Dear "Shadow Comics" Readers:

You boys and girls have certainly approved of SHADOW COMICS. The artist who draws The Shadow looked over your many thousands of letters which we have received. He was thrilled by your comments. For The Shadow is yours—your own character, on the radio, in the movies, in THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, and now in THE SHADOW COMICS. It is the most widely featured comic in all America, and we want to keep it your favorite, so whenever you think of something nice about The Shadow, or whether you take a crack at him, drop a line to the Editor. He will always be glad to hear from you.

In this issue there is the second "Solve-a-Crime Mystery." This one is a little trickier than the one that was in last month, but it is mighty easy to figure out. Just read the comic carefully and you will soon see what it was that made Carrie decide that Richard Kenmore was High Jack.

Put your answer on a postcard and mail it to us not later than May 27th—for no card received after May 27th will count.

Everybody who reads THE SHADOW COMICS is privileged to enter this contest. There is no coupon to be clipped from the book, so if you pass your copy along to a friend of yours, ask him to try his hand at solving the mystery also.

We are getting some swell reports from the various Bill Barnes Clubs around the country. The boys in these clubs are making model airplanes, flying them, holding tournaments—but best of all, they are learning what makes an airplane fly, by the most scientific method possible, from the lessons which we send the club. If you haven't already joined one of our Model Airplane Clubs, I would recommend that you do so at once.

And now, so long until next month.

[Signature]

With the Editor
The Shadow

New York L

MORE GEM ROBBERS

ATTACK COP WHO HALTS HOLDUP

Griffin Score War Plot, Land Fight

YEAH, THIS IS CHIPMUNK STOP OVER, SQUINT BEAK THUNGLE WILL BE NEEDING US WHEN HE GETS BACK TONIGHT

STRANGE BUSINESS OCCUPIES BEAK THUNGLE, THE ABSENT CROOK WHOSE TRAIL THE SHADOW IS SEEKING IN NEW YORK FAR FROM THE CITY

SHADOW COMICS JUNE 1948 VOLUME 1 NO. 4

Subscription price $1.00 a year

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.
YOU MAY CONSULT THE ORACLE, MR THUNGLE.

WAIT THE EXACT HOUR FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS THAT I GIVE.

WE'RE LISTENING, HEAD.

IN CASE OF TROUBLE, ZOVEX WILL AID YOU THE ORACLE HAS SPOKEN.

LET'S GO. WE'LL CALL CHIPMUNK WHEN WE GET TO TOWN.

THERE'S BRAX THUNGLE, CHIPMUNK.

O.K. SQUINT, I'M GOING UP YOU STAY HERE AS LOOKOUT.

CRIME'S PATH SEEMS EASY FOR BRAX THUNGLE WHEN GUIDED BY THE HEAD!

IT'S RYOLER SOMEBODY'S CROAKED HIM FOR US.

ZOVEX MUST HAVE BEEN HERE COVER THE DOOR, CHIPMUNK.

THIS APARTMENT BELONGS TO RYOLER, THE GEM COLLECTOR.
GEE! THE HEAD
DON'T MISS A TRICK
I'LL BET HE KNOWS
MORE THAN THE
SHADOW!

3-8-4...

THE SHADOW!

STAY AS
YOU ARE!!

UPON
TRAPPING
BEAK,
THUNGLER
AND THE
JEWEL
THIEVES,
THE
SHADOW IS SUDDENLY
CONFRONTED BY ZOVEX,
STRANGE SERVANT OF THE
MYSTERIOUS
HEAD!

LOOK, BEAK! THE
SHADOW MISSED,
BUT ZOVEX
NICKED HIM!

COME ON, WE'LL SCRAM
WITH THE
SNAG!
YOU FELLOWS GET THAT OPEN-TOPPED CAB. USE IT AS A PILL BOX, IF THE COPS SHOW UP!

GET GOING, GUY!

THIS IS A CINCH! I COULD KNOCK OFF ANYBODY.

NO STOPPING DRIVER!

IT WAS THE HEAD--HE TOLD BEAK ABOUT THE JOB--BUT ONLY BEAK KNEW WHERE THE HEAD IS--

YOU OUGHT TO GIVE UP POLICAMONT AFTER YOUR BAD SPILL YESTERDAY.

IT'S ONLY A SLIGHT INJURY, MARGOT. BY THE WAY--HAVE YOU READ ABOUT RYDLER?

WASN'T RYDLER'S NIECE THE GIRL WHO USED TO VISIT SOME MIND READER? MAYBE SHE UNWISELY MENTIONED THE GEMS.

PERHAPS! JANET SPOKE OF A LIVING ORACLE AND A MYSTERIOUS CAR THAT CAME FOR HER.
THE SHADOW

THIS BAG HAS JANET'S INITIALS. WHY NOT POSE AS HER TONIGHT? BY THE WAY, DON'T OPEN THE BAG UNTIL AT YOUR DESTINATION. THEN TAKE OUT THE LUCKY CHARM YOU FOUND IN IT.

WHAT A STRANGE CAR! HOW DARK THE WINDOWS ARE! WHY THEY'RE COMPLETELY BLACK!

THAT EVENING, MARGOT FOLLOWS THE SUGGESTION OF LAMONT CRANSTON, OTHERWISE THE SHADOW.

SURE NOBODY TAILED US HERE TO THE CASTLE?

NOT A CHANCE! WE CAME BEHIND YOU AND HAD LOOKOUTS ALONG THE WAY.

AS THE CAR DESCENDS INTO THE UNDERGROUND SPACE, MARGO LANE IS REALLY FRIGHTENED...

I WISH LAMONT WERE WITH ME! I'LL NEED THE CHARM HE GAVE ME. WHAT AN ODD BAG—HOW SHALLOW.

AT HIS NEW JERSEY HOME, LAMONT CRANSTON, SUGGESTED AS THE SHADOW, IS TAKING THE DIRECTIONS FROM A RADIO FINDER STOWED IN MARGOT'S BAG...

THE LIGHT IS BLINKING, BURBANK--

IN NEW YORK, BURBANK, THE SHADOW'S CONTACT AGENT, IS AT ANOTHER FINDER.

THE SAME HERE, CHEF. SHE'S PRESSED THE INTERMITTENT SWITCH. MY DIRECTION IS SEGMENT 7 LINE IS...
ONLY EIGHTEEN MILES FROM HERE - A QUARTER HOUR AT MOST....

A HUGE SPEEDSTER SPURTS THROUGH THE NIGHT, BOUND FOR THE ORACLE'S CASTLE - AT THE WHEEL - THE SHADOW!

LOCATING THE CASTLE, THE SHADOW SCALES ITS WALL WITH RUBBER SUCTION CUPS.

THE ROOF IS WIRED WITH A MAN-KILLING CURRENT NOT ONLY DO THE RUBBER DISCS FORM INSULATION FOR THE SHADOW - HE USES THE SUCTION OF ONE CUP TO LIFT A TRAP DOOR!

MEANWHILE WITHIN THE CASTLE....

THE ORACLE WILL SPEAK WITH YOU, MISS RYDLER.

YOU ARE NOT JANET RYDLER. YOU ARE MARGOT LANE. TAKE AWAY THIS IMPOSTOR!
LOOK OUT! RUN!!

"Only a head of wax!"

"But it talked to me."

"Oh!!"

Again the Shadow meets Zovex, mysterious servant of the head - a creature immune to bullets!!

A tear gas bomb!

This is where Zovex went!
But Zovex could never have squeezed through there.

Back to the Oracle Room—hurry!

Pull it apart—quickly.

