

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS

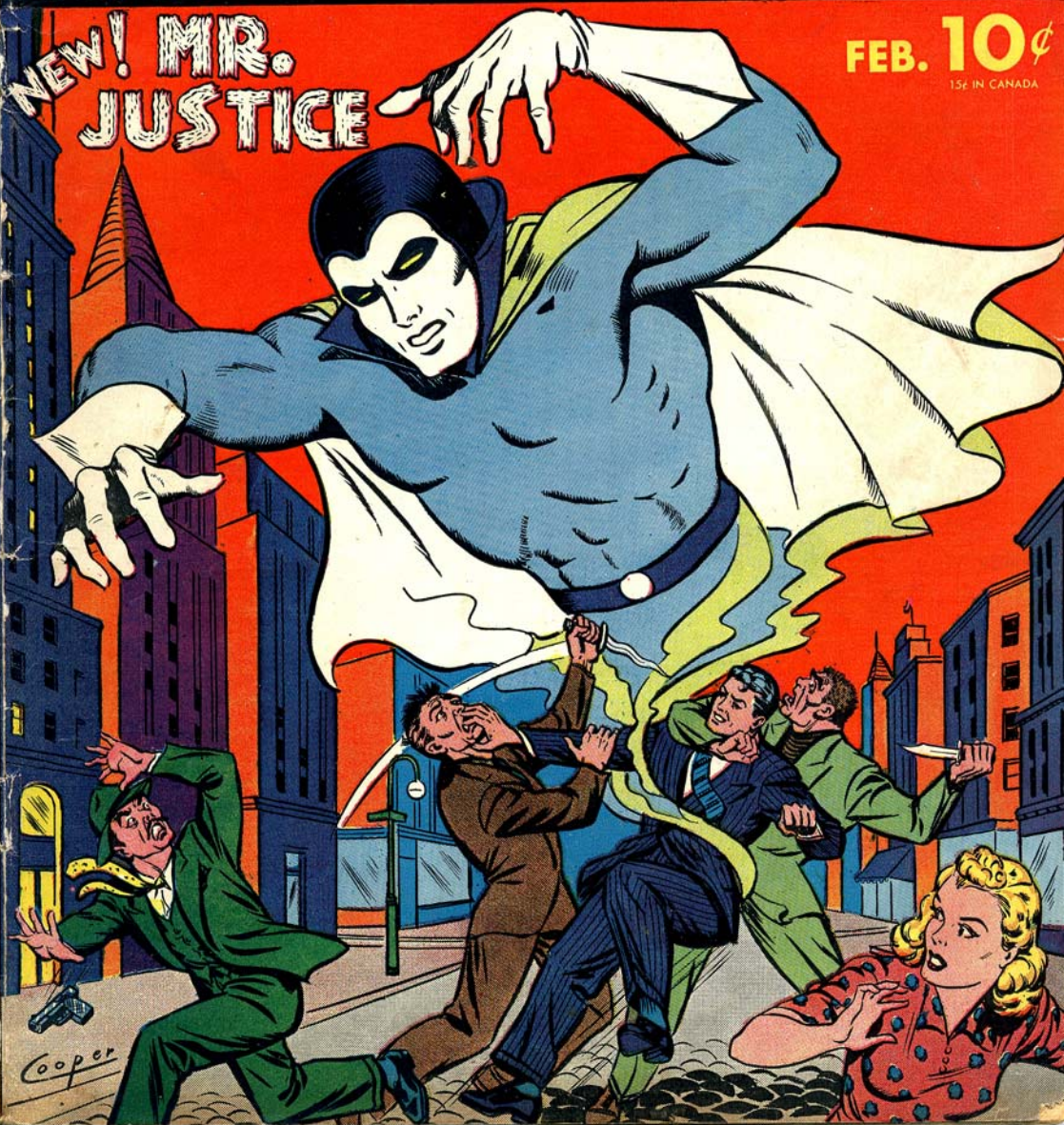
MYSTERY



No. 9 TWO BIG LEAD STORIES!!

NEW! MR. JUSTICE

FEB. 10¢
15¢ IN CANADA





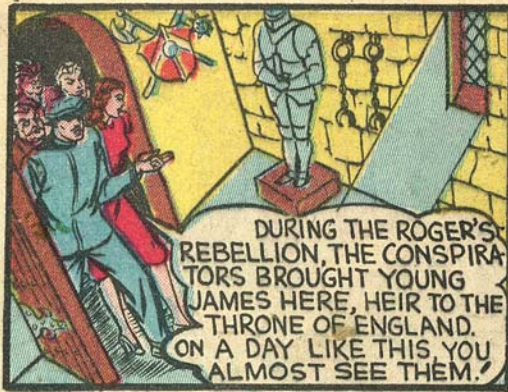
RESTING ON THE BOUNDARY LINE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND, STANDS THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF SOLWAY FIRTH.... ERECTED IN THE YEAR 1540, THE MEDIEVAL FORTRESS HAS WITHSTOOD COUNTLESS SCORES OF ATTACKS. NOW, IN THE YEAR 1940, A NEW AND TERRIBLE ENEMY HURLS DOWN TONS OF THUNDEROUS DESTRUCTION. BUT IN RELEASING THEIR RACK-LOADS OF DEATH, THE INVADERS ARE ABOUT TO RELEASE FROM DEATH - THE MOST BEWILDERING, THE MOST INCREDIBLE, THE MOST MYSTERIOUS MAN THE EARTH HAS EVER KNOWN.

AS THE ENEMY PLANES ROAR OVERHEAD, A GUIDE AND SEVERAL TOURISTS Huddle INSIDE THE CASTLE TREMBLING WITH FEAR...



THERE'S THE ALL-CLEAR SIGNAL! ... AND NOW, IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, WE SHALL CONCLUDE THIS TOUR WITH A TRIP TO THE TOWER, WHERE ENGLISH HISTORY WAS WRITTEN MANY YEARS AGO!





DURING THE ROGER'S REBELLION, THE CONSPIRATORS BROUGHT YOUNG JAMES HERE, HEIR TO THE THRONE OF ENGLAND. ON A DAY LIKE THIS YOU ALMOST SEE THEM!



"...IT WAS EXACTLY 200 YEARS AGO THIS VERY YEAR"

YOU SHALL BE SAFE HERE, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS!

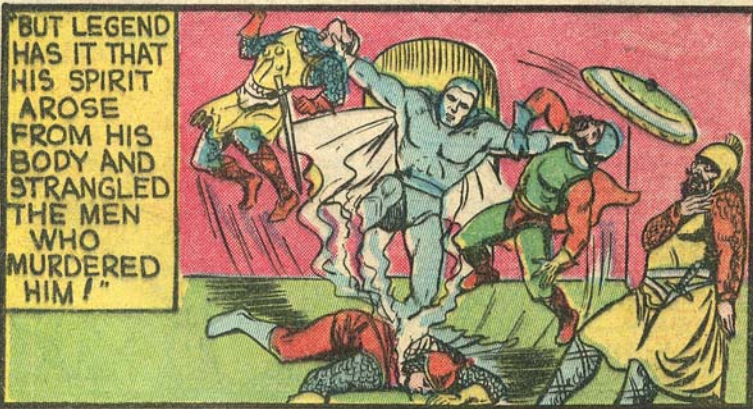


HAWKES! MAC DUFF! THIS IS TREACHERY!

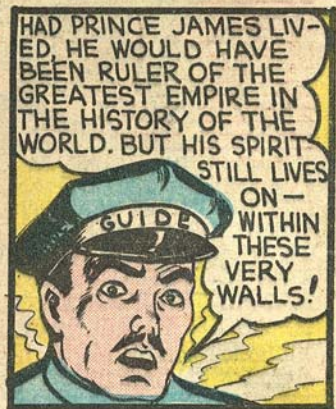


"..AND SO THE ROYAL HEIR WAS MURDERED"

PRINCE JAMES IS DEAD. LONG LIVE PRINCE RICHARD!



"BUT LEGEND HAS IT THAT HIS SPIRIT AROSE FROM HIS BODY AND STRANGLERD THE MEN WHO MURDERED HIM!"



HAD PRINCE JAMES LIVED, HE WOULD HAVE BEEN RULER OF THE GREATEST EMPIRE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. BUT HIS SPIRIT STILL LIVES ON - WITHIN THESE VERY WALLS!



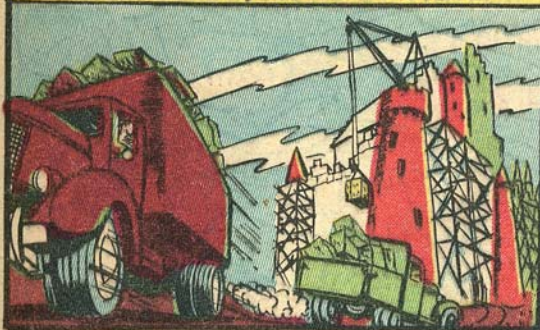
THE STORY HAS IT THAT SOMEDAY THIS CASTLE WILL BE DESTROYED AND THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE JAMES WILL RETURN TO EARTH ONCE AGAIN!



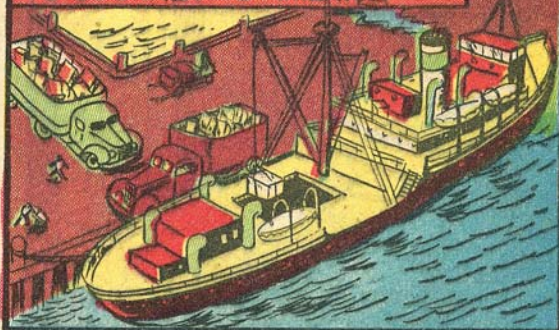
SOMETIME LATER...THE HOME SECURITY MINISTRY, MEETING IN LONDON, DECIDES.....

IT IS DECIDED THEN, THAT, IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE CASTLE OF SOLWAY FIRTH, IT SHALL BE DISMANTLED AND SENT TO A SANCTUARY IN AMERICA!

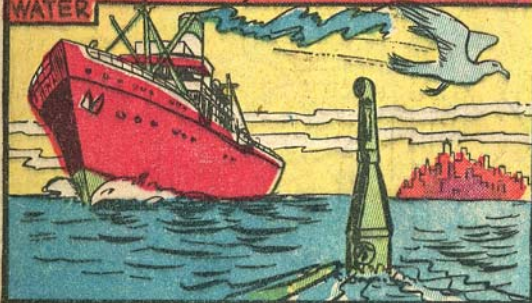
THE HISTORIC FORTRESS IS TORN DOWN AND CARTED AWAY, STONE BY STONE



IT IS LOADED ABOARD SHIP AND SENT ON ITS JOURNEY TO AMERICA



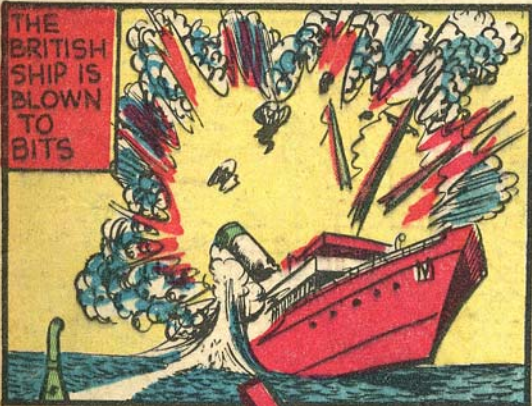
BUT SEVERAL DAYS LATER, JUST OUTSIDE THE UNITED STATES, A PERISCOPE BREAKS WATER



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE, AN ENEMY OFFICER GIVES A CRUEL COMMAND



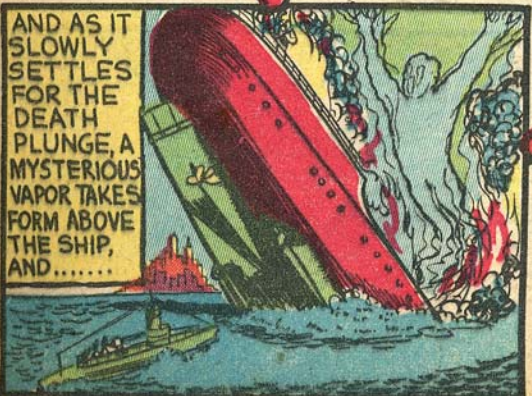
THE BRITISH SHIP IS BLOWN TO BITS



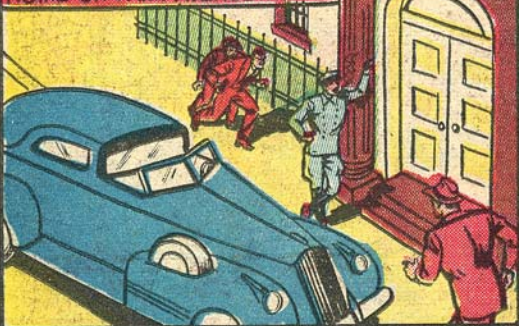
THE SPIRIT OF THE MARTYRED PRINCE JAMES RETURNS TO THE WORLD



AND AS IT SLOWLY SETTLES FOR THE DEATH PLUNGE, A MYSTERIOUS VAPOR TAKES FORM ABOVE THE SHIP, AND.....



THAT NIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BRUCE PIDDLE HOME ON PARK AVENUE.....



ARE YOU THE PIDDLE CHAUFFEUR?



THAT'S RIGHT!

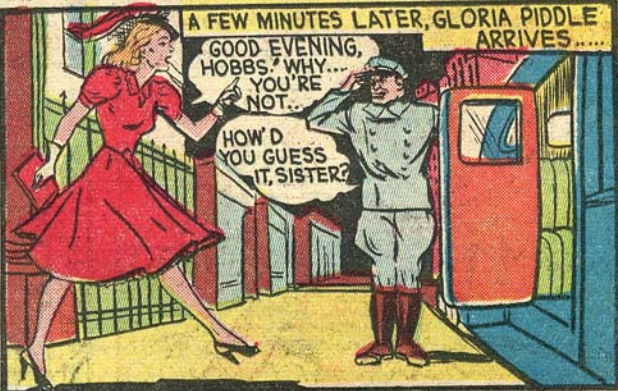
THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT!

WE JUST DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE ANY MISTAKE



TOSS HIM IN THE REAR SEAT!

OH!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, GLORIA PIDDLE ARRIVES....

GOOD EVENING, HOBBS. WHY... YOU'RE NOT...

HOW'D YOU GUESS IT, SISTER?



IN THE CAR YUH GO!

DON'T LET HER MAKE ANY NOISE!



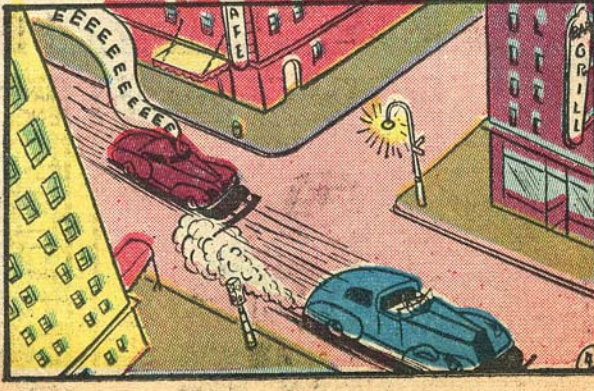
MISS GLORIA! THOSE MEN GRABBED HER! I'LL HAVE TO NOTIFY THE POLICE...



BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE PIDDLE LIMOUSINE... GLORIA PIDDLE WAS JUST KIDNAPPED

MIKE! THERE SHE GOES!

LET'S GET 'EM, BOY!

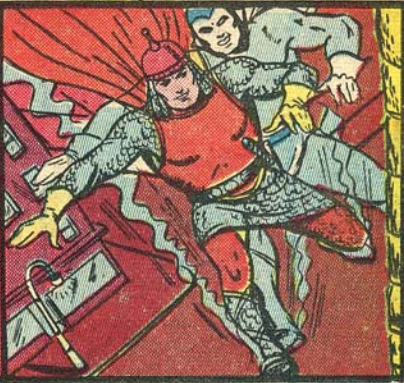


MEANWHILE, DOWN ON THE NEW YORK WATERFRONT

METHINKS I SHOULD REVERT TO SOME MORE EARTHLY FORM! MY APPEARANCE MIGHT FRIGHTEN SOME GOOD CITIZEN!



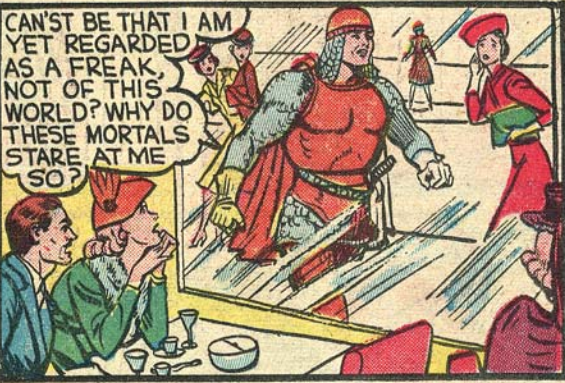
AMAZINGLY, THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE JAMES BEGINS TO CHANGE! LITTLE BY LITTLE HE UNDERGOES A METAMORPHOSIS!



UNTIL HE ASSUMES THE SHAPE OF MORTAL MAN



CAN'T BE THAT I AM YET REGARDED AS A FREAK, NOT OF THIS WORLD? WHY DO THESE MORTALS STARE AT ME SO?



NO! LITTLE WONDER THEY STARE, I MUST DIVEST MYSELF OF THESE ANCIENT GARBS AND DON SOME MODERN DRESS!



WHOOOPS, HIC, SHAY, THAT'S A NICE OUTFIT YOU GOT, BUD!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD CARE TO TRADE CLOTHES WITH ME?

WELL, I'LL TELL YUH, BUB, THAT AIN'T A BAD IDEA AT ALL!



MAYHAP THIS DARK ENCLOSURE WILL AFFORD US A CHANCE TO DISROBE!

OH, BOY! WAIT 'TIL MY LITTLE WOMAN SEES ME IN THEM FANCY DUDS!





WOO-WOO! I THINK THE GUY WAS DAFFY FOR PARTIN' WITH THIS GET-UP!

I MUST REMEMBER THESE GARMENTS ARE CALLED 'DUDS'... AND A STRANGER'S NAME IS ALWAYS "BUD"... WHAT A PECULIAR TONGUE THESE MODERNS SPEAK!



PRINCE JAMES WANDERS OUT INTO THE STREET....

WHAT A CLATTER AND CLAMOR THOSE BEAMS OF LIGHT ARE RAISING!



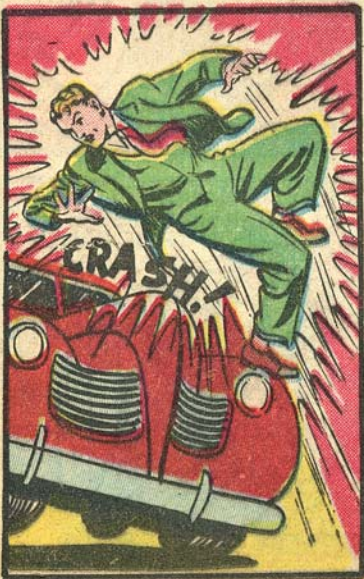
THE FIRST CAR BARELY MISSES PRINCE JAMES



I CAN'T MISS HIM! HE'S TOO CLOSE!

PAT! LOOK OUT! THAT GUY'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

BUT IN THE SECOND CAR.....



WHAT A BREAK!

YEAH! PROBABLY NOTHIN' LEFT OF THE POOR GUY!



LOOK! HE— HE'S ALIVE!

WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?

TRYIN' TO KEEP US FROM CATCHIN' THE SNATCHERS, HUH?

I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT, BUT IT WAS A GOOD TRICK!

