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"Build a better mouse-trap, and the world will beat a path to your door!" So says an old proverb... but Caleb Ketchum's years of hard work brought only temptation to his door... and when he took the easy road to success—found only failure! Not even the Black Terror could help... for Caleb Ketchum betrayed his duty as a scientist... his old friends... his own past as an honest man... The Man Who Betrayed Himself!"
TERMITES, BOB! I'LL CLEAN THEM OUT WITH SOME INSECT SPRAY!

I'M AFRAID NOT, TIM. THEY'RE HARD TO GET RID OF... IT'S A JOB FOR A TRAINED EXTERMINATOR.

COME TO THINK OF IT, MY OLD CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR LEFT HIS TEACHING JOB TO GO INTO BUSINESS... WORKING UP SOME INSECT EXTERMINATING CHEMICALS. HE SHOULD BE IN THE PHONE BOOK!

LET'S GET HIM FOR THE JOB, THEN.

I'LL JOT DOWN HIS ADDRESS. BE GOOD TO SEE THE OLD MAN AGAIN. HE WAS A BRILLIANT CHEMIST... BUT HE DIDN'T SEE A GREAT FUTURE AHEAD AS A TEACHER!

I HOPE HE WAS SUCCESSFUL IN HIS BUSINESS ANYWAY.


I GAVE UP TEACHING BECAUSE I WANTED TO BE RICH... AND A TEACHER DOESN'T GET RICH! AND NOW I'VE SPENT MOST OF MY LIFE INVENTING A DEADLY CHEMICAL TO DESTROY INSECTS... BUT I'M STILL POOR! NO ONE WANTS MY SERVICES...

Perhaps being honest and hard-working isn't the right way to achieve success! I wonder...

If my luck doesn't change... THEN I MUST CHANGE MYSELF! I WILL NOT REMAIN A FAILURe!
But Caleb Ketchum's luck was about to take a turn...

Anything important in da mail, boss?

No, nothing... This screwy advertising circular... Hmm... Take a look at it, Joe!

I kill pests!

My secret formula guaranteed!

So powerful it can stun even human beings!

Caleb Ketchum Exterminating Co.

So what, boss? So da lug can knock off bugs? So what good is it to us?

It stuns human beings, Joe. I don't that give you ideas? Come on, we're going to visit this Caleb Ketchum!

So da stuff knocks people cold, so I don't get it, boss!

We're having it tough pulling our jobs, now, Joe. Ever stop to think why?

Caleb Ketchum Exterminator

We're both hot! We can't afford to be recognized by our victims! But if we use this stuff... Our troubles will be over! Now let's go in and take a look-see!

Got your circular, Mr. Ketchum. Does it really work as good as you claim?

Certainly! I can give you a demonstration!

I'll give these termites a chance to get into the cracks—then give them a smell of my exterminator gas!
Yeh, Ketchum! The boss ain't kiddin'!

Jiggers, what a demonstration! You've got what it takes! (Choke! Choke!) To start a one-man crime wave! Look! How would you like to handle my business? Halney's the name—Dapper Dan Halney!

Dapper Dan—the gangster?

Why—why, your business is killing people! I ought to send for the police!

I don't like that kind of talk! Go to the cops and you're a dead man...

Play ball with me, and you'll be a rich man! Now what's it going to be—money—or a taste of my fist?

Great Scott! An ugly looking customer—and he's about to slug Caleb!

S Choi, tch! Wow! It must be a stickup, Bob!

Shiftly Bob and Tim strip to... the Terror thing!

Hurry, Tim! We've got to stop them!

Right, Terror!

The Black Terror! Quick, Joe—get him!

Oh-oh! Target practice, eh?
HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, BUB!
PAL, YOU'RE TOO CROOKED TO SHOOT STRAIGHT!
DON'T LET THIS UPSET YOU, CHUM!
YAAGHNN!

BUT THEN...
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR THE SECOND PART OF THE DEMONSTRATION. BLACK TERROR! LET'S SEE HOW A MAN STANDS UP TO THIS GAS!

(--CHOKE!) I-I CAN'T BREATHE! AHHHH--!

OKAY, KETCHUM, I'M CONVINCED! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO WORK TOGETHER FROM NOW ON! GET RID OF THE BLACK TERROR AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

ALL RIGHT, MR. HALNEY... BUT, PLEASE, NO KILLING! I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO TROUBLE!

AND SO...
I-I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER COME TO! THOSE CROOKS-- GOT AWAY! I--I MEAN-- THOSE MEN WHO WERE JUST HERE!

WHEW! MY HEADS STILL SPINNING!

I CAN GUARANTEE THIS TERMIKE KILLER, BLACK TERROR! ER-- THOSE MEN WERE PERFECT STRANGERS TO ME!

OH, WELL-- LET'S FORGET IT!
I DON'T LIKE THIS, TERROR! YOUR OLD PROFESSOR SEEMED VERY NERVOUS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, KID! I'VE KNOWN CALEB KETCHUM FOR TOO MANY YEARS NOT TO REALIZE HE WAS LIVING TO ME!

Now get this, Ketchum! If you'll handle my business... there'll be plenty in it for you! But if you refuse... you won't live to regret it.

I'll—I'll come with you!

There goes the armored car! I'll drive past the bank slowly! Take your time—and aim for the guards!

A spray dat stays in one spot—dense as a cloud! Wow!

That's it! Spray it out fast!

Later... in dapper Dan's hideout.

That quick-kill spray is pretty strong! I... I hope those guards recover!

Okay, boss—step on it!

Here's your cut, Ketchum—ten grand! I told you that we'd clean up!

Goodness—ten thousand dollars! That's more than I ever made in my life!
In the days that follow... 

Then... an unforeseen snag!

Dan, I... I use a rare chemical—cocabane—in most of my sprays, but I'm down to my last ounce and... I can't buy a fresh supply!

Jiggers! That's bad!

It's just barely possible we could get cocabane from some druggist! There might be a small supply around!

