

CAN THE
GENIUS REALLY
KILL THE SWORD?

SUPER-MYSTERY

COMICS

10¢
IN CANADA
15¢

ACE
APRIL

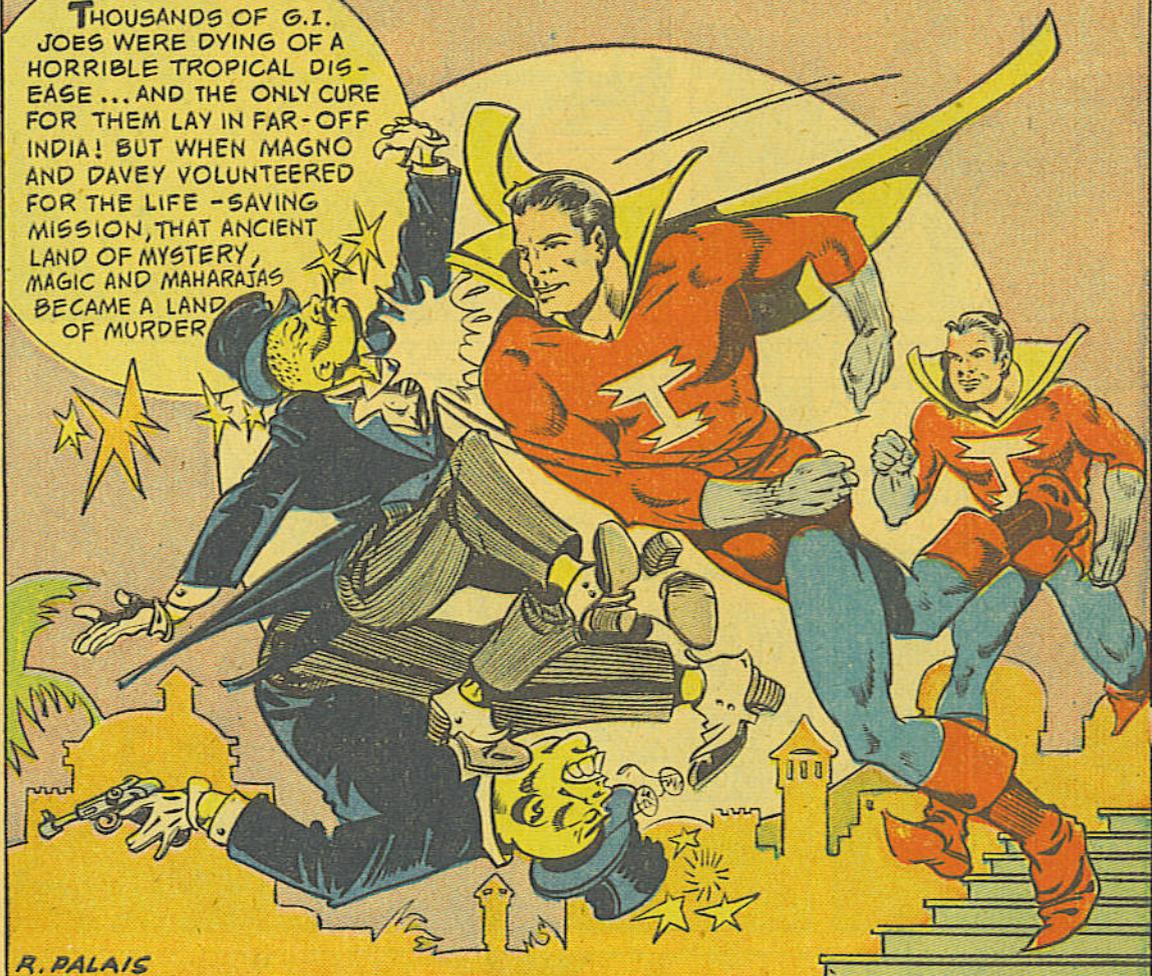




WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

MAGNO & DAVEY

THOUSANDS OF G.I. JOES WERE DYING OF A HORRIBLE TROPICAL DISEASE ... AND THE ONLY CURE FOR THEM LAY IN FAR-OFF INDIA! BUT WHEN MAGNO AND DAVEY VOLUNTEERED FOR THE LIFE-SAVING MISSION, THAT ANCIENT LAND OF MYSTERY, MAGIC AND MAHARAJAS BECAME A LAND OF MURDER



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HERE IS SENSATIONAL NEWS! THE MYSTERIOUS DISEASE OF WHICH THOUSANDS OF OUR TROOPS HAVE BEEN SUFFERING HAS BEEN DIAGNOSED AS MALEGBERIA - A RARE TROPICAL DISEASE!



THE WORLD'S ONLY KNOWN SUPPLY OF ANASEPTIUM - THE ONLY CURE FOR THE DISEASE - IS OWNED BY THE MAHARAJA OF NEHURLAND! MAX MARTIN OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS LEAVING AT ONCE TO NEGOTIATE THE PURCHASE OF THE DRUG!

I HOPE HE MAKES IT ON TIME!

YOU SAID IT. COME ON, LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .

WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT?

SOME BIG SHOT'S COMING ALONG WITH A MOTORCYCLE ESCORT!



MUST BE SOMEBODY IN A BIT OF A HURRY!

WHEW! LOOK AT 'EM GO ROUND THAT CORNER!



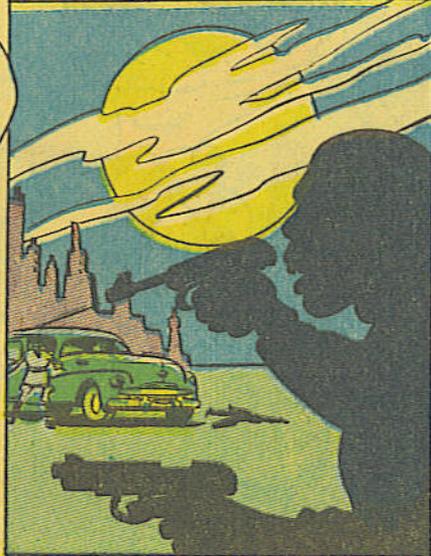
WHILE JUST AROUND THE CORNER . . .

SO! OUR VICTIMS ARE ARRIVED! PREPARE TO OPEN FIRE!

FOR THE HONORABLE EMPEROR!

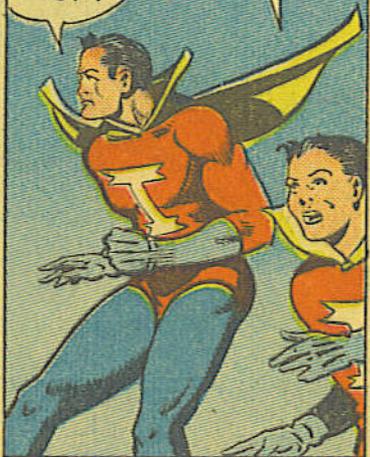


AND THE NEXT INSTANT . . .!



DAVEY! MACHINE GUNS! COME ON!

IT MUST BE JUST AROUND THE CORNER!



WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT!

MY GOSH! I WONDER IF ANYBODY'S ALIVE! HEY! THERE GOES ANOTHER CAR!



I'M GOING AFTER THAT CAR, DAVEY! SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO HERE!

GOOD HUNTING, MAGNO!



USING HIS MAGNETIC POWERS, MAGNO BRINGS THE CAR TO A HALT!

NOT SO FAST, WHOEVER YOU ARE! I WANT A GOOD LOOK AT YOU!



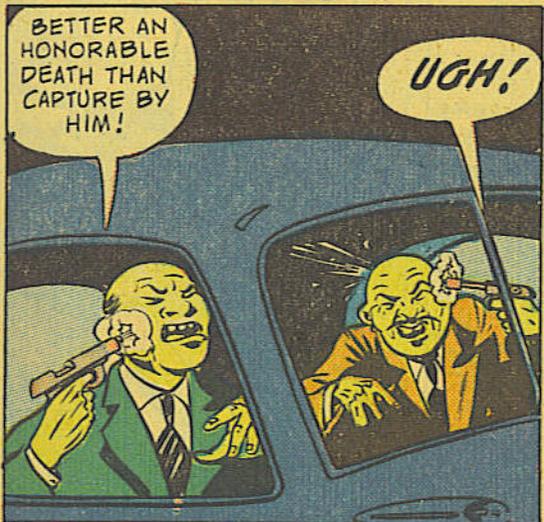
WHAT OCCURS!
THE CAR IS BEING
DRAGGED BACKWARDS!

SEE? ABOVE!
IT IS THE
FOREIGN DEVIL
THEY CALL MAGNO!
WE ARE DOOMED!



BETTER AN
HONORABLE
DEATH THAN
CAPTURE BY
HIM!

UGH!



WELL OF ALL TH' --!
JAPS! AND EVERY LAST
ONE COMMITTED
HARI-KIRI!



MEANTIME ...

TAKE LETTER ...
AIRPORT ...
BOMBER ...
TELL THEM
MARTIN ...
INDIA ...

G-G-
GOLLY!
HE'S
DEAD!



MAGNO! THIS MAN
IS MAX MARTIN, WHO
WAS ON HIS WAY TO
CATCH A PLANE FOR
INDIA! HE ASKED
US TO FINISH THE
JOB FOR HIM

HM! A LETTER
ADDRESSED TO
THE MAHARATA
OF NEHURLAND!
THIS MUST BE
THE CONTRACTS
FOR THAT
DRUG!

LET'S GO, BOY!
THIS DRUG HAS
GOT TO GET
BACK TO THE
STATES OR
THOSE POOR
G.I.'S DON'T
STAND THE
GHOST OF A
CHANCE!

RIGHT
WITH
YOU!



HM! THAT FELLOW FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT OUGHT TO BE HERE!

LOOK! UP THERE - IT'S MAGNO AND DAVEY OR I'M A DODO!



MAGNO AND DAVEY! WHAT'S COOKING, ANYHOW?

HELLO, CAPTAIN! IS THIS THE SHIP THAT'S TO GO TO INDIA ON THE SPECIAL MISSION?



THAT'S RIGHT! BUT I HAVE TO WAIT FOR MAX MARTIN, THE DIPLOMAT!

YOU'LL HAVE A LONG WAIT, SIR! HE'S DEAD! MURDERED!

BUT HE'S ASKED US TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION! HERE ARE THE OFFICIAL PAPERS RIGHT HERE!

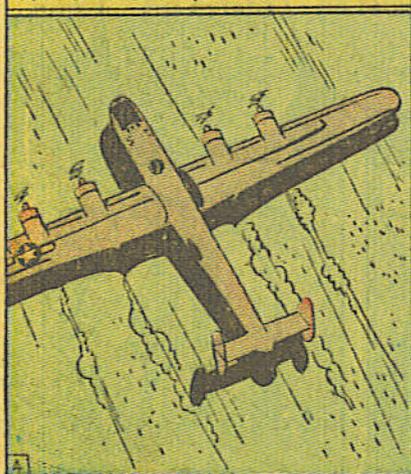


OKAY! ONE OF MY BUDDIES IS DOWN WITH THE TROPICAL DISEASE AND I'M ANXIOUS TO GET GOING!

WE'RE ALL SET! LET'S GO!



A MOMENT LATER, THE ARMY BOMBER HOPS OFF ON ITS LONG FLIGHT!



AND AS THE PLANE WINGS ITS WAY SEAWARD . . .

AH! IS SO! THE YANKEE SHIP IS ON ITS WAY! I SHALL RADIO A WARNING TO OUR BASE IN BURMA! THEY WILL INDEED BE HAPPY TO MEET THEM!

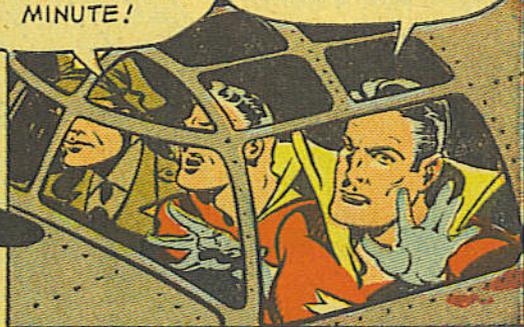
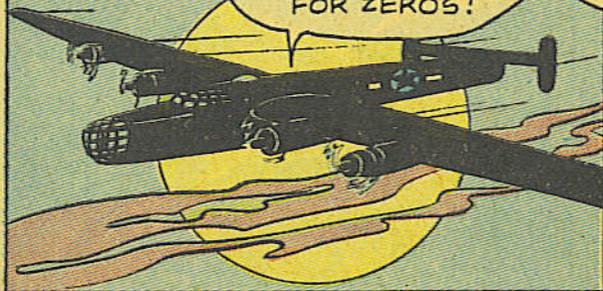


NEXT DAY...

WELL, WE'RE NOT MANY HOURS AWAY FROM OUR GOAL NOW! KEEP AN EYE PEELED FOR ZEROS!

I DON'T SEE A SIGN OF ANYTHING YET! OR - WAIT A MINUTE!

YES! JUST A FLASH OF LIGHT OR SOMETHING UP THERE!



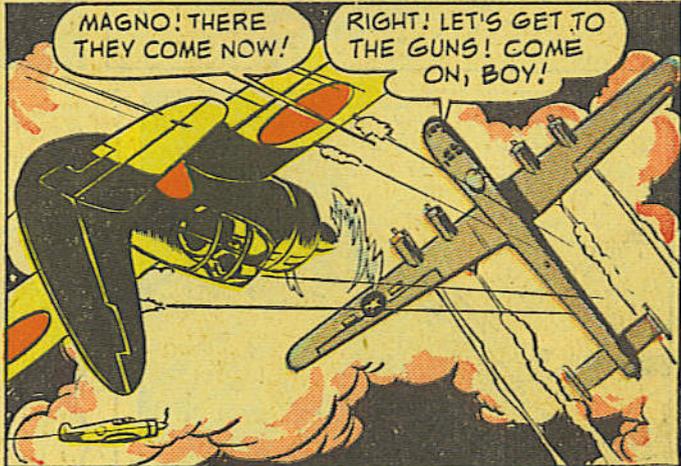
WHILE HIGH ABOVE - JAP FIGHTERS!

PREPARE TO ATTACK! OUR QUARRY IS BELOW!

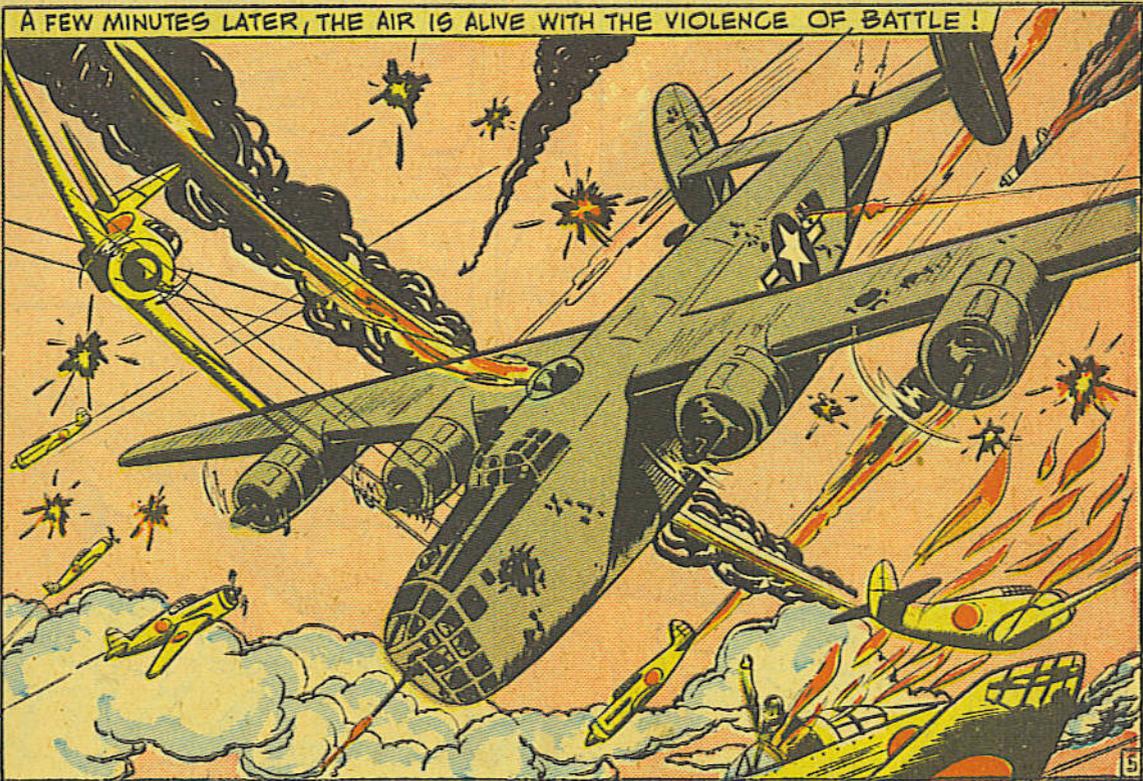


MAGNO! THERE THEY COME NOW!

