

FEATURING **RANG-A-TANG** "THE WONDER-DOG"

BLUE RIBBON COMICS

DEC.
10c

**ACTION
MYSTERY
THRILLS**

**64
PAGES
No. 2**



**DAN HASTINGS...SCOOP CODY...SILVER FOX
BOB PHANTOM...DEVILS OF THE DEEP
SECRET ASSIGNMENTS**

The WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE *Super Brain*

HE SOLVES ALL
PLOTS AGAINST
THE GOVERN-
MENT...

...BUT THE PLOT-
TERS CANNOT
SOLVE HIS PLOT
AGAINST THEM



Featured every month in
TOP NOTCH COMICS
ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW!

THE WONDER DOG

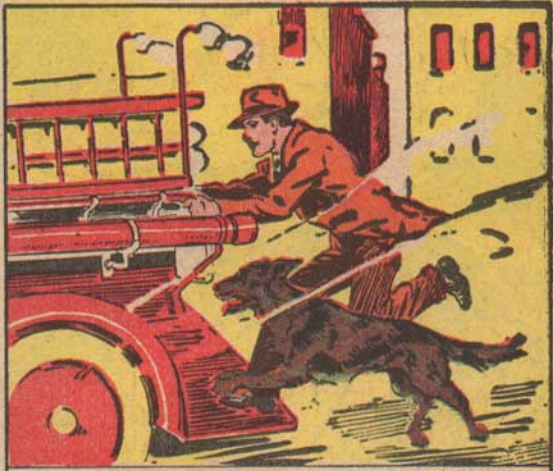
RANG-A-TANG



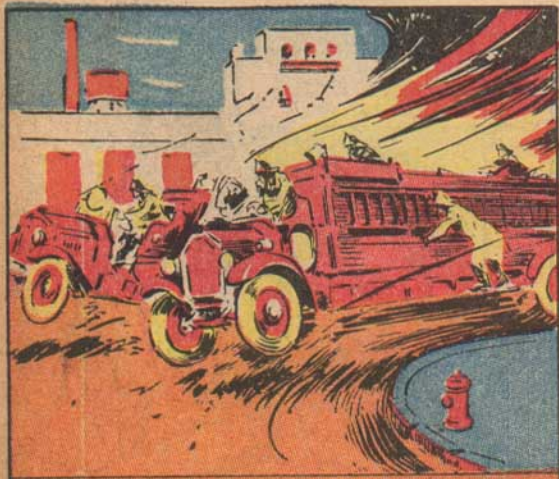
THIS LONG LIST OF MYSTERIOUS FIRES POINTS TO ONE THING... ARSON!



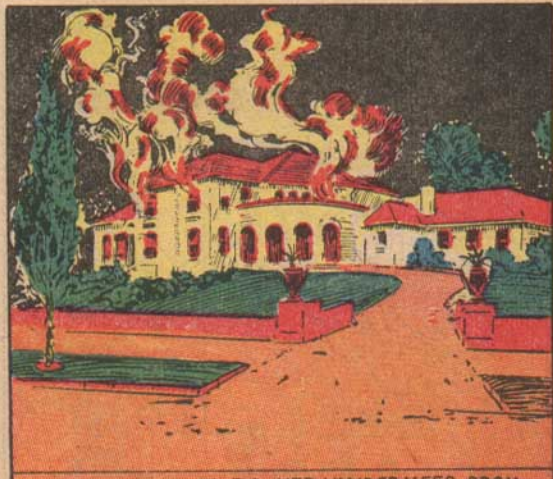
WELL CAPTAIN, I THINK I'LL QUESTION YOUR MEN. MIGHT PICK UP A CLUE OR TWO...



SHORTLY AFTER THE DETECTIVE BEGINS QUESTIONING THE FIREMEN, THE ALARM RINGS...



OUT TO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE RUSH THE FIRE-FIGHTING CREW...



IT IS THE HOME OF J. OLIVER VANDERMEER, PROMINENT BANKER AND CLUBMAN...

RETURNING HOME AFTER AN EVENING AT THE MOVIES, GAIL STEELE, GOVERNESS OF THE VANDERMEER GRANDCHILDREN...



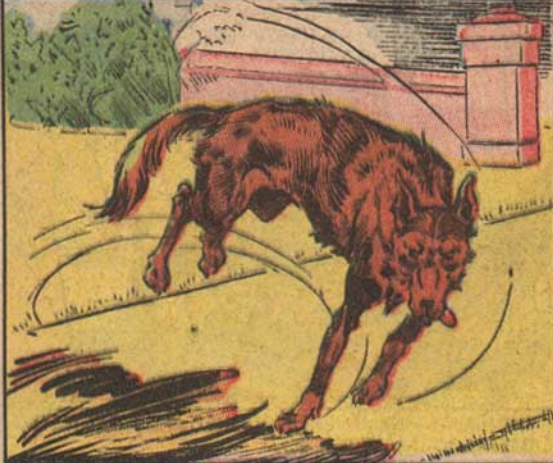
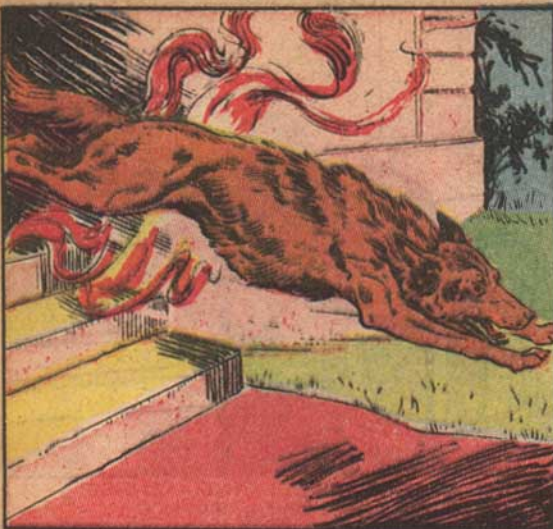
THE HOUSE IS A BLAZING INFERNO, TOO DANGEROUS FOR FIREMEN TO ENTER...



UP THE BURNING STAIRCASE, THRU THE SMOKE -
RECKING HALLWAY, INTO THE NURSERY THE DOG
RACES...



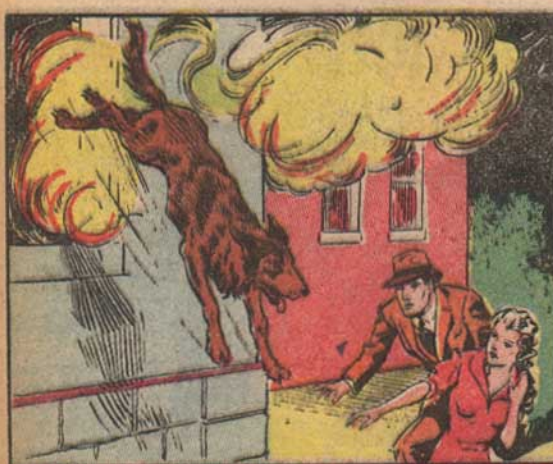
RACING AWAY FROM THE FLAMES, RANG-A-TANG WHEELS AND... STARTS BACK FOR THE HOUSE.



THE WONDER DOG SEARCHES FRANTICALLY THRU THE FLAMING NURSERY

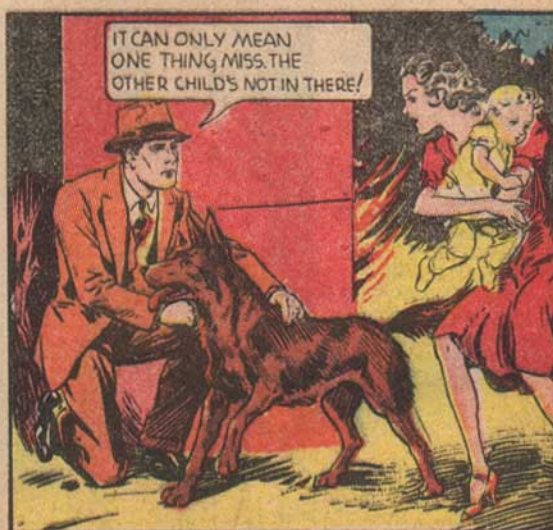



THE WONDER-DOG LEAPS FOR THE NURSERY WINDOW



THE WONDERDOG AGAIN JUMPS FROM THE WINDOW, BUT TO THE DETECTIVE'S SURPRISE AND THE GOVERNESS' HORROR, HE DOESN'T HAVE THE OTHER CHILD.

IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING MISS. THE OTHER CHILD'S NOT IN THERE!






THERE'S A BULLET
IN HIS HEAD! THIS
IS MURDER!


THE FIRE IS FINALLY EXTINGUISHED AND THE DETECTIVE
BEGINS TO INVESTIGATE...



WITHIN AN HOUR, THE DETECTIVE AND FIRE
CAPTAIN ARE AGAIN IN CONFERENCE...

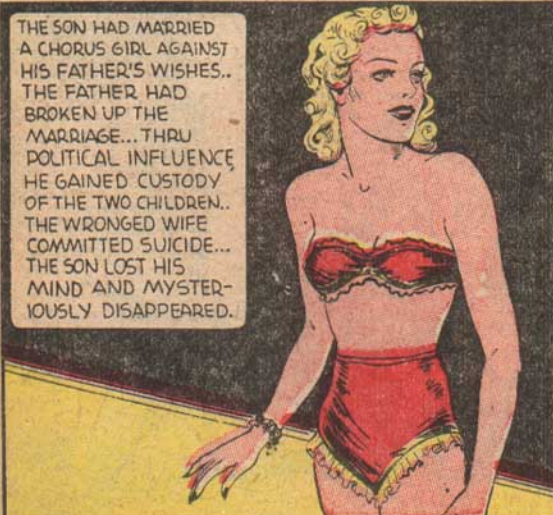


EVERY INCH OF THE HOUSE
HAS BEEN EXAMINED...THE
ASHES PUT THRU A SIEVE...
BUT NO SIGN OF THE CHILD.



AND YOU SAY THAT OLD MAN
VANDERMEER BROKE UP
HIS SON'S MARRIAGE...

BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...

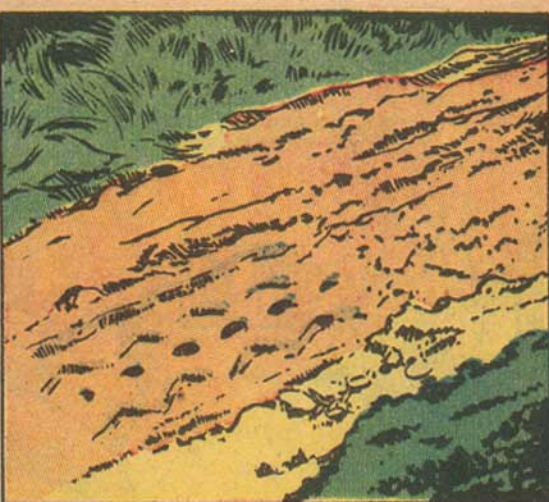


THE SON HAD MARRIED
A CHORUS GIRL AGAINST
HIS FATHER'S WISHES..
THE FATHER HAD
BROKEN UP THE
MARRIAGE... THRU
POLITICAL INFLUENCE
HE GAINED CUSTODY
OF THE TWO CHILDREN..
THE WRONGED WIFE
COMMITTED SUICIDE...
THE SON LOST HIS
MIND AND MYSTER-
IOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



RANG-A-TANG DISCOVERS A CLUE AND CALLS HIS MASTER.

LOOKS LIKE YOU FOUND SOMETHING, RANG.
THIS PRINT WAS NOT MADE BY A STANDARD
MAKE TIRE...WE BETTER CHECK WITH THE
RUBBER MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION...

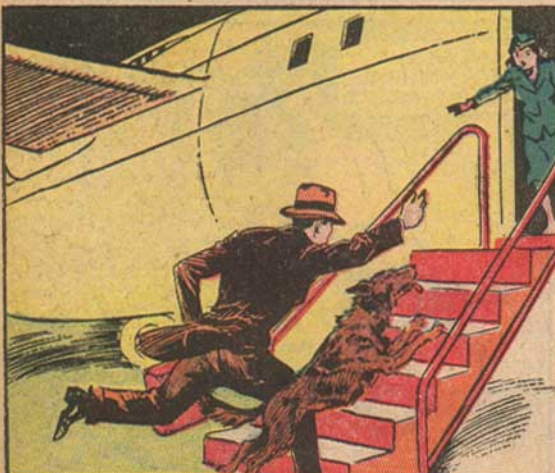


WHAT RANG-A-TANG DISCOVERED...

MR. SPEED...THIS
IS THE RUBBER
MANUFACTURERS
ASSOCIATION...
MR. SCHWAB WILL
SPEAK WITH YOU.



..YOU'RE SURE IT WAS
MADE IN CANADA...IT
WAS NOT SOLD IN THE
UNITED STATES...THANK
YOU MR. SCHWAB.

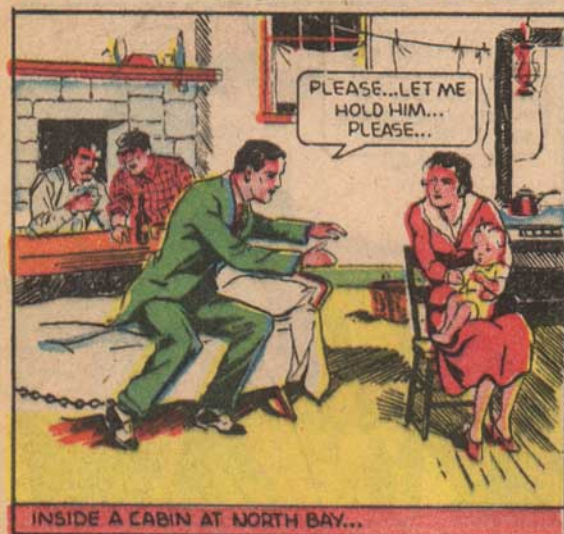


OFF TO CANADA TO INVESTIGATE, GO "HY" SPEED
AND HIS WONDER DOG.....





GIVEN THE ADDRESS OF THE BUYER OF THE TIRES, THE DETECTIVE ENTRAIN'S FOR NORTH BAY WHERE HE BUYS A SLED AND DOG-TEAM...



INSIDE A CABIN AT NORTH BAY...



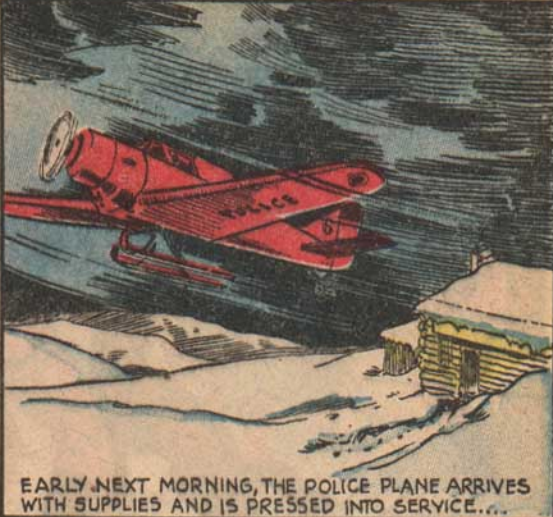
IN THE MEANWHILE, FIFTY MILES AWAY...



COMING UP TO AN ISOLATED CABIN, DETECTIVE SPEED...



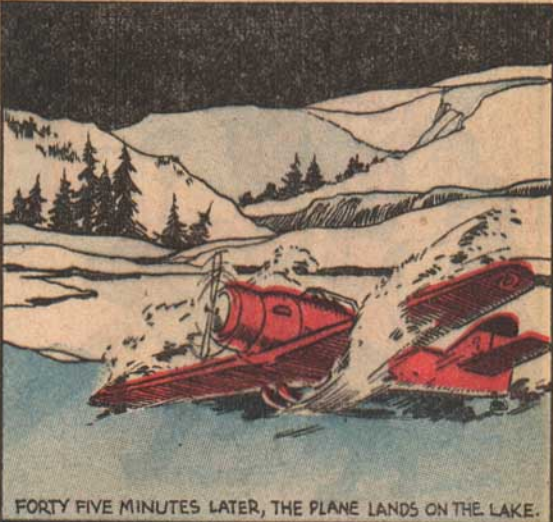
I THINK I KNOW YOUR MAN, HE WAS BORN UP HERE BUT HAS BEEN LIVING IN THE STATES FOR SOME YEARS.



EARLY NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE PLANE ARRIVES WITH SUPPLIES AND IS PRESSED INTO SERVICE....



HE PASSED THRU HERE YESTERDAY, HAD A BABY WITH HIM, SAID HE WAS HEADING FOR NUGGET LAKE...