Okay—I'll ask the boys to do a little legwork!

An hour later... in Bob's Drug Store...

Just look at this! A rare chemical—cocabane—was used in all of those chemical-spray killings, and that termite-killer Ketchum gave us contains cocabane!

Sshh! Bob! We've got a customer!

I'd like about a pound of this stuff, Mister—if you've got some to sell!

Great, Scott! Cocabane!
THEN... I'LL SAY IT ISN'T! I'M GIVING HIM A DRUG WHICH WILL GLOW ON A DARK STREET--WHEN WE TRAIN A BLACK LIGHT BULB ON IT!

GOLLY, BOB--WHAT'S THE IDEA? THAT'S NOT CAPOLANE!

AS THE CUSTOMER DEPARTS...

HE'LL NEVER NOTICE THAT PINHOLE I PUT IN THE ENVELOPE? HURRY, TIM--WHILE THE TRAIL'S STILL HOT!

HA! HE'S SPILLED ENOUGH POWDER TO LIGHT UP HIS TRAIL FROM HERE TO THE MOON!

TERROR, YOU'RE ON THE BEAM!

WELL--THAT'S THAT, TIM! WE'VE ARRIVED!

NOW FOR A LITTLE ACTION!

WHILE JUST AHEAD OF THE TERROR TWINS...

I'VE GOT IT, BOSS! ABOUT A POUND OF THE STUFF! NICE WORK, EH?

YEAH--!!! HELP!
KEEP IT OFF! OWWW--

HOLD ON! I'VE GOT ENOUGH CACOBANE LEFT TO KILL IT!

CRIPES-- WHAT A MONSTER! IT'S AS BIG AS A LOBSTER!
I DON'T LIKE THIS KETCHUM, WHAT IS IT ANYWAY?

I'VE BEEN EXPERIMENTING WITH TERMITES. I HAD THIS ONE IN A BOX-- BUT HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED.

EXPERIMENTING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

IT'S THE SPRAY! WHEN THE CACOBANE'S REMOVED-- IT DOESN'T KILL TERMITES-- IT MAKES THEM GROW!

SUDDENLY...

I'VE BEEN CONDUCTING SOME EXPERIMENTS IN MY SHOP! I'VE A HUGE GLASS TANK FILLED WITH GIGANTIC-- HUH?

CRASH!

WHERE'S YOUR SPRAYGUN, PAL? SWALLOW IT?

UGH!

BUT THEN...

RESIST FURTHER-- AND THIS BOY WILL DIE, TERROR!

GREAT SCOTT! LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT ME STYMIED?

SOCK!
AND SO...

GET SOME MORE ROPES, JOE! HE MIGHT GET EXCITED WHEN HE SEES KETCHUM'S LITTLE PLAYMATES!

DON'T WORRY! MY TERMITE TANK IS MADE OF HEAVY PLATE GLASS--SIX INCHES THICK!

KETCHUM'S SHOP IS ONLY SIX BLOCKS AWAY, TERROR! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!

HAW, HAW, HAW! BOSS, YOU SLAY ME!

MINUTES LATER... IN KETCHUM'S CELLAR...

ENJOY YOURSELF, TERROR! HA, HA, HA!

JEPPERS! LOOK AT THESE NIPPERS, BOSS!

TERROR! THEY'RE WAKING UP! THEY'LL ATTACK--ANY SECOND NOW!

MIGHTY CLEVER, AREN'T YOU?

KETCHUM AND DAPPER DAN ARE TOO SURE OF THEMSELVES, KID! A LITTLE PRESSURE AND I'LL SNAP THESE ROPES!

DID IT? I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY!

UFF! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY THEY WANT IT!

IT'S NOW OR NEVER, TIM! I'VE GOT TO SMASH THAT GLASS!
MADE IT!

CRASH!

LATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
BETTER PUT THIS LITTLE RAT IN A CAGE BY HIMSELF, LIEUTENANT! HIS PALS DON'T LIKE HIM!

OKAY, TERROR! AND THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!

SOME MONTHS LATER IN THE STATE PRISON...
NUMBER 476309, I SEE BY YOUR RECORD THAT YOU WERE A TERMITE EXTERMINATOR BEFORE YOU CAME HERE TAKE THIS AND GET RID OF...

NO! NO! NOT THAT WARDEN! ANYTHING BUT THAT!

THE BLACK TERROR'S AMAZING ADVENTURES APPEAR REGULARLY IN EVERY ISSUE OF EXCITING COMICS!
EUGENE CALDWELL was engaged in activities that were altogether to his liking. His father was a famous chemist working on ordnance for the United States Government, and Gene had a chance to help him.

One night while he was busy in the laboratory, while his father was at a lecture, he heard someone in the corridor outside. At first he thought it might be his mother coming to look for him. When the door opened, however, two men entered. One of them said:

"We're in luck, Joe. The kid is here alone."

"All right, Fred, but don't forget about the sample."

"What are you fellows after?" Gene inquired, a bit frightened, but determined not to show it.

"Take it easy, lad," Joe declared. "We understand that your father is working on an important explosive for the Army. We want it! Where do you have it?"

The bomb was on the work table right in front of Gene, but he wasn't going to tell that to the thieves. One of them started looking around the laboratory, while the other one examined some of the chemical retorts and dishes. Finally the man called Joe pointed to a bomb and said:

"This looks like it. Let's wrap it up and get out of here."

Fred grabbed hold of the boy's arm and asked:

"Is that it?"

Gene looked over the apparatus, touched a small metal wire that stuck out of one end and then looked up blandly and said: "That's it, all right."

Fred picked up the bomb, then set it down again and began wiping oil stains off his hands.

"This thing must be leaking," he said.

"Oh, no," Gene assured him. "Father keeps all his mechanism in oil or gasoline so it won't rust."

