

SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS

MAR.
NO. 12
10c

HOUSE of MYSTERY

SUPERMAN
DC
NATIONAL COMICS



Featuring
"SECRET
OF THE
MATADOR'S
SWORD!"

Also MEN NEVER DIE IN CELL THIRTEEN • THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD • BLACK FUTURE

THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD



ALAN BLAKE WAS A MASTER OF THE ANCIENT GAME OF CHESS. HE HAD COMPETED AGAINST, AND BEATEN, THE BEST PLAYERS IN THE WORLD! BUT THAT WAS LONG BEFORE HE SAT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD-- AND FOUND HIMSELF INVOLVED IN A MACABRE GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH!

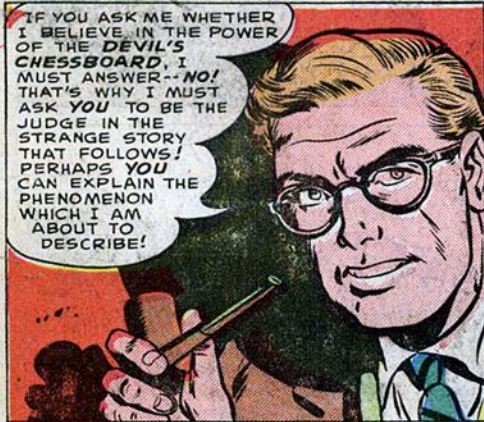
CAREFUL, BLAKE-- IN THIS GAME, A WRONG MOVE MAY END IN YOUR DOOM!

IF YOU ASK ME WHETHER I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD, I MUST ANSWER--NO! THAT'S WHY I MUST ASK YOU TO BE THE JUDGE IN THE STRANGE STORY THAT FOLLOWS! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN THE PHENOMENON WHICH I AM ABOUT TO DESCRIBE!

IT ALL BEGAN AT THE ELMWOOD STUDIOS, IN LONDON, WHERE MY FIANCEE, MOVIE STAR ELSA TRENT, WAS COMPLETING A FILM...

AH! WHEN I DECIDED TO VISIT THE MOVIE SET, I HARDLY EXPECTED THE PLEASURE OF MEETING ALAN BLAKE, THE GREAT CHESS EXPERT! PERMIT ME-- MY NAME IS...

I KNOW--RABU, OWNER OF THE FABULOUS DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD-- SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE!



HOUSE OF MYSTERY, No. 12, March, 1953 issue. Published monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 2 Main Street, Bridgeport, Conn. Editorial and executive offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter Feb. 18, 1952 at the post office at Bridgeport, Conn. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. \$1.50 including postage. Foreign, \$3.00 in American

funds. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co. 205 E 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Entire content copyrighted 1953 by National Comics Publications, Inc. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

Printed in U.S.A.



I SHALL BE HAPPY TO SHOW IT TO YOU, MR. BLAKE--BUT ONLY ON CONDITION THAT YOU DO NOT ASK TO PLAY ON IT!

NO FEAR OF THAT, RABU! I'VE JUST COMPLETED 10 GRUELING ROUNDS AND NEED A LITTLE REST FROM THE GAME!



QUITE A LAYOUT, OLD MAN!

GLAD YOU LIKE IT! I HOPE YOU WILL ADMIRE THE CHESS ROOM AS WELL!



MY FIRST SIGHT OF THE FAMOUS CHESSBOARD ALMOST OVERWHELMED ME... AND THE ROOM, TOO, WAS SOMETHING TO SEE...

MAGNIFICENT! THE PIECES ARE SO LIFELIKE!

YES, THEY WERE HAND-CUT BY A CLEVER SORCERER DURING THE REIGN OF MY ANCESTOR, RABU III, ALMOST 1,000 YEARS AGO! THE SORCERER'S CURSE IS WHAT GAVE THE BOARD ITS NAME!



MY FINGERS ITCHED TO TRY MY SKILL ON THE BOARD! BUT WHEN I ASKED RABU TO JOIN ME IN A GAME...

NO, NO--YOU PROMISED YOU WOULDN'T, BLAKE! YOU PROMISED!

BUT WHY NOT?



YOU MAY LAUGH, SIR-- BUT THE SORCERER'S CURSE, AGAINST WHOEVER PLAYS THE BLACK, HAS NEVER FAILED! YES--ANY PIECE THE BLACK PLAYER LOSES MUST END IN DOOM FOR SOMEONE OR SOMETHING CLOSE TO HIM!



COME--COME NOW, RABU-- THIS IS THE 20th CENTURY! BESIDES, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I WILL PLAY THE BLACK! IS IT A GO?

VERY WELL, BLAKE-- BUT REMEMBER, I WARNED YOU! LET US BEGIN!

RABU PLAYED MASTERFULLY. WHEN I TRIED A GAMBIT, HE ACCEPTED THE SACRIFICE AND CAPTURED ONE OF MY PIECES...

THAT WILL COST YOU A PAWN, SIR-- AND THE DEVIL ONLY KNOWS WHAT ELSE!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

BUT BEFORE RABU COULD ANSWER MY QUESTION... WHAT--? OH--OF COURSE... I LEFT WORD AT MY FLAT THAT I'D BE HERE! EXCUSE ME, RABU!

TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOU, SIR!

THE CALL WAS FROM MY BROTHER, WHOSE EXCITED WORDS WERE SOON RINGING IN MY EARS...

ALAN... A---A MYSTERIOUS FIRE HAS JUST BROKEN OUT IN MY PAWN-SHOP! I--I'M RUINED!

AND AS I TOOK MY LEAVE OF RABU, WITH A HASTY EXPLANATION...

MY DEEP REGRETS TO YOUR BROTHER--BUT IT IS AS I WARNED YOU... YOU LOST A PAWN, AND YOUR BROTHER'S PAWN-SHOP BURNED DOWN! THE CURSE OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD, MR. BLAKE!

Y-YES... WELL, I REALLY MUST HURRY ALONG!



DID THAT CONVINCE ME OF THE POWER OF THE CURSE? HARDLY--FOR ON THE VERY NEXT EVENING...

SO--YOU HAVE RETURNED TO CONTINUE OUR GAME, EH, MR. BLAKE? I WAS AFRAID YOU WOULD NOT BE FRIGHTENED BY WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY!

COINCIDENCES NEVER SCARE ME, RABU!

AND AS WE TOOK UP THE GAME WHERE WE'D LEFT OFF THE NIGHT BEFORE...

YOUR BISHOP IS IN DANGER, BLAKE! I--I TRUST THERE ARE NO CLERGYMEN IN YOUR FAMILY--OR AMONG YOUR FRIENDS.

NO, THERE AREN'T--- AND I WOULDN'T BE WORRIED EVEN IF THERE WERE!



YET I MUST CONFESS THAT I DID FEEL UNEASY! VAGUE FEARS STIRRED WITHIN ME... MY BROW FELT HOT AND FEVERISH! NO WONDER...

...FOR THE FAMILIAR FACE THAT SEEMED TO RISE UP OUT OF THE CHESS PIECE WAS--WAS SOMEONE I KNEW...

YES--SOMEONE I KNOW...BUT WHO? BESIDES, THAT STUPID CURSE IS SUPPOSED TO DOOM SOMEONE CLOSE TO ME--BUT I DON'T KNOW ANY CLERGYMEN! I'M POSITIVE I DON'T!



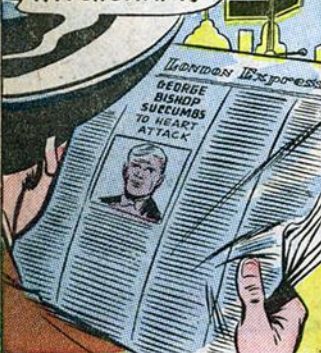
THEN, AS RABU'S NEXT MOVE WON HIM THE BISHOP, I SUDDENLY RECOGNIZED THE FLEETING FACE...

