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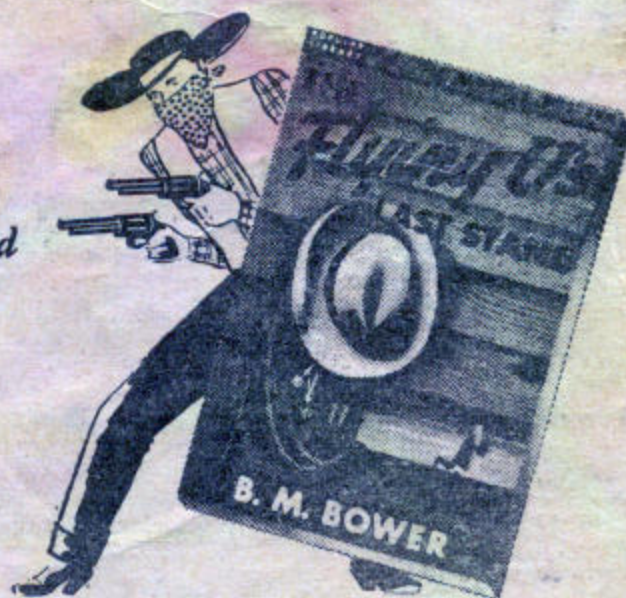


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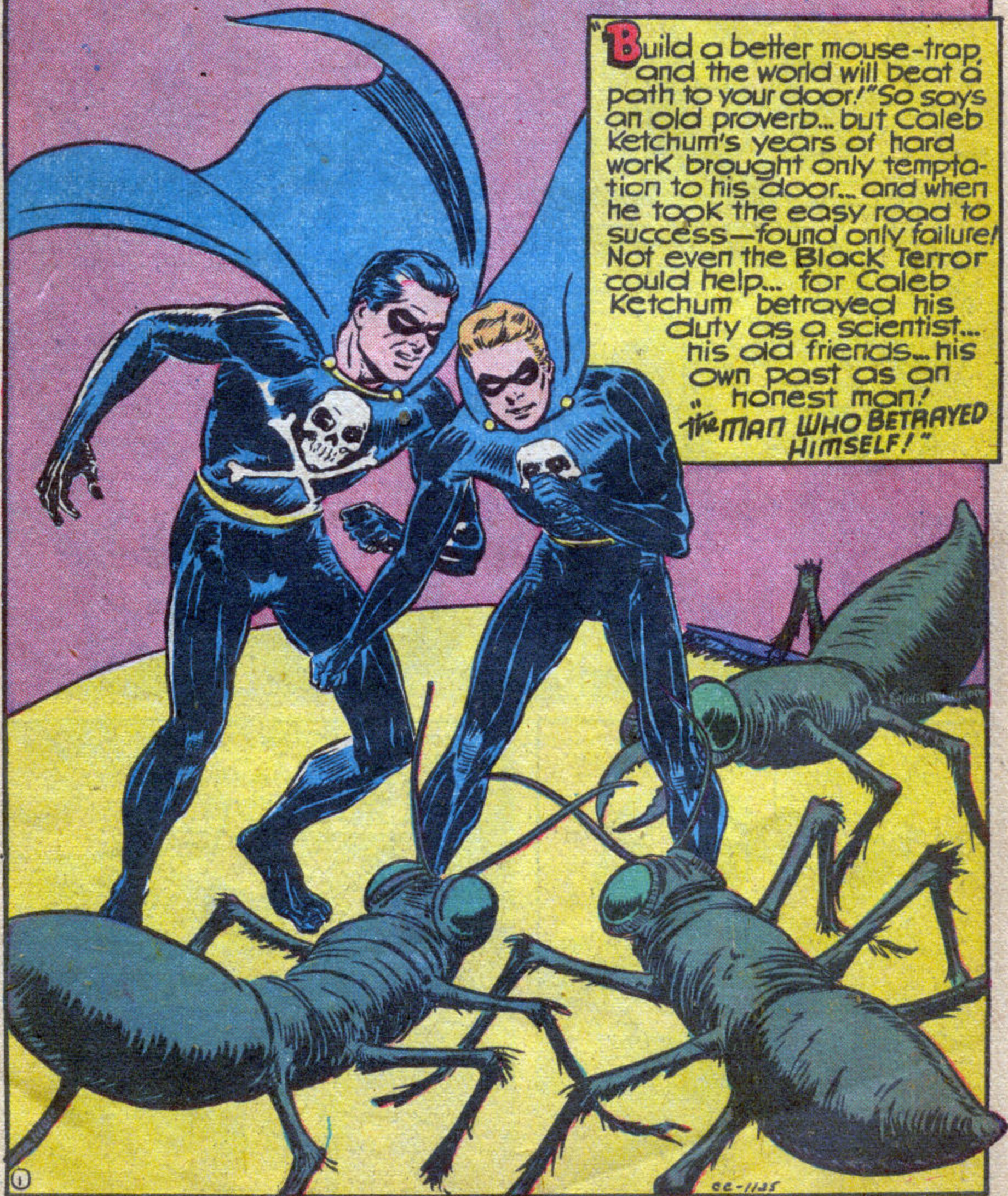
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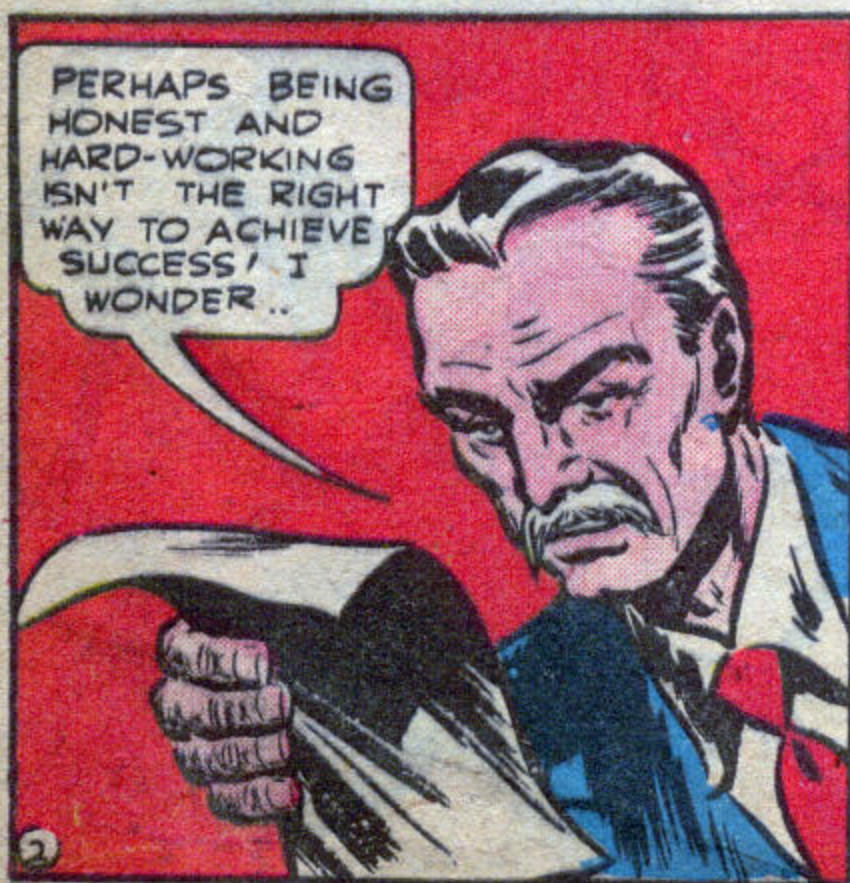
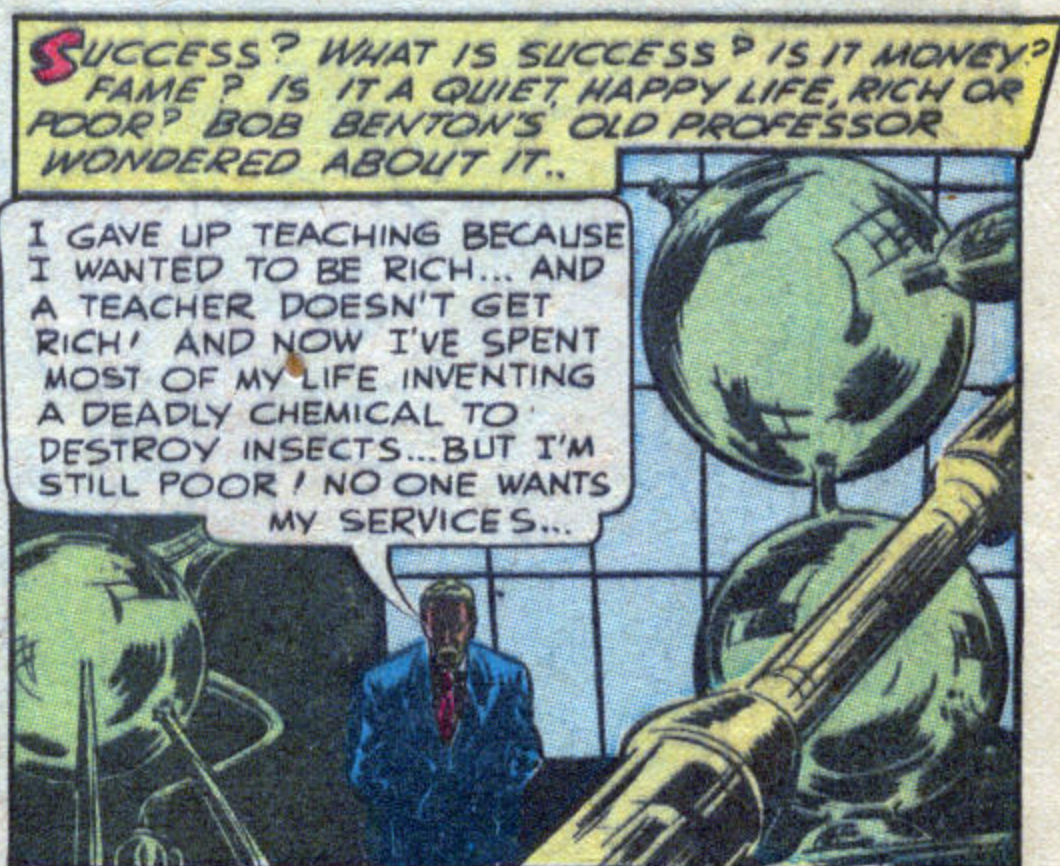
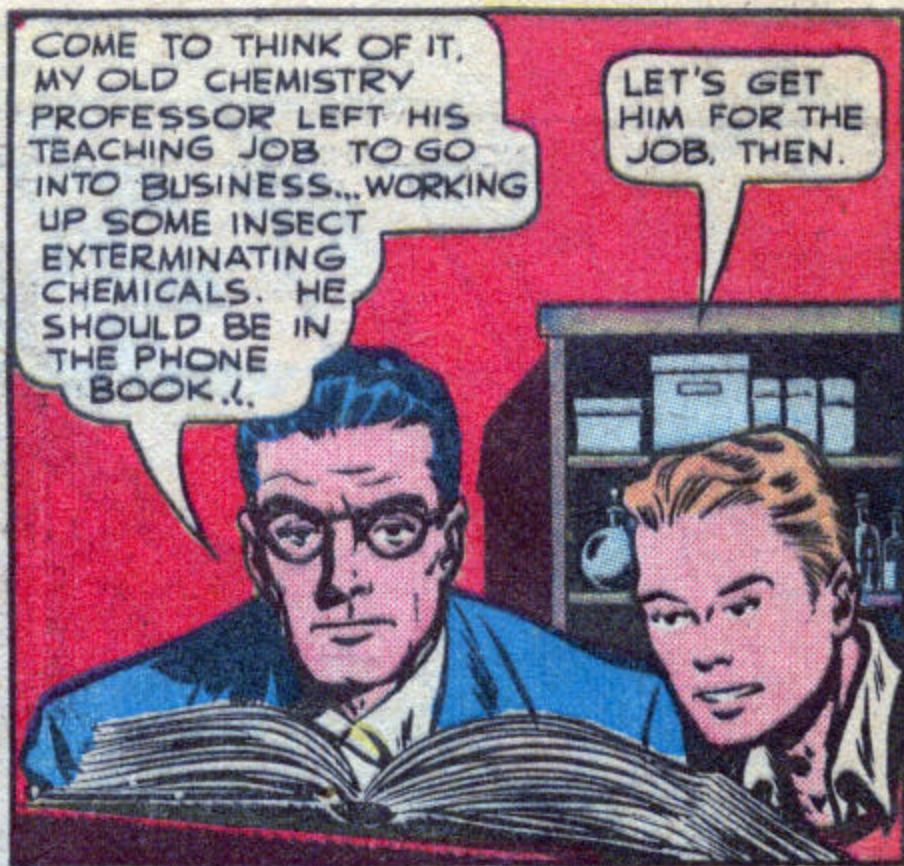
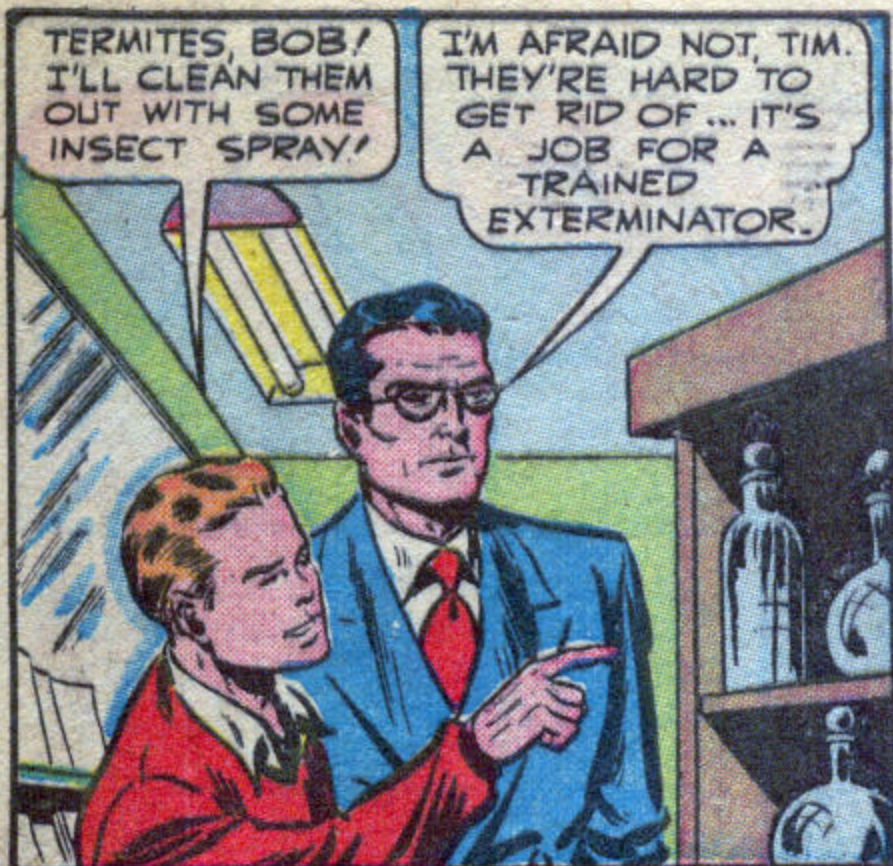
No C.O.D.'s please.

ORDER BY NUMBER
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

The BLACK TERROR

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!

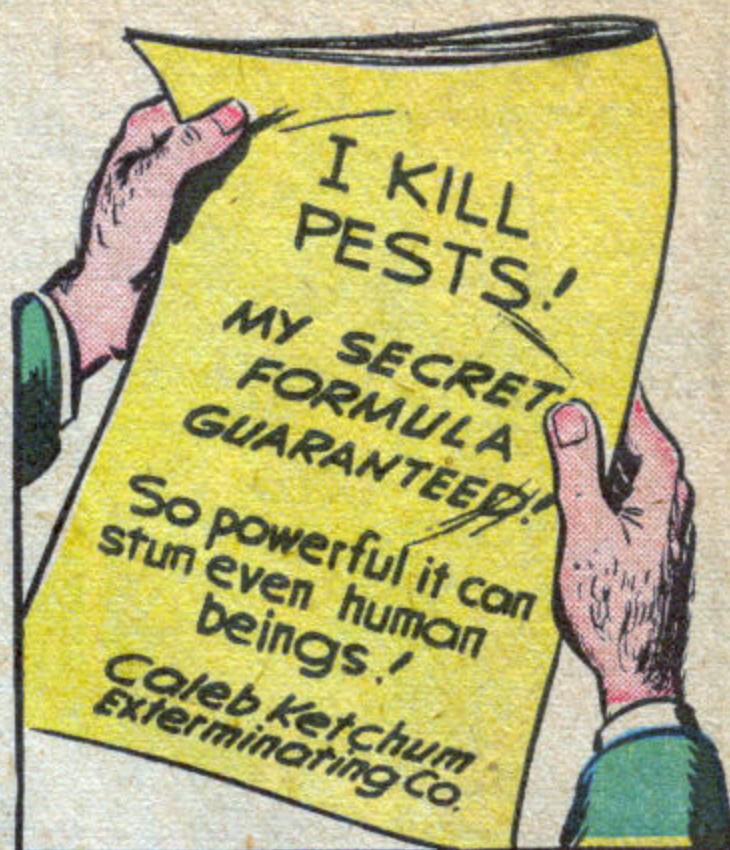




BUT CALEB KETCHUM'S LUCK WAS ABOUT TO TAKE A TURN...

