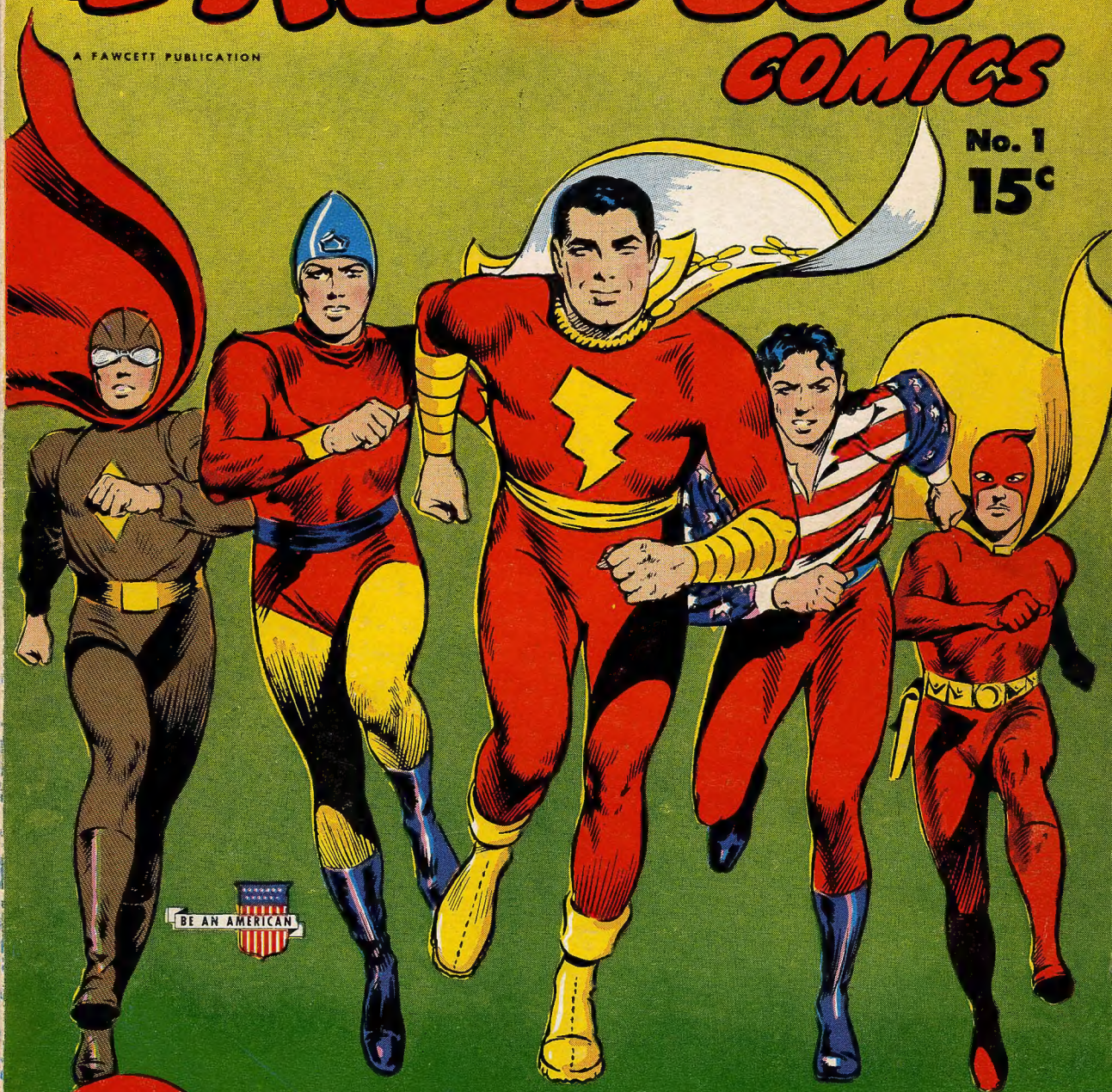


# AMERICA'S GREATEST COMICS

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

No. 1  
15¢



**100  
PAGES**

FEATURING **CAPT. MARVEL**  
BULLETMAN • MINUTE-MAN • SPY SMASHER • MR. SCARLET

# A CLUB FOR CAPTAIN MARVEL FANS!



**S**URE...and you'll ALL want to join it! Just imagine... being in the same club with CAPTAIN MARVEL and BILLY BATSON! Well, we urge you to hurry and join, for Cap and Billy are waiting for you all to send in for the membership card and badge!...and that's not all! On each membership card is CAPTAIN MARVEL'S secret code, and each member will soon know it by heart...thus you can all help CAPTAIN MARVEL solve the mysterious codes that appear each month in WHIZ COMICS and CAPTAIN MARVEL ADVENTURES! Talk about fun...this tops them all!

Send only 5 cents with your name and address to CAPTAIN MARVEL, care of FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS 22 Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.



THIS IS THE BADGE GIVEN  
TO EACH MEMBER



**BECOME A MEMBER OF THE GROWING CAPTAIN MARVEL CLUB!**

# Capt. Marvel

## AND THE GHOST of the DEEP

BILLY BATSON, RADIO REPORTER, HAS BEEN GIVEN THE POWER TO BECOME CAPTAIN MARVEL — MIGHTIEST MORTAL EVER BORN ON EARTH — MERELY BY PRONOUNCING THE MAGIC WORD — SHAZAM! — AND WELL IT IS THAT WE HAVE CAPTAIN MARVEL, FOR TO THESE PEACE-LOVING SHORES COMES A WEIRD, RUTHLESS MENACE — THE GHOST OF THE DEEP!



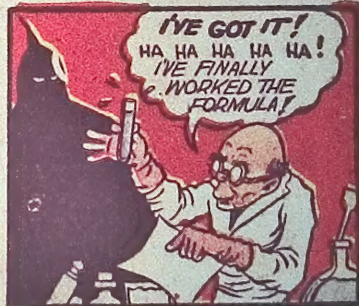
SOLOMON-WISDOM  
HERCULES-STRENGTH  
ATLAS-STAMINA  
ZEUS-POWER  
ACHILLES-COURAGE  
MERCURY-SPEED

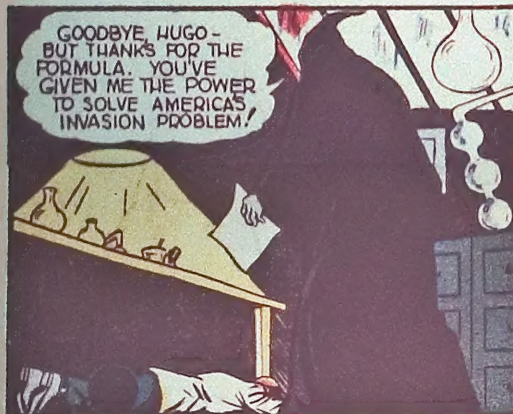
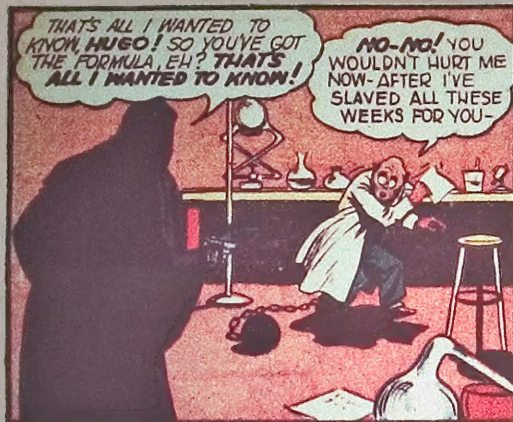


IN A SECLUDED LABORATORY, HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE EAST METROPOLIS, A WEIRD, CLOAKED FIGURE WATCHES SILENTLY AS A SCIENTIST WORKS FEVERISHLY TO DISCOVER A NEW FORMULA.



I'VE GOT IT!  
HA HA HA HA HA!  
I'VE FINALLY  
WORKED THE  
FORMULA!





**A** FEW DAYS LATER, WE FIND **BILLY BATSON** DOING ONE OF HIS MANY SENSATIONAL BROADCASTS.

-AND HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE, FOLKS! EVERYTHING WAS QUIET AFTER THE MURDER OF THE SCIENTIST KNOWN ONLY AS "HUGO" BUT NOW THE WIRES ARE BUZZING, WITH ACTIVITY!

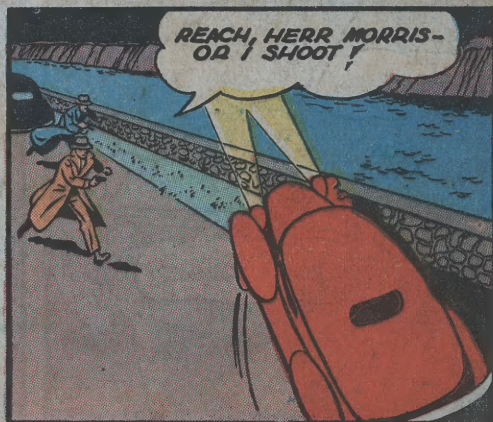
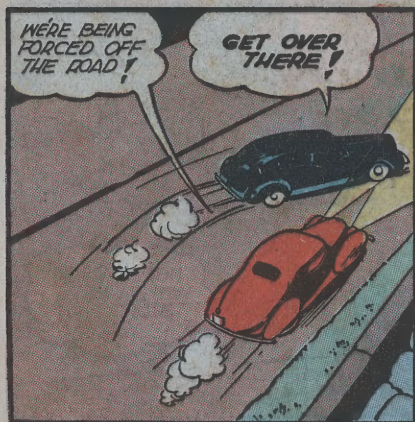
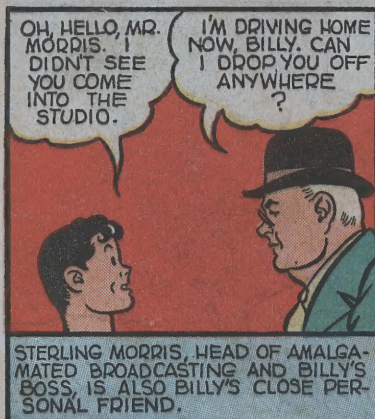
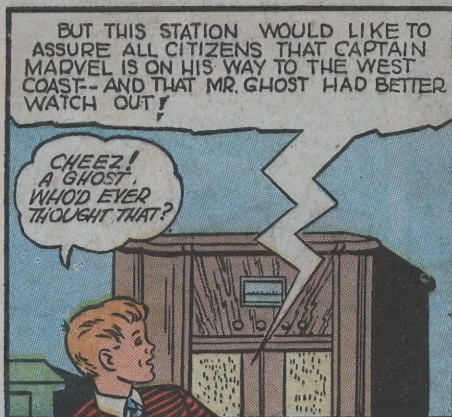


MANY GOVERNMENT BOATS ON THE WEST COAST HAVE BEEN SUNK BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE! NO-BODY KNOWS WHICH FOREIGN GOVERNMENT IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE OUTRAGES -



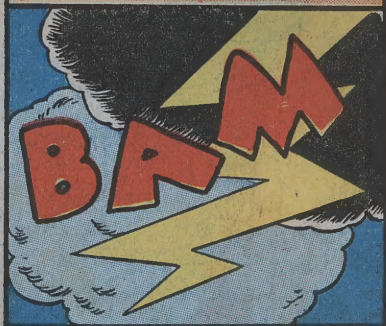
-BUT A LATE REPORT HAS JUST COME IN FROM LOS ANGELES SAYING- AND I QUOTE - "AFTER EACH SINKING, A STRANGE MESSAGE IS FOUND FLOATING - **COMPLIMENTS OF THE GHOST OF THE DEEP!**"





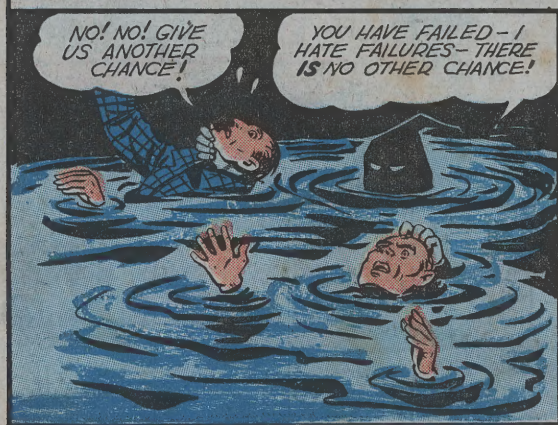
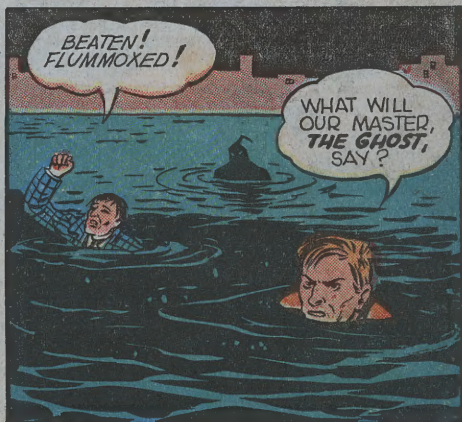
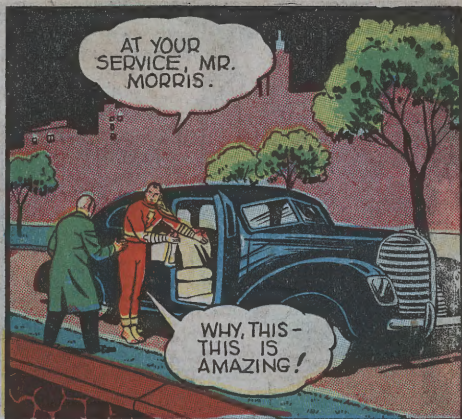


AS THE APPARENTLY HELPLESS BOY UTTERS THE MYSTIC WORD OF POWER, THERE IS A BLINDING CRASH OF LIGHTNING AND THUNDER, AND—

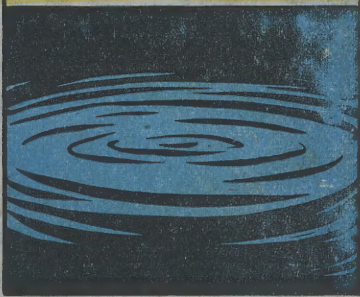


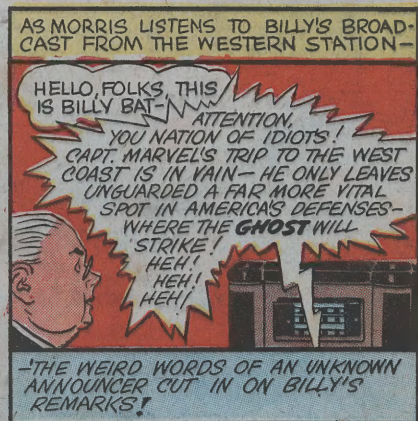
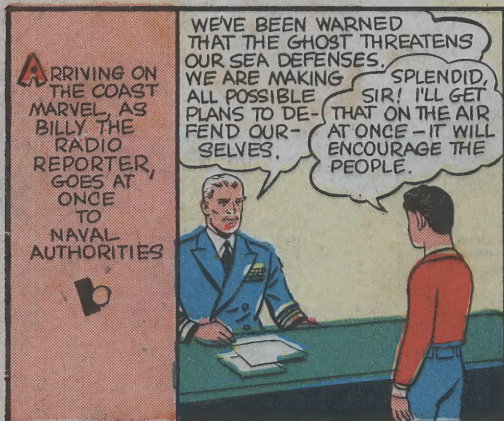
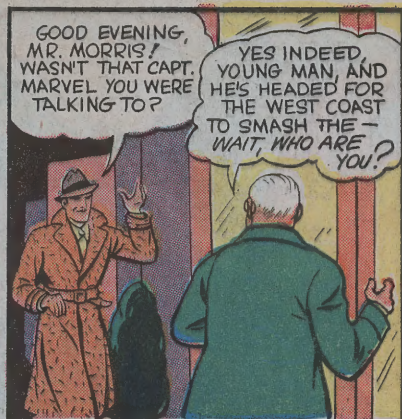
—THE HUGE FORM OF CAPTAIN MARVEL APPEARS!

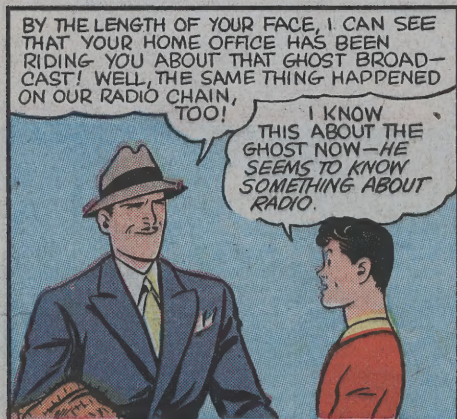
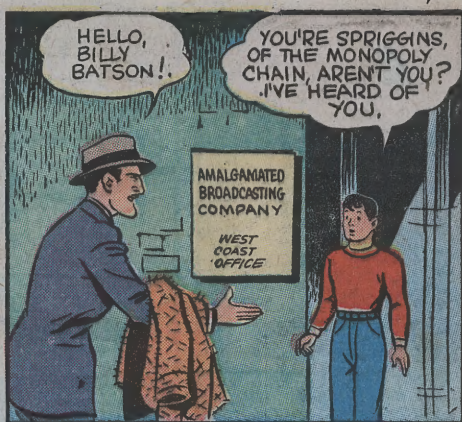


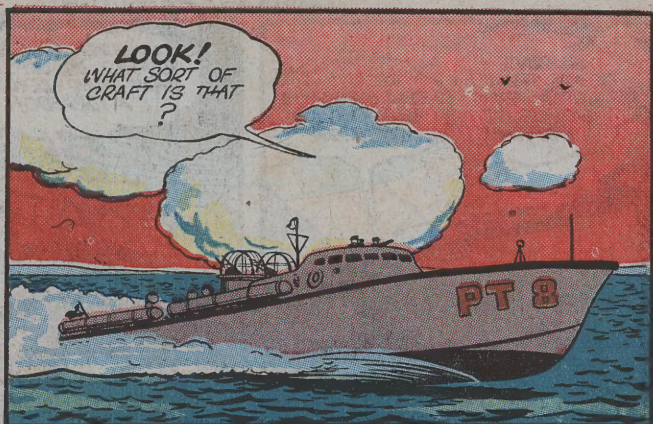
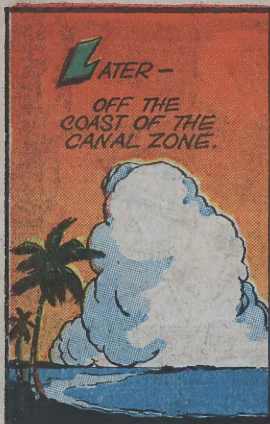


**S**LOWLY AND RELENTLESSLY THE WEIRD HOODED FIGURE SINKS BACK OUT OF SIGHT WITH HIS HUMAN PREY, UNTIL NO TRACE OF THEM REMAINS.

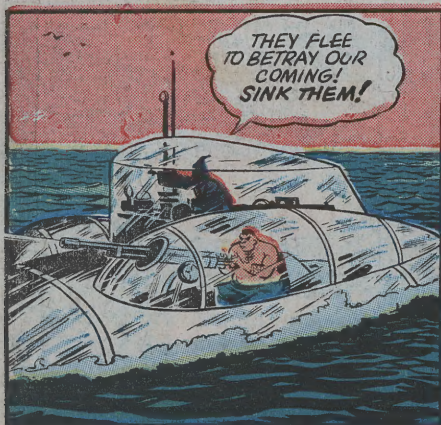
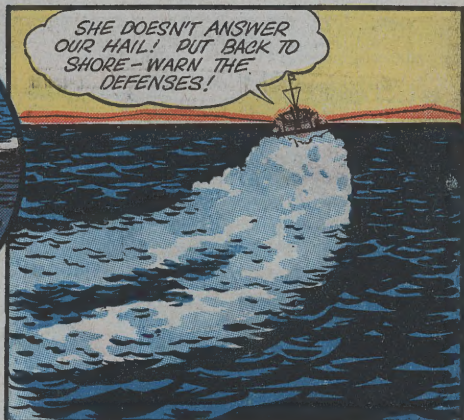


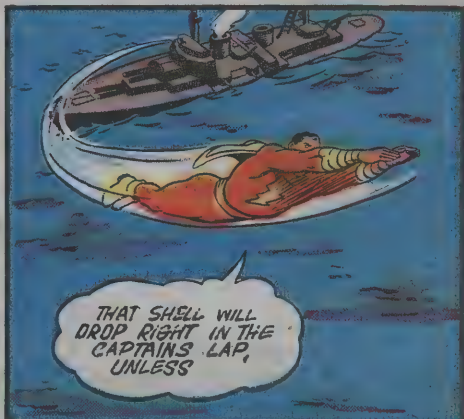
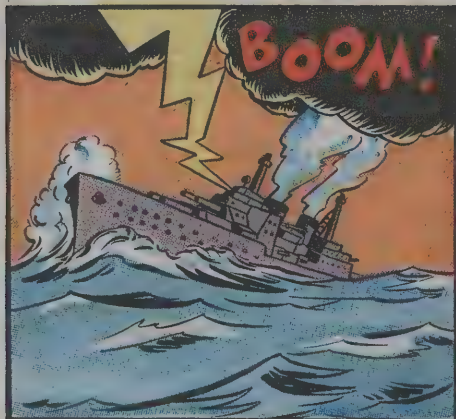
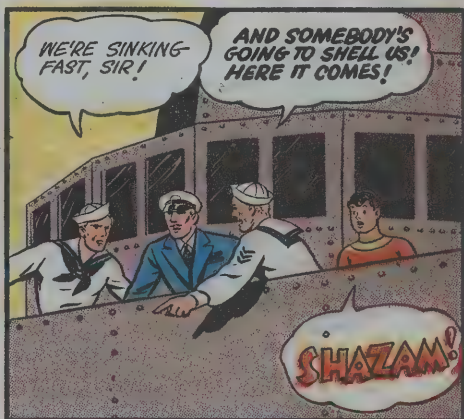
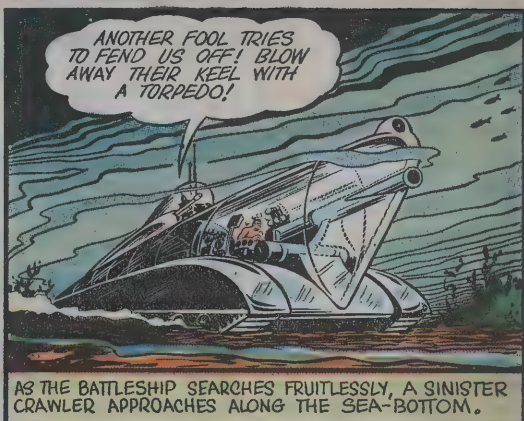


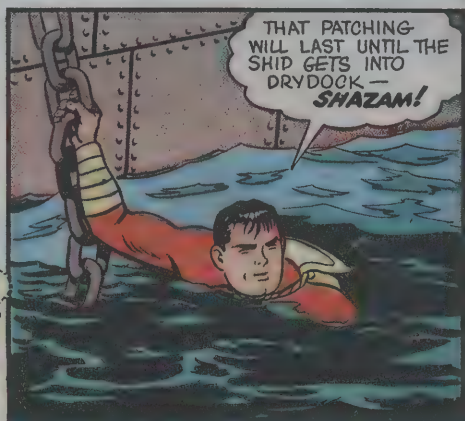
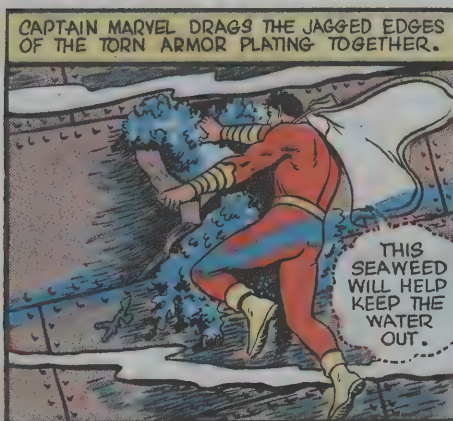
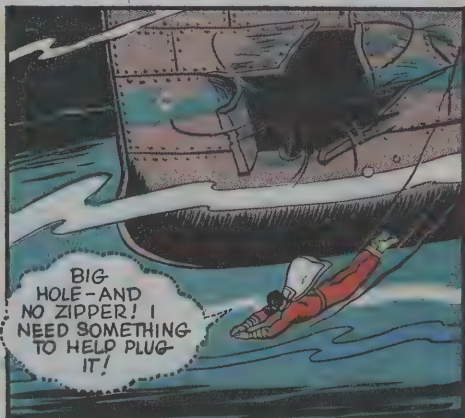
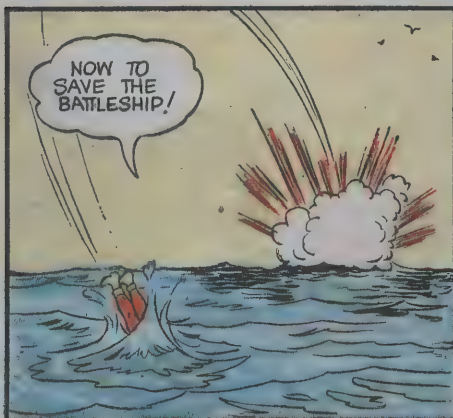
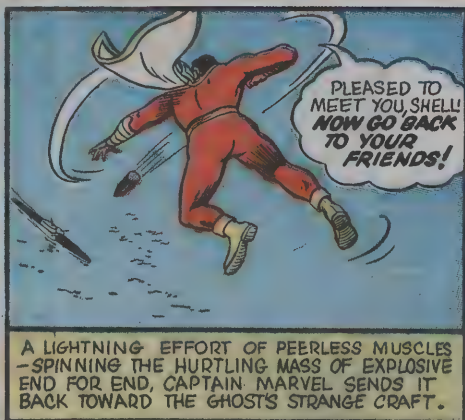


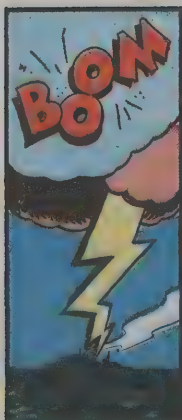


**B**EFORE THE EYES OF  
THE AMAZED PATROL CREW A  
STRANGE CONNING TOWER BREAKS  
THE OCEAN SURFACE

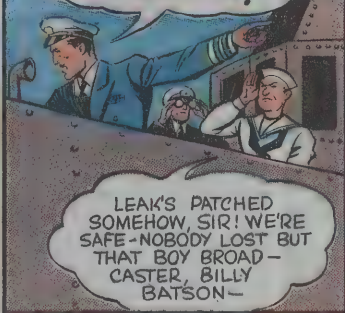








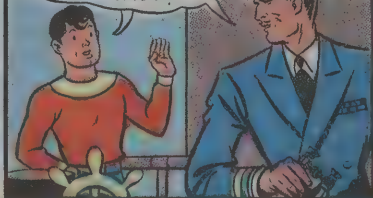
KEEP THAT TRANSPARENT VESSEL IN VIEW! SHOOT IT FULL OF SHELLS, DEPTH BOMBS-EVERYTHING WE HAVE!



