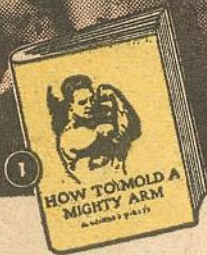
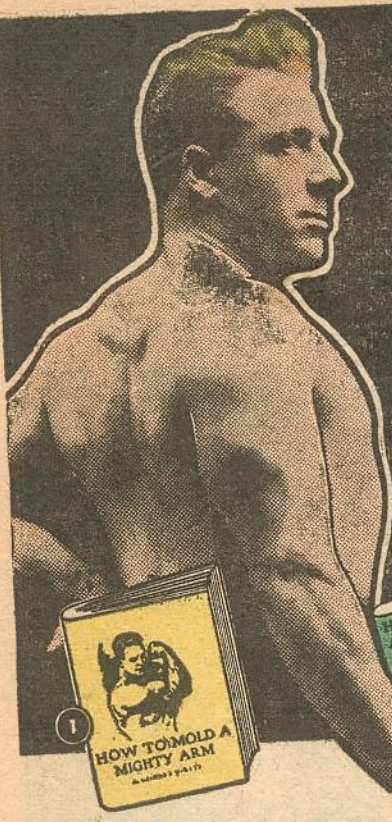


"I Will Show YOU . . . HOW TO BUILD A **MIGHTY** BODY using my quick, easy methods," says *George F. Jowett*

I want to help you to develop mighty muscles — arms with the power to obey your will — a big, strong, muscular back that "picks a punch" — a deep "barrel" chest arched with power — a powerful grip that crushes — and legs that are real props of tireless leaping power! A real he-man's body that men will respect and women will admire!

George F. Jowett, winner of many world contests for strength and physical perfection! He actually holds more strength records than any living athlete or Teacher!



THIS IS WHAT YOU GET IN EACH OF THE FIVE JOWETT BOOKS!

- 1 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM.** This book shows you how to develop a pair of chain-breaking biceps. Why not get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires? George F. Jowett gives you his secret methods of strength development, illustrated and explained as you like them.
- 2 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK.** Look at George F. Jowett pictured above. Note the big spread and tapering waist. Let him help you build a back of power, square trim shoulders with the enviable military spread.
- 3 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST.** Tells you how to make your chest a real power house of vital energy—with straps of muscles to protect your heart and lungs. If you have a narrow, sunken chest, bare ribs, sparrow or chicken chest, he will show you how to improve it so that you will be proud to show it off!
- 4 HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP.** A complete course that will show how you can get a grip of steel! What would you give for a forearm with a bone crushing grip? Wrists thickened with live sinewy cables! Fingers strong as steel pincers. A hand like an iron vise—yet sensitive.
- 5 HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS.** Now you can have the all around he-man strength and good looks of the pupils shown on this page. What Jowett has done for them and thousands of others, he can do for you. He increased his thighs by 8 inches, his calves by 5 inches by this simple, unbeatable method. He will help you build legs with tireless power!

FREE!



JOWETT'S PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

With your order for Jowett's famous Courses in book form, you will receive this valuable book **FREE**, at no extra charge, if you send the Coupon today! It tells the enthralling life story of George Jowett—sets forth the Rules of constructive living which have made Jowett the "Champion of Champions." Contains many fascinating photos of strong men whom George Jowett helped to develop from puny weaklings into superb outstanding athletes and champs!

**Send for These
FIVE FAMOUS COURSES** Formerly \$5 each
NOW in Book Form ONLY 25c EACH
ALL 5 for \$1

At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, formerly sold for \$5.00, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to yourself, to your family, and to your COUNTRY, to make yourself *physically fit, now!* Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER!

Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c—and not only that but if you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually **FEEL** results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded! Don't let this opportunity get away from you—send the **FREE GIFT COUPON** at once, and receive your **FREE** copy of the Jowett book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron."

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT



A. PASSAMONT
Jowett-trained athlete who was named America's first prize-winner for Physical Perfection.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he, "I owe everything to Jowett's methods! Look at this chest—then consider the value of the Jowett Course!"

FREE GIFT COUPON

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
230 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 164, New York City

Send me the **JOWETT** Course-Book checked below. If not delighted, I may return books (or book) in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

☐ I enclose \$..... Send books checked, postage prepaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$..... plus a few cents postage. (No order less than \$1 shipped C.O.D.)

☐ **ALL FIVE BOOKS FOR \$1**

☐ How to Mold a Mighty Arm (25c)

☐ How to Mold a Mighty Back (25c)

☐ How to Mold a Mighty Chest (25c)

☐ How to Mold a Mighty Grip (25c)

☐ How to Mold Mighty Legs (25c)

☐ Send me the **FREE** book by Jowett, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," at no extra cost.

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....



VOL. III, NO. 4; JULY, 1943

NEXT ISSUE AUGUST, 1943, ON SALE JUNE 25, 1943

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

SHADOW COMICS

\$1.00 PER 12-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION

10c THE COPY

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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC.

79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.

IN A HOUSE FAR OUT IN THE COUNTRY LIVES A MAN WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE HAS BECOME A MORTAL TERROR!

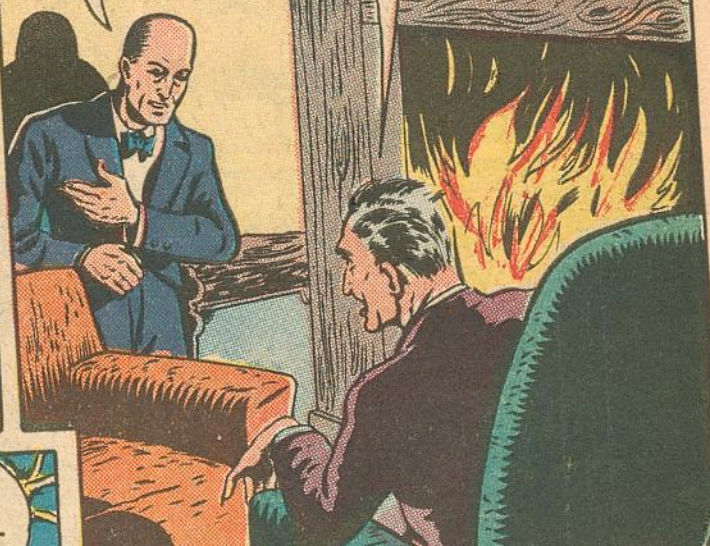
IS THAT THE DOORBELL, HAWKINS?

NOT YET, MR. THULL, BUT I AM SURE THAT MR. CRANSTON WILL ARRIVE VERY SOON!

A man in a blue suit and bow tie, Mr. Thull, is standing in a doorway, looking out. A large green plant is in the foreground.

WHY NOT CALM YOURSELF, SIR. YOU ARE QUITE SAFE HERE IN THIS STUDY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HAWKINS. THROW ANOTHER LOG ON THE FIRE TO MAKE THE ROOM BRIGHTER!

Mr. Thull is sitting in a large armchair, looking towards a fireplace where a fire is burning. Another man, Hawkins, is standing near the fireplace, gesturing towards the fire.

BUT WHY ARE WE DRIVING OUT HERE, LAMONT?

TO MEET A MAN NAMED LEONARD THULL WHO WON'T TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT FRIGHTENS HIM!

A man in a blue suit and hat, Lamont, is driving a red car. A woman with blonde hair, Margo, is sitting in the passenger seat, looking out the window.

THERE'S THULL'S HOUSE. WOZZY LOOKING PLACE, ISN'T IT, MARGO?

I'LL SAY! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH ANYTHING COULD HAPPEN THERE!

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN THULL'S MANSION-- SOMETHING WEIRD BEYOND BELIEF!

A large, two-story house with a red roof and green shutters. There are trees and bushes in the foreground. A red car is parked in front of the house.





LATER--
IT'S A
SEALED
ROOM
MYSTERY,
SHERIFF!
I'VE READ
ABOUT 'EM
IN STORIES!

TUT-TUT,
CORONER!
YOU'LL BE
CLAIMING
NEXT THAT
THIS IS
HAPPENING
IN A
STORY!

ANY
THEORY,
LAMONT?

YES,
BUT
I'LL
KEEP IT
UNTIL THEY
LEAVE!



THE FIRE HAS
DIED DOWN.
LOOK AT THAT
OUTLINE IN
THE ASHES,
MARGO.

WHY--WHY--IT'S
EXACTLY LIKE
A LARGE
LIZARD!



IT WAS A LIZARD, MARGO.
A SALAMANDER THAT
LIVES IN FIRE! IT KILLED
THULL, THEN ITS OWN
LIFE FADED WITH
THE DYING FLAME!



A
SALAMANDER!
BUT I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT
SUCH
CREATURES
REALLY
EXISTED!

THIS ONE
DID. NOW
PERHAPS
HAWKINS
CAN TELL US
WHO BROUGHT
THE LOGS FOR
THULL'S FIRE!



YOU STAY HERE,
MARGO, WHILE
I INVESTIGATE.



OLD TOBY, THE
WOOD-CUTTER
BROUGHT
THOSE LOGS!
HE LIVES
YONDER
IN THOSE WOODS!



ALL
RIGHT,
BUT BE
CAREFUL.

MEANWHILE, IN A CAVERN
SEVERAL MILES AWAY--

BAFFLING
CIRCUMSTANCES
SURROUND THE
DEATH OF
LEONARD THULL--

IT SERVES
THULL
RIGHT! HE
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE
THAT I
COULD
TRANSMUTE
BASE METAL
INTO GOLD!

THULL
FURNISHED
MONEY FOR
YOUR EXPERI-
MENTS, AND
HE WANTED
SOME
RETURN!

BUT
SO FAR YOU
HAVEN'T --
MASTER!



THULL
WOULD
HAVE
GAINED
HIS GOLD
IF HE HAD
WAITED!
I AM MON-
STRODAMUS!
TO ME ALL
THINGS ARE
POSSIBLE!

LOOK OUT
FOR THE
SALAMANDERS,
MASTER!

EVEN SALAMANDERS
FEAR MONSTRODAMUS!
COME, LET US EXAMINE
THE CRUCIBLE!

STILL ONLY
MOLTEN LEAD,
MASTER!
SOMETHING
IS WRONG
WITH YOUR
FORMULA
FOR GOLD!

BAH! I
SHALL
PROVE
MYSELF
AN
ALCHEMIST!
COME!



HERE ARE ALL THE
INGREDIENTS
FOR MAKING
GOLD ACCORDING
TO THE ANCIENT
ARCHIVE!

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN
ONE THING, MASTER.
YOU NEED THE
CABALISTIC WORDS
OF THE ANCIENT
EGYPTIANS!

PACK MY ALCHEMICAL
APPLIANCES! I SHALL
SHOW THEM TO
DARIEL GREBB
IN RETURN FOR
THE MYSTIC WORDS!

BUT GREBB
DOES NOT
KNOW THE
CABALA,
MASTER!
HE ONLY
COLLECTS
EGYPTIAN ART
AND MUMMIES!



MUMMIES! GOOD!
WITH THIS ELIXIR, I
SHALL BRING A
MUMMY BACK TO
LIFE AND LEARN
THE RIDDLE OF THE
AGES!



BUT SUPPOSE
GREBB WILL
NOT LISTEN,
MASTER --

THEN HE WILL
FARE AS THULL
DID. FETCH
THE OAK LOG
FROM MY SANCTUM!



GO! PLACE THE
LOG WHERE
OLD ROBY
WILL FIND IT
AND CARRY IT
TO GREBB'S
HOME!

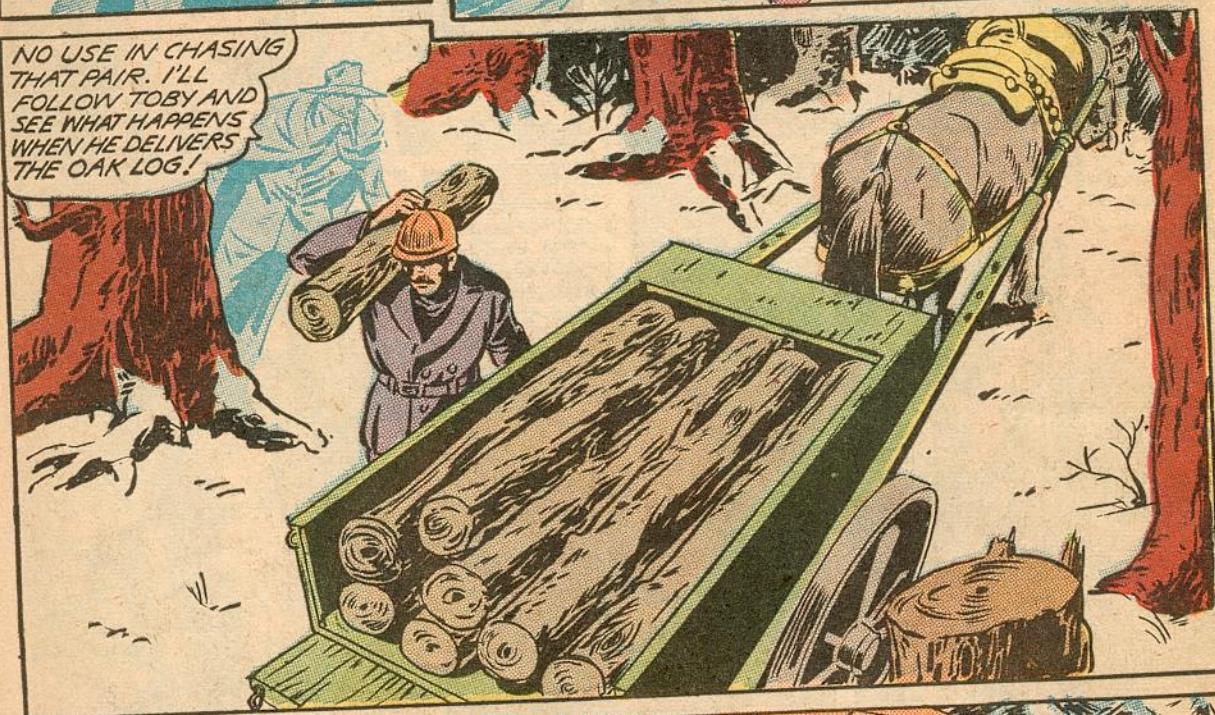
I GO,
MASTER.



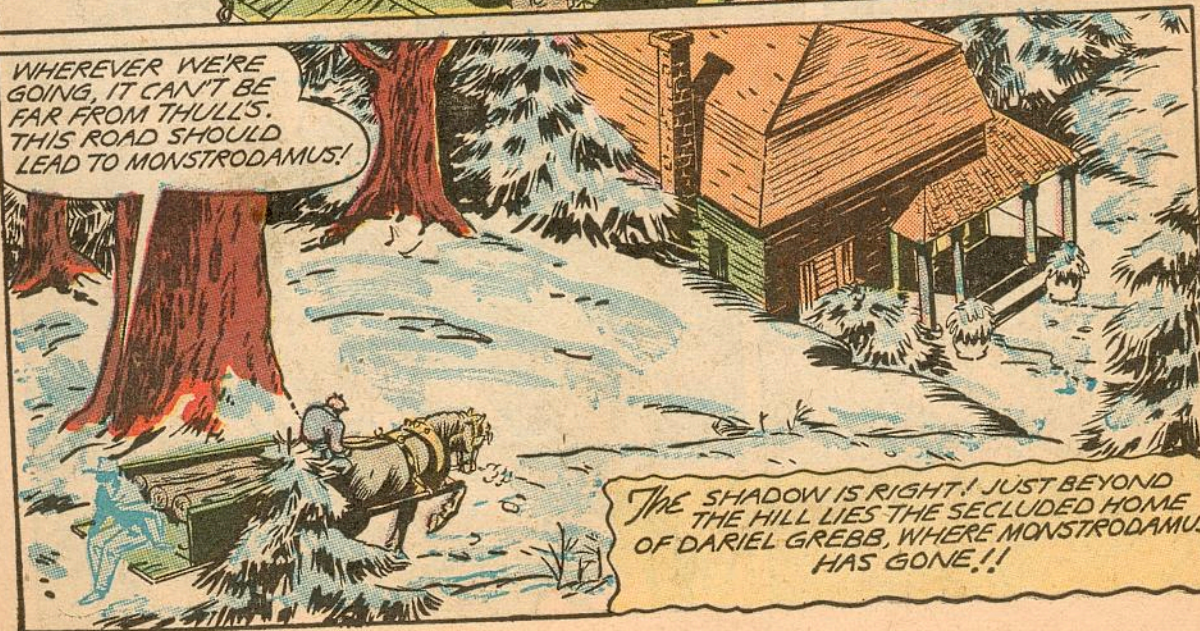




NO USE IN CHASING THAT PAIR. I'LL FOLLOW TOBY AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE DELIVERS THE OAK LOG!



