

# WHIZ COMICS

JUNE  
NO. 5

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢



CAPTAIN MARVEL SCORES AGAIN!





# HEY PALS!

## HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE MY PICTURE

# Absolutely Free?

**L**OTS of boys and girls have requested a picture of **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, sensational star of **WHIZ COMICS**. Well, **NOW** you can own a beautiful, 7" x 10" portrait of **YOUR FAVORITE COMICS HERO** in full, sparkling color—absolutely free! Here's how:

### FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

1. Clip out the **CAPTAIN MARVEL Picture Certificate No. 1**, which you will find on Page 64. Fill it out and save it—it's valuable.
2. Clip out Certificate No. 2 from the July **WHIZ COMICS** (on sale May 24), fill it out and save it.
3. Clip out Certificate No. 3 from the August **WHIZ COMICS** (on sale June 26), fill it out and send it, with Certificates No. 1 and No. 2, plus your name and address, to:

### CAPTAIN MARVEL PICTURE EDITOR

Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn.

4. **STAND BY** for your big color picture of **CAPTAIN MARVEL**, which will come to you by return mail—**ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

### REMEMBER!

You must send all three certificates together—not separately—with your name and address, **BEFORE SEPTEMBER 1, 1940**. This offer expires on that date, so send in your Certificates as soon as you have all three.

## HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE WHIZ COMICS CASH CONTEST (Announced in the March WHIZ COMICS) WHICH CLOSED FEBRUARY 25

**FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00**—Maynard Wilson, R. R. No. 5, Truro, Nova Scotia, Can. **SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00**—Madeline Joseph, 23 Water St., Eastport, Me. **THIRD PRIZE, \$1.00 each**—John Francis, 1034 Burns Ave., Wyoming, O.; Rene Rohart, 54 Vreeland Ave., Clifton, N. J.; Joan E. Grant, 7218 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Pussy Auerback, Sunninghill, Glen Head, L. I.; Charles R. Diveley, 609 Washington St., Berlin, Pa.; Ray Lawton, Jr., 114 Western Pkwy., Schenectady, N. Y.; Pat Denihan, 103 Chamberlain St., Brewer, Me.; Jimmy Timmons, Jr., 711 Maine St., Cedarville, N. J.; Willie Louie, 362-23rd St., Ogden, Utah; George Hall Keomalu, P. O. Box 243, Honokaa, Hawaii.

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WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN IS CAPTAIN MARVEL, WHOSE MATCHLESS STRENGTH, WISDOM, STAMINA, POWER, COURAGE AND SPEED AID HIM IN HIS NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE. BUT IN EVERYDAY LIFE HE IS BILLY BATSON, BOY RADIO REPORTER, WHO CAN BECOME CAPTAIN MARVEL AT WILL MERELY BY SPEAKING THE MAGIC WORD: **SHAZAM!**

# Capt. MARVEL

HELLO, FOLKS! THIS IS BILLY BATSON, BRINGING YOU THE RADIO STORY OF THE CENTURY!



I'LL HAVE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY AT MY MERCY!



AFTER FIVE YEARS OF CAREFUL PLANNING, A PHANTOM GENIUS OF CRIME PERFECTS A FIENDISHLY CLEVER SCHEME FOR WHOLESALE ROBBERY.



**DAILY EXPRESS**

\*\*\*  
FINAL

**CRIME WAVE SWEEPS AMERICA;  
ROBBERIES TOTAL \$250,000,000;  
POLICE SUSPECT MASTER MIND**

A MONTH LATER NEWSPAPERS FROM COAST TO COAST CARRY A SENSATIONAL STORY.

ANY CLUES AS TO WHO IS THE MASTER MIND BEHIND THE CRIME WAVE, SIR?

NOT YET, BILLY. BUT WE MUST CAPTURE HIM! AND WE WILL!



BILLY BATSON, AMERICA'S ACE RADIO REPORTER, INTERVIEWS THE FBI CHIEF IN WASHINGTON.

HEY! WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?

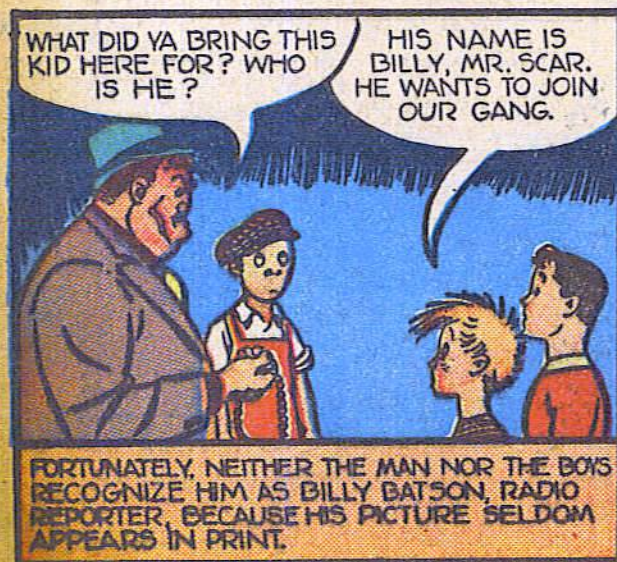
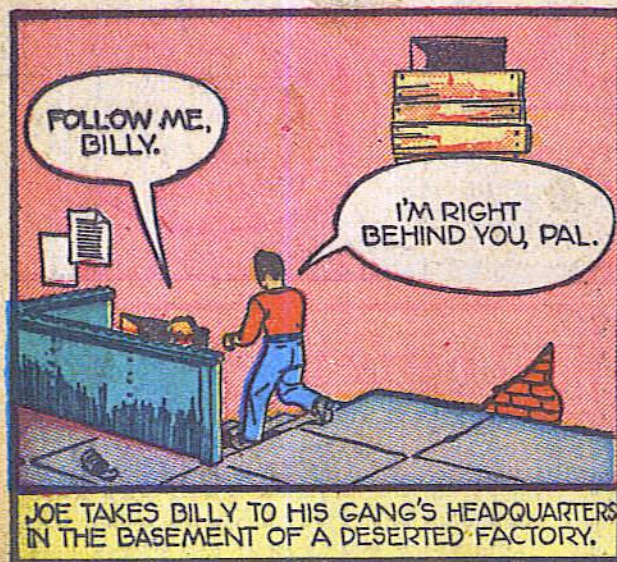
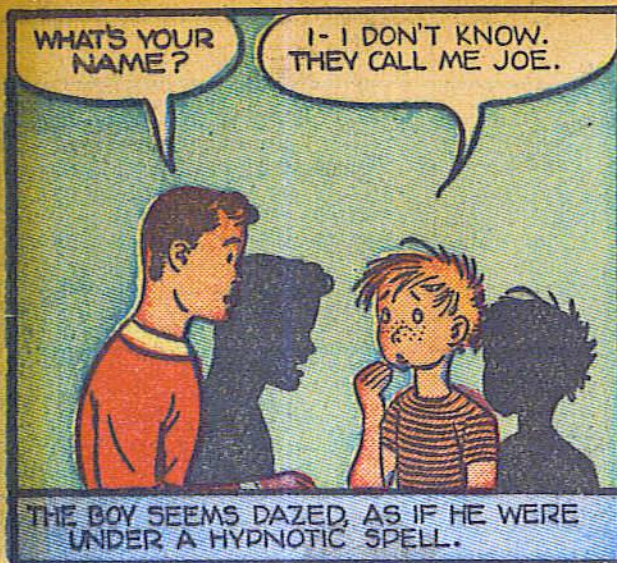
CHIEF  
FEDERAL  
BUREAU OF  
INVESTIGATION

LEAVING THE OFFICE, BILLY SURPRISES A SMALL BOY WHO WAS LISTENING AT THE KEYHOLE.

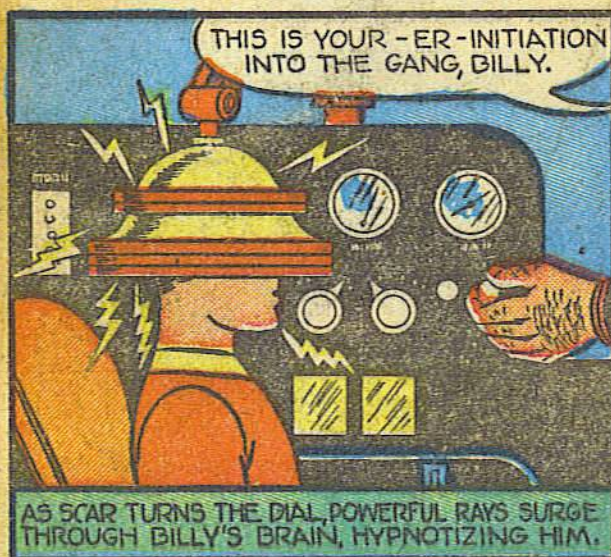
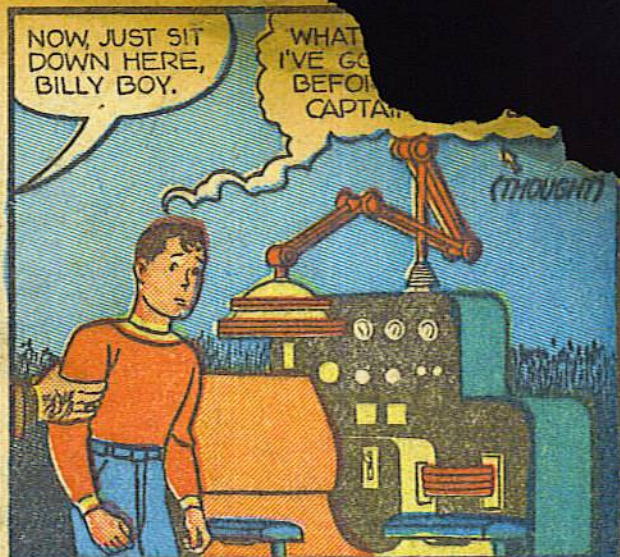
I-I WAS JUST WALKING BY, THAT'S ALL!



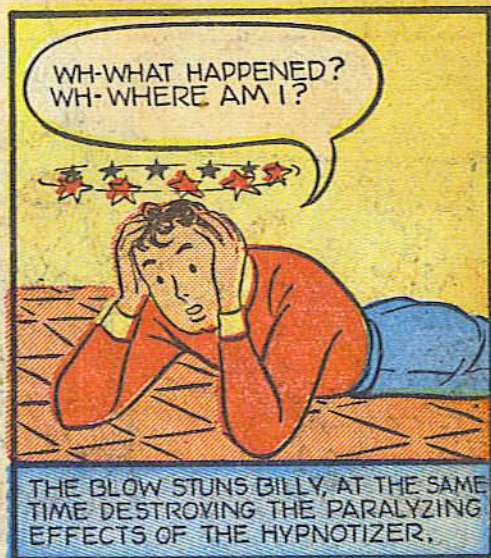












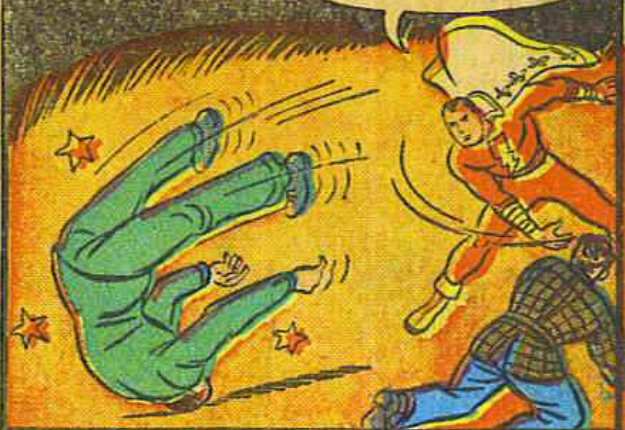


TRICK STUFF, HUH? WELL, I KNOW SOME TRICKS MESELF. AND I'M GONNA TEACH 'EM TO YA, BIG BOY.



THE OTHER BANDIT LEAPS TO HIS PAL'S AID WHILE THE CAPTAIN IS BUSY BUT-

SWEET DREAMS TO YOU, CHUM.



- MARVEL EASILY OVERPOWERS HIM.

WHAT'S DA BIG IDEA? HEY, LEGGO ME LEGS!



IF I ONLY HAD SOME SWING MUSIC TO GO WITH THIS, EVERYTHING WOULD BE PERFECT.

THE OTHER GANGSTER STILL HAS SOME FIGHT LEFT - OR THINKS HE HAS.

YOUR PAL IS WAITING FOR YOU IN DREAMLAND.



MEANWHILE THE DRIVER OF THE BANDIT CAR, TERRIFIED BY CAPTAIN MARVEL'S FEATS, DECIDES TO MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE.

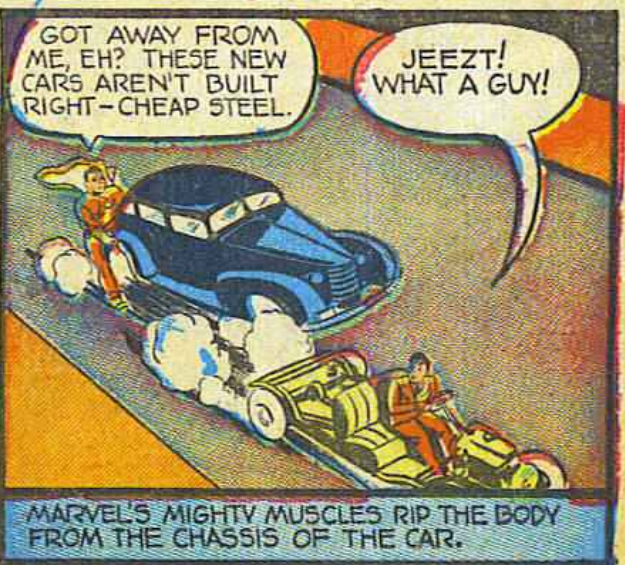
WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. OH, SO YOU WON'T STOP, EH? OKAY.

HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME. THIS CRATE'LL DO 120.



GOT AWAY FROM ME, EH? THESE NEW CARS AREN'T BUILT RIGHT - CHEAP STEEL.

JEEZT! WHAT A GUY!



MARVEL'S MIGHTY MUSCLES RIP THE BODY FROM THE CHASSIS OF THE CAR.



CONFUCIUS SAY, "BEST WAY TO STOP CAR IS PULL OFF WHEELS."

TAKE IT EASY, MISTER. I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'.



THIS MAN AND TWO OTHERS TRIED TO ROB LEVY'S JEWELRY STORE. YOU'LL FIND THE OTHERS THERE.

HOLY SMOKE! SAY, WHO ARE YOU?



WITHOUT OFFERING THE POLICEMAN ANY FURTHER EXPLANATION—

AND NOW—  
SHAZAM!

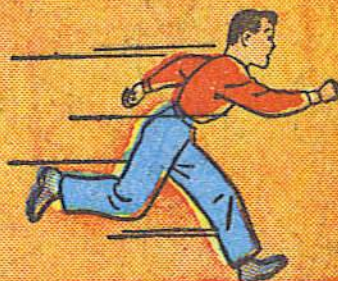


— HE RACES ACROSS TOWN.



LIGHTNING CRACKLES THUNDER ROARS AS HE SPEAKS THE MAGIC WORD AND—

I'VE GOT A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE WITH MR. SCAR. NO USE LETTING HIM KNOW I'M REALLY CAPTAIN MARVEL— NOT YET, ANYWAY.



— CAPTAIN MARVEL RESUMES HIS NORMAL SHAPE AS BILLY BATSON.

WHERE'S THAT DIAMOND BRACELET?

I WON'T STEAL FOR YOU OR ANYONE ELSE IN THE WORLD!



BACK AT GANG HEADQUARTERS HE DEFILES THE BRUTAL MR. SCAR.

WHY, YOU LITTLE—! I'LL MASSACRE YA FOR DAT REMARK.

OW!





YOU ASKED FOR THIS -  
**SHAZAM!**



ONCE AGAIN BILLY CALLS ON CAPTAIN MARVEL.



THE FORCE OF THE MIGHTY THUNDERBOLT—

GOSH! HOW DID WE  
GET HERE?

YEAH! AND WHERE  
DID **HE** COME  
FROM?

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A  
LITTLE GOING-OVER,  
CHUM.



—RESTORES THE HYPNOTIZED BOYS TO NORMAL—AS CAPTAIN MARVEL GOES TO TOWN!

PICK ON LITTLE  
KIDS, WILL YOU?

YAY!

HO HO

HEY! LEAVE  
ME GO!



YOU CAN'T DO  
THIS TO ME!

THAT'S WHERE  
YOU'RE WRONG,  
CHUMLEY.

OW



CAPTAIN MARVEL THRUSTS THE STARTLED  
GANG-LEADER INTO THE HYPNOTIZER AND  
TURNS ON THE CURRENT.



WHO'S THE REAL BRAINS OF THIS RACKET?

DOCTOR ALOYSIUS LAKE. HE HAS AGENTS LIKE ME IN NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO.

HYPNOTIZED, MR. SCAR OBEDIENTLY ANSWERS MARVEL'S QUESTIONS.

WHERE IS LAKE'S HEADQUARTERS?

I DON'T KNOW. I GET MY ORDERS BY MAIL.

AFTER TYING THE GANGSTER UP FOR THE POLICE-

THIS IS ONE TOY NOBODY'LL EVER PLAY WITH AGAIN.

-HE SMASHES THE HYPNOTIZER TO BITS.

NEVER LET ANYONE PERSUADE YOU TO BREAK THE LAWS OF OUR GREAT COUNTRY.

NO, SIR.

I'LL SAY WE WON'T!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

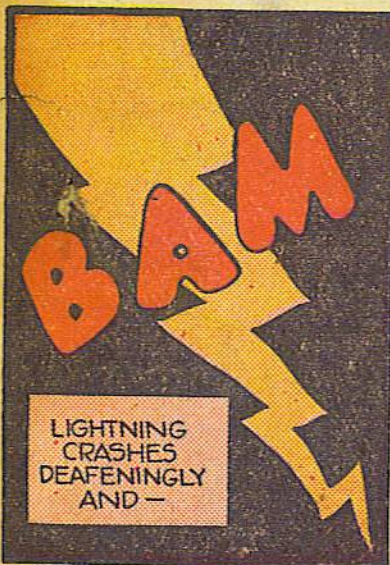
SO LONG, BOYS. REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU.

-CAPTAIN MARVEL SETS OFF FOR NEW YORK, WHERE THE SINISTER DR. LAKE HAS HYPNOTIZED ANOTHER GANG OF BOY THIEVES.

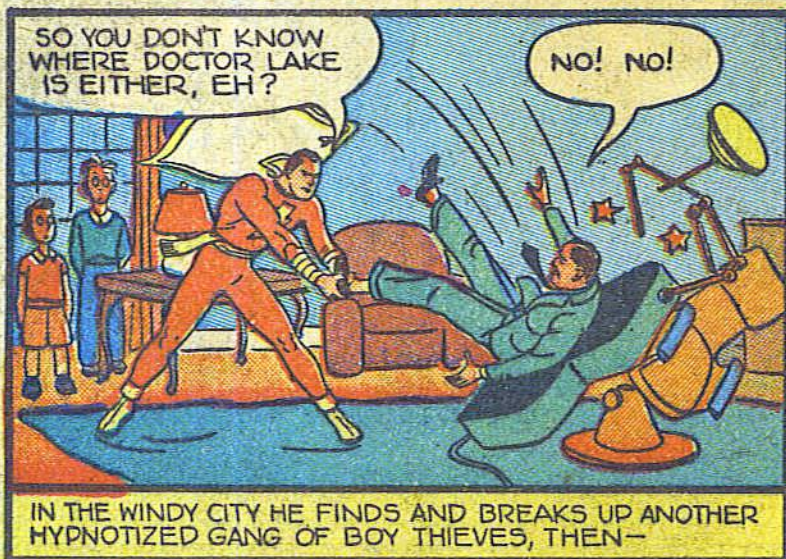
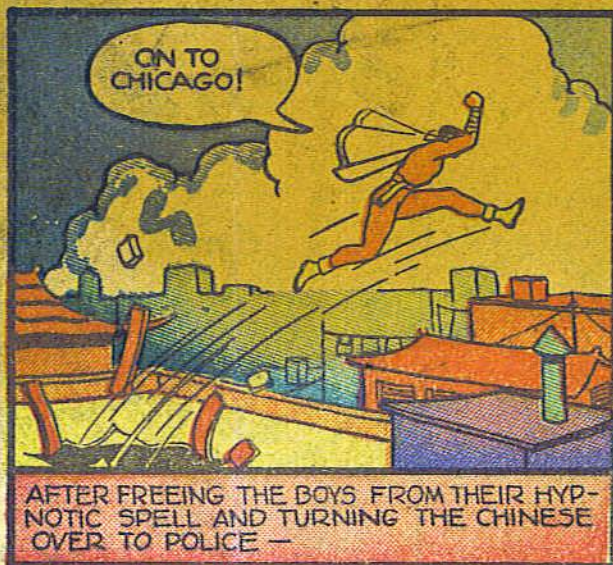
THAT KID LOOKS SUSPICIOUS. I THINK I'LL FOLLOW HIM.

