A Chat

I was reading a government report that seemed to be full of hearsay and gossip. It's quite a reliable publication, isn't it?

That I noticed the data number who appeared in the adventures of Bill Barnes in 1980's COMIC COMICS

So far the past several months we've been experimenting with a new idea in comics and we're interested in your help. We're a Bill Barnes another magazine.

We're telling the complete story of Bill Barnes, Jr. in "Chains." Several military adventures follow, with a few humorous and illustrated. Jr. Barnes, Jr.

This publication will be called "Bill Barnes." Jr. Barnes and only tells you how the stories are written. It's true, but it's done so that the years aren't forgotten by the men who are reading today. All the adventures are true to life and interest.

In the near future, an adventure called "The Man in the Maze" will be published. This is the first of many adventures of Bill Barnes, Jr.

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THE EDITOR

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At Red Mike's Place Unheard Echoing Gongs Invited The "New Boss" Who Saved Them From The Shadow.

From now on, don't use the Pinkery. I'll stay until you fix up that room.

Arriving at Red Mike's, the Shadow Speaks to the Factotum.

Two days later room number was cleared by the new boss, the man who rapped on the door.

And now, the end of the story, the words of the "new boss" that's worth it.
Ten minutes before ten, assassins are lurking near the hotel Framton across from the Moselle, awaiting Lingo when...

Looking after him, like Lingo did!

He's gone to the top floor!

Into this car! We'll get him.

Using a special boomerang with a line attached...

The Shadow skims it around a distant pillar!!!

Using the cord to pull a thin cable, the Shadow is forming an aerial bridge to Rook's penthouse!!

The boomerang returns!
THERE'S THE SHADOW! GET HIM!

DUCK FOR COVER! HE'S GOT OUR RANGE!

IN THE MOSELLE PENTHOUSE...

THE SHADOW DECOYED OUR GUNNERS? THE POLICE ARE HERE, ROOK!

WE'LL HOLD THEM OFF AFTER I CROAK THE DAME. SHE WON'T TALK.

THE SHADOW!
THE CREW OF THE DODGED BOAT IS HOLDING THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN FOR THE POLICE—MEANWHILE—

THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE, LAO!! HERE'S TWENTY DOLLARS. IT'S ALL I HAVE! YOU SIR! BUT I REALLY DON'T DESERVE IT!!

COME! TAKE IT, MY BOY! I INSIST!!! I'M LAWRENCE TUDOR! THAT MAN REALLY MEANT TO KILL ME FOR HIRING HIM FROM THE ONE OF MY SHIPS! REALLY MEANT TO KILL ME FOR HIRING HIM FROM THE ONE OF MY SHIPS! MONEY—VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST.

E REALY HATED TO TAKE THIS MONEY—BUT AUNT JANE AND I CAN'T CONTINUE LIVING ON FISH, NOW WE CAN HAVE REAL FOOD—FOR AWHILE ANYWAY.

YOU'RE FIFTY CENTS SHORTHAND ON MY CHANGE, MR. SANDS! OH, I'M SORRY! JUS' A MISTAKE, ROBERT, JUS' A MISTAKE!

WONDER WHERE HE LEARNED TO COUNT CHANGE? CERTAINLY NOT FROM HIS UNCLE!

LATER NO, JOHN! I AIN'T LETTIN' Y' HAVE EVEN A DIME! E-A-Y! YOUR NEPHEW WAS FLASIN' A ROLL OF BILLS IN HERE THAT'D—

WHAT?? WHERE'D HE GET IT??—ANYWAY—THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, ABNER—THANKS!!
ROBERT HAS TOLD AUNT JANE OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH MR. TUDOR, AND WHILE SHE IS PREPARING THEIR FIRST REAL MEAL IN MONTHS —

AUNT JANE, I THINK THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO HIDE THIS MONEY FROM UNCLE JOHN!

YES, ROBERT, AND NAIL THE PLANK BACK IN PLACE AFTERWARD AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST ANY SUSPICION!

HUMPH! A CELEBRATION! DON'T WORRY, JOHN! NONE OF IT CAME FROM YOUR POCKETS.

NO! Y'VE GOTTEN BIG MONEY, JOHN! (CERTAINLY, Uncle John! I'M ALL EXCITED ABOUT YOUR NEW JOB, Uncle John! Please tell me about it!)

IT'LL MEAN BIG MONEY, JOHN! BUT I NEED YOUR HELP IMMEDIATELY! A JOB! I'LL BE GLAD TO HELP! I'LL FINISH EATING WHEN I RETURN, AUNT JANE!

I'M ALL EXCITED ABOUT YOUR NEW JOB, UNCLE JOHN! PLEASE TELL ME ABOUT IT!

NO! YOU'LL SEE WHEN WE GET THERE!

THE SIX MILE BOAT TRIP TO EGG ISLAND IS COMPLETED — AND —

WELL! HERE WE ARE, UNCLE JOHN! WHERE'S YOUR JOB?

RIGHT HERE! IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TELL ME WHERE Y'HD THAT ROLL OF BILLS Y'FLASHED IN SANDS' STORE!

— AN' YOU'LL TALK WHEN I GET THROUGH WITHCHA. I'M LEAVIN' Y'HERE TIL T'MORROR. I'THINK IT OVER AN' WHEN I GET BACK HERE, YOU'LL GET MORE'n Y'JUST GOT 'TIL Y'DO IT. THAT MONEY IS FOR THAT DOUGH! FOOD, I'LL NEVER TELL YOU WHERE IT IS!
POOR AUNT JANE! I'LL BE WORRIED ABOUT ME! WELL, I'M NOT STAYING HERE! I'LL REST A WHILE THEN SWIM BACK!

AS SOON AS THE REST AND RECUPERATION WERE DEEMED SUFFICIENT, ROBERT PLUNGED IN FOR THE SIX MILE SWIM — HALF THE DISTANCE IS SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED — WHEN SUDDENLY—

I—I GOT A CRAMP! I CAN'T MOVE! HELP! HEL!

WHAT HAPPENED? YOU WERE ABOUT TO DROWN OUT THERE THREE MILES OFF SHORE! LUCKY FOR YOU, MY BOY, I JUST HAPPENED TO BE THERE ON MY RETURN FROM TOWN! MY NAME IS GILBERT HUET — I LIVE HERE ALONE ON THIS ISLAND!

OH! THANK YOU, MR. HUET, FOR SAVING MY LIFE! I'M VERY POOR, SIR, AND DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER REPAY YOU! BUT RIGHT NOW — I MUST GET BACK TO MY AUNT! SHE'LL BE WORRIED — AND—

JUST FORGET ABOUT REPAYING ME, SON, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR AUNT — I'LL TAKE YOU BACK JUST AS SOON AS YOU'VE RESTED A BIT!

I'VE RESTED ENOUGH, SIR! YOU SEE, I'M ALSO WORRIED ABOUT MY UNCLE JOHN MISTREATING MY AUNT AS HE DID ME! IN HIS SEARCH FOR MY FEW DOLLARS! I

WELL, WELL, SO YOU'VE GOT A MEAN RELATIVE TOO! WE'VE GOT SOMETHING IN COMMON, MY BOY!

LIKE YOU, SON! WE OUGHT TO GET BETTER ACQUAINTED! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME?

Y—YOU M—MEAN A REAL JOB? OH! THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL, SIR!
UNABLE TO FIND ROBERT'S MONEY ANYWHERE ON THE PREMISES UNCLE JOHN STARTS FOR THE HOUSE TO SEARCH INSIDE, WHILE PASSING A WINDOW —

ROBERT! HOW'D HE GET BACK FROM THE ISLAND? —

ROBERT—BROUGHT BACK BY MR. HUET—AS PROMISED—CONTINUES WITH HIS STORY.

