



Welcome! Issue #3 has a new article about what Doc Savage would eat, a diet that would be good for anyone to follow, as well as part two of the fictional story about Clark Savage Sr. Also an article on no less than the Red Baron and what his death may have had to do with the AVENGER And DOC SAVAGE.

By the way, speaking of the Avenger, those of you new to the old timey radio recordings market sold by various mail order operations may have noticed a 1930's or 40's radio show series called the AVENGER offered recorded on tape. Please do not buy these tapes if you are expecting the pulp stories AVENGER as this show was in no way related. It was a carbon-copy of the old SHADOW radio series and the only companion the AVENGER had on radio was the usual unmarried (?) female. If you are interested anyway I have two thirty minute shows on a cassette or 8 trac from either the SHADOW or the AVENGER radio shows for \$3 per hour.

A while back I ran across a company that publishes a 20 page newspaper which is really fascinating. It is composed entirely of front pages, each an exact copy of a famous issue in history such as the Titanic, the Hindenburg, etc. If you are interested in it I will send an issue of it to you for \$1.50 (which includes around a dollar just in postage alone). For those of you who haven't seen my past ads in the DOC SAVAGE CLUB READER (put out by Frank Lewandowski) I will include a loose flyer with this issue(s) of other stuff.

Have you ever felt guilty about not doing something even though you couldn't have done anything anyway? That is how I feel about those seventy or so people that are reported missing around Mt. St. Helens after it blew up May 18. Granted every scientist in the area pleaded with people to stay away so it is not as if they were not warned, still...

What did the Empire State Building look like inside decades ago? A movie came out in 1953 called "The Moon is Blue" with David Niven. The 1st ten or fifteen minutes show them walking across the concourse lobby, buy a ticket to go up, then take the express elevator to the observation deck. More is shown than in the 1933 movie "KING KONG" (which was shot almost entirely in a studio). Unfortunately, the rest of "THE MOON IS BLUE" is boring as the plot(?) goes nowhere and no more is shown of the E.S.B.

As I recall the TV movie used to launch the SPIDER MAN series a while back also took place in the Empire State Building and the observation deck, so watch for these movies in your TV Guide. By the way, if anyone gets a chance to record the DOC SAVAGE MAN OF BRONZE movie on a sound tape let me know as I would like a copy to trade for something you want.



The failed rescue mission to Iran was the third U.S. rescue mission in this past decade. (both previous missions were in Vietnam and Cambodia, neither one was a success either). Chuck Miller, manager of a local airport near me in Paso Robles California says he flew helicopters in Iran on mapmaking missions and he notes that sand probably caused the problems which caused the rescue mission to be called off as a helicopter pilot trained in the U.S. might land wrong in the sand, it comes up in clouds clogging the engines when a safe slow landing is attempted; you have to land or takeoff in sand as quickly as possible.

I can imagine how much damage sand would do as I know how fragil even the most modern helicopter engine is; for every hour in the air it averages another hour of maintenance on the ground. The 90 volunteers who went on the rescue mission are part of a 300 member group called Project Delta and known as Operation Blue Light at the Pentagon. The four survivors of the crash were taken to the hospital at our base in Germany. As far as I know this is the best equipt hospital in Europe and is probably where the hostages will be flown when they are released.

Concerning Doc Savage readers is the news that the Bantom publisher Mark Jaffee has quit to work for Random House. This may or may not effect the Doc Savage book publishing (there were only 4 new adventures in print this past year, in doublebook form Cargo Unkown I had already read and will reprint the orignal cover for you somewhere in the Quarterly. HELL BELOW and THE LOST GIANT came out in October). By the way, be sure to wish Boston a happy birthday (founded in 1630) Speaking of birthdays, Jack Dempsey is 85 years old as of June 25th, I think he was mentioned in one of the Docs concerning his fights.

