

BLUE RIBBON

RICHY.

THE AMAZING BOY

COMICS

MYSTERY

RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG

A GREAT BLACK HAND • CAPTAIN FLAG Story

No. 18

NOV.

10¢



the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



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 doglovers 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 absolutely free by mail only, information about the care and training of dogs.

HOW TO JOIN THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

Fill in the coupon which contains the Rang-a-Tang Oath and mail it to My 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.

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 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.

2d Way—Enlist two of your friends as members of the Rang-a-Tang Club. Here's how to do it:

A—Just have them apply for membership to the club in the same way as you did.
B—Then drop me a post card giving me their names and addresses.
C—So write 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 Smalls, 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!

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear My Speed,

Not so long ago I saw a man whipping his dog. I yelled for him to stop, but the man just yelled at me to go away or he'd let me get a taste of the whip myself. The man had chained on the dog and the dog was bleeding, so I waited till the man had gone in, then I climbed over the fence, got the dog loose, and took him home with me. My dad went to the dog owner and the owner said I could keep it, so I did. Proud now on me're pal!

Billy Walthour
 El Paso, Texas

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

NAME	ADDRESS	NAME	ADDRESS
Carlisle Blissett 82 W. Water St. Paw/Keosau, U.T.	Rich Epstein 6005 Ellifford Terr. Phila, Pa.	Florida Fatman 6708 Page Blvd. St. Louis, Mo.	
Carolyn Young 103 Lyons Lane Bethesda, Md.	Bonnie Underwood 5th St. & Tucson Blvd. Tucson, Arizona	Edna Piccotti 402 51st Ave. Hempk, N.J.	
Julia Burnash 25 Hampton Rd. Cranford, N.J.	Ronald Kramer 614 N. Maplewood Ave. Chicago, Ill.	Jean McFarland 85-5th Ave. Collegeville, Pa.	

QUESTIONNAIRE PRINT PLAINLY

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

MY SPEED
 % BLUE RIBBON COMICS
 160 WEST BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

DEAR MR. SPEED:

PLEASE ENROLL ME AS A MEMBER OF THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I ENCLOSE 10¢ 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 (PRINT CLEARLY)..... ADDRESS.....
 CITY AND STATE..... AGE.....

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.....

BLACK JACK

APPEARS IN THE NOV. ZIP COMICS



STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK... A COMBINATION THAT MAKES ZIP COMICS THE BEST COMIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD... ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!!

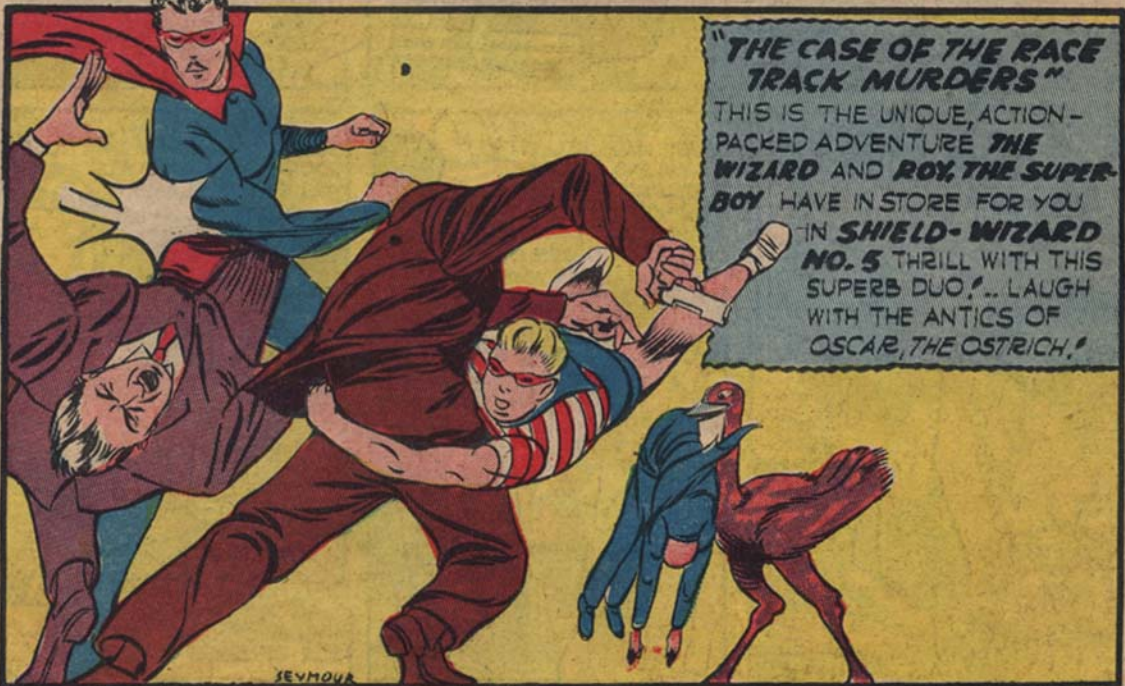
SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS SOON!

LOOK FOR IT!



THE MONOCLED MONSTER!
OUT OF THE GRAVE, COMES THIS HORROR TO PREY UPON A TERRIFIED WORLD, AND ONLY TWO DARE PICK UP ITS FOUL CHALLENGE — **THE SHIELD AND DUSTY**, THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THIS BLOOD-CURDLING YARN — **THE MONOCLED MONSTER WALKS AGAIN!**



"THE CASE OF THE RACE TRACK MURDERS"
THIS IS THE UNIQUE, ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE **THE WIZARD** AND **ROY, THE SUPER-BOY** HAVE IN STORE FOR YOU IN **SHIELD-WIZARD NO. 5** THRILL WITH THIS SUPERB DUO... LAUGH WITH THE ANTICS OF **OSCAR, THE OSTRICH!**

SEYMOUR

Absolutely **FREE!**

Special to the readers of **BLUE RIBBON COMICS**

WINGS OF AMERICA

Official U. S. Army Air Corps and U. S. Navy Planes (Courtesy Associated Features Syndicate)

Now for the first time ever, ABSOLUTELY FREE, we will ship to you a complete series of "WINGS OF AMERICA" twenty of America's latest and most recent developed planes printed in color. These magnificent and educational pictures can be used in the COMICSCOPE and can be projected in almost life size and color on any wall or flat surface. See the latest developments in air defense style and design of planes now being used by the U. S. Army and Navy!

A NEW AMAZING INVENTION!

The COMICSCOPE is a camera projector that measures seven inches long seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it either AC or DC current it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic strips, comic magazines, daily and Sunday newspapers can be used for "film" in the Comicoscope, and can be flashed in their exact color on any wall or flat surface. You can draw your own pictures and project them. Now you can take your own "Hollywood" screen tests by projecting your own or your family snapshots. There is nothing else to buy. No coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture shows, charge admission, make money.



NOT A TOY

But a real projector. Actual size 7" x 7" x 3". Operates AC, DC Current

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, Pat. Pen.

SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMICS IN FULL COLOR!

HOW TO GET YOUR "WINGS OF AMERICA" ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting out the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail it together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive absolutely free twenty pictures "WINGS OF AMERICA" together with the Giant Camera COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included—COMICSCOPE—tube and lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly!



Dragon Fly YO-51
Hell Diver SBC-1
Grumman F4F-1
Martina Miracle
Stearman XA-21
Flying Fortress
Douglas B-18A
Dive Bomber
Curtiss P-40
Interceptor
Hawk 75A
Airmaster
Falcon 22
Skyrocket
Magister
Explorer
Spitfire
Peregrine
Defiant
Scout

MAIL TODAY ~ DON'T DELAY ★

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, INC.
160 West B'way, New York, N. Y.

Please rush me at once the twenty pictures of the Official U. S. Army and Navy Planes "Wings of America" absolutely free, and one COMICSCOPE camera projector, for which I enclose twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three-cent stamp for handling and shipping.

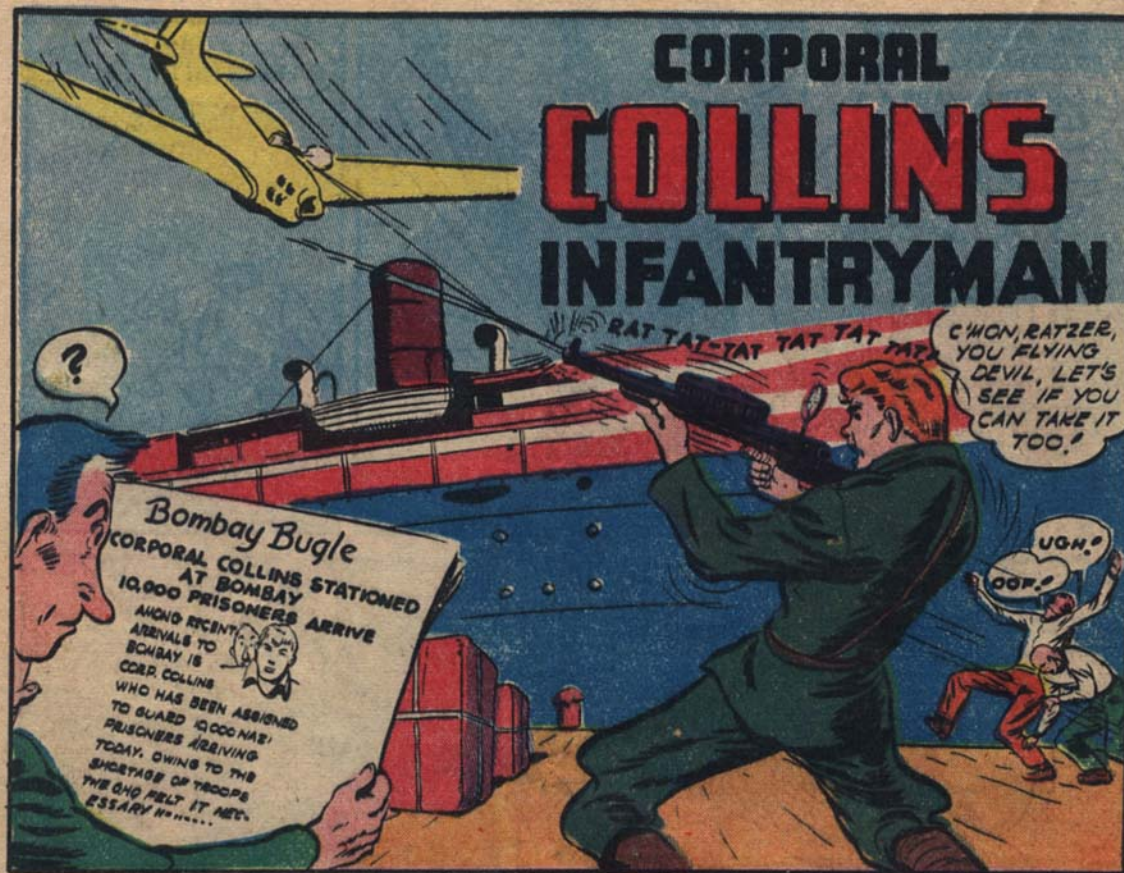
Name.....
PRINT CLEARLY

Address.....

City..... State.....

Offer Good in U. S. A. only. In Canada 5 cents extra.

CORPORAL COLLINS INFANTRYMAN







THAT CLUMSY SO AND SO!
WHY DOESN'T HE WATCH
WHAT HE'S DOING?
UGH!



PLOD!

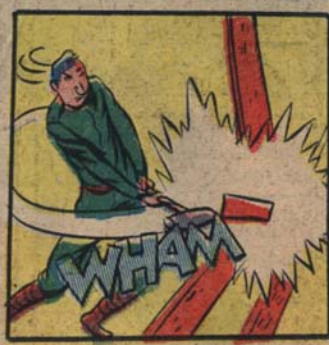


SON OF A SEA-COOK!
NOW I'VE DONE IT!
THE WHOLE THING'LL
COME CRASHIN'
DOWN!

GEE! IF CORP
SEES WHAT I'VE
DONE HE'LL BE
MADDER!



MEBBE I CAN FIX
IT!



WHAM!



RATZER KNOWS WE HAVEN'T
ANY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
AND HE'S TAKING AD-
VANTAGE OF- WHAT'S
ALL THAT
RACKET?

**CRASH
BANG
BUMP
BUMP**



SLAPSIE!
WHAT'S GOING ON
DOWN THERE?



WELL... ER... YOU SEE
CORP, MY SUSPENDERS..
ER... PULLED DOWN THE
BATTLESHIP AND I WAS
JUST...



SUFFERIN' SNIPERS!
LOOKA THE WAY THAT
BOAT IS TIPPED UP!
HEY!... WAIT A MINUTE!
THAT GIVES ME A
THOUGHT!



THE DOCK IS A WIDE-
OPEN TARGET BECAUSE
THEY HAVEN'T A SINGLE
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN,
BUT THOSE BATTLESHIP
GUNS TILTED UP THE
WAY THEY ARE OUGHTTA
BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE!

GEE, YOU CATCH
ON QUICK! THAT'S
JUST WHAT I
FIGURED, CORP!





AND HOW DO YOU SUPPOSE WE'LL GUARD THEM WITH ONLY 50 MEN? MAYBE YOU HAVE AN IDEA!

WHAT?



WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO? COLLINS

RATZER'S TOO CLEVER TO WARN US WHAT HE'S UP TO! I BET HE'S AFTER THOSE PRISONERS!



WITH EVERYONE FIGHTING FIRES AT THE DOCK, HE'D BE IN A PERFECT SPOT TO FREE THE PRISONERS AND TAKE OVER THE TOWN!

WHILE COLLINS SPEEDS TO THE CAMP TO WARN THE GUARDS—MILES AWAY IN A DIMLY-LIT NAZI HIDEOUT KNOWN ONLY TO GESTAPO—STANDS RATZER, RATZER, THE RUTHLESS MENACE WHOSE CUNNING AND SAVAGE DEVILTRY MAKE HIM FEARED FROM BOMBAY TO BRISTOL!



AT LAST I'VE MET A MATCH FOR MY WITS. CORPORAL COLLINS IS IN BOMBAY!

THAT'S WHERE 10,000 OF OUR MEN ARE BEING HELD PRISONERS!

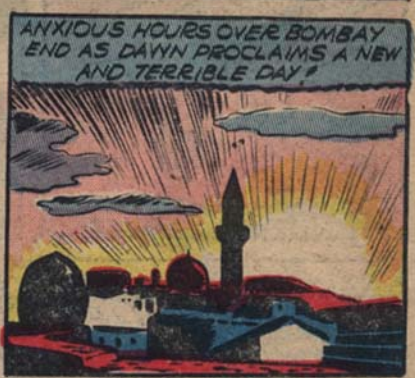


WE MUST RESCUE THEM!

