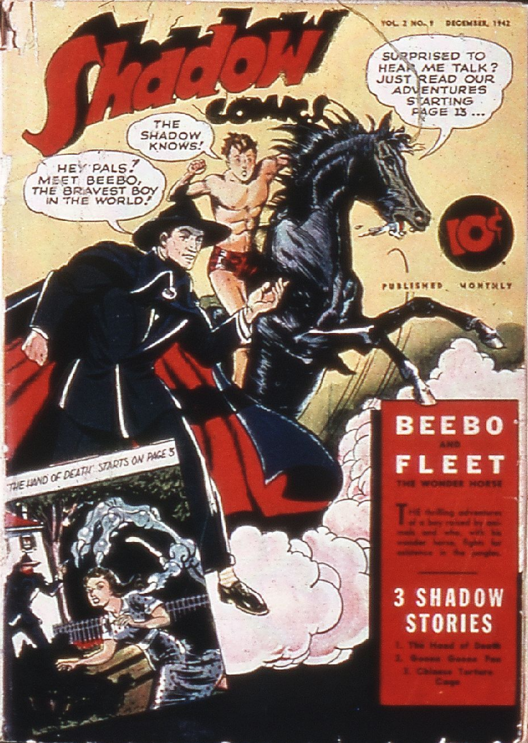

Shadow Comics
VOL. 2 NO. 9 DECEMBER, 1942
SURPRISED TO HEAR ME TALK? JUST READ OUR ADVENTURES STARTING PAGE 13 ...
THE SHADOW KNOWS!
HEY PALS? MEET BEEBO, THE BRAVEST BOY IN THE WORLD!
10¢
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
"THE HAND OF DEATH" STARTS ON PAGE 5

BEEBO
AND
FLEET
THE WONDER HORSE

THE thrilling adventures of a boy raised by animals and who, with his wonder horse, fights for existence in the jungles.

3 SHADOW STORIES

1. The Hand of Death
2. Goona Goona Fee
3. Chinese Torture Cage

GRINNING,
GLEAMING-
IT THREATENED TO
SWALLOW THE SHADOW!

IT was a silver skull in the middle of a road . . . but no one knew what that skull was to mean as a horrible messenger of destruction! The Shadow must use all his powers to find the answer to THE ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER SKULL, in the January issue of SHADOW COMICS. Plus two other sensational SHADOW stories in brilliant color.

Could Nick Carter clear the name of The Shadow as a murderer? Read Nick's Hollywood adventure for the startling answer.

An orchestra leader is found dead, with a baton stuck into his back—and Danny Garrett has to solve "the perfect crime" to track the killer in DEATH ON THE DOWNBEAT.

Then there's another installment of Beebo, and The Wonder Horse; a thrilling Hooded Wasp story, and the third of the series of Codes by Henry Lysing, famous Hollywood director. Don't miss the action-packed January issue of

SHADOW COMICS

10c : ON SALE NOVEMBER 27 AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

VOL. II, NO. 9; DECEMBER, 1942

NEXT ISSUE JANUARY, 1943, ON SALE NOV. 27, 1942

SHADOW COMICS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY $1.00 PER 12-ISSUE SUBSCRIPTION 10c THE COPY

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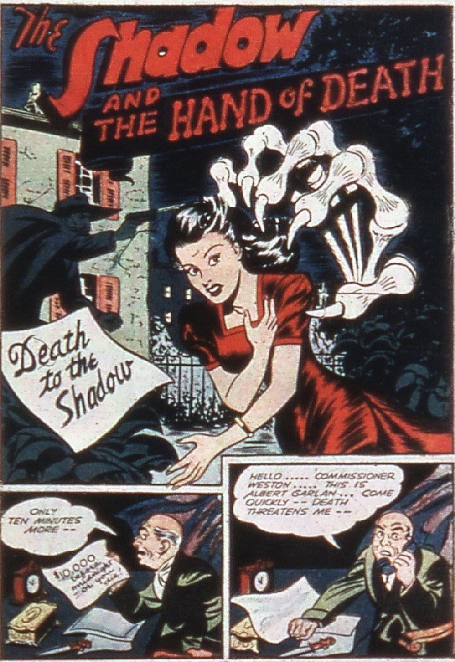
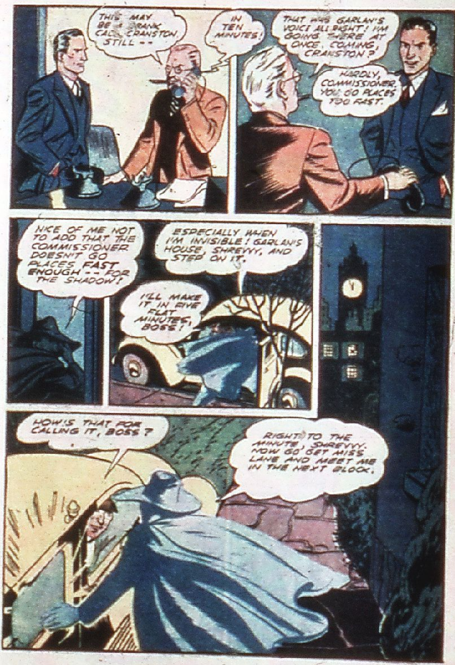
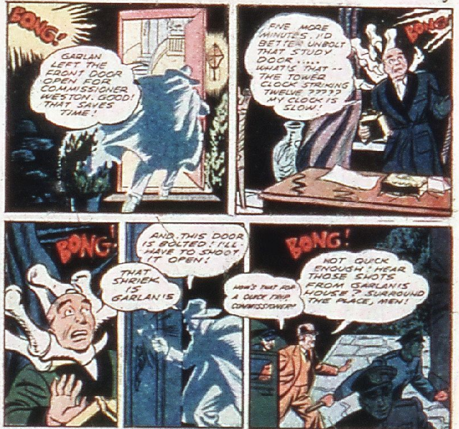
The Shadow and the Hand of Death


Death to the Shadow
ONLY TEN MINUTES MORE --
$10,000
HELLO ..... COMMISSIONER WESTON ..... THIS IS ALBERT GARLAN ... COME QUICKLY -- DEATH THREATENS ME --


THIS MAY BE A PRANK CALL, CRANSTON. STILL --
IN TEN MINUTES!
THAT WAS GARLAN'S VOICE ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING THERE AT ONCE. COMING, CRANSTON?
HARDLY, COMMISSIONER. YOU GO PLACES TOO FAST.
NICE OF ME NOT TO ADD THAT THE COMMISSIONER DOESN'T GO PLACES FAST ENOUGH -- FOR THE SHADOW!
ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M INVISIBLE! GARLAN'S HOUSE, SHREVVY, AND STEP ON IT.
I'LL MAKE IT IN FIVE FLAT MINUTES, BOSS!
HOW'S THAT FOR CALLING IT, BOSS?
RIGHT TO THE MINUTE, SHREVVY. NOW GO GET MISS LANE AND MEET ME IN THE NEXT BLOCK.


BONG!
GARLAN LEFT THE FRONT DOOR OPEN FOR COMMISSIONER WESTON. GOOD! THAT SAVES TIME!
FIVE MORE MINUTES. I'D BETTER UNBOLT THAT STUDY DOOR.... WHAT'S THAT -- THE TOWER CLOCK STRIKING TWELVE????? MY CLOCK IS SLOW!
BONG!
BONG!
AND THIS DOOR IS BOLTED! I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OPEN!
THAT SHRIEK IS GARLAN'S
BONG!
HOW'S THAT FOR A QUICK TRIP, COMMISSIONER?
NOT QUICK ENOUGH! HEAR THOSE SHOTS FROM GARLAN'S HOUSE? SURROUND THE PLACE, MEN!

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, W. J. de Grouchy, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

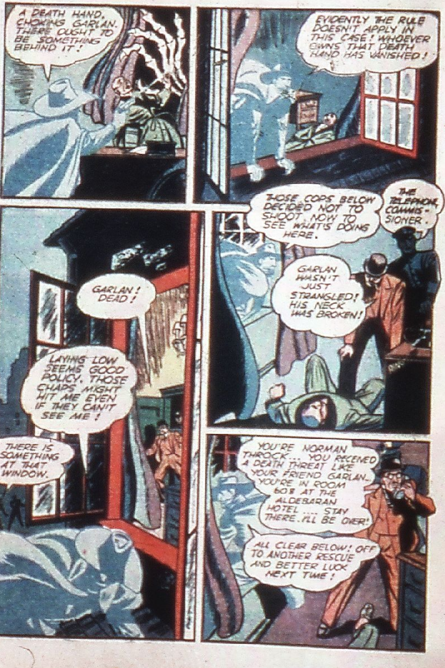
2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Gerald H. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Estate of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

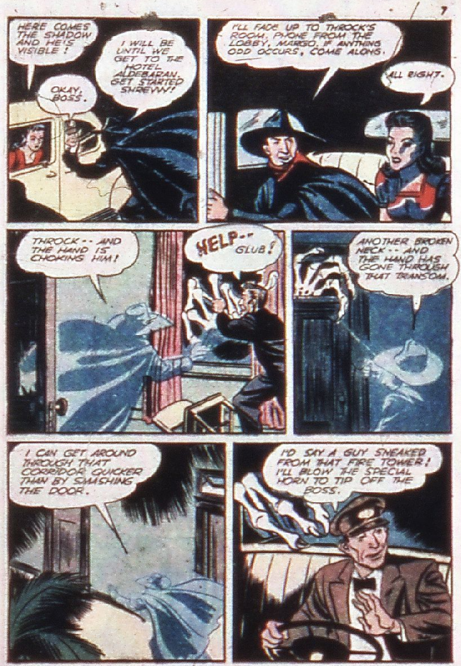
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

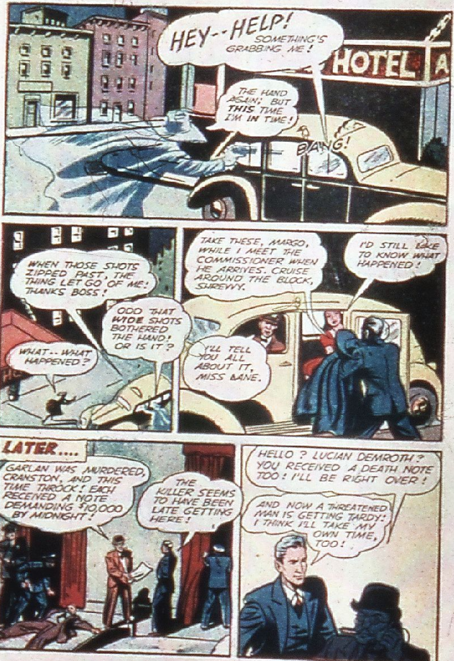
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

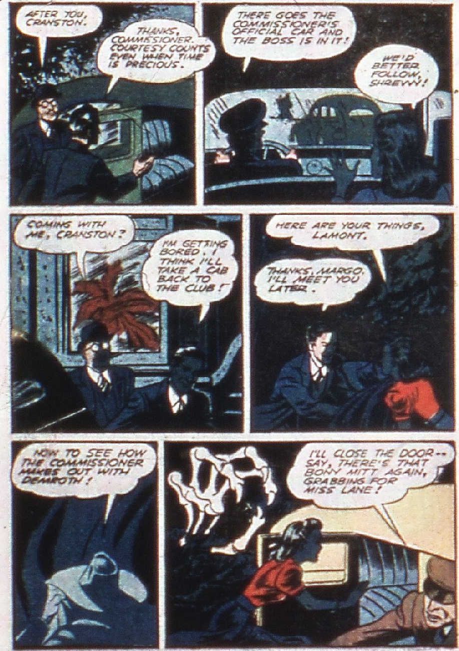
H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

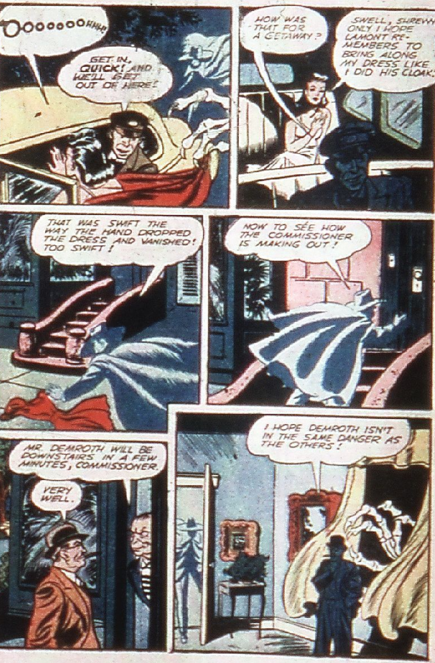
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1942. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 34, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)

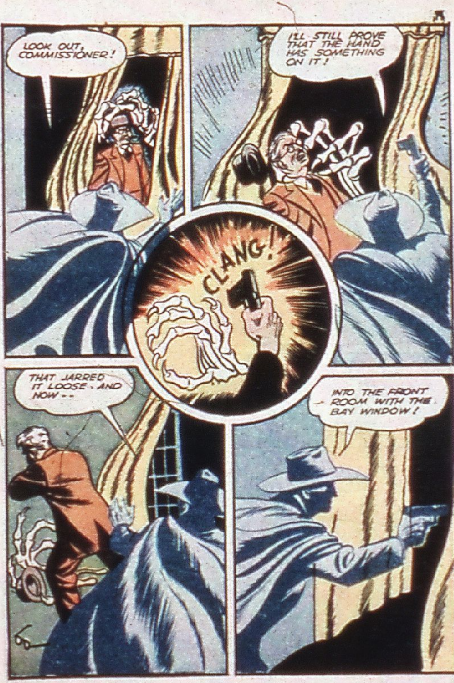

A DEATH HAND, CHOKING GARLAN. THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING BEHIND IT!
EVIDENTLY THE RULE DOESN'T APPLY IN THIS CASE! WHOEVER OWNS THAT DEATH HAND HAS VANISHED!
GARLAN! DEAD!
LAYING LOW SEEMS GOOD POLICY. THOSE CHAPS MIGHT HIT ME EVEN IF THEY CAN'T SEE ME!
THERE IS SOMETHING AT THAT WINDOW.
THOSE COPS BELOW DECIDED NOT TO SHOOT. NOW TO SEE WHAT'S DOING HERE.
THE TELEPHONE COMMISSIONER.
GARLAN WASN'T JUST STRANGLED! HIS NECK WAS BROKEN!
YOU'RE NORMAN THROCK... YOU RECEIVED A DEATH THREAT LIKE YOUR FRIEND GARLAN.. YOU'RE IN ROOM 608 AT THE ALDEBARAN HOTEL... STAY THERE.. I'LL BE OVER!
ALL CLEAR BELOW! OFF TO ANOTHER RESCUE AND BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

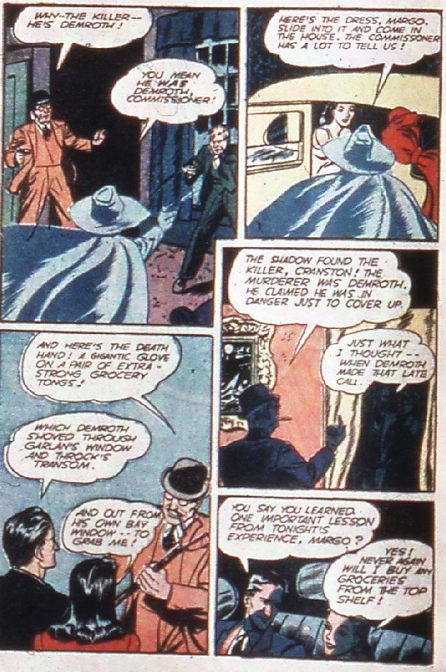

HERE COMES THE SHADOW AND HE'S VISIBLE!
I WILL BE UNTIL WE GET TO THE HOTEL ALDEBARAN. GET STARTED SHREVVY!
OKAY, BOSS.
I'LL FADE UP TO THROCK'S ROOM. PHONE FROM THE LOBBY, MARGO. IF ANYTHING ODD OCCURS, COME ALONG.
ALL RIGHT.
THROCK -- AND THE HAND IS CHOKING HIM!
HELP.. GLUB!
ANOTHER BROKEN NECK -- AND THE HAND HAS GONE THROUGH THAT TRANSOM.
I CAN GET AROUND THROUGH THAT CORRIDOR QUICKER THAN BY SMASHING THE DOOR.
I'D SAY A GUY SNEAKED FROM THAT FIRE TOWER! I'LL BLOW THE SPECIAL HORN TO TIP OFF THE BOSS.


