

# EEERIE

## COMICS

AN  
AVON  
COMIC

10<sup>c</sup>

NO. 1



MONSTER IN THE DARK

LONESOME JOE  
FINDS THE  
TUNE TO  
POPULARITY!!

THERE GOES THE  
GANG AGAIN AND  
MERE I AM ALONE!

WE HAD A NICE  
TIME BUT COULDN'T  
DO ANY DANCING.  
THERE WASN'T  
ANY MUSIC!!

DOPE! HERE'S THE  
ANSWER - A "HOT LICK"  
SLIDE FLUTE AND A  
CLARIFLUTE FOR 'EM AND  
I CAN LEARN QUICKLY!

THANKS PAL! 15 MINUTES  
FROM NOW AND I'LL BE A  
DIFFERENT MAN.

WELL, I DON'T  
KNOW, BUT IT'S  
A HOT LICK!



LEARN TO PLAY BOTH  
IN JUST 15 MINUTES  
TRIPLE BARGAIN!!

YOUR "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE -  
CLARIFLUTE AND MUSIC -

AS LOW AS  
FOR \$1.98

HOT LICK SLIDE FLUTE

CLARIFLUTE

BOOK OF MUSIC

What is described below  
applies to all three items  
and their accessories, plus  
the 15 minutes of practice  
time. If any item ever proves  
to be a disappointment, return  
it within 30 days for a full  
refund. We also offer a  
money-back guarantee on  
any instrument purchased  
within 30 days of delivery.  
Return for price less \$1.00  
minus shipping, handling  
and any taxes. If you can't  
return an item for any reason  
other than those mentioned  
above, we will still refund  
your money minus \$1.00  
for shipping and handling.

SHIPPING AND HANDLING  
ARE INCLUDED IN THE PRICE.

AS SIMPLE AS READING  
CREATING A SENSATION EVERYWHERE

In practically no time at all you should be able to impress  
any audience with unique, lifelike, rhythmic, popular or blues  
style slides... or long notes of slurs... or sustained tones...  
Tones, harmonics, and slides... the newest electronic electronic  
productions... blues... jazz... by simply listening to them and following  
multiple fingering techniques. These few pointers will enable you to play  
any musical composition... blues... jazz... rock... country... or whatever you want to play.  
All you need is these instruments... \$1.98 plus the free classified instruction, catalog and  
book... that's it! Order today... it's time to start creating.

# FREE

You don't risk a single cent to receive  
it when you "HOT LICK" SLIDE FLUTE  
and CLARIFLUTE. Try them at home  
for 30 days and if you are not already  
playing real music, return them for  
full refund. Send us money order, check  
or money order.

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1250 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

## 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

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1250 Broadway, New York 10, N. Y.

Send immediately back the "HOT LICK" SLIDE  
FLUTE and the CLARIFLUTE plus their instruction  
and book free. We enclose 10 day coupon  
plus postage only to pay your postage. \$1.00 will mail  
envelope. Enclosed 3 stamp book. 2 will suffice for return,  
1 for money order. \$1.00 is not required, unless  
otherwise specified.

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State \_\_\_\_\_

Print Name \_\_\_\_\_

Mail Coupon and Money Order \$1.00 in Advance.

# THE EYES OF THE TIGER



CARL EASTMAN LOVED BEASTS OF THE FOLIAGE STRIPE, AND THEY RETURNED THIS AFFECTION - FOR THE MOST PART. EVERYTHING WAS LOVEY-DOVEY UNTIL CARL MADE ONE SERIOUS MISTAKE! AFTER THAT, HE SAW NOTHING BUT THE 'EYES OF THE TIGER'!

Illustration by Frank Frazetta

WHAT AN AFTERNOON TO MAKE AN INSURANCE CALL--I HEAR THIS CATTLES A QUITE RARE... FANCY CATS. WELL, I WON'T STAY LONG. JUST LISTEN TO HIS THICKER, AND GO!



S-H-A-V-T... WE'RE EXCANTING! WHATEVER HEARD OF PUTTING A STUFFED TIGER OUT ON THE LAWNT! I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS VISIT'S OVER.



NOW THE DEVIL LOOKS MUST I KEEP KNOCKING? MAYBE MY INSURANCE PATIENT IS DEAD ALREADY...



WORRY MUCH--HE ISN'T DEAD, BUT FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM IT WON'T BE LONG...

YOU'D BE DOCTOR PHANTOM, WOULDN'T YOU? OF COURSE, COME INSIDE, DOCTOR, AND WASH YOURSELF BY THE TIME...



IF YOU DON'T MIND, MR. CATTLES, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE YOU AS ONCE, I'VE USEFUL TIME TO WASTE... BUT OF COURSE,

DOCTOR, WHAT ELSE ARE YOU HERE FOR--HEH, HEH! I THANK YOU, I'M TERRIBLY HEALTHY. DON'T FIND ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME!



NOT ONLY DON'T I LIKE CATTLES, BUT I DON'T LIKE HIS HEART! IT'S BLOW LIKE A PARK UNDER THE SLIGHTEST STRAIN!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY, ENT ISN'T THAT A PERFECT BODY? DID YOU EVER

NEAR A MORE PERFECT HEART? YOU'LL PASS ME FOR THE POLICE, ENT?



SHOULD SAY NOT... NO INSURANCE COMPANY IN

THE WORLD'D TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU--YOU'VE GOT THE WORST HEART I'VE EVER LISTENED TO, OUTSIDE OF A DEAD MAN'S

WHAT!!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS  
TO ME! I WOULDN'T  
LET YOU! I  
DON'T HAVE  
THAT  
POLICY!

WHY MUST YOU ACCORDING  
TO YOUR APPLICATION YOU  
HAVE NO FAMILY, REMOTE  
OR CLOSE. HOW COULD YOU  
LEAVE YOUR MONEY TO?

TO CATS? TO  
THOSE I LOVE.  
WHAT? CATS?  
CATS! CATS!

NOT ONLY ARE YOU UNFIT  
PHYSICALLY FOR A POLICY,  
CATTIER, BUT YOU'RE  
MENTALLY UNFIT! YOU'RE  
PLUMB CRAZY, MAN...  
GOOD DAY!

CRAZY, AM I? I'LL SHOW YOU HOW'S  
CRAZY! OUT, FLAMES—I AND STAND IN  
FRONT OF THE DOORS!



O-GREAT HEAVEN'S!  
A TIGER... WHERE  
HOW?

MEET MY  
BENEFICIARY,  
DOCTOR MANTON!

BUT DON'T SHAKE HANDS WITH  
HIM! WHEN HEH! YOU MAY  
NOT GET YOUR  
HANDS BACK!



BUT WHY ARE  
YOU DOING THIS, CATTIER?  
I CALL OFF THE BAIT!  
HE MAY LEAP AT ME!

WHAT WOULD LIFE BE LIKE  
BE SHORT AGAIN? YOU  
REFUSED TO PASS METON  
AN INSURABLE POLICY...  
PERHAPS MY LITTLE PET  
WILL BE SUCCESSFUL IN  
PERHAPS YOU!



E-CALL HIM OFF,  
CATTIER... CALL HIM  
OFF IF HE'S GOING  
FOR ME!

OF COURSE HE IS, DOCTOR!  
—WELL, YOU! HA HA!  
NOW IF YOU LIKE ME IN  
RETURN, AND PASSED ME  
FOR THE POLICY, HE  
WOULDN'T GROW TOO  
"AFFECTIONATE!"



LEEE. HE'S MEAN HEU-EE! I  
S-SHM ANYTHING, CATTLE!  
ONLY TIME MY-WAY AWAY  
GET TIME AWAY AWAY!

WHY, DOCTOR, DON'T  
TELL ME YOU'RE  
FORGETTING ALL  
ABOUT *ETHNOSP*?  
MEH MEH—WHAT A LITTLE  
SHOW OF TIGER TEETH  
WILL DO!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?  
THE DOCTOR FIGHTED A SABRE,  
HE TINT USED TO CATS. BECAUSE  
WHAT IS THRE TO ME AFRAID  
OF?...TAC TAC



NOMARBLE BEAST! HE GETS MORE UNLAUGHING  
EVER DAY! LITTLE DID THE GOOD DOCTOR  
KNOW FLAME NEVER TRUSTED ANYONE!...THAT I  
RAISED HIM SINCE HE WAS A FEW DAYS OLD...