ANYTHING IMPORTANT IN DA MAIL, BOSS?

NO, NOTHING... THIS SCREWY ADVERTISING CIRCULAR... HMM... TAKE A LOOK AT IT, JOE!



SO WHAT, BOSS? SO DA LUG CAN KNOCK OFF BUGS! SO WHAT GOOD IS IT TO US?

IT STUNS HUMAN BEINGS, JOE! 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?



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!

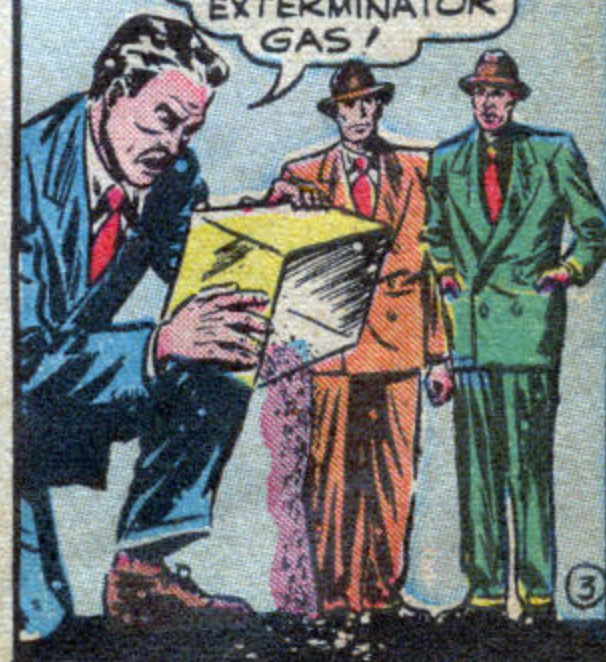


GOT YOUR CIRCULAR, MR. KETCHUM. DOES IT REALLY WORK AS GOOD AS YOU CLAIM?

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!



WELL, IF YOUR GAS WORKS... WELL, I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE REAL MONEY! AND LOTS OF IT!

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?



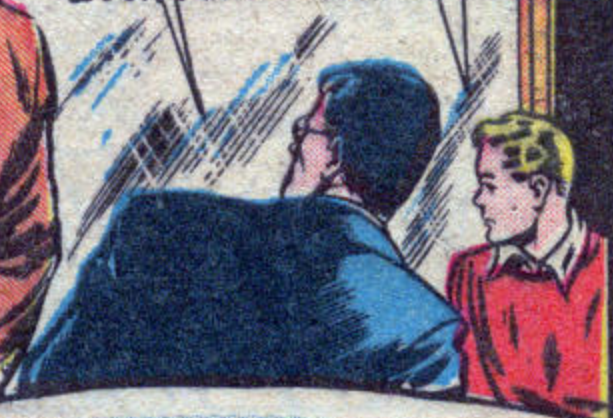
WHY--WHY, YOUR BUSINESS IS KILLING PEOPLE! I-- I OUGHT TO SEND FOR THE POLICE!

...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!

I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK! GO TO THE COPS AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN...

CALED KETCHUM WOW! IT MUST BE A STICKUP, BOB! EXTERMINATION



SWIFTLY BOB AND TIM STRIP TO... THE TERROR TWINS!

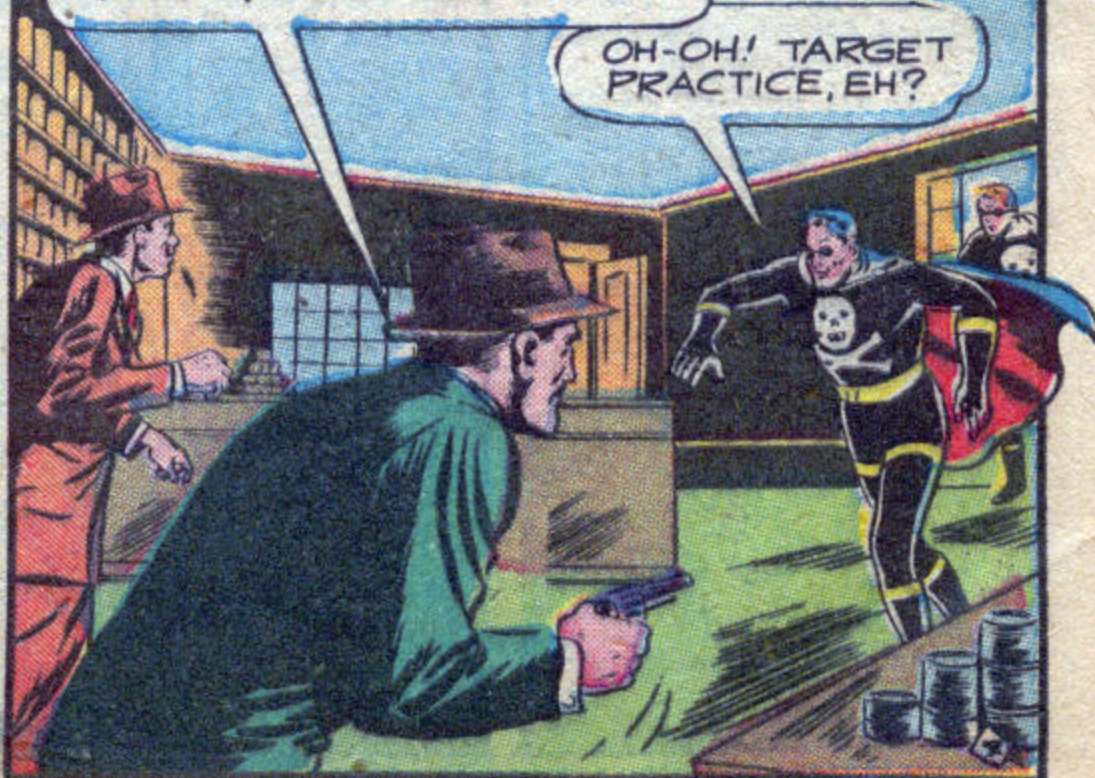
HURRY, TIM! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

RIGHT, TERROR!



THE BLACK TERROR! QUICK, JOE--GET HIM!

OH-OH! TARGET PRACTICE, EH?





HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS, BUB!

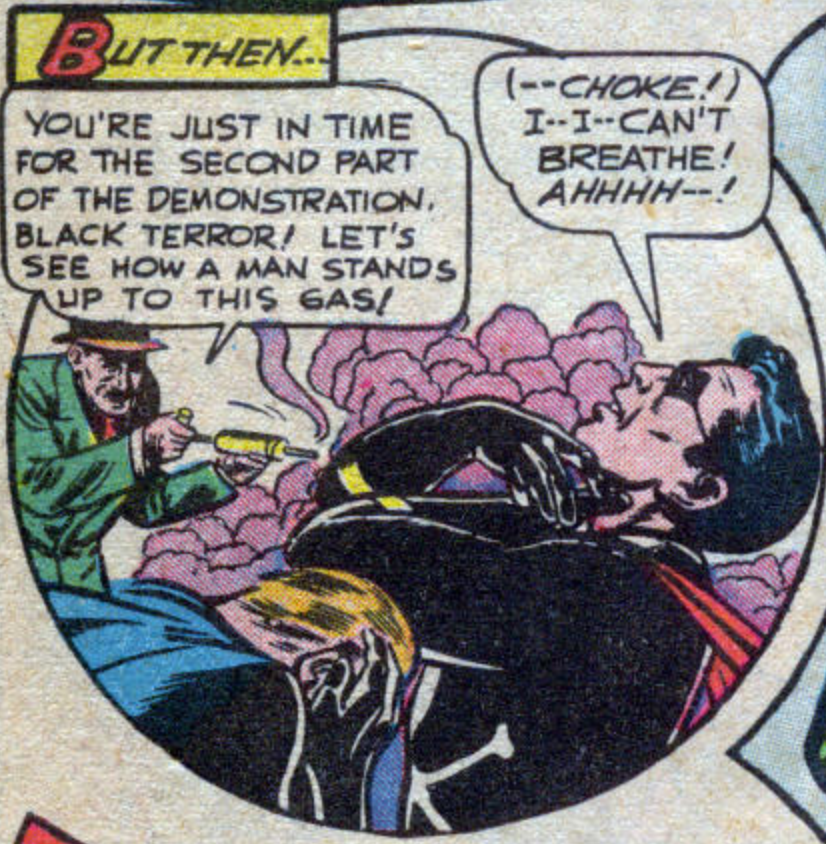
PAL, YOU'RE TOO CROOKED TO SHOOT STRAIGHT!



DON'T LET THIS UPSET YOU, CHUM!

YAAGHH!

POW



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!



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

WHEW!
MY HEAD'S STILL SPINNING!



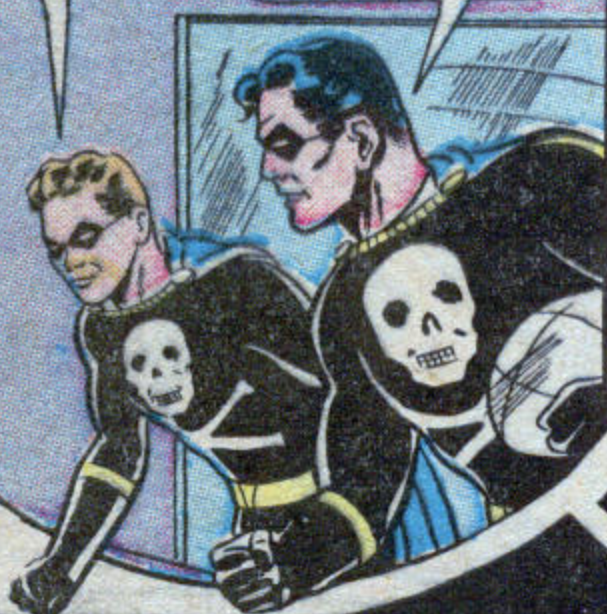
SHORTLY...

I CAN GUARANTEE THIS TERMITE 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 LYING TO ME!



AFTER THE TERROR TWINS LEFT...

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...

T-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--CACOBANE-- 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 CACOBANE 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--CACOBANE-- WAS USED IN ALL OF THOSE CHEMICAL-SPRAY KILLINGS! AND THAT TERMITE-KILLER KETCHUM GAVE US CONTAINS -- CACOBANE!

SSHHH, 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! CACOBANE!



THEN...

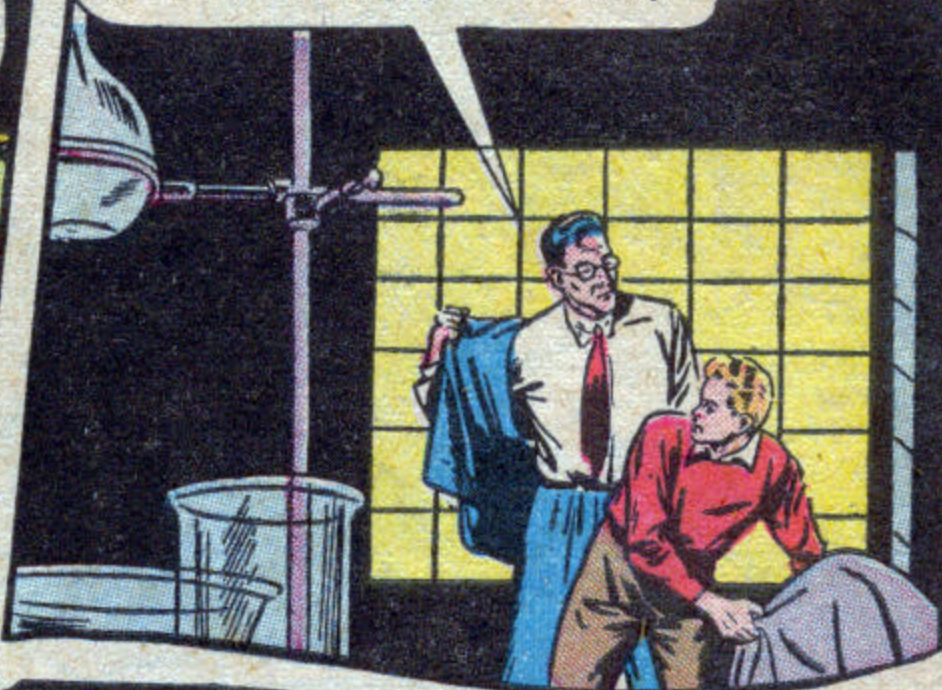
GOLLY, BOB--
WHAT'S THE IDEA?
THAT'S NOT
CACOBANE!

I'LL SAY IT ISN'T! I'M
GIVING HIM A DRUG
WHICH WILL **GLOW**
ON A DARK STREET--
WHEN WE TRAIN A
BLACKLIGHT BULB
ON IT!



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!

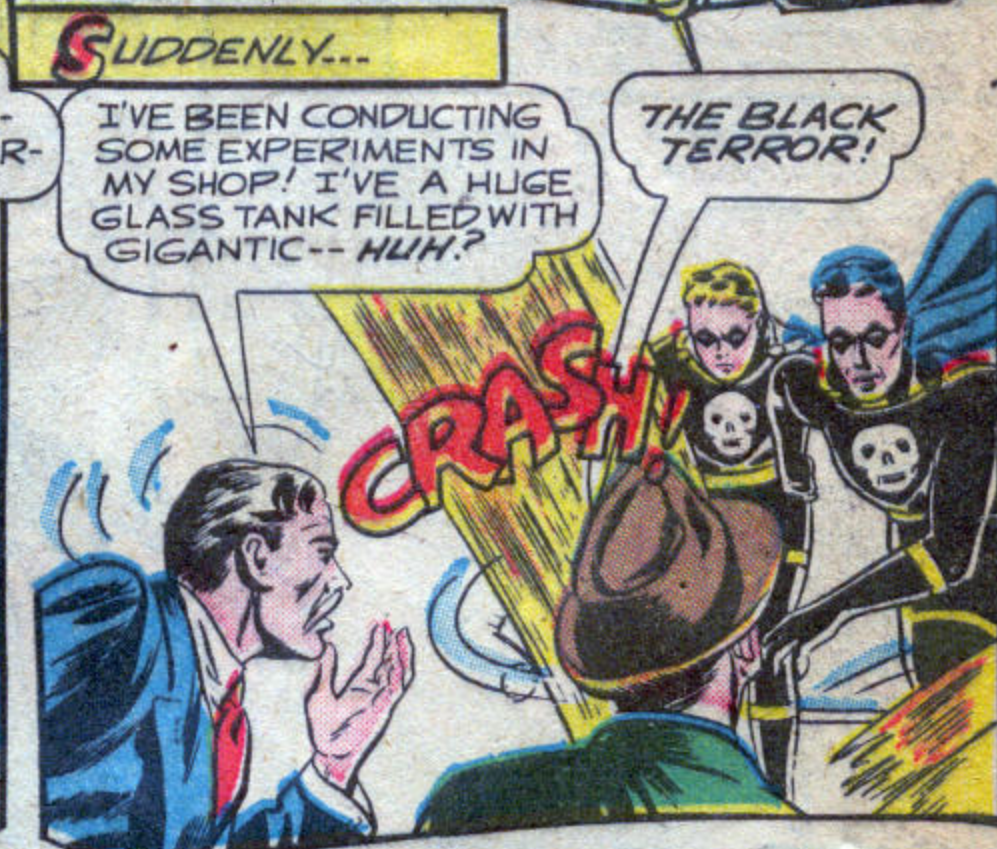


**WHILE JUST AHEAD OF THE
TERROR TWINS...**

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

WHA--!!!
HELP!





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!

JEEPERS!
LOOK AT DOSE
NIPPERS, BOSS!

AND THEN...

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

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

MIGHTY CLEVER,
AREN'T YOU?

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

UGHH!

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!

SWOOSH!

SMACK!

PLOP!