Remember when Pat Savage was kidnapped and her yacht was found drifting with no one on board? That story first gave the theory that a gas was used to knock everyone out and then take them away. Well, on July first a twin masted sail boat was found drifting off Baltimore by the Coast Guard. They did find  $2\frac{1}{2}$  tons of marijuana though so it wasn't the work of modern pirates. On July 4, 1976 the 100 hostages at Entebbe were rescued by commandos from Israel. I wonder how they feel about Iran? July 4th is also the date the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress in 1776, as well as the day in 1946 that the Philippines were granted independence, and the day in year 1054 a star exploded forming the Crab Nebula. (this write-up was supposed to be for an issue in July so I'm bursting with July information). In an early Doc adventure a man turns up spending old fashioned \$ bills "the big kind like they had a few years ago." The changeover to our current smaller size refered to was on July 10, 1929. It was August 27, 1883 that Krakatoa exploded, heard over 2000 miles away. Lester Dent lived to see TV first transcontinental broadcast (1951 by President Truman) as well as the first color broadcast (September 12, 1954) and he had discribed it way back in PIRATE OF THE PACIFIC.

THE RED BARON, THE AVENGER, and DOC SAVAGE  
by Bill Laidlaw

By now you know that the Avenger pulp series was written by "Kenneth Robeson" from 1939 to 1942 (at which time the wartime paper shortage forced a premature suspension until the mid 1970s, when more were written by Ron Goulart, a Doc Savage ghost writer). The Avenger is Richard Benson, a rich businessman whose family has been killed by criminals, freezing his face muscles into nonemotion. He avenges their deaths by bringing their killers to Justice, and then continues his fight against other enemies of society by shooting criminals in such a way that the bullet glances off their heads (knocking them out but not killing, which is against his code).

Virtually nothing is said in these pulp stories about Benson's life before 1939 although he obviously had some kind of military training, which he and his aids use against the criminals they come up against. He is described as 5'8" of solid muscle at 160lbs, with steely blue eyes. His age is never mentioned but he seems to be at middleaged. If so, his military experience would have been gained fighting in WWI (he is described as an excellent fighter pilot and marksman). If he were in WW1, a man as good at shooting and flying would surely have been assigned to the special Anti Red Baron Squadron; an elite group which flew eight Sopwith Camels painted red on the engine cowling. If Benson was one of these 8, the story has never been written up by Kenneth Robeson.

History tells us that (the Red Baron) Baron Manfred von Richthofen was of medium height, had steely blue eyes, and seldom showed any emotions. Born in 1892, he was only 9 years old when his father decided that he should spend his life fighting the enemies of his country, and enrolled him in a strict military school toward that end goal. But he was bored by the teaching methods and only did enough



to get passing grades, with the exception of gym class where he showed off his impressive muscles. On a particularly boring day he climbed the school's church steeple like a human fly, tying his handkerchief to the lightening rod tip. In 1913 he was pitched from his horse near the start of a race but got back on and rode 40 more miles to win it, to find out later that he had broken his collarbone. By 1914 he was an officer when WW1 started and he was ordered to lead his small cavalry troop into a Polish village to report on the invading Russians movements. After a week they were ambushed and his parents informed of his supposed death. Next, he led his group of 15 men to the French border to watch enemy movements. He became overly excited and led his men down a path into a woodland trap - only 5 escaped the ambush.

He requested a transfer to the air service later next year, which was approved in May 1915. On his arrival (after training) in Belgium he was assigned to the top secret B.A.O. squadron, a group of two-engined bombers to be used for bombing London. This never happened as Zeppelins were found to be more reliable for long distance flying (Count Zeppelin had served with the United States Army during the U.S. Civil War but had quit because they only wanted his services in using tethered hot air balloons for observation and weren't interested in his "Impractical" idea of using free flying balloons to bomb enemy positions).

Manfred saw both his flying teachers killed because of the enemy and swore to avenge their death by shooting down enemy planes. On September 30 of 1916 he shot down his 3rd plane but wrote "One's heart is beating a bit more quickly when the adversary, whose face one has just seen, goes down enveloped in flames..."



