

# SPY SMASHER

No. 2  
WINTER  
ISSUE

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

10¢

DEATH  
TO SPIES IN  
AMERICA!

NEW ADVENTURES  
OF SPY SMASHER,  
HERO OF **WHIZ**  
COMICS




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NO.

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# SPY SMASHER

FROM OVERSEAS COMES A DREADED PLAGUE... A PLAGUE IN THE FORM OF A MASTER CRIMINAL KNOWN ONLY AS **THE RED DEATH!** GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS ARE DOOMED TO DIE... DOOMED UNLESS WILY **SPY SMASHER** CAN SMASH IT!



A CAB PULLS TO A STOP ON A LONELY STREET, AND ADMIRAL CORBY, FAMOUS NAVAL OFFICER, STEPS OUT.

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IN A SPLIT SECOND A CHANGE TAKES PLACE...ALAN ARMSTRONG IS SEEN NO MORE... IN HIS PLACE APPEARS SPY SMASHER, WEIRD NEMESIS OF CRIME.



THROUGH THE NIGHT HE SPEEDS, FROM ONE BUILDING TO THE NEXT...



AH! THEY'RE ALL THERE! CORBY.. JACKSON..GENERAL NOOSAN... AND, HEY! WHO'S THAT MAN IN A CLOAK?



CARRY ON, GENTLEMEN... DON'T LET ME STOP YOU!



WHA-??

SAY- WHO'S THAT BIRD?

... AND LIKE SOME CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, HE DROPS LITHELY TO A DOORWAY.

ER... PARDON ME... I FORGOT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. IN FRANCE, POLAND, NORWAY, RUSSIA, AND OTHER PLACES... THEY CALL ME **THE RED DEATH!**



**IMPOSTOR! GET OUT WITH YOUR HALLOWEEN JOKES BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT!**



YEAH! WHAT'S THE IDEA?

**IMBECILE! I OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR BLOOD FOR THAT INSULT! BUT I HAVE OTHER PLANS FOR YOU!**



YOU-YOU-YOU...

NOW REALIZING THAT IT IS NO HOAX, GENERAL NOOSAN'S HAND SLOWLY SNEAKS TOWARD HIS COAT... A GUN SLIDES CAREFULLY INTO VIEW.



**HA! HA! IDIOT OF A MAN! YOU'LL NEVER PULL THE TRIGGER!**



SUDDENLY, THE RED DEATH'S GUN BLASTS, AND A STRANGE RED VAPOR ENVELOPES GEN. NOOSAN.

THE RED CLOUD CLEARS, AND GENERAL NOOSAN SLUMPS FORWARD IN DEATH... HIS FACE HAS TURNED A BRIGHT CRIMSON... AND HIS LIFELESS EYES STARE INTO SPACE.



LOOK, THE REST OF YOU! A SAMPLE OF THE RED DEATH!

**HORRIBLE! THE GENERAL NEVER HAD A CHANCE!**



**AAAAGGH! THE RED DEATH!**

HA HA HA HA HA!

HH-HH HE'S FROZEN STIFF!



THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS, AND HAVOC REIGNS.

LOOK OUT! HE'S SHOOTING THE RED DEATH!

TURN ON THE LIGHTS!

BLAM



COME ON, YOU MEN! THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

OUT ON THE STREET, SPY SMASHER APPEARS... AND WITH HIM ARE THE ARMY OFFICIALS.

YOU'D ALL BETTER CLEAR OUT FAST BEFORE THE RED DEATH GETS OUT HERE WITH THAT GUN OF HIS!

WHY... WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST DOING NEXT, SPY SMASHER?



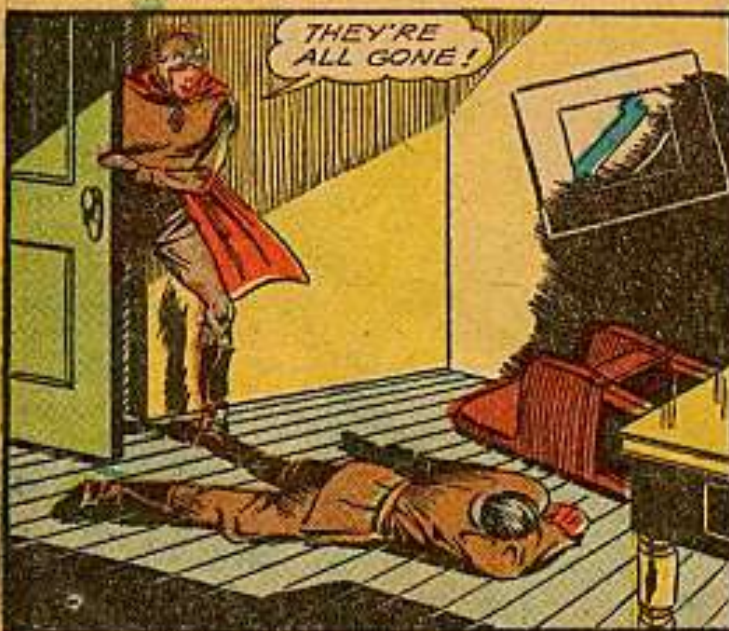
SEND WARNINGS EVERYWHERE! THE RED DEATH IS LOOSE IN AMERICA! ALL CITIZENS AND POLICE MUST HELP THE ARMY IN TRACKING HIM DOWN!



MEANWHILE, I'M GOING BACK AFTER HIM!



THEY'RE ALL GONE!



THE RED DEATH! IT STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING... IT SPARES NO ONE! POOR NOOSAN... HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!







ALL RIGHT, RED DEATH!  
HERE'S MY CHALLENGE!  
SPY SMASHER WILL AVENGE  
GENERAL NOOSAN'S DEATH...  
SPY SMASHER WILL NOT STOP  
UNTIL THE RED DEATH  
IS WIPE OUT!



AND  
ALAN  
ARMSTRONG  
CALLS AT  
THE CORBY'S  
HOME.

IT WAS HORRIBLE,  
ALAN. NOOSAN  
DIED BEFORE  
HE KNEW IT!



THEN SPY SMASHER  
APPEARED ON THE SCENE. AS  
USUAL HE WAS MASTER OF THE  
SITUATION, HE GOT US OUT  
OF IT. SINCE THEN,  
THE RED DEATH  
HAS STRUCK ELSE-  
WHERE... IF SPY  
SMASHER FAILS  
...THEN WHAT?

PLEASE,  
DADDY! DON'T  
SAY SUCH THINGS!  
OF COURSE SPY  
SMASHER WON'T  
FAIL AMERICA!



I BELIEVE EVE IS RIGHT,  
ADMIRAL. I ALSO HAVE  
A HUNCH SPY SMASHER  
WILL WIN OUT.  
GOOD DAY...  
SEE YOU  
TO-MORROW.



HMMM... NOW LET'S  
SEE, I'VE FOUND OUT  
WHERE THE RED  
DEATH'S HIDEOUT  
IS... AND I'VE FOUND  
OUT WHAT HIS PLANS  
ARE. NOW TO GET  
INTO ACTION.



THE BLACK CLOAK OF NIGHT FALLS, AND A SHABBY  
FIGURE HURRIEDLY MAKES IT'S WAY DOWN A STREET.

GOTTA HURRY!  
RED DEATH'S  
EXPECTING  
ME... GOTTA  
HURRY!





NOW LOOK, "GENTLEMEN", WE CAN MAKE A DEAL. I COULD GO OVER ON YOUR SIDE AND FIGHT WITH YOU, BUT....



... I DON'T EXACTLY WORK THAT WAY!



GET HIM! IF HE ESCAPES... I'LL KILL YOU ALL!



AFTER THEIR LEADER'S THREAT ON THEIR LIVES, THE AGENTS ATTACK WITH NEW FURY... AND SPY SMASHER IS SOON BORNE TO THE FLOOR BY GREAT ODDS.

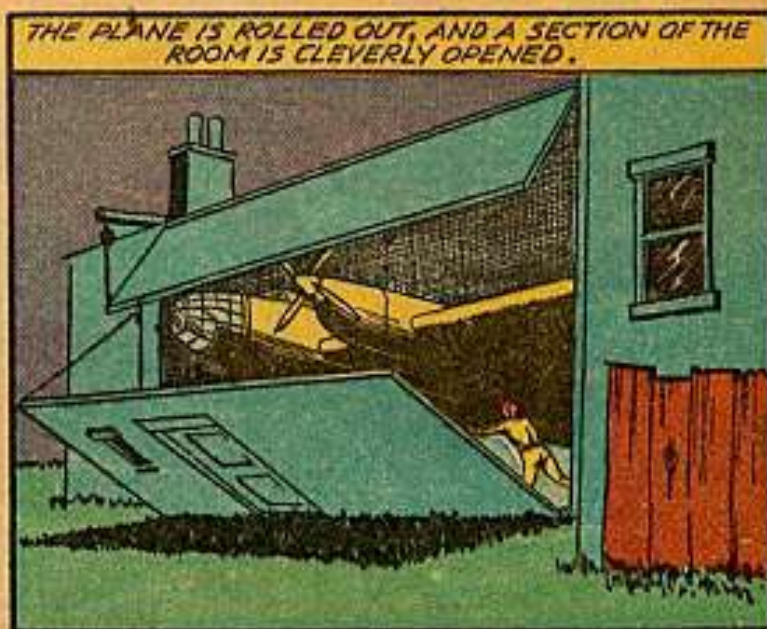
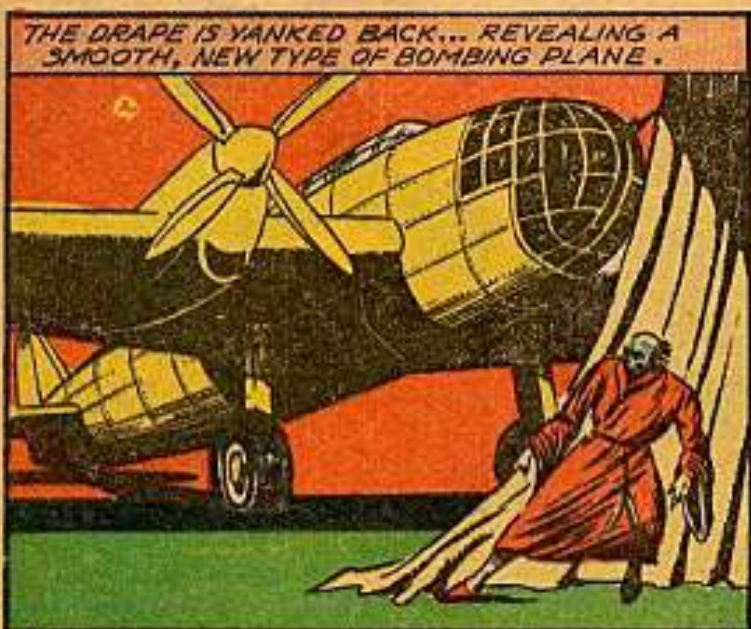
I GOT HIM!



CAN'T LET THEM TAKE ME... I'VE GOT TO BREAK LOOSE!



YA! DOT SETTLES HIM!





THERE THEY GO... MISSILES OF DEATH! THEY'LL LEAVE YOUR FAIR CITIES IN RUINS! BRING AMERICA ON HER KNEES!



YOU SAW HOW RIGID AND DEAD I LEFT YOUR GENERAL MOOSAN. THAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ALL OF YOUR PEOPLE! THAT'S WHY THE FATHERLAND COULD CONQUOR ALL OF EUROPE!



ULPS - WHA?



NO-NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO... AAAGH!

DOLT! STAY OUT OF MY WAY!

SOX



CLIMB IN AND PREPARE TO TAKE-OFF! WE START DROPPING THE GAS BOMBS IMMEDIATELY!



FAREWELL, SPY SMASHER! KISS YOUR COUNTRY GOOD-BYE... BECAUSE TO-NIGHT IS THE DOWN FALL OF AMERICA!