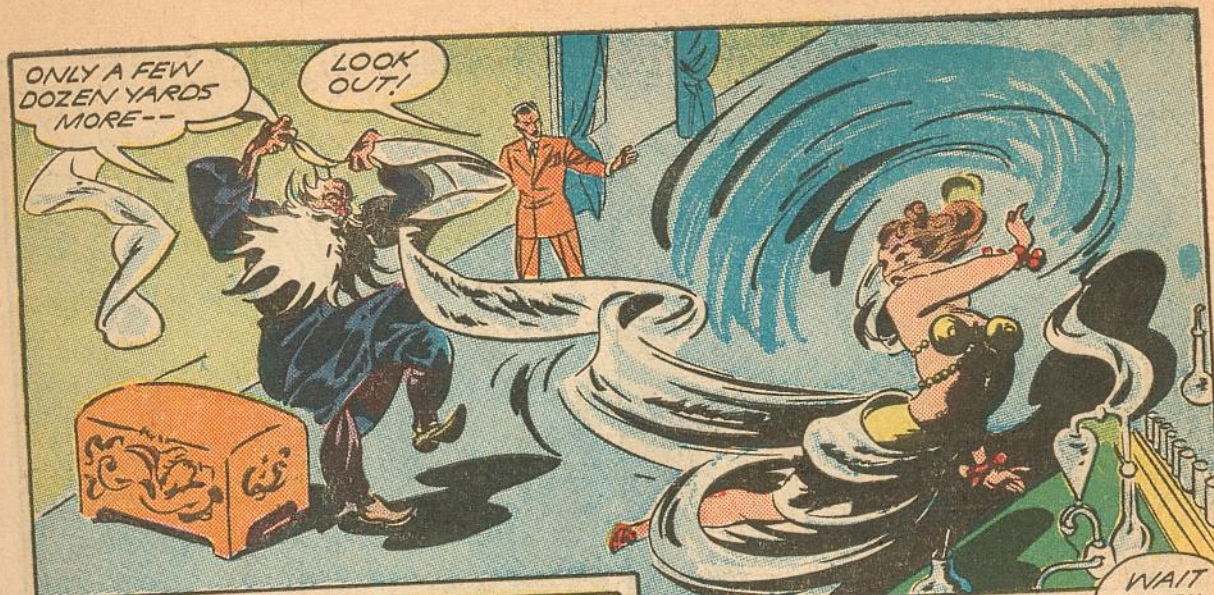
WHEREVER WE'RE GOING, IT CAN'T BE FAR FROM THULL'S. THIS ROAD SHOULD LEAD TO MONSTRODAMUS!

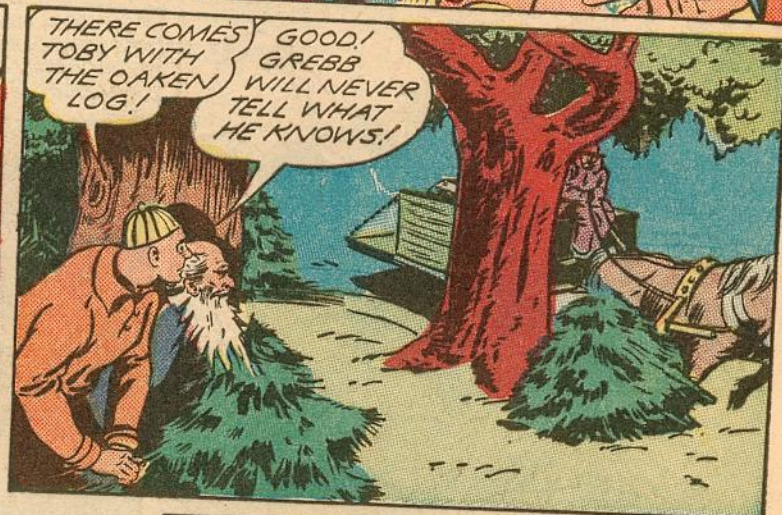


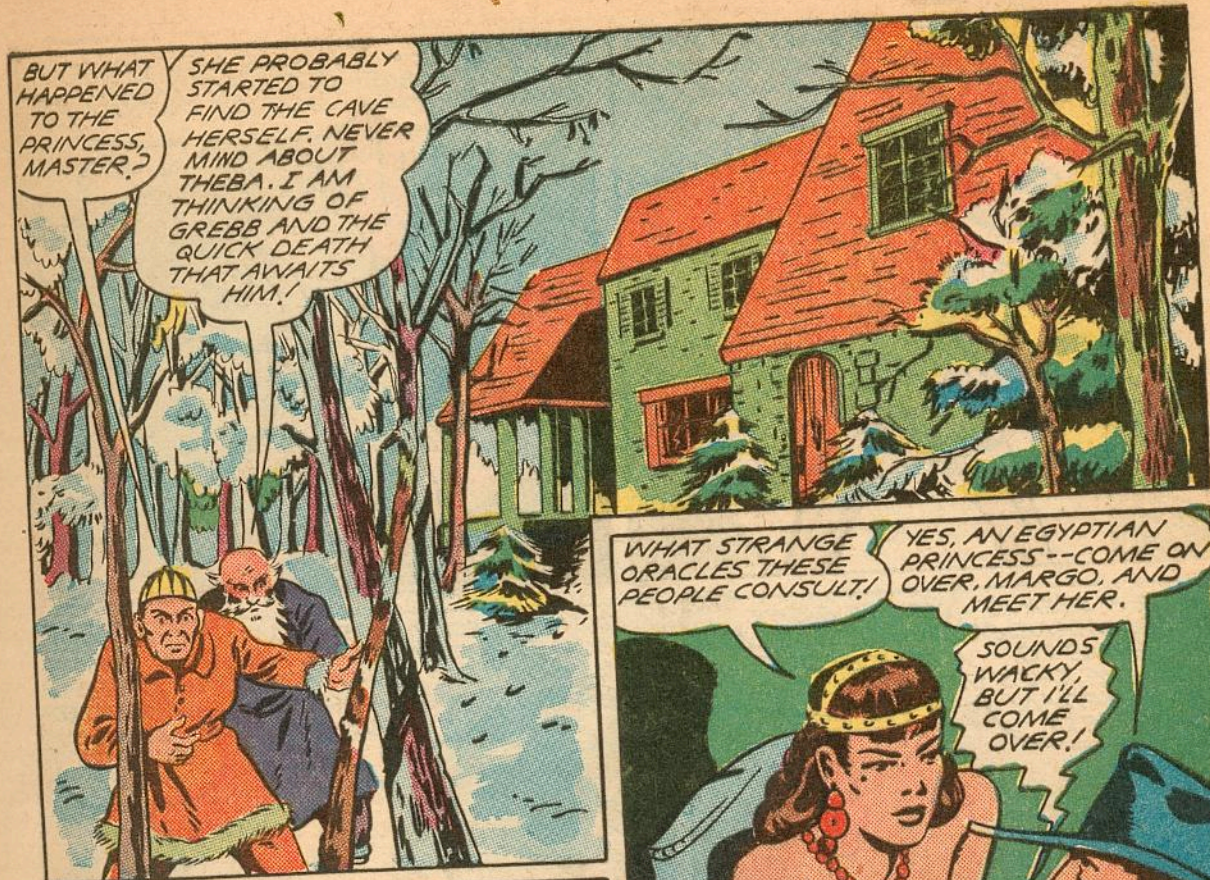
THE SHADOW IS RIGHT! JUST BEYOND THE HILL LIES THE SECLUDED HOME OF DARIEL GREBB, WHERE MONSTRODAMUS HAS GONE!!

IN THE MUSEUM AT GREBB'S HOME--









WHAT STRANGE ORACLES THESE PEOPLE CONSULT!

YES, AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS--COME ON OVER, MARGO, AND MEET HER.

SOUNDS WACKY, BUT I'LL COME OVER!

THAT WAS A FINE OAK LOG, TOBY. THANKS FOR PUTTING IT ON THE FIRE FOR ME.

GOOD-BYE, MR. GREBB!

THE SALAMANDER LOG!

NUMBER, PLEASE--

IT MUST BE THE VOICE OF THE GODDESS ISIS!

JUST IN TIME!

WHAT IN THE WORLD--







BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING THEBA?

BECAUSE WHEN THE NOVELTY OF HER NEW CLOTHES WEARS OFF, SHE WILL FEEL LOYAL TO MONSTRODAMUS. WE CAN'T TRUST HER, MARGO!

THIS SKULL CONTAINS A HAND GRENADE! USE IT IF NECESSARY!

AND HOW!



VERY NEAR!

WELCOME, PRINCESS THEBA. OUR MASTER AWAITS YOU!

CLOSE THAT DOOR AT ONCE! THE SHADOW MAY BE NEAR!



HOW WELL THE CHARM WORKS ON THESE MODERN CREATURES! NOW TO WARN MY FRIEND MONSTRODAMUS!



GREETINGS, PRINCESS. BUT WHAT IS THIS YOU BRING?

A SOUVENIR THAT I FOUND AT GREBB'S. NOW, MONSTRODAMUS, SHOW ME THE CRUCIBLE WHERE YOU MAKE GOLD!

ONE MOMENT, PRINCESS THEBA! YOU ARE BECOMING MODERN FAR TOO RAPIDLY!

I'D TOO MODERN? HOW?



YOU COULD NOT HAVE ACQUIRED A VACCINATION MARK IN SO SHORT A TIME! IT PROVES YOU ARE NOT PRINCESS THEBA!

OH!



SEIZE HER!

I WARN YOU! THIS SKULL CONTAINS A GRENADE!

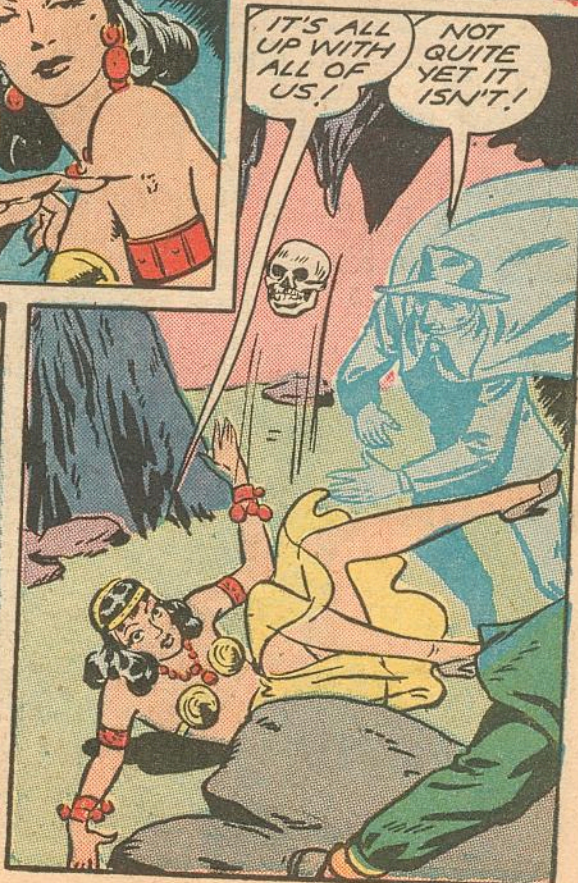
TAKE IT AWAY FROM HER!

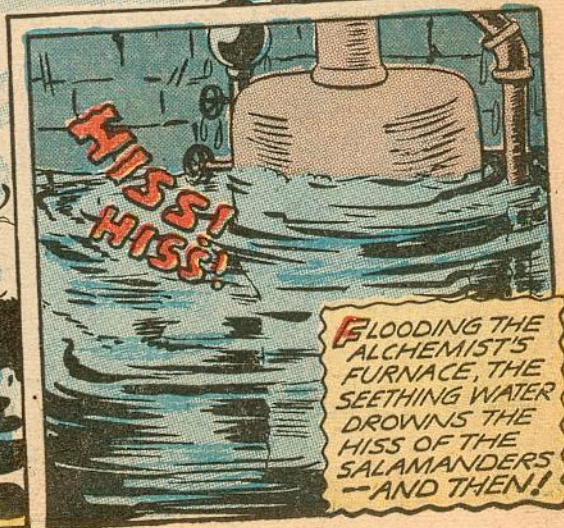
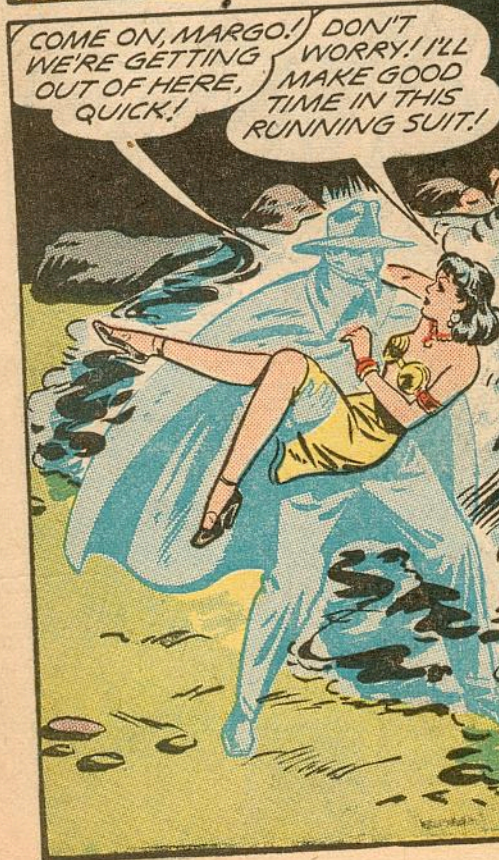
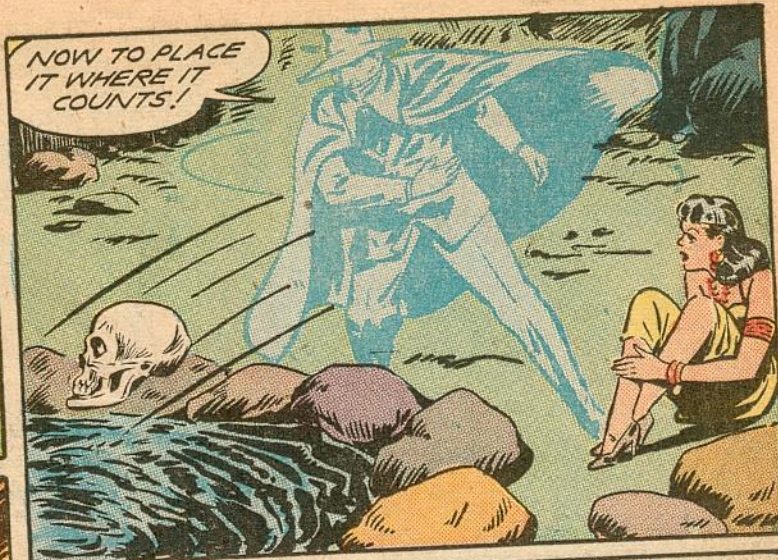
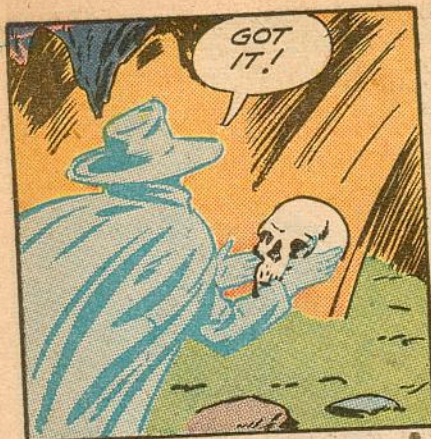
QUICK, MARGO! TOSS IT!



