

CRACKAJACK

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Bunnies

10¢

DECEMBER
No. 42



The
OWL

**DON
WINSLOW**
•
**CYCLONE
and MIDGE**

**ELLERY QUEEN
FLYING FORTRESS
BOB and BILL
THE CRUSOES**

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SMOKEY STOVER

THE JOGGING TODAY WILL SLEIGH YOU, LOVEY - HOW ABOUT TAKING A FLING AT IT?

PASTED DOWN BY THE **CHILL & HOWARD** COAST GUARDS
DOCTOR OF RECREATION



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THE OWL

Jay
Frank
Thomson

GOOD-BYE MR. WARDEN -
I SURE HATE TO LEAVE
YOU - WITHOUT PUNCHING
YOUR FACE !!

WARDEN! - PRISONER ESCAPED !!
- TUFFY HULKS JUMPED THE
WALL - AND MADE IT !!

ON A LONELY ROAD A HALF-MILE FROM THE
PRISON, A LIMOUSINE WAITS IN DARKNESS !

IT'S TEN-THIRTY - TUFFY SHOULD
BE SHOWIN' UP - IF HE
MADE IT !

HERE HE COMES !

YEP! IT'S
TUFFY !

HIYA, TUFFY! (PUFF) - WHATTA
YOU THINK, YOU
DOPEES! - YOU
GUYS GOT SOME
CLOTHES FER
ME?? - Y' BETTER
HAVE! - LET'S
GET MOVIN'!
(PUFF)

THE OWL

WHERE TO, TUFFY?? WE'LL GO INTO THE CITY FIRST! -I GOT A FEW OLD SCORES TO SETTLE!



AT THE OFFICE OF BELLE WAYNE, ACE REPORTER ON THE MORNING EAGLE!

HELLO - NICK? - NICK TERRY? - LISTEN, WE JUST GOT A FLASH OVER THE ASSOCIATED NEWS WIRE - TUFFY HULKS JUMPED THE PEN - YEH - ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!



TUFFY HULKS? - SORRY TO HEAR IT - HE'S A BAD EGG, BELLE!! - THE CHIEF BETTER WATCH HIS STEP - TUFFY SURE HATES HIM! - IF YOU REMEMBER, I WAS SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR ON THE CASE, BUT THE CHIEF WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING TUFFY CONVICTED ON THE COUNTERFEITING CHARGE!



ON A SHADY SUB-URBAN STREET -

CALLING IT A DAY, CHIEF? YUP! - ABOUT IT? - I'M GONNA LOOK OVER THE NEWSPAPER AN' THEN TURN IN! - G'NIGHT, JOE!



A LIMOUSINE SWEEPS AROUND THE CORNER -

THERE HE IS!!



SHUT UP! - DON'T CLUB THE OLD MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN, TUFFY!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS! - THEY KILLED HIM!

STEP ON IT!



THE OWL



SEND AN AMBULANCE - QUICK! - THIRTY-NINTH AND ELM STREETS - THE CHIEF OF POLICE HAS BEEN ASSAULTED ON THE STREET!



AT CITY HOSPITAL -

GET ROOM 309 READY FOR THE CHIEF OF POLICE - EMERGENCY JUST PHONED ME - HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!



NOTIFY SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR NICK TERRY AND MISS BELLE WAYNE OF THE MORNING EAGLE - THEY ARE CONSIDERED THE CHIEF'S CLOSEST FRIENDS - HERE IS A LIST OF THE RELATIVES!

OF THE RELATIVES!

YES, MISS PERKINS!

INFORMATION



A FEW MINUTES LATER

NURSE! - WHERE IS HE?

SH-HH! - TALK QUIETLY, MR. TERRY - YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES!



NICK! - YOU SURE CALLED THE TURN THIS TIME! - IT WAS TUFFY HULKS, WASN'T IT?

HELLO, BELLE - YES, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - JOE, THE CORNER DRUGGIST, DESCRIBED TUFFY PERFECTLY!

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HELLO, MISS WAYNE - YOU MAY BOTH COME IN NOW - BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND!



HE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS - COME, YOU MUST LEAVE NOW -



(COUGH!)

GEE - HIS CHANCES SEEM PRETTY - SLIM - D-DON'T THEY - NICK?

THE OWL

BELLE - IN MY ROLE OF THE OWL, I'VE KIDDED THE CHIEF PLENTY AND MADE HIM PLENTY MAD - I'VE SEEN HIM PURPLE WITH RAGE AND Cuss-WORDS - HE THINKS HE'S HARD-BOILED - BUT HE'S GETTING UP IN YEARS NOW -



- HE'S AN OLD MAN - A GRAND OLD MAN AND A REAL FRIEND - THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO HIM, BELLE - THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT !!



NICK - DON'T YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU AND -



WHAW! - MAYBE THAT BIG ROUGHNECK ISN'T SUCH GOOD HUSBAND MATERIAL AFTER ALL! - I NEVER SAW HIM LIKE THAT BEFORE - HE'S MAD CLEAR THROUGH - !! - HEAVEN HELP TUFFY HULKS !!



NICK RACES ACROSS TOWN -



- TO HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT!



GOLLY! - MIST' TERRY ALL BOIL INSIDE LIKE TEAKETTLE - SODD BETTER KEEP QUIET AND SAVE SKIN!



AT TUFFY HULKS FORMER HANGOUT DOWN BY THE WATER-FRONT, THERE IS MUCH UNEASINESS - BOTH MENTAL AND PHYSICAL!



BOY! - AM I GLAD TUFFY'S GONE!

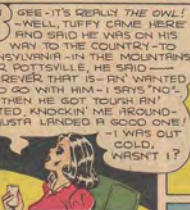


WHY DID HE HAFTA SOCK ME? - I ONLY SAID I WAS GLAD HE WAS OUT OF THE PEN!

YEH - BUT HE KNEW YOU WUZ LYIN'!

THE OWL





'FEEL BETTER?—NOW TELL ME ABOUT TUFFY!

