ALL NEW COMICS

SHADOW COMICS

No. 1 - 1940

10 CENTS

IRON MULLRO

DOC SAVAGE

BILL BARNES

FRANK MERRIWELL

BIG PRIZE CONTEST
Introducing
THE Shadow

THE MOST POPULAR CHARACTER IN AMERICA

The Shadow is featured every month in THE SHADOW Magazine, he is heard every Sunday afternoon on a coast-to-coast radio network and is voted the most popular daytime show. Columbia Pictures have made a wonderful motion picture of his adventures and are now showing it at your neighborhood theater—all this is proof that The Shadow is America's favorite character.
YOU WILL DROP DOSE PAPERS AT MY FEET UNT PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD, SHADOW.

AFRAID YOU HAVE ME CORNERED. I'LL DO AS YOU WISH...

LIKE THIS!

YOU HAFF VIN, SHADOW. I ASK ONE FAVOR... TAKE MY LIFE

I DO NOT WANT YOUR LIFE, MY FRIEND. I WANT TO KNOW THE HIDING PLACE OF YOUR LEADER

IF YOU DON'T TAKE MY LIFE -- I WILL BE RETURNED TO MY COUNTRY AND TORTURED INTO INSANITY

DO NOT FEAR. OUR COUNTRY WILL PROTECT YOU. GIVE ME WHAT I ASK AND I GUARANTEE YOUR SAFETY!

CORNERED BY THE SABOTAGE AGENT, THE SHADOW SUDDENLY OPENS FIRE. THE AGENT IS WOUNDED.

I THINK YOU WILL BE HONEST, SHADOW. I HELP YOU

GOOD. WE WILL GO IMMEDIATELY TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS

COMMISSIONER -- YOU CAN SEND THE MILITIA HOME. THE DUKROW MUNITIONS WORKS WILL NOT BE DESTROYED THE SHADOW KNOWS. (CLICK)

WHAT?? HOW?? WELL I'LL!!
SO YOU SEE WE DO NOT KNOW EACH OTHER BY NAME – ONLY BY NUMBER.

BUT YOU CAN IDENTIFY EACH MEMBER. THAT’S THE IMPORTANT THING.

THE SHADOW AND HIS PRISONER PASS THE TRUCK LOADS OF SOLDIERS BEING RETURNED FROM DUKROW. ONLY A FEW HAVE BEEN LEFT BEHIND... JUST IN CASE.

THE FOREIGN AGENT AGREES TO HELP THE SHADOW BREAK UP THE RING IF HE WILL BE PROTECTED. THEY SPEED TO THE SABOTAGE HEADQUARTERS.

YES, GOVERNOR... I KNOW. BUT MAYBE THE SHADOW IS WORKING ON OUR SIDE... WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING... WELL HOW CAN WE CATCH HIM IF WE DON'T SEE HIM?

VERY WELL PUT, COMMISSIONER. YOU CAN'T CATCH A SHADOW, NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY I AM ON YOUR SIDE. HAVE YOUR MEN SURROUND THE HOTEL TRI-JON. IN ONE HOUR I'LL DELIVER THE ENTIRE SABOTAGE RING TO YOU.

CAN THE SHADOW KEEP HIS PROMISE? WILL THESE AGENTS, TRAINED FOR EVERY EMERGENCY, FALL PREY TO THE SHADOW?

THE SHADOW QUICKLY ASCENDS THE FIRE ESCAPE HOPING TO SURPRISE THE SABOTAGE RING QUARTERED ON THE 7TH FLOOR.

DUKROW MUNITIONS MUST BE BLOWN TO BITS BY NOW. TURN ON THE RADIO TO A NEWS REPORT.

IT MAKES ME LAUGH HOW SURPRISED THE SHADOW WILL BE WHEN HE LEARNS HE IS SUSPECTED OF BLOWING UP THE WORLD'S LARGEST MUNITIONS WORKS.
Am I permitted to join your little joke... or am I hearing things. I shouldn't? The Shadow!

Yes... the Shadow. But Dukrow was not blown up... and you... you shall soon taste the Shadow's revenge!

I'll give you anything please. Please.

What is the Shadow's revenge—death?

You are paralyzed helpless—unable to move—I give you but one power—speech.

You no doubt have a proposition for me, eh?

Yes... all the money I have. My government will give you any sum—name your price.

Curse you, Shadow! You have double-crossed me!

Exactly, and now the Commissioner shall complete the Shadow's revenge.

Open up! It's the Police!

Look! They're all dead!

Not quite, Commissioner. Hand cuff them and I'll release the spell—oh, by the way, Weston, I wish you wouldn't believe all those stories you hear about the Shadow. I'm really a nice fellow—ha-ha-ha-ha...

The sabotage ring broken. The Shadow returns to his normal role—Lamont Cranston, man about town.

Watch for next month's thrilling chapter in the Shadow Comics.
In 2093 A.D., an expedition, sent out in a spaceship to colonize Ganymede, one of the moons of Jupiter, passed too close to the giant Jupiter and was trapped! No space ship then known to man could battle away from Jupiter's gravity. Perforce, they settled on the inhospitable world, laboring to maintain life under two and a half times the weight they had known on earth. A child... later to be known as "Iron" Munro... was born and grew there, accustomed from infancy to the terrible drag of Jupiter's gravity. For more than a quarter of a century the colony was marooned. Iron Munro never saw a star, nor the earth his parents had told him of. But he knew that some day he would see that mother world... 

I need that electricity for building up anti-gravity, not fuel. Give me the chance. I'll bring back help from Earth!

Reluctantly, the colonists agreed, half frozen as their meagre electrical power, generated by the howling, constant winds of Jupiter, is drained to fill the power-coils of the agray. Finally the tiny ship is ready....
IT IS DIFFICULT FOR US TO HEAR YOU. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

STORM WINDS OVER 1000 MILES AN HOUR... BUT I'M RISING...... GOODBYE!

FREE OF THE THICK ATMOSPHERE AT LAST, THE TINY SHIP DARTS SUNWARD... TOWARD EARTH, HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY. IRON MUNRO, RAISED UNDER ETERNAL CLOUDS, SEES THE FIRMAMENT FOR THE FIRST TIME.

STARS! LORD, THEY NEVER COULD TELL ME HOW WONDERFUL THIS IS!

FINALLY, IRON MUNRO LANDS HIS SPACE SHIP ON AN EARTH FLYING FIELD. AS HE STANDS GAZING RAPTLY AROUND, 3 MEN RUN TOWARD HIM.

I'M HERE ON EARTH! THE WORLD I SEE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE MEN TURN OUT TO BE AIRPORT GUARDS. SEEING NO LICENSE NUMBER ON THE STRANGE SHIP, THE GUARDS BECOME SUSPICIOUS.

YOUR SHIP IS UNREGISTERED. WHERE IS YOUR PASSPORT, AND WHAT ARE YOU A CITIZEN OF?

I'M A CITIZEN OF JUPITER AND I WANT TO SEE JOHN CARLISLE, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN ROCKET.

JOHN CARLISLE, WHY HE HAS BEEN DEAD FOR FIVE YEARS, HIS SON IS PRESIDENT NOW. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! TAKE HIM BOYS!
BECAUSE IRON MUNRO HAS SUPER-MUSCLES FROM JUPITER'S GREAT GRAVITY, HE EASILY DISARMS AND KNOCKS THE THREE GUARDS COLD, MOVING THREE TIMES AS FAST AS A NORMAL EARTHMAN.

IRON MUNRO HEADS FOR THE CITY.

THAT WAS EASY. THEY MOVE SLOW ON EARTH. WELL, NOW TO FIND SPENCER CARLISLE!