THE BLACK TERROR'S AMAZING ADVENTURES APPEAR REGULARLY IN EVERY ISSUE OF **EXCITING COMICS!**

STOLEN BOMB

By
Frank
Roslyn



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 half-way 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!"

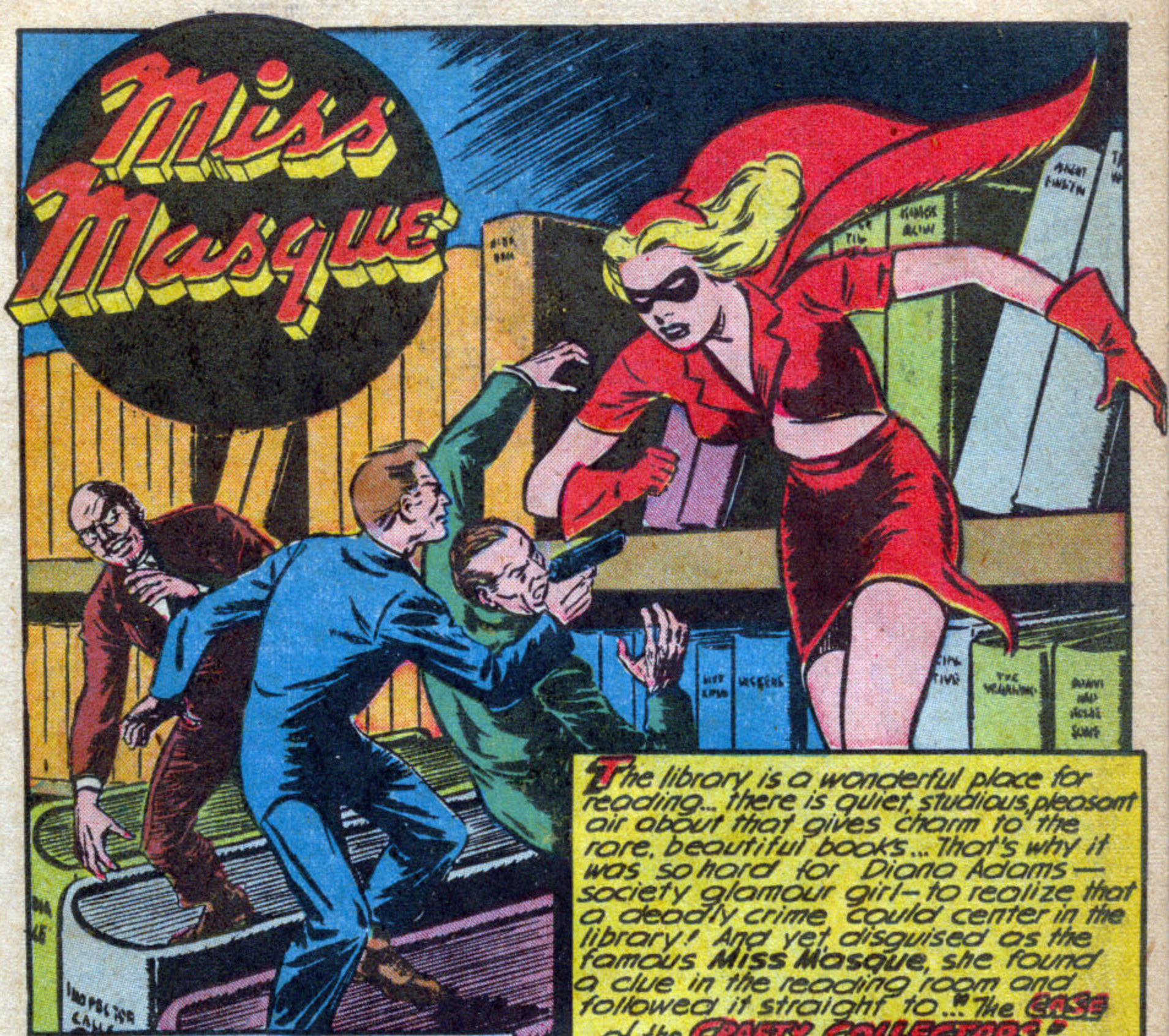
Fred and Joe threw up their hands. The guard recognized Gene Caldwell and asked:

"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.

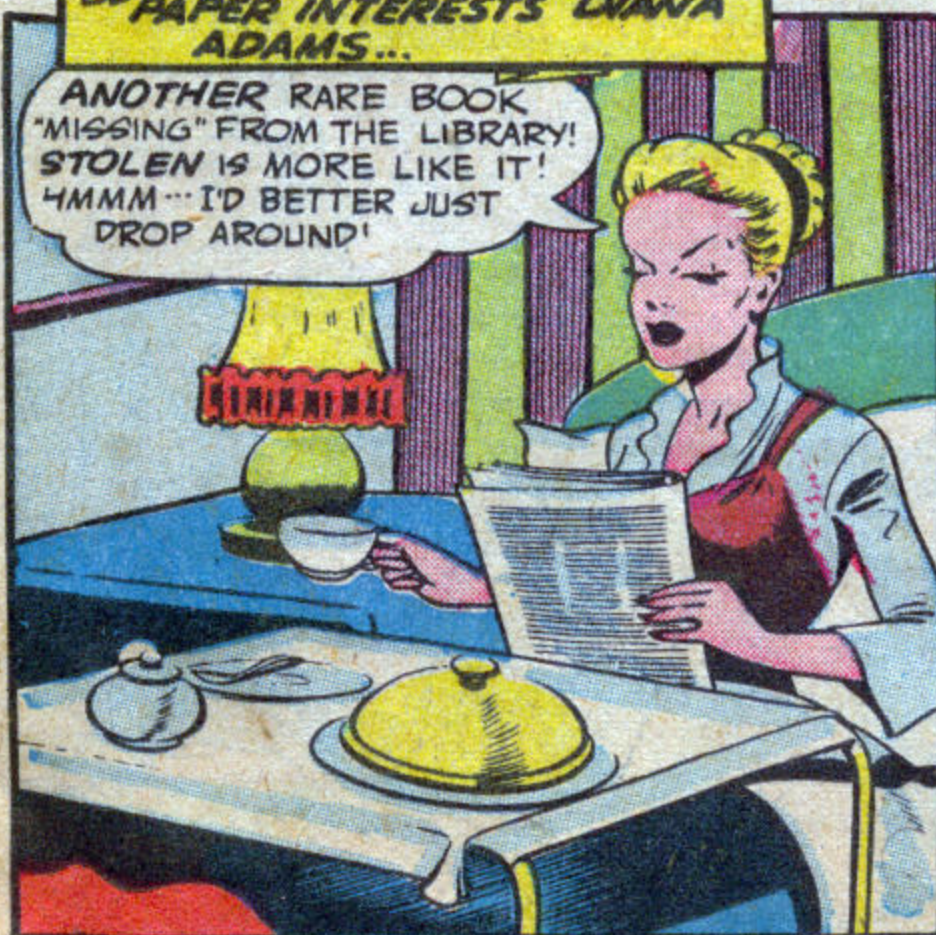
The Ticking Explosive Was Just Too Hot to Handle!



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, NOOOO... 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!



MY...AN EDITION SUPPOSEDLY
PRINTED BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
DURING REVOLUTIONARY TIMES!
THIS SHOULD BE INTERESTING!
HMM...THEY'VE PUT A STANDARD
BINDING ON
IT!



OHhhh...!
EXCUSE
ME!

WHA...!?



WHY DON'TCHA
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE GOING?

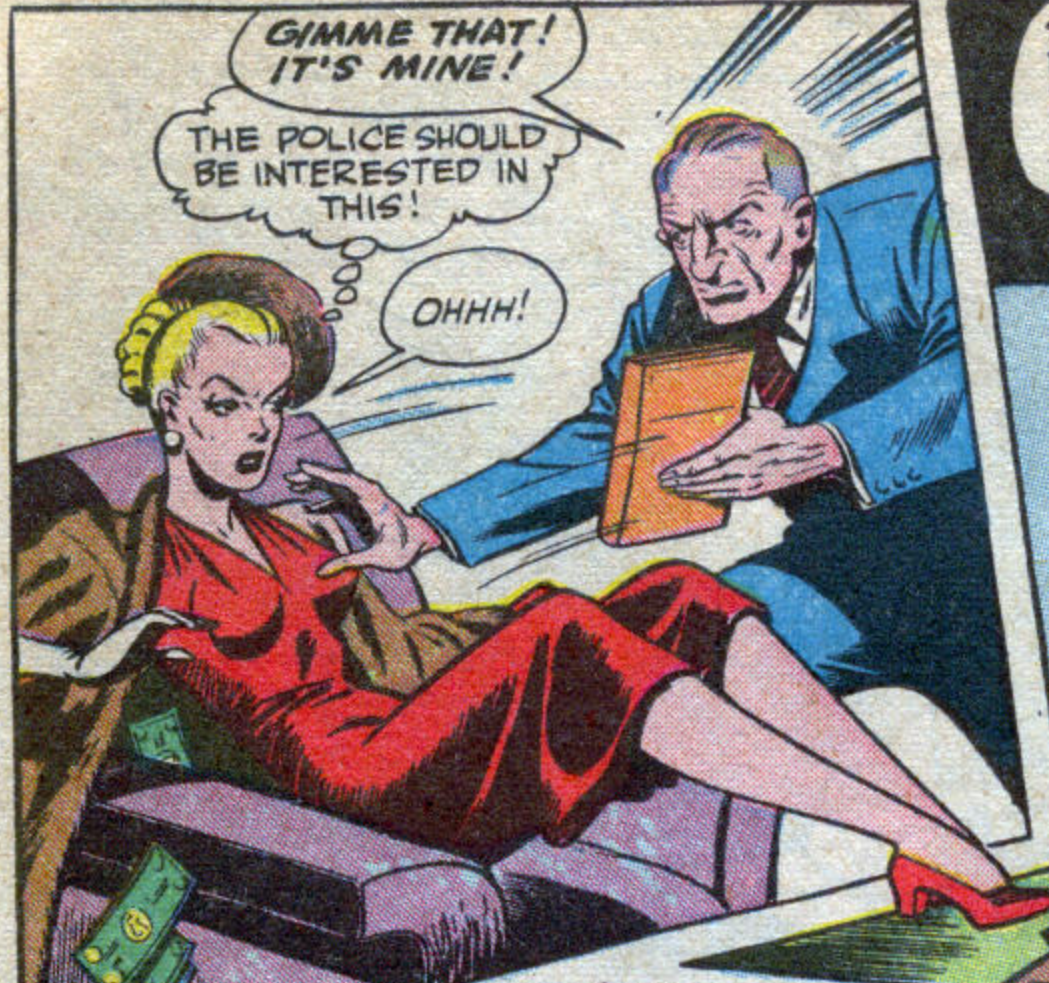
WELL...I CAN
SEE THE AGE OF
CHIVALRY IS REALLY
DEAD!



I WONDER WHAT HE'S
DOING...! MONEY!?
HUNDRED DOLLAR
BILLS!

"HEARTS AFLAME"... HMM...
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 DEPART-
MENT! HMMMMM...!





GIMME THAT!
IT'S MINE!

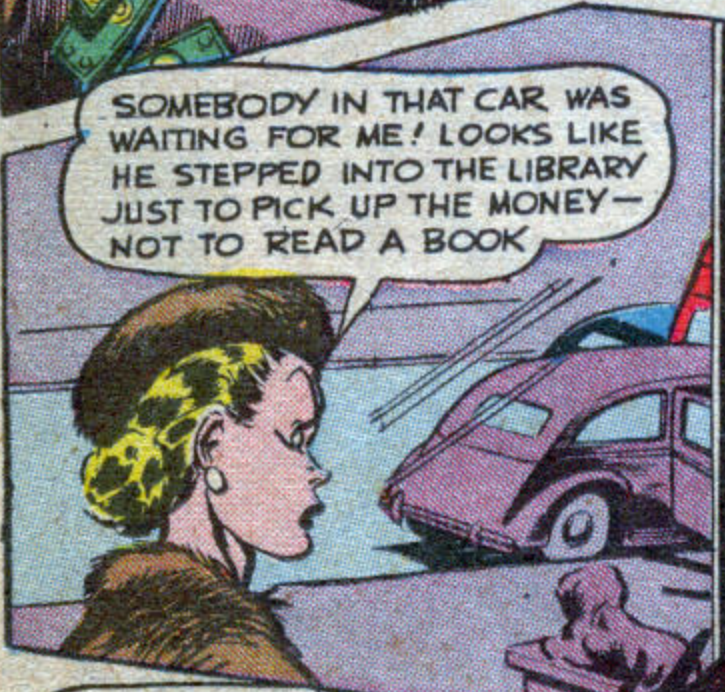
THE POLICE SHOULD
BE INTERESTED IN
THIS!

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!



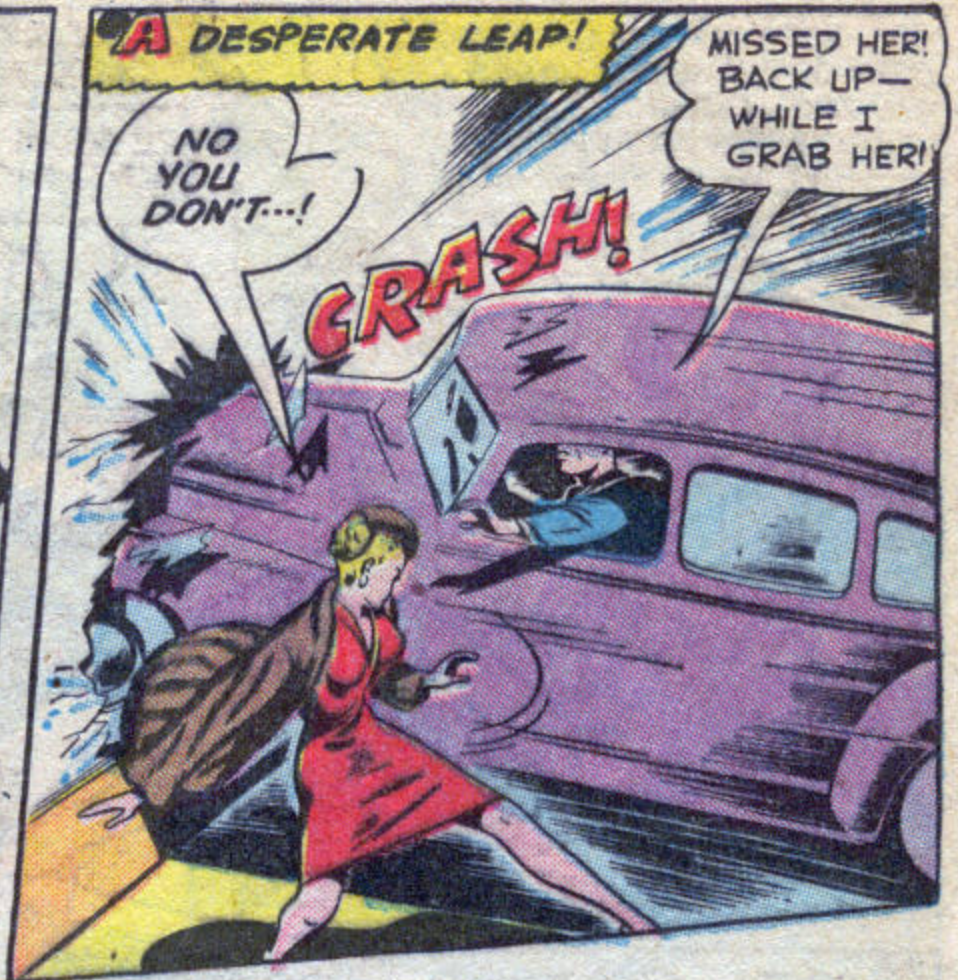
IT'S GONE!
THE DOUGH'S
MISSING!

THAT GIRL
MUST HAVE
GOT IT!



THERE SHE
IS...! SEE?
FOLLOW
HER!

DRIVE 'ON
THE
SIDEWALK
AND SLAM
INTO HER!



YES...HERE IT IS! WE ONLY HAVE ONE COPY OF "HEARTS AFLAME"...AND IT WAS TAKEN OUT ON DR. MAGGIE'S CARD! HERE'S HIS ADDRESS!

THANK YOU...!

DR. MAGGIE--
THE RARE BOOK
COLLECTOR!



**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 I'LL
SEE WHAT COOKS
IN DR. MAGGIE'S
LITTLE DEN!



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

FRIDAY--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'VE
BEEN 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!**

ARRGGHH!

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!

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---!

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 FEAR SHE IS ABOUT TO LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS!

KNOCKOUT GAS! OHHHH! AGHHH-GHHN...!

HAW! HAW! SHE FELL FOR IT!

