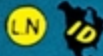


TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 4.
APR.-MAY



10¢

MAD

KILL ME?
DON'T BE
ABSURD!

WHAT
MAKES YOU THINK
ANYONE WANTS
TO KILL ME?



H. Kurtz & Co.

HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET! KA-PWEENG! MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! ... CHUGACHUGACHUGA CHUG! ABLE TO LEAP TALL BUILDINGS IN A SINGLE BOUND! ... BOINGNSWOOSH! ... LOOK! ... UP IN THE SKY! ... IT'S A BIRD! ... IT'S A PLANE! ... IT'S ...

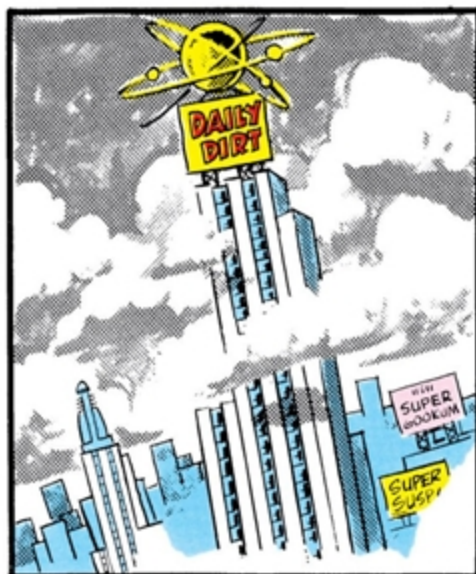
SUPERDUPERMAN!

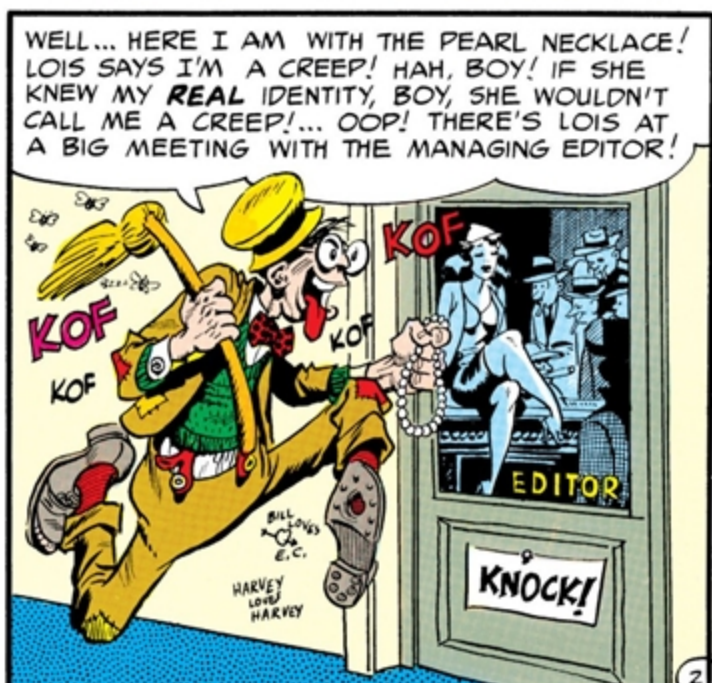


OUR STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN THE OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING NEWSPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND
EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE
SHUFFLES FROM SPITTOON TO SPITTOON!

FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, **SUPERDUPERMAN!**





A black and white comic book illustration. On the left, a woman with dark hair, wearing a red jacket and a blue skirt, poses provocatively with one leg raised. She is surrounded by a crowd of men in suits and hats, some looking at her with interest. In the center, a man in a suit and hat sits behind a desk labeled 'W. TWITCHELL'. To the right, a man in a suit and hat is looking at a piece of paper. In the foreground, a large trash can labeled 'TRASH' is visible. The word 'KNEEL!' is written at the bottom of the image.

WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP.

PLEASE!
PLEASE
DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE!
I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU!
PLEASE!

PLEASE...
HUH?
PLEASE...

TRASH

YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE!
WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?

PLEASE! PLEASE! I
SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS!
PLEASE!

THANKS, CREEP!
NOW GO AWAY,
BOY! YOU
BOTHER ME!

PLEASE!
CAN I STAND
HERE AND
SMELL YOUR
PERFUME
FOR A MINUTE?
PLEASE!
PLEASE!

TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!

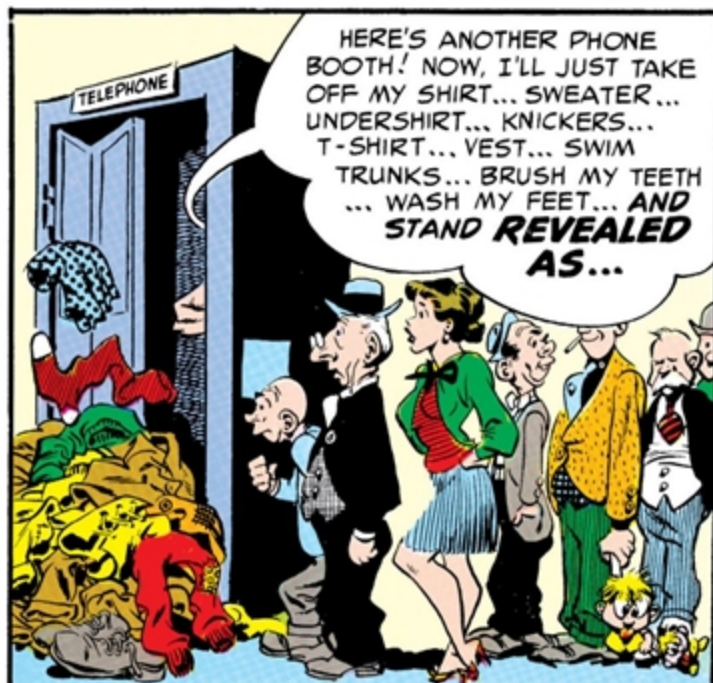
PLEASE! PLEASE!

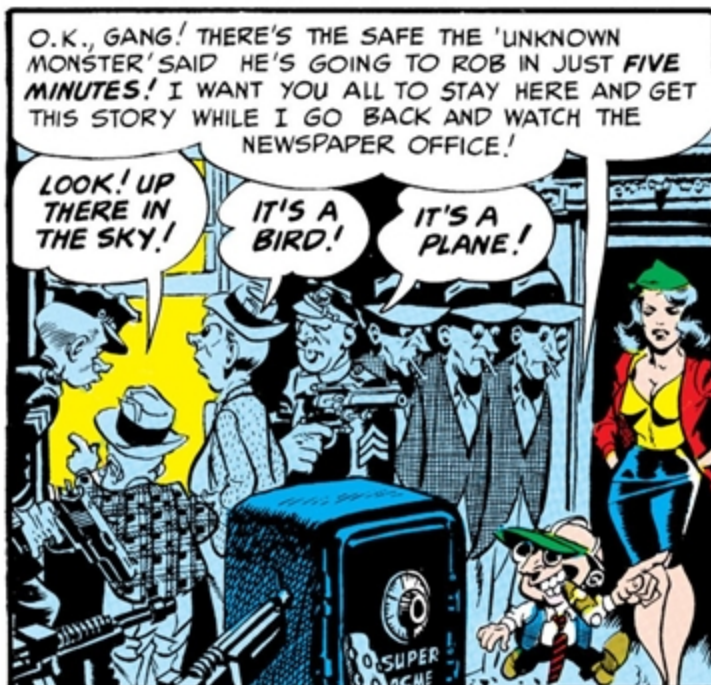
PAF

SPENCER THE CENSOR

HYPER

A comic book panel depicting a scene of confrontation. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red jacket and a blue skirt, is running away from the viewer towards a doorway. She has a speech bubble above her head that says "...CREEP!". She is looking back over her shoulder. In the foreground, a man with glasses and a green shirt is lying on his back on the floor, looking up at her with a shocked expression. He is wearing a yellow jacket and has "KOF" and "SOF" written on his chest. A rolled-up newspaper is on the floor near him. In the background, there is a newspaper stand with various signs, including "HEAR SUPER SNOOPER", "WAR & PEACE", and "SUPER STERN". There is also a typewriter and a sign that says "SUPER" on a desk.







WELL! LIVE AND LET LIVE, I ALWAYS SAY!... JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, OL' MAN!
♪ LA-TE-TYA! ♪

LISTEN, SUPERDUPE!
COME ON OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!



LAA-TE-TEE ♪ I THINK I'LL LIFT THIS SAFE UP HERE... GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE... ♪ LA DEEYOO ♪

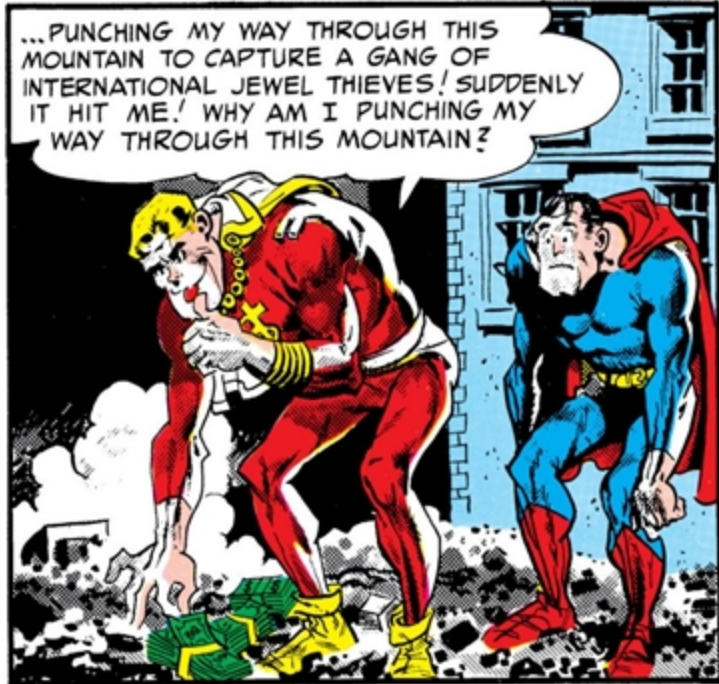
TAKE A TIP FROM ME!
I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE,
KNOCKING MYSELF OUT
TO FIGHT CRIME!



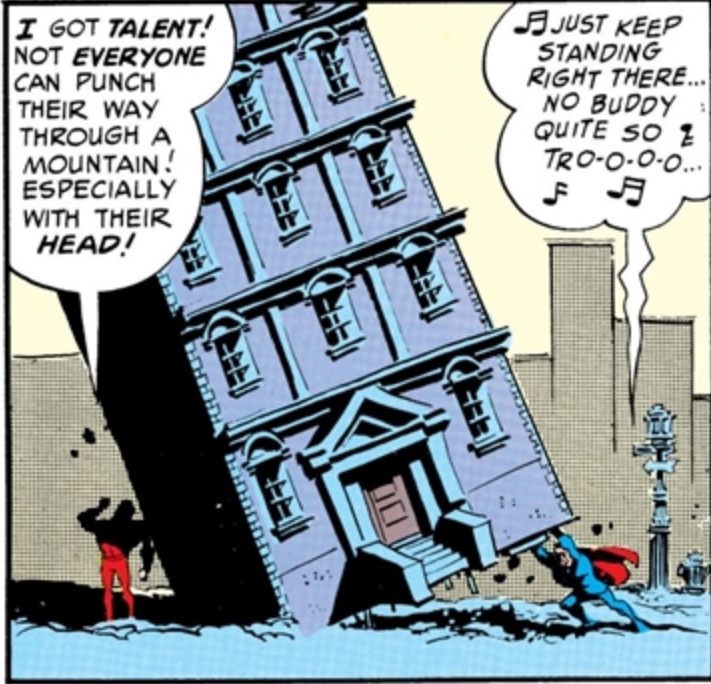
♪ LEELOO! JUST STAND RIGHT THERE... HUMM ♪ HUMM ♪ MY BUDDY ♪ MY BUDDY ♪...
HAH!

ONE DAY
WHILE I WAS
PUNCHING MY WAY
THROUGH A MOUNTAIN...

BASH!

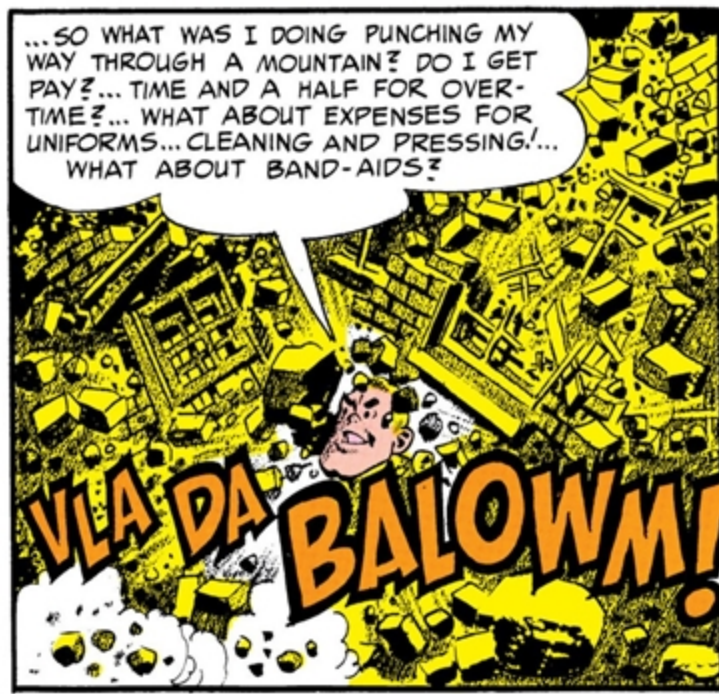


...PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN TO CAPTURE A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! SUDDENLY IT HIT ME! WHY AM I PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN?



I GOT TALENT!
NOT EVERYONE
CAN PUNCH
THEIR WAY
THROUGH A
MOUNTAIN!
ESPECIALLY
WITH THEIR
HEAD!

♪ JUST KEEP
STANDING
RIGHT THERE...
NO BUDDY
QUITE SO ♪
TRO-O-O-O...
♪ ♪



...SO WHAT WAS I DOING PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN? DO I GET PAY? ... TIME AND A HALF FOR OVERTIME? ... WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES FOR UNIFORMS... CLEANING AND PRESSING!... WHAT ABOUT BAND-AIDS?

VLA DA BALOWM!



...TO SAY NOTHING OF TAKING PEOPLE OUT TO LUNCHES! TO HECK WITH THIS CAPTAIN MARBLES GIMMICK! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE GOOD OL' DO, RE, MI... LETTUCE... KALE... SHEKELS... GET IT? **CASH!**

MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!

CMON

PUDDM UP

CMON LES FIGHT

MFF MFF!

MFF MFF!

CMON

HAVE ATYA

BOUND

BOUND

...NOW A WALTZ
...A MOMBO
AND A HULA...

...OOHOO,
MARBLES!

GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!

BA-ROOMP!

THINK!

CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... **HE!**

HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!

SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! KAPWEEENG!

DRE SHRUNK

HOKAY, BOYS! THAT CARBON STEEL BLOCK WE'VE CAST CAPTAIN MARBLES IN OUGHT TO HOLD 'IM! NOW GET OUT THE WAY 'CAUSE I THINK I MIGHT LEAP A TALL BUILDING AT A SINGLE BOUND!



AND AS FOR YOU, **HAH**, LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER... I JUST SO HAPPENS **MY** TRUE IDENTITY IS **CLARK BENT**... MAN ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY! WHATA BURNER ON YOU, HUH?



HAH! AND I SUPPOSEN'T NOW YOU'D GIVE YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR FOR ME TO SNIFF YOUR PERFUME I SUPPOSEN'T!

WHERE'ZAT OL' BOTTOM DOLLAR?

HANDS OFF!



SO YOU'RE SUPER-DUPERMAN INSTEAD OF CLARK BENT! ... BIG DEAL!

YER STILL A CREEP!



UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'... GOING FROM SPITON TO SPITON...

...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP... CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY...

WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES **ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP!**



ROMANCE DEPT.: RAMONA SNARFLE WAS A TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL WHO HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER! WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN AND DIDN'T KNOW THE ANSWER? READ, THEN, WHAT RAMONA SNARFLE DID WHEN SHE HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO MEN, ETC.! READ... HOW...

FLOR WAS A SLOB!



MY NAME IS RAMONA SNARFLE, TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL! YES! MY LIFE IS QUITE COMPLETE NOW!



I AM ON THE RIGHT ROAD NOW! BUT I WENT TO THE SCHOOL OF HARD KNOCKS TO FIND THE WAY!... YES! I'VE MADE MISTAKES!... YESYES... YES!



AND I'VE PAID FOR MY MISTAKES! PROFIT, THEN, BY MY MISTAKES! READ, THEN, THE STORY OF MY LIFE, FOR THIS, THEN, IS MY TRUE CONFESSION!



I GREW UP IN A SMALL TOWN... WAS ENGAGED TO MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART! CROMWELL WAS EVERYTHING A GIRL COULD EVER WANT! FAITHFUL, LOVING, TRUE...

NOBODY COULD WANT A BETTER DOG THAN CROMWELL! THEN THERE WAS MY CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART, **SHELDON FLOB!** WE WENT OUT ON PICNICS EVERY SUNDAY!



SHELDON WAS A **SSWELL** LUG! BUT HE WAS **SO** UNROMANTIC! THAT IS WHY I WAS SURPRISED ONE DAY...

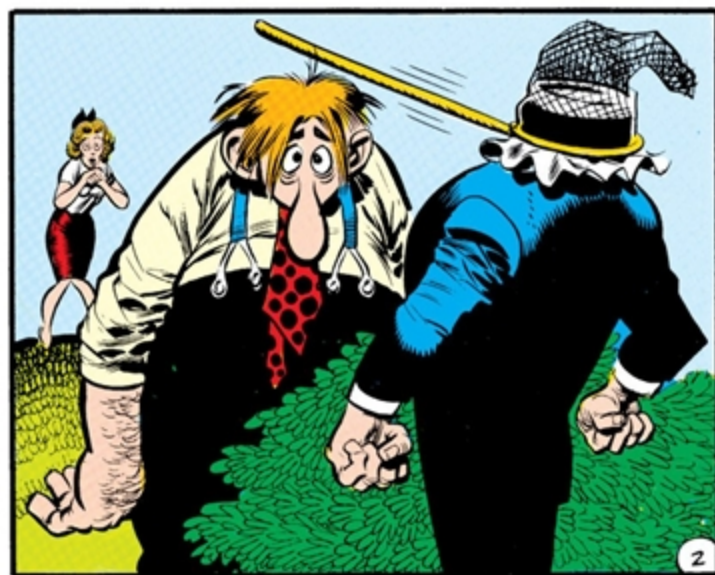
...TO FIND SHELDON TIP-TOEING SOFTLY TOWARDS MY RECLINING FIGURE...TIP-TOEING WITH OUTSTRETCHED ARMS!

HE BENT CLOSER TO MY HUNGRY LIPS... CLOSER TO MY FLUSHED CHEEKS... CLOSER TO MY TREMBLING BODY...THEN...



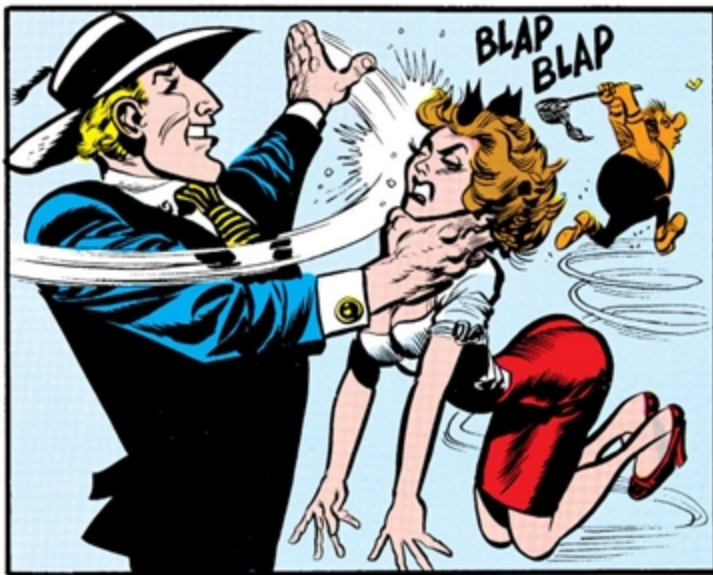
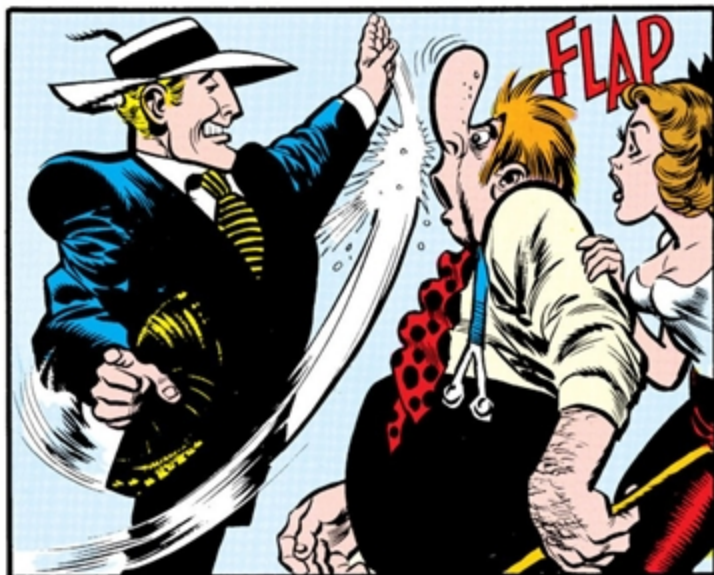
I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT IT WASN'T **ME**, SHELDON WAS TRYING TO SNATCH UP IN HIS ARMS! IT WAS A **BUTTERFLY** THAT HAD PERCHED SILENTLY ON MY HEAD!

A **FATAL** BUTTERFLY THAT FLUTTERED AWAY AND PERCHED ON THE HEAD OF **ANOTHER!** AND THEN **HE** SNAPPED HIS SNAP-BRIM AWAY FROM HIS EYES AND I MET... **HIM!**



RACKSTRAW HIM WAS HIS NAME! I REMEMBER HIS BRONZE SKIN, HIS BRONZE FLECKED EYES, AND HIS FLASHING BRONZE TEETH, AS HE PUSHED PAST MY SHELTON!

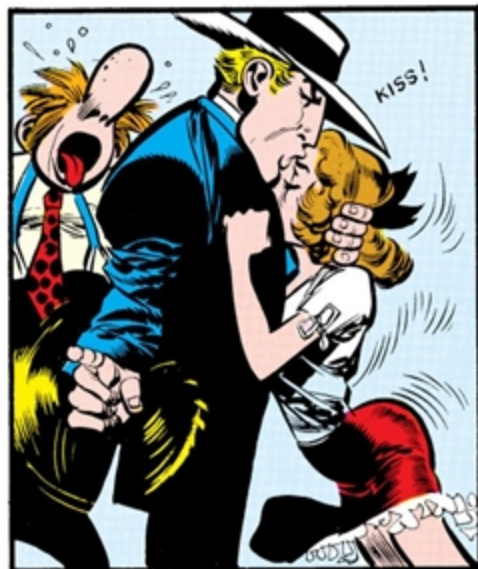
HE GRASPED ME IN HIS STRONG BRONZED FINGERS! HE BROUGHT A RED FLUSH TO MY CHEEKS! HE WAS FRIGHTENING, EXCITING, INTRIGUING ... A REAL SLOB!



HE CRUSHED ME TO HIM! I FOUGHT LIKE A WILD-CAT, THRASHING AND CLAWING TO RESIST HIS KISSES!

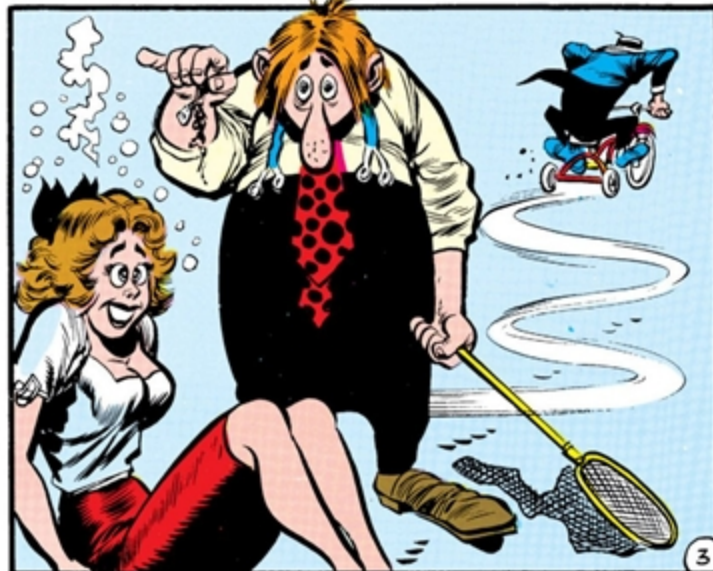
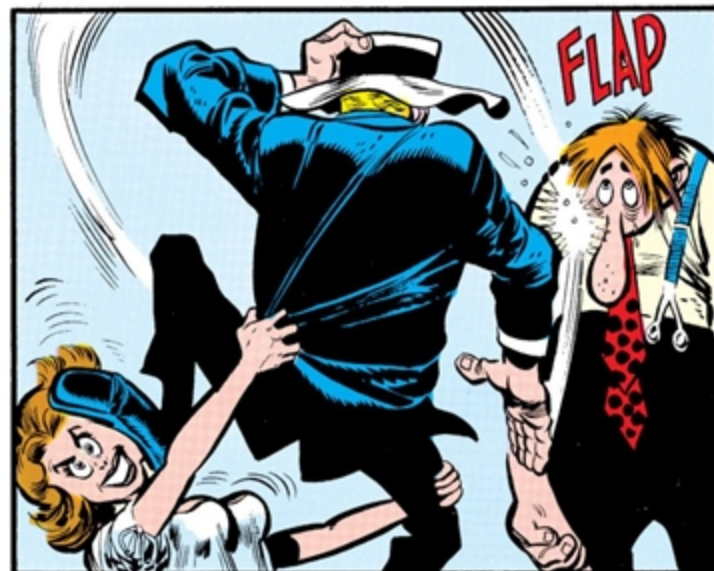
THE WORLD SPUN ABOUT ME! A TINY LITTLE VOICE IN MY EAR SAID, 'COME AWAY... COME AWAY... COME AWAY...'

...COME AWAY, CHASE BUTTERFLIES! BUT MY RESISTANCE HAD COLLAPSED! I FELL LIMP TO RACKSTRAW'S KISSES!



FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SHELTON! I KNEW HE WAS ANNOYED THAT I HADN'T HELPED HIM CHASE BUTTERFLIES! I TORE MYSELF FROM RACKSTRAW'S ARMS!

THEN... AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE HAD COME, HE RODE MADLY AWAY, AND I WAS ALONE... ALONE WITH SHELTON FLOB, CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART!... ALONE WITH A MASHED BUTTERFLY!



THEN ONE SATURDAY NIGHT, SHELDON TOOK ME DANCING IN THE BIG TOWN! WHEN SHELDON DANCED, HE STEPPED ON MY HANDS! SUDDENLY... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER...

AN ANSWER TO MY DREAMS! IT WAS HIM! HIM! HIM! RACKSTRAW HIM! WHILE HE ELBOWED SHELDON ASIDE WITH HIS BRONZED ELBOW, HE SWEEPED ME UP IN HIS OTHER BRONZED HAND!



WITH ALL EYES UPON US, WE GLIDED MAJESTICALLY ACROSS THE FLOOR! NOW I KNEW...IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO!

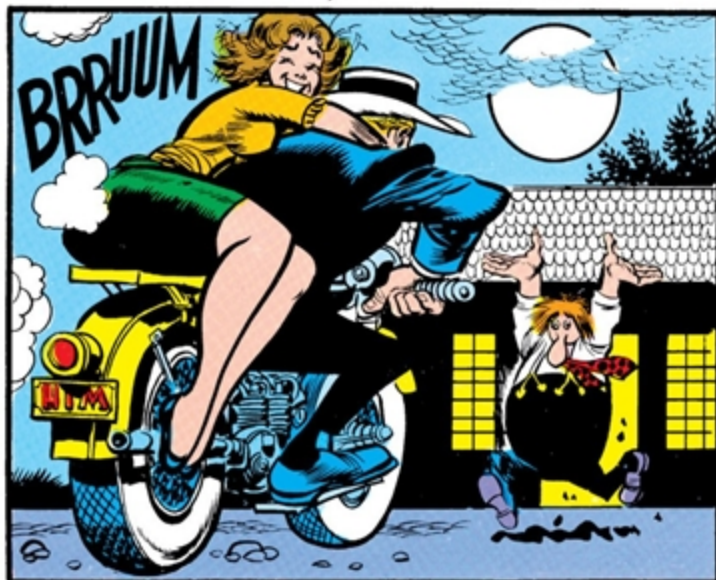
WE DIPPED! WE WHIRLED! WE STUMBLED! WE DID DANCE STEPS I NEVER EVEN KNEW EXISTED!

BUT WHEREVER WE WHIRLED, WE WERE FOLLOWED BY THE SAD EYES OF SHELDON! WE YEARNED TO BE ALONE!



I WAS GIDDY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS! THE MUSIC? THE CHAMPAGNE? LOVE? THE HARDWOOD FLOOR?... THE NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS RIDING AWAY!

FROM THE CORNER OF MY EYE I GLIMPSED THE PITIFUL FIGURE OF SHELDON, SITTING IN OUR EXHAUST SMOKE HOLDING OUT A MASHED LITTLE BUTTERFLY TO ME!



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE MADNESS!
FIRST THERE WERE DINNERS! FILET MIGNON!
PRESSED DUCK! TRUFFLES! BAGELS!



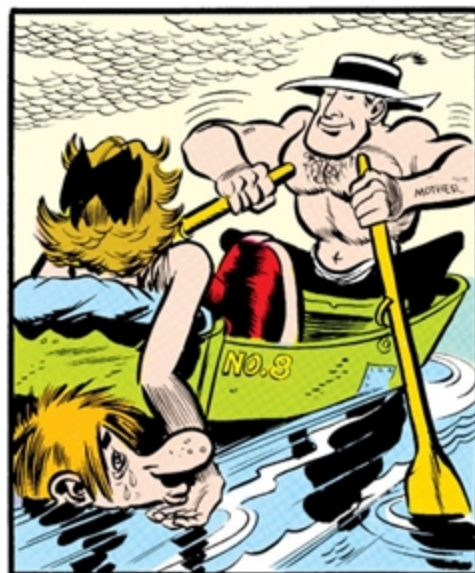
THEN THERE WAS THE THEATRE WHERE
WE SAW DRAMATIC PLAYS, COMEDIES,
MUSICALS, A DICK TRACY CHAPTER!



THEN THERE WERE THE COCKTAIL PARTIES
WHERE I MET THE WORLD'S GREAT! DIPLO-
MATS! SCIENTISTS! COMIC BOOK ARTISTS!



THEN THERE WERE THE YACHTING TRIPS
WITH THE COOL WET KISSES OF THE
CARIBBEAN SEA ON MY HAND!



THEN THERE WERE THE NIGHT CLUBS!...
WE MADE A HANDSOME COUPLE SIPPING
OUR DRINKS! EVERYONE STARED!



...AND THEN... THERE WAS... LOVE!... BUT
EVERYWHERE, I WAS FOLLOWED BY
THE HAUNTING EYES OF SHELDON!



FINALLY, ONE DAY, RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO ACCOMPANY
HIM ON A BUSINESS TRIP! HE TOLD ME HE HAD TO TAKE
SOME MONEY OUT OF THE BANK! I WAITED IN THE CAR!

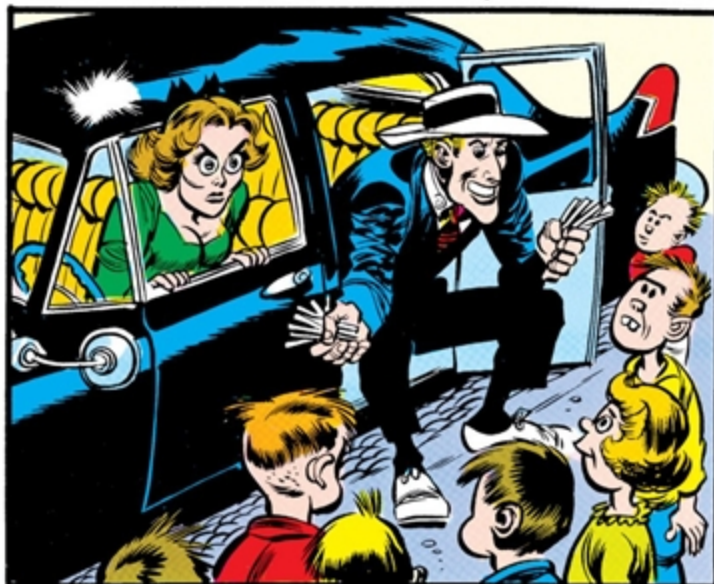


BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW CAME RUNNING OUT OF THE BANK
CARRYING A LITTLE BLACK SUITCASE BULGING WITH MONEY,
I BECAME SUSPICIOUS! WHY SHOULD HE RUN?



I WAS NO FOOL! I NOTICED THESE LITTLE THINGS! LIKE THE TIME RACKSTRAW TOOK ME TO SELL CIGARETTES TO THE SCHOOL CHILDREN!... STRANGE CIGARETTES, CALLED 'REEFERS'!

I NOTICED HOW RACKSTRAW NERVOUSLY PALED WHEN A POLICEMAN APPROACHED US! I NOTICED RACKSTRAW'S FRANTIC TONE WHEN HE YELLED 'STEP ON THE GAS!' **I WAS NO FOOL!**



RACKSTRAW WAS UP TO NO GOOD! I COULD TELL, AND I BEGAN TO REGRET OUR RELATIONSHIP! BESIDES...

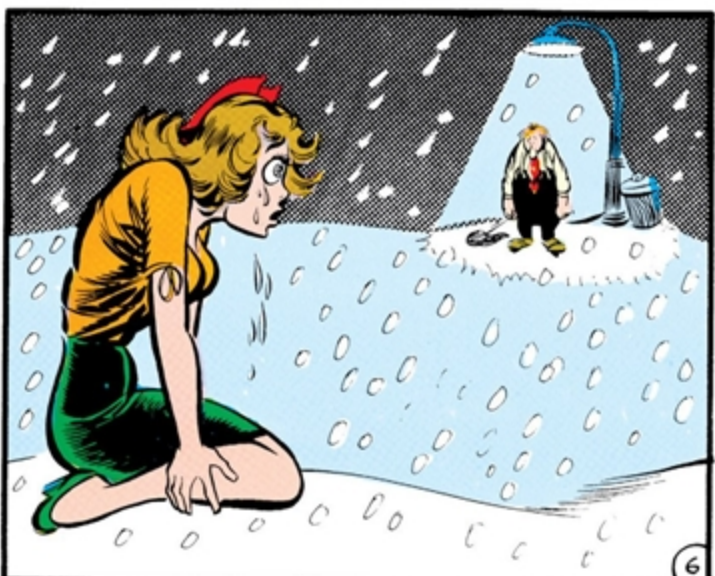
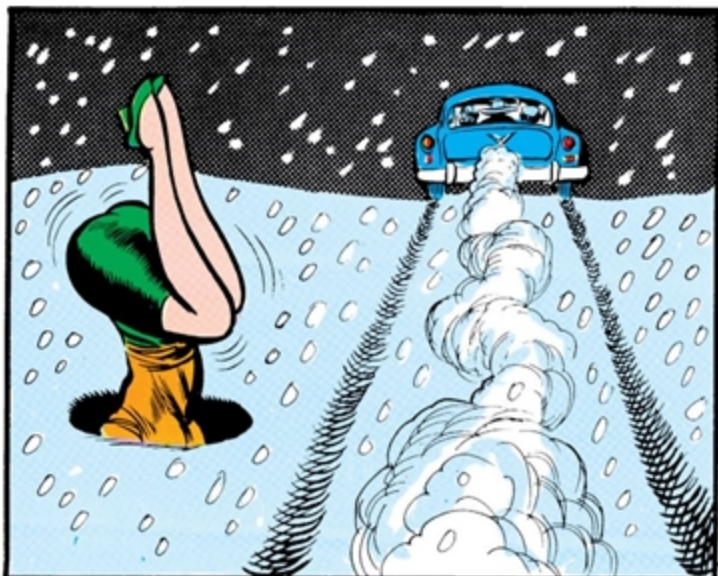
...RACKSTRAW HAD BEGUN TO ACT VERY FRIENDLY TOWARDS OTHER WOMEN! I MUST ADMIT... I WAS JEALOUS!