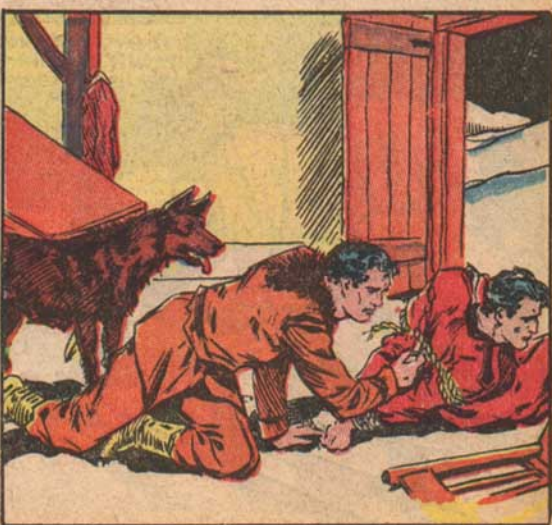
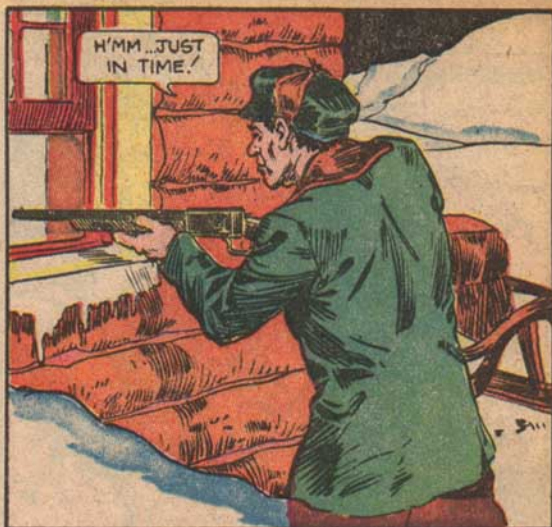
FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE PLANE LANDS ON THE LAKE.



WE CAN MAKE IT IN TWENTY MINUTES.



OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW.



NICE OF THEM TO LEAVE US OUR RIFLES...

THAT'S NOT A COURTESY—THEY WERE TOO HEAVY TO CARRY!



WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM NOW.... THEY'RE TRAVELING AS LIGHT AS WE ARE.

THIS IS A BREAK FOR US, CAPTAIN... I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



LIGHTENING THEIR LOAD, THE FLEEING CROOKS LEAVE THEIR SLED-LOAD OF FURS BEHIND.



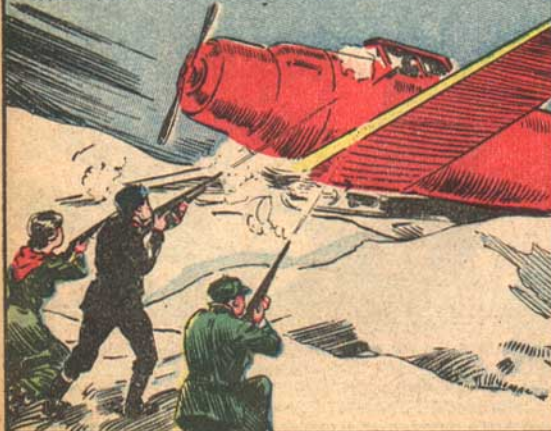
HITCHING THE WONDER-DOG, THE DETECTIVE GIVES CHASE.

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART, RANG OLD BOY, NOW GO AND GET THE MOUNTIES.



LITERALLY FLYING OVER THE SNOW, RANG BRINGS HIS MASTER TO THE PLANE AHEAD OF THE FLEEING TRIO...

THE DETECTIVE WAS HARDLY INSIDE THE PLANE WHEN THE TRIO CAME UPON IT AND OPENED FIRE...



BUT IN THE NICK OF TIME, RANG-A-TANG AND THE MOUNTIES COME TO THE RESCUE.



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE TRIO IS QUICKLY SUBDUED.

KEEP THEM UP, SISTER!



YOU BETTER FLY THEM IN TO HEADQUARTERS, CAPTAIN. I'LL GO BACK AND INVESTIGATE.



HANDCUFFED TOGETHER, THE THREE CAPTIVES ARE MARCHED INTO THE PLANE



GOO...GOO... DOGGIE!

THE ANGELS MUST HAVE GUIDED YOU HERE. WE'D BE FROZEN TO DEATH BEFORE MORNING - DOWN IN THIS HOLE!



IN A SECRET ROOM BELOW THE CABIN...

I CAME UP HERE TO FORGET. BEING NEARLY OUT OF MY MIND, I TOLD PIERRE I HATED MY DAD. HE THEN BEGAN TO BLACKMAIL HIM...

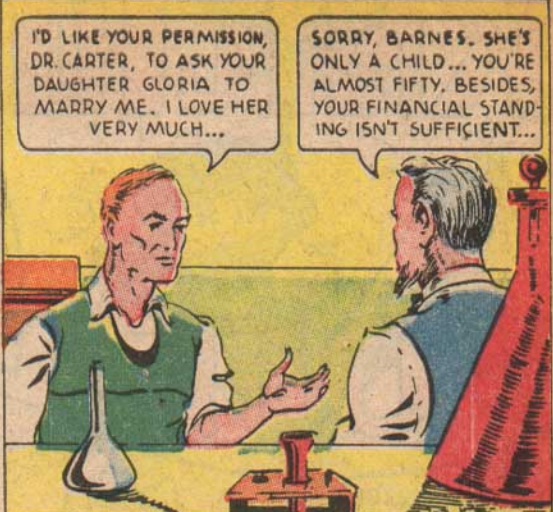


WELL, THANKS TO RANG-A-TANG, YOU'LL BE BACK IN NEW YORK TOMORROW NIGHT TO START LIFE ANEW!



WHEN THE TRIO WAS CAPTURED, PIERRE CONFESSED THAT HE MURDERED MR. VANDERMEER FOR THREATENING TO EXPOSE HIM. HE SET THE HOUSE ON FIRE TO COVER UP HIS GRIME, AND KIDNAPPED THE BABY TO FORCE YOUNG VANDERMEER TO SIGN HIS INHERITANCE OVER AS RANSOM.

DAN HASTINGS

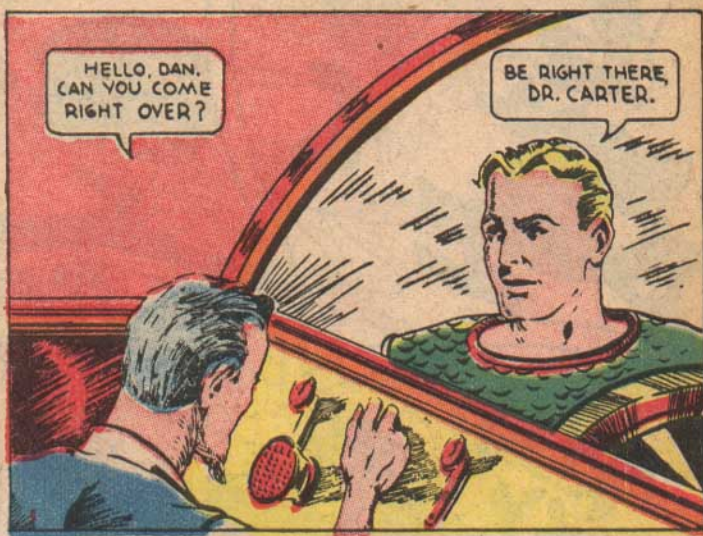


I'D LIKE YOUR PERMISSION, DR. CARTER, TO ASK YOUR DAUGHTER GLORIA TO MARRY ME. I LOVE HER VERY MUCH...

SORRY, BARNES. SHE'S ONLY A CHILD... YOU'RE ALMOST FIFTY, BESIDES, YOUR FINANCIAL STANDING ISN'T SUFFICIENT...

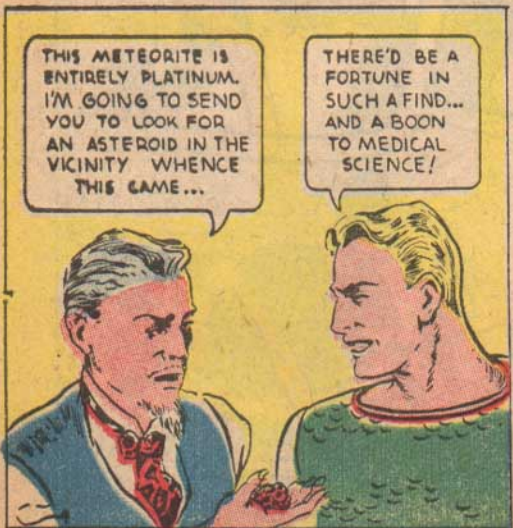


ARNOLD BARNES, CARTER'S ASSISTANT, REBUFFED, GOES BACK TO THE LABORATORY. CARTER DISMISSES THE MATTER FROM HIS MIND.



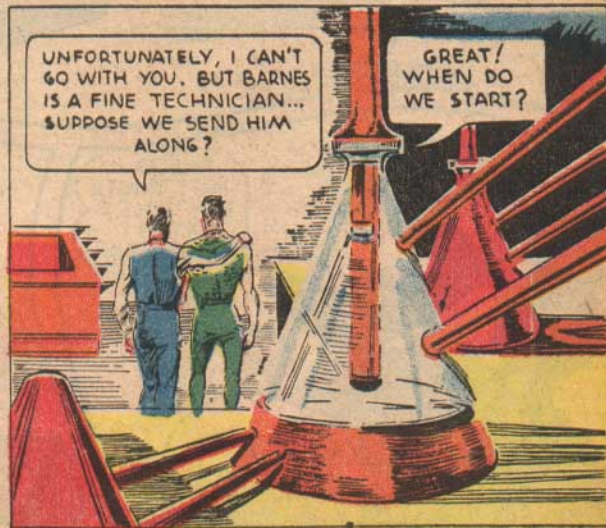
HELLO, DAN. CAN YOU COME RIGHT OVER?

BE RIGHT THERE, DR. CARTER.




THIS METEORITE IS ENTIRELY PLATINUM. I'M GOING TO SEND YOU TO LOOK FOR AN ASTEROID IN THE VICINITY WHENCE THIS CAME...

THERE'D BE A FORTUNE IN SUCH A FIND... AND A BOON TO MEDICAL SCIENCE!



UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T GO WITH YOU. BUT BARNES IS A FINE TECHNICIAN... SUPPOSE WE SEND HIM ALONG?

GREAT! WHEN DO WE START?



WITH DAN?... SURE...
ER... BE GLAD TO!

GOOD!
DON'T LOOSE ANY
TIME, DAN. THIS
IS A GOVERNMENT
JOB, YOU KNOW!

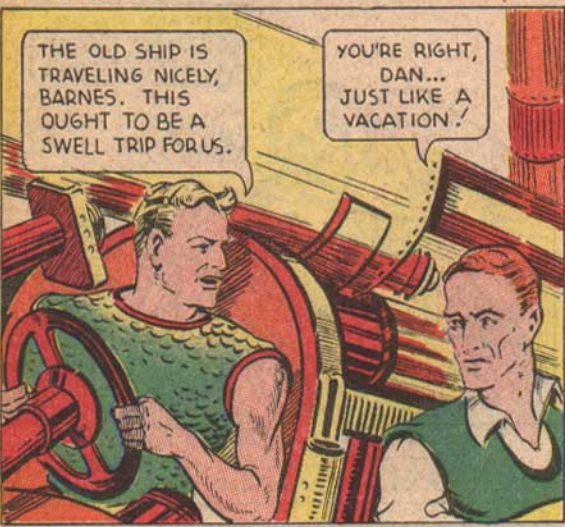


HELLO...
AMERICAN HOTEL?
GIVE ME JAN
CRISSMAN.

JAN.. I'VE GOT
NEWS FOR YOU..
MEET ME AT
FIVE.

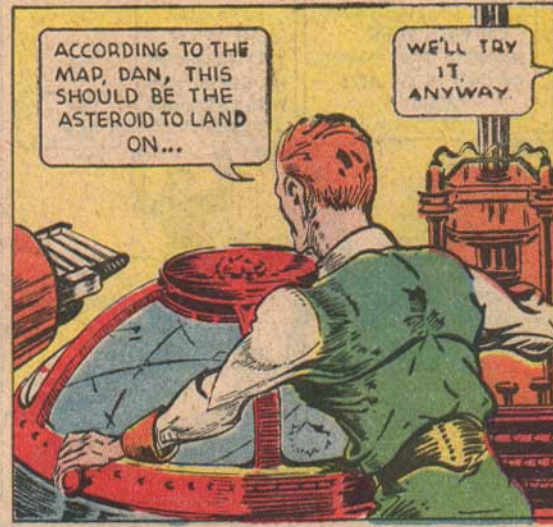
ALL RIGHT,
BARNES:
AT FIVE.

ARNOLD BARNES PHONES JAN CRISSMAN,
A CLOSE FRIEND AND WEALTHY SPORTSMAN.




THE OLD SHIP IS
TRAVELING NICELY,
BARNES. THIS
OUGHT TO BE A
SWELL TRIP FOR US.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
DAN...
JUST LIKE A
VACATION!




ACCORDING TO THE
MAP, DAN, THIS
SHOULD BE THE
ASTEROID TO LAND
ON...

WE'LL TRY
IT,
ANYWAY.



BARREN LOOKING
PLACE, ISN'T IT?

BARREN... YES!
JUST THE THING
FOR OUR PURPOSES.



DR. CARTER WAS
RIGHT, DAN. LOOK
AT THIS!

WE'LL STAKE
OUR CLAIM THEN,
IN THE NAME OF
OUR GOVERNMENT.



... MEANWHILE CRISSMAN, KNOWING OF DAN'S PLANS, THROUGH BARNES, FOLLOWS THEM TO THE NEW ASTEROID, AND LANDS HIS SHIP NEAR THEIRS.



HELLO THERE CRISSMAN!

HOW DID HE KNOW WE WERE HERE?

HELLO BARNES! HELLO HASTINGS!

DAN IS PUZZLED AT THE SIGHT OF CRISSMAN, AND IS PUT ON HIS GUARD AT HIS UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE - BUT TO NO AVAIL...



COME ON, HASTINGS, UP WITH YOUR HANDS! THAT SAMPLE OF ORE IS WHAT I WANT!

...IF IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU, HASTINGS, I'M RETURNING WITH CRISSMAN.

OH... I SEE...!



... BUT NOT SO FAST, YOU CROOKS, I'VE GOT PLANS OF MY OWN!

DAN IS NOT TO BE OUT DONE WITHOUT PUTTING UP A FIGHT, AND HE LANDS INTO CRISSMAN AND KNOCKS THE GUN FROM HIS HAND...



CRISSMAN-WAIT FOR ME! DON'T LEAVE ME HERE WITH HASTINGS...

TAKE THAT, YOU CROOK!



AND YOU- YOU DOUBLE CROSSING CUR, I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE TAKEN CARE OF WHEN WE GET BACK!

PLEASE! HASTINGS, I LOST MY REASON FOR AWHILE...

CRISSMAN MAKES A DASH FOR HIS SHIP. DAN FIRES BUT MISSES, AND CRISSMAN GETS AWAY.

DAN PLANS TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY, AND COLLARS BARNES...

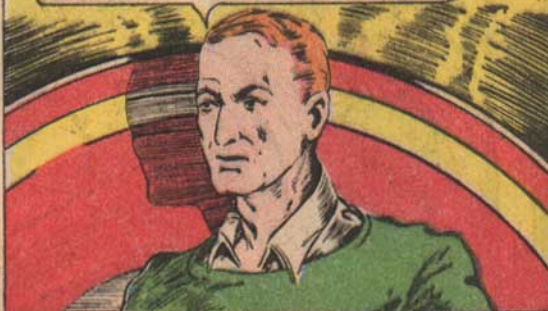
DAN-DAN!
DON'T TOUCH
THAT SWITCH!
PLEASE!

WHY...
WHAT'S WRONG,
BARNES?



IN THE SPACE SHIP, BARNES SUDDENLY BECOMES FRANTIC WHEN DAN TRIES TO PULL THE STARTING SWITCH. BARNES ADMITS HIS GUILT...

DAN, I'VE A CONFESSION TO MAKE. I PLANNED ALL THIS WITH CRISSMAN BECAUSE DR. CARTER REFUSED TO LISTEN TO ME ABOUT GLORIA. BUT NOW...



HE CONFESSES TO HAVING PLANNED WITH CRISSMAN THE DESTRUCTION OF BOTH DAN AND HIS SHIP, AND HE'D STEAL THE CLAIM TO THE ORE.

OK, BARNES, THAT'S ALL IN THE PAST. WHAT WE NEED TO DO NOW IS GET THIS SHIP GOING SO THAT WE CAN GET BACK TO EARTH! I THINK I HAVE THE ANSWER HERE.

YES... I GET WHAT YOU MEAN. ALL WE NEED IS A LARGE GLASS TO CONCENTRATE THAT SUN BEAM— AND IT WILL SERVE AS A SPARK.



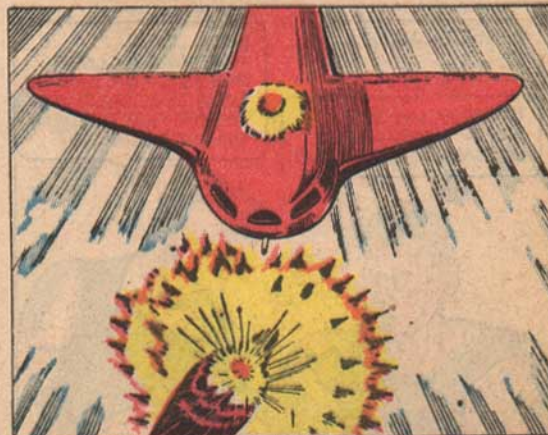
WHEW—I'LL SAY IT WILL, THIS HEAT IS TERRIFIC. I'LL HAVE THIS LENS IN PLACE IN A SECOND...



