



The SHIELD

IN THIS ISSUE — THE SHIELD AND THE SUPER-NAZI RAT — —
THE SON OF THE HUN, IN FIGHTING, DRAMATIC ACTION STORIES!

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comics

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COMPLETE
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THE ORIGINAL **SHIELD** AND **DUSTY**

the
BOY DETECTIVE

CHAPTER 1

**THE CURSE
OF THE
HUN!**

YOU HAVE
KILLED MY BODY
SHIELD, BUT YOU
CANNOT KILL MY
SPIRIT! IT WILL
LIVE ON TO HATE
YOU AND CURSE
YOU FOREVER!

LOOK
SHIELD!
TH--THE
HUN!

CAN IT BE TRUE? CAN THE DEAD LIVE TO REVENGE? WE ALL KNOW THE HUN IS DEAD, AND THAT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR SCOURGING THE EARTH OF THIS NAZI BEAST ---AND YET? ---WELL, READ ON, THE STRANGEST STORY OF THEM ALL!
"THE CURSE OF THE HUN!"

THE DAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE HUN, WE FIND JOE HIGGINS AND HIS YOUTHFUL PAL DUSTY IN JOE'S TROPHY ROOM---

SOME BOOK OF CRIME THE HUN LEFT BEHIND HIM, DUSTY!

HERE ARE THE LAST LINES HE EVER WROTE - I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WORDS OF HATE ON PAPER BEFORE!

THAT BOOK GIVES ME THE CREEPS, JOE! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT!

THERE'S SOMETHING OMINOUS ABOUT THIS ROOM JOE! AS IF A COLD WIND WERE SWEEPING OVER ME!

YOU'VE GOT ME, DUSTY--I WISH I KNEW!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANT, JOE?

I am dying, Shield. I know it. But I want you - the Curse of the Hun is upon you... My spirit will be revenged. You have not seen the last of me.

GREAT GUNS! SHIELD! LOOK AT THE HUN'S SHIELD!

IT'S OUR IMAGINATIONS, DUSTY--- PLAYING TRICKS ON US!

PLAYING TRICKS-- HUH? WHA--- SOMETHING WET ON MY NECK!

IT'S BLOOD!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
THE HUN'S
METAL SHIELD!
IT DRIPPED BLOOD!

TAKE IT DOWN,
JOE--GET RID
OF IT P-PLEASE!
IT MEANS

THERE'S SOMETHING
EVIL ABOUT THIS
SHIELD, DUSTY! I'M
CHUCKING IT INTO
THE FIRE!

SUDDENLY ---

DUCK, DUSTY!
DUCK!

HELP ME--
HELP ME
SHIELD!

I QUIET
YOU --
QUICK!

I HATE BEING IN
THE DARK ABOUT
ANYTHING ----

SO LET'S
HAVE
SOME
LIGHT
ON THE
SUBJECT!

CLICK

HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOUR
LIGHTS OUT!

CRACK

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO TAKE
THIS LYING
DOWN, ARE
YOU?

SH--SHIELD
THE OTHER
ONE'S
CHOKING ME!

I'M COMING,
DUSTY!

OOOF

GOOT TING
I LET GO--
CURSE
DAT
BRAT!

YOU'RE OKAY
NOW, DUSTY!
LET'S SET
THEM UP IN
THE NEXT
ALLEY!

WATCH THIS
DELIVERY!

READY--
AIM----

STRIKE!

SPLAT



THEY'RE LEAVING
DOWN THE
HALL!

AFTER
THEM,
DUSTY!



SPEED IT UP, KID --
YOU'RE GETTING
IN MY WAY!



I HAF IT---
HURRY!



THERE THEY GO SHIELD!
THEY'RE HEADING TO-
WARD THE BEACH!



THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE BEACH!
I KNOW HOW TO
CUT THEM OFF!



GOOT!
VE HAF
LOST DEM!



I CAN
SEE THEM
BELOW US,
SHIELD!

WITH A GRINDING
FURY THE SHIELD
OVERTAKES THE
FLEEING MARAUDERS!

ALL OUT BOYS! THIS IS
LAST STOP!

DEY OUT US
OFF! STOP
RIGHT HERE
YOU FOOL!

AND STOP
THIS WHILE
YOU'RE AT
IT!

COME ON BUD, YOU
HEARD ME SAY THIS
IS THE END OF
THE LINE!

HERE'S THE GREAT
AMERICAN
PASTIME ---

KEEP 'EM
FLYING!

KAMARAD!

WE GOT
THEM
NOW!



A SHORT WHILE LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!



Roads of Destiny

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD

AND
DUSTY
the
BOY DETECTIVE

**DUMBKOPES!
SHTUNKS!**

CAN'T I GET YOU TO
DO ANYTHING BY
YOURSELVES! MUST
I ALWAYS RELY ON
MY INTUITION!
HE'S SOMEWHERE
IN GERMANY, I TELL
YOU! YOU MUST
FIND HIM!

**BUT.. BUT.. VE HAFF
SEARCHED EFFERYWHERE,
MEIN FUEHRER!**

**HEIL,
HITLER!**

VOT ISS IT? VOT
DO YOU MEAN
BY BREAKING
IN HERE?...
**WHO ISS DOT
RAG-PICKER
MIT YOU?**

OUR SEARCH
ISS AT AN **END**
MEIN, FUEHRER!
LISTEN... **BZZ...**
BZZ... BZZ...

YES... NO, UH-HUH...
YES.. NO... NO.. Y...
**VOT! YOU
HAFF?**



HERAUS!!
I WANT TO TALK
MIT DIS NOBLE
MAN... ALONE!

JA, MEIN
FUEHRER!

JA..

... UND YOU
ARE SURE, DOT
HE ISS RIGHT
HERE.. IN MY
OWN GESTAPO?

POSSITIFF,
MEIN FUEHRER!
I HAFF
BROUGHT
HIM UP
FROM INFANCY!
I VOULD
KNOW HIM
ANYWHERE!

NOW OUR SCENE CHANGES
TO ANOTHER PART OF
THE CITY.. TWO GESTAPO
MEN MAKE THEIR WAY
INTO A FACTORY...

HEIL HITLER!
ISS DER A
FRITZ KAUSS
HERE?!

JA! LAST
MAN ON
THE ASSEMBLY
LINE!!

VE HAFF YOU NOW..
SABOTEUR! VE KNOW
YOU ARE A MEMBER
OF DER UNDERGROUND!

VE WANT
NAMES! NAMES
OF DER OTHERS!
SPEAK!

DERE HE
ISS!! GRAB
HIM!

VOT!

NEFFER
!!

FOOL.. VE VON'T
VASTE TIME MIT
VORDS! I'LL LOOSEN
YOUR JAW, OR BREAK
IT!!

CRACK!

HAND ME
DER WHIP,
KURT! I'LL
MAKE HIM
TALK!

HERE IT
ISS, HERR
GRUMMEL!

BAH!
GRUMMEL IS A
FOOL TOO!
TINKS HE CAN
GET ANYWHERE
MIT SUCH
VEAKLING
METHODS!!



VUN LAST CHANCE,
BEFORE I BEAT
YOU TO A
PULP!

KILL ME
IF YOU
LIKE! I'LL
NEFFER
TELL!



BLAST HIS STUBBORNNESS!
HIS SKIN ISS IN SHREDS!
WHY VON'T HE SPEAK?



GET OUT OF
DER VAY, YOU SOFT
LIVERED FOOL! I'LL
SHOW YOU *HOW*
TO HANDLE SUCH
SCUM!!

KURT.. VOT
ISS DER
MEANING OF
SUCH IMPUDENCE!
I AM YOUR
SUPERIOR
OFFICER!



I HAFF LONG
WISHED FOR AN
EXCUSE TO FIX
DOT UPSTART,
KURT WIEDLER!
HE'LL BE BROKEN
BY DER FUEHRER
HIMSELF FOR DIS
IMPUDENCE!



WHIPPING! BAH!
YOU ACT LIKE
AN OLD LADY..
OR AN AMERICAN,
GRUMMEL! I VILL
SHOW YOU HOW
A STRONG ARYAN
SHOULD
HANDLE DIS!!



TIE HIM
TO A TANK
TREAD!

YOU.. YOU..
VOULDN'T!

SILENCE! DO
AS I SAY!



NOW! YOU
FILTHY SPY!
DO YOU TALK..
OR DO I
START DIS
TANK
ROLLING?



NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME! SURELY
EVEN YOU
NAZIS HAVE
SOME
HUMANITY
LEFT!

HE'S RIGHT, KURT!
COME OUT OF
THAT TANK! THIS
IS TOO... TOO
COLD BLOODED..
EVEN FOR US!

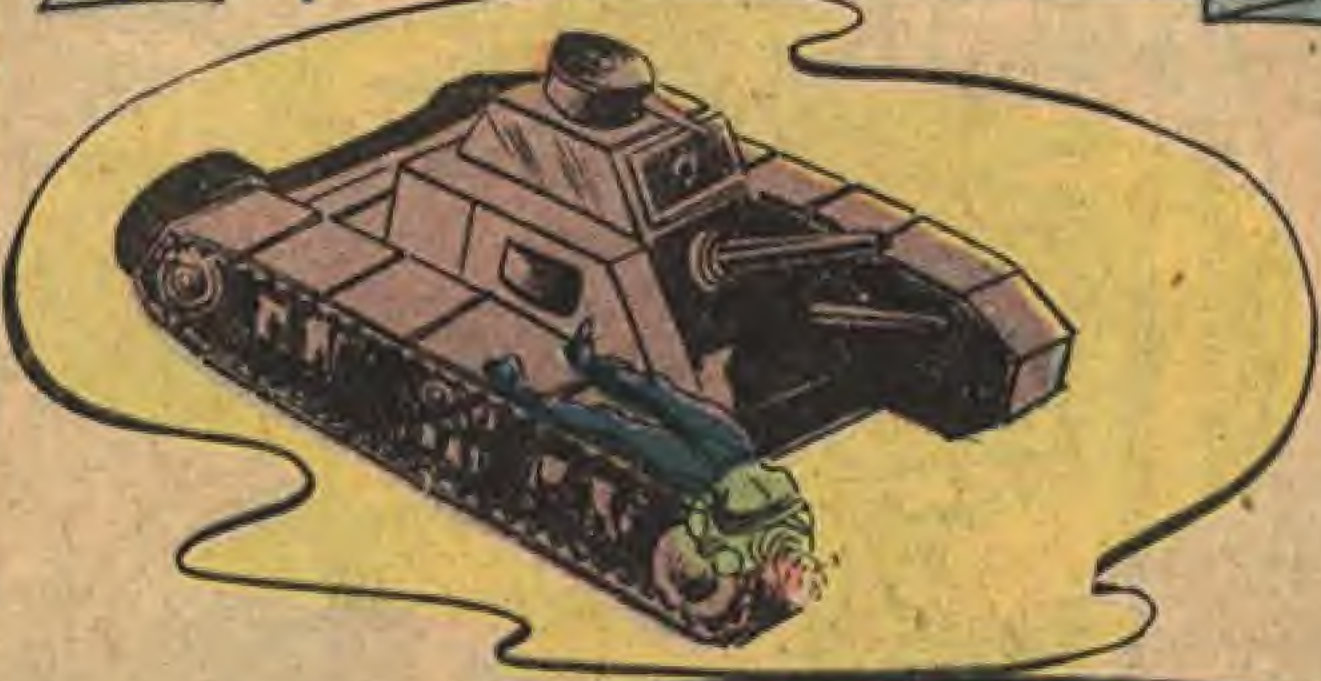
GET OUT OF
MY VAY GRUMMEL,
YOU SPINELESS
FOOL!



