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Lad

A DOG

**LAD UNCOVERS
A SINISTER AND
BRUTAL KILLER...**



TRAINING TIPS



TRAINING A DOG IS NOT HARD OR COMPLICATED. YOU JUST NEED PATIENCE AND A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING OF YOUR DOG. IF YOUR DOG DOESN'T GET AN IDEA AS FAST AS YOU THINK HE SHOULD, REMEMBER! DOGS ARE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS - SOME ARE QUICK TO LEARN, OTHERS ARE EASY GOING AND SLOW TO LEARN. ALWAYS USE THE SAME WORDS WHEN YOU SCOLD OR PRAISE YOUR DOG. FOR EXAMPLE, DON'T SAY "GOOD BOY" ONE DAY AND "THAT'S FINE" THE NEXT DAY WHEN YOU PRAISE HIM. USE THE SAME TONES OF VOICE DAY AFTER DAY. ONE LIGHT FOR PRAISING HIM AND ONE STERN FOR SCOLDING. DOGS UNDERSTAND VOICE INFLECTIONS AND TONES MUCH BETTER THAN WORDS. NEVER SMILE WHEN YOU ARE PUNISHING YOUR DOG WITH WORDS.



HE WILL SOON LEARN TO COME IF, WHENEVER HE OBEYS THE COMMAND HE RECEIVES PRAISE OR A TIDBIT. THE LATTER IS UNNECESSARY BUT SOMETIMES CONVENIENT AT THE START, ESPECIALLY WITH A YOUNG PUPPY. NEVER, NEVER COMMAND YOUR DOG TO COME TO YOU FOR PUNISHMENT.



TO TEACH HIM TO SIT UP HOLD HIS HEAD UP WITH THE LEASH AND WITH THE OTHER HAND GENTLY BUT FIRMLY PUSH DOWN ON HIS RUMP AS YOU GIVE THE COMMAND "SIT".



TO TEACH A DOG TO SIT UP IT IS USUALLY BEST TO USE THE CORNER OF A ROOM OR CHAIR. IF HE STARTS TO DROP HIS FRONT FEET, TURNER EAR OFF HIS BASKET/TAP THE PAWS GENTLY REPEATING THE WORDS "SIT UP"...

REMEMBER, YOUR DOG DOES NOT LEARN BY REASONING POWER-- BUT BY ASSOCIATING PLEASANT OR UNPLEASANT CONSEQUENCES WITH HIS BEHAVIOR. YOU TRAIN HIM BY PRAISE AND SCOLDING-- BY GIVING HIM REPEATED OPPORTUNITIES TO PLEASE THE MASTER HE LOVES.

Lad A DOG

YOU'RE LOST. RUN, LAD, RUN! YOU'RE A DOG OF FORTUNE AND
LAME AND HILL LAD. WILL YOU EVER GET HOME AGAIN? RUN,
LAD, RUN THROUGH THE ROARING CITY... LOST AND FRENZIED
AND BRANDED A--- KILLER!



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LAD'S WORLD IS BOUNDED BY SOFT GREEN MOUNTAINS THAT HEW IN A PEACEFUL VALLEY IN NORTHERN NEW JERSEY. HIS EARS ARE ATTUNED TO THE DEEP SILENCES OF FOREST AND LAKES.

AND TO THE SOFT VOICES OF HIS BELOVED PEOPLE STEPHEN AND ELIZABETH TREWAYNE.



THESE DAILY CROSS-COUNTRY TRAMPS ALWAYS FOLLOW THE SAME PATTERN SLOWLY AND LEISURELY AROUND THE LAKE AND THROUGH THE WOODS..



UNTIL THEY REACH THE TREELESS SLOPE ABOUT THREE MILES FROM SUNNYBANK AND THERE...

"HERE HE GOES AGAIN DASHING UP HIS FAVORITE RACE-TRACE"

LIKE A LOUD AND TAWNY WHIRLWIND



...SUDDENLY AT THE TOP THE GREAT COLLIE FREEZES.





THE OTHERS CATCH HER PANIC, AND THE WHOLE NERVOUS, HUDDLED HERD OF THOROUGH-BREDS EXPLODES IN A THUNDER OF HOOPS.





LAD, A KILLER?
YOU'RE OUT OF
YOUR MIND.

THE INSTANT LAD SAW
THE HERD HE
STOPPED RUNNING.