A WEEK LATER, IN NEW YORK, BILLY SPOTS A BOY WHO LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WERE HYPNOTIZED.

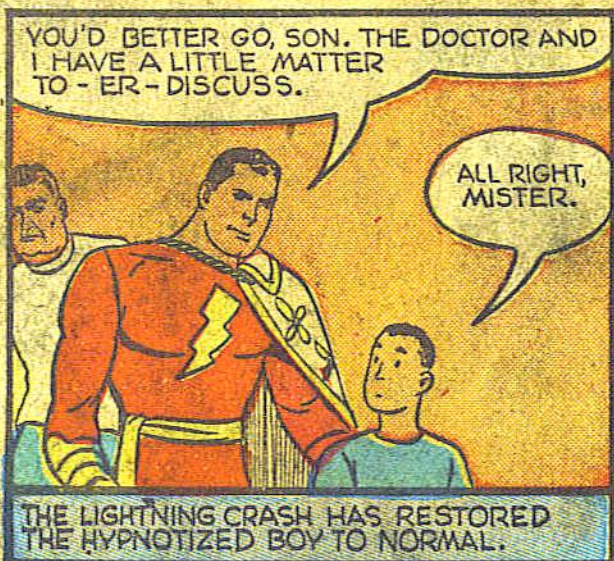














THIS IS MY SPECIAL CURE FOR PEOPLE WHO TRY TO ORGANIZE BOYS INTO CRIMINAL GANGS.



AND THIS IS JUST BECAUSE I DON'T LIKE YOUR LOOKS, DOCTOR LAKE.



GIGANTIC ROBBERY RING SMASHED;  
MODERN FAGIN HYPNOTIZED BOYS,  
FORCED THEM TO STEAL MONEY, GEMS

Dr. Aloysius Lake, San Francisco scientist, has confessed being the leader of boy gangs which looted America of \$250,000,000 in the cleverest plot police ever.

NEXT MORNING NEWSPAPERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY PRINT THE STORY.

AND BILLY BATSON, RADIO REPORTER, WRITES FINIS TO ANOTHER SENSATIONAL STORY. BUT WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE ADVENTURE AWAITING HIM AND CAPT. MARVEL IN NEXT MONTH'S *WHIZ COMICS*. DON'T MISS IT. IT'S A THRILLER DILLER!

SO THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, FOLKS. GOOD NIGHT!



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EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT  
**MASTER COMICS**

WORLD'S BIGGEST COMICS BOOK

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MORTON MURCH, SHIPWRECK ROBERTS, STREAK SLOAN,  
FRONTIER MARSHAL, MR. CLUE, EL CARIM, RICK O'SHAY

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**EXTRA!**

**EXTRA!**

**BIG NEWS!**



# GOLDEN ARROW

ON A STEEP CLIFF HIGH IN THE CLOUDS GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE WEST, SITS ASTRIDE HIS FAITHFUL STEED WHITE WIND.

FROM HIS HIGH POSITION OVERLOOKING THE VALLEY, GOLDEN ARROW LOOKS DOWN ON A PEACEFUL SCENE.

WHAT A LOVELY STORY!

I'VE NEVER READ SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BOOK!

SUDDENLY POINTED DEATH FLIES TOWARD THE UNSUSPECTING GIRL!

BUT A GOLDEN ARROW DRIVES THE DEADLY MISSILE FROM ITS COURSE!

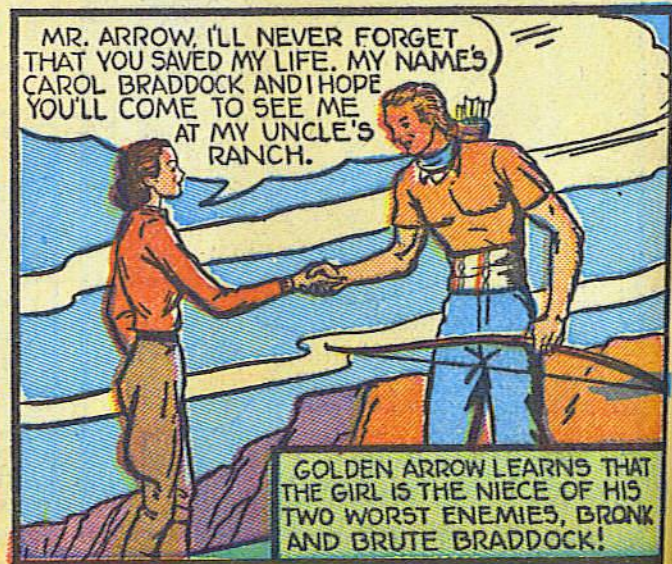
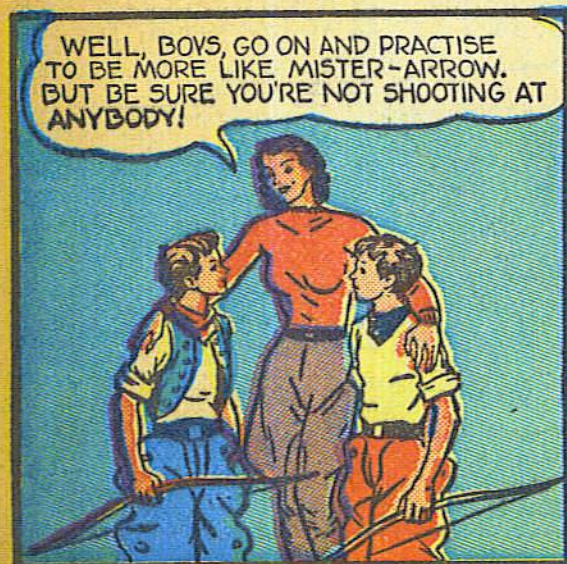
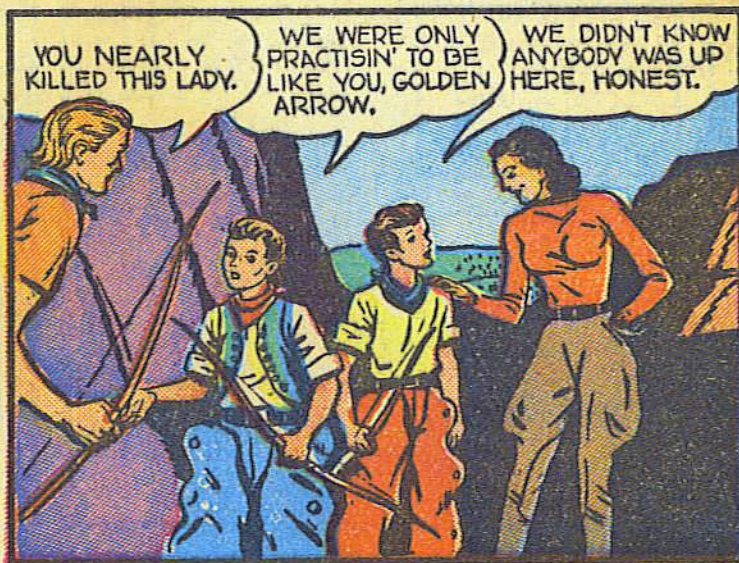
O-O-OH!

YOU TRIED TO SHOOT ME!

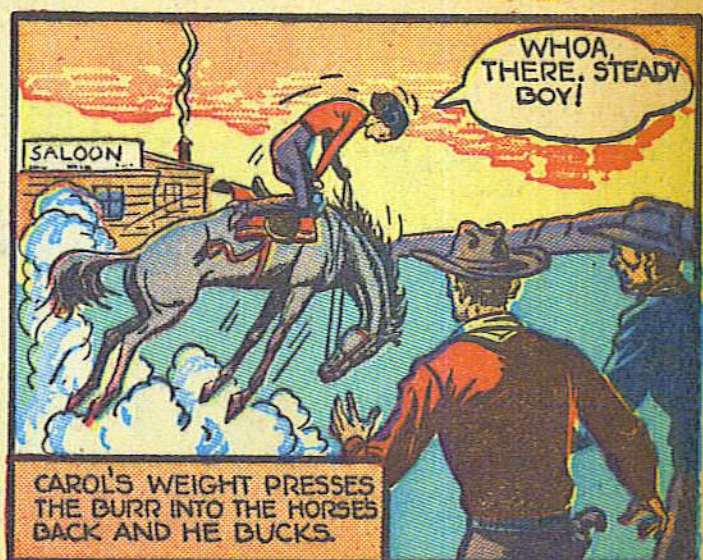
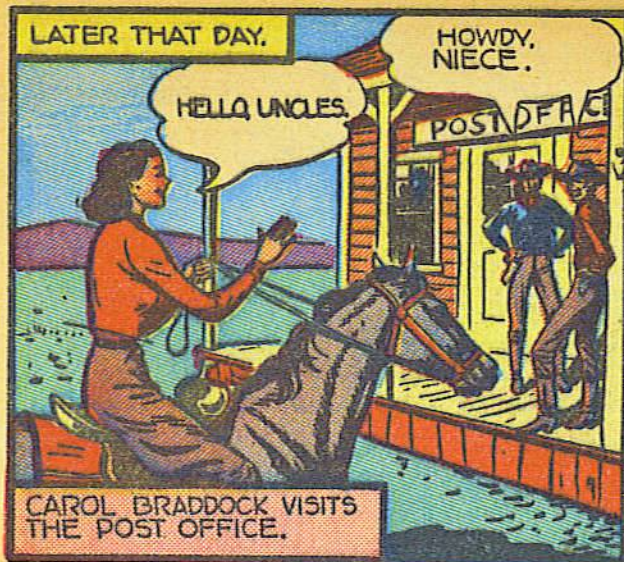
SOMEONE ELSE AIMED AT YOU - MY ARROW SAVED YOU! I'M GLAD YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!

RIDING DOWN TO MAKE SURE THE GIRL WAS UNHARMED, GOLDEN ARROW IS CONFRONTED BY AN ACCUSATION!

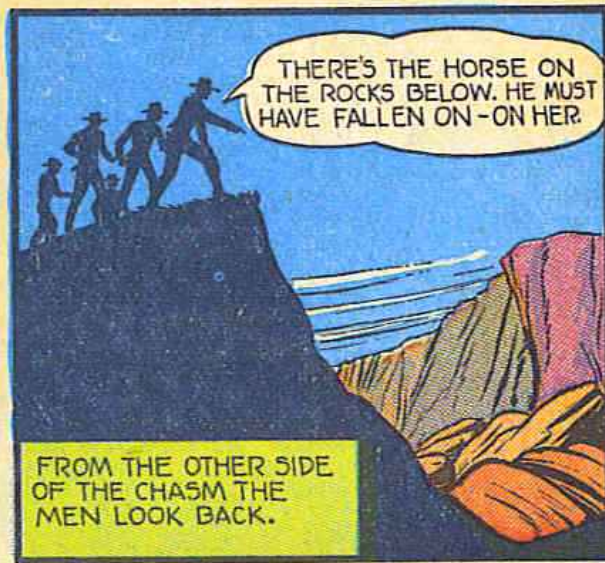
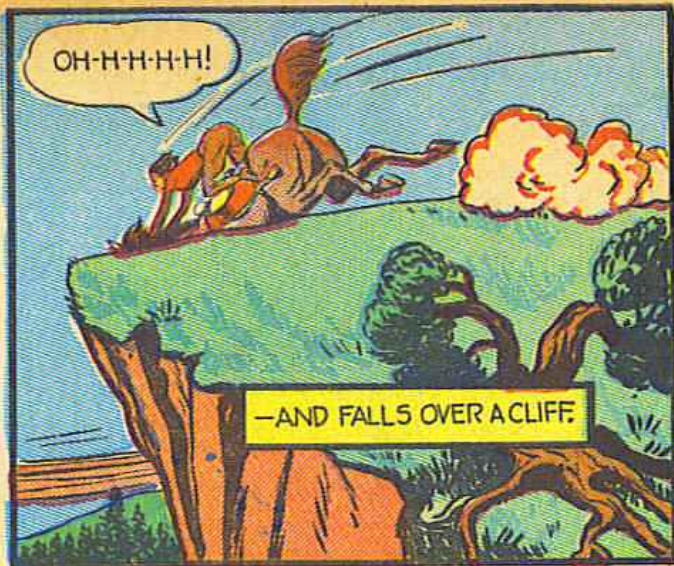




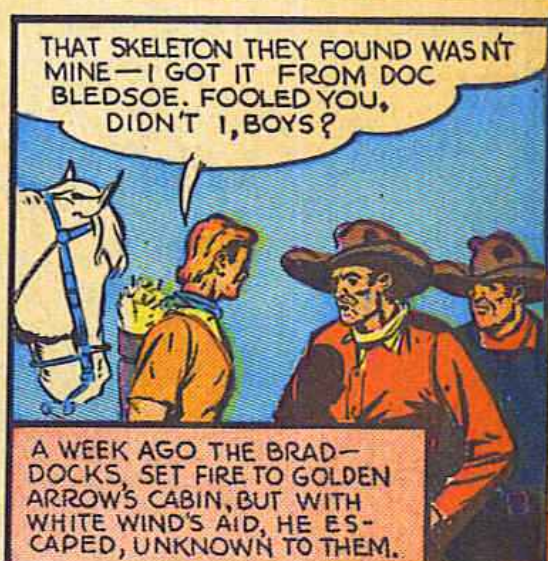
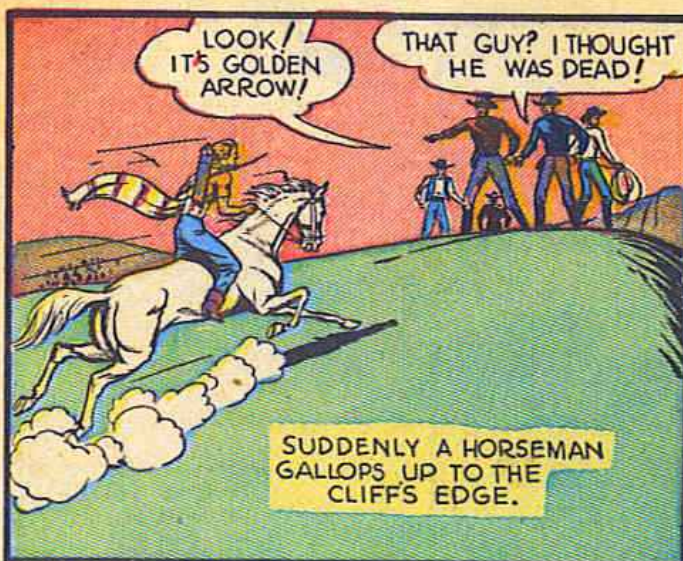




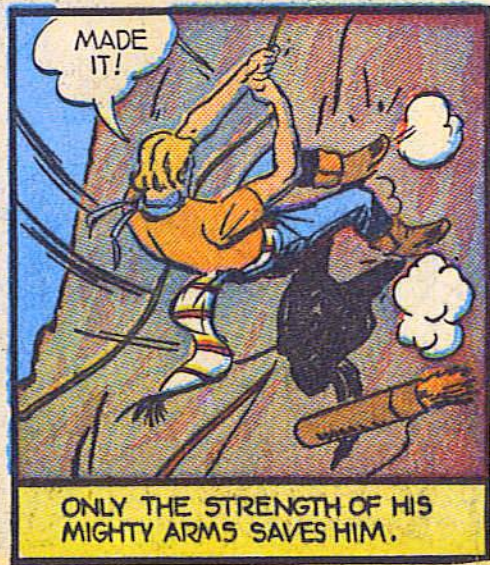
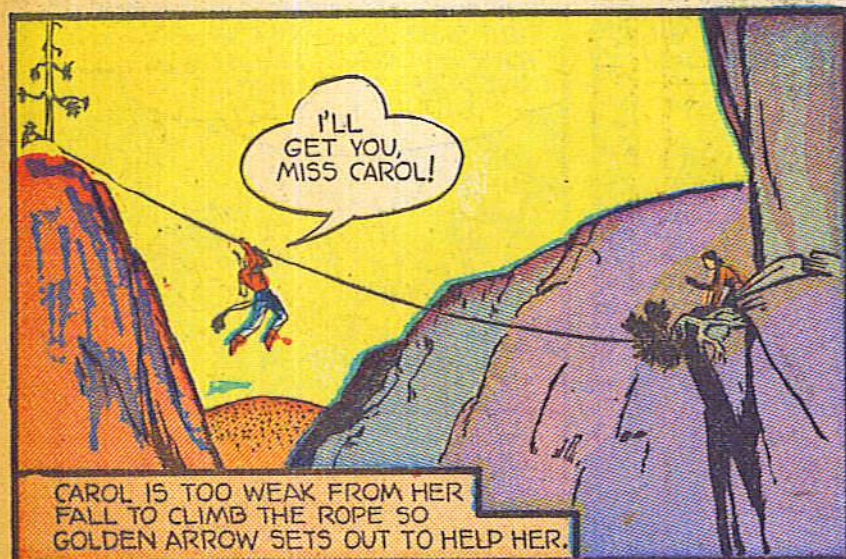
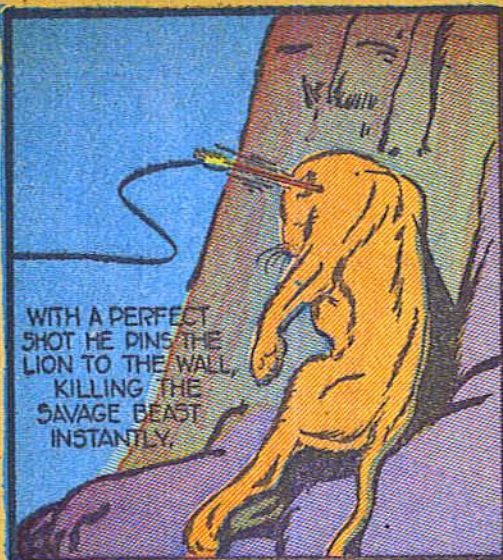




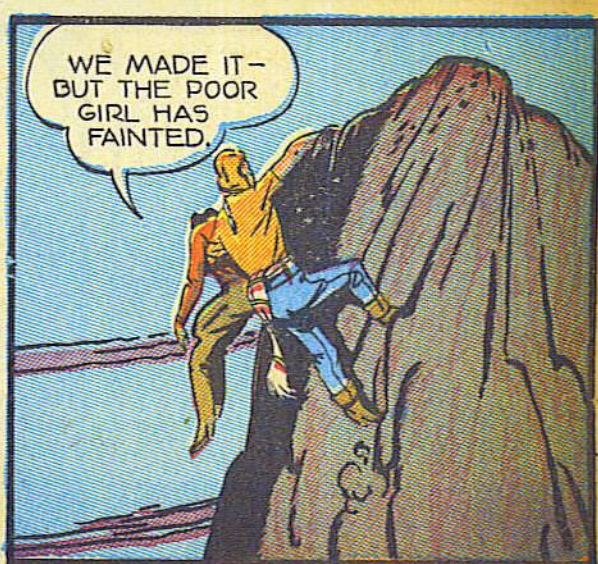
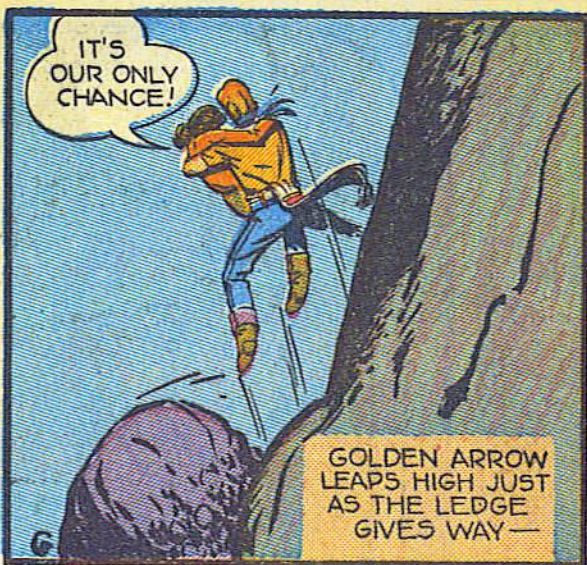
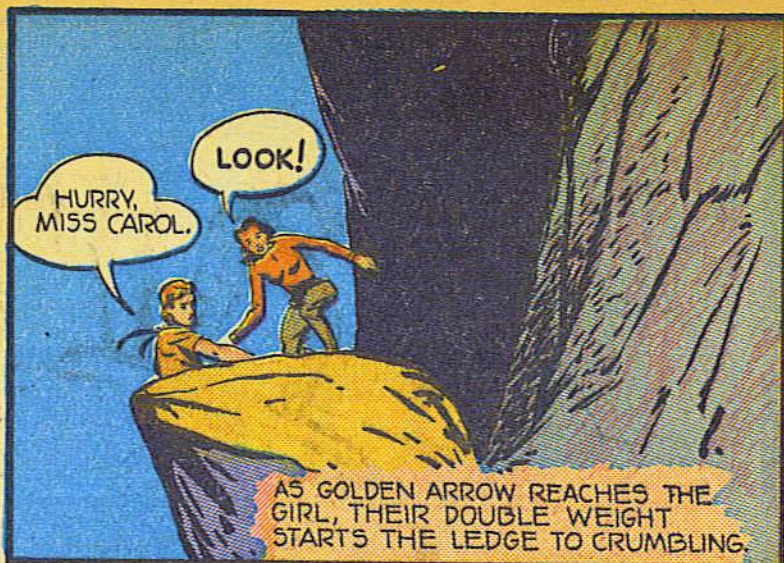