YOU ARE RIGHT. WE MUST AND WE WILL!



WHAT I HAVE PLANNED CANNOT FAIL! YOU SHALL SEE!



ANXIOUS HOURS OVER BOMBAY END AS DAYN PROCLAIMS A NEW AND TERRIBLE DAY!



SLAPSIE, I WANT YOU TO GET BACK TO THE DOCK AND KEEP THE NATIVES LOADING THE BOAT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, GET IT? NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS. WE DON'T WANT RATZER GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, CORP!



THE BLACK SHADOW OF DEATH LOOMS OVER THE HORIZON—THE DREADED GERMAN ACE, RATZER!

WIDE THAT SCARED LOOK OFF YOUR FACES! WHEN I SAY "FIRE" DISCHARGE EVERY GUN ON THE DECK! HERE HE COMES! READY? FIRE!

NOW I HAVE THEM! THOUSAND YARDS MORE AND I RELEASE MY BOMBS! HA, HA, HA!

THE WARSHIP FIRES ITS LETHAL SHELLS SKYWARD!



EAGERLY AWAITING THEIR RESCUE THE PRISONERS LEAP AGAINST THE BARBED WIRE!



MEANWHILE... RATZER'S HIT ONE OF THE BOATS! WIG-WAG A SIGNAL TO ONE OF THE PADDLE-WHEELERS TO GO TOWARDS IT IN REVERSE!



SENDING UP A HEAVY STREAM OF WATER, THE PADDLE-WHEELER DOUSES THE DANGEROUS FIRE!



I'LL GET RATZER, DEAD OR ALIVE! ... BUT AFTER THAT CRASH, THE FIRST IS MORE LIKELY!



I'LL BE! HE GOT OUT UNSCATHED AFTER ALL! ... THAT GUY'S GOT MORE LUCK THAN LOADED DICE!



WHAT'S THE HURRY?



OOF! OH, SO WE LIKE TO KICK, DO WE?



I'M GETTING OUT OF CORP'S WAY- NUTS, MY SUSPENDERS' CAUGHT-



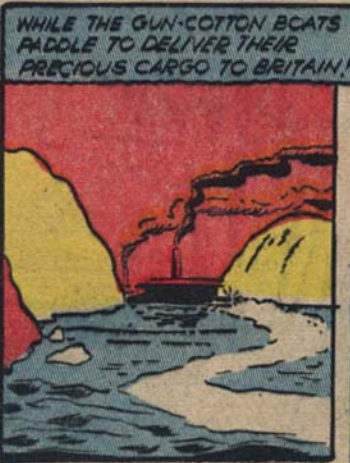
Stars indicating shock or impact.



TEMPORARILY STUNNED, COLLINS LETS GO OF RATZER



WHERE DID HE GO?



WHILE THE GUN-COTTON BOATS PADDLE TO DELIVER THEIR PRECIOUS CARGO TO BRITAIN!



CONGRATULATIONS COLLINS! THAT'S THE CLEANEST DEFENSE WORK I'VE EVER SEEN!

THANKS GENERAL, BUT I DON'T THINK OUR WORKS OVER YET!



RATZER GOT AWAY! BUT I'LL GET THAT CUNNING DEVIL IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE THE CORPS REALLY MET SOMEBODY WHO CAN GET HIS DANDER UP BESIDES SERGEANT BOYLE! WHAT A BREAK FOR YOU! READ THE NEXT BLUE RIBBON COMICS AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT WE MEAN!!

CAPTAIN FLAG

A SILENT, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE GLIDES THROUGH THE ENVELOPING SHROUD OF NIGHT... STEALTHILY WORKING HIS WAY TOWARDS A FACTORY... THE BLACK HAND IS ONCE AGAIN ON THE LOOSE! BUT THEN- LEAPING ON HIM FROM AN OVER-HEAD GIRDER - CAPTAIN FLAG!

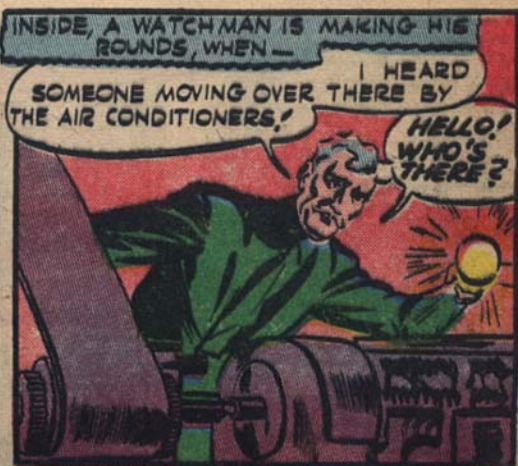
THE BLACK HAND SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND SWINGS A SECTION OF LEAD PIPE ON FLAG'S HEAD!

FOOL! DID YOU THINK I DIDN'T SEE YOU COMING? I WOULD END YOUR WORTHLESS LIFE HERE AND NOW- BUT FOR THE FACT THAT I HAVE WORK TO DO AND LITTLE TIME IN WHICH TO DO IT!





THE BLACK HAND LETS HIMSELF INTO THE FACTORY BY A REAR DOOR..



INSIDE, A WATCHMAN IS MAKING HIS ROUNDS, WHEN — I HEARD SOMEONE MOVING OVER THERE BY THE AIR CONDITIONERS!

HELLO! WHO'S THERE?



SUDDENLY, A HAND CLOSES ABOUT THE WATCHMAN'S THROAT.



FOOLISH FIG! SUCH IS THE PRICE ALL MUST PAY WHEN THEY CHALLENGE THE BLACK HAND! NOTHING MUST STAND IN MY WAY! NOW, TO PROCEED WITH MY WORK!



THE BLACK HAND OPENS A SECTION OF THE AIR CONDITIONER AND PRODUCING VIALS OF GERMS, POURS THEIR CONTENTS INTO THE TUBE.



IN THE MORNING, WHEN THEY START THE AIR CONDITIONING MACHINE, THE WORKMEN WILL DIE LIKE FLIES! BUT THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY PLOT!



RING

SO THE SUPERINTENDENT IS CALLING THE WATCHMAN FOR HIS HOURLY REPORT! HEH, HEH! THERE WILL BE NO ANSWER THIS TIME! MY WORK HERE IS DONE!



FLAG, MEANTIME, HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES

WHHEW! WHAT A CLOUT HE GAVE ME!

MAYBE I CAN STILL GET HIM! HE MUST BE IN THE FACTORY HERE SOMEWHERE!

THERE HE GOES! THIS TIME I'LL GET HIM!

BUT AS FLAG RACES AFTER HIS ENEMY, A FEEBLE MOTION FROM THE WATCHMAN ATTRACTS HIS ATTENTION.

SO HE GOT YOU, DID HE? DON'T TRY TO TALK, OLD TIMER! JUST RELAX FOR A MOMENT!

POOR DEVIL! HE'S DONE FOR! HIS FACE IS ALREADY TURNING BLACK!

OUTSIDE...

COME ON, BOYS! SOMETHING'S WRONG INSIDE!

GREAT GHOSTS! IT'S CAPTAIN FLAG! GET 'EM UP, YOU!

OKAY OFFICER! I'M NOT ARMED, BUT COME HERE - I CAN EXPLAIN -

ALL WE KNOW IS THE WATCHMAN DIDN'T ANSWER HIS HOURLY REPORT!

AND WHEN WE BREAK IN WE FIND THIS!

WE'RE TAKING YOU INTO TH' JAIL HOUSE, FLAG!

NEXT MORNING, AS THE WORKMEN ENTER THE FACTORY...

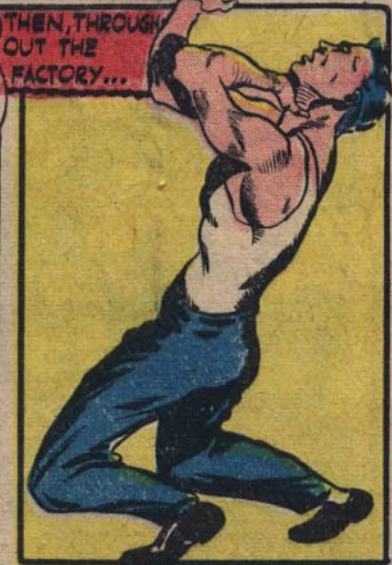


THE FIREMAN SETS THE AIR CONDITIONING UNIT IN OPERATION...



DO YOU FEEL WARM, JERRY?

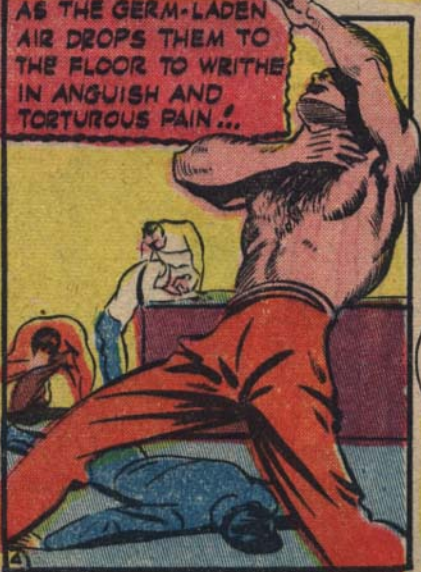
YEAH! AND MY THROATS DRY TOO!



THEN, THROUGHOUT THE FACTORY...



MEN BEGIN TO GRASP THEIR THROATS AND HEADS...



AS THE GERM-LADEN AIR DROPS THEM TO THE FLOOR TO WRITHE IN ANGUISH AND TORTUROUS PAIN...

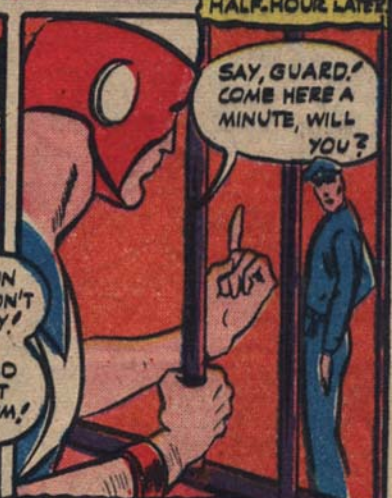


THE FIREMAN STAGGERS TO THE PHONE..

MUST-GET-WORD. MEN-ALL-DYING-



OPERATOR -GET-AM-BALANCES-TO-FACTORY-MEN DYING! HURRY! UGH!



CAPTAIN FLAG
DISPOSES OF ANOTHER
GUARD WHO BLOCKS HIS
WAY...

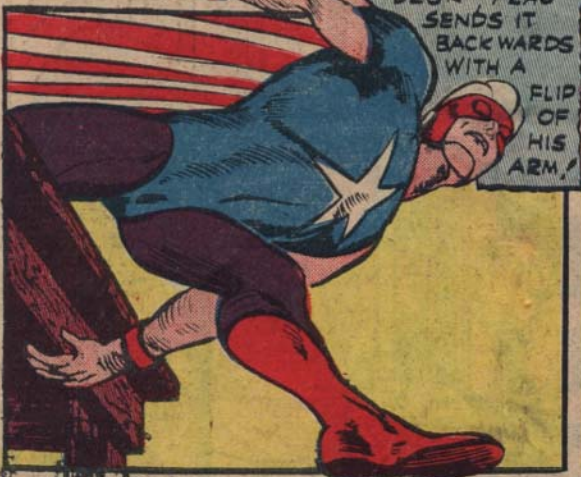


VAULTING OVER A
DESK FLAG
SENDS IT
BACKWARDS
WITH A
FLIP
OF HIS
ARM!

STOP HIM! YOU
STOP HIM!



THE DESK PILES
UP HIS PURSUERS
IN A MAD
SCRAMBLE!



MEANTIME, THE
RADIUM PLANE AR-
RIVES AT THE AIRPORT...



HERE IT COMES NOW!
AND HEAVILY
GUARDED,
TOO!



HERE'S THE RADIUM,
MISS

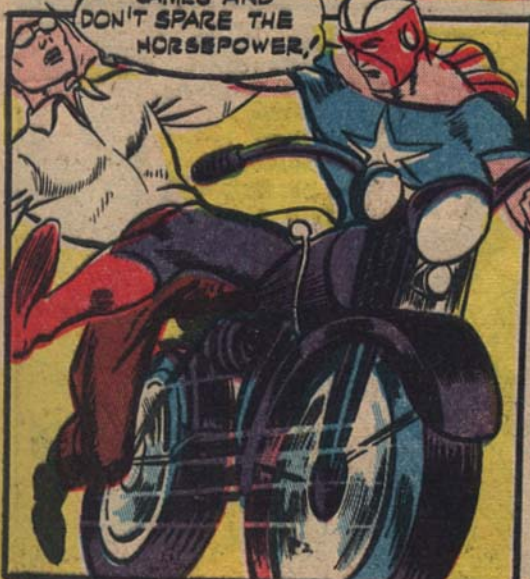
THANKS! A
POLICE ES-
CORT WILL
TAKE ME TO
THE HOSPITAL!

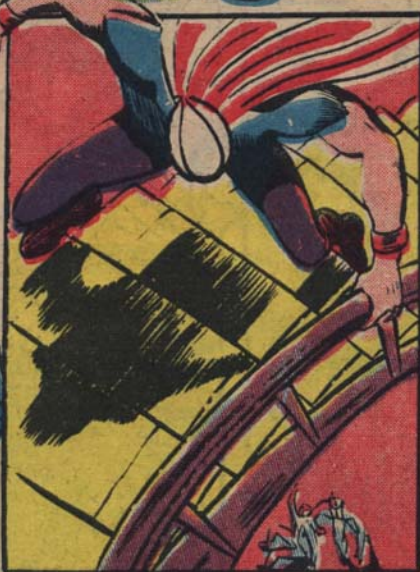


REMEMBER, OFFICER!
WERE NOT TO STOP
FOR ANYTHING UNTIL
WE REACH THE
HOSPITAL!

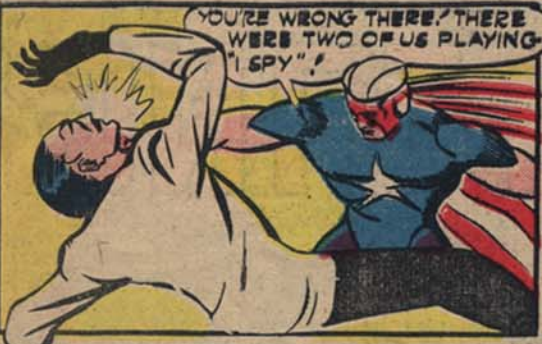


WELL, THERE IT GOES!
IN CASE THE BLACK
HAND IS INTEREST-
ED-HE HASN'T A
CHANCE TO GRAB
THAT RADIUM! THIS
IS ONE TIME HE'S
STYMIED!