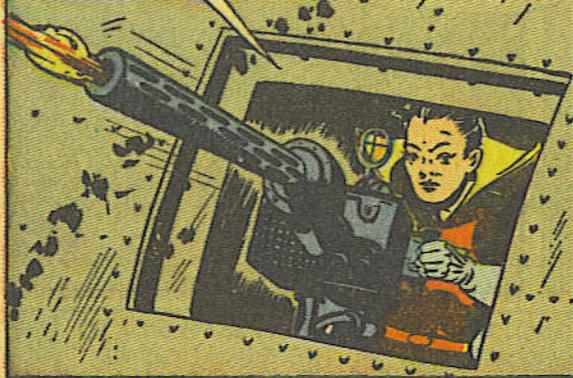
RIGHT! LET'S GET TO THE GUNS! COME ON, BOY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE AIR IS ALIVE WITH THE VIOLENCE OF BATTLE!



OH, BOY! THIS BABY'S
RIGHT IN MY SIGHTS!
NOW FOR A BURST!



GOT HIM! A COUPLE
MORE LIKE THAT AND
I'LL BE AN OFFICIAL
ACE!



PILOT TO CREW! PILOT TO
CREW! WELL DONE!
WE'VE DRIVEN OFF
THE ONLY PLANES
THEY HAD LEFT. BUT
TWO OF OUR
MOTORS
ARE HIT!



THINK YOU'LL
MAKE YOUR
DESTINATION
OKAY, CAPTAIN?

WE'LL MAKE IT ALL RIGHT,
MAGNO! BUT IT'LL TAKE
US A COUPLE OF HOURS
LONGER THAN WE
FIGURED!



IN THAT CASE, I
THINK WE'LL LEAVE
YOU AND GO IT
ALONE!

OKAY! GOOD LUCK,
FELLOWS! I'LL HAVE
THE SHIP AT THE BASE
AND IN REPAIR BY THE
TIME YOU'RE READY
TO START BACK!



AND SO THE INTREPID TWO DIVE FROM
THE BOMB BAY AND BEGIN THEIR LAST
LEG OF THE TRIP ALONE!

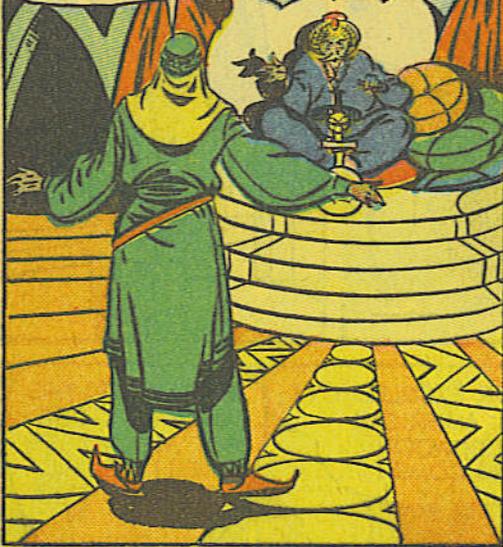
NEXT STOP, THE PALACE
OF THE MAHARAJAH
OF NEHURLAND!



MEANTIME, IN THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE...

YOUR HIGHNESS, A DELEGATION FROM THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN HAS COME!

VERY WELL! HAVE THEM IN!

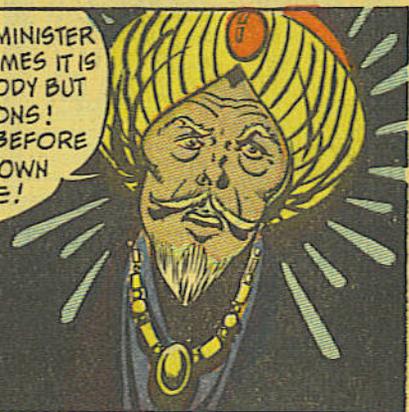


ESTEEMED PERSON, WE HAVE COME WITH AMPLE FUNDS TO PURCHASE THE SO-RARE ANASEPTIUM!

YOU HAVE ONLY TO ASK YOUR PRICE AND WE SHALL PAY IT!



I HAVE TOLD MY MINISTER OF STATE MANY TIMES IT IS FOR SALE TO NOBODY BUT THE ALLIED NATIONS! NOW GET OUT BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN OUT! AT ONCE!



SO SORRY! DID NOT UNDERSTAND!

THAT'S THE WHOLE TROUBLE! YOU AND YOUR KIND CAN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING UNLESS IT IS ACCOMPANIED WITH AN HONORABLE KICK IN THE PANTS!



ONE MIGHT INFER FROM THE REMARKS OF OUR HOST THAT HE IS NOT FAVORABLE TO OUR EMPIRE AND OUR CAUSE

AH! BUT WE ARE NOT DEFEATED BY ANY MEANS! HERE IS OUR FRIEND, THE MINISTER OF STATE!



SO SORRY! UNABLE TO COMPLETE BARGAIN WITH HIS HIGHNESS!

TOO BAD! WE ARE EQUIPPED TO PAY LARGE SUM OF MONEY FOR DRUG!

HM! THE MAHARAJA IS A FOOL! BUT LET US TALK IN PRIVACY! PERHAPS WE CAN REACH AN AGREEMENT!



WHILE AT THE PALACE GATES.

HOLY SOCKS, MAGNO! WHAT A LAYOUT! LIKE A HOLLYWOOD SET!

ONLY THERE'S NO FALSE FRONT TO THIS PLACE! THIS IS THE MC COY!

WILL YOU LEAD US TO THE MAHARAJA? THIS IS THE AMERICAN DELEGATION!

THIS WAY, SAHIB! I SHALL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

BOY, WHAT A PLACE TO HOLD A BOWLING MATCH!

YOU COULD RUN THE HUNDRED YARD DASH HERE AND HAVE ROOM TO SPARE!



THEN IT IS AGREED! YOU WILL PLACE THE DRUG IN OUR HANDS!

AGREED! ER - AH - YOU THERE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

A FORTUNE SHALL BE YOURS!



YOUR EXCELLENCY! THE AMERICAN DELEGATION HAS COME!

NEVER MIND! THE MAHARAJA DOES NOT WISH TO SEE THEM! I SHALL DEAL WITH THE AMERICAN DOGS!



WE'RE REPRESENTING THE U.S. STATE DEPARTMENT AND---

THE MOST HIGH HAS DECIDED AGAINST SUPPLYING YOU WITH THE DRUG! PLEASE LEAVE AT ONCE! THE PENALTY FOR NOT SO DOING IS DEATH!

BUT HE DID! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT!

I DON'T LIKE IT! SOMETHING IS FIGHTY AROUND HERE! THE MAHARAJA IS BACKING THE ALLIES IN LOTS OF WAYS! WE'RE NOT LICKED YET!



WELL, I RID OURSELVES OF THOSE AMERICANS! NOW REMEMBER, YOU ARE TO REMAIN OUT HERE UNTIL I GIVE THE SIGNAL! YOU ARE WELL ARMED?

IN THESE TIMES, ONE DOES NOT TAKE CHANCES!

ONCE I LEARN WHERE HE HAS STORED THIS DRUG, I SHALL USE THIS DIRK TO END HIS USELESS LIFE! NOW I SHALL ENTER!

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT, DAVEY! LET'S FIND OUT WHERE THE MAHARAJA LIVES IN THIS PLACE AND GET IN SOME OTHER WAY!

HOW'S ABOUT TRYING THOSE STAIRS OVER THERE? I THINK HIS SUITE IS SOMEWHERE ABOVE THERE!

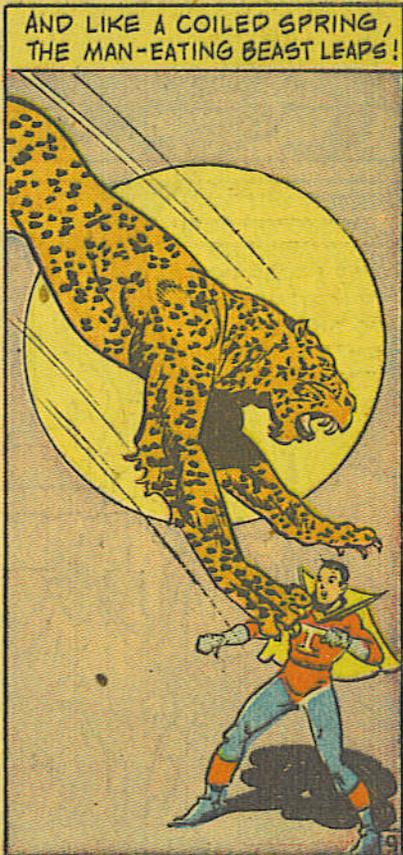


I'LL TRY IT THIS WAY! YOU TRY THAT, APPROACH!

CHECK!

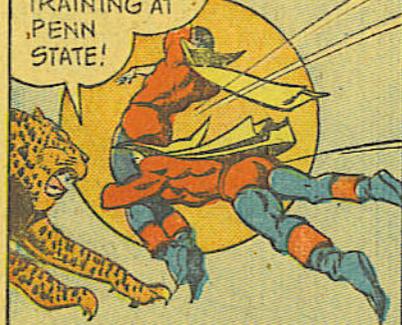
GOSH! A GUY COULD GET LOST FOR DAYS AROUND THIS NECK OF THE WOODS!

AND LIKE A COILED SPRING, THE MAN-EATING BEAST LEAPS!



BUT A SPLIT-SECOND LATER - A HURLING FORM ZOOMS TO THE RESCUE!

GOOD THING I HAD SOME OF THIS TRAINING AT PENN STATE!



FIRST DOWN AND PLENTY OF PLACES TO GO!

WHAT THE HECK!



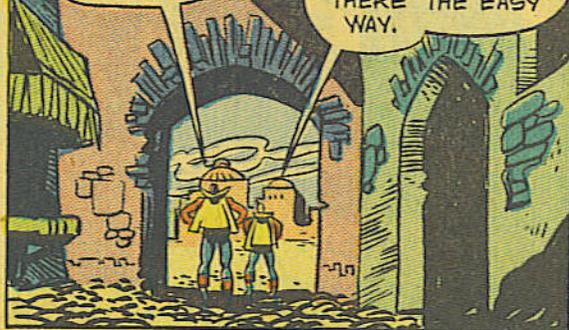
WOW! IS THAT THE CAT YOU THOUGHT YOU KNEW MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN?

WHEW! YOU ALMOST ENDED UP AS A STEAK FOR THAT BABY!



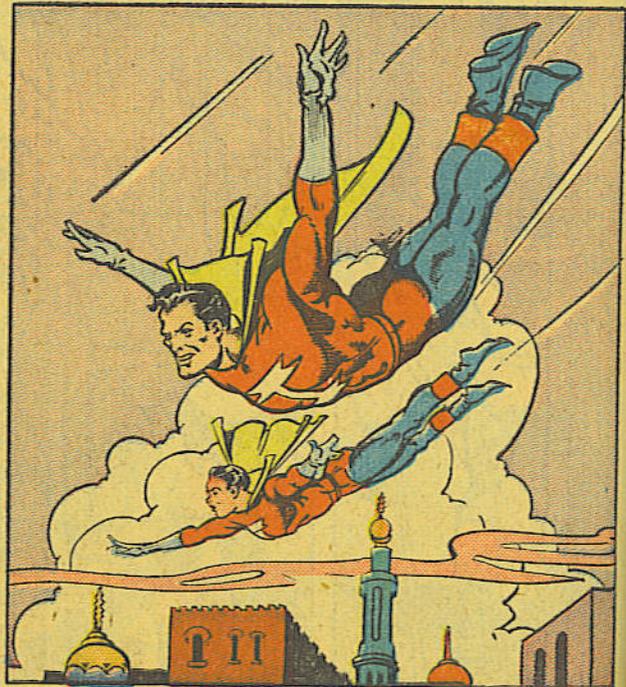
THAT MUST BE THE MAHARAJA'S SUITE UP THERE! IT'S PRETTY WELL GUARDED!

NO REASON WHY WE CAN'T MAGNETIZE OURSELVES TO THAT IRON GRILL WORK AND GET UP THERE THE EASY WAY.



BETTER NOT TAKE CHANCES OF BOTH OF US WALKING INTO A TRAP! YOU TRY THAT WINDOW TO THE LEFT AND I'LL TAKE THIS ONE!

OKAY!



WHILE INSIDE THE ROYAL SUITE . . .

YOU WILL NEVER LEARN WHERE THAT VITAL DRUG IS STORED! I DO NOT TRUST YOU FOR A MOMENT!

VERY WELL, THEN! HERE IS MY ANSWER!



DEATH TO YOU!

HELP!



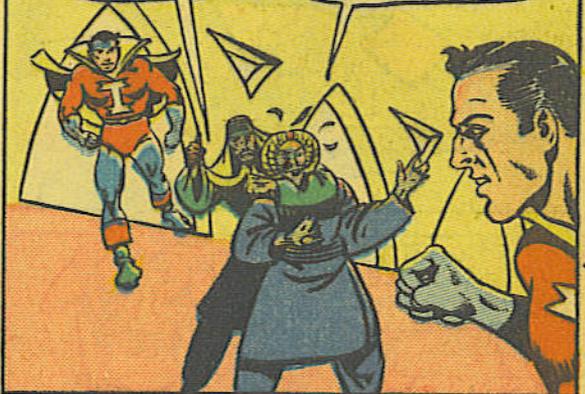
IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD TO SCREAM! THIS IS YOUR FINISH!

DON'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT, PAL!



STAY AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL PLUNGE THE DIRK INTO HIS HEART!

PLEASE! DO NOT COST ME MY LIFE! PERHAPS WE CAN DICKER WITH HIM!



IT'S ALWAYS EASIER TO DICKER WITH GUYS LIKE THIS WHEN THEY'RE UNARMED!

NICE GOING, BOY!



HELP! TO THE RESCUE MY FRIENDS!

DON'T TELL ME THE BUM HAS SOME STOOGES HIDING AROUND HERE! WELL, BRING 'EM ON!



AS THE JAPS RUSH INTO THE ROOM
THEY ARE MET BY A SURPRISE.

IS THE SIGNAL
FROM THE
MINISTER!

UGH!

WELL!
MORE
VISITORS!



HOW'S THIS FOR
A SURPRISE!

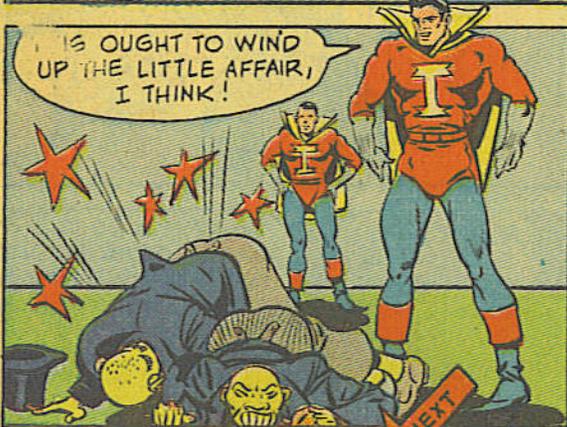
OOPS!
SO SOLLY!
WRONG
ROOM!



IT'S THE RIGHT ROOM
BUT THE WRONG TIME--
FOR YOU!



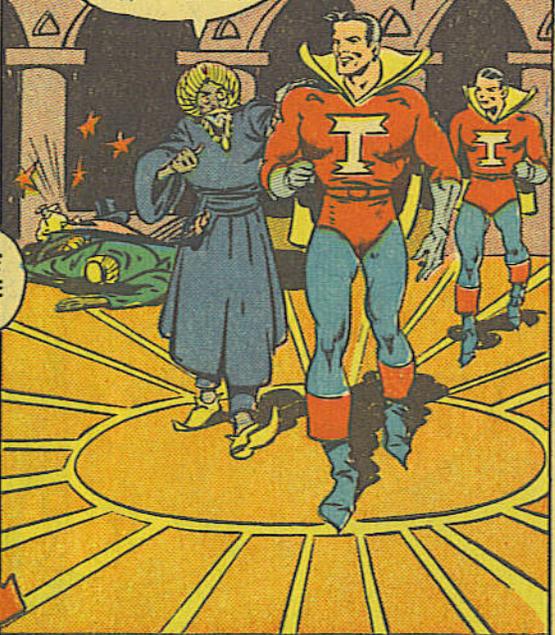
IT IS ABOUT TO WIND
UP THE LITTLE AFFAIR,
I THINK!



NEXT

AND NOW MY AMERICAN
FRIENDS - I KNOW WHAT
YOU HAVE COME FOR,
AND IT IS READY FOR
YOU! AND MAY YOUR
JOURNEY HOME
BE SWIFT
AND SAFE!

I HOPE SO!
ANOTHER DAY'S
DELAY WILL
COST THOSE
YANKS THEIR
LIVES!



WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS,
WHAT DO WE DO
WITH THE TRASH!

I SHALL
DEAL WITH
THEM IN MY
OWN WAY,
MY FRIEND

OH, OH!
GONNA MAKE
HASH OF THE
TRASH, HUH?



NEXT DAY ... THE BOMBER LANDS SAFELY AT THE AMERICAN FIELD!

HOME AGAIN! THIS FLYING STUFF IS WONDERFUL, EH, MAGNO?

RIGHT! AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL RIGHT AWAY!