IT'S ALL UP WITH ALL OF US!

NOT QUITE YET IT ISN'T!

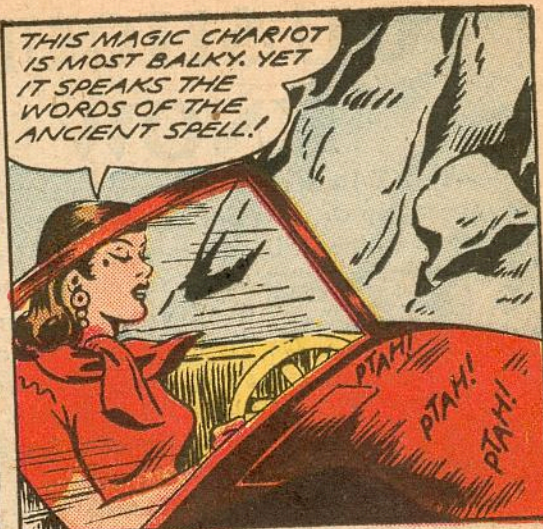
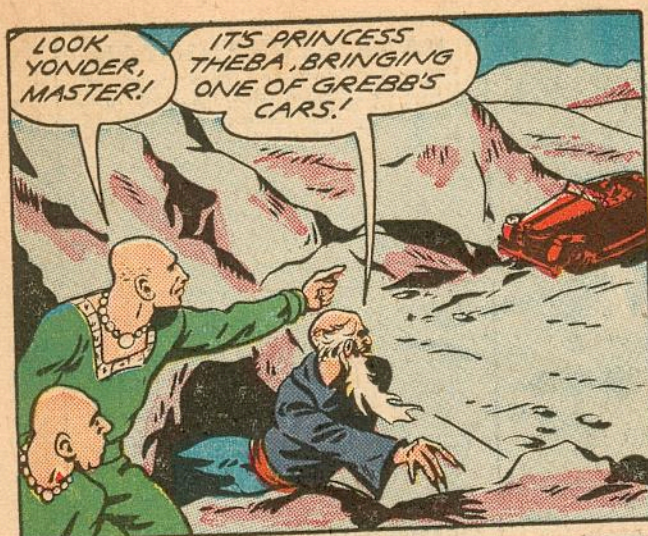






A GIGANTIC SURGE OF STEAM BLOWS THE HOLLOW HILLSIDE INSIDE OUT, TURNING THE SECRET CAVERN INTO A VOLCANIC CRATER!!





YOU SHOULD KNOW

—THAT Italy printed a commemorative postage stamp showing one of the world's first flying machines. It was invented by Leonardo da Vinci almost five hundred years ago and the drawing shown on the stamp was taken from the plans found in the papers of the great artist and inventor. Whoever tried the machine had to push wires at his feet the same way you do when riding a bicycle. It never worked properly and Leonardo was still trying to fly until the day he died.



Da Vinci's Flying Machine

—THAT Cape of Good Hope, now a part of the Union of South Africa, was the first country to print triangle postage stamps. Many countries since then have copied her example and issued their own triangles.

—THAT the United States commemorative stamp honoring the three hundredth year of founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony shows an Indian standing between two pine trees holding an arrow in one hand and a bow in the other. From out of his mouth, drawn just like the cartoons in this magazine, are the words, "Come over and help us." This is the only stamp issued by the United States which shows someone speaking.



United States
Cartoon Stamp

—THAT Switzerland has a postage stamp that, even if you offered a hundred dollars, you couldn't get it at the post office because only bus drivers are allowed to sell it. People call it the "bus stamp," and it is supposed to have been issued to encourage bus drivers to write more letters.

—THAT Nicaragua has issued the only actual set of baseball stamps in the world. They came out in 1937, and the design, showing a batter at home plate waiting for a ball to swing at, was posed for by a great American ball player. The stamps were printed in very bright colors and look like travel posters.

RARE AFGHANISTAN

Everyone wants stamps from Afghanistan—the hardest of all countries to get stamps from! We'll send a large size, RARE unused AFGHANISTAN stamp showing the famous KABUL MOSQUE, a very old classical, large size TARIK (World's smallest unused ANDORRA Coat-of-Arms pictorial issue, Republic), a RARE imperforate unused old NINE TENTH CENTURY SAMOS stamp catalog, value 50c; a large picturesque AFRICAN RAILROAD issue, NEW ZEALAND "rare bird" stamp, an old NINETEENTH CENTURY UNITED STATES COMMEMORATIVE, new KING GEORGE issues, 10 FRANK Belgian, Swiss scenes, China "George Washington" and 100 other fine different stamps for only 10c to approval applicants. FREE 142 STYLE STAMP PERFORATION RULE and MILLIMETRE MEASURE INCLUDED! ONLY ONE ORDER PER PERSON

WM. PENN STAMP CO., P. O. BOX 303, PHILA., PA.

UNITED STATES BARGAIN

Here's an offer so stupendous that it is almost unbelievable: 52 different U. S. stamps ranging in age as far back as over sixty years and in face value as high as the dollar. Wilson, composed entirely of rare different postage, airmail and commemorative stamps, nothing else. In addition, 2 U. S. Possession pictorials.

We will send all these for only 10c, but only to sincere approval applicants. In asking for approvals please state many others you are interested in United States or foreign stamps or both.

APPROVAL HEADQUARTERS
GLOBUS STAMP COMPANY
268 Fourth Avenue, New York City, Dept. 239



PONY EXPRESS SET

Few collectors have ever seen these rare U. S. local issues by Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1861. Since originals are practically unobtainable, we will send a free set of facsimile reproductions to approval applicants who inclose 4c (four cents) postage.

R. D. ROBERTS & CO. 514 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

GREAT "4 CENTS FOR 5c" OFFER!

(1) Big collection of 112 all different genuine stamps, from Africa, South America, South Islands, etc. Includes Nicaragua airmail; triangle and animal stamps; many others you are interested in. United States, cat. price 20c. (2) 2 scarce unused British Colonies—Charkhari, Jamaica, etc. (3) 2 U. S. \$4.00 and \$5.00 high values. Total catalog price over \$4.00! Everything for only 4c to approval applicants! Big lists of other bargains free.

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FREE!!! Russia War Stamps

Also an Austria World War orphans' charity set picturing troops in actual battle scenes. While our limited supply lasts we will send approval applicants these two sets of stamps for only 4c (four cents) service charge.

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VICTORY PACKET FREE

Includes stamps from Tanganyika—British Cayman Islands—Animal—Scarce Babyhead—Coronation—Early Victorian Airmail—Map Stamps—with Big Catalog—all free—send 5c for postage.

Dept. 52. **GRAY STAMP COMPANY** Toronto Canada



U. S. APPROVAL SERVICE

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HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 24
1227 Chelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FREE!!! WESTERN HEMISPHERE PACKET

A collection of stamps from our friendly neighbors, the democracies of the New World, including a facsimile reproduction of a rare U. S. stamp 80 years old cataloguing \$5.00, to applicants for our approval selections featuring historically interesting stamps of the world. Send 5c (four cents) service charge

OWENS STAMP CO. 314 Welsh Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

FIND STAMPS WORTH FORTUNES!

SIX BIG ITEMS! (1) "Queer Countries" Packet; (2) "Gwalior, etc." (3) Packet scarce Russia; (4) "Kangaroo, etc." (5) Postal Zoo Packet; (6) camel, antelope, kangaroo, etc. (7) Far East! Packet of 30 diff. stamps from Dutch India, Siam, Philippines, etc. (8) Illustrated, 32-page booklet—tells where to look for, and sell, stamps worth up to \$10,000 apiece! EVERYTHING FOR ONLY 5c TO APPROVAL APPLICANTS!

WORLD-WIDE STAMP CO. Dept. 700-A CAMDEN, NEW YORK

APPROVAL APPLICANTS

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THE

Shadow

in
VAMPIRE HALL

STORY by MAXWELL GRANT
ILLUSTRATED by JACK BINDER

AND UNLESS SOME GUEST STAYS OVER NIGHT IN HALDREW HALL, MY UNCLE VARNEY WILL INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!

MARGO, THIS IS PHIL HALDREW. WE'RE GOING TO HELP HIM!

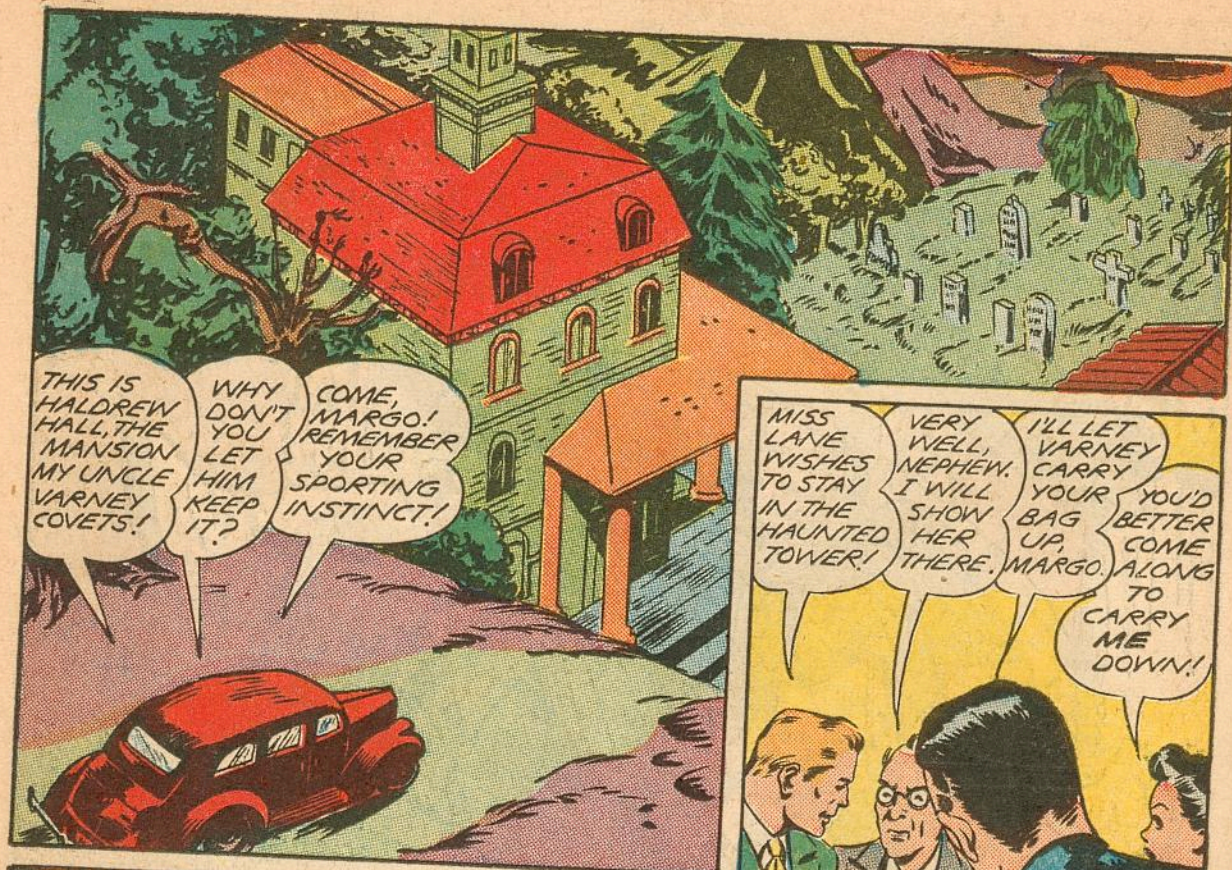


APPARENTLY YOUR UNCLE WANTS TO GYP YOU, PHIL.

YES, THROUGH THE PECULIAR PROVISIO IN MY GRANDFATHER'S WILL.

AND I'M TO BE THE GUINEA PIG--I MEAN GUEST!







MEANWHILE--

WELL, THAT MEANS VARNEY IS IN THE STUDY ALL RIGHT!

SLAM!

DID I DREAM I HEARD A FUNNY SOUND--OR DID I HEAR ONE?

click!

HOLD IT, MARGO!

YOWWW! THAT PORTRAIT IS ALIVE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

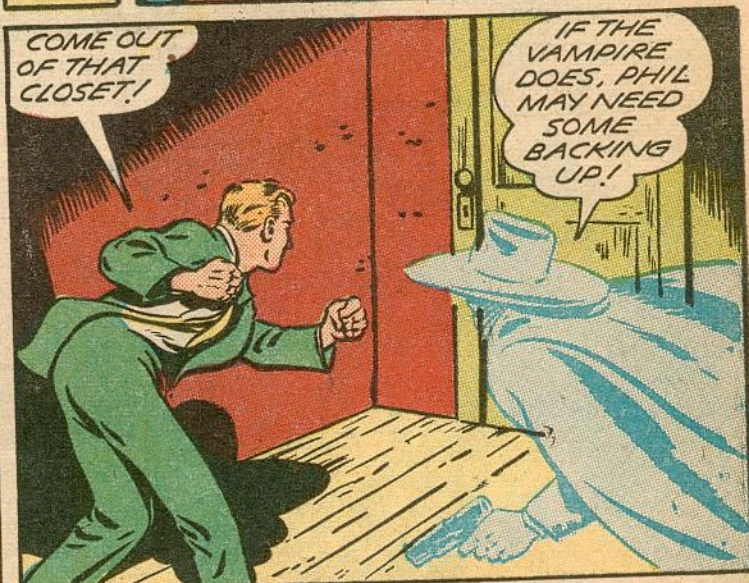
I AM VARNEY THE VAMPIRE!

I'VE GOT HIM, MARGO!

--AND I BELONG WITH THE DEAD--ERRKK!

THAT'S WHERE YOU WILL BE WHEN I LAND WITH THIS!

OHH--I MISSED!









Beebo

of JUNGLE ISLE
and his
WONDER HORSE

FLEET

in

THREAT
FROM
AFAR

Many years ago, a small sailing vessel, bound for Australia, was driven far off its course by a raging hurricane. A young man and wife, knowing they were about to die, strapped their baby to their faithful horse's back and bade the animal to leap into the sea and swim for shore.

Minutes later, the ship was wrecked on the reefs, but Fleet-the horse - battled his way to shore and the baby was safe. Grown to a fine young man, **Beebo** has become Jungle Isle's king...

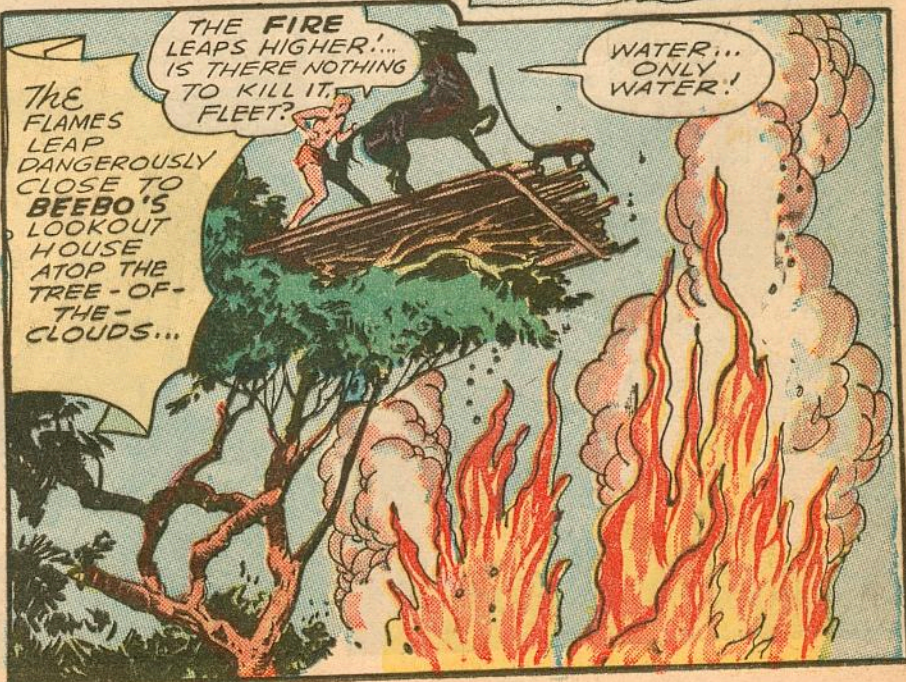
STORY BY ED GRUSKIN
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

Daily adventures make **Beebo's** life a thrilling one. But now cannibals have invaded the island. At **Beebo's** order, the animals surround them... frightened, the cannibals set fire to the jungle!...