SUDDENLY, A LOUDSPEAKER BLURTS A WARNING TO THE POLICE. IRON MUNRO HEARS HIS OWN DESCRIPTION. SEVERAL GUARDS RECOGNIZE AND RUSH TOWARD HIM. POWERED BY HIS JUPITER-TRAINED MUSCLES, IRON MUNRO LEAPS.

MUNRO REACHES THE CITY. HE IS AMAZED AT ITS STRUCTURAL BEAUTY.

FROM LEDGE TO LEDGE THE ASTOUNDING MAN LEAPS, UNTIL FINALLY HE LANDS ON THE STREET LEVEL IN FRONT OF A PAWNSHOP.

ELUDING HIS PURSUERS BY DASHING INTO THE PAWNSHOP, HE PAWNS HIS WATCH FOR GOLD.

IS THIS ALL I GET FOR IT?

I'M LOSING MONEY!
HAVING OBTAINED ENOUGH MONEY FOR A BATH, SHAVE AND A NEW CLOAK, THE ASTOUNDING MAN HEADS FOR THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

AT THE OFFICES OF AMERICAN ROCKET, IRON MUNRO MEETS WITH ANOTHER SETBACK.

SAY, SIR! YOU CAN’T SEE PRES. CARLISLE.
WHERE IS HIS OFFICE?
IT IS ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, IRON MUNRO WALKED OUT TO THE WORK YARD AND THEN, BEFORE THE STARTLED EYES OF THE WORKERS, IRON MADE A TERRIBLE JUMP TO A LEDGE HIGH UPON THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING. ANOTHER JUMP SENT HIM TO THE SILL OF THE PRESIDENT’S WINDOW.

I’M IRON MUNRO, OF JUPITER. THE POLICE AND YOUR SECRETARIES MADE IT TOUGH FOR ME TO SEE YOU. I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU!

MY FATHER, AARN MUNRO, KNEW YOUR FATHER, JOHN CARLISLE....

THE GANYMEDE COLONISTS.... I REMEMBER. THEY LANDED ON JUPITER INSTEAD. AS JOHN CARLISLE’S SON, I WELCOME YOU.

MUNRO TELLS HIS STORY, CARLISLE AGREES TO HELP.

YOUR STORY INTERESTS ME. WE’LL BUILD THE KIND OF SHIP YOU WANT, AND I’LL ACCOMPANY YOU!

GOOD! THEN MY TRIP TO EARTH WAS NOT IN VAIN!
After months of arduous labor, the giant space ship is completed according to Iron Munro's specifications.

I've developed a new power-source. That is my new sun-tapper.

Thousands of Earthmen turn out to watch the astounding man and Carlisle zoom out into space in the giant ship.

After reaching outer space, a huge asteroid suddenly appears before them.

Look! An asteroid dead ahead... we can't escape it....

Unable to avoid it, the ship crashes into the asteroid at the terrific speed of 40,000 miles per second. By an amazing phenomenon, instead of being destroyed, their ship slips into a new space.

We're alive! Do you know what happened, Iron?

I'm not sure, but I think we're in a new universe. See that blue sun? It is different than the one in our solar system.

SAY, IRON! LOOK... STRANGE SHIPS... AND NONE TOO FRIENDLY LOOKING!
CARLISLE'S FEARS WERE JUSTIFIED. THE STRANGE SHIPS BEGAN ATTACKING AT ONCE, BUT IRON MUNRO WAS READY FOR THEM. MANNING HIS SUN-TAPPER, HE DIRECTED THE POWERFUL RAYS AT THE ATTACKERS. ONE BY ONE THE HOSTILE SHIPS DROPPED OUT OF THE BATTLE, UNTIL ALL WERE REPULSED.

THERE GO THE LAST OF THEM!

YES...AND OUR SUN-TAPPER BATTERIES ARE DEAD!

I HOPE WE HAVE TIME TO RECHARGE OUR POWER BATTERIES FROM THIS NEW SUN BEFORE THEY RETURN!

AS IRON'S RAY REACHES OUT FOR THE NEW SUN, HE SEES ENEMY BATTLE-SHIPS RETURNING. WILL HIS RAY REACH THE SUN IN TIME?

SUDDENLY, A TREMENDOUSLY LARGE SHIP LOOMS INTO VIEW FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. IS THIS NEW SHIP FRIEND OR ENEMY? READ THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF IRON MUNRO, THE ASTOUNDING MAN, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS!
TWIRLING DIGITS

A STARTLING STUNT YOU CAN TRY.

Dan Dugan and Tim Haley were doing all right for themselves. Their latest method of piling up shekels was to buy run-down gasoline stations for a song, build them up with high-pressure advertising schemes, and then resell at fancy profits.

Their latest gasoline mansion—for that's what it was after they got through rebuilding it—was doing a snappy business. But Dan and Tim were not men to stay put in any one place for too long a time. They already had a customer for it. At this moment they were waiting in the office for the buyer.

Dan glanced out toward the roadway and saw a car approaching. "Here he comes, Tim," he told his partner. "I hope he's got the cash with him."

Manley, the buyer, did have the cash with him—five thousand dollars in one-hundred-dollar bills. A few minutes later he turned over the cash to the partners and received his bill of sale.

After wishing the new owner lots of luck, Dan and Tim hopped into their car and sped off toward the hotel.

"Sure you haven't got a hole in the pocket where you've that was of greenbacks?" Tim joked.

"It's O. K. where it is," Dan assured him, patting the bulge in his coat pocket. "It's too bad the bank is closed, though. I don't like to carry around this much cabbage."

They arrived at the hotel, went up in the elevator, then walked down the hallway to their room.

When Tim opened the door and stepped into the room, a surprising thing happened! A foot shot out from behind the door and Tim tripped over it. He landed sprawling on his stomach. As he fell, the owner of the foot dived at him, landing on Tim's back and knocking the breath out of him. The intruder's right hand made a sweeping motion. The butt of an automatic thudded against Tim's head. Tim went limp!

All this happened in a split fraction of a second. Dan Dugan was already lunging at the intruder when a second figure stepped from behind the door and swung a blackjack. The leaded instrument did not land solidly. It glanced off of Dan's shoulder. Turning almost in midair, Dan swung a terrific right at the chin of his assailant. Boff! Knuckles crashed against jawbone and down went the attacker!

Dan turned to the other attacker, but was stopped by a terse command. "Cut it!" the stranger ordered, pointing his automatic straight at Dan's heart. "Now sit down in that chair like a nice little boy, Dugan, or I'll blast ya wide open!"

Having no alternative in the face of the murderous weapon, Dan slumped in the chair. Tim
regained consciousness and was also ordered to sit down. Both intruders stood covering them with their guns.

"C'mon, Dugan—where's the dough?"

"What dough? I don't know what you're talking about!" Dan told his questioner.

"Don't give us that stuff! Slug and me know all about you two guys. We've been keepin' an eye on ya. We know that ya sold your gas station for five thousand smashers. Now git it up!"

"Yeah," added Slug, "and we ain't playin'!"

"You're not such smart guys," Dan taunted.

"What's that?" boomed Tony, the first speaker.

"If you were smart you would have known that we didn't get the money yet," Dan said calmly, hoping to outwit the two toughies. "The buyer is supposed to meet us here with the money at five o'clock."

Tim didn't know just what Dan was driving at, but he spoke up with his usual slowness.

"Sure, that's why we came up to the room."

Slug looked at his wrist watch, his face sullen.

"It's ten after five now," he said angrily. "Where is the guy with the dough?"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony sneered. "If you guys are puttin' somethin' over on us, we'll—"

"Don't be foolish!" Dan interrupted. "We know when we're licked. If we had the money here we'd give it to you. We're not looking to be bumped off!"

