

SPECIAL

Comics

Special CASES OF THE HANGMAN
WITH ROY and DUSTY THE BOY BUDDIES

NO.
1

WINTER
ISSUE

1941
1942

SPECTACULAR
HIT OF
PEP Comics



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Introducing The HANGMAN



HELLO, GANG!... THANKS FOR ALL THOSE LETTERS ASKING ME TO APPEAR IN A BOOK OF MY OWN! HERE IT IS... AND I'VE BROUGHT THOSE SENSATIONAL YOUNGSTERS ALONG, ROY AND DUSTY, THE BOY BUDDIES! ANYWAY, HERE ARE A COUPLE OF FLASHBACKS TO SHOW HOW I BECAME THE HANG-MAN!

YOU ALL REMEMBER MY BROTHER- JOHN DICKERING-THE COMET. WELL, IT ALL STARTED WHEN HE TURNED BIG-BOY MALONE, RACKETEER, OVER TO THE POLICE ---



A FEW DAYS LATER AS I LEFT JOHN'S APARTMENT MALONE'S THUGS MISTAKING ME FOR MY BROTHER STOPPED ME-

IS YOUR NAME DICK- YES NEVER- BUT- MIND- ER- GET GOIN'!



BEFORE THEY COULD FORCE ME INTO A CAR THE COMET FLASHED ONTO THE SCENE, DRAWING THE FIRE OF MY TWO CAP-TORS--



AT LAST I WAS READY-I TOOK FOR MY TITLE THE NAME THAT ALL LAW-BREAKERS FEAR-THE HANG-MAN!



THE POLICE ARRIVED AND IN THE EXCITEMENT I MANAGED TO GET MY BROTHER BACK TO HIS APARTMENT BUT IT WAS TOO LATE ---

THIS IS IT, BOB. IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN. YOU-THE- GET MARRIED - LEAVE FIGHTING CRIME TO POLICE. TOO BIG A JOB FOR ONE - M-MAN ---



BUT I RESOLVED THAT JOHN'S DEATH WOULD BE AVENGED. USING HIS LAB, I PLUNGED INTO THE TASK OF CREATING A CHANGE OF IDENTITY TO BE USED IN MY WAR ON CRIME!



HANGMAN

A SMALL TOWN COLLEGE. A PRETTY YOUNG INSTRUCTRESS LECTURES TO A CLASS FULL OF ADORING STUDENTS. THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE CLASS-ROOM PERVADES THE ATMOSPHERE. YET OVER THE ENTIRE ROOM FALLS **THE SHADOW OF THE HANGMAN. WHY?**

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 1



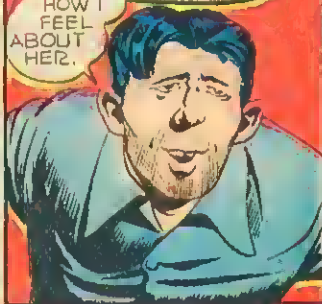
BLITHELY SHE GREET'S THE
LUMBERING JANITOR.

HULLO-MISS
CARROLL.

HELLO
GEORGE.



GOSH! SHE
CALLED ME
GEORGE GEE
WHY--- HOW I WISH
I COULD TELL HER
HOW I
FEEL
ABOUT
HER.



IN THE MEANTIME AT BOB
DICKERING'S APARTMENT.

HELLO THELMA

I'LL SAY
WAITING LONG? I AM. I
THOUGHT WE WERE
GOING TO
THAT FOOT-
BALL GAME.



WE ARE GOING
AS SOON AS I
CHANGE MY
DUDS.



WELL, I'VE
GOT THAT
CASE CLEAR-
ED UP AND
NOW THE AFTER
NOON IS
OURS.

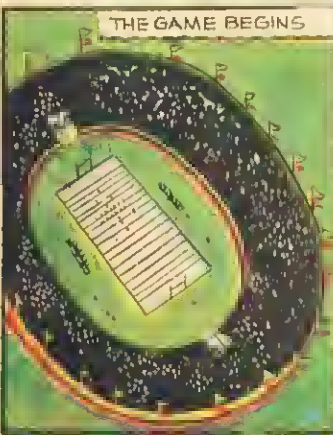


I HAVEN'T
SEEN A
FOOTBALL
GAME
IN YEARS

THEL, I UNDERSTAND THAT
GIRL IS ONE OF THE COLLEGE
TEACHERS! KIND OF GOOD
LOOKING, ISN'T SHE?



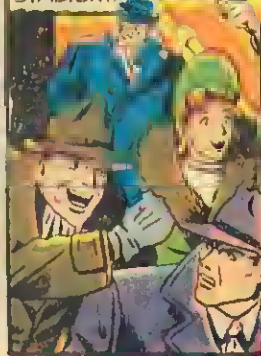
THE GAME BEGINS



AND THE CHEERING
THROGS ARE SO ABSORB
EO IN THE SPECTACLE ON
THE FIELD...



NO ONE NOTICES THE
COLLEGE PRESIDENT,
QUIETLY ENTER THE
STADIUM.



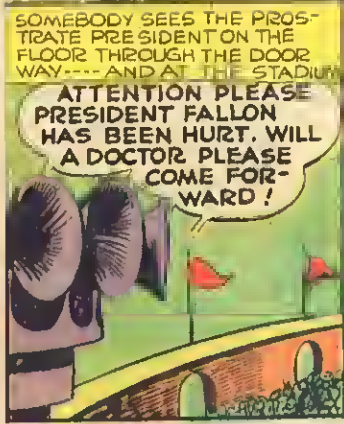




I'LL MURDER ANY MAN WHO LAYS A HAND ON HER.



COME ON MISS CARROLL, I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE!



SOMEBODY SEES THE PROSTITUTE PRESIDENT ON THE FLOOR THROUGH THE DOOR WAY---- AND AT THE STADIUM

ATTENTION PLEASE PRESIDENT FALLON HAS BEEN HURT. WILL A DOCTOR PLEASE COME FORWARD!



CURIOSITY PROMPTS BOB AND THELMA TO FOLLOW THE DOCTOR

HE'S DEAD



SEEMS TO HAVE DIED SUDDENLY. MOST LIKELY A HEART ATTACK.



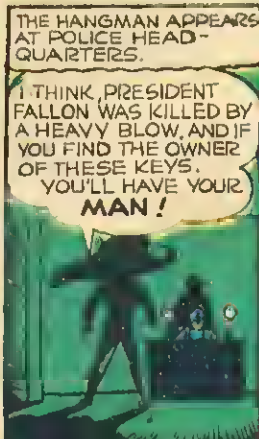
BUT AFTER THE OTHER HAVE GONE, BOB RETURNS AS THE HANGMAN.



I THOUGHT I SAW A BRUISE ON HIS CHIN AND HERE IT IS.



SOMEBODY DROPPED THESE KEYS. THEY LOOK LIKE PASS KEYS.



THE HANGMAN APPEARS AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

I THINK, PRESIDENT FALLON WAS KILLED BY A HEAVY BLOW, AND IF YOU FIND THE OWNER OF THESE KEYS, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR MAN!

AS HE GOES ABOUT HIS WORK THE JANITOR HEARS HEAVY FOOTSTEPS--THE POLICE! TERROR CLUTCHES HIS HEART AND INSTINCTIVELY HE RUNS TO MARY CARROLL.



OH MISS CARROLL I'M IN TROUBLE--- VERY BAD TROUBLE MISS CARROLL!



RIGHT BUDDY! YOU'RE IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE.

DON'T WORRY GEORGE I'LL HELP YOU.

LADY THE ONLY GUY THAT COULD HELP HIM IS THE D.A.



GOLLY! I DON'T SEE HOW MISS CARROLL CAN HELP ME!



MARY GOES TO SEE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY--- JOHN SHELDON

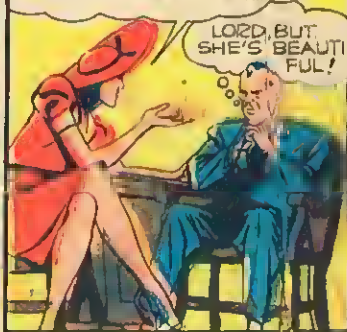
MISS CARROLL IS HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR.

OH YES, MISS CARROLL, I GOT YOUR MESSAGE. COME IN!



I KNOW YOU HAVE YOUR DUTY, MR. SHELDON, BUT GEORGE DIDN'T COMMIT ANY CRIME--NOT REALLY! HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO SAVE ME FROM HARM.

LORD, BUT SHE'S BEAUTIFUL!



DON'T YOU SEE, THE PRESIDENT THREATENED TO KILL ME IF I REFUSED TO MARRY HIM! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR GEORGE, HE MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!

HMM, THAT PUTS A DIFFERENT LIGHT ON THINGS



SWAYED BY MARY CARROLL'S BEAUTY AND CLEVER DUPLICITY THE D.A. PRESSES HIS CASE VERY WEAKLY. AND GEORGE IS ACQUITTED.



AND IN THE ENSUING DAYS,

MARY, YOU KNOW HOW I LOVE YOU WHY WON'T MARRY ME?

FIRST, YOU'LL HAVE TO PROVE YOU REALLY LOVE ME.



UNDER MARY'S INFLUENCE ---
THE D.A. TRADES WITH THE
UNDERWORLD.



CASE
DISMISS-
ED. LACK
OF EVID-
ENCE

WELL LEFTY, I TOLD YOU I'D GET YOU OUT OF THAT MURDER RAP.



IT'S WORTH THE FIFTY GRAND I'M PAYIN' D.A.

FOR YOU MY DEAR, AND THERE WILL BE MORE, MUCH MORE. TOMORROW I HAVE A BIG DEAL.



NEXT DAY! HERE'S YOUR DOUGH D.A. WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DON'T WE?

O.K., MIKE! YOUR BOYS WILL BE SPRUNG!

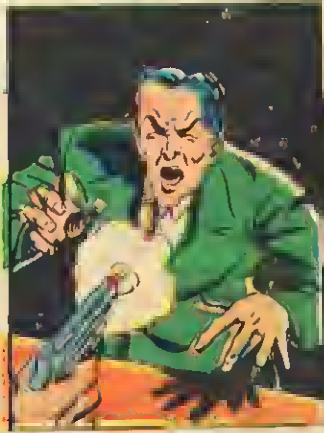


AS THEY TALK, ONE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S ASSISTANTS ENTERS.

THE DIRTY RAT! MAKING A DEAL LIKE THAT!



I DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE THAT KIND OF A RAT --- BUT THANK GOD, I CAN EXPOSE YOU.



HORROR STRICKEN WITH THE REALIZATION HE IS A MURDERER, THE D.A. FLEES WILDLY.



NEXT DAY BOB DICKERING
READS---

GREAT GHOSTS---SHELDON,
THE D.A. WANTED FOR MUR-
DERING HIS ASSISTANT!
MAN-HUNT ON!

HE WAS SEEN EVERY-
WHERE WITH MARY
CARROLL. THAT SHE-
DEVIL HAS SOME-
THING TO DO WITH
THIS! I'M GOING TO
CALL ON HER RIGHT
NOW!

AT MARY'S APARTMENT

MARY! THEY'RE
HUNTING ME! I CAN'T
ESCAPE THEM! I
HAD TO COME TO
YOU! HELP ME
MARY! HELP ME!

YOU FOOL!
GET OUT OF
HERE! YOU'LL
HAVE THE
WHOLE
POLICE FORCE
HERE!

BUT MARY YOU CAN'T
DESERT ME
NOW---I DID
IT BECAUSE
I LOVE YOU!

GEORGE!

I SEE HIM
COME IN MISS
MARY! HE
TRY TO
HURT YOU

YES
THROW
HIM OUT

YOU TRY TO HURT MISS
MARY! I THINK I KILL
YOU!

NO! NO!

SUDDENLY THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOW'S
FALLS ACROSS THE JANITOR'S FACE.

AND LEAPING INTO THE ROOM--- THE HANGMAN.

ALWAYS READY TO KILL!
AREN'T YOU? BUT NOT
WHILE I'M
AROUND!



SHELDON, FLEEING
FROM THE HANGMAN,
RUNS RIGHT INTO THE
ARMS OF THE LAW!

YOU'RE COMING
WITH US
MR D.A.



DESPERATE THE D.A.
TRIES TO SHOOT HIS
WAY PAST THEM.