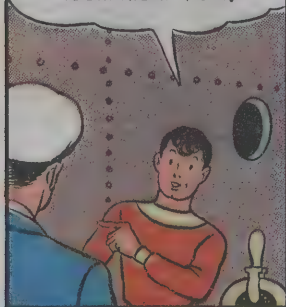
LEAK'S PATCHED SOMEHOW, SIR! WE'RE SAFE-NOBODY LOST BUT THAT BOY BROAD-CASTER, BILLY BATSON-

I'M NOT LOST OVERBOARD, SIR! HERE I AM!

YOU MISSED QUITE AN ADVENTURE, YOUNG FELLOW, WE WERE ATTACKED BY AN UNKNOWN TYPE OF VESSEL-BUT WE'VE BOMBED HER TO THE BOTTOM! NO CRAFT KNOWN COULD HAVE SURVIVED!



THANKS FOR THE STORY, SIR. WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL BROADCAST IT FROM YOUR RADIO ROOM RIGHT NOW!



**THE GHOST CUTS IN,** RADIO AUDIENCE! THESE JUG-HEADED NAVY MEN COULDN'T HURT A FLEA WITH THEIR OUTMODDED WEAPONS! THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PANAMA CANAL IS AS GOOD AS ACCOMPLISHED!

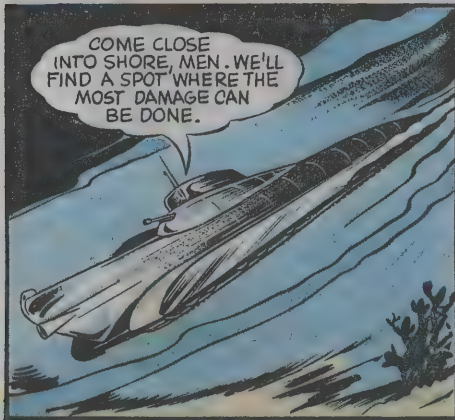
ONCE AGAIN, RADIO SETS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TUNED TO BILLY'S BROADCAST RECEIVE INSTEAD THE GRATING VOICE OF THE GHOST!

WOULDN'T THAT JAR YOU? WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOCK ANY SKIN OFF HIS NOSE! I HOPE THE CANAL ISN'T DOOMED!

IT LOOKS AS IF ONLY **CAPT. MARVEL** COULD TACKLE THE GHOST!

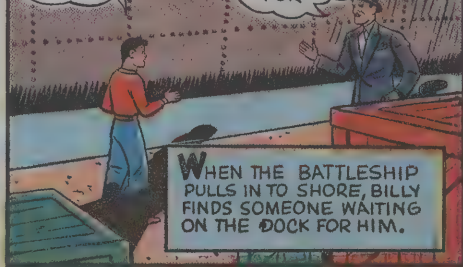


COME CLOSE INTO SHORE, MEN. WE'LL FIND A SPOT WHERE THE MOST DAMAGE CAN BE DONE.

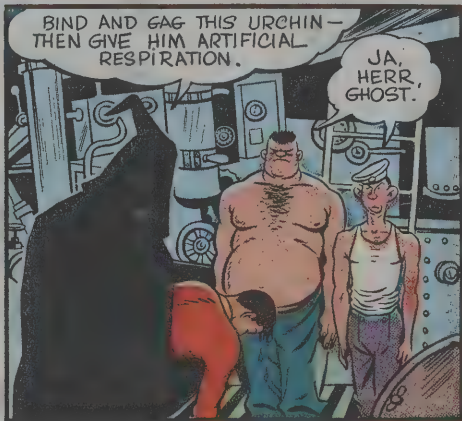
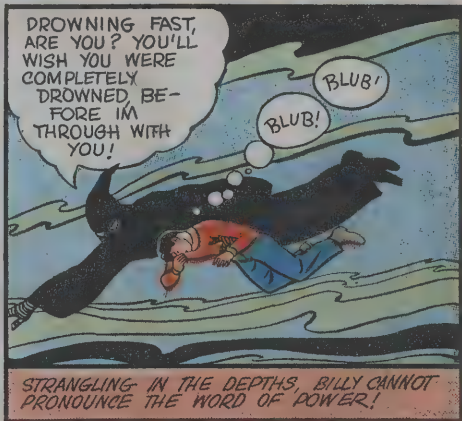
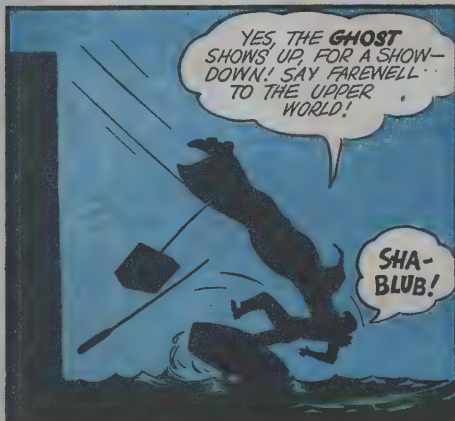
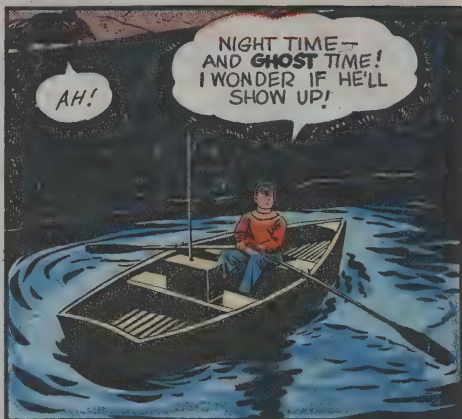


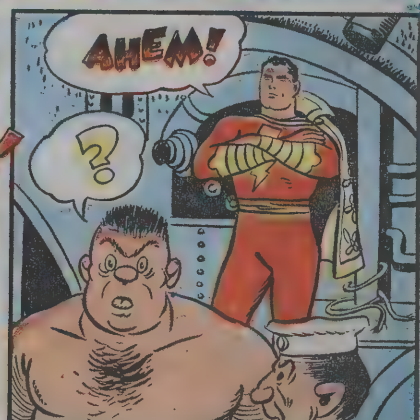
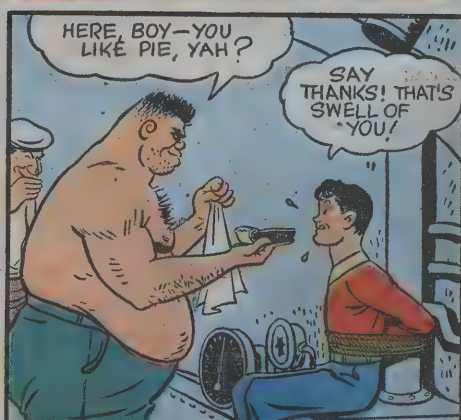
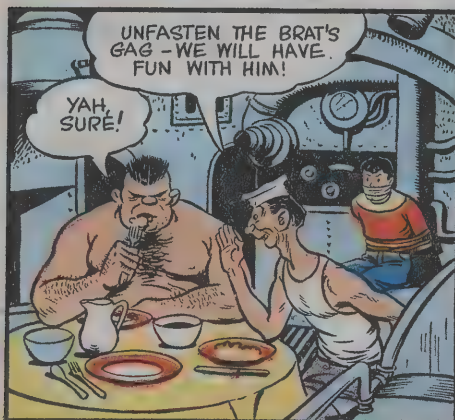
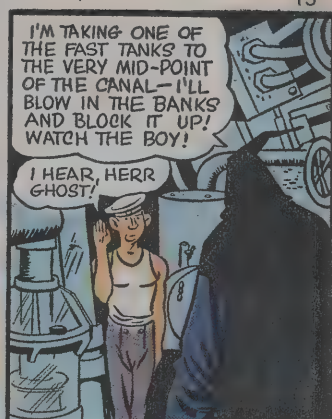
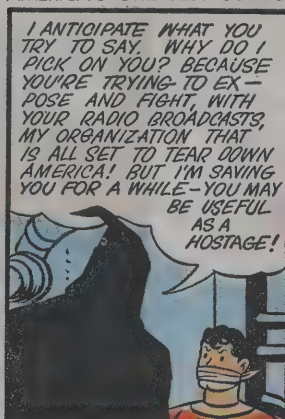
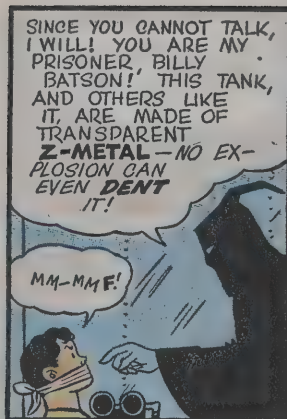
SPRIGGINS! I THOUGHT YOU WERE HEADED FOR THE CANADIAN BORDER!

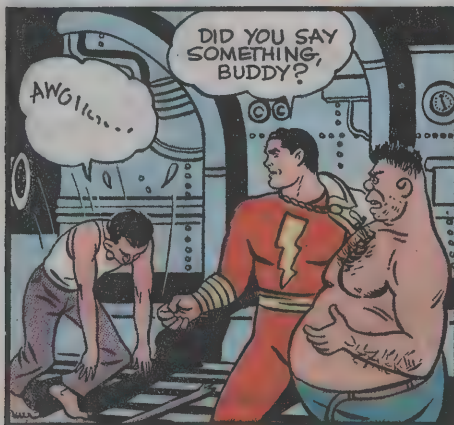
I'LL MAKE A CONFESSION, BILLY-I WANTED TO THROW YOU OFF THE TRACK! ANYWAY, THAT LAST GHOST BROADCAST SHOWS THAT WE'RE BOTH CLOSE TO WHAT WE'RE HUNTING FOR

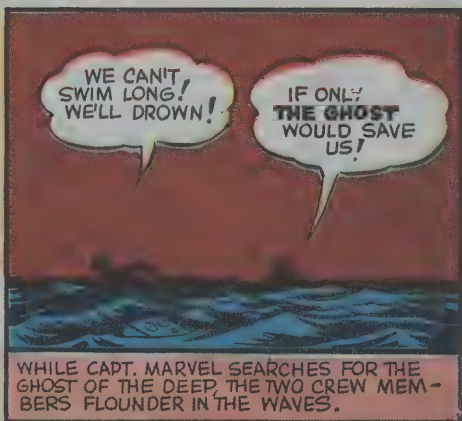
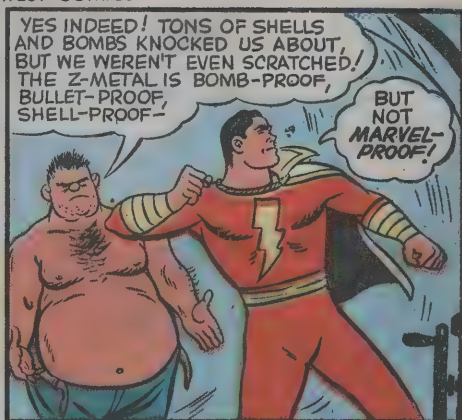
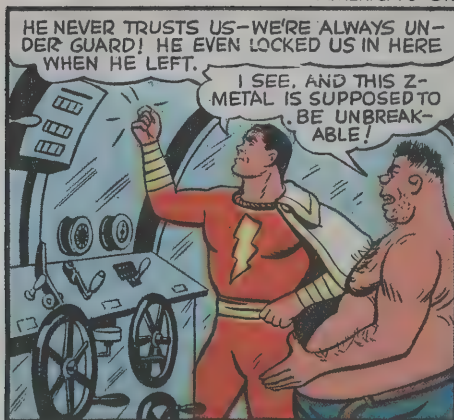


WHEN THE BATTLESHIP PULLS IN TO SHORE, BILLY FINDS SOMEONE WAITING ON THE DOCK FOR HIM.

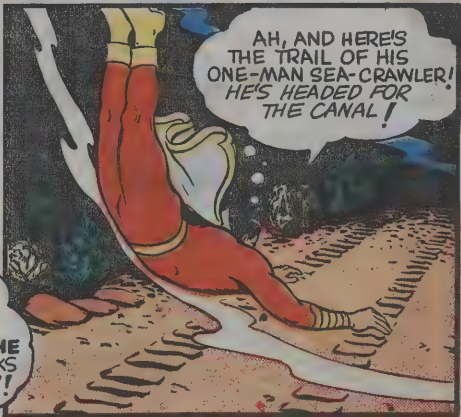
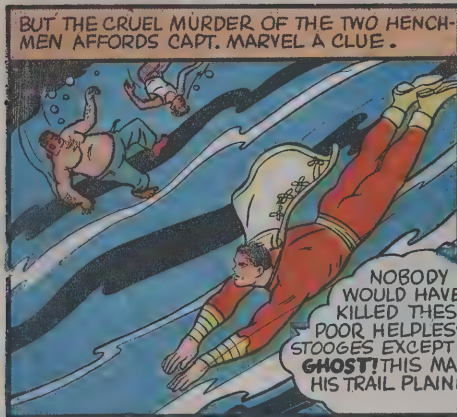
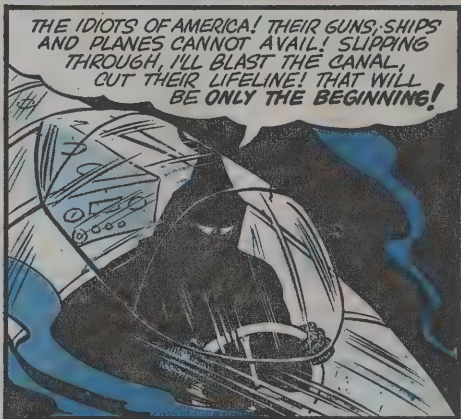
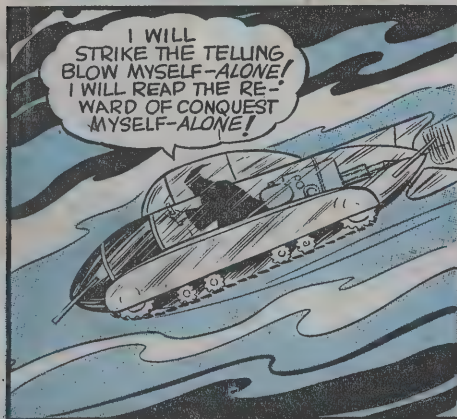
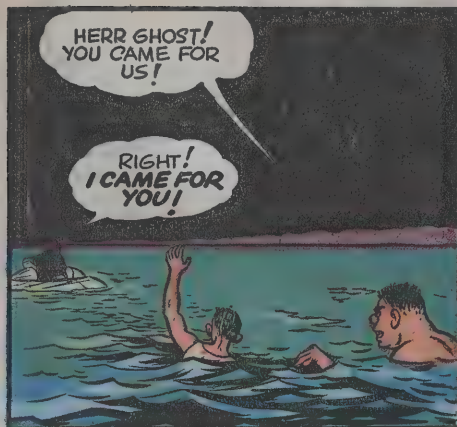


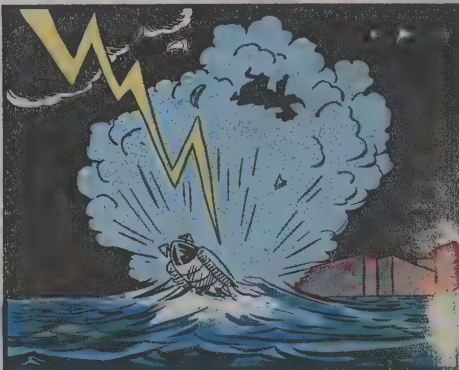
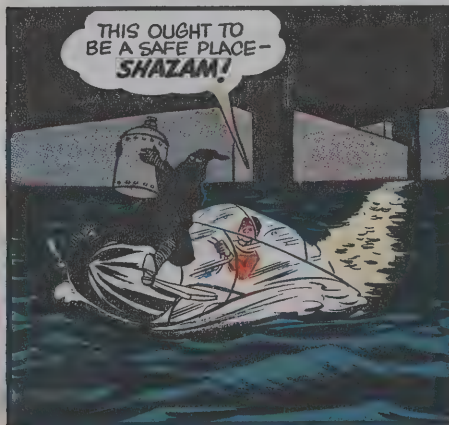
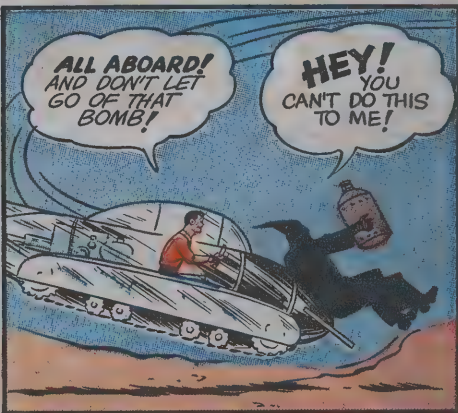
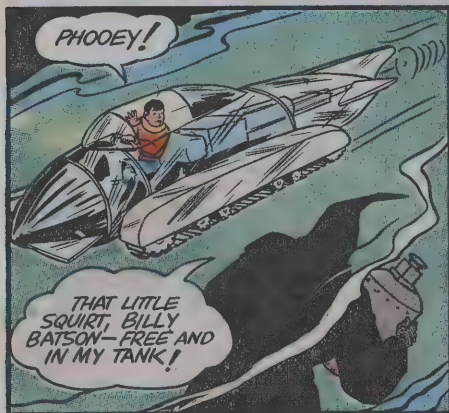
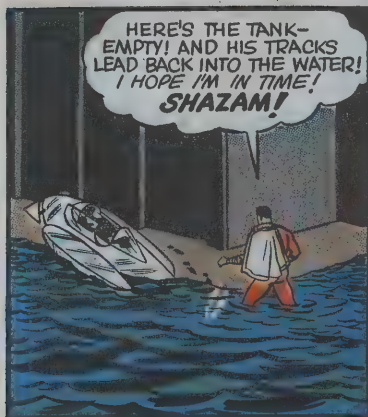






WHILE CAPT. MARVEL SEARCHES FOR THE GHOST OF THE DEEP, THE TWO CREW MEMBERS FLOUNDER IN THE WAVES.

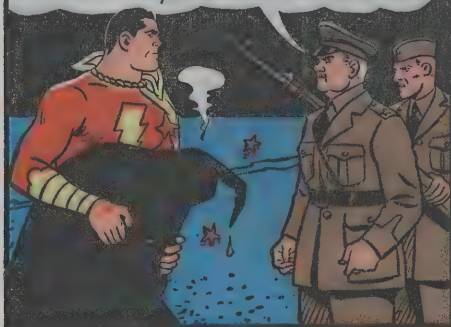




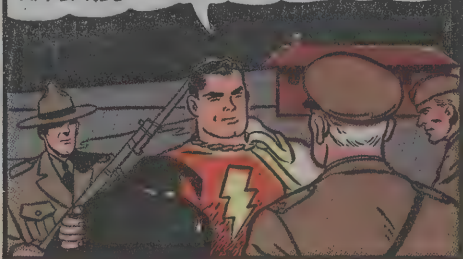
LIGHTNING STRIKES AT THE SAME MOMENT THE GHOST'S TIME-BOMB EXPLODES WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR.



I'M COMMANDER OF THE CANAL ZONE. GLAD YOU GOT THE GHOST ALIVE—HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE OF TWO RADIO REPORTERS, BATSON AND SPRIGGINS.

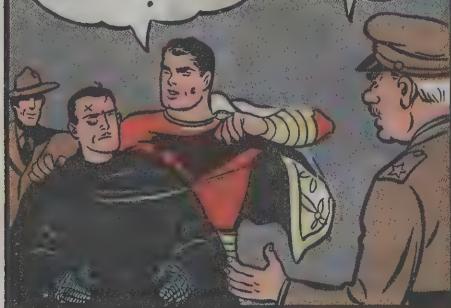


BATSON'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! AS FOR SPRIGGINS—I FIGURED OUT HIS WHEREABOUTS SOME TIME BACK! THE **GHOST** MUST BE A RADIO EXPERT, TO MESS UP BROADCASTS AS HE DID—A RIVAL OF AMALGAMATED BROADCASTING, WHICH EXPOSES ENEMIES OF AMERICA—SOMEONE WHO ALWAYS WAS WHERE THE GHOST APPEARED—



—IN FACT, SPRIGGINS *IS* THE GHOST OF THE DEEP!

AMAZING!



ALL RIGHT, IT'S TRUE! EVERYBODY'S CONQUERING WORLD TERRITORIES THESE DAYS—WHY NOT ME? I HAD AN ORGANIZATION OF CROOKS AND FOREIGN AGENTS—THE Z-METAL FOR A WEAPON—A PLAN TO DISORGANIZE AMERICA'S DEFENSES! YOU'VE CAUGHT ME, BUT—



—I'M NOT DONE FOR YET!



IF I'M FINISHED, SO IS THIS BIG-SHOT GENERAL!



**BUT SWIFTER THAN THE BULLET ITSELF ARE THE MIND AND BODY OF CAPTAIN MARVEL!**

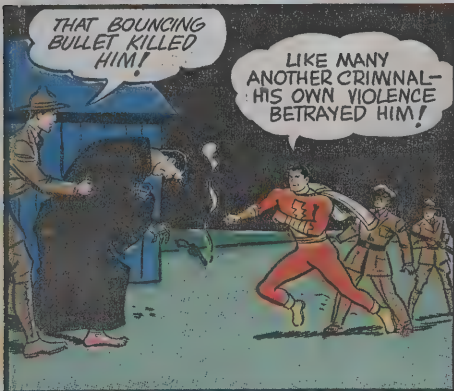


**OVER HIS MIGHTY HEART THE BULLET STRIKES—AND BOUNCES BACK LIKE A RUBBER BALL!**



THAT BOUNCING BULLET KILLED HIM!

LIKE MANY ANOTHER CRIMINAL— HIS OWN VIOLENCE BETRAYED HIM!



I WISH YOU'D STAY HERE, CAPT. MARVEL! I'D LIKE TO PLAN A CELEBRATION OF YOUR SUCCESS, AND SEE THAT YOU ARE PROPERLY REWARDED!

THANK YOU, SIR—BUT YOU KNOW AND I KNOW THAT AMERICA HAS VERY LITTLE TIME FOR CELEBRATIONS! WE'VE GOT TO GET SET FOR NEW DANGERS! GOODBYE!



SHAZAM!

ALONE AGAIN—



**BOOM**



THAT'S THE INSIDE STORY OF THE GHOST OF THE DEEP, FOLKS! BUT I HAVE TO SIGN OFF—AND GET TO WORK ON SOMETHING EVEN MORE EXCITING AND SURPRISING FOR MY NEXT BROADCAST!



**YOU'VE SEEN THEM ALL... BUT  
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING YET!**

IT'S GOING TO BE **DOUBLE-FUN,  
DOUBLE-ACTION & DOUBLE-THRILLS** WHEN  
**MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL** ZOOMS INTO **MASTER COMICS** TO JOIN  
**BULLETMAN & BULLETGIRL**... AND THEY ALL MEET THE THREAT OF A NEW-  
COMER WHO'LL THRILL & CHILL YOU TO THE CORE! WE **INSIST** THAT YOU MEET

**CAPTAIN NAZI** THE **ONE-MAN BLITZ**  
FROM "OVER THERE"



**DON'T** MISS THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF

*Starring*

**BULLETMAN, BULLETGIRL, & CAPTAIN MARVEL  
AGAINST THE RUTHLESS CAPTAIN NAZI!**

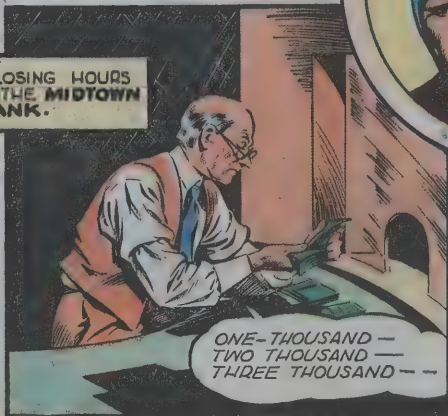
**MASTER  
COMICS**



**MURDER LURKS IN THE BACK STREETS** ∞ AND ONE BY ONE VICTIMS DISAPPEAR INTO NOWHERE NEVER TO BE FOUND AGAIN! WHAT IS THE INCREDIBLE MYSTERY OF **THE INVISIBLE MAN**? ONLY **BULLETMAN** CAN ANSWER THAT STIRRING QUESTION— ONLY HE CAN SOLVE THE **RIDDLE OF THE AGES!**



**CLOSING HOURS AT THE MIDTOWN BANK.**



... AND THE TELLER WORKS LATE, PREPARING THE NEXT DAY'S PAYROLL.



AS THOUGH COMING FROM NOWHERE, A HARD VOICE RINGS OUT FROM THIN AIR.

HAND OVER THAT MONEY, STUPID!

EH? WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S THERE?

DON'T TRY ANYTHING—I CAN SEE YOUR EVERY MOVE...EVEN THOUGH YOU CAN'T SEE ME!

ALL RIGHT—I-I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY.

I WARNED YOU!

AAAAAH

BANG

IF THE TELLER WERE STILL ALIVE HE WOULD WITNESS AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT. UNSEEN HANDS QUICKLY STUFF BILLS INTO A BLACK BAG.

HEH HEH HEH!

BUT THE TELLER **IS ALIVE!** PAINFULLY HE RISES FROM THE FLOOR.

GOTTA GET TO A-- PHONE--

YE--YES, OPERATOR--  
**POLICE STATION!**  
HELLO--THIS--MIDTOWN BANK ROBBERY! CAN'T SAY MUCH  
**INVISIBLE MAN!**

WHAT?  
**INVISIBLE MAN!** ARE YOU CRAZY?  
HELLO--  
HELLO--

AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE ---IN SERGEANT KENT'S OFFICE....

HELLO! NO USE--  
HE WON'T  
ANSWER.



TAKE A FEW OF THE BOYS  
OVER TO THE MIDTOWN  
BANK, CASEY. THERE'S  
BEEN A ROBBERY BY  
THE INVISIBLE  
MAN!

INVISIBLE!  
CHEEZ---AIN'T  
THAT SOMETHIN'!



GOODNIGHT, DADDY. JIM  
AND I ARE GOING TO....  
..ER... RUN ALONG.

YOU HEARD IT, JIM.  
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO  
DO ABOUT THE INVISIBLE  
MAN?

GOODNIGHT,  
KIDDIES. DON'T STAY  
OUT TOO LATE.

ONLY ONE  
THING TO DO, SUSAN--  
CALL ON  
BULLETMAN AND  
BULLETGIRL!



QUICKLY A  
CHANGE IS  
MADE--AND  
IN THE PLACE  
O JIM BARR AND  
SUSAN KENT  
NOW APPEAR  
MIGHTY BULLETMAN  
AND  
BULLETGIRL!



DOWN THERE'S THE  
BANK---LET'S GO!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT,  
INSIDE THE BANK.....

UNDOUBTEDLY, THIS IS THE  
MAN THAT MADE THE  
CALL, CASEY.



YEAH? THEN  
HOW IS 'E  
DOC?

HE'S DEAD!  
AND THERE'S NO  
CLUE---NOT EVEN  
A WEAPON OR A  
FINGER-  
PRINT!



LMMM--MIGHTY MYSTERIOUS GOINGS ON AROUND HERE! BUT THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TONIGHT.

OTHER EYES WATCH ON WITH INTEREST--**BULLET-MAN AND BULLETGIRL.**

SHHH--THEY'RE READY TO LEAVE NOW.

THEN COME ON---WE'LL GET OUT BEFORE THEY SEE US!