"Well, we'll wait five more minutes," Tony said out of the side of his mouth. "And if he don't show up, it'll be too bad for the both of ya!"

Still watching Dan and Tim closely, the two thugs lit cigarettes. Dan had a definite plan in mind, but could not communicate it to Tim. The latter looked questioningly at Dan, wondering what was going through his partner's mind. He had implicit faith in his partner, and was reassured by Dan's outwardly calm appearance.

Five minutes passed. Slug looked at his watch again. "It's five fifteen," he bellowed, "and no sign of the guy with the dough! I think you guys are tryin' to string us!"

"Yeah, how about it?" Tony questioned threateningly.

"He is late," Dan admitted. "I'll call him up and find out what'skeepin' him."

Slug moved closer, placed the muzzle of his ugly automatic against the back of Dan's head and said: "O.K., Dugan! But if you try to call the cops—or any kind of funny business—this gun will go off sorta by accident."

Dan knew that the gangster meant every word he said. He reached for the telephone on the table and dialed a number. After listening for a second he slammed the receiver down and mumbled: "The line's busy."

"NOW SIT DOWN OR I'LL BLAST YOU OPEN!"

Before the two thugs could say anything, the telephone rang. As Dan picked up the receiver again, Slug prodded him with the gun and said: "Remember, Dugan, no funny stuff!"

Dan spoke into the phone. "Hello. . . I have a letter was left at the desk for me? All right, I'll be right down to pick it up."

"The fellow who bought the gas station just left an envelope for me at the desk," Dan told the two mobsters. "That must be the money."

"O.K.," Slug said. "But I'll go down with ya to see that ya don't try to scarm with it. Tony, you stick with this other guy!"

The two men left the room, went down in the elevator, and entered the lobby. Slug, his fingers draped around the gun in his coat pocket, lagged behind as Dan approached the desk clerk.

"I'll take that envelope in my box," Dan told the clerk.

"Yes, Mr. Dugan," the clerk answered. "Here it is."

Slug watched closely, but did not see Dan wink when he said to the clerk: "Very well, I'll write you out a receipt for it."

Dan scratched a few words on a piece of paper and handed it to the clerk. The clerk looked questioningly at Dan, and then at the paper, but said nothing.

(Turn to page 61)
Doc Savage is a remarkable man. Not only is he a scientist—an expert in such fields as chemistry, electricity, geology and kindred subjects—but he also possesses the strength of ten ordinary men. With tremendous forces of brain and brawn at his command, Doc Savage has made it his life work to aid the oppressed the world over. His face and body sunburned a deep tan, he is known as—The Man of Bronze.

Deep in the heart of Africa we find Doc Savage and his trusted assistant, Monk. The savages are being stirred up to revolt against the European Government which rules them. Von Gutter, an agent for another foreign power which wants control of the territory, is supplying the natives with rifles. Knowing that the natives would be slaughtered by the government troops if they revolted, Doc Savage goes into the jungle to find Von Gutter and to make peace with the savages. At this moment, the natives are performing a war dance.
WE CAN'T CARRY ALL THOSE RIFLES AWAY, SO WE'LL RENDER THEM USELESS!
GOOD IDEA, DOC!

NOT A SOUND! OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A LEAD NICKEL, IF WE'RE DISCOVERED!
RIGHT YOU ARE, DOC!

DOC SAVAGE DUG DOWN INTO HIS BAG OF TRICKS IN ORDER TO BE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE NATIVES.

THE TWO MEN CREEP STEALTHILY TOWARD THE STACKED RIFLES.

THIS EXPLOSIVE CHEMICAL WILL SOLIDIFY AROUND THE BULLET!
YEAH - THE GUYS WHO SHOOT THEM WILL GET FOOLLED!

DID YOU HEAR A NOISE - BACK IN THE BRUSH?
YEAH - SOUNDED LIKE A MOAN!

THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE IS ONE OF DOC SAVAGE'S SECRET FORMULAS.

SUDDENLY THEY HEAR A LOW MOAN, LIKE THAT OF A DYING MAN.

A WHITE MAN - HE'S DEAD!
YES, IT LOOKS LIKE HE TRIED TO SCRAWL A MESSAGE BEFORE HE DIED.

WHAT DOES IT SAY?
KONING HUIS-IN AFRICANDER THAT MEANS - KING'S HOUSE. HE PROBABLY MEANT THE CHIEF'S HUT. LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND OUT THERE!

INVESTIGATING, THEY DISCOVER A WHITE MAN, STABBED TO DEATH.

THIS MUST BE THE CHIEF'S HUT!
YES, MONK - IT'S LARGER THAN THE OTHERS!

THE VILLAGE IS DESERTED. ALL THE NATIVES ARE ATTENDING THE WAR DANCE - TO CELEBRATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE RIFLES.
I’m Mary Fuller. My father was an ivory trader. We overheard von Guyter’s plans. He killed my father here—in front of my eyes, then took him away. It was terrible.

That must have been your father we found. Are you sure he was dead when they took him away?

I’m positive.

Then how did he scrawl this message, if he was dead?

Something’s funny about that!

At that moment, von Guyter appears in the doorway, gun in hand.

Would you like that mystery cleared up, gentlemen?

It was merely a trap for the great Doc Savage and his monkey-faced friend!

Why, you lop-eared viper, I’ll—!!

Quiet, you baboon!

Do as he says, monk! Don’t take any chances!
AFTER DISARMING DOC AND MONK, VON GUYTER BINDS THEM.

NOW - YOU ARE ALL DISARMED AND TIED SECURELY!

JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND DOING WITH US?

I'LL TEACH YOU THAT VON GUYTER DOES NOT TOLERATE INTERFERENCE. THIS HUT WILL BE YOUR FUNERAL PYRE!

A WICKED SNEER ON HIS FACE, VON GUYTER SETS FIRE TO THE HUT.

THE DRY GRASS OF THE HUT IGNITES QUICKLY. SOON THE ROOF IS A MESS OF FLAMES.

INSIDE THE BURNING HUT...

QUICK, MONK! RUB YOUR SHOE AGAINST MY BELT BUCKLE!

OKAY, DOC - BUT WHAT'S THAT GOING TO DO?

THE BUDDLE PROVES TO BE A COMPRESSED SULPHUR COMPOUND. ANOTHER DOC SAVAGE SECRET. WHEN FRICTION IS APPLIED, IT IGNITES LIKE THE HEAD OF A MATCH AND SHOOTS OUT A FLAME LIKE A BLOW TORCH.

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, MONK, THEN UNTIE US - QUICKLY!

WITH THE TORCH-LIKE FLAME, DOC BURNS THE ROPES.

AS SOON AS THEY ARE ALL FREE, DOC SAVAGE THROWS A LIQUID CHEMICAL ON THE FLAMES.

HURRY, DOC! THE HUT WILL CRASH IN A MINUTE!

THE CHEMICAL THROWS UP A DENSE BLACK SMOKE WHICH ENABLES THEM TO ESCAPE UNSEEN.
VON GUYTER RETURNS TO THE SAVAGES AND URGES THEM TO FIGHT.

NOW IS THE TIME TO MARCH AND DESTROY THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DOC SAVAGE APPEARS...

STOP! HE'S SENDING YOU TO YOUR DOOM!

WHAT? YOU STILL ALIVE? SHOOT HIM DOWN LIKE A DOG!

DON'T SHOOT! HE GAVE YOU DEVIL-GUNS — NO GOOD! HE NO FRIEND!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM — SHOOT!