GEE—IT'S REALLY THE OWL!
—WELL, TUFFY CAME HERE AND SAID HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO THE COUNTRY—TO PENNSYLVANIA—IN THE MOUNTAINS NEAR POTTSVILLE, HE SAID—
—WHEREVER THAT IS—AN' WANTED ME TO GO WITH HIM—I SAYS "NO"—
—AN' THEN HE GOT TOUGH AN' STARTED KNOCKIN' ME AROUND—
—HE MUSTA LANDED A GOOD ONE!
—I WAS OUT COLD, WASN'T I?

HELLO,—DESK?—SEND UP A RAW PIECE OF BEEFSTEAK TO ROOM 919—IT'S FOR A YOUNG LADY'S BLACK EYE!

WHAT A MAN!—A REAL GENT-TULMAN!

—SO LONG, MILLIE—
—I'M GOING AFTER YOUR FRIEND, TUFFY!

DON'T FORGET TO PASTE HIM ONE FOR ME, HONEY!

GLIDING THROUGH THE SHADOWED STREETS, THE OWL IS SOON STANDING ONCE AGAIN BEFORE THE SECRET PANEL OF HIS PRIVATE ELEVATOR!

THE OWL





THE OWL



YOU SEE?
-I PRINT
MONEY
IN HERE
-LOTS OF
IT!

IT'S A PRETTY GOOD ENGRAVING
JOB—BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
—OLD MAN, DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT THIS IS DISHONEST
WORK?



DISHONEST!—IT IS FOR
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—
-MY SON SAYS SO!—WHY—
WHY—HOW DARE YOU
CALL OLD SETH HULKS
DISHONEST!?

SETH HULKS'S??
—AND YOUR SON,
HIS NAME IS—??



I!—MY SON?
-MY SON'S
NAME IS
TUFFY
HULKS!

BELLE!—DID YOU HEAR THAT?—HIS
OWN FATHER—CHAINED IN A CAVE
DOING HIS DIRTY WORK!—GREAT SCOTT!
—OLD FELLOW, HOW
LONG HAVE YOU
BEEN HERE?



A GOOD MANY YEARS
—A GOOD MANY, MY
BOY—TELL ME, IS
WARREN HARDING
STILL PRESIDENT?
—IS HE?—NO, I SUP-
POSE NOT—

GOOD
GRIEF!



TELL ME, SETH HULKS,
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE
TO GET OUT OF HERE?
-TO SEE PEOPLE AND
PLACES AGAIN??

I'M SORRY—YOU POOR
OLD DUFFER—LISTEN!
—TOMORROW NIGHT
THE OWL WILL BE
HERE TO SET YOU
FREE—AND TO
GIVE YOUR BLACK-
HEARTED SON
WHAT HE
DESERVES!

AH—YES—YES—BUT
WE MUSTN'T TALK OF
SUCH THINGS—MY SON
WOULD BEAT ME—HE
CAME BACK TONIGHT,
TUFFY DID, AFTER
MANY YEARS, AND
HE IS COMING AGAIN
TOMORROW NIGHT—NO,
WE MUSTN'T TALK
OF SUCH THINGS
—NO—NO!



AS SOON AS THE STORM
BLOWS ITSELF OUT, WE'LL
GET THE CAR OUT OF
THE DITCH AND HEAD
FOR HOME—TOMORROW
NIGHT WE'RE COMING
BACK HERE IN THE
NEW OWLPLANE!

GOOD!



THE FOLLOWING
AFTERNOON AT
CITY HOSPITAL—

THE CHIEF IS MUCH
IMPROVED, MR. TERRY
—HE REGAINED CON-
SCIOUSNESS AND
ASKED FOR YOU—BUT
AT PRESENT HE IS
SLEEPING AND SHOULD
NOT BE DISTURBED—
—THE DOCTORS SAY
WE MAY REMOVE SOME
OF HIS OUTER BAND-
AGES WHEN HE
AWAKENS—

THE OWL

OH YES, THE CHIEF ALSO ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HIS ATTACKER WAS TUFFY HULKS, THE ESCAPED CONVICT!

YES, I KNOW—TELL THE CHIEF THAT TUFFY WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!



I MUST RUN ALONG TO THE OFFICE—I'LL BE AT THE PENTHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, NICK—

OKAY—SEE YOU THEN!



MIDNIGHT!—THE HOUR THAT FINDS THE Owl POISED FOR FLIGHT!

HERE'S MISSY BELLE!

HELLO, NICK! LET'S GO—THE OWLPLANE IS WARMING UP OUT ON THE ROOF!



WE WON'T GET STUCK IN THE MUD TONIGHT, BELLE!



FROM THE PENTHOUSE, THE TINY OWLPLANE RACES OFF INTO THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE PENNSYLVANIA FOOTHILLS—



AND AT THE CAVE OF SETH HULKS, A HARSH VOICE RENDS THE QUIET MOUNTAIN NIGHT—

IS THIS ALL YOU'VE PRINTED SINCE LAST NIGHT?—YOU LAZY OLD—!!

BUT, TUFFY—



THEY WON'T GET ANY CLOSER—I'LL TELL YOU THAT!—IT SOUNDED OVER THIS WAY!

IT MAY BE MY FRIENDS OF LAST NIGHT!

EASY, MY SON!



DON'T^o BUT TUFFY^o ME!
I'LL THRASH—HEY!
 -I HEAR AN AIR-PLANE—IT'S LANDING!!—
 MEBBE SOME-ONE'S GETTIN' SNOOPY IDEAS!



THE OWL

HSS-57!- GOOD EVENING, SETH- WE HAVE COME TO FREE YOU- DON'T GIVE US AWAY- BELLE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO-



I COULDN'T FIND THE 'PLANE - MUST BE THEY DIDN'T LAND AFTER ALL- WHAT'S THAT?!



YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOME COMPETITION THIS TIME- FIGHT AS YOU NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE, TUFFY!





THIS ONE'S FOR THE CHIEF, TUFFY!



FINIS!

HERE ARE TUFFY'S KEYS - UNLOCK THE OLD MAN'S CHAINS, BELLE - HE'S GOING BACK WITH US AND RECEIVE THE CARE THAT WILL MEND HIS BROKEN MIND!



NICK - ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



THE OWLPLANE WILL HAVE A FULL CARGO TONIGHT!