**S**UDDENLY AN OMINOUS VOICE RINGS OUT FROM BEHIND THEM.

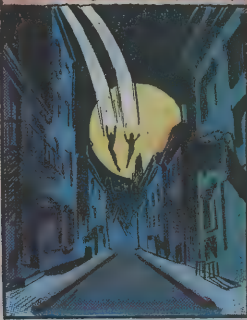
WE'LL HAVE BULLETPIRL TO CRUISE AROUND, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN TONIGHT, AND WE DON'T WANT TO MISS THE FIREWORKS.

AFTER ARRIVING AT ONE OF THE TOUGHER DISTRICTS OF TOWN, THE TWO FAMOUS CRIME FIGHTERS

HELLO **BULLET-MAN**-- LOOKING FOR ME?

ZOOM DOWN FOR A LANDING

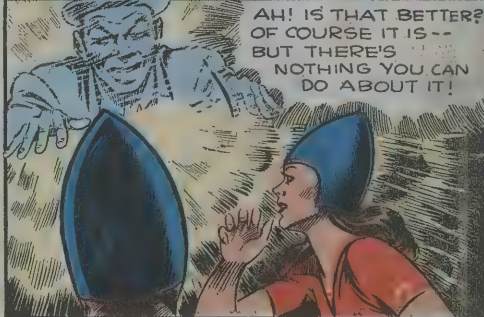
WHA---??



HMMM-- THE **INVISIBLE KILLER**, EH? WHY DON'T YOU-- ER-- SHOW YOURSELF?

NOT A BAD IDEA--WATCH CLOSELY.... HERE GOES!

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT NOTHING HAPPENS...AND THEN A GHOSTLY, RADIANT OUTLINE OF **THE INVISIBLE MAN** COMES INTO VIEW.



AH! IS THAT BETTER? OF COURSE IT IS-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!

THAT'S ALL I  
WANTED TO KNOW---  
HERE I COME!

**BULLETMAN--WHAT  
HAPPENED? HE'S  
GONE AGAIN!**

YEAH---JUST  
FADED INTO  
NOWHERE!

HA,HA,HA!  
THOUGHT YOU  
HAD ME, EH?  
WELL--NOW I'LL  
DISAPPEAR  
AGAIN! JUST  
LIKE THAT!

BUT COME ON---I THINK I  
HAVE A WAY OF CATCHING  
HIM! I'VE GOT A PLAN TO  
TRAP THE **INVISIBLE  
MAN!**

SHORTLY AFTER  
**BULLETMAN AND BULLET-  
GIRL** DEPART, THE SAME  
STRANGE GLOW,  
AGAIN RADIATES---  
FORMING A  
SHAPE OF A MAN.

FASTER AND FASTER  
THE CHANGE IS MADE,  
AND EVERY SECOND  
THE STRANGE CREATURE  
TAKES ON THE FORM OF A  
MAN.



HA,HA,HA! I FOOLED THEM!  
I'VE FOOLED **BULLETMAN  
AND BULLETGIRL!**  
NOBODY CAN  
CATCH ME---I'M  
THE **INVISIBLE  
MAN!**



THEN THE STRANGE FIGURE  
TURNS, AND FADES INTO  
THE SHADOWS OF DARKNESS.

THE TWO RETURN TO HEAD-QUARTERS, RESUMING THEIR ROLES AS **JIM BARR** AND **SUSAN KENT**.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO DO ABOUT THIS **INVISIBLE KILLER**, JIM?

EH? OH-- I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO COPE WITH HIM-- BUT I HAVE ONE PLAN IN MIND.

HERE, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. OUR FRIEND HAS BEEN UP TO SOME MORE OF HIS TRICKS.

EXTRA The Kingston Daily  
**INVISIBLE STRIKES KILLER AGAIN!!!**

LAST NIGHT THE MYSTERIOUS MURDERER STRUCK AT A GOLD SHIPMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH OF HERE. A TRUCK DRIVER AND ONE GUARD WERE RUTHLESSLY SLAIN. NO CLUE TO THE **INVISIBLE MAN** AS YET. THE STATE OFFERS \$10,000.00 APPREHENSION FOR HIS **WANTED**

SO WHAT? WHAT'S THIS TO DO WITH **YOUR** CATCHING HIM. AFTER ALL--IF YOU CAN'T SEE A MAN---HOW CAN YOU CATCH HIM?

I'M NOT TALKING JUST YET-- BUT IF MY PLAN WORKS--YOU CAN READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS.

YOU SEE IT'S LIKE THIS --- BZZZ--- BZZZ---!

GREAT, JIM! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECT IDEA!

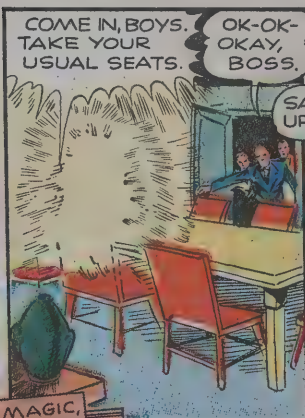
NEXT DAY, AND A STRANGE AD APPEARS IN THE MORNING PAPERS.

THE ACME TRUCKING COMPANY WILL BE HAULING \$1,000,000 IN GOLD OVER THE NORTH MOUNTAINS TODAY.

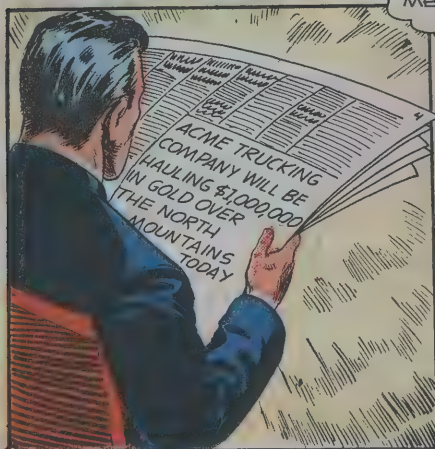
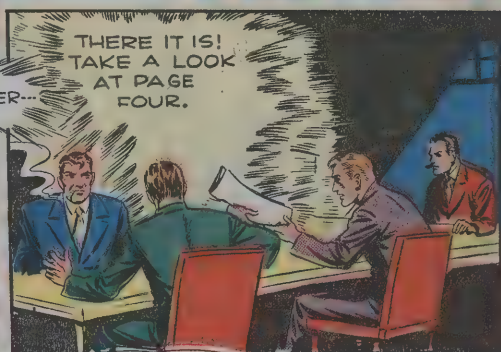
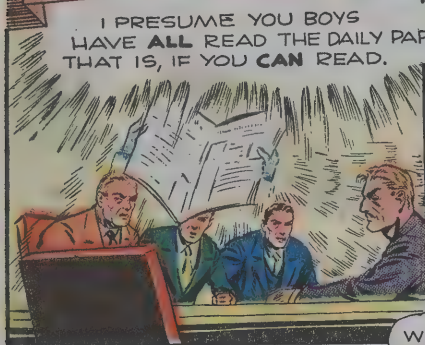
THE ACME COMPANY.  
EH? HA, HA, HA!  
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT-- WE'LL SEE!

I'LL CALL THE BOYS IN FOR A CONFERENCE, BUT FIRST--

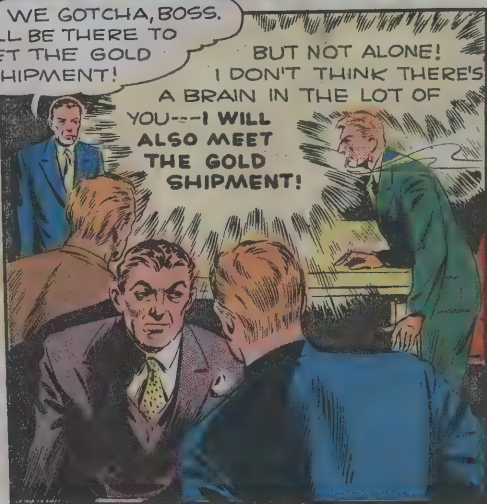
SLOWLY, THE WEIRD FIGURE BEGINS TO FADE. HIS BODY SEEMS TO DISSOLVE INTO THIN AIR.

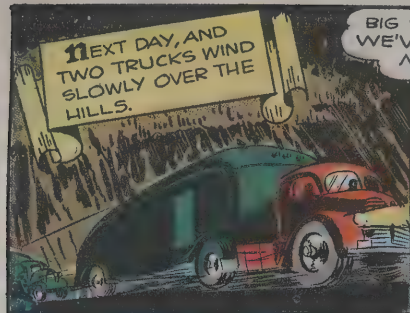


AS THOUGH BY BLACK MAGIC,  
THE NEWSPAPER SUDDENLY  
UNFOLDS IN MID-AIR-----



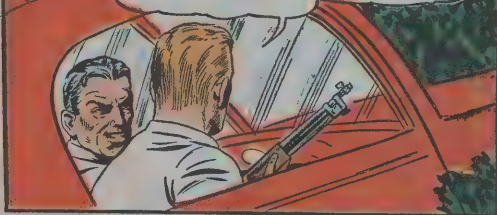
WE GOTCHA, BOSS.  
WE'LL BE THERE TO  
MEET THE GOLD  
SHIPMENT!





BIG SHIPMENT  
WE'VE GOT, EH,  
MICKEY?

YEAH, BUT DON'T WORRY, I WON  
ALL KINDS OF SHOOTIN'  
MEDALS IN THE ARMY---  
AND I HAVEN'T FORGOT HOW  
TO USE A GUN!



HEY! WHO ARE  
THOSE TWO  
STANDING UP  
THERE?

HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM  
MODERN TRUCKS, SUSABELLE.  
MEBBE THEY'LL GIVE US A HITCH!

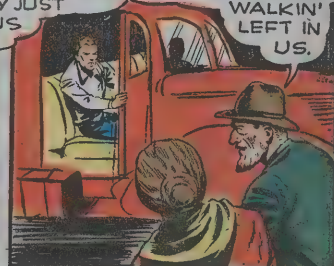
LOOKIN' FOR A SURE THING,  
RIDE, FOLKS?

SURE THING.

SUSABELLE AND ME  
AIN'T GOT MUCH  
WALKIN'  
LEFT IN  
US.

NOBODY MUCH!  
JUST A COUPLE  
OF OLD FOLKS  
HITCHIN' A RIDE!

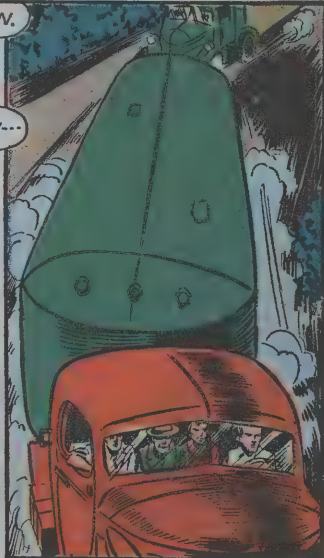
NAW, EZRA, THEY DON'T LIKE STRANGERS  
RIDING WITH 'EM. BETCHA THEY JUST  
PASS US  
BY.

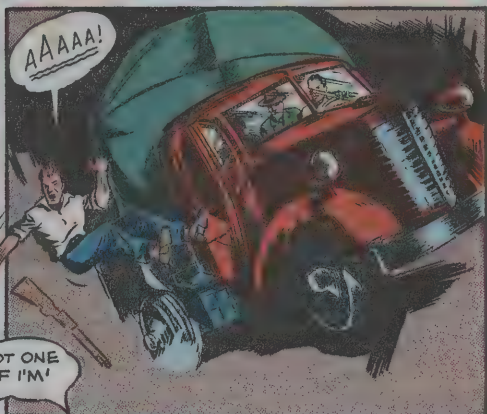


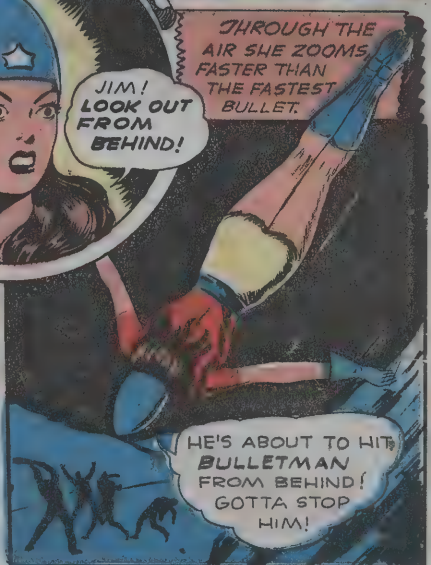
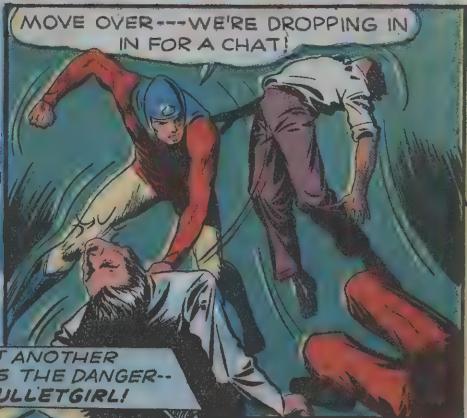
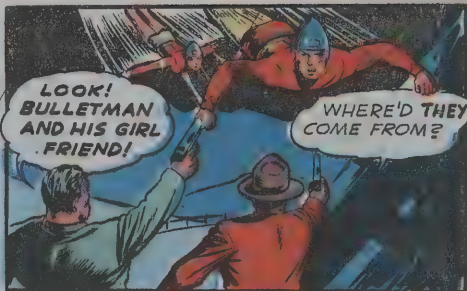
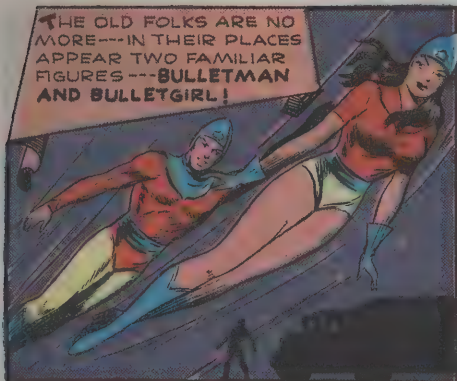
BUT, MIKE!  
YOU KNOW  
THAT'S  
AGAINST  
REGULATIONS!

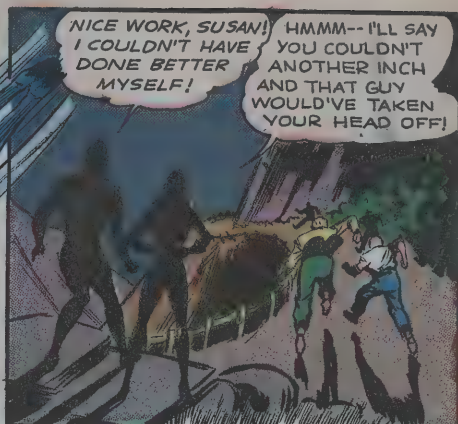
DON'T BE SILLY,  
BUTCH. THESE  
OLD GEEKS CAN'T  
DO ANY HARM.  
BESIDES, WE CAN  
DROP 'EM OFF AT  
THE NEAREST  
TOWN.

C'MON, FOLKS. HOP IN.  
GOODNESS  
SAKES! THIS IS  
A SURPRISE.  
YE'LL NEVER  
FORGET IT, SONNY...  
NEVER!







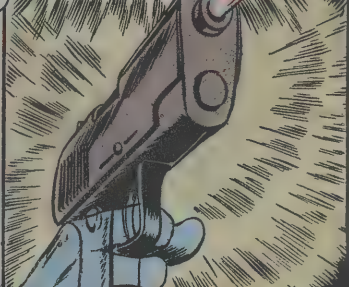


BUT THE DANGER HASN'T PASSED YET... FOR ALONG THE TRUCK-SIDE STEALS A SILENT, GHOSTLY FIGURE --- THE INVISIBLE MAN!

HOLY S-SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT! AM I SEEING THINGS?

A FLOATING GUN!

IT'S NO FLOATING GUN, GENTLEMEN--- JUST THE INVISIBLE MAN!



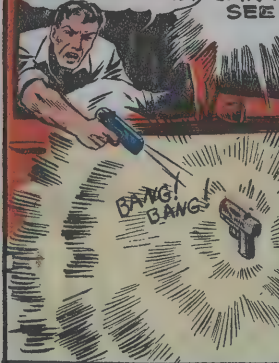
YOU KILLED MY PAL! I'LL GETCHA! I'LL FILL YOU FULL OF LEAD!

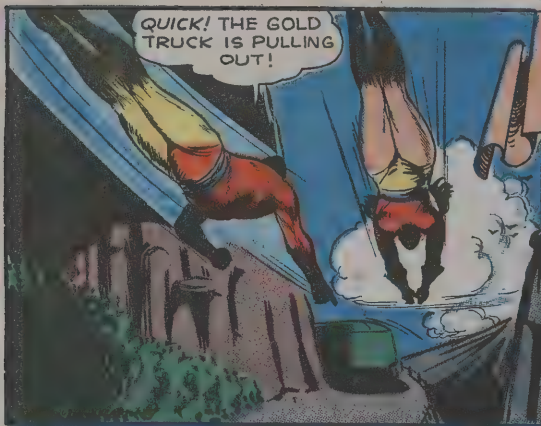
FOOL! YOU CAN'T SHOOT A MAN YOU CAN'T SEE!

HEH! HEH! MAYBE THAT'LL SILENCE YOUR BLABBERING MOUTH!

THOSE SHOTS CAME FROM THE TRUCK!

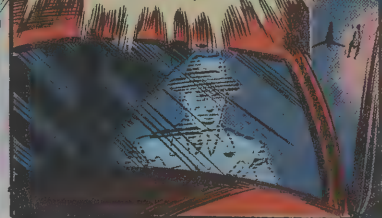
HMM--SOUNDS LIKE WE DIDN'T FINISH THEM OFF AFTER ALL!





ANYBODY GETTING A LOOK AT THE FRONT SEAT WOULD SHUDDER WITH UNBELIEF, FOR IT SEEMS THE TRUCK IS RUNNING ON ITS OWN ACCORD.....

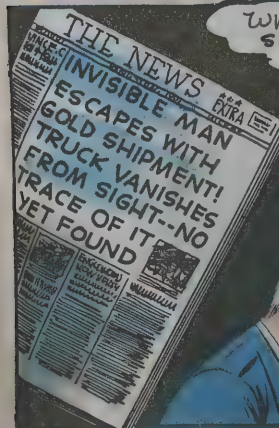
HEH, HEH, HEH! BULLETMAN AFTER ME, EH? HERE'S WHERE I FOOL HIM AGAIN--- WATCH!



THAT'S ONE FOR THE BOOKS! THE INVISIBLE MAN MAKES A TRUCK VANISH IN THIN AIR!

WE'RE SLIPPING, BIG BOY, THAT'S THE SECOND TIME HE GOT AWAY!

THIS IS SERIOUS, SUSAN! SOME PLAN HAS GOT TO BE WORKED OUT TO CATCH HIM! IF NOT--HE'LL BE THE WORST CRIMINAL THAT EVER LIVED.



While at POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT KENT READS THE MORNING PAPER.

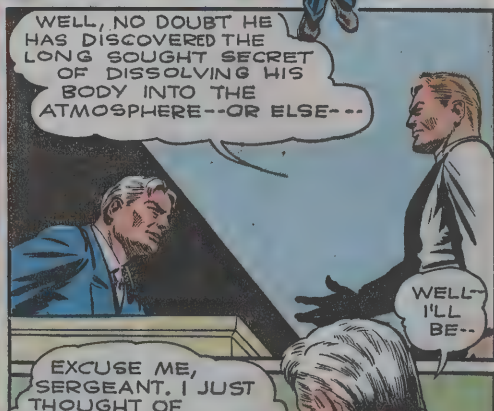
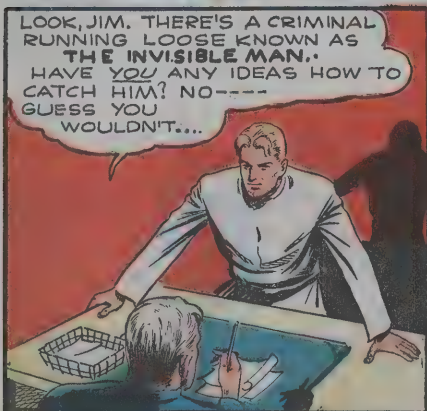
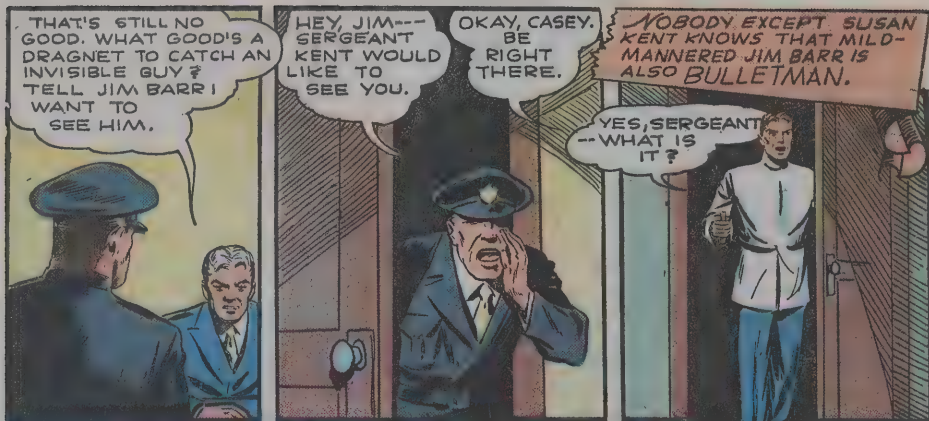
BOY! HOW THAT GUY EVER OUTWITTED BULLETMAN IS BEYOND ME!

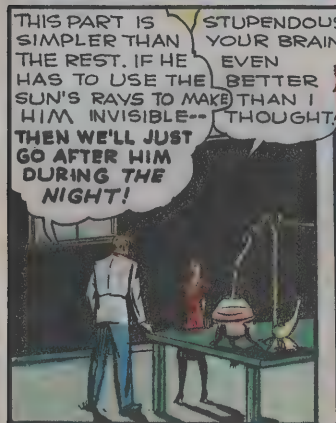
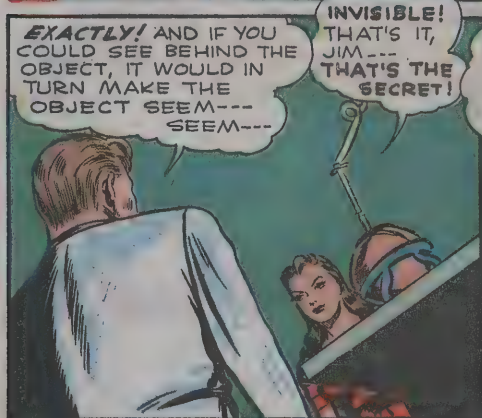
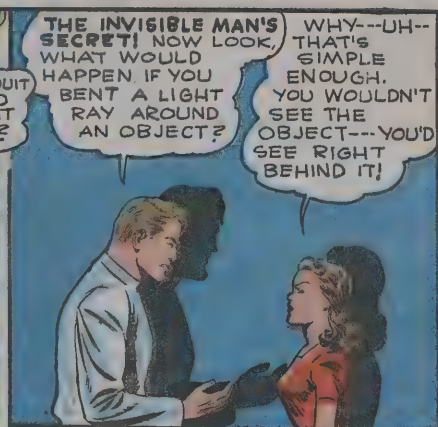
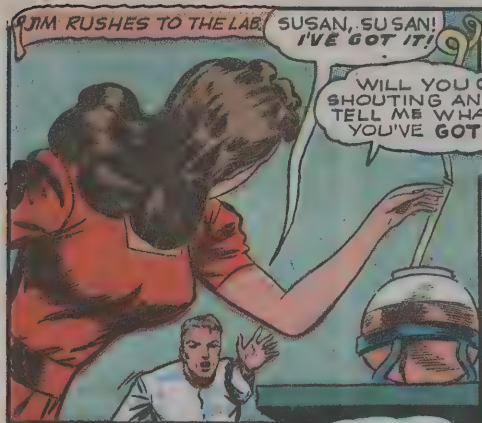
BUT REMEMBER, SERGEANT--- NOT EVEN BULLETMAN CAN CATCH A MAN HE CAN'T EVEN SEE!

THAT'S RIGHT, CASEY. BUT WHAT CAN BE DONE?

I CAN SPREAD A DRAGNET AROUND THE CITY-- IF THAT'LL HELP!







IN THE SECLUDED MOUNTAINS, NIGHT DROPS SOFTLY OVER ALL, LEAVING THE WORLD IN A SEEMINGLY RESTFUL MOOD.

BUT THEN A FIGURE IS SEEN, CREEPING STEALTHILY ALONG THE TRAIL.

STRANGELY, THE FIGURE PAUSES AT THE ROCK FORMATION.....

CHEEZ! BIG NEWS FOR THE BOSS! OUGHTA GET A REWARD FOR THIS!

TAP!  
TAP!

HURRY IN, STUFFY! CAN'T KEEP THIS OPEN ALL NIGHT!

CREAK!  
CREAK!

While ABOVE, BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL HAVE ARRIVED... AND THEY NOW WATCH AS THE FANTASTIC STONE DOOR OPENS.

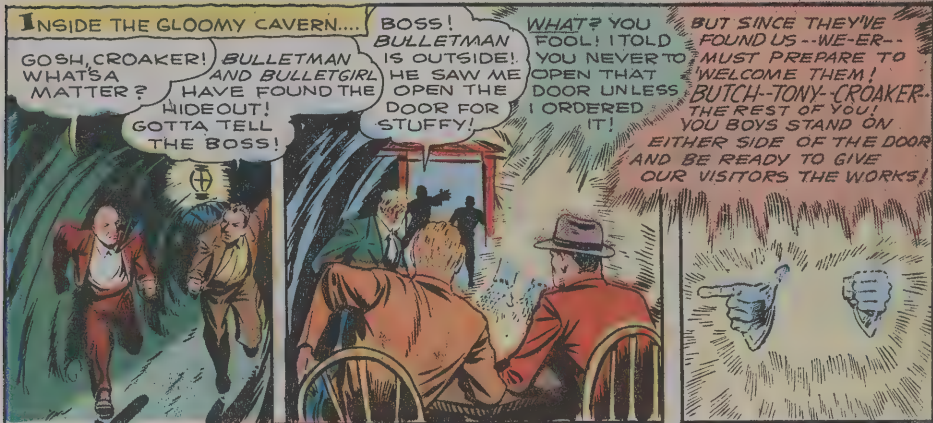
THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE "VANISHING TRUCK!" THEY ROLLED IT INSIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

HURRY! WE'LL GET IN BEFORE THEY CLOSE IT.

HOLY COW! HERE COME BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL! I'LL HAVE TO SHUT THIS DOOR IN A HURRY!

THERE, THAT'LL KEEP THEM OUT!

BAM!



INSIDE THE GLOOMY CAVERN....

GOSH, CROAKER! WHATSA MATTER? HIDEOUT! GOTTA TELL THE BOSS!

BOSS! BULLETMAN IS OUTSIDE! HE SAW ME OPEN THE DOOR FOR STUFFY!

WHAT? YOU FOOL! I TOLD YOU NEVER TO OPEN THAT DOOR UNLESS I ORDERED IT!