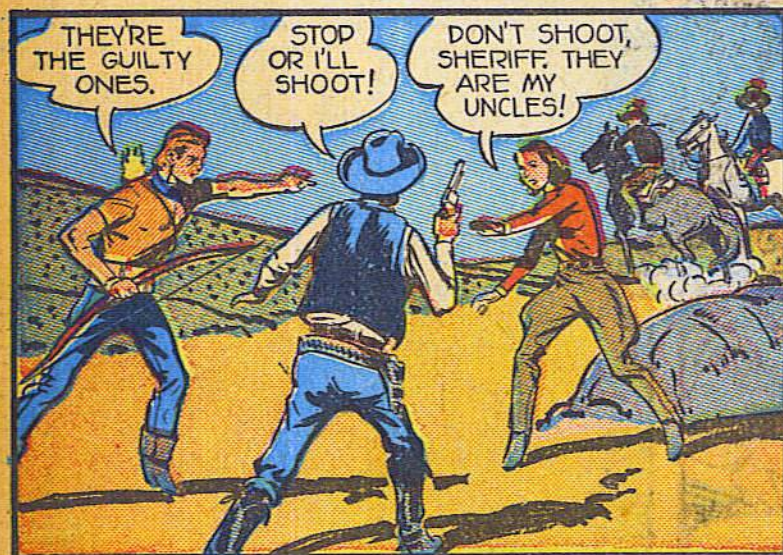
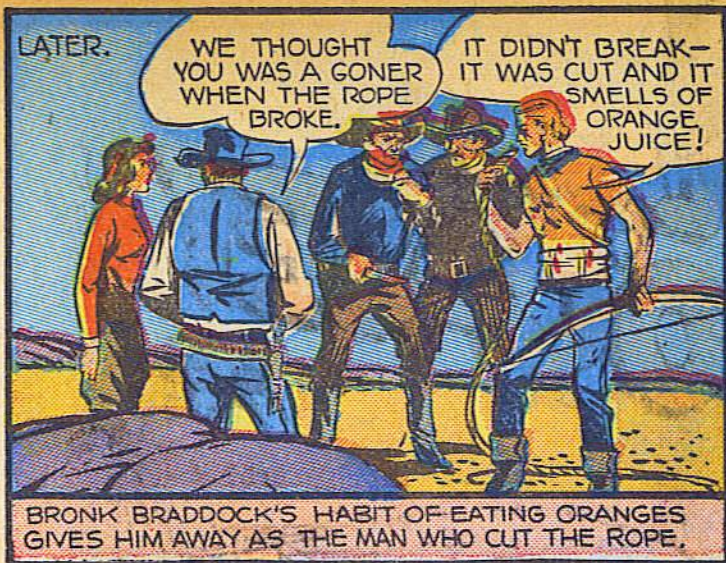






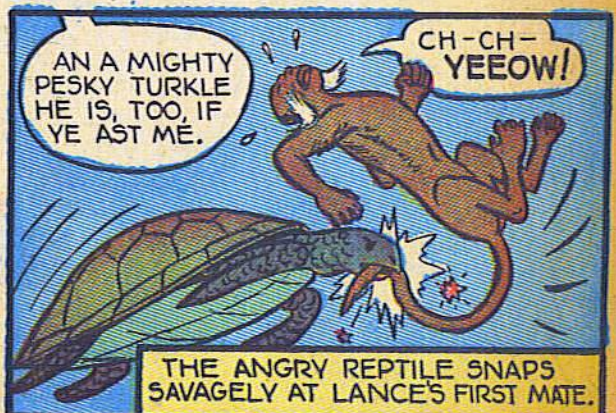
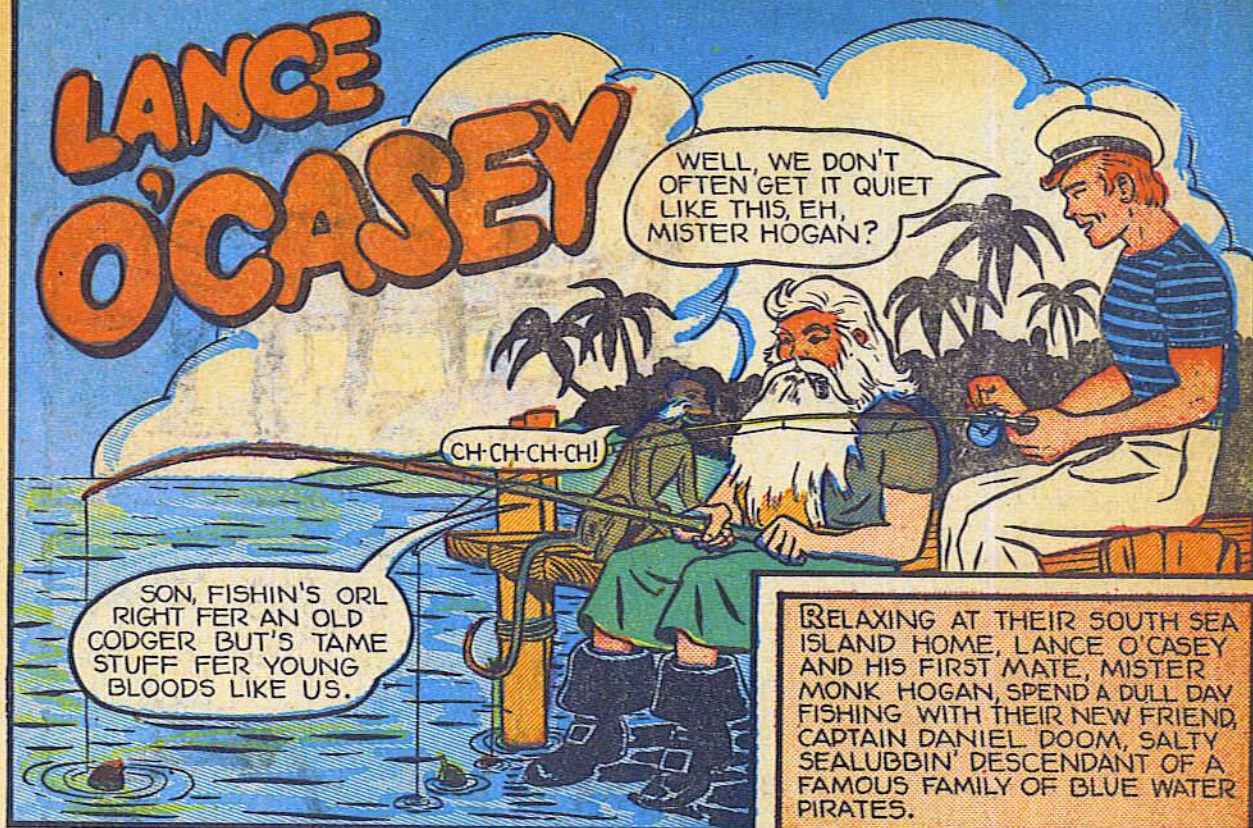




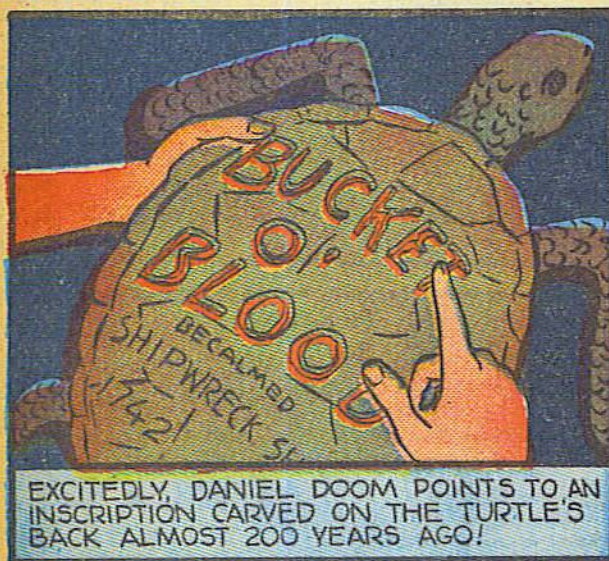
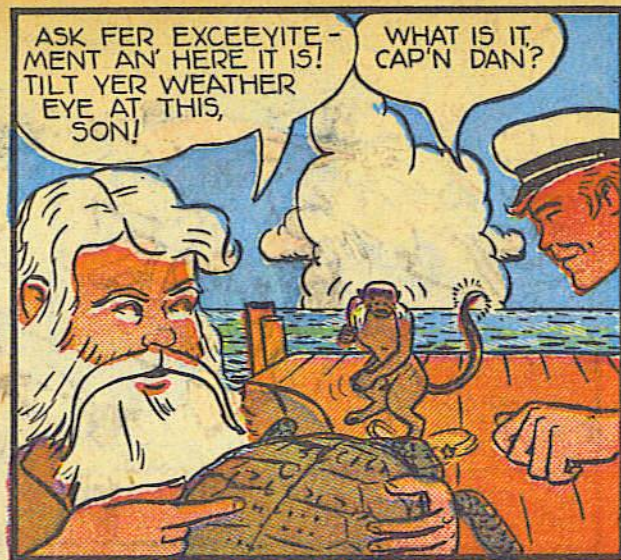
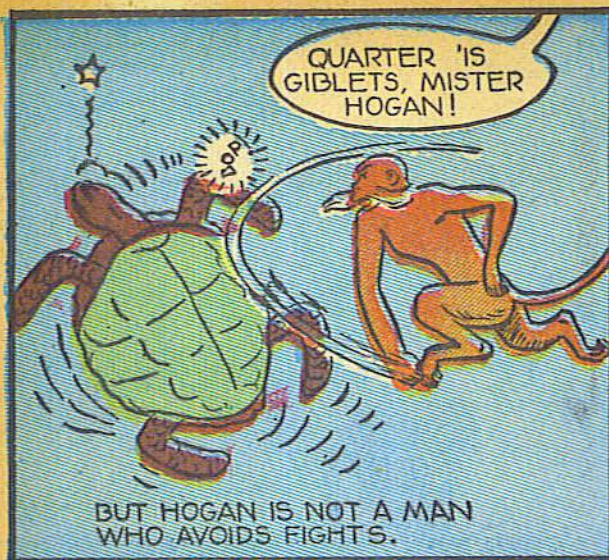




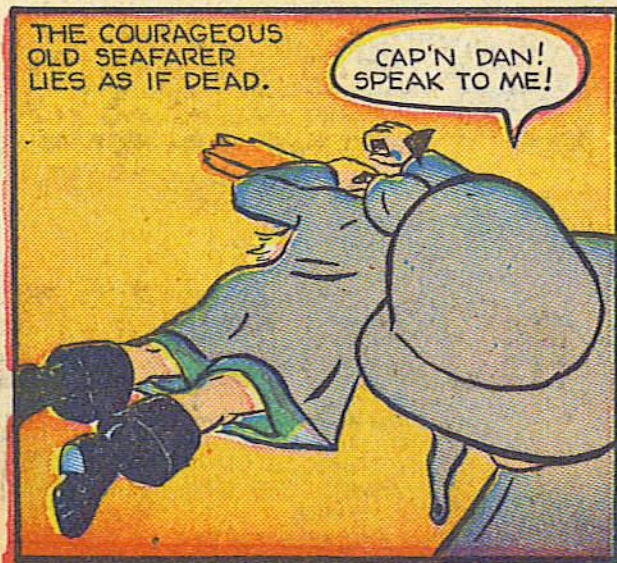
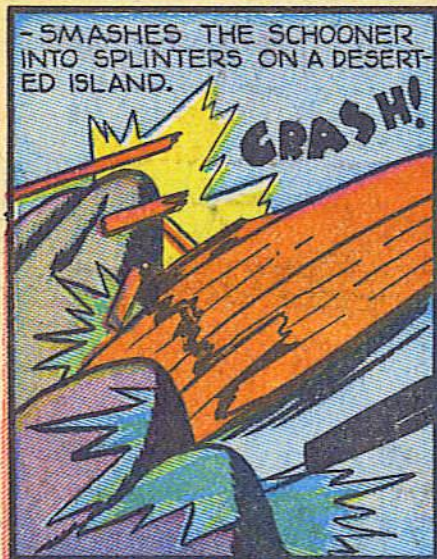
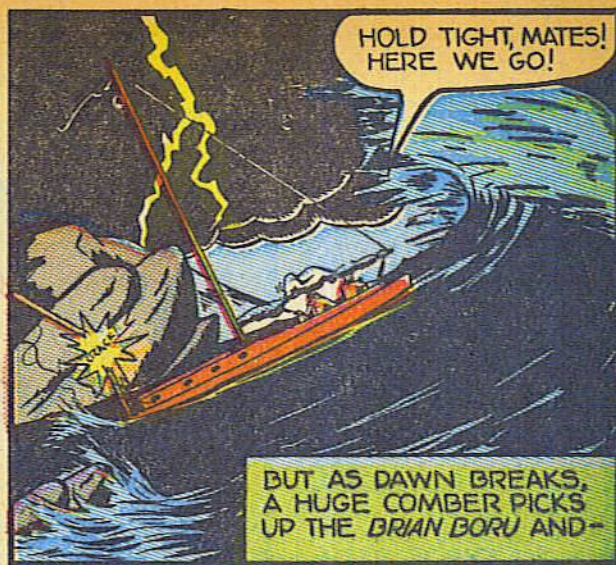
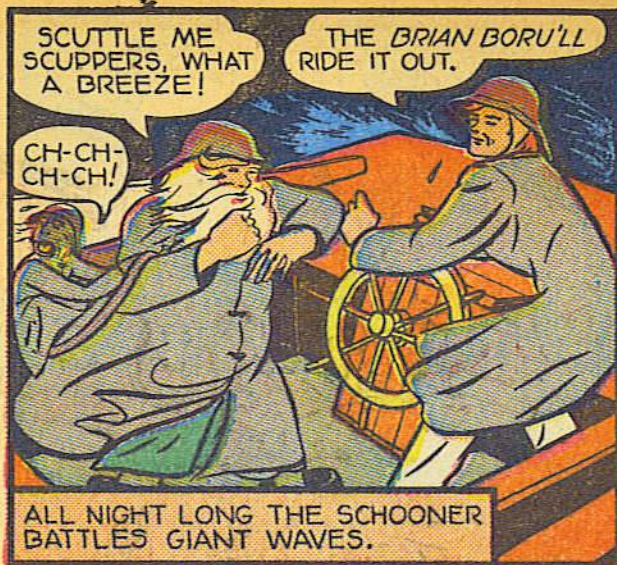
# LANCE O'CASEY













LET'S SEE WHAT LIES  
OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

RIGHT-PUFF-  
BEHIND-PUFF-YE-  
PUFF-SON.

CH-CH-CH-CH!

HURRYING TOWARD THE  
CREST OF THE MOUNTAIN  
DIVIDING THE ISLAND-

LOOK AT THAT,  
CAP'N DAN!

SHIVER ME TIMBERS-  
GHOST SHIPS!

-THEY FIND A HIDDEN  
COVE, FILLED WITH  
ANCIENT SAILING SHIPS.

IT'S ME GREAT-  
GRANDPA'S SHIP!

BUCKET O' BLOOD  
PLYMOUTH

CLAMBERING DOWN TO THE BEACH THEY  
FIND OLD CAPTAIN BLOODY DOOM'S PIRATE SHIP.

SUDDENLY A SPINE-SHIVERING SCREAM  
ECHOES FROM BELOW DECKS.

WHOOOOOOO!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

MAYBE IT'S ME  
GREAT-GRANDPA'S  
GHOST!

CH-CH-GULP-CH!

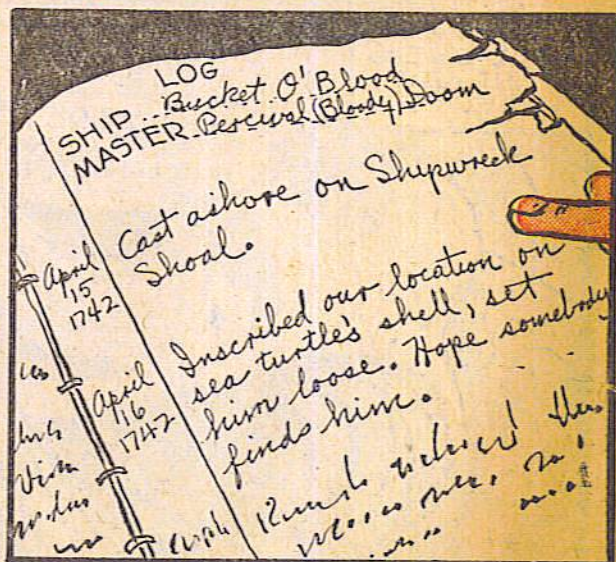
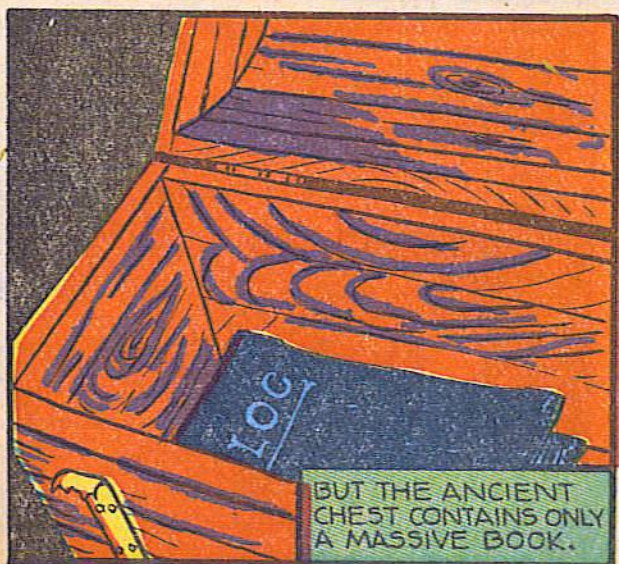
SHALL WE GO  
DOWN AND TAKE  
A LOOK?

I'M W-WILLIN' IF  
YE ARE, SON. US  
DOOMS IS BRAVE AN'  
F- FEARLESS.

INSIDE THE PITCH-BLACK SHIP'S HOLD, THE  
TERRIFYING VOICE SCREAMS AGAIN.

WHOOOOOOO!  
IT'S M-ME, GREAT-GRANDPA!  
YER G-GREAT-GRANDSON, DAN'L.







PERCIVAL! EEMAGINE NAMIN' A YOUNGUN PERCIVAL! THAT'S WHY ME GREAT-GRANDPA BECAME A PIRATE.

LOOK AT THIS, CAP'N DAN!



BURIED TREASURE, I'LL BET YE!

LET'S FIND IT, CAP'N.



BLAST ME DEADLIGHTS, IT'S A SKULL!

I BET THAT'S SKULL CAVE!



THE OUTLINE OF A HUMAN SKULL IS PLAINLY VISIBLE ON THE FACE OF A CLIFF

MEEYIGHTY FANCY CLIMBIN' HERE, SON.

IT'S NOT MUCH FURTHER, CAP'N.

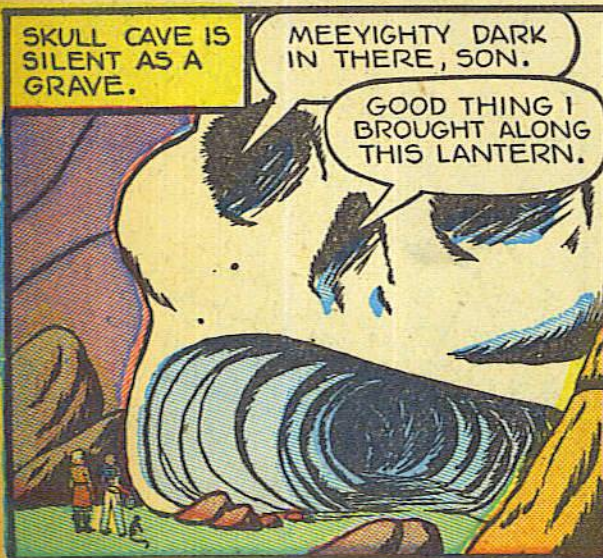


AN HOUR LATER THEY CLIMB THE STEEP CLIFF.