THAT HE'S HARMLESS AS A KITTEN!  
THAT FLAME WAS REALLY WORKING MORE  
THAN "INTERESTED" IN THE DOCTOR, NOT  
IN HIS BATTY  
FLESH!



[THAT NIGHT]

HOW DISCIDENTLY, HOW  
PERFECTLY TRAINED YOU  
ARE, FLAME! HOW DIFFERENT FROM  
ALL YOUR FOLLOWS... ONLY YOU DON'T  
KNOW IT! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW  
FEROCIOUS, HOW CRUEL, HOW BLOOD-  
THIRSTY YOUR JUNGLE BROTHERS ARE!



MY INSURANCE MONEY MUST GO TO A FUND  
THAT WILL CONVERT ALL WILD BEASTS INTO  
PETS. SHALL SLEEP BY THE FIRE AND  
WATCH ONE'S SHEEP!



BUT DURING THE NIGHT, FATE UNLEAVES ONE OF CATTLER'S FEET AND FLAME BECOMES INTERESTED IN ITS STARK, BLUE-EYED WHITENESS...



CATTLER MAKES UP AWARE OF A STRANGE TINGLING IN HIS FOOT...

M-WHAT TH-Y FLAMESHES LICKING MY FOOT?  
MY FOOT'S ALL BLOODY--FOR THE FIRST TIME IN  
HIS LIFE, FLAMES TASTED BLOOD!



WHAT IF HE SHOULD USE HIS SWORD  
INSTEAD OF HIS TOGUE? I MUST  
TAKE MY FOOT AWAY BEFORE HE  
REVERTS TO HIS BESTIAL NATURE!



BUT AS CATTLER MOVES TO WITHDRAW HIS  
LEG, FLAME MOVES TO KEEP IT THERE  
WITH HIS STEEL CLAWS!

THIS GHT FLAME ANYMORE! IT'S A  
TIGER... A TIGER WHO WON'T BE  
SATISFIED TILL HE TASTED MY  
THROAT'S BLOOD!



THIS REVOLVER I KEEP AGAINST BURGLARS,  
WILL COME IN HANDY! FLAME NEVER  
HEARD A REVOLVER SHOT BEFORE--IF  
I'M LUCKY, HE'LL FEEL ONE NOW!



CURSE MY SHAKING HANDS! I ONLY  
SWOZED HIM LONG TO GET OUT OF THE  
ROOM BEFORE HE RECOVERS FROM  
HIS FRIGHT!



MADE IT JUST IN TIME! I CAN HEAR HIM COMING FOR ME! I'LL MAKE IT TO THE BEDROOMS ABOVE... I'VE GOT TO!



WE GOOEY! HE SMASHED THROUGH THE THIN PANEL OF THE DOOR! I NEVER HEARD FLAMES ROAR LIKE THIS...

HE'S MAD!



CAN'T HIT 'EM! GOING TO FAST TO AIM! I'VE GOT TO BEAT HIM TO THE BLUE ROOM WHERE THE DOOR PANELLING'S THICK!



THIS'S GOING TO BE TOO CLOSE!



I KNEW IT! TOO LATE! HIS BREATH'S ON MY HAND! THE REVOLVER... IT MUST SAVE ME NOW OR NEVER!



THERE, YOU HAD BETTER DIE!



BANG!

MOMENTS LATER...WITH POUNDING HEART!

NO SOUNDS. NOT EVEN A SPLASH, OF  
PAIN. YET FLAMES' BODY IS SLIPPING  
OVER THE THRESHOLD! HE MUST  
BE DEAD!



BUT HOW CAN HE BE DEAD...WHEN H  
SEES HIS EYES STARING AT ME!



EVERWHERE! FLAMES  
EYES... STARING AT ME!  
ACCUSING ME!



I'LL GET RID OF THEM! I'LL  
KILL THEM... FOREVER!  
I'LL KILL THEM AGAIN!  
AND AGAIN!



FLAMES! THEN YOU AREN'T  
DEAD?! YOU'RE NOT IN THE  
HOUSE. BEHIND THE  
BEDROOM DOOR... YOU'RE  
HERE... ALIVE!



AH!! YOU'RE ALIVE!  
BULLETS DON'T KILL YOU!



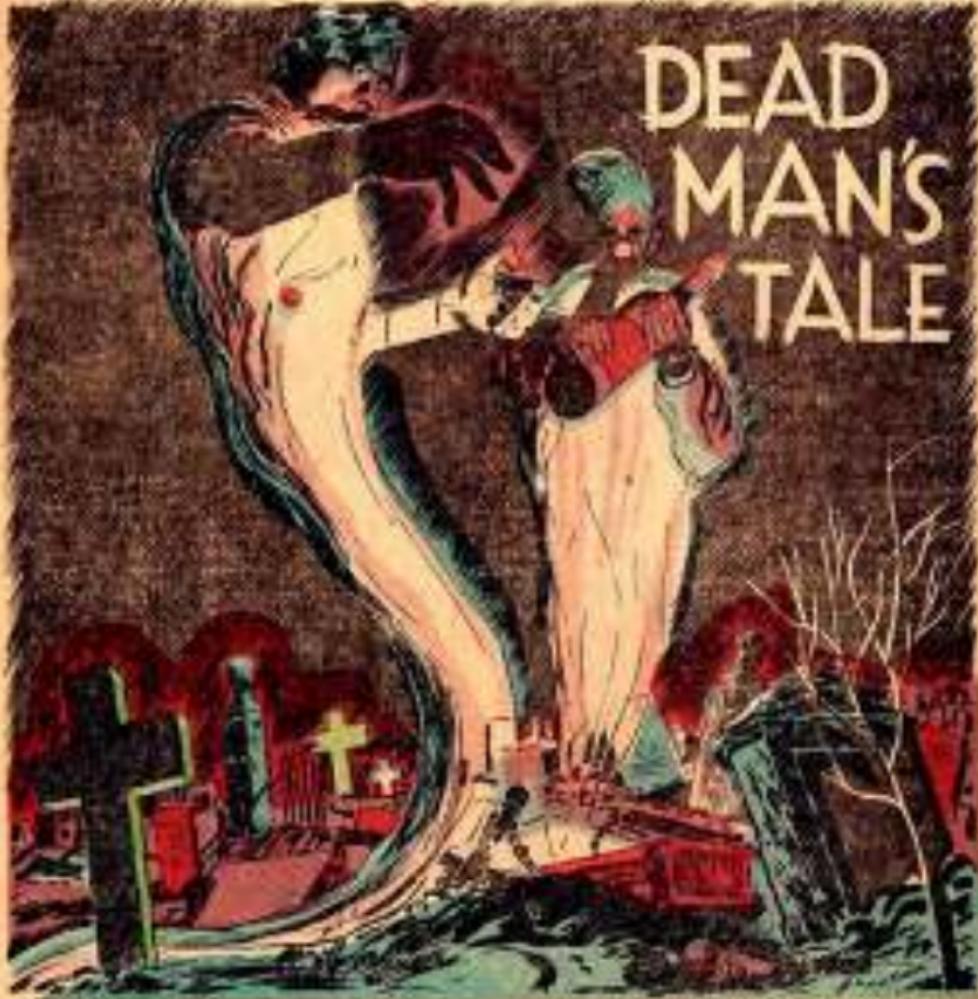
MY LAST BULLET'S...  
NOW I'M ALONE...  
NOTHING BETWEEN  
ME AND FLAMES...  
FRIENDS!



Washington Square



# DEAD MAN'S TALE



IT IS NEVER TO BEGIN THIS DEAD MAN'S TALE  
AT THE UNDERTAKER'S, WHERE...

GENTLY, GENTLY... I'LL SAY HE'S GREAT! HE  
YOU ARE CARRYING A TON WEIGHT  
NEVER HAD A TON WEIGHT  
BUTTER YOU ALWAYS GET GREAT  
GIANT BODY AND THROB NO  
DEAD END GETS IT!