So the Oracle guy left this dummy head in the box as a bluff.

Sure, this was the stuff he wore as Zovex. No wonder bullets couldn't get him.

But the Shadow was ahead of me. Sorry he didn't stay so I could meet him, Margot.

I'm glad you arrived as soon as the police, Lamont.
That hide shop's gettin' cheaper 'n' cheaper only fifty cents for a dress one mat' oh well, it can still sell the pawn ticket?

Failing to sell the pawn ticket, and his money all gone, Martin has returned home and is sound asleep in a drunken stupor. Shortly after, Rufus arrives and, on being told of Martin's cruelty to Rose, angrily and justifiably searches Martin's pockets and finds—as was expected—the pawn ticket.

Just as I thought, now we can get the dress back from the shop, she'll never make you a dress anyway and she'll never make you wear it. Anyway, because we're leaving here for good.

He's not our real father anyway, just our temporary hun-rupus.

Now we're going to find a real home, one that he'll never enter.

And one where I'm never going to wear this dress again, hun-rupus.

They're gone! An no food or money in the house! The doors! But I know where they found him, anyway! A lotta thanks, I'm getting for giving her home!

And right now we're home hunting. Miss Manning—on for Rose—at least! We!

Rufus! Why can't Rose stay with me? I have plenty of room—and I'll rent a room, and I'll rent a room for family nearby, now if there's another hunger and room—and a little tutoring. I'll gladly help in any collar a week. We!

Say, that's a splendid idea. Miss Manning! And I'll rent a room for family nearby, now if there's another hunger and room—and a little tutoring. I'll gladly help in any collar a week. We!

Why Rufus! You're extremely generous! Why, for that amount—it's only twice as much as you have your main meal with us each day! We!
LATER
AND FURTHERMORE
WE'RE NEVER GOING
BACK TO YOU! WE'VE
HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR CRUELTY!
AND WE OWE YOU NOTHING!
JUST LEAVE US ALONE! NOW!
GOOD I'VE FINISHED MY WORK.
YOU'LL PAY FOR TREATIN' ME
LIKE THIS—YOU YOUNG UPSTART!

SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED
WITH THE FURNITURE AND ALL OF HIS
LATE WIFE'S POSSESSIONS SOLD, AND
THE NIGHT'S SPENT FOR LICOR.
MARTIN IS NOW HOMELESS AND
DESTITUTE IN THE OFFICE
OF A FORMER FRIEND.

MEANWHILE
I LIKE AND I HAVE A NEW LEASE
IT ON LIFE, RUFUS! I'M REALLY
VERY HAPPY! IT'S A FINE PIECE
OF LUCK FOR ALL OF US, MISS MUNN.
LET'S TAKE THE TIME OFF AND GO TO
CONER ISLAND TO CELEBRATE!

AT CONEY ISLAND
THIS IS ABOUT
THE WORK
TO DO.

OH! THIS IS FUN!
YIPPEE!

HEY! Y'VE SEEN THEM THREE
IN THE SECOND CAR?
FOLLOW 'EM AND GET THEIR
STREETEV' PAPER FOR ME, AND I'LL GIVE
YOU T'WO BUCKS!

OKAY! GIMME SOME
GUMMIES FOR
CAR PARK!

I HAD A PERFECT TIME TOO!
WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE MORE
CELEBRATIONS LATER!
NOW I'VE GOT TO GET BACK
TO WORK, NOW.

HERE'S THE STREET AND I
OKAY, BUT Y'VE BETTER
GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY IF THAT'S
A FACTORY—

I DUN'T WANT TO GO
MYSELF, I'D
NO MORE TOMORROW.
I HAD A PERFECT TIME TOO!

HERE'S THE STREET AND I
OKAY, BUT Y'VE BETTER
GET OUT THE COUNTRY IF THAT'S
A FACTORY—
I'M DISTRICT ATTORNEY TURNER, MY BOY! I CAN'T TRY THE SIGHT NOW ANYWAY! I'M IN A TERRIBLE HURRY TO GET TO BROOKLYN!

THIS TIME YOU'LL BE UP MUCH LONGER SHUT UP!

PLEASE CALL ON ME AT MY OFFICE — ANYTIME!

YES, SIR. THANK YOU, MR. TURNER.

I HOPE THIS IS THE RIGHT STATION. I KNOW SO LITTLE OF BROOKLYN!

ROSE!! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE!? YOU POOR KID!

OH! RUFUS! TAKE ME BACK!! PLEASE, MR. MARTIN'S MAKING ME BEG!

AND MY APPRECIATION DOESN'T END HERE, MY BOY. WE'LL SEE YOUR MOTHER SOON AT A NEW ADDRESS - REPAIRS HAVE BEEN MADE. AGAINST HUNGER CALLS ON HIS NEW FRIEND, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND TELLS HIS STORY.

AND SO YOU SEE, SIR, DON'T WORRY MY ROSE WILL BE RE-EFECTED — I'VE NEVER HAD TO TROUBLE YOU AGAIN. ASSURE YOU.

DON'T MISS "BRAVE BRUCE" — ANOTHER BOY STORY BY MORATTO ALGER JR., IN NEXT MONTH'S SHADOW COMICS.
Iron Munro

The Astounding Man

Hurled into another universe through a warp in space, Iron Munro, Jupiter-borne Young Scientist and Spencer Carlisle, Chemist and Owner of a Great Shipyard, are helping the Magyans, descendants of survivors of Earth's lost continent, in their war with the Tefflans. The Tefflans have stolen the data plates, which tell how to return to Earth. Iron and Spence go to Teff-El to steal them back before Teff-El is destroyed. Iron stays outside the Temple of Karkakul to maneuver an investigator to guide Spence. As Spence finds the heavy data plates, an alarm sounds and the room is filled with guards. Spence drops a darkness bomb and

Get your heat-visors on, Spence! OK, Iron, stand by me!

Ugh! I wish we'd known the plates would be this heavy... Oh-oh, they're surrounding me! They can't see a thing through this fog, but...

With the heat-visors, Spence can see with infra-red rays through the chemical fog.

Here's a stepping stone for you, buddy!

That makes you the goat, shaggy legs!

Carlisle sets the plates down -

Tripping the clumsy Tefflans.
HA! HA! SHALL I PLAY RING-AROUND THE ROSY?

EITHER THAT OR THE FUNERAL MARCH. SHUT UP, I VON!

Spence suddenly runs forward and with a terrible jolt upsets the Tefflang. NICE TO HAVE KNOWN YOU BOYS!

---OOF!--- WOHN'T BE ABLE TO TOTE THESE FAIR, IRON. BETTER COME A-RUNNIN'!

COMIN' UP!

Now if I don't meet any more guards -- 'OH-OH! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL!'

THAT FIXES YOU, BUT NOW WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE ARMY ON OUR TAIL! WISH I HAD IRON, WOULD GET HERE!

I quick smash stuns the Tefflang -- then下达 the head for the finale!
HERE I AM, IRON MUNRO!

HEE-- LOOK OUT OVER YOUR HEAD!

AT SPENCE'S WARNING, MUNRO LEAPS TO SAFETY JUST IN TIME.

BY JUPITER, YOU MADE IT!

YEY: SAFE-- ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT, AND DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT THERE'S ABOUT FIFTY TEPFLANS COMING OUR WAY!

THE TEPFLANS LEARN SOMETHING OF JOVIAN STRENGTH. IRON MUNRO MOVES THREE TIMES AS FAST AS A TEPFLAN, AND WITH TEN TIMES THE STRENGHT, WRECKS HAVOC AMONG THE ENEMY.