PFFT!

MINUTES LATER...

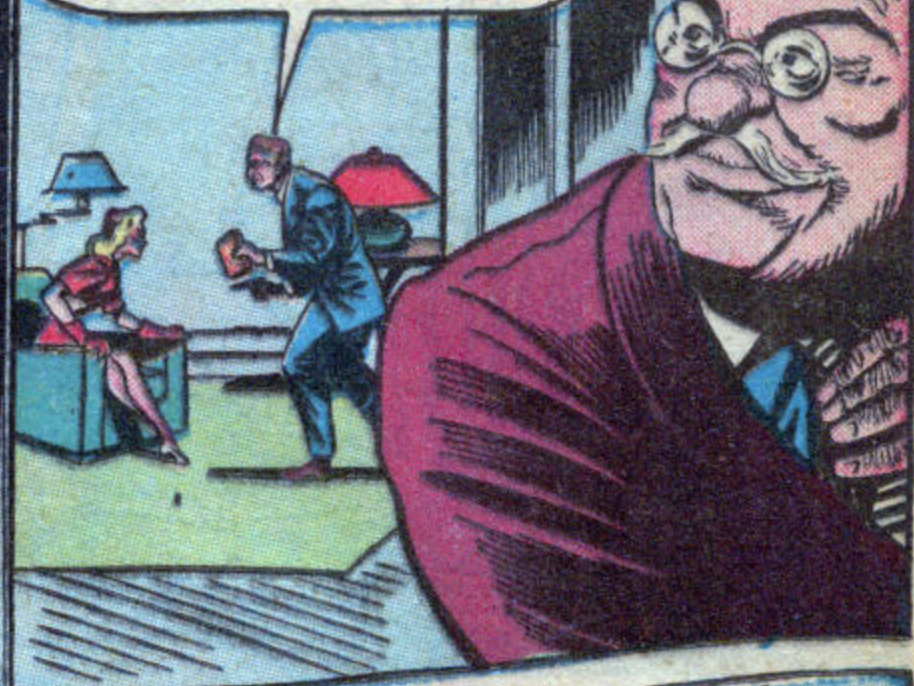
SHE'S COMING TO! GUARD HER WHILE I CHANGE! IF SHE GETS BORED... GIVE HER THIS BOOK! SHE'LL FIND IT **QUITE STIMULATING!**

TSK,TSK...SEE WHAT HAPPENS
TO LITTLE GIRLS WHO DON'T
MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS!

FUNNY,AREN'T YOU?...
WHERE'S THE LITTLE
GENIUS?



HE JUST WENT TO CHANGE HIS CLOTHES
---BEFORE HE GIVES YA HIS
POISONAL ATTENTION! HERE
---HE SAID TO GIVE YA THIS SO
YOU SHOULDN'T BE BORED!



MUST BE ANOTHER
TRICK BOOK!LOOK
AT HIM, WAITING FOR
SOMETHING TO
HAPPEN!



SUPPOSE
YOU READ
THE FIRST
PAGE!

NO...!



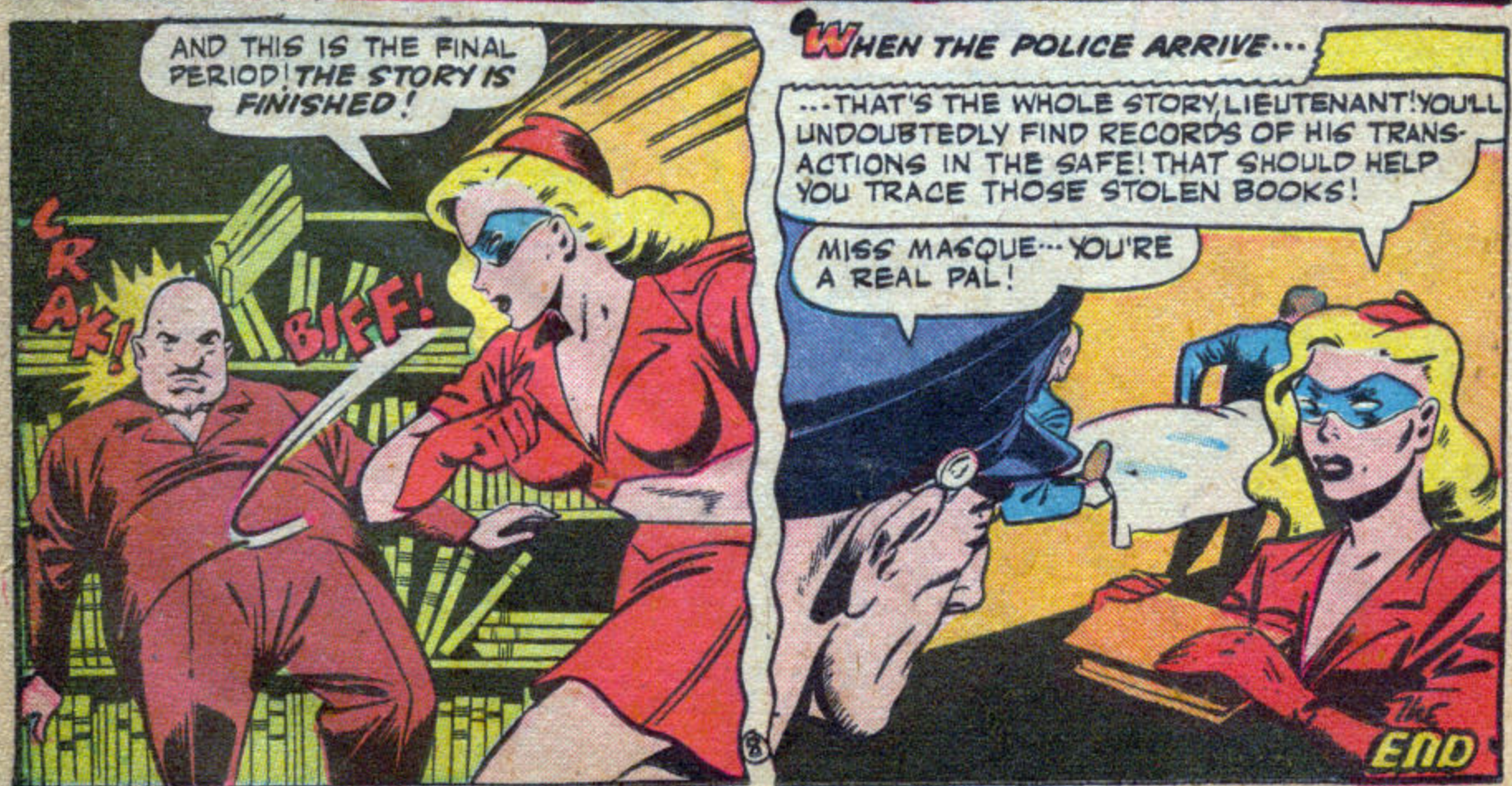
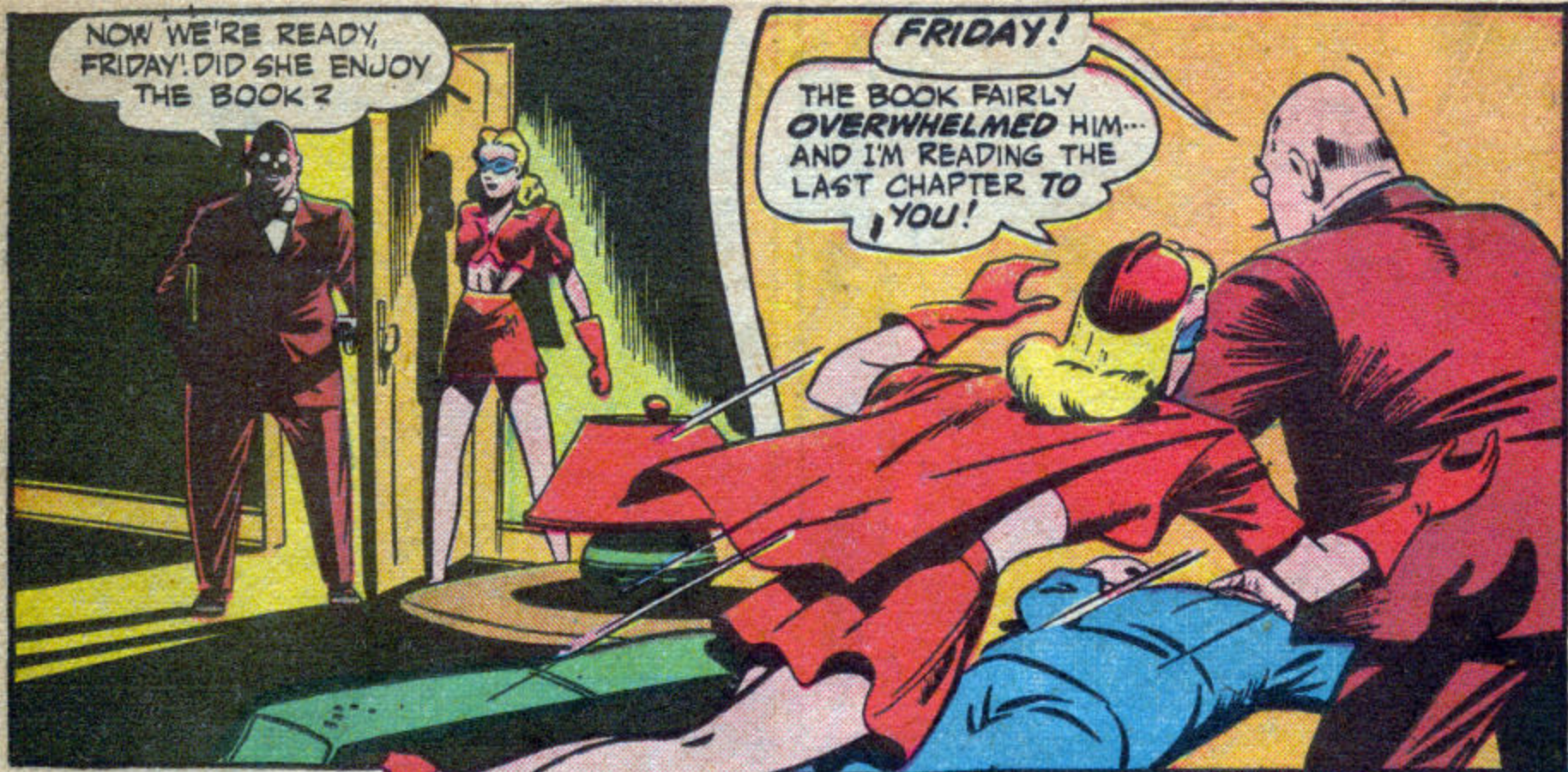
A POISONED
NEEDLE---AND
IT GOT HIM!

AGHHHH!



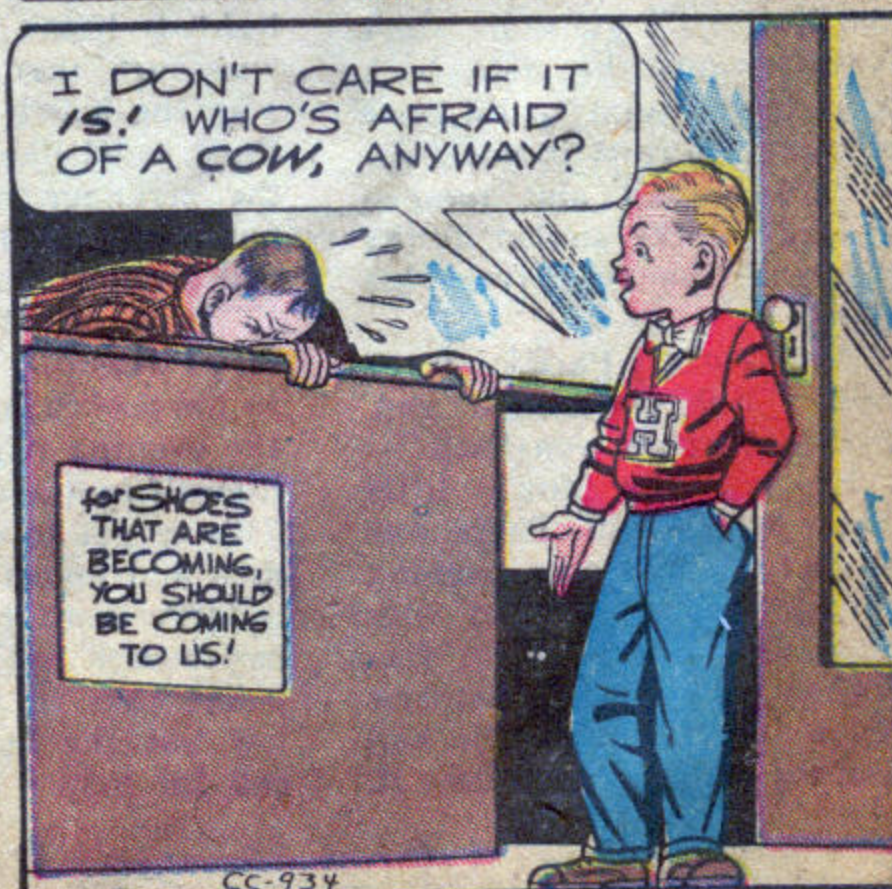
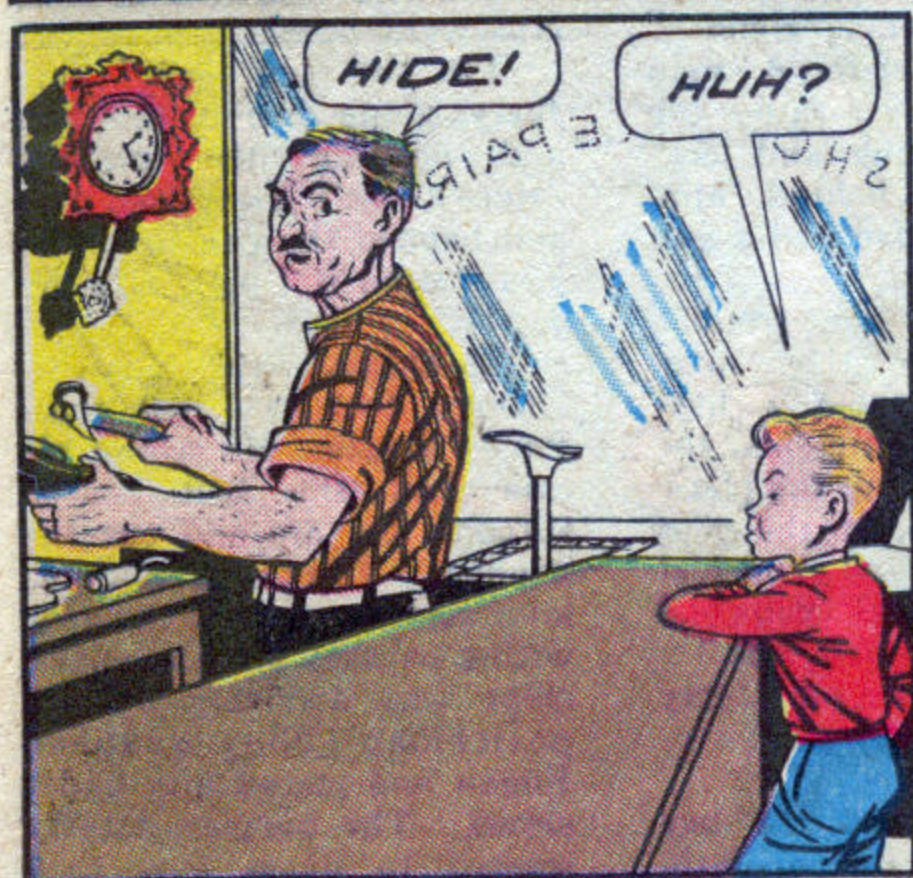
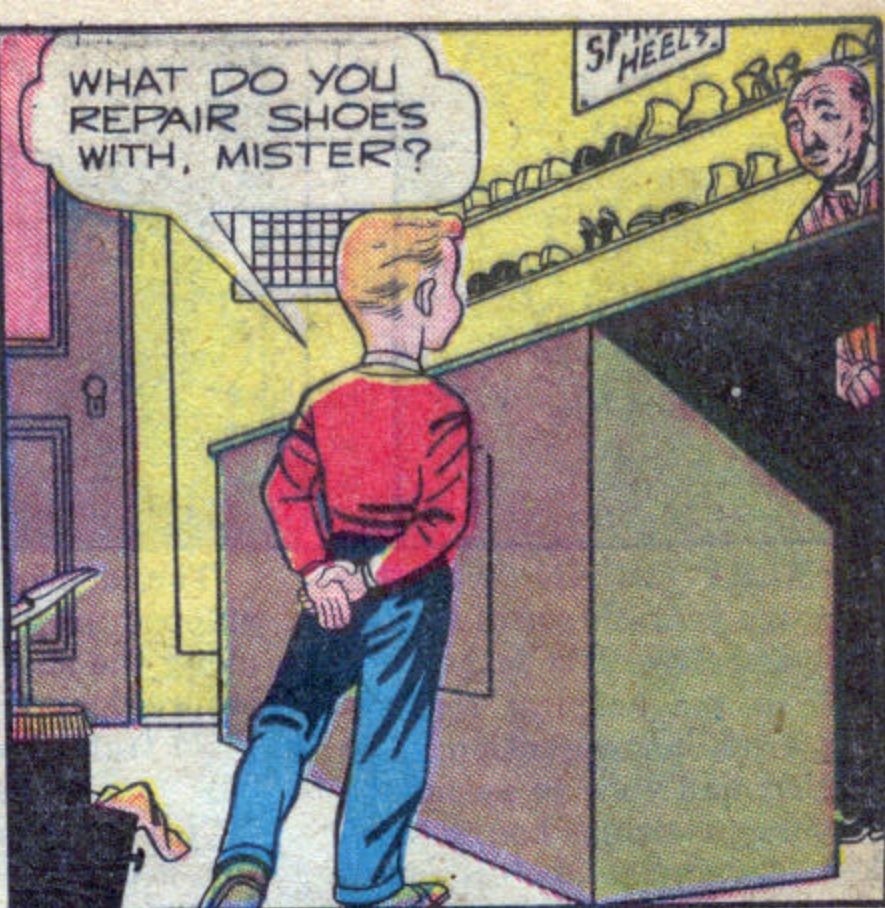
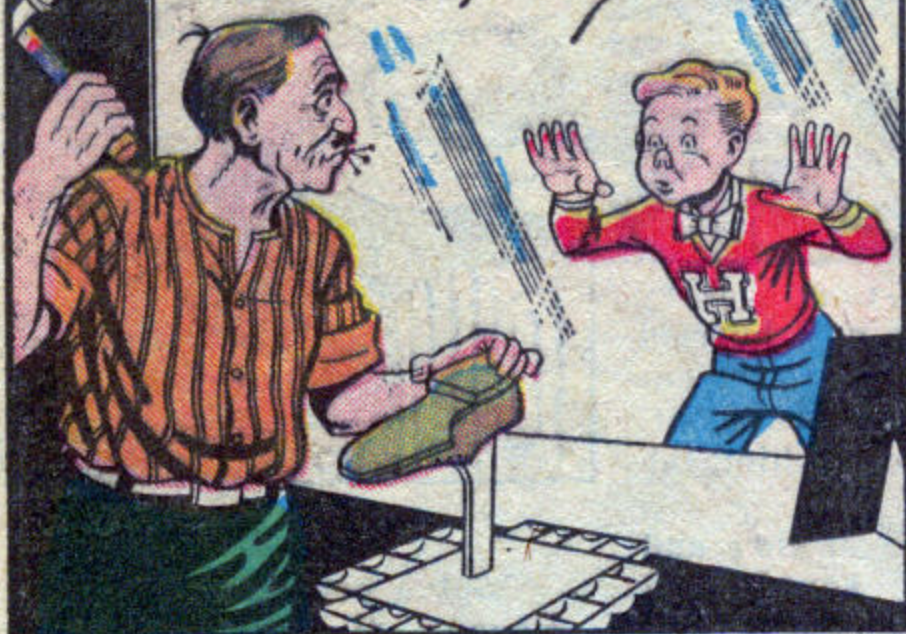
HE'S DEAD!--OH,OH...
I HEAR THE OLD BOY
COMING BACK NOW!