DON'T TELL ME--I SAW HIM! I'M WARNING
YOU TREWAYNE. IF ANY OF MY HORSES
ARE KILLED, I'LL KNOW WHERE
TO LOOK.



TRY TO CALM DOWN BROWLEY
I'LL GUARANTEE THAT
LAD WILL NEVER TOUCH
YOUR HERD.

AND I'LL
GUARANTEE
TO HAVE HIM
SHOT, IF HE
DOES.



I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST HIM. BROWLEY
SANK EVERY LAST CENT HE HAD IN THOSE
THROUGHERS. AND SO FAR VES HAD
NOTHING BUT BAD LUCK WITH THEM, HE'S
FACING BANKRUPTCY NOW, AND HE HATES
THE WORLD.



THREE DAYS LATER--

SUNNYBANK



BANK



WELL, SIR... WHEN I WENT TO THE BLOOD BARN THIS MORNING... IT WAS ABOUT 5 O'CLOCK, SAME AS EVERY DAY...



"FIRST THING I SAW WAS THAT BIG-DOG GROWLING OVER A FOAL HE'D JUST KILLED..."



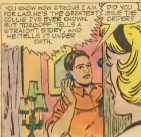
"IT WAS YOUR LAD, ALL RIGHT. I WAS NEAR ENOUGH TO HIT HIM..."

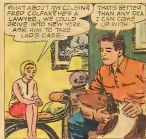


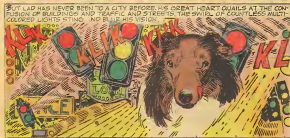
"AND TO LAND A KICK ON HIS RIBS AS HE SHOT PAST ME OUT THE SIDE DOOR... SAME WAY HE GOT IN."











THE HARSH TATTOO OF HORSES SWELLING UP FROM THE CITY STREETS POUNDS AGAINST HIS BARBERS, LAD'S SON AND HAIR ENDS SHIVER.



EASY, BOY, EASY. THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE.

EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT NOW, LAD.



BUT THEIR HOPES ARE DASHED AGAIN



I'M SORRY ELIZABETH, BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE CASE.



MY SHOWING UP AT THAT LOCAL HEARING TOMORROW WOULD BE THE WORST POSSIBLE THING FOR LAD. I'D BE THE "BIG CITY" LAWYER FROM NEW YORK POUND AN NOSE IN WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG. I'D ONLY STIR UP SECTARIANISM. BUT WHILE YOU'RE HERE, I CAN TELL YOU THIS MUCH...



LAD'S LIABLE TO BE PICKED UP BY THE POLICE THE MOMENT YOU LEAVE THIS BUILDING. ALL BOSS IN NEW YORK CITY STREETS MUST WEAR MUZZLES. THAT'S THE LAW.





LAD LIES STUNNED



GASPING FOR BREATH...



HE LEAPS!



MEANWHILE...

I HOPE LAD'S
ALL RIGHT IN
THE BACK...

PLEASE, DON'T TAKE
YOUR EYES OFF THE
ROAD. NOT TILL WE
GET OUT OF THIS
TRAFFIC.



LAD COMES DOWN SCRAMBLING ON
ALL FOUR FEET, BUT THE TREMAYNES
ARE ALREADY OUT OF SIGHT.



BY A MIRACLE OF LUCK AND SKILL HE
REACHES THE SIDEWALK. HE STANDS
THESE PANTING AND BEWILDERED---
LOST AND ALL ALONE IN THIS CON-
FUSING, DANGEROUS PLACE.



HOME. HE MUST GET HOME. BUT HOW?...
LAD TURNS SLOWLY AND SCENTS THE
MUDDY AIR AS IF ASKING DIRECTIONS.
WHICH WAY TO SUNNYBANK? WHICH WAY?



THE GREAT DOG LOWERS HIS HEAD AND
WITHOUT HESITATION, TROTS DOWN THE
STREET TO THE WEST.



THE HOWING SENSE—ONE OF THE STRONG-
EST OF ALL INSTINCTS IN ANIMALS—IS GUIDING

NO HUMAN BEING CAN EXPLAIN THE HOWING SENSE. ALL WE KNOW IS THAT A BIRD OR AN
ANIMAL CAN BE CARRIED TAKEN MILES AWAY IN DARKNESS—AND WHEN RELEASED, IT
WILL STRIKE STRAIGHT BACK TOWARD ITS HOME ...



LAD KEEPS GOING AT A STEADY TROT...