GOT HIM RIGHT
BETWEEN THE
EYES --- WHO'D
EVER HAVE THOUGHT
THE D.A. WOULD COME
TO SUCH AN END.

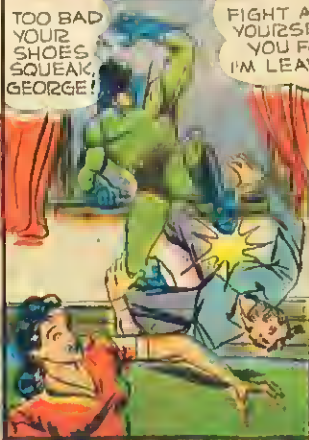
IT LOOKS AS IF THE
THE D.A. OUTSMARTED
HIMSELF WELL--
IT SAVED THE
EXECUTIONER,
THE JOB OF
KILLING HIM



IN THE MEANTIME--
GEORGE HAS REGAIN-
ED HIS SENSES
AND MAKES AGAIN
FOR THE
HANGMAN.



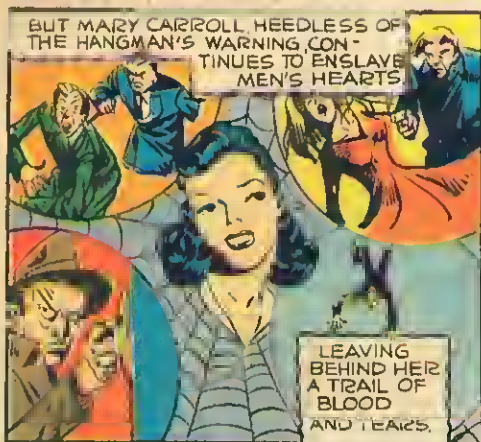
TOO BAD
YOUR
SHOES
SQUEAK,
GEORGE!



FIGHT AMONGST
YOURSELF!
YOU FOOLS!
I'M LEAVING!



YOU'RE THE REAL
CRIMINAL, MAIZY
CARROLL. I CAN'T
DO ANYTHING TO
YOU NOW, BUT
SOME DAY YOU'LL
MAKE A
MISTAKE!



BUT MARY CARROLL HEEDLESS OF
THE HANGMAN'S WARNING, CON-
TINUES TO ENSLAVE
MEN'S HEARTS.

LEAVING
BEHIND HER
A TRAIL OF
BLOOD
AND TEARS.



ONE DAY--

I WONDER WHO'S
CALLING ME NOW.



HELLO, MISS CARROLL,
REMEMBER ME, JACK
SKEETER. I WAS ONE
OF YOUR STUDENTS.
I JUST HIT TOWN. I
THOUGHT YOU MIGHT
GO OUT WITH ME



NO, I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T, PERHAPS
SOME OTHER
TIME.



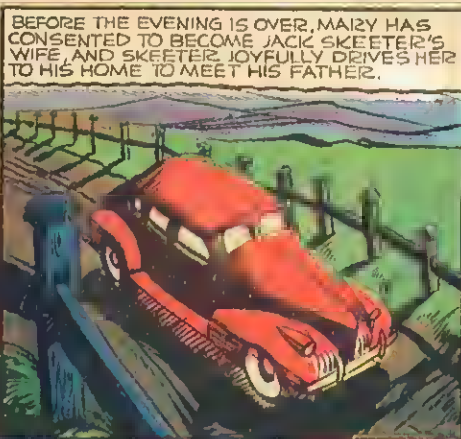
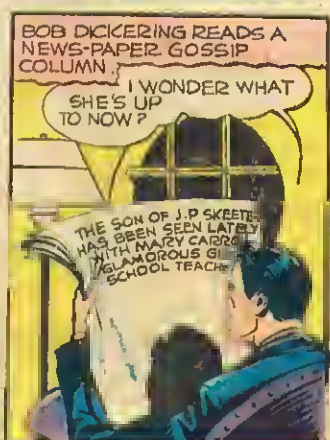
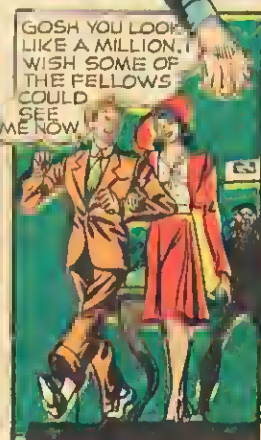
SKEETER--DIDN'T HE SAY
SKEETER? WHY THAT'S
THE STEEL BARON'S SON.
MAYBE I WAS
TOO HASTY.



HELLO JACK, I JUST FOUND
OUT I'D BE FREE TO-
NIGHT AFTER ALL.



GOSH THAT'S WONDERFUL MISS
CARROLL. I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.



BUT THE BOY'S FATHER
REACTS VIOLENTLY.

YOU CAN'T MARRY THIS
WOMAN! SHE'S MUCH TOO
OLD FOR YOU, EVEN THOUGH
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.



ALLRIGHT THEN, HAVE IT
YOUR WAY BUT I'LL
MARRY HER JUST THE
SAME.



AS MARY AND HER RASH
FIANCE SPEED AWAY
THE HANGMAN FOLLOWS



WITH GEORGE AS A WITNESS, THE
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE BEGINS
THE SIMPLE CEREMONY.



SHE'S MARRYING HIM! I
LOVE HER, AND SHE'S MARRY-
ING HIM! IT AIN'T RIGHT!

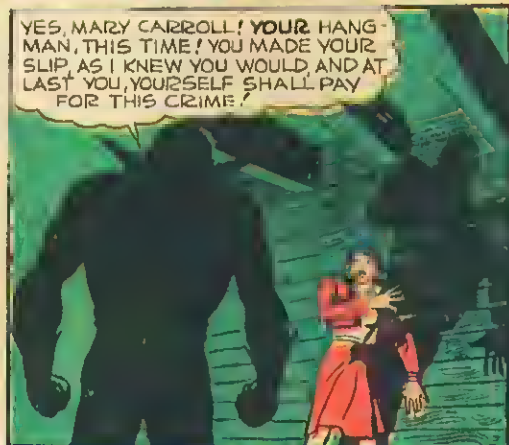
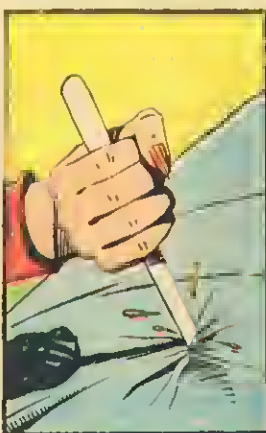


YOU CAN'T MARRY
HER! YOU CAN'T!
DO YOU HEAR!



I LOVE HER!
YOU WON'T
TAKE HER A-
WAY FROM ME!





BUT SOON, THE KNIFE WOUND TAKES ITS TOLL AND GEORGE'S FRAME CRUMPLES

MARY CARROLL TRIES TO FLEE, BUT----

UGH, HE'S BLOCKING THE DOOR

THE OAF! EVEN WHEN HE IS DEAD, HE'S A HINDRANCE (UGH) CAN'T MOVE HIM! HE'S TOO HEAVY!

AND THEN

YOU'VE SLIPPED AT LAST MARY CARROLL

I DIDN'T MEAN TO KILL HIM! HANGMAN! PLEASE DON'T LET THE POLICE TAKE ME! PLEASE!

YOU'LL NEVER WRECK ANOTHER LIFE, MARY CARROLL! THAT BOY'S WAS YOUR LAST ATTEMPT!

THE PREACHER TOLD US THERE IS A MURDER GOIN' ON HERE

YES! HERE'S OUR MURDERER!

THIS IS ONE TIME THAT YOUR DEVILISH WILES WON'T SAVE YOU!-----TAKE HER AWAY!

NO!
NO!

ONE WEEK LATER

BOB, I READ THAT MARY CARROLL WAS CONVICTED!

SHE DESERVES IT! THE HANGMAN WARNED HER!



GRIMLY THE
BOY DE-
TECTIVE,
DUSTY BATTLED
AGAINST OVER-
WHELMING
ODDS IN
"ONE NIGHT
OF TERROR"

THE NEW
SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. **6**
COMES TO
YOU
WITH A
BANG
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW!

THE BREATH
OF DEATH
WAS HOT ON
JUJU
WATSON'S
FACE WHEN
THE SHIELD
CAME CHARG-
ING TO HIS
RESCUE,
AGAINST THE
HOODED
PLAQUE"

THE WIZARD FLUNG
HIMSELF AT THE INSANE
DOCTOR WHO BE-
LIEVED "THE DEAD
CAN WALK AGAIN"

SPECIAL
CASE NO. 2

The HANGMAN

TONY! THAT
CLOWN! DON'T
YOU SEE ANY-
THING FAMILAR
ABOUT HIM?

LINDA, HOW
MANY TIMES
MUST I TELL
YOU, NO!

THE CROWD ROARS AT THE ANTIC OF THE CLOWN, LITTLE CARING THAT BENEATH THE MOTLEY DRESS BEATS A HEART THAT KNOWS AS MUCH OF TEARS AND SORROW AS IT DOES OF LAUGHTER.

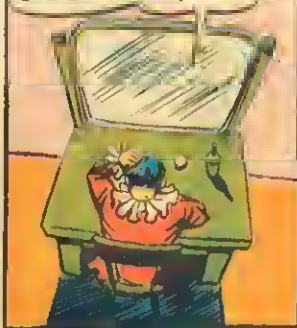
THE PERFORMANCE OVER
THE CLOWN REMOVES
HIS MAKEUP -



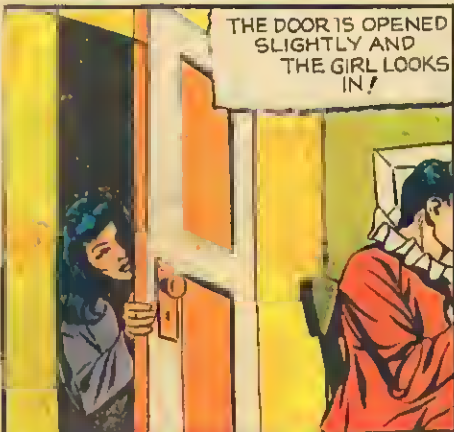
DEAR LINDA, IN A LITTLE
WHILE I SHALL BE WITH
YOU AGAIN. I LOVE YOU
SO!



I WONDER IF SHE'LL MIND
WHEN SHE FINDS OUT I'M
ONLY A CLOWN, PROBABLY
NOT. I'M PRETTY SURE
SHE LOVES ME!



THE DOOR IS OPENED
SLIGHTLY AND
THE GIRL LOOKS
IN!



I KNEW IT --- I SUSPECTED
HE WAS THE SAME ONE
WHEN I SAW HIM WALK
INTO THE EMPLOYEE'S
ENTRANCE!



HA! HA! HA! WAIT TIL
TONY HEARS THIS
ONE. WHAT A LAUGH
!!



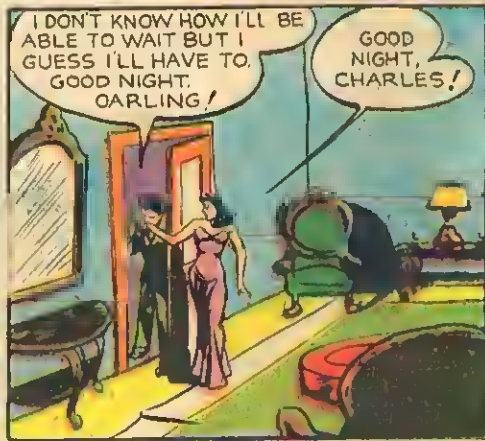
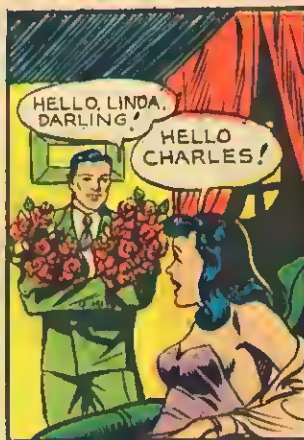
THIS'LL KILL YOU, TONY!
YOU KNOW THAT CHAP I
TOLD YOU I'VE BEEN SEE-
ING WHO SAID HE WAS A
WALL ST. BROKER -
WELL -



WELL, HE'S THE CLOWN
AT THE JINGLING
BROTHERS
CIRCUS!