HEY--HELP! SOMETHING'S GRABBING ME!
HOTEL A
THE HAND AGAIN; BUT THIS TIME I'M IN TIME!
BANG!
WHEN THOSE SHOTS ZIPPED PAST, THE THING LET GO OF ME! THANKS BOSS!
ODD THAT WIDE SHOTS BOTHERED THE HAND! OR IS IT?
WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED?
TAKE THESE, MARGO, WHILE I MEET THE COMMISSIONER WHEN HE ARRIVES. CRUISE AROUND THE BLOCK, SHREVVY.
I'D STILL LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT, MISS LANE.
LATER....
GARLAN WAS MURDERED, CRANSTON, AND THIS TIME THROCK! EACH RECEIVED A NOTE DEMANDING $10,000 BY MIDNIGHT!
THE KILLER SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN LATE GETTING HERE!
HELLO? LUCIAN DEMROTH? YOU RECEIVED A DEATH NOTE TOO! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
AND NOW A THREATENED MAN IS GETTING TARDY! I THINK I'LL TAKE MY OWN TIME, TOO!

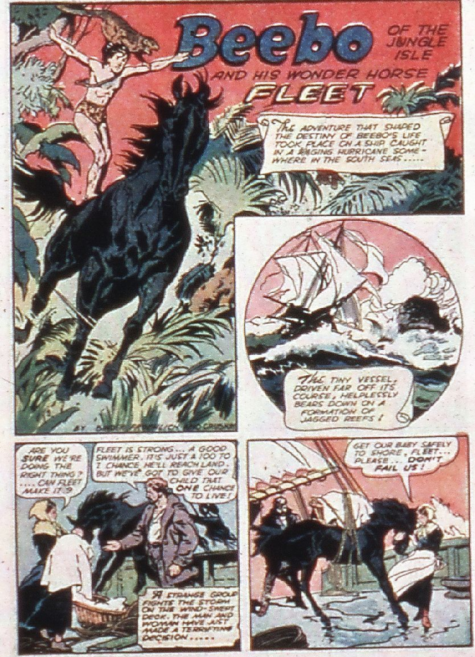

AFTER YOU, CRANSTON.
THANKS, COMMISSIONER. COURTESY COUNTS EVEN WHEN TIME IS PRECIOUS.
THERE GOES THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICIAL CAR AND THE BOSS IS IN IT!
WE'D BETTER FOLLOW, SHREVVY!
COMING WITH ME, CRANSTON?
I'M GETTING BORED. I THINK I'LL TAKE A CAB BACK TO THE CLUB!
HERE ARE YOUR THINGS, LAMONT.
THANKS, MARGO. I'LL MEET YOU LATER.
NOW TO SEE HOW THE COMMISSIONER MAKES OUT WITH DEMROTH!
I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR-- SAY, THERE'S THAT BONY MITT AGAIN, GRABBING FOR MISS LANE!

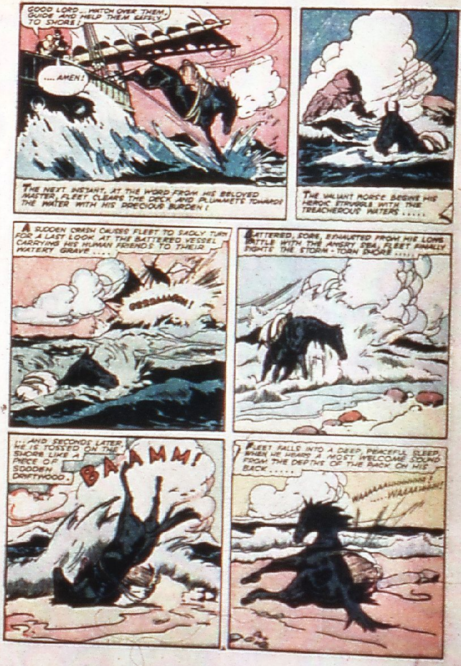

OOOOOOHHH!
GET IN, QUICK! AND WE'LL GET OUT OF HERE!
HOW WAS THAT FOR A GETAWAY?
SWELL, SHREVVY! ONLY I HOPE LAMONT REMEMBERS TO BRING ALONG MY DRESS LIKE I DID HIS CLOAK!
THAT WAS SWIFT THE WAY THE HAND DROPPED THE DRESS AND VANISHED! TOO SWIFT!
NOW TO SEE HOW THE COMMISSIONER IS MAKING OUT!
MR. DEMROTH WILL BE DOWNSTAIRS IN A FEW MINUTES, COMMISSIONER.
VERY WELL.
I HOPE DEMROTH ISN'T IN THE SAME DANGER AS THE OTHERS!

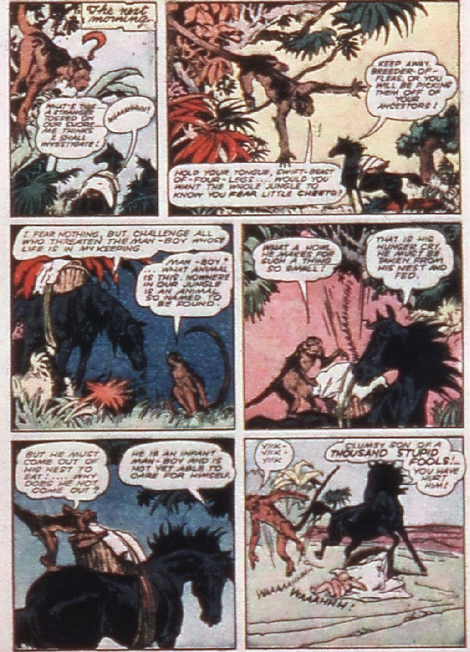

LOOK OUT, COMMISSIONER!
I'LL STILL PROVE THAT THE HAND HAS SOMETHING ON IT!
CLANG!
THAT JARRED IT LOOSE - AND NOW --
INTO THE FRONT ROOM WITH THE BAY WINDOW!
60

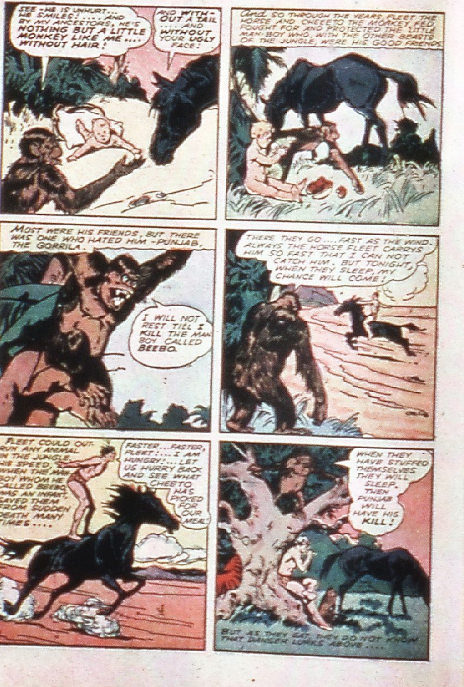

WHY--THE KILLER-- HE'S DEMROTH!
YOU MEAN HE WAS DEMROTH, COMMISSIONER!
HERE'S THE DRESS, MARGO. SLIDE INTO IT AND COME IN THE HOUSE. THE COMMISSIONER HAS A LOT TO TELL US!
THE SHADOW FOUND THE KILLER, CRANSTON! THE MURDERER WAS DEMROTH. HE CLAIMED HE WAS IN DANGER JUST TO COVER UP.
JUST WHAT I THOUGHT-- WHEN DEMROTH MADE THAT LATE CALL.
AND HERE'S THE DEATH HAND! A GIGANTIC GLOVE ON A PAIR OF EXTRA-STRONG GROCERY TONGS!
WHICH DEMROTH SHOVED THROUGH GARLAN'S WINDOW AND THROCK'S TRANSOM.
AND OUT FROM HIS OWN BAY WINDOW--TO GRAB ME!
YOU SAY YOU LEARNED ONE IMPORTANT LESSON FROM TONIGHT'S EXPERIENCE, MARGO?
YES! NEVER AGAIN WILL I BUY ANY GROCERIES FROM THE TOP SHELF!

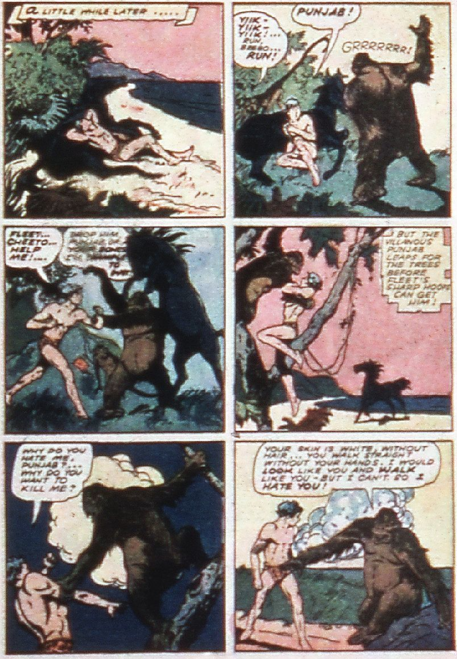
Beebo OF THE JUNGLE ISLE AND HIS WONDER HORSE FLEET

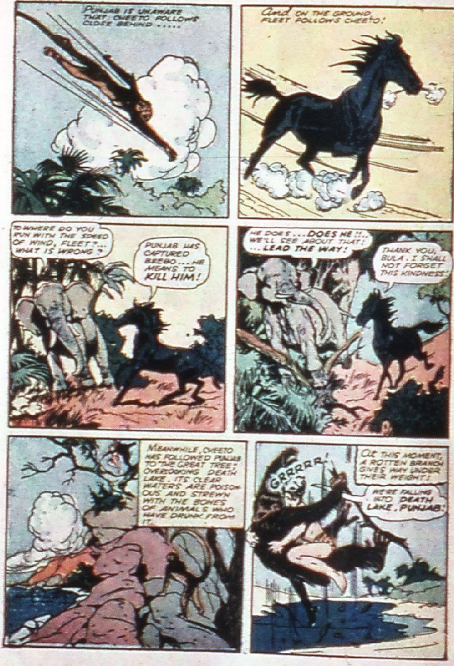

THE ADVENTURE THAT SHAPED THE DESTINY OF BEEBO'S LIFE TOOK PLACE ON A SHIP CAUGHT IN A RAGING HURRICANE SOMEWHERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.....
BY [illegible]
THE TINY VESSEL, DRIVEN FAR OFF ITS COURSE, HELPLESSLY BEARS DOWN ON A FORMATION OF JAGGED REEFS!
ARE YOU SURE WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING? ....CAN FLEET MAKE IT?
FLEET IS STRONG... A GOOD SWIMMER. IT'S JUST A 100 TO 1 CHANCE HE'LL REACH LAND, BUT WE'VE GOT TO GIVE OUR CHILD THAT ONE CHANCE TO LIVE!
A STRANGE GROUP FIGHTS THE STORM ON THE WIND-SWEPT DECK. THE MAN AND WOMAN HAVE JUST MADE A TERRIFYING DECISION.....
GET OUR BABY SAFELY TO SHORE, FLEET... PLEASE... DON'T FAIL US!

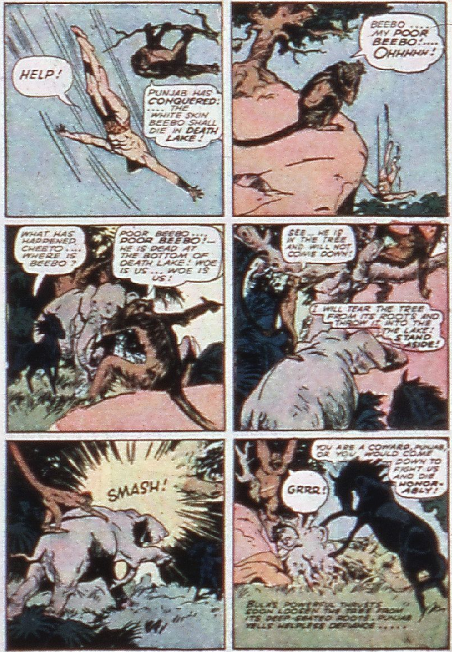

GOOD LORD... WATCH OVER THEM, GUIDE AND HELP THEM SAFELY TO SHORE!
....AMEN!
THE NEXT INSTANT, AT THE WORD FROM HIS BELOVED MASTER, FLEET CLEARS THE DECK AND PLUMMETS TOWARDS THE WATER WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN!
THE VALIANT HORSE BEGINS HIS HEROIC STRUGGLE WITH THE TREACHEROUS WATERS.....
A SUDDEN CRASH CAUSES FLEET TO SADLY TURN FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE BATTERED VESSEL CARRYING HIS HUMAN FRIENDS TO THEIR WATERY GRAVE....
CRRRAAAASH!
BATTERED, SORE, EXHAUSTED FROM HIS LONG BATTLE WITH THE ANGRY SEA, FLEET FINALLY FIGHTS THE STORM-TORN SHORE.....
...AND SECONDS LATER HE IS TOSSED ON THE SHORE LIKE A PIECE OF SODDEN DRIFTWOOD.
BA-AMM!
FLEET FALLS INTO A DEEP, PEACEFUL SLEEP, WHEN HE HEARS A MOST WELCOME SOUND FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE PACK ON HIS BACK.....
WAAAAAAAAAAHHH!
....WAAAAHHH!

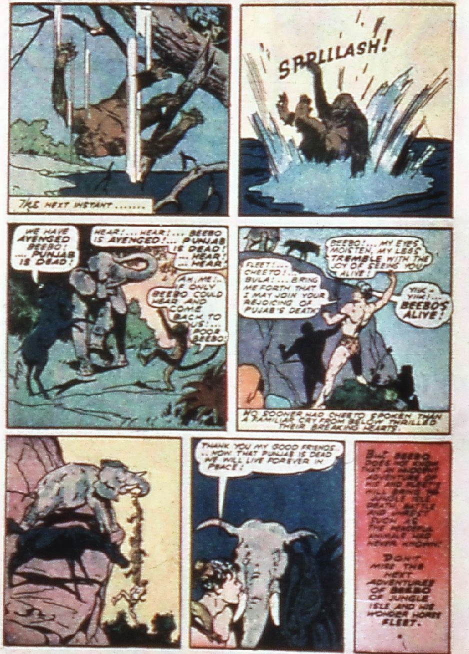

The next morning
WHAT'S THE — A STRANGER TOSSED ON OUR SHORE — HE THINKS I SHALL INVESTIGATE!
WAAAAHHH!
KEEP AWAY, BREEDER-OF-FLEAS, OR YOU WILL BE PICKING THEM OFF OF YOUR ANCESTORS!
HOLD YOUR TONGUE, SWIFT-BEAST OF-FOUR-LEGS.... WOULD YOU WANT THE WHOLE JUNGLE TO KNOW YOU FEAR LITTLE CHEETO!
I FEAR NOTHING, BUT CHALLENGE ALL WHO THREATEN THE MAN-BOY WHOSE LIFE IS IN MY KEEPING.
"MAN-BOY" ... WHAT ANIMAL IS THIS. NOWHERE IN OUR JUNGLE IS AN ANIMAL SO NAMED TO BE FOUND.
WHAT A HOWL HE MAKES FOR SUCH A THING SO SMALL!
THAT IS HIS HUNGER CRY. HE MUST BE TAKEN FROM HIS NEST AND FED.
BUT HE MUST COME OUT OF HIS NEST TO EAT!.... WHY DOES HE NOT COME OUT?
HE IS AN INFANT MAN-BOY AND IS NOT YET ABLE TO CARE FOR HIMSELF.
YIK-YIK-YIK
CLUMSY SON OF A THOUSAND STUPID FOOLS! YOU HAVE HURT HIM!
WAAAAHHH
WAAAHHH!