—AND I WILL GET FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK—WORKING ONLY ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS WITH HIM ON HIS PRIVATE ISLAND, AUNT JANE.

MR. HUET IS VERY KIND—ROBERT—AND VERY WEALTHY! I'VE READ OF HIM OFTEN—

ON LEARNING OF HUET'S WEALTH AND SECLUSION—UNCLE JOHN IS SOON ON THE LONELY ISLAND—BUT STRANGELY—HE ISN'T ALONE IN THE DISHONORABLE INTENTION—

WHY SHOULD I BOTHER WITH THE BRAT'S DISJOINT SMALL CHANGE? WHY'N'T I THINK OF—OH, THAT BE A THIS PLACE BEFORE? 

UNCLE JOHN IS MISTaken FOR A WATCHMAN—

WHY SHOULD I BOTHER WITH THE BRAT'S DISJOINT SMALL CHANGE? WHY'N'T I THINK OF—OH, THAT BE A THIS PLACE BEFORE?

A FEW HOURS LATER

JOHN TRAFTON! WHY! THIS MUST BE ROBERT'S UNCLE!

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE FUNERAL—FOUR DAYS LATER

PLEASE DON'T WORRY, MRS. TRAFTON! YOU AND ROBERT ARE WELCOME TO MY PLACE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE TO STAY!

THANK YOU, MR. HUET! YOU ARE SO KIND!

THANK YOU, SIR!
AND IT'S REALLY A RELIEF TO FIND SOMEONE IN WHOM I CAN TRUST. I REMEMBER READING THAT TERRIBLE DEED. CONSPIRE WITH YOU SEE - I TOO HAVE SUFFERED A TRAGEDY - TEN YEARS AGO! MY LITTLE SON KIDNAPPED! IT OFTEN PERSPECTIVE I COULD FIND AND FOLLOW MY ONLY OTHER LIVING RELATIVE, A COUSIN AND VERY RUTHLESS TO BE BEHIND THE CRIME! HIS NAME IS CHARLES WALDO AND I SIR OR NEXT TO MY SON IS LEGAL HEIR TO MY FORTUNE!

MR. WUET'S IMMEDIATE ACTION WAS TO PURCHASE A NEW WARDROBE FOR ROBERT AND MAKE GENERAL FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE VENTURE. ROBERT HAS JUST ARRIVED IN NEW YORK AND -

SIGN TELEGRAM FOR MR. CHARLES WALDO, MR. CHARLES WALDO -

MR. CHARLES WALDO, MR. - RIGHT HERE, BOY!
TEN YEARS ON THE FARM—AND STILL AIN'T USED TO IT!

WILLIAM STILL CANNOT DO ENOUGH WORK—STOP—SEND MORE MONEY FOR HIS SUPPORT—STOP—OR ELSE—ANDREW BADGER

IT'S FROM WILLOW CREEK, OHIO! AND I WONDER WHO 'WILLIAM' IS? THE HUEY BOY'S NAME IS JULIAN!

BUT 'WILLIAM' COULD BE A FICTITIOUS NAME! AND THOSE LAST TWO WORDS ON THE TELEGRAM—OR ELSE—

shall i continue following waldo—OR SHALL I GO TO THE BADGER FARM IN WILLOW CREEK? THOSE TWO WORDS—OR ELSE—HAUNT ME! I CANNOT LEAVE ANY STONE UNTURNED! AND I CAN ALWAYS PICK WALDO'S TRAIL UP FROM HERE AGAIN.

ONE TICKET TO WILLOW CREEK, OHIO
PLUCK AND LUCK

COULD YOU PLEASE I BE
DIRECT ME AGAIN,
TO BADGER'S RIGHT BY IT,
TO FARM! SON, HOP IN!

-AN'DOGONE YA!
I'LL MAKE
Y'DO MORE WORK
ROUN' HERE!

PLEASE
MR
BADGER!

AT IT
AG'N IN!

ROBERT MANAGES TO GET AWAY FROM BADGER AND
CATCH UP TO WILLIAM BENSON A MILE DOWN THE ROAD.

-AND I'VE BEEN TREATED LIKE THIS FOR
TEN YEARS! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY
LONGER! I'M RUNNING AWAY! OH! IF
MY DEAR FATHER WERE ONLY ALIVE!

IS 'WILLIAM
BENSON
YOUR REAL
NAME?

NO! BUT THEY'VE ALL BEEN
CALLING ME THAT FOR
YEARS, AND I DON'T
KNOW WHY! EVEN
COUSIN WALDO CALLED
AND IF SO-I'M HERE TO
TAKEN BACK TO YOUR
FATHER WHO IS
VERY
MUCH ALIVE!

A MONTH HAS PASSED- FATHER AND SON ARE EXTREMELY
HAPPY-WALDO IS IN JAIL FOR KIDNAPPING- AND-

BUT WHY ARE YOU?
I'M SORRY, ROBERT! BUT I
FIRING ME, SIR? I'VE
MUST! MY SON INSISTS-
-INSISTS THAT I ADOPT YOU
AS HIS BROTHER- AND AUNT
JANE BACKS HIM UP!

THE NEXT ALGER BOY STORY IS A WONDERFUL
ADVENTURE, DON'T MISS IT!
MARTAGNAN, ALONE, REACHED Porto in the effort to get to England, where he was to fetch back the twelve jewels the Queen of France had given the English Duke of Buckingham. In the meantime vast preparations were under way for the ball at which the Queen was commanded by the King to wear her diamonds. The entrance of the Queen at the ball was made in all her regal splendor—except she did not wear the diamonds!

SIRE, HER MAJESTY DISOBEYS, I SEE—SHE DOES NOT WEAR YOUR GIFT!

MON DIEU! You are right! MADAME! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

SIRE, I FEARED FOR THEIR SAFETY HERE; THEY ARE AT THE LOUVRE BUT CAN BE SENT FOR!

LET US SEE IF THEY CAN BE THEN!

HMM!

THE QUEEN RUSHES TO CONSTANCE'S SIDE

CONSTANCE! FLY BACK TO THE PALACE AND SEE IF YOUR FRIEND HAS YET ARRIVED—IF HE HAS NOT ALL IS LOST!
THREE MUSKETEERS

CONSTANCE RETURNS TO THE PALACE GARDEN

D'ARTAGNAN! THANK GOD YOU ARE HERE!

HERE, CONSTANTIE, ARE THE DIAMONDS ENRICHED WITH THE BLOOD OF MY THREE GALLANT FRIENDS!

MY HERO! YOU HAVE SAVED THE QUEEN'S HONOR!

I MUST GO NOW—MEET ME TOMORROW NIGHT—ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT THE PAVILION...

THE HERO CLAIMS HIS REWARD

DARLING!

THAT NIGHT THE QUEEN WORE HER JEWELS AND THE KING WAS CAPTIVATED AS NEVER BEFORE BY HER BEAUTY... ALL THE SCHEMES OF THE CARDINAL TO REND THEM APART HAD COME TO NAUGHT.

SO! GAME NUMBER ONE AND THAT YOUNG UPSTART D'ARTAGNAN HAS DEFEATED ME, CARDINAL RICHELIEU!

THE NEXT NIGHT FINDS D'ARTAGNAN IN FRONT OF THE PAVILION AWAITING CONSTANCE... THEN...

IT'S CONSTANTIE! WAS THE CARDINAL'S VENGEANCE FALLEN SO SOON?

D'ARTAGNAN SCALES THE TREE LIKE A CAT TO SEE CONSTANCE BEING-DRAGGED THROUGH THE DOOR!

STAND! RELEASE HER, YOU BLACKGUARDS!

THE MAN FROM MEUNG! AGAIN!
A single thrust dispatches with one of Constance's abductors.

The first victim becomes a shield.

