

# **EXHIBIT II**

## **Part 7 of 14**



ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN  
AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH -



LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE  
CARS THE BOSS MARKED!



THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND  
PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.



A THUG SEES THE MAGICIAN!



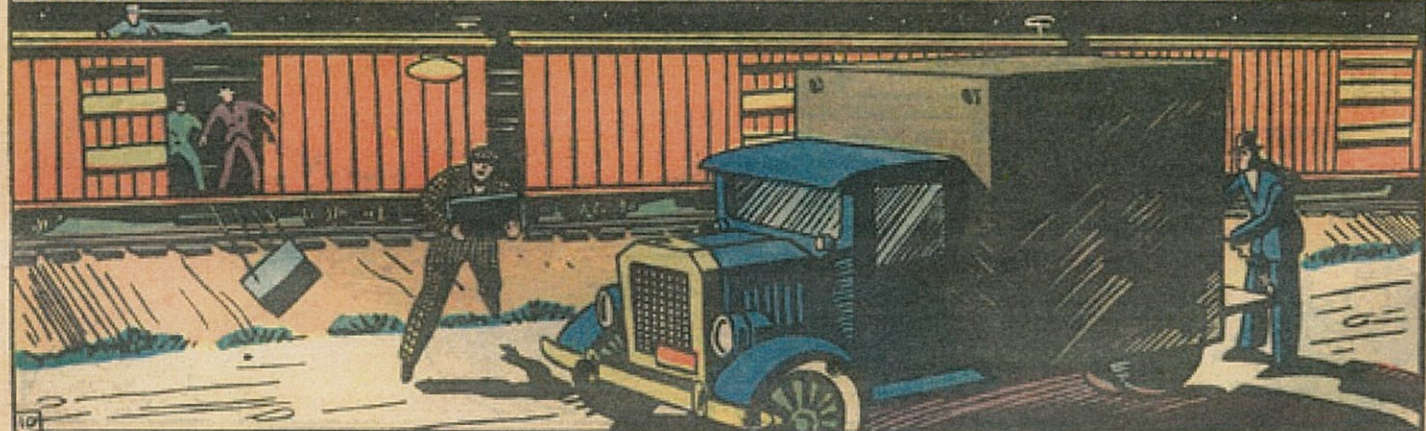
MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING  
FOR THIS, WISE GUY!



YOUR AIM IS  
VERY POOR,  
MY FRIEND!

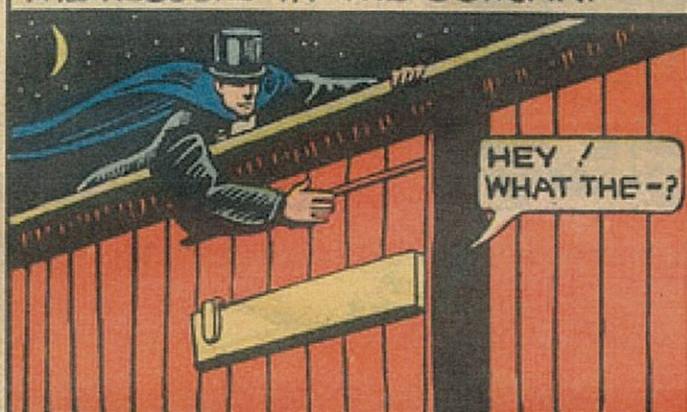


A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT.





ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR.



HEY /  
WHAT THE - ?

YOUR  
MAGIC  
MAY HAVE  
SAVED YOU FROM THE  
FIRE BUT I DOUBT IF  
IT CAN STOP A BULLET!

THE TIGRESS, EVER ALERT, AGAIN  
STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN -



A QUICK GESTURE OF  
HIS HAND AND THE  
TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANS-  
FORMED INTO A BULLET!



WHY - WHAT !

ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED, SHE  
LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES !



YOU'LL NEVER  
GET ME,  
ZATARA !