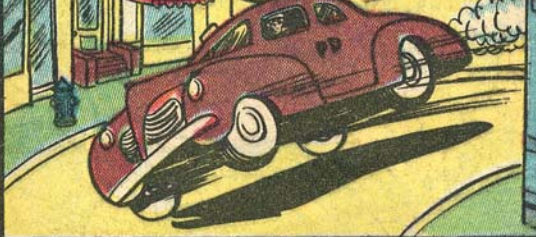


BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I..... I WAS SIMPLY WALKING ALONG—

GET IN THERE AND SHUT UP! YOU'RE GOIN' ALONG WITH US!



BECAUSE OF YOU, A COUPLE OF KILLERS GOT AWAY WITH A DAME! HER LIFE AIN'T WORTH A NICKEL IF WE DON'T CATCH 'EM!



SO THAT'S IT! BECAUSE OF ME, SOMEONE'S LIFE IS ENDANGERED! WELL, I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT!



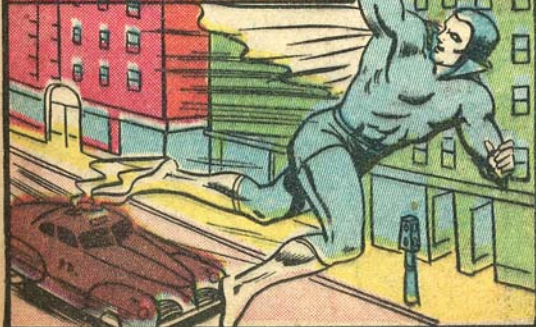
ABOVE THE SPEEDING CAR, A MIST BEGINS TO FORM



THE SPIRIT OF PRINCE JAMES!

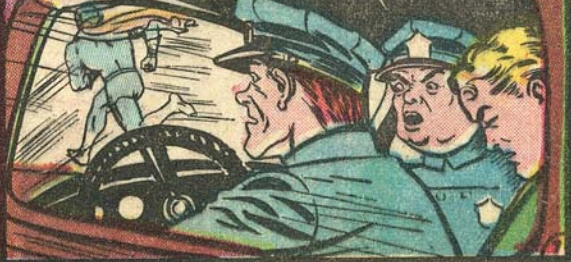


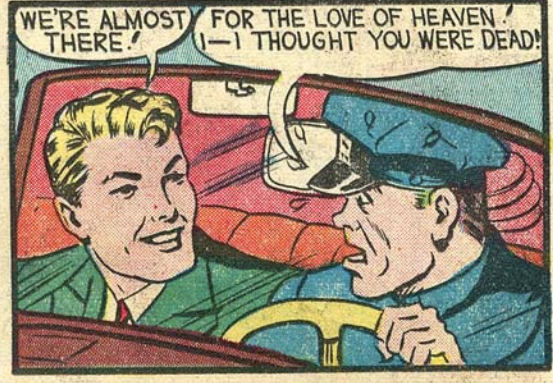
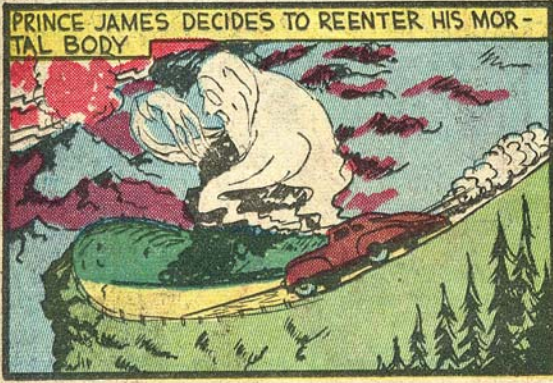
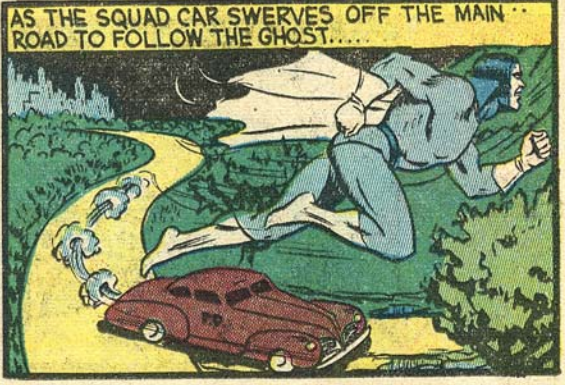
THE ROYAL WRAITH SIGNALS THE POLICE TO FOLLOW HIM



H-H-HEY! L-L-LOOK AT THAT! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE NOTHING! WE'RE FOLLOWING IT!

DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S A GH---

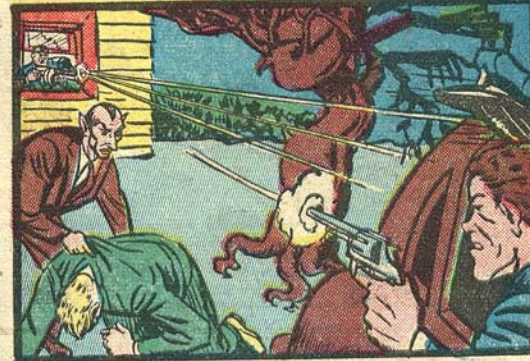
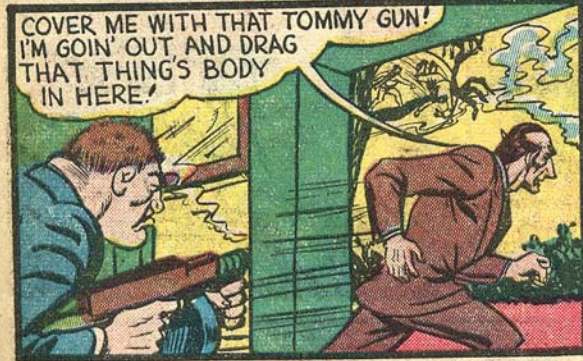
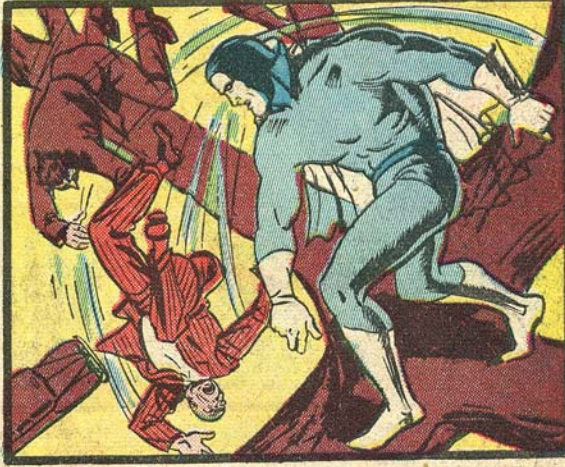
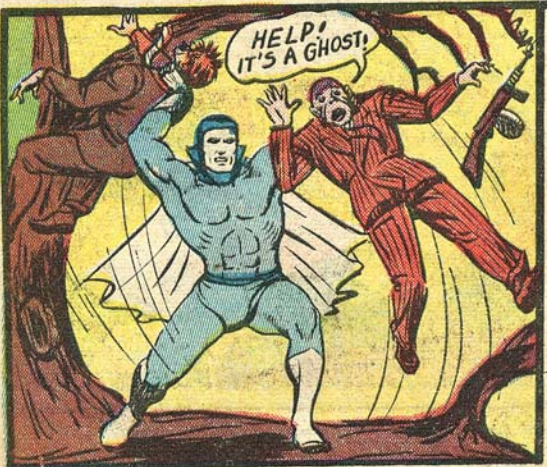
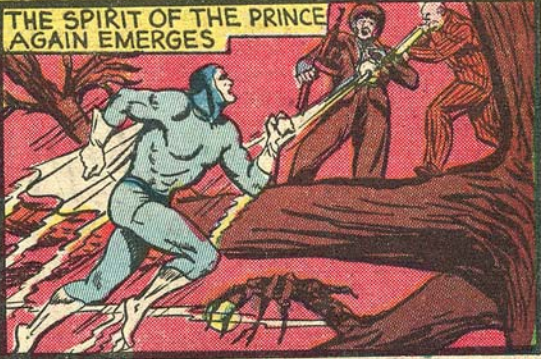




AS HIS MORTAL BODY SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.



THE SPIRIT OF THE PRINCE AGAIN EMERGES



AS THE KID-NAPPER DRIVES THE STAKE... THE BODY OF THE MARTYRED PRINCE DISAPPEARS

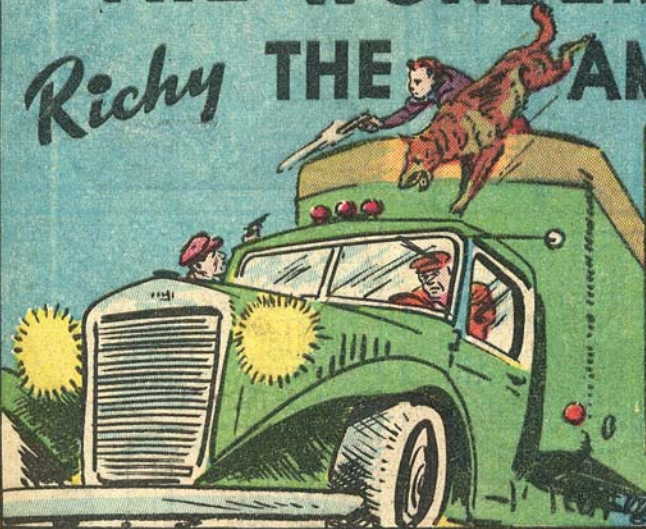


MORE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF MR. JUSTICE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG WITH

Richy THE AMAZING BOY



DEATH RIDES THE HIGHWAYS, AS RANG-A-TANG, RICHY AND HY SPEED, ACE CRIME-BUSTERS, FOLLOW THE CLUE OF THE MURDERED DRIVER AND THE MISSING TRUCK LOAD OF BORDER-BOUND COFFINS!
HAVING RECEIVED A TELEPHONE CALL REQUESTING THEIR AID — HY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE CALLING AT THE OFFICES OF THE JACKSON TRUCKING COMPANY.....



THIS MAN IS DEAD!
DO YOU KNOW WHO
HE IS?

YES! THAT'S ONE OF OUR
DRIVERS — PAUL
LA PORTE!



HE AND A TRUCK LOAD OF CASSETS,
BOUND FOR MEXICO, HAVE BEEN
MISSING FOR SEVERAL DAYS!
THAT'S WHY WE CALLED
YOU IN!



HURRY, RICHY! SEE IF YOU CAN
SPOT ANYONE OUTSIDE!
SOMEBODY HAD TO DELIVER
THIS BODY HERE!



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME-
ONE SAVED ME THE
TROUBLE OF FINDING
THE DRIVER! BUT
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HAD HE BEEN WITH
YOUR COMPANY
VERY LONG?



FOR SEVERAL YEARS, MR. SPEED!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN VERY RE-
LIABLE! I WOULD SAY THAT
HE HAD MET WITH SOME
SORT OF HI-JACKING
TROUBLE. THE MAN
HIMSELF WAS BEYOND
SUSPICION!



HAVE YOU CHECKED WITH THE CASSET
COMPANY? MAYBE THEY HAVE A CLUE!

NO, MR. SPEED! THAT WOULD
BE BAD BUSINESS. WE MAKE
A LOT OF MONEY FROM THEM
AND IF THERE IS ANY INKLING
OF TROUBLE, WE'LL LOSE
THEIR CONTRACT!



MEANWHILE....

RANG! THAT SEDAN! IT'S
JUST PULLING OUT OF HERE!
AND I'LL BET WHOEVER IS IN
IT KNOWS SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT DEAD
MAN!



RICHY AND RANG LEAP INTO
HY'S ROADSTER....

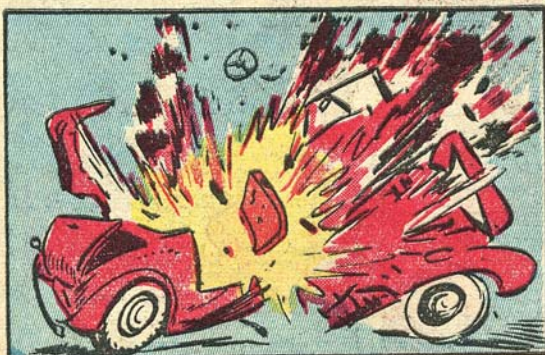
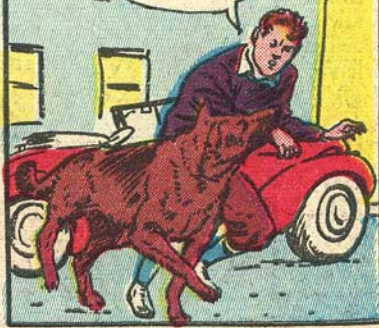
HECK! THE DARNED
THING WON'T START!
WHAT COULD BE WRONG,
I WONDER?



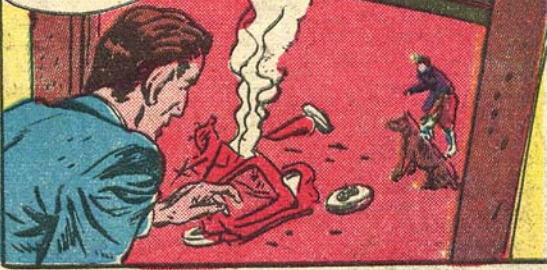
THE WONDER DOG GRASPS
RICHY'S ARM AND STARTS
TO PULL HIM OUT OF THE
CAR.



OKAY! WE WON'T GO!
BUT DON'T BE SO
ROUGH!



RICHY! RANG!
STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



WHAT HAPPENED?

I TRIED TO START THE
CAR TO CHASE A GUY,
AND RANG STOPPED ME!



YOU WERE LUCKY, RICHY! THERE WAS A DELAYED
ACTION BOMB UNDER THE HOOD! FORTUNATELY,
RANG'S SENSITIVE EARS DETECTED IT, IN
TIME TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!



WELL, IT'S ALMOST TIME
TO CALL IT A DAY.
HOWEVER, IF I WANT TO
TALK TO THE NIGHT
WATCHMAN LATER—
CAN I GET IN?

SURE! WE'RE
OPEN DAY AND
NIGHT! THIS IS
A REGULAR
TERMINAL
HERE!



THE FIRST THING FOR US TO DO IS
GO DOWNTOWN AND PICK OUT A NEW
1941 MODEL. I'M AFRAID OUR
OTHER CAR IS PRETTY
WELL SHOT.



LATER, THE THREE CRIME-BUSTERS DRIVE HOME IN THEIR NEW CAR.....



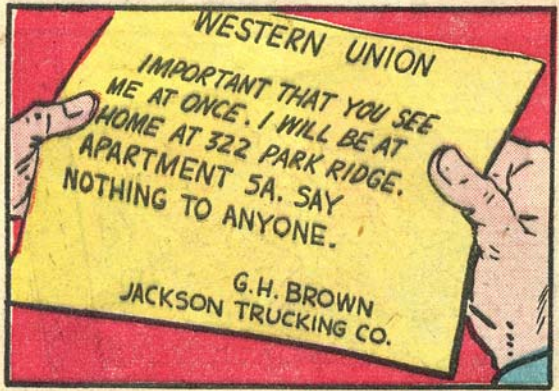
BOY! THIS SURE RIDES SWELL!

LOOK, RICHY! THERE'S RASTUS — AND HE SEEMS EXCITED ABOUT SOMETHING!



WHAT'S UP?

POW'FUL 'PORTANT MESSAGE FOR YOU, MISTUH SPEED!



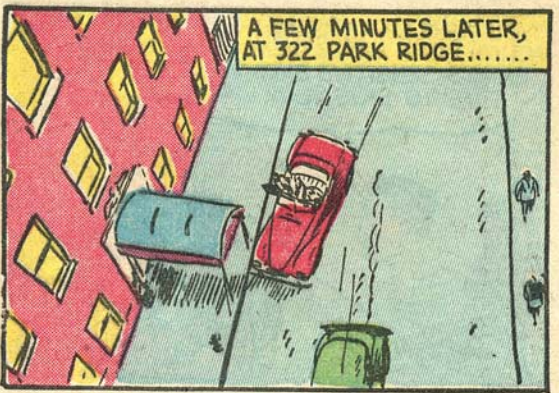
WESTERN UNION

IMPORTANT THAT YOU SEE ME AT ONCE. I WILL BE AT HOME AT 322 PARK RIDGE, APARTMENT 5A. SAY NOTHING TO ANYONE.

G.H. BROWN JACKSON TRUCKING CO.



HM! I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE OCCURRED SINCE WE LEFT HIM AND MR. JACKSON?



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT 322 PARK RIDGE.....



LET'S GO IN, RICHY!

COME ON, RANG!



GOSH, HY! WE'VE BEEN RINGING HIS BELL FOR TEN MINUTES!

I'M GOING TO OPEN HIS DOOR WITH A SKELETON KEY! I HAVE A HUNCH SOMETHING IS WRONG!



HY OPENS THE DOOR AND THEY RUSH IN....



WELL I'LL BE — ! HE'S DEAD!
AND IT ISN'T BROWN — IT'S
WINKLER! THE OTHER PARTNER
WHO WAS SUPPOSED TO BE
OUT OF TOWN!



GOSH, HY! THIS
DOESN'T MAKE
SENSE TO
ME!

IT'S JUST BEGINNING TO
MAKE SENSE, RICHY! AND
IF WE DON'T HURRY, I'M
AFRAID MR. BROWN IS
THE NEXT VICTIM!



LOOK! AN
ACCIDENT!

I'M AFRAID WE'RE
TOO LATE ALREADY!



YOU MEAN YOU
THINK MR. BROWN
IS IN THIS
WRECK?

WE'LL SOON KNOW!

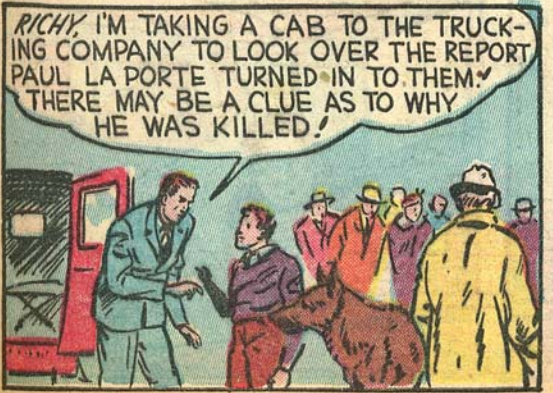


I'M HY SPEED, PRIVATE
DETECTIVE. WHO IS THE
MAN YOU TOOK
OUT OF THE
WRECK?



WHAT'S LEFT OF
HIM USED TO BE
A TRUCKING COMPANY
EXECUTIVE
BY THE NAME
OF BROWN!

THANKS! THAT'S
WHO I
THOUGHT
IT WOULD
BE!



RICHY, I'M TAKING A CAB TO THE TRUCKING
COMPANY TO LOOK OVER THE REPORT
PAUL LA PORTE TURNED IN TO THEM.
THERE MAY BE A CLUE AS TO WHY
HE WAS KILLED!



YOU TAKE MY CAR AND GET OVER TO
THE CASKET COMPANY! JUST PARK IN
FRONT OF THE PLACE AND KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN — THAT'S ALL!
I'LL BE ALONG LATER
TO JOIN YOU!

OKAY,
HY!

LATER....IN FRONT OF THE CASKET COMPANY

HO-HUM! I'M GETTING TIRED OF JUST SITTING HERE! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN PICK UP SOME CLUES, RANG!



I DON'T SEE ANY SENSE IN SITTING AROUND WHEN WE MIGHT BE DOING SOMETHING USEFUL!



WHEN! LOOK AT ALL THESE ROUGH BOXES—AND A CASKET IN EVERY ONE! MY GOSH—LOTS OF PEOPLE COULD BE PUT IN THEM!



THIS MUST BE WHERE THEY LOAD THE CASKETS ON THE TRUCKS! LET'S GO IN!



