



THE HARVEY FINE



THE HARVEY FINE
IS A MAN OF
TASTE AND
TASTELESSNESS.

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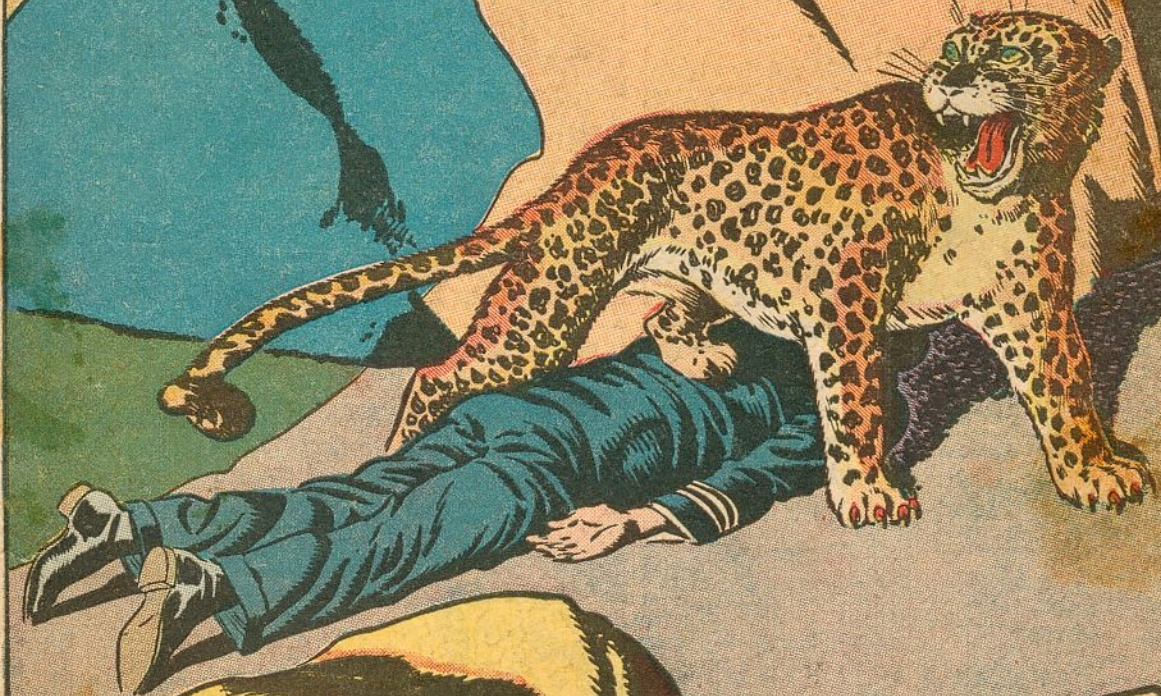


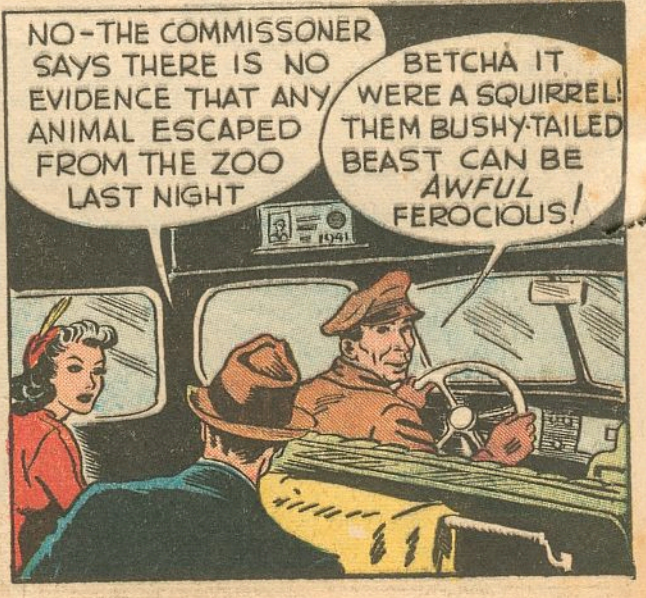
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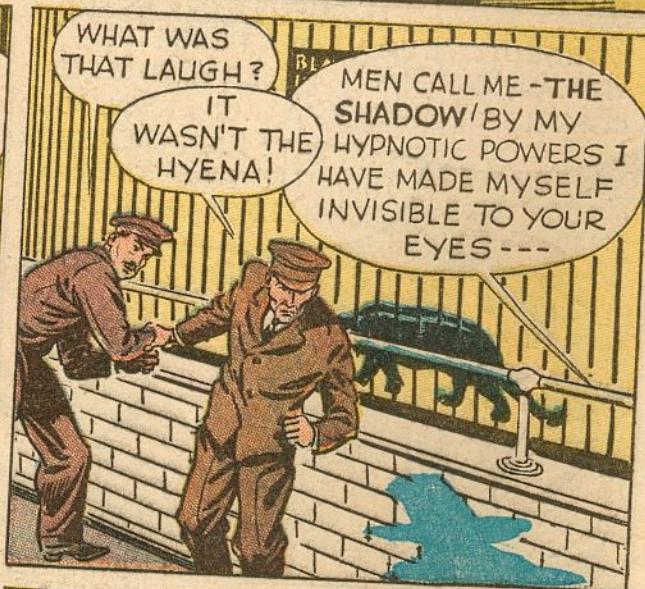
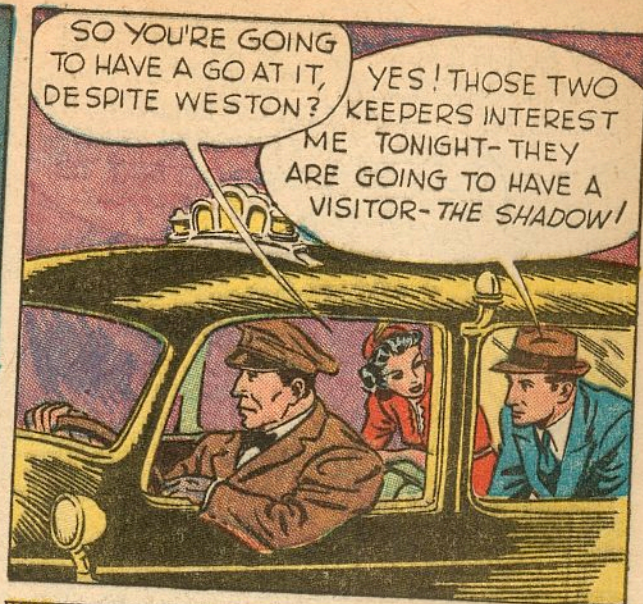
HE IS A MAN OF
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TASTE AND TASTELESSNESS.

The
**LEOPARD
STRIKES!**









I DON'T BELIEVE EITHER ONE OF YOU! I WARN YOU- IF THE LEOPARD STRIKES AGAIN---- YOU'LL ANSWER TO-- THE SHADOW!



BUT THAT NIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS KILLER STRIKES AGAIN, KILLING TWO MORE PEOPLE IN THE PARK-- AND LEAVES NO CLUES



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER
WELL, HAWKSHAW--WE'VE BEEN WALKING THROUGH THE PARK THREE NIGHTS NOW---

I'M SORRY, MARGO BUT I'D LIKE TO BE NEAR SHOULD THAT LEOPARD STRIKE AGAIN



AND THEN--BLASTING THE EERIE SILENCE OF THE PARK--COMES A SCREAM IN THE DARKNESS--AND A LEOPARD GROWLS

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT'S THE KILLER!



THE LEOPARD AGAIN!

OH, LAMONT! LOOK AT THAT BODY!

YES-- A POOR PARK DERELICT!



DID YOU SEE THE LEOPARD?

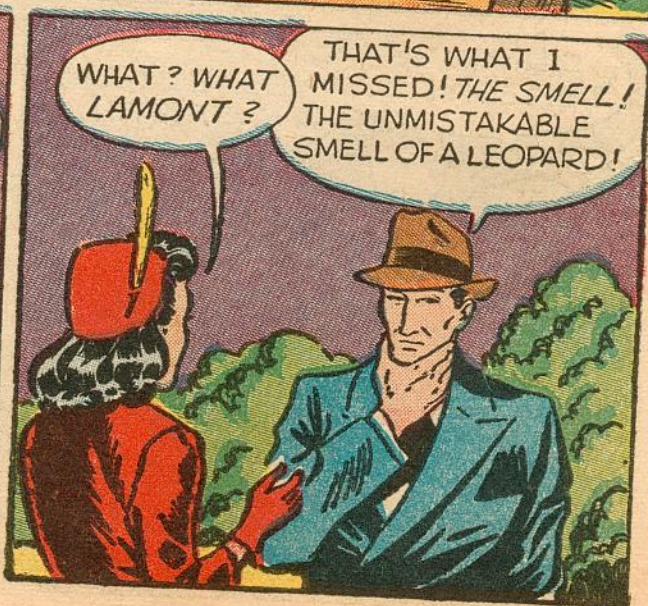
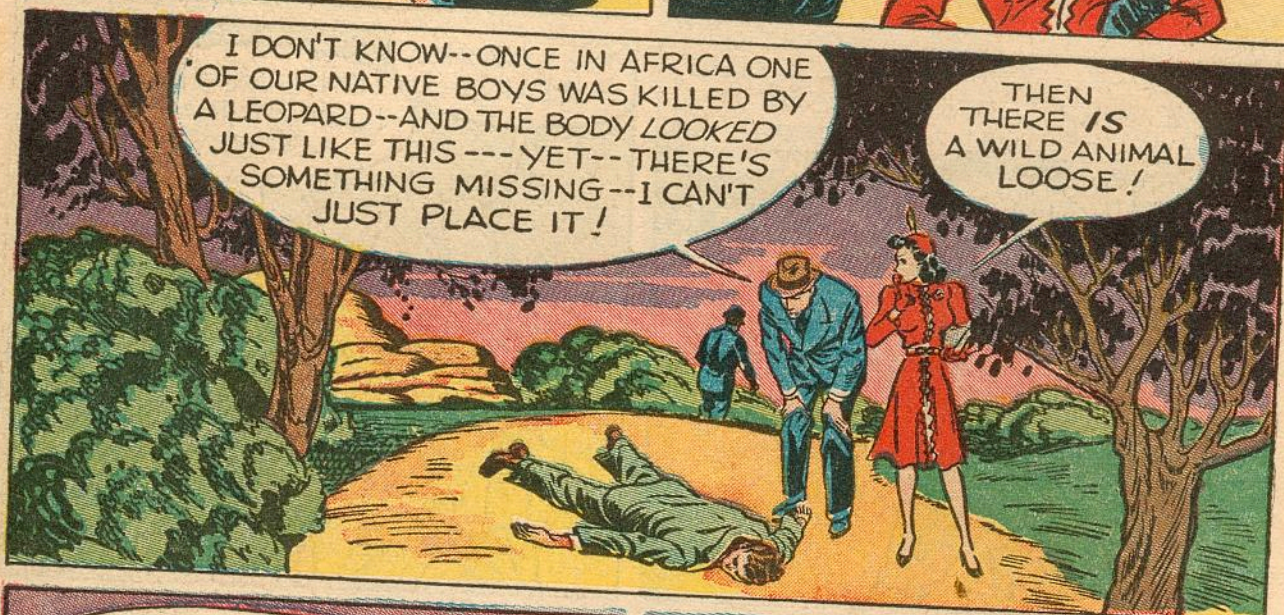
YES, YES. I TOOK A SHOT AT IT!

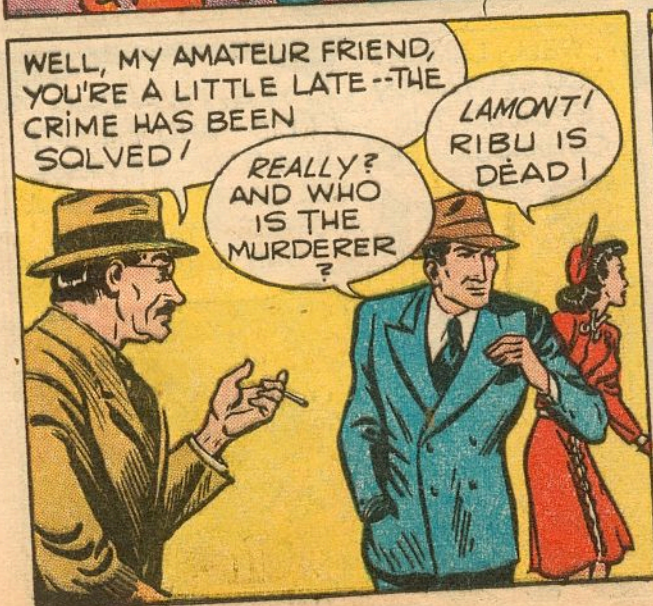


I SAW SOMETHING BLACK STANDING OVER THE BODY. WHEN I FIRED, IT LEAPED INTO THE BUSHES---

IT WAS A LEOPARD, ALL RIGHT!



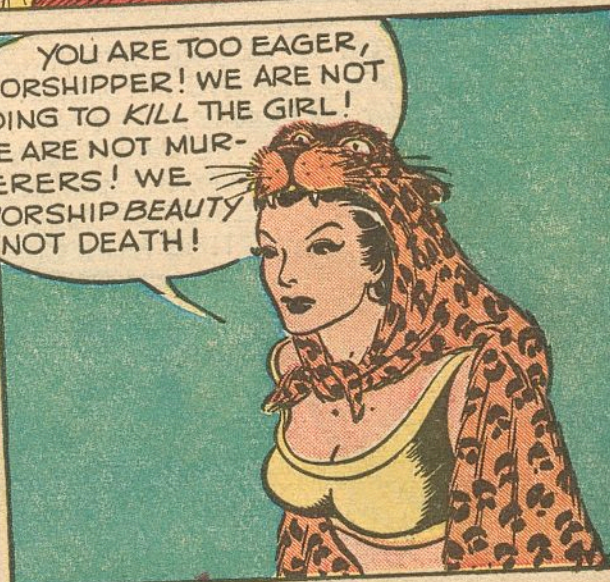














WHY SHOULD I EXPLAIN? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO TO ME?

THAT'S EASILY ANSWERED! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



DO YOU THINK ANY OF YOU CAN TRAP ME? WHAT IF I DID KILL, IT'S A LEOPARD'S RIGHT TO KILL!

HARPER! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?

BE QUIET HARPER!



YOU CAN'T SILENCE ME! I'LL FIGHT! I'LL CLAW! I'LL KILL! DO YOU HEAR ME? KILL! KILL! KILL!

STAND BACK, HARPER!



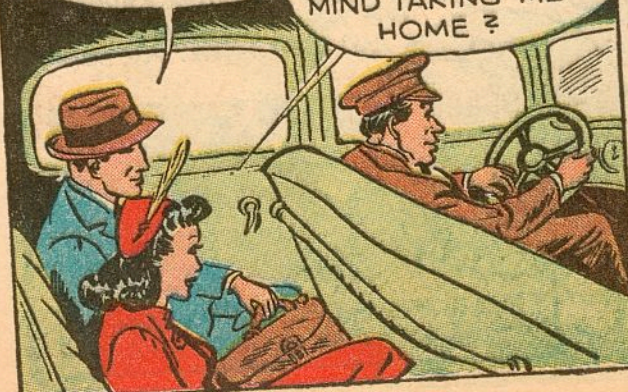
YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

HE WAS A MAD BEAST--! AND NOW MADAME-- YOU AND YOUR CULT ARE GOING TO EXPLAIN YOUR EXISTENCE TO THE POLICE!



WELL, MARGO, WESTON HAS ROUNDED UP ALL THE CULT MEMBERS. OUR WORK IS DONE!

NICE PEOPLE THESE FANATICS! LAMONT, WOULD YOU MIND TAKING ME HOME?



IF YOU INSIST-- BUT WHY GO HOME?

I JUST WANT TO DIG OUT THAT OLD LEOPARD-SKIN COAT OF MINE-- AND BURN IT!!



VERNON H. GREENE
GRC.



WHO'DA THOUGHT IT!

TRY THIS ON YOUR FRIENDS—
WRITE QUICKLY—TWELVE THOUSAND, TWELVE
HUNDRED AND TWELVE—IN FIGURES!



A
CIGARETTE—
IS HEAVIER AFTER
IT HAS BURNED—
The Ashes Absorb Moisture from the AIR!

MINISTERS

OF PURITAN DAYS—
PREACHED AS LONG AS IT
TOOK SAND TO RUN THROUGH
THEIR
HOUR
GLASSES!

SOMETIMES
2 HOURS!



**OPTICAL
ILLUSION—**

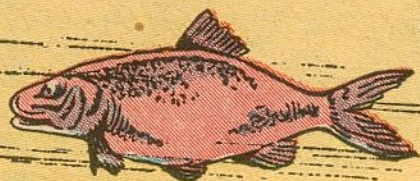
THESE
FIGURES
ARE THE
SAME
SIZE!