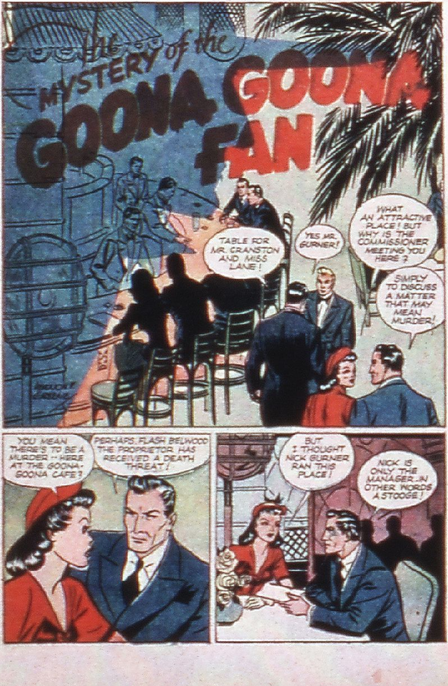

SEE - HE IS UNHURT... HE SMILES! .... AND BY MY ANCESTORS, HE'S NOTHING BUT A LITTLE MONKEY LIKE ME.... WITHOUT HAIR!
AND WITH-OUT A TAIL .... AND WITHOUT YOUR UGLY FACE!
And SO THROUGH THE YEARS, FLEET THE HORSE AND CHEETO THE MONKEY FED, FOUGHT FOR AND PROTECTED THE LITTLE MAN-BOY WHO, WITH THE OTHER BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE, WERE HIS GOOD FRIENDS.
MOST WERE HIS FRIENDS, BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO HATED HIM - PUNJAB, THE GORRILA.
I WILL NOT REST TILL I KILL THE MAN BOY CALLED BEEBO.
THERE THEY GO.... FAST AS THE WIND. ALWAYS THE HORSE FLEET CARRYS HIM SO FAST THAT I CAN NOT CATCH HIM. BUT TONIGHT, WHEN THEY SLEEP, MY CHANCE WILL COME!
FLEET COULD OUT-RUN ANY ANIMAL IN THE JUNGLE. HIS SPEED, WHEN THE MAN BOY WHOM HE CALLED BEEBO WAS AN INFANT, SAVED THEM FROM SUDDEN DEATH MANY TIMES....
FASTER... FASTER, FLEET!... I AM HUNGRY!... LET US HURRY BACK AND SEE WHAT CHEETO HAS PICKED FOR OUR MEAL!
WHEN THEY HAVE STUFFED THEMSELVES THEY WILL SLEEP. THEN PUNJAB WILL HAVE HIS KILL!
BUT AS THEY EAT, THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT DANGER LURKS ABOVE....

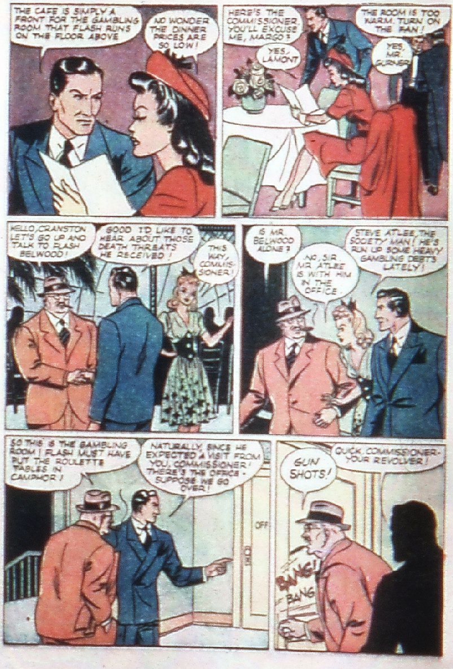

A LITTLE WHILE LATER .....
YIIK-YIIK-TIIK!... RUN, BEBBO... RUN!
PUNJAB!
GRRRRRRR!
FLEET... CHEETO... HELP ME!...
DROP HIM, PUNJAB, OR... YOUR BONES [illegible] TO ME!
BUT THE VILLAINOUS PUNJAB LEAPS FOR THE TREES BEFORE FLEET'S SHARP HOOFS CAN GET HIM!
WHY DO YOU HATE ME, PUNJAB?... WHY DO YOU WANT TO KILL ME?
YOUR SKIN IS WHITE, WITHOUT HAIR... YOU WALK STRAIGHT WITHOUT YOUR HANDS. I WOULD LOOK LIKE YOU AND WALK LIKE YOU - BUT I CAN'T. SO I HATE YOU!

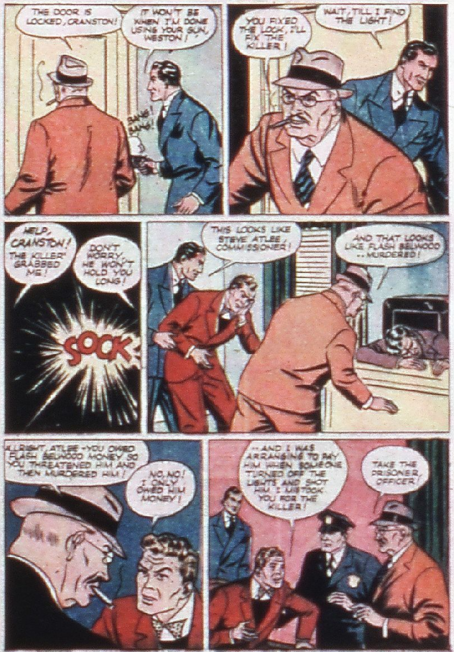

PUNJAB IS UNAWARE THAT CHEETO FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND .....
And ON THE GROUND FLEET FOLLOWS CHEETO!
TO WHERE DO YOU RUN WITH THE SPEED OF WIND, FLEET?... WHAT IS WRONG?
PUNJAB HAS CAPTURED BEEBO... HE MEANS TO KILL HIM!
HE DOES ... DOES HE !!... WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! ... LEAD THE WAY!
THANK YOU, BULA. I SHALL NOT FORGET THIS KINDNESS!
MEANWHILE, CHEETO HAS FOLLOWED PUNJAB TO THE GREAT TREE, OVERLOOKING DEATH LAKE. ITS CLEAR WATERS ARE POISONOUS AND STREWN WITH THE BONES OF ANIMALS WHO HAVE DRUNK FROM IT.
GRRRRR!
AT THIS MOMENT, A ROTTEN BRANCH GIVES WAY UNDER THEIR WEIGHT!
WE'RE FALLING INTO DEATH LAKE, PUNJAB!

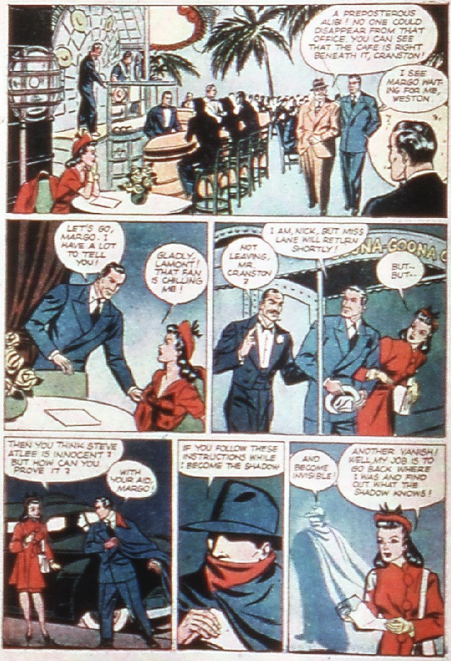

HELP!
PUNJAB HAS CONQUERED: .... THE WHITE SKIN BEEBO SHALL DIE IN DEATH LAKE!
BEEBO .... MY POOR BEEBO! .... OHHHHH!
WHAT HAS HAPPENED, CHEETO .... WHERE IS BEEBO?
POOR BEEBO .... POOR BEEBO! — HE IS DEAD AT THE BOTTOM OF DEATH LAKE! WOE IS US ... WOE IS US!
SEE... HE IS IN THE TREE AND WILL NOT COME DOWN!
I WILL TEAR THE TREE FROM ITS ROOTS AND THROW IT INTO THE LAKE! STAND ASIDE!
SMASH!
YOU ARE A COWARD, PUNJAB, OR YOU WOULD COME DOWN TO FIGHT US AND DIE HONOR-ABLY!
GRRR!
BULA'S POWERFUL THRUSTS SOON LOOSEN THE TREE FROM ITS DEEP-SEATED ROOTS. PUNJAB YELLS HELPLESS DEFIANCE .....

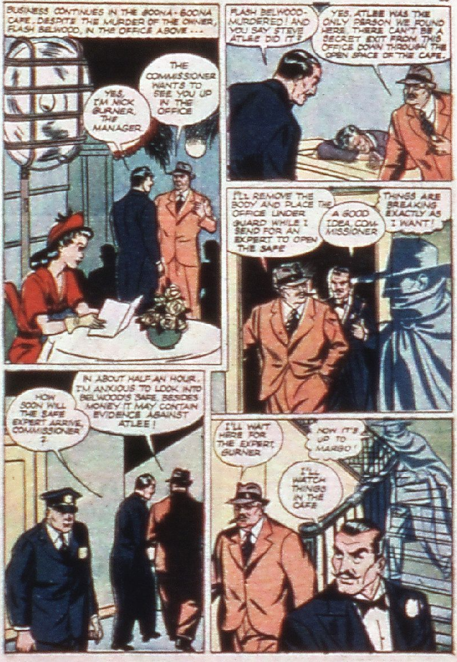

THE NEXT INSTANT ....
SPRLLLASH!
WE HAVE AVENGED BEEBO! ... PUNJAB IS DEAD!
HEAR! ... HEAR! ... BEEBO IS AVENGED! ... PUNJAB IS DEAD! ... HEAR! ... HEAR!
AH, ME! ... IF ONLY BEEBO COULD HEAR AND COME BACK TO US! ... POOR BEEBO!
BEEBO! ... MY EYES MOISTEN, MY LEGS TREMBLE WITH THE JOY OF SEEING YOU ALIVE!
FLEET! ... CHEETO! ... BULA! ... BRING ME FORTH THAT I MAY JOIN YOUR REJOICING OF PUJAB'S DEATH!
YIIK-YIIK! ... BEEBO'S ALIVE!
NO SOONER HAD CHEETO SPOKEN THAN A FAMILIAR CRY FROM BELOW THRILLED THEIR BREAKING HEARTS.
THANK YOU MY GOOD FRIENDS ... NOW THAT PUNJAB IS DEAD WE WILL LIVE FOREVER IN PEACE!
BUT BEEBO DOES NOT KNOW THAT AN [illegible] ADVENTURE OF HIS AND FLEET'S WILL BRING THE JUNGLE ISLE DEATH, BATTLE AND [illegible] SUCH AS THE [illegible] ANIMALS HAD NEVER KNOWN!
DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURES OF BEEBO OF JUNGLE ISLE AND HIS WONDER HORSE FLEET.

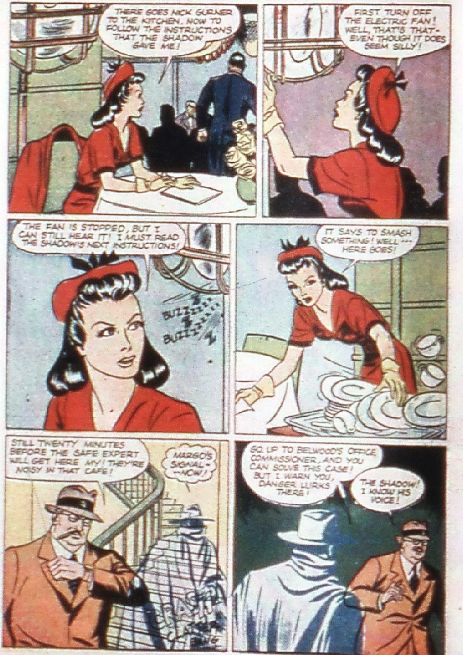

The MYSTERY of the GOONA GOONA FAN
TABLE FOR MR. CRANSTON AND MISS LANE!
YES MR. GURNER!
WHAT AN ATTRACTIVE PLACE! BUT WHY IS THE COMMISSIONER MEETING YOU HERE?
SIMPLY TO DISCUSS A MATTER THAT MAY MEAN MURDER!
YOU MEAN THERE'S TO BE A MURDER -- HERE AT THE GOONA-GOONA CAFE?
PERHAPS. FLASH BELWOOD THE PROPRIETOR HAS RECEIVED A DEATH THREAT!
BUT I THOUGHT NICK GURNER RAN THIS PLACE!
NICK IS ONLY THE MANAGER. IN OTHER WORDS A STOOGE!

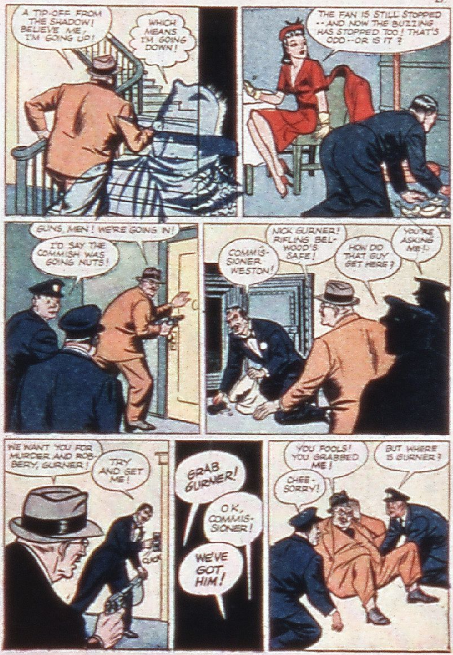

THE CAFE IS SIMPLY A FRONT FOR THE GAMBLING ROOM THAT FLASH RUNS ON THE FLOOR ABOVE
NO WONDER THE DINNER PRICES ARE SO LOW!
HERE'S THE COMMISSIONER, YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, MARGO?
YES, LAMONT
THE ROOM IS TOO WARM. TURN ON THE FAN!
YES, MR. BURNER
HELLO, CRANSTON LET'S GO UP AND TALK TO FLASH BELWOOD!
GOOD TO LIKE TO HEAR ABOUT THOSE DEATH THREATS HE RECEIVED!
THIS WAY, COMMISSIONER!
IS MR. BELWOOD ALONE?
NO, SIR. MR. ATLEE IS WITH HIM IN THE OFFICE.
STEVE ATLEE, THE SOCIETY MAN! HE'S RUN UP SOME HEAVY GAMBLING DEBTS LATELY!
SO THIS IS THE GAMBLING ROOM! FLASH MUST HAVE PUT THE ROULETTE TABLES IN CAMPHOR!
NATURALLY, SINCE HE EXPECTED A VISIT FROM YOU, COMMISSIONER! THERE'S THE OFFICE - SUPPOSE WE GO OVER!
OFF
GUN SHOTS!
QUICK, COMMISSIONER - YOUR REVOLVER!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG

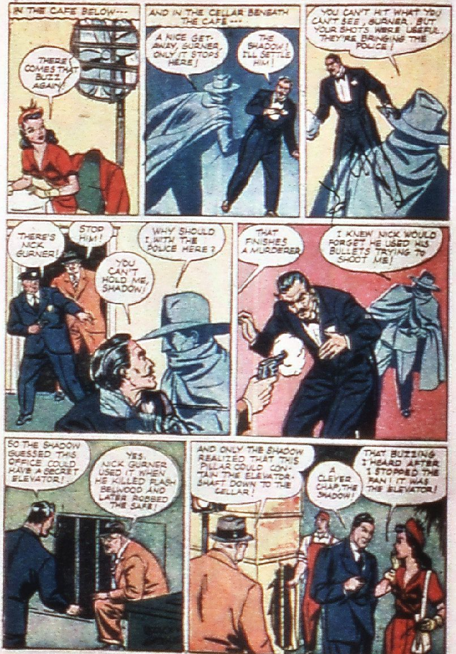

THE DOOR IS LOCKED, CRANSTON!
IT WON'T BE WHEN I'M DONE USING YOUR GUN, WESTON!
BANG! BANG!
YOU FIXED THE LOCK, I'LL FIX THE KILLER!
WAIT, TILL I FIND THE LIGHT!
HELP, CRANSTON! THE KILLER GRABBED ME!
DON'T WORRY, HE WON'T HOLD YOU LONG!
SOCK
THIS LOOKS LIKE STEVE ATLEE, COMMISSIONER!
AND THAT LOOKS LIKE FLASH BELWOOD ..MURDERED!
ALLRIGHT, ATLEE -YOU OWED FLASH BELWOOD MONEY SO YOU THREATENED HIM AND THEN MURDERED HIM!
NO, NO! I ONLY OWED HIM MONEY!
--AND I WAS ARRANGING TO PAY HIM WHEN SOMEONE TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS AND SHOT HIM! I MISTOOK YOU FOR THE KILLER!
TAKE THE PRISONER, OFFICER!