BUT SINCE THEY'VE FOUND US--WE-ER-- MUST PREPARE TO WELCOME THEM! BUTCH--TONY--CROAKER-- THE REST OF YOU! YOU BOYS STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOOR AND BE READY TO GIVE OUR VISITORS THE WORKS!

MEANWHILE, BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL ZOOM TOWARD THE CLOSED DOOR....

--BUT STONE DOORS MEAN NOTHING TO THE MIGHTY PAIR OF CRIME FIGHTERS.



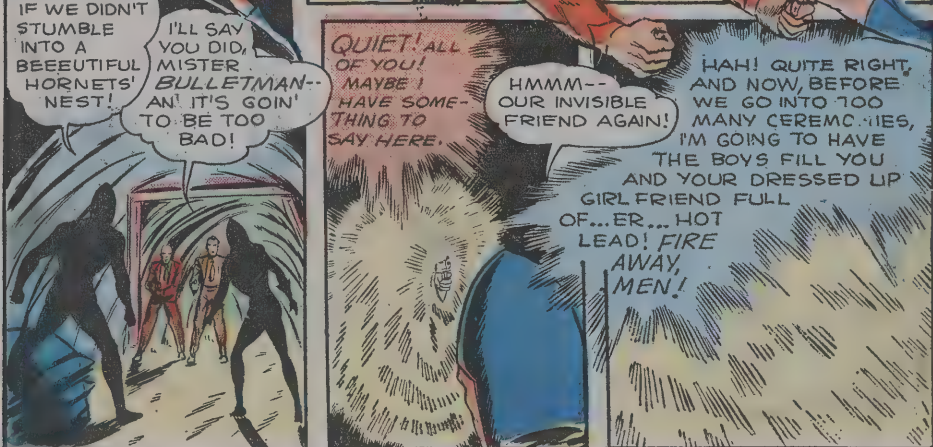
WELL, WELL, IF WE DIDN'T STUMBLE INTO A BEEEEUTIFUL HORNETS' NEST!

I'LL SAY YOU DID, MISTER BULLETMAN-- AN! IT'S GOIN' TO BE TOO BAD!

QUIET! ALL OF YOU! MAYBE I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY HERE.

HHMM-- OUR INVISIBLE FRIEND AGAIN!

HAH! QUITE RIGHT, AND NOW, BEFORE WE GO INTO TOO MANY CEREMONIES, I'M GOING TO HAVE THE BOYS FILL YOU AND YOUR DRESSED UP GIRL FRIEND FULL OF... ER... HOT LEAD! FIRE AWAY, MEN!



**SUDDENLY, WITHOUT WARNING, TWIN TORNADOS IN RED AND YELLOW STRIKE!**



**JUST A LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY FOR YOU BOYS!**



**WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KISS AND MAKE UP?**



**GUESS WE DID A FAIRLY GOOD JOB OF CLEANING UP THIS PLACE, BULLETGIRL!**

**I'LL SAY. NOT ONE LEFT ON HIS FEET.**

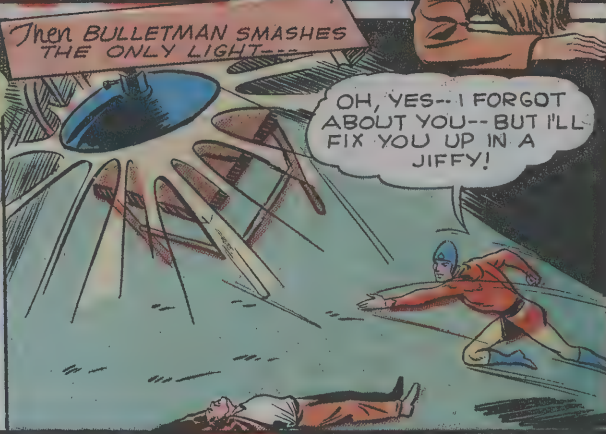


**HEH, HEH, HEH! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME, HAVE YOU? YOU'LL NEVER GET ME BECAUSE I'M THE INVISIBLE MAN!**

**Then BULLETMAN SMASHES THE ONLY LIGHT---**



**OH, YES-- I FORGOT ABOUT YOU-- BUT I'LL FIX YOU UP IN A JIFFY!**



WHAT DID YOU  
PUT OUT THE  
LIGHTS FOR,  
**BULLETMAN?**

SIMPLE, MR  
**INVISIBLE MAN.**  
JUST WATCH--  
AND YOU'LL SEE  
WHAT I MEAN!

WELL, I'LL BE--  
I'M NO LONGER  
**INVISIBLE!**

OF COURSE  
NOT! IF THERE  
IS NO LIGHT  
TO BEND  
AROUND YOUR  
BODY-- YOU'LL  
APPEAR JUST AS  
ANY OTHER MAN.

BUT I HAVE ANOTHER ACE,  
**BULLETMAN--**  
A LOADED  
GUN!

THAT GUN MEANS  
NOTHING COMPARED  
TO MY **LOADED**  
**FIST!**

HMMM--HERE'S  
HIS INVENTION--  
AND IT'S DESTROYED  
NOW!

TOO BAD-- IT  
MIGHT'VE  
DONE SOCIETY  
A LOT OF  
GOOD!

WELL, THAT SOLVES  
THE RIDDLE, SUSAN--  
LET'S BE GONE BEFORE  
THE POLICE ARRIVE

THEN WE'D  
BETTER  
HURRY-- BECAUSE  
THEY'RE ON  
THEIR WAY HERE!

**BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL** are featured  
each month in **MASTER COMICS!**

# "DEATH DOESN'T WHISPER"

by  
Joseph  
Millard



**Tip Moreno finds out too late that there are tricks in every trade...**

**A**T FIRST, I thought it was a holdup. I'd just come on duty as ticket-taker at the Popular Theatre when the black sedan pulled into the No-Parking space in front and the three tough-looking thugs jumped out and headed for the glassed-in ticket booth. Then I saw them kick in the door, grab Alice, the blond ticket-seller, and drag her, kicking and struggling, back to the car.

It was going like clock-work, with nobody lifting a hand to stop them. Two tough-looking hooda with the unmistakable bulges of holstered guns inside their coats, were hustling Alice across the sidewalk before the people passing could realize what was wrong. A third mobster sat behind the wheel of the waiting car, keeping the motor purring and the door open for his companions. This driver sat twisted around, watching, with one hand inside his coat where his gun waited and a leering grin on his thin, evil lips. His face looked familiar and in a moment it came to me. He was the right-hand killer for Tip Moreno, the big shot gangster, who pretty well ruled our town's underworld. I'd seen his picture in the paper, with Moreno's, not long before when the two had been on trial for racketeering. Like all the trials, Moreno and his thug had gotten off scott free.

While these thoughts were flashing through my mind, the two hooda jerked Alice to the car and started to force her inside. I saw her put out one slim, white hand, trying to catch onto the side of the car and hold back. The big gangster under the wheel reached back and slapped her brutally, knocking her grip loose from the door.

Something inside of me snapped at the sight. Alice hadn't worked there long but already we were good friends and more. A queer kid, this Alice Gray. Sort of quiet and reserved and a lot more class to her than most ticket-booth girls. Inside of a week she had me walking her home nights and dreaming about saving my money for a little bungalow with roses. When business was slack, we'd visit back and forth from her glass cage to my ticket box. She caught the trick of it in a hurry.

And now here she was, being pawed and dragged by three mobsters. I went crazy, fighting mad.

"Let go of her!" I bawled and went out of the theatre to land on their backs with both fists slugging.

My surprise attack caught them off guard. I felt my fist crack against jaw bone and one thug went down, looking surprised. Then I looked up to stare into what I thought were three gleaming eyes. Two of them were eyes, and they belonged to a flat-nosed crook. But the other was a black in the barrel of his automatic—and it was pointed right at my face.

"Gotcha!" He grunted. "An' I'm gonna blow that pretty-boy face of yours to the sky!"

I should've been scared stiff—and maybe I was, but at the same time I was so mad I saw red. I answered his threat with a stinging left hook which caught him flush in the mid-section. He straightened for a moment, then toppled to the ground with a low groan. Another down! A wave of confidence swept over me. Things seemed well under control... for the time being. But it was too good to be true—I knew it couldn't last. All had happened in a split second, and the position I was in left the other crooks with their backs turned on me. Then the others whirled, snatching out blackjacks and my luck ran out. A sap landed just over my right ear and I went swimming away in a cloud of blackness and shooting stars.

When I woke up, I was tied to a chair in a dingy bedroom. Alice was facing me across the room, tied in another chair. Except for a bruise or two, she looked wonderful and the smile she gave me set my heart to jumping all over my chest.

"I'm sorry, Jerry," she whispered softly. "You got into this mess trying to help me."

"But what is it?" I gulped. "Why kidnap a poor ticket-seller like you? I thought they only snatched rich girls who could pay..."

"I'm afraid I've been fooling you Jerry," she answered. "My name isn't really Alice Gray. It's Alice Morrison."

"Morrison?" I yelped, my eyes popping. "The heiress to

four million bucks? The one who ran out when her relatives started suing her for a share in the dough?"

"That's right, Jerry. I got so tired of being hounded over the money that I simply left it all and walked out. I changed my name and took that job so I could live like a human being. I never wanted to be rich, anyhow. Somehow Tip Moreno, a gangster, discovered me and had me kidnapped. If I don't hand over a big ransom . . ."

"The rat!" I snarled furiously. "I'll fix him . . ."

"Pipe down, punk," a hard voice snarled from the door. "One more yip out of you and you'll be splattering blood all over that nice monkey suit you're wearing."

It was the thug I'd socked and he looked plenty ugly. He came in, holding a gun and behind him came two more. Last of all came the fat, greasy Tip Moreno, the big-shot gangster.

"Get rid of the punk," Moreno snarled, jerking his head at me. "He ain't worth a nickel, dead or alive."

"No," Alice cried. "Don't hurt him. I'll pay ransom for him, too—all the money I can get . . ."

"You're paying it all anyhow, sister," Moreno leered. "Then you go for a nice swim. We can't afford to leave anybody alive to finger us to the cops, afterward. Keep the kid until tonight and then knock 'em both off together. Spike, you and Lug stay here and see that they don't put up any squawk to draw the cops."

**H** E WADDLED out with the other mobster. Spike and Lug sneered and then settled down to matching pennies.

Alice met my eyes bravely, but we both knew we'd never come out alive. With the two gangsters there, we hadn't a chance in the world of escaping. When they weren't watching, I cautiously tested the ropes on my wrists.

At first they were iron-tight. Then I began to sweat and the

sweat, running down my arms, made my wrists slippery. Suddenly I could feel the knots slipping—slipping . . .

I stopped tugging. If those gangsters say my arms move or caught onto what I was doing, they'd likely finish me off right then and there. I wasn't worth keeping alive, in their estimation. But if I could only distract their attention long enough, I was sure I could free my hands—whatever good that would do me. And if I so much as tried to whisper to Alice, they'd probably knock me unconscious . . .

Suddenly I grinned. What a dope I was not to think of it before. That sock on the head must have scrambled my brains. I caught Alice's eye and started talking to her, exactly the way we visited back and forth at the theatre. There wasn't a sound to make the two mobsters suspicious.

She watched and finally nodded. She knew what a desperate chance I meant to take but she was smart enough to realize there was no other hope. She waited until I was all set, gave me a brave smile and suddenly shrieked at the top of her voice.

"Help!" she screamed, struggling frantically. "Take it away! Please take it away!"

The two mobsters snarled and raced over, trying to get a glimpse of whatever she was yelling about. For a moment, they had their back turned. That was my chance.

**I** GAVE a great tug and my wrists slid out of the ropes. In one second flat I had my ankles free and was standing up, lifting the chair. They must have caught a glimpse of my movement, for they both started to turn just as I brought the chair down with all my strength.

They literally pushed their heads right into it. A leg caught each one—hard. The chair splintered but the two thugs went down as though shot.

"Hurray, Jerry!" Alice cried, her eyes shining. "You did it."

I reached out to untie her and the door suddenly burst open.

I whirled to see Moreno and the other mobster plunging into the room. They must have heard the crash of the chair, for they both had their guns out.

There was only one thing to do and I did it. I dropped flat, snatched up the guns dropped by the mobsters I'd knocked out, and let fly with both hands. I didn't know anything about guns so I just lay there and kept jerking the triggers. At that distance, not even a blind man could miss.

Moreno squawled once and went down. His hood got one shot in before he fell. That one just parted my hair.

Then the fight was over and before I could sit up, a beefy cop was barging in.

"What's going on up here?" he roared. "Who fired those shots . . . Holy Smoke! It's Tip Moreno and his mob, laid out cold. Buddy, don't you know there's a five thousand buck reward for these monkeys?"

"Five thousand!" I whistled, and whirled. "Alice, that's enough to make a down payment on a bungalow. Would you . . ."

"Would I?" she fell into my arms as the cop cut the ropes. "I told you I never wanted to be an heiress, Jerry. You know I would."

After a while I stopped long enough to explain what happened to the cop. He scratched his head, frowning.

"I don't get it. How could you tell your girl what to do if those hoods were sitting right in the same room?"

"Easy," I chuckled. "Moreno didn't take time to get acquainted with our racket before he muscled in. Don't you know the ticket-seller always visits with the taker when things are slack? Even with glass between, they visit right along. It's just a simple little matter of lip-reading. Why, the other day I proposed to Alice and she accepted me, right in front of a record crowd—and nobody heard a word."

# MINUTE-MAN

THE ONE MAN ARMY

meets  
**MR. SKELETON**

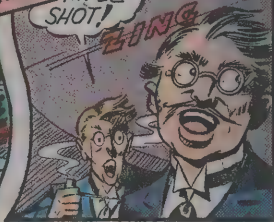
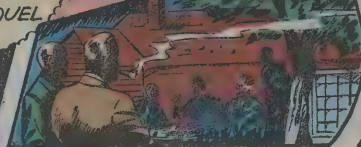


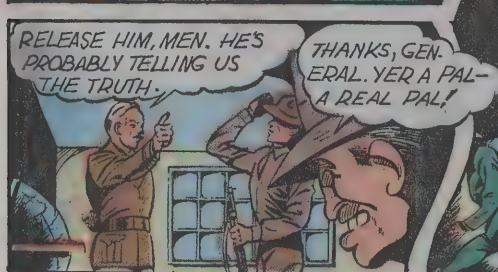
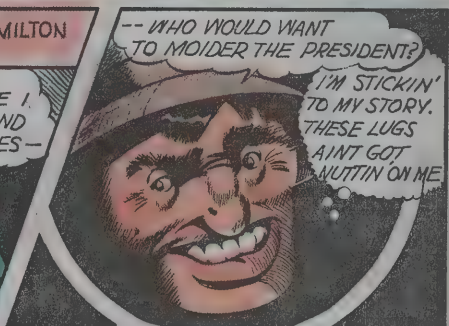
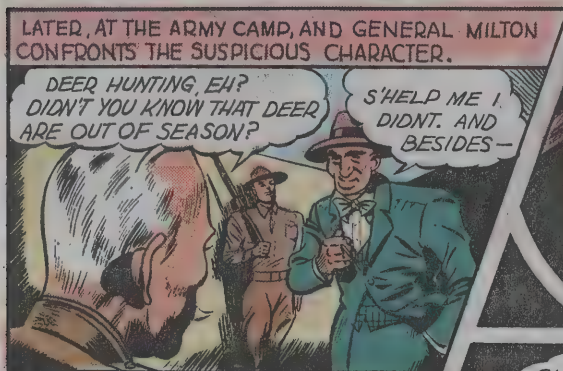
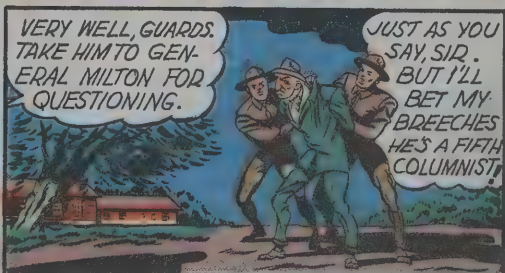
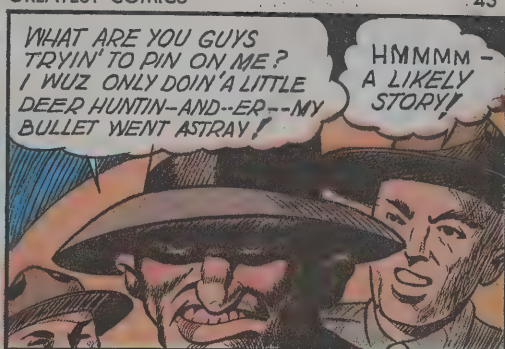
"MINUTE MAN" DON'T ATTEMPT TO RESCUE US-IT'S TOO TERRIBLE! EVEN NOW DEATH IS STARING AT US- THESE WORDS CAME OVER THE PHONE, SENDING THE **ONE MAN ARMY** ON A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN TRAIL OF A RUTHLESS MURDERER! A KILLER KNOWN AS **MR. SKELETON**.. WHO CHALLENGES MINUTE-MAN TO A DUEL OF DEATH!

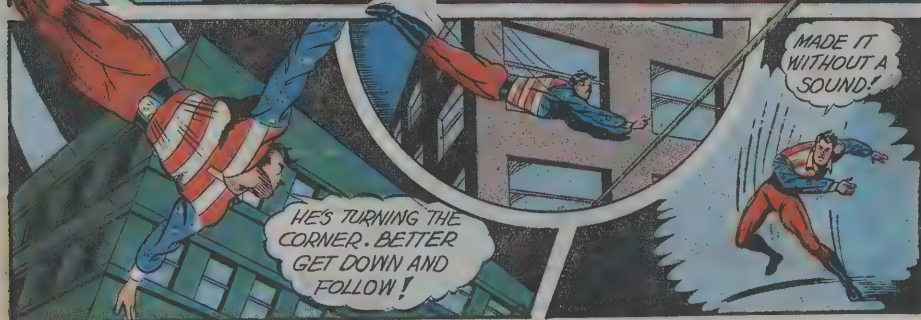
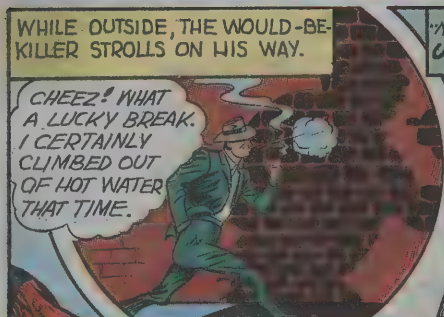
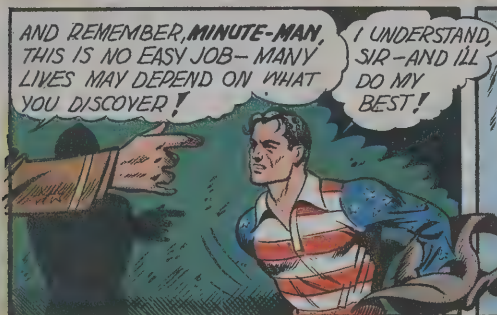
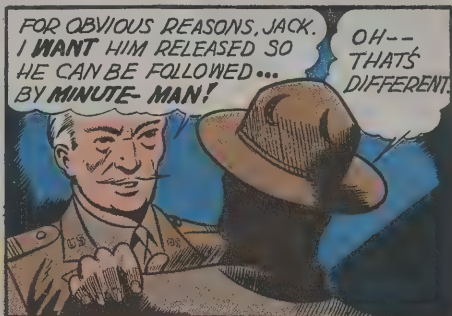
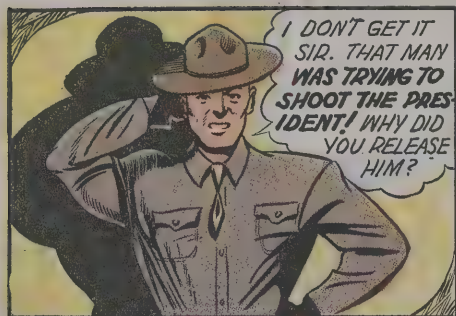
AT A SECLUDED SPOT IN THE COUNTRY... AND THE **PRESIDENT** OF THE **UNITED STATES** GATHERED WITH SOME DIPLOMATS FOR A SECRET CONFERENCE

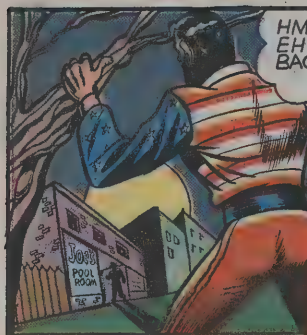
SOMEONE'S TRYING TO MURDER THE PRESIDENT!

A RIFLE SHOT!









HMM--JOE'S POOL ROOM,  
EH? I'LL JUST SCOOT  
BACK AND TELL THE  
GENERAL--

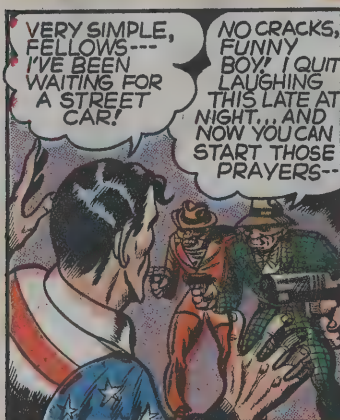
LISTEN  
TO DE  
LITTLE  
MAN--  
MAKIN' BIG  
PLANS!  
HA HA!

MINUTE-MAN WATCHES  
SILENTLY AS THE THUG  
REACHES HIS DESTINATION  
AT THE END OF A DARK STREET.



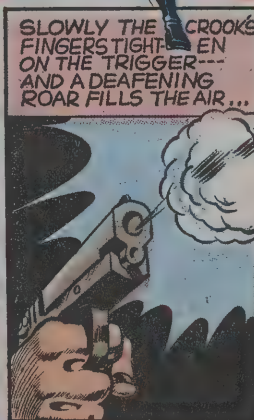
SAY YER PRAYERS,  
SNOOPY--I'M  
GONNA START  
BLASTIN'!

MAKE HIM TALK  
FIRST, SLUG...  
ASK HIM WHAT  
HE'S DOIN'  
HERE!

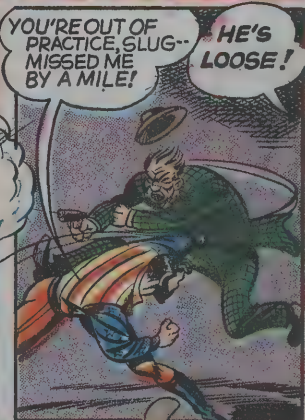


VERY SIMPLE,  
FELLOWS---  
I'VE BEEN  
WAITING FOR  
A STREET  
CAR!

NO CRACKS,  
FUNNY  
BOY! I QUIT  
LAUGHING  
THIS LATE AT  
NIGHT... AND  
NOW YOU CAN  
START THOSE  
PRAYERS--



SLOWLY THE CROOK'S  
FINGERS TIGHTEN  
ON THE TRIGGER---  
AND A DEAFENING  
ROAR FILLS THE AIR...

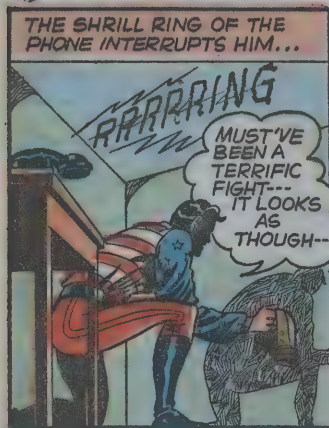
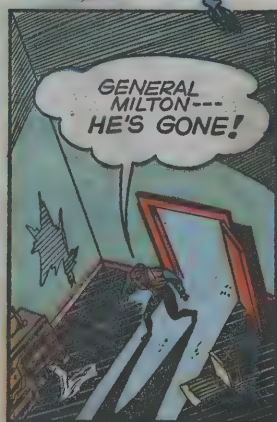


YOU'RE OUT OF  
PRACTICE, SLUG--  
MISSED ME  
BY A MILE!

HE'S  
LOOSE!



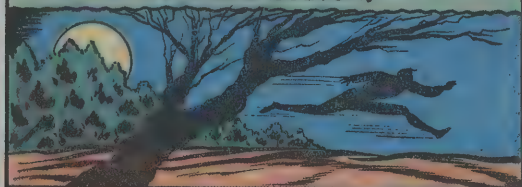
THE ONE MAN ARMY  
GOES TO WORK!



GENERAL! THEY'VE GOT YOU--- BUT  
REMEMBER ONE THING---  
**MINUTE-MAN WILL MEET  
MR. SKELETON!**



SO OUT INTO THE NIGHT GOES **MINUTE-MAN**,  
KNOWING THAT HE MUST STRIKE BEFORE IT'S  
TOO LATE---BEFORE AMERICA'S ABLEST GENERAL  
IS CRUSHED BY MR. SKELETON!



MEANWHILE...  
MR. SKELETON IS ABOUT  
TO SET AN EXAMPLE...  
GENERAL MILTON AND  
OTHER CAPTURED MILITARY  
LEADERS GAZE ON IN HORROR.

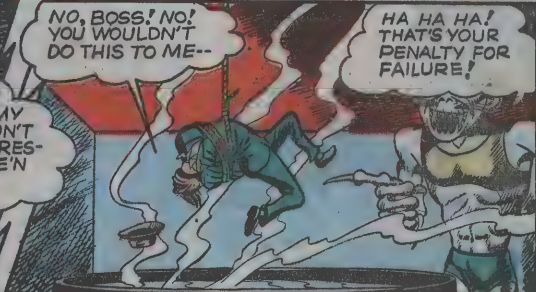


AHA! SO YOU FAILED  
ME? YOU KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENS TO BLUNDERERS



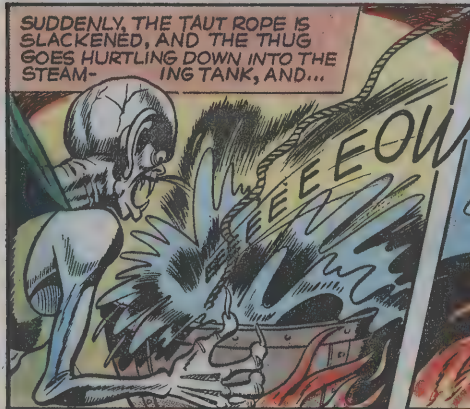
CHEEZ, BOSS!  
I TRIED HARD. MY  
BULLET DIDN'T  
MISS THE PRES-  
IDENT MORE'N  
AN INCH!

NO, BOSS! NO!  
YOU WOULDN'T  
DO THIS TO ME--



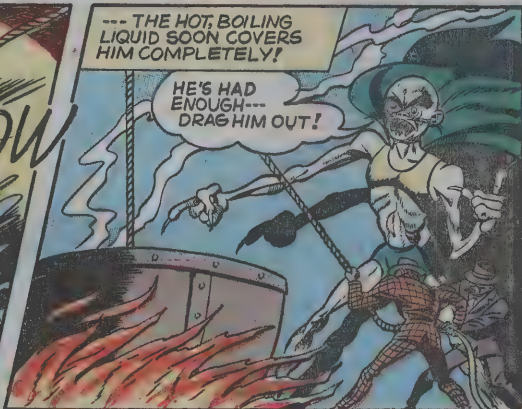
HA HA HA!  
THAT'S YOUR  
PENALTY FOR  
FAILURE!