MOST BEAUTIFUL
WORDS
IN THE ENGLISH
LANGUAGE—
MELODY
DAWN
HUSH
LULLABY
MURMURING
TRANQUIL
MIST
LUMINOUS
CHIMES
GOLDEN



KING
GEORGE I
OF ENGLAND—
COULD NOT SPEAK ENGLISH!



750,000,000
MENHADEN (*Fatback*) FISH
ARE CAUGHT IN A
SINGLE SEASON!

(A SMALL, OILY FISH, CAUGHT
OFF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST,
AND USED MAINLY FOR SOAP.)



BABY PELICANS—
ARE HATCHED
WITHOUT A TRACE OF
FEATHERS OR DOWN!

FOR
THE
BOOK—



THERE ARE OVER 2000
OFFENSES A MOTORIST CAN COMMIT!

BIRDS—
SLEEP
WITH THEIR
HEADS TOWARD
THE LEFT!

BAM



THERE ARE 18,000,000 THUNDER-
STORMS A YEAR IN THE WORLD!

THE DEAD END KIDS

DEAD END

by LAPE THOMAS

DID YOU GUYS READ
INNA PAPAHS 'BOUT
THAT SMUGGLING
GANG COMIN'
TUH NOO YAWK?

AN' BOY!
IS THAT ONE
LOUSY
RACKET!!

YEW SAID IT!

LOOKA WHAT'S COMIN'!
- ANGEL INNA
MONKEY SUIT!!

?

H'YA
FELLAHS -
GUESS
WHAT?

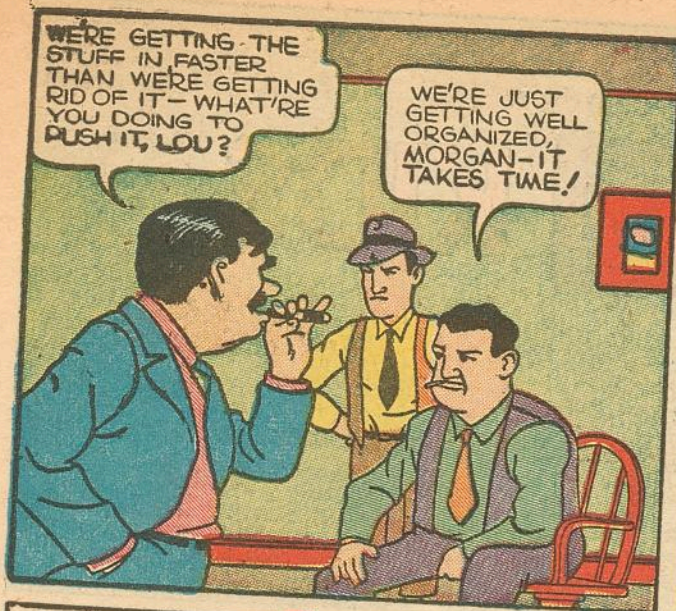
A JOB!
Y' SAY YA
GOT A JOB!

YEH - ?
WHEAH?

D' SUPER X DELIVERY
SERVICE! - AN' WHAT'S
MORE, I GOT JOBS
FAH YOU GUYS TOO!

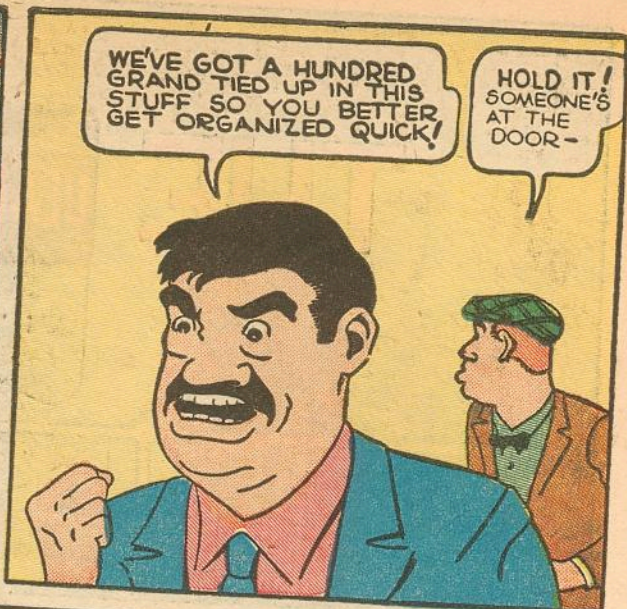
NO
KIDDIN'!

WOW!
A JOB!



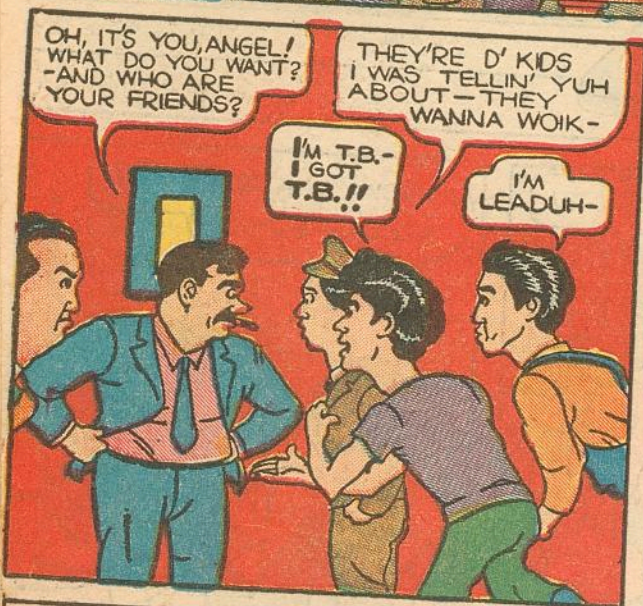
WE'RE GETTING THE STUFF IN FASTER THAN WE'RE GETTING RID OF IT - WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO PUSH IT, LOU?

WE'RE JUST GETTING WELL ORGANIZED, MORGAN - IT TAKES TIME!



WE'VE GOT A HUNDRED GRAND TIED UP IN THIS STUFF SO YOU BETTER GET ORGANIZED QUICK!

HOLD IT! SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR -



OH, IT'S YOU, ANGEL! WHAT DO YOU WANT? - AND WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

THEY'RE D' KIDS I WAS TELLIN' YUH ABOUT - THEY WANNA WOIK -

I'M T.B. - I GOT T.B.!!

I'M LEADUH -



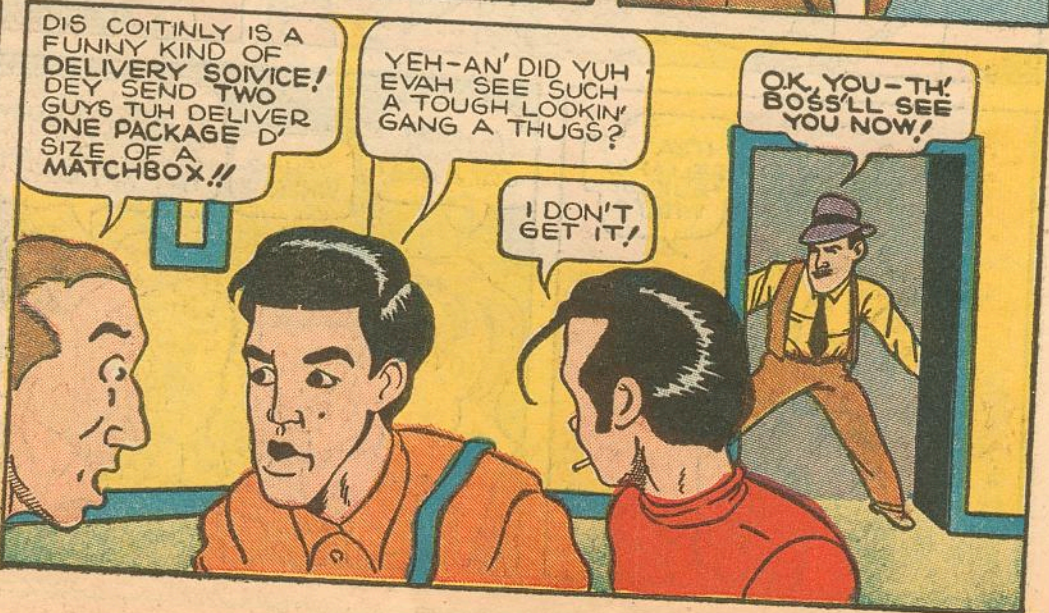
AGREEING TO PUT THE BOYS TO WORK; MORGAN GIVES ANGEL A PACKAGE TO DELIVER.



MISTER MORGAN SAID FAH YOU GUYS TUH WAIT INNA OUTER OFFICE... T.B. - YOU COME WID ME



AFTER ANGEL AND T.B. LEAVE THE OTHER KIDS HOLD A CONFERENCE.

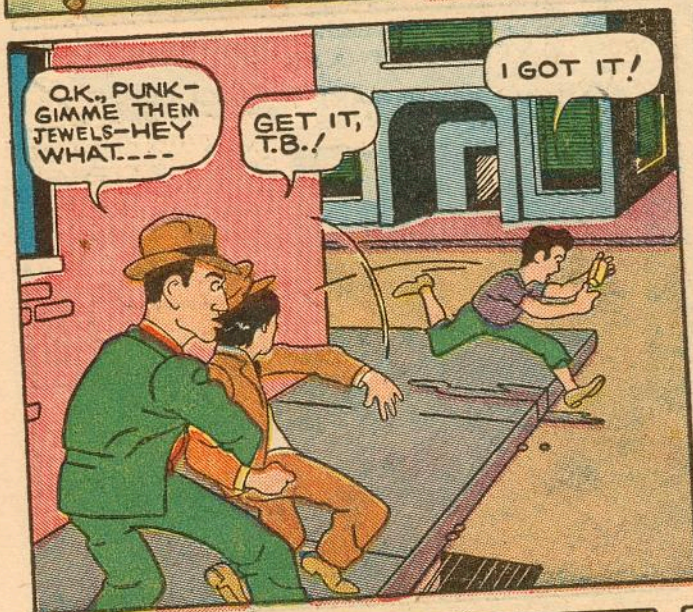


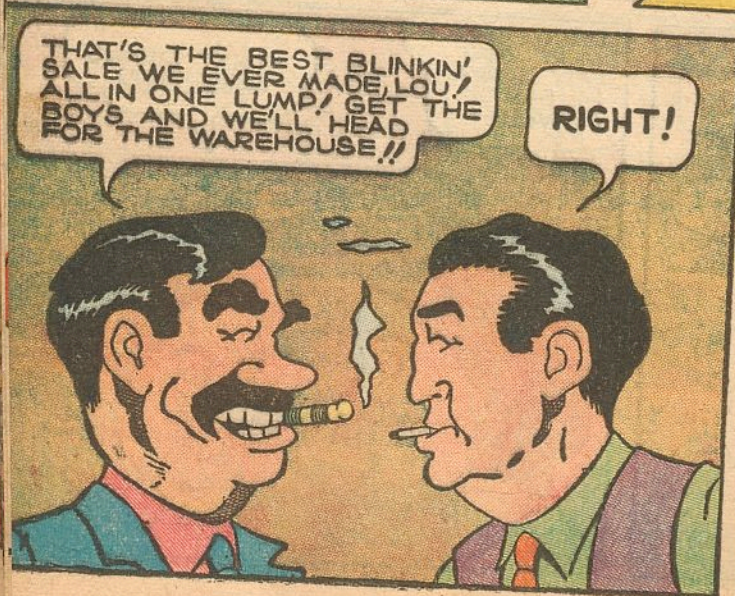
DIS COITINLY IS A FUNNY KIND OF DELIVERY SOVICE! DEY SEND TWO GUYS TUH DELIVER ONE PACKAGE D' SIZE OF A MATCHBOX.!!

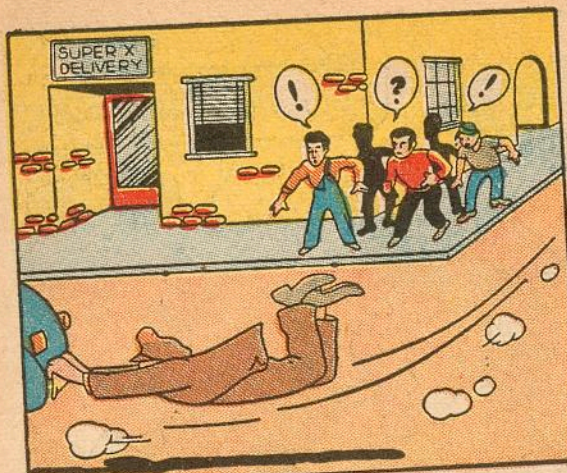
YEH - AN' DID YUH EVAH SEE SUCH A TOUGH LOOKIN' GANG A THUGS?

I DON'T GET IT!

OK, YOU - TH' BOSS'LL SEE YOU NOW!



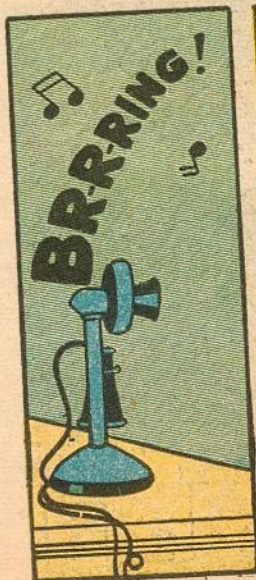


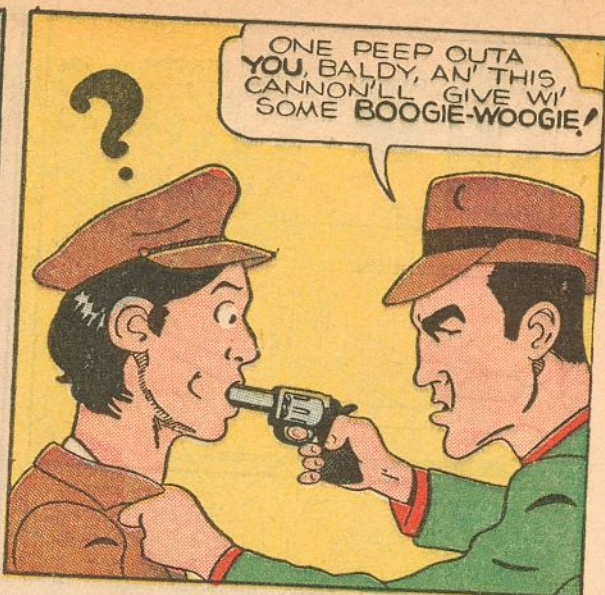
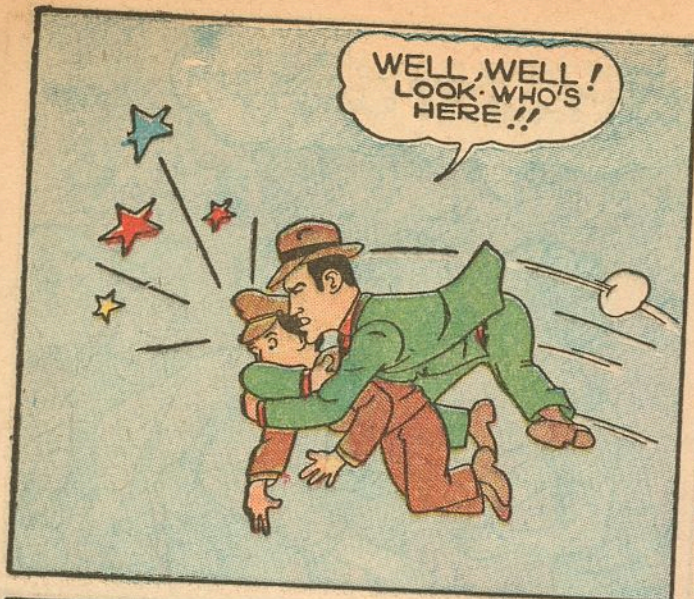


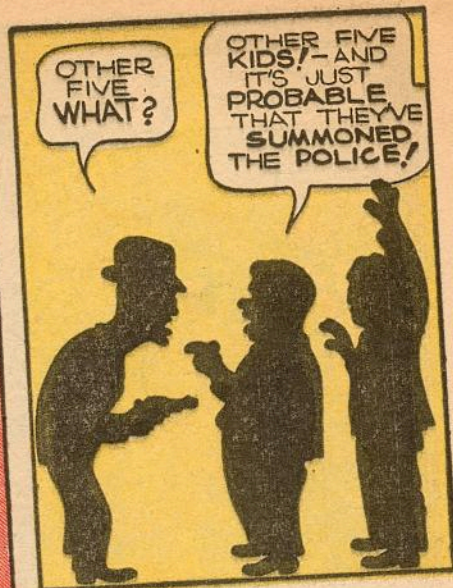
BEFORE THE KIDS' AMAZED FACES ANGEL MAKES A DESPERATE DIVE FOR THE REAR BUMPER OF REX MORGAN'S DEPARTING CAR . . .