STRIKE.

GREAT WHILE IT LASTED, BUT COME ON-- WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

YES-- THE NEXT BUNCH WE RUN INTO WILL BE ARMED, YOU CAN BET!
GOOD BOY, IRON!

THIS WILL OPEN A WAY THROUGH THE BARS! GET THE PLATES!

THE HEAT GUN BEGINS TO MAKE A WAY FOR RETREAT, WHEN ---

THE PLATES ARE READY -- BUT HERE COME THE TEPPLANS?

THROW ANOTHER DARKNESS BOMB, AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE.

AS THE PURSUERS ARRIVE --- A WAVE OF DARKNESS ENGULFS THEM, AND ---

LIFTING THE HEAVY PLATES, MUNRO MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

LEAD THE WAY, SPENCE!

HERE, HELP ME GET THESE PLATES IN --- AND AWAY WE GO!

LOOK, IRON! ENEMY CRUISER --- TRAINING HER BEAM ON THE MOUTH OF THE CAVERN!
There, Spence—th at finishes our cruiser, friend!

There's old Masha herself, up ahead!

They've sighted us! Here's Anto Rayl on the vision screen—she sure looks good to me!

Iron Munro hurls his ship through the heat field, and blasts the enemy craft.

A few days later—

A council of war is held.

I have, fighting on land, you destroy an enemy by surrounding him in space—

You have a plan, stranger from space?

The same thing will work! We'll deploy our ships into a hollow sphere, head inwards, all fire at once—nothing will be left alive on Teff-el.

Munro explains his strategy.

This is the translation of the data plates!

Spence, this means that you and I can go home!

And maybe, Anto Rayl.
THE TRIFLANS PLAN AN OFFENSIVE. WE'LL MEET THEM IN THE WAKE, WILL YOU LEAD THE MOVEMENT?

WITH PLEASURE.

START WITH A QUARTER OF THE FLEET. THE REST OF US WILL ENFORCE YOU!

I'M ON MY WAY, NOW!

THE NA'SHAN FLEET IS REORGANIZED. EQUIPPED WITH NEW WEAPONS, AND EVERY MAN, EVERY INDUSTRY TURNED TO THE WORK OF WAR PREPARATIONS, WHEN ALL IS READY...

ISSUE THE ORDERS, SPENCE. WHAT ARE YOU MOONING ABOUT?

ANTO, RAYL, I DIDN'T WANT US TO COME ALONG. SHE HAD A HUNCH. YOU KNOW HOW WOMEN ARE!

FORGET IT! WE'RE OFF TO TACKLE THE TRIFLANS. HEY, WHAT'S GOING WRONG?

THE MOVEMENT STARTS AND THEN...
Benjamin Ace Investigator, works on the baffling case of the frosted death.

John Braun, while peering at a building, heard something whiz dangerously close by.

Then it smashed to the ground exploding at his feet.

Gee! Was I lucky! If that thing hit me I'd be all finished.

Above the crowds, Veshnir and Targill discuss the loss of the deadly capsule.

If that explosion happened here this building would have been wrecked.

We must act before that capsule affects the whole city!
Hey! Targill! Don't call the police! We'll be on the spot!

Millions of people will suffer if I don't!

What deep plot lurks in the carcass of the pig in pants?

Bah! People! I want my share of the biggest thing ever!

I'm no saint, but I'm not for this!

So, you'd kill me with that radium needle, Yeshnir!

We're bankrupt! Some of your dirty work, Yeshnir!

Maybe old Taylor will loan us a million or so.

Hmmm, what's this! Richard Benson. Why, he's the avenger!

As Mr. Sangarman made his way to the laboratory, a mysterious blow felled him.
THE AVENGER

JOHN BRAUN BEGINS TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE 'FROSTED DEATH' POWDER.

BY RADIO AND TELEPHONE, POLICE ARE URGED TO FIND BENSON, THE AVENGER!

YA GOTTA GET BENSON!!

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BENSON!!

CALLING BENSON!!

WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, BRAUN PHONES FOR HELP.

WHY, HE LOOKS LIKE A SNOW MAN, DOC. WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?

OFFICER, I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BAFFLING CASE IN ALL MY PRACTICE!

THIS LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING DEVELOPED BY A LOW FILTHY FIEND!!

GUESS IT'S A CASE FOR US COPS/WHAT SAY DOC?

VESHRIR LISTENED AT TARGARMA'S DOOR AS TARGILL BREATHED HIS LAST, HAVING BEEN HIT WITH THE RADIUM NEEDLE!

I JUST HAD TO KILL HIM! HE'D HAVE SQUEALED TO THE POLICE!!
THE SCHEMING VESEHNER STARTLES THE DAZED SANGARMAH.

DON'T LIE, SANGARMAH! WHY DID YOU KILL TARGILL? WHY?

I KILLED TARGILL! YOU'RE MAD!

WIPE MY FINGERPRINTS FROM THAT RADIIUM NEEDLE!

WHY OF COURSE MR. SANGARMAH.

BUT, WILY VESEHNER PLACED IT WHERE THE POLICE WOULD FIND IT. PRINTS AND ALL!

DOC, THIS BENSON, THE AVENGER IS CERTAINLY A BIG SHOT DETECTIVE!

I DON'T BELIEVE BENSON EVER WORKED ON A CASE HE DIDN'T SOLVE!

IN NO TIME BENSON WAS ON THE SCENE OF THE GREATEST MYSTERY OF THE DAY.

LOOK DOC, DON'T STALL. BENSON KNOWS EVERYTHING!

WELL, BENSON, IF YOU SAY IT'S MURDER, IT'S CERTAINLY MURDER!

YES, MURDER! NOTHING BUT!
EXPERT CHEMISTS JOIN TO ANALYZE THE MYSTERIOUS "FROST DEATH" POWDER AT BENSON'S REQUEST.

MAC: THIS IS THE MOST DEADLY STUFF I EVER HEARD OR MAKE THE CLOSEST ANALYSIS AND REPORT TO ME!

YES, MR. BENSON! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE THING, BUT I'LL DO IT!

WITH THEIR SUPER-TELEVISION SET "SMITTY" AND "MAC" REPORT TO BENSON.

WELL, WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT SMITTY?

THIS POWDER WAS MANUFACTURED IF IT GETS ON A HUMAN BODY IT WOULD KILL QUICKLY!!

"MAC'S FIRST LOOK INTO THE MICROSCOPE SCARED HIM STIFF.

AND NOW THE DOCTOR IS STRICKEN.

I HAVE WHAT BRAUN DIED OF!! WHAT! YOU TOO.

ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR IT DOCTOR?

NO, I'LL BE DEAD IN SIX HOURS!!
EFFECTS OF THE DREAD FROST POWDER SPREADS.
HELP! HELP! I'M GETTING IT TOO!

SANZARMAH BECAME A FUGITIVE, HIDING IN VESHNIR'S CABIN, DEEP IN THE FORESTS OF MAINE.
I'M LIVING IN FEAR THAT PLANE MIGHT BE THE POLICE. WHAT'LL I DO?

IN A LUXURIOUS PARK AVE, APARTMENT. SANZARMAH'S DAUGHTER, CLAUDETTE, IS SHOCKED BY THE GLARING HEADLINES.
MY FATHER A KILLER? IMPOSSIBLE! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!!

CLAUDETTE VISITS BENSON.
YOU ARE THE AVENGER. YOU CAN CLEAR MY FATHER OF THIS TERRIBLE CHARGE, PLEASE, MR. BENSON, SAY YOU'LL HELP?
RIGHT NOW I'M INTERESTED ONLY IN THE "SNOWMAN CASE?"

