

# THE

# FOX

HOWDY, MISS -  
THE NIGHT RIDERS  
EH? MMM...

JOE  
BLAIR  
AND  
IRWIN HASEN

PATTON, THIS IS RUTH  
RANSOM, OUR ACE REPORTER-  
YOU AND SHE WILL COVER THE  
DOINGS OF THE NIGHT RIDERS!

HELLO!

PAUL PATTON, FORMER ALL-AROUND  
ATHLETE AT PENN STATE, HAS  
JOINED THE STAFF OF THE DAILY  
GLOBE-DUE TO HIS INTEREST  
IN PHOTOGRAPHY, HE EARNS A  
JOB AS A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.

HASEN

THESE MEN HAVE TERRORIZED  
THE COUNTRYSIDE BY WHIPPING  
FOLKS TO DEATH! TAKE THE  
NEXT TRAIN TO FLEETSVILLE, AND  
GET GOOD SHOTS OF 'EM  
BUT ABOVE ALL  
LOOK OUT FOR  
RUTH-GOODBYE  
AND GOOD  
LUCK!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER  
AS THEY NEAR THEIR  
DESTINATION IN THE  
WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG  
NOW, MR. ALL-AMERICA!

HERE WE ARE,  
FINE-STAR-FINAL!

KIN AH  
TAKE YO'  
BAGS, SUH?

YUP-HERE  
WE ARE!

YE'LL EACH HAF TO  
GO TO THE HOTEL  
SEPARATE, THIS-  
A-WAY, MISTER!

I DON'T  
LIKE THIS!

DON'T CRY,  
ALL-STAR!  
MOMMA WILL  
MEET YOU AT  
THE HOTEL!

THE TRAIN PULLS INTO FLEETSVILLE...

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SAY YOU GUYS PASSED THE HOTEL

WELL, MY WORD! SO WE DID- AND DID YA GET A PITCHER OF IT? HAW!

PAUL IS SPED THROUGH TOWN...

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? WE DON'T WANNA WEIGH YA DOWN!

ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD.....

OKAY, COLLITCH BOY, START RUNNIN'

YEAH, GIT GOIN', BUSTER!

JUST WATCH ME GIT GOIN!

GRAB 'IM!

STUBBORN CUSS, AIN'T HE!

YEAH, BUT I BEANED HIM WITH A ROCK!

PAUL IS OVERPOWERED BY THE NIGHT RIDERS!

TOUGH GUYEH? THIS'LL LARN YA!

BARELY CONSCIOUS PAUL IS WHIPPED BY THE HOODLUMS.

THEM CITY NOOSEPAPER BOYS CAN TAKE A LESSON FROM THIS!

C'MON, LET'S GET TO THE HIDE AWAY!

THE RIDERS LEAVE PAUL UNCONSCIOUS AND BLEEDING.....



BOY, WHAT A WASHOUT I AM—OH WELL, MAYBE I CAN HOP A FREIGHT

PAUL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, AND STAGGERS ALONG THE ROAD.



LATER, GAINING STRENGTH, HE PULLS HIMSELF ABOARD A NEW YORK-BOUND FAST FREIGHT...



THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY GLOBE.

SO! THE COLLEGE BOYS BEEN OUT ON A PARTY!

EDITOR



I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO GET PICTURES, BUT ABOVE ALL TO TAKE CARE OF RUTH! NOW YOU COME RUNNING BACK LIKE A WHIPPED PUP!



BUT, I THOUGHT— THINK THIS OVER—FROM NOW ON YOU'RE OUR INQUIRING PHOTOGRAPHER—NOW GET OUT!

PAUL GETS THE MOST LOATHSOME JOB ON THE PAPER!



YAH YAH-YAH SAID THE LITTLE FOX!

I GUESS THAT'S MY TROUBLE—I'M NOT FOXY ENOUGH!

THAT EVENING IN HIS APARTMENT, PAUL LISTENS TO A DANCE BAND.....



THATS IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE!

YAH YAH YAH SAID THE LITTLE FOX YA YAH CAN'T CATCH ME!



PAUL GOES TO WORK ON HIS IDEA.

A SYNCRO-FLASH AUTOMATIC CAMERA!

THE SYNCRO-MESH GEAR WILL AUTOMATICALLY MOVE THE FILM FOR A NEW SHOT AFTER EACH EXPOSURE!



