. The boy decided that it was time he did something.

"You can't just yank these things from their mountings," he said. "I'll shut down the power, so they can cool off."

"Now you're being smart, kid," said Sluggo Devine, the man working at the packing case. Glenn Lanning worked at several switches. For a time some of the lights came on brighter than the others. Then Glenn said:

"Boy, this is going to be something to talk about. There were plenty of headlines when that bomber crashed into the tower of the Empire State Building. What'll happen when folks hear about a big robbery up here?"

"You'll sure be famous," Gunner Kane declared.

Another half hour went by before the men completed their dismantling of the equipment. Then Sluggo turned to Gunner Kane and said:

"Okay, Pal, let's get going."

The two thieves tied up Glenn and his father, and then Gunner put away his pistol and started to leave the office. They were just opening the main door into the corridor when a gruff voice said:

"Well, where do you think you boys are going?"

Four radio policemen pushed into the room, guns in hand. Gunner Kane reached for his weapon, but it was knocked from his fist. Two of the men handcuffed the prisoners while the others released the Lannings from their bonds.

"Sure glad you got here," said Mr. Lanning. "But who reported the robbery?"

"You mean you don't know?" the policeman said in some surprise. "We got reports about this from points as far as fifty miles away." Mr. Lanning looked at his son. Glenn smiled, then replied:

"Yes, Dad, I did it. I switched on the television apparatus, and pictures of the whole thing went out on the beam. I figured some folks might think it was a show, but others would know it was the real thing."

"That was fast-thinking," Mr. Lanning said. He was very proud of his son!
Accidentally subjected to terrific voltage during an experiment, Dick Martin learns the current has remained in his body—and can be drawn upon at will! Here is the power that can match the blackest evil—a crackling human dynamo who streaks into battle with the force of a lightning bolt...as PYROMAN!
At the home of Dr. Clark... Dick's former instructor...

Hi, Joyce!

Well, Doctor... are we all set to drive up to the Northings House plant... and see Chilton's new invention?

Just had a letter from him, Dick! He asks us to wait a week... until the Electrosorber is finished!

Chilton hasn't been too specific... but it seems to be a device that will make future wars impossible!

Just what is this Electrosorber, Dad?

Even if ya did help invent that machine, topsed... I think the whole idea is nutty!

At that moment...

I don't expect you chumps to think! Take my word for it... the Electrosorber can win us the world!

Here's a test model of what we'll have to work with... the Voltosun! Just now, it's charged with a mere 5,000 volts...

But this will give some idea of what it can do!

Wow! That's some cannon!

Blam!
CAN YOU PICTURE THE VOLTAGEUS USING ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND VOLTS? ONCE WE'VE SEIZED THE ELECTROSORBER?

TOPSED --- I'M WITH YA!

ME TOO! AND I'LL BE IN THE WHOLE SOUTH SIDE MOB!

I --- REX TOPSED --- WAS BORN TO RULE! SPELL MY NAME BACKWARDS, AND IT'S REX DESPOT --- THE TYRANT KING!

I GOT QUITE A SHOCK ONCE --- FIXIN' THE CHRISTMAS TREE LIGHTS AT MIDDLESBURG PENITENTIARY! IS THIS THING SAFE TO USE?

IT WILL BE --- I'LL DESIGN COSTUMES --- OF FUSED RUBBER AND ASBESTOS!

WELL, JOHN, ... WE'RE HERE!

COME ON IN, CLARK --- I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO SEE THE COMPLETED ELECTROSORBER!

HERE IT IS --- AFTER NINE YEARS' WORK! CLARK --- SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT A WARING NATION MOST NEEDS FOR ITS INDUSTRIES AND TRANSPORTATION?

ELECTRIC POWER IS THE CHIEF FACTOR, I SUPPOSE! WHY?

THE ELECTROSORBER CAN BE TRAINED ON ANY AREA UP TO 50,000 SQUARE MILES --- DRAWING OFF EVERY OHH OF ELECTRICITY AS IT IS GENERATED!

INCREDIBLE! AN AGGRESSOR NATION CAN BE STOPPED COLD --- WITHOUT A GHOST --- WITHOUT THE LOSS OF A SINGLE LIFE!
EXACTLY! SO YOU CAN SEE, CLARK, THAT MY INVENTION SHOULD PROVE A GREAT STEP IN THE DIRECTION OF WORLD PEACE!

IT'S FANTASTIC... BUT MAGNIFICENT! IMAGINE... ABSORBING ELECTRIC CURRENT!

NOT ONLY THAT... BUT THE ELECTROMAGNETIC RESORBER CAN STORE THE CURRENT IT HAS ATTRACTED! THUS... THE ELECTRICITY CAN BE RETURNED ONCE THE TROUBLEMAKER DECIDES ON PEACE!

At that moment... outside...

KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING... AND BE READY TO HIT THE ROAD!

COPPLE OF GUARDS COMING TO TERMS!

With ruthless speed...

AH NO! THEY'RE GOING!

TOPSOS! WHAT KIND OF STUPID JOKE IS THIS?

HARDLY STUPID, MR. CHILTON... AND DEFINITELY NOT A JOKE!

I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING, BUB!
GRAB HIM, YOU 'NUCKLEHEADS!  

TOUGH SPOT! IF I CUT LOOSE WITH MY CURRENT, JOICE WILL KNOW I'M PYROMAN!

DON'T LET ON... BUT I'LL TRY TO ASSIMilate MOST OF THE CURRENT!

TAking THE ELECTROSORBER! IN YOUR HANDS, IT WILL BE A WEAPON!  

YES...AND A SECRET WEAPON... ALL OF YOU... GET UP ON THAT MEZZANINE!

FIVE THOUSAND VOLTS KILL WITHIN A FEw SECONDS! IT WONT HURT A BIT!

NO CHANCE OF missing WITH THESE VOLTOGUNS! NOW... GET THOSE TRUCK JACKS UNDER THE ELECTROSORBER!
JOYCE HAS FANCIED DICK...AND CHLTON SEEMS TO BE DAZED!

THEY'LL SNAP OUT OF IT! I'VE GOTTEN MY COSTUME IN THE BACK OF THE CAR ... AND THERE'S A JOB AHEAD!

IN THE SPACE OF SECONDS... PYROMAN IS READY!

THEY'RE ONE OF THE WOUNDED GUARDS! HOPE HE CAN TALK!

JUST ABOUT DONE FOR! WHICH WAY DID THEY HEAD, BUDDY?

BIG GREEN TRUCK --- EAST --- ON HIGHWAY...

THEN LIKE THE WHIZZING FLIGHT OF A ROCKET...

THESE INTER-URBAN TROLLEY RAILS PROVIDE A GOOD CHANNEL FOR MY MAGNETIC CURRENT!

Meanwhile...

I'M ALL RIGHT, DAD... BUT WHY DID YOU LET DICK GO AFTER THOSE KILLERS?

CLARK --- THE WHOLE WORLD'S IN DANGER! WE MUST GET BACK THE ELECTRO-SORGER!

WE'D BETTER LEAVE THEM TO DICK MARTIN, CHLTON! THOSE VOLTOGUNS ARE DANGEROUS!

WHY SHOULD THAT YOUNGSTER TAKE ALL THE RISKS? COME ON... MY CAR'S OUTSIDE!
At that moment...

"Am I nuts... or is that someone in a red suit... flying?"

A dazzling swerve... and Pterranth promps the answer!

"Pile out rats... and let's swap shocks!"

"Je gods! He's standing up against the voltoguns!"

Don't waste your current, twerps...

"Crrraak!"

"...and I won't waste mine!"

Just a quick job... until I have more time!

"Wam!"

"Now to make sure the electro-sorber is safe!"

Sok!"
Then—A Startling Discovery!

Great guns! Where is it?

All pyromaniac turns from the truck...

Fast!

These suits of Topsy's aren't any good against him!

Blazes! I should have done this in the first place!

Yaaagh!

Craaack!

I'll get no leads from him! Better skim back to the plant and see if Dr. Clark has learned anything!

Minutes later...

You sure played smart, Topsy... making duplicates of the plant keys before Chilton fired you!

They'll never think of looking for us in this disused subcellar... and the electricity generated in the plant will camouflage the static impulses sent out by the electrocorber!

Swell! I was wondering how we'd duck direction finders!

Seems to be a condenser missing, hop up to the lab and get it!

Then—waiting two stories above...

Good heavens—they're back!

Hey, how come that game is alive?
Meanwhile...

Looks like an accident up ahead, Shilton! They may need help!

Hiding nearby...

Recognize 'em? They're the two old buzzards we smeared with the voltoguns!

Which proves nothin' can take the place of a good crack on the noggin!

Their car is just what we need to get back!

Yeah... and they're comin' with us!

Soon afternoons...

Father! What have you brutes done to him?

Well, well! So they're alive, too!
IT WILL BE MOST INTRIGUING TO LEARN HOW YOU WITHSTOOD THE VOLTOUGING... YET SUCUMBED TO A MERE BLOW ON THE HEAD!

BUT THAT CAN WAIT! WE'LL HAVE THE ELECTROSORBER HOOKED UP IN AN HOUR... THE MOST TERRIFYING WEAPON EVER CONCEIVED!

I'VE LEARNED TO EXPECT PYROMAN'S HELP... BUT WHERE IS HE?

UNKNOWNLY--ONLY A HUNDRED FEET AWAY...

ALL THREE OF THEM GONE! THEY MAY BE IN DANGER... BUT WHILE THOSE MANIACS HAVE THE ELECTROSORBER--SO IS THE ENTIRE AREA!

