

DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY #2

HIS MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE - UNITED KINGDOM GREAT BRITAIN

OFFICIAL BUSINESS - FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

SUBJECT: former agent CLARK SAVAGE alias CLARK WILDMAN

NUMBER: reissued

STATUS: retired

ADDRESS: unknown, try brother in Canada

YOUR MISSION: Find Clark Savage before other side does. If
subject appears to be a security risk you may
use your own disencumbrance method

REPORTS: should be sent from your current position anywhere in
the world you find yourself at least once a week, by
special messenger if possible.

SECRET

Welsome to the 2nd Doc Savage Quarterly!

All but one of you are reading this who read the first edition of this humble effort so there must be people as interested in Doc Savage as I am. Well whaddya know? Mount St. Helens in Washington State near the Oregon border is somewhat active again after almost half a century as a dorment volcano. On March 28th it erupted steam and black gas 1000s of feet into the air. And I hear that some ash and pumice came out of it as well. I would be tempted to go up there and join the mobs of tourists going to Oregon/Washington state area to look at it if it were not for that strange dream I had last September (see last Doc issue). Just as well I suppose as the scientists and geologists on the site are also warning that it may have a violent eruption at any time even though no one had been killed by the end of March when this issue is to go to press if on schedule. Please keep away from it yourself - I can not really put into words the sense of danger I have about it.

But on to other things. This issue has the conclusion of the new Doc Savage adventure set in the present day and age written in 1979. Also a nonfiction article on the man who newspapers in 1930 called the "Man of Mystery" and after reading it, your opinion will probably agree with mine in that Lester Dent clearly had this man at least partially in mind when he wrote DOC SAVAGE, MAN OF BRONZE. The mystery man is even on record beating at golf such personalities as Bing Crosby (who was fairly good at it) and others. Speaking of Bing Crosby, did you know that he still holds the world record for most popular record? "White Christmas" sold 25million records by Bing Crosby plus another 100 million records by other singers. The only record that comes even close is a rock & roll record called "Rock Around the Clock" by Bill Hailey & the Comets (more recently heard as the theme song a few years ago as the theme song of the TV series "Happy Days") which has sold an unofficial 25 million records.

This issue also has a list of all 183 Doc Savage adventures (including the missing IN HELL MADONNA reported in Duende and one that was above average written by Farmer) in alphabetical order by title so you won't have to keep searching through the whole list each time you want to find acertain Doc story for some reason. Also part one of a fiction written about the Senior CLARK SAVAGE only mentioned by Dent.

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DOC SAVAGE - IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Pulp#