The flames leap dangerously close to **Beebo's** lookout house atop the tree-of-the-clouds...

THE FIRE
LEAPS HIGHER!...
IS THERE NOTHING
TO KILL IT,
FLEET?

WATER...
ONLY
WATER!



IF ONLY THE CLOUDS WOULD ROLL OVER US AND OPEN THEIR BELLIES!...

IF THEY DO NOT COME SOON, THE FIRE WILL EAT EVERYTHING... ITS HUNGER WILL NOT BE OVER TILL ALL IS DEVoured!

Meantime, THE CANNIBALS BELOW ARE ATTACKED BY THE FRIGHTENED, MADDENED ANIMALS!...



THE FIRE WHICH THEY BROUGHT TO JUNGLE ISLE CLOSES OVER THE EVIL CHIEF AND HIS WARRIORS!

IT IS THE WHITE WITCH BOY!... HE HAS DONE THIS... OWWWWW!

OWWWWRRKK!

HELLPP!

GRRWWK!



SUMMONING BULA, THE ELEPHANT, BEEBO DIRECTS HIM TO LOWER FLEET TO THE GROUND...

GO TO THE BEACH... STAND IN THE WATER... THE FIRE CAN NOT EAT YOU!

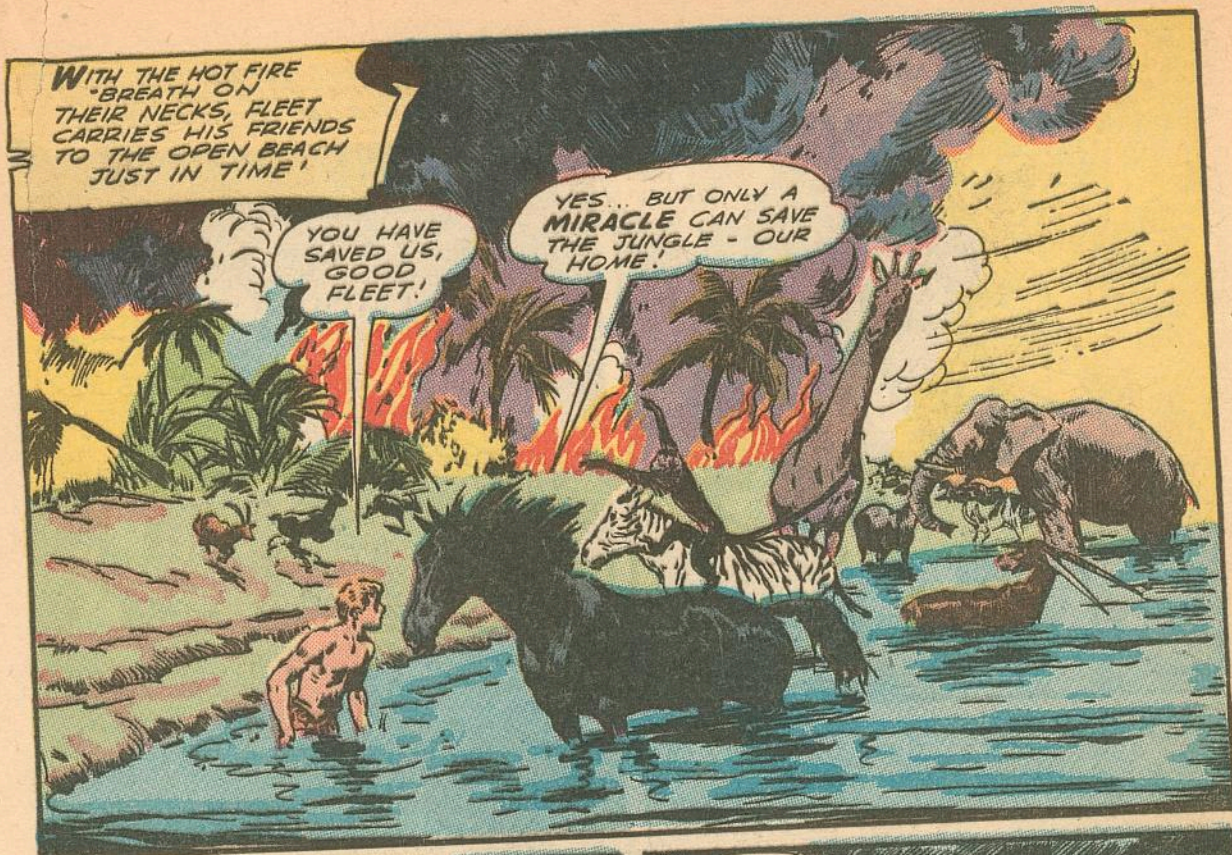
WE HEAR BEEBO!

WE GO!



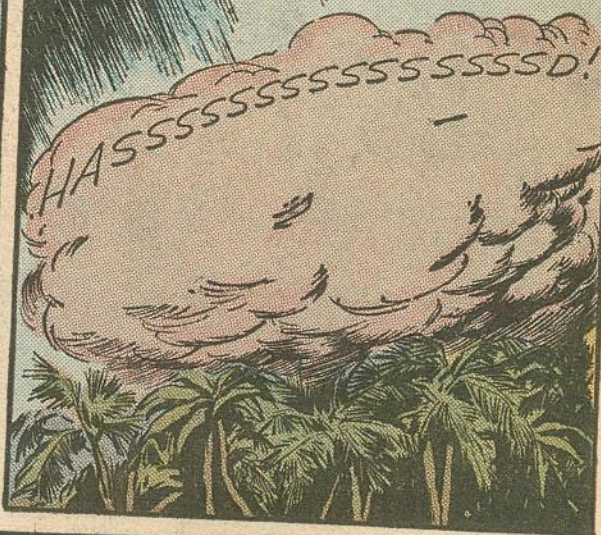
FASTER... FASTER, FLEET! THE FIRE LEAPS AT US WITH HUNGRY TONGUE!

POOR ME!... POOR ME!... I BURN AND SMART ALL OVER WHERE IT LICKED ME! ... AND MY BEAUTIFUL FUR IS A MESS!... WOE!... YIK!



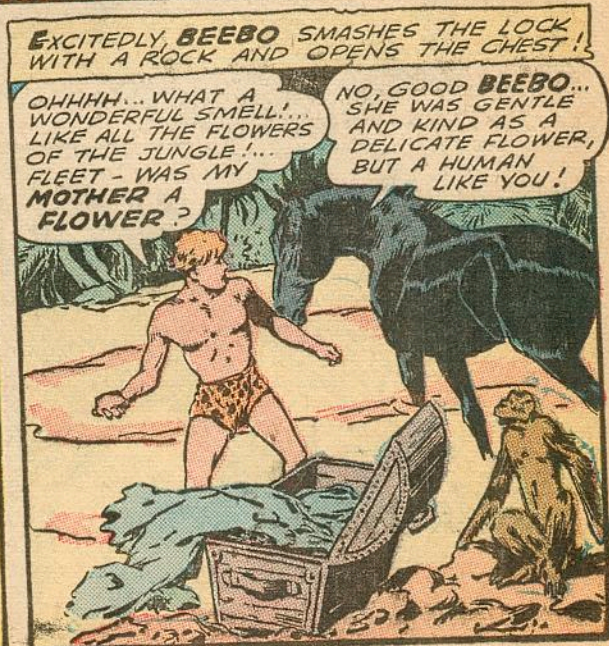
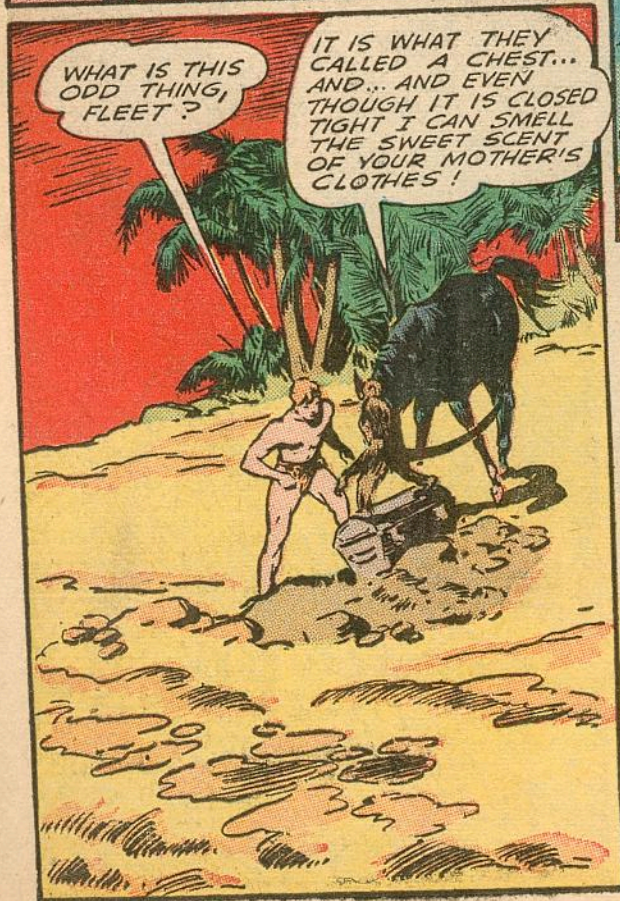
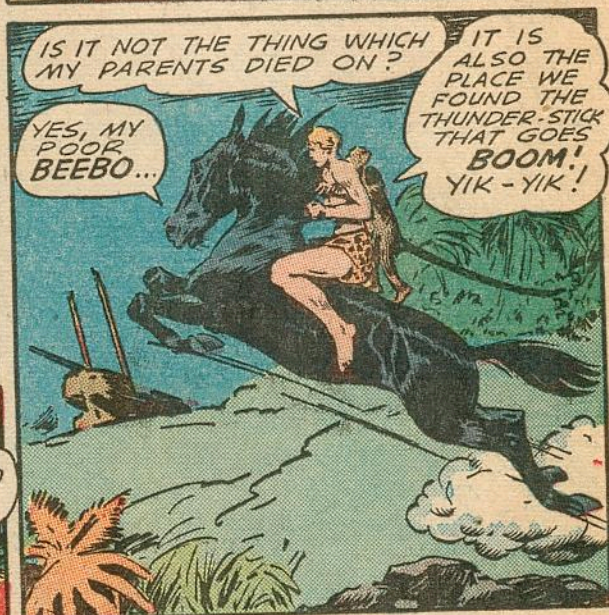
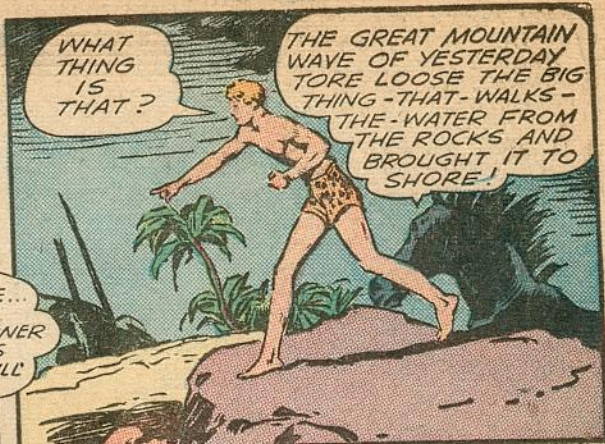


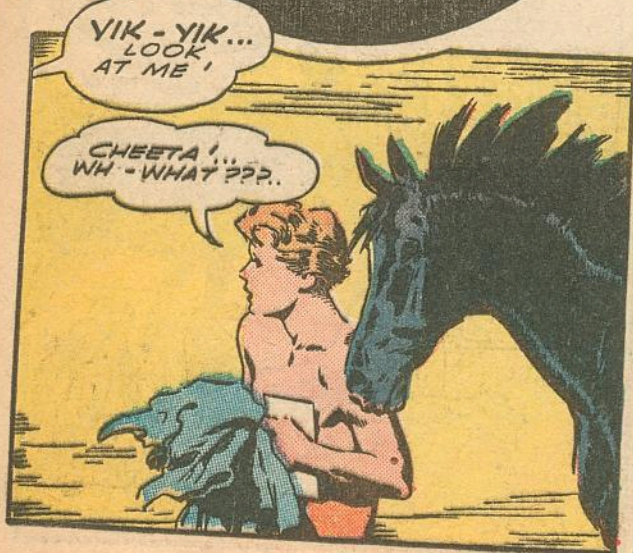
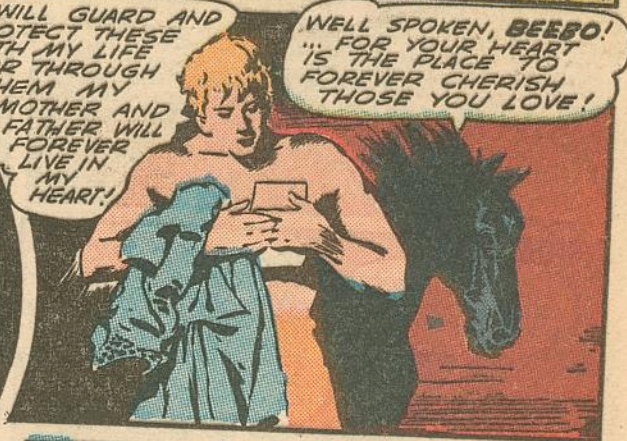
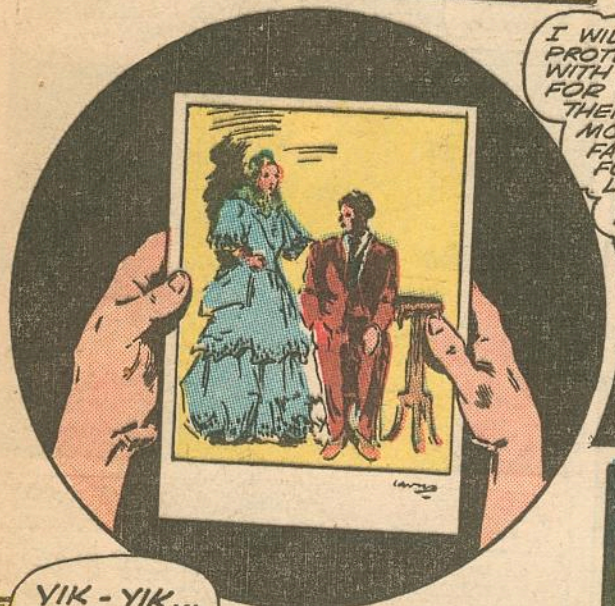
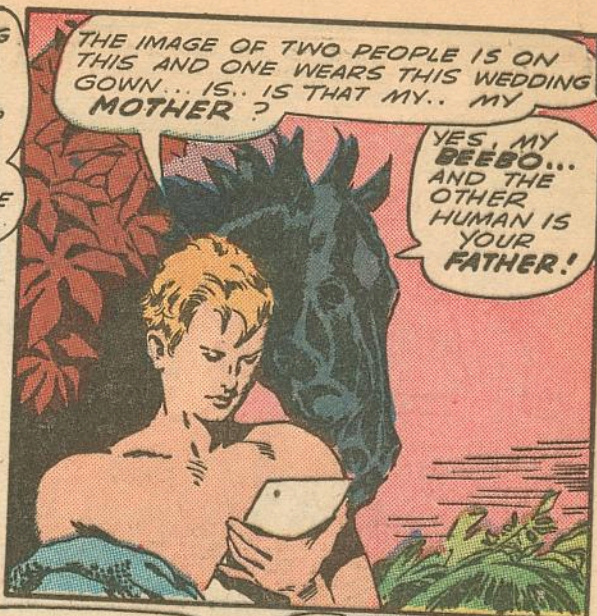
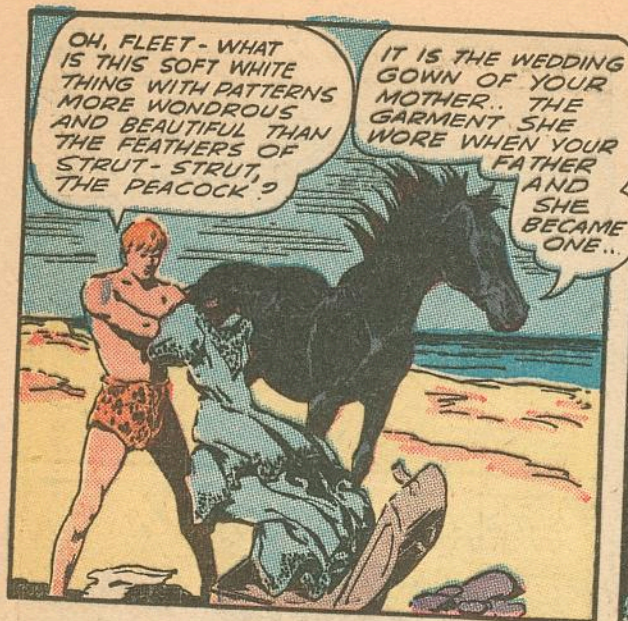
THE HEAVEN-SENT TORRENT OF ALMOST
SOLID WATER, KILLS THE HUNGRY
FIRE IN A CLOUD OF REBELLIOUS
STEAM!