IN A RUSH TO ARMY CORPS HEADQUARTERS...

INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SEEM, GENERAL... THAT MACHINE CAN VREAK WORSE DISASTER THAN A FLEET OF BOMBERS!

DON'T FORGET, PYROMAN--EVEN IF IT DOES DRAW OFF ALL THE ELECTRICITY IN THE REGION... OUR DETECTORS CAN TRACE IT IN TWO MINUTES!

SOON AFTERWARD--WITH FATEFUL SUDDENNESS--

WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE STREET LIGHTS?

WITH THE OXYGEN COMPRESSOR NOT WORKING--THE PATIENT WON'T LIVE TWO MINUTES!

THE SIGNALS ARE OUT--WE CAN'T BUDGE... AND HERE COMES THE THROUGH FREIGHT!
Like a cobra rising in the darkness—disaster strikes!

In the eerie light of torches...

Hard to guess what it is... without phones or radios!

Wouldn’t surprise me if it’s due to conniving on another planet!

At that moment... a grim motorcade leaves the Northingham house plant...

Don’t bother with specific targets! Open up on everything... crowds... buildings... homes...

It oughta be a pushover... topped... with the voltaguns packin’ 100,000 volts!

The quicker we build up the terror here... the sooner we can start on another district!

Terror hardly describes the onslaught—the blind destruction and willful carnage!

Look at them... like ants in a bonfire!

Yaaagh!

Help!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

DONT KNOW WHY I SHOULD FEEL FASSED OUT... JUST BETING AROUND WAITING FOR A LEAD.

MOTORCYLE MESSENGER JUST ARRIVED SIR! THE CITY IS UNDER ATTACK... BY MEN FIRING ELECTRICAL WEAPONS!

WELL SHOW THEM WHAT AN ATTACK IS! ORDER OUT THE TWENTY-FIRST TANK REGIMENT!

IF THOSE GUNS WERE POWERED BY THE ELECTROSOGER, GENERAL... TANKS WONT BE MUCH USE!

IN THE STRICKEN CITY...

NOTHING QUTE BEATS ARMOUR PLATE AS A CONDUCTOR!

CAREFUL, TOPSED! THERE'S THAT MUG WITH LIGHTNING IN BOTH HANDS!

BUT AS PIROMAN RUSHES FORWARD...

NO WONDER I FEEL HALF SHOT! THE ELECTROSOGER HAS DRAWN OFF MY CURRENT, TOO!

SO HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH, EH? LET'S SEE!

---AFTER A HOPELESS DEFENSE---

FINISH OFF THOSE TANKS! I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CLEAR UP AT THE LABORATORY!
Back in Topsed's cellar hideout...

I was just wondering how well you wizards would weather 100,000 volts!

Can't you do something, Pyroman?

Tough spot without any current, Joice!

With a sudden leap, Pyroman seizes one of the sizzling electrodes!

But maybe I can borrow some!

Crrrrak!

Charged with millions of volts...

Switch off the electro-sorber, Dr. Clark! I've got to save that crowd trapped in the square!

Then—wielding unearthly power...

Here's a slaughter you murdering dogs didn't expect!

Yaaaaagh!

Pyroman sears through the fanned accomplices!

Ahh-hh!

As lights turn on—one by one—

This has been bad enough, Pyroman... but I hate to think of the chaos we'd have faced without you!

The electro-sorber is in safe hands now... ready to be used as an instrument of peace!

Good thing Pyroman cleaned up those rats! Now I can have a real look at the electro-sorber!

Later...

You may not be relieved that I'm alive, Dick Martin, but I'll bet Pyroman is!

Watch Pyroman in the next issue—in another crackling campaign against evil!
Billy Bennett was very proud of his new bicycle. Many of his friends had bicycles, but during the war his parents were unable to get him one. Now bicycles were being made again.

"I'm going to ride out to Burke's woods," he told his mother one afternoon when he came home from school.

"All right," agreed his mother, "but stay on the paths. You know about the old Revolutionary War iron mines out there. Some of them are covered with brush and if you fall into them you're likely to be hurt."

Billy rode along through the town and out into the woods, and enjoyed his new red bicycle very much. As it grew dark, he started back home. He was almost at the edge of the woods when he saw a little girl walking along, crying softly. Billy stopped, climbed off his bike and asked:

"What's the matter, Mary?"

The girl looked up at him and replied:

"I'm running home to mother. George fell into the mine hole, and I can't get him out!"

Billy knew that Mary and George lived way over on the other side of town. If George were hurt, he might die before help came. So Billy said:

"Show me where George is. I'll try to help him if I can."

Mary dried her eyes, and hurried back into the woods with Billy. The Bennett boy was pushing his bicycle along as he ran. Finally they came to the edge of the mine hole, and Billy heard George moaning.

