

POLICE

COMICS 10¢

AUGUST
No. 1

Introducing
The FIREBRAND
A Smashing New
Character!

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP



PLASTIC MAN



THE HUMAN BOMB



PHANTOM LADY



THE MOUTHPIECE



BOYS! ENTER NOW! CONTEST ENDS JULY 25th! START SHOOTIN' TO

WIN ONE OF THESE 2 FREE TRIPS TO RED RYDER'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANCHO



210 PRIZES GIVEN!

1st and 2nd PRIZE A Thrilling 2 Weeks' EXPENSES-PAID Trip to Red Ryder Rancho!

These 2 happy Trip Winners will meet at Denver, Colorado, Aug. 16, and under responsible adult supervision, visit Estes National Park, Grand Lake, Pikes Peak, Garden of The Gods. Then cowboy life on the Rancho—a mountain pack-trip—visit to Cliff Dwellings, Indian Reservation, etc. SEE Fred Harman actually DRAW his famous Cartoon Strip "RED RYDER" in his mountain studio! What a trip!!—What a contest!! Enter!

5 THIRD PRIZES **PORTABLE HOME RECORDER RADIO PHONOGRAPH RECORDIO JR.**

Win one of these 5 beautiful, amazing new RECORDIOS—the WONDER MACHINE of the 20th Century! Carry anywhere. Make home records of your voice, instrument, play back instantly. Use also as radio or phonograph! Makes records of your favorite radio programs! Complete with "mike," 6 blank recording discs. VALUE each . . . \$39.95

101 FOURTH PRIZES **DAISY TARGETEER PISTOL**

Win one of these 101 DAISY Targeteer Air Pistol Outfits with 500 Targeteer Shot, "Spinning Birdie" Targets, 25 Target Cards. \$2.00 Back-stop. VALUE each!

100 FIFTH PRIZES **GUN BRACKETS**

Win a pair of air rifle wall brackets, wooden cut-outs of Red Ryder's famous horse "THUNDER." VALUE each \$1.00

and The Fred Harman Award

FLASH! 1st and 2nd Prize Winners get a PAIR OF HANDMADE COWBOY CHAPS from Fred Harman, Cartoonist as his PERSONAL GIFT!

RED RYDER CARBINE ONLY \$2.95

WITH 16 INCH LEATHER SADDLE THONG

—get one NOW—at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! If Dealer is sold out or no Daisy Dealer near you—rush us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it postpaid! (Duty added in Canada on all rifles.)

DUTY ADDED IN CANADA

Shoot a GOLDEN BANDED 1000 SHOT

Enter Daisy's BIG ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' CONTEST NOW!

RED RYDER Saddle CARBINE

Licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc., New York

OR ANYONE OF THESE GENUINE DAISYS

Pump Repeater, 50-Shot, Forced-Feed Magazine . . . \$4.50

ORIGINAL LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE, 500-shot. \$2.50

Other Daisys not illustrated: Buck Jones Special, 60-shot outdoor model, \$3.50—Nicked 500-shot repeater, \$1.95—Single Shots at \$1 and \$1.50.

USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT—BEST FOR TARGET SHOOTING IN DAISYS, KINGS

CONTEST RULES

(1) Each contestant must shoot an Official Target and complete THE SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less. Sentence must be written in space provided on Official Target.

(2) Contest starts May 1, ends July 25. ALL Targets and completed SENTENCES must be received at Daisy Manufacturing Company, Plymouth, Michigan by midnight, July 25, 1941.

(3) Any air rifle using BB type shot may be used.

(4) Contestants may be of any age up to and including 16 years, at start of Contest, May 1, 1941, and must be residents of the Continental United States.

(5) Official Targets only may be used and must be properly filled in and signed by an adult witness before being mailed to Daisy. Target will be furnished you free at your Daisy Dealer. If you write us direct for Free Official Target, enclose 3¢ stamp to cover our mailing-handling cost of sending Official Target to you.

(6) Contestants must submit only one Official 5-Bull Target. They must shoot at each bull's-eye 5 times. Each Target must record a total of 25 shots. If more than 25 shots appear on any one target, the 25 lowest count for score. These 25 shots must be shot

consecutively, one after the other, in 20 minutes.

(7) Standing position without artificial support must be used.

(8) Target must be 20 feet away from air rifle muzzle when shooting your Official Score.

(9) PRIZES will be awarded on the combined basis of Target score plus aptness of thought in finishing the SENTENCE "I like to shoot a Daisy because . . ." in 20 words or less.

(10) Decision of the Judges will be final. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of Daisy Manufacturing Company. Get Official Target for complete rules.

ENTER DAISY'S Hootin' Tootin' SHOOTIN' CONTEST now and shoot to win! Every boy in the U.S.A. has the opportunity to WIN one of those TWO FREE RANCH TRIPS—plus Fred Harman's own PERSONAL GIFT of Hand-Made Chaps—or one of 5 new portable RECORDIO JR. Home Recorder Radio Phonograph Wonder Machines each worth \$39.95—or one of 101 Genuine Daisy Targeteer Target Pistols—or one of 100 pairs of Horse-Head Gun Brackets! Think of the FUN you'll have shooting your Official Target! Tell your friends about this great DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST! If you haven't any air rifle

GET FREE CONTEST TARGET and ENTRY BLANK AT DEALERS or Write Us!

Do this today—now! Official Contest Target contains all Rules, Instructions, and is also your Entry Blank. Go after one of those 210 BIG PRIZES! Hurry! Hurry!



DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 497 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

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The FIREBRAND

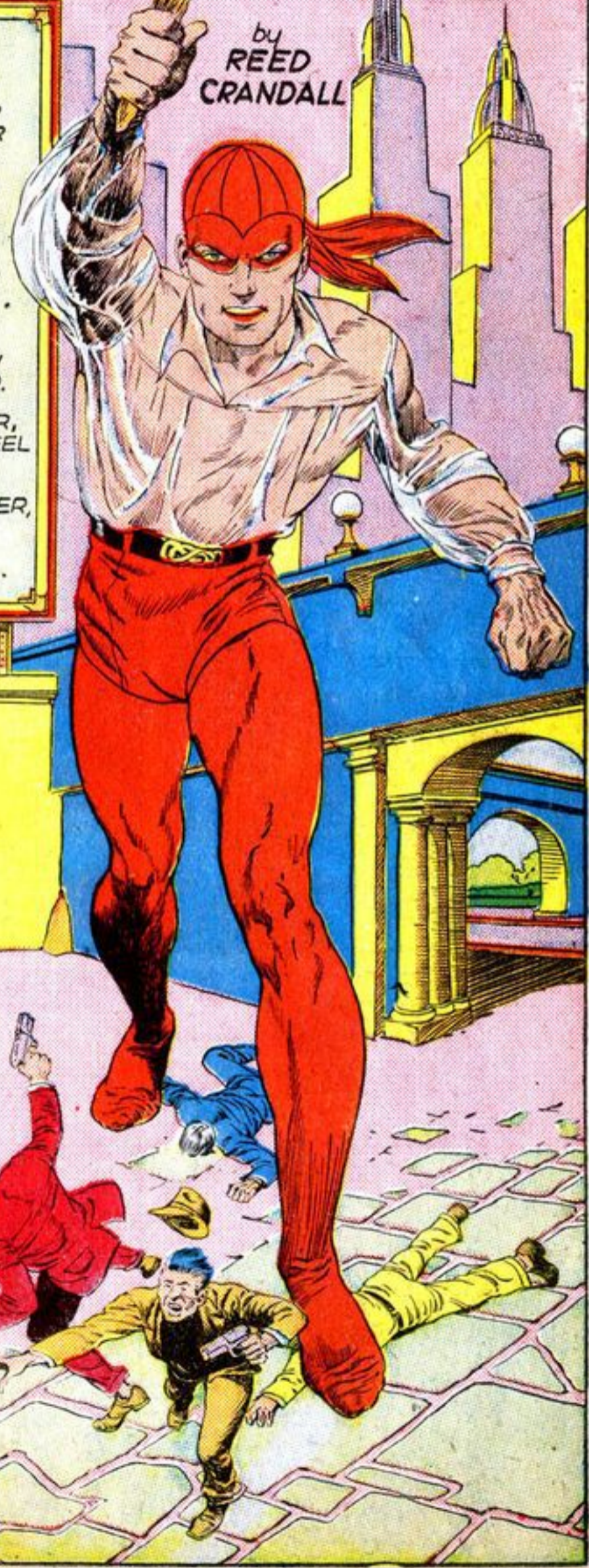
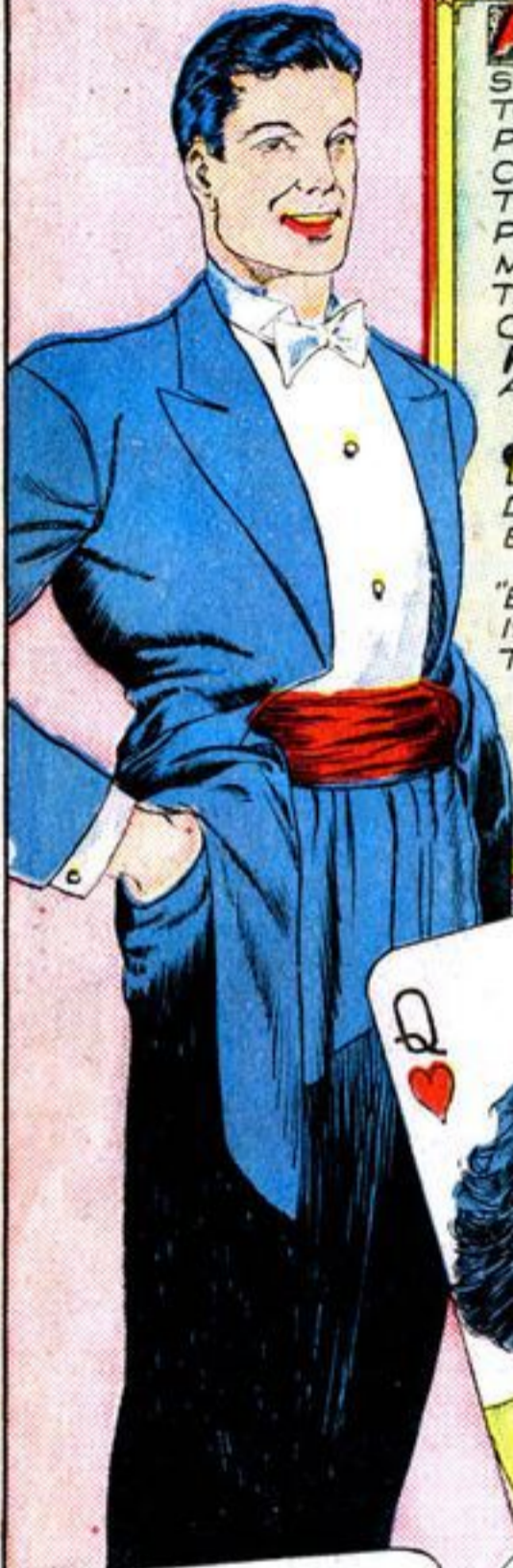
by
**REED
CRANDALL**

ROD REILLY, MILLIONAIRE SOCIETY SCION, IS KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS AN IDLE PLAYBOY. . . . BUT WHEREVER CRIME BREAKS, WHEREVER THE LAW OF THE LAND OR PEOPLE'S RIGHTS ARE MENACED, HE APPEARS AS THE DAUNTLESS ENEMY OF THE UNDERWORLD. . . **FIREBRAND**. HOLDING ALOFT HIS BLAZING TORCH OF JUSTICE. . .

LOVELY JOAN ROGERS, A DEBUTANTE, HAS RECENTLY BECOME ENGAGED TO ROD.

"EMERALD" ED, ROD'S FATHER, IS A FABULOUSLY RICH STEEL TYCOON.

SLUGGER, EX-PRIZE FIGHTER, IS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS FIREBRAND'S TRUE IDENTITY. . .



ON THE FORTY-FIRST FLOOR OF THE EMPEROR BUILDING, A WINDOW CLEANER IS ABOUT TO ATTACH HIS SAFETY BELT.



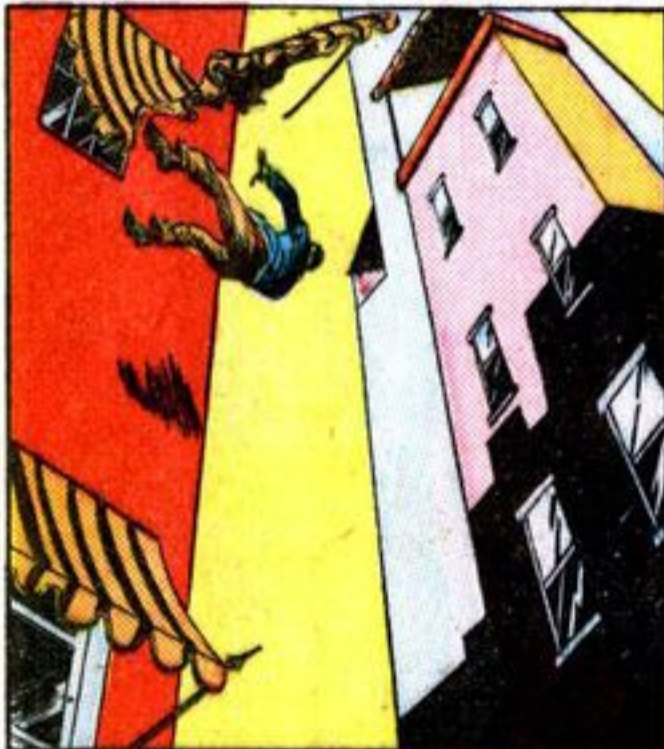
ON THE TWENTY-NINTH FLOOR OF A NEARBY BUILDING A MAN TAKES STEADY AIM.



AGONY CONTORTS THE WINDOW WASHER'S FEATURES AS THE BULLET PIERCES HIS LUNGS. HE TOPPLES INTO SPACE.



HIS SHRILL SCREAM IS LOST IN THE RUSHING WIND AS HE FALLS.



GOOD SHOT, DAVE!

T'ANKS! WELL, COME ON.. WE GOT MORE WORK TO DO!

SOME TIME LATER DAVE AND HIS PAL TALK BUSINESS WITH A STEEPLEJACK.



ALL WE WANT IS \$100 INITIATION FEE TO THE WINDOW WASHERS' AND STEEPLEJACKS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION!



THIS IS ALL YOU'LL GET FROM ME, YOU RATS!

THE STEEPLEJACK GOES TO WORK.



WHILE ON A NEARBY ROOF.



THAT GUY'LL NEVER GET FRESH WITH US AGAIN.

AN' HOW HE WON'T!

MEANWHILE ON HIS PENTHOUSE TERRACE, ROD REILLY IS BORED WITH LIFE.



SLUGGER! MIX UP SOME EXCITEMENT!

NOW, TAKE THAT STEEPLE-JACK OVER THERE.. HIS LIFE IS FULL OF DANGER! HE FLIRTS WITH DEATH EVERY DAY.. THATS THE WAY A MAN SHOULD LIVE!



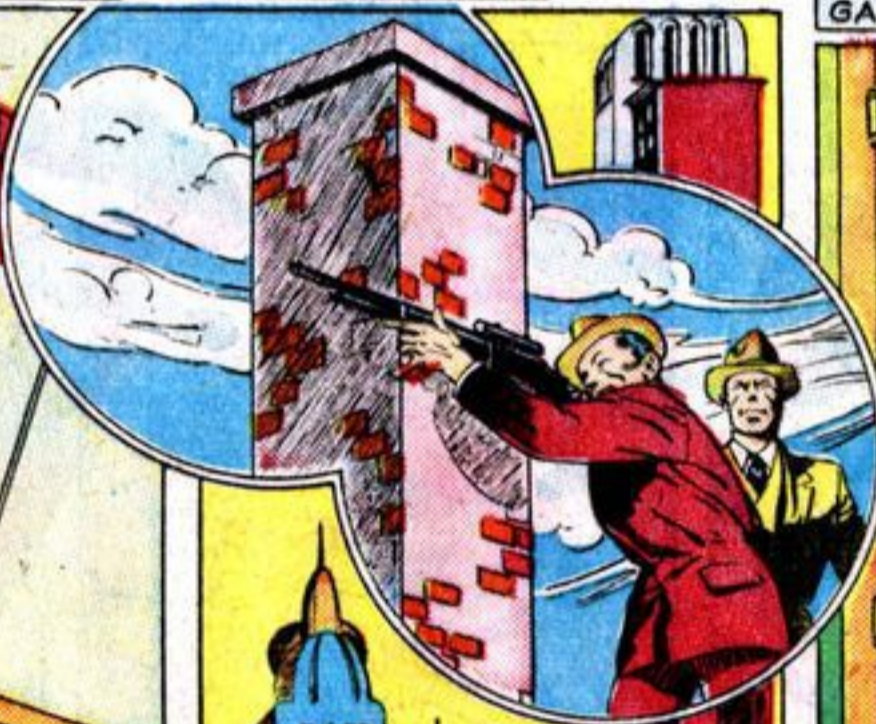
HAW?! WHO ARE YOU KIDDIN', BOSS? THAT GUY WOULD ENVY YOU IF HE KNEW YOU WERE THE FIREBRAND!



ROD LIFTS A PAIR OF BINOCULARS TO HIS EYES.



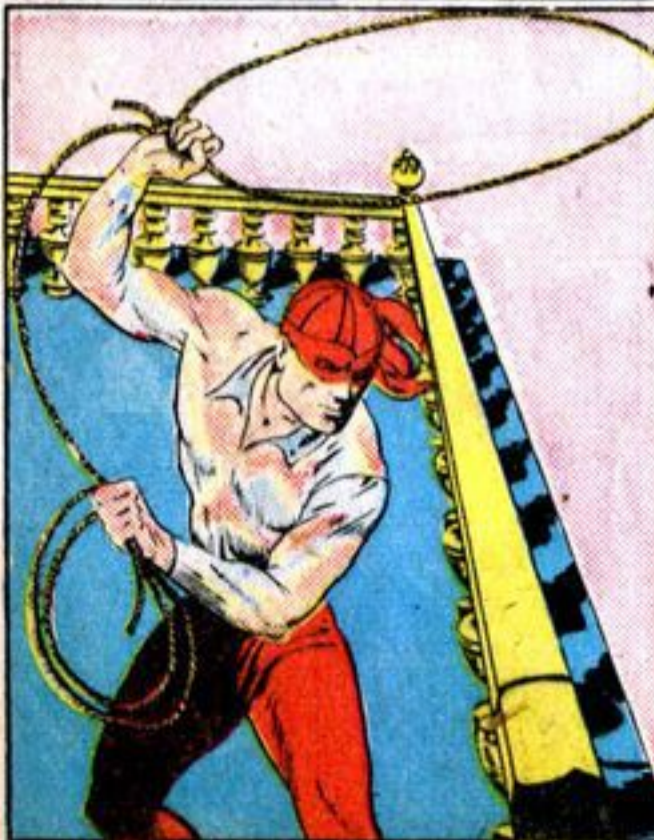
AND STIFFENS AT WHAT HE SEES.



DASHING INSIDE, HE REAPPEARS IN THE FLAMING GARB OF THE FIREBRAND.



HE SOON SWINGS A LARIAT...



HE LASSES A CORNICE ON THE OPPOSITE BUILDING...



WITH PERFECT BALANCE HE SLIDES DOWN THE ROPE...







AMID A HAIL OF POLICE FIRE, FIREBRAND SPEEDS OFF IN A TRIM BLACK COUPE.

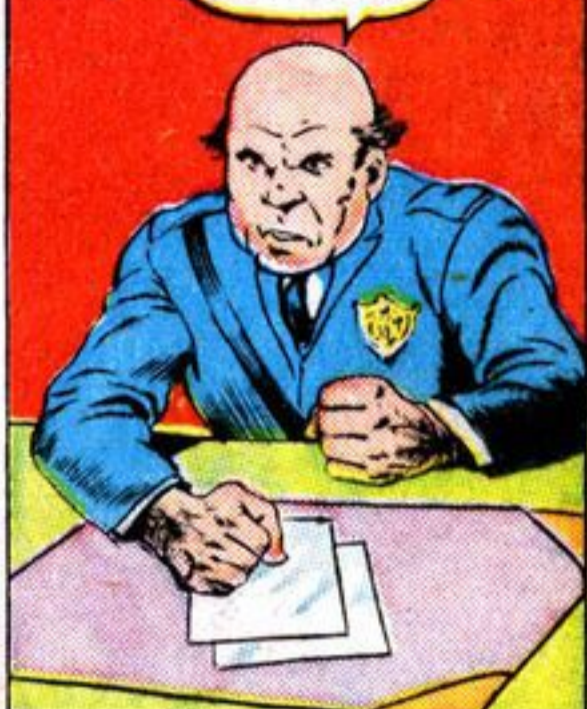


THE UNINJURED THUG IS TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS.

WE SEEN DIS GUY FIREBRAND SHOOTIN' A WINDOW WASHER. WHEN HE SEES US, HE SHOT ME PAL DAVE!



THIS KILLER MUST BE STOPPED! HE SHALL BE SHOT ON SIGHT! THOSE ARE MY ORDERS!



THAT EVENING.

WE'LL HAVE TO AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS BEFORE WE CAN SOLVE THE MYSTERY, SLUG.. MIGHT AS WELL GO TO THE WAR RELIEF BALL TONIGHT!



I BROUGHT ALONG YOUR FIREBRAND COSTUME JUST IN CASE THINGS START POPPIN'!

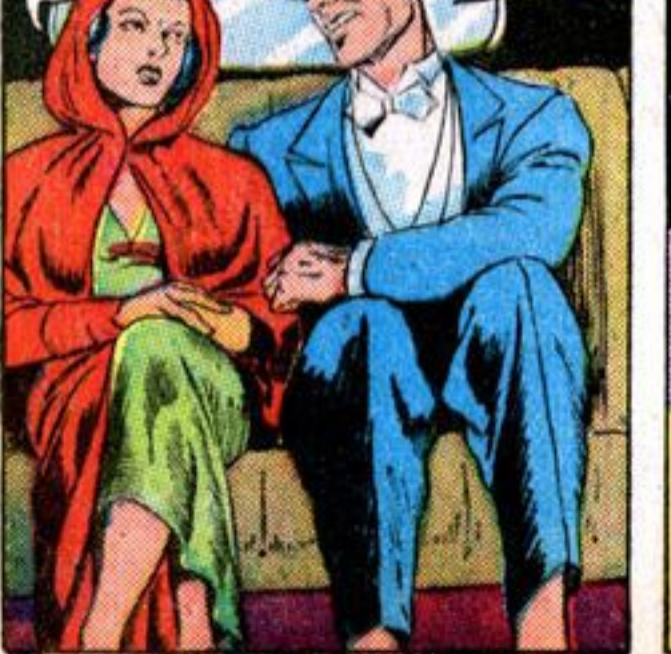


ROD STOPS TO PICK UP JOAN ROGERS.



I HEAR THERE'S MORE TROUBLE WITH FIREBRAND! IT'S HORRIBLE! WHY CAN'T THEY STOP HIM?

DON'T WORRY, DEAR..HE'LL NEVER HURT YOU..EVER.. I CAN PROMISE THAT!



PARK

HANG AROUND, SLUG.. KEEP YOUR PEEPERS OPEN FOR TROUBLE!



ROD'S PARENTS GREET HIM IN THE BALLROOM.

WE WERE SO WORRIED, SON.. THAT FIREBRAND PERSON MURDERED SOMEONE NEAR YOUR PENTHOUSE!



THE DEBUTANTES FLOCK TO HANDSOME ROD REILLY'S SIDE.



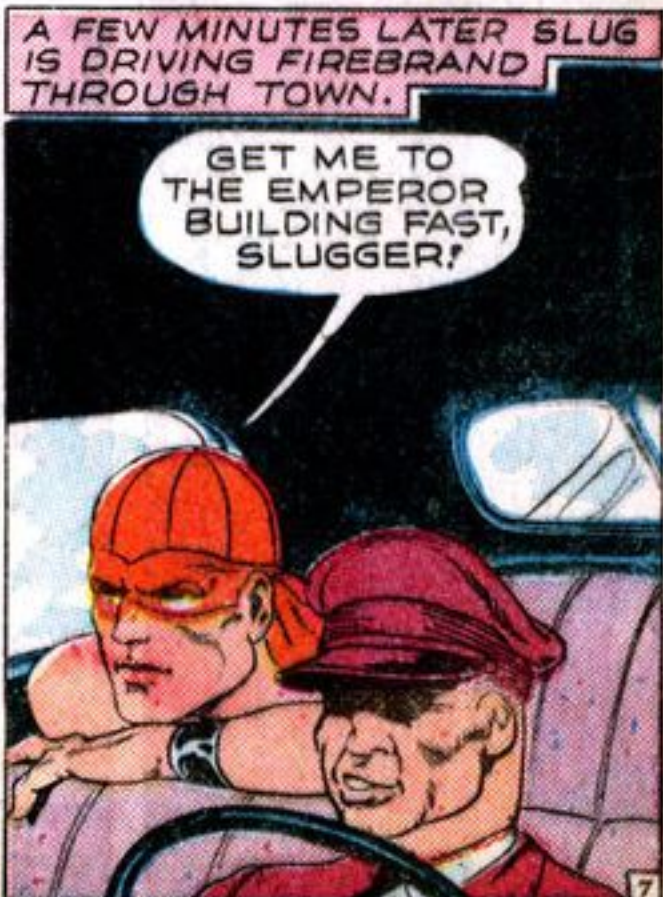
LATER, ROD IS DANCING WITH JOAN



BUT WHEN HE REACHES THE BARON'S PARTY, A CHILLY SILENCE GREET'S HIM.



BUT ROD WATCHES AS THEY GO.



AN ALERT TRAFFIC COP SPIES FIREBRAND AS HE WHIZZES BY.

FIREBRAND? I GOTTA PHONE HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY!

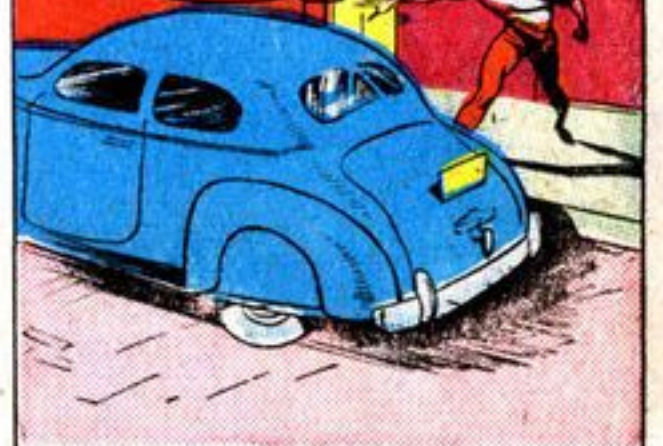


BOSS, THAT COP SPOTTED US.. YOU'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST!