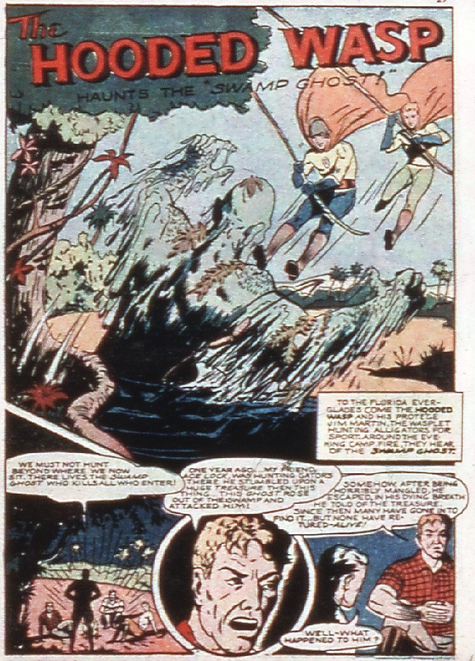

A PREPOSTEROUS ALIBI! NO ONE COULD DISAPPEAR FROM THAT OFFICE. YOU CAN SEE THAT THE CAFE IS RIGHT BENEATH IT, CRANSTON!
I SEE MARGO WAITING FOR ME, WESTON.
?
LET'S GO, MARGO. I HAVE A LOT TO TELL YOU!
GLADLY, LAMONT! THAT FAN IS CHILLING ME!
NOT LEAVING, MR. CRANSTON ?
I AM, NICK, BUT MISS LANE WILL RETURN SHORTLY!
-NA-GOONA C
BUT-- BUT--
THEN YOU THINK STEVE ATLEE IS INNOCENT ? BUT HOW CAN YOU PROVE IT ?
WITH YOUR AID, MARGO!
IF YOU FOLLOW THESE INSTRUCTIONS WHILE I BECOME THE SHADOW
AND BECOME INVISIBLE!
ANOTHER VANISH! WELL, MY JOB IS TO GO BACK WHERE I WAS AND FIND OUT WHAT THE SHADOW KNOWS!

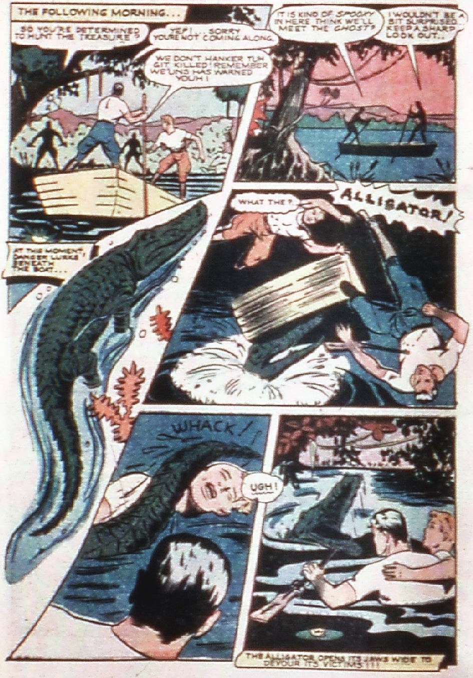

BUSINESS CONTINUES IN THE BOONA-BOONA CAFE, DESPITE THE MURDER OF THE OWNER, FLASH BELWOOD, IN THE OFFICE ABOVE...
THE COMMISSIONER WANTS TO SEE YOU UP IN THE OFFICE
YES, I'M NICK GURNER, THE MANAGER.
FLASH BELWOOD-MURDERED! AND YOU SAY STEVE ATLEE DID IT?
YES, ATLEE WAS THE ONLY PERSON WE FOUND HERE. THERE CAN'T BE A SECRET EXIT FROM THIS OFFICE DOWN THROUGH THE OPEN SPACE OF THE CAFE.
I'LL REMOVE THE BODY AND PLACE THE OFFICE UNDER GUARD WHILE I SEND FOR AN EXPERT TO OPEN THE SAFE
A GOOD IDEA, COMMISSIONER
THINGS ARE BREAKING EXACTLY AS I WANT!
HOW SOON WILL THE SAFE EXPERT ARRIVE, COMMISSIONER?
IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. I'M ANXIOUS TO LOOK INTO BELWOOD'S SAFE. BESIDES MONEY IT MAY CONTAIN EVIDENCE AGAINST ATLEE!
I'LL WAIT HERE FOR THE EXPERT, GURNER
NOW IT'S UP TO MARBO!
I'LL WATCH THINGS IN THE CAFE

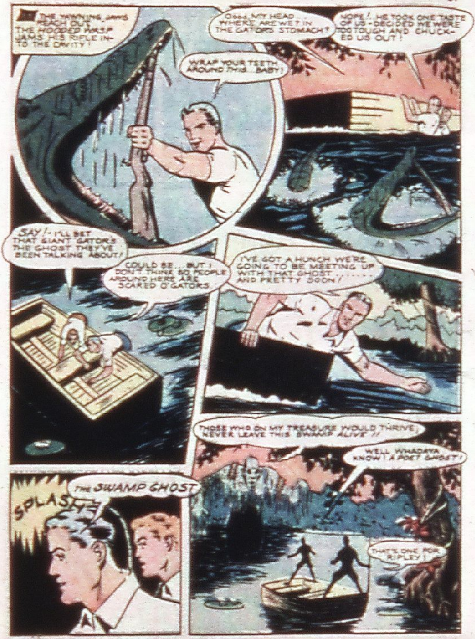

THERE GOES NICK GURNER TO THE KITCHEN. NOW TO FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS THAT THE SHADOW GAVE ME!
FIRST TURN OFF THE ELECTRIC FAN! WELL, THAT'S THAT-EVEN THOUGH IT DOES SEEM SILLY!
THE FAN IS STOPPED, BUT I CAN STILL HEAR IT! I MUST READ THE SHADOW'S NEXT INSTRUCTIONS!
BUZZZZ
BUZZZZ
IT SAYS TO SMASH SOMETHING! WELL --- HERE GOES!
STILL TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THE SAFE EXPERT WILL GET HERE MY! THEY'RE NOISY IN THAT CAFE!
MARGO'S SIGNAL --NOW!
GO UP TO BELWOOD'S OFFICE, COMMISSIONER, AND YOU CAN SOLVE THIS CASE! BUT I WARN YOU, DANGER LURKS THERE!
THE SHADOW! I KNOW HIS VOICE!

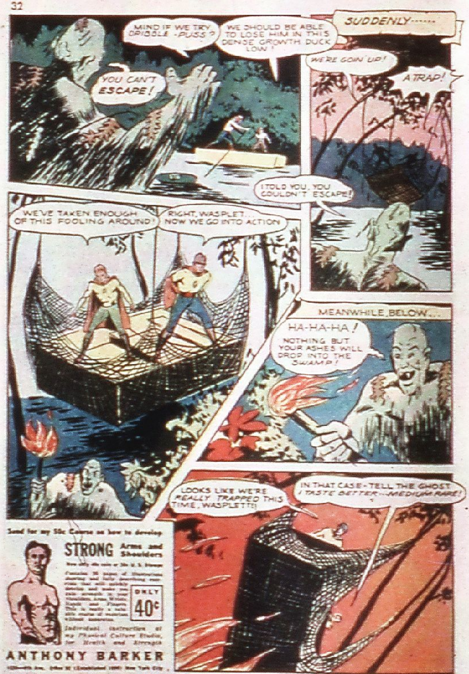

A TIP-OFF FROM THE SHADOW! BELIEVE ME, I'M GOING UP!
WHICH MEANS I'M GOING DOWN!
THE FAN IS STILL STOPPED --AND NOW THE BUZZING HAS STOPPED TOO! THAT'S ODD--OR IS IT?
GUNS, MEN! WE'RE GOING IN!
I'D SAY THE COMMISH WAS GOING NUTS!
COMMISSIONER WESTON!
NICK GURNER! RIFLING BELWOOD'S SAFE!
HOW DID THAT GUY GET HERE?
YOU'RE ASKING ME!
WE WANT YOU FOR MURDER AND ROBBERY, GURNER!
TRY AND GET ME!
CLICK
GRAB GURNER!
O.K., COMMISSIONER!
WE'VE GOT HIM!
YOU FOOLS! YOU GRABBED ME!
CHEE-SORRY!
BUT WHERE IS GURNER?


IN THE CAFE BELOW---
THERE! COMES THAT BUZZ AGAIN!
AND IN THE CELLAR BENEATH THE CAFE---
A NICE GET-AWAY, GURNER, ONLY IT STOPS HERE!
THE SHADOW! I'LL SETTLE HIM!
YOU CAN'T HIT WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE, GURNER. BUT YOUR SHOTS WERE USEFUL. THEY'RE BRINGING THE POLICE!
THERE'S NICK GURNER!
STOP HIM!
WHY SHOULD I, WITH THE POLICE HERE?
YOU CAN'T HOLD ME, SHADOW!
THAT FINISHES A MURDERER
I KNEW NICK WOULD FORGET HE USED HIS BULLETS TRYING TO SHOOT ME!
SO THE SHADOW GUESSED THIS OFFICE COULD HAVE A SECRET ELEVATOR!
YES. NICK GURNER USED IT WHEN HE KILLED FLASH BELWOOD AND LATER ROBBED THE SAFE!
AND ONLY THE SHADOW REALIZED THAT THIS PILLAR COULD CONTAIN THE ELEVATOR-SHAFT DOWN TO THE CELLAR!
THAT BUZZING I HEARD AFTER I STOPPED THE FAN! IT WAS THE ELEVATOR!
A CLEVER CHAP, THE SHADOW!


The HOODED WASP
HAUNTS THE "SWAMP GHOST!"
TO THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES COME THE HOODED WASP AND HIS PROTEGE JIM MARTIN, THE WASPLET HUNTING ALLIGATORS FOR SPORT. AROUND THE EVENING CAMP FIRE, THEY HEAR OF THE SWAMP GHOST.
WE MUST NOT HUNT BEYOND WHERE WE NOW SIT. THERE LIVES THE SWAMP GHOST WHO KILLS ALL WHO ENTER!
ONE YEAR AGO... MY FRIEND, ACE LOCK, WAS HUNTING GATORS THERE. HE STUMBLED UPON A HUGE TREASURE. THEN THIS THING... THIS GHOST ROSE OUT OF THE SWAMP AND ATTACKED HIM!
SOMEHOW AFTER BEING HORRIBLY MANGLED, HE ESCAPED. IN HIS DYING BREATH HE TOLD OF THE TREASURE. SINCE THEN MANY HAVE GONE IN TO FIND IT... BUT NONE HAVE RETURNED—ALIVE!
WELL—WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?


THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
SO YOU'RE DETERMINED TO HUNT THE TREASURE ?
YEP!... SORRY YOU'RE NOT COMING ALONG.
WE DON'T HANKER TUH GIT KILLED! REMEMBER WE'UNS HAS WARNED YOUH !
IT IS KIND OF SPOOKY IN HERE. THINK WE'LL MEET THE GHOST?
I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED. KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT..
AT THE MOMENT, DANGER LURKS BENEATH THE BOAT...
WHAT THE ?
ALLIGATOR!
WHACK !
UGH!
THE ALLIGATOR OPENS ITS JAWS WIDE TO DEVOUR ITS VICTIMS!!!


THE YAWNING JAWS REACH OUT, THE HOODED WASP JAMS HIS RIFLE INTO THE CAVITY!
WRAP YOUR TEETH AROUND THIS... BABY!
OOH, MY HEAD... WHERE ARE WE? IN THE GATOR'S STOMACH?
NOPE! HE TOOK ONE TASTE OF US - DECIDED WE WERE TOO TOUGH AND CHUCKED US OUT!
SAY! - I'LL BET THAT GIANT GATOR'S THE GHOST THEY'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT!
COULD BE... BUT I DON'T THINK SO. PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE SCARED O' GATORS.
I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO BE MEETING UP WITH THAT GHOST....... AND PRETTY SOON!
THOSE WHO ON MY TREASURE WOULD THRIVE, NEVER LEAVE THIS SWAMP ALIVE!!
WELL WHADAYA KNOW! A POET GHOST!
THAT'S ONE FOR RIPLEY!
SPLASH
THE SWAMP GHOST


SUDDENLY......
MIND IF WE TRY DRIBBLE-PUSS?
WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO LOSE HIM IN THIS DENSE GROWTH DUCK LOW!
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!
WE'RE GOIN' UP!
A TRAP!
I TOLD YOU, YOU COULDN'T ESCAPE!
WE'VE TAKEN ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLING AROUND!
RIGHT, WASPLET... NOW WE GO INTO ACTION
MEANWHILE, BELOW...
HA-HA-HA! NOTHING BUT YOUR ASHES WILL DROP INTO THE SWAMP!
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE REALLY TRAPPED THIS TIME, WASPLETT!
IN THAT CASE-TELL THE GHOST I TASTE BETTER--MEDIUM RARE!

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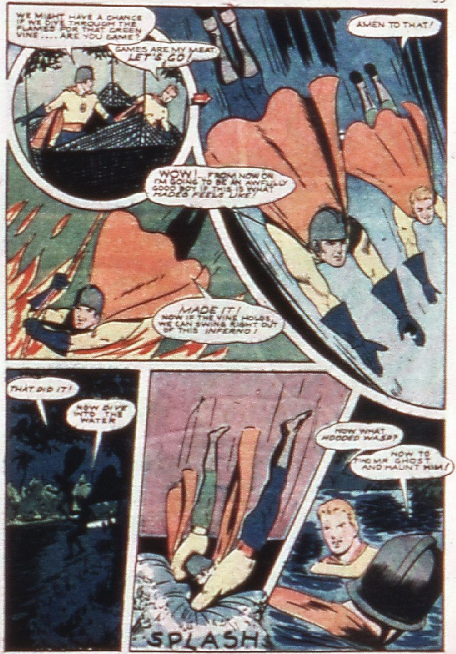
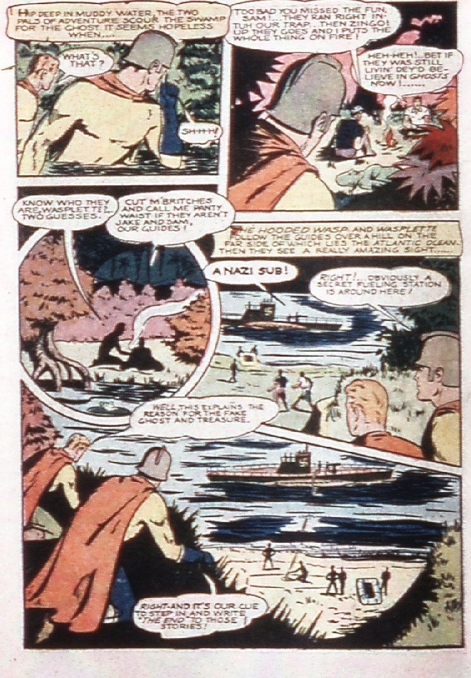
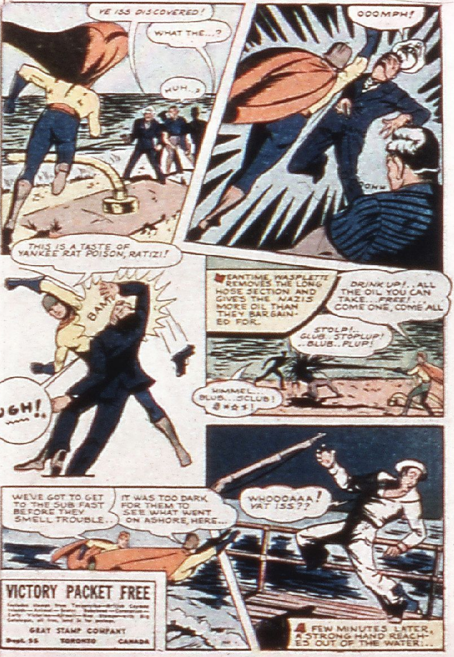

WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE IF WE DIVE THROUGH THE FLAMES FOR THAT GREEN VINE .... ARE YOU GAME?
GAMES ARE MY MEAT. LET'S GO!
AMEN TO THAT!
WOW! – FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO BE AN AWFULLY GOOD BOY IF THIS IS WHAT HADES FEELS LIKE!
MADE IT! NOW IF THE VINE HOLDS, WE CAN SWING RIGHT OUT OF THIS INFERNO!
THAT DID IT!
NOW DIVE INTO THE WATER
SPLASH
NOW WHAT HOODED WASP?
NOW TO FIND MR. GHOST AND HAUNT HIM!