YOU'RE WRONG THERE, THERE WERE TWO OF US PLAYING "I SPY"!



CAPTAIN FLAG LASHES OUT WITH VICIOUS BLOWS, FORCING THE BLACK HAND TO GIVE GROUND.



THIS WILL STOP YOU, YOU INFERNAL MEDDLER!



TAKE THAT!-



THE POLICE CHARGE IN - CRACKING FLAG ON THE SKULL WITH THE DOOR EDGE!



THE BLACK HAND LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW!



(IS HE DEAD?) WELL, WELL, EVERYTIME I MEET UP WITH YOU I GET MY HEAD CRACKED!

NO! LOOKS LIKE HE WAS PREPARED FOR A QUICK EXIT!



SUFFERIN' SUNFISH, HE'S FIFTEEN STORIES ABOVE THE GROUND!

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BLACK HAND?

HE HAD A ROPE ATTACHED TO THE BUILDING, HE GOT AWAY!



AT ANY RATE, WE SAVED THE RADIUM, THOSE WORKMEN'S LIVES WILL BE SAVED, AND AS FOR THE BLACK HAND - I'LL SETTLE MY SCORE WITH HIM SOMEDAY!

MEANWHILE, FLAG, THE APOLOGIES OF MY DEPARTMENT FOR PLACING YOU UNDER FALSE ARREST!

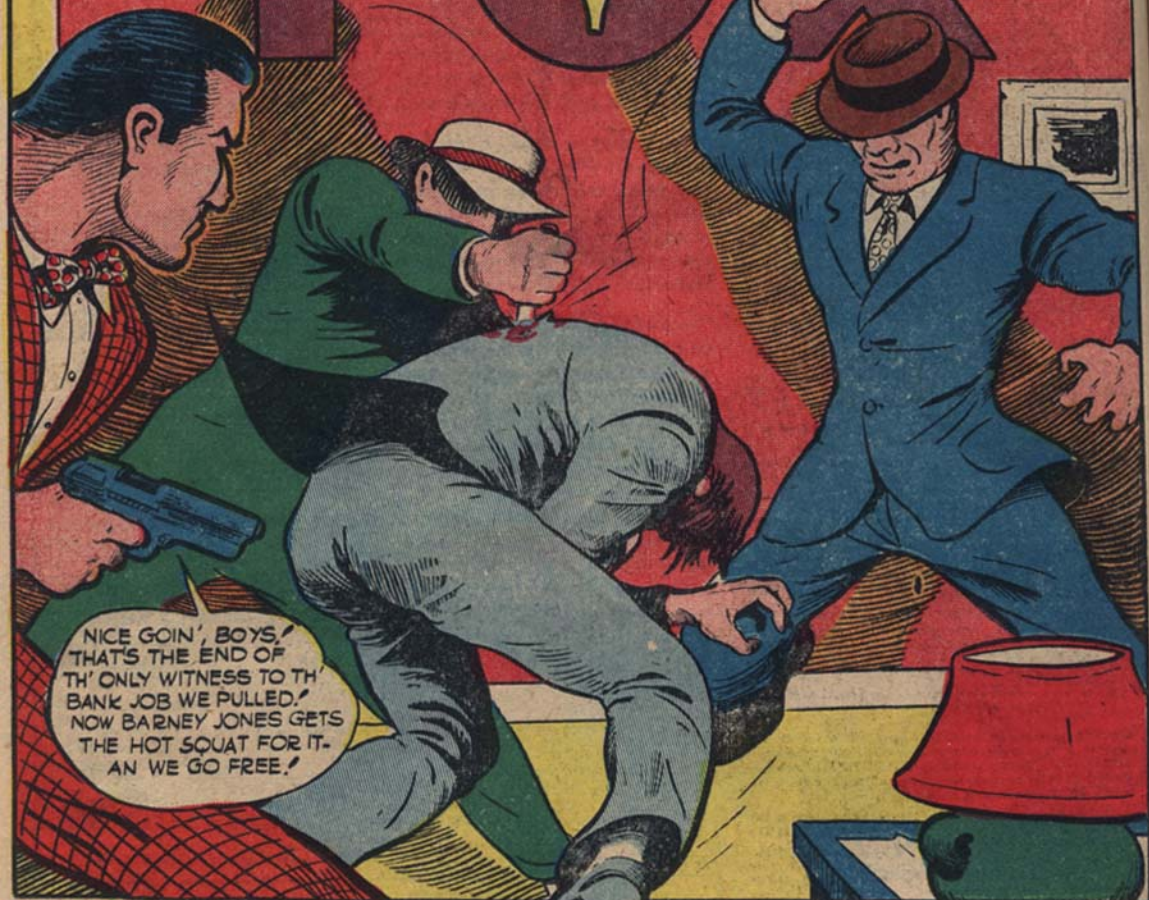


FORGET IT, SERGEANT! I'M ON MY WAY TO PICK UP THE BLACK HAND, AND THIS TIME - HE WON'T GET AWAY!



The

FOXY



NICE GOIN', BOYS!
THAT'S THE END OF
TH' ONLY WITNESS TO TH'
BANK JOB WE PULLED.
NOW BARNEY JONES GETS
THE HOT SQUAT FOR IT-
AN WE GO FREE!

PAUL PATTON, STAFF MEMBER
OF THE DAILY GLOBE, INTER-
VIEWS THE CONDEMNED
BARNEY JONES IN HIS
DEATH CELL...



I KNOW-IT'S WHAT EVERY
CONDEMNED MAN ALWAYS
SAYS, BUT IT'S TRUE... I
SWEAR IT!

I DIDN'T KILL THAT WATCHMAN AT
THE BANK. "RED" BARKER AND
HIS GANG FRAMED ME. IF YOU
DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK MY PAL-
BILL BRONSON. HE KNOWS THE
WHOLE STORY, BUT WHEN THE
COPS GRABBED ME, HE GOT
SCARED AN' RAN. I KNOW HE'LL
TELL THE TRUTH IF
YOU TALK TO HIM. TELL
HIM MY LIFE DEPENDS
ON HIS STORY!



GOT A STORY, PATTON?
YEAH, SOME STORY, ALL
KILLERS ARE THE
SAME-TRY AL-
WAYS TRY TO
ALIBI THEIR WAY
OUT!



BUT THAT NIGHT, PAUL PATTON BECOMES THE FOX... AND SWINGS UP THE FIRE ESCAPE INTO BILL BRONSON'S HOME...



BARNEY JONES MIGHT HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THE TRUTH, I'LL SEE WHAT HIS PAL BRONSON HAS TO SAY.



KIND OF DARK IN HERE, GUESS I'LL MAKE MYSELF AT HOME AND WAIT FOR BRONSON.

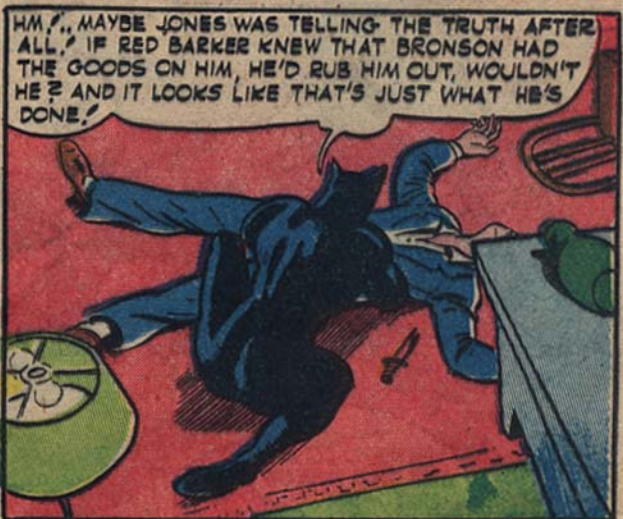


THE FOX SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT...

SUFFERIN' SUN-FISH, LOOKS LIKE I HAVE COMPANY.



BRONSON, KNIFED, AND JONES SAID HE WAS THE ONLY GUY WHO COULD CLEAR HIM.



HM... MAYBE JONES WAS TELLING THE TRUTH AFTER ALL, IF RED BARKER KNEW THAT BRONSON HAD THE GOODS ON HIM, HE'D RUB HIM OUT, WOULDN'T HE? AND IT LOOKS LIKE THAT'S JUST WHAT HE'S DONE.

..AND CALLS RED BARKER.



ARE YOU SOME GUY THAT'S TRYIN' TO FRAME ME FOR SOMETHIN'?

YOU'LL FRAME YOURSELF, BARKER, IF BILL BRONSON YAPS TO THE D.A., THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY, SO LONG.



YEAH? OKAY. SO WHAT? YOU'RE A COP-HATER, WHOEVER YOU ARE, SO BILL BRONSON AIN'T DEAD AND HE'S ON TH' WAY TO SQUEAL TO TH' D.A. HEY, WHAT KIND OF GAG IS THIS?



THE FOX PICKS UP THE TELEPHONE...

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY....

WHAT? A GUY BY THE NAME OF BRONSON IS GOING TO DO WHAT?

I SAID HE'S ON HIS WAY TO YOUR OFFICE RIGHT NOW TO CLEAR BARNEY JONES OF THAT MURDER RAP. STICK AROUND, D.A.! I HAVE A HUNCH YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING.

I MAY BE BARKING UP THE WRONG TREE, BUT I'VE STARTED THIS THING AND I'M GOING TO GO THROUGH WITH IT.

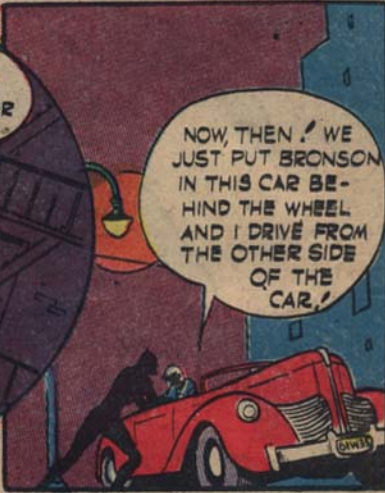


AND HOPE NOBODY SEES ME, ESPECIALLY BARKER AND HIS MOB.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GET THIS FELLOW OUT HERE...



NOW, THEN! WE JUST PUT BRONSON IN THIS CAR BEHIND THE WHEEL AND I DRIVE FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CAR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, RED BARKER AND HIS MOBSTERS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE....

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, YOU MUGS! TH' MINUTE YOU SPOT BRONSON, LET 'IM HAVE IT! WE GOTTA BE SURE WE FINISH HIM THIS TIME!



THERE HE COMES NOW!

GOOD! START UP TH' CAR AND WE'LL DRIVE UP BESIDE HIM AN' BLOW HIS HEAD OFF!

THE FOX DUCKS LOW IN THE SEAT AS HE STEERS THE CAR TO THE CURB AND TURNS OFF THE IGNITION...

HM? I THINK MY GANG-STER FRIENDS ARE ALREADY WAITING! HOPE HAVENT KEPT THEM TOO LONG!



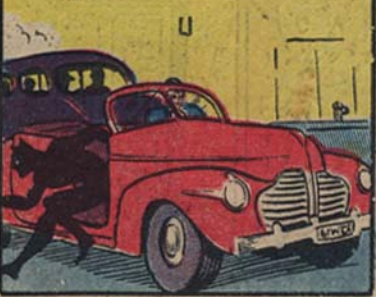
BARKER'S CAR STARTS UP AND BEGINS TO SWING AROUND IN A U-TURN...

SHOULD WE PLUG 'IM NOW, BOSS? NO, WAIT! WE GET RIGHT UP BESIDE HIM LIKE SAID!



AS THE MOBSTERS APPROACH THE FOX SLIPS OUT OF THE CAR...

GET READY! HERE WE GO!



OKAY! NOW! LET 'IM HAVE IT, BOYS!

THE MOBSTERS OPEN FIRE ON BRONSON'S DEAD BODY...



AND THE FOX SNAPS PICTURE AFTER PICTURE!



WHAT WAS THAT SHOOTIN' GOIN' ON OUT HERE?

CAME FROM A CAR... BUT IT'S GONE NOW!

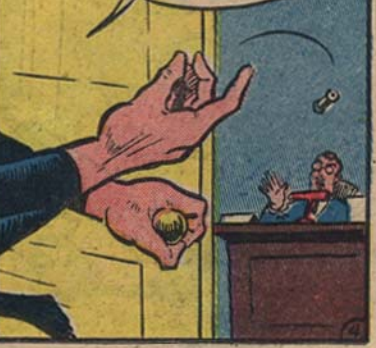


AS THE POLICE CHARGE ACROSS THE STREET TO EXAMINE BRONSON'S BODY, THE FOX SLIPS AROUND BEHIND THEM AND ENTERS THE BUILDING...

IT'S THE GUY IN THAT CAR OVER THERE WHO GOT THE LEAD SHOWER!



HERE YOU ARE, MR. D.A. DEVELOP THAT ROLL OF FILM AND YOU'LL KNOW WHO JUST RIDDLED BILL BRONSON'S BODY TO SHUT HIM UP!



LATER, IN THE POLICE DEVELOPING ROOM...

HERE'S THE PRINTS OF THAT FILM THE FOX GAVE YOU. THEY'RE DYNAMITE.

HOLY SMOKE! RED BARKER.. AS CLEAR AS DAY!

OKAY, MEN! THAT'S ENOUGH EVIDENCE FOR ME. WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? GO OUT AND GET BARKER AND HIS MOB!

IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE POLICE SQUAD CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CITY ON THEIR WAY TO BARKER'S HEADQUARTERS.

DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! IF ONE OF THEM MAKES A MOVE FOR HIS GUN... SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER!

GOOD! THERE GO THE POLICE! NOW I'LL MOSEY AROUND TO THE REAR OF THE HOUSE AND KEEP WATCH THERE!

THE FIGHTING D.A. LEADS HIS MEN INTO THE HOUSE, TAKING BARKER'S MEN BY SURPRISE.

IN THE BACK ROOM...

GAME'S UP, BOYS! DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS!

WHATTA THEY GOT ON US?

JEEPERS! THE COPS!

