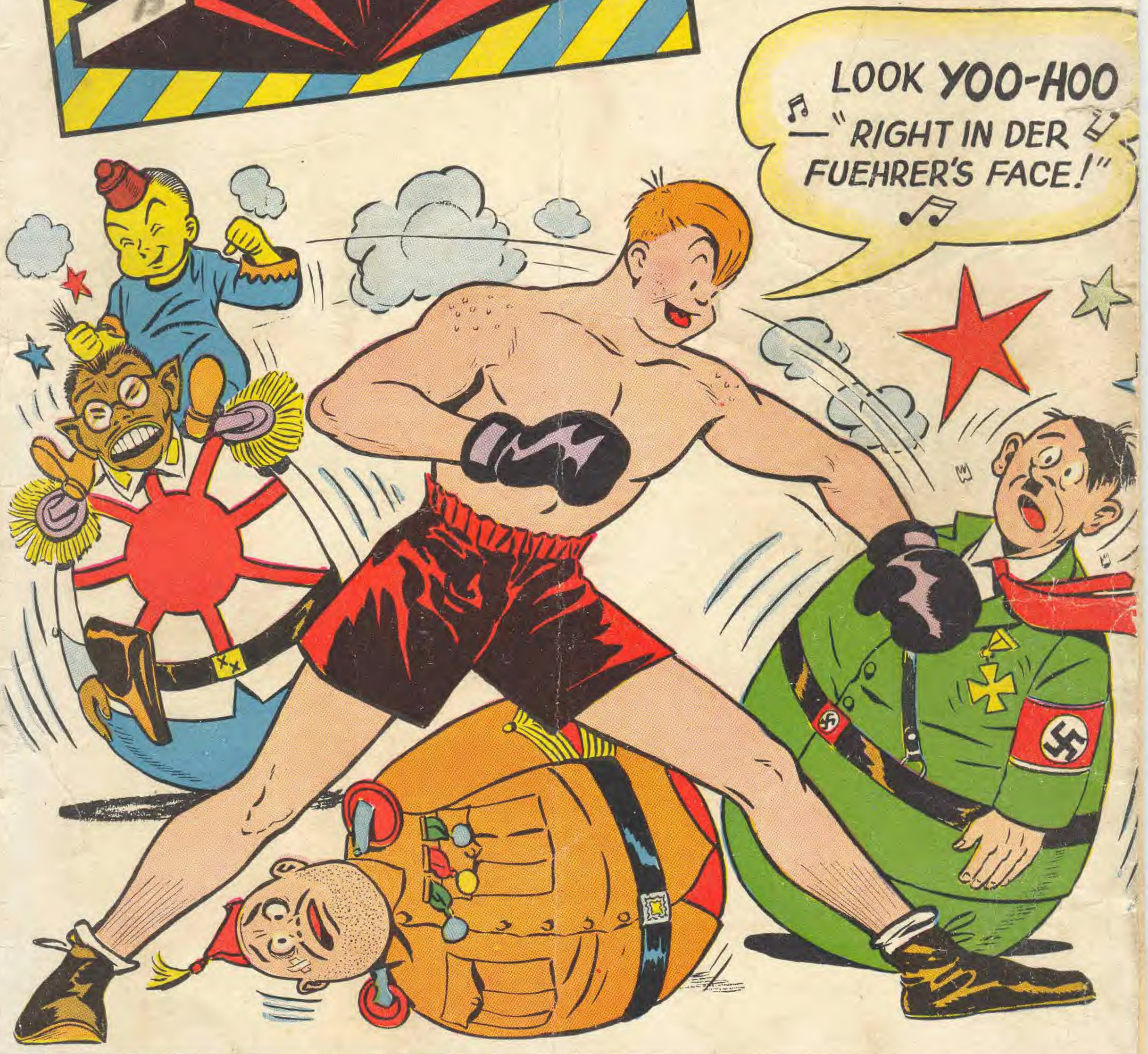
Meet VIC JORDAN: An exciting new adventure about the Underground fight against the Gestapo!

No. 32

BIG HOT

FEBRUARY

10c



Also Joe Palooka, Skyman, Dixie Dugan, Captain Yank, Sparky Watts, Bo and the Face.


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In this picture are several fairyland characters. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters below and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the storybook folks. For example, the letters, "RPTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in the right order, spell "PETER PAN." You will find him in the picture with his pipes, playing a jolly tune.

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOHD
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

Every Junior Salesman *Gets a* Candy Bank

Send me the name of each character in this happy fairyland family and become a member of the Junior Sales Club. I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank FREE.

This bank contains tasty chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you.



When You Solve Puzzle

Write the names of the fairyland folks on a penny postcard or a sheet of paper, then sign your name and address and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the names of these characters and joins my Junior Sales Club, will have an opportunity to get this bank FREE. Send your answer to

Billy Wade, Junior Sales Club 201, Topeka, Kan.

VINCENT SULLIVAN, *Editor*

BIG SHOT COMICS, published monthly by Columbia Comic Corporation, 369 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Chas. V. McAdam, Publisher, F. J. Markey, Business Manager, F. J. Murphy, Treasurer. Entered as Second Class Matter August 23, 1940 at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. A. and its possessions, $1.50. Canada and foreign countries, $2.00. For advertising rates address: William J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

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Vic Jordan





VIC JORDAN

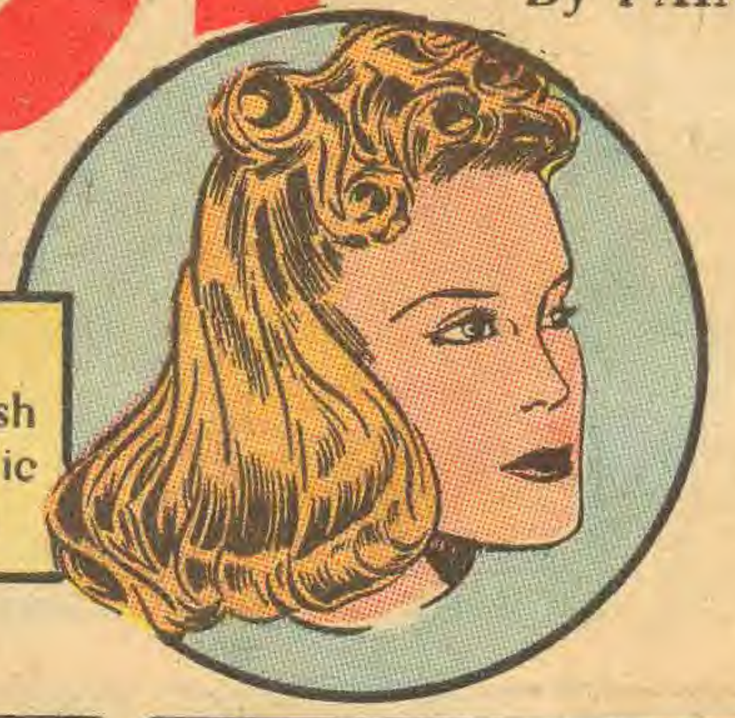
American press agent stranded in Paris – he joins the fight against the Gestapo!

By PAINE and WEXLER



ADRIENNE CHARLET

French star of the International Revue – she mimics Hitler and starts a riot!



SUE BENNETT

Blonde Bombshell of British Intelligence – she helps Vic Jordan escape the Gestapo!



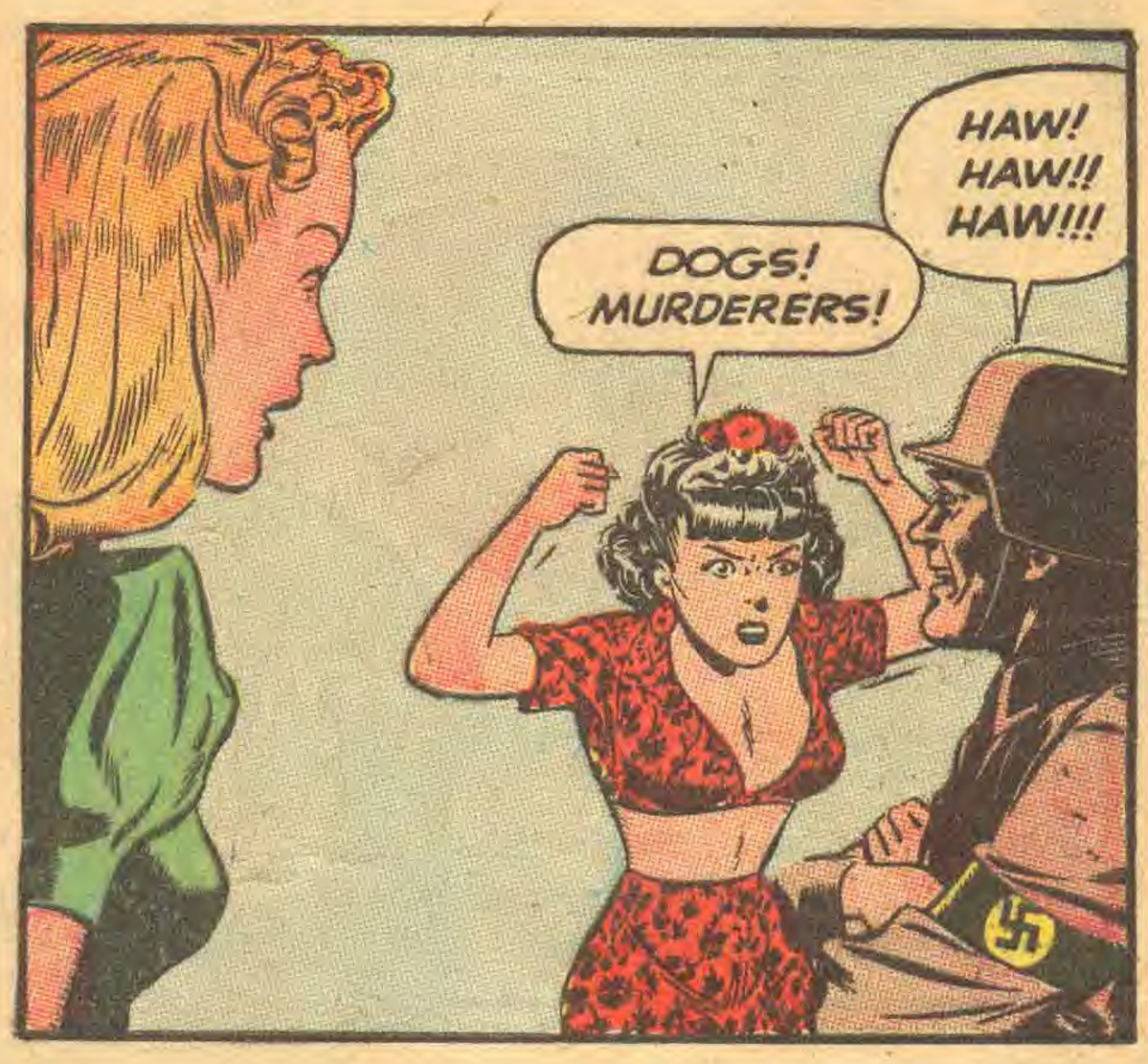


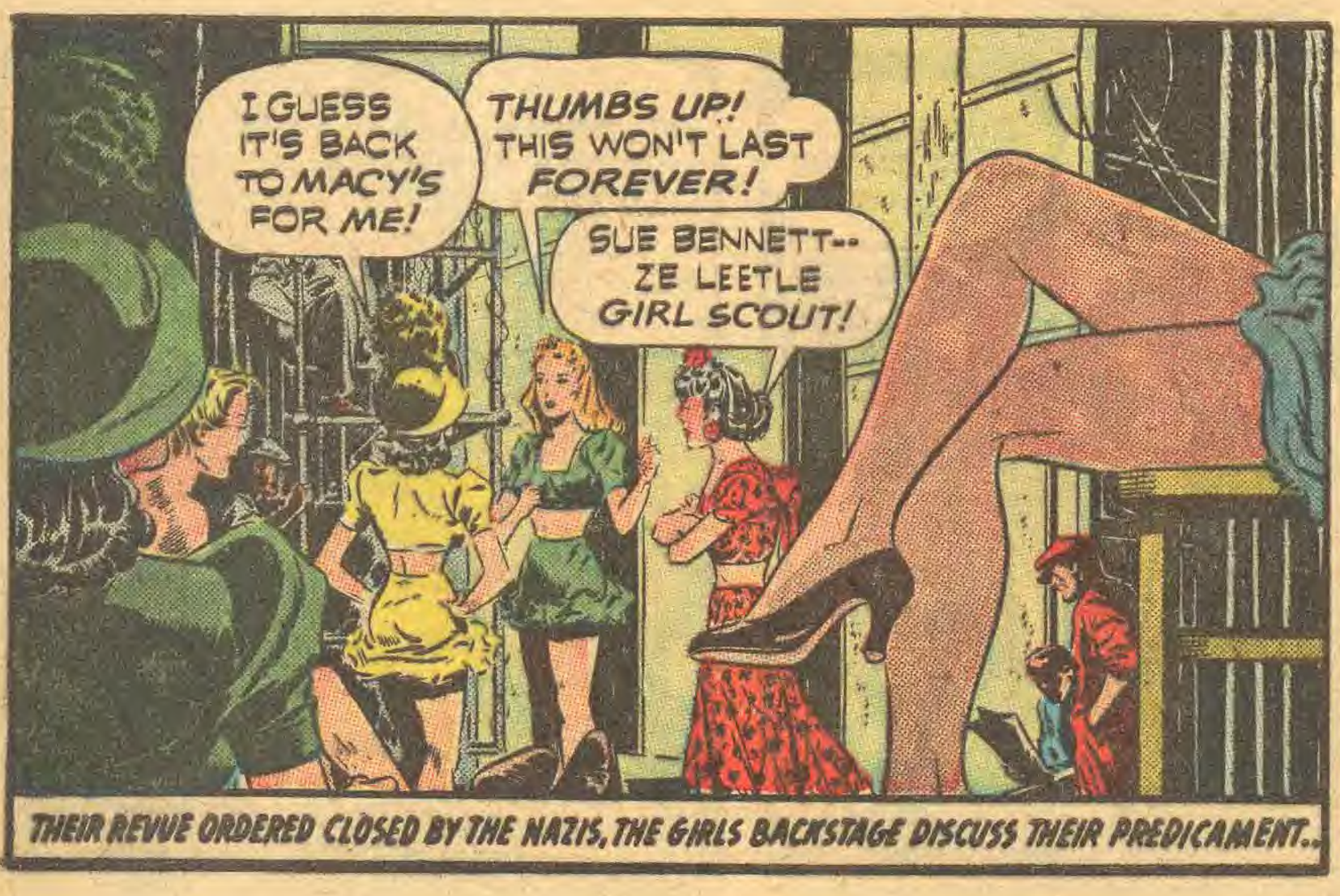












THEIR REVUE ORDERED CLOSED BY THE NAZIS, THE GIRLS BACKSTAGE DISCUSS THEIR PREDICAMENT..



HELLO... ARMY HEADQUARTERS? I WANT TO TALK TO *MAJOR VON SCHROEDER!* VIC JORDAN SPEAKING.

PARIS HEADQUARTERS OF THE NAZI HIGH COMMAND...

MAJOR VON SCHROEDER IS IN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE... ONE MOMENT, HERR JORDAN!

YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO US, MAJOR! THIS IS AN *AMERICAN* SHOW!

WE TAKE OUR ORDERS FROM *BERLIN,* MR. JORDAN... NOT WASHINGTON! *GOOD DAY!*

OH, VIC... MY CAREER IS ONE GREAT *RUIN!*

YOUR CAREER IS JUST BEGINNING, ADRIENNE! YOU'LL BE ON BROADWAY IN A MONTH! I'VE GOT A *TERRIFIC* IDEA! *LISTEN...*

NON... *NON!* THE *GESTAPO* FORBIDS IT!

I'LL TAKE THE RESPONSIBILITY! REMEMBER... THAT GERMAN MARCHING SONG FOR MISS CHARLET'S FIRST NUMBER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE LAST SHOW...

WONDER WHAT VIC AND ADRIENNE ARE UP TO?

UP TO THEIR EARS IN *LOVE!*

THIS SHOULD PUT ADRIENNE ON PAGE ONE FROM NEW YORK TO FRISCO!

COUNTRYMEN! FOR MY FIRST NUMBER I WILL GIVE YOU SOMETHING THAT WAS A FAVORITE IN PARIS UNTIL A FEW DAYS AGO!

FIRST, ZE HAIR-DO--

--AND ZEN, MY LEETLE COMB!

SHOCKED, THE AUDIENCE WATCHES ADRIENNE MIMIC HITLER.

IN THE NAME OF THE *FUEHRER*, I ORDER THAT WOMAN *ARRESTED!*

DOWN WITH THE FUEHRER! VIVE LA FRANCE!

YEOW!

LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ... FOREVER!

VIVE ADRIENNE!

SOLDIERS! CLOSE THE EXITS

YOU FRENCH FOOLS!

ADRIENNE'S TAKE-OFF ON HITLER BRINGS DOWN THE HOUSE!!

BON JOUR!

HELP! OH-H-H...

SILENCE!

BONG!

INSULT THE FUEHRER, EH?

ONE MINUTE, BUD!

VIC STEPS IN BETWEEN THE NAZI AND ADRIENNE!.

BRAVO, VIC!

NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!

ADRIENNE! C'MON, LET'S SCRAM!

SCRAM?

STOP- OR I SHOOT!

? GOOD WORK SUE!

BANG

C'MON SUE!!.. BEFORE THEY PULL A PINCERS MOVEMENT ON US!

COMING!! DON'T MOVE I'VE GOT A NERVOUS DISPOSITION!.

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

STEP ON IT-- ADRIENNE!..

UPSTAIRS- QUICK!

THIS IS LUCK!

HURRY! ZEY ARE COMING AFTER US!..

YOU MEAN LARCENY!.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

I WOULDN'T KNOW- I DIDN'T COUNT ON THAT SOLDIER DOWN THERE!

A SOLDIER!.. I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!.. YOU AND ADRIENNE RUN DOWN THE LADDER!!.

RIGHT

WHAT EES THEE MATTER?

ADRIENNE, IT WON'T BUDGE!. WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP!.

OKAY, GIRLS-- ONE AT A TIME!.

PERFECT!!.

SO FAR!. HURRY UP WITH ADRIENNE--SHE'S GETTING PANICKY!.

I--I CAN'T JUMP, VIC! I'M AFRAID!

ADRIENNE, YOU'RE NOT PLAYING JULIET! WE'RE ON THE LAM!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! FRITZ!.. QUICK! GET THEM!

VIC!.. HELP!!!

FRITZ!. GET THE OTHER TWO!. I'LL HANDLE THIS---

VIC, DON'T WAIT!!-

THEY'VE GOT ADRIENNE!. WHAT'LL WE DO?

YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH A MACHINE GUN!.. GET IN THE CAR!.

TURN LEFT AT THE CORNER!

OKAY, SISTER-THEN WHAT?

THE METRO!

THEY MUST NOT GET AWAY--

AIM AT THE TIRES!
STEADY!

NICE SHOOTING!
THERE'S THE METRO!--
CRASH!

THERE'S ANOTHER CARLOAD OF THEM... THEY'VE SPOTTED US!

THERE THEY ARE!.. HOLD YOUR FIRE! I'LL GET THEM!

WITH THE NAZIS AT THEIR HEELS, VIC AND SUE DASH FOR A TRAIN!

TOO BAD, NOW HE'S MISSED THE TRAIN!
POW

WE'RE IN TROUBLE-- NAZIS!--GUARDING EVERY STATION-- HOW CAN WE GET OUT?
EET EES SIMPLE! I, HENRI BEAUVAIS WILL SHOW YOU!
BRAVO!

WE FOOL ZE NAZIS!! I STOP ZE TRAIN AND ZE EMERGENCY LADDER WILL TAKE YOU TO FREEDOM!
MERCI, MONSIEUR.

WE'RE IN IN LUCK
IF SCHICKLGRUBER'S BUTLER ISN'T WAITING TO GREET US!

THAT PUBLICITY STUNT WENT OVER WITH A BANG!. A RIOT AT THE THEATRE, ADRIENNE IN THE JUG, THE GESTAPO ON OUR TAILS--AND I'LL BET WE DON'T GET A LINE IN THE NEW YORK PAPERS!.