I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE WITH THIS, DOCTOR!

JUST IN TIME, BOYS! A SPLENDID JOB - AND THE ARMY THANKS YOU!



LATER ...

WELL, DAVEY, WHAT'S ON THE POCKET NOW?

HOW'S ABOUT TAKING IN THAT MOVIE, MAGNO?



FEEL LIKE SEEING SOMETHING NICE AND RESTFUL?

I DON'T CARE ... JUST SO THERE'S NO TIGERS AND STUFF IN IT!



OH, OH! LOOK WHAT'S PLAYING! LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.

IT'S REALLY A WONDERFUL PICTURE! A THRILLING TALE OF INDIA!



NO, THANKS! WE JUST GOT BACK FROM A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN INDIA!

SURE! COMPLETE WITH TIGERS AND A MAHARAJA!

OH! A COUPLE OF WISE GUYS, EH? SOME PEOPLE HAVE A PECULIAR SENSE OF HUMOR!



MR. RISK



THERE IS A LEGEND AMONG THE INDIANS IN THE AMERICAN DESERT THAT A TERRIBLE AND UNHOLY BIRD OF FIRE PROTECTS THE LAND AGAINST ALL FOREIGNERS! THE LEGEND WAS ALMOST FORGOTTEN UNTIL THE PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL FOR CHINESE PILOTS WAS SUDDENLY AND UNACCOUNTABLY STRUCK BY THE FURY OF THIS ANCIENT LEGEND OF THE FIRE BIRD!

AT THE HOME OF ACE CRIME FIGHTER,
MR. RISK . . .

TELEGRAM
FOR MR.
RISK!

I'LL TAKE
IT, BOY!

WHAT IS
THE TROUBLE,
MASTER?

AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, WHO'S
RUNNING A PRE-FLIGHT SCHOOL
FOR CHINESE PILOTS OUT WEST
NEEDS OUR HELP! PACK OUR
BAGS, ABDUL! WE'RE TAKING
THE FIRST PLANE FOR THE
DESERT!

NEXT DAY ...

MR. RISK! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOPE YOU HAD A NICE TRIP!

HELLO, GRANT! TRIP WAS GOOD ENOUGH - THE ROUGHEST PART OF IT WAS COMING OUT HERE FROM THE AIRPORT IN THIS STATION WAGON

COME INTO MY QUARTERS, MR. RISK. I HAVE SOME THINGS TO TELL YOU!

GOOD ENOUGH, GRANT. OH- OUR BAGS!

FILIPINO BOY SAY HE TAKE CARE OF THEM, MASTER!

NOW WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE GRANT?

IT'S ABOUT AN OLD INDIAN SUPERSTITION!



LEGEND SAYS THAT A GIANT FIRE BIRD PROTECTS THE LAND AGAINST ALL OUTSIDERS! I'M AFRAID OUR CHINESE STUDENTS MAY BE INFLUENCED BY THE LEGEND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS!

BUT WHY SHOULD YOU BE WORRIED? HAS ANYTHING HAPPENED YET

ONLY THIS: NIGHT BEFORE LAST, WHEN THE BOYS WERE ALL SLEEPING, I ACTUALLY SAW THE FIRE-BIRD FOR A FEW SECONDS OVER BY THE MOUNTAIN!



HM! NOT VERY FAR OVER THERE, IS IT?

NO! AND, INCIDENTALLY, THE CHINESE PILOTS ARE OVER THERE RIGHT NOW TAKING A HIKE! I HOPE THEY GET BACK BEFORE NIGHTFALL -- IT'S GETTING DARK RIGHT NOW!

GOOD LORD! LOOK! OVER THERE BY THE MOUNTAIN!

THE FIRE BIRD!

THE FIRE BIRD HAS STRUCK!

COME ON! LET'S GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!





HE SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN SOMEWHERE OVER THERE!

YES! JUST OVER THAT LITTLE RISE IN THE GROUND! I GUESS IT WAS ONE OF THE PILOTS - THE OTHERS ARE COMING OVER, TOO!



POOR DEVIL! THERE HE IS!

GOOD HEAVENS! HIS CLOTHES ARE ALMOST BURNED OFF HIM!

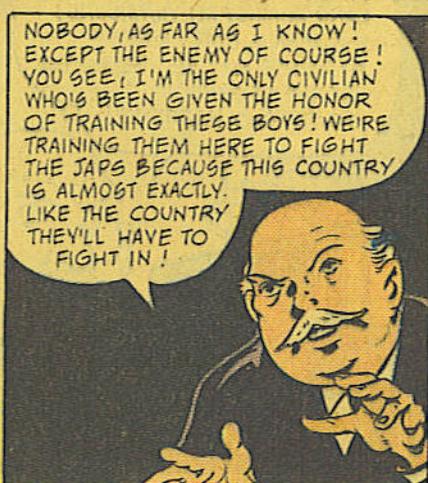


WHAT HAPPENED, FELLOWS?

SIR, WE WERE HIKING SUN LOW, MAY HIS SOUL BE IMMORTAL, STRAYED FROM THE REST OF US - AND YOU SAW THE REST!



ABDUL, SEE THAT THE BOY'S BODY IS BROUGHT SAFELY BACK. COME ON, GRANT! TELL ME, WHO WOULD WANT TO RUIN THIS SCHOOL OF YOURS

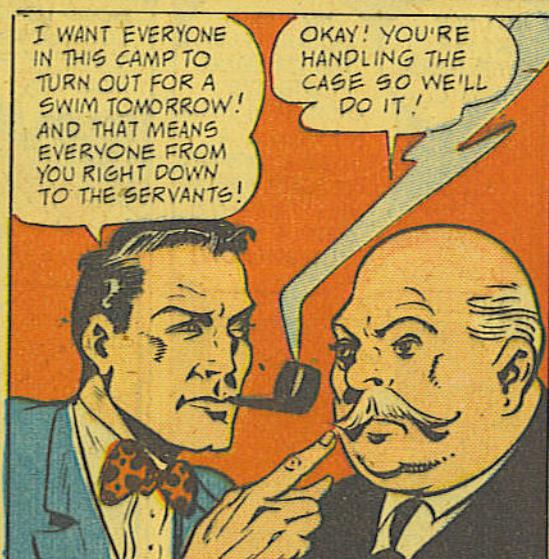


NOBODY, AS FAR AS I KNOW! EXCEPT THE ENEMY OF COURSE! YOU SEE, I'M THE ONLY CIVILIAN WHO'S BEEN GIVEN THE HONOR OF TRAINING THESE BOYS! WE'RE TRAINING THEM HERE TO FIGHT THE JAPS BECAUSE THIS COUNTRY IS ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE THE COUNTRY THEY'LL HAVE TO FIGHT IN!



HM! SAY - MIGHTY FINE SWIMMING POOL YOU HAVE HERE! AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



I WANT EVERYONE IN THIS CAMP TO TURN OUT FOR A SWIM TOMORROW! AND THAT MEANS EVERYONE FROM YOU RIGHT DOWN TO THE SERVANTS!

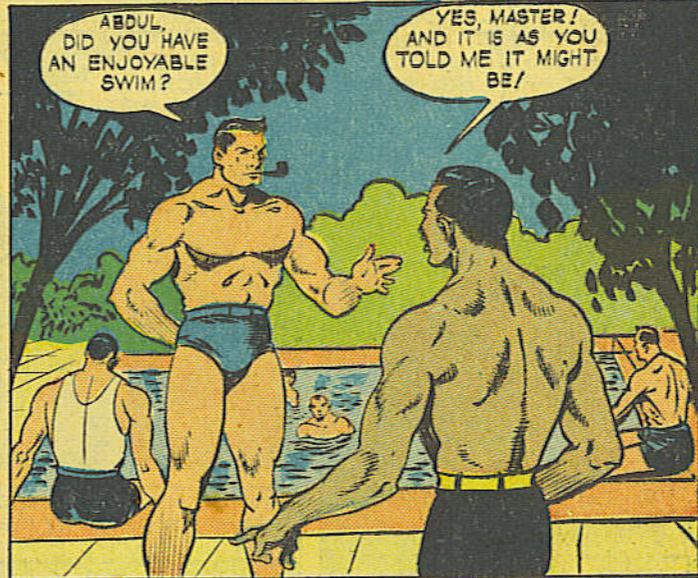
OKAY! YOU'RE HANDLING THE CASE SO WE'LL DO IT!



NEXT DAY...

WELL, MR. RISK - HAVE YOU SPOTTED OUR FIRE BIRD YET?

NOT YET! BUT PERHAPS SOONER THAN YOU THINK!



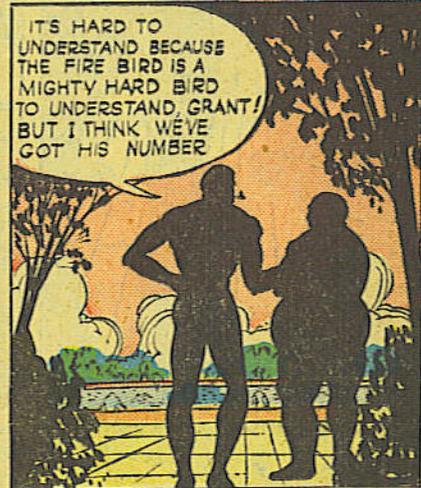
ABDUL, DID YOU HAVE AN ENJOYABLE SWIM?

YES, MASTER! AND IT IS AS YOU TOLD ME IT MIGHT BE!



OKAY, GRANT! YOU CAN CALL OFF YOUR SWIMMING PARTY ANYTIME YOU WANT TO! I THINK WE'LL SOON FIND YOUR FIRE BIRD FOR YOU!

I MUST SAY RISK - I CAN'T UNDERSTAND YOUR METHOD OF OPERATING!



IT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND BECAUSE THE FIRE BIRD IS A MIGHTY HARD BIRD TO UNDERSTAND, GRANT! BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT HIS NUMBER



HERE ARE TOWELS MR. GRANT PLEASE!

THANKS, MANUEL!... NOW RISK, WHAT IS YOUR NEXT MOVE?

WHY I'M GOING TO FIND THE FIRE -BIRDS' NEST!



WHEN DO YOU PROPOSE TO START ON YOUR -ER- HUNTING EXPEDITION?

AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK! AND THAT WON'T BE VERY LONG NOW!



THAT NIGHT . . .

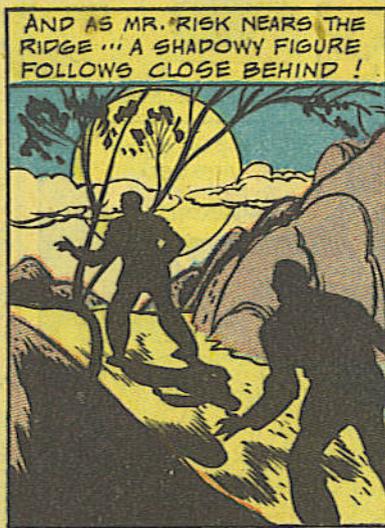
I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, MY FRIEND! BUT I WISH ABDUL WERE GOING WITH YOU!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, GRANT! AND ABDUL IS AROUND SOMEWHERE!



AND SO MR RISK BEGINS THE ASCENT OF THE MOUNTAIN...

IF MY DEDUCTIONS ARE ALL WET I'M GOING TO FEEL LIKE ONE FOOLISH MAN!



AND AS MR. RISK NEARS THE RIDGE ... A SHADY FIGURE FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND!

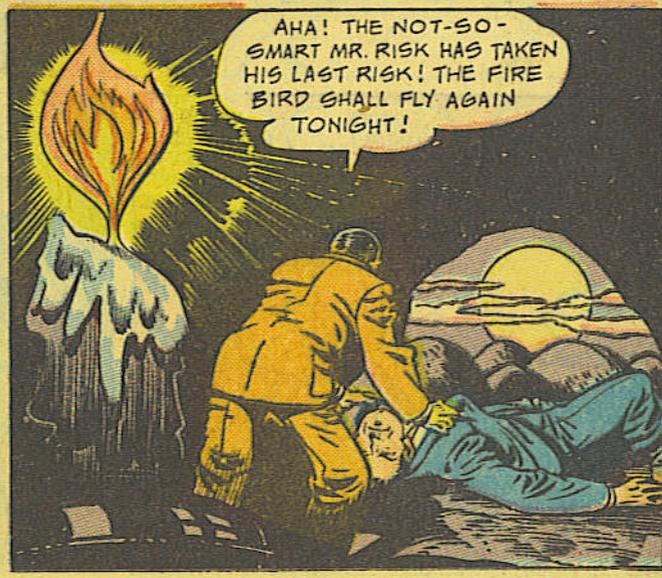


AND THE NEXT INSTANT— A SECOND FIGURE RAISES A WEAPON AND — — —

HM! MIGHTY WINDY RIGHT HERE! THIS IS JUST ABOUT THE PLACE TO — — —



OOOF!



AHA! THE NOT-SO-SMART MR. RISK HAS TAKEN HIS LAST RISK! THE FIRE BIRD SHALL FLY AGAIN TONIGHT!

SO! HE THOUGHT I WAS A HARMLESS FILIPINO SERVANT, EH? THESE YANKEES ARE SO INTOLERABLY STUPID!



AND NOW, THE VERY PARACHUTES THE YANKEES MAKE TO SAVE THEIR MEN WILL CLAIM ANOTHER VICTIM FOR THE FIRE BIRD!



THE WIND SWOOPING DOWN OVER THE RIDGE IN THE MOUNTAIN WILL CARRY THE FOOL BY PARACHUTE RIGHT OVER THE SIDE! AND WHEN I TOUCH A MATCH TO IT JUST AS I TOSS HIM OVER - HA!



YOU AND YOUR KIND HAVE TOUCHED YOUR LAST MATCH TO ANYTHING...

SON OF THE RISING SUN! WHO - WHERE ARE YOU? WHO - - -



YOU HAVE FOOL SOME PEOPLE SOME OF TIME - BUT NOT ABDUL AND HIS MASTER ANY OF TIME!



WOW! WHAT HIT ME? GOOD THING I'VE GOT YOU AROUND, ABDUL!

GOOD THING FOR YOU - BUT BAD THING FOR OUR FRIEND THERE! COME, MASTER! WE TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP!



SOME TIME LATER ...

THERE'S SOMETHING DEVILISHLY FIENDISH ABOUT ALL THIS! I WISH I KNEW WHERE RISK AND ---
HELLO!
COME IN!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!

MR. RISK! AND BUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MANUEL? THE FIRE BIRD!

THE FIRE BIRD GOT HIM? NO GRANT! WE GOT THE FIRE BIRD!

AND MANUEL IS HIM!

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

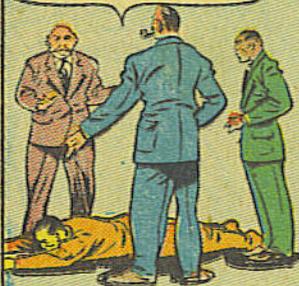
IT'S SIMPLE - THAT'S WHY IT'S HARD TO FIGURE OUT! YOU SEE, MANUEL IS REALLY A JAP SPY AND DID HIS BEST TO RUIN THE MORALE OF YOUR CHINESE PILOTS!

HE INTENDED TO MURDER - ONE BY ONE - AS MANY OF YOUR BOYS AS NECESSARY IN ORDER TO BREAK UP THE SCHOOL! HE LEARNED OF THE LEGEND OF THE FIRE BIRD AND CASHED IN ON IT!

HE HAD A NEAT LITTLE CAVE IN THE HILLS. BY STRAPPING HIS VICTIM TO A CHUTE, LIGHTING IT, AND PUSHING IT OFF THE CLIFF, HE CREATED THE ILLUSION OF A GIGANTIC FIRE BIRD WITH ITS PREY.

AN AMAZING PIECE OF WORK, MR. RISK! BUT WHY DID YOU SUSPECT MANUEL FROM THE FIRST?

WHEN I ASKED YOUR MEN TO GO BATHING, I NOTED THE FOOT-PRINTS OF ALL OF THEM, AND MANUEL'S BIG TOE WAS SEPARATED FROM THE NEXT AS ARE ALL JAP TOES! THEY GET THAT WAY FROM WEARING SHOES WITH THONGS RUNNING BETWEEN THOSE FIRST TWO TOES! IT WAS REALLY A MOST SIMPLE CASE!



Boot Hill Recruits

By Cliff Howe

SLIM NOBLE'S eyes were as blue as the heat-blistered wallpaper in the sheriff's office, his bare head carrot-colored in the desert sun streaming in through the window. He crushed his battered sombrero in his hand and squinted in the morning light.

"But, sheriff," he choked, "Dal Perry never killed anybody, let alone Old Smoky, the express agent. An' as for him robbin' the stage—" The young cowboy waved a lanky arm as if the thought of his friend doing such a thing was entirely out of the question.

Sheriff Clyde Phillips shifted his big body in his swivel chair and tugged at his full-grown mustache. With an economy of energy he lifted an elbow to push up the sombrero he always wore. The sheriff was over half bald.