"Take it easy," he called out. "I'll get you out of there."

Even though he was only fourteen years old, Billy Bennett was a clear-thinking lad, and now that he was up against an emergency, he didn't become excited. First of all, he would have to get of the hole. Before very long, however, Billy saw that the rough stone edge of the mine shaft was fraying the vine rope. There was a good chance that the rope would break and drop George back into the mine.

"I'll have to run and get help," Billy told George. "Can you hold out for about half an hour?"

There was a sob in George's voice as he said:

"I'm afraid my leg is broken, Billy, it hurts a lot. I may faint before you get back."

Billy knew that George was not one to exaggerate. Now Mary began to cry again. To keep her occupied, he sent her for help. Then he turned back to the job of getting George out of the mine.

"If there was only some way I could keep the vines from rubbing on the sharp rocks," he thought.

Suddenly he had an idea. He ran over to his new bicycle, turned it upside down, so that it was resting on the handlebars and the seat. Then he braced it with sticks and stones so that the rear tire protruded over the rim of the shaft.

Finally he let the air out of the rear tire and fastened the vine around the wheel as though the wheel were a windlass. Then, using the pedals as a crank, he began winding the wheel. George came up out of the mine.

When Mary arrived with her father and several other men, Billy was giving George first aid. The injured boy told his father of Billy's trick, and everyone congratulated Billy Bennett on his quick-thinking cleverness.
With the allies now giving orders in Tokyo, the Jap menace has been crushed forever! But there was a time before A-bombs smashed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, when west coast soldiers and civilians were almost driven mad from loss of sleep! In this great crisis, only one man stood between Jap treachery and American defeat... Doc Strange!

En route to California...

I wonder why General Brady of Army Intelligence insisted I come out to California at once, Mike!

We'll soon find out! Looks like we're about to cross the state line into California!

An hour later...

Strange how those children have been irritable since we hit California. Haven't stopped crying for a minute! Shhhhh... go to sleep!
YOUR TRAIN DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A VERY SOOTHING INFLUENCE, CONDUCTOR! WHAT'S BOTHERING THE CHILDREN?

I WISH I KNEW! SEEMS THAT EVERYBODY IS KIND OF IRRITABLE SINCE WE HIT THE WEST COAST! THE WHOLE TRAIN IS AWAKE! NOT EVEN ONE PERSON DOZING!

LOOK, DOC... SEEMS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN IS UP HERE, TOO!

MAYBE THEY DON'T BELIEVE IN SLEEP... BUT I DO! I'M TIRED, MIKE... LET'S GET TO OUR HOTEL!

WE'LL TAKE A DOUBLE ROOM!

YES SIR... (NO-HUMM...), EXCUSE ME... BUT I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR TWO DAYS AND IT'S BEGINNING TO TELL!

NO... I'M USUALLY A PRETTY HEAVY SLEEPER, TOO! I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SLEEP!

WHY NOT? OUT CELEBRATING?

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! TURN IN EARLY! C'MON, MIKE!

HOURS LATER...

DOE... YOU ASLEEP?

NO... CAN'T SEEM TO DROP OFF! BEEN PITCHING AND TOSSING!

I... I... JUST CAN'T SLEEP! I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING!

THAT GOES FOR ME, TOO! FIRST TIME I EVER SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT! IT'S ALMOST MORNING!
I'm glad that night is over! I didn't get a wink of sleep!

Neither did I. Let's get some breakfast and go over to see General Brady!

At the regional war office...

Well... here we are, General!

I sure am glad to see you, boys! By the way... did you notice anything unusual since you arrived?

No... nothing special! Except that people in this part of the country don't do very much sleeping!

That's exactly what I wanted to see you about, Doc!

There hasn't been a man, woman or child who has slept for the past two days, although reports from the rest of the country show everything to be normal! I've had intelligence working on it and we have some facts! Just a minute... I'll get some of my boys.

We believe there's something blanketing the whole west coast, creating a terrific atmospheric disturbance that transfers itself to the mind, refusing to allow it to relax sufficiently for sleep!

We're not sure... but we believe the rays may be coming from some spot off the coast!

Another couple of days with millions losing sleep will result in chaos! Look at these reports! War production off 79%...

Where are your men working to track this down?
WE'RE AT AN ARMY CAMP LAB! THE SITUATION'S SERIOUS WITH OUR SOLDIERS, TOO! THE GUARDS ARE OF NO USE AND THEY HAD TO CALL OFF TRAINING.

DOG, THE BOYS LOOK KIND OF ALL IN! ALMOST AS IF THEY'VE BEEN IN BATTLE!

ALL I WANT IS SOME SLEEP! I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A TEN-MINUTE NAP!