"Okay," Joe declared. "We'll take the kid along to make sure that there is nothing phoney about this." Gene shrugged his shoulders as the two men led him away. The boy knew that there were guards about the laboratory and that if he could attract their attention Fred and Joe would be captured.

The two men nudged Gene down a driveway toward a car parked at the end of the street.

Suddenly there was an audible ticking sound and Fred stopped. He turned to Joe and whispered:

"This bomb is ticking. Do you think it's set?"

"I don't know," Joe replied hesitantly. "I don't think the kid would be working on a live bomb. It must be your watch you hear."

"Nothing doing," Fred insisted, his voice rising. "It's the bomb. I'm going to get rid of it."

The bewildered thief looked around him and then saw a gold-fish pond that was halfway across the lawn. He turned to Joe and hissed: "If you douse one of these things in water, it'll usually fix it up. We'll dunk the bomb in the pond and then we'll take the kid along for protection."

"Right," agreed Joe. Fred hurried across the lawn, lifted the bomb gingerly and, using both hands, threw it out into the water. The reaction was unexpected and immediate.

"Bar-r-r-room-swishshsh!"

A great sheet of flame whipped up into the air and outlined the three figures on the edge of the pond as though they were on a great stage. Armed guards came running and one of them shouted:

"Stand where you are! Stand or I'll shoot!"

Fred and Joe threw up their hands. The guard recognized Gene Caldwell and asked:

"What happened?"

"Nothing much," Gene explained. "They tried to steal Father's new bomb. I talked them into taking a metallic sodium bomb instead, and started the timer going. They didn't know it was metallic sodium, which is inert when it is in oil or gasoline, but bursts into flame when it touches water. You boys were right on the job, all right."

The guards congratulated the boy on his alertness.
The library is a wonderful place for reading. There is quiet, studious, pleasant air about that gives charm to the rare, beautiful books. That's why it was so hard for Diana Adams, society glamour girl, to realize that a deadly crime could center in the library! And yet disguised as the famous Miss Masque, she found a clue in the reading room and followed it straight to "The Case of the Crafty Collectors."

An item in the morning paper interests Diana Adams...

Another rare book "missing" from the library! Stolen is more like it! "Hmmm... I'd better just drop around!"

At the library... "Oh noo... no book can be removed! You must get permission to look at them... and they must be read in that room only!"
I think I'll just park here and see what happens! At any rate... it won't hurt to browse around!

Oh... excuse me!

Why don'tcha look where you're going?

I wonder what he's doing... money? Hundred dollar bills!

'Hearts aflame'... Hmmm... this isn't the book I selected! That man and I got our selections mixed up! What's more... this isn't from the rare book department! Hmmm...
GIMME THAT! IT'S MINE!
THE POLICE SHOULD BE INTERESTED IN THIS!

OHhh!

SEE... IT'S NOT A RARE BOOK! I GOT IT FROM THE GENERAL CIRCULATION ROOM! THEY ALL HAVE A STANDARD BINDING!

VERY WELL!

HE WON'T FIND THOSE PAGES VERY INTERESTING! I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

SOMEBODY IN THAT CAR WAS WAITING FOR ME! LOOKS LIKE HE STEPPED INTO THE LIBRARY JUST TO PICK UP THE MONEY—NOT TO READ A BOOK

I GOT IT! SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO OPEN IT!

THE BOSS PAYS OFF THIS WAY BECAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT YA HANGING AROUND HIS PLACE! HE'S PRETTY TRICKY!

IT'S GONE! THE DOUGH'S MISSING!
THAT GIRL MUST HAVE GOT IT!

THERE SHE IS—SEE? FOLLOW HER!
DRIVE ON THE SIDEWALK AND SLAM INTO HER!
THAT CAR! HE'S AFTER ME!
Diana Shop

A DESPERATE LEAP!
NO YOU DON'T...
CRASH!

HAND OVER THAT DOUGH, SISTER...IF YA WANT TO STAY HEALTHY!
GET BACK...

CHEESIT! HERE COMES A FLATFOOT!

WHAT HAPPENED, LADY? WHO OWNS THAT CAR?
BELONGS TO A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE HOLDUP MEN! LOOKS LIKE YOU SCARED THEM OFF. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST, OFFICER!

METHINKS I SMELL A RAT! I'M SURE THAT THUG HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH TAKING THOSE RARE BOOKS!...MAYBE THE LIBRARIAN CAN GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION!
WHEN DIANA ADAMS BECOMES MISS MASQUE!

RARE BOOKS STOLEN—MONEY LEFT IN NOVELS—THUGS PROWLING AROUND THE RARE BOOK DEPARTMENT—AND DR. MAGGIE! THAT LITTLE RIDDLE ADDS UP TO MISS MASQUE!

I THINK IT. I'LL SEE WHAT COOKS IN DR. MAGGIE'S LITTLE DEn!

DR. J.J. MAGGIE
RARE BOOKS

THANK YOU—DR. MAGGIE—THE RARE BOOK COLLECTOR!

VOICEs—FROM BEHIND THAT CURTAIN! THAT MUST BE WHERE DR. MAGGIE LIVES!

FRAID...I GAVE YOU STRICT ORDERS TO BRING NOBODY HERE! ESPECIALLY THIS PERSON!

BUT, DOC—HE WOULDN'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER!

LISTEN, MAGGIE... I'VE BEEN LIFTING THOSE BOOKS FROM THE LIBRARY... AND YOU'RE GETTING RID OF THEM FOR PLENTY!

THAT GIRL GOT MY DOUGH—SO YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY OFF AGAIN! OTHERWISE I'LL BLOW TOWN... AND LEAVE A NOTE FOR THE COPPERS!

THERE'S YOUR PAYOFF! NOBODY CAN THREATEN ME!

ARRGGHHH! TWANG! BANG!
HA, HA, HA! YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THINGS, BOSS! JUST LIKE THE COMIC BOOK I Wuz READING!

DRAG THAT BUM OUT OF HERE...! HE'S CLUTTERING UP THE PLACE!

