THE WORLD'S FINEST VALUE
AS THE WORLD'S FINEST FEATURES
GO TO TOWN
IN THE WORLD'S FINEST STORIES!

SUPERMAN .................................................. THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN
Doctor ... lawyer ... merchant ... chief ... rich man ... poor man ... beggar man ... thief! These are the eight mortals doomed to mysterious sky-high death in a drifting dirigible miles above the earth! But then flashes in a ninth figure to challenge the unknown foe—SUPERMAN! Invulnerable, invincible ... he battles the invisible!

BATMAN AND ROBIN ..................................... THE NORTH POLE CRIMES
Snow men don't talk ... or do they? To solve this riddle, fly with the Batplane to the sub-zero Arctic regions ... where the DYNAMIC DUO stalks a band of human wolves across the white expanse of glacial icy plains. Here's a tale of mystery you will never forget!

THE STAR-SPANGLED KID ................................ THE CASE OF THE JINXED SKYSCRAPER
It was the tallest building in all the world ... yet men dared not step inside! For this man-made tower of stone and steel was haunted—haunted by the arch-criminal of the age ... Dr. Ghoul! But the American Avengers fear no shadow or substance—so they entered!

THE GREEN ARROW ...................................... THE MAN WHO Couldn'T BURN
Meet the Blaze ... an outlaw who burns a new chapter in the annals of crime! Follow the flaming trail of this diabolic genius as he starts to set the world on fire—until the GREEN ARROW and SPEEDY, wonder archers, turn off the heat!

THE SANDMAN ............................................ A MODERN ARABIAN NIGHTMARE
A rare idol from ancient Bagdad is brought to modern New York ... and SANDMAN and SANDY, the Golden Boy, crowd more action and drama into one night's adventure than the legendary thousand and one nights have ever seen! For the rare idol is a sinister one—the idol of thieves!

RED, WHITE AND BLUE ................................ THE PHANTOM VOICE
When Nazi secret agents plot a Bund broadcast, the triple trouble team proves once again that three's a crowd—for the enemy!

DRAFTY .................................................. BRINGING IN "BABY"
What's in a name? Drafty didn't know. And after risking his neck to rescue the General's "baby", he decided there were other things he didn't know, too—including how to handle a kitten with white stripes on its back!

ZATARA .................................................. ADVENTURE OF THE WALKING DYNAMO
A strange freak of science transforms a harmless professor into a human magnet! Thus is born a new menace to humanity. But magnets attract—and the Human Magnet attracts his Nemesis in the form of ZATARA, master magician!

LANDO .................................................. QUICKER THAN THE EYE
Quicker than the eye indeed are the spell-binding feats of this mystery man! And once again he uses the untold power in his grasp for helping the deserving and visiting justice upon the wicked!

PLUS MANY OTHER FAVORITE FEATURES!
THIS IS A TALE OF EIGHT DOOMED MEN! EIGHT MEN SLATED FOR DEATH BY A MYSTERIOUS FOE WHO STRIKES SWIFTLY, MERCILESSLY FROM NOWHERE! WHO ARE THESE EIGHT MEN? HOW DID THEY COME TO BE PRISONERS OF THE DIRIGIBLE OF DEATH? WHY DOES THEIR INVISIBLE ENEMY HATE THEM SO? ACCOMPANY SUPERMAN IN HIS ONE-MAN BATTLE AGAINST THE UNKNOWN IN THE PUZZLING CASE OF... "THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN!"
A TERRIFIC DOWNPOUR SAVAGELY PELTS THE SPEEDING ROADSTER WHICH THREATENS TO SKID OFF THE DARK, WINDING ROAD...

MEANWHILE---IN HIS NEARBY MOUNTAIN RETREAT, SUPERMAN INDULGES IN A SERIES OF WHIRLWIND EXERCISES...

JUST LIKE AN ELECTRIC FAN!

BACK AND FORTH HE LEAPS FROM ONE WALL TO ANOTHER...

THIS IS FUN... AS LONG AS I REMEMBER NOT TO GO THRU THE WALL!

BASKETBALL IS AN INTERESTING SPORT---BUT WHEN SUPERMAN PLAYS BOTH SIDES SIMULTANEOUSLY, IT'S ASTOUNDING!

HM-MMM! I WONDER WHICH ONE OF MYSELVES I SHOULD PERMIT TO MAKE THE BASKET?

THINK RAT-TAT-TAT-ING A PUNCHING-BAG IS SIMPLE? WELL, TRY TO KEEP A DOZEN WHIRLING IN RHYTHM AT ONE TIME!!

BUT AS SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS DETECT A DISTRESS SIGNAL, HE HURLETS UP THRU A SWINGING DOOR AND OUT INTO THE NIGHT'S CHILL DARKNESS....

A CALL FOR HELP!
SUPERMAN'S TELESCOPIC-VISION BRINGS TO HIM A CLOSEUP OF THE DISTRESS CALL'S SOURCE....

AT THAT MOMENT--A LUXURIOUS TOURING CAR WHIZZES PAST THE OVER-TURNED CAR....

SHALL I STOP, SIR?

CERTAINLY NOT! DRIVE ON, JENKINS!

I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY!

HELP! HELP ME!!

HURRY!

THERE YOU ARE!

I--I THOUGHT HELP WOULD NEVER COME.

NO BONES BROKEN--YOU MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPED BEING HARMED! I WONDER WHY THAT MAN IN THE EXPENSIVE CAR DIDN'T STOP TO HELP YOU?

THAT WAS ANDREW P. STONE, THE FABULOUSLY WEALTHY INDUSTRIALIST. THE SELFISH DOG WOULDN'T HELP HIS OWN CHILD. SOME DAY I'LL KILL HIM!

YOU'RE OF INDIAN ANCESTRY, AREN'T YOU? YOUR FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR! I SEEM TO HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE.

THAT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE. I'VE RECEIVED LOTS OF PUBLICITY. I'M CHARLIE GOODFELLOW, A CHEROKEE CHIEF. OIL WAS FOUND ON MY PROPERTY AND I'M QUITE WEALTHY. YOU, OF COURSE, ARE SUPERMAN.

WHERE WERE YOU BOUND?

I WAS HEADED FOR THAT CABIN AT THE TOP OF THE HILL. YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND!

THE MOTOR WON'T START!

THEN LET ME HELP YOU!
Meanwhile--

Remain where you are, Jenkins!

But the weather, sir....

What are--?!

I'll get you to your destination!

A ragged figure below--obviously trudging toward the cabin!

Want a lift?

You are headed for that cabin, aren't you?

Yeah! But I never thought 'heels' Mobray would travel like this!

Hey!

Depositing his passengers outside the cabin, Superman springs off...

But as he hurtles off, Superman glances back to note....

Reaching his mountain retreat, Superman promptly forgets the matter...

Boy! That beats hopping a freight any day!

Thanks!

What a strangely assorted group of men there are in that cabin! I wonder what brought them there?

Always glad to do anyone a good turn!
LIGHTNING TEARS ACROSS THE HEAVENS--THUNDER CRASHES DEATHLY SILENTLY AS THO IN AC-
COMPANION TO THE SAVAGE CLASHES OF TEMPERAMENT OCCURRING WITHIN THE DARK
CABIN....

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT YOU DROVE ME HERETIC AND LEFT ME HELPLESS THERE TO DIE!

WHY SHOULD A MAN OF MY IMPORTANCE CONCERN HIMSELF WHETHER SOME LOWLY HUMAN
LIVES OR PERISHES? I AM NOT INTERESTED IN SINGLE INDIVIDUALS--THE FATE OF THOUSANDS OF
WORKERS IS IN MY HANDS!

IT'S EASY FOR YOU TO TALK LIKE THAT--YOU WERE BORN TO RICHES--EVERYTHING CAME EASILY TO YOU....

YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO INSULT ANYONE! YOU WHO AT GRADUATION WERE LISTED AS "THE MAN MOST
LIKELY TO SUCCEED" AND LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BEGGAR!

CUT IT OUT! LEAVE HIM ALONE!

NATURALLY YOU WOULD COME TO THE DEFENSE OF "HEELS" YOU'VE SUNK PRETTY LOW YOURSELF, CHICK
RYAN. YOU'RE A COMMON THIEF, YOUR SKIN IS STILL PALID FROM RECENT IMPRISONMENT!

IF I WEREN'T A SICK MAN, I'D...

DON'T EXCITE CHICK. IT SHOULD BE EVIDENT TO EVEN YOU THAT HE HAS A BAD HEART--EXCITEMENT
MIGHT BE FATAL!

SMALL LOSS IT WOULD BE TO THE WORLD IF HE DIED AND THE GAME THEREBY STOPPED. I KNOW ALL ABOUT
YOU, DOCTOR DAN MALLORY. I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU--HOW YOU OPERATED WHILE UNDER THE INFLUENCE
OF DRINK. THE PATIENT DIED, AND YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO PERFORM THE SIMPLEST OPERATION SINCE!

CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY, STONE, AND THE SAME APPLIES TO SLANDER LAWS YOU KNOW!

LOOK WHO'S SPEAKING SO AUTHORITATIVELY--CONRAD THORPE DIKE, THE UNDERWORLD'S
BEST-PAID CRIMINAL LAWYER! YOU KNOW THE LAW, WELL...SO THAT YOU CAN TRICK IT!

AND WHO ARE YOU TO BE SO HIGH AND MIGHTY AND JUDGE EVERYONE? YOU'VE GOT MILLIONS AND I,
HENRY KIMBALL, AM POOR--BUT ONLY DUE TO LUCK! IF I'D HAD THE BREAKS, YOU'D BE POOR AND I'D
BE RICH!

WHY ARGUE LIKE THIS? TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE. EVERYONE KNOWS WHO ALBERT DAMON,
OWNER OF THE MEAT STORE CHAIN IS. I'M WEALTHY, AND I HAVEN'T AN ENEMY IN THE
WORLD!

WHAT A STRANGE ASSORTMENT WE MAKE! "RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF,
DOCTOR, LAWYER, MERCHANT, CHIEF." JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME! LET'S EXAMINE THE
CIRCUMSTANCE THAT BROUGHT US TOGETHER!
"—Twenty years ago, as members of the Elkhart University Pi Theta Dau fraternity, we swore a solemn vow..."

We hereby swear to reassemble twenty years from now!

I'll probably be a captain of industry by then, Andy, and if you need a job, all you'll have to do is ask me for it!

How about making me your treasurer?

I completely forgot all about that vow until I received this unsigned note a few days ago. It asked me to come to this cabin to meet the others.

I guess the same thing happened to the rest of us. I wonder who he wrote the notes?

Stone probably did it so he could gloat over the rest of us!

You lying pipsqueak! I used to thrash you at college—and I can do it again!

Members of Pi Theta Dau, I greet you!

Don't let him strike me!

Where'd that voice come from?

The radio!

Who turned on the radio?

No one!

Gentlemen—you reassemble here after twenty years...! My guests! You will find me a most attentive host because I propose to kill all of you! Gentlemen! You are eight doomed men!

As I thought! Someone's idea of a stupid joke! That voice is coming from a record which was started by a time mechanism!

Smash the record, Damon!

But as Albert Damon lifts the record, there is a sharp twang—and the merchant drops, stricken...

What's wrong with him?

Yaaaahhh! Damon!

He's dead—a needle... evidently poisoned, punctured his throat!

I begin to see it now! One of us secretly hates the others! That's why he's summoned us here! He intends to kill us all!!!
I'm getting out of here! Me, too!

I was a gap to come here in the first place!

But a sudden lurch of the room wields them all off their feet!

Hey! What's happening???

The screening night witnesses an incredible sight--the small cabin heaves and tosses as though caught in the grip of great tremors...!

Next moment, a huge vessel lurches up out of the ground--the cabin perched atop it... tractor-like chains churning tons of earth into the air....

...and moments later it takes to the air, rocket-tubes blasting!

Hundreds of feet above the ground and going higher every moment!

Be calm, everyone! It's evident that we're prisoners on this weird vessel. If we're going to escape, we've got to keep our heads!

This is some of your work!!

We're atop a great sky-ship!

The telephone rings, hesitantly, fearfully, stone answers it... a voice blasts out....

The eight doomed men are now seven doomed men!

Let me out! Let me out!!

The eight doomed men are now seven doomed men!

That voice again!!
Trapped...fated to die one by one unless...

But why should one of us want to kill the others? Or for that matter, why should anyone want to kill us? Is there no way we can summon aid?

I've an idea. If we were to tie rags together to form the words “HELP” and trail it behind the vessel, it would be sure to attract attention!

Where's "Heels"? I haven't seen him for five minutes.

The lazy good-for-nothing beggar is probably taking it easy while we work!

I'll handle him!

The merchant was butchered! The beggar is strangled with rags!

What next?!

The eight doomed men are now six doomed men!

A microphone behind the picture!

Quick! Let's finish our work before more of us die!

Minutes later—goodfellow desperately crawls along the sky-ship's smooth side, battling the powerful wind... finally, numb fingers complete its task...

Now to get back!

But as goodfellow almost reaches the cabin door...

An arrow!

Look out!

I don't see stone!

Earthward crashes the figure—the Indian chief's life snuffed out by a cruel arrow—"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief!"

...the men scatter to different rooms in the cabin, snatching bed sheets... any cloth they can lay their hands upon...

But Stone's hoarse shout brings the others into a bedroom a moment later...
A WEIRD VESSEL HAS BEEN SIGHTED RISING ABOVE THE CITY! ATOP IT IS A LOG CABIN—AND BEHIND IT MADE OF RAGS—IS THE WORD: HELP! IT IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A PUBLICITY SCHEME.

A LOG CABIN! PERHAPS THERE'S NO CONNECTION BETWEEN IT AND THE CABIN IN WHICH I SNEAKED AN ODDLY ASSORTED GROUP OF MEN, BUT...

STREAKING THRU THE RAGING DOWNPOUR, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE HUGE VESSEL'S ROCKETS—IN MINUTES, IT COMES INTO VIEW.

SURE ENOUGH! THAT'S THE CABIN I CARRIED CHARLIE GOODFELLOW AND "HEELS" MOBRAY TO! BUT WHAT DOES THIS MEAN—??