SKULL CAVE IS SILENT AS A GRAVE.

MEEYIGHTY DARK IN THERE, SON.

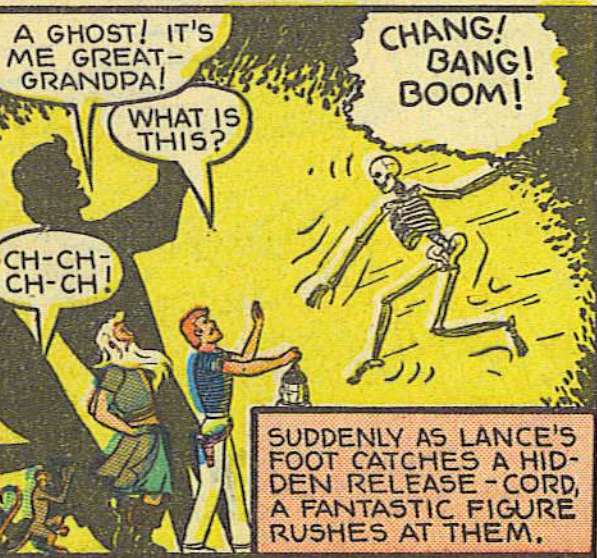
GOOD THING I BROUGHT ALONG THIS LANTERN.



A GHOST! IT'S ME GREAT-GRANDPA!

WHAT IS THIS?

CHANG! BANG! BOOM!



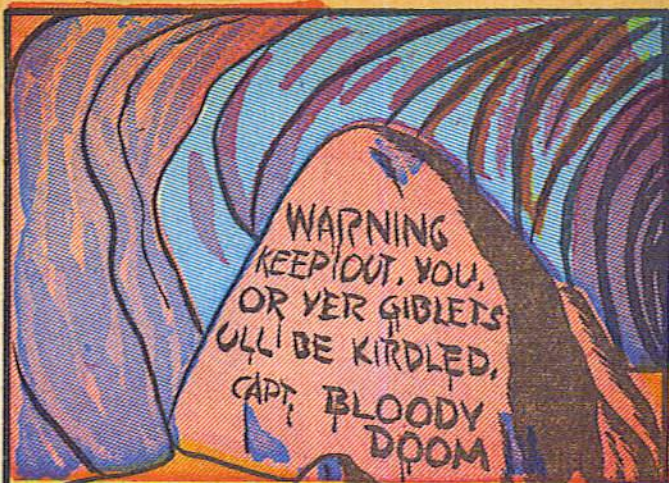
SUDDENLY AS LANCE'S FOOT CATCHES A HIDDEN RELEASE-CORD, A FANTASTIC FIGURE RUSHES AT THEM.



SEE? SUSPENDED  
FROM A PULLEY.  
AND SOUND EFFECTS  
CAME FROM THOSE BELLS.

J-JUST AS  
I THOUGHT.

THE INGENUOUS DEVICE WAS INTEND-  
ED TO FRIGHTEN AWAY INTRUDERS.



A FEW YARDS FURTHER ON A WARNING  
SIGN STOPS THEM.

LOOK! MISTER  
HOGAN'S FELL  
DOWN.

FALL DOWN  
YOURSELF,  
CAP'N! QUICK!

AS THE MONKEY  
TRIPS OVER A STRING-

WHEW! THAT  
WAS A CLOSE  
ONE!

AN TO THINK  
ME OWN GREAT-  
GRANDPA'D SET  
A TRAP LIKE  
THAT.

-LANCE AND CAP'N DAN FLOP TO THE GROUND  
AS AN ANCIENT BLUNDERBUSS EXPLODES A  
DEADLY CHARGE.

WHAT'S  
THE YIDEAR,  
SON?

DON'T TALK-  
RUN!

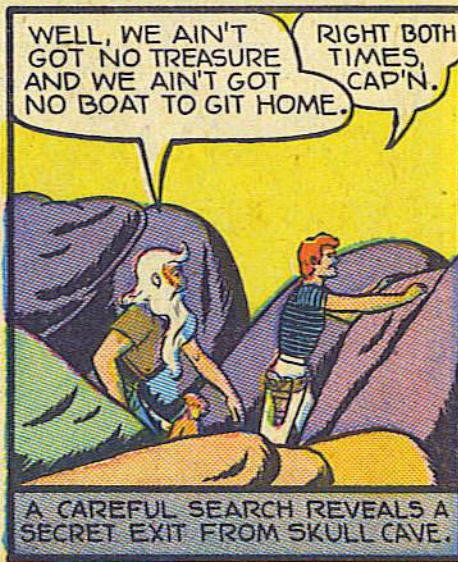
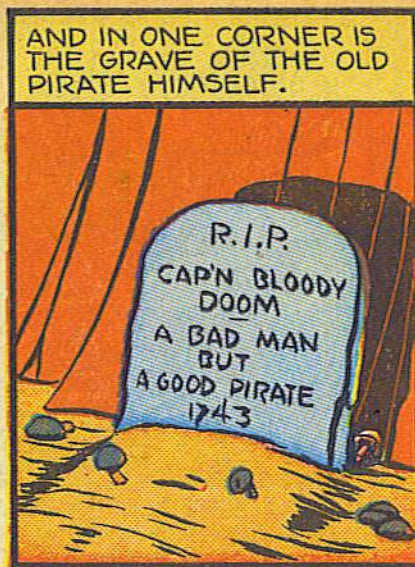
A MOMENT LATER LANCE SHOVS  
THE OLD EX-PIRATE FORWARD JUST AS-

ANOTHER  
CLOSE ONE.

SOME  
WELCOME  
WE'RE GETTIN',  
SON.

-THE ROOF OF  
THE CAVE  
CRASHES IN.





AND LANCE AND CAP'N DAN SET TO WORK BUILDING A SCHOONER TO REPLACE THE WRECKED *BRIAN BORU*. BUT MANY A THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS THEM BEFORE THEY SHOVE OFF FROM SHIPWRECK SHOAL. BE SURE TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN NEXT MONTH'S

**WHIZ  
COMICS**



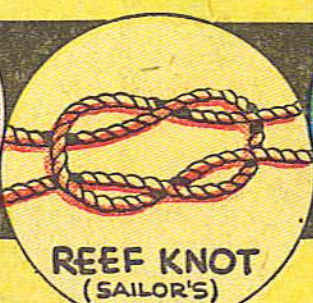
# SEA-DOGS

## LANCE O'CASEY'S SEA-LORE

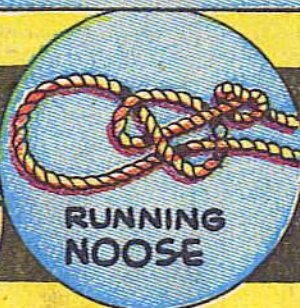
BESIDES TELLING YOU OF HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES EACH MONTH, LANCE WILL ALSO TELL YOU SOME VERY INTERESTING FACTS OF THE SEA... BELOW ARE SOME SAILOR'S KNOTS HE WANTS YOU TO TRY—BECAUSE, WITH VERY LITTLE PRACTICE, YOU CAN TIE THEM QUICKLY, EASILY, AND EXPERTLY.



HALF-HITCH



REEF KNOT  
(SAILOR'S)



RUNNING  
NOOSE

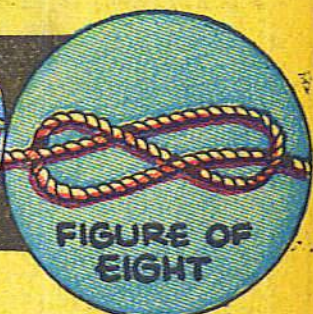
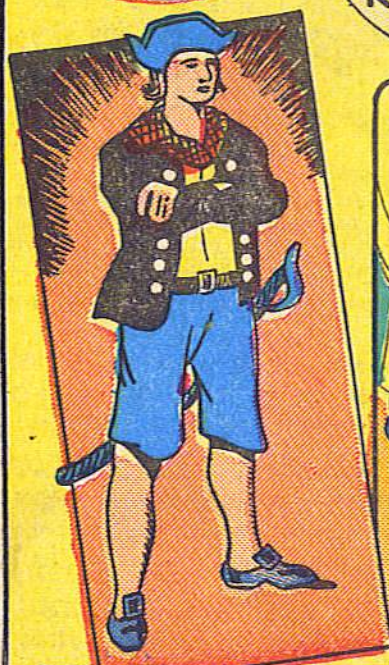


FIGURE OF  
EIGHT



SEAMAN—  
1780



VASCO NUÑEZ

**BALBOA—**

1475-1517

ALTHOUGH NOT  
CONSIDERED A GREAT  
NAVIGATOR—FIRST  
DISCOVERED THE  
**PACIFIC OCEAN!**

SEPTEMBER 29, 1513

FOUR YEARS LATER, HE  
WAS HANGED FOR TREASON!



KNOW  
YOUR  
**FLAGS**

REAR  
ADMIRAL

UNITED  
STATES  
NAVY



SEA  
LANGUAGE

**SLOP  
CHEST...**

PLACE WHERE  
CLOTHING IS  
STORED.

**LINE...**

ANY ROPE.

**SPARKS...**

RADIO  
OPERATOR.

**SLUSH...**

THE COOK.

**SHELLBACK.**

AN OLD  
SAILOR.



# The CONVICT'S Ghost

**L**EFT, right, left, right — the long convict snake was winding through the prison yard. The men marched in close lockstep.

"Break!" barked the guards. The snake of men broke up into many small groups. This was the moment for which Slick Simpson, as he was known in jail, had waited. He was the mystery man. They all knew that his name was phony, but none had ever been able to get any real dope on his past.

"Split the cover," hoarsely whispered Slick as he handed Butch Regan a package of cigarette paper.

"You'll get sprung tomorrow," continued Slick. "Full directions are in that cover. You —" He stopped abruptly and changed the subject to baseball, as a guard gumshoed within earshot.

"Remember, Butch," wheezed Slick, after the guard had passed on, "it's fifty-fifty. My heart won't last much longer and there's still ten years of my stretch left. That's why I'm cutting you in. The girl must never know about me. She thinks I died years ago. Put her cut in the bank, and have

them deliver it to her as insurance money."

He drilled his fellow convict with his eyes, as though to burn his words into the man's very soul. After a pause he slowly continued, pointing each word. "If you double-cross me, I'll croak you. If I'm dead, my ghost'll get you."

"You know I wouldn't cross on you," half whined Butch.

"LINE UP!" bawled the guards. Left, right, left, right—again the heavily-shod feet of the convicts drummed an even rhythm along the stone pavement. The long convict line was slowly swallowed up by the main cell building.

At ten the next morning, the great steel gates of Joliet penitentiary swung open. They again grated shut. Butch Regan was on the outside, a free man. A heavy hand slammed down on his shoulder.

"Didn't expect a reception committee, eh?" leered one of the detectives, noticing Butch's surprised look. "A little indictment in Chicago needs your presence." They pushed him in a waiting car and roared down the road.

TWO MONTHS had gone by. Butch was still cooling his

heels in the country jail, waiting for his trial to come up. Early one morning the turnkey opened his cell and, motioning to the outside, said:

"Outside, bo! You're sprung. Couldn't find the main witness or something. Come on, get going."

Freed, Butch headed first for a restaurant and his first taste of palatable food in two months.

After helping himself to a liberal meal he sat down in one of the wall booths of the cafeteria. With his jack knife, which he was using for the first time in over six years, he parted the cardboard cover of the little cigarette paper packet Slick Simpson had given him in prison.

"Second farm left, south on third road, north of Bloomington on 66," was clearly printed in neat, small letters in the cover. "North wall of well, tenth stone down. Alice Weldon, 66 Main, Centralia, Ill." At the very bottom were the words, "REMEMBER MY WARNING."

Butch smilingly erased the name and address with his knife. He closed the book of papers, slipped its elastic





around it and carefully put it in his inside coat pocket.

"Fifty-fifty," he grinned, addressing his coffee cup. "Fifty-fifty—what a laugh!"

He took a bus to Bloomington, arriving at noon. Renting a car from a drive-yourself garage, he drove north along route 66. He found the farm but to his surprise it was occupied, not deserted, as Slick had told him. Cruising past the farm several times to get the layout, he wondered about Slick. Was the old con still alive? He drove back to Bloomington, turned in the car and ordered it for late that night.

"Know a good blacksmith?" he asked the garage attendant.

"Uh huh," drawled the garage worker. "There's one down the street."

**SHORTLY BEFORE MID-NIGHT** Butch brought his rented car to a stop at the edge of the farm. He lifted a ladder from the top of the car, climbed over a barbed wire fence and cut across a field. He lifted the wooden cover off the old well. Lowering the ladder into the inky blackness, he hooked the two iron hooks, which the blacksmith had fastened to the ladder, over the wall of the well. It rose about three feet above ground. He climbed over,

the wall, switched on his flash light, and slowly backed down into the well.

After several minutes his head again pushed up above the rim. He stood on the wall, tightly clasping a box under one arm. Suddenly the blood-curdling scream of a screech owl split the night air. The moon, at that moment coming out from a cloud, brightly lit the eerie scene. Butch stood, rigid as steel, staring with wide-open, terrified eyes. Abruptly he threw up his arms, as if to ward off a blow.

"Slick—don't!" he, screamed — then he toppled, and fell back into the well. A wild shriek rang out from below—a loud splash—a gradually diminishing gurgle—then the deep silence of the night.

**A TROOPER SHONE** his flashlight into the black well. The water had a smooth oily surface, broken only by a few ripples. The old farmer stood beside the trooper, shivering in an overcoat thrown over his night shirt. Carpet slippers covered his bare feet. In short jerky lips he again repeated his story.

"A screech owl woke me," he half-whistled. "Then I heard a man holler. I ran to the win-

dow and—Lord have mercy on his soul—" crossing himself, "I saw a man fall in the well." He again crossed himself.

"What's this?" called out the trooper in surprise. He picked up a box. It was made of metal, heavily smeared with asphaltum. He pried open the cover. The contents were carefully sealed in heavy oiled paper. An envelope lay on top. The trooper took out a paper and, by the light of his flashlight, read: "This is my last will and testament. All my earthly belongings, which are in this box, I do unconditionally bequeath to my daughter, Alice Weldon, of Centralia, Ill.

James Weldon."

"SIR," REPORTED A prison guard, standing at attention in the warden's office, "19826, Slick Simpson, was found dead in his cell this morning."

"Has the doctor been notified?" asked the warden.

"Yes, sir," replied the guard. "The doctor says he died about midnight. Says the old man screamed once, just before he went. The doctor says it sounded just like — just like a screech owl."

The End



# SPY SMASHER

WHEN FOREIGN AGENTS TRY TO STEAL PLANS OF A SECRET U.S. TANK, SPY SMASHER COMES TO THE RESCUE.



IF ANY ENEMY SHOULD STEAL THESE PLANS, IT WOULD BE A CATASTROPHE.

ADMIRAL CORBY OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT SITS UP LATE STUDYING GOVERNMENT PAPERS.



BUT THE ADMIRAL IS NOT ALONE! UNSEEN BY HIM, A SINISTER FIGURE STEALS INTO THE ROOM.

LET'S SEE, NOW, IF WE CAN—



SUDDENLY SPY SMASHER APPEARS IN THE OPEN WINDOW, JUST AS THE MAN POISES FOR THE FATAL THRUST.



LET GO OF THAT KNIFE OR I'LL BREAK YOUR ARM!

O-W-W-W!  
DON'T HURT ME!  
DON'T HURT ME!



WHAT!



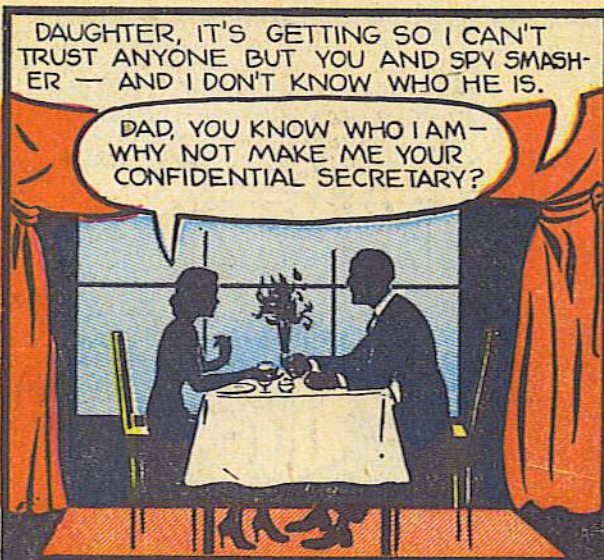


AFTER FLOORING THE WOULD-BE ASSASSIN, SPY SMASHER VANISHES AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE CAME.



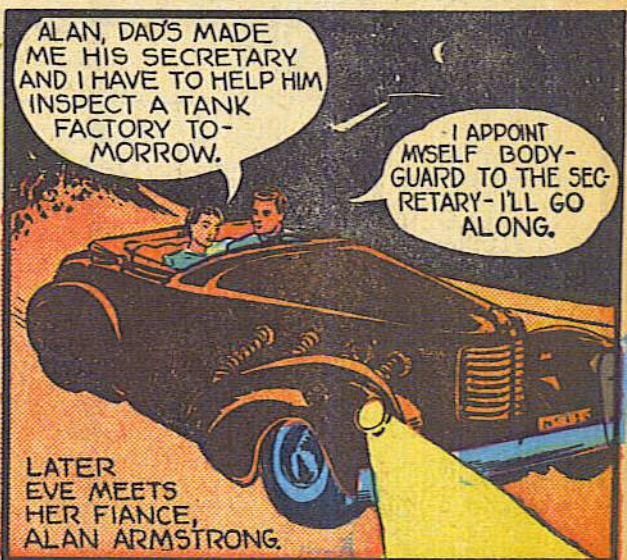
HE NEVER WAITS TO BE THANKED, DOES HE?

NEXT MORNING, ADMIRAL CORBY TAKES BREAKFAST WITH HIS DAUGHTER, EVE.



DAUGHTER, IT'S GETTING SO I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE BUT YOU AND SPY SMASHER — AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS.

DAD, YOU KNOW WHO I AM — WHY NOT MAKE ME YOUR CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY?



I APPOINT MYSELF BODY-GUARD TO THE SECRETARY — I'LL GO ALONG.

LATER EVE MEETS HER FIANCE, ALAN ARMSTRONG.



WHAT BEAUTIFUL CLOUDS!

WERE INSPECTING TANKS, NOT CLOUDS!

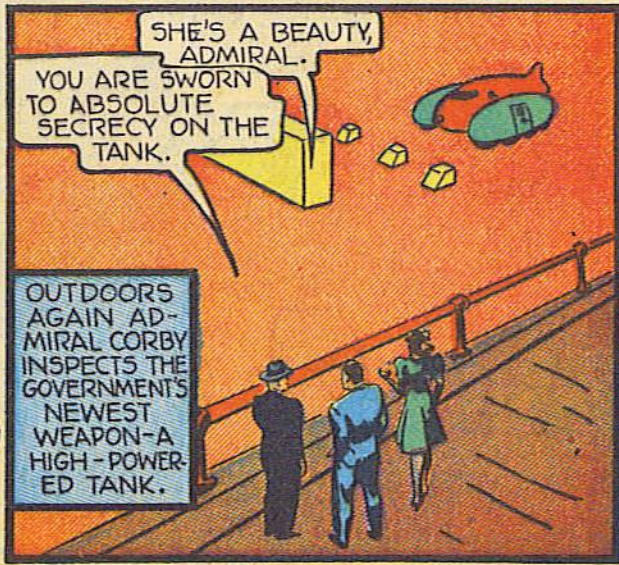
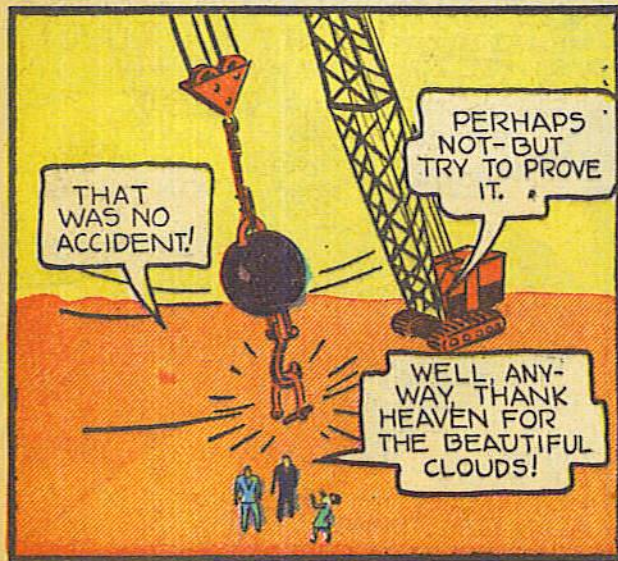
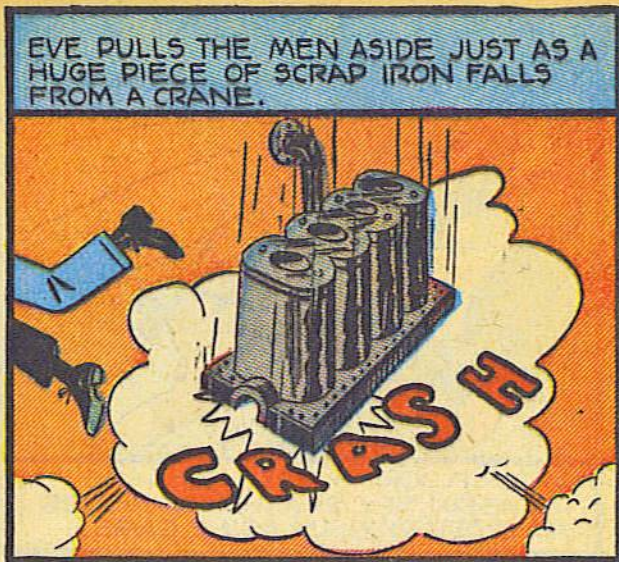
NEXT DAY, AT THE TANK FACTORY.