THEIR SOCIETY WHICH  
DIDN'T STINK STENCH  
WHICH HAD HE OUTSTRIKES  
TIL A PARASOL?

HAW, YOU DOME! MR.  
MORON WAS ON A  
TOUR-HUNT WHEN HE  
FROPPED THREW...



DO YOU PREPARE  
FOR DEATH OR A DRIVE?  
NOTHIN' TO DO BUT PRAY FOR  
THAT WITH ME.

WHO KNOWS?  
BUT THE COMMIE  
AND COOPER DON'T  
KNOW, AND I  
DON'T.



IN ANY WOMAN'S HISTORY  
MATERIAL, HOW TELL WE  
HAW SUPPORT? SAY, BOSS,  
IT'S A HELLISH JOB—LASTS  
NO GET AWAY, LE'S HOME  
TODAYNIGHT!

REUBEN ROSENBERG  
NEVER HEARD  
AWAY!

YERK  
WELL!



MAN, DUCH THIS HESITATION!  
MURKIN KNOWS YOU AN'  
ADMITTED...I AM T GOING TO  
GET A LITTLE PRACTICE.

FRENCH—SWACH  
FARVYSHIRE, WHAT  
IS IT BUT A  
PREPARATION FOR  
DEATH?



NOW TWO HAVE YER WORKS. PROUDER  
MAN, TELL IT IS THAT ALL MY  
LIFE I WAS PREPARING MYSELF FOR  
THIS!...BUT YOU AND THE DEAD DON'T  
TALK, DON'T YE?



PERHAPS THEY DON'T...TO THE  
LIVING, BUT THE DEAD THINK  
DAMN IT, I THINKING A CERTAIN  
THING ON TELEGRAMS, IT WOULD  
BE A...

HOW SICKENING YOU LOOK FROM THE  
KITCHEN MIRROR. YOU USED TO SEE, IN  
IT ANY MOMENT...THEN NOT WHEN  
ALIVE...REMEMBERED POSSUMBAK  
THAT INCORPORATED DOWN IN THIS MOUNTAIN  
DEPART, THIRTY-YEAR AGO?



MANIC BROTHERS  
CUPROK. I WAS A  
FOOL, SAILORMAN  
THAN, I HAD AN  
OLD SHOOTING IRON  
TO CRAWL AROUND  
SOUTHWEST  
AMERICA WITH...

P.T. CRACKWEEPER, MILLIONAIRE TRAVEL LITTLE CARS  
CREATION NEEDS BRIGHT MORNING SUN! WHAT A DAY  
IT WAS... I THOUGHT I HAD BEEN BLESSED ALIVE!

I THOUGHT YOU SAID TIME  
WAS COOL, MAN! AM I  
RADIATOR'S COOLER THAN  
THAT FOOL-TWENTIETH  
BOTTLEDUO POLLUTION?

CRAFT HELP IT,  
MISTER, I'M DRIVEN  
YOU WANT I SHOT  
DON'T WANT TO DESTROY  
IT IF YOU DON'T WANT  
WELL, YOUR CAR'S ABOUT  
READY!



SAHAR, IT'S READY—  
SEARCH FOR THE  
JUNKPILE...

HEY, ANOTHER! DON'T  
THROW YOUR BOTTLE!  
MANLY, GIVE ME SOMETHING  
OF IT... AND THROTTLE UP  
SINCE I'M A TERRIBLE DRIVIN'



LIVE OVER, SAW IT'S...  
ONLY THING  
MISSING IS MUSCLEPOWER!

IF I SEE ANY MACHINERY  
I AM TASTIE THEM,  
TOO!—[GASP!]



YOU DRIVE SO NAMED,  
MISTER... HOW ABOUT  
GIVING US A RIDE? IT'S  
A LONG WAY I'M TRAV-  
ELING AND EVEN LITTLE  
CAT HELPS ME PUPPIE!

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO  
WINE YOUR LIFE  
RIDING IN THIS  
BROKEN-DOWN VOLKSWAGEN, IT'S OKAY BY  
ME. I CAN SEE YOU  
DON'T KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE DOING!



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, SIR. I WAS  
YOU, ANOTHER... I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT  
I'M DOIN'



A HALF-HOUR LATER... THE HORROR HAPPENS...

DURST MY LOOK AND  
LURE YOU FOR  
ADVICE TO THE  
NOTTEMBER OF IT?  
I SHOULD HAVE  
KACHTON YOU'D BE A  
JUNK!

ME DEAR, SIR, **MIS** A  
**JUNK**? WHY, I'M JUST  
A GOOD-HORN-NOTHING  
BUSH, BURNIN' A  
PIPE....!



LOOK AT THE  
CURSED THING  
BLOWIN' CURSE  
THE CAR, CURSE  
THE WORLD...  
CURSE ME! I'LL  
LICKED...  
LICKED!

NOVA, NOVA, THOU'RE  
NOT THAT BAD.  
MAYBE I CAN  
HELP YOU. YOU  
HADN'T DRUNK  
SO MUCH TA  
AND SWOONED!



YOU HELP AND I  
A WOESTHURG  
TEENY-F PANT  
CAN YOU DO  
ENCRYPT STROKES  
ACROSS AND  
DRINK YOUR  
SWOON DRINK



FORTH ANNA  
SAY WHAT?  
SINCE YE DID,  
SINCE YE DID,  
A TEENY-A  
LITTLE WHILE  
SINCE YE DID  
AND THIRSTY  
NOW ENOUGH A  
LITTLE DRINK  
FOR YOU!

THREE DOTS  
WIND UP TRAP  
STUPID AND NERF  
DRAIL, RAN LIKE  
A ROAST-BEAN  
HAWKIE HE VA  
WITH A LITTLE  
HARRIER ITA  
TURN INTO A  
BOMBS-POYES!

IF I HAD TO  
QUIT CRACK  
I'D SEE THE  
WORLD UP  
RIGHT DOWN  
YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO TRY  
ME ANY BETTER  
HIT FIZZIN  
BOTTLETOP  
ON MY SIGHT!

TAH THINKS IT'S PRETTY COOL. HERE'S DUSTIN  
WISTED, THIS ISN'T WATER-DRACTOR'S STRIPED  
SNAKE OIL! THE INDIAN CHEER WHATEVER  
IT TO ME, SAYIN' WE TRADE A SWALLOON  
MAKED A WISH, AND THE WISH COMES  
TRUE!



SHREWD...TRAP A  
WISH HAVENTHA GOT  
TA LONG? SO YA DON'T  
HAVE THE TASTE GET  
TOUT, BUT DON'T FORGET  
TO WISH AS YA WIS  
VERA WHITTLE.

YOU'RE RIGHT...I'M  
NOTHIN' AT ALL TO  
LOOK. IN FACT, HE  
THREW POISON IN  
THE BOTTLE. ILL  
ME BACKBURNED  
TOOK



THAT'S THE STUFF,  
MANH OUT YET DODGE!  
THAT'S RRIGHT!  
NOW, WISH THAT  
THE CAR RONG  
AGAIN...

WHY BE A PINTER  
ABOUT THIS VALUABLE  
MONSTERIE? I HOPE  
THAT THE TM LIQUID  
CHAMBER HAD A  
LIMOUSINE!



A WOODS-LIKE  
WELL MY GOSHIE  
A LITTLE STRONGER  
SHEA PEE ANTY

GREAT G-SOOTH!  
I-E C-AN'T  
BELIEVE MY-E  
EYES... A  
LIMOUSINE!!



I DON'T KNOW  
HOW IT'S COME—  
BUT I DON'T  
CARE. ALL I'M  
ASKING IS WHAT'S  
WORTH THE  
HITCH...  
WELL, THAT  
CATCHIN'?

HIGH TIME,  
DRINKER,  
DON'T CALL IT  
A "HITCH"  
WHEN YOU  
TAKE A  
THICK AND  
DRIED DRINK  
BEFORE YOU  
WAKE!

YOU JUST GOTTA BE CAREFUL OF ONE THING THOUGH...  
DRINK ALL THE LIQUOR  
BEFORE THE BOTTLE!  
THE DAY THERE'S NOT NO  
MORE DRINK LEFT... THAT  
DAY, YOU DIE!