By this time Constance has been carried off! He rushes into the street but the carriage is already vanishing into the night.

Constance! Constance! Be brave I shall find you.

All that night D'Artagnan searched the roads near Paris for a trace of Constance but in vain. Dawn finds him weary and depressed at his lodgings. As he enters who is there but—

Athos! Porthos! Aramis! You are alive! Thank God! I am glad to see you!

You look anything but glad, my son, what is the trouble?

Constance has been kidnapped!

So much the worse for her, but probably better for you, my friend! Never cry over spilt milk or lost women! Come let us celebrate our reunion and mourn your loss in wine! Gallons of wine!
By noon, Aramis and Porthos sought sleep under the tables while Athos and d'Artagnan grew more mellow and confiding.

Tell me, Athos, why you hate women.

Well, my friend, a long time ago a noble friend of mine had a terrible experience. I, er, he married a beautiful but unknown girl. Then strange things happened - jewels, money disappeared and the thief could not be found. One day my...

My friend's mother caught the thief in the act...

Mother, saintly mother was killed! Oh, mon dieu! The thief was still uncanny! A month passed, and one day we... er, my friend and his wife went hunting. She was thrown from her horse and stunned, he loosed her garments at the neck that she might breathe better - the garments slipped from her shoulder and revealed...

The next day, still horrified at the story he had from Athos' lips, d'Artagnan continues his search for Constance. At St. Germain he is astonished to see the mysterious woman whom his enemy had spoken to at Meung!

Milady! I must follow her. She knows Constance's abductor! Ho! She argues with a stranger - this is my opportunity!

Pardon, madame, if this fellow annoys you...

Unfortunately I cannot ask your aid - this beast is my brother-in-law, Mr. de Winter - au voire to you both!

Be off with you, fellow! Let you feel my steel!

I am curious about English steel but I vow that you shall sample the French variety first!
NAME THE TIME AND PLACE!

BEHIND THE LUXEMBOURG AT ONE, AND BRING THREE SECONDS WITH YOU—MY FRIENDS ENJOY KILLING ENGLISHMEN!

AT ONE THAT AFTERNOON D'ARTAGNAN AND THE THREE MUSKETEERS MEET THE ENGLISHMEN

IF EVERYONE IS READY LET US BEGIN! MR. DE WINTER, EN GARDE!

D'ARTAGNAN IS IN MASTERLY FORM THAT AFTERNOON. DE WINTER ATTACKS WITH FEROCITY BUT D'ARTAGNAN WARDS HIM OFF AS IF HE WERE A FLY.

A SUDDEN TWIST OF HIS ARM AND D'ARTAGNAN DISARMS DE WINTER.

I AM SATISFIED, SIR, IF YOU ARE! I AM, SIR, YOUR CONDUCT HAS BEEN MOST NOBLE!

I AM AFRAID MY FRIENDS ARE NO MATCH FOR YOURS—THEY HAVE EITHER FLIED OR PERISHED, YOU, SIR. I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW BETTER. PRAY VISIT MY SISTER-IN-LAW AND ME TO-NIGHT.

GLADLY, SIR!

THAT EVENING, THINKING TO FIND SOME WORD OF CONSTANCE D'ARTAGNAN VISITS THE DE WINTERS.

MILADY, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT M. D'ARTAGNAN, THE GREATEST BLADE AND MOST GENEROUS FOE IN FRANCE. HE SPARED MY LIFE!

STUPID FOOL, WHY DIDN'T YOU KILL HIM THEN ALL HIS LANDS AND MONEY WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE!

CHARMED SIR.

MADAME!
The evening passes quickly for D'Artagnan who actually is smitten by Milady's exotic beauty. The next day he comes again and by this time is completely enamored. As he leaves, in passing through the hall, he bumps into Kitty, Milady's maid.

Oh, pardon me, sir. You are M. D'Artagnan, are you not? I have seen you before and... er... admire you... I should warn you...

Don't come back here. Milady cares nothing for you... hates you because you didn't kill her brother-in-law. She is a wicked woman and she loves another, see, here is a note to him!

Let's see!

Addressed to the Comtes de Wardes! Strange, I thought I killed the fellow at Calais!

Oh, what have you done! Mon Dieu!

Comtes de Wardes:

Have you forgotten how you looked at me at the Ball of Madame de Guise? Dear Count, do not let the opportunity slip, come to my chamber at midnight when lights go out...

The next night at the appointed time D'Artagnan slips into Milady's chamber.

It is I, Comtes de Wardes!

Dear Count, come in, you know I am waiting for you!
MY BEAUTIFUL ONE!
HOW MY HEART HAS BURNED FOR YOU!
DEAREST COUNT, TAKE THIS RING AS A PLEDGE OF MY LOVE! AND I SHALL Avenge your wounds upon that miserable d'Artagnan! I have already snared his constance! NOW GO BEFORE IT DAWNS!

THE NEXT DAY KITTY CALLS UPON D'ARTAGNAN
OH, MISIÈRE, MILADY HAS SENT ME WITH ANOTHER MESSAGE TO THE COUNT—SHE WISHES HIM TO COME AGAIN TONIGHT! WHAT SHALL I DO?
HMM—WE'RE GETTING IN A LITTLE DEEP, EH, MY DOVE! WAIT, THIS IS WHAT I'LL WRITE HER: "DO NOT COUNT ON ME MADAME, I HAVE SO MANY OCCUPATIONS OF THIS KIND THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT YOUR TURN. COMTES DE WARDES!"

THAT EVENING D'ARTAGNAN CALLS UPON MILADY IN HIS REAL PERSON
M. D'ARTAGNAN, CAN I COUNT UPON YOU AS A FRIEND AND PROTECTOR? I HAVE BEEN GRAVELY INSULTED—THE WRETCH MUST DIE!

THE COMTES DE WARDES!
MY HEART AND MY SWORD ARE AT YOUR SERVICE! NAME THE BLACKGUARD!

AH, HE IS A GREAT SWORDSMAN, PERCHANCE I MAY BE KILLED!

YOU HESITATE?
NEVER! BUT MY REWARD, MY LOVE, MAY NEVER BE FULFILLED...

I SEE! AND IF TONIGHT IT WERE FULFILLED, WOULD MY VENGEANCE BE TOMORROW?
AH, MY LIFE! YOU ARE AS KIND AS YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL!
TIME PASSES DURING WHICH D'ARTAGNAN PROTESTS HIS LOVE AND MILADY ANSWERS IN TURN. AT LAST SURE THAT IT IS HE ALONE WHO IS REALLY LOVED D'ARTAGNAN CONFESSIONS THE WHOLE HOAX—

So you see, darling, De Wardes of Thursday and D'Artagnan of today are the same person.

WHAT!

AS: D'ARTAGNAN HOLDS HER TO BEG FORGIVENESS HER DRESS SLIPS FROM HER SHOULDER AND—

THE FLEUR-DE-LIS!

YOU BETRAYED ME! AND YOU KNOW MY SECRET—NOW WRETCH, DIE! DIE! DIE!

STOP: You vixen, or I'll run you through!

D'ARTAGNAN MANEUVERS HIMSELF AROUND TO THE DOOR TO KITTY'S ROOM AND OPENS IT

Kitty, get me a cloak, quick! I must get out, or I'm a dead man!

I have only one of my dresses, you can have that!

PARIS SEES A STRANGE SIGHT THAT MORNING—A TALL AND BRAWNY WOMAN IN TIGHT FITTING CLOTHES RACING THROUGH THE STREETS AND BRANDISHING A SWORD—D'ARTAGNAN, A Sadder and wiser man!

Is the terrible Milady Athos' dead wife?
Does the Cardinal still seek vengeance?
What strange destiny do D'Artagnan and his friends approach?

