

No. 27

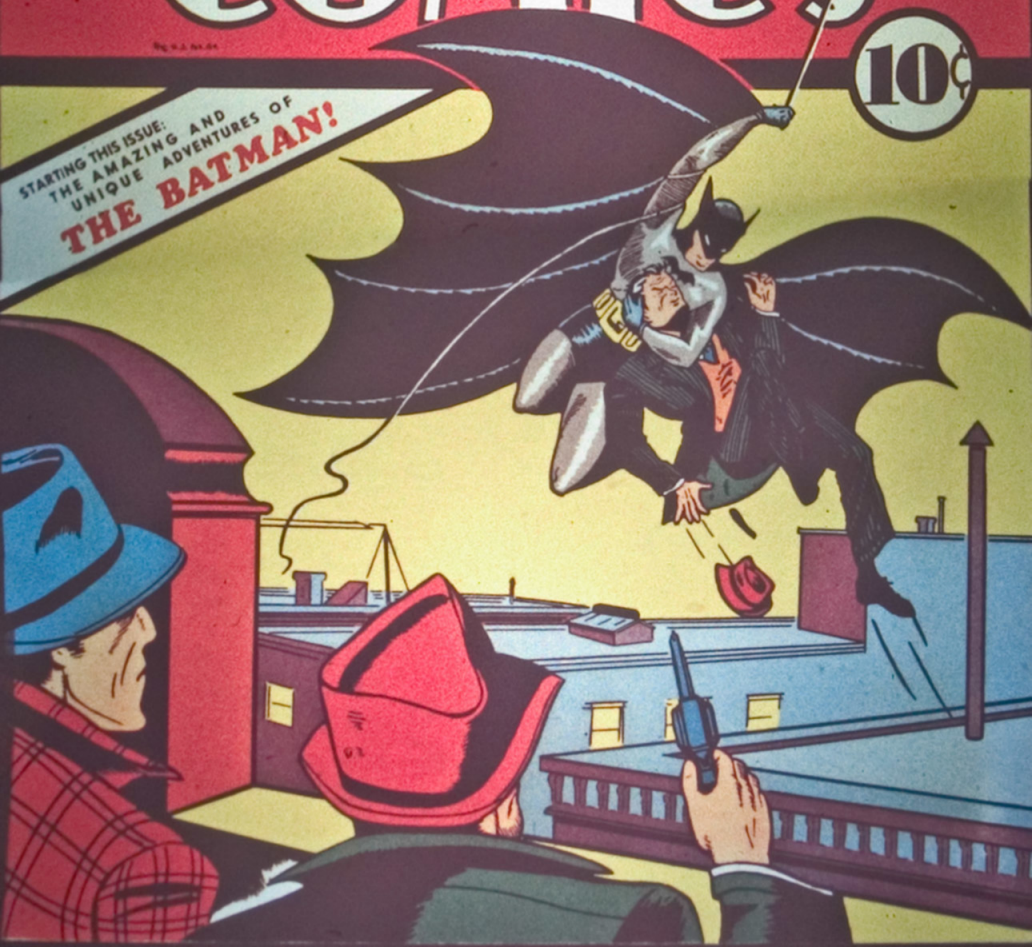
MAY, 1939

64  
PAGES  
OF  
ACTION!

# Detective COMICS

10¢

STARTING THIS ISSUE:  
THE AMAZING AND  
UNIQUE ADVENTURES OF  
**THE BATMAN!**



# CRIME NEVER PAYS



**BULLETS BETRAY NO LESS THAN FINGERPRINTS**  
 FORENSIC BALLISTICS - THE SCIENTIFIC STUDY OF MISSILES IS A GREAT AID IN CRIME DETECTION. AN INDIVIDUAL FIREARM WILL LITERALLY "STAMP ITS OWN" FINGERPRINT. NO TWO GUNS ARE ALIKE AND EACH MARKS THE BULLETS IT SHOOTS TODAY. ALL SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED DETECTIVES POSSESS THE NECESSARY QUALIFICATIONS TO ACT AS EXPERTS AND CAN TELL WHAT TYPE OF WEAPON DISCHARGED A BULLET.

**HELEN BLIX**  
 OF SALT LAKE CITY, ONE OF THE FLEADING BALLISTICAL EXPERTS OF THE U.S.

*The* ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE CAME INTO EXISTENCE OVER SIXTY YEARS AGO 1875, AND TODAY THERE IS A TOTAL OF NEARLY 3,000 IN THE FORCE.



## HOLE IN LEAF CLUE

WHEN A MAN WAS MYSTERIOUSLY SHOT TO DEATH LUKE MAY, CRIMINOLOGIST OF SEATTLE, WAS CALLED ON THE CASE. THE VICTIM HAD BEEN SHOT BY SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE AS HE SAT BY THE WINDOW IN HIS STUDY. LUKE MAY NOTICED THAT - IF THE SHOT HAD BEEN FIRED CLOSE TO THE GLASS, THE PANE WOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN. OUTSIDE, NEAR A TREE, MAY LOOKED AROUND FOR CLUES, AND GLANCED AT A LEAF ON A LEVEL WITH THE WINDOW. THROUGH IT WAS A BULLET HOLE TRACING THE FLIGHT OF THE SLUG LED HIM TO A WINDOW IN A ROOMING HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET THE SLAYER HAD OCCUPIED THE ROOM. HIS DISCUSSION WAS SECURED AND HE WAS ARRESTED.



## TRAVELING CRIME HEADQUARTERS

A POLICE HEADQUARTERS ON WHEELS - AN AUTO-MOBILE TRAILER - THAT CAN SPEED DIRECTLY TO THE SCENE OF A SUSPECTED OR KNOWN CRIME WITHOUT DELAY IS USED BY THE NASSAU COUNTY POLICE DETECTIVE DIVISION NEW YORK. IT IS OUTFITTED WITH THE NEEDS OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD INCLUDING CHAIRS TO ACCOMMODATE SUSPECTED PERSONS OR WITNESSES DURING THE PROCESS OF QUESTIONING. THE TRAILER ALSO CONTAINS A LABORATORY EQUIPMENT, INCLUDING A COMPLETE FINGERPRINTING OUTFIT.

THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION STARTED THEIR FINGERPRINT COLLECTION IN 1924 AND IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

NAME	CRIME	YEAR
John Doe	Robbery	1925
Jane Smith	Murder	1926
...	...	...
...	...	...
...	...	...
...	...	...

## DETEC-TEST ?



WHAT IS A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS?

ANSWER - A WRIT DIRECTED TO THE PERSON DETAINING ANOTHER, COMMANDING HIM TO PRODUCE THE BODY OF THE PRISONER AT A CERTAIN TIME AND PLACE.



## ROBS U.S. TREASURY DISPLAY GOLD (?)

THE ONE AND ONLY ROBBERY EVER STAGE IN THE U.S. TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. WAS COMMITTED BY AN UNKNOWN THIEF IN 1934 IF THE BARS OF METAL WHICH WERE STOLEN FROM THE DISPLAY WINDOW HAD BEEN GOLD IT WOULD HAVE BEEN VALUED AT \$30,000 - BUT THEY WERE ONLY GILDED SCRAP IRON.

VINCENT A SULLIVAN, Editor

# THE BAT-MAN

THE CASE OF THE  
CHEMICAL SYNDICATE.

Bob Kane

THE "BAT-MAN", A MYSTERIOUS AND ADVENTUROUS FIGURE, FIGHTING FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND APPREHENDING THE WRONG DOER, IN HIS LONE BATTLE AGAINST THE EVIL FORCES OF SOCIETY... HIS IDENTITY REMAINS UNKNOWN.

THE HOME OF COMMISSIONER GORDON, WHO AT THE MOMENT IS ENTERTAINING HIS YOUNG SOCIALITE FRIEND, BRUCE WAYNE

WELL COMMISSIONER, ANYTHING EXCITING HAPPENING THESE DAYS?

-NO-O-EXCEPT THIS FELLOW THEY CALL THE BAT-MAN PUZZLES ME!

HELLO...WHAT'S THAT? LAMBERT, THE CHEMICAL KING - STABBED TO DEATH? HIS SON'S FINGER PRINTS ON THE KNIFE? -I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

- TALK ABOUT SOMETHING EXCITING - OLD LAMBERT HAS BEEN MURDERED AT HIS MANSION... I'M GOING THERE NOW, LIKE TO COME ALONG?

OH WELL, NOTHING ELSE TO DO, MIGHT AS WELL

THE COMMISSIONER AND BRUCE WAYNE, SPEED TOWARD THE LAMBERT RESIDENCE...

HELLO SERGEANT, EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL?

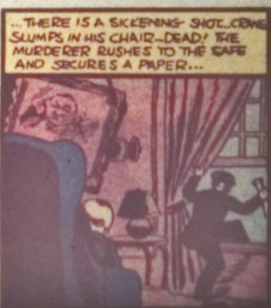
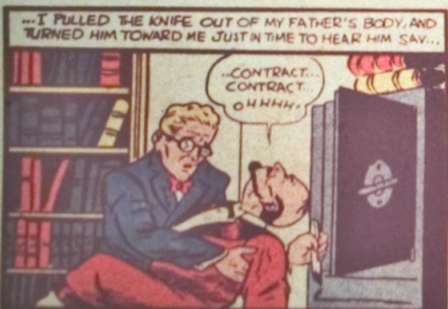
YES SIR, WE'VE GOT YOUNG LAMBERT IN THE BACK ROOM!

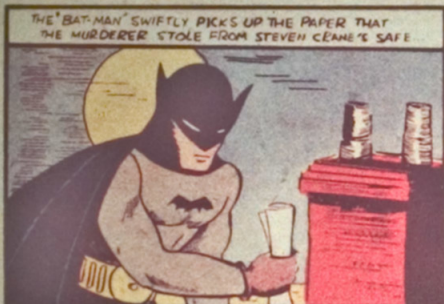
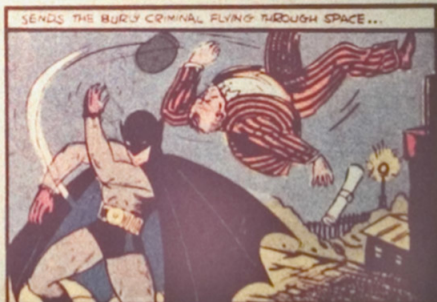
... AND AFTER A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, THE ROOM BECOMES BUSY WITH THE USUAL POLICE ROUTINE...

WELL I'M FINISHED IN HERE, LET ME TALK TO YOUNG LAMBERT

HELLO LAMBERT, THEY SAY YOU KILLED YOUR FATHER!

I DIDN'T DO IT! COMMISSIONER, BELIEVE ME, I DIDN'T DO IT!!!





MEANWHILE ROGERS WHO HAS LEARNED OF LAMBERT'S DEATH BY NEWS BROADCAST, HAS ALL READY GONE TO THE NEIGHBORING LABORATORY OF HIS ESTATE'S PARTNER, ALFRED STRIKER...



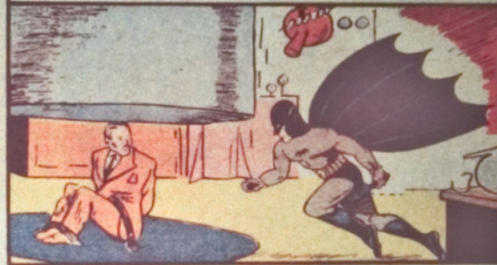
JENNINGS, STRIKER'S ASSISTANT, CARRIES ROGERS TO THE BASEMENT OF THE LABORATORY...