SHH! DOWN, RANG! THAT TRUCK LOOKS LIKE THE ONE MR. JACKSON SAID WAS MISSING! LET'S HEAR WHAT THEY SAY!



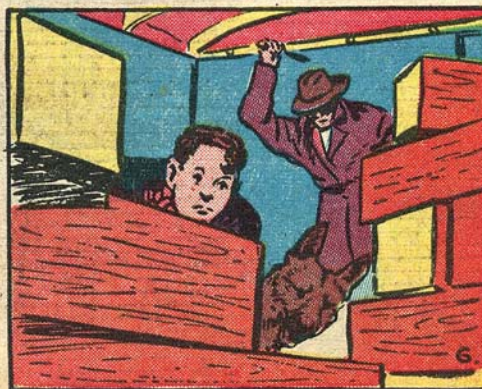
HAVE YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS STRAIGHT?

YEAH! WE STICK TO ROUTE 33 AND PULL OFF ON THAT SIDE-ROAD. RIGHT?



WE FOLLOW THE SIDE-ROAD 'TIL DAYLIGHT AND THEN WE PULL OFF AND WAIT FOR NIGHT AGAIN!

RIGHT! NOW GET GOING!



MEANWHILE, HY SPEED IS IN THE OFFICE OF THE TRUCKING COMPANY.....

LADDEN.....LAMSON.....
AH! HERE IT IS!
LA PORTE!



NOW! THIS IS THE REPORT THE DRIVER TURNED IN JUST BEFORE HE WAS KILLED! HE COMPLAINED ABOUT AN OVERLOAD IN HIS TRUCK!

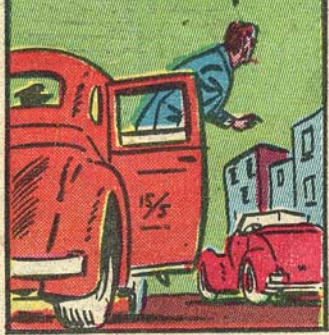


LA PORTE WAS JUST GETTING WISE TO SOMETHING! THAT'S WHY HE WAS BUMPED OFF! IF THAT'S THE CASE, RANG AND RICHY ARE IN DANGER! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SENT THEM TO THE CASKET COMPANY!



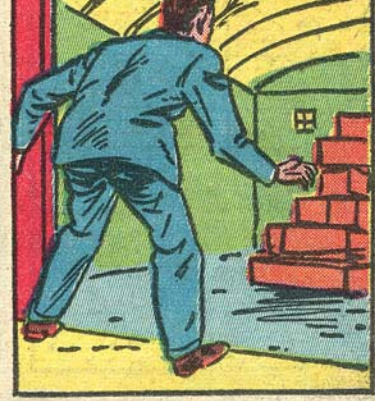
HY HAILS A CAB AND HURRIES TO THE CASKET COMPANY.....

THERE'S MY CAR BUT RANG AND RICHY ARE GONE!



THE ACE DETECTIVE RUSHES INTO THE LOADING SHED.....

RICHY!
RANG!



HE HEARS MUFFLED BARKING FROM BEHIND A DOOR



THAT'S RANG!

HY CRASHES INTO THE ROOM.



WE WERE HIT FROM THE HEAD! WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE! TELL ME THE REST OF IT ON THE WAY!





IF WE DON'T GET ON THEIR TRAIL FAST- WE'LL NEVER CATCH 'EM!



YOU BET YOU WON'T! GET 'EM UP, BOYS!

DO AS HE SAYS, RICHY! NEVER ARGUE WITH A GUN!

WHAT?!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US ANYWAY?!

THAT AIN'T THE POINT! THE POINT IS- WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN HERE AND TALK FAST?!



THE WONDER DOG CROUCHES LOW, AND SILENTLY MANEUVERS BEHIND THE GUNMAN-



OKAY, CHUMS! BACK UP AGAINST THAT WALL! YOU'RE GONNA GIT PLUGGED- BUT GOOD!!



RANG-A-TANG MAKES A DARING LEAP!



THE GUNMAN GOES DOWN UNDER THE FURY OF THE WONDER DOG'S ATTACK!

NICE WORK, RANG!

ATTA BOY, RANG!

THE FELLOW IS OUT COLD, HY. HE CAN'T DO US ANY GOOD. WE'D BETTER HURRY!

YOU'RE RIGHT RICHY!



IF WE CATCH THOSE CROOKS, WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT BEFORE THEY TURN OFF THE MAIN ROUTE!



A LITTLE LATER...

WE'RE STILL ON '33'- BUT NO SIGN OF THE TRUCK.

THERE'S SOME KIND OF A VEHICLE AHEAD. LOOK!



HEY! THEY DON'T WANT TO LET US PASS! AND LOOK, HY! THERE'S A TRUCK UP AHEAD!



SAY! NOW I REMEMBER THAT'S THE CAR THAT PULLED AWAY AFTER THEY LEFT THE CORPSE AT THE TRUCKING OFFICE!

IT MUST BE THE 'REAR GUARD FOR THIS TRUCK



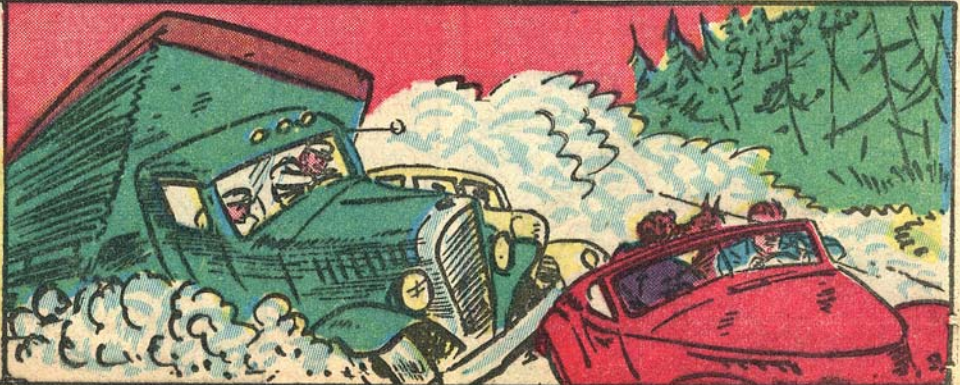
WE'RE ON THE SPOT, RICHY! THE TRUCK WON'T LET US PASS-AND THOSE GUYS BEHIND ARE READY TO SHOOT US! TAKE MY GUN OUT OF THE DASH COMPARTMENT!



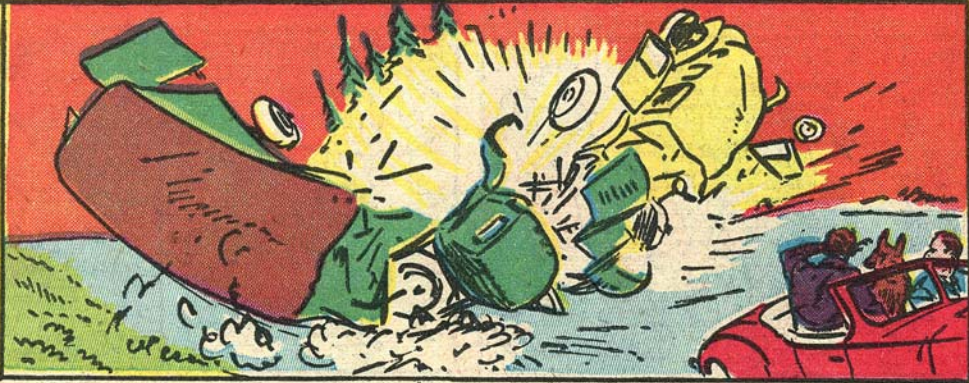
NOW SHOOT AT HIS REAR TIRES, RICHY! ...ATTA BOY! YOU SCORED A DIRECT HIT! NOW HOLD ON!



HY SPEEDS AROUND THE TRUCK JUST AS IT STARTS TO SWERVE OUT OF CONTROL ACROSS THE ROAD!



THE TRUCK AND TRACTOR CRASH INTO THE SEDAN, SMASHING IT LIKE MATCH WOOD!



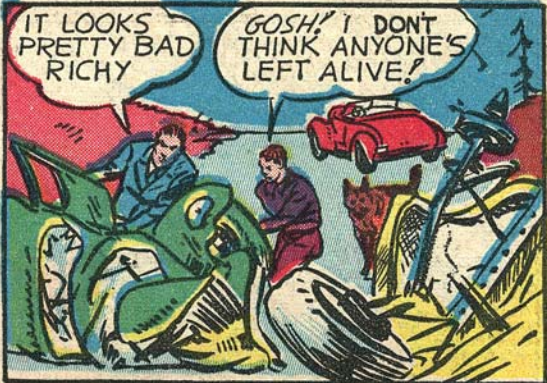
LET'S SEE IF ANYBODY IS ALIVE, HY!

RIGHT! BUT DON'T BE AFRAID TO USE THAT GUN IF YOU HAVE TO!

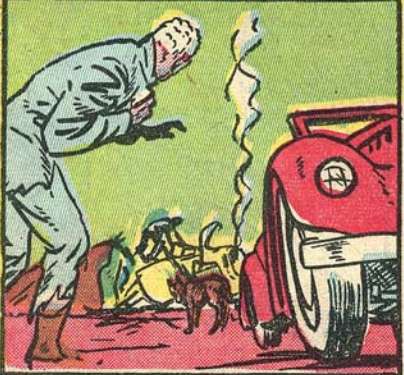


IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD RICHY

GOSH! I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S LEFT ALIVE!



BUT A SHADOWY FIGURE CREEPS OUT OF THE WRECKAGE AND MAKES FOR HY'S SEDAN!

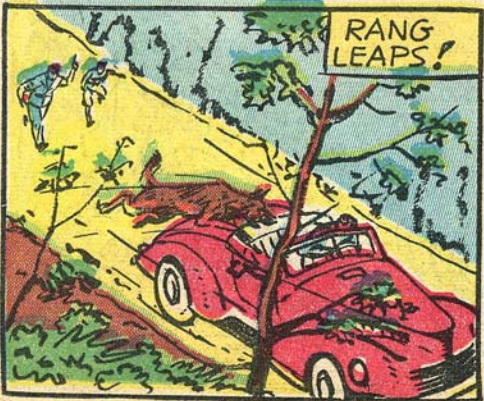


HY! SOMEONE'S IN OUR CAR!

WELL, FOR.. -GET 'IM, RANG!



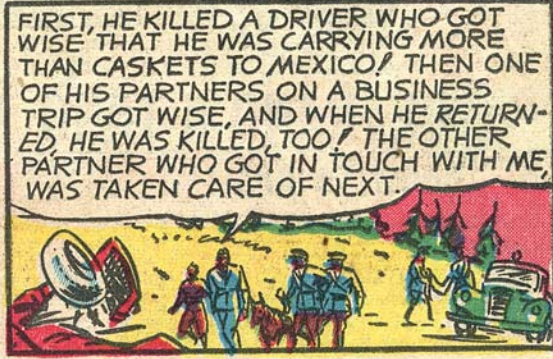
RANG LEAPS!



THE WONDER DOG ATTACKS! -CAUSING THE DRIVER TO LOSE CONTROL OF THE WHEEL. AS THE CAR CRASHES -RANG-A-TANG- JUMPS TO SAFETY!

I HEAR SOME SIRENS UP THE ROAD! SEE WHO IT IS





ALWAYS 2 BIG LEAD FEATURES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE, IN EVERY ISSUE OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS

MR JUSTICE AND RANG-A-TANG

RICHY, THE AMAZING-BOY - THE FOX - STEVE STACEY, SKY DETECTIVE - THE GREEN FALCON - CORPORAL COLLINS - TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, - DOC STRONG AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT - LOOP LOGAN, AIR ACE

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS



EVERYONE loves a dog. That is because down deep inside, everyone is kind, and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the RANG-A-TANG CLUB and to become a prospect for charter membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

THE purpose of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB is to have fellowship among dog lovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also, the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The RANG-A-TANG CLUB's veterinarian, DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON will furnish to members of the CLUB assistance free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

The letter below, from Leonard Lane of 417 E. 51st Street, Brooklyn, New York, is an example of the kind of letter that you can write to the RANG-A-TANG CLUB.

Dear Doctor Slawson:

My dog has been sick for a few days. He eats less than before and has lost his pep. He does not respond when I call him the way he used to. He feels very hot to the touch. Last night he vomited up his food. Please tell me how to feed him.

Sincerely yours,
LEONARD LANE.

How to Join

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

FILL in the coupon which contains the RANG-A-TANG OATH, and mail it to Hy Speed, together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB will receive an embossed membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button, as well as a free copy of Dr. Slawson's Booklet, "Highlights On The Health Of Your Dog and Cat", and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only, the professional advice of DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, Veterinarian, absolutely free.

DO YOU have any questions on the care and training of your dog? If you do, membership in the RANG-A-TANG CLUB entitles you to ask your question, and have it answered by the CLUB'S licensed registered Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Merely fill out the questionnaire printed below and enclose it with your letter, as well as a stamped self-addressed envelope. This is important because unless these instructions are followed, your question will not be answered. Address your letter to THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

THE RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION

HOW TO QUALIFY

There are two ways in which you can be admitted as a charter member of the HONOR LEGION.

1st WAY—In keeping with your RANG-A-TANG Oath of membership, write us a letter relating an exceptional deed you performed involving kindness or courage toward any animal, be it dog, cat, horse, bird, or wild life, and you will be eligible to become a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

- A—All letters must be certified to by parent or guardian.
- B—All those who become Charter Members will have their names published in the pages of BLUE RIBBON COMICS.
- C—Outstanding letters will be published on the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION page.

2nd WAY—Enlist two of your friends as members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. Here's how you do it:—

- A—Just have them apply for membership to the Club in the same way as you did.
- B—Then drop me a postcard giving me their names and addresses.
- C—Be sure and write your own name and address on this card so that we can make you a Charter Member of the HONOR LEGION.

Charter members of the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION will receive a beautifully engraved HONOR LEGION diploma, suitable for framing, signed by Dr. Alexander Slawson, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, the author Joe Blair, the artist Ed. Smalle, Jr. and myself.

Just remember this: it is only necessary to do one of the above two things to obtain Charter Membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Go to it.

HY SPEED

Pinnacle Rd., Henrietta, N.Y.

Dear Hy Speed,

In our barn a litter of kittens were born one fall. We kept them in the barn practically all winter, until one day upon arriving at the door of the barn, I saw one of the kittens lying on the floor underneath a cow, where it had been stepped on. It was still alive. I poked it up very carefully and took it into the house. I looked it over better in the house, finding that it's left hind leg was just clinging there by a few threads. Day after day we put medicine on it. We left the kitten in the house and after many long months it was thoroughly cured. It then became a great pet.

Betty Dorfner

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Frances Geraldine Roland Deerfield St., Box 501 Billerica, Mass.	Barbara Baker 10 Elmwood Ave., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Tom Inglis Kincairdine, Ont. Canada	Greta Bowden Wallkill Ave., Wallkill, N.Y.
Dorald Brigham R.F.D. #2 Berea, Ohio	Billy Roy Hughes 108 Stuart Ave., El Dorado, Ark.
Charles Earley 28 Crosby St., Orono, Maine	June Walter Quarry Heights Ancon, Canal Zone
Sunice Balish 320 Shore Blvd., Brooklyn, N.Y.	Betty Volino South Rd., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

HY SPEED
c/o Blue Ribbon Camier
160 West Broadway, New York City

Dear Hy Speed:

Please enroll me as a member of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I enclose 10c in coin to cover cost of handling. It is understood that I am to receive my membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button.

Name Age
(PRINT CLEARLY)
Street Address
City and State

OATH

On my honor, I pledge myself to deal kindly with all animals, be they in distress or otherwise. To do a good deed whenever I can. In all places, at all times. I will keep this pledge constantly in my heart and in my mind.

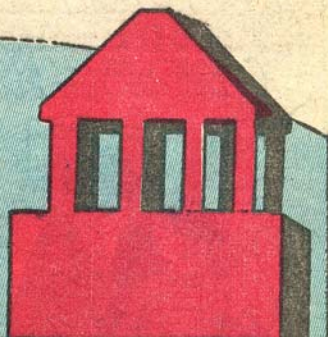
I do so solemnly swear—

Sign name

QUESTIONNAIRE

Print Clearly

NAME ADDRESS BREED OF DOG
SEX OF DOG APPROXIMATE WEIGHT CONDITION OF COAT (HAIR)
EYES NOSE BOWEL FUNCTIONS
OTHER REMARKS



BY
ARTHUR HASEN
AND
JOE BLAIR

FOOT

-A NOTORIOUS RACKETEER
MAKES HIS ESCAPE FROM
THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY-
AND THE NEWS IS QUICKLY
FLASHED TO THE OFFICE OF
THE DAILY GLOBE WHERE PAT
PATTON YOUNG STAFF PHOTO-
GRAPHER AWAITS AN
ASSIGNMENT.....

WHAT'S ALL THE
EXCITEMENT.....
CHIEF?

-OH, SLUGS
MORELLI JUST
ESCAPED FROM
THE PEN--!

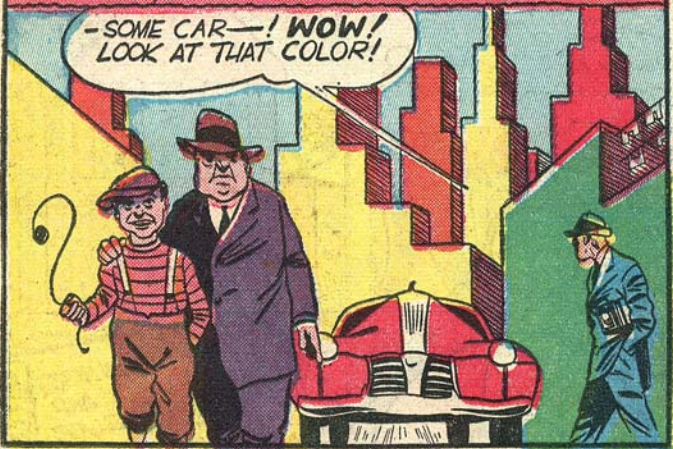


MM-SLUGS,
WAS RAISED ON
THE EAST SIDE'S DEVIL'S
KITCHEN-I'LL HOP OVER
THERE FOR SOME PIX!

DAILY
GLOBE

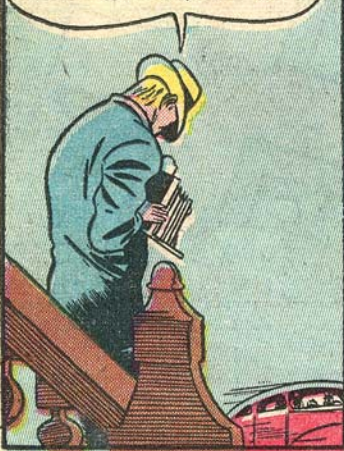
-LOOKING FOR SOME LOCAL COLOR, PAUL VISITS THE SLUM AREA, WHERE MORELLI LIVED.....

-SOME CAR—! WOW!
LOOK AT THAT COLOR!



HELP!
HELP!
STOP!
HEY!
Ooooh!
SHUT UP!

GOSH! I'M RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SCOOP—IF—!



-AS PAUL IS ABOUT TO TAKE SOME SHOTS, A HAIL OF BULLETS SHATTERS HIS CAMERA!



HEY, YOU GUYS, MIGHT HAVE KILLED ME!

-PAUL HELPS THE OLD MAN UP—!



HOW DO YOU FEEL, MISTER? WAS THAT YOUR KID THEY SNATCHED?

IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET HURT, BEAT IT, AND FORGET YOU SAW ANYTHING!

-AS THE MAN WALKS AWAY, PAUL IS CAREFUL TO KEEP ONE FOOT ON A PIECE OF PAPER LYING ON THE WALK.....!!