THE CABIN'S GONE! AND THIS HUGE HOLE IN THE GROUND INDICATES THERE HAD BEEN A MASSIVE OBJECT BENEATH IT!

STREAKING THRU THE RAGING DOWNPOUR, SUPERMAN'S SUPER-SENSITIVE HEARING PICKS UP THE SOUND OF THE HUGE VESSEL'S ROCKETS—IN MINUTES, IT COMES INTO VIEW.

SURE ENOUGH! THAT'S THE CABIN I CARRIED CHARLIE GOODFELLOW AND "HEELS" MOBRAY TO! BUT WHAT DOES THIS MEAN—??

EXPECTEDLY, POWERFUL SHELLS BURST ABOUT THE MAN OF TOMORROW....

EVIDENTLY MY PRESENCE ISN'T VERY WELCOME!

THE WAY THIS PARROT HAS BEEN WATCHING ME YOU'D THINK HE KNOWS I RUN A PET SHOP, HE LOOKS AS IF I'LL FEED HIM SOME OF THIS SEED—OUCH!

MEANWHILE—ONLY FIVE OF US LEFT! WHO--WILL BE NEXT?

AN INSTANT LATER, KIMBALL CRASHES TO THE FLOOR—DEAD!

THE SEED WAS POISONED, WHOEVER STARVED THE PARROT MUST HAVE KNOWN HE'D SNAP AT KIMBALL WHEN HE TRIED TO FEED HIM!

THE "POOR MAN"—KILLED BY A BILL....

THE EIGHT DOOMED MEN---FOUR DOOMED MEN!
SURVIVING THE SHELLS? ONSLAUGHT, SUPERMAN CRASHES INTO THE CABIN...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT'S-- SUPERMAN! WE'RE SAVED!

SOME MADMAN LURED US TO THIS CABIN-- HE'S SUCCEEDED IN KILLING FOUR OF US AND THREATENING THE LIVES OF THE OTHERS.

SUPERMAN'S HEADLAMP CHARGE CARRIES HIM INTO A METAL CHAMBER. SUDDENLY THE DOOR CLANGS BEHIND HIM....

GOOD GRIEF-- I'M IN ONE OF THE ROCKET-CHAMBERS!

A TERRIFIC EARTH-SHATTERING ROAR-- AND A POWERFUL ROCKET-BLAST HURTS SUPERMAN INTO THE NIGHT LIKE A HUMAN MISSILE !

MEANWHILE-- AS HE SIGHTS A TRAIL OF GLITTERING GOLD, STONE'S Avarice overcomes his caution...

THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MOMENTS!

BUT AS HE ENTERS AN ADJOINING ROOM, THE FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH HIM! DOWN HE WHIPS ALONG A WINDING CHUTE....

HEY--!

TO ALIGHT IN A BARE RECTANGULAR CHAMBER!

IF YOU REMAIN HERE, YOU STARVE.... BUT PERCHED ATOP THE HIGH SHELF IS GOLD-- AND THE WAY TO FREEDOM!

GOLD!!
A terrible, intent desire transforms the millionaire’s face as he painfully clambers up toward the glittering prize...

All that gold...!

Mine... soon mine!!

But as stone touches the top of the shelf, the yellow weight topples down—knocks him free of his precarious hold...

As he topples downward, stone manages to secure a frantic grip...

I...I can’t hang on much longer!

The eight doomed men will soon be—three doomed men!

Meanwhile—rendered unconscious by the rocket blast and fumes, Superman crashes thru the top of a circus tent...

A close call!

An instant before he can strike ground, he revives and, with the aid of his cloak, reverses the direction of his flight...

Soon after... as he returns to the sky-vessel...

Where’s stone?

He wandered away now we can’t find him!

Get me offa here!

With the aid of his uncanny-x-ray vision, Superman locates stone’s prison. He crashes in just in time to catch the falling millionaire as stone loses his grip again...

At once!

The killer tried to kill you with money bags! Let’s get to this vessel’s control room before he has a chance to strike again!
AS SUPERMAN LEADS THE WAY...

"DOCTOR, LAWYER, THIEF!" IF THE MYSTERIOUS MENACE RUNS TRUE TO FORM, HE'LL TRY TO ELIMINATE THE REMAINDER OF YOU IN SOME MANNER CONNECTED WITH YOUR PROFESSIONS!

SIGHTING A HUGE GAVEL PLUMMETING DOWN TOWARD THE LAWYER, SUPERMAN LEAPS IN AND SMASHES IT INTO DOZENS OF FRAGMENTS JUST IN TIME...

THIS WILL GIVE YOU A ROUGH IDEA!

A MOMENT LATER, THE MAN OF TOMORROW WHIPS TOWARD MALLORY AS A SCALPEL HURTLES TOWARD THE DOCTOR OUT OF A SMALL PANEL...

PASS THE KNIFE, PLEASE!

HE MUST BE MAD!

WHERE'S RYAN? HE'S DISAPPEARED!

CAN HE BE THE KILLER?

IN THE NEXT ROOM--A CAPTIVE...

WHAT SUPERMAN'S AMAZING X-RAY VISION REVEALS TO HIM....

(GASP!) THE MEDICINE--I'M HAVING AN ATTACK... I'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!

SOON THERE WILL BE THREE DOOMED MEN!!

SMASHING IN THRU THE WALL, SUPERMAN FREES RYAN AND GETS MEDICINE TO HIM IN TIME...

LATER...

HE TRIED TO KILL YOU WITH THE AID OF HANDCUFFS!

YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE! EVEN A THIEF CAN BE GRATEFUL!

I CAN HEAR SOMEONE MOVING ABOUT INSIDE.

WE'VE LOCATED THE KILLER!

ONE SIDE!

YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!

WRONG! I'LL KILL US ALL! LOOK! ANOTHER INSTANT AND WE CRASH INTO A MOUNTAIN!
Superman's leap crashes him out thru the vessel's front.

The mountain--inches away--!

Super-powerful muscles absorb the shock of the collision.

Plummeting earthward, he lowers the ponderous ship to safety, then leaps for the control room.

Where is he?

Out there!

Sighting his opponent taking a suicide leap off the catwalk, Superman acts.

You'll not escape paying the penalty for your crimes so easily!

Jenkins! My chauffeur!

But why should he want to kill us?

An explanation is in order!

Years ago, my brother died while being hazed during a Pi Theta Dau fraternity initiation. I vowed vengeance against the eight who had been responsible. I had read somewhere that they planned to reunite twenty years later and laid my plans accordingly.

Tho I gained vast wealth as an inventor, I secured employment as Stone's chauffeur so that I would be in a better position to execute my plan. By a strange coincidence, the professions of each of the eight matched the popular nursery rhyme, and so I arranged for the deaths in my sky-vehicle in accordance with it.

All you've succeeded in doing, Jenkins, is cinching your own doom!

The end.
ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH SULMAN.

In the crashing thunder of storm-ridden skies is born a new menace to humanity! From the blinding brilliance of the lightning's flare comes the idea that is destined to plague the world with... the Magnet! And yet, a rainbow forms after every storm, and in that rainbow can be seen the hand and guiding genius of the Master Magician in -

"The Case of the Walking Dynamo."

The Astronomical Observatory at Hartnell College shelters old Professor Bly from a raging storm.

Bah! How can I observe the configurations of Mars' orbit with all that rain? I'll do some physics while I wait for it to clear. I didn't leave on my vacation just to observe this... and now it rains!

I'll study the speed of lightning. There's plenty of it tonight, all right?

The professor bends to make an adjustment. A bolt of forked death crashes through a window -

Bah! That nut would drop off about now!
EEAAAGH!

I've been electrocuted! No, no, I'm still alive! But I'm changed... stronger... I feel very strong!

I'm young again! I've recovered my youth!

Fellow professors, students! I've discovered the secret of the ages—perpetual youth!

Who is this person? Some escaped lunatic, no doubt!

Eternal youth, eh? Great stuff, man!

Ahem, you'll be almost famous! It was an accident...

Send over a couple of keepers, please!

There he is! Be careful, he may be dangerous.

We're used to that kind.

Leave him to us.

Come along, now!

Fools! Fools! I'll show you I'm not crazy! I'll show you!

Poor chap! I guess he didn't know by what was to leave on his vacation this afternoon.

A good sanitarium is just the place for him! Eternal youth—bah!
GROUP OF NOTED ALIENISTS LISTEN TO PROFESSOR BLY'S
CLAIMS, THEN READ THEIR DECISION....

---WE THINK IT BEST
FOR HIM TO BE CONFINED
IN STATE SANATORIUM,
IN A CELL, AT THAT!

NO, NO! YOU'RE JEALOUS
OF ME, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE.
JEALOUS BECAUSE I'VE
DISCOVERED
THE SECRET OF
PERPETUAL YOUTH!

TAKE IT EASY,
YOU CRACKPOT!

CRACKPOT? I'LL SHOW YOU!
I'LL SHOW THEM ALL! EVERYBODY'S
JEALOUS OF ME! IF I EVER GET
OUT---HA-HA! WATCH OUT FOR
ME THEN. WATCH OUT!

THAT GUY IS A LUNNY.
KEEPS SAYING HE'S
A PERPETUAL YOUTH
OR SOMETHING. SOUNDS
DANGEROUS, TOO!

AW, FORGET HIM!

LIGHTNING! PURE ELECTRICITY,
WHICH IS A LIFE-CREATING
SOURCE, ACCORDING TO SCIENTIFIC
THEORY? THAT explains
MY REJUVENATION!

MY HEAD---SWELLING WITH
FORCE! I'M QUIVERING,
JUST AS IF I WERE BEING
CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY!

CURRENTS SHAKE BLY AS PURE ELECTRICITY TURNS
HIM INTO A HUMAN DYNAMO.

I AM CHARGED! I'VE BEEN TURNED
INTO A HUMAN MAGNET?
ELECTRICITY FLOWS
ALL THROUGH ME!

AS LERYE AS A MAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD,
PROFESSOR HERMAN BLY WALKS DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
I GATHER METAL TO ME
EVEN AS DOES AN
ELECTRIC MAGNET---
WHICH I AM!
HEY, WHAT'S THAT? WE'LL SHOOT HIM WITH A COUPLE OF BULLETS!
LOOKS LIKE A MODEST OF AN ATOM TURNED LOOSE!
Bullets? Ha-ha! Watch what happens, FOOLS!

HE'S A WALKIN' MAGNET! SNATCHED THE GUNS RIGHT OUT OF OUR HANDS! LET'S SCRAM!
AH-HA-HA-HA! HO-HO-HO!

FLY HOLDS OUT HIS HAND AND THE DOOR OF THE OFFICE SAFELY LEAPS FROM ITS HINGES.
I'LL NEED MONEY TO PAY FOR MY NEW LIFE, BUT THERE'S PLENTY OF IT HERE!

AS THE STORM DIES, HERMAN BLY RACES AWAY FROM THE SANITARIUM TOWARD FREEDOM.
I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON THE WORLD WILL NEVER FORGET!

NEXT MORNING, ZATARA CASUALLY PERUSES THE PAPER.
ODD NEWS, THIS! HOW COULD A MAN POSSIBLY ATTRACT METAL BARS TO HIS PERSON IF ONLY IF HE WAS A WALKING DYNAMO?

IN THAT CASE, ELECTRICAL IMPULSES WOULD REACT TO A LIGHTNING ROD! EB 11 OS!

AH, LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE STRUCK IT THE ROD VIBRATES! THAT MEANS THERE'S AN ELECTRICAL CURRENT RADIATING NEARBY!!

READ IT BACKWARDS
I have gathered you here from all the sections of the underworld. I am he who escaped from the sanitarium—The Magnet!

Sa-ay, you ought to know some tricks to fool the cops!

SSAP HGUORHT LLAW! Might be advisable to listen in on this? NRUT NEESNU!

Whoever is speaking seems to be hidden behind that mirror... You will consequently meet me in front of the mechanic's bank this evening. You will know me all right. That is all. We'll be there!

I've got to harness this tremendous power. Otherwise it will eventually wear me out and—kill me!

Oooh—That shock nearly upset me... hmm, now I've loaded that glass with electricity!

Curious, the master magician gingerly examines the mirror... Must be transparent—OHH!

I've been electrocuted!
As the magician falls unconscious, the magical spell that rendered him invisible vanishes.

He touched the glass—was shocked! I must be more careful of this power of mine! I can't or shouldn't go around killing anybody! Only those who deserve my hate!

I'll go to my own private laboratory! There I can make something to control the currents that flow through my body!

Earthen moulds pour molten liquids into a circular form... Wires and metal knobs are riveted home...

This will allow me to control the surging electricity within me. I will be able to turn it on and off.

I'm ready, ready to make myself the greatest criminal of the age, and the greatest scientist! I'll prove my theories to the world's loss!

As the dark shades of evening blacken the city streets and sidewalks...

Good boys? From here on I'll take over. It's him all right! Look at that funny headpiece he's wearin'!

What a guy! This is the ideal way to get into a bank, all right.

The sheer power of my body, harnessed and controlled, can rip metal apart, even as the most powerful electro-magnet!

Metal guns react the same way! Is this perfect, or is it perfect?

We've been disarmed!
Brrr... I don't want to try that again. But the magnet must be stopped even if I've got to risk another bout with death to do it! Worg sgniw!

He said the mechanics' bank, and from the looks of that door, this is the way he came! Kapers, Roope!

That's right, Zatara! And look what he did to me!

I see how he does it now! But I have a few tricks of my own! SemaleEb no gab!

Help yourselves, boys! Will we? And how?

Eb der toh! Ouch! Oww, that's hot!

Hot money is right? Ouch!

Fool! Meddler! Try to stop the magnet, will you?

Those lightnings! I can't see his eyes, and I must do that to bring him under my power!

Porked lightning plays up and down the magician's inert body. Helpless, he becomes a target for the dancing darts of death...

He's absorbed so much electricity, he'll never breathe again! Take that money and follow me!

We're going out to Hartnell College. I have a few old cronies to convince of my powers!

Oh, yeah? What do we get out of that?