SUDDENLY, THE TAUT ROPE IS  
SLACKENED, AND THE THUG  
GOES HURLING DOWN INTO THE  
STEAM- ING TANK, AND...



--- THE HOT, BOILING  
LIQUID SOON COVERS  
HIM COMPLETELY!

HE'S HAD  
ENOUGH---  
DRAG HIM OUT!



THE ROPE IS AGAIN DRAWN UP, AND THE GANGSTER IS NO MORE...IN HIS PLACE APPEARS A GRINNING, GRUESOME SKELETON...

CHEEZ! LOOK! HE'S A SKELETON!

SEE! TAKE A LOOK, STUPID GENERALS!

THIS IS WHAT I HAVE IN STORE FOR ALLOF YOU! THE SKELETON BATH! HA HA HA!

MAD--THE CREATURE'S STARK RAVING MAD! HE'LL KILL US ALL!

LISTEN TO THE GOOD GENERAL...AND LISTEN FOR THE LAST TIME! FOR GENERAL MILTON'S NEXT IN THE SKELETON BATH!

A NICE FLOOR SHOW YOU'RE RUNNING, MR. SKELETON!

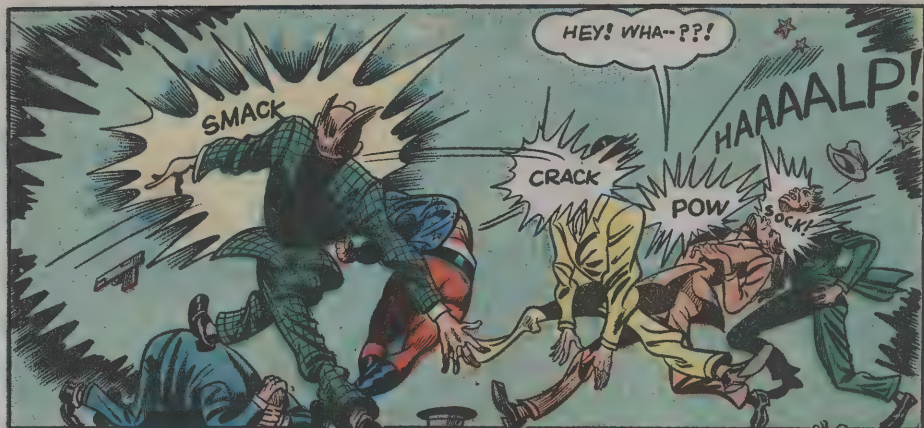
WHO DARES-- I'LL---

MINUTE-MAN!

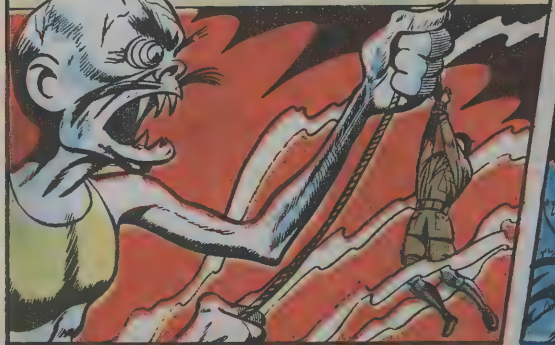
HO! TAKE HIM TOO!

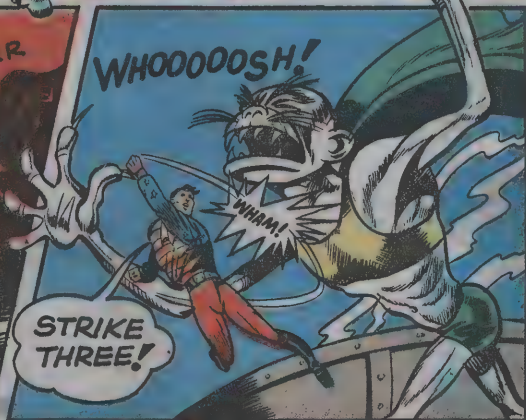
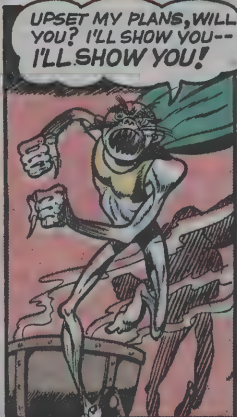
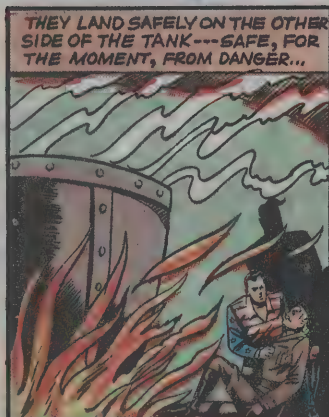
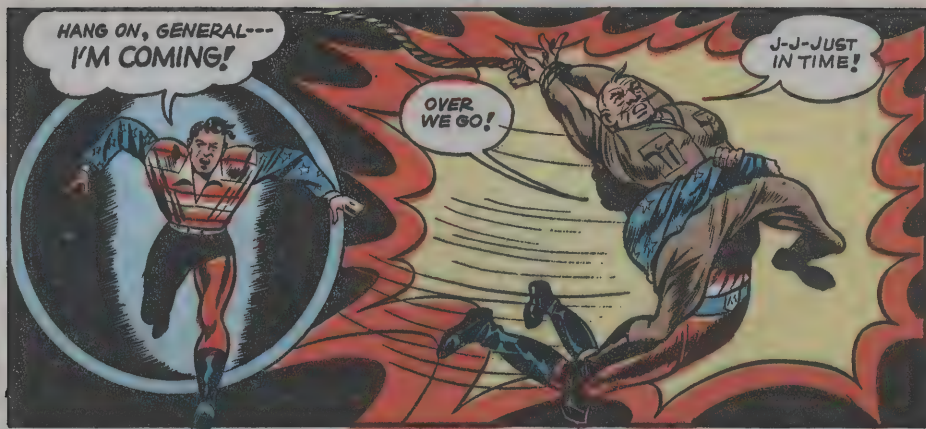
GET HIM!

KNOCK THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF 'IM!



**DURING THE FRAY, MR. SKELETON RUSHES TO THE TANK, AND IS READY TO LOWER GENERAL MILTON IN- TO THE BUBBLING LIQUID...**

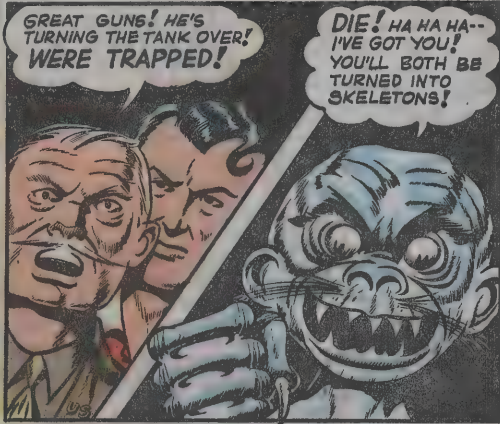




FOR A MOMENT, THE ONE MAN ARMY TURNS HIS BACK ON MR. SKELETON, WHO ATTEMPTS TO TURN OVER THE TANK OF BOILING LIQUID!



GREAT GUNS! HE'S TURNING THE TANK OVER! WERE TRAPPED!



GET READY, GIR! ... WE'RE GOING PLACES!

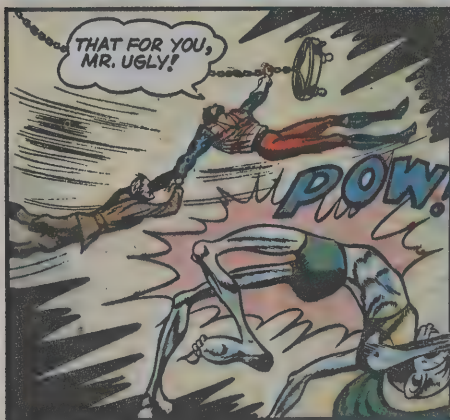


WHA-- YOU--?



THAT'S RIGHT, GENERAL-- RIGHT THROUGH THE AIR!

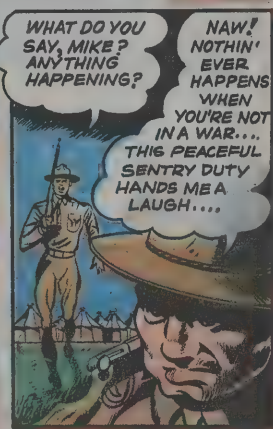
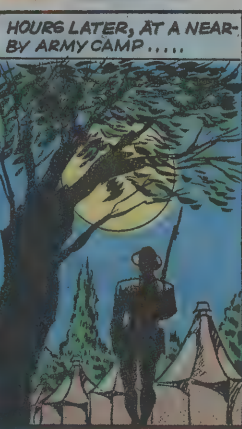
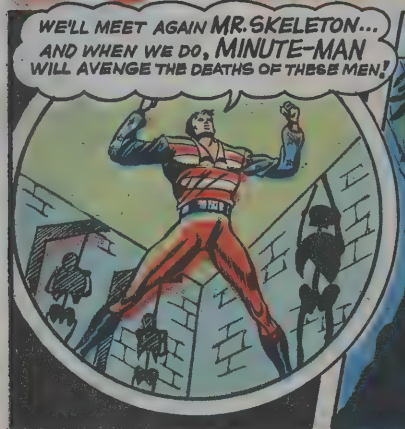
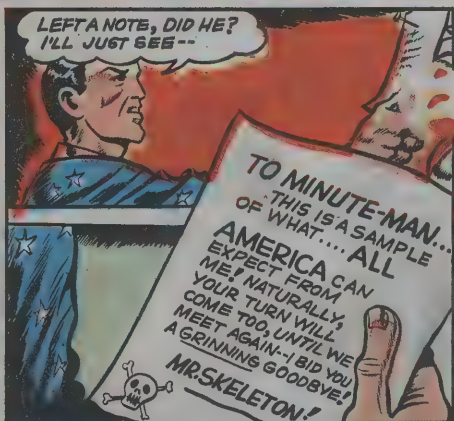
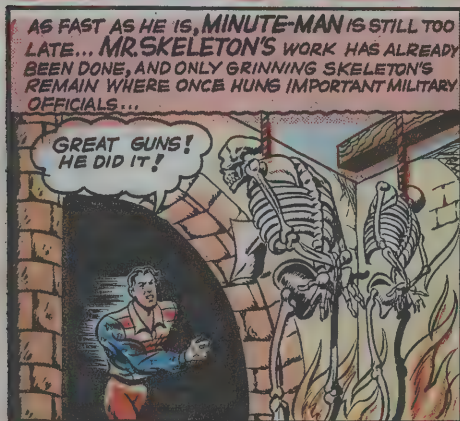
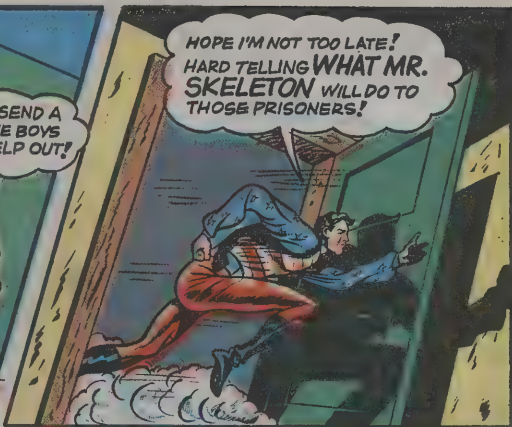
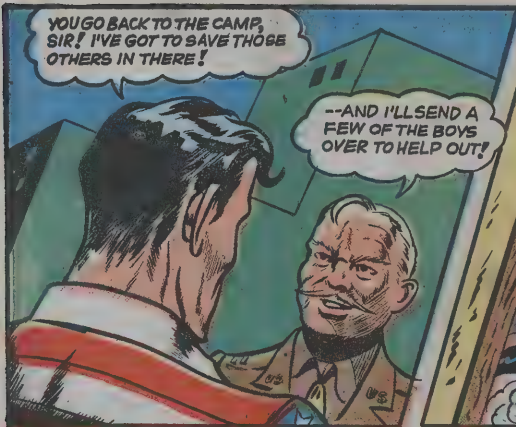
THAT FOR YOU, MR. UGLY!

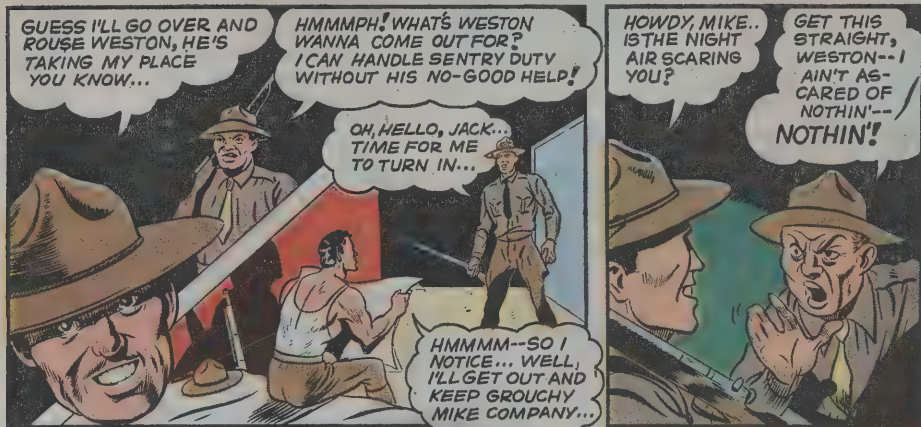


HERE WE ARE, SIR... SAFE AND SOUND...



MY BOY--I WOULD-N'T HAVE BELIEVED IT UNLESS I SAW IT!







WHILE OVER ON THE PARADE GROUNDS, A TERRIBLE COMMOTION IS AROUSED AS MR. SKELETON ATTACKS THE SOLDIERS...

WOW! GET A LOAD OF THE FRANKENSTEIN!

HOLY SMOKE! HE'S MAKING A MINCE PIE OUT OF THE BOYS!



HA HA! AND THEY CALL YOU SOLDIERS! LOOK AT YOU DUNY CREATURES BEING CRUSHED BY ME! HA HA HA!

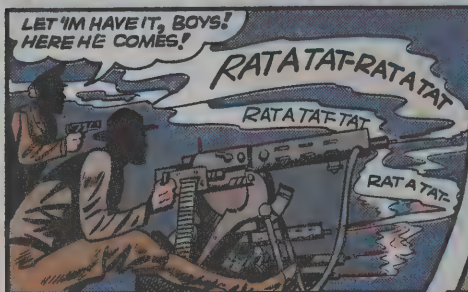


LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS! HERE HE COMES!

RATA TAT RATA TAT

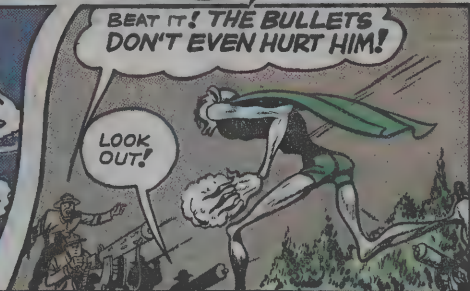
RATA TAT RATA TAT

RATA TAT



BEAT IT! THE BULLETS DON'T EVEN HURT HIM!

LOOK OUT!

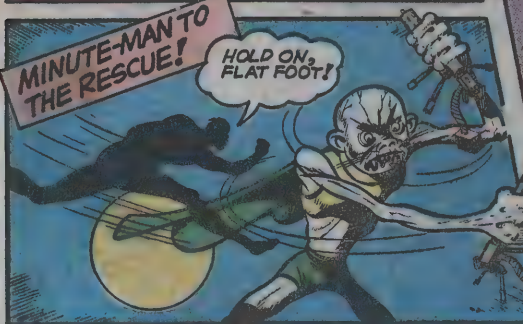


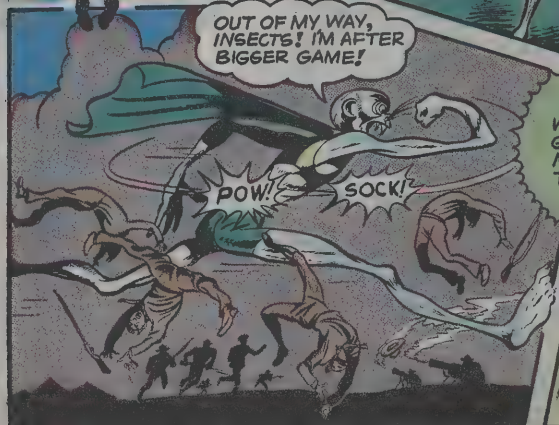
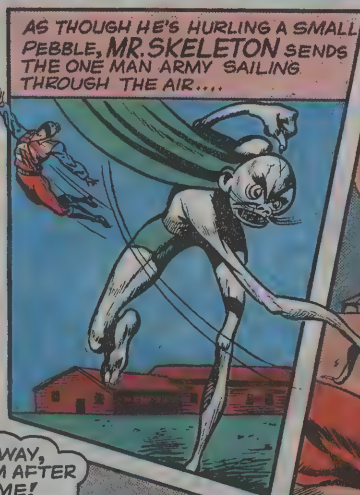
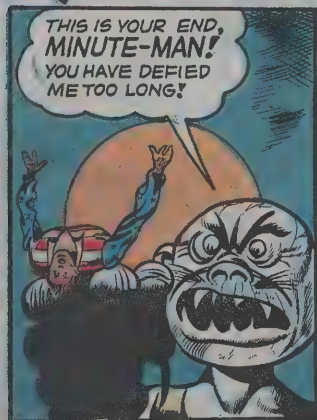
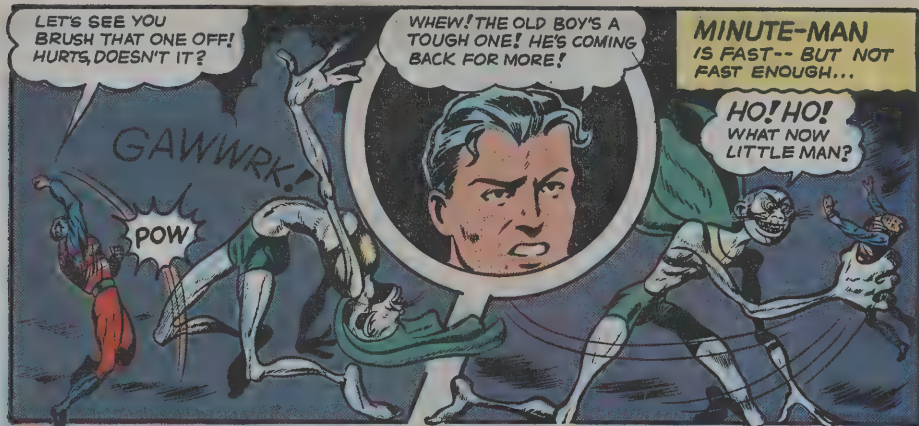
MR. SKELETON DOESN'T HESITATE. FURIOUSLY HE SNATCHES UP THE HEAVY GUN AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOY AND BEFORE THE SOLDIERS CAN ESCAPE, HE PREPARES TO SMASH THE WEAPON DOWN ON THEM...

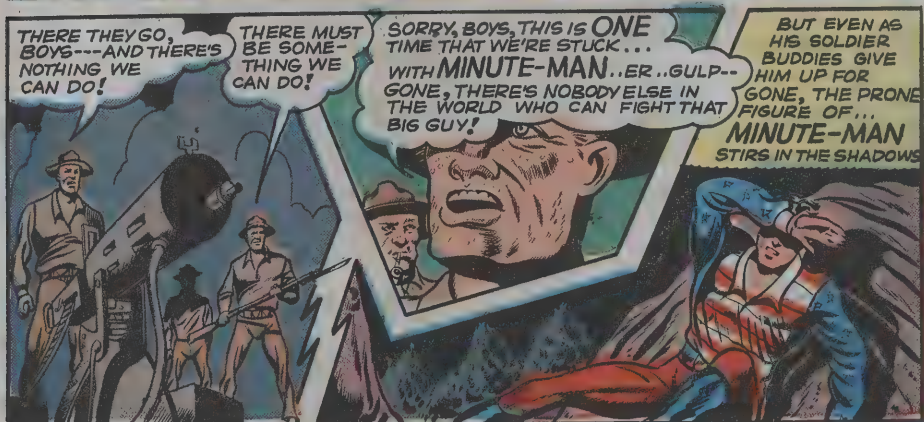


MINUTE-MAN TO THE RESCUE!

HOLD ON, FLAT FOOT!







OFF THROUGH THE NIGHT RACES **MINUTE MAN** REALIZING WELL THAT **MR. SKELETON** MUST BE STOPPED--ONCE AND FOR ALL!

WHILE BACK IN A LONELY, MISTY VALLEY, **MR. SKELETON** STOPS HIS MAD FLIGHT...



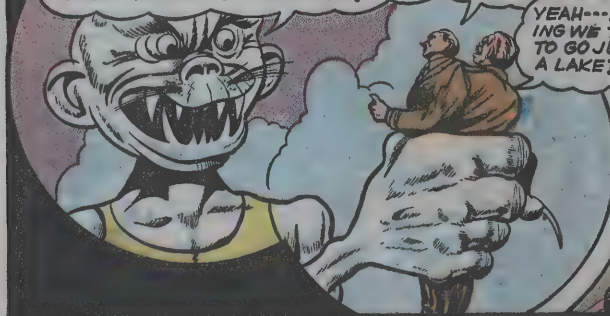
YOU BOTH HAVE BRAINS TO LEAD AN ARMY--AN ARMY AGAINST THE UNITED STATES! IF YOU'LL COME OVER TO MY SIDE---I'LL SPARE YOUR LIVES!

...AND IF WE REFUSE?

YEAH---SUPPOSING WE TELL YOU TO GO JUMP IN A LAKE?

IDIOTS! STUPID DOLTS YOU MEAN TO DEFY ME? WHY, I'LL CRUSH THE LIVES FROM BOTH OF YOU--

I'LL--I'LL--

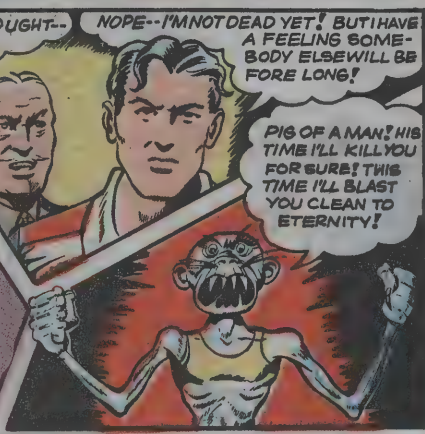


**MINUTE MAN!**

YOU! BUT I THOUGHT-- THAT IS--

NOPE--I'M NOT DEAD YET! BUT I HAVE A FEELING SOME-BODY ELSE WILL BE FORE LONG!

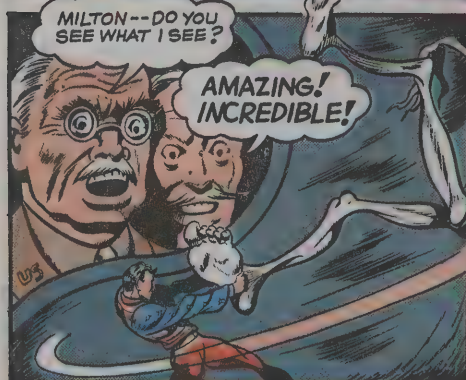
PIS OF A MAN! HIS TIME I'LL KILL YOU FOR SURE! THIS TIME I'LL BLAST YOU CLEAN TO ETERNITY!





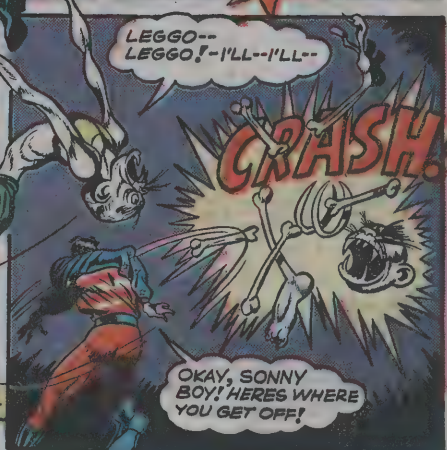
THE TWO COLLIDE WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR, AND THE NEARBY EARTH SHAKES FROM THE IMPACT...

**WHAM!**  
**BANG!** sock!



MILTON--DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

AMAZING!  
INCREDIBLE!



LEGGO--  
LEGGO!--I'LL--I'LL--

**CRASH!**

OKAY, SONNY  
BOY! HERES WHERE  
YOU GET OFF!

MR. SKELETON IS DUMBFOUNDED TO FIND HIMSELF BEING WHIRLED DIZZILY AROUND BY THE ONE MAN ARMY!

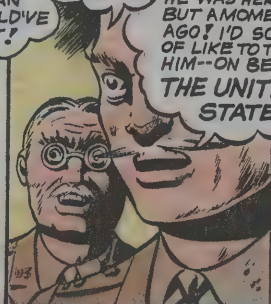
MINUTE-MAN  
DID IT! HE FINISHED  
MR. SKELETON!

BRRR---  
WHAT A  
MESS!  
ONLY A  
ONE MAN  
ARMY COULD'VE  
DONE THAT!

WHY--ER--  
WHERE IS MINUTE  
MAN?

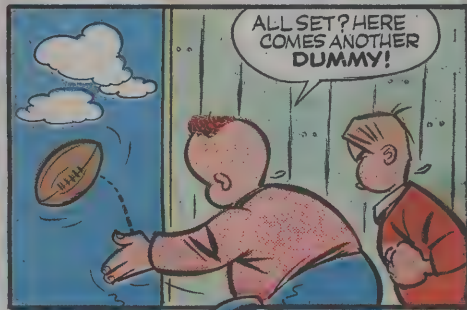
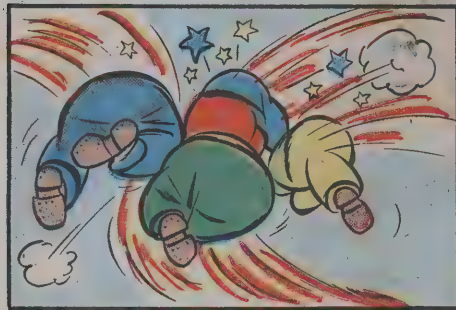
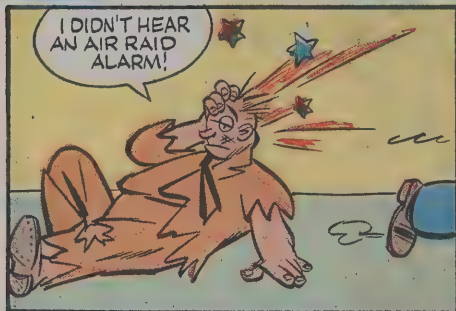
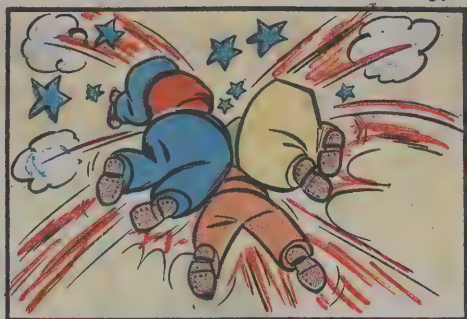
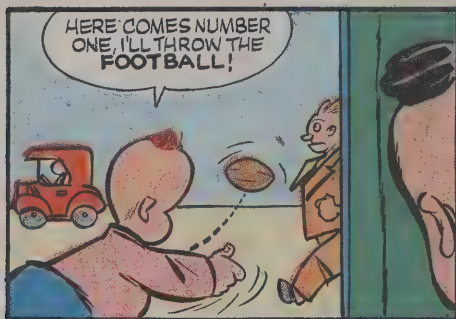
HE WAS HERE  
BUT AMOMENT  
AGO! I'D SORT  
OF LIKE TO THANK  
HIM--ON BEHALF OF  
THE UNITED  
STATES!