"Rip Scanlon says Dal's guilty," he said with a funny grin. "An' Rip's a solid citizen here in Mesa Flats, ownin' the Red Front Saloon an' a couple other enterprises hereabouts. An' then there's Pete Moran, for-man of the Triple S ranch. Both of them gents said they saw young Perry shoot Old Smoky and make off with the express box he pulled off the stage."

Slim's long face looked unhappy. He limped a step closer to the sheriff's desk, his hand holding onto the edge. "The story is right," he said earnestly. "Only you've got it backwards. It's the other way around—Rip Scanlon did it, him and Pete Moran."

The big man snorted and jerked his feet down from the top of the desk. A shade of irritation flecked his wide brow. "Slim, don't be a young fool. Good thing I'm alone here. I wouldn't want anybody else to hear you. Better get back to your job paintin' the livery barn."

Slim's gullet rose in his throat. It kept him from talking.

The sheriff said, "Listen, young sprout. I know Dal's a friend of yours—but don't get exercised about him. And," he added severely, "don't ever make any charges against anybody—especially Rip and Pete—unless you've got evidence. An' I mean evidence!"

Slim nodded and looked toward the back room. "I'll remember about the evidence," he promised. "I'd like to see Dal before I go back to work."

"Okay to that—go right in, Slim. Jest no monkey business." He looked at the tall rangehand curiously. "I'd like to help you, Slim, but there's no way. Even Dal Perry thinks he robbed that stage and killed Old Smoky."

Slim stopped in his tracks, swung his pale face back toward the sheriff. "He was—Dal was—drunk."

AT SUNDOWN Slim finished painting Cole's livery barn. He took the half gallon or so of white paint inside, took a turp rag and rubbed the white spots off his worn Levis. Then he limped down the block-long street toward the express office to sweep it out.

In the three months since he had fallen under his horse, Slim had taken on spare jobs around Mesa Flats. Working in the livery barn was one of his jobs, sweeping out the express office was another.

Slim stopped to rest his leg in front of the Red Front Saloon. He decided it might be even more restful leaning on the brass rail inside. So Slim had a beer. His smoky blue eyes took in the whole room. Rip Scanlon wasn't in sight. Neither was Pete Moran.

A sinister angry murmur ran along the bar. Slim

held his breath. "Why wait for a trial?" blurted out a voice.

"This young Perry's no good—a drunk—lazy—fired from the Circle R ranch—"

Slim gulped down his beer and limped out the batting doors. He half ran to the sheriff's office, burst inside, out of breath. The sheriff was just as he had left him, except now one spurred boot was crossed over the other one on the table and his cloth sack of tobacco was lowered a couple of inches.

Slim blurted him. "They're going to lynch Dal Perry—now tonight!"

Sheriff Phillips took down his feet and bit the end off his cigarette before throwing it away.

"Funny," said the sheriff. "I was just waiting for somebody to come and tell me that. Humph! The boys know my deputies are away chasin' a rustler—"

"What are you goin' to do?" queried Slim.

The sheriff got up, went to the window and looked out. "You mosey on, Slim. Me an' my prisoner, I reckon, will ride on over to Circle City—out the back way!"

"Gee!" said Slim. He backed out of the doorway and limped over to the express office where he started in on his chores.

When he was through he stood outside the building and watched the glare from the Red Front's windows light the haze of dust which still hung above the street. Rip Scanlon's drinking establishment was already growing noisy as the evening's business got under way. Slim looked at that building for a long time and tried to swallow the lump which kept rising in his throat.

I GOT to do it," Slim cried at last. He grimaced and swung his face toward the jail. "Now, why did Dal Perry have to go an' drag me in that night when my horse fell on me? Why couldn't it have been somebody else? Pop always said for me to pay my debts—an' I reckon this is the only one I owe. So, that's it—I gotta help Dal."

Slim's eyes burned into the deepening gloom beyond the sheriff's office. Two horsemen moved out of the shadows, swung noiselessly away in the direction of Circle City. Slim grinned.

A half hour later the lanky red-head was again at the bar inside the Red Front. Rip Scanlon was there now, and Pete Moran. They seemed to be waiting for the men at the bar to work themselves into a frenzy over the lynching. Rip grinned evilly at Pete and waved his hand at the barkeep to hasten the proceedings.

The shiny-headed bartender called: "Drink up, gents. On the house."

After a time Slim's voice got loud. His limp helped him to stagger when he moved up to Rip's table.

"It'll happen again," he cried brokenly. "I know it's goin' to happen—"

"Get out of here," he said Pete irritably. Rip Scanlon reached over and caught Slim's arms.

Rip's hard jaw barely moved when he talked, but it was moving now in a question: "What's on your mind?"

Slim staggered against him. "The express office," he said, looking from one man to the other. "The express office will be robbed. Somebody's sure to know about the secret shipment of payroll cash for the Crenshaw Mine—"

Pete's eyes glittered. Then he snorted in disgust. "You're crazy, Slim. They only pay once every two months an' they got two hundred men up there. That payroll would be a pile of dinero!"

"The new agent don't know about this country. He figures, I reckon, that the strong box is good enough to hold that secret shipment—"

"Secret shipment?" said Scanlon smoothly. Suspicion lurked in his green eyes. "Why didn't you tell Sheriff Phillips?" he growled.

Slim warped his long face and grinned into his cups. "You going to set up any more drinks, Mr. Scanlon?" Without waiting he answered Rip's first question. "The sheriff was away chasin' Dal Perry—"

"What?" Rip grabbed Slim's arm, spun him around. "What you talkin' about? Do you mean to tell me that Dal Perry's got away?"

PETE MORAN was on his feet now, heavy-set and swarthy before the thinner Rip Scanlon. His jowls pulled back in a wolfish snarl. Slim spoke up in a hurry.

"Dal Perry got away all right, but I reckon the sheriff thinks he can catch him or he'd come over here for help. Will you keep your eye on the express office, Mr. Scanlon? I feel kind of responsible—"

"Leave it to us," said Rip. "An' don't say nothin'."

Slim nodded with apparent disinterest and limped back to the bar. In the glass he could watch Rip and Pete in earnest conversation. A couple of minutes later he saw them go through the side door.

"Checkin' on me," whispered Slim to himself. "Well, they'll sure find Dal gone—and it's too early for them to bother the express office."

As soon as Slim staggered out through the batwing doors he lost that stagger. He moved along the pine-boarded walk toward the livery stable in a hurry. But soon he slowed down. Plenty of time for the plan he had in mind. And it would be midnight before the sheriff got back from Circle City.

But Slim didn't wait for the sheriff to ride into Mesa Flats. Shortly before midnight, he rode out to meet the sheriff. Slim was excited by the time he found the big man riding placidly along the road.

"The express office has been robbed!" Slim cried. "They broke in the back window, pried that old iron box open—"

The sheriff swore lustily. "Now what do you know about that? I no sooner get out of town than something's got to happen. I shoulda left Perry here."

Slim kept the monlight out of his face when he asked softly: "You know it wasn't Dal this time, don't you, sheriff?"

The sheriff snorted and gave his mount a dig with his spurs. Slim followed. Just before his horse broke into the single street of Mesa Flats, the sheriff pulled up, swung his mount against Slim's.

"Tell me something," he growled. "How does it come you know so much about all this?"

"I figured with you out of town somebody had to watch the place. With you and your deputies all away

somebody was sure to rob that iron box—especially if they figured the Crenshaw payroll was in it." Slim chased the Adam's apple out of his throat and added: "You always said to get evidence so I set a trap for them outlaws—"

"Did you catch them?"

"Dunno. I ain't accusin' anybody until you see the evidence."

"Come on," howled the sheriff. "I still don't know what they got out of that safe. The Crenshaw payroll won't be in for another week."

FIFTEEN minutes later the sheriff and Slim pushed through the doors of the Red Front Saloon. They blinked for a moment in the poor light of the swinging kerosene lamps, then moved on to the bar. Slim was wearing a gun for the first time in months. The sheriff had two irons, with belts crossing at his middle.

Thin, wolfish Rip Scanlon pushed away from the bar. At his side was the shorter, more fleshy Pete Moran. His small eyes were murderous as he glared at the slim young man facing him.

Rip Scanlon's lips began to move. "Did you get him? Did you get Dal Perry?"

The sheriff didn't speak, just nodded and looked steadily at the pair. Looked them all over from riding boots to sombreros.

Slim spoke up: "The sheriff had Dal Perry all the time the strong box at the express office was robbed! That means that Dal didn't do it! Any more than he robbed the stage and killed Old Smoky."

Rip cursed under his breath, moved farther away from the bar. Now he was under the full light of the kerosene lamp. The sheriff's eyes widened as he looked at his clothes. His voice came in a growl:

"Rip Scanlon—an' you, Pete Moran—unbuckle your belts!"

Rip looked blank. Then sudden comprehension came to him. He went for his gun, snarling at Pete to do the same. Slim's blue eyes blazed with excitement. While his own hand dived for his six-gun he saw the sheriff go into a crouch.

All hell broke loose then. But when the guns finished spitting red and orange, Slim and the sheriff were still on their feet. Beyond the smoke of their six-guns lay Rip Scanlon and Pete Moran.

The customers began to slip back from behind the bar. The bartender came up from behind it.

"I reckon you guessed right, sheriff. But how did you know for sure?"

Sheriff Phillips snorted and put away his gun. "Hell, I couldn't miss. My new deputy here trapped 'em!" He put a heavy hand on Slim's shoulder and grinned. "Slim painted the inside of the express office with enough of the livery stable's white paint to mark up the outlaws when they came to steal a payroll that wasn't there. Evidence. Just look at it! It's all over Rip and Pete!"

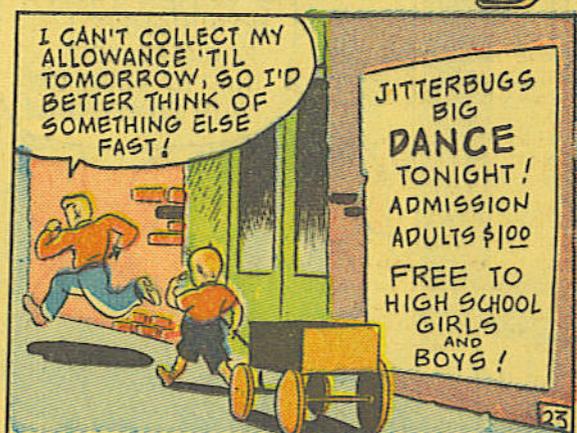
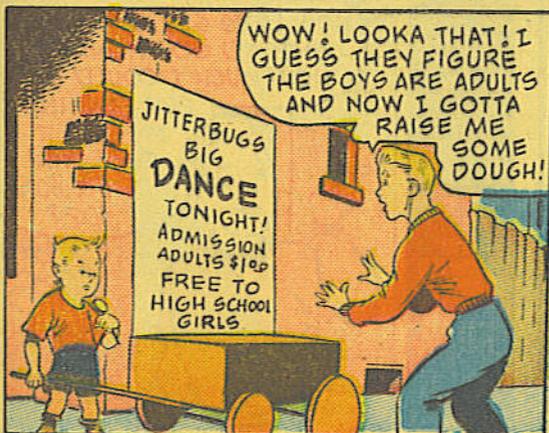
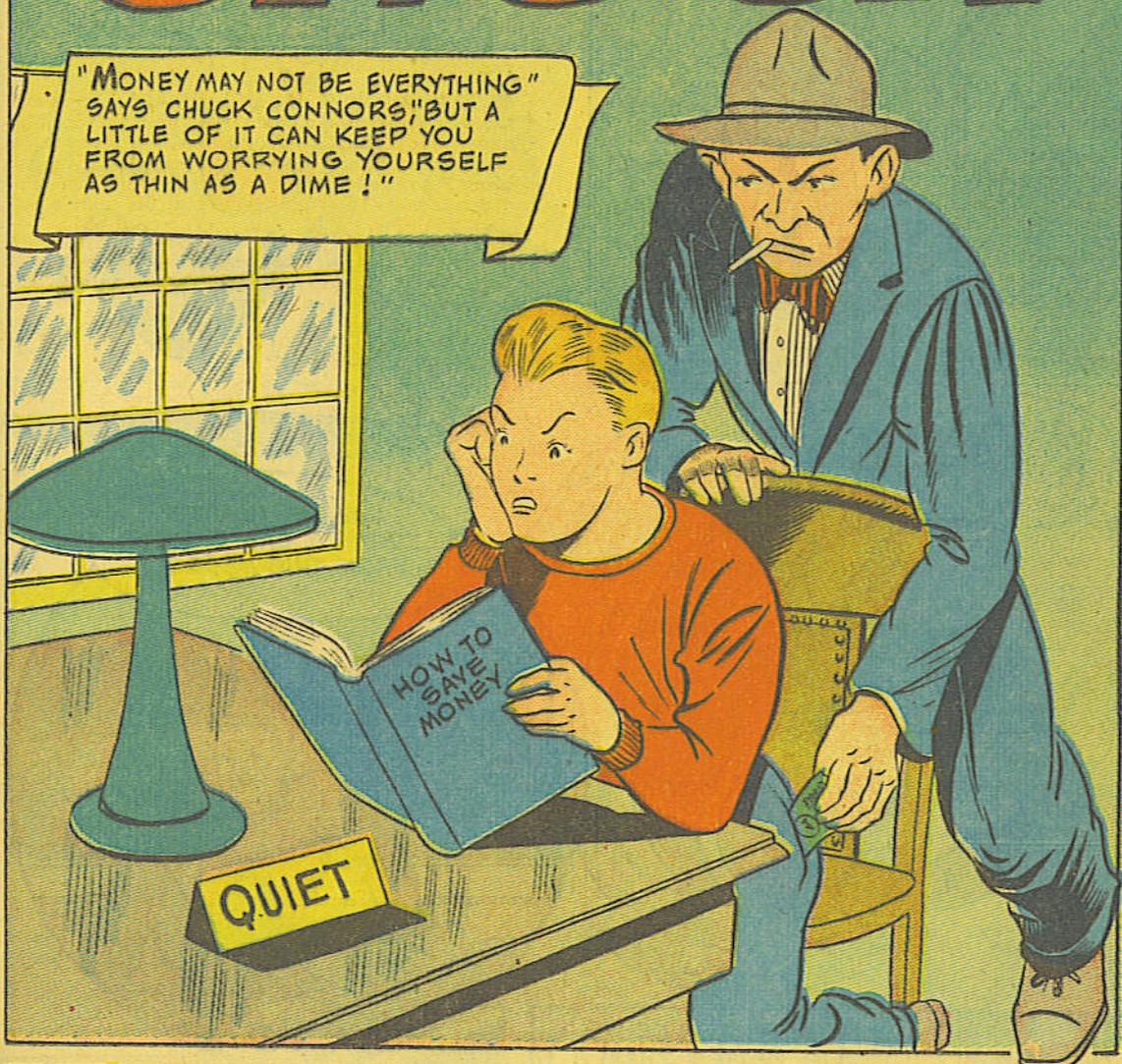
Slim seemed suddenly aware of the six-gun still in his hand. He hastily holstered it while the men of Mesa Flats crowded up to stare at the fallen gunmen. Under the direct rays of the hanging lamp they saw white splotches on Rip Scanlon's clothes. And there was a long white paint line across Pete Moran's hips and holster.

Slim looked at the sheriff, then nodded towards the floor. "That makes Dal Perry free, doesn't it?"

"That makes Dal Perry free," said the sheriff. "An' it makes you my deputy!"

CHUCK

"MONEY MAY NOT BE EVERYTHING" SAYS CHUCK CONNORS, "BUT A LITTLE OF IT CAN KEEP YOU FROM WORRYING YOURSELF AS THIN AS A DIME!"





OH BOY, THERE'S JUST ENOUGH OF THESE GINGER ALE BOTTLES TO NET ME A BUCK! I'M IN LUCK!



AT A NICKEL A PIECE FOR THESE, I CAN JUST MAKE IT!



WHOOAS!



HMMM! WONDER WHAT I CAN SALVAGE FROM THIS MESS?



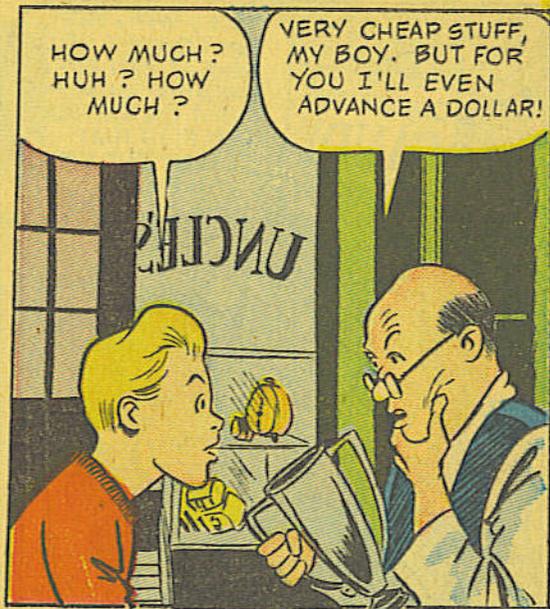
WELL, TEN CENTS IS BETTER THAN NOTHING! EVEN ROCKEFELLER HAD TO START OUT WITH SOMETHING!



