

ELLERY QUEEN

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

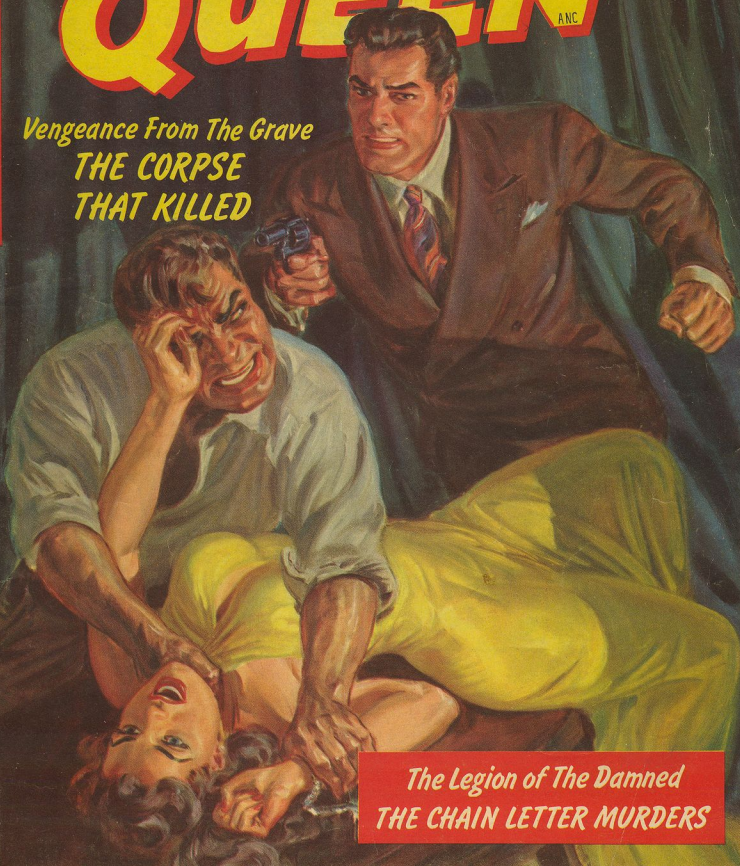


SPRING

ELLERY QUEEN

10c

Vengeance From The Grave
**THE CORPSE
THAT KILLED**



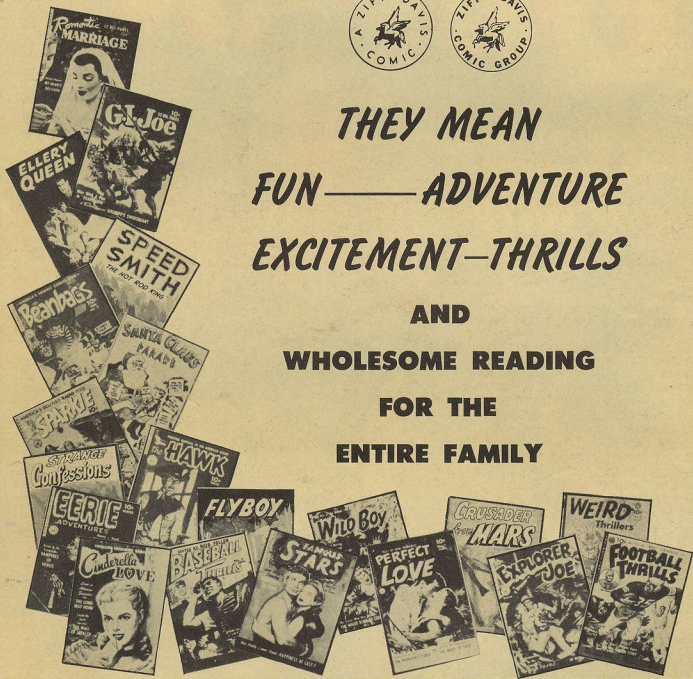
The Legion of The Damned
THE CHAIN LETTER MURDERS

Look!

FOR THESE SYMBOLS



THEY MEAN
FUN—ADVENTURE
EXCITEMENT—THRILLS
AND
WHOLESOME READING
FOR THE
ENTIRE FAMILY



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ELLERY QUEEN *in* The CORPSE THAT KILLED!

ELLERY, IT'S THE GHOST OF NICK CARDONI... STRANGELY THE GANGLER LEADER WHO ORDERED HIM SLAIN!

WHAT CAN WE DO, DAD? BULLETS CAN'T STOP A DEAD MAN!

ELLERY QUEEN, AND HIS FATHER, INSPECTOR QUEEN, HAVE BROUGHT MANY A MURDERER TO JUSTICE, BUT WHAT ARE ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR TO DO WHEN THE KILLER IS A *GHOST*? HAS ELLERY FINALLY ENCOUNTERED A CRIMINAL WHO IS TRULY BEYOND THE LAW? YOU CAN LEARN THE ANSWER IN THE CHILL-A-SECOND CASE OF...
"THE CORPSE THAT KILLED!"

LAUGHTER AND GAIETY ARE IN ORDER AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY NICK CARDONI'S MOBSTERS HAVE THROWN FOR THEIR CHIEF...

GO AHEAD! BLOW OUT THE CANDLES, BOSS!

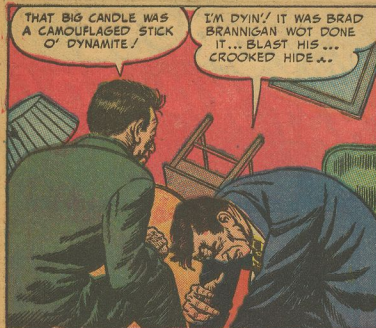
THEN MAKE A WISH!