...BUT WHEN RACKSTRAW ASKED ME TO GO OUT AND SELL RACING FORMS, THIS WAS THAT LAST RACK-**STRAW!**



I DECIDED TO LEAVE! I LEFT! AND NOW, I WAS ALONE! THE WIND HOWLED, WHIPPING SNOWFLAKES ABOUT ME! I WAS FREEZING! **WHAT A FOOL I HAD BEEN!** I SHOULDNA LEFT!

IT WAS THEN THAT I SAW, FAR DOWN UNDER THE STREET LAMP, WAITING PATIENTLY... HUMBLY... FORGIVINGLY... LOYALLY... WAITING TO CATCH A RARE SPECIES OF NIGHT-FLYING MOTH...



...**SHELDON FLOB**... WAITING FOR **ME!** LIKE TWO MAGNETS WE WALKED TO EACH OTHER!

...TWO MAGNETS DRAWN POWERFULLY TOGETHER! NOW WE BEGAN TO TROT!

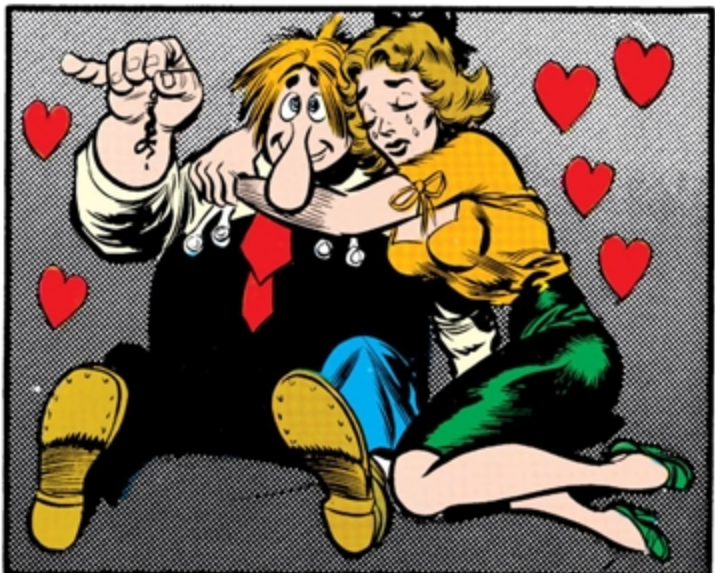
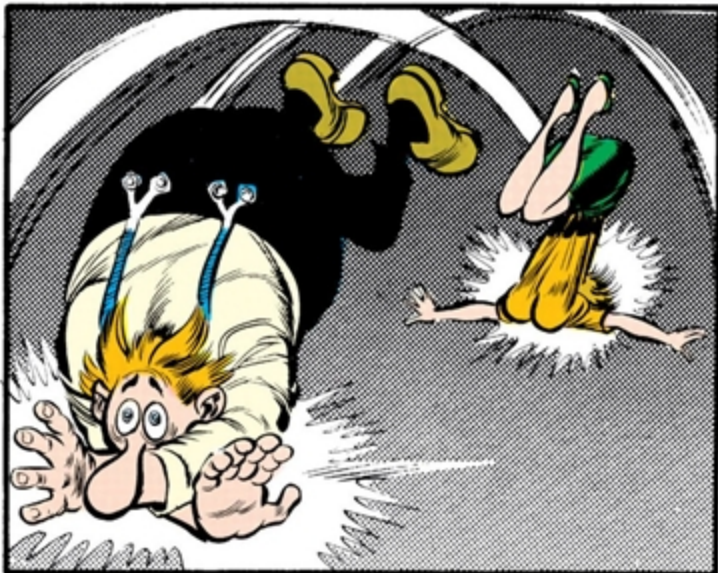
...TWO MAGNETS STRAINING TO TOUCH, WE TROTTED! NOW WE REACHED A CANTER!

...CANTERED WILDLY TO BE IN EACH OTHERS ARMS! WE RAN AT A GALLOP!



NOW WE WERE COMING TOGETHER! YARDS! FEET! INCHES! I SHUT MY EYES AND THREW MYSELF RECKLESSLY, MADLY, ECSTATICALLY AT SHELDON!...AND MISSED!

THEN SHELDON HANDED ME A LITTLE MASHED BUTTERFLY, AND SUDDENLY, I **KNEW** THE TRUE VALUES IN LIFE... KNEW THE MEANING OF THE WORD **LOVE!**



YOU CAN GUESS THE REST OF MY STORY! NOW I AM BACK WITH MY TRUE LOVE! NOW I **KNOW** WHERE I BELONG!



...BACK HERE ON THE PUBLIC SCHOOL STREET CORNER! BACK THERE WITH... RACK-STRAW... **SELLING REEFERS!** THINK I WANNA CHASE BUTTERFLIES ALL MY LIFE?



YAHOO! IT'S THE NIGHT CLUBS FOR ME!... HEY, KIDS, WANNA BUY SOME WEEDS, CHEAP? C'MON FORK OVER YOUR LUNCH MONEY! C'MON BEFORE THE TEACHER COMES! C'MON! WILLYA? C'MON? HUH? WILLYA? HUH? HUH?

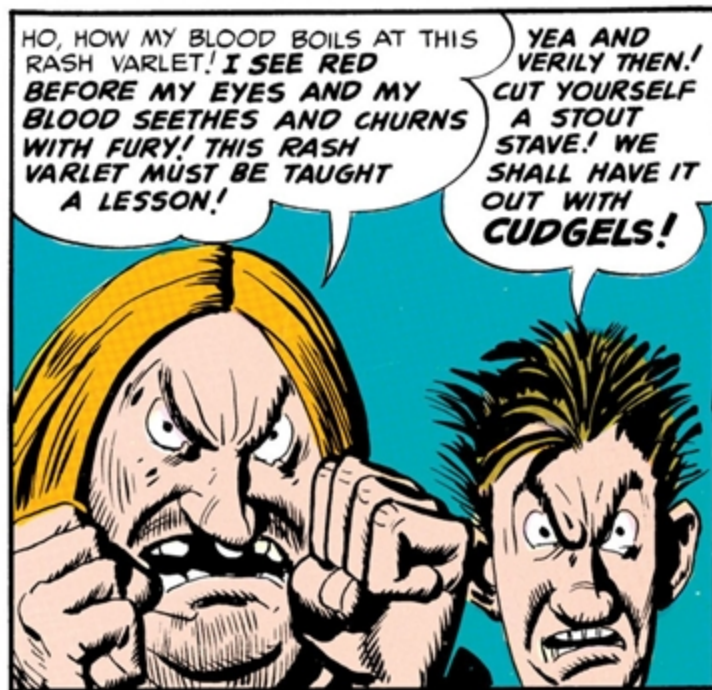


HYSTERICAL HISTORICAL DEPT.: COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF YORE! COME YE BACK TO YE MERRY ENGLAND! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS OF NOTTINGHAM! COME YE BACK TO MANDALAY WHERE YE FLYING FISHES PLAY! COME YE BACK TO YE DAYS OF...