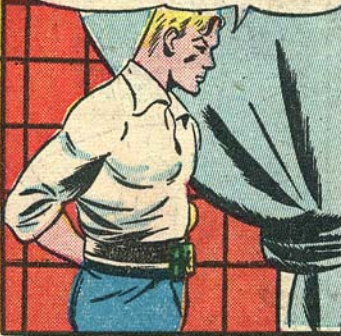
-THE SNATCHER DROPPED THIS! IT WAS MEANT FOR THE OLD MAN—MMM—!



MORELLI—
WHEN YOUR BROTHER SLUG ARRIVES, YOU CAN TELL HIM HIS KID IS SAFE IN OUR HANDS!—ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TELL US WHERE HE HID HIS DOUGH— HE KNOWS WHERE WE'LL BE WAITING— TELL HIM NOT TO TRY ANYTHING FUNNY OR THE KIDS A GONER!
—YOU-KNOW-WHO!

LATER FALL STRAPS ON HIS CANDID CAMERA.....

I'M BEGINNING TO CATCH ON!
THE GUYS WHO MADE THAT SNATCH ARE MEMBERS OF MORELLI'S OLD GANG—!

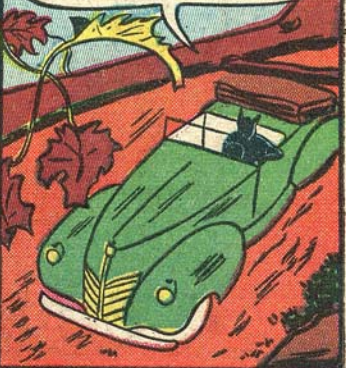


THE KID IS SLUG'S BOY—AND HIS BROTHER WAS TAKING CARE OF HIM—AND NOW THE GANG IS TRYING TO PUT THE PRESSURE ON SLUG TO TELL THEM WHERE HE HAS ALL HIS MONEY HIDDEN

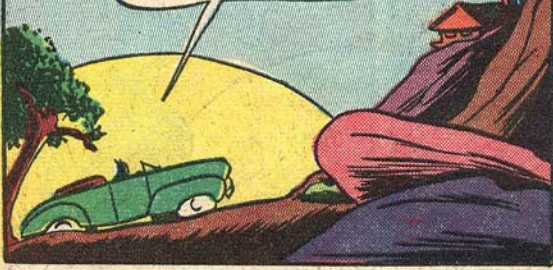


ONCE AGAIN THE FOX SWINGS INTO ACTION

—THEY USED TO HAVE A HANGOUT IN THE HILLS!



IF I'M IN THE RIGHT PLACE, I'LL BE SOME SCOOP—! AH, THERE IT IS!



OH-OH— SOMEONE ELSE HAS THE SAME IDEA—!

WHO'S THAT? WHERE ARE YOU? I'LL SHOOT!



BE CAREFUL WITH THAT GUN!

LET GO OF ME! WHAT ARE YOU, A SPOOK?



UGGH!—YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME!
DROP THAT GUN—!
DROP IT!





HOLY MACKERAL!
I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE—!
YOU'RE THE
FOX!

THAT'S
RIGHT—!
AND YOU'RE
— SLUGS
MORELL!
I WANT TO
TALK WITH
YOU—!



- NOW TALK FAST!
AND TELL ME THE
TRUTH—! I THINK
I CAN HELP YOU—!
WHY'D YOU BREAK
OUT OF JAIL WHEN
YOUR SENTENCE
WAS ALMOST UP?!



- MY OLD GANG
WARNED ME THEY'D
SNATCH MY KID IF
I DIDN'T TELL 'EM
WHERE I HID MY
DOUGH— BUT I
TURNED EVERY-
THING OVER TO
THE COPS WHEN
THEY SENT ME UP
-HONEST!



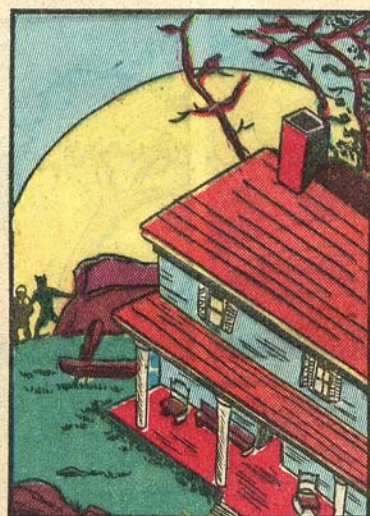
I BELIEVE
YOU! AND
THEN YOU
BROKE OUT
TO SAVE
YOUR KID!

YES! HE
MEANS EVERY
THING TO ME!
THEY KNEW
THAT— AND
THAT I WAS
GOING STRAIGHT
WHEN I CAME
OUT—!



OKAY, SLUGS— I'M GOING TO
HELP YOU SAVE YOUR SON!
ALL I WANT IS YOUR WORD
THAT YOU'LL GIVE YOUR-
SELF UP—!

IT'S A PROMISE!
**FOX, LET'S GET
GOIN—!**



- FER TH—!
I TRIPPED!

THEY'LL HEAR
US SURE—!



WELL, WELL! IF
IT AIN'T SLUGSIE!

YEAH WE WUZ
EXPECTIN' YOU, CHUM!
COME RIGHT IN—!

OKAY, BOYS,
YOU GOT ME!



YOU DIDN'T THINK WE WUZ
FOOLISH ENOUGH TO LET
YOU COME AROUND SHOOTIN'
UP THE PLACE, DIDYA?

YOU'RE JUST
AS CLEVER AS
EVER, BOYS!



MIKE! MIKE!
IF THEYVE HURT
YOU-I'LL--!

RELAX, SLUGSIE!
BUT ONE MOVE
OUT OF YOU AND
I'LL LET THE KID
HAVE IT, UNDERSTAND!



-NOW LETS TALK SHOP!- I
MIGHT AS WELL TELL YA,
YOU AINT LEAVING HERE
ALIVE!- BUT IF YOU WANT
TO SAVE YER KID --
TALK FAST!

OKAY, WHAT
DO YA WANT
TO KNOW?



WHERE'D YOU HIDE
ALL THE LOOT YOU
COLLECTED WHILE
YOU WAS THE BIG
SHOT IN TOWN?

I TOLD YOU
I DON'T HAVE
ANYTHING!



OKAY, BIGGSY,
LET THE BRAT
HAVE IT!

WHAT
EVER
YOU SAY
BOSS!

YOU DIRTY
RATS! IF
YOU PULL
THAT
TRIGGER--



HOW CAN I TAKE
PICTURES WHEN YOU
WONT HOLD STILL!

WHAT
TH--!

WHERE
IN TH--!

AT THAT INSTANT A DARK FIGURE
DASHES
INTO THE ROOM.....



ROLL OUTA THE WAY, BOSS!
LEMMIE PLUG THOSE MONKEYS!



-SLUGS MORELLI'S SON JOINS THE FREE-FOR-
ALL!.....

NOW I GOT YOU!--
ULP-- WHY YOU
LITTLE BRAT!

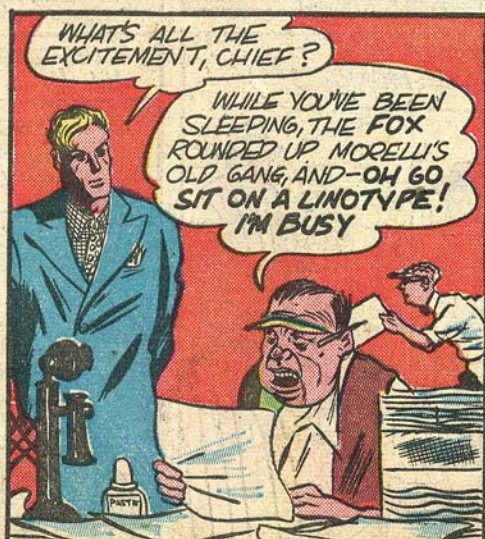


NEXT MORNING

EXTRA DAILY GLOBE

FOX GETS SENSATION PICTURES OF KID

EXCLUSIVE
SLUGS MORELLI RESCUES OWN SON AND RETURNS TO PRISON.....!
BY RUTH RANSOM



MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE FOX!
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **BLUE RIBBON COMICS**

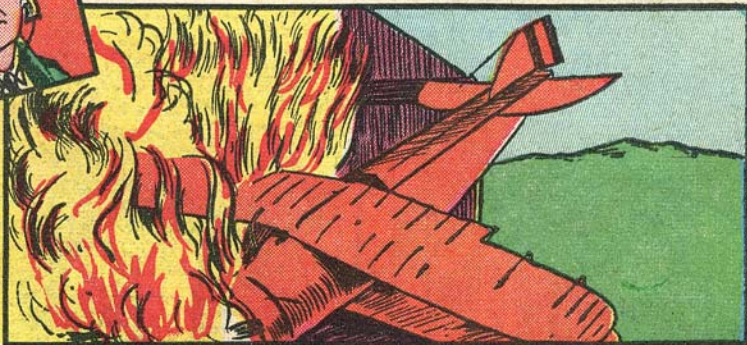
STEVE STACEY

SKY DETECTIVE

story by
H.A. BIERN

A STUDENT FLYER AT STATE UNIVERSITY LEARNING TO FLY UNDER THE CIVIL AERONAUTICS AUTHORITY PROGRAM, IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH HIS SHIP....IT'S IN A NOSE DIVE.

WZURAW



DAILY TIMES
STUDENT FLYER KILLED
 THIRD IN TWO WEEKS
 AT STATE UNIVERSITY

HERE IS YOUR MONEY. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN IT IS TIME FOR THE NEXT ONE!

THANKS, PROF. I'LL BE SEEN' YOU!

ACH, GREASY YOU DID A GOOD JOB, THIS TIME!

YEH, DIDN'T I! I AIN'T SEEN THE ONE COME OUT OF A DIVE, AFTER I FIXES 'EM!

AT PROFESSOR SCHULTZ'S HOUSE ON THE CAMPUS

LET'S SEE THEM GET FIFTY THOUSAND PILOTS A YEAR AT THIS RATE!

HEY, GREASY?... SAY, JOYCE, I WOULD SWEAR THAT WAS GREASY FROM THE AIRPORT!



WHY, STEVE STACEY. WHAT WOULD A GREASE MONKEY BE DOING, CALLING ON THE HEAD OF THE GERMAN DEPARTMENT.?



WELL, I DON'T KNOW, IT SURE LOOKED LIKE HIM. BUT TO GET BACK TO THOSE CRASHES. AS THE C.A.A. INSTRUCTOR HERE, I DON'T FEEL TOO WELL.



BUT YOU CAN'T BE BLAMED FOR THOSE CRASHES, STEVE.

I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THREE OF MY BEST PUPILS COULDN'T PULL OUT OF SIMPLE NOSE DIVES.



MAYBE IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT, MAYBE SOMEONE....

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN. SABOTAGE, OF COURSE! WHY HELLO, PROFESSOR SCHULTZ.



GOOD EVENING, FRAULEIN BARTON, HERR STACEY.

PROFESSOR, IF I'M NOT BEING TOO INQUISITIVE, WASN'T THAT GREASY THE MECHANIC FROM THE AIRPORT, WHO JUST LEFT YOUR HOUSE?



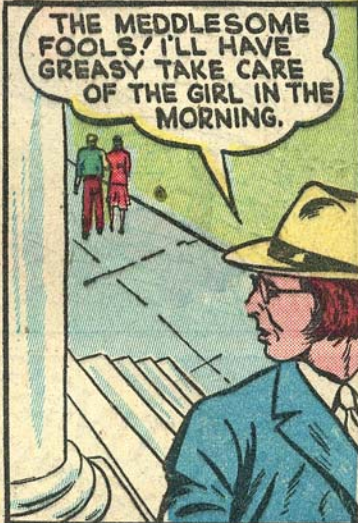
(COUGH) ER, GREASY, I'M SORRY I DO NOT KNOW THIS PERSON.



SEE, I TOLD YOU SO!

WELL, I... OH WELL, GOOD NIGHT, PROFESSOR.

GOOD NIGHT.

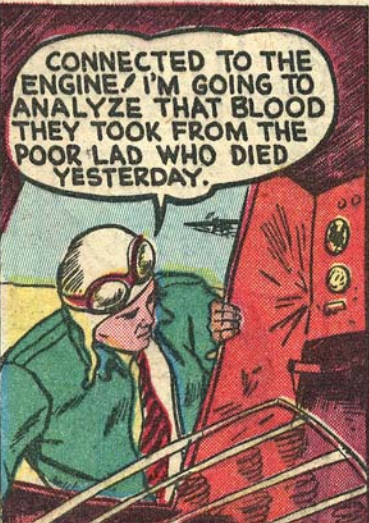


THE MEDDLESOME FOOLS! I'LL HAVE GREASY TAKE CARE OF THE GIRL IN THE MORNING.



HM-M-M, THAT'S A QUEER LOOKING CONTRAPTION. MAYBE A CLUE.

THE NEXT MORNING, STEVE EXAMINES THE WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE PLANES



CONNECTED TO THE ENGINE! I'M GOING TO ANALYZE THAT BLOOD THEY TOOK FROM THE POOR LAD WHO DIED YESTERDAY.



LATER....

JUST AS I THOUGHT, MONOXIDE POISONING!

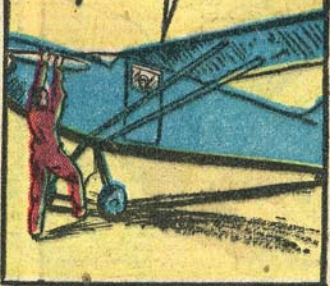
HELLO, JOYCE BARTON... AT THE AIRPORT... OH MY GOSH! GOODBYE!... I BETTER GET THERE QUICK, SHE MAY BE THE NEXT ONE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE AIRPORT

ALL SET, MISS BARTON, YOU CAN TAKE HER UP NOW.

THANKS, GREASY, CONTACT!



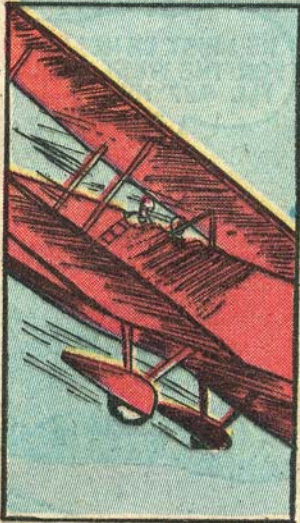
AT THAT MOMENT STEVE ARRIVES

TOO LATE, THERE SHE GOES!



HEY, JOE, JOYCE IS IN TROUBLE. WE HAVE TO SAVE HER.

SURE THING, STEVE. HOP IN!



MEANWHILE, ABOARD JOYCE'S PLANE. THE GAS IS ALREADY AT WORK!



STEADY, STEVIE, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO MAKE IT.



COME ON, GAL, WE GOT THINGS TO DO!



STEVE DRAWS THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF JOYCE FROM THE PLANE'S CABIN

STEVE AND JOYCE FLOAT SAFELY TO EARTH...





THANK HEAVEN, SHE'S ALL RIGHT. NOW FOR GREASY.

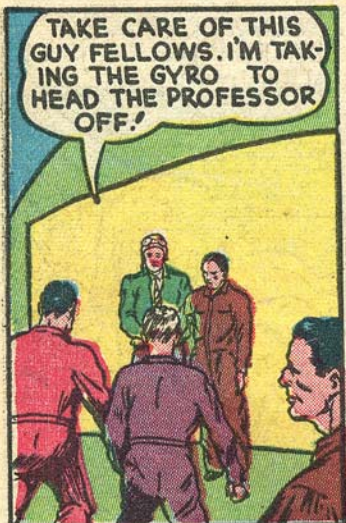


I DIDN'T PLAY FOOTBALL FOR FOUR YEARS FOR NOTHING.



O.K. GREASY, THE JIG'S UP. I FOUND OUT HOW YOU DIVERTED THE EXHAUST INTO THE PLANES THAT CRASHED. YOU ARE GOING TO BURN FOR THIS.

WELL, I AIN'T BURNING ALONE--THE PROFESSOR IS THE GUY YOU WANT. IF YOU CAN CATCH HIM.



TAKE CARE OF THIS GUY FELLOWS. I'M TAKING THE GYRO TO HEAD THE PROFESSOR OFF.



HE MUST BE HEADED FOR THE WEST ROAD. I'LL GET HIM.



THAT'S WHAT I CALL GOOD LANDING.



I HOPE YOU WEREN'T PLANNING A LONG TRIP, PROFESSOR. YOU HAVE A DATE WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR.



STEVE, I'M SO PROUD OF YOU. TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. STACEY.



IT'S FROM THE C.A.A. THEY WANT ME TO COME TO WASHINGTON AS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR? WASHINGTON, HERE I COME.

HERE YOU COME? HERE WE COME!

MORE ADVENTURES OF STEVE STACEY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS

Corporal

CORPORAL COLLINS HAS TRANSFERRED HIS ALLEGIANCE FROM FRANCE TO ENGLAND. HE IS ASSIGNED TO TRANSPORTING GERMAN PRISONERS FROM ENGLAND TO CANADA!

COLLINS 'INFANTRYMAN





YOU SCUM! DROP THAT NAIL FILE OR YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON!

ACH!

SUDDENLY, ANOTHER FIGURE COMES BETWEEN CORPORAL COLLINS AND THE NAZI!



SUFFERIN' MACKEREL! CORP COLLINS!

NOW, WHERE HAVE I SEEN THAT HOME- LY PUSS BE- FOR? IT MUST BE SERGEANT BOYLE!



YOU SON OF A GUN! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! HOW COME A CLUMSY GUY LIKE YOU LASTED SO LONG IN THIS MAN'S WAR?

JUST DUMB LUCK, SAME AS I HAD WHEN THAT BROAD- SIDE OF YOURS LANDED. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE--



I SNEAKED AROUND YOUR SECONDARY IN OUR TRADITIONAL N.Y.U.-FORDHAM GAME.

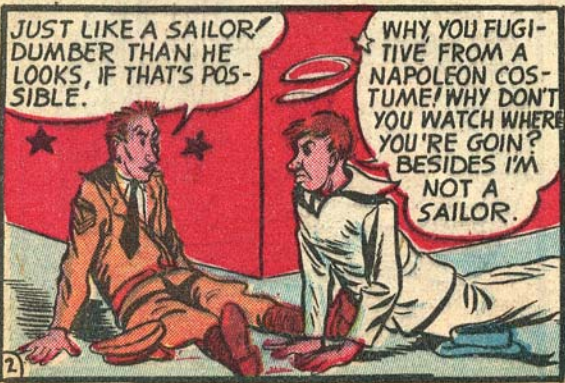
SO YOU'RE ALSO MAKING THIS TRIP TO CANADA! MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE IN THE ALUMNI DANCE.

ALL ABOARD



I'LL JUST MAKE IT!

COLLINS'LL KILL ME IF I MISS THE BOAT.



JUST LIKE A SAILOR! DUMBER THAN HE LOOKS, IF THAT'S POSSIBLE.

WHY YOU FUGITIVE FROM A NAPOLEON COSTUME! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN? BESIDES I'M NOT A SAILOR.



TWERP! MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE THIS TRIP.

SLAPSIE YOU FAT HEAD! GRAB THAT ROPE AND WE'LL PULL YOU UP.

I DO, HONEST! BUT THIS DODO KEPT ME BACK!

I WAS A CINCH TO MAKE IT UNTIL THIS GOOF TRIPPED ME.



YOU TWO SHOULD BECOME STRONG FRIENDS ON THIS TRIP.

ANY FRIEND OF COLLINS IS ONE OF MINE... SHAKE!

THAT GOES DOUBLE! PUT 'ER THERE.