BUT MINUTE-MAN DOESN'T  
WAIT FOR THANKS... OFF  
INTO THE NIGHT HE GOES IN  
SEARCH OF MORE ADVENTURE!



READ MINUTE-MAN  
EACH MONTH IN  
MASTER COMICS!



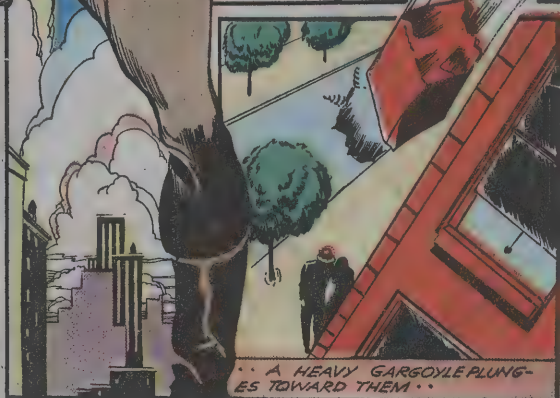
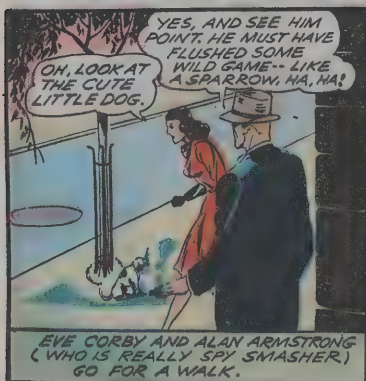


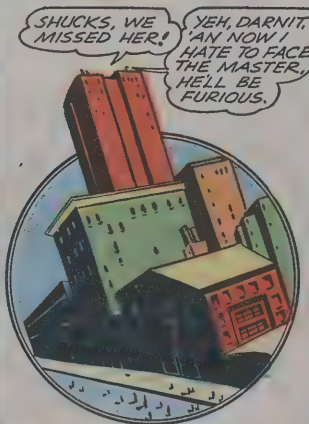
If it's the **BEST** you're looking for... follow these famous characters in **WHIZ AND MASTER COMICS**. Get your copy at your newsstand. 10¢



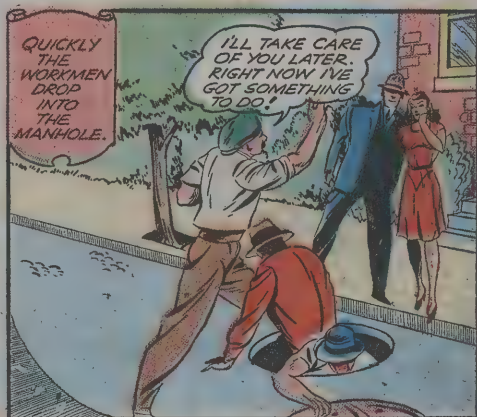
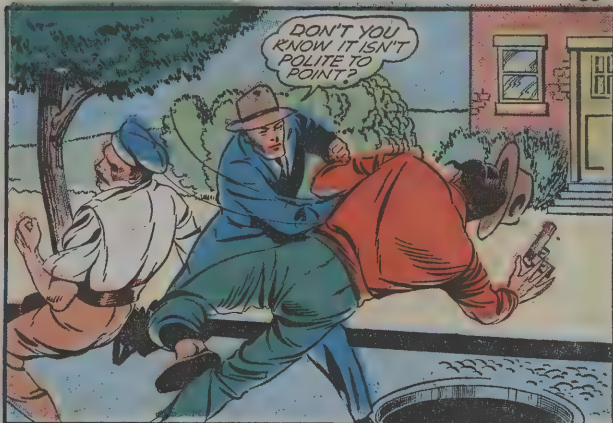
# SPY SMASHER

★ SPY ★  
SMASHER  
FINDS THERE ARE  
TWO KINDS OF RATS  
THAT LIVE IN SEWERS  
AND THE HUMAN RATS  
WHO WOULD TRY TO  
DESTROY THE U.S. ARE  
MORE DANGEROUS  
AND MORE POISON-  
OUS THAN THE  
FOUR-LEGGED  
KIND.



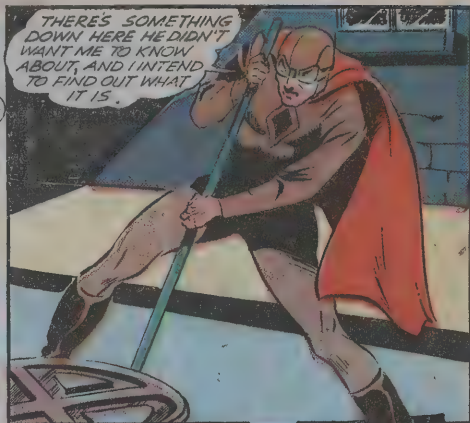


THE WORKMAN PULLS A GUN ON ALAN.

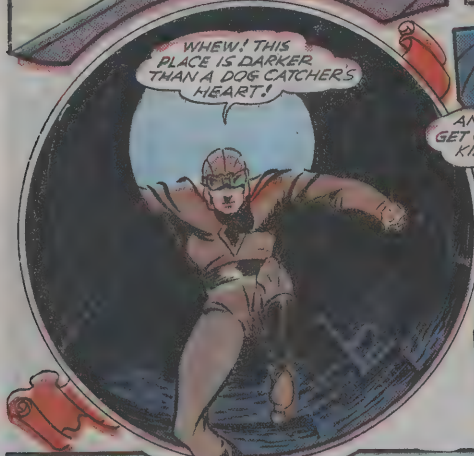




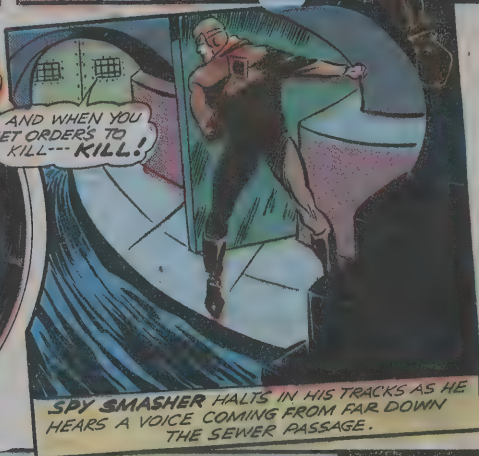
YES, THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WAY THAT WORKMAN ACTED TO-DAY. IN THE FIRST PLACE, AN ORDINARY WORKMAN DOESN'T CARRY A PISTOL.



THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN HERE HE DIDN'T WANT ME TO KNOW ABOUT, AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.



WHEW! THIS PLACE IS DARKER THAN A DOG CATCHER'S HEART!



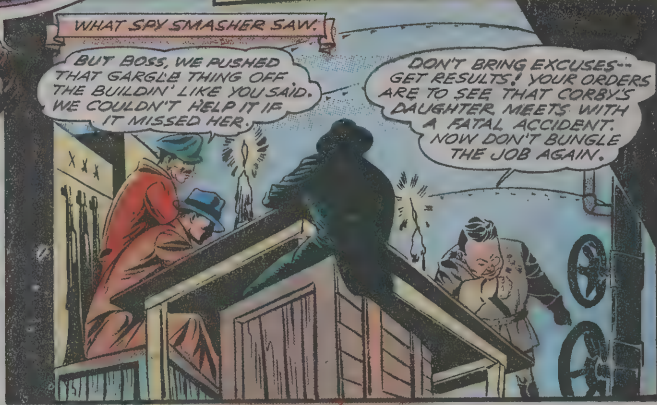
AND WHEN YOU GET ORDERS TO KILL--- KILL!

SPY SMASHER HALTS IN HIS TRACKS AS HE HEARS A VOICE COMING FROM FAR DOWN THE SEWER PASSAGE.



MOVING SILENTLY DOWN THE PASSAGE, SPY SMASHER MAKES A DISCOVERY.

WELL, WADDA YOU KNOW! A SECRET ROOM!

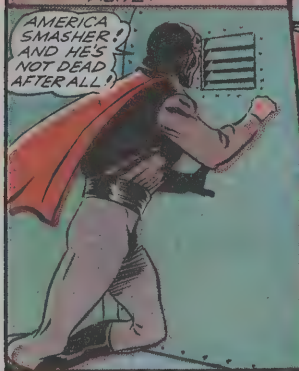


WHAT SPY SMASHER SAW

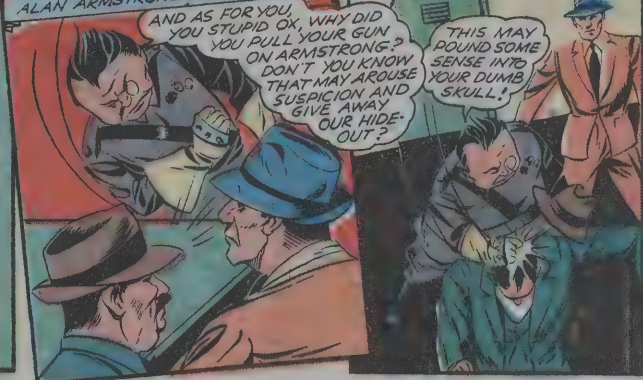
BUT BOSS, WE PUSHED THAT GARGLE THING OFF THE BUILDIN' LIKE YOU SAID. WE COULDN'T HELP IT IF IT MISSED HER.

DON'T BRING EXCUSES-- GET RESULTS! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO SEE THAT CORBY'S DAUGHTER MEETS WITH A FATAL ACCIDENT. NOW DON'T BUNGLE THE JOB AGAIN.

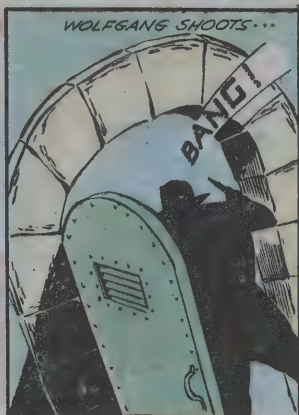
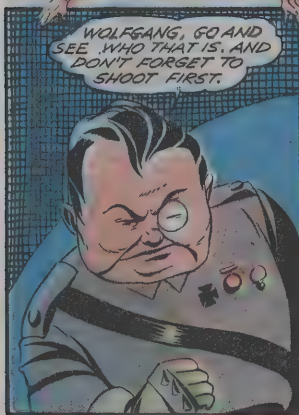
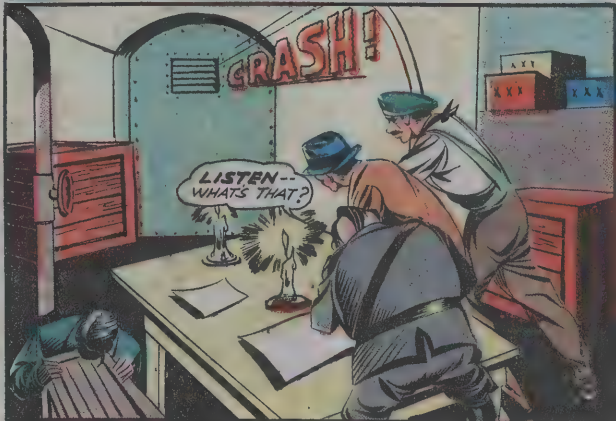
SPY SMASHER IS AMAZED TO SEE AMERICA SMASHER ALIVE.

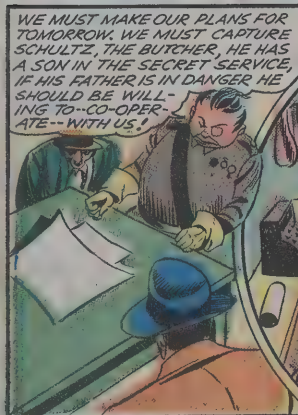
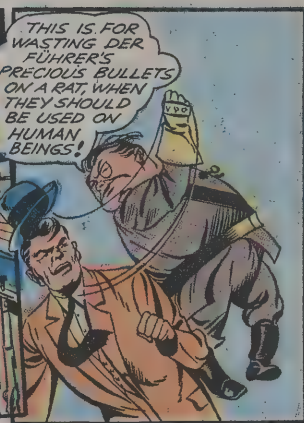


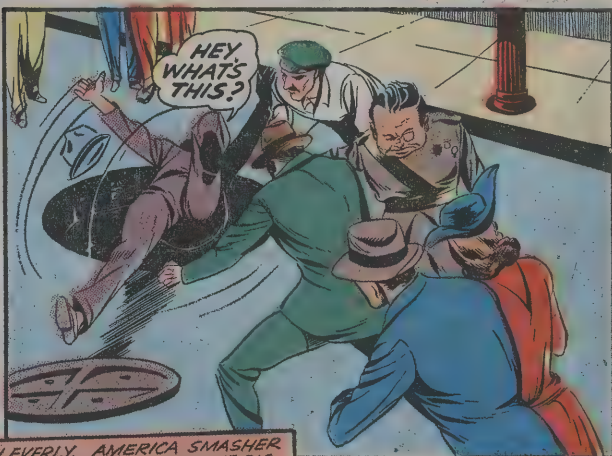
THE WORKMAN WHO THREATENED ALAN ARMSTRONG IS BALLED OUT.



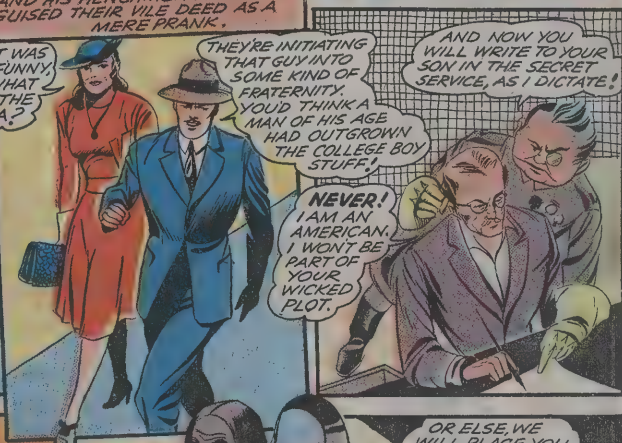
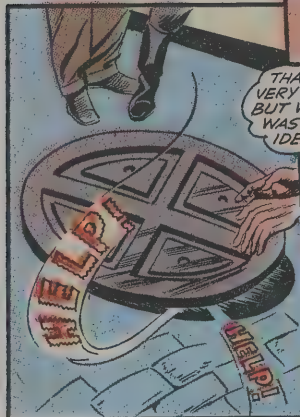
THE SLIPPERY FOOTING CAUSES SPY SMASHER TO FALL.





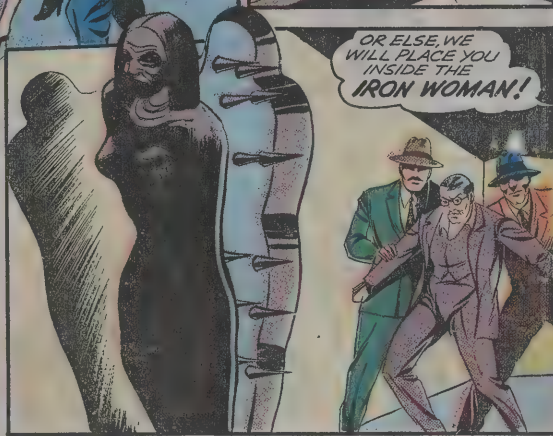


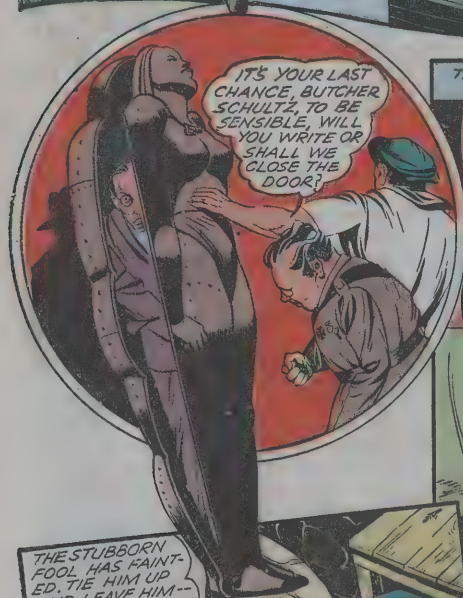
CLEVERLY, AMERICA SMASHER  
AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE DIS-  
GUISED THEIR VILE DEED AS A  
MERE PRANK.



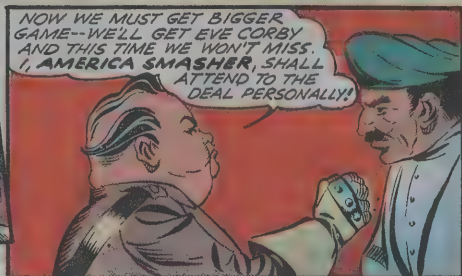
AND NOW YOU  
WILL WRITE TO YOUR  
SON IN THE SECRET  
SERVICE, AS I DICTATE!

NEVER!  
I AM AN  
AMERICAN.  
I WON'T BE  
PART OF  
YOUR  
WICKED  
PLOT.





THE STRAIN OF THE NEAR TORTURE AND DEATH IS TOO MUCH FOR THE BRAVE BUTCHER.



AMERICA SMASHER TRIES ON EVE CORBY, THE SAME TRICK THAT WORKED ON SCHULTZ.

MISS EVE CORBY? THIS IS AN INTERNE FROM THE MEDICAL HOSPITAL. YOUR FATHER HAS JUST BEEN IN A PRETTY BAD ACCIDENT AT THE CORNER OF PLOTT AND GREEN STREETS. YOU'D BETTER COME OVER RIGHT AWAY.

BUT THE PLAN MEETS WITH A HITCH-- EVE AND HER FATHER ARE AT HOME TOGETHER.

MY FATHER HURT--- WHY, THAT CAN'T-- OH, THAT'S TERRIBLE. YES I'LL COME RIGHT OVER--- WILL YOU HOLD THE PHONE TILL I GET THE ADDRESS AGAIN?

AT A SIGNAL FROM EVE, ADMIRAL CORBY QUICKLY GETS THE CHIEF OPERATOR ON A PRIVATE WIRE.

OPERATOR TRACE THAT CALL!

CORBY, WITH EVE FOLLOWING, LEAPS FOR HIS PRIVATE CAR, MANNED BY TWO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS

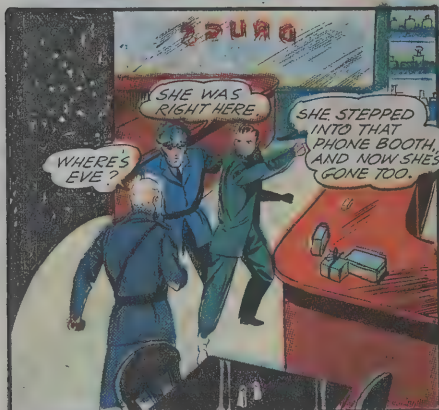
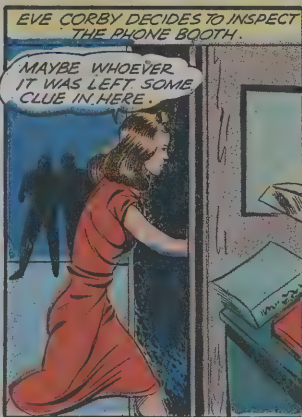
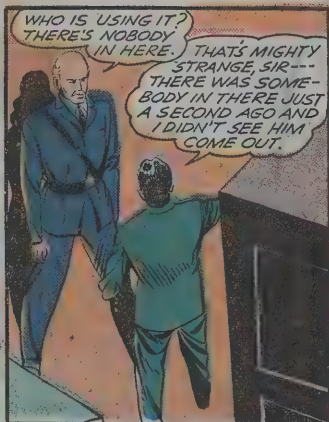
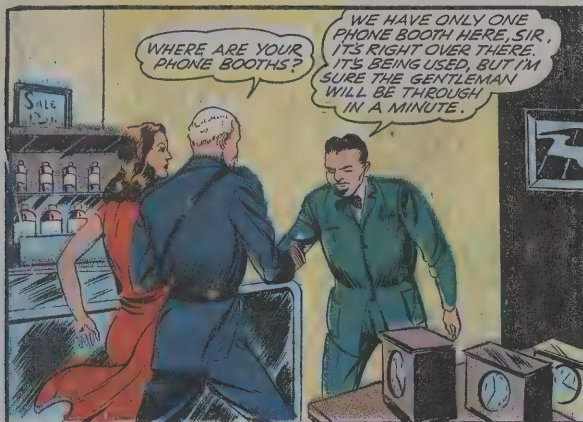
TO PLOTT AND GREEN STREETS, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES.

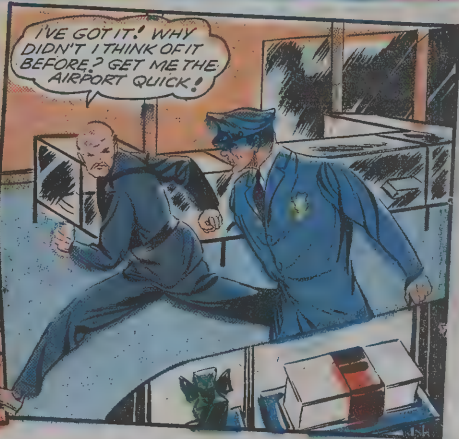
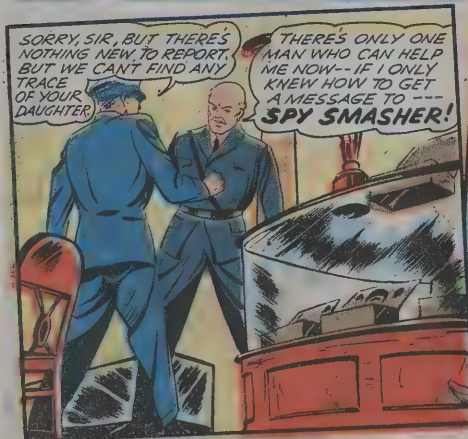
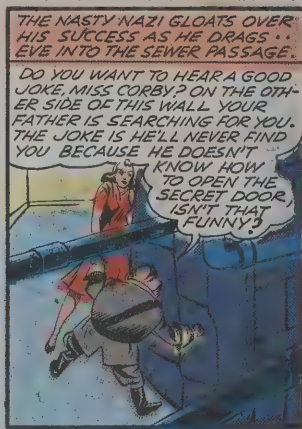
NO SIRENS, BOYS-- WE WANT THIS TO BE A SURPRISE PARTY.

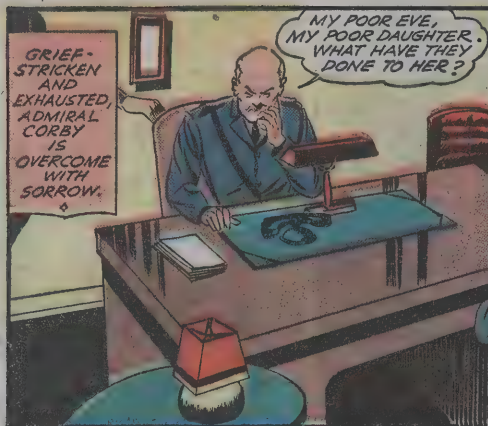
I'M SORRY, LADY, BUT I JUST GOT ME ORDERS FROM H.Q. QUARTERS NOT TO LET NOBODY LEAVE THIS SHORE.

EFFICIENT CO-OPERATION OF THE SECRET SERVICE AND CITY POLICE, HAVE TRAPPED AMERICA SMASHER IN THE PHONE BOOTH.

THAT CORBY GIRL MUST HAVE GOT WISE.

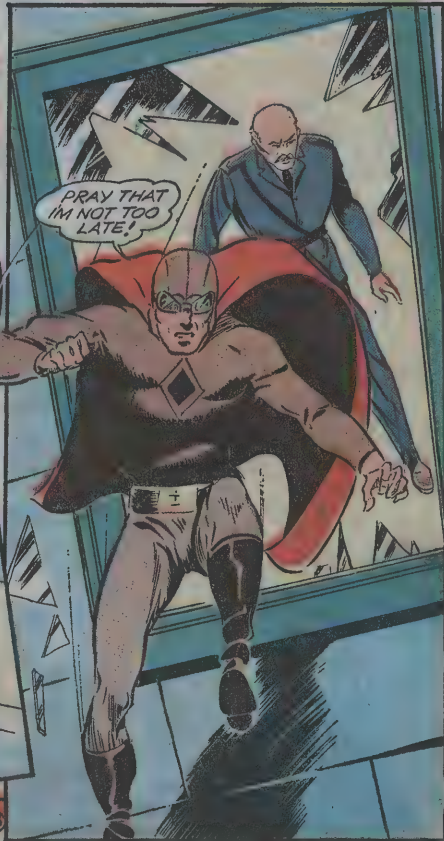
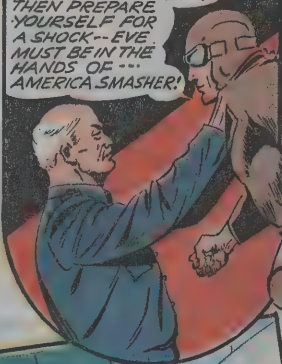


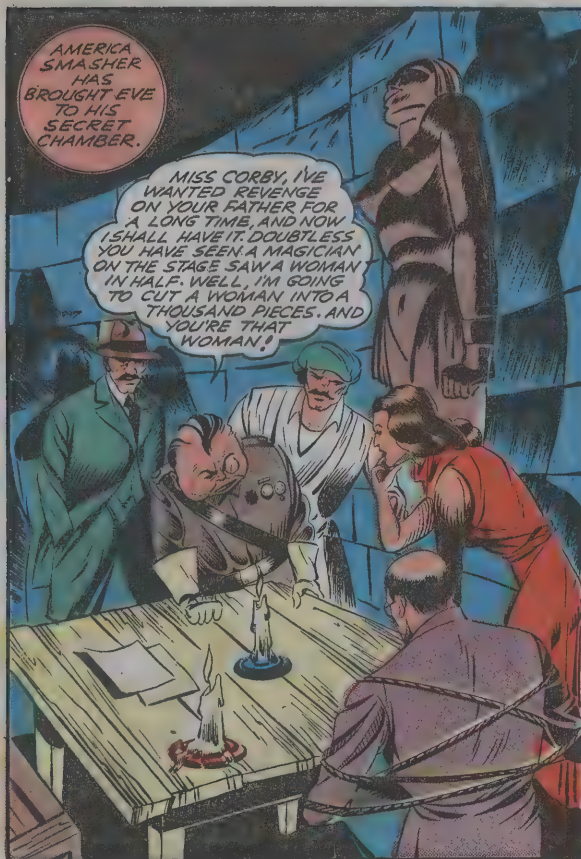




**SPY SMASHER**  
LISTENS, WHILE ADMIRAL CORBY QUICKLY RELATES THE EVENTS LEADING UP TO EVE'S SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE, AND DECIDES TO GO INTO ACTION.

