All New Comics

No. 2 1940

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New Thrilling the Avenger
Chilled Steel Man Deals Justice
This is a mathematical trick that will prove extremely puzzling—but so easy to do after you've read the answer on the back cover.

Norgil allows someone to cover numbers with a coin or a match stick. By merely letting his magic wand touch the coin or stick, Norgil names the TOTAL of the numbers concealed beneath it. Here are the stunts you can do magically:

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1. Total FIVE numbers covered by a DIME.
2. Total a square of FOUR numbers covered by a DIME.
3. Total a square of NINE covered by a TWENTY-FIVE-CENT piece.
4. Total FIVE SQUARES on the diagonal covered by a match stick.
5. Total SIX SQUARES in a horizontal or vertical row covered by a match stick. The last page tells you how to do it!

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC. • 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.
We have received the greatest compliment—

Victor Jory as The Shadow

On the radio in the movies

THE Movies have made pictures of both
THE SHADOW and NICK CARTER.
They're being shown now at your neighbor-
hood theater.
In addition to this The Shadow is on a
coast-to-coast radio network.
No other Comic Book is so complimented.
And shortly we'll announce another bit of
news—just as big, just as startling!

THE SHADOW, a Columbia film, features
Victor Jory (first time in serials), Veda Ann
Borg, Roger Moore and Robert Fiske. The
Shadow is now showing at your neighbor-
hood theaters.
NICK CARTER, the MGM picture, features
Walter Pidgeon, Rita Johnson, Donald Meek
and Addison Richards. This is now showing
at your local neighborhood theaters.
TODAY, MY PARTNER, FORR, IS BRINGING GEMS HERE TO SHOW TO BUYERS. WE NEED PROTECTION AND WANT YOU TO PROVIDE YOUR ACe INSPECTOR, JOE CARDONA.

SHOW ME THROUGH THE OTHER OFFICES, WENDREW. THIS IS THE TOP FLOOR OF THE BUILDING. PROTECTION WILL BE EASY.

SorrY, INSPECTOR CARDONA IS ALREADY DETAILED TO MEET AN ARMORED TRUCK BRINGING $100,000 TO THE SUB-TREASURY. WE ARE ROUTING IT BY FERRY TO THROW CROOKS OFF THE TRAIL.

ALONE, LAMONT CRANSTON, THE SHADOW, MAKES HIS OWN PREPARATIONS IN CASE OF CRIME WHEN THE BUYERS MEET WITH WENDREW AND FORR.
THE SHADOW

HAVING LEARNED OF A $1,000,000 CASH SHIPMENT COMING BY FERRY FROM NEW JERSEY, THE SHADOW SET OUT, HOPING TO PREVENT A MAJOR CRIME.

NO TROUBLE SO FAR, INSPECTOR CARDONA.

THROUGH THE HOLLAND TUBE TO THE HOBOKEN FERRY SLIP-HURRY!

I'VE GOT TH' HAUL. LET'S SCRAM!

BUT SUDDENLY

LOOK! THE SHADOW

TEAR GAS!

WE SHOULD'VE GOT THOSE LUGS

NEWARK AIRPORT. HURRY IT!

Yeah? We're lucky the Shadow didn't get us! Anyway, the dough is ours.
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN

GOOD EVENING, MR. FORR, THEY ARE EXPECTING YOU

NATIONAL GEM CO.
JAMES WENDRE & ALBERT FOX

HELLO, FORR, THESE ARE THE BUYERS WHO WANT TO SEE THE GEMS.

WAIT, WENDREW—LET'S HEAR THE NEWS REPORT.

$1,000,000 STOLEN FROM ARMORED VAN

AND HERE IT IS—EVEN THE SHADOW COULDN'T STOP THIS GRAB!

AND THE POLICE THINK WE'RE LOOKIN' OVER GEMS, LET'S COUNT THE CASH. THE COPS WON'T LET ANYONE DISTURB US!

CROOKS HAVE FORGOTTEN THE ONE WAY THAT THEIR LAIR CAN BE REACHED—BY AIR! BUT THE SHADOW KNOWS!

AND THE POLICE ARE BAFFLED

BUT NOT THE SHADOW—HE KNOWS!

THE SHADOW HAS CUT IN——

MAYBE HE'S HERE.

FROM AMID THAT CONFUSED GROUP OF CRIMINALS, SOMEONE SUPPLIES A FLASHLIGHT BEAM, REVEALING A SURE TARGET FOR THE GUNS OF MURDEROUS MEN.

START SHOOTING, QUICK!
AS GUNS RIDDLE THE SHADE, A HAND PRESSES A LIGHT SWITCH, BRINGING FULL ILLUMINATION TO THE ROOM.

THE SHADOW MUST HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE -- HE MUST BE...

A CHILLING LAUGH OF INTERRUPTION MAKES THE WHOLE GROUP TURN. THEY LEARN WHO USED THE FLASHLIGHT.

THERE'S SHOOTING INSIDE! WE'RE CHOPPING THROUGH.

GET WENDREW! HE'S HEADING FOR THE ROOF.

WITH A SKILLFULL TWIST OF THE TABLE, THE SHADOW TRANSFERS THE STOLEN CASH FROM CROOKS TO POLICE AND GAINS A SPIKED SHIELD THAT BLOCKS OFF ATTACKERS.

JAMES WENDREW, MASTER OF THE ROBBERY RING, IS READY FOR HIS LONE PURSUER, THE SHADOW.
FLINGING HIS GUN FROM SHELTER, IN AN UPWARD ARC, THE SHADOW Follows IT. WENDREW, FORCED TO DODGE, FIRES WILD.

SO YOU KNEW THAT FORR WOULD BRING CASH, NOT GEMS. TELL THE COMMISSIONER ALL ABOUT IT, CRANSTON. HE'S DOWN THERE WAITING FOR YOU.

WENDREW! TWISTED IN THE SHADOW'S CLOAK!

SMART GUESS WORK, SHADOW, FIGURING ME BEHIND THIS GAME.

NO GUESS WORK, WENDREW. I HEARD YOU PUMP THE COMMISSIONER TO LEARN HOW THE CASH WAS COMING INTO TOWN.

THE SHADOW!

HE'S DONE FOR THIS TIME!

THE SOUND OF A TRAILING LAUGH--THE RISING ROAR OF A MOTOR--THE SHADOW IS SOARING OFF INTO THE NIGHT, WHERE DARKNESS WILL SERVE HIM AS A CLOAK, UNTIL CRIME AGAIN CHALLENGES HIS PROWESS.

AMAZING HOW HE GRABBED THAT LEDGE--AND THEN UP AND AWAY BEFORE I COULD GLOPSE HIS FACE!
Richard Henry Benson, known as The Avenger, has a background of crime fighting and became a criminal mastermind. The Avenger's most critical loss was the death of his wife and daughter, which led him to embark on a criminal plot. He became The Avenger, a name synonymous with crime-fighting.

Smitty, the giant, and Fergus MacMurtrie are also featured. Smitty is the Avenger's partner, and Fergus MacMurtrie is a notable character in the story. The Avenger's mind is behind the huge body, and the zeal that makes him run any risk for his chief's cause.

Fergus MacMurtrie is The Avenger's first love and foremost aid. He has the nerve to tell the truth in Dick Benson's first great tragedy. MacMurtrie, too, lost everything to crime, and is ready to sacrifice his life in the service of his chief—The Avenger.

Dad! I can't help looking at them, Nellie! They're the most important thing that ever happened in my life! If the university only knew what I have here! If the museum only knew—

I have to have these archeological pets where I can see them and gloat over them. Like a miser with his gold!

If anyone knew what you have there, your life wouldn't be worth a moment's notice, Dad! Please put them in a safe-deposit box in the Central Bank, as Dr. Barker did! I'm putting my brick in there the first thing in the morning!

I may put them in the bank tomorrow, however, just to play safe! Now how about getting dinner ready, my dear? I'm rather hungry.

All right, Dad, it'll be ready in a jiffy!
FOLLOWING PROFESSOR GRAY'S MURDER FOR HIS MEXICO BRICKS, ACTION IS TAKEN TO OBTAIN DR. BARKER'S BRICK FROM A VAULT IN THE CENTRAL BANK.

LEMME OUTA HERE! LEMME GO!! WHAT'RE YOU GUYS GONNA DO WITH ME? WHAT'S THIS? LEMME OUTA HERE! HELP! I'LL...

NOW DON'T BE AFRAID, MY LITTLE MAN— YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE NAP— YOU'RE JUST GOING TO SLEEP FOR AWHILE—

YES, TWILIGHT SLEEP! THIS NEW CONCOCTION WILL KEEP HIM UNDER LONGER, SMITTY, AND AT THE SAME TIME— IT WILL MAKE HIM TALK MORE...