HIP DEEP IN MUDDY WATER, THE TWO PALS OF ADVENTURE SCOUR THE SWAMP FOR THE GHOST. IT SEEMS HOPELESS WHEN....
WHAT'S THAT?
SHHHH!
TOO BAD YOU MISSED THE FUN, SAM!...THEY RAN RIGHT INTUH OUR TRAP.. THEN ZINGO! UP THEY GOES AND I PUTS THE WHOLE THING ON FIRE!
HEH-HEH!..BET IF THEY WAS STILL LIVIN' DEY'D BELIEVE IN GHOSTS NOW!......
KNOW WHO THEY ARE, WASPLETTE?.. TWO GUESSES.
CUT M'BRITCHES AND CALL ME PANTY WAIST IF THEY AREN'T JAKE AND SAM, OUR GUIDES!
THE HOODED WASP AND WASPLETTE FOLLOW THE GUIDES OVER A HILL ON THE FAR SIDE OF WHICH LIES THE ATLANTIC OCEAN. THEN THEY SEE A REALLY AMAZING SIGHT.....
A NAZI SUB!
RIGHT!...OBVIOUSLY A SECRET FUELING STATION IS AROUND HERE!
WELL THIS EXPLAINS THE REASON FOR THE FAKE GHOST AND TREASURE.
RIGHT-AND IT'S OUR CUE TO STEP IN AND WRITE "THE END" TO THOSE STORIES!


YE ISS DISCOVERED!
WHAT THE...?
HUH...?
OOOMPH!
CONK
THIS IS A TASTE OF YANKEE RAT POISON, RATZI!
BAM!
UGH!
MEANTIME WASPLETTE REMOVES THE LONG HOSE SECTION AND GIVES THE NAZIS MORE OIL THAN THEY BARGAINED FOR.
DRINK UP!...ALL THE OIL YOU CAN TAKE...FREE!...COME ONE, COME ALL
STOLP!..GLUB..STOPLUP!..BLUB..PLUP!
HIMMEL...BLUB...GLUB! #*☆$!
WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE SUB FAST BEFORE THEY SMELL TROUBLE..
IT WAS TOO DARK FOR THEM TO SEE WHAT WENT ON ASHORE, HERE...
WHOOOAAA! VAT ISS??
A FEW MINUTES LATER, A STRONG HAND REACHES OUT OF THE WATER!...

VICTORY PACKET FREE

[illegible]

GRAY STAMP COMPANY

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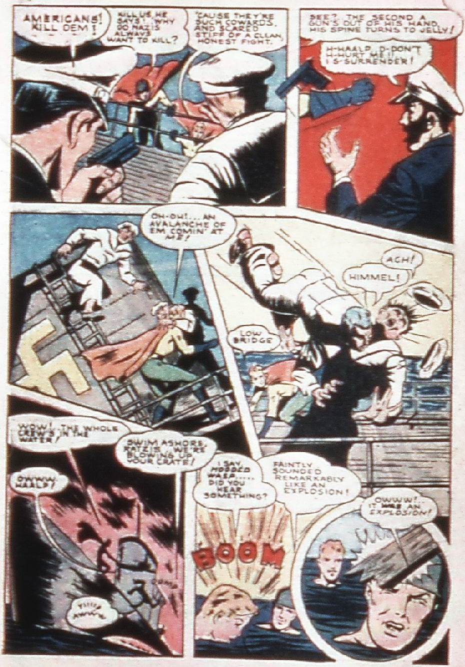
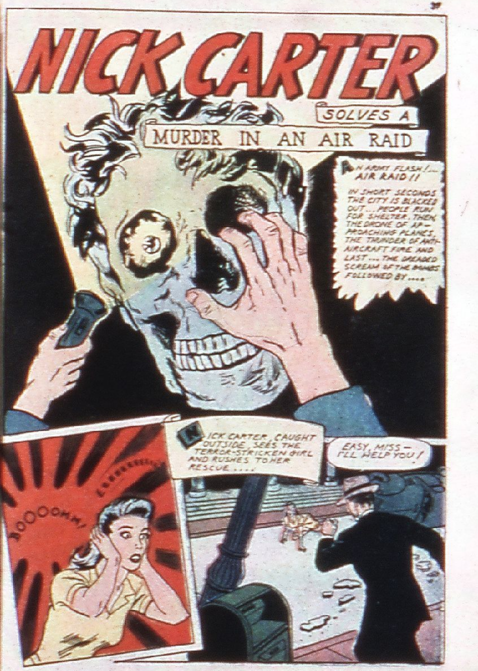
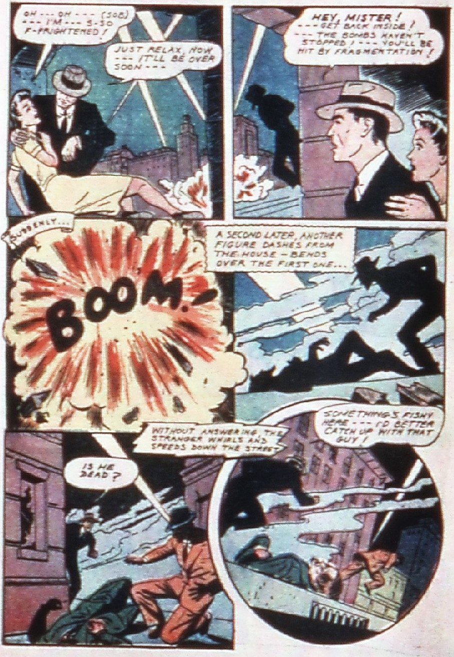
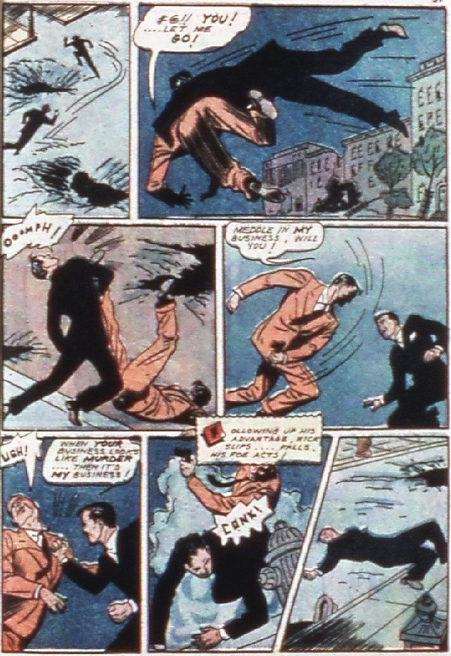

AMERICANS! KILL DEM!
KILL US HE SAYS! WHY DO NAZIS ALWAYS WANT TO KILL?
'CAUSE THEY'RE SUCH COWARDS, AND SCARED STIFF OF A CLEAN, HONEST FIGHT.
SEE? THE SECOND A GUN'S OUT OF HIS HAND, HIS SPINE TURNS TO JELLY!
H-HAALP. D-DON'T H-HURT ME!! I S-SURRENDER!
OH-OH!... AN AVALANCHE OF 'EM COMIN' AT ME!
ACH!
HIMMEL!
LOW BRIDGE
WOW! THE WHOLE CREW'S IN THE WATER!
SWIM ASHORE, RATZIS. WE'RE BLOWING UP YOUR CRATE!
OWWW! HAALP!
I SAY, HOODED WASP.... DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?
FAINTLY... SOUNDED REMARKABLY LIKE AN EXPLOSION!
BOOM
OWWW!... IT WAS AN EXPLOSION!

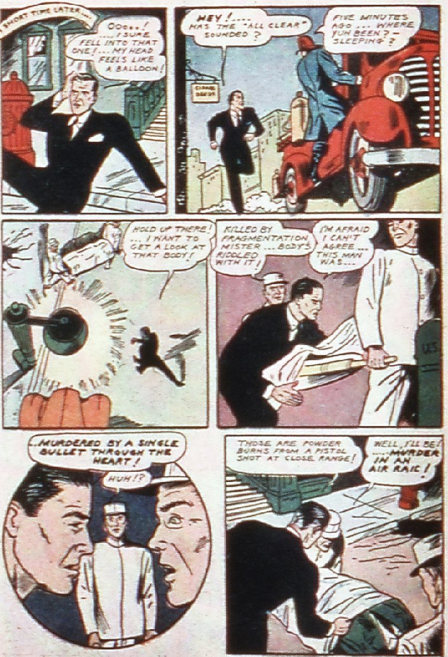
NICK CARTER

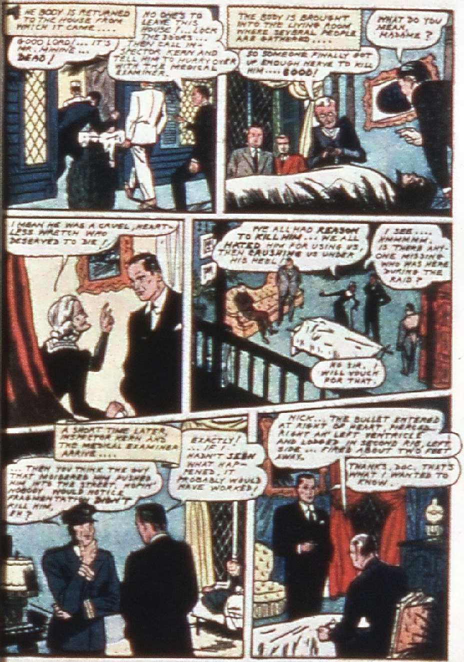
SOLVES A MURDER IN AN AIR RAID

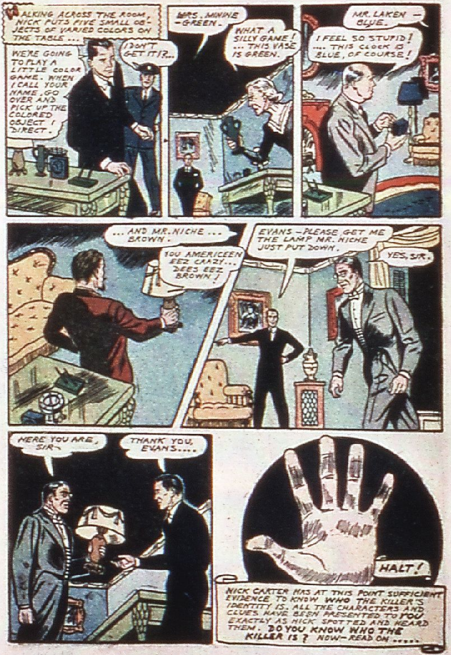

AN ARMY FLASH!... AIR RAID!!
IN SHORT SECONDS THE CITY IS BLACKED OUT...PEOPLE RUN FOR SHELTER. THEN THE DRONE OF APPROACHING PLANES, THE THUNDER OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE AND LAST... THE DREADED SCREAM OF THE BOMBS FOLLOWED BY....
BOOOOMM!
NICK CARTER, CAUGHT OUTSIDE, SEES THE TERROR-STRICKEN GIRL AND RUSHES TO HER RESCUE....
EASY, MISS — I'LL HELP YOU!

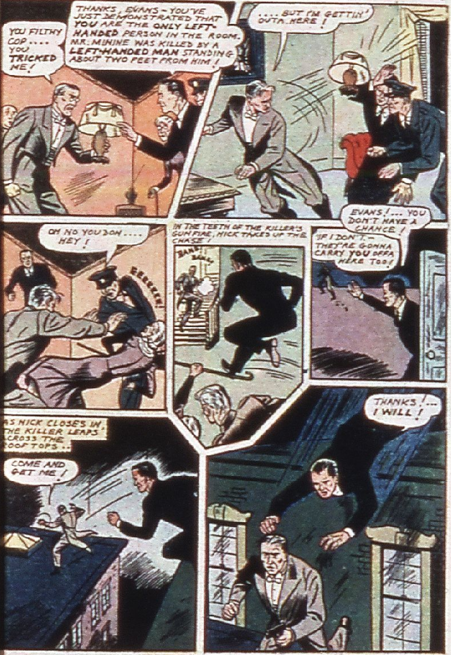

OH --- OH --- (SOB) --- I'M --- S-SO F-FRIGHTENED!
JUST RELAX, NOW --- IT'LL BE OVER SOON ---
HEY, MISTER! --- GET BACK INSIDE! --- THE BOMBS HAVEN'T STOPPED! --- YOU'LL BE HIT BY FRAGMENTATION!
SUDDENLY...
BOOM!
A SECOND LATER, ANOTHER FIGURE DASHES FROM THE HOUSE – BENDS OVER THE FIRST ONE...
IS HE DEAD?
WITHOUT ANSWERING, THE STRANGER WHIRLS AND SPEEDS DOWN THE STREET
SOMETHING'S FISHY HERE --- I'D BETTER CATCH UP WITH THAT GUY!

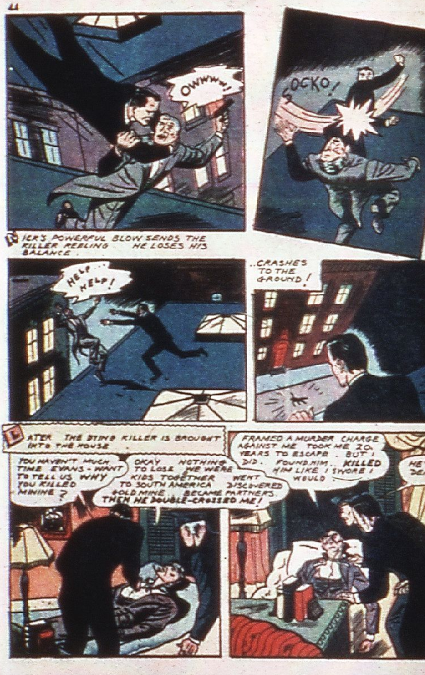

FG!! YOU! ....LET ME GO!
OOOMPH!
MEDDLE IN MY BUSINESS, WILL YOU!
FOLLOWING UP HIS ADVANTAGE, NICK SLIPS .... FALLS. HIS FOE ACTS!
UGH!
WHEN YOUR BUSINESS LOOKS LIKE MURDER .... THEN IT'S MY BUSINESS!
CRNK!

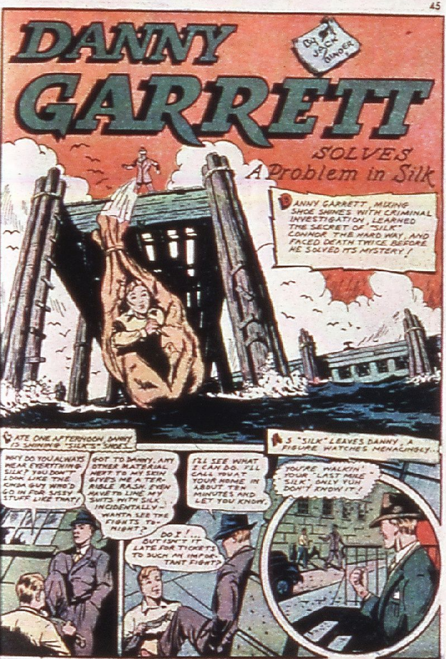

A SHORT TIME LATER....
OOOO...! ....I SURE FELL INTO THAT ONE!... MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A BALLOON!
HEY!.... HAS THE "ALL CLEAR" SOUNDED?
FIVE MINUTES AGO ... WHERE YUH BEEN? — SLEEPING?
HOLD UP THERE! ... I WANT TO GET A LOOK AT THAT BODY!
KILLED BY FRAGMENTATION MISTER ... BODY'S RIDDLED WITH IT!
I'M AFRAID I CAN'T AGREE ... THIS MAN WAS...
...MURDERED BY A SINGLE BULLET THROUGH THE HEART!
HUH!?
THOSE ARE POWDER BURNS FROM A PISTOL SHOT AT CLOSE RANGE!
WELL, I'LL BE! ....MURDER IN AN AIR RAID!

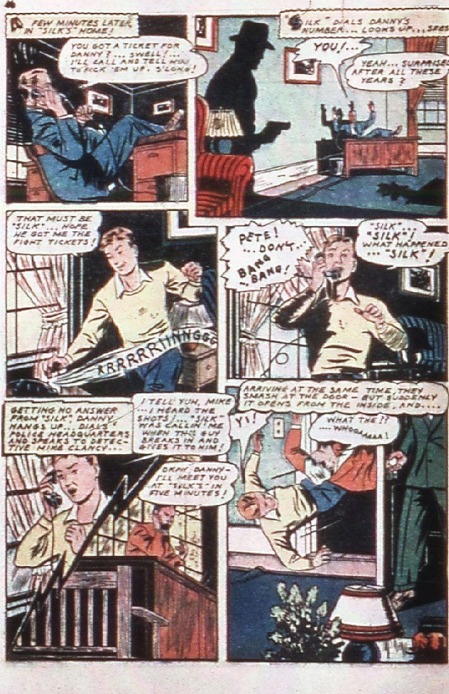

THE BODY IS RETURNED TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH IT CAME....
GOOD LORD!... IT'S MR. MINING... DEAD!
NO ONE'S TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!... LOCK THE DOORS... THEN CALL INSPECTOR KERN AND TELL HIM TO HURRY OVER WITH THE MEDICAL EXAMINER.
THE BODY IS BROUGHT INTO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE GATHERED....
SO SOMEONE FINALLY GOT UP ENOUGH NERVE TO KILL HIM.... GOOD!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MADAME?
I MEAN HE WAS A CRUEL, HEARTLESS WRETCH WHO DESERVED TO DIE!
WE ALL HAD REASON TO KILL HIM... WE ALL HATED HIM FOR USING US, THEN CRUSHING US UNDER HIS HEEL!
I SEE.... HMMMM. IS THERE ANYONE MISSING WHO WAS HERE DURING THE RAID?
NO SIR, I WILL VOUCH FOR THAT.
A SHORT TIME LATER, INSPECTOR KERN AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER ARRIVE....
... THEN YOU THINK THE GUY THAT MURDERED HIM PUSHED HIM INTO THE STREET, HOPIN' NOBODY WOULD NOTICE FRAGMENTATION DIDN'T KILL HIM, EH?
EXACTLY! ... IF I HADN'T SEEN WHAT HAPPENED, IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE WORKED!
NICK... THE BULLET ENTERED AT RIGHT OF HEART, PIERCED RIGHT AND LEFT VENTRICLE AND LODGED IN SECOND RIB, LEFT SIDE... FIRED ABOUT TWO FEET AWAY.
THANKS, DOC. THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW.