Rats! You obey me! You robbed one bank tonight! You will rob more tomorrow? But how you do as I say or I'll turn my electrical current on you!

Sure, sure, magnet! Don't get sore!
Meanwhile Zatara takes care of the thugs!

Snug Eb Snoollab!

Help! We're going down as slow!

I hope we come down as slow!

Why, it is the Professor!

But what caused it all?

Electricity played a trick of nature on him, rejuvenating him. There was only one way to rid him of his power!

I borrowed an electro-magnet from your physics department and placed it behind the wall near the Professor. I hypnotized him into turning on his power full force!

The magnet dragged him toward it, flat against the wall, then drained his body of all the electricity in it. It left him an old man again! I don't think we'll have any more trouble with him!

More magical tricks from Zatara's silk hat in the next issue of Action Comics.

T'nod Tegrof Ruoy Ypoc!
A MISSION OF TRUST AND DANGER
FOR THOSE TWO DAUNTLESS
DRAFTEES—DRAFTY AND TIM!

YOU SENT FOR US, SIR? YES! THERE'S AN
IMPORTANT MISSION AND NOBODY ELSE AVAILABLE!
I'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU TWO AND KEEP MY FINGERS
CROSSED!

GENERAL SLATE'S DAUGHTER
IS ARRIVING FOR A VISIT!
THE GENERAL IS BUSY, SO
YOU'LL HAVE TO MEET THE
TRAIN AND SEE THAT SHE ISN'T KIDNAPPED BY
FIFTH COLUMNISTS!

OH, BOY... I MEAN, YES, SIR!

HOW OLD IS SHE? HOW WILL
WE KNOW HER?

I DON'T KNOW HER AGE, BUT THE GENERAL
CALLS HER BABY! YOU'LL FIND HER
PICTURE IN HIS QUARTERS! YOU CAN RECOGNIZE
HER BY THAT!
EASY, NON TOO BRIGHT, OUR HEROES MEET THE AFTERNOON TRAIN!

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, TIM. WE'LL MAKE A HIT WITH THESE TOYS!

YOO-HOO, BOYS! WERE YOU LOOKING FOR UME?

ULP!!

OH, BOY! I'LL SAY WE ...

SHUT UP, STUPID! YOU WANNA GUM OUR CHANCE TO GET PROMOTED? SORRY, SISTER, BUT WE AIN'T GOT TIME FOR FOOLISHNESS?

WE'RE ON A VERY IMPORTANT GOVERNMENT MISSION!

WELL, I LIKE THAT OF ALL THE -

GEE WHIZ! EVERYBODY'S GOT OFF THE TRAIN AND NOT A SIGN OF BABY!

HEY, DRAFTY LOOK...!

SEE THE AIRHOLES IN THAT BASKET? BET HE'S A BOY/MAYBE... MAYBE HE'S GOT BABY IN THERE! WE'LL RESCUE HER!!

HEY, YOU!!
YOU'RE RIGHT! HE'S TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY!

COME ON! WE'LL RESCUE BABY AND GET A MEDAL OR SUMPIN!

WAIT, BOYS! I TELL YOU........

OUT OF THE WAY, SISTER!

HEY, DRAFTY! YOU OUGHTN'T TO PUSH BEAUTIFUL BLONDES!

DON'T BE A SAP! SHE'S PROBABLY ANOTHER SPY DETAINED TO STOP US!

LIKE A SNOWBALL, THE CHASE GATHERS VOLUME THE WAY IT GOES!!

STOP, THIEF!

HEY, DRAFTY! PUFF! PUFF! DO THEY—PUFF—MEAN US??

PUFF! TIM—PUFF—RUN UP—PUFF—AHEAD AND—PUFF—SURROUND HIM!!

WE GOT HIM! PUFF—PUFF! THIS IS A DEAD END STREET!

DRAFTY! THE BASKET!

DON'T CRY, BABY! UNCLE TIM WILL SAVE Y...... OOOOOOFFF !!!!

I'M OKAY! LOOK! HE'S GETTING AWAY!!

NEVER MIND, TIM! WE'VE SAVED BABY! I BET THEY MAKE US MAJORS OR SOMETHING FOR THIS!!

GOT YEH, YOU BABY—SNATCHER!!
HOW WE GONNA GET IT OPEN WITHOUT A KEY?

I C’N HEAR BABY INSIDE! WAIT! I’LL GET IT OPEN.....

I’LL BUST THE BASKET OPEN WITH THIS CLUB....!

HEY! WAIT! STOP!

YOU FOOL! DON’T YOU KNOW BUMPIN’ BABIES AROUND AINT GOOD FOR THEM? YOU WANNA MAKE BABY SICK?

GEE, I DIDN’T KNOW THAT! WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO???

WE’LL TAKE THE BASKET AND ALL TO THE GENERAL LET HIM OPEN IT!

THAT’S SMART, DRAFTY! THEN IF BABY GETS A HEADACHE, IT AIN’T OUR FAULT!

WE RESCUED BABY, SIR! HERE SHE IS!

BUT THAT PICTURE!!

YOU—YOU THICK-HEADED NUMBSKULLS! THIS IS BABY!! SHE CAME OUT HERE BY HERSELF WHEN SHE GOT TIRED OF TRYING TO EXPLAIN TO YOU TWO IDIOTS!

YOU DIM-WITS! OF COURSE THIS IS BABY—but it was taken eighteen years ago!

B-B-BUT—WHAT’S IN THE BASKET?

OH—OH! THE BASKET’S BREAKING!

I DON’T CARE! I ONLY WISH YOU TWO WERE INSIDE IT FOR ABOUT FIVE MINUTES!

IT’S THE GENERAL’S FAULT! IF HE HADN’T KICKED GERTRUDE, SHE’D HAVE BEHAVED LIKE A LADY!

SUMP’N TELLS ME WE’RE GONNA STAY PRIVATES FOR A WHILE YET!!

BUY YOUR WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS TODAY!
THE station wagon was at the door and nobody noticed anything unusual, least of all young Richard. He climbed happily into the seat alongside the chauffeur, whose face was turned away for the moment. This was Saturday afternoon and it meant that a new Gene Autry would be playing at the local theatre, as well as a Superman film.

So Richard was righteousness impatient when he turned to call to the old lady, primly dressed in black and white, who was approaching the car. She was his nurse, just as she had been for Richard's father. And both of them called her Nanny, and loved her almost like a mother.

Fastidiously, and looking just like a China doll, she stepped into the car, smiles wrinkling her face. "Now . . . now," she chided the impatient boy. "You youngsters are all alike, afraid that the world is going to pass you by. Just like your father you are, Richard. Why, I——"

She stopped, her aged but still bright eyes glued on the automatic in the hand of the chauffeur, but hidden from the boy's sight. This wasn't Parker. This was a stranger. Nanny's eyes watched the man's lips and he said: "Get in, Grandma, and don't make a sound."

There was nothing she could do but obey. He had let out the clutch and the car was moving. For a moment, she couldn't think. What had happened to Parker? And what was this man trying to do? She saw his eyes through the rear view mirror, cold and merciless and the thought entered her head, "we're being kidnapped!"

And it was true. The man driving the car was Mike De-

rani, and he was dangerous as he was clever. The car was picking up speed now, the man watching behind him as though afraid of being pursued. After a moment he spoke. He said:

"Nobody's going to get hurt, Grandma, if they're smart. This is a snatch. You saw what I had in my hand, and I'll use it if I have to. This kid's father will pay plenty to get him back."

Young Richard, whose interest had been aroused now, said: "You're not Parker. And you talk awfully funny for a chauffeur." His childish voice chided: "Besides, don't you know Nanny can't . . . ."

"Richard!" The old lady drew the boy to her. "You mustn't interrupt the new chauffeur while he's driving this car for the first time." She smiled sweetly at Derani. "Isn't that right?"

"That's right, Grandma." The abductor allowed a thin smile to creep from compressed lips. "I can see we're going to get along fine. You're a smart old lady. Stay that way." He swung the wheel, the car spun off the private road and onto the broad highway.

Nanny looked anxiously behind her swiftly, as though she didn't want the chauffeur to notice. Her heart sank as she saw his eyes fixed upon her, heard his words, mocking and confident.

"If you're looking for that trooper, Grandma, don't let me stop you. I'm watching for him, too. And when he stops us, if you crack I'm going to let the kid have it."

She tried to still the trembling of her heart as she took her eyes from his face. So he knew about Trooper Trent!

Almost as though he were
reading her thoughts, Derani’s lips moved now and the old lady watched them carefully.

“Sure, I know he usually looks for the kid on Saturdays, Grandma. I’ve been watching your house and your movements for a month now. How’d you figure I got this car? I knew the chauffeur takes you both to the movies every week.” He laughed harshly. “Only this week,” he grunted, “Parker won’t.”

Derani’s eyes narrowed and he added:

“Remember, when that cop comes, I’m taking Parker’s place for a couple of days. And by the time that dumb cop gets wise, I’ll have moved you and the kid into a big sedan I got parked on the other side of town.”

It was one of the strangest experiences of her life. For a moment, again, her mind refused to function. All she could think of was that this gangster had laid his plans well. And within an hour she and Richard would be hidden someplace. She tried to keep her mind from thinking of the anguish Richard’s father and mother would feel. If only she could do something... Her eyes strayed to the suspicious bulge in the man’s pocket, went to the dashboard of the car.

“I wonder,” she said, almost timidly, “if you’d mind putting on the radio? I do so love music, and it will help to quiet my nerves.”

She held her breath as his eyes, cold and cruel, studied her. Then he said: “Why not? I’ll turn it on. Make it look like a nice little party for that trooper.” He nodded. “Smart girl, old girl.”

Nanny sat back as the radio light came on. She watched him adjust the knob, then suddenly his body stiffened, and his eyes were watching through the mirror. Nanny turned.

It was Trooper Trent on patrol and looking out for Richard. The station wagon slowed down as the car drew abreast. Nanny saw the chauffeur’s hand steal to the gun and she knew it was trained on Richard.

Trent dismounted, came over to the station wagon. His homely face was lighted with a grin, and he leaned his big frame against the car. “Hello, Richard,” he said to the boy who clambered over. “All set for Superman?” He nodded to Nanny, then, for the first time noticed the chauffeur.

“Hello,” he said. “Where’s Parker?”

“Sick. I’m subbing for him. Taking the old lady and the boy to the movies.”

Trooper Trent bent over. “Sick huh?” His eyes indicated the radio. “I can’t hear with that thing so loud.”

Derani turned the knob. Nanny sat white-faced as he said: “The kid’s nurse asked me to put it on. Said she always has music going into town.” There was an apologetic grin on Derani’s face. “It’s okay with me, but personally I don’t care for music.”

“You don’t huh?” Trooper Trent’s voice had changed. “So she asked you to put it on?”

“Sure.” A sudden feeling of apprehension swept over De-
---AND DON'T MISS ISSUE NO. 3 OF LEADING COMICS! IT'S A COMPLETE NOVEL-LENGTH ACTION STORY STARRING YOUR FIVE FAVORITE FEATURES --- GREEN ARROW, STAR-SPANGLED KID, SHINING KNIGHT, VIGILANTE AND CRIMSON AVENGER VERSUS THAT SUPER-VILLAIN, DR. DOOME!
There was a time, now long lost, when the wonders of ancient Bagdad, the emirs and caliphs, when thieves forged their own cults of superstition and set up idols against the wrath of the Caliphs...

This is the tale of how one such idol, now a rare item for collectors...and of cunning, modern-day criminals who sought to have it for their own greedy purposes...

Only to learn at the capable hands of the Caped Crusader, fighting boy pal, Sandy the Painful Lesson that there is no place for evil doers and no power in such false deities as in the Adventure of "A Modern Arabian Nightmare!"
There is no land beyond the law.
Where tyrants rule with unshakeable power.
It's a dream from which the evil wake.
To face their fate, their terrifying hour.
—By Sandman

Perhaps the real beginning of our story lies twenty-five centuries in the past when a secret underground temple flourished in the Arabian city of Bagdad.

We bring you loot from the palace of the prince himself, Gori, protector of thieves!

Though the stony figure was worshipped by many followers, his evil flock round Gori powerless in the Caliph's court of justice.

This court has no mercy for those who steal from honest men!

Let their hands be cut off, so that they may never steal again.

Take them away!

Crime, in the long run, was no paying proposition, even back in those days.

Having glimpsed Gori, god of the lawless, in his heyday, let us flip through the years to modern New York, which O.Henry christened Bagdad on the Subway...

All sorts of stuff, Sandy. As long as it's sold and expensive... he has some antique idol he wants to show us!

What sort of stuff does Mister Peale collect, Wes?

It's over here! Julius Colter, the antique dealer, just spent it over! It's one of the rarest figures on earth!

Wesley Dodd, wealthy Playboy and his young pal Sandy Hawkins, have been long friends of Morgan Peale, who has devoted his life to collecting antiques.

Hello, Morgan. And where is this new atrocity of yours? Hello, Wes... Sandy!
The statues! The vases... the jade carvings... all gone! And they were worth a million dollars to any rich collector!!

Gori, the idol! It's gone.

...and it appears the legend has come true!... for Morgan Peale has lost everything he prized... even his life!

He's dead... been dead for hours? I'm not afraid, Wes... but call the police and let's get out of here!

Come on, Sandy! We're going to find the murderer. Peale was a kind, harmless man, and my friend.

Wes and Sandy decide to call on Julius Galter, who is hardly less antique than the objects he sells!

Ah... Mister Doods! At last you've decided to buy one of my priceless relics... no?

Maybe... Morgan Peale was showing me that idol, Gori... you sold him...

Ah... but I did not sell it to him! A messenger boy returned it to me an hour ago... he told me Peale thought my price too high!

But Peale died in the night? I'll buy it!

I'm sorry but there are two ahead of you!
JANOS MURA, MY BUSINESS RIVAL, WHO HAS THE ANTIQUE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER, WANTED ME TO SHOW THE IDOL TO A CLIENT... HE ALSO SUGGESTED PEALE!

I WAS ALSO LATE!