ROBIN HOOD!













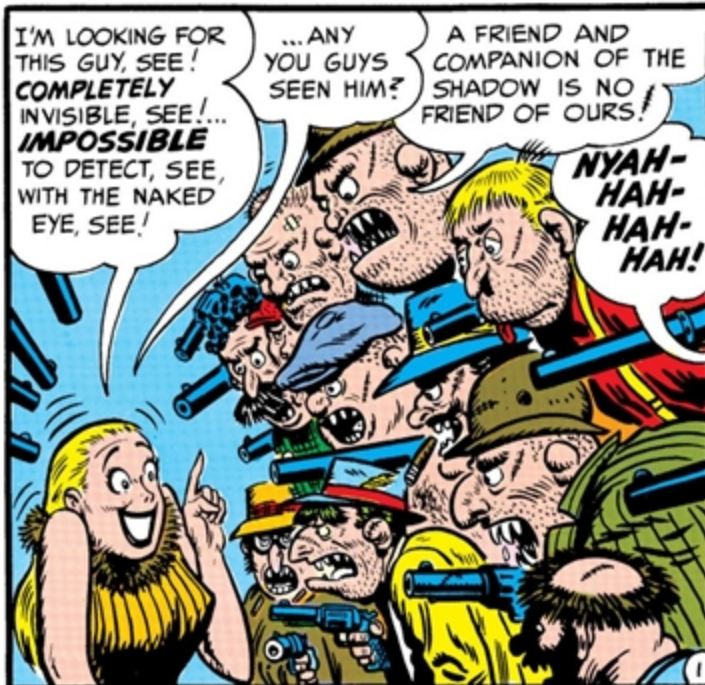
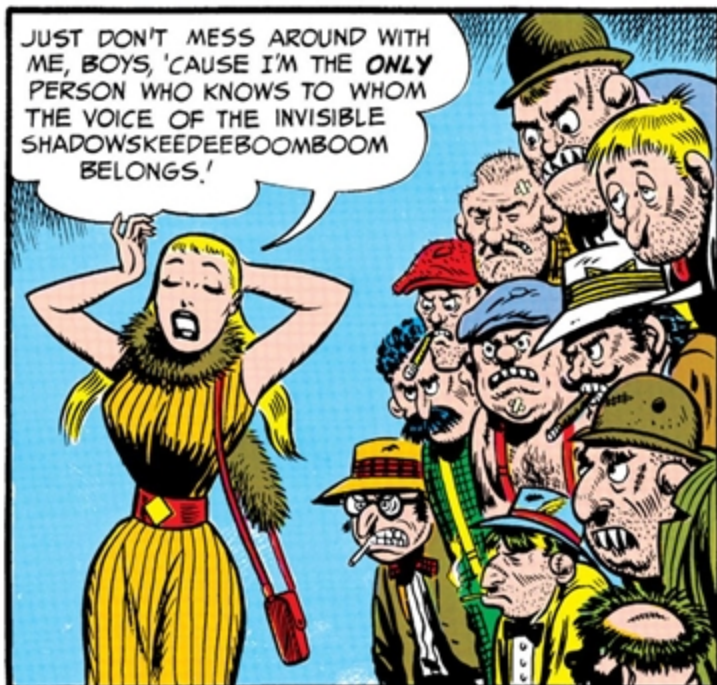
GO YE AWAY FROM THE DAYS OF YORE! GO YE AWAY FROM MERRY ENGLAND! GO YE AWAY FROM YE DAYS WHEN YE MINSTRELS SANG IN YE FORESTS!

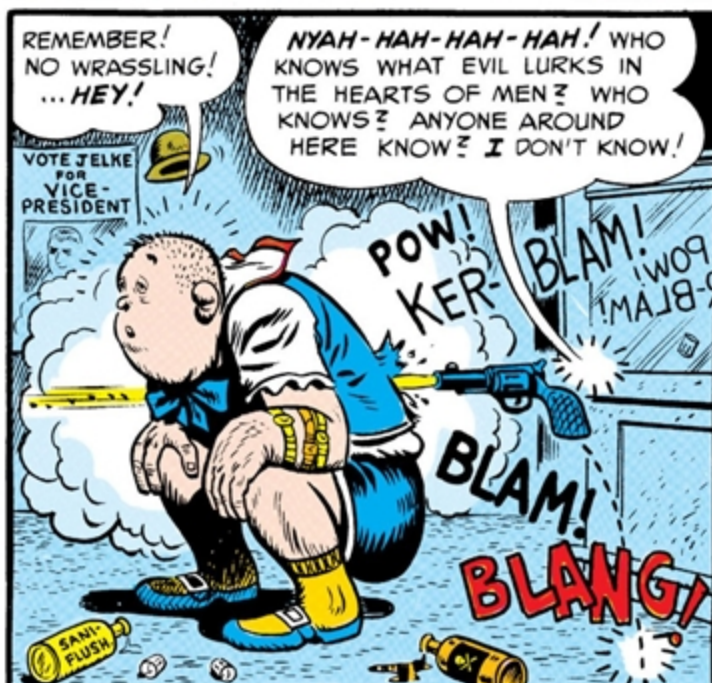
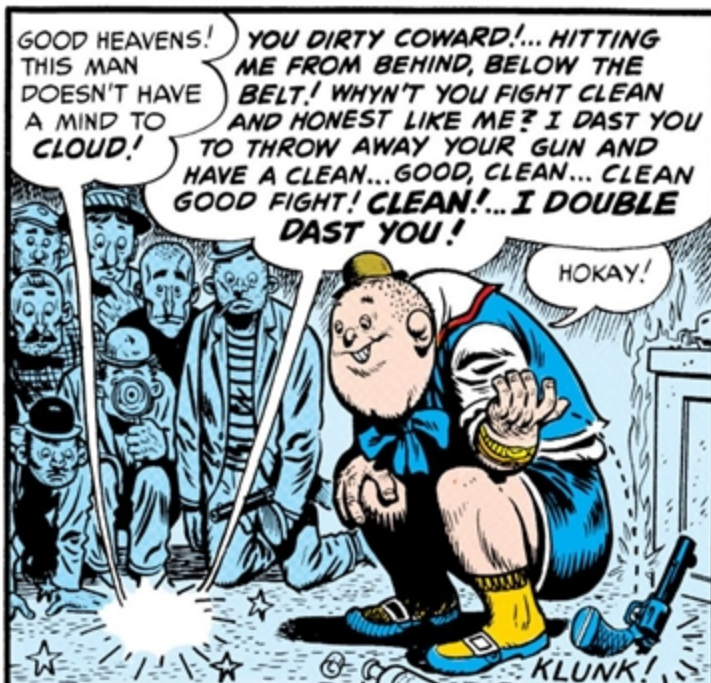
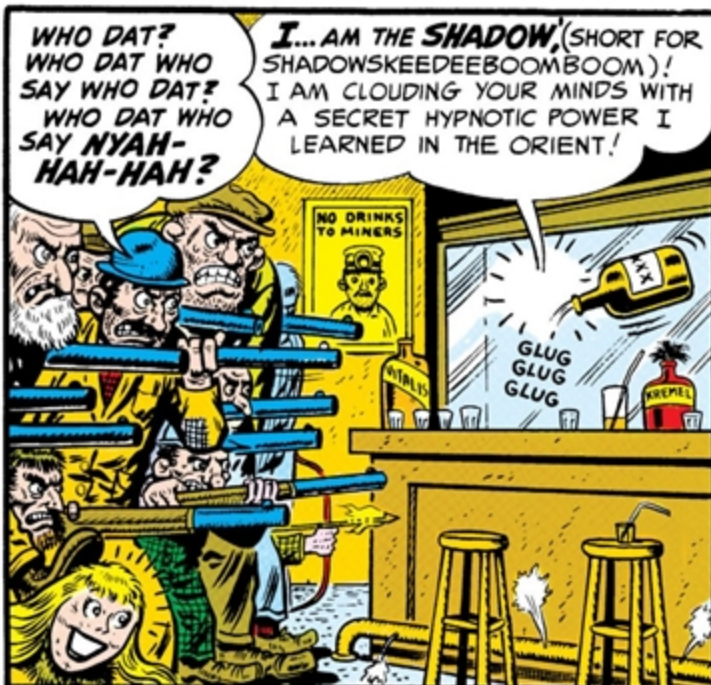
YE MINSTRELS NO LONGER HAVE A SONG...AND YE SKY IS NO LONGER BLUE! AN' YE MORAL TO YE STORY IS... NEVER TRUST A CROOK, EVEN IF IT'S ROBIN HOOD!