AS THE MORNING SUN STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF CITY HOSPITAL -



'MORNING CHIEF! - HOW YA FEEL?

FINE! - SAY, THEM'S PURTY FLOWERS, O'TOOLE - THANKS!



WARDS C-D



WHO'S THAT THEY JUST WHEELED IN? - HE'S IN WORSE SHAPE THAN I AM!

WHY-ER-THAT'S YOUR FRIEND TUFFY HULKS - THEY SAY HE-ER-MET UP WITH THE -AH- OWL!



THE OWL! - WELL I'LL BE - SO THE OWL HAS MEDDLED IN MY AFFAIRS AGAIN, EH? - WELL - THIS TIME IT'S - ALL RIGHT !!

- BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY I SAID SO, O'TOOLE!

- ANOTHER OWL CHAPTER NEXT MONTH!



CYCLONE



NO MCCARTHY--I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHARITY JOB--
OR, CROWDING YOUR FOREMAN OUT OF HIS!

CYCLONE AND I CAN PADDLE
OUR OWN CANOE WITHOUT
ANY FEMININE
(ASSISTANCE!)

OH, CYCLONE--
MIDGE / YOU'RE
JUST BEING
CRUEL TO
ME!



CYCLONE TURNS DOWN THE FOREMAN'S
JOB OFFERED HIM BY SANDY'S UNCLE
IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CHACO.

MAYBE I'M STUBBORN--BUT I AIM
TO PICK MY OWN JOBS. MIDGE AND
I ARE LEAVING THE RANCHO DEL
RIO RIGHT
NOW.



IN OTHER WORDS FAREWELL,
HASTA LUEGO BUT PROBABLY
NOT AU REVOIR! AS THE
POET SAYS...



COME ON, MIDGE! WE'RE RIDING!



IT'S ALL MY F-FAULT!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED
TO FOOL CYCLONE,
NOW I'LL N-NEVER
S-SEE HIM AGAIN.
OH-HOO-HOO-
HOO!



DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, SANDY.
IT'S PARTLY MY
FAULT, TOO.

MIDGE / DO YOU SEE THAT RIDER?
-THERE COMES TROUBLE ON THE
HOOF IF I'M
NOT MISTAKEN!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE

BUT MY GAUCHOS WILL BE VIC-
TORIOUS IF YOU WILL LEAD THEM!
YOU PROMISE THAT--AND RAMON
WILL DIE IN PEACE!



RAMON HAS
GONE, CYCLONE!
WILL YOU TAKE
HIS JOB NOW?

I'LL BE PROUD TO-- AFTER I WIPE OUT THE RATS
WHO KILLED HIM-- I'LL NEED ABOUT TEN STICKS OF
DYNAMITE AND EVERY FIGHTING GAUCHO ON
THE RANCH!



HERE'S THE DYNAMITE
MIDGE-- PUT IT IN THE
SADDLE BAG AND
SIT ON IT!

OKAY-- BUT I DON'T LIKE
IT! I HEARD OF A HEN
THAT HATCHED A BUNCH
OF HAND
GRENADES!



VAMOS GAUCHOS!
LET'S RIDE!

VAMOS!
VIVA EL
CYCLONE!

VIVA!
VIVA!



TWENTY ARMED GAUCHOS RALLY AT CYCLONE'S CALL.

HERE'S THE TRAIL
OF THE STOLEN
HERD-- HEADING
FOR THE CANYON!



IS THAT THE SHORT CUT TO CASA DE LOS
VIENTOS?

SI-- BY THE WHITE ROCK
IS A NARROW TRAIL--
YO GO THAT WAY!



WE'LL HEAD OFF THE
RUSTLERS BY THE
SHORT CUT-- YOU
BOYS FOLLOW
THE MAIN
CANYON TRAIL!

SI, SEÑOR
CYCLONE!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE

BELLOWING WITH FRIGHT, THE CATTLE
CROWD BACK--MORE DYNAMITE
EXPLODES!



AY DE MI! WE CANNOT DRIVE
THEM AGAINST DYNAMITE!

CUIDADO! THEY
ARE GOING TO
STAMPEDE!



IN VAIN THE RUSTLERS TRY TO
DRIVE THE STEERS.

GATHERING SPEED THE STAMPEDE
ROLLS BACK UP THE CANYON.

RIDE! WE ARE BETRAYED!

RIDE FOR
YOUR LIVES!
NOTHING CAN
STOP THEM
NOW!



HA! YOU HEAR THAT, SANDY?
YOUR FRIEND CYCLONE IS
HAVING A LOT OF FUN WITH
HIS DYNAMITE STICKS!

HE MUST BE CHAS-
ING THE HERD
BACK--WE'VE
MISSED THE FUN!

THOSE MURDEROUS RUSTLERS
WILL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN
THE STAMPEDE AND MY
OWN GAUCHOS!

RAMON'S FRIENDS
WILL WIPE THEM
OUT-- THANKS TO
CYCLONE'S TRICK!



SANDY
AND
MANUEL
ARRIVE
TOO
LATE.



UNAWARE
OF DANGER,
SANDY AND
HER UNCLE
STOP NEAR
THE MOUTH
OF THE
THIRD CANYON.

BORANIAN REBELS/
RIDE, SANDY!

OH, YOU BIG APE!
LET GO OF ME!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



ONE MAN Invasion



"Better get up, lad. There's been some excitement during the night."

At the sound of his father's voice, young Harry Lister rolled out of bed, rubbing his eyes.

"Excitement?" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "You mean the bombers have been over?"

"No, not exactly bombers, my boy," explained his dad, "but I guess the Jerrys did pay us a visit all right. The boys found a parachute in our south pasture this morning."

"A parachute—I say!" cried Harry, now fully awake and pulling on his clothes. "That must mean—"

"Yes, lad," his father went on, "one of 'ems about the countryside somewhere. No wrecked plane about, so he may have been dropped for a purpose. The police and the home defense corps are scouring the whole area. They'll turn him up before long, I dare say."

Harry had soon joined the interested crowd which had gathered on his father's small farm. Several men in uniform guarded the spot where the parachute had been found.