THE CENTRAL BANK WAS JUST BOMBED, CHIEF, AND I THINK THIS GUY KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

I KNOW OF THE BOMBING, SMITTY! GO AHEAD, BOYS...

YOU ARE ASLEEP BUT YOU CAN HEAR ME AND ANSWER ME! UNDERSTAND?

I AM ASLEEP! I CAN HEAR YOU; I CAN ANSWER YOU!

WHAT'S YOUR NAME? MY NAME IS EDDIE CARR! I WAS WITH THE GUY WHO HIRED ME YESTERDAY...

HOOK UP THE TELEVISION CONNECTIONS, MAC! THE CENTRAL BANK WAS JUST BOMBED! I HAPPENED TO BE NEAR THERE AT THE TIME— AND HAVE A HUNCH THIS GUY KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT, SMITTY!
WHAT'S HIS NAME? AND WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION?

DID HE GET KILLED?

BORG IS HIS NAME! HIS LITTLE METAL PEANUTS CAUSED THE EXPLOSION! NO! HE DIDN'T GET KILLED!

WHAT WAS HE AFTER? MONEY?

NO! HE WAS AFTER A MEXICAN BRICK IN THE VAULT!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR THE PRESENT BOYS! THAT JOB WAS DONE BY THE SAME GANG THAT MURDERED MY FRIEND, PROFESSOR GRAY, A MURDERER FOR WHICH HIS DAUGHTER, NELLIE, IS BEING HELD! WHEN HE COMES TO, FOLLOW HIM FOR A WHILE! I'M GOING TO NELLIE'S AID NOW!

OH! MR. BENSON! I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME! I DIDN'T KILL MY DOOR FATHER! OH! HOW COULD -

I KNOW YOU DIDN'T, MR. CHANDLER! AND I'M ARRANGING BAIL FOR YOU -

AND I'M NOT ONLY GOING TO PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE, MR. BENSON, BUT I'M ALSO GOING TO PUT THAT GANG WHERE THEY BELONG!

THEY'RE AFTER FOUR BRICKS! NEVER PUT THAT MEXICAN BRICKS WHERE THEY BELONG!

Oh, yes, Mr. Benson! I didn't know you were in my apartment. My friend, Professor Gray, often talked to me about you!

Whether or not I'd find you alive, Mr. Chandler! I understand you have one of the Mexican bricks from Gray's last expedition.

Yes, and I probably would if that makes me probably would have been murdered if I were in my apartment last night. When it was broken in, and my Mexican brick stolen!
YES! FOUR BRICKS! AND I HOPE I CAN BE OF SERVICE TO YOU IN PUTTING THAT GANG WHERE IT BELONGS! I KNOW THE AZTEC REGIONS QUITE WELL—HAVING BEEN THERE SEVERAL TIMES TO GET INSPIRATION FROM THEIR MARVELOUS IDEAS OF CITY PLANNING!

THANK YOU! I MAY CALL ON YOU VERY SHORTLY, MR. CHANDLER, TO FLY WITH ME TO THE PLACE!

THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS DEManded FOR NELLIE GRAY’S BAIL WAS EASILY FURNISHED FROM BECAUSE OF HIS VAST FORTUNE—AND WE NOW FIND THEM IN THE GRAY HOME.

A BIT! YES, BUT IT’S WHAT’S INSIDE THAT WEIGHTS! AND THE OUTSIDE FOR JUST A LITTLE CLAY!


IM WONDERING HOW I’M PUZZLED BORG AND HIS GANG LEARNED, MR. BENSON! BUT OF THE SECRET? I’M NOT SURE. ESPECIALLY WHEN ONLY THE THREE OF US KNEW OF IT! WAS IT BENSON OR CHANDLER?

I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR FATHER’S LOST EXPEDITION, NELLIE, TO HELP ME DECIDE JUST WHAT ACTION TO TAKE. OF COURSE, MR. BENSON.

L BENSON IS INFORMED THAT PROFESSOR GRAY WENT TO THE RUINS OF THE COST CITY OF THE AZTECS AND THAT THE EXPEDITION WAS FINANCED BY A GROUP OF BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN FOR THE PLEASURE OF GOING ALONG AS AMATEUR ARCHAEOLOGISTS. TWO OF THESE MEN, DR. BARKER, THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN FOR YEARS, AND CLINT CHANDLER, AN OLD CLASSMATE OF PROFESSOR GRAY AT COLUMBIA, WERE INTRIGUED AND COULD BE TRUSTED TO KNOW THE SECRET.

IM WONDERING HOW I’M PUZZLED BORG AND HIS GANG LEARNED, MR. BENSON! BUT OF THE SECRET? I’M NOT SURE. ESPECIALLY WHEN ONLY THE THREE OF US KNEW OF IT! WAS IT BENSON OR CHANDLER?

THEY ARE ALSO FOR CAMOUFLAGE: YOU MAY BREAK THE BRICK.

WELL, WE’LL FIND OUT ANYWAY, NELLIE! BUT WHAT IS WORRYING ME RIGHT NOW IS THAT THE GANG HAS FOUND THE PLATES ENOUGH OF THE BELT TO KNOW THE DIRECTIONS TO THE HIDING PLACE OF THE GOLD HORDE, AND MAY AT THIS MOMENT BE ON THEIR WAY.

I’M WONDERING HOW I’M PUZZLED BORG AND HIS GANG LEARNED, MR. BENSON! BUT OF THE SECRET? I’M NOT SURE. ESPECIALLY WHEN ONLY THE THREE OF US KNEW OF IT! WAS IT BENSON OR CHANDLER?

BUT I HAVE THE COMPLETE MESSAGE! DAD TOOK IT FROM THE PLATES BEFORE HE CAMOUFLAGED THEM AND DISTRIBUTE THEM!

THAT’S FINE!

BE READY TO JOIN ME IN A FEW HOURS FOR A PLANE TRIP DOWN THERE!

I SHALL BE READY, MR. BENSON!
OVER GUATEMALA, THE FOLLOWING DAY, BENSON, WITH SMITTY, MACNELLIE AND CHANDLER IN HIS PLANE, TURNS OFF THE MOTOR IN ORDER TO GLIDE NOISlessly TO A LANDING.

WE BETTER CAMOUFLAGE THE PLANE IMMEDIATELY.

KEEP CLOSE TO THE GROUND! WE CAN CRAWL TO THE RUINS!

I'D GIVE THE WHOLE HORDE OF GOLD JUST TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE RATS!

WE'LL GET A CHANCE AT THEM YET, SMITTY!

I'LL GET AROUND THEM FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

HOLD ON, MR. CHANDLER! YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED WITH US!

I BELIEVE HE HAD A REASON FOR LEAVING!

HELP! THEY GOT ME!
WHERE'S NELLIE?
SHE -

DON'T WORRY ABOUT NELLIE! SHE CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF! INSTEAD OF PLAYING TENNIS AND OTHER SPORTS AT COLLEGE - SHE WENT IN FOR JUJITSU.

YOU BOYS GO OUT THERE AND STAND GUARD NEAR THE ENTRANCE! NELLIE AND I HAVE WORK TO DO HERE INSIDE! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK.

OKAY, CHIEF!

THE GANG HAS ONLY FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE PLATE - FOUR-FIFTHS OF THE DIRECTIONS TO THE GOLD! THEY HAVEN'T THE IDEOGRAPHICS THAT WERE ON YOUR PLATE! JUST FOLLOW ME, NELLIE!

WHAT IS YOUR PLAN, MR. BENSON?

THE BOSS'S SURE GOT SUMPIN' IN THEM PEANUTS!
That was some explosion, boys. The metal peanuts are the latest creation of an international munitions company. I'd give anything to know the formula of those metal peanuts!

Meanwhile—

Just a few more steps, boys! I guess the peanuts musta got Benson, boss. Yeh, don't see none of his mob!

Well! Here we are, boys! At last! The gold horde! Go ahead, open it, will y' boss! I can't wait!

Mr. Chandler, the leader! Watch what happens when he opens that door!

This is the spot designated by the four plates the gang has! Your plate, Nellie, gives further directions to another section—two left and three right turns from here!
I wasn’t quite sure, I just suspected it! The Aztec’s overlooked no detail in you, their protection of the gold. They knew that message or directions were needed to reach the gold. So, to make it easy for enemies going might find parts of the message—then to happen, traps! Fortunately— we had the complete message— Chandler and Borg didn’t!