AT THAT MOMENT THE 'BAT-MAN' LEAPS THROUGH AN OPEN TRANSDOM...



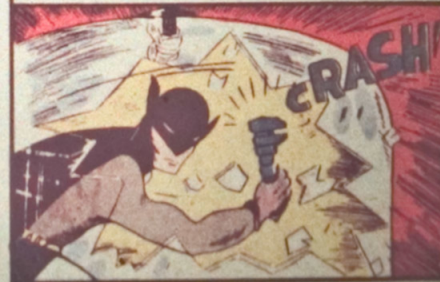
...THE 'BAT-MAN' SEIZES A WRENCH FROM A TABLE AND LEAPS FOR THE GAS-CHAMBER...



THE 'BAT-MAN' QUICKLY PLUGS THE GAS-JET WITH HANKERCHIEF AS THE GAS-CHAMBER SENDS ENTIRELY OVER THEM...



HE THEN UNTIES ROGERS, AND WITH A POWERFUL SWING...



JENNINGS RETURNS AND IS STARTLED BY THE BATMAN... HE REACHES FOR HIS GUN...



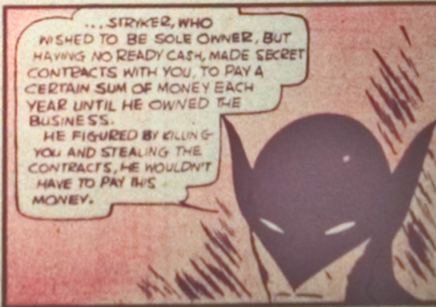
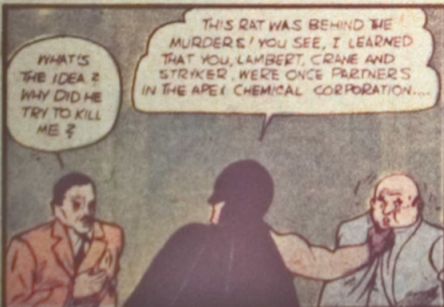
...THE BATMAN GREET'S JENNINGS WITH A PLUNG TACKLE



MEANWHILE ALFRED STRYKER HAS HEARD THE CRASH OF THE GAS-CHAMBER ... AS HE ENTERS THE LABORATORY...



HOWEVER STRYKER HAS NOT NOTICED THE BATMAN WHO HAS SECURED HIMSELF IN THE SHADOWS...



HMM, A VERY CLEVER SCHEME... AND BRING THE CONTRACTS WERE A STRICT SECRET BETWEEN THE FOUR OF US, OUR HEIRS OR THE OUTSIDE WORLD WOULDN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT THEM... BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

I SECURED THIS CONTRACT FROM ONE OF HIS HIRED KILLERS

... SUDDENLY, STRYKER, WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MAD MAN, TEARS HIMSELF FREE FROM THE GRASP OF THE BAT-MAN...

- SURE, I DID IT! BUT YOU WON'T SEND ME TO THE 'CHAIR' FOR IT!!! I'LL...



A FITTING, ENDING FOR HIS KIND.

... HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU... WHY... GONE!

THE NEXT DAY, YOUNG BRUCE WAYNE IS AGAIN A VISITOR AT THE COMMISSIONER'S HOUSE... WHO HAS JUST FINISHED TELLING BRUCE, THE LATEST EXPLOITS OF THE BAT-MAN.

... AND THEN ROGERS SAID THE BAT-MAN WENT THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!

HMM, A VERY LOVELY FAIRY-TALE COMMISSIONER - ISSIONER INDEED

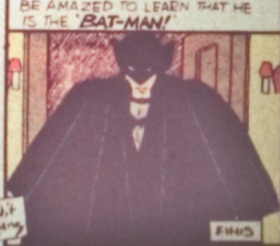
AFTER BRUCE WAYNE HAS GONE...

... BRUCE WAYNE IS A NICE YOUNG CHAMP, BUT HE CERTAINLY MUST LEAD A BORING LIFE... SEEMS DISINTERESTED IN EVERYTHING.

BRUCE WAYNE RETURNS HOME TO HIS ROOM. A LITTLE LATER HIS DOOR SLOWLY OPENS.

... AND REVEALS ITS OCCUPANT... IF THE COMMISSIONER COULD SEE HIS YOUNG FRIEND NOW... HE'D BE AMAZED TO LEARN THAT HE IS THE 'BAT-MAN'!

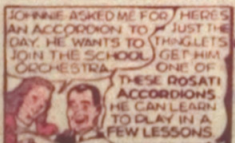
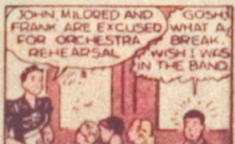
WATCH FOR A NEW THRILLING 'BAT-MAN' STORY...



FINIS



# TENDERLOIN



A ROSATI 45¢ 50¢ 75¢ N. Y. C.

Please send me the FREE ROSATI CATALOGUE

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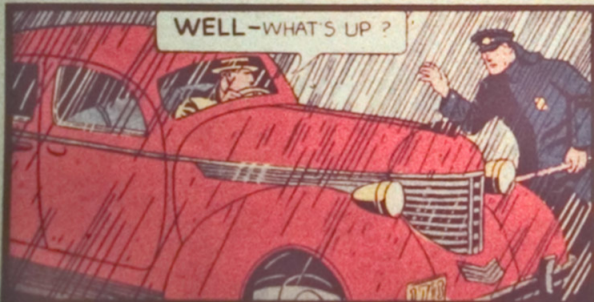
ZIP .....

# SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR  
AND THE  
KILLERS OF KURDISTAN  
BY FRED GUARDINEER



WELL—WHAT'S UP ?



THERE'S A DEAD MAN  
OVER HERE, MR SAUNDERS  
WE JUST DRAGGED HIM  
FROM THE RIVER. CARE  
TO TAKE A LOOK ?



HE SURE HAS GOTTEN  
HIS / POOR FELLOW /



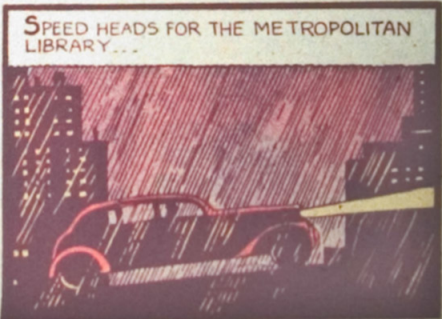
THIS MAN HAS BEEN  
STRANGLERED—AND LOOK—

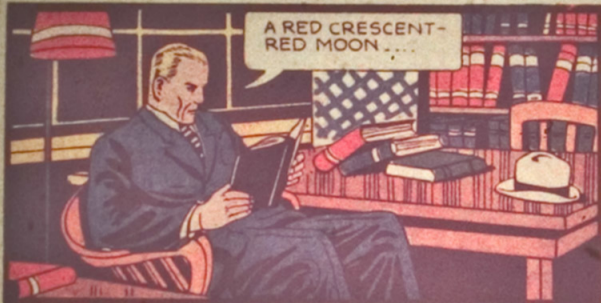


THIS GROWS MORE AND MORE INTER-  
ESTING. I WANT TO DO SOME  
RESEARCH ON IT /



SPEED HEADS FOR THE METROPOLITAN  
LIBRARY...





A RED CRESCENT-  
RED MOON ....



NOW I WONDER IF IT IS AT  
ALL POSSIBLE -



SPEED VISITS AN AUTHORITY ON  
EASTERN LORE ....



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE  
HAVING A PARTY, TRELAWNEY,  
OR I WOULDN'T HAVE  
INTERRUPTED -

NOT AT ALL-  
COME IN,  
SPEED!



MAY I PRESENT MY FRIEND, SPEED SAUNDERS -



SPEED NOTICES THE RED CRESCENTS ON  
THE WOMAN'S DRESS ...

TRELAWNEY IS A FINE  
HOST ISN'T HE ?



AND ON HER HANDKER-CHIEF ...

YES, HE IS. HE  
CERTAINLY  
KNOWS HOW TO  
ENTERTAIN !



THE RED CRESCENT-  
YES I KNOW IT  
COME !

LET'S GO TO MY DEN WHERE  
WE CAN TALK SAFELY !



YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE KURDISTAN KILLERS?  
WELL, I LEARNED SOMETHING OF THEIR SECRETS,  
A FRIEND AND MYSELF. HERE IS HIS PICTURE.



TRELAWNEY'S FRIEND IS THE DEAD MAN !



I MUST TAKE PRECAUTIONS,  
SAUNDERS. THOSE KILLERS  
ARE DEMONS - FIRST TOM -  
THEN ME -



LET ME TELL YOU OF THE  
KURDISTAN KILLERS, SPEED.  
YEARS AGO TOM AND I  
STOPPED IN A LITTLE TOWN  
IN ARABIA ...



WOULD THE EFFENDI CARE  
TO SEE THE SIGHTS ?

WHAT DO YOU SAY  
TOM - SHALL WE ?



" WE FOLLOWED HIM FOR FUN ?.....



" AND WE FOUND A MEETING OF KURDISTAN  
KILLERS "....



THE OATH OF THE KILLERS OF KURDISTAN IS ADMINISTERED...

YE WHO HAVE GATHERED HERE DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR BY THE BLOOD OF THE FIRST KILLERS OF KURDISTAN...



TOM AND I SWORE ON THAT OATH UNWITTINGLY AND NOW WE'RE BOUND KILLERS OF KURDISTAN! WE WOULDN'T KILL - SO NOW WE GET KILLED!



I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO TO BRING AN END TO THIS. I HAVE A FEW SUSPICIONS WHICH I'D LIKE TO VERIFY

IN THE MEAN TIME, LET'S JOIN THE COMPANY!



OH! THERE YOU ARE! DO YOU CARE TO DANCE?

I'D BE DELIGHTED!



IT'S SO HOT - CAN'T WE GET A BREATH OF AIR?



LOOK OUT TRELAWNEY!



DEATH STRIKES THE SWORN KURDISTAN KILLER...



KEEP ALL DOORS CLOSED. RING FOR THE STATE POLICE !!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER ...

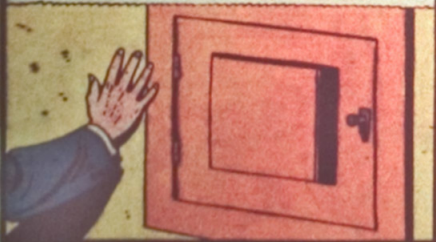
THERE'S A GUN HIDDEN SOMEWHERE ON THE PREMISES, LET'S TAKE A LOOK!



THIS IS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SPOT WHERE TRELAWNEY WAS KILLED. THERE OUGHT TO BE A SECRET OPENING ...



AS SPEED PRESSES HIS FINGERS AGAINST THE WALL - A PANEL SLOWLY OPENS!



AND THE DEATH WEAPON IS REVEALED!



IN THE MEANTIME THE TROOPER LOCATES THE FRIGHTENED MAID SERVANT ...

I - I'LL TELL!