GOTT IN
HIMMEL!

HE, HE'S
DONE
IT!!

THEN THE TANK BEGINS TO ROLL, GUIDED
BY A RUTHLESS MONSTER, AN INHUMAN
MASTER OF DESTRUCTION....



AIEEEEE



IT ISS DONE!
THIS VILL SERVE
AS A LESSON TO
OTHERS VE CATCH
UND ARE TIGHT
LIPPED!



UND YOU, KURT
WIEDLER, VILL ALSO
RECEIFF A LESSON..
FROM THE FUEHRER
HIMSELF! YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!



YOU KNOW GRUMMEL,
I HAFF NEFFER
LIKED YOU!!

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME YOU..
YOU MADMAN!!
SEIZE HIM, MEN,
BEFORE HE
KILLS ME!

...LATER THAT NIGHT...

YOU WISH TO SEE ME, MEIN FUERER?

JA! HERR GRUMMEL HAS MADE CHARGES OF INSUBORDINATION AGAINST YOU! VOT HAFF YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

MEIN FUEHRER, I WOULD NOT DREAM OF DISOBEYING ORDERS! HERR GRUMMEL ORDERED ME TO DO VOT I DID! BECAUSE HE WAS TOO VEAK TO DO IT HIMSELF! I AM A VICTIM OF HIS AGGRESSION! DOT ISS DER TRUTH, ON MY HONOR AS A PURE ARYAN!

VY, YOU FILTHY LIAR! I...

HERR GRUMMEL! IF YOU WERE NOT MY SUPERIOR, I WOULD FLOG YOU, FOR CURSING IN DER PRESENCE OF DER FUEHRER HIMSELF!

HERR WIEDLER ISS RIGHT! YOU MAY LEAVE NOW, GRUMMEL! I WISH TO TALK MIT WIEDLER ALONE!

GUARD! WE ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED BY ANYVUN!

BUT... BUT...

AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

CONGRATULATE ME, HERR GRUMMEL! DER FUEHRER HASS JUST MADE ME A CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN? DENN YOU ARE NOW MY SUPERIOR, WIEDLER!

HA, HA, DOT ISS SO! BUT TO SHOW I BEAR YOU NO GRUDGE, I WILL HAFF A DRINK MIT YOU!!

BUT IN THE BEER HALL,
WHEN GRUMMEL'S BACK
IS TURNED...

STUPID, TRUSTING
FOOL! I TOLD YOU,
I WOULD PAY
YOU BACK!

GAAAAA

NOW I HAD
BETTER HURRY
BACK TO DER
FUEHRER, UND
REPORT DIS
UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT!

YES, WIEDLER!
VOT ISS IT
NOW??

ABOUT HERR GRUMMEL,
MEIN FUEHRER! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE JUST
HAPPENED!

WE WERE BOTH
ATTACKED BY SPIES WHILE
CELEBRATING MY PROMOTION!
I PUT THEM TO FLIGHT...
BUT NOT BEFORE POOR
GRUMMEL WAS STABBED!

YOU LIE, WIEDLER!
I HAD YOU
FOLLOWED, UND
I KNOW YOU
KILLED HIM!
SEIZE HIM,
MEN!

TRICKED ME,
EH? YOU
VON'T TAKE
ME VIDOUT
A FIGHT!



NO, MEIN FUEHRER, I AM NOT VUN OF YOUR VEAKLINGS WHO VILL SUBMIT TAMELY TO ARREST!



I AM A LION, NOT A LAMB!



NOW MEIN FUEHRER, I COULD EASILY KILL YOU, TOO! UND I VILL, UNLESS...



DERE ISS NO NEED FOR DOT, HERR HUN!

HERR HUN! WHY DID YOU CALL ME DOT??



BECAUSE YOU ARE DER SON OF DER HUN! YOU WERE IDENTIFIED BY DER PEASANT, DER HUN LEFT YOU MIT, TO BRING YOU UP AS HIS OWN CHILD!

I HAFF HAD YOUR FATHER'S SHIELD! I BROUGHT IT BACK, HOPING TO FIND SOME VUN VORTHY OF CARRYING IT! UND I HAFF HIS OWN SON!



I VAS TESTING YOU, CHUST NOW, UND YOU HAFF PASSED LIKE A TRUE ARYAN! YOU ARE TREACHEROUS, A LIAR, A KILLER, UND STRONG AS TEN MEN! GO FORTH AS DER HUN, UND AVENGE YOUR FATHER!



YES, I VILL AVENGE MY FATHER! I VARN YOU SHIELD, IT ISS EITHER YOUR LIFE, OR MINE!

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD AND DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

CHAPTER III.

DOOM'S JOURNEY

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS! GET YOUR WAR STAMPS HERE!

FOR EVERY THREE DOLLARS YOU LEND UNCLE SAM, HE'LL GIVE YOU FOUR BACK!!

SURE, SHIELD! I'LL TAKE FIFTY!!

I'LL TAKE A HUNDRED!

SUDDENLY..

BUT AS THE POPULACE CROWDS FORWARD, THEY PAY LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE APPROACHING BLACK SEDAN...

NOW I GIFF IT TO DER SVINE !!

LEADEN DEATH STREAMS FORTH...



GOOD LORD!
THESE PEOPLE
ARE BEING
SLAUGHTERED!



THOSE COPS LEFT
TWO MOTORCYCLES!
LET'S BORROW
THEM!



COME ON,
DUSTY, WE
CAN EXPLAIN
LATER!



HMMM... WONDER
WHY THOSE GUYS
AREN'T TAKING
SHOTS AT US!



DER SHIELD
ISS STILL
FOLLOWING
US, HANG!

GOOT!
VE COULD
EASILY LEAF
HIM BEHIND,
BUT VE VON'T,
EH, SIEGFRIED.
HAH, HAH!



WE'RE GAINING
ON THEM,
SHIELD!



BLAST DOT
TRAIN! NOW VE
HAFF TO WAIT
FOR IT TO PASS
SO DER SHIELD
DOES NOT
LOSE US!!



LOOK OUT!
GET OUT
OF THE
WAY!!



TOO LATE!
THEY GOT
AWAY!

BUT AS SOON AS THE
TRAIN HAS PASSED...

THERE'S SOME-
THING SCREWY
ABOUT THIS
SET-UP! THOSE
GUYS WANT
US TO CHASE
THEM!

LOOK, SHIELD!
THE CAR IS
STILL THERE!

BUT AS THE TRAIN PULLS BY...

GOOT BYE, HERR
SHIELD... I OUTSMARTED
YOU DIS TIME!

THAT GUY DELIBERATELY
JUMPED ON THE TRAIN TO
SPLIT US UP, DUSTY! ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THIS
GAME THEIR WAY... AND SEE
WHERE IT
LEADS TO!

OKAY, PAL!
I'LL TAKE THE
KRAUT ON THE
TRAIN!!

THIS THING
WORRIES ME!
WHAT HAVE
THOSE RATS
GOT UP THEIR
SLEEVES,
ANYWAY!!

OKAY, HEINIE! YOU
WANTED ME!..
SO, YOU'RE
GONNA GET
ME!...





HOLY SMOKE!
THE DRAW-BRIDGE
IS GOING UP!...
I JUST BARELY
HAVE A CHANCE!

I VONDER! DER SHIELD IS
TURNING OFF!.. VY HAS HE
STOPPED CHASING US?!

FOR THE MOMENT, THE SHIELD
IS MORE INTERESTED IN OVER-
TAKING THE TRAIN.. AND SOON
DOES! THEN, SIGHTING HIS
BUDDY, DUSTY LEAPS DARINGLY
FROM THE TRAIN...

MADE
IT!

THANK HEAVENS,
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, LAD!

HIYA,
SHIELD!

OKAY! HOP ON, DUSTY!
WE'LL BE BACK ON THE
MAIN ROAD, AND LET
THOSE CUTIES LEAD
US INTO THEIR TRAP!

THAT SHOOTING INCIDENT
WAS ENGINEERED BY THEIR
BOSS TO LURE US TO HIM...
AND I'M JUST AS ANXIOUS
TO MEET HIM AS HE IS
TO MEET ME!