MISTER RYLE, WOULD YOU STILL WANT THAT IDOL I TOLD YOU THAT ITS LEGEND CAME TRUE FOR PEALE LAST NIGHT. THAT I FOUND HIM DEAD A FEW MINUTES AGO... HIS HOUSE ROBBED OF HIS ENTIRE COLLECTION!

WHAT'S MORGAN PEALE DEAD? MY CLOSEST FRIEND...

THEN I WANT IT ALL THE MORE! I'M NOT FRIGHTENED BY SILLY SUPERSTITIONS!

YES! I'LL KEEP IT!

SUDDENLY, TWO MEN ENTER CALTER'S SHOP.

YOU GOT A DELIVERY FOR US TO MAKE, MISTER CALTER?

YES, JOE... TAKE THIS IDOL TO MISTER RYLE'S SUITE!

STOP BY MY PLACE, TOO, WILL YOU, BOYS? THE CLERK WILL GIVE YOU SOME PACKAGES TO DELIVER...

WES AND SANDY SOON LEAVE CALTER'S STORE...

COME ON, KID... THE SANDMAN AND HIS LITTLE PAL ARE GONNA HAVE A BUSY NIGHT TONIGHT!

THE SHADES OF NIGHT FALL OVER HALF THE WORLD... AND OUT OF WES DODDS' HOME STEAL TWO AWESOME FIGURES...

I DON'T LIKE IDOLS AND LEGENDS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ADVENTURE AND ACTION... OH, BOY!

LET'S GET SOME ACTION!
THE SANDMAN SOWS STRANGE DREAMS WHEN HE MOVES AHEAD. DREAMS OF HOPE FOR THOSE IN PERIL... AND NIGHTMARES FOR THE EVIL!

NOT MUCH TRAFFIC UP HERE!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW FEW PEOPLE GET A KICK OUT OF DANGER!

AND AS THE WITCHING HOUR OF MIDNIGHT STRIKES, VISIONS TROUBLE TWO RESTLESS SLEEPERS...

IT'S A DREAM FROM WHICH THE EVIL WAKE TO FACE THEIR FATE, THEIR TERRIFYING HOUR!

NO! NO!... WHY I'VE BEEN DREAMING! IT SEEMED LIKE THE SANDMAN WAS ABOUT TO SEIZE ME! WHAT A NIGHTMARE!... I... I GUESS I'LL GET UP!

MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER HOUSE...

WHAT A REALISTIC DREAM THAT WAS! IT SEEMED THAT SOME PERSON CALLED THE SANDMAN SAVED ME FROM SOME TERRIBLE DANGER!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE SANDMAN PREPARES TO MAKE HIS FIRST CALL BY WIREPOON!

I'VE HEARD OF HIM... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE ANY SUCH PERSON EXISTS...

IT'LL BE A TOUGH CLIMB! ARE YOU GAME, SANDY? I'M GAME FOR ANYTHING, SANDMAN!

NURLED BY A POWERFUL SPRING IN THE BARREL OF THE PISTOL... THE WIREPOON IMBEDS ITSELF DEEP IN THE CONCRETE OF THEOPPOSITE BUILDING... AS THE WIRE CABLE SNAPS TAUT!

THIS BUTTON REELS IN WIRE.

REEL OF FINE BUT TOUGH WIRE

TRIGGER RELEASES WIRE

STEEL BARB FITS BARREL BORE WHEN NOT RELEASED!

RING GRIP USED BY SANDMAN WHEN REELED IN. WIRE PULLS HIM TOWARD OBJECTIVE!

HOW THE WIREPOON GUN WORKS.
SOMETHING TELLS ME WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE!

LET'S GO!

PEERING INTO THE DARKENED WINDOWS OF THE PENTHOUSE, THE GOLDEN FURIES START BACK IN AMAZEMENT AT WHAT THEY SEE!

SANDY! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THE IDOL GORI... HE'S COME TO LIFE!

SUDDENLY... A REELING FIGURE STUMBLES INTO THE ROOM!

I CAN'T BREATHE! I'M CHOKING!

I: IT'S SPUTTING GAS!

THE SANDMAN AND SANDY CRASH INTO THE ROOM SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE ARRIVAL OF TWO MEN WEARING GAS MASKS!

IF IT AIN'T THE SANDMAN! HERE'S WHERE WE PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

FIRST LET ME SHOW YOU HOW, BROTHER!

GRIMLY SILENT, SANDY HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE FRAY!

THE SUPERBLY TRAINED MUSCLES OF THE BATTLING CRIME-FIGHTERS ARE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE HOODLUMS...

BUT WEAKEN WHEN THE GAS TAKES EFFECT...

GOT TO BREATHE.... I... I... GOT... UHNNN....

I'M SURE GLAD THAT GAS GOT HIM!
SANDY! SANDY! What happened? SANDY?

An instant later, Blackbeard cracks down on the mightiest warrior of them all!

This oughta rock ya to sleep, wise guy!

**BAM!**

When the Sandman comes to his senses...

Are you all right, Sandman?

I'm okay.

I managed to open some more windows during the fight! I guess I saved our lives!

...but I passed out, too... and they took everything in the house... including Gori!

A fire inside the idol, giving off poison gas! So that's how Peale died!

That tin god Gori gives me a headache?

I'll bet Calter is the brains behind all this! He had the idol! He could have slipped a gas bomb with an attached time fuse inside it!

That's very possible!

Sandman! There's a moving van pulling out below! It's about the size of the one we saw at Peale's!

What? Let's go after it!

I'll give you a thousand dollars if you get Gori back for me!

Once more, the twin nemesis of crime Hurst across the city's deserted rooftops!

Make the check out to the China Relief Fund...and that's a deal!

The truck's turned into the next street!
They're headed east... toward the river!

That will make it easier to follow them!

We've got them now. They've reached their destination!

No they haven't. Not while they're still out of prison!

So that's their hideout, huh? Chances are they've got the loot there, too!

How will we get in?

Why, we'll just drop in on them!

Why, it's the Sandman! I dreamt about you!

Janos Mura!

What are you doing here among this stolen property??

I got a phone call a few minutes ago telling me to come here if I wanted to get the idol, sir!... for one of my clients!
There is the creaking sound of an opening door. And...

Good evening, gentlemen. Hello, Ryle. I've been expecting you!

What makes you think I'm Ryle?

Elementary. My dear Ryle! Only you knew I was following the moving van! That's why you beat me here... to set this little trap!

Besides... the gas released in Peale's house was fatal... the gas in your room was just drugging you. You staged or at least showed to throw suspicion off yourself... since you wanted Gori and Peale's other treasures!

You lured Mura here to make him sign a false confession to Peale's murder... then kill him, and call it suicide!

But you won't live to reveal it!

Now get going! You've got a date with the law! Mister Ryle... if you're sent to prison or to the electric chair, will you sell Gori to me first? The Cosmopolitan museum wants him!

Gori! That's a dream that never comes true in ancient Bagdad or modern York!

Protection for criminals is a dream that never comes true in ancient Bagdad or modern York!

Now get going! You've got a date with the law! Mister Ryle... if you're sent to prison or to the electric chair, will you sell Gori to me first? The Cosmopolitan museum wants him!

Some days later at the Cosmopolitan museum of art...

This'll end your murderous little scheme, Ryle!

But the Sandman continues to make your dreams of the perfect action strip come true in every issue of Adventure Comics!

Don't miss it!
Grim doom stalks a man-made tower of steel and stone, and murder runs rampant in the city streets. The giant who heads the mob, whose name is Mr. Ghool, is the tallest criminal in the world, a giant of the skies. In the shadowy skies, above the tall building, the ghoul silently stalks his prey. The police are on his trail, but the ghoul is too quick, too clever, too strong. He has escaped, again, from behind the thick stone walls of the Kinston prison. Mr. Ghool is the menacing figure of the Star-Spangled Kid!

Free at last! I'd like to get even with the Star-Spangled Kid right away—but first, there's a more important matter to settle!

Have you seen the papers yet? They're all filled with news of Mr. Ghool's prison break! Yes, I've seen them. What say we get together tonight and discuss this interesting matter further?
THAT EVENING -- IN THE PEMBERTON GARAGE, MASTER AND SERVANT DOFF THEIR CIVILIAN RAIMENT TO STAND REVEALED IN THE COSTUMES OF THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY!

WOTTA THRILL!

THE LIMOIllUSE, STRIPESY! HOW'S ABOUT GIVING HER THE OL' SWITCHEROO?

AS STRIPESY TOUCHES A BUTTON ON THE DASHBOARD, VARIOUS SECTIONS OF CAR WHIRL AND TURN UNTIL A MOMENT LATER THE STAUD LIMOILLUSE IS REPLACED BY THE ULTRA-MODERN STAR-ROCKET RACER!

THE SWITCHEROO. IT IS!

AND SECONDS LATER THE TWO COMRADES IN COMBAT STREAK OFF INTO THE NIGHT IN THEIR STREAMLINED CHARIOT.

YOU WAS RIGHT, KID! WHAT DO YOU THINK'S HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT--THIS IS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN AND HE'S EVIDENTLY BEEN GLUGGED!

SLIPPERY GUY, THAT MR. GHOOL!

STOP THE RACER, STRIPESY! I SEE SOMETHING ODD IN THE SHADOW OF THAT SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION!

His face -- His face... it was awful... like something out of a nightmare!

That sounds like a description of Mr. Ghool's melancholy pan!

LET'S STEP INSIDE AND LOOK AROUND!

But as the partners in peril enter the building, a charging figure catches them off guard and knocks them flying...

IT'S MR. GHOOL!

LET ME THRU!

IT IS HIM!
ANYONE WHO KNOCKS ME OFF MY FEET IS BEGGIN’ TO HAVE HIS BLOCK KNOCKED OFF!!

AFTER HIM!

I DON’T SEE HIM ANYWHERE AROUND.

STEP ON IT, STRIPESY, BEFORE HE HAS A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

BUT THO THE RACER HURTLES ALONG AT AN INCREDIBLE PACE, THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH IS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. A COMPLETE FADE-OUT!

HOW HE COULD HAVE DISAPPEARED SO SOON IS A COMPLETE MYSTERY TO ME.

BUT AS THE VEHICLE SLOWS TO ROUND A CURVE, A SINGER FIGURE DROPS FROM BEHIND THE CAR...

“HO! HO!...WOULD THEY BE STARTLED TO KNOW THAT WHILE THEY WERE LOOKING HIGH AND LOW FOR ME, I WAS WITH THEM ALL THE TIME?”

AS SYLVESTER READS THE MORNING PAPER...

HOLY COW! I’VE GOT TO SHOW THIS TO PAT!

OOPS! I WANTED TO SHOW YOU THE NEWSPAPER!

DITTO WITH ME! THEN YOU’VE ALREADY READ IT!

SO THE WATCHMAN DIED AND THEY FOUND A NOTE ON HIM—A NOTE IN WHICH MR. GHOUL THREATENED TO KILL TWO WORKMEN ON THE BUILDING TODAY...

I WONDER WHAT HIS MOTIVE IS? COME ON, WE’LL FIND OUT RIGHT NOW!
As autogiro blades rise from the rear-deck, the star-rocket racer zooms skyward.

Where to?

To a position high above that skyscraper, just in case Mr. Ghool tries to make good his threat!

Later—as they hang suspended above their objective...

See anything?

Just the workmen eating their lunch!

Suddenly, two of the laborers keel over...

The American Avengers ground the racer, then dash to the side of the stricken men...

Looks like their food has been poisoned! We'd better rush them to a hospital!

Who are those two guys in a halloween costume?

They're the star-spangled kid and Stripesy!

Speeding to a hospital, the partners in peril deposit the workmen there, then speed off...

Wait...? That's just what we've no time to do!

Returning to the building under construction in the guise of Sylvester and Pat, our two friends find the workmen quitting en masse...

I'm thru!

I'm not gonna risk my neck on this jinxed building!

But... men!

Somehow, I've got to get more men on the job, or the construction company's reputation will be ruined!

Come on, Pat.

Coming!
NEXT MORNING...

HAVE YOU SEEN THE AD IN THIS MORNING'S PAPER? THEY'RE ADVERTISING FOR WORKMEN TO HELP COMPLETE BUILDING THAT SKYSCRAPER!

AND WHO COULD BE BETTER SUITED FOR THE JOB THAN US?

HAHAHA-HAAA! A FREE TRIP TO THE GROUND--COMPLIMENTS OF Mr.GHOOL!

SNAP!

PAT-GRAB THIS MAN'S OTHER ARM...AND JUMP!

OKAY!

WELL...IF Mr.GHOOL'S OBJECT IS TO SABOTAGE WORK ON THAT BUILDING, HE'S CERTAINLY SUCCEEDING! ALL THE WORKERS QUIT IN A BODY!

AND THOSE MEN REALLY NEEDED THE WORK! OH, WHAT I WOULDN'T DO TO THAT NIGHTMARE-PAN IF I COULD JUST GET MY MITTS ON HIM!

LATER--DISGUISED AS LABORERS, PAT AND SYLVESTER APPLY FOR THE VACANCIES...

IT'S ONLY FAIR TO WARN YOU MEN THAT Mr.GHOOL HAS THREATENED TO KILL THREE MEN ON THE JOB TODAY!

WE CAN TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!

WE NEED THE DOUGH FROM THIS JOB BAD!

STILL LATER--AS SYLVESTER AND PAT WORK ON A GIRDER WITH TWO OTHER MEN...

LOOK! THAT MAN IS TRYING TO CUT THRU THE GIRDER SO THAT WE'LL FALL!

STOP HIM!

AS Mr.GHOOL FLEES, PAT AND SYLVESTER EACH SEIZING AN ARM OF THE WORKER BEHIND THEM, LEAP FROM THE FALLING GIRDER IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO SAVE THE MAN'S LIFE IN ADDITION TO THEIR OWN....

I QUIT! I THOUGHT THIS TALK ABOUT Mr.GHOOL WAS JUST A JOKE!

I'M QUITTIN', TOO! MY LIFE IS WORTH MORE TO ME THAN ALL THE DOUGH IN THE WORLD!
THAT EVENING—ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR COSTUMES AS THE STAR-SPANGLED KID AND STRIPESY, THE TWO ADVENTUROUS AMERICAN COMRADES CONCEAL THEMSELVES WITHIN THE STRUCTURE AND WAIT IMPATIENTLY...