"Must have landed in the beet field, yonder," one of them was saying, "judging by the marks. He dropped his chute on t'other side of the fence where it wouldn't be spotted so easily."

Harry wished he could join in the search for the intruder. It pained him that he was too young

to join the fighting forces. His two older brothers were already in service but Harry was only fourteen and they had told him that he was badly needed on the farm. This morning, he had to cycle to town to get a machine part for his father. At least, he would be able to tell the town folk of the strange happening of the night before.

As Harry pedalled through the quiet country lane on his way to the village, he suddenly perceived ahead of him another bicycle. The rider, a man in working clothes, had dismounted and was looking at the wheel with a look of disgust. As Harry approached, the man scowled for a moment and then stepping forward, smiled brightly.

"Good morning, my boy," he grinned. "I've had a bit of bad luck, I'm afraid. Flat tire, old fellow. I wonder if you could give me a hand."

Harry stopped and looked at the man curiously. He was a stranger in that part of the country, a typical English workman in dress and appearance.

"I'm on my way to the airplane factory nearby," explained the man seeing Harry's questioning look. "Called to work there, you know, and I've pedalled all the way from Gilbey this morning. Perhaps you can show me where the factory is located?"

Harry slowly dismounted from his bicycle. "First, we'll have to fix your tire," he said, presently. "I'll help you do that."

"Oh, that's a good lad," smiled the man. "We'll get this tire off first. Wish I had the right tools to do the job."

Harry had noticed the large tool box which the man was apparently carrying and which had been set down in the grass some distance from the bicycle. Then, he glanced at the small leather tool kit attached to the seat of the bike.

"Don't you have some tools and repair kit in there?" he said to the man, pointing to the bike.

"Oh—er—in there?" said the man, momentarily flustered. "Why, to be sure, my lad, that's right. Don't know what's the matter with me this morning. A bit excited about the new job, I guess. Going to be late and all that."

As he spoke, he started to fumble with the small tool kit on the bicycle. Meanwhile, Harry edged toward the larger box which lay on the ground nearby. As he bent over to open the lid, the man whirled around suddenly.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Don't touch that box, son. Those are just my regular tools—needed for the job, you know. There's nothing in there that—"

But Harry had paid no heed to the man's words. Quickly he had lifted the cover and in a moment, his hand came out clutching a revolver.



"Just stick 'em up, mister!" he said firmly. "This is a mighty funny looking tool kit. And I think there's something funny about you!"

The man's face hardened now, his mouth drawn into a thin line and his narrowed eyes suddenly flashed with fire.

"Ja! The young man is very smart, yes?" he began slowly. "But I also have here a gun and I shoot very—"

Harry saw the man's hand suddenly flash to a holster inside his coat. Then, a shot quickly rang out to shatter the strange silence. The man before him stood as if frozen for an instant and then, with a grimace of pain on his face, he fell suddenly forward.

Harry looked in amazement at the gun in his hand. He had been too startled to fire when the man reached for his own gun and now he wondered whether the heavy revolver he held in his trembling fingers had blazed away of its own accord.

The next moment, however, his fears were put at rest. From the other side of the road, three uniformed men emerged from a thicket and leaped the hedge.

"Nice work, young lad," said one of them, a sergeant. "Tod Lister's boy, isn't it? Looks as if you've cornered a prize, sure enough. But it's a good thing I took a shot at this fellow when I did. Better shoot first and ask questions later, I thought to meself."

While the sergeant bent over to determine the extent of the man's injury, one of the other men hastily ran through the contents of the large tool kit.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "This is a haul! Time fuses, grenades, wire cutters. Everything the well-equipped saboteur should carry these days."

"He's the parachutist!" exclaimed Harry. "I'm sure of it. He wanted me to show him the way to the plane factory."

"Well, he'll get a chance to answer some questions," interrupted the sergeant, straightening up. "Not bad hurt—just grazed his temple. How did you become suspicious of him, lad?"

"Well," explained Harry. "In the first place he was a stranger—in the second place, there was mud on his knees and boots that looked just like the mud from our beet field—in the third place, he said he'd come all the way from Gilbey this morning and Gilbey is on the other side of the factory, so he wouldn't be coming from this direction. And lastly—"

"And lastly?" echoed the sergeant.

"And lastly," grinned Harry. "That bicycle belongs to my brother Tom. He must have stolen it from our barn!"





NEARLY A MONTH AFTER THEIR HALLOWEEN ADVENTURE, THE CRUSOES ARE SITTING DOWN TO BREAKFAST...



JOHN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT DAY THIS IS?

TODAY? IT'S THURSDAY, MAE... WHY DO YOU ASK?

IT'S SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST THURSDAY, DADDY!



I KNOW, DADDY... TODAY'S **THANKSDIVIN'**!... I HEARD MOMMY TELL MARY IT WAS!



THANKSGIVING DAY! YOU'RE RIGHT, PETER... I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT AND HUNT A WILD TURKEY... OR PATHER, A PEACOCK... FOR OUR DINNER!



A THANKSGIVING TURKEY WILL BE LIKE OLD TIMES AT HOME, JOHN!... I'LL MAKE SOME PUMPKIN PIES WHILE YOU'RE GONE HUNTING.

PLEASE, BADDY... MAY I GO WITH YOU?

OF COURSE, MARY... IF YOU DON'T MIND A LONG HIKE!



GOOD-BYE, MOM! DON'T FORGET TO MAKE THE TURKEY STUFFING.

DON'T GO TOO FAR, JOHN... I WANT TO START DINNER EARLY.



WHERE WILL WE FIND THE TURKEYS, DADDY?

YOU MEAN THE WILD PEACOCKS... WE'LL PROBABLY FIND 'EM BACK IN THE HILLS WITH THE GOATS.

THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES





THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



TO BE CONTINUED—



DON WINSLOW



EN ROUTE BY NAVY BOMBER TO THE SCENE OF A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN, WINSLOW SUDDENLY ORDERS A SURPRISE LANDING.



DON WINSLOW



HAS THE MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSION ABOARD THE
BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN
ANY CONNECTION WITH THE
ESCAPED NAVY RENEGADE,
LAWSON LUGG? WINSLOW
HAS NOW ARRIVED
TO INVESTIGATE.