NELLE GRAY, A BENSON AIDE, BRINGS SOME REPORTS.
SANZARMAH & VESHNIR, LOWER 8TH AVE., HMMM.

MISS SANZARMAH WERE TO HELP YOU. I SEE IT'S MY DUTY!
SMITTY AND BENSON GO FORTH INTO THE MURKY NIGHT FOR CLUES TO THE FROST DEATH.

ONE! OKAY!

SHHH!

EVEN A 12TH FLOOR CAN BE REACHED FROM THE OUTSIDE WHEN BENSON PLANS IT.

ARE YOU COMING SMITTY?

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

WELL, SMITTY. NO TRACES SO FAR. BUT LET'S HUNT ON!

MAYBE, WE'RE ALL WRONG IN OUR GUESS!

SMITTY! QUICK! HERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS! GET THE TONGS! WE MUST BE CAREFUL!

A PIG IN PANTS -- WHY?

THESE FRIENDS WERE TESTING TO SEE IF THE DEATH POWDER WOULD GO THROUGH THE CLOTH!

THERE WAS A SOUND AT THE DOOR. SOMEBODY WAS WORKING AT THE LOCK.

QUIET SMITTY!
I GOT HIM CHIEF!!

THE AVENGER GRABBED THE LEADER OF THE MOB AND THREW HIM INTO THEIR MIDST.

WITH A CAREFULLY AIMED KNIFE, BENSON DISARMED THE BOLDEST OF THE GANGSTERS.

A BLACK-JACK KEEPS "SMITTY" FROM HELPING BENSON.

IF THAT DON'T HOLD YOU I'LL GIVE YOU A SLUG OF LEAD!!

THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE FURTHER THEY FALL!

YOUR PARTNER SANGARMAN'S REPUTATION IS GOOD/

HE DID SECRET WORK IN THE LABORATORY;
HE TAMPERED WITH OUR BOOKS,
AND HELPED HIM WITH MONEY;
I DON'T THINK HE KILLED TARIGILL!

OLD TAYLOR, WHOSE MILLIONS YETSHIR, PLOTTED TO ANNEX, IS FOUND DEAD, ON HIS GREAT ESTATE.

TO BE CONTINUED—BE SURE TO GET NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF Shadow comics
Learn how to FLY A MODEL AIRPLANE RIGHT!

All over the country, in schools like the following: High School, Princeton, N. J.; Central High School, Columbus, O.; High School, Martinsburg, Pa.; Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.; High School, Renova, Pa.; High School, Tracy, Pa., and in clubs organized by School Teachers, Scout Masters, Sunday School Teachers, Boys Club Managers, etc., the boys of America are learning the principles of how to fly and how to build a model plane that will fly properly. They are learning from lessons prepared by Joe Ott, one of the truly great authorities on why an airplane flies and how to build an accurate model.

These lessons are supplied at cost to members of Bill Barnes Model Airplane Clubs. The model planes illustrated in each lesson can be purchased at 25% reduction.

There is a free service every month, of Questions and Answers on aeronautics, sent to the clubs. This keeps the interest in the club right up to the minute.

Never before has such a service been offered a model airplane club in connection with a magazine. Fill in the coupon on this page and mail it today with 10 cents and you will receive, in value, much more than the 10 cents, and also a plan for organizing a club which will keep you pleasantly occupied all summer long. In the most engaging hobby you have ever tried—model airplane building.

BILL BARNES
79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me one of each of the four lessons which you now supply to schools; send me full data on the prices you quote on the models which form part of the lessons and a copy of the world’s largest aviation magazine, AIR TRAILS, which also forms part of the club, and which calls for the story. I am looking for a cover and of mailing and wrapping for which, I understand, you will need no additional material.

NAME
TITLE
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE
Johnny McLaren was almost a cop. While he waited for the bus he thumbed the well-worn pages of his police manual and studied the contents under the yellow rays of a street light.

He climbed aboard the bus, took a rear seat, and closed the manual while he went over the regulations in his mind. At the next stop, he almost jealously watched a uniformed policeman get aboard.

The cop dropped his nickel in the slot and ordered a man who followed him, and both sat down.

Johnny McLaren frowned a little. There was something wrong with that picture.

The policeman and his companion got out near the end of the line. Johnny McLaren still had two stations to go, but he got out, too.

The two men he trailed turned the next corner, but McLaren was after them.

He spotted the two men, and crouched slightly when two others emerged from an abandoned house. The man with the briefcase thrust his right hand toward his big pocket.

At that moment, the patrolman also pulled the right-hand gun and swung it with near-drawn effect.

McLaren picked up one of the old butts and studied it. The smoke caught one man full in the back, dropped him across the form of the victim. The other two swung around.

"Close in!" McLaren yelled loudly. "Take 'em from the left, you two!"

He remembered that the murdered man had reached for his big pocket, and there he discovered a .32 and a .22. McLaren, young, untrained, headed for the swamp with all the women of town. A shot was fired. The bullet whizzed by, and the range of a .22 was too small. The men could shiver on the ground. McLaren, however, insisted. He hoped he would try it."
MURDER IN UNIFORM

If he were a full-dressed cop, with experience, he might have realized the stalemated situation existed; but Johnny McLaren was young and eager.

A shadowy figure, halfway up the stairs, snapped a shot. McLaren raised the automatic he had taken from the murdered man and squeezed the trigger. The man on the stairs pitched down the steps.

McLaren then fired two quick shots that sent the killers racing for the safety of a bedroom. McLaren raced up the stairs himself.

"Come out of there," McLaren yelled, "or be gunned out!"

"Come and get us!" one of the men snarled. "We know you haven't got any help, and you can't get any, either.

What to do? Those men were right. They might be trapped, with only a window, much too high above the ground, as the only exit, but he was trapped, too. He started to tiptoe closer to the door.

"One more step and we'll blast you!" a raucous voice warned. "The moon casts your shadow, sap!"

McLaren's shadow did extend across the floor and down the corridor.

McLaren fired two quick shots and the killers cowered in a corner for the moment.

He tested the banister, found it sturdy enough and slid down it. He walked softly over to where the thug he had shot lay sprawled out.

Repressing a shudder, McLaren hoisted the man to his shoulder, made his way up the steps again and propped the dead man against the wall.

With satisfaction, he noted that the dead man cast a lengthening shadow which passed beyond the door of the killers' room.

"O.K.," McLaren called out. "We'll sit this one out, boys! I know you can't risk jumping unless you want to break your necks!"

Then he slid down the banister again and darted outside.

McLaren tossed a rope hanging down the side of the building, pulled himself up and set both feet against a wall. Slowly he made his way aloft.

Clinging to the rope just outside the window, he set his jaws hard. He gave himself a hard shove and his body went sailing out into space. He maneuvered himself deftly on the return trip, and his two feet led the way through the window.

Both thugs spun around. One fired and missed. He didn't shoot again, for McLaren's swing knocked him out.

McLaren whirled to face the gunfire of the second crook, but he was gone. Pounding feet indicated that this last of the murder trio had quickly guessed that the shadow was a trick.

McLaren yanked his borrowed automatic from his belt, and sent two shots crashing after the fleeing figure.

One took effect, spinning the thug around like a top. It was the phony policeman. The gun fell from fingers gone limp.

Somewhere outside, a police whistle shrilled. Moments later, radio car sirens whined. McLaren was sitting on the stairs, holding a gun on the wounded crook, when five men burst into the house.