JUST RELAX, BOYS... THE GAME IS OVER!

MISS... MASQUE!

YOU'LL FIND A RECORD OF EVERYTHING THERE! NAMES OF PEOPLE I SOLD THE BOOKS TO... FOR HOW MUCH... EVERYTHING!

YOU'RE BEING SENSIBLE, DR. MAGGIE!!! I'LL JUST TAKE THAT LEDGER!

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR LITTLE RACKET IN RARE BOOKS! BUT NOW YOU'RE REALLY IN A JAM... MURDER!

IT'S ALL OVER, FRIDAY! SHE HAS US COLD! NO USE FIGHTING...

I FEAR SHE IS ABOUT TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS!

KNOCKOUT GAS! OHHHNNH! AHHHNNH RNTHNH... HAW! HAW! SHE FELL FOR IT!

MINUTES LATER... SHE'S COMING TO! GUARD HER WHILE I CHANGE! IF SHE GETS BORED... GIVE HER THIS BOOK! SHE'LL FIND IT QUITE STIMULATING!
Now we're ready, Friday! Did she enjoy the book?

Friday!
The book fairly overwhelmed him... and I'm reading the last chapter to you!

This is paragraph one!
I'll kill you... aargh!

Get back, confounded you! Back...

Let's not lose our temper, now!

And this is the final period! The story is finished!

When the police arrive...

That's the whole story, Lieutenant! You'll undoubtedly find records of his transactions in the safe! That should help you trace those stolen books!

Miss Masque... you're a real pal!
Harvey Hector Jr.

What do you repair shoes with, mister?

Hide! Huh?

I said, hide!

What for?

Hide! Hide! The cow's outside!

I don't care if it is! Who's afraid of a cow, anyway?

Shoes that are becoming, you should be coming to us!
JERRY DUNN was the ten-year-old son of a police detective. His father was in the hospital recovering from an operation. His mother had gone to spend the evening visiting hours with her husband, and Jerry was alone in the Dunn apartment studying his lessons.

"Seems kind of lonesome around here now, Pard," Jerry told the Boston bull pup that was the family pet. "But since Dad is getting along all right I don't mind."

Pard barked and wagged delightedly at the sound of the boy's voice. Life was all new and very exciting to a little dog.

Jerry finished his homework and put his lessons away. He pulled open the drawer of the desk at which he had been working, and looked inside.

"Why, here's Dad's detective badge!" exclaimed Jerry, gazing at the metal shield in the drawer. "I guess he won't need it until he gets back from the hospital, so I'll leave it right where it is now."

Pard barked and jumped around. Jerry smiled at the puppy as he rose from his chair.

"All right, Pard," Jerry said, "I'll play with you. Wait until I get your ball."

He got the dog's little white rubber ball. There was a faint breeze coming through the open front windows of the apartment, facing on the street five stories below. Jerry threw the ball and the puppy chased after it.

The doorbell rang. Jerry stopped playing and hurried along the short hall to the entrance door to the apartment. Pard trotted along behind the boy.

"I'll bet that's Mother and she forgot her keys," said Jerry, as he unlocked and opened the door. "Hello—"

A small, rat-faced man stepped swiftly into the apartment, closing and locking the door behind him. Jerry saw the man had a gun in his hand.

"Don't make any trouble, kid," snapped the man, "Somebody reported a burglar in this building and the police are searching the place. I live here, see, if the cops come nosing around. You just act natural. Like you and Joe Hogan were pals, see."

"Yes, sir," said Jerry quietly.

HOGAN ordered the boy back into the brightly lighted living room. Jerry was sure this was the burglar the police were hunting. Pard acted like he didn't like the stranger much, but the puppy was still carrying his ball around.

"Turn on the radio," ordered Hogan. His gun was in his pocket and he picked up the evening paper and seated himself in a comfortable chair. "We've got to make this look nice and homelike."

Jerry went to the window and peered out. There were police cars in the street below, but the boy didn't dare call for help.

"Got a pencil, kid?" asked Hogan. "I want to do this crossword puzzle."

"I'll get you one," said Jerry, going over to the desk and opening the drawer. "Here's one." He walked over and handed the pencil to Hogan. "Mind if I play with my dog?"

"Go ahead," said Hogan.

Jerry took the ball from Pard's mouth. He swung his arm and the ball soared through the air and out the window. Fifteen minutes later someone opened the door with a passkey and the apartment was suddenly full of policemen. They grabbed Hogan and placed him under arrest. The burglar dazedly wanted to know how they found him.

"When somebody tossed a ball out of the window, and Detective Dunn's badge was pinned to it, we thought we had better investigate," said the sergeant in charge. "So we came here in a hurry!"

"But the kid was just playing with the dog and threw a ball out the window," protested Hogan. "He didn't have any badge."

"Yes, I did," said Jerry. "I got it out of the desk when I gave you the pencil."

He smiled. "With my dad a detective, I've got to be smart, too."

A Detective's Son Proves He Has Plenty on the Ball!
There was another time, lost in the mists of forgotten age, when Germanic conquerors threatened all Europe — when English steel and longbows rose like an unyielding wall before the savage hordes! This was the noble company who bore the proud banner of King Arthur, led by BRIANE, who carried his enchanted armor into battle as THE SILVER KNIGHT!

Along the sea-girt cliffs of Cornwall...:

IT HAS BEEN LONG, GARETH, SINCE ENGLAND HAS KNOWN THE FULL HARVESTS OF PEACETIME!

AYE BRIANE, BUT NOW OUR SWORDS HAVE DRIVEN THE TEUTONIC INVADERS FROM OUR SHORES!
Is that a cloud that moves yonder? Strange for this is a windless day!

Those are terns, Tarna--hundreds upon hundreds of them!

Wheeling landward--their strident cries rising over the crashing surf--

Recall the Book of Merlin, Tarna--when sea-birds flock to Tintagel, let England fend the foe man's spell!