OKAY, YOU GUYS! LEMME THINK OF SOMETHIN' GOOD TO WISH FOR!

HERE'S A GOOD WISH! BRANNIGAN AND HIS WEST SIDE MOB SHOULD DROP DEAD -- AAAA-AAHGH!

BOOM!





THAT BIG CANDLE WAS
A CAMOUFLAGED STICK
O' DYNAMITE!

I'M DYIN'! IT WAS BRAD
BRANNIGAN WOT DONE
IT... BLAST HIS...
CROOKED HIDE...



BUT HE WON'T GIT AWAY
WITH IT, TH' RAT! I'LL GIT
EVEN WITH HIM EVEN IF
I—(GASP) HAFTA COME
BACK FROM TH' GRAVE!

SOMEBODY
GIT "DOC"
TYNDALL
QUICK!

AS BEFITS A DEPARTED GANGLAND CHIEF, NICK HAS
AN ORNATE FUNERAL! AND AMONG THE GUESTS...



BRANNIGAN!
YOU GOT A
NERVE...COMIN'
TA NICK'S
FUNERAL!

IT'S JUST A FRIENDLY CALL...
TO SHOW MY RESPECT FER
YER EX-BOSS! IF YOU BOYS
ARE SMART, YOU'LL JOIN
MY ORGANIZATION!

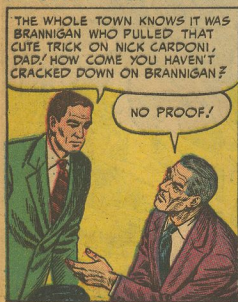


NOTHIN' DOIN'!
WE WANT NO PART
OF A MOB WITH
A CURSE ON IT!

WITH HIS LAST DYIN'
BREATH, CARDONI SAID
HE'D GET EVEN WITH YA!

SUPERSTITIOUS
BUNK!

THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR QUEEN
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS IT WAS
BRANNIGAN WHO PULLED THAT
CUTE TRICK ON NICK CARDONI,
DAD! HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T
CRACKED DOWN ON BRANNIGAN?

NO PROOF!



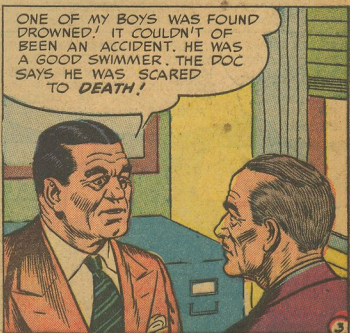
BUT ACCORDING TO THE
RUMORS THAT ARE FLYING,
NICK WON'T NEED THE LAW
TO AVENGE HIS MURDER!
HE'S SWORN TO COME
BACK FROM THE
GRAVE AND SETTLE
WITH HIS
ENEMIES
HIMSELF!

"A CURSED
MOB!" SOUNDS
INTERESTING!

MEANWHILE! A LONELY WHARF NEAR
BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS!



NO! NO!... IT—IT CAN'T BE!
K—KEEP AWAY FROM ME,
CARDONI!



SO YOU'RE POSITIVE
CARDONI'S GHOST
HAS COME TO
WORK ON YOUR
MOB!

THE BOYS ARE SCARED!
AN, FRANKLY, SO AM I!
THEY SAY HE'S GONNA
WIPE US OUT, ONE BY ONE!



MAY I ASK THE REASON FOR
CARDONI'S VENOMOUS HATRED
FOR YOUR MOB... STRONG
ENOUGH TO BRING
HIM BACK FROM
THE GRAVE?

I DUNNO! MAYBE
HE THINKS I HAD
A HAND IN HIS
KILLIN'. BUT IT'S
NOT TRUE! IF IT WAS
TRUE, I'D BE IN JAIL,
RIGHT?



IT'S TOO EARLY FOR US TO ANSWER THAT
ONE, BRANNIGAN! HOWEVER, AS A CITIZEN,
LAW-ABIDING OR NOT, YOU HAVE A RIGHT
TO COME TO THE POLICE FOR
PROTECTION! EXACTLY WHAT
DO YOU WANT FROM US?

A POLICE
GUARD! I GOT
MY RIGHTS!



ALL RIGHT, BRANNIGAN, YOU'LL GET JUST
WHAT YOU'RE ASKING FOR... AND MAYBE
MORE! BUT HERE'S SOME ADVICE!
KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN, OR
YOU MAY BE UNDER GUARD...
FOR KEEPS!



**LATER! ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR DRIVE
TOWARD BRANNIGAN'S HEADQUARTERS...**

ELLERY, THIS IS
A WIERD ONE!
THE POLICE...
PROTECTING
MOBSTERS...
FROM A
GHOST!

I THINK I KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO, DAD! YOU'RE
PLAYING ALONG IN THE HOPE
SOMETHING MAY TURN UP
THAT'LL CRACK THE CARDONI
MURDER WIDE OPEN!



BUT AS THEY REACH THEIR DESTINATION...

DID YOU
HEAR THAT,
ELLERY?

SCREAMS!

AAAAGH!





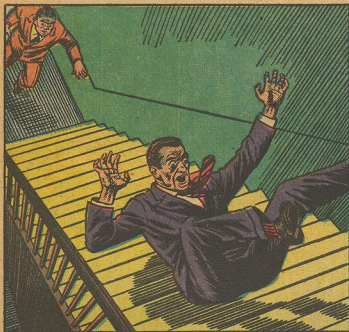
L-LOOK!

THE GHOST
OF NICK
CARDONI!