WHAT MAKES YOU SURE MR. GHOOL WILL SHOW UP HERE TONIGHT?

HE HAS A VERY EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY. THE FOREMAN WASN'T EVEN ABLE TO HIRE A WATCHMAN FOR TONIGHT. SHH-HH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

CHUCKLING DIABOLICALLY MR. GHOOL BINDS THEM SECURELY.

PUZZLED AT YOUR LACK OF RESISTANCE? IT'S DUE TO A GAS I'VE PUT IN THE AIR WHICH PARALYZES THE NERVES... ITS EFFECTS LAST ONLY A FEW MOMENTS... BUT THAT WILL BE LONG ENOUGH FOR MY PURPOSE!

AS THE HIDDEN PARTNERS IN PERIL LOOK ON BREATHLESSLY, MR. GHOOL ENTERS STEALTHILY, LIGHTS THE FUSE OF A BOMB...

HE/HE! THIS SHOULD BLOW THE WHOLE STRUCTURE TO BITS—and do a thorough job of it!

PS-ST! NOW, STRIPESY...

NOW!!

BUT AS STRIPESY'S FOOT STRIKES A CAN IN THE DARKNESS, MR. GHOOL WHIRLS AND DISCHARGES A STRANGE WEAPON AT THEM!

THE STAR-SPANGLED KID--AND STRIPESY!

I--I CAN'T MOVE!

PLACING THE AMERICAN AVENGERS WITHIN AN ELEVATOR CAR, MR. GHOOL SENDS IT ALOFT...

TA-TA! WHEN YOU REACH THE STRUCTURE'S TOP, I'LL CUT THE CABLE AND DOWN YOU'LL COME LIKE JACK AND JILL! AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER THIS BOMB WILL GO OFF AND BLOW THIS BUILDING TO BLAZES!

HURTLING DOWNWARD, THE ELEVATOR CAR SMASHES TO SMITHEREENS....!

IT'S REACHED THE TOP—!!
That's the end of them! Now to put as much distance between the building and myself as I can before it blows to bits!

What has happened to the comrades in combat? As the elevator soared upward, STRIPESY's powerful physique successfully battled the effects of the nerve-gas. He desperately he ripped at the Kid's bonds with his teeth...

We've only a few seconds to live... unless...

The elevator car streaked past the two on its trip to destruction!

Whew! An' I thought we might have been on it! That was a close shave if we still aren't out of the woods!

Racing to another elevator opening, the comrades in combat dive for the cable...

Don't slip, pal? Don't slip, me? To hear you talk, someone would think I'm clumsy!

Careful, Stripesy?

Down the grease-packed cable hurtle the two, breaking the speed of their descent with their feet...

Nothin' to worry about. I'm enjoying this.

Leaping in, the Kid snatches out the sputtering fuse just in time...

You mean, it was going to?

Over there! And it's about to go off, too!

Don't even remind me of it!
THE COMRADES IN COMBAT DEPART... BUT SHORTLY AFTER, FROM HIDING, THEY OBSERVE MR. GHOOOL RE-ENTER THE SKYScraper....

I TOLD YOU HE'D COME BACK WHEN HE SAW NOTHING SIMULTANEously, STRIPESY AND THE KID LEAP FOR THE RISING CABLE...

Into the building after Mr. Ghool race the partners in peril. But as he raises his nerve-gas gun...

Alive! Your still alive!!

Into the remaining elevator car leaps Mr. Ghool... and sends the car aloft... simultaneously, Stripesy and the Kid leap for the rising cable...

Mr. Ghool alights from the elevator car... to meet a pair of human dynamite sticks!

How'd you get up here?

We just flew up!

If Superman can do it, why can't we?

I'M DETERMINED TO DESTRouY YOU!

I'M FALLING! GOOD! FALL!! FALL!!!

You dirty KILLER...
But the falling Star-Spangled Kid manages to grasp a girder with one hand...

I'll destroy you just as I did your partner!

But whirling himself back onto the girder, the kid acts...

A faceful o' feet comin' up!

Just to put in my two cents!

Beautiful, Stripesy

Are ya gonna tell us why ya wanted to wreck this building... or do I let ya drop...??

He's liable to do it, too!

I'll tell... I'll tell....

I had buried all of my loot on an empty lot. When I escaped from jail, I found they had started building this skyscraper on the lot. My only hope of getting the money back was to halt construction of the skyscraper and destroy it!

Shortly afterward, the American Avengers drop Mr. Ghool off inside Kinklad Prison....

It's Mr. Ghool!

And delivered to us by the Star-Spangled Kid!

Thanks!

Think we'll ever bump into Mr. Ghool again?

A likely possibility! He's too slippery a snake to stay behind the bars for long!

Off into the night streaks the Star-Rocket Racer, bearing its crew toward even more stirring adventures.

The End
At an army encampment near the nation's capital, Whitey Smith, strong-armed member of the team of RED WHITE and BLUE, receives orders from a superior officer.

Huh... planes here? HAW--you're always kiddin', sir! But don't worry, I'll keep an eye out--HAW, HAW!

But suddenly a foreign plane appears in the cloud-filled sky above the camp!

Am I seein' things? Maybe the captain wasn't kiddin' after all!

The pilot bails out, leaving his plane to plummet wildly to earth!

I am Marshal Gruen! I have fled from a purge in my country! I have come to save civilization!

Well, slap me bow-legged if it ain't the old dictator's stooge, right enough!
GATER AT G-2 HEADQUARTERS — — —

AND YOU SAY YOU HAVE BROKEN WITH YOUR LEADER?

YES...I AM PREPARED TO DIVULGE SECRETS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT!

GRUEN'S STORY SOUNDS PHONEY TO ME, WHITEY! I HAVE A HUNCH...

A WOMAN'S INTUITION, HUH? YOU'RE THE SUSPICIONIST GAL, DORIS!

I AM VERY TIRED FROM MY LONG TRIP ACROSS THE OCEAN! I WOULD LIKE TO REST TONIGHT, AND TOMORROW I'D LIKE TO GET IN THAT ROOM AND TALK TO GRUEN. BUT WHITEY IS A HARD NUT TO CRACK!

YOU WILL STAY IN A GOVERNMENT BUILDING, UNDER CONSTANT GUARD, OF COURSE!

NO ONE IS TO ENTER OR LEAVE THIS ROOM, UNDERSTAND?

YESSIR!

LOOK...WE'RE OLD FRIENDS, WHITEY! YOU CAN LET ME SEE GRUEN, CAN'T YOU?

BUT I GOT ORDERS TO KEEP FATSTUFF... I MEAN, GRUEN, INCOMMUNICADO, OR SOMETHING! I WISH I COULD HELP YOUSE!

I'LL TALK TO GRUEN, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO! IF I REMEMBER, THERE'S A TREE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW OF HIS ROOM!

MEANWHILE, IN GRUEN'S ROOM...

SO FAR, MY PLAN IS WORKING PERFECTLY! NOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! FIRST, I WRITE THIS NOTE!
This will remove all suspicion from me and I can complete my plans without interference!

And so we have seized Herr Gruen to kill him for betraying the Fatherland! Signed the Fifth Column!

Fritz is going into that old house - probably to meet some pals! This may be a big haul!

Heil, Gruen! Heil - I greet my Fifth Column friends!

Before we get down to business - there's a snooper outside - a girl. You know what to do!

Jawohl!

But the fleeing prisoner is spotted by Doris West, G-2 Star Operative!

So I was right! Gruen is up to some dirty work, as usual. Well, I won't be very far behind him!

That girl is following me! - something will have to be done about that!

Here's where I get an eyeful!
ACH! SHE FIGHTS LIKE A SHE-DEVIL!

HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG... UMMM!!

IN MY COUNTRY, WE LIQUIDATE ALL WHO GET TOO CURIOUS!

WELL, YOU'RE IN AMERICA NOW, OTTO, SO DON'T GET ANY FUNNY NOTIONS!

ACH... WE KILL HER FOR TALKING TO YOU LIKE DOT, MEIN HERR!

NO, WAIT! SHE MAY COME IN HANDY LATER!

SOME FUN—I DON'T THINK! OH, GOLLY IF THE BOYS WERE ONLY HERE NOW!

WE MUST WORK FAST. THE AUTHORITIES THINK I HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED! WHILE THEY ARE ON THE WRONG TRACK, WE WILL FINISH OUR TASK!

LISTEN CAREFULLY! THIS IS MY SUPER-PLAN FOR A BLITZKRIEG AGAINST AMERICA! TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK, THE PRESIDENT WILL SPEAK TO THE NATION! EVERY AMERICAN WILL BE LISTENING IN!

AND I WILL ORDER CITIZENS LIVING NEAR ARMS PLANTS TO BURN AND BLOW THEM UP SO THAT THEY DO NOT FALL INTO NAZI HANDS!

THIS SPECIAL RADIO-TRANSMITTER WILL CROWD OUT EVERY WAVELENGTH! ONLY MY VOICE WILL BE HEARD FROM THIS SET, CARRIED TO EVERY AMERICAN! I WILL SPEAK IN IMITATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE AND SAY THAT AMERICA WILL loose THE WAR!
WOW! THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT OF GRUEN'S WORDS MIGHT REALLY PRODUCE THE RESULTS HE WANTS, THE MADMAN!

WITH AMERICA OUT OF THE WAR, THE INVASION OF ENGLAND WILL BE EASY—THEN WE SHALL RULE THE WORLD!

HEIL, GRUEN, HEIL!

MEANWHILE, THE THREE MODERN MUSKETEERS GET TOGETHER...

Hi, Whitey! The Chief and I are going to ask Gruen a few questions before he hits the hay for the night!

He's gone! I ain't heard a sound from him!

No wonder I ain't heard a sound from him!

Look... this note says he was kidnapped.

The alarm is given...

Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for Marshal Gruen who has been kidnapped from government quarters! His description follows...

As usual the boys' deductions are correct! But Doris is working fast!

The Chief sure bawled you out for letting Gruen get kidnapped!

Shux! It must have happened while Doris was distracting my attention!

What? Say, I'll bet she's mixed up with Gruen's disappearance in some way! Leave it to her to get mixed up in an international incident!

That means where we find Doris, we find Gruen!

Almost ten o'clock! These ropes had better break!
DORIS SUCCEEDS IN FREEING HERSELF!

AT TEN O'CLOCK, WE CROWD OUT THE PRESIDENT'S VOICE! THEN I TALK AND ORDER THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FACTORIES PRODUCING ARMS!

MIND IF I SMASH THINGS UP A BIT, FRITZ?

ACH! STOP HER BEFORE SHE RUINS EVERYTHING!

NOT AFTER I GET THROUGH WRECKING YOUR TRANSMITTER, OTTO!

WHY DID YOU STOP ME? I WAS HAVING SO MUCH FUN!

NOW IT IS MY TURN TO HAVE SOME FUN! I WAS MERCIFUL BEFORE, AND I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER! BUT NOW--

A TIMELY INTRUDER KNOCKS ON THE DOOR!

OH! YOUR FRIENDS, EH? GOOD! TELL THEM EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT AND TO GO AWAY! ANY TRICKS, AND I SHOOT!

DON'T GET NERVOUS IN THE TRIGGER FINGER, FRITZ!

DORIS ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WE THOUGHT...

SCRAM, BOYS! I'M VISITING A SICK AUNT AND SHE DOESN'T LIKE COMPANY!

DORIS SUDDENLY DOES STRANGE THINGS WITH HER EYES!

OOGH! IF YOU GUYS DON'T GET MY SIGNAL....!!

DORIS SURE IS ACTIN' STRANGE--LIKE

WONDER IF SHE GOT SOMETHIN' IN HER EYE?

IT'S A SIGNAL! SOMEONE'S BEHIND HER AND HAS HER ON THE SPOT!

DORIS SURE IS ACTIN' STRANGE--LIKE

WONDER IF SHE GOT SOMETHIN' IN HER EYE?

IT'S A SIGNAL! SOMEONE'S BEHIND HER AND HAS HER ON THE SPOT!
NOW YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS YOU BUMPED INTO A DOOR!

AND A FAST, FREE-FOR-ALL FIGHT ENGUES!

FROM THE ARMY!
FROM THE MARINES!
AND FROM THE NAVY! UNQUOTE!

OWWW!

WHAM!

... AND GRUEN WAS GOING TO CROWD OUT THE PRESIDENT’S SPEECH, BUT I WRECKED HIS PLANS A BIT!
YOU GET YOURSELF INTO THE DARNEST SCRAPES! GOOD THING I SPOTTED YOUR CAR OUTSIDE!

BUT THE CRAFTY GRUEN HAS SNEAKED OUT UNNOTICED -

THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! I'LL GO IN HIDING FOR A FEW DAYS - UND THEN-

A MOMENT LATER, THE FOREIGN AGENTS ARE TURNED OVER TO A SQUAD OF RADIO-PATROLMEN AND-

KEEP THESE GUYS ON ICE UNTIL WE CALL FOR THEM!

HOW IMPELITE! TSK, TSK!

HOW IMPELITE!

LOOK... GRUEN TOOK MY CAR!

... AND GRUEN WAS GOING TO CROWD OUT THE PRESIDENT’S SPEECH, BUT I WRECKED HIS PLANS A BIT!

HEE-HEE!

THERE HE GOES!

WE’LL GET HIM!

THAT OLD BOAT OF YOURS COULDN’T BEAT A SNAIL IN A CROSS-COUNTRY RACE!

GALLOPIN’ SNAILS! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!

DO YA SUPPOSE HE DON’T LIKE US?

WILL IT DO?

WILL IT DO?

I THINK YOU’VE PLAYED WITH THAT TOY LONG ENOUGH!

NICE HE’S GOING BLOODY A!
HEH... WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, WHITNEY?

VAL, IF I WAS A DERRICK...

'I'D LIFT A PILE OF DIRT UP LIKE THIS!

ACH... LET GO!

LET GO!

OHHH, MY CAR! WHITEY, I COULD...

NEVER MIND, IT'S ALL FOR THE FLAG!