DON WINSLOW



RELEASED FROM THE BATTLESHIP'S BRIG THE TWO SABOTAGE SUSPECTS, LEATHER N' FEATHER, ARE GETTING SET FOR SHORE LEAVE, AS FREE AS AIR. SO THEY THINK.



FROM ALL APPEARANCES DON WINSLOW IS IN FOR A WASTED EVENING - OR IS HE?

?

DON WINSLOW



BOB & BILL

The Scout Twins

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE, WERE CALLED IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS AND VERY TINY PEOPLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRUCE

SO THIS IS HOW YOU GOT HERE, BOB — IN A TINY WAR GALLEY!

YES WE HELPED THE LITTLE MEN CAPTURE A PIRATE SHIP — AND THEN THE STORM DROVE US ONTO THE BEACH — AND THEN THE GIANT CAT CAME AND DROVE US BACK INTO THE OCEAN!



PUT US DOWN ON THE GALLEY'S DECK AND WE'LL CALL THE LITTLE MEN.

THEY'RE ALL HIDING BECAUSE THEY'RE AFRAID OF YOU.



AFRAID OF ME? WHY — I WOULDN'T HURT A FLY!

HELLO THERE, SAILORS! COME BACK TO THE SHIP!

THE GIANT WON'T HURT YOU — HE'S OUR FRIEND!



THE TWINS ARE RIGHT MEN — THAT GIANT SEEMS FRIENDLY.

MAYBE HE'LL HELP US FLOAT THE SHIP AGAIN!



IF YOU'LL WAIT TILL THE LITTLE MEN HAVE REPAIRED THEIR SHIP YOU CAN PUT IT IN THE WATER FOR THEM.

VERY WELL — BUT HURRY! I HAVE TO GET HOME TO MY LITTLE GRAND-DAUGHTER.

I WON'T TAKE US LONG.



BOB AND BILL

MAKE THOSE JOINTS TIGHT CARPENTER — WE MAY RUN INTO ANOTHER STORM.



AYE-AYE, SIR! WE'LL MAKE HER SEAWORTHY.

THE SAILING MASTER SAYS THE GALLEY IS READY TO BE LAUNCHED.



HOLD TIGHT THEN I'LL PICK IT UP AND PUT IT IN THE WATER.



WE'RE AFLOAT! YEA-AY FOR THE GOOD GIANT!

AS TOKEN OF OUR THANKS I PRESENT YOU, BOB AND BILL, WITH THESE TWO SWORDS.

THEY'RE HANDSOME! SEE BILL! THEY'VE GOT JEWELLED HILTS!



GOOD-BYE, MEN OF LATONIA!

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, BOB AND BILL!



WE'LL SOON BE HOME NOW, LOLA WILL BE GLAD TO SEE FEELS QUEER.

MIDGETS! IT TO BE MIDGETS AGAIN — WE WERE GIANTS TO THE TINY MEN!



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL

THE SNAKE UNWINDS FROM THE TREE . . .



SA-AY! THAT OVER-SIZED BOA-CONSTRICTOR IS AFTER US NOW!

HE IS, GRANDPA! RUN!



IT'S CATCHING UP WITH US!

I CAN'T RUN ANY FASTER BOYS!



JUMP KITTY!

BILL-BILL! WHAT CAN WE DO?



GET AWAY BOYS, WHILE YOU-UH... HAVE A CHANCE! THE SNAKE'S CHO-CHOKING ME!

COME ON BOB... WE'LL TRY TO STAB THE REPTILE IN THE BRAIN! KEEP FIGHTING GRANDPA!



THE BRUTE KEEPS ITS HEAD OUT OF REACH... WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.

YEAH... BOB! I'VE GOT IT!