VIC JORDAN APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT "BIG SHOT COMICS"

JOE PALOOKA

IN HOLLYWOOD, JOE AND KNOBBY ARE NO LONGER FRIENDS BECAUSE OF FALSE ACCUSATIONS MADE BY KNOBBY'S ACTRESS-GIRL-FRIEND, JOY ALLURE.

HULLO BIG BOY HOW'S THE CAM'RA WORKING??

HULLO, MISS ALLURE. SWELL AN' THAT GOES FER YOU.

IS IT TRUE I MEAN THAT A CAM'RA MAN CAN RILLY MAKE OR BREAK A STAR ACKCHULLY?? ??

YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL. JUST GIVE 'EM A BUM ANGLE AN' PUT 'EM ON THE SKIDS.

LATER

OH HULLO, MR. BROWN.

GOOD MORNING, MISS ALLURE.

WHAT'S THIS? AREN'T I GOING TO REHEARSE THIS SCENE WITH JOE?

NO. HE KNOWS THE SCENE. IT'S RATHER AWKWARD--- UH-- YOU REHEARSE IT WITH HIS STAND-IN---MR. PALOOKA WILL PLAY THE **REAL** SCENE LATER WHEN WE SHOOT.

IT ALL SEEMS VERY STRANGE-- I MEAN THAT'S NOT THE REG'LAR WAY----

WOULD **YOU** KNOW WHAT **REGULAR MEANT**, MISS ALLURE?

I BEG **YOUR** PARDON!!

I BEG **YOUR** PARDON.

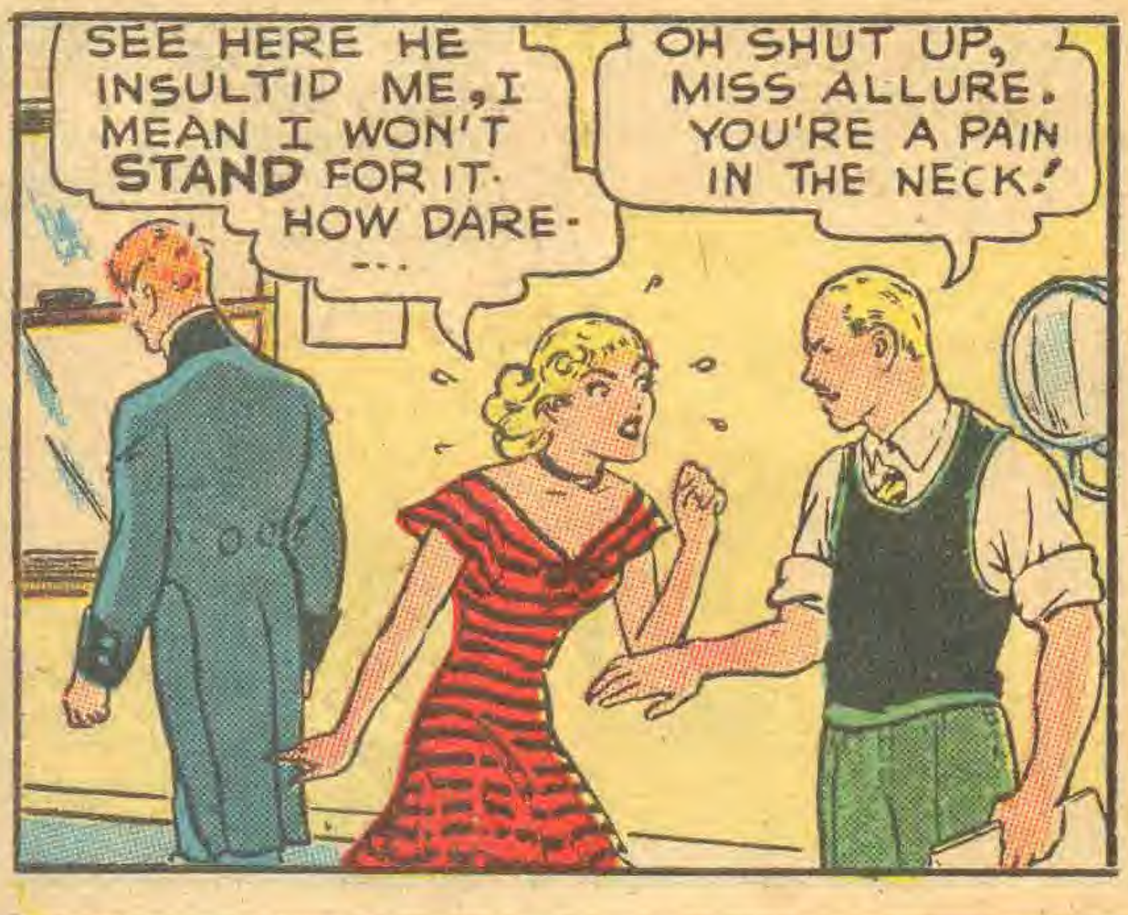
BIG SHOT COMICS



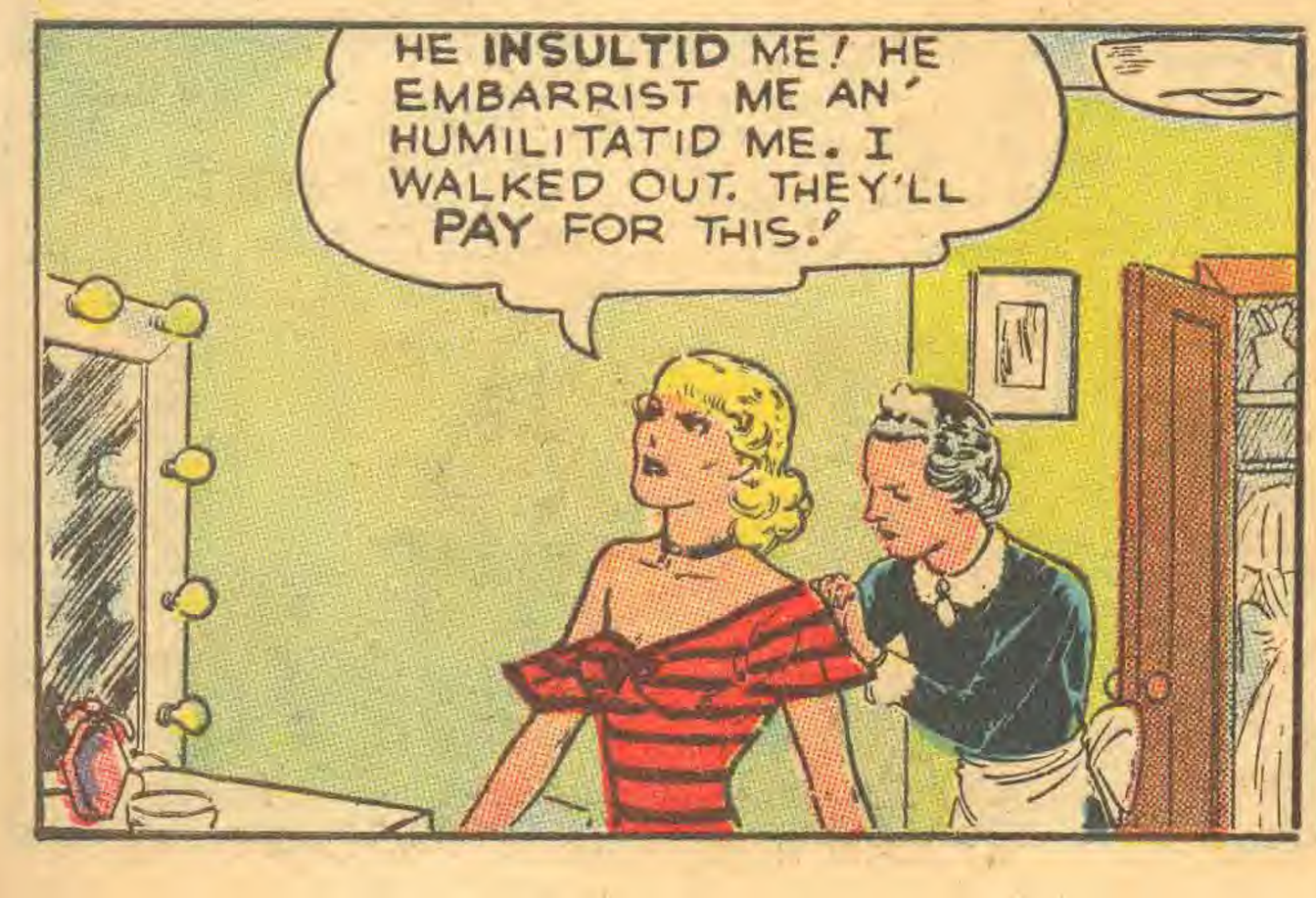


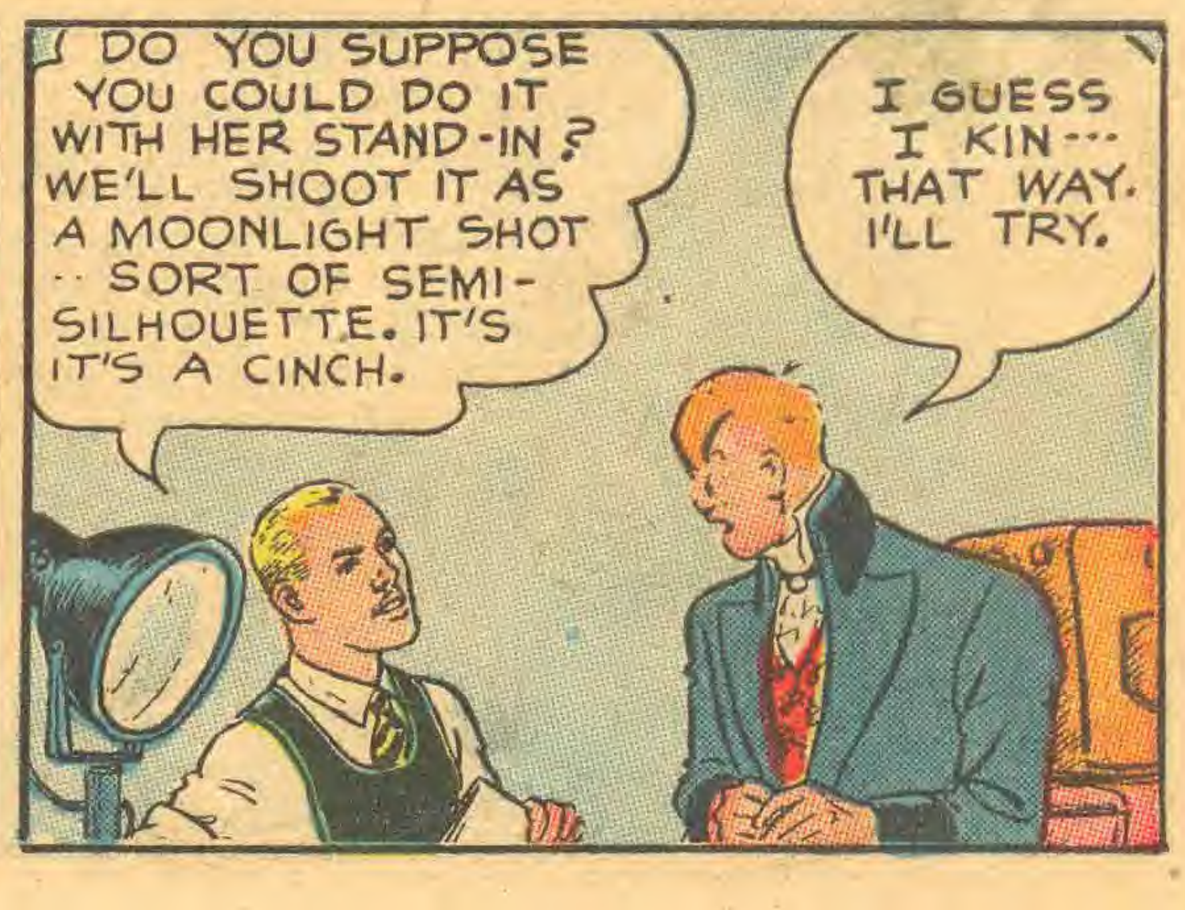












FINE-CUT. NICE WORK MISS GREY.

WELL OLD TIMER THAT WAS SWELL. AND THAT FINISHES A GREAT JOB. IT WAS A GREAT PLEASURE DIRECTING YOU, JOE.

THAN K'YOUSE-- --I NEVER COULDA DONE THAT SCENE WITH J-J--- HER.

---WHY HE'S GONE SCREWY! YA MEAN HE DID THAT JIST FER REVENGE? IT'S ROTTEN OF 'IM --- I -- CAN'T FIGURE 'IM OUT ANY MORE.

DO YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE HIM SWEAT FOR THAT ??

UH --- YEAH SURE -- WE'LL TEACH 'IM ----

WELL I SHOULD THINK SO!

IN THE MEAN TIME

YOU'LL GO WILD OVER THE RUSHES. I JUST LOOKED AT 'EM IN THE PROJECTION ROOM.

I-DON'T THINK I'D CARE T'EZZACKLY SEE 'EM IF YOUSE DON'T MIND MR. BROWN.

OH COME ON, OLD BOY. YOU'D REALLY BE PROUD OF YOUR WORK.

I DON'T EVER EVEN I WANTA SEE TH' PITCHER WHEN IT'S ALL PUT T'GETHER.

AN' I GUESS I'LL QUIT FIGHTIN'. I NEVER LIKED BEIN' IN PUBLIC. I-I'LL JIST KINDA SETTLE DOWN WITH TH' FAM'LY -- WE GOT A *GULP* NICE FARM.

GEE, KID --- THIS THING WILL COME OUT ALL RIGHT -- GO TO MISS HOWE --- MAKE HER UNDERSTAND --- IT WAS A GHASTLY MISTAKE.

I--I'M KINDA SICK INSIDE --- I THO'T SHE B'LIEVED IN ME --- SHE RIFUSED T'TALK T'ME.

GAD --- I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING.

AT THE RAILROAD STATION

JOE PALOOKA! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? BY GOSH THAT'S RIGHT, I READ ABOUT YOU BEIN' OUT HERE AN' MAKIN' A PICTURE.

UH---OH HULLO MR. DWIGBY--NICE T'SEE YOUSE.

SCHEDULE

WE'RE ALL FINISHED. I'M GOIN' HOME.

GEE I AINT SEEN YA SINCE I RAN THE CLUB BACK HOME. HOW'S EV'RYBODY? C'MON SIT DOWN AN' TALK. YOU AINT IN A HURRY ARE YA?

NO I GUESS NOT. I'M JIST KINDA WHAT THEY CALL ON THE LOOSE--- ME AN' KNOBBY'S BUSTID UP.

WHAT? WHY THAT DON'T MAKE SENSE! I WAS JUST GOIN' TO ASK ABOUT 'IM.

I DINT WANTA TALK---- BUT YOUSE AST ME--- -AN' AFTER ALL I'VE KNOWED YOUSE SINCE I'M A KID.

YOU STILL ARE, JOEY--TO ME. SAY THAT'S SURE TOUGH LINES! WISH I COULD HELP YOU. I BEEN HAVIN' PRETTY TOUGH SLEDDIN' MYSELF.

GEE I'M SORRY T'HEAR THAT. KIN I MEBBE---ESCUSE ME---BUT WOULD YOUSE NEED A LIL LOAN? I GOT PLENTY MONEY.

NO THANKS, JOE. I CAN GET ALONG THAT WAY. SWELL OF YOU THO'. SEE I'M PROMOTIN' FIGHTS UP IN SEATTLE--- REMEMBER I HAD THE CLUB BACK HOME?

OH YES. POP TOOK ME T'SEE A COUPLE FIGHTS THERE I DINT CARE FER 'EM-- I RILLY DON'T LIKE FIGHTIN' EXCEPTIN' IN SELF DIFENST.

GEE I WISH I HAD THE NERVE TO ASK YOU SOMETHIN'.

GO AHEAD, MR. DWIGBY.

JOE, YOU AN' YOU ALONE COULD DO ME THE GREATEST FAVOR 'IN THE WORLD.

WHAT DID YOUSE WANTA AST ME MR. DWIGBY?

JOE, MY FIGHT CLUB'S BEEN DOIN' AWFUL BAD. BUT--WELL, I KNOW KNOBBY'D NEVER LET YA --- BECAUSE YOU GET SUCH A LOT OF MONEY--AN' I CAN'T PAY THE PRICE.

KNOBBY SAID HE DINT WANTA HAVE NOTHIN' T'DO WITH ME NO MORE. HE SAID I KIN GIT A NEW MANAGER-- ON'Y I DINT WANT ONE.

---IF YOU'D BOX FOR ME IN SEATTLE--- GEE-- I COULD PACK 'EM IN-- IT WOULD **MAKE MY CLUB**--THEY DON'T PATRONIZE MY OUTFIT---

WOULD IT **RILLY DO IT?** GOSH I'M NOT THAT **INPORTANT.**

YOU-- YOU--JOE PALOOKA NOT **IMPORTANT.** THEN WHO IS??

SEEIN' AS HOW I DON'T EZZACKLY WANTA GO EAST YET --AN' I'D LIKE T'HELP YOUSE--I'LL DO IT ON ONE CONDISHUN.

NAME IT JOEY --I'LL GIVE YOU AS MUCH AS I CAN--I'LL BE GLAD TO LOSE MONEY--GEE WHIZ KID-- **WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME!**

WHAT'S THE CONDITION JOE?

I WON'T TAKE NO MONEY FER MYSELF-- BECUZ I NEVER EXPECTID T'FIGHT AGAIN--**BUT** WHATEVER YOU WAS GOIN' T'PAY ME---

---YOUSE WILL GIVE TO CHARITY. DOES THAT SUIT YOUSE?

I'LL SAY. AN' I'LL GIVE 'EM THE PROFIT TOO. THIS FIGHT'LL **MAKE** MY CLUB. BOY OH BOY---SHAKE.

TO TRA

I'LL GET US TWO TICKETS FOR SEATTLE RIGHT AWAY.

YOUSE BETTER MAKE IT THREE. SMOKEY'S GOIN' WITH US.

HULLO SMOKEY---- COME OVER TO THE STATION. WE'RE GOIN' T'SEATTLE.

ANYWHEAH YO GOES AH GOES.'

I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO A LAWYER!

W-WHAT? I MEAN WHAT WOULD A SWEET KID BE WANTIN' WITH A MOUTH-PIECE?

I'M GOING TO MAKE THEM SORRY THEY DID WHAT THEY DID. I'M GOING TO SUE THEM FOR **DEFLAMATION** OF CHARACTER OR LIKE THAT!

NOW LOOK, HONEY. I DON'T THINK FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLE ME THAT YA OUGHTA DO THAT.

OH SO YOU'RE **ON THEIR SIDE**-- WELL I MEAN IN THAT CASE---

NO GOSH NO HONEY-- I JIST THO'T IT MIGHT BE BETTER T'SORTA MEDIATATE-- GIT T'GETHER YA KNOW---

I WILL NOT DEF-IN-ATELY! THEY CAN'T TREAT A STAR THAT WAY. **DO YOU SEE ?**

YES HONEY.

BUT MISS ALLURE IF YOU WALKED OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A PICTURE-- ----

I DIDN'T DO ANY **SUCH THING.** IT WAS NEARLY **FINISHED** AND I **CERT'NLY** HAD **GOOD REASON.**

J. WEEK ATTORN

IT DOESN'T MATTER **WHEN** YOU WALKED OUT-- THE **THING IS** THAT **YOU WALKED OUT.**

SO WHAT? I MEAN AFTER ALL!

?

YOU ABROGATED YOUR OWN CONTRACT MISS ALLURE.