SO THE CLERK DESCRIBED THE MAN IN THE BOOTH AS A LITTLE FOREIGNER WEARING A MONOCLE, EH? THEN PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK-- EVE MUST BE IN THE HANDS OF... AMERICA SMASHER!

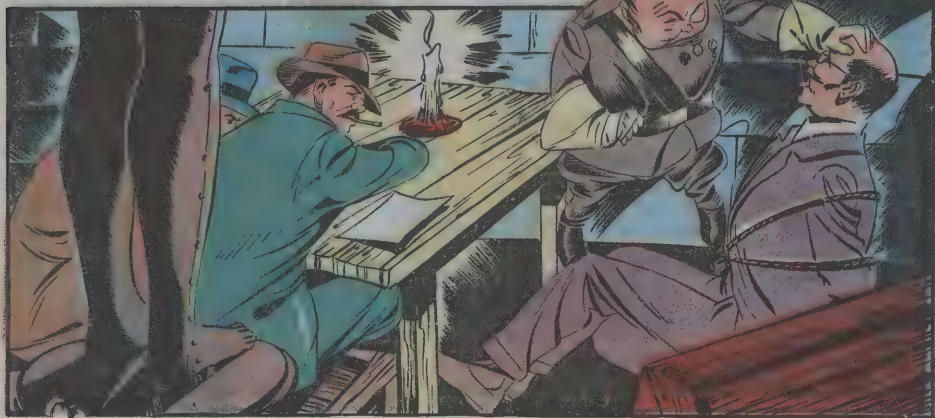




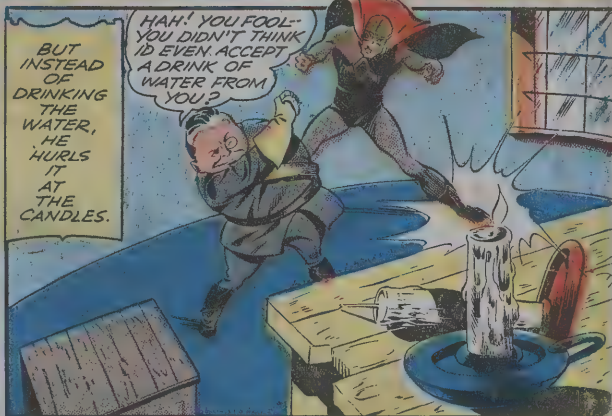
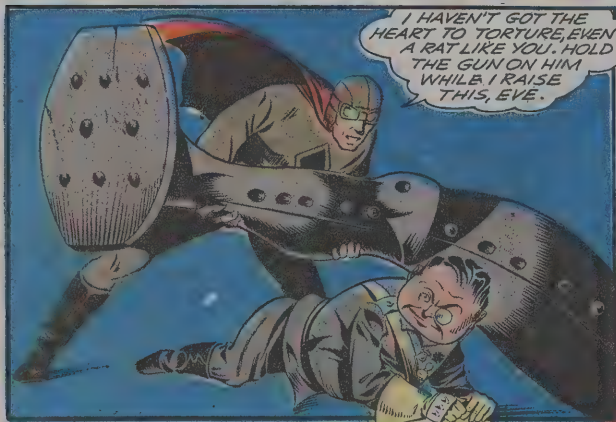
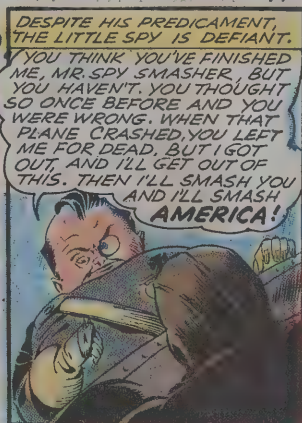
UNABLE TO STAND THE THOUGHT OF EVE'S BEING TORTURED, POOR SCHULTZ, THE BUTCHER, TRIES TO SAVE HER.

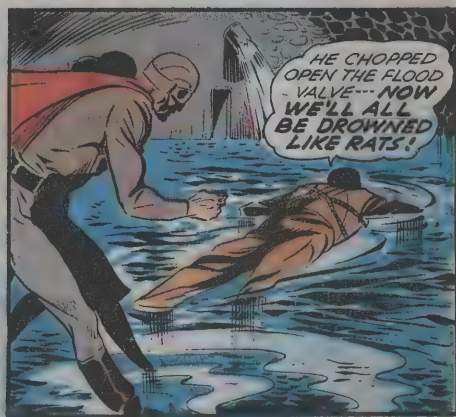
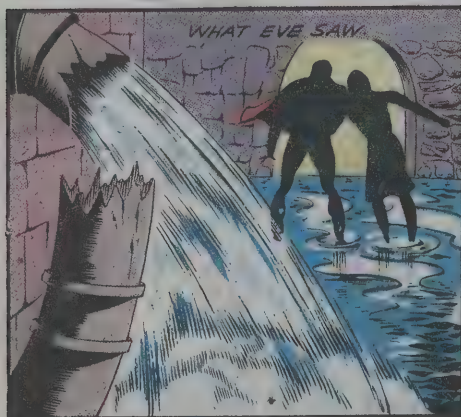
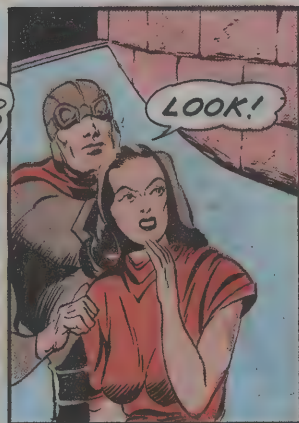
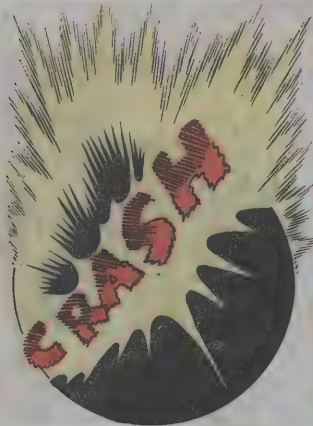


AH, MR. SCHULTZ...SO YOU'VE COME OUT OF YOUR FAINT? WELL NOW, SIR, YOU SHALL NOT ONLY HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF WRITING TO YOUR SON--YOU MAY WRITE WITH THIS GIRL'S BLOOD!



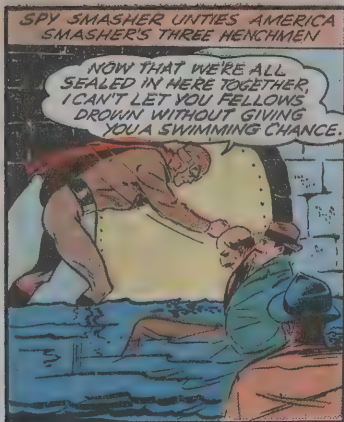






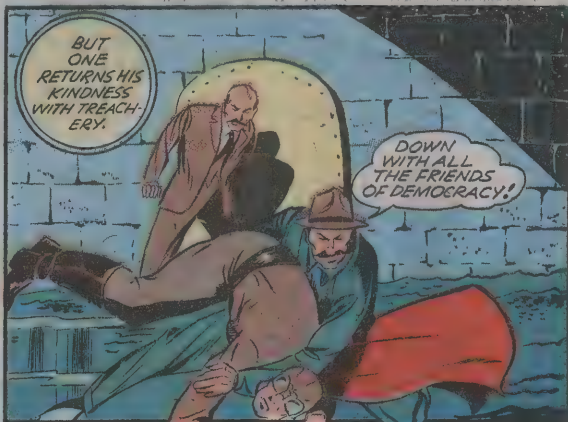
SPY SMASHER UNTIES AMERICA SMASHER'S THREE HENCHMEN

NOW THAT WE'RE ALL SEALED IN HERE TOGETHER, I CAN'T LET YOU FELLOWS DROWN WITHOUT GIVING YOU A SWIMMING CHANCE.

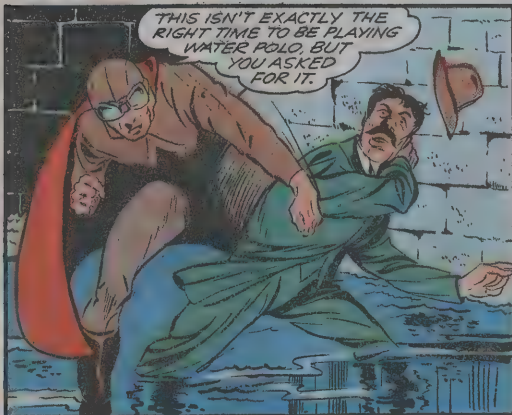


BUT ONE RETURNS HIS KINDNESS WITH TREACHERY.

DOWN WITH ALL THE FRIENDS OF DEMOCRACY!



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE RIGHT TIME TO BE PLAYING WATER POLO, BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT.



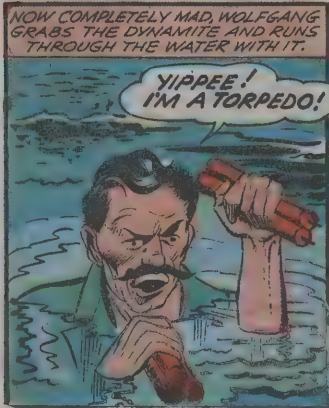
AS THE WATER GETS HIGHER, WOLF-GANG BECOMES CRAZY WITH FEAR.

WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED! WE'LL ALL BE DROWNED!

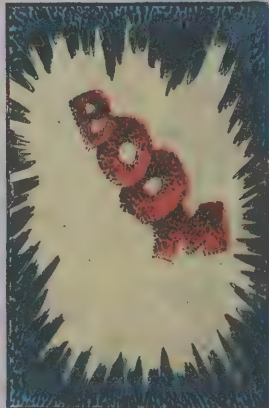


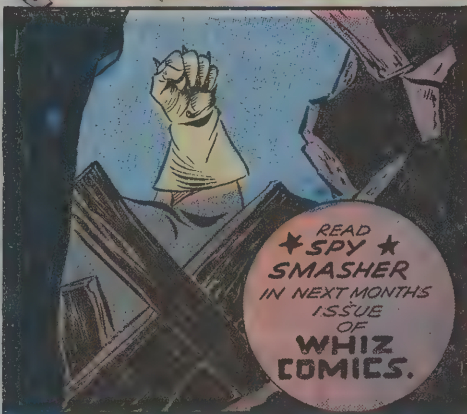
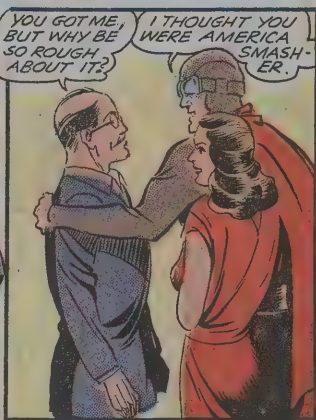
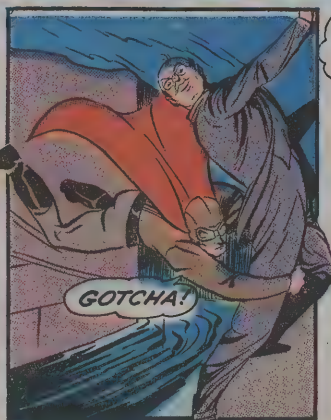
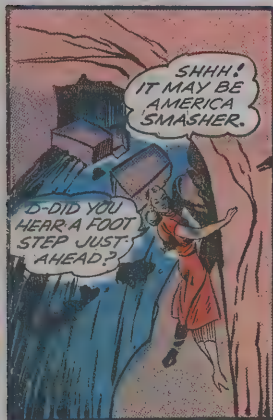
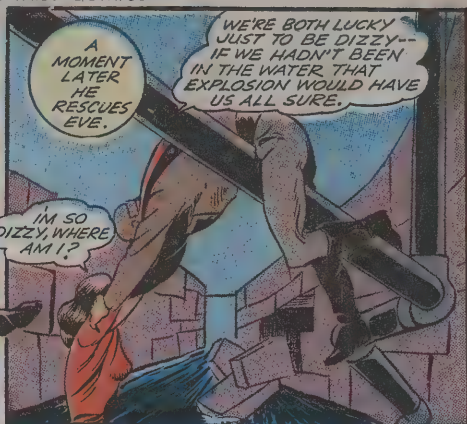
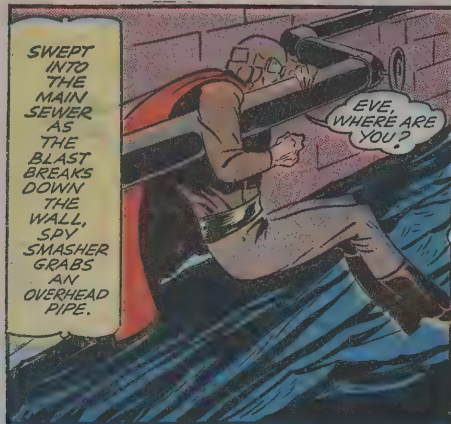
NOW COMPLETELY MAD, WOLF-GANG GRABS THE DYNAMITE AND RUNS THROUGH THE WATER WITH IT.

YIPPEE! I'M A TORPEDO!



BEFORE ANYBODY CAN STOP HIM HE'S BANGING THE EXPLOSIVE AGAINST THE IRON DOOR.





# STRANGE but TRUE

## THE HERRING GULL

HAS A VERY KEEN EYESIGHT AND CAN RECOGNIZE ITS MATE AT THIRTY YARDS, **BUT IT CANNOT DISTINGUISH ITS OWN EGG FROM ONE EIGHT TIMES AS LARGE**!



**WALNUTS** WERE PRESCRIBED IN EARLY DAYS TO CURE DISEASES OF THE BRAIN—BECAUSE THE SHELLS ARE SHAPED LIKE THE **HUMAN SKULL**, AND THE MEATS ARE SHAPED LIKE THE **BRAIN**!



## WILLY WONDER

WHAT SUBSTANCE DOES THE DEAD SEA CONTAIN THAT COULD SUPPLY THE WORLD'S PRESENT NEEDS FOR 2000 YEARS?

ANS. BROMINE AND POTASH-

IT WAS ONCE BELIEVED THAT WHEN A MAN WAS DROWNING, IT WAS THE INTENTION OF THE GODS THAT HE SHOULD BE DROWNED—AND IF RESCUED, THE RESCUER HIMSELF **MUST BE THE SUBSTITUTE AND BE DROWNED HIMSELF LATER ON**!



# MR. SCARLET and the DEATH BATTALION

AS THOUGH BACK FROM THE GRAVE, SIX SINISTER CRIMINAL MASTER MINDS RETURN IN AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE TO PREY UPON CIVILIZATION! MERCILESS MURDER STRIKES FROM ALL SIDES, IN A COLOSSAL CABAL OF DEATH! BUT THE SAME CHAMPION WHO BEFORE SMASHED THEM, STRIKES BACK... MISTER SCARLET MAN OF MYSTERY....

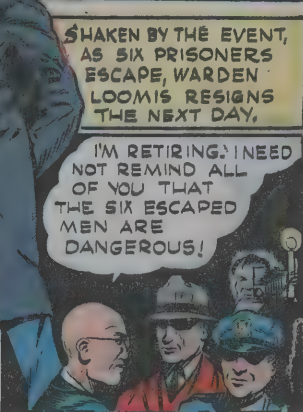
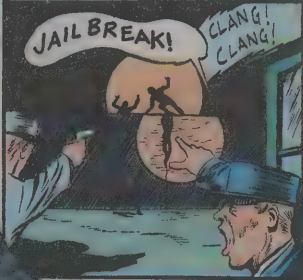
IN EL CATRAZ PENITENTIARY ONE NIGHT, WHERE THE COUNTRY'S MOST VICIOUS CRIMINALS ARE BEHIND BARS.

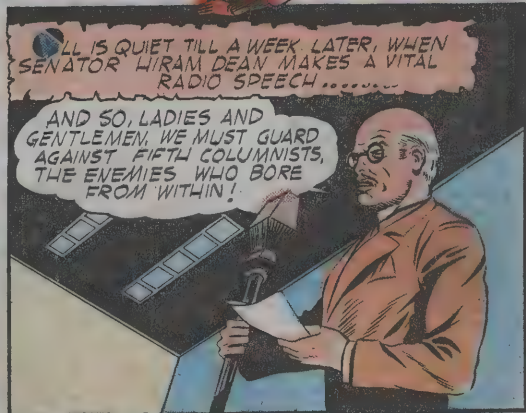
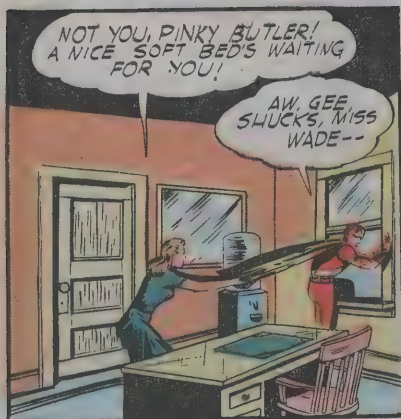
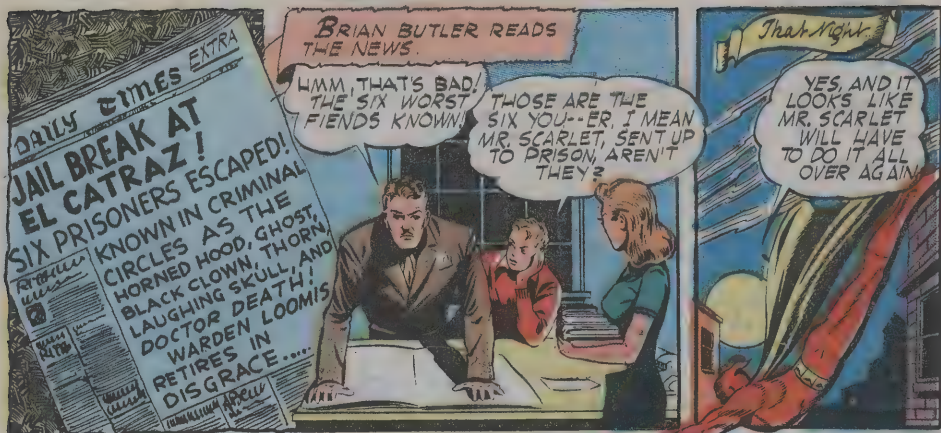
JAIL BREAK!

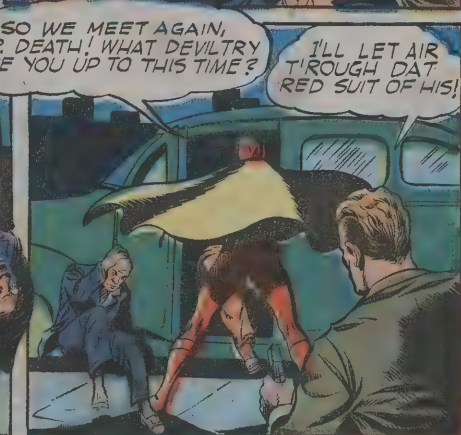
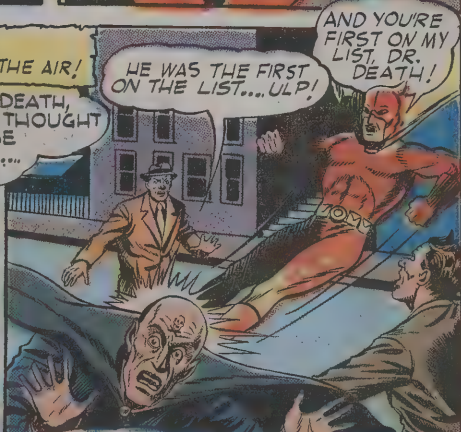
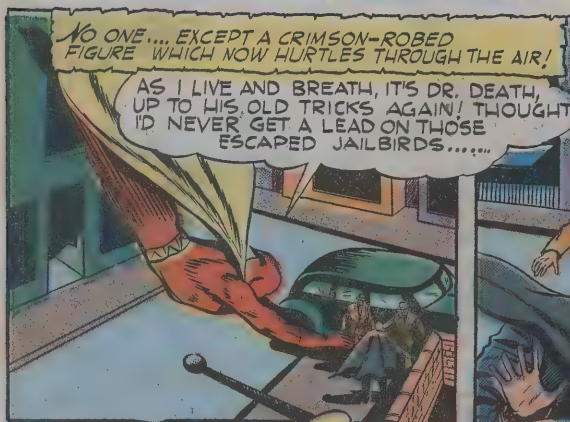
CLANG! CLANG!

SHAKEN BY THE EVENT, AS SIX PRISONERS ESCAPE, WARDEN LOOMIS RESIGNS THE NEXT DAY.

I'M RETIRING. I NEED NOT REMIND ALL OF YOU THAT THE SIX ESCAPED MEN ARE DANGEROUS!





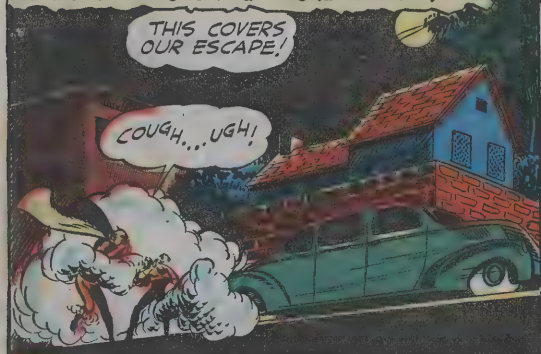


PINKY DARTS OUT OF THIN AIR!



BUT LEAPING IN THE CAR, THE WILY DR. DEATH SENDS OUT A CHOKING SMOKE-SCREEN!

THIS COVERS OUR ESCAPE!



GETTING AWAY!--- COUGH, COUGH.

CAN'T STOP THEM.... WHEEZE!



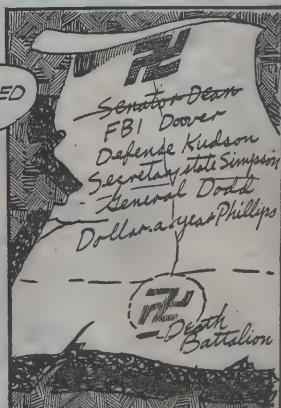
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...

PINKY! THANKS FOR THE HELP, BUT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HOME IN BED.

DR. DEATH IS AFTER BIG GAME WONDER WHO ELSE?....

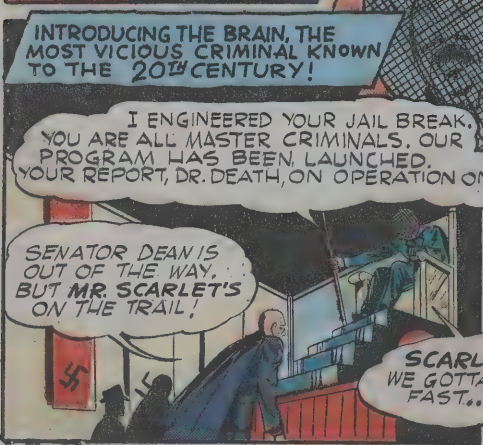
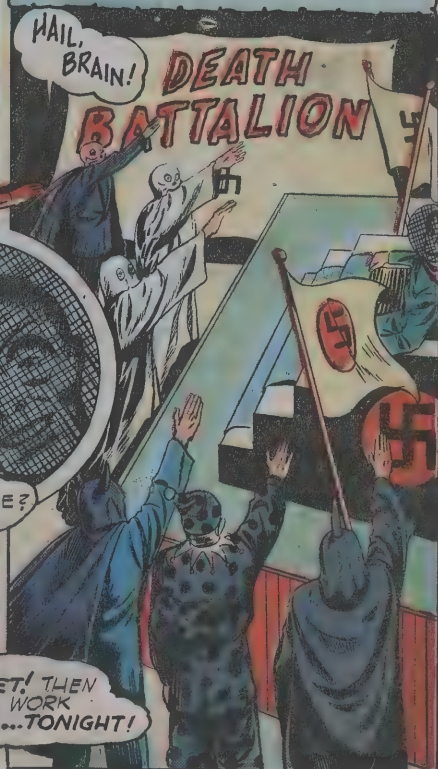
LOOK HE DROPPED THIS NOTE!

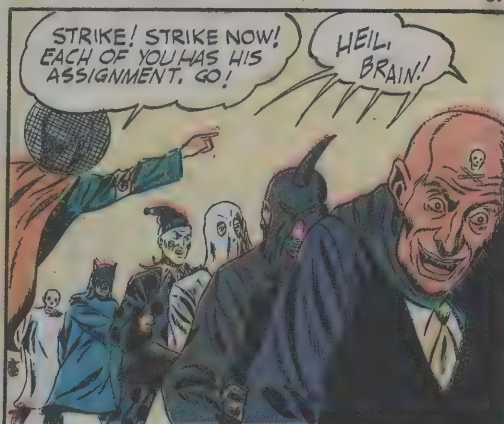
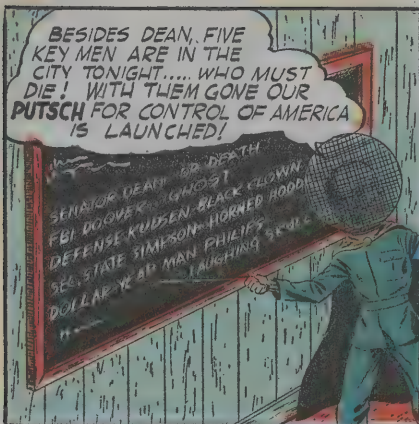
I AM-- SORT OF! I SLIPPED A DUMMY UNDER THE COVERS! HEH! HEH!





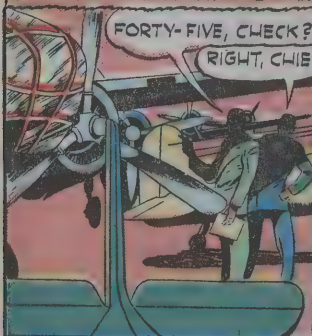
UNKNOWN TO HIM, IN A SECRET HIDE-OUT,  
ALL SIX ARE TOGETHER, UNDER THE  
GUIDANCE OF A SINISTER SEVENTH!