MY LOVER WORKS HERE WITH ME, BUT OFTEN A WOMAN CALLS HIM AND HE LEAVES. HE WAS UP EARLY THIS MORNING, WORKING SECRETLY IN THE KITCHEN -



THERE HE GOES - AFTER HIM!



I GOT HIM!

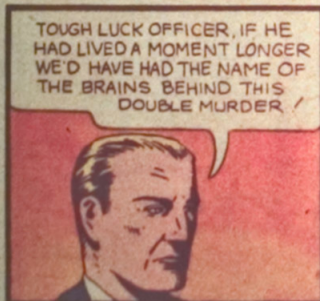




THE MARK OF THE  
KURDISTAN KILLERS!



I KILLED TRELAWNEY. I SET THE  
TRAP GUN AND FIRED, BUT I  
WAS MADE TO DO IT BY...



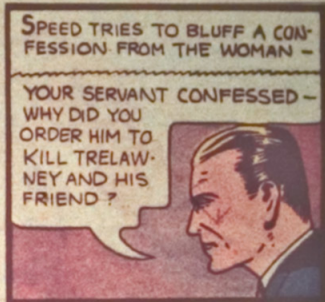
TOUGH LUCK OFFICER, IF HE  
HAD LIVED A MOMENT LONGER  
WE'D HAVE HAD THE NAME OF  
THE BRAINS BEHIND THIS  
DOUBLE MURDER.



KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON EVERYTHING THAT  
GOES ON, LET NO ONE COME OR GO. I HAVE A  
HUNCH AND I MEAN TO SEE IF IT WORKS-

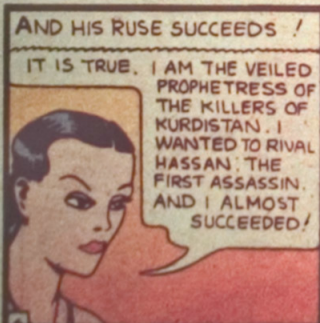


MAY I SEE YOU  
ALONE FOR A  
MOMENT?



SPEED TRIES TO BLUFF A CON-  
FESSION FROM THE WOMAN -

YOUR SERVANT CONFESSED -  
WHY DID YOU  
ORDER HIM TO  
KILL TRELAW-  
NEY AND HIS  
FRIEND?



AND HIS RUSE SUCCEEDS!

IT IS TRUE. I AM THE VEILED  
PROPHETRESS OF  
THE KILLERS OF  
KURDISTAN. I  
WANTED TO RIVAL  
HASSAN, THE  
FIRST ASSASSIN.  
AND I ALMOST  
SUCCEEDED!



YOU ALMOST DID I GUESSED YOUR IDENTITY  
BECAUSE YOU WORE RED CRESCENTS ON  
YOUR DRESS AND ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS!

-THE END-

# Buck MARSHALL

RANGE  
DETECTIVE

BY  
H. FLEMING

## BULLET BLUFF.

BUCK MARSHALL, RANGE DETECTIVE, LOOSENS HIS SIX-GUN IN ITS HOLSTER AS HE HEARS THE RAPID TATTOO OF PONY HOOFES ON THE STONY BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY TRAIL.

SOME NOMBRE  
HIGH-TAILING  
IT, FAST AND  
HOT!



THERE HE GOES—  
SEEMS TO BE IN A SWEAT—  
MUT BE SOME REASON—  
I'LL TAKE AFTER HIM—



MAYBE IT'S NONE OF  
OUR BUSINESS PEPPER  
BUT I'M PLUMB  
CURIOUS—



BUCK SEES THE RIDER DISMOUNT BEFORE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, DROP HIS REINS TO THE GROUND AND STRIDE TO THE DOOR—

WHEN  
BUCK  
ARRIVES  
A LITTLE  
LATER,  
THE  
SHERIFF  
HAS PUT  
ON HIS  
HAT AND  
COAT  
AND IS  
ABOUT  
TO LEAVE  
WITH  
HIS  
VISITOR.

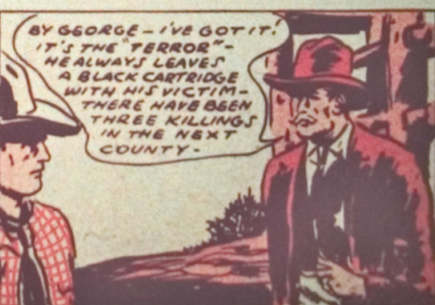
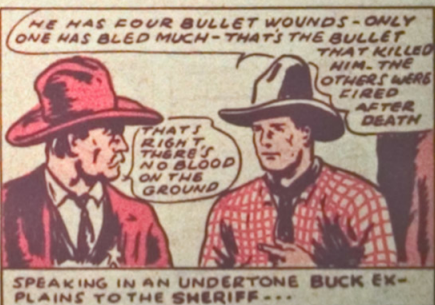
HELLO, BUCK—MIGHTY  
GLAD TO SEE YOU!  
MEET MATT DOYLE  
OF THE BOX-K—

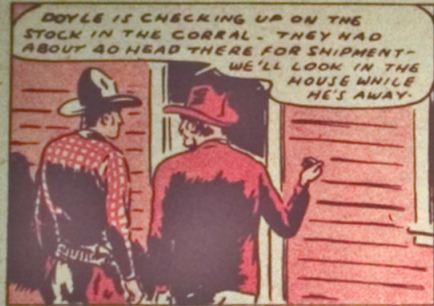


DOYLE HERE,  
JUST FOUND HIS  
BOYS, JERRY KANE,  
SHOT TO DEATH—  
WE'RE GOING  
RIGHT OVER  
TO BOX-K—  
COME  
ALONG—

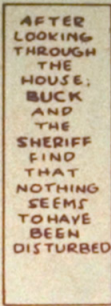








DOYLE IS CHECKING UP ON THE STOCK IN THE CORRAL - THEY HAD ABOUT 40 HEAD THERE FOR SHIPMENT - WE'LL LOOK IN THE HOUSE WHILE HE'S AWAY.



AFTER LOOKING THROUGH THE HOUSE, BUCK AND THE SHERIFF FIND THAT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN DISTURBED



WELL, ROBBERY DOESN'T APPEAR TO BE THE MOTIVE ANYWAY - HERE COMES DOYLE BACK - I'LL HAIL HIM



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANY STOCK MISSIN' SHERIFF



WHEN THE SHERIFF GOES FOR HIS HORSE, BUCK SPEAKS IN A LOW TONE -

WHEN YOU GO BACK WITH THE BODY, TAKE DOYLE WITH YOU

O.K. BUCK I SAVVY

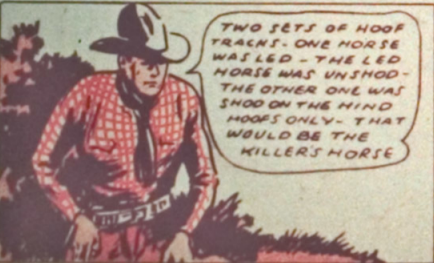


WHEN THE SHERIFF AND DOYLE HAVE LEFT, BUCK STARTS TO LOOK FOR SIGNS

NOW THEN TO FIND OUT WHERE KANE ACTUALLY WAS SHOT DOWN



KANE'S OVERALLS SHOWED SOME YELLOW CLAY STICKING TO THEM - I CAN FIND NO YELLOW CLAY AROUND HERE



TWO SETS OF HOOF TRACKS - ONE HORSE WAS LED - THE LED HORSE WAS UNSHOD - THE OTHER ONE WAS SHOD ON THE HIND HOOFS ONLY - THAT WOULD BE THE KILLER'S HORSE

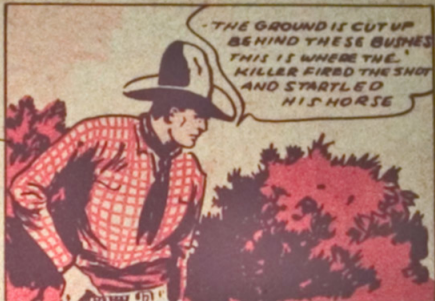


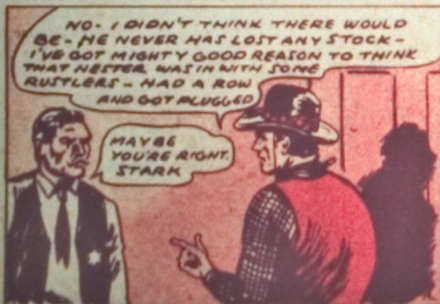
THIS KILLING OCCURRED LESS THAN A HOUR'S AGO AFTER THE LIGHT RAIN THIS MORNING

BY CIRCLING AROUND, BUCK FINALLY COMES UPON TRACKS -

MOUNTING HIS HORSE, BUCK STARTS TO BACK TRACK THE HOOF PRINTS -

AFTER  
AWHILE,  
THE  
TRAIL  
LEADS  
INTO  
A  
ROCK  
STREWN  
GULCH-  
BUCK  
DISMOUNTS  
AS HE  
COMES  
TO  
A  
PATCH  
OF  
YELLOW  
CLAY





BUCK HEARS SOME ONE FORCE A WINDOW THEN, PRESENTLY A EAIN RATTLE OF TOOLS NEAR THE SAFE

AFTER THE BLACK CARTRIDGE



BLAST YER HIDE YOU SKULKIN' COYOTE

DROP THAT



WITH A SNARL OF RAGE, STARK LEAPS TO HIS FEET

WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET, STARK SWINGS DOWN HIS HAMMER ON BUCKE'S GUN BARREL



AS STARK LUNGES FORWARD, BUCKS FIST CRASHES AGAINST HIS CHIN - STARK FALLS, CRACKING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE SAFE

CRACK



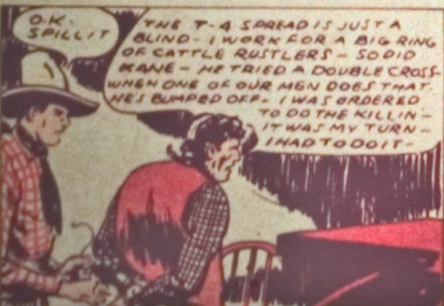
NOW THEN, STARK, I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO SOME GENTS WHO WILL BE MIGHTY GLAD TO FIT A NOOSE AROUND THE NECK OF THE "TERROR"

NO, NO - DON'T DO THAT! GIMME A CHANCE! I'LL TELL ALL



O.K. SPILL IT

THE T-A SPREAD IS JUST A BLIND - I WORK FOR A BIG RING OF CATTLE RUTTLERS - SODID MANE - HE TRIED A DOUBLE CROSS - WHEN ONE OF OUR MEN DOES THAT, HE'S BUMPED OFF - I WAS ORDERED TO DO THE KILLIN' - IT WAS MY TURN - I HAD TO DO IT



I GUESSED THE REST - THE BLACK CARTRIDGE SHOWED THAT YOU HAD DONE THE JOB AND COULD COLLECT YOUR PAY - WHEN I SAW YOU RIDE UP I KNEW YOU WERE THE NUMBER ONE WANTED - O.K. STARK

I'LL PUT YOU IN THE CAGE FOR THE SHERIFE - LET THE LAW TAKE IT'S COURSE -



# SPY

by JERRY SIEGEL  
JOE SHUSTER

A DINNER IS THROWN INTO PANDEMONIUM WHEN ITS GUEST OF HONOR, CONGRESSMAN SNEED, HEAD OF A COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES CLUTCHES HIS SIDE, AND COLLAPSES---DEAD!