UNTIL, SUDDENLY—



EVEN NOW LAD CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO
BE UNKIND TO A CHILD. HE STOPS FOR A
BRIEF MOMENT AND LETS THE LITTLE
GIRL EMBRACE HIM.



AND THAT BRIEF MOMENT BRINGS DISASTER.



OOOOPS!



MY BABY!



GET AWAY!
SHOO! SHOO!

OH!!!



HELP!
HELP!



WHAT'S
WRONG,
LADY?

H-H-E'S FOAMING
AT THE MOUTH!
HELP! MAD DOG!
HELP!



AT THIS MOMENT, IN A PRECINCT HOUSE
ABOUT A MILE AWAY...

WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU AS SOON
AS WE FIND HIM, MA'AM. BUT I WOULDN'T
WORRY IF THAT LADY'S ALL THE DOG YOU
SAY HE IS... HE'LL COME THROUGH
THIS WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

THE DREAD CITY RISES LIKE A FIRE SMOKE,
BRINGING PANIC TO THE CROWDED STREET.



THE AIR SWARMS WITH FLYING LEAD, A
HOT RIDGE OF PAIN CUT'S ALONG LAD'S
FLANK.



STILL GLIDED BY THE HOWLING SENSE, THE
BATTERED DOG VEERS SHARPLY INTO A
PIER JUTTING OUT INTO THE HUDSON
RIVER.



LAD LEAPS.



AND--



DOWN HE PLUNGES... DOWN... DOWN... THE WATER GUSHING INTO HIS MOUTH AND NOSTRILS IS FOUL AND SALTY AND ICE-COLD.



GAASPINGLY HE FIGHTS HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE WHERE THE CURRENT TUMBLES HIM WITH CRUSHING FORCE, BUT LAD'S FOUR FEET DRIVE STEADILY, PUMPING HIM ALONG.



THE WAKE OF A PASSING TUG SUCKS HIM UNDER AND SPINS HIS BODY AROUND AND AROUND, HIS LUNGS ARE BURSTING.



BUT WHEN HE BREAKS THE SURFACE AGAIN HE IS STILL DRIVING WITH HIS LEGS, FOR MORE THAN AN HOUR--- FIGHTING, DRIVING WITH ALL HIS EBBIING FORCE--- HE SWIMS ON IN THE DEEPENING GLOAM.



AT LAST HE DRAGS HIMSELF ASHORE ON A NARROW SANDSPIT, AT THE BASE OF THE PALISADES. THERE HE COLLAPSES AND LIES SHIVERING, HIS SHAKY BODY ONE HUGE PULSING ACHIE.



HOME... MUST GET HOME.



BUT LAD IS TOO WEAK TO MOVE.

AFTER A REST, LAD STARTS UP THE STEEP CLIFF— HIS MUSCLES STILL ACHING WITH THE TERRIBLE STRAIN OF THE SWIM...



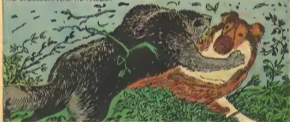
AT THE SUMMIT HE STOPS TO TAKE HIS BEARINGS AGAIN, THEN HE SETS OFF AT A SLOW JOG—TROT INTO THE DARKNESS.



MIDNIGHT COMES, AND LAD IS STILL ON THE MOVE, BUT HIS STEP IS HEAVY AND HIS EYES ARE DULL. THEN, SUDDENLY—



LAD WHIRLS—BUT TOO LATE. THE CHARGE SURPRETS HIM, SHARP FANGS SINK INTO HIS SHOULDER, AND HE FALLS.



THE GREAT COLLIE SPINNED DOWN, AND HE CANNOT FLIGHT BACK. HIS JAWS ARE CLAMPED SHUT BY THE MUZZLE.



MEANWHILE—

SORRY, FOLKS, NO NEWS YET. THE ONLY STRAY DOG WE HAD A REPORT ON WAS ONE WITH DARIES DOWN BY THE RIVER.



THE MONGREL'S TEETH GRIND AT THE MATTED HAIR OF LAD'S THROAT. THEY GRIND...



LAD BITES THROUGH SOMETHING SOLID!



NOW LAD IS FREE TO FIGHT! HE TEARS AT HIS ENEMY, SLASHING AS HE GOES. HE WHIRLS TO SLASH AGAIN...



BUT THE MONGREL HAS HAD ENOUGH



IT IS ALMOST DAWN WHEN THE TRIPWANNES COME SADDLY BACK TO SUNNYBANK.