TH' D.A. AN HIS MEN! THAT MEANS THEY GOT SOMETHIN' ON ME OR THEY WOULDN'T BE HERE!

BARKER SNEAKS OUT A REAR WINDOW...

I CAN STILL MAKE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!

DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT!

OOPS! KIND OF SLIPPERY, ISN'T IT?



SO I'LL JUST SLIP ONE ON YOUR CHIN!

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP FOR PAPA! THAT'S RIGHT! NOW WATCH THE BIRDIE, GOOD! DIDN'T HURT MUCH, DID IT, NOW?

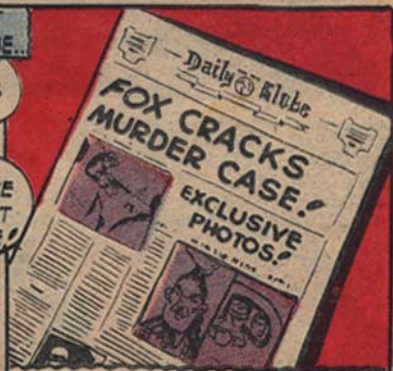


HERE'S THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM!

LATER.. PAUL PATTON ARRIVES AT THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY-GLOBE..

HEY CHIEF! I JUST GOT A HOT TIP! I HEAR BARNEY JONES ISN'T GUILTY OF THAT MURDER RAP!

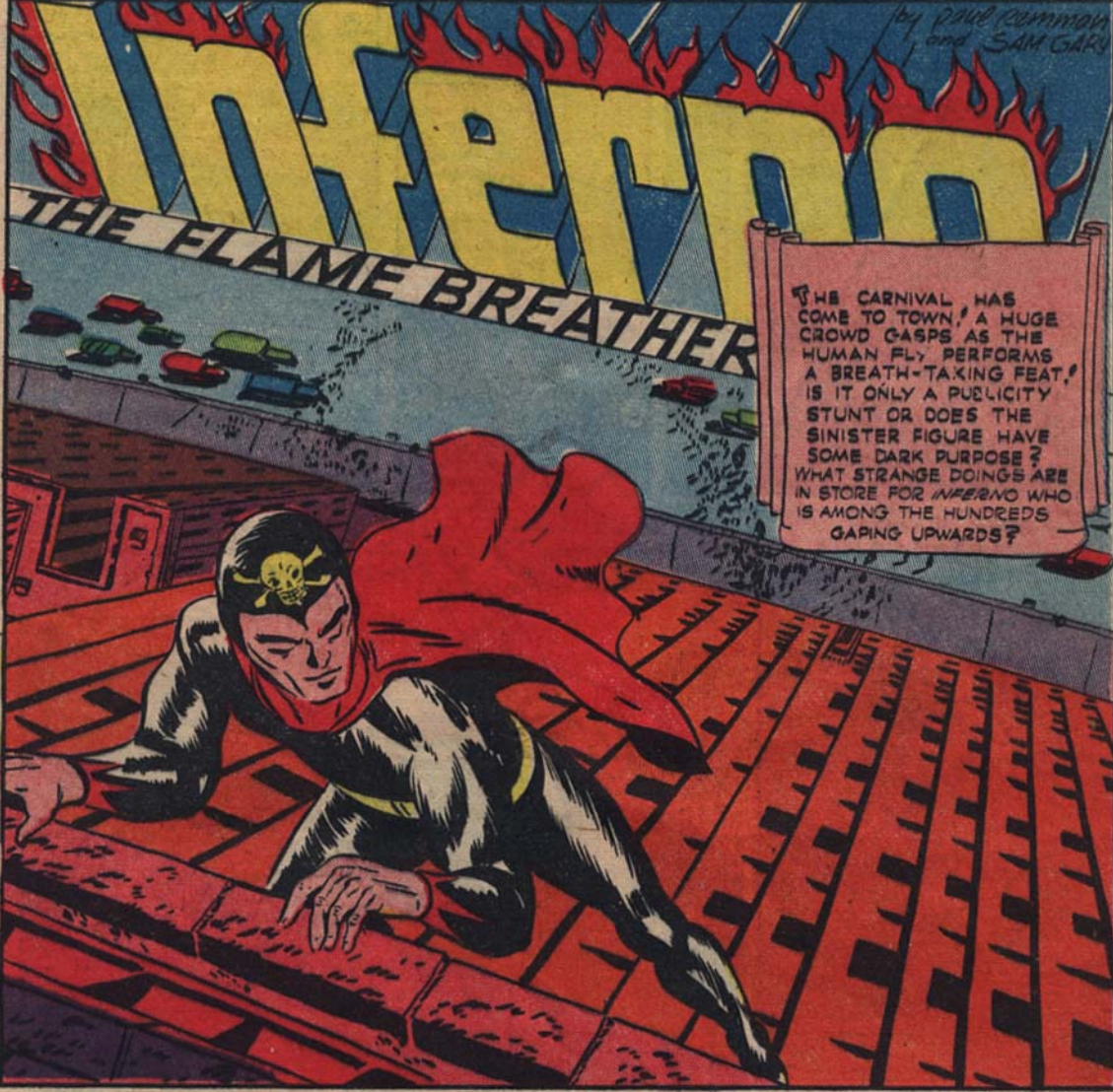
NO KIDDIN'! WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT THE FIRST PAGE OF THE GLOBE!



5-STAR PATTON RUNS SMACK INTO ANOTHER THRILLER-AND THE FOX CLEARS UP THE CASE FOR HIM, AGAIN IN NEXT MONTH'S BLUE RIBBON COMICS!



by Paul Romman
and SAM GARY



THE CARNIVAL HAS COME TO TOWN! A HUGE CROWD GASPS AS THE HUMAN FLY PERFORMS A BREATH-TAKING FEAT! IS IT ONLY A PUBLICITY STUNT OR DOES THE SINISTER FIGURE HAVE SOME DARK PURPOSE? WHAT STRANGE DOINGS ARE IN STORE FOR INFERNO WHO IS AMONG THE HUNDREDS GAPING UPWARDS?



MEANWHILE, DOWN THE BLOCK!...

BOY THAT'S A RISKY WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!

QUICK! GET THE CAR GOIN'!



HELP, STOP THOSE THIEVES!

JEWELER

INFERNO WALKING AWAY FROM THE HUMAN FLY'S EXHIBITION, COMES TO THE ROBBERY.

A DARING LEAP AS THE BANDIT'S CAR PASSES BY FULL TILT, AND.....



I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

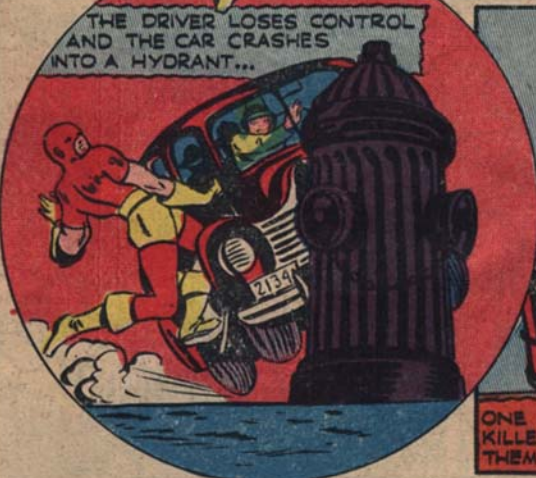
HELP!
THIEVES!
ROBBERS!



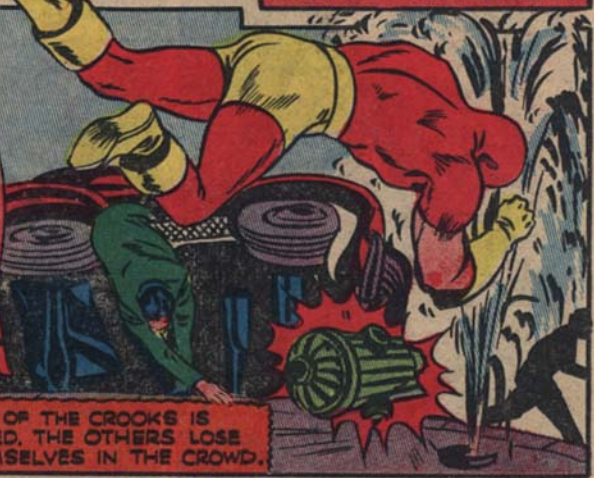
YOU GOT COMPANY MISTER!



AS ONE OF THE THUGS LASHES OUT TO SHAKE HIS PURSUER OFF THE RUNNING-BOARD, INFERNO LETS LOOSE A BLAST OF SEARING FLAME!



THE DRIVER LOSES CONTROL AND THE CAR CRASHES INTO A HYDRANT...



ONE OF THE CROOKS IS KILLED. THE OTHERS LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CROWD.



I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE. THE COPS'LL THINK I WAS ON THIS JOB!



I KNEW IT! THEY LET THE CROOKS GET AWAY AND THEY'RE AFTER ME!



I'LL DUCK INTO THIS BUILDING AND CHANGE BACK TO STREET CLOTHES! I'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THOSE COPS WITH THIS UNIFORM ON!

THE POLICE CHASE INTO THE BUILDING....



HEY, YOU, DID YOU SEE A GUY IN UNIFORM RUN IN HERE?



YEAH, HE RAN UP THOSE STAIRS.

THANKS!



WHEW, THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING HIM? HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE LONG AGO.



MY WATCH MUST BE BROKEN. I MUST HAVE IT FIXED.



WHY VIRGINIA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



THERE IS A GANG PULLING DAYLIGHT ROBBERIES. THE F.B.I. WANTS ME TO TRACK THEM DOWN. I CAME TO YOU FOR HELP!



WHOEVER IS BEHIND IT ALL IS CLEVER OR LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE NOONE AROUND AT THE TIME - IN SPITE OF THE FACT IT'S BROAD DAYLIGHT!

HMM.. THAT IS A COINCIDENCE!



JUST THEN, VIRGINIA IS ATTRACTED BY A STARTLING SCENE IN THE STREET....

INFERNO! LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!

WELL!..WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT! A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR THE CARNIVAL IN TOWN, NO DOUBT!

WELL, I'LL RUN ALONG! I'D LIKE TO GET THIS WATCH FIXED AT THE JEWELERS DOWN THE BLOCK!

OKAY, I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU!

WATCH? A JEWELER AROUND THE CORNER FROM THE CROWD? THE FIRST ROBBERY WAS PULLED RIGHT NEAR THE HUMAN FLY ACT...HMMM...IT'S A WILD HUNCH BUT IT'S WORTH LOOKING INTO!

HEY, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

WELL, IF YOU WANT TO COME ALONG, YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOME FAST RUNNING!

IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THEY'RE USING THESE PUBLICITY STUNTS AS DECOYS!

IN-FERNO'S HUNCH IS RIGHT! DOWN THE STREET, BANDITS EMERGE FROM A JEWELRY STORE!

BUT BEFORE THEY CAN MAKE A GETAWAY....



BREAKERS AHEAD!

LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT STOPPIN' LEAD!



I'M A LOT BETTER STOPPING TIN-HORN CROOKS! AWWRRH!



THEN INFERNO LEAPS TO THE GETAWAY CAR, AND...

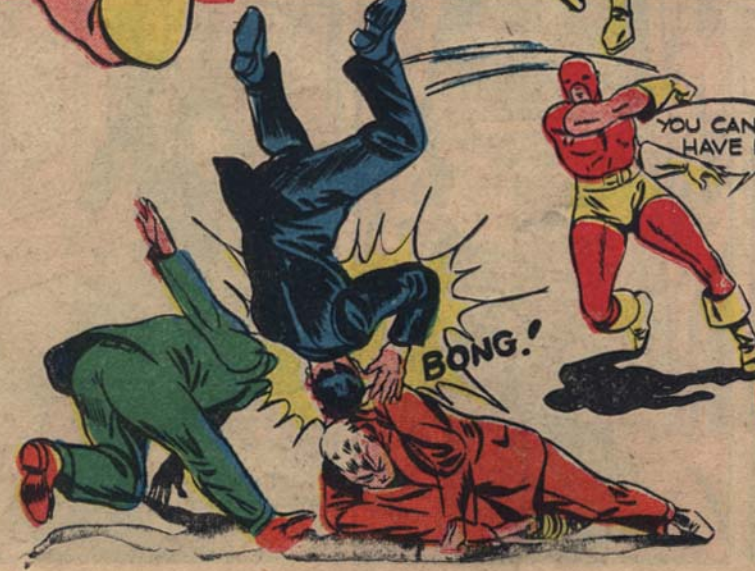


YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF PULLING OUT ON YOUR PALS,

INFERNO SWINGS THE GANG-STER BODILY FROM THE CAR...



THEN AS EASILY AS A PAPER WEIGHT...



YOU CAN HAVE HIM!

BONG!



HERE COME THE COPS! BETTER SCRAM!



IT'S INFERNO! HE'S GETTING AWAY!

STOP WHERE YOU ARE!

BANG!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE THUGS! YOU GO AFTER INFERNO!



WE'LL HAVE TO USE YOUR CAR, MISS AMES.

ER...AH...ALL-RIGHT! HOP IN!



WE'LL COME ON! GET THIS THING MOVING!

I'M TRYING TO FIND MY IGNITION KEY!



GRACIOUS ME! IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE IN MY PURSE!

LOOK, WILL YA PLEASE HURRY! THAT GUY IS GETTING AWAY!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M HOPING!

GRR...I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO START UP WITH A WOMAN!



DEAR, DEAR! LIPSTICK AND COMPACT... BUT NO KEY!

BAH! I GIVE UP!



LOOK, HERE'S MY KEY! IT MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF MY BAG!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T SEE IT SOONER, OR INFERNO WOULD BE GOING WITH THOSE OTHER CROOKS!



POOR INFERNO! ANOTHER GOOD PIECE OF WORK TO YOUR CREDIT AND ALL YOU GET IS BLAME!

FOLLOW THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF INFERNO IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF BLUE RIBBON!

MR. JUSTICE

SO MR. JUSTICE HAS FOLLOWED ME EVEN INTO THIS WORLD. WHAT A SURPRISE IS WAITING FOR HIM!

MR. JUSTICE AND FAT CLARK HAVE ARRIVED IN THE WORLD OF THE ATOMS - A WORLD SO SMALL THAT IT HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN BY MAN. ON THIS MICROSCOPIC ORB MR. JUSTICE HOPES TO TRAP THE GREEN GHOUL AND BID THE EARTH FOREVER OF THIS HIDEOUS CREATURE OF DEATH AND HORROR!