JUST WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

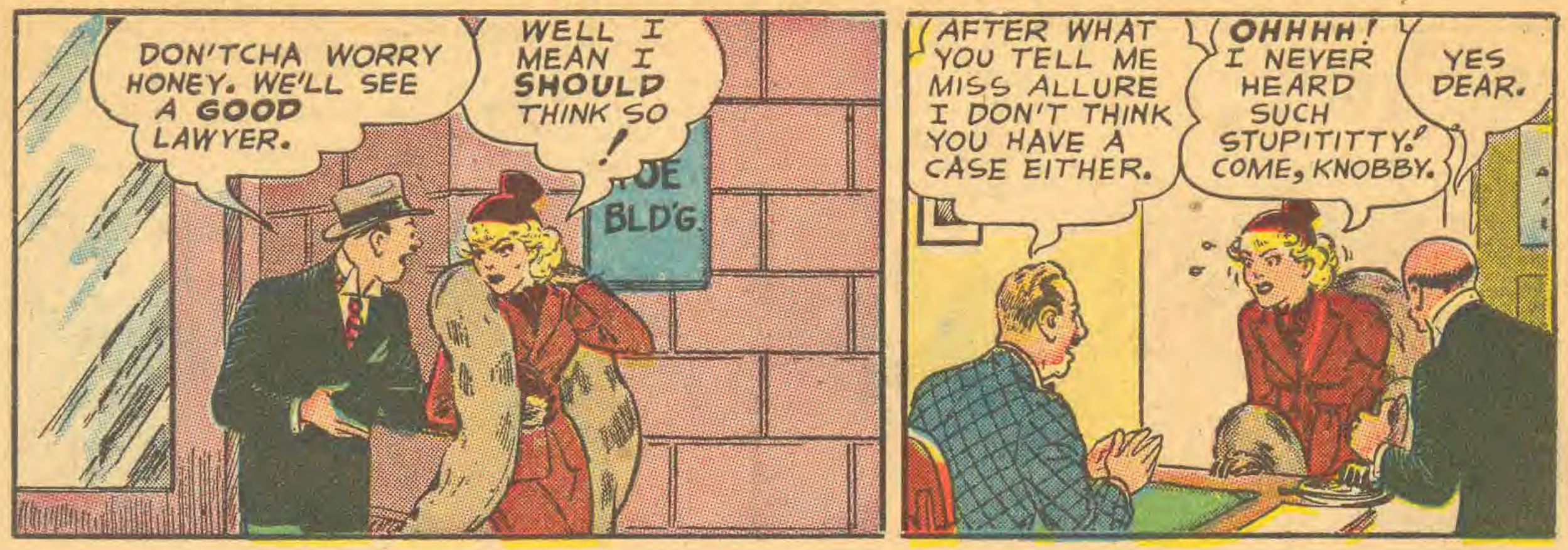
HE'S RIGHT HONEY.

I MEAN YOU GAVE THEM A PERFECT **OUT!** I'M AFRAID YOU HAVE NO CASE.

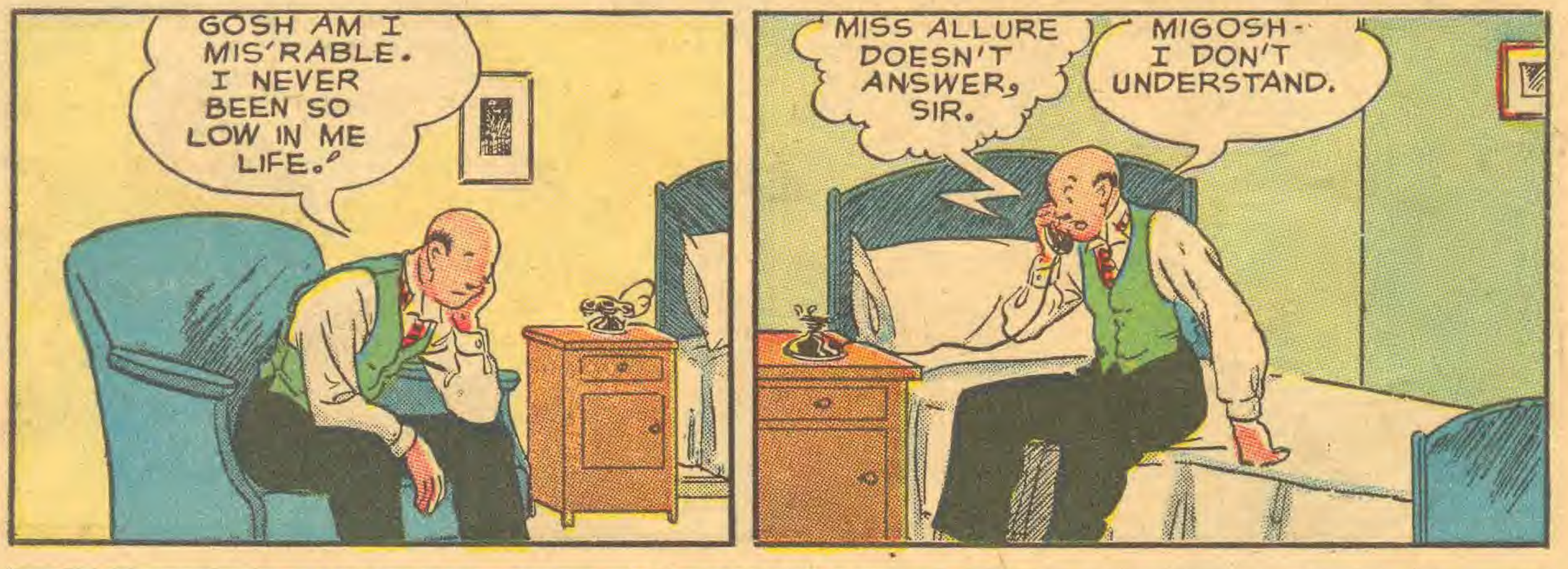
OH **IZZAT SO!** WELL THERE'S **OTHER LAWYERS.COME** KNOBBY.

YES HONEY!

BIG SHOT COMICS









DINKY DINKERTON

SECRET AGENT 6 1/8

AND SNIFFY

by ART HUHTA

?

PRETTY SEED

SEED

WHAT GOES ON HERE?

I AM GOIN' TO PLANT A WAR GARDEN!

EVERYBODY'S PLANTIN' WAR GARDENS! AMERICANS ARE DROPPING SILVER SPOONS AN' GRABBING SHOVELS!

GOOD IDEA! WE CAN'T ALL CARRY A GUN!

LATER.

BANG! BANG!

WONDER HOW SNIFFY'S COMIN' ALONG WITH HIS GARDEN-?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

WHAT TH'-?

WAR GARDEN IS RIGHT!!

BANG

BANG!

SEED

The SKYMAN

by PAUL DEAN

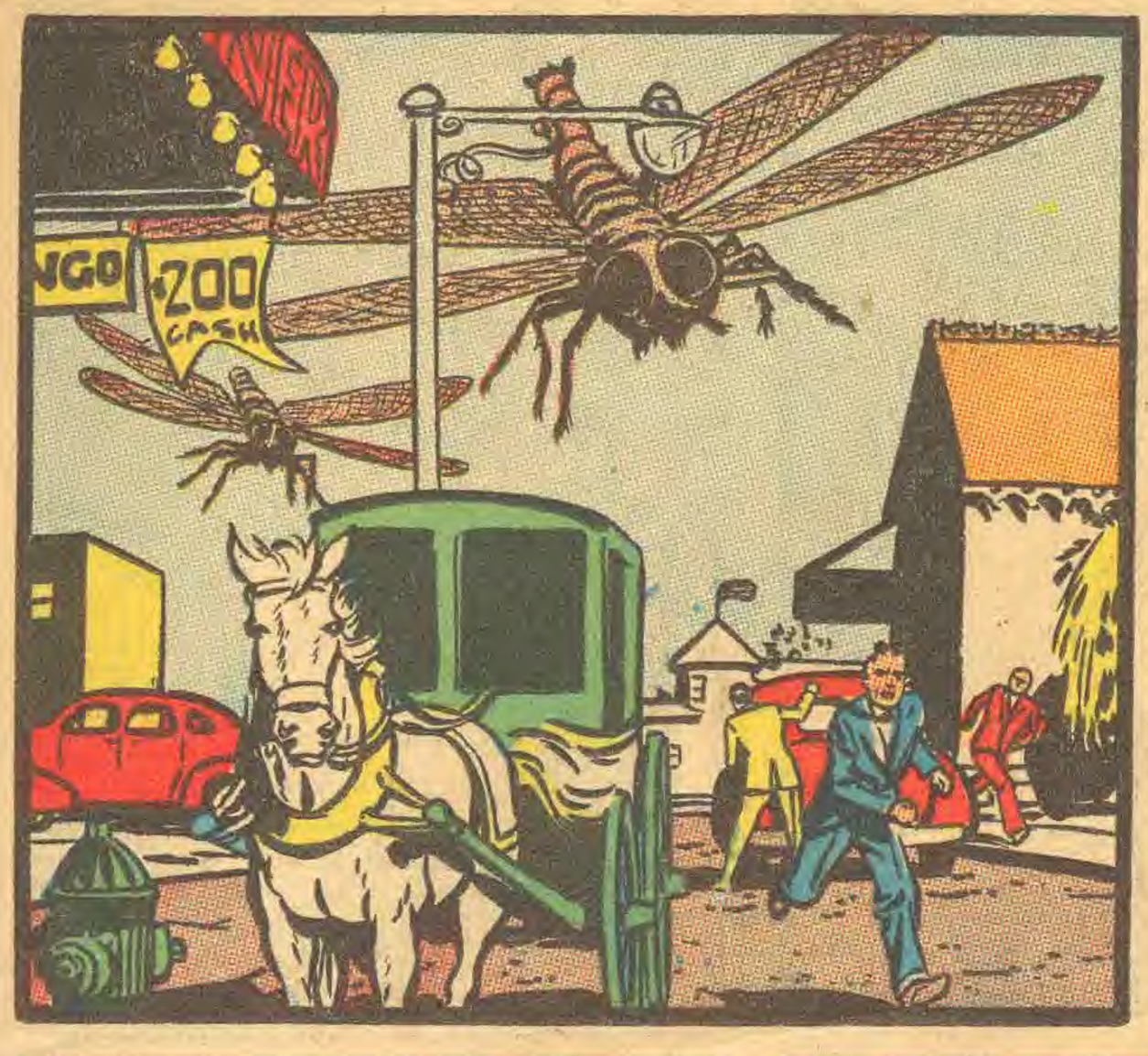
AN EVIL GENIUS, SPAWNED IN BERLIN LOOSES A HORRID PLAGUE ON AN IMPORTANT WAR INDUSTRY CENTER IN CONNECTICUT, AND AMERICA'S NATIONAL HERO, THE SKYMAN, RACING TO SAVE THE CITY, WAGES A NIGHTMARE BATTLE IN THE AIR!

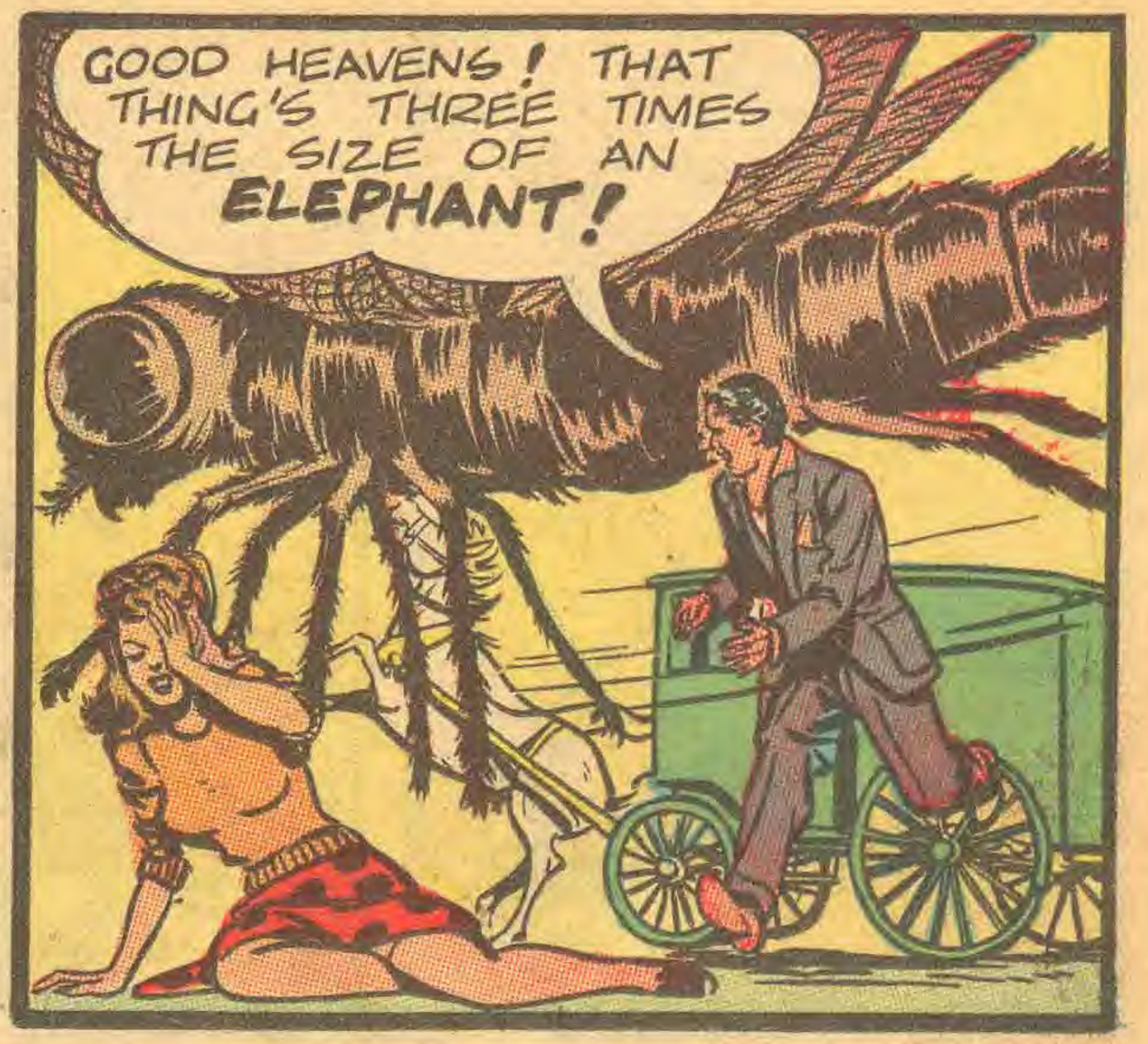
THE SIRENS! IT'S AN **AIR RAID!**

THEN DON'T RUN!

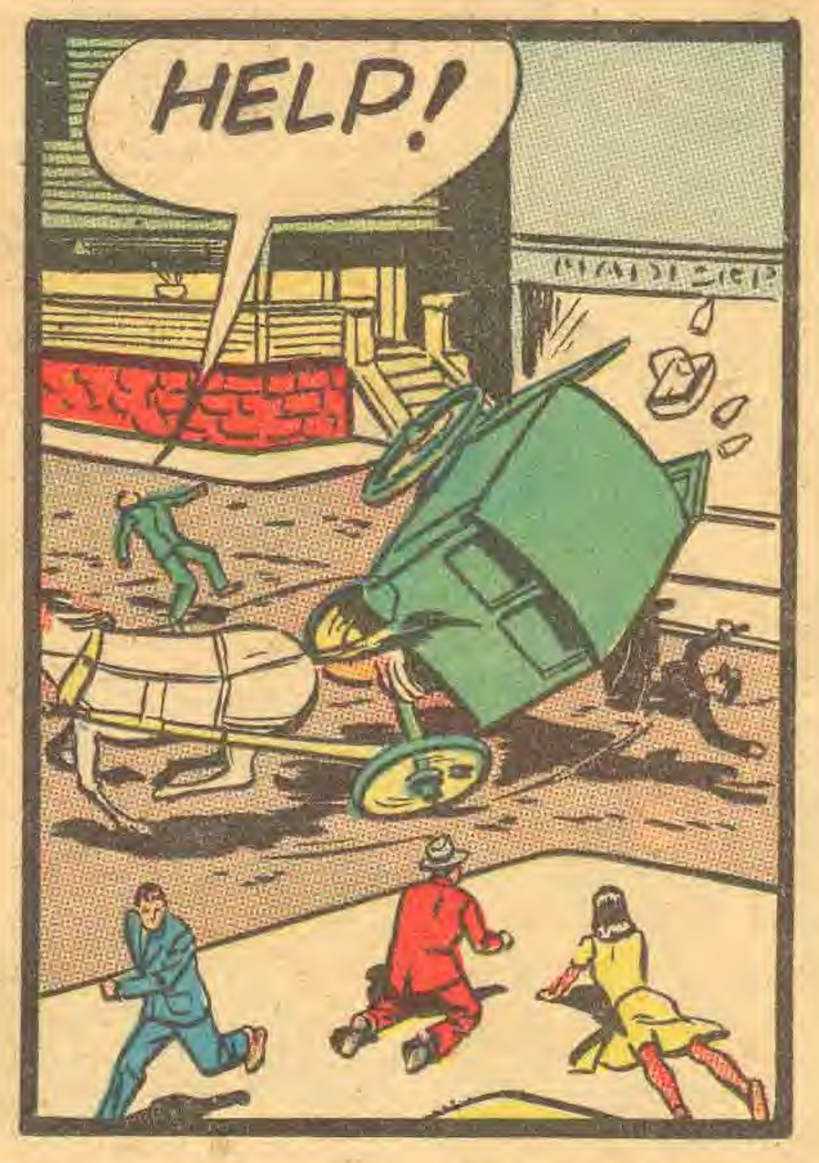
5 AND 10¢ STORE

THEY'RE NOT PLANES! THEY'RE -- **GIANT DRAGON-FLIES!**

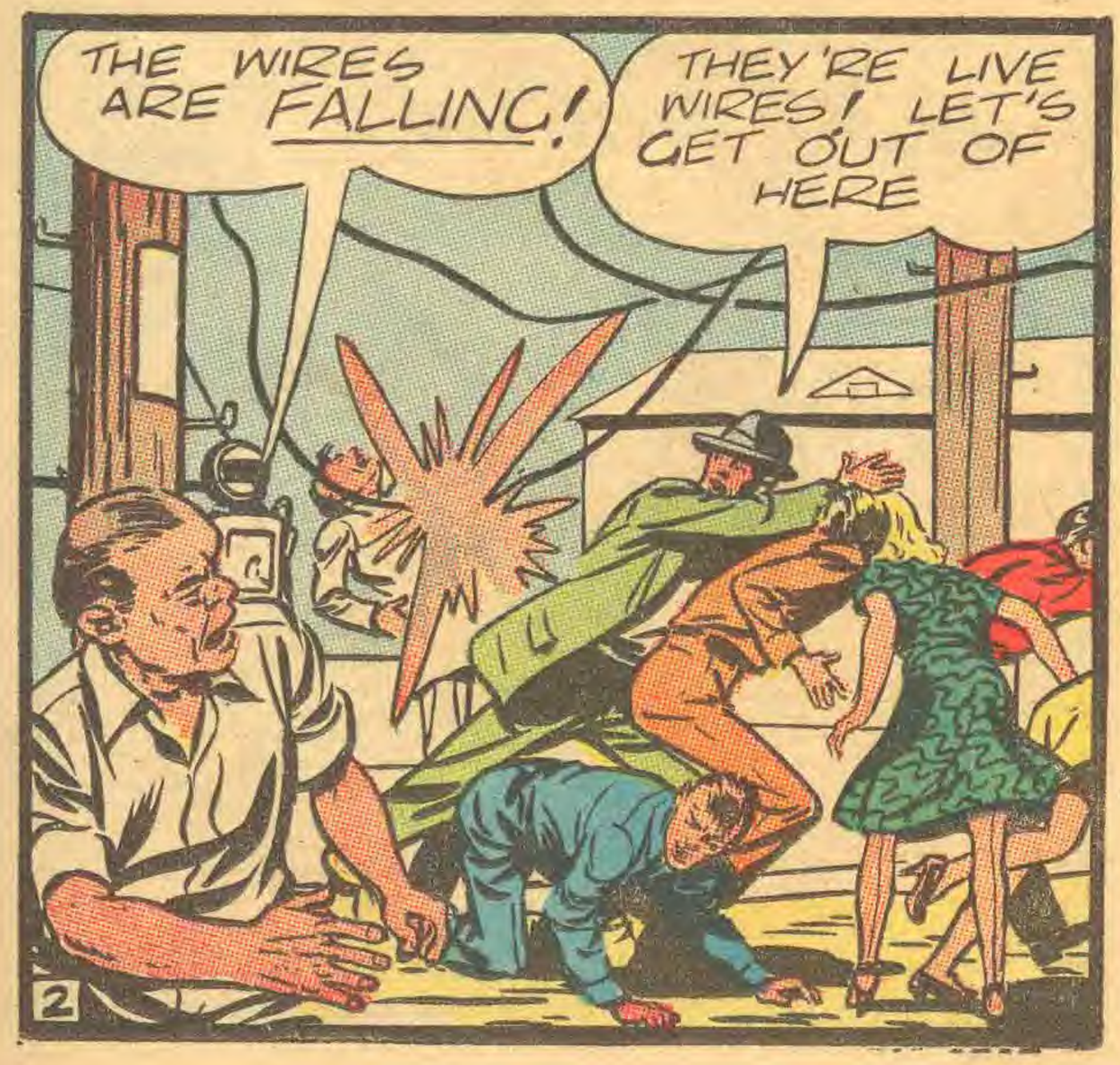

$200
CASH


GOOD HEAVENS! THAT THING'S THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF AN ELEPHANT!