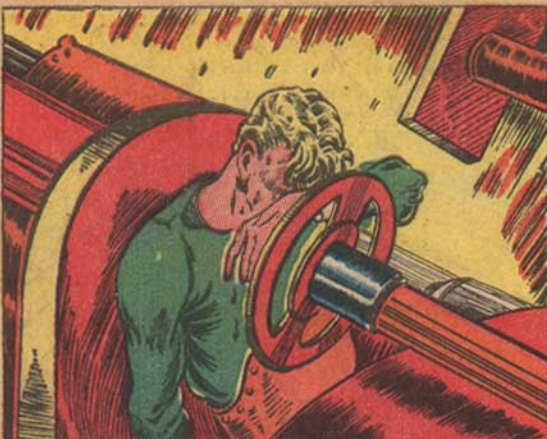
WOW! WHAT WAS THAT!

I THINK IT'S CRISSMAN...

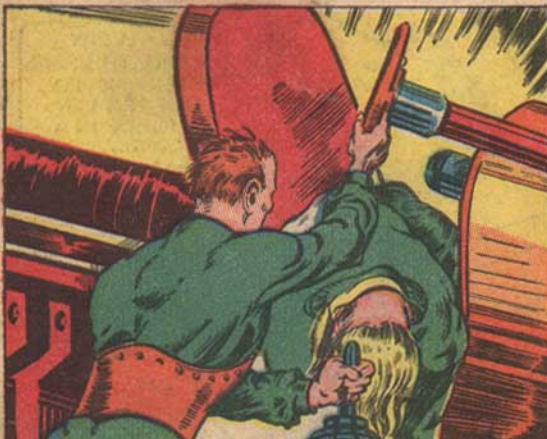
DAN AND BARNES GET THE SHIP GOING, AND AS THEY ARE APPROACHING EARTH A SUDDEN SHOCK BUCKS THE SHIP FROM END TO END.



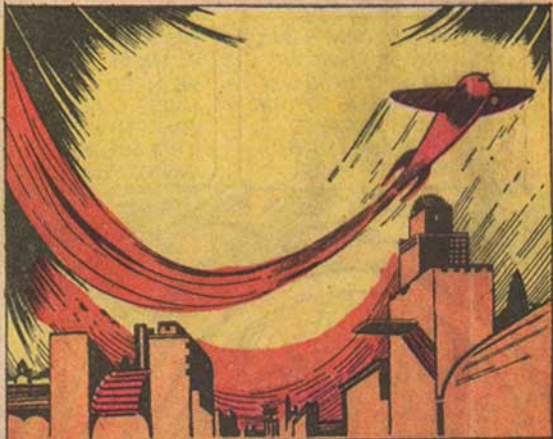
DAN MANAGES TO MANEUVER HIS SHIP INTO FIRING POSITION, AND BLASTS THE ATTACKING SHIP, DESTROYING IT AND CRISSMAN.



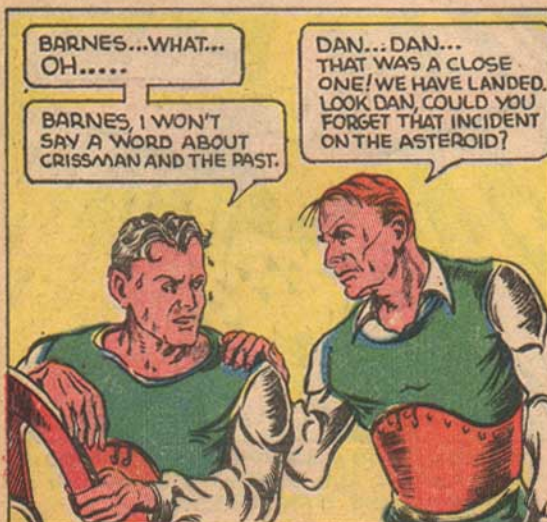
THE HEAT FROM THE ATOMIC BLAST GUN CAUSES THE OUTER SHELL OF THE SHIP TO BLISTER. DAN AND BARNES COLLAPSE IN THE INTENSE HUMIDITY...



THE SHIP CAREENS IN SPACE OUT OF CONTROL, DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION. DAN IS COMPLETELY OUT, BUT BARNES REVIVES JUST IN TIME.



HE JUMPS TO THE CONTROLS AND BRINGS THE ZOOMING SHIP OUT OF ITS DEADLY DIVE, NARROWLY GRAZING THE TOP OF THE TALL TOWERS.



BARNES...WHAT... OH.....

BARNES, I WON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT CRISSMAN AND THE PAST.

DAN... DAN... THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE! WE HAVE LANDED. LOOK DAN, COULD YOU FORGET THAT INCIDENT ON THE ASTEROID?



DR. CARTER! BOY, WE ARE GLAD TO BE BACK-AND YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT SAMPLE OF ORE PROVES IT.

HELLO DAN, MY BOY! HELLO BARNES, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!

HOME AT LAST, DAN AND BARNES ARE WELCOMED BY DR. CARTER. THEIR MISSION WAS SUCCESSFUL.

Buck STACEY



BUCK STACEY, RANGE DETECTIVE, HAS ACCUSED SANDRA CUMMING'S FOREMAN, BEN HACKERMAN, OF CONSPIRING TO STEAL SANDRA'S CATTLE. HACKERMAN NOW THREATENS STACEY'S LIFE.



IN A FLASH, BUCK STACEY MAKES A SURPRISE MOVE!

SO LONG, HOMBRES!

GIT 'IM, MEN!



HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE, MA'AM WAS HELD UP, - ACCUSED O' TH RED CITY BANK HOLD-UP - WHICH I NEVER HEARD OF - BUT I GOT AWAY.

BUT - BUT - SUPPOSING YOU - HADN'T! OH, STACEY, -BUCK!



GOSH! YUH MEAN ME - MA'AM - OH, HONEY!

OH, BUCK - I - I DIDN'T REALIZE TILL I KNEW YOU WERE IN DANGER!



BUCK, WILL YOU TAKE THIS MONEY TO THE STAGE? WELLS FARGO IS GUARDING IT.

SHORE, SANDRA.

SANDRA - BUCK - SAY, THAT'S A FAMILIAR WAY T' TALK TO A HAND, AIN'T IT, GAL?



WE'LL TAKE THAT DOUGH, HOMBRES!

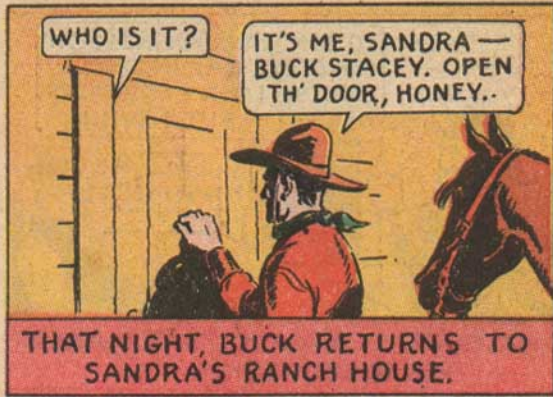


OUTSIDE THE BANK, A BAND OF MASKED MEN GRAB THE MONEY!

I SEE IT NOW! YOU MADE UP THAT STORY FOR AN EXCUSE TO OPEN THE LETTER AND LEARN ABOUT THIS MONEY

BUT, SANDRA, HONEY -





YES-I-I DO BELIEVE YOU-ONLY GO NOW!

I'M GOIN' TO CLEAR THIS UP, SANDRA. I PROMISE!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE VANCE'S VOICE IN TH' SILVER EAGLE!

BUCK RIDES INTO TOWN BY A BACK WAY

TO SANDRA CUMMINGS! TH' SWEETEST GAL IN THESE PARTS! I AIN'T CORRALED HER YET — BUT I WILL!

HURRAY FER STEVE!

STACEY HEARS A TOAST THAT MAKES HIS BLOOD BOIL!

YUH MANGY COYOTE!

WHAT TH' —!

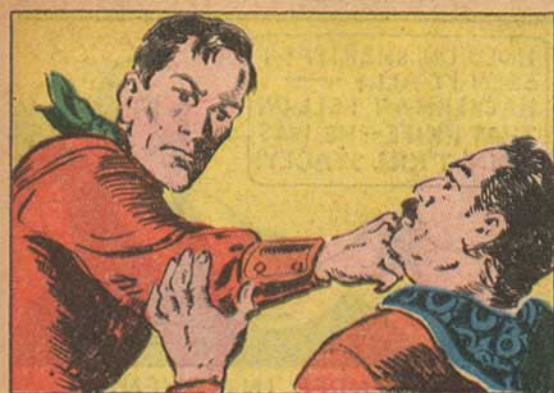
SO IT'S TH' HOMBRE THAT STEALS FROM WOMEN!

SUPPOSE WE FIGHT IT OUT RIGHT NOW!

SUITS ME-FINE!

VANCE AND STACEY LOCK IN DEATH-GRIPS!

VANCE, SURROUNDED BY HIS OWN MEN, OFFERS TO FIGHT IT OUT, TO PROVE HE IS GAME.



STACEY IS WINNING !



HACKERMAN, FEARING THAT STACEY WILL EXPOSE HIM, TOO, AIMS A KNIFE !



STACEY STRIKES QUICKLY - HACKERMAN FALLS ON THE KNIFE INTENDED FOR STACEY.



SO YUH'RE A MURDERER AS WELL AS A THIEF. STACEY! HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FER YUH!

THAT'S A LIE, VANCE! HACKERMAN FELL ON THAT KNIFE !



VANCE CONVINCES THE CROWD THAT STACEY IS GUILTY OF MURDER!



HOLD ON, THAR! A MAN GETS A TRIAL IN THIS COUNTRY!

-I TRIED TUH - STOP 'EM - SHERIFF!

HE MURDERED HACKERMAN—
MEBBE IT'S TO BAD YUH
HAPPENED TUH COME UP!



HOLD ON, SHERIFF! I
SEEN IT ALL! —
HACKERMAN FELL ON
THAT KNIFE— HE WAS
GOIN' T' KILL STACEY!



THE BARTENDER INTERVENES!

YEAH—AN' I CAN PROVE VANCE STOLE
TH' MONEY FROM SANDRA CUMMINGS!
THAT GOLD WAS MARKED, AN' VANCE
WAS PAYIN' FOR DRINKS WITH IT!

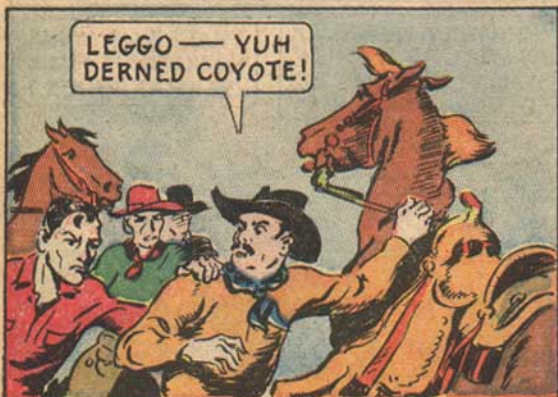


LET'S SEE—SHOW US TH' MONEY!

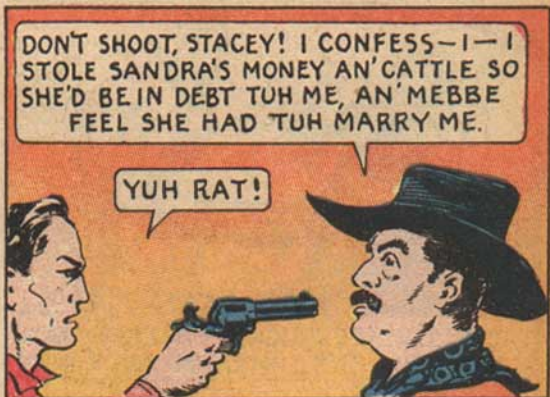
WAIT A MINUTE,
VANCE!



LEGGO — YUH
DERNED COYOTE!



DON'T SHOOT, STACEY! I CONFESS—I—I
STOLE SANDRA'S MONEY AN' CATTLE SO
SHE'D BE IN DEBT TUH ME, AN' MEBBE
FEEL SHE HAD TUH MARRY ME.



YUH RAT!

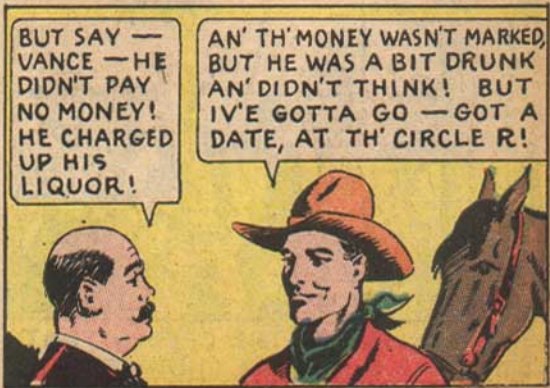
AN' THIS HERE'S EVIDENCE
YUH MAY NEED, SHERIFF.

IT'LL COME
IN HANDY
AT TH' TRIAL.



BUT SAY —
VANCE — HE
DIDN'T PAY
NO MONEY!
HE CHARGED
UP HIS
LIQUOR!

AN' TH' MONEY WASN'T MARKED,
BUT HE WAS A BIT DRUNK
AN' DIDN'T THINK! BUT
IV'E GOTTA GO — GOT A
DATE, AT TH' CIRCLE R!




EXPERIMENT

in DEATH!

• A THRILLING DAN HASTING'S STORY



It had been a year of terror and desolation. One twentieth of the Earth's population had died miserably. No longer were there rooms in the hospitals. In fact, the medical profession—save for a valiant few—had given up and glumly awaited the death that was coming surely and silently.



No assurance was there that the man you spoke to every morning on the way to the Great City-Building would be there on the following day. The nod and handclasp of old friends was cold and meaningless, a mere formality. Each knew that he was passing through a mere moment of suspension of death—that death would strike in a sudden and agonizing choking and that would be the end. Government agencies long months since had ceased to dispose adequately of the dead. Bodies actually littered the highways and were piled stoically to one side so as not to impede the pounding of the remaining traffic.



Dr. Sherman Carter sat wearily before the spectroscope. Beside him were Dan Hastings, Gloria Carter, the doctor's once lively daughter, and Bob Carter, Gloria's younger brother. It was solemn; no words were spoken between them. Carter raised his eyes. Dan sat forward expectantly, for, in the sunken sockets the eyes gleamed brighter than they had in months.

"What is it, Doctor?"

Carter shrugged, the eyes dulling again. "I don't know. I haven't the heart to go on."

Gloria looked away languidly. Dan found courage to speak.

"Go ahead, Dr. Carter. It can't be any worse. Perhaps... just perhaps you have the answer."

"Perhaps," Carter answered. "If so, what then? If I am right it is the end unless..."

Dan noticed the questioning look in the doctor's face. He had seen it before... a prelude to giving Dan an assignment into the unknown.

"Count on me, Doctor..."

Carter's weary face lighted. "Do you see that strange color on the screen?"

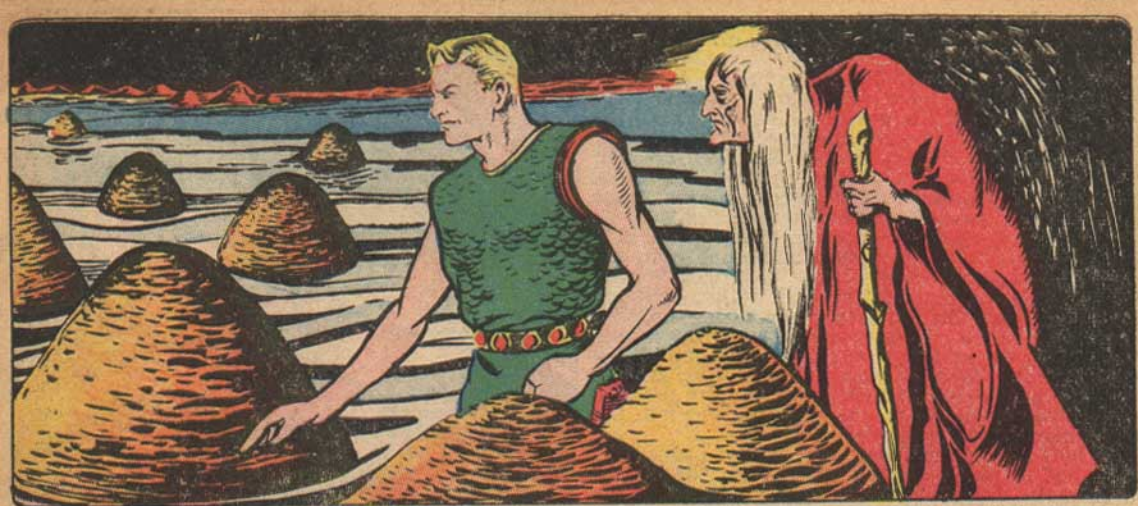
Dan nodded. "It doesn't seem to resemble any color I have ever seen before."