NOW LET'S SEE. ONLY NINETY CENTS TO GO! WONDER HOW MUCH I COULD GET FOR PAWNING MY SILVER CUP I WON AT THE SOPH HOP?



I HATE TO DO THIS BUT IF I WIN FIRST PRIZE TONIGHT I CAN GET THIS CUP BACK TOMORROW.



HOW MUCH? HUH? HOW MUCH?

VERY CHEAP STUFF, MY BOY. BUT FOR YOU I'LL EVEN ADVANCE A DOLLAR!



THERE YOU ARE, CHUCK! FOR NOBODY BUT A NICE BOY LIKE YOU WOULD I DO THIS! THERE'S A NICE SHINY SILVER DOLLAR!

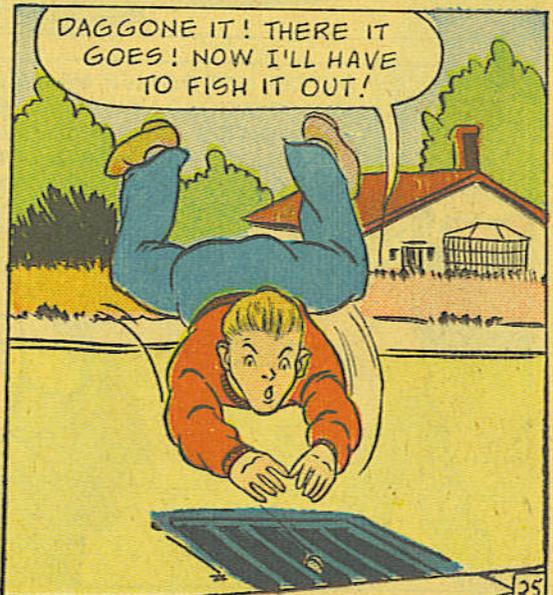
HOT DOGS! THAT'S ALL I NEED!



I KNEW I'D GET IT SOMEHOW! IT TAKES A FEW BRAINS, THAT'S ALL!



GULP! MUST HAVE DROPPED IT! HEY! STOP!



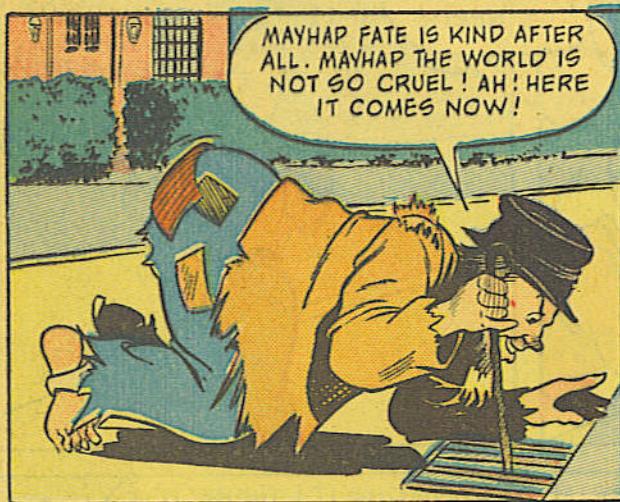
DAGGONE IT! THERE IT GOES! NOW I'LL HAVE TO FISH IT OUT!



WELL, WITH THE TEN CENTS I STILL HAVE, I CAN BUY A CHEWING GUM AND PUT IT ON A STICK AND FISH THAT DOLLAR OUT OF THERE!



MY, MY, MY! DO THESE OLD EYES DECEIVE ME, OR DO I ESPY A SILVER DOLLAR REPOSING RESTFULLY BELOW?



MAYHAP FATE IS KIND AFTER ALL. MAYHAP THE WORLD IS NOT SO CRUEL! AH! HERE IT COMES NOW!



NOW TO - **ULP!** HEY, YOU?

YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND? WERE YOU SPEAKING WITH ME, SIR?



YES! I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT--

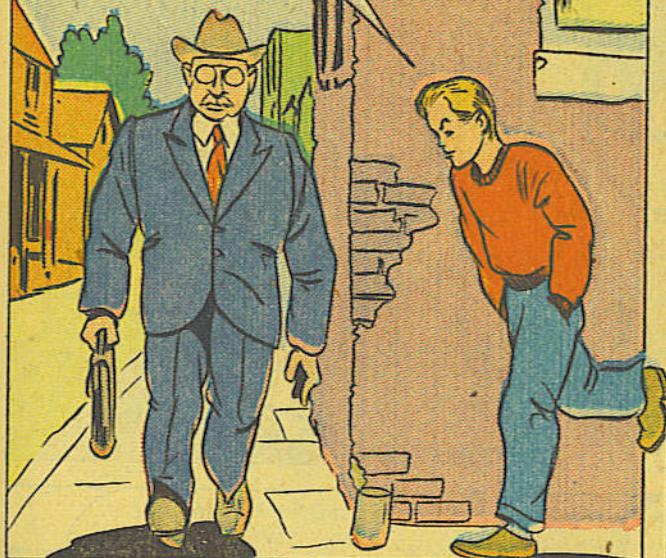
AH! DO NOT BOTHER ME WITH RANDOM OBSERVATIONS! FATE HAS BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO PRESENT ME WITH A DOLLAR! AND NOW MY CHILDREN CAN HAVE MILK TONIGHT!

SMACK!



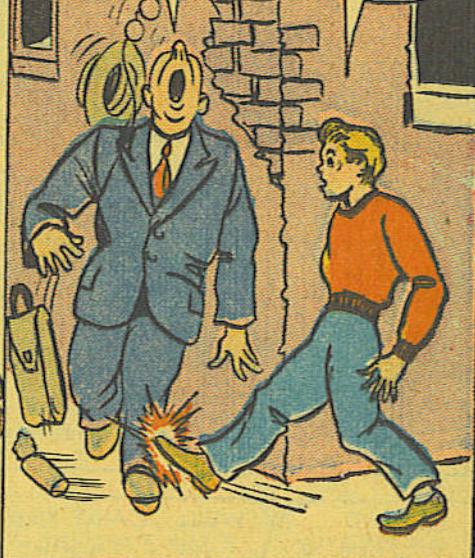
THREE STARVING KIDS, HUH? WELL, I GUESS HE NEEDS IT MORE THAN I DO! BUT THAT LICKS ME!

WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GO HOME AND FORGET ABOUT IT, I GUESS!



YEOW!

HOH?
OH, MY GOSH!

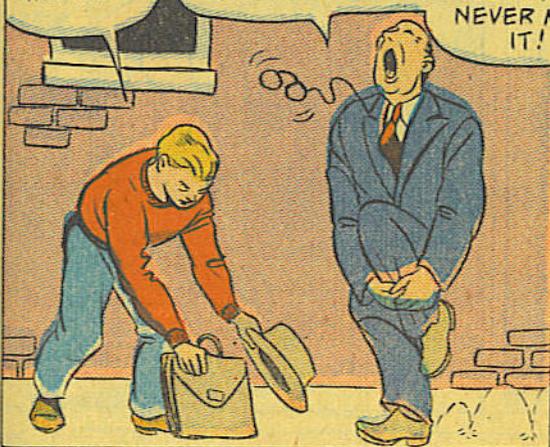


GOLLY, I'M SORRY, MISTER!

OF ALL THE NERVE! AND I HAVE TO SEND A TELEGRAM BEFORE I CATCH THE WESTERN EXPRESS! NOW I'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

WELL, SIR - I'D BE GLAD TO SEND YOUR WIRE IF YOU'D TELL ME WHAT TO SAY. THAT'LL SAVE YOU SOME TIME!

NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! HERE, YOUNG MAN - THE MESSAGE IS WRITTEN ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER! SEND IT COLLECT!



AND - ER - HERE'S A DOLLAR BILL FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

OH BOY!

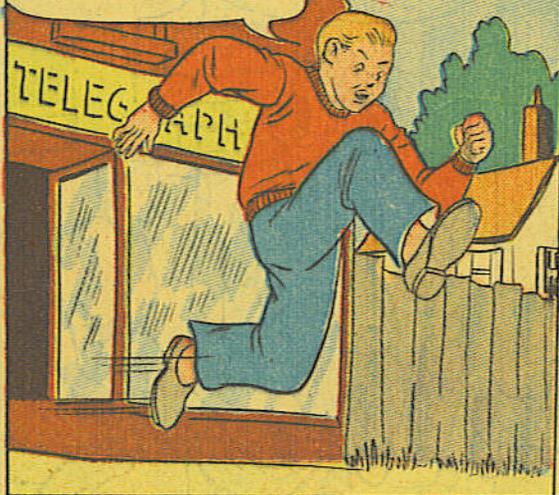


MUST HAVE BEEN IN A BIT OF A HURRY ABOUT SOMETHING, I GUESS!



THIRTY SECONDS LATER . . . !

NOW TO GET UP TO THE HALL FOR THE REST OF THE DANCING!



HERE YOU ARE! ONE BUCK FOR ONE ADMISSION!

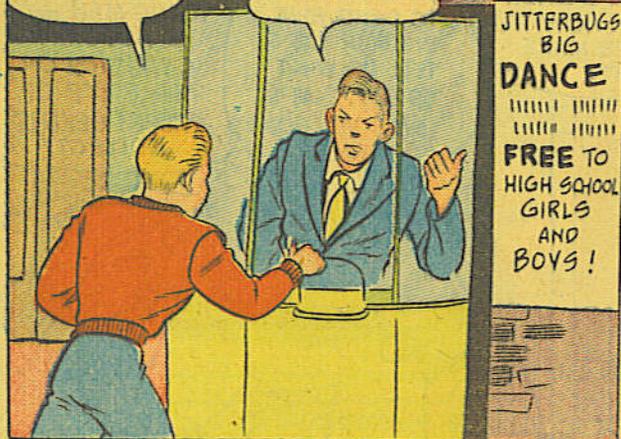
WHAT'S THE MATTER? AREN'T YOU A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT?



SURE I AM! WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?

WELL, CAN'T YOU READ? ALL HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS ARE ADMITTED FREE!

JITTERBUGS
BIG
DANCE
FREE TO
HIGH SCHOOL
GIRLS
AND
BOYS!



OH, MY GOSH! AND ALL THIS TIME I'VE BEEN TRYING TO RAISE A DOLLAR! WELL, BETTER LATE THAN NEVER!

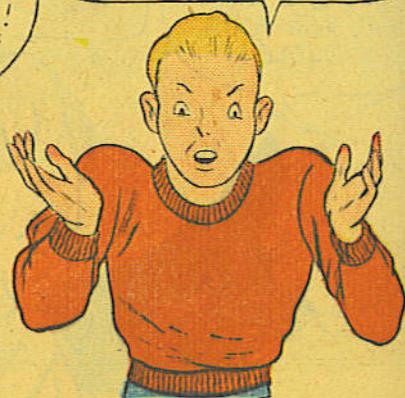
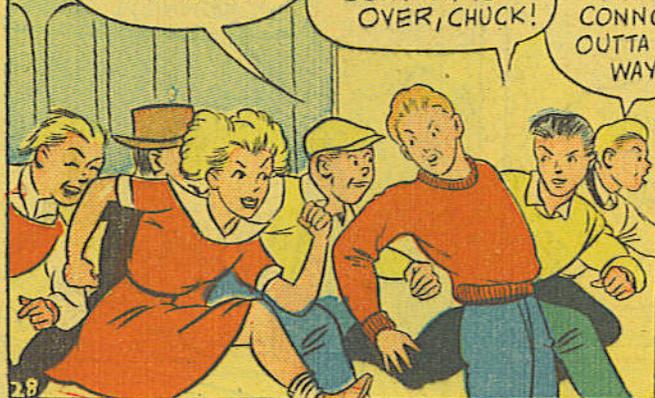


HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA? LEMME IN!

WHAT FOR? THE JITTERBUG CONTEST IS OVER, CHUCK!

BREAKIN' UP FOR THE NIGHT CONNORS! OUTTA THE WAY!

OH, WELL!



THE SWORD

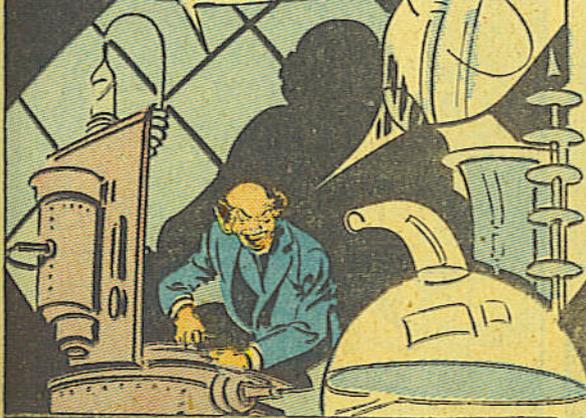


IT WAS A FIENDISH DEVICE THE GENIUS CREATED — A MACHINE THAT WAS MEANT TO DESTROY FOREVER THE SWORD AND HIS MIGHTY WEAPON, EXCALIBUR! AND ONLY LANCE LARTER COULD HALT THE MAD SCHEME.... BUT HOW COULD LANCE SAVE HIS FRIEND WHEN THAT FRIEND WAS ALREADY CARRIED INTO THE DAYS OF LONG AGO, BEYOND THE REACH OF ANY ORDINARY MORTAL!

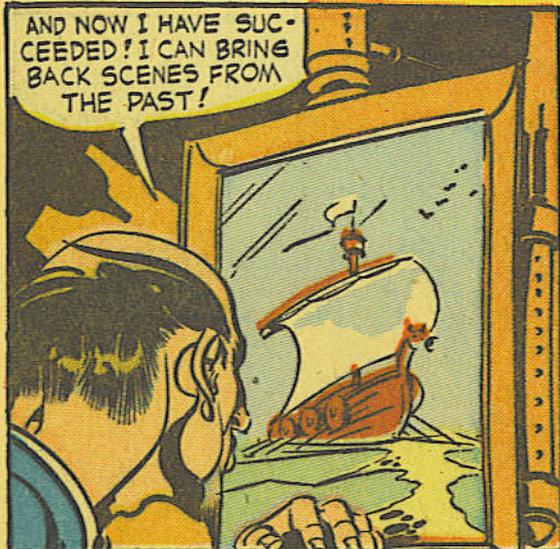
IN A SECRET LABORATORY, THE GENIUS WORKS FEVERISHLY!

EVERYONE KNOWS YOU CAN CAPTURE TELEVISION WAVES AND SEE THINGS THAT ARE HAPPENING AT THE MOMENT YOU TUNE IN SO...

THEN IT MUST BE POSSIBLE TO CAPTURE WAVES OF THE PAST—AND SEE THINGS WHICH WERE HAPPENING CENTURIES AGO!



AND NOW I HAVE SUCCEEDED! I CAN BRING BACK SCENES FROM THE PAST!



AND NOW I GO ONE STEP FURTHER! WITH THE AID OF THIS NEW ELECTRONIC WAVE RECORDER, I CAN TRANSPORT ANYTHING OR ANYBODY INTO THE PAST THAT IS RECORDED ON MY SCREEN!



I HAVE AN ALMOST CERTAIN FEELING THAT ARTHUR LAKE IS REALLY THE SWORD-SO I SHALL SEND HIM AND HIS EXCALIBUR BACK INTO HISTORY-WHERE I SHALL LEAVE HIM FOREVER!



NOW, BY TURNING MY DIALS I CAN BRING MY MACHINE PICTURES RIGHT UP TO THE PRESENT TIME! THERE-TWENTY YEARS! AND NOW....

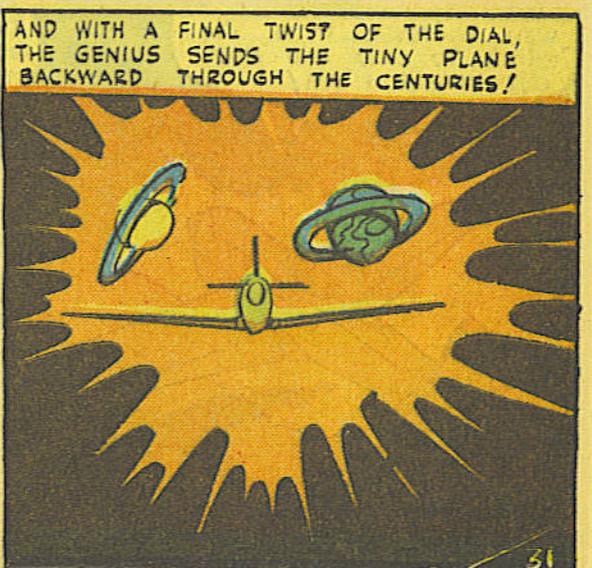
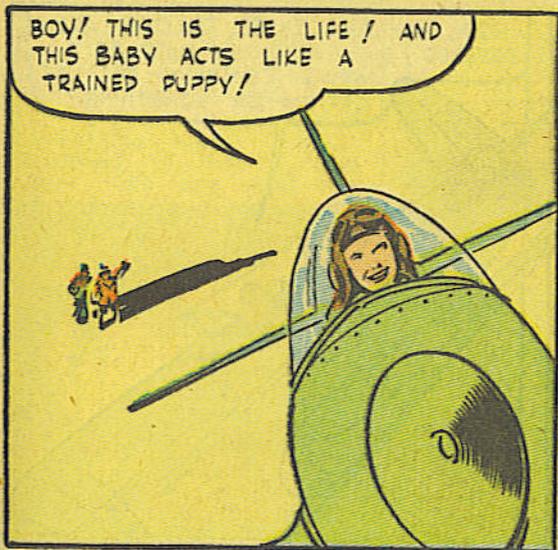
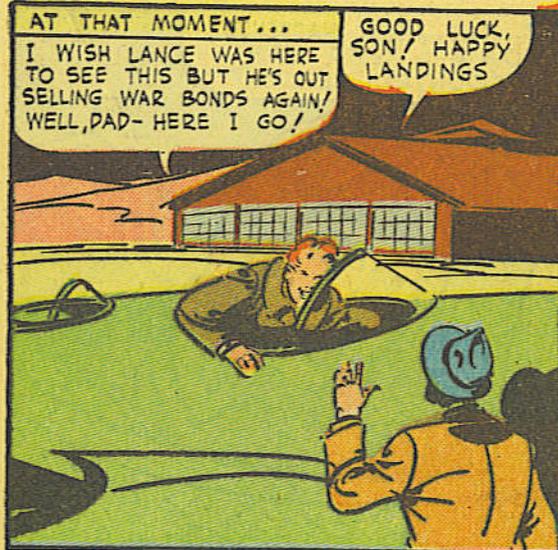


LET US SEE WHERE THIS ARTHUR LAKE IS! AHA! THERE'S THE AIRPORT AT HIS FATHER'S FACTORY



AND THERE HE IS NOW! TAKING HIS SOLO FLYING LESSON! HA! HA! BUT HE SHALL NEVER RETURN FROM THIS FLIGHT!