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



TO BE CONTINUED

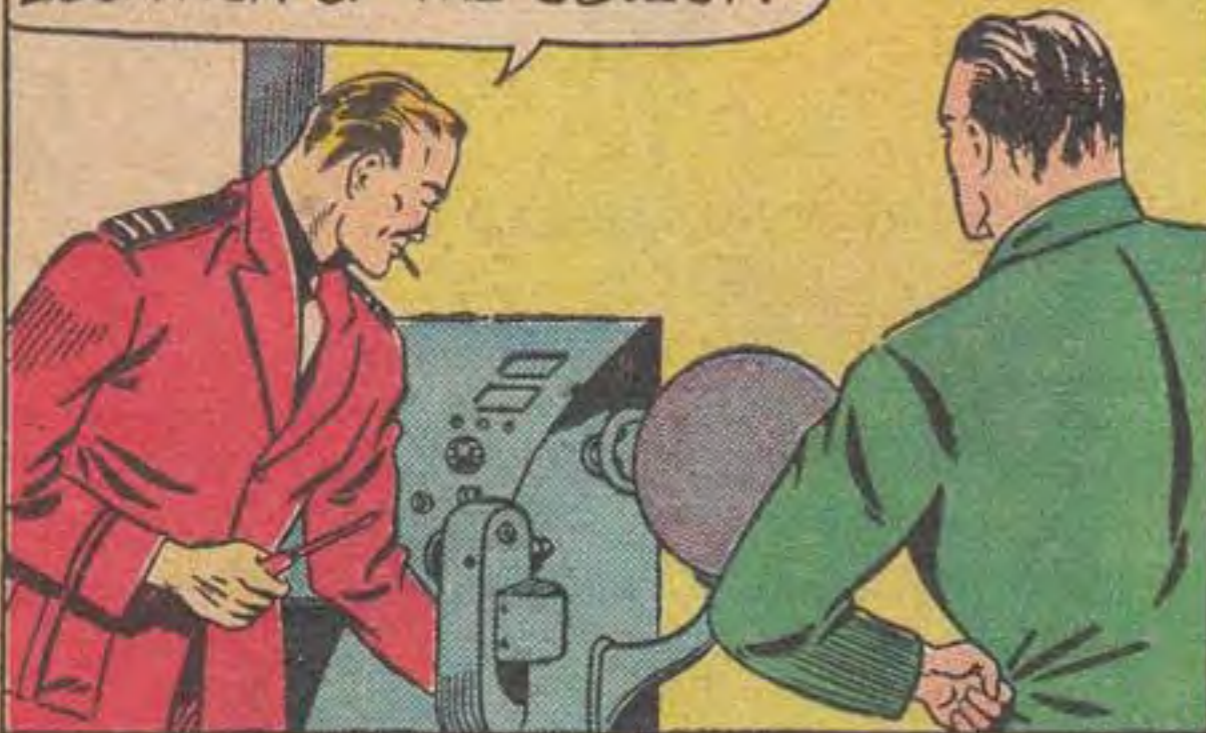
STRATOSPHERE JIM

AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

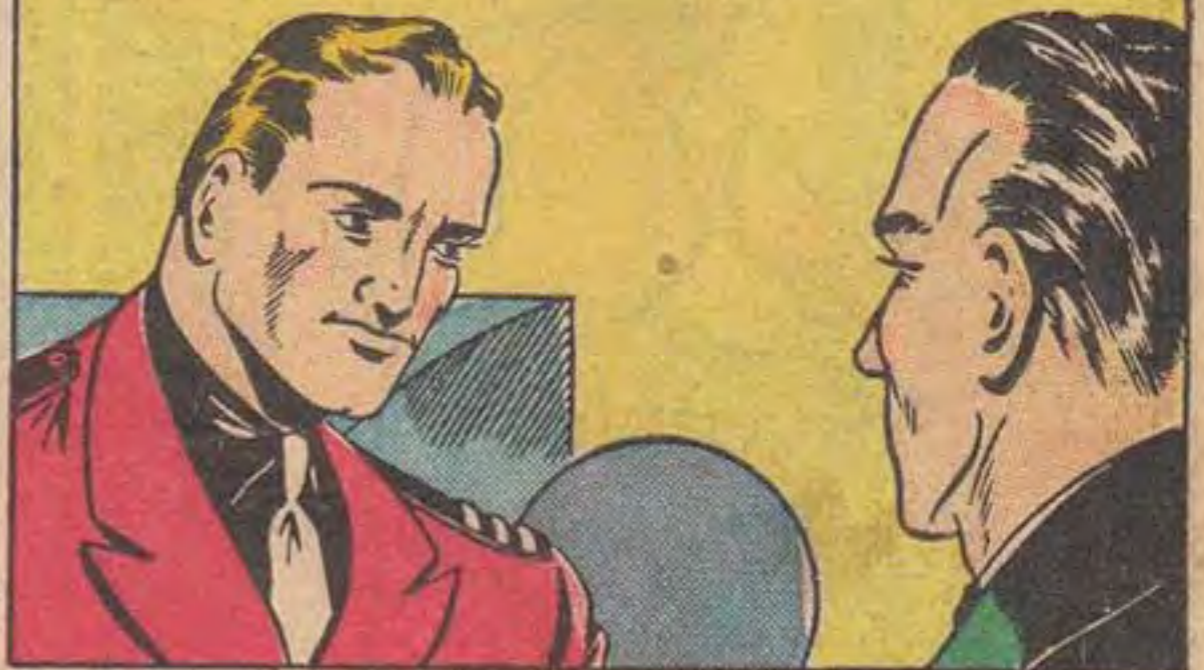
IN THE SECRET HANGAR IN THE ROCKIES, JIM AND HARRY ARE TESTING A NEW LOCATION DEVICE ON JIM'S TELEVISION SIGHTS!!



IT'S JUST A REVOLVING GLOBE, WITH A LIGHT INSIDE. WHEN THE SIGHTS PICK UP AN OBJECT, THE GLOBE SPINS TO THE LOCATION OF THE OBJECT!



--AND THE SPOT ON THE MAP IS PROJECTED THRU THE MOVIE PROJECTOR AND ONTO A SCREEN ALONGSIDE THE TELEVISION SCREEN!



SOUNDS GOOD, BOSS! HOPE IT WORKS AS WELL AS IT SOUNDS!

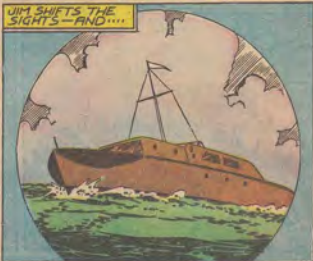
OH, IT'LL WORK! JUST WATCH THIS!



JIM PRESSES A BUTTON!



FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS

THE FLYING FORTRESS TAKES TO THE AIR!...



...AND SOARS ACROSS THE ROCKIES AT A TERRIFIC CLIP!



I'M GONNA KEEP THESE SIGHTS ON THAT FISHING BOAT—YOU HAVE THE LOCATION OF THE SINKING SHIP!

GOOD IDEA—HARRY!



SOME TIME LATER...

Wow! What th-- Jim! Give a look!



A DISGUISED RAIDER PREYING ON AMERICAN SHIPPING!

LET'S HURRY AND SAVE THE SURVIVORS—THEN MOP UP THAT PHONY FISHING BOAT!



THE FORTRESS REACHES THE SCENE OF THE SINKING AND BEGINS RESCUE WORK!



FLYING FORTRESS

AS THE RESCUE WORK NEARS COMPLETION, NIGHT FALLS SWIFTLY OVER THE PACIFIC...



DOGGONE! NOW WE'LL LOSE THAT RAIDER IN THE DARKNESS!

OH—NO WE WON'T!



YOU FORGET—ULTRA-GAMMA RAYS MAKE THE TELEVISION SIGHTS WORK AT NIGHT, TOO!

HUH?! FORGOT ALL ABOUT THEM, JIM.



JIM OVERTAKES THE SMALL, DEADLY RAIDER AGAIN DISGUISED AS A FISHING BOAT.



RADIO 'EM TO STAND BY TO BE TAKEN ABOARD OR WE'LL BLOWN 'EM TO BITS!