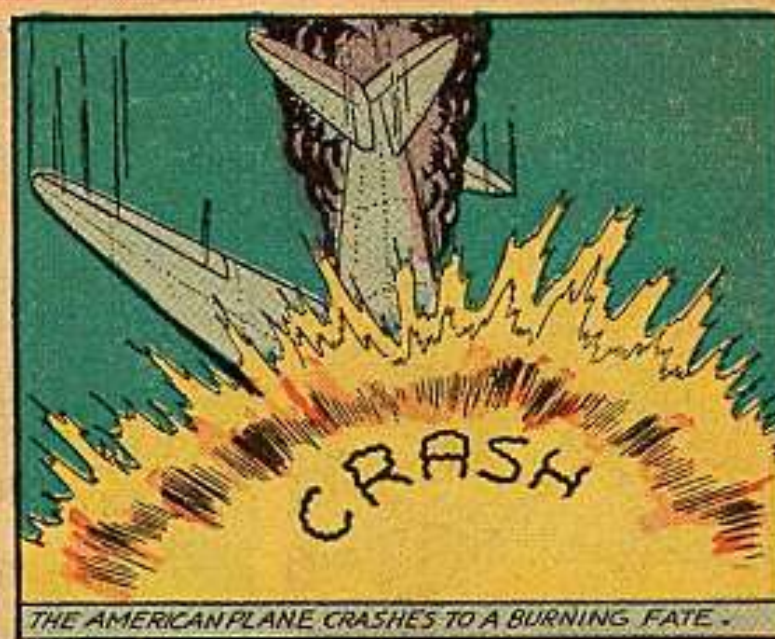
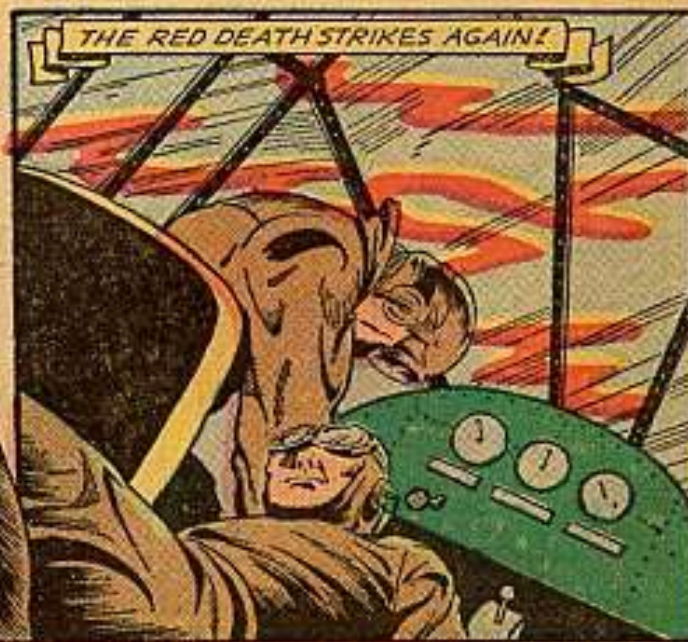
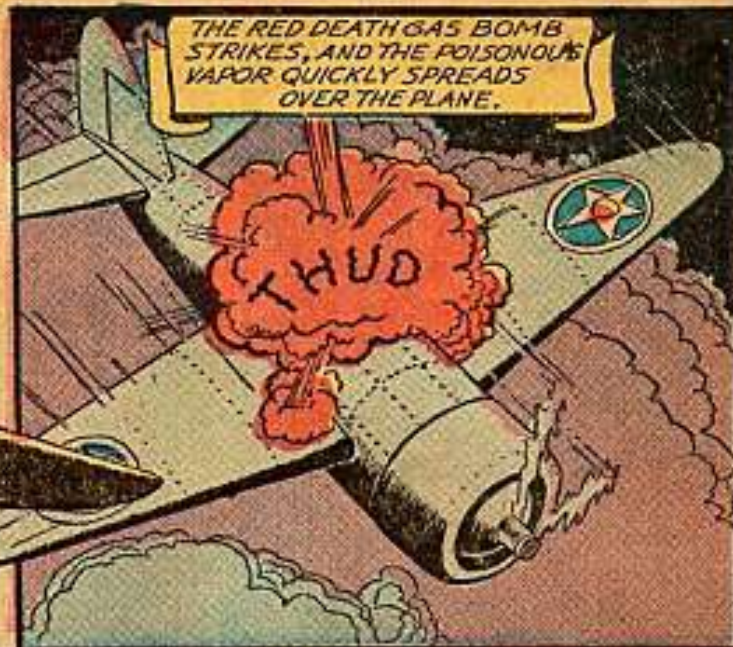
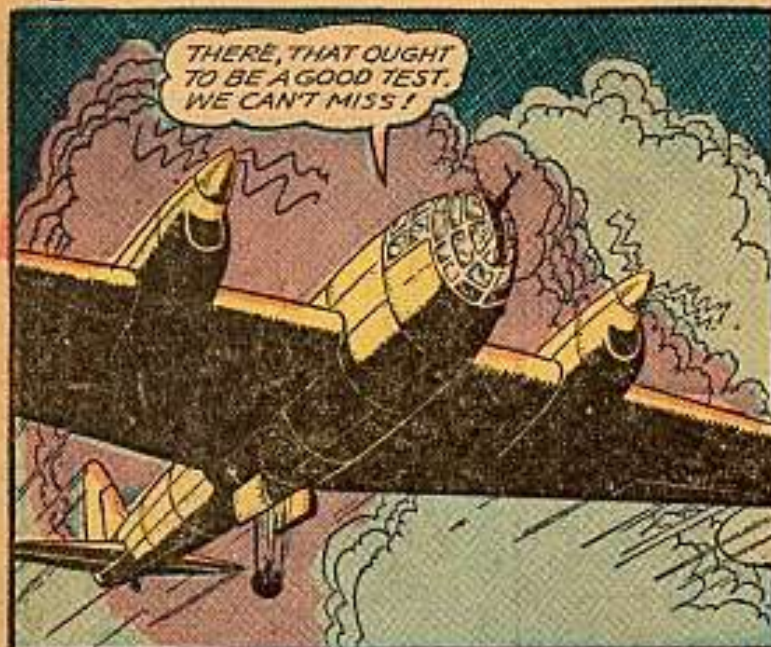
HER MUFFLED MOTOR PURRING, THE SHIP OF DEATH GLIDES SWIFTLY AWAY INTO THE NIGHT.



LOOK, AN AMERICAN PLANE! LET'S TEST OUT THE BOMBS!



HEY! LOOK UP THERE! AIN'T THAT A STRANGE PLANE?





HA! THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE OF WHAT THE REST OF THE COUNTRY WILL TASTE!... QUICKLY OVER NEW YORK CITY!



WHILE BACK AT THE DESERTED HIDEOUT, SPY SMASHER IS FACED WITH NEW DANGER.

HMMMM... SO THIS BIRD PLANS TO FINISH ME OFF!



I NO CUT YOU, SPY SMASHER! I'M ON YOUR SIDE NOW! RED DEATH HIT ME! I NO LIKE HIM SOME MORE... YES?



INSTEAD OF AN ENEMY, THE AGENT PROVES TO BE A FRIEND. QUICKLY HE SLASHES THE BONDS.

WHAT EVER YOU SAY, PAL... I'M WITH YOU.



NICE WORK, HERMANN. HERE, TAKE THIS TO THE LOCAL POLICE. IT'S A NOTE FROM ME TELLING THEM TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU. YOU'VE DONE YOURSELF CREDIT TO THE UNITED STATES!



MEANWHILE... I'VE GOT A DATE WITH THE RED DEATH!



CLAMBERING TO THE ROOF TOP THE MASTER CRIME FIGHTER SEES HIS GYROSUB'S STILL INTACT.

GOOD, THE GYROSUB'S STILL THERE!

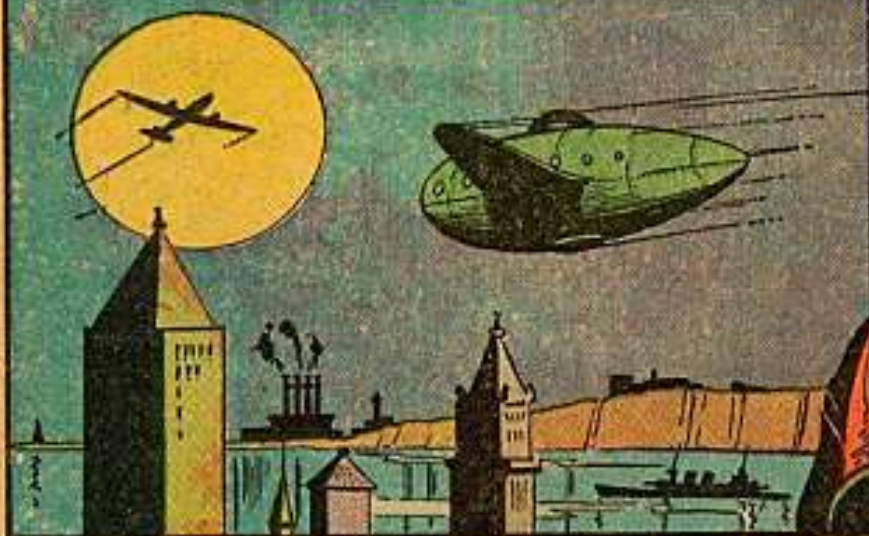


ALL RIGHT, MR. RED DEATH... I'M COMING AFTER YOU!



LIKE SOME WEIRD BIRD OF THE NIGHT, THE GYROSUB WHIRS SWIFTLY INTO THE DARK SKIES.

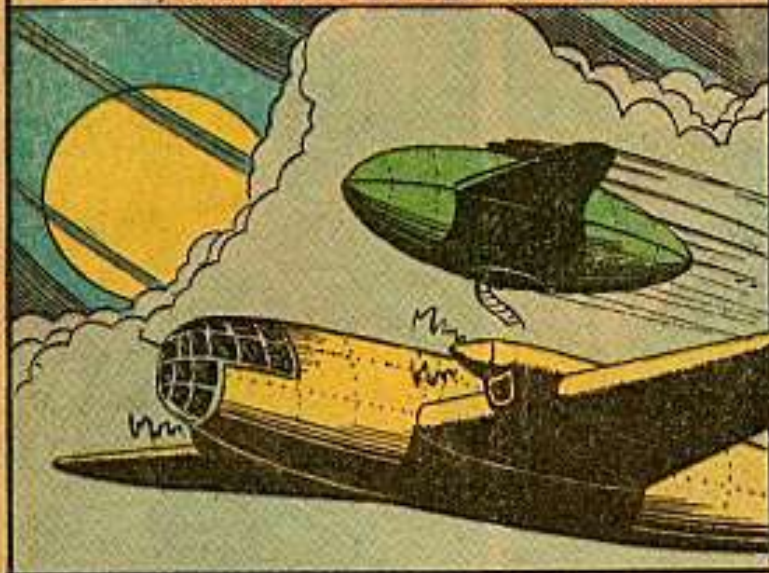
THE GYROSUB IS MUCH SWIFTER THAN ANY PLANE EVER, THUS WILY SPY SMASHER SOON SIGHTS THE RED DEATH'S PLANE IN THE DISTANCE.



AH! NOW TO GIVE THE BOYS A LITTLE FUN BEFORE THE REAL FIREWORKS START!



SILENTLY, THE STRANGE CRAFT HOVERS OVER THE PLANE, AND A ROPE LADDER DANGLES DOWN.



THE CONTROLS ARE SET TO MOVE ALONG EXACTLY AT THE SAME SPEED AS THE PLANE. HERE'S HOPING MY PLANS DON'T GO HAYWIRE!



WHILE INSIDE THE PLANE...

WE SHOULD BE OVER NEW YORK CITY NOW. PREPARE TO DROP THE DEATH BOMBS!

ALL ISS IN READINESS! WE MAKE ONE BIG EXPLOSION ON NEW YORK!

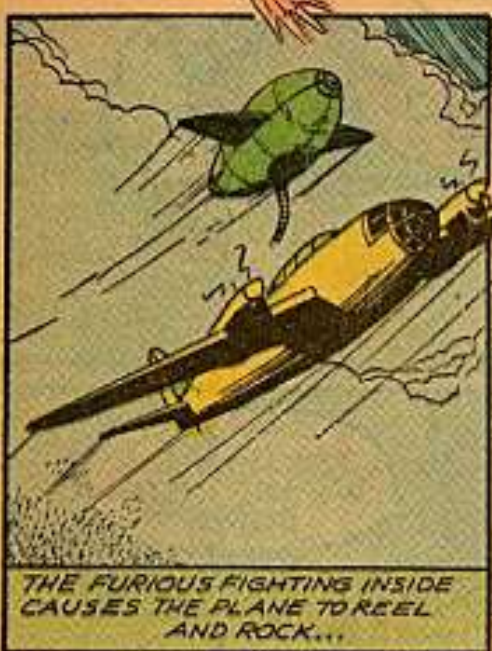


GOOD EVENING, PLUG UGLIES! MIND IF I HITCH A RIDE?