AS SLEEPLESS NIGHT FOLLOWS SLEEPLESS NIGHT, THE NORMAL LIFE OF THE WEST COAST REGION GRADUALLY SLOWS TO A STOP...

I THINK WE'VE GOT IT, BOYS! IT MUST BE THE ANSWER! THIS IS THE FOURTH DAY OF THE SLEEPLESS EPIDEMIC!

WE MIGHT AS WELL CLOSE THE FACTORY! WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT ENOUGH MEN FOR A MAINTENANCE CREW!

THE GREATEST INTENSITY SEEMS TO BE COMING FROM THIS SPOT! AND I HAVE AN IDEA THAT WHATEVER INFERNAL GADGET IS BEING USED IS TRACEABLE TO THE JAPS!

I'D LIKE TO BORROW A TORPEDO BOAT AND RIDE OUT TO THAT LOCATE! IT'S BEST THAT I GO ALONE AT FIRST, SO AS NOT TO DRIVE OFF WHAT WE WANT TO SEE! ONLY MIKE WILL COME ALONG!

I'LL ARRANGE FOR IT AT ONCE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS... EN ROUTE TO THE DESIGNATED SPOT...

I THINK WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THAT PRESSURE SEEMS TO BE GETTING STRONGER!

IT'S GOT ME GROGGY ALREADY, DOC! I HAVEN'T SLEPT FOR 60 HOURS!

Suddenly...

BA-ROOM!

DOC! THAT SUB! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT!

IT'S A NIP, MIKE... PRETEND TO BE KNOCKED OUT! I WANT THOSE MONKEYS TO TAKE US ON BOARD! I THINK OUR ANSWER MAY BE THERE!

THE RUSE WORKS!

SEE, HONORABLE COMMANDER? IT IS DOC STRANGE WE HAVE CAPTURED!

GANZAI!

Then...

SEE IF YOU CAN CHEER ABOUT THIS!

STOP HIM, FOOLS! GET HIM!

YOU BOYS OUGHT TO TAKE UP JUDO! IT GOES LIKE THIS!

EXCUSE IT, BOYS! BUT I HAVEN'T GOT ALL MY STRENGTH!

ATTACK FROM THE REAR!
Doc and Mike come to, and are dragged before the Admiral of the submarine flotilla...

So...our secret weapon creates chaos! Only then would Doc Strange be called! But even you are helpless!

Honorable Commander speaks truth! Enemy is doomed!

Before you die, perhaps you would like to see Japanese cleverness! See...the machine that prevents sleep! We cruise up and down your coast, sending off the atmosphere rays! No mind can withstand them! People scream for slumber...but no sleep comes!

That is not all! See...fifty of our super submarines which can hold 1,000 specially trained fighting men each! When lack of sleep takes toll, we send 50,000 troops in to smash production and prepare for main army!

You'll never swing it!

What can your troops do if they fight in range of our rays? They too will feel lack of sleep after several days' battle! No, Doc Strange! America will fall!

That thing is a serious threat! I've got to smash it...but it may mean Mike's death if I make a false move!

Honorable Commander...orders have come!
LISTEN...AMERICAN COAST IN TERRIBLE STATE AFTER FIVE DAYS OF NO SLEEP! AGENTS SAY TIME TO ATTACK IS NOW! WE ATTACK!

SANZA!! GLORY TO NIPPON!

FIRST SEND DOGS TO ANCESTORS! PLACE BOTH IN TORPEDO TUBES AND FIRE!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

TAKING DOC STRANGE IS EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

STEP RIGHT UP... THIS IS JUST THE PRELIMINARY! CEASE OR BULLET ENTERS HEAD OF YOUNG ONE!

NEVER MIND ME, DOC! WRECK 'EM! SMASH THAT MACHINE!

MAYBE I CAN STALL 'EM WITH THAT POISON GAG!

OKAY, BUT TAKE THE GUN FROM HIS HEAD!

STOP HIM! HE COMMITS HARA-KIRI!

DOC'S TAKING HIS ALBUNS! WHAT A SURPRISE THESE MONKEYS ARE IN FOR!

IT WORKED! THEY THOUGHT MY ALBUNS WAS POISON AND I CAN GET TO MIKE BEFORE THEY SHOOT!
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, RATS... BUT THAT WAS THE MIRACLE FORMULA THAT GIVES ME MY POWER! WATCH!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE MACHINE AND PUTS OUR PAL TO SLEEP!

CRASH!

AND THIS OUGHT TO KNOCK SOME ENTHUSIASM OUT OF THIS NIP!

NOW I THINK WE'LL SEND THESE BABIES ON A LITTLE VISIT TO PAVY JONES!

C'MON, MIKE! THEY'RE TAKING A LITTLE TRIP TO THEIR ANCESTORS! WE BETTER NOT HANG AROUND!

OPEN HER UP, DOG... WE'RE COMING THROUGH!