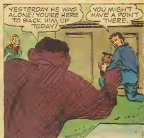
POOR LAD!

I-I HAVE A FEELING THAT WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.









YOU MIGHT HAVE A POINT THERE.



BELIEVE ME--IT'S VERY IMPORTANT TO LAD'S CASE!





EATS THAT RIGHT--

I HOPE YOUR 'FISH' BITES
SOON I'M NOT THE MAN
I USED TO BE



SURELY--

QUIET, LAD!
SHHH!

GRAAH!



WHO IS IT?
CAN YOU
SEE?

TOO DARK...HE'S
GOING IN THE
WOOD BARK!



HE HAS A POOL OVER HIS BACK, THE POOL
HAS A CLOTH WRAPPED AROUND IT'S HEAD
TO KEEP IT QUIET... THERE HE GOES
INTO THE WOODS.



WE'LL GIVE HIM A TWENTY SECONDS
START... AND THEN WE'LL LET LAD
TRACK HIM DOWN.



LET'S GO!!





A SHORT TIME LATER...

THREE FOALS ALIVE
AND KICKING RIGHT
OVER HERE, STEVE!

JUST WHERE TORGOFF
SAID THEY WOULD
BE.



WITH LAD PROMPTING HIM, HE TOLD ME THE
WHOLE STORY. THOUGH SHEEP FOALS BRING
A GOOD PRICE, TORGOFF CARRIED THREE OF
THEM OUT-- HERE, ONE AT A TIME-- THEN
KILLED THE FOURTH ONE TO THROW
SUSPICION ON LAD.



I WON'T SURE IF IT WAS TORGOFF OR
BROWLEY-- OR BOTH-- WHO WERE MIXED UP
IN THIS. THAT'S WHY I SET THE TRAP AT
BOTH ENDS. IF IT WAS BROWLEY, IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN WORTH \$5000 TO HAVE
MORE FOALS KILLED WITHIN TWENTY-
FOUR HOURS...



IF IT WAS TORGOFF-- WELL, THAT'S WHY
I MADE HIM TRY TO GET LAD AND KICK ME
IN COURT TODAY. LAD WENT FOR HIM BOTH
TIMES, AND THAT WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE
TORGOFF WANT HIM KILLED FOR HIS
OWN SAFETY.



EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT NOW,
SUSAN. YOU CAN STOP WORRYING
LAD'S BACK TO STAY.



A REAL BIRD DOG

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You ever meet a real bird dog?

New Bozo—he's a REAL one! Not that you could tell just by looking at him. When it comes to looks, he's no different from any other overgrown, growly, lop-eared, spotted Dalmatian.

But when he opens his mouth—THAT'S when you can tell! You see—Bozo doesn't know how to bark. All he can do is chirp. How'd he come to be that way?

Most likely one is that when Bozo was a few-days-old pup he wandered off from wherever he was born, and he kept staggering till at last he met up with a family of birds that brought him up like their very own.

The poor pup thought the mammy and pappy birds were his. When they taught their fledglings to chirp, he learned too. Wasn't long before he was tweet-tweeting at the head of the class. And if I know anything about parents, I'll bet those birds were proud as could be of their adopted son.

"He sure is queer-looking," they must've thought. "But wowin'—what a chirper!"

Well, I guess the weather began turning cold after a while, and those birds got a hankering for the long flight southward.

After that, Bozo must have slumped out of the forest. And he kept walking soddily till he reached the Markham Fire House.

Got to tell you a bit about our fire company now, so you'll understand what happens later. We're not real firemen—just volunteers. Our engine was so old the day Bozo came, it looked like somebody had robbed a museum when it wheezed down the street. And we'd never owned a fire dog.

So when Bozo clunk into town we were honored to have him bed down with us. Let me tell you—we felt mighty fine those first few days. A real Dalmatian fire dog!

We were so excited, we didn't notice that Bozo never barked.

But then there was this fire over at Sawtooth Junction....

Soon as we got the alarm, we cranked up the old engine, hoisted Bozo up, and wheezed off. By the time we got there, of course, the new engines from two towns at least ten miles farther away had been at the scene a half-hour already—and doused the fire with their hoses. So there wasn't anything left for us to do but show off our brand new Dalmatian.

The other companies had owned their dogs for years. Those other dogs saw Bozo, they started barking holla.

And Bozo answered by chirping, "Tweet-tweet...."