BY S. COOPER



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TRAP HIM INSIDE A PIECE OF FIRE WHICH I WILL CREATE WITH THIS VIAL OF PURGATORY POWDER - THEN I SHALL DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD - AND HIM AND THE GIRL WITH IT!

MEANTIME... WILL WE EVER AGAIN BE ABLE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH, OR ARE WE TRAPPED HERE FOREVER?

WE SHALL RETURN TO THE EARTH - BUT ONLY AFTER WE HAVE DESTROYED THE GREEN GHOU!





THE GREEN GHOUL SCATTERS THE PURGATORY POWDER IN A CIRCLE AND THEN—

MR. JUSTICE!
MR. JUSTICE!
IF I'M THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR COME ON AND GET ME— IF YOU CAN!



THE GREEN GHOUL! BUT WHY SHOULD HE CALL OUR ATTENTION TO HIM? HE MUST HAVE A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE— BUT I'M GOING AFTER HIM ANYHOW!



PLEASE BE CAREFUL!

I—I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE!
MR. JUSTICE!...WHAT'S HAPPENED?



AS THE ROYAL WRAITH PURSUES HIS ENEMY, THE GREEN GHOUL FLINGS A FLAMING FLAG-GOT INTO THE PURGATORY POWDER, WHICH FLARES UP—TRAPPING MR. JUSTICE AND PAT IN THE CENTER OF IT!?



WE'RE TRAPPED, PAT! NO BEING— HUMAN OR SPIRIT— CAN PASS THROUGH THE FLAMES OF PURGATORY POWDER!



THIS IS YOUR END, MR. JUSTICE! THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN ESCAPE IS BY HAVING A CREATURE OF THIS ATOM WORLD RESCUE YOU!

AND THE ONLY CREATURES HERE WILL WANT TO DESTROY YOU, NOT SAVE YOU! YOU ARE DOOMED— BOTH OF YOU!



NOW I SHALL RETURN TO MY NORMAL SIZE AND DESTROY THIS ATOM WORLD AS EASILY AS IF IT WERE AN EGG SHELL!



I'M SORRY PAT! IT LOOKS AS IF WERE BOTH FINISHED— FOR ETERNITY!



HE'S GONE, PAT! AND UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, HE'LL DESTROY THIS ATOM GLOBE - AND US WITH IT!



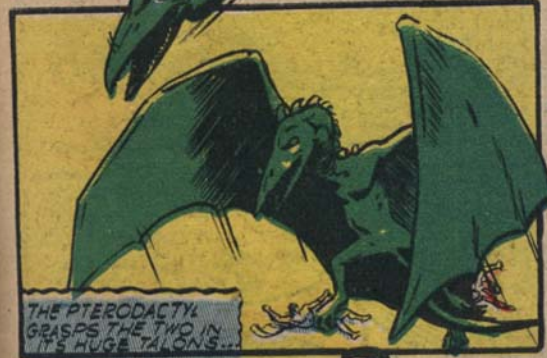
BUT PERCHED IN ITS NEST, A MAMMOTH PTERODACTYL IS ATTRACTED BY THE TINY FIGURES!



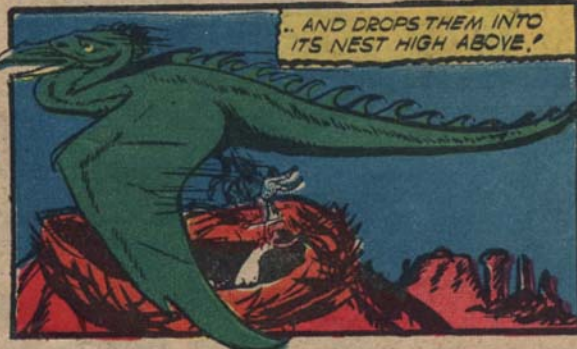
THE BIRD OF PREY SWOOPS DOWN ON ITS INTENDED VICTIMS!



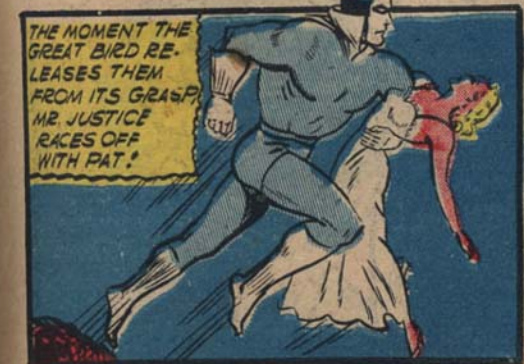
GOOD LORD! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!



THE PTERODACTYL GRASPS THE TWO IN ITS HUGE TALONS...



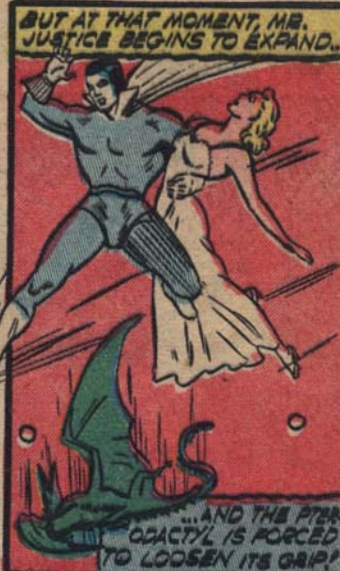
... AND DROPS THEM INTO ITS NEST HIGH ABOVE!



THE MOMENT THE GREAT BIRD RELEASES THEM FROM ITS GRASP, MR. JUSTICE RACES OFF WITH PAT!



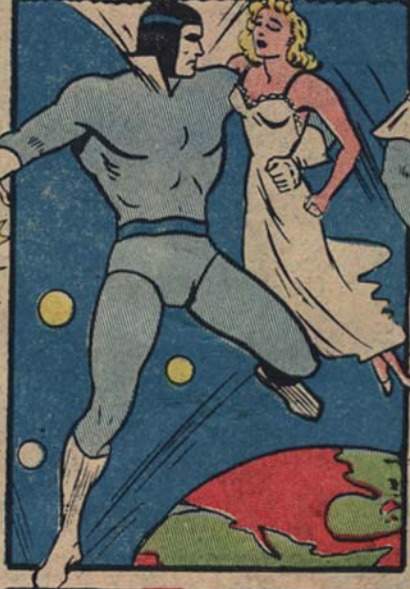
AND THE PTERODACTYL SETS OUT IN PURSUIT!



MR. JUSTICE AND PAT CLARK
GROW IN SIZE, AS THEY
EMERGE FROM THE ATOM - AND
THEN -



THEY START THEIR DESCENT TO
EARTH...



THIS IS WHERE WE BEGAN
OUR ADVENTURE! NOW
WE'LL HAVE TO GO ON
WITH IT!

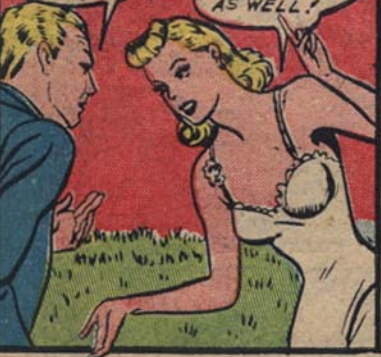


I'M CONFIDENT
YOU'LL OVERTAKE
THE GREEN GHOUL
NOW, MR. JUSTICE!

AS THE TWO REACH EARTH ONCE
AGAIN, MR. JUSTICE ASSUMES HIS
MORTAL FORM

BUT WHERE AM
I TO START
LOOKING FOR
HIM? I CAN'T AF-
FORD TO WAIT
UNTIL HE MAKES
HIS NEXT MOVE.
I HAVE TO ACT
NOW!

HE KILLED MR.
TRACY AND ENTER-
ED HIS BODY.
REMEMBER? DO
YOU SUPPOSE
HE INTENDS TO
USE TRACY'S
BODY TO GET
TO MY FATHER
THEN KILL HIM
AS WELL?



I. I'M SO
AFRAID

DON'T BE AFRAID,
PAT. I'M GOING TO
GET IN TOUCH WITH
YOUR FATHER AT ONCE!

IF THE GREEN GHOUL
DECIDES TO STRIKE -
WE'LL SEE WHAT
HAPPENS!



MAYOR CLARK, AT THAT
MOMENT, HAS RETURNED
FROM A CONFERENCE IN
WASHINGTON AND ENTERS
HIS OFFICE...



AH! IT'S GOOD TO BE
BACK! I HOPE EVERYTHING
HAS GONE WELL WHILE
I'VE BEEN AWAY!

HELLO! WILL YOU HAVE
MR. TRACY STEP IN
HERE, PLEASE!

YES, MISTER
MAYOR!



SO IT'S MR.
TRACY HE WANTS
TO SEE, IS IT?
HE'LL SEE ME
SOON ENOUGH!





BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE SPIRIT OF MR. JUSTICE ENTERS UPON THE SCENE...

JUSTICE!
YOU AGAIN!

THOUGHT
YOU TRAP-
PED ME
ON THE
ATOM, DID-
N'T YOU?
WELL, YOU
FAILED!

THE GREEN GHOUL
DASHES MADLY OUT
OF THE OFFICE...

I'LL GET HIM
IN A
MINUTE!
RIGHT NOW,
I'LL HAVE
TO SEE HOW
THE MAYOR
IS!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!
BUT STILL
BREATHING!
THANK HEAVEN
FOR THAT!
I'LL SEND OUT AN
ALARM AND HAVE HIM
TAKEN
CARE OF- AND NOW- I'M
GOING TO GET THE
GHOUL ONCE AND
FOR ALL!

MEANTIME, THE THING THAT EVIL SPAWNED
RACES OUT INTO THE STREET BOWLING
OVER EVERYONE WHO CROSSES HIS PATH!

THERE
HE GOES!

THE GHOUL
SOARS UP
INTO THE
AIR...

YOU WON'T GET ME!
I OOTWITTED YOU ONCE AND
I'LL DO IT
AGAIN!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TO REACH THE VOID BETWEEN THE SPIRIT WORLD AND THE MORTAL WORLD. I'LL BATTLE JUSTICE ON EVEN TERMS. AND THE LOSER WILL DISINTEGRATE FOREVER!



I THINK I KNOW WHAT HIS GAME IS. AND I'LL BE READY FOR HIM! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE FOR HIM!



THE GREEN GHOUL REACHES THE VOID AND WATCHES THE APPROACH OF MR. JUSTICE...



THAT'S JUST WHAT I THOUGHT HE WAS GOING TO DO! HE'S REACHED THE VOID— AND WHEN I GO IN TO BATTLE HIM, ONE OF US WILL FORFEIT ETERNAL LIFE UNTIL THE END OF TIME!



ALL RIGHT, JUSTICE! I'M WAITING FOR YOU! IF YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME— COME AND TRY!



I'M COMING, GHOUL! AND I'M WARNING YOU THAT YOUR FOUL EXISTENCE IN THIS WORLD IS ABOUT TO END!



AND SO MR. JUSTICE RUSHES IN TO DO BATTLE WITH THE GREEN GHOUL— THE OUTCOME OF WHICH WILL INFLUENCE THE FATE OF MANKIND ITSELF!





IN THIS VOID, YOU'RE JUST AS VULNERABLE AS A HUMAN BEING. YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME.

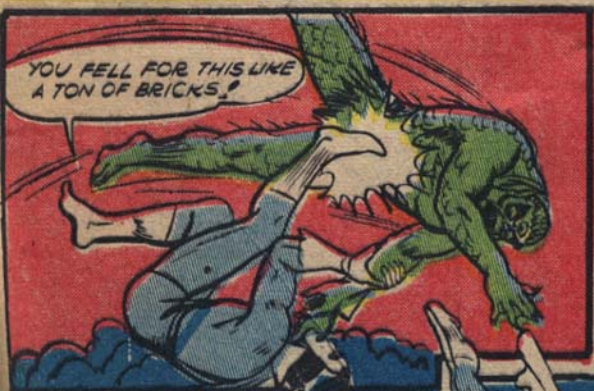
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT. YOU'RE NOT INVULNERABLE EITHER.



THE GHOUL LASHES OUT WITH A VICIOUS BLOW!...



AND LEAPS TO FINISH OFF THE ROYAL WRAITH!...



YOU FELL FOR THIS LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.



AND NOW I'VE GOT THE UPPER HAND.



YOU'RE FINISHED GHOUL.



AND SO THE GREEN GHOUL'S HIDEOUS LIFE IS ENDED - AND AS HIS BODY DISINTEGRATES, THE DUST FALLS INTO THE SEA, TO SINK TO THE FOUL DEPTHS FROM WHENCE HE SPRANG.



WITH THE DEATH OF THE GHOUL, THE DEVIL FLIES INTO A TANTRUM!



JUSTICE PUT AN END TO MY CREATION! BUT I SHALL CREATE AN EVEN MORE HORRIBLE MENACE THAN THE GHOUL! WAIT UNTIL THAT FOOL RUNS UP AGAINST THE EVIL EYE!



MR. JUSTICE, MEANTIME, RETURNS TO THE MORTAL WORLD...



AND ASSUMES HIS MORTAL FORM ONCE AGAIN!



WHILE IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...



DAD! DAD! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

IT WAS THE GHOUL, PAT! VERY NEARLY FINISHED ME OFF, TOO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT SAVED ME - I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS! OH - THERE'S MR. JUSTICE!



DEAD? YES, PAT! DESTROYED FOREVER! AND THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE



IS - IS THE GREEN GHOUL - FOR EVERYONE!