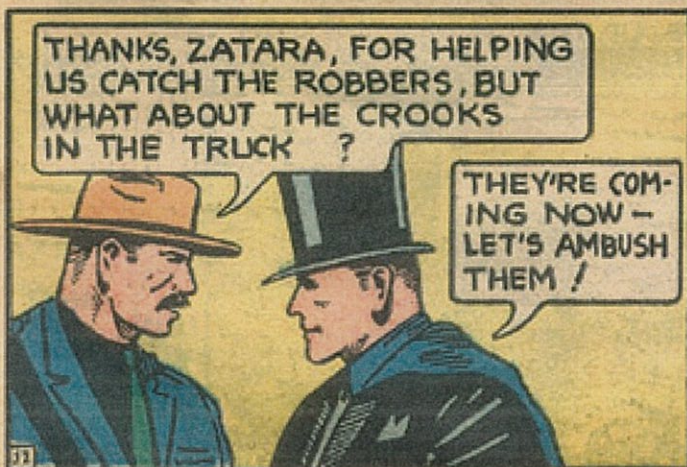
A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP  
AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN -



OKAY, MISTER ! YOUR NEXT  
TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO  
THE PENITENTIARY !



THANKS, ZATARA, FOR HELPING  
US CATCH THE ROBBERS, BUT  
WHAT ABOUT THE CROOKS  
IN THE TRUCK ?



THEY'RE COM-  
ING NOW -  
LET'S AMBUSH  
THEM !

THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE  
RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE.





THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM  
HIGH, FELLOW.



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY; BABCOCK,  
THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR, USED TO  
LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND  
THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR  
MARKED WITH ⊗. THEY THREW OUT  
THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP  
BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK!



WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE  
SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE  
BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO  
WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON  
THE FREIGHT TRAIN —



SO BABCOCK  
TIPPED THEM  
OFF?

CORRECT! AND TONG HAS  
HIM NOW AT THE POLICE  
STATION BACK IN TOWN!



BACK IN THE STATION HOUSE BABCOCK  
CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE —

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN  
WITH US — THEY BUMPED  
HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE  
WENT THROUGH THE  
TUNNEL! ONE OF THE  
BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT  
AND COAT AND MOTIONED  
YOU TO COME AHEAD.



CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU  
CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF  
JUSTICE. TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS"  
IS STILL AT LARGE.

THANK  
YOU,  
CAPTAIN.



WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE.  
NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE  
TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT!



THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEKS  
A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE  
THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT!



# SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By  
Captain Frank Thomas

**F**OR an instant, the sky to the west was splashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and melting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror-surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic water and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his briar. Hungrily his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night it seems to become more beautiful!" he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball:

"Shake a leg there, fellow, and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's glistening, black face appeared above the door of the hatch.

Together they hoisted the anchor chain and made it fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the *Aruba* turned, pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island to the right slipped by, mysteriously and magic-like.

"We made out pretty well this time, Cottonball," said Coleman.

"Yas suh, Cap'n, we sho' did!" grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing whitely in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wif copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one of de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"

**C**OLEMAN laughed and puffed on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail leisurely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass-reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive needle. His face was thin and strong and ten years





beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complexion the color of teak-wood.

Up in the bowhead Cottonball squatted and hummed a native song of the islands. Back of them to the east, the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The peacefulness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman settled back on the leather rests.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off their starboard, he heard the splashing of water. And then, through the stillness, came the cry of a man . . . frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball. The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge rapier.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from where the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, heaved him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly, open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple; and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat on the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

**H**ALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm, stimulating drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he related the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

"What really caused it I can't imagine," the man said. "But they suddenly went mad and overran the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable . . . shocking!"

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter, Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were . . . the housekeeper was killed and the

natives carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left me for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smouldering ruin!"

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

"But I must get help," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too!"

Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulders. "We'll do our very best to get her back, Mr. Newton. Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED  
NEXT MONTH)

(Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.)