MEANWHILE:







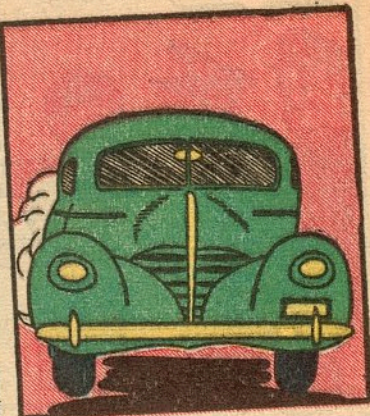


LOOK, FELLAHS!
THEY'RE GETTIN'
AWAY!!!

BANG!
BANG!



SCRAMBLING INTO
THE CAR DRIVEN TO
THE WAREHOUSE BY
SLACK AND HIS AIDE,
THE KIDS TAKE
PURSUIT



BAM! BAM!



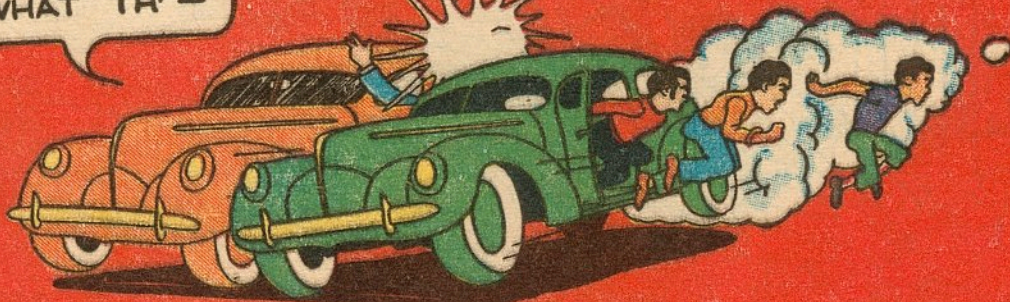
I'M GONNA
SIDESWIDE 'EM
SO WHEN I
GIVE TH' WORD
- JUMP!!



HEY!
WHAT TH' -

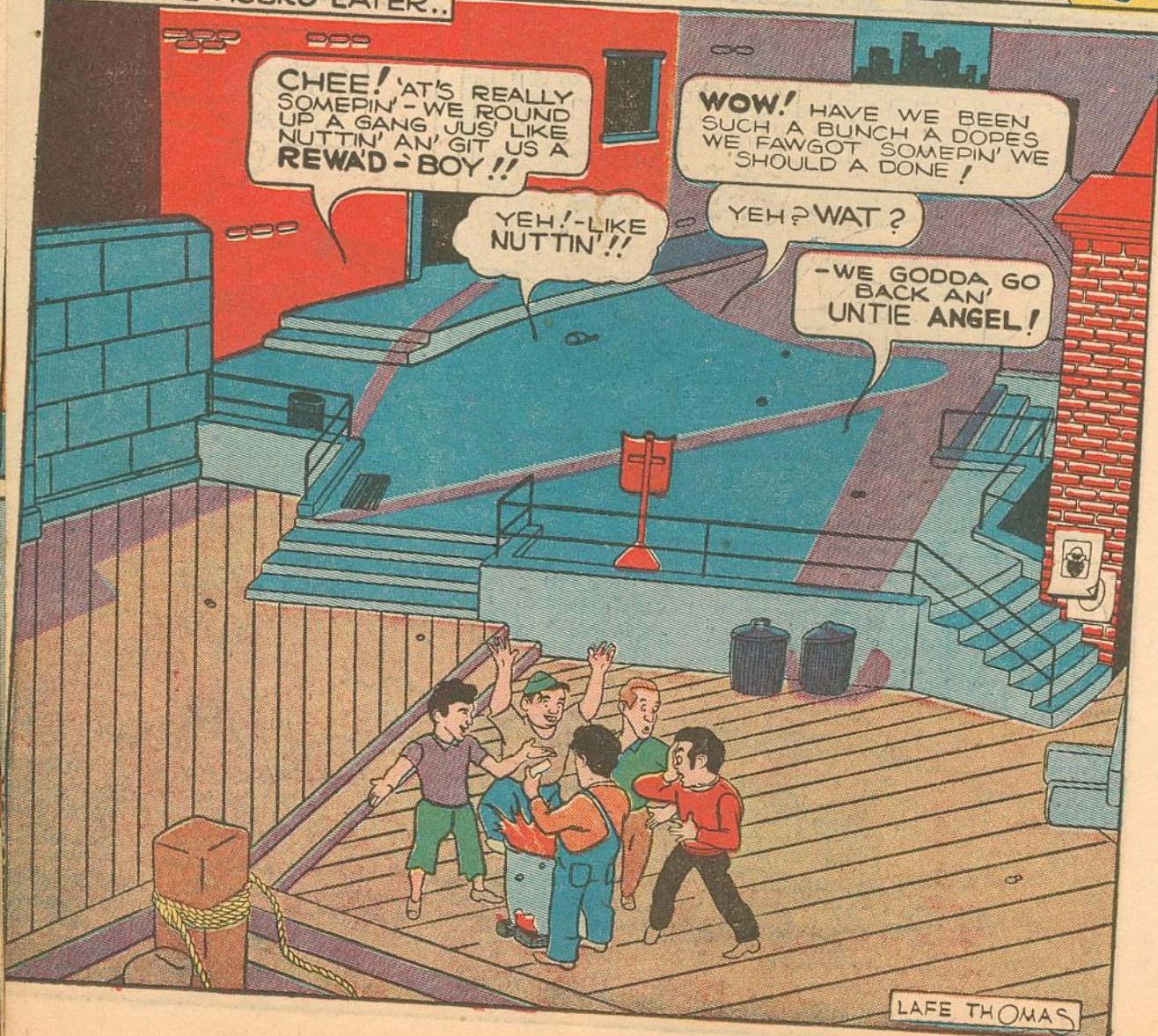
BAM! CRASH!

O.K.-
JUMP!



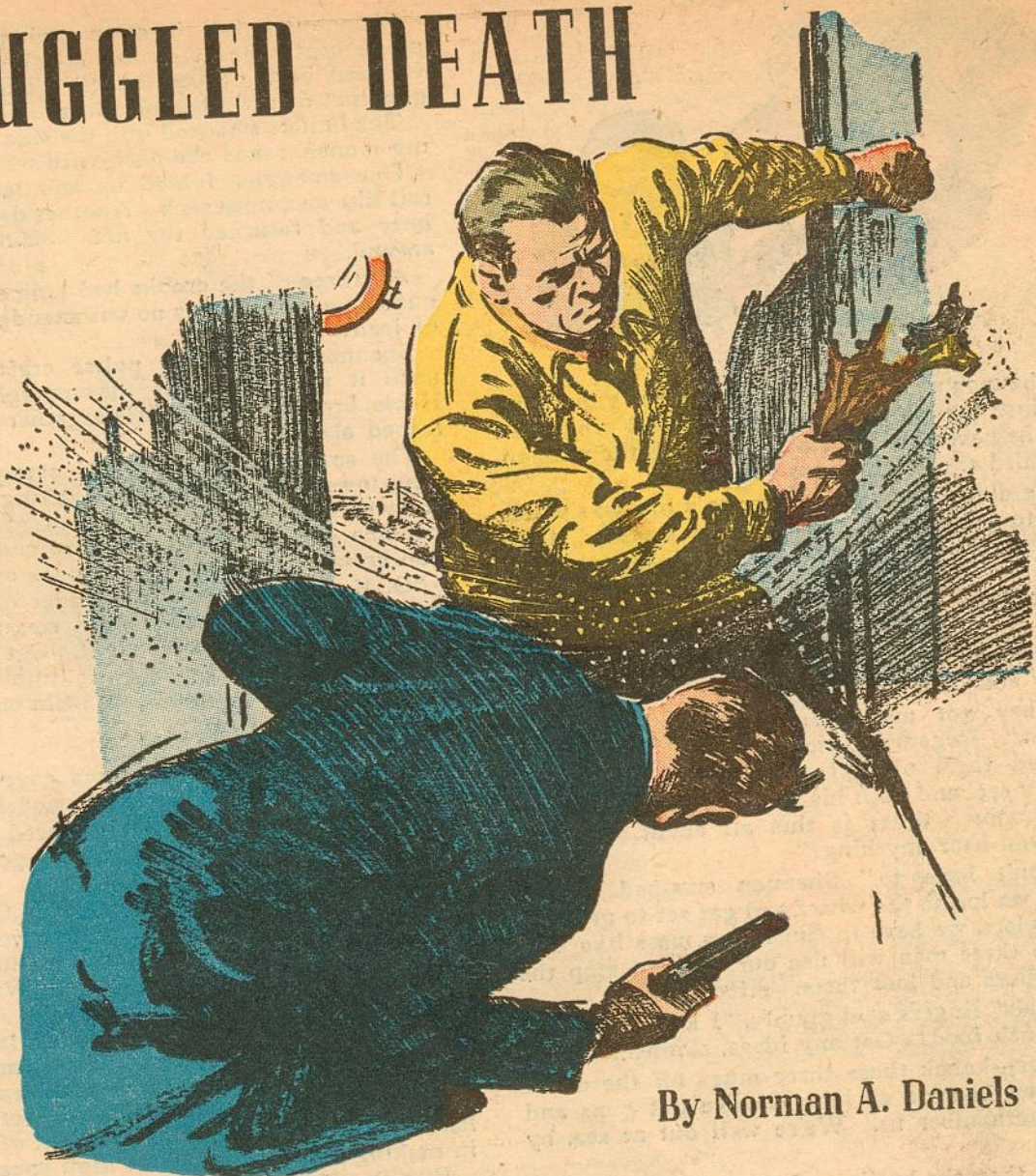


SEVERAL HOURS LATER..



LAFE THOMAS

SMUGGLED DEATH



By Norman A. Daniels

SERGEANT MIKE SHANNON, of the harbor police, guided the cruiser into dock. "We'll nail 'em this night," he prophesied to Patrolman Rogers. "Them smugglers have been too gay lately, and I've discovered the wharf under which they run their speedboats."

"On the north shore?" Patrolman Rogers asked quickly.

"Right! This tub could clear it O. K., with about two inches to spare. Headquarters got a stool-pigeon tip that a cargo of laces was heading in about midnight. We'll cruise around the wharf and grab 'em as they come in. Get some rest, lad. I'm turning in myself soon as I finish my report."

At ten o'clock Sergeant Shannon awoke to a lusty cry from the afterdeck. He jumped out of the berth and automatically reached for his

holstered weapon. Two men stood in the doorway of the tiny cabin. Each held a gun. Shannon elevated his arms promptly.

"You guys crazy?" he demanded.

"Think so?" one of the men snorted. "Anyway, sarge, you're smarter than your pal. We had to clunk him one. Now, keep on being smart. Walk ahead of us to the deck. Man the wheel and take this scow out to sea. We got a date!"

Shannon compressed his lips and scowled. He took three steps forward and suddenly went into a nose dive. He skidded across the floor and brought down one of the men in a hard tackle. A gun went flying into a corner.

Shannon lunged for the second man, pinned his gun hand to the wall and rammed home a stinging blow to the face. Both thugs were off their feet and desperately trying to get away from Shannon's rushing attacks.



Shannon yanked the siren cord and opened the police boat wide. He could see three men on the forward deck of the launch. Then a machine gun spat directly behind Shannon.

The bullets smacked into the side of the speeding launch, raked the deck with whistling death.

One smuggler folded up and hung over the rail like an empty sack. Another dropped to one knee and returned the fire. Shannon glanced around.

All three of the crooks had police submachine guns now. There was no withstanding that blast of lead.

Shannon guided the police craft unerringly until it rode alongside the smugglers' launch. Hooks brought both vessels together. One crook leaped aboard.

The smuggler at the wheel staggered a few steps toward the rail, intent on taking his chances of swimming ashore. He didn't get far. The machine guns blasted once more and the three-man crew of the launch no longer existed.

"O. K., you coppers," the leader of the thugs snapped. "So far you've been smart. Keep it up and we'll pay you off right. Get aboard the launch and heave those stiffies into the drink. Then take the crates and pile them on your own tub. Snap into it!"

With three submachine guns covering them, Rogers and Shannon worked furiously.

"Pay us off?" Shannon whispered. "They'll pay us off in hot lead! Bob, we've got to think of something."

"Shut up and more speed there!" One of the thugs swaggered forward. "When you get the last crate aboard, we head for the wharf to unload. You know where it is, sarge. We watched you snooping around plenty."

Shannon stepped aboard the police launch and began piling the crates up. Rogers passed them over. The crates were large and heavy. The pitching of both vessels made the work all the harder, and the three thugs got a lot of pleasure in making each man work at high speed.

Finally, the police boat was loaded, the crates sticking perhaps six inches above the top of the cabin roof.

"You guys learn fast," the leader of the trio grinned. "Now man the wheel, sarge. Hey, Tony—take this other copper below and keep your rifle against his belly. If the sarge tries any tricks, let go at the other guy, understand? Minck, get the valise. We're ready to wipe out any trace of this stick-up."

Minck, a tall, sallow youth, picked up a heavy valise, jumped aboard the smugglers' craft and stood for a moment near the narrow companionway. He opened the valise, tugged at something and then hurled it below and sped back to the police boat.

Acting under terse orders, Shannon headed away from the launch at top speed. There was a roar, a flash of flame and the boat broke in half. One minute later, all traces of the smugglers and their craft had vanished. All evidence was gone.

Shannon made a dive for one of the guns lying against the wall. His fingers closed around it, but he never had a chance of raising the weapon. A third thug burst into the room.

He didn't shoot, for Shannon's life was valuable to their plans. Instead, he smashed down the barrel of his weapon, raking Shannon's skull with it. The husky marine sergeant sagged to his knees.

Patrolman Bob Rogers washed the dried blood away and gave Shannon a drink.

"They got me before I could swing into action," Rogers groaned. "But, sarge—you handed them plenty! One of the mugs can hardly see, and both his eyes are puffed out like big lumps. What is this all about, anyway? Did you hear anything?"

"Don't have to," Shannon snapped. "Just when we locate the wharf and get set to grab the smugglers, we have to run into a mess like this. These three men will use our craft to stop the smugglers and loot them. After that—"

"Yeah," Rogers said glumly, "I know. We become fish food! Got any ideas, skipper?"

"Sure—knock those three mugs off the deck! But how can we do it? They've got guns and they outnumber us. We're well out at sea, by now."

Just then the burliest of the trio banged open the cabin door and stepped inside. He held an automatic carelessly.

"O. K.—on deck, smart guys," he snapped. "Put your uniforms on, and you, sarge, man the wheel. Keep her just as she is now, until we sight the launch heading in."

Shannon donned his uniform and took over the wheel from one of the crooks. Rogers was forced to stand aft so that he could be plainly seen. The three crooks crouched below the rail, watching and waiting.

Out of the gloom, Shannon saw a low speed launch racing madly for shore. Her decks were piled high with contraband. One of the thugs gave a crisp order.

"Head that scow off! We're going to stop her. Use the siren, copper. Let them saps know this is a police boat!"

except that which Shannon and Rogers could furnish

Rogers was below, menaced by the dark-faced thug called Tony. Minck stood aft, machine gun draped over a crooked arm. The heavy-set leader was directly behind Shannon.

"Head for the wharf," he ordered, "and make it fast. If we run into any other marine patrols, you sound off an O. K. Run the tub right under the wharf and keep going. At the channel cut at the end of the pier, we unload and you get—paid off!"



He laughed nervously and unpleasantly. Shannon cast a quick look around. The crates were still stacked high, a hundred thousand dollars' worth of stolen contraband.

Shannon's big fists closed tight around the wheel. He set both feet wide apart and braced himself. The boat headed straight toward the wharf that Shannon had searched for so long.

Somehow, the smugglers had dredged a crude canal under it, so that their craft might vanish completely from sight and frustrate any marine police.

The wharf loomed up now, and Shannon stepped her up a little. The thug behind him watched narrowly.

The prow of the launch slipped under the wharf. The skinny man called Minck was walking forward, until he stood directly below the piled-up crates. The launch shot beneath the wharf. There was a tremendous crack and crates went smashing down on Minck. The leader spun around.

Shannon's hand darted out, seized the thug's gun hand and twisted it with scientific neatness. The machine gun fell to the floor. Shannon had kicked off all power, but the momentum of the launch kept it going. A thick piling loomed up. The prow of the police boat sideswiped it. A shudder ran through the craft.

Shannon, pinned against the rail by the burly crook, fought savagely. The man weighed slightly more than he did, and hard punches rapped Shannon's face. Blood gushed out of his nose and from lacerations caused by his opponent's big fists. But Shannon was fighting coolly

now, forcing himself to forget Rogers, still in the hold with Tony menacing him. So far, no fusillade of shots had rung out.

Shannon drove a mighty fist in an upward arc. It connected with the thug's jaw, rocking him back a step. Shannon seized the advantage and bore in. A left to the stomach, a jolting right to the heart. The thug reeled sideways a few steps. Shannon tore in again.

He slammed a husky left to the face, jolted the thug's head back until his chin stuck up in a target that couldn't be missed. Shannon wound up and let go. The crook shot across the deck as if he'd been struck with a pile driver.