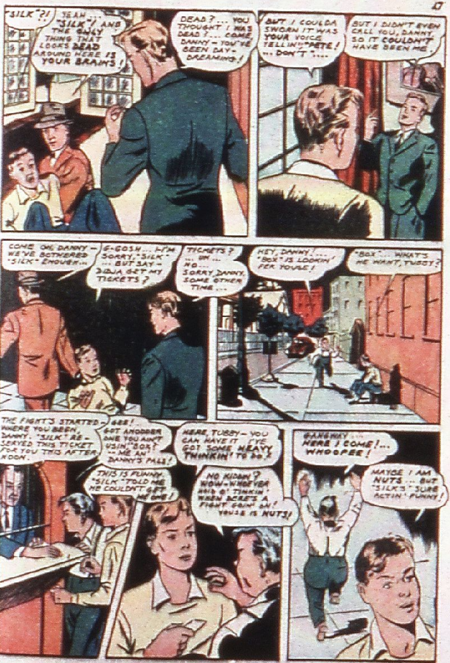

WALKING ACROSS THE ROOM, NICK PUTS FIVE SMALL OBJECTS OF VARIED COLORS ON THE TABLE ...
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A LITTLE COLOR GAME. WHEN I CALL YOUR NAME, GO OVER AND PICK UP THE COLORED OBJECT I DIRECT.
I DON'T GET IT!?...
MRS. MINNE -GREEN.
WHAT A SILLY GAME! ... THIS VASE IS GREEN.
MR. LAKEN — BLUE.
I FEEL SO STUPID! ... THIS CLOCK IS BLUE, OF COURSE!
... AND MR. NICHE ... BROWN.
YOU AMERICEEN EEZ CRAZY... DEES EEZ BROWN!
EVANS — PLEASE GET ME THE LAMP MR. NICHE JUST PUT DOWN.
YES, SIR.
HERE YOU ARE, SIR.
THANK YOU, EVANS....
HALT!
NICK CARTER HAS AT THIS POINT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO KNOW WHO THE KILLER'S IDENTITY IS. ALL THE CHARACTERS AND CLUES HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO YOU EXACTLY AS NICK SPOTTED AND HEARD THEM. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS? NOW—READ ON .....

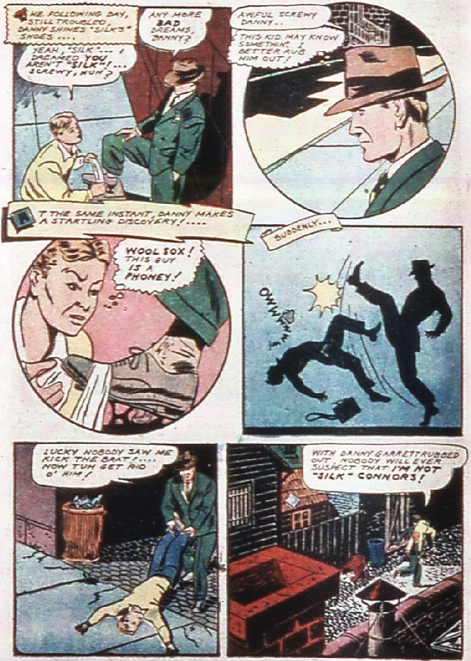

YOU FILTHY COP.... YOU TRICKED ME!
THANKS, EVANS - YOU'VE JUST DEMONSTRATED THAT YOU ARE THE ONLY LEFT-HANDED PERSON IN THE ROOM. MR. MININE WAS KILLED BY A LEFT-HANDED MAN STANDING ABOUT TWO FEET FROM HIM!
....BUT I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
OH NO YOU DON.... HEY!
EEEEEEK!
IN THE TEETH OF THE KILLER'S GUN FIRE, HICK TAKES UP THE CHASE!
BANG!
BANG!
EVANS!... YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
IF I DON'T - THEY'RE GONNA CARRY YOU OFFA HERE TOO!
AS NICK CLOSES IN, THE KILLER LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS..
COME AND GET ME!
THANKS!... I WILL!

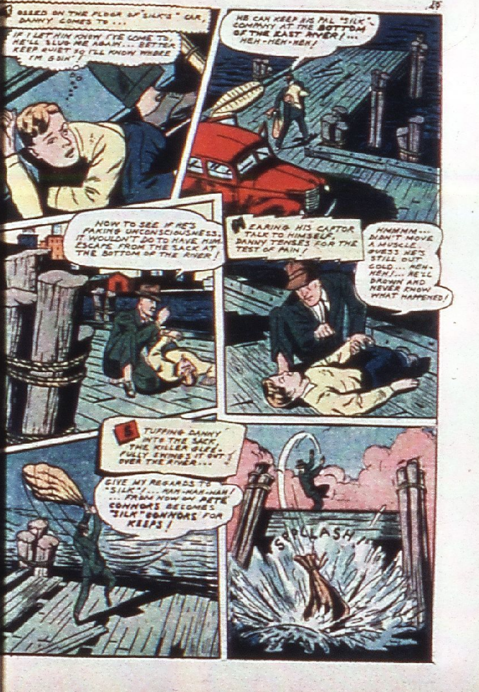

OWWW!
SOCKO!
RICK'S POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE KILLER REELING HE LOSES HIS BALANCE .
HELP... HELP!
..CRASHES TO THE GROUND!
LATER THE STING KILLER IS BROUGHT INTO THE HOUSE .
YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME EVANS - WANT TO TELL US WHY YOU KILLED MINNE ?
OKAY NOTHING TO LOSE WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA DISCOVERED GOLD MINE .. BECAME PARTNERS THEN HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!
FRAMED A MURDER CHARGE AGAINST ME TOOK ME 20 YEARS TO ESCAPE . BUT I DID. FOUND HIM.. KILLED HIM LIKE I SWORE I WOULD .
HE'S... DEAD

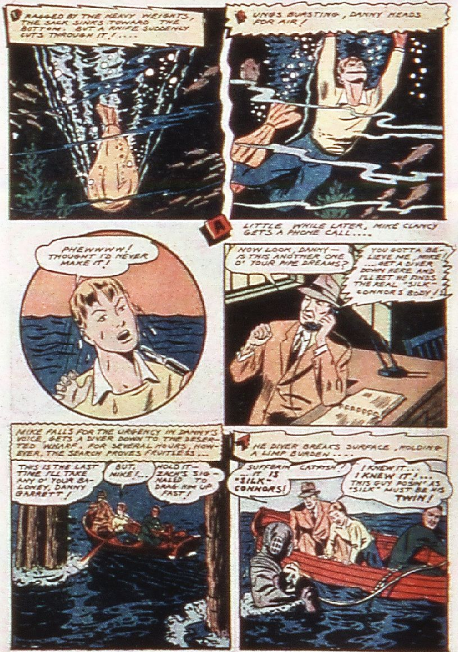

DANNY GARRETT
BY JACK BINDER
SOLVES A Problem in Silk
DANNY GARRETT, MIXING SHOE SHINES WITH CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION, LEARNED THE SECRET OF "SILK" CONNOR THE HARD WAY, AND FACED DEATH TWICE BEFORE HE SOLVED ITS MYSTERY!
LATE ONE AFTERNOON, DANNY IS SHINING "SILK'S" SHOES.
WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR EVERYTHING SILK? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GUY WHO'D GO IN FOR SISSY STUFF LIKE THAT!
GOT TO DANNY. ANY OTHER MATERIAL NEXT TO MY SKIN GIVES ME A TERRIBLE RASH. EVEN HAVE TO LINE MY SUITS WITH SILK. INCIDENTALLY— WANTA SEE THE FIGHTS TONIGHT?
DO I!... BUT ISN'T IT LATE FOR TICKETS TO SUCH AN IMPORTANT FIGHT?
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. I'LL CALL YOU AT YOUR HOME IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES AND LET YOU KNOW.
AS "SILK" LEAVES DANNY, A FIGURE WATCHES MENACINGLY...
YOU'RE WALKIN' YOUR "LAST MILE", "SILK", ONLY YUH DON'T KNOW IT!

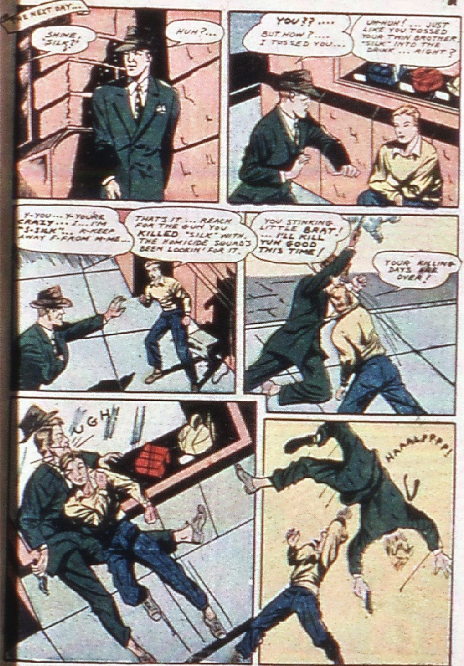

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN "SILK'S" HOME!
YOU GOT A TICKET FOR DANNY? ... SWELL! ... I'LL CALL AND TELL HIM TO PICK 'EM UP. S'LONG!
"SILK" DIALS DANNY'S NUMBER... LOOKS UP... SEES
YOU! ...
YEAH... SURPRISED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
THAT MUST BE "SILK"... HOPE HE GOT ME THE FIGHT TICKETS!
RRRRRRINNNGGG
PETE! ... DON'T.. BANG BANG!
"SILK"... "SILK"! WHAT HAPPENED? ... "SILK"!
GETTING NO ANSWER FROM "SILK", DANNY HANGS UP.. DIALS POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND SPEAKS TO DETECTIVE MIKE CLANCY...
I TELL YUH, MIKE ... I HEARD THE SHOTS! ... "SILK" WAS CALLIN' ME WHEN THIS GUY BREAKS IN AND GIVES IT TO HIM!
OKAY, DANNY — I'LL MEET YOU AT "SILK'S" IN FIVE MINUTES!
ARRIVING AT THE SAME TIME THEY SMASH AT THE DOOR — BUT SUDDENLY IT OPENS FROM THE INSIDE, AND....
YI!
WHAT THE?! .... WHOOAAAAA!

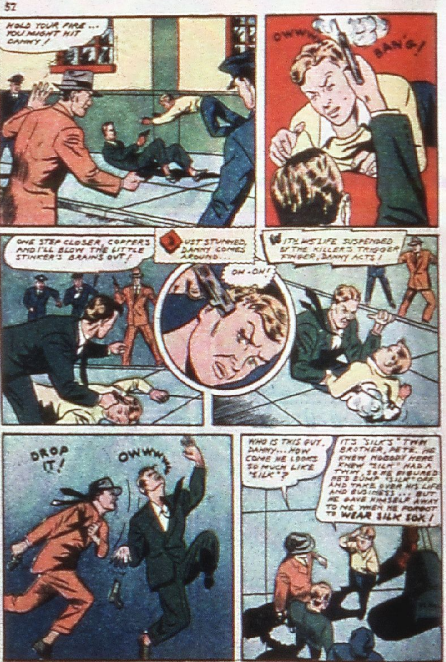

"SILK"?!
YEAH... "SILK"! AND THE ONLY THING THAT LOOKS DEAD AROUND HERE IS YOUR BRAINS!
DEAD?... YOU THOUGHT I WAS DEAD?... COME DANNY – YOU'VE BEEN DAY-DREAMING!
BUT I COULDA SWORN IT WAS YOUR VOICE TELLIN' "PETE! ... DON'T"....
BUT I DIDN'T EVEN CALL YOU, DANNY, SO IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ME.
COME ON, DANNY – WE'VE BOTHERED "SILK" ENOUGH...
G-GOSH... I'M SORRY, "SILK" ... BUT SAY – DIDJA GET MY TICKETS?
TICKETS? ... UH ... NO... SORRY, DANNY, SOME OTHER TIME...
HEY, DANNY!... "BOX" IS LOOKIN' FER YOUSE!
"BOX"... WHAT'S HE WANT, TUBBY?
THE FIGHT'S STARTED – WHERE YOU BEEN, DANNY. "SILK" RE-SERVED THIS TICKET FOR YOU THIS AFTER-NOON.
GEE! GOT ANODDER ONE YOU AIN'T USIN', "BOX"? ... ME AN' DANNY'S PALS!
THIS IS FUNNY. "SILK" TOLD ME HE COULDN'T GET ME ONE!
HERE, TUBBY – YOU CAN HAVE IT. I'VE GOT SOME HEAVY THINKIN' TO DO!
NO KIDDIN'? WOW – WHOEVER HOID O' THINKIN' WHEN DERE'S A FIGHT GOIN' ON! YOUSE IS NUTS!
GANGWAY... HERE I COME!... WHOOPEE!
MAYBE I AM NUTS... BUT "SILK'S" SURE ACTIN' FUNNY!

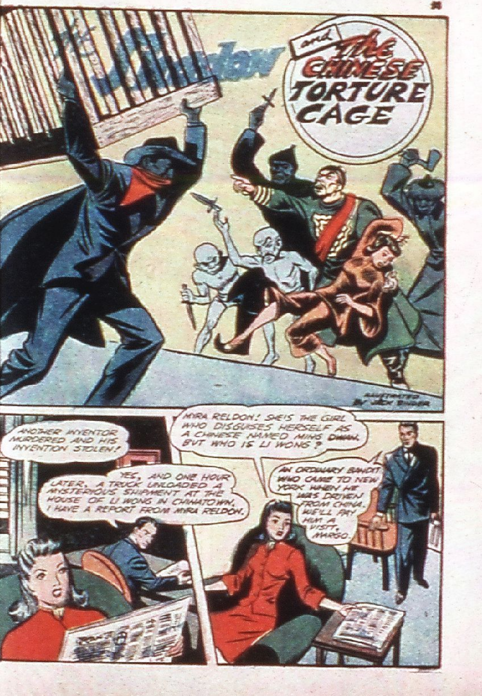

THE FOLLOWING DAY, STILL TROUBLED, DANNY SHINES "SILK'S" SHOES ....
ANY MORE BAD DREAMS, DANNY?
YEAH, "SILK"... I DREAMED YOU AREN'T "SILK"!... SCREWY, HUH?
AWFUL SCREWY DANNY..
THIS KID MAY KNOW SOMETHIN'. I BETTER RUB HIM OUT!
AT THE SAME INSTANT, DANNY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY! ....
WOOL SOX! THIS GUY IS A PHONEY!
SUDDENLY...
OWWWHH!
LUCKY NOBODY SAW ME KICK THE BRAT!.... NOW TUH GET RID O' HIM!
WITH DANNY GARRETT RUBBED OUT NOBODY WILL EVER SUSPECT THAT I'M NOT "SILK" CONNORS!