U.S. SPY HEADQUARTERS---

ACCORDING TO THE MEDICAL REPORT, SNEED DIED OF AN INTERNAL HEMORRAGE. HOWEVER, SINCE ANOTHER MEMBER ON THE COMMITTEE HAS RECENTLY DIED INSTANTLY---

---YOU SUSPECT MURDER! LET ME HAVE THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF THE THREE REMAINING MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE!



BART DROPS IN ON CONGRESSMAN LITTLE---

I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE SNEED'S DEATH. MAY I SPEAK TO YOU?

STEP RIGHT IN, AND JOIN ME AT THE TABLE. I'M HAVING LUNCH.



IT'S MY THEORY THAT THE CONGRESSMAN DIDN'T DIE A NATURAL DEATH. NOW IF YOU COULD TELL ME WHO IT IS THAT WOULD WANT HIM OUT OF THE WAY---

I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH YOU I BELIEVE I DO KNOW WHO IS RESPONSIBLE!



IN MY OPINION, THE KILLERS ARE --- OH-HH!



GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S WRONG?



DEAD!!



BART SUMMONS A DOCTOR---

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY HE DIED OF?

INTERNAL HEMORRAGE!

ALARMED, REGAN DASHES TO THE HOTEL ROOM OF CONGRESSMAN BOOKER.

DON'T ARGUE, COME WITH ME, IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

I'LL DO NO SUCH THING! GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I CALL THE HOTEL DETECTIVE!

YOU'RE COMING WITH ME WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT! GET ME?

I G-GET Y-YOU!

NEXT, BART CALLS ON THE REMAINING MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE, CONGRESSMAN STOKER---

GET GOIN'!

IS THIS YOUR IDEA OF A JOKE?

DON'T BLAME ME! I NEVER SAW THIS MANIAC BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

RUSHING THEM TO ANOTHER HOTEL, BART REGAN FORCES THEM TO REGISTER UNDER FALSE NAMES---

NOW NOT A FALSE MOVE OUT OF EITHER OF YOU!

THIS IS AN OUTRAGE!

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS!

WHEN THEY ARE SAFELY LOCKED IN THE HOTEL ROOM---

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS. THE SECRET SERVICE BELIEVES YOUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER. WILL YOU GENTLEMEN PLEASE CO-OPERATE BY STAYING UNDER COVER?

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?

WE'LL BE GLAD TO HELP IN ANY WAY WE CAN.

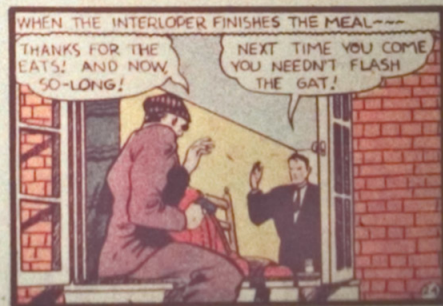
IF I LIKE TO LOOK OVER THE FILES OF YOUR COMMITTEE'S FINDINGS IN SEARCH OF A CLUE CAN THEY BE MADE AVAILABLE TO ME?

PRESENT THIS NOTE TO MY SECRETARY AND SHE'LL GIVE YOU A DUPLICATE OF THE FILES.

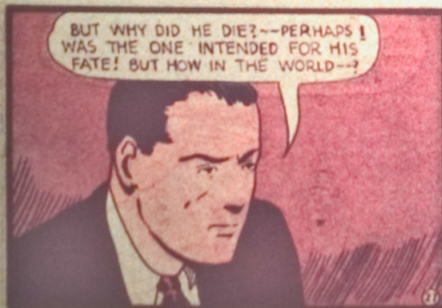
LATER--

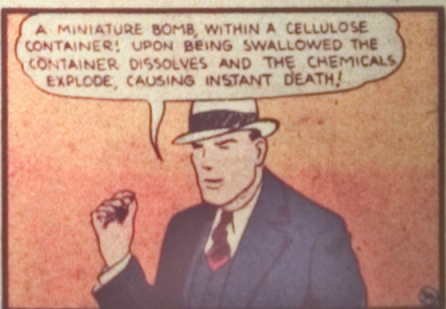
HERE IS THE MATERIAL YOU WANT!

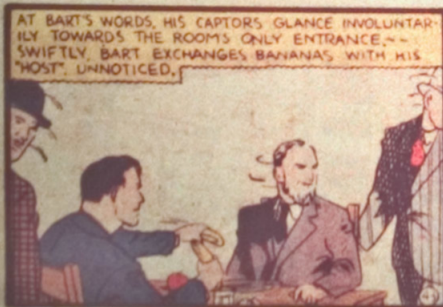
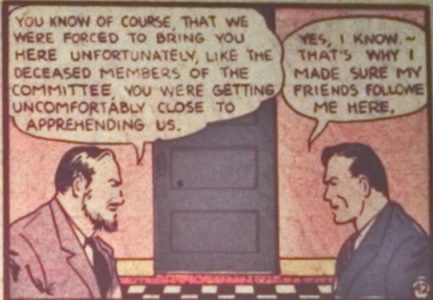
THANK YOU!-- I HOPE IT CONTAINS THE INFORMATION I NEED.











# THE GRIMSON AVENGER

FEARED BY THE UNDER-  
WORLD AND HUNTED BY THE  
POLICE, THE GRIMSON CARRIES  
ON THE WORK OF DEPRIVING  
THE HELPLESS - KNOWN AS THE  
GRIMSON TO ONLY HIS CRIMINAL  
SERVANT, GRING, LEE TRAVIS  
IS THE WEALTHY YOUNG  
LEADER

BY  
*Jim Chambers*

MURDER ON THE OCEANIC LINE DOCKS



TWENTY MINUTES LATER ONE CAR CROWDS  
ANOTHER INTO AN "EL" POST



BADLY MUTILATED THE DRIVER IS RUSHED TO  
THE HOSPITAL



THREE MEN DASH IN FROM A PRIVATE AMBULANCE.



HAVE IT YOUR  
WAY, DOC.



LEE TRAVIS WATCHES THE TELETYPE



LEE GOES TO THE POLICE GARAGE

SERGEANT I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT WRECK THAT WAS PULLED IN THIS MORNING.

SURELY, MR. TRAVIS, IT'S OVER THERE.

LEE FINDS A CANDID CAMERA IN THE WRECK

HA, FILM HAS BEEN TAKEN OUT.

WHAT TIME DID BEARD CRASH?

ABOUT 11:00 THIS MORNING.

WING, THE CRIMSON RIDES TONITE! WE MUST GET BEARD'S FILM BACK. IT'S THE EVIDENCE WE NEED TO HANG A DOUBLE MURDER.

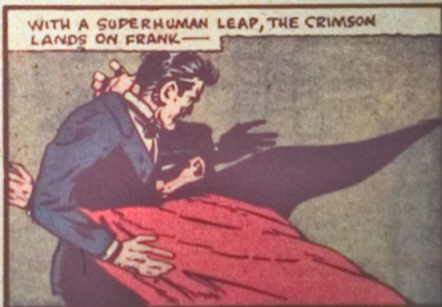
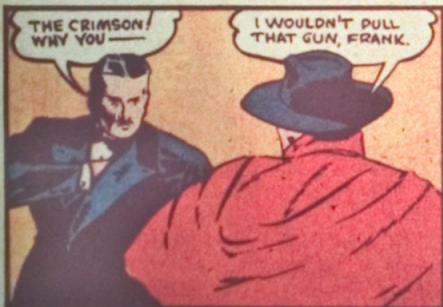
EVERYTHING IS IN READINESS, MR. TRAVIS.

YOU SEE I FIGURE THIS FELLOW BEARD WAS SNAPPING PICTURES AT THE DOCK WHEN GOLD WAS SHOT. THEN THEY KIDNAPPED HIM FROM THE HOSPITAL TO COVER UP.

THE CRIMSON'S FIRST STOP IS A SECRET GAMBLING DEN KNOWN AS FRANK'S PLACE.

BACK OF THE GAMING ROOMS

THE CRIMSON HEARS VOICES APPROACHING



LOOKING FOR THE MURDERER OF A WELSHER NAMED ABE GOLD, YOU WOULD—

I THOUGHT THAT WAS A GANG JOB. I HAVE NO GANG.



WELL MORAN YOU'RE A BETTING MAN / I HAVE \$2,000 THAT SAYS I BRING THE MURDERER IN BEFORE NOON TOMORROW.

NOW YOU'RE TALKING— I'LL GIVE YOU FOUR TO ONE ON THAT.



NEXT THE CRIMSON VISITS SOL SIMON'S DOG RACE TRACK



HE EASILY CLEARS THE 6 FT. FENCE—



THE CRIMSON ASCENDS THE DRAINPIPE TO THE SECOND STORY



THERE'S ONE FOR THE BOOK, SNOOPER!

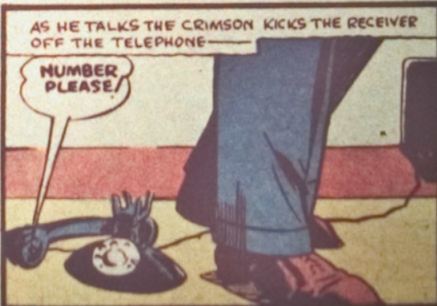


BOUND HAND AND FOOT, WELL THEY DIDN'T COUNT ON MY STRENGTH.




THE CRIMSON CREEPS ONTO A BALCONY OVER SIMON AND HIS HENCHMEN—










WELL, MIKE MORAN,  
YOU KILLED ABE GOLD  
CAUSE HE WELSHED ON  
A \$100,000 BET THIS FILM  
HOLDS THE EVIDENCE. BEARD  
HAD IT SO YOU KILLED HIM  
TOO. TOO BAD ABOUT THAT  
NURSE. THAT WAS MESSY.




THEN YOUR PALS  
GOT THE IDEA THEY  
COULD HOOK YOU FOR  
MORE DOUGH WITH  
THIS FILM. YOU CAME  
TO PAY OFF.

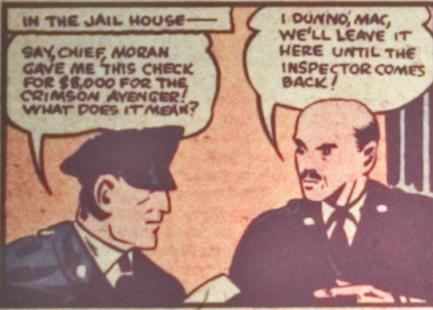
PRETTY SLICK  
NOW YOU GET  
YOUR REWARD!



BUT THE CRIMSON WAS FASTER THAN MIKE'S  
TRIGGER FINGER—




OTHER EARS HEAR THE SHOT AND RELAY THE  
MESSAGE TO THE POLICE—




IN THE JAIL HOUSE—

SAY, CHIEF, MORAN  
GAVE ME THIS CHECK  
FOR \$8,000 FOR THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER!  
WHAT DOES IT MEAN?


I DONNO, MAC,  
WE'LL LEAVE IT  
HERE UNTIL THE  
INSPECTOR COMES  
BACK!