"You never have," Carter answered. "I'll call it the BX Ray. It's another element, but more important, where is the oxygen line in the graph?"

Dan shot from his chair, forgetting the weakness of his own limbs. "By Heaven, you're right!"

"It comes from the star Termin..." Then sadly, "Two billion light years away... The BX Ray started from that planet billions of years ago."





... It's eating up the oxygen. ... It's what's killing us all.

"Is there no way to stop it ... to counteract it all?"

"Carter shook his head. "If I could be sure of conditions ... I ... have a scheme ... a chance ... a terrible chance. ..." The doctor sat back. Look, Dan. If I could magnify the spectrum, the atomic spectrum I mean, a billion billion times ... I could send BX Rays out to meet those from Termin. ... Do you follow?"

"You mean to catch up on time itself?"

"Yes ... if there ... That is ... I can do it, only ... well ... you'll have to be the goat again, Dan. ..."

It might have been a moment or a year or a century. Dan couldn't tell. It was more like a sensation. He was one moment in Carter's laboratory, subject to the heat of the BX Ray. And then the next he was increasingly conscious of oblivion.

Then he was standing beside a woman of perhaps fifty years, perhaps a hundred. She was wrinkled and bent. She eyed him quizzically, her voice cracking.

"I'm terribly frightened. Can you help me?"

"I don't know," Dan answered. "How did you get here? Do you live on Termin?"

"I don't know," the woman replied. "I can't seem to remember. But I don't think so, because it's all so unfamiliar. I thought that ... perhaps you could straighten me out. My mind is muddled."

"Can you see anything?" Dan asked the woman. "It's very blurry and indistinct. If it were either dark or light, perhaps I could. This ... this, I don't know what you call it. ..."

"Call it neither light, I know what you mean. You can't tell. It isn't twilight certainly. Beyond there ... is that a mountain?"

"I can't tell. But we can't stay here forever, can we? Let's go and find out. ..."

Dan had been used to all sorts of strange adventures, but the thought of moving on toward that something in the mists sent the shivers up and down his spine like so many electric shocks. But he felt that he would have to take the initiative. He couldn't let down the woman. ...

"Come on," he said.

The woman got on his nerves as they walked along. In the first place her heavy breathing annoyed him; in the second he had come here for a purpose. To find out the source of the ray that was killing off his own people. What the woman's place was in the scheme of things he couldn't tell and hadn't time to find out. If he wondered, let it pass out of his mind. Unless she could explain more than she had thus far he feared she would be a

drug on his adventure. But you couldn't desert an old woman. Strangely his legs ached him terribly before he had reached his destination.

It was not a city that they approached in the fullest sense of the word. Nor was it anything he had ever seen in any civilization. Yet certainly it was the collecting place of some form of living things. Huge mounds that were not mountains or hills, but rather something that had been built, rose out of a sort of muddy water. Thousands of them spread before them. As he took the old woman's arm to help her over the road—or rather stony laid path—he could feel her trembling. From her throat a sob escaped.

Then she eyed him and smiled through tears "I'm all right," she said. "Please don't bother with me. I don't want to stand in the way."

There was something mighty friendly in her voice when she smiled like that. Dan almost liked her. At least the companionship of a like human being in a land of *what nols* was comforting.

His musing was cut short in a second of horror and terrible realization, the immediate proximity of death. From the depth of those murky waters came something more terrible than the earth plague because it foreshadowed pain. The woman was the first to notice. She screamed in such a manner than Dan reached automatically for his ray gun. But before he could get his hand to his belt a huge claw had shot out of the muddy sea and grabbed his wrist. Sharp pains shot through his arm and the huge claw clamped tighter on his forearm, cut into the bone until red of his own blood soaked through to his outer jacket.

At the same time another huge arm claw shot out and caught the woman companion. With his one free arm Dan reached again for his weapon, and as if it had been expected, a third great claw caught him, this time drawing hi magainst the fury of his every ounce of pitted strength into the water. An inch at a time he was drawn closer to the depths of the sea water. As he was drawn more closely the screams of the woman stood out in his mind. Screams of fear, not of death, perhaps, but of the awfulness of its manner of arriving.

Dan was weakening; already the woman's struggling form had disappeared below the surface and only remained. Now the great claw, as if its owner had become impatient, drew under with a sweep. Dan went down, splashing, feeling his flesh tear under the strain of the tormenting prongs that gripped him.

A wash of foul, tepid water encircled him. He held his breath. Down he went ... down and down until his ear drums felt as if they'd burst, until the blood seemed to be pounded from his body. He struggled futilely, like a minnow in the arms of an

opus. His lungs seemed to be bursting and still he and his captor swept farther into the black depths of the slimy water.

His senses had all but left him when he felt himself being thrown hard. He landed with a thud. The force stopped his gasping inward. While his lungs cried for air it was being knocked out of him.

He lay still, feeling broken, his head cracked with a deep gash, in a pool of his own red blood. And then he realized that he was breathing again and that he was no longer in the water.

As his brain cleared Dan found that he was in a room. It was not a room such as he had been accustomed to knowing apartment rooms or houses. Instead this was an opening with walls. Perhaps these walls were the ultimate in something modern, he could not tell. There was in particular a pool of water in the middle of the floor—the same slimy kind of water through which he had been drawn. And despite the fact that Dan had been dragged down through the water, there was no water in the room, save what lay in the pool.

He half rose to his elbow. Every bone in his body cried out in pain. He felt weak from the loss of blood. His legs refused to move. Then as he strained his muscles he heard a muffled groan. Twisting his head about he saw the woman again. She was wet, with a coating of slime clinging to her clothing. Her hair was straggling down her face and she seemed to have aged years from her experience.

But at that moment, just as he was about to make his way over to her he stopped suddenly, his blood curdling. Back in the recesses of the crude room great eyes fishy in their greenish glare stared out at him.

The creature made no sound but as Dan reached instinctively to his gun a command came to him as clearly as if it had been spoken.

"Do not try to use your weapon." The understanding had a weird, unholy atmosphere. No one had spoken and yet here was a being giving a command without uttering a word. Dan glanced momentarily sidewise and saw that the woman had fallen back on the floor.

"What is this?" Dan was about to say. But before he had uttered the first syllable the creature answered again in the strange manner of making him understand without speaking.

"I might ask you the same question, but I know why you are here. You have come on a foolish mission and a hopeless and useless one."

"Telepathy," Dan surmised.
"Exactly," said the creature in thought waves. "I know all you are thinking and repeat it is hopeless. You have only forestalled your own death and have exchanged one way of demise for another."

Dan's taut nerves began to twitch for the want of action. He moved a muscle of his legs. In a second's flash the creature emerged from the crevice.

The vicious hand claws opened and shut with a snapping sound as the thing came toward him. It did not walk or crawl. Rather it hitched its body along in Dan's direction, wavering like a seal does in balancing a ball on its nose. The nearest thing Dan could compare the creature with was a huge lobster. Long green feelers rise high above the eyes.

Passing the thing caught up the woman tossed her carelessly into the pool. She sank.

Dan's blood boiled. The creature saw him coming at it. saw Dan prepare to dive into the water. It raised its claw and batted Dan across the face. He fell back, his jaw cut and bruised by the impact.

"Death," informed the being "for you. There's no argument or feeling for you here. If you want to know, though. You come here looking for the great ray that was destroying life on your planet. That is your hardship. We here need your oxygen to live. The ray has absorbed your atmosphere."

"But you're killing millions of people!" Dan protested.



"Yes," said the thing. All life has gone from your planet by now.

"Gone!" Dan's shoulders sagged heavily.

For a moment the thing stood silently, then moved ghoul-like toward him. There was cruel fury in the fishy eyes. Grasping Dan it raised him and threw him to the floor. Dan rose again. And again the creature attacked him, battering him ruthlessly. Dan grasped his gun this time and fired point blank into the eyes of the being. It only moved in, with a sort of mental gleeful laughter.

"You're so puny!"
Bubbles that had come to the surface of the water after the woman had been thrown in had ceased. She was nothing to Dan except a fellow human being, but she meant to him at that moment the one link to civilization. Dan darted past the thing and dove.

Far down through the slime he went, holding his breath for all he could, moving carefully toward the bottom. Through his mind went the thoughts of his friends at home, of grim faces, of the scourge of death. Of the whole world wiped away because this inhuman race of fish men with overdeveloped brain matter, fish capable of directing rays billions of light years away. Gloria, Dr. Carter, Bob—all gone now, if this creature had imparted the truth. And what possible reason could he have for lying?

Down he was going, farther and farther. As he went, he searched with his hands. They struck something. Soft, like clothing. The woman's skirt. He started upward again.

He had merely made the surface only to find not one creature but dozens surrounding the edge of the pool. There was a sort of mental argument going on. The thoughts transmitted were confused. Then in a body they reached the water, snatched the body of the woman away and in a moment tore her to pieces.

Dan stood momentarily in an enraged fury, unable to move, his brain not able to grasp the terrible cruelty of these beings. He doubted that these

creatures had any real feelings. The purpose for which he had come to Termin now was an empty one!

Casting all caution to the wind, Dan sprang into their midst. They turned on him in a body, casting aside the fragments of the woman they had murdered. Dan struck out blindly, his knuckles connecting with the hard shells of those before him. The bones of his hand snapped and a pain shot up his arm from his knuckles. He blazed futilely at the eyes of the enemy now encircling him. But unmindful they bore down on him, their very power of understanding leaving him bewildered. It was as if he was shouting to them just what moves he was going to make.

The death-dealing jaws of the huge claws opened in unison. With a snap one member closed on his nuzzle. Dan felt the steel-like bone rip his flesh. He was numb, so great was the pain. He tried to move, but these many vices held him powerless. He welcomed the thought of death now. There was nothing to fight for and only awful pain in life.

He felt his shoulder tug as one of the creatures tore at his arm. Then a sickening, terrible pulling as his muscles ruptured. A brittle snapping as his bones broke. His mind felt no pain now as the creature threw his right arm away. Now they had broken his legs and were tearing at him. Dan closed his eyes. They did not hurt him any more. Perhaps, he thought vaguely, this was death.

His body was tense, tied into knots, his muscles twitching. He was gradually breaking away from the hypnotic power that was drawing him out of himself. Then he sat back in his chair, his face white.

First he looked dumbly down at his arms. They were both there. Carter was grim. On the floor something was lying. It was Gloria, Bob was working over her, crying her name.

When he first saw her face he gasped. It was taut with pain, and fear.

Carter nodded. "But she's not dead. She'll come out of it."

"She was murdered," Dan said stubbornly. "First tell me what you saw!" Carter urged in an anxious whisper.

"Death," Dan answered. "I saw death. They told me somehow they didn't speak but they told me you were dead. That everyone was dead that they were making the BX Ray to steal our atmosphere. A battle of survival."

Dan lay back again, his brain reeling from the exertion of talking. Carter muttered to himself.

"If we can magnify a hundred billion times, we'll have it." He worked furiously. Dan couldn't tell how long. But when he came to Carter was grinning. It was daylight. "We've done it!" he exclaimed. "A hundred thousand billion BX Rays have done it."

Dan moved and found he was in bed, in a hospital. He sat up. Carter came to him. Gloria was with him. She was the old Gloria, smiling. There seemed to be a strange understanding in her eyes. She pressed her fingers on Dan's hand.

"Don't tell me I've been dreaming or delirious!" Dan said.

Carter shook his head. "You were there all right. Your trip saved the world."

"I tell you I couldn't have been! I was torn apart. Gloria she was the woman the old woman."

"I can see the resemblance although I didn't see it at the time—Gloria was killed viciously."

"Then I'll explain," said Dr. Carter. He cleared his throat and eyed Gloria. "Do you want to leave, Gloria?"

"Try and get me to, Dad," she said.

Carter went on, looking only intently at Dan. His eyes seemed to light with a sort of softness as he spoke.

"The first finding of the BX Ray was when it first reached us. That, as I told you had taken two billion years to get to the Earth. It was a natural



ray. After you left it grew stronger, partly because of the working of those beings on Termin, partly because the element increased in tensity through the years.

"When you went to Termin I had so magnified the power of my spectroscope that I had increased the speed of the BX Ray through which your vision traveled to the present time. So that you saw what was happening on Termin now instead of two billion years ago."

"It sounds fishy. Dan said. "What happened to my arms and legs that they are back safely on my body. What about Gloria?"

"Gloria got in the way of the ray while watching you. I dared not turn off the power. She was with you."

"And I repeat that what I saw was just imagination! Am I right, Doctor?"

"No. You were on Termin just as surely as I am on the earth now. The strange error was a matter of calculation. After all, it was not easy to span two billion years. The happenings to you were futuristic. We advanced the light so far as to go beyond the present. You were looking into the future some fifty odd years. You were witnessing the natural turn of events that will happen." Gloria shuddered. "I mean if you were on Termin at that time. Of course the knowledge you have brought us has changed all that. We've been able to counteract the BX Ray. Health is already coming into its own on this planet."

Dan lay long back on the pillows, staring ahead. Finally he put out his hand and touched Gloria's. "You and I, kid, will be wise to steer clear of Termin when we're seventy-five or eighty."

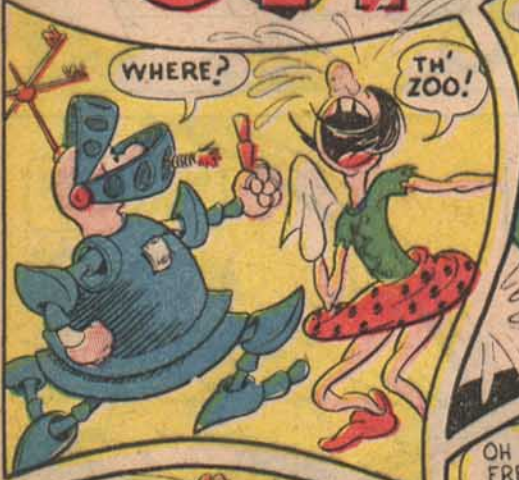
She smiled and nodded. Then, "Dan, you were wonderful looking—even as an old man."

KNIGHT



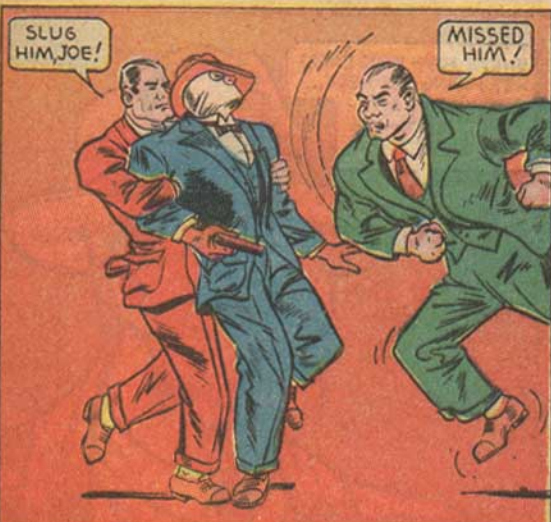
by
Jack
Cole

OFF



Scoop CODY

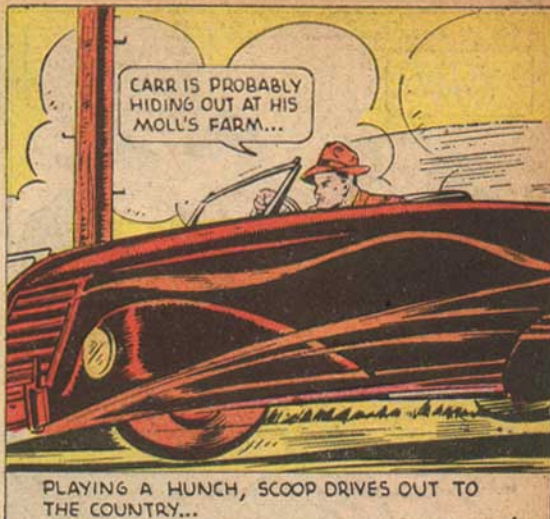






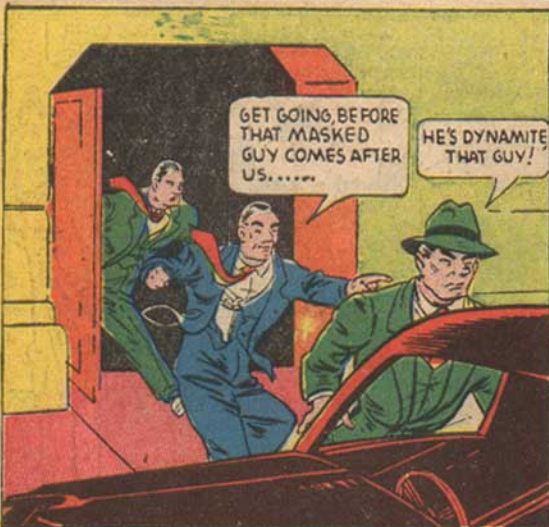
MARVEL

OUTSIDE, SCOOP LOOKS AT THE CARD THE MYSTERY MAN GAVE HIM...