HEY! VOT ISS DOT? IT LOOKS LIKE DAT SPY SMASHER FELLOW!





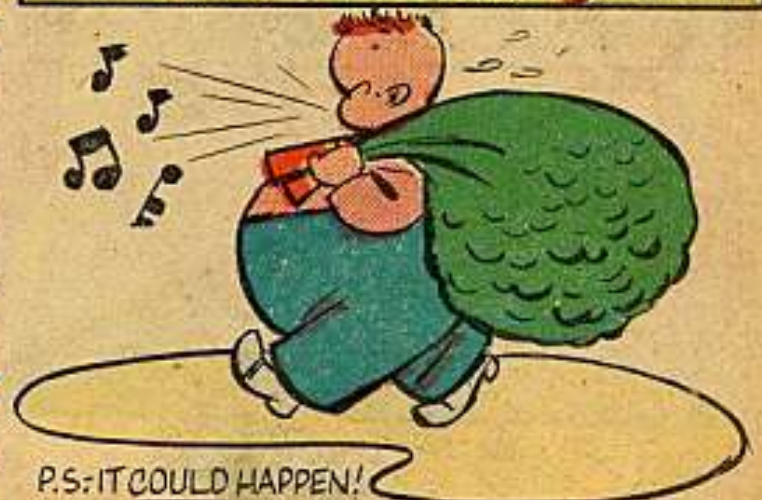
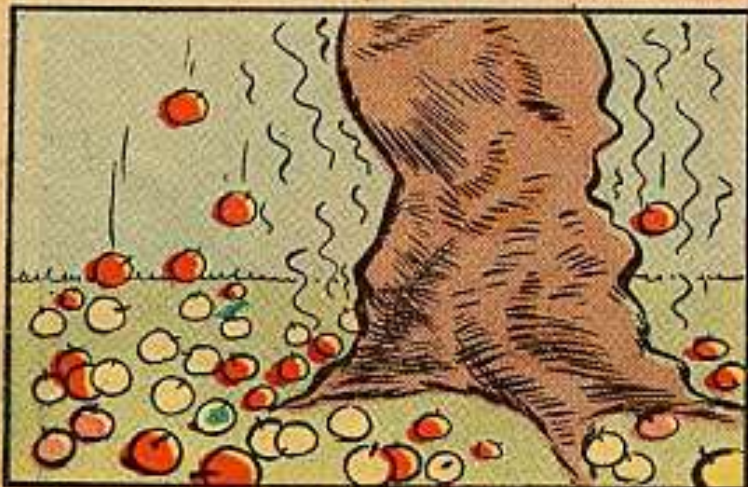
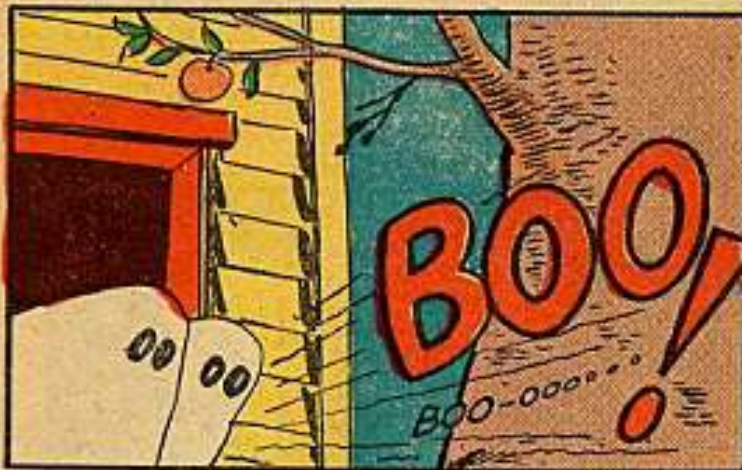


BUT ONE FIGURE MAKES HIS WAY FROM THE POISONED CHAMBER. SPY SMASHER LEAPS TO SAFETY.

READ THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF SPY SMASHER EACH MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS!

# Chubby





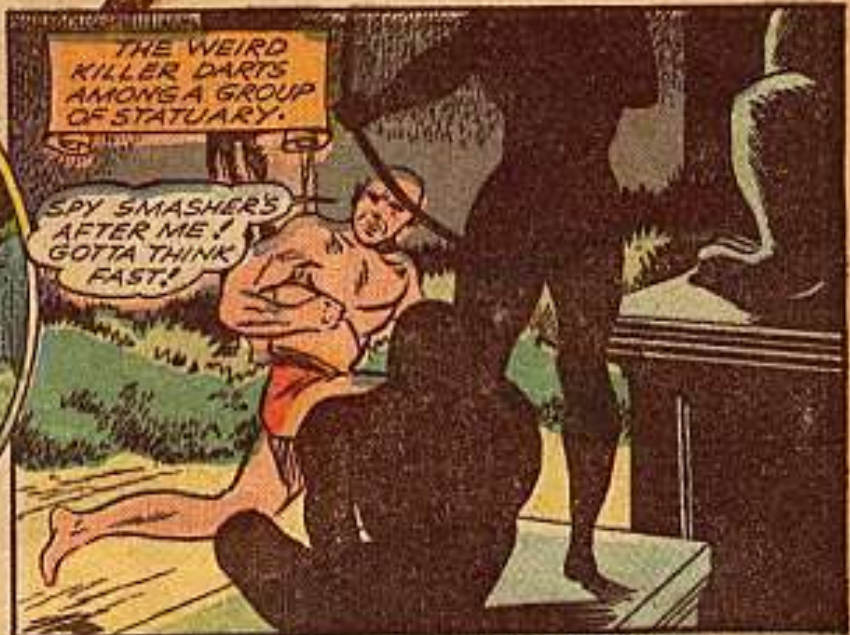
# SPY SMASHER

SPY SMASHER IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE EVIL POWERS CLAWING AT AMERICA, FINDS THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS DEADLIER THAN THE MALE..... AS HIS ENDLESS BATTLE BRINGS HIM FACE TO FACE WITH 'THE TIGRESS'.



STOPPING OVER IN GOTHAM CITY ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON FOR A SPECIAL SESSION, SENATOR WHITNEY TAKES AN EVENING STROLL THROUGH THE PARK.









BUT AS THE BATTLE RAGES! LUDWIG WAITS HIS CHANCE.









SHALL WE LEAVE THE ROOM, GENTLEMEN? AS MY TWO PETS ARE ABOUT TO HAVE THEIR DINNER.



OUR GREAT PLAN HAS BEGUN! IT WILL BE EASIER NOW. AS SENATOR WHITNEY, LUDWIG, YOU CAN EASILY GAIN ADMITTANCE TO SENATOR BURKE'S HOTEL ROOM.



GO, LUDWIG, AND GIVE SENATOR A CIGAR, EH?

JA, I'LL GIVE BURKE A CIGAR. HA, HA, HA!



SOME TIME LATER, ALAN ARMSTRONG, MILLIONAIRE SPORTSMAN IDLY ENTERS THE CREST HOTEL.

THIS IS SENATOR WHITNEY'S HOTEL. I'LL INQUIRE IF HIS DEATH OR DISAPPEARANCE HAS BEEN REPORTED.



OOPS! ... OH, PARDON ME, SIR ...

NOT AT ALL.

GOOD EVENING, SENATOR WHITNEY!



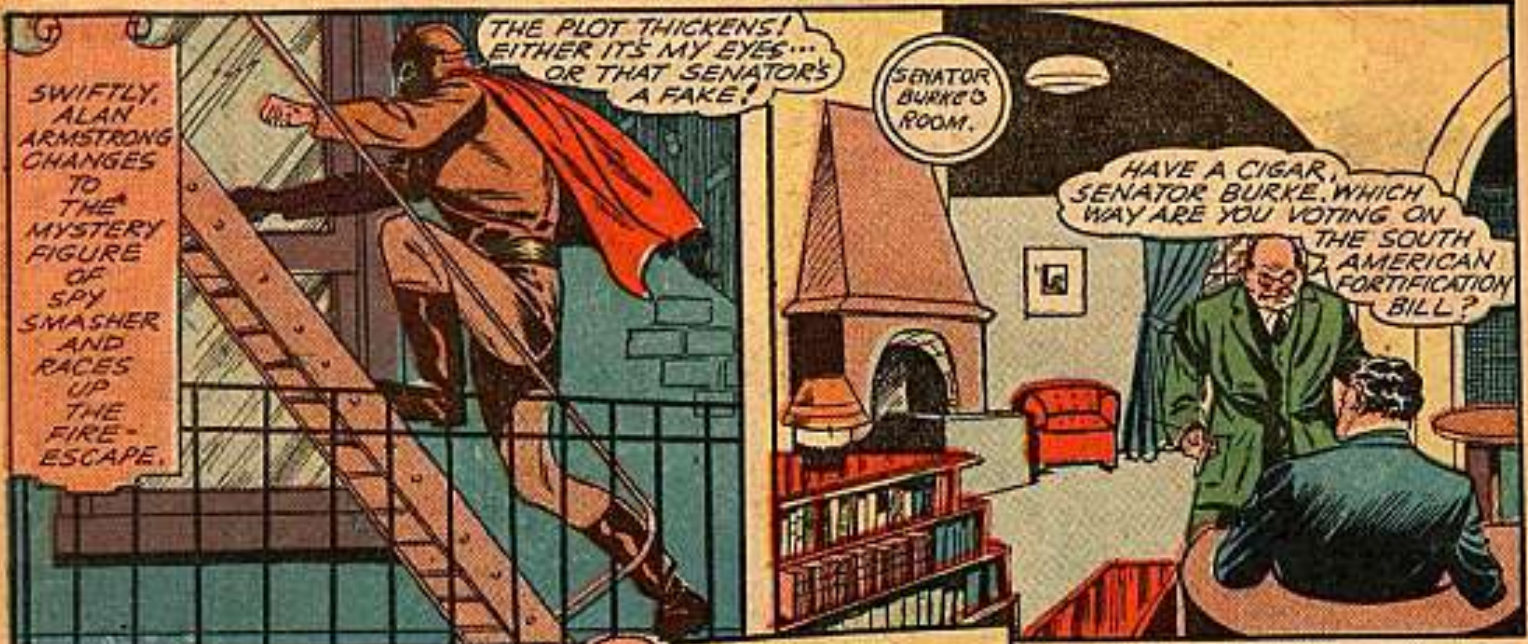
WHA---? WHY--- WHY HE'S A DEAD MAN! I SAW HIM KILLED WITH MY OWN EYES!



ANNOUNCE ME TO SENATOR BURKE, PLEASE!

YES, SENATOR.

HMM-











OH, DEAR, I FORGOT TO FEED THEM! PERHAPS YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH, SPY-SMASHER..

GROWL!  
ROAR!



WITHIN, SPY SMASHER FACES THE TWO FEROCIOUS MAN EATING TIGERS.

THAT DAME HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR, BUT I'M NOT LAUGHING!



G-R-R-R-A-A

DESPERATELY, SPY SMASHER FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE...

ER...NO... ON SECOND THOUGHT, I WON'T USE THE LOOK 'EM IN THE EYE, TECHNIQUE!

YOU REALLY BELONG ON A MERRY-GO-ROUND ANYWAY, Y'KNOW!



THE TWO KILLER BEASTS RUN AFOWL OF EACH OTHER.



WELL, WHILE YOU TWO BOYS BATTLE OVER ME .....



I'LL SKIP!

WITH THE HIDEOUS PLOT OF THE TIGRESS RISING TO ITS CLIMAX, SPY SMASHER RACES TO HIS GYRO-SUB!



THE TIGRESS IS AFTER ADMIRAL CORBY! C'MON, OLD GIRL, GIVE!



ADMIRAL CORBY CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE RECEIVES A CALLER.

YOU'RE WORKING LATE EVERY NIGHT, DAD!

GOT TO GO, EVE. HAVE TO DETAIL MEN TO WATCH THE SENATORS. RUMORS SAY THE TIGRESS IS OPERATING IN THIS COUNTRY!..