OF COURSE! IT'S GEORGE BISHOP--ONE OF MY OLDEST AND DEAREST FRIENDS!



I DIDN'T TRY TO CONTACT GEORGE BISHOP THAT NIGHT--BUT NEXT MORNING, WHEN I BOUGHT A COPY OF THE LONDON EXPRESS...

C-CAN IT BE TRUE--? NO--NO! I'D JUST AS SOON BELIEVE IN WITCHCRAFT!



AND, LIKE A MOTH FLUTTERING TO THE FLAME, I AGAIN SPENT A WHOLE EVENING BEFORE THE ACCURSED DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD...

YOU ARE NOT PLAYING WELL, MY FRIEND! SEE HOW EASILY I HAVE CAPTURED YOUR ROOK?

WELL, AT LEAST I DON'T KNOW ANY ROOKS WHO CAN GET HURT! HA, HA...COME, RABU--WALK ME HOME!



BUT A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS RABU AND I WERE PASSING CASTLE HALL WHERE I HAD RECENTLY COMPLETED IN A CHESS TOURNAMENT...

GREAT SCOTT, RABU--LOOK! A BOLT OF LIGHTNING HAS STRUCK CASTLE HALL, AND A WALL IS CRUMBLING!

OF COURSE, BLAKE--YOU SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED IT!



WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SURELY YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, SHOULD KNOW THAT IN CHESS, A ROOK IS ALSO KNOWN AS A CASTLE! AND--DIDN'T YOU LOSE A ROOK TO ME THIS EVENING?



SO THE DEADLY PARALLEL HAD NOT BEEN BROKEN! YOU WILL THINK ME MAD, I KNOW--BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT... THE NEXT NIGHT I WAS BACK AGAIN IN RABU'S CHESS ROOM!

B-BUT, BLAKE--WHAT MUST HAPPEN TO YOU BEFORE YOU BELIEVE IN THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD?

PLAY, RABU--PLAY!



NOT EVEN AN EXPERT LIKE MYSELF COULD BE EXPECTED TO PLAY WELL UNDER SUCH TENSION. AND SO, ON THE 15TH MOVE...

HMM... QUITE A GIFT YOU'VE GIVEN ME, BLAKE—YOUR QUEEN!

IT WAS A STUPID MOVE! HOWEVER, SINCE THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND IS A STRANGER TO ME, I TRUST SHE IS PERFECTLY SAFE!



BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT, A STARTLING IMAGE REPLACED THE PIECE ON THE BOARD...

W-WAIT, RABU... IT--IT'S ELSA, MY FIANCEE! B-BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND... ELSA IS NO QUEEN!



WAIT A MINUTE... OF COURSE... ELSA IS PLAYING THE QUEEN OF THE CONGO IN HER LATEST PICTURE! THIS IS INSANE... BUT I--I MUST CONTACT THE STUDIO AT ONCE!



AND WHEN I FINALLY GOT ELSA'S DIRECTOR ON THE PHONE...

TERRIBLY SORRY, BLAKE, BUT MISS TRENT ACCIDENTALLY FELL INTO THE STUDIO TANK! IT WAS 10 MINUTES BEFORE WE COULD GET HER OUT! WHAT? N-NO, I'M AFRAID THE DOCTOR HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO START HER BREATHING YET!



THUS I HAD IT... THE FINAL PROOF OF THE POWER OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD-- AT THE COST OF MY FIANCEE'S LIFE!

I--I'M VERY SORRY, BLAKE... I TRIED TO WARN YOU... BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!

CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING, RABU? M-MAYBE YOU COULD --FORFEIT THE GAME, OR SOMETHING?



SORRY, BLAKE-- BUT THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD ISN'T SO EASILY FOOLED!

THEN--THEN ALL IS LOST! POOR ELSA!



I WRACKED MY BRAIN FOR AN ANSWER! IN MY FEVERISH IMAGINATION, THE CHESS PIECES SEEMED TO BE MOCKING ME, AS THEY LOBBED UP AND DOWN IN A GROTESQUE, DEMONIAL DANCE...



SUDDENLY, AS I GLANCED AT THE BOARD, MY HEART MISSED A BEAT...

HASTILY, I MADE THE MOVE --PROMOTING THE PAWN...

RABU, LOOK! MY BLACK PAWN... IT HAS REACHED THE EIGHTH RANK! DO YOU--DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THAT MEANS?

Y-YES, YES! IT MEANS THAT YOU CAN PROMOTE THE PAWN TO A QUEEN! TO A, BLAKE-- IT MAY BE!

THAT'S IT, NOW YOU HAVE YOUR QUEEN BACK, BLAKE!



YES, BUT-- BUT WILL IT BRING ELSA BACK? WILL IT, RABU?



DID IT? WELL, LOOK FOR YOURSELF, MY FRIENDS...

D-DOCTOR, SHE-- SHE'S BREATHING AGAIN! YOU--REVIVED HER!

YES-- IT OFTEN HAPPENS! WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE OXYGEN TANK!



AND THAT'S THE STORY. DO I BELIEVE IN THE POWER OF THE DEVIL'S CHESSBOARD NOW? WELL, I CAN'T SAY I'M COMPLETELY CONVINCED-- AND YET...

ER--- WOULD YOU LIKE TO FINISH OUR GAME, BLAKE?

NO, THANK YOU, RABU-- UNLESS YOU WOULD CARE TO PLAY ON THE BLACK SIDE?



ADVERTISEMENT

"You don't need glasses...you need Wildroot Cream-Oil hair tonic!"

ADVERTISEMENT

AMERICA'S FAVORITE

"YOUR HAIR'S BEST FRIEND"

DON'T FLUNK the Finger-Nail Test! Don't let dry, unruly hair and loose, ugly dandruff spoil your looks! Keep your hair neat and natural all day long with Wildroot Cream-Oil.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

LOW PRICE 29¢

13

WAIT! WHAT'S GONE WRONG? I-I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SET FREE!

HA, HA! NOT A CHANCE, FARRELL! ONLY **KILLERS** WALK OUT OF THIS CELL!

I WAS TRAPPED! CONDEMNED BY MY OWN HAND TO THE HORROR OF A STEEL AND CONCRETE CAGE IN THE DEATH HOUSE! BUT OTHERS BEFORE ME HAD MERELY LAUGHED AT THEIR PLIGHT AND WALKED TO FREEDOM. WHAT WAS THE GRIM SECRET? MY LIFE WOULD SOON BE FORFEITED UNLESS I COULD SOLVE THE TERRIBLE RIDDLE BEHIND...

MEN NEVER DIE IN CELL 13

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT... THAT IN A FEW MINUTES I WILL BE WALKING THE LAST MILE. IF ONLY IT WERE A WILD DREAM---AS ARE THE WHIRLING VISIONS THAT PLAGUE ME...

HEE, HEE! WE ESCAPED, REED FARRELL--- BUT **YOU'RE** THE END OF THE LINE. THE LUCK OF **CELL NUMBER 13** HAS RUN OUT... OUT...

B-BUT I'M INNOCENT... INNOCENT!

13

PLEASE... THERE ARE BUT MINUTES LEFT IN MY LIFE. LET ME TELL **YOU** THE STORY. YOU SEE, I AM IN CELL NUMBER 13 OF THE DEATH HOUSE. BUT THIS IS A STRANGE CELL... IT'S **ALWAYS** BEEN A **LUCKY** CELL... FOR OTHERS!

DENNIS "MUGS" FEEHAN STAYED HERE. IT SEEMED CERTAIN HE WOULD PAY THE SUPREME PENALTY...

WELL, WHY DON'T CHA SMILE! I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING. C'MON-- COME AND GET ME! I'M NOT GONNA CRACK UP LIKE SOME TWO-BIT PUNK! I'LL FRY WITH A SMILE!