A strange sight and one I'd know the meaning of!

What foe man shall we face now? And shall we not know peace for long?

Briane--hither! There's something afloat in the sea!

'Tis a man! Take my sword, Gareth--he'll live not a minute in those waves!

Briane, ho! Loop this bridlestrap about his shoulders!

He's been adrift more days than I'd like to think on!

A stranger--speaking our tongue? Can he be a spy?

Water--water--!

Shall we judge a man half-dead? Up--and let's bear him to Arthur's castle!
Good sirs! This seems a miracle! I am Carlos, captain of archers for his noble grace—the Duke of Navarra.

Iberia is a land we wit little of, friendly how came ye to learn our language in that far realm?

My grandsire's grandsire had toiled as a Roman slave in the tin mines of Kent! A British maid aided his escape!

--And since that time, my people have kept her language with us—against the day our debt to England might be repaid!

We press no claim for freeing slaves! But what mischance befell ye, captain?

Genseric, King of the Vandals, has swept from his northern lair—landing with his host after smashing the fleet of Navarra.

Dogs of the same black blood, knight—murderers and robbers all!

What? Has some new strife beset my realm?

The Vandals! Are they not of one kin with the Saxons?

His majesty, Arthur the King comes!

While Saxon bones writhe on Salisbury Heath, can we forget the savage steel of these Teutonic plunderers?

We'll turn from no battle, Brian—but shall we risk wayward winds and the hostile sea to aid this foreign duke?

Is fire and pillage foreign to us, knights? Mark me the winds that sweep Navarra—may bluster as strongly over England tomorrow!
Meanwhile—at the Vandal camp on the Biscay coast of Spain—

WHAT IS NAVARRA? AN UNMOUNTED GEM—A BOOTLESS PRIZE?

GENERIC—greatest conqueror of his time—plans a new stroke!

AY SIRE—UNTIL WE SHORTEN THE SEA-ROUTE FROM OUR BALTIC MOORINGS!

FOR SLAVES—FOR SUPPLIES—for an uncontested channel—WE MUST CAPTURE AND HOLD THE SOUTHERN SHORE OF ENGLAND!

MAKE THE GALLEYS READY! WITH A BOLD ASSAULT—WE'LL GAIN WHAT THE DANES AND SAXONS HAVE FAILED AT!

Northward—with the ruddy moon rising like a prophecy over Biscay!

And while the same moon drops a tawny mantle over the walls of Camelot—

HOUR UPON HOUR—THE SHRIIL CLAMOR OF SEABIRDS! IT IS LIKE A VOICE CRYING ITS ALARMA INTO THE NIGHT...
Suddenly—in a dazzling flash—

BRIANE, BEWARE THE STRIFE TO BE, UNLESS YE LEAD THE KNIGHTS TO SEA!

CRRAK!

HERE IS A BIDDING NONE MAY GAINSAY; SENTRY—ROUSE THE CASTLE!

A half-hour later—with scores of armed freemen thronging from cot and hamlet—

ARE THESE HANDS STRANGERS TO STEEL, BRIANE? LET THE OTHER WOMEN BIDE—BUT TAKE ME!

ENOUGH, Tarna! OUR LOW-KEELED SHIPS HAVE HARDLY SPACE FOR THOSE WHO MUST FIGHT?

BRIANE—HOLD! VONDER COMES A PAGE OF THE CASTLE—ASTRIDE YOUR WHITE CHARGER!

WHERE ARTHUR CHOOSES TO BATTLE—WHERE BRIANE FOLLOWS—THERE WE SHALL GO!

YEOMEN AND WARRIORS! I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THIS SUMMONS HOLDS FOR YE—OTHER THAN THE DUTY OF US ALL TO ENGLAND!
Frithee, knights—help me aboard.

Then, nimbly—lad, and thank the saints, the stallion has not trampled ye?

What? Shall a horse recognize me—and my lover not?

By my halidom—Tarna!

Two days later—south of the Breton coast—

Yonder, Briane—where sky meets sea! Do ye mark them?

Galleys, sire—and very like those used by Saxon raiders!

Set your course upon them, helmsmen! Archers—unto the fore deck!

Boldly at them, knights—and let their decks run red!

Vandals, stand to—and smite the first to board!
But the first to board has a blade that strikes like fire!

Scurvy Marauders! Did ye think we Britons would cringe behind our walls?

But the first to board has a blade that strikes like fire!

THIEVING CUR! Thus have I dealt with Saxons!

Generics not aboard this ship, Briane! We'll seek out the treacherous Vandal yet.

Unseen -- Genseric's flagship moves alongside the embattled galley!

Heavily armored -- the Vandal guardsmen advance in a wedge of steel!

Unseen -- Genseric's flagship moves alongside the embattled galley!

Arthur! Back, sire -- or they'll be upon ye!

By his golden crown -- 'tis Arthur! He's worth a hundred lives -- forward, and seize him!

In the next instant --

Cut-throat cullions -- I'll yield not an inch!

Up knights! The king is taken!
But as the knights rush forward——

CAST OFF! HEAVE ON THE POLES!

JACKALS! IF ARTHUR'S HARMED — THE BATTLE SHALL HOLD NO REFUGE FROM ME!

ONE PRISONER IS A WORTHY TEST OF YOUR VALOR, PAGAN!

BUT IF THAT ONE IS A KING — I HAVE DEALT THE FIRST STROKE OF VICTORY!

Aboard Briane's galley...

THIRTY CARS CANNOT KEEP PACE WITH SIXTY, BRIANE! THE VANDALS OUTFUN US!

YET WE SHALL FOLLOW AFTER THEM! HOWEVER MANY VANDALS DIE — THEY SHALL YIELD OUR KING!

GENESERIC'S CAMP CAN MUSTER THOUSANDS, SIR KNIGHT! OUR NINETY MUST BE REINFORCED!

AY... BUT FROM WHAT QUARTER, SIR CAPTAIN OF NAVARRA?

MY ESTATE AT CORDOLA! THERE I HAVE ALLIES WHO ARE A MATCH FOR ANY BLADE — WHO WIELD TWO STOUT WEAPONS AT A STROKE!

DID YE NOT SAY, CARLOS, THAT GENESERIC HAD SLAIN YOUR NAVARRESE WARRIORS TO A MAN?

HA! THESE ARE WARRIORS THE DOG HAS NEVER RECKONED ON!

Next day — almost within sight of the Vandal outposts...
Frowning and snorting behind stout timbers—

FORTY OF THEM, SIR KNIGHT—THE FIERcest STEERS IN ALL NAVARRA!

WE'LL DRIVE THEM HEADLONG INTO THE VANDAL CAMP—AND STRIKE AMID THE TURMOIL!

FITTING ENOUGH, CARLOS--TO PIT CATTLE AGAINST SWINE!

Soon afterward—in a thundering charge—

GUARDSMEN, HO! THE ENGLISH ARE UPON US!

TIME LACKS TO SEARCH A HUNDRED TENTS, VARLET?

SPEAK! WHICH IS THE ONE THAT HOLDS OUR KING?

YONDER—THAT TENT THAT BEARS GENSERIC'S CREST—!
Caught in a battering attack—the vaunted guardsmen give way—AY—AND FOR ARTHUR!

THUS CAN WE STRIKE FOR ENGLAND, VANDAL!

YAAAGH!

WHAT! CAN I NOT DEAL A BLOW OF MY OWN, BRIAN?

POW!

OUR CAPTURED GALLEY WAITS BEYOND, SIRE!

WOULD THAT GENSERIC MIGHT FEEL THIS FINAL BLOW!

At the fringe of the devastated camp—

LET ME VOW IT WITH MY BLOOD, BRITONS—THIS IS A DISHONOR YE'LL REPLY!

That night—bearing swiftly toward England—

MARK ME, SIRE—YE'VE GIVEN THE VANDALS CAUSE FOR BITTER WAR!

While these stout hearts stand ready, a good captain—IT SHALL BE BITTER THAN THEY THINK!

Out of England's lustiest legends comes this new feature! Follow the thrill-packed adventures of the silver knight! Every issue of Wonder Comics!
DICK VAN LOAN AND FRANK HAVENS RELAX IN THEIR EXCLUSIVE CLUB!

They're releasing Killer Kane from jail today! Didn't you... I mean the Phantom... send him up?

Yes... I remember now! Your reporter, Steve Huston, wrote a series of articles on one of the most infamous crime rings dominated by Kane! That started the Phantom off!

Well, five years in jail should have taught him a lesson! I think he'll be a better citizen now!

I'm not so optimistic! Kane was not only a dangerous crook... but smart, as well! I think Judge Bell was too lenient with his sentence! Be on your guard, Frank!

Speaking of Judge Bell reminds me that I promised to drop in and visit him soon! I think I'll run over this afternoon!

Give him my best! Now that he's retired, I imagine he's rather lonely! And remember... watch your step!

At that moment, Killer Kane leaves jail, free once more...

Hi, boys! You're a sight for sore eyes! I guess things are going to pop again!

Hello, boys! Get into the car! You're not the company I'm supposed to keep!

Well, reorganize the rackets! But the first thing I want is revenge on those who took five years of my life... Frank Havens, Steve Huston... and the Phantom Detective!

They won't expect me to start anything so soon, so I'm going to work fast! We'll start with small fry... like Judge Bell!

I wouldn't want to be in his shoes!
The Home of Judge Bell...

Thanks, Jason! You can put it right there... the front door bell!

I'll see who it is, sir!

Yes, what is... UGH!

Relax, Sonny! We'll announce ourselves!

Who... what is the meaning of this?

You'll find out!

Take a look, Judge! I'm collecting for five years... with interest!

Kane!

For a half hour, only a deathlike stillness hangs over the house! Then...

Ohh... my head... what is that... the bell... it's ringing again!

No... n- Arghh!...
IS JUDGE BELL
WHAT HAPPENED
JASON?

MR. HAVENS! THANK
HEAVENS! SOMETHING
HAS HAPPENED TO THE
JUDGE... SOME THUGS
CAME AND... AND...

HE... HE'S
DEAD!

YES... POOR DEVIL!
MURDERED IN COLD
BLOOD! I THINK THIS
IS SOMETHING FOR
THE PHANTOM
DETECTIVE!

THIS IS MR. HAVENS,
JACKSON! SEND OUT
A CALL FOR THE
PHANTOM!

SECONDS LATE, A SHORT WAVE
MESSAGE BEGINS TO CRACKLE THROUGH
THE ETHER!

CALLING THE PHANTOM!
CALLING THE PHANTOM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TUNE
IN ON MY SHORT WAVE, AND SEE
IF ANYTHING IS UP!

CONTACT!

CALLING THE PHANTOM!
CALLING THE PHANTOM!

IT'S FROM FRANK HAVENS
HE WANTS THE PHANTOM!
I JUST LEFT HIM... GREAT
SCOTT! COULD KANE
HAVE STRUCK SO
SOON?

INSTANTLY, THE PHANTOM GOES
INTO ACTION! A QUICK DASH TO
HIS APARTMENT AND THEN A
DISguise!

THERE... THAT
CLAY WILL CHANGE THE
CONTOURS OF MY FACE...
NOW A LITTLE HAIR DYE...
A MOUSTACHE... AND A
BUSINESS MAN
EMERGES!
Minutes later, the Phantom is in the study of Frank Havens...

The murderer was a cold-blooded killer! According to the butler, he wore a mask...so that his face couldn't be seen! I feel pretty badly about this... Bell was a good friend of mine!

That mask indicates that the killer was known by Bell—he didn't want the butler to see his face. Either! Revenge seemed to be the only motive!

Then, you feel it? Kane

Yes! He knows... Nobody would suspect him of starting anything so soon! He's smart enough to strike now! Steve Huston should be put on his guard!