I can’t! I suspected him when I spoke to him in his office! First, I a field gun on his desk— tie kind that Chandler Munition Makers give to salesmen! Being that meant that he lied when he said the lie. He was a city planning engineer! Leader! He really was a Munition’s Salesman! Of such he lied again when he said he a ruthless came here several times before gang of for inspiration on city planning killers. Because the planning around here was never intended for cities like ours in the States.

Well! That settles another score, Chief! Yes, Mac! And there’s the gold, Nellie, all yours!

Not all mine, Mr. Benson! As much of it as you want is yours—for your crusade against crime.
IRON MUNRO, JUPITER COLONIST, HEADS BACK TO THE GIANT PLANET IN A SUPER SPACECRAFT TO RESCUE HIS PEOPLE. SPENCER CARLISLE, HIS EARTH FRIEND, IS WITH HIM. THEIR SHIP HITS AN ASTEROID AND THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN A NEW UNIVERSE. THEY DRIVE OFF STRANGE ENEMY SHIPS, BUT AS THEIR POWER GIVES OUT, A LARGER FLEET RETURNS.

IRON, CAN'T WE SEND A BEAM TO THAT SUN FOR POWER?  IT'S TOO FAR AWAY. IT WOULD NEVER BRING US POWER IN TIME.

THEN WE ARE AS HELPLESS AS JUPITER?

UNNOTICED BY THE TWO MEN, A STRANGE FLEET HAS ATTACKED THE DISC-FLEET.

NO, EARTH SAW US HIT THE ASTEROID AND THEY WILL USE OUR PLANS TO SEND A SECOND SHIP. JUPITER IS SAVED!

LOOK, SPENCE! THE DISC-SHIPS ARE BEING ATTACKED!
A mighty battle is fought and the mysterious ships are victorious.

Spence! There are some of the dead enemy!

By space! What a horrible creature!

Iron, one of the strange ships has come alongside. How can we tell them we need power?

Watch. I think I know a way.

A crew of one of the vanquished disc-ships.
Iron Munro sends over an electric light bulb, burning dimly, to show that their power is low, that it is electric, and that the cable will carry it.

That did it! Power's coming over fast!

And so is someone from that ship. Put a necktie on, Iron! We've got company.

Well, I'll be...

It's a—girl! You should have put on that necktie!

They're just like us. We'll have to learn their language.

That old boy with the crayons looks like an artist. But why an artist here?

And so, for many days, the Earthmen concentrate on learning a new language, while the ship, in tow of a friendly warship, proceeds to Magya.
I am Anto Rayl. Countless thousands of years ago, my people, the Mayans, lived on another planet in another space.

We built a great civilization, and prospered until the Tefflans, a half-goat people from the hot lower regions, began to attack us.

We fought them for two centuries, but they advanced faster than we did in science. To save our race, we took the pick of our people, put them into a space-ship and destroyed the continent, hoping to destroy the Tefflans with it. We did—all but those who were in the disc-ship they had built.
Deep into space the battle continued, until, intent on the conflict, the two ships struck a mass of rocks in space and were hurled into this universe.

We landed on separate planets, and as soon as we had grown strong enough, continued the war. They destroyed our capital cities four centuries ago and stole the data plates, on which were the coded directions for returning to our planet. We must destroy the planet Teff-El.

Yes, the hordes must be destroyed! We must recover those plates! Don't you see? The continent they destroyed so long ago was Mu! These are Earth people! We are descendants of the survivors.
Iron and Spence return to the planet Magya with Anto Rayl's patrol. Soon they have all the planet's industries at their command. A huge transpon beam projector is set up on one of Magya's two moons, and brings back power from the sun beyond the Magyans' wildest dreams. Iron Munro's vast new knowledge brings new hope to the people of Magya.

You have saved our people!

Say that when Teff-el is destroyed, we can only hope that the Tefflans don't know what we are doing.

Hey-what in the universe!

Alone at his work, Iron gets visitors who cut their way in with thermit guns, shooting liquid iron.

Three times as fast as the intruders, Iron overcomes the first, but the other two leap on him and...

What the devil are you!

We are sent from Teff-el to bring you back with us. Come, or die!

I had heard that you were daring. You win the first round. Let's go!

Would Iron Munro surrender so easily without something up his sleeve? See next issue of Shadow Comics!
HELLO, LIMPY! DID YOU GET DIMAGGIO'S AUTOGRAPH YET?

YEH, MR. CARTER, I GOT IT! BUT SUMPIN' IMPORTANT COME UP! I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOUSE!

I WAS JUS' DOWN AT KELLY'S BAR AN' HOID SOME GUY TALKIN' IN THE BACK ROOM! I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, BUT HE'S OUT T'GETCHA-AN' I JUS' DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS?

AND YOU, MR. CARTER, HE'S OUT T'GETCHA- AN' I JUS' WANNA WARN YOUSE T'BE ON YOUR GUARD!

NO, I DON'T, MR. CARTER. I'D TELL YA IN A MINUTE IF I DID! YOUSE'S LIMPY, BEEN PRETTY SQUARE. I'LL BE ON MY GUARD!

ALL RIGHT, HONEST! I'D TELL YA IN A MINUTE IF I DID! YOUSE'S LIMPY, BEEN PRETTY SQUARE. I'LL BE ON MY GUARD!

NOTE: LIMPY'S AUTOGRAPH APPEARS TO BE A FAKE.
HELP! HE!

THE RAT GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT! MUST BE THE SAME ONE THAT IS AFTER ME! HE KNIFED POOR LIMPY FOR WARNING ME!

LIMPY! LIMPY!! MURDERED!

LYNCH'S

SOUTH!
WHAT WAS THE POOR FELLOW TRYING TO WRITE? WHAT MESSAGE WAS HE TRYING TO LEAVE?

LATER

ONE POINT I AM SURE OF — THE RAT WAS A KNIFER! NOW THAT MIGHT BE LEGS BOGAN, DAGGER DAN SPIKE HANLOR OR LITTLE GERANO!

'SOUTH'? — 'SOUTH'? — I WONDER —
GONE! BUT I'LL GET HEM AND HE'LL PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO LIMPY TOO! HIS FINGERPRINTS MAY BE ON THE KNIFE!

HE MUST HAVE WORN GLOVES! NO FINGERPRINTS ON THIS KNIFE! I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK ON LIMPY'S UNFINISHED MESSAGE!

'SOUTH'? 'SOUTH'? JUST WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? DAGGER DAN HAS A PLACE ON SOUTH STREET! COULD THAT NOT BE LIMPY? IF LIMPY HAD KNOWN I WAS DAGGER DAN HE WOULD SIMPLY HAVE WRITTEN THE MAN'S NAME!

LET ME SEE - NOW - 'SOUTH'? 'SOU - I'VE GOT IT - I HOPE!

MORNING

NICK CARTER IMMEDIATELY TAKES ACTION TO PROVE HIS THEORY OF THE MEANING OF LIMPY'S UNFINISHED MESSAGE IN BLOOD...

HELLO, LEGS! HOW ABOUT COMING TO MY PARTY TONIGHT AT KELLY'S - AROUND EIGHT O'CLOCK?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE GAME IS, CARTER, BUT I'LL BE THERE - Y'VE GOTTEN SOMETHING ON ME!

HELLO, SPIKE! HOW ABOUT COMING TO MY PARTY TONIGHT - EIGHT O'CLOCK - AT KELLY'S?

O-K-A-Y - NICK! I'M RATHER ANXIOUS TO SEE WHAT YOUR LITTLE GAME IS!

WHY IF IT'SN'T DAGGER DAN AND LITTLE GERAN! HOW ABOUT COMING TO MY PARTY TONIGHT AT KELLY'S - EIGHT O'CLOCK?

S-U-R-E, CARTER, I'M CURIOUS

YEH! ME TOO!

WELL - SO FAR - SO GOOD!
In Kelly's Tavern That Evening -

Just what is the idea of this party, Nick? I'm curious!

Yeh! What trick have you got up your sleeve? I can't wait!

Maybe it's to celebrate Gerano's getting out of stir!

Yeh—and Carter's influence in gettin' me in—five years ago!

A toast—to a game little guy who was murdered last night! All of you gentlemen knew—limpy!

To p-o-o-r limpy —

Okay, to limpy —

Yeh—p-o-o-r poor limpy —

I'm still listenin', Carter.

Thank you, gentlemen! Now I have the evidence I need —

Gerano! You just said you were still listening! Well — here's the rest of the story! You murdered limpy! He told me—in his own blood—on one of his newspapers! He—

I expected that!
POLICE! POLICE!
KELLY'S CORNER-

THERE'S LIMPY'S MURDERER, BOYS! HOW'RE YOU GOING TO PROVE IT, NICK?