WHAT?
A CLOWN?
WELL,
I'LL BE -







YOU KNEW I WAS A CLOWN! YOU WERE LAUGHING AT ME ALL THE TIME!



THE WHOLE WORLD IS ALWAYS LAUGHING AT ME! I'M A CLOWN! WHY SHOULDN'T THEY LAUGH?



BUT NOW, IT'S MY TURN TO LAUGH! YES, I'LL LAUGH ON YOUR GRAVE DIE! DIE!



WHAT HAVE I DONE?
I'VE KILLED THE GIRL
I LOVED!



I SAW IT ALL
YOU
MURDERER!



WELL, YOU'LL NEVER
TELL ABOUT IT.



YOU WERE LAUGHING WITH
HER, WEREN'T YOU?
I'LL FREEZE THAT
LAUGH ON YOUR
LIPS FOR ALL
ETERNITY!



NOW, THEY TOO, SHALL
BE CLOWNS! THEY TOO,
SHALL HAVE FACES
PEOPLE WILL LAUGH AT!



AH, HER LIP-
STICK. JUST
WHAT I
WANT!

HERE'S A FUNNY MAKEUP FOR
YOU, PLAYBOY-A CLOWN'S
MAKE-
UP!

SOMEBODY'S COMING.
I'LL GET OUT THE
BACK AWAY!

HELLO, MARY,
IS LINDA IN?

WHY, YES,
MISS GORDON.
SHE'S IN THE
DRAWING ROOM!

E-E-E-E!

LINDA AND TONY! THEY'VE
BEEN MURDERED, BOB!
IT'S
HORRIBLE!

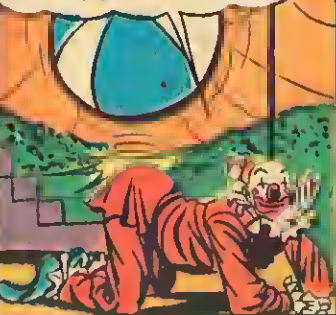
HMM AND
THEIR FACES
WERE PAINT-
ED LIKE GRIN-
NING CLOWNS.
YOU SAY
?

THERE MAY BE SOME CON-
NECTION BETWEEN THIS
AND LINDA'S FREQUENT
VISITS TO THE CIRCUS.
AND THAT'S WHERE
THE HANG-
MAN'S GOING
NIGHT
NOW!

THEY'RE MADE
UP AS CLOWNS.
I WONDER WHO
HAD THIS GRUE-
SOME IDEA!

WHILE AT THE CIRCUS

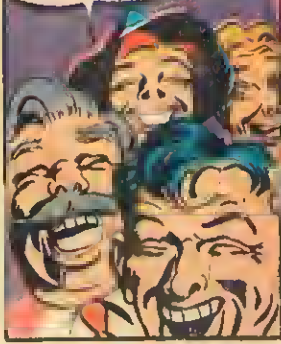
BLAST THEIR GRINNING FACES! HOW I WISH I COULD WIPE THEM OFF FOREVER, LIKE I DID LINDA'S AND TONY'S.



THEN THE FIRST PANGS OF REMORSE, STAB AT THE CLOWN.... AND BEHIND THE MOTLEY AND THE PAINT IS A MIND IN TORMENT AND A HEART SODDEN WITH GRIEF.



HA! HA! BOY, OH BOY, THAT CLOWN'S A RIOT LOOK AT HIM SITTING THERE BAWLING!



LAUGHTER, LAUGHTER! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY. I MUST PULL MYSELF TOGETHER!



BEFORE I DO ANYTHING ELSE, I'D BETTER DESTROY ANYTHING WHICH MIGHT CONNECT ME WITH LINDA.



HER LETTER! WHERE IS THE LETTER SHE ONCE WROTE



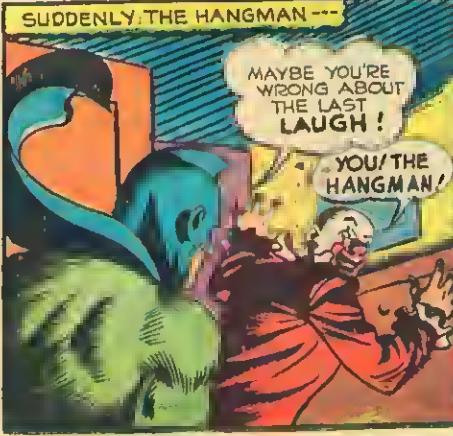
NOW, THERE WON'T BE A SHRED OF EVIDENCE AGAINST ME! THE CLOWN SHALL LAUGH LAST AFTER ALL!



SUDDENLY, THE HANGMAN---

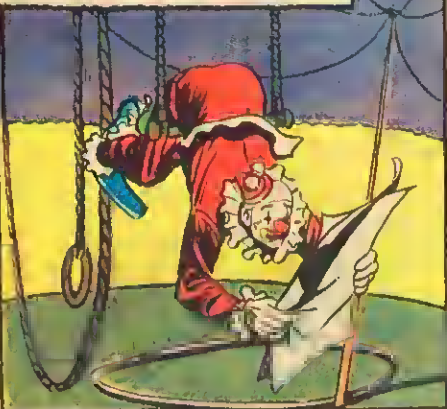
MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THE LAST LAUGH!

YOU/ THE HANGMAN!



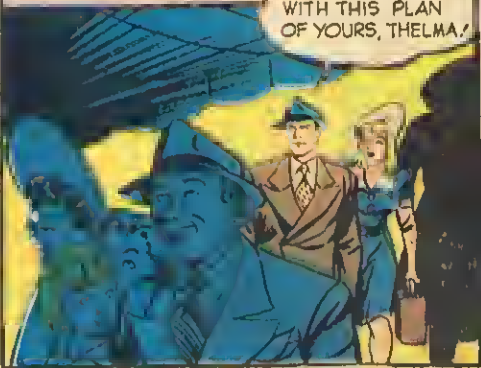


AT THE NEXT PERFORMANCE



BOB DICKERING AND
THELMA GORDON ARE
IN THE AUDIENCE...

I'M STILL HESITANT
ABOUT LETTING
YOU GO THROUGH
WITH THIS PLAN
OF YOURS, THELMA!

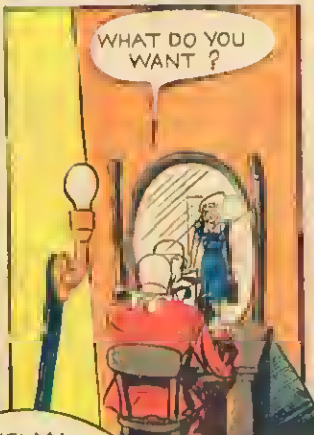


THE HANGMAN HAD
HIS TURN, BOB. NOW
IT'S MINE! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY WE CAN
TRAP HIM!

MAYBE
YOU'RE
RIGHT.
WE'LL
GO AHEAD.



WHAT DO YOU
WANT ?



I'M A FRIEND OF LINDA'S.
I HAVE A LETTER
SHE WROTE ME
BEFORE SHE
WAS MUR-
DERED!



THELMA
TURNS ON HER
PORTABLE DICT-
APHONE!

A LETTER! WHAT
KIND OF A LETTER
?



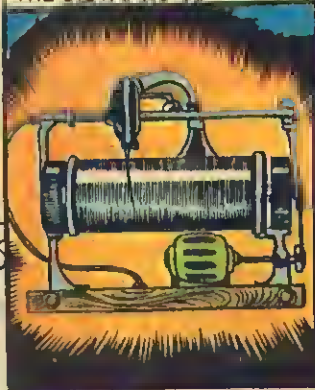
A LETTER TELLING ME THAT
SHE WAS GOING OUT
WITH A CLOWN. YOU'RE
THAT CLOWN
AND YOU
KILLED HER!



HA! THEN YOU KNOW/
VERY WELL, BUT YOU'LL
NEVER LIVE TO TELL
ABOUT IT!



THE NEEDLE RASPS ON
THE DICTAPHONE ---



WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?



A DICTAPHONE! IT'S
BEEN TAKING DOWN
WHAT I JUST SAID!



I'LL SMASH
IT TO
BITS!



AGH!
THE
HANG-
MAN!



YOU CAN'T DESTROY
THE EVIDENCE THIS
TIME. THAT RECORD
WON'T BREAK.





BUT AS HE FALLS THE
HANGMAN GRABS A
TRAPEZE---



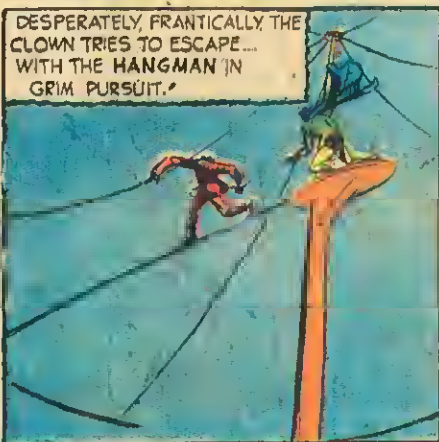
I'LL
GET HIM,
NOW!



HE HAS A
CHARMED LIFE.
I MUST GET
AWAY!



DESPERATELY, FRANTICALLY, THE
CLOWN TRIES TO ESCAPE...
WITH THE HANGMAN IN
GRIM PURSUIT.



WROUGHT UP TO A WILD PITCH THE CLOWN'S FEVER-
ED BRAIN AT LAST CRACKS, AND FACES SWIM
BEFORE HIS EYES, MOCKING, GRINNING FACES!



WHY
WON'T THEY
STOP
LAUGHING
AT ME!

OVERCOME BY DIZZI-
NESS -
HE
FALLS -



HE THOUGHT HE HAD
THE RIGHT TO AVENGE
HIMSELF ON THOSE
WHO WRONG-
ED HIM.
BUT MUR-
DER
CAN
NEVER
BE
JUST-
IFIED!



THE HANGMAN

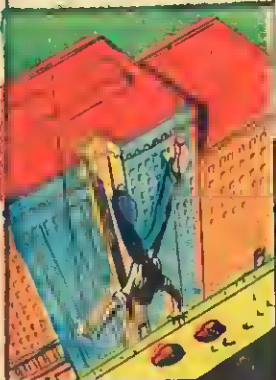
SPECIAL CASE No. 3

DOOMED BY HIS OWN CONTRIVANCE IN A DARING ATTEMPT AT ESCAPE FROM THE HANGMAN, THE JACKAL'S HEART IS FILLED WITH MORTAL DREAD AS DEATH'S ABYSS YAWNS BEFORE HIM. YET, A LUCKY STAR SEEMS TO DOG THE FOOTSTEPS OF THIS ENEMY OF ALL DECENT MEN---



AND AS HE DANGLES IN MID-AIR
LOSING THE LAST BREATH OF
LIFE --- THE ROPE SUDDENLY-
-- SNAPS --

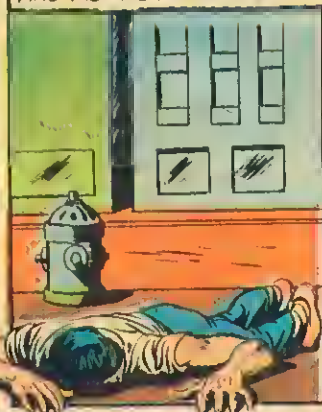
-AND HE PLUMMETS
DOWN-DOWN---



DESPERATELY CLUTCHES
AT A PROTRUDING FLAG-
POLE



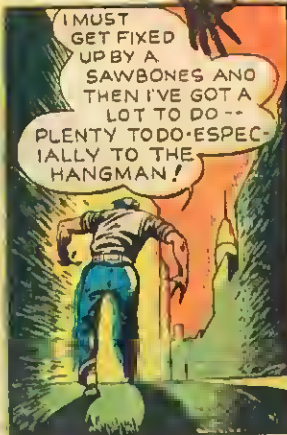
AND HIS FALL IS BROKEN---



I'M ALIVE, ALIVE, AFTER
A FALL LIKE THAT! IT'S A
SIGN THE
"JACKAL'S
NUMBER
ISN'T
UP
YET!"



I MUST
GET FIXED
UP BY A
SAWBONES AND
THEN I'VE GOT A
LOT TO DO--
PLENTY TODO-ESPEC-
IALLY TO THE
HANGMAN!