One was Captain Tyler. McLaren knew him. Tyler recognized McLaren, too, but what seemed to puzzle him most was the sight of the wounded crook dressed in a patrolman's uniform, clawing at a bloody shoulder.

"He's the uniform," McLaren said. "He must have, because it's the real thing, all right. Did you find a dead man outside?"

"Yes—Harry Stone, the patrolman of the wrecking company that's tearing down these buildings. There's a crew coming on at dawn, and he intended to pay them off them," Tyler said. "Now, will you please stop asking questions and tell me what happened!"

"That man there," McLaren pointed to the crook in uniform. "Posed as a patrolman and, from the way I get it, went to some bank, open nights, and protected the paymaster when he drew out the payroll.

"The money's upstairs and you'd better send a couple of men to get it, because I don't think the second crook will be unconscious much longer."

"Another crook?" Tyler gasped. "How many are there?"

"Three, sir; I killed one of them with the paymaster's gun. The other one, I hit on the jaw."

"Now, will you tell me how you got mixed up in this mess? Right from the beginning?"

"Well, sir, I was on my way home on a bus. I saw the paymaster and the phony cop get aboard. When they got off, I followed them and—well, you know the rest of it."

"Yes. Why did you follow the fake patrolman and the paymaster?"

McLaren's face was creased in a happy grin. "That's easy, sir! When the fake patrolman got on the bus, he put a nickel in the cash box. All I could think of was me, as a boy.

"I always wanted to become a cop, so I could ride buses and trolley cars free. Whoever heard of a cop, in uniform, anyway, paying his way on a bus?"
D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers

One morning in April 1625 finds the little town of Meung, France, in a complete state of uproar.
Bristling with pride and disdainful of the hilarity sits the center of this uproar - D'Artagnan on his way to Paris in search of fame and fortune.

On the balcony of the inn a dark gentleman seems to get particular pleasure out of D'Artagnan's predicament.

You there, hiding behind the balcony, tell me the joke so we may laugh together.

I shall be down to tell you.

Defend yourself, Sir Jester, that I may laugh in turn.

Defend yourself, Sir Jester, that I may laugh in turn.

It will be a pleasure to see you die that way.

At that moment D'Artagnan is attacked by the dark gentleman's friends and lackeys who are armed with clubs.

A letter addressed to M. de Treville, captain of the Musketeers. Can this firebrand have been sent to kill me?

A letter falls from his pocket.
His Eminence orders that you proceed at once to England and inform him personally if and when the Duke of Buckingham leaves London.

Ah, there is Milady now. She be in need of me...

And you, I presume, return to Paris.

In the meantime, d’Artagnan has recovered and nothing daunted rushes forward. Draw, Poltroon! I challenge you in the presence of this lady!

No, Rochefort. Remember the least delay may be fatal!

You are right, Milady. Au revoir!

Rochefort dashes east the carriage west...

Coward, wretch! Come back and fight!

The next day in Paris d’Artagnan arrives at the barracks of the Musketeers to present himself to M. de Treville, Captain Minus. His letter of introduction, and having but three crowns to his name, d’Artagnan proudly knocks at the chambers of one of France’s great men.
SO THIS IS YOUNG CARTAIGNAN! WELL, IF YOU ARE HALF THE MAN YOUR FATHER WAS I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU!

THANK YOU, SIR, IT WAS HIS HOPE THAT I MIGHT ONE DAY ENTER THE RANKS OF YOUR SPLENDID MUSKETEERS. I HAD A LETTER TO YOU FROM MY FATHER, BUT IT WAS STOLEN!

YOU ARE HIGH, SIR. PERHAPS SOME DAY YOU MAY HAVE THAT HONOR, MEANWHILE YOU MUST BE AN AP- PRENTICE IN THE GUARDS—I'LL WRITE A LETTER FOR YOU.

THANK YOU, SIR... DIABLE! MY MAN FROM MEUNG!

PARSON ME, I AM IN A HURRY—I SAW A MORTAL ENEMY OF MINE IN THE STREET!

LOUT! YOU NEED NOT GO THAT FAR TO FIND ANOTHER WHO WOULD ENJOY TEACHING YOU THE MANNERS OF A GENTLEMAN, AS SURE AS MY NAME IS ATOMAS!

NAME THE TIME AND PLACE, SIR! NEAR THE CARMES-DES-CHAUX AT 12! AND TRY NOT TO KEEP ME WAIT-ING LEST I CUT YOUR EARS OFF!

A HUNDRED PISTOLES, YOU SAY! FORTHSEBLEGEANT CLOAK, INDEED, BUT WHY NOT THROW IT BACK? IT'S RATHER WARM.

AHEM, WELL, ER... I HAVE A SLIGHT GOLD AND...

GANESWAY, GENTLE- MEN, I'M COMING THROUGH!
EXCUSE ME, BUT I MUST HURRY SO THE MAGNIFICENT CLOAK IS LINED WITH CHEAP COTTON—NO WONDER HE HAS A COUGH.

POO—WHERE ARE YOUR EYES!

WHERE THEY SEE WHAT OTHERS CAN'T SEE, PARDEE!

I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!

LATER, MONSIEUR, LATER, NAME YOUR TIME AND PLACE!

BEHIND THE LUXEMBOURG, ONE O'CLOCK!

I SHALL BE HONORED TO SEE IF THE INSIDES OF THE MAN EQUAL THE INSIDES OF HIS CLOAK—NOW YOU MUST PARDON ME—I HAVE IMPORTANT BUSINESS!

D'ARTAGNAN RUSHES ON IN SEARCH OF HIS ENEMY, BUT IN VAIN!

DIABLE! I SHALL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE AT MY MAN OF MEUNG IF I MUST MEET TWO MUSKETEERS FIRST—ONE IS SURE TO KILL ME!

HELLO, THAT FELLOW OVER THERE SEEMS TO HAVE DROPPED HIS HANDBKERCHIEF!

YOU HAVE DROPPED YOUR HANDBKERCHIEF, SIR!

YOU ARE MISTAKEN!

OHO, AMARIS! A LADY'S HANDBKERCHIEF WITH A COAT OF ARMS ON IT—DR. BOIS-TRACY'S IT IS, YOU ROGUE!
I DO NOT CARE FOR YOUR MEDDLING, SIR! PLEASE DO ME THE HONOR OF ALLOWING ME TO TEACH YOU DISCRETION.

CERTAINLY, WILL TWO O'CLOCK BE SUITABLE?

I AM ASTONISHED TO FIND YOU THREE GENTLEMEN TOGETHER - ALLOW ME TO OFFER MY APOLOGIES...

COWARD!

APologies?

...MY APOLOGIES FOR POSSIBLY NOT BEING ABLE TO MEET M. Porthos & M. Aramis since you, M. Athos, will have the first chance at killing me!

NOBLY SPOKEN, SIR. IF DEATH SPARES US I HOPE WE MAY BECOME FRIENDS!

EN GARDE, THEN SIR!

THE GUARDS OF THE CARDINAL, OUR ENEMIES! QUICK, SHEATH YOUR SWORDS - EWELLING IS FORBIDDEN!

Jussac, leader of the Cardinal's guards speaks:

GENTLEMEN, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST - THE YOUTH MAY GO!
Sorry, gentlemen, we have been forbidden to be arrested. Then defend yourselves for me, attack! Never! I roam with the musketeers! Young man, with draw while you can!

All nine men draw swords, they pair off except Aramis who battles two men. D'Artagnan faces the mighty Jussac, one of France's greatest blades!

Jussac expects to beat down the youth with a withering attack but D'Artagnan is too nimble!