Read Episode IV in Shadow Comics.
THE TALKING TOAD

THE TALE OF THE ITCHING MEN

IN EXACTLY FOUR MINUTES, JOHN NOBLE IS DOOMED TO GO TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR A CRIME HE NEVER COMMITTED—I HAVE MY ORDERS TO PREVENT AN INNOCENT MAN'S EXECUTION!

BUFFA THE TOAD COMMANDS IT—and I'll short-circuit the power-plant even if it plunges the entire state in darkness!

TIME—MIDNIGHT
PLACE—OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS
PLOT—WE FIND CLICK RUSH PERCHED ATOP A TELEGRAPH POLE, DISGUISED AS AN OWL


BANG
THE ITCHING MEN

CLICK HURRIEDLY LEAVES THE NEIGHBORHOOD BY BACK STREETS TO HIS APARTMENT-ON ENTERING HE IS RECEIVED BY A GORGEOUS STRANGER

WELL-MISS-ER, MIDNIGHT-I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHY-BUT WELCOME!

A FIERCE FIGHT ENSUES-BUT CLICK BEING OUT-NUMBERED FIVE TO ONE IS FINALLY HURLED TO THE FLOOR.

RETAINING CONSCIOUSNESS HOWEVER, CLICK YANKS THE RUG FROM UNDER HIS ENEMIES, TOPPLING THEM IN A HEAP, THEN DASHES INTO HIS LABORATORY.

THE SUFFOCATING FUMES OF A BOMB HE TOSSES AMONG THEM MAKES THEM LEAVE FAST.

HEARING APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS FROM A REAR ROOM HE HURRIEDLY FORCES THE GIRL INTO A CLOSET.

NOW WHO?
IN THE CLEAR FOR THE MOMENT, CLICK DASHES TO HIS CAR WITH THE GIRL AND STARTS A SHORT CROSS-EXAMINATION——

I AM VALERIE ENTERLINE,—MY FATHER WAS THE MURDERED ROMERO ENTERLINE,—THE CRIME THAT INNOCENT JOHN NOBLE WAS TO BE ELECTROCUTED FOR TO-NIGHT!

YES, MISS VALERIE, PLEASE CONTINUE——

CLICK DRIVES OUT TO A SUBURBAN APARTMENT HE HAS LEASED UNDER THE NAME OF THOMAS DUCKER,—VALERIE CONTINUES——

MY FATHER WAS THE EXILED PRESIDENT OF A SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC,—HE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF ENEMIES, ALSO A HOST OF LOYAL SUPPORTERS,—IT WAS THIS STRUGGLE TO REGAIN HIS RIGHTS THAT BROUGHT ABOUT MY FATHER'S DEATH——

—THEN A CERTAIN GONZALES SANTIAGO,—MY FATHER'S ARCH ENEMY—HAD FATHER DONE AWAY WITH,—THIS GONZALES HAD SOUGHT MY HAND IN MARRIAGE, BUT I DESPISED THE GROUND HE WALKED ON,—THAT, MR. RUSH,—IS WHY HE FRAMED MY LOVER, JOHN NOBLE,—IN THE MURDER OF MY DEAR FATHER,—DOUBLE REVENGE——

I LOVE JOHN NOBLE MADLY,—WE WERE ABOUT TO BE MARRIED,—BUT HE WAS FRAMED——

RATHER COMPLICATED,—BUT I QUITE UNDERSTAND,—AND I'LL GET A GREAT KICK OUT OF GOING THROUGH TO THE END OF THIS WITH YOU, MISS VALERIE,—DEPEND UPON IT——!!
Click then had his guest take a five-minute bath in a vapor elixir—A secret chemical compound of his own creation—

Ugh!

Next he took one himself—

This stuff smells like Old Harry, but it sure gets results—and that's all that counts—!

Click then put the following ad in the evening newspapers—

The Evening Blade

If the white haired man will call National 0-113! We might make a business deal—

Now to sit back, relax, and let nature take its course—!

Late that evening—

Ah—That's signal number one—I think if I go up on the roof right now I'll find a most unwelcome caller!
THERE MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND.—CONSIDER YOURSELF IN THE BAG!

DASHING BACK TO HIS APARTMENT, CLICK SAW THE LIGHT IN HIS BATHROOM SUDDENLY GO OUT.—SIGNAL NUMBER TWO—

IMAGINE SEEING YOU HERE!

JUST THEN THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN ENTERED, ACCOMPANIED BY A GANG WHO OVERPOWERED, CLICK, AFTER A STRUGGLE—

WORK HIM OUT GOOD, BOYS; HE ASKED FOR IT.

YOU HARDLY GIVE ME THE CREDIT THAT I'M ENTITLED TO, MY YOUNG FRIEND.—I NATURALLY FIGURED THOSE SIGNALS WOULD BE PLANTED AROUND AND SENT THOSE MEN AHEAD AS DECOYS SO THE ALARMS WOULD GO OFF!

But, Click, was far from finished,—his keen mind was very much on the alert—

I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED.—NAME YOUR PRICE—!
HE NOTICED THAT ALL OF THE MEN WERE SCRATCHING.—THIS WAS THE EFFECT OF THE GLASS BOMB HE HAD HURLED AT THEM IN THE OTHER APARTMENT, THE VAPOR-ELIXIR BATH WAS THE ONLY CURE FOR IT—!

REALIZING THAT HE WAS IN ONE OF THE TIGHTEST SLOTS IN HIS HAZARDOUS CAREER, HOWEVER, CLICK DECIDED TO RESORT TO THE LAST RUSE IN HIS AMPLE BAG OF TRICKS.

CERTAINLY NOT, SENOR CLICK RUSH— AND CONSIDER IT THE LAST ONE YOU WILL EVER SMOKE,—FOR NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW!

I WOULDN'T BE OVERDOING IT, I HOPE, IF I WERE TO ASK FOR A CIGARETTE?

CLICK NONCHALANTLY TOSSED THE LIGHTED MATCH ON THE RUG, WHICH INSTANTLY BECAME A BLAZING INFERNO.—BECAUSE IT HAD BEEN MADE TO ORDER FOR CLICK,—OF GUNCOTTON—•
Click, instantly extinguished
the blaze when his visitors
were thoroughly subdued,
and then put through a
hurried call — —

Safe behind bars the imported
cut-throats confess everything,—
are duly convicted—and sentenced
sufficiently to keep them out of
circulation for years, years, and
— more years —

Criminal State Hospital?
Click Rush speaking, send
a wagon right over—I have
a rare collection of foreign
specimens that deserve a
long long rest in your museum!

How much is fifteen
off sixty, spike,—
that’s what I’ll get for
good behavior ?

John Noble is immediately
freed with a sincere
apology by the court — —

Mr. Noble, in granting you
an unconditional pardon, the court
wishes to humbly beg your
pardon for its error in this
most unusual case — —

Click has the great
satisfaction of re-uniting
the lovers, then fades
into the night — —

Granted gladly
your honor !

On returning to his apartment, Click
finds a very generous check for his
activities.— And Bufa, the talking toad,
speaks — —

That vapor-elixir
stuff certainly
smells — doesn’t it ?

Follow the
weird adventures of
Click Rush in the
next episode of
the
talking toad,
here
next
month.
MAC! CHIEF! LOOK! ANOTHER BUILDING!

MEANWHILE...
THE MYSTERIOUS RAY

There he is! The white-haired one!

What about the giant?

We can take the three of 'em. Getcher rods ready.

Arriving at an old abandoned pier on the city's edge.

Hope of an opportunity for inside observation was lost as the three learned that their death is the immediate goal of the thugs!

The build, say! Chief! We're being followed!

I'll crack! Their skulls! We may get a chance for some, inside observation.

Looks I'm not so sure, Mac. The smittys going end. All right, Chief! They should have tied these wrists with steel rope! Not just rope!