In December he paints his plane all red (by March of 1917 all the planes in his squadron were painted red) without explanation. When enemies see it they nickname him the Red Baron because of the color.

On July 6th he is shot at by an enemy plane but he is not killed because the bullet hits his head is such a way as to glance off and almost knocks him out. Although temporarily blinded by the bullet he crash lands and is congratulated for his record by no less than his country's Commander-In-Chief. In December 1917 Manfred tours the country denouncing Russia and Communism. During the tour he is embarrassed by all the female attention and hates the publicity. By June 1917 he is certain that not only will Germany be unable to crush Communism in Russia, but will also lose the war now that the U.S. has joined on their side against Germany.

In a letter to his mother in February 1918 he says "Now I think I will not come back to Germany for a long long time." On April 21& 22 two or three red triplanes are shot down. All 3 are claimed to have been the Red Baron and are striped to the framework by souvineer hunting soldiers before authority arrives. The one they are sure is the Red Baron looks like him but all identification is stolen by souvineer hunters. The body is buried with full honors in France after visual identification from old photographs. Meanwhile, captured Allied soldiers tell the Germans that a red triplane's pilot had survived a crash landing and been rushed to an Allied hospital but this is never confirmed. Interestingly, one of the men who photographed the body (for confirmation of death to German High Command) went on to be knighted for his polar expeditions later on including one by sub in 1931.



Why Manfred would have continued to fight after deciding it was hopeless is a mystery. Lord Douglas of Kirtleside, who was there and wrote in his book "...Richthoven was a gallant pilot, although he always fought with the utmost caution - except for his last scrap - and he never hesitated to avoid a fight or pull out of one if he thought the odds against him were too great (he had flown directly over a known concentration of enemy antiaircraft guns)"

The first impression is that the Avenger did shoot down the Red Baron once, and the Red Baron survived only to make an incredibly stupid mistake (for the seasoned expert flier he was) of flying directly over known enemy guns. Now, what if, back in December of 1917 while on his tour of Germany (after brooding over Germany's unavoidable collapse) he made contact with one of the many Allied spies. This would not have been difficult since he had told close friends and comrades of his misgivings about the war. This would explain his odd letter to his mother about "not returning to Germany for a long...time". The spy would have told his incredulous British or American superiors of Manfred's planned defection and they would have welcomed the idea of taking away Germany's top ace.

. If so, he was the pilot of the second red triplane shot down who was mysteriously spirited away to a hospital and a look alike body was photographed and buried in France. This would be necessary because the other Allies, particularly the French and Russians, would have demanded on his immediate execution had they known and his family in Germany would have been blacklisted by their countrymen. Although he was known to wear a bulletproof vest his supposed body was not wearing one and had been killed by a bullet thru the chest.



Because of the aforementioned conditions, he would have been given a new identity, possibly as a businessman in America. He had come from a rich and powerful family in Germany and would have had no problem building up a new fortune in America. But, because he is extremely famous in Germany - his birthday is still a national holiday there - and because he might run into one of his former friends or family (his younger brother Karl Bolko Richthofen is still alive and is a successful West German businessman), it would be quite neccessary for his appearance to be changed.

But plastic surgery (celluloid was used to restore bony defects of the face as far back as the 1890s in Germany) was still in its infancy in 1918 and a mistake may have left him with immobile facial muscles. He would have continued his fight against the enemies of civilization, and possibly Communism. He may even have secretly had his wife smuggled from Germany by airplane (he was rumored to have been secretly married just 6 weeks before his "death," to a nurse).

Then again, it's possible that he was defected to the Allies by force, being kidnapped by a 16 year old American who was on his way out of Germany after breaking out of Germany's toughest POW camp with five men nicknamed Monk, Ham, Renny, Johnny, and Long Tom. If it was the latter case he would have been operated on back in the U.S. and taught to hate all crime so much that he adopts the name of Richard Benson and sets up his own organization to fight crime with his expert marksmanship to stun adversaries the same way he had been stunned by a 16 year old American who was himself shortly shot down and sent to a tough German POW camp where he broke out with 5 men...