GOOD NIGHT!  
IT'S GONE—  
THE CHECK. I  
JUST—



WELL, MIKE MORRIS,  
HAS DONE ONE GOOD  
DEED—THIS CHECK  
GOES TO CHARITY!



DO NOT MISS  
THE COMING  
CHAPTERS IN  
THE EXCITING  
LIFE OF THE  
CRIMSON AVENGER.

# DEATH ON THE AIRWAVES

By  
Paul Dean



**T**HE large and spacious Studio A, of the Federal Broadcasting System, was filled with an appreciative audience. The orchestra leader raised his baton and the plaintive strains of a Russian love song rose and swelled, filling the studio with unforgettable melody. The microphones, standing before the assembled group of musicians, picked up each delicate tone and transmitted the music to the millions of listeners throughout the nation.

At a gesture from the leader, the melody softened and from the wings of the stage stepped the handsome and romantic tenor, Richard Drew. Thunderous applause greeted him as he walked to the center and stood before one of the "mikes", waiting for his cue to pour his appealing song into the ears of scores of breathless listeners.

The orchestra leader nodded his head and Drew opened his mouth to sing . . . but no sound was heard! For suddenly his face was twisted and contorted by horrible pain. He clutched his throat, the color draining from his face and leaving it a sickly pallor. His knees buckled and he sank to the steps of the platform. A woman in the rear screamed but the orchestra continued to play and sev-

eral attendants rushed from the side and carried the limp form off the stage.

A doctor was hurriedly summoned and after a hasty examination he pronounced Drew to be dead. The news of the tragedy was relayed to the executive offices of the company, and President Benson himself traveled down from his home in Westchester to lend whatever assistance he could.

This was the first of a series of unexplained deaths that occurred the following month at the Federal Broadcasting Company's Studios. Miss Elaine Rutland, the operatic soprano, collapsed before the microphone and died before medical aid could be obtained. Eddie Dorson, the famed comic character, died in the same manner a few days later.

President Benson could stand it no longer and finally solicited assistance from the police. Captain Richard Byrne, of the Detective Squad, arrived at the office of the radio mogul and was immediately shown into Benson's private room.

"These deaths have been happening too often, much too often to be natural!" Benson complained, his face haggard and lined with worry. "And if they persist, the company faces ruin! Both the stars and the advertisers will refuse to have anything to do with an organization that seems to be functioning under the very wings of Death!"

Byrne lit a cigarette, "You think these people were murdered?" "I certainly do, Captain!" the president cried. "Still, in every case the doctors claimed that the unfortunate victims had died natural deaths. The whole business is horrible!"

"Have there been any indications or have you received any

notes that might point towards foul play?" the detective inquired.

"One of my reasons for calling you down here, Captain, was to show you the note that arrived in this morning's mail!" Benson opened his desk drawer and took out a plain white envelope.

Byrne fingered the envelope for a moment and then extracted a sheet of brown paper, evidently torn from a larger sheet of wrapping paper. Unevenly printed on the paper in red crayon was this message:

*You refused me my one chance and opportunity and for this you shall feel the bitter sting of my revenge. Unseen and unknown, Death shall stalk your radio studios!*

The detective handed the unsigned note back to Benson. "Of course, this may be one of those so-called 'crank' notes; but there again, it may be quite real!"

The radio executive mopped his moist brow. "Is there anything you can suggest?"

"Perhaps if I were to be employed here in the studio for a week or so I may be fortunate enough to uncover some clue that will put us on the right track," said Byrne. "Could you arrange that, Mr. Benson?"

"I'd be only too glad to," replied the distressed president.



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Have FUN  
Get a DAISY AIR RIFLE

Get in on the big fun... get your heart set on a famous DAISY... go to your Dealer NOW and see the beautiful models selling from \$1.25 up. Or, write us today for Picture Circular showing all 7 Daisy Air Rifle models, including this one for mailing—handling charge no Circular.

USE  
BULLS EYE  
COOPER-CRAFT  
STEEL SHOT for accurate shooting.  
Bulls Eye is the only shot that GIVES 2250 Shot Daisies  
2250 Shots \$6  
only \$5  
DAISY MFG. CO., 1955 Union St., Plymouth Mich.

As an employee of the broadcasting company, Detective Byrne could come and go through the various offices and studios without attracting attention. And he made use of this privilege to the utmost. He first studied and memorized the layout of every floor of the radio organization and then turned his keen powers of observation on the many workers of the company.

One evening, three days later, as he walked along a corridor to take the elevator down to the main floor, he saw the furtive figure of a man slip into the darkened and empty Studio A. Byrne followed quietly and in the gloomy interior of the large studio, watched the unknown person hurry across the floor to the control room, a small glass-enclosed section where the technicians controlled the volume of sound and the other operations of a broadcast. The man remained in the small room for several minutes, then reappeared and hurried through the doorway into the corridor.

Byrne immediately entered the control room and made a thorough investigation. Beneath one of the large tables back near the wall, he came across something that caused him to whistle with surprise.

"So this is how our murderous friend has been doing the job!" he exclaimed to himself. He took off his coat and for the next hour was busily engaged at a task that would, he hoped, reveal the identity of the person who had been causing the mysterious deaths of the radio performers.



The following evening final and meticulous preparations were being made for the popular General Brands broadcast to be heard at 8 o'clock. The large Studio A was filled to capacity and the musicians sounded their instruments, waiting for the cue to start the show.

President Benson and Detective Byrne sat off to one side near the control room. The detective puffed on a cigarette and spoke to the radio executive. "If I'm not mistaken, the murderer will show his hand during this broadcast!"

"I trust you're right!" groaned Benson.

The hand on the wall clock pointed to the hour of eight. A signal was flashed, the lights dimmed and the orchestra burst into the opening song of the broadcast. Without interruption, the show progressed until the moment came for Brian DiAngelo, the guest star, to deliver his song.

He approached the microphone and prepared to sing. Suddenly, from the microphone itself, a cloud of blue smoke poured and enveloped Di Angelo. The singer staggered back, surprised and momentarily blinded.

Byrne leaped from his chair and rushed into the control room. He jabbed his automatic into the back of the man at the control board. "Get up just as you are," he ordered. "One false move and you'll have the pleasant sensation of a bullet drilling through your murderous spine!"

After a slight pause, the program continued and Byrne and the man, followed by President Benson and several officials made their way into a side room. "Here, gentlemen, is the murderer!" said Byrne.

"But how did he commit the murders?" asked Benson. "And why?" "His reason for these wholesale killings was obviously revenge, possibly at one time he failed to pass an audition as a singer or an entertainer," replied the detective. "But his method was most ingenious!"



Byrne lit a cigarette and continued. "Our friend here installed a thin rubber tubing from his control room through the wire leading to the microphone, up through the metal stand to the headpiece of the microphone. Then when the proper time arrived, he pressed a tiny plunger that forced a spray of deadly poison (that was invisible and practically without odor) through the tubing and into the face of the artist standing before the microphone. The result, as you know, was instantaneous death. I discovered this deadly contraption last night and I substituted a harmless chemical that produced a cloud of smoke in place of the death-dealing 'poison!'"

## THE END

# BOYS EARN MONEY AND PRIZES

I WISH I HAD SOME SUPERNOVING MONEY!



WELL, I CAN GET IT! I CAN GET IT!



HOW I WISH I HAD MONEY AND A BICYCLE ALL DAY!

WHAT a thrill to flash down the street on this deluxe Silver King speedster! Built long and low for instant get-away. Streamlined low-arch frame made of polished aluminum alloy—looks like steel. Comes fully equipped with blast handle, master brake, balloon tires (giving you that "air-flow" ride), chain guard, fenders, carrier, and other up-to-date accessories.

Earn this bike, and any of 300 other prizes, including an electric eye that will automatically open doors, ring alarms, flash signals. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver our line mechanics to people whom you serve as customers in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day.

See This ELECTRIC EYE!

To Get Started at Once, MAIL THIS COUPON!



See How You Can Earn Money and Prizes  
The Marvel Silver King  
The Marvel Silver King  
See How You Can Earn Money and Prizes  
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City \_\_\_\_\_

# BRUCE Nelson.

By Tom Whickey.

BOY! NEW ORLEANS AT MARDI GRAS TIME. THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE.

MY OLD FRIEND ED LANE IS A DETECTIVE DOWN HERE, I THINK I'LL LOOK HIM UP.



ONE HOUR LATER IN ED LANE'S APARTMENT

BRUCE, OLD MAN, YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME TO HELP ME ON A CASE THAT'S A MOW!

NO MOW'S FOR ME THANKS ED. I CAME HERE TO SEE THE MARDI GRAS.



LISTEN! A WOMAN WAS MURDERED DOWN IN THE FRENCH QUARTER AND UNDER VERY PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES. COME ON! I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.



THIS WOMAN'S NAME WAS LILI GRAUET. SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS PERSON AND HAS LONG BEEN ON OUR LIST OF SUSPICIOUS AND DOUBTFUL PEOPLE. SINISTER RUMORS CONCERNING HER HAD REACHED US AND BEEN TESTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE WITHOUT CLEARING ENOUGH TO WARRANT AN OFFICIAL INQUIRY.



BEYOND THE FACT THAT SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL AND WEALTHY FOREIGNER, AND DESPITE HER FRENCH NAME, FIERY SOUTHERN BLOOD WAS IN HER VEINS, WE HAD LEARNED NOTHING, EXCEPT THAT THE SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE OF THE FRENCH QUARTER CONSIDERED HER A MOW.



THEY FINALLY CAME TO LILI GRAUET'S PLACE, A SQUARE STRUCTURE WITH AN OUTFLUNG WING FACING THE STREET.



IT LOOKS AS IF SHE HAD THAT BUILT SO NO ONE COULD SPY ON HER. LET'S LOOK AROUND BACK.

HERE'S A GATE, AND IT'S UNLATCHED TOO. COME ON!



LOOK AT THIS TRAIL IN THE PATH HERE, ED. I WONDER WHAT MADE THAT?



PERHAPS A SNAKE MADE IT SLIDING THROUGH THE SAND. LOOK! I WONDER WHAT THESE MATCHES ARE DOING THERE ON THE STEPS?



TWO CHARRED MATCHES TIED WITH SCAFFLET THREAD TO FORM A CROSS. HMM!

WAIT! DON'T TOUCH! CROSSED MATCHES ARE A WOODOO SYMBOL. LITERALLY THEY MEAN 'KEEP AWAY! DEATH IS HERE!'



WOODOO — HERE IN NEW ORLEANS? YOU'RE DREAMING! WHAT'S A WOMAN LIKE THIS ONE GOT TO DO WITH MAGIC?



YOU SAY SHE WAS A MYSTERIOUS FOREIGNER. FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE MAY HAVE BELONGED TO THE CREOLE COLONY AT BATON ROUGE.



YOU MAY BE RIGHT. LET'S GO IN.

THEY ENTERED A DARK HALL. THERE WAS A CURIOUS MUSKY SMELL AND THE AIR SEEMED WARM AND STICNY.



THEY ENTERED THE ROOM OF THE CRIME AND THERE A SHOCKING SIGHT WAS REVEALED TO THEIR GAZE.

GOOD-NIGHT LANE! WHY— WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HER?

WHY—I-I NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT!



SPRAWLED ON A BED, HER LEGS DRAWN UP AS THOUGH TORTURED WITH AN AGONIZING CRAMP, WAS THE MYSTERY WOMAN.