THE SAVAGE PULLS THE TRIGGER AND AN ASTOUNDING THING HAPPENS — THE RIFLE EXPLODES IN HIS FACE. THE LIQUID EXPLOSIVE WHICH DOC SAVAGE AND MONK POURED INTO THE BARRELS, DOES ITS WORK.

IN MORTAL FEAR, THE NATIVES DROP THE "DEVIL-GUNS" AND FLEE.

ENRAGED, VON GUYTER AIDS HIS GUN AT DOC SAVAGE.

SO — YOU MEDDLING FOOL — I'LL KILL YOU MYSELF!

BUT MONK, WATCHING FROM THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, HURLS A ROCK WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE AND...
...IT KNOCKS VON GUYTER'S GUN HAND TO ONE SIDE, JUST AS HE PULLS THE TRIGGER
OW-W-W!

THE NATIVE CHIEF, CONVINCED OF VON GUYTER'S TREACHERY, HURLS A SPEAR AT THE MURDEROUS FOREIGN AGENT. THE SPEAR FINDS ITS MARK.

THE CHIEF STATES HIS DESIRE FOR PEACE.
ME-YOU-FRIEND ME FIGHT NO MORE! GOOD! IT WILL BE BETTER THAT WAY!

THE CHIEF ORGANIZES A SAFARI AND ESCORTS DOC, MONK AND THE GIRL BACK TO CIVILIZATION.

-LATER, AT THE SEAPORT...
A BIG CITY LIKE LONDON WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU. A FRIEND OF MINE WILL GIVE YOU A JOB.
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING, DOC SAVAGE—AND GOOD BYE!

THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, DOC SAVAGE AND HIS FRIEND SAIL FOR HOME.

THAT WAS AN EXCITING ADVENTURE, DOC!
YES, BUT OUR WORK IS NOT FINISHED. WE MUST CONTINUE TO AID THOSE WHO NEED OUR HELP!

THUS ENDS ANOTHER EXCITING EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF DOC SAVAGE—THE MAN OF BRONZE. WATCH HIM PUT HIS BRAIN AND Brawn AGAINST VICIOUS CHARACTERS OF THE UNDERWORLD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS.
Frank MERRIWELL at COLLEGE

1. HEY, JACK, HARRY—THERE'S THE COACH AND THE SQUAD, NOW.
   YES, AND MARLIE AND HIS CLIQUE

2. MY JOB IS FIRST TO MAKE MEN OF YOU. NEXT—TO BUILD A FOOTBALL TEAM. YES, FOOTBALL IS ONLY A MEANS TO AN END. IF YOU PLAY FAIR, USE YOUR HEAD, PUT YOUR STRENGTH AGAINST THE STRENGTH OF ANOTHER MAN ON A FOOTBALL FIELD—WELL, YOU'VE A PRETTY GOOD CHANCE OF BECOMING WHAT YOU'RE OUT HERE TO BECOME—A MAN. THAT'S ALL, BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID.

3. HEY, MERRIWELL, DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH A LINE OF HOOEY?
   HOOEY? WHAT ELSE DO YOU EXPECT TO GET OUT OF FOOTBALL, MARLINE?

4. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT POSITION ARE YOU TRYING FOR?
   COACH SEEMS TO THINK I'LL FIT IN AT FULLBACK.

5. THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS I'M PLAYING, FULLBACK.
   CUT OUT THE GAB AND GET IN ON SIGNAL PRACTICE.
GIVE ME A TRY AT FULLBACK AND I'LL SHOW THIS GOODY-GOODY HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL.

OK, I'LL TRY YOU OUT, GO IN AT FULL FOR THE VARSITY TEAM. MERRIWELL, YOU ACT AS FULLBACK FOR THE SCRUBS-WHOEVER MAKES THE BEST SHOWING GETS THE VARSITY JOB.

READY TO KICK, SIR?

READY!

WHAT A KID! LOOK AT MERRIWELL CUT THRU THAT-UH-AH-UP-TACKLED HIM CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

YOU COULDN'T DO THAT AGAIN IN A MILLION YEARS!

I MIGHT DO IT AGAIN, YOU KNOW.

HARRY HAULETON, FRANK'S FRIEND COMES INTO PRACTICE.

MALONEY, BARLINE-I MEAN BALONEY, MARLINE, YOU WERE GOING FAST AND HARD WHEN HE STOPPED YOU FLAT!
If I get a chance to tackle you, Merriwell, you won't even get started!

Bah! I'll run right at you and you won't even throw me.

What's going on here?

Merriwell's just rubbing it in.

Marline's sore cause Frank says he can go thru him like a dose of salts.

Ok! Take the ball-go back 15 yards and come right at Marline, no dodging or shifting.

He wasn't kidding he can do it!

A football player who can't be tackled! It's unheard of!

Frank slips thru Marline's fingers like a greased eel!
AFTER PRACTICE

COACH, WILL YOU AND YOUR ASSISTANT COME WITH ME TO SOME SECRET SPOT, I WANT TO SHOW YOU A NEW FORWARD PASS I'VE DEVELOPED.

OK, FRANK, LET'S GO BEHIND THE GYM.

ALL RIGHT, MERRIWELL NOBODY CAN SEE US LET'S HAVE THAT PASS!

BEHIND THE GYM

IT'S AMAZING - THE GREATEST PASS I'VE EVER SEEN, WE CAN USE IT SATURDAY IN OUR BIG GAME. WE MUST TRAIN TWO MEN TO WORK WITH YOU.

WHY NOT MARLINE AND HARRY?

O.K.

MARLINE, FRANK MERRIWELL SUGGESTED YOU AND HARRY AS THE MEN TO WORK WITH HIM IN DEVELOPING HIS NEW PASS PLAY. ARE YOU A GOOD ENOUGH SPORT TO DO IT?

I-UH-UH- I'LL DO IT!

WHAT PHENOMENAL PASS HAS FRANK DEVELOPED?
The last quarter — one minute to play — score 0 to 0. Frank's team's ball on their opponents' 25 yd. line. Frank fades back — his big chance to test that pass has come!

The ball soars through the air apparently to Harry — but then — curves directly to Marline — the only uncovered man on the field!

Ladies and gentlemen—the crowds going wild—all cheering Marline who just went over for a touchdown... but what about that pass by Merriwell? A fluke? An outcurve? There wasn't a breath of wind blowing — all football history knows nothing like this...

Marline accepts the plaudits of the crowd as his due—Frank looks on—an ironic smile on his face.

Another Merriwell story in the next issue.
MONICA MARLOWE, FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD STAR, RECEIVES A THREATENING TELEGRAM FROM DANE, HER EX-HUSBAND, WARNING HER NOT TO COME TO NEW YORK. CARRIE CASHIN, FAMOUS FEMALE DETECTIVE, IS CALLED IN ON THE CASE WITH HER PARTNER, ALECK.

WHY SHOULD YOUR EX-HUSBAND WANT YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM NEW YORK, MISS MARLOWE?

HE'S AFRAID I'LL GET THE CUSTODY OF CLARENCE OUR SON.

I WANT YOU TO COME TO NEW YORK WITH ME JUST IN CASE.

WE'LL BE GLAD TO MISS MARLOWE.

AT THE MOVIE STAR'S HOME WE FIND CARRIE CASHIN, ALECK, THE STAR AND BEN WARD, HER MANAGER.

THAT NIGHT, THE FOUR OF THEM LEAVE.

THERE'S MORE TO THIS CASE THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE!

YES, CARRIE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.

CARRIE AND ALECK REMAIN IN THE OBSERVATION CAR AFTER THE OTHERS RETIGE, AS THEY DISCUSS THE CASE...