FIREBRAND HOPS OUT BEFORE THE EMPEROR BUILDING.

PARK DOWN THERE IN THAT VACANT LOT.. IF ANYONE COMES IN, WARN ME BY BLOWING THE LOUD HORN!



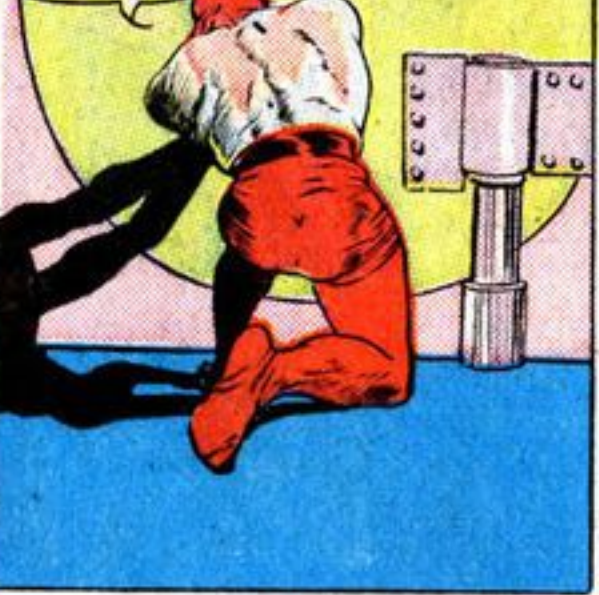
WITH VACUUM CUPS ON HIS SHOES AND HANDS, FIREBRAND SCALES THE SHEER BUILDING.

THIRTY-NINE.. FORTY-FIRST.. THIS IS IT!



HE CLIMBS INTO THE BARON'S OFFICE AND KNEELS BEFORE THE SAFE.

LEFT ONE.. RIGHT SIX.. AH! GOOD!



NOW I'LL SEE WHAT VON HANSON IS SO ANXIOUS TO HIDE!

DIAMONDS? HUNDREDS OF.. HEY! THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT!



IT'S NO USE.. I'M TRAPPED.. AND NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT! THANK HEAVENS THIS VAULT IS VENTILATED!



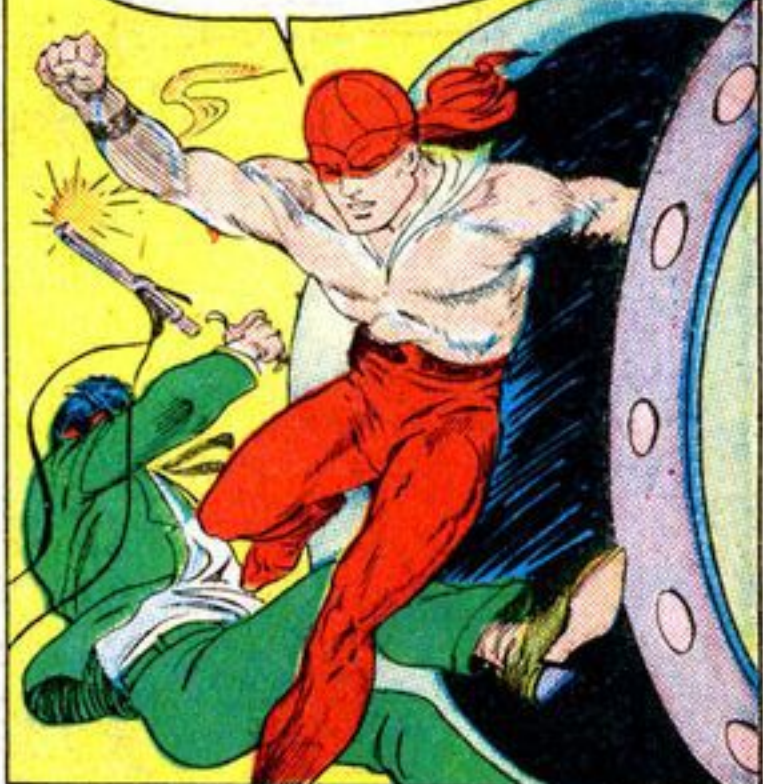
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR SYLVESTOR COLE TURNS UP AGAIN ..

TWO MILLION IN THOSE DIAMONDS IN THAT VAULT .. WE GOTTA GET 'EM OUT!
AN' THE BARON HADDA LOSE THE COMBIN- ATION, EH, COLE?

AN ACETYLENE TORCH EATS QUICKLY THROUGH THE THICK STEEL . . .



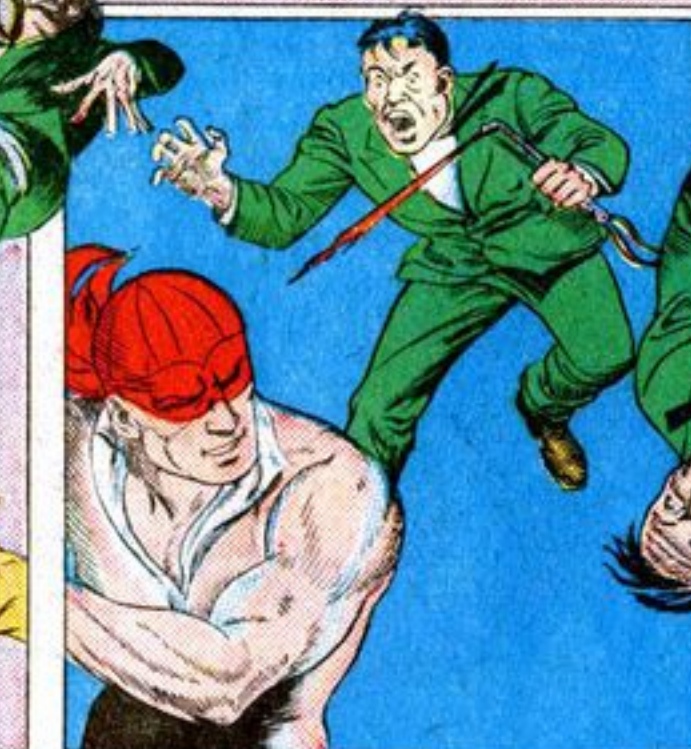
THANKS, BOYS! DARN DECENT OF YOU TO LET ME OUT!



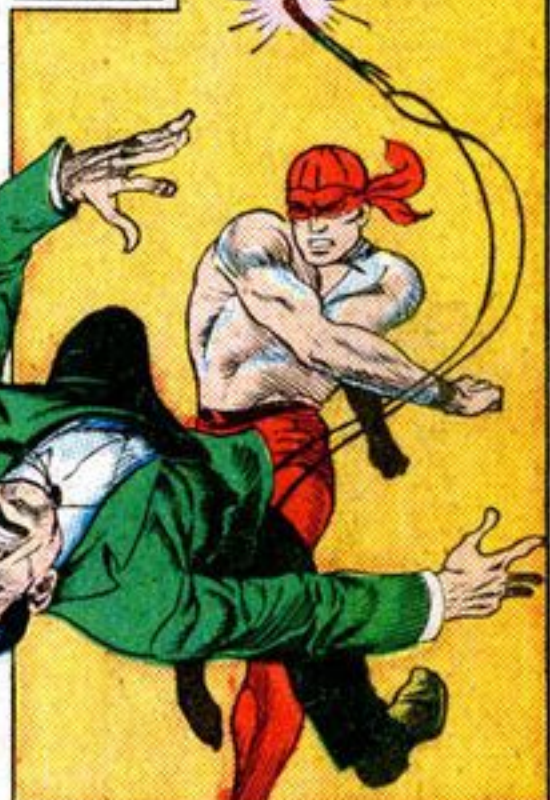
FRIENDS OF THE BARON.. EH? SHAKE! HERE'S MY FIST!



THE TORCH HANDLER LUNGES FORWARD WITH A WHITE-HOT SPEAR OF FLAME. . .



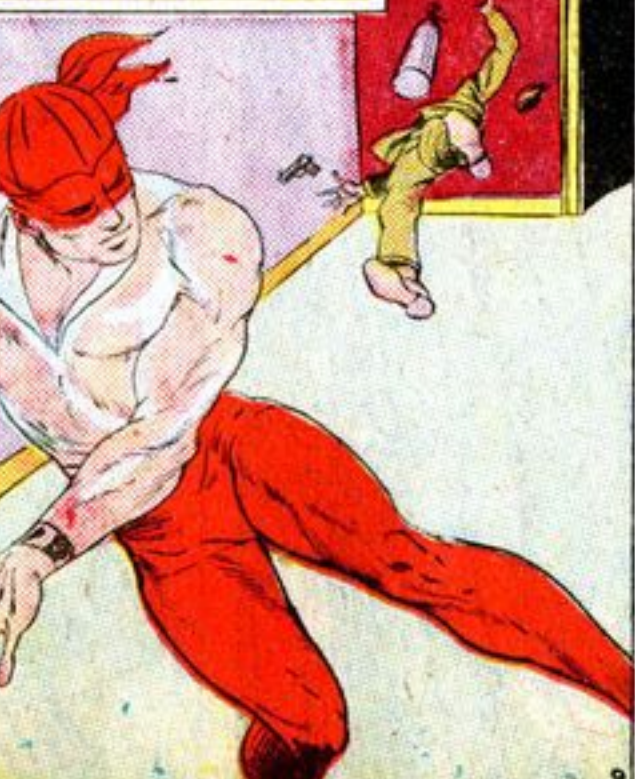
BUT..



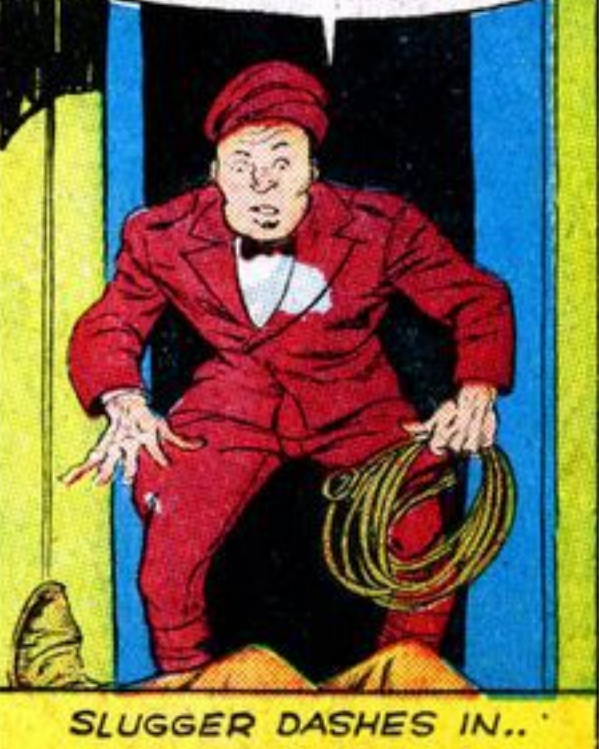
AN AUTOMATIC BARKS AT FIREBRAND..



FIREBRAND BOMBS THE THUG WITH THE HEAVY ACETYLENE TANK.



HEY, BOSS! I HONKED DE HORN, DIDN'T YOU HEAR? HOLY HAMBOIGER! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



SLUGGER DASHES IN..

THE BARON IS A PHONY REFUGEE .. INTERNATIONAL CROOK, A DIAMOND SMUGGLER.

I GET YA, PAL! COLE GAVE HIM THE DOUBLECROSS !! BUT WHAT'S THE TIE-UP WITH THE WINDOW WASHER RACKET?

THIS THUG'S HANDS LOOK LIKE THEY'VE BEEN USED TO SOAP AND WATER!

DAT'S RIGHT.. DEY HIRED ME TO TAKE DE MOIDERED WINDOW WASHER'S JOB SO I COULD "CASE" OFFICES WHERE VALUABLE STUFF WAS KEPT!

JUST THEN THE BETRAYED BARON AND HIS HENCHMEN BREAK IN, WITH GUNS BLAZING.

LIKE A WHIRLWIND, FIREBRAND LASHES INTO THEM.. SLUGGER PITCHES TELLING BLOWS AT HIS SIDE →

COME ON, SLUGGER, LET'S TAKE 'EM!

BUT SLUGGER IS DROPPED BY A VICIOUS BLOW FROM THE BARON'S PISTOL ...

KLUNK

THE BARON FLEES ..

HE'LL NEVAIR CATCH UP WITH ME!

FIREBRAND DROPS HIS ROPE FROM A WINDOW AND SLIDES SWIFTLY DOWN ..

.. DROPPING ON THE SMUGGLER AS HE RACES FROM THE BUILDING, FIREBRAND PUMMELS HIM UNMERCIFULLY.

SLUGGER THEN RUSHES OUT BREATHLESSLY, CARRYING TWO BAGLOADS OF DIAMONDS.



HEY, BOSS! LOOK OUT!

A CAR HAS JUMPED THE CURB AND IS SPEEDING TOWARD FIREBRAND TO CRUSH HIM AGAINST THE WALL..



BUT FIREBRAND IS TOO QUICK. HE LEAPS ATOP THE CAR.



OH, YEAH?

SLUGGER IS STILL BOILING WITH EXCITEMENT.



NOW IT'S THE COPS, BOSS! HERE THEY COME! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE QUICK!

O.K. O.K.

THE BARON'S COMING WITH US. IT WAS RUDE OF HIM TO LEAVE THE BALL. WE'LL RETURN HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE BARON, SLIGHTLY DAZED, PRECEDES ROD REILLY INTO THE CROWDED BALL ROOM.

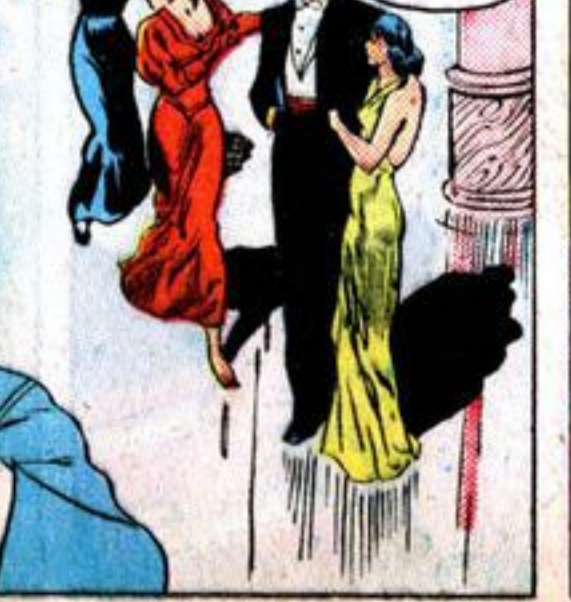


HURRY, BARON.. IF YOU DONT LEAVE THIS COUNTRY ON THE MIDNIGHT PLANE, FIREBRAND WILL LIQUIDATE YOU.

O.K. MAKE THE PRESENTATION LIKE I TOLD YOU. LADEES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS MY PLEASURE TO PRESENT ZEE'S JEWELS FOR THE BENEFIT OF WAR VICTIMS ABROAD.



ROD, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN ALL EVENING? OH..ER.. JUST IN THE SMOKING ROOM.. DISCUSSING THE WAR, YOU KNOW!



MEANWHILE THE POLICE HAVE DISCOVERED THE UNCONSCIOUS CROOK IN THE BARON'S OFFICE...

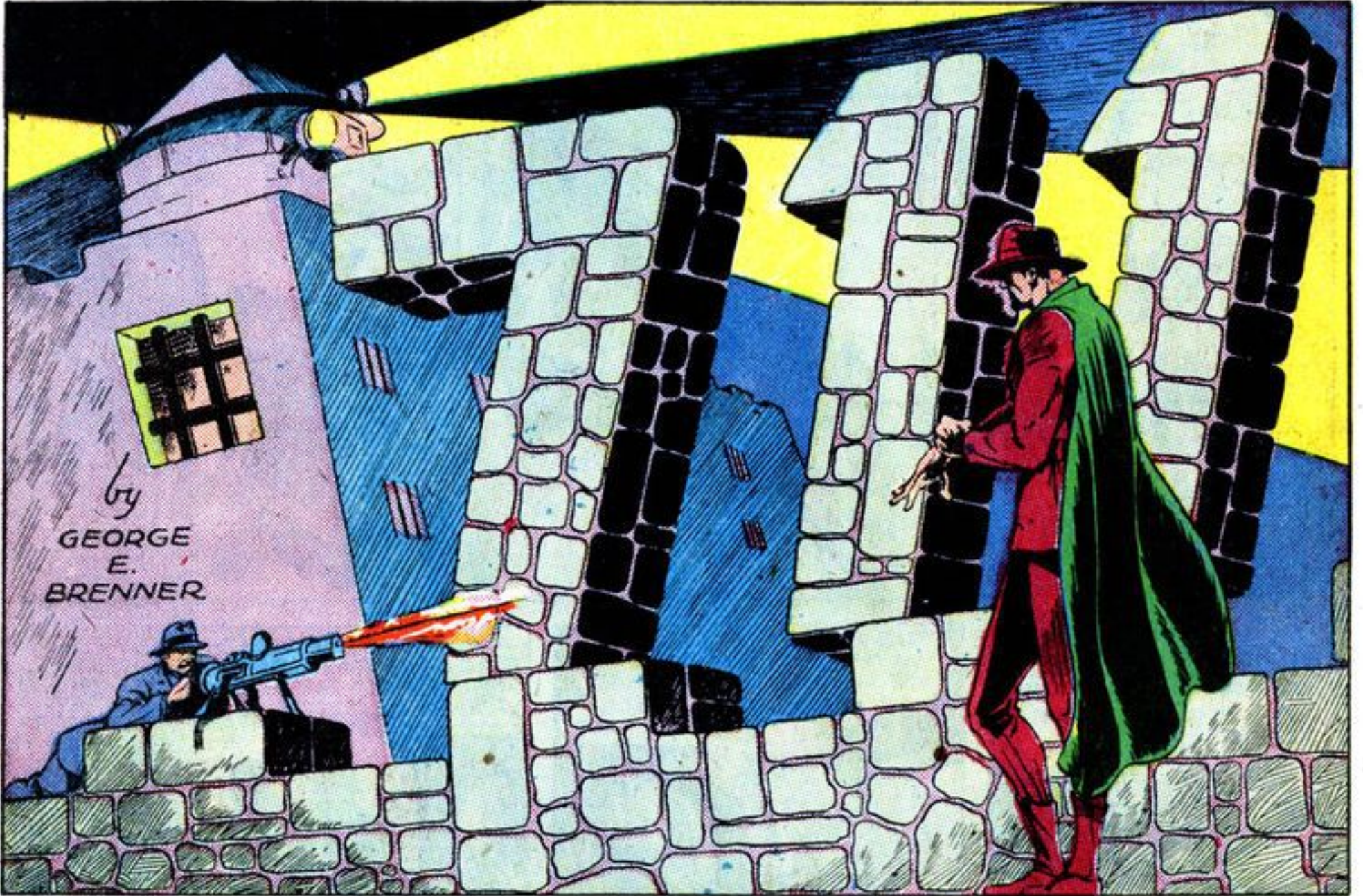


THESE GUYS BELONG TO THE WINDOW WASHERS' RACKET.. WE'LL RUN THEM IN..

YEAH, BUT WE STILL HAVEN'T GOT THEIR CHIEF, FIREBRAND. LOOK!

WHEREVER THE FIREBRAND STRIKES, HE LEAVES HIS SYMBOL, THE FLAMING TORCH OF JUSTICE.

Another sensational episode of The Firebrand in the September issue of POLICE COMICS.

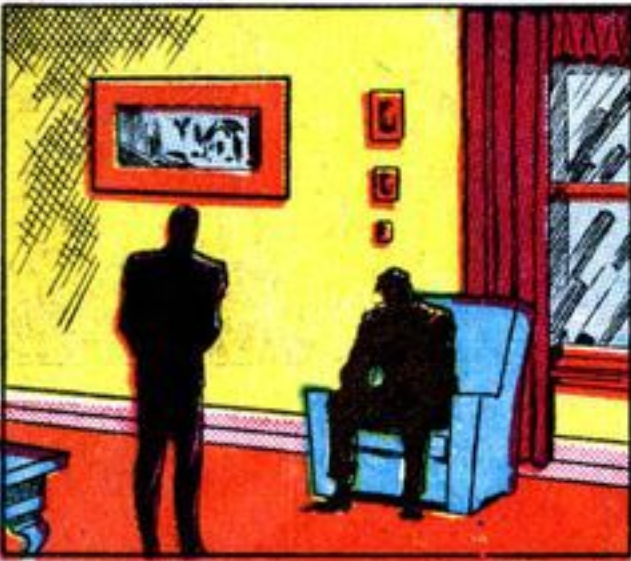


by
GEORGE
E.
BRENNER

TWO YEARS AGO—TWO MEN
SPEAK IN LOW MUFFLED TONES—

ONE, JAKE HORN, IS CRIMINALLY
WEAK-MINDED, WITH A RECORD
OF TWO CONVICTIONS—A THIRD
MEANS LIFE IMPRISONMENT—

THE OTHER, DANIEL DYCE, IS
A PROMISING YOUNG ATTORNEY
AND LIFELONG FRIEND OF HORN'S—



THE COPS WILL BE HERE
IN A FEW MINUTES—YOU
GOTTA HELP ME, DAN—
FOR MY WIFE'S
SAKE—

FOR
MARY??



YES— IN A COUPLE OF
DAYS SHE'S GONNA HAVE A
BABY— SHE'S BEEN SWELL TO
ME— AND THE LEAST I CAN
DO IS BE
AROUND TO
COMFORT HER—

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
ME TO DO,
JAKE?



TAKE THIS
RAP FOR
ME!!

WHAT?

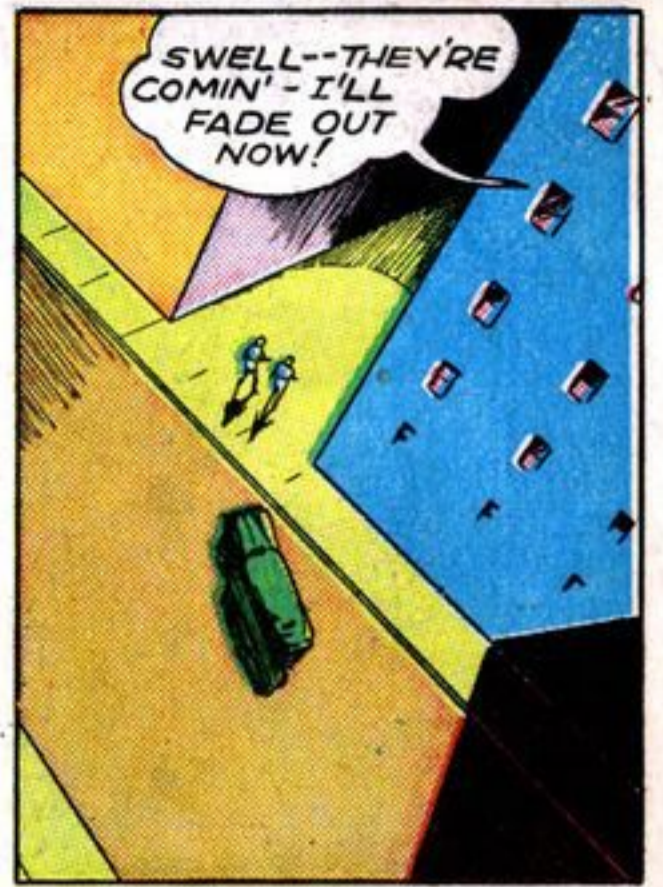


JUST TILL THE BABY'S BORN, DAN - THEN I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP - HONEST I WILL!



WE LOOK ALIKE - IT CAN BE DONE - I'M A LOSER AN' THIS IS THE FIRST DECENT THING I CAN DO -- PLEASE !!

I'LL -- DO IT!



SWELL -- THEY'RE COMIN' - I'LL FADE OUT NOW!

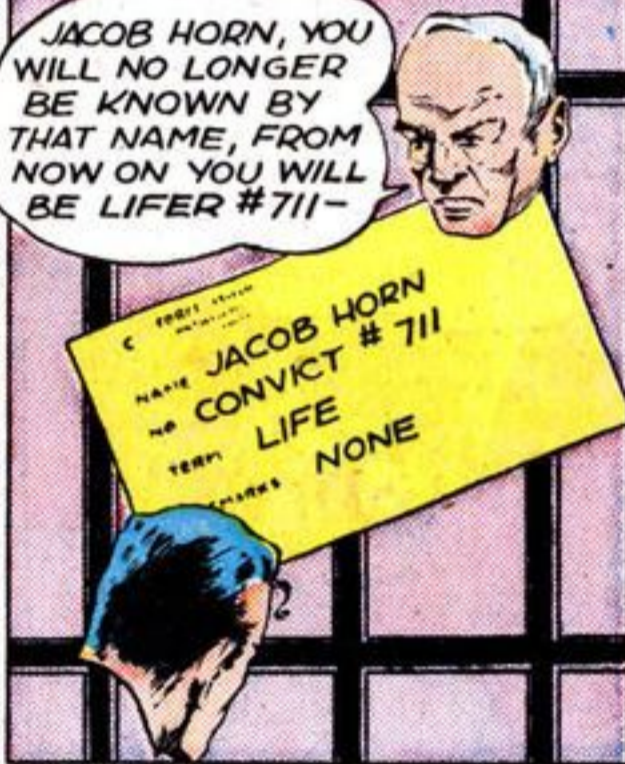
TWO DAYS LATER, DYCE, IN HORN'S PLACE, IS SENTENCED-

AND THE NEXT DAY HE STANDS IN WESTMOOR PRISON---

THEN ONE DAY, A FEW LINES IN A REMOTE CORNER OF A NEWSPAPER ATTRACT DYCE'S EYE ---

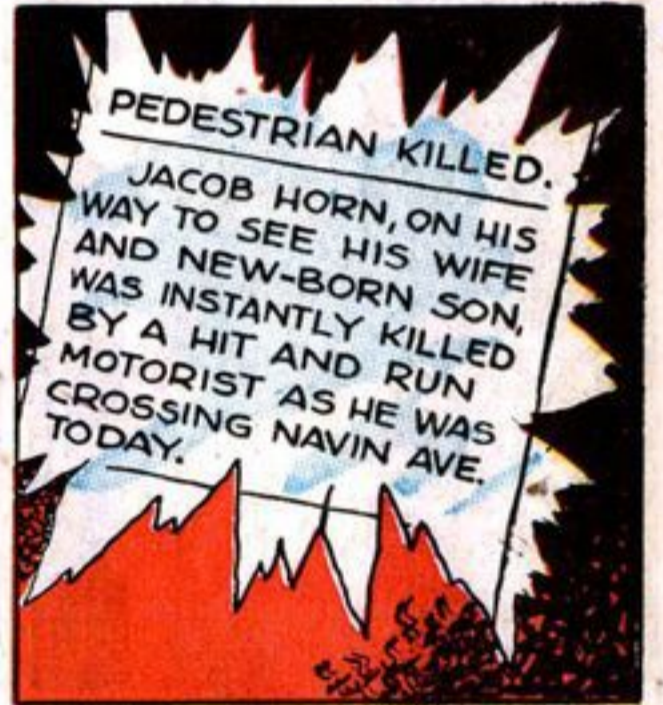


JACOB HORN, I SENTENCE YOU TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!