LOOK OUT! IT'S A RUNAWAY!


HELP!


IT'S HIT THE HIGH-TENSION WIRES!


THE WIRES ARE FALLING!
THEY'RE LIVE WIRES! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
2


LOOK! IT'S THE SKYMAN!
AND THAT DRAGON-FLY'S ATTACKING HIM!

WHOA!

I SUPPOSE HE THOUGHT THE "WING" WAS A SMALL INSECT!

LATER . . . .

I HEARD THE RADIO ALARM, MR. MAYOR, AND GOT HERE AS FAST AS POSSIBLE!

YOU KNOW THAT PECULIAR ODOR PEOPLE WERE 'PHONING IN ABOUT THIS MORNING, MR MAYOR? WELL, WE CAUGHT THIS GUY SMASHING A GLASS VIAL IN AN ALLEY -- AND THE LIQUID IN THE VIAL GAVE OFF THAT ODOR!

I FOUND THAT BOTTLE -- AND I WAS JUST THROWING IT AWAY! THERE'S NO HARM IN THAT!

MR. MAYOR! I HAVE A HUNCH. LET ME BORROW THIS FELLOW FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES!

FIVE MINUTES LATER . . . FAWN CARROLL APPROACHES THE CITY..

THERE'S THE "WING" OVER THE CITY HALL -- BUT WHAT'S THAT MAN DOING ON THE CABLE?

IN THE NEXT INSTANT . . . !

HELP! SAVE ME! IT SMELLS THE NECTAR ON ME!

I WANTED TO SCARE HIM INTO TALKING -- BUT I DON'T WANT HIM KILLED!

THE ROBOT CONTROL CAN FLY THE "WING" WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THESE OUTSIZE HORNETS! NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE THEM!

WOW! JUST IN TIME!

OH OH! THERE GOES THE ATOMATIC!

THIS IS VERY BAD!

I SCARED HIM OFF THAT TIME!

GOOD WORK!

I'VE ANGERED THE THING! IT'S COMING AFTER ME!

THE STASIMATIC WON'T WORK ON AN INSECT -- EVEN A BIG INSECT. I NEED ANOTHER ATOMATIC!

HE HAS ME! -- BUT THE PROPELLOR HAS HIM!

TOO LATE!

HELP!

THAT'S THE IDEA! LET'S HOPE -- WHY, IT'S FAWN!

OH SKYMAN! WHAT A DREADFUL EXPERIENCE!

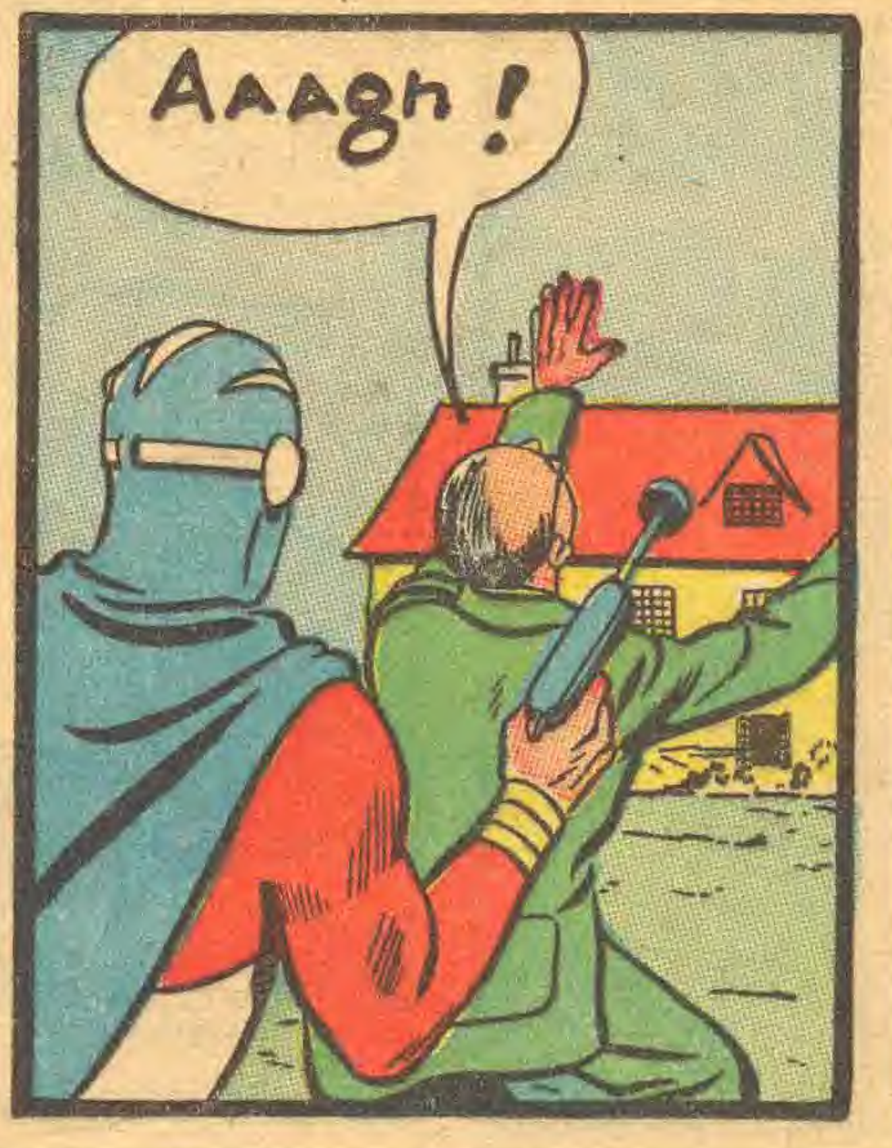
POOR FAWN! AH! HERE'S GUS -- READY TO TALK NOW I'LL BET!

YES, YES! I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!

SO GUS TALKS, AND A SHORT WHILE LATER, FOUR MILES OUTSIDE THE INSECT-PLAGUED CITY...

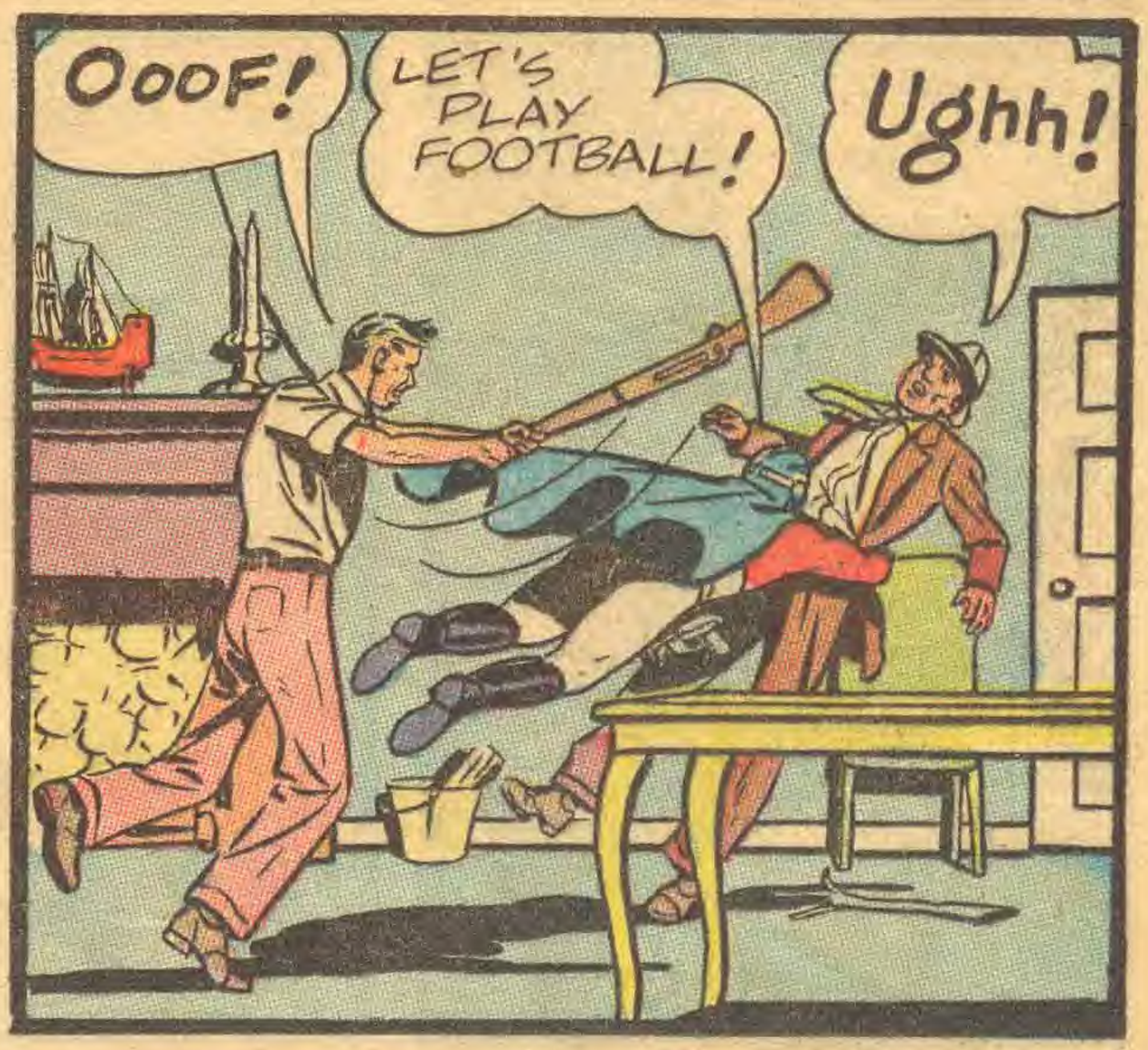
THIS PLACE DOESN'T LOOK VERY SINISTER, FAWN!


YOU MIND THE "WING", FAWN, WHILE WE CALL ON MR. DAGER THE BUG RAISER!

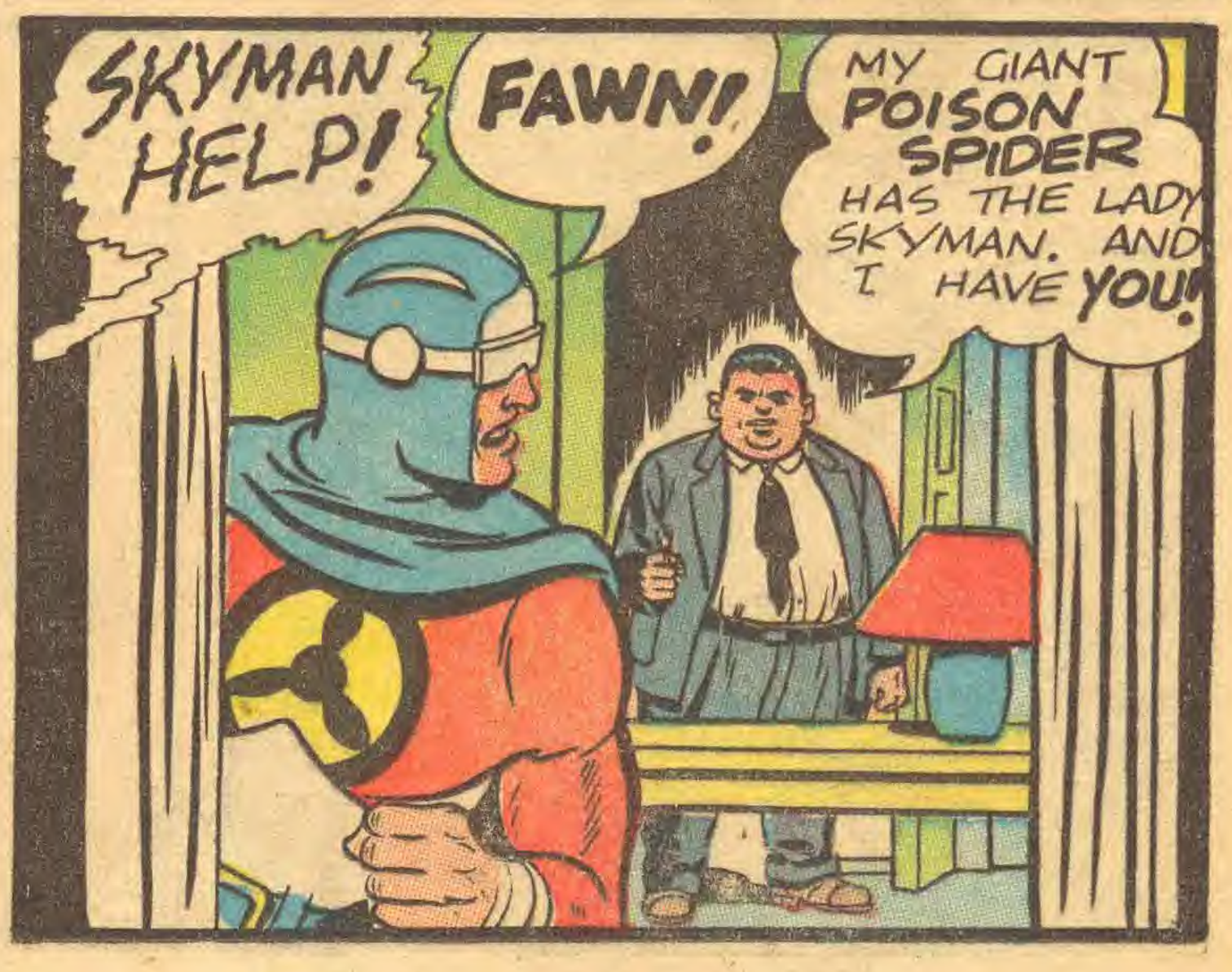

Aaagh!


I SUPPOSE THAT SHOT WAS MEANT FOR ME! SO HERE'S SOME BACK WITH INTEREST!


I SEE THE ATOMATIC RAY HIT YOUR RIFLE BUT MISSED YOU! TOO BAD!


OOOF!
LET'S PLAY FOOTBALL!
Ughh!


NIX! ONE MISS IS ALL YOU'RE ALLOWED!
OWTCH!


SKYMAN HELP!
FAWN!
MY GIANT POISON SPIDER HAS THE LADY SKYMAN. AND I HAVE YOU!

WITH FAWN IN PERIL, I HAVE TO TAKE CHANCES!

ACH! YOU SWINE!

I'LL LEAVE DAGER FOR LATER--OH! SMART GIRL! TAKING THE "WING" UP TO TRY SHAKING THAT UGLY MONSTER OFF!

MAYBE I CAN HELP!

I'LL RELEASE A FEW MAD HORNETS! IF THEY DON'T GO FOR SKYMAN, THEY'LL HARASS THE CITY ANYWAY!

MY GIANT FLIES! I PULLED THE WRONG LEVER!

NO MATTER! NOW I'LL LET THE HORNETS OUT TOO! DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR SKYMAN!

SKYMAN!

THE END OF SKYMAN! AND I'LL CONTINUE IN-JECTING MY VITAMACRON FLUID INTO INSECT EGGS, TO PRODUCE MORE GIANT PESTS TO PLAGUE AMERICA-- CITY AFTER CITY!

Ogden Whitney

WELL! I MUST BE PRETTY SWEET! HEY- "SHOOT THE CABLE TO ME MABLE!"

A FINE TIME SKYMAN PICKS TO BE FUNNY!

THE SPIDER SPIED HER, BUT I SPIED THE SPIDER!

I CAN'T GET ALL THOSE BRUTES THIS WAY -- I'LL HAVE TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF THE PLAGUE!

CHIN UP, DAGER! YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LEAVE YOU, DID YOU?

HE'S BACK AGAIN -- I'M STAYING ON THE FLOOR!

TEN MINUTES LATER...

...I'VE DESTROYED DAGER'S FOUL NEST AND WITH IT HIS PLAN TO PANIC CITIES, WRECK MORALE, AND INTERRUPT WAR PRODUCTION. HE USED AN IN-SECT-ATTRACTING NECTAR TO DRAW HIS MONSTER PESTS WHEREVER HE WANTED -- CLEVER, HEY? INCIDENTALLY, I'M ABOUT TO PARACHUTE MY PRISONERS TO THE ARMY AIR BASE!

DIXIE DUGAN

BY STRIEBEL AND McEVOY

MONEY—MONEY—MONEY—IT'S THE **SAME** SITUATION WITH **EVERYBODY** THESE DAYS — HOW KIN WE INCREASE OUR INCOME

THERE OUGHT T'BE **SOME** WAY T'MAKE A LITTLE MONEY

MAYBE THERE IS, PA ?

I'VE SORTA TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF MAKING CAKES AND COOKIES TO SELL! — WHY DON'T **YOU** TOY WITH A FEW IDEAS AND WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND DECIDE

YEAH—

MA — PA — GUESTS FOR THE WEEK END!

THIS IS MY MOTHER AND FATHER, KIDS! — MA AND PA, THIS IS NEIL KING AND MARION HAYNES!

WELCOME, MY DEARS

HOW DE DO

BY GOLLY! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

SNAP

DIXIE'S GUESTS HAD AN ENJOYABLE WEEK END

IT'S BEEN SO NICE KNOWING YOU

WE'VE HAD A LOVE-LY TIME

IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YOU! — YOU GALS HAVE GIVEN ME SOME SWELL IDEES!

OH — REALLY?

ALL RIGHT — OUT WITH IT! — WHAT IDEAS DID THEY GIVE YOU?!

JES A MINNIT —

— WAIT'LL DIXIE COMES IN! — THIS IS A FAMILY AFFAIR!

DID YOU KNOW THERE'S GOLD IN THESE VERY PORTALS

HIDDEN TREASURE, EH?

NAW — I'M NOT KIDDIN' — C'MON UPSTAIRS

IT'S IN THIS VERY ROOM!

WHERE DO WE LOOK FIRST?

GOSH YER BOTH DUMB! — DONTCHA GET WHAT I MEAN?

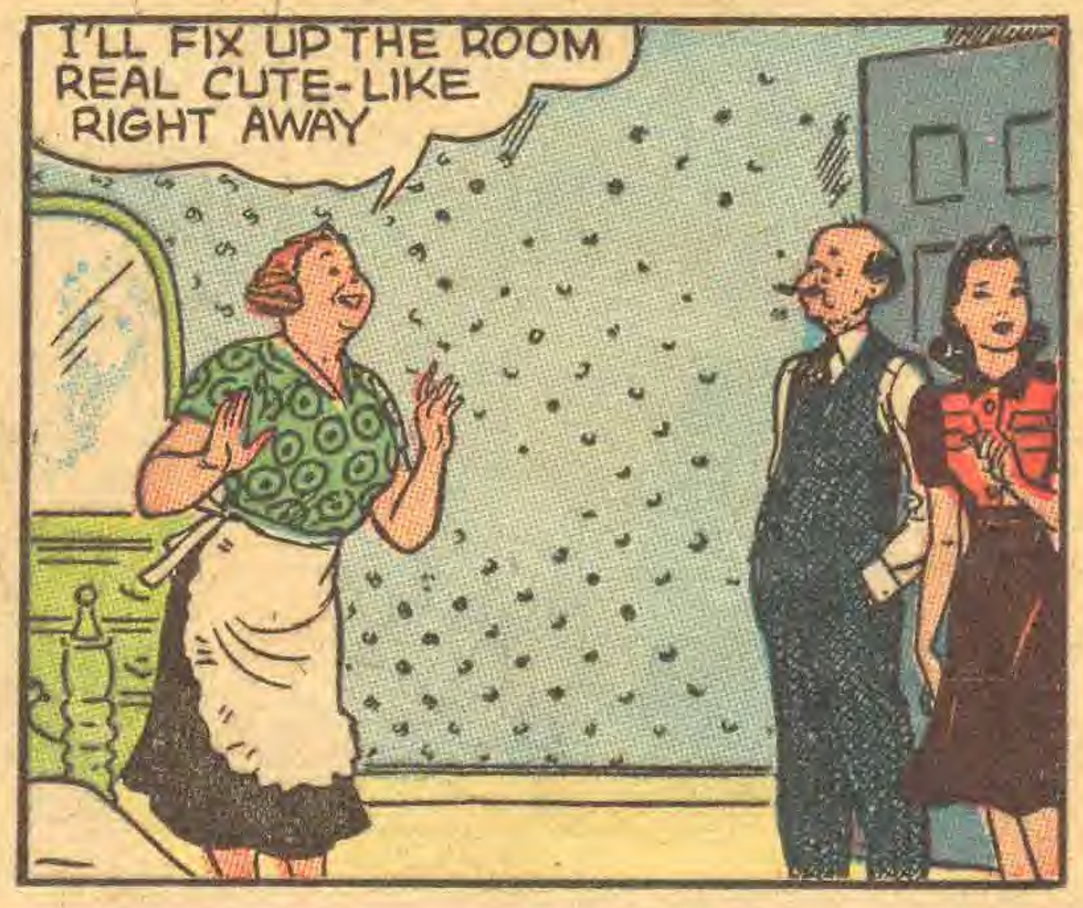

YOU MEAN WE SHOULD RENT THIS ROOM ?
YEAH! WHY NOT? NOBODY'S USIN' IT !