PAUL USES HIS TECHNICAL SKILL TO DEVELOP A SYNCRO-FLASH AUTOMATIC CAMERA!

-AND THE LENS AND FLASH BULB WILL FIT RIGHT BEHIND THE FOX EYES.



PAUL ADDS A FOX HEAD IN PHOSPHORUS PAINT!

BY RUNNING THIS CABLE RELEASE INSIDE MY SLEEVE, I'LL BE ABLE TO PRESS IT IN MY HAND AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.



HE STRAPS THE CAMERA TO HIS WAIST.

PAUL DATTON BECOMES THE FOX!



THE FOX SPEEDS TO FLEETSVILLE



IN FLEETSVILLE, PAUL DARKS HIS CAR-THEN-



LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN'S HAVING A MEETING.

PAUL APPROACHES THE MOB...

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GETTING SERIOUS - I BETTER GET GOING!

-THE NIGHT RIDERS STRUCK AGAIN, FOLKS - THIS TIME IT'S THE SHERIFF THEY TOOK!

WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?

WHUT CAN WE DO! - NUTHIN'!



THE FOX SWINGS INTO ACTION!



I GUESS I CAN  
PARK AROUND HERE



OUT IN THE LONELY  
MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...

YOU DEVILS, YOU'RE  
KILLING THAT MAN!

SHET UP GAL,  
YOU'RE NEXT

WAL, SHERIFF, THIS'LL  
LARN YA NOT TO NOSEY  
IN OUR AFFAIRS!



MEANWHILE IN A FIELD, NOT FAR AWAY.

SO THAT'S THEIR PICNIC GROUNDS!  
AND THEY'RE GETTING READY TO  
WHIP RUTH RANSOM,  
WELL-HERE GOES!



THE NIGHT RIDERS STAND PARALYZED AS  
THE FOX, CAMERA CLICKING, BREAKS  
INTO VIEW!

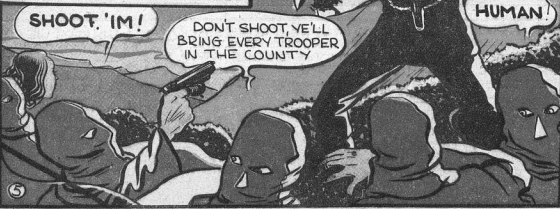
YAH YAH  
YAH YAH  
YAAAAHH!



LOOKOUT  
BOYS, IT  
AIN'T  
HUMAN!

SHOOT. 'IM!

DON'T SHOOT, YE'LL  
BRING EVERY TROOPER  
IN THE COUNTY



DON'T HURT ME, I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

YOU BET YOU WILL-I'VE GOT YOUR PICTURE PRACTICALLY IN THE PAPER



THE FOX STARTS BACK TO FLEETSVILLE WITH RUTH AND THE RINGLEADER...



THE TOWNSPEOPLE GATHER IN THE STREET

HOLY CATS-I'M GRABBIN' THE NEXT TRAIN! THIS IS FRONT PAGE!

YEAH, COOPER TOO-'N HAM JONES, 'N OX HILLER, 'N-

C'MON FELLERS, WE'LL ROUND UP THOSE NIGHT RIDERS RIGHT NOW-SINCE WE KNOW WHO THEY ARE!



AFTER TAKING HIS SHOTS, THE FOX DISAPPEARS!

HEY, WHERE'S THAT FOX?

IF THAT DON'T BEAT ALL-DID'NT EVEN GIVE US TIME TO THANK HIM!



LATER-THE OFFICES OF THE GLOBE

THERE'S THE STORY-IF I EVER SEE THE FOX AGAIN, I'LL KISS HIM! SELP ME!



PAUL DATTON BRINGS IN ENLARGEMENTS OF PICTURES HE TOOK!

THESE ARE GREAT! WHO BROUGHT THEM IN?

JUST A-A MAN, HE LEFT-ARE THEY ANY GOOD?

FEVINS SAKE!



KELLEY BOB WINS HAND! ★★

**DAILY GLOBE** "IT'S CENTS!!"

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1940

**NIGHT RIDERS EX**

SENSATIONAL PIX EVIDENCE

FACE LIFE! BILL CLEM SQUEALS! SHERIFF

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE FOX IN NEXT MONTHS BLUE RIBBON COMICS.