JACOB HORN, YOU WILL NO LONGER BE KNOWN BY THAT NAME, FROM NOW ON YOU WILL BE LIFER #711-

NAME JACOB HORN
NO CONVICT # 711
TERM LIFE
REMARKS NONE



PEDESTRIAN KILLED.
JACOB HORN, ON HIS WAY TO SEE HIS WIFE AND NEW-BORN SON, WAS INSTANTLY KILLED BY A HIT AND RUN MOTORIST AS HE WAS CROSSING NAVIN AVE. TODAY.



JAKE KILLED - THAT MEANS I'M IN PRISON FOR LIFE !!

THEN, LITTLE BY LITTLE THE GRIM #711 TUNNELS HIS WAY TOWARD FREEDOM-

AND ONE DAY HE IS--



FREE - AT LAST !!



--BUT- I'M FORGOTTEN BY NOW- I'M NO LONGER DAN DYCE, I'M # 711- AND MY PLACE IS BACK BEHIND THESE WALLS!

THEN ONE DAY IT IS THE NOON RECESS, AND GROUPS OF MEN TALK IN HURRIED MUFFLED TONES---



YA HEAR WHO'S COMIN' IN TODAY?

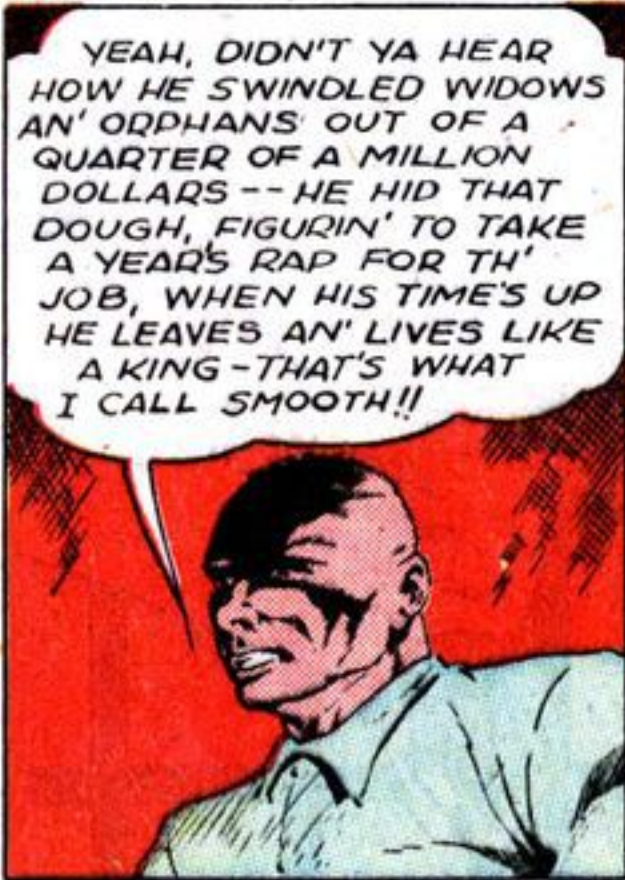
YEAH, SLICK PANZER, TH' SMOOTHEST CROOK IN TH' GAME!



HE CAN'T BE SO SMOOTH WHEN TH' COPS NABBED HIM!

SLICK WANTED TO BE CAUGHT

HE WANTED TO BE CAUGHT?



YEAH, DIDN'T YA HEAR HOW HE SWINDLED WIDOWS AN' ORPHANS OUT OF A QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS -- HE HID THAT DOUGH, FIGURIN' TO TAKE A YEAR'S RAP FOR TH' JOB, WHEN HIS TIME'S UP HE LEAVES AN' LIVES LIKE A KING - THAT'S WHAT I CALL SMOOTH!!

UNKNOWN TO THE GROUP, THE CONVERSATION IS OVERHEARD BY # 711 ---



SO PANZER IS GOING TO BE OUR GUEST FOR AWHILE -- OH OH, HERE HE COMES!



HI YA, SLICK!

HELLO, BOYS!



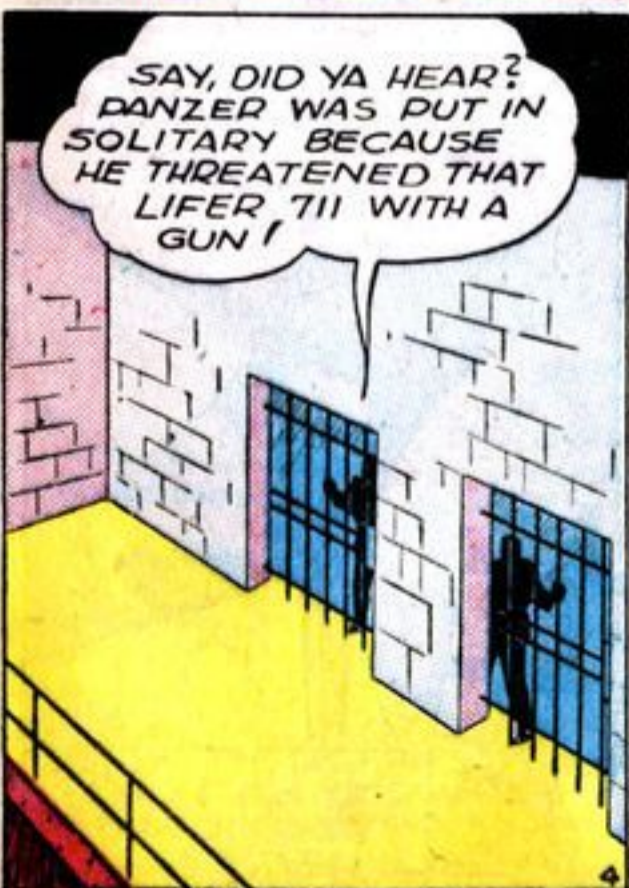
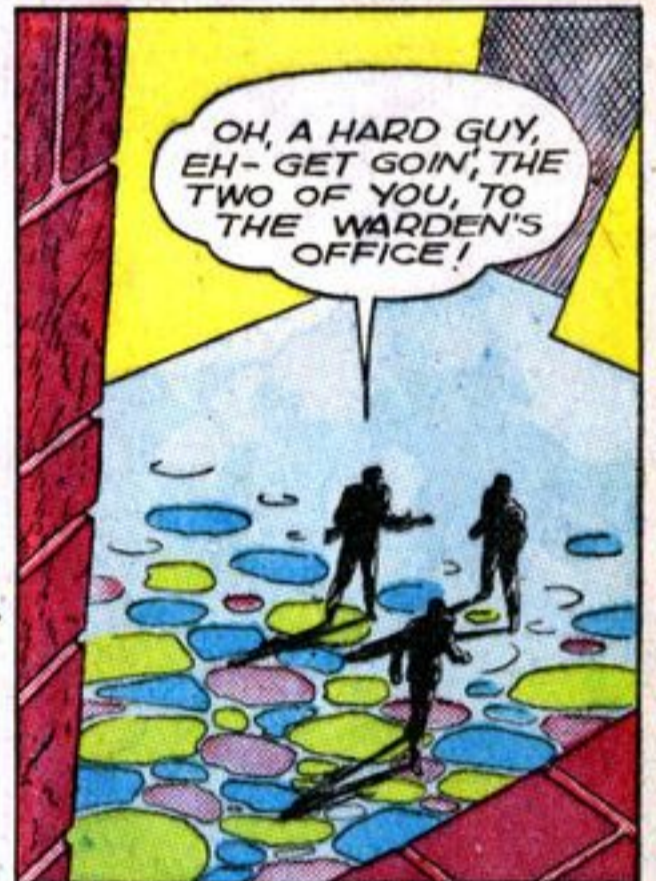
SO SLICK PANZER THINKS HE'S GOING TO LIVE LIKE A KING ON MONEY HE'S SWINDLED FROM WIDOWS AND CHILDREN- WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!

AND AS SLICK PASSES # 711-



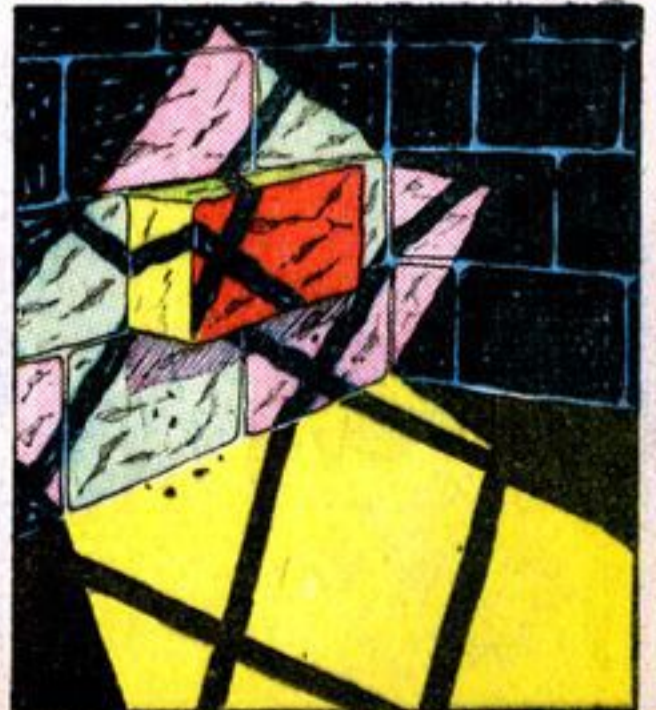
OOPS-

WATCH WHERE Y'R GOIN, YA STIR-CRAZY HOP-HEAD!



LATER..WHILE THE REST OF THE PRISON SLEEPS, SLICK PANZER PACES BACK AND FORTH IN HIS CELL--

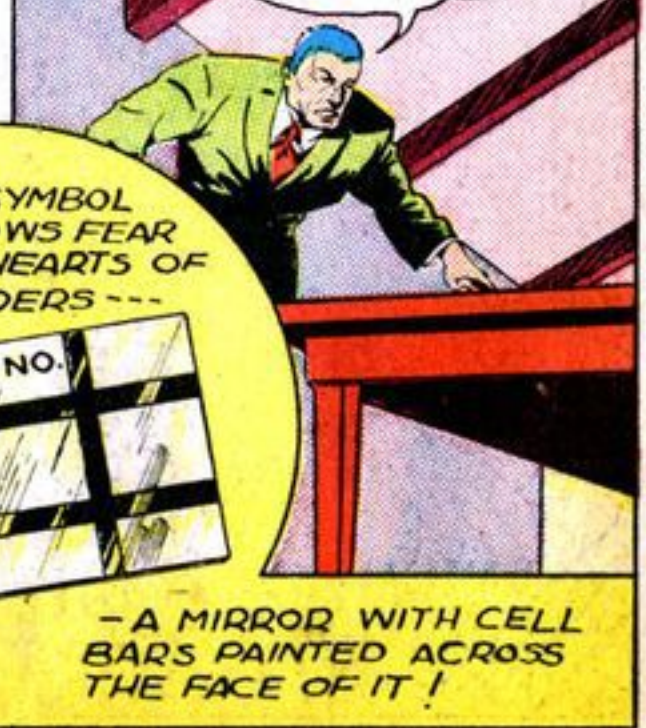
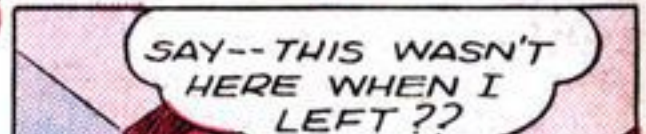
SILENTLY A BLOCK OF STONE IS BEING PUSHED FROM THE WALL---

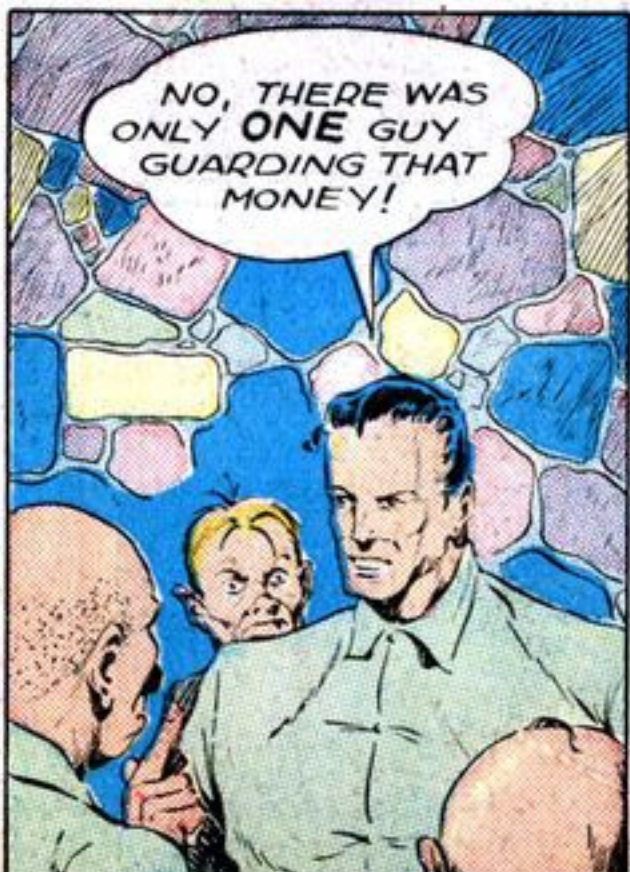




AND 711 AGAIN STRIKES OUT TO METE OUT JUSTICE FROM BEHIND PRISON WALLS--

A FEW MINUTES LATER 711 STANDS INSIDE THE OLD WAREHOUSE ---





Follow 711 in the September issue of POLICE COMICS—on sale July 3rd.

Super SNOOPER

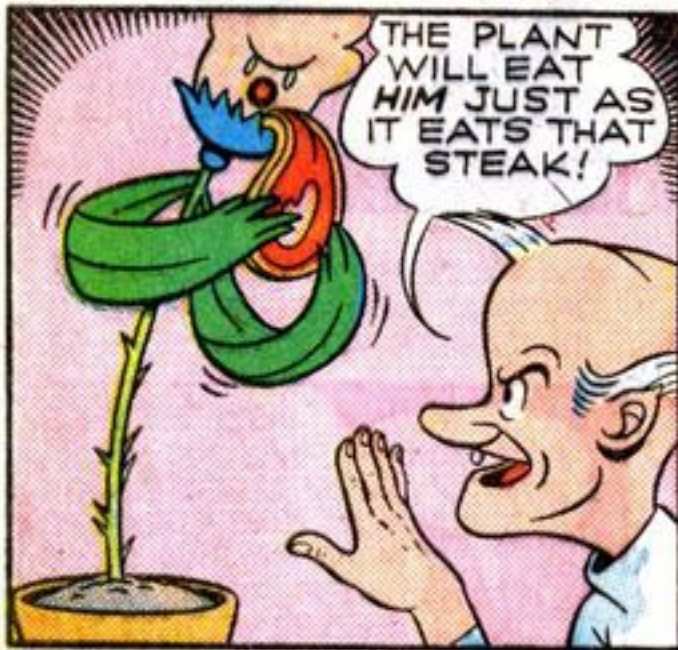
SUPER SNOOPER, A CRIME FIGHTER IS WORKING ON A MURDER CASE...



LET US LOOK INTO THE LABORATORY OF DR. M. BALM, A MURDERER, WHOSE HOME SNOOPER IS WATCHING



HA-HA! SO SUPER SNOOPER IS WATCHING THIS BUILDING, EH.. I'LL SEND THIS FLESH-EATING PLANT DOWN TO HIM..



THE PLANT WILL EAT HIM JUST AS IT EATS THAT STEAK!



LATER..

DR. BALM SENT THIS PLANT DOWN TO YOU WITH HIS COMPLIMENTS



HUMPH.. HERE I AM WAITING TO CAPTURE DR. BALM FOR MURDER AND HE SENDS ME A PRESENT.. OH WELL, I'LL TAKE IT HOME!

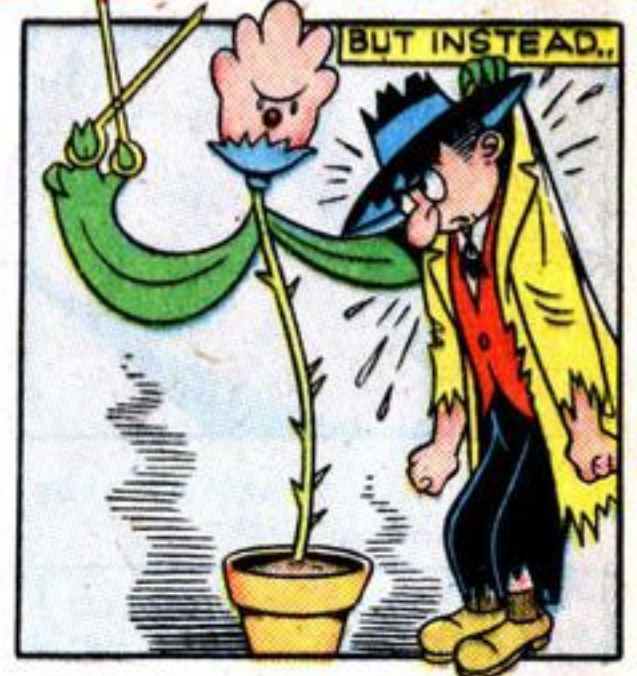


SNOOPER ARRIVES HOME..

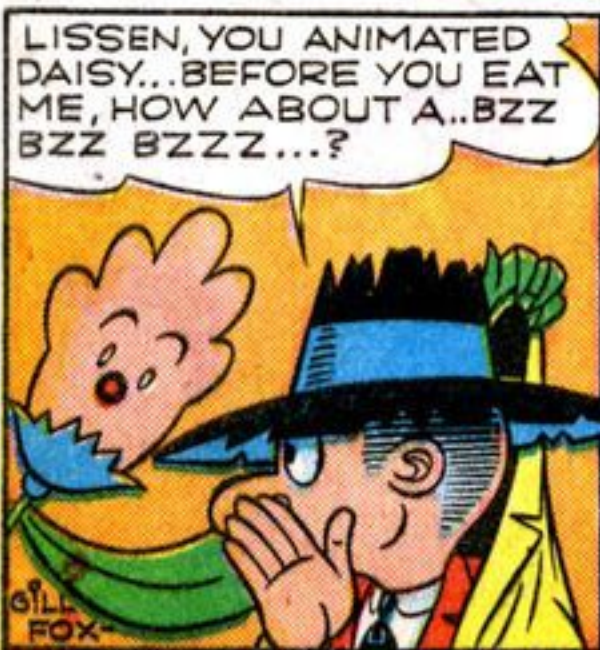
NOW TO FIND A PLACE TO PUT.. HEY! THE PLANT MOVED! IT MUST BE ONE OF THEM FLESH-EATING PLANTS!



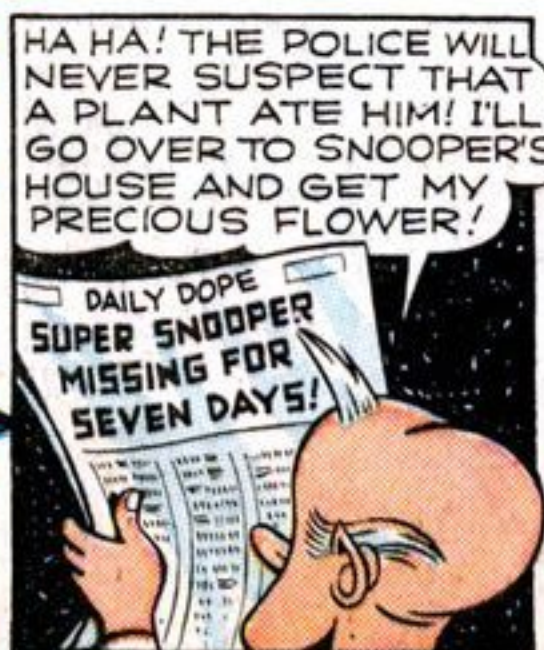
IMAGINE, USING A PLANT TO DEFEAT ME, THE GREAT CRIME FIGHTER.. I'LL CLIP ITS STEM WITH THESE SCISSORS



BUT INSTEAD..



LISSEN, YOU ANIMATED DAISY... BEFORE YOU EAT ME, HOW ABOUT A.. BZZ BZZ BZZZ...?



HA HA! THE POLICE WILL NEVER SUSPECT THAT A PLANT ATE HIM! I'LL GO OVER TO SNOOPER'S HOUSE AND GET MY PRECIOUS FLOWER!

DAILY DOPE
SUPER SNOOPER
MISSING FOR
SEVEN DAYS!

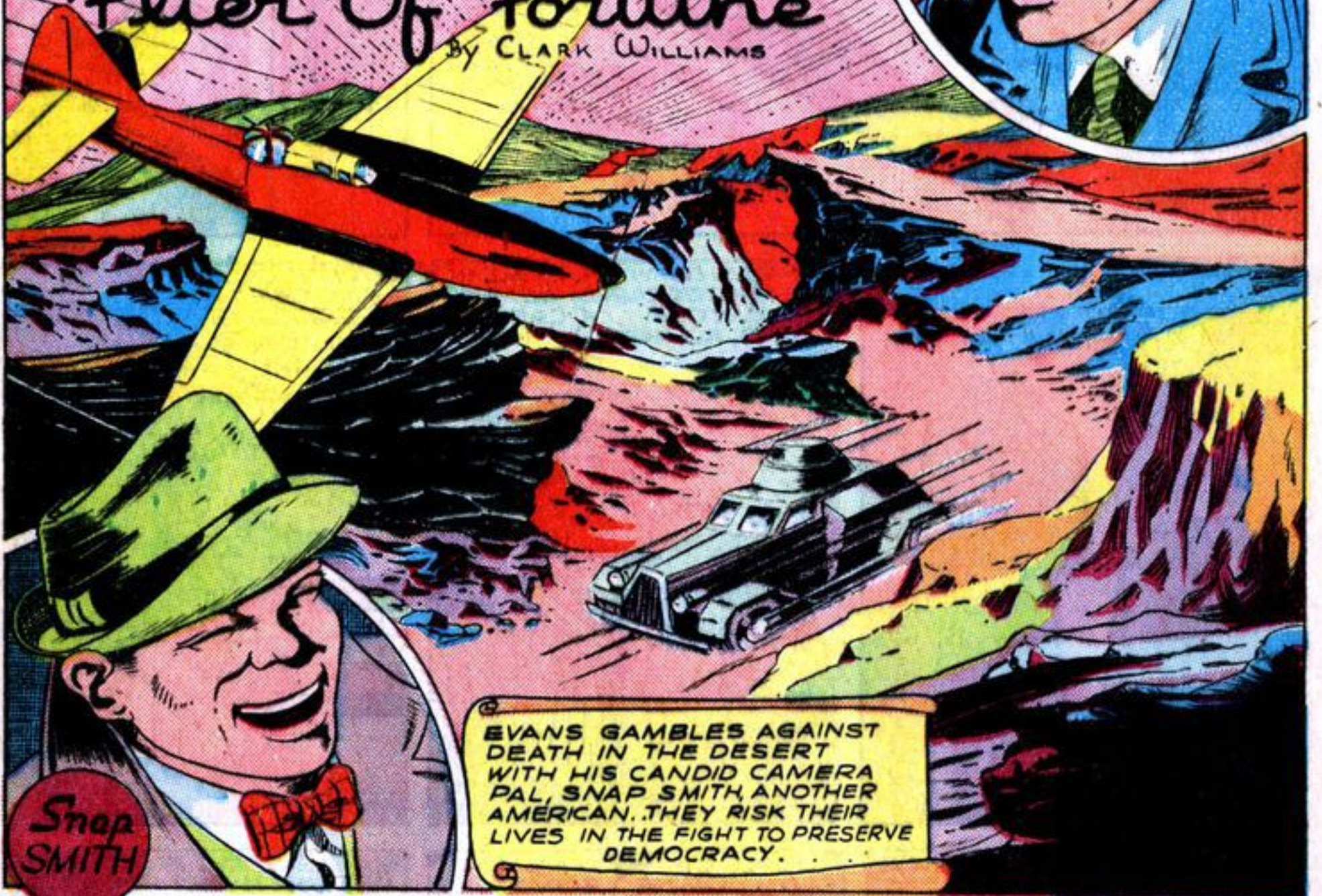


NO PLANT IS GONNA BEAT ME IN A GAME OF CARDS.. I WON'T QUIT UNTIL I WIN!

EAGLE EVANS

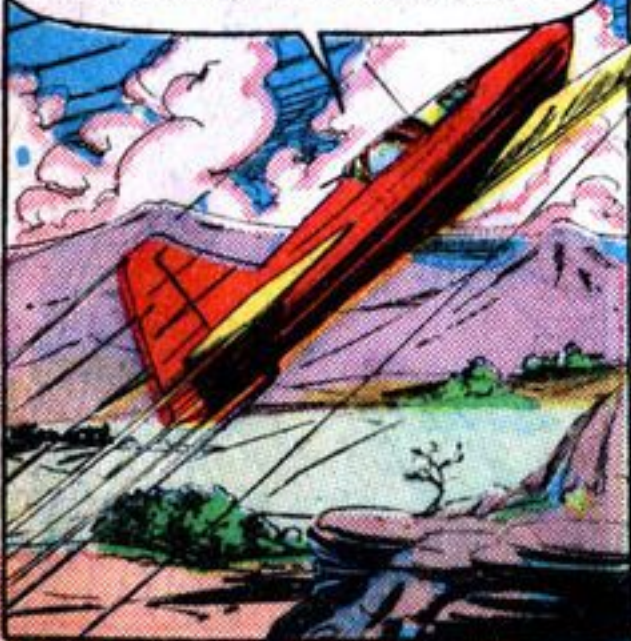
Flier Of Fortune

By CLARK WILLIAMS



EVANS GAMBLES AGAINST DEATH IN THE DESERT WITH HIS CANDID CAMERA PAL, SNAP SMITH, ANOTHER AMERICAN. THEY RISK THEIR LIVES IN THE FIGHT TO PRESERVE DEMOCRACY.