131	ACCORDING TO PLAN OF 1-EYED MYSTIC	179	THE GREEN MASTER
97	THE ALL-WHITE DWARF	40	THE HAUNTED OCEAN
177	THE ANGRY CANARY	100	THE HEADLESS MAN
84	THE ANGRY GHOST	53	HE COULD STOP THE WORLD
22	THE ANNIHILIST	127	HELL BELOW
93	THE AWFUL DYNASTY	81	HEX
88	THE AWFUL EGG	174	I DIED YESTERDAY
96	BEQUEST OF EVIL	182	IN HELL MADONNA (now RED SPIDER)
104	BIRDS OF DEATH	105	THE INVISIBLE BOX MURDERS
87	THE BOSS OF TERROR	140	JIU SAN, JAPAN'S INSIDE MENACE
121	THE BLACK BLACK WITCH	149	KING JOE CAY
41	THE BLACK SPOT	122	THE KING OF TERROR
11	BRAND OF THE WEREWOLF	16	THE KING MAKER
146	CARGO UNKNOWN	25	LAND OF ALWAYS NIGHT
43	COLD DEATH	52	THE LAND OF FEAR
160	COLORS FOR MURDER	47	LAND OF THE LONG JUJU
78	THE CRIMSON SERPENT	2	THE LAND OF TERROR
9	THE CZAR OF FEAR	116	THE LAUGH OF DEATH
82	THE DAGGER IN THE SKY	172	LET'S KILL AMES
169	DANGER LIES EAST	59	THE LIVING-FIRE MENACE
56	REPEL (now THE DEADLY DWARF)	142	THE LOST GIANT
132	DEATH HAD YELLOW EYES	7	THE LOST OASIS
164	DEATH IN LITTLE HOUSES	Farmer	THE MAD DWARF/LORD OF THE TREES
20	DEATH IN SILVER	51	MAD EYES
159	DEATH IS A ROUND BLACK SPOT	71	MAD MESA
168	THE DEATH LADY	110	THE MAGIC FOREST
133	THE DERELICT OF SKULL SHOAL	31	THE MAJII (GENIE) 54 THE MAGIC ISLAND
48	THE DERRICK DEVIL	1	THE MAN OF BRONZE
70	THE DEVIL GENGHIS (AYATOLLAH)	113	THE MAN WHO FELL UP
165	THE DEVIL IS JONES	12	THE MAN WHO SHOOK THE EARTH
61	DEVIL ON THE MOON	137	THE MAN WHO WAS SCARED
92	DEVILS OF THE DEEP	155	MEASURES FOR A COFFIN
118	THE DEVIL'S BLACK ROCK	108	MEN OF FEAR
95	THE DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND	126	THE MENTAL MONSTER
166	THE DISAPPEARING LADY	49	THE MENTAL WIZARD
32	DUST OF DEATH	94	THE MEN VANISHED
86	THE EVIL GNOME	38	THE MEN WHO SMILED NO MORE
163	THE EXPLODING LAKE	77	MERCHANTS OF DISASTER
34	FANTASTIC ISLAND	37	THE METAL MASTER
19	FEAR CAY	13	METEOR MENACE
55	THE FEATHERED OCTOPUS	42	THE MIDAS MAN
115	THE FIERY MENACE	103	THE MINDLESS MONSTERS
161	FIRE & ICE	171	THE MONKEY SUIT
158	FIVE FATHOMS DEAD	14	THE MONSTERS
76	FLAMING FALCONS	63	THE MOTION MENACE
89	THE FLYING GOBLIN	60	THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER
68	FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE	66	THE MUNITIONS MASTER
73	THE FRECKLED SHARK	33	MURDER MELODY
65	THE GIGGLING GHOSTS	35	MURDER MIRAGE
128	THE GOBLINS	102	MYSTERY ISLAND
98	THE GOLDEN MAN	125	MYSTERY ON HAPPY BONES
58	THE GOLDEN PERIL	15	MYSTERY ON THE SNOW
75	THE GOLD OGRE	36	MYSTERY UNDER THE SEA
69	THE GREEN DEATH	23	THE MYSTIC MULLAH (AYATOLLAH)
101	THE GREEN EAGLE	170	NO LIGHT TO DIE BY

DOC SAVAGE - IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER (continued)