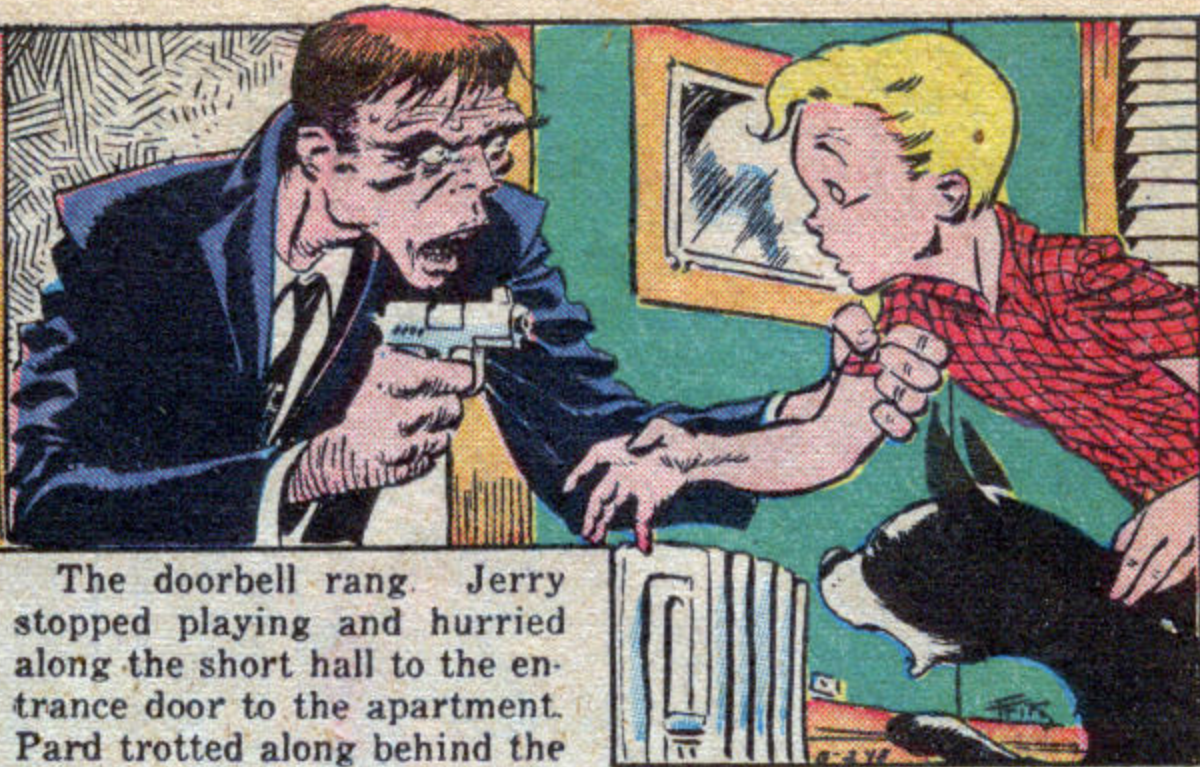
Harvey Hektor Jr.

By Al Hartley



LEAVE it to JERRY

by Donald Bayne Hobart



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 wiggled 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 is 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!

Silver Knight

This is a
GUEST
Feature



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!

There was another time,
lost in the mists of a
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!**



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--*

A STRANGE
SIGHT AND
ONE I'D KNOW
THE MEANING OF!

RECALL THE
BOOK OF MERLIN,
TARNA--
**WHEN SEA-BIRDS
FLOCK TO TINTAGEL,
LET ENGLAND FEND
THE FOEMAN'S SPELL!**

WHAT FOEMAN
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!

**WATER--
WATER--!**

A STRANGER--
SPEAKING OUR
TONGUE! CAN
HE BE A **SPY?**

SHALL WE
JUDGE A MAN
HALF-DEAD?
UP--AND LET'S
BEAR HIM TO
ARTHUR'S
CASTLE!

In the oak-raftered hall of Camelot--

FROM THE ISLES OF THE ROMAN SEA, I'LL WAGER!

NAY-- A MOORISH PATHAN!

HE STIRS! WE'LL KNOW ANON, KNIGHTS!

GOOD SIR! 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, FRIEND! 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 SWEEPED FROM HIS NORTHERN LAIR-- LANDING WITH HIS HOST AFTER SMASHING THE FLEET OF NAVARRA!

THE VANDALS! ARE THEY NOT OF ONE KIN WITH THE SAXONS?

DOGS OF THE SAME BLACK BLOOD, KNIGHT-- MURDERERS AND ROBBERS ALL!

WHAT! HAS SOME NEW STRIFE BESET MY REALM?

HIS MAJESTY, ARTHUR THE KING COMES!

WHILE SAXON BONES WHITEN ON SALISBURY HEATH, CAN WE FORGET THE SAVAGE STEEL OF THESE TEUTONIC PLUNDERERS?

WE'LL TURN FROM NO BATTLE, BRIANE-- 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?



GENSERIC-- 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!



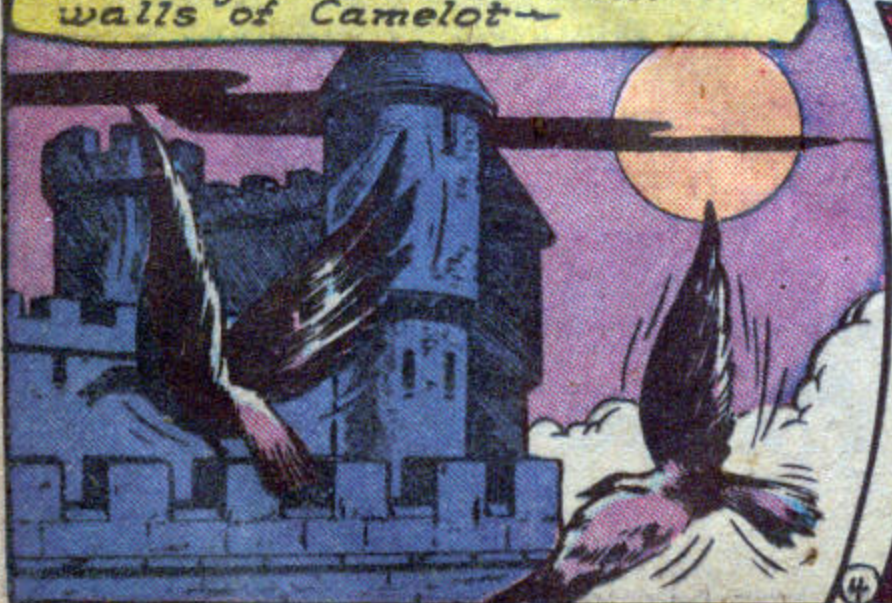
MAKE THE GALLEYS READY!
WITH A BOLD ASSAULT-- WE'LL
GAIN WHAT THE DANES
AND SAXONS HAVE
FAILED AT!



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 SHRILL CLAMOR
OF SEABIRDS! IT IS
LIKE A VOICE CRYING
ITS ALARM INTO
THE NIGHT--



Suddenly-- in a dazzling flash--

THE
DEATHLESS
DRUID!

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

CRRRAK!

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

YEOMEN AND WARRIORS!
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT
THIS SUMMONS HOLDS
FOR YE-- OTHER THAN
THE DUTY OF US ALL
TO ENGLAND!

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

A half-hour
later-- with
scores of
armed
freemen
thronging
from cote
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!

As the English craft push
from Penmoor Sands--

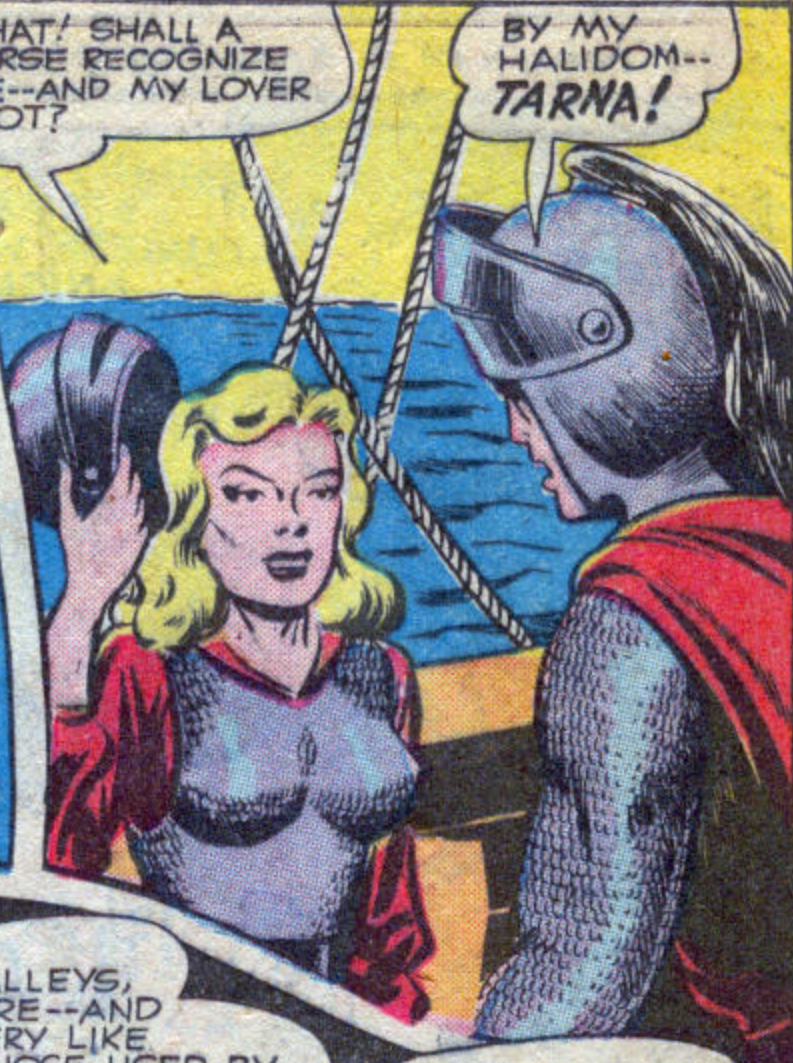
BRIANE-- HOLD! YONDER
COMES A PAGE OF THE
CASTLE-- ASTRIDE
YOUR WHITE
CHARGER!

PRITHEE, 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?

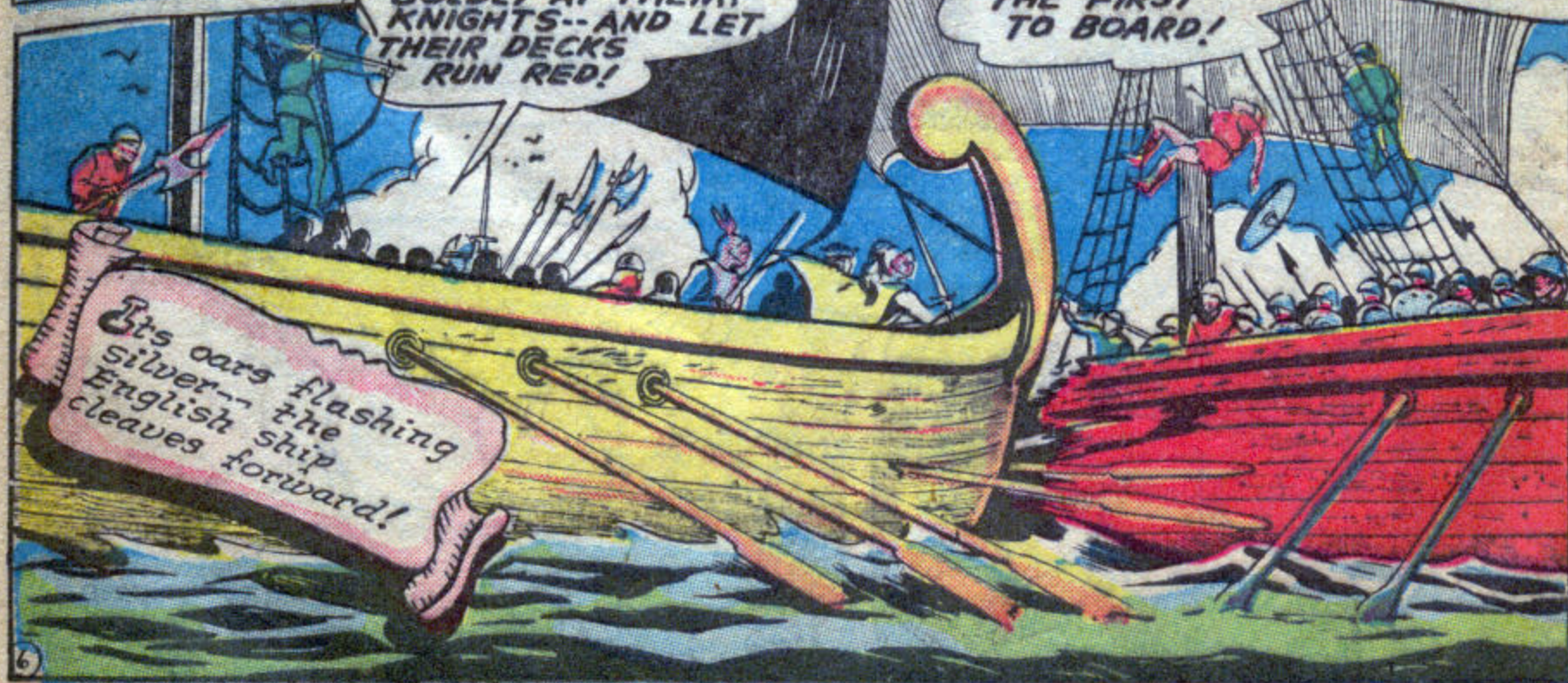
GALLEYS,
SIRE--AND
VERY LIKE
THOSE USED BY
SAXON RAIDERS!