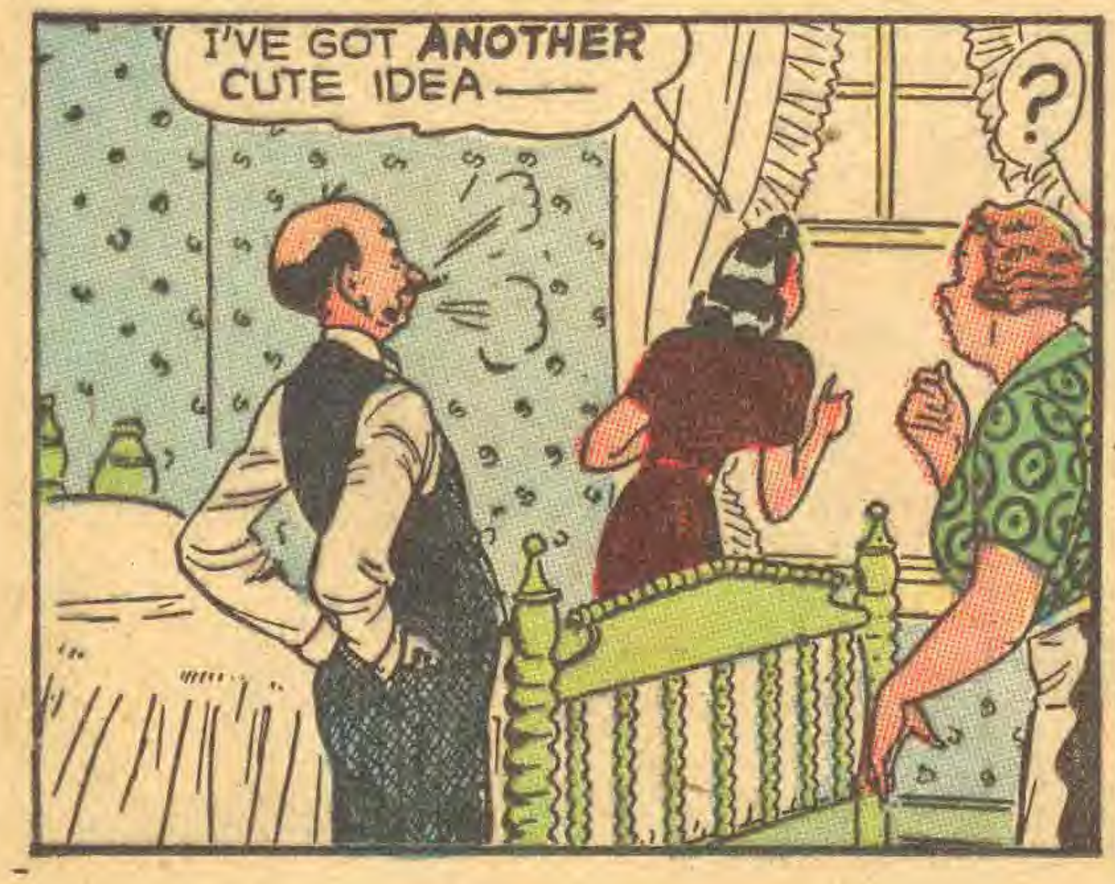

BUT, PA, —WE'RE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN — ALMOST IN THE COUNTRY— NO ROOMER WOULD WANT T'BE SO FAR FROM THE BUSINESS CENTER
THA'S AN ADVANTAGE !


WE'RE RIGHT SMACK ON TH' HIGHWAY — WE'LL CATCH A COUPLE EVERY NIGHT A' FORE THEY GET INTO TOWN TO A HOTEL
?
?


TOURISTS ?!!
YEAH ! SMART IDEE, EH WOT ?


OH, PA — YOU'RE BRILLIANT !
SMACK
MY WISE HUSBAND
SMACK


I'LL FIX UP THE ROOM REAL CUTE-LIKE RIGHT AWAY


I'VE GOT ANOTHER CUTE IDEA —
?


C'MON, PA — I'LL NEED YOUR HELP !
WHOA — TAKE IT EASY !

NOW ISN'T THIS A CUTE IDEA ?

DUGAN'S DELIGHT
GUEST HOME FOR TWO
FREE GARAGE

YES SIREE! — GUESS I'LL PLANT A FEW VINES AROUND IT

WAAL — I'M GOIN' IN AND WASH UP FER SUPPER!

O.K., PA — I'LL BE RIGHT IN

I WONDER IF THIS'LL ATTRACT ANY ATTENTION

YES SIR THAT'S MY BABY NO SIR DON'T MEAN MAYBE

YES SIR THAT'S MY BABY NOW

H'LO

OH — HELLO !

EVIDENTLY WE'RE YOUR FIRST CUSTOMERS

THAT'S RIGHT! — I'VE JUST THIS MOMENT PUT UP THE SIGN

DUGAN'S DELIGHT
GUEST HOME FOR TWO
FREE GARAGE

HOW DE DO !!

WELCOME TO —

YES SIR THAT'S MY BABY

SH-H-H-H —

SH-H-H —

NOW WE BRING YOU —

BIG SHOT COMICS



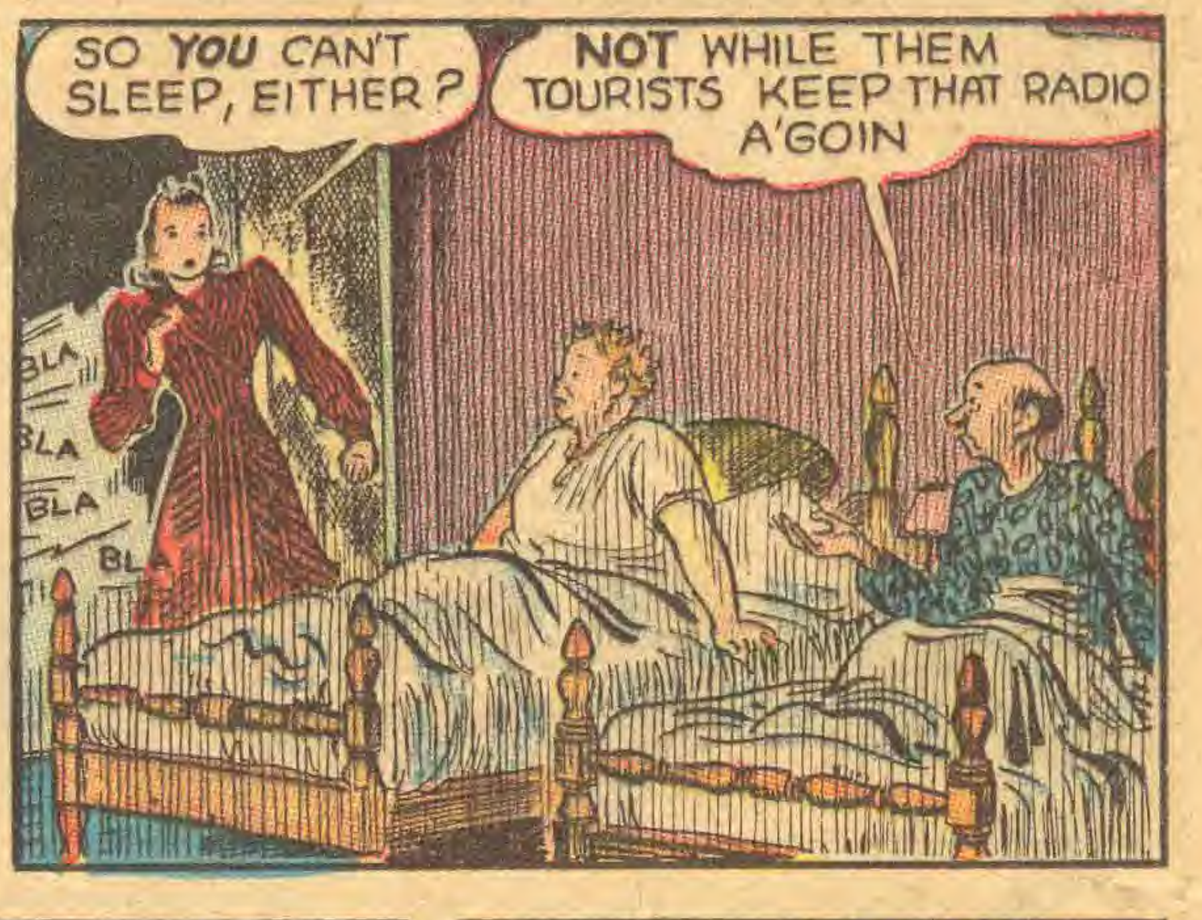


LATE THAT NITE!

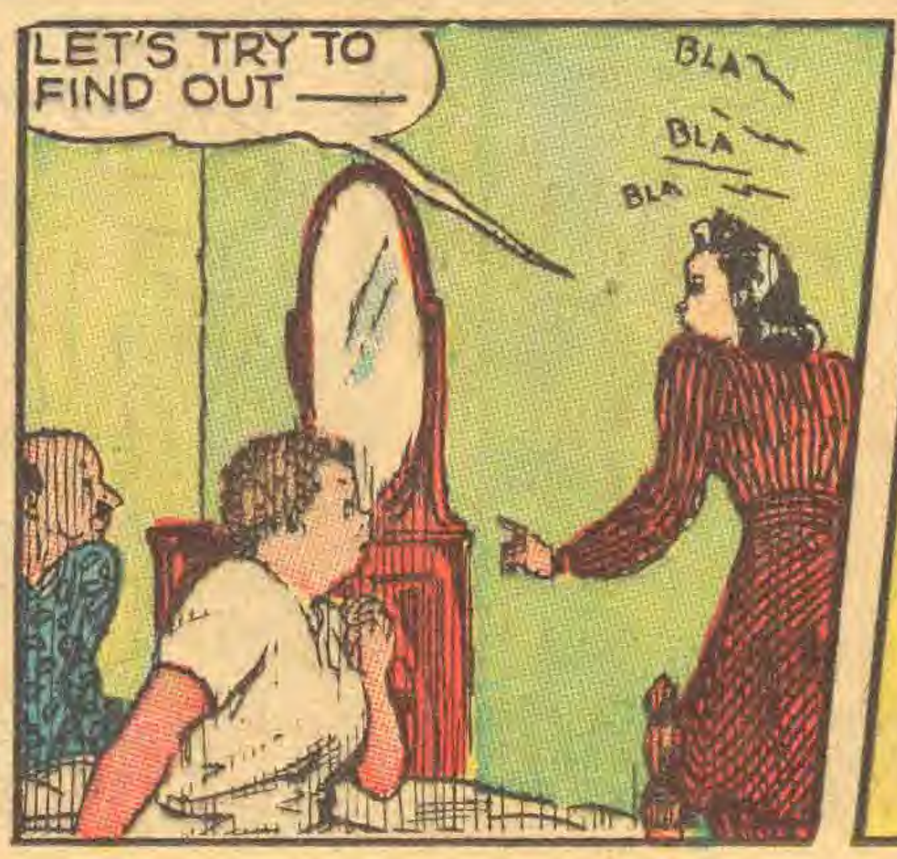














BIG SHOT COMICS

MORNING

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

?!

MA — PA — WAKE UP — IT'S TEN O'CLOCK !!

HUH??

W- WHAT?

LISSEN — I DON'T HEAR THEIR RADIO ANYMORE — DO YOU ?

??

NO

GOODNESS WHAT A HECTIC NIGHT ! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THOSE TOURISTS ARE OUT OF HERE !

OOOOo MY NECK

THEY'RE PROBABLY SLEEPING — NOW THAT THEIR RADIO IS SHUT OFF

I'LL GO DOWN AND GET BREAKFAST STARTED, MA

I'LL LAY TEN TO ONE THEY ARE SPIES, MA ! WISHT I COULDA HEARD WHAT THEY WERE LISTENIN' TO

THEY'RE GONE!

HUH?

WILL DIXIE FIND THE SPIES?

MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

BIG SHOT COMICS

DUTCH TREAT

THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN and a soldier passed through. Stiffly, almost mechanically, he marched across the room and came to attention before the desk of the major. The click of his heels had the sharp crack of a pistol. His right hand shot forward in the accustomed salute of the Nazis.

"Heil, Hitler!" He snapped the words out with fanatic fervor.

"Well, what news have you now?" Major von Reuter inquired sternly after he had returned the salutation.

"Captain Kuhn has been located, sir."

"Missing three days and finally returns." The major was one who could not tolerate any breach of discipline. His mouth became a thin, cruel line beneath his clipped mustache. "Where was he found?"

"Several miles north of the town, sir. His body was seen floating in one of the side canals."

The major's piercing eyes left the face of the expressionless soldier. He gazed fixedly at the flat landscape of Holland outside the window. In the distance the long arms of a windmill turned slowly in a light breeze. "Murdered, no doubt?"

"Strangled by a length of rope — it was still around his neck when we saw him."

"Could have been a suicide—"

"I don't think Captain Kuhn would ever resort to that, sir!" The soldier's defense of his superior officer was hasty and nervous.

"No one asked what you think —you're not supposed to think!" The snarling contempt in the major's voice cut the other to the quick. He flushed, stiffened and held his head erect. Von Reuter nodded toward the door. "Return to your post."

The soldier left, shutting the door behind him. The major turned in his chair and again contemplated the snow-covered Dutch countryside. His brows were knit in serious thought and the deeply etched lines of harshness on the sides of his mouth became more pronounced. Coolly and dispassionately he reflected on the strange happenings of the past month. Five of his officers had met death in unusual and unnatural ways — Kuhn made the list an even half dozen.

The Hollanders were a quiet and stubborn people. Although severe reprisals had been instituted, they still continued their resistance to the yoke of the German dictator. Despite restrictions and death penalties, their passive and often active methods of non-cooperation flourished and spread. Whether or not the unexplained deaths of the German officers were the results of this underground movement, von Reuter could not be sure. In any event, they were having their effects on the other members of the Nazi army. Time and again the keen-eyed major had detected signs of uneasiness, nervousness and fright among his own men. Behind their masks of brazen superiority von Reuter knew them to be taut and apprehensive. They were fearful lest on some dark night, they, too, would taste unexpected death—a single rifle shot, the swift thrust of a dagger, the strangling coil of a rope.

"This thing must be stopped once and for all!" Von Reuter arose and started pacing the floor, his mind trying to formulate sterner and more diabolical measures to be applied to the Hollanders. "But how? . . . Who is responsible for these attacks?"

MAJOR VON REUTER would have been the most surprised man in Holland, if not in all Europe, had he realized that the answer to his question was not more than a half mile distant from his headquarters. In the cellar of a weather-beaten windmill, that stood near one of the numerous canals transversing Holland, two boys were absorbed in serious conversation. Neither of them could have been more than fourteen years of age. Both were dressed in patched suits of rough cloth and their feet were encased in cumbersome wooden shoes.

A shaft of afternoon sunlight filtered through a small window set high in the wall of the cellar and illuminated the sheet of paper one of the boys held in his hand. Printed with lead pencil on the sheet was a list of names. After each of the first five names there appeared a small red cross. The lad holding the sheet took a red crayon from his pocket and placed a similar mark after the name of *Captain Kuhn.*

"Maybe they'll run out of officers after a while," he said hopefully. "Then what will we do, Karl?"

"We'll go to Germany and put a red cross after Hitler's name!"

They both laughed heartily at the suggestion; then Peter's expression once again became serious. "We mustn't forget what we have planned for tonight, Karl."

Karl folded the sheet of paper and, bending down, placed it inside his wooden shoe. "I heard a German officer in the village say that the train is due to reach Rotterdam about midnight."

"Then that means it will pass here around eleven o'clock," said Peter, his eyes bright with intense thought. "We'll have to get busy as soon as night comes. Did you get the fuses, Karl?"

Karl's face broke into a mis-

chievous grin and he dug his hand deeply into his trouser pocket. He produced at least a dozen foot-length strands of explosive-fuses. "I didn't have any trouble getting them, either. This morning the Germans were unloading their supplies down at the railroad station. They stopped several times to smoke cigarettes—that gave me a chance to sneak into the freight cars."

"I wonder if the rain last night dampened the powder?" Peter hurried across the cellar and knelt by the rough stone wall. His nimble fingers touched a hidden spring and suddenly a small section of the wall opened out, revealing a closet-like enclosure. He and Karl pulled out several gunny-sacks, untied them and examined the contents of black powder.

"The top is a little damp but that will dry out by tonight," said Karl. They retied the bags and shoved them back into the secret closet. Peter pressed the hidden button and once again the wall's appearance was one of rough stone and nothing more.

The boys climbed the ladder to the main floor of the windmill They closed the trapdoor and scattered straw over the floor to prevent detection They crossed to the door and cautiously opened it an inch or two A concrete roadway, running parallel to the canal, stretched past the windmill not more than thirty feet away As the boys peered out, the roar of an approaching vehicle reached their startled ears. Hastily they withdrew and closed the door The car raced swiftly past the building and the sound of it grew faint as it disappeared in the distance Peter and Karl were fully aware that the auto carried Nazi soldiers Who else in Holland had permission to drive madly through the countryside but these power-crazed murderers from Germany?

"All clear now," whispered Peter, opening the door and slipping out. Karl followed and they scurried across the open ground to the edge of the canal. "I think we'd better hurry home now, Karl, before our folks become suspicious. I'll meet you here tonight at ten o'clock."

* * * *

OVERHEAD THE STARS twinkled in the crisp, winter night. The wind had died down and the arms of the windmill were stationary—two of them strangely and prophetically forming a victorious V symbol above the roof of the building.

The clear tones of the townhall clock, ringing out the hour of ten, drifted across the snow-blanketed ground. And at that moment two small figures emerged from the shadows near the canal and approached the vacant windmill. They met and disappeared into the black interior.

Five minutes later they came out, both staggering under the weight of well-filled gunny-sacks. As quickly as their strained legs could carry them, they made their way back to the canal. Here they deposited their burdens in a small rowboat Then they climbed in, untied the craft and started paddling away. The sound of their paddles dipping into the water was scarcely audible. They kept close to shore, taking advantage of every little rise in the ground to conceal their progress.

Presently there loomed ahead of them, over the canal, the steel framework of a railroad trestle Close by the tracks and near the canal stood a sentry box, but no soldier was in view. Silently the little boat drifted closer to the bridge Directly beneath the overhanging trestle the occupants of the boat brought it to a stop and made it fast to one of the supporting steel girders.

For the next twenty minutes or so they applied themselves diligently to the task they had chosen. When they had finished they huddled quietly in the bottom of the boat. The sharp notes of the bell in the townhall tower broke the wintry stillness. The hour was now eleven o'clock.

The bell's tones had scarcely died when in the distance came the sound of a rumbling train. Again the two figures in the boat became active. The flare of a struck match suddenly illuminated the scene for an instant. It was quickly extinguished; and immediately following, a soft hissing sound was faintly audible. Then the figures in the boat raised their paddles and the little craft glided from beneath the railroad trestle. They disappeared into the blackness of the night.