BUT AS THE MASKED MAN WATCHES ALECK CLOSELY, CARRIE TURNS SWIFTLY AND KICKS HIM IN THE SHINS.

YES, WE'LL JUMP ALL OVER YOU!

NOW JUMP, OW-W-W!

... A MASKED MAN ENTERS THE CAR AND COVERS THEM WITH AN UGLY AUTOMATIC.
AFTER A FUTILE CHASE, ALECK RETURNS. CARRIE HAS PICKED UP THE MASKED MAN'S GUN!

WHHEW! HE'S A SLICK ONE. I LOST HIM IN ONE OF THE CARS.

TOO BAD, MAYBE IT'S BETTER IF WE DON'T MENTION THIS TO ANYONE.

LET'S GO STRAIGHT TO DANE'S OFFICE. BEN, YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BAGGAGE.

OKAY, MONICA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.

THEY ARRIVE AT GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL IN N.Y.C.

CARRIE, ALECK AND MISS MARLOWE TAKE A CAB TO DANE'S OFFICE.

YES, I SENT THE TELEGRAM. YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE CLARENCE AWAY FROM ME.

I'LL LET THE COURT DECIDE ON THAT.

AT DANE'S OFFICE, THE STAR'S EX-HUSBAND ADMITS SENDING THE THREATENING TELEGRAM.

THEY LEAVE DANE'S OFFICE AND HEAD FOR THE HOTEL.

HUUH! HE SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS IT, TOO!

DON'T WORRY MISS MARLOWE; WE WON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO YOU!
CARRIE CASHIN

WHEN THEY REACH THE HOTEL, THEY ARE MET BY BEN, WHO IS ALL EXCITED.

LOOK! ANOTHER TELEGRAM FROM DANÉ?

ESTERN UNION

BE AT 210 JUDER STREET AT 7:00 P.M. TONIGHT OR ELSE.

THAT NIGHT THEY RUSH TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN IN THE TELEGRAM.

 HERE IT IS.

I'VE AFRAID!

YOU BETTER SEE IT THROUGH.

WHY THIS APARTMENT IS EMPTY!

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING UP THE STAIRS, ALECK!

DON'T WORRY. I'M READY FOR HIM!

BUT THEY FIND NOTHING BUT EMPTY ROOMS.

SUDDENLY, THEY HEAR FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

DANE! YOU CAME TO KILL ME!

WHAT'S THAT? SAY WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!

WHY DID YOU SEND MISS MARLOWE THE TELEGRAM TELLING HER TO MEET YOU HERE, MR. DANÉ?

I DIDN'T SEND IT! I RECEIVED ONE FROM MONICA ASKING ME TO COME HERE!

LOOK OUT!!

MONICA! ARE YOU HURT?

I DON'T THINK SO!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

ALECK SNAPS THE LIGHTS ON AGAIN...
Ben accuses Dan of firing the shot.

Carrie takes the gun and examines it. Suddenly she turns and... points the gun squarely at Ben Ward.

How did you know it was Ben?

The gun is the same one the masked man used on the train. I put the gun in my suitcase when Ward took care of our baggage, he regained it.

But why did he want to kill me?

Because in managing your financial affairs, he swindled you out of plenty of money. His books would have shown it.

The danger and excitement brings out the fact that the movie star and her ex-husband are still in love, despite their quarreling. They decide to re-marry.

Let's stop this squabbling and go back together again.

All right, dear—and we'll both have our son again.

Another case finished, the murderer prevented, the culprit caught—and the movie star and her ex-husband reunited. Everybody's happy, but Ben Ward!
PHEW!! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WONDER WHAT THAT FELLOW WAS AFTER? HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONNECTED WITH THIS RING BUSINESS TOO! I BETTER LOOK HIM OVER—IF I CAN—WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

RING NUMBER FOUR!
NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

MOTT STREET, CHINATOWN! YES, SIR

ABOUT ALL I NEED NOW IS TO HAVE THE HOLDERS OF RINGS ONE AND SIX DROP THROUGH THE ROOF OF THIS CAB!

LEONG WAM, CHINESE IMPORTS

I WANT TO SEE LEONG WAM! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE

AND HERE IS TAUBNECK’S LETTER TO ME.

MEANWHILE -

I WISH TO SEE LEONG WAM! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE

VERY WELL, MR. BENSON, YOU SHALL HAVE YOUR CHECK - I - LEONG WAM! THAT MAN IS AN IMPOSTER! I'M BENSON!

YOU'VE GOT RINGS ONE AND SIX, AND YOU'VE BEEN USING ME TO GET THE OTHER FOUR FOR YOU! YOU DIRTY RAT! I'LL—

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

I'M NICK CARTER, AND THIS MAN IS NOT BENSON EITHER! HE MURDERED THE REAL BENSON, THE DIR—

I SHALL INVESTIGATE, MR. CARTER, AND AS FOR YOU, YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO COME HERE—WE HAVE SO LITTLE USE FOR FAMOUS DETECTIVES!

HERE IS A GUN, MR. BENSON THAT WILL NOT MAKE MUCH NOISE! TAKE MR. CARTER FOR A LITTLE WALK—AWAY FROM THE PREMISES! YOU WILL BE FOLLOWED BY MY SERVANTS—

—AND I EXPECT YOU TO RETURN HERE, MR. BENSON, AND REMAIN UNTIL AFTER MY INVESTIGATION! MY SERVANTS SHALL SEE TO IT THAT I'M NOT DISAPPOINTED IN YOU!

COME ON, CARTER! KEEP MOVING! I'LL—

IDEA!
OOMPH!!  OH! EXCUSE ME!

—LOOK, TIM!!  COME ON!!

WAM’S HATCHET MEN!!  YEH!!

AND NICK CARTER!!

TIM!! BOY! YOU FELLOWS AREN’T GETTING HERE ANY TOO SOON!

TAKE THEM TO THE STATION, BOYS! I’LL BE AROUND LATER! I’VE GOT SOME MORE WORK TO DO FIRST!

LATER —

A SPECIAL DELIVERY FOR THE TAUBNECK BOYS! I’LL SEE THAT THEY GET IT.

WHY! IT’S FROM ONE OF DAD’S FRIENDS — NAMED CARTER! HE SAYS THAT DAD HAS LEFT US HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE FROM HIS SOUTH AMERICAN OIL SPECULATIONS —

FLEX MILITARY ACADEMY

NICK CARTER’S NEW ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE
LISTEN, FELLOWS! I'VE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU! A G MAN WAS IN MY HOUSE LAST NIGHT AND ASKED IF WE COULD HELP LOCATE A LARGE UNDERGROUND STILL SOMEWHERES IN THIS SECTION! I TOLD HIM YES!

THAT'D BE SWELL! IF WE CAN FIND IT!

YEH! BUT HOW?!

THE G MAN TOLD ME THESE UNDERGROUND Still's USE OIL OR POSSIBLY CHARCOAL SO AS NOT TO DISCLOSE THE LOCATION BY SMOKE. OIL OR CHARCOAL WOULD CAUSE A DEFINITE THERMAL. I PLAN TO FLY OUR PLANES OVER THE TERRITORY AND WHEN WE SEE ONE RISE SUDDENLY, WE'LL INVESTIGATE!

LOOK! THERE'S ONE HEADED UP! IT'S IN A THERMAL! LET'S SEE WHAT CAUSED IT!

THIS MUST YEH! IT WENT UP RIGHT OVER SPOT! WE BETTER BE CAREFUL NOW! WE DON'T WANT TO GET CAUGHT AND SPOIL EVERYTHING!

WHERE D'YOUSE KIDS T'INK YOU'RE GOIN'?
WE SAW OUR PLANES ALL LAND AROUND IN HERE - SO WE CAME JUST TO GET THEM!