Then - AS SUDDENLY AS IT CAME, IT
WAS GONE! THE SKY IS CLOUD-
LESS - A VIBRANT PURE BLUE. A
SHIMMERING RAINBOW ARCHES OVER
HEAD. THE ANIMALS WAIT IN GRATEFUL
SILENT AWE - THEIR EYES RAISED
TO THE SYMBOL OF THE KIND,
HEAVENLY POWER THAT HAS
SAVED THEM...









THE "THING" WHOSE "MARKINGS TALK"...

L

AST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF Martin Botel

BE IT KNOWN THAT I, MARTIN BOTEL, BEING OF SANE MIND AND SOUND BODY, DO HEREBY BEQUEATH IN THE FOLLOWING SUCCESSION ALL OF MY WORLDLY GOODS:

FIRST TO MY BELOVED WIFE JEAN BOTEL; IF THE LORD IN HIS WISDOM SHOULD TAKE HER TO HIM BEFORE OR WITH ME, THEN IN THAT EVENT ALL OF SAID WORLDLY GOODS SHALL BECOME THE PROPERTY OF MY SON, WILLIAM BOTEL.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF
Martin Botel

Samout Cranston
WITNESS

IF BEEBO HAD KNOWN THAT AT THAT MOMENT, "THE THING THAT TALKS" WAS UNDER DISCUSSION IN AN OFFICE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN SAN FRANCISCO, HE WOULD HAVE TREATED IT WITH GREATER RESPECT!

LOOK, MR CRANSTON, MY BROTHER, MARTIN BOTEL HAS BEEN GONE FOR 12 YEARS NOW. NO ONE HAS HEARD OF HIM,

HIS WIFE OR HIS SON. HIS FORTUNE NOW BELONGS TO ME!

THE COURTS DISAGREE. THERE IS NO PROOF THAT THEY WERE KILLED!



YES...EXPLORE WITH WITNESSES THE ISLANDS NEAR WHERE THEIR SHIP WAS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LAST HEARD FROM.... IF YOU FIND NOTHING, BUT HAVE SHOWN YOU'VE TRIED....

I UNDERSTAND.... THEN THE COURTS WILL BE READY TO LISTEN TO REASON! ... I'LL DO IT!



JAMES BOTEL, BEEBO'S UNCLE, GATHERS A CREW FOR THE JOURNEY... THE TOUGHEST FROM THE FRISCO WHARES...

WHAT DO WE DO IF WE FIND DIS BRUDDER O'YOURS?

KILL HIM OR HIS KID... THAT'S WHY I'M TAKING A TOUGH, HEARTLESS CREW LIKE YOU! IF OUR ARE YOU GAME?

SOUNDS REASON-ABLE TO ME... IF OUR CUT'S BIG ENOUGH?



THERE'S ENOUGH FOR US ALL TO LIVE LIKE KINGS THE REST OF OUR LIVES, ONCE WE PROVE THEY'RE DEAD!

SOUNDS GREAT... I'LL GO! ME TOO. COUNT ME IN.

COUNT ME IN.



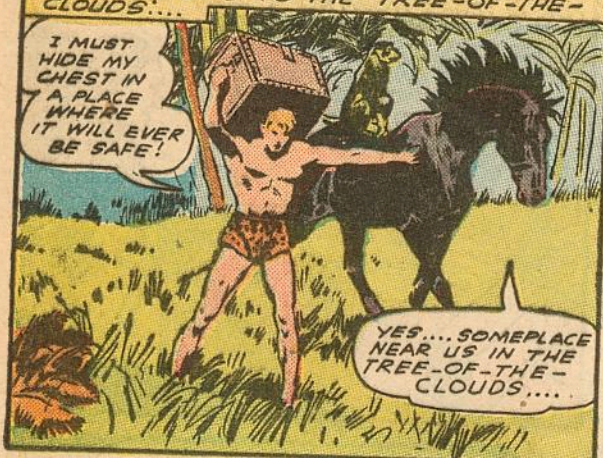
The "BARGAIN OF BLOOD" IS SEALED WITH STRAIGHT WHISKEY!...

TO SUCCESS!



UNAWARE OF THE HORRIBLE PLOT AGAINST HIM BY ONE OF HIS OWN BLOOD, BEEBO HAPPILY RETURNS TO THE TREE-OF-THE-CLOUDS...

I MUST HIDE MY CHEST IN A PLACE WHERE IT WILL EVER BE SAFE!

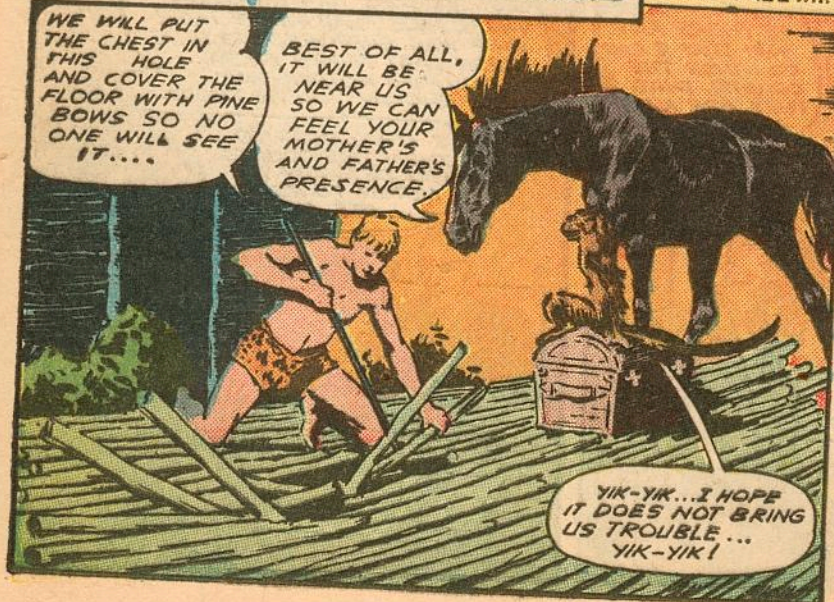


YES... SOMEPLACE NEAR US IN THE TREE-OF-THE-CLOUDS....

BACK ATOP THE TREE OF THE CLOUDS, BEEBO, WITH A SHARP ROCK, CHIPS OUT A HOLE THE SIZE OF THE CHEST IN THE TREE....

WE WILL PUT THE CHEST IN THIS HOLE AND COVER THE FLOOR WITH PINE BOWS SO NO ONE WILL SEE IT....

BEST OF ALL, IT WILL BE NEAR US SO WE CAN FEEL YOUR MOTHER'S AND FATHER'S PRESENCE.



YIK-YIK... I HOPE IT DOES NOT BRING US TROUBLE... YIK-YIK!

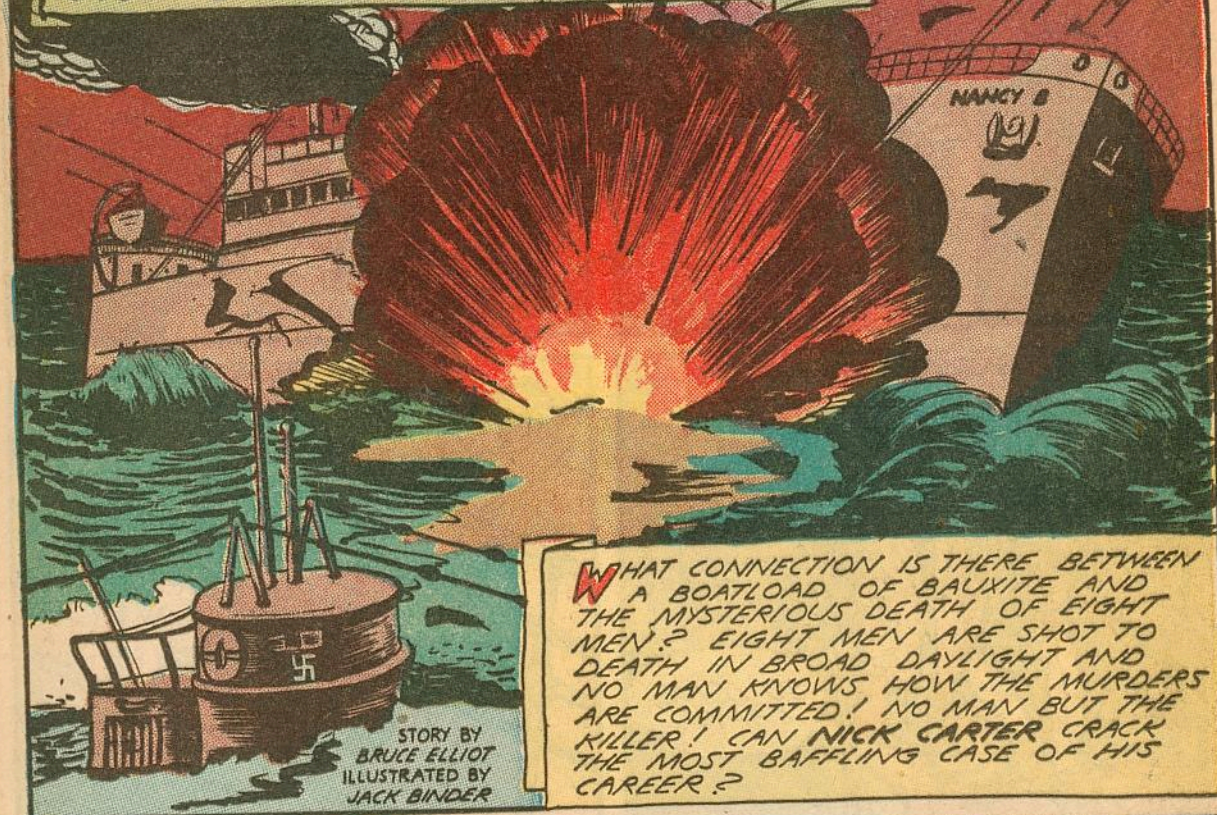
CHEETA DOES NOT KNOW HIS WORDS ARE ALMOST PROPHETIC! FOR THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, JAMES BOTEL, BEEBO'S UNCLE, IS STARTING ON THE LONG TRIP TO HUNT OUT AND TO KILL BEEBO FOR THE GREAT FORTUNE BEEBO'S FATHER LEFT.

WILL HE FIND BEEBO? ...AND WHAT JUNGLE ADVENTURES AWAIT THE JUNGLE BOY AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE MORROW?

Read
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
SHADOW COMICS
AND FIND OUT!

NICK CARTER

in "DAVY JONES' LOCKER"



WHAT CONNECTION IS THERE BETWEEN A BOATLOAD OF BAUXITE AND THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF EIGHT MEN? EIGHT MEN ARE SHOT TO DEATH IN BROAD DAYLIGHT AND NO MAN KNOWS HOW THE MURDERS ARE COMMITTED! NO MAN BUT THE KILLER! CAN NICK CARTER CRACK THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS CAREER?

STORY BY
BRUCE ELLIOT
ILLUSTRATED BY
JACK BINDER

NICK CARTER IS CALLED TO THE MARITIME BOARD--

NOW DO YOU SEE WHY WE HAVE A DIM-OUT ALONG THE COAST?

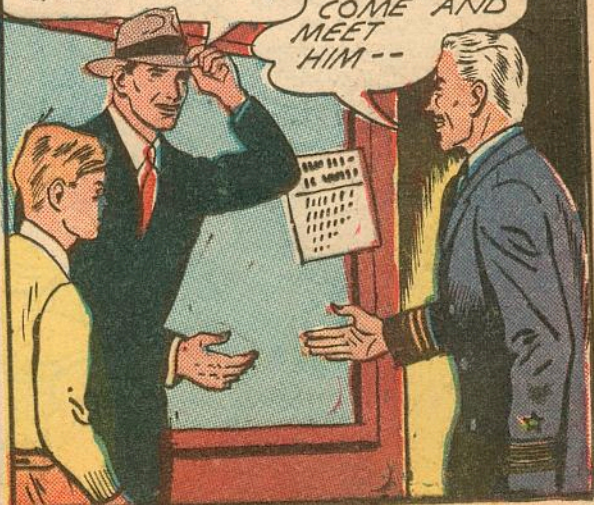
GEE, YOU MEAN THESE BOATS WERE SUNK, MAYBE, BY NAZI SUBS WHO SPOTTED THEM BECAUSE OF LIGHTS IN HOUSES?

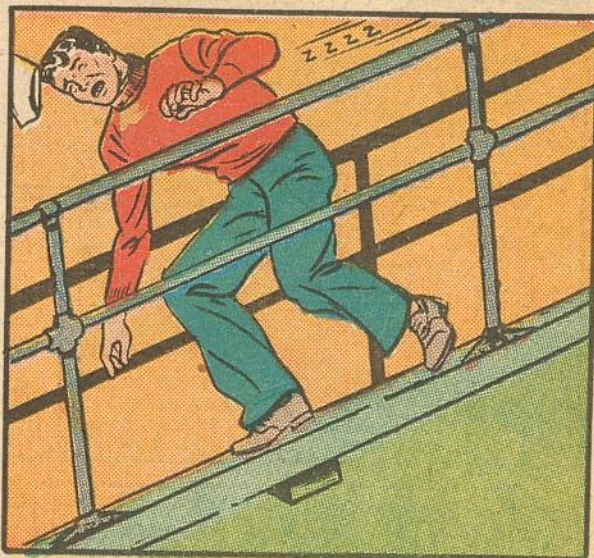
MARITIME BOARD

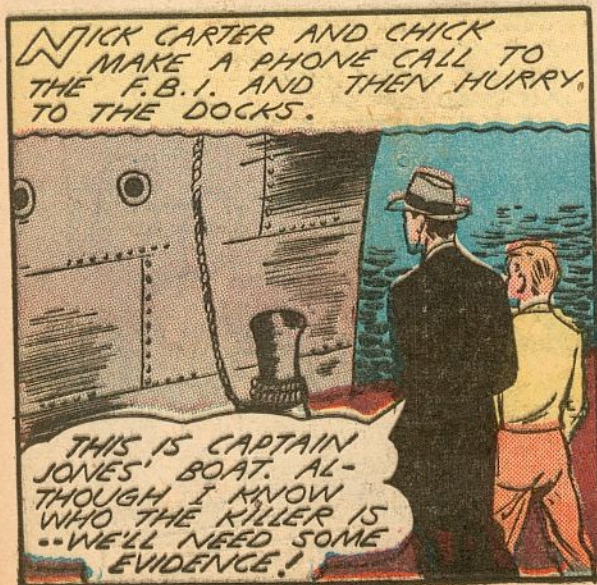
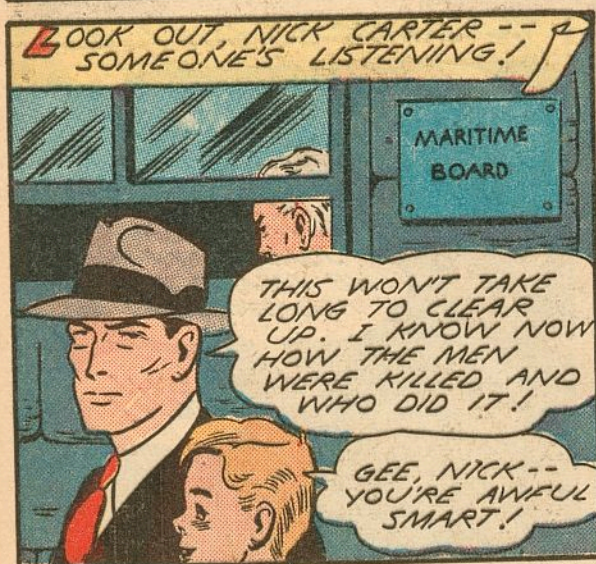
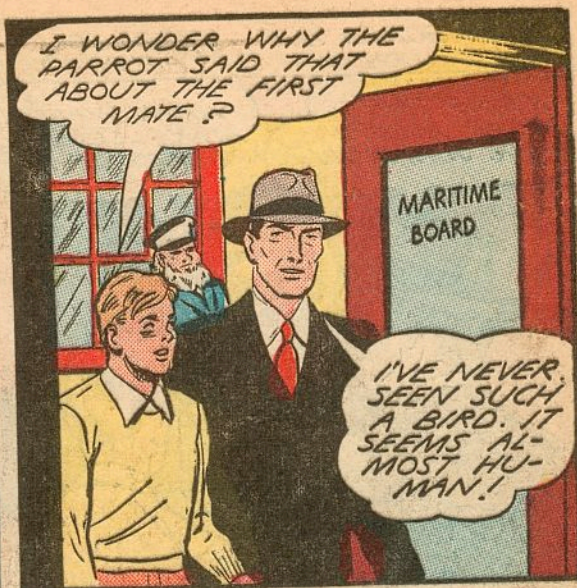
MISSING--
NO WORD
PETROLA
UNIVERSE
LARGOS
MARY K
VENDI
NANCY B
RONDELLO