I'LL BET IT'S A CALL FOR HELP—C'MON PAL! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

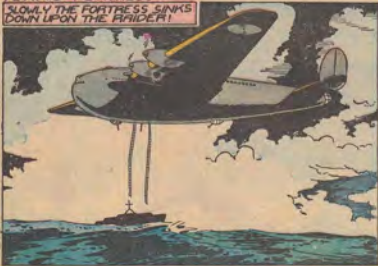
HERE'S THE REPLY—THEY SURRENDER! BUT—WAIT!! THEY FOLLOWED UP WITH A MESSAGE IN CODE!!

OKAY, SNIDER!



FLYING FORTRESS

SLOWLY THE FORTRESS SINKS DOWN UPON THE RAIDER!



WORK SWIFTLY—BUT WATCH OUT FOR TROUBLE!



ACH! MEIN GOTT! SUCH A GIANT THIS PLANE IS!



UNSUSPECTED—UNMARKED PLANE'S SWOOP DOWN ON THE FORTRESS!! ...



SUDDENLY, JIM'S BULLET-PROOF WIND SHIELD IS SPLATTERED BY LEAD!



LOOKS LIKE THAT HELP THEY CALLED FOR HAS COME! O.K. IF THEY WANT A FIGHT—THEY'LL GET IT!



THROW ON THE HELICOPTER PROPELLORS!



FLYING FORTRESS

THE GIANT FORTRESS SOARS STRAIGHT INTO THE SKY!



THE ATTACK ALARM SOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP—AND IN NO TIME—EVERY MAN IS AT HIS POST!

80 YARDS, BILL—
OPEN FIRE!



PART OF THE SQUADRON TEARS IN ON THE FORTRESS'S TAIL!



THE REAR MULTIPLE 50 CALIBRE GUNS REAP A TERRIBLE HARVEST!



YOW! THOSE REAR GUNNERS FIRE RIGHT ON THE BUTTON—!



CONNECT THE AUTOMATIC GUNSIGHT TO THE TELEVISION RANGE FINDER. LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN KNOCK THESE VULTURES OUT OF THE SKY!!



THE DEADLY GUNSIGHT IS CONNECTED—THE GUNNERS WAIT TENSELY!!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE TRIED IT AT NIGHT—LET'S HOPE IT WORKS!



FLYING FORTRESS

A LONE PLANE DIVES FOR THE PILOT CHAMBER.....



...AND IS CAUGHT IN THE TELEVISION GUNSIGHT!!



ALL FORWARD GUNS ON THE SHIP ARE AUTOMATICALLY AIMED, AND.....



I GUESS THE GADGET WORKS OKAY, HARRY!

I KNOW ONE ENEMY PILOT WHO'LL NEVER CALL YOU A LIAR ON THAT!



IF THOSE DEVILS GET ABOVE US, THEY'LL TRY TO BOMB US— WE'D BETTER FINISH THIS SCRAP— BUT FAST!



THE FORTRESS'S DEADLY GUNS BEGIN TO SWEEP THE SKIES ---



FLYING FORTRESS

SEE THAT PLANE WITH THE TWO RED LIGHTS? IT MUST BE THE LEADER! LET'S NAIL HIM!



THE SQUADRON LEADER TRIES DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF LEAD...



BUT A LONG BURST SENDS HIM CRASHING INTO THE SEA IN FLAME S—!!



JIM—I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



YEAH? SPILL IT!

THOSE PLANES MUST HAVE COME FROM AN AIR CRAFT CARRIER— IF WE'RE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC !!



AND YOU WANT TO GO AFTER IT? NO, HARRY!



WHY NOT?

BECAUSE WE DON'T GO PICKING FIGHTS—IF SOMEBODY'S WILLING TO START ONE, ALL RIGHT!



AW! YOU TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF LIFE!

FORGET IT, PAL. Y'KNOW—WE'VE STILL GOT TO GET THAT CREW OFF THE RAIDER—LET'S GO!



TO BE CONTINUED...

Read DICK TRACY



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ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN, MASTER DETECTIVE, PRESENTS HERE A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF A BIFFLING MYSTERY WHICH EVEN HIS HIGHLY TRAINED DETECTIVE SIBBINS ALMOST FAILED TO SOLVE—YET, THE SOLUTION WAS SO SIMPLE, ONCE A SINGLE CLUE WAS FITTED INTO THE JUMBLED PATTERN—

THIS IS THE ADVENTURE OF THE SHAWMAN AND BLED!

STROLLING THROUGH THE WHITE LAKES OF CENTRAL PARK ONE MORNING ELLERY AND HIS SACRILEGIOUS NICK FORSTER HUNT FOR INTERESTING SUBJECTS TO PHOTOGRAPH, BOTH BEING IN HIS CAMERA FRIENDS—

TAKE A MOTION PICTURE OF THAT ELLERY—THOSE THREE OLD MEN HELPING THAT LITTLE BOY BUILD A SNOW MAN!

RIGHT, NICK! THAT IS AN INTERESTING SUBJECT!



LOOK-LOOK-- THE NEWS TRICKING OUR PICTURES!

JUST NOT NATURAL. LITTLE BOY AND CO ON BUILDING THEIR SNOW MAN

HEH! HEH! AT OUR AGE BECOMING PICTURE ACTORS!

YOU CAN BELIEVE IT OR NOT, BUT ONCE I WAS A PICTURE ACTOR! RODNEY NEVILLE WAS A FENOBUS NAME UNTIL— BUT WHAT'S THE USE TALKING ABOUT IT—



DID YOU HEAR THAT, ELLERY? DO YOU REMEMBER HIM?

RODNEY NEVILLE? LET ME SEE— WHY, YES! IN THE EARLY DAYS OF PICTURES HE WAS A BIG STAR.



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN

THE STRANGER SUDDENLY PLUNGES A KNIFE!



MELVILLE GRIPS THE ARM OF HIS ASSAILANT, STRIVING TO WRENCH THE DEADLY KNIFE FROM THE HAND----



MERCY--MERCY-- WHY DO YOU DO THIS?
YOU SHOWED ME NO MERCY / I DO IT FOR REVENGE!