IT'S AFTER TEN! I'LL TURN ON THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH!

NOT TOO UNCOMFORTABLE I HOPE, HERR GRUEN!

--AND WITH EVERY FACTORY GEARED TO TOP SPEED, WE SHALL PRODUCE PLANES, GUNS, SHIPS, AND ALL THE NECESSARY ARTICLES TO...

IN EVERY CORNER OF THE NATION, AMERICANS LISTEN TO THE WORDS OF THE PRESIDENT.

TO WIN THIS WAR!!

HURRAH! YOU BET WE'LL WIN IT!

HEAR THAT, GRUEN? THAT'S THE VOICE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE! WHEN WE GET AROUSED, THERE'S NO STOPPING US!

TSK, TSK! CAN'TCHA KEEP ON YER FEET? CLUMSY!

I SEE THE THREE MUSKETEERS HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND! GOOD WORK!
Out of the murky depths of the underworld there rises occasionally a figure of such diabolic genius that not even the most innocent are safe from his fiendish designs... such a one was "The Blaze" a man who executed crimes of shocking violence under skies crimsoned by the glare of burning buildings... until those wonder archers of the world, the Green Arrow and Speedy, match modern science's deadliest weapons with ancient bow and arrow in... "Wings of Flame."
Night... and a weirdly masked giant gloats over the thronged theater district of a great city...

Theatre goers... thousands of them... tonight the blaze will give them a thrill to remember! Eh, Trigger?

You're a genius!

Fly away home, little messengers of destruction! No one will ever suspect either you or me of being the cause of what is about to happen!

Now for the jewels! As soon as the cops are busy across the street, hemmed in by crowds, I will strike! Are the motorcycles ready, Eel?

Ready and waitin', Chief?

The "home" of the fateful pigeons is a skyline perch!

And flaming havoc is their burden!

Sirens screaming, fire trucks dash to the now blazing building!

Hey! Quit shovin' Everybody back!
At the fringe of the crowd are Oliver Queen and Young Roy Harper.

Some blaze! Wonder what started it?

We'll probably read about it in the morning papers!

Suddenly, the chatter of guns jolts panic through massed spectators!

Hurry up before we're spotted!

He's one guy that won't squawk!

Help! Robbers!

Swiftly shedding their outer garments, the pair becomes the Green Arrow and Speedy, Wonder-Archer's of the world.

They're using motorcycles for a getaway!

And the police can't shoot at them for fear of hitting innocent bystanders!

Help!

Get going, trigger!

The crime cavalcade, led by their daring leader, roars away!

That bird in the funny helmet must be the boss bandit!

The super- shaftmen fire two arrow-lances knotted together into the criminals' midst.

Ulp!

Right with you!

The riderless motorcycle runs wild....

Let's go Speedy! Whoa-Nellie!
BE CAREFUL NOT TO HIT ANYONE, SPEEDY!

THE FEATHER OF THIS ARROW IS BENT FOR A CURVE SHOT... IF IT WORKS...

FLASHING IN A SWEEPING ARC, THE ARROW HEADS FOR ITS TARGET.

HERE GOES!

AND A SPLITS-SECOND LATER...

THE MOTORCYCLE BUCKS LIKE A WILD MUSTANG AS THE FRONT WHEEL LOCKS...

YOU GET THE ARROW PLANE, SPEEDY! I'LL NAB THIS GUY!

-BUT THE PYROMANIAC'S HAND DARTS OUT... A SILVERY CAPSULE STREAKS TOWARDS THE GREEN-CLAD PURSUEUR!

WOOF! AN INCENDIARY BOMB!

THAT OUGHT TO BURN YOU UP!

ENGINE ROARING, A MOTORCYCLE RAIDER SPEEDS BACK TO AID HIS CHIEF!

OKAY, GREEN ARROW! THIS TIME YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK!
GET HIM, TRIGGER!

OVER THE TOP, TRIGGER!

THE ARROW WHIZZES TRUE...

BAM!

A HAIL OF ARROWS TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF TRIGGER.

THIS GUY AIN’T HUMAN! I BETTER BEAT IT!

I’LL GO UP THE BACK WAY AND JOIN THE CHIEF WHILE THAT ARROW GUY IS BUSY WITH THOSE FLAME CAPSULES!

THIS WILL FINISH YOU, GREEN ARROW!

BUT A WHIZZING SHAFT HITS THE INCENDIARY CAPSULE IN MIDAIR...

CAN’T SHOOT AND CLIMB AT ONCE, BUT THAT’S THE CHANCE I’LL HAVE TO TAKE!

MEANWHILE, ON THE ROOF.

LET’S GO! THIS FLAME CAPSULE WILL KEEP THAT GREEN CLOWN DOWN THERE!
Eerie shadows make the Green Arrow's swaying form an elusive target...

He's climbing up. I'll plug him!

He's under the ledge! We can't hit him!

I'll have to wait here till they go away! Wonder what's keeping Speedy?

Brakes screeching the Arrowplane skids to a stop... A special built-in catapult hurling Speedy down to space...

Coming up!

What?

Boy! Am I glad to see you!

There they are... Looks like I'm just in time!

Don't you know it's bad manners to point?

Let's see if that helmet is arrowproof... it is!

Retreating, the blaze lays down a blazing barrage...

This tar roof will burn up in no time!

They're getting away!
AN ARROW-LINE STREAKS THROUGH THE INFERNO...

THEY AREN'T THROUGH WITH US, YET!

THIS IS A HOT ONE

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

But the blaze has covered his escape well with incendiary bombs...

You'll never get the blaze, Green Arrow... but I'll get you the next time we meet!

There they go! But we'll make it our business to see that the next meeting is soon. Eh, fellows?

You bet!

Next afternoon... Queen and Roy stroll through a park in the heart of the city...

That bandit the police captured said the blaze would pull his next job in this vicinity... this time we're ready for him.

Look... the pigeons' pal!

Ah, my Pretty! You are one I have watched for a long time! You always fly to the same windowsill!

Fly back there, little one, and give them a surprise!
**The Man overhears them...**

He doesn't look like anybody's pal!

Huh! Who are they? I'd better move!

Aren't we going to follow him?

Something tells me that pigeon is more important!

---

**Powerful lenses confirm Queen's suspicions...**

There's something funny here.

Let's go! That bird's carrying incendiary bombs like the blaze threw at us. He must be the blaze!

Using pigeons to start fires to cover up his crimes? That's a new one!

---

**In a private office beside the park...**

Glitter & Co.

Diamonds

Of course!

This way!

A silken arrow-line speeds the super-shaftsmen on their way...

This is the way to travel!

You bet... it's free!

While below them...

Back again, little friend? What are those things on your legs?

Glitter & Co.

Diamonds
Suddenly...

Sinister figures burst into the Diamond Merchants Office, as flames leap up...

Give us the diamonds, sister, unless you want to burn up in here!

Oh! They're in the safe!

Vanguard for the Master Archers...

Bet these are worth half a million!

The green arrow again! Get him, Trigger!

Lead will stop him!

Bowstrings twang and arrows hiss, as ancient weapons are matched with modern ones.

I don't believe it.

They're making a getaway through the hall window!

Can't leave these fellows to burn to death even if the crooks do get away!

Oh!
A clever aerial route aids the thieves in their flight!

Swinging past a flagpole, the Green Arrow makes a catch that would do credit to a trapeze artist...

An Arrow Escape!

A Noosed Arrow-Line opens over the fleeing thugs.

You might call it a ha-arrow-ing experience!

But as the bold bowmen hang over dizzy space...

So long, my fine-feathered friends!

Hang on, tight, Speedy!

Let's see if we can keep them there!

I'd like to see the Green Arrow stop us now!
Hey! I didn’t really mean that!
Here come the cops! We’re sunk!

Green Arrow and Speedy swing down from their high perch, but miss two of thugs.

There go the eel and trigger! Watch me flatten their tires!
Hold it! They can lead us to the boss!

A well-placed line swings them close to a private garage in a basement.

Now for the last lap... I hope!

Seconds later, the arrowplane’s supercharged motor rockets through the streets.
They headed this way!

There, they go! Two blocks ahead!

The whirlwind chase leads to a squalid section of the waterfront.

An abandoned warehouse!

And inside the warehouse...

Here they come... I told the Green Arrow that I’d get him... and this is one time I’ll keep my word!

If only they haven’t spotted us!

They’ll be on one of the lower floors.

Wonder which is the fastest way down?

The “fastest way down” takes the archers by surprise...

There should be stairs... look out!

A fine time to tell me!

I’m next!
SOME FLYING!
JUST LIKE PIGEONS... DEAD PIGEONS! HAW, HAW!

THE BATTING BOWMEN FIGHT FURIOUSLY

TOO CLOSE FOR ARCHERY... WE'LL GIN AWHILE!
PARDON MY GLOVE!

...BUT OVERWHELMING ODDS DEFEAT THEM!
TIE THEM TIGHTLY! BRING THEM TO THE CELLAR!

I'LL HANG THE KEY ON THE WALL... OPPOSITE... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WALK OUT AND GET IT... UNLOCK THE DOOR AND BE FREE! OR DON'T YOU THINK I'M FUNNY?

LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES TO LIVE... WHAT A WAY TO GO OUT... IN AN EXPLODING FURNACE!

BUCK UP! HAVEN'T OUR ARROWS ALWAYS BEEN OUR FRIENDS? SEE IF YOU CAN SLIP AN ARROW OUT OF MY QUIVER!

THESE THERMITE BOMBS WILL FILL THE ROOM WITH FIRE IN FIVE MINUTES! THE ROOM IS FIREPROOF... BUT YOU AREN'T!

SPEEDY SLIPS THE SHARP ARROW HEAD INTO THE KNOT...

IT WORKED! SPEEDY... THE ROPE SNAPED!

AND MOMENTS LATER, THE ARROW-LINE SOLVES ANOTHER PROBLEM.

THIS WILL BE GOOD... IF IT WORKS!
Whizzing with uncanny accuracy, the Arrow lands true...

Speedy—get those thermite capsules!

Right!

In a blaze of glory! HAH-HAH.

Twin shafts, with the capsules attached, whistle overhead... and a shattering blast signals the end of villainy...

What?

Arrows dart with machine-gun swiftness and...

Better than handcuffs!

I shoulda stood in bed today!

Off with his head!

THAT’S GETTING AT THE SEAT OF THE TROUBLE!

Y-H-I- I SURRENDER!

After the blaze and his murderous henchmen have been delivered to the police...

One more trophy for our collection!

The blaze’s helmet... but no helmet ever made can shield a criminal from justice!

The Green Arrow and Speedy score a direct hit in every issue of more fun comics!

Join the Wizard Archers for streamlined target thrills!
SURROUNDED by darkness, except for the spot of light provided by the gooseneck lamp on his desk, the old man studied the recommendations of the War Department. Today, the War Department had tested the new and powerful explosive and the old man knew that this, the latest contribution to his Government, was going to help win the war.

He chuckled as his eyes fell on the first page of the letter addressed to him. "Dr. Dearing." He smiled happily. "Tom Dearing, a doctor," he murmured.

* * *

He smiled ruefully as he turned to the second page of the letter. It hadn't been easy to persuade the Board of Directors that he liked to work alone, and preferably at night. That talk of enemy agents now—gosh, didn't the Board of Directors know he could take care of himself? Besides, who could get past the guards that surrounded the place, except workmen with proper credentials?

Doc Dearing shook his head. Well, it didn't hurt to keep the Board of Directors happy. Ramsey, one of the night guards, looked in the tiny office every hour. And he was long enough on the job now to know he shouldn't disturb him. Yes, Ramsey was a smart Irishman, Doc Dearing reflected. There were many nights Ramsey made his hourly appearance and still couldn't be noticed.

Dearing sighed. Well, one job would be out of the way tomorrow. The War Department had indicated the plans for the new explosive would no longer be his responsibility. In a way he was glad. Lately, he had been getting tired more easily. He took off his glasses.

"You will please not make any noise. And do not move!"

The voice was low and menacing. Dearing did not see the owner of it until the man and his companion stepped close to the circle of light on the desk. The light glinted on the blue metal of the silenced pistol. As Dearing saw the man's white, well-groomed fingers on the gun he realized instantly that the intruder, despite the workmen's clothes and badge he wore, did not belong in the Dearing plant. A munition worker's hands are not soft.

Both men wore workmen's badges, Dearing saw an instant later. The second man said: "We had better not waste time, Max."

"We won't!" The voice was guttural. "Today, Doctor," it addressed itself to Dearing, "you had some plans approved, with recommendations. We want those plans."

Dearing marveled. The Board of Directors, for once, had been right. Danger did threaten him. He winced with pain as strong fingers grasped his arm, twisted it up almost to his neck. "You heard. Where are they?"

"In the safe," Dearing gasped. "The key is in the strongbox in my desk. I—I'll get them."

He opened his drawer. A foot shut it.

"Just a minute, my friend," the man called Max said ominously. "Do you take us for fools?" The face of his watch gleamed in the light as he looked at it, then sat in the chair alongside Dearing's desk. "We are perfectly aware that on the hour the watchman looks in here." His hand grasped the multipaged communication on
the desk. Its long sheets covered the gun pointed directly at Dearing's heart. "We will wait a few moments. If the guard should ask, you sent for us to discuss something. You understand?"

"Yes. Yes." said Dearing, hastily. "I do." His tired eyes studied the cold features of Max. The other man was bending over the desk, back to the door.

His face, beneath the light's reflection, had the same hardness and cruelty apparent in his companion's. It wasn't difficult now to realize in what country's service they carried on their secret work. With such faces, no mercy could be expected. Even if a man wanted it. And Tom Dearing didn't.

"You're right," he said. "Ramsey will be here any minute. He always looks in. You fellows sure think of everything. I don't know how you ever got in here."

"It is unfortunate," Max said, "that the workmen from whom we borrowed these clothes will be unable to tell you." His slitted eyes lighted fanatically. "Perhaps soon, with the help of your new explosive, we may be able to make your nation understand that we are the superior race."

"Max!" It was a whispered warning.

The door opened a crack. Ramsey stood there. No surprise was on his face. Doc Dearing frequently talked to workmen. Every man in the plant liked him. There was nothing high-hat about a genius like old Doc.