**SET YOUR
COURSE UPON
THEM, HELMSMEN!
ARCHERS-- TO THE
FOREDECK!**



**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?

**THIEVING
CUR! THUS
HAVE I DEALT
WITH SAXONS!**

**GENSERIC'S NOT ABOARD
THIS SHIP, BRIANE!
WE'LL SEEK OUT THE
TREACHEROUS VANDAL
YET**

WAM!

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

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

**BY HIS GOLDEN CROWN--
'TIS ARTHUR! HE'S
WORTH A HUNDRED
LIVES-- FORWARD,
AND SEIZE HIM!**

**ARTHUR! BACK,
SIRE-- OR THEY'LL
BE UPON YE!**

AAAGH!

In the next instant--

**CUT-THROAT CULLIONS--
I'LL YIELD NOT
AN INCH!**

**UP, KNIGHTS!
THE KING
IS TAKEN!**

POW!

BAM!

But as the knights rush forward--

With quick strokes-- the Vandals veer away!

**CAST OFF!
HEAVE ON
THE POLES!**

**JACKALS! IF
ARTHUR'S HARMED--
THE EARTH 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!**

A BOARD BRIANE'S GALLEY...

**THIRTY OARS CANNOT
KEEP PACE WITH SIXTY,
BRIANE! THE VANDALS
OUTRUN US!**

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

**As the English-manned
galley scuds forward--**

**GENSERIC'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!**

**Next day-- almost within sight
of the Vandal outposts--**

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

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



Pawing and snorting behind stout timbers--

FORTY OF THEM, SIR KNIGHT-- THE FIERCEST STEERS IN ALL NAVARRA!



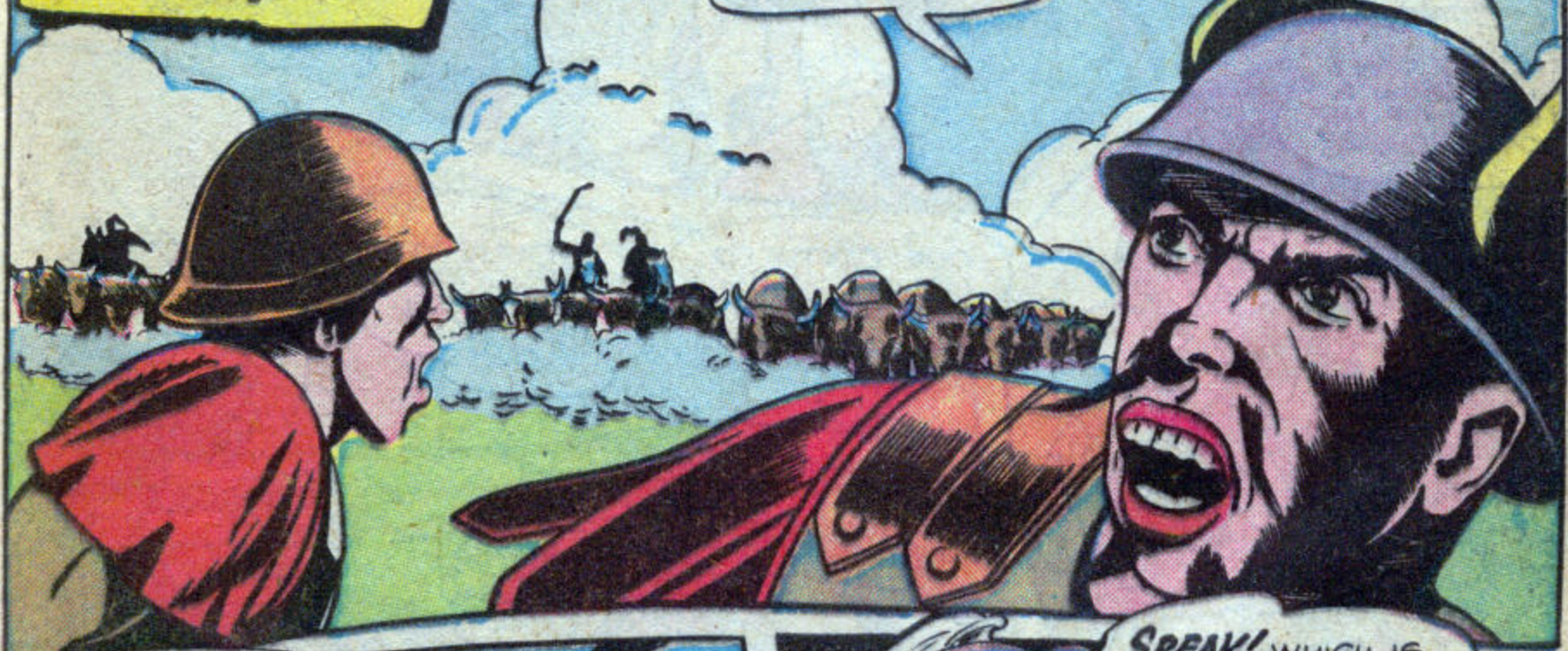
WE'LL DRIVE THEM HEADLONG INTO THE VANDAL CAMP-- AND STRIKE AMID THE TURMOIL!

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



GUARDSMEN, HO! THE ENGLISH ARE UPON US!

Soon afterward-- in a thundering charge --

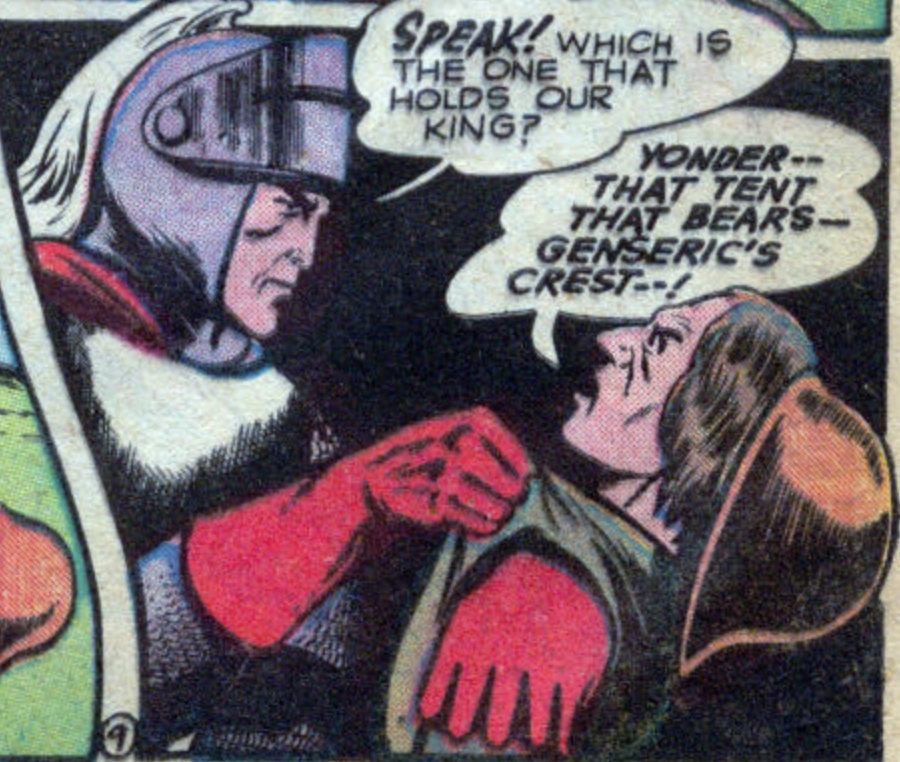


TIME LACKS TO SEARCH A HUNDRED TENTS, VARLET!



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--

THUS CAN WE
STRIKE FOR
ENGLAND,
VANDAL!

AY-- AND FOR
ARTHUR!

YAAAGH!

GRACK!

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

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
REPAY!

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
BITTERER THAN
THEY THINK!

Out of England's LUSTIEST LEGENDS comes
this New Feature! Follow the thrill-
packed adventures of the Silver Knight
in every issue of WONDER COMICS!

The PHANTOM DETECTIVE



ONLY FRANK HAVENS, CRUSADING PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY CLARION, KNOWS THAT RICHARD CURTIS VAN LOAN, SOCIETY PLAYBOY, IS IN REALITY THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS PHANTOM DETECTIVE! THE PHANTOM... A MYSTERIOUS GENIUS AT CRIME DETECTION... FACES DEATH TIME AND AGAIN IN THE BLACK ALLEYS OF THE UNDERWORLD! SKULKING CRIMINALS FEAR HIM AS A FORCE FOR JUSTICE... UNSEEN, UNKNOWN AND UNPREDICTABLE! WHEREVER CRIME REARS ITS UGLY HEAD... THERE YOU WILL FIND THE PHANTOM!

**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...

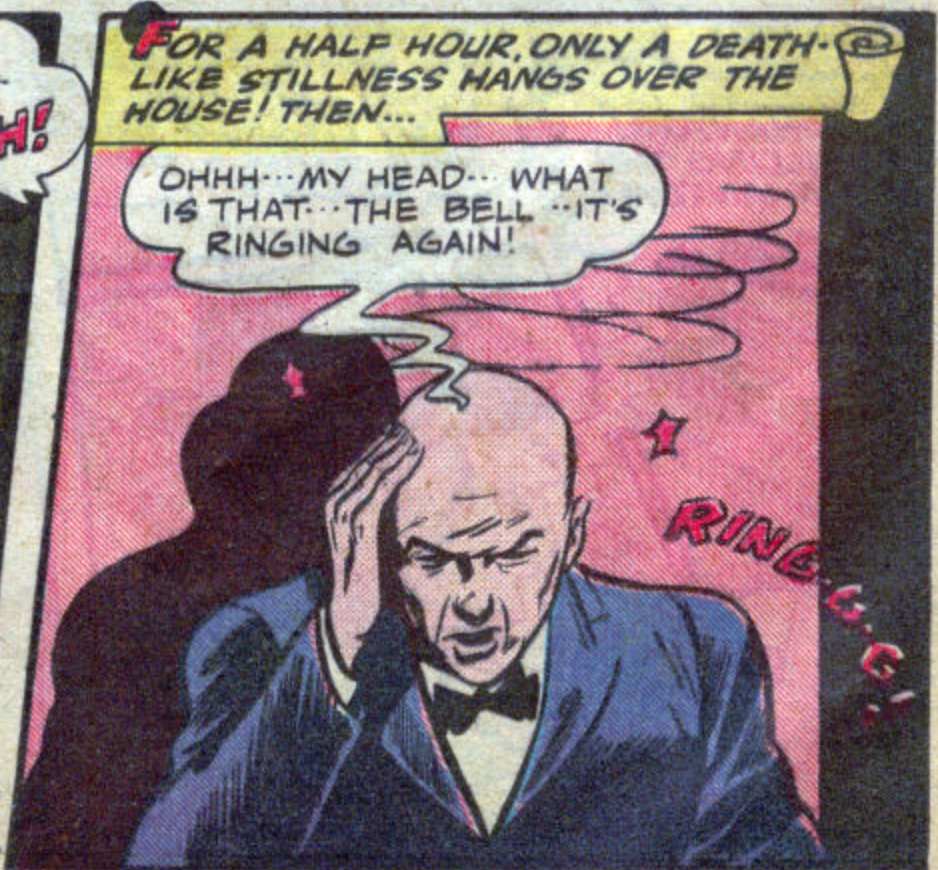
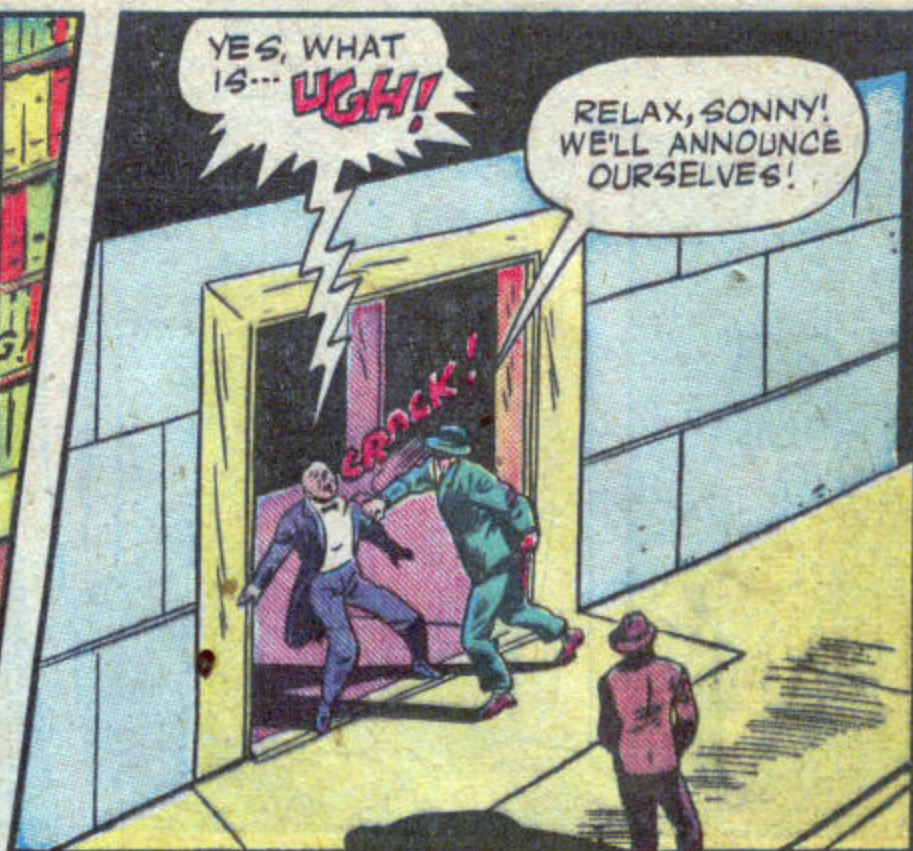
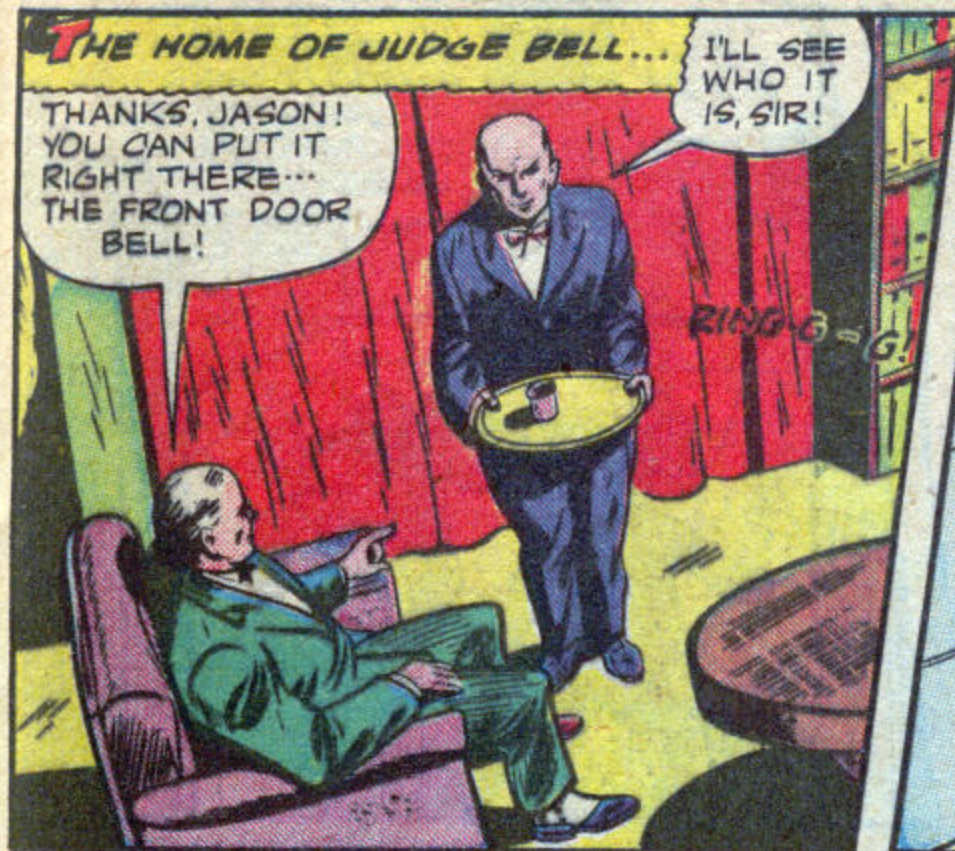
HI, BOSS! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES! I GUESS THINGS ARE GOING TO POP AGAIN!