ARGH-OH-MY SHOULDER. IT
MUST BE BROKEN-BUT I GOTTA
KEEP GOIN'-IF I STOP HERE I'LL
ROT BEFORE I'M FOUND!



WHAT'S
THIS JOINT?



I CAN'T GO IT ANY LONGER-
I GOTTA GET FIXED UP-I
JUST GOTTA!



I'LL TAKE A CHANCE!
MAYBE THESE GUYS
WON'T TURN ME IN-
ARGH-THE PAIN-
IT'S KILLING
ME!





EXHAUSTED
THE JACKAL
DROPS IN
HIS TRACKS.



WHO COULD BE RINGING THE
BELL AT THIS ODD HOUR?



GOOD HEAVENS!
THE POOR
MAN'S BEEN
BADLY
HURT!



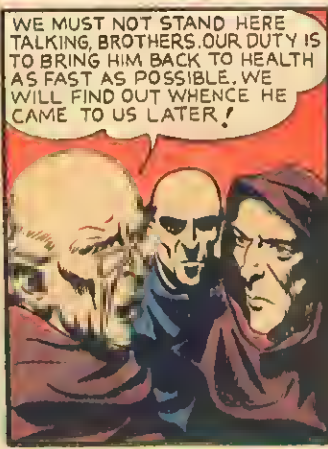
BROTHERS! HELP ME TAKE THIS
POOR MAN IN! HE SEEMS TO HAVE
HAD A BAD ACCIDENT!



THE JACKAL IS CARRIED INTO THE
PEACEFUL INTERIOR OF AN OLD
MONASTERY---



ABBOT!
I'VE STRANGE
NEWS. A MAN - A
LAYMAN WAS FOUND
AT OUR DOORSTEP--
BADLY HURT!



WE MUST NOT STAND HERE
TALKING, BROTHERS. OUR DUTY IS
TO BRING HIM BACK TO HEALTH
AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. WE
WILL FIND OUT WHENCE HE
CAME TO US LATER!



YOU, BROTHER JOHN, BE
HIS NURSE AND SEE
THAT HE IS TENDED
WELL!

THE JACKAL LIES HELPLESS FOR DAYS-AND THEN UNDER THE KIND CARE OF THE MONKS, BEGINS SLOWLY TO RECOVER--



I WONDER WHAT KIND OF PLACE THIS IS ? LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT BE A MONASTERY!



ANYWAY-I CAN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE FOOD-AND THERE'S PLENTY OF IT!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY SON ? YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH TO BE UP AND ABOUT!

I'M LEAVING, I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



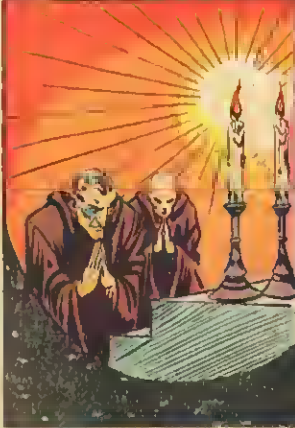
INNOCENTLY, THE KINDLY ABBOT PERSUADES THE JACKAL TO STAY UNTIL HE HAS FULLY RECOVERED--



HMM ! NOT BAD ! THIS IS ONE PLACE THE POLICE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME!



IF THESE GUYS ONLY KNEW WHO WAS EATING WITH THEM!



OUR LATEST NOVICE, ABBOT IS AN IDEAL WORKER AND A GOOD MAN!

GOOD, HE SHALL BE ONE OF US THEN!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE CITY BROTHER? THE CHANGE'LL DO YOU GOOD?

COUNT ME IN! I'D LIKE THAT FINE!

IN A CREAKING ANCIENT CAR, THE TRUSTING MONK AND THE BLACK-HEARTED JACKAL MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE CITY---

WAIT HERE FOR ME, BROTHER! AS SOON AS I'VE DELIVERED THE MONASTERY'S FLOWERS, WE'LL START BACK!

I'LL WAIT!

HMM, MIGHT AS WELL PUT MY SPARE TIME TO SOME USE AND GET MYSELF SOME SPARE CHANGE!

JOHN STRONG, BROKER, EH? THE OLD BUZZARD DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT HE'S GOING TO BE MEASURED FOR A PINE BOX IN A FEW HOURS!

AH, MR. STRONG, I BELIEVE, I WONDER IF YOU'D CARE TO DONATE SOME SMALL SUM TO OUR POOR MONASTERY!

I'LL BE GLAD TO GIVE SOMETHING BUT I'VE ALREADY CLOSED THE SAFE. WILL YOU WAIT?

THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY THERE, MISTER. YOU'D PROBABLY OBJECT IF I ASKED FOR ALL OF IT!

WHAT A HAUL - AND I'LL
BE BACK BEFORE I'M
MISSED!



ASSUMING A MEDITATIVE
AIR, THE JACKAL WAITS
FOR THE MONK.



I'M SORRY I KEPT YOU SO
LONG, BROTHER. DID YOU
MIND WAITING?

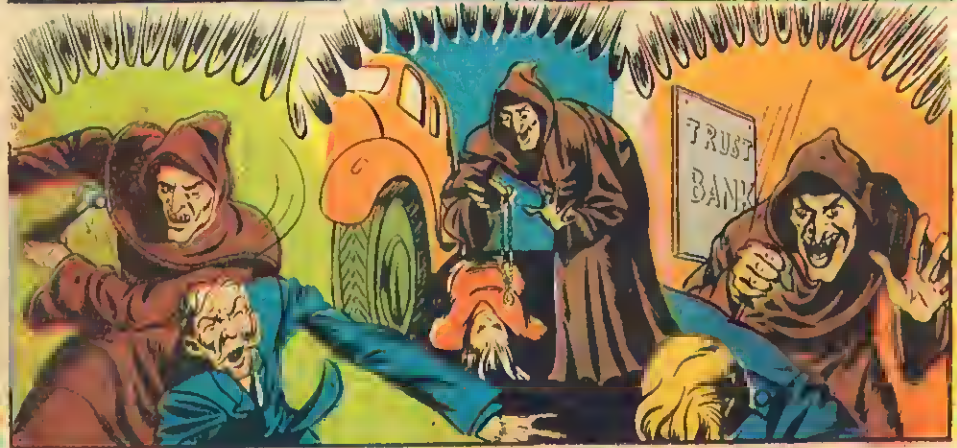
IT WAS A
PLEASURE!

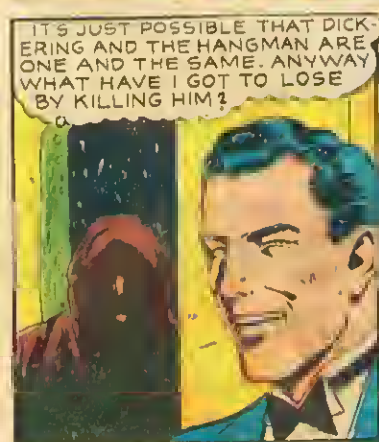
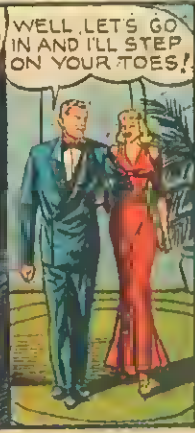
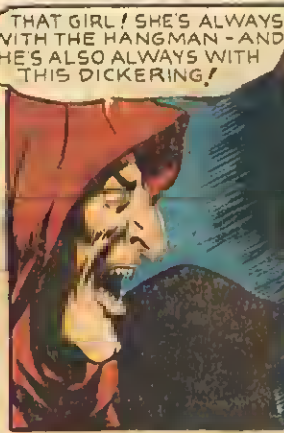
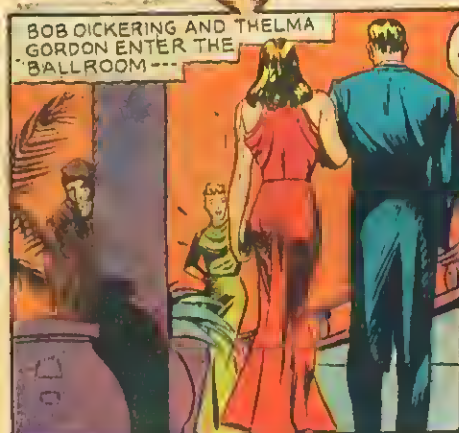
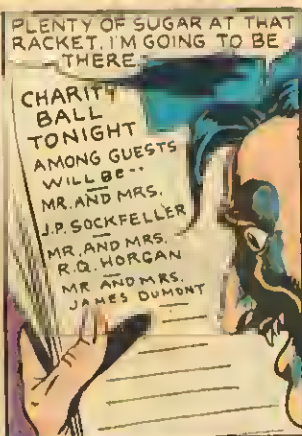


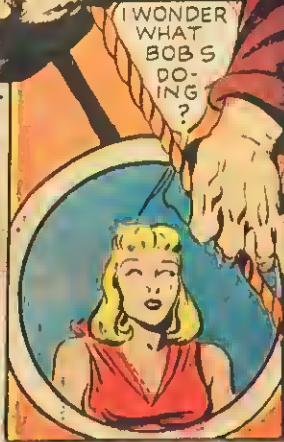
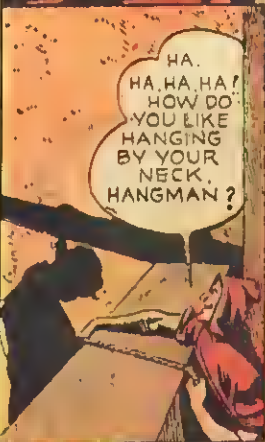
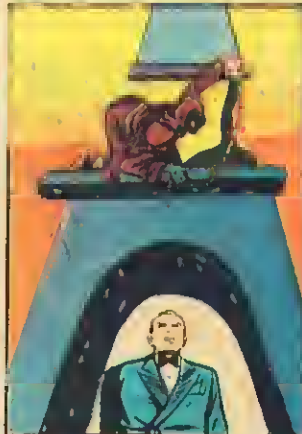
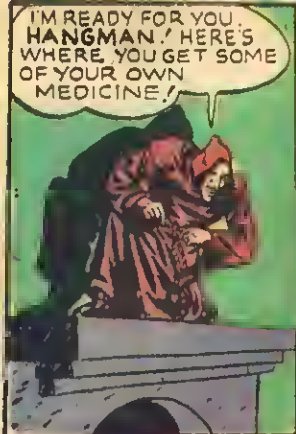
WITH THE MONASTERY AS A
HIDEOUT, THE JACKAL NOW
GOES FORWARD NIGHTLY--
TO THIEVERY AND BRUTAL
MURDER---



THIS
REAR
ENTRANCE
MAKES
IT A PER-
FECT
SET-UP!







WE CAME JUST IN
TIME. ANOTHER
MINUTE AND
HE'D HAVE BEEN
A GONER!



AZED AND SHAKEN, BOB
DICKERING LEAVES THE
BALL ----



I ONLY HAD A GLIMPSE
OF HIM BUT I COULD
SWEAR THAT WAS THE
JACKAL - AND WEARING
A MONK'S COSTUME!
I WONDER --



GOOD DAY, SIR.
WHAT CAN
WE DO
FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE
TO SEE
THE ABBOT!



I HAVE REASON
TO BELIEVE A
CRIMINAL HAS
SOMEHOW MAN-
AGED TO BECOME
ONE OF YOU!



INCREDIBLE! I CAN'T
PERMIT YOU TO
SEARCH HERE -
IT'S AGAINST
OUR RULES!



VERY WELL, THEN, IF YOU
WILL CIRCULATE A RUMOR
IN THE MONASTERY THAT
A BISHOP WEARING A FAB-
ULOUS JEWEL WILL CELE-
BRATE A MASS AT THE
CATHEDRAL I'M
SURE THE
MAN I WANT
WILL COME
OUT WHERE
I WANT
HIM!



I WISH TO ANNOUNCE
BROTHERS, THAT THE
BISHOP OF BEORIA WILL
CELEBRATE A MASS
AT THE CATHEDRAL
NEXT SUNDAY!



I WOULD LIKE
TO ATTEND
THE BISHOP'S
MASS, BROTHER!

THEY SAY
HE WEARS
A JEWEL
WORTH
A MILLION
DOLLARS!