WHAT I DON'T  
DO IN THIS WORLD  
ISN'T MINE...  
SOMETHING CAN  
PREVENT ME FROM  
**MAKING IT**  
**MINE**—THAT'S  
THE TRUTH!

GIMME BACK ME  
BOTTLE! I ONLY  
LOANED IT TO YA!  
YEAH, GIMME  
BACK ME  
BOTTLE!

IT WOULD BE BAD IF  
THIS TRANSFORMER CUT  
OF MY WAY. HE'S  
STANDING ON THE  
WHEELS OF MY  
LIFE... BLOCKING  
IT!

WELL, HE WON'T BLOCK  
IT LONG... AND ANYHOW,  
I'D HAD TO SHOOT 'EM!  
ROH! — I'LL  
CATCH YOU!

WHEW, OR ELSE  
NUTS! NUTS!  
CUT IT OUT!

HELP!  
AAARR!

DAMN, WHERE I COULD DO WITH  
THIS MINISTEROONI CALED AND  
ONLY ONE GOD-HORROR.  
TRAMP, TO STAND IN MY  
WAY!

WHEW! ZAP! PING! LUNGE THIS  
AUTO FOR THE TRAMP'S BODY...

GREAT SCOTT... WHERE'S THE  
TRAMP?... WHERE'S HE GONE?  
HE... HE'S DISAPPEARED!

Scarygoons Comics

**DISAPPEARED? I DISAPPEAR NEVER!** MYRON MADDEN!... I SHALL BE WITH YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AND I SHALL CLAIM YOU AT THE END OR IT!

SOMETHING  
MUST HAPPEN!  
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!  
**CAR** AWAY!

**THREE WIVES...**

I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL LIQUID... BUT WHO WOULD? ALL I KNOW IS THAT DRINK GRANTS MY EVERY WISH!



"**YEARS PASSED** AND WITH THESE RUMBLE-TERED YEARS PASSED BECAUSE RICH, POWERFUL, AND RESPECTED, BEYOND ALL HIS DREAMS..."

"HE MARRIED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN DARK, ANCIENT SOCIETY..."



"HE HAD INCREASINGLY MORE."



"MAGNIFICENT ESTATES."



"A YACHT!"



"AND THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL, HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER..."



*Magnificent Estates*

BUT HOWDY, BOY! THIS PACKET ON THE DESK  
AND HOWDY, KAHN! WHO'S **SORRYING** UNQUOTE  
**MAYON MORGAN?**

LITTLE DO YOU KNOW THAT THE SAME  
MEN WHO TALK VITALITY AND POWER LIQUID  
WENT UP IN A FORTY-CLAP AND SPONTANEOUSLY  
DIED AS MY **LIFE** PROCONTINUED IN A FEW  
DROPS OF THE STEAMY FLUID!



I THINK I'LL HAVE A LOOK AND SEE  
HOW MUCH OF THE STUFF IS LEFT—  
MIGHTY NICE IT IN YOUR TIME!



**GREAT GUNS!** THERE'S SCARCELY  
ANYTHING LEFT! THE LIQUID  
IS ALREADY GONE!



THE LIQUID LEFT OUT  
OF THE KNOB MY OWN  
LIQUID BLOOD, EVAPORATING.



I KNOW WHAT  
I'LL DO. I'LL  
ASK FOR  
**MORE LIQUID!**



IT DOWNT WORK! NOTHING WHEN  
ACTING, AND A PRECIOUS WIP OUT IT'S BEEN  
WASTED...WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? **MY**  
**LIFE'S AT STAKE!**



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL DILUTE  
THE LIQUID WITH WATER!



BRASSINE LAYER IN THE AUTOCH...  
I CAN'T AFFORD TO DISGRACE THE ENTIRE  
CONTINENT WITH THIS EXPENSIVE! SO I'll  
JUST USE A SPATON OR THE ALUMINUM LIQUID  
AND TRY DILUTING IT WITH WATER IN THE  
KITCHEN!



WOW! I WISH FOR SOMETHING  
SIMPLE, LIKE A SHOOL-TO-AIRSHIP  
ON THE PLANET HABLU...



NOTHING DESTROYING THE AUTOCH EXC. OIL -  
STRONG! ITS POWER OVER THE ORIGINAL  
CONCENTRATE WILL WORK... IT'S THE  
LIQUID ITSELF I MUST GET MORE OF!



I'LL MAKE FRESH ONE GARIOUS  
CHEMIST, ANALYZE THE LIQUID AND  
HAVE HIM WORKMORE ON IT...!



SHAMAN IN HIGHLY UNCOMMON

WHY THIS IS A VERY  
COMMON CONCENTRATION  
AND POSSIBLY I CAN  
REFILL OIL WILLIN ON  
THE SPOT HERE.  
YOU

YOU CAN'T THEN  
MAKE A GALLON  
OF IT **RIGHT NOW!**  
I'LL COME FOR THE  
OIL WILLIN, LATER!



I THINK SHAMON, I'LL WIN THE WEALTHIEST,  
MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE AUTOCH OIL.  
HIS GOLD CROWNSHIP OF THE NEXT  
MACHINERY EDITION IN THE HISTORY  
OF THE UNIVERSE!



AN HOUR LATER IN THE DEN OF HIS HOME...

ANOTHER RECORD WELL  
PLAYED THIS RECORD TELL  
WITH SONGS AS ALIEN AS MYTHIC  
TO PEOPLE, THIS MAGIC  
WILL WORK.



DOWN THE  
HATCH

DADDY, WHAT  
ARE YOU DRINKING?  
CAN I HAVE  
SOME?

ONE THING TO DO IS MAKE TWO DRINKS.  
A CONCRETE CONTAINER AND THEN LIQUID  
GEAR THE BOTTLE IN IT SO IT'S NOT FOR  
GET THE LIQUID. REMEMBER, IT'S BOTH  
UNTOUCHED FRESHNESS! THIS ISN'T  
POTTER-TASTING  
DRINKING TO BUY  
YOU AN ICE-CREAM  
KONA INVADERS!



MALCOLM,  
PLEASE  
GIVE  
ME  
HOME!



AN ICE CREAM SOCIAL! OH  
GODDAMN CAN I HAVE A  
CHOCOLATE ONE WITH  
TWO DIPS?



OF COURSE, DREAM

OF I HAVE EVERYTHING I  
WANT... A MOUNTAIN,  
A BEACH, A  
FALL, A  
VALLEY, OR  
THE SUN...



...BUT I DON'T HAVE THE  
LANTERN I NEED, ILL  
HAVE CONCRETE AND DRINK  
THAT WILL CONTINUE TO LURE  
OUT MY NORMAL LIFE. I'M  
GROWING ANXIETY THAT CONCRETE  
CONTINUOUSLY TERRIFYING.

THE MONEY BURNING...

I WANT A  
CONCRETE REINFORCED  
TABLE FOR THIS  
BOY'S TOE...FOR  
PERMANENT  
USE! WHERE  
WILL BE NO  
POSSIBILITY  
OF ENTHUSIASM  
WITHHELD!

I BOYCHA...  
IT'S A CHICK  
TO MARRY!  
NAME IT FOR  
YOU IN A  
COUPLE OF  
DAYS!

AT NIGHT—RONALD'S HOME—  
WHAT NIGHTS...

WELL, MYRON...  
YOU HAVEN'T  
DANCED LIKE  
THIS HERE  
ALMOST TWO  
WEEKS!

I KNOW.  
I DON'T  
DANCE.  
I HAVEN'T  
BUSH...  
"WELL..." BUT  
NOW I THINK  
I'M GROWING  
TO IT ALL RIGHT!

I'M GLAD TO  
HEAR THAT,  
RONALD. I WANT  
OUR FUN HUNT  
TODAY TO BE A  
**REAL SUCCESS**,  
AND IT COULDN'T  
BE IF YOU WEREN'T  
HAPPY!

ON JOURNEY  
WE CUPPED  
VERY HAPPY  
RONALD.  
FROM NOW ON,

THE FOLLOWING  
DAY... THE  
ROX HUNT!