LOOK OUT,
BENNY! THE
STAIRS!

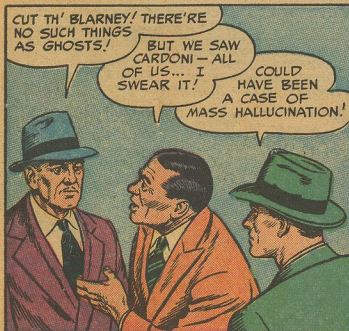


C-CARDONI! KEEP AWAY
FROM ME, YOU-YOU
CORPSE! EE-YAAA-AAGH!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

CARDONI'S GHOST! HE
GOT BENNY!!



CUT TH' BLARNEY! THERE'RE
NO SUCH THINGS
AS GHOSTS!

BUT WE SAW
CARDONI— ALL
OF US... I
SWEAR IT!

COULD
HAVE BEEN
A CASE OF
MASS HALLUCINATION!



I-I CAN'T STAND THIS
ANY LONGER. I
GOTTA TALK TO
CARDONI—MAN-TO-
GHOST—AN' GET 'IM
TO LAY OFF!
WE'LL HOLD A
SEANCE!

DAD'S NOT SO DUMB!
IF HE GIVES BRANNIGAN
ENOUGH ROPE,
BRANNIGAN WILL
HANG HIMSELF!

SOUNDS
BALMY TO ME,
BUT GO RIGHT
AHEAD!

PHONE
CALL FOR
YOU,
INSPECTOR
QUEEN.



THE ROOM'S LIGHTS FADE! THERE IS AN EXPECTANT HUSH...

S-SPIRIT OF NICK CARDONI... IF Y-YOU ARE IN TH' ROOM... (GULP)...MAKE YOURSELF KN-KNOWN...

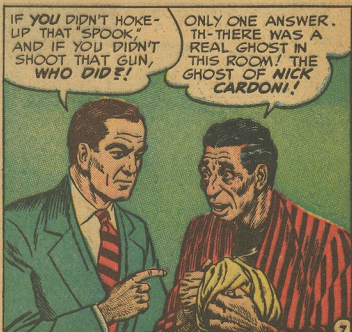


IT CONDENSES INTO A FACE THAT IS A SNARLING GRIMACE OF HATE!

BRAD BRANNIGAN...YA RAT! I'VE COME BACK FROM BEYOND TH' GRAVE TA GIT EVEN!

NICK CARDONI!





WE SEARCHED EVERYONE, AND EVERYWHERE— BUT WE DIDN'T FIND ANY TRACE OF THE MURDER GUN! SON, I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE WE REALLY ARE UP AGAINST A GHOST!

DON'T LET THE CASE GET YOU DOWN, DAD! I SUGGEST WE CLIMB INTO YOUR CAR AND SIT TIGHT!



SIT TIGHT? POLICE INSPECTOR SITS TIGHT WHILE GHOST GOES ON KILLING RAMPAGE! ELLERY, WHEN THAT STORY HITS THE HEADLINES, IT'LL MEAN MY SCALP!

AND IF BRANNIGAN DOESN'T MOVE INTO ACTION, IT MAY MEAN HIS SCALP! THERE HE GOES INTO HIS CAR, WITH ONE OF HIS HENCHMEN! WE'LL FOLLOW!



THERE'S SOMETHING BRANNIGAN HAS GOT TO FIND OUT FOR SURE! HE'S DRIVING STRAIGHT TO THE CEMETARY WHERE CARDONI WAS BURIED! WANT TO BET, DAD?

YOU'RE RIGHT, ELLERY!



THEY'RE CARRYING SHOVELS INTO THE GRAVE YARD! IS BRANNIGAN TURNING GHOUL?

LET'S FOLLOW AND FIND OUT!



THEY'RE DIGGING UP CARDONI'S COFFIN! I'D BETTER PUT A STOP TO THIS!

NOT YET, DAD! WAIT A BIT LONGER!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE COFFIN IS EMPTY! NICK CARDONI *ISN'T* DEAD!

YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, BRANNIGAN!



(GASP!) CARDONI! B-BUT
THAT CAKE I HAD FIXED
UP SPECIAL FER YOU...
IT WAS SUPPOSED T'
HAVE KILLED YOU!

IT WAS EASY TA BRIBE "DOC"
TYNDALL INTO FAKING A DEATH
REPORT AND STAGING A PHONY
FUNERAL! THAT'S WHY I HAD
TO KILL THE "DOC"... HE KNEW
TOO MUCH!



Y'SEE, I'D BEEN WANTIN' TO QUIT
TH' RACKET FER A LONG TIME, AN'
PULL A FADE! BUT I WAS IN PRETTY
DEEP... MY BOYS NEVER WOULD HAVE
LET ME PULL OUT WITH TH' BOODLE
AN' A WHOLE SKIN! YER BOMBING
GAVE ME MY CHANCE...

THEN - WHY DIDN'T
YA JUST TAKE YER
SAVINGS AN'
BEAT IT?



REVENGE! NO ONE TRIES TO BLOW NICK
TA BITS AN' GITS AWAY WITH IT! I PUT
SOME PHOSPHORUS ON MY FACE... AN'
STUCK AROUND TA GIT EVEN WITH
YER MOB!



YOU WON'T GET
ME! I'LL ...