SUDDENLY THE GIRL SCREAMS A WARNING.

OH!

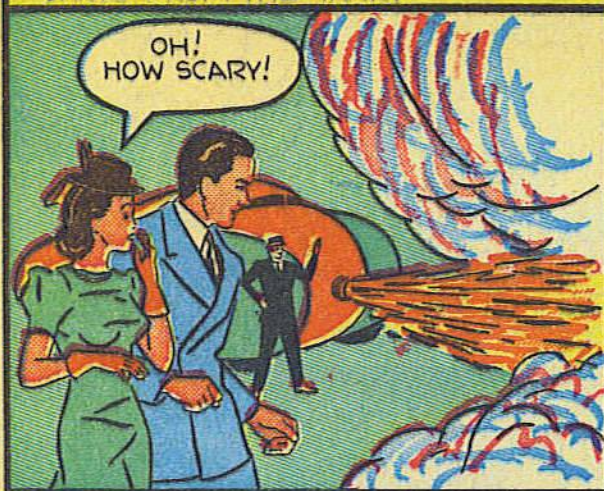






AS THEY WATCH, A SPURT OF FLAME DARTS FROM THE TANK.

OH!  
HOW SCARY!



THAT'S THE ENZODINE RAY, AKIN TO A POWERFUL ACETYLENE TORCH— CUTS THROUGH ANYTHING.



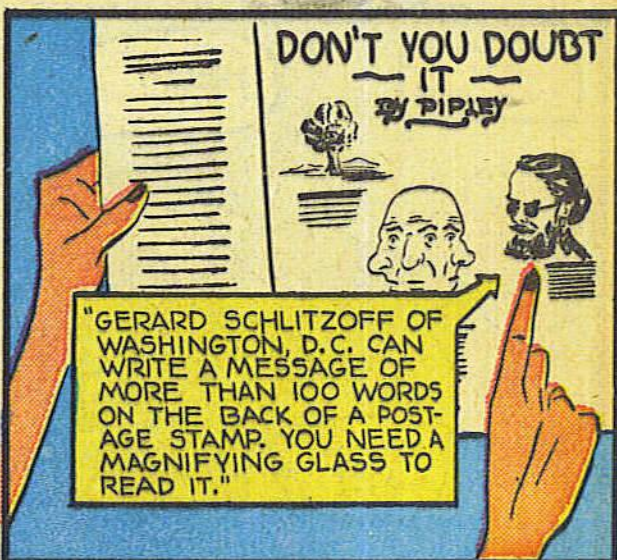
I CAN SEE WHY YOU'D HATE TO HAVE THE FORMULA FALL INTO THE HANDS OF, SAY, 'THE MASK'!

AMAZING!



I KNEW I'D SEEN HIM SOMEWHERE BEFORE.

THAT NIGHT EVE SEARCHES THROUGH A FILE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS.



HURRYING TO THE TANK FACTORY, EVE SEES SCHLITZOFF COPYING SECRET PLANS ONTO A TINY PIECE OF PAPER.

THIS PLAN WILL BE WORTH MILLIONS TO "THE MASK".



RIGHT—YOU'LL GET A NICE CUT, TOO!

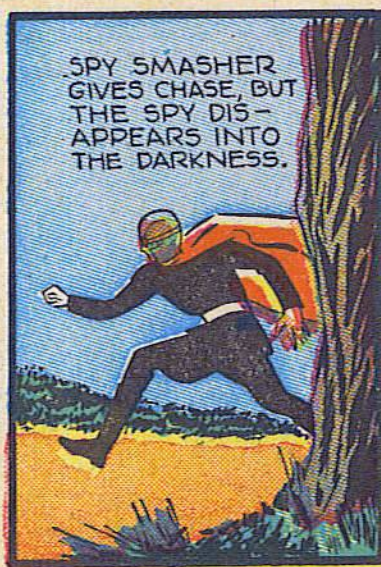
WHEN THE MEN LEAVE, EVE FOLLOWS.



MAYBE THEY'LL LEAD ME TO "THE MASK"!

KEEP OUT GOVT. PROP.







WELL, DAD, HERE'S A SOUVENIR OF THAT SPY I ALMOST CAUGHT LAST NIGHT TWO TEETH I FOUND ON THE SIDEWALK AFTER SPY SMASHER HIT HIM!



EVE, LOOK! A FALSE FILLING— AND A TINY PAPER CONCEALED IN THE CAVITY!

LET'S LOOK AT THEM UNDER A MAGNIFYING GLASS.



DAD! THAT'S THE PAPER I SAW SCHLITZOFF WRITE ON!



IF WE CAN'T GET THE PLANS WE MUST STEAL THE TANK ITSELF.



MEANWHILE, THE MASK GIVES ORDERS TO HIS HENCHMEN AND—

LET 'EM HAVE IT MEN!

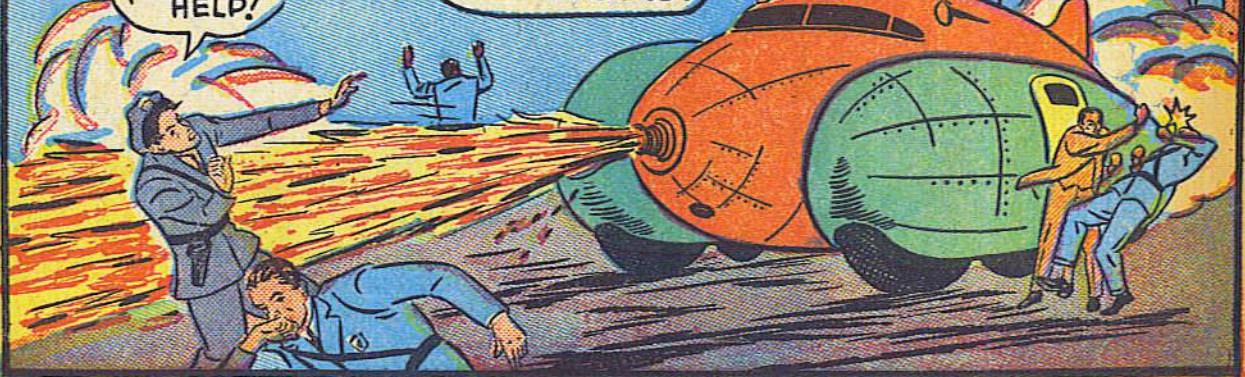


—OVERPOWERS THE FACTORY GUARDS.

SEIZING THE TANK, THE MASK'S MEN ESCAPE BY TURNING THE DEADLY ENDOZINE RAY ON LOYAL GOVERNMENT GUARDS!

HELP!  
HELP!

I'LL BURN EVERY ONE OF YOU TO CINDERS!





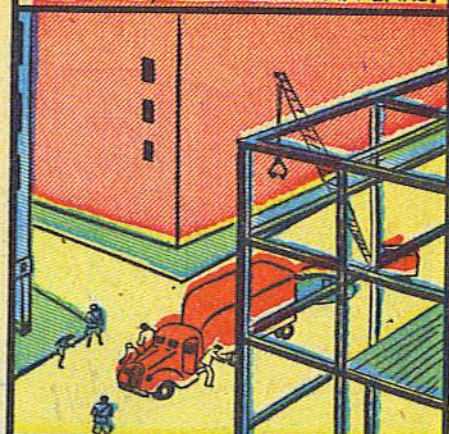
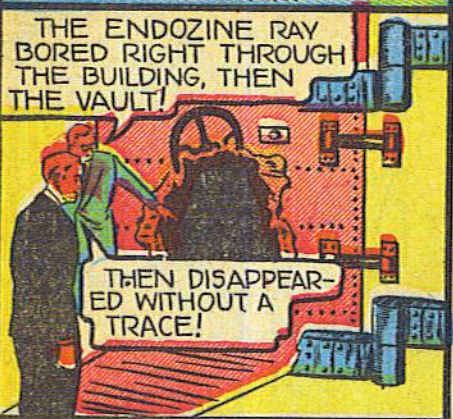
THE NEXT DAY, ADMIRAL CORBY AND THE PRESIDENT OF A FEDERAL BANK EXAMINE FURTHER DAMAGE CAUSED BY THE CAPTORS OF THE TANK.

THE ENDOZINE RAY BORED RIGHT THROUGH THE BUILDING, THEN THE VAULT!

THEN DISAPPEARED WITHOUT A TRACE!

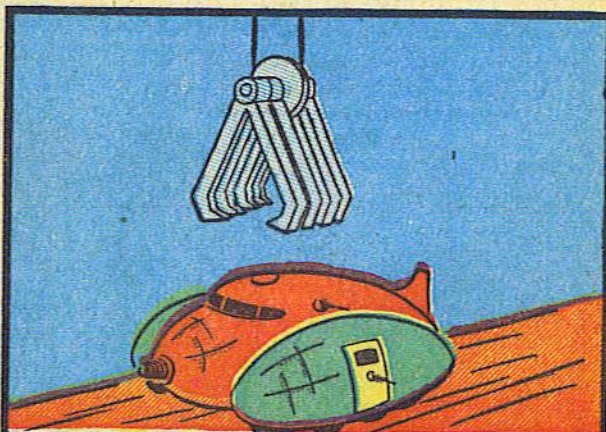
A SLIGHT TRACE, ADMIRAL. THERE WERE TRACKS MADE BY THE HEAVY TIRES OF A TRUCK.

LATER, AS POLICE AND GOVERNMENT AGENTS MAKE A ROUTINE SEARCH OF ALL TRUCKS, THE TANK APPEARS.



I'M JUST A HITCH-HIKER — I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT IT!  
OKAY, GRANPA. WE DON'T NEED YOU.

NEAR THE TANK FACTORY THE POLICE ARREST THE TWO DRIVERS OF THE TRUCK AND RELEASE AN OLD MAN RIDING WITH THEM.

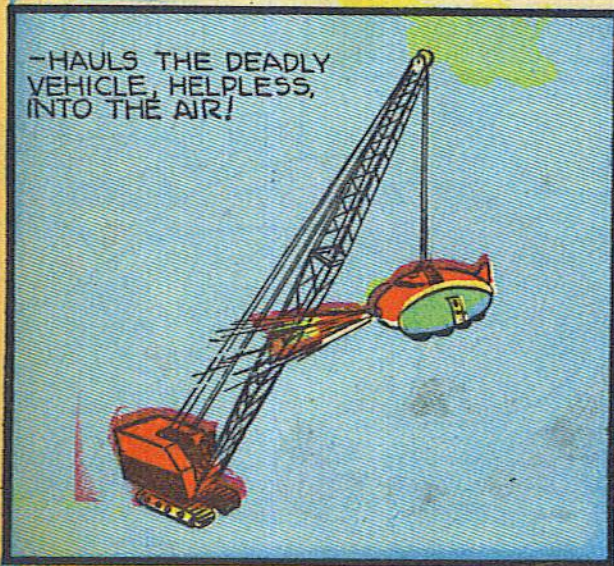


SUDDENLY, BEFORE THE CAPTIVE CREW OPERATING THE TANK CAN PUT IT INTO ACTION, THE CLUTCHING HAND OF A DERRICK REACHES DOWN AND —

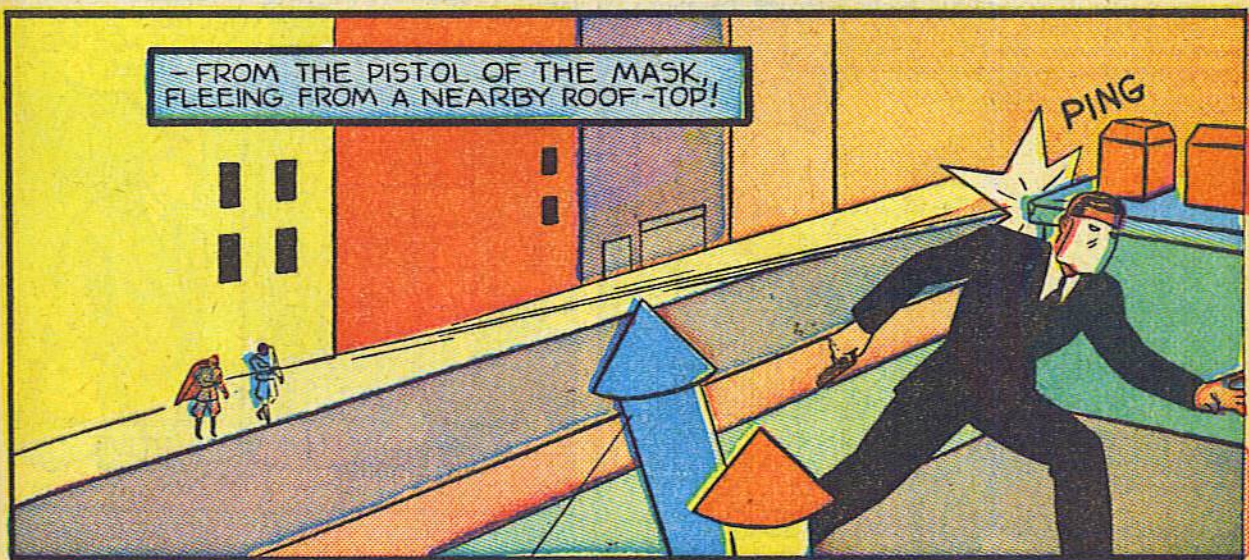
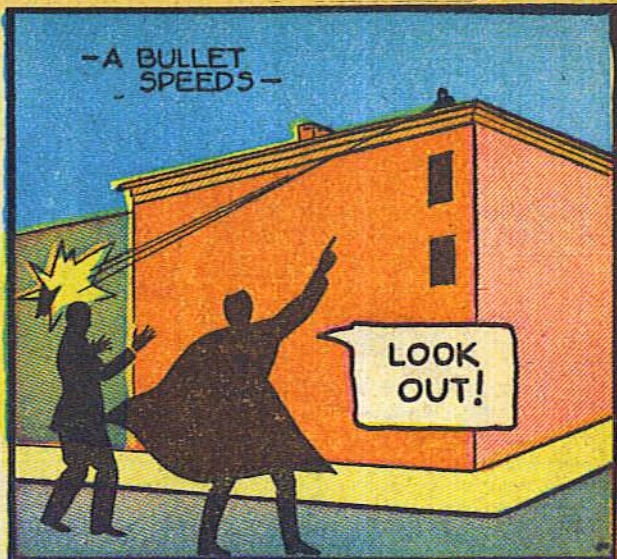
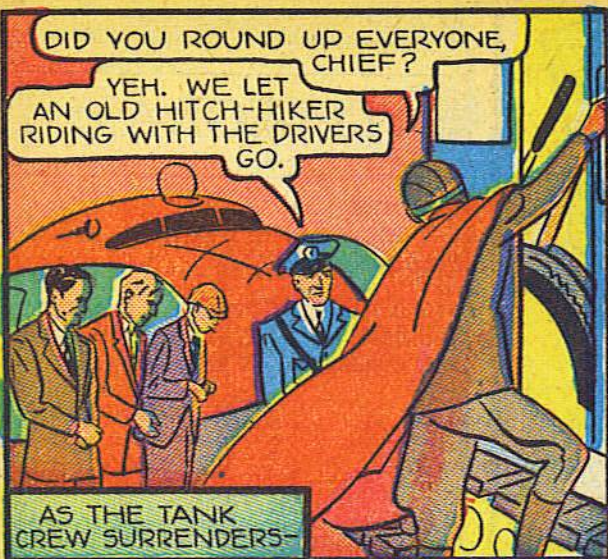
—HAULS THE DEADLY VEHICLE, HELPLESS, INTO THE AIR!

SURRENDER OR I'LL CRASH THE TANK!

A WARNING TO THE TANK CAPTORS COMES FROM SPY SMASHER, WHO OPERATES THE DERRICK!





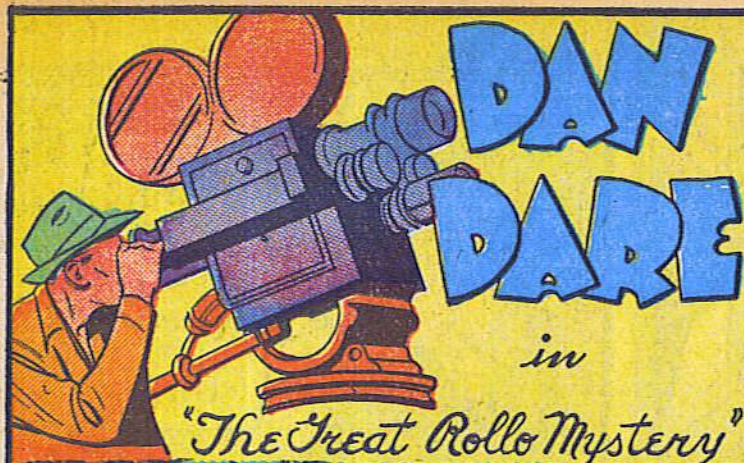


AGAIN THE MASK ESCAPES! WILL SPY SMASHER BE ABLE TO THWART HIS PLOT AGAINST THE U.S. GOVERNMENT? SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF —

**WHIZ  
COMICS**

—FOR THE  
ANSWER.





DAN DARE, AMERICA'S FOREMOST PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS ASSISTANT, CAROL CLEWS, FLY TO HOLLYWOOD IN RESPONSE TO A MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.

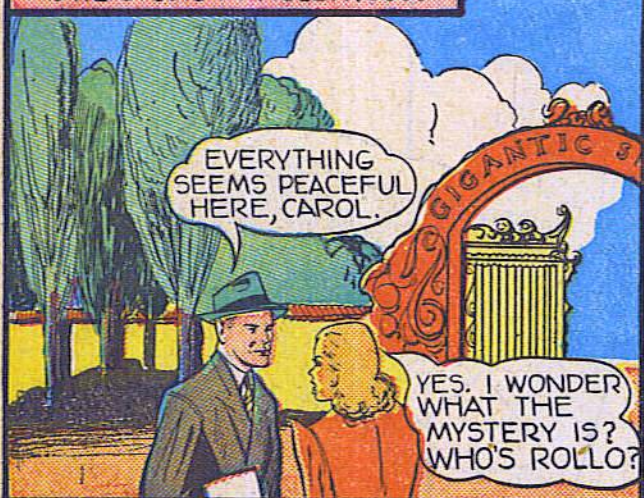
## TELEGRAM

DAN DARE  
C/O TEXAS RANGERS HEADQUARTERS  
PANHANDLE, TEXAS.

ROLLO HAS DISAPPEARED. IMPERATIVE  
YOU COME AT ONCE. WILL NOT ANSWER  
FOR CONSEQUENCES IF YOU FAIL.

M. A. HASKELL  
GIGANTIC STUDIOS  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

DAN AND CAROL ARRIVE AT THE  
MOVIE STUDIO IN HOLLYWOOD.



EVERYTHING  
SEEMS PEACEFUL  
HERE, CAROL.

YES. I WONDER  
WHAT THE  
MYSTERY IS?  
WHO'S ROLLO?

- AND ROLLO IS  
STILL MISSING,  
MR. DARE.

WILL YOU SHOW  
US HIS CAGE, MR.  
HASKELL?



DAN CONSULTS WITH THE MOVIE DIRECTOR.

ON THE MOVIE LOT THEY LEARN THAT ROLLO  
HAS RETURNED MYSTERIOUSLY.



LOOK, STORMS!  
ROLLO IS BACK.

THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT THIS I  
DON'T LIKE.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND  
HOW HE COULD HAVE  
GOTTEN OUT.

NOT WITHOUT  
SOMEONE'S  
HELP.



THE LOCK ON THE CAGE IS UNDAUNTED.



DIRECTOR STORMS QUARRELS WITH MARIE MAYNARD, HIS ACTRESS-SWEETHEART.