"Oh, Ramsey." Dearing's tone was conversational, but the hearth beat rapidly as he saw the almost imperceptible movement of Max's gun. It stopped as he added: "I've got some important business with these two men. See that we're not disturbed."

"Sure, Doc," Ramsey grinned. "You know me. Huh?"

He paused on his way out. His face was puzzled.

"I'm fresh out of cigarettes," Dearing said. "You got a pack?"

"Yeah, sure!" Ramsey fished in his pockets, brought out a packet of cigarettes and deposited them on the table. "But I didn't—"

"That's all, Ramsey. Get going!" Dearing proffered cigarettes to his visitors, put one to his own lips. "I've got work to do."

The door closed behind Ramsey. Max said:

"You showed excellent judgment, Doctor. I must commend you. And now, the plans."

"Oh yes, yes." Dearing removed the unlighted cigarette from his lips. As he did so, his glasses fell to the floor. "Now I've done it," he said, "look at this. One of the lenses was broken. I'm blind as a bat without them."

Max's hand struck his face. "You fool—do you think we have all night? Give us that key. Here's the box."

He removed the strongbox from the bottom drawer, opened the lid and dumped out the contents. A number of keys clattered on the desk. Max said impatiently, "Which key fits?"

The palm of the other man's hand snapped Dearing's head back. "Try to see out of this good lens, you blundering fool!" the man grated. He forced the glasses on Dearing's nose.

Dearing blinked, fumbled with the keys. "I—I—think this is the one," he said hesitantly. "The safe is on the left wall."

Max snatched at the key. "Here," he said to his friend. "Cover this fool! If he moves, shoot him! We've wasted enough time. I—"

He stopped, his eyes wide with fright as light suddenly flooded the room. The comforting bulk of Ramsey, behind a gun, loomed large in the doorway. Behind Ramsey was a short, bald-headed man, who also carried a gun.

"You have wasted enough time," Ramsey said evenly. "And that gun drops to the floor right now! You okay, Doc?"

Dearing wiped his perspiring forehead. "Yes," he said, breathing heavily. "I'm sure glad you understood, Ramsey."

The two spies were staring. Dearing pointed to an enormous sign behind him, which had been hidden until the light went on. It read:

"Absolutely No Smoking!"

And Ramsey was saying: "And so I said to Superintendent Harris, here, Doc. 'How come the Doc asks for my cigarettes when he's the one who made the no smoking rule, and besides, he never smoked in his life?'"

"And so, Ramsey," Doc added happily, "you rightly concluded that where there's smoke there must be fire!"
Gee Man

Hey, Rover—wake up! I just heard a flash on a police car radio—c’mon!

There’s a lot of automobile tire thieves around town—maybe we’d cruise around and keep our eyes open!

Say officer—will you keep your eyes on my car while I make a call?

Yessiree!

Okay—buy yourself a soda!

Thanks, mister!

Say—we’re doin’ okay—watch that man’s car—I’ll get us a couple o’ ice cream cones!

But wait—maybe here’s another chance to make some more dough!

But that guy’s actin’ mighty funny—

Thanks for watching my car—sonny—but I lost my keys!

Oh, excuse me—I thought you were an automobile thief!

Hey, mister—zat your car?
- Say - if you'll just break the glass for me - I'll get it started okay.

  - Sure - I'll be glad to help ya!

  - CRASH!

  - That's fine!

- Here - buy yourself something!

- Gee - he was a nice fellow! He gave me 50 cents!

- Hey - officer! Someone stole my car!

  - Where'd you leave it, doc?

  - Right here officer!

  - Gee! We'd better beat it back to headquarters!

  - Hey - rover! Where's our car?

  - You're a swell g-dog - you are!

  - Ya even let somebody walk off with our police car!
Backstage of a second-rate vaudeville theatre, Mastro the Great faces Cara, his beautiful assistant!

Another performance finished, Mastro! A fair crowd!

Fair crowd—bah! Just a handful of fools to watch Mastro the great! I’m fed up...

Look at me! I can pull money out of the thin air... phoney money!

It’s one of your best tricks!

In wild rage, Mastro pours out his bag of tricks!

Pigeons... ducks... phoney money, but from today on things will be different.

Please stop, Mastro.

Never before in history has mortal man been given such magic power as Lando’s with which to do good and fight evil! Use of that power has carried Lando into some weird and fantastic cases... but not to equal the new adventure! It is white magic against black evil... true magic against stage trickery... as Lando faces Mastro the Great in the amazing mystery of "The Vanishing V-Men!"
BILLS! NOTHING BUT BILLS! I—THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN... HOUNDED BY BILL COLLECTORS, PLAYING CHEAP THEATRES... I'M FED UP!

YEARS OF HARD WORK FOR SMALL PAY HAVE WARPED THE GREAT MAGICIAN'S VIEWPOINT!

MASTRO! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? REMEMBER, YOU'RE ON THE BIG VICTORY CHARITY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT!

CHARITY... OH! I'M THERE—BUT I'LL GET THE CHARITY... I'LL USE MY TRICKS TO MAKE MYSELF RICH!

RUSHING OUT INTO THE NIGHT, MASTRO HEADS TOWARD THE MOST UNSPOKY SECTION OF TOWN!

OKAY, PAL! WHERE D'VEH THINK YOU'RE GOIN'? TO SEE THE BIG SHOT MONSTRO! TELL HIM MASTRO HAS DECIDED TO ACCEPT HIS PROPOSITION!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

MAN! SO YOU DECIDED TO PLAY ALONG WITH ME, EH? HOW COME?

I'M TIRED OF WORKING FOR PENNIES! YOU PROMISED ME BIG MONEY IF I'D TURN MY MAGIC TRICKS TO CRIME. I'M READY!

MEANWHILE, THE LOVELY CARA HAS SOUGHT THE AID OF A GREATER MAGICIAN... LANDO!

I KNOW MASTRO'S MAGIC IS ONLY STAGE TRICKERY, BUT HE'S REALLY A FINE MAN. I'M SO WORRIED!

TRICKERY OR NOT... HIS MAGIC MAKES PEOPLE LAUGH AND FORGET THEIR TROUBLES... NOW, WHAT'S WRONG?

HE'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT MONEY! TONIGHT HE BLOW UP! I'M SO AFRAID HE'LL GET INTO TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY. I'LL SEE HIS ACT AT THE VICTORY SHOW TOMORROW NIGHT AND THEN HAVE A TALK WITH HIM!

THANK YOU! WE WERE GOING TO BE MARRIED WHEN SHOW BUSINESS GOT BETTER! DON'T LET HIM POSEL IT, JUST WHEN HE HAS A CHANCE!

BUT AFTER CARO LEAVES, LANDO'S AIR OF CONFIDENCE VANISHES!

POOR KID! I'LL DO ALL I CAN... BUT A MAGICIAN TURNED CRIMINAL COULD TAX EVEN MY POWERS TO PREVENT THE WORST!
The next night, at the huge V-For Victory charity show.

His magic is certainly tops in entertainment.

Now for my last and greatest trick...a smashing surprise I've worked out especially for this occasion!

Oh-oh! I wonder what he's planning? There's a glitter in his eyes!

The audience waits expectantly as Mastro calls for volunteers...

Watch carefully as I enclose these five volunteers inside the magic cabinet!

Abracadabra! See...they've disappeared!

Mastro closes the cabinet, gestures with his magic wand, and...

Another gesture, a puff of smoke...and Mastro himself vanishes from sight!

Wait! Something's wrong!

You fool! I'm going to disappear, too...

Now for the big surprise! Ha! Ha! You think I'm going to make them reappear somewhere else? Don't you? But I'm not...

Another gesture, a puff of smoke...and Mastro himself vanishes from sight!

As the crowd waits in dazed bewilderment, Lando leaps to the stage...

Lando! What happened? He never did that trick before! When is he going to reappear?

This wasn't part of the show! Mastro's kidnapped five millionaires...and he isn't planning to reappear!

Wait! He's set the stage on fire to halt pursuit!

Come on! There's a secret trapdoor he uses for getting vanishing people! We can follow...
SIGHT OF THE FIRE SENDS THE VAST AUDIENCE INTO PANIC!

HELP!

FIRE! THE THEATRE'S ON FIRE!

LET ME OUT!

A MAGIC GESTURE...

AND THE MENACING FLAMES TURN TO FOUNTAINS OF LOVELY ROSES, HALTING THE DEADLY PANIC BEFORE ANYONE IS HURT.

THIS IS KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE!

HOW WONDERFUL! YOU'VE SAVED ALL THESE PEOPLE!

IF THEY LEARN THE TRUTH, MASTRO WILL BE SENT TO PRISON. CAN'T YOU SAVE HIM?

OH-OH-HERE COME THE POLICE TO SEE ABOUT THE FIRE AND THE MISSING V-MEN!

Determined to help Cara, Lando makes a quick decision.

WHERE'S THAT MASTRO AND THE MILLIONAIRE'S V-ARMS?

WAIT EVERYBODY! THIS WAS MASTRO'S BIG SURPRISE TRICK! TOMORROW MORNING HE'LL REAPPEAR WITH THE COMMITTEE AT THE CITY HALL... WITH A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTION TO THE VICTORY FUND!

Oh, thank you, Lando! You were wonderful...

I will be when I wiggle out of this jam! All I have to do is find Mastro and those men, get them back on time....

...and change Mastro's heart so hell marry you, and stay away from crime!

You can do it, Lando! I know you can!

We haven't a moment to lose! I'll find their whereabouts through my special crystal!

The rest will be easy, I know!
YOU THINK THE JOB WILL BE EASY? HAVE A LOOK IN HERE! THAT'S THE HEADQUARTERS OF MORETTI, PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE!

NICE COIN, MASTRO! THE COPS'LL BE RUNNIN' IN CIRCLES WHILE WE COLLECT A MILLION BUCKS RANSOM FOR THEM SAPS!

YOU WERE RIGHT, MORETTI! CRIME IS EASY AND PROFITABLE - FOR A SMART FARMER LIKE US!

WHEN WE GET THERE, YOU CAN USE YOUR MAGIC TO MAKE MASTRO TURN AWAY FROM CRIME! THEN WE'LL BE MARRIED, AND...

NOT SO FAST! MAGIC WON'T CHANGE A BLACK HEART! I CAN ONLY GIVE MASTRO A CHANCE TO SEE HIS MISTAKES AND REFORM BY HIMSELF!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO HOPLESS!

DO THIS... BY-Z-Z-Z- BY-Z-Z-...

A MARVELOUS IDEA, LANDO! I KNOW IT WILL WORK AND I'LL GO RIGHT AWAY! PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

NOT AT ALL - AND THAT ORPHANAGE GIVES ME AN IDEA. WAIT HERE WHILE I VISIT OUR "PATIENT", OR BETTER YET.

Meanwhile, a new crime is being plotted inside...

While we're waitin' for ransom on those old Geezers, well pull a bank job! Got your stunt worked out, Mastro?

Yes! I go in first and ask who's the bank president. I'll do some tricks to get his attention!

Then I'll point my wand at the wall and say, APPEAR!

GOSH! AND WHAT'LL COME OUT, HAH?

WHAT IS THIS?

It was good of you to invite me in!

It's a trick! I never sent for him!
Mastro, Cara is waiting outside to ride home with you! She knows you didn't mean to get mixed up in a mess like this!

That's tellin' him, kid! Take care of Smoothy, boys!

Wait! You mean you willingly tied yourself to murder, Mastro?

Yeah! Listen, carpet-top. I know what I'm doing! Beat it!

A gesture from Lando and the one prisoners fall into a deep sleep that resembles death.

See, Mastro? You've been tricked.

They are dead! Moretti, you promised me there'd be no violence!

I didn't bump 'em off!

What a fool I was! I might have known there was no such thing as easy money!

Knock! Knock!

Aw, grow up, gang. Take care of both 'em! Dead guys can't squeal!

Is that so? Answer the door before you make rash statements!

Yeeow! Take 'em away! They're all dead...we killed 'em!

You shot me, Moretti! Remember me, Spike? You stabbed me in the back, Tony!

You see, Mastro. Dead men do talk! They cry constantly to the consciences of men who murder. There is no escape...
HE'S THE GUY WHO'S RESPONSIBLE. I'LL BLAST HIM...

VICE! TAKE YOUR VENGEANCE!

VENGEANCE! WE'VE WAITED LONG FOR THIS CHANCE!

UGH! TAKE 'EM AWAY!

WITH THE GANG FIRMLY BOUND, LANDO'S GESTURE SENDS THE PHANTOM BACK TO THE SPIRIT WORLD!

YOU'VE WON—WITH YOUR TRUE MAGIC! MY MAGIC IS ONLY TRICKERY, OF NO VALUE TO ANYBODY! I'M ALL WASHED UP...

YOU THINK YOUR MAGIC IS USELESS? COME WITH ME!

AN ORPHAN ASYLUM! WHAT ARE WE GOING HERE FOR?

YOU'LL SEE! WALK RIGHT IN!

Hooray! He's come! Mastro the Great!

I had Cara bring your equipment here. These poor orphans have never seen a real magic show!

It's marvelous! And see how his eyes sparkle—He's the old Mastro again!

He's discovered that the world does need his kind of magic to bring laughter and sunshine into the dark corners!

An hour later, they leave, a cheering, happy audience!

You win, Lando! But it's too late. I'm wanted for kidnapping and murder!

You're wanted to keep on doing good in the world, Mastro. Come back across the street with me!
Landor's Magic Erases All Memories of Their Kidnapping, Replacing Them with a New Thought...

Mastro, Your Idea of Having Us Help You Capture These Gangsters Worked Out Perfectly!

Relax, Officer! Keep Your Eye on That Magic Cabinet!

In the Morning, Crowds Gather to See the Return of Mastro and the Missing Men!

What a Stunt! Look at That Smoke!

Here They Come Now!

Presenting, Mastro the Great!

Here We Are, Folks! With Our Contribution to the Victory Fund!

Hey, That's Moretti and His Mob!

Wow! There's a Fortune in Rewards Offered for These Guys, Mastro. You'll Be Rich...