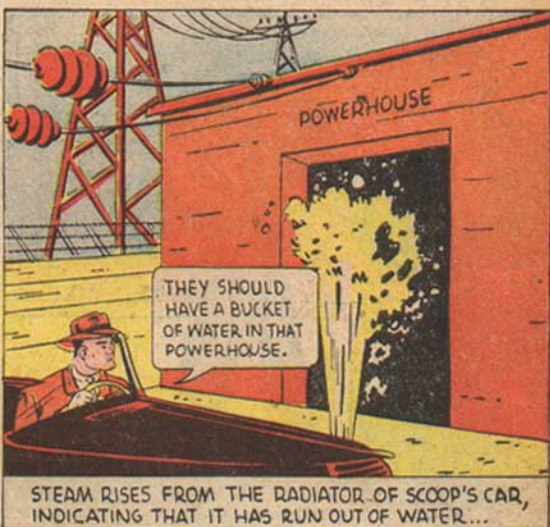
CARR IS PROBABLY HIDING OUT AT HIS MOLL'S FARM...

PLAYING A HUNCH, SCOOP DRIVES OUT TO THE COUNTRY...



GET GOING BEFORE THAT MASKED GUY COMES AFTER US.....

HE'S DYNAMITE THAT GUY!



THEY SHOULD HAVE A BUCKET OF WATER IN THAT POWERHOUSE.

STEAM RISES FROM THE RADIATOR OF SCOOP'S CAR, INDICATING THAT IT HAS RUN OUT OF WATER...

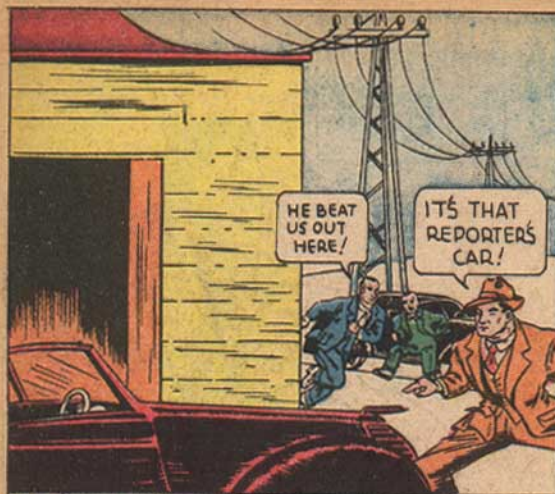


CAN YOU HELP ME OUT WITH A PAIL OF WATER?

SURE!



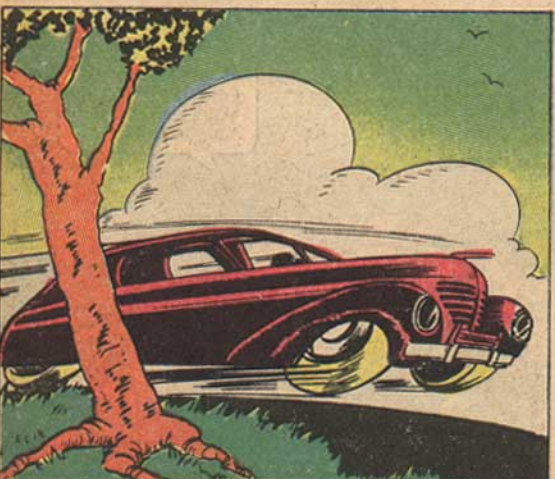
THAT'S HIM-KING CARR! HE'S HIDING OUT HERE... WORKING AS AN ELECTRICIAN-HIS OLD TRADE!



THE CROOKS RUSHED OUT TO THE POWERHOUSE TO WARN KING CARR.



SCOOP ATTEMPTS A BLUFF....



A MILE AWAY, A CAR RACES TOWARDS THE POWERHOUSE...



TYING SCOOP TO A CHAIR, THE CROOKS PREPARE TO ELECTROCUTE HIM....



CARR'S HAND REACHED FOR THE SWITCH WHICH WOULD SEAL CODY'S DOOM, WHEN...



... A CLOUD OF SMOKE RISES FROM A CORNER WINDOW A BULLET STRIKES CARR'S HAND, PARALYZING IT



THE CROOKS FLEE, BUT THE MARVEL COVERS CARR.



BACK TO THE CITY -- TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS-- DRIVES SCOOP...



TURNING THE CRIMINAL OVER TO THE POLICE --



BACK IN HIS OFFICE, SCOOP POUNDS OUT THE STORY OF CARR'S ARREST...



SCOOP TURNS THE STORY IN TO HIS BOSS...



GATHERED IN A HOTEL ROOM...



WHO IS THE MARVEL? HIS IDENTITY WILL BE REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE ---

STRANGE BUT TRUE

THE MAN WHO SMOKES
WITH HIS
EYES



ALFRED LANGEVIN —

OF CANADA, PUFFS SMOKE THROUGH HIS EYE BY INSERTING A STRAIGHT TUBE ATTACHED TO HIS PIPE INTO THE TEAR DUCT — THE PIPE IS STEADIED BY A BENT WIRE OVER HIS NOSE!



BOB WOOD

ALTHOUGH LEFT HANDED PEOPLE ARE PROMINENT IN MANY SPORTS — ONLY ABOUT 4 OUT OF EVERY 100 ADULTS ARE LEFT HANDED —



NEGROES' TEETH ARE NO WHITER THAN THOSE OF A WHITE PERSON, BUT ONLY APPEAR TO BE IN CONTRAST WITH THEIR DARKER SKIN —



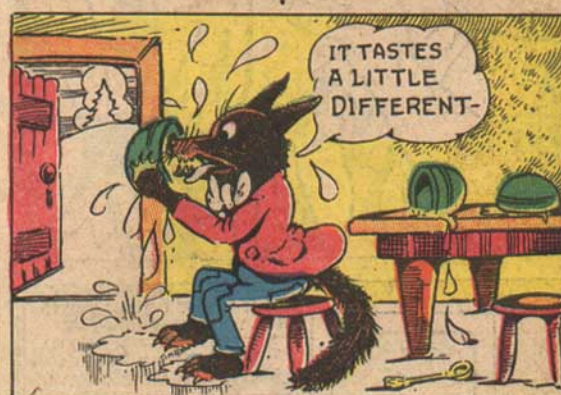
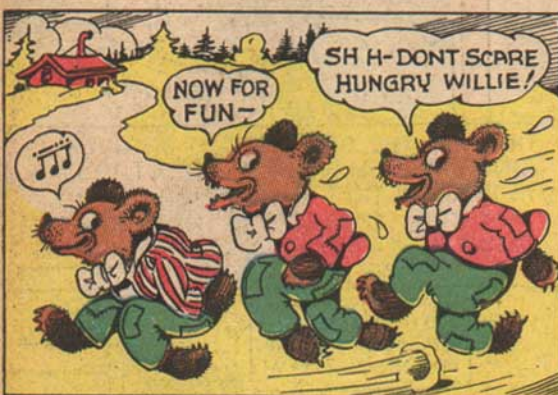
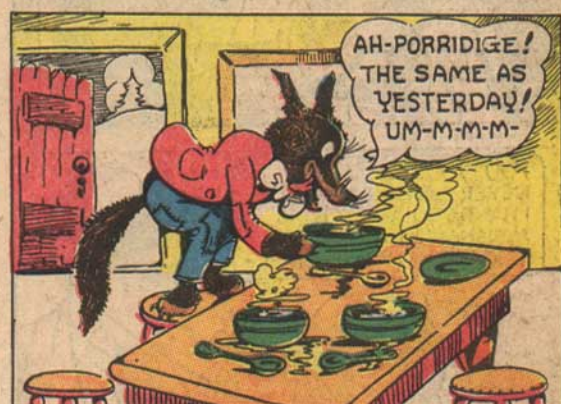
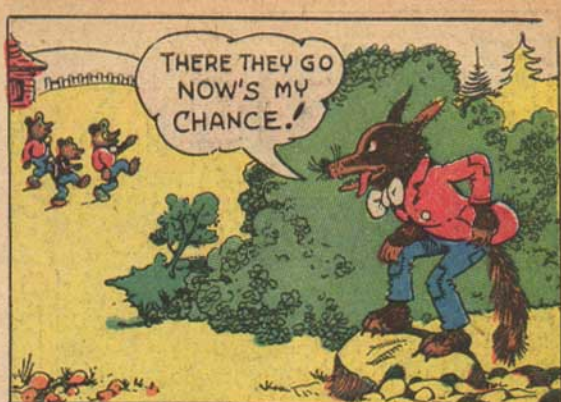
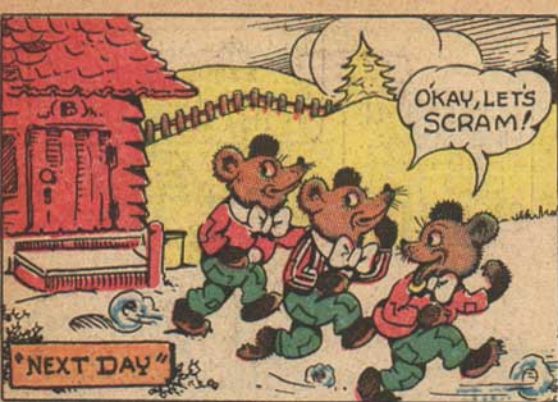
THE GREEKS MUST'VE HAD A WORD FOR IT!

IT WAS NOT THE AMERICAN INDIAN, BUT THE ANCIENT GREEKS, WHO ORIGINATED SCALPING — MANY INDIANS LEARNED IT FROM WHITE MEN DURING THE EARLY WARS —

CONTRARY TO COMMON BELIEF, THE UKULELE WAS NOT ORIGINATED IN HAWAII, BUT IN PORTUGAL — IT DID NOT BECOME POPULAR IN HAWAII UNTIL ABOUT 1877 —

SUGAR, HONEY & HUGGIN

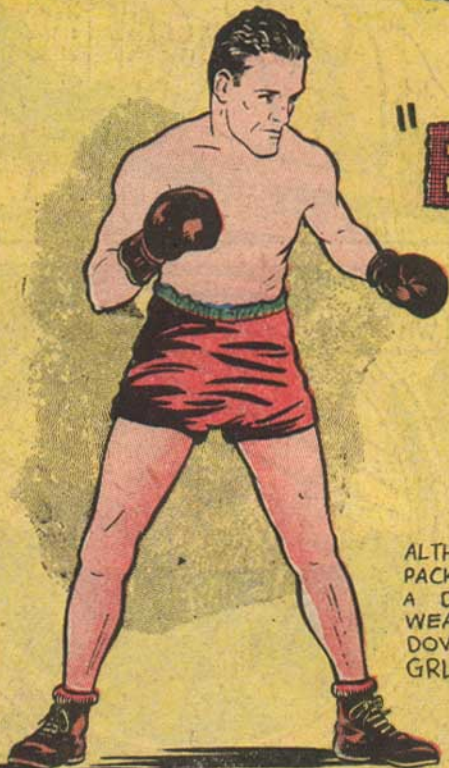




SPORT-O-GRAMS

IN THIS CORNER!

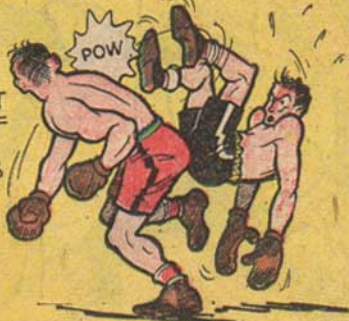
by
BOB WOOD



"BILLY" CONN!

PITTSBURG'S HANDSOME IRISH BOY— AND PRESENT WORLD'S LIGHT HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION, WHOSE RECENT SPECTACULAR RISE TO FISTIC HEIGHTS HAS AMAZED RING FOLLOWERS—

ALTHOUGH HE DOESN'T PACK THE WALLOP OF A DEMPSEY, BILLY WEARS HIS OPPONENTS DOWN WITH A GRUELLING BODY ATTACK—

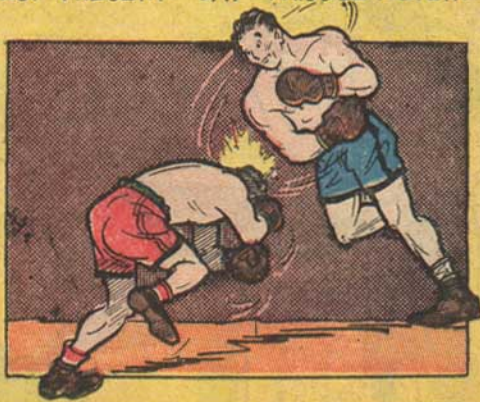


WHILE STILL FIGHTING MIDDLEWEIGHTS, HE TWICE DEFEATED CHAMP FRED APOSTOLI, RECOGNIZED AS THE GREATEST PRESENT DAY MIDDLEWEIGHT!




THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR HAVING 'CRUNCHIES' FOR BREAKFAST!

BILLY'S ONLY 21, AND STILL GROWING— AT THE RATE HE'S PUTTING ON WEIGHT HE'LL BE A HEAVY-WEIGHT SOON—AND WHEN HE IS—WATCH OUT, JOE LOUIS!



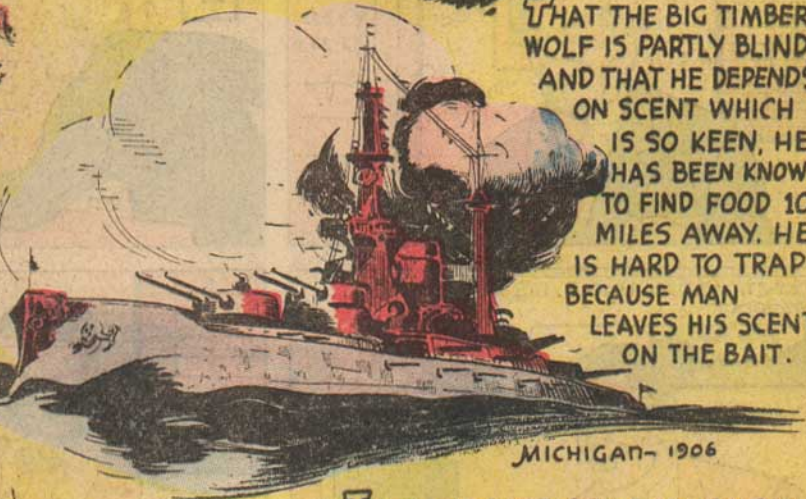
Do You Know?



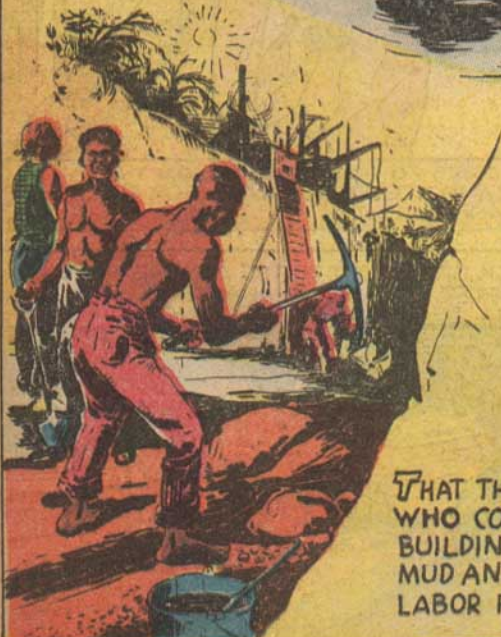
THAT THE PERSIMMON TREE IS A SOURCE OF FOOD SUPPLY FOR MORE ANIMALS AND BIRDS THAN THE GRAIN FIELDS, AND THAT PERSIMMON TREE FENCE POSTS WILL LAST FOR 50 YEARS.



THAT THE BIG TIMBER WOLF IS PARTLY BLIND, AND THAT HE DEPENDS ON SCENT WHICH IS SO KEEN, HE HAS BEEN KNOWN TO FIND FOOD 10 MILES AWAY. HE IS HARD TO TRAP BECAUSE MAN LEAVES HIS SCENT ON THE BAIT.



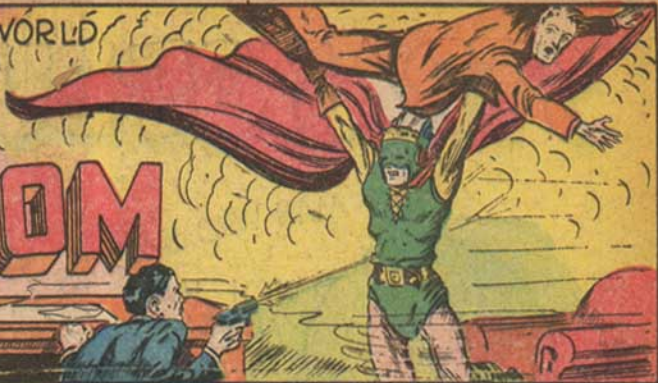
THAT THE BATTLESHIPS MICHIGAN AND SOUTH CAROLINA WERE THE FIRST ALL-BIG-GUN SHIPS IN THE WORLD. AND THAT ENGLAND, REALIZING THEIR TREMENDOUS VALUE, BUILT TWO AND CALLED THEM DREADNAUGHTS. HOWEVER, UNCLE SAM WAS FIRST AS IN IRONCLAD, SUBMARINE, FLYING MACHINE. THE UNITED STATES NAVY IS WORTH BEING PROUD OF.



THAT THE AMERICAN NEGRO WAS THE ONLY LABORER WHO COULD STAND THE TROPICAL CONDITIONS IN BUILDING THE PANAMA CANAL. THROUGH HEAT, MUD AND FEVERS, THE AMERICAN DARKY SAW LABOR FROM EVERY COUNTRY GIVE UP OR DIE!

THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

BOB PHANTOM



IN A BASEMENT DIVE IN THE LOWER EAST SIDE, THE PURPLE GANG TAUNT THEIR CAPTURED DOUBLE-CROSSING MOUTH-PIECE.



FIRST WE PUT HIS FEET IN THE TUB LIKE THIS...



THEN WE POUR IN SAND, CEMENT AND WATER...

LISTEN, BUTCH! I CAN SQUARE THIS THING!

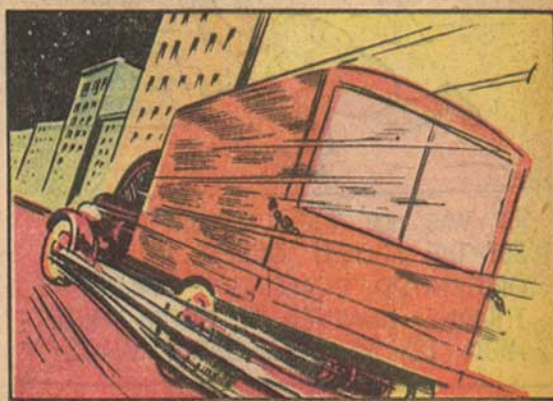


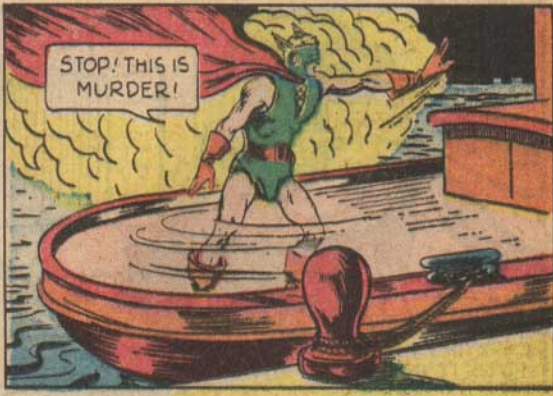
THE CONCRETE HAS SET AROUND THE VICTIM'S FEET!

NOBODY'S STOPPING YOU, MR. DOUBLE-CROSSER, YOU CAN TAKE A POWDER IF YOU WANT TO. HAW! HAW!



PLEASE, BUTCH! LET ME OUT OF THIS!





BUTCH, THIS
AINT COPASETIC!

YEAH, BUTCH-
LET'S SKIP IT!

THERE! NO SPOOK'S
SCARING ME!

BEFORE THE MOUTHPIECE'S
BODY SINKS, BOB PHAN-
TOM'S STRONG ARMS
REACH OUT TO SAVE HIM.

SEE, I TOLD YA,
BUTCH!

YEAH, SPOOKS IS
BAD MEDICINE!

...AND DRIVES TO A LONELY SPOT WHERE HE
REMOVES THE CONCRETE.

CARRYING THE LIMP BODY ASHORE, BOB PHANTOM
PUTS IT INTO THE GANG'S TRUCK...

THANKS, FELLOW,
WHAT DO I OWE YOU?

NOTHING... JUST HIDE
OUT UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM
ME... AND PROMISE TO STAY
ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!

HE'S GONE! EVAPORATED
BEFORE MY EYES!

CHEE! HE WENT UP IN SMOKE!

GONE!

EVERY SQUAD HAS REPORTED CHIEF, NOT A SINGLE CLUE TO THE GANG'S HIDEOUT WAS FOUND.

I HAD ENOUGH OF THE PHANTOM... BUTCH, I'M LAMMING!

ME, TOO!

Broadways
By WACE WHITNEY
FLASH..!

WHILE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY POLICE WERE PASSING THE BUCK TO THE D.A. FOR THE FAILURE TO FIND THE PURPLE GANG, A MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM HAS BEEN SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE GANG. SEVERAL OF THEM WERE NOT DOWN TO MEET A TRAIN... THEY WERE THERE TO CATCH ONE! TEE! HEE!


GET HIM, BOYS!

YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, BUTCH. THE POLICE ARE CLOSING IN...


YOU ASKED FOR IT, BOYS!

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME, BUTCH, I'M LAMMING...


NEXT DAY, AS BUTCH IS ABOUT TO LEAVE HIS HIDE OUT, HE AGAIN MEETS THE PHANTOM...

A superhero in a green mask and red cape punches a man in a brown suit through a doorway. The man is flying through the air with a hat flying off his head.


BETTER GIVE YOURSELF UP,
BUTCH. THE COPS WON'T
GIVE YOU THE WORKOUT
THAT I'M GOING TO GIVE
YOU EVERY DAY!

A man in a brown suit sits at a table, looking surprised. A woman with blonde hair is looking at him from the side.

BOB PHANTOM WILL
NEVER GET IN HERE!


A close-up of the superhero in green punching the man in brown. The man is recoiling against a wall.

BUTCH WAS WRONG AGAIN, FOR BOB PHANTOM
APPEARED INSTANTLY BUTCH WAS INSIDE.....


The man in brown is being punched and is falling onto a table. He looks in pain.

UG! OOH-OH!
OUCH...STOP!


ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE
YOURSELF UP, BUTCH?

The man in brown is lying on the floor, looking dazed and injured. There are motion lines around him.


...BOB PHANTOM DISAPPEARS...THE GANGSTER IS
ON THE FLOOR...BRUISED...BATTERED...BLEEDING...

A man in a green suit is sitting at a desk, reading a newspaper. A microphone is in front of him.

FLASH! IT WAS EXCLUSIVELY
LEARNED BY YOUR NEW YORK
CORRESPONDENT TO DAY THAT
BUTCH BRADY, LEADER OF THE
PURPLE GANG...WILL GIVE HIM-
SELF UP TO THE DA.

A man is sitting in the driver's seat of a car, looking out the window. He is talking to someone off-camera.

WELL, BUTCH, HERE'S THE
DA'S OFFICE. YOU WON'T
SEE ME ANYMORE... BUT I'LL
BE WITH YOU JUST THE
SAME!

A man in a green suit is sitting at a desk in a newspaper office, reading a newspaper. Other people are working in the background.

BUTCH IS IN JAIL, HAW!
HAW! I GUESS OLD WALT
WHITNEY SCOOPED THE
TOWN AGAIN!

BRAIN-TEASERS

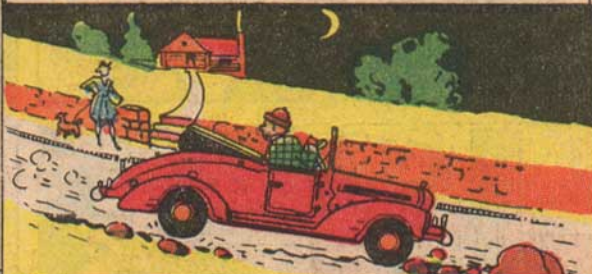
MAPLE

-----YOUR WAYS YOU RECKLESS FLIRT,
BE CAREFUL NOT TO LET YOUR EYES BE
FOOLISHLY LESS -----, OR YOU'LL
REGRET -----.



1 _ _ _ _

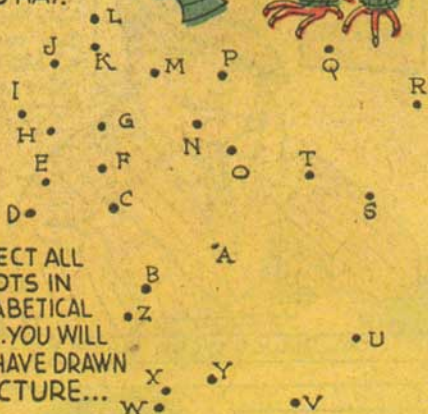
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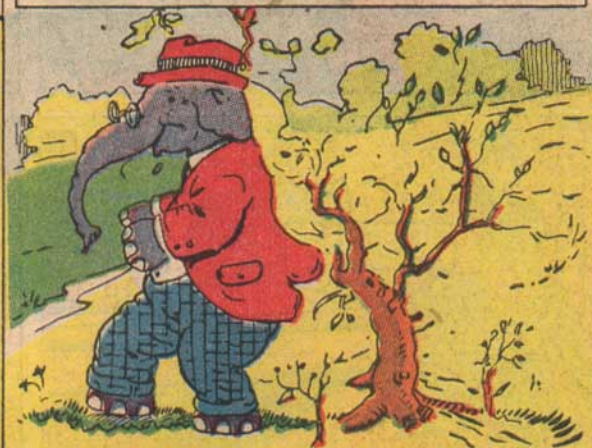
TAKE ONE LETTER FROM THE ABOVE WORD (MAPLE) AND REARRANGE THE REMAINING LETTERS TO SPELL THE NAME OF ANOTHER TREE. THEN REMOVE TWO LETTERS FROM MAPLE AND REARRANGE THE REMAINING LETTERS TO SPELL THE NAME OF ANOTHER TREE.

THREE WORDS THAT ARE SPELLED WITH THE SAME FIVE LETTERS ARE MISSING FROM THE ABOVE SENTENCE. TRY TO REPLACE THEM IN THE BLANK SPACES.

THE TRICKY MAGICIAN HAS JUST TAKEN SOMETHING OUT OF HIS HAT.



CONNECT ALL THE DOTS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER. YOU WILL THEN HAVE DRAWN ITS PICTURE...



HIDDEN RIGHT HERE BEFORE YOUR EYES IS THE HEAD OF ANOTHER ELEPHANT. CAN YOU FIND IT?

THE HIDDEN ELEPHANT'S HEAD IS UPSIDE-DOWN IN BACK OF THE OTHER ELEPHANT...

A STEP BY STEP DRAWING LESSON FOR CHILDREN. TRY TO REPEAT THE SKETCH.



DRAW THEM IN THEIR ORDER



CHIMPANZEE



THE MISSING WORDS THAT ARE SPELLED WITH THE SAME LETTERS ADE ALTER, ALERT, AND LATER...
"MAPLE" TO SPELL "ELM."
"MAPLE" AND THE REMAINING LETTERS WILL SPELL "PALM."
"REMOVE TWO LETTERS FROM "MAPLE" AND THE REMAINING TAKE ONE LETTER FROM

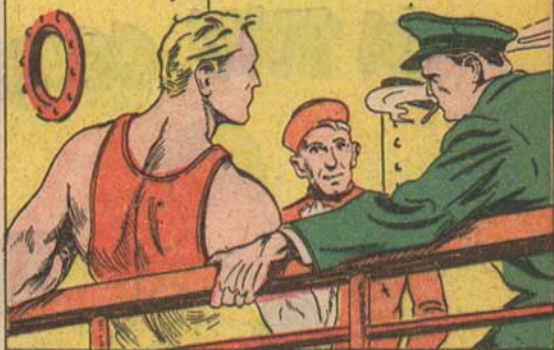
FUN FOR MOM, AND POP, AND ALL THE KIDS!

- SOLUTIONS -

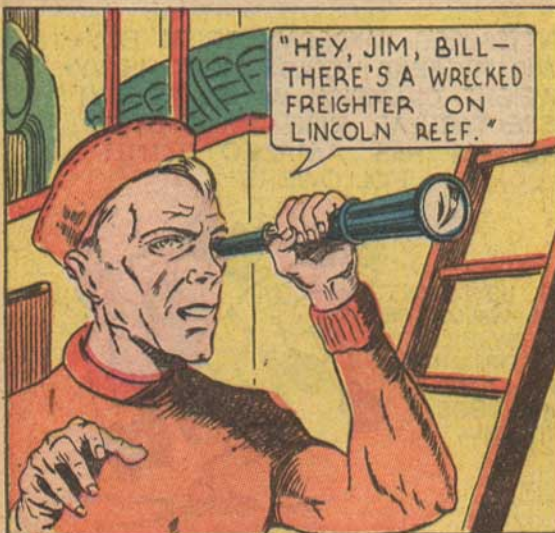
DEVILS OF THE DEEP



INTRODUCING THE
DEVILS OF THE DEEP.
THREE INTREPID
ADVENTURERS OF THE SEA.



"HEY, JIM, BILL—
THERE'S A WRECKED
FREIGHTER ON
LINCOLN REEF."



WHAT TED SAW!



"IT'S THE S.S. VENTURA.
SHE'S IN NO DANGER
TILL THE MORNING TIDE."



"WE'D BETTER
GET ABOARD HER.
—I THINK
THE CREW DE-
SERTED SHIP."





"LEAN ON THE OARS, BILL, SOMEONE MIGHT BE HURT ABOARD"

"THERE'S A BIG HOLE AMID-SHIPS, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGNS OF LIFE."



"L'LOOK NEAR THAT HATCH! IT'S SOMEBODY DEAD!"

"COME ON-LET'S GO."



"HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT AND IT'S MURDER. HE'S BEEN SHOT."



"AHOY MATES, I'VE FOUND A LIVE ONE. I'LL BRING HIM UP."

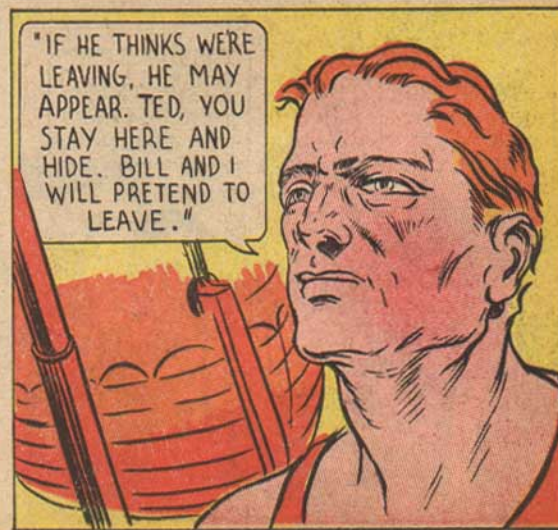
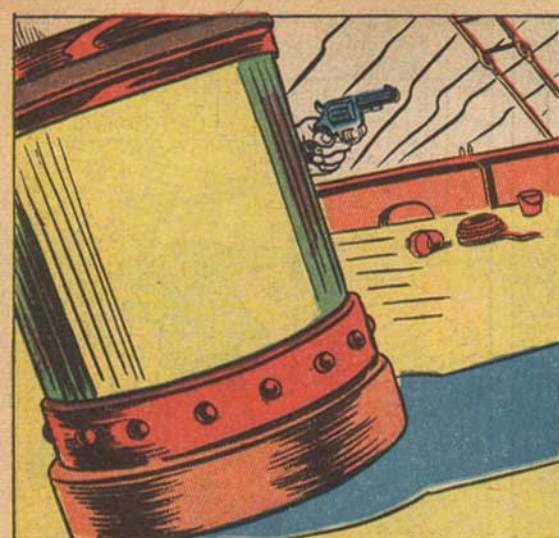


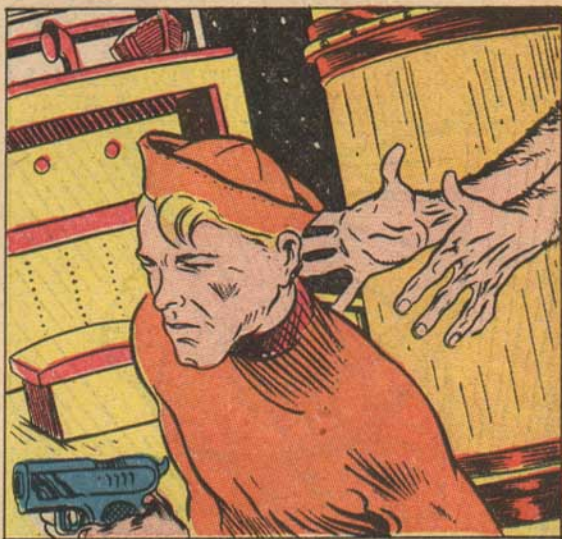
"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS? YOU'D BETTER TALK."

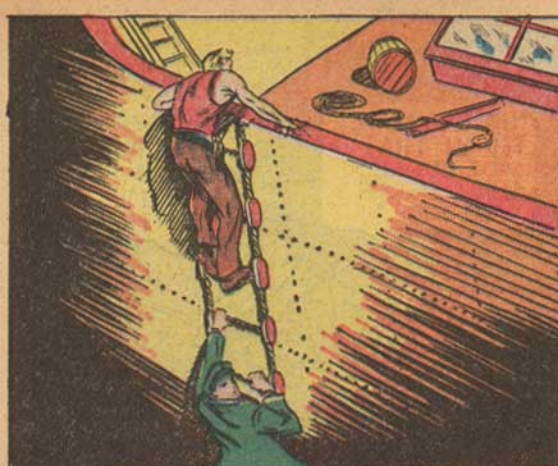
"TAKE IT EASY. THIS MAN'S SCARED TO DEATH."



"I WAS SECOND COOK. THIS TUB WAS DELIBERATELY RUN ON THE ROCKS. THERE WAS SHOOTIN'. THE CREW RAN AWAY."





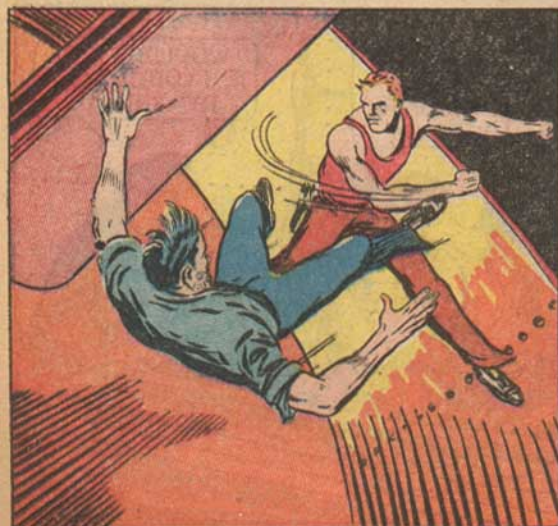
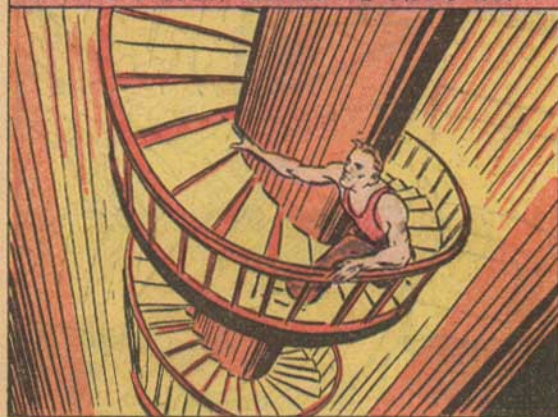


LIKE TWO GHOSTS, THEY CREPT ABOARD THE WRECKED FREIGHTER.



"THAT SHOT CAME FROM THE TOP OF THE MAST. THAT GUY MUST BE UP IN THE CROW'S NEST. I'M GOING UP AFTER HIM."

WITH BILL TO COVER HIM IN CASE OF ATTACK, JIM HEADS FOR THE MAST WHICH IS A HUGE HOLLOW SHELL QUIETLY HE STEALS UP THE LADDER TOWARD THE CROW'S NEST.



"THIS IS A SMUGGLER'S SHIP. THERE ARE JEWELS HIDDEN BELOW."

"AND THIS GORILLA WRECKED THE SHIP TO GET HIS HANDS ON THEM."

"OUR FRIEND WILL GET TWENTY YEARS FOR THIS."

Secret ASSIGNMENTS



A FOREIGN POWER IS SABOTAGING PRODUCTION AT OUR BALKAN OIL FIELDS. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT POWER IT IS, BUT WE MUST FIND OUT.



DON'T WORRY, UNCLE. IT'S AS GOOD AS STOPPED.



SORRY, SIR. BUT THE CLIPPER IS BOOKED TO CAPACITY...



JACK STRAND, ADVENTUROUS NEPHEW OF G. PARKER HALSEY, WEALTHY OIL MAGNATE AND FINANCIER, IS CALLED TO HIS UNCLE'S OFFICE ~

GLAD YOU CAME EARLY, JACK. I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT JOB THAT MUST BE DONE RIGHT AWAY.



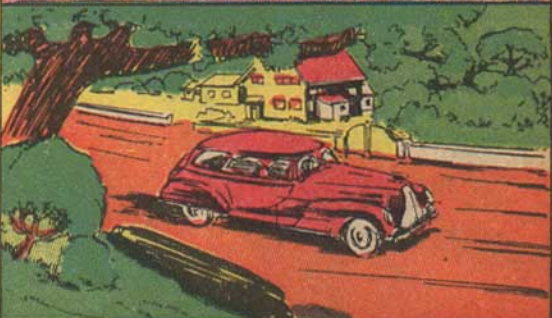
SPARE NO EXPENSE—HIRE ALL THE HELP YOU NEED—BUT STOP THE SABOTAGE....



HE TRIES TO BOOK PASSAGE ON THE ATLANTIC CLIPPER, LEAVING FOR EUROPE IN AN HOUR...

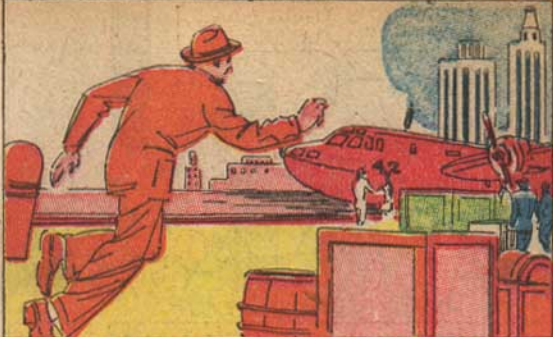


JACK DRIVES OUT TO THE AIRLINE BASE AT PORT WASHINGTON...MAYBE THERE WILL BE A LAST MINUTE CANCELLATION...



YES, THERE IS A CANCELLATION...
YOU'RE JUST IN TIME.

TICKETS
to
AZOR
TUS
BALK



TWO MINUTES BEFORE TAKE-OFF TIME,
JACK IS ABOARD...

DOWN THE BAY THE CLIPPER ROARS -AND
OFF FOR EUROPE...



JACK OVERHEARS SOMETHING OF INTEREST...

LUCKY I UNDERSTAND THE
SLOVENE PATOIS...



IT'S A CABLE FROM KULAK...
HE'S ON THE CLIPPER.



MEANWHILE IN THE BALKANS...

GOOD! WE CAN START DIRECTLY HE
ARRIVES. NO ONE KNOWS OUR PLANS.



SO THAT'S THEIR GAME,
IS IT? WELL, I'LL SEE.



BACK IN THE CLIPPER AS IT NEARS
MARSEILLES -

PLEASE ADJUST YOUR SAFETY
BELTS. WE LAND IN THREE MINUTES.



LANDING AT MARSEILLES, THE TWO PLOTTERS HEAD
FOR THE DEPOT AND A TRAIN FOR THE BALKAN
OIL FIELDS BUT JACK...



THE PLANE WILL GET ME IN
HOURS AHEAD OF THEM.



HEADS FOR THE AIRPORT.

THINGS HAVE BEEN
STRANGELY QUIET
OVER THERE SINCE
JACK LEFT....

IT'S PROBABLY JUST
THE CALM BEFORE
THE STORM.



AT THAT TIME IN NEW YORK.

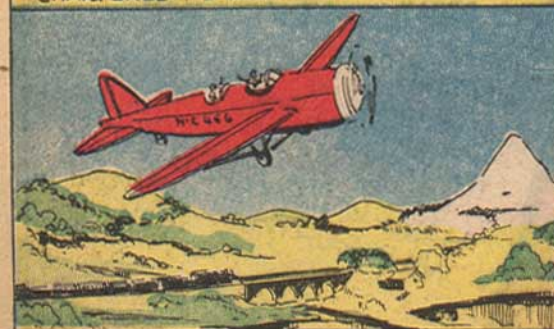
WELL, THE BOMBS
ARE FINISHED.

I'M GOING TO BE MILES
AWAY WHEN THEY GO OFF..

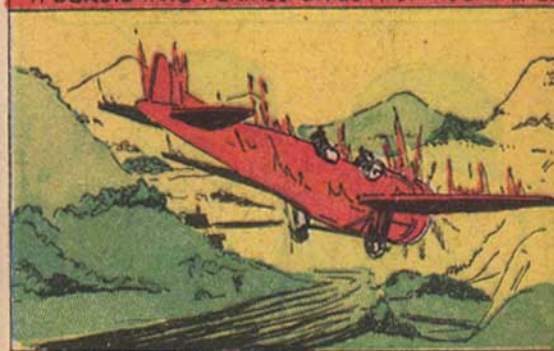


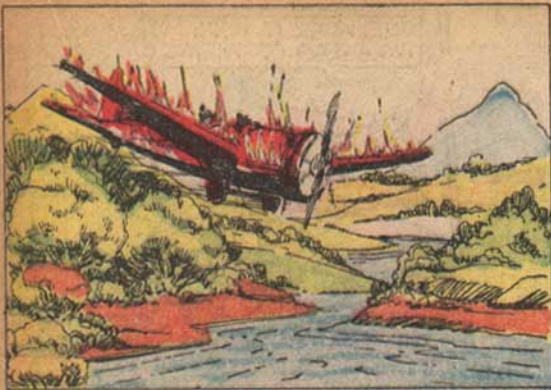
IN THE BALKANS...

OVER THE BALKANS FLIES JACK STRAND'S
CHARTERED PLANE...

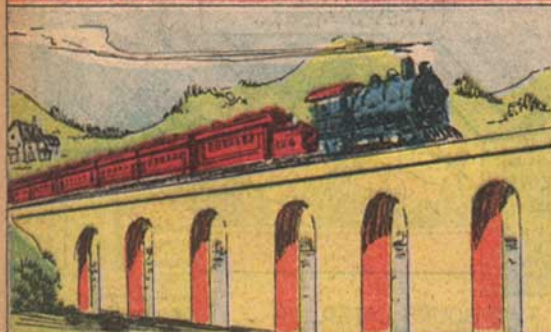


IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES-DIVES PAST MOUNTAINS.

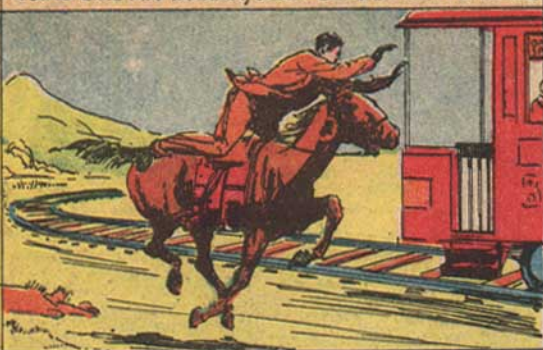




ABOARD THE BALKAN SPECIAL, NEARING THE OIL FIELDS...



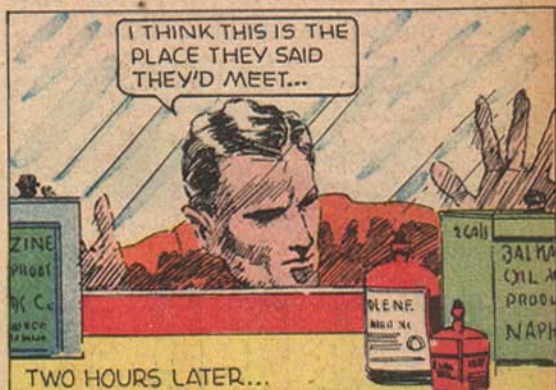
RIDING LIKE AN INDIAN, JACK LEAPS FOR THE TRAIN.



JUST MADE IT. HOPE I'M AHEAD OF THEM...



I THINK THIS IS THE PLACE THEY SAID THEY'D MEET...



TWO HOURS LATER...

THIS IS WHAT JACK SAW...



TAKE THAT...AND THAT...



SO YOU SEE, LIEUTENANT, IT'S REALLY TREASON. FOR YOUR GOVERNMENT HAS CONTRACTED WITH MY UNCLE'S COMPANY FOR THE TOTAL OUTPUT OF THE WELLS.



JACK, ACCOMPANIED BY THE POLICE, MEETS THE TRAIN ON WHICH THE PLOTTERS ARE PASSENGERS...

- AND THESE MEN HAVE BEEN SABOTAGING PRODUCTION SO YOUR COUNTRY WILL BE ILL- PREPARED TO DEFEND ITSELF IN CASE OF WAR.



THE SILVER FOX



HOW DID YOU EVER GET THE NAME SILVER FOX, CHIEF?



ONE AFTERNOON IN A BIG CITY POLICE STATION--



IT'S A PECULIAR THING ABOUT THAT-- I'VE HAD THE STREAK IN MY HAIR SINCE MY HIGHSCHOOL DAYS--

--- BUT NO ONE EVER CALLED ME THE 'SILVER FOX' UNTIL -----



LOOKS LIKE MURDER TO ME --

COULDN'T BE SUICIDE --

SEVERAL YEARS AGO ON A MILLIONAIRE'S L.I. ESTATE



IT'S MURDER, ALL RIGHT. BUT WHY? NO MOTIVE, NO CLUES

THE LOCAL POLICE WERE BAFFLED --



I THINK WE SHOULD ENGAGE A PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

I DO, TOO! BUT WHOM?

DISSATISFIED WITH THE WORK OF THE LOCAL POLICE, THE MORTON FAMILY WEIGH A DECISION---



HOW ABOUT THAT GREAT DETECTIVE WHO SOLVED THE JANE JORDAN CASE IN HOLLYWOOD ?

RECALLING THE MUCH PUBLICIZED WORK OF A WESTERN DETECTIVE IN THE HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR MYSTERY--



I'LL TAKE A PLANE THIS AFTERNOON. YOU CAN EXPECT ME TOMORROW.

YOUNG MARTHA MORTON MAKES A LONG DISTANCE CALL



OVER THE SNOW-CAPPED SIERRAS WINGS THE GIANT AIRLINER - EASTWARD



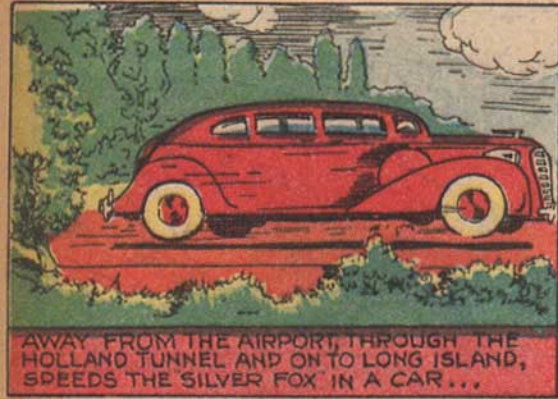
HAVE YOU ANY STATEMENT TO MAKE, CHIEF?

-ANY CLUES TO WORK ON?

ARRIVING IN NEWARK, THE SILVER FOX IS BESIEGED BY REPORTERS---



JUST WRITE THE SAME OLD STORY, BOYS--AN ARREST IS EXPECTED IN 24 HOURS..



AWAY FROM THE AIRPORT, THROUGH THE HOLLAND TUNNEL AND ON TO LONG ISLAND, SPEEDS THE SILVER FOX IN A CAR...




THIS LOOKS LIKE THE PLACE.




THE ONLY REAL CLUES ARE THE FOOT PRINTS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW AND THIS MATCH.



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT THIS MATCH IS A CLUE?



WELL, FATHER DIDN'T SMOKE. HE COULDN'T STAND THE SMELL OF SMOKE--



WHICH MEANS THAT THE SERVANTS WOULDN'T DARE SMOKE, AND SINCE THERE WERE NO VISITORS...

...IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE MURDERERS.


THE SILVER FOX CULLS THE FIRST BIT OF EVIDENCE--



THESE PRINTS SHOW THE MURDERER'S PATH FROM THE WINDOW TO THE ROADWAY.


I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT, IF I WERE YOU.

EXAMINING THE FOOT PRINTS, HE FINDS...



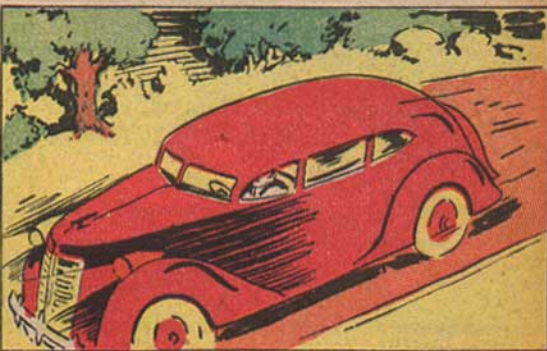
MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE.... SMOKE IF YOU LIKE...

HE CALLED IN THE SERVANTS FOR QUESTIONING...



MR. MORTON WAS A FINE MAN, OY DIDN'T KILL 'IM.

NYTHER DYD OY, SIR. OY WAS IN BYD AT THE TIME.




LEAVING THE MORTON HOME HURRIEDLY, THE SILVER FOX DRIVES TOWARD NEW YORK CITY...



POLICE STATION 10 DIST.

... AND DARKS OUTSIDE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

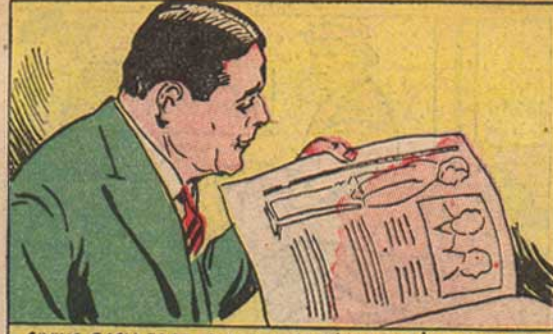


PERMISSION TO LOOK? WHY YOU CAN TAKE THE FILES WITH YOU!