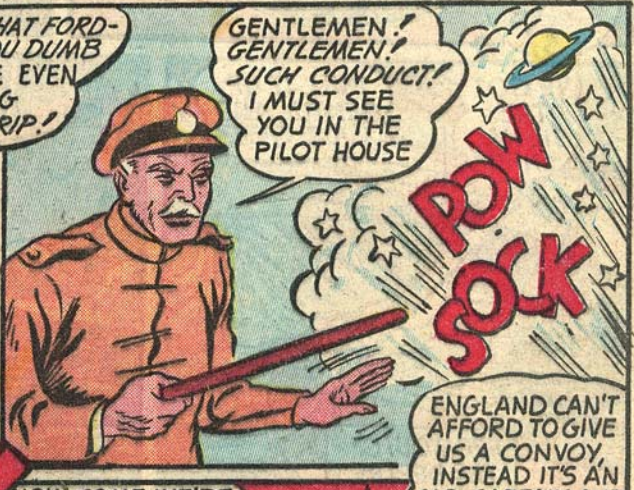


O.K! ENOUGH OF THAT! NOW YOU TWO GO BELOW AND CHECK UP ON OUR CARGO! SEE THAT YOU COUNT THEM ALL- IF YOU MISS ANY- YOU'LL SERVE HIS TIME. STEP ON IT!



SAY! DON'T GO ORDERING MY MAN TWERP AROUND OR I'LL POKE YOU ONE!

YOU AND WHAT FORD-HAM TEAM! YOU DUMB JERK, YOU'RE EVEN IN THE WRONG COMIC STRIP!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! SUCH CONDUCT! I MUST SEE YOU IN THE PILOT HOUSE

**POW
SOK**

ENGLAND CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE US A CONVOY, INSTEAD IT'S AN OLD CAPTAIN AND AN OLD SHIP.



HEH- YOU NEVER LAID A HAND ON ME.

YOU DIDN'T MUSS MY HAIR EITHER -LET'S SEE WHAT THE CAPTAIN WANTS



HOW COME WE'RE TAKING THAT NORTH ROUTE? IT'S MUCH LONG-ER?



I'VE TRAVELED THESE WATERS THROUGH THREE WARS AND NEVER LOST A TUB, BECAUSE I HAD THE COOPERATION OF MY MEN! AT EIGHT I WANT A COMPLETE BLACKOUT! THAT INCLUDES CIGARETTES TOO.

AT EIGHT THE SHIP IS
THROWN INTO DARKNESS



BUT FOR ONE TREACHEROUS CAN-
DLE LIGHT ON THE PORT SIDE.



WE GOT
THE
SIGNAL
SHHH!

PULL IT UP
GENTLY AND
MAKE FAST!

FROM OUT OF
THE DEPTHS..



FIVE GO
FORE AND
FIVE GO AFT
WE'LL COVER
THE MAIN
DECK.

A GERMAN SUB
APPEARS AND
TIES ON-



THE SHIP'S CREW ARE
WAYLAD, ONE BY ONE...



BELOW, THE
PRISONERS
ARE RELEASED
AND ARMED.

FREEDOM?

ANOTHER CHANCE
FOR DER VATERLAND?

HERE'S A
GUN. USE IT
WELL! HEIL!

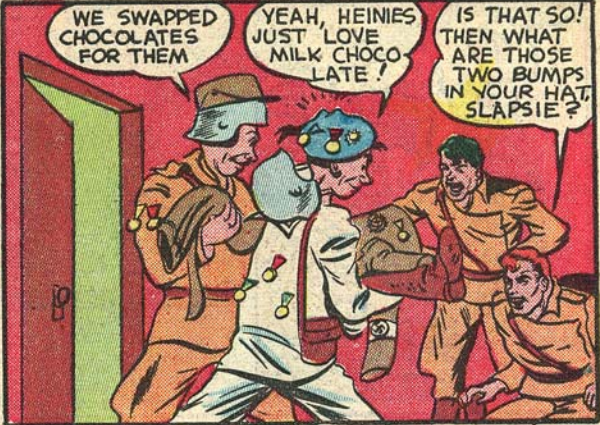
HURRY!





MAYBE YOU DONT REMEMBER HER, BUT THAT LITTLE BLONDE FRANCES, WHO GAVE YOU THE AIR BACK IN THE STATES, SENT ME HER PICTURE

OH-OH! HERE THEY COME... HEY! WHERE DID YOU GUYS GET ALL THAT STUFF?



WE SWAPPED CHOCOLATES FOR THEM

YEAH, HEINIES JUST LOVE MILK CHOCO-LATE!

IS THAT SO! THEN WHAT ARE THOSE TWO BUMPS IN YOUR HAT, SLAPSIE?



HEH, HEH! IMAGINE THAT... DICE! NOW HOW DID THEY GET IN THERE?



THAT'S FUNNY... CHOW BELL SHOULD'VE RUNG AT EIGHT... IT'S TEN AFTER, NOW!



C'MON, CORP.. IT'S ROAST BEEF TONIGHT LET'S EAT!



YOU GO ALONG- I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU



STICK 'EM UP! YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF GERMANY!

I WOULD LIKE TO SHOOT THEM



I WAS WRONG! WE'RE HAVIN' SOURKRAUTS FOR DINNER!



SOURKRAUTS? THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!

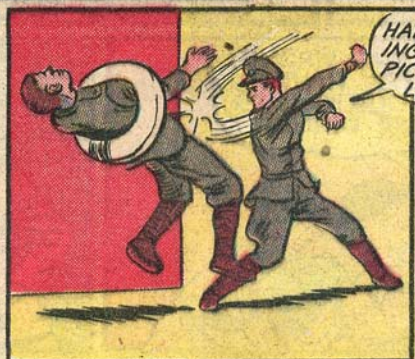
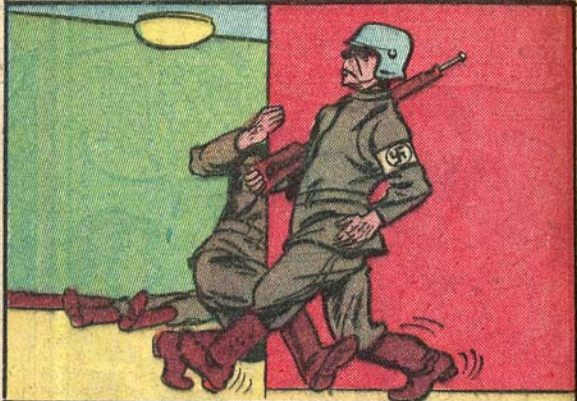
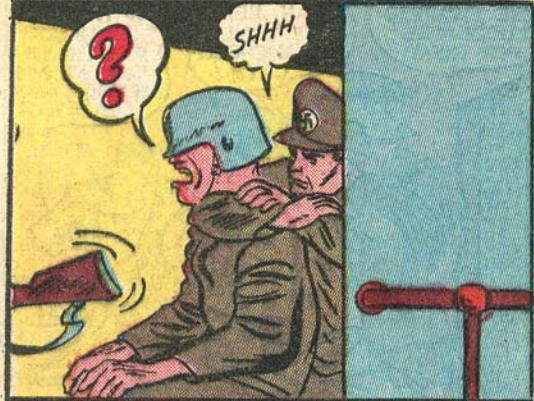


STEP LIVELY!

HEINIES! THEY MUST HAVE SNEAKED UP ON BOYLE, OR HE'D HAVE LAID THEM OUT!



I WONDER HOW THEY GOT ON BOARD? THESE DUDS MAY GET ME IN THE KNOW!





WOW! LOOKIT COLLINS FIGHT! BUT HOW DOES HE DO IT ON AN EMPTY STOMACH?

HOLD 'EM, FORDHAM!! N. Y.U.'S COMIN'!



THAT'S A PUNK RIGHT, CORP... LOOK OUT BEHIND!!



PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!



I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE WE HAD THAT CROSS-EYED REFEREE IN THE COLGATE GAME

THESE GUYS SHOULD HAVE BEEN AVIATORS... THEY GO INTO SUCH NICE NOSEDIVES!

ACH!



STOP! GAME'S OVER! DROP YOUR GUNS, HEINIES! HOW'M I DOIN', SARGE?



O.K... BUT DON'T LOOK NOW - YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE BULLETS IN THE GUN!

GET THEIR GUNS, SLAPSIE!



FLOP



SO THE FIRST MATE WAS A SPY!

YEAH.. HE GAVE THEM THE TIPOFF WITH A CANDLE



IN CANADA, THEY ARE HEARTILY RECEIVED

AND NOW, TELL ME... HOW COME YOU HAVE 45 EXTRA PRISONERS AND A NAZI SUB?

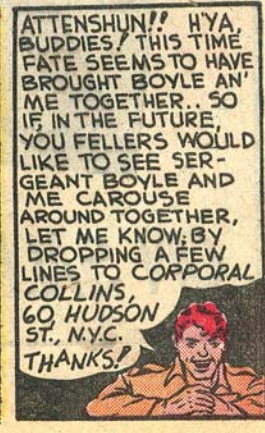
WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS. BOYLE, HERE, LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED AND I HAD TO SAVE HIM... THEN

WHO LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED? LISTEN, YOU SCREWBALL...



WHO'S A SCREWBALL! WHY, YOU... @*!?!@x

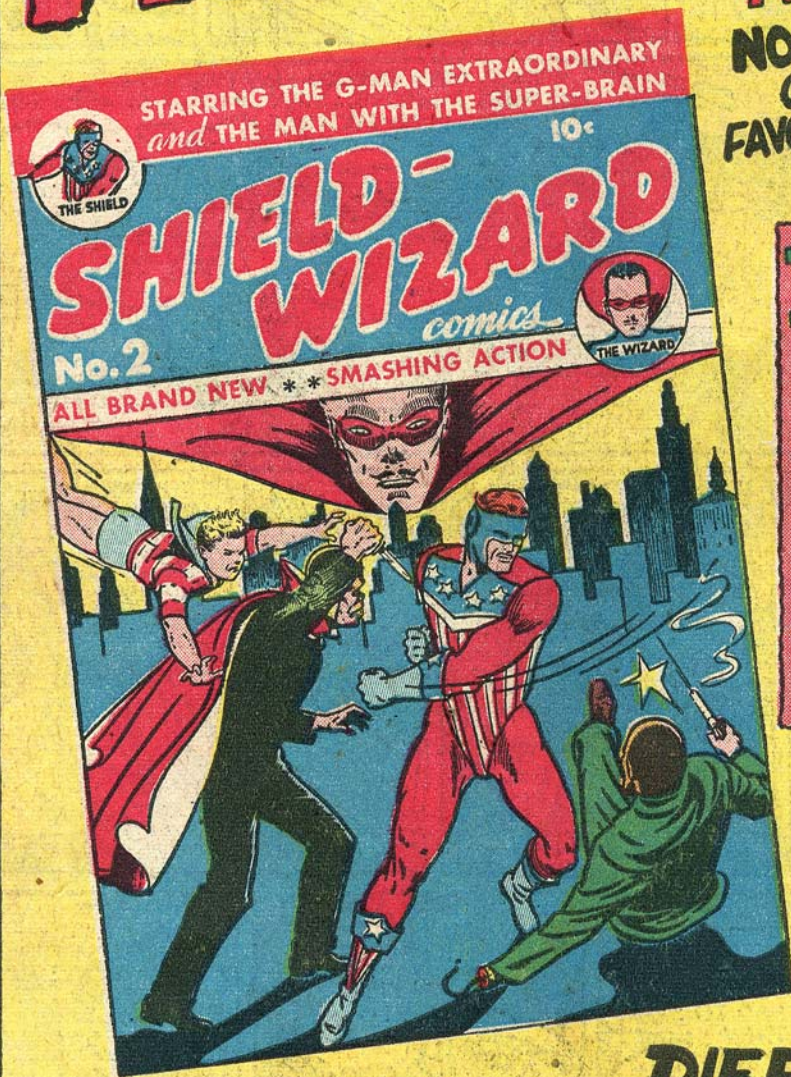
GENTLEBY, GENTLEMEN TSK .TSK



ATTENSHUN!! H'YA, BUDDIES! THIS TIME FATE SEEMS TO HAVE BROUGHT BOYLE AN' ME TOGETHER... SO IF, IN THE FUTURE, YOU FELLERS WOULD LIKE TO SEE SER-GEANT BOYLE AND ME CAROUSE AROUND TOGETHER, LET ME KNOW, BY DROPPING A FEW LINES TO CORPORAL COLLINS, 60 HUDSON ST., N.Y.C. THANKS!

HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL

DIFFERERENT

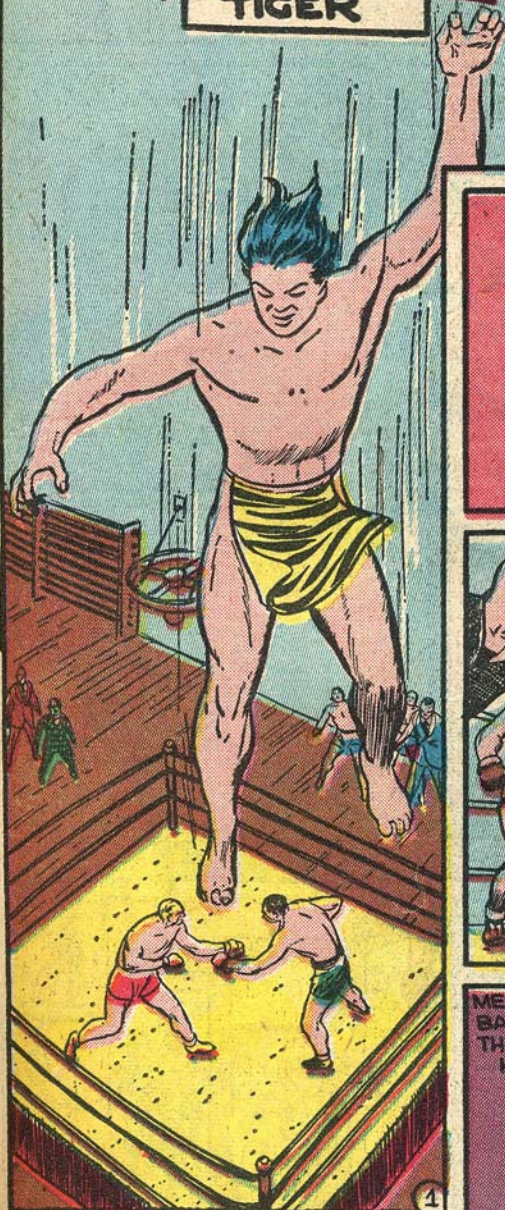
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

TY GOR

SON OF
THE
TIGER

TYRONE GORMAN, RAISED BY A TIGRESS IN THE WILDS OF MALAY, HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO AMERICA BY EXPLORER DAVIS AND HIS DAUGHTER, JOAN.... THE JUNGLE BOY-SEEKING EXERCISE-DISCOVERED A GYMNASIUM NEAR HIS HOME, AND THROUGH A STRANGE SERIES OF ADVENTURES, HE ARRIVED IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN WHERE HE KNOCKED OUT TONY PIMENTO IN A BOXING BOUT.... TY-GOR ENJOYED THE SPORT IMMENSELY, AND NOW...

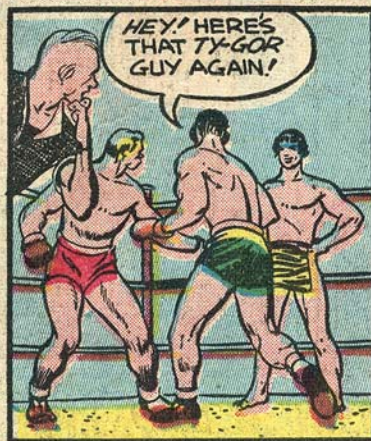
BY MESKIN AND BLAIR -



TY-GOR RETURNS TO MIKE SHORT'S GYM... THROUGH HIS OWN 'PRIVATE' ENTRANCE - THE SKYLIGHT!!



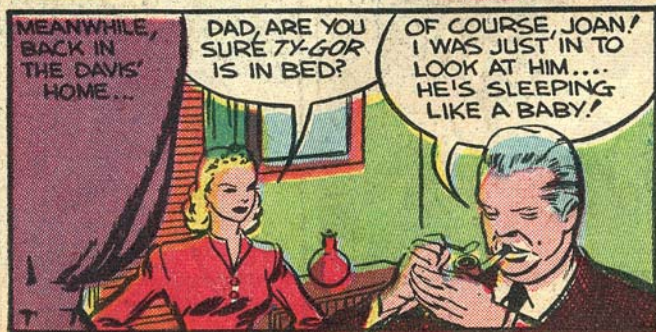
AI... YI! HE'S BACK AGAIN! WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!! SHOULDA STOOD IN BED, YET!



HEY! HERE'S THAT TY-GOR GUY AGAIN!



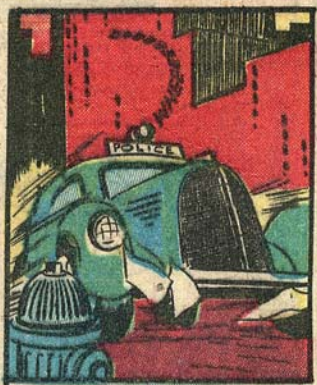
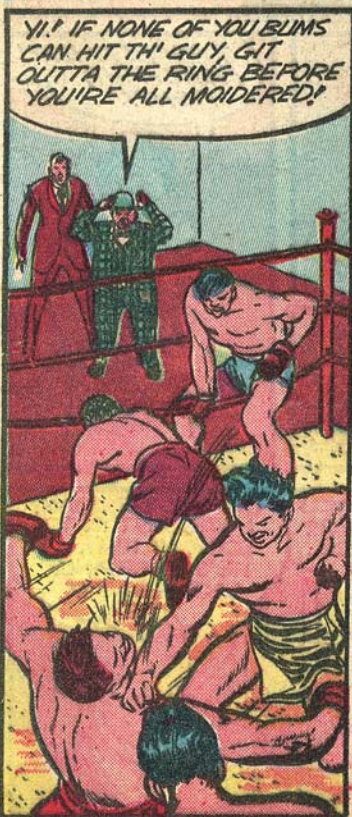
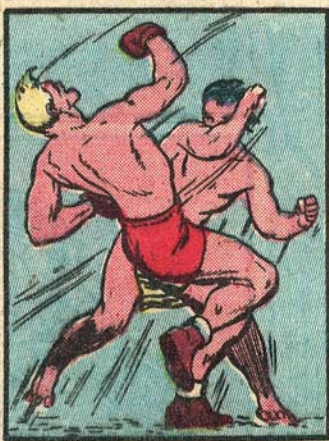
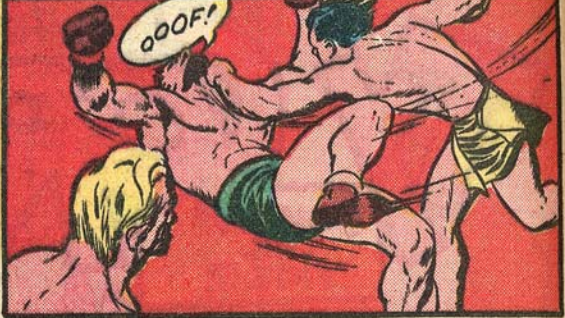
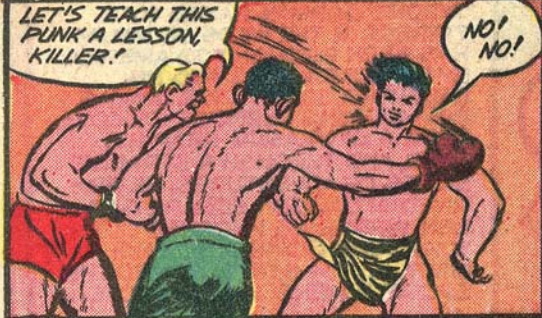
TY-GOR! TY-GOR! FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE DAVIS' HOME...

DAD, ARE YOU SURE TY-GOR IS IN BED?