I'M HEADING FOR CYRANIS, SNAP! AN ARMORED ENEMY DIVISION IS REPORTED TO BE WITHIN THE CITY WALLS!



PLANES ARE FORBIDDEN OVER NEUTRAL CYRANIS DURING THE PRESENT BLACK-OUT.



I'VE DROPPED A FLARE, SNAP. GET READY FOR YOUR SHOTS!



AS THE FLARES LIGHT THEIR OBJECTIVE.



LOOK...TANKS AND PLANES! YOUR HUNCH WAS HOT, EAGLE!

ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS BURST AROUND THEM AS EAGLE ZOOMS FOR ALTITUDE.



YEAH! I HOPE THOSE BABIES DON'T GET HOT ON THOSE GUN SIGHTS!

EAGLE FLIPS THE DEFIANT OVER AND..



ROWS OF ARMORED CARS SPREAD BELOW THEM.



MEANWHILE A "MILITARY OBSERVER" AND AN ARAB CHIEF GAZE ALOFT.



A BRITISH SPY! HIS PHOTOGRAPHS VILL RUIN OUR PLANS, ALI HARID!

BY ALLAH, WE MUST CAPTURE HIM!

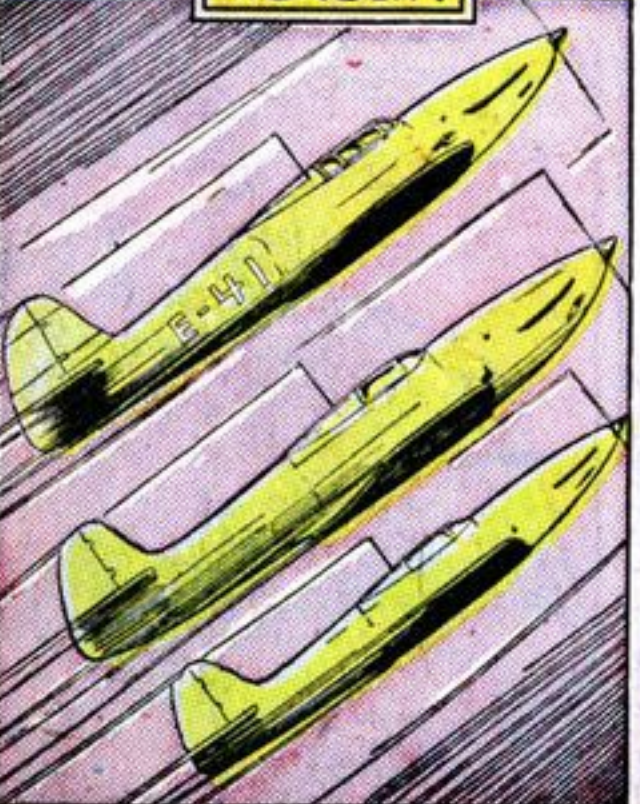


OUTSIDE CAMOUFLAGED HANGARS..



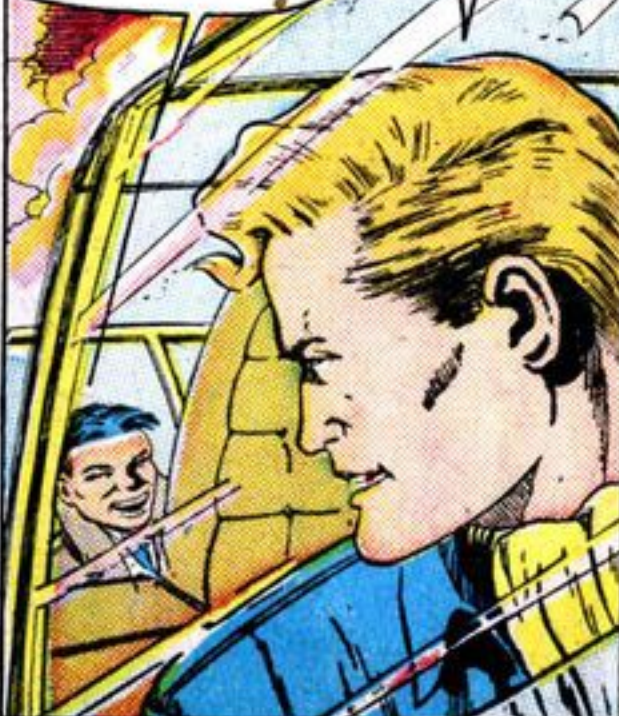
SQUADRON LEADER! BRING DOWN DOT ENGLISHER!

SLEEK FIGHTERS ZOOM IN PURSUIT.

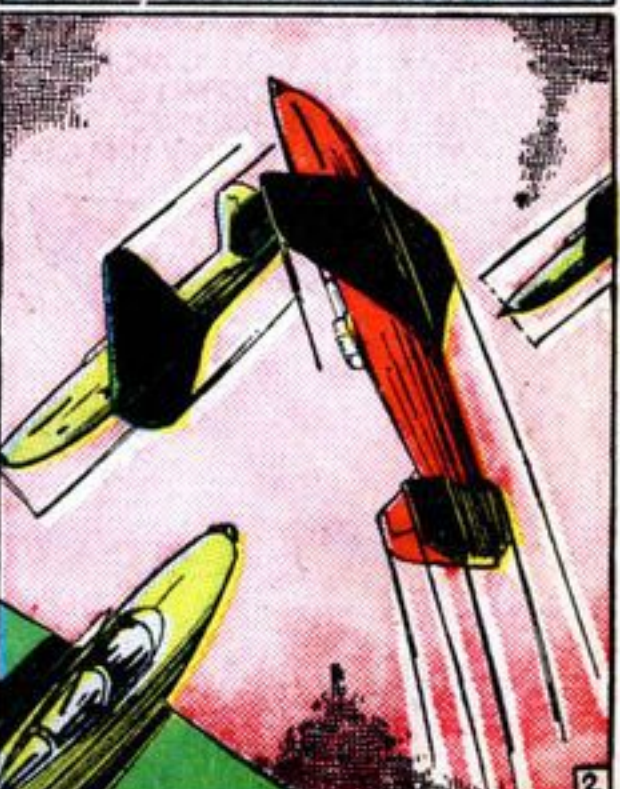


COUPLE OF GUYS COMING UP TO SEE US, MISTER EVANS!

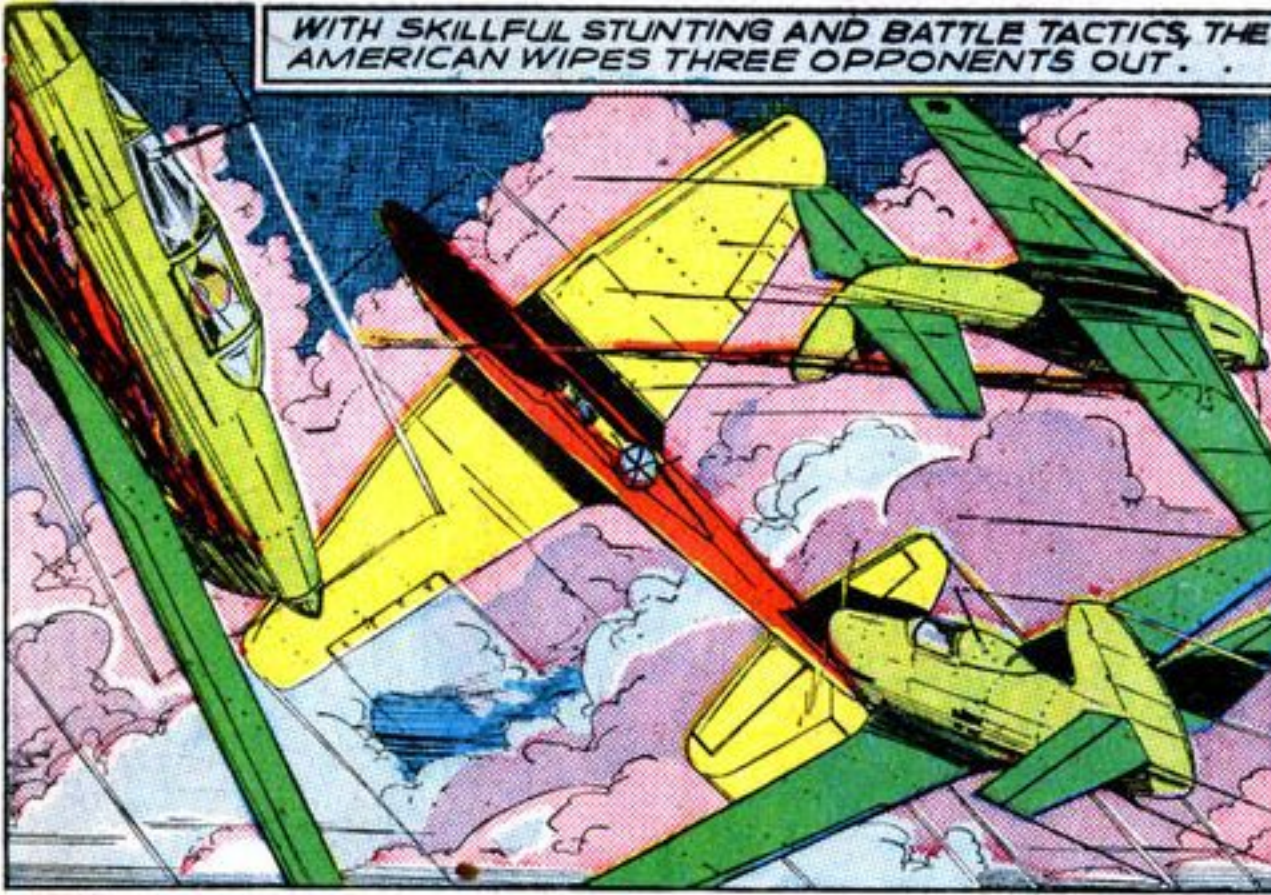
TOSS 'EM SOME SLUG PIE, SNAP!



EAGLE SPINS THE DEFIANT INTO THE ENEMY FORMATION.



WITH SKILLFUL STUNTING AND BATTLE TACTICS, THE AMERICAN WIPES THREE OPPONENTS OUT.



WE CAN'T STAY FOR ANY MORE FUN, SNAP! YOUR PHOTOS MUST REACH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!



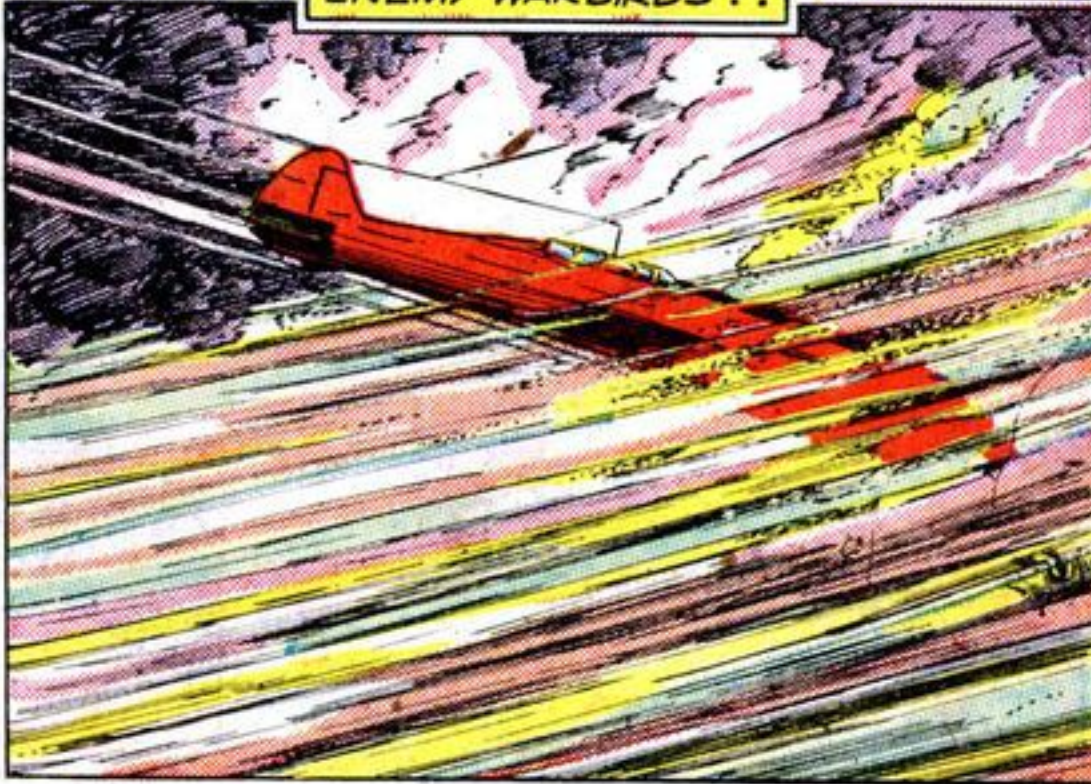
SNAP COVERS UP THEIR ESCAPE.



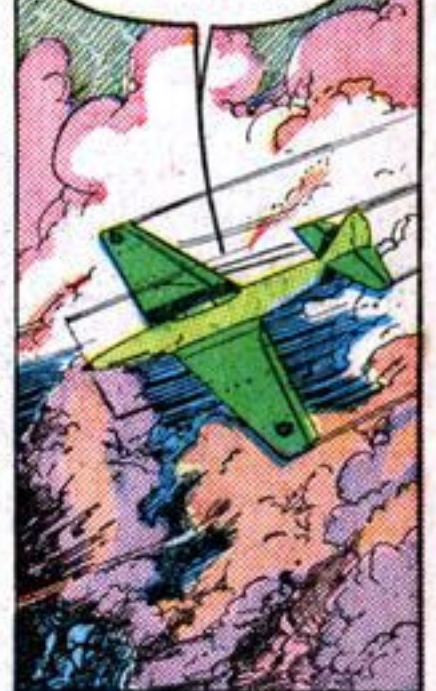
DOWN, DOWN TO 1000 FEET THEY HURTLE.



AND INTO A RAGING SANDSTORM, TO ELUDE THE ENEMY WARBIRDS.



IF VE DIDN'T GET HIM, DER SANDSTORM VILL! HA!!



THE DEFIANT'S ENGINE IS BADLY CHOKED WITH SAND WHEN BRITISH HEADQUARTERS IS REACHED.



HERE WE ARE, SNAP! AND WILL O' STONE FACE BE SURPRISED!

BUT INSTEAD, EAGLE AND SNAP GET THE SHOCK.

THESE FILMS WILL SHOW THE SECRET MOBILIZATION AT CYRANIS, GENERAL!



WHY YOU BLANKETY TRAMPS, YOU DISOBEYED MY ORDERS!

YOU BROKE OUR NEUTRALITY TREATY WITH ALI HARID!! GIVE ME THAT CAMERA!



CORPORAL! ARREST THESE DIMWITS!

YES, SIR!



AS THE AMERICANS ARE HUSTLED OFF.

NO GUARDHOUSE FOR US, SNAP! WE'LL BEAT THIS RAP!

DUST OUR KNUCKLES ON THESE ARMY COPS, EH?

AND EAGLE STARTS DUSTING.

ONE SIDE, 'ERBERT, M'LAD!

I SAY! YOU CAWN'T DO THAT!

THEIR FISTS ONCE AGAIN SPELL FREEDOM.

A SHIP! WARMING UP. RUN FOR IT, SNAP!

HURRY!! THOSE SENTRIES DON'T ALWAYS MISS!!

BYE, BYE, STONE FACE! WE'RE TOURING OVER THE BORDER DOWN LIBYA WAY!

THE GENERAL PUMES IN ANGER.

THE BLIGHTERS GOT OFF. WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE!

EAGLE SETS THE PLANE DOWN IN THE ABYSSINIAN FOOTHILLS.

WELCOME, RAS EAGLE!

IT'S THE LION CUB OF JUDAH HIMSELF! HI YA, PRINCE!

MY PEOPLE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOUR BRAVE SERVICE DURING OUR FIRST WAR.

THANKS, PRINCE! YOU CAN DRIVE OUT THE INVADER IF WE ATTACK CYRANIS!

YOU HAVE A PLAN? WE'LL DEPART AT ONCE!

NICE GOIN', PRINCE.



THESE ARE SWELL ARMORED CARS THAT YOUR BOYS HAVE COLLECTED FROM THE INVADERS, YOUR HIGHNESS?

IF YOU COULD CALL IT COLLECTING, RAS EAGLE!

WITH EVANS DRIVING THE LEAD CAR, THE COLUMN MOVES ACROSS THE ENEMY BORDER.



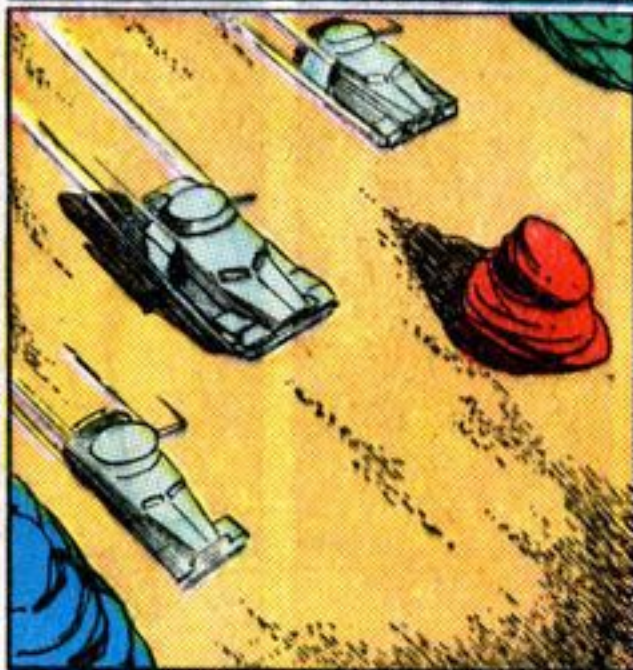
THIS IS IT! NOW WE'RE ON THEIR PLAYING FIELD?

BUT AN ALI HARID ENEMY PATROL WATCHES THE ADVANCE FROM A DISTANCE.



HOW STUPIDLY CONFIDENT THEY ARE!

MINUTES LATER, EAGLE'S MEN ARE AWARE OF AN ENEMY COLUMN LOOMING BEFORE THEM..THE AMERICAN ORDERS A SPREAD ATTACK FORMATION.



WE'RE STALEMATED.. BOTH SIDES HAVE ARMORED CARS AND 37 MILLIMETER GUNS..HMM..



EVANS LEAPS OUT.



THESE BOTTLES OF PETROL WILL JAR 'EM?

AND A FIRE GRENADE NOW WHISTLES FROM EAGLE'S HAND.



DRENCHED IN THE GASOLINE, AN ENEMY GUN CARRIER ROARS INTO FLAMES AS THE FIRE STRIKES IT.



THE DESERT WARRIORS LEAP WILDLY TO JOIN IN EAGLE'S GAME.



SNAP IS BUSY.

WOW? THAT FIRE SURE SETS 'EM OFF! WHAT SHOTS?



HE IS LESS CAUTIOUS THAN ENTHUSIASTIC.



MEANWHILE EAGLE GETS IN SOME LICKS OF HIS OWN.



THIS'LL HELP COOL 'EM OFF!



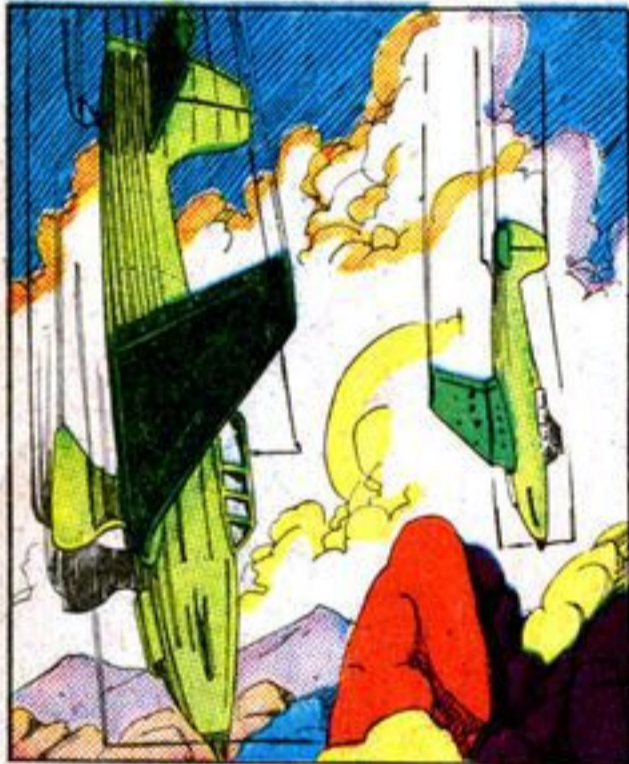
ALI HARID'S BAND SOON FLEES IN RETREAT.. BUT..



EVANS LEAPS INTO AN ARMORED TRUCK..



ENEMY DIVE BOMBERS SCREAM DOWNWARD . .



THE GROUNDED WARBIIRD IS ALERT TO THE TIGHT SPOT.



ANTI-AIRCRAFT TANK GUNS BLAZE OUT.

A NEARBY TANK SUFFERS A DIRECT HIT.



BUT EAGLE'S TANK GUNS BAG A VICTIM . .



THE ENEMY COLUMN FLEES INTO THE WALLS OF CYRANIS.



EAGLE MAKES A CALL AT ALI HARID'S HEAD-QUARTERS..



WOW! THANKS EAGLE . . THESE BABIES DIDN'T MEAN ANY GOOD TOWARD ME!



MORE TANKS THUNDER IN AT EVANS' COMMAND..



THE AMERICAN SOON WRINGS OUT THE TRUTH OF THE PLOT.



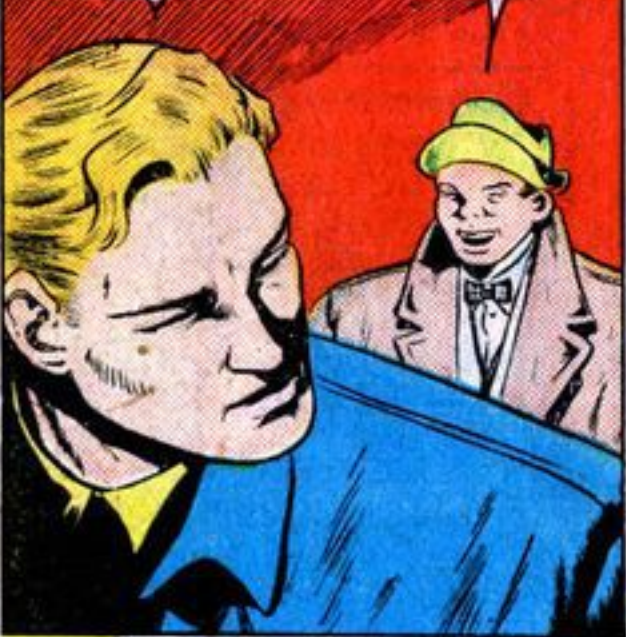
ALI TRIES FOR HIS GUN BUT.



THE PRINCE SHOUTS TO EVANS...



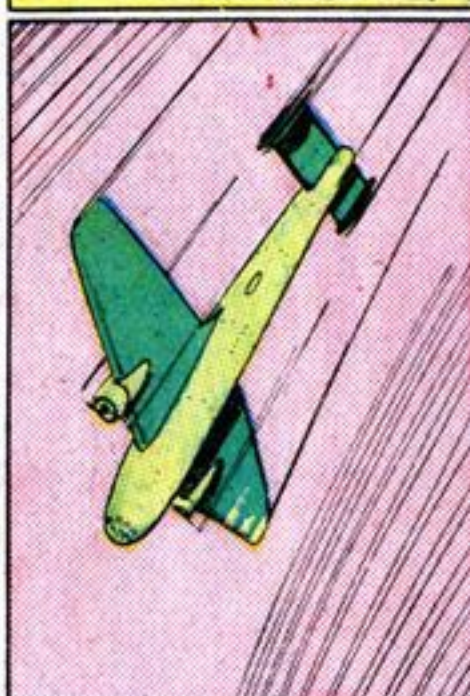
COME ON, SNAP! WE'LL GRAB ONE OF THE BOMBERS AND BLAST THEIR RETREAT!



THE TWO SOON ROAR OFF THE CAPTURED FIELD.



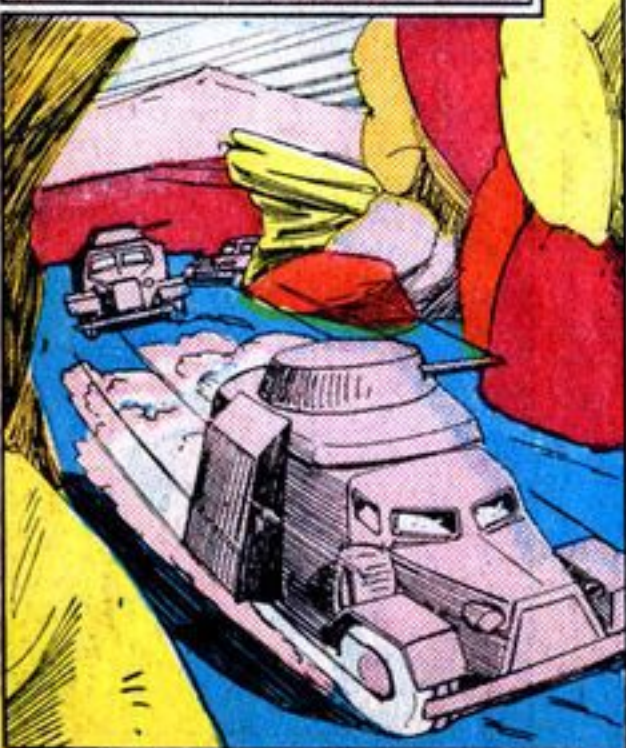
AS THE FLEEING COLUMN PASSES THROUGH A DEEP PASS BELOW, SNAP PULLS THE BOMB RELEASE.