Old Ebenezer Driscoll, the only hillbilly ever born in Markham, was coming to visit the town. And when hillbillies come visiting—can a gift of a five-figure check be far behind...?

It was a clear warm day when Ebenezer Driscoll sat on the wooden platform set up on Main Street just in his honor. And he looked mighty fine up there with that old-fashioned high beaver hat on his head.

When it was time for him to make his speech he got up, and his wrinkled face plected in a toothless smile. He cleared his throat—and just then a swarm of birds dove down out of the sky and started pecking at him!

No one knew why at the time, but we've figured it out since. All last summer there'd been a scarecrow wearing a high beaver hat out at one of the outlying farms. There'd been an electric storm inside the scarecrow. And every once in a while that storm would go off and scare the daylights out of all birds within six miles. Always gave them a terrible fright, that scarecrow did—and they must have brooded about it down south all winter.

Now, on returning, the first thing they spotted was old Ebenezer standing there with a beaver hat on his head just like the scarecrow's. So figuring they'd show who was boss right at the start of the new season, they attacked....

But then Bozo ran up onto the platform and gave a few chirps like he was saying, "That's no scarecrow, you durned fool—lay off!"

The birds chirped back sheepishly, sort of brushed old Ebenezer off with their wings, and took off into the air again.

Well, when Ebenezer Driscoll found out who Bozo was, he sat down and wrote out a five-figure check right there and then.

Yes, sir—that's our new fire engine back there. Pretty, isn't she?

Where's Bozo?

He'll be back in about an hour. We passed a hat around, and every Wednesday afternoon he goes to Miss Abigail Wentworth, the voice instructor. She's teaching Bozo how to bark....

SOME DOGS HAVE LESS SENSE THAN A MOSQUITO IS BORN WITH. REX WAS ONE OF THOSE. THE LOP-EARED, SAWKY, OVERSIZYVY MONSIEUR THOUGHT HE WAS A...

CANINE COWPOKE









ANCIENT BELIEFS ABOUT DOGS

IN ANCIENT EGYPT WHEN THE STAR WE CALL SYRUS SHOWED ABOVE THE HORIZON IT MEANT THE NILE WOULD SOON OVERFLOW. THE EGYPTIANS CALLED IT THE DOG STAR BECAUSE, LIKE A FAITHFUL WATCH DOG, IT ALWAYS CAME IN TIME TO WARN THEM TO MOVE THEIR SHEEP AND CATTLE TO SAFETY.



ONLY A VERY POWERFUL GOD COULD RULE THE GREAT RIVER. THE EGYPTIANS CALLED THE GOD GOD ANUBIS... AND BELIEVED HE WOULD GUIDE THEM THROUGH THIS WORLD AND IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD.

THE GREEKS AND ROMANS ALSO BELIEVED IN DOG GUIDES IN THE WORLD OF THE DEAD. IN THEIR MYTHOLOGY CERBERUS, A FERCE, THREE-HEADED DOG, GUARDED THE GATES OF HADES.



HERCULES
CHAINS
CERBERUS

THE ANCIENT ARMENIANS BELIEVED IN A BAND OF INVISIBLE DOG SPIRITS CALLED ARLEZ THAT WATCHED OVER BRAVE WARRIORS. WHEN A WARRIOR FELL IN BATTLE, THE ARLEZ SHOOPED DOWN AND BROUGHT HIM BACK TO LIFE BY LICKING HIS WOUNDS.



THE COMMON THREAD RUNS THROUGH ALL THE ANCIENT BELIEFS ABOUT DOGS. THEY ALL SHOW THAT MEN HAVE ALWAYS VALUED DOGS' LOYALTY AND DEVOTION.

DOGS AT WAR

EVER SINCE THE DOG ATTACHED HIMSELF TO MAN, HE HAS SHARED THE HUMAN LOT... IN WAR AS WELL AS IN PEACE.



AS FAR BACK AS 2000 B.C. THE GERMANS TAUGHT THEIR DOGS TO ATTACK THE FEET OF ROMAN SOLDIERS.



IN THE ARMY OF ANCIENT PERSIA, DOGS WERE ARMED AND WERE TRAINED TO ATTACK AND DRAG WOUNDED MEN FROM THE SADDLE.



WHEN ARAB FORCES INVADDED SPAIN IN THE EARLY 8th CENTURY, DOGS WERE USED TO SEEK OUT ENEMY FORCES... AND THUS REVEAL THE Foe.