In the next second, the *rat-tat-tat* of a machine gun banged out. Minck, who had been knocked flat by the falling crates, had found his gun. Shannon nose-dived to deck, slid along it until he had the gun dropped by the leader. Raising it slightly, he fired. Then he sped forward, around the crates and opened fire as he ran.

Minck felt the bullets whine past. He dropped his gun and raised his hands swiftly.

"Turn around!" Shannon ordered.

Minck obeyed sullenly. Shannon lifted the rifle and brought it down in a skull blow. Minck slid to the deck. In a flash, Shannon was diving down the companionway.

A man stepped out of the tiny cabin to meet him. Shannon's trigger finger tightened, and then relaxed. It was Rogers. He was bloody, his clothes ripped to pieces, and deep scratches were evident on his face, but he wore a triumphant grin.

"It worked!" Rogers cried. "You all right, sarge?"

"Sure," Shannon replied. "How's Tony?"

"Stiff! I waited until those crates went dumping on deck. Tony jumped up and so did I. He swung his gun around and was ready to shoot, when we piled up against the wharf. It spoiled his aim and I had him.

"Sarge, that was a smart idea—piling those crates just high enough so they wouldn't clear the wharf."

"There was no other way," Shannon said, happily. "I figured they'd get at least one of the rats when they crashed down. Let's go above and make our friends comfortable. Bring some rope."

Minck was groaning as Rogers tied him up. The leader of the trio was sitting up, trying to adjust a jaw somewhat out of kilter. Shannon snapped handcuffs around the scowling crook's wrists.

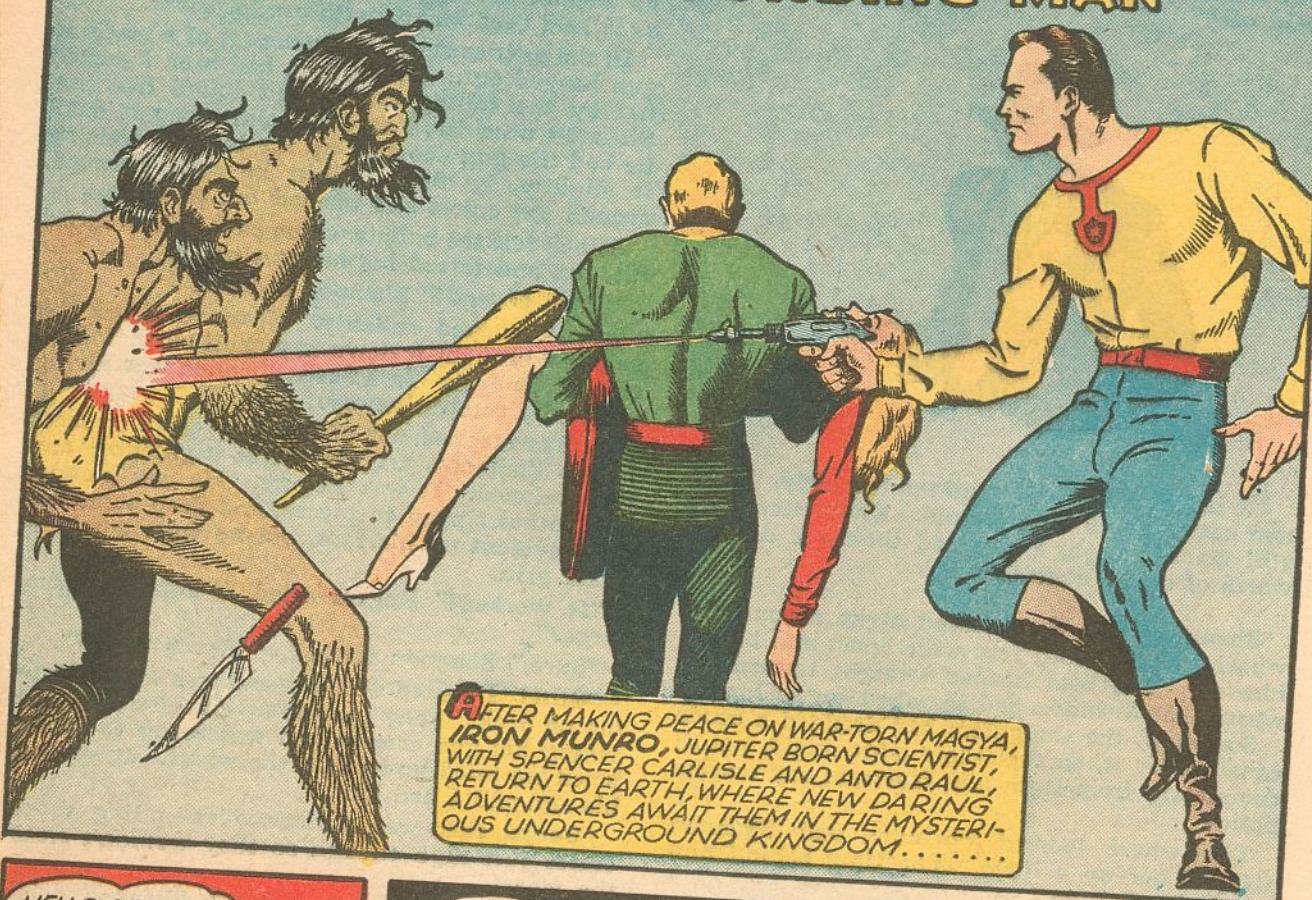
"Sergeant, you're a fool! We were going to pay you off with a few grand. You could have helped us again. It was a swell set-up!"

"Yeah, for you," Shannon replied. "You'd have paid us off in lead! And speaking of payoffs, you've got one coming. You killed three men, remember? The law is going to pay off on the one!"

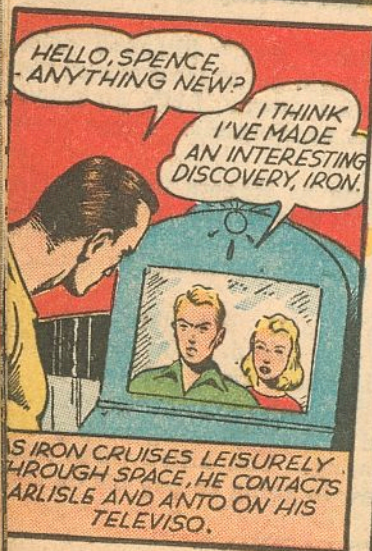
THE END.

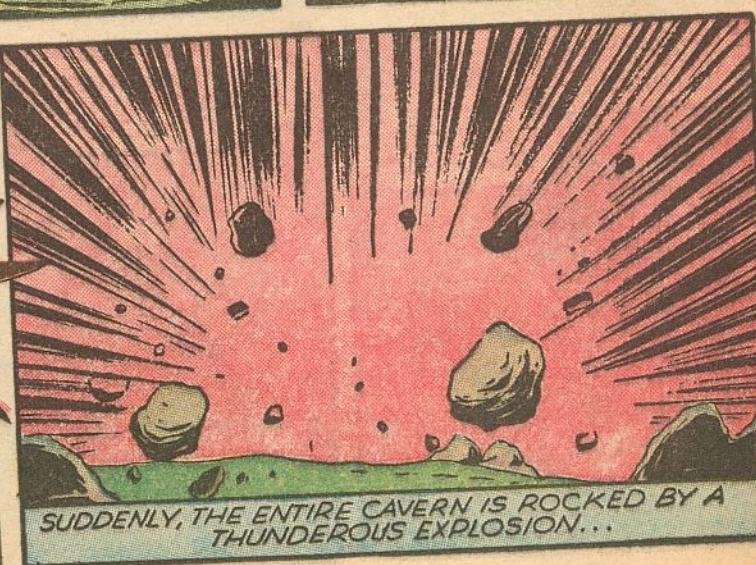
IRON MUNRO

The ASTOUNDING MAN



AFTER MAKING PEACE ON WAR-TORN MAGYA, IRON MUNRO, JUPITER BORN SCIENTIST, WITH SPENCER CARLISLE AND ANTO RAUL, RETURN TO EARTH, WHERE NEW DARING ADVENTURES AWAIT THEM IN THE MYSTERIOUS UNDERGROUND KINGDOM.....





THEIR TRAP NEARLY GOT ME... I'D BETTER GET OUT AND WALK.



THAT SMALL CLIFF... I CAN GET A BETTER VIEW OF THIS PLACE FROM THERE.



SPENCE AND ANTO ARE HELD PRISONER SOMEWHERE IN THESE MURKY DEPTHS, AND I'M GOING TO FIND THEM.



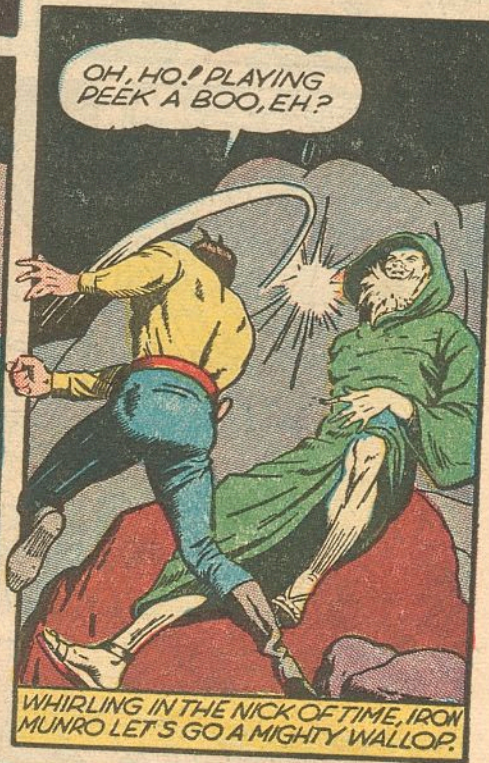
STRANGE PALE-SKINNED UNDERGROUND DWELLERS FOLLOW EVERY STEP THAT IRON TAKES...



THAT CREEPY FEELING... TROUBLE'S IN THE AIR!



OH, HO! PLAYING PEEK A BOO, EH?



C'MON, YOU DEVILS... THE FUN'S JUST STARTING!

KILL THE SURFACE MAN, KILL HIM!



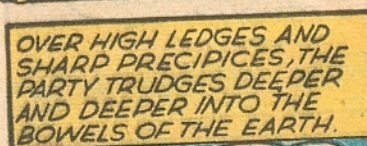
DIDN'T KNOW I'D HAVE A WHOLE ARMY ON MY NECK!



WHIRLING IN THE NICK OF TIME, IRON MUNRO LET'S GO A MIGHTY WALLOP.

THOUGH BADLY OUTNUMBERED, THE MAN FROM JUPITER GIVES A SMASHINGLY GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF....







'TIS THE CIVILIZATION OF CHARON, SOON TO RISE AND DESTROY THE OUTER WORLD.

THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'LL WORK!



IRON IS LED UNDER A MASSIVE ARCHWAY IN THE COURTYARD LEADING TO THE QUEEN'S CASTLE.....



WHO IS THIS IMPUDENT FOOL WHO DOES NOT BOW DOWN IN THE PRESENCE OF QUEEN TUA?

I'M IRON MUNRO, FROM THE OUTER WORLD.



YOUR DOOM IS SEALED. ALL STRANGERS WHO ENTER THE CITY OF CHARON, MUST DIE IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.



AWAY WITH HIM, GUARDS, WHILE I DRESS FOR THE GAMES!



TOO BAD THE HANDSOME ONE MUST DIE, O GRACIOUS ONE!

QUIET, INSOLENT ONE...LEST YOU TOO SHALL FACE DEATH!



WITH THE ENTRANCE OF QUEEN TUA, THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT OF CHARON IS READY TO START.



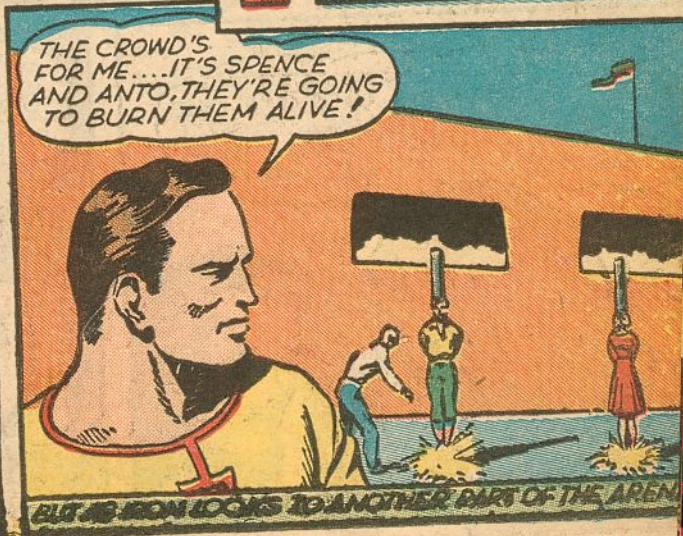
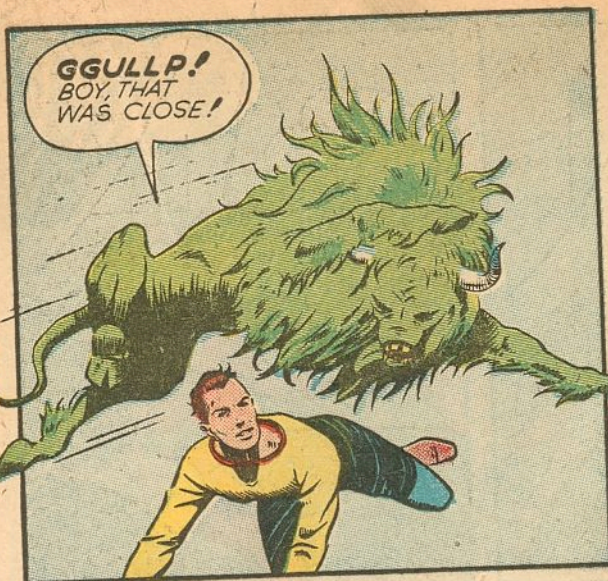
ALRIGHT, SURFACE MAN, THE GREEN LION AWAITS YOU!

A DOOR IS OPENED, AND IRON IS FORCED INTO THE ARENA...



WHEW! THIS BABY'S GOING TO BE PLENTY TOUGH!

AS HE TURNS, IRON SEES THE MIGHTIEST KILLER OF CHARON CHARGING TOWARD HIM.





The HOODED WASP



YOUNG JIM MARTIN AND THE HOODED WASP FIND THEMSELVES ON THE TRAIL OF A NEW TYPE OF MENACE, A STILETTO TOSSING KILLER WHO LEAVES A TRAIL OF **DEATH**.

AN INVITATION TO A COSTUME BALL... AND BRING YOUNG MASTER JAMES MARTIN WITH YOU.

MASTER JAMES, PHOOEY! PARTIES ARE NO PLACE FOR US, WASP.



LOOK, SQUIRT... I PROMISED DOC JOHNSON WE'D BE THERE... AND LITTLE MAN WE'LL BE THERE.

PARTIES..GIRLS.. LOVE... PHOOEY!



THERE THEY ARE! HOODED WASP AND MASTER JAMES, MAY I PRESENT MY DAUGHTER, MAE.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. WASP, AND YOU, MASTER JAMES.



LATER, AT DR. JOHNSON'S HOME





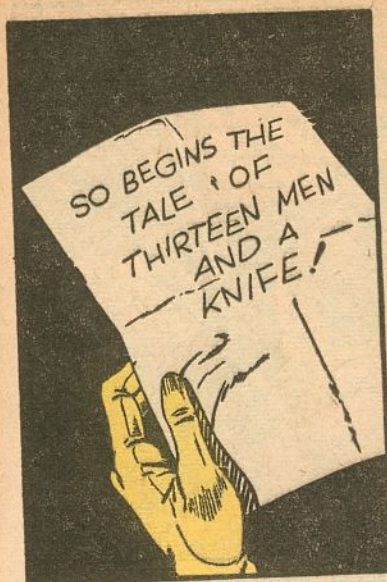


AS THE HOODED WASP NEARS THE WALL, THE ESCAPING FIGURE RAISES THE LIMP FORM OF JIM...