The speeding train thundered down the tracks and across the bridge. In the next split-second the spot was rent by a terrific, earth-shaking explosion. The train lurched, buckled, and plunged into the canal. The steelwork of the trestle splintered like pieces of straw. The whole structure crumpled over the twisted, burning cars.

* * * *

MAJOR VON REUTER nervously paced the floor a smoking cigarette dangling between quivering fingers. "It's unbelievable — thirty of our very finest officers —dead."

There came a knock on the door and a soldier entered. He handed von Reuter a sheet of brown paper "The sentry found it nailed to a tree, Major It's addressed to you."

Von Reuter took the paper, read it and turned pale. He sank weakly into a chair and moistened his lips. He lifted the paper and read the message again It was simply printed with a lead pencil: YOU CANNOT ESCAPE — YOU ARE NEXT, MAJOR VON REUTER.

The End.

CAPTAIN YANK

WITH THE AID OF A NATIVE CHIEF, CAPT. YANK SET OUT TO ORGANIZE A GUERRILLA BAND TO HARASS THE JAPS, WHO HAVE TAKEN OVER THE PEACEFUL ISLAND BY BRUTE FORCE.

OUR GUERRILLA BANDS WILL BE SCATTERED ALL THRU THESE HILLS, CAPTAIN — THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS LIES JUST OVER THE MOUNTAIN!

THIS IS A SWELL LAY OUT, SIR... WE CAN TRAIN YOUR MEN IN THE JUNGLES AROUND THE VILLAGE.

THAT IS WELL... NOW, IF YOU WILL COME WITH ME.

HERE IS THE SECRET NERVE CENTER OF OUR WHOLE MOVEMENT...

AS YOU CAN SEE, OUR DUTCH MASTERS HAVE LEFT US WELL SUPPLIED!

HOT ZAM! AN ARSENAL!

HMMM!

SO YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, WE HAVE ENOUGH ARMS TO HARASS THE JAPS FOR A LONG TIME!

WE'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR THEM!

EXCUSE, PLEASE — LOA HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO...

..DIRTY WORK, LOA?


SHE SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY ALL OF A SUDDEN... WONDER WHAT SORT OF WORK NEEDS DOING AT THIS HOUR!

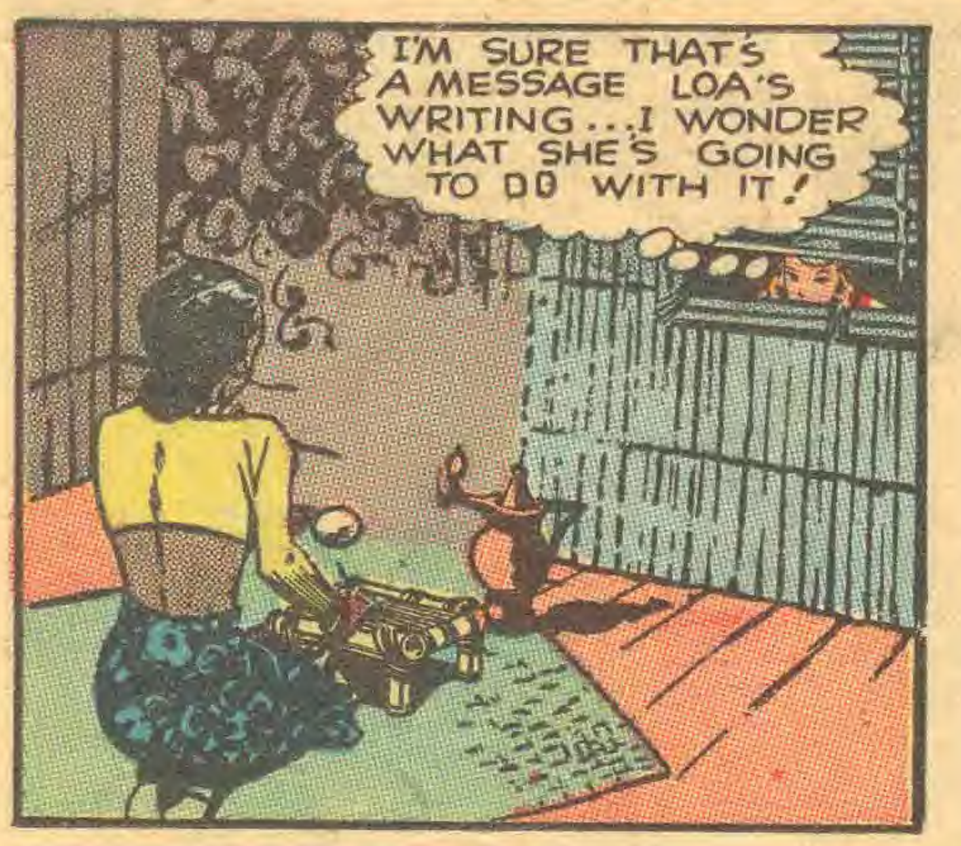

TAKE IT EASY BONNIE— YOUR IMAGINATION IS RUNNING AWAY WITH YOU!


IT'S GETTING LATE— THINK I'LL TURN IN!
GOOD IDEA, BONNIE... GOOD NIGHT!


I STILL THINK LOA ACTED FUNNY AFTER GETTING A GLIMPSE OF THAT ARSENAL!


THERE'S A LIGHT IN HER HUT— I WONDER...


WHAT A SMALL SCRAP OF PAPER TO BE WRITING ON! LOOKS AS IF SHE'S USING A MAGNIFYING GLASS!


I'M SURE THAT'S A MESSAGE LOA'S WRITING...I WONDER WHAT SHE'S GOING TO DO WITH IT!


I SUPPOSE I'M A FOOL TO STAY HERE WATCHING WHILE EVERY-ONE ELSE IS ASLEEP!


I WAS RIGHT! IT'S LOA SNEAKING OUT OF THE VILLAGE..


NOW YANK! WHAT'S HE UP TO?


THAT'S ODD... YANK SEEMS TO BE GOING AFTER LOA!


IT'S HER ALL RIGHT— SHE'S HEADING DOWN TOWARD THE BEACH!

OH-OH · GUESS SHE'S JUST GOING FOR A *SWIM* — BUT AT *THIS TIME OF NIGHT???*

EMILY POST MAY NOT LIKE THE IDEA OF ME SPYING ON NATIVE GALS. BUT IF LOA IS UP TO SOMETHING, I'M GONNA SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!

SHE'S HEADING OUT TOWARD THE *REEF!*

HERE COMES YOUR SHADOW, LOA, MIA!

GUESS SHE HASN'T SPOTTED -ME, YET!

NOW WHERE'S SHE HEADED FOR?

SHE'S BEEN UNDER A LONG TIME... WONDER IF I —

YOU!??

TUAN!.. YOU FOLLOW ME?

THIS IS AN UNUSUAL HOUR TO BE SWIMMING, LOA? - WHAT'S THE IDEA?

LOA NOT SLEEP. GOOD - TOO WARM.... VERY NICE SWIM MOONLIGHT, ALL ALONE, NO?

HMM...I THINK WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO CAMP!

MEANWHILE, FROM THE SHORE, AN INTERESTED OBSERVER WATCHES...

HMMM... I WONDER WHAT SHE REALLY *DID* SWIM OUT HERE FOR...

WE'D BETTER GET BACK, NOW, LOA!

AS YOU WISH, TUAN... WE GO!

SAY— THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING ON THE BEACH...

BONNIE!... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

MISSY GO FOR SWIM, TOO?

THERE'S SOMETHING VERY FISHY GOING ON AROUND HERE, YANK... I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

WHY ALL THE MYSTERIOUS SNEAKING AROUND AFTER THIS GIRL, YANK?

MISSY SEEM UPSET-BETTER I GO!

TAKE IT EASY, BONNIE... IT'S JUST THAT I DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY LOA'S BEEN ACTING AND I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON HER!

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT ON TO HER-WITH HER SNEAKY WAYS!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW, YANK?

BACK TO THE REEF — NOW THAT LOA'S OUT OF THE WAY!

WAIT FOR ME, YANK... *I'M GOING WITH YOU!*

AND YOU COULDN'T FIGURE WHAT LOA WAS UP TO?

SHE PRETENDED SHE WAS JUST OUT FOR A SWIM!

IS THIS WHERE SHE DOVE IN, YANK?

NEARER THAT ROCK... I DIDN'T SEE *THIS* BEFORE!

LOOKS LIKE A BIG FISSURE IN THE CAVE!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT, BONNIE... WHY —


IT'S A CAVERN IN THE REEF!


LOOK AT THE HIGH WATER MARK! THE CAVE MUST BE FILLED UP TO HERE AT HIGH TIDE!
I'LL BET THIS IS WHERE LOA WENT WHEN SHE DOVE OFF THE REEF!


LETS NOSE AROUND AND SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND...


LOOK HERE, BONNIE!


IT'S A MESSAGE - THE ONE I SAW LOA WRITING IN HER HUT!


WHAT'S IT SAY, BONNIE?
CAN'T TELL, IT'S WRITTEN IN JAP!


THEN LOA'S A JAP SPY!
THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL YOU RIGHT ALONG! NOW WHAT?


I PUT THE MESSAGE BACK IN THE BOTTLE, YANK — WHAT DO YOU...
NEVER MIND THAT NOW — COME HERE!


DUCK, BONNIE - THERE'S A BOAT COMING!


BUT, THE MESSAGE, YANK — IT'S OVER THERE ON THE ROCK!
TOO LATE TO GET IT NOW.... SHHHH!


JAPS!


A RUBBER BOAT! THE NIPS MUST'VE COME BY SEAPLANE...

LOOK AT THE MONKEYS GRIN – LOA'S MESSAGE SEEMS TO PLEASE 'EM!

THEY SURE DON'T LOSE ANY TIME REPLYING!

THERE THEY GO – NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S COOKIN'!

DARN NICE OF THE NIPS TO LEAVE AN ANSWER TO LOA'S MESSAGE... MAYBE IT'LL TIP OFF THEIR GAME!

NO LUCK, YANK – IT'S WRITTEN IN JAPANESE!

THERE MUST BE SOMEONE IN CAMP, BESIDES LOA, WHO SAVVIES THE LINGO!

THEY'RE OFF – NOW LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP – *QUICK!*

WE CAN'T LOSE A MINUTE... THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT THIS MESSAGE MAY TIP US OFF TO!

I HOPE THE CHIEF CAN READ JAPANESE!

CHIEF SLEEPS, TUAN...

WE'LL HAVE TO WAKE HIM THEN – THIS IS IMPORTANT!

YES, CAPTAIN – WHAT IS IT?

WE FOUND A MESSAGE LOA LEFT FOR THE NIPS... THEY READ IT AND LEFT A REPLY! IT'S IN *JAPANESE!*

HMMM... SO LOA IS A TRAITOR!... SHE PLANS TO LEAD THE JAPS TO OUR HEADQUARTERS – *TOMORROW NIGHT!*


LOA'S TREACHERY WILL NOT SUCCEED... WE'LL ARRANGE A SUITABLE RECEPTION FOR HER JAP FRIENDS LATER! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!
HERE'S HER HUT!


SHE SEEMS TO BE ASLEEP!
THEY COME FOR ME... MAYBE KNOW EVERYTHING... MUST GET AWAY!


YANK! — GRAB HER!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!


WE'LL TAKE THIS TRAITRESS TO THE CAVE AND LOCK HER UP!
SORRY YOU WONT BE THERE TO HELP WELCOME YOUR NIP PALS, LOA - BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM!


THEY PREPARE AMBUSH FOR JAPANESE... MUST GET AWAY AND WARN THEM!


MEANWHILE THE YANKEE COMMANDO AND ITS GUERRILLA ALLIES PREPARE FOR THE JAP RAIDERS...
THE NIPS WILL COME ASHORE IN ASSAULT BOATS - THEY EXPECT LOA TO GUIDE THEM TO OUR HEADQUARTERS.
I'LL TAKE HER PLACE AND SIGNAL THEM FROM THE BEACH!


IT'S A GOOD IDEA, BONNIE - BUT IT MIGHT BE DANGEROUS...


YOU WI—
TUAN!!! LOA — SHE'S ESCAPED!


SHE KNIFE THE GUARD, TUAN... RUN AWAY INTO JUNGLE!
IF SHE GETS TO THE JAPS BEFORE THEY START LANDING THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE READY FOR 'EM!


GEE, YANK — WHAT'LL WE DO?
WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE CHANCE AND STICK TO OUR ORIGINAL PLAN


THERE'S THE JAP CRUISER - LOOK - THEY'RE SWINGING OUT THE LANDING BARGES!
ACCORDING TO THE MESSAGE, THEY WERE TO GET A GO-AHEAD FLASH FROM LOA... WHERE'S THAT SARONG OF HERS?


WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF THEY'RE WISE TO OUR TRAP... READY, BONNIE?
OKAY, YANK I'LL SIGNAL FROM THAT BIG ROCK!

HERE THEY COME — RIGHT INTO OUR MITTS... UNLESS THEY SUDDENLY CHANGE THEIR COURSE!

THOSE NIPS CERTAINLY DON'T ACT LIKE THEY'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF... THEY'RE COMING RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP!

THEY'RE PRETTY CLOSE— HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR MY KNEES KNOCKING!

DOWN, BONNIE! WE'RE GOING TO LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THIS IS ONE LANDING PARTY THAT'S NO JAP PICNIC... SOCK IT TO EM BOYS!

THEY FELL RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP, YANK— GUESS LOA COULDN'T WARN THEM IN TIME!

THAT'S THEIR HARD LUCK— LET'S HAVE ANOTHER CLIP!

WE'VE GOT EM ON THE RUN, SKIPPER... NOT A SINGLE NIP GOT ASHORE!

NICE SHOOTING, LEATHERNECKS!

THERE THEY GO — THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH!

SORRY THOSE TWO BOATS GOT AWAY SIR... WE MUST BE GETTING A LITTLE RUSTY ON MUSKETRY!

MORE OF CAPT YANK IN THE NEXT ISSUE

DINKY DINKERTON

SECRET AGENT 6 7/8

AND SNIFFY

BY ART HUKTA

I BOUGHT A JIG-SAW PUZZLE TO WORK WHILE I MUNCH MY LUNCH

IT'S A PICTURE OF TH' FAMOUS PAINTING "WHISTLER'S MOTHER" — ON TH' BOX COVER IT SHOWS EXACTLY HOW IT WILL LOOK WHEN PUT TOGETHER

Jig-saw Puzzle

PRICE

OBOY! THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED DIFFERENT PIECES TO THIS

THIS PIECE GOES HERE-

NOW IT'S STARTING TO LOOK LIKE SOMETHIN'

OH, I DON'T SPEND DOUGH ON CARS, AND I DON'T LEAVE IT AT BARS— I CAN TAKE IT— WHEN I THINK OF BOYS IN CAMPS I SPEND THAT DOUGH ON "STAMPS"— I CAN TAKE IT—

WELL, HOW ARE YOU COMIN' ALONG WITH TH' JIG-SAW PUZZLE?

IT'S DONE — BUT THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY HERE —

ANIMAL CRACKERS

LOOK! MRS WHISTLER HAS A **DOG** — HOW DID HE GET IN?

HUH?! THAT'S ONE OF THOSE ANIMAL CRACKERS YOU BEEN EATIN'!

ANIMAL CRACKERS

WITH APOLOGIES TO A GREAT PAINTING — ARK.

CHARLIE CHAN

WITH SLICK AND PISTOL USING SHEILA AND LADDIE AS HUMAN SHIELDS, CHARLIE HAS BLUFFED STEVE INTO TAKING SLICK FROM BEHIND... BUT LADDIE HAS BROKEN AWAY AND SLICK AIMS AT THE BOY...

LOOK OUT, DAD!

A-A-A-A-!

CHARLIE'S TRICK TO GET STEVE ON OUR SIDE WORKED OUT! BLAST IT! I MISSED SLICK!

MUST RESCUE LITTLE GIRL UN-HARMED!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSER! I'LL FINISH YOU BOTH- OOW-W-W!

I DIDN'T MISS THAT TIME!

LET 'EM SHOOT IT OUT! I'LL GET AWAY WITH TH' KID!

AM GAINING, BUT COULD WISH FOR LESS WEIGHT AND MORE WIND FOR PRESENT MARATHON!

HEARING CHARLIE AT HIS HEELS, PISTOL, AT BAY, TURNS....

ONLY HAVE ONE OPPORTUNITY — MUST NOT FAIL!

OWWW!

I'LL THROW TH' KID AT CHAN! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

DON'T SHOOT! WITH SLICK DEAD AND STEVE PERHAPS DYING, MUST TAKE PISTOL ALIVE TO IDENTIFY THE HAWK!

RIGHT! HE CAN'T ESCAPE! I'VE GOT A RING OF COPS AROUND THE BLOCK!

THEN, THE DESPERATE FIGHT OVER-

DAD'S STILL ALIVE! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING FOR HIM?

POOR BOY! IF FATHER LIVES, WILL ONLY SPEND LIFE IN PRISON!

DOCTOR WILL DO EVERY-THING POSSIBLE FOR FATHER, LADDIE!

I'M GOING TO THE HOSPITAL WITH DAD!

AMBU

WILL TAKE SHEILA TO WAITING ARMS OF LONG SUFFERING FATHER!
GOOD! I'LL STAY HERE UNTIL WE ROUND UP PISTOL!
LATER, AT GOODMAN'S HOME -
SHEILA!
OH DADDY!
THANK HEAVEN MY LITTLE GIRL IS SAFE! CHARLIE, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
SHOULD THANK GALLANT LADDIE, WHOSE CLEVERNESS LED US TO KIDNAPPER'S HIDEOUT!

IT WAS LADDIE'S INTELLIGENCE AND BRAVERY WHICH HELPED SOLVE BAFFLING CASE!
AND YOUR CLEVERNESS, CHARLIE! BUT HE IS APPARENTLY A SPLENDID BOY! I MUST DO SOMETHING FOR HIM!
BLAST THE LUCK! PISTOL ESCAPED! NOW WE'LL NEVER GET THE HAWK!
HAIE! MUST THEN GET CONFESSION FROM CARSON BEFORE HE DIES!
LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...
THEY'VE HAD DAD IN THERE FOR HOURS - AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER HE'S ALIVE OR-D-DEAD!
POOR BOY! EVEN INSCRUTABLE GODS CANNOT SPARE HIM PRESENT HEARTBREAK!
SURGERY

HE - HE - WASN'T ALL BAD - HE ONLY WANTED MONEY TO CURE MY LAMENESS!
TOO OFTEN FALSE GODS BECKON AND IGNORANT MEN OBEY!
GERY
I KNOW IT MEANS PRISON IF DAD LIVES - BUT I WON'T BE SO LONELY IF I CAN SEE HIM ONCE IN A WHILE!
A-
SURGER
IF FATHER CONFESSES IDENTITY OF MYSTERIOUS HAWK, WILL USE UTMOST INFLUENCE TO GET HIM LIGHT SENTENCE!
IF I CAN ONLY TALK TO HIM I KNOW HE'LL TELL YOU WHO THE HAWK IS!

AH, INSPECTOR CHAN! YOUR PRISONER WILL LIVE - BUT HE'LL BE HERE WEEKS CONVALESCING!
GOOD! WISH TO TALK TO HIM AS SOON AS CONSCIOUS!
Y
...THAT MAY BE DAYS —WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?
...AS PERSONAL FAVOR, PLEASE EXAMINE LADDIE'S LEG! IF OPERATION WILL CORRECT LIMP, THIS PERSON GUARANTEES ALL COSTS!
AFTER EXAMINING LADDIE'S LEG...
THE METATARSAL CARTILAGE WAS INJURED IN AN ACCIDENT, BUT A TARSOTOMY WILL MAKE THE BOY RUN LIKE A DEER!
THEN SUGGEST YOU OPERATE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

WE'LL GET HIM PREPARED TONIGHT AND I'LL OPERATE IN THE MORNING!
OH, MR CHAN! I'M SO GRATEFUL AND DAD WILL BE SO PROUD!
MEANWHILE IN THE HAWK'S HIDEOUT...
...AN' SLICK'S DEAD, AN' STEVE'S IN TH' HOSPITAL, GUARDED BY POLICE!
YOU STUPID BUNGLERS! I CAN'T TRUST ANYONE!
AN' THAT AIN'T ALL! IF STEVE LIVES, HE'LL SQUEAL TO TH' COPS ON YOU AN' ME!
HE'LL BETRAY NO ONE! I'LL ATTEND TO STEVE CARSON MYSELF!