YES, WE'VE GOT TO HAVE THE EVIDENCE. Y'KNOW-

SOUTH WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

LIMPY WAS A BASEBALL BUG AND TALKED IN BASEBALL LANGUAGE. HE WAS TRYING TO WRITE THE WORD - SOUTHPAW-

GERANO WAS THE ONLY MAN AT THE TABLE WHO HELD HIS GLASS WITH THE LEFT HAND - AND WHEN I ACCUSED HIM OF THE MURDER - HE PROVED HIS GUILT BY TRYING TO KNIFE ME AND ESCAPE!

THE END
Frank Merrill at College

One Night during Frank's junior year some friends gather at his rooms.

Frank does remember and the chagrin still rankles. Suddenly he smiles as an idea strikes him.

What a lark! Better be on your toes. Boltwood will lead the frosh tonight and he's got a bag of tricks with him. But I've a plan.

What! That long-haired poet? That milk-sop? I'll kill...

Quiet, Reddy. Let's hear Frank's plan.

Boltwood's soft on a chorus girl who plays at the arcady. A tender letter from this beauteous damsels might lure our poet out tonight into the hands of some big, bad sophomores...

I get it! We'll snatch this long-haired monkey and the frosh won't have any leader.

Alright, I'll write the love letter, Bingham, you get a cab. Now, Reddy at 21 Fleet St. There's an old ware-house - the watchman's a friend of mine & he loves to entertain fresh men.

Oh, boy - what a circus! Let's go, Bingham.

When the sophomores leave Frank bursts out laughing as he gets out a mysterious boy.

Ha, ha, Mr. Reddy there'll be some fancy table-turning on you tonight.
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE BOLTWOOD’S DOOR WAIT TWO DARKENED FIGURES AND A TAXICAB.

Ah, my dove do you await?

Quick, here comes Boltwood—inside the cab!

Step on it, driver! 21 Fleet St.

Help! What the...

LATER ON THE CAMPUS—LAMBDA CHI NIGHT IS IN FULL SWING. THE SENIORS LEAD, FOLLOWED BY THE JUNIORS, SOPHS AND FRESHMAN. THEY MARCH AROUND THE CAMPUS THRU GATELY ARCH. HERE IT IS TRADITION THAT THE SOPHOMORES STOP THE FROSH—IF THEY CAN. THE FRESHIES TRY TO SMASH THRU & REACH THE FENCE BEYOND.

As the freshmen advance the sophomores spring on them at the arch. But only half the freshmen are in this struggle. The other half charges now—a driving wedge who is that leading?

Good Lud! It’s Boltwood!

Boltwood, you long-haired varlet, how did you get out? Merriwell must be behind this! Give me that fake club!

Certainly, Mr. Reddy, take it!

I’ll just toss you around a bit—you barber’s nightmare!

Oh, I enjoy playing bean bag!

Like this!
HAIL TO THEE, GLYTHE SPIRIT, BIRD THOU NEVER WERT. YOU FLY WELL, BUT, I FEAR IT, YOUR NECK IS GONNA HURT!

FARE THEE WELL, MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND, I HAVE GREATER WORLDS TO CONQUER.

THE SOPHS ARE NOW COMPLETELY ROUTED, & THE FRESHMAN HAVE GAINED THE FENCE.

OOOH, THE FALL OF JERICHO WAS NEVER LIKE THIS! COME ON FELLA'S, WE HAVE TO GET THAT FENCE BACK. LET'S RUSH 'EM!

REDDY FACES BOLTWOOD WHILE BINGHAM COMES UP BEHIND.

AH, MR. REDDY, MORE FLYING INSTRUCTIONS?

LET'S GET BOLTWOOD.
LATER AT THE WAREHOUSE.

HERE'S THAT FIVER I PROMISED YOU, WATCHMAN... IS THE PRISONER STILL HERE?

THAT SETTLES IT! BOLTWOOD WAS MERRIWELL, REDDY, AND HE CERTAINLY GOT EVEN WITH YOU! SHUR-AN' GENTLE LAMB

INSIDE THE CAB - REDDY AIMS A BLOW.

GET GOING DRIVER AND DON'T MIND A LITTLE NOISE. COME ON BINGHAM, LET'S GIVE THIS CHUMP A LESSON!

GO AHEAD, REDDY - GIVE IT TO HIM - I'VE GOT HIM!

A QUICK DUCK. OOPS - SORRY, BINGHAM, COME ON NOW, DIVE AT HIM!

LATER - REDDY & A GROUP OF BEDRAGGLED SOPHS.

IF ONLY WE HAD MERRIWELL TO LEAD US TONIGHT. HE COULD HAVE HANDLED THAT BOLTWOOD!

BOLTWOOD! MERRIWELL! NOW I GET IT! BOLTWOOD WAS REALLY FRANK IN DISGUISE. THE REAL BOLTWOOD MUST STILL BE IN THE WAREHOUSE!

YOU'RE RIGHT - LET'S GO & WILLI SLAM THAT BOLTWOOD AROUND JUST TO RELIEVE MY FEELINGS!

SO THERE YOU ARE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME, ANYWAY?

OF COURSE I'M HERE AND I'VE BEEN WRITING A POEM ABOUT YOU, REDDY.

NONE OF YOUR LIP, YOU LONG-HAIRED FREAK. GET OUTSIDE, WE'RE TAKING YOU HOME.

Y-YES SIR.
Jack Reddy and Bingham dive but Boltwood is no longer there.

Now, boys don't play rough.

My, what soft seats you have, driver.

Well, I get out here boys—take care of the driver, will you? By the way, that poem goes like this:

There was a little 'Jack' & it came to pass that this poor little 'Jack' became a jackass.

Boltwood slams the stunned Reddy to the floor and piles the ponderous Bingham on top of him.

Oh, Lur—I'm just a grease spot.

Next day at Reddy's room.

They were both merriwell, fellas. He knew where we took Boltwood, and disguised himself to look like the poet, joined the fence fight & beat us back to the warehouse. Then let Boltwood out & took his place. But even so, to my dying day I'll be polite to that long-haired freak too. No more chances for me!
CAPTAIN JOHN FURY, SEA ROVING ADVENTURER, KNOWN ON THE SEVEN SEAS FOR HIS PHYSICAL DARING AND NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE. CAP IS ABLY ASSISTED AT ALL TIMES BY SPIKE BRIGGS, CHIEF OFFICER, AND HURRICANE DAN, FIRST MATE OF THE ADVENTURER'S VESSEL, "WHIRLWIND". IN ANSWER TO AN URGENT RADIOGRAM FROM ERIC KANE, WEALTHY PEARL TRADER, CAP FURY DOCKS AT KAUA'I ISLAND.

WHILE CAPTAIN FURY IS AT KANE'S HOME, HIS TWO ASSISTANTS, SPIKE BRIGGS AND HURRICANE DAN, ARE STROLLING ALONG THE BEACH. A NATIVE BOY APPROACHES THEM.

CAPTAIN FURY SAYS COME TO THE INN, QUICK! COME ON, DAN! CAP FURY WANTS US!

I DON'T SEE CAP! HE'S PROBABLY AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM, HURRICANE.

THE TWO MEN ARRIVE AT THE INN.

IT'S A TRAP, HURRICANE! RIGHT, SPIKE—AND WE'RE IN IT.

SO! VOGL'S AT IT ALREADY!

CAPTAIN FURY, MASTER OF THE WHIRLWIND, ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF THE FIGHT.

THAT'S THE GUY I WANT!

AS A SNEAKING FIGURE HEADS FOR THE DOORWAY....

CALL YOUR MEN OFF, VOGL, OR I'LL FINISH YOU: I WILL! I WILL NOT HURT ME, PLEASE!

CAPTAIN FURY, WITH A LEAP, GRABS THE MAN.

SOMEONE TRICKED US INTO COMING TO THE INN, CAP.

IT WAS VOGL—I TRIALED HIM. KANE'S SHIP WENT DOWN WITH A LOAD OF PEARLS AND....

LEDIFORD—WHAT'S WRONG?

VOGL'S MEN KIDNAPPED KANE—THEY'RE GOING TO FORCE HIM TO TAKE THEM TO THE SUNKEN SHIP.

ON THE WHIRLWIND'S GANGPLANK, THEY MEET LEDIFORD, KANE'S SECRETARY.
ALL HANDS ON DECK! HURRICANE, FOLLOW THE COURSE TO THE SUNKEN SHIP.

