

Sally the Sleuth

Adolphe Barreaux

ADOLPHE BARREAUX (1899-1985) studied at the Yale School of Fine Arts and the Grand Central Art School. He created "Sally the Sleuth" for *Spicy Detective*, one of the sleaziest of the pulp magazines, in November 1934, with a little two-page strip titled "A Narrow Escape." The material published in this pulp was generally produced by the worst writers of the era, mainly when they failed to sell their work to the better-paying, higher-end books. All the stories included illustrations of scantily clad women, frequently in bondage-all so racy that the magazines were kept under the counter at most newsstands and sold only to adults. These illustrations were provided by Majestic Studios, a tiny art shop owned by Barreaux from 1936 to 1953. He was also the owner of Trojan Publishing from 1949 to 1955. Although he worked for a few other pulps from the 1930s to the 1950s, most of his work went to *Spicy*, for which he drew the "Sally the Sleuth" strip until 1942, when other artists took it over. Barreaux went on to work for many of the major comic book publishers, including DC ("Magic Crystal of History"), Dell ("The Enchanted Stone"), Ace ("The Black Spider" and "The Raven"), and Fox ("Flip Falcon" and "Patty O'Day").

These episodes of "Sally the Sleuth" appeared in *Spicy Detective*.

SALLY THE SLEUTH

LEDA MARMON WAS UNDOUBTEDLY BITTEN BY AN ASP. YET - THOUGH SHE WAS APPEARING IN AN EGYPTIAN PLAY, THERE WERE NO SNAKES USED IN THE PRODUCTION

THERE MUST BE ONE, CHIEF. LET'S GRILL THE REST OF THE CAST



FOLLOW THE SWARTHY FELLOW WITH THE CANE. HE'S FAZIL HUSSEIN, A REAL EGYPTIAN. I HAVE A HUNCH...



I WONDER IF HE DID IT. HE CAN'T CARRY A POISONOUS ASP AROUND IN HIS POCKET



SO HE LIVES IN THIS OLD THEATRICAL BOARDING-HOUSE. IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO GET A LINE ON HIM HERE



Matinee Murder

by
J. J. JAGGER



SALLY THE SLEUTH

by
BARREAU

"HAWAIIAN
SPY
HUNT"

THERE'S OUR GREAT BASE AT PEARL HARBOR. IT'S ENDANGERED BY A SPY RING DIRECTED BY A MASTER MIND UP IN THE HILLS. TOMORROW, WE START OUT TO LOCATE HIM.



NEXT DAY

WE'LL JUST PRETEND TO BE TOURISTS AND KEEP OUR EYES AND EARS OPEN. IF ANYTHING HAPPENS, I HAVE A WAY TO CONTACT THE ARMY AT ONCE. THEY WILL BE WATCHING...



THAT'S SWELL, ISN'T IT, CHIEF? I'LL BET YOU COULD DO BETTER, YOURSELF.



BUT ALREADY THEY AROUSE SUSPICION AS A RUNNER STREAKS UP THE SIDE OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO.



A MILE FURTHER ON — CHIEF AND SALLY ARE TAKEN PRISONERS.



THEY REACH THE MASTER SPY'S HIDEOUT

SO YOU THINK YOU COULD FOOL SANTOS, EH? I KNEW ALL ABOUT YOU TWO AS SOON AS YOU GOT OFF THE BOAT.



CHIEF IS LOCKED UP, BUT SALLY IS FORCED TO ENTERTAIN SANTOS.

I'M TIRED OF THOSE NATIVE HULA DANCERS. YOU PUT THIS ON AND SHAKE A HIP.



SALLY IS MADE TO ACT AS A WAITRESS.



YOU NEED MORE EXERCISE. GO FETCH SOME FIREWOOD.

YOU BUM!



SUCH A LEEETLE BIT! GET MORE - MUCH MORE!



SO YOU FAINT, EH? I KNOW THAT TRICK!

OH!



I BRING YOU TO - QUEEK!



YOU STOLE A KNIFE FROM THE KITCHEN, EH? BUT YOU DO NOT FOOL SANTOS!



TIE HER OUTSIDE. THE NIGHT CHILL WILL COOL HER TEMPER A BIT



BRRRH! IT'S CHILLY. I WONDER WHAT THEY'VE DONE WITH THE CHIEF---



MEANWHILE, THE CHIEF MAKES A ROPE OUT OF HIS BLANKET...



...AND FASHIONS A SNARE OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW.



THE UNWARY GUARD STEPS INTO THE NOOSE -- IS YANKED OFF HIS FEET AND IS KNOCKED COLD.



AH, THE KEYS -- THIS IS LUCK.



PSST-SALLY!

CHIEF!

SOMEONE'S COMING!

IT'S SANTOS!