COME ON, MYRON!  
MATERIALS WILL DRY  
THE ROX, BUT WE'

WAIT A SECOND,  
RONALD... I'VE GOT  
TO RUN BACK  
TO SHOWROOMS!

DADDY!  
DADDY!  
KISS ME,  
GODDESS!

WHY TIME DADDY  
SHOULD YOU  
WANT TO HIDE  
TIME HOUSE LIKE A GOOD  
LITTLE AND PLANT AND  
LISTEN TO MUSIC!

WHY,  
DADDY?  
I LOVE  
YOU  
DADDY.

WITH GOD I WOULD PITY  
THE ROX!

COME, DEAR.  
YOU HEARD WHAT  
DADDY SAID...

A NEW RANGER IS LYING IN THE LIBRARY...

I THINK I'LL PLAY RANGER, LIKE MY  
DADDY DOES, AND SHE MARTHA IN  
THE GAME...



WE'RE WILLINGONE... FIRST I FIND  
THE LITTLE DOOR OPEN...  
DROPPED MYTH OVER PORCUPINE  
TO CLOSE IT. THEN I FIND  
THIS GROSSLY LOOKING BOTTLE  
HOW DIRTY IT IS!



AT THIS SAME TIME, ON THE  
ROCK HURT...  
I'VE GOT EVERYTHING TO LIVE  
FOR... ONCE THE VENGEANCE OF  
LOVING THIS LIQUID IN THE  
BOTTLE IS BE-  
WONDLED, AND  
THAT'LL BE  
SOON...



HOW UGLY  
THE BOTTLE  
IS! I HATE  
IT! THERE!  
WHAT ON  
EARTH ARE  
YOU DOING?  
GET OFF  
THAT CHAIR  
BRANDON YOU  
HURT YOURSELF



WH...  
ARRRRGH,

LOOK AT MORGAN  
G-SOMETHING'S  
HAPPENED TO HIM!



REMEMBER THAT DAY BOY? YOU LIKED  
IT SO WELL, DON'T YOU WANT TO  
THINK OF IT NOW? OH, RECKON MELLE  
PORCUPINE YOU CAN'T HEAR AND HOW  
CAN'T THINK, CAN YOU, NOW?



MORGAN  
WANTS IN  
THIS  
LAWRENCE...

NEEDED  
THAT BOTTLE, AND  
NOW HOW 'BOUT SMASHED IT TO  
PIECES?

YOU NAUGHTY  
DIRL! LOOK  
WHAT YOU'VE  
DONE! MARRY  
YOUR DADDY!



I HAVE TO DO YOUR TRAINING AND  
SUPERVISION FOR YOU! WHAT A STORY YOU  
WOULD TELL, IF YOU COULD ONLY SPEAK!



AT THE UNDERSTANDING



A U.N. MUSCLE BOMBED ON A VILLAGE CHEATING AND KIDNAP. RETRIBUTION TUGGED FROM THE SHOT IN THE SPINE DROVE LIZARD OUT AS PUNISHED. SOON HE TURNED TO REMAIN ALONE. LITTLE DO THE VILLAGE WERE THE HODDING TIME THAT WHICH THEY ON THE ISLAND OF

## THE MAN-EATING LIZARDS!

I DARE TO ANYTHING WITH HER! HER  
CONTROLS ARE JAMMED!

SON GOD'S NAME -- LEVEL  
HER OUT FOR A CRASH  
LANDING --!

WE'RE TAKIN'  
FORK... FISTER  
CH-CHING... DOWN...

HURRY, HIRE  
ME --

THAT'S THE  
THREE-YEAR  
COLLIER. HOW  
WORLD'S A  
GOONIE, MAN.  
A MIGHTY  
MUSCLE...

I CAN FEEL  
THE OCEAN  
WAVE!

LOOK! THOSE  
WAVES!

BERT! I THINK  
WE GOT HER  
LEASHED FOR  
A LITTLE...

"I GUESS  
WE'RE AWAKENING  
NOW. DON'T  
CAN'T WAKE!  
PULL UP!"

PULL  
UP...!

BERT! I KNEW HIGGIE THREW THAT  
I BET HEYDAY OUT FULL. HAVE TO  
REACH TWO ENDS! STILL DON'T  
KNOW WHERE, WHERE TWO  
HUNKS OF CEMENT SLOWED

MOMMA HOGGIE...DON'T WORRY  
BUT ON ME TOO! I'M NEVER  
GOING TO DO THE WIND WITH  
BOTH OF YOU!—WAGH!

OOPS...



THE PUMPER PUMPED LIKE  
A SPONGE. WE'LL GO  
DOWN AND REEDWALD WOULD  
BEAT US NOT JUST BAD TWO  
HUNKS OF CEMENT. HE YAWNED.  
I LOOKA T'IM.

THAT'S A PUMPER  
TO ME  
KNOULDARD  
NOTH ME

WAGH, WAGH...  
BUT TOOK  
ME TO TRY  
SHEEP





**O**N THE WHALE A MORE  
STARTLING DISCOVERY  
TAKES THAN HIGH VOLTAGE  
MOTORISTS IN PROGRESS!





NOTICE  
THAT'S ALL  
DO YOU  
CALL THIS  
THING BEING  
COME AHEAD  
— & MOVE  
TURKEYNEVER

I GIANT LIZARD!  
WE IS THE  
CARNIVORES WITH  
LIZARD-UP! CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
IT...



SHOUT WHO CRIES,  
KNOW LIZARD!  
GET & LONE OF THEM BACK,  
HEAR THE SON! HOMI WHO DISEASED HUM?

YOU NAME, CRYING AND PRONOUNS,  
THAT FEDDIMENT SWINGED TO THE  
OLD MAMMOTH AT TROOD!



FOR ALL THESE, WHERE WAS + HEZ  
MIND... THEY LATE TENDERLY  
WANT THE RE-  
CALLED HONOR  
OF MAMMOTH WE  
TO BE TAKEN  
BY THE  
HONORABLE  
GODS  
—  
NATURAL MUS-  
TIC  
CAMP!



HIGH, THROAT— TRAHOI!  
YOU LOOKED LIKE A GHOST,  
SIS, BEAUTIFUL, COOL, AND  
SHINY, YOU FEELS ARE CHILL,

NECESSA DE BRAVO?  
BIG CHILL NO  
LITTLE!

LOOK, KAH— NATURAL  
COMES TO THE RESCUE!  
NOT A GALL!



IT IS 18 MONTHS SINCE  
KING ARTHUR...

TOO BAD, THE WICKED  
HAD SIGHT TO THE BACK  
OF MY HEAD!

**BRASHTA**

MAN, YOU  
DIRTY...  
LET ME  
GOOOO...

DAMN DOG-TA LOOK MAZE  
GONE TU DOA DURRANCE IN I  
DERR-GANG KEEPER IN A  
PARKIN' SPOT, AND  
THE HELL'S

MARCH TO  
HOME WE COME  
BY-SIDE AGAINST TEARING BY HIS  
COURTSHIP.

TO ME IT LOOKS  
LIKE MEN RABBLE,  
SOMETHIN' SOOT  
FOOD—ABOUT  
EXTANT'S SHOGUN  
MAN—YOU  
DON'T THINK?

I DON'T THINK  
I EVER LOOKS  
LIE THAT ITS  
A CATCH ME  
WANT  
FINDING  
ME!

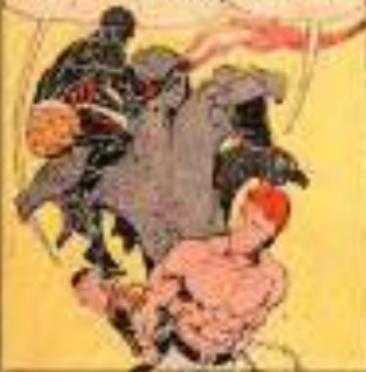
THROWN OUT OF THE TEMPLE,  
TURBULOUS THE VILLAGE,  
MID THE MASTEROUS WALL,  
INTO THE STEAMING TUNNEL...

MONKS NAME DUST WELL, A  
HOGAR A VISIONATION DE NOVA  
AND—BUT MONKS

LOOKS TAD—  
LIMA PARKAT

BUT I NOT LOOK FOLK WINE  
TIL I WOULD TELL THEM  
THE NEED OF THE LADY...  
OUR LADY!