BUT THEN...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE ELECTROCUTED, FEEHAN! AT THE LAST MOMENT, THE GOVERNOR HAS COMMUTED YOUR SENTENCE TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT!

HUH! WELL, WHAT DO YA KNOW! SAY-Y-Y! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TO WHAT THE BOYS SAY! THIS IS A LUCKY CELL!

THEN THERE WAS QUIVERING LITTLE JOEY KIRK-- A HOODLUM CONVICTED OF KILLING HIS BEST FRIEND...

LUCKY CELL NUMBER 13, THEY CALL IT... WHAT A LAUGH! I--I NEVER KILLED MY BUDDY...IT'S A MISTAKE...DON'T BURN ME... P-PLEASE...

TAKE IT LIKE A MAN, KIRK!

BUT IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE, THE STRANGE POWER OF CELL NUMBER 13 WAS OPENING THE DOOR TO FREEDOM AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

SURE, KIRK DIDN'T KILL BENNY. I DID-- WITH THAT ROD! WHY SHOULD I LIE? YA GOT ME FOR ANOTHER MURDER ANYWAY!

IT'S THE MISSING MURDER WEAPON! STOP THE ELECTROCUTION, GUARD!

AFTERWARD, THERE WAS "SHOTGUN" TERRACE DURAND, WHO KILLED A MEMBER OF HIS GANG DURING A DRUNKEN BRAWL. BUT WHEN HE REACHED THE LETHAL CHAIR...

GREAT SCOTT!

THERE'S BEEN A SHORT CIRCUIT! GET HIM OUT OF THAT CHAIR!

WAS IT PUBLIC JUSTICE?-- OR THE GRIM STRENGTH OF CELL NUMBER 13 THAT DECIDED AT THE STATE CAPITOL?

IT IS MY OPINION THAT NO MAN SHOULD FACE THE HARROWING FEAR OF DEATH TWICE. THE STATE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FAULTY CHAIR. PRISON TRADITION FORCES ME TO RECOMMEND THAT HE BE GIVEN A LIFE SENTENCE!

YES, GOVERNOR!

IT WAS A STORY-- THIS LUCKY DEATH CELL. AND MY EDITOR, CLYDE THOMPSON, ON THE DAILY STAR SAW IT...

IT'S TERRIFIC, REED! DON'T YOU SEE IT? A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT FROM AN OCCUPANT OF DEATH CELL 13. IT WILL MAKE YOU THE TOP REPORTER IN THE COUNTRY!

B-BUT, CHIEF! FAKING THAT I MURDERED YOU TO BE PUT THERE! WHAT WOULD MY MOTIVE BE? HOW COULD WE DO IT?

JEALOUSY IS THE MOTIVE, REED! REMEMBER, YOUR GIRL FRIEND, DORIS, ONCE WENT WITH ME! THE POLICE WILL THINK YOU FEARED LOSING HER BACK TO ME -- ALSO, THAT YOU WANTED MY JOB. I'VE GOT IT PLANNED!

YES, THOMPSON HAD IT ALL PLANNED. SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, WE WENT TO THE FAMOUS SUNKEN CAVERNS OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

IT CAN'T FAIL! YOU OVER-POWERED ME--- THEN PUSHED ME DOWN INTO THAT UNDERGROUND RIVER! MY BODY MIGHT NEVER BE FOUND, THEY'LL REASON!

I'LL BE CONVICTED OF MURDER ON "AIRTIGHT CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE!" GUESS IT'LL WORK ALL RIGHT, CLYDE!

RIGHT! THEY'LL FIND ONLY MY FOOTSTEPS LEADING IN. THAT, AND THE BITS OF MY HAIR UNDER YOUR FINGERNAILS, WILL "PROVE" YOU PUSHED ME IN. HMM... PROWL CAR GOES BY THE CAVERN IN 4 MINUTES!

OKAY! I'LL SHOUT SO THEY CAN HEAR ME GOOD! WOW! WHAT A STORY WE'LL HAVE WHEN YOU APPEAR ALIVE THE DAY I'M DUE TO BE ELECTROCUTED!

FOUR MINUTES LATER...

YAAAAA

THIS CRY WILL CONVINCE THE COPS THOMPSON'S FALLING INTO THE CAVERN!

AND SO OUR SCHEME SUCCEEDED. MY SHOUTS ATTRACTED THE CRUISING POLICE AND I WAS QUICKLY APPREHENDED...

MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS, FARRELL! YOU WENT TO THE CAVERN WITH THOMPSON. HIS FOOTSTEPS SHOW HE DIDN'T COME OUT! EVEN IF WE DON'T FIND HIS BODY, YOU'LL DIE IN THE CHAIR UNLESS YOU CONFESS... ASK FOR MERCY!

I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SAY!

MY OWN PAPER SHORTLY SCREAMED THE NEWS...

SIAR
JEALOUS REPORTER SLAYS EDITOR OF STAR

AS CLYDE AND I HAD KNOWN IN ADVANCE, ALL THE CELLS IN DEATH ROW WERE VACANT THAT MONTH. WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE PRISON, I MADE A SPECIAL REQUEST...

PLEASE... PLACE ME IN CELL 13! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE--YOU'VE GOT TO! I---I DON'T WANT TO DIE!

YOU KILLERS ARE ALL THE SAME---TRY ANYTHING TO ESCAPE THE CHAIR! WELL, I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS-- THAT CELL WON'T HELP YOU CHEAT THE STATE! YOU CAN HAVE IT, FARRELL!

THE DATE OF MY ELECTROCUTION WAS JANUARY 4th. I WORKED FEVERISHLY ON THE TYPEWRITER THEY ALLOWED ME TO USE...

HA, HA, WHAT A STORY THIS WILL MAKE! IF ONLY THEY KNEW THIS IS **ONE TIME** THE CONVICT **HIMSELF** HAS ARRANGED AN ESCAPE FROM CELL 13!

THE DAYS PASSED. JANUARY 2nd... 3rd... THEN, ON THE LAST NIGHT, COLD FEAR SEEMED TO DESCEND UPON ME...

HEE, HEE! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO BREAK THE LUCKY SPELL! SOME DAY THE CHAIR WILL GET A VICTIM FROM CELL 13! HEE, HEE...

WHAT WAS THAT? MUST BE SOME CRAZY CONVICT! I-I'M GETTING SHAKY... BE GLAD WHEN CLYDE SHOWS UP AND ENDS THIS FARCE TOMORROW!

BUT ON THE MORROW I WAITED LIKE A CRAZED CREATURE AS THE CLOCK RACED ROUND TOWARD MIDNIGHT...

GUARD! GUARD! WHAT TIME IS IT NOW?

2 P.M., FARRELL! BETTER JUST RELAX-- IT'S EASIER THAT WAY!

RELAX! CLYDE SHOULD HAVE EXPOSED OUR SCHEME BEFORE NOON! WHAT HAD GONE WRONG? AS THE MINUTES TICKED BY, MY BRAIN BURST WITH FEAR...

LISTEN, WARDEN. IT WAS A STUNT! A TRICK... I WAS TO WRITE A STORY! IT WAS TO BE A SCOOP!

YOUR MESSAGE HAS BEEN RELAYED TO THE GOVERNOR. I CAN DO NO MORE! ALSO, YOUR NEWSPAPER HAS BEEN CONTACTED.

THANK YOU! THANK YOU! THEY'LL BELIEVE ME---THEY'VE GOT TO! I-I MUST HAVE A REPRIEVE UNTIL I CAN PROVE IT!

GET ME THE WARDEN... HURRY! THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE! A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!



THE TERROR OF THE NIGHT DESCENDED UPON ME. STILL NO WORD. AND DEATH WAS ALWAYS WAITING... BEHIND THE LITTLE DOOR AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR...

FINALLY, THEY DID COME...

NO, FARRELL...

THE GOVERNOR!
HE GRANTED MY
REPIEVIE?

YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE TRIED TO CHEAT ME, REED... HA, HA, CELL 13 CAN FREE HONEST KILLERS... HA, HA, BUT NOT INNOCENT MEN LIKE YOURSELF... YOU'VE BROKEN THE LUCK, REED...

WHY? WHY DOESN'T CLYDE COME? THEY MUST GIVE ME TIME--TIME FOR CLYDE TO COME OUT OF HIDING AND PROVE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!

IT'S TWO MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT... WE'VE COME TO TAKE YOU... CLYDE THOMPSON'S BODY WAS FOUND IN THE CAVERN SIX HOURS AGO!

WHAT?..
NO!
NO!

THE HIDEOUS THING BEHIND THE DOOR SEEMED ALIVE, A THROBBING MECHANICAL BEAST WAITING TO DEVOUR ME...

I APPROACHED THE CHAIR ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE. SUDDENLY, A MIRACLE HAPPENED...

FARRELL!
DON'T SIT IN THAT CHAIR!
DON'T ANYBODY LEAVE THIS ROOM!

FARRELL, SORRY TO HAVE FRIGHTENED YOU SO, BUT IT WAS NECESSARY. YOUR LAWYER AND I HAVE BEEN IN CONFERENCE FOR HOURS. WE HAVE DEFINITE EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE **NOT GUILTY!** BUT TO OBTAIN THE PROOF, THE WORLD MUST THINK YOU HAVE DIED HERE!

W-WARDEN! IT'S ALL A FANTASTIC, HORRIBLE MISTAKE!

STEADY, FARRELL!



FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, I WAITED DESPERATELY INSIDE A SECRET PRISON CELL. FINALLY...

IT'S HAPPENED! LET'S GO, FARRELL! YOU'RE FREE...



SHORTLY, WE REACHED MY NEWSPAPER OFFICE WHERE...

I LOVED REED SO... AND HE'S DEAD NOW-- EXECUTED!

IT'S TERRIBLE... TERRIBLE... IF ONLY THE KIDNAPPERS HAD RELEASED ME A DAY EARLIER, DORIS! THEY PICKED A FIENDISH WAY TO AVENGE THEMSELVES AGAINST POOR REED!

NOW, REED...



I SEE, THOMPSON! CRIMINALS I HAVE CRUSADED AGAINST IN THE PAPER PLANNED THIS, EH? FRAMED ME FOR YOUR MURDER, DID THEY?

R-REED! YOU'RE A GHOST! A GHOST!



YES, THOMPSON! I'M DEAD... AND YOU KILLED ME!

Y-I-I-I-I-I! DON'T TOUCH ME! YES! YES! BUT HAVE MERCY, REED! I WANTED DORIS BACK! I-I HAD TO HAVE HER!

OKAY...



LATER...

YOUR FATAL MISTAKE WAS TOSsing A TRAMP'S BODY IN THE CAVERN TO MAKE SURE REED WOULD NOT BE REPRIEVED AT THE LAST MINUTE. HIS BODY DID NOT BRUISE BECAUSE YOU HAD POISONED HIM BEFORE THE FALL, THOMPSON...

DEAD BODIES DON'T BRUISE -- BUT **YOURS** WOULD HAVE, FOR REED SUPPOSEDLY THREW YOU INTO THE CAVERN PITO ALIVE! TAKE HIM AWAY!

SO IT WAS THAT I HAD ALMOST FALLEN VICTIM TO THOMPSON'S DEVILISH PLOT. BUT I WAS NOT THROUGH WITH THE DEATH HOUSE, FOR A MONTH LATER...

NO, NO! YOU CAN'T KILL ME... I WAS CONFINED IN THE **LUCKY CELL 13... H-E-L-P...**

THAT STRANGE VOICE I HEARD IN THE CELL THAT NIGHT... IT WAS RIGHT. THE CHAIR WILL GET A VICTIM FROM CELL 13! GLAD I GOT THE STORY!



The End

SPILLED SALT!

THE SUPERSTITION THAT **SPILLED SALT** IS A SIGN OF **BAD LUCK** IS STILL WIDESPREAD EVEN IN THIS MODERN DAY!



THE IDEA GOES BACK MANY CENTURIES TO A TIME WHEN, SALT, ONE OF THE ESSENTIALS TO LIFE, WAS VERY SCARCE IN CERTAIN PARTS OF THE WORLD!



SINCE IT WAS SO VALUABLE, IT WAS USED VERY SPARINGLY! NATURALLY, THE ACCIDENTAL SPILLING OF SUCH A COMMODITY WAS, INDEED, LITERALLY A **STROKE OF BAD LUCK!**



IN AN EFFORT TO **NULLIFY** THE BAD OMEN OF SPILLED SALT, VARIOUS QUICK METHODS WERE USED BY THE ANCIENTS, THE MOST COMMON OF WHICH SUPERSTITIOUS PEOPLE STILL USE TODAY: IMMEDIATELY THROWING A PINCH OF SALT **OVER THE LEFT SHOULDER!**



ADVERTISEMENT

LOOK! A ROCKET FLASHLIGHT!

WITH A GENUINE G. E. BULB AND RAY-O-VAC BATTERY!



STREAMLINED
LIKE A SPACE
SHIP!

JUST PRESS
THE END
TO LIGHT!



8 DELICIOUS
FLAVORS IN EACH
BIG ROLL OF
NECCO WAFERS...
AND DOZENS
IN DOZENS FOR
ONLY **5¢**

ATTACHES
TO YOUR BELT
WITH
EXPLORER
CHAIN!



THE ORIGINAL SUGAR WAFER CANDY!

SLEEK, GLEAMING...
LOOKS LIKE GOLD!

SEND SIGNALS TO
YOUR PALS! LIGHT
UP SECRET CORNERS!

ONLY **25¢** IN COIN
A 3¢ STAMP... AND A
NECCO WAFER
WRAPPER
GET YOURS TODAY!

Necco FLASHLIGHT

310 W. WASHINGTON BLVD., CHICAGO 6, ILLINOIS

I AM ENCLOSING 25¢ IN COIN PLUS A 3¢ STAMP
AND A NECCO WAFER WRAPPER.

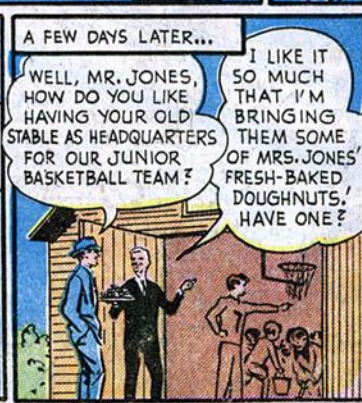
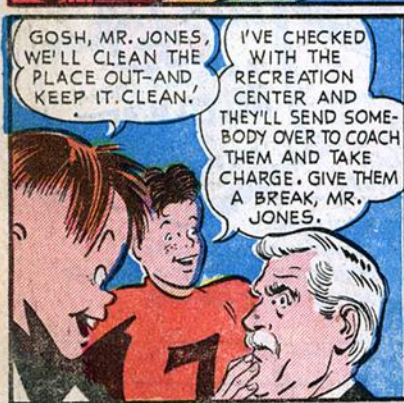
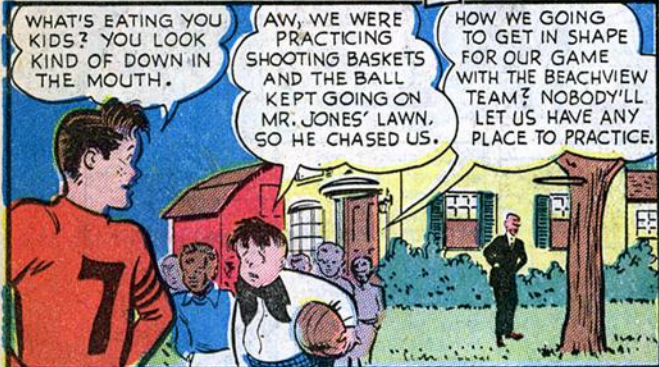
NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

VOID WHERE RESTRICTED. OFFER LIMITED TO UNITED STATES.