TH' SCORE'S EVEN!
NOW FER A
**PERMANENT
FADE...**



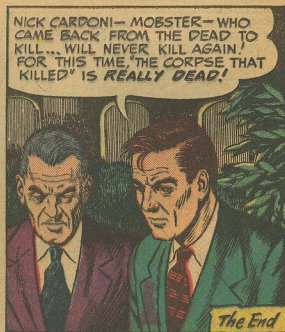
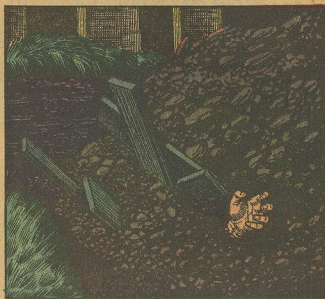
DON'T MOVE, CARDONI,
UNLESS YOU WANT TO
BECOME A REAL GHOST!

ELLERY QUEEN!





...AND HIS SCREAMS ARE MUFFLED BENEATH AN AVALANCHE OF CASCADING SOIL!



ZACHARY

by DEAN FISHER

LOOK, LOVER, I CAN IMITATE
A PARROT... AWK! AWK!
POLLY WANTS A
CRACKER! AWK!
AWK!

AW
SHADDUP!

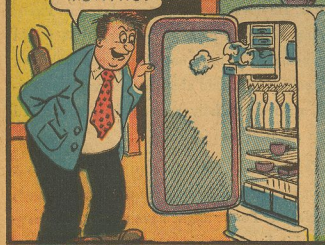


BUZZ BUZZ
BUZZ AND A BUZZ
BUZZ

BOY!
HE SURE IS!
HA-HA-HO
AND A HA-
HA!

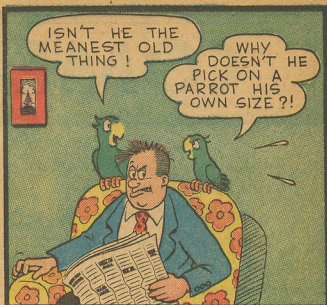


IF YOU'RE **REAL** GOOD
POLLY BIRDS I'LL LET
YOU OUT IN A COUPLE
MONTHS!



ISN'T HE THE
MEANEST OLD
THING!

WHY
DOESN'T HE
PICK ON A
PARROT HIS
OWN SIZE?!

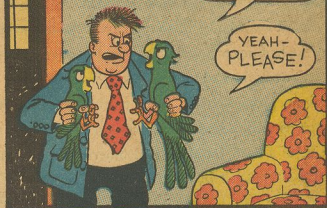


ARE YOU GOING TO
CUT THAT OUT!

PU-LEEZE!

YOU'RE
CRUSHING MY
DRUMSTICKS!

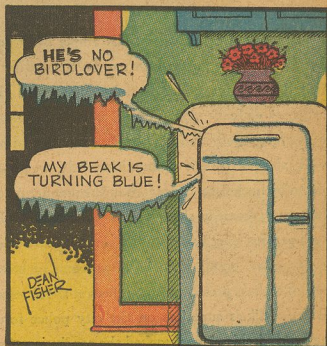
YEAH-
PLEASE!



HE'S NO
BIRDOLOVER!

MY BEAK IS
TURNING BLUE!

DEAN
FISHER



COMEDY COP

MIKE MALONE had been a cop, one way and another, for forty years. Thirty years of pounding a beat on the force, ten years as a bank guard at the Second National. In his thirty years of pavement pounding for the city, Mike had never risen above the rank of patrolman. His title of guard at the bank was more of a courtesy title than anything. Although he carried a gun strapped to his imposing middle, Mike's duties were simply to help harassed suburban matrons to the proper teller's window, and to direct loan seekers to the proper vice president. In four decades of what he loved to refer to as "police work" Mike had never heard a shot fired in anger. Needless to say, he had never fired his Police Special at anyone, friend or foe. To be truthful about it, it's just as well, because Mike couldn't hit the broad side of a barn, let alone a member of the criminal classes engaged in a nefarious undertaking.

Mike was a comedy cop. His ample belly and bandy legs were never meant to be encased by a neat blue uniform. His feet, bunioned with the callouses of forty years, moved with a flat, shuffling, yet gingery tread. They were tender and his walk showed it. His ammunition belt, weighted down by his holster, was worn in the manner made famous by comedy sheriffs in Western movies. In summer, his shirt had a way of climbing up out of his trousers, giving him the appearance of being one of the less presentable members of the Russian G.P.U. Mike's superiors on the city police force had early in his career reached the conclusion that

his greatest field of usefulness consisted in guiding school children across the street. At the bank, the most glowing tribute on his personnel record read: "His appearance leaves much to be desired. Reflexes slow. Old ladies seem to like him."

In his private life, Mike had two loves — his grand-daughter, Kitty, and novels of detection. Kitty had one flaw in Mike's mind — she was always trying to improve his appearance. On the other hand, such fictional heroes of the detective industry as Lord Peter Wimsey and Hercule Poirot, had no faults at all. They were sleuths without peer and without reproach. Mike loved their adventures and wished that he could be like them. Alas, as he himself admitted, he lacked the little grey cells.

Kitty's latest assault on Mike had taken the form of an expensive shaving lotion which she had given the old man for his birthday. It was expensive, beautifully packaged, and extremely fragrant. As Kitty loved to say, it was exclusive. And Mike loved it. He never used it, he just loved it. Every morning, after his bath and shave, Mike would take the beautiful little bottle from the bathroom shelf, sniff it with wild abandon and vast appreciation, then sorrowfully replace the stopper and return the bottle to its shelf.

"It's beautiful," he'd murmur, regretfully, "but it's not for the likes of me." He did think, though, that Hercule Poirot might have used it, and having used it, lived up to it.