THE ROCKY WALLS THUNDER IN, BLOCKING THE ROADWAY.



A BRITISH LEGION APPEARS BEYOND THE PASS...EAGLE LANDS AND IS LATER CONFRONTED BY OL' STONE FACE.



SURE, GENERAL... ALI HARID SURRENDERED TO ME! YOU'RE LATE FOR THE REAL PART OF THIS PARTY!



OL' STONE FACE OFFERED US CAPTAINCIES IF WE JOINED UP. BUT I SAID NOTHING DOIN', SNAP... AN' HOW!

LATER TEN MINUTES LATER FINDS OUR GAY SKYMEN WINGING TOWARD EGYPT IN A NEWLY 'BORROWED' PLANE.



AND THIS TRIP WILL BRING MORE EXCITEMENT IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF POLICE COMICS...

Eagle Evans will thrill you in the September issue of POLICE COMICS.

CHIC CARTER

ONCE AGAIN THE DARING REPORTER BECOMES THE SWORD... TO COMBAT A SHREWD MURDER-MAD MANIAC.

HEY, CHIC! OLD CURTIS RANDALL JUST PHONED. HE'S GIVING AWAY HIS ENTIRE ART COLLECTION TO A MUSEUM! COVER THE STORY!

AT RANDALL'S CHATEAU..

HEH! HEH! HEH! YES "BARON", I'M GIVING AWAY ALL MY ART TREASURES- ALL BUT YOU, MY PET! FOR YOU'RE ONE OF MY ANCESTORS!

LOOK AT THAT! A REAL CASTLE.. AND BROUGHT FROM EUROPE BY RANDALL AT GREAT EXPENSE!

HELLO.. TELL RANDALL THE PRESS IS HERE!

OH! COME IN.. HE'S EXPECTING YOU!

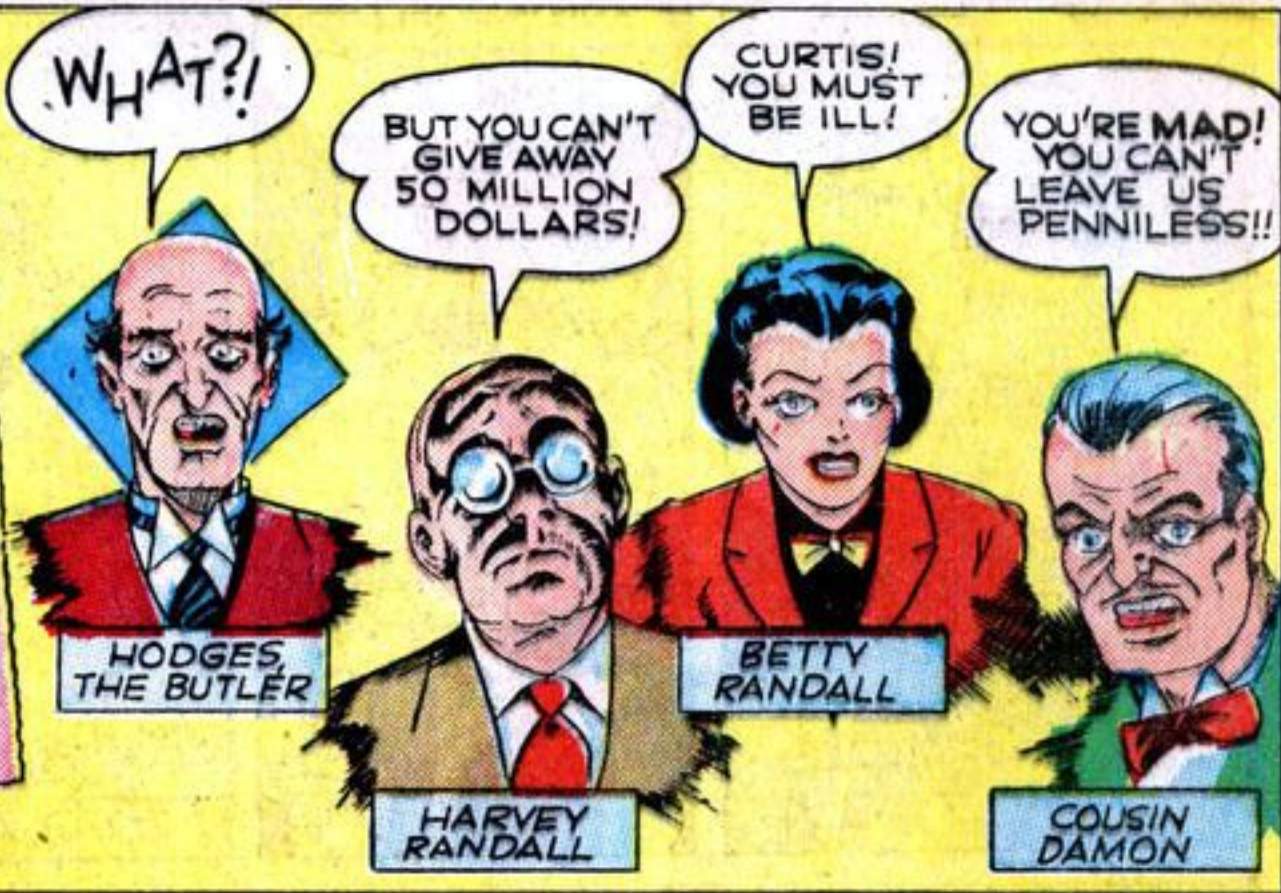
CARTER IS USHERED INTO THE LIBRARY...

GOOD! NOW I AM READY TO MAKE MY STATEMENT!

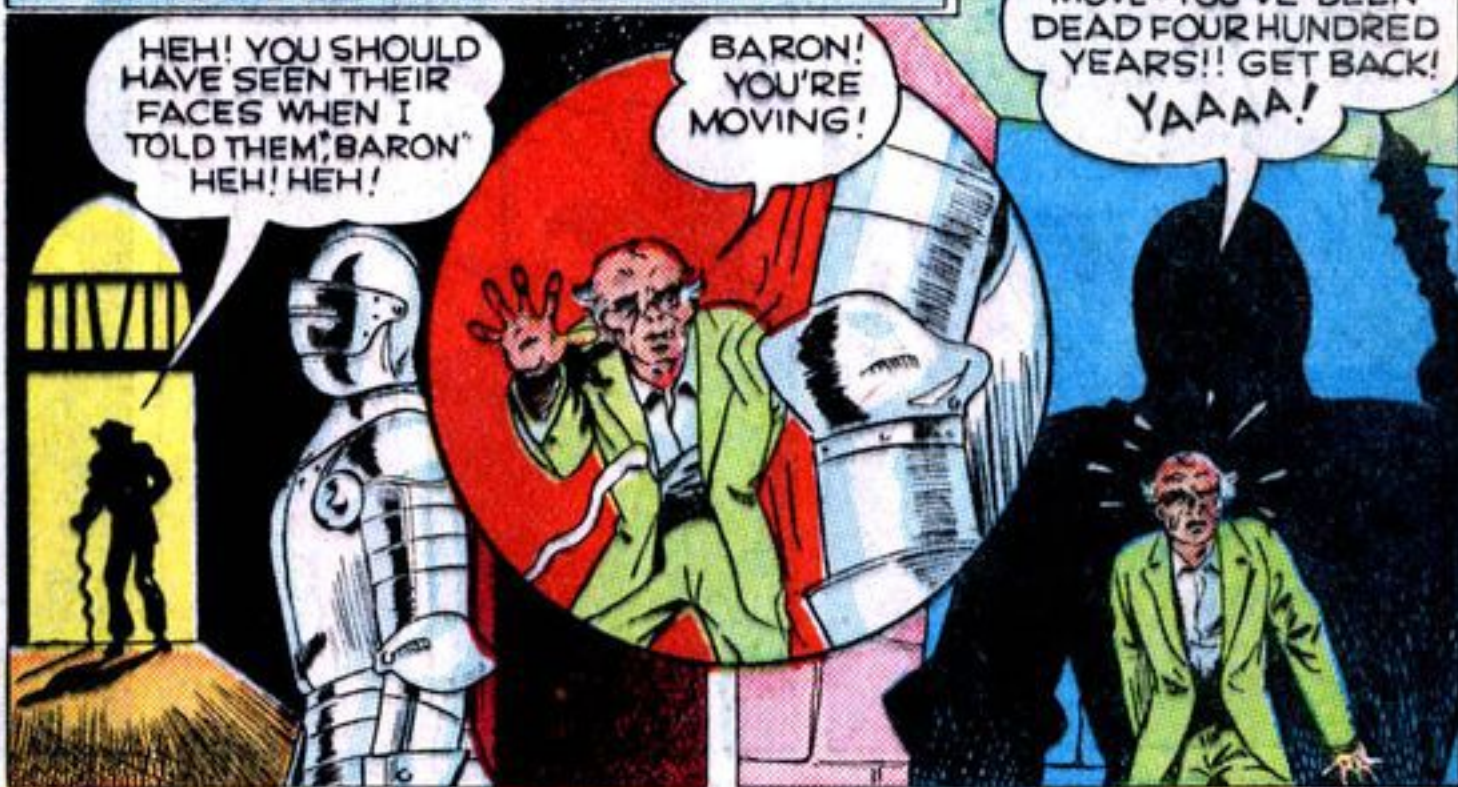
YOU ARE GATHERED, MY DEAR RELATIVES, TO HEAR UNPLEASANT NEWS! AS YOU KNOW, MY FORTUNE IS COMPRISED OF MY FABULOUS ART COLLECTION! TONIGHT MY LAWYER WILL BE HERE TO DRAW UP A NEW WILL! HEH! HEH!

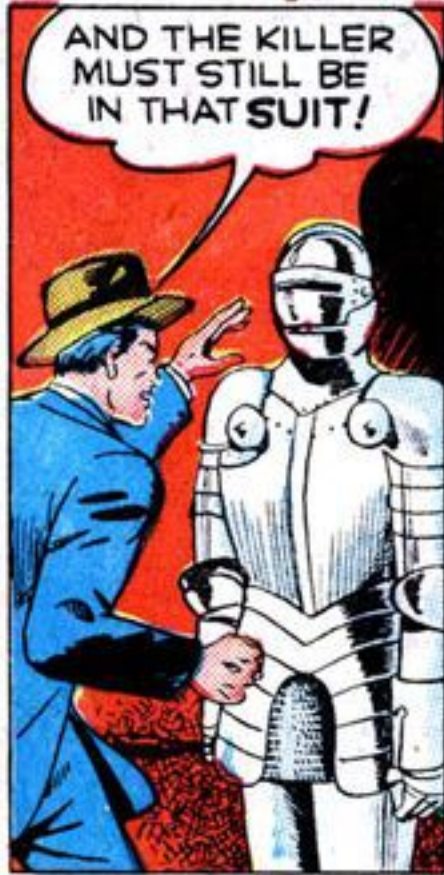


RANDALL'S WORDS STRIKE HIS PROSPECTIVE HEIRS LIKE A THUNDER-BOLT!



AN OMINOUS CLAP OF THUNDER RUMBLES OVER THE CASTLE AS THE OLD MAN RETIRES TO HIS STUDY.





AT THAT MOMENT THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN.. AND DETECTIVE MONAHAN ARRIVES TO TAKE CHARGE.



SUDDENLY A WHISPERED LAUGH ECHOES THROUGH THE ROOM... IT GROWS LOUDER... LOUDER... TILL THE VERY WALLS SHAKE!



SOMETHING MUST BE AILING OUR OLD FRIEND, THE BARON!



TONIGHT ALL THOSE WHO REMAIN IN THIS CASTLE WILL DIE, JUST AS CURTIS RANDALL HAS DIED! THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING!



'TIS THE CURSE, SIR!

OH... THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED... JUST LIKE MY POOR BROTHER!



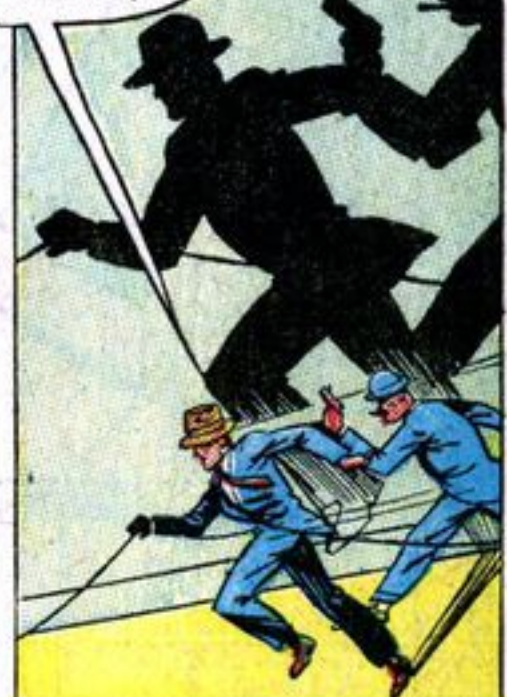
BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M LEAVING THIS GHASTLY PLACE! NOYA AIN'T!



HEY MONAHAN! HERE'S OUR GHOST. A WIRED AMPLIFIER PLANTED INSIDE THIS HELMET!



AND BY FOLLOWING THIS WIRE WE MAY CATCH OUR KILLER!



CARTER AND MONAHAN TRACE THE WIRE TO AN ADJOINING ROOM...

WELL I'LL BE... A STUMPED AGAIN! PHONOGRAPH!



I SENT THEM ALL TO THEIR ROOMS! I WONDER IF THIS CRACKPOT WILL CARRY OUT HIS THREAT!



YES, I'M AFRAID SO, MONAHAN! WE'RE UP AGAINST A CLEVER KILLER.. AND WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE STRIKES AGAIN!

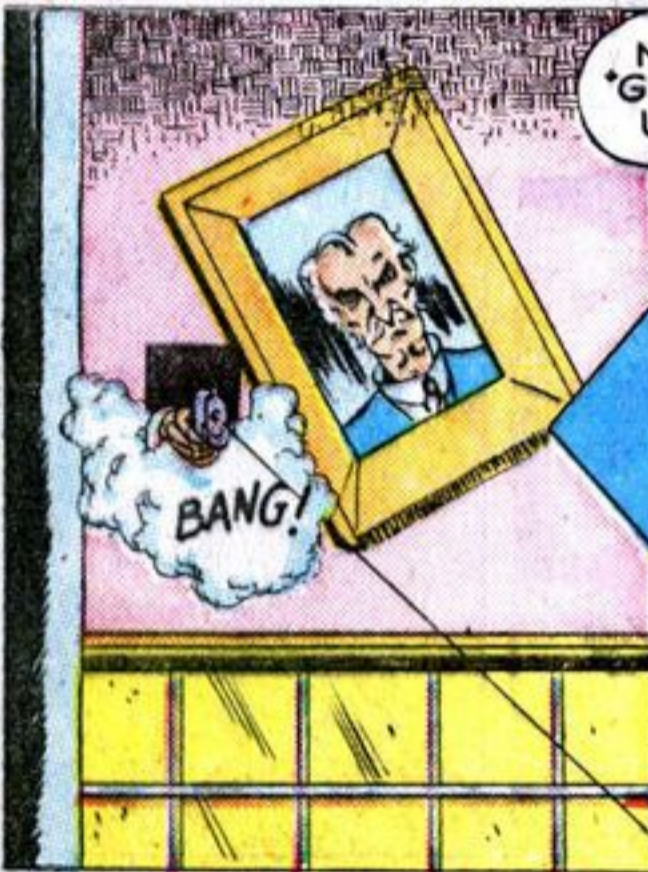


CHIC RETIRES TO A DARKENED HALL IN THE OLD CASTLE.

THE ONLY WAY TO MUSS UP OUR UNSEEN FRIEND'S GAME IS TO AGAIN BECOME THE SWORD... MONAHAN WILL FIZZLE THIS CASE!



SUDDENLY THERE'S A CRY...



AS THE SWORD DASHES INTO THE SECRET PASSAGE, MONAHAN ENTERS THE ROOM.



JUST THEN.. IN THE TOWER..



AGAIN IN HIS REPORTER ROLE, CARTER RETURNS BETTY TO THE LIBRARY, WHERE HE CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY

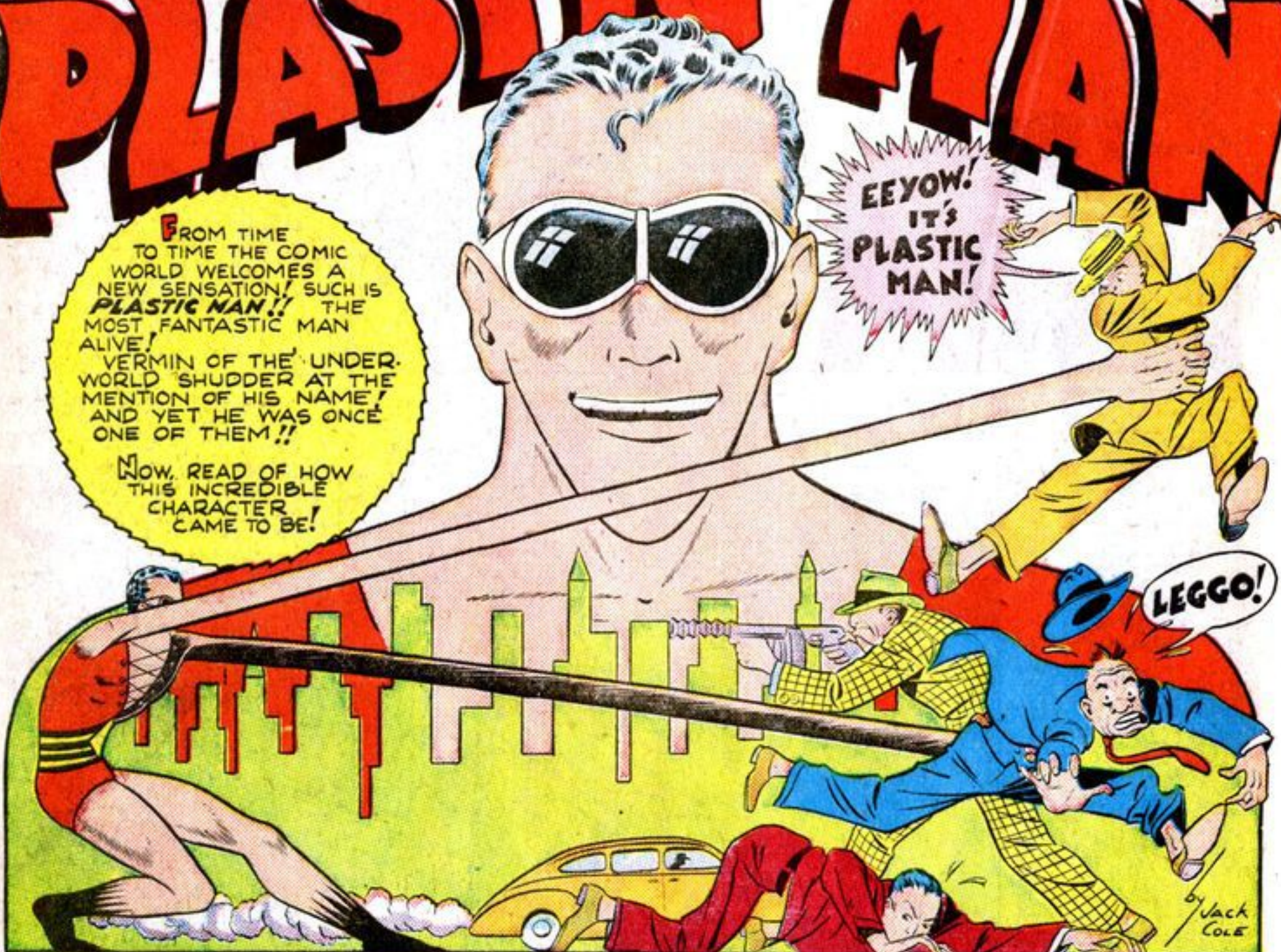


More of Chic Carter in the September issue of POLICE COMICS—on sale July 3rd.

PLASTIC MAN

FROM TIME TO TIME THE COMIC WORLD WELCOMES A NEW SENSATION! SUCH IS **PLASTIC MAN!!** THE MOST FANTASTIC MAN ALIVE! VERMIN OF THE UNDERWORLD SHUDDER AT THE MENTION OF HIS NAME! AND YET HE WAS ONCE ONE OF THEM!!

Now, READ OF HOW THIS INCREDIBLE CHARACTER CAME TO BE!



by Jack Cole





TH' YELLOW #6%!!
GOTTA GET AWAY...
SOMEHOW... SOME
PLACE! CURSE THIS
ACID! IT'S IN THE
WOUND AND
STINGIN' LIKE
BLAZES!!!



LATER IN A DAZE
THE EEL WANDERS
THROUGH SWAMPS:

MUST... KEEP
GOING!! COPS
COMING!!



THEN UP A
MOUNTAIN SIDE:

LEGS WON'T
WORK... HEAD
REELING!!
CAN'T GO ON!



THEN UNCONSCIOUSNESS:



SOME TIME LATER HE AWAKENS:

OH, MY HEAD!
WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE—??

YOU ARE
IN **REST-
HAVEN,**
SON!



IN HEAVEN??
ME? QUIT TH'
KIDDIN'! WHERE
I'M GOIN', THE
COLDEST DAY IS
°300 ABOVE!

REST-HAVEN,
MY BOY... A
MOUNTAIN
RETREAT FAR
FROM THE
TROUBLED
WORLD!

I FOUND YOU
ON THE TRAIL
THIS MORNING,
EEL O'BRIAN!



HOW DO
YOU KNOW
MY NAME?

THE POLICE
TRAILED YOU
HERE BUT I
TURNED THEM
AWAY!!



YOU... YOU
DID THIS...
TOOK A
CHANCE LIKE
THAT FOR
ME? WHY??

BECAUSE SOME
THING TOLD ME
THAT HERE IS A
MAN WHO COULD
BECOME A
VALUABLE CITIZEN
IF HE ONLY HAD
THE CHANCE!

COME, WON'T
YOU TELL ME
YOUR STORY?

WELL, YSEE, MY FOLKS DIED
WHEN I WAS TEN, LEAVING
ME ALONE IN THE WORLD.
I TRIED TO WORK HARD
BUT PEOPLE KEPT PUSHING-
ME AROUND—**ALWAYS**
PUSHING!! UNTIL FINALLY
I GOT TIRED OF IT AND
STARTED PUSHING
THEM AROUND!!

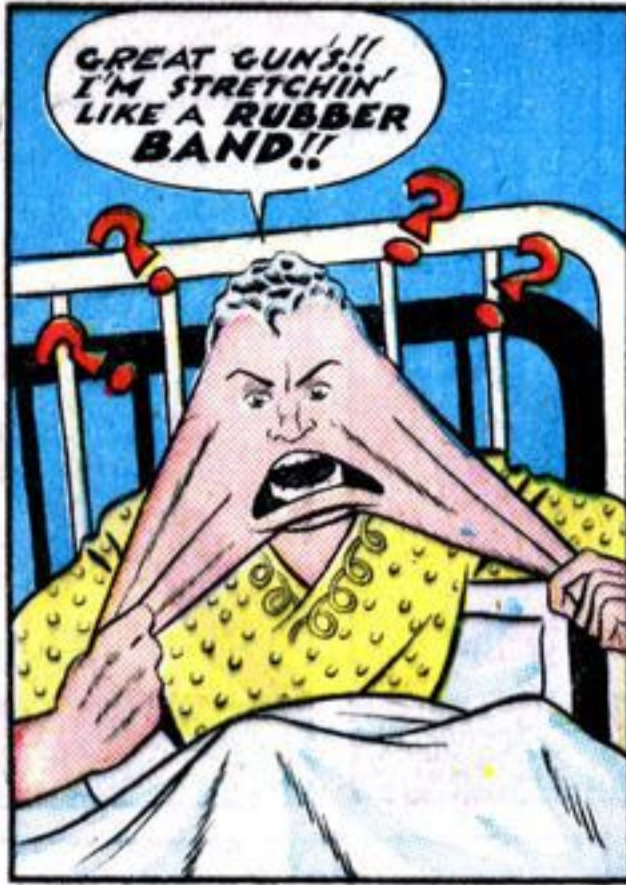


EEL TELLS HIS STORY



I'D **COMPLETELY**
LOST FAITH IN
MANKIND UNTIL....
WELL, YOU'VE
GIVEN ME A NEW
SLANT ON THINGS!

BUT THE
IMPORTANT
THING RIGHT
NOW IS TO
REST AND
GET WELL!





THERE HE GOES... INTO THE BUILDING!

WAIT HERE, EEL... AND KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!

THEY'VE GONE! NOW TO STRIP TO MY NEW COSTUME AND CHANGE MY FACE!!



TWO THUGS ENTER THE ELEVATOR WITH THE MESSENGER:



FLOOR PLEASE!

TEN. FIFTEEN.

THEN BETWEEN THE 12TH AND 13TH FLOORS:



ALRIGHT, STOP TH' CAR!!

EH?

AN' FORK OVER THE BAG!



WE'RE LEAVIN' BY THIS EMERGENCY TRAP DOOR... AND NO FALSE MOVES OR—!!

I WRECKED TH' CONTROLS! THEY CAN'T GO UP OR DOWN!

OH DEAR!



QUICK! UP THE SIDE LADDER!

OKE!



JUST THEN

WHERE YA GOIN' WITH THAT DOUGH?

L-LOOK!! A F-F-F-FREAK!

GAD!



SUDDENLY BULLETS RAIN DOWN PAST PLASTIC MAN!

OH OH! THEY'RE ABOVE ME TOO!

