



BEWARE THE
BLACK JACK!
HE WILL BE
YOUR DOOM!

THE JACK OF SPADES, EH? THE
BLACK JACK? SO HE'S THE
DARK MAN COMIN' INTO MY
LIFE TO RUIN ME!

HA, HA, HA, HA! THAT'S A HOT ONE!
THE BLACK JACK! NOBODY IS GON-
NA SPELL MY DOOM!

REMEMBER, I HAVE
WARNED YOU!

BUCKY LAVITTO, KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, MAKES ONE OF HIS REGULAR CALLS TO A FORTUNE TELLER... EXPECTING TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS HEARD YEAR AFTER YEAR... THAT HE IS STILL BOSS OF THE TOWN... BUT FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS... AND THE LONG ARM OF DEATH REACHES OUT OF THE SHADOWS TO WARN THE GANG CHIEFTAIN THAT HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED... **BLACK JACK IS COMING!!**



A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE GAME ROOM AT DETECTIVE HEADQUARTERS..

GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING BLACKJACK, WHITEY?

NOT ME, I LIKE THE GAME AS WELL AS YOU DO.



WELL, WELL, WELL-IF IT AINT OLD JACK JONES, DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF PLAYIN' THAT CHEAP GAME?

GO AWAY, BAXTER, YOU GET IN MY HAIR.



HA, HA, GET IN YOUR HAIR, DID YOU SAY? OKAY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET IN THAT BEAUTIFUL BLACK HAIR OF YOURS, JACK.



HEY, CUT IT OUT... OOF!

MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCENICE YOU I DON'T LIKE YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES.



WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF JACK, BAXTER? YOU'RE ALWAYS HORSIN' AROUND. WISE UP TO YOURSELF!



LISTEN, WHITEY, YOU'RE A GOOD KID. BUT DON'T GET TOUGH WITH A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ARE.

AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, BAXTER, LET GO OF WHITEY'S ARM.



CUT IT, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BOYS? GETTING BORED WITH NOTHING TO DO?

THE CHIEF.



ALL RIGHT-HERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO. A PATROLMAN WAS SHOT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE CITIZEN'S BANK- AND THE GANG MADE A GET-AWAY. ALL BUT ONE MAN. HE ISN'T DEAD YET- BUT HE'S DYING. GET OVER THERE AND TRY TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF HIM.



THE THREE DETECTIVES ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



NATIONAL BANK

..... AS MCKE QUESTIONS THE INTERE ATTENDING THE DYING MAN, ONE OF THE GANG'S LOOK-OUTS WATCHES EVERY MOVE...



..... AINT SPILLIN' NOTHIN' ... FLATFOOT..

LOOK!... THOSE RATS WITH YOU LEFT YOU TO DIE... YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE CHANCE TO GET EVEN. ARE YOU GONNA LET EM' GET AWAY WITH IT?



N-NO! I'LL TELL! THEY'RE IN THE OLD LARSON MANSION! ALL OF 'EM!



THAT GUY WAS TALKIN' THROUGH HIS HAT! EVEN A DYING GANGSTER IS STILL A LIAR!

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG, BAXTER!

COME ON, BOYS! IT WON'T HURT US TO CHECK 'EM UP! WE'RE GOING TO THE LARSON MANSION!

THE GANG'S LOOK-OUT RACES BACK TO THE LARSON MANSION TO REPORT...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER THE DETECTIVES DRIVE UP.



YOU WERE RIGHT, MAX! HERE THEY COME! DUCC OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS! WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!



HM! NOBODY HERE!

I TOLD YOU THAT PUNK WAS LYING. THE PLACE IS DESERTED!

HEY! LOOK! FOOTPRINTS!



SUDDENLY LAVITTO'S MEN STEP OUT FROM CLOSETS AND DOORWAYS...