Jussac, impatient and enraged, makes vicious lunge after lunge! Finally he oversteps himself...

Before he can recover...

O'Artagnan rushes to the aid of Athos whose wound is bleeding again:

"Turn, sir! I meant to kill you!"
ATHOS FALLS!
HELP ARAMIS, NEXT, PARTAGNAN, HE IS HARD PRESSES!

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE—TWO MASTERY LUNGE ACCOUNT FOR AS MANY MEN!

THE BADLY WOUNDED JUSSAC GIVES ORDS TO HIS MEN
CEASE FIGHTING MEN, BEFORE THIS DEVIL KILLS US ALL!
PARTAGNAN CORES TO ATHOS' SIDE...

ATHOS! ATHOS!
GIVE HE A HAND, MY BRAVE FELLOW, I'M ALL RIGHT!

ONE FOR ALL! ALL FOR ONE!

IN THE NEXT ISSUE
THE THRILLS ARE PLENTY

1. DOES THE VILLAINOUS CARDINAL GET REVENGE ON PARTAGNAN?

2. DOES THE BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS MILADY LEAD THE MUSKETERS TO RUIN?

SEE NEXT MONTHLY ISSUE
BILL BARNES

Strange mysteries surround airliners flying over the Brazilian jungles. Bill Barnes and Shorty invade the lost forest to smash a cruel and merciless monster.

A tropic dawn—and a plane comes down with a crashing crash!

There’s no pilot in this plane. But look, there’s blood in the seat!

Death strikes mysteriously.

Mr. Barnes, can you do something about these disasters? I’ll be only too glad to help out in any way possible.

At the Acme Airlines, Bill Barnes and Shorty hear the latest horrible news!
Early the next day, they take off from Barnes' field.

What's your guess on all this mystery? We'll find out soon enough!

Great guns! There's a flying lizard!

Gosh! Those things lived back in the days of the dinosaurs!

Over the masses of jungles they sight a monstrous pterodactyl...a creature from the world of the past!

Look out, it's attacking us!

What th--

In a flash the winged monster hurls itself against the plane.

I've got to shake him off so we can shoot him!

Let's see how he likes good old American bullets!

The hideous creature hangs to the plane as Bill turns a flip.

Coming out of the loop, Bill zooms upward and shatters the giant lizard with bullets!
LOOK OVER THERE!

OUT OF THE SKY, A HORDE OF STYRACHTYUS COME WINDING AT THE PLANE...

THAT CERTAINLY HAS A CLOSE ONE!

AND ATTACK WITH THE FURY OF A STORM!

THE PROPPELLER IS SHATTERED AS A LIZARD FLIES AGAINST IT—

FROM THE FRYING PAN TO THE FIRE!

THESE LIZARDS HAVE BEEN EATING THE PILOTS!

DOWN THERE'S A CLEARING, WE'VE GOT TO LAND.

—AND THE SHIP GLIDES SWIFTLY TOWARD THE GROUND.

THEY COME TO A PERFECT LANDING IN THE CLEARING.

WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PROPPELLER FIXED IMMEDIATELY.

SO THAT'S THE ANSWER TO THE MISSING PILOTS.
SOMEBODY HAS CONTROL OVER THOSE FLYING LIZARDS, AND WE'RE GOING TO FIND THEM.

I WONDER WHO IT COULD BE?

AFTER CHANGING PROPELLERS, THEY PREPARE FOR A SEARCH.

WHEN A STRANGE FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE RUGIAGE.

I SQUELCH THEM AND I AM THE ONLY ONE THAT IS GOING TO DESTROY YOU!

AS THE WHITE MEN SPRING AT THE OLD MAN, WARRIORS RUSH TO HIS AID.

WHY YOU?

BILL AND SHORTY GO INTO ACTION.

CURRING THE SAVAGES RIGHT AND LEFT.

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU BIRD SARE, BUT HERE'S MY CALLING CARD!

YOU'LL BE CAREFUL THE NEXT TIME YOU PICK A FIGHT!

THAT'S THE LAST ONE OF THEM, BUT WHERE'S SOLES?

THE SAVAGES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE ENGAGED AVIATORS.
SOHEB is missing after the defeat of his savages.

Bill and Shorty start through the thick jungle.

There's a cave, do you think he's in there!

We'll have a look.

There's a passageway!

And I heard a strange mumbling noise.

At another clearing they see a strange cave.

Look at that! It's an anti-civilization cult.

Jwang Tyon, may you help me destroy all civilized races!

Soheb is seen praying to an idol.

My pets have destroyed some of their airmen, but you must help me kill the rest.

They are sighted by a winged monster who comes screeching at them.

We've been discovered!
There must be a million of them!

But the mad old Abe urges them on.

Quick! Throw the gas bombs!

As the flying reptiles make a mass charge, Shorty hurls the bomb at them.

Oh, Jwang-Tnay! I came with my pets to join you. I have tried, but failed.

As Bill and Shorty rush forward, Solos falls in death at their feet.

This is something the world will never believe.

Don't agree with modern things. He planned to turn the Earth backwards.

His pride meant more to him than life.

So we advance and other steps forward, the future of animation.

Bill and Shorty head for home and more adventure. Follow the thrills of these daring airmen in the next issue of Shadow Comics.
MERRIWELL'S VACATION

During Spring Holidays Frank & His Friends Are Vacationing and Practising Baseball at Jack Diamonds Plantation in Georgia.

Be Careful of This One, Bart! It's a New Double-Shot Spinner and It's Going to Curve at Least Two Feet!

A High-Powered Car Pulls Up
Say, Merrifield, Ah'm Blackie Melrose. This Here's Man Brother, Joe. He's Captain of the Southern Champs. The Champs Were to Play a Big Game Tomorrow But the Other Team Can't Make It. What About Your Team? Nice Piece of Chance In It! Ok, But Forget the Money. We're Amateurs!

So That's the Great Blackie Melrose!

That Night Frank Visits Inez at the Rundown Brownell Plantation. Here She Reside Lola, Her Brother Dick and Her Guest, Inez.

Lola, What Do You Know About Blackie Melrose? We Play His Champs Tomorrow.

He's a Murderer! He Killed Man Father! They Said It Was Suicide, But Yesterday an Found Evidence That...

Shut Up, Sis! Frank, an Sure Hope You All Win Tomorrow, An Bet the Whole Plantation Against Blackie's $1000 That Your Team Will Win the Game of Course.

The Old Plantation's Worthless Anyway—It's All Covered With Soft Southern Pine.

Yes, a Thorough Scoundrel! Ask Lola Brownell When You Visit The Brownell Place To See Inez!
The next day Frank's double-shot is working to perfection, striking out man after man.

The seventh inning finds Frank's team winning 3 to 0.

Suddenly a pop bottle comes flying from the grand stand and strikes Frank on the shoulder!

Picking it up he notices a slip of paper attached!

Your darling dames Intz and Lola Bronwell are in a tough spot—Merrimell—so each say a prayer for their team. But let the champs win!

Frank speaks to his team: Listen, fellows, there's dirty work afoot, but I have a plan...

The game goes on. In the eighth inning the Southern Champs get 2 runs making the score 5 to 3. In the last half of the ninth the Champs have 3 men on base. How out? Is Frank throwing the game?

Frank throws a pop. The batter hits it a glancing blow. It's a high fly right over second base.

Backing up for the fly back Diamond trips over the base bag!
FRANK TAKES IN THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE... AND HE'S OFF LIKE A SHOT!

FRANK MAKES A MIGHTY LEAP AND GRABS THE BALL!