I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO TELL HIM THAT HIS SON, LADDIE, IS CURED OF HIS LIMP!
SPLENDID NEWS SHOULD MAKE HIM IDENTIFY HAWK, AND END REIGN OF CRIME!
STEVE CARSON—HAVE COME TO ASK YOU IDENTITY OF MYSTERIOUS HAWK!
I'LL TELL YOU NOTHING, COPPER!
NOBODY KNOWS I'M THE HAWK, SO I TOOK THIS JOB AS ORDERLY TO SILENCE CARSON! BUT HOW CAN I GET PAST THAT COP?

I'LL PRETEND THAT I HAVE TO CLEAN STEVE'S ROOM—I MUST ACT BEFORE HE CONFESSES!
MEANWHILE...
STEVE—LADDIE IS NO LONGER LAME! CONFESS AND GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO GROW UP WITHOUT BLACK STAIN ON MEMORY!
LADDIE ISN'T LAME ANYMORE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
OVERJOYED, STEVE LISTENS TO THE STORY OF HIS BOY'S CURE...
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU THOUGHT ENOUGH OF MY KID TO PAY FOR THE OPERATION?
THINK SO MUCH OF LADDIE, WILL SEE HE GETS PROPER SCHOOLING AND BECOMES FINE MAN!

CHAN, THAT'S THE FIRST BREAK THE COPS EVER GAVE ME—AND I'LL GIVE YOU ONE! I'LL TELL YOU WHO THE HAWK IS!
I'LL IDENTIFY THE HAWK—BUT FIRST I WANT TO SEE THAT LADDIE'S NO LONGER LAME!
LADDIE IS STILL IN HOSPITAL! WILL GET HIM IMMEDIATELY!
I'M SO WEAK I'LL WRITE MY CONFESSION IN SHORTHAND—I LEARNED IT IN PRISON!
CAN GET STENOGRAPHER TO TRANSCRIBE YOUR NOTES LATER!

FOR WEEKS STEVE HAS HOVERED BE TWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, AND CHARLIE HAS BEEN UNABLE TO GET HIS CONFESSION OF THE HAWK'S IDENTITY BUT NOW...

AND I'LL TELL YOU THE NAMES OF THE HAWK'S GANG TOO!

NOW IS MY CHANCE TO SILENCE STEVE!

OKAY BY ME!

I'VE GOT TO CLEAN THIS ROOM, OFFICER!

I'VE GOT TO CLEAN THIS ROOM!

THE ROOM'S BEEN CLEAN— THAT VOICE! IT'S THE HAWK!

YES, THE HAWK, YOU SQUEALER! DID YOU THINK I'D LET YOU BETRAY ME?

GAGH!

I'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO ATTEND TO YOU, BUT I'LL NEED ONLY ONE!

THERE WILL BE NO BUNGLING THIS TIME, STEVE, BECAUSE I'M DOING THE JOB MYSELF!

TWENTY GRAINS OF DIGITALIS WILL KEEP YOU SILENT PERMANENTLY!

I'LL JUST TAKE OFF THIS ADHESIVE TAPE AND LET THAT DUMB CHAN GUESS WHAT KILLED YOU— OUCH!

THE ADHESIVE TAPE TORE OFF THE NAIL ON MY FINGER! -SOMEBODY'S COMING! I'VE GOT TO RUN!

YOUR FATHER'S CONFESSION WILL HELP GET LIGHTER SENTENCE FOR HIM!

I HOPE SO!

HEY, DAD! IT'S ME, LADDIE! LOOK! I'M NOT LAME NOW!

STEVE, HAVE BROUGHT LADDIE AS REQUESTED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? IS HE ASLEEP?

SLEEP THAT MAY KNOW NO AWAKENING! QUICK! SUMMON DOCTOR!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I'D HAVE SWORN HE WAS GETTING BETTER - BUT HE'S GONE NOW!

STEVE CARSON DEAD! NOW HOW WILL CHAN IDENTIFY AND CAPTURE THE UNKNOWN HAWK AND DESTROY HIS EMPIRE OF CRIME?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! CARSON WAS GETTING WELL!

SUCH CONVENIENT END NEEDS INVESTIGATION! BUT MUST FIRST SHIELD BOY FROM FURTHER SORROW!

I-I'M ALL RIGHT N-NOW- BUT I'M A-ALL A-ALONE!

IF WISH TO LIVE WITH THIS PERSON WILL IN-ADEQUATELY TRY TO REPLACE FATHER!

OH, I LIKE YOU LOTS - 'N' LOTS! I'D BE GRATEFUL!

THEN GO TO HUMBLE DWELLING - WILL COME SOON TO PLAN FOR FUTURE!

LATER

DOCTOR- DID YOU GIVE STEVE HYPODERMIC INJECTION?

NO, OF COURSE NOT — GOOD GRIEF - HOW DID THAT MARK GET THERE?

IT'S A FRESH HYPODERMIC NEEDLE MARK, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHY WAS IT USED?

POISON INJECTED INTO STEVE'S VEINS MIGHT BE TRUE ANSWER!

POISONED? BUT WITH A POLICE-MAN OUTSIDE - WHY DIDN'T HE YELL FOR HELP?

ADHESIVE TAPE ON MOUTH NOT CONDUCIVE TO BIG SHOUT!

I'LL HAVE A POSTMORTEM MADE IMMEDIATELY AND FIND OUT WHAT POISON WAS USED!

PLEASE EXAMINE STEVE'S FINGERS, DOCTOR, TO SEE IF FINGER-NAIL IS MISSING!

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT? ALL HIS FINGERNAILS ARE HERE!

THEN ONE OF MURDERER'S IS MISSING - AND THIS IS IT! SMALL CLUE BUT PER HAPS ENOUGH TO HANG HIM!

WLL CHARLIE FIND OUT WHO THE HAWK IS? NEXT ISSUE OF "BIG SHOT" WILL TELL.

SPARKY WATTS

LOOK, SPARKY--I'VE OVERCHARGED SLAP HAPPY'S FEET AGAIN WITH THE COSMIC RAYS--BUT ONLY ONE EXPANDED!

I THINK I KNOW WHY, DOC--HE PUT ON ONE OF MY SILK SOCKS BY MISTAKE THIS MORNING!

SO THAT'S WHY ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE--- I WONDERED WHAT CAUSED THAT!

PULL IT OFF, SLAP HAPPY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHARGE--BUT THROW THIS SILK SPREAD OVER YOUR BIG FOOT--

--WE DON'T WANT IT TO EXPAND FURTHER!

Y'SAID IT, DOC--IF IT GETS ANY BIGGER PEOPLE MIGHT NOTICE IT!!

AFTER THE RAY CHARGE

THERE--NOW SLAP HAPPY'S FEET ARE MATES, AGAIN!

GOOD---IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT--WE'VE GOT TO GET READY!

HERE'S THE BARN PAINT, DOC--YOU PAINT THE SIGN--I'LL GET YOUR THINGS READY--AND UNDRESS HALEPINT!

WHAT'S COOKIN'?

YOU'LL SEE--GET YOUR SHOES OFF AND LIE DOWN!

WHE-E-E! LET 'ER RIP!!

THROW OUT YOUR CLUTCH, FOLKS-- YIPEE-E!

IGGUM CLUTIE!

THIS IS SLAP HAPPY BACK OF THESE FEET FOLKS--AND MAY YOUR PROSPERITY BE JUST AS BIG!

1942

1943

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WAKE UP, SLAP HAPPY-- -- IT'S NEW YEAR'S DAY!

OW-W-- MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A HIPPOPOTAMUS WITH TH' HICCOUGHS!

O-OUCH-- --NEVER AGAIN-- O-OOO!! MAKE THAT BIRD STOP WALKIN' ON THAT TREE OUTSIDE---- OH-OO

THUMP

CRASH

BANG

WE DIDN'T HAVE ANY DRINKS LAST NIGHT!

YOU DIDN'T--BUT I FOUND A BOTTLE OF WINE IN DOC'S ROOM-- -- U-UGH-- MY STOMACH FEELS LIKE IT'S LINED WITH FUR!

FUR!?

HEY, DOC--YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER SEARCHING ANY MORE--YOU'LL NEVER FIND YOUR HAIR TONIC!

LATER

IT'S A LETTER FROM MY DAUGHTER SALLY--SHE'S RETURNING FROM HER TRIP!

GULP--- I WONDER WHAT SHE'LL SAY WHEN SHE LEARNS YOU WANT HER TO MARRY ME?

SHE'LL UNDERSTAND, SPARKY-- SINCE HALFPINT IS SUPER-STRONG SHE'LL NEED A SUPERSTRONG HUSBAND TO HELP RAISE HIM!

POOR SALLY-- --IT MUSTA BEEN AN AWFUL SHOCK TO HER WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS KILLED--

—AND NOW SHE'LL BE SHOCKED AGAIN WHEN SHE LEARNS HER BABY IS CHARGED WITH COSMIC RAYS!

IT WON'T BE SUCH A SHOCK IF WE LET HER FIND IT OUT GRADUALLY!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HALFPINT INSISTS ON PLAYING HE'S A MOVING VAN!

CHUG-UM CHUG-UM HONK-HONK

HELLO, DAD-- WHERE'S MY DARLIN' BABY? I CAN'T WAIT 'TIL I HOLD HIM IN MY ARMS---

OH--ER--I-- --HE'S NOT FEELING VERY WELL--I--- --ER--WOULDN'T TRY TO PICK HIM UP, SALLY--

OF COURSE I'LL PICK HIM UP--- -- HELLO, SUGAR-PIE!

DON'T WORRY DOC--I THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING-- SHE CAN'T PICK HIM UP--I TIED HIS FEET TO THE BOTTOM OF HIS CARRIAGE--SHE'LL THINK HE'S GOTTEN TOO HEAVY!

OH, IT'S NOT HER PICKING HIM UP THAT WORRIES ME--IT'S--

--THAT!

OH, DAD-- YOU'VE CHARGED HALFPINT WITH THOSE AWFUL COSMIC RAYS --Y-YOU'VE RUINED MY SON!!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, SALLY-- LITTLE HALFPINT TURNED TH' MACHINE ON AND CHARGED HIMSELF!

THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY, MISS SALLY-- WHEN TH' RAYS FADE FROM HALFPINT HE'LL SHRINK TO NOTHIN'-- --BUT ANOTHER CHARGE WILL---

SHE'S FAINTED! GET SOME WATER!

OOOH-H

DAD-RAT-IT! EVERYTIME I OPEN MY MOUTH I PUT MY FOOT IN IT!!

WHEN SALLY RETURNED FROM HER VACATION SHE LEARNED THAT HER BABY, HALFPINT, HAD BEEN MADE SUPERSTRONG WITH A CHARGE OF COSMIC RAYS-- --AND THAT DOC STATIC, HER FATHER, HAD PLANNED HER FUTURE --

WHAT!? ME MARRY SPARKY WATTS? WHY, I HARDLY KNOW HIM!

BUT, SALLY-- I'VE CHARGED SPARKY WITH THE RAYS, TOO--HE ALONE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO HANDLE HALFPINT!

THEN CHARGE ME--I'LL TAKE CARE OF HALFPINT, MYSELF!

NO-- MY EXPERIMENTS PROVE THAT THE FEMALE IS NEVER AS STRONG AS THE MALE-- HALFPINT WOULD THROW YOU AROUND LIKE A RAG DOLL--

--BUT I'LL CHARGE YOU SO SPARKY WON'T FRACTURE YOUR JAW WHEN HE KISSES YOU!

OH-- HOW THOUGHTFUL --HOW VERY NICE!!

AND YOU, MR. WATTS--WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS MEDIEVAL MATCHMAKING!?

OH-- ER-- DON'T MIND ME --- I'M JUST AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER!

COME INSIDE WHERE IT'S WARM SPARKY!

NOT UNTIL DOC AND SALLY STOP ARGUING OVER WHETHER OR NOT SHE SHOULD MARRY ME-- IT MAKES ME FEEL LIKE TWO CENTS!

SALLY SAYS WHEN HER HUSBAND DIED SHE SWORE SHE'D NEVER RE-MARRY --BUT DOC THINKS HALFPINT NEEDS A STEPFATHER!

ANY DAME SHOULD LIKE TO MARRY A GUY WITH ARMS SO STRONG HE CAN FLY!

SLAP HAPPY, WHERE'S SPARKY? SALLY HAS CONSENTED!

HE'S FLYING, DOC-- SAID HE COULD THINK BETTER UP WHERE IT'S QUIET!

FLYING?! OW-W--- HE'LL BE HAVING BUZZARDS AND CROWS FOR WEEK-END GUESTS-- INSTEAD OF A HOME I'LL HAVE A BIRD SANCTUARY!!

--IF I MARRY SALLY IT WILL MAKE DOC AND HALFPINT HAPPY--AND MAYBE IN TIME I CAN EVEN MAKE SALLY HAPPY---

--I SHOULD BE CONTENTED, TOO--HAVING A PRETTY WIFE-- --AND HALFPINT CALLING ME DADDY--BUT I LOVE HEDY--

--STILL, IF I MARRY SALLY, HEDY MIGHT FIND A MAN REALLY WORTHY OF HER--YES--IT'S BETTER THAT I MARRY SALLY!

GOSH--WHAT A STRANGE CLOUD BELOW ME--LOOKS JUST LIKE WATER --I'LL DIVE DOWN FOR A CLOSER VIEW!

PLOP!

--I DIDN'T REALIZE I HAD FLOWN SO FAR-- --AND WHEN I DIVED INTO WHAT I THOUGHT WAS A BIG SILVERY CLOUD, IT TURNED OUT TO BE TH' OCEAN!

WELL, CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES-- SALLY HAS CONSENTED TO MARRY YOU-- YOU'LL HAVE PLANS TO MAKE!

LATER:

NOW THAT OUR MARRIAGE PLANS ARE COMPLETED WHERE SHOULD WE SPEND OUR HONEYMOON!

OH--NEW ORLEANS-- OR UP IN MINNESOTA --SAY--HOW ABOUT NIAGARA FALLS?

NOT NIAGARA FALLS! THAT WOULDN'T DO AT ALL!

WHY NOT? LOTS OF HONEYMOONERS GO THERE--- IT'S A VERY ROMANTIC SPOT!

YES--BUT IT'S TOO DAMP-- LITTLE HALFPINT MIGHT CATCH A COLD!

CLUTIE!

SALLY, DID YOU SAY HALFPINT WAS GOING WITH US ON OUR HONEYMOON ?!

OF COURSE, SILLY--I'M HIS MOTHER AND YOU'LL BE HIS STEPFATHER--

--WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT ?

OH--NOTHING--BUT DON'T YOU THINK THREE IS ---

YOU'RE RIGHT--THREE ISN'T A VERY JOLLY CROWD, IS IT --- I'LL TELL DAD !

DAD, SPARKY DOESN'T THINK THREE IS RIGHT ON A HONEYMOON--

--WILL YOU AND SLAP HAPPY GO WITH US, TOO ?

WHY, SURE-- I'LL BE GLAD TO GO !

OH, BOY ! I'LL TIE MY SHOES TO TH' BACK OF TH' AUTO SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW WE'RE ON A WEDDING TRIP !!

Boody Rogers

SALLY, SINCE WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ALL RIGHT IF I KINDA PUT MY ARM AROUND YOU ?

WHY ? YOU DON'T LOVE ME-- --AND I DON'T LOVE YOU ---

UNCLE PIE

--WE'RE ONLY GETTING MARRIED BECAUSE DAD INSISTS THAT HALFPINT NEEDS A STEPFATHER !

WELL, DON'T YOU THINK IT'D BE NICE IF LITTLE HALFPINT THOUGHT WE LOVED EACH OTHER ?

GIBBY!

DON'T BE A DOPE, SPARKY ! HALFPINT IS JUST A BABY-- WHAT DOES HE KNOW ABOUT LOVE ?!

HUGG-UM GLOOGLY!

SPARKY WATTS APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE !

The FACE

by MART BAILEY

TONY TRENT, WAR CORRESPONDENT, WHOM A GROTESQUE MASK TRANSFORMS INTO *THE FACE*, MEETS AN ANCIENT NEWS RIVAL—*BABBLING BROOKS*—AND THEREUPON BEGINS AN ADVENTURE OF MISADVENTURES!... IT HAPPENS ON A TINY SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND WHERE A STOUT ANZAC REMNANT DAILY AWAITS BATTLE WITH OVERWHELMING JAPANESE ODDS....

I WONDER WHEN THE JAPS WILL ATTACK—NOW THAT WE'VE CAPTURED THEIR GENERAL?

DON'T WORRY, BEAUTIFUL—*THE OLD BABBLER IS HERE TO PROTECT YOU!*

BABBLING BROOKS! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

TRENT! I KNEW YOU'D TURN UP LIKE A BAD PENNY!

NOT FAR AWAY—JAPANESE RAIDERS CUT DOWN AN ANZAC SENTRY.

WHERE'D YOU GET THE ZOOT SUIT, BROOKS?

SNAPPY, EH? I HAND-SEWED IT MYSELF.!

'OHHHH!

WH-WH-WH-WHAT! JAPS!

GET IN HERE — QUICK!

THEY'RE COMING IN.!

WE FORGOT TO TAKE UP THE WELCOME MAT!

BUT THIS'LL LET THEM KNOW WE VANT TO BE ALONE!

TONY TRENT FIGHTS MIGHTILY — UNTIL A CRUEL SWORD WHISTLES AT HIS UNDEFENDED BACK...

MAUREEN — WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

JUST —

BUT NURSE MAUREEN *MISSES!*

—THIS!

?

OHHHH!

—BUT I WON'T MISS YOU AGAIN!

MAUREEN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THOSE JAPS COME TO!

GENERAL LYNCH! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

BY THE SAINTS!... WHAT A FIGHTING MAN! YOU DID IN ALL THOSE NIPS WITHOUT A SCRATCH TO YOURSELF!

IS THIS THE BATTLE WE WERE WAITING FOR?

NO—JUST A RAID TO FREE GENERAL YASHIDO.... YOU'LL BE SAFE WITH BROOKS, NURSE.. WHAT A FIGHTING MAN—!

GENERAL! WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE ALONE!

BUT AS BABBLING BROOKS FOLLOWS THE ANZAC COMMANDER INTO THE JUNGLE . . .

GOT HIM!

HELP!

IT MUST BE AN ADMIRAL AT LEAST!

MOMENTS LATER, TONY REVIVES AND TIES UP THE UNCONSCIOUS JAPS.

I-I'M SO SORRY! I MEANT TO HIT THE JAP AND—

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT. DOESN'T HURT A BIT. *OOOO.! LUCKY IT WASN'T AN AXE.!*

NOW, YOUNG LADY, I'LL TAKE YOU TO SOME SAFE PLACE— WHERE THE WHOLE ANZAC ARMY WILL BE SAFE FROM YOUR HOMICIDAL IMPULSES!

SEE YOU LATER.... THE NIPS TOOK GENERAL LYNCH WHEN THEY FREED YASHIDO.!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, TRENT?

JUST THOUGHT I COULD LEND A HAND —

YOU NEWSMEN ONLY CLUTTER UP A BATTLEFIELD... *RETURN TO YOUR QUARTERS AT ONCE*

ON ANOTHER PART OF THE ANZAC CAMP....

LISTEN TO ALL THAT FOINE FIGHTIN' — AN' US NOT ENJOYIN' IT!

HIT'S ALL YER BLOOMIN' FAULT!... *"THE GENERAL'S NEAR-SIGHTED," YOU SAYS, "AND OLD 'ORSE FACE'LL NEVER MISS A FEW MOUTH-FULS O' 'IS PRIVATE BOTTLE O'PLONK."...* ***COR!***

AN' WE JUST SITS HERE... WHILE THE FEARSOME JAP SHOOTS UP OUR COMRADES — AND YOU PIZENS US ALL WITH YOUR FOUL COOKIN'.!

BLIMEY!

—AND HOW ARE THE BUSY LITTLE HOUSEWIVES TODAY?

IT'S THE DIVIL HISSELF AGAIN.!

LISTEN!... THE JAPS HAVE KIDNAPPED GENERAL LYNCH. I THINK I KNOW WHERE THEY'RE HEADING, BUT I MAY NEED YOUR HELP.... WILL YOU COME ALONG.?