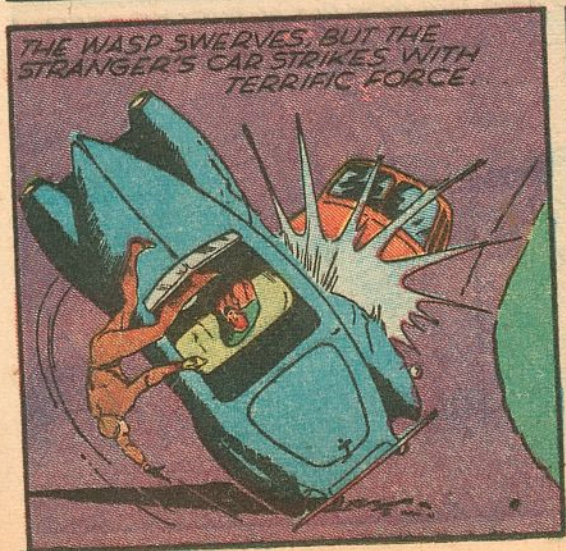
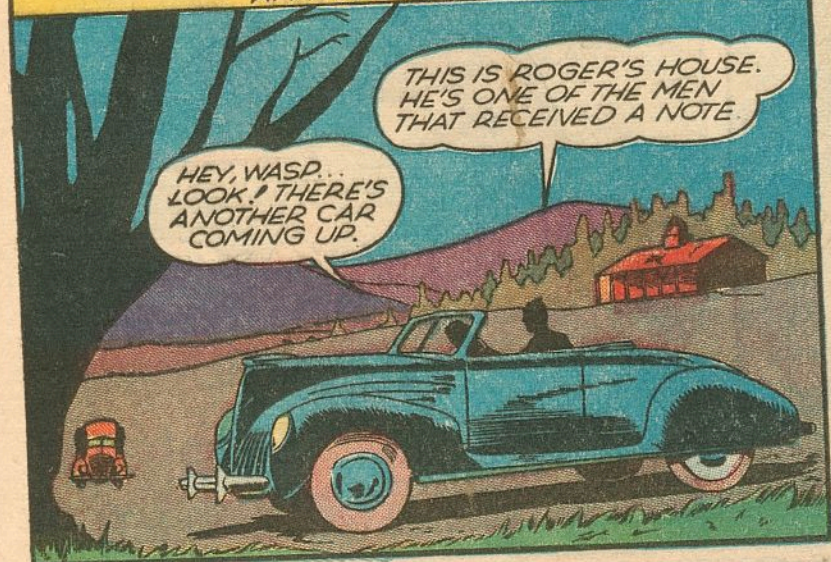


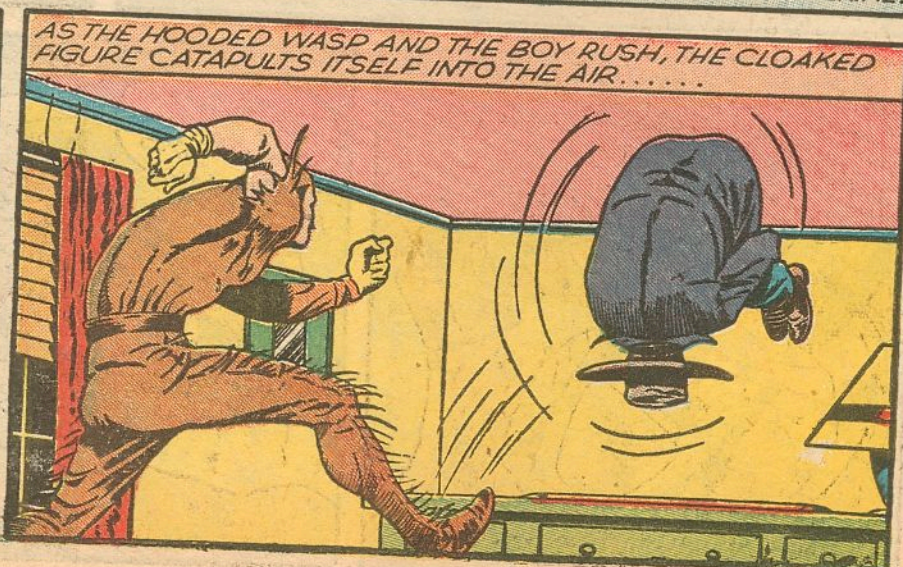
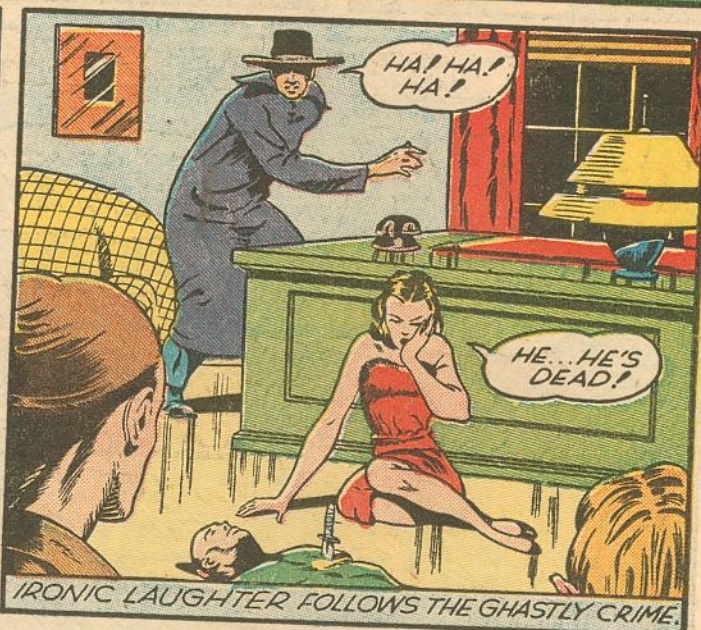
WITH SAVAGE FORCE, JIM IS HURLED HEAD FIRST... INSTANTLY, THE WASP LEAPS FORWARD...

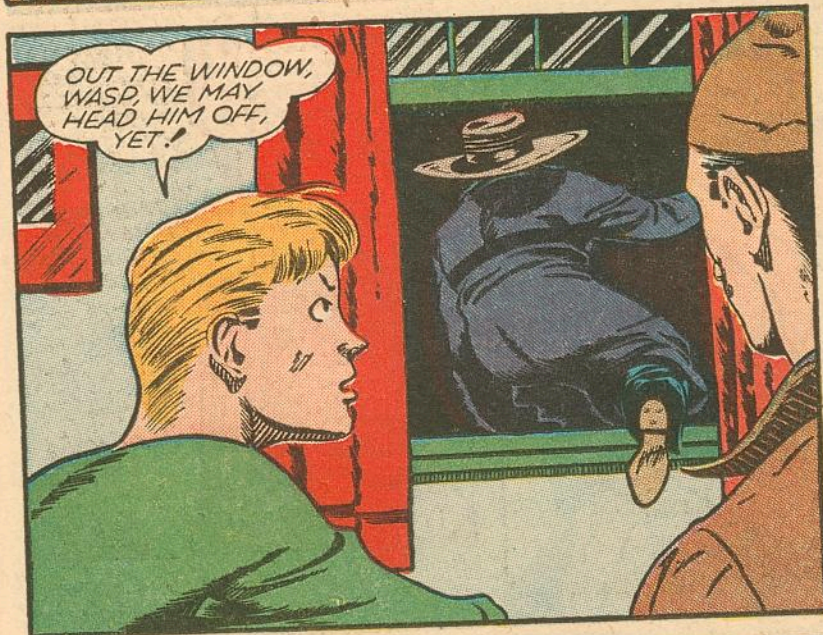




LATER, AS THE HOODED WASP AND JIM MARTIN APPROACH THE ROGER'S HOME.







LATER, AS JIM SAUNTERS UP TO THE HOME OF DR. JOHNSON TO CALL ON MAE.

SUDDENLY...

OOOOOOOF!



FORGET YOUR CRIME-HUNTING FOR AWHILE, OR THE KID DIES!

WHY HELLO! HELLO! HUNG UP ON ME.

ALL THIS HAD ME PUZZLED. AFTER STUDYING THE POLICE FILES ON THE KILLER BARONI CASE... I BELIEVE I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING.

WHY, I SERVED ON THE JURY THAT SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH. SAY, AND SO DID THE TWO MEN WHO WERE MURDERED.

ARRIVING AT CERTAIN CONCLUSIONS, THE WASP HASTENS TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

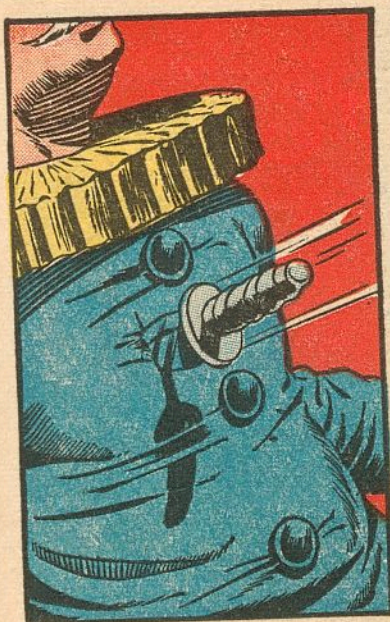
THE THIRTEEN MEN REFERS TO THE JUDGE AND JURY THAT CONVICTED THIS KILLER. NO DOUBT, ONE OF THE GANG IS OUT FOR VENGEANCE.

THE DEATHS ARE PROCEEDING IN THE ORDER OF THE SELECTION OF THE JURY... MEANING THAT YOU'RE NEXT!

M-M-ME! GULP! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

WE'VE GOT TO TRAP THE KILLER, THIS TIME, DOC... OR IT'S THE END OF JIM! LISTEN. . . .

LATER, A FIGURE CREEPS STEALTHILY INTO THE DOCTOR'S STUDY...



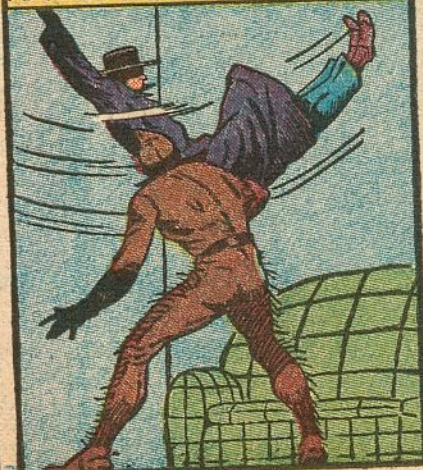
SURPRISE ! IT TAKES ONE DUMMY TO TRICK ANOTHER. NOW I'M READY TO TAKE OVER.!

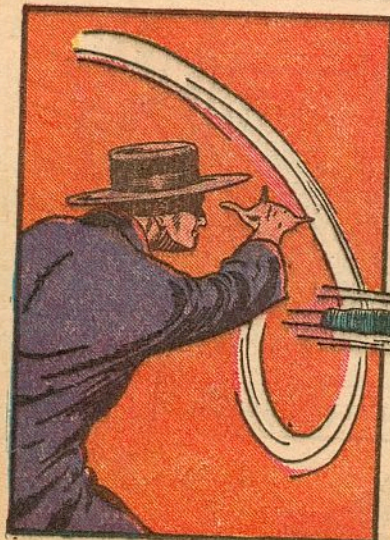


AS THE WASP CHARGES, THE CLOAKED FIGURE NIMBLY LEAPS TOWARDS THE CHANDELIER...



...AND GRACEFULLY GLIDES TO THE OTHER END OF THE ROOM.







IT CUT THE CORD...
WHAT A BREAK
FOR ME!



WITH HIS FREE HAND, JIM
SLITS THE CORD THAT
BINDS HIM...

NOW THAT I'M OUT
OF THIS, WE CAN PLAY.



THIS'LL STOP
THAT FOOL!

TOO LATE,
SONNY BOY,
HERE I COME!



HAPPY LANDING,
SUCKER!



THIS IS YOUR END,
YOU YOUNG FOOL!



WHEEE! HE FLOATS
THROUGH THE AIR!



IT'S ME
AGAIN!



JIM! WOW, I'M
GLAD TO SEE YOU.
I THOUGHT YOU
WERE SPROUTING
WINGS BY NOW!

ALMOST,
WASPIE,
LET'S
EXAMINE
THE
WRECKAGE.



THE HOODED WASP AND JIM RETURN IN ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE...

BLACKSTONE THE MAGICIAN

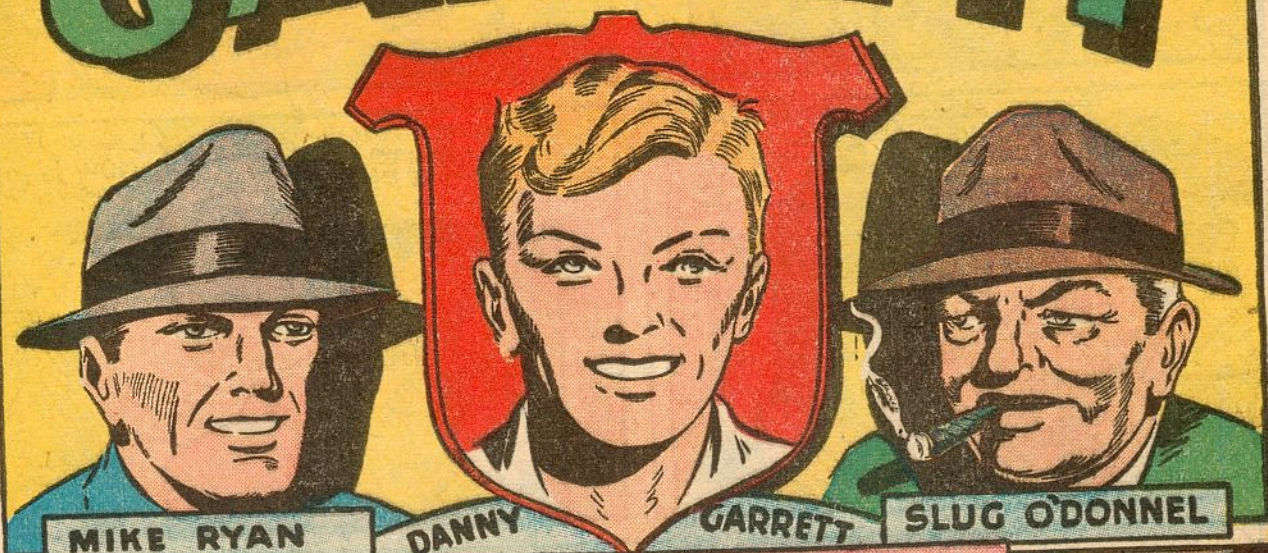
FOR THE FIRST TIME!

The exclusive tricks of Harry Blackstone, the world's most famous magician, published in **SUPER-MAGIC COMICS**

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10 cents per COPY

DANNY GARRETT



YES, I'VE GOT IT
WEST 22ND ---
SHOOTING---ONE
MAN DEAD---
GIRL INJURED

DANNY GARRETT, A PRODUCT OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, POSSESSOR OF AN ALMOST UNCANNY ABILITY FOR SMELLING OUT CLEWS, HAS BEEN TAKEN TO THE HEART OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT. ALTHOUGH STILL BUT A BOY, HE HAS ALREADY SOLVED SEVERAL CRIMES THAT HAD THE BEST MINDS IN THE DEPARTMENT BAFFLED. BIG MIKE RYAN AND POWERFUL SLUG O'DONNEL HAVE PRACTICALLY ADOPTED THE LAD. WE DISCOVER THE THREE IN WEST 16TH STREET STATION.



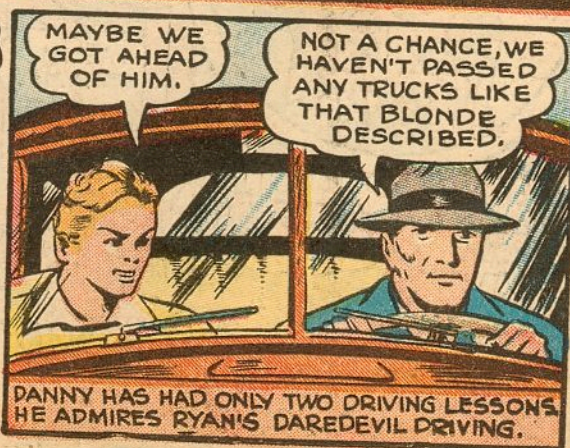
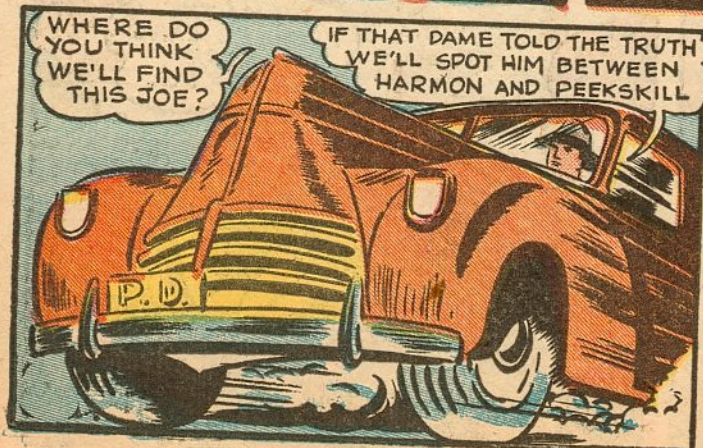
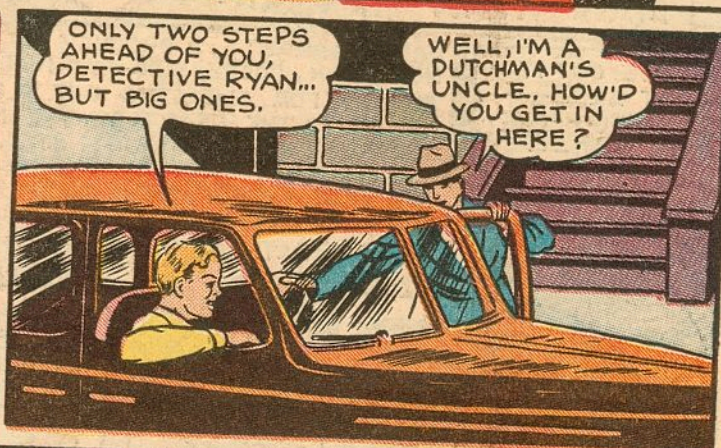
YOU COMIN'
ALONG
DANNY?