HELLO, BOYS! GET INTO THE CAR! YOU'RE NOT THE COMPANY I'M SUPPOSED TO KEEP!

WE'LL 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!

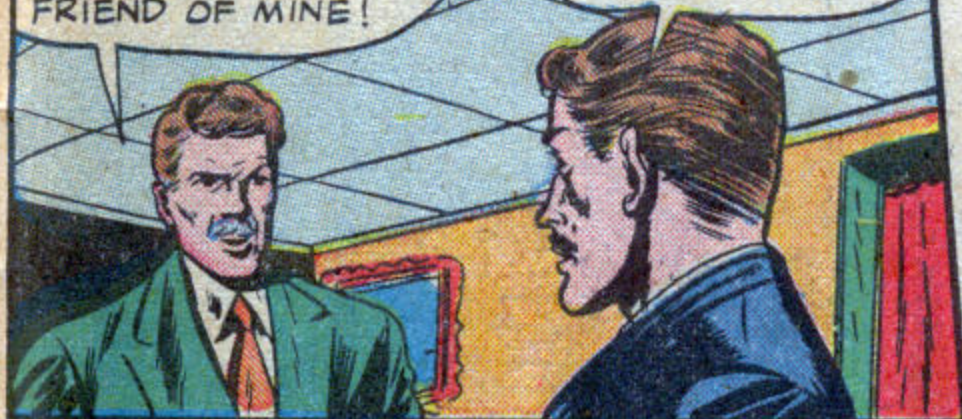




MINUTES LATER, THE PHANTOM IS IN THE STUDY OF FRANK HAVENS...

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'S... 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?

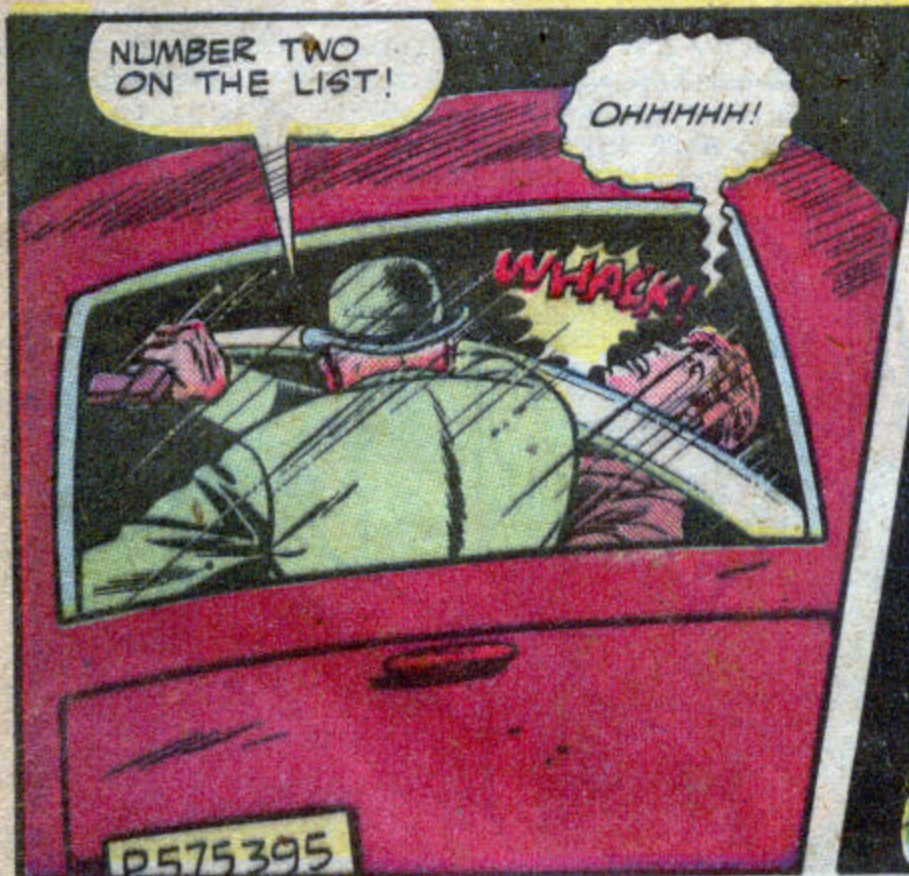
KILLER KANE!



NUMBER TWO ON THE LIST!

OHHHHH!

WHACK!



The PHANTOM AND HAVENS ARRIVE AT THE CLARION!

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!

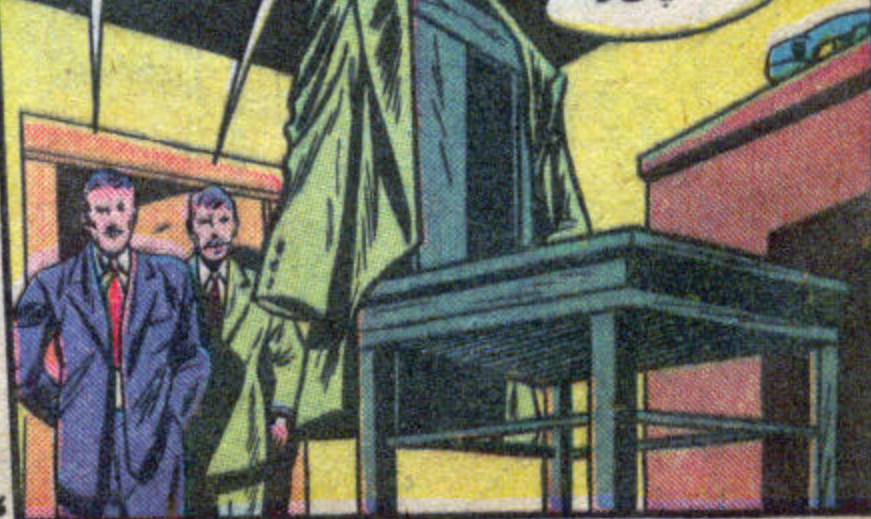
I SAW BOTH OF THEM GET INTO THIS LIMOUSINE AND DRIVE OFF, MR. HAVENS!

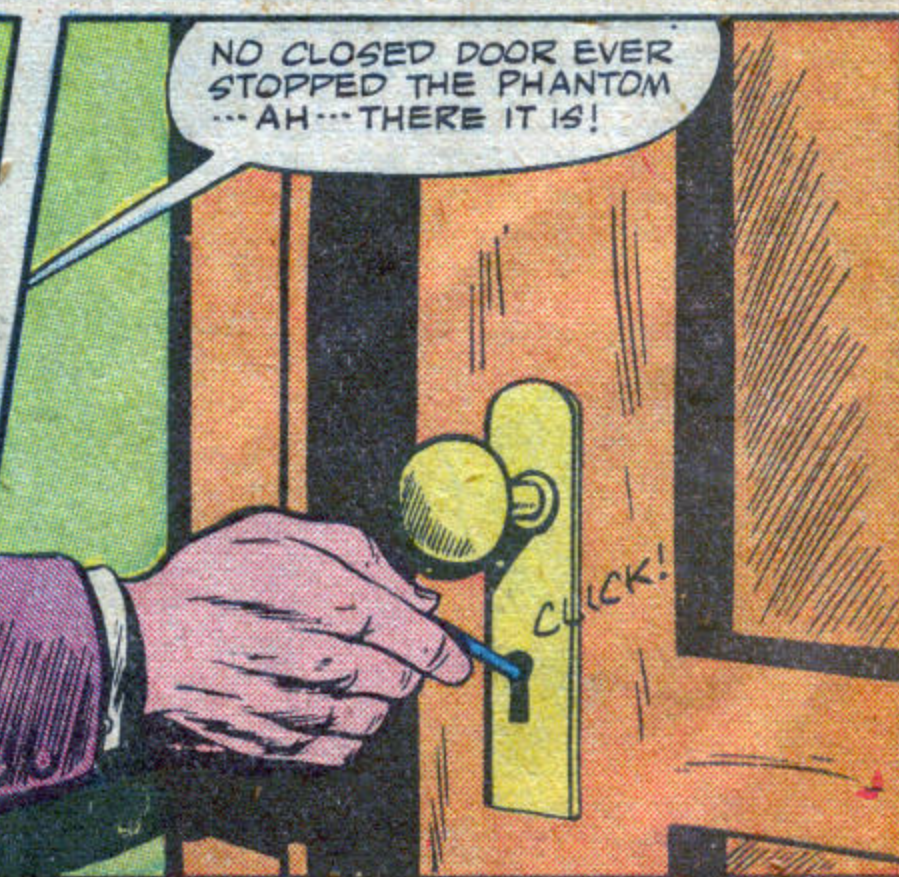
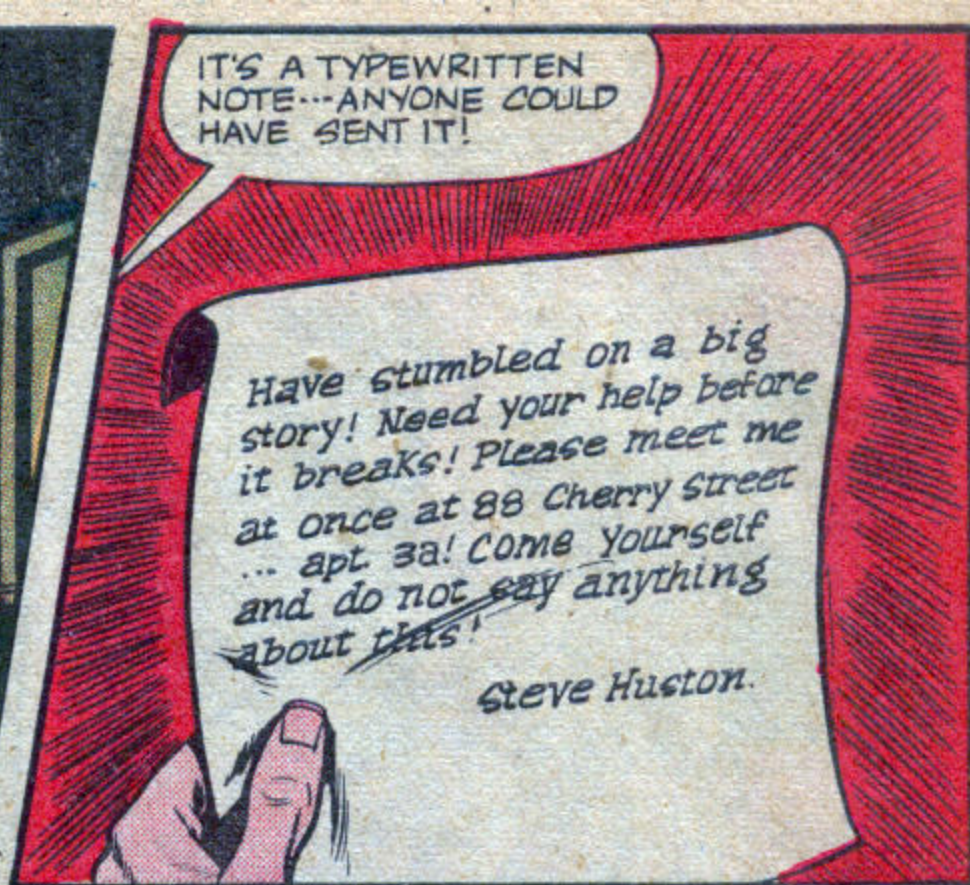
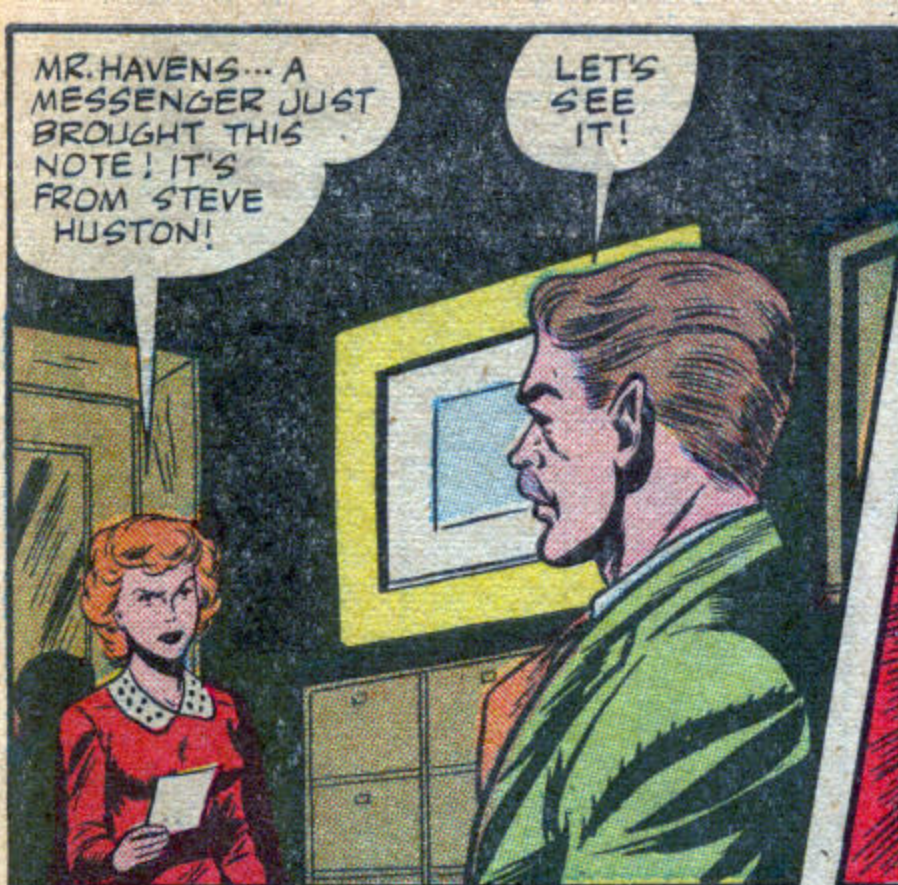
WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PHANTOM?



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?





AS THE DOOR OPENS, THE PHANTOM HESITATES...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS... BUT THERE'S BAD NEWS IN THAT ROOM!

THE DOOR IS PUSHED IN AND...

THAT WAS A GOOD GUESS! THAT THING WOULD HAVE SPLIT MY SKULL OPEN!

WHANGGG!

EMPTY! WAIT... WHAT'S THAT ON THE WALL... A NOTE!

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!

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!

DAILY CLARION



THERE'S
HAVENS'
CAR!



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



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



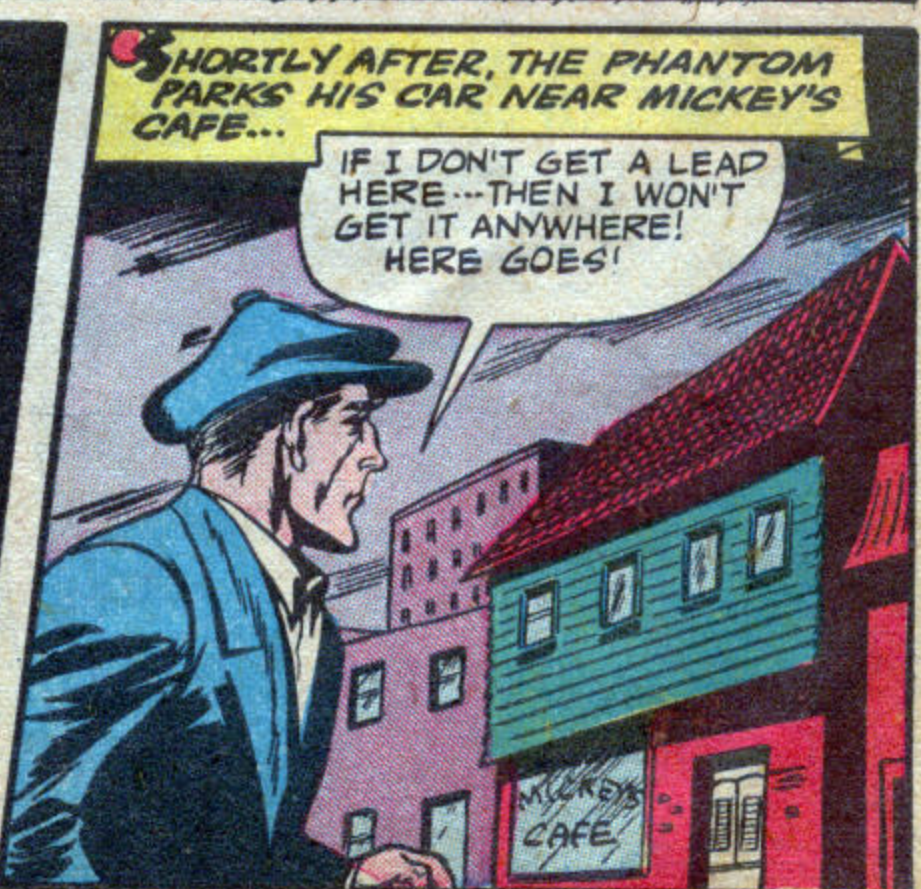
MINUTES LATER, THE PHANTOM
STOPS BEFORE THE PRIVATE ENTRANCE
OF HIS HOUSE...