GET 'EM UP, COPPERS,
DROP THEM GATS,



BOLT UP THE SHUTTERS,
BOYS, THEN TURN ON THE
LIGHTS, WE'RE GONNA
GIVE THESE WISE GUYS A
LITTLE PARTY,



NICE GOIN' BAXTER,
YOU DID YOUR JOB
WELL,

THANKS,
LUCKY,

BAXTER, YOU MEAN—
HE'S A TIP-OFF MAN
FOR THE GANG,



SURE I'M A TIP-OFF MAN, WHY'D
YOU THINK SO MANY DICKS WERE
MISSING WHEN THEY WENT AFTER
LUCKY? TAKE THAT, I ALWAYS
WANTED TO MESS YOUR
HAIR UP
GOOD,



WHO IS THIS PRET- THE BOYS AT
TY GUY ANYHOW, HEADQUARTERS
BAXTER? CALL HIM BLACK
JACK- THAT'S BE-
CAUSE OF HIS HAIR AND
BECAUSE HIS FAVORITE
GAME IS BLACK JACK,



WHAT?? SO THIS IS THE
BLACK JACK, THE PUNK WHO
WAS GONNA BE MY DOWNFALL,
HUH?
HA, HA
HA,



VERY FUNNY,
BUT WHAT DO
WE DO NEXT?

WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE GAME OF
CARDS, I'VE GOT A DECK HERE
IN MY POCKET, I'LL FLIP OUT
TWO CARDS AND THE
ONE WHO DRAWS THE
HIGHEST ONE GETS
HIS FIRST,

DARNED
SPORTING
OF YOU,



THIS IS FOR THE WHITE-HAIRED
KID..LET'S SEE, THE TWO OF DIAMONDS,
NOW WATCH WHAT I DEAL
YOU, BLACK
JACK,



TOO BAD, BLACK JACK!
HEH! TAKE HIM OVER AND
MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE
BOYS!

WH-WHAT ARE
THEY GOING
TO DO WITH
HIM?
WELL, SEE
THAT HOLE
IN THE WALL?
AND SEE THAT
BATCH OF CEMENT?
JUST, WATCH...!

BLACK JACK IS SLUGGED AND TOSSED THROUGH
THE HOLE IN THE WALL...



HEY, BOY! WAIT A MINUTE, BEFORE
YOU SEAL HIM IN THERE, HE'S
LIABLE TO BE LONESOME. I'LL
LEAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM
COMPANY!



OKAY, BOYS! GET
THAT COPPER INTO
THE CAR, AND TAKE
HIM TO THE RIVER!

WELL, LET'S
SAY GOODBYE
TO BLACK JACK!

THAT CEMENT
WILL HARDEN
PRETTY SOON,
KID! THEN
WE'LL TOSS
YOU IN THE
RIVER. IT
WON'T HURT
FOR VERY
LONG. WE'VE
BEEN LENIENT
WITH YOU...
YOU DREW
THE LOW CARD!

AN HOUR LATER, JACK JONES LIFTS HIS EYES AND TRIES TO REGAIN HIS FEET...

"C'CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY BREATH, AND MY HEAD. UH - WHERE AM I?...NOW I REMEMBER, THEY SHOVE ME INTO THE WALL, GOT TO GET SOME AIR SOMEHOW, GOT TO GET UP."



WITH ALMOST HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, JACK CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND HAMMERS FEEBLY ON THE RAPIDLY HARDENING CEMENT WALL....



NO USE, CAN'T BREAK IT DOWN, IF I HAD A KNIFE - SOMETHING SHARP, I MIGHT - SAY, WHAT'S THAT? A CARD. THE JACK OF SPADES, IT MIGHT WORK."



JACK FRANTICALLY WORKS THE THIN EDGE OF THE PLAYING CARD INTO THE CEMENT...



MINUTES LATER, THE CARD CUTS THROUGH THE WALL..



AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR IN THE ROOM OUTSIDE..



THAT THIN SLIT IN THE WALL LETS IN JUST ENOUGH AIR FOR ME TO BREATHE, BUT I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER."

AS JACK STRUGGLES FOR HIS LIFE, A MIDDLE AGED MAN IS APPROACHING THE MANSION...