A FEW SECONDS LATER...!



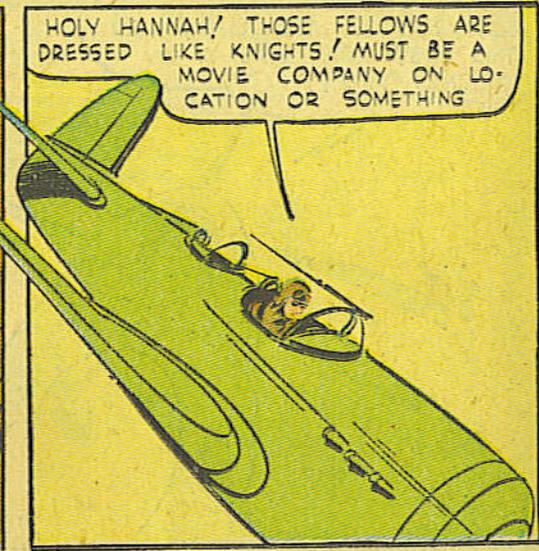
WHAT THE HECK HAPPENED, ANYHOW? I NEVER SAW THIS COUNTRY BEFORE!



UNLESS I'M COMPLETELY NUTTY THAT'S A CASTLE DOWN THERE! AND THERE ARE SOME GUYS RUNNING AROUND, TOO!



HOLY HANNAH! THOSE FELLOWS ARE DRESSED LIKE KNIGHTS! MUST BE A MOVIE COMPANY ON LOCATION OR SOMETHING



WELL, WHATEVER IT IS I'M GOING TO LAND AND FIND OUT WHERE I AM!



THE MYSTERIOUS BIRD FROM THE HEAVENS IS ALIGHTING!

WE HAD BETTER INFORM HIS MAJESTY AT ONCE! HE WILL WISH TO SEND HIS KNIGHTS TO CAPTURE IT!



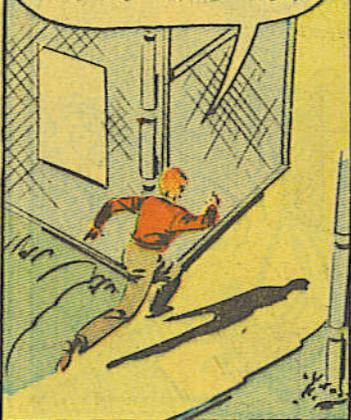
MEANWHILE BACK AT THE LAKESIDE AIRPORT...

BUT GARY! WHAT HAPPENED! ONE MOMENT THE PLANE WAS THERE AND THE NEXT INSTANT IT WAS GONE!

IT'S BEYOND ME MR. LAKE! IT MAY BE A FREAK CLOUD FORMATION UP THERE CONCEALING THE PLANE FROM US BUT WE'LL SOON KNOW! I'VE GOT THE REST OF OUR PILOTS UP THERE LOOKING AROUND!



GOSH, I SOLD ANOTHER THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF BONDS— BUT I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE TO WATCH ART PASS HIS FLYING TEST!



HEY, THERE!—MR. LAKE WHERE'S ARTHUR? DID HE PASS HIS TEST?

HELLO LANCE! WELL WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO ARTHUR!



HE TOOK OFF AND THEN DISAPPEARED! ALL THE SEARCHING PLANES HAVE RETURNED WITHOUT A SINGLE CLUE! THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY AWFUL HAPPENED TO HIM— BUT WE CAN'T FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



HM! PLANES JUST DON'T DISAPPEAR IN MID-AIR! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN THAT GENIUS GUY IS BEHIND THIS SOMEHOW! BUT WHERE IS HE?



HA, HA! AT LAST I'M RID OF THAT LAKE BRAT! TOO MANY TIMES HE HAS FOILED MY PLANS AND IF HE DIDN'T THE SWORD DID!



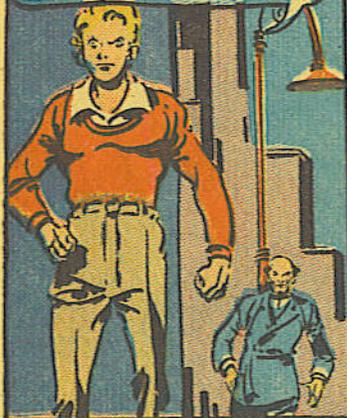
BUT NOW I'M RID OF HIM! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, WHICH I NEVER AM THE SWORD HAS GONE WITH HIM! NOW TO FIND EXCALIBUR!



CURSES! IN MY EXCITEMENT I COMPLETELY FORGOT ABOUT THAT YOUNG FRIEND OF HIS! BUT I SHALL DEAL WITH HIM AT ONCE! IN A MOST UNEXPECTED MANNER!



WELL, IF ARTHUR'S IN TROUBLE, EXCALIBUR WILL BE WITH HIM! I'M GOING TO SEE IF IT'S GONE FROM ITS HIDING PLACE OR NOT!



HM! I WONDER WHERE HE'S GOING? PERHAPS HE HIMSELF CAN LEAD ME TO EXCALIBUR! PERHAPS I'D BETTER NOT KILL HIM YET!

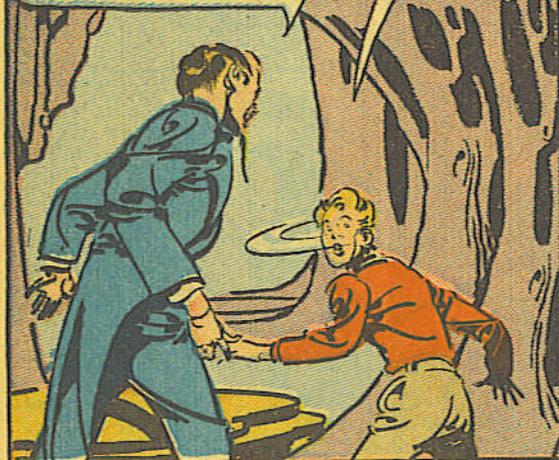


A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OF EXCALIBUR...

GONE! THEN ARTHUR IS REALLY IN DANGER! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE GENIUS AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!



I BELIEVE I AM THE PERSON YOU DESIRE SO MUCH TO SEE?

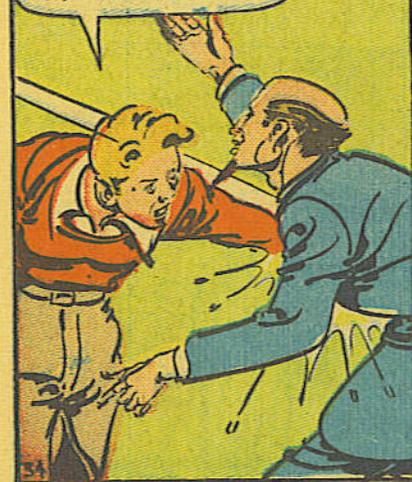


GENIUS! YOU! BUT WHAT....

I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS FROM NOW ON, MY YOUNG FRIEND!



THE ONLY ONE THAT COUNTS IS THE \$64 QUESTION! AND I'VE GOT IT!



SUDDENLY, LANCE SLIPS, AND... AND HERE IS THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION!



NOW THAT I KNOW EXCALIBUR IS GONE, I SHALL SEND THIS YOUNG PUPPY BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES TO JOIN THE FATE OF THAT LAKE BRAT! IN THAT WAY, THERE SHALL BE NO TRACE OF EITHER OF THEM!

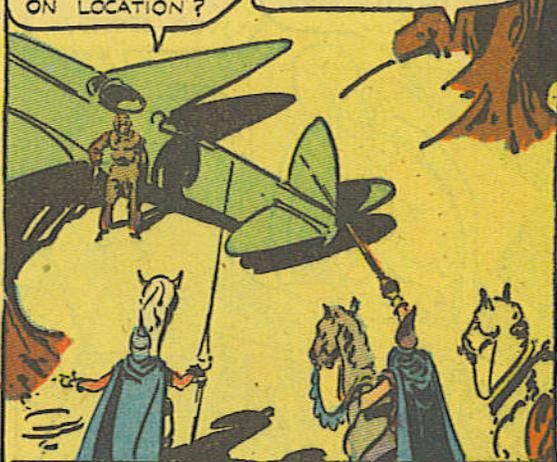


AT THAT MOMENT, ARTHUR LAKE STEPS OUT OF HIS PLANE, SEVERAL HUNDRED YEARS IN THE PAST!
HERE COMES THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
I JUST HOPE THEY CAN TELL ME WHERE I AM!



HI, THERE! WHAT'S COOKING? MAKING A KNIGHTHOOD MOVIE ON LOCATION?

HOLD! SURROUND THE STRANGER AND CARRY LANCES AT THE READY!



YOU GUYS MUST BE KIDDIN'!

THE STRANGER SPEAKS IN A STRANGE TONGUE BUT WE MUST NOT BE TRICKED!

OKAY! IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT TO PLAY I'LL GO ALONG PEACEFULLY!

SO! MARCH FORWARD TO SALUTE OUR KING!

YOUR MAJESTY, YOU WISH TO QUESTION THIS STRANGE BIRDMAN?

LOOK, FELLOWS I....



I KNOW NOT WHO YOU ARE, BUT YOU MAY SPEAK FREELY!
KING ARTHUR IS KNOWN AS A JUST AND FAIR MAN!

HUH? KING ARTHUR! H-HOLY SMOKES! YOU MEAN I'M REALLY BACK IN THE DAYS OF KNIGHTHOOD?

AT THAT INSTANT... YES, MY BOY! AND NOW... OH!

THE KING! HE'S BEEN FIRED UPON!

LOOK! WE ARE SURROUNDED BY OUR MORTAL ENEMIES!



WHILE IN THE GENIUS' LABORATORY...

WHAT HIT ME? WHERE AM I? OH—THE GENIUS I REMEMBER NOW!

SO AT LAST YOU ARE COMING TO YOUR SENSES!



BUT YOU SHALL NOT LIVE IN THIS WORLD LONG ENOUGH TO REMEMBER MUCH MORE! I SHALL GIVE YOU A SAMPLE OF WHAT WILL BEFALL YOU!

WHAT'S THAT MACHINE? WHAT KIND OF DEVILISH SCHEME DO YOU HAVE COOKED UP NOW?



A TIME MACHINE! A MACHINE THAT TURNS BACK THE AGES AND ALSO TRANSPORTS INTO THE PAST ANYONE THAT I WISH TO TRANSPORT! THAT IS WHERE YOUR FRIEND HAS GONE! WATCH I WILL SHOW YOU!



AH THERE HE IS NOW! AND HE LOOKS TROUBLED—AS WELL HE SHOULD BE! LET US GET A LARGER IMAGE TO ASCERTAIN!



HA-AHA! HE IS WITH KING ARTHUR AND HIS MEN, AND THE INFIDEL KNIGHTS OF THE REALM HAVE THEM IN AMBUSH! YOU MAY NOW WITNESS THE END OF YOUR FRIEND!



C'MON, ART! DON'T LET THEM GET YOU! RUN FOR EXCALIBUR!

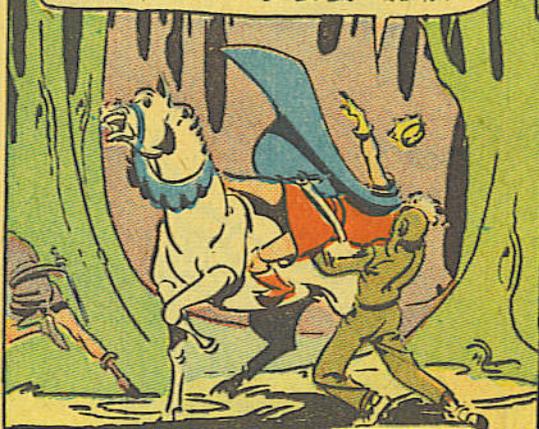


EASILY, MY DEAR GENIUS! I PUT IT ABOARD HIS SHIP THE NIGHT BEFORE HE WAS TO DO HIS SOLO FLIGHT! I FIGURED IT MIGHT BRING HIM LUCK! NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS, SMART GUY!



AND AS LANCE SPEAKS...

GOOD GOLLY! THIS MUST BE A DREAM!
KING ARTHUR DIDN'T DIE THIS WAY
IN ANY BOOK I EVER READ!



REMEMBER, MY LAD—MANY
THINGS ARE SAID IN LATER
YEARS WHICH ARE NOT SO! I
DO NOT KNOW WHERE YOU
ARE FROM—BUT IF YOU HAVE
READ OF ME, REMEMBER THAT
MUCH OF IT MAY HAVE BEEN
ONLY LEGEND!



THIS IS A TOUGH SITUATION!
BUT THANK HEAVEN LANCE
INSISTED ON PUTTING EXCALIBUR
IN MY SHIP FOR GOOD LUCK!



NOW TO GET GOING! I HOPE LANCE
WHEREVER HE IS, WON'T BE
EMBARRASSED WHEN I PULL
EXCALIBUR FROM THE ROCK! AFTER
ALL, HE'S GOING TO UNDERGO A
TRANSFORMATION, TOO!



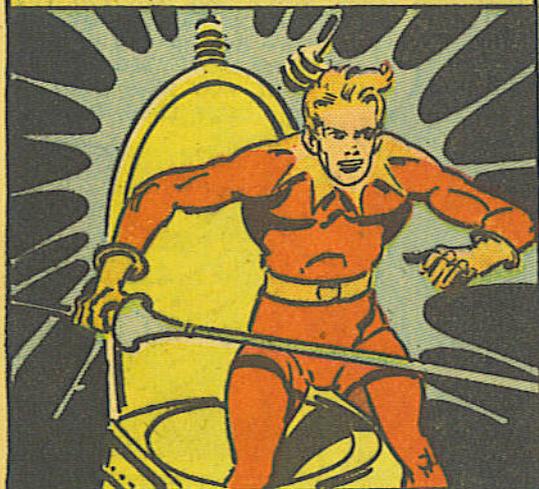
AND ONCE AGAIN, ARTHUR LAKE STEPS
BEFORE EXCALIBUR, TOUCHES THE
HILT AND...



ONCE AGAIN ARTHUR LAKE BECOMES THE
MIGHTY AND INVINCIBLE SWORD!



AND AT THAT SPLIT SECOND IN THE GENIUS' LABORATORY, LANCE LARTER BECOMES THE LANCE!



NOW, MY HOMELY FRIEND! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THIS?



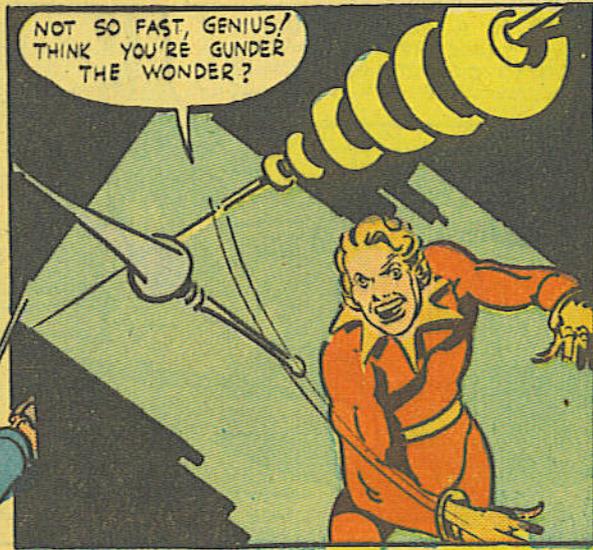
STAY AWAY FROM ME! I WAS RIGHT! YOU AND ARTHUR LAKE ARE THE LANCE AND THE SWORD!