HIS GREED AROUSED
THE JACKAL LEAVES
THE MONASTERY---



-AND WAITS IN
FRONT OF THE
CATHEDRAL---



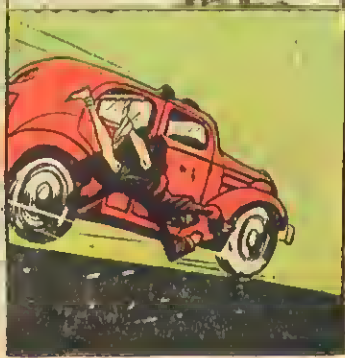
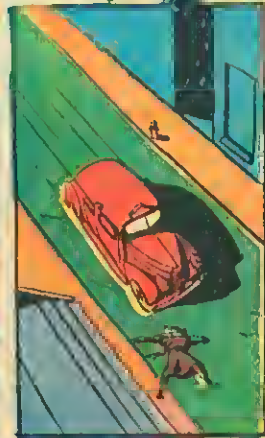
THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWES
IT'S THE HANGMAN!

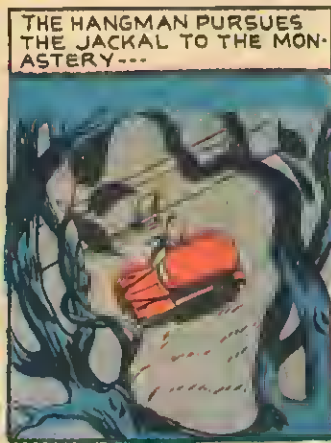


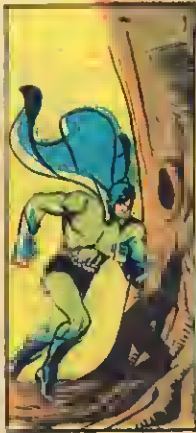
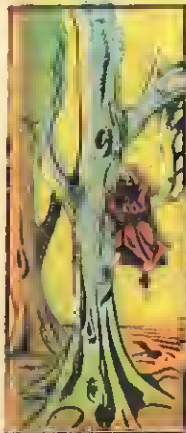
I THOUGHT THAT STORY WOULD BRING
YOU OUT--AND THIS
TIME YOU'LL
REALLY
HANG!



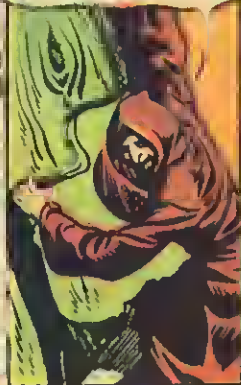
DESPERATELY, THE JACKAL
CLUTCHES AT THE RUNNING
BOARD OF A PASSING CAR
AND IS CARRIED AWAY----



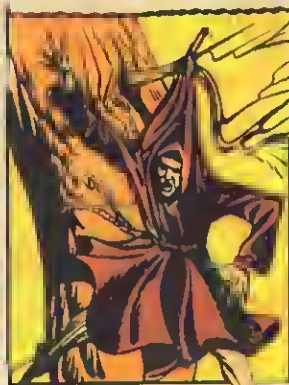




HA! THE FOOL THINKS I'M STILL RUNNING!



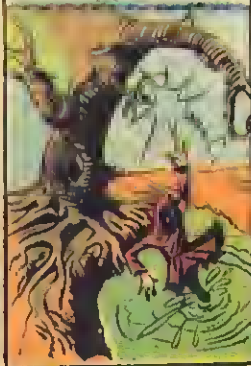
SUDDENLY--HIS FOOT SLIPS---



HIS COWL CHOKES HIM TIGHTER AND TIGHTER AS HE STRUGGLES----



THE BRANCH BREAKS AND HE FALLS INTO A LYE PIT BELOW--



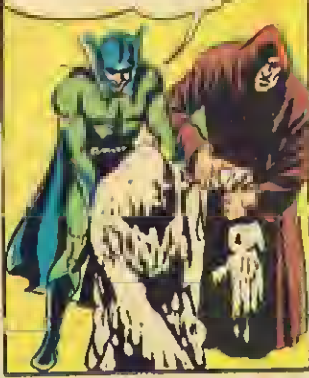
A LYE PIT! HE'LL NEVER SURVIVE THAT!



I THINK I'VE GOT HIM!



THIS LYE FINISHED HIM QUICKLY! IT'S EATEN HIS FLESH AWAY!



LOOK! HIS OWN GIRDLE HAS TAKEN THE SHAPE OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE! A FITTING SYMBOL FOR THE JACKAL'S END!



DEATH BY THE NOOSE A HANGMAN STORY

The expression on the face of young Dan Wilson wrung the hearts of Thelma Gordon and Bob Dickering. Ashen white and distorted with grief his features were a mask of sorrow when they came upon him seated near the bed on which lay the earthly remains of Daniel Wilson, Sr. Thelma and Bob were shocked at the old man's sudden death. Only an hour ago Thelma had talked to him and he invited her down to get a story about the new plane for expanding his steel manufacturing plants. She had asked Bob along to keep her company and they had been met at the door by the distraught son of the steel tycoon.

"What on earth's happened?" Thelma had asked.

"My father!" young Wilson had muttered brokenly. "He just died."

"Oh, how awful," Thelma had said sympathetically. "What caused it?"

"His heart was bad," Dan whispered hoarsely. "But I never expected him to go so suddenly."

Thelma and Bob had insisted upon staying with him. The three had come into the bedroom just as the doctor was leaving. "Paucular for a man like Mr. Wilson to go off that way," the doctor had said. "He was always so careful since I warned him about his weak heart. But I suppose he was working too hard and overtaxed his strength."

And now Thelma and Bob were staying with young Wilson and the corpse while they waited for the undertaker's people to arrive. Wilson continued to gaze at his father's face, seemingly dazed. Bob who, out of respect for the boy's feelings, had refrained from moving closer to the bed to look at the body, now came over with the intention of drawing the sheet up over the head. With the same shattered look on his face, young Wilson watched Bob absently as the latter took the sheet in his hand and drew it up. As the edge of the sheet scraped across the face, the eyelids suddenly opened. Bob started. With the lids open there was an expression of horror on Daniel Wilson, Sr.'s face that would have sent a shiver down the spine of a person without Dickering's steel nerves. It was an expression that seemed to exude the most abject terror and at the same time seemed to plead for mercy. Then for the briefest second Bob's eyes met young Dan Wilson's and a peculiar conviction went shooting through Dickering's brain -- a conviction he knew he would not be able to shake off.

Dickering covered the head with the sheet. Young Wilson seemed nervous somehow, now. Thelma suggested that there was no point to staying in the same room. The three went downstairs to the drawing room. They sat there carrying on a vague conversation about nothing in particular when suddenly they heard the front doorbell ring. A few minutes later the butler entered and whispered something to young Wilson who asked to be excused.

Alone with Thelma, Bob said, "I didn't like to say anything in the kid's

presence but if ever I saw a man who had died as the result of a sudden horrible fright, it was old Daniel Wilson."

"What in the world are you talking about?" Thelma wanted to know.

"Oh nothing," Bob said. "I was just thinking aloud. Excuse me for a minute, won't you Thelma?"

Seemingly aimlessly, Bob wandered out into the hall and sauntered down its length to stop near the door to the library. From inside came the voices of young Wilson and another man. "I told you today was the day," the man was saying, "and I want my dough, do you understand?"

Wilson's voice wash shrill. "Stop badgering me. I'll have it for you in a few days now that the old man's dead."

The other man chuckled. "Pretty neat, I call it ... getting the old man out of the way so conveniently."

"Wasn't it?" Wilson said, an unexpected iciness in his voice. "Just one of the things you've driven me to, you filthy vulture. If it hadn't been for you ---!"

His voice broke and the other man was crying, "Drop that knife, you fool. I won't say anything."

Young Wilson was advancing toward him, knife in hand and death in his eyes. Suddenly he staggered back to the wall held out his hand as if to brush away the terrible shadow of The Gallows which fell across his dead white face.

"I heard that pretty story you just gave away," the Hangman was saying.

"You've got nothing on me," Wilson whimpered, pressing himself against the wall as if he meant to vanish through it.

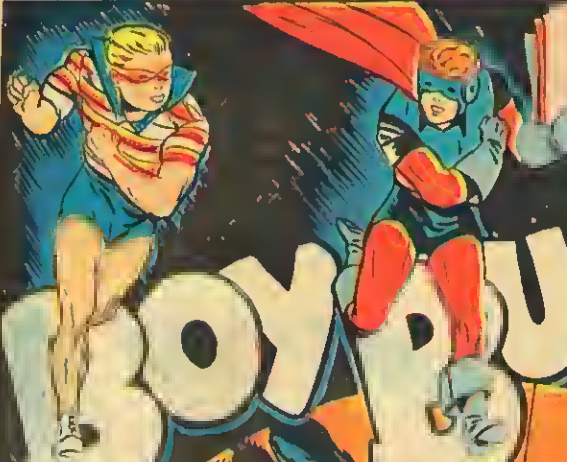
"Nothing except that somehow you managed to frighten your father to death."

The Hangman was only a few feet from Wilson now. "Didn't you?" he asked relentlessly. "Didn't you?"

Wilson was quaking with terror. "Yes," he croaked hoarsely. "I did. He'd have died soon anyway and I had all those gambling debts to pay. I pretended that I was going to stab him with the knife. He died of the shock."

The Hangman extended an arm toward him. "That's what I thought," he said. Suddenly the boy turned and ran for the open doorway. Like a flash the Hangman pursued him into one of the bedrooms in time to see him climb over the window lodge. Wilson was scrambling down the vine covered wall. And then, his hand slipped, he tumbled downward through the thorny vines...and suddenly he was brought up short. A long strand of the vine had twisted itself around his neck, and before the Hangman could get to him, Wilson was dead -- dead by the noose as the Hangman had warned him!

ROY and DUSTY



SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 1

A SINISTER CRASH-AND
ANOTHER FREIGHTER IS
SENT TO THE BOTTOM
BY THE NAZIS, RUTHLESS
RAIDERS OF THE DEEP.

ANOTHER
ONE IS SENT
TO THE
BOTTOM
SINK-
ING
DUSTY

WE OUGHT TO
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THESE
SINK-
ING
DUSTY

S.S. AJAX
TORPEDOED
NEAR ICELAND.

ROY & DUSTY

I KNOW WHAT, ROY.
LET'S STOW AWAY ON
ONE OF THE FREIGHT-
ERS GOING TO BRITAIN.

THAT'S A SWELL
IDEA, MAYBE WE
CAN HAVE A
CRACK AT A
SUBMA-
RINE.

THAT NIGHT THE TWO
BOYS CLIMB ABOARD
THE BOAT IN THE HAR-
BOR.

LET'S GO,
DUSTY!!

NBODY'LL
LOOK FOR
US BEHIND
THIS COAL.

IT FEELS AS IF
THE SHIP IS MOVING!

THE FREIGHTER LEAVES
THE AMERICAN SHORE
BEHIND.

LATER

BOY, COULD I WRAP
MYSELF AROUND A
STEAK AND SOME
FRENCH FRIES!

AND SOME
PIE-A-LA
MODE.

P-SST!
COME ON!

IT'S A QUIET
NIGHT, AIN'T
IT?



ZEES CAPTAIN, HE
EAT LIKE A HORSE,
BUT WHAT CAN I
DO? I AM ONLY
ZE COOK. I
MUST OBEY.

MAYBE HE CHOKE
ON MY WONDER-
FUL STEAK, ZAT
WOULD BE NICE.

OUI!

O.K. PAL
I'LL TAKE
IT IN TO TH
CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN

MY SLEEP--- SHE EES
ALL BROKEN UP--- BUT
WHAT CARES
THE CAPTAIN
SO LONG HE
HAVE ZE
STEAK.

THIS SURE IS GOOD,
THAT COOK KNOWS
HIS BUSINESS EVEN
IF HE DOES LOOK
DUMB.

IT'S BETTER
THAN THE
RITZ!

OOH-LA-LA-LA-LA-ZAT
BOY, I GEEV ZE STEAK TO---
WHO WAS HE?