This particular day at the bank had passed quietly. It was just a few minutes of three when Mike smelled something utterly delicious in the air. It was his favorite shaving lotion. He was turning his head to see whatever man of distinction used this heavenly scent when the roof fell on his skull and the lights went out.



When Mike came to, he was on a couch in the President's office with a compress on his head. The room was full of the bank's officers, policemen and newspapermen. From the jumble of questions shot at him, and the general tone of the conversation, Mike gathered that a swift-moving, professional gang of bank robbers had entered the bank at closing time, held it up, and escaped with over \$100,000 in cash. The men wore plain, nondescript clothes, and kept handkerchiefs pressed on their faces and their hats pulled low. Nobody could make any identification. The rogues' gallery photographs of known bank robbers were useless. No one had really seen the men.



His head clearing, Mike rose unsteadily to his feet.

"The one that socked me," he said. "He used *Feather Heather!*"

The room was convulsed with laughter. Good old Mike, the Comedy Cop! But the general opinion was that this was no time for comedy.

"He used WHAT?" roared a Captain of Detectives.

"Feather Heather," stuttered Mike. "It's a perfume . . . I mean a perfume for men . . . I mean."

Mike really had them in the aisles, now. "Look,"

he mumbled self-consciously. "It's a shaving lotion . . . an expensive one. I use it myself . . . that is, I smell it, sort of . . ."

The Captain of Detectives said something about a concussion and getting the poor old buzzard to a hospital.

"Feather Heather's expensive and exclusive," screamed Mike. "There's only one place in town sells it, and at the price they charge, I'll bet they don't sell much of it!"



At last Mike's message penetrated. Two men were dispatched, with an armful of rogues' gallery photographs, to the specialty shop which carried Feather Heather. Sure enough, not many bottles had been sold. Yes, the clerk had sold a bottle to one of the men in these photographs. This one here. It had been delivered and he had the—ah—gentleman's address on file.



The Feather Heather purchaser was at home with a group of his gentlemen friends when the police broke in. No guns were drawn, as the bandits had their hands full of currency, which they were dividing.

Mike was a hero for a few days, and was quietly given a handsome reward by his employers. He enjoys telling Kitty that he can't ever use the Feather Heather now, because he associates it with crime and rascality.



And best of all, when he settles down of an evening for a good read, he feels now that he mixes with Lord Peter and Hercule not as a worshipper, but as an equal, and a somewhat critical equal, at that.

THE END

ELLERY in QUEEN

The CHAIN-LETTER MURDERS

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR ME?

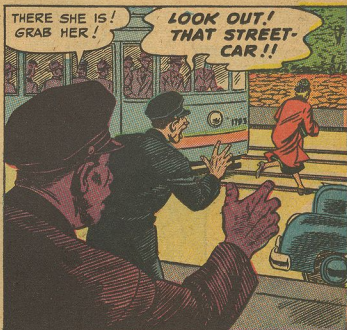
YES—DEATH!!

THE CHAIN-LETTER PRACTICE IS FROWNED UPON BY THE LAW. THIS MINOR RACKET, HOWEVER, GROWS INTO A FRIGHTFUL MENACE WHEN THE ELEMENT OF VIOLENT DEATH IS ADDED. ELLERY QUEEN HAS TO CALL UPON EVERY OUNCE OF HIS DEDUCTIVE POWERS TO SOLVE...

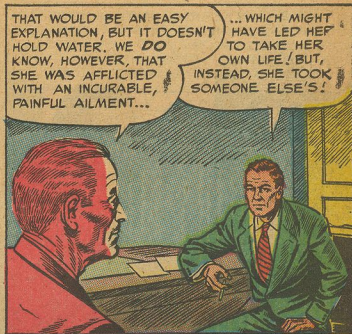
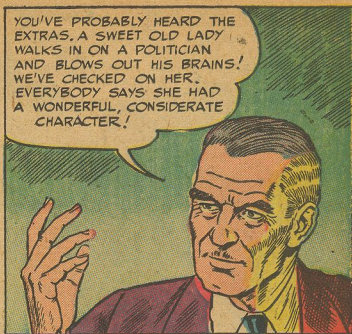
"THE CHAIN-LETTER MURDERS!"







THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR QUEEN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



MEANWHILE, THE HOTEL CLARION...

I KNEW YOU'D DO IT, TOMMY-BOY! I KNEW YOU'D WIN TH' TITLE!

IT WAS EASY, MAXIE. I JUST FOLLOWED YOUR STRATEGY, LIKE YA TOLE ME!



WOT AN UPSET! BET TH' GAMBLERS ARE PLENTY SORE! I DIDN'T WANT NO PART O' THEIR BRIBE OFFERS TO TAKE A FALL!

ESPECIALLY SOLLY YOGURK! HE MUSTA LOST QUITE A BUNDLE!

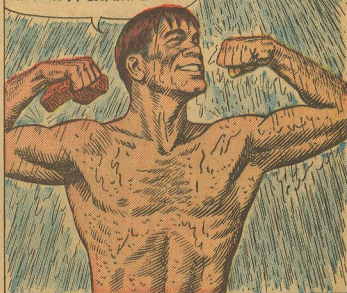


BUT HE WOULDN'T DARE TA TRY T' GIT EVEN. THE COPS WOULD JUMP ON HIM, LIKE A HIVE O' BEES!