THE WOMAN'S BLACK, TERROR-FILLED EYES STARED FIXEDLY AT A HORRIBLE WOODEN EFFIGY ON A BLACK MARBLE ALTAR ON EACH SIDE OF WHICH WERE SYMBOLIC SNAKE PAINTINGS.



ED WE'VE SOMETHING TO CONTEND WITH HERE I'VE NEVER FACED BEFORE 'BLACK MAGIC'. THAT EFFIGY THERE, THE BAT WITH ITS CLAWS STUCK IN THE SNAKE SKIN TURNDAN, THE BLOOD RED CROSS ON THE BROW, THE STILETTO PROTRUDING FROM THE THROAT, THOSE SNAKE PAINTINGS, THEY ALL REPRESENT SOMETHING... THEY'RE SYMBOLS OF BLACK MAGIC!

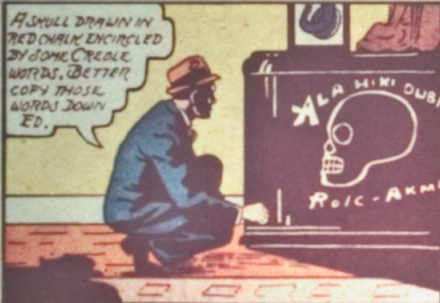


YA KNOW BRUCE, I THINK THIS WOMAN DIED OF SHEER FRIGHT. I KNOW THE SET UPS ENOUGH TO SCARE ME TO DEATH.

HARDLY ED. TAKE A LOOK HERE ON THE LOWER PART OF THIS BLACK MARBLE ALTAR.



A SKULL DRAWN IN RED CHALK ENCLOSED BY SOME CREOLE WORDS. BETTER COPY THOSE WORDS DOWN ED.



NELSON BENT AND SNIFFED THE DEAD WOMAN'S LIPS.

THERE'S NO ODOR OF POISON. WHAT ELSE COULD HAVE KILLED HER? I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF VIOLENCE.

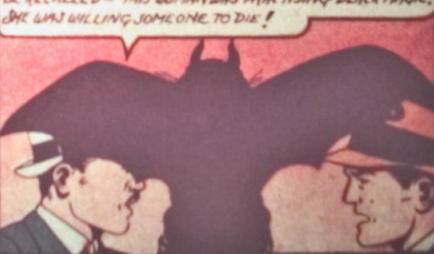


HOW ABOUT THE MARK OUTSIDE? SHE MAY HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY A SNAKE. THE TINY PUNCTURES WOULD BE HARD TO FIND.

HEH! POSSIBLE, BUT NOT PROBABLE. YOU'VE BEEN IN THESE PARTS QUITE A WHILE ED. CAN YOU RATHOM CREOLE? CAN YOU READ WHAT'S CARVED ON THE ALTAR?



ROUGHLY TRANSLATED THOSE WORDS MEAN 'DIE - MAN WHOM I HATE - FOR ONLY THIS CAN DAMBALLA'S CURSE BE RECALLED' - THIS WOMAN WAS PRACTISING BLACK MAGIC. SHE WAS WILLING SOMEONE TO DIE!



BUT IF SHE WAS DOING THE  
DEWITCHING, WHY IS SHE DEAD?



THERE'S A SUPERSTITION  
THAT SOME TIMES THE  
EVIL INVOKED WILL RECOIL  
AND KILL THE MAGIC-  
MAKER. A SORT OF  
POETIC JUSTICE, I SEE  
NO STILETTO IN HER  
THROAT THOUGH.

AW LANE OLD MAN, TALK SENSE!



SENSE! WE'LL TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND THE PLACE  
TREKS OF BLACK MAGES  
AND BLACKER SUPERSTI-  
TION. WHAT WENT ON  
HERE? WHO WAS THIS  
MAN SHE WAS WILLING  
TO DIE? LOOK - CAN  
YOU DOUBT THAT IN-  
SANE HATE IS THE  
MOTIVE HERE?

LANE NODDED TOWARDS AN UNFRAMED PORTRAIT OF THE  
WOMAN ON THE WALL. IT HAD BEEN SLASHED AND PUNCTURED  
AND A DAGGER THRUST THROUGH THE CANVAS IN THE VICINITY  
OF THE HEART.



HMM! - WHO EVER  
DID THIS TRUST  
MAYBE BEEN OFF  
THEIR BUT.

I SUPPOSE HE WAS THE ONE SHE WAS 'WILLING' TO DIE.  
NO DOUBT HE CAUGHT HER RATHER MUMPSY - KILLED  
HER IN SOME WAY - AND NOT CONTENT WITH THAT - DROVE  
THE DAGGER INTO HER PICTURE. BUT HOW DID HE KILL HER?



ED! LOOK OUT!  
A SNAKE!

NELSON JUMPED TO ONE SIDE, DREW HIS GUN AND BLEW  
THE SNAKE'S HEAD OFF AS IT SLITHERED ACROSS THE FLOOR.



NELSON PICKED UP THE HEAD AND EXAMINED IT.

WE HAD NOTHING TO BE  
AFRAID OF ED. THIS SNAKE  
HAS NO POISON FANGS.

SHE WAS NO DOUBT USING  
IT TO CAST A SPELL. THESE  
WITCHES GENERALLY USE A  
SNAKE FOR THAT PURPOSE.



LOOK HERE BRUCE. HERE'S A HEAP OF CLOTHES THAT'S  
BEEN DRAGGED OUT OF HER WARDROBE AND STREWN ABOUT.  
AND THERE'S HER HAT AND GLOVES TOO - JUST FLUNG ACROSS  
THE ROOM AS IF SHE CAME HOME IN A BLIND RAGE, AND IN A  
MAD RUSH TO START HER DEWITCHING.



AND LOOK HERE IN THIS CLOSET. A MAN'S EVENING CLOTHES, ALSO A FEW LOUNGE SUITS, SHOES, LINEN, ETC., ALL COMPLETE.



FIND - HEY! - A WIG AND BEARD - VERY CLEVERLY MADE TO GRIP WITH ALMOST INVISIBLE SUCTION CUPS.



SO THE 'MAN SHE HATED' - WHO IS PROBABLY THE MURDERER - KEPT A CHANGE OF CLOTHES HERE? BESIDES WHICH, HE CAME AND WENT DISGUISED.



FIND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE WENT WITHOUT HIS DISGUISE THIS TIME, WHICH MIGHT BE CAUSED BY A PANIC FLIGHT. I'VE A NOTION THERE'S AN IMPORTANT CLUE HERE IF WE COULD SEE IT.



JUST WHY DID HE LEAVE HIS BEARD AND WIG BEHIND? THE HOUSEKEEPER MUST KNOW HIM FOR HE WAS EVIDENTLY AN INTIMATE. YOU HAVEN'T QUESTIONED HER YET, HAVE YOU?



NO, NOT YET. THE SIGHT OF ALL THIS SENT HER INTO MYSTERICS, AND SHE HASN'T RECOVERED.



WHAT A SECOND ED, I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING I HADN'T BEFORE. DO YOU NOTICE A FAINT ODOR IN THE AIR? IT SEEMS STRONGER ON THIS SIDE OF THE ROOM.



SNIFF - SNIFF - IT'S OVER HERE. IT'S COMING FROM THIS COPPER VASE. I'VE GOT IT ED! IT'S DEVIL SMOKE!





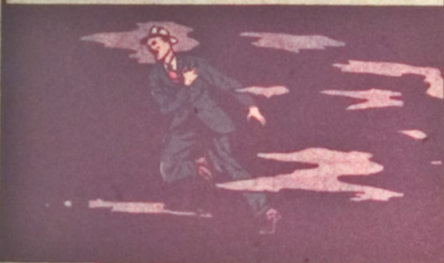
WHEN I WAS IN AFRICA I CAME IN CONTACT WITH IT. IT'S THE STUFF AFRICAN JOURNERS USE FOR TRUMP BY ORDEAL.



HE PICKED OUT THE GUMMY LUMPS, PUT THEM IN A SHALLOW TRAY AND SET A MATCH TO THEM.



STUMBLING, HALF FALLING, HE TRIED DESPERATELY TO GET TO THE WINDOW.



NELSON WAS ALMOST AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS WHEN HE NOTICED THE LIGHT GREEN VAPOR COMING FROM THE ROOM AND SMELLED THE POWERFUL FUMES.

ED! WHAT'S UP?  
ARE YOU O.K.?



NELSON LEFT THE ROOM FOR A MINUTE. LAINE LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY AT THE COPPER VASE.



HMM. THERE'S A LOT OF ASHES IN HERE AND A FEW LUMPS OF A GREEN, GUMMY SUBSTANCE. I THINK I'LL SEE HOW THIS STUFF ACTS.

IMMEDIATELY A SPIRAL OF OILY GREEN VAPOR ROSE. LAINE WATCHED INTERESTEDLY. THE NEXT THING HE KNEW HE WAS COUGHING AND THE ROOM WAS REELING. HE CLUNG TO THE TABLE AS HIS KNEES BEGAN TO SHG.



BUT THE POWERFUL FUMES WERE TOO INTENSE. HE PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE AND LAY STILL.



IN TWO QUICK BOUNDS HE REACHED THE DOORWAY. HE STAGGERED BACK CHOKING.



GOOD NIGHT! ED'S IN THERE! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT. THOSE FUMES ARE POISONOUS.

# The Mysterious DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

By  
SAX ROHMER



"You would be a dead man now if it were not for your friend in China," Smith told Mr. Eltham earnestly. "China today is not the China of '98. It is a huge secret machine, ruled by THE SEVEN. You must not return to China!"



"No, sir," replied the clergyman, in his voice a strange mixture of deep spiritual reverence and intense resolution. "I am called to Nan Yang!"

Here was the Fighting Missionary, "Parson Dan" showing through the surface of the Rev. J. D. Eltham.



"Nan Yang is a barrel of gunpowder. You would be the lighted match," Smith stated. "I insist that you abandon your visit to the interior of China. The Yellow Peril today is a real and terrible threat. The peace of the world is at stake."



"I will reconsider my decision," Mr. Eltham said. The storm had blown over. Yet the very atmosphere of Redmoat seemed impregnated with Eastern devilry . . . And then, through the silence, cut a thrabbing stream, the scream of a woman in agonized fear!



At the woman's scream—and Mr. Eltham's cry, "It's Greba!"—Nayland Smith, Mr. Eltham, Denby and I all dashed pell-mell from the library and into the drawing room whence came the startling call.

Miss Eltham lay at full length by the French windows, which were closed and bolted.

"Get my bag," I called to Smith.

"Oh, what has happened to her, Dr. Petrie?" cried the girl's frantic father.



"She has only fainted," I replied, as I bent over Miss Eltham. "She will soon be all right."

The girl sighed shudderingly, and opened her eyes, and I helped her to stand. Suddenly, with a look of terror, she grasped my arm.

"At the window!" she choked. "They looked up at me from the steps to the lawn. Two green eyes!"



I found Greba Eltham fully recovered when she summoned me to her room a few minutes later.

"We are anxious to know more about what alarmed you, Miss Eltham," I told her.



"I was standing at the drawing-room window looking out onto the lawn when I saw those two green eyes, Dr. Petrie!" she murmured. "They shone like the eyes of a cat."