AND WITH ME COME THE KIDS OF THE TROPICAL FOREST. WE ARE THE MOTHERS OF THE FOREST.



THEY KNOW  
MUCH—  
THAT IS IT  
WILL MAKE  
ME ANGRY  
BY SOMETHING OR  
SOMETHING WHICH  
NOT A SIGHT



T  
HEMIS  
ATION TO  
TREND  
ME EXCEPT  
FOR THE  
CITY... NO  
AND WE  
REVELATION  
REMAIN TO  
RELAX  
THE  
**GOON**



AT SOMETHING  
DIED IN THE  
FIGHTING TIME.  
THE GOON IS FINALLY  
DEATHED—



GRRR—  
HUR THO!



**T**HIS ISSUE IS WHO  
WALKED ON THE  
VOLCANIC MOUNTAIN,  
WHICH ---

**GREAT** **SCOTT**



**S**OMETHING  
**STRANGE**

**STRANGE**  
FROM  
NO-  
WHERE  
~



A NOWHERE  
TEAM  
MATERIALIZED  
IN BEAUTIFULLY  
STRANGE FORM!

**WAH**



**WAH**



THAT'S WHAT ALL "GREAT SCOTT,"  
THE GODMAKING MEN LIKE  
ABOUT --- THE --- YOU'RE  
TRANSMITTING RESCUING RIGHT  
UP, IN TADUMON!

EVER SINCE HE TOOK TO THE  
ACADEMIC POST, THE  
FOOT-IN-FOUND FRIENDS  
HERE THE GODMAKING  
GUARDS GETTING CLOSER

THEY DON'T  
KNOW A GUY  
TO SICK  
DOWN,



**T**HIS GLOWING  
TADS THE  
SUNSET INTO THE  
GLOWING—

**R.P.P.**

**R.P.P.**



**A** THE SUNSET WITH TADS,  
YOU COULD READ TO FREEDOM;  
BUT, IT'S HARD TO REACH THE  
MEANING OF—

**R.P.P.**  
**R.P.P.**



## SACRIFICE



**S**AM AND MIKE REACHED TAD'S BANK IN THE DROOL WATER... A ROMANCE PROPOSITION HADN'T KNOWN WORK OF THIS MAGICAL MUSICALITY... TAD'S BANK... AND NOW, THE YOUNG LADY PRESENTLY ON THE HOT PACIFIC,

**WOW!**  
TADS!—  
WHAT WE'RE  
MISSIN'?

GIGANTICOSI  
MANEATING  
LEARNED—  
THAT'S ALL HE  
DOES LEARN  
MANEATING, BABY!



LOVING TADS  
WAS AS BAD,  
NOT KEEPSIN' ON  
TODAY SO  
CLOSE TO  
YESTERDAY.

TAKE A DOG,  
TADS EXCUSES  
THE DAY  
MANEATING—  
THE MONSTER  
MUS BOND—  
WONDER FOG  
HOL

TAKE A DOG,  
TADS EXCUSES  
THE DAY  
MANEATING—  
THE MONSTER  
MUS BOND—  
WONDER FOG  
HOL

DEATH RECOMMENDS WITH DAWN, THE  
CAT IS OUT, THE FOG, THE  
CLAWED-UP MANEATING VIBES—

DOES THEY HANG UPS  
FISHIN' POLES, THE  
KID SHORTAGE VON  
LIZZIE, THERE THEY  
SAYED, THE DUCKS  
TILL WE ARENT' TO  
LAWA A LOT OF  
FISH POKER, LIZZIE, BODGER-DO  
LOT OF ALL, THEYRE  
WE'RE OUT AND A  
HUTS, HABIT DAY—  
WHAT COULD BE  
SHOOTER-FANGS

LOT OF LIZZIE—  
HABIT DAY, TO DO  
BODGER-DO  
BODGER-DO, OLD  
MANEATING DREAMS  
WORLD PEACEFUL,



*Mangohim the Sun*

# GOOFY GHOST



WANT TILL I GET AN ASSIGNMENT,  
WILL I HAUNT UP THE PLACE-YE WILL  
I SCARE THE DAIRY OUT OF  
MILKMAN JERRY?

THE  
BOSS



LISTEN TO ME—CAN HE  
DON'T EVER KNOW OR  
FOST ANYTHING ABOUT  
HAUNTING?



HEARD YOU ALL RIGHT, GOOFY!  
THAT'S ANOTHER ONE'S A  
NO FORTUNE CALLIN' ME.  
BYE-BYE, YOU  
TWO-UP PHANTOMS!



CHOOED, AMATEURS—  
A REAL DROCK IS  
BORN!



DROP DEAD—MAF  
KINNEDTA MATER  
WITH THAT DOG!



HEY, BOSS! HERE I AM—READY  
KILLIN' AN' AGL!



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# PROOF!

The door opened and a pleasant-looking girl with a quiet grace led Mr. Grobson into the sitting room.

"My sister will be down presently," said the girl, disappearing with his coat and hat.

Grobson wondered what Mrs. Grobson would be like, whether she, too, would give him the cold reception he had received in this gloomy little village. A district attorney come to a village to convict a native son of murder despite the man's passionate denial of it, cannot be very popular with the townspeople when they are in sympathy with the accused.

At any rate, there was a strong fire blazing in the fireplace to offset the November cold. Grobson took a position in front of the snapping blaze and spread grateful palms toward the warmth. He looked down at his feet, surprised that they should remain so cold in spite of the fire. But drafts of cool air were coming from somewhere inside the house. As he crouched near the floor in front of the fireplace, moving his hands about, slowly, suspiciously, the girl returned.

Grobson caught sight of her and stood erect. "Seems to be a draft somewhere in the house," he commented, by way of action.

The girl did not reply. She took a

seat at the opposite end of the room and folded her hands in her lap.

"How long do you mean to stay?" asked the girl, following an embarrassing stillness.

"That's hard to say. It depends." Clearly, this girl shared the attitude of the villagers, who seemed satisfied with the defendant's explanation that he shot and killed his brother, thinking him a robber . . . What a naive alibi! Perhaps, Grobson frequently mused, only a guillotines man could be so unsuspect as to base his defense on a momentary, though fatal, delusion.

"Do you know anything about my older sister?" inquired the girl.

"Very little. Only that she had a few rooms for tourists."

"Then you know next to nothing about her?" persisted the girl.

"Only her name and address," acknowledged the visitor. Why was the girl so insistent? Grobson wondered what there was about the house that made him feel nervous. Had it anything to do with Mrs. Brougham? And then, that blamed, shivery draft along the floor! Grim lines appeared along the girl's mouth. A certain harshness entered her voice.

"My sister's tragedy happened exactly one year ago," said the girl. "I don't suppose anybody told you."

"Her tragedy?" repeated Grobson. "You may be curious why we keep

**Kingdom Thrills**



the rear door open on a cold November day," said the girl, rising and walking toward the hallway. She nodded to Grobson and Grobson followed her. The kitchen door leading to the garage of the house was wide open and blasts of freezing air gusted madly into the room. The door was restrained from violent swinging by a cord tied around the doorknob and fixed to a steampipe behind the door. Grobson's jaws gaped with amazement.

"I don't understand," gasped Grobson, quailing before the winds that whipped into the kitchen. "What has this open door got to do with your sister's tragedy?"

"Through that door, one year ago to the day, my brother-in-law and his son went for a drive. They never came back. In crossing a bridge they swerved to avoid collision with a car coming from the opposite direction and crashed through the guard rails, falling fifty feet into the river where they drowned. It was days before their bodies were recovered. When they were, the corpses looked too gruesome to be exhibited and were never seen by my sister. That's the terrible part of it." Here the girl's voice lost its reserve and broke down into something almost pathetic. "Poor Mrs. Brougham. I know that her husband and son will come

back one day, and burst in through that door laughing as they used to do. That is why the door is left open every afternoon until it is quite dark. Do you know, Mr. Grobson, sometimes on a crisp, icy afternoon like this, I myself get an eerie feeling that they will come in again through that door—"

The girl broke off with a shudder that was not occasioned by the cold. Then, despondently, they returned to the sitting room, where Grobson sat for a time, staring unhappily into the fireplace. The girl just looked at the floor at her feet. Then, suddenly, Mrs. Brougham flurried into the room with a swirl of apologies for being so late.