ONE OUT!

HE WHIRLS AROUND AND TOUCHES 2ND BASE!

TWO OUT!

He starts toward third!

THE SOUTHERN CHAMPS START RUNNING TOWARD THE PARKING FIELD. THEY BOARD A HIGH-POWERED CAR!

COME ON, FELLOWS, AFTER THEM!

A WILD CHASE TOWARD THE HILLS!

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE ABANDONED PLANTATION, FRANK! AH KNOW A SHORT CUT—TAKE THE NEXT RIGHT TURN!
They arrive just in time to head the gangsters off!

Hold 'em, fellows! I'm going after Inez and Lola!

As Frank races toward the house a shot rings out! A bullet skims his cheek!

Frank ducks behind a tree!

A cracked mirror on the wall inside the mansion shows an interesting scene.

A cracked mirror, Tom by a stone, to throw a double shot with—a chance in a million!

What Frank saw—Blackie meldon!

The double-shot works with deadly accuracy! Frank dashes into the house!

Just as he starts to unty Inez's gag the stunned Blackie recovers!

Frank! Look out!
Jack Diamond and the rest of the team come in bruised but triumphant as Frank releases the girls.

Everything all right, Frank? Boy this was fun, but tell me Frank where did you get the nerve to win the game in the face of that note threatening the girls' lives?

For two reasons, Jack! In the first place the Brownell plantation was at stake and far from being worthless it is very valuable! There's a new process that makes paper out of southern pine, and...

...Blackie knew this! Second - when I heard that Blackie had Lola and Inez I knew he would try to kill them whether I won the game or not because she had evidence of his guilt as a murderer! I won the game with a surprise ending so that Blackie's gang would think all was going well until we were able to follow them!
EXTRA! EXTRA! ELAINE WARLIN KIDNAPPED! EXTRA!

MEANWHILE...

11 A.M. — THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION...

AND THE POOR PARENTS... THEY ARE ENTIRELY WITHOUT ANY CLUES TO WORK ON...

I SEE WHERE THE PAPERS — WHAT CAN THEY DO? NO LEADS.

T.A.M. — THE FOLLOWING DAY — A NOTE HAS BEEN FOUND NEAR THE DRIVEWAY ON THE WARLIN ESTATE BY THE GARDENER AND IS NOW IN THE EAGER HANDS OF MR. WARLIN WHO NERVOUSLY READS...

IF YOU WANT YOUR DAUGHTER BACK — WRAP UP 250 TO GRANDS IN SMALL BILLS AND HAND THE PACKAGE OVER THE NORTHWEST CORNER WALL OF ROCKLAWN CEMETERY AT 4 A.M. TOMORROW... KEEP THIS FROM THE COPS! IF YOU REALLY WANT YOUR DAUGHTER TO LIVE...
NICK CARTER

8 A.M. - AND THE POLICE AS YET HAVE FOUND NO CLUES TO THE KIDNAPPING - THEY - BUT WAIT HERE'S A SPECIAL BULLETIN THAT JUST CAME IN - THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS ASSIGNED NICK CARTER, WORLD-FAMOUS DETECTIVE TO THE CASE

NICK CARTER! WELL THIS IS ONE CASE HE WONT SOLVE CAUSE HE WONT LIVE LONG ENOUGH!

11 A.M. - IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE

AND I'M TERRIBLY SORRY ABOUT THE PUBLICITY GIVEN TO THIS CASE, NICK, TOO LATE TO STOP IT, IT'S A DAY IN THE LIFE OF ME, IF I KNEW HOW THE NEWS WOULD LEAK OUT OF THIS OFFICE, I DONT FOR THE DEATH OF MR. CARTER, NOW LET'S SEE Y GET US TROUBLE IN GETTING RID OF HIM!

LATE THAT NIGHT IN CARTER'S APARTMENT

OKAY! THAT'S WHERE HE LIVES WE WILL BE BACK TONIGHT!
JUST AS I THOUGHT! TOO DUMB AND FRIGHTENED TO CHECK ON THE ROOM IN MY BED - AND THAT PILLOW STUNT IS SO OLD - NOW GET ON THE BACK OF THEIR CAR.

GETTIN ABD OF CARTER WAS THE EASIEST WE'RE NO LUCK, I DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM NO MORE CAUSE -

SURE YOUSE DONE A SWEET JOB BUT WHAT'S HE DOIN AT THAT WINDA?!

THEY CERTAINLY HAVE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A HIDE-OUT! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET CLOSER.

C'MON! WE GOT T'SCRAM OUTA HERE! MAYBE HE'S FOLLERED!

I JUST COULDN'T RISK A GUN BATTLE WITH THE THINGS THERE'S - THANKS TO HIS BULLET-PROOF VEST I COULD PRETEND DEATH - BUT NOW THEY'VE GONE TO A NEW HIDE-OUT.

LET'S SEE Y'GET OUTA THIS CARTER!
I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY LABORATORY FOR THE AMYTHIOCYANATE. IT'S MY ONLY ALTERNATIVE FOR QUICK ACTION!

THANKS! THIS TEN-DOLLAR BILL WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOU TOO--IF YOU CAN GET TO THE CITY IN A HURRY!

MAN, AH JUS' CRAVES THAT KIND OF COMFORT HERE! YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL. MAN, YOU CAN HAVE THE WHEEL.

ONE HOUR LATER--IN HIS LABORATORY.

AH--HERE'S THE AMYTHIOCYANATE AND PLENTY OF IT--TOO!

--- AT THE WARLIN ESTATE ---

MR. WARLIN, MEET NICK--THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE WORKING WITH US. OH, HAVE YOU ANY NEWS OF MY LITTLE ELAINE, MR. CARTER? MY POOR...

SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MR. WARLIN. NOW I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE WITH YOU--THE RANSOM MONEY AND SOME GLOVES!

MY, I'M QUITE SURE THIS AMYTHIOCYANATE WILL ENABLE US TO CAPTURE THE KIDNAPPERS AND RETURN YOUR CHILD VERY SOON, MR. WARLIN. IF POOR, YOU'LL CO-OPERATE NOW. IF YOU WILL PLEASE BABY--PLACE THAT MONEY HERE. THEN PUT ON YOUR GLOVES!

NOW--AS I FINISH WITH EACH PACK OF BILLS, MR. WARLIN, YOU WRAP THEM UP INTO ONE LARGE PACKAGE! THE KIDNAPPERS MUST HANDLE THIS MONEY--SO KEEP YOUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THEM TONIGHT--ALONG! WE MUST HAVE NO INTERFERENCE!

I'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET MY CHILD BACK, MR. CARTER!
The ransom money is all prepared with Amy's guidance, and Yarlin alone is delivering it to the kidnappers. Carter is phoning the police.

Here is the ransom money—all of it as ordered! Now where is my daughter?

You'll get her back after we check the dough.

It's all here, Hugs! Two hun' red n' fifty grand! We...

Hand in place two men every defendant. Let me check the case of the identity three or six. Now here on further instructions.

Butcher roods away! Two flats! I'm a couple in a couple. Two flats! 'N' two flats! 'N' one spare.

Peck's Service Station

Jumpin's screwy with their tires! Two flats at once?

Ain't left red on that side. Ten that's our car. Let's get them!
This is Ryan, Commissioner! We've got them lined up here at Peck's Station without a fight! We were too quick for them - took them by surprise - we!

That's fine Ryan! We'll be right over!

Well, where they are we'll be ready, and there'll be no trouble in getting them to take you to your daughter.

Oh, thank you. I was only asking if you thought it was wise never to fine this...