AYE, AYE-CAPTAIN!

THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED TUBULAR ENGINES CARRY THE WHIRLWIND SWIFTLY THROUGH THE WATER.

CAPTAIN FURY IS LOWERED INTO THE SEA.

START THE AIR PUMP, HURRICANE.

WE'RE DIRECTLY OVER THE SHIP, CAPTAIN.

PREPARE MY DIVING SUIT AND KEEP A WATCH FOR VOGEL'S BOAT.

AN HOUR LATER.

DISCOVERING THE CHEST WITH PEARLS, FURY TIES IT TO A LINE AND SIGNALS SPIKE TO LIFT IT.

CAP, ABOUT TO SIGNAL THE DECK TO HAUL HIM UP, SEES TWO NATIVES SWIMMING TOWARD HIM.

THE NATIVES ATTACK AND, IN THE MARY'S AIR HOSE AND LINE ARE CUT.
His air supply cut off, Fury struggles frantically to rid himself of the weighty suit.

Here it is—Kane's fortune in pearls.

Meanwhile on the deck....

Spike/Cap's air hose and line—they've been cut.

The rat—he's in cahoots with Vogel.

Don't make a move, either one of you—Vogel will be here to relieve you of the pearls.

Captain Fury, having freed himself from the cumbersome diving suit, shoots to the surface.

Spike and Hurricane are surprised to find that Lediford is one of Vogel's confederates.

Leford—he's up to some dirty work!

On the deck—cap takes in the situation at a glance.

Fury bounds across the deck and goes into action.

I'll take care of you!

It's the cap—Hurricane—he's safe!

He's signaled Vogel to pull over here—'I'll put this skunk in irons.'

We'll let Vogel pull alongside us for a surprise!

On Captain Fury's order, trap doors open, swinging machine guns into position, and the whirlwind becomes an armed craft.

Clear the deck—to places for action!
VOGEL, THINKING LEDIFORD HAS EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL, PULLS ALONGSIDE THE WHIRLWIND.

QUICKLY, FURY ORDERS HIS MEN INTO ACTION. COME ON, MEN—OVER THE SIDE.

VOGEL'S MEN, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, ARE EASILY OVERCOME BY THE WHIRLWIND'S CREW.

THE MEN ON DECK SUBDUE, FURY HUNTS FOR THE KIDNAPPED KANE. HE MUST BE DOWN HERE, SOMEWHERE.

WHY, YOU?

CRASHING THROUGH A LOCKED DOOR IN THE HOLD, CAP FINDS KANE IN THE NICK OF TIME.

THIS'LL STOP YOUR DIRTY WORK, VOGEL...

LATER IN PORT.

VOGEL AND HIS MEN ARE BEHIND BARS, FURY. YOUR PEARLS WILL BE SAFE WITH YOU NOW, KANE.

ANOTHER CAP FURY ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE SHADOW COMICS.
BILL BARNES INVOKED THE ANIMOSITY OF THE YELLOW-JACKETS, AN ORGANIZATION OF FOREIGN AGENTS, WHEN HE DROPPED BOMBS ON THEIR SUB-V-19. IN RETALIATION, THEY DROPPED INCENDIARY BOMBS ON THE AIRPORT, SENDING THE HANGARS UP IN FLAMES.

FRANTIC ALARMS BRING FIRE ENGINES FROM ALL NEARBY CITIES TO THE AIRPORT.

WE'RE GETTING IT UNDER CONTROL NOW. YEAH-AND IT'S LUCKY WE SAVED THE PLANES.

BILL BARNES AND SHORTY HANDLE THE HOSES.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE YELLOW-JACKET TROOPERS SWARM OVER THE AIRPORT GATES AND BEGIN TO ATTACK.
INTO YOUR PLANES, MEN. DOUBLE-QUICK!

BILL AND HIS PILOTS HOP INTO THEIR PLANES AND TAKE OFF IN FORMATION.

THEY SPEED RIGHT INTO THE MIDST OF THE YELLOW-JACKET TROOPERS.

CIRCLING THE FIELD, THE PLANES SWOOP LOW AND STRAFE THE TROOPERS WITH MACHINE GUN BULLETS.

THAT FINISHES THEM, YOU FELLOWS! LAND NOW. I'M GOING AFTER THE RAIDER WHICH DROPPED THE THERMITE BOMBS.

AIDED BY A SECRET DETECTOR, WHICH RECEIVES THE SIGNALS SENT OUT BY THE SPARK PLUGS ON THE RAIDER'S PLANE, BILL BARNES SETS HIS COURSE.

WE ARE CATCHING UP WITH HIM. THE SIGNALS ARE GETTING LOUDER.

FUNNY, THOUGH—HE'S HEADING OUT TO SEA!
The yellow-jacket's mystery sub is anchored far out in the sound. It's the mother ship of the sky raider.

There's the plane—and the mystery sub, too!

The two planes maneuver into fighting positions.

At the proper moment, Bill lets go a barrage of shells from the rapid-fire cannon which is built into his plane.

The exploding shells score a direct hit and the shattered plane dives in the water.

On board the sub is Capt. Von Stammer, commander of the yellow-jackets.

The swine! Blast them to pieces!
BILL BARNES SKILLFULLY EVADES THE BURSTING SHELLS.

WHOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! I'LL GIVE THEM A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

BILL SWOOPS DOWN ON THE SUB, HIS CANNON BELCHING FIRE.

DOUBLE QUICK! DOWN HIM BEFORE HE CIRCLES BACK!

BUT THE ACE AIRMAN ZOOMS DOWN AGAIN.

AND SMASHES THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.
WE MUST SUBMERGE AT ONCE!

UNARMED AND Crippled now, the Yellow-Jacket Sub begins to submerge.

I MUST GET THEM BEFORE THEY GET OUT OF SIGHT!

Judging the distance carefully, Bill drops the entire load of aerial bombs.

The deadly missiles hurtle downward and find their mark. With an ear-splitting roar, they shatter the mystery sub into a thousand pieces.

AND THAT'S THE END OF THE YELLOW-JACKETS!

Bill Barnes heads back to his airport, not knowing that another surprise awaits him. Don't miss the exciting episode which appears in the next issue of Shadow Comics!
CIRCLE J

THE SHERIFF'S
STOLEN
BOOTS.

Scene: The rough log cabin of desert rat, 'Snake' Traft, in the shadow of Bitter Root Ridge, a very odd stranger enters.

Well—what's on your so-called mind, Gold Tooth?

This Hombre's got a yarn for you, Snake!

I happen to be Gimp McGinnis, a friend of your pal, Lobo Cranner. He just touched a bank down Texas way, but it got too hot for him to handle.

So what?

So—when the 'Law' crowded him he hid the swag in a new pair of boots, boxed 'em up—and shipped 'em here to you by fast express.

Come on, boys—we're aheadin' for the Twin Rivers Express office—pronto!
YOU KEEP THIS LIMPIN’ SCARECROW HERE, GOLD-TOOTH. I AIN’T SURE IF HE’S TELLIN’ THE TRUTH. AND IF HE AIN’T —

SORRY, SON, HAIN’T NOTHIN’ HERE FOR YOU — JOE SCOTT JUST NOW PICKED UP THE LAST PACKAGE — A NEW PAIR O’ BOOTS, FOR SHERIFF JIM HAWKS!

Y’MEAN Y’GAVE MY BOOTS TO THE SHERIFF? WHICH WAY DID THIS COYOTE NAMED SCOTT GO —?

HE’S RIDIN’ A CAYUSE, BRANDED CIRCLE J. HEADIN’ STRAIGHT FOR TOMSON’S TUMBLE SPREAD. HE JUST LEFT!

AND YOU’RE JUST LEAVIN’ TOO, TAKE THIS —!!

HE GAVE US THE SLIP, BOYS — BUT WE’LL LAY FOR THE SHERIFF ON THE WAY BACK —!

MEANWHILE THE BANQUET AT THE TUMBLE “T” RANCH IS IN FULL SWING —

SILENCE, GENTS — WE’RE HERE TO-NIGHT TO CELEBRATE THE TENTH YEAR IN OFFICE OF OUR PAL, SHERIFF JIM HAWKS — AN’ TO HONOR HIM WITH THIS LIL’ TOKEN OF OUR HIGH ESTEEM —!!

BOYS, THEY’RE SURE A MIGHTY SMART PAIR O’ BOOTS, AND THANK ’E, — SORRY I HAVE TO BE HUSTLIN’ RIGHT BACK TO TOWN THOUGH —!

JOE SCOTT, AND TWO OTHERS ARE CHOSEN TO RIDE BACK WITH HIM.