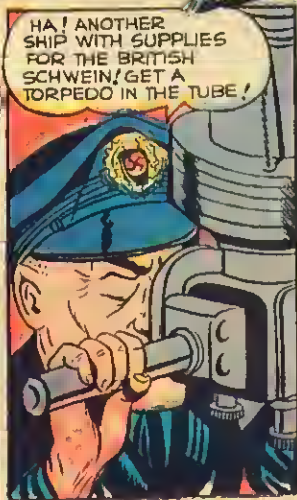
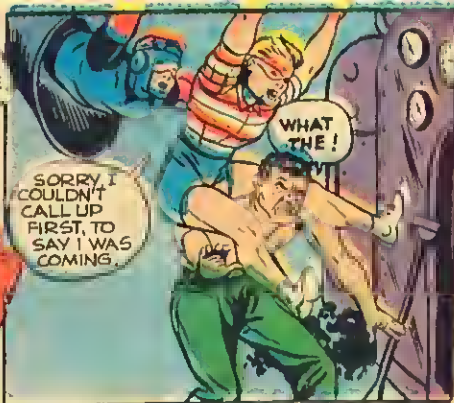
PARDON
CAPTAIN, DID
YOU GET
YOUR STEAK?

STEAK!
WHAT STEAK?

FRANCOIS! YOU'VE
BEEN DRINKING
AGAIN. I WON'T
HAVE IT! DO YOU
HEAR!

PARBLEU
BUT I TELL
YOU
MON CAPIT-
TAINE! IT
EES SO!





WITH A DEAFENING CRASH,
A TORPEDO RIPS INTO THE
SIDE OF THE FREIGHTER.

WE'VE BEEN HIT !!
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE !!

TORPEDOED !!
COME ON, DUSTY
THE WATER IS COM-
ING IN FAST!

HEY THE CAPTAIN
IS TRAPPED IN
HIS CABIN !!

THIS WAY ROY
MAYBE WE CAN
SAVE HIM

ONCE WE GET THESE
BEAMS OUT OF THE WAY
WE'LL BE ABLE TO OPEN
THE DOOR.

JUST IN TIME !
IN ANOTHER
MINUTE THE
WATER WOULD
BE OVER HIS
HEAD!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS BUT I
THINK HE'LL BE ALLRIGHT,

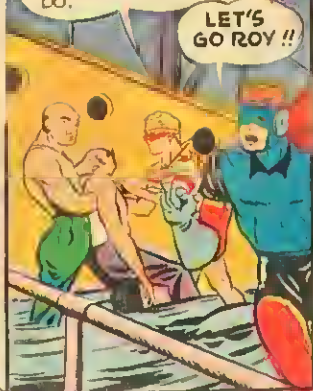


IN THE MEANTIME
THE SUBMARINE HAS
COME TO THE SURFACE.



TAKE CARE OF THE CAPTAIN,
SAILOR, WE HAVE A JOB TO
DO.

LET'S
GO ROY !!



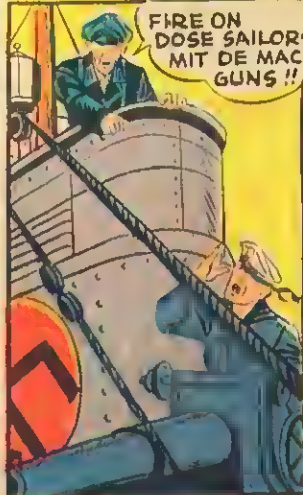
THE BOYS LEAP
OVER THE SIDE
OF THE BOAT IN-
TO THE WATER



HA ! A SHIPLOAD
LESS FOR THE
BRITISH. LOOK AT
THE WAY SHE
SINKS. GUT,YA ?



FIRE ON
DOSE SAILORS
MIT DE MACHINE
GUNS !!

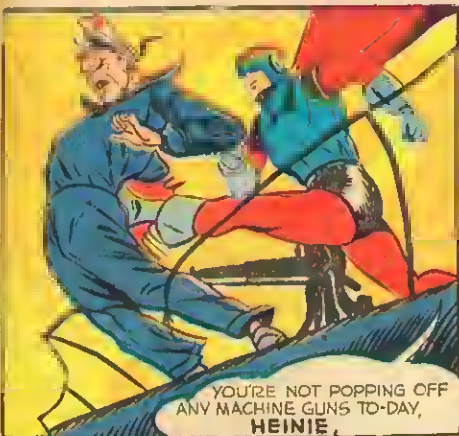


VE SHOW DOSE
FELLERS IT ISN'T
SAFE TO CARRY
SUPPLIES TO
AN ENEMY OF
THE REICH

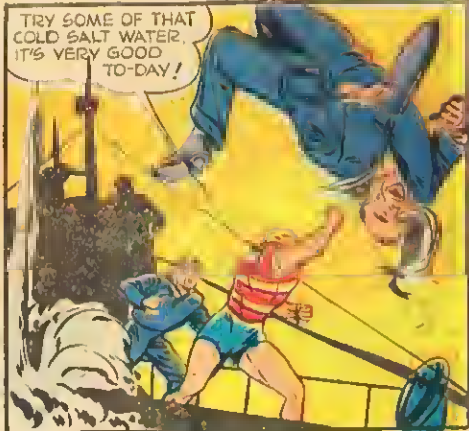


THE SAILORS ABANDON THE
DOOMED FREIGHTER.

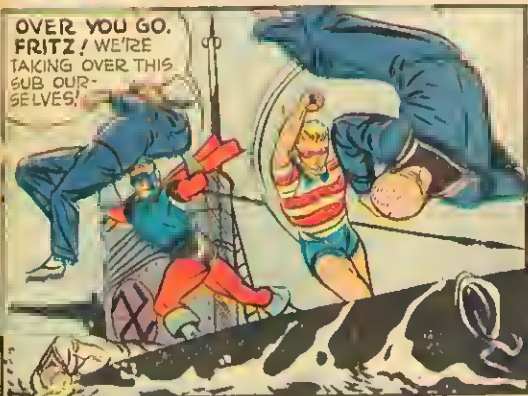




YOU'RE NOT POPPING OFF
ANY MACHINE GUNS TO-DAY,
HEINIE.



TRY SOME OF THAT
COLD SALT WATER.
IT'S VERY GOOD
TO-DAY!



OVER YOU GO,
FRITZ! WE'RE
TAKING OVER THIS
SUB OUR-
SELVES!



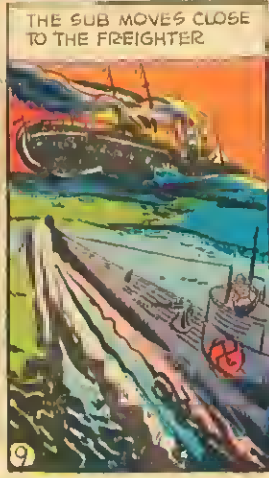
I'LL HAVE TO GET THE
MEN AT THE CONTROLS
OUT OF THE WAY NOW!



YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING TOO
HARD. A
REST WILL
DO YOU
GOOD!



O.K. ROY!!
I'LL GET HER
OVER TO
THE FREIGHT-
ER, NOW SO
WE CAN PICK
UP THE
CREW.



THE SUB MOVES CLOSE
TO THE FREIGHTER

AND THE MEN FROM THE DOOMED
SHIP MAKE FOR THE SUBMARINE

OK, SAILORS
COME A-
BOARD, THE
SUB IS
OURS.

I MUST GET AWAY
FROM THE LITTLE
DEVILS. THEY ARE
TOO MUCH FOR ME,

NO SO FAST,
THERE, KNOCK-
WURST! I WANT
TO TALK TO
YOU.

SKUNKS
LIKE YOU
DON'T
GET AWAY
THAT
EASY!!

THAT TAKES
CARE OF OUR
MEN, ROY! THEY'RE
ALL ON BOARD
NOW

BOY, IF IT HADN'T BEEN
FOR YOU KIDS, WE'D
HAVE BEEN GONERS.

I DON'T KNOW THE
FIRST THING ABOUT
A SUB, I'LL JUST
HANG ONTO THIS
WHEEL UNTIL THE
CAPTAIN OF OUR
FREIGHTER COMES
TO.

THE SUBMARINE IS LAT
SUBMERGED AGAIN. (11)

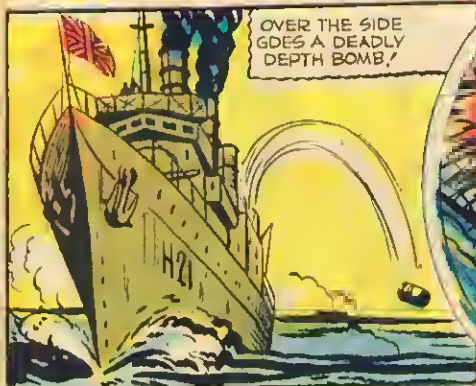


BUT AFTER AWHILE
ITS PERISCOPE IS
SIGHTED BY A PAS-
SING BRITISH DESTROY-
ER.



LOOK A NAZI
SUB, CAPTAIN

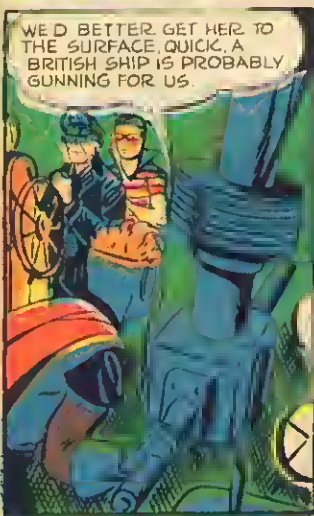
WE SAW IT JUST
IN TIME. A DEPTH
BOMB 'LL
FIX IT



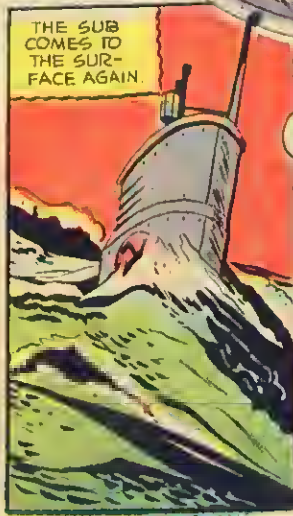
OVER THE SIDE
GOES A DEADLY
DEPTH BOMB.



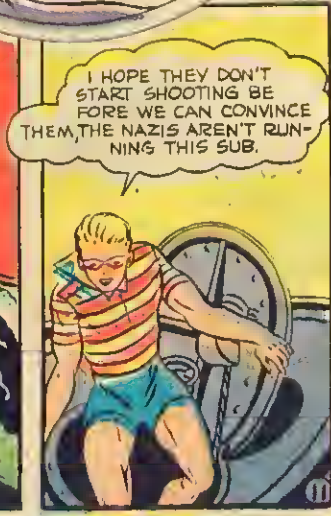
IT MISSES THE SUB-
MARINE BUT THE SHOCK
OF THE EXPLOSION ROCKS
IT FROM STERN TO
STERN.



WE'D BETTER GET HER TO
THE SURFACE, QUICK. A
BRITISH SHIP IS PROBABLY
GUNNING FOR US.



THE SUB
COMES TO
THE SUR-
FACE AGAIN.



I HOPE THEY DON'T
START SHOOTING BE-
FORE WE CAN CONVINCE
THEM, THE NAZIS AREN'T RUN-
NING THIS SUB.

THE NAZI PRISONERS ARE HERDED ONTO THE DECK, IN THE HOPE THAT THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH VESSEL WILL UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS HAPPENED

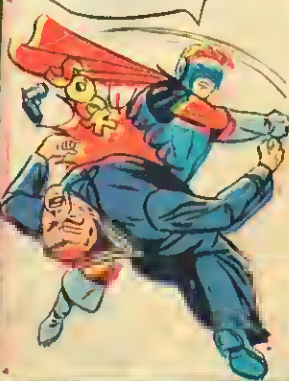


ONE OF THEM BREAKS HIS BONDS.

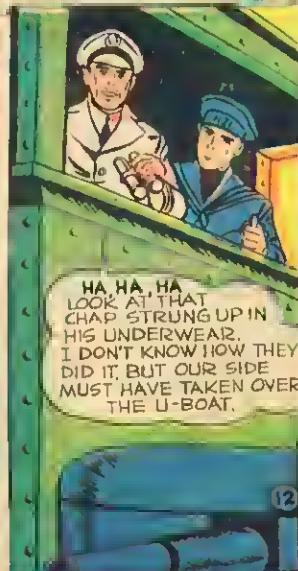
YOU FORGOT TO TAKE MINE GUN, SCHWEIN, NOW YOU DIE !!