Pulp#			
173	ONCE OVER LIGHTLY	176	TERROR WEARS NO SHOES
54	OST (THE MAGIC ISLAND now)	117	THEY DIED TWICE
83	THE OTHER WORLD	152	THE THING THAT PURSUED
106	PERIL IN THE NORTH	17	THE THOUSAND-HEADED MAN
10	THE PHANTOM CITY	135	THE THREE DEVILS
136	THE PHARAOH'S GHOST	162	THREE TIMES A CORPSE
99	THE PINK LADY	114	THE THREE WILD MEN
111	PIRATE ISLAND	119	THE TIME TERROR
5	PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC	109	THE TOO-WISE OWL
62	THE PIRATE'S GHOST	153	TROUBLE ON PARADE
79	POISON ISLAND	90	TUNNEL TERROR
4	THE POLAR TREASURE	181	UP FROM EARTH'S CENTER
175	THE PURE EVIL	46	THE VANISHER
91	THE PURPLE DRAGON	143	VIOLENT NIGHT (now THE HATEGENIUS)
29	QUEST OF THE QUI	120	WAVES OF DEATH
3	QUEST OF THE SPIDER	150	THE WEE ONES
6	THE RED SKULL	134	THE WHISKER OF HERCULES
24	RED SNOW	139	WIERD VALLEY
182	IN HELL MADONNA (now THE RED SPIDER)	74	WORLD'S FAIR GOBLIN
67	THE RED TERRORS	72	THE YELLOW CLOUD
56	REPEL (now THE DEADLY DWARF)		
45	RESURRECTION DAY		
180	RETURN FROM CORMORAL		
28	THE ROAR DEVIL		
147	ROCK SINISTER		
124	THE RUNNING SKELETONS		
107	THE RUSTLING DEATH		
8	THE SARGASSO OGRE		
141	SATAN BLACK		
154	THE SCREAMING MAN		
57	THE SEA ANGEL		
21	THE SEA MAGICIAN		
27	THE SECRET IN THE SKY		
129	THE SECRET OF THE SU		
156	SE-PAH-POO		
39	THE SEVEN AGATE DEVILS		
138	THE SHAPE OF TERROR		
44	THE SOUTH POLE TERROR		
112	THE SPEAKING STONE		
30	SPOOK HOLE		
26	THE SPOOK LEGION		
130	THE SPOOK OF GRANDPA EBEN		
85	THE SPOTTED MEN		
18	THE SQUEEING GOBLIN		
80	THE STONE MAN		
144	STRANGE FISH		
64	THE SUBMARINE MYSTERY		
178	THE SWOONING LADY		
123	THE TALKING DEVIL		
167	TARGET FOR DEATH		
145	THE TEN TON SNAKES		
148	THE TERRIBLE STORK		
157	TERROR AND THE LONELY WIDOW		
50	THE TERROR IN THE NAVY		
151	TERROR TAKES SEVEN		

Note - this list updated and typed on February 1981. By the way, the three words of Genghis, Mullah, and Ayatollah all mean roughly the same thing in Islam religion. THE MAJII refers to a second sacred genie. THE RED SPIDER was originally reported in Duende Magazine as IN HELL MADONNA so both titles are listed here.

Starting in about 1930 a Man of Mystery started turning up in the papers. Not only did he avoid reporters like the plague, he had been known to snatch camaras away from photographers. If that were all there were to it the news hounds probably would have let it pass, but he kept turning up as news.

Numbering among his known closest friends were Babe Ruth, Bing Crosby, Oliver Hardy, and others. He was forced to leave Florida prematurely when the local tabloid started stirring up too much publicity. Soon the public started seeing national news stories describing him as a powerfully built man of mystery of whom very little was known. He played golf with the former national champion, who was roundly beaten - more publicity. He easily won a bet by driving a golfball $3/4$ of a mile in a few swings. Yet no one seemed to know what the source of his finances was.

The stories started to sound like typical ballyhoo and people started thinking he was overrated. But still the stories kept coming out. About all the Press knew was that he had some secret source of income, that he would occasionally play golf with friends and experts, breaking club records in the process, and they knew his name.

Using a rake, shovel, and a baseball bat he beat Bing Crosby (one of Hollywood's best golfers, Crosby was known to sink 5 hole-in-ones) in a golf game. Who is he?

Doc Savage? No, the name this Man of Mystery went by was John Montague.. A photographer finally succeeded in getting a picture in the later 1930's and it made national news and magazines. A sheriff in New York saw it and radioed California that John Montague alias Laverne Moore, a very athletic man who had been able to beat anyone in any athletic event in high school.

It seems he had been involved in a N.Y. roadhouse holdup in which the other 3 bandits were caught and he was wanted for questioning. He went back to Florida and then to N.Y., and was found not guilty of taking part in the holdup. Under questioning he said his money came from gold brought out of a certain place in Nevada by packmule when ever he needed it. Now that the Press knew something about the man and his background (what he told, anyway) he was finally allowed to keep out of the papers.

You can read about him in back issues of 1930's newspapers in just about any library. Was he the real Doc Savage? Whether he was (is) or not, the papers and magazine articles were certainly read by Lester Dent - the word descriptions of John Montigue and Doc Savage are almost identical except for Doc's eyes. (which could have been added by Dent or been colored lenses. Such an outstanding feature certainly wouldn't have been an asset to a crimefighter).