LUIGI, ROLLO'S TRAINER, WHO IS IN LOVE WITH MARIE, SHOWS HER A TELEGRAM.



## TELEGRAM

LUIGI  
C/O GIGANTIC STUDIOS  
HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

HAVE SENT WHAT YOU ORDERED.  
WILL KEEP EVERYTHING SECRET.

JOHNSON

PLEASE, MARIE,  
NOW YOU  
UNDERSTAND?



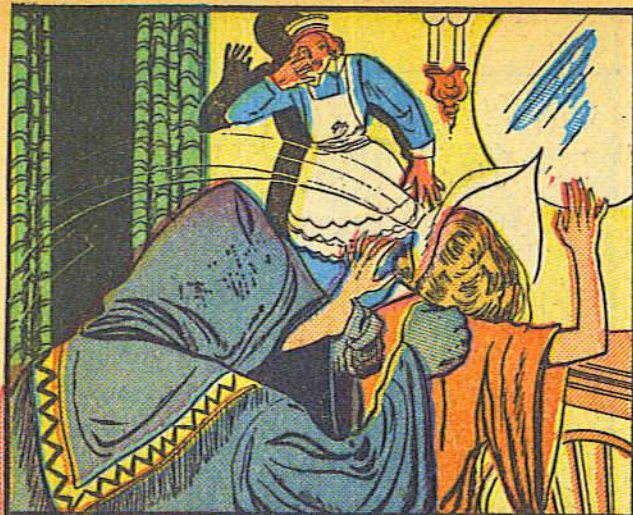
LATER, AT DAN'S HOTEL, DIRECTOR STORMS ADVISES DAN TO CONTINUE HIS INVESTIGATIONS.



THAT NIGHT, AS MISS MAYNARD IS ABOUT TO RETIRE —







-SHE IS STRANGLED WITH A THIN CORD.



DAN DETERMINES TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MYSTERY.



DAN FINDS NO CLUES TO THE MURDER OF MARIE MAYNARD.



AS THEY WALK TOWARD DIRECTOR MASKELL'S OFFICE, CAROL PICKS UP LUIGI'S TELEGRAM

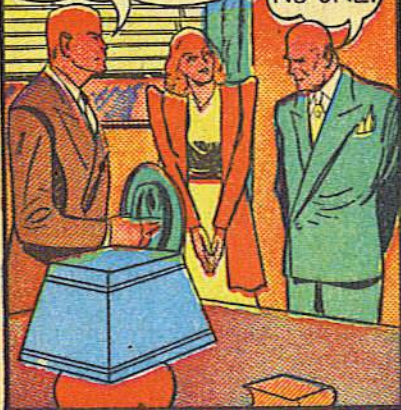




THE SLEUTHS CALL ON  
DIRECTOR HASKELL.

DO YOU SUSPECT  
ANYONE, MR. HASKELL?

NO.  
NO ONE.



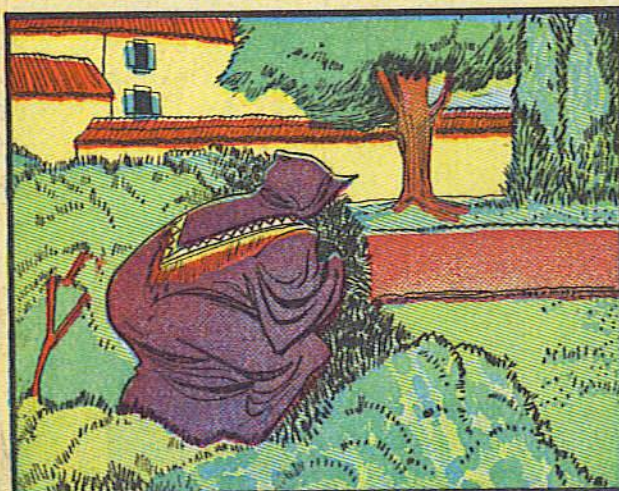
HAVE YOU ANY  
DISGRUNTLED  
EMPLOYEES,  
MR. HASKELL?

ONLY LUIGI.  
I REFUSED  
TO RENEW  
HIS CONTRACT  
BECAUSE OF  
ROLLO'S  
VICIOUSNESS.

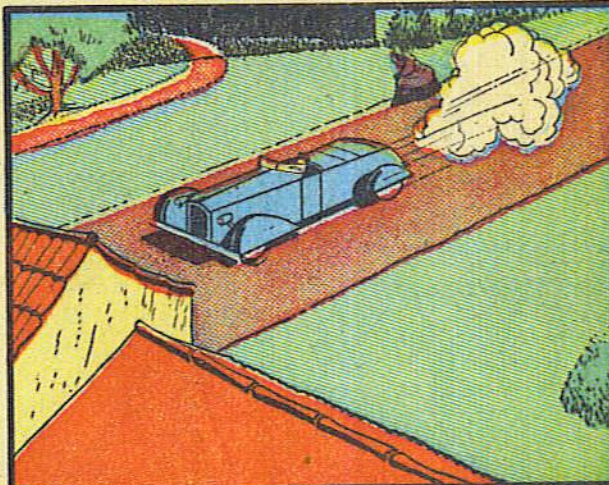


LUIGI IS THE  
LAST ONE  
I'D SUSPECT.

I'LL MAKE  
CERTAIN TONIGHT.



THAT NIGHT, AN OLD LADY CROUCHES NEAR THE  
SHRUBBERY ON DIRECTOR STORM'S LAWN.

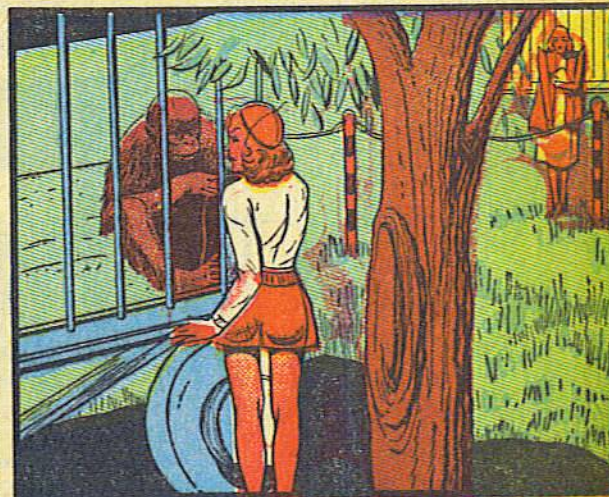


AS STORMS' CAR ENTERS THE DRIVEWAY,  
THE OLD LADY SNEAKS FROM THE SHRUBBERY.

STORMS!  
STRANGLER!  
THAT OLD WOMAN  
HAS BEEN HERE!



AN HOUR LATER, DAN, CALLING TO ASK STORMS ABOUT  
LUIGI, FINDS THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR DEAD!

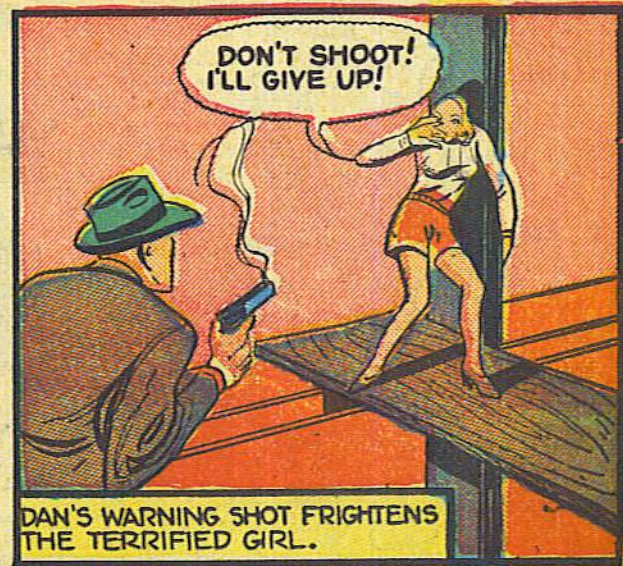
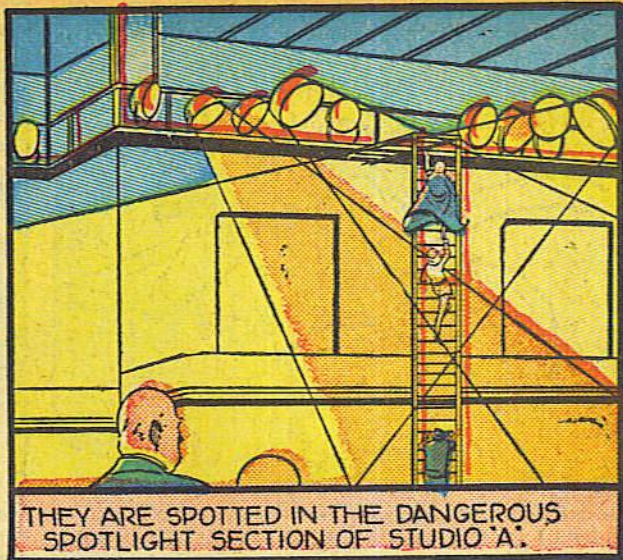


MEANWHILE, ON THE MOVIE SET, CAROL SEES MISS MONT-  
TROS, LUIGI'S EX-SWEETHEART, NEAR ROLLO'S CAGE.

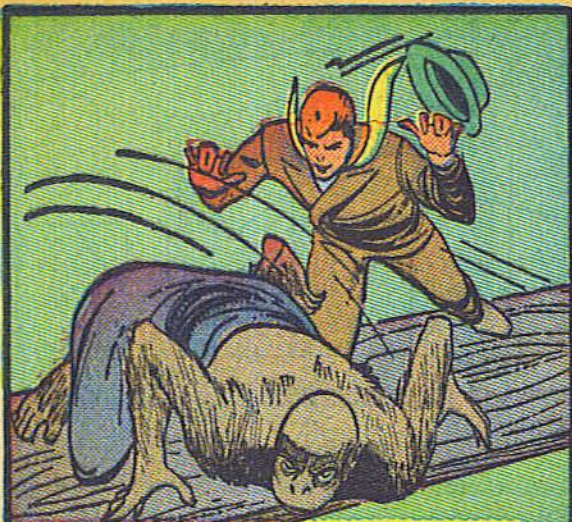




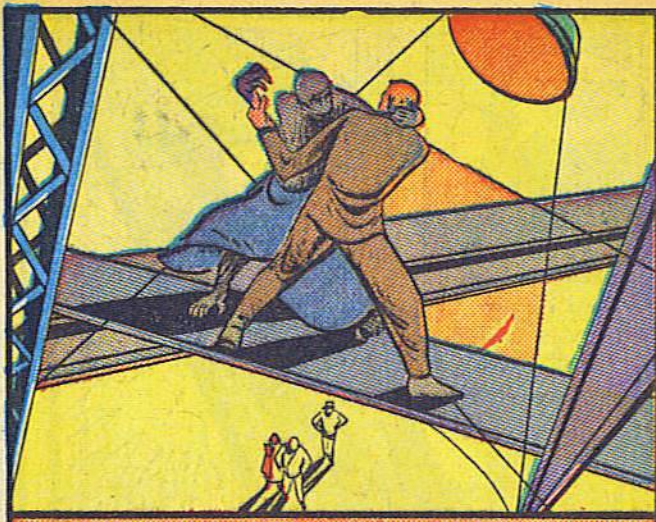








ROLLO STUMBLES AND GOES DOWN.



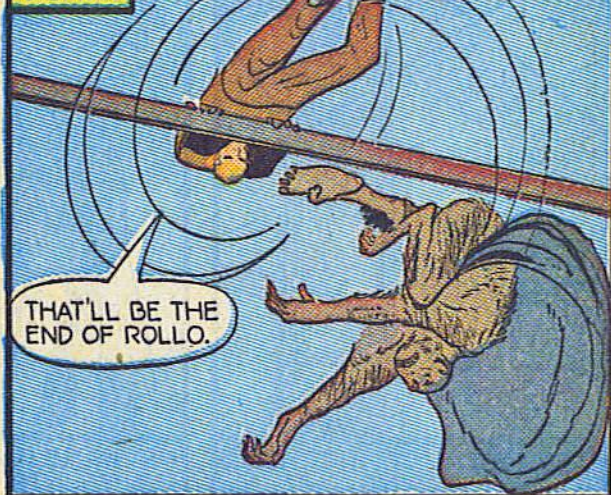
HIGH IN THE AIR, DAN BATTLES THE SAVAGE GORILLA.

ROLLO HAS A DANGEROUS ADVANTAGE OVER THE DETECTIVE.

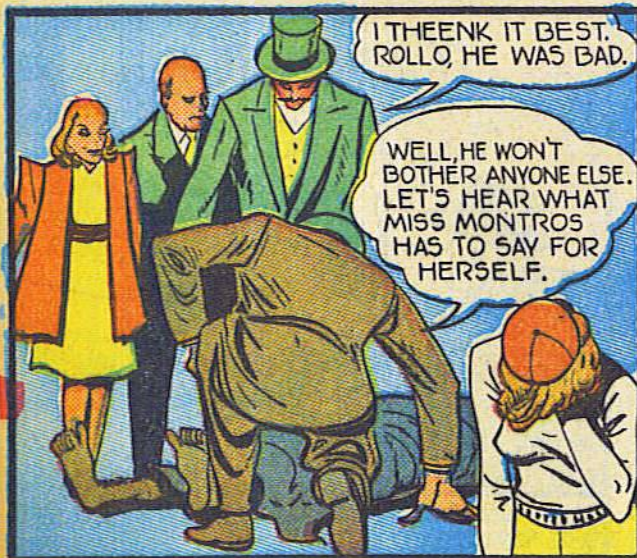


YOU --!  
I'LL GET YOU!

BUT DAN'S AGILITY OVERCOMES THE FIERCE BEAST.



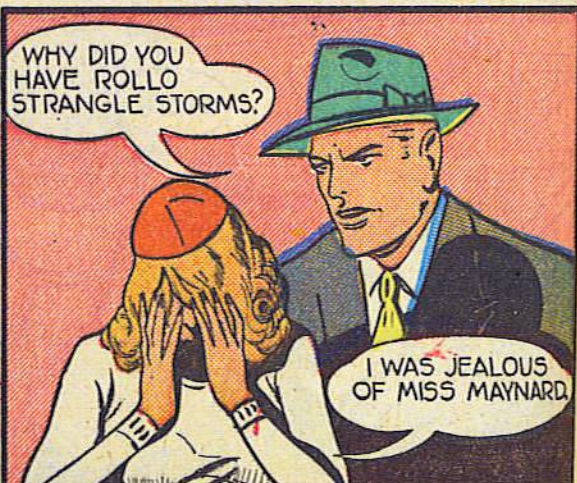
THAT'LL BE THE  
END OF ROLLO.



I THEENK IT BEST.  
ROLLO HE WAS BAD.

WELL, HE WON'T  
BOTHER ANYONE ELSE.  
LET'S HEAR WHAT  
MISS MONTROS  
HAS TO SAY FOR  
HERSELF.

WHY DID YOU  
HAVE ROLLO  
STRANGLE STORMS?



I WAS JEALOUS  
OF MISS MAYNARD.

MISS MONTROS CONFESSES USING ROLLO TO  
COMMIT MURDER SO LUGI WOULD BE BLAMED.



THE JEALOUS ACTRESS WANTED IT TO APPEAR THAT LUIGI HAD COMMITTED BOTH CRIMES.

PEOPLE KNEW STORMS HATED LUIGI.

THE LAW WILL TAKE CARE OF MISS MONTROS, BUT HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THIS TELEGRAM, LUIGI?

OHOO, THAT'S ABOUT THE NEW APE I BUY. COME - I SHOW HIM TO YOU.

THE NEW APE HAS PLAYFULLY DOWNED A MESSENGER BOY.

SEE! THERE IS MY NEW APE!

WHAT ON EARTH IS HE DOING?

HEY! LEMME UP, YOU CRAZY BABOON!

HERE'S A TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. DARE.

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT, IF YOU ASK ME.

## TELEGRAM

DAN DARE  
C/O GIGANTIC STUDIOS  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MYSTERY STALKS FAIR GROUNDS. GRAVE MENACE THREATENS MILLIONS OF VISITORS. IMPERATIVE YOU COME AT ONCE.

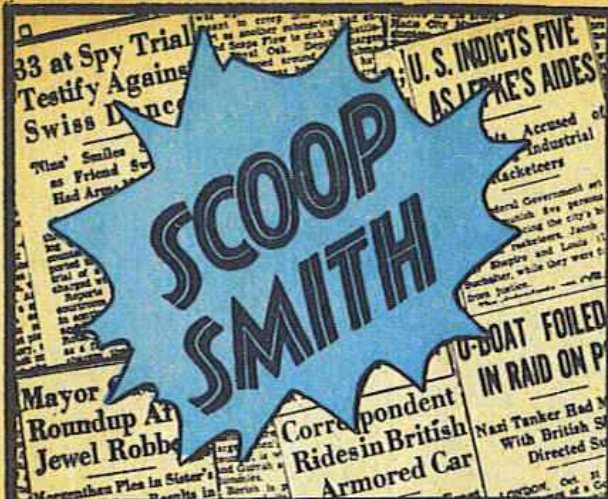
COL. PARSONS,  
SUPERINTENDENT  
WORLD'S FAIR

CAROL IS DISAPPOINTED IN DAN'S NOT BEING ABLE TO TAKE A MUCH-NEEDED VACATION. BUT EVEN SHE CRAVES EXCITEMENT AND SHE'S HEADING FOR PLENTY OF IT WITH DAN IN HIS PULSE-THROBBING ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH.

WATCH FOR IT IN THE JULY

**WHIZ  
COMICS**





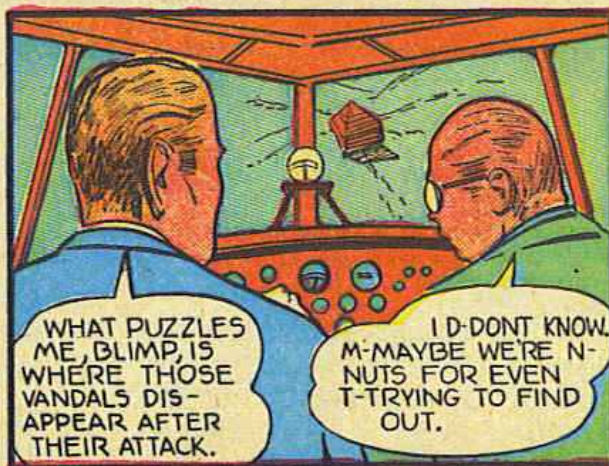
STARRING AMERICA'S ACE REPORTER.



EDITOR BRUCE LANE GETS ANOTHER TOUGH AS-  
SIGNMENT FOR HIS ACE REPORTER SCOOP SMITH.

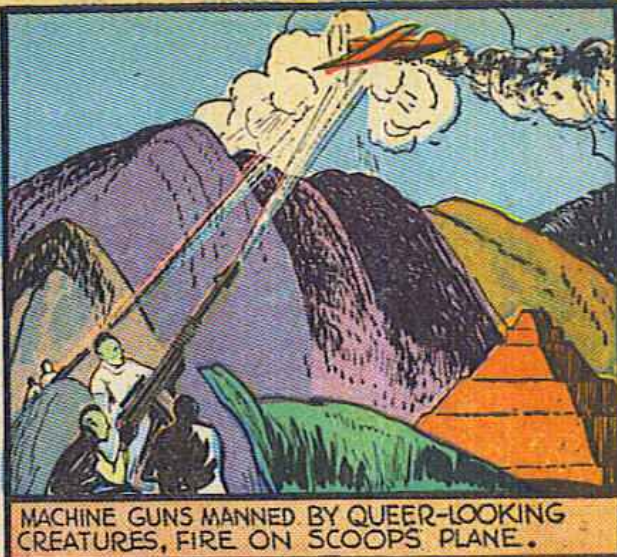
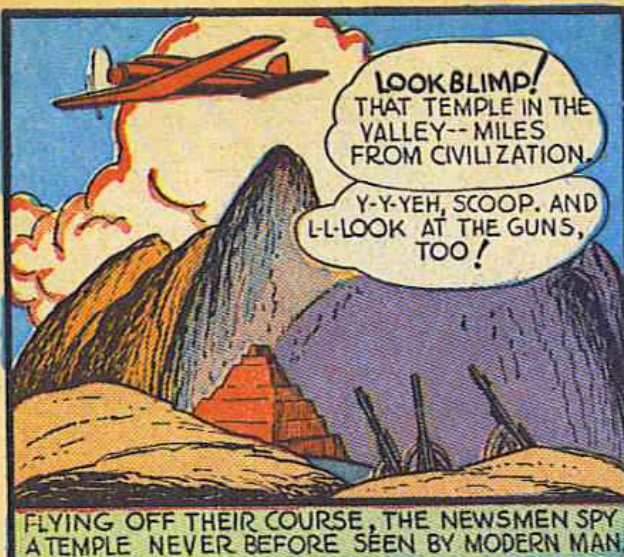


THE EDITOR EXPLAINS THAT ALL MEXICO IS  
TERRORIZED BY A PHANTOM ARMY WHICH NO-  
ONE HAS EVER SEEN.