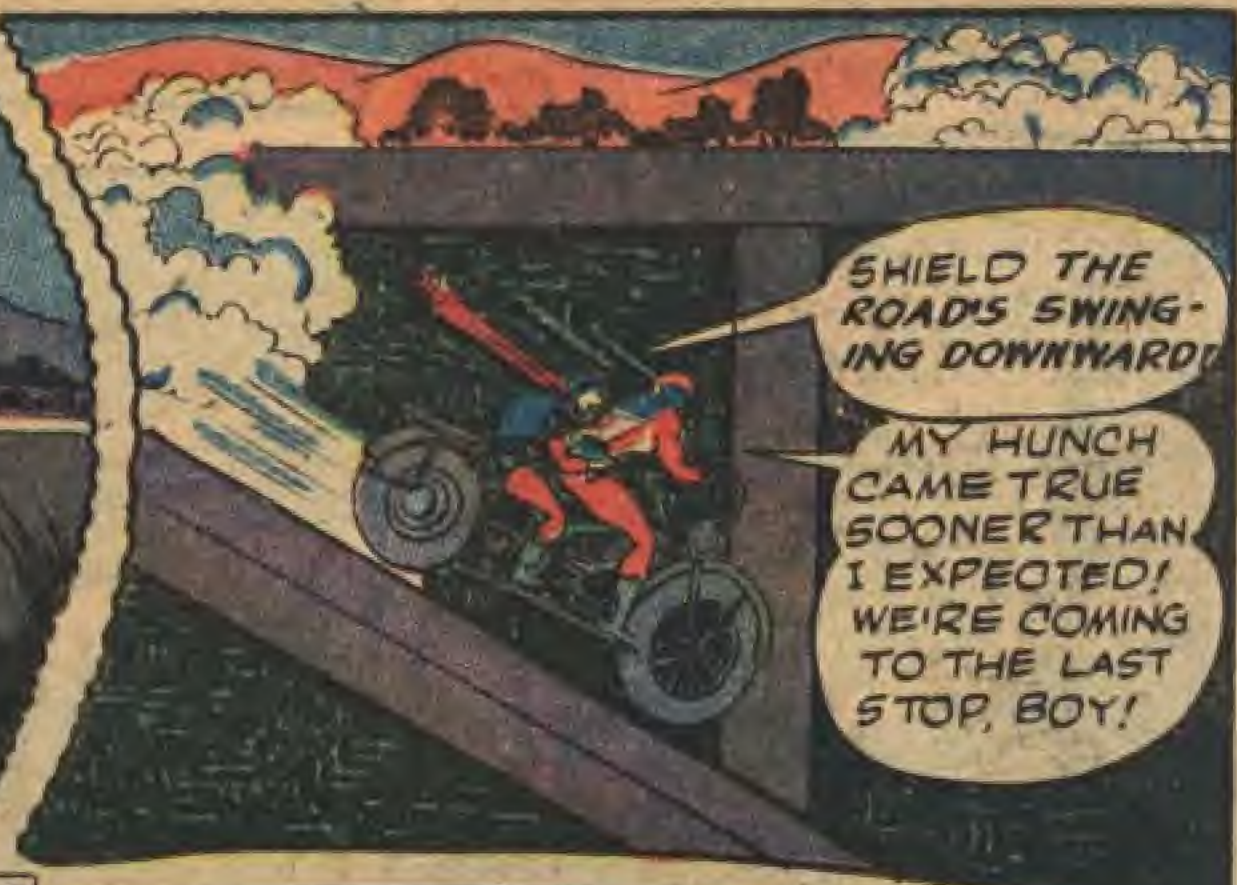
DER SHIELD
IS TRAILING
US AGAIN!

GOOT! VE
ARE VERY
NEAR OUR
DESTINATION,
NOW! IN VUN
MORE MOMENT,
DER SHIELD ISS
GOING TO BE
A VERY SUR-
PRISED MAN!





THEY'RE SPEEDING IT UP AGAIN, DUSTY! I'VE A HUNCH THAT THINGS ARE GOING TO START POPPING SOON!



SHIELD THE ROAD'S SWINGING DOWNWARD!

MY HUNCH CAME TRUE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! WE'RE COMING TO THE LAST STOP, BOY!



THUG'S CAR!

HINGED PAVEMENT

PERISCOPE

CONTROL BOOTH

REINFORCED CONCRETE

SHIELD AND DUSTY

REPAIR SHOP

SLEEPING QUARTERS

CENTRAL QUARTERS

REAR ELEVATOR TO SECRET MOUNTAIN EXIT

ELEVATOR

CORRIDOR LEADING TO DESERTED MINE SHAFT



WELL, WELL! QUITE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



YOU VILL COME QUIETLY MIT US, SHIELD!

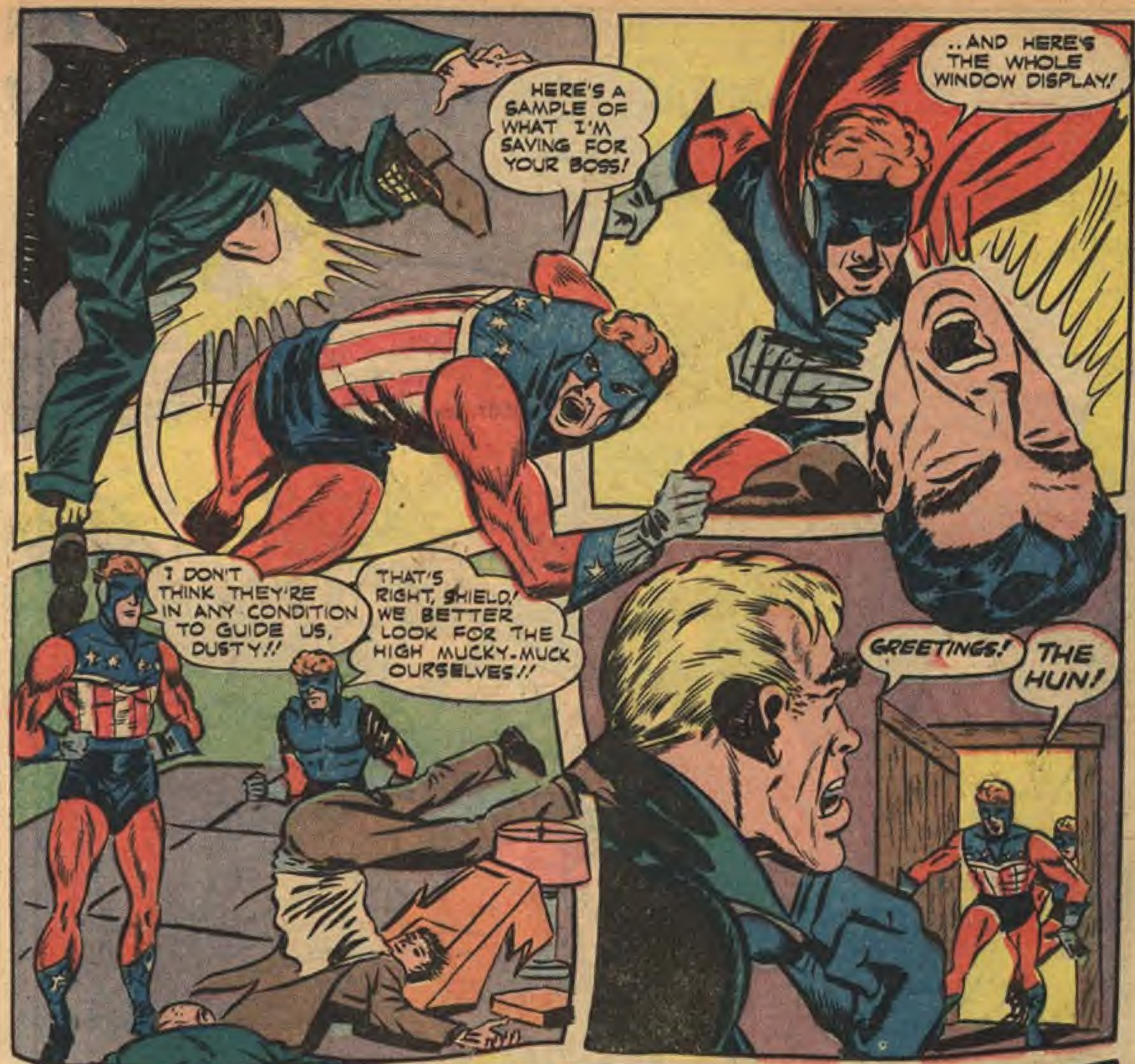
I'LL COME, ALL RIGHT--



--BUT NOT QUIETLY!



DROP THAT CHAT-TERGUN, KRAUT! BETTER STILL I'LL DROP YOU!



CHAPTER IV. THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS



ALLRIGHT! YOU'VE GOT US, HUN! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT AND GET IT OVER WITH?

NOT YET, SHIELD!

I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY ENOUGH, BUT IN MY OWN VAY! LEAF ME ALONE MIT DER SHIELD, MEN! TAKE DER BRAT MIT YOU!

IF YOU HARM THAT BOY...

DON'T VORRY! HE VON'T BE-YET! I VANT HIM TO SEE..AS VELL AS DER REST OF DER VORLD, HOW I DEAL MIT YOU! FIRST I VILL PUT ON MY TELEVISION-SENDING APPARATUS!!



IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

DIS ISS DER SON OF DER HUN
BROADCASTING! YOU ARE ABOUT TO
VITNESS A BATTLE TO DER DEATH
BETWEEN A **PURE** ARYAN, UND DER
GREATEST REPRESENTATIF OF DER
DER DECADENT DEMOCRACIES...
DER SHIELD!!

JEHOSEPHAT!

DER WHOLE
WORLD SHALL
BE VITNESS
TO DER
**SHIELD'S
DOWNFALL!**
DER TRIUMPH
OF DER
MASTER
RACE!

CHIEF! WE CAN
TRACE THAT
BROADCAST, AND
CAPTURE THE
HUN, IF...

NO! NOT YET, MEN!
THIS IS THE **SHIELD'S**
FIGHT! HE'D WANT
TO SEE THIS THING
THROUGH ALONE!





NOW MY FATHER,
DER HUN, SHALL BE
AVENGED, SHIELD!
AVENGED BEFORE
DER WHOLE
WORLD!

I'M READY,
WHENEVER
YOU ARE!

.. AND A SHOWDOWN
WITH YOU SUITS ME
FINE! HERE I
COME, HUN!



I DO NOT
WASTE ANY
TIME MIT
YOU,
SHIELD!



NOW, YOU
DIE!

YOU KNOW ALL
THE ANSWERS,
DON'T YOU,
HUN?



BUT HERE'S
A \$64
QUESTION,
THAT DOESN'T
NEED AN
ANSWER!

GET UP AND
FIGHT! I DON'T
NEED ANY
NAZI TRICKS
TO LICK
YOU!

CRACK

SPINELESS FOOL!
DO YOU THINK I
RESPECT YOUR
WEAKLING CODE OF
FAIR PLAY? DERE
ISS ONLY VUN LAW
VE NAZIS RESPECT..
SURVIVAL OF DER
STRONG!



..UND **DEATH**
TO DER
VEAK!



OKAY,
THEN..
I'LL PLAY
THE GAME
YOUR WAY!



NOW, COME
OVER **HERE...**



.. AND GET A
DOSE OF
YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!!

ERNST..
HANS...
HURRY
IN HERE!



WELL, WELL! LOOKS
LIKE THE **PURE-**
BLOODED ARYAN
NEEDS A
TRANSFUSION!



VERE ARE
ALL MY MEN,
CURSE
DEM!

YOU SENT
THEM TO
GUARD THE
OUTSIDE!
REMEMBER?
WHEN YOU
WERE SO
COCK-SURE
OF LICKING
ME!

IN
BERLIN,
WHERE
HITLER
IS
AN
INTENT
SPECTATOR
....



FUEHRER!
DER HUN
RAN FROM
DER ROOM!
VOT CAN HAFF
HAPPENED?

IT ISS
ONLY A
STRATEGIC
RETREAT-
...I HOPE!

AND BACK AGAIN IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERY EYE ALSO WAS GLUED TO THE TELEVISION RECEIVER...

WE'VE ALREADY TRACED THAT BROADCAST, CHIEF! DO WE GO AFTER THEM NOW?

YOU BET! THE SHIELD HAS THAT NAZI ON THE RUN!

..AND THOSE RATS WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING, NOW, TO GET HIM! LET'S GO, MEN!!

BOY! THIS CAVE STRETCHES A LONG WAY... SAY.. THIS MUST BE A DESERTED MINE!

A MINE CAR! DIS IS MY CHANCE TO SHAKE DOT ACCURSED SHIELD, OFF MY NECK!

BUT NOT OVER ME!

NOW, HUN, THE CROSS. COUNTRY RACE IS OVER!!

GREAT GRAVY! THAT THING IS ROLLING RIGHT AT ME!

Oooof!

PRETTY HANDY
WITH YOUR FEET,
AREN'T YOU?!

WELL, I'LL
STICK TO
FISTS!..

GET UP ON
YOUR FEET, YOU
TREACHEROUS
DOG, SO I
CAN FINISH
YOU OFF!

YOU STUPID DOLT! YOU
SHOULD HAFF DISARMED ME,
VENN YOU HAD A CHANCE!
FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS IDEAS
OF FAIR PLAY, YOU VILL
PAY.. MIT YOUR
LIFE!!

BANG
BANG
BANG

...A SECTION
OF IT GIVES WAY...

DESPERATELY THE SHIELD
DUCKS THE HAIL OF DEATH,
AND AS BULLETS SPATTER
THE WALL...

JUMPING TOAD STOOLS!
THIS MINE-SHAFT MUST
RUN UNDER A STREAM!

DER VATER
ISS RISING,
SHIELD, I'VE
HAD BETTER
DECLARE
A TRUCE!

THE DEVIL,
WE WILL!
YOU ASKED
FOR A FIGHT
TO THE FINISH,
AND YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET IT!

SHIELD! DER TUNNEL IS FLOODING! VE MUSTN'T FIGHT ANYMORE, OR VE'LL DIE LIKE RATS! I.. I DON'T WANT TO DIE DOT VAY SHIELD!



WHY, YOU SNIVELLING MOUSE!.. WHAT'S THAT?.. SOUNDS LIKE HOOF BEATS!



THEN A WEIRD MIST FORMS AND OUT OF IT A FIGURE EMERGES-ATTILA THE HUN...



..AND BEFORE THE SHIELD CAN RECOVER FROM HIS AMAZEMENT, A SWORD FLASHES DOWNWARD, AND...



YOU HAVE BEEN BEATEN, O, SON OF THE HUN! OUR POWER, THE POWER OF FORCE AND EVIL, IS ON THE WANE! NOW PREPARE TO JOIN ME, YOUR ANCESTOR, IN OBLIVION!



..AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE F.B.I. FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE NAZI LAIR...



WELL WE'VE ROUNDED THEM ALL UP, DUSTY.. BUT NO SIGN OF THE SHIELD, OR THE HUN!



GOLLY CHIEF! DO YOU THINK THE HUN GOT HIM?

JUST THEN, AN F.B.I MAN RETURNS EXCITEDLY, AND LEADS THEM TO THE HUN HEADQUARTERS..

CHIEF! I TRACED THIS REAR ENTRANCE! IT LEADS TO A DESERTED MINE SHAFT!

LET'S FOLLOW IT, MEN! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!



GOOD LORD! THIS TUNNEL IS FLOODING WITH WATER! IF THE SHIELD IS IN THERE WHY DOESN'T HE COME OUT, UNLESS... UNLESS...

GREAT HEAVENS! THE.. THE SHIELD! AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!!

AND IN BERLIN..

VOT HAPPENED MIT DER HUN? VHY DOESN'T HE APPEAR BEFORE HIS TELEVISION SENDER AGAIN?

SURELY, HE HAS CONQUERED DER SHIELD, BY DIS TIME... VOT'S DOT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A HORSES' HOOF BEATS!!

ATTILA, DER HUN!!

YES, FUEHRER! I CAME TO WARN YOU! OUR CAUSE IS FALLEN! ONCE BEFORE I APPEARED AND GAVE YOU POWER! NOW I COME TO WARN YOU OF YOUR DOOM!!

THEN AS THE APPARITION FADES...

NO, NO! OURS IS A MIGHTY RACE! WE VILL NOT BE CONQUERED!

DER TELEVISION! IT'S STARTING TO VORK!

..AND THEN SLOWLY AS THE BLUR ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN STARTS TO TAKE ON SHAPE, THERE APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED FUEHRER'S EYES...

HERE IT IS, NAZIS!.. YOUR PICTURE, OF THINGS TO COME!!

YOU'VE ALREADY TASTED THE GROWING FORCE OF DEMOCRACY.. OUR COMMANDO RAIDS STRIKING LIKE PHANTOMS OF DEATH EVERYWHERE - ANYWHERE IT COULD FIND YOU!.."

"... **I**N THAT COFFIN OF THE NAZI SUPERMAN... **RUSSIA**, WHOSE ARMY HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED TWO YEARS AGO!.."

THESE SCHICKLGRUBER ARE YOUR ANSWERS TO THE CHALLENGE YOU SENT ME!.. WITH THE FINAL ANSWER TO COME!

"... **O**N THE BURNING DESERT SANDS OF AFRICA WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BUILD THE **ETERNAL EMPIRE!**"

"...IN THE VERY STREETS OF THE COUNTRIES YOU'VE ALREADY CONQUERED!.."

THE END

IN THE CLEAR

a short short crime tale

THE moment he was ready to leave the teller's cage, Bill Milford heard them. Footsteps! They were coming slowly, shuffling, softly—

Then a key grated in a lock. He knew what would happen to a teller who was caught there at midnight without a good reason. A bank teller can't just walk into the building at midnight, when old Joe Waterman, the watchman, always went down by the furnace to eat his lunch, and walk off with five grand, as he did a few months before.

A bank would never stand for such irregularities. And Bill Milford was no exception. Fourteen years under the eagle eyes of Old Tim Beardsley, never giving thought of ever taking a red cent, then the day finally came.

But now he was back again on a different mission. To pay the money back. He needed the money in a hurry if Elsie was to live. The doctor told him he had to send

her south for at least a year, and the year was now up. Milford's young wife was back on her feet, but now—

A beam of light shot from a flashlight in the intruder's hand. A key grated in another lock, the lock on the cage in which he now crouched behind a large filing cabinet.

A man shuffled inside and flicked on the light, stared.

"Milford!" Old Tim Beardsley almost choked out the word. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Forgot something, and—er—had to attend to it before morning," Milford stammered, then smiled a bit maliciously. "And you?"

"I—I had an adjustment to make in a party's loan contract, and I—"

"Was that party—you?" Milford's voice was strange and accusing. "Why not lay the cards on the table, face up! I know this will finish me with the bank, but I'm satisfied, Beardsley. I can get work in New York. If

you really want to know why I came here tonight, I'll tell you."

He pushed a heavy ledger in front of the sharp eyes of Tim Beardsley, who gazed over his bifocals to read it.

"That's what I came here for tonight. To give back the money I'd taken. I just won twenty grand in a sweepstake. Now I'm in the clear with the bank, and you or no one else can prove that I took it. It's back with all references made in the files. So—"

"Then you're leaving our employ?" Beardsley's tone was optimistic. "You're leaving without even handing in your resignation?"

"Yes. I know you'll try to prove something."

"No, Billy, my boy. I won't say a word. I know it was too bad about your wife. I felt sorry for you and her. I always liked you, Billy, even though you did not think I did. But now you're leaving, so I'll tell you something. My son has been waiting for an opening here for a long time.

Now he'll get his chance, by you going."

Milford's eyes rested on the keys in the lock. Only he and Old Beardsley had a set to fit. Slowly, he moved to the door, then swiftly opened it, letting himself out and quickly slammed the door shut, leaving Beardsley locked inside.

"Milford!" Tim Beardsley's voice rang out with a resonant hollow sound that echoed throughout the building. "What are you doing?"

"Just doing what you've tried to do to me for a long time. Caging you up like an animal. Now you'll have some explaining to do in the morning!"

Beardsley was yelling like the trapped rodent he was; cursing Milford with his high-pitched caterwaul.

"Pipe down!" Milford shouted. "Do you want Joe waterman to come up here? If he finds you there, he'll squawk. You won't have a chance. He don't like you a

little bit. He has a score to settle with you for trying to fire him."

Old Tim Beardsley continued his yelling, but Waterman did not appear, and Milford wondered why the old watchman did not come hobbling up the stairs. Then Beardsley answered the question for him.

"Waterman!" The head bookkeeper shouted. "He can't come up here. He's dead! I—" Beardsley's breath seemed to give way. "I'll get the chair! Let me out, Billy, and I'll—"

A bell drowned out the old bookkeeper's cries. The burglar alarm! Soon a cordon of police would come swarming on the scene, surrounding the bank with sub-machine guns drawn, tear-gas bombs.

But Billy Milford did not want to remain for the excitement. He dashed down the rear stairs and let himself out through the coal chute, then crept into the

shadows of adjacent buildings, when he heard the approach of screeching sirens. Then he went home to Elsie. He did not wake her. When she did wake he'd have to tell her. They would have to pack quickly and go to New York. It would break her heart, but . . .

In the morning Elsie sat up in bed reading the morning paper when Billy opened his eyes.

"Feeling better, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," her voice sounded much stronger, he thought, and filled with cheer.