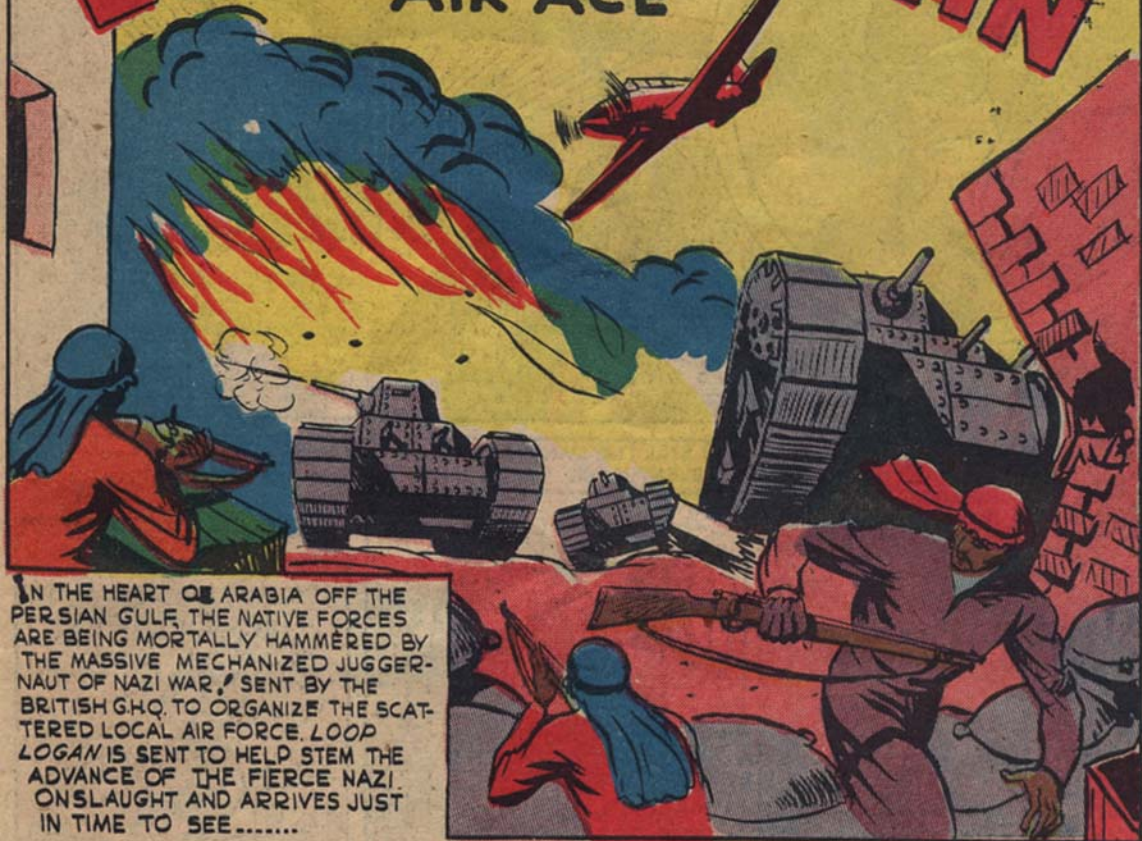
YOU HAVE DONE THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE, MR. JUSTICE! THANK YOU, MISTER MAYOR!



THE EVIL EYE! WHAT MONSTROUS CREATURE IS IT! NEXT MONTH, MR. JUSTICE SETS OUT TO OVERPOWER THIS CREATURE FROM THE OTHER WORLD!


LOOP LOGAN

AIR ACE

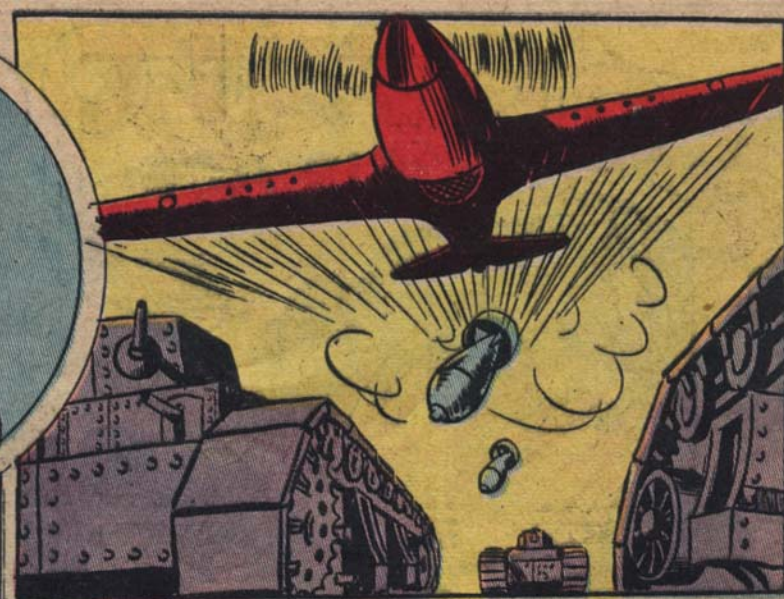


IN THE HEART OF ARABIA OFF THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NATIVE FORCES ARE BEING MORTALLY HAMMERED BY THE MASSIVE MECHANIZED JUGGERNAUT OF NAZI WAR, SENT BY THE BRITISH GHQ, TO ORGANIZE THE SCATTERED LOCAL AIR FORCE. LOOP LOGAN IS SENT TO HELP STEM THE ADVANCE OF THE FIERCE NAZI ONSLAUGHT AND ARRIVES JUST IN TIME TO SEE.....



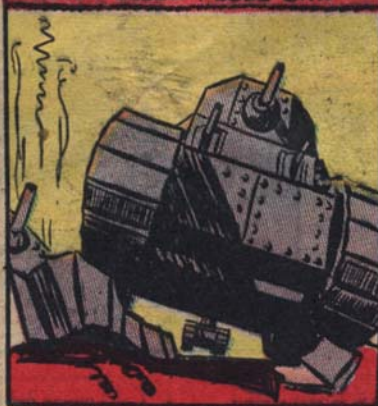


LET'S USE THEM!
DROP THOSE EGGS!
NOW!




LOGAN'S UNERRING AIM SMASHES
TWO NAZI TANKS TO BITS.....

BUT STILL THE PANZER DIVISION
RELENTLESSLY PLODS ON!!



UNABLE TO WITHSTAND THE
ONSLAUGHT OF THE TANKS THE
NATIVES TURN AND RUN!



WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THIS
RETREAT, CLATRA!

HERE COMES
LEADER GENTLE-
MAN WHO LOOKS
LIKE OFFICER!

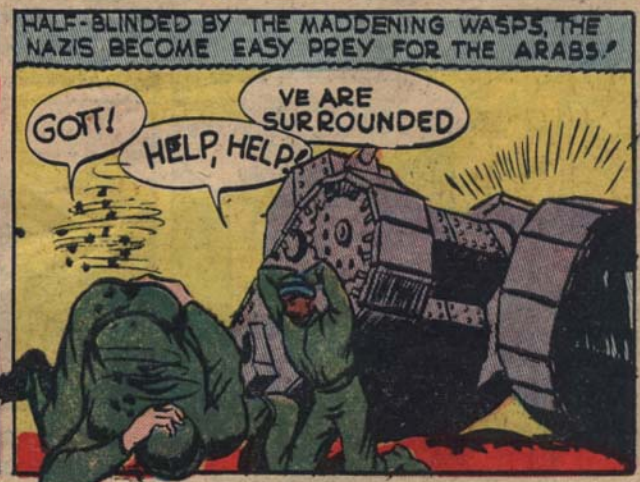
I'M LOOP LOGAN!
WHO'S THE
HEAD OF THIS
OUTFIT?

THAT'S ME!
GENERAL DADBAG
AT YOUR
SERVICE!

LOGAN WE ARE IN A VERY BAD WAY
HERE! WE HAVE NO ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS AND NO BOMBING PLANES.
PERHAPS WE HAD BETTER
EVACUATE TOWN! YES?



HMM!
AREN'T THOSE
WASPS' NESTS
OVER THERE,
GENERAL?



WE HAVE ONLY TWO UNIFORMS FOR ALL OF US... SO SHARE ALL, SHARE ALIKE.

HERE COMES A MESSENGER, HE LOOKS IN A HURRY.



GENERAL DADBAG, SIR... REPORTING FROM OBSERVATION POST, FLEET OF ENEMY PLANES SIGHTED MAKING RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT!

THERE'S NO NAZI AIR BASE WITHIN A THOUSAND MILES WHERE COULD THEY COME FROM!



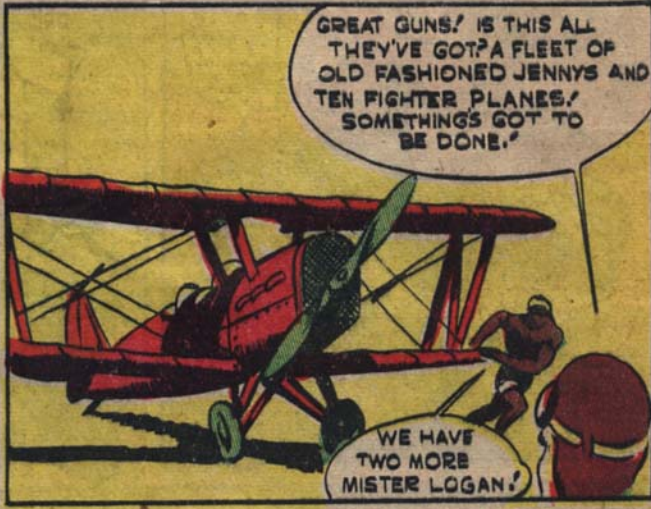
THERE'S NO TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS, WE'VE GOT TO GET YOUR PLANES UP IN THE AIR, LEAD ME TO THEM!



HURRY MEN, HURRY, WHEEL THE PLANES OUT OF THE HANGAR



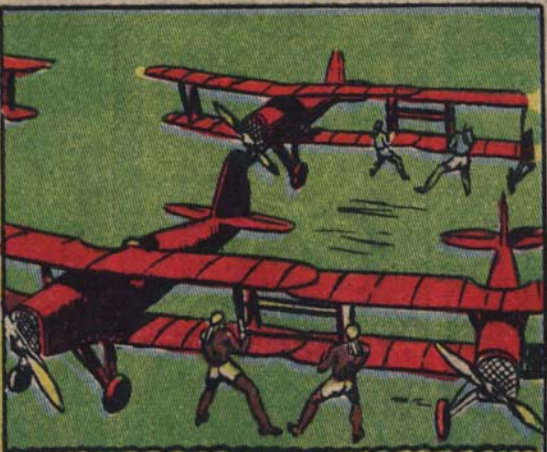
GREAT GUNS! IS THIS ALL THEY'VE GOT? A FLEET OF OLD FASHIONED JENNYS AND TEN FIGHTER PLANES, SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!



WE HAVE TWO MORE MISTER LOGAN!

THAT'S IT! TWO OF THEM TOGETHER WOULD CARRY A LOAD OF BOMBS!

TWO ARE ALWAYS BETTER THAN ONE, MASTER!



LOOP DIRECTS THE NATIVE FLIERS TO CABLE THE PLANES IN PAIRS AND LOAD UP WITH BOMBS.....

ENEMY PLANE MASTER, MASTER.

HMM, WITH A RETRACTING LANDING GEAR, THAT MEANS THE BASE IS AN AIRPLANE CARRIER!



LATER, ABOARD THE NAZI AIRPLANE CARRIER, IN THE PERSIAN GULF, THE NAZI RECONNAISSANCE SCOUT REPORTS TO HIS SUPERIOR OFFICER...

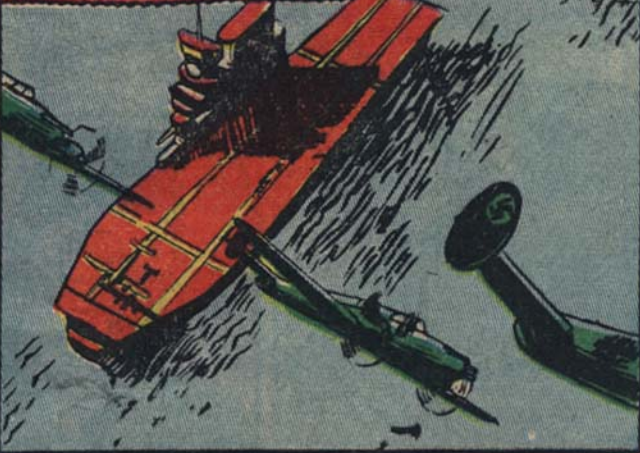


DEY HAF NO BOMBERS, HERR CAPITAN.

NO BOMBERS, VY SHOULD VE HURRY DEN?

LET ME FINISH DINNER AND VE FIGHT DEM TONIGHT, IT'LL BE EASY!

THAT NIGHT THE NAZIS TAKE OFF ON THEIR ERRAND OF DEATH!



AS THE NAZI ZOOM SKYWARD SUDDENLY, LOOP LOGAN, LEADING FIGHTER PLANES SWOOPS DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

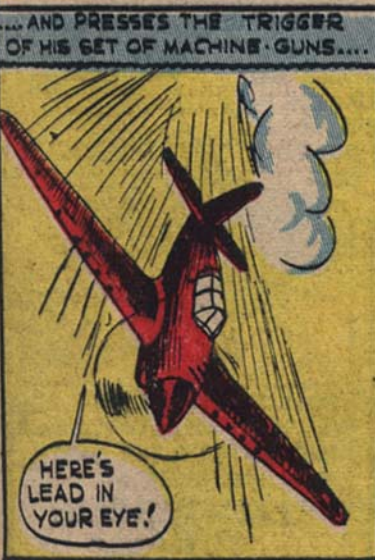
ACH! DIS SHOULD BE CHILD'S PLAY!



ATTENTION SQUADRON! DRAW ENEMY PLANES OVER THE PERSIAN GULF! AWAY FROM THEIR BASE!



WITH LIGHTNING RAPIDITY LOOP BREAKS AWAY FROM THE ARABS, DIVES FOR THE REAR OF THE NAZI SQUADRON ...



...AND PRESSES THE TRIGGER OF HIS SET OF MACHINE GUNS...

HERE'S LEAD IN YOUR EYE!



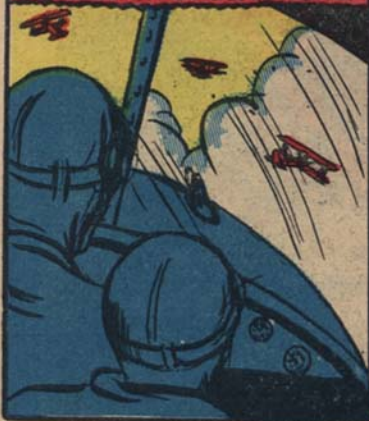
THAT'S ONE DOWN.

BETTER GET BACK TO THE OTHERS! HELP THEM LURE THE NAZIS FROM THE CARRIER!



ATTENTION SQUADRON! KEEP DIVERTING ENEMY BY RETREATING. FLY YOUR FIGHTERS IN FORMATION!

NOT KNOWING HOW TO FLY IN FORMATION THE NATIVE FLIERS DISPERSE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



ACH, HOW CAN WE FIRE AT DEM? VY DON'T THEY FLY IN FORMATION?

LOOK!
BOMBERS!



SUDDENLY OUT OF THE SKY FLY LOOP'S INGENUOUSLY DEvised 'BOMBERS'



LOOP LEADS HIS BOMBERS OVER THE AIRPLANE CARRIER!



THERE SHE IS!
UNLOAD BOYS!