GOOD! I KNEW YOU'D DO IT.!

MY POOR DEAR MITHER! WHAT SHE'D SAY IF SHE SAW ME PAL-ING AROUND WITH OLD NICK HISSELF! ... BUT A FIGHT'S A FIGHT — AND I AIN'T HAD THE PLEASURE OF ONE FOR A MONTH!

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE....

AN HOUR AGO, I WAS A HELPLESS PRISONER.! NOW I LEAD THE GREAT GENERAL LYNCH LIKE A SICK COW.! HA!HA!

BUT WHO IS THIS ONE? I DO NOT RECOGNIZE HIS UNIFORM OR INSIGNIA....

JUST ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN ALIVE —BABBLING BROOKS.!

BAH! I HEAR HIS STUPID TALK ON RADIO.... A CONCEITED NUMBSKULL! ... I THINK I WRITE HIM A "FAN LETTER" — WITH MY PISTOL!

THERE ARE THE JAPS — AND GOING TO SHOOT BROOKS! .. CAN'T WAIT FOR PADDY AND LIMEY TO CATCH UP.!

AS THE FACE THROWS THE TOMMYGUN UP TO HIS SHOULDER, A SNIPER TAKES DEADLY AIM..

HA! YOU HIT HIM BEFORE HE COULD SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER!

SHOTS!... HOW DID ANYONE FIND THIS SECRET TRAIL?

NEVER MIND THAT DOG! ...GET OUT OF THE SWAMP BEFORE WE'RE TRAPPED!

-z-z-z-z-z-

SOMEONE'S IN THE WATER BEHIND THESE SHRUBS — KEEP FIRING WHILE I INVESTIGATE!

MY! MY! RADIO'S BUBONIC PLAGUE — BABBLING BROOKS!

THE FACE! OOOOO!

HE'S FAINTED! I MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE — THOSE JAPS CAN'T MISS FOREVER!

zzzzzz

HOW'S THE SHOOTING, LIMEY?

TOPPIN'! WHAT'S LEFT O' THE NIPS IS HOLED UP IN THAT CAVE!

DO NOT GRIN, GENERAL LYNCH! ... WE ARE NOT TRAPPED YET. MY RADIO WILL BRING A REGIMENT TO WIPE OUT YOUR MEN!

THIS WON'T DO! WE MUST TAKE THOSE NIPS BEFORE THEY CAN GET REINFORCEMENTS.

COME, PADDY—WE'LL LOOK FOR ANOTHER WAY INTO THE CAVE, WHILE BROOKS AND LIMEY KEEP THE SUN-RISERS HOLED UP.

IN THE CAVE, GENERAL LYNCH ACTS SUDDENLY...

YOU'LL NEVER SEND THAT CALL, YASHIDO!

THAT FINISHES YOUR RADIO!

—AND THAT FINISHES YOU!

BROOKS! WHY DID YOU TAG ALONG?

I-I WAS AFRAID TO STAY BEHIND ALONE WITH LIMEY.

LISTEN! VOICES!

JAPANESE VOICES — COMING FROM SOMEWHERE AROUND —

HERE! AN OPENING IN THE CAVE ROOF!

MEANWHILE, THE JAPS HAVE ALSO DISCOVERED THE OPENING —AND ARE ABOUT TO USE IT FOR A DESPERATE ESCAPE....

PARATROOP STUFF — WITHOUT A PARACHUTE!

SOUP'S ON, PADDY!

GET YOURSELF SOME JAP MEAT!

BABBLING BROOKS OBSERVES THE FIGHT FROM A SAFE DISTANCE...

D-DO YOU NEED ANY HELP D-DOWN THERE?

WHEN — SUDDENLY — THE CAVE ROOF FALLS IN....

HELLUP!

WHAT'S GOING ON? — BROOKS! YOU DEAR FELLOW! YOU'VE DONE ALL THIS TO RESCUE ME!

THIS LARRIKIN AIN'T RESCUED NOBODY!... IT WAS THE DIVIL HISSELF—

HMPH! THE DEVIL, IS IT?— AND WHERE IS HE NOW? JUST DISAPPEARED, I SUPPOSE! YOU'RE SHIKKERED!... IF YOU AND YOUR "LIMEY" FRIEND WEREN'T ALREADY POISONING US ALL, I'D DOUBLE YOUR KITCHEN FATIGUE!

LATER, AT THE ANZAC CAMP....

IF THE FACE FOUND A WAY OUT OF THAT WALLED-UP TUNNEL, THEN YASHIDO PROBABLY DID TOO. THAT MEANS—

THE JAPS WILL ATTACK IN FORCE AT ANY MOMENT. WHEN THEY DO, I TRUST THAT WE WILL ALL EMULATE THE DARING AND STEADFAST COURAGE OF — BABBLING BROOKS!

BO

by FRANK BECK























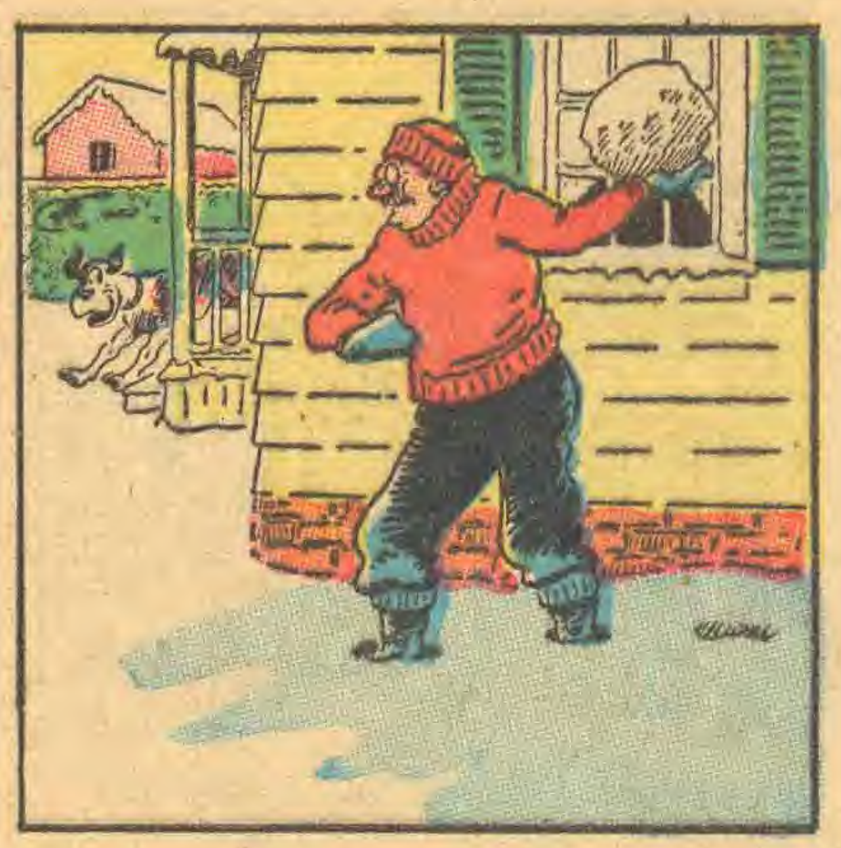

BO
by FRANK BECK


PST. JUNIOR.. LET'S TAKE BO OUT AND DUNK HIM IN THE SNOW..
THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK.


COME ON BO... OUT AND AT IT.


HA-HA-HA- AND THEY THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE THE FALL GUY..


I'LL CHASE BO AROUND THE HOUSE AND YOU LAY FOR HIM AT THE CORNER, DAD.

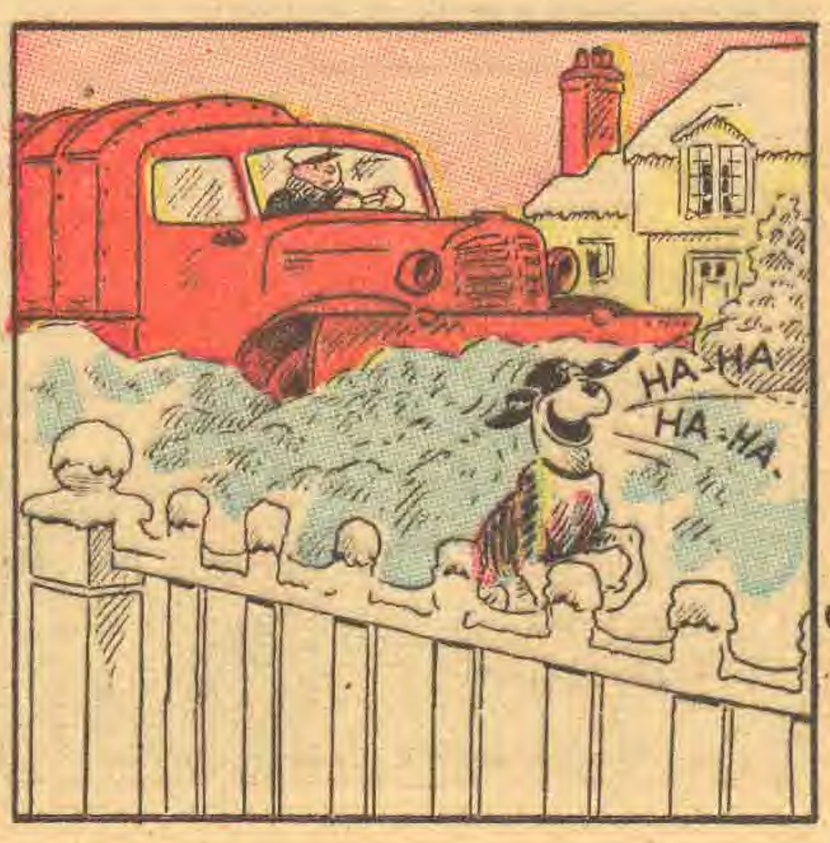



HO-HO-HO.. AS THOUGH I'D WALK INTO THAT OLD TRAP..


GUESS WE'LL DO BETTER CLEANING OFF THE WALKS.
WHOOPS.


THERE COMES THAT SMARTY.. NOW I'LL GET HIM..


OUCH.
OH. EXCUSE ME, DAD.


HA-HA HA-HA.


OH WELL, AT LEAST THEY COULDN'T DO IT..

BO

by FRANK BECK



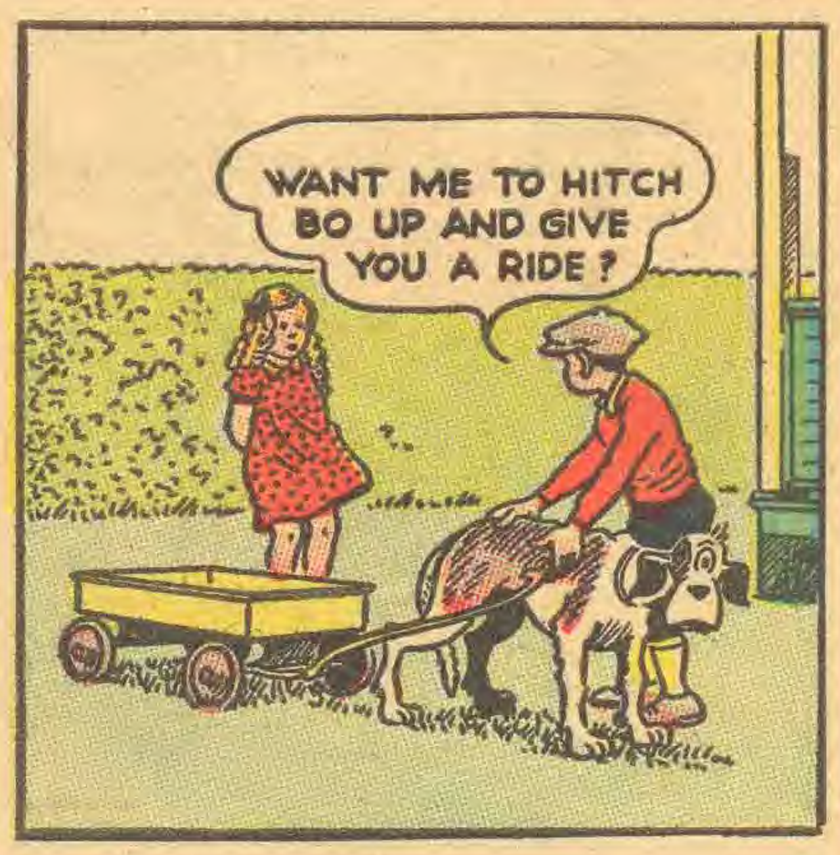




















BO

by FRANK BECK

GET READY, FOLKS. MR. SMITH WILL BE RIGHT OVER WITH HIS CAR. YOU'D BETTER TIE BO UP, JUNIOR.

THIS CURTAIN CORD IS THE HANDIEST THING...

THEY'RE NOT GOING OFF AND LEAVE *ME* BEHIND!

IF I COULD SLIP MY COLLAR... ..WOPE...I'M LOOSE...

I'LL TRY THE FRONT DOOR..

AH HA... THIS SCREEN WON'T STOP ME...

AT LAST I'M OUT..

THANKS, WE'LL TAKE A LONGER DEMONSTRATION ANOTHER TIME.

BECK

BO

by FRANK BECK

RING

?

NOW THEY CAN'T BLAME ME

BECK

Get TIGER POWER Now It's EASY!

Here is your opportunity to build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. Now, more than ever, you must be STRONG to get ahead in the world . . you can get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION



GET BURSTING STRENGTH QUICKLY

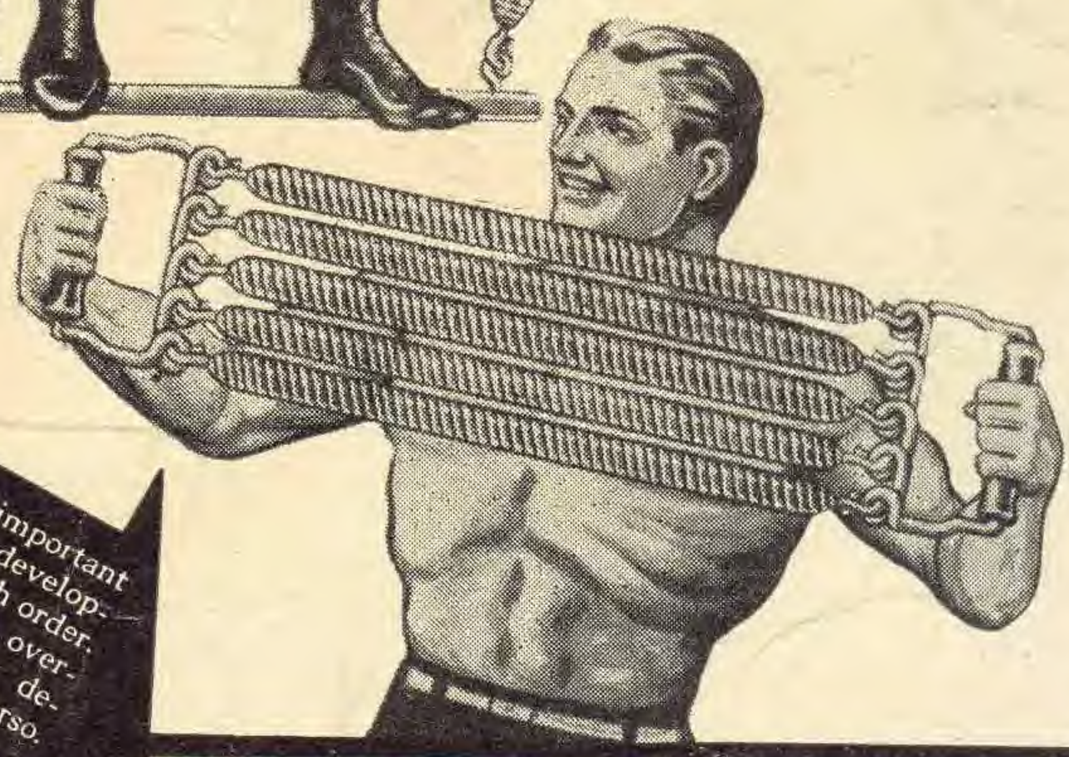
No matter if you are a weakling or no matter if you already boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit and instructions that go with it to be just what you need. The entire equipment which contains dozens of individual features are all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet the actual resistance of your strength and to increase the power progressively as you build a body of mighty muscles. Men in training and men who have reached the top in performing strong-man feats unanimously acclaim this new progressive chest pull and bar bell combination as being a great advancement in the invention of practical equipment to quickly get strong and develop bursting strength.

The combination is complete in every detail. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out and loses its resistive strength, but very heavy and strong tension springs. These tension springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. In a short time you will find yourself able to easily accomplish strong man feats which now seem difficult. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts . . . permits you to practice for weight lifting and at the same time brings into play the muscles of your legs, chest, arms, and grip so that you build as you train. In addition to these valuable features there is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do all kinds of bending and stretching exercises so necessary for speed and endurance. You also have the features of a rowing machine which is as great an abdominal builder and fat reducer. The hand grips included to help develop a mighty grip. The entire outfit is shipped to you along with pictorial and printed instructions so as to progressively enable you to get stronger day by day.

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on your biceps, on your chest, have a mighty back, have mighty legs, or a mighty grip, or build any part of your body by fanning the air No indeed. You need equipment and instructions such as we offer you here. BUT . . we not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day

Send No Money

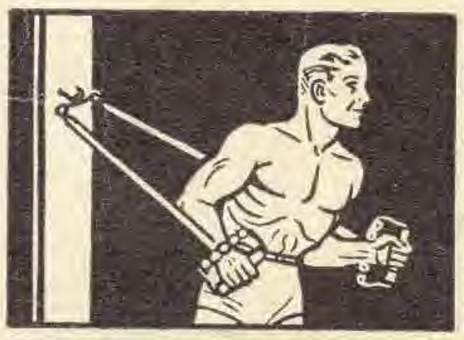
Remember this equipment is used and recommended by many physical directors, boxing champs, and strong men. If it's good enough for them it should be good enough for you too. Order your set today and watch your muscles grow day by day Just sign your name to the coupon checking outfit wanted Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back. This set defies the lifting and stretching power of champions. Act at once and we will include free with your order the foot stirrups pictured below. If not satisfied after five days trial keep the stirrups and return the balance of the outfit for full refund of purchase price.





Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development, FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

FREE









You get many specially posed pictorial instructions . . . a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 2802
P.O. Box 1, Station X, New York, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set $5.95.

☐ Send Super strength set at $6.95.

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

Name.....

Address.....

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U. S. A. please send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60c.



Train at Home to BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN

Now More Make $30 $40 $50 a Week Than Ever Before



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Radio offers beginners a quick way to more pay. There's room now nearly everywhere for more spare and full time Radio Technicians.

Many make $5, $10 a week EXTRA MONEY fixing Radios in spare time while learning. Many are opening their own shops . . . making $30, $40, $50 a week. Others take good pay jobs as Radio Technicians and Operators with Radio Stations, Manufacturers, Aviation, Police, Commercial, Government Radio and Public Address Systems. I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields. **Mail the Coupon!**

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My "50-50 Method"—half building circuits, experimenting with Radio parts I furnish, half studying my interesting, illustrated lessons—makes learning Radio at home intensely interesting. I give you Radio parts and instructions for building test equipment. I tell you how to conduct practical fascinating experiments. I send you EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS that show how to **earn while you learn.**

Jobs Like These Go to Many Men I Train

The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Radio Stations employ many Radio Technicians, Operators. Radio Manufacturers, busy filling millions of dollars of Government orders, need trained men. Hundreds of Radio Operators and Technicians are needed for good Civilian jobs with the Government. There is a shortage of good Radio Technicians in other Radio fields. And think of the NEW jobs that Television, Frequency Modulation, etc., will open after the war!

Mail Coupon for My Valuable Book "Rich Rewards in Radio" . . . It's FREE.

If you're in a rut—dissatisfied with your present pay—worried because your job has no future—mail the coupon! I'll send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book. It shows you letters and photographs of men I trained; describes the many fascinating Radio jobs and tells how YOU can train at home. No obligation. Just mail the Coupon **at once.**

J. E. SMITH, President
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National Radio Institute
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Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should Mail the Coupon Now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, MUCH HIGHER PAY. Hundreds now in service are N. R. I. students. Also prepares for good Radio jobs, after service ends.

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Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Age.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....