"You ought to feel better when you read the paper, too. Your chance for promotion has come at last. There was an attempted robbery at your bank last night or early this morning. Mr. Waterman had been hit over the head and knocked unconscious, but he came back and shot and killed the man who he said was trying to rob the bank. Old Tim Beardsley!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Shield Wizard Comics, published quarterly at Holyoke, Mass., for October 1st, 1942. State of New York County of New York ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the publisher of Shield Wizard Comics, and that the following, to the best of his knowledge and belief, is a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 166 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorten, 161 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor,

John L. Goldwater, 166 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 166 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 166 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 166 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 166 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 166 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where

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

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

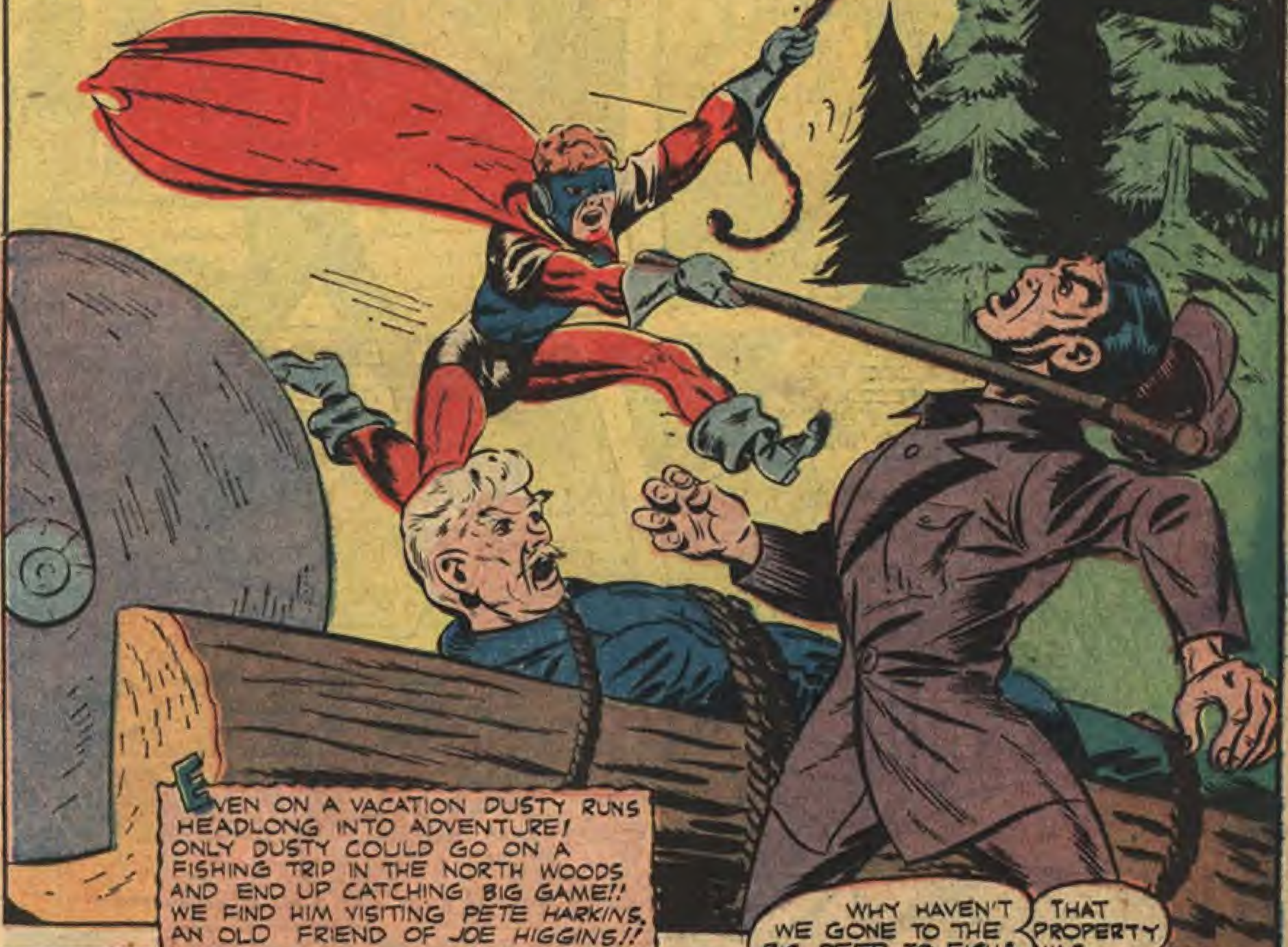
LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, (My Commission expires March 31, 1944.)

(SEAL)

DUSTY

the SPECTACULAR
BOY DETECTIVE



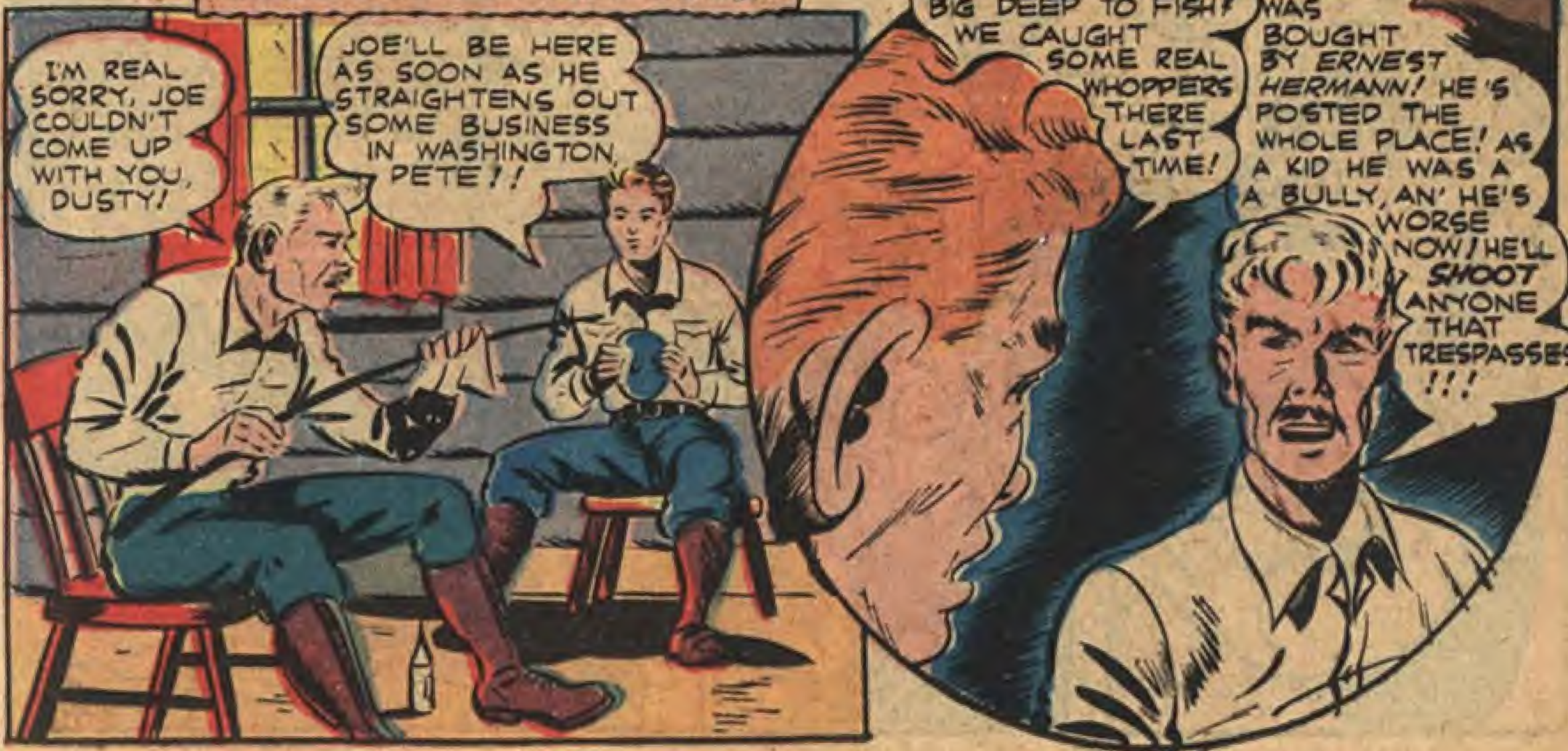
EVEN ON A VACATION DUSTY RUNS HEADLONG INTO ADVENTURE! ONLY DUSTY COULD GO ON A FISHING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS AND END UP CATCHING BIG GAME!! WE FIND HIM VISITING PETE HARKINS, AN OLD FRIEND OF JOE HIGGINS!!

I'M REAL SORRY, JOE COULDN'T COME UP WITH YOU, DUSTY!

JOE'LL BE HERE AS SOON AS HE STRAIGHTENS OUT SOME BUSINESS IN WASHINGTON, PETE!!

WHY HAVEN'T WE GONE TO THE BIG DEEP TO FISH? WE CAUGHT SOME REAL WHOPPERS THERE LAST TIME!

THAT PROPERTY WAS BOUGHT BY ERNEST HERMANN! HE'S POSTED THE WHOLE PLACE! AS A KID HE WAS A BULLY, AN' HE'S WORSE NOW! HE'LL SHOOT ANYONE THAT TRESPASSES!!!



HE RUNS THE PLACE
AS A COMBINATION LUMBER.
CAMP, AND RESORT PLACE...
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT IT! SPEAK
OF THE DEVIL, HERE HE
COMES!!



IT'S NO GO!!
I DON'T WANT
TO WORK
FOR YOU, AND
ANYHOW
I'M BUSY!
I'VE A GUEST!

HELLO, PETE!
I'VE GOT A JOB FOR
YOU! I WANT YOU TO
GUIDE SOME GUESTS
OF MINE, TO THE
OLD HUTTON
CAMP!!

SORRY, I'M
NOT INTEREST-
ED!!

YOU'VE
GOTTA DO
IT! I'LL PAY
DOUBLE RATES!
YOU'RE THE
ONLY GUIDE
WHO CAN
FOLLOW
THE TRAIL!!

YOU'LL BE SORRY, FOR
THIS, PETE! YOU' BEEN
GETTING TOO UPPITY
FER YOUR OWN GOOD!

HE SURE
IS A
NASTY
CUSTOMER
!!!