One amateur sportsman who could very well have been one of those invited to play a round of golf and met the man could have been Lester Dent, although I've so far been unable to confirm this. Lester Dent had come to New York City on January first of 1931 to work for Dell as a contract writer. Later on in 1932 Henry Ralston of Street and Smith hired Dent to write the Doc Savage series and it is also possible that Ralston knew the Man of Mystery either by reputation (very probable) or personally. It is Ralston who is credited by Street and Smith as coming up with the Doc Savage character (as well as the Shadow pulp character).

Later on in 1940 Lester Dent met and did some gold prospecting with Death Valley Scotty, another man known for a mysterious gold supply hidden somewhere. Anyway, this would explain not only could describe the Man of Mystery (John Montague, not Death Valley Scotty) so well but knew about the secret supply of gold carried out on packmules many years before it came out in court and was made public in the late 1930's.

One thing is certain - he is a powerful man. One photographer who was unfortunate enough to be caught lurking in the bushes to get an illegal shot at him saw his heavy camera completely destroyed with the bare hands of the Mystery Man who had no background. Possibly to make sure he stayed out of the limelight he even entered a golf tournament two years later and did so badly by any standards, that friends said he had to be doing it on purpose. Nevertheless he then dropped from sight as the Press is uninterested in a "hasbeen" and has left him alone ever since.

Did Lester Dent know him personally, and was Doc Savage based by him on this man in the stories he wrote as fiction? The question was forever to remain unanswered on March 11, 1959 when Lester Dent died after a heart attack in February.

In the #4 issue of DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY is an article about an event which took place in 1923 involving the mysterious destruction in five minutes time of seven U.S. Navy destroyers worth \$13 $\frac{1}{2}$ million, the worst disaster in U.S. Navy peacetime history and the obvious model for the Doc Savage adventure TERROR IN THE NAVY. In the actual hearing which followed the disaster the man who testified that they didn't know how or why they were off course was the navigator on the flagship at the head of the column of destroyers, a Lt. Blodgett.

CLARK SAVAGE SR, RETIRED BRITISH SECRET AGENT by Bill Laidlaw

The misty fog was slowly clearing as the sun rose over London Bridge to silhouette a nondescript carriage. Although London Bridge in 1897 usually was covered by traffic into the capital city, at this time most of the daily patrons were still in bed or eating breakfast.

The sole passenger of the cab had the appearance of a sort of playboy with a serious deadly side, like a royal Prince being summoned to a sudden war strategy meeting. His clothing was that of a somewhat prosperous businessman but not flashy enough to stand out in a crowd. The cab pulled up to an unimposing building and stopped, letting out the passenger. He paid the cabdriver, then turned to enter the building. The door opened after he appeared to mention something through a peephole.

The hallway, lit by flickering gas lamps on the walls, led into an outer office where a young, pretty secretary was typing. She smiled.

"He's expecting you, Clark."

"Something terribly urgent I suppose."

"Afraid so."

"Pity," he said, ending the brief exchange.

The inner office was not pretentiously large, but richly decorated nonetheless. An officious looking man with graying hair turned toward Clark and motioned him to a chair.

"This will have to be short, arrangements have been made for you to leave within the hour for Cuba."

News of the short notice and destination apparently did not surprise Clark, but then few things did.

"When you finish your report on Cuba proceed to the United States. This thing between the two of them could turn into a world war."

"Anywhere else?"

"In this envelope is more complete information. Study and then destroy it. Your cover is an industrial arms dealer."

"Charming occupation."

"Good luck Clark."

Clark left the building and entered a waiting cab. Briefly looking through the envelope's contents he pulled out a passport, which identified him as Clark Wildman, a businessman from London. A letter of introduction was also inclosed which identified him as a bonafide dealer for a weapons manufacturer. Also inclosed were the detailed arrangements for his mission which he read and then burned, dropping the ashes to the floor.