LEAVE IT TO Binky "GOOD NEIGHBOR SPIRIT"



THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

"FORTUNE-TELLING IS FOR FOOLS!"
THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAID!
HOW COULD PALM READING OR
CRYSTAL BALLS TELL ANY
ORDINARY MAN WHAT FATE
HAS IN STORE FOR HIM? YES, I
WAS A CONFIRMED SKEPTIC...
UNTIL DESTINY'S SECRETS
WERE FINALLY LAID OPEN,
AND I FOUND MYSELF FACED
WITH AN INESCAPABLE...

BLACK FUTURE

THIS IS YOUR
FORTUNE... **DOOM**...
AND NOTHING YOU DO
CAN ALTER IT!



I'M JUD TAYLOR, A
TRAVELING SALESMAN
OF BUILDING EQUIP-
MENT. MY WORK TAKES
ME TO FAR PLACES
FROM HOME -- PLACES
WHERE I HAVE NO
FRIENDS, SO THAT
LONELINESS DRIVES
ME IN SEARCH OF
UNUSUAL
THINGS TO DO!

THUS, WANDERING AIMLESSLY
ONE NIGHT LAST FALL, I
ENTERED A DINGY SHOP ON
THE OUTSKIRTS OF A SMALL
WESTERN CITY...

HELLO!
ANYBODY
HERE TO
TELL MY
FORTUNE?

I KNOW THE FUTURE,
SIR, BUT I DO NOT
TELL FORTUNES!
JUST STEP THIS
WAY!

NATURALLY, I DIDN'T TAKE THE
"SWAMI" SERIOUSLY -- AND SO,
WHEN HE BEGAN HIS ROUTINE...

YOU WILL BECOME
PRESIDENT OF
YOUR COMPANY
AND HAVE A
LONG,
PROSPEROUS
LIFE!

AW, THAT'S
THE USUAL
FORTUNE-
TELLING BUNK!
IF YOU REALLY
KNOW THE
FUTURE, PREDICT
THE WINNER OF
TONIGHT'S BOXING
MATCH! THAT WAY,
I CAN CHECK ON
YOUR ACCURACY!



IF THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW, I AM HAPPY TO INFORM YOU THAT THE WINNER WILL BE "CRASH" DILLON, BY A KNOCKOUT IN THE THIRD ROUND!

DILLON BY A KO? HA, HA... EVERYBODY KNOWS CAL TURNER WILL FINISH HIM OFF IN ONE ROUND! NOW I'M SURE YOU'RE A PHONY!

BUT THAT NIGHT, AT THE SPORTS ARENA, AS I WATCHED TURNER PULVERIZE DILLON THROUGH THE FIRST TWO ROUNDS...

ATTABOY, CAL! KNOCK HIM OUT!

STRANGE... THAT SWAMI'S WORDS KEEP BUZZING THROUGH MY BRAIN, AS IF--AS IF HE MUST BE RIGHT! TH--THIS IS CRAZY--B-BUT I CAN'T RESIST IT...



I'VE GOT \$10 THAT SAYS DILLON WINS IN THE THIRD ROUND!

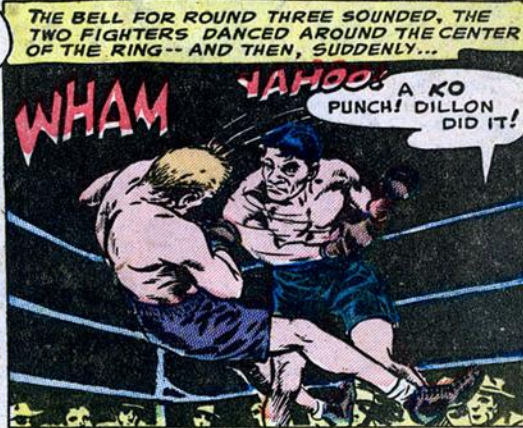
WHAT--? I'LL GIVE YOU 10-TO-1 ON THAT! YOU MUST BE CRAZY, MISTER!

THE BELL FOR ROUND THREE SOUNDED, THE TWO FIGHTERS DANCED AROUND THE CENTER OF THE RING-- AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHAM

YAHOO!

A KO PUNCH! DILLON DID IT!



...8...9... 10... AND YER OUT!

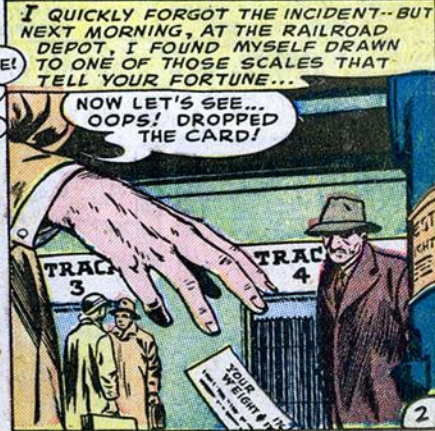
HERE'S YOUR DOUGH! BOY, WERE YOU LUCKY!

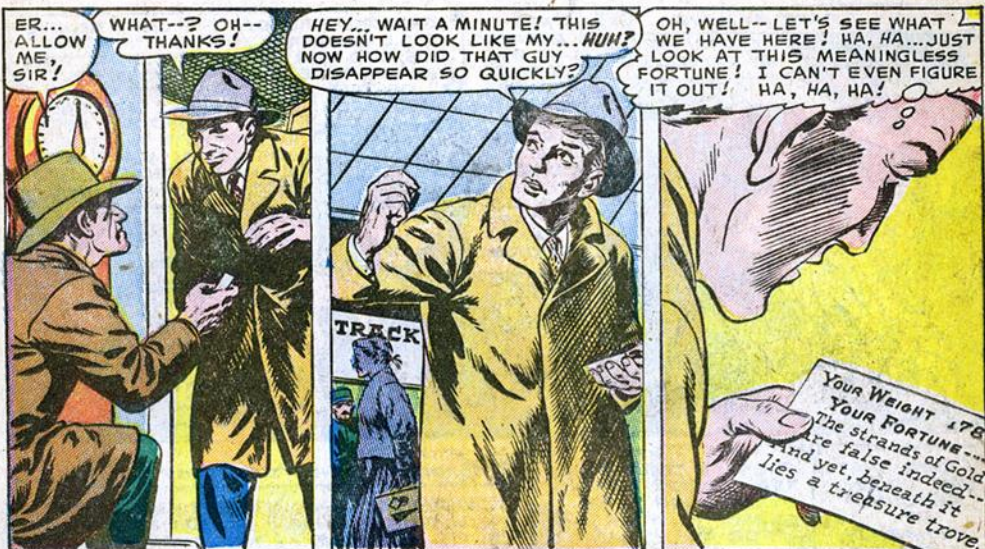
YEAH... I SHOULD'VE BET MORE MONEY!

TH--THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THE SWAMI COULDN'T POSSIBLY KNOW-- AND YET-- I WONDER---

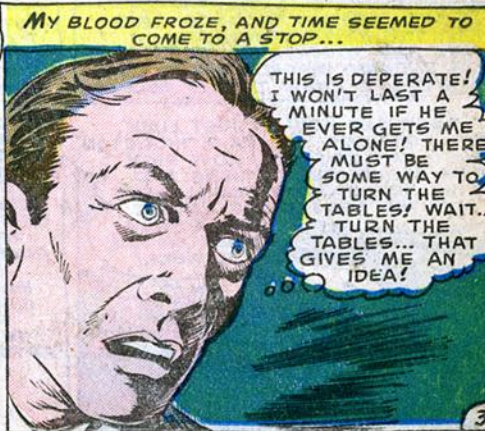
I QUICKLY FORGOT THE INCIDENT--BUT NEXT MORNING, AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT, I FOUND MYSELF DRAWN TO ONE OF THOSE SCALES THAT TELL YOUR FORTUNE...