AS THE DOOMED SUBMARINE PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM...

THAT'S THAT... BUT THERE'RE 40 OTHERS TO BE TAKEN CARE OF!

DOC! THE OTHER SUBS! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!

THAT'S THE MAIN IDEA, MIKE! STAND BY FOR THE FUN! I'LL NEED SOME TORPEDOES!
Doc plummets down from a high altitude and lands squarely on top of one of the subs!

Now I've got my weapons... and the game can start!

LOOK OUT BELOW!

CRASH!

Meanwhile... American destroyers are on the prowl...

STRIKE! STRIKE! STRIKE! This is going to be a shut-out!

LOOK! EXPLOSIONS ON THE HORIZON!

WHERE THERE'S ACTION, THERE YOU'LL FIND DOC STRANGE! GET THE MEN TO THEIR BATTLE STATIONS!

Boom! Go-Boom!

Contact with the enemy!

The navy has arrived... and I guess the situation is going to be well in hand soon! First... a little water for the rats inside!

I GUESS THE RATS IN THIS SUB ARE HOMESICK FOR THEIR ANCESTORS TOO!

OHHH... CAN'T HAVE THAT!

DOC! LOOK! SOME OF THE BIG SHOTS ARE GETTING AWAY!

CRASH!

WE'LL NEED YOU BOYS TO ANSWER A COUPLE OF QUESTIONS!

AGHHH!

REBOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE AMERICAN FLOTILLA...

THESE ARE JUST SOME OF THE LAST SURVIVORS! I MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT THAT MACHINE OF THEIRS WHICH WAS PREVENTING SLEEP! DID ANY SUBS GET AWAY?

NOT A ONE! IT WAS A GRAND SLAM... AND WE OWE IT ALL TO YOU!

NAVAL OPERATIONS... IN SAN FRANCISCO...

YES SIR... MACHINE DESTROYED? I'LL TELL THE ADMIRAL... AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! EVERYBODY IS... SLEEPING... NOW...

ANOTHER SMASHING ACTION STORY WITH DOC STRANGE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!
BEFORE Pop Selden headed into town for supplies, he explained the workings of the sheep camp to his young ward, Monty Latham. The actual herding of the sheep was taken care of by Mexican sheep herders who would be out with their flocks, but Monty was expected to look after the wagon, and the young dogs.

On his first night alone, Monty was busy feeding one of the sheep dog puppies when he heard someone stirring out in the darkness beyond the camp fire. He called out: “Who’s there?”

There was a rush of feet, and two burly men closed in upon him, and almost smothered him.

Sandy, the puppy he happened to be feeding from the paper full of scraps, scammed off into the darkness. Monty fought back, but was helpless against the two men. He heard them talking together, and soon recognized them as Norman Gates and Malcolm Nelson, two sheep thieves who managed to get news of big flocks by traveling with the sheep-shearers.

“Where’s Pop Selden?” asked Gates.

“He’s gone to town,” Latham replied.

“I figure he’ll be glad to pay ransom for you, kid. We’d like some of them pedigreed Shropshires he’s raising. Let’s go!”

Sandy, realizing that something was wrong, scammed around near the group, now. Gates and Nelson pushed him away several times. Then Gates picked up a long piece of string on the ground and used it to tie Monty’s hands behind his back.

“What about the dog?” asked Gates.

“Aw, he’s just a pup,” Nelson replied. “Stick him in that basket over there, and he won’t get out. Even if he does, he’s too young to know what it’s all about.”

Gates followed the suggestion, and then the two sheep raiders led off their captive.

They traveled for several hours, and finally came to their hideout far up in the rocky hills.

The kidnappers examined Monty’s bonds, and made sure that they were secure, then they made plans for collecting their ransom the next day. The boy hoped that as the night went on, the men would relax their vigilance, and he would be able to make his escape, but apparently this was not to be. The two men took turns standing guard.

About midnight, Monty was suddenly aware of activity behind him. He felt the cold, moist muzzle of a dog against his hands, and finally knew that some animal was gnawing at his bonds. He twisted his hands from side to side, and finally they came apart, the broken string dropping down.

“Good boy, Sandy,” Monty whispered, then he patted the shepherd puppy. Gates looked up then, and for a moment, Monty thought he would come over to see what was up, but when Monty sat still, the raider relaxed.

Finally Norman Gates was nodding, and Monty crawled forward toward where Malcolm Nelson was sound asleep, and managed to get the gun out of Nelson’s gun belt. He straightened up, and then cried:

“I’ve got you covered.”

The two men were taken by surprise, and Monty disarmed Gates before the man could do anything. Then he marched the two men ahead of him back toward Pop Selden’s sheep camp. Sandy scamped along before the group, and when daylight revealed him, Gates turned to Nelson and said:

“I told you to be careful about that dog, but you knew it all. Said he was too young to trail us.”

Nelson scratched his head, shrugged his shoulders and then said:

“I don’t understand it, I never heard of a dog that young that could follow a trail, and I’ve been around sheep dogs all my life.”

Monty Latham chuckled.

“Sandy wasn’t following any trail,” he explained. “You tied my hands with the string that was wrapped around the dog meat. Sandy wasn’t finished eating, and he caught the scent of the string. Meat juice and gravy sure stick to a piece of cord for a long time.”

Privately, Monty figured Sandy would make a swell sheep dog when he grew up.
The Fighting Yank

When Bruce Carter III, in his role as America's Defender... The Fighting Yank... meets the few men remaining in the world who still prefer war to peace... watch out for fireworks!

Bruce and Joan visit their friend... Jack Lawson... of the F.B.I.

Anything interesting going on around here lately, Jack? Just the usual routine. I... excuse me!

What? The delegations are landing? Okay, we'll post guards at once!
YOU'VE BEEN IN ON BIGGER SECRETS THAN THIS, BRUCE AND JOAN. SO I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU ABOUT IT. STARTING TODAY, A VERY IMPORTANT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE BEGINS SECRETLY IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF BILSON, 40 MILES FROM HERE.

WHAT KIND OF CONFERENCE?

THE STATE DEPARTMENT KEPT THE TIME OF THE DELEGATES' ARRIVAL SO SECRET THAT EVEN I ONLY JUST LEARNED OF IT. I GUESS WE'D BETTER GET OUT AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO WORK. SO LONG, JACK!

THE CONFERENCE MAY BE IMPORTANT, BUT I IMAGINE GUARDING IT WILL BE ANOTHER ROUTINE JOB. WHO WOULD WANT TO SABOTAGE A PEACE CONFERENCE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT... JOAN! WATCH THAT JANITOR! HE ACTS AS THOUGH HE DOESN'T WANT TO BE SEEN! I WONDER WHY?

HE'S GIVING THAT MAN A NOTE!

NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT... BUT WHY DOES HE ACT SO FURTIVE ABOUT IT?

THERE'S SOMETHING UNDERHANDED GOING ON HERE. YOU FOLLOW THE JANITOR, JOAN! IF HE DOES ANYTHING SUSPICIOUS, REPORT HIM TO JACK LAWSON. I'M GOING AFTER THE OTHER MAN.

ALL MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS ARE MEETING TO DISCUSS THE NEW ATOMIC BOMB AS A WEAPON OF PEACE, RATHER THAN WAR!
The whole thing may be perfectly innocent, but with important events happening, I wouldn't like to be to blame for letting some dangerous activity go unchecked!

I'm being tailed, Mikhail! Notify Farkas!

As Bruce follows his quarry into an alleyway—

Wha--! A trap!

Snoopers always come to a bad end, my friend!

Here's another end—The end of my fist—on your jaw, pal!

I've been wanting some pitching practice for a long time! Thanks for the opportunity, boys!

He fights well! It is too bad...

I must dispose of you or you will ruin my plans!

Wham!
 WHEN BRUCE AWAKENS...

SO SORRY I HAD TO RESORT TO SUCH FORGIVEFUL MEASURES! MY NAME IS R.A.RAKIS AND I RECOGNIZE AS BRUCE CARTER III!

OWL! MY HEAD! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SINCE IT HAS BECOME NECESSARY THAT YOU NOT BE ALLOWED OUT OF HERE ALIVE I CAN TELL YOU APPARENTLY, YOU ALSO KNOW OF THE SECRET MEETING BEING HELD AT BILSON! THAT IS WHY YOU FOLLOWED MY MESSAGER!

IT IS OUR INTENTION TO SUCCEED WHERE THE NAZIS FAILED, TO CONJURE THE HOWL TO DO THIS, WE MUST FIRST SEIZE CONTROL OF OUR OWN COUNTRY, BALKANIA, AND WE MUST OBTAIN THE SECRET OF THE NEW ATOMIC BOMB!

WE HAVE FORGED PASSES THAT WILL WIN US ENTRANCE INTO THE MEETING HALL ITSELF THE PLACE WHERE THE DELEGATES WOULD SEEM SAFEST! ONE OF MY MEN, WHO BEARS A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO ONE DELEGATE, WILL GO IN DISGUISE...

UNTIL WE HAVE KILLED THAT DELEGATE AND HIDDEN HIS BODY IN THE CELLAR COAL BIN WHERE IT WILL NOT BE DISCOVERED FOR SOME TIME! THEN OUR MAN WILL REMOVE HIS DISGUISE AND TAKE THE DELEGATE'S PLACE...

WHERE, IN A POSITION OF TRUST, HE COULD LEARN SECRETS HIDDEN FROM OTHERS.