The cab left him at the waterfront where a ship was taking on last minute passengers. The ship passage proved to be uneventful. In fact, it was downright boring.

When he arrived in Cuba all boredom went out the window however. Small bands of Spanish soldiers were everywhere, but so were revolutionaries and snipers. Dead and dying from both sides were not uncommon sights, even in the streets and towns. A United States battleship was standing at anchor in the harbor, probably the "Maine." It stood by quietly like a helpless giant forced to keep uninvolved. For the moment all the rebels fought against the common troops from Europe, but they were divided on their opinion of the United States.

Clark dressed to blend into the populace while he took notes, then took a ship to New York. He disembarked and took in the sites. There were also modern warships in New York harbor but the military feel on the streets was nonexistent here. He questioned several passersby on the streets and came to a conclusion. He returned to London, to the inner office in back of the pretty secretary's desk.

"You state here in your report that the United States is close to war with Cuba. Do you have proof in this conclusion?"

"I don't need proof. Two of every three people I talked to said the States should invade Cuba outright. And you've seen the newspapers from there on it."

"Yes, we read American newspapers. It appears that this man, William Randolph Hearst, uses his newspapers to advocate such ideas."

"His papers only reflect the American attitudes I encountered."

"Perhaps, but our feeling is that even if America declares war on Cuba and its protectorate in Europe, it will not involve the rest of us."

Clark turned and left. He was disgusted. Maybe the job was getting to him but it felt like he was trying to cut down trees with an ax turned the wrong way.

Three years later he was again entering the office, this time to obtain his last assignment. How many had he had in the last ten years, or was it fifteen? It became a blur after so long. Why was he in this business? He had joined for adventure, but after a while that wore off.

Friends, colleagues, even enemies had a wife and children to go home to. Yet here he was, still risking death and torture much of the time. Clark tried to remember the last time someone had resigned from his line of work to a peaceful life with a family. Off hand, there weren't many.

For that matter, a discouraging number of them seemed to die or just downright disappear in foreign countries. His own uncle had been in Iran during the uprising when the Russian Embassy there was overrun and he hadn't been heard from again, but that was when he was younger and it hadn't bothered him as much as it did now.

On the desk of the inner office was a photograph of a somewhat familiar man, but the name...

"This is the Count von Zeppelin. He served with the United States Army during the American Civil War fifty years ago. He was involved in observing enemy movements using tethered hot air balloons but he wanted their unlimited use for bombing Confederate positions. Now he has returned to Germany. We want to know what he is up to and what the military intentions are there. Our situation with Germany in east Africa is still very sensitive."

Clark dozed as the railway coach swayed passed French countryside. The Orient Express paused briefly at the border where he showed his letter of recommendation as an arms dealer to get over the border. He disembarked later at his destination in Germany. He took in everything while apparently nothing seemed to catch his attention to a bystander.

A freight train whistle shrieked as it chugged slowly past with dozens of flatcars loaded down with wheelset mounted conons. A German soldier walked quickly by. Clark disappeared into the crowd.

The bushes on the shore of a lake parted briefly to expose a crouched man. It was July 2, 1900 and Clark was watching a huge, huge floating barge offshore in this German lake. Suddenly a small crowd onshore spotted the huge nose of an airship emerge from the barnlike structure on the barge followed by the rest of the air vehicle. It rose and disappeared slowly over the trees out of sight. Clark hears a foot fall on dry leaves behind him. An officer of some kind was standing behind him there. He asked Clark what he was doing, was he hiding? Clark stood up in his 'borrowed' soldier uniform and answered in German virtually flawless. Clark was fluent in various languages.

"I was just observing the magnificent air machine."

"Who is your commanding officer?"

"Captain Smidt."

"I know of no Captain Smidt in this area."

So much for smalltalk. Clark reached for his shirt pocket

"This will explain my mission," he said as he quickly brought the

hand back up to connect solidly with the officer's chin. The man would sleep for a while. Clark made his way back to the railway station.

At the border crossing he finished with customs agents and started to get back into his compartment on the train. An officer approached.