NOW LET'S SEE... OOPS! DROPPED THE CARD!





YET, IN SPITE OF MY LAUGHTER, THE STRANGE WORDS DANCED THROUGH MY MIND ALL DAY! AND WHILE LUNCHING IN THE DINING CAR, A FEW HOURS LATER...



ABRUPTLY, I MADE MY MOVE...

OOPS! PARDON MY CARELESSNESS!

BANG



ONCE DISARMED, HE WAS EASY TO OVER-POWER. AND AS I TURNED HIM OVER TO THE POLICE AT THE NEXT STATION...

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU'LL COLLECT \$25,000 FOR THE CAPTURE OF THIS MURDERER!

I--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MY "FORTUNE" CARD TOLD ME THAT UNDER PHONY GOLD STRANDS, I'D FIND A TREASURE! AND UNDER THAT BLOND WIG WAS A KILLER WITH A PRICE ON HIS HEAD! WHAT SORT OF INCREDIBLE LUCK IS THIS?



LATER THAT DAY, UPON REACHING MY DESTINATION, I WALKED THE STREETS, TRYING TO CLEAR MY REELING HEAD! SOME UNEARTHLY POWER HAD ENMESHED ME IN ITS TOILS, AND I KNEW THAT MY FUTURE NOW LAY OPEN FOR ME LIKE A BOOK!

FORTUNE TELLING FROM TEA LEAVES? WHY NOT? EVERYTHING ELSE SEEMS TO WORK FOR ME!



SHORTLY, INSIDE THE GYPSY TEA ROOM...

...AND I SEE A--A STEAM SHOVEL LYING ON ITS SIDE IN A DITCH, WHILE A SHORT, STOUT MAN STANDS NEARBY, SEEKING HELP!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE THORNTON, THE MAN I CAME HERE TO SEE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SELL HIM A NEW SHOVEL FOR YEARS! I MUST GO TO HIM AT ONCE!



IT STILL SEEMED INCONCEIVABLE THAT THE UNWAVERING HAND OF FATE HAD TOUCHED ME AGAIN WITH ITS UNCANNY MAGIC... BUT WITHIN MINUTES, I KNEW THAT IT WAS SO!

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU GOT HERE THIS FAST, TAYLOR! WHY, THIS SHOVEL FELL OVER NOT FIVE MINUTES AGO!

JUST LUCK, MR. THORNTON... NOW SIGN HERE AND YOU'LL HAVE OUR LATEST MODEL POWER-DIGGER WITHIN A WEEK!



NOW THAT I COULD LEARN MY FUTURE SO EASILY, I KNEW THAT POWER AND WEALTH LAY WITHIN MY GRASP! ANY KIND OF FORTUNE TELLER COULD HELP MY EAGER QUEST--SO, THAT AFTERNOON...

LET THE PARROT SELECT YOUR FORTUNE, SIR! YOU WILL DISCOVER THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF YEARS TO COME!

YES, YES... I KNOW! BUT CAN'T YOU HURRY? I MUST CATCH AN AFTERNOON PLANE!



AND AS I READ THE NEXT FORECAST OF MY FUTURE...

GOOD GRIEF! IT SAYS THAT THE AIRPLANE I'M TAKING TODAY WILL CRASH, AND I'LL HAVE TO **JUMP IN MID-AIR** IF I WANT TO SAVE MY LIFE! WELL, I WON'T FLY, THAT'S ALL... I'LL TAKE THE TRAIN!

BUT YOU **MUST** FOLLOW YOUR FORTUNE! OTHERWISE YOUR ENTIRE DESTINY WILL BE ALTERED!



BUT--BUT JUMP IN MID-AIR... IT'S INSANE! YET EVERYTHING THE FORTUNE TELLERS HAVE PREDICTED HAS COME TRUE SO FAR! I'LL HAVE TO GO ON TRUSTING THEM!



WHEN MY PLANE TOOK OFF, I WAS SCARED ALL RIGHT, AND SURE ENOUGH, BEFORE LONG, THERE CAME A PUTTERING SOUND FROM THE MOTOR, AND...

WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE ENGINE TROUBLE, BUT DON'T WORRY... THE PILOTS HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL!

WHAT--? THAT'S NOT TRUE! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

TAKE IT EASY, MISTER! I'M THE CO-PILOT, AND I ASSURE YOU EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT!



NO--YOU'RE WRONG! I MUST GET OUT OF HERE ... I MUST-- OHH!

SORRY TO DO THIS, MISTER, BUT IT'S FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION!



NEXT THING I KNEW, I WAS AWAKENING, THOROUGHLY CONFUSED...

WH--WHAT HAPPENED? I--I'M STILL ALIVE!

OF COURSE YOU ARE! WE MADE IT SAFELY BACK TO THE AIRPORT! NOW WHY DON'T YOU REST IN THE TERMINAL TILL WE FINISH OUR REPAIRS?



AND AS I STUMBLED BEWILDERED FROM THE PLANE.....

IT'S YOU... THE FORTUNE TELLER!

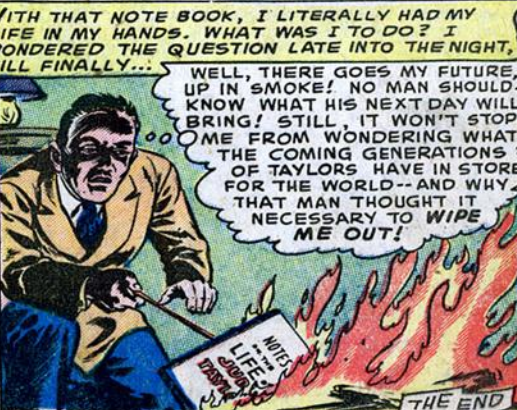
WHY HAVE YOU RETURNED? NOW YOU FORCE ME TO DESPERATE MEASURES!

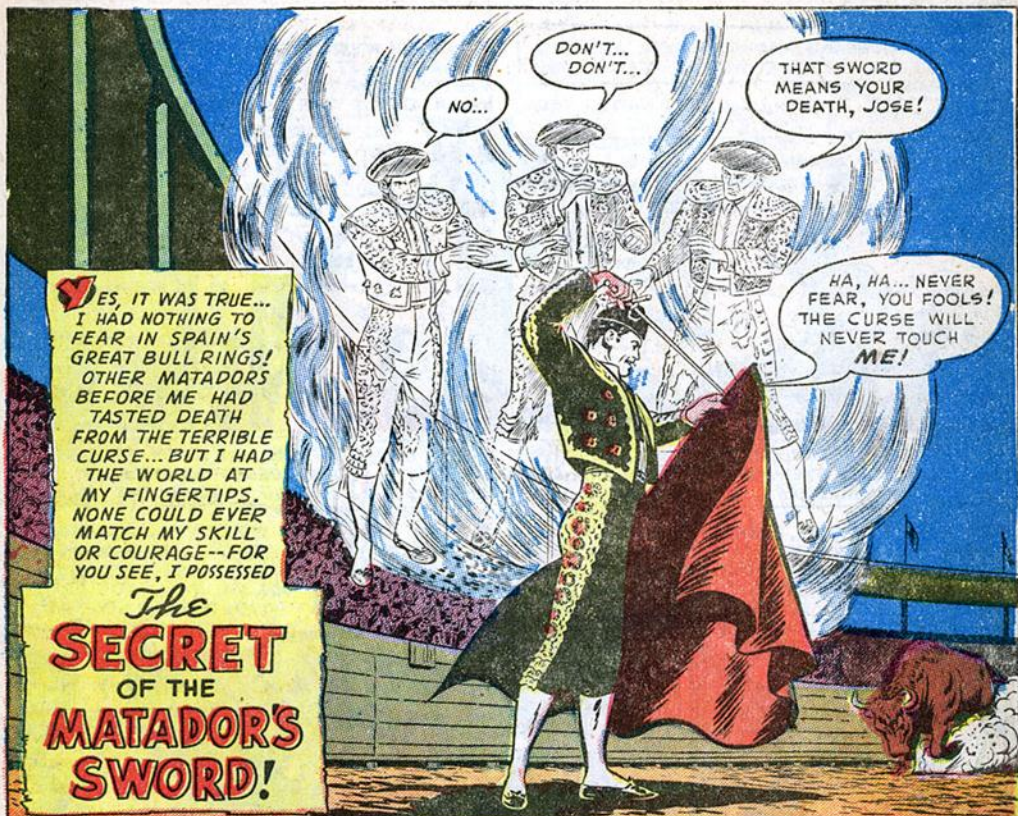


I MUST MAKE SURE THAT YOU DIE!

NO! NO! DON'T SHOOT!







YES, THE IMPOSSIBLE HAD HAPPENED... MADRID'S GREATEST BULL FIGHTER WALKED BEATEN FROM THE ARENA!

ROBERTO! ARE YOU HURT? WHAT IS WRONG? YOU MUST FINISH THE "KILL"!

NO-- I AM DONE WITH THE RING, MANUEL! GOODBYE!

I WAITED TOO LONG... I WAS-- A GREEDY-- FOOL!



IT WAS AN HOUR LATER WHEN I FIRST SAW FERNANDEZ. IT WAS A MOST UNEXPECTED MEETING-- FOR YOU SEE, I WAS ROBBING HIS VILLA AT THE TIME...

YOU ACCURSED FIEND! HOW I REGRET THE DAY I FIRST USED YOUR FOUL, TAINTED STEEL!

FERNANDEZ! I DID NOT EXPECT HIM BACK SO SOON! HE IS WOUNDED-- OUT OF HIS HEAD!



AS I ENTERED THE PARLOR, THE GREAT MATADOR'S EYES BURNED LIKE THOSE OF A MADMAN...

A-A THIEF! GET OUT! GET OUT OF MY VILLA, PIG!

BEWARE, ROBERTO FERNANDEZ! IN THE "CORRIDA" YOU ARE KING! BUT HERE, I, JOSE PINTO, HAVE THE POWER OF THE PISTOL!



YOU HAVE LIVED THE FAT LIFE, RICH AND FAMOUS! NOW, SOME OF YOUR WEALTH IS MINE! AND WHILE I AM HERE, I WILL ALSO TAKE YOUR FAMOUS BEJWELED SWORD... THE SWORD OF EL TORO!

MY SWORD? HA, HA, HA... TAKE IT, YOU THIEVING RASCAL!



HE WAS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED-- HIS HIDEOUS DEATH LAUGH ECHOING THROUGH THE VILLA...

WELCOME... WELCOME TO ITS MAGIC AND ITS MIRACLES! THEN WAIT... HA, HA, HA... WAIT UNTIL IT DESTROYS YOU, TOO, AND... OH-H-H!



IN THE GLOOM OF DUSK, I HURRIED ACROSS TOWN WITH MY TREASURES. SUDDENLY, AS I ENTERED A NARROW BACK STREET ALLEY...

THE FAMOUS FERNANDEZ, GORED TO DEATH AT LONG LAST! WHO WILL TAKE HIS PLACE? SUCH WILD RAVINGS... HE MUST HAVE BEEN MAD WITH PAIN! EH?... WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK OUT! THE BULL HAS ESCAPED!



I WAS TRAPPED-- CORNERED IN THE FILTHY ALLEY AS THE ENRAGED BEAST THUNDERED DOWN UPON ME...

HELP! HELP! LET ME IN, YOU FOOLS!

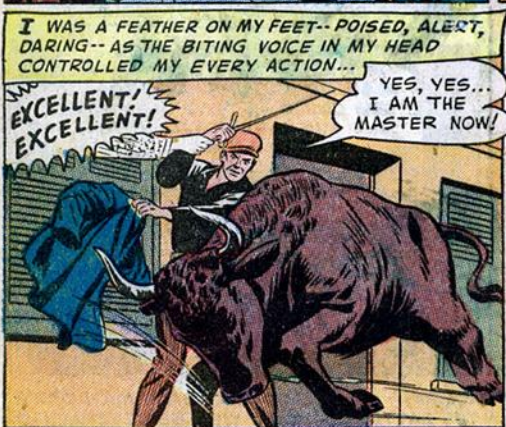


IT WAS THEN THAT THE MIRACLE OF MIRACLES TOOK PLACE-- THAT SOME UNSEEN FORCE TOOK HOLD OF ME...

MY SENSES REELED, THEN CLEARED--AND A STRANGE SENSE OF POWER SURGED THROUGH ME!

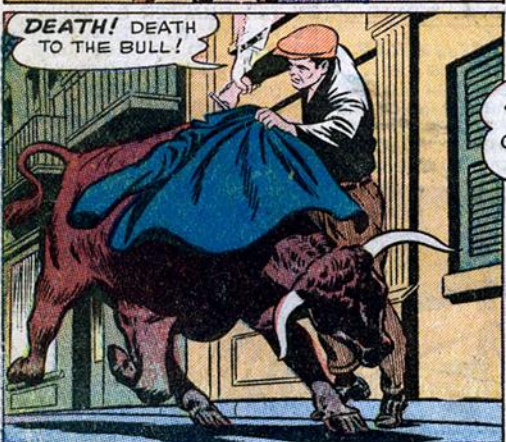
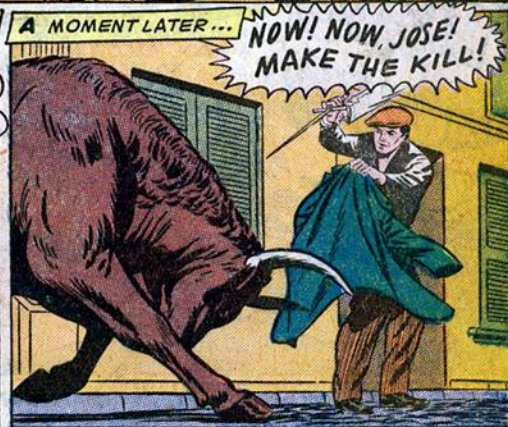


QUICKLY! SWINGABOUT, JOSE PINTO! YOU ARE STRONG--SKILLED...A GREAT MATADOR NOW! YOUR COAT...TAKE OFF YOUR COAT!



EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!

YES, YES... I AM THE MASTER NOW!



AFTERWARD, AS THE STRENGTH DRAINED FROM MY BODY...

BRAVO! MAGNIFICO! LIKE OUR GREATEST OF MATADORS!

NEVER...NEVER BEFORE HAVE I FOUGHT A BULL...YET NOW IT IS TRUE! THE SWORD DOES HAVE MAGIC! WITH IT, I CAN BECOME THE GREATEST MATADOR IN ALL SPAIN!



THUS, I SOON CONFRONTED THE FIRST BULL OF MY PROFESSIONAL CARRER IN **LACORRIDA DOS TOROS...**

HAVE NO FEAR, JOSE!
STEADY... PREPARE
FOR THE THRUST...

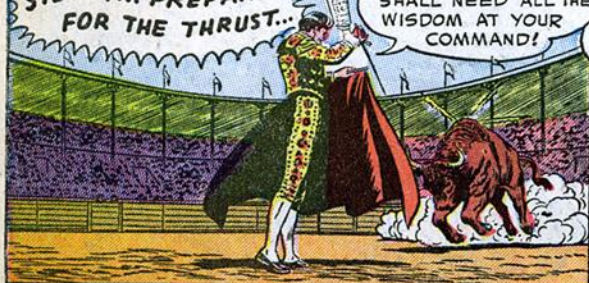
D-DO NOT FAIL ME,
GREAT SWORD! I
SHALL NEED ALL THE
WISDOM AT YOUR
COMMAND!