"I hope Clara has been entertaining you," she said.

"Your sister has been most interesting," replied Grobson.

"I hope you don't mind our open door," Mrs. Brougham went on. "My husband and son will soon be at home. They just went down to the railroad station to pick up some gardening tools."

"Have you any children, Mr. Grobson?" Mrs. Brougham asked very sweetly. Grobson replied gruffly that he wasn't fortunate enough to be married. Mrs. Brougham continued to talk about Teddy and her husband. —As if they were actually going to

enter the room at any moment. Grohson listened with horror to a whole series of anecdotes about the little family. The thing was so appalling! —Mrs. Brougham would remain unchanged forever. And the dove! . . . That dove would be gone forever, awaiting people who could never materialize in this life!

It was in the midst of some inconsequential debate that Mrs. Brougham straightened up in alertness . . . She raised her finger and cocked her head brightly. "They're coming?" she said.

Grohson looked at the girl in amusement. The girl's face was a blank. Her eyes widened.

Mrs. Brougham clasped her hands joyously. "Back just in time for Teddy's afternoon milk!"

The girl rose hastily and began to comfort her older sister, who protested, "What are you talking about, Clara . . . they're NOT coming? Why, I heard them distinctly! Ben's car is making the turn into the driveway now!"

It was true. The cold coughing of a car was audible. The girl's eyes started from her head as she heard something roar to a stop behind the house. Mrs. Brougham's face was wreathed in smiles. "They're back! They're back!" she cried, rapturously. Grohson felt faint. Even the draft along the floor grew colder. Outside, a car door slammed and voices rang forth in a merry argument. The girl tossed a glance at the hallway leading to the kitchen and then began to shrink toward the fireplace, with one hand clutching her throat. Grohson knew the blood was drained from his own face. A heavy footfall sounded in the hallway and then a quick patter of feet. Mrs. Brougham sprang to the hallway and shouted, "Darling!" Her arms were outstretched gayly. Both Grohson and the girl stood shoulder to shoulder, their backs to the fire, looking in their amazement as a little

child bounded into the room and a tall, strapping fellow in a plaid mackinaw took Mrs. Brougham in his laughing embrace.

"That's Mr. Grohson, darling," introduced Mrs. Brougham, indicating the shrinking man at the fireplace. Brougham came at Grohson with a large hand cordially extended. "Put it there!" he boomed. Grohson struck wildly at the apparition's hand and filled the room with his shrieks. The girl was shrieking, too, her hands to her temples, but a strange note had crept into her voice. Grohson, whose heart felt like ice, stared at the girl. She was . . . LAUGHING!—Could it be hysteria?

But Mrs. Brougham was laughing, too. And Teddy, her dead child! And Mr. Brougham! — Why, he was roaring with mirth, tears coursing down his cheeks! Grohson stopped screaming and watched them, struck dumb with astonishment.

"Why are you all . . . laughing?" he managed to say, haltingly, fearfully. The girl pointed a finger at Grohson, narrowed her eyes, and stopped laughing. So did the others, completely. The room was silent as a tomb.

"There, Mr. Prosecutor . . . there is your proof! Your PROOF, do you hear! So you don't believe in illusions! You didn't believe George Macready's story about how he accidentally shot his brother! What do you say NOW, eh? Is it possible to have delusions? Is it possible to mistake people, eh? — Even the LIVING for the DEAD?"

In a moment, district attorney Grohson understood everything. It had all been an ingenious, chilling trick! He bowed his head. He had learned something. And he never forgot his lesson.

To witness: Two weeks later, George Macready was released from murder charges. Mr. Grohson's grounds for dropping the case: Macready had an illusion . . . a very strange illusion!

# MYSTERY OF MURDER MANOR



TELEGRAPH LINE CATCHERS JOHNNY AND ROBERT RAWLINS WHILE THEY'RE ENJOYING LOUISIANA'S SWAMP COUNTRY...

"IT'S ANOTHER STUPID CITY DOWN HERE THAN ON THE HAUNTED LAND," JOHNNY!

"BECAUSE OF THAT STUPID LEGEND ABOUT SLENDER MANOR... NOSENSE!"

"IT'S BETTER TO SLEEP WELL IN MURDER MANOR THAN TO DROWN IN SWAMP CREEKS! THERE ONE OF THE HORROR-SALES THE WERE BORN IN!"

"WELL, DON'T SAY I DON'T WARN YOU THAT A LOT OF 'EM HAVE BEEN INTO MURDER MANOR—BUT MONSTERS COME OUT!"





I CERTAINLY AM NOT LEAVING THIS HOUSE FROM ATIC TO GONE TILL I FIND OUT WHY THAT MAN WAS KILLED!!



SUDDENLY...

FOOLS!  
LEAVE  
THIS  
HOUSE  
-- OR  
DIE!!

THE GHOSTS  
WAKE!

THAT VOICE HAD A  
QUEER, HIGH PITCHED  
AND THAT NIGHTY  
NOISE!!

OF COURSE  
IT WASN'T  
HUMAN I TOLD  
YOU IT'S A  
GHOST'S VOICE  
LET'S GO AWAY  
FORMS BETTER  
THAN THIS  
APARTMENT!!

YOU KNOW  
THE LEGEND OF  
MURDO'S MANSION?  
BUT YOU DON'T  
KNOW AS IT IS?



LAST CENTURY SOMEBODY  
BROUGHT PRIZED TREASURES  
TO MURDO'S MANSION,  
AND SINCE THEN...

...THERE USED TO BE A LOT OF  
MURTERS ALL OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO - ONE OF THEM  
THOUGHT OF HIDING HIS GOLD  
IN THIS DESERTED MANSION -  
EVER SINCE THEN, ANY MAN  
WHO'S COME TO MURDO'S MANSION  
-OR- DR- SOMETHING!



SCREAMING GHOSTS



MEANWHILE DOWNSTAIRS  
IN THE LIBRARY—

I FIGH JOHNNY COME ON  
JOHN HARRY 2-TIM SITTIN'  
NERVOUS, BEGINNING TO  
HEAR THINGS!







# THE STRANGE CASE OF HENPECKED HARRY



FROM THE MOMENT HARRY MORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE HOOKEED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, AMBUSED HIM, BOOBED HIM, STUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A JUNGLED, A FAILURE AND IMMEDIATELY -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT -- SO IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN "THE STRANGE CASE OF HEN-PECKED HARRY"???



...BUT I WOULDN'T DO NO GOOD! SHELL HELL  
JUST THE SAMEY YOU'LL HEAR HER  
WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!

LET'S GET UNQUOTE  
FAST, SO WE CAN  
LISTEN!



LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!!  
ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT  
THAT CARPET YOU PEED? JUST LOOK AT  
IT, IT'S  
REAINED!

GOSH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN...

HOW DID IT HAPPEN? YOU ABSOLUTELY  
HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU  
DO, HARRY! BECAUSE YOU'RE A NIN-  
SKILL - A TORTURER - A CURSE ON MY  
MARRIED LIFE!

BUT...  
BUT...



HALF HOUR LATER...

THANK GOD SHE'S  
LEAVING... IF I  
HEARD HER VOICE  
ANOTHER MINUTE,  
I WOULD GO MAD!

AND IF YOU THINK I'M SITTING  
HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A  
NUNSCULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER  
THAN I THINK YOU ARE! -- AND YOU  
KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!



**WORTHY AFTER—**

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LADS, CHORAL! WHAT THEM AND COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE EVER COMPLAIN ABOUT?



NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE HOME PICTURES ARE IN THE LOWER DOWN SIDE OF THE SUBURBAN...



THERE IT IS! HOLD ON! — I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE!



IF HELEN SHOULD DIE... I GET  
BENEFITS! I'M THE BENEFICIARY  
OF HER POLICY! HUH-HUH!



LET'S—



**CHOICE—**

YESSE

NO MORE WILL YOU TROUBLE  
ME AND NOSE! NO MORE  
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?