TRY AND
STOP ME.

THAT MUST
BE THE
PLACE

AHHA! THE
PROWLER CARS
GOT HERE
AHEAD OF US.

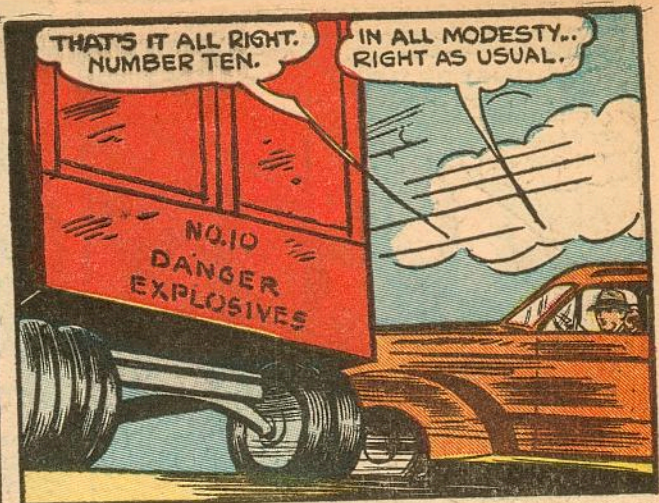






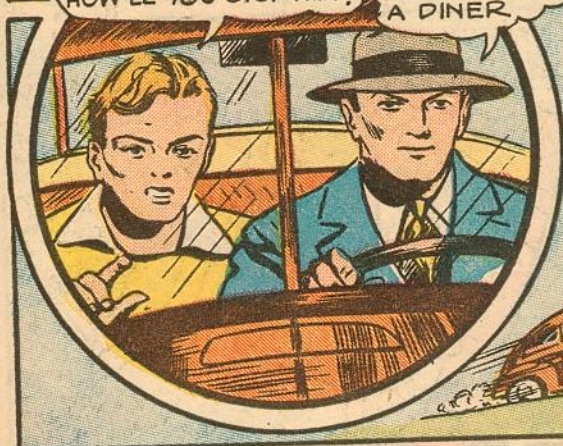
MIKE, LOOK THERE... THIRD CAR AHEAD... I'LL BET THAT'S IT.

WE'LL KNOW IN A SQUIRT.



THAT'S IT ALL RIGHT. NUMBER TEN.

IN ALL MODESTY... RIGHT AS USUAL.

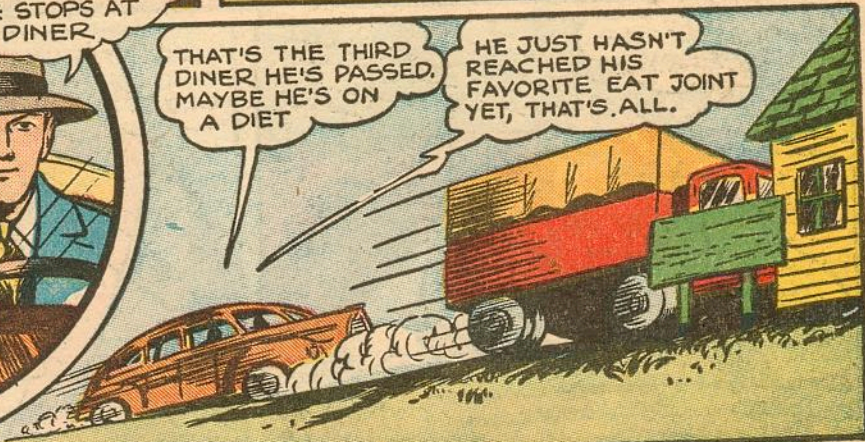


LOOK AT WHAT HE'S HAULING, MIKE. WHEW! HOW'LL YOU STOP HIM?

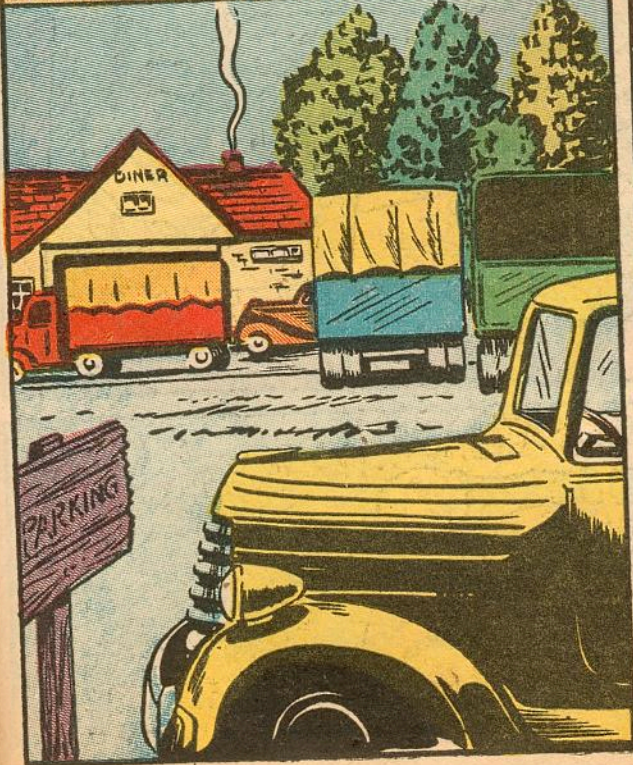
I WON'T, WE'LL TRAIL HIM UNTIL HE STOPS AT A DINER.

THAT'S THE THIRD DINER HE'S PASSED. MAYBE HE'S ON A DIET

HE JUST HASN'T REACHED HIS FAVORITE EAT JOINT YET, THAT'S ALL.



FINALLY THE DRIVER STOPS TO EAT.



THERE'S SOMEBODY IN THE BACK OF THAT TRUCK. RUN UP FRONT AND HOLD THE DRIVER, DANNY! I'LL SEE WHO'S IN THE BACK.

O.K.

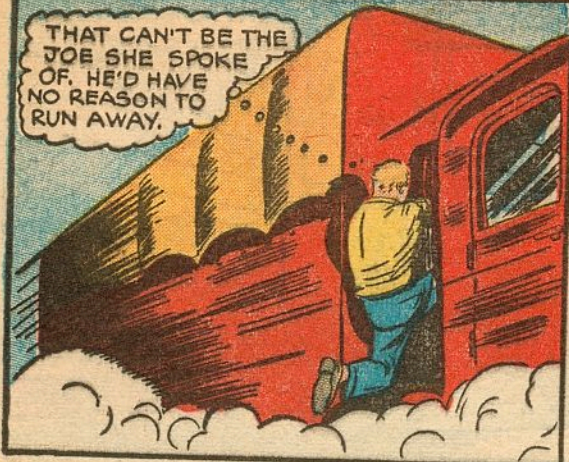
THE DRIVER SEES DANNY AND RYAN AND BECOMES ALARMED.



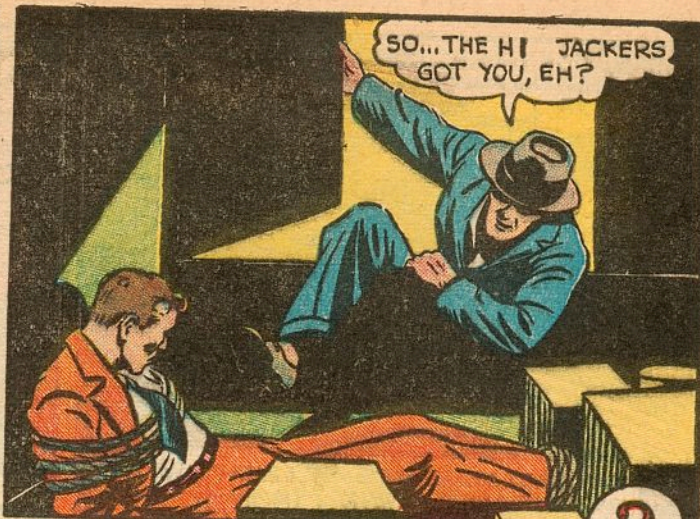
HEY! WHAT THE...!

THE DRIVER LEAVES IN A HURRY,...

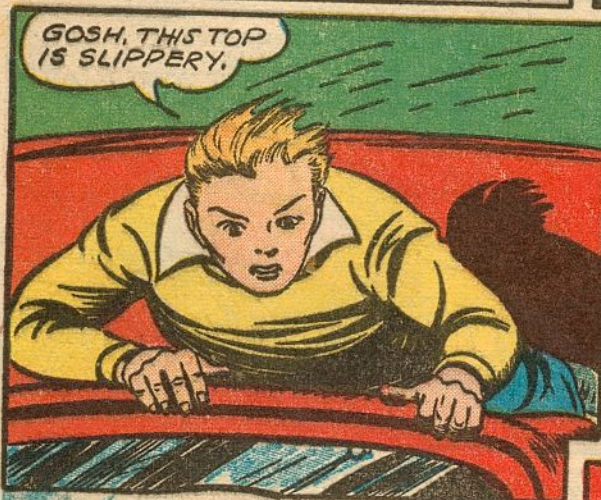
THAT CAN'T BE THE
JOE SHE SPOKE
OF. HE'D HAVE
NO REASON TO
RUN AWAY.



SO...THE HI JACKERS
GOT YOU, EH?



GOSH, THIS TOP
IS SLIPPERY.



MADE IT! BUT
THAT WAS A
CLOSE SHAVE.



I'LL FIX THAT
FRESH KID!

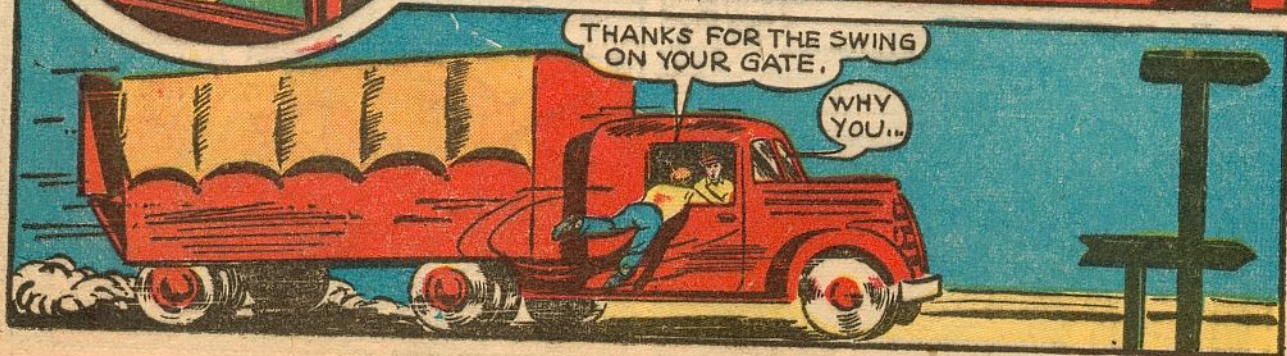


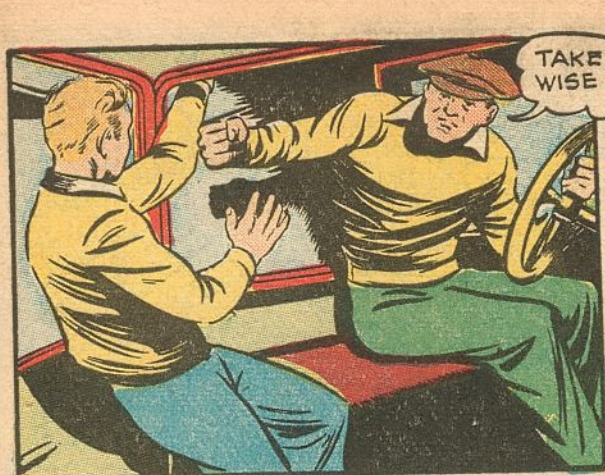
NOW TRY AND
HANG ON, YOU
RUNT.



THANKS FOR THE SWING
ON YOUR GATE.

WHY
YOU..





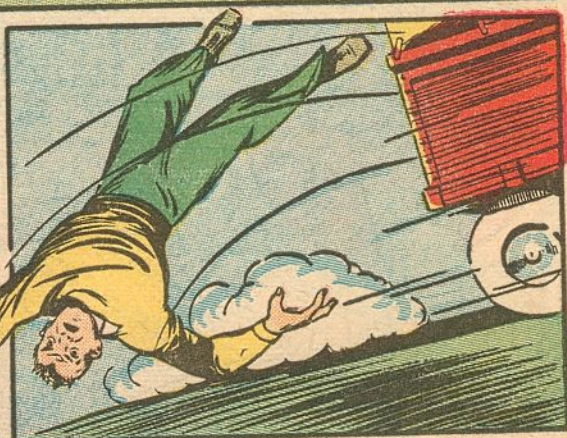
TAKE THAT, WISE GUY!

AS THE DRIVER'S FIST SMASHES FORWARD, DANNY GRABS HIS WRIST AND WITH A JERK PULLS THE THUG OUT OF THE CAB.



SORRY YOU ARE IN SUCH A HURRY.

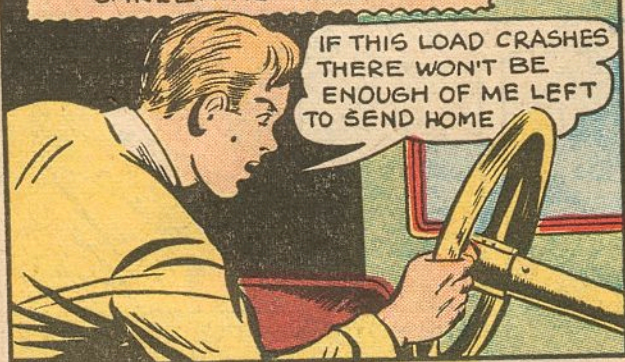
DANNY QUICKLY REACHES FOR THE STEERING WHEEL OF THE CAREENING TRUCK.



HE MANAGES TO RIGHT THE TRUCK IN THE NICK OF TIME



GEE I'M SCARED, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE ONE OF THESE THINGS.



IF THIS LOAD CRASHES THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH OF ME LEFT TO SEND HOME

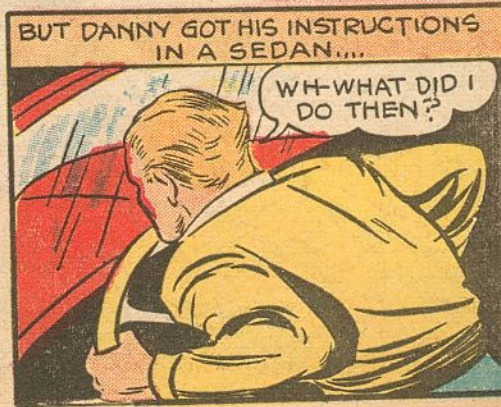


BOY OH BOY, I'D BETTER PUT ON THE BRAKES!

DOWNHILL, THE TRUCK THREATENS TO GET AWAY FROM HIM.



THAT'S WHAT THE INSTRUCTOR SAID. PUSH THE BRAKE DOWN HARD.



BUT DANNY GOT HIS INSTRUCTIONS IN A SEDAN....

WH-WHAT DID I DO THEN?

THE TRUCK HAVING AIR BRAKES
ALMOST TURNS OVER.

WHEW

OH, OH, THE
RECEPTION
COMMITTEE, BUT
I COULDN'T STOP
THIS FREIGHT CAR
ANYWAY.

SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG.
HE AINT SLOWIN' DOWN.
GIVE HIM THE GATS, BUT
DON'T HIT THE TRAILER!

WHAM

DON'T LET HIM GET
AWAY, YOU LUGS, GIVE
HIM ALL YA GOT!

A STRAY BULLET
CUTS THE AIR LINES.

I'LL KNOW BETTER
THIS
TIME..