HAVENS AND HUSTON
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!



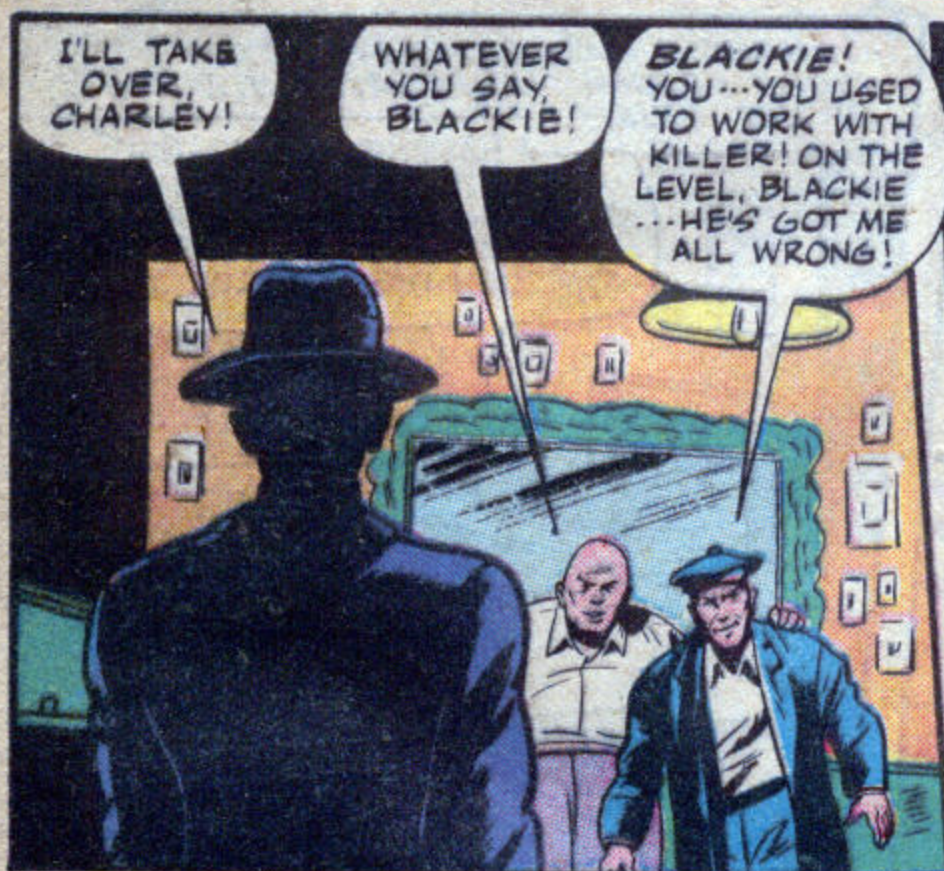
WHAT DO YUH WANT, GUNNER?

I HEAR KILLER KANE IS OUT OF THE CAN! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO TIE UP WITH HIS MOB! KNOW WHERE HE IS?



SO YA'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...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!





CHICKEN BRAND

By
Chuck
Stanley



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 them 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?"

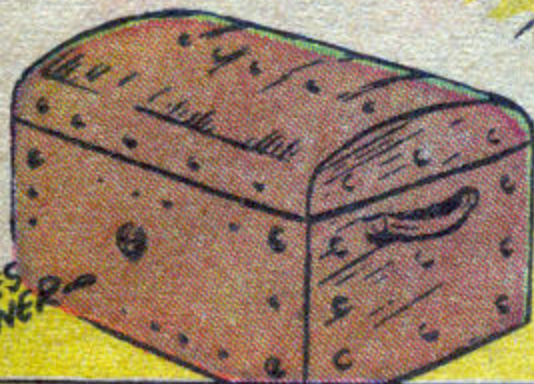
Gus Schmidt whipped out his gun, but the sheriff's posse had him and his men covered. Old Man Schmidt had rustled his neighbors once too often. A smile crossed Mason's face as he patted young Fred on the shoulder.

Fred Mason Matches Wits With A Rustler!

LITTLE LEGENDS

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

by
JULES
STEINER



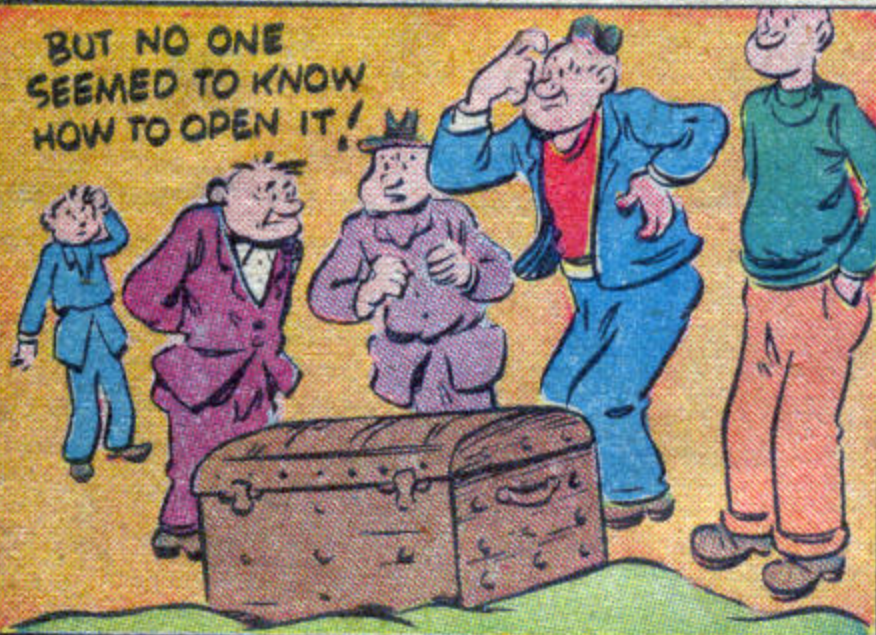
THE CHEST CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT AMONG THE VILLAGERS, BECAUSE IT WAS BELIEVED TO CONTAIN A VALUABLE TREASURE..

IT CONTAINS GOLD!

NO, SILVER!



BUT NO ONE SEEMED TO KNOW HOW TO OPEN IT!



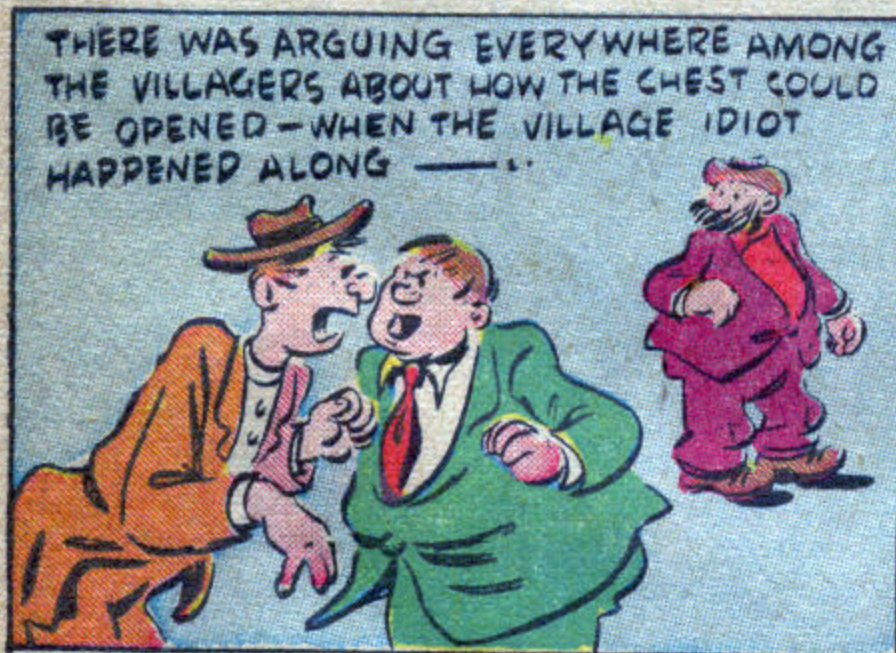
MAGIC WORDS WILL OPEN IT!

EXPLOSIVE!

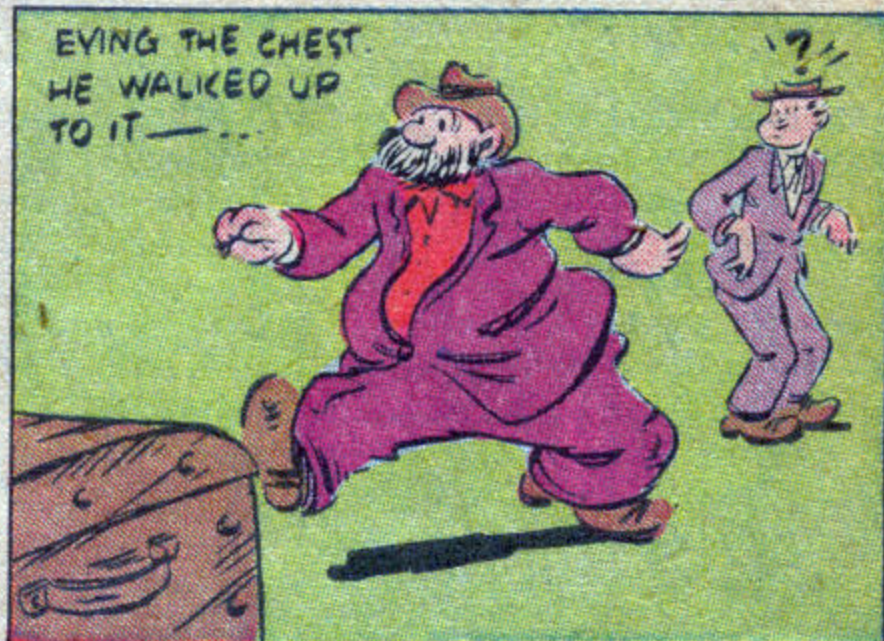
ALL SORTS OF SUGGESTIONS WERE MADE - BUT NONE WAS USED, BECAUSE THEY WERE THOUGHT HARMFUL TO THE TREASURE IN THE CHEST!



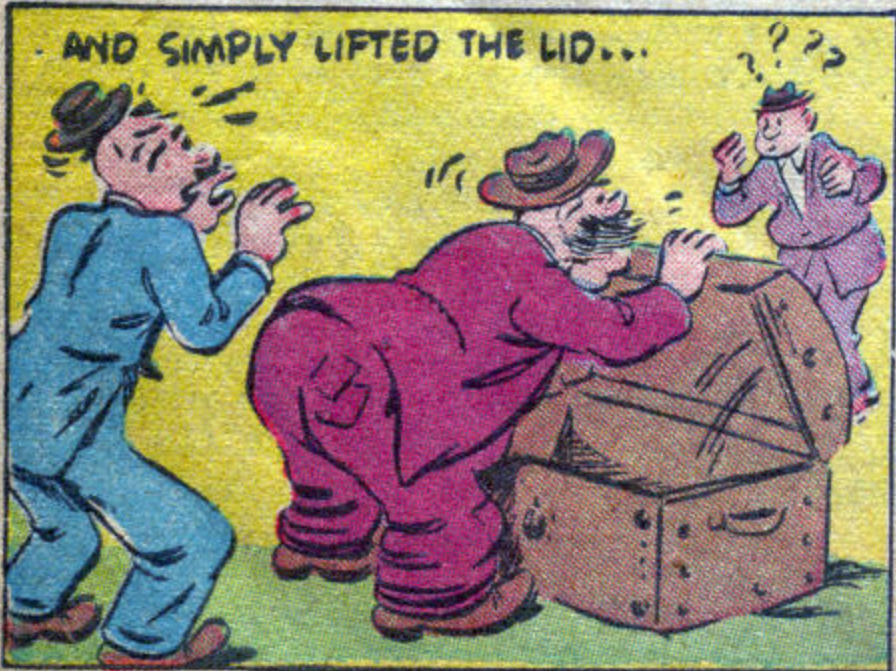
THERE WAS ARGUING EVERYWHERE AMONG THE VILLAGERS ABOUT HOW THE CHEST COULD BE OPENED - WHEN THE VILLAGE IDIOT HAPPENED ALONG —



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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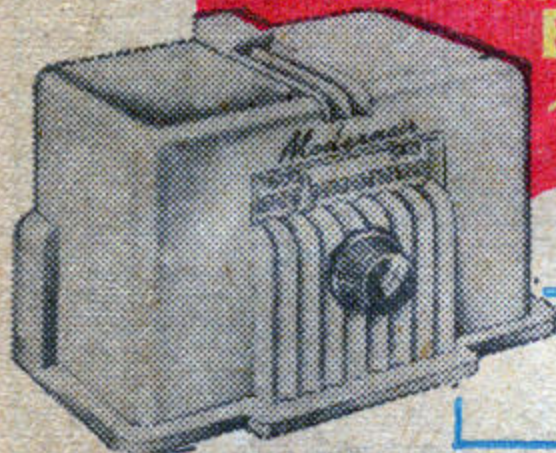
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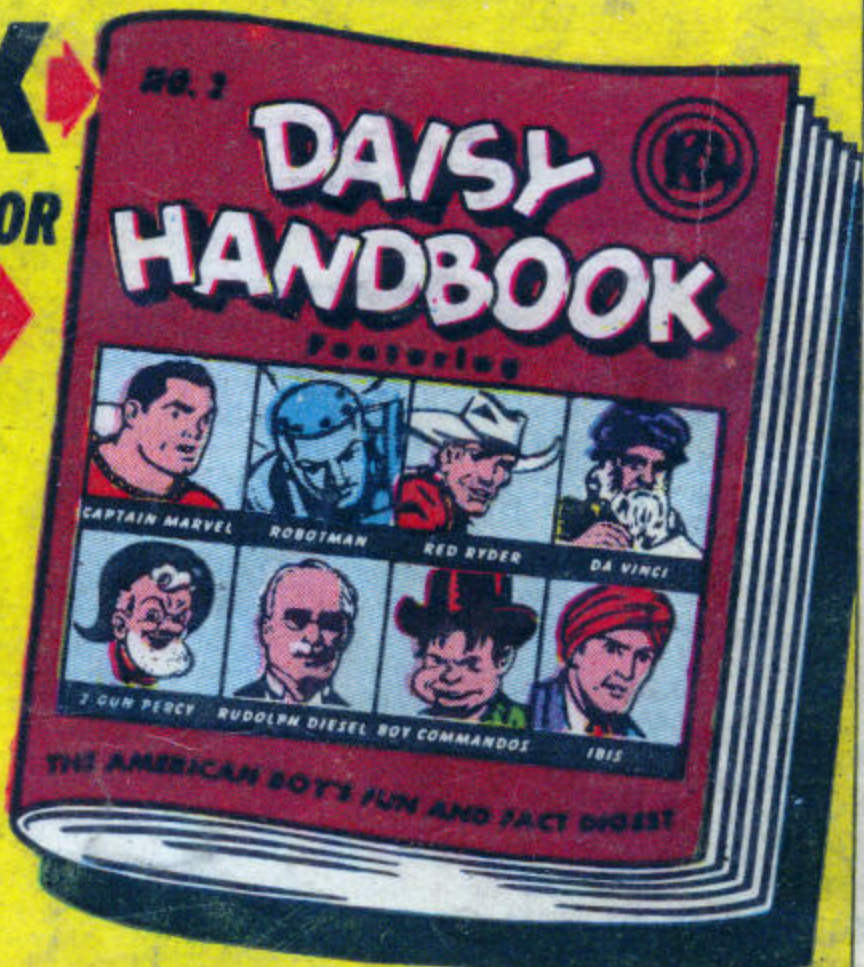
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