"Are you sure it was not a cat, Miss Eltham?"

"The eyes were too large. There was something dreadful about them."



"What does it all mean, Dr. Petrie?" she pleaded. "Vernon Denby tells me that some awful Chinaman is trying to kill Mr. Smith and if the same man wants to kill my father, why has he not done so?"



"The man in the train with the instruments could have killed us quite easily, even though I awoke. Why didn't he? And last night — she drew close and whispered in my ear — "last night someone was in father's room!"



"Last night I could not sleep, Dr. Petrie," Miss Eltham said. "I heard something moving in my father's room next to mine, and knocked on the wall. . . ."  
 "How could anyone get into his room?"  
 "I cannot imagine . . . But I am not sure it was a man!"



"I looked out of my window as father awoke and replied to my knock. Something moved swiftly into the shadows — something with a long thin body, and of a brownish color, marked with sections, and all of six feet long . . . I heard a swishing sound in the shrubbery . . ."



"There's where I saw . . . whatever it was . . ." She paused a moment and said, "Father thinks nothing can pass our defenses. But there is something in Redmoat that comes and goes at will . . . Listen! Caesar knows it!"



We could hear the mastiff howl. Yes, Caesar sensed the mystery that hung over Redmoat . . . Again and again the clank-clank of his chain as he hurled the weight of his body against it rang eerily through the night.



"Eltham has influential Chinese friends, but they dare not have him in Nian Yang at present," Nayland Smith told me later that night as we puzzled matters over in my room. "Eltham would see too much — and know its dire meaning."



Fu Manchu has been baffled by Eltham's precautions at Redmoat, I think, observed Smith, "but during Eltham's absence he provided some mysterious means of getting at him here. Yet Eltham has accounted for every rat-hole. A tunnel is impossible — all stane under house and grounds. Nobody can get in.



"How are they going to get at him, Petrie? That's the question. There is no entrance nor exit except the gate. How was the collie killed? That is significant.



"The man on the train with these instruments ... the something Greba heard in her father's room ... the green eyes at the window ... Fu Manchu stalks Eltham, Petrie—but what does he want to do to him?"



"I have it," I told Naylor Smith. "Fu Manchu has instructions to keep Eltham from going to China without killing him, though how, I don't know."

"Quite so, Petrie. He probably has orders to be merciful. But heaven help the victim of Chinese mercy! Good night."



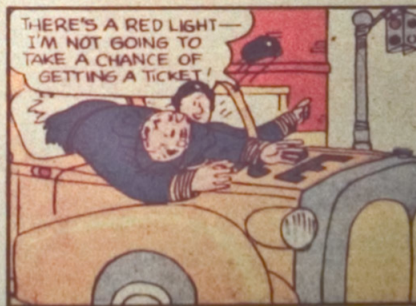
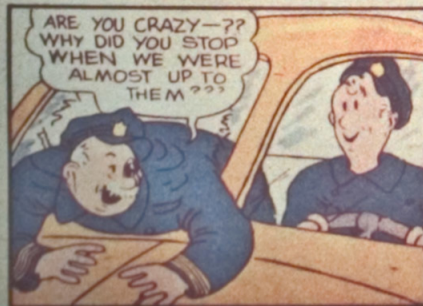
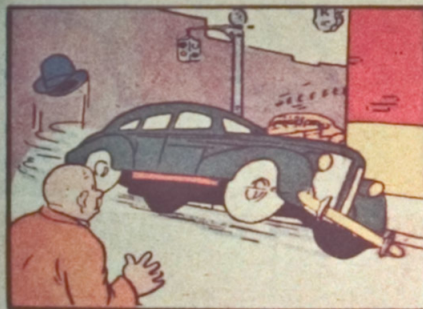
I had looked once upon the awful Chinese doctor, and now, alone in my room, I seemed again to see his face, with those strange green eyes. Perhaps at this moment he was near. The mastiff Caesar howled without ceasing.



I gazed out at the moonlit lawn with the shrubbery showing like an island in a green sea. It was in that shrubbery Denby's dog had been killed, into it vanished the strange creature seen by Miss Eltham. What un-zanny secret did that clump of bushes hold? (CONT'D)

# FLATFOOT FLANNIGAN

by  
Gustafson



# Stamp Collectors' Corner

## DANZIG MARKS ANNIVERSARY

The Free City of Danzig, located about 250 miles from Berlin, has been a most important commercial city of central Europe for centuries, but at the moment its political importance is overshadowing all other claims of distinction. For almost a thousand years its rule has passed in steady succession from one power to another and its present status became effective on January 2nd, 1920.

The latest stamp issue from Danzig does not honor anything as modern as the establishment of a free city. Instead, history is retraced one hundred and twenty five years to the Union of Danzig and Prussia in 1814.

In medieval days the city was held at different times by Brandenburg, Pomerania, Poland and Denmark. In the fourteenth century it had come under Teutonic rule, under which it prospered rapidly. It was one of the chief towns of the Hanseatic League. The Teutonic order became oppressive, as all orders did in those days, and in 1455 Danzig became allied to Poland. The constant wars of the next few centuries were keenly felt and led to frequent changes in Danzig's rule. In 1793 it was allied to Prussia, Napoleon declared the port a Free City in 1807, and it was given back to Prussia in 1814. This last date is the one commemorated on the new stamp issues.

After its commercial prestige, which is very great indeed, Danzig is chiefly distinguished for its picturesque medieval aspect. So it is fitting that the new stamp designs go back to those yesterdays for inspiration.

A group of three knights, themselves in armor and riding pannelled horses, appears on the 5 pfennig stamp in bright green.

The 10 pf. value, printed in red brown, depicts the signing of a treaty between Danzig and Sweden in 1630. The union of 1814 is directly honored on the 15 pf. slate-blue stamp which shows a drummer boy leading a group of soldiers. A battle led by Stephen Bathory is being fought on the 25pf. brown-violet issue.

## Nicaragua Issue

A view of Diarío Park provides the design for all values in a recent stamp issue from Nicaragua. The stamps are printed in the following denominations and colors: 1½ centavo olive-green; 2 centavos rose-red; 3c light blue; 6c red-brown; 7½c dark green; 10c black; 15c orange 25c violet; 50c bright green and 1 cordoba, yellow

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EUROPA STAMP CO. Dept. M. Brooklyn, Cal'd



# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

COSMO IS CALLED TO IMMIGRATION HEADQUARTERS.

COSMO, THE SMUGGLING OF CHINESE TO OUR SHORES IS CREATING A SERIOUS PROBLEM. FRANKLY WE HAVE MADE EVERY EFFORT TO FIND THEIR POINT OF ENTRY, BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS. THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED FOR YOU. WILL YOU HELP US?

I'D LIKE TO GIVE IT A TRY, CARL.



YOU CLEANED UP THE REDFERN MYSTERY BEAUTIFULLY. COSMO, I'M SURE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING HERE...

THOSE CHINESE ARE PRETTY SLICK CUSTOMERS. DON'T LET ANYONE KNOW I'M INTERESTED IN THIS THING.



COSMO ENROLLS AT THE FRISCO SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.

I WANT A SPECIAL COURSE IN CHINESE TAUGHT ME INSIDE OF THIRTY DAYS-- CAN YOU DO IT?

A MONTH IS A VERY SHORT TIME, I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO TEACH YOU.



BY INTENSE APPLICATION COSMO ACQUIRES A FAIR KNOWLEDGE OF CHINESE.

AH YOU'D MAKE A FINE CHINESE AMBASSADOR, COULD YOU CONTINUE A BIT LONGER, YOU ARE VERY APT.

BUT NOW MY TIME IS UP. I MUST LEAVE FOR CHINA.



BUT SECRETLY COSMO DISGUISES HIMSELF AS A CHINESE AND PREPARES FOR ACTION.



HERE YOU ARE FOLKS! SEE THE SIGHTS OF CHINA TOWN! ONLY FIFTY CENTS A TRIP

ALL LIGHT, ME GO





IN THE BUS COSMO PICKS A SEAT ALONG  
SIDE A YOUNG CHINESE.



AS THEY RIDE ALONG COSMO FORCES  
THE CONVERSATION.



COSMO MAKES THE MOST OF HIS NEW  
FRIEND AND IS AT LAST REWARDED  
WITH AN INVITATION TO THE FEAST  
OF THE DRAGON.



AT THE FESTIVAL HE MEETS MANY IM-  
PORTANT ORIENTALS.



FO LEE, THIS IS MY BOSS, KWAN JOY LO. YOU WANT MAKE BIG PAY?

ME PAY WELL FOR WORK. BUT NO TALK-EE, SEE?

ME LIKE GOOD JOB VELLY MUCH

ME NO TALKEE, KWAN JOY LO. YOU TAKE ME TO GOOD JOB, EH?

O.K. BUT YOU TALKEE. BE WARNED, KWAN JOY LO KILL YOU LIKE RAT.

NEXT DAY

HERE IS PLACE, FOLLOW ME.

OSHI PAI SHIPPI

INSIDE YEN LO SPEAKS WITH THE CLERK.

O.K. THIS WAY. BOSS HIM ALL INSIDE.

IN BACK OF THE SHIPPING ROOM THEY ENTER A SMALL CHAMBER. JOY LO REMOVES A FEW BOXES AND PRESSES A SMALL PANEL.

BARGE. COME TAKE YOU. YOU VERY CAREFUL. I WATCH YOU NO MAKE MISTAKE.

THE WALL OPENS UP.

THE PASSAGE LEADS OUT UNDER THE WHARF.

SOON WE MAKE BIG JOB, BIG PAY

A BARGE LAYS TO. A SECRET DOOR, IN IT'S SIDE IS LET DOWN AND YEN LO WITH COSMO STEALS ABOARD.

WHILE UP ABOVE, THE BARGE IS OSTENSIBLY ONLY LOADING ON COAL.



A TUG SHORTS AND THE BARGE IS TOWED FROM THE WHARF.



DOWN THE ESTUARY AND OUT TO SEA IT GOES.



MIDNIGHT - THE CHINESE ARE ROUSED AND MUCH ACTIVITY TAKES PLACE IN THE INTERIOR OF THE BARGE.

ALL LIGHT!  
EV'YBODY LEADY  
MOVE VELLY QUICK



COSMO HEARS THE LOW MOAN OF A STEAMER WHISTLE AND THE CLANGING OF BELLS.



AHOY!  
STAND BY  
TO LOAD  
CARGO.

OUT OF THE STEAMER'S PORT HOLE COMES A STEADY STREAM OF HUMANS.



AT LAST THE COAL BARGE IS LOADED WITH JABBERING CHINAMEN. IT HEADS BACK FOR THE WHARF.



SUDDENLY THE BARGE BANGS INTO THE DOCK UPSETTING ALL ON BOARD. COSMO'S JACKET GETS TORN ON A NAIL.



LOOKEE!  
WHITE SKIN -  
HE NO CHINA-  
MAN.

DETECTED, COSMO RUNS FOR THE DECK OF THE BARGE.



GLAB 'UM, QUICK!

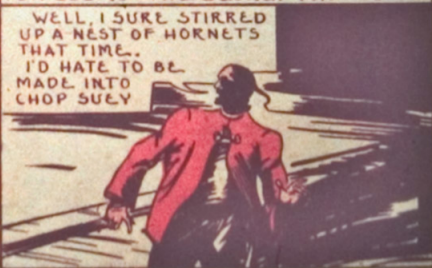
PURSUED HE LEAPS TO THE WHARF.