"You are an Englishman?" he said with only a slight German accent to Clark. It was more of a statement that needed no reply than it was a question, as if there was no doubt in his mind it was a fact.

"Yes, may I help you?"

"You will come with me please."

Could he refuse? Ridiculous thought. Even the Embassy couldn't help him if he were arrested here, running from the authorities. He followed the man to an office in the station building.

"Your papers please."

He complied. The official scanned them and looked up once, evidently to compare his description with his face. He gathered up the papers and handed them back to Clark.

"You are leaving our country Mr. Wildman."

"Yes."

"Then you have accomplished your mission here?"

Clark hesitated. Was this a trick question? Was the man toying with him in a deadly game of cat and mouse?

"To my satisfaction, yes."

The official seemed to study him briefly, then said, "Good, good. Auvedersin Mr. Wildman."

Clark turned and returned the train, hoping he looked more uneffected and aloof than he felt. The train whistled twice then chugged away from the train station. It continued across the continent to the French coast as he finished writing the report. He made his way upstairs in London to the office again.

"Your first report seems to suggest that Germany is arming for battle with someone, possibly even an invasion."

"Seems to?! They could declare war any day now, perhaps even on France or Russia. Isn't anything to be done?"

"The Parliament and His Majesty's advisers are of the opinion that Germany is only arming itself for defense, as we are."

"Fine. All of Europe is ready to defend itself but war is unthinkable is that it? There are so many treaties now that the next war really could involve the entire civilized world."

"They are of the opinion that any war with Germany would be over in a matter of weeks and..."

"And my report is of no consequence. What about the airships? They openly bragged that a Zeppelin airship could observe and drop bombs on any city in Europe or England."

"Our experts say that no air machine could possibly travel as far as their own border, let alone bomb London."

Clark was angry and he knew he looked it. He kept silent.

"Surely the Americans realize that we are at war with the Africans in South Africa."

"The average American doesn't know we are at war there, has never heard of the Boer War, and probably hasn't heard of South Africa," Clark replied. "Some don't even know that their own U.S. Navy is fighting in China. Don't look to the United States for help with Germany. It seems I wasted my time gathering this information."

Clark hesitated a moment, then came to a decision.

"I resign from the Secret Service. In fact I resign from England. I just may go to live with my brother in Canada. I should have taken up the offer Alex wrote to me about a long time ago. It sounds peaceful."

"Don't make a hasty decision, Clark."

Clark turned and left. He had started to reply but didn't.

A yacht pulled gently on the lines holding to a dock. On the bow was the single word "Orion." Two crewmen were polishing the rail.

"I heard that the guy's name used to be something different and that he was something hush-hush in the Service."

"Yeah? Well it's Clark Savage now and don't forget it. Him and his new Missus will be here anytime now and we're to set sail for open sea. I met him when I was in the American Navy during the war with Cuba"

"And I hear he just inherited a wad of money from someone. He sure didn't buy this tub with pension money."

"Shhh. here they come now."

They both stood while the oblivious couple passed on the deck and into the cabins. The deck then became a flurry of action as deckhands cast off, pulling in lines and making ready. The engines started the propeller churning and the yacht's whistle blasted intentions to enter the crowded Thames River traffic to go out to sea.

(continued in next issue of DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY)

(continued from DOC SAVAGE QUARTERLY #1) HIDALGO TRADING in 1979

Miss Walters gasped and picked up a local paper on the ground. It was that day's paper and contained a story which said that her father's body had been found in a cabin near the Alaskan border by the Northwest Mounted Police.

Monk came over, squinted at the paper, and said, "You told us he was killed last week. Wanna talk about it?"

She was in tears, this time real.

"They told me they had father and that he would be returned if I made sure you flew from Los Angeles to Alaska. I...I guess they are the same ones who destroyed the plane Dr. Savage was in."

"And maybe Renny's, too." Monk added, "Say, did you do anything to our radio - did they tell you to?"

"No, they only told me to do what I just told you. That's all."