OF COURSE, JOAN! I WAS JUST IN TO LOOK AT HIM.... HE'S SLEEPING LIKE A BABY!



HE STREAKS DOWN BROADWAY...



CIRCUS TON

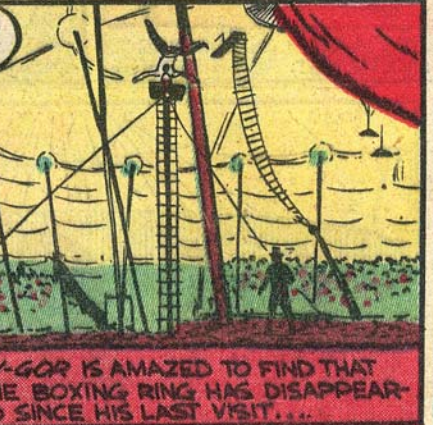


WHO'S THIS GUY? MAHATMA GHANDI'S KID?

TICKETS!! TICKETS!! TICK... HEY!!

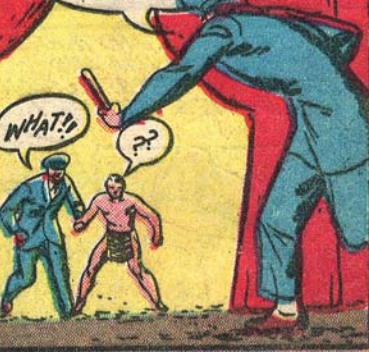


WHAT ACT ARE YOU IN, BUD? THE PERFORMERS' ENTRANCE IS ON 50TH STREET!



TY-GOR IS AMAZED TO FIND THAT THE BOXING RING HAS DISAPPEARED SINCE HIS LAST VISIT...

STOP THAT KID!! HE AIN'T GOT NO TICKET!!



WHAT!?

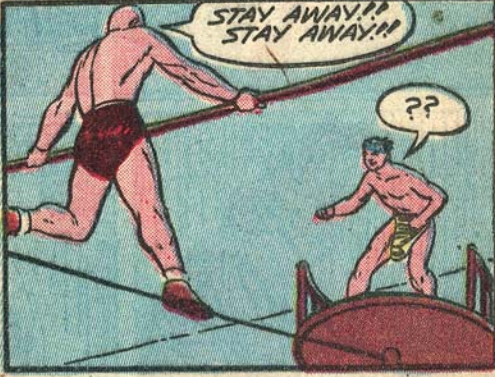
??



TY-GOR RACES INTO THE ARENA...

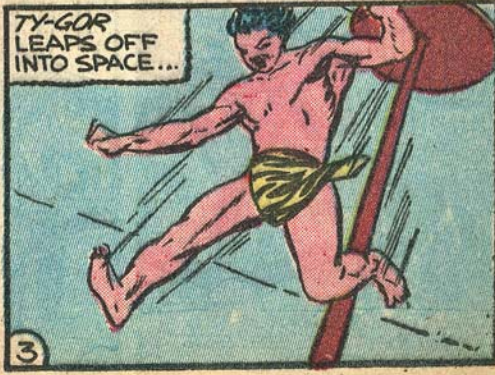


WHAT DO WE DO, NOW?



STAY AWAY!! STAY AWAY!!

??



TY-GOR LEAPS OFF INTO SPACE...

THE AUDIENCE SHRIEKS IN HORROR!



BUT TY-GOR LANDS IN THE SAFETY NET, FAR BELOW...

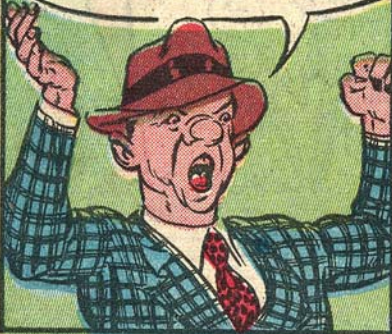
MR. SOUTH! COME QUICK, THERE'S A MANIAC LOOSE!

WHERE?

IN THE MAIN ARENA, COME ON!



WELL! DON'T STAND THERE! TRY TO CATCH HIM AND BRING HIM HERE! I'LL SIGN HIM UP! HE'S TERRIFIC!

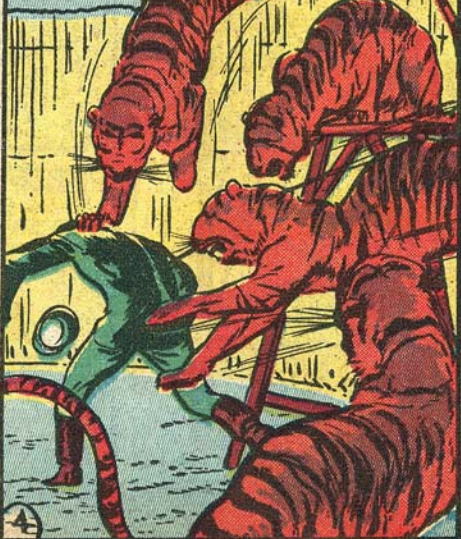


TY-GOR LEADS HIS PURSUERS AROUND THE WILD ANIMAL CAGE...



THE TRAINER TAKES HIS EYES OFF THE BEASTS FOR AN INSTANT....

...AND THE BIG CATS SPRING UPON HIM!



IT'S A MASSACRE!! I CAN'T LOOK!



IN A MOMENT, THE ENTIRE GARDEN IS IN AN UPROAR!



LOOK OUT!
THAT KID IS
GOIN' TOWARDS
THE CAGE DOOR!



TY-GOR!
TY-GOR!!



TOO LATE!!

COME BACK!
YOU'LL BE
KILLED IN
THERE!!



AS TY-GOR ENTERS THE
CAGE, A TIGER TURNS
AND SPRINGS!!



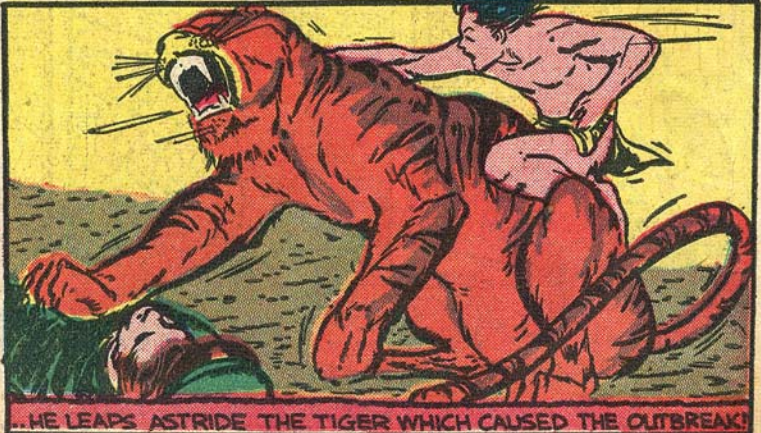
HE RAPS THE BEAST
SHARPLY ON THE NOSE!



AND ORDERS IT
TO ITS PLACE!



THEN, WITH A LIGHTNING
MOVE...

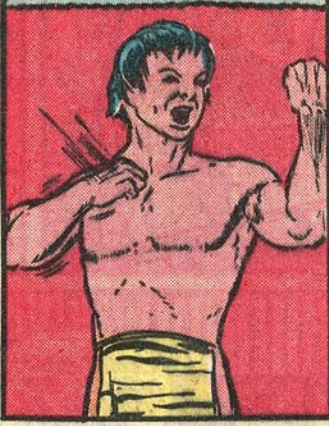


...HE LEADS ASTRIDE THE TIGER WHICH CAUSED THE OUTBREAK!

TY-GOR JOCKIES THE HUGE BENGAL TO ITS PERCH ...



... THEN GIVES IT A THOROUGH TONGUE-LASHING AS THE OTHER BEASTS ROAR THEIR APPROVAL ...



THE JUNGLE BOY CARRIES THE INJURED TRAINER TO SAFETY...



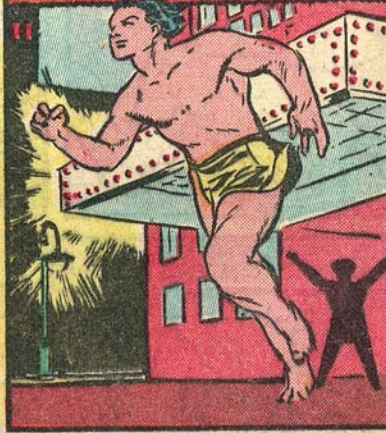
C'MON! THE BOSS SAID 'IM NOW! HE AIN'T LOOKIN'!



NO! NO!



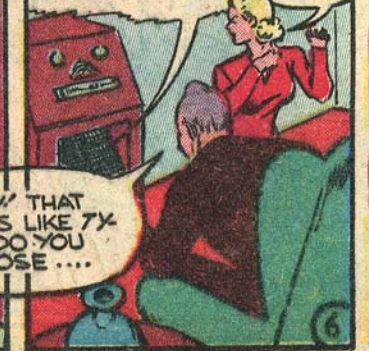
TY-GOR SPEEDS OUT OF THE GARDEN AND RACES UP THE STREET!



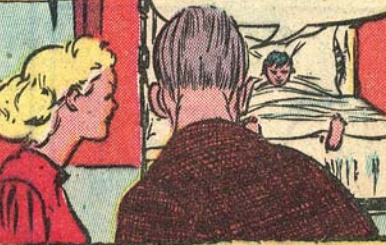
LATER... HE CLIMBS QUIETLY BACK INTO HIS ROOM...



... THE POLICE TONITE ARE SCOURING THE CITY FOR A STRANGE BOY WHO LEAPED INTO THE WILD ANIMAL CAGE AT THE CIRCUS AND SAVED THE TRAINERS LIFE! THIS BOY...



SHH! HE'S SOUND ASLEEP... JUST AS YOU LEFT HIM HOURS AGO!



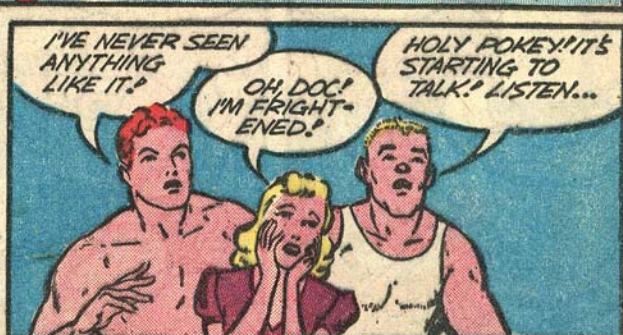
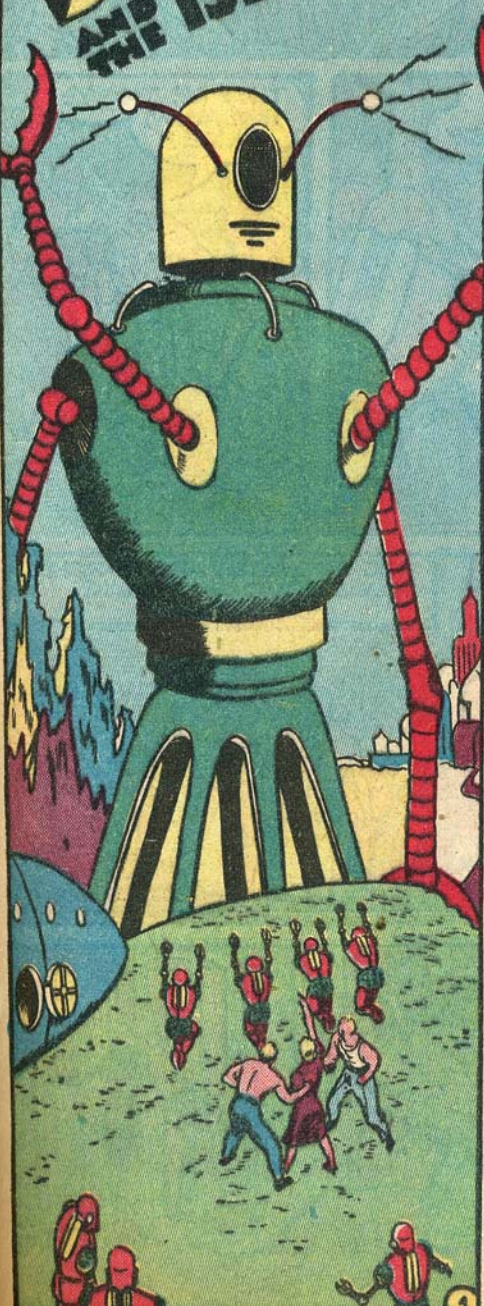
TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, CONTINUES HIS AMAZING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF -BLUE RIBBON COMICS-

DOC STRONG

AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT

IT IS THE YEAR 2040 ... DOC STRONG AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED AND TAKEN FROM THE ISLE OF RIGHT, BY A STRANGE GROUP OF CREATURES. AFTER MANY DAYS IN A ROCKET SHIP, THEY LAND ON THE PLANET MARS - AND ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE MONSTRIOUS KING OF THE MARTIANS!

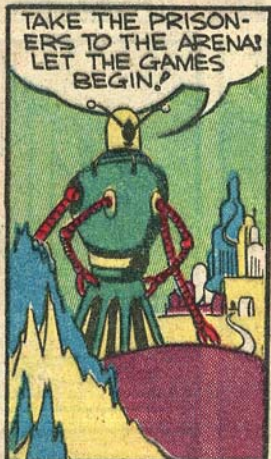
MESKIN - BLAIR



I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

OH, DOC! I'M FRIGHTENED!

HOLY POKEY!! IT'S STARTING TO TALK! LISTEN...



TAKE THE PRISONERS TO THE ARENA! LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

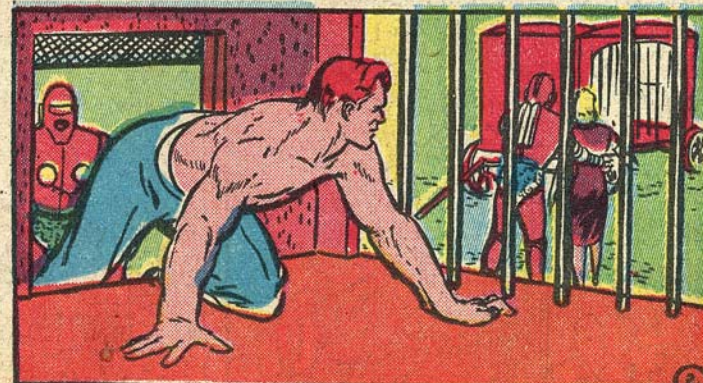
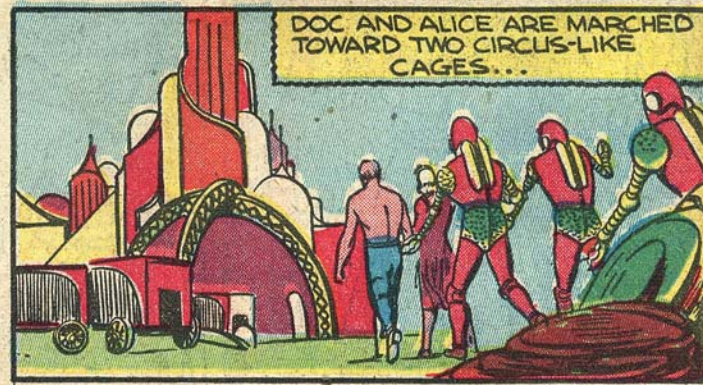
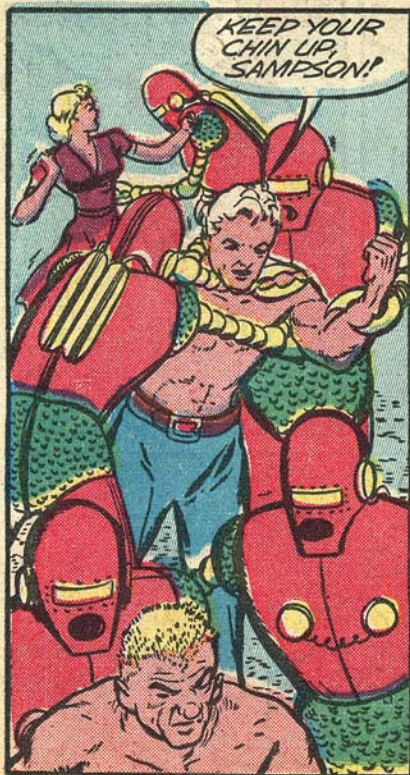
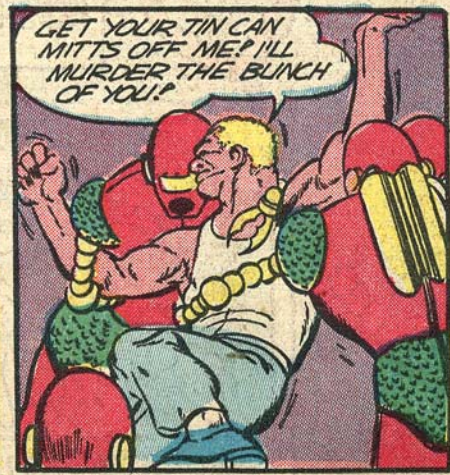
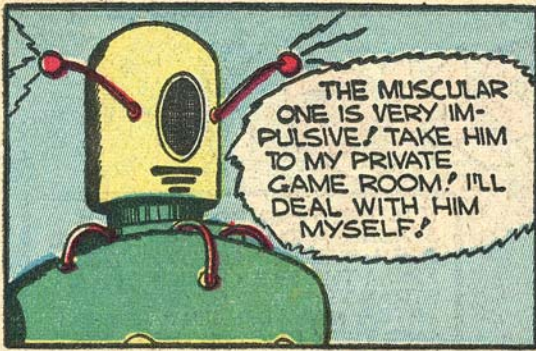


YOU BIG BUM! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THIS? I'LL...

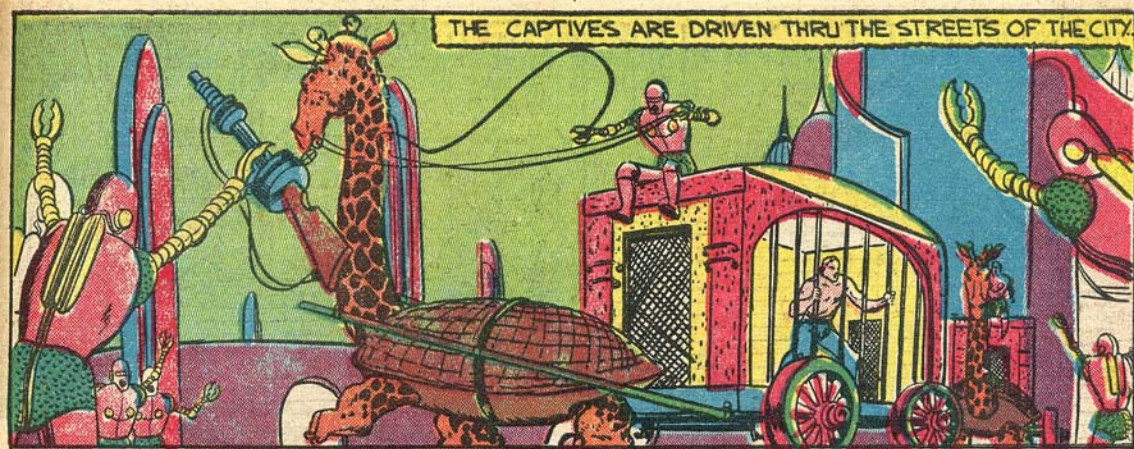


SAMPSON! YOU CRAZY FOOL! THEY'LL KILL YOU!