SEVERAL ORIENTALS LEAP AFTER HIM AS THE BOAT SUDDENLY SWINGS OUT FOR AN ORDERED GETAWAY.



THERE IS BUT ONE AVENUE OF ESCAPE FOR COSMO - THE SECRET PASSAGE.



WELL, I SURE STIRRED UP A NEST OF HORNETS THAT TIME.. I'D HATE TO BE MADE INTO CHOP SUEY

DOWN THE DARK CORRIDOR HE DASHES, DRAWING HIS AUTOMATIC.



AT THE HIDDEN DOOR HE FUMBLES ABOUT FOR THE SECRET SLIDE.



TRAPPED, COSMO HEARS A SOUND ON THE OUTER SIDE. SLOWLY THE DOOR OPENS, REVEALING THE EVIL FACE OF KWAN JOY LO.



INSTANTLY COSMO LEAPS FOR THE ORIENTAL, SURPRISING HIM WITH A TERRIFIC UPPERCUT.



COSMO RUSHES OUT AND PUSHES HEAVY CASES AGAINST THE DOOR, TO DELAY THE PURSUERS.



NEXT MOMENT HE IS IN THE OFFICE, HIS GUN LEVELED AT THE CLERK AS HE REACHES FOR THE PHONE.



ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE A GONER - POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS - QUICK!

COSMO SPEAKING - SEND A SQUAD TO 69 SHORE SIDE IMMEDIATELY -



WITH A GIGANTIC LEAP COSMO CLEARS THE DESK AND LANDS BEHIND THE CLERK.



HE HURLS THE HAPLESS CLERK INTO HIS PURSUERS MIDST.



HE GAINS THE OUTER DOOR AND RUNS INTO THE ARMS OF THE POLICE.



HERE, HERE, CHOP STICKS, AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WHAT- YOU'RE COSMO?

SURE, MIKE DONOVAN, AND I'M A DANCING DERVISH TOO - DID YOU EVER HAPPEN TO HEAR OF COSMO?

WELL, MAKE SURE NOW - MAYBE I'M NAPOLEON AFTER ALL -

BUT COME, LET'S ROUND THESE CHINKS UP BEFORE THEY HOT FOOT IT FOR CHINA.



THE CHINESE SUBDUED COSMO PICKS UP THE PHONE AGAIN.



HELLO! COAST GUARD? PICK UP COAL BARGE AND TUG NEAR PIER 39 THEY'RE CHINESE SMUGGLERS WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE GANG.

# PLAIN CLOTHES PETE

BY ALGER







I DUNNO! AEE YUH  
AIMIN' T' SETTLE  
'ROUND HERE?

NOTE - JUST WANT  
'T RENT A PASTURE  
FROM DUGAN!



TH PEOPLE AT  
THAT HOUSE'LL  
PROB'LY KNOW!

MEBBE SO -  
COULDN'T SAY!



NOW FIRST WE'LL  
WATCH THAT BIRD  
WE JUST TALKED TO!



SEE? WHAD  
I TELL YAH!



HE SIGNALLED TH' HOUSE  
'T PREPARE FOR US! NOW  
WE'LL GO THERE AS IF WE  
DIDN'T SUSPECT  
NOTHIN'!



YES?

WERE LOOKIN'  
FER DUGAN'S  
PLACE!



THESE GENT'MEN  
ARE LOOKIN' FER  
DUGAN'S PLACE!





# SLAM BRADLEY

OUT JOY-RIDING, TO RELAX FROM THE TENSION OF MANHUNTING, SLAM BRADLEY, TOUGH PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND HIS PARTNER PAL, SHORTY MORGAN, FIND THE RIDE NO PLEASURE WHEN A HURLING SEDAN FORCES THEM OFF THE ROAD, AS IT WHIZZES BY AT A TERRIFIC RATE OF SPEED!

AFTER 'EM!

WHY TH' DURN ROADHOG!  
HE DIDN'T EVER SLOW  
HIS HORN!

JERRY  
SIEGEL  
and JOE  
SHUSTER

PULL OVER!

RAISE 'EM-- YOU  
DUMB CLUCK.

WHAT'S THE IDEA  
OF--?

ALL RAISE 'EM  
ALL RIGHT--  
STRAIGHT TO  
YOUR CHIN!

OKAY, BUDDY! IF YOU WANT  
SOME OF THE SAME MEDICINE,  
JUST COME AND GET IT!



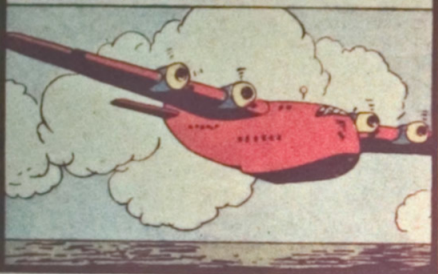
**SLAM AND SHORTY TOSS A FAREWELL DINNER FOR DICK.**



**DAYS PASS... THEN WEEKS... WITHOUT FURTHER WORD FROM DICK!**



**SEVERAL HOURS LATER... THE TRANS-ATLANTIC CLIPPER SETS OUT FOR EUROPE.....**



**ABOARD IT.....**



**A FAST FLIGHT LANDS THEM IN SWITZERLAND—THEY CATCH A TRAIN AND SEVERAL HOURS LATER ARRIVE AT DONNER INN.....**



**ALONE, SLAM TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO GLANCE THROUGH THE INN REGISTER...**



THAT AFTERNOON SHORTY DOES A FEW TURNS ON THE SKATING RINK.

SONJA HENIE OUGHT TO SEE ME!

Ooooh!

I'M SORRY! ARE YOU HURT?

NO. BUT NO THANKS TO YOU. — SAY, I DON'T REMEMBER SEEING YOU!

SHORTY! SO BERE, YOU ARE!

I JUST CAME HERE WITH MY PARTNER, SLAM BRADLEY, YOU SEE, WE CAME HERE TO.....

MY NAME IS GALE DENNIS. I'M PLEASSED TO MEET YOU!

THE SAME GOES FOR ME... ONE HUNDRED PER CENT!

I KNEW IT! ONE LOOK AT SLAM AND SHE FORGETS I'M ALIVE!

HEY! WHAT TH...!

THE FIGURE ON SKIIS EXCHANGES ANGRY WORDS WITH MISS DENNIS. SHE TURNS AND WALKS OFF.

I'M HELGER WETJEN, ONE OF THE SKI-INSTRUCTORS. IF I CAN ASSIST YOU ANY WAY LET ME KNOW

THANKS. WE'LL REMEMBER THAT!



LATER -- IN THEIR ROOM...



SHORTLY LATER ----



ANYTHING ELSE ON THE PROGRAM?

5 A.M.

IF YOU AND YOUR SMALL FRIEND WISH, YOU MAY JOIN A MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING PARTY SOON TO LEAVE.

OKAY BY ME!

LATER - ON THE SIDE OF A PRECIPITOUS MOUNTAIN...

ENJOYING IT?

TOO MUCH  
LIME WORK!

UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, A HAND CUTS THE ROPE ATTACHING SHORTY TO THE OTHERS.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER SHORTY LOSES HIS FOOTHOLD AND PLUNGES OUT INTO SPACE!

HELP!

LUCKY I CAUGHT THIS LEDGE WITH ONE HAND BUT HOW LONG CAN I HANG ON?

DON'T GO! IT'S SUICIDE!

BUT IT'S CERTAIN DEATH FOR SHORTY IF I DON'T!

UPSY-DAISY!

WHOW! IF YOU HADN'T COME JUST WHEN YOU DID..!

THEY SAY YOUR ROPE BROKE... BUT IT LOOKS CUT TO ME!

AN SOMEONE WAS SHOOTIN' AT ME! SLAME THEY MUST SUSPECT WHY WE'RE HERE!

THAT NIGHT ...



WOTS A IDEA OF  
KEEPIN' US 'UP  
SO LATE? I'D  
LIKE A LITTLE  
SLEEP... IF YA  
ODD'NT MIND!

LOOK! THERE  
THEY GO!

TWO FIGURES SPEED SWIFTLY ACROSS THE SNOWS, AWAY FROM  
THE VACATION RESORT.....



SLAM AND SHORTY SWIFTLY FOLLOW...



I HOPE THEY  
LEAD US TO  
THE END OF  
THE TRAIL!

THOSE SKI-  
ING LESSONS  
OUGHTA  
COME IN HANDY  
NOW!

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!



GOOD! SOON  
WE'LL BE RID  
OF THOSE  
DETECTIVES  
FOR ONCE AND ALL!

GALE DENNIS AND HELGER SURREPTITIOUSLY ENTER A CAVE!



FUNNY IT'S WARM  
IN HERE! AND THERE'S  
LIGHT AHEAD!

SUN THEY  
MIGHT HEAR  
US



UP WITH 'EM  
NOW WE'RE  
GETTIN'  
SOMEWHERE

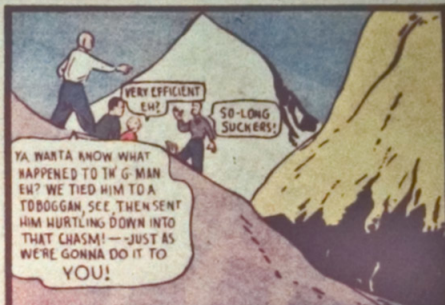
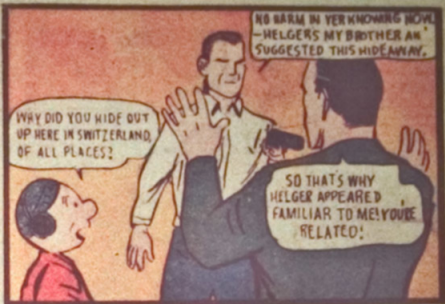
WE'RE  
CAUGHT!

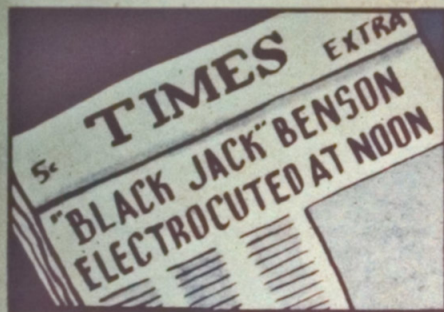
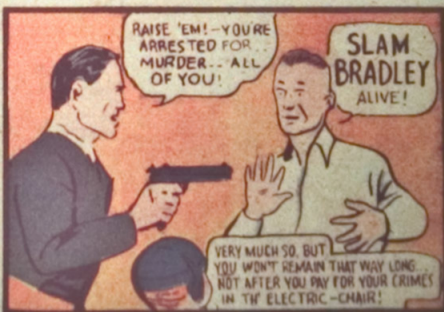
WHAT TH

DROP THAT  
GUN!









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**STAGECOACH**

with  
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JOHN WAYNE  
ANDY DEVINE

**THE SAINT  
STRIKES BACK**

with  
GEORGE SANDERS  
WENDY BARRIE

**ARIZONA LEGION KING of the TURF**

with  
GEORGE O'BRIEN ADOLPHE MENJOU

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

JACKIE COOPER in  
**SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE**

Shorts—News Reels—Comedies

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