DARN RIGHT!
YOU KNOW I'M
A DEPUTY
SHERIFF, AND
ALL I HOPE IS
THAT SOMEDAY
I'LL CATCH HIM
PULLING A
CROOKED DEAL!

NEXT MORNING...

I'M GOING DOWN TO
THE MAIN ROAD, I'LL SEE
IF THERE'S ANY MAIL!
BE RIGHT BACK!!

O.K. PETE! I'LL FINISH
WRITING THIS WHILE
YOU'RE GONE!!





Dear Joe -
Having a swell vacation!
All I do is fish, eat, and
sleep! Wish you'd hurry on
up! You should see the size
of the trout I've been
catching!
See you soon...
Dusty



HERR HERMANN!
VE CHUST CAUGHT
A BOY TRYING TO
SNEAK INTO
OUR CAMP!

WHAT?.. THAT
MUST BE THE
KID WHO'S A
FRIEND OF
HARKINS!
WHERE IS
HE??

OUTSIDE.. UNCONSCIOUS!!
HE FOUGHT LIKE DER
TEVEEL! IT TOOK
SIX OF US TO
SUBDUE HIM!!

BRING HIM
IN, ADOLF!

Ooo...MY
HEAD..HERMANN
YOU RAT!
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
WITH
PETE??

SHUT UP!..
TIE HIM IN
A CHAIR,
ADOLF!
CATCHING
HIM WAS
A STROKE
OF LUCK!

SO YOU'RE CONSCIOUS,
PETE! THAT'S FINE! I'M
HEATING UP THIS POKER
TO BURN OUT YOUR LOVING
FRIEND'S EYES AND TONGUE!
THAT IS UNLESS
YOU GUIDE US!

WHY YOU
LOWDOWN
DIRTY
DOG!

DON'T GUIDE
THEM, PETE!
DON'T GIVE
IN! REMEMBER,
AS DEPUTY
SHERIFF, YOU
CAN'T HELP
THESE NAZIS
ESCAPE!

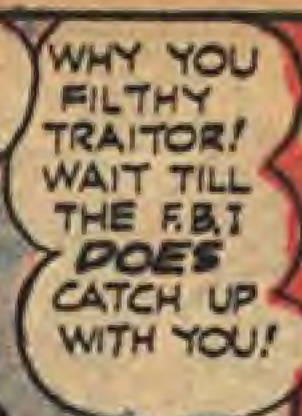
SEE! SEE
HOW THE HEAT
BURNS HIS LASHES.
BEFORE THE
POKER IS EVEN
NEAR HIS EYES!

STOP!!
STOP, I SAY!!
I'LL GUIDE YOU,
BUT TAKE THAT
POKER AWAY
FROM DUSTY'S
EYES!!

HA, HA... TALK
WHILE YOU
CAN, YOU
BRAT!

SOON YOU'LL
BE WITHOUT A
TONGUE...
AND YOU'LL
NEVER TALK
AGAIN!!

HERMANN,
YOU FIEND!
YOU COULDN'T
!!!



BOY! I'M SURE GLAD
I DIDN'T STAY FOR THAT
SEND OFF INTO
ETERNITY!

THERE THEY ARE!
LOADING THE
CANOES! BOY
HOW I GET
DOWN IN TIME!
IT'S A GOOD HALF
MILE!!

A LOG
CHUTE! THIS'LL
DO IT!!

IF I CAN GET
THIS LOG ON
THE CHUTE,
I'LL HAVE A
PRIVATE
EXPRESS TO
THE RIVER!

WHEE! THIS IS
BETTER THAN A
ROLLERCOASTER!

IT'S LUCKY THAT
THEY'RE RIGHT
BELOW THE
BEND IN THE
RIVER! THEY
CAN'T SEE ME!

HERE'S WHERE
I GET OFF! I
CAN'T LET THE
T.N.T. GET WET!

WHAT A BREAK!
HERE'S THE LOG.
JAM! WITH THIS
T.N.T. I CAN GIVE
THE BOYS A
NICE SURPRISE!

THIS SURE
TAKES FOOTWORK!
I'D HATE TO
FALL IN THE
PATH OF THIS
JAM, WHEN
IT BREAKS
LOOSE!

AND NOW TO GET
PETE OUT OF THE WAY!
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!!

A HUGE LOG-CRESTED WAVE CAUSED
BY THE EXPLOSION HURTTLES DOWN
ON THE CANOES....

HANS!
JUMP!

LOOK, PETE, THEY'LL
DROWN, WE'D BET-
TER GET OUT
OF HERE!

I'D LIKE TO GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
GUY WHO BLEW
UP THAT JAM!

HI, PAL!...
LOOKING
FOR ME?

HUH?...
WHAT IN...

WHAT YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE
PADDLING! IT'S
GOOD FOR THE
MORALE!!



TAKE THAT, YOU BRAT! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT ONTO MY TRAIL!



... BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ME!



WAIT FOR ME, PAL!



HA!.. I'VE GOT YOU, WHERE I WANT YOU! I'M THE LOG-ROLLING CHAMP IN THESE PARTS, AND...



AND YOU'RE THE EX-CHAMP, NOW, PAL!

A PRECARIOUS CHASE ENSUES, AS DUSTY FLITS FROM LOG TO LOG! IN PURSUIT! OF HERMANN, UNTIL...



HI, PETE! SOME CHAP IN A UNIFORM HANDED HER. MANN OVER TO ME! HE SAID I SHOULD DELIVER HIM TO YOU PERSONALLY! GOSH! YOU CAUGHT SOME OF THE NAZIS!

YEP! COUNTING HERMANN, THERE. THE SCORE'S PERFECT! C'MON, LET'S MARCH 'EM DOWN TO THE TOWN JAIL! GOSH! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO THAT BOY IN UNIFORM WAS! HE KINDA LOOKED A BIT LIKE YOU!



FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS DEPUTY SHERIFF TO MAKE A REALLY IMPORTANT CAPTURE! WASN'T THE SHERIFF SURPRISED, WHEN WE DRAGGED IN THE PRISONER?

YEAH! 'SCUSE ME, PETE, I GOTTA POST THIS LETTER TO JOE!...



JUST GOT A LETTER FROM DUSTY, CHIEF! SAYS, ALL HE DOES IS FISH, EAT, AND SLEEP! I'M GLAD HE'S GETTING A REST!

HA, HA, THAT'S FUNNY! I JUST HAD A REPORT FROM OUR NORTH DIVISION, THAT A BOY ANSWERING DUSTY'S DESCRIPTION, AND PETE, THE GUIDE, ROUNDED UP SOME NAZIS AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS! SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL VACATION FOR DUSTY!

AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

Later

JESTS & JOKES



FIRST GUY-EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU REMIND ME OF MOE!
SECOND GUY-BUT I DON'T LOOK LIKE MOE!
FIRST GUY-I KNOW IT, BUT HE **ALSO** OWES ME FIVE BUCKS!



MR. GLEEP WAS SITTING DOWN TO READ HIS PAPER ONE EVENING WHEN HE WAS ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS OWN DEATH IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN. HE RANG UP HIS FRIEND MR. RANESSCHNERRD AT ONCE. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY DEATH IN THE PAPER?" HE ASKED. "YES," REPLIED RANESSCHNERRD, "WHERE ARE YOU SPEAKING FROM?"



I WON'T GIVE YOU A CENT, YOU'RE TOO DIRTY!
 BUT, MA'M, IT'S TO BUY ME SOME SOAP!



AIR-POCKETS



MYRTLE SAYS SHE WON'T GET MARRIED BEFORE SHE FINDS HER IDEAL!
 WHAT'S HER IDEAL?
 ANYONE WHO WANTS TO MARRY HER!



WAITER- THAT GENTLEMAN OVER THERE SAYS HIS SOUP ISN'T FIT FOR A PIG!
MANAGER- THEN TAKE IT AWAY, YOU FOOL, AND BRING HIM SOME THAT IS!

JUNIOR- MOMMY, WHO MADE ME?
MOTHER- GOD!
JUNIOR- AND WHO BRINGS ME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?
MOTHER- SANTA CLAUS!
JUNIOR- THEN WHAT THE HECK IS POP HANGING AROUND FOR?



Roy



LITTLE GIRL- SAY, POP, DID YOU FLIRT WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG?
POP- WHY, YES! QUITE A LOT!
LITTLE GIRL- WERE YOU PUNISHED FOR IT?
POP- VERY MUCH- I HAD TO MARRY YOUR MOTHER!

REGISTERED
UNITED STATES
PATENT
OFFICE

THE

WIZARD

WITH **ROY.**
THE **SUPER-BOY**



OH GOLLY!
OH GOLLY!

TAXI!

THE "CHRONICLE"
OFFICES PLEASE!
AND HURRY!

I CAN'T
WAIT UNTIL
I SEE BLANE!

SWAMI
RIVERS

MYSTIC
SPIRITUALIST
OCCULTIST
FORTUNE
TELLER

ONE FLIGHT
UP →

YES,
MA'AM!

I DO HOPE
BLANE IS IN HIS
OFFICE!

BLANE! I
WENT TO THE
MOST **WONDERFUL**
SPIRITUALIST
TODAY!

OH
REALLY!

AND HE TOLD ME
THE MOST **AMAZING**
THINGS ABOUT YOU!

HE
WHAT!

YES INDEED! HE TOLD
ME YOUR **SECRET**, BLANE
WHITNEY!

(GULP)
HE
DID?

YOU'VE BEEN
KEEPING IT FROM
ME FOR ALONG
TIME, BLANE,
BUT NOW I
KNOW!

ER-WHAT
DID HE
TELL YOU
JANE?

YOU KNOW
WHAT HE TOLD
ME, BLANE
WHITNEY! NOW
DON'T PRETEND
YOU **DON'T!**

BUT I
DON'T,
JANE!

I
HOPE!

ALL RIGHT!
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO BE **THAT**
WAY ABOUT IT!
JUST READ MY
COLUMN TOMORROW,
YOU'LL FIND OUT!



MY "SECRET"! HMMMM---



IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE KNOWS THAT I'M THE **WIZARD**? WOULD THAT BE WHAT HE TOLD JANE? --BUT SHE WOULDN'T PUT THAT IN HER COLUMN----

...OR WOULD SHE?



ROY! ROY!



WHAT'S A TROUBLE BLANE?

COME IN HERE AND CLOSE THE DOOR!



LISTEN, ROY! I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THERE'S A POSSIBILITY SOME ONE MAY KNOW I'M THE **WIZARD**!