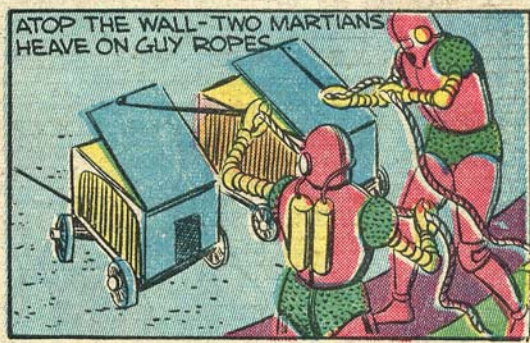
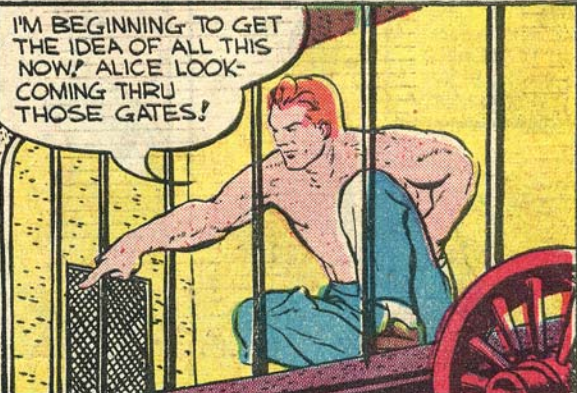
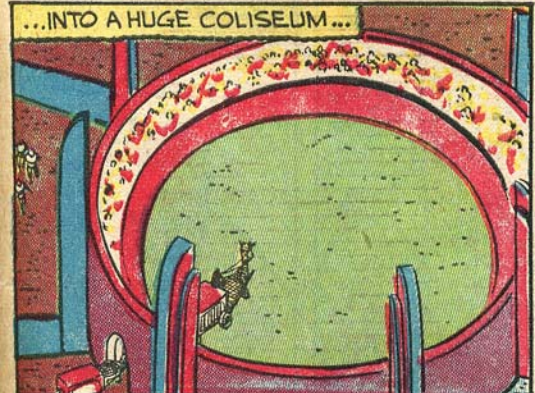
COME BACK, SAMPSON!

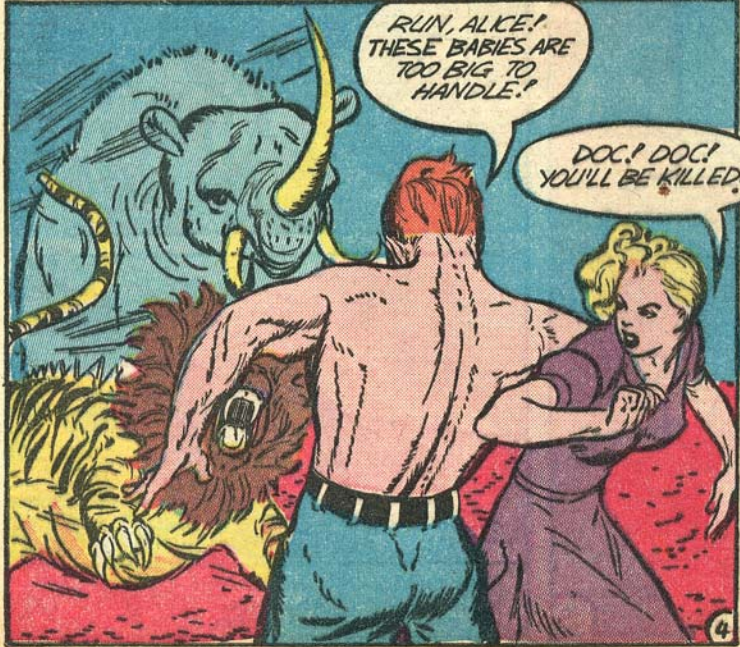
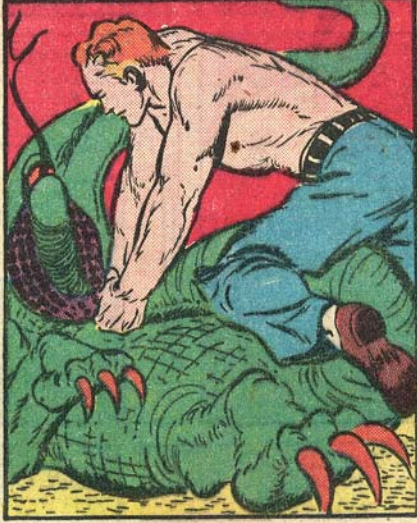


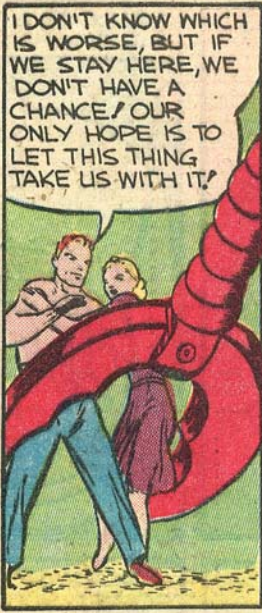
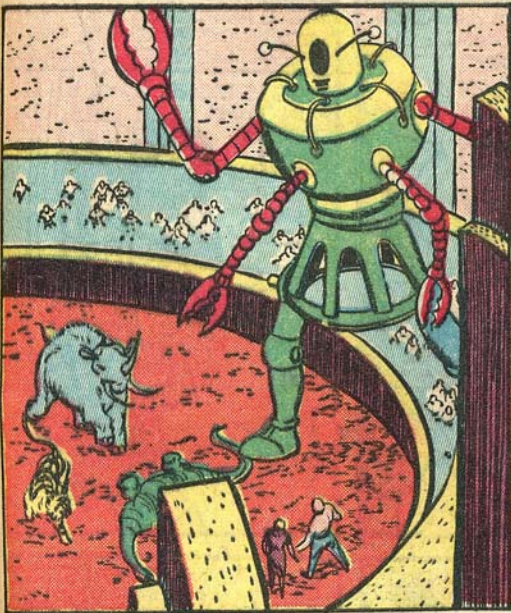
THE CAPTIVES ARE DRIVEN THRU THE STREETS OF THE CITY.



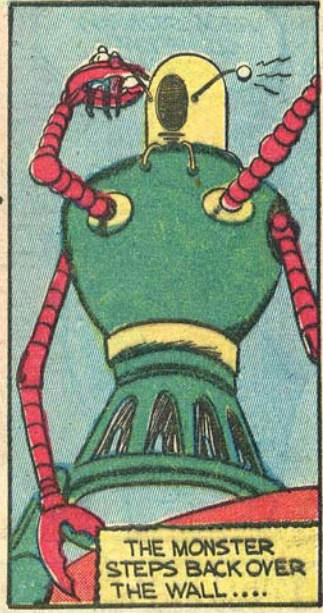
...INTO A HUGE COLISEUM...



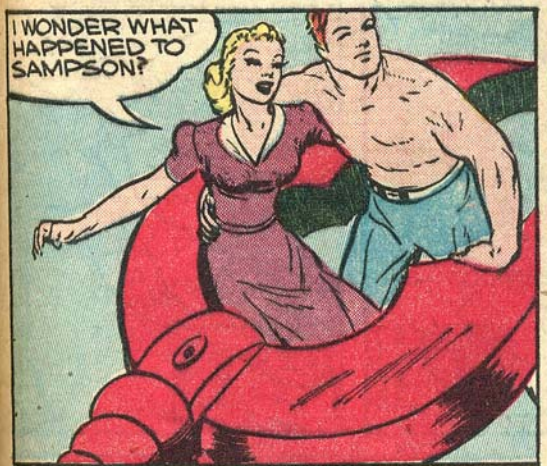




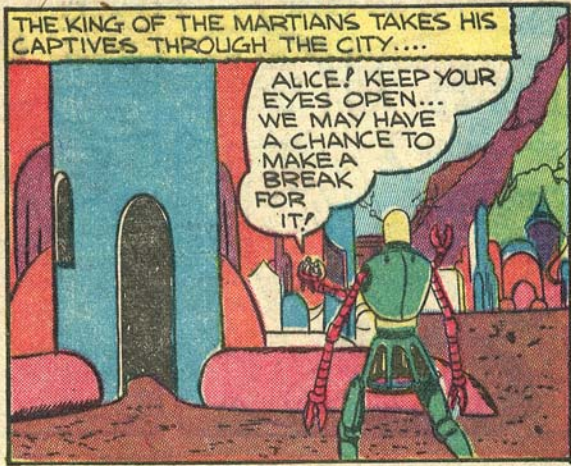
I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE, BUT IF WE STAY HERE, WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO LET THIS THING TAKE US WITH IT!



THE MONSTER STEPS BACK OVER THE WALL....

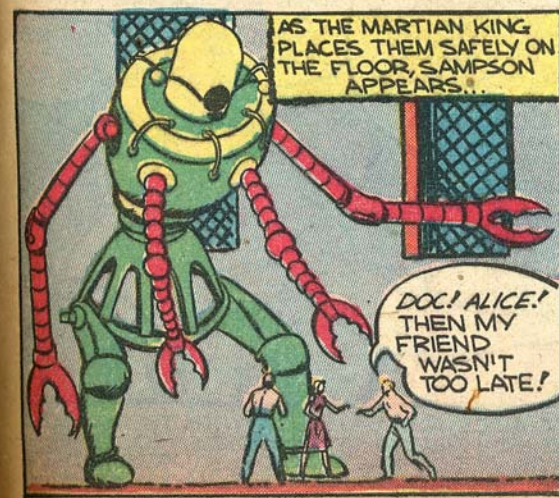


I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO SAMPSON?



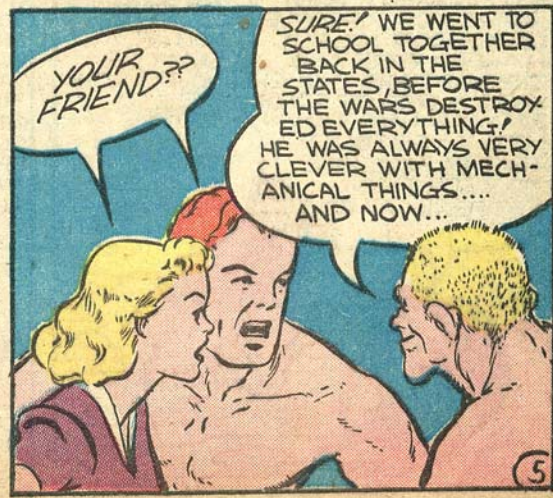
THE KING OF THE MARTIANS TAKES HIS CAPTIVES THROUGH THE CITY....

ALICE! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN... WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



AS THE MARTIAN KING PLACES THEM SAFELY ON THE FLOOR, SAMPSON APPEARS...

DOC! ALICE! THEN MY FRIEND WASN'T TOO LATE!

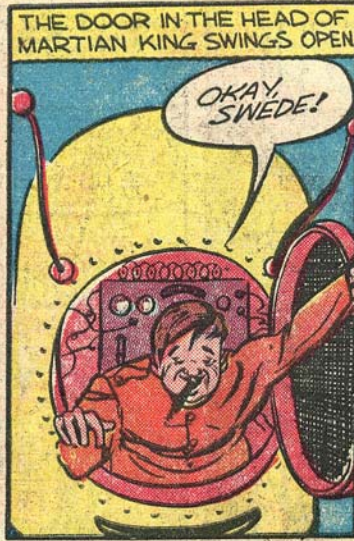


YOUR FRIEND??

SURE! WE WENT TO SCHOOL TOGETHER BACK IN THE STATES, BEFORE THE WARS DESTROYED EVERYTHING! HE WAS ALWAYS VERY CLEVER WITH MECHANICAL THINGS.... AND NOW...



HEY, STINKY!
COME ON
DOWN!



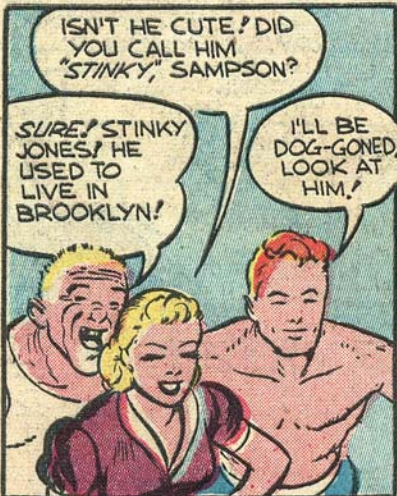
THE DOOR IN THE HEAD OF
MARTIAN KING SWINGS OPEN

OKAY,
SWEDE!



AND SAMPSON'S FRIEND
SLIDES DOWN OVER THE
GREAT MONSTER'S BODY.

THIS IS MORE
FUN THAN
SLIDING
DOWN
THE BAN-
ISTER
BACK
HOME!



ISN'T HE CUTE? DID
YOU CALL HIM
"STINKY," SAMPSON?

SURE! STINKY
JONES! HE
USED TO
LIVE IN
BROOKLYN!

I'LL BE
DOG-GONED!
LOOK AT
HIM!



H'YA FOLKS! SORRY I
SCARED YOU LIKE THAT,
BUT I HAD TO PUT ON A
SHOW FOR
THESE
DUMB
MARTIANS
!!



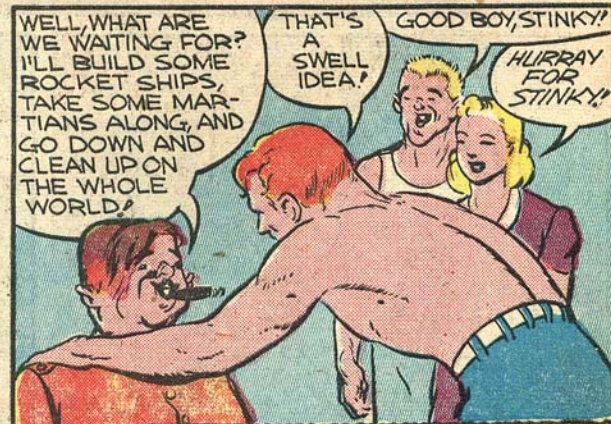
GLAD TO MEET YOU, STINKY!
BUT WHAT IN THE WORLD
ARE YOU DOING HERE
IN MARS?

WELL, DOC,
IT'S A LONG
STORY." I WAS
BUILDING A
ROCKET SHIP
WHEN THE WAR
BROKE OUT...



SO I FINISHED IT AND
HOPPED OFF. PEOPLE
LAUGHED AT ME, BUT
I LANDED HERE AND
THE MARTIANS THOUGHT
I WAS A GOD OF SOME
KIND.. BUT I WAS TOO
LITTLE - SO I BUILT
THAT BIG MACHINE
TO KEEP THEM
PROPERLY AWED!

WE SURE
COULD USE
YOU AND
SOME OF
YOUR MACH-
INES TO
BATTLE A-
GAINST THE
HORDES THAT
ARE OVER-
RUNNING
THE EARTH



WELL, WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR?
I'LL BUILD SOME
ROCKET SHIPS,
TAKE SOME MAR-
TIANS ALONG, AND
GO DOWN AND
CLEAN UP ON
THE WHOLE
WORLD!

THAT'S
A
SWELL
IDEA!

GOOD BOY, STINKY!

HURRAY
FOR
STINKY!

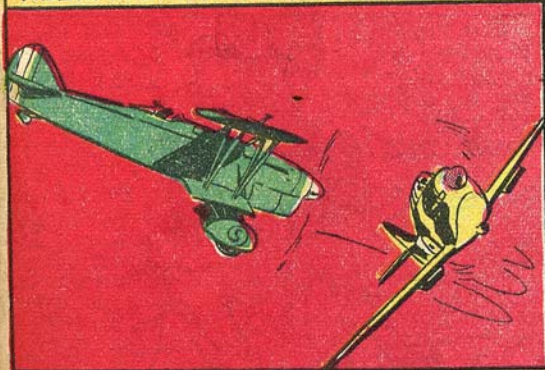
DOC, ALICE, AND SAMPSON-WITH THEIR AMAZING NEW FRIEND, STINKY JONES-CONTINUE THEIR ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF -BLUE RIBBON COMICS-

LOOP LOGAN

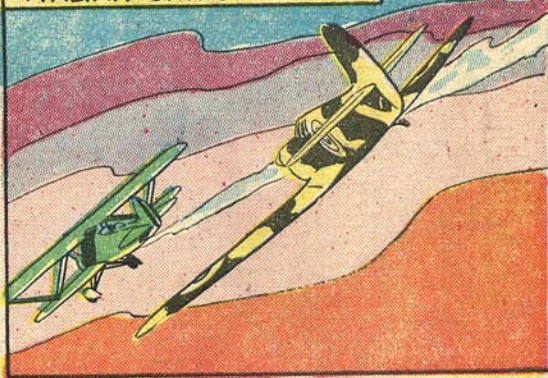
Air Ace

LOOP LOGAN, AMERICAN COMMERCIAL FLYER, IS NOW WITH THE BRITISH AIR FORCES IN EAST AFRICA, DEFENDING THE SUEZ CANAL AGAINST ITALIAN ATTACKS FROM THE SOUTH ...

ON A SECRET MISSION FROM ALEXANDRIA TO CAIRO ...

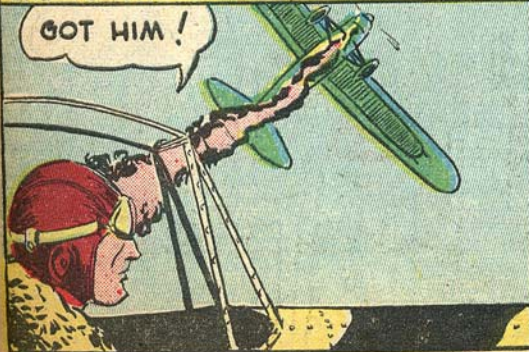


LOGAN IS ATTACKED BY ITALIAN SHIPS

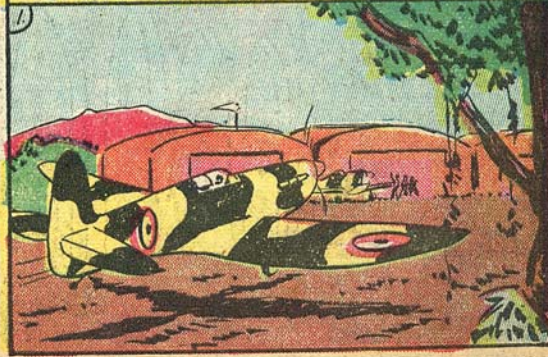


BUT THE AMERICAN SOON PUTS AN END TO THE BATTLE

GOT HIM!



AND ARRIVES SAFELY AT THE CAIRO AIR BASE



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, ON A STREET IN CAIRO....

HM! HERE'S WHERE I'M TO MEET THE BRITISH SECRET AGENT



LOGAN RUNS ACROSS A STREET BRAWL

GET OUTTA ME WAY, YA FILTHY HEATHEN!

SAY! I WONDER WHAT'S UP

OUCH!



NO BACK TALK! I'LL KICK YOUR BREECHES...

I WOULDN'T DO THAT IF I WERE YOU!



OH! BUTTIN' IN, ARE YA, PRETTY BOY? YA WANT'A BE SMACKED, HUH?

NOT ESPECIALLY, BUT IF YOU FEEL LIKE TRYING...



TSK! TSK! TOO BAD! BUT YOU CAN'T SAY YOU DIDN'T TRY!



MUCH THANKS, PLEASE! ME CLATRA! ME DO GOOD TO YOU SOME TIME!

FORGET IT, CLATRA! JUST KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED FOR THE BRITISH FLYERS!

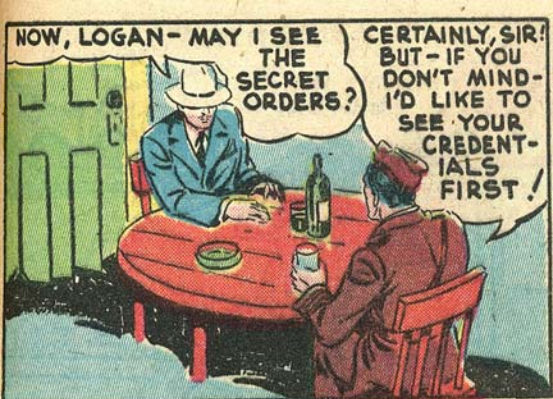


CLATRA DO! CROSS FINGERS DOUBLE!