THEY ARE AMBUSHED AND ROBBED —

LOOK, JOE, THE SHERIFF IS STILL OUT — AND THEY’VE STOLEN HIS NEW BOOTS —!
HOURS LATER - THEY ARE RESCUED.

HAW - THAT'S ONE ON THOSE MAVERICKS THAT AMBUSHED US, MEN - THEM WAS MY 'OLD BOOTS' THEY STOLE.

- THE NEW ONES PINCHED SO BAD I LEFT 'EM BEHIND AT TUMBLE' T - AND PUT MY OLD ONES ON AGAIN -

'SNAKE' RETURNS TO HIS CABIN TO SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH GIMPY MCGINNIS WHEN HE LEARNS THE SAD TRUTH.

I BELIEVE YUH DOUBLE-CROSSED ME, YUH COYOTE!

HOLD IT, SNAKE - I JUST HEARD UP AT THE PALACE BAR THAT TH' SHERIFF LEFT HIS NEW BOOTS UP AT TUMBLE 'T.'

BACK TO TUMBLE 'T DASHES SNAKE AND HIS PACK.

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH YOUR BREATHIN' TOMSON - WHAT'S THEM BOOTS?

JUST THEN THE APPROACH OF HORSES IS HEARD, IT'S THE SHERIFF'S POSSE.

THE NEXT MORNING, BILLY WEST, BOSS OF THE CIRCLE 'J' RANCH, GETS A VERY UNUSUAL IDEA.

H'M, THAT VACANT STORE NEXT TO THE 'NUGGET' CAFE IS JUST THE SPOT, AND I'LL USE SING LO, OUR RANCH COOK -!

HIT FOR THE DESERT, YOU HOMBRES - EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF -!

AND SO A NEW ENTERPRISE IS LAUNCHED THAT VERY DAY IN TWIN RIVERS.

CONSULT THE FAMOUS CHINESE WISE MAN, SING LO, ABOUT THE FUTURE, LOST TREASURE, OR MISSING PROPERTY - TWO BITS A VISIT.
Snake Traft is the very first customer to seek occult advice from the Oriental Mystic.

You the Chinese wise man that can tell everything? Find our lost property, and so on?

So be!

Pass first two bits—ask question. Sing Lo will answer.

We wants to know where a pair o' boots—left by the sheriff at Tumble 't Ranch.

At that remark, Billy West steps from behind a curtain with Sheriff Jim Hawks.

There's the guilty hombre that murdered the express agent, Sheriff.

A fierce fight ensues, but Snake and his pack of desert mongrels are quickly subdued and hustled off to the calaboose.

Mel Clayton, an attorney for the express co., investigating the murder of the agent enters—Billy West has a proposition.

Mr. Clayton, I think I know where to find the missing boots—but if I do it's got to be understood there's to be no questions asked. An' no arrests—what do you say?

Well, if the money's all there, an' the man who took it wasn't connected with the killin'—then I'd say—Okay—!!

Sing Lo—You did the cookin' over at the Tumble 't last night. Didn't you?—Well—

—Your guilty heathen face gives you away. Whar's them boots—?—And why did you take 'em—?
So be, Velly Solly Mistleee Billy—So be—

So me hide 'em nice away in cook-stove—fool everyone!

Why you oriental scorpion!

Listen, yaller face, if I ever hear o' you playin' a dirty coyote trick like that on me agin I'll—i'll—

Me on'y wantee play trick on Mistleee Buck—he think he should get all same them new boots hisself!

W—what?

The lost money is instantly recovered from the new boots.

Case is closed gentlemen!

So you hid them so folks would think, Buck, had stole them because he'd been shootin' his mouth off?

So be.

So be, Mistlee Buck—so be, so be, so be!!!

Dance!!!

Look for another adventure cartoonee about Circle J' Ranch—here—next month.
Death stalks the Arkansas swamp where a government flood-control project is under way. Clanking noises, horrible screams and men disappear in the night—only to be found dead with the mysterious sign of the Crimson Serpent on their bared chests....

This outrage must be stopped, and I know the one man who can do it!

Chief Engineer Bill Craig and his men find another body in the swamp.

Who is that, Bill?

Hello—Long distance? Connect me with New York—I want to speak with Doc Savage!
But Doc Savage, the man of bronze, is not at his New York office. Monk and Ham, two of Doc’s trusted assistants, receive the call.

O.K., Mr. Craig— I’ll get in touch with Doc at once!

In a Chicago hotel, Doc receives a call from Monk on his ultra violet ray receiver, which is built in his wrist watch.

Very well, Monk. Take the dirigible and meet me here in Chicago. Then we’ll head for Arkansas.

Over his regular radio, he receives the report on the mystery of the Crimson Serpent.

Suddenly, the secret blue stone in Doc’s ring glows. It warns him that his messages are being intercepted. The peculiar gem is sensitive to electrical currents.

Hmm— it’s broken here!— haven’t time to search all the hotel rooms.

Doc crashes into the adjoining room and finds the interceptor. A wire leads to the open window...

As Doc traces the wire from the interceptor, shadowy figures sneak up behind him.

Okay, Doc— you’re comin’ with us!

With a fast move, Doc clicks off the lights and barges into the thugs.
WHEN! HE FIGHTS LIKE A WILDCAT, BUT WE GOT HIM. LET'S GO!

THE THUGS ARRIVE AT A DESERTED WAREHOUSE.

GOOD WORK, BOYS! WE'LL GET RID OF DOC SAVAGE—THE OTHER BOYS WILL TAKE CARE OF HIS ASSISTANTS WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN THE DIRIGIBLE.

BUT A SMALL TRANSMITTER, CONCEALED IN THE SACK, PICKS UP CARTER'S WORDS.

THE KIDNAPPED MAN IS TAKEN TO FLETCHER CARTER, CHIEF OF THE GANGSTERS.

REMOVING HIS CLEVER DISGUISE, JOE TURNS OUT TO BE NONE OTHER THAN—DOC SAVAGE!

WE'LL FLY DOWN TO THE SWAMPS AND TELL THE BOYS EVERYTHING'S O.K.

IT'S JOE! THE GUY DOWNSTAIRS MUST BE DOC SAVAGE!

FOOLS! GO GET HIM, QUICK!

TRYING TO CATCH ME IN A TRAP EH? THEY'RE NOT FAST ENOUGH!

HE'S NOT HERE, EITHER!

NOT FINDING DOC AT THE AIRPORT, MONK AND HAM GO TO HIS HOTEL SUITE.
Hello, Doc. We were looking for you.

The man of bronze returns to find his assistants waiting in his hotel room.

No time to waste. Let's get to the airport!

Doc Savage and his two assistants take off in their dirigible.

Ha! Those time bombs should go off soon!

Carter and his gang arrive at the airport.

A terrific explosion—and the airship is seemingly enveloped in flames.

That's the end of them, chum boys!

But Carter was mistaken. When Doc boarded the dirigible, the secret meters registered the presence of the bombs, which were made harmless to give Carter the impression that they were killed. The man of bronze set off an explosion outside the ship, then disappeared in a cloud of chemically made smoke.

I can see Carter's plane clearly through these special glasses. We'll follow them to Arkansas.

Later that night, Carter's plane lands at a secret airport in the swamp.
SHADY COMICS

DOC'S AIRSHIP LANDS NEARBY.

SH-H-H! HEAR THAT CLANKING NOISE?

Yeah—that's what Craig told us about!

I'LL TRAIL THE NOISE, YOU TWO FOLLOW CARTER!

OKAY, DOC!

ANCIENT ARMOR—AND AN ANCIENT CASTLE! THIS BEATS EVERYTHING!

NOW TO GET INSIDE AND SEE WHAT IS GOING ON!

Doc follows the clanking noise and finds a column of men marching in ancient Spanish armor.

AFTER RUSHING BACK TO THE AIRSHIP, DOC RETURNS WITH SEVERAL PACKAGES. HE WORKS HURRIEDLY OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS.

THE IDEA OF DRESSING THE MEN IN ARMOR WILL MAKE THE NATIVE'S THINK THE CASTLE IS HAUNTED!

INSIDE THE CASTLE...

AND THE CRIMSON SERPENT WILL KEEP THE GOVERNMENT MEN FROM FLOODING OUR HIDEOUT!
WE JUST CAPTURED DOC SAVAGE'S TWO ASSISTANTS.
WHAT? I THOUGHT THEY WERE DEAD! TAKE THEM TO THE TORTURE CHAMBER.