Meanwhile, in the city room of the Daily Clarion...

Say, Mr. Huston, there's a man outside that says he wants to see you! Funny looking guy... but he says it's important!

Did he say what he wanted? Never mind—I'll see him!

I know of your reputation for smashing crime rings, Mr. Huston, and I have valuable information for you and the paper! Don't be afraid... spill it!

I'm sure I've been followed! Someone may be watching me now! Forgive my precautions... but my car is right at the curb! Can't we talk there?

You don't have to worry about... oh, all right! Who's following you?

This is it! Please get in, Mr. Huston!
DON'T MOVE, SONNY! I GOT AN ITCHY FINGER!

I WOULDN'T MAKE ANY OUTCRY, EITHER! THE GUNS HAVE SILENCERS! GET GOING, BUTTONS!

WH... WHAT'S THE IDEA?

THIS IS THE IDEA! CATCH ON?

KILLER KANE!

NUMBER TWO ON THE LIST!

OHHHHH!

WHACK!

TELL HUSTON I WANT TO SEE HIM AT ONCE!

HE WENT DOWNSTAIRS A FEW MINUTES AGO, MR. HAVENS! I'LL HAVE SOMEONE SEND HIM UP!

YES SIR, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED! THIS BEARDED MAN CAME AND ASKED FOR MR. HUSTON AND THEN HE WENT DOWN WITH HIM!

I SAW BOTH OF THEM GET INTO THIS LIMOUSINE AND DRIVE OFF, MR. HAVENS!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PHANTOM?

STEVE WOULDN'T GO OFF WITHOUT TAKING HIS JACKET! HE EXPECTED TO BE BACK IN MINUTES! KILLER KANE HAS STEVE HUSTON IN HIS CLUTCHES!

Then the pattern is clear! You and I are probably on the list, too! What are we going to do?
MR. HAVENS... A MESSENGER JUST BROUGHT THIS NOTE! IT'S FROM STEVE HUSTON!

LET'S SEE IT!

IT'S A TYPED WRITTEN NOTE... ANYONE COULD HAVE SENT IT!

Have stumbled on a big story! Need your help before it breaks! Please meet me at once at 88 Cherry street... apt. 3a! Come yourself and do not say anything about this!

Steve Huston.

IT'S AN ATTEMPT TO TRAP YOU! STAY HERE... I'LL GO INSTEAD! I'LL PHONE YOU AT YOUR HOUSE!

A SHORT TIME LATER...

THIS IS THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT... AND IT'S NOT VERY APPETIZING! WELL... HERE GOES!

IT'S LOCKED!

NO CLOSED DOOR EVER STOPPED THE PHANTOM... AH... THERE IT IS!
DASH BACK TO THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE...

Maybe I'm not too late! If Havens is only at his office... I may still be able to save him! Kane outsmarted me this time!

DID MR. HAVENS LEAVE THE BUILDING?

YES, SIR... HE DID! ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO! SAID HE WAS GOING HOME!

GREETINGS, PHANTOM! IF YOU GET PAST THE "RECEPTIONIST" IN ONE PIECE, THIS IS TO LET YOU KNOW THAT YOUR FRIEND HAVENS IS IN OUR CARE! WE KNEW HE WOULD SEND YOU IN HIS PLACE, LEAVING HIMSELF WITHOUT THE PROTECTION OF THE WATCHFUL PHANTOM!
THERE'S HAVEN'S CAR!

HMM... ACCORDING TO THOSE TIRE MARKS, THEY OVERTOOK HIS CAR AND THEN FORCED IT OFF THE ROAD!

THERE'S SOME HAIR AND A SPLATCH OF BLOOD ON HIS SEAT! EVIDENTLY THEY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM AND SLUGGED HIM!

MINUTES LATER, THE PHANTOM STOPS BEFORE THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE OF HIS HOUSE... HAVEN'S AND HUXTON ARE BOTH IN MORTAL DANGER! THE ONLY WAY TO GET A LEAD ON THEIR WHEREABOUTS IS THROUGH THE UNDERWORLD!

IN HIS APARTMENT, THE PHANTOM ASSUMES A NEW DISGUISE!

I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SEND 'GUNNER MCGLONE' OUT TO CONTACT THE UNDERWORLD! SOMEBODY IN THAT CROOKS' HANGOUT KNOWN AS 'MICKEY'S' SHOULD KNOW SOMETHING!

SHORTLY AFTER, THE PHANTOM PARKS HIS CAR NEAR MICKEY'S CAFE...

IF I DON'T GET A LEAD HERE... THEN I WON'T GET IT ANYWHERE! HERE GOES!
I hear Killer Kane is out of the can! I sure would like to tie up with his mob! Know where he is?

So you're trying to put the finger on Killer now! Why, you dirty little stool pigeon...

No... no, Charley! Ya got me all wrong! I think he's a great guy... honest! Ya got me all wrong! Nobody would double-cross Killer Kane!

I'll take over, Charley!

Whatever you say, Blackie!

Blackie! You... you used to work with Killer! On the level, Blackie... he's got me all wrong!

So you want to join Killer's mob?

Yeah... I'd do anything to show I'm all right! Why... I'd even pull a killing for Kane!

Wait a minute, Gunner! I'll phone the boss... and see what he says!

Listen, boss... I got a mug here who'd be willing to knock off Huston and Havens for us! We could put the cops on his tail then and throw suspicion off us!

Sounds good... bring him up here!
C'MON, GUNNER! IT'S OKAY... THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YA!

GEB -- TANKS, BLACKIE! YOU WON'T BE SORRY... I'LL PROVE IT TO YA!

HUM?

DIG IT!

SOMETHING HAPPENED...

THANKS, BLACKIE! THAT'S ALL THE PHANTOM WANTED TO KNOW!

YA MEAN THIS DUMP IS WHERE KILLER LIVES?