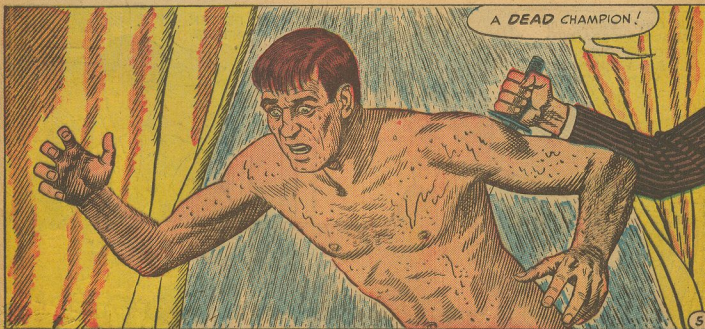
WHO'S WORRIED? RUN ALONG, MAXIE. I'M GONNA TAKE A SHOWER AN' CATCH ME SOME SHUT-EYE.

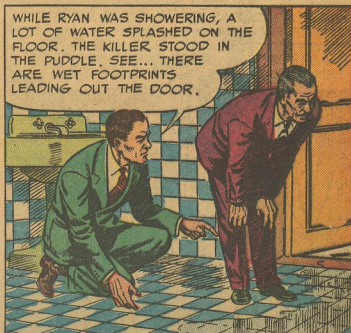


IMAGINE! ME - TOMMY RYAN ... A CHAMPEEN!



A DEAD CHAMPION!







ELLERY AND THE INSPECTOR ENTER THE ROOM... TO OBSERVE...



THOSE WET FOOTPRINTS LED TO THIS ROOM, RIGHT? AND HE ADMITS HE LEFT THE IRON-LUNG...



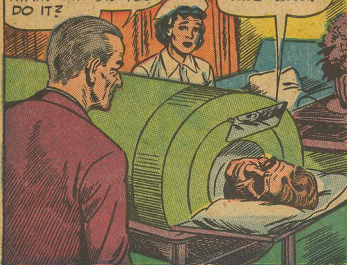
THEN, THERE'S THAT SMASHED WINDOW. IT COULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN BY THE MURDERER AFTER THE CRIME... IF HE WERE DESPERATELY IN NEED OF FRESH OXYGEN...

... ESPECIALLY, IF HE ORDINARILY NEEDED THE AID OF AN IRON-LUNG FOR SUFFICIENT OXYGEN!



ENRIGHT, I'M GOING TO ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF TOMMY RYAN! WHY DID YOU DO IT?

I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, EXCEPT **IT'S BETTER THIS WAY!**



IT'S BETTER THIS WAY! THE SWEET OLD LADY WHO MURDERED ANDERSON MADE THAT VERY SAME REMARK! TWO APPARENTLY MOTIVELESS MURDERS! DO YOU THINK THERE COULD BE A CONNECTION, DAD?

I DON'T KNOW, ELLERY. BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT!



CAN YOU THINK OF ANYTHING THAT WOULD HELP US?

NOTHING... EXCEPT HE WAS DISTURBED AFTER RECEIVING THAT LETTER.

LET'S SEE IT!



NO RETURN ADDRESS ON THE ENVELOPE... AND NOTHING BUT A LIST OF NAMES IN THE LETTER. WAIT! THE TOP NAME IS **TOMMY RYAN, THE MURDERED MAN!**

QUICK, DAD! WHAT'S THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST?



ROBERT DOWLING. INFORMATION? LET ME HAVE THE PHONE NUMBER OF ROBERT DOWLING. THIS IS URGENT!



WE HAVE A LISTING FOR A ROBERT DOWLING... AT 21 DORSEY AVENUE... BUT HIS PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED.



WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, ELLERY?

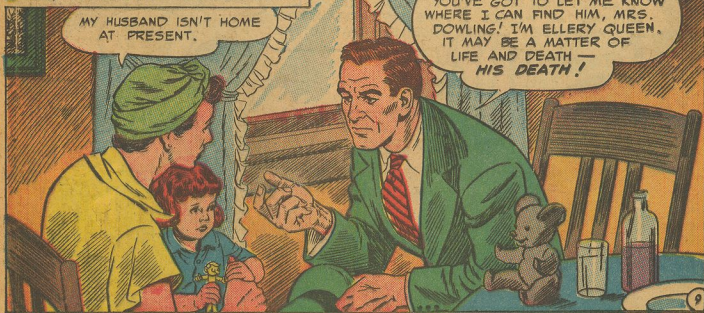
DOWLING'S HOME! YOU CAN STAY HERE AND ATTEND TO ENRIGHT'S ARREST. I'LL PHONE YOU AT HEADQUARTERS.



LATER, IN A RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD...

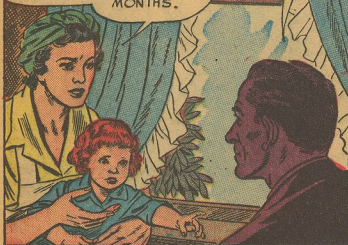
MY HUSBAND ISN'T HOME AT PRESENT.

YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND HIM, MRS. DOWLING! I'M ELLERY QUEEN. IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH — **HIS DEATH!**



BOB... IN DANGER? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S JUST HAD THE MOST WONDERFUL LUCK—A GOOD JOB AFTER HAVING BEEN UNEMPLOYED FOR MONTHS.

WHAT ABOUT THIS JOB? AND WHERE IS HE **NOW!**



MR. BROMLEY, OWNER OF THE BROMLEY STEEL CORPORATION, HAS HIRED MY HUSBAND TO BE HIS ASSISTANT... A MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITY!

PHONE INSPECTOR QUEEN... TELL HIM I'LL BE AT THE BROMLEY MILL!

HE'S SHOWING BOB THROUGH THE STEEL PLANT RIGHT NOW!



SOON...

WELL, HOW DOES THE PLANT IMPRESS YOU, DOWLING?