BUT AT THAT MOMENT DOC SAVAGE REMOVES A PELLET FROM HIS EQUIPMENT VEST AND FLINGS IT INTO THE TORTURE CHAMBER. THE PELLET RELEASES A GAS WHICH MOMENTARILY BLINDS CARTER.

SPÄEKG, YOU BABOON—WHERE'S DOC SAVAGE? IS HE ALIVE, TOO?
YOU CAN'T MAKE ME TALK, YOU SKUNK!

THIS CASTLE IS A CRIMINAL STRONCHOLD. THEY KEEP THEIR LOOT HERE UNTIL THEY CAN SELL IT.

AND THOSE PRESSES ARE TURNING OUT PHONY MONEY!

HELP! HELP!
THEY'RE TORTURING A GIRL! QUICK!
WE'RE RIGHT BEHIND YOU, DOC!

A SCREAM OF AGONY REACHES THEIR EARS.
LOOK-WE'RE TRAPPED!

SO-I HAVE TRAPPED THE GREAT DOC SAVAGE, I SHALL KILL EACH ONE OF YOU WITH THE CRIMSON SERPENT!

AT LAST, DOC SEES THE DEADLY IMPLEMENT WHICH LEAVES THE MARK OF THE SERPENT ON ITS VICTIMS.

WHILE CARTER GLOATS, DOC IS BUSY ATTACHING ONE OF HIS GADGETS TO THE ELECTRIC WIRES.

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY THE ARMY. QUICK-MAN THE WALLS!

SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION OCCURS OUTSIDE THE CASTLE. SOUNDS OF AN ATTACKING ARMY CAN BE HEARD.

I BLEW THE ELECTRIC FUSES. NOW WE CAN RAISE THIS GATE!

WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THIS PHONOGRAPH AMPLIFIER MUST HAVE BEEN SET BY DOC SAVAGE.

CARTER, DISCOVERS THE EQUIPMENT WHICH DOC HAD PREVIOUSLY ARRANGED.

YEAH-THE BOMBS, TOO! BUT HOW?
SIMPLY BY BORROWING SOME OF YOUR ELECTRICITY FOR MY REMOTE CONTROL DEVICE!

HE'S FREE, AFTER HIM, MEN!

HE WENT INTO THE DUNGEONS, QUICK!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

NOW, YOUNG LADY—WHO ARE YOU?

I'M CONSUELO MANRESA, SECRET AGENT OF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT. DE GOTO, A SPANiard, SMUGGLED ALL THE ANCIENT ARMOR FROM OUR MUSEUMS, DURING THE WAR. I TRAILED THEM HERE, BUT WAS CAUGHT.

WELL YOU'LL GET ALL YOUR ARMOR BACK, AND THE LOOT WILL BE RETURNED TO THE PROPER OWNERS. LET'S GO TO THE GOVT. CAMP NOW.

THANKS TO YOU, DOC, THE MYSTERY OF THE CRIMSON SERPENT IS SOLVED.

YES—YOU CAN CONTINUE WITH YOUR WORK NOW. SEND THE POLICE TO PICK UP THE THUGS.

SAY, MONK—WHEN THEY TORTURED YOU, I'LL BET YOU WISHED YOU WERE BACK IN THE TREES WITH YOUR ANCESTORS!

AT THE ENGINEERS' CAMP...

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE STARTLING LIFE OF DOC SAVAGE, THE MAN OF BRONZE. FOLLOW THIS REMARKABLE MAN AND HIS ASSISTANTS IN ANOTHER AMAZING EPISODE IN THE NEXT ISSUE. SHADOW COMICS!
BETTY: YES, RONNY, IT'S A LEAP-YEAR PARTY AND ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS COME OVER AND LET ME TAKE YOU OUT FOR A CHANGE

SWELL!

RONNY: I'LL BE READY IN JUST A MOMENT. I'M GLAD YOU CAME EARLY 'CAUSE WE HAVE QUITE A LONG WAY TO GO - YOU'LL JUST ADORE OUR COTTAGE

SWELL!

SAM: THAT'S $2.95 MAC AN' WITH TH' TIP WE'LL JUST CALL IT A EVEN $ 3.50

OOH! IT'S JUST GRAND WAY OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY!

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT ISN'T OUR LITTLE CHAPERONE A DOLLY!

SWELL!

JEAN: WE'VE DANCED EVERY DANCE AND I'M JUST STARVED - I KNOW A DUCKY LITTLE CLUB WHERE WE CAN GRAB A BITE ON THE WAY HOME

SWELL!
FREE! 50 WORLD'S FINEST MODEL AIRPLANES VALUE $1.00 EACH

FOUR-FOOT WING SPREAD A MEOW PRODUCT

The model planes we're offering to you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, are Dick Korda's Wakefield Winner, the most perfect model plane ever made!

THIS MODEL DESIGN WON—THE NATIONALS—in 1937, Korda, won the Nationals with this model when it stayed aloft 54 minutes . . . a record still unequaled!

WAKEFIELD TROPHY—in 1939 Korda's model won the most important international meet at which planes from all countries compete, when his model soared 43 minutes and 15 seconds for a world's record and stayed in the air more than three times as long as its nearest competitor!

In addition, the Korda design has proven its championship qualities by winning eleven model plane events, some of which are: Winner Speed Events, Scripps-Howard Nationals—1936-37; 1938 record in Akron; First place, 1938, Pittsburgh; First in Class B Gas Model, New Philadelphia; First in Open Fuselage Nationals, 1939; Penn. State Championship, 1939.

Fifty of these models are given for the best answers to the 25-word summary as outlined on the coupon below.

C O U P O N

SHADOW COMICS
79 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

1 like best the comic I have marked "No. 1.
Second best "No. 2." Third best "No. 3."

THE SHADOW . NICK CARTER

THE ASTOUNDING MAN .. MARK THE MATCH BOY

DOCTOR DAD ....... THE AVENGER

FRANK MERRIWELL . BILL BARNES

CAPTAIN FURY .......... CIRCLE 3

And here are 25 words telling why I
like my new comic magazine. I under-
stand that all answers must be mailed
not later than March 20, 1940.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

DICK KORDA and his Wakefield Winner
MARK THE MATCH BOY

BY

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

NO, MR. BATES, NO! HIS NAME IS MARK MANTON! BEN GIBSON, MY BOOYBACK, INTRODUCED ME TO HIM SOME TIME AGO!

MATCHES, SIR! MATCHES! PLEASE BUY A BOX!

MATCHES? OH! HELLO, MR. HUNTER!

HELLO, MARK. HOW'S BUSINESS?

HOW OLD ARE YOU, SON?

MATCHES! MA-

BUSINESS IS BAD, MR. HUNTER. I'M TEN YEARS OLD. A QUARTER, SIR, TO KEEP THE MATCHES.

TEN- THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. HERE'S A QUARTER. I'M SURE YOU'VE BEEN DOIN' ALL DAY!

AND HERE'S ANOTHER ONE. MARK, KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE.

FIFTY-TWO CENTS! MAYBE IT'S SAFE FOR ME TO GO HOME NOW.

WELL, MARK, WHAT LUCK?

I DIDN'T SELL MUCH, MOTHER WATSON, BUT-

DIDN'T SELL MUCH, EH! SO I SEE! ONLY THREE BOXES GONE! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOIN' ALL DAY?

I TRIED TO SELL MORE. MOTHER WATSON, BUT COULDN'T BUT A MAN...
Y' DIdn'T Try! You'RE Too Lazy! Y' Don'T Earn Your Salt? Gimme The Money!

here'S The Money. Two Cents For The Matches, And Fifty-

Y' Sold Three Boxes Of Matches! Where'S The Other Penny?

I was So Hungry, Mother Watson! I Bought An Apple.

Y' Bought An Apple! So That'S The Way Y' Spend My Money! You Little Thief!

Please Don'T Whip Me! I Was So Hungry And Faint!

What Business Had Y' To Be Hungry? Y' Had Some Breakfast This Mornin'!

I only Had A Piece Of Bread. That'S More 'n Y' Earned.

But I' ll Pay Y' off! I' ll Give Y' somethin' To Take Away Your Appetite! You Won'T Be Hungry No More!

Don'T Beat Me, Mother Watson! Please!

I' ll Beat The Laziness Outa You!

Please!

Guess I' ll Drop In An' See How Mark Is. He Was Pretty Sick This Mornin'!
NOW I GOTCHA Y' LITTLE THIEF!
HELP! HELP!

GET OUTA HERE! MIND YER OWN BUSINESS, Y' VAGABOND OR I'LL CRUSH YA!! GET OUTA HERE!!
BEAT IT, MARK! I'LL SEE YOU OUTSIDE!