## THE DOC SAVAGE DIET by Bill Laidlaw, DN

What was the Doc Savage diet? In my rather limited number of pulps no mention is made of one although a Doc Savage exercise program was offered by the Doc Savage Club (those who sent for it say it was very similar to the one which is still offered by Charles Atlas who advertises regularly in current magazines and some comic books.

The first thing to go would have been sugar. We get enough sugar in our fruits, vegetables and the like that the extra sugar that is added to other foods such as breakfast cereal is just too much. Even such odd foods as hot dogs and peanut butter sometimes have sugar added in the ingredients! Sugar is bad for the teeth, and to the body itself. What sugar does is give your muscles an extra little push of adrenalin, and this is why athletes used to eat a candy bar or something sweet before a game. But what they found out is that sugar acts to some extent like caffeine in that it picks you up just temporarily and then when it wears off you may be twice as tired as you were before. Whatever sugar is not used immediately in the quick energy push is converted into relatively worthless fat. Depending on who you talk to honey is supposedly a little better than sugar but any sweetener is really unneeded.

Primitive tribes of humans found living in the jungle were healthy and had no dental problems until they were introduced to sugar; now they have many physical problems "civilized" people have including tooth decay, diabetes, heart problems, etc. (they were also sometimes introduced to tobacco, which gave them additional problems such as lung disease and cancer). Yes, the American Indians did have tobacco for hundreds of years, but they smoked it only on special occasions somewhat rarely and were otherwise healthy.

Also according to some experts bleached flour is not good for you. There is nothing wrong with it, just no food value. Whole wheat bread is made, obviously, from whole wheat as opposed to white bread. That is, the entire grains of wheat are ground to make the flour. With bleached flour the wheat grain has had virtually all nutritional value removed, some of which is then added back in later on to meet U.S. government approved standards. If you were to live exclusively on bread (not at all recommended in any way) you would live longer on whole wheat products than on bleached or unbleached flour made products. One thing that is mentioned occasionally in Doc pulps is meat.

Experts disagree about meat but it is usually more of a moral than physical problem with people (would you eat that beef steak or chicken if you had raised it yourself as a pet and just seen it killed?) If you should ever decide to go vegetarian however, be sure to get expert advice for nutrition. 🐾

CLARK SAVAGE SR, RETIRED (continue from last issue) by Bill Ladlaw

The yacht reached open water and lifted slightly as the captain gave it full power. She was headed for some lesurely treasure hunting and honeymooning but the local weather was turning ugly and they wanted to outrun it. The yacht headed for the horizon and disappeared over.

Months later the yacht stood at anchor in a harbor beside a ragged cliff. It bobbed slightly with the ocean swell as some men on deck were getting ready for diving. One man was in shorts with a knife tied to his waist and another was being helped into a heavy diving suit. A large air compressor was on deck at the other end of the long airhose. The man was helping lift the heavy helmet into place. He was the one who had hired on in London and he was still talking.

"I hired on to this yacht months ago at the dock where Savage bouth it. We've sure seen a lot of action since then."

The man in the shorts spoke up. "Well I hope that new deck gun works because I hear there's a surplus of pirates here about.\*

"Don't worry Clay, it work alright. I used to be in the Royal Navy too and I checked it out myself. You just worry about the sunken treasure ship you're supposed to find from that map."

Clay checked his knife to make sure it was sequire and then dived over the side. They finished attaching the heavy brass helmet and the deep sea diver went into the water. The air compressor, a kerosene burning affair, let go with irregular firing noisily. They had continued for half an hour when the man in the crows nest shouted something and came scurrying down the rope rigging.

Clark Savage, or more correctly Clark Savage Senior for he was now the father of a baby boy by the same name, came over. He was deeply tanned from the sun but didn't look any older or less muscular than he had years before. His steel blue eyes flashed as he waited for the man to get down. They couldn't hear him over the aircompressor and to turn it off even for a momment meant death for the man below.

The man from the crowsnest landed on the deck breathless.