ALL RIGHT! BUT WAIT HERE! AN' DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY EITHER - Y' MIGHT GET HURT!

THE G' MAN IS STOPPIN' AT THE MARLBORO HOTEL! WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS NOTE TO HIM!

MY PLANE HAS 'NOUGH GAS IN IT TO TAKE IT TO TOWN IN A MINUTE!

THREE KIDS OUT THERE! THEY FOLLOWED THEIR PLANES HERE! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

I'LL LOOK 'EM OVER!

WELL! WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM?

WHY, WE CAN'T LET THESE BOYS STAY HERE! WE'RE HUNTERS - Y'KNOW. AN' THEY MAY BE IN THE WAY HERE - IN OUR HUNTING LODGE!

NICE LOOKIN' GADGETS Y' HAVE THERE BOYS! I S'POSE Y' FOLLOW THEM WHERE EVER THEY LAND.

OH SURE! WE COULDN'T BELT WE COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE 'EM!

GO DOWN TO THAT OPEN SPACE AND LET ME SEE HOW Y' WORK THEM.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITHCHA? ARE Y' CRAZY?! THAT PLANE IS HEADED FOR TOWN - AN' MAYBE THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!

SAY! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT!! THIS AIN'T OUR PENCIL!

AN' VOUSE IS SHUT UP! START S'POSED T' BE PACKIN'! WE GOTTA GET THE BRAINS OF GET OUTA HERE! THIS OUTFIT! AN' WE'RE TAKIN' THESE LITTLE WISE GUYS WITH US!
-AN' I DEMAND THAT SOMETHIN' BE DONE 'BOUT IT! I -
WE FIRST HAVE TO KNOW WHO OWNS IT! THEN - SAY! THERE'S A NOTE IN IT!

MR. BEACH - THIS IS OFFICER LYNCH! I HAVE A NOTE HERE FOR YOU - FOUND IT IN A MODEL PLANE THAT LANDED ON MY BEAT! IT SAYS 'AM AT PETTY'S COVE - IN TROUBLE - TRAVIS!

HE'S FOUND THE UNDERGROUND STILL! GET SOME HELP! MEET ME DOWN STAIRS! I'M FROM THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! COME ON! WE'LL RIDE IN OUR CAR!
THANKS, BOYS! YOU'LL BE Rewarded FOR THIS! I ONLY WANT MY PLANE BACK.
IT'S A GOOD THING THAT JACK'S PLANE HIT THE THERMAL, MR. BEACH.

LATER...
DIAMOND DICK

Sergeant Drew and two soldiers were taking some army horses from Fort Advance to an outpost twenty miles away. On the way, they were attacked by a band of Indians led by a white man. Outnumbered, the men fled and the Indians made off with the horses. We find Sergeant Drew and the soldiers returning to Fort Advance...

And they were led by a white man!

That's Jake Bigley, the renegade. Didn't expect him to turn up in this neck of the woods.

Sergeant Drew tells General Custer and Diamond Dick of the attack.

WANTUM BUY, RINE HORSES!

General, those are the horses stolen from the sergeant!

The nerve of them—trying to sell our animals.

Hours later, a few braves ride up to the fort leading a band of horses.

You thieving redskin— you stole those horses!

No-no! We buy 'em from paleface—soldier-Sergeant Drew!

Fearing that the general will call out the garrison and retake the horses, the Indians make a dash for the woods and escape. Come back here, you red devils!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST. SERGEANT DREW—FOR SELLING GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

BUT I'M INNOCENT, GENERAL!

SERGEANT DREW, THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY, YOU'LL FACE THE FIRING SQUAD AT SUNRISE!

AT THE COURT-MARTIAL, SERGEANT DREW IS FOUND GUILTY AND SENTENCED TO DEATH.

I DON'T BELIEVE DREW IS GUILTY, GENERAL. I'M GOING TO THE INDIAN CAMP AND SEE WHAT I CAN FIND OUT.

YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, DICK—IF YOU WANT TO SAVE HIM.

DETERMINED TO PROVE THE SERGEANT'S INNOCENCE, DIAMOND DICK HITS THE TRAIL AT A GALLOP.

I WANT TO SEE YOUR CHIEF!

ME TAKE PALEFACE TO CHIEF BIG HORN.

JAKE BIGLEY AND BRAVES BUY HORSES FROM PALEFACE SOLDIER.

HA! I THOUGHT JAKE BIGLEY WAS MIXED UP IN THIS!

DIAMOND DICK ARRIVES AT THE INDIAN CAMP AND SEEKS OUT THE CHIEF.

DICK IS TAKEN TO CHIEF BIG HORN.

THE CHIEF IS INCLINED TO BELIEVE JAKE BIGLEY'S VERSION.

BIGLEY LIED TO YOU, CHIEF BIG HORN! HE ATTACKED THE SOLDIERS AND STOLE THE HORSES!

UGH—MAYBE YOU LIE, PALEFACE!

AT THAT MOMENT, JAKE BIGLEY BURSTS INTO THE TENT, GUN LEVELLED AT DICK'S HEART!

YOU'RE TH' LIAR! I'LL TEACH YUH TUH TELL MY INJUN FRIENDS I'M A LIAR—!
BUT DIAMOND DICK, LIKE A STROKE OF LIGHTNING, DRAWS BOTH GUNS AND SHOOTS.

BUT AS DICK LEAVES THE TEPEE...

LIKE A PANTHER, DIAMOND DICK WEAVES AND LUNGES, BOWLING OVER THE REDSKINS LIKE TENT PINS.

THE INDIANS SUBDULED, DIAMOND DICK ESCAPES INTO THE BRUSH.

DICK FINDS THE STOLEN HORSES, HE QUICKLY DISPOSES OF THE LONE GUARD.

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

WORKING SILENTLY AS ONLY AN INDIAN SCOUT CAN, DIAMOND DICK TIES THE HALTERS OF THE HORSES TOGETHER.

BUT AS DICK IS LEADING THE HORSES AWAY, JAKE BIGLEY, WHOSE HEAD WAS MERELY CREEASED BY DICKS BULLET, RECOVERS AND CROUCHES IN A TREE.
KNIFE IN HAND, JAKE BIGLEY LEARS DOWN UPON THE UNSUSPECTING INDIAN SCOUT.

THIS IS YOUR FINISH, HOMBRE!

EVEN AS THEY WENT TO THE GROUND TOGETHER, DIAMOND DICK GRABBED JAKE BIGLEY'S KNIFE-HAND AND PREVENTED HIM FROM SINKING THE BLADE!

DICK OVERPOWERS HIS ASSAILANT AND DISARMS HIM.

YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE FORT WITH ME AND CONFESS, YOU SKUNK!

DIAMOND DICK HEADS BACK FOR THE FORT WITH HIS PRISONER AND THE STOLEN HORSES. DAWN IS BREAKING.

NOW TO SAVE SERGEANT DREW!

THE FIRING SQUAD IS READY TO CARRY OUT THE EXECUTION. BUT AT THAT MOMENT, DIAMOND DICK GALLOPS INTO VIEW AND STOPS THEM IN THE NICK OF TIME!

READY-AIM-

STOP! SERGEANT DREW IS INNOCENT! I HAVE THE REAL CULPRIT HERE!

JAKE BIGLEY CONFESSIONED, SERGEANT DREW WAS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH AND THE STOLEN HORSES WERE RECOVERED—ALL THANKS TO THE COURAGE AND STRENGTH OF DIAMOND DICK.

DIAMOND DICK, YOU SAVED AN INNOCENT MAN FROM DEATH!