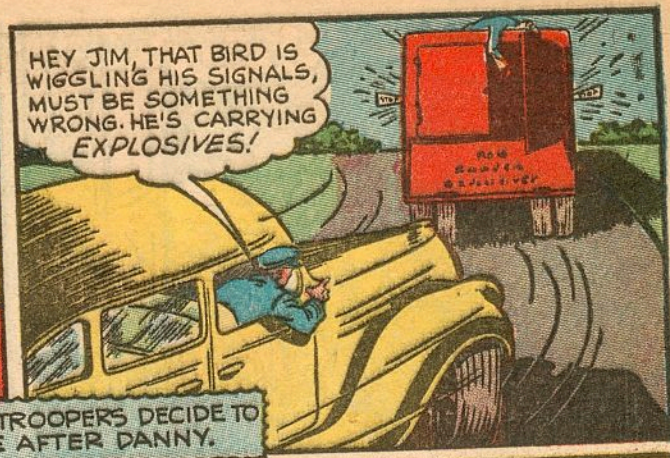
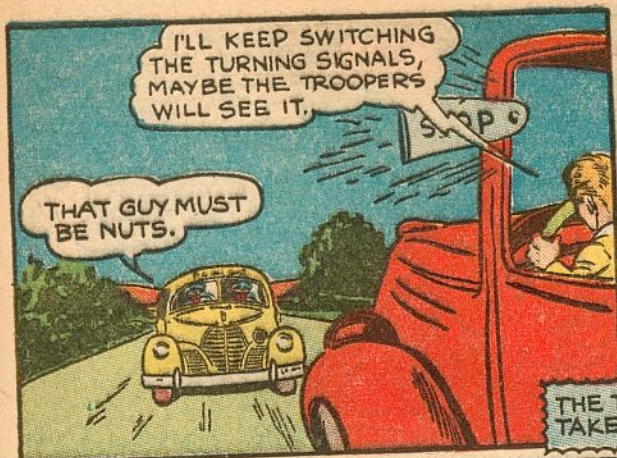
WHAT'S THE
MATTER, THE
BRAKES DON'T
WORK!

DANNY PRESSES THE BRAKE
PEDAL VERY LIGHTLY, BUT...

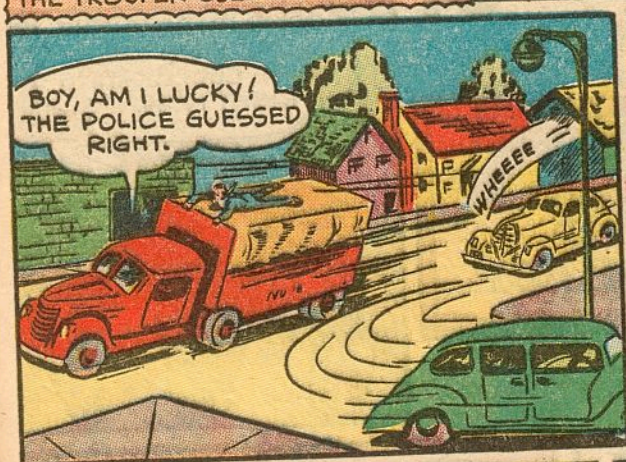
THE BOY DETECTIVE REALIZES
HE HAS NO BRAKES.....

MEANWHILE, MIKE RYAN
CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF
THE SPEEDING TRUCK.

WHERE A YOU
TINKA YOU ARE,
HAA, IN GREECE?



THE TROOPER GUESSES CORRECTLY





DON'T MISS NEXT
MONTH'S
**SHADOW
COMICS**

WHEN DANNY, THE
LOVABLE, BRILLIANT,
RESOURCEFUL BOY
DETECTIVE WILL
THRILL YOU WITH
HIS HAIR-RAISING
EXPERIENCES, AS
HE WAGES A
SUCCESSFUL WAR
AGAINST CRIME.

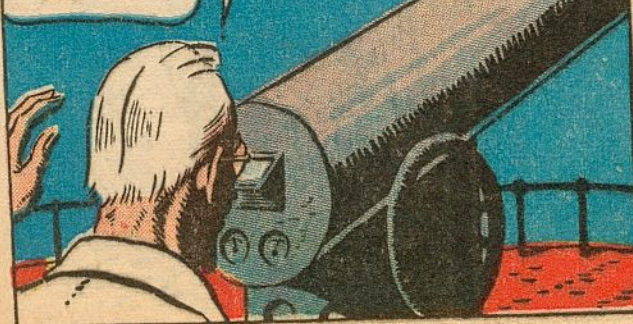
THE IRON GHOST FIGHTS

DEATH FROM VULCAN



SCENE: THE WORLD'S LARGEST OBSERVATORY—DR. AXEL, GREAT ASTRONOMER, MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

INCREDIBLE! JOHN! CARL!
LOOK! A NEW PLANET HAS
ENTERED OUR SOLAR
SYSTEM!

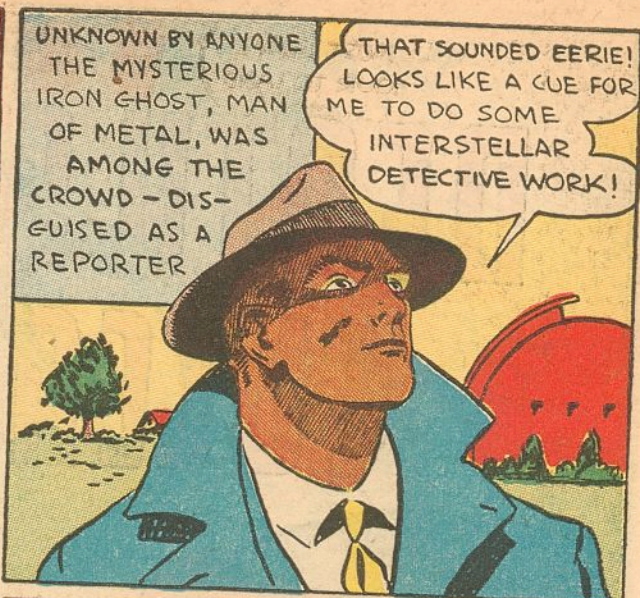
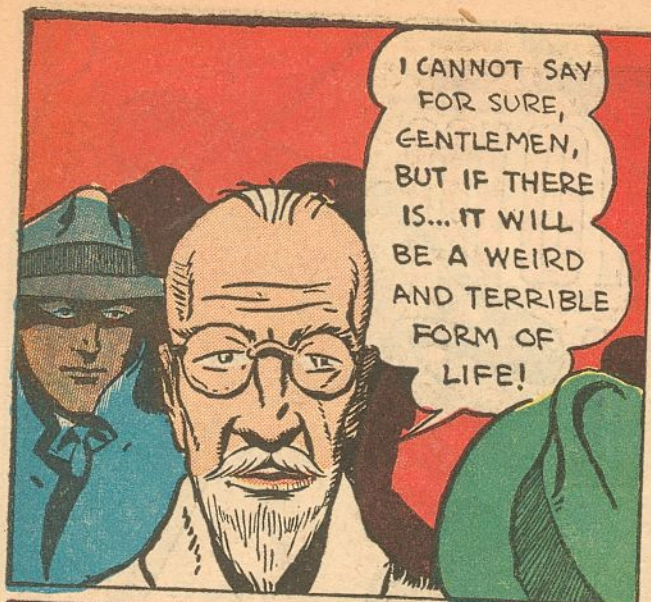


THE NEXT DAY THE NEWSPAPERS GET
WIND OF THE CENTURY'S BIGGEST STORY—

MY THEORY IS THAT THIS
NEW PLANET, VULCAN,
ESCAPED FROM AN-
OTHER SOLAR SYSTEM!

ANY LIFE ON
IT, DOC?





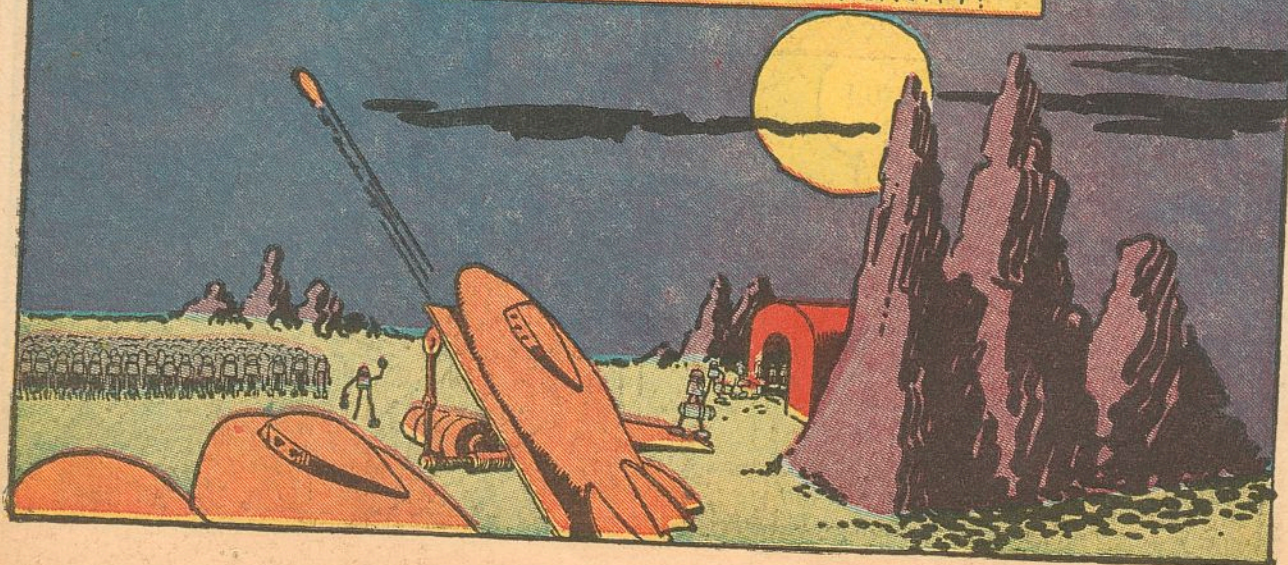
STRIPPING OFF HIS CONFINING CLOTHES THE IRON GHOST ZOOMS INTO SPACE!



AFTER TWO WEEKS OF HURTLING THRU SPACE THE IRON GHOST CHECKS HIS COURSE...



IN THE MEANTIME THE PLANET VULCAN IS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY!



HASTE, FOOLS! WE MUST LEAVE
INSIDE OF ONE HOUR TO LAND
ON THE EARTH PLANET!



THE IRON GHOST ARRIVES!

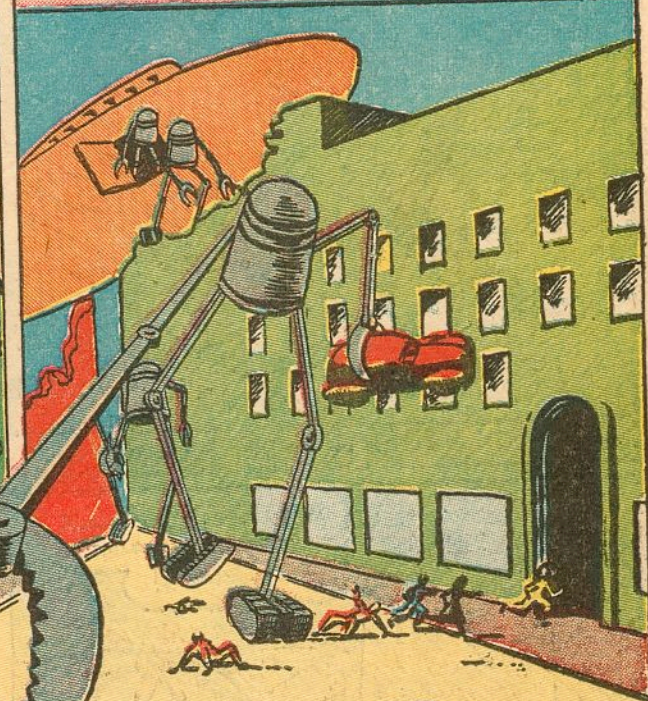
SPACE SHIPS!
WONDER WHERE
THEY'RE BOUND?



THEY'RE HEADED FOR
EARTH! I MUST
GET BACK IN TIME
OR ELSE!

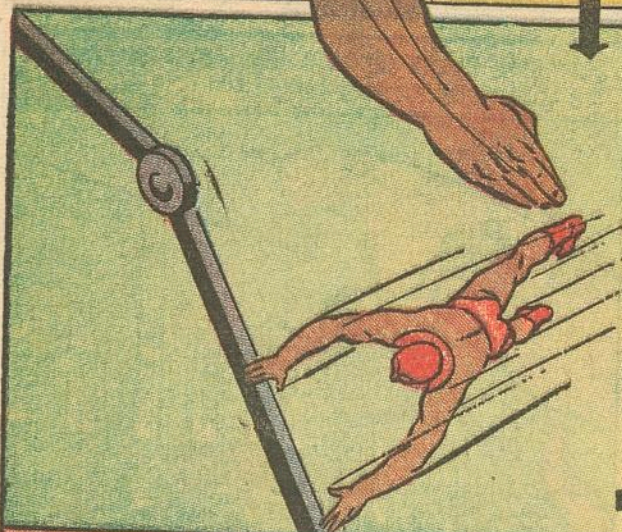
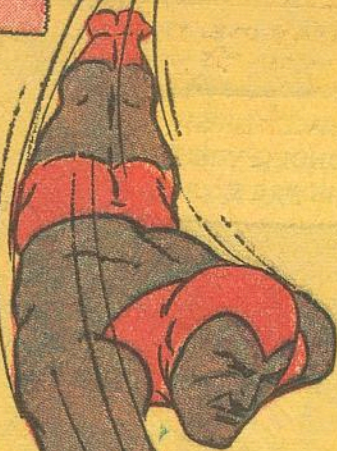


BUT THE FIRST OF THE VULCAN SPACE SHIPS
REACH THE EARTH BEFORE THE IRON GHOST!

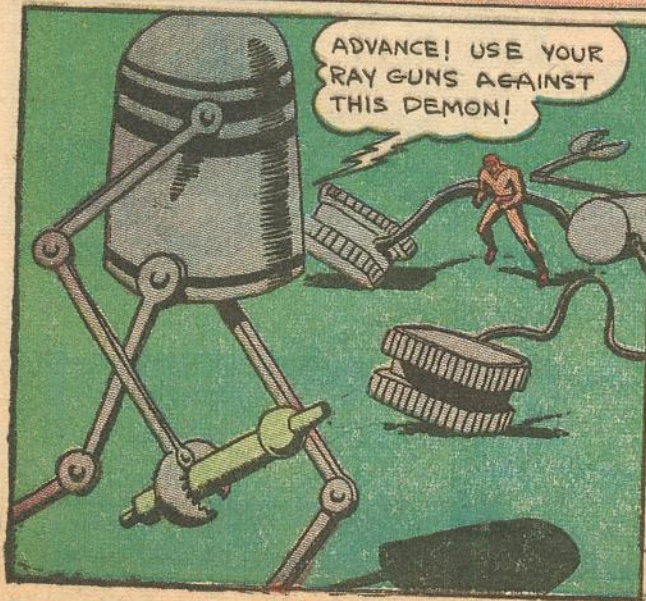
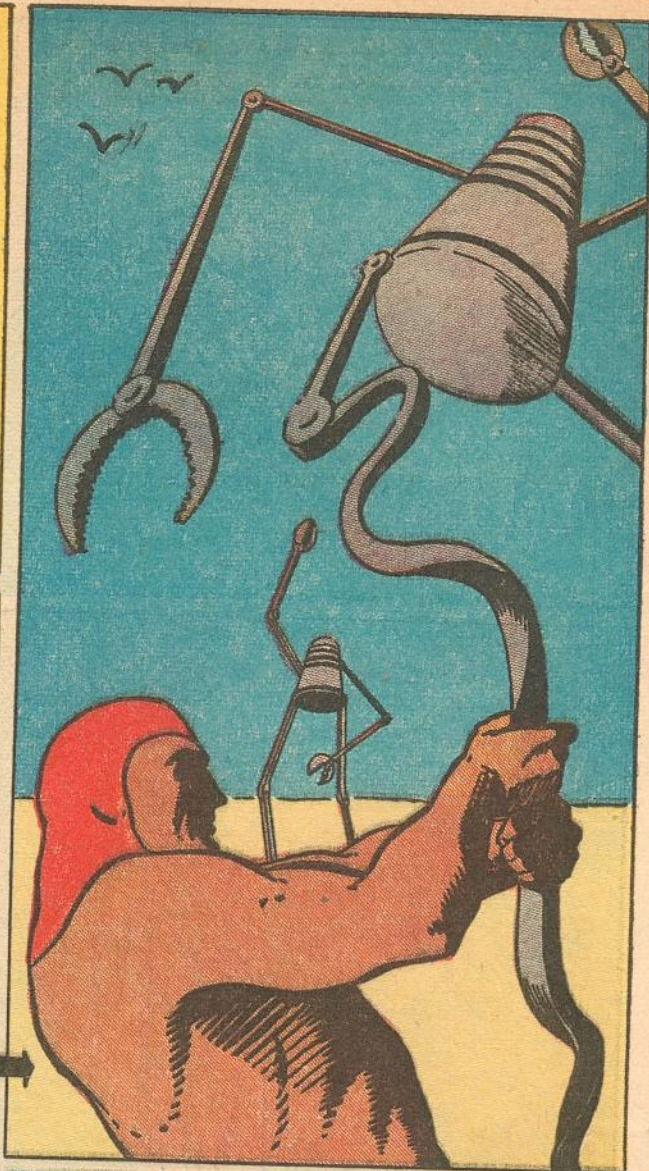


THE IRON GHOST
ARRIVES!

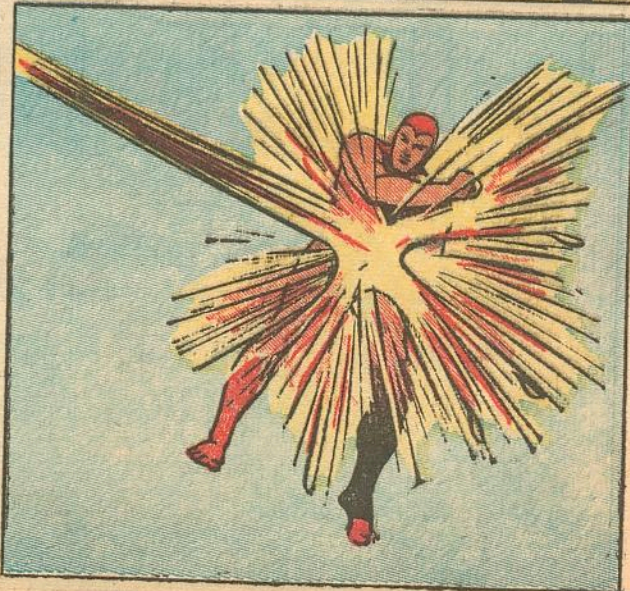
THE
DEVILS!



HE GRABS ONE OF THE MONSTERS BY THE LEG



ADVANCE! USE YOUR
RAY GUNS AGAINST
THIS DEMON!



STUNNED BY THE POWERFUL RAY GUNS
THE IRON GHOST RISES AGAIN!

ROUGH LITTLE
PLAYMATES!

I CAN USE THIS
CAP PISTOL!

THE IRON GHOST BLASTS AT THE SPACE-
SHIPS AT CLOSE RANGE!

RETREAT! BEFORE THIS EARTH
DEMON DESTROYS US!
BACK TO THE SHIPS!

NOT SO
FAST!

THE IRON GHOST RIPS OPEN THE
VULCANIAN MONSTER'S BODY...

SO YOU'RE
WHAT MAKES
IT TICK!

IN TWO WEEKS THE IRON GHOST WITH HIS SUPERHUMAN BRAIN HAS LEARNED THE VULCANIAN LANGUAGE AND HAS GRILLED THE STRANGE CAPTURED GNOME!

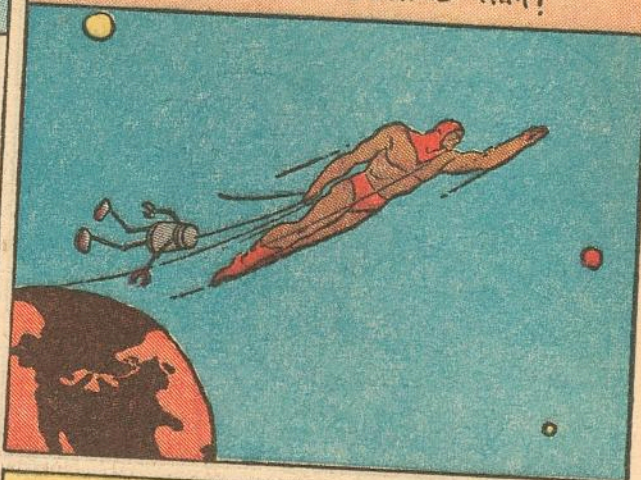
HA, HA! AS MY NAME IS IGOG YOUR WHOLE PLANET WILL BE SMASHED! OUR ANTI-GRAVITY MACHINES HAVE UPSET THE COURSE OF YOUR MOON! IN TWO WEEKS IT WILL CRASH INTO YOUR EARTH!



IT IS TRUE! I HAVE OBSERVED THE MOON- IT IS GETTING CLOSER TO THE EARTH. EVERY HOUR!

TOMORROW I'M OFF TO VULCAN WITH IGOG'S METAL MONSTER AS MY DISGUISE!

THE NEXT MORNINE THE IRON GHOST HURTLES TOWARD VULCAN DRAGGING A STRANGE CARGO BEHIND HIM!



AFTER SEVERAL DAYS HE REACHES VULCAN



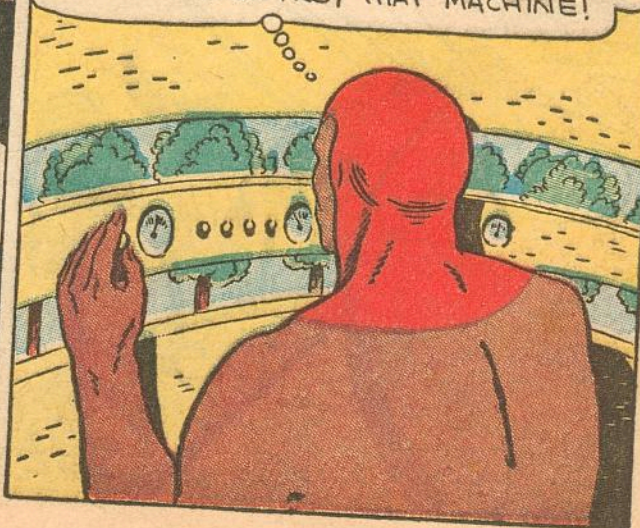
NOW FOR MY SUIT OF ARMOR!

AS THE IRON GHOST APPROACHES A TOWERING PALACE HE IS STOPPED BY SENTRIES...

HALT! NONE CAN ENTER THE EMPEROR'S CITADEL OF THE ANTI-GRAVITY MACHINE!

STAND ASIDE! DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE LEUTENANT IGOG!

THEY FELL FOR THAT LINE! NOW TO GET INSIDE AND DESTROY THAT MACHINE!



INSIDE THE CITADEL THE EMPEROR OF VULCAN AND HIS HENCHMAN WATCH THE IRON GHOST APPROACH..

LOOK, SIRE, IN THE EX-RAY CAMERA - AN EARTHLING IN IGOE'S MECHANO-BODY!

HA, HA! IT IS THEIR HERO; THE IRON GHOST! WE WILL GIVE HIM THE PROPER RECEPTION - A WARM ONE!

THE IRON GHOST ENTERS THE THRONE ROOM

GREETINGS, SIRE! I BRING STRANGE TIDINGS FROM EARTH!

GREETINGS! AND I BRING YOU STRANGE TIDINGS FROM VULCAN, IRON GHOST!

SUDDENLY THE EMPEROR PULLS A LEVER!

THE PALACE FLOOR GADES WIDE..

HA! HA! HA!
HA! HA! HA!

TRAPPED INSIDE THE METAL BODY THE IRON GHOST PLUNGES DOWN AND DOWN!

HEAT! IT MUST BE 250° - I MUST BE FALLING TO THE PLANET'S MOLTEN CORE!

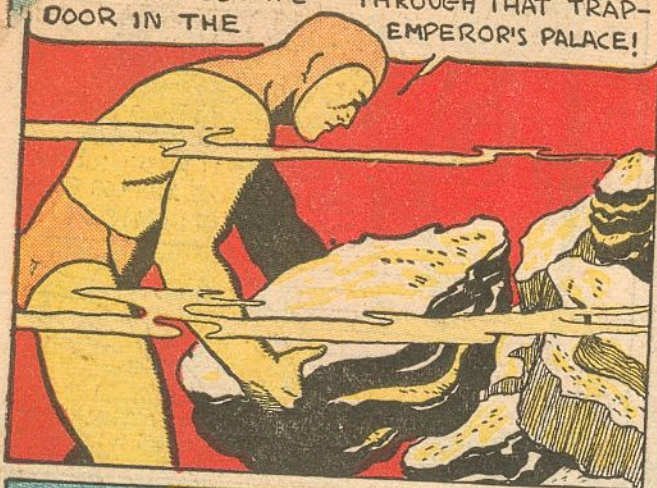
AFTER AWHILE THE BATTERED METAL MONSTER COMES TO A STOP AT THE BURNING CENTER OF VULCAN! THE METAL CAGE STARTS TO MELT LIKE ICE IN A FURNACE!

WHEW! QUITE A SUMMER THEY HAVE DOWN HERE! LUCKY FOR ME SUPER-DURALAMINE IS IMPERVIOUS TO HEAT!

THE IRON GHOST STARTS EXPLORING...

HELLO! WHAT'S THIS... A FIERCE UPDRAFT OF FLAME, LAVA AND GAS! IT MUST BE THE BOTTOM OF A HUGE VOLCANO!

IN TWO BLOCKS THIS SAFETY VALVE THERE'S
SURELY ONE PLACE FOR THIS TREMENDOUS
FORCE TO ESCAPE - THROUGH THAT TRAP-
DOOR IN THE EMPEROR'S PALACE!

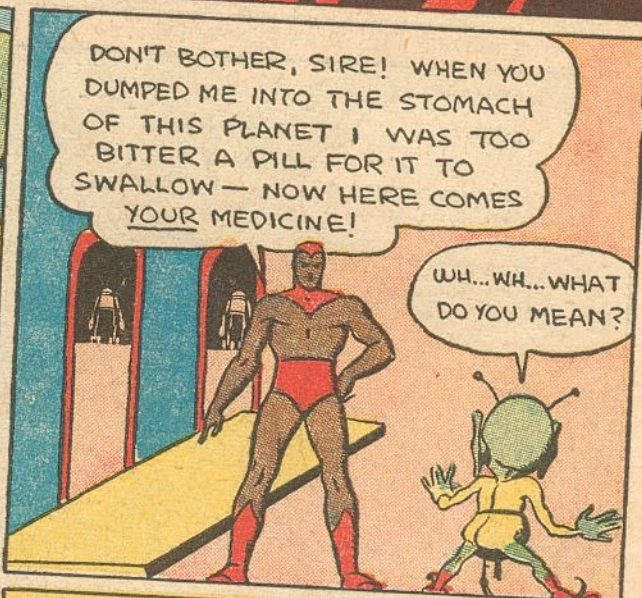


THAT'S THAT...
BUT I WON'T
WAIT FOR THE
FREE RIDE
WHEN IT
EXPLODES!



AGAIN, GREETINGS, SIRE!

I HALF EXPECTED YOU
BACK, EARTHMAN AND
HAVE PREPARED!
GUARDS! THE METAL
DISINTEGRATORS!



DON'T BOTHER, SIRE! WHEN YOU
DUMPED ME INTO THE STOMACH
OF THIS PLANET I WAS TOO
BITTER A PILL FOR IT TO
SWALLOW - NOW HERE COMES
YOUR MEDICINE!

WH...WH...WHAT
DO YOU MEAN?



NEWS FLASH-
VULCAN'S EMPEROR
VULCANIZED!



BACK ON EARTH-

SO YOU SEE, DR. AXEL, AS SOON
AS THE VOLCANO DESTROYED
THE PALACE AND THE ANTI-
GRAVITY MACHINE WITH IT
THE MOON STOPPED GETTING
ANY CLOSER TO THE
EARTH!

WELL, WE CAN
THANK THE
VULCANIANS
FOR A BIGGER
MOON - AND YOU
FOR OUR LIVES -
BUT VULCAN
MUST BE WATCHED
CONSTANTLY!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE!!!

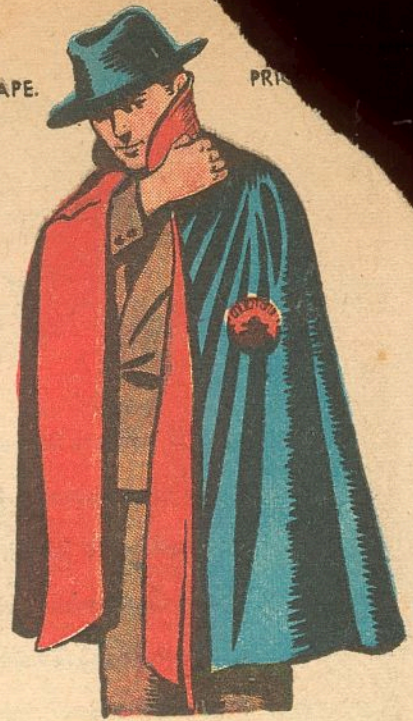
THE SHADOW OFFICIAL HAT AND CAPE.

PRIS

Be the SHADOW

● It's easy to avail yourself of some of the wonderful disguises used by this Nemesis of the Underworld. Thrill your friends by using the Shadow Hat and Cape to melt into the darkness . . . hide your face in a Shadow Mask . . . just as The Shadow does!

Write letters in invisible ink or in code on your own Shadow Stationery. Strap on the official Shadow Holster Set . . . use the keen Shadow Tectolite (which you can hide in the palm of your hand). And play the Shadow Game—the finest ever designed for boys and girls!



THE SHADOW GAME, size 20" x 20" printed in beautiful colors, containing a pair of dice, 4 colored tokens, plenty of play money, 4 black Shadow "black capes," dice cups and colored disks. It's the keenest game for spending a pleasant afternoon or evening that we have ever seen.....\$1.00

THE SHADOW TECTOLITE, a powerful, 2 1/4" x 1 1/4" flashlight. You can hide it in the palm of your hand, but it throws a powerful beam.....50c

THE SHADOW PENCIL LITE, a sturdy 5 1/4" propel and repel automatic pencil that lights up so you can write in the dark. It's great fun!.....50c

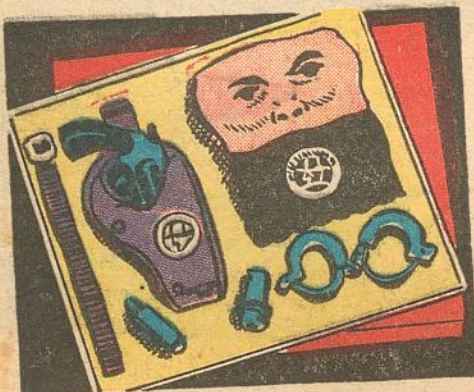
THE SHADOW MASK.....10c

THE SHADOW HOLSTER SET contains gun, holster, belt, Shadow mask, handcuffs, The Shadow's piercing whistle and The Shadow flashlight.....\$1.00

SHADOW OFFICIAL HAT AND CAPE, large-brimmed black-hat (indicate size, large or small), and 36" black cape with vivid red lining.....\$1.00

OFFICIAL SHADOW STATIONERY AND ENVELOPES, regular size stationery, white with Shadow Club insignia embossed in black and red.....20c

SHADOW BIG LITTLE BOOKS. "The Shadow and the Living Death" is the first one that has been produced, and there will soon be several more on the market. You can buy these at your 5 and 10c store.....10c



THE SHADOW HOLSTER SET. PRICE \$1.



THE SHADOW GAME. PRICE \$1.

PRICE 50c

Try YOUR LOCAL STORE BEFORE WRITING TO US FOR ANY OF THESE ITEMS.

SAY! DO
ANIMAL
HOW!

Join



THE SHADOW CLUB

● If you are interested in observing the law and in doing all you can to make others observe it, then it's your duty to join the Shadow Club. It costs you nothing to join, it costs you nothing to remain a member. You can be one of the hundreds of thousands all over the world who are members of this tremendous movement for justice. Just sign and mail the pledge which is shown in the lower right-hand corner and you will become a member.

Your Club News is published twice a month in THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, which sells for 10 cents a copy. Every person who reads THE SHADOW COMICS also wants to read THE SHADOW MAGAZINE, for in it one gets the best full-length stories about this marvelous enemy of crime.

★ COUPON ★

SHADOW COMICS
79 Seventh Avenue
New York, N. Y.

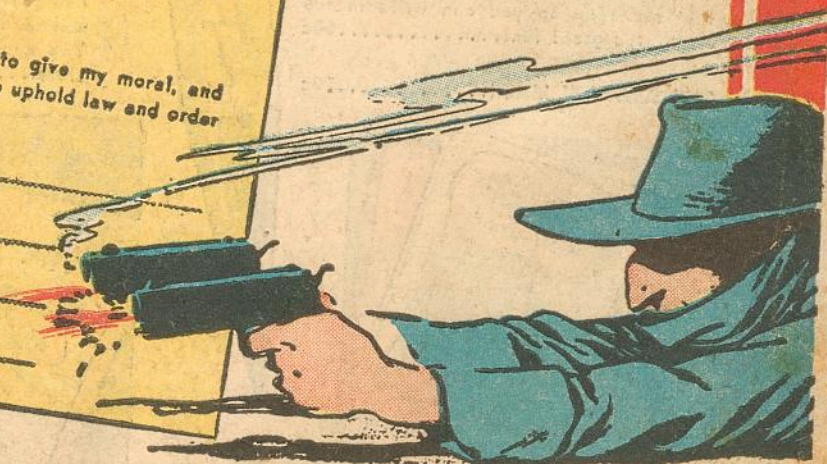
"I promise to bend all my efforts to give my moral, and when called upon, actual support to uphold law and order and down crooks."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



If you wish to wear the emblem of The Shadow Club—twice actual size shown in nickel-silver—inclose ten cents to help pay part of cost of manufacture and mailing.

The Shadow rubber stamp, an exact duplicate of the emblem, with the word "Member" added, is also available. The price is 10 cents.

THE FUTURE OF THE FUTURE

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