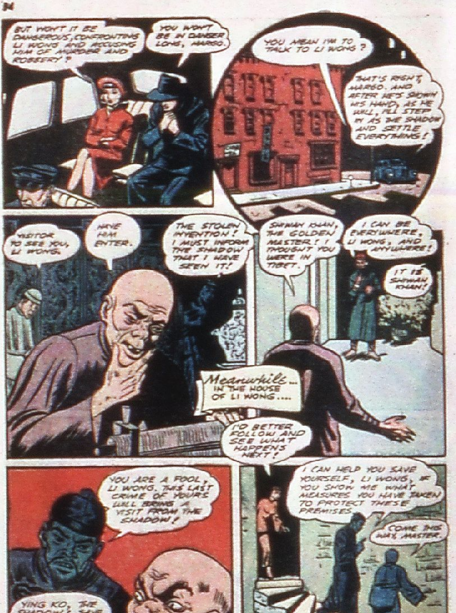

TOSSED ON THE FLOOR OF "SILK'S" CAR, DANNY COMES TO...
IF I LET HIM KNOW I'VE COME TO, HE'LL SLUG ME AGAIN... BETTER KEEP QUIET SO I'LL KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'!
HE CAN KEEP HIS PAL "SILK" COMPANY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER!... HEH-HEH-HEH!
NOW TO SEE IF HE'S FAKING UNCONSCIOUSNESS. IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE HIM ESCAPE FROM THE SACK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!
HEARING HIS CAPTOR TALK TO HIMSELF, DANNY TENSES FOR THE TEST OF PAIN!
HMMMM... DIDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE. GUESS HE'S STILL OUT COLD... HEH-HEH!... HE'LL DROWN AND NEVER KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!
STUFFING DANNY INTO THE SACK, THE KILLER GLEEFULLY SWINGS IT OUT OVER THE RIVER...
GIVE MY REGARDS TO "SILK"!... HAH-HAH-HAH! ... FROM NOW ON PETE CONNORS BECOMES "SILK" CONNORS FOR KEEPS!
SPLLASH

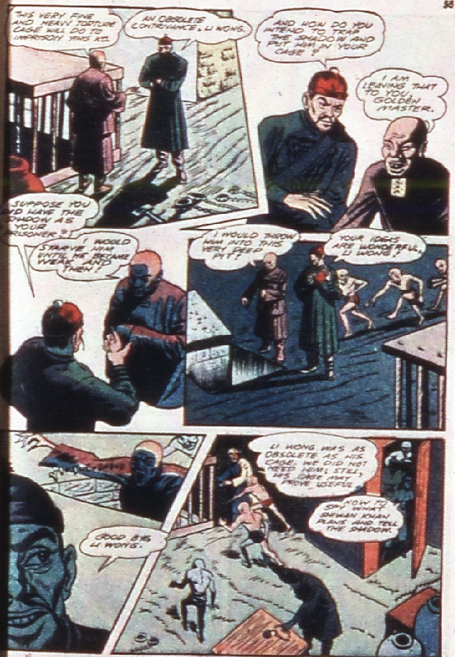

DRAGGED BY THE HEAVY WEIGHTS, THE SACK SINKS TOWARD THE BOTTOM. BUT A KNIFE SUDDENLY CUTS THROUGH IT! ....
LUNGS BURSTING, DANNY HEADS FOR AIR!
A LITTLE WHILE LATER, MIKE CLANCY GETS A PHONE CALL....
PHEWWWW! THOUGHT I'D NEVER MAKE IT!
NOW LOOK, DANNY— IS THIS ANOTHER ONE O' YOUR PIPE DREAMS?
YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, MIKE! ...GET A DIVER DOWN HERE AND I'LL BET HE FINDS THE REAL "SILK" CONNORS' BODY!
MIKE FALLS FOR THE URGENCY IN DANNY'S VOICE, GETS A DIVER DOWN TO THE DESERTED WHARF. FOR SEVERAL HOURS, HOWEVER, THE SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS...
THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL TAKE ANY O' YOUR BALONEY, DANNY BARRETT!
BUT, MIKE!...
HOLD IT— ZACK'S SIGNALED TO DRAG HIM UP FAST!
THE DIVER BREAKS SURFACE, HOLDING A LIMP BURDEN....
SUFFERIN' CATFISH! ...IT IS "SILK" CONNORS!
I KNEW IT... I KNEW IT!... THIS GUY POSIN' AS "SILK" MUST BE HIS TWIN!

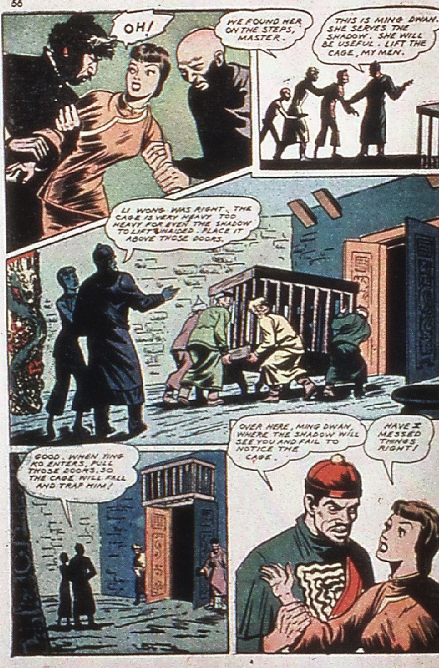

THE NEXT DAY...
SHINE, "SILK"?
HUH?...
YOU??....
BUT HOW?....
I TOSSED YOU...
UH-HUH! ... JUST LIKE YOU TOSSED YOUR TWIN BROTHER "SILK" INTO THE DRINK ... RIGHT?
Y-YOU... Y-YOU'RE CRAZY... I... I'M "S-SILK"... K-KEEP AWAY F-FROM M-ME...
THAT'S IT ... REACH FOR THE GUN YOU KILLED "SILK" WITH. THE HOMICIDE SQUAD'S BEEN LOOKIN' FOR IT.
YOU STINKING LITTLE BRAT! ... I'LL KILL YUH GOOD THIS TIME!
YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!
UGH
HAAALPPPP!

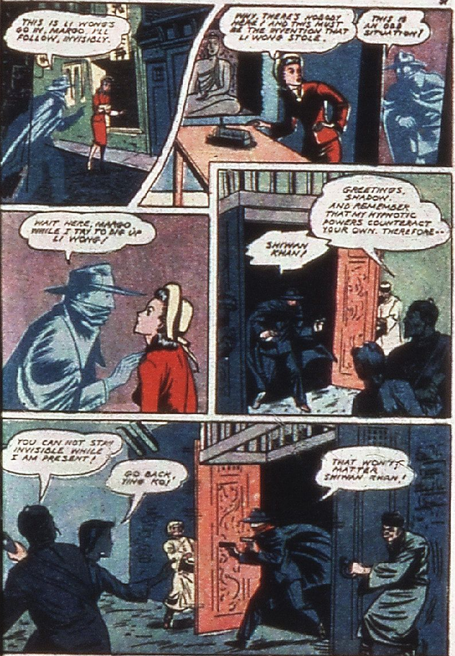

HOLD YOUR FIRE... YOU MIGHT HIT DANNY!
OWWW!
BANG!
ONE STEP CLOSER, COPPERS AND I'LL BLOW THE LITTLE STINKER'S BRAINS OUT!
JUST STUNNED, DANNY COMES AROUND...
OH-OH!
WITH HIS LIFE SUSPENDED BY THE KILLER'S TRIGGER FINGER, DANNY ACTS!
DROP IT!
OWWW!
WHO IS THIS GUY, DANNY... HOW COME HE LOOKS SO MUCH LIKE "SILK"?
IT'S "SILK'S" TWIN BROTHER, PETE. HE KNEW NOBODY HERE KNEW "SILK" HAD A TWIN, SO HE FIGURED HE'D BUMP "SILK" OFF AND TAKE OVER HIS LIFE AND BUSINESS... BUT HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY TO ME WHEN HE FORGOT TO WEAR SILK SOX!

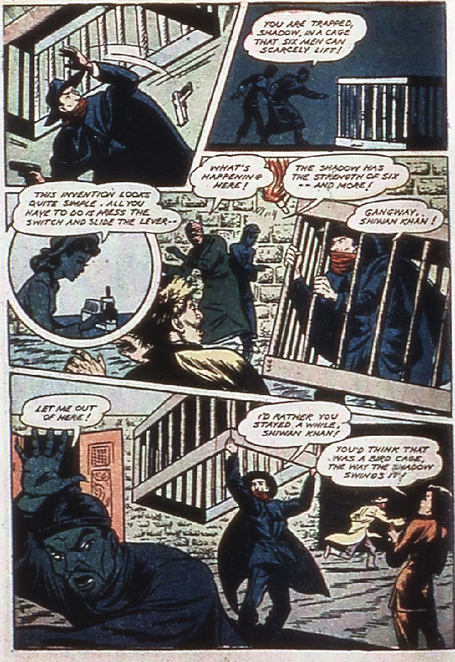

The Shadow
and The Chinese Torture Cage
ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BINDER
ANOTHER INVENTOR MURDERED AND HIS INVENTION STOLEN!
YES, AND ONE HOUR LATER, A TRUCK UNLOADED A MYSTERIOUS SHIPMENT AT THE HOUSE OF LI WONG IN CHINATOWN. I HAVE A REPORT FROM MYRA RELDON.
MYRA RELDON! SHE'S THE GIRL WHO DISGUISES HERSELF AS A CHINESE NAMED MISS DWAN. BUT WHO IS LI WONG?
AN ORDINARY BANDIT WHO CAME TO NEW YORK WHEN HE WAS DRIVEN FROM CHINA. WE'LL PAY HIM A VISIT, MARGO.

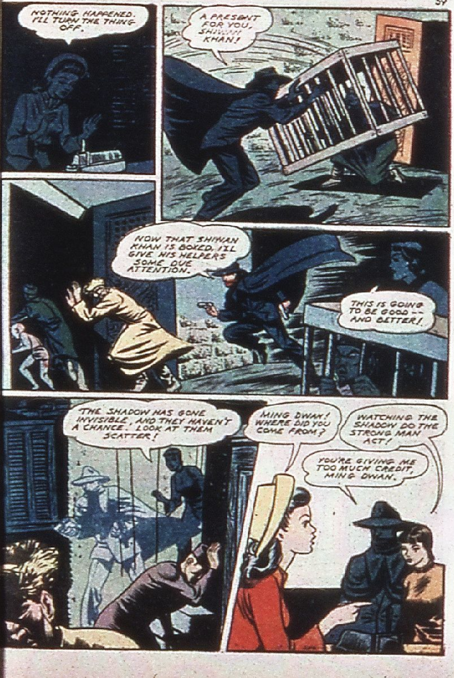

BUT WON'T IT BE DANGEROUS, CONFRONTING LI WONG AND ACCUSING HIM OF MURDER AND ROBBERY?
YOU WON'T BE IN DANGER LONG, MARGO.
YOU MEAN I'M TO TALK TO LI WONG?
THAT'S RIGHT, MARGO. AND AFTER HE'S SHOWN HIS HAND, AS HE WILL, I'LL STEP IN AS THE SHADOW AND SETTLE EVERYTHING!
VISITOR TO SEE YOU, LI WONG.
HAVE HIM ENTER.
THE STOLEN INVENTION! I MUST INFORM THE SHADOW THAT I HAVE SEEN IT!
SHIWAN KHAN, THE GOLDEN MASTER! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN TIBET.
I CAN BE EVERYWHERE, LI WONG, AND ANYWHERE!
IT IS SHIWAN KHAN!
Meanwhile... IN THE HOUSE OF LI WONG....
I'D BETTER FOLLOW AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT!
YOU ARE A FOOL, LI WONG. THIS LAST CRIME OF YOURS WILL BRING A VISIT FROM THE SHADOW!
YING KO, THE SHADOW? SAVE ME FROM HIM, SHIWAN KHAN!
I CAN HELP YOU SAVE YOURSELF, LI WONG, IF YOU SHOW ME WHAT MEASURES YOU HAVE TAKEN TO PROTECT THESE PREMISES.
COME THIS WAY, MASTER.

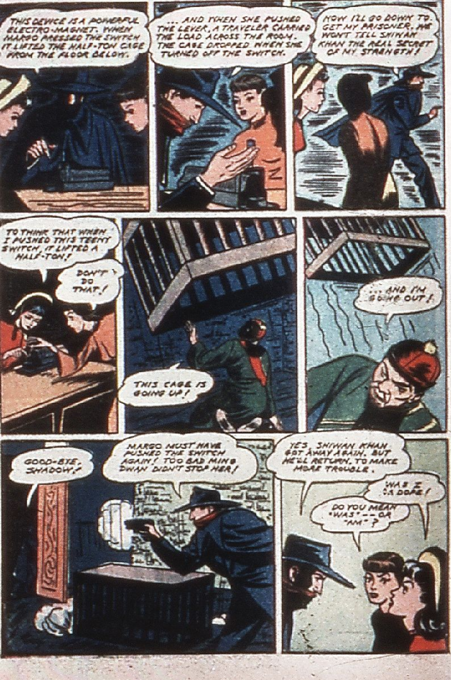

THIS VERY FINE AND HEAVY TORTURE CAGE WILL DO TO IMPRISON YING KO.
AN OBSOLETE CONTRIVANCE, LI WONG.
AND HOW DO YOU INTEND TO TRAP THE SHADOW AND PUT HIM IN YOUR CAGE ?
I AM LEAVING THAT TO YOU, GOLDEN MASTER.
SUPPOSE YOU DID HAVE THE SHADOW AS YOUR PRISONER ?
I WOULD STARVE HIM UNTIL HE BECAME WEAK AND THEN !
I WOULD THROW HIM INTO THIS VERY DEEP PIT !
YOUR IDEAS ARE WONDERFUL, LI WONG !
GOOD BYE LI WONG.
LI WONG WAS AS OBSOLETE AS HIS CAGE. WE DID NOT NEED HIM; STILL, HIS CAGE MAY PROVE USEFUL
NOW TO SPY WHAT SHIWAN KHAN PLANS AND TELL THE SHADOW.


OH!
WE FOUND HER ON THE STEPS, MASTER.
THIS IS MING DWAN. SHE SERVES THE SHADOW. SHE WILL BE USEFUL. LIFT THE CAGE, MY MEN.
LI WONG WAS RIGHT. THE CAGE IS VERY HEAVY TOO HEAVY FOR EVEN THE SHADOW TO LIFT UNAIDED. PLACE IT ABOVE THOSE DOORS.
GOOD. WHEN YING KO ENTERS, PULL THOSE DOORS, SO THE CAGE WILL FALL AND TRAP HIM!
OVER HERE, MING DWAN, WHERE THE SHADOW WILL SEE YOU AND FAIL TO NOTICE THE CAGE.
HAVE I MESSED THINGS RIGHT!

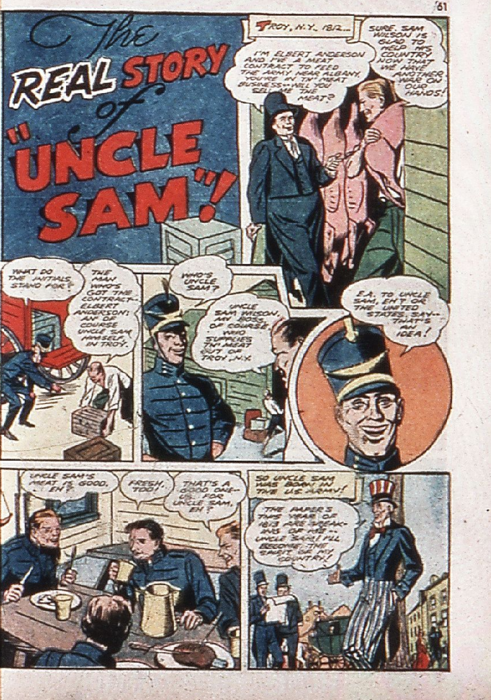

THIS IS LI WONG'S GO IN, MARGO. I'LL FOLLOW, INVISIBLY.
WHY, THERE'S NOBODY HERE! AND THIS MUST BE THE INVENTION THAT LI WONG STOLE.
THIS IS AN ODD SITUATION!
WAIT HERE, MARGO WHILE I TRY TO DIG UP LI WONG!
GREETINGS, SHADOW. AND REMEMBER THAT MY HYPNOTIC POWERS COUNTERACT YOUR OWN. THEREFORE--
SHIWAN KHAN!
YOU CAN NOT STAY INVISIBLE WHILE I AM PRESENT!
GO BACK, TING KO!
THAT WON'T MATTER SHIWAN KHAN!