Well! Yeh! We got that's nottin' to worry about now. I'll grant in the avenger outa the way!

It's a good way t'get rid of the car. Too. Whoever owns it'll be blamed for the moiders!
AFTER BEING FREED OF THE ROPE BONDS AND ASCENDING TO THE SURFACE OF THE WATER AN OLD AND APPARENTLY DESERTED FERRY WAS SEEN BEHIND A COVE NEAR SHORE TO WHICH BENSON-MAC AND SMITTY SWAM FOR THE PURPOSE OF UNDRESSING TO DRY THEIR CLOTHES NO SOONER DONE — WHEN —

I COULD SWEAR I HOLD SOMEBODY

I TELL YA THERE IS SOMEBODY AROUND HERE! WELL SOON!

LEAVE THEM TO ME, CHIEF! THEY'LL BE OUT OF OUR WAY FROM NOW ON, I'LL GUARANTEE THAT!

COME ON, MAC, SMITTY NEEDS NO HELP! LET HIM HAVE HIS FUN! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO INSIDE! GIVE THEM MY SHARE TOO, SMITTY!

LATER SOME DISTANCE FROM THE FERRY SMITTY'S 'FUN' ENDS FOR THE PRESENT.
MEANWHILE - WITH THE ELIMINATION OF THE THUGS - BENSON - MAC AND SMITTY HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING AND

CHIEF! I'M CONVINCED THAT THIS OLD FERRY IS BEING USED AS A HANGAR FOR AN AMPHIBIAN PLANE! AND NOT ONLY THAT - COME HERE AND LOOK! DRUMS OF GASOLINE - AND A DRUM OF BARIUM STEARATE!


DRESSED AGAIN IN THEIR DRY CLOTHES - THEY CONTINUE WITH THE INVESTIGATION -

CHIEF! HERE'S SOME REAL EVIDENCE! A PIECE OF GRANT'S GLASSITE!

WELL, I JUST WAIT FOR OUR FAVOR BOYS TO GET TO THE PLACE WHERE THE SOLUTION IS IN OUR ACT OF DESTRUCTION TO ELIMINATE ANY DOUBT!

AND POOR AS MUCH GASOLINE INTO THE BARIUM STEARATE AS ITS DRUM WILL HOLD - AND THEN - HIDE! WHEN THE PLANE LANDS AND IS AGAIN COATED WITH THE BARIUM STEARATE AND READY TO LEAVE - PHONE ME AT THE ARMORY!

A FEW HOURS LATER -

THERE THEY ARE - AT LAST! BUT I CAN'T HIDE ANY LONGER - HIDE! I CAN'T BE HERE!

GOOD MORNING, BOYS! FORM THE BARRICADE!

MEANWHILE - THE AVENGER - BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT WITH THE AUTHORITIES - HAS MAC STATIONED AT ONE OF THE PLANE DETECTORS, AND IS NOW AT THE ARMORY, AWAITING SMITTY'S PHONE CALL.

SEVERAL MORE BUILDINGS: IT'LL BE A CINCH ON THIS NEXT TRIP - AS LONG AS HAVE THE MORALE OF THE PEOPLE JUST WHERE I WANT IT! A FEW MORE BIG CITIES - AND THE COUNTRY POLE WILL HOLD OUT, BOSS!

BE PREPARED FOR A DICTATOR!

THAT WAS SMITTY'S CALL - OUR PURSUIT PLANES IS READY. MR. BENSON, WE'LL COAT THE PLANE WITH THE BARIUM STEARATE AND HAVE IT TAKEN OFF AGAIN AS SOON AS WE HEAR FROM MAC!
SHORTLY AFTER:
-YES, CHIEF, IT'S RIGHT OVER US BUT WE CAN'T SEE IT!

THANKS, MAC! WE JUST NEED TO KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.

I THINK WE BETTER GET ABOVE THE CLOUDS, MR. BENSON, UNTIL THEIR PLANE IS VISIBLE.

FINE, CAPTAIN! AND THEIR PLANE WILL BE VISIBLE MUCH SOONER THAN THEY EXPECT, ONE HOUR INSTEAD OF THE SIX THEY'RE RELYING ON. THANKS TO SMITTY'S DILUTING THEIR BARIUM STEARATE WITH THEIR GASOLINE!

BOSS! LOOK! THE BARIUM STEARATE'S DISAPPEARED, BEEN UP ONE HOUR WE'RE VISIBLE! AND THE BARIUM TURN OFF THE SINGE INTEGRIN RAY!

SOMETHING'S WRONG, WE'VE ONLY TURN OFF THE STEARATE WAS ALWAYS GOOD FOR SIX!?

THERE THEY ARE, CAPTAIN, AND JUST AS VISIBLE AS THE SKY, BRING THEM DOWN ALIVE IF POSSIBLE.

I'LL GET A LITTLE CLOSER TO THEM AND RIDDLE THEIR GAS TANK WITH LEAD, MR. BENSON!

AND—WITHIN A HALF HOUR—

SMITTY HAS THE OTHER FOUR ALL READY FOR YOU, SOMEWHERE NEAR THE OLD FERRY, CAPTAIN!

THANK YOU, MR. BENSON! YOU'VE RENDERED A GREAT SERVICE TO THE NATION!

SO THE LITTLE BOYS WANTED A DICTATOR, I ONLY WISH I COULD BE THE JUDGE AT THEIR TRIAL!

DON'T MISS THE AVENGER'S EXCITING EXPERIENCE IN NEXT MONTH'S SHADOW COMICS
The rowdies of the town jeered at the oldster who staggered drunkenly down the town's main road. He moaned piteously, stumbled, caught himself, and then fell in a heap. He tried to rise, couldn't, and started crawling toward the sheriff's office. One of the rowdies went closer and noticed that the oldster had a gaping hole in his chest, and crimson flecked his lips. John Dale, the oldster, finally reached the sheriff's office and reported the rustling of his steers from his ranch a few miles out of town. One of the gang had followed him, shot him and his horse and left him for dead. His words faltered, and they took him to the town's medico, Doc Hall, who said he would live.

Some miles away from town, six men were driving a big bunch of cattle at a fast clip toward the hide-out among the rocky canyons which prevailed in that part of the country. The leader was wondering about the man he had shot, not that his conscience bothered him, but he liked to know who he had killed. He was a handsome chap, but his weak chin and mouth gave him a mean look, and this was broken only when he smiled, which was very seldom.

His helpers didn't know his real name and called him Chief. One of them usually scouted around to get the leads for their raids. The one who had scouted for this last raid, wheeled his horse and galloped back to the leader who was pushing the drags.

"This was a better steal than I expected, Chief," he announced. "Old man Dale sent his men to town and he was alone on the ranch. It was too bad he lit out and you had to shoot him," and he laughed raucously at his mean jest.

He failed to see the Chief start at his announcement and continued, "Thet's good riddance of the old codger," and he laughed again.

The Chief wheeled his horse and rode to town. He knew no one was living who had seen his face on his raids and felt safe riding into town as he was doing now. He found his way to the doc's office and made his way to where old John Dale was lying. Despite the medico's protest, he bent over the old man's figure, and the doc was surprised to see the intruder's face soften. He turned abruptly, raced out to his waiting horse, and tore out of town, as if the devil were at his heels.

Later, he reached the driven herd and rounded up his men. "Turn every head of cattle back." His usually level voice was charged with anger, so the men did not question him but looked at him with open-eyed surprise. A few hours later he and his men pushed the last of the cattle into the ranch's holding grounds. "Now get this," the Chief stated flatly, "every one of yuh sons uh Satan get out uh this part uh the country. If ever I see any of yuh around here yuh'll do tuh sift flour with. Now get!" Three of them started to protest, but his white face told them to vanish. The other two thought they were faster than the Chief and drew their artillery. The Chief pulled his guns and fired with one smooth motion of his arms and the toughs looked foolish as they broke in the middle and sagged to the ground.