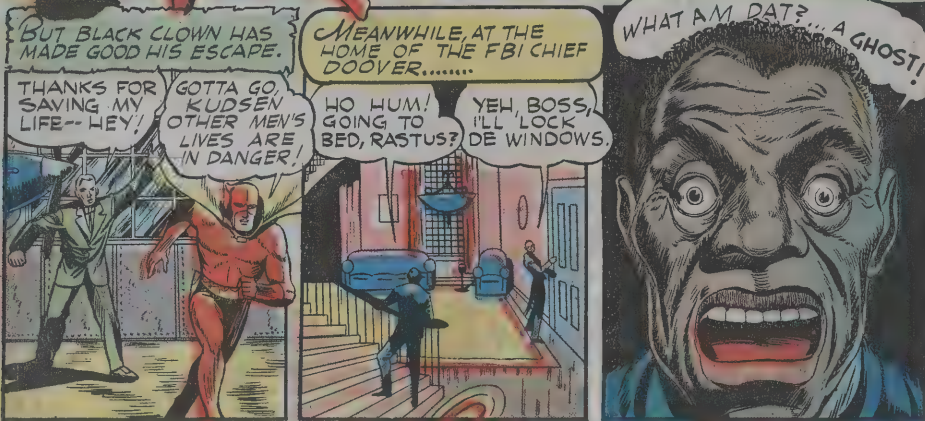
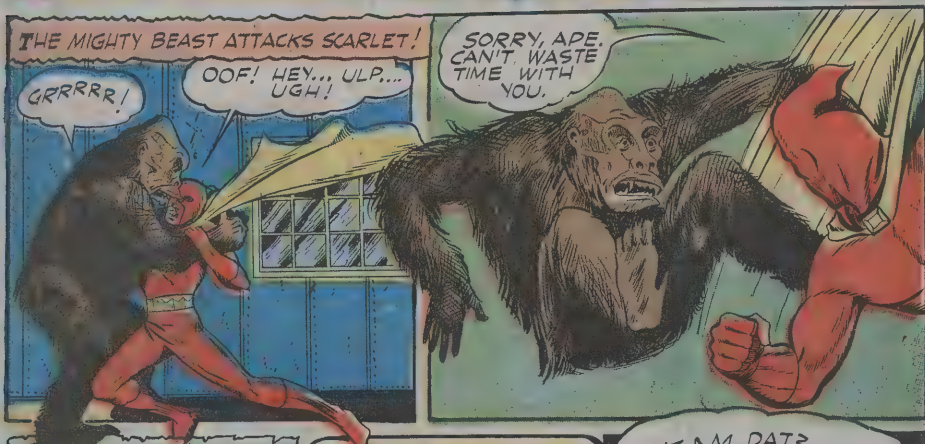
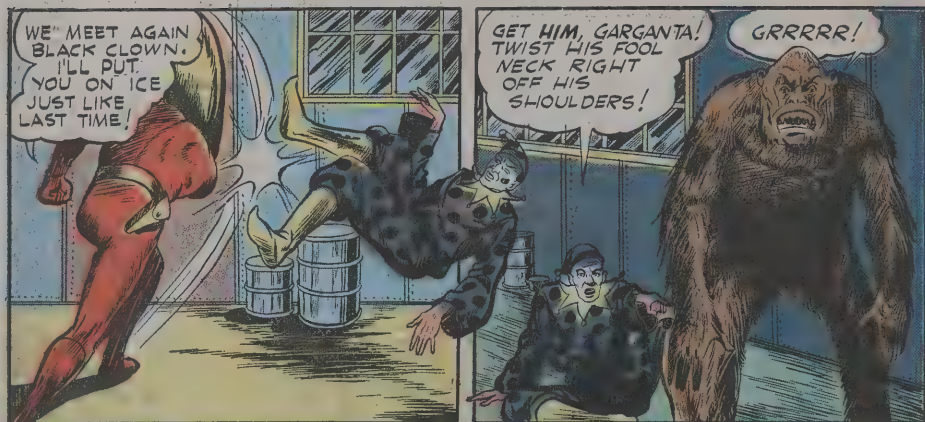
KUDSEN, HEAD OF THE VITAL DEFENSE PROGRAM, CHECKS A NEW SHIPMENT OF PLANES AT THE WAREHOUSE.

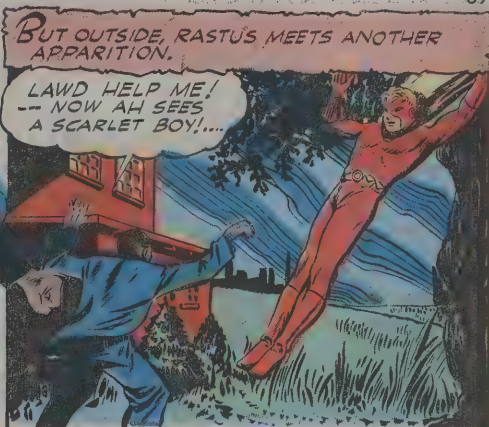
B-BUT WHAT'S THAT MOVING SHADOW?



A GORILLA IS SAILING DOWN FROM ABOVE ABOUT TO CLUTCH THE ASSISTANT FROM THE BACK. NEITHER NOTICES.







WONDER WHY THAT DARKY WAS SO SCARED? I'D BETTER GET TO DOOVER'S BED ROOM AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT.

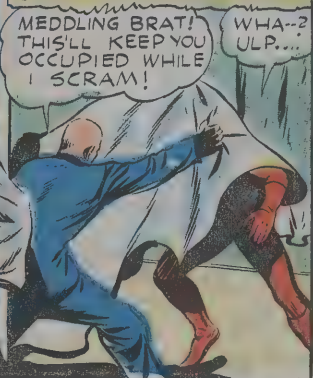
IN THE BEDROOM, AS DOOVER SLEEPS SOUNDLY...



YOU DIE, DÖOVER, RIGHT ON SCHEDULE!



The GHOST USES A TRICK...



--AND BEFORE DOOVER IS ABLE TO FREE PINKY, THE GHOST HAS VANISHED.

S'LONG! I'M ON SCHEDULE TOO!

YOU'RE PINKY, SCARLET'S BOY PARTNER, YOU SAVED ME....



AND PINKY IS OFF ON THE RACE AGAINST THE BLITZ MURDER CAMPAIGN OF THE DEATH BATTALION!

SECRETARY SIMPSON'S NEXT ON THE DEATH LIST! SCARLET SAID HE'D MEET ME HERE!

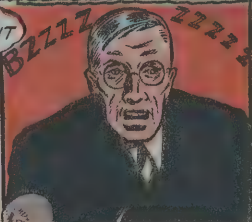
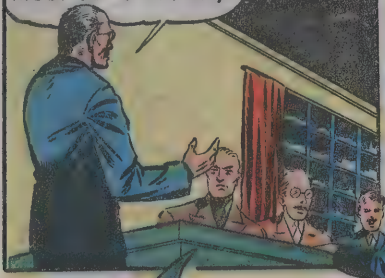


And ELSEWHERE, IN A TENSE ROOM, THE CABINET MAN ADDRESSES A GROUP OF IMPORTANT OFFICIALS....

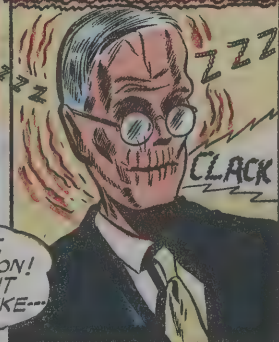
THEY HARDLY HEAR AN OMINOUS BUZZING---

...OF THE GHASTLY MUMMY RAY RIFLE!

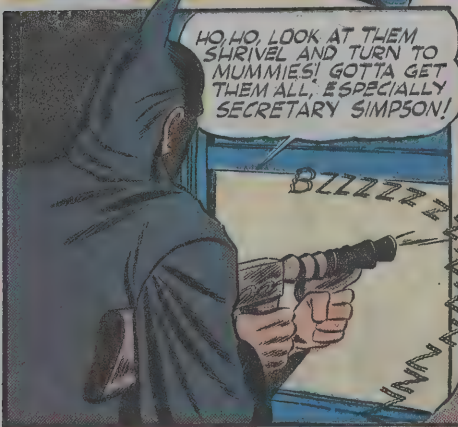
GENTLEMEN, I'M SENT BY THE PRESIDENT HIMSELF! FIFTH COLUMN ACTIVITIES MUST BE STOPPED!



YES, THAT'S RIGHT, SECRETARY SIMPSON! AT ANY MOMENT THEY MAY STRIKE---



HO, HO, LOOK AT THEM SHRIVEL AND TURN TO MUMMIES! GOTTA GET THEM ALL, ESPECIALLY SECRETARY SIMPSON!

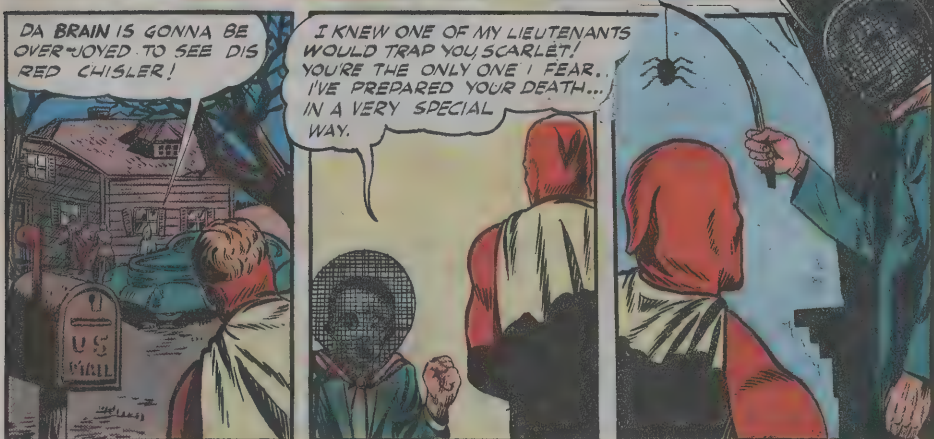


TWO OF THE THORN'S HELPERS GUARD THE DOOR,

WE AIN'T LETTIN' ANYBODY OUT,

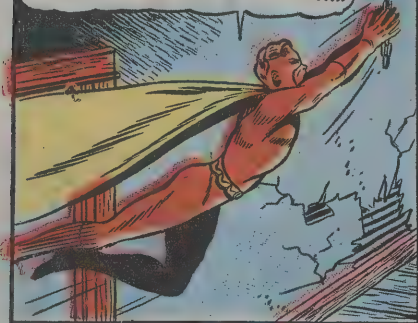
OR IN!





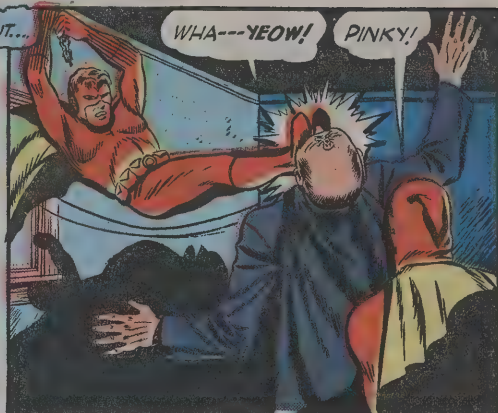
BUT PINKY HAS CREPT WITHIN THE HIDE-OUT...

I'VE GOT ABOUT TWO SPLIT SECONDS TO SAVE SCARLET!...



WHA---YEOW!

PINKY!



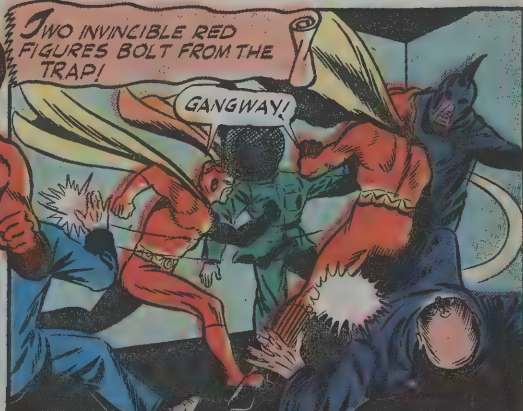
YOU'RE UNTIED, SCARLET!

LET'S GO!



TWO INVINCIBLE RED FIGURES BOLT FROM THE TRAP!

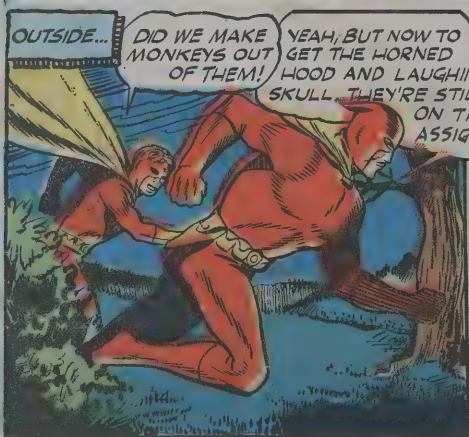
GANGWAY!



OUTSIDE...

DID WE MAKE MONKEYS OUT OF THEM!

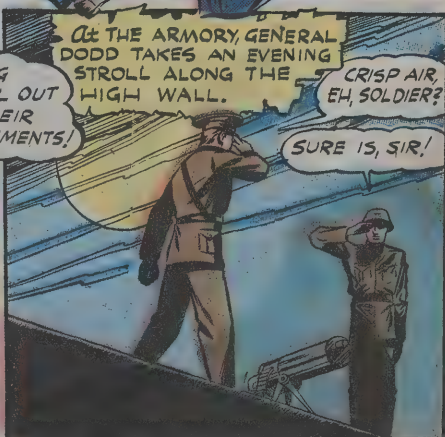
YEAH, BUT NOW TO GET THE HORNED SKULL. THEY'RE STILL OUT ON THEIR ASSIGNMENTS!



At THE ARMORY, GENERAL DODD TAKES AN EVENING STROLL ALONG THE HIGH WALL.

CRISP AIR, EH, SOLDIER?

SURE IS, SIR!



another guard approaches...



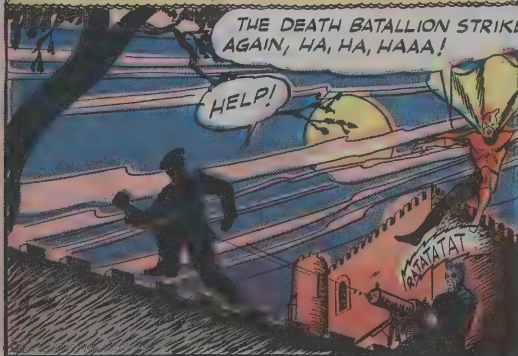
HEY, YOU LOOK ALMOST LIKE THE DEVIL...WITH HORNS!



PERHAPS I AM THE DEVIL.... BUT WITH A BAYONET INSTEAD OF A PITCHFORK!



THE RUTHLESS HORNED HOOD LEAPS BEHIND THE MACHINE-GUN!



THE DEATH BATALLION STRIKES AGAIN, HA, HA, HAAA!

HELP!

SCARLET STRIKES AGAIN!

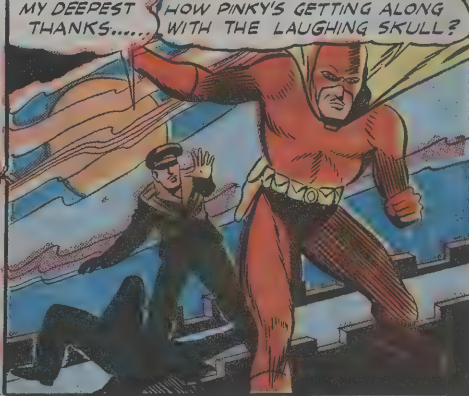


LIKE OLD TIMES AGAIN, EH, HORNED HOOD?



MR. SCARLET! MY DEEPEST THANKS.....

SKIP IT! GOTTA GO. WONDER HOW PINKY'S GETTING ALONG WITH THE LAUGHING SKULL?



AT THE HOME OF DOLLAR-A-YEAR MAN PHILIPS, THE LAUGHING SKULL HAS WORKED FAST.....

WE GOT PHILIPS!

TO POTTER'S FIELD! I USE MY OWN METHODS OF MURDER!

ONE WHO HAS WATCHED LEAPS INTO ACTION!

HEY WHO'S DA RED BRAT?

WE'LL MURDER HIM... UKKKK!

HAVE SOME OF MY METHODS, LAUGHING SKULL!

OWWWW!

BUT--

TAKE THAT, SONNY!

U-P!

A WHILE LATER, A WIERD PROCESSION WINDS INTO THE NEAR-BY CEMETERY!

READ YOUR EPITAPH, PINKY, BEFORE WE BURY YOU ALIVE!

HERE LIES PINKY. HE GOT IN MY WAY..... SIGNED, LAUGHING SKULL

SUDDENLY... ANOTHER ARRIVAL.....

AND HERE'S YOUR TOMBSTONE, LAUGHING SKULL!

NO YOU DON'T, RATS!

IT'S SCARLET! RUN!

AND THAT SAVES THE LAST VICTIM!  
NOW TO RAID THE BRAIN'S LAIR FOR  
THE SHOWDOWN!

BOY OH BOY  
OH BOY!

SCARLET  
STOPPED ME  
FROM GETTING  
KUDSEN!

AND HIS BRAT,  
PINKY INTERFERED  
AT DOOVER'S  
PLACE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE LAIR OF  
THE BRAIN, THE BLACK CLOWN  
AND GHOST REPORT.....

SCARLET! SCARLET!  
THAT'S ALL I HEAR! WHERE  
ARE HORNED HOOD AND  
LAUGHING SKULL?

NOT HERE!  
SCARLET  
MUST'VE  
GOT THEM!

BUT THE TWO MISSING MEMBERS OF THE  
DEATH BATTALION ARRIVE.

THERE YOU  
ARE!

WE GAVE SCARLET THE  
SLIP!

STUPID DOLTS! NOW WE  
HAVE TO LAM FOR A  
NEW HIDE-OUT!

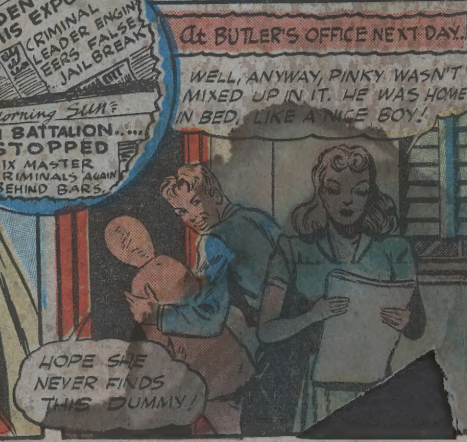
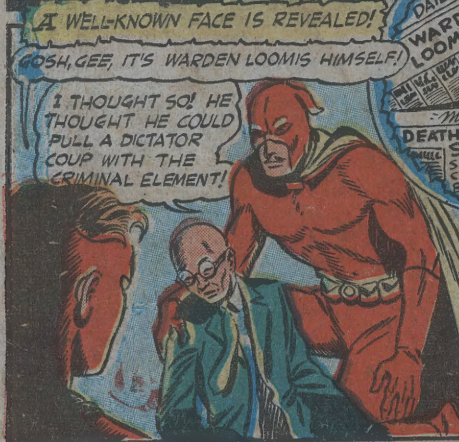
LET'S GO BEFORE  
SCARLET ARRIVES!

GOING SOMEWHERE,  
GENTS?

WE TOOK THE PLACES  
OF LAUGHING SKULL  
AND HORNED HOOD!

THE TWIN RED CRIME-BUSTERS EXPLODE INTO  
ACTION AGAINST THE DEATH BATTALION!

PRETTY  
SOMERSAULT,  
BLACK CLOWN!

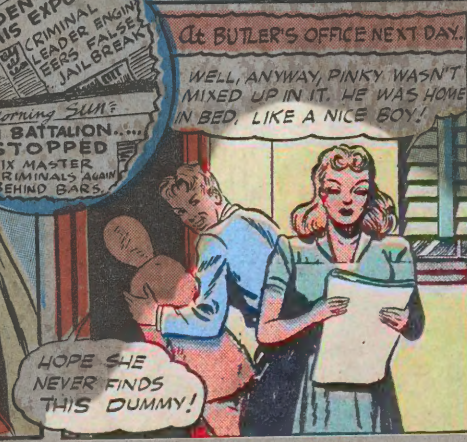
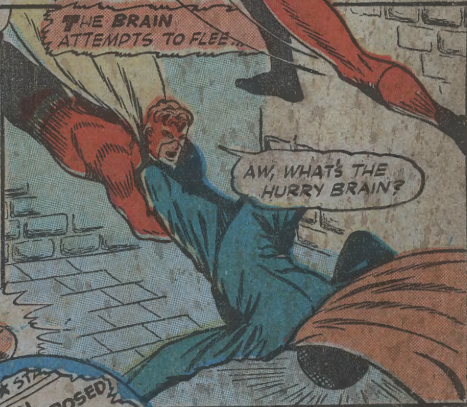


DAILY STAR  
WARDEN EXPOSED!  
LOOMIS CRIMINAL  
LEADER FALSE  
JAILBREAK  
MORNING SUN  
DEATH BATTALION...  
STOPPED  
SIX MASTER  
CRIMINALS AGAIN  
BEHIND BARS.

At BUTLER'S OFFICE NEXT DAY...

WELL, ANYWAY, PINKY WASN'T MIXED UP IN IT. HE WAS HOME IN BED, LIKE A NICE BOY!

HOPE SHE NEVER FINDS THIS DUMMY!



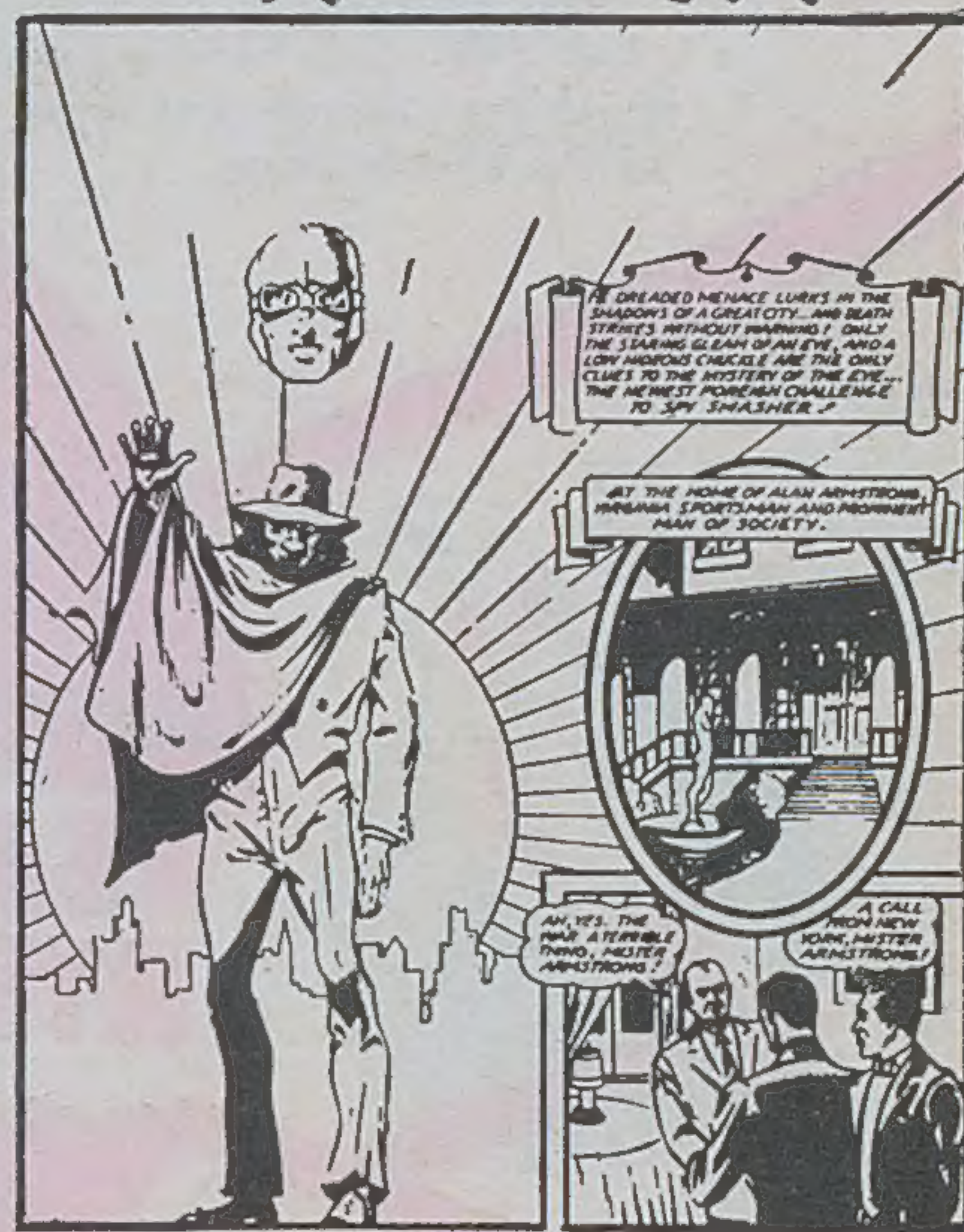
DAILY STAR  
WARDEN LOOMIS EXPOSED!  
CRIMINAL ENGINEER  
LEADER FALSES  
JAILBREAK  
DEATH BATTALION STOPPED  
SIX MASTER CRIMINALS AGAIN  
BEHIND BARS.

# SPY SMASHER

AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE  
SPY FIGHTER IN ANOTHER  
**GREAT HIT!**

No.

2



2. A beautiful woman—BUT DEADLY! And she knows that to gain her ends she must first destroy SPY SMASHER! Never before has SPY SMASHER come so close to death as he does when he tangles with THE TIGRESS!

3. Death strikes in the gloomly shadows, and the only clue is a gloating chuckle! An amazing story of an arch criminal called THE EYE!

4. SPY SMASHER vs. AMERICA SMASHER! When the mailed fist of dictatorship strikes, America must be prepared—and that's when things start popping fast! Once again SPY SMASHER steps in from the shadows to crush America's enemies!

## WATCH

YOUR NEWSSTAND FOR

# SPY SMASHER

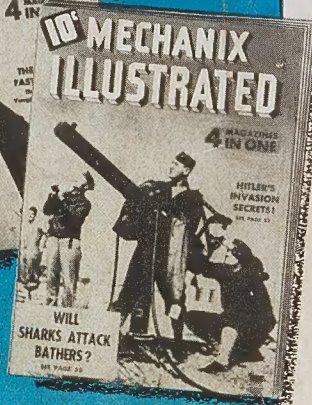
NO. 2

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR  
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND



# A THRILL ON EVERY PAGE

THAT'S WHAT  
MECHANIX  
ILLUSTRATED  
OFFERS EVERY  
LIVE-WIRE BOY



**Y**ES, SIR! You'll find *Mechanix Illustrated* packed with thrills and surprises from cover to cover! Here's a magazine that all live-wire boys go for. It's full of interesting stories and swell pictures about adventure, science, invention and dozens of other exciting subjects. And it's only 10 cents!

*Mechanix Illustrated* tells you how to build things, too. Every issue contains complete plans and simple instructions for building model planes, boats, and all sorts of projects of special interest to boys. Anybody who likes to handle tools will find the pages of *Mechanix Illustrated* full of entertaining and valuable suggestions. Get your copy of *Mechanix Illustrated* today!

## LATEST NEWS ABOUT...

**AIRPLANES:** Pictures of all the latest models, stories by famous pilots, fascinating photographs of the newest Army and Navy planes in action are included in every issue of *Mechanix Illustrated*.

**BOATS:** *Mechanix Illustrated* specializes in boats. Tells you how to build them, how to handle them, and how to take care of them. Whether you live near the water or not, you'll enjoy MI's boat news.

**INVENTION:** Strange and wonderful inventions are being created all the time. *Mechanix Illustrated* tells you about them first, explains how they work, and keeps you in touch with new developments.

**SCIENCE:** Never before in the history of the world has science been as fascinating as it is today. Read all about the marvelous new things that science is doing to make your life more interesting.

**ARMY & NAVY:** *Mechanix Illustrated* reports all important developments in the Army, Navy and Air Force. Shows you pictures of the newest weapons and equipment and explains how they work.

**HOBBIES:** The pages of *Mechanix Illustrated* are crowded with news and ideas about hobbies of all sorts from stamp collecting to boat building. Special articles and pictures for photography fans.