YOU'RE GONE TO BE  
CLOUDS... WHICH  
CLEVERER?

THE NEXT EVENING...  
SMART OF ME TO GET FRANKIE  
TO FONY WY THE CARD!  
THE FIFTEEN HUNDRED MARCH  
OVER AS A PERFECT ALIBI!

THERE'S HELEN! NOW TO  
TRAIL HER TO THE SUSPAN  
WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!

IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE  
SHE'S REALLY GOING, SHE  
WOULDN'T HURRY LIKE THAT!



HELEN ALWAYS STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE  
PLATFORM—ONE LICKS BUTTER A SWEAT BUT  
TONIGHT SHELL BE A TITTLE DISAPPOINTED!

AH, SHE'S AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE  
PLATFORM! SINCE IT IS RUSH HOUR...  
A LITTLE CONNODON—A LITTLE PUSING  
IS ONLY NATURAL!





SHORTLY AFTER...

I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SO HANDLED TO RECENT IN MY LIFE! SHE AIN'T A WOMAN ANYMORE--SHE'S A MAFIA!



MEANWHILE, AS THE LOCAL HOVES THROUGH THE TUBES...

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S CAUSING THE ROAR IN MY EARS! I MUST GET THE EXCITEMENT OF HELEN'S DEATH!



MINUTES LATER...

RRRRRR  
RRRRRR  
RRRRRR  
BUT THE NOISE DOESN'T GO AWAY... IT'S LOUDER! HMM-MMM CAN IT BE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT THE NOISE... JUST THE NOISE! HELL, THE NEXT STATION'S MANDY! MABEL, IF I GET OUT OF THIS SUBWAY ITLL DISAPPEAR!



RRRRRR  
BUT ADAM IT'S WORSE! THE TRAIN'S GONE, BUT IT'S AS IF THE TRAIN'S EVEN CLOSER THAN BEFORE!



THANK GOODNESS, I'M HOME! I CAN TAKE SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THAT HORRIBLE ROARING NOISE! NOW I'LL HEAR THE TELEPHONE WHEN THE POLICE CALL ABOUT HELEN!



HELLO, HARRY! AREN'T YOU HOME EARLY TONIGHT?

YOU!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HARRY--WITHOUT ME? THIS HORRIBLE THE HORRIBLE! A SUBWAY TRAIN I CAN SEE IT THERE! IT'S COMING FOR ME--

AIEEE!

RRRRRRRRRR



BUT THEY CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD, HELEN. YOU'RE DEAD!!

AM I, HARRY? DO YOU THINK I AM READY? HMM...HMM!

I'M GOING MAD! I'M SICK OF WHAT IS A SUBWAY TRAIN DOING HERE?

THAT IS FOR YOU TO ANSWER, HARRY!

R-RRR

TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!

R RRR

HA HA HA!

R RRRR

YAAAAA

CRUNCH-H-H

HALF HOUR LATER--

HARRY DEAD! FELL FROM THE ROOF, BUT HOW! WHAT WAS HE DOING ON THE ROOF?

WE DON'T KNOW WHO HAD BEEN IN THERE. HEARD HIM SCREAMING, AND SAW HIM FALL, BUT NOBODY KNEW WHAT HE WAS SCREAMING ABOUT.

TWO DAYS LATER--AT THE OFFICE--

WHERE'S MABELLE TODAY? I WANT MY FUR COAT BACK--I ONLY LENT IT TO HER FOR A DAY, AND NOW SHE'S NOT HERE!

I TELL YOU SHE IS NOT HERE, HARRY! SHE WAS KILLED TWO DAYS AGO IN THE SUBWAY--SHE FELL OFF THE SUBWAY--THAT'S HOW SHE IS!

NO KIDNEY'S HAD THAT FUNNY DISEASE SINCE HARRY DIED THE SAME DAY AS MY HARRY, AND MY COAT WAS ON HER BACK!

# Free ATOM BOMB SHOULDER PATCH

with  
Your Order

Collect Shoulder Patches Wear in Battle  
By Our Famous Fighting Ordnance



Here is an exciting opportunity to collect rare and famous U. S. and Foreign military patches worn by our fighting men, war allies, and our enemies in every quarter of the globe. Imagine how proud you will be to own and display patches worn by our Greatest Forces, Air Forces, Navy and Marines in the "Battle of the Bulge", in Greenland, Korea, Okinawa, North Africa, and in the skies over Germany and Japan. You can have the famous patch insignia of the 20th Air Force (B-52 Bombers), Ranger Battalions, 101st Airborne of Fort Campbell, and hundreds more, all printed in official sizes, designs and brilliant colors. You receive absolutely free with this introductory offer the rare Atom Bomb patch.

## Atom Bomb

## 20 ASSORTED PATCHES \$1

To start your collection, The Patch King has selected from the hundreds of rare and beautiful patches in his tremendous store rooms, 20 of the most fascinating and exciting designs. Every patch in this special collection of 20 represents some famous fighting unit whose world-shaking exploits were making headlines just a few months ago. You will be amazed that such a wonderful hobby can be started so inexpensively, so excitingly. This special Patch King assortment is offered at the amazingly low price of only \$1.00. If you were to buy each patch individually from our catalog, they would cost you more, and more amazingly yet, you get FREE the Atom Bomb patch and our complete illustrated price list and catalog of hundreds of rare foreign and U. S. patches.

### 88 FIRST — START NOW

Don't wait until your friends are a beat ahead with their collections. Start now and be the envy of those who have not yet obtained the sensational hobby!

### 10 DAY FREE EXAMINATION

See these exciting patches and hundreds of others. In your own home, or absolutely risk-free, send the dollar now and we will carefully select Patch King patches you do not have a rare patch. If you are not absolutely pleased with these selected patches, you can return them within 10 days for full refund. In addition, you will receive absolutely free of charge the best priced, big catalog showing hundreds of rare and other patches.

### SEND FOR CATALOG

10 great patches to select plus over patches that you may need for your patches and armament, without specifying, add special introductory package of 20 patches. Simply enclose the \$10.00 the money and we will rush the catalog to you immediately. It will cost the Patch King postage extra for \$1.00 but this includes free gift Atom Bomb patch.

**THE PATCH KING, Sept. 24th**  
P.O. Box 107, Medina Sq. Sta., N. Y. C. 10

### ALL OFFICIALLY RECOGNIZED

American and allied patches are not imitations or replicas. They are the actual patches, all in brackets, made for around one-half the selling price and three of our well-known major makers are experts from actual sources brought from no country by our company. U.S.A.

- THE PATCH KING, Sept. 29th  
P.O. Box 107, Medina Sq. Sta., N. Y. C. 10
- 10 rare patches \$1.00. Send me 20 Patch King patches plus free Atom Bomb patch and illustrated catalog.
- Send me my Patch King catalog plus free Atom Bomb patch and catalog. \$1.00. I will pay postage \$1.00 extra postage on catalog.
- I am enclosing \$1.00 extra catalog extra.
- I am in New York City and am delighted with my purchase. I am writing to let our master will be informed at once.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_

ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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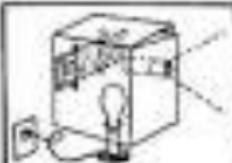
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The COMICSCOPE is a real projector! It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSCOPE. The lens base is adjustable to size and closeness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSCOPE box . . . including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen . . . The COMICSCOPE operates on AC and DC current. The whole family will enjoy the COMICSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen . . . or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story . . . or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSCOPE is new . . . it's astonishing . . . it's fun . . . and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

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- PICTURE PROJECTOR
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- MOVIE VIEWER

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Enclosed find \$1.00 plus 10¢ handling and postage costs for my COMICSCOPE. It is understood that I may return it within five days if not satisfied and my money will be refunded.

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Send me the catalog, showing all the chest, arm, shoulder, knee, elbow, neck, hip, and abdominal exercises. I will receive money of not less than \$100.00 with payment of first payment. Details in the catalog will make you very happy.

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Remember, Doctor, Doctor, your physician can only help to 10% of your body's potential. Doctor can never help to 100% of your body's potential. Doctor can never help to 100% of your body's potential.

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