The slow-working sheriff had just got a posse sworn in when the sound of a galloping horse came to them. In a few minutes, a rider rode up and jumped off. He said, "I'm the man yo're lookin' for." The sheriff, startled, wet his lips and started to speak, but the man spoke again:

"I shot John Dale this mornin', and I'm givin' myself up. Yuh see," he explained, "my name is Tom Dale. I am his son!"
CHICK CARTER, ASSISTANT AND ADOPTED BROTHER OF THE MASTER DETECTIVE WAS SENT TO THE CITY OF GILFORD TO INVESTIGATE A WAVE OF KIDNAPINGS. SCENE: A SMALL RESTAURANT IN A BACK STREET IN GILFORD.

WHAT'S UP CHICK-?

THINGS GOT TOO STEEP FOR ME, NICK, AND I'M SURE GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT-- THIS BUSINESS IS DRIVING ME BATTY. THERE HAVE BEEN SEVENTEEN SNATCHES IN THREE WEEKS HERE--!

SOUNDS TO ME JUST LIKE A TOUGH Mob HAS TAKEN OVER IN A CORRUPT TOWN.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, NICK, BUT THERE WERE THREE KIDNAPINGS-- A YOUNG KID, A GIRL, BOTH FROM POOR FAMILIES AND-- THE MAYOR!

-AND YOU SAY THE ACTING MAYOR'S NAME IS CALISTON?-- GOOD, I'LL TAKE THIS CASE-- AND WE'RE CALLING ON CALISTON-- NOW!
Mayor Caliston, I want all the Gilford newspapers to carry a story that any ransom demanded for Mayor Martin's return will be promptly paid!

I'll do that at once, Carter, this mayor's chair is too big and entirely too hot for me!

Next Nick Carter constructs a little device in his hotel room that relays every telephone call going into the mayor's office.

Any message that goes over the mayor's wire comes over this wire too—wait—here's something coming in now!

Hello—acting mayor Caliston! Listen you, get $85,000 in small unmarked bills—mail the package before three this afternoon to 2304 Dale Avenue—and—keep your bulls away from that house—get that?—hope you have fun tracing this call—so long,—stupid—?

One hour later—in Caliston's office

Well—here's the money, but the heck with that thug's orders, get the commissioner.—I want the whole force out there!

Yes, Mr. Caliston!

On a roof in another part of town

Here comes the mail-truck from the sub-station now.

And—Nick—you were right, there's your carload of thugs trailing it!
LOOK—NOW THEY'RE CROWDING THE MAIL-TRUCK TO THE CURB!

HEY!!

DON'T SHOOT, CHICK; THEY'VE GOT THE KIDNAPPED YOUNGSTERS IN THEIR CAR, THE DIRTY--

I'VE GOT THE DOUGH--SLUG--STEP ON IT, AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!!

THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE MONEY!

JUST FOR A WHILE, CHICK. PHONE THE AIRPORT FOR A PLANE! GET A TOMMY-GUN! OH-TAXI-!!

YOU SEE WHAT THEY DID, CHICK; DOPED THE COMMISSIONER TO HAVE MOST OF THE FORCE OUT BY THE HOUSE TO WHICH THE MONEY WAS ADDRESSED, THEN THEY GANGED UP ON THE MAIL-TRUCK AS IT LEFT THE SUB-STATION--!

THE SCUM!

BEAR A LITTLE MORE TO THE WEST, NICK; BY JOVE, WE'VE PICKED THEM UP—I REMEMBER THEIR NUMBER. O'K—HANG ON TO THAT ROAD BELOW!

THROUGH CHICK'S BINOCULARS--
TAKE THE CONTROLS, CHICK, IF THEY GET WHERE THEY'RE GOING BEFORE DARK, I'M GOING TO BAIL OUT AFTER SUNDOWN---!

THEY'VE ARRIVED, CHICK -- IT'S AN OLD FARM, WAY IN THE BACKWOODS, GET UP HIGH AND CRUISE AROUND FOR AN HOUR--!

BEAT IT BACK TO THE FIELD AND GET SOME MEN OUT HERE, CHICK----? HERE GOES NOTHIN'!

HAPPY LANDING, NICK!

THIS IS STRICTLY ONE WAY-DOWN!

THAT'S THEIR HIDE-OUT, AND IT'S SURE A CREEPY LOOKING PLACE-- I'LL DO A LITTLE QUIET PROWLING!
THEM KIDS TIED UP OKAY, SAM--?

YEAH,--WHAT'RE WE GOIN' T'DO WITH 'EM NOW, BOSS--?

I'LL DO THE THINKING FOR THIS OUTFIT, SAM--!!

GUESS THEY'VE GOT THE KIDS UPSTAIRS --!

NO ONE UP HERE! AND I WONDER WHO THE BOSS IS?--OH--OH--WHATS THAHT?

HELP /--DON'T!-- PLEASE--!!

THERE--I BROKE THE WINDOW ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE HOUSE THEY'LL THINK THEY'RE SURROUNDED--!

GET'EM, MEN--!!

HELP!!

NO YOU DON'T!!
IT'S THE BULLS--
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

EVERY MAN
FOR HIMSELF!

PANIC--
STRICKEN
THE THUGS
DROP THEIR
TOMMY-GUN
IN THEIR
MAD EFFORT
TO ESCAPE,
NICK
INSTANTLY
PUTS IT
TO
MUCH
BETTER
USE

PASTE THESE IN
YOUR SCRAP-BOOK!

WHAT A BREAK--HE DROPPED
THIS TOMMY-GUN---!

THEY GOT TO THEIR CAR, DARN IT--
HEY!--WHAT YOU GOT THERE?

THE POOR KID--THEY HAVEN'T FED
HIM IN TWO DAYS--HE WAS IN THE CLOSET!

CHICK RETURNS

AH! THEY WON'T
USE THAT CAR
ANY MORE!

CHICK'S THERMITE
BULLETS FROM THE
PLANE BURN THE
THUGS' CAR TO
THE GROUND--
ONLY THE
BOSS ESCAPES!

GET THOSE KIDS BACK TO TOWN,
OFFICER--YOU SAY THE BOSS
HAS HOLED UP IN AN OLD WELL?--
I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM--!

OKAY SIR!
WHAT? YOU DIDN’T BRING ANY TEARGAS? - MY GOSH! THAT’S A BACKWOODS COP FOR YOU!

THANK YOU SIR!

WELL, SNAP INTO IT MEN. STONES WERE INVENTED BEFORE TEARGAS!

A SHOT SOUNDS FROM THE WELL -- THEN SILENCE!

IF THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT MEANS --

ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN THE WAR IS OVER!

LATER --

YOU SEE, MAYOR CALISTON, MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, MAYOR MARLIN WAS AS CROOKED AS A SNAKE’S SHADOW, -- HE GOT ALL THE GRAFT HE COULD OUT OF THIS TOWN -- THEN HAD HIMSELF KIDNAPPED BY HIS OWN MEN!

HE WAS THE BOSS OF THE WHOLE OUTFIT /
AND HE DIED BY HIS OWN HAND IN THAT WAY, SAVING THE STATE A LOT OF MONEY/ - THE KIDS WERE KIDNAPED TO BE USED AS SHIELDS, -- AND THAT’S THAT, -- THE CASE IS CLOSED, BUT DEFINITELY!

THE CITY OF GILFORD WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH, NICK CARTER!

AGAIN THE MASTER DETECTIVE IS VICTORIOUS AGAINST A MASTER OF CRIME / BUT IN THE NEXT ISSUE, -- THE ODDS ARE HEAVIER AGAINST HIM/ -- DON’T MISS IT!
OUT NEXT MONTH --
DEATH LIGHTS A CANDLE

A Carrie Cashin and Aleck Mystery Story

One sunny afternoon the strollers on New York's fashionable Fifth Avenue were amazed to see a distinguished looking gentleman walking along with a huge red candle, lighted, in his hand.