COME IN!



THE SPY DISGUISED AS SPY SMASHER FOOLS BOTH EVE AND ADMIRAL CORBY.

COME ALONG ADMIRAL! YOU TOO EVE!



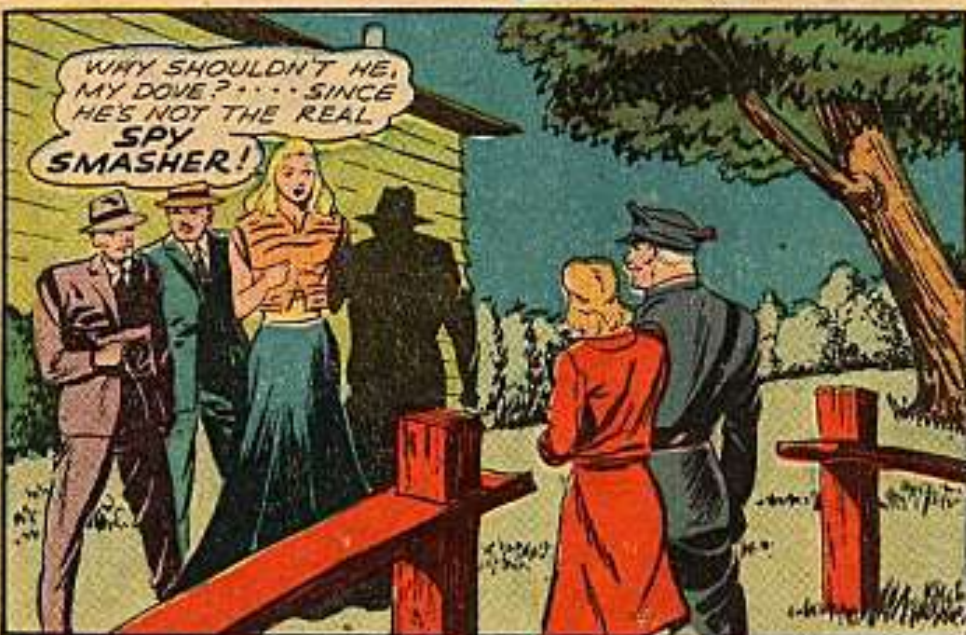
I WON'T NEED A BODYGUARD WITH SPY SMASHER ALONG!



LATER, AT AN OLD SHACK ON A CLIFF...

COME ON YOU TWO, GET OUT!

SPY SMASHER YOU SOUND SO BRUFF



WHY SHOULDN'T HE, MY DOVE? ... SINCE HE'S NOT THE REAL SPY SMASHER!

THE TIGRESS! THE SPY I'VE BEEN AFTER MONTHS! ... AND NOW ... AND NOW ... OH, WHAT A FOOL! I'VE BEEN LURED AWAY FROM MY POST AT THE MOST CRUCIAL TIME..

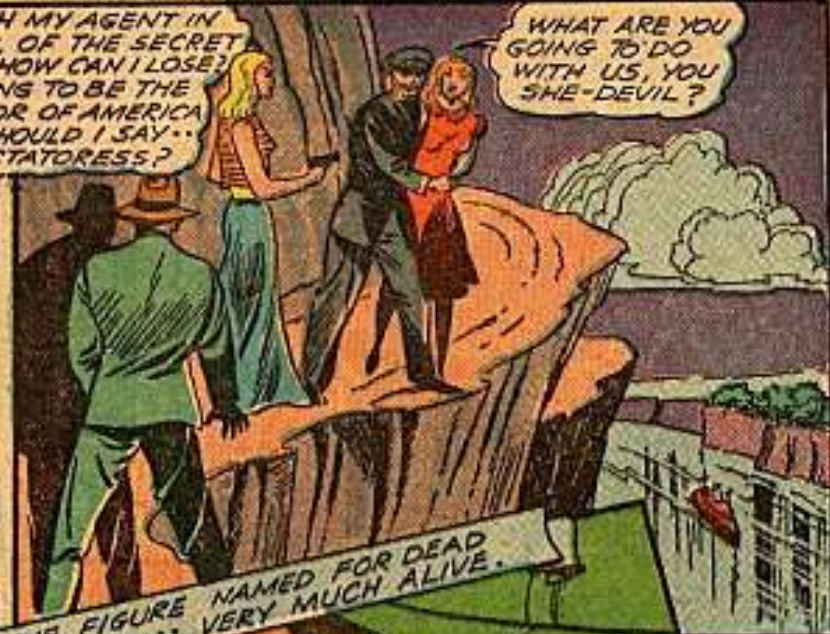


OH, BUT DON'T WORRY, ADMIRAL! YOU'LL RETURN TO YOUR POST, OR A REASONABLE FACSIMILE OF YOU!



THE TIGRESS DISGUISES ONE OF HER HENCHMEN AS ADMIRAL CORBY.

WITH MY AGENT IN CONTROL OF THE SECRET SERVICE, HOW CAN I LOSE? I AM GOING TO BE THE DICTATOR OF AMERICA OR SHOULD I SAY... DICTATRESS?



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH US, YOU SHE-DEVIL?

I'VE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOU, ONLY SPY SMASHER COULD SAVE YOU NOW, BUT HE'S DEAD HA, HA, HA!

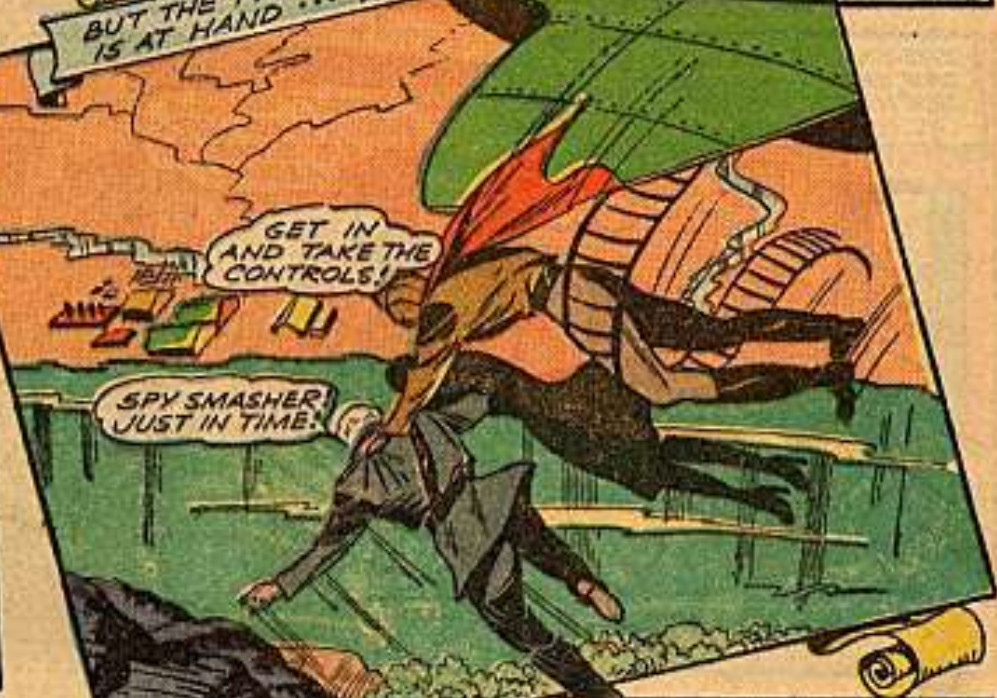


HELP!

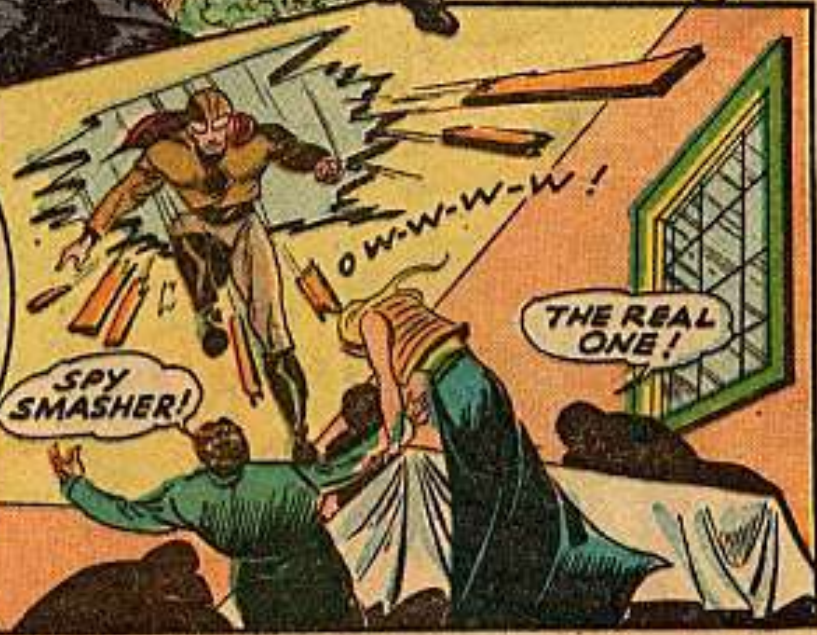
BUT THE FIGURE NAMED FOR DEAD IS AT HAND... VERY MUCH ALIVE.

GET IN AND TAKE THE CONTROLS!

SPY SMASHER JUST IN TIME!



EVE AND ADMIRAL CORBY SAFELY IN THE GYRO-SUB, SPY SMASHER HEADS DOWN.



OW-W-W-W!

SPY SMASHER!

THE REAL ONE!





# BOY DETECTIVE



by Joseph J. Millard

**TOMMY DEEMS** went through the motions of delivering his evening papers, but his heart wasn't in the job. Even Jiggs, his pet terrier, shared his master's misery and ignored the cats along the paper route. It is hard to be happy and enjoy your work when someone you think a lot of is badly hurt.

At Judson's little cottage, Tommy tiptoed up the sidewalk and laid the folded newspaper very carefully against the front door. Some of the boys carelessly tossed the papers in from out in the street but Tommy never did.

Tommy tiptoed away from Judson's cottage with his heart in his throat. He had hoped to see Miss Sue and ask about her father, but all he saw was that strange, new doctor from across the street. For all his nice manners, Tommy could not like the new doctor. There was something about his eyes that made chills run up and down Tommy's spine. He wished the nice Mr. Judson had some other doctor.

Tommy hadn't seen the accident, but he had heard all about it. Taking his regular evening walk, Mr. Judson had been run into by an old truck. He wasn't badly hurt, but he had to stay in bed and have his whole head and face muffled in bandages. People said Mr. Judson was lucky that a new doctor lived right across the street and had gotten there in time to take care of him. But Tommy still disliked the new doctor.

Tommy was thinking of these things, feeling sad and lonely, when a voice called to him from Judson's door.

"Wait a minute, Tommy. Dad seems to feel so much better. I'll ask Dr. Kruger if it won't be all right for you to step in and say hello to Dad."

"Oh, I'd like that," Tommy said eagerly, hugging Jiggs.

In a moment Sue came back with the doctor. Jiggs suddenly began to growl. That was funny because Jiggs never growled at nice people.

"All right," Dr. Kruger said gruffly. "He can come up for a minute, but he can't bring that ugly mutt in."

Tommy made Jiggs wait outside and followed Sue and the Doctor up the stairs to Mr. Judson's bedroom. It made Tommy hurt inside to see the bundle of bandages hiding every speck of Mr. Judson's face. He stood still until Mr. Judson stirred and spoke.

"Hello," he said, his voice muffled by the bandages. "It was nice of you to come up, Tommy. Don't worry about me. I'll be up and around in a few days."

"That's good," Tommy said happily. "Then you can wear those new slippers we boys gave you."

"Slippers? Oh, yes, yes. I'd forgotten them."

That was funny. Mr. Judson's voice sounded strange, even through the bandages, and it wasn't like him to forget a present from his boys. Maybe

if he saw the slippers, he'd feel better. Tommy knew where they were kept, right over there in the closet.

He started toward the closed door of the closet. Instantly Mr. Judson made a funny hard noise. Dr. Kruger snarled and jumped over to push Tommy back.

"You keep away from that door," he said harshly. Then his voice got soft again. "I didn't mean to be rough son. But you mustn't do anything to disturb Mr. Judson. You run along now and I'll tend to him."

Outside, with Jiggs at his heels again, Tommy thought about it. Something was wrong. He could feel that inside. Why should Mr. Judson be upset about seeing his slippers? And why did Dr. Kruger's eyes look so cold and furious when Tommy started to open the closet door? Something was wrong, Tommy was certain. Not even Mr. Judson's voice sounded right.

**BUT WHAT** could be wrong? Of course Mr. Judson, being a jeweler, often kept very expensive diamonds and rubies hidden in his house so robbers wouldn't find them, but . . .

That night, after his dinner, Tommy whistled to Jiggs and walked back to Mr. Judson's house. Mr. Judson had been so good to the boys of the neighborhood that they'd do anything for him. If he was in trouble, Tommy was going to find out about it.

There was a light in Mr. Judson's study window and Tommy decided to look in. He crept close and held his breath. Mr. Judson was inside, his face still hidden by bandages, sitting at his desk. He had his stamps spread out on the desk and as Tommy watched, he would pick one up, dip it in a little dish of fluid and then lay it on a black tray. Tommy knew what he

was doing—looking for watermarks. Sometimes, to keep crooks from making fake stamps, the government printed postage on paper that had a watermark. This was a design pressed into the paper. You couldn't see it until you dipped the stamp in benzine and then laid it on a black tray. Then the design showed clearly.

Miss Sue was there, watching, and so was Dr. Kruger. Presently Miss Sue went out. Then Dr. Kruger jumped across and started talking to Mr. Judson. A window was partly open and Tommy could hear his words.

"Play it up, Nick," Dr. Kruger was saying. "The dame thinks it's on the level. We almost slipped when that brat reached for the closet door this afternoon, but we're okay now. When the dame goes to bed, we'll bust open the safe, grab the ice and scam."

Tommy frowned, holding Jiggs so he wouldn't make a sound. He could not understand most of what Dr. Kruger was saying, but he didn't like the tone of his voice. He raised up for a better look. Miss Sue was coming back into the room and the bandaged figure of Mr. Judson was once more dipping his stamps. Tommy could see what the stamps were, now, and suddenly he felt cold all over.

He knew the truth, now. That wasn't Mr. Judson at all, wrapped in those bandages. It must be a crook, after Mr. Judson's diamonds. Then they might have really hurt Mr. Judson. And they might hurt Miss Sue. Tommy felt sick but he knew something had to be done. He would hurry out and telephone Detective Jeffries. He ran out and down to the candy store where they let him use the phone. When he got Steve Jeffries on the phone, he told him all about how he thought Dr. Kruger and the man with the bandages were crooks.

"Now, Tommy," Lieutenant Jeffries laughed. "Haven't you been imagining things? That sounds too wild to be true. I'll

tell you what. I'll be off duty in half an hour and I'll drop around to see Sue. If anything is wrong, I'll spot it. You go home to bed."

Tommy went out but he couldn't stop worrying. He *knew* something was wrong. Steve Jeffries and Miss Sue couldn't understand because they weren't stamp collectors. Suddenly Tommy knew that he had to go back to Mr. Judson's and learn more.

When he got to the house, he knew something was wrong. A light was on upstairs and he thought he saw Miss Sue struggling with Dr. Kruger. Then they disappeared and the light went out. Tommy ran up to the study window again. The man in bandages was still there, but he had ripped off the bandages and he wasn't Mr. Judson. He was a mean-faced crook with an ugly scar on his face. As Tommy peeped in, he was stuffing handfuls of glittering diamonds from Mr. Judson's safe into his pocket.

Just then Dr. Kruger ran in, looking excited and angry.

"Come on, Nick," Dr. Kruger snarled. "I knocked the dame out and planted her on a chair. Old Judson's laid out on the bed. With the gas turned on, the kitchen is full of gas now. I've broken the tip off the kitchen light bulb and tied a string to the switch. We'll run outside and pull the string. The light will go on and the hole in the bulb will let the gas touch the hot wires inside. When that blows up, it will blow the whole house to the sky. The cops will think Mr. Judson and the girl got killed in the blast."

**TOMMY'S HEART** went cold. These crooks were going to blow up the house with Mr. Judson and Miss Sue in it. He had to stop them. He ran around to the back just as the shadowy figures of the two crooks slipped out the back door. They were holding a long string. If they pulled that string, the house would blow up.

Holding his breath, Tommy sneaked closer and closer. At last he got hold of the string and slipped a loop of it around a bush so the crooks couldn't pull it without jerking hard. If only Detective Jeffries would come.

"Hey!" Dr. Kruger whispered suddenly. "The string's caught."

He started back to loosen it. If he did, Mr. Judson and Miss Sue would die. Tommy was afraid but he knew he had to stop that. He let go of Jiggs.

"Sic 'em, Jiggs!" he shouted. "Stop him!"

Then, as Jiggs ran snarling and barking at the crooks, Tommy grabbed the string and ran. He heard them shouting. Suddenly a gun banged and something whistled past his head. But he had to keep running. If they got hold of that string, his friends would die. More bullets came.

Suddenly, other guns banged and men shouted. Tommy stopped in time to see Detective Jeffries and the police snapping handcuffs on the crooks. After a while, Tommy was in the house with Miss Sue and Mr. Judson and Detective Jeffries.

"You were a brave, clever boy, Tommy," Mr. Judson said. "I was lying in that closet, tied and gagged while that crook pretending to be me to steal the diamonds."

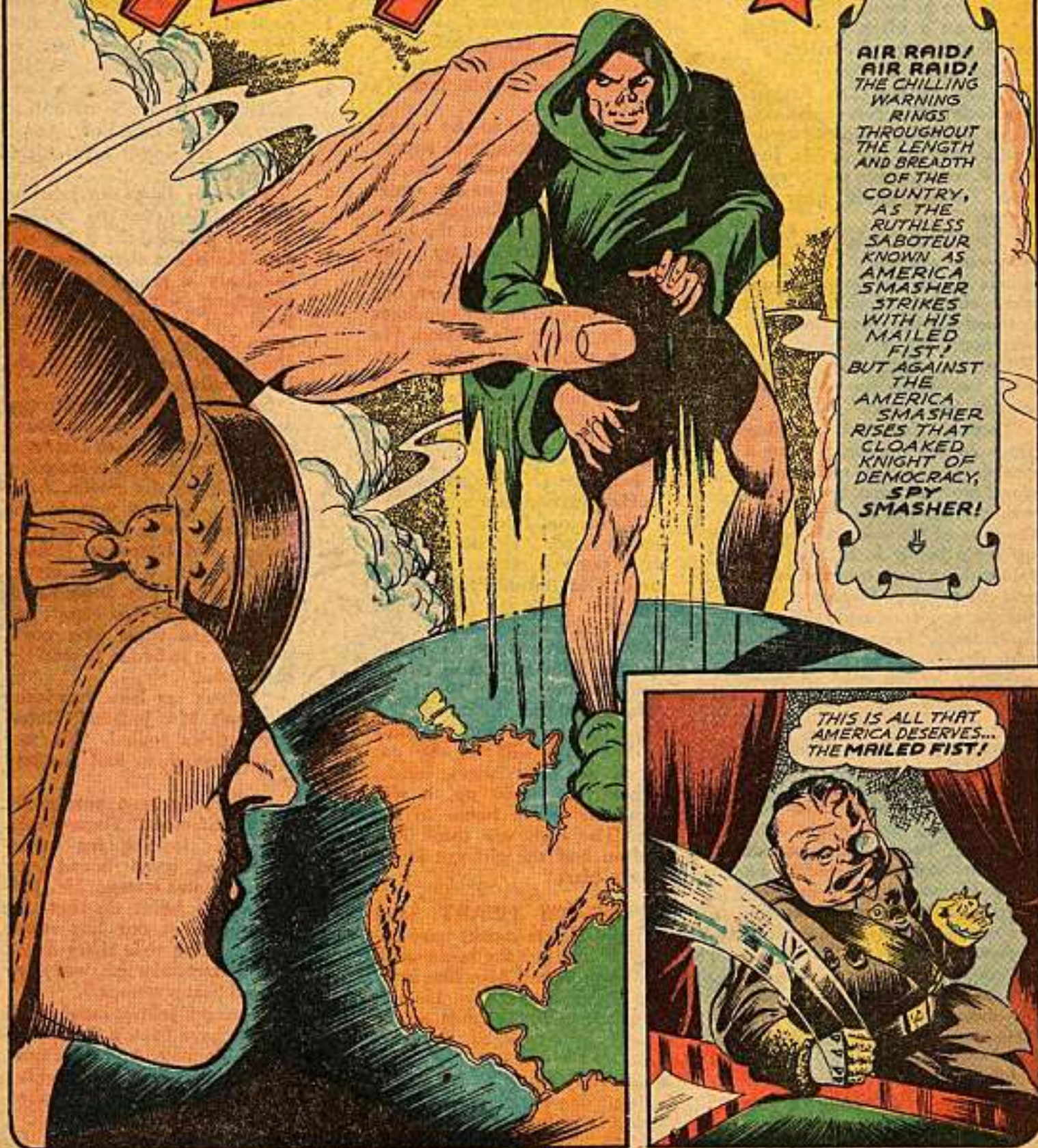
"I don't see how you knew it wasn't Mr. Judson," Detective Jeffries smiled. "He was clever enough to fool Sue and me."

"That's because you aren't stamp collectors," Tommy said. "He was looking for watermarks on some brand new United States stamps. Mr. Judson would never do that. He taught me at our last stamp club meeting that there aren't any watermarks on our new United States stamps."

Detective Jeffries laughed. "I should have been a stamp collector, Tommy. And right now, I'll bet Scar-face Nick wishes he'd been a real stamp collector, too."

The End

# SPY SMASHER



**AIR RAID!  
AIR RAID!**  
THE CHILLING  
WARNING  
RINGS  
THROUGHOUT  
THE LENGTH  
AND BREADTH  
OF THE  
COUNTRY,  
AS THE  
RUTHLESS  
SABOTEUR  
KNOWN AS  
AMERICA  
SMASHER  
STRIKES  
WITH HIS  
MAILED  
FIST!  
BUT AGAINST  
THE  
AMERICA  
SMASHER  
RISES THAT  
CLOAKED  
KNIGHT OF  
DEMOCRACY,  
**SPY  
SMASHER!**

THIS IS ALL THAT  
AMERICA DESERVES...  
THE MAILED FIST!





NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE!



I, THE AMERICA SMASHER, AM READY TO SMASH THIS FAT-HEADED AMERICA! NO ONE CAN STOP ME! NO, NOT EVEN SPY SMASHER!



BUT THERE IS ONE WHO WATCHES, SECRETLY AND DISAGREES!

HMMM, HOW INTERESTING!



I'LL JUST NIP YOUR GAME IN THE BUD!

LOOK, BOSS! TALK ABOUT THE DEVIL...



WHERE'S MY GUN? WHERE'S MY GUN?



WHAT DO YOU GUYS NEED A GUN FOR?



WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT LIKE A MAN?





HE'LL NEED A HORSESHOE TO GET AWAY FROM ME!



THERE THEY ARE! TURNING INTO THE ARMY AIRPORT!



PURSUIT FLANS ARE BEING READIED FOR DAWN MANEUVERS.

TUNE 'EM UP GOOD, YOU GREASE-MONKEYS! TACTICAL FLIGHT STARTS AT DAWN!

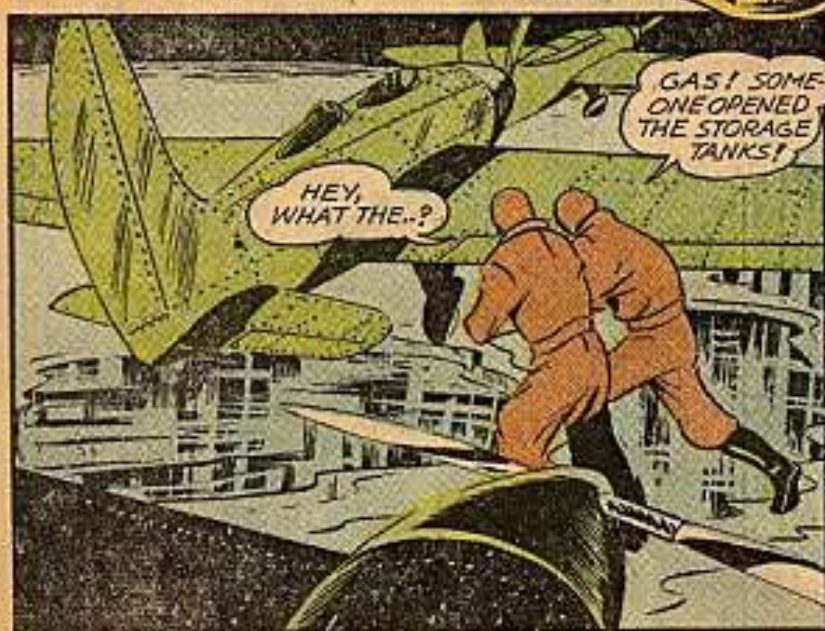


FOOLS! I WILL SMASH AMERICA BEFORE DAWN!



RELEASE THE VALVES! ALL THIS GASOLINE WILL FLOOD THE FIELD!

THE SABOTEURS START THEIR DESTRUCTIVE WORK.



HEY, WHAT THE..?!

GAS! SOMEONE OPENED THE STORAGE TANKS!



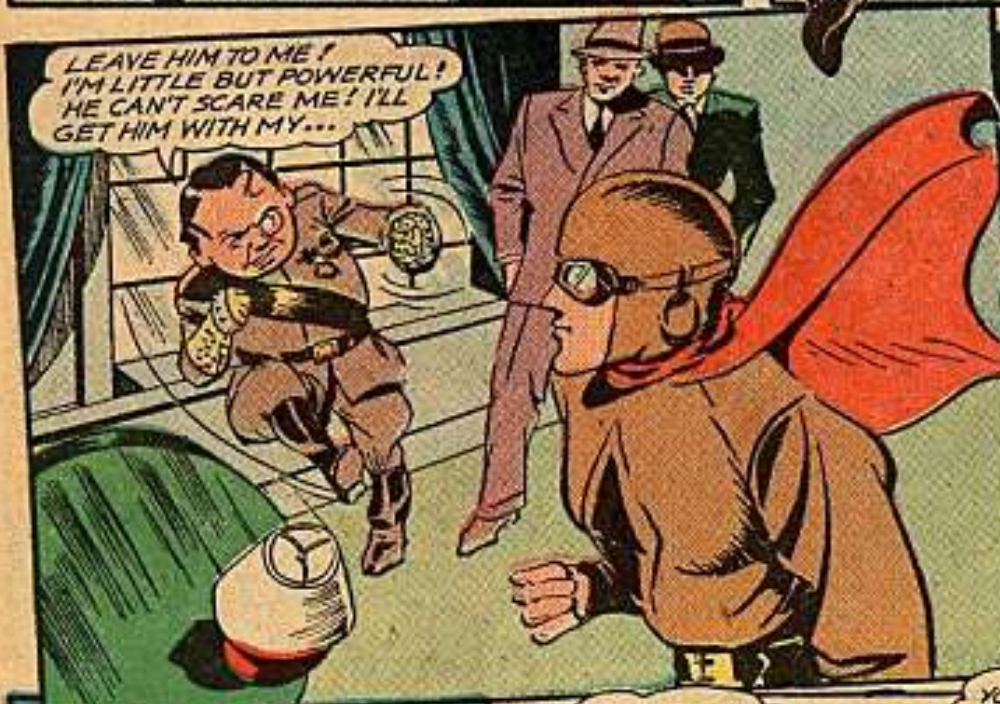
NOW THIS FIRE-BRAND WILL LIGHT THE GAS. ALL THOSE PLANES AND MEN WILL BURN TO A CRISP. HA HA HA!













BUT THE RUTHLESS AMERICA SMASHER RESORTS TO A COWARDLY TRICK!



ULGGG.. HELP.. CHOKING...



EVE! OH! HE'S HURTING YOU! WAIT'LL I....



WHILE SPY SMASHER IS OFF GUARD.



A WHILE LATER...

HA, HA, HE'S OUT COLD! TAKE THEM BOTH ALONG.



TOSS THEM IN. SPY SMASHER IS HELPLESS NOW!



AND AMERICA SMASHER DEALS AMERICA A FATAL BLOW WITH HIS MAILED FIST!



THE TWO PRISONERS REGAIN THEIR SENSES..

NO WAY OUT! MUST BE AMERICA SMASHER'S HIDEOUT.

HISST! BUT WHAT'S THAT CONSTANT DRONE?

DRONE DRONE



HEY CHUM, WHERE ARE WE?

YOU ARE... BUT NEVER MIND! IT IS A SECRET!



GOT TO GET OUT, EVE... LISTEN, THIS OUGHT TO WORK.... PSST-PSST...



EVE PRETENDS TO BE SICK.

STOP THAT GROANING! YOU ARE DRIVING ME CRAZY!

GROAN! GROAN!

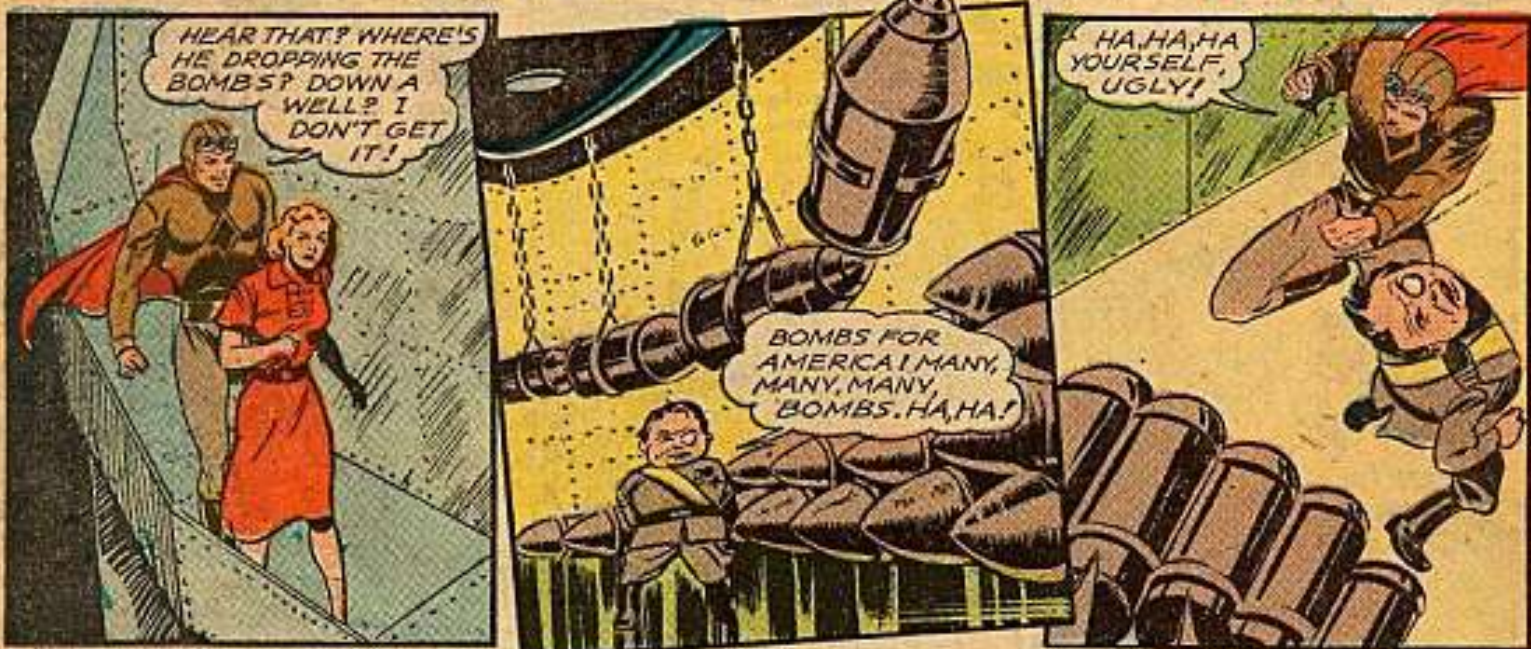
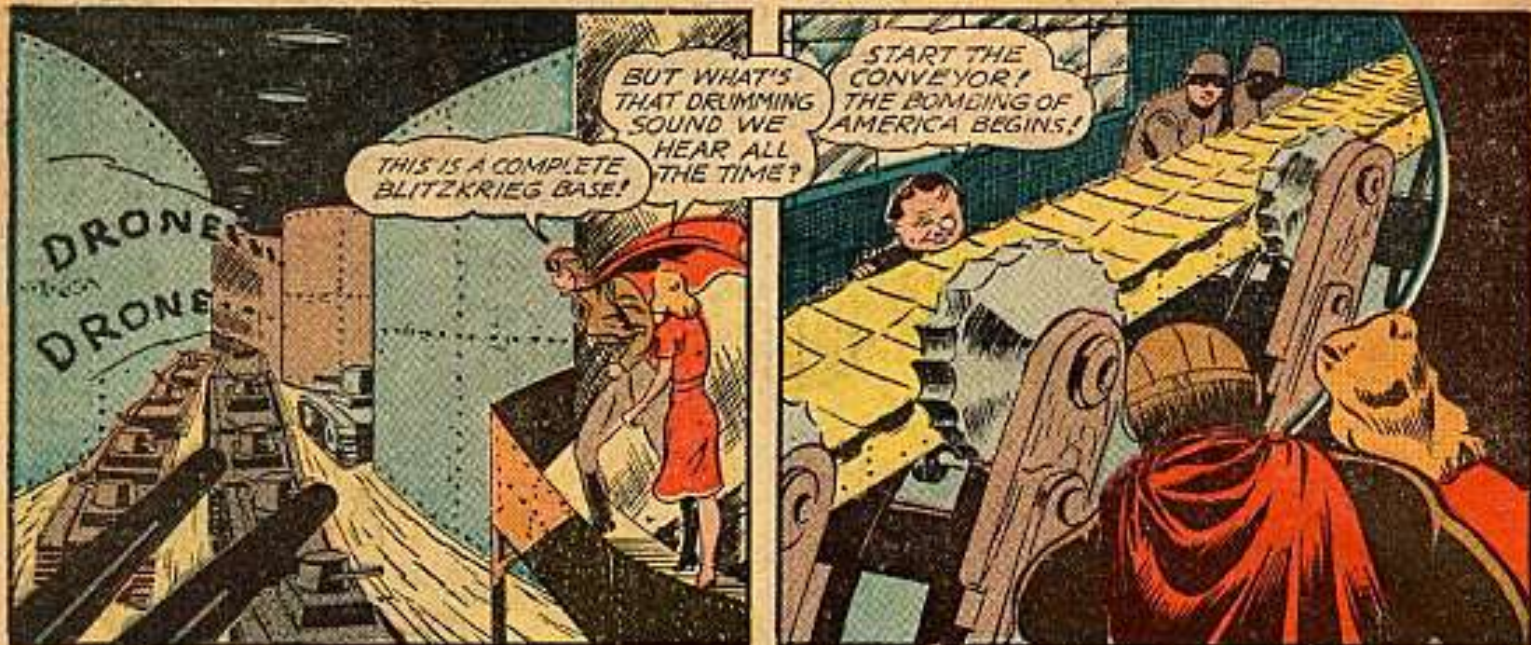
I SAID STOP THAT NOISE.. ULP!



COME ON, EVE! WE'RE EXPLORING THIS DEN OF EVIL!



COMPLETELY EQUIPPED TROOPS! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING BIG!



INEVITABLY, THE MECHANICAL ARMS OF THE BOMB-CONVEYOR CLAMP SPY SMASHER ON THE MOVING BELT!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!

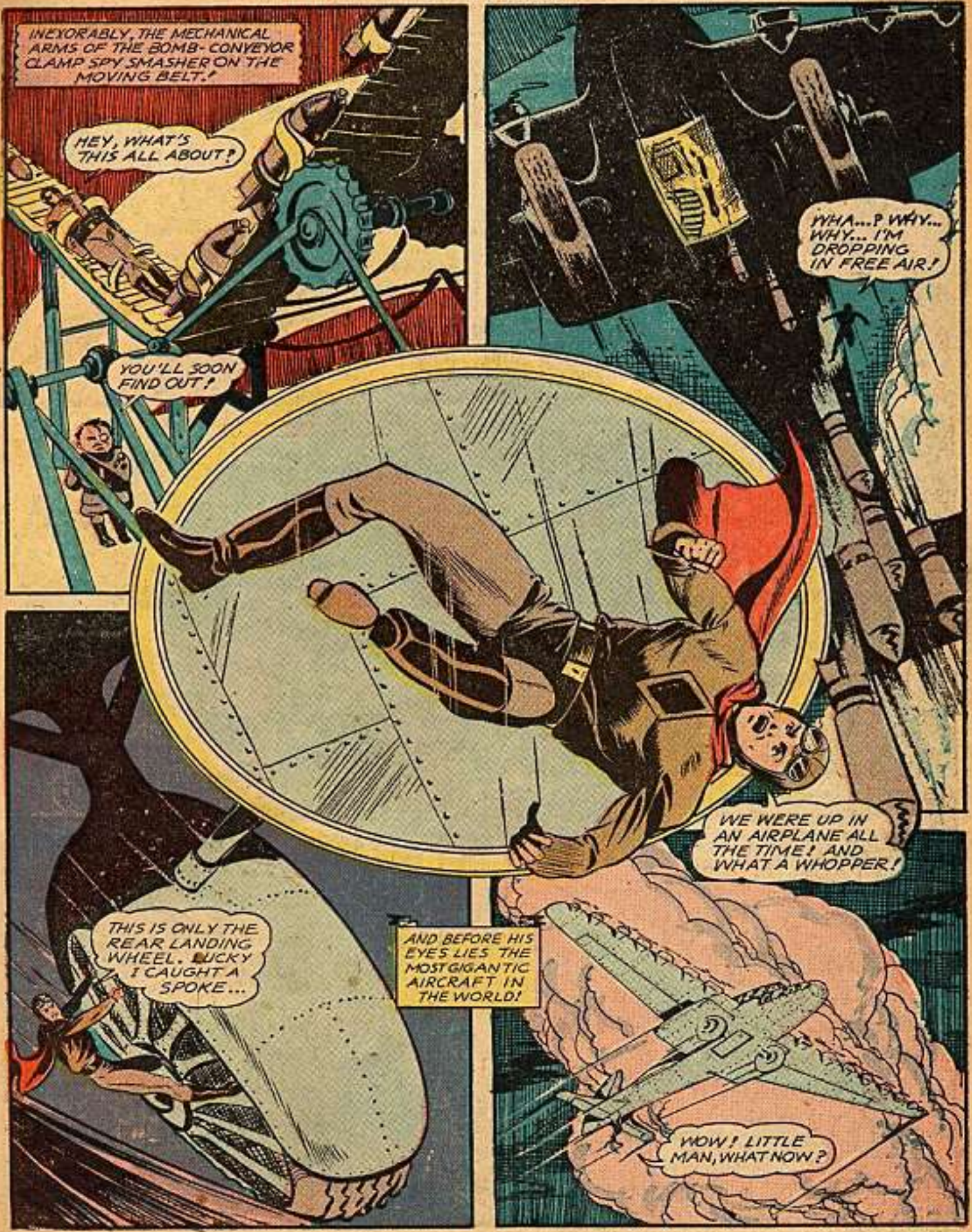
WHA...P WHY... WHY... I'M DROPPING IN FREE AIR!

WE WERE UP IN AN AIRPLANE ALL THE TIME! AND WHAT A WHOPPER!

THIS IS ONLY THE REAR LANDING WHEEL. LUCKY I CAUGHT A SPOKE...

AND BEFORE HIS EYES LIES THE MOST GIGANTIC AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD!

WOW! LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?





AND BELOW, A SLEEPING NATION AWAKENS TO DEADLY PERIL...







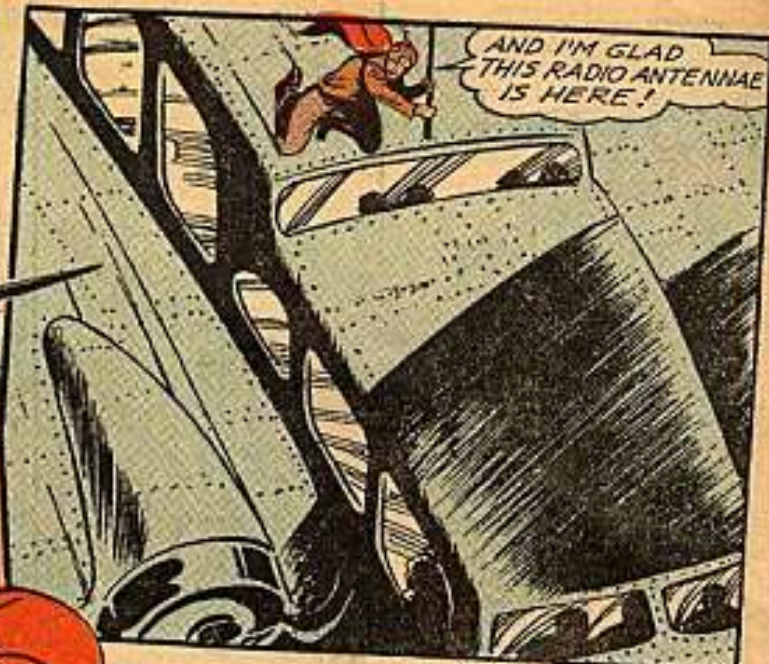
↓  
 BUT THERE IS ONE LONE HOPE LEFT FOR AMERICA, AS AN AGILE FIGURE CLIMBS TO THE BROAD BACK OF THE SUPER-SHIP.



SUDDENLY THE GIANT SHIP HITS AN AIR-ROCKET.



HELP!



AND I'M GLAD THIS RADIO ANTENNAE IS HERE!

...AND NOW...



SPY SMASHER! OH, THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! STOP THEM! THEY'RE BOMBING AMERICA!



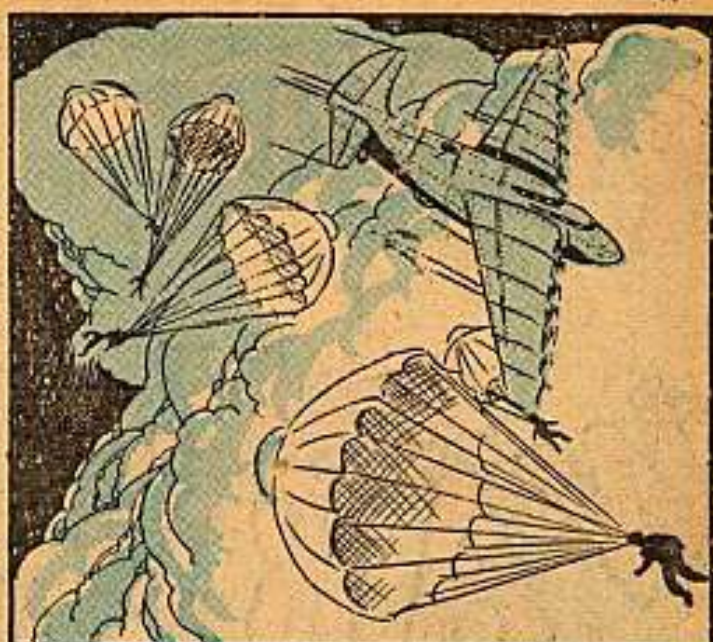
DARN TOOT IN! I'LL STOP THEM!



HELL UP! I GOT NO PARACHUTE!



NOW THE OTHER PILOTS, DESERTING THEIR POSTS AND GRABBING UP PARACHUTES, LEAP OUT.

READ THE NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE OF MIGHTY SPY SMASHER IN THE POPULAR WHIZ COMICS!

# PRIVATE WARD

ORDER THE MEN OUT, SERGEANT. THE WAR GAMES HAVE STARTED, WE WILL MEET THE BLUE ARMY HEADED BY COLONEL CARTER. HE'S BEEN MY OPPONENT SINCE OUR WEST POINT DAYS SO TELL THE MEN TO DO THEIR BEST.

YES SIR!

I EXPECT YOU GUYS TO HAVE THAT PILE OF POTATOES PEELLED BY THE TIME WE GET BACK.

--AND--ER--BY THE WAY, LEAVE PRIVATES ENTERPRIZE AND WARD IN CAMP, AS I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO GO WRONG.

LOOK ENTERRIZE!  
THERE GOES THE BLUE ARMY!

I GOT AN IDEA, NOW HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. BZZZ-- BZZ--ZZZ.

Meanwhile, with COLONEL CARTER AND THE BLUE ARMY...

WE SHOULD COME IN CONTACT WITH THE RED ARMY ANY MINUTE, LIEUTENANT.

THERE'S A SCOUT OF THE RED ARMY!  
AFTER HIM, MEN!



I HOPE THIS WORKS--FOR MY SAKE.

THERE HE GOES--- AROUND THAT ROCK.



Meanwhile, COLONEL DEAKYNE AND THE RED ARMY SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE FINDING THE BLUE ARMY.

WE CAN'T SEEM TO FIND THE ENEMY ANYWHERE, SIR.

ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT. ORDER THE MEN BACK TO CAMP.



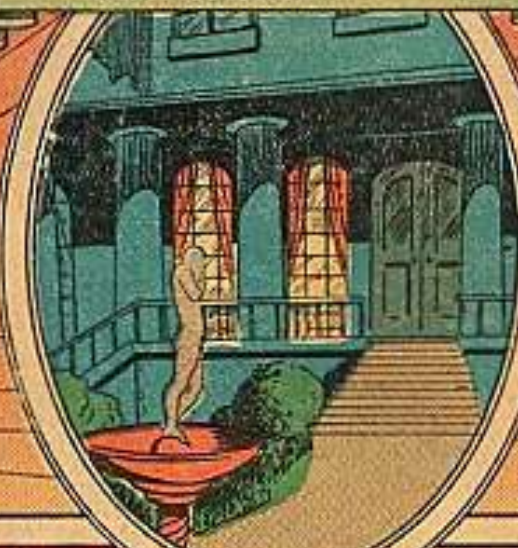
??

# SPY SMASHER



THE DREADED MENACE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OF A GREAT CITY... AND DEATH STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING! ONLY THE STARING GLEAM OF AN EYE, AND A LOW HIDEOUS CHUCKLE ARE THE WEIRD CLUES TO THE MYSTERY OF THE EYE... THE NEWEST FOREIGN CHALLENGE TO SPY SMASHER!

AT THE HOME OF ALAN ARMSTRONG, VIRGINIA SPORTSMAN AND PROMINENT MAN OF SOCIETY.



AH, YES. THE WAR. A TERRIBLE THING, MISTER ARMSTRONG!

A CALL FROM NEW YORK, MISTER ARMSTRONG!





HMMM... WONDER WHO COULD BE CALLING ME DOWN HERE?



HELLO...YES... THIS IS ARMSTRONG SPEAKING. OH, HELLO, EVE! GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU!



AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE IS EVE CORBY, DAUGHTER OF ADMIRAL CORBY... AND THE ONLY PERSON ALIVE WHO KNOWS THAT ARMSTRONG IS ALSO SPY SMASHER!

NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE, ALAN...THE EYE HAS STRUCK AGAIN! YES... RIGHT IN THE CITY STREETS! YOU'D BETTER GET BACK HERE!



AND LISTEN CAREFULLY, ALAN. LAST NIGHT DADDY WAS THREATENED, AND I THINK I KNOW WHO....



EYE IS SILENCED BY A HAND THAT SNEAKS FROM THE DARKNESS.

I KNOW WHO...MFFF!



EVE, EVE! NO USE... I'VE BEEN CUT OFF!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, EVE WAS OVERHEARD, AND THEN CUT OFF JUST AS SHE STARTED TO TELL ME SOMETHING... SO I'LL....



... JUST TAKE A RUN UP TO NEW YORK AND GET IN ON THE PARTY. SOMEBODY'S PLAYING GAMES... SO SPY SMASHER WILL JOIN THE FUN!



HIGH ON THE ROOF TOP STANDS THE GYROSUB, FAMILIAR TO MANY AGENTS OF CRIME WHO HAVE TO TANGLE WITH THE WEIRD FIGURE OF JUSTICE.

THE GYROSUB! ALL READY TO TAKE OFF!



MEANWHILE, EVE CORBY AWAKENS FROM WHAT SEEMS TO BE A NIGHTMARE. SHE FINDS HERSELF TIED IN A STRANGE ROOM.



OOOHHH W-W-HAT HAPPENED?