WHAT?



I THINK WE HAD BETTER DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

O'BOY! ACTION!

WAIT A MINUTE! NOT SO FAST-- WE'LL GO AS WE ARE, AS BLANE WHITNEY AND ROY CARTER!

OH! OKAY!

AND SO-A SHORT TIME LATER---

HERE'S THE SPOT, ROY! LET'S GO!

SWAMI RIVERS
ONE FLIGHT UP

MEANWHILE - WITHIN THE SPIRITUALIST'S HALLS---

HAH! DIS ISS DER PERFECT FALSE FRONT FOR OUR SHPY HEADQUARTERS!

YESS-AS LONG AS WE HAVE OUR MOORISH FRIEND TO PLAY AT BEING MYSTIC-HA, HA!

JA-DER POOR SAP! HE STILL THINKS HE ISS DER ONE VOT DOES ALL DER TRICKS!

YES-SS!

QUIET FOOLS! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK WHEN HE'S AROUND!

SECRETS OF THE OCCULT

NEXT TIME-- REMEMBER!

WHACK

POW

THERE'S A CUSTOMER AT THE DOOR SWAMI! NOW REMEMBER-- NO SLIPS!

YES, SIR!

AH-COME IN GENTLEMEN!

THANK YOU!

MY NAME IS ----!

WAIT! I WILL TELL YOU!

YOU ARE **BLANE WHITNEY!** AND YOU HAVE COME HERE BECAUSE YOUR FIANCEE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME AND YOU WISH TO SEE MY POWER! VERY WELL! YOU SHALL SEE MY POWER!!



LOOK ME IN THE EYE, MR. WHITNEY! I'LL SHOW YOU MY SUPERIOR POWER - I'LL MAKE YOU **FLOAT IN MID-AIR!** LOOK AT ME!!!



YOU ARE NOW GOING TO RISE OFF THE GROUND BECAUSE MY MIND IS SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN YOURS!

HMMM! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE OF MY OWN POWER!



WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M FLOATING! **HALP!**

THE WEAKER MIND, MY FRIEND!

GEE!



HOW'D YOU DO IT, BLANE?

DON'T FORGET, ROY! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS MYSTICISM MYSELF!

LEMME DOWN!



FURTHER MORE - THIS GUY IS A FAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT LEVITATION!

STOP IT, I SAY!



SUDDENLY

THAT'S FUNNY!



GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!

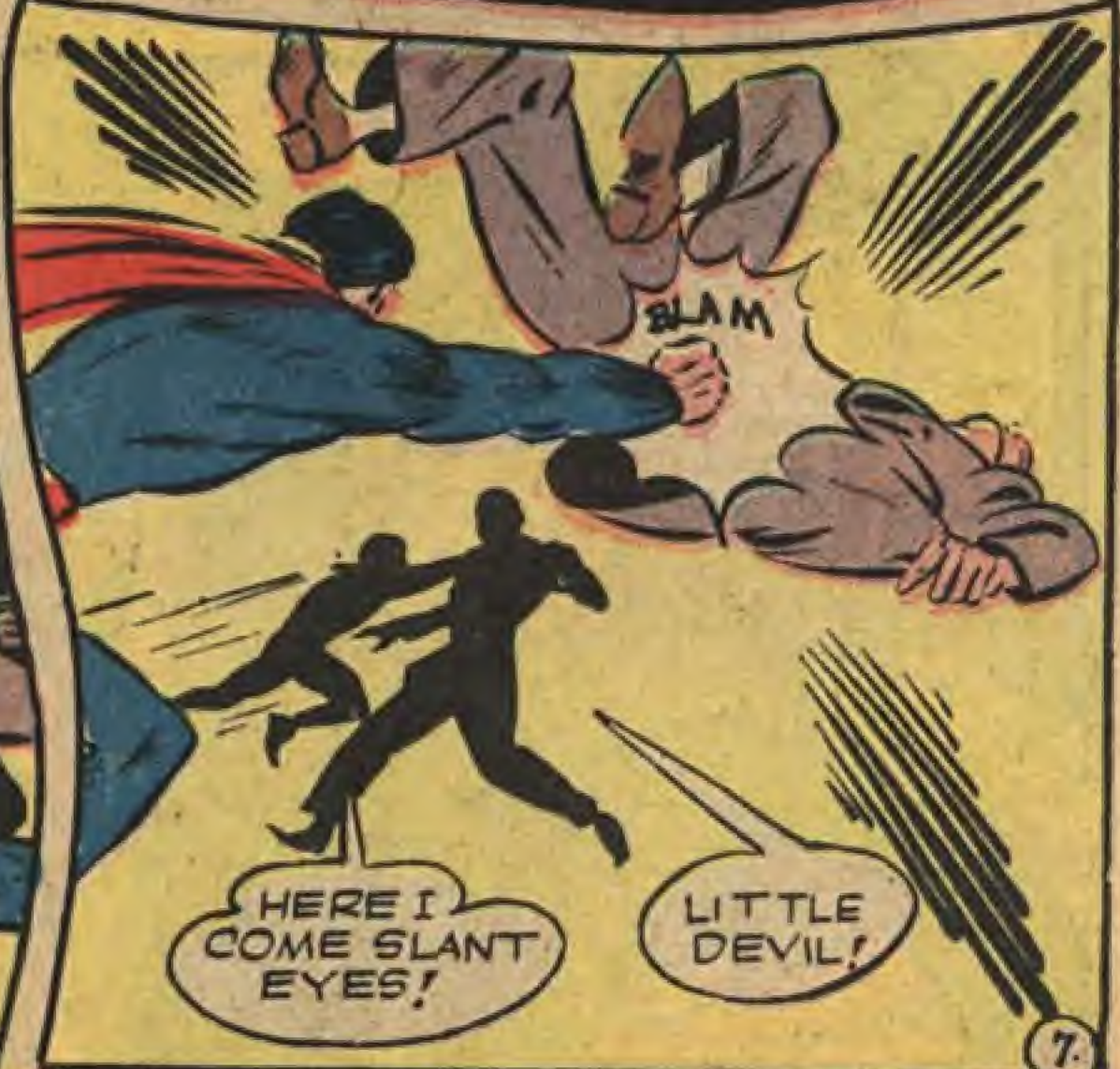
ALL RIGHT, WE'RE GOING! AND THANKS FOR THE DEMONSTRATION!



OUTSIDE

THAT'S JUST IT - I *DIDN'T* LET HIM DOWN! SOMEONE ELSE **FORCED** HIM DOWN! THERE WAS A VERY POWERFUL MIND IN THERE AND IT WASN'T HIS!









HIGH ON A LONELY, WIND-SWEPT HILL, GENTLY SWINGING TO AND FRO, HANGS THE LIMP FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE! HIS FELLOW MEN, THE PEOPLE HE GREW UP WITH, DECIDED HIS FATE, HANGED HIM FOR MURDER, THE MURDER OF THE VILLAGE MAYOR! HASTY PEOPLE, THESE VILLAGERS! WITHOUT A TRIAL THEY HANGED HIM FROM A TREE LIMB, AND LEFT HIM SWINGING IN THE RAIN!

The

WIZARD

and ROY the SUPER BOY!

WAS HE GUILTY OR NOT? THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD TO FORM THEIR VERDICT!

AND A CHARGE OF LIGHTNING THAT WOULD BRING DEATH TO THE LIVING, BRINGS LIFE TO THE DEAD--



WHAT AM I DOING HERE? HOW DID I --- OH YES! THE MOB! THE PEOPLE -- THEY LEFT ME HERE TO DIE! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE -- I DIDN'T DIE!

I WAS INNOCENT, YET THEY HANGED ME! INNOCENT! BUT THEY COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO PROVE IT! NO! HANG HIM, HANG HIM! WELL I'LL PROVE IT NOW! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!

SYLVIA! FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND SYLVIA! SHE CAN HELP ME! SHE CAN TELL THEM!

MY NECK FEELS SO STRANGE! I WISH I COULD HOLD MY HEAD UP! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, IT'S ONLY A DOG -- SNYDER'S DOG! WHAT'S A MATTER SPOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

C'MERE, BOY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO BE MAD AT ME ABOUT! I'M YOUR OLD PAL RE-MEMBER?

YOWWR

HE'S DEAD! IT WAS JUST AS THO' LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM -- AND ALL I DID WAS PAT HIM WITH MY HAND! STRANGE, I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!



I MUST FIND SYLVIA!
SYLVIA CAN TELL ME
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
DEAR SYLVIA, MY
BELOVED!



I'M COMING BACK SYLVIA!
YOU KNEW I WAS INNOCENT,
SYLVIA! YOU CRIED WHEN
THEY TOOK ME AWAY,
BUT DRY YOUR TEARS
DARLING, I'M BACK,
I'M BACK!



TIM



TIM! YOU'RE DEAD! I
SAW THEM HANG YOU,
MYSELF! TIM, WHY
ARE YOU LOOK-
ING AT ME
LIKE THAT?



L-LOOK TIM, I DON'T
WANTA GET TOUGH, BUT
Y-YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT
TO COME BACK HERE!
YOU'RE DEAD! SYLVIA'S
MY GIRL NOW! GO
BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE!



**TIM!
DON'T!
DON'T
TIM!**

GHOST OR NO
GHOST, TIM
I'M GONNA
LET YOU
HAVE IT!



THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! THE VILLAGERS FORM A POSSE TO CATCH THE MONSTER THAT CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD-----

THERE HE GOES--
GET HIM!
GET HIM!

HA-HA! YOU'LL NOT
GET ME THIS
TIME!



WHICH WAY
DID HE
GO?

HE WENT
THIS
WAY--

NO-
THIS
WAY!

HALF OF YOU
GO THAT WAY!
THE REST
COME WITH
US!

THEY'RE GONE! NOW I'LL
GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE!
I'LL SHOW THEM! THEY'LL
THINK TWICE BEFORE
THEY HANG A MAN
WITHOUT A TRIAL
AGAIN!



I MUST FIND GORTH!
HE'S THE ONE! HE'S THE
ONE WHO SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HANGED, NOT ME!
BUT THEY WON'T
BELIEVE ME, I'VE
GOT TO FIND GORTH!

MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD AND ROY, RECOVER FROM
THE SHOCK OF CONTACTING THE "MONSTER" FORM
A PLAN OF STRATEGY---

ROY, THERE'S SOMETHING
FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE
SET-UP! WHEN THE MAYOR
WAS MURDERED, THEY
LYNCHED TIM ON
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!
WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE
MAYOR'S HOME AND
GET THE WHOLE
STORY!

THAT'S HIS HOUSE UP
ON THE HILL! I SAW
THREE MEN GO IN
THERE RIGHT AFTER
THE MOB WENT AFTER
THE "MONSTER"-ER
I MEAN TIM!



AT THE MAYOR'S HOME--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO GORTH? IF THE VILLAGERS FIND OUT YOU KILLED THE MAYOR JUST TO GET HIS OFFICE, YOU'LL BE NEXT!

A LOT YOU'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT! WE'RE ALL IN IT! AS THE TOWN'S TREASURER YOU FIXED THE BOOKS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE TIM STOLE THE MONEY AND JOE HERE LED THE LYNCHING SCHEME!

WHAT WAS THAT?

CLICK

TIM!

YOU, GORTH! I'VE COME FOR YOU!

TIM...WAIT...LISTEN
TIM...NO...NO!
YOU CAN'T TIM!
I CAN EXPLAIN!

WIZARD, LOOK!
THE MONSTER!

AAHGGG!

CRASH

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE OUR GET-AWAY!

YEH! HURRY UP!



FEINTING A FORWARD ATTACK THE MONSTER CATCHES THE WIZARD OFF GUARD ---



HA, HA, HAHA!
I GIVE YOU
YOUR PRO-
TECTOR,
GORTH!

YOU CAN'T DO
THAT TO THE
WIZARD AND
GET AWAY
WITH IT!



OOOF!

OOOF!



THE MONSTER STUMBLES BACKWARD UNDER THE IMPACT-AGAINST A STEEL RADIATOR, BURSTING INTO FLAMES---



COME ON, ROY! WE CAN'T SAVE HIM! THE WHOLE HOUSE IS ON FIRE! I'VE GOT THESE TWO, GRAB THAT OTHER MAN!

GOT HIM, WIZARD!



THE FIRE BRINGS THE POSSE BACK---

HERE'S YOUR REAL KILLERS, MEN! BOTH ROY AND I HEARD THEM CONFESS TO FIXING THE TREASURY BOOKS AND MURDERING YOUR MAYOR!



IF YOU HAD TAKEN TIME TO HAVE A FAIR TRIAL FOR TIM, YOU WOULD HAVE FOUND THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF! BUT THIS OTHER MAN HERE HAD YOU LYNCH TIM FOR IT! TIM'S GONE FOR GOOD NOW, BUT JUST REMEMBER FROM NOW ON THAT THIS IS AMERICA, WHERE MOB RULE IS OUT, AND JUSTICE PREVAILS!

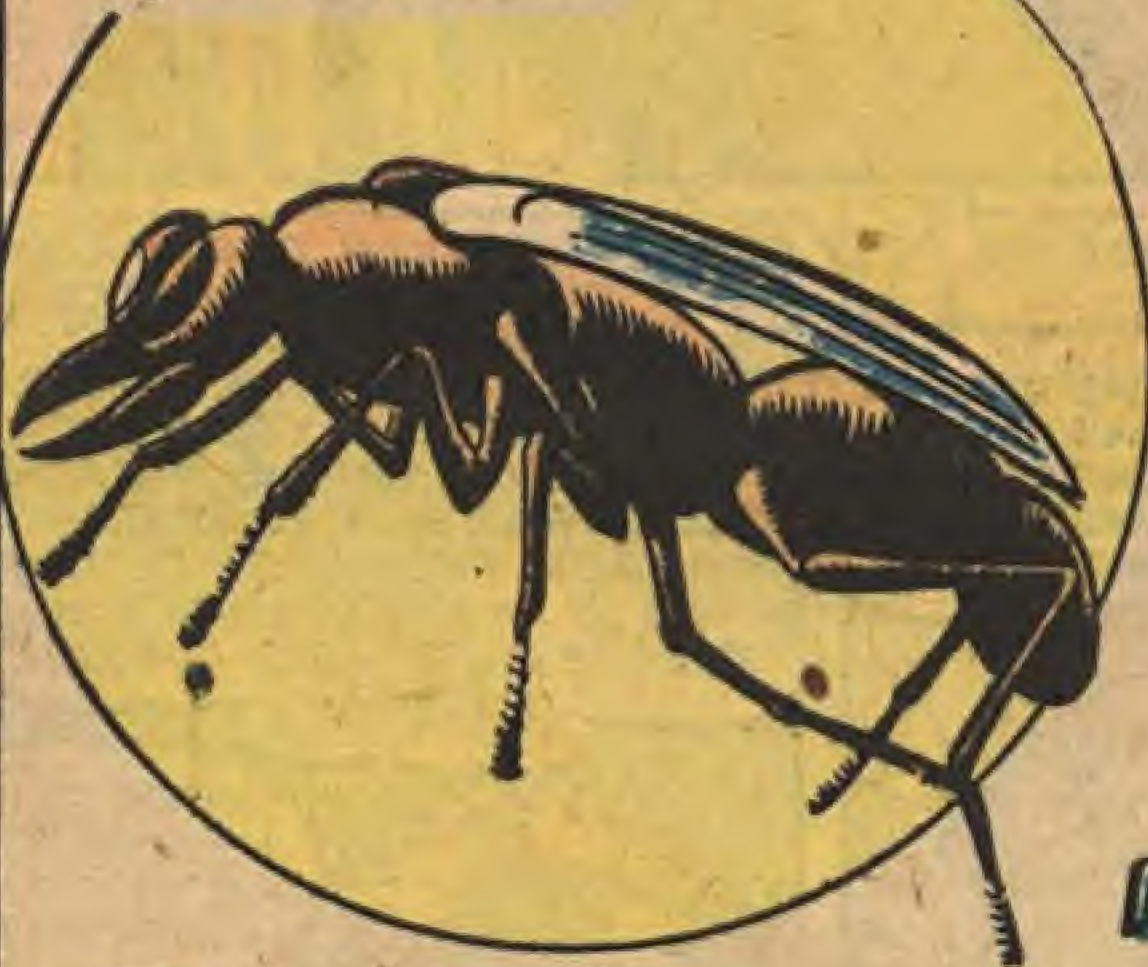


POOR TIM!
HE HAD TO
PAY FOR OUR
STUPIDITY!

WORLD WONDERS



THE OCEAN HITCH HIKER
IS THE HALOBATE,
AN INSECT WHICH IS
OFTEN FOUND MANY
THOUSANDS OF MILES
FROM LAND, RIDING
ON FLOATING WEED.



THE MISKITO INDIANS OF HONDURAS
MAKE USE OF THE STRONG CLAMP
LIKE JAWS OF THE SOLDIER PARASOL
ANT TO CLOSE THEIR WOUNDS.....

A WOLF SUICIDE
AN ESKIMO CAN CAUSE A WOLF TO
COMMIT SUICIDE... A WHALEBONE KNIFE
IS PLACED BLADE UP IN THE SNOW. THE
WOLF IS ATTRACTED TO THE BLOOD-COVERED
BLADE AND CUTS HIS TONGUE. THE TASTE
OF BLOOD EXCITES HIS APPETITE AND
HE CUTS HIMSELF MORE AND MORE
UNTIL HE FINALLY BLEEDS TO DEATH!



NEARLY ALL THE
INHABITANTS OF
GREENLAND ARE
DESCENDANTS OF
EUROPEANS!



- Galt

ROY!

THE
SUPER
BOY

SAY, ROY!
HAVE YOU HEARD
THE STORY ABOUT
THE TALKING
DOG?

HEARD IT?
WHY, I WAS
THERE!



AND HOW ABOUT
YOU, DEAR READER?
HAVE YOU HEARD IT?
IF NOT, READ ON
AND DISCOVER WHAT
HAPPENED IN ROY'S
MOST UNUSUAL AD-
VENTURE!

E. Robbins



WE
FIND ROY
ENJOYING
A WALK
IN THE
PARK!

AH! WHAT A
DAY! SMELL
THAT AIR!



WELL, WELL!
LOOK AT THE
PUP!



WHAT ARE YOU
AFTER OL' BOY?
YOU GOT A
SQUIRREL UNDER
THERE?



NO-O! I'M
LOOKIN' FOR
MY MASTER!

OH!



HEH! THAT'S FUNNY!
I'VE HEARD OF LOST
DOGS BUT NEVER
OF A LOST MASTER
BEFORE!



BUT THAT'S WHAT
HE SA---! HEY!
HE TALKED!



ER--I HATE TO
BOTHER YOU AGAIN,
MR. PUP! BUT WOULD
YOU MIND REPEATING
WHAT YOU JUST
SAID?

CERTAINLY
NOT!

I SAID, I'M LOOKING
FOR MY MASTER!



ARRRGH! HE SAID
IT AGAIN! IT'S A
TRICK! IT'S A TRICK!



IT'S SOMEBODY
HIDIN' BEHIND THE
BUSH HERE!



OKAY,
WISE GUY,
I GOTCHA!

WHAT'D
YOU DO
THAT FOR?



HERE COMES A COP!
I'LL SEE IF HE CAN
HEAR HIM TOO!



HERE, BOY!
HERE, PUP!

OFFICER, NOW
DON'T THINK I'M
NUT'S, BUT SEE
IF YOU CAN HEAR
THIS DOG TALK!

WHAT?

WE'LL SAY
SOMETHING!

C'MON,
PUP! SAY
SOMETHING!



SAY, WHAT KIND OF A
GAG IS THIS? GET OUT
OF HERE! GO ON
BEAT IT!







ROVER LEADS ROY TO THE BUMS--

THERE THEY ARE!

UHHUH! COME ON! WE'LL SEE WHAT THEY KNOW!

HAVE YOU FELLA'S SEEN A KID NAMED HARRY SHORTEN? I HEAR YOU WERE HANGING AROUND HIS HOME THIS MORNING!

G'WAN! WE AIN'T LEFT DIS SPOT ALL DAY!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU WERE THERE! ROVER TOL'- ULPS!

NOW I'VE DONE IT!



HAW! DIDJA HEAR DAT? ROVER TOLD HIM? HAW GWAN BEAT IT, SCREW BALL!



GIT DE YOUNG PUNK!



COME ON BOYS! THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL!

POW!



DIS'LL FIX HIM!

BUT-



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