O'wan-beat it!

As Hamlet once said: "Farewell, the rest is silence!"

As the officer grabs the candle, the stranger steps into a parked car and vanishes in traffic, then a terrific blast from a siren surrounds the corner pierces the air.

The Bank!

I'm Harley Dixon—president of the bank! We've been held up—but they failed—the siren scared 'em off!

Scared nothing! When they bumped off the teller they could have grabbed the dough!

An' what's more—I know the teller—the guy that's dead is Mannix—the cashier!

That's right—I'm excited!
FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS COMES INSPECTOR BERRIGAN TO INVESTIGATE

WE'LL START WITH YOU- IF THE CASHIER WAS IN THE TELLER'S CAGE- WHERE WAS THE TELLER?

BRENTWOOD WAS OUT TO LUNCH- WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH THE ROBBER?

ROBBERY NUTHIN'! THEY DONATED A COOL THOUSAND BUCKS! WE FOUND IT BY MANNIX'S BODY! AND IT AIN'T THE BANK'S! Y'SEE WE CHECKED IT!

A COMMOTION OUTSIDE THE BANK! TWO PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO GET PAST THE GUARD- CARRIE AND HER FAMOUS ASSISTANT, ALECK ARE ON DECK!

WE'VE GOT A CLIENT IN THERE- HIS NAME'S MANNIX- HE ASKED OUR AGENCY TO PROTECT HIM!

WHAT DO YOU TWO COLLEGIATE SLEUTHS WANT? YOUR CLIENT'S DEAD! IT'S THE TELLER BRENTWOOD WE WANT- HE'S GONE! THIS WAS A HOLDUP!

OUR FEE WAS TO BE A THOUSAND DOLLARS- AS HE FELL HE THREW THE MONEY OUT OF HIS POCKET- TRIED TO WRITE THE NAME OF HIS KILLER ON A BILL AS A LEAD FOR US!

THAT CANDLE- WHAT'S THE IDEA?

I'M TAKIN' IT TO HEADQUARTERS- I TOOK IT AWAY FROM A NUT JUST BEFORE THE HOLDUP!

ALECK GETS THE STORY ABOUT THE STRANGE EPISODE OF THE MAN WITH THE CANDLE FROM THE COP.
TELL YOUR STORY TO
THE INSPECTOR
BRENTWOOD

EVERYTHING WAS ALL RIGHT AT THE
BANK! TILL MANNIX DECIDED TO GO
IN WITH THE BOSS AND MARKET HIS
HOBBY ON A LARGE
SCALE

WAIT! THE PRESIDENT
OF THE BANK HAD
A HOBBY? WHAT
HOBBY?

THAT'S ALL I
WANTED TO
KNOW!

ALECK - WAIT
FOR ME!

ALECK AND CARRIE
SCALE THE HIGH
FENCE OF THE
DIXON
MANSION

I'VE GOT AN IDEA
THIS STAIRWAY
LEADS TO THE
WORKSHOP

MOULDS - PARAFFIN-
QUITE A HOBBY
OUR FRIEND
HAS!

HM-M! HYDROcyanIC ACID!
ON CONTACT WITH AIR THIS
IS A DEADLY POISON!

PLEASE - LET'S
GO - I'M SCARED

DRIVE BACK AND GET THE
INSPECTOR AND A SQUAD
I'M MAKING A FRIENDLY
VISIT THIS TIME BY
THE FRONT DOOR

BE CAREFUL
ALECK
WELL, WELL! QUITE AN INFORMAL VISIT, MISTER CAMPUS SLEUTH--AND HOW ARE YOU GETTING ALONG?

PARDON MY BUSTING PAST THE BUTLER--I JUST WANTED TO SHAKE YOUR HAND AND DISCUSS THE CASE.

HAR! RED WAX PARTICLES UNDER THE NAILS! NICE HOBBY YOU HAVE MR. DIXON--CANDLES!

WHY YOU! I'LL JUST RELIEVE YOU OF THIS BULKY ENVELOPE IN YOUR INSIDE POCKET!

NEGOTIABLE BONDS--PROPERTY OF YOUR NIECE CATHERINE--SO THAT'S IT? AND STEAMSHIP TICKETS--TOO BAD WE NIPPED YOUR GETAWAY PLANS IN THE BUD!

HERE'S YOUR MAN, INSPECTOR--

YES--I DID IT! WITH MANNIX I WAS LAUNCHING A LARGE FACTORY TO PRODUCE MY CANDLES--WE GOT IN TOO DEEP AND HAD TO DRAW ON THE BANK--FEARING EXPOSURE I DECIDED TO KILL MANNIX AND PUT THE BLAME ON HIM--I STAGED THE HOLDUP WITH TWO HIRED GUNMEN--MONK CONDOR AND RED MIKE--THE ACTOR I ENGAGED AS A BLIND

I SHOT MANNIX THROUGH THE BACK OF THE HEAD FROM MY DESK IN THE REAR OF THE BANK--THE POISON CANDLES WERE TO WIPE OUT ALL THOSE WHO KNEW TOO MUCH--INCLUDING YOURSELF AND THAT FEMALE ASSISTANT OF YOURS!

A CLEAR CASE, ALECK--I KNOW RIGHT WHERE I CAN PUT MY HANDS ON THOSE TWO GUNMEN TO-NIGHT!

BUT THE POISON CANDLES--HOW DID THEY WORK, ALECK?

VERY SIMPLE: THE POISON WAS IN A SMALL POCKET SET IN THE CANDLE--WHEN THE CANDLE BURNED DOWN TO IT, AIR MIXED WITH THE POISON AND FORMED A DEADLY GAS!
IRON MUNRO AND SPENCER CARLISLE ARE HURLED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE WHERE THEY FIND THE DESCENDANTS OF THE INHABITANTS OF EARTHS LOST CONTINENT, MU, AT WAR WITH THE TEFFLANS, WHO ARE SURVIVORS OF EARTH'S EVILS. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, IRON MUNRO DETERMINES TO DESTROY THE DEVIL PLANET, TEFF-EL, BY HURLING THE PLANET MAGYA'S TWIN MOONS AT TEFF-EL!

LISTEN TO ME, ANDARMINIT, BEFORE YOU CONDEMN THE PLAN AS FANTASTIC. WHEN THE TEFFLANS POISONED OUR ATMOSPHERE, WE HOLLOWED OUT THE MOON MA-KAN, THINKING WE MUST EMIGRATE THERE!

YES, THE WORK WAS NEARLY COMPLETED; BUT SPENCER CARLISLE SAVED OUR ATMOSPHERE!

THAT WORK IS NOT WASTED! A SUN-TAPPING TRANSPON BEAM HAS BEEN SET UP ON MA-RAN——

SO WE WILL HAVE ALL THE POWER WE NEED. THE MOONS THEMSELVES WILL SUPPLY THE ORES. COME WITH ME!
Here are space-charts. In eighty days the two planets will be in about this position. We will install momentum drive in the two moons, and spiral them away from Magya, and hurl them at Teff-El!-

But what of the Tefflan fleet? And why won't the Tefflans be able to escape when they see the moons coming?

Hold on--one at a time as for the Tefflan fleet, it must be destroyed, then we will surround Teff-El in hollow sphere formation. Every ship that leaves the ground will be blasted!

Excellent! It's all or nothing now, let the work begin--!