"Ship... a ship. Coming fast. No flag."

Clark Savage wasted no time. The diver below was signalled to come up, the other man was already out of the water and on deck drying off. Savage issued orders and the rifles were passed out. A heavy box of



shells stood by the deck gun, which itself was wheeled out of a forward compartment in the deckhouse.

The deepsea diver broke the surface. He had been in relatively shallow water and didn't need to worry about the bends. He was helped up the side ladder. They were now fifteen armed men against...what?

The mystery ship continued closing. It was modern pirates, no doubt of that as international law prohibits lack of a flag, even in wartime. Clark Savage looked through a high-powered telescope.

"At least twenty men on deck, possibly more below. Hold your fire unless they start hostile action. Don't kill if you can help it."

"They might not be playin' by those rules Cap'n, sir."

Clark said nothing. The men stood at their prearranged battle positions. The orders didn't agree with all of them but weren't unexpected. Their adventurous employer had previously displayed such a chivalous brand of justice. Suddenly the air shook with gunfire from the other ship, machinegun fire from the sound of it.

The men dived for cover as the deck gun returned the fire. As far as could be seen it caused no damage whatsoever, and that was bad. It meant that the pirates were using a modern metal ship, virtually unsinkable with even their deck gun. The pirate ship kept coming. Clark Savage took control of the booming weapon but got no better results. He also ran out of shells. The sudden silence indicated they had also run out of rifle bullets.

There was no panic. Almost mechanically, the outnumbered exmilitary men fixed bayonets to the ends of their rifles and made last minute checks. The pirate ship was now only twenty yards away and drawing alongside. Its crew had noted the silenced deckgun and concluded the relatively defenseless of the intended victim.

The pirate boldly leaped the short distance between vessels, assuming by the nonexistent defense that their victims had abandoned their posts and were hiding below. Ten of them never lived to regret that assumption. Five more pirates painted the deck with their own blood before the fighting was over but the odds were too great. The "ORION" was outgunned and outmanned.

The pirates left after ransacking the yacht and cutting the anchor loose. As they left and the yacht began drifting toward the jagged reefs and base of the cliff only one living soul could be heard, that of an infant crying. His mother had been shot in the crossfire, a fate

possibly not as bad as usually became of the pirates female victims.

A bloody, bronzed arm moved slightly on deck. Clark Savage stirred and tried to see through his blood clouded eyes. A knife had scratched his forehead enough to cause some bleeding but no serious damage. A bullet had gone through his left shoulder, pushing him hard enough to knock his head against the bulkhead and leave him sleeping. The left shoulder throbbed constantly. He got to his feet unsteadily and checked the others. All dead.

The infant cried again. Clark's face showed a grim smile briefly as he jumped to the hatchway. He got to the door and kicked it open. The infant was in a closet below and he was following the sounds. On the way he found his wife's body. Seeing her, he dropped to his knees facing her. He had gently touched her cheek only to see her head fall limply forward.

The infant cried again. Clark stood up and, reaching a decision said in a voice of barely controlled thunder, "I will find them. If I have to fight every criminal and dictator in the world to do it, I will avenge this and find them."

The yacht was very close to the reef now. The fuel had been taken, but even if there was any left the engine had been wrecked. On deck the lifeboats were smashed beyond repair, but a collapsable boat was still intact in its hiding place. Clark got it into the water with his son and a dufflebag of rations. He put the oars in the water as the sound of wrenching, screeching, tortured metal came from the reef.

Clark was still pulling on the oars five minutes later as the bow of the yacht disappeared. The infant used one of the two words he already knew. He called for his mother.

"Your mother is gone, son."

The infant used his other word, Father.

"I'm here, I'm here," he said reassuringly.

The infant returned to a bottle and Clark continued rowing for the shoreline of the mainland away from the reefs.

In London, the same secretary was at the same typewriter desk working for the same employer. A refined, dark haired man entered. He was shorter than Clark but he seemed to have the same disposition Clark had had before he had decided to retire.



The man paused at the desk as she looked up.