IT WAS LUCKY THAT I CAUGHT JAKE BIGLEY AND HE CONFESSIONED. I'M GLAD I GOT HERE IN TIME.

FOLLOW DIAMOND DICK, U.S. GOVERNMENT INDIAN SCOUT, AND OTHER REAL CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST IN EACH ISSUE.
Bob Burton and the Ranch Mystery

By Horatio Alger, Jr.

Supper is ready, Robert. My! You're getting better and better with your gun. That's why I'm a pretty good match for all the ghosts around here the last few nights.

I've been so frightened by it all that I'm unable to think! Please do not let it frighten you, Mother! I think I know the cause of it all now.

I suspect old Wolverton of trying to scare us into selling him the ranch. I cannot understand why he wants it so badly! We cannot even make expenses on it since your father died.

I'm sure that there is some hidden value to the property known only to Wolverton. He is well known for guarding his pennies, you know! But I hope we have no more disturbance at night.

That night...
ROBERT! ROBERT! ROBERT!
THE FLAMING HEAD AGAIN!

IT'S GONE! BUT I'LL GET IT!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
ROBERT! THOSE FOOTSTEPS IN
THE ATTIC AGAIN!! NO WE WON'T,
MOTHER! THIS IS ALL TRICKERY
OH! WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET
OUT OF HERE!

I'LL CLEAR THIS WHOLE THING UP
TONIGHT- OR I'LL KNOW THE
REASON WHY!

I'VE GOT IT, MOTHER,
I'VE GOT IT!

ROBERT! ROBERT!
THE HEAD AGAIN!
SEE, MOTHER! I TOLD YOU IT WAS NOTHING BUT TRICKERY! JUST AN OLD MASK TIED ON A LONG STICK AND COVERED WITH PHOSPHOROUS TO MAKE IT GLOW IN THE DARK-LIKE A MATCH DOES WHEN RUBBED ON THE PALM OF THE HAND.

WELL, THAT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF, ROBERT.

THE MAN BEHIND THIS TRICK GOT AWAY IN TIME! IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN OLD WOLVERTON HIMSELF-HIS NOT THAT FAST! MAYBE ONE OF HIS...

ROBERT! THE FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS AGAIN!!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THAT'S ODD! I DON'T SEE ANYBODY!??

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THOSE FOOTSTEPS DID COME FROM HERE! I-

A FLASHLIGHT!! SOMEBODY AT OUR BARN!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
That looked like old Wolverton himself! I smell smoke!

Now he's trying to burn us out!

He went a bit too far this time! I'll—Robert! Robert!

We'll never have another night like this! I'll guarantee that, Mother!

Thump! Thump! Thump! Those footsteps again!

I wish they were Wolverton's footsteps—but no such luck—I'm sure!

Now there back behind that trunk again!

Ah! There you are!

Just as I thought—another one of his tricks!
AND ONLY A DESPICABLE PERSON LIKE WOLVERTON COULD DO A THING LIKE THIS TO A POOR CAT!

THUMP! THUMP!

POOR LITTLE FELLOW! MAKING YOU SUFFER JUST TO SCARE US INTO BELIEVING SOMEBODY WAS WALKING UP HERE! I'LL HAVE YOU COMFORTABLE IN NO TIME!

Meanwhile

I'LL SEE HIM THE VERY FIRST THING IN THE MORNING—AND BELIEVE ME—HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO ANSWER FOR!!

MR. WOLVERTON—DON'T HIT ME PLEASE! I COULDN'T DO ANY MORE WORK TODAY! PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!

PLEESE PLEASE—MR. WOLVERTON—DON'T HIT ME! PLEASE! I COULDN'T DO ANY MORE WORK TODAY! PLEASE GIVE ME SOMETHING TO EAT! PLEASE DON'T HIT ME!

Y'LLITTLE GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN! A LOT OF THANKS I'M GETTING FOR ADOPTIN' YOU!

ALL RIGHT! STAY UP THERE—ALL NIGHT!—MAYBE T'MORROW Y'WON'T BE SO LAZY!

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! WORK! WORK! WORK! NO FOOD! NO PLAY! WHIPPINGS AND EVERYTHING HE'S TOO MEAN TO BE MY GUARDIAN! I'M RUNNING AWAY—RIGHT NOW!

AND SO LITTLE SAM WOLVERTON STARTS ON HIS JOURNEY IN QUEST OF A NEW AND BETTER HOME—

BUT DOES NOT GET VERY FAR OVERCOME BY HUNGER AND FATIGUE HE HAS FAINTED BY THE ROADSIDE.
WHO ARE YOU?!
WHERE AM I? WHAT-
MY NAME IS BOB BURTON.
I FOUND YOU FAINTED.
HERE! HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW? AND
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME?

I FEEL BETTER.
I GUESS! MY
NAME IS SAM
WOLVERTON.
I NEVER
KNEW THAT
WOLVERTON
HAD A SON!

HE HASN'T...
I'LL SAY HE'S
HE ADOPTED ME WHEN MY
MEAN! SAY!
REAL
WHY NOT
FATHER
STAY WITH
DIED! BUT
ME - FOR
I'M RUNNING
AWAY. HE'S
ANYWAY -
TOO MEAN! WE
HAVE
PLENTY OF ROOM.

OH! THANK
YOU!
WHERE DO
YOU LIVE?

QUITING AWAYS BACK
ON A LITTLE
RANCH
WONDER
IF THAT'S THE
RANCH MR.
WOLVERTON
HAS BEEN
TRYING SO
HARD TO
GET?

YES! YES! DO
YOU KNOW WHY
HE WANTS...
BIT SO
HE'D KILL ME
BADLY! IF HE EVER
FOUND OUT I TOLD!

YOU CAN TRUST
ME, SAM!
BESIDES, I'VE
GOT SOME BUSINESS
TO SETTLE WITH
HIM MYSELF!

AND ACCORDING TO THAT
MAP - YOUR HOUSE IS
BUILT RIGHT OVER THE
SPOT WHERE A LARGE
TREASURE CHEST
IS BURIED!
SO THAT'S WHY HE'S BEEN TRYING TO SCARE US OUT, BURN US OUT - GET US OUT ANYWAY AT ALL! I KNEW THE PROPERTY HAD SOME UNSEEN VALUE - KNOWN ONLY TO HIM!

PLEASE DON'T TELL ON ME!

OF COURSE NOT, SAM!! AND - IF ALL GOES WELL YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A REAL HOME FROM NOW ON!

BOY! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

LATER

OH! HELLO, MRS. BURTON!

SO YOU'VE DECIDED TO SELL THE RANCH TO ME? WELL! THAT'S FINE! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

HA-HA-HA! THE FOOLS! THINKING THAT I'M PAYING SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS JUST FOR THAT OLD PROPERTY ALONE! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHAT IS BURIED UNDER THEIR HOUSE! HA-HA-HA!

AND HERE'S THE CHECK FOR FULL PAYMENT, MRS. BURTON! I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION OF THE PROPERTY!

THANK YOU! YOU MAY TAKE IMMEDIATE POSSESSION, MR. WOLVERTON! ROBERT HAS THE TRUCK PACKED WITH WHAT BELONGINGS WE WISH TO TAKE WITH US - AND WE ARE LEAVING RIGHT AWAY!

HE'LL TRY TO STOP PAYMENT OF THE CHECK WHEN HE FAILS TO FIND THE TREASURE CHEST, MRS. BURTON!