IT'S--AWSOME, MR. BROMLEY! THAT VAT OF MOLTEN STEEL IS TERRIFYING... BUT FASCINATING. IF A MAN EVER FELL INTO IT, HE'D PERISH INSTANTLY!



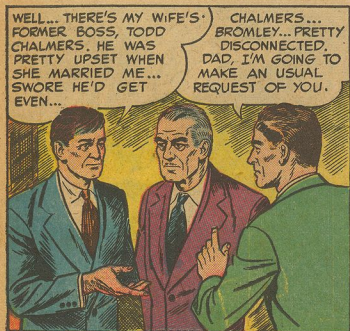
M-MR. BROMLEY! WHAT—?



STOP! STOP!! YOU'RE PUSHING ME OVER—I'LL FALL INTO THE VAT! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? STOP!!!



BUT BEFORE BROMLEY CAN ACCOMPLISH HIS FIENDISH DESIGN... ELLERY ARRIVES...



THAT EVENING...

BERTHA...AS SOON AS I HEARD OF BOB'S UNFORTUNATE DEATH, I HURRIED RIGHT OVER! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT DESPITE ALL THAT'S HAPPENED, I'LL TAKE YOU BACK.

IT'S --IT'S NICE OF YOU TO SAY THAT, TODD, BUT I'LL NEED TIME... TO GET OVER THE SHOCK OF BOB'S DEATH. THEN — PERHAPS...



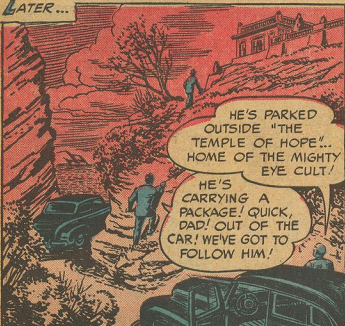
AND AS CHALMERS LEAVES...

NICE WORK, MRS. DOWLING. YOU CAN PHONE YOUR HUSBAND IT'S ALL RIGHT TO COME HOME NOW.

YOU'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF YOU WANT TO TRAIL MR. CHALMER'S CAR!



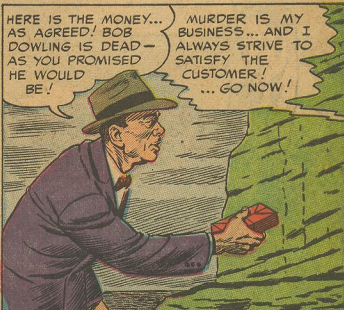
LATER...



HE'S PARKED OUTSIDE "THE TEMPLE OF HOPE"... HOME OF THE MIGHTY EYE CULT!

HE'S CARRYING A PACKAGE! QUICK, DAD! OUT OF THE CAR! WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM!

SHORTLY — ATOP A PRECIPITOUS CLIFF...



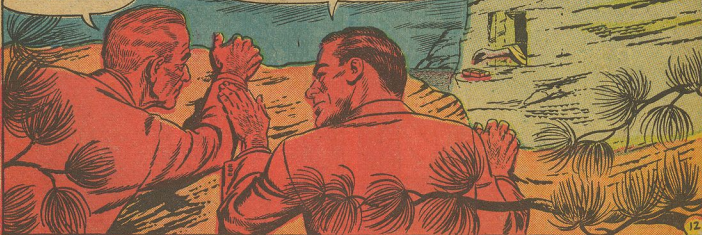
HERE IS THE MONEY... AS AGREED! BOB DOWLING IS DEAD — AS YOU PROMISED HE WOULD BE!

MURDER IS MY BUSINESS... AND I ALWAYS STRIVE TO SATISFY THE CUSTOMER! ... GO NOW!

AND, AS CHALMERS DEPARTS...

LOOK, ELLERY — BLACK-GLOVED HANDS REACHING FOR THE PACKAGE, OUT OF AN OPENING IN THE TEMPLE WALL!

I THINK I'M ONTO THE SET-UP. REMAIN RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, DAD... AND DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING I SAY OR DO!

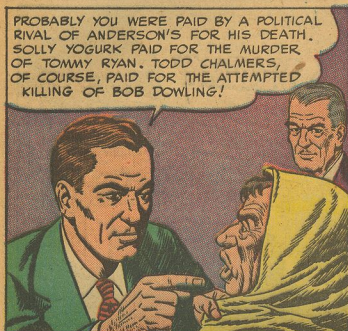
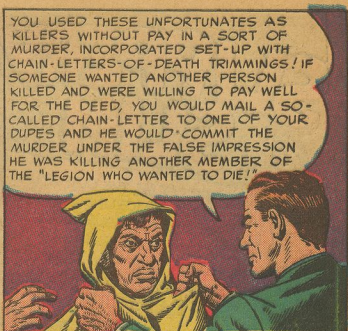


ELLERY CHARGES TO THE CLIFF'S
EDGE, APPARENTLY SUICIDE-MINDED.



AS HE PUSHES AGAINST THE TEMPLE-WALL, ELLERY
CAUSES A SMALL PANEL TO OPEN...



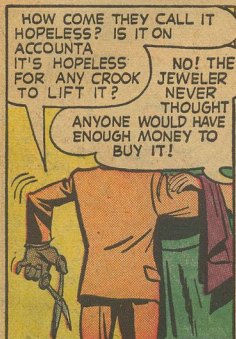


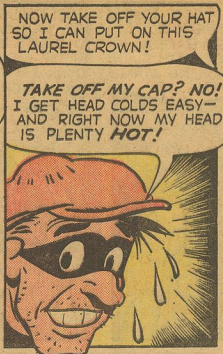
SLIPPERY SLIM ⁱⁿ "THE HOPELESS DIAMOND!"