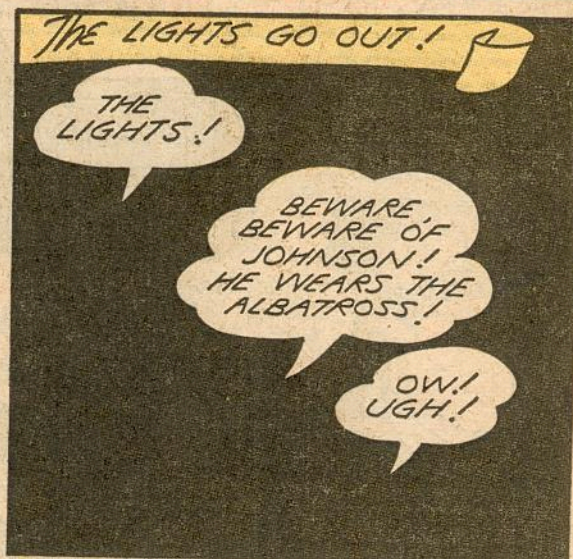
EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN, CHICK! OH--HELLO THERE. YOU ASKED ME TO COME TO SEE YOU, CAPT. ADAMS?

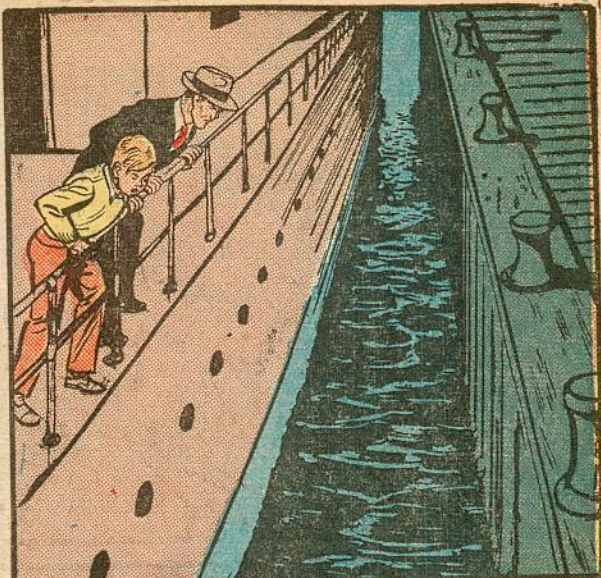
THAT I DID! CAPT. PEGLEG JONES HAS THE MOST EERIE STORY TO TELL. COME AND MEET HIM--









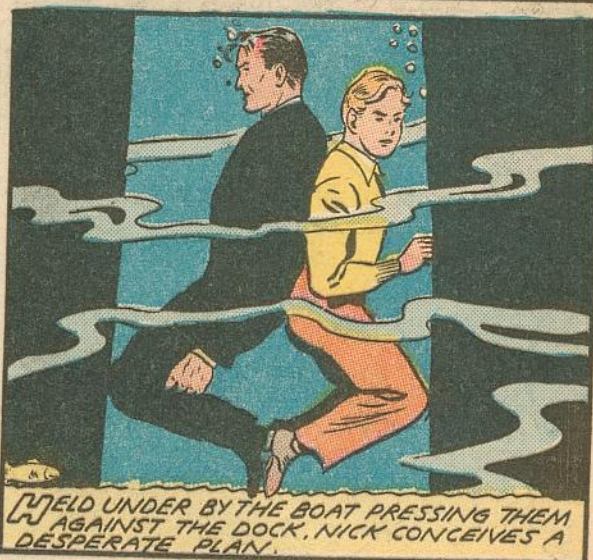


THE FIENDISH KILLER GUIDES THE SHIP CLOSER TO THE DOCK ---



CLOSER AND CLOSER -- UNTIL THE SHIP TRAPS NICK AND CHICK UNDER THE WATER.





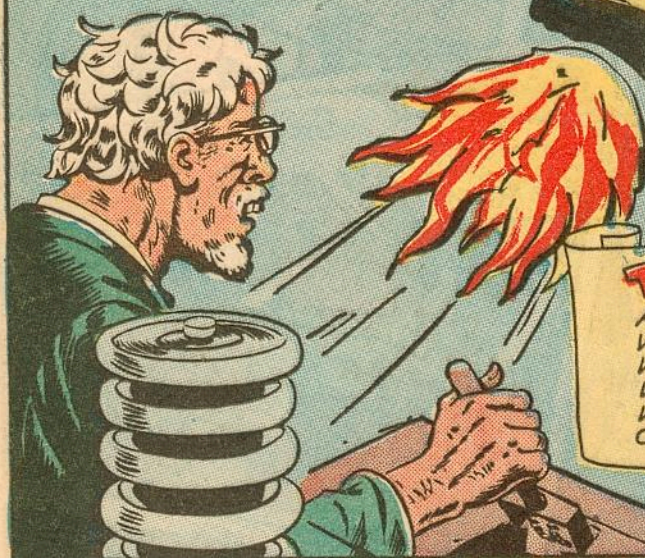


NICK CARTER KNOWS WHO THE KILLER IS -- WHAT HIS WEAPON IS! DO YOU? STOP AND THINK A MOMENT!



THE HOODED WASP

"FIRE BALL"



THE HOODED WASP AND HIS PROTEGE, JIM WATSON, KNOWN AS WASPLET, ARE ARCH ENEMIES OF THE LOWER WORLD WHERE MEN'S MINDS ARE WARPED AND CRUEL. THIS LOWER WORLD TREMBLES IN FEAR OF THE WASP'S DEADLY STING -- ALL BUT ONE, THAT IS -- "THE FLAME!" --

STORY BY ED GRUSKIN
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER

THE FLAME'S LABORATORY, IN THE HEART OF THE UNDERWORLD, RECEIVES A SHADY VISITOR --

EVERYTHING'S READY TUH BLOW THE SHOFIELD BANK -- BUT I'M TELLIN' YUH, FLAME, YOU'RE NUTS TUH TRY IT!

NUTS, EH? HAH! BECAUSE I'LL STEAL A MILLION DOLLARS RIGHT UNDER THE HOODED WASP'S NOSE?

YUH KNOW HE'S POISON! WHY CAN'TCHA PICK A BANK A FEW BLOCKS FROM HIM INSTEAD O' THE ONE RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET?

BECAUSE HE IS POWERLESS AGAINST THE ALL-CONSUMING FIREBALL MY MACHINE PROJECTS!

THE FIREBALL MACHINE FIXED IN THE VAN, THE FLAME AND HIS ASSISTANT DRIVE AWAY.

IT WILL MELT THE DOORS AND VAULT LIKE BUTTER. ANYONE TRYING TO STOP US WILL BE BURNED ALIVE BY THE FIREBALL!

WILL IT TAKE THIS FIREBALL LONG TO CRASH THE BANK, FLAME?



UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE THREAT APPROACHING THEM, WASP, WASPLET AND BABE SPEND A "QUIET" EVENING AT HOME!

FOR PETE'S SAKE! DON'T YOU KIDS EVER TIRE OF JITTERBUGGING?

NOPE! REAL "CATS" LIKE US ONLY GET TIRED WHEN WE'RE NOT CUTTIN' A RUG!

BABE'S GOT ME SO HEP, I DANCE IN MY SLEEP!

SHOFIE BANK TRUST COMPANY

HEY! WHAT GOES WITH THAT CORN-BOX O' YOURS?

SOUNDS LIKE A HIGH-FREQUENCY GENERATOR SOMEPLACE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD --HMM-- FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD IT.

THAT NOISE IS AWFUL -- I'LL TURN THE CORN-BOX OFF FOR AWHILE -- MAYBE IT'LL STOP.

HEY, WASP -- WHAT DO YOU THINK THAT VAN'S DOING IN FRONT OF THE BANK?

IT'S A STRANGE PLACE FOR IT TO PARK AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT ALL RIGHT --

SUDDENLY --

WOWIE! THAT CAME FROM THE TRUCK!

A FIREBALL!

LIKE THICK, SYRUPY BUTTER, THE DOOR MELTS AND DISAPPEARS IN THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE FIREBALL!

MOVING VAN

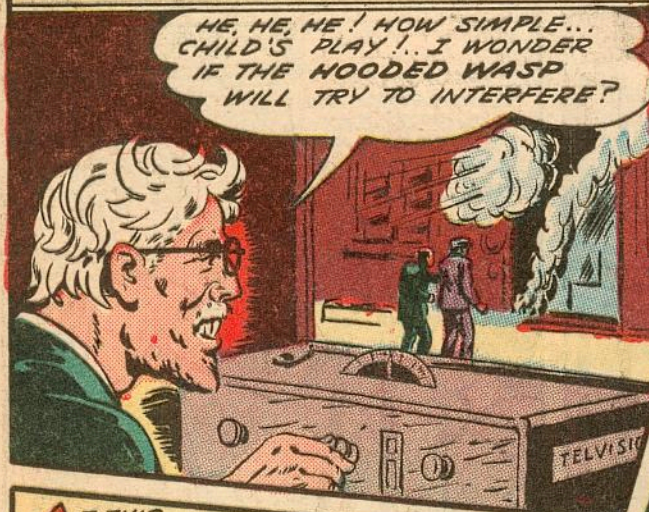
THE HOODED WASP WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT AS THE FIREBALL LEADS THE WAY INTO THE BANK AS THOUGH DIRECTED BY A HUMAN HAND....



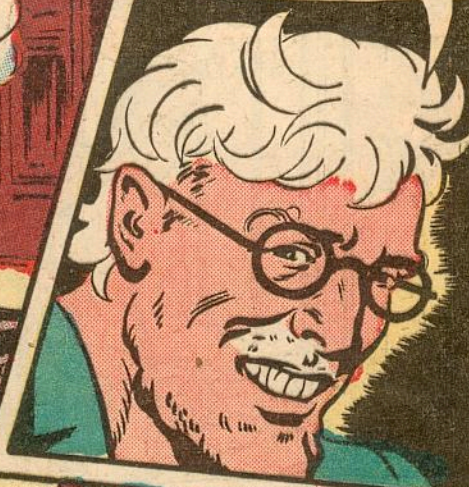
WATCH IT MELT
THE VAULT DOOR
AND THEN THEY'LL
JUST WALK IN AND
TAKE THE MONEY
SACKS!



Meanwhile, the flame inside the van, controls the fireball and watches its progress on the televiso screen....

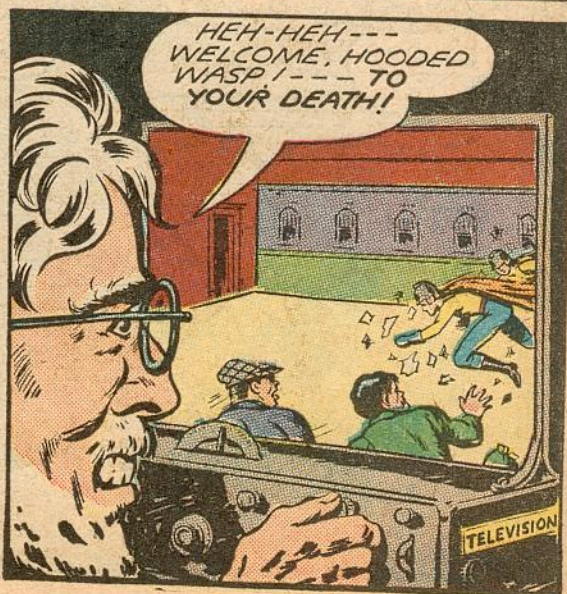


IF HE DOES... ONE
TOUCH OF THE
FIREBALL AND HE
WILL BE ASHES!
HEHEHEHAHAHA!!



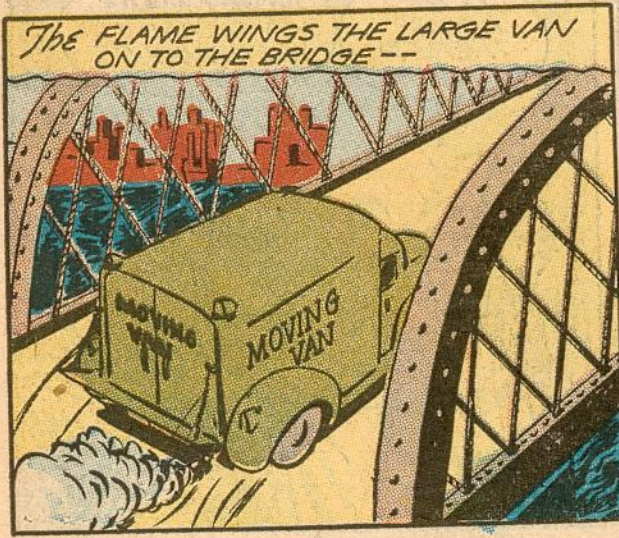
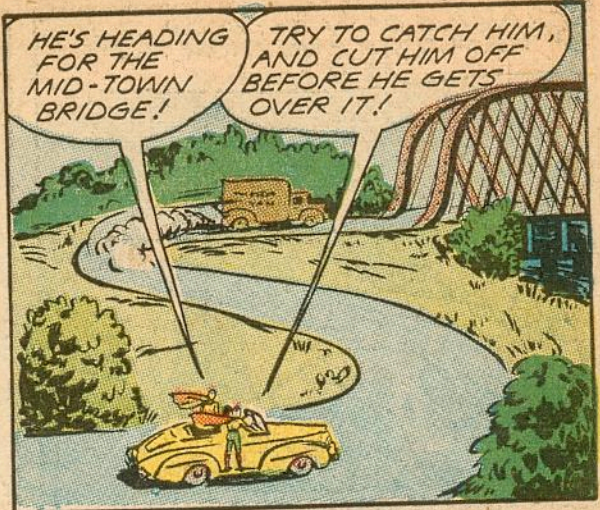
AT THIS
MOMENT, THE
HOODED WASP AND WASPLET
ARE LEADING INTO THE FLAME'S TRAP!