SCOOP AND HIS CAMERAMAN, BLIND BLACK FLY  
OVER THE MEXICAN VALLEY IN SEARCH OF  
THE INVISIBLE ENEMY.





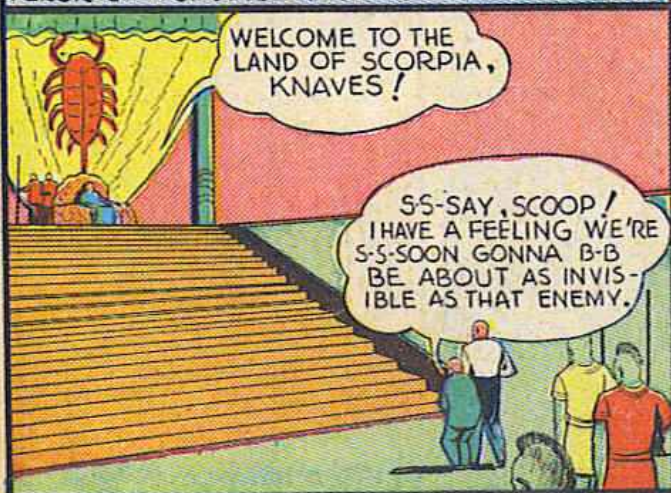
BULLETS CRIPPLE THE PLANE AND IT FALLS  
OUT OF CONTROL.



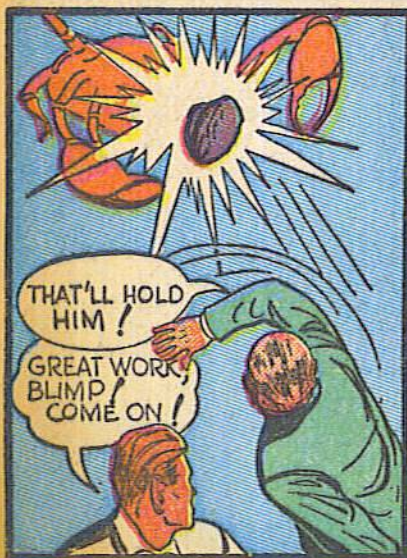
UNHURT BY THE CRASH, THE NEWSHAWKS ARE  
TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE STRANGE PEOPLE  
FROM THE PYRAMID.



SCOOP AND BLIMP ARE TAKEN BEFORE KING CORTES, EM-  
PEROR OF A STRANGE KINGDOM BENEATH THE EARTH.



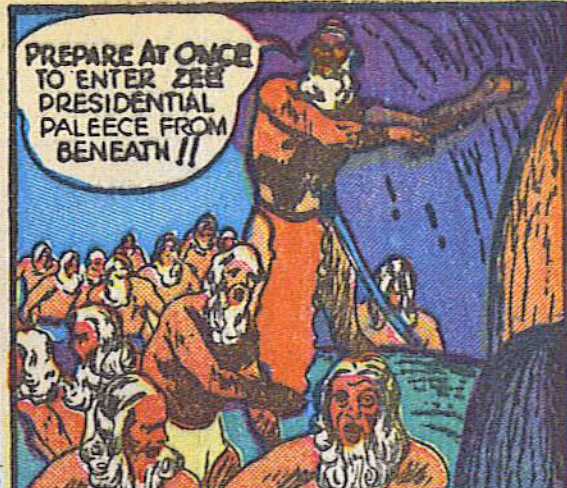








AGES AGO A GAS CHAMBER UNDERLYING THE VALLEY BLEW OUT, THE ROOF COLLAPSED AND ALL LIFE WAS BURIED BENEATH THE EARTH'S SURFACE



THE SUBTERRINE GENERAL GIVES HIS APE-LIKE MEN THEIR ORDERS.



MEANWHILE KING CORTES OF SCORPIA PLANS A FINAL ATTACK UPON MEXICO CITY, UNAWARE THAT HIS PLOT IS KNOWN TO THE SUBTERRINES



SCOOP NOW REALIZES THAT THE SUBTERRINES ARE THE INVISIBLE ENEMY HE WAS SENT TO LOCATE.

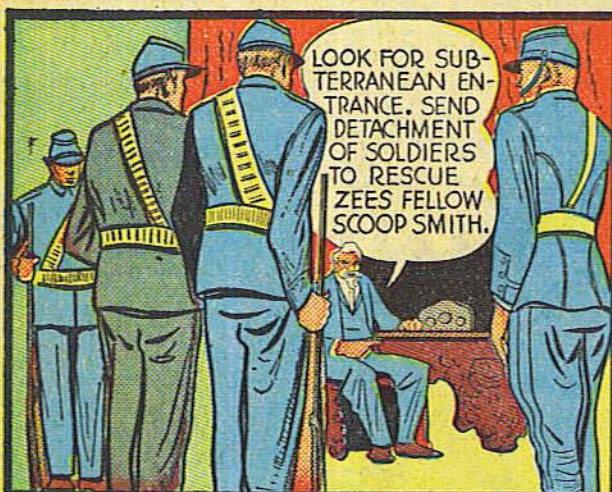


FORESEEING AN EMERGENCY, SCOOP HAS BROUGHT ALONG A PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER.

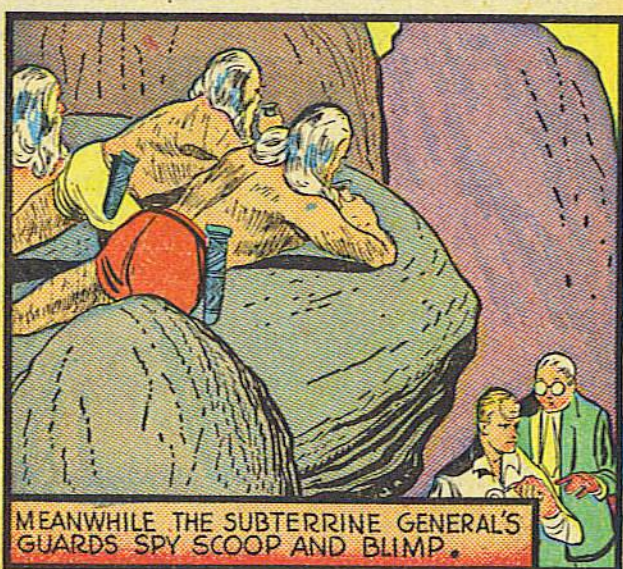




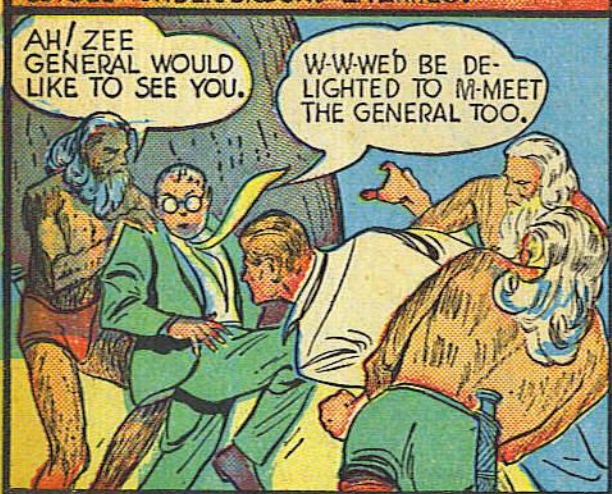
## THE MEXICAN PRESIDENT GETS SCOOP'S RADIO MESSAGE.



THE PRESIDENT, GRATEFUL FOR SCOOP'S WAR-  
NING, SENDS SOLDIERS TO SAVE HIM.



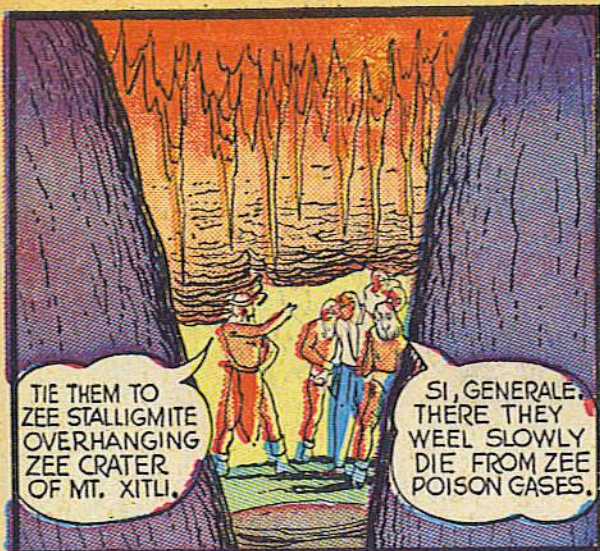
THE NEWSHAWKS ARE CAPTURED BY KING  
CORTES' UNDERGROUND ENEMIES.



THE NEWSMEN ARE TAKEN BEFORE THE LEADER WHO  
PLANS TO DETHRONE KING CORTES AND SEIZE MEXICO  
HIMSELF.









RACING ALONG THE UNDERGROUND TUNNEL, THE MEXICANS RAPIDLY APPROACH CORTES' ADVANCING ARMY.

WE MUST HURRY, MEN!  
THESE FELLOW, SCOOP, EES IN  
GREAT DANGER.



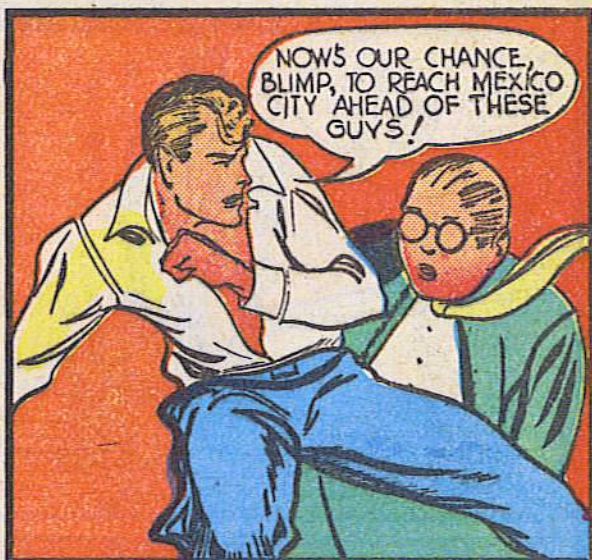
MEANWHILE THE REBEL GENERAL IN SUBTERRANIA MARCHES AGAINST MEXICO CITY.

READY MEN/WE GO  
NOW TO CAPTURE  
MEXICO CEETY BEFORE  
KING CORTES GETS  
THERE.



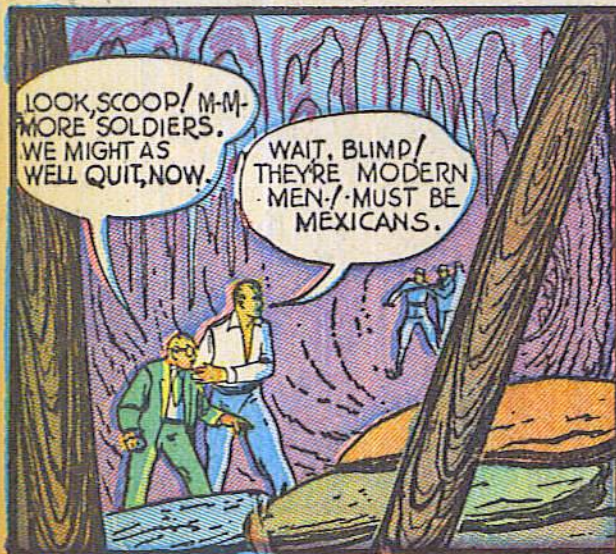
BOTH UNDERGROUND ARMIES, BENT ON OUTWITTING EACH OTHER IN CONQUEST OF MEXICO, CLASH IN BATTLE.

NOW'S OUR CHANCE,  
BLIMP, TO REACH MEXICO  
CITY 'AHEAD OF THESE  
GUYS!



LOOK, SCOOP/ M-M-  
MORE SOLDIERS.  
WE MIGHT AS  
WELL QUIT, NOW.

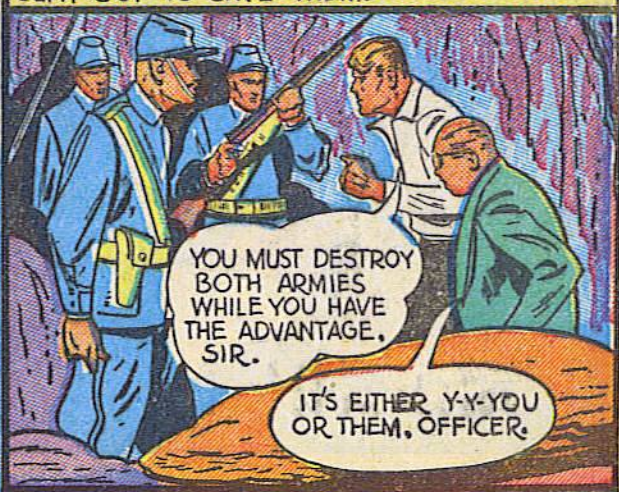
WAIT, BLIMP/  
THEY'RE MODERN  
MEN- MUST BE  
MEXICANS.



SCOOP AND BLIMP MEET THE MEXICAN SOLDIERS SENT OUT TO SAVE THEM.

YOU MUST DESTROY  
BOTH ARMIES  
WHILE YOU HAVE  
THE ADVANTAGE,  
SIR.

IT'S EITHER Y-Y-YOU  
OR THEM, OFFICER.





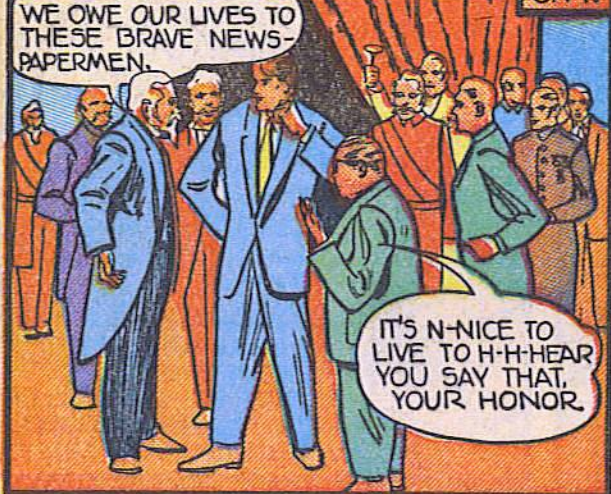
THE MEXICANS PREPARE TO WIPE OUT BOTH THEIR UNDERGROUND ENEMIES AT ONE SWOOP.



THE SUPER DYNAMITE DOES A THOROUGHLY DEADLY JOB IN ANNIHILATING MEXICO'S INVISIBLE ENEMY.



LATER, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN MEXICO CITY.



BACK IN THE UNITED STATES THEY REPORT TO EDITOR LANE



**S**COOP MAY FEEL COCKY NOW, BUT WAIT 'TIL HE KNOWS WHAT'S AHEAD OF HIM IN HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT.

**IT'S A HAIR-RAISER!**

**B**E SURE TO READ IT IN NEXT MONTH'S

**WHIZ  
COMICS**

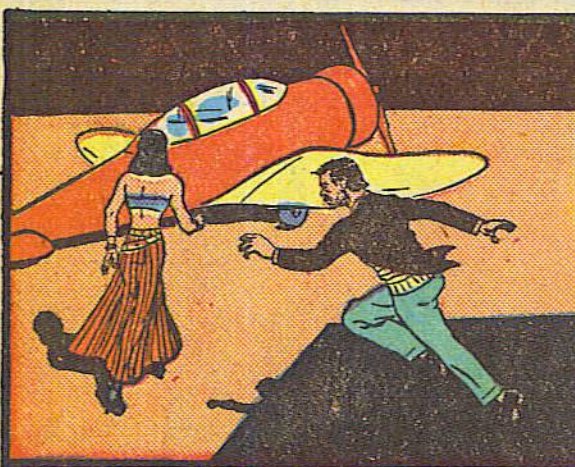


# IBIS

## THE INVINCIBLE

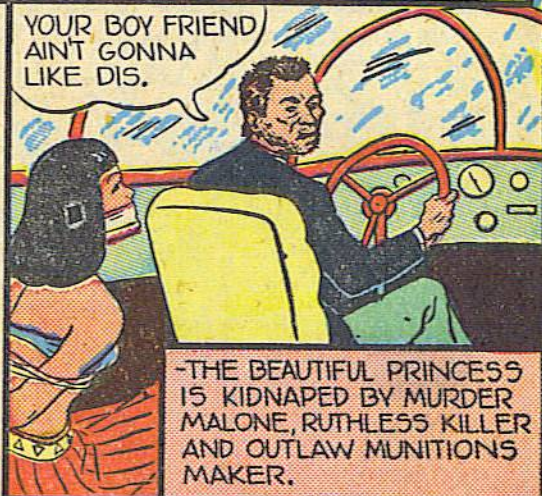
(IBIS - PRONOUNCED EYE-BISS)

MODERN MIRACLE-MAKER IS THE EGYPTIAN PRINCE IBIS WHO, WITH THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS TAIA, WAS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE 4,000 YEARS AFTER DEATH TO BATTLE AGAINST CRIME AND INJUSTICE WITH THE AID OF THE POWERFUL IBISTICK, AN ANCIENT MAGIC WAND.



AS TAIA WALKS ALONE TOWARD THE IBISHIP, WORLD'S FASTEST AIRPLANE CREATED BY IBIS, A FIGURE LEAPS FROM THE SHADOWS AND—

YOUR BOY FRIEND  
AIN'T GONNA  
LIKE DIS.



—THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS IS KIDNAPED BY MURDER MALONE, RUTHLESS KILLER AND OUTLAW MUNITIONS MAKER.

TAIA! TAIA!  
WHERE ARE YOU?



WHEN IBIS ARRIVES AT THE FIELD A FEW MINUTES LATER, TAIA AND THE IBISHIP HAVE VANISHED INTO THE NIGHT.

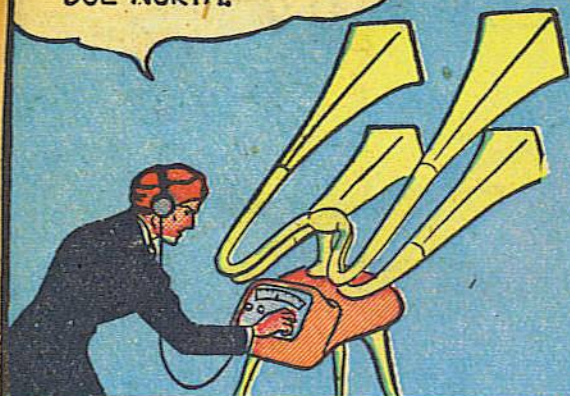
IBISTICK - MAKE ME AN  
AIRPLANE FINDER.



UNABLE TO SEE OR HEAR  
THE IBISHIP, IBIS CALLS ON  
THE POTENT IBISTICK.



AH! AN AIRPLANE MOTOR,  
DUE NORTH.



INSTANTLY THE MAGIC WAND CREATES  
A SUPERSENSITIVE AIRPLANE DETECTOR.

I WANT AN  
AIRPLANE.



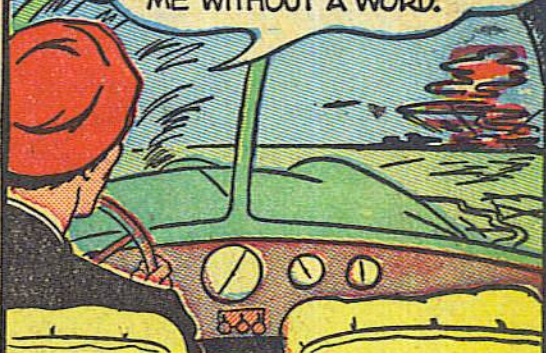
ONCE AGAIN HE POINTS THE  
MIRACULOUS IBISTICK AND—

I'LL SET THE GYROSCOPE  
CONTROLS FOR DUE NORTH AND OVER-  
TAKE THAT PLANE WITHIN AN HOUR.



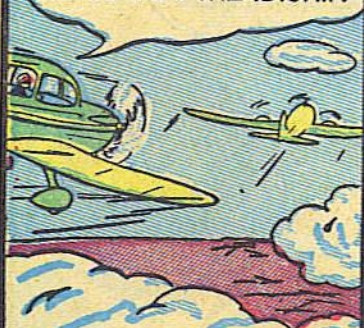
—A 400 MILE-AN-HOUR MONOPLANE, EQUIPPED WITH  
EVERY MODERN INSTRUMENT, APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE  
ITS 3,000 HORSEPOWER ENGINE PURRING SOFTLY.