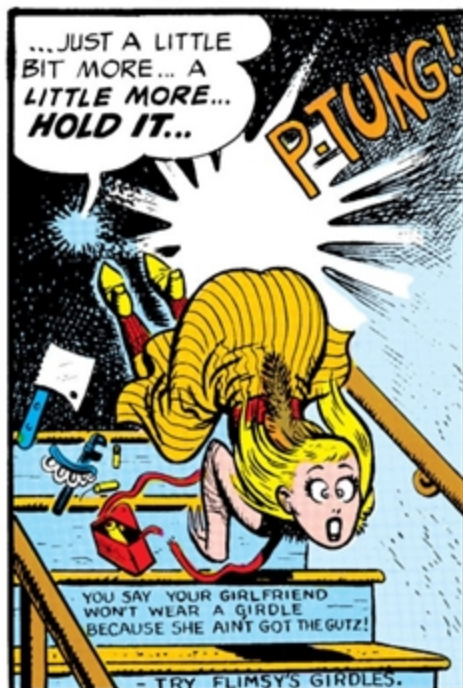
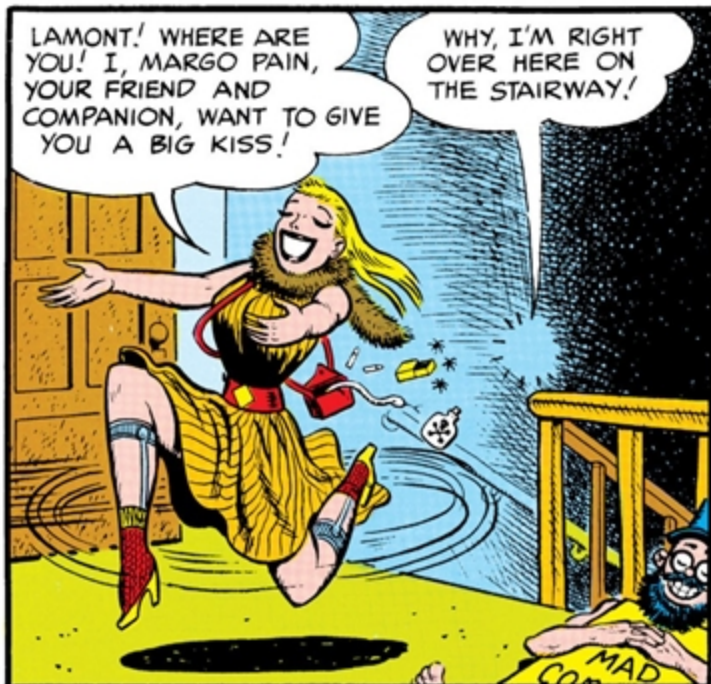


CRIME DEPT.: LAMONT SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM, WEALTHY YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN, HAS LONG AGO IN THE ORIENT LEARNED A SECRET HYPNOTIC POWER TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS! HIS FRIEND AND COMPANION, MARGO PAIN, IS THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE SHADOWSKEEDEEBOOMBOOM BELONGS! MARGO CALLS HIM, FOR SHORT...

SHADOW!







HI-HO! I'VE BEEN USIN' DEM OL' SECRET HYPNOTIC POWERS ALL MORNING! LET'S KNOCK OFF FOR LUNCH!

SHAD!! HERE'S WHY I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! **DYNAMITE UNDER THE HOOD OF MY CAR... TIME BOMBS IN THE MAIL...** I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO DO ME BODILY HARM!

A comic book panel showing a woman in a blue dress running away from a man in a yellow raincoat and a small dog. The man is holding a sign that says "MAD COMICS". The woman is screaming "EEK".

WHOEVER IT IS, SHAD? YOU'LL CLOUD THEIR MINDS, HUH, SHAD? YOU'LL GIVE 'EM THE OL' NYAH-HAH-HAH, WON'T YOU, SHAD? HUH? WON'T YA? HUH? HUH?

HEY SHAD?

ARE YOU THERE?

EEK

HEY
SHADZ

ARE YOU
THERE?

FEK

WHO PINCHED ME?

SHAMELESS HUSSY! ALLOWING MY SHADOW' TO PINCH YOU!

WHERE'S THAT WORM?

WHERE'S
THAT
WORM?

TOUCHED IN THE HEAD!

WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT? I'M THE BEST!

MOY! MOY! MOY!

OW! OW! LEGGO!

LISTEN, SHAMELESS HUSSY! I KNOW TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE **SHADOW** BELONGS! DO **YOU?**

A comic book panel from 'The Shadow' series. A large, yellow, mechanical structure, possibly a piece of machinery or a vehicle, dominates the upper half of the frame. It has a prominent gun-like arm pointing downwards. A woman in a blue dress and a woman in a yellow dress are looking up at it with expressions of surprise or concern. A man with a beard and a blue hat is also visible in the lower right corner. A speech bubble from the man contains the text: "LISTEN, SHAMELESS HUSSY! I KNOW TO WHOM THE VOICE OF THE INVISIBLE **SHADOW** BELONGS! DO **YOU?**".

KRASH!

DEFINITELY TOUCHED!

YES, MARGO!
THE WEED
OF CRIME
BEARS BITTER
FRUIT!

SEE, SHADOW? SEE SEE JUST NOW HOW BODILY HARM WAS TRIED? SEE?

DEFINITELY TOUCHED!

YES, MARGO! THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT!

4