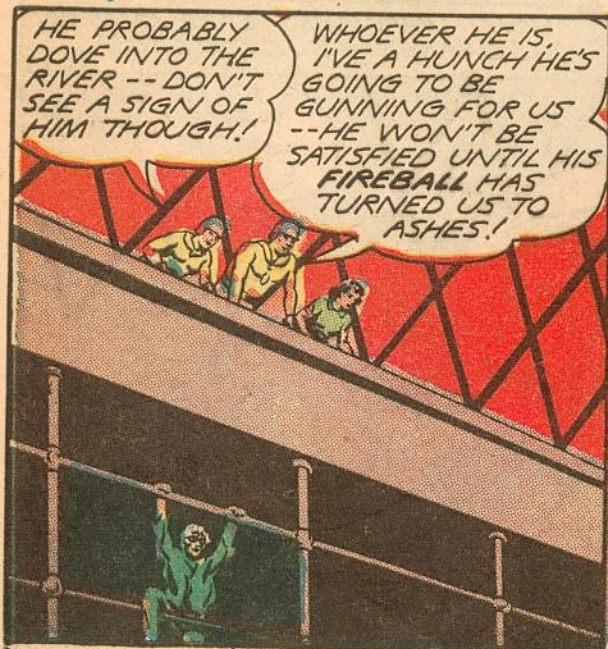
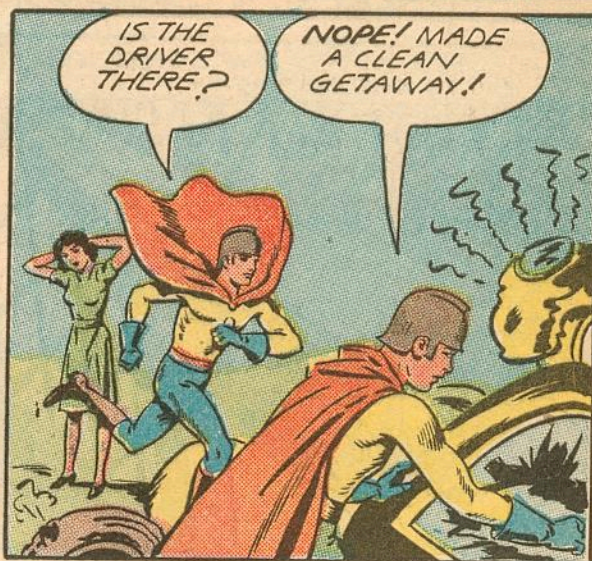
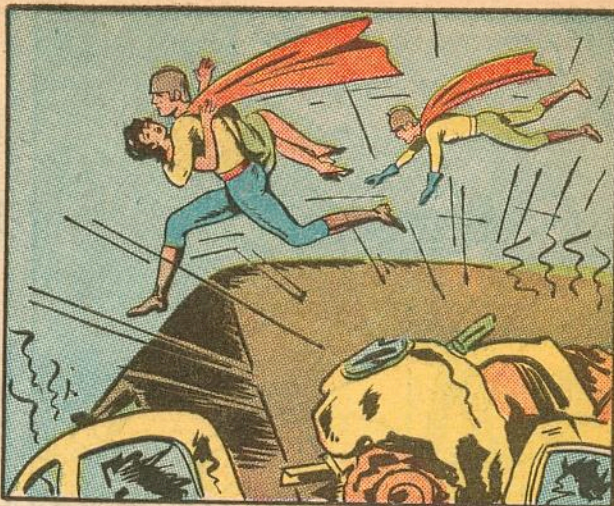
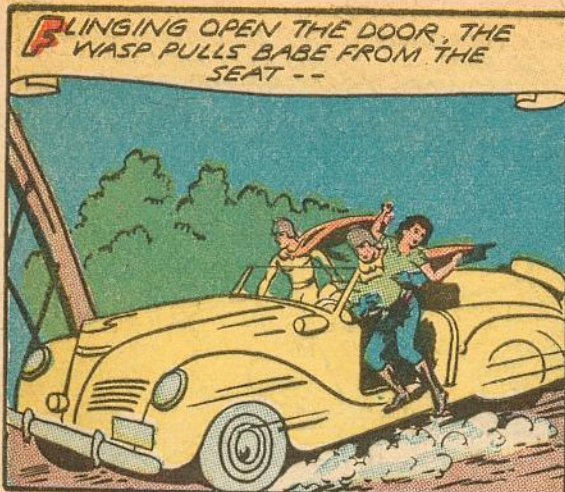




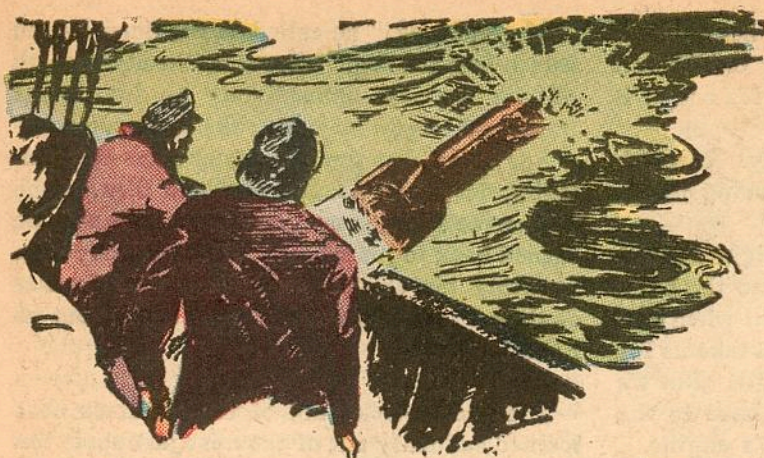








CAN THE HOODED WASP ESCAPE THE FLAME'S DEADLY FIREBALL A SECOND TIME? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF SHADOW COMICS AND SHIVER AT THE HOODED WASP'S HORRIBLE ADVENTURE!



TORPEDOES ARE JUST FISH

The fog rolled up the bluff on the back of the howling nor'easter. Matt stood braced against the wind in his oilskins and listened with the practiced ear of a Banks fisherman to the faint clanking that punctuated the thunder of the surf below. It was the unmistakable sound of a heavy anchor chain running out.

Matt judged that the sounds came from the vicinity of the Lizards, a treacherous little pair of islands about a half mile off the coast. The boy shuddered, whether from the cold biting through his clothes, or the picture of Lizard's Hole in a fog, with the ebb piling up ribs against a nor'easter that would be more like mountains than waves. Only a stranger would ever think there was any protection from a nor'easter in Lizard's Hole.

There was a crunch of gravel on the path from the cove behind him and the bent figure of his father took form in the swirling mist.

"What is she, pop?" Matt asked.

"One of them submarine things. Came near running me down when I was out in the dory just now."

"Ours or theirs?" Matt's voice was sharp and eager.

"Theirn." His father spat it out calmly. "Ebb tide's running now. They're aground on Big Lizard already."

"Pop! We got to hole them before they get off!" Matt seized his father's arms. "Think of your old friend Cap Jenks and his *Molly M*. Most likely this sub is the one that sunk them!" The boy's voice was hot with the fire of youth.

"Pop, I could sneak in there quietly with our sailboat with a torpedo aboard and let 'em have it before they know what's hit 'em," continued the boy.

MacNab slowly studied his son for some moments. He said, at last, "I guess maybe you're right, son. I guess the time's come to

do something for your country; it's always been good enough to you. You take the *Heather*. But I'm going with you, 'cause if I lose you and the *Heather* both, I don't want to be left around to think about it."

The fog had cleared some when they reached the deck of the torpedo craft, where the torpedoes were stored. The old fisherman lifted his eyes to the pale stars and sniffed. "It'll come on thick again before daybreak," he announced and then explained his plan.

Under the bos'n's curt orders the torpedo-boat crew dragged one sleek metal fish out of its tube and the two fishermen had a look at it.

"She's big," decided the old man, "but there ain't much to her. How far can you shoot her?"

"We won't shoot her this time," grunted the bos'n, bending over to twist the hydrostatic setting for a surface run. "We'll just sneak up in the fog, ease her into the water from your boat, slip in with her, swim her in close enough to get her pointed straight, and let her run."

The crew swung the torpedo into the water on a little davit and Matt took it in tow with the dory. The bos'n detailed a couple of first-class torpedomen to row over to the *Heather* where, with the help of the schooner's heaviest tackles, the five of them par-buckled the big fish up the ship's low side and onto her deck. Then they sailed for Lizard's Hole.

"Listen!" hissed the bos'n. They listened. The labored snorting of Diesels settled quickly to a steady rhythmic throb. "That sub's afloat!" groaned the bos'n. "We're too late. I could never hit her underway from the water." He glowered into the fog.

Young Matt leaped to his feet and peered into the murk toward the ominous sound of engines. "Mr. Barkley, get that torpedo's nose

up on our starboard rail and block her up level athwartships with a light lashing on the tail so she'll slip over in a hurry when it's cut. I'll get that pig boat for you!"

The bos'n blinked incredulously. MacNab spoke up quietly, "What you figuring to do, Matt?"

"Sail the *Heather* up within sighting distance of the sub as she comes out so the bos'n can slide his torpedo off our lee rail when I've got her headed right. The sub will take us for fishermen in a fog—until it's too late. But we got to act fast!" He cocked his head to the swelling sputter of the submarine's engine.

MacNab turned calmly to the bos'n. "We can see five hundred yards," he said. "Could you hit from our rail at that?"

"Make it two hundred and I couldn't miss, even from this bucking bronco," snapped the bos'n.

The old man rammed his hands into his pockets and stared thoughtfully into the fog. "Mighty risky," he rumbled, as if thinking aloud. "Have to make an approach with nothing but the sound of engines to go on. Most likely ram the war boat and lose the *Heather* like I said." He swung abruptly to his son. "Think you can do it, boy?"

"You said yourself I was the best seaman on the coast," Matt said impatiently.

The submarine's engine grew louder in the mist. The second engine coughed and churned ahead with the other.

"All right," said MacNab at last. "Let's see you do it; the navy's watching."

The bos'n and his men were already levering up the torpedo and blocking it even with the low rail. Matt reached out and pulled his father down alongside him at the wheel. "Hop in the dory with the two sailors and have them pull you back to the cove," he said quickly. "The bos'n and I'll do better with more room to work in."

"Not by a— Wait a jiffy!" The old man lowered his voice and his eyes narrowed again. "By craminy, that's an idee! But wait, I'll go alone. Save time." With an expert heave he hauled up the dory and leaped lightly into it. "Cast off, you lubber. and smartly!" he barked as Matt hesitated in surprise at his father's sudden alacrity.

Matt held the straining dory painter in his hands. "Pop," he frowned, "what you thinking of?"

"Never you mind, smart-Aleck—let her go!

And good luck!" he called as the dory dipped astern into the fog. Matt could hear the creak of the oarlocks immediately as his father pulled off vigorously into the gray murk.

For an instant the boy gazed after the vanishing dory with puzzled eyes and then, as the submarine's engines grew ever louder, he turned back to his wheel. With the navy men handling his sheets, he slanted the *Heather* swiftly up to windward of the channel out of Lizard's Hole.

The great black hulk of the undersea boat loomed suddenly out of the mist just abaft the *Heather's* beam, not more than five hundred yards to leeward, plunging into the gray-green seas at half speed and flinging flat spray against her squat conning tower. Now was the crucial minute: to close the next three hundred yards without being challenged, cut loose the deadly fish and duck back into the curtain of fog before the submarine could suspect their innocent appearance.

With a low cry to let the sheets run, Matt fell off handily before the wind, aiming the *Heather* like a quivering arrow, directly for the plunging bow of the black steel monster. Immediately there was a loud and salty hail from the direction of the sub, ringing clear against the wind, "Aho-o-y, you blasted lubbers! Where am I? I'm lost in this dirty fog!"

Matt stiffened. It was his father's voice, unmistakably. A faint, answering hail, unintelligible, drifted up to his ears, its direction uncertain in the swirling mists. The *Heather* was closing fast—four hundred yards—three hundred. Now Matt could make out three dark figures on the submarine's bridge, all straining to leeward with their backs to the schooner as it swooped silently upon them from windward. Again his father's hail rang out, "I can't make out a blasted word you say! Speak English!"

The bos'n's shout came in a hoarse croak from the *Heather's* waist, "Close enough, Matt! You don't need to run 'em down. Steady her here! Easy, now—easy!"

The schooner nosed up parallel with the blind sub, less than two hundred yards off in the mist, balancing briefly, beam ends on to the sloppy seas. "Let 'er go!" barked Matt, and then, "And don't miss; the old man's just beyond!" His voice was rough and loud with concern. The snapping sails and banging

blocks made a furious racket.

A shout rang out from the submarine, a stiff arm pointing at them from the bridge.

The torpedo jerked as the lashing gave and then lunged forward into the sea from the dripping rail, the propellers spinning as the bos'n tripped the starting lever. It dived with a splash, porpoised, and charged forward through the torn sea like a mad shark.

Curt orders barked from the U-boat's bridge, drowning old MacNab's noisy diversion from beyond. Matt spun the *Heather's* wheel hard up, the bos'n and his men leaping to trim the sheets. The schooner buried her rail deep and clawed into the wind, seeking the safety of the fog.

Then the torpedo struck with a blast that jarred the schooner's crew from their feet and punched the taut sails with a giant's fist. The submarine disappeared in a geyser of hot sea water and hissing steam. The column collapsed in a cascade on the torn and stricken hull, leaving it listing heavily to port, its ugly nose creeping farther and farther under each successive wave.

"Aho-o-oy, *Heather!*" The long, clean hail brought Matt back to his senses. "Heave to,

confound ye! - I'm pulling my blasted arms out!"

Matt's slow grin thawed the set muscles of his jaw. "Aho-o-oy, pop!" he answered. "Rest easy and raise a hail! We'll pick you up!" He snapped the schooner into the wind, circling toward the lusty ahoy's from the dory, and steered smartly for the bobbing boat when it showed through the fog. In a minute the dory was tailing out astern again and MacNab was soberly gripping his son's hard hand on the *Heather's* deck.

"Well," ventured the boy uncomfortably, clearing his throat, "Old Cap Jenks can rest now, anyway."

"Yep," said MacNab, while the bos'n grinned over his shoulder, "and you can tell the navy you done something big when you go to join up tomorrow. And me"—the old man wrestled his pipe and pouch out of his pocket and leisurely packed the bowl—"me, I can get back to my fishin'. Never had no use for these fancy war boats and torpedo gimmicks, anyhow."

Matt grinned fondly. "Shucks, pop, torpedoes are just fish. Aren't they, bos'n?"

"That's right," proclaimed the navy, "and it sure takes fishermen to deliver 'em in a fog."