A POWERFUL MOTOR PURRS QUIETLY, AND THE STRANGE MACHINE GLIDES FORTH INTO DARKENED SKIES.

AH, MY DEAR, I SEE YOU HAVE RECOVERED YOUR FOOLISH SENSES!



HA HA HA HA! MY BEAUTEBOUS ONE! SO YOU WERE ABOUT TO REVEAL TO SPY SMASHER WHO SENT YOUR FATHER THAT NOTE!

YOU DEVIL! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!



NOBODY CAN FIGHT THE EYE! NOT EVEN SPY SMASHER! YOUR FATHER IS AN IMPORTANT FIGURE AND HE-ER-MUST BE PUT AWAY!



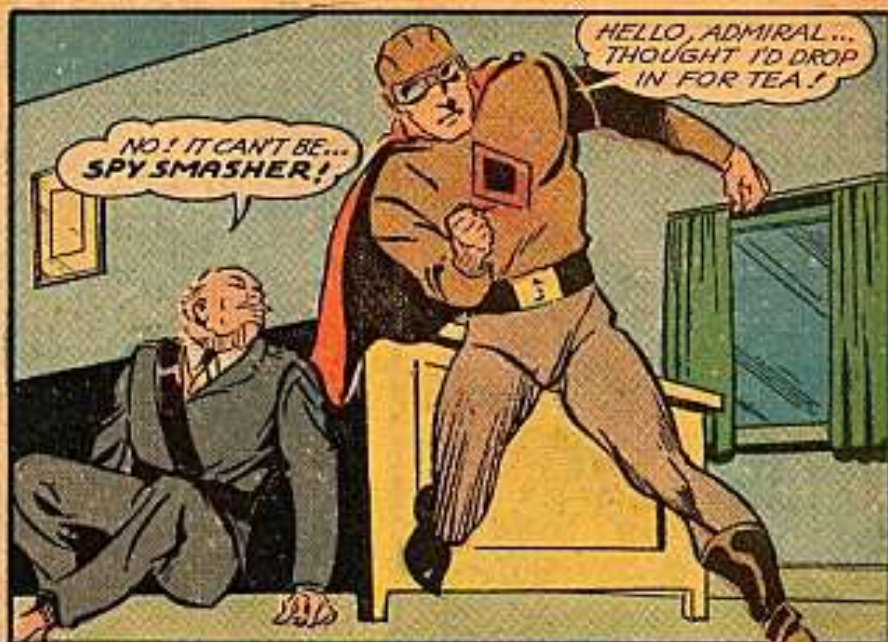
DID YOU RING FOR US, BOSS?

GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YOU BOYS! SOMETHING I'M SURE YOU'LL ENJOY!











HEY... WHA-!!?

SORRY, ADMIRAL... BUT THIS BOY'S PLAYING BEHIND YOUR BACK!



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!

JUST GOING TO GIVE YOU A HAPPY FAREWELL TAP!



'BYE NOW!



THE END OF THE STORM!

THANK HEAVENS YOU ARRIVED IN TIME!

FORGET IT, ADMIRAL. IT'S ALL OVER NOW!



AT 'EM, BOYS! HEY... WHAT HAPPENED!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT US TO IT!



THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT. SPY SMASHER CAME JUST IN TIME!

WE'LL TAKE THESE RATS TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



HA HA, SERGEANT! SPY SMASHER NEVER WAITS FOR THANKS!

SPY SMASHER'S GONE. DIDN'T WAIT TO BE THANKED!

WHILE OUTSIDE, A FIGURE THAT CLOSELY RESEMBLES A HUMAN FLY HURRIEDLY AND SILENTLY SCAMPERS UP THE WALL.





NOTHING LEFT RIGHT NOW! FOR SPY SMASHER... SO I'LL JUST TAKE UP THE ROLE OF ALAN ARMSTRONG ONCE AGAIN!



IN THE MEANTIME, ALAN RUSHES BACK TO THE SCENE.

MOVE ALONG, YOU... OR I'LL BEND THIS BILLY OVER YOUR HEAD!

THIS IS ALL OF THEM, ADMIRAL... GUESS THESE BOYS WON'T BOTHER YOU ANY MORE!



HELLO, EVERYBODY! WOW! LOOKS LIKE A ROUGHHOUSE PARTY JUST ENDED!

ALAN ARMSTRONG!

NOBODY GUESSES THAT THE CASUAL PLAYBOY IS ALSO THE DREADED SPY SMASHER.

AFTER THE POLICE DEPART...

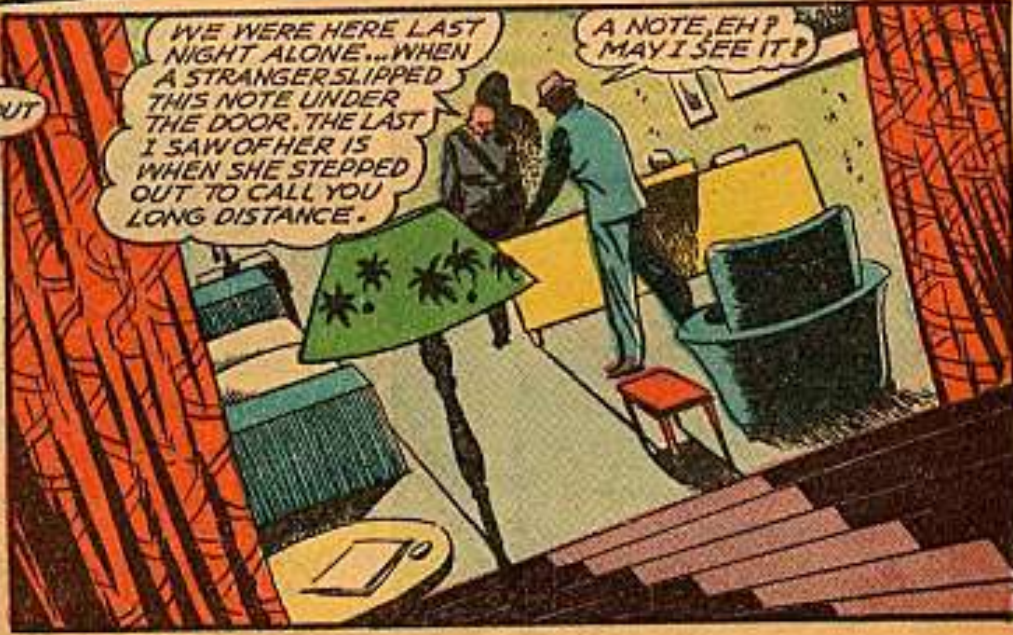
...AND THEN THE FIREWORKS STARTED WHEN SPY-SMASHER ARRIVED. WISH I HAD SEEN THE WAY HE HANDLED THOSE CROOKS!

WHEW, SOME MAN, THIS SPY SMASHER. WISH I KNEW HIM!



BUT WHAT ABOUT EVE? WHERE HAS SHE GONE TO?

I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT, ALAN. EVE IS GONE!



WE WERE HERE LAST NIGHT ALONE... WHEN A STRANGER SLIPPED THIS NOTE UNDER THE DOOR. THE LAST I SAW OF HER IS WHEN SHE STEPPED OUT TO CALL YOU LONG DISTANCE.

A NOTE, EH? MAY I SEE IT?



I THINK THIS NOTE IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE PRESUME, ADMIRAL. THIS IS SOMETHING THAT **SPY SMASHER** SHOULD HEAR OF!

Admiral Gorby...  
 You have certain military secrets which I am anxious to obtain. Unless you arrange to meet me Saturday nite at the Old Mill —  
 Death will strike!  
 The Eye!



I WOULDN'T MENTION THIS TO THE PAPERS, I THINK THE SMARTEST THING TO DO IS TO SHOW UP AT THE OLD MILL AS THE EYE ASKS... AND I'LL BET **SPY SMASHER** WILL BE THERE!

ONCE ALONE, THE BRAVE ADMIRAL BREAKS DOWN. HE SITS LONG, GAZING IN PAIN AT THE PICTURE OF HIS LOVELY DAUGHTER.

EVE, EVE! WHERE ARE YOU, DARLING? WHAT ARE THEY DOING TO YOU?



AND ANOTHER WILL BE AT THE OLD MILL WITH YOU, ADMIRAL! **SPY SMASHER** WILL MEET THE EYE!

WHILE IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, THE EYE, FURIOUS FROM THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF HIS MEN, FACES OTHERS OF HIS GANG.



HO! BUT IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING FOR ME! BRING OUT THAT PIG, MAJOR JOHNSON... AND SEE IF HE'S READY TO TALK YET!



HA! IMAGINE, **SPY SMASHER** TRYING TO STOP THE EYE, HA!



JOHNSON HASN'T SEEN LIGHT IN THREE WEEKS! GOOD! ONLY THE BETTER TO MAKE HIM TALK!



THE EYE SEEMS TO GROW TO UN-  
BOUNDED PROPORTIONS... IT  
STARES AT JOHNSON, PUTTING  
HIM UNDER A HYPNOTIC SPELL...  
CLOSER AND CLOSER IT COMES,  
GLARING HATEFULLY ALL THE  
WHILE.





GEE! THE BOSS IS SURE GIVIN' IT TO 'IM! HOW CAN HE STAND IT?

HE WON'T STAND IT LONG!



THE HYPNOTIC STRAIN IS TOO MUCH ON MAJOR JOHNSON. HE SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR WITH A MOAN, AND ROLLS OVER, DEAD!

CART HIM AWAY... HE'S DONE FOR!

CONFOUNDED YANK IDIOTS! WHY DON'T THEY TALK? WELL, I'VE STILL GOT ADMIRAL CORBY TO DICKER WITH. HA! HE'S IN FOR A SURPRISE SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE OLD MILL! HA, HA!



THE FATEFUL SATURDAY ARRIVES... AND A BRIGHT SUN SLOWLY FADES OVER THE HORIZON....



... AND THE DARK SHADOWS OF NIGHT FALL OVER THE OLD MILL... MEETING PLACE OF DEATH AND THE ADMIRAL!



ADMIRAL CORBY IS FIRST ON THE SCENE.



CORBY... YOU'RE BEING WATCHED! MARCH THIS WAY WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



AS THOUGH COMING FROM THE VERY SKIES, A LOUD VOICE RINGS OUT FROM THE DARKNESS.

SPY SMASHER HAS COME!

THE FIRST MAN THAT MOVES... DIES!

HEY! WHO'S THAT?

IT'S A TRICK!

AH! NOW THEY'RE AFRAID... SO I'LL JUST MAKE MY ENTRY INTO THE PARTY!

GREETINGS EVERYBODY!

SPY SMASHER!



HURRY, ADMIRAL... COME WITH ME! AT LEAST I'LL GET AWAY WITH YOU!







THE NEXT DAY, AND EVE CORBY IS BACK SAFELY WITH HER FATHER, THANKS TO SPY SMASHER.

I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU, EVE. I WAS SURE THAT THEY'D KILL YOU!

NOT A CHANCE DAD AS LONG AS SPY SMASHER HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITHIT.



**SPY SMASHER**  
 APPEARS EACH  
 MONTH IN THE  
 POPULAR  
**WHIZ COMICS!**

# Adventures IN STAMPS

BY WALTER KANER



## The FIERY Throne of DEATH!

IN 1514 GYORGY DOZSA TRIED TO OVERTHROW THE ARISTOCRATIC HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT SO THAT HE COULD BECOME KING. HE WAS CAPTURED BY THE NOBLES AND FORCED TO SIT ON A RED HOT IRON THRONE WEARING A GLOWING HOT CROWN. DEFIANTLY GRASPING HIS FLAMING SCEPTRE, THE PROUD DOZSA SAT KING LIKE FOR A MOMENT, THEN CRUMPLED TO THE COOL EARTH. WHILE LIFE STILL FAINTLY LINGERED, SEVERAL OF HIS FRIENDS STARVED FOR MANY DAYS, WERE TURNED LOOSE UPON HIS HALF ROASTED BODY.

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HENRI CHRISTOPHE "THE BLACK NAPOLEON," WHO ROSE FROM SLAVERY TO BECOME KING OF HAITI, SACRIFICED 30,000 LIVES TO BUILD HIS CITADEL FORTRESS. THEN HE FIRED A SILVER BULLET THROUGH HIS HEAD.



**SMASHING TO THE TOP!**

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**BULLETMAN**

**MINUTE-MAN**

**SPY SMASHER**

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