"I can vouch for her." Pat said. "She sat in the window seat next to me most of the way. She was never out of my sight."

"Well, that only leaves our Latin American friend. Where is he, anyway?"

Renny landed quietly at the airstrip in a rented plane, explaining that he had stayed behind while his plane had flown by remote control.

They all looked around but the man who had come with them from Central America had disappeared. They went to a local man who advertised himself as a private detective. Renny gave him the description.

"I say, are you English?"

Renny said that his distant ancestors were.

"Any relation to John Rennie, the chap who built London Bridge in 1826 out of stone? I believe a Yank in Arizona bought it a few years back."

Renny said he wasn't. They gave the detective a sizeable deposit for his services and a phone number where he could leave word for them.

Monk took Renny aside, said, "If that guy saw you land and told his buddies you an' Doc are here, those fake deaths of yours were wasted."

"Our planes tend to be rather transitory, anyhow."

Monk's fears were not unfounded. At that moment the stealthy individual made his way to the local hideout. He knocked 3 times, paused, then knocked twice. He was let in.

"I must see the boss." He said. English seemed to be a second language, but he had lost his thick spanish accent.

"He ain't here. What's wrong?"

"Doc Savage and the engineer are still alive. They used some kind of trick. They are here now."

The second man swore, turned on a shortwave set. He relayed the message and asked for instructions. A moment later he took off the headset and said,

"I am to put plan B in action."

"What is plan B."

"Go back and watch Doc Savage."

The fake latin american rebel turned to leave. As he did, the radio operator pulled out a Luger and shot him twice in the back.

"That is plan B." he said to the human form getting cold. The man went himself to watch the group after tapping their hotel phone with a tape recorder. It soon became apparent that they planned to leave for Moscow as soon as possible. The radio operator watched until they took off and then went back to the transceiver. He raised a ship in the uncomfortable position of being located between two enemies, the U.S. and Russia.

He identified himself and said, "They took off two minutes ago in their plane," then described the jet in detail. He had been paid in advance and decided to head back to California before someone 'plan B' to him.

When he reached California he was met at the airport by a car. Unfortunately the car turned out to be a hit and run driver, or so it seemed to the deputy coroner.

In the plane, now over Soviet airspace, Doc Savage took the controls and radioed ahead. They were informed to use certain identification codes when speaking with any Russian defensive personel who contacted them. This was neccessary because Doc's plane was fashioned after a very fast U.S. military plane, even though they had been given clearance.

Renny voiced what everyone was apparently thinking when he said, "I'll be glad when we're done here. I like talking with bureaucrats about as much as swimming in quicksand, let alone them being Communists, too."

Monk quiped, "You just don't like Red tape." Then added, "But I know what you mean. I've been here before and I'll still be glad when we're back in America somewhere."

Doc attended a meeting when they landed and permission was given for all phases of their project. They were assured the U.S.S.R. would be willing to cooperate with the U.S. on the project and Johnny was dispatched at once in a MIG fighter to the location near the border he gave.

Doc and the others stayed the rest of two days wrapping things up there then headed back for Alaska. Monk had asked Doc to explain what it was all about.

"We were, and still may be, up against members of organized crime hired by a large asian country. That country hates Russia with a passion and has since the Korean War. Somehow they found out about Renny's project. When completed, this project will improve relations between our two countries.

"This asian country could not stand for that. It has been on notice to be ready for full scale war with Russia for many years now and it would be very much to their advantage if relations between the two largest powers in the world gradually got to a point that war broke out.

"If that should happen, it would leave only radioactive ashes of most of the U.S. and Russia and only one major world power. That is why this project must succeed and why we are involved in it."

There were a few more criminals involved and these were rounded up, then sent to Doc's private hospital in Central America to learn a new trade. The asian country involved denied everything and publicly called the project a boon to peace, despite what they thought.

The project went full-steam ahead and soon foundations for the 40 mile long bridge across the Bering Strait were being laid.