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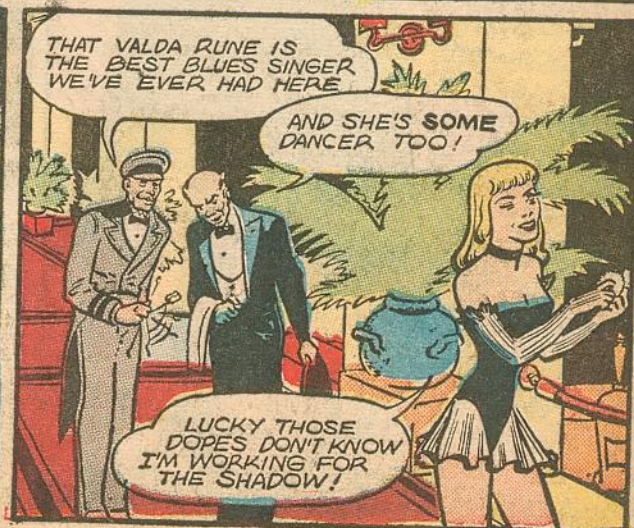
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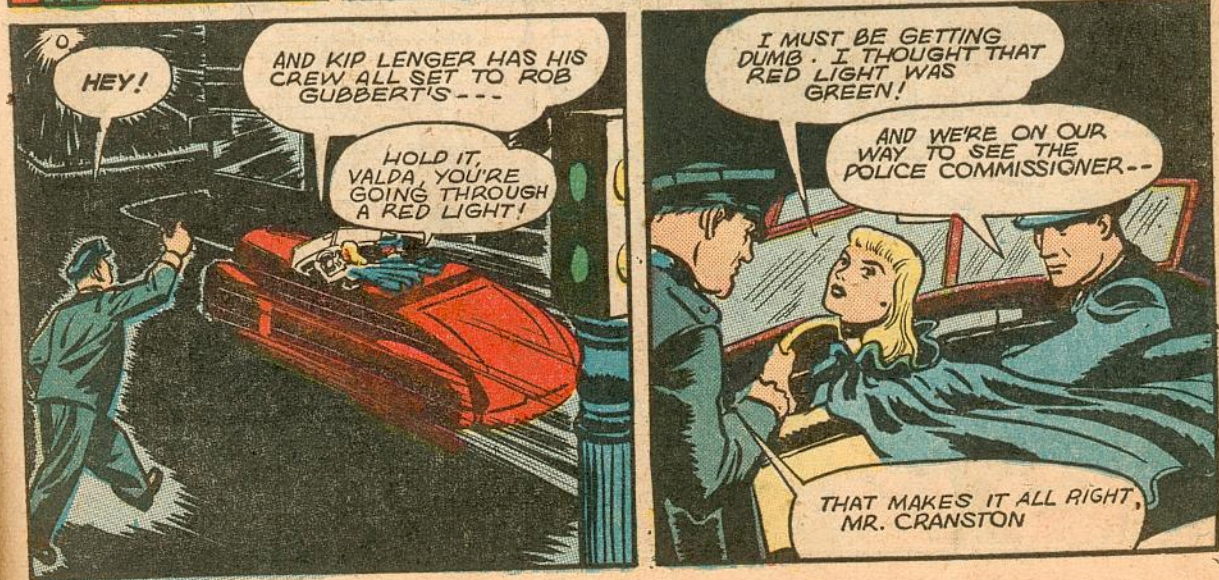
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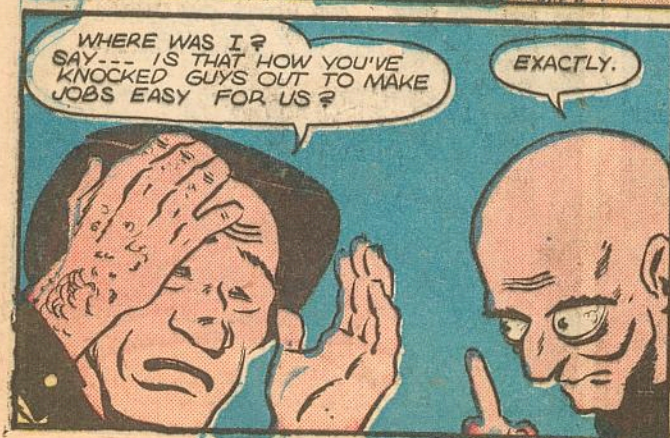
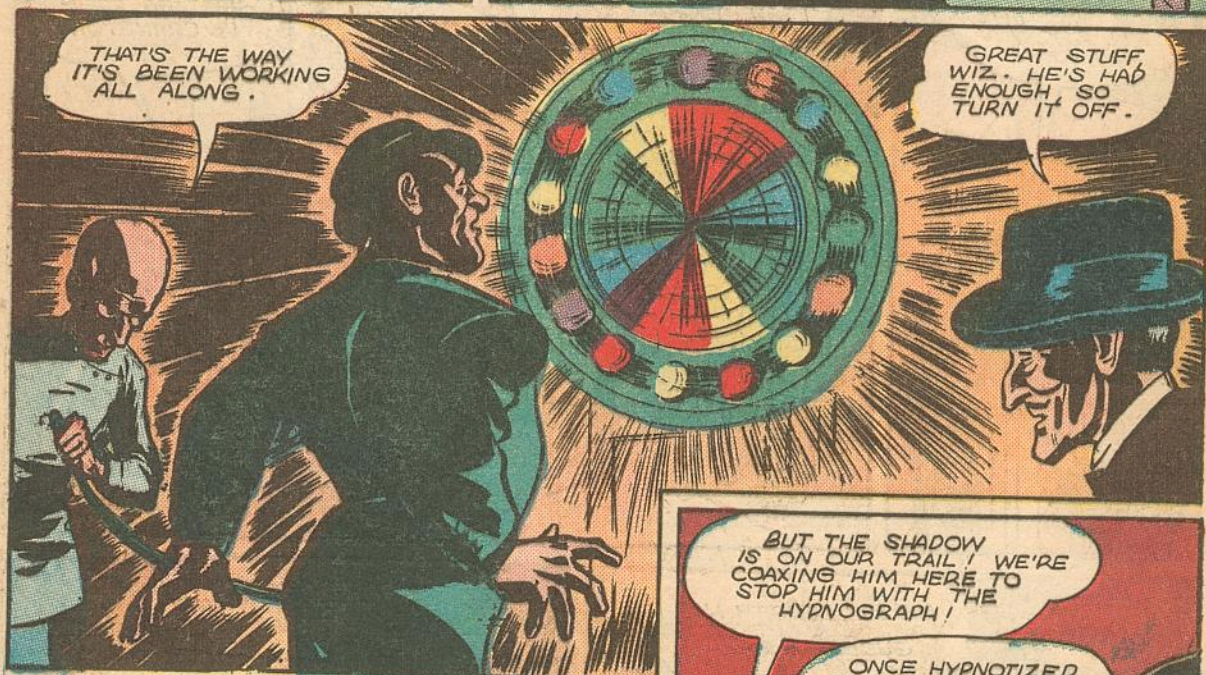
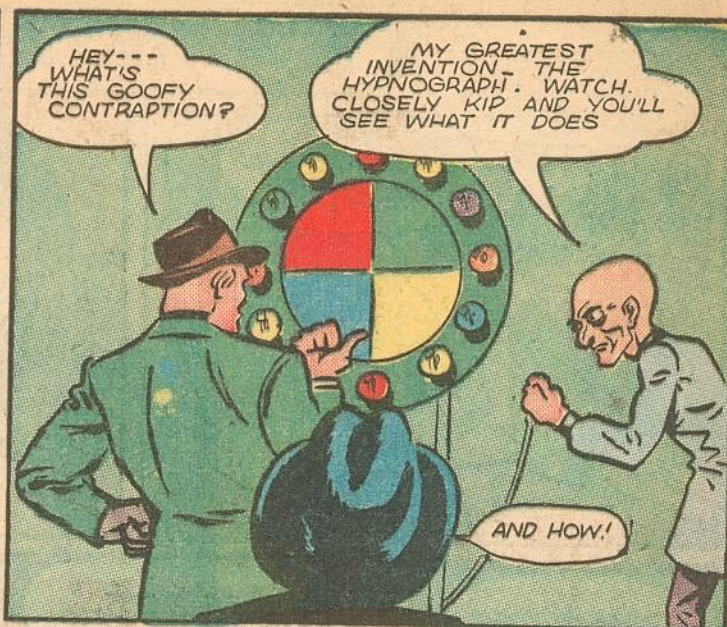
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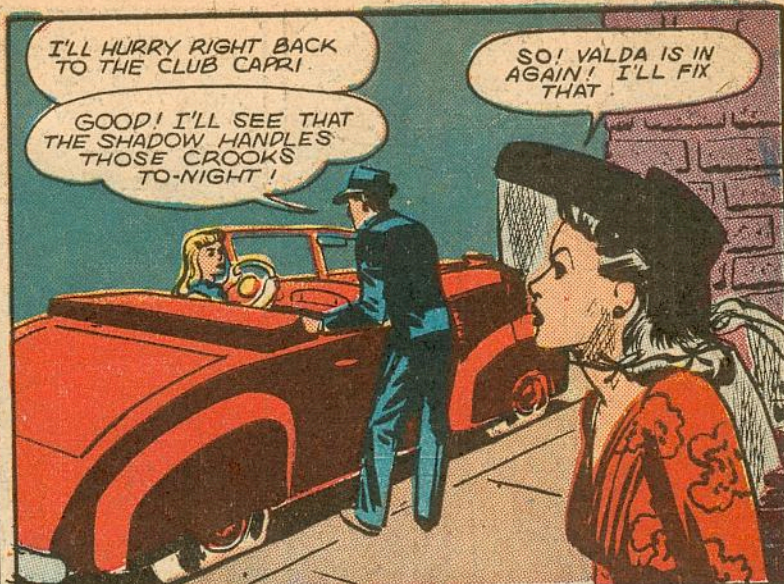
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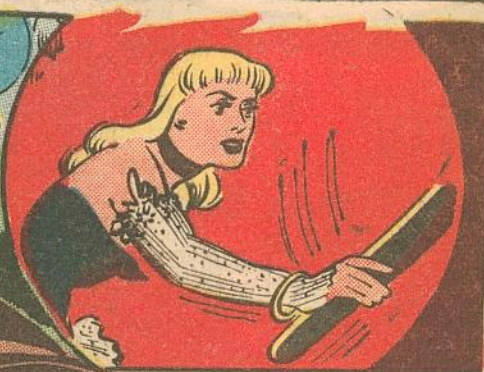
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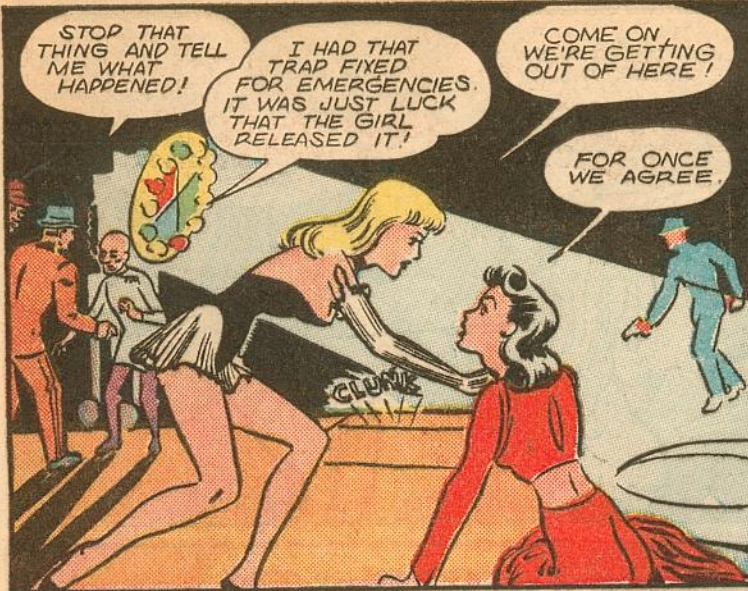


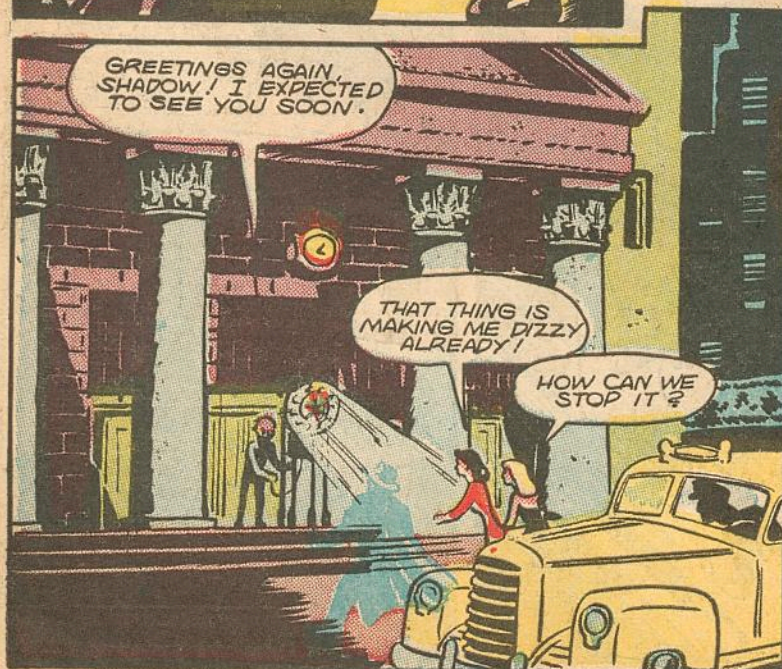
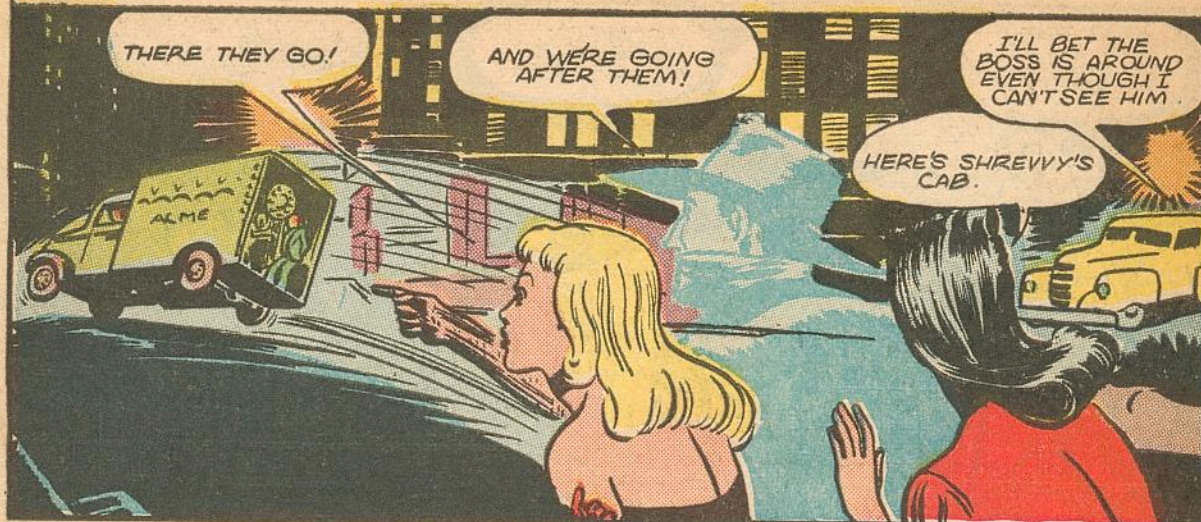


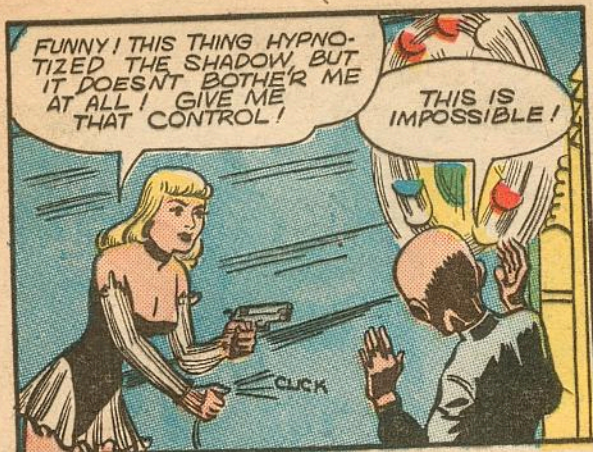




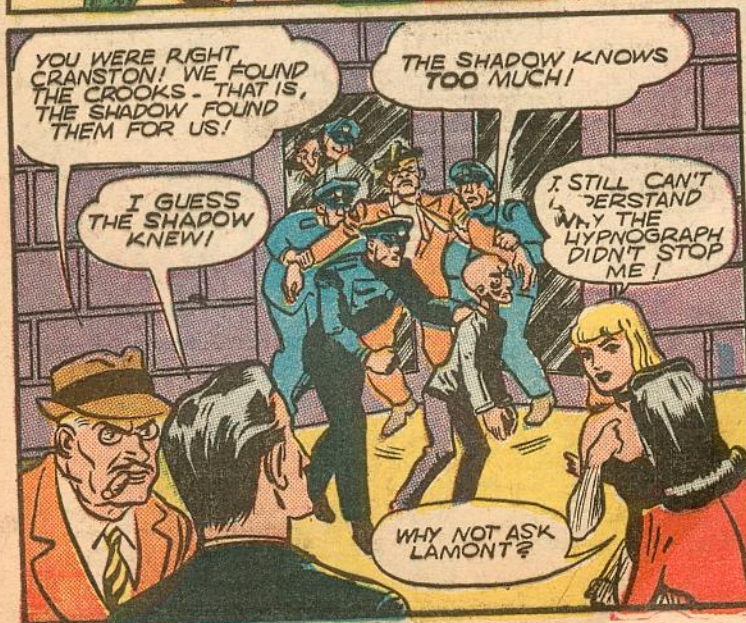








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