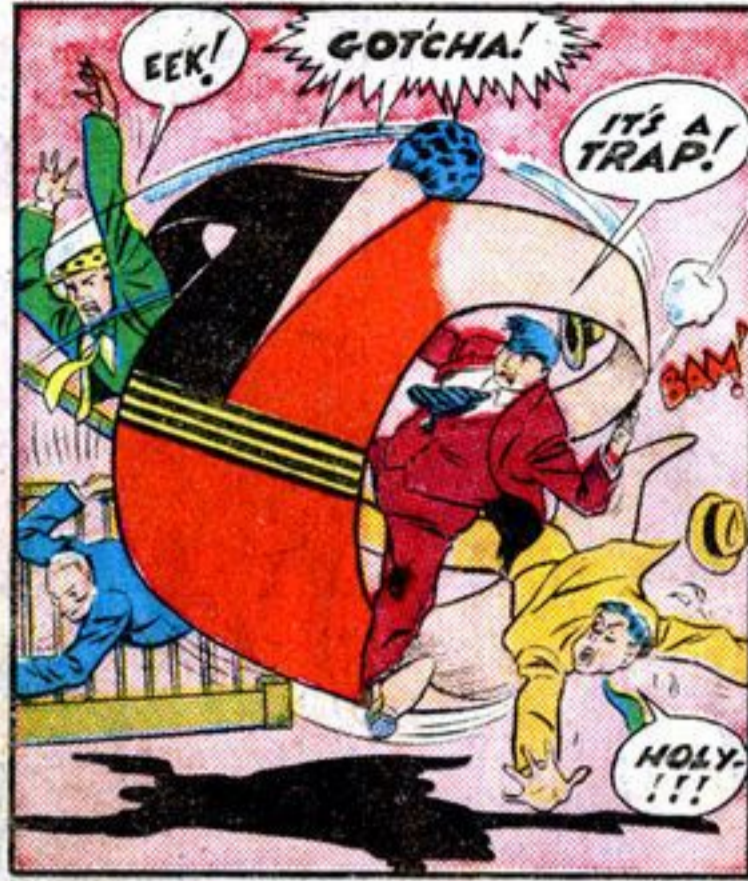


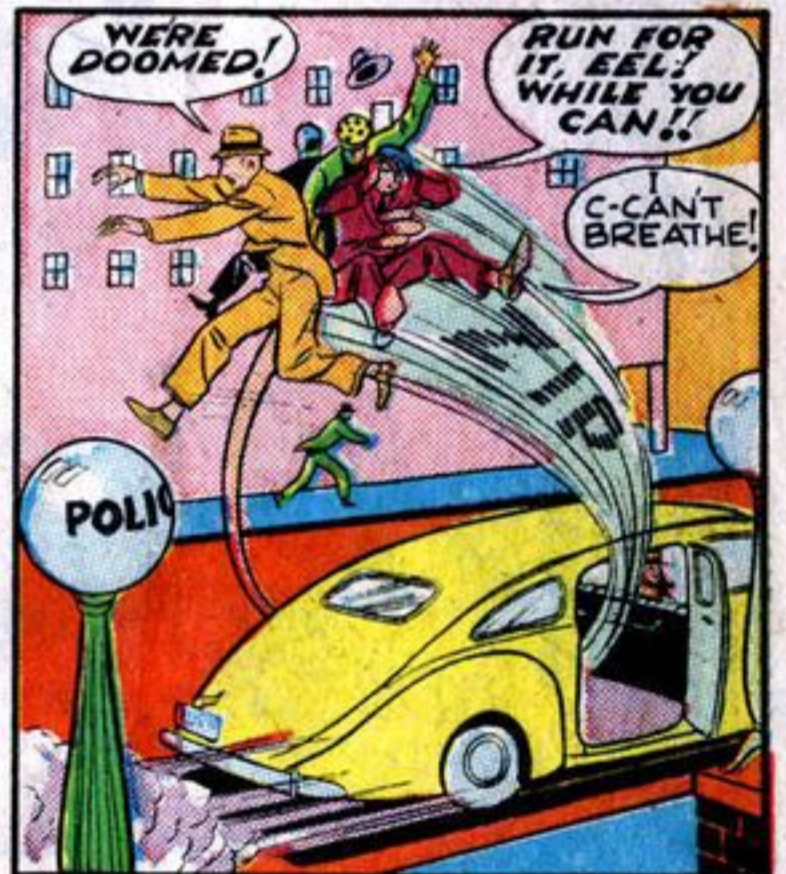
DARE YA TO STICK YOUR MITTS OUT THRU THAT BARRAGE, WISE GUY!

I'LL GET YOU YET!



THEY'LL BE COMING DOWN IN A MINUTE! I'LL FLATTEN OUT LIKE A RUG!!

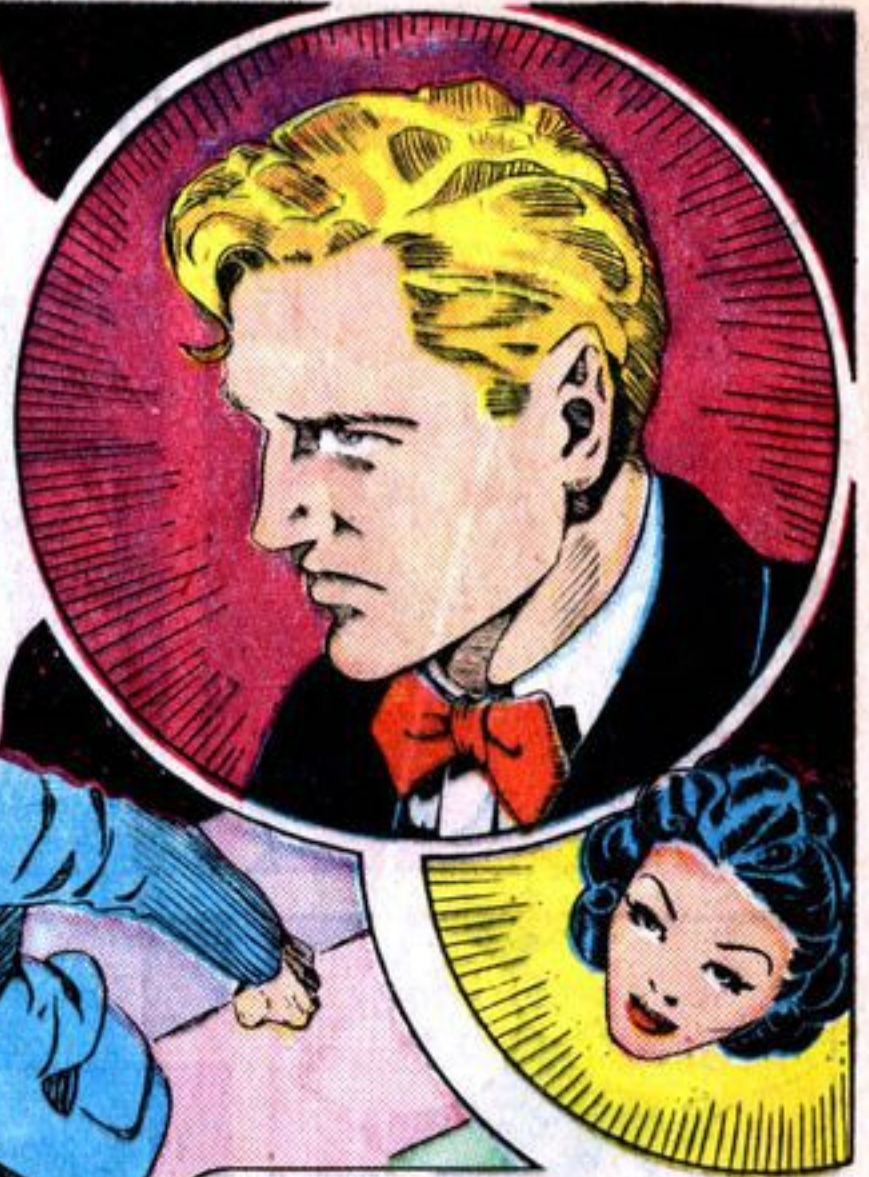




Another exciting adventure of Plastic Man in the September issue of POLICE COMICS.

STEELE KERRIGAN

By Al Bryant



STEELE KERRIGAN WAS ONLY SEVENTEEN WHEN HE WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS IN PRISON. . . EVEN THOUGH HE HAD BEEN TRICKED BY A GANG TO ACT AS LOOKOUT DURING A ROBBERY, KERRIGAN TOOK THE RAP WITH HIS FISTS CLENCHED AND HIS CHIN UP . . .

HE IS SERVING HIS THIRD YEAR AT STATE PRISON. . . ONE DAY MURDEROUS RIOTING FLARES UP. . . VICIOUS FELONS SNATCH GUARDS' GUNS . . .



STEELE KERRIGAN SWINGS HIS FISTS . . . AGAINST HIS FELLOW CONVICTS . . .



YOU WON'T ESCAPE BY KILLING THE WARDEN! THIS WILL SAVE YOU FROM THE CHAIR!

WHEN THE RIOT IS CRUSHED THE WARDEN SENDS FOR KERRIGAN. . .

THE GOVERNOR HAS ORDERED YOUR PAROLE FOR SAVING MY LIFE. . . YOUR PRISON RECORD IS CLEAN. . . I THINK YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT, KERRIGAN!



YOU BET I WILL, WARDEN!



OH BOY! FRESH AIR AGAIN! THIS TIME IT'S FOR GOOD.. GEE! I GOTTA HURRY OVER TO SEE ANNE!



JUST THEN A CAR DRIVES UP.

HEY, KERRIGAN! H'YA, PAL! WHAT D'YA SAY.. WE NEED AN EXPERT LIKE YOU.. C'MON, HOP IN?



WELL.. THANKS, SPIKE.. BUT I'VE DECIDED ON THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW FROM NOW ON. I'LL SEE YOU SOMETIME!



OH YEAH? THEM WERE YOUR LAST WOUNDS, KERRIGAN! PLUG 'IM, TORPEDO, AND DO A GOOD JOB!



BUT KERRIGAN ISN'T ASLEEP.. HE JUMPS INTO AN OPEN SIDEWALK ELEVATOR SHAFT AS THE TOMMY GUN BULLETS RIDDLE THE STEEL DOORS.



HE RUNS THROUGH THE CELLAR AND OUT THE REAR DOOR TO AN ALLEY.



SOON AFTER,

STEELE!

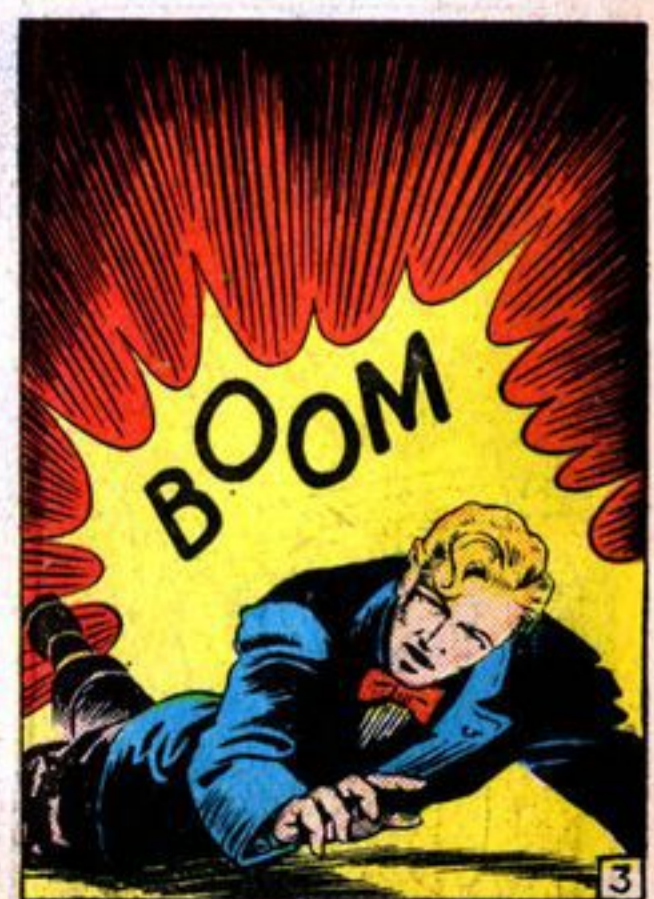
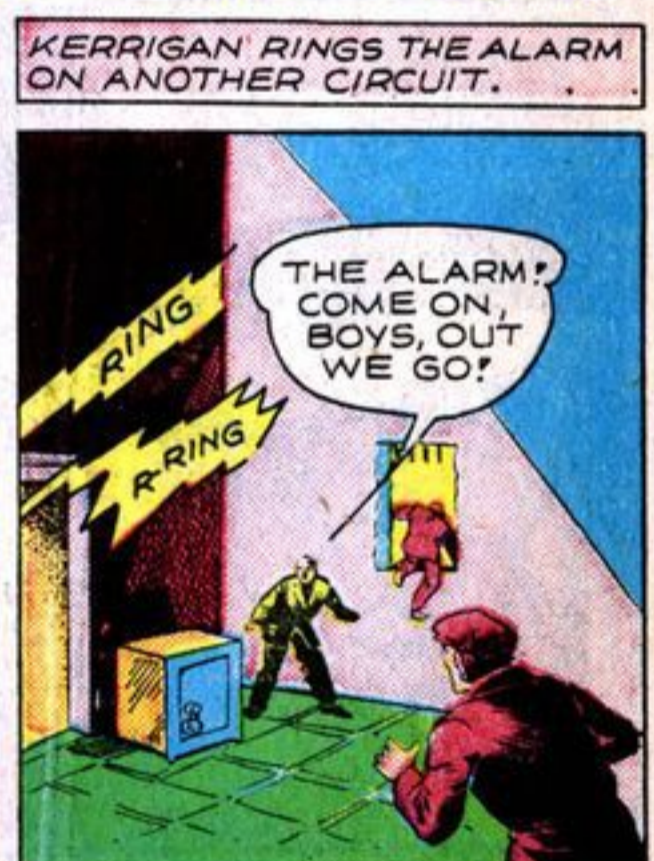
ANNE, DARLING! HOW ARE YOU?



OH STEELE, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE OUT.. YOU LOOK PALE, SWEETHEART!



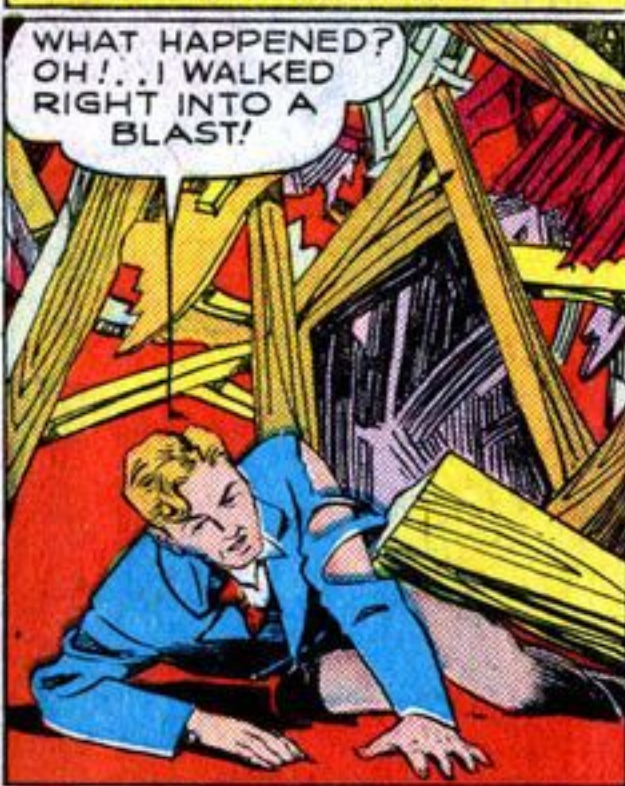
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE SOME ONE GROANING.



BEHIND THE BANK BUILDING THE THUGS ACCOST ANNE . .



KERRIGAN, TORN AND SHOCKED, RAISES HIMSELF FROM THE WRECKAGE.



POLICEMEN POUR INSIDE WITH THEIR GUNS DRAWN.



KERRIGAN! PULLING A JOB ON YOUR FIRST DAY OUT OF PRISON . . YOU'LL GO BACK FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR THIS!



BUT I WASN'T WITH SPIKE! I FOUND THE COP LYING OUTSIDE AND CRAWLED IN TO STOP THE MOB!



ONCE AGAIN KERRIGAN IS BEHIND THE BARS IN A STATION HOUSE CELL . .



SPIKE MUST HAVE GRABBED ANNE TO KEEP HER FROM TALKING . . I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND FIND HER!



IN A CORNER, STEELE BRUSHES DUST ONTO A SMALL PAPER.



KERRIGAN TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND . . .



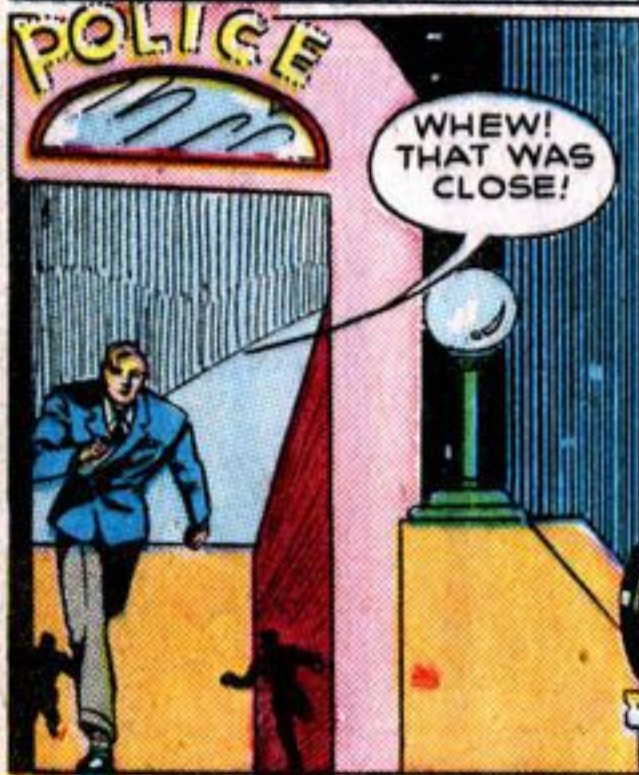
WHILE THE GUARD SNEEZES BLINDLY, KERRIGAN PICKS UP HIS FALLEN KEYS . . .



KERRIGAN RACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR AND PAST THE JAILER'S DESK . . .



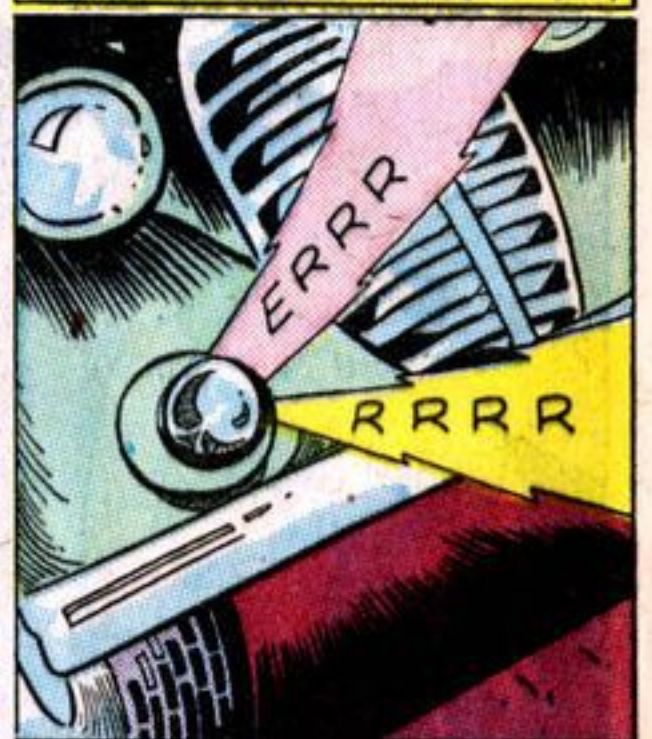
SHOTS AND SHOUTS FOLLOW HIM TO THE STREET . . .



AN EMPTY CRUISING POLICE CAR STANDS AT THE CURB . . .



KERRIGAN OPENS UP WITH THE SIREN . . . CLEARING A WIDE LANE IN THE TRAFFIC . . .



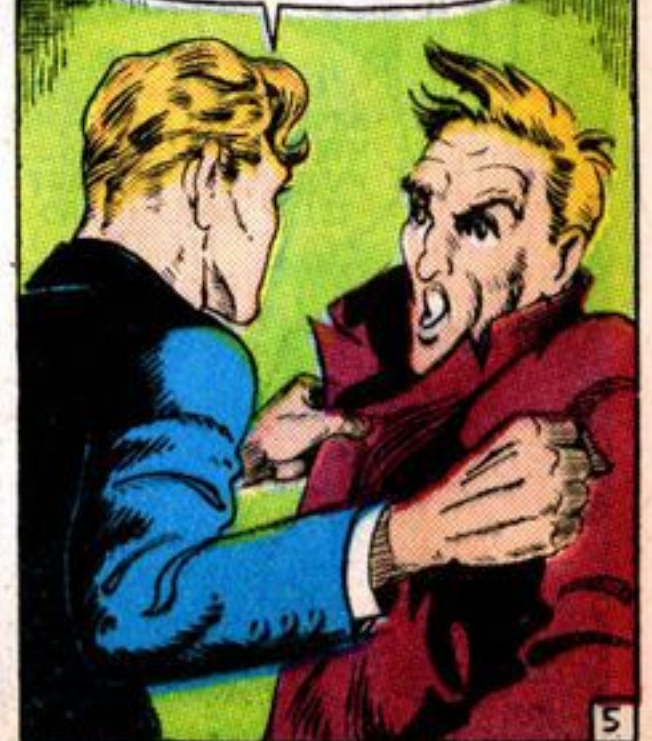
A MILE ACROSS TOWN, HE SKIDS TO A STOP OUTSIDE A POOL ROOM . . .



KERRIGAN BURSTS INTO A BACK ROOM . . .



OKAY, SPIKE! NOW WHERE'S MY GIRL? YOU GRABBED HER OUTSIDE THE BANK!



SPIKE'S GANG COMES TO THE RESCUE.



BUT...



MEANWHILE ANNE LIES BOUND AND GAGGED IN ANOTHER ROOM.



SPIKE STUMBLES UP AGAIN.. THIS TIME A BILLIARD BALL CRACKS HIS SKULL.



KERRIGAN BOUNCES THE LAST CONSCIOUS THUG.



CHARGING ACROSS THE ROOM, HE CRASHES A DOOR FROM ITS HINGES.



SOON AFTER STEELE RESCUES THE GIRL, THE POLICE COME RUSHING IN.



I GUESS WE'RE ALL SATISFIED NOW THAT YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL, KERRIGAN.. SORRY YOU WERE ARRESTED IN THE FIRST PLACE!



ANNE KNOWS I NEVER WAS A REAL CROOK.. I HAD A TOUGH BREAK BUT LIFE IS LIKE THAT!

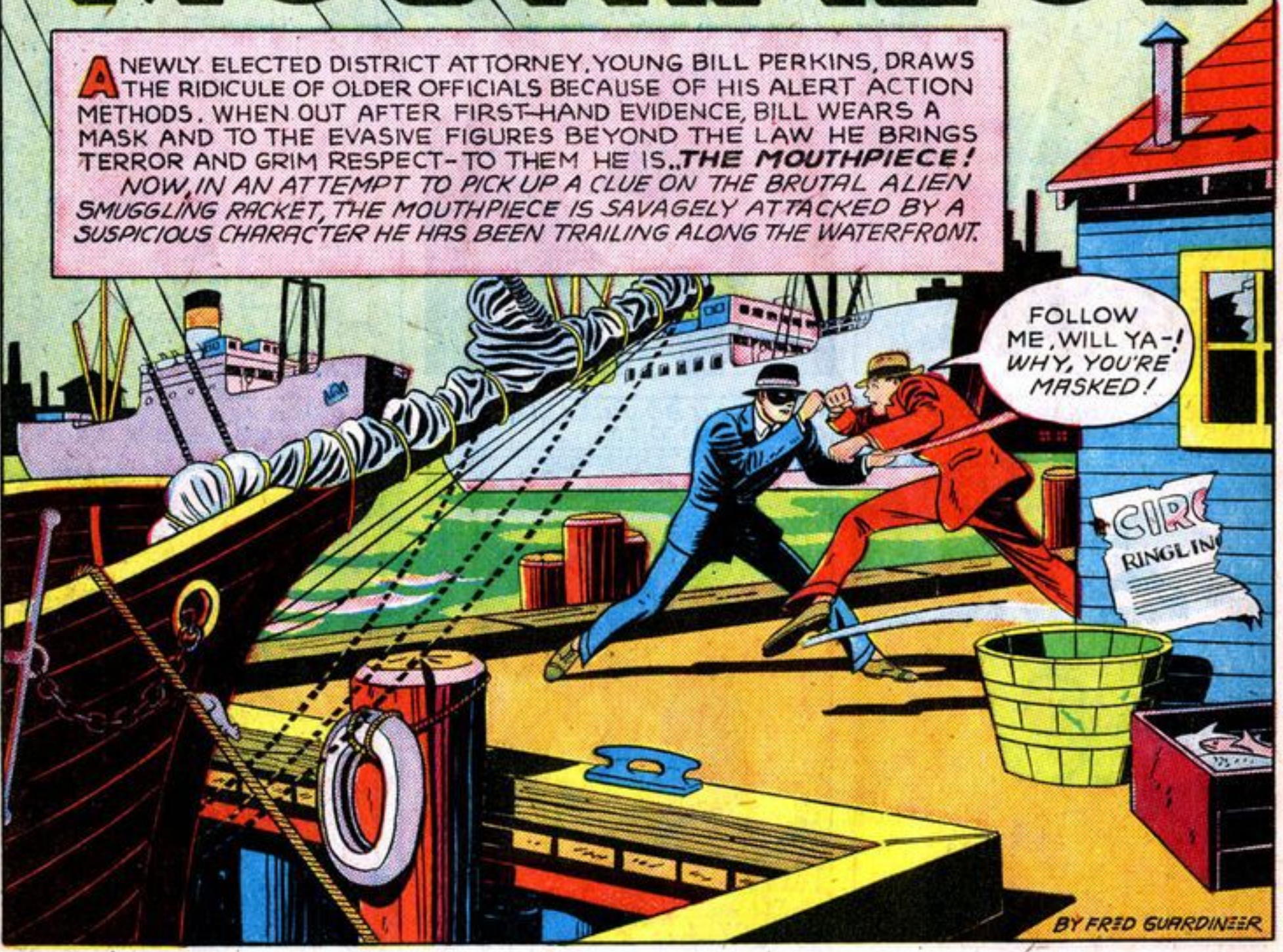


STEELE KERRIGAN FIGHTS THE CITY'S TOUGHEST HOODLUMS AGAIN IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF POLICE COMICS..

Read Steele Kerrigan in the September issue of POLICE COMICS—on sale July 3rd.