"Don't stop, you are late as it is, Andy."

"Of course."

Andy cocked his head in a signal of resignation that he had not the time to linger with the shapely female behind the desk.

On the desk in the office was a photograph of Clark Savage. The dignified man behind the desk watched Andrew come in. He stood up and motioned Andy to a chair, then pointed at the photograph.

"Do you recognize this man?"

"Yes sir. Clark Savage. Retired from the service about a year ago. Came into a fortune from somewhere with which he bought a yacht and got married. Has been a treasure hunting adventurer ever since."

"You have kept yourself well informed."

"I try to keep track of my colleagues. Not that many of us reach retirement age entirely intact."

"Quite. Anyway, Clark Savage, or rather Clark Wildman as he was known then, was not well liked in some circles. We believe someone may have discovered his new identity."

"The Germans? Russia?"

"We don't know. The point is, he knows too much about this organization to fall into the wrong hands. Your job is to find Clark Savage."

Andy was disgusted and said so, "Why don't you just hire a killer."

"I said find him. I did not say kill him."

Andy was not convinced. Still, he had not been knighted for only taking cases he liked. The usual envelope of information was ready. Andy left the office building and slid behind the wheel in his car.

Clark Savage had reached the French mainland and his friend there. The authorities had been contacted but there was little hope of capturing the seafaring criminals. Even if they did it wouldn't bring back Mrs. Savage. It's difficult to imagine pirates still sailing the seven seas in 1902, Clark thought.

His thoughts returned to more immediate problems. He had a twelve month old son to think about. In the next two months Clark hired a nurse who was not adverse to travel.

"You seem most qualified to look after my son, Miss Duesenburg. You will be expected to see to his needs until we reach the United States,

at which time he will start his schooling."

"In a few years of course?"

"No, I have several friends and colleagues assembling there to begin his training upon our arrival."

"Isn't fourteen months old a little young?"

"Not for my son. Thank you, you may start now."

Next Clark set about finding a replacement for the "ORION" locally. He found a suitable, if somewhat larger yacht named the "SEVEN SEAS" which would suit his needs sufficiently.

After some haggling with the owner, he paid for the "SEVEN SEAS", a former Navy patrol boat. It took almost all the money he had netted from the past year's treasure hunting. Next he set about getting a crew. For the latter operation, his impeccable French came in handy.

"You say you served with the Navy."

"Yes sir, but that was a few years ago."

"Your record is good and you came highly recommended. As of now you are the First Mate. We set sail for Canada at dawn tomorrow."

"Yes sir. And thank you."

The man left. Strange, reminded him of someone. Perhaps a French sailer. Phillip Verne? No, he was taller. Oh well. The next man was here, to apply for a job as deckhand.

"You are applying for a job as deckhand?"

"Yes sir."

"You speak French with a British accent. Would you prefer to speak in that language?"

The man seemed startled, then answered in English.

"I really must practice more often."

"You are from England."

"London, to be precise."

"Yes, I do seem to remember you from somewhere."

Clark was to be forgiven for not recognizing Andrew, who had been only a second grade agent at the time when he resigned. Clark studied him briefly, and Andrew smiled as he returned the brief gaze.

"Well, Andrew Clayton, your gear is below, in the forward cabin."

"I understand you are heading for the Colonies at dawn."

(continued in next Quarterly issue)



HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW? (answers in next issue)