NOT YET FRITZ, MAYBE THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND FOR YOU !!

WITH HIS CLOTHES OFF, HE'LL MAKE A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR A TRUCE FLAG. BOY, LOOK AT THOSE LONG B.V.D'S.



IT'S LUCKY THEY'RE CLEAN, WHEN THE BRITISH SPOT THIS SAUSAGE IN HIS WHITE UNDERWEAR THEY'LL GET THE IDEA ALLRIGHT!



HA, HA, HA LOOK AT THAT CHAP STRUNG UP IN HIS UNDERWEAR. I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY DID IT, BUT OUR SIDE MUST HAVE TAKEN OVER THE U-BOAT.



LATER ON BOARD THE BRITISH SHIP---

THAT WAS GREAT WORK, BOYS. YOU'LL GET A VICTORIA CROSS FOR THIS.

THANK YOU, SIR IT WAS WELL WORTH DOING JUST FOR THE FUN WE HAD.

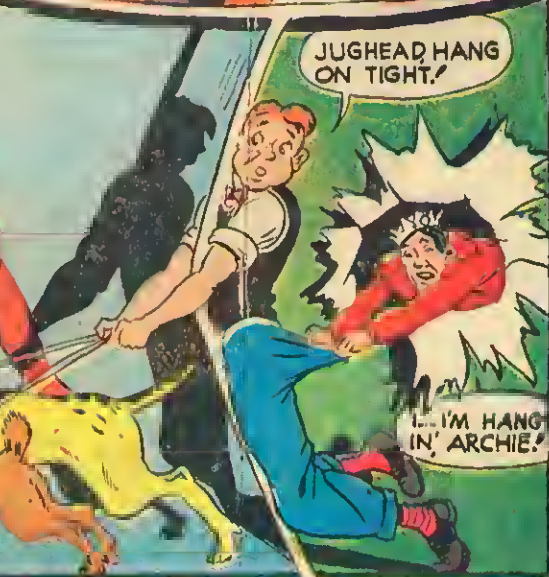
SOME FUN HEY GANG, PLENTY MORE IN TOP NOTCH COMICS ON SALE NOW!

JACKPOT COMICS NO.4

PROUDLY ANNOUNCES A NEW ADDITION TO ITS FAMILY.....

...*Archie*...

THIS ISSUE IS ON SALE RIGHT NOW!



ROY
THE SUPER-BOY

and

DUSTY
THE AMAZING
BOY DETECTIVE

BOY BUDDIES

SPECIAL
CASE No. 2

BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE
THE SHIELD AND THE WIZARD -
THOSE TWO NEMESSES OF ALL CRIM-
INALS - WORK ON THE SAME CASE ...
AND HAVING CORNERED THEIR QUARRY,
GIVE EACH OTHER A RIP-ROARING
DEMONSTRATION OF THE TECH-
NIQUE THAT HAS MADE THEM
FAMOUS ---



Paul Reinman

HOWARE YOU, WIZARD?
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE!
AFTER THESE BIRDS OR
WE COULD HAVE WORKED
ON THE CASE TO-
GETHER!

WELL, WE DID A
NICE JOB ON THEM,
JUST THE SAME,
SHIELD!

I'D BETTER BEAT IT
BEFORE THE SHIELD
COMES OUT AND
SEES ME!

I'D BETTER GET
GOING BEFORE THE
WIZARD FINDS OUT
I FOLLOWED
HIM!

OW!

HEY! LOOK
WHERE
YOU'RE
GOING!

WHY, YOU'RE
ROY!
HELLO, THERE!

AND
YOU'RE
DUSTY!

DID THE SAME
THING HAPPEN
TO YOU? THE
WIZARD WOULD
NOT TAKE ME
ALONG!

YES, AND IF
YOU ASK ME
WE OUGHT TO
FIND A CASE
FOR OUR-
SELVES AND
LEAVE
THEM
OUT!

LATER- HOT DIGGETY!
THIS TELEGRAM
COMES JUST IN TIME...
WAIT'LL ROY
HEARS ABOUT
IT!

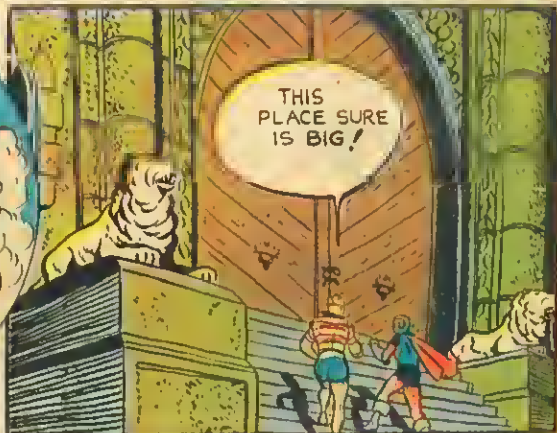
LISTEN, ROY I HAVE
JUST THE THING FOR US.
A FELLOW NAMED SNOD-
GRASS OWNS A CASTLE
AND THERE ARE GHOSTS
IN IT. HE WANTS US
TO GET THEM
OUT!

THIS IS WHERE WE
GET OFF, ROY. THE
CASTLE IS RIGHT
OVER THE HILL!

GEE!
THAT'S SWELL!
LET'S GET GOING
RIGHT AWAY!



LOOK, THE
DOORS SWING
BACK BY THEM-
SELVES!



THIS
PLACE SURE
IS BIG!



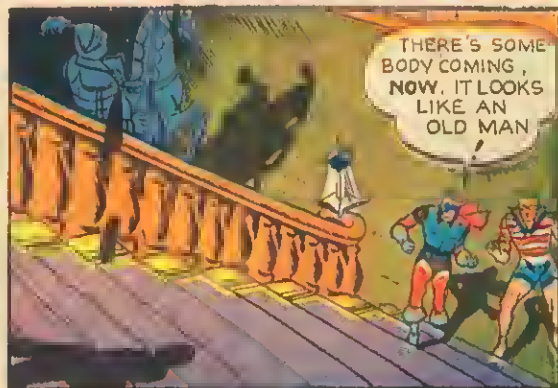
SPOOKY,
ALL RIGHT,
ISN'T IT,
DUSTY?





LISTEN TO
THAT CREAKING
ON THE STAIRS
!

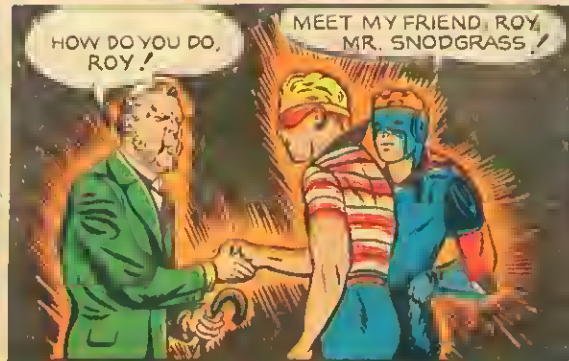
MAYBE IT'S
ONE OF THE
GHOSTS



THERE'S SOME
BODY COMING,
NOW, IT LOOKS
LIKE AN
OLD MAN

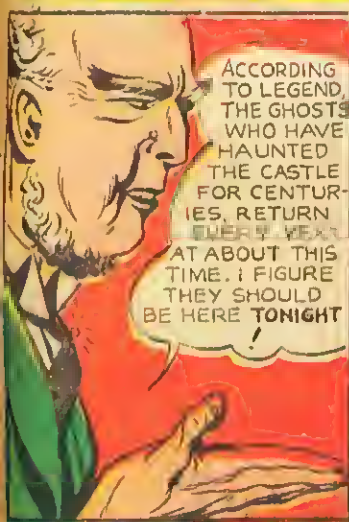


AH, YOU
HAVE
ARRIVED. EH,
MY YOUNG
FRIENDS
? WELCOME
TO MY
CASTLE
!



HOW DO YOU DO,
ROY !

MEET MY FRIEND, ROY,
MR. SNODGRASS !



ACCORDING TO LEGEND,
THE GHOSTS WHO HAVE
HAUNTED THE CASTLE
FOR CENTUR-
IES, RETURN
EVERY YEAR
AT ABOUT THIS
TIME. I FIGURE
THEY SHOULD
BE HERE TONIGHT
!



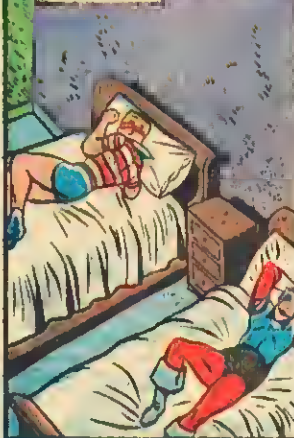
BUT, UNTIL THEY
COME, YOU BOYS
MIGHT AS WELL
GET SOME
REST !



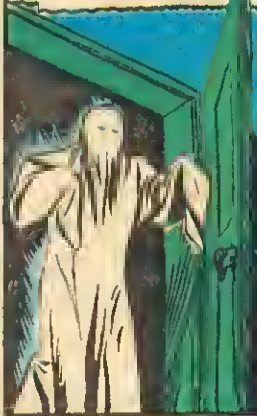
HECK, I
THOUGHT
WE'D GET
SOME ACTION
BUT I'LL BET
NOTHING
HAPPENS

WELL WE
MIGHT
AS WELL
GET
SOME
SHUT-
EYE !

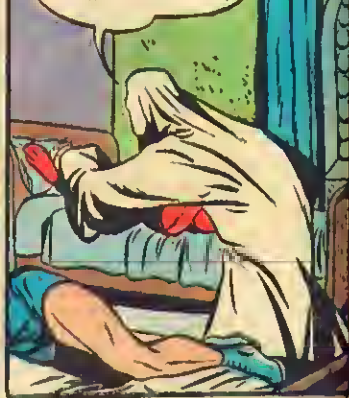
THE BOYS SOON FALL
ASLEEP---



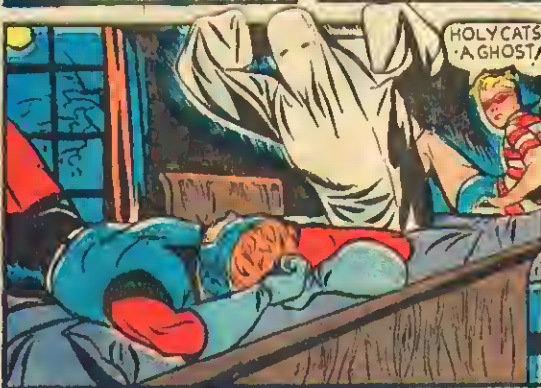
THE NIGHT WEARS ON-
THEN-THE DOOR
OPENS SLOWLY-



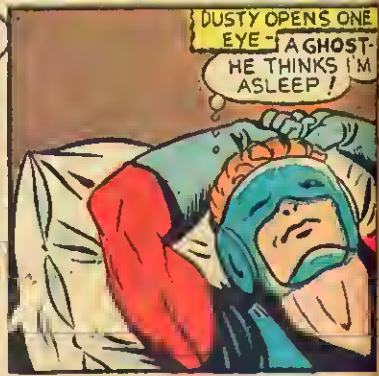
AH! THE TWO
OF THEM SLEEP
LIKE BABES!



HOLYCATS
-A GHOST!



DUSTY OPENS ONE
EYE - A GHOST-
HE THINKS I'M
ASLEEP!



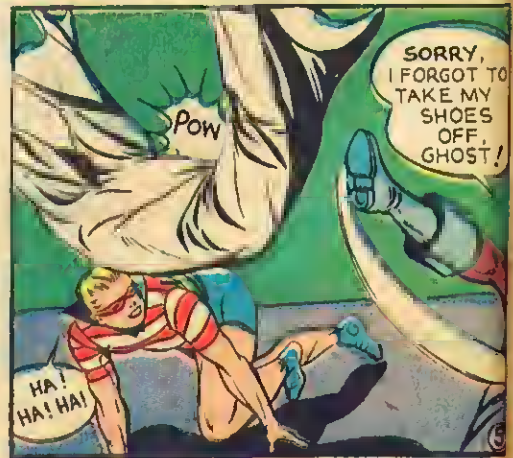
LET HIM
HAVE IT,
DUSTY!