INDEED, MY BEJEWELED FRIEND DID NOT FAIL ME! OUR FAME GREW WITH TIME... OUR SKILLED DISPATCHING OF THE BULLS CAPTURED THE IMAGINATION OF CROWDS EVERYWHERE!

SUCH MASTERY
OF THE SWORD!
WHO IS HE?

JOSE PINTO,
THE NEWEST
SENSATION
OF THE RING!

HE HAS
WITHIN
HIM THE
VERY
COURAGE
OF THE
BULL HE
FIGHTS!



**BRAVO
MAGNIFIC!**

HA, HA... IT IS GOOD TO
TASTE SUCCESS SUCH AS
ROBERTO FERNANDEZ
ONCE ENJOYED! WHAT
A FOOL ALLOWING HIM-
SELF TO BE GORED
WHEN HE HAD IN HIS
POSSESSION THIS
MAGIC WEAPON!

IT WAS THEN THAT A TERRIFYING THOUGHT
SUDDENLY FLASHED THROUGH MY MIND. IN
A STATE OF CONFUSION, I STUMBLED FROM
THE ARENA...

FERNANDEZ ALSO
POSSESSED THIS SWORD OF
MAGIC! BUT IF THAT IS SO,
HOW COULD HE HAVE BEEN GORED?
I-I MUST FIND OUT-- BEFORE IT
IS TOO LATE!



I HURRIED TO MY VILLA. PER-
HAPS I WOULD FIND THE KEY
TO THIS MYSTERY AMONG THE
POSSESSIONS I HAD STOLEN
FROM FERNANDEZ...

H-HE **MUST** HAVE
RECORDED SUCH
A THING... IN HIS
DIARY! IF THERE
IS AN ANSWER...
SURELY IT WILL
BE WRITTEN
HERE!

MY REASONING PROVED
CORRECT-- FOR IN THE LATTER
PART OF THE BOOK, I READ...

**"THE CURSE OF THE BEJEWELED
SWORD!"** NOW LET ME SEE...

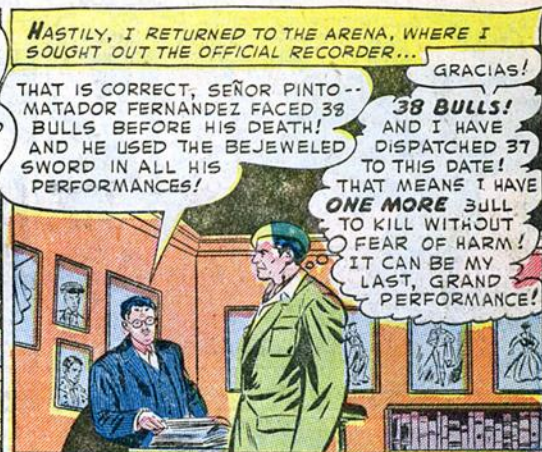
IT SAYS THAT A SPANISH MATADOR,
DISGRACED BY MEMBERS OF HIS
PROFESSION, BEQUEATHES HIS
CHARMED SWORD TO DECOY
BULL FIGHTERS TO THEIR
DEATH...

...AND THAT EACH MATADOR'S
DOOM WILL BE DETERMINED
BY THE NUMBER OF BULLS
HE FIGHTS WITH THE
BEJEWELED SWORD! THUS,
THE FIRST MATADOR WILL
DIE WITH HIS FIRST BULL...





...THE SECOND MATADOR WITH HIS SECOND BULL, AND SO FORTH! **SO THAT'S IT!** FERNANDEZ MET HIS **BULL OF DOOM** ON THAT DAY HE WAS GORED IN THE ARENA! I MUST LEARN THE **EXACT NUMBER** HE HAD FOUGHT WITH THE MAGIC SWORD!



HASTILY, I RETURNED TO THE ARENA, WHERE I SOUGHT OUT THE OFFICIAL RECORDER...

GRACIAS!

THAT IS CORRECT, SEÑOR PINTO-- MATADOR FERNANDEZ FACED 38 BULLS BEFORE HIS DEATH! AND HE USED THE BEJEWELED SWORD IN ALL HIS PERFORMANCES!

38 BULLS! AND I HAVE DISPATCHED 37 TO THIS DATE! THAT MEANS I HAVE **ONE MORE BULL** TO KILL WITHOUT FEAR OF HARM! IT CAN BE MY LAST, GRAND PERFORMANCE!



OF COURSE! I WILL NOT FIGHT THE **BULL OF DOOM!** IT WILL GIVE ME ADDED FAME WHEN I ANNOUNCE THAT JOSE PINTO WILL RETIRE FROM THE RING WITH HIS **NEXT AND LAST BULL!** THE MAGIC SWORD CAN BE MINE FOREVER--A SYMBOL OF MY VICTORY!



SO ON THE EVE OF MY 38TH BULL-FIGHT, I ANNOUNCED THAT I WOULD RETIRE FROM THE RING, AND NEXT AFTERNOON, AS I FOUGHT MY FINAL OPPONENT...

HE IS INDEED THE GREATEST OF ALL MATADORS!

SI! WE WILL MISS OUR JOSE PINTO!

THUS ENDED THE CAREER OF JOSE PINTO, AS TOLD IN HIS OWN WORDS. DID HE MASTER THE CURSE OF THE MAGIC SWORD? WAS HE THE FIRST MATADOR IN HISTORY TO USE IT SUCCESSFULLY? WHAT BECAME OF HIM AFTERWARD, AS HE RETIRED WITH HIS VAST WEALTH TO A LUXURIOUS RESORT VILLA?



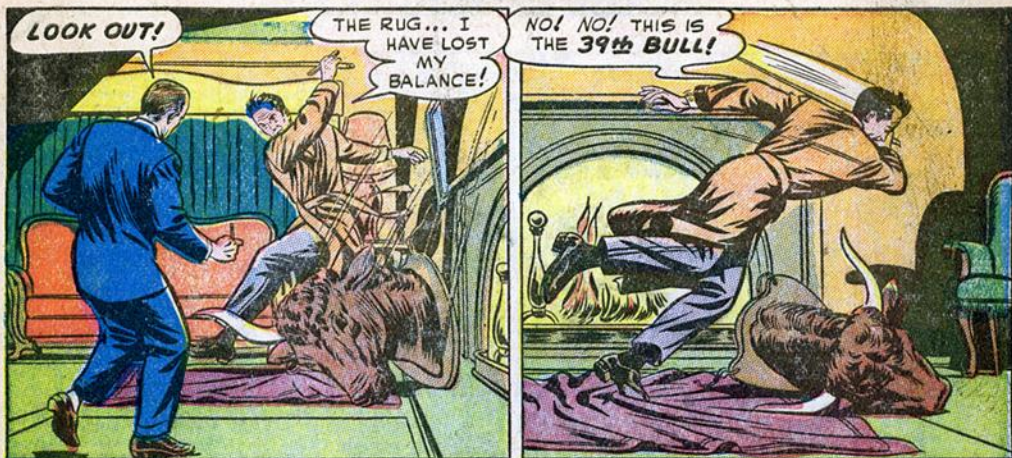
YOU WISH TO KNOW IF I WILL EVER RETURN TO BULL-FIGHTING, SEÑOR REPORTER? THE ANSWER IS **NO--** FOR I DO NOT WISH TO MEET THE SAME FATE AS OTHERS WHO HAVE USED THIS ACCURSED WEAPON!

BUT SURELY, SEÑOR PINTO, YOU MISS THE THRILL OF THE RING!



AH, YES... BUT NOT ENOUGH TO RISK MY LIFE! YOU SEE...

SEÑOR! THE TIP OF YOUR SWORD... IT HAS CUT THE ROPE HOLDING THE MOUNTED HEAD OF THE BULL!



SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!

Yes,
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
ADVENTURE CHARACTER
COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR
HOME IN
THRILLING LIVE ACTION!



WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS
GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!