I THOUGHT OF THAT, SAM, SO I LOST NO TIME IN CASHING THE CHECK! WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY IF HE KNEW THAT THE TREASURE CHEST IS UNDERNEATH OUR FURNITURE IN THE BACK OF THIS TRUCK!!
BILL BARNES, AMERICA'S ACE—Bill Barnes is truly America's ace. He is the famous aviator whose stories have long been the favorite of DOC SAVAGE Magazine and AIR TRAILS. They are illustrated by a prominent aviator and all of the incidents are accurate.

THAT'S QUEER, BILL. HERE'S AN S-O-S. BUT IT'S ADDRESSED TO YOU—PERSONALLY.

LET'S SEE IT, TONY.

GOOD LORD! — IT'S FROM OLD CAPT. MICHAELS. — THEY'VE TORPEDOED THE SEA WITCH AND THERE ARE NO SHIPS NEARBY—GET HER BEARINGS, TONY, WHILE I ORDER MY PLANE!

THEY'RE SHELLING THE LIFEBOATS—THE FLATS!

LET'S SEE HOW THEY'LL LIKE A BIT OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!
BOMBS! SUBMERGE AT ONCE!

TO, FEET DOWN, SIR. SUBMERGE TO 100 FEET. THAT WAS ONE OF BILL BARNES' PLANES. HE'LL PAY FOR THIS!

LOOKS LIKE MICHAELS AND HIS CREW ARE ALL DEAD, BILL...

I JUST SAW ONE OF THEM MOVE — RUN ALONGSIDE, QUICKLY!

WE'LL HAVE YOU ASHORE IN NO TIME, CAPT. MICHAELS.

IT'S TOO LATE, BILL. I MUST TALK WHILE I CAN — TELL YOU THE SECRET OF THE MURDERING YELLOW-JACKETS.

I WAS DRIVEN OFF COURSE BY A GALE AND STUMBLED ON THE YELLOW-JACKETS' SUBMARINE BASE —

I TRIED TO ELUDE THEM, BUT THEIR SUB FINALLY CAUGHT US.

THEY HAVE SUNK MY SHIP, BOY — THEY HAVE KILLED MY CREW!
I'm dying, boy—smash the yellow-jackets before they get you.

I'm afraid he's gone, Bill.

They have murdered my father's oldest friend. The yellow-jackets shall pay for this!

Bearing the body of his father's murdered friend, Bill Barnes' plane returns to its home port.

I'll have to notify Pat Michaels—the old man's daughter.

It's gonna be tough on the poor kid.

This must be the yellow-jackets' base—this tiny island called Mantis.

You're right, Bill. The bearings check.

I just called Washington, Shorty. They say "go ahead"—blast the yellow-jackets out of the water!
WE START AS SOON AS WE CAN GET THE SHIP'S SERVICED. IF WE HOP OFF AT DAYBREAK, WE SHOULD REACH MANTGO BY THE FOLLOWING DAY.

Tell me, when do we start beel?

BUT BILL IS UNAWARE THAT THE SINISTER WORLD-WIDE WEB OF THE YELLOW-JACKETS HAS DETERMINED TO WIPE HIM OUT. DARKENED CARS ARRIVE AT AN OLD, ABANDONED MANSION NEAR BARNES FIELD.

HAVE YOU CONTACTED THE V-19 YET, ULRIN? I AM DECODING A MESSAGE NOW. SHE IS RISING TO THE SURFACE.

THE SHORE PARTY HAS RADIOED, SIR CAPTAIN. EVERYTHING ISS IN READINESS.

VERY GOOD, LIEUTENANT. TAKE OFF AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

INSIDE THE OLD HOUSE

ON THE FORE DECK OF THE MYSTERY SUBMARINE V-19, A FAST BOMBING PLANE HAS BEEN UNFOLDED AND PLACED ON ITS CATAPULT TRACK.

A STRANGE CREATURE OF THE DEEP EMERGES FROM THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC OFF MONTAUK POINT!
WE’LL TAKE HER ALL THE WAY UP TO THE CEILING—THEN CUT THE GUN AND COAST IN.

32,000 FEET—WE MUST BE NEAR OUR CEILING, THE CONTROLS ARE GETTING SLOPPY—GIVE ME THE COURSE...

TWO POINTS NORTH OF WEST, SIR LIEUTENANT.

QUIET! WE ARE ALMOST THERE... CAUTION THE TROOPERS TO HOLD THEIR GRENADES UNTIL THEY HEAR MY PISTOL...

IT WILL BE DONE AS YOU ORDER, SIR.

MEANWHILE, DARK FIGURES ARE SLINKING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH.... THEY CLOSE IN ON THE SIDE GATE OF BARNES FIELD....

AS THE "YELLOW JACKETS" CLOSE IN ON BARNES FIELD, SANDY SANDERS SITS IN THE RADIO TOWER, IDLY TRYING TO DECODE A QUEER WIRELESS MESSAGE THAT TONY LAMPORT HAS ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP.

MAYBE WE’RE BEING SILLY, KID, BUT IF YOUR SOLUTION OF THIS MESSAGE IS ANYWHERE NEAR RIGHT—WE’D BETTER CALL BILL QUICK!

UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER, ONE OF BILL BARNES’ EX-MARINE GUARDS STEALS A QUICK SMOKE AS HE STANDS IDLY IN THE OPEN PORTAL....
YOU THINK IT MIGHT REALLY BE AN ATTACK ON THE FIELD? O.K., TONY, I'LL INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!

BILL SWEEPS THE HEAVENS WITH POWERFUL NIGHT-GLASSES. NOTHING IN SIGHT, NO PURR OF DISTANT ENGINES — SUDDENLY...

AGAINST A DISTANT, MOONLIT CLOUD, A BLACK SPECK MOVES — A FAST SEAPLANE....

BILL TAKES ANOTHER QUICK LOOK — CATCHES THE SHEEN OF MOONLIGHT ON MUSTARD-COLORED WINGS... THE YELLOW JACKETS!

HEADED FOR BARNES FIELD!

LOOK! SIR LIEUTENANT, THE FIELD HAS BLACKED OUT!

THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED, QUICK-DUMKOPF, THE FLARES!

AIR RAID! LIGHTS OUT!

DOUSE EVERYTHING!
The pirate seaplane circles and heads back toward the Barnes hangars.

The bomber peers through his sights...

Rushing from hangar to hangar, Bill Barnes roars hurried orders. Quickly!

Run all planes into the open.

As the pirate seaplane swoops over Barnes field, parachute flares cast a ghastly green light over hangars and runways...

A shower of tiny thermite bombs pours from the open belly of the seaplane.

Fierce chemical fires spring up in a hundred places as the thermite bombs explode around the hangars!

Bill Barnes is up against one of the world's most ruthless gangs. How he retaliates for the destruction of his airport and planes is told in the next issue of Shadow Comics.
Joe DiMaggio -

The Yankee "Clipper" hit a triple in his first time at bat in the Pacific Coast League and a triple in his first "at bat" in the American League!

Quickest K.O.

Willie Jackson knocked out Johnny Dundee with one punch!

When St. Louis fans put on a booster day for Terry Moore - card outfielder - two trucks were needed to carry the presents from the park.

Whilton Williams was practicing his strokes by driving golf balls against a wall 40 yards away. One ball bounced back and knocked him cold.
The Shadow and his Agents

Reading clockwise from The Shadow, they are Moe Shremitz, cab driver; Clyde Burke, star newspaper reporter; Jericho Druke, giant Negro; Cliff Marsland, disguised as gangster; Burbank, The Shadow's contact man; Harry Vincent, chief aide of The Shadow; and Hawkeye, The Shadow's expert spotter.

The Shadow, scourge of the underworld, weird creature of the night, whose chilling laugh is the bane of criminals the world over—the exploits of this amazing crime fighter and his agents appear in each issue of Shadow Comics.