And so begins the mightiest plan in the history of any world. Ma-Kanee is hollowed out while Ma-Ran is being equipped with iron Munro's Aggie coils. The fleet is rebuilt and equipped with momentum drive--speed faster for the whole space navy!--
THE TWO EARTHMEMEN LABOR CEASELESSLY. SPENCER DESIGNS A NEW MAGNETIC THERMITE BOMB--WHILE IRON MUNRO SUPERVISES THE WORK IN THE HUGE MOON-Caverns!

SUN-Power COMING IN STRONG, IRON MUNRO!

SPLENDID, Z-L, START CHARGING THOSE DYNAMO-COILS

A FEW WEEKS LATER-

THE ENTIRE FLEET IS READY TO ATTACK, SPENCE, SO LET'S GO-- GIVE-IT-EVERYTHING!

MEANWHILE, SUSPICIOUS BECAUSE OF THE MYSTERIOUS ACTIVITY ON MAGYA, THE TEFFLAN FLEET IS CALLED OUT IN FORCE, AND THANKS TO IRON MUNRO'S MOMENTUM DRIVE--

--THE MAGYAN FLEET IS UPON THEM BEFORE THEIR CAREFULLY Laid SPY-DETECTORS CAN REPORT! --

LOOKS LIKE THEY CAN'T 'TAKE IT,' SPENCE, BUT-EMPHATICALLY!
THE MIGHTIEST BATTLE EVER
FOUGHT IN SPACE FOLLOWS... CAUGHT OFF GUARD THE TEFFLAN
FLEET IS NEARLY WIPED OUT...

HOW'RE WE MAKING OUT, IRON?
DOIN' FINE, SPENCE... LOOK AT
THE WAY YOUR THERMITE BOMB IS
WORKING—!

SPENCER CARUSLE'S INVENTION--A BOMB
THAT CLINGS TO A TEFFLAN SHIP, REVOLVES
ON ITS MAGNETIC BASE AND CUTS THROUGH
THE HULL

SUCTION CUP

HIGH THERMITE CONCENTRATE

MAGNETIC TIME FUSE

IRON MUNRO'S NEWEST ATTACK--A
TRANSPON BEAM IS FLUNG FROM
ONE SHIP TO ANOTHER, SPEAR
ING THROUGH THE ENEMY FLAGSHIP!
THE MAGYAN FLEET IS OVERWHELMINGLY VICTORIOUS—BUT TEFF-EL IS NOT ATTACKED, YET!—THE FLEET IS LEFT SURROUNDING THE PLANET, TO BLAST ANY ENEMY SHIP THAT LEAVES THE GROUND. IRON MUNRO AND SPENCER CARLISLE RETURN TO MAGYA WHERE ————

YOU'LL BE IN CHARGE OF MA-KANEE, SPENCE, GOOD LUCK, FELLER! SAME TO YOU, IRON

IRON MUNRO TAKES HIS POSITION AT THE CONTROLS OF MA-RAN, WHICH WILL BE SET ON A COURSE AND LEFT TO HURTLE ONTO THE DOOMED PLANET!

ATTENTION! PROCEED BY ORDER DX-239,—IN FIVE SECONDS!

SLOWLY THE MOONS ARE FORCED OUT OF THEIR ORBITS BY VAST FLOODS OF POWER STOLEN FROM THE SUN

HOW'S THE FLEET MAKING OUT?

NO TEFFLAN SHIP HAS YET BROKEN THROUGH!

AND ON MA-KANEE, SPENCE CARLISLE IS IN CHARGE. CLOSE CONTACT BY RADIO IS KEPT—

IRON MUNRO REPORTS ALL WELL ON MA-RAN,—GIVE HIM OUR OK!
WHILE ON TEFF-EL
PANIC REIGNS!
WHAT—BOMBING US WITH
MOONS?—IMPOSSIBLE!
BUT TRUE, SIRE!

THE TEFFLAN SHIPS SUCCEED IN
BREAKING THROUGH THE BLOCKADE!

AN EMERGENCY CALL IS SENT OUT
AND ALL REMAINING TEFFLAN SHIPS
ARE MAPPED, EQUIPPED WITH
POWERFUL TRACTOR BEAMS AND
SENT OUT IN A FLYING WEDGE TO
BREAK THE BLOCKADE AND PULL
THE MOONS AWAY...

IN THE TEFFLAN CONTROL ROOM.
FULL POWER ON NOW, CAPTAIN!
SPLENDID! BY MY HORNS,
WE'VE SHIFTED THAT MOON
A LITTLE ALREADY!

GET THE LOGBOOK—RECORD THAT EVERYTHING'S
GOING SMOOTH AND—WAIT A MINUTE! THIS
STRESS-INDICATOR HAS EITHER GONE
HAYWIRE --- OR --- OR ELSE---

WHAT CAN IRON
MUNRO DO NOW?—
WILL THE TEFFLANS BE
ABLE TO DEFLECT
MA-RAN WITH THEIR
IRRESISTIBLE TRACTOR
BEAMS?—
WILL HE BE CRUSHED
BY OVERWHELMING
ODDS,—OR RISE
TRIUMPHANT FROM
ALMOST CERTAIN DEFEAT?
BE SURE TO SEE THE
NEXT ISSUE OF
SHADOW COMICS...
MARIANNA NORRIS, FAMOUS AVIATRIX, DISAPPEARS OVER THE THICK BRAZILLIAN JUNGLES. BILL BARNES, DARING SKY TRAVELLER, BRAVES THE DREADED TROPICS TO HUNT THE MISSING GIRL.

MARIANNA NORRIS PREPARES FOR ANOTHER DARING FLIGHT TO PARTS UNEXPLORED.

GOOD LUCK, MISS NORRIS!

CONRAD AND THE BIG MAXHIBIANE YELLS FOR A TAKE-OFF.

WELL, THERE SHE GOES FOR MORE FLIGHT HISTORY!
A MONTH LATER, THE NEWS CAST CARRIES A SAD MESSAGE—
AND AS YET, WE HAVE NOT HEARD FROM THE MISSING AVIATRIX, MISS NORRIS!

—AND THE PAPERS INFORM THE ENTIRE NATION OF HER FATE.
EXTRA! READ ALL ABOUT IT! WOMAN FILER GIVEN UP AS DEAD! SEARCHING PARTY RETURNS EMPTY HANDED!

SHORTY AND BILL RECEIVE A VISITOR AT BARNES FIELD.

EDDIE HOTSON, THE PLAYBOY WANTS TO SEE YOU, BILL.

HOTSON? WHY THAT'S MISS NORRIS' BOYFRIEND! SHOW HIM IN.

LISTEN, MR. BARNES, SHE'S NOT DEAD. SHE CAN'T BE. YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HER!

IT CERTAINLY SOUNDS LIKE A NICE JOB!

WELL, SHORTY AND I ARE WILLING TO TRY.
AND I'M GOING WITH YOU! YOU CAN'T REFUSE ME!

OKAY, IF SHE MEANS THAT MUCH, HAND IN HAND.
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!
THE NIGHT LATER, THE SPEEDY PLANE IS HIGH OVER THE DESERT...
SHADOW COMICS

The battle cry for the fleeing

NEVER THOUGHT OF FINDING A BURGLARISCOSESLWASHER DISCOVERED THE TERRORIZED WIFE

BUT HE HAD TO \n
I HEARTED YOU TO \n
SOMETHING MISS AND \n
NEW!

CONTINUE THE PROSCIPROFADVENTURES OF 

IN THE FIRST ISSUE OF

BARNES

MAGAZINE
NEW
BILL BARNES
America's Ace
Thrillingly Different

BILL BARNES
AMERICA'S ACE
ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10 C A COPY
Doc Savage faces a firing squad. Will his beautiful physique be riddled by bandits’ bullets? Suddenly something happens—Doc stages another spectacular surprise at the very jaws of death! This is the type of adventure that you get every month in Doc Savage Comics. TEN FEATURES FOR TEN CENTS.