REVEALING HIS IDENTITY, THE FOX REQUESTS...



FOR REASONS OF HIS OWN, THE SILVER FOX PERUSES THE RECORDS FOR 1919...



GIVING EACH PAGE ONLY A CURSORY EXAMINATION, HE SUDDENLY TAKES PAUSE AT THE SIGHT OF----

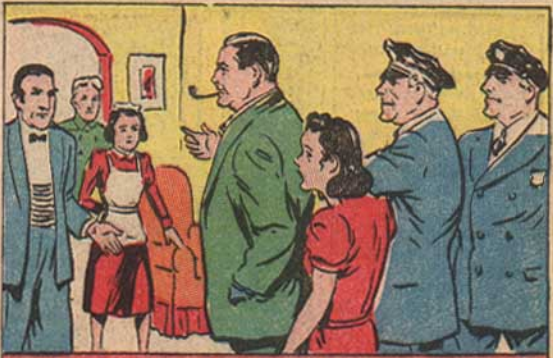


?
I WONDER...



... YES, OUR RECORDS SHOW THAT A CHAUNCEY BILLINGSGATE IMMIGRATED HERE FROM CANADA IN 1925....

PHONING THE BUREAU OF IMMIGRATION, THE SILVER FOX LEARNS....



TWO HOURS LATER, AT THE MORTON HOME...



...AND YOU, CHAUNCEY BILLINGSGATE, ALIAS GEORGE THE GYP, ARE THE MURDERER OF MR. MORTON!

RECONSTRUCTING THE CRIME IN A SHORT, QUICKLY-DELIVERED SUMMARY, THE FOX POINTS TO THE BUTLER.



YOU GOT ME... I DID IT... HE THREATENED TO EXPOSE ME.

AFTER HE HAS BEEN HANDCUFFED BY THE POLICE...



...AND THIS IS THE WAY I SOLVED IT.

THE SOLUTION....



H'UM, THIS WAS NOT USED TO LIGHT A CIGAR OR CIGARETTE—IT'S ALMOST WHOLLY BURNT. A PIPE SMOKER.

HE TELLS THEM ABOUT THE MATCH MORTON'S DAUGHTER GAVE HIM...



...THE TOES ARE DUG IN DEEPER THAN THE HEELS—THE MURDERER WALKED BACKWARDS.

HE NOTICED SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT THE FOOTPRINTS



...BECAUSE WALKING BACKWARDS, HE AT ONCE MADE HIS ENTRY WHILE ESTABLISHING FALSE EVIDENCE OF ESCAPE.

HE DEDUCED THAT IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB—THAT THE MURDERER NEVER LEFT THE HOUSE...

COMING IN THRU THE WINDOW, HE MURDERED OLD MAN MORTON. THEN HE SNEAKED UP TO HIS ROOM THRU THE SERVANT'S BACK STAIRCASE, AND WENT TO BED. WHEN I HAD ASCERTAINED WHICH OF THE SERVANTS SMOKED A PIPE, I KNEW I HAD THE MURDERER.



BUT HOW DID YOU COME TO EXAMINE THE POLICE FILES FOR 1919?

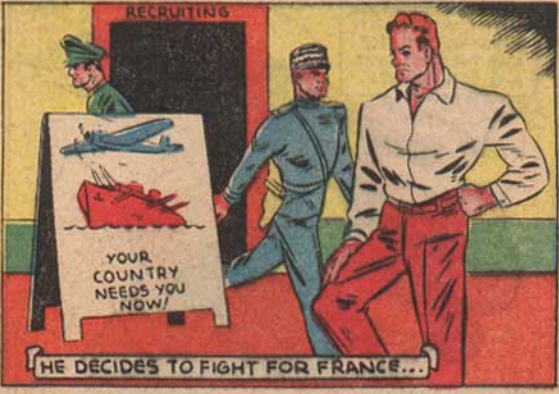


...I PLAYED A HUNCH AND IT WAS CORRECT. ONE OF THE REPORTERS COVERING THE CASE TERMED ME THE SILVER FOX, AND THAT'S HOW I GOT THE NAME.

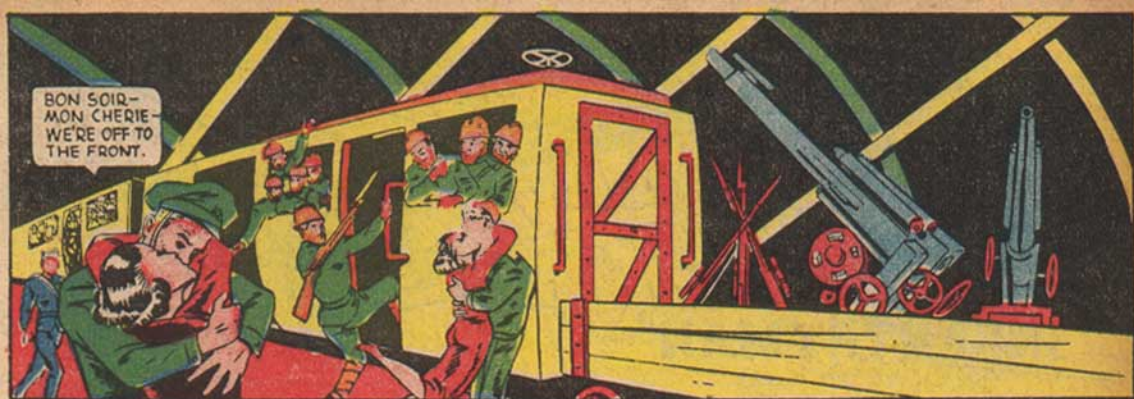
THE CASE REMINDED HIM OF ONE HE HEARD ABOUT WHILE IN ENGLAND AFTER THE WORLD WAR.



WELL, CHIEF, YOU CERTAINLY AIN'T NO DUMB OX!



BON SOIR—
MON CHERIE—
WE'RE OFF TO
THE FRONT.



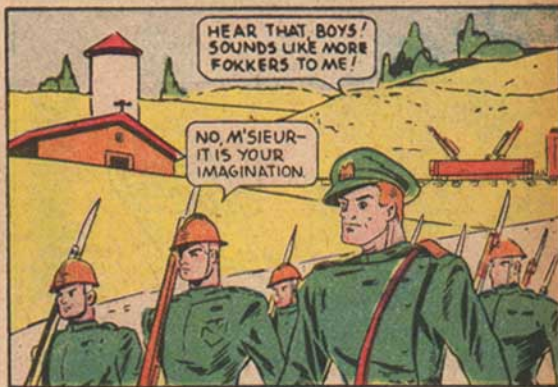
LET THE
JERRIES
HAVE IT!!



THEY CAN'T TAKE IT,
BOYS! WE HIT ONE
AND THE REST TAKE
A QUICK POWDER.



HEAR THAT BOYS!
SOUNDS LIKE MORE
FOKKERS TO ME!

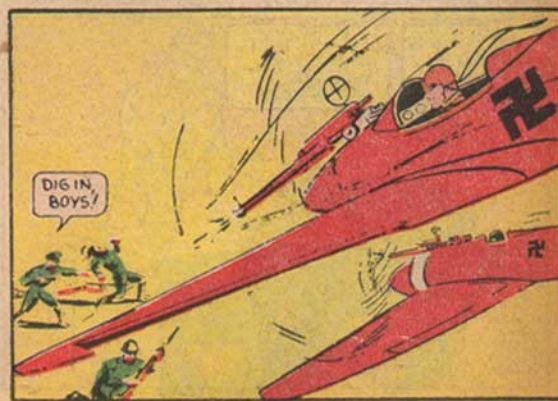


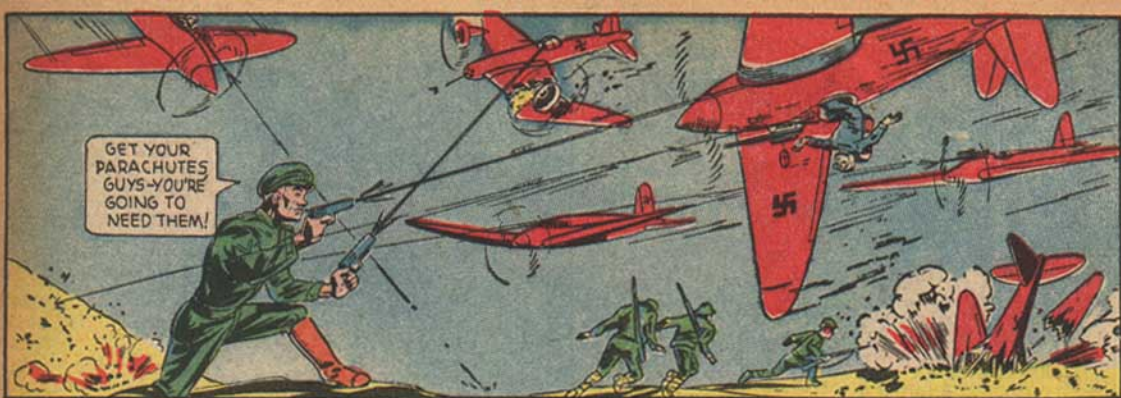
NO, M'SIEUR—
IT IS YOUR
IMAGINATION.

IT'S MY IMAGINATION, EH!
THOSE OTHER GUYS WENT
HOME AND GOT THEIR BIG
BROTHERS!

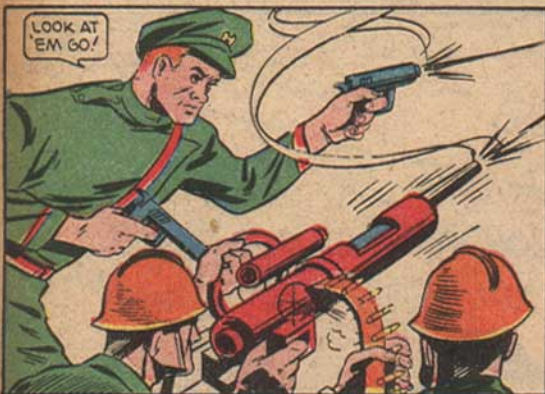


DIG IN,
BOYS!

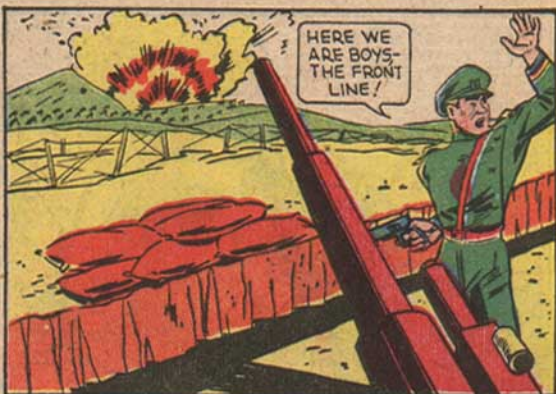




GET YOUR PARACHUTES GUYS-YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THEM!



LOOK AT 'EM GO!



HERE WE ARE BOYS-THE FRONT LINE!



YOU HAVE AN ADMIRABLE RECORD, CORPORAL.... I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE OF IT. WE NEED MEN OF YOUR EXPERIENCE

LATER-IN THE DUGOUT...



WE START AN OFFENSIVE AT DAWN-I WANT YOU TO LEAD OUR TROOPS OVER THE TOP.

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!



GET READY! ONE MINUTE TO ZERO-

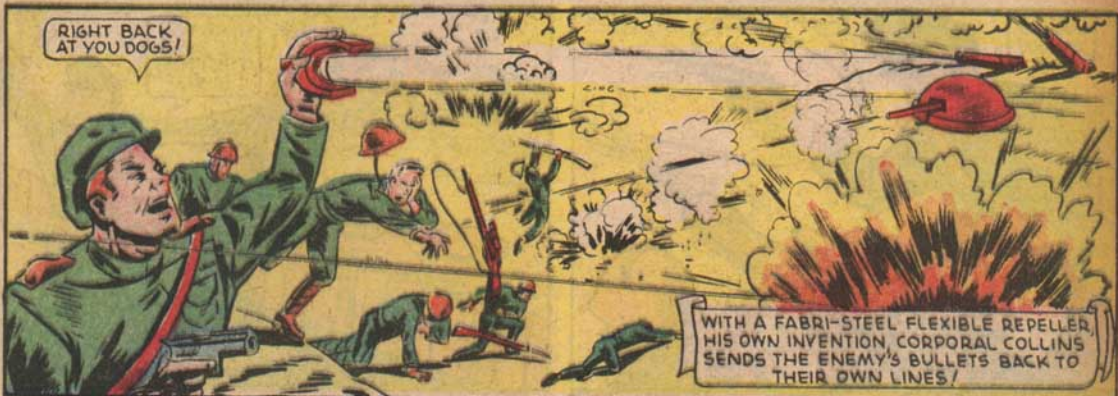


LET'S GET 'EM BOYS!

HERE WE COME!



POSSESSING A SIXTH-SENSE WHICH WARNS HIM OF DANGER, COLLINS CAN MOVE OUT OF A BULLETS PATH...



WITH A FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER, HIS OWN INVENTION, CORPORAL COLLINS SENDS THE ENEMY'S BULLETS BACK TO THEIR OWN LINES!





MY-SUCH HOSPITALITY!
TSK, TSK.

ACH!



GOOD FOR THREE BASES!



KEEP THEM LIFTED! THE WAQS OVER FOR YOU GUYS!

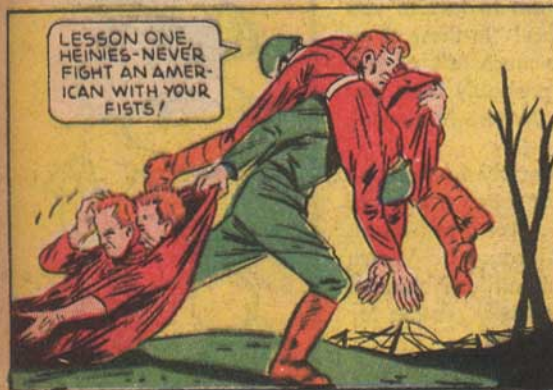


DAS IST DEINE ENDE!

OH YEAH? WHY YOU-



SKUNKS!



LESSON ONE, HEINIES-NEVER FIGHT AN AMERICAN WITH YOUR FISTS!



FOR YOUR BRAVERY THE CROIX DE GUERRE.

MERCI BEAU COUP MON GENERAL.

FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF CORPORAL COLLINS IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



Just a Moment



YOUR SECOND HELPING

History repeats itself. It is doing it now. The second issue of BLUE RIBBON COMICS is before you. We spent many an anxious night wondering how you were going to respond to our first issue. We find now that our fears were not justified, for you responded wonderfully. You told us both by letter and by newsstand results that you like BLUE RIBBON COMICS. And does that please us? We'll say!

It makes us feel so good that we're outdoing ourselves to make this issue better than the last. This is quite a job, too, because we worked mighty hard on the first issue. But, as the saying goes, a thing either goes forward or it goes backward. It never stands still. We are never going to be satisfied to make an issue as good as the last. It's got to be better to suit us!

What features do you like especially in BLUE RIBBON COMICS? Let us know. Let us know, too, what you think might be improved. This is your magazine, you know. It doesn't belong to us. If you're pleased with it, it will go on and on bringing you entertainment. If we're pleased with it, well, we're just pleased with it, that's all. It doesn't help anything. WE'VE got to please YOU!

We repeat again in this issue, too, that every feature you see here is ORIGINAL. It has never been printed before in any newspaper or magazine! And you're getting your full quota of pages. Sixty-four full pages of excitement. Accept no less than that for your dime! Be a good buyer. Make sure you're getting what you pay for!

And here's a thought to carry with you. You know Dad may seem a bit worried at times recently. Perhaps you've seen him when he was quiet and didn't want to talk to you when he got home. Don't blame him for that! In these times he has plenty to think about, what with so much talk of war and poor markets and slow business. He probably feels that he just wants to sit and think things over. Maybe he's trying to solve a problem.

At those times, don't ask Dad questions, or try to work an increase in your allowance out of him. Just leave a copy of your favorite BLUE RIBBON COMICS handy. Let it rest on his arm chair. Watch him pick it up and thumb through it. Watch him get his nose down into it! Then see his attitude change! Dad likes the same things you like . . . He's really rooting for you all the time. Try it and see if we're not right!



You Can Make Your Own Records If You Sing or Play An Instrument

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friends' voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestra or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'd get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDO unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDO. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



COMPLETE OUTFIT INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED BLANK RECORDS ONLY. . . . \$3.98

Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$.75 per dozen.

Send No Money! Hurry Coupon! Start Recording At Once!

HOME RECORDING CO.,
Studio T.N. 130 West 17th St.,
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.98 plus postage, on arrival. (Send each or money order now for \$4.00 and save postage.)
Send.....additional blank records at \$.75 per dozen.

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NOTE: Canadian and Foreign \$4.00 cash with order.

Dealers Write!

Reliable dealers are invited to write for full particulars.

OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
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