THAT MUST BE THE IBISHIP! BUT I STILL  
CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY TALA LEFT  
ME WITHOUT A WORD.



AT DAWN HE SPIES AN  
AIRPLANE SEVERAL  
MILES AHEAD.

THAT'S NOT THE IBISHIP.

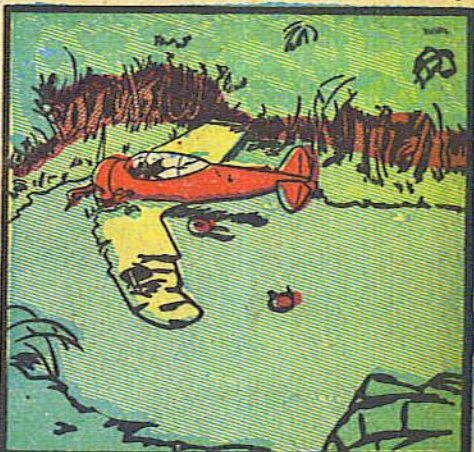


BITTERLY DISAPPOINTED,  
IBIS DISCOVERS THAT THE  
AIRPLANE FINDER HAD  
PICKED UP THE MOTOR NOISE  
OF AN AIRLINER MAKING  
ITS REGULAR RUN.

I'VE GOT TO FIND HER. BUT  
WHERE? I SAY, WHAT'S THAT.

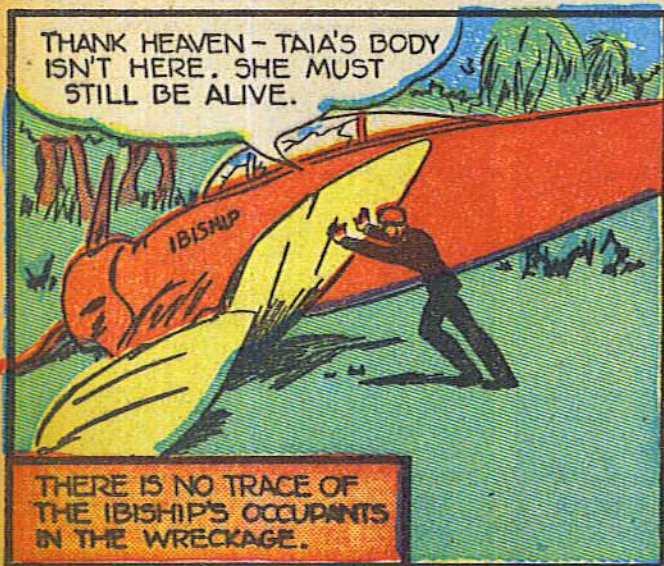
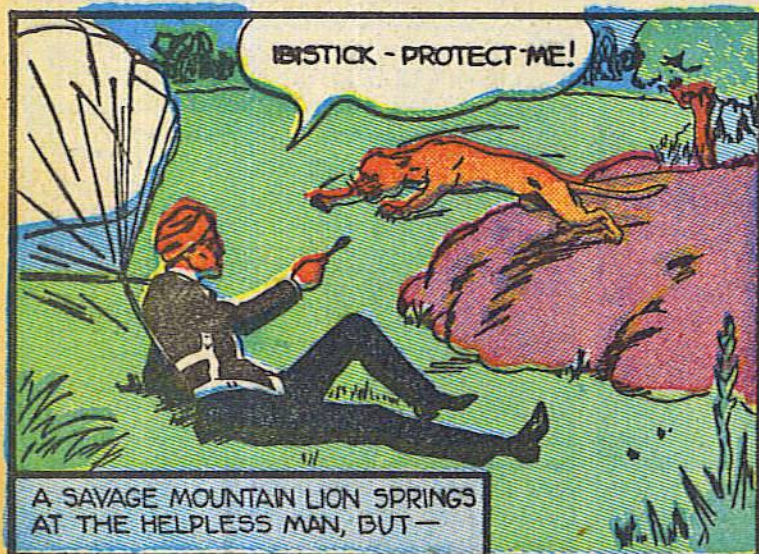
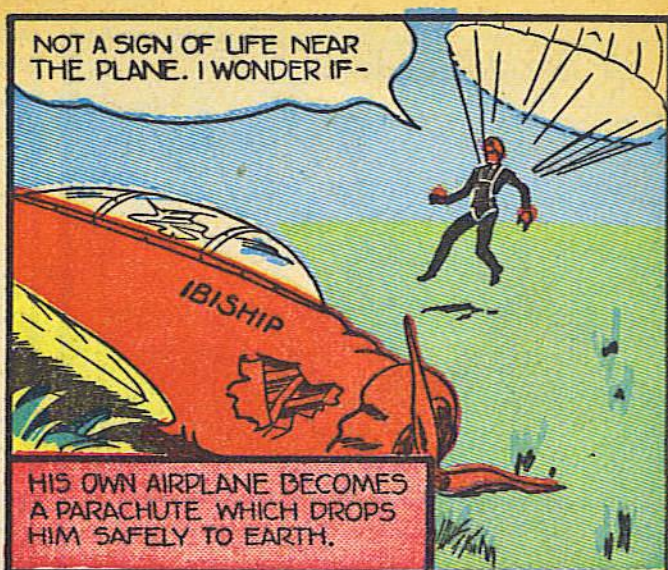


FLYING OVER A THICK  
FOREST, HIS KEEN EYES  
SUDDENLY DETECT —

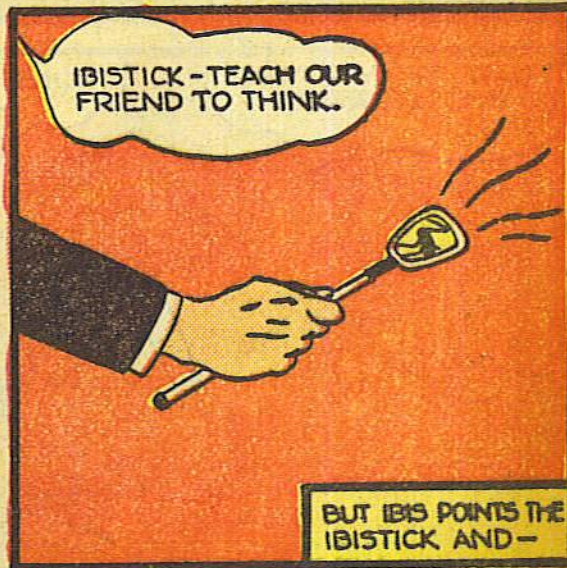
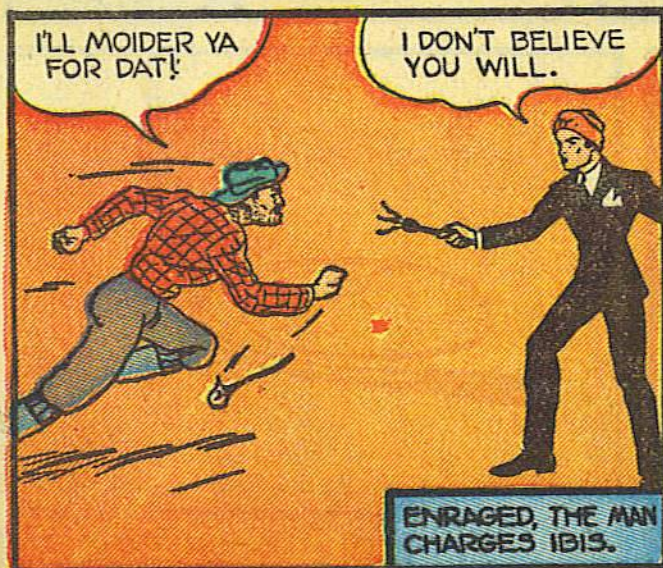
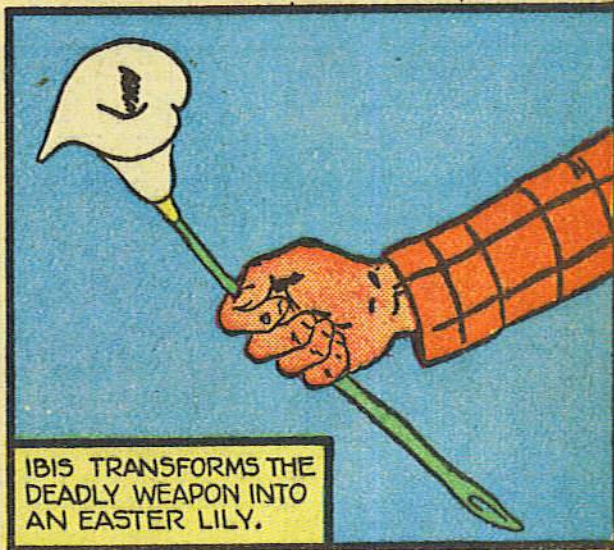
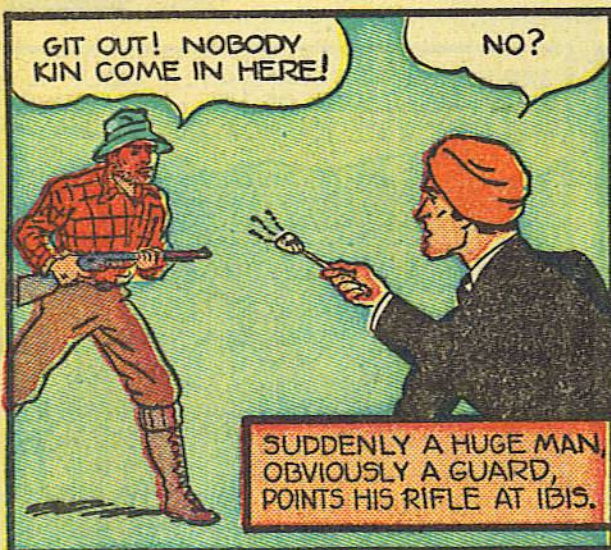


— THE WRECKAGE OF THE IBISHIP  
WHICH CRACKED UP TRYING TO  
LAND IN A SMALL CLEARING.







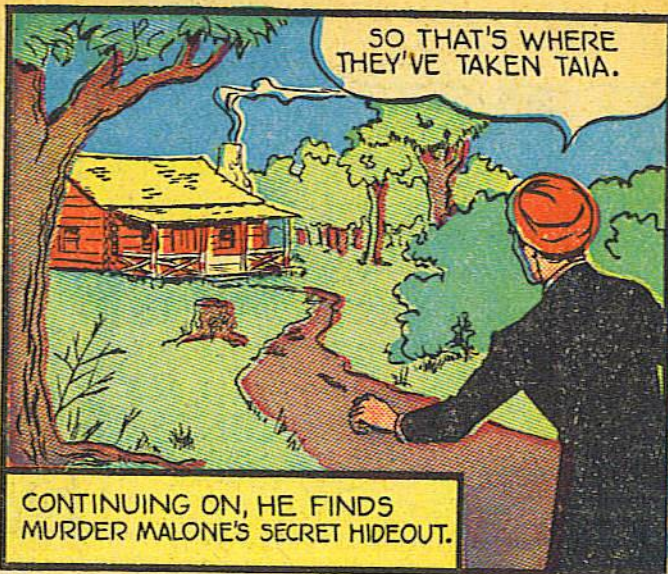






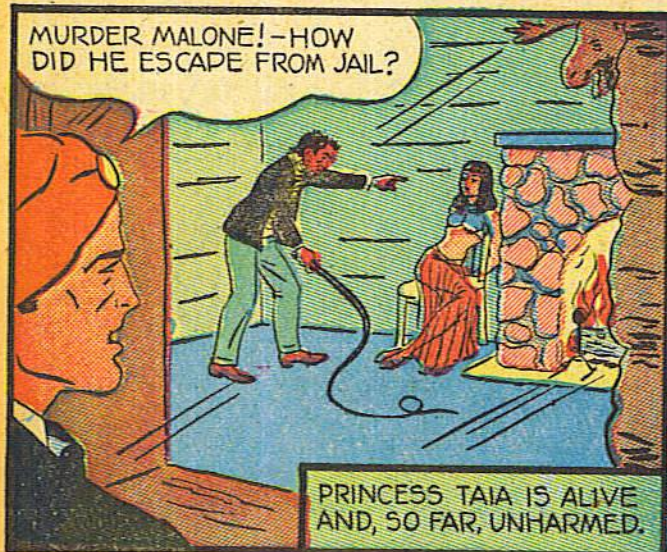
PERHAPS YOU WON'T  
BE SO HASTY FROM NOW ON.

-THE MAGIC WAND CHANGES THE RUFFIAN INTO A  
DUPLICATE OF RODIN'S SCULPTURE "THE THINKER."



SO THAT'S WHERE  
THEY'VE TAKEN TAI A.

CONTINUING ON, HE FINDS  
MURDER MALONE'S SECRET HIDEOUT.



MURDER MALONE! -HOW  
DID HE ESCAPE FROM JAIL?

PRINCESS TAI A IS ALIVE  
AND, SO FAR, UNHARMED.



YER BOY FRIEND'S GONNA GIVE  
ME DAT MAGIC STICK OR HE  
AIN'T GONNA SEE YOU NO MORE!

YOU —  
YOU BEAST!

MURDER MALONE WANTS  
THE IBISTICK AS RANSOM  
FOR THE KIDNAPED GIRL.



LEMME SHOW YA WHAT  
DIS WHIP'LL DO TO YA,  
BABE!

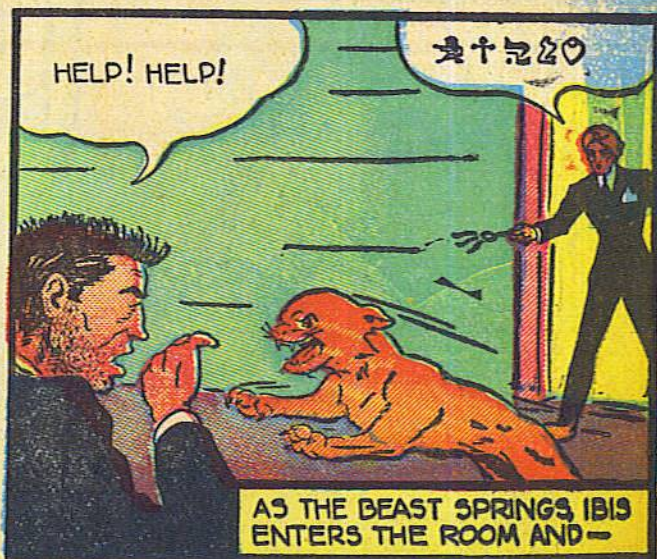
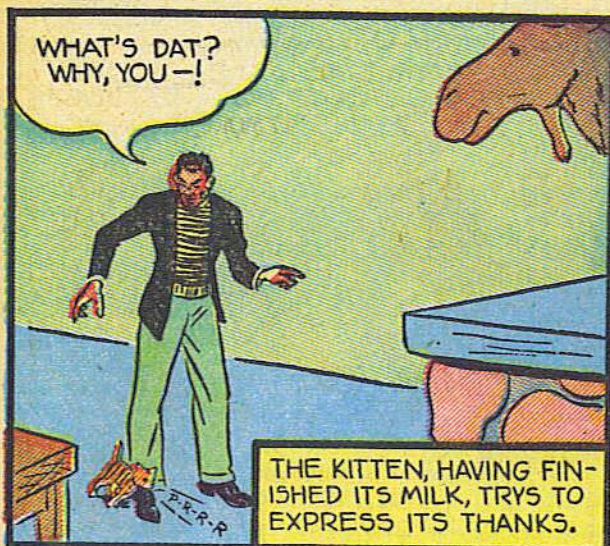
NO! NO!

THE SAVAGE KILLER SNAPS THE  
MURDEROUS WHIP AT A TINY KITTEN

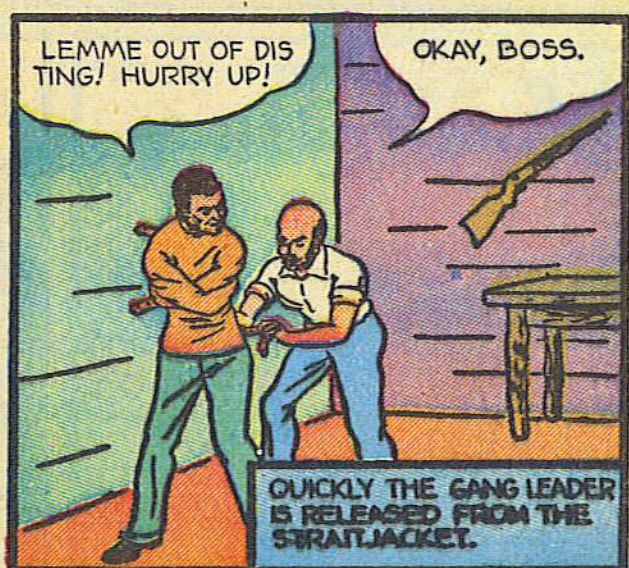
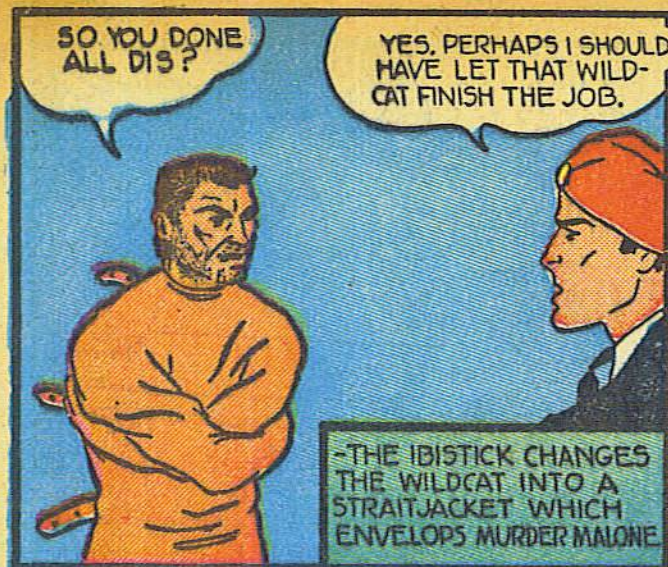


BUT A MYSTERIOUS FORCE YANKS THE  
WEAPON FROM HIS HANDS AND DROPS  
IT IN A COIL AT THE KITTEN'S FEET.

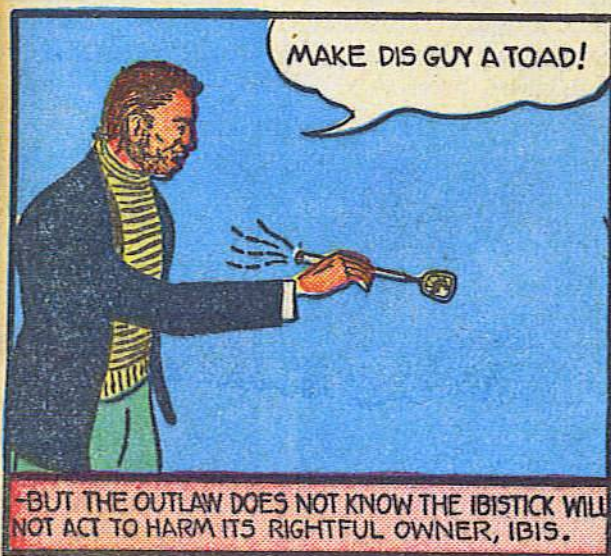




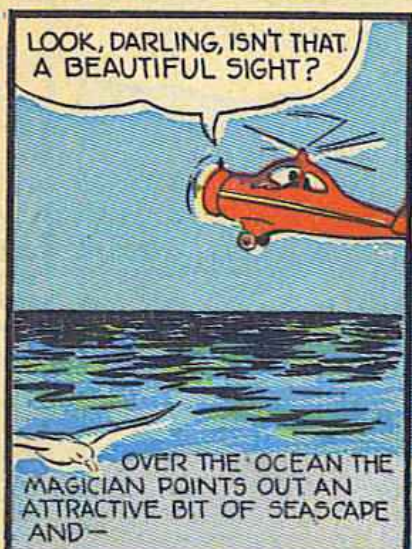












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HAS IBIS LOST HIS WONDERFUL IBISTICK FOREVER? OR WILL HE BE ABLE TO RETRIEVE IT FROM THE OCEAN DEPTHS? LOOK FOR THE ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S THRILL-PACK-ED ISSUE OF

**WHIZ  
COMICS**



# Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

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COUPON  
TO START

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Become  
an Ace  
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**I**MAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding THIS bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

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CAN BE  
YOURS!



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**WONDERS NEVER BEFORE BEHELD BY MAN**

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World's First Lovers Surmounting Primeval Dangers!  
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Gigantic Cave Bear and Ferocious Serpent!  
Volcanic Eruptions that Rend the Earth  
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Stampede of Weird Monsters as Flaming  
Lava Engulfs Their Forest Home!

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the World at the Dawn of Time!

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