I Am Rich. I'm Going to Marry the Most Wonderful Girl in the World. Give the Reward to the Victory Fund!

What a Publicity Stunt, Mastro! I Want to Sign You Up for My Theatres at $1,000 a Week!

You've Settled Everything, Landor. Even His Money Worries!

You Know, Landor, I Could Swear You Had a Lot More to Do with This Than You'll Admit!

Well... You Know Us Magicians Have to Stick Together.

No! I Only Helped Mastro Get the Right Viewpoint. His Magic Did Most of It!

Don't Miss Landor's Adventures in the Next Issue of Worlds Finest Comics
THE BIG EIGHT!
"TOPS" IN MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINES

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Snowmen don’t talk... or do they?
This is a riddle that confronts the dynamic duo as they stalk a band of human wolves across the glacial, icy plains of the sub-zero Arctic regions!
For crime freezes over at the “top of the world” when Batman and Robin battle freezing temperatures and polar pirates to solve the spine-chilling mystery of...

*The North Pole Crimes!*

---

Let’s take a look in at a certain gangland headquarters...

Boys, this town isn’t healthy for us any more! Every cop knows every hideout and every racket!

Yeah... and don’t forget how the Batman has been makin’ it tough fer us!
Boys, while I've been away, I've worked out a slant for a new racket... and a clever hideout!

A new angle, eh, Boss? Ain't no wonder they call you "Angles" Bigbee!

But, Boss, what about the Batman? He's sure to catch wise!

Not where we're going! We'll be thousands of miles away from the Batman! Five thousand miles, to be exact!

Huh?

High up in the far-flung North are the company trading posts... maintained to barter and buy seal skins and furs from Eskimos and trappers...

One day, over one of these trading posts is heard the drone of a plane... an autogiro...

From it step bandits... ruthless and thorough!

Swiftly, the bandits depart... pausing only long enough to construct a snow man!

Hey! Look what they left! A snow man! S' help me!

What's the idea?

In the days to follow, in Alaska, Greenland, Baffin Island, and other northern points, the bandits strike cleverly and swiftly...

Sometimes by plane... sometimes by ski peeps...

And after each crime, the bandits leave behind a grotesque memento... a blank-faced snow man!
But, the secret of that glacier lies inside!

For that glacier is in reality the fortress and lair of the "Snow Man Bandits!"

Farther to the north, a man sits in a room and laughs.

A nice haul, boys! Yessir, we're doing all right for ourselves up here! Ha! Ha!

Yeah... an' what a hideout! I never seen nothin' like it before!

The hideout? Look at this glacier that seems so much a part of the landscape about it...

At that moment... over another mountain of ice!

But this is a mountain of ice cream, set before Dick Grayson in summery Gotham City!

Some time later, two costumed rovers race over rooftops in answer to a summons from the sky... the symbol of a giant bat!

Boy, am I going to enjoy this! Mmm!

Better enjoy it fast, Dick... we've got to go a-calling!

Police want us, Robin!
At Police Headquarters...

...There it is, Batman, the whole story! It's a bizarre case, but we feel you can solve the mystery of the snowmen!

And since the F.B.I. is busy these days running down spies and saboteurs,...

I understand...they can't be interrupted in their fine work! Well,...it's off to the north for Batman and company!

Later at home...

When! How can we move in these heavy furs in case we run into some action?

We'll wear our costumes interwoven with fine wires! All we do is connect them to the small dynamos in our belts...and the radiating heat will protect us from the cold!

Still later...a weird craft rises in the night-sky!

Well, Robin, here we go again...into fresh fields of crime!

The first lap...refueling at a small settlement in Alaska's Klondike!

It's Batman and Robin!

Hi, men...my gas tanks just about empty! I'd like to fill it up and get going again!

As Batman and Robin step into the trading store for gas...suddenly!

As soon as we...hey! What's that?

Gunfire! Something happening!

Bang! Bang!!

It's them "snow man" bandits!

What a break...right into our laps! C'mon, Robin!

Yippee! Let's take'em!

As one unit, the two-man team explodes into razzle-dazzle action!

My-my! This is like old times!

You said it!
WHO'S NEXT ON LINE?

BOY-O-BOY, WHAT A SET-UP FOR A SUNDAY PUNCH!

LOOK, GUYS! IT'S THE BATMAN!

OH-OH-REINFORCEMENTS! GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!

Haven't thrown the hammer since my college days! Bet I'm all off form!

NOT BAD! OUGHT TO TRY IT MORE OFTEN!

SAY! WHAT GOES ON?

THAT MUST BE ONE OF THEIR PLANES!

DUCK, ROBIN! THAT PROPELLER WILL CUT US TO BITS!

BY A HAIRBREADTH, THE WHIRLING PROPELLER MISSES THE DUCKING DUO... BUT IN LEVELING OFF, THE JUTTING WHEEL CONNECTS!
Across the desolate Arctic wastes float the glad voices of two old-timers whose lonely lives are somehow made full again by the nightly game.

Hello, you old sour dough! Are you ready to finish last night's game and be taken over?

Hah! Stop chirpin' an' play, I'm jumpin' your red king on square 23 with my black on square 24!

Curly...Curly! What's happened?

I'm gettin' company, Cal! Reminds me I meant to tell you I saw somethin' mighty suspicious on... Bang...Bang!...Ohhh... Crackle! Crackle!

Suddenly, as Cal makes his move...

Batsman! I want to add you to my collection! What's this?

That's Ray! He's been travelin' in these parts takin' pitchers fer a book he's writin'!
ROBIN, wheel out the Batplane. We're going to see what happened to Curly!

I'm going, too!

That's it, Batman... that's Curly's cabin!

Can't land on this treacherous land, and in this darkness! Robin, you'd better get set for a jump!

A short flight carries the Batman to the frigid Arctic reaches...

AN INSTANT LATER, A SMALL FIGURE PLUNGES EARTHWARD... THEN STRAIGHTENS WITH A SNAP AS A PARACHUTE PUFFS OPEN!

Lighted flares cast eerie dancing shadows on the snow as Robin guides the Batman via their two-way radio!

Okay... watch out for drift on right... come in easy!

A safe landing... and the group enters the cabin... to stop short, shocked and horrified!

Cal, don't look! Too late, Batman! I seen what those skunks done to my pard! They killed Curly... who never hurt nobody in his whole life!

Batman, something's wrong here! The way these checkers is on that board don't make sense!

Hmmm... Cal, I think Curly put the board like that to send us a message before he died!

He recognized his murderers! He had no pencil, but wanted to give us a clue! Cal, why does each square have a number on it?

So we could tell each other's moves! Curly an' me set each other's board by them!

Exactly! Notice the checkers are on squares 2-9-11-15 and 21! If we substitute the corresponding letters of the alphabet we get... Bikou!
Bikou is a large glacier twenty miles from here! Ray will take you!

Curly saw something there while hunting, and was killed to be kept from talking! Cal, I'm going to Bikou! You stay here and bury Curly!

Next morning, as a chill wind howls and whines over the frozen expanse!

Why don't we take the Batplane instead of this dog sled, Batman?

The roar of our motor might warn the criminals we're after. We want a silent approach!

All right, you huskies... mush!

Sure, I'll guide you, Batman... I know this sector well!

Weary miles later, as Batman and Robin sleep under the stars... a furtive figure creeps forward... and...

HA! HA! Sleep tight, Batman!

Disturbed by the noise... Robin awakens...

What... I ray... you one of those crooks? ugh!

The game goes for you, brat! ha! ha!

From his over-sized camera case, the treacherous photographer uncovers a wireless set! A moment later...

Hello, angles! I took care of the Batman and Robin! What do I do now... plug 'em?

No! Let 'em die of starvation and cold! Nobody will ever find them! They'll be buried under snowdrifts! Hop to it!

Later... as Batman and Robin struggle to their feet...

He's gone! That rat ray has left us stranded!

No loot, too! Robin, there's only one thing to do... and that's hike!

Hours later find two chilled figures stubbornly pushing forward on leaden feet... forward through a lashing, howling blizzard... ever forward...
The terrible cold cuts like an icy knife and chills to the bone!

So cold... Can't go on... I can't!

You've got to, Robin! If we stop now, we're goners!

S'f'nnny... I feel warm now... and I'm getting so sleepy... so sleepy!

No, Robin, no! That's the first sign that a person's freezing to death. Fight it, kid... pretend you're hitting the Joker's swing... fight... punch!

Sleepy! Quitting, eh? You haven't to 5l... uh!

Without warning, Batman slaps Robin sharply!

I should have known better than to team up with a yellow little brat like you!

Yellow? Me, yellow!! And after all the time I've helped you out of scrapes!

I'm not yellow! You hear... I'm not yellow... I'm n--

Ha! Ha! Take it easy, Chump! I only did that to get you hot under the collar so you'd fight off the cold! It worked, too!

United again, the two pals trudge onward... and the blizzard gives way to a blazing sun that reflects dazzling rays off the white snow.

That snow... so white... it hurts my eyes...

Don't think about it, Robin... keep moving... got to go on...

Then... late under the afternoon sun... catastrophe!

Me, too, Robin! It's the snow... the white snow! We're blind! Snow-blind!

We're blind! Blind...

Batman... my eyes... I can't see!

Easy, Robin... don't... what's that? Sounds like a bear coming after us... and we can't see!
Even as the terrible shaggy shape lumbered forward, a rifle shot shattered the silence...

CRACK!

It's okay, Batman... I got 'em!

CA!... Robin... it's cal... we must have walked in a circle! It's cal... we're okay now... it's cal!

I'm gettin' somethin' on this set I finally fixed again!

North town! That's near here!

Those bandits must have a hideout near Bkou glacier! That's why they tried to keep us away from there... but not any more! C'mon!

Two days pass, and the Batman and Robin recover from their temporary attack of snow blindness!

Boy, it's good to be able to see again!

Batman, I wish I knew why that skunk ray didn't come back to kill me, too!

Probably figured it wasn't necessary. It was me, he wanted out of the way!

And the bandits left a snowman at the edge of north town after looting it of its furs and...

Hours later... at the outskirts of north town... the Batman addresses the scant colony at the trading post...

...well, men... there's the story! Are you going to let those bandits continue to rob and kill... or are you going to run them out of the north?

Run 'em! Let's go get 'em!

Preparations for battle! Robin tunes up the batplane parked near the snowman left by the bandits after their latest coup...

Hot gas fumes hiss out from the exhaust pipe beside the snowman... and the snowman begins to melt!
Suddenly, the Batman's keen eyes detect a shiny object imbedded in the melting snow man...

Gay... What's this? Looks like a metal box!

The cover is pried open... And inside...

Money! Well, I'll be hog-tied! Look at that roll! Phew!

Again Batman's roving eyes spot something behind a snow bank!

Well, well... If it isn't our old photographer friend Ray!

No, Batman! I didn't mean to leave you stranded! No! Let me go!

A threatening fist induces Ray to talk!

My boss is "Angles" Bigbee... His hideout is inside Bikou Glacier! I go to various towns... Tip him off when a supply of furs comes in... He pays by leaving money inside the snow men!

So that's the secret of the snow men... Really a clever pay-off method! This calls for a plan of action...

Hours later! As the famed Aurora Borealis curtains the sky, skimming over frozen water about Bikou Glacier comes a fleet of strange craft... Ice boats bearing the Batman's army!

Inside Bikou Glacier a look-out shouts loudly...

"Angles!" Look! A regular army's comin'!

Something's slipped up... Get the boys out on the ski peeps!

Atop the hill overlooking the ice, two ghost-white figures move unseen across the snow!

C'mon, Robin, while the men keep 'Angles' men busy, we'll sneak up on the glacier!

Good stunt, this! With our spare suits dyed white nobody can spot us!

For the first time in their careers, Batman and Robin abandon black costumes for white camouflage!
BATMAN, those men in the ski peeps have machine guns! They'll cut our men down! I've got to stop them!

Down, picking up snow in its descent...

...Down...down...gathering momentum and picking up snow until it becomes a huge, ton-heavy juggernaut...

With express train speed, it rushes down and slams head-on into the ski peeps!

SPLAT!

HELP!

Out of that miniature avalanche rises Robin to lead the ice-boaters to battle!

ROBIN, the human bowling ball...a little damp...a little dizzy...but no bones broken...c'mon, men...up an' at 'em!

Yipee!

In his fortress, "Angles" senses imminent defeat...his blazing eyes pick out a hateful figure on the snows...

WHAT A BREAK! THAT'S THE BATMAN! WELL...HERE'S WHERE I SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH HIM!

The trigger finger tightens...and whining slugs tear through the bat cave, into the figure's back!

Does death at last claim the Batman here on the frozen wastes?
But at that instant...

**Batman! You!**

Yes... I just adopted your own snow man stunt... that was a snow man you fired at... dressed in the Batman costume!

While you shot at it, I circled around you!

As the two crash onto the ice field, the Batman is underneath and receives a stunning blow...

I watch every angle, Batman! I always carry a spare rod just in case... say your prayers, pal!

Just as suddenly, the crack closes again... and grinding death dooms the bandit chief!

That was one angle "angles" didn't figure on!

Suddenly, the ice cracks open under the gangster's very feet!

And so ends the mystery of the "snow man" bandits! And next day... as a bat-winged craft heads for home...

Well, Cal... I imagine you'll be glad to see civilization again, eh?

I took that Ray Feller's camera along as a souvenir. You just gotta let me take a certain kind o' picture!

A certain kind? Okay... but it sounds mysterious!

Sure will... and it sure is nice o' you to take me along with you! Say, how about you and Robin posin' for a picture?

That "certain kind o' picture"... later appears in every paper of the country!

For it is a picture of the Batman and Robin planting the stars and stripes at the North Pole!

**The End**
Coming at you ON THE SCREEN!

Every month a thrilling new SUPERMAN feature short in Technicolor...see him, hear him in thrilling new adventures. Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when SUPERMAN is coming to town!

Watch for SUPERMAN in
“ELECTRIC EARTHQUAKE”
“VOLCANO”
“TERROR In The MIDWAY”
“THE JAPOTEURS”
“TWIN TROUBLE”
“SHOWDOWN”

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