THE MOUTHPIECE

A NEWLY ELECTED DISTRICT ATTORNEY, YOUNG BILL PERKINS, DRAWS THE RIDICULE OF OLDER OFFICIALS BECAUSE OF HIS ALERT ACTION METHODS. WHEN OUT AFTER FIRST-HAND EVIDENCE, BILL WEARS A MASK AND TO THE EVASIVE FIGURES BEYOND THE LAW HE BRINGS TERROR AND GRIM RESPECT- TO THEM HE IS...**THE MOUTHPIECE!** NOW, IN AN ATTEMPT TO PICK UP A CLUE ON THE BRUTAL ALIEN SMUGGLING RACKET, THE MOUTHPIECE IS SAVAGELY ATTACKED BY A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER HE HAS BEEN TRAILING ALONG THE WATERFRONT.



FINALLY A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE JAW STAGGERS THE SUSPECT!



QUICKLY THE MOUTHPIECE FLIPS HIS "COME ALONG" CHAIN ABOUT HIS OPPONENT'S OUT-STRETCHED WRIST...



AND TWISTS IT!

OK, SMOKEY JOE - COME ON! THE D.A. WANTS TO SEE YOU.

OW! THE MOUTHPIECE. I MIGHT HAVE KNOWED IT - BUT PERKINS HAS NOTHING ON ME!



BACK IN THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE.

WHILE YOU WERE OUT, BILL— THE MOUTHPIECE LEFT SMOKEY JOE HERE, WITH A MESSAGE THAT SMOKEY KNOWS, ABOUT THAT CHAINED-UP DROWNED BODY WE FOUND IN THE HARBOR!

BRING 'IM IN. I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HIM. I THINK HE IS ON FRIEL'S PAYROLL!

SPILL IT, SMOKEY. IS PEG-LEG FRIEL SMUGGLING ALIEN REFUGEES INTO THIS COUNTRY FROM MEXICO ON HIS SCHOONER?

I AIN'T TALKIN'! YOU GUYS GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS. SHOW HIM THE BODY!



AT SIGHT OF THE GRUESOME CORPSE SMOKEY JOE "SINGS"!

GAA! TAKE IT AWAY! THAT'S FRIEL'S WORK. HE THROWS 'EM OVERBOARD IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO BE CAUGHT. I'M HIS CONTACT MAN!

THEY PAY HIM IN ADVANCE—SO HOW CAN HE LOSE? BUT YOU CAN'T PROVE IT!

IT'S UP TO US, BILL, TO GET FRIEL. HE'S OUT NOW IN THAT FISHING SCHOONER OF HIS.

I'D SURE LIKE TO GET HIM RED-HANDED!



FAR OUT ON THE ATLANTIC A DIRTY TWO-MASTED SCHOONER SAILS BEFORE THE WIND.

ON THE DECK OF THE BLACK BOAT.

GET THESE REFUGEES CHAINED UP IN CASE WE'RE OVERHAULED—YEAH, AND GET ALL THEIR DOUGH!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN FRIEL!

THE SCARED REFUGEES, IN AN ILLEGAL ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE U.S.A., ARE AT THE MERCY OF BRUTAL KILLERS WHO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEIR IGNORANCE.



YOU BEAST! WE PAID YOU TO GET US INTO AMERICA!

AW, SHUT UP! I'M TAKIN' YOU THERE, AIN'T I? BUT I'M TAKING NO CHANCES ON GETTING CAUGHT!



AS FRIEL'S BOAT NEARS LAND, A NAVAL PATROL LAUNCH APPEARS.



BY THE TIME THE PATROL BOAT WITH BILL PERKINS ABOARD PULLS ALONGSIDE, FRIEL HAS NOTHING TO CONCEAL.

WITHOUT MERCY, THE SHRIEKING VICTIMS ARE THROWN OVERBOARD INTO THE SEA!



THE HEAVY CHAINS QUICKLY SINK THE DROWNING BODIES WITHOUT A TRACE!



WE WANT A LOOK AT YOUR CARGO, PEG-LEG!



THE SEARCHING PARTY FINDS NOTHING.

WE DIDN'T CATCH ANY FISH THIS TRIP, D.A.!

NO - BUT YOU SEEM TO MAKE MONEY JUST THE SAME!



FINDING NO ALIENS ABOARD, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO DEPART ON THE PATROL BOAT!



I'LL NEVER GET HIM THAT WAY - AND HIS BAND OF CUTTHROATS WILL NEVER SQUEAL ON HIM. THIS IS A JOB FOR THE MOUTHPIECE!

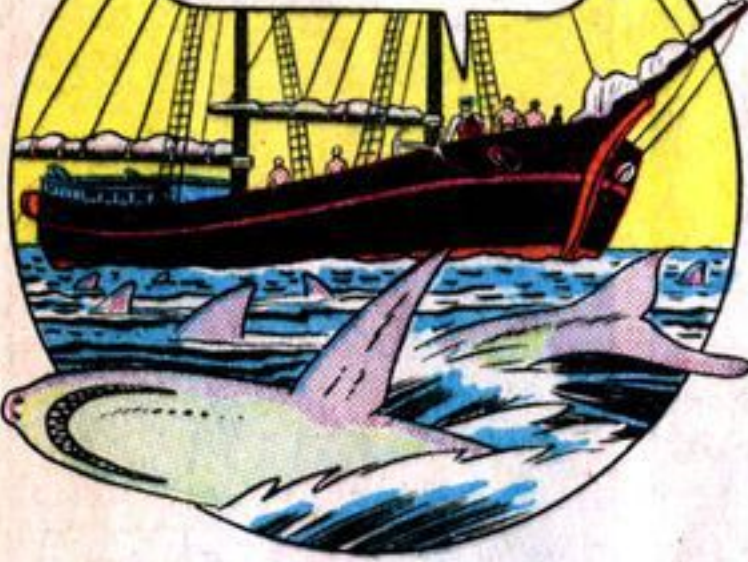


WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH HIM UNLOADING ALIENS ON THE DOCK. HE REALLY WANTS TO GET THEM ASHORE SO HE CAN BLACKMAIL THEM THE REST OF THEIR LIVES!



DAYS LATER, PEG-LEG FRIEL GOES AFTER SOME REAL FISH!

I GOT AN IDEA HOW TO FOOL THAT MEDDLING D.A. - BUT FIRST WE GOTTA CATCH SOME OF THOSE SHARKS!



ONLY HARPOON THE BIG ONES!

SOON THE SCHOONER SAILS AWAY WITH A GOOD MESS OF SHARKS!

NOW WE'LL PICK UP A CARGO OF REFUGEES! HA, HA, HO!



ON A BRIGHT MOONLIT NIGHT, THE SINISTER BOAT COASTS INTO THE HARBOR.



ON SHORE BILL PERKINS, MASKED AS THE MOUTHPIECE, IS WAITING.



HE CERTAINLY ISN'T AFRAID OF BEING SEEN TONIGHT! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?

ALL RIGHT, FRIEL. LET ME SEE WHAT YOU HAVE!



THE MOUTHPIECE! SURE - TAKE A LOOK! BUT DON'T TRY NOTHIN'!



NICE HAUL OF SHARKS! BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THEY?



I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WAYS TO MAKE THESE FISH PAY OFF! ALL RIGHT, MEN! START UNLOADING!

THE MOUTHPIECE WATCHES AS THE SHARKS ARE HOISTED FROM THE SCHOONER TO THE DOCK.



I'M STILL SUSPICIOUS OF THIS GUY!

LOOKING CLOSELY AT A HANGING SHARK, THE MOUTHPIECE NOTICES STITCHING ALONG THE FISH'S STOMACH!



I THOUGHT SO! THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE!

QUICKLY GRABBING THE HEAVY THREAD, HE RIPS THE SHARK OPEN-



GET AWAY FROM THAT SHARK!

HEY!

AND TO THE MOUTHPIECE'S SURPRISE, A FRIGHTENED WOMAN EMERGES!



A SMUGGLED ALIEN!

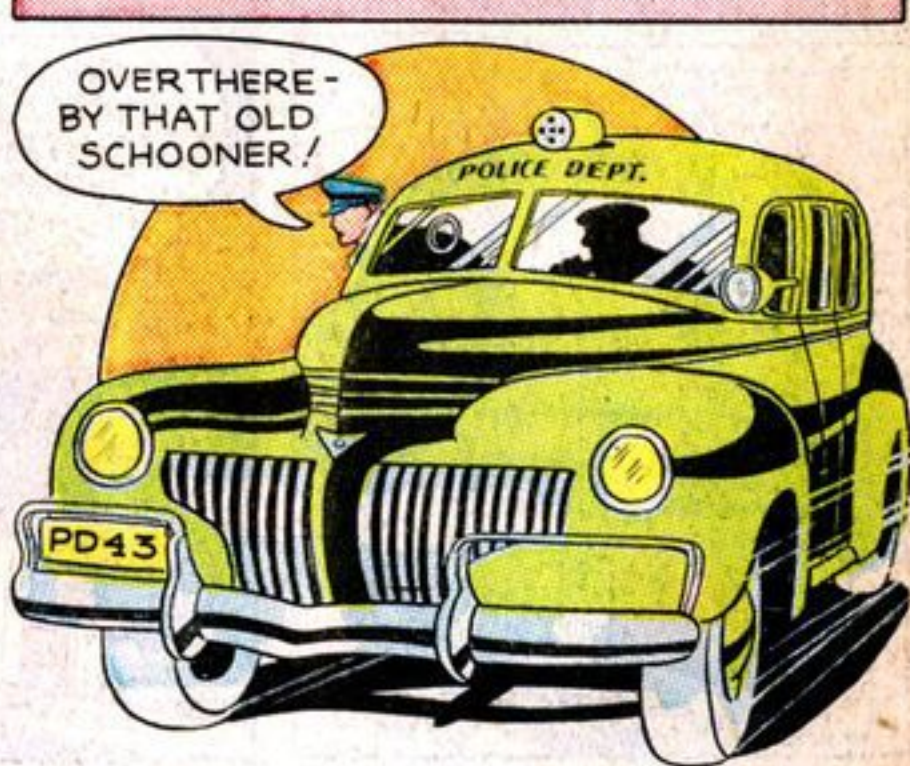
AIDEZ-MOI!

IMMEDIATELY FRIEL'S GANG OPENS FIRE, WHICH THE MASKED MAN RETURNS WITH INTEREST!



GET HIM! KILL THE MOUTHPIECE!

IN A FEW MINUTES THE CRASH OF BLAZING GUNS BRINGS ON A POLICE RIOT SQUAD!



OVER THERE - BY THAT OLD SCHOONER!

AT THE ARRIVAL OF THE POLICE, THE MOUTHPIECE PULLS OFF HIS MASK UNSEEN, HE'S NOW DISTRICT ATTORNEY PERKINS IN ACTION!



HOLY SMOKE, D.A.! YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE THICK OF THINGS!

GLAD YOU GOT HERE CAPTAIN - WATCH OUT! THAT KNIFE!

BEAT IT - THE COPS!



-ULP!



LOWERING HIMSELF OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, PEG-LEG ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.



THAT WAS ONE MORE COPPER I GOT WITH MY KNIFE!

ON DECK BILL PERKINS SEARCHES FOR FRIEL, AND SPIES HIM SWIMMING QUIETLY AWAY!



MY GUN'S EMPTY - IF HE SWIMS UNDER THOSE DOCKS WE'LL NEVER GET HIM!

CLICK!

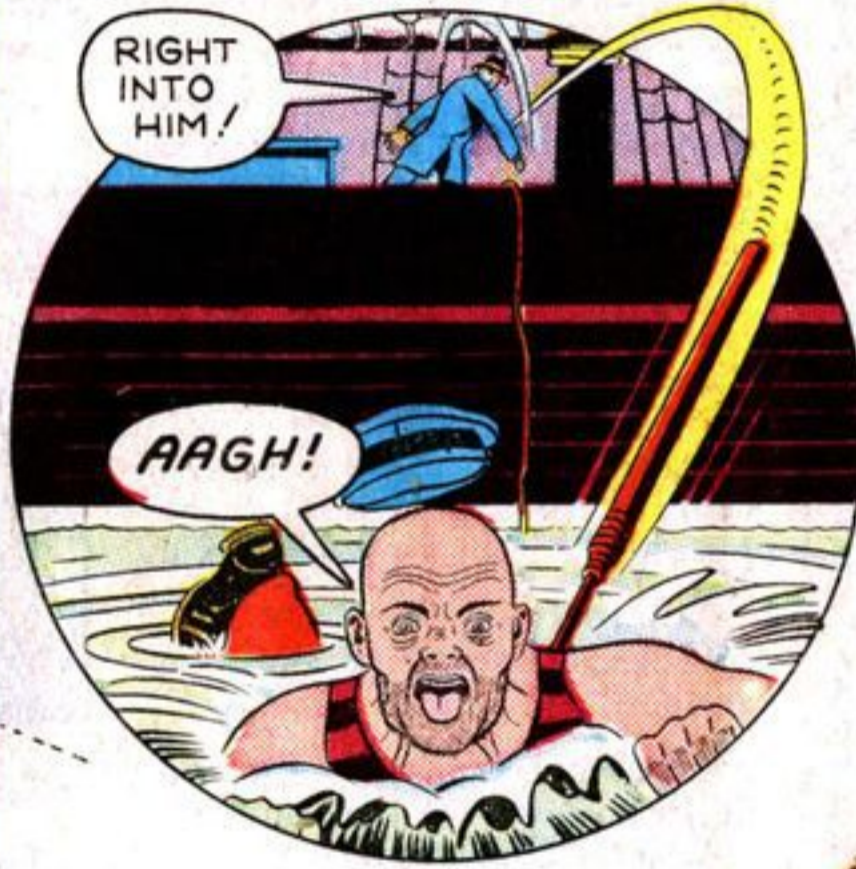
NEARBY, THE ALERT DISTRICT AT TORNEY FINDS A SHARK HARPOON!



I'LL TRY THIS - IN SCHOOL I WAS PRETTY GOOD WITH THE JAVELIN!



HERE GOES!



RIGHT INTO HIM!

AAGH!



THAT WAS A CRUEL DEATH FOR PEG-LEG BUT HE MURDERED MANY HELPLESS PEOPLE!

AT THE DEATH OF THEIR LEADER, THE REST OF FRIEL'S SMUGGLING RING SURRENDER.



LINE UP!

BUT WHAT ABOUT US REFUGEES? IF WE'RE DEPORTED BACK TO EUROPE WE'LL BE KILLED!



DON'T WORRY, UNCLE SAM'LL GIVE YOU EVERY CONSIDERATION AND YOU'LL FIND THE IMMIGRATION AUTHORITIES MUCH MORE PLEASANT TO DEAL WITH THAN PEG-LEG FRIEL!





This isn't a pleasant story. It deals with a terrible hate and a feud of vengeance that covers twenty-odd years. Let us go back two decades . . .

Shortly after the World War, two young French majors met in Paris. One was Albert Grancourt, who sported a Croix de Guerre; the other was Pierre Lafondé.

The families of Grancourt-Lafondé had been lifelong friends, except for one thing: Pere Grancourt was a wealthy diamond merchant, while Pere Lafondé made a poor living by publishing a small newspaper. While the chasm of poverty and riches made no difference between the two elders, their sons had never been able to bridge it.

Pierre bitterly resented Albert's life of ease. Pierre had had to change his natty major's uniform for the grimy apron of a printer, while Albert gaily flitted about Paris in a racy Minerva.

Five years passed. Albert's parents were stricken with the flu and both died within a week of each other. Sobered by this tragedy, and suddenly disgusted with his aimless life, Albert went to Rhodesia.

Soon after this, Pierre went to Africa. Some months later, while prospecting in the wild country back of Bulawayo, Rhodesia, Pierre stumbled upon an outcropping that showed a precious glint. Diamonds! Wealth!

Pierre went to Salisbury and sought out a reputable diamond mine broker, after filing a legal claim. The brokerage sent engi-

neers to the area and in two weeks Pierre was notified to come to their office.

"Well, Lafondé, you have a fair third-grade mine. Take a lot of money to develop it. We are prepared to offer you ten thousand pounds outright."

Pierre couldn't hide his excitement. Ten thou— Fifty thousand dollars! Why, with that much money . . .

"I—uh—expected more. That is—all right," he said. He didn't want to seem too anxious. "Here are the claim papers." He signed them and handed them over. The bearded broker smiled as he pushed the draft across the desk.

Well! That mine you just sold me is worth a half million pounds!"

Pierre gulped, then he glanced at the cheque. The signature was—"Albert Grancourt!"

"You!" he cried. "Grancourt! Why, you dirty—"

Two burly men pounced upon Pierre, and a moment later he found himself being propelled out of the offices. He walked down the street, somewhat dazed. Grancourt had given him a vile rooking, Oh, well, he thought, what of it? This is enough to do what I'm going to do! Because a sudden plan had popped into Pierre Lafondé's mind. That plan had to do with one Albert Grancourt.

By the time Pierre set about putting his plan into execution, Albert had skipped the country for parts unknown. For the next year, Pierre wandered up and

down Rhodesia, a bitter, hating man filled with vengeance. Then suddenly he too disappeared.

Dick Mace went to Martinique in response to an urgent cable from the Governor. Dick, you may remember, is the young American detective who shot to fame overnight by trapping "Ice" Holmes, the internationally-renowned jewel thief.

"Of course," he told the agitated governor, "I've heard considerable about these strange murders. But I didn't know—"

"Oh, M'sieur," cried the little French governor, "it is bad, bad! If something isn't done quickly . . ." He wrung his hands in a characteristically French manner. "You will help us, then, no?"

"I'll start immediately; that's



what I came here for."

Here are the facts in the case as Dick Mace found them: Years before, Albert Grancourt had settled in Martinique, purchasing a large sugar plantation. He had married and at the time the murders started, he had four children. Grancourt's plantation was reached by a lonely road that skirted the coast. On one side of the road solid jungle marched in a great tangle.

One stormy night, Adrian Grancourt, Albert's eldest son, was driving home. He didn't arrive and when, early the next morning, a gang of natives found his car sunk in a marsh thirty feet off the road, they knew there had been foul play. The back of Adrian's head was blown away

by a charge of buckshot. There were no other clues.

Three weeks later, nine-year-old Vivienne Grancourt was riding along a mountain trail on her pony. When she didn't return home in a reasonable time, a searching party was organized. They found her lifeless body in a deep ravine. There was a great hole in her side, made by a blast of shot.

Albert Grancourt's grief almost drove him mad. He took to his bed, gravely ill, and two specialists from New York pronounced his case very serious.

Three months passed. It was the end of the third month that Dick Mace arrived in Martinique. The first thing he did was look into the background of Albert Grancourt. He checked his war record, which was clean; he learned of his brokerage business in Rhodesia, which also had been conducted above board. His long residence in Martinique was commendable.

What, then, had been the motive for these killings? Who was behind them?

Dick began a systematic campaign. He searched every foot along both sides of the lonely road. One murder had been committed at night, the other in broad daylight. There were no logical suspects in the region—or so the police reported.

Flying over the island one day, Dick spotted a small shack nestled in a clearing, and off the beach about a mile. He set down on the level beach and followed a dim trail that brought him eventually to the shack. There was no one about, so Dick knocked on the door. It opened under the pressure. Inside there was a small table and bunk, some clothes hanging in a corner, and a workbench littered with various radio and electrical apparatus.

There was a cupboard filled with supplies, but nothing to identify the occupant. Later, Dick mentioned his find to the authorities who informed him that a

harmless old recluse lived in the shack and tinkered with radio.

Late that same afternoon, Mrs. Grancourt took her two remaining children and drove them into town to have them vaccinated against a fever epidemic that had started suddenly among the natives. She started driving home about six-thirty. But she never arrived. At eight o'clock, Albert Grancourt got up from his bed and set out in search of his family. Two natives accompanied him. They found her car turned over in the swamp three miles from the house. A charge of buckshot had killed her and both of the



babies.

Grancourt screamed once and dashed off the road, heading for the ocean. The natives sprinted after him, but they were too late. The bereaved man plunged off the high cliff that bordered the sea for a mile at this point, and before they could scramble down the steep bluff, the man drowned.

Dick Mace arrived at the scene of the quadruple tragedy a few minutes after it had happened. Nothing had been touched. The bodies lay in a gory puddle at the edge of the swamp, where they had been thrown by the overturning car. Albert Grancourt's lifeless body, rescued from the waves, lay at the side of the road.

The gun that fired the lethal

shot had evidently been aimed from the wood. Going back along the road a few paces, Dick inspected the trees carefully. At last he found it — a heavy shotgun anchored to a tree trunk. But there was no string attached to the trigger. Instead, there was a small box-like affair, with a small lens in its front end. A metal arm went from the box to the gun's trigger.

The police and coroner arrived just after Dick had crossed the road and found, under a flat rock, a similar box-like contrivance.

"But what the heck is it?" the chief of police demanded impatiently.

"Photo-electric cell, attached to the shotgun," Dick told him. "You see, when an object passed between these two boxes, breaking the beam, a spring mechanism pulled the trigger, and also cutting off the power, so that the lens couldn't be seen."

"Fiendishly clever!" cried the astonished police chief. "But who did it? Why?"

"I think," Dick said, "you'll find your man if you'll go to that shack I told you about, where the 'harmless recluse' lives. He evidently knew considerable about electric gadgets."

Dick himself led the police to the shack. But they were too late. The murderer had written a confession in a scrawling hand, then shot himself through the head with a service revolver. His body lay sprawled on the floor of the shack.

Dick picked up the confession, still held in the dead man's hand. He read:

"This ends my vengeance, for which I've lived. Albert will kill himself. I can go now, knowing that my work is done."

It was signed . . . Pierre Lafonde.

FOLLOW THE DARING ADVENTURES OF
DICK MACE
IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF
POLICE COMICS
ON SALE JULY 3RD



By Arthur Peddy

PHANTOM LADY

THE SOCIETY COLUMNS RECORD THE ACTIVITIES OF SANDRA KNIGHT, DEBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF SENATOR HENRY KNIGHT. . . NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT FRIVOLOUS SANDRA IS ALSO THE PHANTOM LADY, WHOSE BATTLES AGAINST SPIES AND PUBLIC ENEMIES CONSTANTLY MAKE THE HEADLINES. . .

SANDRA IS DRIVING HER FATHER TO A BOMB TESTING GROUND IN MARYLAND. . .

WENNER TURNED DOWN RAPHAEL'S NEW EXPLOSIVE BUT IT'S MY DUTY TO INVESTIGATE IT!



MEANWHILE WENNER SPEAKS TO THE INVENTOR AT THE TESTING FIELD.

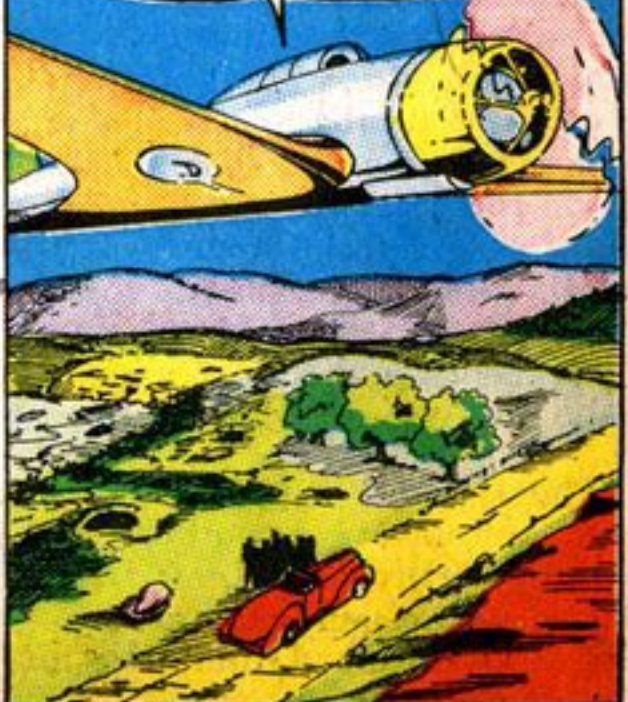
MY URANIUM EXPLOSIVE HAS TREMENDOUS FORCE. THE TEST WILL PROVE THAT!

BAH! YOU'RE NUTS, RAPHAEL!



AS THE KNIGHTS ARRIVE AT THE FIELD A MOTOR ROARS OVERHEAD.

THEY WON'T SUSPECT A U.S. NAVY PLANE!



AS SANDRA AND HER FATHER STEP FROM THEIR CAR.



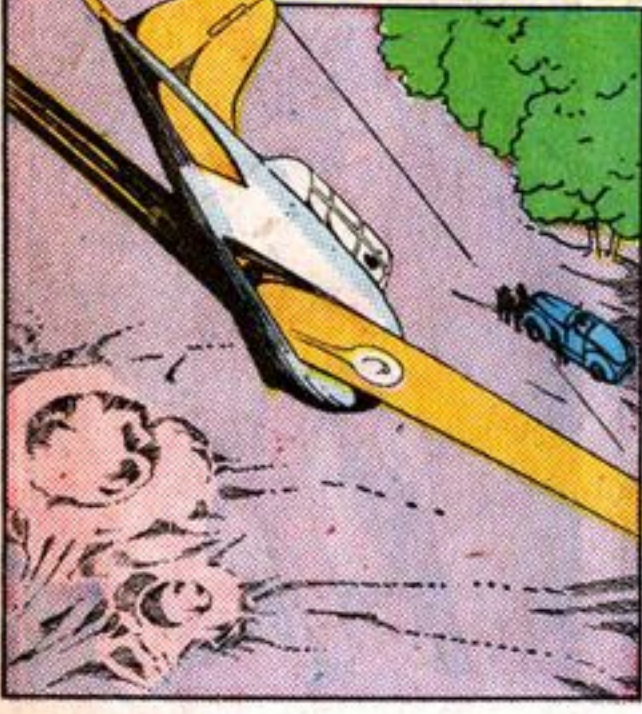
THE INVENTOR SETS HIS CHARGE AND . . .



AMAZING! THE RAPHAEL CRATER IS MUCH LARGER. I WAS WRONG. CONGRATULATIONS, DR. RAPHAEL!



SUDDENLY THE HOVERING NAVY PLANE COMES DOWN AT THEM IN A SCREAMING POWER DIVE . .



QUICK, SANDRA! TO THE WOODS! THAT CRAZY PILOT IS MACHINE GUNNING THE FIELD!



THE PLANE ROLLS TO A STOP ALONGSIDE DYING MEN . . .