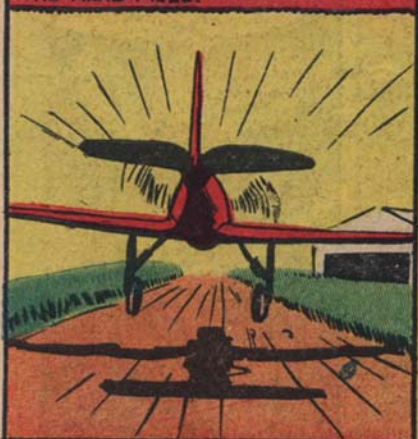
I THOUGHT YOU SAID, DEY VAS NO BOMBERS. LOOK OUT!



THE BOMBS FIND THEIR MARK AND THE CARRIER IS TOTALLY DESTROYED!



LATER... THE ENTIRE NAZI AIR-THRUST SUCCESSFULLY COUNTER-ATTACKED, LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA TAXI INTO THE ARAB FIELD!



LOGAN!... YOU ARE A WIZARD... YOU'RE MARVELOUS!... I FEEL LIKE... LIKE TO KISS YOU!



CLATRA! I'D RATHER FACE A WHOLE NAZI SQUADRON THAN THE GENERAL'S WET BEARD! LET'S BEAT IT!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF LOOP LOGAN AND CLATRA IN THE NEXT THRILLING ISSUE OF **BLUE RIBBON COMICS!**

RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG... AND

Richy,

the AMAZING BOY



WELL, RUSS, YOU THINK YOUR HORSE ROARAWAY WILL WIN THE HANDICAP EASILY TOMORROW, EH?

I'M SURE OF IT, HY, AND I'M GLAD YOU'LL BE HERE TO SEE THE RACE!

HEY HY! LOOKS LIKE A FIRE OVER THERE!



HOLY HANNAH! IT'S MY STABLE! ROARAWAY IS IN THERE!

WHAT?!

LET'S GO, BOYS!



COME ON, TRIGGER!
LET'S GET THAT HOSE
OUT!



THERE ISN'T A CHANCE, RICHY!
THAT STABLE IS LIKE A TINDER
BOX!

RANG AND I CAN GET IN
THERE, RUSS! ROARAWAY
WON'T BE BURNED
ALIVE IF WE CAN
HELP IT!



HEY! YOU TWO FOOLS!
COME BACK HERE!

SORRY! GOTTA SEE
A FIRE ABOUT
A HORSE!



SNAP IT UP, TRIG! TURN ON
THE WATER! WE'VE GOT TO
COVER RICHY AND RANG
OR THEY'RE
GONERS!

HERE COMES
THE 'WATER!



INSIDE THE BURNING STABLE,
RANG LEADS RICHY - BLINDED
BY SMOKE - TOWARDS THE
PRIZED RACE HORSE...

LEAD ON, OLD
BOY!



RICHY QUICKLY SLIPS OFF HIS
SWEATER AND THROWS
IT OVER THE
HORSES
HEAD...



THE AMAZING BOY PROTECTS
ROARAWAY'S DELICATE NOSTRILS
WITH THE SWEATER AS THE WON-
DER DOG GRABS THE HALTER
ROPE AND STARTS
OUT...



JIMMINY
CRICKETS!
THEY MADE
IT!

IF I DIDN'T
THINK THEY
COULD, I WOULD
N'T BE STAND-
ING HERE!

WHILE STANDING BACK IN THE GROUP OF ONLOOKERS....

NUTS! THAT KID AN' TH' DOG GOT THE HOSS OUT!

WE STILL GOT A ACE UP OUR SLEEVE, BEETLE C'MON?!

THERE'S WOODS' JOCKEY! WE'LL PUT THE PRESSURE ON 'M. HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW GRAND!

WHATTA YA' SAY EDDIE? GOT A LITTLE PROPOSITION TO MAKE WITH YA'!

THERE'S A COUPLE A GRAND HERE EDDIE! IT'S ENOUGH TO BUY YA A NICE COFFIN... OR YA CAN USE IT AND LIVE IF ROARAWAY DONT WIN TOMORROW! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

MEANWHILE....

RICHY, I'LL BE INDEBTED TO YOU AND RANG FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. THAT WAS THE MOST DARING PIECE OF WORK I'VE EVER SEEN.

FORGET IT, RUSS!

WHERE TO NOW, YOU SMOKE-EATER?

THINK I'LL WANDER OVER TO THE CLUB HOUSE AND WASH UP A BIT, HY! I SMELL LIKE A SMOKED HERRING!

AS RICHY LEAVES...

RUSS, I HAVE A HUNCH-- ONLY A HUNCH-- THAT SOMEBODY SET THAT FIRE DELIBERATELY. NOW IN CASE THERE'S DIRTY WORK AFOOT, I WANT TO GIVE YOU A SIMPLE CODE YOU CAN USE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH ME.

MEANTIME...

HEY! WHAT'S THIS? RUSS' JOCKEY. AND HE'S TAKING MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH LOOKING BABIES!

BETTER STICK AROUND AND SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

SO-LONG, KID! JUST KEEP SMART AND YOU'LL LIVE TO DIE A GREAT-GRAND-PAPPY.

MAYBE I'M STICKING MY NECK OUT, EDDIE. BUT DID I SEE YOU TAKING MONEY FROM THOSE FELLOWS? IT'S AGAINST RACING RULES, YOU KNOW.



I LIKE T' HEAR GUYS LIKE YOU SHOOT OFF THEIR MOUTHS. IT GIVES ME A CHANCE TO PLASTER 'EM SHUT.



HARD HEAD. SOFT BELLY. THAT'S THE WAY IT USUALLY IS.



I GUESS I WAS WRONG. RICHY, YOUR HEAD IS SOFT, TOO.



THIS IS MY JOCKEY, LY.



EDDIE TOOK MONEY FROM A COUPLE OF TOUGH-LOOKING FELLOWS AND WHEN TRIED TO ASK HIM ABOUT IT, HE TOOK A SWING AT ME. SO I JUST SWUNG BACK.



YOU'RE RIGHT, RICHY. HE'S GOT A COUPLE OF THOUSAND DOLLARS ON HIM. WELL, EDDIE THIS FINISHES YOUR RIDING CAREER. I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE RACING COMMISSION.



MORNING POST
COOPER'S JOCKEY BANNED!
RICHY WATERS TO RIDE
ROARAWAY IN HANDICAP!



BULLETIN
 LATE WEDNESDAY, JOCKEY
 EDDIE WATERS WAS (L-UN)
 HE HAD WON THE RACE WITH ALL
 THE FAVORABLE ODDS AND YET
 HE HAD TAKEN THE MONEY FROM
 THE OTHER JOCKEYS. THE
 RACING COMMISSION HAS
 BANNED HIM FOR GOOD.

IN THE OFFICE OF "SQUINT EYES" BREZNEK, THE CITY'S BIGGEST BOOKIE

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING, DID YOU, YOU NUMB-SKULLS? WELL, DID YOU SEE THE MORNING PAPERS?

BUT IT AINT OUR FAULT, WE THOUGHT—

I COVERED SO MANY BETS ON BOGA/BAWAY THAT I'LL BE RUINED IF HE WINS, NOW DO WHAT I TELL YOU: GET RUSS COOPER AND TAKE HIM OUT TO THE SHACK IN MORGAN COUNTY, I DON'T CARE HOW GENTLE YOU ARE, EITHER.

SEE THAT HE'S OUT COLD, TIED UP, BLINDFOLDED AND TAKEN TO THAT SHACK WITH OUT KNOWING WHERE HE'S GOING.

WE GIT YA, BOSS!

LATER... AT THE RACE TRACK....

WELL, HY, WE'VE GOT A NEW STABLE AND BOARDWAY'S ALL SET TO RUN, WITH YOU AND RANG AND TRIG ON GUARD, I FEEL SAFE. I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HOW RICHY'S COMING WITH HIS WEIGHING IN.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE GOES!

AND HERE WE GO.

THINK HE'S OUT COLD ENOUGH?

WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'LL THINK HE'S BEEN IN A' ICEBOX FOR A WEEK.

GIT THAT HANDKERCHIEF OVER HIS EYES, THE BOSS DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW WHERE HE'S GOIN'—

OR WHERE HE IS WHEN HE GITS DERE.

THE CAR SPEEDS OUT TOWARDS MORGAN COUNTY WITH RUSS SOUND AND BLINDFOLDED ON THE REAR SEAT...

TH' BOSS WON'T HAVE NO KICKS COMIN' NOW, BEETLE.

YOU SAID IT! WE DONE THIS JOB, RIGHT.



RICHY WEIGHS IN AT THE JOCKEY'S CLUB BEFORE THE BIG RACE.

SAY-TRIG. I THOUGHT RUSS SAID HE'D BE OVER HERE.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT HE SAID, TOO, HY. BUT ME BARS AINT WHAT THEY USED TO BE SINCE I WAS A BOXER.

AT THE SHACK IN MORGAN COUNTY...

LISTEN, COOPER. WHO WE ARE AINT IMPORTANT, BUT EITHER YOU WRITE A NOTE TO SPEED AND TELL HIM TO SCRATCH ROARAWAY. OR ELSE.



GOOD. THEY'RE GIVING ME A CHANCE TO WRITE A NOTE. THAT CODE HY GAVE ME WILL COME IN HANDY. I'LL USE IT AND TIP HIM OFF WHERE I AM. AND TELL HIM TO RACE ROARAWAY NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.



OKAY. YOU'VE GOT ME. I'LL WRITE IT.

HERE'S TH' PAPER AN' A PEN, BUT DON'T TAKE HIS BLIND-FOLD OFF TIL I GET OUT OF HERE. THEN ONE OF YOU GUYS GIMME THE NOTE OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SEE A MESSENGER DELIVERS IT TO SPEED.



A SHORT WHILE LATER AT THE TRACK...

I'M ALL SET, HY, AS SOON AS I HEAR THE POST BUGLE I'LL...

MESSAGE FOR MR. SPEED.

MY GRACIOUS, A MESSAGE.

RIGHT HERE, BOY.



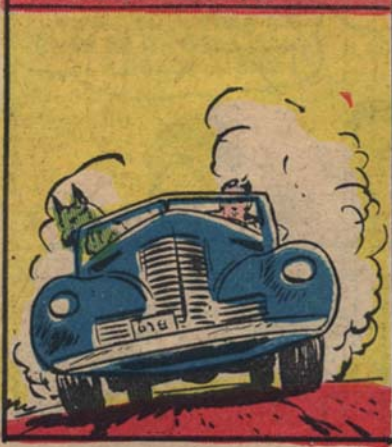
GOOD LORD, RICHY. LOOK AT THIS. RUSS HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED AND THREATENED WITH DEATH IF YOU RIDE ROARAWAY TODAY!



HE WAS SMART—HE USED A CODE I SHOWED HIM. HE DOESN'T KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS—BUT HE COUNTED THE NUMBER OF LEFT AND RIGHT TURNS—AND BELIEVES HE'S ABOUT TWENTY MILES OVER THE COUNTY LINE—in MORGAN COUNTY. I'M GOING AFTER HIM.



HY AND RANG START OFF TOWARDS MORGAN COUNTY...



WHILE AT THE TRACK, THE BUGLER SOUNDS THE CALL TO POST...



WELL, TRIG, WE'RE ABOUT READY TO START. WISH ME LUCK.



RICHY, ON ROUBAWAY, JOINS THE PARADE TO POST...



I'M GONNA MAKE A BET ON RICHY. LET'S SEE NOW - HE'S NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE.



TEN DOLLARS ON NUMBER 6 IN THE SECOND RACE.

SORRY, BUDDY. THAT RACE HAS ALREADY RUN.

IT WAS MY GRACIOUS. THEN GIVE ME NUMBER 2 IN THE SIXTH RACE. MAYBE THAT'LL BE LUCKY.



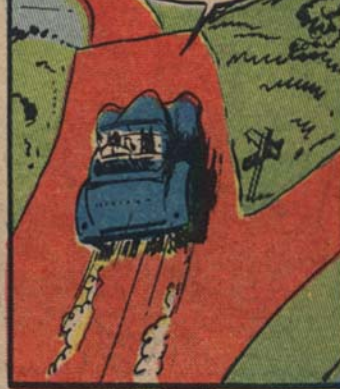
BRESNECK, MEANTIME, ARRIVES AT THE TRACK...

I'LL GET IN HERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE WHERE I CAN WATCH THAT RICHY KID AND IF HE DOESN'T OBEY ORDERS...



WHILE HY FOLLOWS COOPER'S GENERAL DIRECTIONS INTO MORGAN COUNTY...

WE SHOULD BE PRETTY NEAR THE PLACE BY NOW, RANG.







NOT LONG AFTERWARD, MY RUSS AND RANG ARRIVE AT THE TRACK—JUST AS THE HORSES ROUND THE FAR TURN—WITH RICHY IN SECOND PLACE....



GOSH, LOOK AT RICHY GO! I WISH I'D BEEN ABLE TO PUT A BET ON HIM INSTEAD OF NUMBER 2. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THAT GUY AT THE WINDOW SAID THE RACE WAS OVER.



LET'S SPLIT UP, RUSS. BREZNEK WILL BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE FINISH LINE.

I'LL COVER THE GRANDSTAND, HY.



SO THE KID IS TRYIN' TO WIN, IS HE? OKAY—HERE'S MY ANSWER!



AS ROARAWAY FLASHES DOWN THE STRETCH, BREZNEK LEVELS HIS GUN...



AND THE WONDER DOG, HAVING RICKED UP HIS SCENT, MAKES A MAGNIFICENT LEAP ONTO THE BOOKIES' BACK...



HY AND RUSS, HEARING THE SHOT, RUSHES UP TO MAKE BREZNEK'S CAPTURE SECURE....

GOOD WORK, RANG!

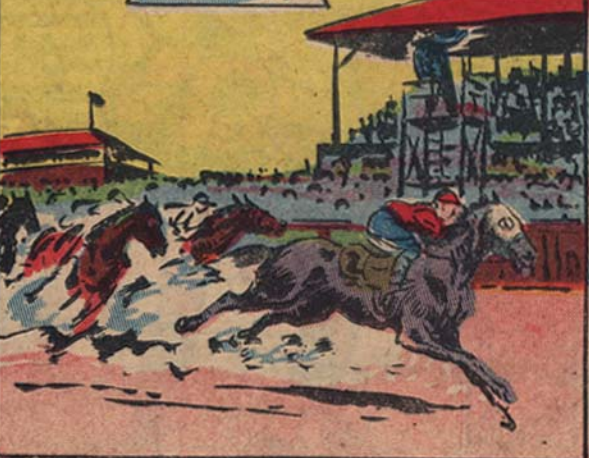
WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LOOK OUT!