YOU'LL NEVER BRING YOUR FRIEND BACK! I'LL SEE TO THAT!

OH, YEAH!



NOT SO FAST, GENIUS! THINK YOU'RE GUNDER THE WONDER?

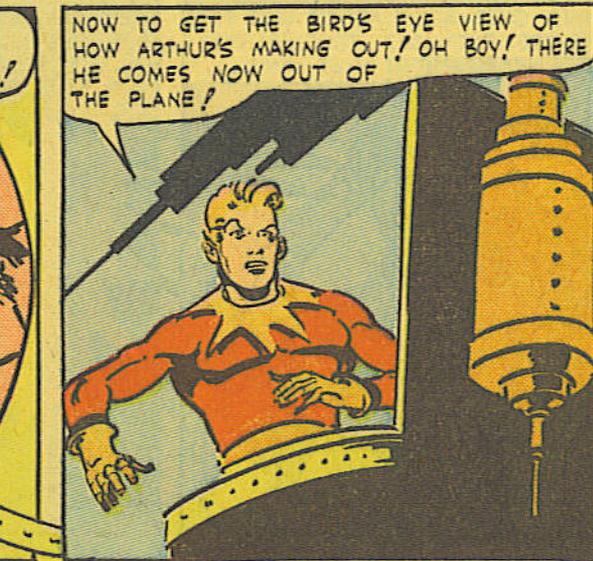


OH, STOP SCREECHING I WANT TO TAKE IN A MOVIE!

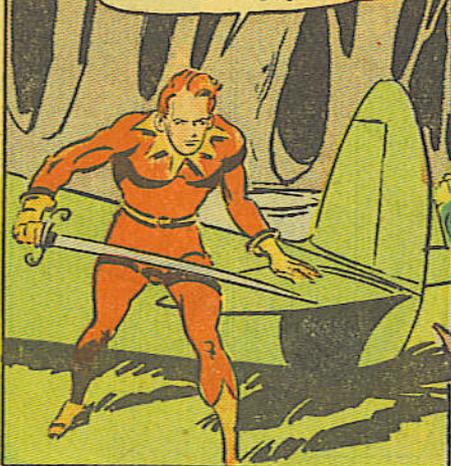
HELLLP!
LET ME DOWN!



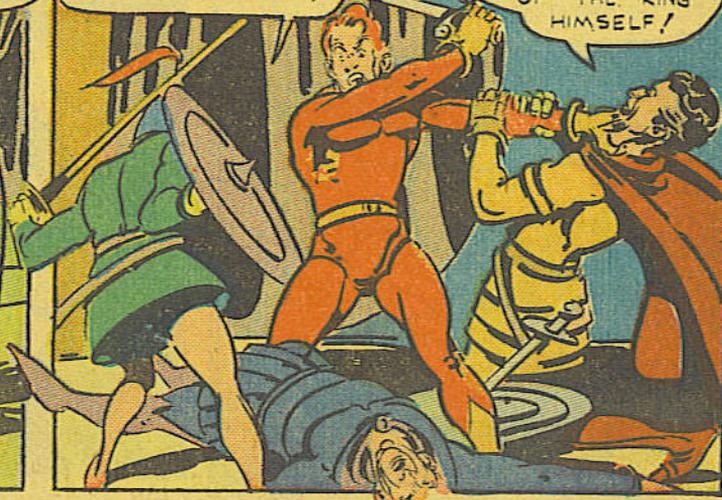
NOW TO GET THE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF HOW ARTHUR'S MAKING OUT! OH BOY! THERE HE COMES NOW OUT OF THE PLANE!



NOW LET'S HAVE A GO AT SOME OF THESE COOKIES WHO THINK THEY'RE SO TOUGH!



HE FIGHTS WITH THE FURY OF A DEMON!



NAY! WITH THE FURY OF THE KING HIMSELF!

I SHALL DRIVE YOU INTO THE EARTH AS A HAMMER DRIVES A STAKE!

THE STAKE'S ON ME, BUD—IF YOU CAN FIND THE POINTS!



BEHOLD! OUR STRANGE FRIEND OF THE SKY-LAND IS TURNING THE TIDE!



FORSOOTH! THE INFIDELS ARE CALLING A RETREAT!

ALL HAIL OUR NEW KING! THE KING IS DEAD—LONG LIVE THE KING!



THAT'S MIGHTY THRILLING TO HE MEN OF THE ROUND TABLE—BUT I CANNOT ACCEPT THE HONOR I MUST TRY TO RETURN TO MY OWN WORLD!



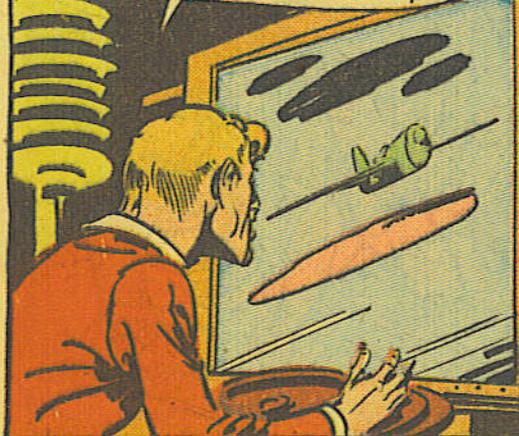
GOODBYE! AND MAY THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE LIVE FOREVER!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE PLANE WITH ARTHUR AT THE CONTROLS ZOOMS OFF AGAIN..



NOW TO BRING ARTHUR AND THAT SHIP BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME! AH! THIS IS ALL YOU HAVE TO DO—TURN THIS LITTLE DIAL HERE!



BUT AS LANCE INTENTLY WATCHES THE DIALS, THE GENIUS SECRETLY WIGGLES FROM HIS ABSURD POSITION!



NOW I HAVE YOU!

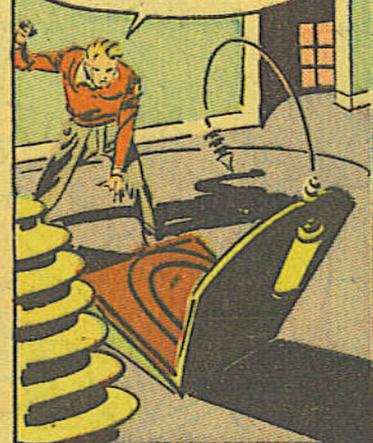
YOU SURE ARE A COCKY FELLOW!



AND AS LANCE LASHES OUT, THE GENIUS STUMBLES BACKWARD IN FRONT OF THE TIME CONE!



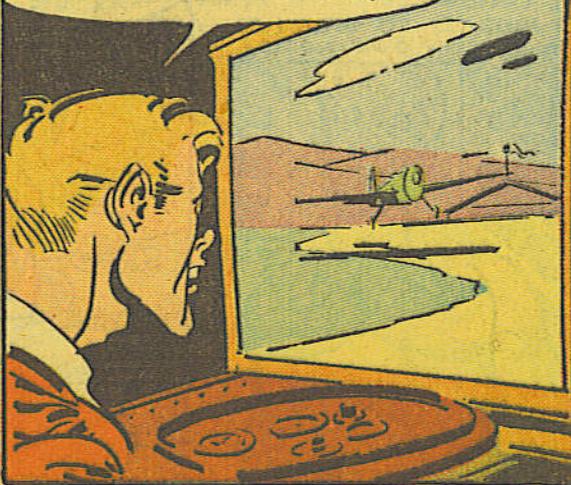
AND NOW FOR THE OLD ONE-TWO! I'LL—HEY! WHAT HAPPENED? THE GENIUS HAS DISAPPEARED!



I GET IT! HE STEPPED IN FRONT OF THAT GADGET THAT HE WAS GOING TO USE TO SEND ME BACK INTO ANTIQUITY! WELL GOOD RIDDANCE!



HOT DOG! ARTHUR'S COMING IN FOR A LANDING AT THE AIRPORT! I'LL BEAT IT OUT THERE RIGHT NOW!

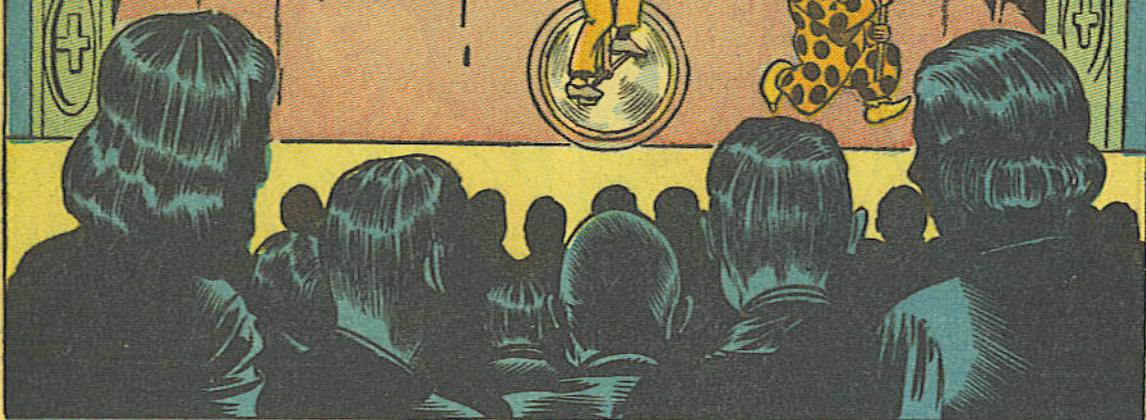




PAUL REVERE JR.

PAUL AND HIS PALS, BETSY ROSS AND PAT HENRY, PROVE THAT EVEN FIERY TEMPERED PEOPLE AREN'T REALLY IMPOSSIBLE-AS LONG AS THEIR FIERY TEMPERS CONTAIN EVEN THE SMALL SPARK OF PATRIOTISM!

GIVE
TO THE



GOSH, FELLOWS!
LOOK! THE RED
CROSS IS STARTING
ITS NEW DRIVE!

I WISH THERE WAS
SOMETHING WE COULD
DO TO HELP!

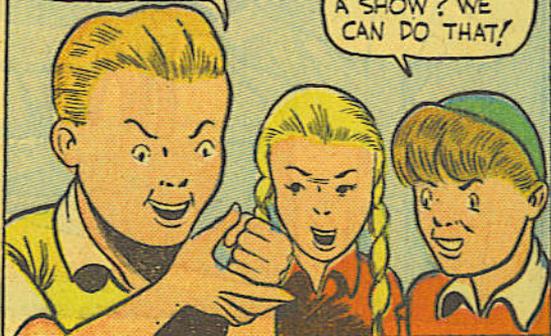
I DO, TOO! BUT
THEY NEED 200
MILLION DOLLARS!
GEE WHIZ!

GIVE TILL IT HURTS
TO THE
RED
CROSS

THAT'S JUST IT! WE CAN'T
RAISE ALL THAT MONEY
OURSELVES! BUT IF WE DO
OUR PART, THEN THE WHOLE
NATION TOGETHER
CAN DO IT!

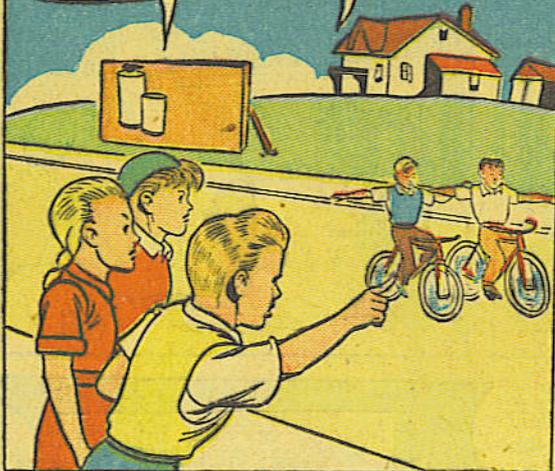
YOU'RE RIGHT,
PAUL! BUT WHAT
CAN WE DO?

HOW ABOUT
PUTTING ON
A SHOW? WE
CAN DO THAT!



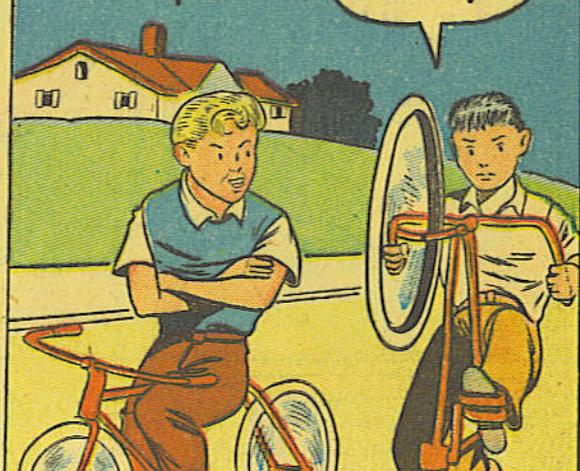
WE DON'T KNOW ENOUGH KIDS WHO CAN DO TRICKS AND THINGS!

OH, NO? WELL—HOW ABOUT JOE AND JIM RIGHT THERE?



YOU'RE REALLY GETTING HOT AT THAT TRICK, JIM!

WISH I HAD A NICE, SMOOTH STAGE TO TRY IT ON! THESE STREETS HAVE TOO MANY BUMPS!



HEY JOE! HEY JIM! COME OVER HERE A MINUTE!

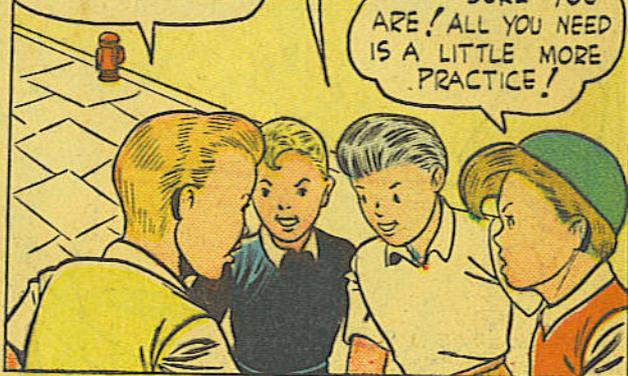
HELLO, PAUL! BE RIGHT THERE!



HOW ABOUT BEING IN OUR SHOW WE'RE PUTTING ON FOR THE RED CROSS?

GOSH! DO YOU THINK WE'RE GOOD ENOUGH?

SURE YOU ARE! ALL YOU NEED IS A LITTLE MORE PRACTICE!



OKAY, IF YOU SAY SO! WE'LL BE READY ANY TIME YOU SAY!

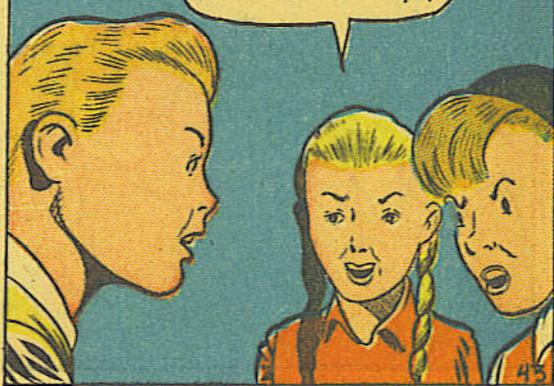
WELL THERE'S ONE ACT! I WONDER WHO ELSE WE CAN GET?



I HAVE IT! HOW ABOUT DON COOPER'S ACT?

I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT AS AN ACT BEFORE—BUT PEOPLE WOULD LIKE IT!

SURE THEY WOULD! LET'S FIND HIM!

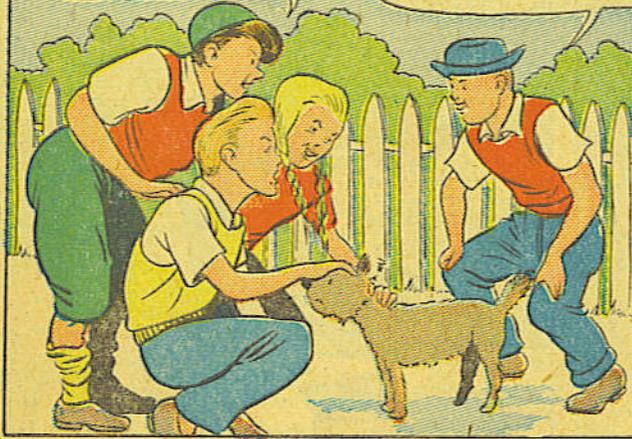


AND SO WE THOUGHT YOU AND TRIXIE WOULD BE A GOOD ACT!

WELL, I DON'T KNOW. I'LL SHOW YOU TRICKS I'VE TAUGHT HER!

UP YOU GO TRIXIE! EASY DOES IT, GIRL!