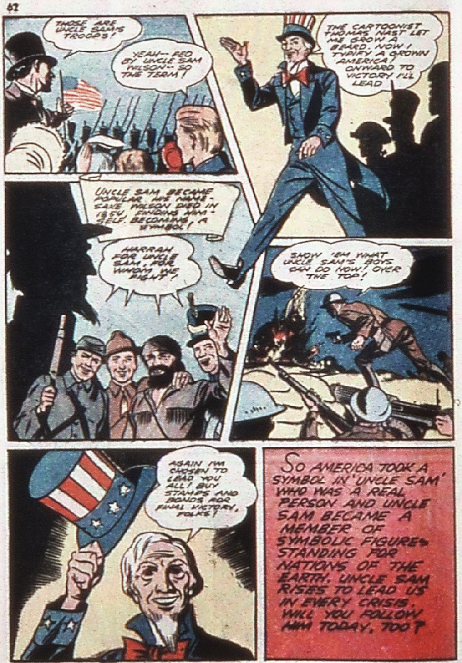

YOU ARE TRAPPED, SHADOW, IN A CAGE THAT SIX MEN CAN SCARCELY LIFT!
THIS INVENTION LOOKS QUITE SIMPLE. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PRESS THE SWITCH AND SLIDE THE LEVER--
WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!
THE SHADOW HAS THE STRENGTH OF SIX -- AND MORE!
GANGWAY, SHIWAN KHAN!
LET ME OUT OF HERE!
I'D RATHER YOU STAYED A WHILE, SHIWAN KHAN!
YOU'D THINK THAT WAS A BIRD CAGE, THE WAY THE SHADOW SWINGS IT!


NOTHING HAPPENED. I'LL TURN THE THING OFF.
A PRESENT FOR YOU, SHIWAN KHAN!
NOW THAT SHIWAN KHAN IS BOXED, I'LL GIVE HIS HELPERS SOME DUE ATTENTION.
THIS IS GOING TO BE GOOD -- AND BETTER!
THE SHADOW HAS GONE INVISIBLE, AND THEY HAVEN'T A CHANCE. LOOK AT THEM SCATTER!
MING DWAN! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
WATCHING THE SHADOW DO THE STRONG MAN ACT!
YOU'RE GIVING ME TOO MUCH CREDIT, MING DWAN.


THIS DEVICE IS A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET. WHEN MARGO PRESSED THE SWITCH IT LIFTED THE HALF-TON CAGE FROM THE FLOOR BELOW.
... AND WHEN SHE PUSHED THE LEVER, A TRAVELER CARRIED THE LOAD ACROSS THE ROOM. THE CAGE DROPPED WHEN SHE TURNED OFF THE SWITCH.
NOW I'LL GO DOWN TO GET MY PRISONER. HE WONT TELL SHIWAN KHAN THE REAL SECRET OF MY STRENGTH!
TO THINK THAT WHEN I PUSHED THIS TEENY SWITCH, IT LIFTED A HALF-TON!
DON'T DO THAT!
THIS CAGE IS GOING UP!
... AND I'M GOING OUT!
GOOD-BYE, SHADOW!
MARGO MUST HAVE PUSHED THE SWITCH AGAIN! TOO BAD MING DWAN DIDN'T STOP HER!
YES, SHIWAN KHAN GOT AWAY AGAIN. BUT HE'LL RETURN, TO MAKE MORE TROUBLE.
WAS I A DOPE!
DO YOU MEAN "WAS" -- OR "AM"?

The REAL STORY of "UNCLE SAM"!


TROY, N.Y., 1812...
I'M ELBERT ANDERSON AND I'VE A MEAT CONTRACT TO FEED THE ARMY NEAR ALBANY. YOU'RE IN TH' MEAT BUSINESS--WILL YOU SELL ME THE MEAT?
SURE. SAM WILSON IS GLAD TO HELP HIS COUNTRY NOW THAT WE HAVE ANOTHER WAR ON OUR HANDS!
WHAT DO THE INITIALS STAND FOR?
THE MAN WHO'S GOT THE CONTRACT--ELBERT ANDERSON! AN' OF COURSE UNCLE SAM HIMSELF, IN TROY.
WHO'S UNCLE SAM?
UNCLE SAM WILSON, MY BOSS, OF COURSE. WHO SUPPLIES TH' MEAT OUT OF TROY, N.Y.
E.A. TO UNCLE SAM, EH? OR THE UNITED STATES. SAY-- THAT'S AN IDEA!
UNCLE SAM'S MEAT IS GOOD, EH?
FRESH, TOO!
THAT'S A GOOD ONE-- US. FOR UNCLE SAM, EH?
SO UNCLE SAM WAS BORN IN THE U.S. ARMY!
THE PAPER'S THIS YEAR OF 1813 ARE SPEAKINS OF ME-- UNCLE SAM! I'LL BECOME THE SPIRIT OF MY COUNTRY!


THOSE ARE UNCLE SAM'S TROOPS!
YEAH— FED BY UNCLE SAM WILSON— SO THE TERM!
THE CARTOONIST THOMAS NAST LET ME GROW A BEARD. NOW I TYPIFY A GROWN AMERICA! ONWARD TO VICTORY I'LL LEAD
UNCLE SAM BECAME POPULAR. HIS NAME-SAKE WILSON DIED IN 1854, FINDING HIM-SELF BECOMING A SYMBOL!
HARRAH FOR UNCLE SAM, FOR WHOM WE FIGHT!
SHOW 'EM WHAT UNCLE SAM'S BOYS CAN DO NOW! OVER THE TOP!
AGAIN I'M CHOSEN TO LEAD YOU ALL! BUY STAMPS AND BONDS FOR FINAL VICTORY, FOLKS!
SO AMERICA TOOK A SYMBOL IN 'UNCLE SAM' WHO WAS A REAL PERSON AND UNCLE SAM BECAME A MEMBER OF SYMBOLIC FIGURES STANDING FOR NATIONS OF THE EARTH. UNCLE SAM RISES TO LEAD US IN EVERY CRISIS. WILL YOU FOLLOW HIM TODAY, TOO?

THE NEW NOTE IN THE WAR...THE NEW NOTE IN COMICS!

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COMING SOON—WATCH FOR IT

0¢ A COPY AT ALL NEWSSTAND

SECRET CODES

By HENRY LYSING

NOTED EXPERT ON CODES, AUTHOR OF "SECRET WRITING," "THE CRYPTOGRAM BOOK," ETC., CONDUCTOR OF THE "CODES" DEPARTMENT IN THE SHADOW MAGAZINE; TECHNICAL DIRECTOR OF COLUMBIA'S GREAT CHAPTER PLAY, "THE SECRET CODE."

(This is the second of a series of lessons in codes and secret writing by Mr. Lysing. Those who missed the first issue can get back copies of The Shadow Comics by writing direct to us, inclosing 10 cents for the October issue. Mr. Lysing's code department appears in every issue of The Shadow Magazine, also, and our readers can secure a copy of this great mystery magazine at any newsstand.)

LESSON TWO

In our first lesson in the previous issue of The Shadow Comics, we introduced you to this fascinating and enlightening hobby of codes.

Now we go one step further and show you how you can transpose your written messages in such ways as to make the meaning absolutely difficult to understand. Let us start with an easier form; a way that requires no charts, or other material, but which proved effective in early American military campaigns, especially during the Civil War. It is called the Rail Fence Cipher, for reasons which will be apparent.

Again we take our standard coded message, "This code is very easy," and see it written:

TICDIVRES HSOESEYAY

If we check our letter frequency, we feel sure that the alphabet is not altered in any way. The code, therefore, must be one in which the letters are out of their regular order.

Trying the code backward doesn't help, either. So we start looking for combinations; trying to see if one letter from one word fits one from the other; or twisting them about a bit. We even try, for example, putting them one above the other, like this:

TICDIVRES
HSOESEYAY

and from this formation we try reading them up and down. What do we get? "This code is very easy," and we get it by reading the letters from every other line. The way this code is written is simply to drop every other letter to the bottom line, like this:

T I C D I V R E S
 H S O E S E Y A Y

which, with the drawn-in lines connecting the letters in their proper order, gives the appearance of an old-fashioned rail fence, and gives the code its name. It's quick and easy to write, and proves pretty clever in actual practice. If you want to make it harder, you can substitute other letters, after you've done the rail-fence part of it.

Let's study the Route Transposition, with additional designations as the Horizontal Route, Alternate Horizontal, Vertical, and Alternate Vertical. Further, you may evolve a mixture of all of these four versions, with a really difficult code as the result.

Let's take our message: "THIS IS AN EASY CODE FOR YOU TO SOLVE."

The first step is to set this message down in the form of a box, using six or more letters to a line.

T H I S I S
A N E A S Y
C O D E F O
R Y O U T O
S O L V E X

The last letter, X, is a "null"—a letter that is simply used to fill out the line.

Putting your message in this form is merely the first step. Anybody could read it as it is. Now we want to put it down in the form we wish to send it. This first form we will make the Horizontal Route transposition, so that means we can take off the letters from the block above in a *horizontal* way, which will give us four possibilities: we can take the letters from left to right, which would simply be our plain message again; or from right to left, beginning at the top line, which would be better. We could also do the same by starting at the bottom line; either start from right to left and go upward, or from left to right. Suppose we do the last three, the only ones that would give us anything in the way of a code:

Taking the message from right to left, beginning at the top line, we get:

SISIH TYSAE NAOFE
DOCOT UOYRX EVLOS

If we take it from the bottom, right to left:

XEVLO SOTUO YROFE
DOCYS AENAS ISIHT

And if we take it off left to right, from bottom line up, we get:

SOLVE XRYOU TOCOD
EFOAN EASYT HISIS

Now you can see why we said you should make the box at least six letters long. When we transpose the code we want words of about five letters. If we had a box of only five letters we would be repeating the same words, no matter how we transposed them, and there would be no difficult code at all. Even as it is, we would have done much better to have written this in only four-letter words, or even three-letter words, to break it up more. It so happens that the words we use in this message are a type that come out with fair clarity even after they are coded in this manner. However, you can't choose your words in sending messages: you have to choose the code. In this case only our first transcription looks tough; the other two have words that are easily detected: such as ISIHT, which proves itself to be THIS, and the others which look like words. They would betray your message immediately.

Let us try this same boxing of the message, but using the *Vertical* transposition; that is, taking the letters off column for column, instead of line for line. This time we have four ways of doing it. Start at upper left or right and go down; start at lower left, or lower right, and go up. Let's start at upper left:

TACRS HNOYO IEDOL
SAEUV ISFTE SYOOX

That looks a bit tougher. Now let's take it off from the upper right, and we find that it would give us exactly the same as the first take-off, because our message happens to be only five lines long, and we are taking it off n five-letter groups. Even if it were longer here would be some similarity, but remember hat the similarity is only when you see both oded messages together, and that would harm ny single message.

SYOOX ISFTE SAEUV
IEDOL HNOYO TACRS

Now, let's take it from the bottom, lower eft up:

SRCAT OYONH LODEI
VUEAS ETFSI XOOYS

That looks pretty tough, too. And for the reverse of that (again pretty similar, as in the case above) we get:

XOOYS ETFSI VUEAS
LODEI OYONH SRCAT

This time, any one of the four messages, sent this way, would prove difficult.

But we have two more methods. In the two previous cases we took the lines either up or down, in straight succession. But we could make it more difficult by *skipping* a line, or by *alternating* our progression. Instead of going from the top of the first line (if we started at its bottom) to the bottom of the second line, we could continue to the top of the second and work down again, thus *alternating*, or we could skip from the top of the first line to the bottom of the *third* line, or the *top* of the third line, thus skipping. To give you an idea of how this works, here is the message taken off by skipping every other line:

TACRS IEDOL ISFTE
HNOYO SAEUV SYOOX

You take every other line, and when you get to the last line, come back and pick up the ones you skipped. You could do the same thing by going from bottom to top, etc.

By *alternating*, you go from bottom of one line, to top of second, then to bottom of third, and so on. Putting this down as an alternating horizontal, (which will mean going from right to left, left to right, et cetera) we get:

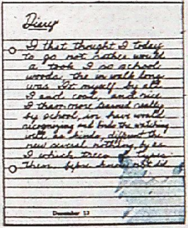
XEVLO SRYOU TOOFE
DOCAN EASYS ISIHT

or, taking it from top left down:

TACRS OYONH IEDOL
VUEAS ISFTE XOOYS

Whichever method you prefer to use, depending on your own likes and dislikes, and many times on the type of message you have to send, all that is necessary is for the recipient to know that you are using one of the route transpositions, and he can solve your message. To decode such messages, simply count the total number of letters, and then plot them out in the most logical square they might fit. Our message, for example, has thirty letters. It would almost have to be a box of five letters one way, six the other; or three one way, ten the other. A little guessing and trying will give you the solution.

If this sounds a bit too complicated, let's show you just how you can use an adaptation of this for your own purpose. Most of you keep diaries, and don't want others to know what is in them because you want to express your very thoughts in its pages. Well, there's always a chance that by accident or otherwise, someone will open the pages. If he opens a page that looks like this he won't be able to learn much, will he?



Diary

I that thought I today
to go not rather would
a took I so school,
woods. the in walk long
was It myself, by all
I and cool, and nice
I than more learned really
by school, in have would
recognizing and birds the watching
well as kinds, different the
new several noting by as
I which trees of types
then. before know not did

December 13

Look at that awhile, and then look at this, which is the real message contained on that page:

"Today I thought that I would rather not go to school, so I took a long walk in the woods, all by myself. It was nice and cool, and I really learned more than I would have in school, by watching the birds and recognizing the different kinds, as well as by noting several new types of trees which I did not know before then."

Can you see how the lad keeping this diary utilized his knowledge of the transpositional codes? Study it a few more minutes and then read the explanation below.

All the lad did was decide upon, beforehand, the number of words that would easily go into one line of diary. He found it to be about five. So, whenever he wrote anything for his diary he first wrote it out in the regular way, but wrote only five words to each line. The note above was as follows:

"today I thought that I
would rather not go to
school, so I took a
long walk in the woods,
all by myself. It was
nice and cool and I
really learned more than I
would have in school, by
watching the birds and recognizing
the different kinds, as well
as by noting several new
types of trees which I
did not know before then."

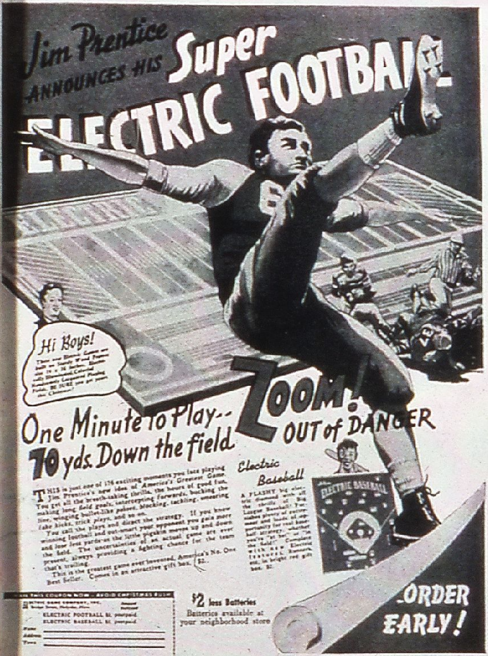
Having written it that way, all he did was to recopy it, line for line, but *backward*, into his diary. It looks much better in handwriting than when set down in type, because you can stretch or squeeze your handwriting so that all the lines seem to be filled evenly, and it is pretty hard for any one to catch on.

Of course, after long study, it could be deciphered. If you want to make it harder, you might write each word backward, or perhaps make your line six words long, and write the words into the diary by mixing up the words in each line in some definite arrangement. That would break up some of the sensible lines which appear in this example. In this, as in all codes, you are limited only by your ingenuity.

In this diary code, as well as in the ones we explained before, you have a chance to make things twice as difficult by adding another coding—that is, after you have your coded message complete by transposition, *then* use a reverse alphabet, as explained in our first lesson. Using Z for A, Y for B, et cetera, would really give the uninitiated a job to try to solve some of these codes, because even if the person is lucky enough to break through the reversing of the alphabet, he still has the transposition to break down; and, on the other hand, if he is lucky enough to catch on to the transposition first, the reversed alphabet will give him plenty of headaches before he is through! The point to remember in codes is that the more work you put into a secret message, the more work it will take to uncover the message, unless the recipient has the key to it.

Let these codes be your practice work until the next lesson, in the January issue of The Shadow Comics. And if you missed the first lesson, you can get a copy of the November issue of The Shadow Comics, in which it appeared, by sending in ten cents.

(To Be Continued.)



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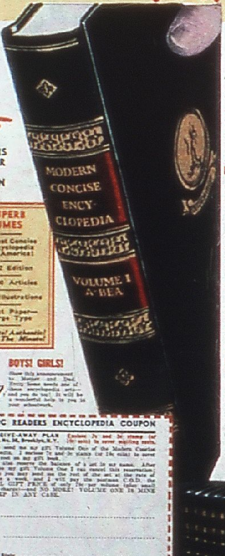

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