YOU'RE LOGAN, I TAKE IT? COME WITH ME! I HAVE A BOOTH WHERE WE CAN TALK!





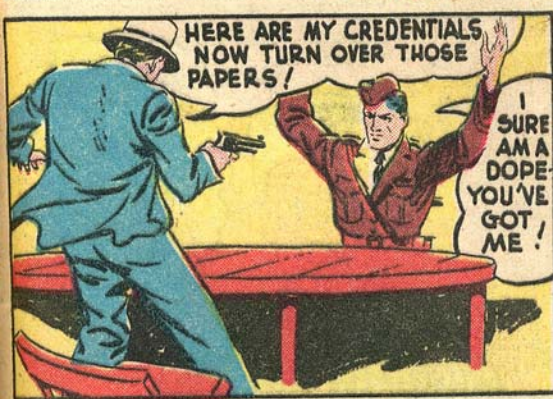
NOW, LOGAN- MAY I SEE THE SECRET ORDERS?

CERTAINLY, SIR! BUT- IF YOU DON'T MIND- I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR CREDENTIALS FIRST!



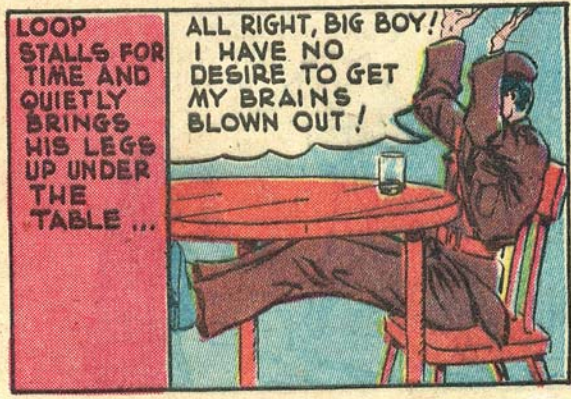
IT'S A MERE FORMALITY, OF COURSE! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!

OF COURSE NOT, LOGAN! LET'S SEE. AH!



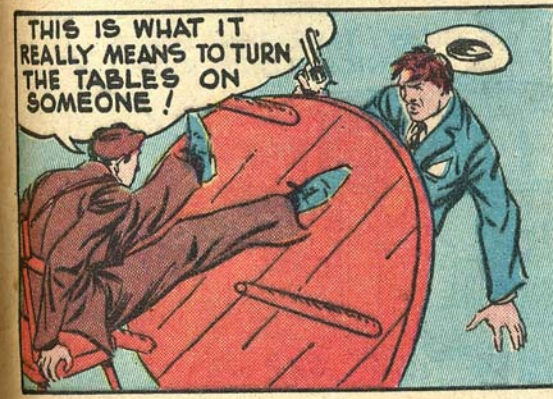
HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS NOW TURN OVER THOSE PAPERS!

I SURE AM A DOPE- YOU'VE GOT ME!



LOOP STALLS FOR TIME AND QUIETLY BRINGS HIS LEGS UP UNDER THE TABLE ...

ALL RIGHT, BIG BOY! I HAVE NO DESIRE TO GET MY BRAINS BLOWN OUT!



THIS IS WHAT IT REALLY MEANS TO TURN THE TABLES ON SOMEONE!



BUT AS LOGAN DIVES FOR THE MAN ...

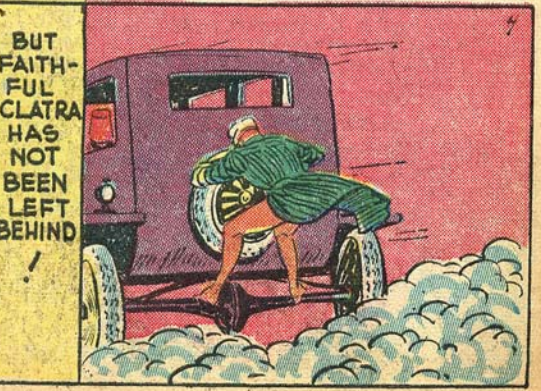
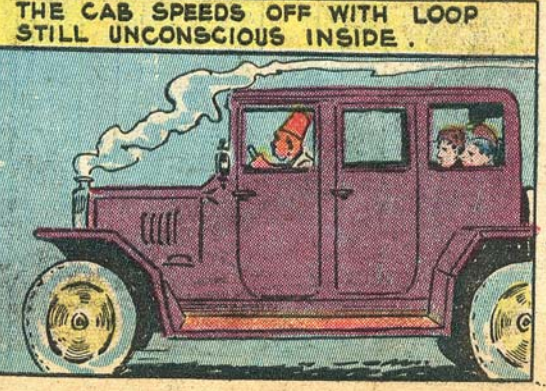


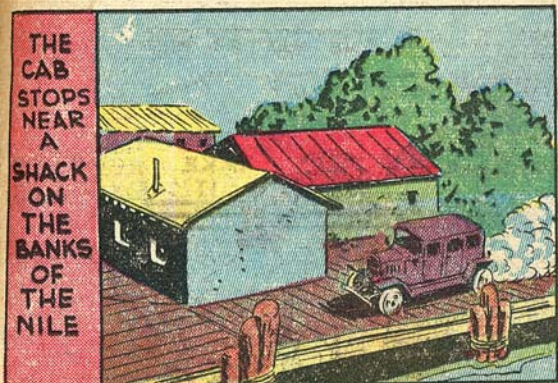
HE IS DEALT A CRUSHING BLOW ON HIS SKULL

SO! NOW I WILL HAVE THE PAPERS AND YOU, TOO!



BUT OUTSIDE THE CAFE WAITS CLATRA... WHO HAS DECIDED HE WILL BECOME THE WHITE MAN'S SERVANT BOY!





THE CAB STOPS NEAR A SHACK ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE



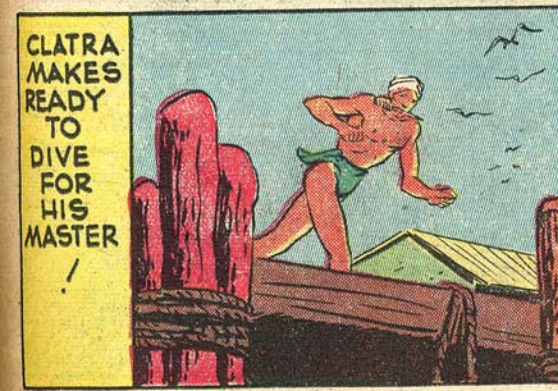
MAN NOT DRUNK!
BOSS-MAN NOT DRUNK!
CLATRA KNOW BETTER!



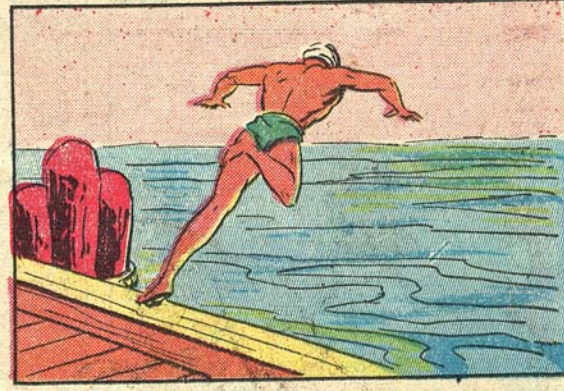
HERE ARE THE SECRET BRITISH ORDERS!
GOOD! NOW WE GET RID OF THIS YANK IN THE RIVER!



WITH CHAINS TIED TO HIS BONDS, TO WEIGHT HIM DOWN LOOP IS TOSSED INTO THE DEEP WATERS OF THE NILE



CLATRA MAKES READY TO DIVE FOR HIS MASTER!

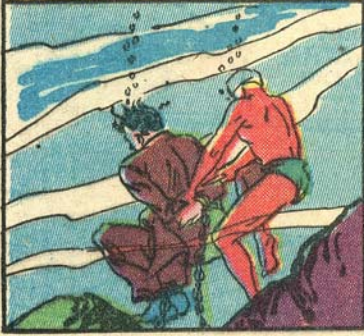


AH! THERE IS OUR SEAPLANE!
GOOD! WE SHALL MAKE OUR ESCAPE AS PLANNED

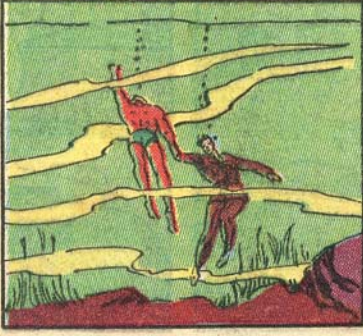


THE MYSTERIOUS SEAPLANE LANDS! (5)

THE FAITHFUL NATIVE BOY WORKS TO FREE HIS MASTER!



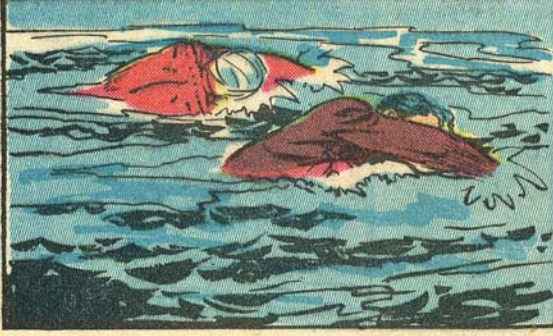
A MIGHTY SHOVE ON THE RIVER BED ...



AND CLATRA SPEEDS TO THE SURFACE WITH LOGAN!



THE AIR REVIVES LOOP AND HE STRIKES OUT FOR SHORE



CLATRA! YOU! HOW DID - WHAT HAPPENED?

BAD MAN THROW YOU IN NILE! CLATRA SAVE!

I SUPPOSE YOU REALIZE THAT I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU? WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU?

LET CLATRA BE SERVANT BOY! NO MORE PAY! JUST THAT!



ALL RIGHT, CLATRA! BUT NOT MY SERVANT - JUST MY PAL!

LOOK, MASTER! QUICK! THEY GET AWAY!

LOOP'S ATTACKERS BOARD THE PLANE TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!



WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM SOMEHOW, CLATRA! IF THEY GET AWAY WITH MY SECRET PAPERS, THE BRITISH WILL LOSE THE SUEZ CANAL!



BUT HOW CAN LOOP AND HIS NEW FRIEND STOP THE SPIES FROM ESCAPING? THE ANSWER IS REVEALED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS



BOUND TO DANCE

by S. OMAR BARKER

COWPUNCHERS love to dance, and they manage to do so whether there are any girls to dance with or not. The stag dance was a familiar scene on every old-time range in the days when women in the rangeland were few and far between, and the boys still indulge in it at times in the faraway bunkhouses back in the western hills beyond all auto roads.

There is almost always a fiddler or a harmonica artist among every bunch of hands. Such a one fogs up his old corn-cob pipe, which will keep him smoking longer without interruption than a rolled pill, pats his feet and saws out "Hell Among the Yearlin's" or "Johnny in the Lowlands." The boys tie handkerchiefs around the arms of half of their number to mark them as the "gals," and the dance is on.

Perhaps the buckaroo tripping the light fantastic with a heavy booted, bewhiskered partner does a lot of "wishin' 'twuz a gal" (especially so in the old trail days), but he manages to have a hilarious good time, even though it isn't. And besides it keeps him in practice for the Cowboys' Reunions, rodeos and other events that bring him into the settlements to dance where the girls are real. Only about one out of a hundred cowboys doesn't know how to dance—and like it.

The GREEN FALCON

THE GREEN FALCON - PROTECTOR OF THE OPPRESSED, KNIGHT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, IN WHOSE CAUSE HE VALIANTLY RISKS HIS LIFE AGAINST THE TYRANT RULER OF ENGLAND, PRINCE JOHN.

THE FALCON REMAINS LOYAL TO THE TRUE KING, RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED, WHO IS BEING HELD CAPTIVE BY THE TURKS.

W. SHORTEN & DEGENHARDT

JOHN'S TAX COLLECTORS ARE AT WORK.

BUT YOUR HIGHNESS, I CANNOT PAY SUCH EXORBITANT TAXES. I MAKE A BARE LIVING NOW!

NO EXCUSES! PAY OR I'LL CONFISCATE YOUR LAND!



IN THE HOME OF A TYPICAL ENGLISH PEASANT.

OUR MEAL IS SCANTY. BUT THANK GOD WE HAVE THIS MUCH.

ALL WILL BE WELL WHEN RICHARD RETURNS!



THEN CAME THE LOCUSTS WITH RAVAGING FURY



POVERTY AND STARVATION RUN RIFE.

AWAY, BEGGAR! I'VE NO ALMS FOR YOU!





BUT IN THE CASTLES OF THE NOBLES, THERE IS NO SCARCITY OF FOOD.

HERE'S TO OUR PRINCE JOHN (HIC)



HA, HA! LET THOSE FILTHY PEASANTS STARVE. THEY'RE NO CONCERN OF OURS!



THEN A WINGED CREATURE SOARS THROUGH THE WINDOW. A-A-GREEN FALCON!



YES, MY LORDS! THE GREEN FALCON, IN PERSON. ALL RIGHT TINY, CLEAR THE TABLE!



AYE, FALCON! 'TIS A PLEASURE. TABLECLOTH AND ALL.

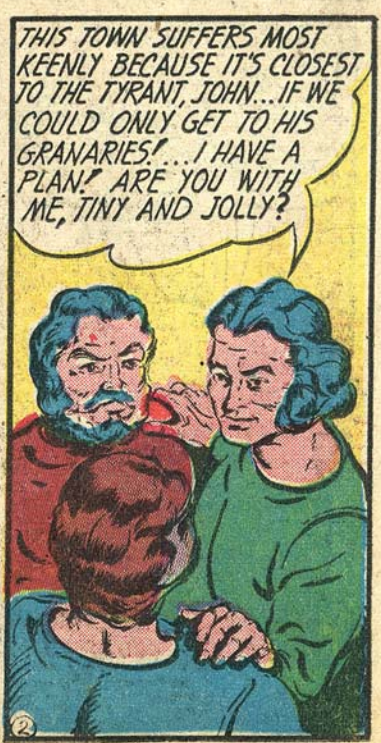


HA, HA! THE PEASANTS WILL APPRECIATE YOUR GENEROUS GIFT OF FOOD, I'M SURE. WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.



LATER IN A TAVERN - THESE FOOD FORAGES ARE SCARCELY ENOUGH FOR THE STARVING PEASANTS! WE MUST DO SOMETHING ELSE!

WHAT, FALCON?



THIS TOWN SUFFERS MOST KEENLY BECAUSE IT'S CLOSEST TO THE TYRANT, JOHN... IF WE COULD ONLY GET TO HIS GRANARIES! ... I HAVE A PLAN! ARE YOU WITH ME, TINY AND JOLLY?

LATER IN THE CASTLE-

HSST! LADY MARION,
A MESSAGE FROM
THE FALCON.

LADY MARION,
WARD OF
RICHARD,
IMMUNE
AGAINST THE
ILL-INTENTION-
ED JOHN, IS
IN LOVE WITH
THE GREEN
FALCON.

THE GREEN FALCON ASKS TO BE LET INTO
THE CASTLE THROUGH ONE OF THE SECRET
ENTRANCES. IF JOHN
CATCHES HIM
HE'LL BE KILLED.
BUT I MUST
DO AS HE
ASKS.



IN THE CAST-
LE'S DINING
HALL, SIR
BOLTYN,
MORTAL
FOE OF
THE FALCON,
AND CROWD
TO PRINCE
JOHN,
FEASTS.



AND NOW YOU SHALL DIRECT ME TO THE GRANARIES, SIR BOLTYN. ONE FALSE MOVE AND THE ARROWS OF MY FRIENDS IN HIDING WILL FIND THEIR MARK!



Y...YES!

THEY SOON REACH THE KING'S GRANARIES.



I HAVE ORDERS FROM PRINCE JOHN

AYE, SIR BOLTYN! WHAT ARE THEY?

LOAD THREE CARTS WITH GRAIN AND BRING THEM TO THE CASTLE. NO ESCORT WILL BE NEEDED!



AS THE CARTS ROLL OUT ON THE ROAD, TINY AND JOLLY LEAP ON THEM FROM THE FOLIAGE.



WE'VE BEEN TRICKED.

BOLTYN TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION.



LET HIM GO! I HAVE NO FURTHER NEED FOR HIM!

HE RETURNS TO THE GRANARIES.

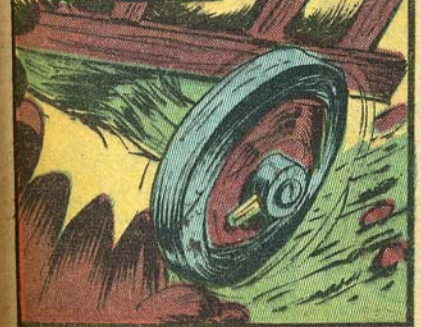


FOOLS COULDN'T YOU SEE I WAS BEING FORCED! QUICK WE MUST OVERTAKE THEM

MEANWHILE THE FALCON, TINY AND JOLLY CAREEN MADLY TOWARD THE TOWN WITH A PRECIOUS CARGO.



SUDDENLY-CATASTROPHE! A WHEEL BREAKS LOOSE!



LOOK, TINY-JOLLY! SIR BOLTYN AND HIS MEN! IS IT FLEE OR FIGHT?

FIGHT UNTO DEATH!



HA! THEY STAND THEIR GROUND. THEY MEAN TO FIGHT! THAT'S JUST AS I WOULD HAVE IT!



KILL THEM! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

PERHAPS YOU WOULD LIKE TO FIGHT IT OUT YOURSELF, SIR BOLTYN.

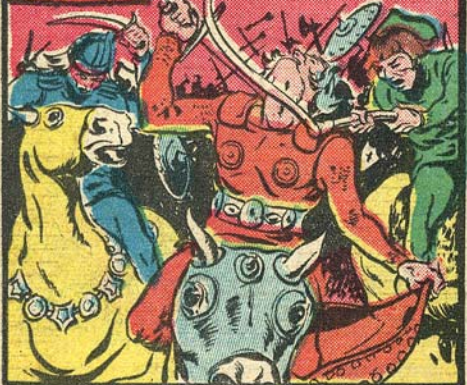


SUDDENLY FROM OUT OF THE WOODS, STREAM A STORM OF MEN-PEASANTS!



DEATH TO THE ENEMY OF THE GREEN FALCON.

THEY CHARGE INTO SIR BOLTYN'S MEN WITH CRUDE FARM IMPLEMENTS FOR WEAPONS.



MY MEN ARE BEATEN. I'LL FLEE AND SAVE MYSELF!



THE FALCON THANKS THE PEASANT LEADER.

'T WAS A RIGHT GOOD BATTLE. BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW MY PLIGHT?

THE LADY MARION TOLD ME YOUR PLANS!



THE PEASANTS DID NOT NEED COAXING TO GO TO THE AID OF THE GREEN FALCON!

IF JOHN HAD SUCH LOYAL FOLLOWERS HE WOULD NOT FEAR FOR HIS LIFE... COME! WE GO TO THE VILLAGE!



THE FALCON'S CARGO PROVIDES FOOD FOR ALL THE VILLAGE. A TOAST TO THE GREEN FALCON!



NAY! LET US TOAST OUR BELOVED RICHARD! MAY HE RETURN SOON TO HIS RIGHTFUL THRONE!



EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON BRINGS MORE STIRRING ADVENTURES OF THE CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED - THE GREEN FALCON!

Ill help you
Get a **DAISY** for
CHRISTMAS

—Red Ryder



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**GOLDEN BANDED
1000-SHOT
RED RYDER**
Saddle
CARBINE

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