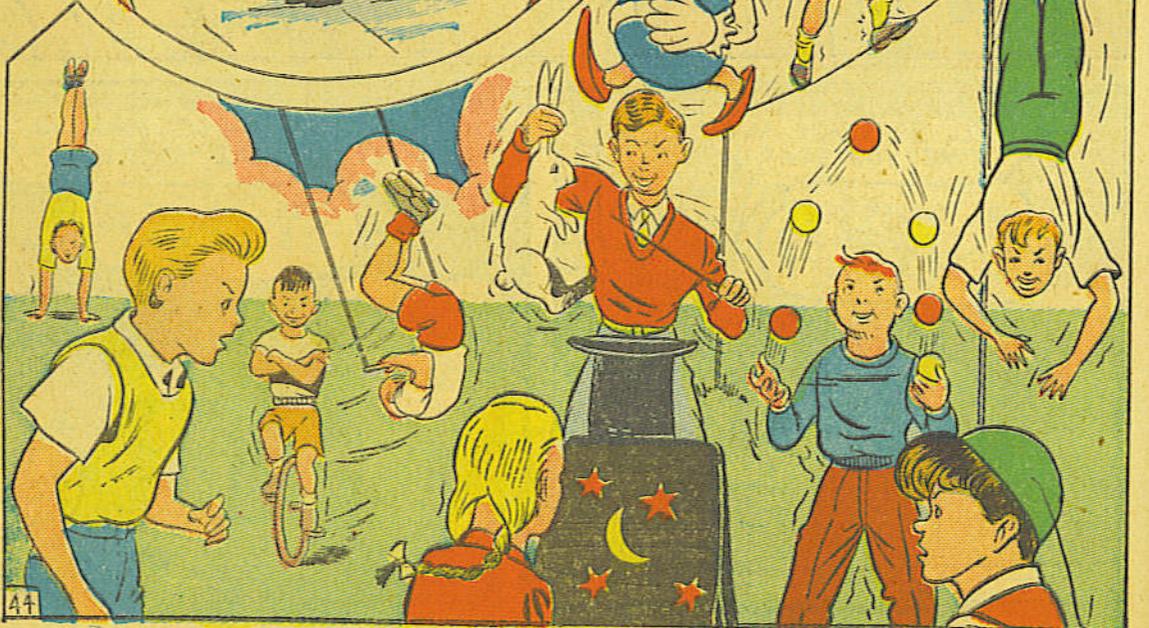
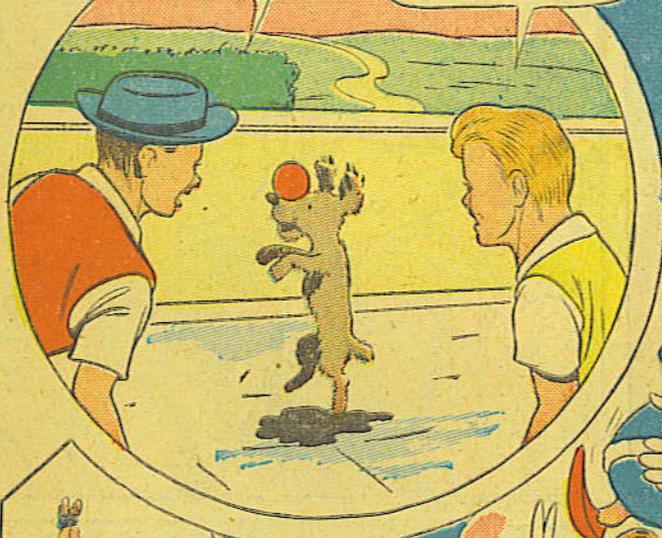
THAT'S A SWELL ACT! LOTS OF DOGS CAN SIT ON THEIR HIND LEGS - BUT NOT MANY CAN DO IT THAT WAY!



TRIXIE CAN STAND ON HER HIND LEGS, TOO! BUT SHE BALANCES A BALL!

GEE DON! YOU'VE TAUGHT HER THAT SINCE I SAW HER PERFORM!

AND SO BEFORE THE DAY IS OVER, PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE PUT TOGETHER A REAL LIST OF PERFORMERS!



NOW WHERE ARE WE GOING TO PUT OUR SHOW ON, PAUL?

MR. BARNETT OWNS THAT THEATRE THAT'S CLOSED FOR THE DURATION! MAYBE HE'LL LET US HAVE IT! LET'S GO AND ASK HIM!



EXCUSE ME MISS, BUT WE'D LIKE TO SEE MR. BARNETT!

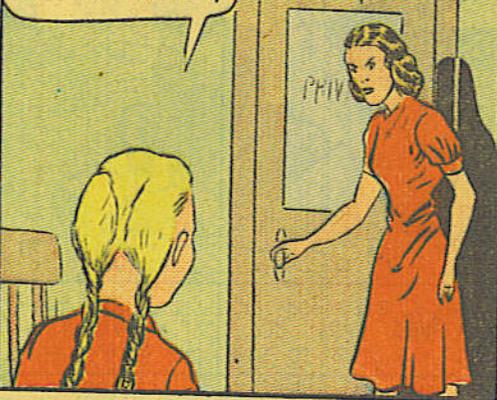
WHOM SHALL I SAY IS CALLING AND WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

YOU CAN TELL HIM PATRICK HENRY, BETSY ROSS AND PAUL REVERE JR.!



YES, AND YOU CAN TELL HIM IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH FOR THOUSANDS OF OUR FIGHTING MEN!

I SEE ?? HM! HE'S VERY BUSY BUT I'LL TELL HIM!



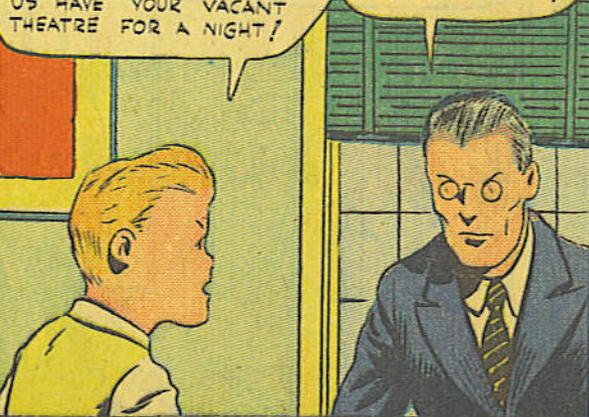
A MOMENT LATER....

YOU MAY HAVE EXACTLY THREE MINUTES! THIS WAY, PLEASE!



MR. BARNETT WE'RE PUTTING ON A SHOW FOR THE RED CROSS AND WE'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU'D LET US HAVE YOUR VACANT THEATRE FOR A NIGHT!

SO THAT'S IT! CERTAINLY! ANYBODY CAN HAVE IT - FOR \$100. A NIGHT!

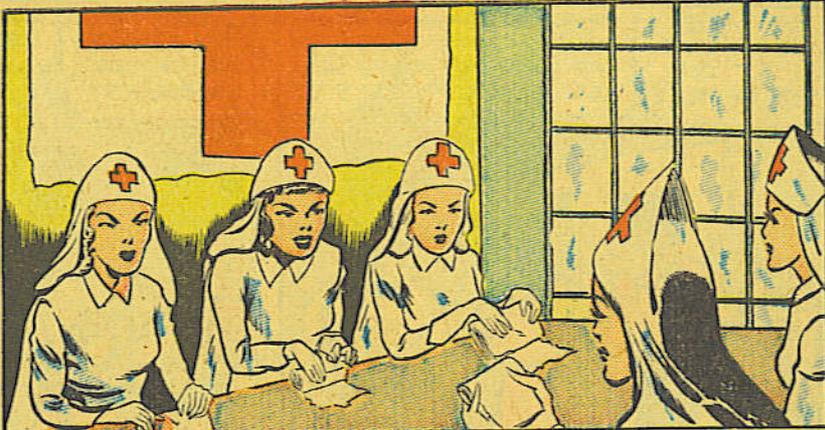
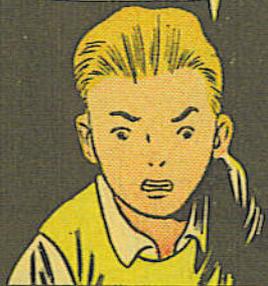


I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! WE THOUGHT YOU'D DONATE IT FOR THE GOOD CAUSE!

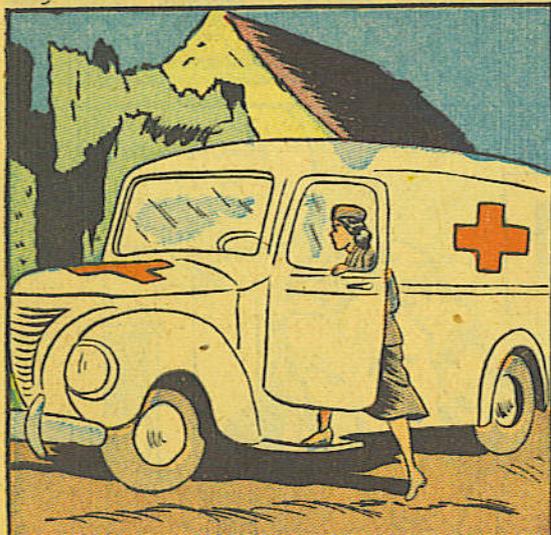
BAH! THE RED CROSS HAS PLENTY OF MONEY! THEY CAN PAY FOR IT ALL RIGHT! BESIDES WHAT'S THE RED CROSS EVER DONE FOR ME?



SINCE WE HAVE ONLY THREE MINUTES OF YOUR TIME, I CAN'T TELL YOU EVERYTHING THE RED CROSS DOES...BUT, I'LL TELL YOU SOME OF THE THINGS THEY'RE DOING FOR THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU!



"THEY MAKE SURE THERE ARE PLENTY OF STERILIZED BANDAGES AND MEDICINES SHIPPED OVERSEAS WHEREVER A YANK IS FIGHTING OUR FIGHT!"



"THE RED CROSS OPERATES A WONDERFUL EMERGENCY AMBULANCE CORPS THAT IS HELPING OUT OVERSEAS AS WELL AS AT HOME!"

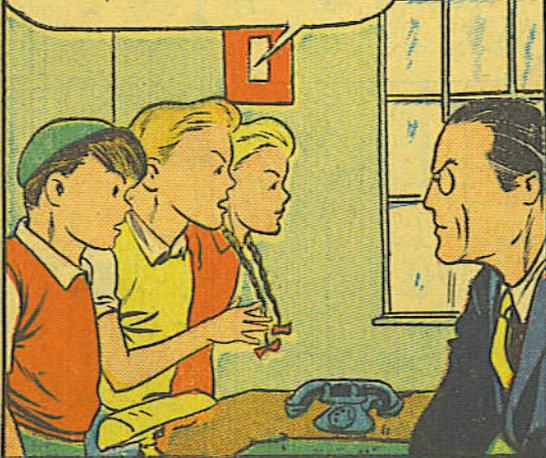


"AND I THINK EVERYBODY KNOWS WHAT THE BLOOD PLASMA THEY COLLECT AND SHIP OVERSEAS HAS DONE TO SAVE OUR BOYS' LIVES!"



46
"AND EVEN HERE AT HOME, THEY MAKE SURE THE FAMILIES OF SERVICE MEN ARE TAKEN CARE OF UNTIL THEIR HUSBANDS CAN COME BACK AGAIN!"

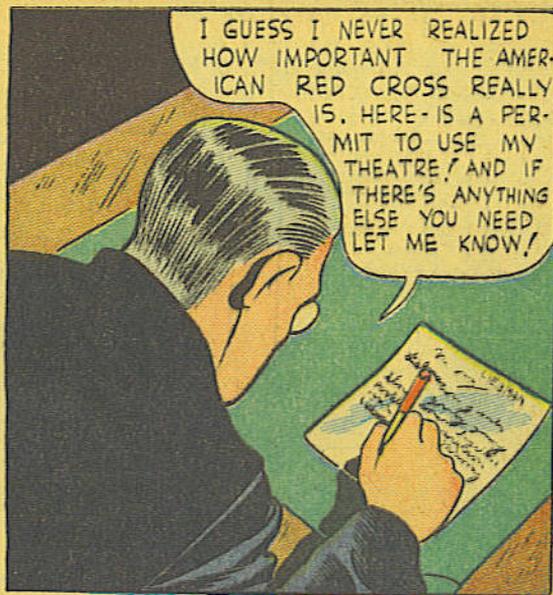
THOSE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE THINGS, MR. BARNETT! BUT OUR THREE MINUTES ARE UP NOW, SO WE'LL BE GOING!





NOW WAIT A MINUTE!
DON'T BE IN SUCH
A RUSH TO LEAVE!

YES,
SIR?



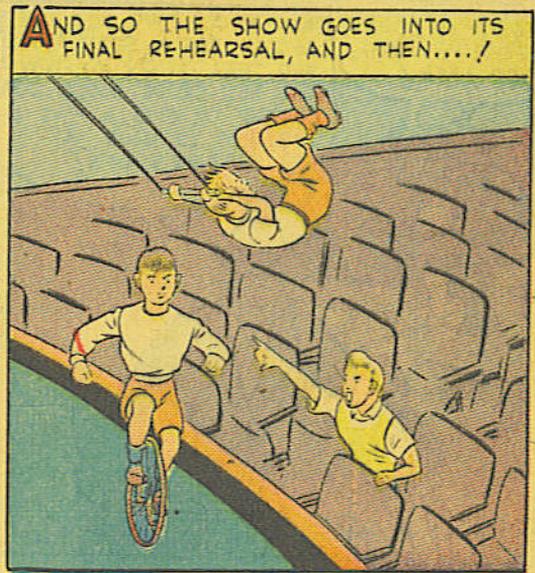
I GUESS I NEVER REALIZED
HOW IMPORTANT THE AMER-
ICAN RED CROSS REALLY
IS. HERE-IS A PER-
MIT TO USE MY
THEATRE, AND IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
ELSE YOU NEED,
LET ME KNOW!



OH, BOY! THANKS
A MILLION MR.
BARNETT!

NOW THE
SHOW CAN
GO ON!

YOU'RE A
SWELL MAN,
MR. BARNETT!



AND SO THE SHOW GOES INTO ITS
FINAL REHEARSAL, AND THEN...!



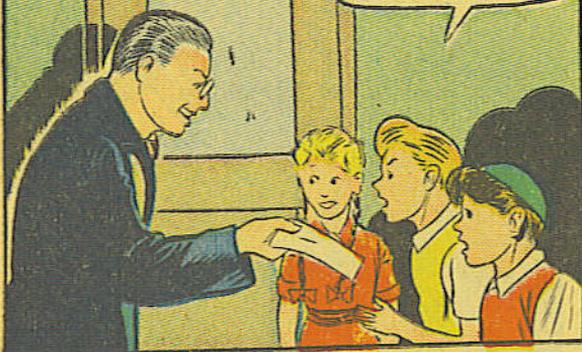
PAUL'S SHOW PLAYS TO
A CAPACITY HOUSE!

THOSE KIDS ARE
GOOD! I'M GLAD
I CAME!

AND LOOK HOW MUCH
THEY'VE RAISED FOR
THE RED CROSS!

NEXT DAY.... KIDS, I'VE CALLED YOU HERE TO PRESENT YOU WITH MY CHECK FOR \$1000. IT'S MADE OUT TO THE RED CROSS, BUT I WANT YOU TO GIVE IT TO THEM!

OH, BOY! THEY'LL CERTAINLY BE GLAD TO GET THIS, SIR!

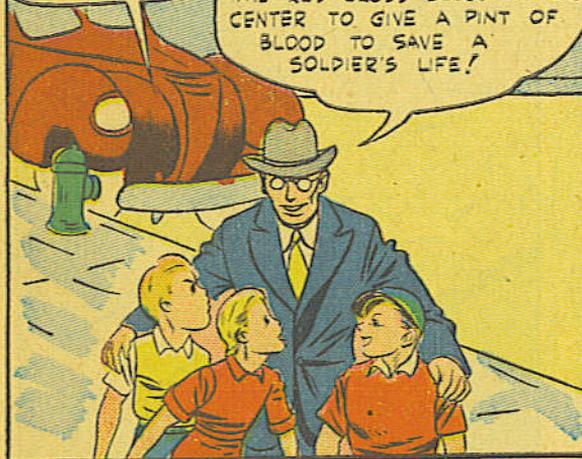


BUT NOW, THIS TIME I REALLY CAN GIVE YOU ONLY THREE MINUTES! I HAVE A VERY IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT!



GOSH! I'M SORRY IF WE'VE MADE YOU LATE!

NOT AT ALL! WE JUST HAVE TIME ENOUGH FOR A SODA APiece... AND THEN I'M ON MY WAY TO THE RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CENTER TO GIVE A PINT OF BLOOD TO SAVE A SOLDIER'S LIFE!



**FOR VICTORY
SALVAGE SCRAP!
SAVE PAPER
AND FATS!
BUY EXTRA WAR
STAMPS AND BONDS!
AND write TO THE
BOYS IN THE SERVICE!**

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

Of Super-Mystery Comics, published quarterly at Springfield, Mass. for October 1, 1944.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Super-Mystery Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, 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 537, 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 managers are: Publisher: A. A. Wyn; Editor: Rose Blumenthal; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: None, all of 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.
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.) Ace Periodicals, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.; A. A. Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.; Rose Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.; Warren A. Angel, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y.
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.)

a. a. wyn

(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1944.

ROSE BLUMENTHAL
Notary Public New York Co. Clk's No. 655, Reg. No. 975-B-2
My Commission Expires March 30, 1945