POW

SORRY,
I FORGOT TO
TAKE MY
SHOES
OFF,
GHOST!

HA!
HA! HA!



GEE YOU FEEL
AWFULLY SOLID
FOR A GHOST!



HEY, ROY,
LET ME GET IN
A COUPLE OF
LICKS!

THAT FELT JUST LIKE A
REAL JAW ON MY
FIST!



WHAT'S THE MATTER,
GHOST, HAD ENOUGH?



QUICK, AFTER
HIM, DUSTY!

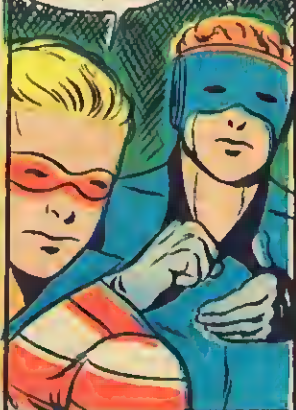


WHICH WAY
DID HE
GO?



COME ON,
WE'LL TAKE
A CHANCE
AND GO THIS
WAY!

I WISH
HE HADN'T
GOTTEN
AWAY!

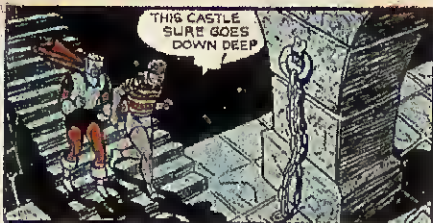


HEY,
THE LIGHTS
HAVE GONE
OUT!



LISTEN TO THAT/
SOUNDS LIKE SOME-
BODY BEING TORTURED!

IT'S
COMING FROM
THE BASEMENT.



WHOO-O-O

IN THERE, ROY!
LET'S GO

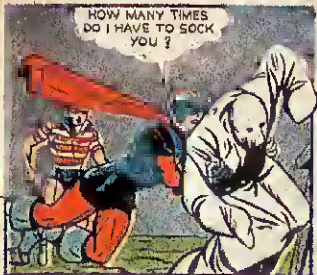
OH-H-H-H

NO, DON'T,
OH,
HELP!
OH-H-H-H

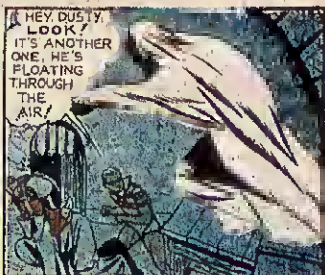
DROP
THAT KNIFE!

QUICK.
AT HIM!

HOW MANY TIMES
DO I HAVE TO SOCK
YOU?



HEY, DUSTY,
LOOK!
IT'S ANOTHER
ONE, HE'S
FLOATING
THROUGH
THE
AIR!



YOU GHOSTS SURE
ARE GLUTTONS FOR
PUNISHMENT!



BUT THERE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE MUCH
FIGHT IN YOU!



TRYING TO KILL
THE OLD MAN,
EH? THIS'LL
TEACH YOU
BETTER
MANNERS



OOF!



HEY, DUSTY!
THEY'RE GETTING
AWAY!

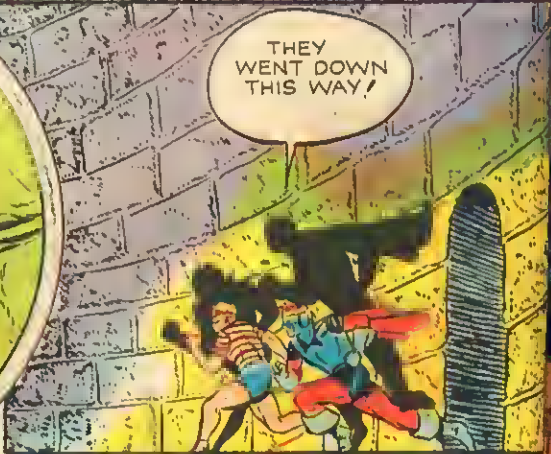
OW!



COME ON! IF
WE LOSE THEM NOW
WE MAY NOT GET
ANOTHER CHANCE!



THEY
WENT DOWN
THIS WAY!



THERE THEY ARE,
NOW! LET'S GET THEM!



THE GHOSTS
DIVE INTO TWO
BARRELS OF
OIL



GEE, THEY SEEM
TO HAVE ☐ HAT'S THE
DISAPPEAR- WAY GHOSTS
ED INTO DO THINGS!
THIN AIR!



GLUB
GLUB
GLUB

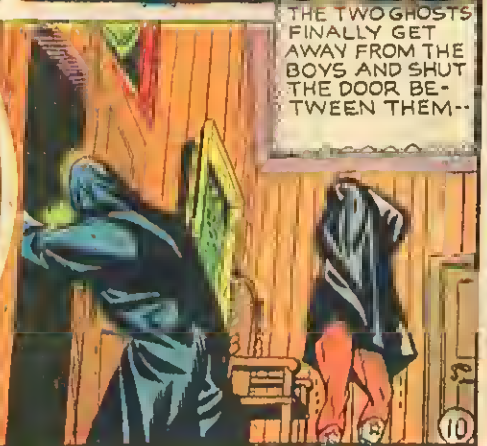
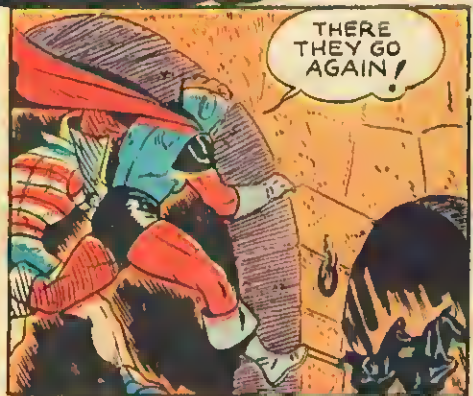
GLUB



I COULDN'T
TAKE
THAT
ANY
MORE!

I'VE SWALLOW
ED ENOUGH OIL
TO RUN A TANK
FOR A YEAR!







WHEW! THOSE KIDS SURE MADE IT HOT FOR US!



SAY, I'D RATHER TANGLE WITH A TRUCK LOAD OF CROOKS THAN THOSE TWO KIDS!



LOOK... THEY LEFT TRACKS WITH THE OIL ON THEIR FEET!



HELLO, MR SNODGRASS..WELL, I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP THE GAME!

THOSE LADS WERE TOO MUCH FOR YOU. EH!



I'LL LOOK IN AND SEE WHO'S TALKING IN THERE. THOSE VOICES SOUND FAMILIAR!



WELL, CAN'T SAY YOU DIDN'T TRY HARD. I GUESS THOSE BOYS JUST DON'T SCARE EASILY!



WELL WIZARD, IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL JUST HAVE TO LET THEM HAVE THEIR OWN WAY AND WORK ALONE IF THEY WANT TO!

IT CERTAINLY DOES!



GHOSTS HUH? WHY THE BIG PHONIES!

HA-HA- WE SURE SHOWED THEM - A THING OR TWO!

FOR MORE ADVENTURE, BUY ROYAL DUSTY, BUY CHILD CANTERS HERE (11)

FRAIL...WEAK...UNDEVELOPED? TRY THIS QUICK EASY WAY TO GET BIG HUSKY HANDSOME MUSCLES!

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can set up a gym right
at home. Enough equip-
ment to exercise every
muscle in the body!**

If you're frail . . . weak . . . undeveloped and not rugged enough to mix it up with the big fellows, start doing something about it today. Don't forget, the fellow with the husky, muscular, athletic build needn't take back-talk from anybody. He knows how to handle himself and because he is well trained, has more confidence in his ability to tackle anything that comes along. So don't be a "softie" or a "sissy." Start getting in shape with the HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING TRAINING OUTFIT now.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

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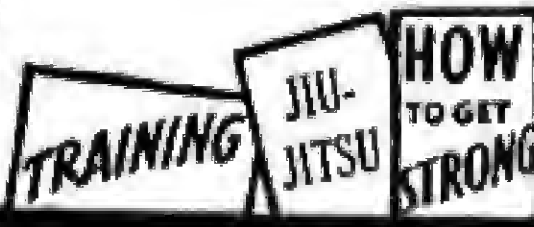
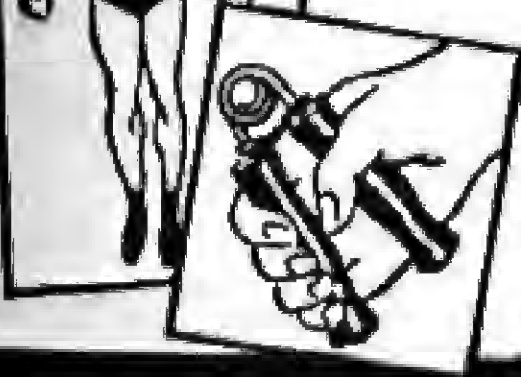
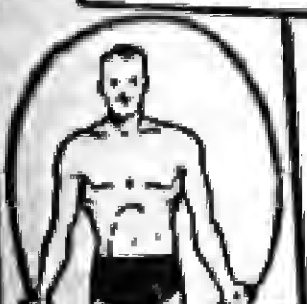
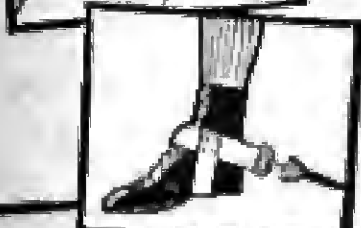
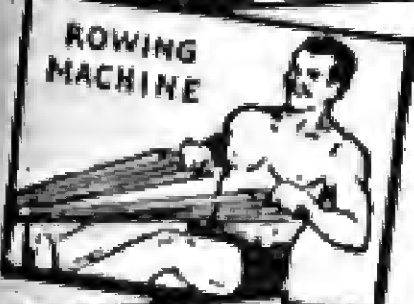
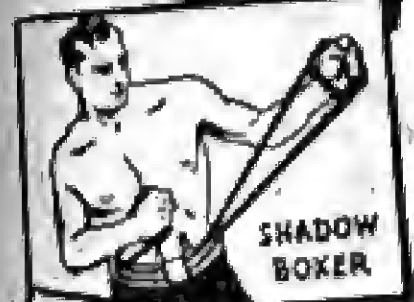
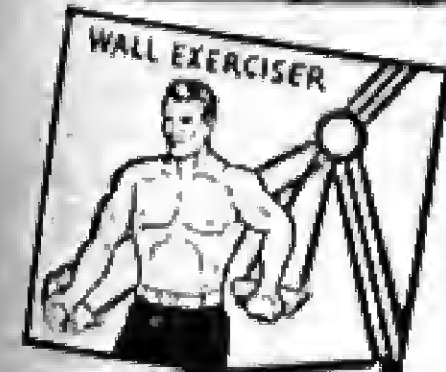
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For ripping back and shoulder muscles . . . and that wash-board stomach muscles, the special WALL EXERCISER equipment is just what you need. The same type of equipment used by champion fighters who must protect the stomach with layers of firm solid muscle. You'll like the way the Wall Exerciser handles . . . how it gives those back muscles a real work-out. If you like boxing, you'll get a big kick out of the way the SHADOW BOXER helps put power in your punches. A regulation SKIP ROPE is also supplied . . . a necessary part of every boxer's training equipment.

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\$3.49
SEND NO
MONEY

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Please rush me the complete HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING TRAINING OUTFIT by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.49 plus postal charges when package arrives.

Name.....

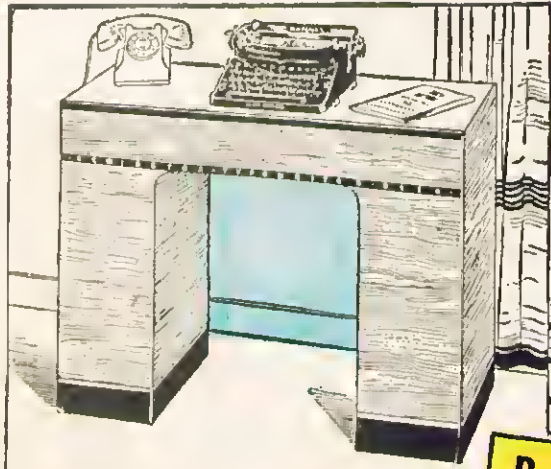
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