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON YOU FOR ONE MINUTE! I THOUGHT ALL OF YOUR KIND HAD BEEN WIPED OUT BY NOW!
BIG WORDS ARE CHEAP! 
YOU WILL NEVER GET 
YOUR HANDS ON ME.
TIE THAT ANCHOR 
TIGHTLY! WE MUST 
DISPOSE OF THIS 
INQUISITIVE ONE 
PERMANENTLY!

MOMENTS LATER---

PUSH HIM IN! AS 
THE AMERICANS 
SAY---THE WATER'S 
FINE. HA--HA!

GOT TO--

HE WILL NEVER 
BOther US--OR 
ANYONE ELSE--
AGAIN!

THAT ROCK--IT HAS 
A SHARP EDGE. I 
CAN SCRAPE MY 
BONDS AGAINST IT--

MADE IT!

BUT I CAN'T--

HOLD--MY 
BREATH--ANY 
LONGER!

AIR!

JIMMY! THAT MAN-- 
HE'S IN TROUBLE! 
QUICK--LET'S 
GET TO HIM!
TAKEN ASHORE--

ARE YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT US TO GET YOU A DOCTOR, MISTER?

NO, THANKS, I'M FINE NOW!

AND I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE! THE FIGHTING YANK HAS TO GO INTO ACTION BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

I'VE GOT TO BORROW YOUR MOTORCYCLE! THAT'S OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE WHOLE WORLD!

GEE--THE FIGHTING YANK? SURE-- YOU CAN HAVE IT!

A BREAKNECK RIDE!

THAT'S THE BILSON TOWN HALL-- AND THERE GO PARRAS AND HIS MEN RIGHT NOW! I'M JUST IN TIME!

INSIDE THE TOWN HALL--

HERE COMES OUR DELEGATE! WHEN HE PASSES, SEIZE HIM AND SLIT HIS THROAT! THERE MUST BE NO OUTCRY!

NOW! DIE, PIG! WHA-!
TUT--TUT! THAT THING MAY BE SHARP!

THE FIGHTING YANK!

AT YOUR SERVICE! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! RUN!

HE'S FOLLOWING US-- BUT I'LL STOP HIM!

DEAR-- DEAR-- JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING TO KNOW YOU ALL BETTER! I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO MAKE YOU STAY!

HEAD FOR THE RIVER DAM, IF WE CAN'T STOP THE BALKANIAN DELEGATE SEPARATELY, WE'LL STOP THE WHOLE CONFERENCE BY CAUSING A FLOOD THAT'LL KILL OFF THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM LIKE RATS!

OHHH!

BOOM!
Meanwhile, Joan has followed the pretended janitor.

I don't know what to look for, but I'll keep on his trail and see what happens.

I take it yer followin' me, sister? What are ya after?

A revolver! You're no janitor!

You slipped a note to a man outside! What was in it?

So ya know about that? Hey! That means ya know too much for yer own good, sister! Was givin' him some info! I just happened to overhear.

I used this truck to get me in, and I'll use it to get both of us out, without bein' stopped. I'm gonna tie you up in back and let the boss decide what to do with ya—after he finishes wreckin' that conference at Bilson.

As the truck drives out—

I've got to get free! That protruding nail! Maybe it'll cut through these ropes?

I'm free! Now if I can get to that drives without being heard—
Nearing Bilson—

That car! It's going to crash into me!

Farkas! Look out for the truck!

Confounds that girl! If we were forced to much, we won't get to the dam before pursuit can be organized!

From the looks of that girl, she won't ever get in my body's way again!

And you rats won't ever get in my way again, either!

It's the yank again! Look out!
He's busy with my men— and
the dam is just up this hill.
If I blow it up, the flood
will get the fighting yank,
as well as the delegates
at the conference; it'll
kill my men, too—but
that can't be helped.

Moments later—

Look! The dam! Parkas
blew it up!

We'll all be drowned!
Run!

Help!

I've got to save Joan!

Felled by the flood, a heavy
tree crashes down on the
fighting yank!

Will the fighting yank, too,
succumb to the raging waters?
Now, for out of the depths of
time appears a mighty
revolutionary hero—

When my country's
welfare is
at stake, I
return from
the past.
Awaken, my son! Our burden is lifted! And there is yet work for you to do!

Thank you, sire! I shall not fail!

First I have to get Joan to safety! She doesn't seem badly hurt from that crash!

Now I've got to plug this dam with my body until the people down below can escape -- and engineers can get here to take over!

Mighty muscles strain for what seems an eternity! Then, at last --

It's okay, Yank! We'll take over! What a man!

Later --

Joan! Are you all right?

Of course! They found that man, Farkas, the leader of the gang! He was blown up in his own explosion!

America has always owed you a great debt, Yank! Now our debt is doubled!

I owe my country more than she can ever owe me -- for just the privilege of being an American!

Watch for another great Fighting Yank story in our next issue!
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