C'MON! LET'S GET AWAY 'FORE SHE GETS HERE!
WHERE'LL WE GO?

T'MY ROOM! AN' YOU AIN'T GOIN' BACK T'HER!

MEANWHILE -
WELL, MR. BATES, WE'VE AND NOT A COVERED EVERY ORPHAN ASYLUM IN THE CITY!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! DISOWNING MY ONLY DAUGHTER JUST BECAUSE SHE MARRIED AGAINST MY WISHES! SHE MUST HAVE HATED ME WHEN SHE DIED - IN POVERTY! BUT -

I'LL REDEEM MYSELF - THROUGH HER SON. MY GRANDSON! AND ALL MY WEALTH WILL BE HIS - WHEN I FIND HIM!
AND WE WILL FIND HIM, MR. BATES!
LATER

AH! HERE'S HOPIN' FOR A SWELL DAY OF BUSINESS! I'LL NEVER FER BOTH! FORGET YOUR KINDNESS, BEN! AND THANKS FOR THIS NEW SUPPLY OF MATCHES!

FORGET IT, MARK! Y'KNOW- WE'RE GONNA GET ALONG SWELL AS PARTNERS! AND LIVING WITH YOU RATHER OF OL' MOTHER WATSON IS GOING TO BE LIKE A NEW WORLD TO ME, BEN!

THAT OL' HAG IS OUTA YOUR LIFE FROM NOW ON! I'LL SEE THAT!

SOME GUARDIAN SHE WAS!

MEANWHILE-

ALOTTA THANKS I'M GETTIN' FOR GIVIN' THAT LITTLE BRAT A HOMIE! FORCIN' ME OUT IN THE COLD LIKE THIS! LOOK FER 'IM!

BUT HE'LL PAY FOR IT! HE CAN'T TREAT ME LIKE THIS!

HE'S GONNA GET THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE!

MOTHER WATSON!! YOU LET'S RUN, BEN! I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK T'HER!! I WON'T!

-AH! THERE Y'ARE! Y'LITTLE BRAT! RUN AWAY FROM ME-WILL YA?!
C'MON! GET HOME! AN' JUS' WAIT'LL WE GET THERE! I'LL -

I'M NEVER GOING BACK WITH YOU!
AN' I'M SEEIN' TO THAT!

WHAT!! AIN'T COMIN' BACK T' ME! WE'LL SEE 'BOUT THAT! YOU'LL -

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF HIM!

YOU'VE INTE'FERED IN MY BUSINESS TOO MUCH ALREADY,
Y'VAGABOND!! NOW GET OUTA MY WAY!!

Y'ALL NEVER USE THAT STRAP AG'IN!

LEMMALONE! I'LL -

HERE!! HERE!!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

IT'S MY BAD BOY! I'M NOT HER

S-A-Y -

WHEN MY MOTHER DIED- SHE OFFERED TO TAKE CARE OF ME- BUT INSTEAD SHE STARVED AND BEAT ME WITH THIS STRAP!

THAT'S A LIE!

SHE'S THE ONE THAT'S LYIN' IS LYING, MR. OFFICER!

WELL- SOMEBODY LET'S CALL ON MRS. FLANAGAN WHO LIVES IN THE SAME HOUSE OFFICER! SHE'LL PROVE WHAT I SAY!

SHALL WE GO TO MRS. FLA-
"By the way—aren't you the woman I saw drunk on the street last week?"
I-t. I won't force him to come as long as he ain't happy with me, officer.

"PHEW! It's great t'be rid of her!"

"She's just no good, but by the way, where will you live now, son?"
"With my friend, sir."

"Yes, sir. He's got a good home now!"
"That's fine! Let me know if you have any more trouble with the old woman!"

Later

Mark: What's the matter? You look awful!
I'm all right, Ben. I jus-

He's fainted! Poor kid! It's all too much for him! I better phone Mr. Hunter.

Oh, hello, Ben—Mark's fainted! Where are you now? I'll be right over!

What! Must be from under-nourishment and exposure. Poor little kid! I know what it is to be without a home—A boy of the streets!

Riverview Apartments!
Yes, sir.
HELP HIM TO THAT LARGE ARM-CHAIR, BEN! I'LL GET HIM SOME HOT FOOD RIGHT AWAY! OH! I'LL HAVE TO ANSWER THE PHONE FIRST.

BOY! I WOULDN'T MIND BEING SICK M'SELF IN AN APARTMENT LIKE THIS, MR. HUNTER!

OH! YOU HAVE GUESTS, MR. HUNTER! AH... MY LITTLE FRIEND... THE MATCH BOY!

YES, AND HE'S HEARD HIS MOTHER MENTION YOUR NAME, MR. BATES!

WHAT WAS YOUR MOTHER'S NAME, SON?

NO, SIR, NOT JOHN TALBOT, BUT... HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE NAME TALBOT? WE'RE NOT SURE OF THE NAME JOHN!

TALBOT USED TO BE MY NAME, MARK TALBOT!

MY GRANDSON!! AT LAST!

SAY, MARK! HAVE YOU EVER HEARD THE NAME JOHN TALBOT?

NO, SIR, MR. HUNTER

BATES! I'VE HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE!

SOME OF THE BOYS GAVE ME THAT NAME FROM A STORY IN THE NEWS-PAPERS A LONG TIME AGO! I GOT TO CALLING MYSELF THAT... AND SO DID EVERYONE ELSE.
ARE YOU MY RICH GRANDFATHER? OH! WHY DIDN'T YOU COME SOONER? I'M NOT IN THE BUSINESS ANYMORE, MR. HUNTER. I DO NOT KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU!! THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MR. HUNTER. I'M HAPPY TO SEE THE BOY'S CHANGE OF FORTUNE!

YOU MUST VISIT US OFTEN AT MY LONG ISLAND ESTATE, MR. HUNTER!

THANK YOU, MR. BATES, I CERTAINLY WILL!

WELL, I GUESS I'LL BE ON MY WAY – OH NO, YOU DON'T, BEN!

LATER

AND NOW, MY SON, WAS THERE ANYONE ELSE BESIDE MR. HUNTER WHO WAS KIND TO YOU?

YES, GRANDPA! BEN GIBSON, RIGHT HERE!

AW! I DIDN'T DO MUCH, MR. BATES!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE HIM, GRANDPA! I'LL NEVER FORGET HIS KINDNESS!

How would you like to live with us, Ben, and go to school with Mark?

That's fine! Now, our first stop is a good clothing store!

OH BOY!!

THANKS, GRANDPA! WHAT WONDERFUL CLOTHES!

THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING, MY SON...

YEH! WE

I'LL FIND THAT LITTLE BRAT AN' GET EVEN WITH HIM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

WHAT AN UGLY CREATURE!

O' COURSE NOT! SHE'S LOOKIN' FOR THE LITTLE MATCH BOY! HA-HA-HA!
This is a mathematical effect that will prove extremely puzzling. While it is dependent purely upon a system, it affords so many variations that those to whom it is shown will find great difficulty in fathoming the trick.

The magician allows someone to cover numbers with a coin or a match stick. By merely touching the covering object, he names the TOTAL of the numbers concealed beneath it.

The systems are as follows:

(1) Let a person cover five numbers with a dime, placing the coin squarely over one number and taking in four about it. The covered numbers form a cross. The total of the numbers covered will always be 65. Hence this form of covering should be used but once.

(2) Let a person cover a square block of four numbers with a dime. The total of the numbers covered is found by looking at a square two away, diagonally, from the coin. Deduct the number on that square from 65.

(3) Let a person cover a square of nine squares with a twenty-five-cent piece. The total of the numbers covered is found by counting four squares away, diagonally. Subtract the number on the fourth square from 130.

(4) Let a person cover five squares on the diagonal with a match stick. The total of the numbers covered will always be 65. This should not be repeated.

(5) Break the head from the match, shortening it so that it will cover six squares in a horizontal or vertical row. Let a person place the match stick over any six squares.

To find the total of the numbers covered: count five squares from either end square of the match. The count must be made in horizontal or vertical order.

Upon noting the "key" square, add its number to 65. This will give you the total of the six squares covered.

COMMENT

This trick should be introduced as an impromptu effect in connection with a routine. It serves as a puzzling novelty and its variations add greatly. Begin with the dime; then use the quarter; and finally vary the trick by utilizing the match.

Effects such as this always produce considerable interest and add to the entertainment of a program.
WHILE hardy men bent solid backs to boring the railroad tunnel through Mount Rainod, another influence was at work. The Rain God who, old legend had it, predicted death and torture to anyone who sought to pierce to the heart of his throne.

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