Later - back in the D.A.'s Office.

Nick - now if you mean me publicity I want you to help me. I'm big of this case. That's easy - D.A., because I'm the DA.

You! Yes, you know we had no clues - no lead on the mob - and they gave me that lead in their attempt to get me out of the way - but...

It was the amylthio cyanate that really did the job. You see - no man's hand is free of iron dust - which when mixed with this powder causes the hand to turn red.

The ransom money was sprinkled with this powder - so when the kidnappers handled the money their fingers became red - well - you know the rest.

Nick Carter is faced with one of the most baffling cases of his long career - in the next issue of Shadow Comics.
WHO WAS HIGH JACK?

ANOTHER CARRIE CASHIN
SOLVE-A-CRIME MYSTERY

Richard Kenmore: We are holding your sister for ransom. He demands $100,000 for her return. Signed High Jack.

But this is really a clever plot to get Carrie out of the way. Fearing that she may be put on their own trail, the gang of Highjacks decide to fake a kidnapping and get her to take the case. But the gang doesn’t know that Carrie’s able assistant, Aleck is on the job too! Carrie agrees to run down the kidnappers and calls on Aleck to help check up on some clues.

Whataya mean, pinch ya leg? Aw, gee, not me, Carrie!

You must hard, Aleck! I have a reason, I’m going after someone who just went into the hotel!

Okay! You asked for it!

Gosh, Carrie, I’ve got a big steak ordered for us at 8. So at the hickory log and I’m hungry!

Oh, sure—But that man inside is Drucker. An ex. Fug. He’s in with the High Jack Gang—They snatched Kenmore’s sister! I have a way to make Drucker lead us to ‘em!
Seated in the lounge of the hotel, Drucker, ex pug, looks over the racing form.

Carrie hits him full in the face with her bag! The place is in an uproar.

Bay! You socked me for nuthin! He pinched me! He pinched my leg - the loafer!

Oh yeh? G'wan, prove it! G'wan!

I will! But to the telephone operator, back of the switchboard!

He did it, all right! It's a awful big bruise!

No! I hate publicity! Just let me powder my nose!

Carrie fumbles in her bag and drops her badge.

I'm the house dick, girlie. Want to make a charge?

A cop!

And the pug breaks away!
Drucker gets away and ducks into a cellar. Alec is on the watch.

I'll wait—he'll have to come out sometime.

Hm-m! It's taking him pretty long!

Drop yer Gat, Kid! The cellar gag got ya—they're all connected! Get it?

That dame of yours is in for some quick and dirty work! I'll phone my gang to pick her up! Now get in that cellar!

Listen-wise guy—what's yer female sleuth on our tail fer, huh? Is it the job at the Long Island Bank or the Post Office in Maine come on-splain it!

That's strange! They mentioned everything but the kidnapping case! I've gotta break out of here!

I'm not talkin' boys. Put the heat on if you want to!

Quick! The de chic hotel!

Watching his chance, Alec escapes while a man is about to enter the room!
BACK AT THE HOTEL, CARRIE IS ABOUT TO ENTER HER ROOM WHEN SHE IS CONFRONTED BY A MAN WHO COVERS HER WITH A GUN!

KEEP YER HAT ON, DEARIE—WE'RE TAKIN' A LITTLE RIDE

NO TRICKS NOW, KID!

I'LL JUST LAY MY WATCH HERE ON THE DRESSER—IT'S NO GOOD TO ME BROKEN!

BUT SHE SETS THE HANDS FOR 8:30!

PLEASE LET ME GO—I'LL TALK!

CARRIE IS HAULED OFF TO THE SAME ROOM FROM WHICH ALECK HAD ESCAPED SOME MINUTES EARLIER

BUT CARRIE DOESN'T KNOW THIS—NEITHER IS SHE TOLD

YOU'RE NOT REALLY A GIRL DETECTIVE, ARE YOU?

NO—I'M WORKIN' FOR HIGH JACK—YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT!

SO YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR HIGH JACK? WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

I DON'T KNOW—he picked me up at a night club!

WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE? ANSWER ME THAT!

MM-M-M! WELL—HE'S ABOUT FIVE FOOT SEVEN—NINETEEN, OR THEREABOUTS—he wears his hair parted in the middle—matty dresser—that's as close as I can describe him!
WHAT'S HE INTERESTED IN? OUR BANK ROBBERY OR THE POST OFFICE WE BROKE INTO? WHAT'S HE WANT TO PICK UP OUR STUFF LIKE THE OTHERS?

YES—that's what he wants to do—he steals from thieves.

I'M MEETING HIM AT THE HICKORY LOG AT 8:20 TONIGHT.

OKAY—we'll go with you and meet him there.

AINT YOU COMING ALONG, SALVO?

NO—I'll be there for the fireworks I gotter report to high jack upstairs.

IN THE APARTMENT ABOVE SIT THE SLICK, SINISTER RICHARD KENMORE WAITING.

OKAY WE'LL GRAB THIS YOUNG SQUART AT THE HICKORY LOG WHERE HE'S TO MEET THE GIRL.

RIGHT, CHIEF—we'll be on the job.

I'LL BE AT A TABLE BY MYSELF SO THE GIRL WON'T SPOT ME!

SEE YOU LATER.

DURING THE RIDE CAROLE PROCEEDS TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONS ON HER OWN.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT RICHARD KENMORE?

'HUN—plenty o' dough a self made man—he was an orphan's habity got a relative in the world.
Aleck, worried about Carrie, rushes back to the hotel.

Boy, I hope everything's all right.

He finds Carrie gone from her room, but on the dresser is her wrist watch.

Hm-m-m! That's it! The hands point to 8:30—we had a date at that time for the Hickory Log! She left this as a message to meet her there.

Okay, Aleck, me boy—I'll have a squad at the Hickory Log at 8:30—I hope Carrie's safe.

As Aleck passes a man at a table, he bursts out into laughter—Carrie at another table sees this and—

Hah hah.

Signals the police—who are waiting for the pinch.

Say, who you callin', hun? Bit down!

Arrest that man! He's high jack and he's dangerous, boys!

What was there in Carrie and Aleck's interviews with the various men which led them to believe that Kenmore was really high jack?
Become a Shadow Detective

50 Airplane Kits and 50 Baseballs Will Be Awarded as Prizes for the 100 Best Answers, in the Opinion of the Judges

Every boy or girl who solves the problem explained below and taken from the six pages just preceding this advertisement has an opportunity to earn one of the 100 prizes—by solving the kind of a problem that confronts any detective. The winners' names will be printed in an early issue of THE SHADOW MAGAZINE.

The Problem:
First, here's one of the clues which caused Carrie to become suspicious that Kenmore was actually HIGH JACK—

When Carrie and Alack were caught and questioned by the gang, no one mentioned kidnapping. Yet, kidnapping was the main crime they had committed. That caused Carrie to question Kenmore's truthfulness.

There is, however, one other clue which told Carrie that Kenmore had not given her the right information.

Can you locate the discrepancy between the statements made by High Jack's gang and the one made by Kenmore? That discrepancy caused Carrie to ask for Kenmore's arrest.

The answer to the July problem is: The letter was written in blue ink. When Carrie picked the pen up it spilled the ink on her hand. When Phil Reed came into the room, she noticed his hand was covered with blue ink. Later, after he washed them, they still remained the blue ink around the finger nail—he was obviously the hardness.

Now, answer the problem in this month's Shadow. The Judges will select the 100 best 50-word answers and award the prizes. Mail your card not later than May 30, 1940, to:

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