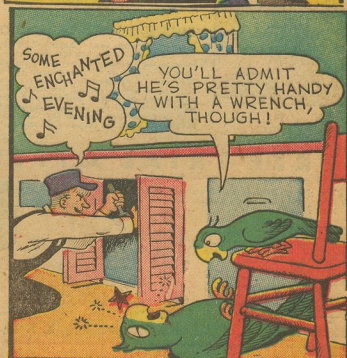
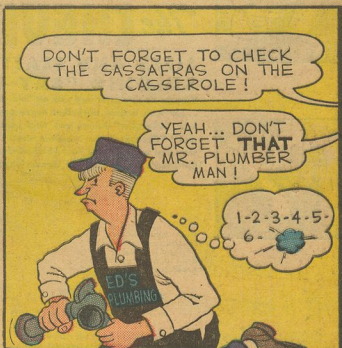
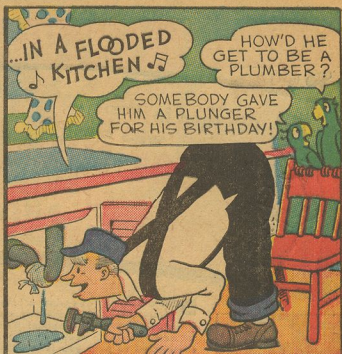
SLIPPERY SLIM, THE OUT-OF-LINE MAN IN THE POLICE LINE-UP MIXES BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE WHEN HE ATTENDS A MASQUERADE PARTY, AND TRIES TO MAKE A DOOR PRIZE OUT OF THE PRICELESS "HOPELESS DIAMOND!"

YUP! THIS IS THE JOINT! THE PAPERS SAID MRS. FULLVALT WOULD BE WEARIN' HER HOPELESS DIAMOND NECKLACE AT HER MASQUERADE SHINDIG! DIDN'T GET NO INVITE, BUT I'M GOIN' ANYWAY!

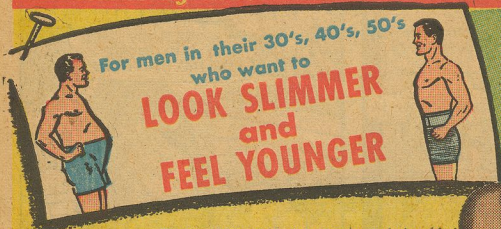








An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR BULGING "BAY WINDOW"

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!



POSTURE BAD?
Got a "Bay Window"?



DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
"KEEP ON THEIR FEET"?

and then he got a
"CHEVALIER"...



**YOU NEED A
"CHEVALIER"!**

FRONT ADJUSTMENT
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!

DETACHABLE POUCH
Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

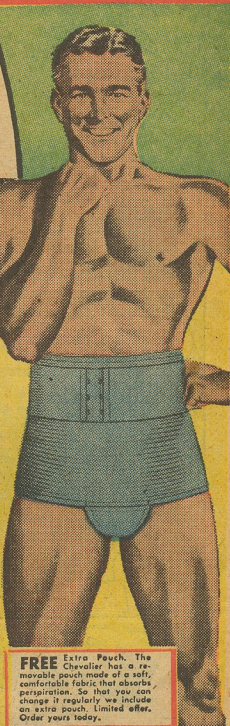
Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control
It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel constricted. That's because the two-way stretch-cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "lift" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL. Mail the coupon right now!

TWO-WAY STRETCH-WONDER CLOTH
Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



Rear View AT FIVE INCHES AT SMALL OF BACK
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!

FREE Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.



FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc.—and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined... how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evenings, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must "help you look and feel like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 2701-E
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy.)

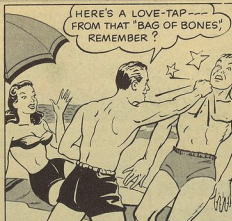
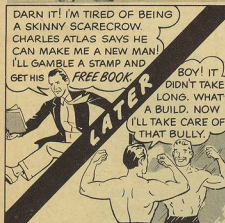
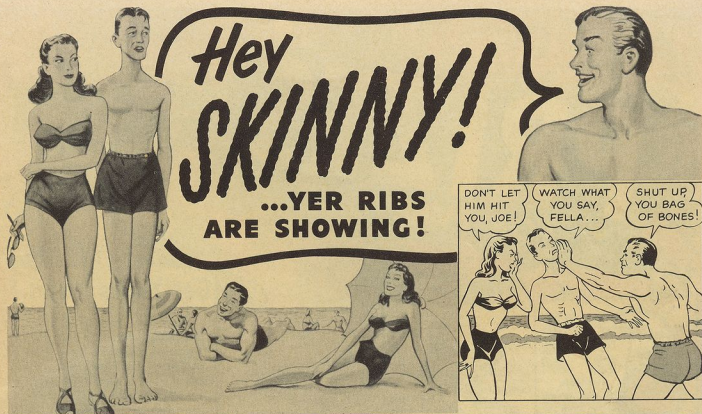
Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

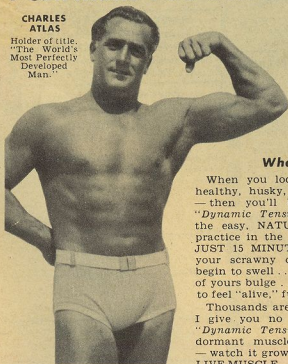
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I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title.
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*, 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 376, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept 376N
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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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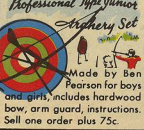
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