SURE -- IT'S A GOOD HIDE-OUT!

LEF!

SOMETHING HAPPENED...

THE PHANTOM QUICKLY CARRIES THE UNCONSCIOUS GANGSTER TO HIS CAR!

HE'LL BE SAFE THERE A WHILE! NOW TO GET THAT SHORT WAVE SET OF MINE WORKING!

THIS IS THE PHANTOM CALLING THE POLICE... PHANTOM CALLING... COME TO 22 MILLER STREET FOR MURDERERS OF JUDGE BELL... HURRY!

NOW I CAN GET OUT OF THIS COSTUME!
DASHING QUICKLY BACK TO THE TENEMENT...
THEM THEY'RE IN THERE! THAT'S THE KILLER'S VOICE!
WHERE THE DEVIL IS BLACKIE? IT'S TAKING HIM A LONG TIME TO GET HERE FROM DOWNSTAIRS!

HE IS NOW!

HELLO, KILLER! REMEMBER THIS?

THE PHANTOM!

THE BARKING OF GUNS SHATTERS THE STUNNED SILENCE!
GET HIM!

WHY... THE... OHHHHH... MY HAND!

DON'T MOVE... OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!

SMACK!

AT THAT MOMENT, THE POLICE COME FLOWING IN!

THERE ARE YOUR KILLER'S INSPECTOR. YOU'LL FIND ANOTHER ONE SLIGHTLY ON THE BATTERED SIDE IN MY CAR DOWNSTAIRS!
LOOKS LIKE YOU BEAT US TO THE PUNCH, PHANTOM! HOWEVER, THE POLICE WILL SEE THAT KANE DOESN'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE TO PULL HIS FANCY TRICKS!

AS LONG AS DANGEROUS, DESPERATE CRIMINALS THINK THEY CAN BREAK THE LAW, THE PHANTOM WILL ALWAYS BE ON THE JOB!
The Mason family was moving in on the Flying M. Young Fred Mason was pleased with the idea. His father had purchased a herd of fifty cattle from a stock dealer in the railroad town, and was driving them out to the tumble-down house that would soon be renovated.

"I'm going to raise that calf over there," Fred told his father, pointing to one of the animals. "It seems to be a weakling, but I'm sure I can look after it."

Mr. Mason had no objection. He wanted his children to be interested in things about the ranch. It was a tired family that finally went to bed that night after turning the small cattle and horse herd into the corral.

Early next morning, Fred Mason made a disastrous discovery. The cattle were gone! He roused his father and the older man came running out. They saw where the trail moved across the fields and out of sight.

"Golly," Mr. Mason said. "I heard those cattle bawling, but I thought they were just restless. I'll go for the sheriff."

Mr. Mason caught up a horse and started out on the five-mile trip to town. In the meantime Fred was trying to think of some way to help. The sheriff finally arrived with a posse. He turned to Mr. Mason and asked:

"What does your Flying M brand look like, Mr. Mason?"

"Brand?" replied Mason. "I didn't get to brand any of them cattle. Does that make any difference?"

"I'll say it does," the sheriff replied. "If some fellow picked up your herd and slapped his own brand on it we wouldn't have a chance in the world of getting it back."

Fred Mason saw the disappointment in his father's face. But he suddenly thought of something. He said: "Let's follow the trail anyway. I think I can get our cattle back."

Sheriff Turner was willing, and the posse rode away with Mr. Mason and Fred accompanying them.

Now and then Fred called attention to several small circles in the dust.

"Looks like your cattle are heading for the Rocking S," the sheriff said. "Old Man Schmidt drove the old owners off the Flying M, but no one could ever put the dead wood on him."

Inside the boundaries of the Rocking S, the Masons and the sheriff discovered a group of cowboys, bossed by Gus Schmidt, working around a branding fire. "Them's our cattle," Fred Mason said soberly.

The sheriff and the men rode up and Turner asked: "Where at did you get them cattle, Gus?"

"Bought 'em over East," Gus Schmidt replied. "Slick-hided and slick-eared. I'm branding and ear-marking right now. Why?"

"Mr. Mason, here, lost some cattle last night. Figured these might be them."

Gus Schmidt bristled: Fred Mason finally spotted the weakling calf, and lifted one hoof. Gus Schmidt rode over to him and shouted: "Get away from there."

Sheriff Turner came up and asked: "What've you found, son?"

"It's the calf I've been caring for. He had a split hoof. I've been holding it together with chicken wire. That's why there were those circles in the dust when we followed the trail. Is that brand enough?"

Gus Schmidt whipped out his gun, but the sheriff's posse had him and his men covered. Old Man Schmidt had rustled his neighbors once too often. A smile crossed Mason's face as he patted young Fred on the shoulder.

Fred Mason Matches Wits With A Rustler!
LITTLE LEGENDS

IN A LITTLE VILLAGE, A STRANGE JEWELLED CHEST WAS DISCOVERED BY SOME WORKING MEN!

THE CHEST CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THE VILLAGERS, BECAUSE IT WAS BELIEVED TO CONTAIN A VALUABLE TREASURE...

IT CONTAINS GOLD! NO SILVER!

BUT NO ONE SEEMED TO KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT!

MAGIC WORDS WILL OPEN IT.

ALL SORTS OF SUGGESTIONS WERE MADE — BUT NONE WAS USED, BECAUSE THEY WERE THOUGHT HARMFUL TO THE TREASURE IN THE CHEST!

EXPLOSIVE!

THERE WAS ARGUING EVERYWHERE AMONG THE VILLAGERS ABOUT HOW THE CHEST COULD BE OPENED — WHEN THE VILLAGE IDIOT HAPPENED ALONG...

EVING THE CHEST HE WALKED UP TO IT...

AND SIMPLY LIFTED THE LID...

THE MYSTERIOUS CHEST WAS OPEN!

WHAT SEEMS TO BE MOST DIFFICULT IS OFTEN MOST SIMPLE!
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