THE KNIFE STRIKES THE DEADLY DEED A DUEL



COMPLETING THE FENISH DEED, THE KILLER TAKES THE KNIFE AND SCOPES A WIDE HOLLOW IN THE SNOWMAN



NOW TO STAND HIM INSIDE AND REBUILD THE SNOWMAN--NO ONE WILL DISCOVER THE BODH TILL THE SNOW MELTS IN THE SPRING--



WORKING QUICKLY THE KILLER PROPS THE DEAD MAN UP INSIDE THE SNOWMAN AND BEGINS TO COVER HIM UP----



ELLERY QUEEN

FINDING THE TASK THE KILLER DROPS TO HANDS AND KNEES, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING IN THE SNOW--



BURST THE LOCKS | CAN'T FIND IT-- OH, WELL, NOBODY WILL NOTICE IT ANYWAY!



THE KILLER SLINKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT--



THE FOLLOWING MORNING ELLERY AND NICK WALK THROUGH THE PARK TO KEEP THEIR APPOINTMENT. COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THEY SEE JERRY AND THE LADY WHO WING WITH HIM THE PREVIOUS DAY ----

HERE COMES THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LADY, ELLERY-- HURRY!

STOP PULLING FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- WHAT'S THE HURRY?



"TAKE AN PICTURE NEXT TO AN SNOW-MAN AGAIN, MASTER-- WILL YOU?"

RIGHT YOU ARE, MOUN-STER!

WAIT FOR ME! I WANT TO BE IN ON THIS!



"TALK TO EACH OTHER AND ACT NATURAL-- THERE-- THAT'S IT!"

THIS IS FUN! CAN I SEE THE PICTURES WHEN THEY'RE DEVELOPED?

CERTAINLY-- WE'LL SCREEN THEM JUST FOR YOU!



AS ELLERY TAKES THE PICTURES HE SUDDENLY NOTICES A RED STAIN ON THE SNOWMAN'S CHEST--

WHAT'S THAT RED ON THE SNOWMAN'S CHEST?

WHAT? OH-- IT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD!



ELLERY QUEEN



WELL SOON SEE WHAT CAUSED IT--

OH ELLERY, I HOPE IT'S NOT WHAT I THINK IT IS!



I'M SCARED, GRANDMOTHER!

YES---I'D BETTER TALK YOU HOME--

A GOOD IDEA WADSWORTH-- IT MIGHT BE PRETTY HORRIBLE!



EEEEEE! IT'S MR. MELVILLE!

MURDERED!

ROONEY MELVILLE'S MURDER IS A COMPLETE MISTERY-- ONLY ONE CLUB, A NOTE FOUND IN HIS POCKET TURNS UP-- ELLERY IS COMPLETELY BAFLED AS HE DISCUSSES THE CASE SEVERAL DAYS LATER WITH HIS FATHER, INSPECTOR QUEEN, AND NICK----



THAT NOTE TELLING MELVILLE TO BE AT THE SNOWMAN IN THE PARK AT MIDNIGHT DOESN'T WORN A THING-- WE CAN'T GET ONE LEAD FROM IT!

AND THE TWO OLD MEN-- HIS BUDDIES HAVE PERFECT ALIBI-- THEY SAY THEY WERE WITH EACH OTHER

WH THEODORE IS THAT THEY WERE IN CANDOTS-- WADSWORTH MELVILLE HAD A LITTLE MONEY AND THEN KILLED HIM FOR IT--



I AGREE, NICK-- MEN ELLERY-- MUST WE LOOK AT THOSE PICTURES AGAIN!

SORRY, DAD-- BUT I'M SURE I'VE MISSED SOME THING-- THE RUSHER MUST BE IN THEM--



THAT'S THE PICTURE OF JERON AND ME-- THE SECOND DAY--

WAIT A MINUTE! THERE IS SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG WITH THE SNOWMAN PICTURE-- THE SECOND DAY!



WHAT IS IT ELLERY?

IF YOU FOUND SOMETHING EL-- SPILL IT!

I'VE FOUND THE RUSHER, DAD-- I KNOW WHO KILLED MELVILLE-- BUT I WISH I DON'T--

AT THIS POINT ELLERY QUEEN SOLVED THE 'ADVENTURE OF THE SNOWMAN WHO BLEED'-- WE FOUND THE PRINCIPLE CLUE THAT LED ELLERY TO HIS SOLUTION & SEE IF YOU'RE A GOOD DETECTIVE-- GO OVER THE STORY DIALOGUE AND PICTURES-- A LOGICAL SOLUTION IS THERE--

ELLERY QUEEN



CLYDE BEATTY

by **CHAMBERS**

Color: 1971, by Richard Arthur Bell, Inc.



HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER, CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS HELPERS TRAP A PAIR OF SPOTTED JAGUARS

CLYDE SENDS COCKNEY KELLES OUT TO THE RIVER TO MEET THE TRANSPORT PLANE...



THERE'S THE TRAIL TO THE RIVER FORKS, COCKNEY. WHEN YOU SEE CON CONNORS TELL HIM WE'VE TRAPPED TWO BEAUTIFUL BIG CATS!



H'I'LL TELL 'IM THAT IN MY OPINION WE'VE CAUGHT TWO MAN-KILLING DEVILS, MR. BEATTY!

H'I 'BY, I'H'VE LOST ME BLOOMIN' WY, I'THIS AYN'T THE TRAIL WE CAME BY!



UNUSED TO THE JUNGLE, COCKNEY FOLLOWS A TRAIL MADE BY THE FEROCIOUS WILD PECCARIES--THE JUNGLE PIGS

BLIME! A 'ERD OF WILD PIGS, I'H'VE 'EARD THEY KILL ANYTHING IN THEIR 'PATH!



OW! VICIOUS LITTLE BEGGARS AYN'T THEY?



TO TELL YOU RUDDY LITTLE OG, I'H' ODES MY NEXT BULLET DRILLS YER OTHER HEAR!



CLYDE BEATTY



A MILE AWAY CLYDE BEATTY HEARS THE SHOTS --



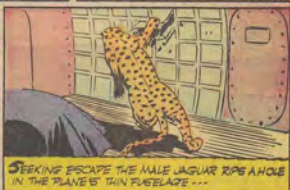
CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



- TO BE CONTINUED -

SMOKEY STOVER

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM **GILL & HOLMAN** AND THE ALL-STAR CLUCKS