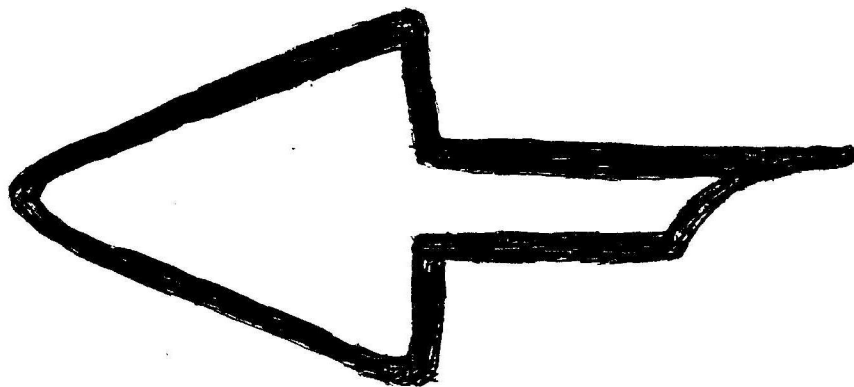
Meanwhile, Ham escorted the now orphaned (her mother had died years before) Linda Walters to New York, where she went to work in a cosmetics concern while on a sort of probation personally handled by him.

"Imagine that." Monk grumbled, "The man's gone through two divorces and he still hasn't learned."

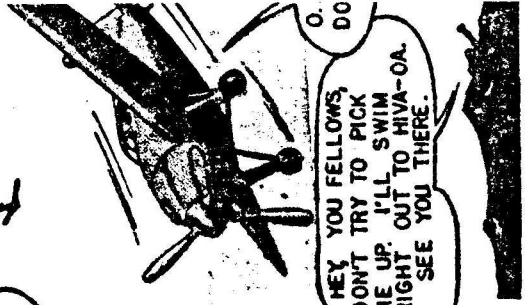
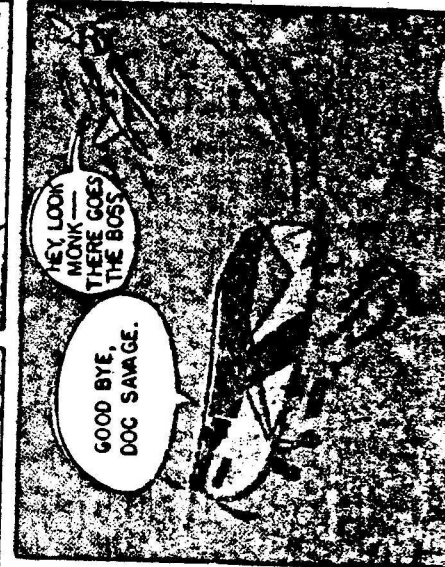
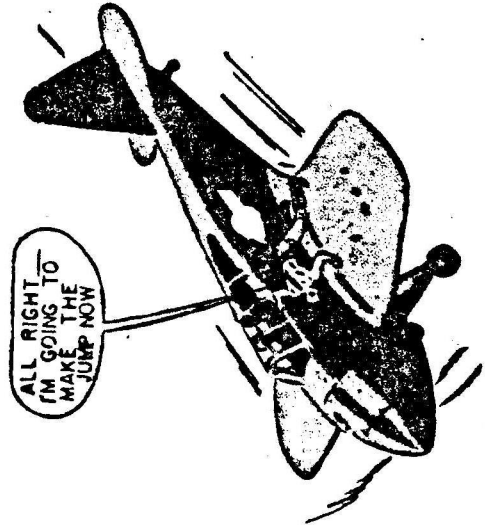
"If you weren't a married man," Pat said, "I might say you were jealous of Ham."

Monk shrugged, said, "Not half as jealous as he was at our wedding."

THE END



THE TWO PLANES NEAR EACH OTHER IN MID-AIR



VOL. 2 NO. 7 SEPTEMBER, 1943

10c

DOC SAVAGE COMICS



THE
BLACK KNIGHT
BATTLES
DOC SAVAGE
FOR A
FABULOUS
TREASURE

THE IRREPRESSIBLE
HENNY YOUNGMAN