BUT YOU HIT RAPHAEL A GOOD ONE! HE'S OUT COLD! LET'S GO, MISTER WENNER!



AS THE PLANE QUICKLY GAINS ALTITUDE . . .



BUT SANDRA AND HER DAD DRIVE OFF WITH THE VITAL INFORMATION . .



THAT EVENING SANDRA DINES WITH DON BORDEN, STATE DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATOR.

THE STORY SOUNDS ABSURD... BUT I BELIEVE YOU, SANDRA!

AS DON BIDS HER GOODNIGHT.

YOU AND YOUR DAD ARE THE ONLY WITNESSES! YOU'D BETTER HAVE A BODY GUARD OR TAKE A TRIP!

I'M NOT AFRAID, DON!

LATER IN HER APARTMENT, SANDRA MAKES A QUICK CHANGE.. SHE BECOMES THE PHANTOM LADY!

THIS PLOT RUNS DEEP!

IN HER BLACK ROADSTER SHE SPEEDS THROUGH DARK STREETS..

WENNER'S WEEK-END CAMP! I'LL SEE IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!

HEY, YOU! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

NO? OKAY.. TAKE THIS!

WOW! THAT WAS CLOSE! WENNER DOESN'T WANT VISITORS, EH?

HE'S AFRAID OF SOMETHING! I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHAT HE'S HIDING!

SHE SWINGS DOWN ONTO THE CAMP ROOF..

MEANWHILE WENNER OPENS THE DOOR.



AT THE SAME TIME PHANTOM LADY HAS LEAPED DOWN TO THE BACK DOOR.



THE PHANTOM LADY FLASHES HER BLACK LANTERN. A CONE OF DARKNESS ENVELOPS THE SURPRISED PAIR.



WENNER AIMS IN THE DIRECTION OF HER VOICE.



A WILD SHOT NICKS PHANTOM LADY'S BLACK LANTERN.



BULLETS TEAR THE WALL ABOVE PHANTOM LADY'S HEAD.





SHE'S GONE! HURRY! GET MY CAR!



TWIN CONES OF BLACK LIGHT COVER PHANTOM LADY'S ESCAPE.

I'LL SURPRISE THEM!



MEANWHILE WENNER FINDS HIMSELF IN A TOUGH SPOT.

SHE'LL CALL THE COPS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



SPEEDING DOWN THE HIGHWAY, THEY FAIL TO SEE PHANTOM LADY'S CAR PARKED IN A LANE.



THEY'LL LEAD ME TO WHERE THEY'RE HIDING DOCTOR RAPHAEL!



WENNER STOPS AT A SWAMP'S EDGE.

NOBODY WILL FIND THE CAR HERE! THERE'S OUR BOAT! LET'S GO!



WHO WAS THAT DAME, BOSS?

A SPY.. BUT SHE LOST OUR TRAIL!



WITH HER BLACKLIGHT LANTERN FIXED, PHANTOM LADY STICKS TO THEIR TRAIL.

THEY DON'T SUSPECT A THING!



WENNER AND PETE REACH A SHANTY BOAT HIDDEN IN THE DARK, DISMAL SWAMP.

INSIDE THE FLOATING HIDEOUT.



I CAN'T WAIT LONGER, RAPHAEL. WRITE THE FORMULA FOR YOUR EXPLOSIVE!

PHANTOM LADY WATCHES THROUGH A CRACKED BOARD.



OH, THEY'RE TORTURING THE DOCTOR!

I'LL NEVER TELL YOU!

SHE FLASHES HER BLACK LIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR.



STOP THAT!



IT'S THAT DAME AGAIN! BUT I CAN'T SEE HER!

PHANTOM LADY SLIPS BEHIND THEM AND SLASHES RAPHAEL'S BONDS.



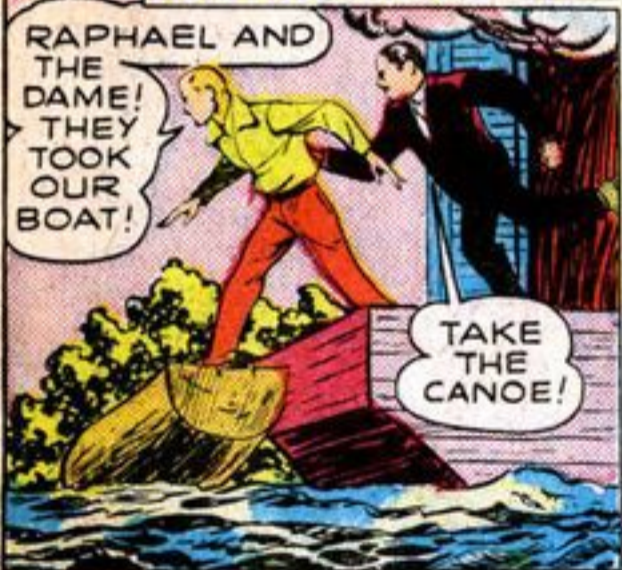
BUT WHO.. WHAT?

SH-H! HURRY NOW!

A WILD SHOT SMASHES THE OIL LAMP.



FLAMING OIL IGNITES THE DRY BOARDS.



RAPHAEL AND THE DAME! THEY TOOK OUR BOAT!

TAKE THE CANOE!

BUT..

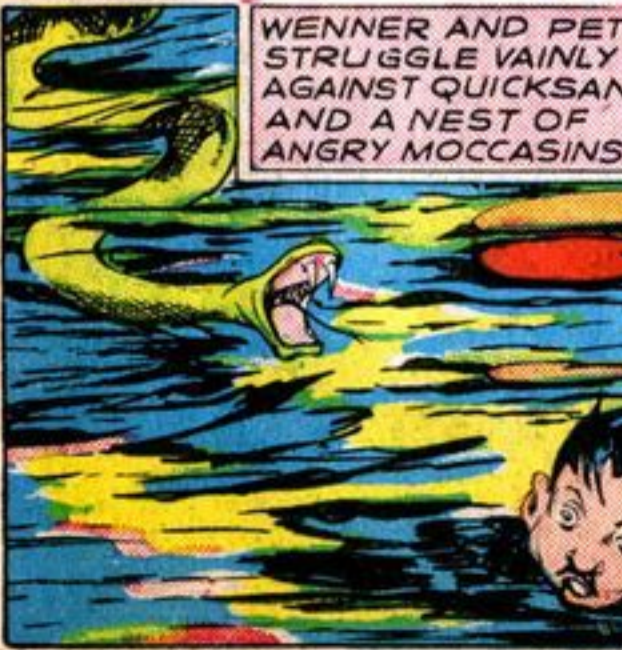


FOOL! YOU TIPPED US!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE! WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME IS A SECRET.. LIKE YOUR FORMULA!



WENNER AND PETE STRUGGLE VAINLY AGAINST QUICKSAND AND A NEST OF ANGRY MOCCASINS.



WENNER WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU WHEN HE GOT THE FORMULA FOR YOUR EXPLOSIVE! HE FIGURED TO MAKE A MILLION ON IT!

YES, HE WAS A VICIOUS TRAITOR.. I WILL GIVE THE FORMULA TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT!

WITH RAPHAEL SAFELY BACK IN WASHINGTON, PHANTOM LADY VANISHES.



SHE WILL RETURN NEXT MONTH IN POLICE COMICS...

Phantom Lady will surprise you in the September issue with plenty of action, thrills and adventure.

DEWEY DRIP



THIS THE DRIP RESIDENCE? AH GOT A LETTER FO' YO' ALL!

A LETTER - THET'S WRITIN' AIN'T IT? WAL, TAKE IT BACK - WE UNS KAIN'T READ WRITIN'

SHECKS, PAW! DON'T RUN OFF AT TH' MOUTH SO - YO' KNOW OUR SON DEWEY KIN READ WRITIN'!



DAGNAB YA, MAW - READIN' WRITIN' TAKES TIME AN' DEWEY AIN'T GOT NO TIME T'WASTE READIN' WRITIN' - HE'S FEUDIN'!



PUT UP YO' SHOOTIN' IRON, SON AN' COME OVAH HAR!

GIT F'COVER PAW! - THEM HETFIELDS MUSTA LOST THEIR JUG - THEY'RE SHOOTIN' STRAIGHTER!



C'MERE, WHEN AH TELL YO' OR AH'LL THUMP YO' - BIG AS YO' IS!



KAIN'T YO' READ 'ER, SON? - THO'T Y'COULD READ WRITIN'

SHORE! - BUT AH KAIN'T READ PRINTIN'! - MEBBE MAH GIRL LULU KIN READ PRINTIN'



LULU, EFEN YO' READ THIS YERE LETTER FO' ME, AH MIGHT KISS YO' THE NEXT TIME YO' AX ME!



THIS LETTER'S FROM THE GOV'MINT, DEWEY - YOU'RE A SELECTEE!

NO, AH AIN'T - LULU - YO' KNOW AS WAL AS AH DO THET AH'M A DRIP!



OF C'OUSE, DEWEY - BUT A SELECTEE IS A SOLDIER - AN' EF THE GOV'MINT HAS T'GO TO WAR THEY NEED SOLDIERS!

WAR? THET'S LIKE A FEUD, AIN'T IT?



SHO' 'TIS - BUT THEY PAYS YO' REAL SPENDIN' MONEY FO' BEIN' A SOLDIER!

THEY PAYS SPENDIN' MONEY FO' FEUDIN'?



YEWUNITED STATES ARMY - HAR AH COME!

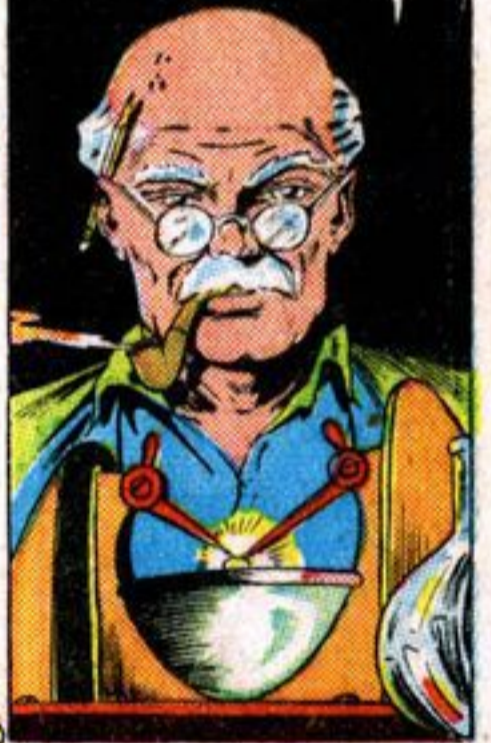
The **HUMAN BOMB** BY PAUL CARROLL



ROY LINCOLN, SON OF A FAMOUS EXPLOSIVES EXPERT, ASSISTS HIS FATHER WHO IS WORKING ON THE NEW SUPER EXPLOSIVE 27-QRX...



A CAPSULE OF 27-QRX... 50 TIMES MIGHTIER THAN NITRO-GLYCERINE! ... A QUART OF IT WOULD BLOW NEW YORK OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH... BUT IT'S TOO BIG... YES... WE'LL NEVER CONTROL IT, ROY!



TUT, TUT, DAD... WE'LL FIND SOME SURE WAY TO SAFELY HANDLE IT!!



MAYBE... BUT THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS IT NOW FOR OUR DEFENSE PROGRAM! WE MUST FIND ITS NEUTRALIZER... WE MUST!!



JUST THEN...

GO OVER AN' WATCH THAT DOOR, FRITZ !!



ROY, WHAT IF AN ENEMY COUNTRY EVER GOT HOLD OF THIS CAPSULE!

HA! MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN, MR. LINCOLN!





THE BRUISED INTRUDERS GAPE IN ASTONISHMENT AT ROY LINCOLN'S PHYSICAL MYSTICISM...



AS THE THUGS RUSH HIM, ROY IS MOMENTARILY CAUGHT BY SURPRISE, BUT....



DO YOUR WORST, RATS! ANYWAY, YOU DIDN'T GET THE 27-QRX FORMULA!



MIDST THE VICIOUS STRUGGLE, ROY LANDS A CRUSHING PUNCH... AND A BLINDING EXPLOSION FOLLOWS... WRECKING THE LABORATORY....



OH... MY FIST DID THAT, WHEN I PUNCHED... I... I... MUST BE FULL OF EXPLOSIVE... A BOMB! I MIGHT BLAST ANYTHING THAT I TOUCH!



BUT THE FIBRO-WAX THAT THE CAPSULE HOLDING 27-QRX WAS MADE OF... I CAN MAKE A SUIT OF THAT!



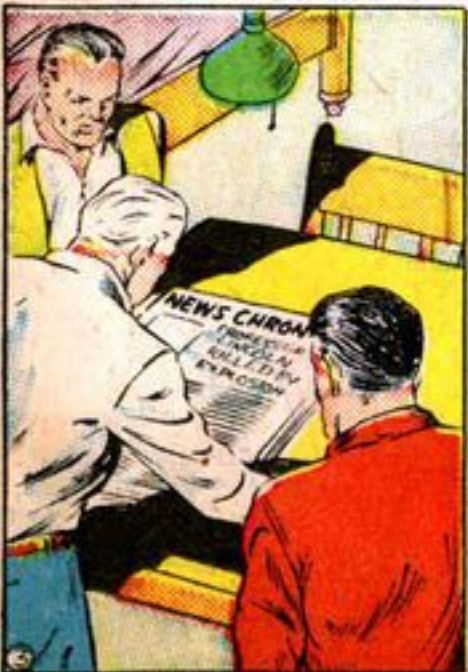
WELL, DAD... I ALONE AM THE CONTROL OF 27-QRX, AND EVERY FOREIGN AGENT THAT I FIND WILL PAY FOR YOUR DEATH... THEY'LL FEEL THE POWER OF YOUR DISCOVERY!!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...



IN A DINGY ROOMING HOUSE NEAR THE LINCOLN HOME, SEVERAL MEN READ THE NEWS ACCOUNTS...



HMM... ALL OF 'EM CROAKED!

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT THOSE BLUNDERIN' FOOLS!



TONIGHT I'M TAKIN' SOME BOYS AND WE'LL COMB THAT LINCOLN PLACE FOR THAT FORMULA.



THAT NIGHT, AS A GUARD PATROLS THE WRECKED LINCOLN HOME...





A RESOUNDING THUD, AND THE GUARD DROPS, SENSELESS

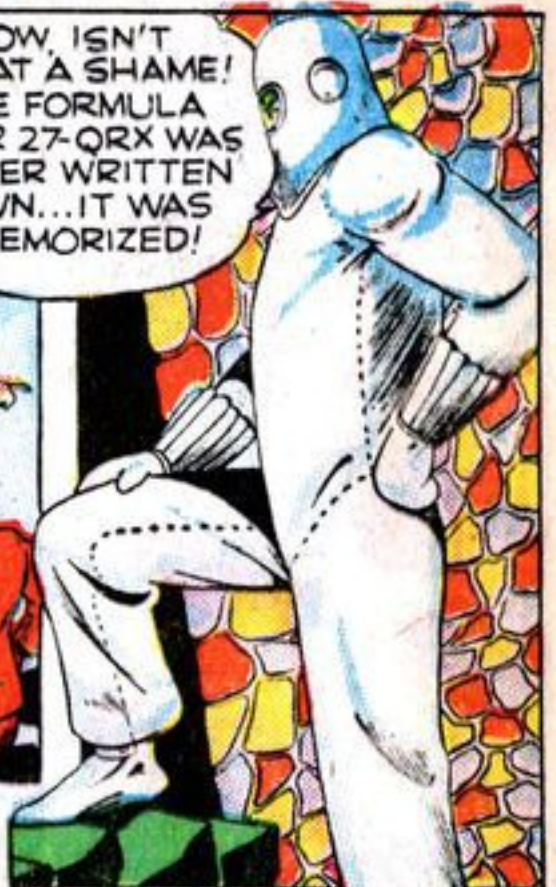


THE LEADER APPEARS...

C'MON... MOVE FAST!



START ON THAT SIDE... DON'T MISS A THING... WE GOTTA FIND THAT FORMULA!



NOW, ISN'T THAT A SHAME! THE FORMULA FOR 27-QRX WAS NEVER WRITTEN DOWN...IT WAS MEMORIZED!



H-HEY! WHAT?!

WHAT IS IT?!



UGH



W..WHO SAID THAT??!

AND WITH THIS A WEIRD FIGURE LIKE AN ANIMATED BATTERING RAM STRIKES THE THUGS!



AFTER TWO MEN FALL BEFORE THE MIGHTY THUNDERBOLT!

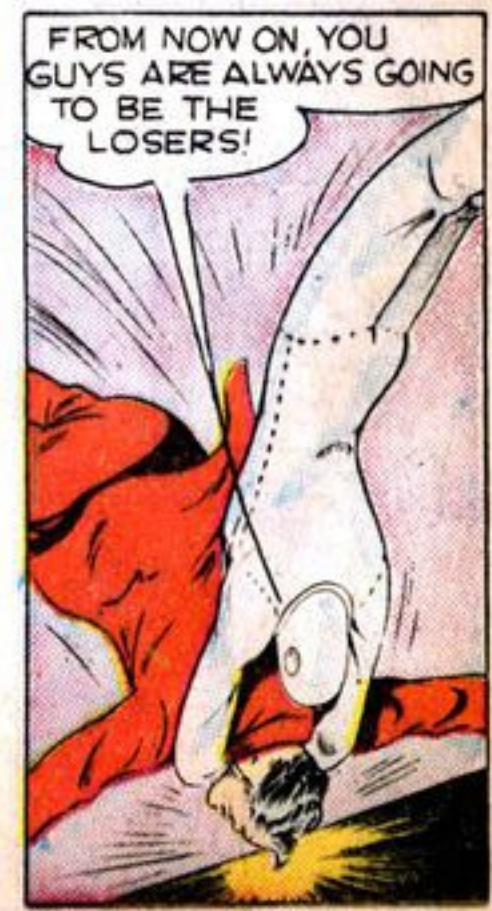
...AND TWO MORE TO GO!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY?!



FROM NOW ON, YOU GUYS ARE ALWAYS GOING TO BE THE LOSERS!





AH! HERE'S THE LAST-NUMBER FOUR!

L-LEMME ALONE, YOU!



SURE!! AFTER I GET SOME INFORMATION.. WHO SENT YOU HERE?



..T-T'H' BOSS BROUGHT US.. BALDY.. OVER T-THERE!



LISTEN!! I CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BRAINS AND BRAWN -AND HE HASN'T THE BRAINS OF A FLEA! NOW TELL THE TRUTH!



I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE!

NO? JUST WATCH AS I PICK UP THIS PIECE OF WRECKAGE

REMOVING HIS PROTECTING GLOVE, ROY LINCOLN, THE HUMAN BOMB, GRASPS THE MASONRY.. THERE IS A SHATTERING BLAST...



Y.. YOU'RE LIKE A BOMB!

YES.. AND THINK OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I GRABBED YOUR NECK WITH MY BARE HAND!

YOU'D BLOW MY HEAD.. HEY! Y.. YOU'RE CRAZY!! GET AWAY FROM ME... D'YA HEAR?! DON'T COME NEAR ME... DON'T...



OKAY! OKAY! I'LL TALK! OUR BIG BOSS IS.. UGH... UGH... UGH...

HMM.. FAINTED! WELL, AT LEAST I KNOW THAT THEY HAVE A BIG BOSS!

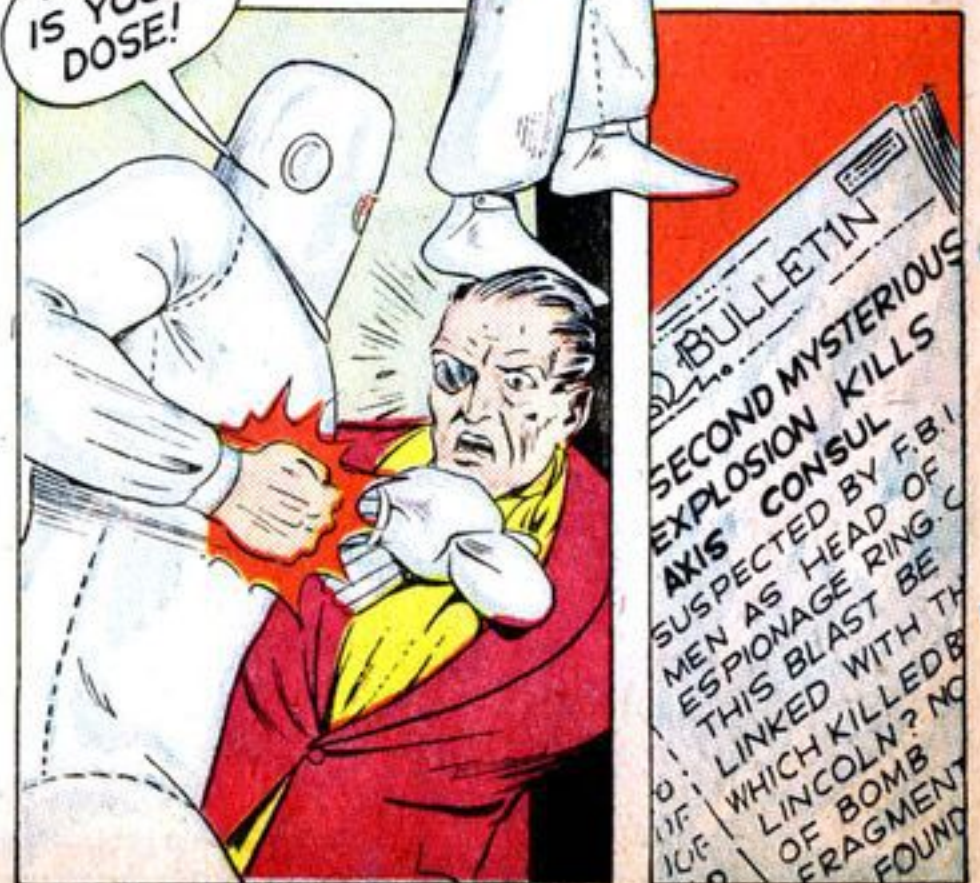
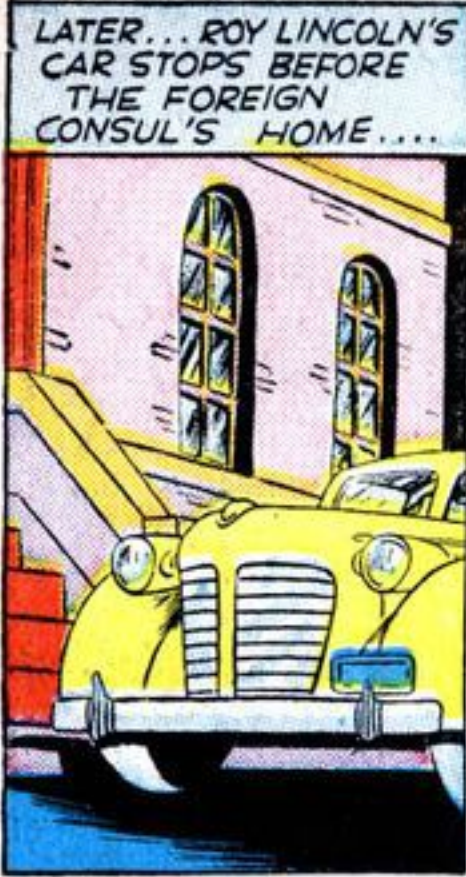


HMM... A LETTER FROM AN AXIS CONSUL.. LOOKS LIKE CODE, TOO!



I THINK MR. ROY LINCOLN IS GOING TO VISIT THAT CONSUL RIGHT NOW!

THE HUMAN BOMB SEARCHES THE MEN..



BULLETIN
SECOND MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION KILLS AXIS CONSUL SUSPECTED BY F.B.I. MEN AS HEAD OF ESPIONAGE RING. THIS BLAST BE LINKED WITH TH WHICH KILLED LINCOLN? NO OF BOMB FRAGMENT FOUND

TAKE A TIP FROM A NAVY TORPEDO



SPEED To maintain their fast cruising speed of over 300 m.p.h., U. S. Navy's torpedo bombers must deliver maximum power per pound of weight. Remember this when you buy bike tires. Get the U.S. Royal Rider. Its stronger, lighter-weight Rayon construction means more speed for you.

CONTROL Diving at terrific speed . . . releasing torpedoes point-blank a few feet above the sea . . . these planes must have perfect control and maneuverability. In U. S. Royal Riders, 7 riding ribs plus 2 traction ribs control skids, assure quick stops on wet roads or dry.



STRENGTH Stress and strain from heavy loads, quick dives and pull-outs call for the strongest yet lightest metal construction. Rayon Cords in Royal Rider Tires give you this same kind of lightweight strength the Navy builds into torpedo planes.

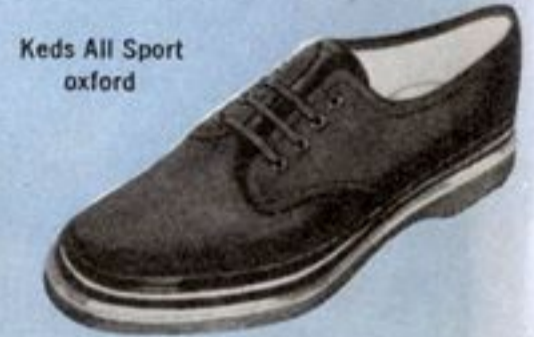
If you want to see something you won't forget in a month of Sundays, examine this new Royal Rider at your U.S. Bike Tire Dealer's. See all its unique performance features. Then, when you're ready for new tires, buy U.S. Royal Rider—the tire that's built like a fighter plane.

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"You Don't Have To Sit in the Stands Unless You Want To,"
says FRANK LEAHY

When a friend of mine made this remark to his son, the boy turned to me to ask, "Mr. Leahy, is that true?" Before answering, I thought back a few years to teams I had played on, teams I had coached. I thought of star linemen who were short on weight, but long on courage—of slender boys weaving their way through broken fields for touchdowns. Yet most people thought them too small, too slight to play in varsity games. Then I answered the boy: "Your dad is correct, 100%. You can learn to do some one thing well enough to give you a chance to play rather than watch from the bench."

Giving all boys a chance to become active in sports was the reason I accepted the position as head of the Keds Sports Department six years ago. Naturally, I've long been interested in helping boys develop better footwork. I am now writing a book on football. It will not be for the varsity man, but for you young chaps who are eager to become first stringers some day. If you would like to have a copy when it is ready, send your name and address to Keds Department CM, United States Rubber Company, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Frank Leahy



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