THAT MAN HAS A GUN!



WHILE ROARAWAY WITH RICHY UP, GALLOPS ACROSS THE FINISH LINE—THE WINNER BY A LENGTH!



WHAT'S GOING ON OVER HERE? OH, HELLO, SPEED, WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

NO FRIEND OF MINE, CAPTAIN! THIS IS BREZNECK, THE BOOKIE, BUT FROM NOW ON HE'LL JUST BE A NUMBER IN THE STATE PRISON, THE CHARGES ARE KIDNAPING, BLACKMAIL AND ATTEMPTED MURDER.

AW, HECK! I LIKE TO SEE RICHY WIN - BUT I WISH NUMBER 2 HAD WON, I LOST ALL MY DOUGH, MIGHT AS WELL TEAR UP THE TICKET.

BOA-BAWAY AND RICHY GET A TREMBENDOUS OVATION FROM THE AS THE GALLANT HORSE RECEIVES THE VICTOR'S WREATH...

HI YA, HY!

HELLO, RICHY, MY GOODNESS! I WISH I HAD BET ON YOU INSTEAD OF THE HORSE I BET ON!

WHO'D YOU BET ON, TRIG?

I CAN'T REMEMBER HIS NAME, BUT HIS PLACE WAS FAMILIAR, IT WAS NUMBER 2.

WHY, THAT'S RICHY'S HORSE, YOL WON!

LATE THAT NIGHT...

GOSH! GEE WHIZ! I NEVER SAW SO MANY PIECES OF PAPER! WHY DON'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS?

WELCOME TO ZIP COMICS, BLACK JACK!

THANKS, STEEL STERLING!

HEY, LOONEY! YA HEAR THAT? BLACK JACK'S GONNA BE IN ZIP COMICS WITH US!

FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS AND GIVES YOU -

BLACK JACK

IN NOV. ZIP COMICS
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWS-
STANDS RIGHT NOW!

BOYBOY OBOY! THAT'S SWELL! I WAS GETTIN' TIRED OF PINOCCHLE ANYWAY!

SON OF THE
TIGER

by JOE BLAIR

TY-GOR



GO ON, YOU
BIG LUG.

TY-GOR, TY-GOR
RAH, RAH, RAH!



TY-GOR AND MALMA ARE BOUND FOR MAL-
LAY, WITH TY'S GUARDIANS-EXPLORER DAVIS
AND JOAN. BUT TWO DAYS OUT AT SEA,
THEY DISCOVER A STOWAWAY. JUNIOR DE
SNOOK, SON OF THE WEALTHY MAN WHO IS
PAYING FOR THE EXPEDITION...

YOU THINK YOU'RE SMART
ROMPIN' ALL OVER THE
PLACE WITH THAT
OVER-GROWN CAT?
PHOOEY!



TY-GOR! TAKE MALMA AWAY AT ONCE! YOU MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN JUNIOR LIKE THAT!

THE JUNGLE BOY LEADS HIS BELOVED TIGRESS SLOWLY TOWARDS HER CAGE...

I'LL SHOW THAT SIS-SY HE AINT SO TOUGH!



TYGOR BENDS DOWN AND WHISPERS IN THE GREAT CAT'S EAR..

YEOW!

HA HA HA HA!



THE NEXT MOMENT....

HEY! STAY AWAY FROM ME! I DIDN'T DO NOTHING! LEMME ALONE!

MALMA LUNGES AT THE BOY....

HELP!



GOOD HEAVENS! MALMA WILL MAUL HIM TO DEATH!

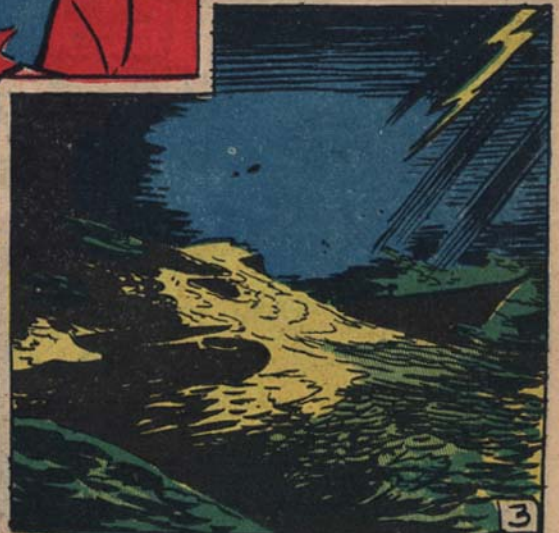
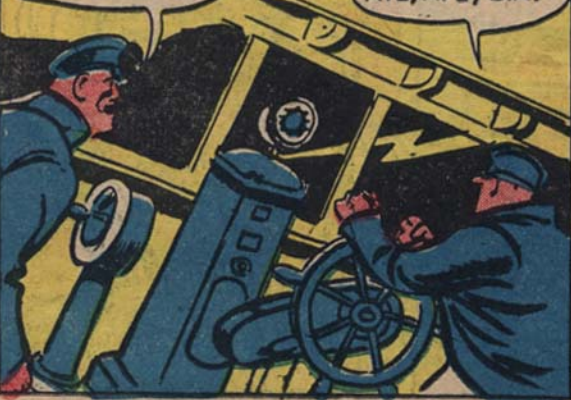




WHILE MALMA HOLDS DE SNOOK, TY-GOR GIVES HIM A SPANKING ...



DIRTY WEATHER AHEAD, MISTER! HEAD HER SOU' BY SOU' EAST!



MAKE FAST THE LIFE LINES! THIS STORM IS PRETTY BAD!

AYE, AYE SIR!



AS THE STORM APPROACHES CLOSER AND CLOSER... THE CAPTAIN REALIZES ITS TYPE... A TYPHOON!

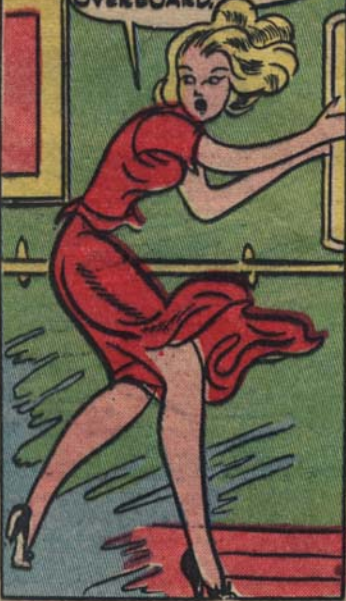


IT'S A TWISTER FOLKS! PRETTY TICKLISH SITUATION WERE IN! BETTER GET BELOW DECK!



JOAN STARTS IN SEARCH FOR TY-GOR..

OH, WHERE IS HE? HE'LL BE WASHED OVERBOARD!



JUNIOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? GET INSIDE... AND WHERE IS TY-GOR?

I SAW HIM GOING ALONG THE DECK A MINUTE AGO!



THE TYPHOON IS GOING TO HIT US, MISTER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE STORM! GET EVERYONE INSIDE!



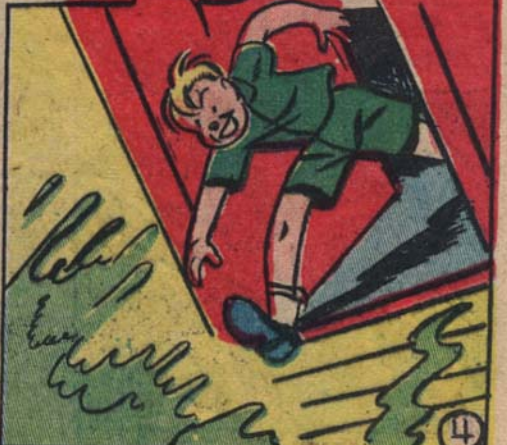
NUTS! I AINT NO SISSY! I'M GONNA STAY OUT HERE AND SEE WHAT A REAL STORM AT SEA IS LIKE!

INSIDE... YOU TWO! CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!



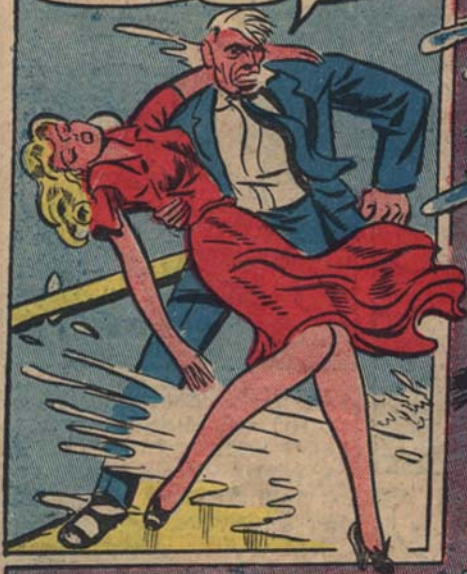
WE'RE COMING!

PHOOEY!



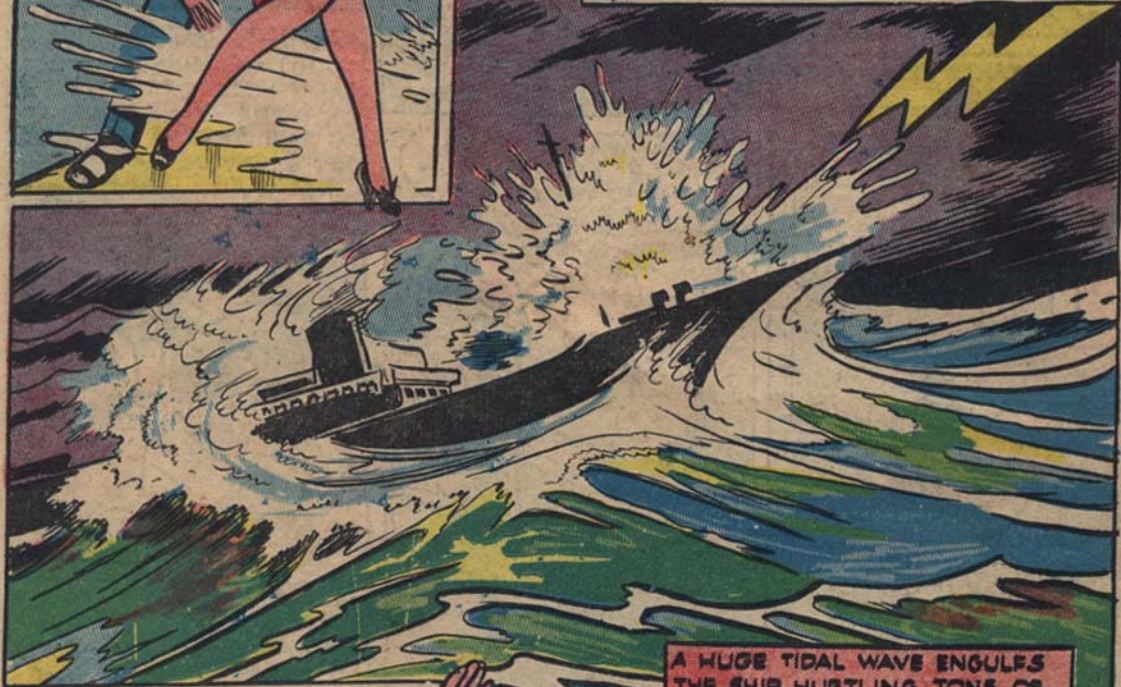
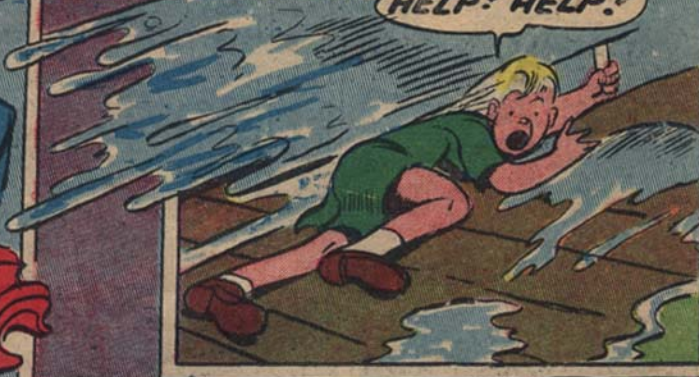
IN THE DAVIS' CABIN...

GOOD LORD, IF IT'S AS BAD AS THIS IN HERE - WHAT MUST IT BE LIKE OUTSIDE?



WHILE ON THE DECK, JUNIOR IS CLINGING TO THE LIFE-LINE DESPERATELY TRYING TO KEEP FROM BEING SWEEPED OVERBOARD!

HELP! HELP!



A HUGE TIDAL WAVE ENGULFS THE SHIP, HURTLING TONS OF WATER CRASHING ON THE DECK... AND THE SHIP STARTS TO SINK!!

JUNIOR IS FLUNG INTO THE SEA,

HELP! HELP!



IT'S JUNIOR, COME ON, MALMA!



ATOP SOME OF THE SHIP'S
WRECKAGE....



MALMA SUDDENLY
LOWERS HER HEAD
AND ROARS!



A TROPIC ISLAND!



OOH! ISLAND!
RAH! RAH! RAH!



THE JUNGLE YOUTH
DIVES INTO THE
SEA...



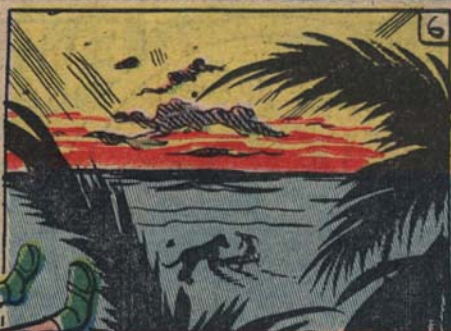
AND THEN, PLACES JUNIOR
ON MALMA'S BACK, AND
THEY STRIKE OUT FOR
SHORE....



SAFE ON LAND ONCE MORE,
TY-GOE'S FIRST CONCERN
IS FOR THE UNCONSCIOUS
BOY...



ALL DAY LONG,
TY-GOE WORKS
OVER HIM- AND AS
NIGHT FALLS...



6

THE THREE COMPANIONS FIND THEM-
SELVES ALONE ON A STRANGE IS-
LAND IN THE SOUTH SEAS! DON'T
MISS THEIR FIRST EXCITING AD-
VENTURE IN THIS STRANGE LAND-
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BLUE RIBBON COMICS!!