1. Exactly where is the hidden entrance to Doc's subbasement garage in New York located (don't go to Farmer's book, he doesn't know in it)?
2. Casablanca is in what country (this country is the oldest ally of the United States, for over 200 years)?
3. Too easy so far? Well then, when and where did the TERROR IN THE NAVY take place (hint - it was before 1932 and in the Pacific)?
4. Where was the C.I.A. located prior to World War 2 (Churchill and Roosevelt founded it in case US was drawn into war)?
5. Why did Germany in 1979 cancel the statute of limitations which was due to run out on Nazi war criminals?
6. Name Miss Hungary of 1936?
7. What happened in Los Angeles July and August of 1932?
8. What is the name of the Russian secret service mentioned in at least two Doc Savage adventures (no it's not SMERSH)?
9. What is the current name of the organization in question #8 (it is above the K.G.B. according to the Encyclopedia Britanica)?
10. What country granted independence to Iraq in 1932?
11. What country granted independence to Iran in 1921?
12. What happened on July 28, 1914?
13. What do Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Finland, Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania all have in common as nations?
14. When is Lester Dent's birthday?
15. During WW2 what weapons were known to the Allies as HELLDIVERS?
16. What did Doc Savage acquire known as the HELLDIVER in his early days?
17. Who was discovered by Doc Savage to be the DEVIL GENGHIS?
18. If THE THOUSAND-HEADED MAN is ever made into a movie what will it have in common with the movie APOCALYPSE NOW?
19. What did THE MOUNTAIN MONSTER have in common with Howdy Doody?
20. What did the Empire State Building replace as the tallest man made structure in the world?
21. As of 1979 what is the tallest building in the world (taller than the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center)?
22. What is the most common language in the world? The 2nd most common?
23. As of 1979 how many dead languages are there?
24. When was the largest nonrigid airship flown (it was not in Germany)?
25. What building has the fastest elevators?

**DOC SAVAGE**

APRIL 1945

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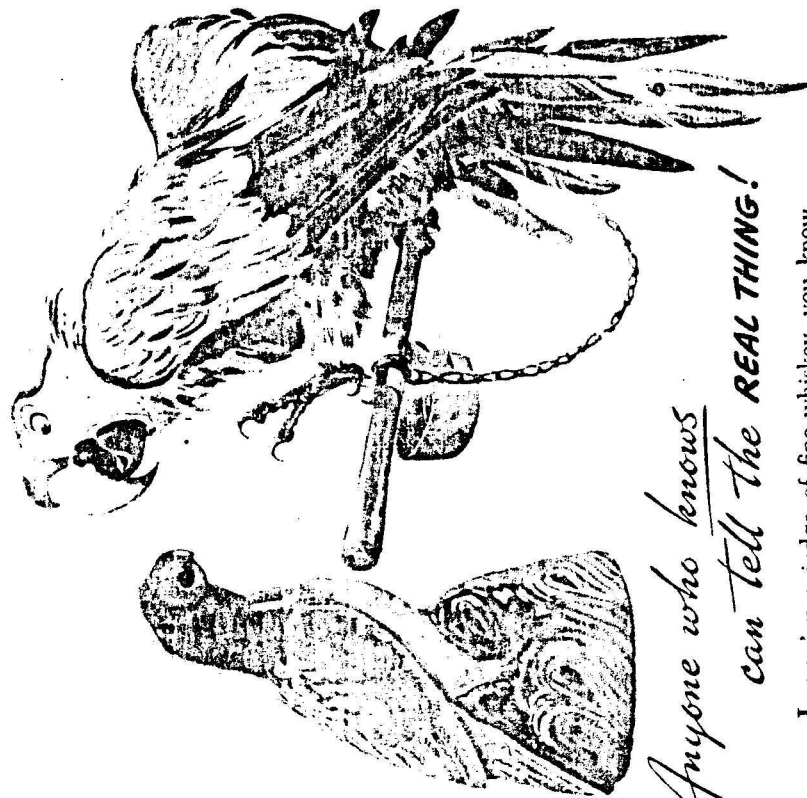
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# CARGO UNKNOWN

IN WHICH A SMOOTH TIE-BY SUBMARINE  
A MESSENGER BOAT AND SOME BLANK PIECES OF  
GOLD ADD UP TO VIOLENCE AND CATASTROPHE  
—A THRILLING BOOK-LENGTH NOVEL—

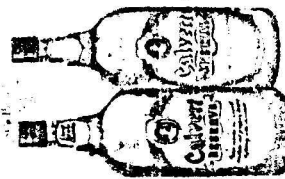
**DOC SAVAGE**

**APRIL 1945**



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