"MY, HOW DESERTED THE OLD HOME LOOKS, IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME -"

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF GETTING IN HERE, THE DOOR IS PROBABLY LOCKED."





FEEL A LITTLE MORE LIKE TALKING NOW, SON? YOU DON'T HAVE TO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, YOU KNOW!

AFTER ALL, YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE, SO I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION. IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE: I'M A DETECTIVE AND WHEN MY BUDDY AND I TRIED TO CRACK A CASE, WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A PRETTY TIGHT JAM...



...WHAT HAPPENED TO WHITEY, ONLY GOD KNOWS, BUT BAXTER, ANOTHER DETECTIVE, TURNED OUT TO BE A CONTACT MAN FOR THE GANG. THAT'S ALL THERE IS!

I SEE, NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM - MY NAME IS LARSON. I WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE!



WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I RAN AWAY FROM HOME - AND EVENTUALLY MADE A FORTUNE IN MY OWN RIGHT. TODAY I CAME BACK HERE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF 30 YEARS, BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME - I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SUGGESTION TO YOU, SON!



THE GANGSTERS - EVEN THE WORLD AT LARGE BELIEVE YOU ARE DEAD. WHY NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BELIEF? NEED I REMIND YOU THAT CRIMINALS ARE AFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN? AND DOESN'T YOUR NICKNAME *BLACK JACK* SUGGEST A COURSE OF ACTION?

AND SO - JACK JONES BECOMES -

BLACK JACK!



MR LARSON - YOU DON'T NEED TO SAY ANOTHER WORD. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!

GOOD BOY, AND GOOD LUCK!



THAT NIGHT, IN LUCKY LAVITTO'S HEADQUARTERS, LUCKY, I THINK I BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND REPORT.

AW - STICK AROUND, BAXTER, WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF BLACKJACK!

DON'T MENTION THAT GAME AGAIN.

CALM DOWN, BAXTER. THAT GUY'S DEAD... HEY... WHO THREW THAT CARD IN HERE?



AT THAT INSTANT...

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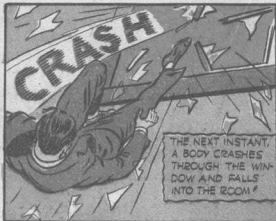




WHILE AT DETECTIVE HEADQUARTERS...

SURE SEEMS DULL AROUND HERE WITH- OUT JACK JONES AND WHITEY.

AWFUL FUNNY, THAT THEY WERE KILLED AND BAXTER GOT AWAY!



CRASH

THE NEXT INSTANT, A BODY CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW AND FALLS INTO THE ROOM!



THE DETECTIVES RUSH TO THE WINDOW...

NOBODY OUT HERE AT ALL!



IT'S BAXTER. AND LOOK! THERE'S A NOTE ON HIM AND A CARD! THE BLACK JACK!



BOYS, NO WONDER BAXTER HAS LED A CHARMED LIFE. THIS NOTE PROVES HE WAS WORKING HAND IN HAND WITH LUCKY LAVITTO. FURTHERMORE, LUCKY AND HIS GANG ARE TIED UP AND WAITING FOR US AT LUCKY'S HEADQUARTERS.. BUT ABOUT THIS BLACK JACK - WONDER...



A.M. DAILY
DETECTIVE LINKED TO LAVITTO MOBSTERS.
BAXTER AND GANG TO GET ELECTRIC CHAIR.

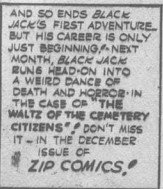
EXTRA
LAVITTO



HEH, HEH, HEH!
I WARNED LAVITTO,
BUT HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!



AND SO THE BLACKJACK SEALED HIS DOOM - JUST AS I PREDICTED! HEH, HEH, HEH!



AND SO ENDS BLACK JACK'S FIRST ADVENTURE. BUT HIS CAREER IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING. NEXT MONTH, BLACK JACK RUNS HEAD-ON INTO A WEIRD DANCE OF DEATH AND HORROR IN THE CASE OF "THE WALTZ OF THE CEMETERY CITIZENS". DON'T MISS IT - IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS.