

NO.
20

BLUE RIBBON

Featuring

JAN.

Comics

CAPTAIN FLAG

10c



also
MR. JUSTICE
AND
RANG-A-TANG
The **WONDER DOG**

FRAIL...WEAK...UNDEVELOPED? TRY THIS QUICK EASY WAY TO GET BIG HUSKY HANDSOME MUSCLES!

New 37 Feature Body Builder Gets
Amazing Results for Thousands.

Used by Champs. Costs Little!



With the big **HERCULES EXERCISER OUTFIT** you can set up a gym right at home. Enough equipment to exercise every muscle in the body!

If you're frail, weak, undeveloped and not rugged enough to mix it up with the big fellows, start doing something about it today! Don't forget the fellow with the husky, muscular, athletic build needn't take back talk from anybody. He knows how to handle himself and because he is well trained, has more confidence in his ability to tackle anything that comes along. So don't be a "softie" or a "sissy." Start getting in shape with the **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING TRAINING OUTFIT** now.

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

With the complete **HERCULES TRAINING OUTFIT** you get everything needed to whip yourself into superb physical condition and at the same time learn the inside tricks of muscular development.

First of all you get the big powerful **10-CABLE EXERCISER** that is adjustable to 200 pounds resistance. These adjustable cables allow graduated and regulated muscular development. You can start with but 2 or 5 cables and gradually add on more as you feel yourself getting stronger. In addition you get real big and tough **10-CABLE HANDLES** that fit the hand comfortably and last a lifetime. Even the cables themselves are woven in tough extra heavy strands to give long life.

For ripping back and shoulder muscles and flat wash-board stomach muscles, the special **WALL EXERCISER** equipment is just what you need. The same type of equipment used by champ fighters who must protect the stomach with layers of firm solid muscle. You'll like the way the Wall Exerciser handles how it gives those back muscles a real work-out. If you like boxing, you'll get a big kick out of the way the **SHADOW BOXER** helps put power in your punches. A regulation **SKIP ROPE** is also supplied - a necessary part of every boxer's training equipment.

With the **ROWING MACHINE** attachments you also help the stomach muscles as well as the biceps and shoulder muscles. In each **HERCULES OUTFIT** is also included the famous adjustable **HEAD AND FOOT HARNESS**. This was specially designed to develop strong powerful necks. Even skinny, scrawny necks show amazing response to this exercise. Used as a foot harness, this helps build strong calves and ankles.

You'll also be equipped with the heavy-duty **HAND GRIP** like boxers use to develop wrist and forearm muscles. If you're interested in **JU-JITSU** and **WRESTLING**, illustrated charts are all supplied with complete instructions. A **SPECIAL 30-DAY TRAINING PROGRAM** is fully described and tells you what to do step by step. You even get **FOOD FACTS** for vitality. **MUSCLE GAUGE** to test your own strength.

Instructions on how to develop **CHEST EXPANSION**, **HOW TO GET STRONG**, **HOW TO GET POWERFUL LEGS**. In fact, here is everything you could need to give you that strong healthy body you have always wanted.

So why wait any longer? Send for the big **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING TRAINING OUTFIT** today.



TRAINING JU-JITSU **HOW TO GET STRONG**

Posed by Professional models



LIMITED OFFER — ACT NOW!

Think of it practically a complete gymnasium right in your own home **AND THE ENTIRE OUTFIT STILL COSTS ONLY \$3.49!** The price is being held down as long as possible — but don't take chances — get your outfit while the price is low. Send no money now. Just fill out the coupon below with your name and address (or on a postcard) and we will ship everything out by return mail. When the outfit arrives pay the postman \$3.49 plus postal charges (Outside U. S. 50c extra. Cash with order.)

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
39 West 60th Street, Dept. A-77, New York, N. Y.

...IT'S THE
FELLOW WITH THE
ATHLETE'S BUILD
THAT'S POPULAR!

\$3.49
SEND NO MONEY

MAIL COUPON TODAY
OR SEND ORDER ON POST CARD

INSTITUTE FOR PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT, Inc.
39 West 60th Street, Dept. A-99, New York, N. Y.

Please rush me the complete **HERCULES MUSCLE BUILDING TRAINING OUTFIT** by return mail. I will pay postman \$3.49 plus postal charges when package arrives.

Name

Address

City State

(If under 16 order must be signed by parent or guardian.)

CAPTAIN FLAG



DEEP IN THE DANK, DIS-
MAL JUNGLE OF DEVIL'S
ISLAND, WHERE MEN'S
SOULS AND BODIES ARE
CRUSHED UNDER THE HEEL
OF HATE, JEFFEREY FLYNN,
AMERICAN NEWSPAPER-
MAN, SUFFERS LINGERING
TORTURE AT THE HANDS OF
HIS NAZI CAPTORS, CRUEL,
INHUMAN JAILERS WHO
HAVE IMPRISONED HIM IN
THE INFAMOUS PRISON
COLONY, ONCE CON-
TROLLED BY FRANCE.
AS THE MONSTER'S
JAWS WIDEN, A SHOT
FROM A LUGER RINGS
OUT.....

ACH, PERHAPS
I SHOT
TOO
SOON!



NEIN, HERR
KAPITAN - WE
MUST NOT ALLOW
HIM TO DIE JUST
YET!



CLUTCHING A TYPEWRITTEN PAPER,
THE NAZI OFFICER APPROACHES
THE TORTURED AMERICAN....
STUBBORN FOOL!
YOUR NAME ON
THIS PAPER WILL
FREE YOU. **ACH!**
HE'S FAINTED
AGAIN!

NO, NO, I'LL NOT
SIGN! THIS IS A
GHASTLY FRAME-
UP!

TAKE HIM BACK TO SOLITARY. THERE WILL BE OTHER DAYS AND OTHER WAYS TO CONQUER HIS SPIRIT.



BUT, HERR MAJOR, WE CANNOT BREAK HIS WILL, NO MATTER WHAT TORTURE. SAH, NO EXCUSES BERLIN WANTS ONLY TO KNOW THAT HE HAS WRITTEN HIS SIGNATURE ON THAT CONFESSION, GET IT.



MONTHS LATER... A BOTTLE CONTAINING A SLIP OF PAPER, DRIFTS IN THE GULF STREAM...



THERE'S A MESSAGE IN IT, TOO! IT'S PROBABLY A FAKE!

GOT IT?



THIS IS NO FAKE. IT SAYS DELIVER THE SEALED MESSAGE TO THE F.B.I. - WASHINGTON AND REWARD WILL BE GIVEN - SOUNDS OKAY TO ME. LET'S CHANGE OUR COURSE.



DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF DIRECTOR MORROW, CHIEF OF THE FBI.....



GOOD IDEA, CHIEF. SHE KNOWS CAPTAIN FLAG AND HE WAS A CLOSE PAL OF FLYNN'S!

HM, IT DOES SOUND MAD, BUT FLYNN HAS BEEN MISSING FOR MONTHS. I'LL CALL IN LINDA REED!



MISS REED. THIS WAS PICKED UP OFF THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST

To Director, Washington D.C.
J. B. L. - Washington D.C.
I am Jeffrey Zepher,
American newspaper
man held prisoner by
Nazis because of my
writings. For Lord's
sake, send help - I
am on Devil's
Island!



I THINK IT'S A PUBLICITY STUNT FOR HIS LATEST EXPOSE ON NAZISM!

I DON'T AGREE, BUT THERE'S ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP - CAPTAIN FLAG! I'LL CALL HIM!

THAT AFTERNOON, IN THE HOME OF CAPTAIN FLAG, AMERICA'S DYNAMIC DEFENDER...

IT'S THE DOORBELL, YANK. WE HAVE A CALLER.

AND WHAT A LOVELY CALLER, LINDA REED. COME IN.

YES, THIS IS FLYNN'S HAND WRITING. I KNOW BECAUSE I HELPED HIM ON HIS LATEST BOOK.

THE DIRECTOR THINKS IT'S A STUNT AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT IS POWERLESS. THIS COULD EASILY CAUSE A FOREIGN CRISIS!

IS THIS THE BOOK THAT'S BEHIND IT ALL... 'I ACCUSE GERMANY'?

YES, READ A FEW PAGES AND YOU'LL SEE WHY FLYNN IS ON THE SPOT.

'I ACCUSE GERMANY OF THE HIDEOUS TORTURE OF THIS CONQUERED PEOPLE. IN POLAND I SAW....'

'THE FUEHRER'S SOLDIERS ARE STARVED, BEATEN, WAR WEARY SLAVES. IN LYBIA, THEY WERE CHAINED TO THEIR GUNS...'

AND THE FUEHRER HAS HIMSELF BOLDLY THREATENED TO INVADE THE U.S. OF AMERICA.

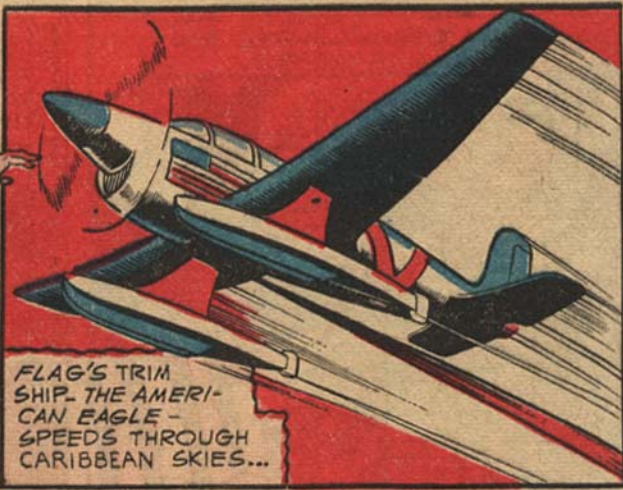
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME, FLAG. FLYNN'S IN REAL DANGER AND IN THE HANDS OF RUTHLESS JAILERS. IT WAS I WHO URGED HIM TO WRITE THAT BOOK - IT'S UP TO ME TO GET HIM OUT!

DEVIL'S ISLAND, EH? A CURSE SPOT IF EVER THERE WAS ONE. AND WITH THE NAZIS IN COMMAND, IT MUST BE A LIVING HADES FOR FLYNN! I'M GOING AFTER HIM RIGHT NOW!



A superhero character with a blue suit, red mask, and a star on his chest is pointing towards a large airplane. He has a red and white striped cape. The background shows a red building and a white dome.

COME, YANK, OUR
PLANES FUELED
AND READY TO GO!

A large, stylized airplane with a blue and white body and a red and white striped tail. It is flying through the sky.


FLAG'S TRIM
SHIP. THE AMERI-
CAN EAGLE -
SPEEDS THROUGH
CARIBBEAN SKIES...

A small airplane is hovering over a dark, rocky island. The sky is a mix of blue and green.

THEN, AS DAWN COMES UP OVER
THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, THE
PLANE HOVERS OVER GHASTLY
DEVIL'S ISLAND!*

The airplane is shown in the water, having crashed. The island is visible in the background.

I CAN'T
LAND ON THE
ISLAND, THAT'S
CERTAIN!

The interior of the airplane, showing a pilot and a passenger. The pilot is wearing a red and white striped shirt.

FLAG SETTLES HIS
SHIP ON THE MAINLAND.

A close-up of the pilot in the cockpit, looking out the window.

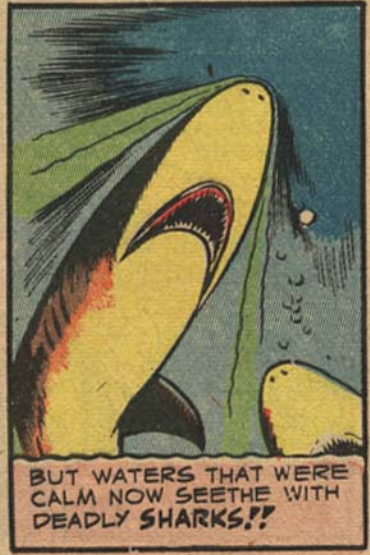
I'LL HIDE
HERE AND
SWIM ACROSS
TO DEVIL'S
ISLAND!

The superhero character is talking to a large eagle. The eagle has a yellow beak and is looking at the character.

YANK, KEEP AN
EYE ON THINGS.
I'VE GOT A JOB
TO DO.

The superhero character is falling from the sky into the water. He is wearing his blue suit and red mask.

HIS POWERFUL FIGURE
SHOOTS FROM THE PLANE
INTO THE CALM WATERS....

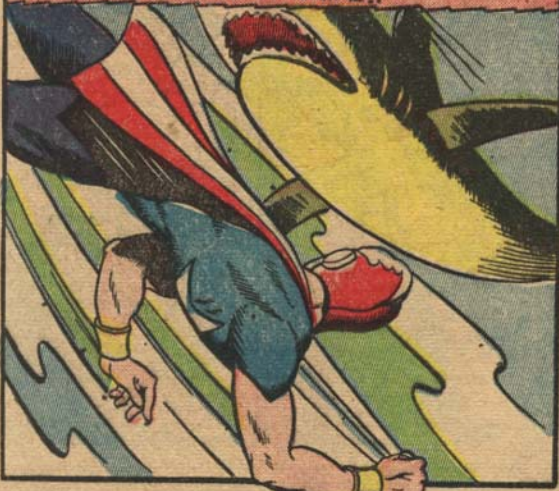
A large yellow shark is swimming underwater, with its mouth open. The water is dark blue.

JUMPIN' MOSES!
I'D FORGOTTEN
ABOUT SHARKS!
I'LL HAVE TO
KNIFE MY WAY
THROUGH
SOMEHOW!

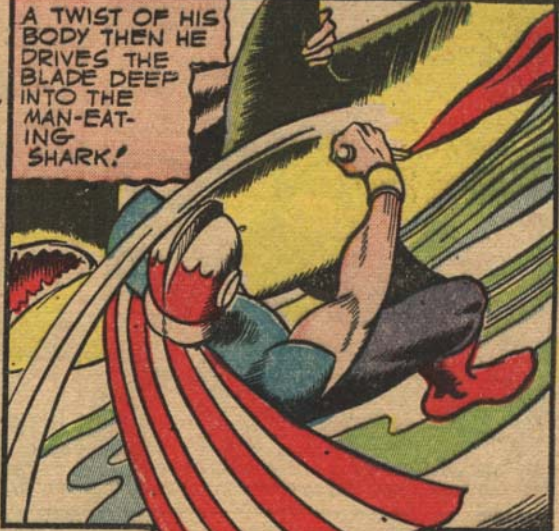
The shark is attacking the superhero character, who is now in the water. The shark's mouth is open, showing its teeth.

BUT WATERS THAT WERE
CALM NOW SEETHE WITH
DEADLY SHARKS!*

AS THE SEA TIGER PLUNGES FOR THE ATTACK, FLAG DRAWS A KNIFE...



A TWIST OF HIS BODY THEN HE DRIVES THE BLADE DEEP INTO THE MAN-EATING SHARK!



THE SHARKS FALL ON THEIR STRICKEN COMRADE AND DEVOUR HIM ???



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE SINISTER FIGURES OF TWO PAROLED MEN MOVE TO THE CLIFF OVERLOOKING FLAG'S PLANE.



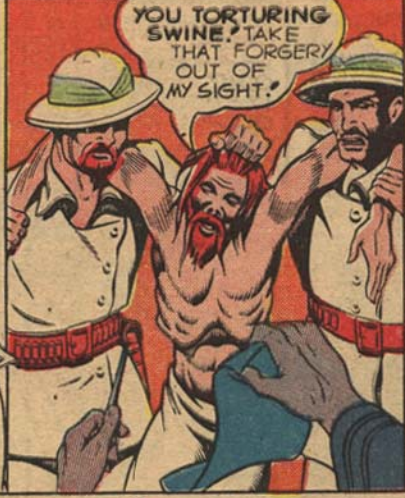
IF WE REPORT THIS TO THE GUARDS, WE'LL GET A RICH REWARD - ARE YOU GAME, RENE?



GESTAPO OFFICER, VON SHRAG, RECEIVES AN URGENT CABLE FROM BERLIN.

BERLIN DEMANDS ACTION. HE MUST SIGN OR DIE.

AMERICANS ARE SOFT - BRING HIM IN - WE'LL SHOW YOU!



YOU TORTURING SWINE? TAKE THAT FORGERY OUT OF MY SIGHT!

SO STILL STUB-BORN? JEFFREY FLYNN, YOU WILL SIGN AND IN YOUR OWN BLOOD, TOO!



EIN, ZWEI FASTER - HARDER!

ACH, HE IS BLEEDING, BUT NOT FREELY ENOUGH!



I... WROTE THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMANY - NOW I KNOW IT MORE THAN EVER!

STUPID YANKEE PIG! YOU NEED NOT SUFFER!



SO YOU LIKE HAVING YOUR BACK CARESSSED - SOOTHING, NO?

AAAIEEE!

NITRIC ACID
THE CHINESE BRUSH. AN ANCIENT, BRUTAL TORTURE WEAPON.



THE SOFT FOOL - FAINTED AGAIN!

BRING THE SALT WATER. HE'S NOT THROUGH YET!

HERR KAPITAN, NEWS FROM THE MAINLAND— A PLANE HAS BEEN FOUND— IT'S CAPTAIN FLAG'S! HE WAS SEEN SWIMMING TOWARD THE ISLAND.



SO... THE AMERICAN DEFENDER VISITS US? WE MUST WELCOME HIM PROPERLY! DOUBLE THE GUARDS AT ONCE!



JA WOHL! ALREADY WE POST GUARDS ON THE BEACH.

FLAG STEALTHILY APPROACHES THE PRISON STOCKADE, AS THE CONVICTS RETURN FROM THEIR DAY'S WORK, A STRAGGLER CATCHES FLAG'S ATTENTION.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO ENTER— AND THERE'S THE ANSWER.



UGH!

YOU'RE PROBABLY TIRED OF THESE STRIPES ANYWAY!



THE EVENING CHECK-IN IS SUPERVISED BY NAZI GUARDS...



87-88-89— ALL IN. CLOSE THE GATES— AND POST EXTRA GUARDS!



NO, NO, I'LL DIE FIRST— OHNH.

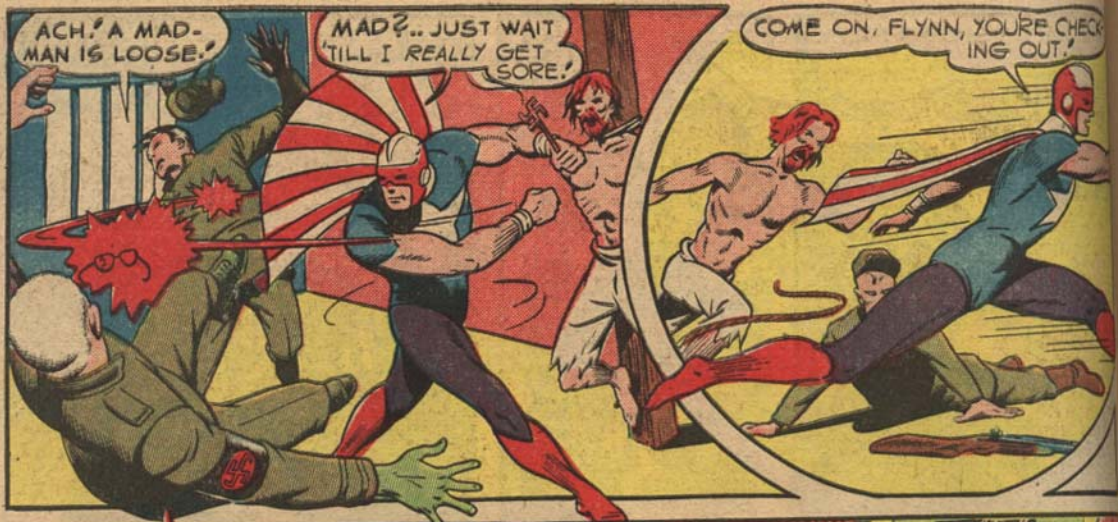
THAT SOUNDS LIKE FLYNN! GOOD LORD, THEY'RE KILLING HIM!

FLAG SPINS INTO ACTION!

BRAND ME, YOU DOGS! I'VE ALREADY BRANDED YOU AS MURDERERS AND TRAITORS!

NICE GOING, FLYNN! NOW I'LL FINISH WHAT YOU STARTED.





ACH! A MAD-MAN IS LOOSE!

MAD?... JUST WAIT TILL I REALLY GET SORE!

COME ON, FLYNN, YOU'RE CHECKING OUT!



AS THE TWO AMERICANS RUN TO THE STOCKADE, NAZI BULLETS BUZZ AROUND THEIR EARS!

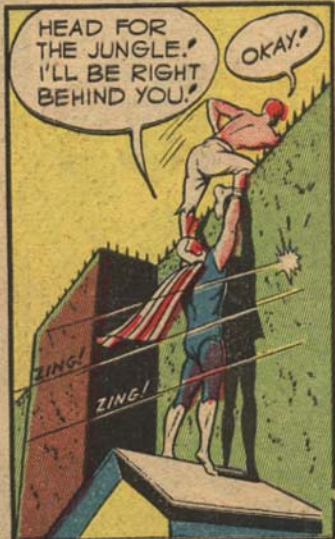


HALT, YANKEE PIGS!



HIMMEL, A BIRD!

AAAK



HEAD FOR THE JUNGLE! I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

OKAY!



GONE, BUT NOT FOR LONG! QUICK—BRING THE BLOOD-HOUNDS!

THE JUNGLE'S OUR ONLY CHANCE.
IF THEY CATCH US AGAIN, WE'RE
FINISHED.

HEAR 'EM, FLAG - THE
BLOODHOUNDS ARE CLOSING
IN - COME ON - THIS
WAY.

THE INFURIATED NAZIS UNLEASH THE HOUNDS AND DASH IN PURSUIT...



SUDDENLY, THE
EARTH CRUM-
BLES, AND....

THE
WALLS ARE
LINED WITH
BAMBOO - IMPOSSIBLE
TO REACH
THE TOP.

TAKE
IT EASY, FLYNN.
WE'LL NEED
ALL OUR ENERGY
WHEN OUR PALS
CATCH UP.

SO -
OUR TRAP
CATCHES NOT
ONE - BUT
TWO!

MY GOD!
IT'S A
TRAP!

SEE,
KAPITAN. DID I
NOT SAY THAT NO
ONE ESCAPES
US?

SO,
NOW WE
HAVE
THEM?

ACH, NOW YOU
SHOW GOOD
SENSE! SIGN
THE RETRACTION
AND YOU'RE
FREE MEN.

WELL, CAPTAIN
FLAG, PERHAPS YOU
ARE CONVINCED IT
IS HOPELESS TO
GET YOUR FRIEND
TO SIGN THE
WHITE PAPER.

HMM. MAYBE
I CAN AT THAT
THROW IT DOWN,
AND A PEN TOO!



THE FOOLS. AS SOON AS FLYNN SIGNS, I SHOOT THEM BOTH.

FLAG, HAVE YOU GONE MAD? I'LL NEVER SIGN.

YOU BET YOU WON'T. I ONLY WANTED THIS PEN POINT. NOW WATCH THE TRICK.

FLAG FASHIONS A CRUDE BLOW DART WITH THE HOLLOW BAMBOO STICK, AND...

AAARGH

ZIP

AWARK AWARK

AS THE TWO CLIMB OUT OF THE PIT, YANK SOARS OUT OF THE HEAVENS.

ACH, BLITZ-KRIEG.

YANK IS KEEPING THEM BUSY, JEFF. WE CAN RUN FOR IT!

LET'S MAKE FOR THE NATIVE'S VILLAGE. PERHAPS WE CAN FIND A DUGOUT THERE.

THERE IT IS, JEFF. THAT'S A BREAK!

KEEP LOW, JEFF, UNTIL WE ROW OUT OF THE RANGE OF THEIR RIFLES.

ZING! ZING! ZING!

WHAT NOW, FLAG? WE'RE STRANDED OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN. WE'LL NEVER BE SPOTTED.

MAYBE WE WILL. UP YANK, KEEP WAVING OLD GLORY. IT'S HELPED MANY AN AMERICAN BEFORE.

CAPTAIN, I SEE SOMETHING QUEER. AN AMERICAN FLAG BEING CARRIED BY AN EAGLE.

STRANGE. WE'LL MAKE FOR IT AND FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

AAK AAK

LOOK! AN AMERICAN BATTLESHIP. NEXT STOP, GOOD OLD U. S. A., JEFF.

AND SO ENDS ANOTHER HEROIC CHAPTER IN THE THRILL STUDD-ED CAREER OF CAPTAIN FLAG. LOOK FOR HIM NEXT MONTH.

RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG... AND

Richy, the AMAZING BOY

... AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT THOUGH I HAVE RECEIVED MANY THREATENING LETTERS, I WILL CONTINUE TO SPEAK MY MIND!!

WHILE HY SPEED AND HIS CRIME-BUSTING PAL'S ARE SPENDING A WEEK IN WASHINGTON D.C., TRIGGER QUICKLY TAKES THE OPPORTUNITY TO HEAR SENATOR SNAZZLE, ARDENT ANTI-NAZI, MAKE A SPEECH.....

... AND IN CLOSING, LET ME WARN THE TOTALITARIANS THAT THEY CANNOT SCARE ME INTO SILENCE! THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY AND I SHALL DO MY PART TO KEEP IT FREE! I THANK YOU.

TRIGGER GETS AN IDEA...

BY GOLLY THAT WAS A GOOD SPEECH! I THINK I'LL GO BACK STAGE AND CONGRATULATE THE SENATOR PERSONALLY.

JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO KNOCK ON THE SENATOR'S DOOR...

HEY!! THAT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! I BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!





WHY SENATOR SNAZZLE?
I'M SURPRISED TO
SEE YOU!



HELP! SAVE ME! THEY
GOT SMITH AND THEY'LL
GET ME NEXT! HELP!

HUH?



I'M INSPECTOR SMOOCH. WHY
ALL THE EXCITEMENT? OH, CH...
I SEE - A MURDER!

CALM YOURSELF,
SENATOR
SNAZZLE!



YOU'RE A POLICEMAN -
DO SOMETHING! THEY
WERE AFTER ME BUT
POOR SMITH GOT IT
INSTEAD!

WHY,
THAT'S
SMITH OF
THE HOUSE
INVESTI-
GATING COM-
MITTEE.



YES, I WAS GIVING HIM SOME
INFORMATION WHEN HE SUDDEN-
LY YELLED AND LEAPED IN
FRONT OF ME! A SHOT RANG-
OUT! I TELL YOU THEY'LL TRY
TO GET ME AGAIN! OH, WHAT
SHALL I DO!



JUST NOW YOU BETTER CALM
DOWN. NOW WHO'S THIS FUNNY
LOOKING GUY? ARE YOU SURE
HE WASN'T THE ASSASSIN?

WHO
ME??



WHY, SARGE, I
COULDN'T O'
DUNNIT! LOOK,
I HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT A GUN ON...
JEEPERS...
WHAT'S THIS?

SO YOU
HAVEN'T GOT
A GUN, EH?
HERE, I'LL
TAKE THAT!



ONE SHELL FIRED AND IT'S
STILL SMOKING! JOE, LOU...
TAKE THIS GUY TO HEAD-
QUARTERS - WE'VE CAUGHT
THE MURDERER RED HANDED!



BUT I TELLYA I DIDN'T DO IT.
I NEVER SAW THAT GUN
BEFORE! I'M JUST AN
INNOCENT COUNTRY
BOY!

TELL IT
TO THE
JUDGE!

THAT EVENING, HY, RICHY AND RANG. SEE THE NEWSPAPERS...

HOLY JOE!
RICHY, TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS,
WILL YOU?

IT MUST BE
PLENTY START-
LING TO GET
YOU SO WORK-
ED UP, HY!



Crime

CAPTURE ASSASSIN

J.J. SMITH OF HOUSE COMMITTEE IN-
VESTIGATING UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES,
KILLED PROTECTING SENATOR SNAZZLE!



MURDERER STAYS AT SCENE OF CRIME
TO MAKE ANOTHER ATTEMPT ON SENATOR
LIFE. *(The rest of the text is illegible due to heavy scribbles)*

COME ON, RICHY!
WE'VE GOT TO GET
TRIGGER OUT OF
THIS JAM!



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

IF I GET YOU
OUT OF THIS
MESS, WILL
YOU PROMISE
TO STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE?

GOSH, HY,
O' COURSE,
BUT I
DIDN'T DO
NOTHIN'!



OKAY, I BELIEVE YOU BUT
WE'VE STILL GOT TO FIND THE
REAL MURDERER OR YOU
STAND TRIAL! I'LL PUT UP
BAIL FOR YOU.

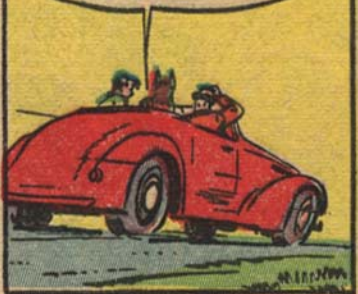


NOW TELL
ME JUST
WHAT
HAPPENED.

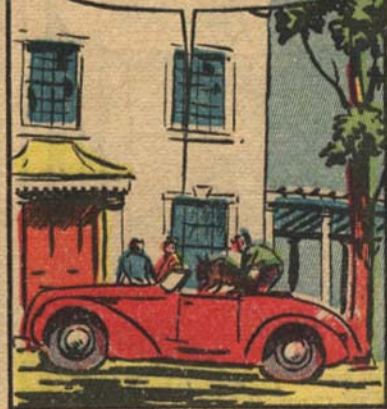
TRIGGER IS
SET FREE AND
TELLS HIS
STORY...



WELL, WHOEVER DID IT
COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN
OUT THE DOOR OR YOU'D
HAVE SEEN HIM. HMM... I'LL
HAVE TO GO DOWN TO THE
HALL AND LOOK OVER THE
SCENE OF THE CRIME.
HOWEVER, BEFORE I DO
THAT...



I BETTER LEAVE YOU HERE
AT SENATOR SNAZZLE'S. THERE
MAY BE ANOTHER ATTEMPT
MADE TO END HIS LIFE!





THEN SILENTLY IT ENTERS MRS. SNAZZLE'S BEDROOM!...



AND CHOKES HER TO DEATH!



THAT WILL KEEP YOU FROM TALKING! NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE!



RANG, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THAT GUY... I THINK WE BETTER FOLLOW HIM!

OUTSIDE...



I'M SURE HE'S BEEN UP TO NO GOOD!



NOW I KNOW IT! HE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF A DESERTED HOUSE AND GETS AN ANSWER. COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO INVESTGATE!



INSIDE THE "DESERTED" PLACE...

I'VE COME FOR MORE MONEY! I'VE GOT TO SCRAM, QUICK!

I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM HERE! YOU MAY BE FOLLOW-ED!



HEREAFTER, USE THE USUAL METHOD TO GET IN TOUCH WITH US OR ELSE!!

DON'T THREATEN ME, BUNDSER! I'M PRETTY GOOD AT KILLING, MYSELF! I JUST GOT RID OF MRS. SNAZZLE BECAUSE SHE WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS!



MEANWHILE, RICHY AND RANG HAVE REACHED THE REAR OF THE HOUSE...

GOOD GOSH! ENEMY AGENTS! AND LOOK WHO'S WITH THEM! RANG, YOU BETTER GO GET HY!



WHILE YOU'RE GETTING HY, I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T GET INSIDE AND HEAR WHAT THEY'RE SAYING.



RICHY CLIMBS UP THE RAIN SPOUT - SUDDENLY....

WOW! IT BUSTED! NOW WHAT DO I DO?



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?

IT CAME FROM OUT BACK. COME ON, FRITZ!



IT'S ONLY A KID!



COME DOWN, BRAT!

OKAY, MISTER!



HERE I COME!



DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



THE BUNDBSTER HITS RICHY A COWARDLY BLOW FROM BEHIND!

OH!



SAY! THAT'S THE KID WHO HANGS OUT WITH HY SPEED, THE DETECTIVE!

YOU BETTER BEAT IT BEFORE YOU HAVE EVERYONE IN WASHINGTON HERE!



MEANWHILE, HY IS LOOKING OVER THE SCENE OF THE FIRST MURDER...



HMM! THE WINDOW'S CLOSED— TRIG WAS AT THE DOOR, NOW I WONDER...



WHAT'S THAT! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE'S COMING!



RANG, OLD BOY! I'M GETTING SO JUMPY I ALMOST LET YOU HAVE IT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



YOU WANT ME TO COME, EH? OH, OH, I GET IT! TROUBLE, EH?



OKAY, OLD FELLOW, WE'LL BE AT THE SENATOR'S HOUSE IN A JIFFY!



NOBODY ANSWERS! SO I'LL HAVE TO BUST DOWN THE DOOR!



TRIG! WHAT HAPPENED? HE'S OUT COLD— BUT STILL ALIVE— WHAT DOES RANG WANT NOW?

WOOF!



RANG LEADS HIS MASTER TO MRS. SNAZZLE'S ROOM...

STRANGLER!.. AND THE SENATOR'S GONE!.. AND SO IS RICHY! CAN YOU FIND A SCENT, RANG?



THE WONDER DOG ANSWERS WITH A SNARL..HY WHIRLS AROUND...

OH, IT'S YOU SENATOR! I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!

BEFORE THE SENATOR CAN SPEAK RANG A TANG MAKES A DASH FOR HIM!...

RANG!
C'MERE!



BUT RANG KEEPS GOING, ONLY TO BE KNOCKED COLD BY A BRUTAL KICK BY SENATOR SNAZZLE!



OKAY, SPEED, YOU'VE GUESSED WHO THE MURDERER IS BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO DO YOU ANY GOOD! GET EM UP!



JUST THEN, TRIG RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS AS HY SPEAKS...

UNTIL RANG A TANG WENT FOR YOU, I ONLY HAD VAGUE SUSPICIONS!



SUSPICIONS OF WHO, HY?

LOOKOUT TRIG, HE'S GOT A GUN!



WHAT, AGAIN? WHY SENATOR!

WELL, IF YOU WON'T TACKLE HIM, I WILL!



OH, NO YOU DON'T!

I STILL DON'T GET IT, HY!



THIS IS THE RAT WHO PLANTED THE GUN ON YOU AND ALSO PUT THAT DRUGGED LIQUOR WHERE YOU COULD GET AT IT!

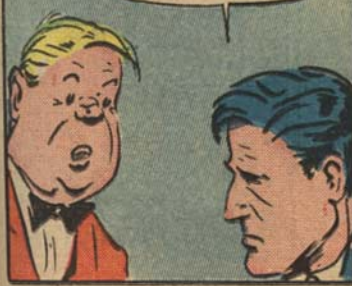


IN OTHER WORDS, HE'S THE MURDERER! BUT IT TOOK RANG A TANG TO PROVE IT TO ME!



BUT WHAT DID HE DO IT FOR, HY?

WELL, SMITH WAS ON A COMMITTEE INVESTIGATING UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES SO THERE MUST BE SOME CONNECTION, MOST LIKELY SELLING INFORMATION TO THE ENEMY.



ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SNAZZLE?

YES, THAT'S RIGHT! AND I WAS GOING TO GET SOME DOUGH TONIGHT, BUT YOUR KID BUTTED IN AND SPOILED THINGS!



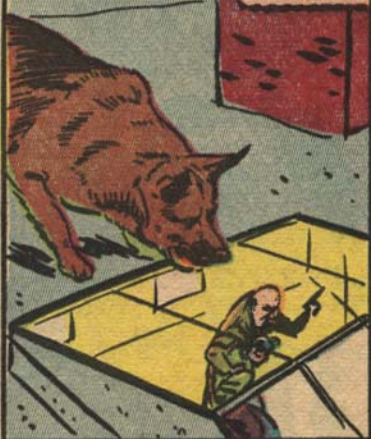
SO THAT'S WHERE RICHY IS! AND RANG WAS TRYING TO LEAD ME TO HIM! QUICK, TRIG - CALL THE POLICE WHILE I GET RANG ON HIS FEET AGAIN - HE'LL BE ABLE TO LEAD US TO RICHY, HURRY, THERE'S NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE!



BY THE TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE, RANG HAS RECOVERED....



MEANWHILE, RANG HAS GAINED THE ROOF OF THE BUNDIST DEN....



RANG!

...AND DIVES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!...

WHAT THE..



HELP! HANS! FRITZ! COME QUICK!

THE DISTURBANCE GIVES HY AND THE POLICE THEIR CHANCE...



IT'S NOW OR NEVER, BOYS!



RICHY ISN'T HERE. HE MUST BE UPSTAIRS!

TAKE THAT, YOU PUNK!



RICHY, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, HY, BUT YOU BETTER STOP RANG OR HE'LL KILL THAT GUY!



GOLLY, RANG, I OWE YOU MY LIFE. HE WAS JUST GOING TO SHOOT ME WHEN YOU DROPPED IN.



SO YOU GOT WISE TO THE SENATOR, EH? HOW DID HE SLIP BY, TRIG?

I FIGURED IF I GAVE HIM ENOUGH ROPE, HE'D HANG HIMSELF, RICHY!

RANG A TANG, THE ORIGINAL WONDER DOG, APPEARS ONLY IN BLUE RIBBON COMICS. LOOK FOR HIM...

the RANG-A-TANG CLUB

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

MEMBERSHIP



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.

2nd 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—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 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!

MY SPEED.

THIS MONTH'S MEMBERSHIP LIST

Eddie Boulike 1003 Breeseport Dr. Charleston, W. Va.	Robert Lawrence Maddry Lumberton, N.C.
Elizabeth Wyatt East Tallahassee, Ala.	Ruth Williams N. Ellicott Creek Rd. Tomawanda, N.Y.
Norm Pittenger Jr. Myra Perry Rd. P.O. #6 Nashville, Tenn.	Ann Wahl 105 Dellwood Dr. Thomasville, Ga.
Robert Cannon 132 N. 51st St. Tulsa, Okla.	Robert Miller 12600 6 Mile Rd. Detroit, Mich.

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.

THIS MONTH'S HONOR LEGION LETTER

Dear My Speed,

The other day I saw a dog limping across the street, then a car came speeding toward the dog, ran over it and broke its back leg. The driver kept right on going. I hurried into the house and brought out a blanket, carefully laid the dog on the blanket and carried him into the house. Then I called up a veterinarian. He bound the poor dog's leg in splints. I first noticed the dog had a license and gave him to the veterinarian who promised to turn it over to its owner.

(signed) Mrs. Cora Barringer

Stanley Barringer
1299 E. Vine St.
Coshocton, Ohio

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

40 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..... 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.....

THE

FOX

Montana

AS AN EXECUTIVE OF TRACY'S, THE WORLD'S LARGEST STORE, WORKS AT HIS DESK LATE ONE NIGHT A SHADY FIGURE ENTERS AND A REVOLVER SPITS SUDDEN DEATH...



E-E-EE HE'S BEEN KILLED!

RUTH RANSOM, GIRL REPORTER HEARS THE SHOT.



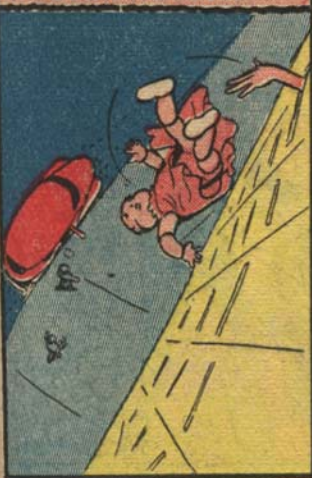
RUTH SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND HER AS THE KILLER MAKES FOR HER.



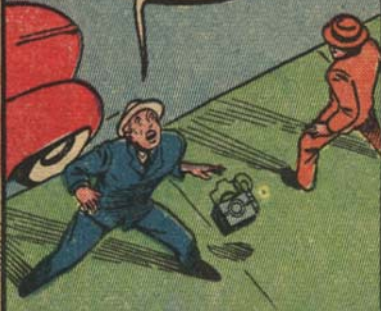
I HOPE PAUL'S WAITING FOR ME. I'LL THROW HIM THIS S.O.S.!

SLAM!

THE DOLL HURTTLES THROUGH THE AIR...

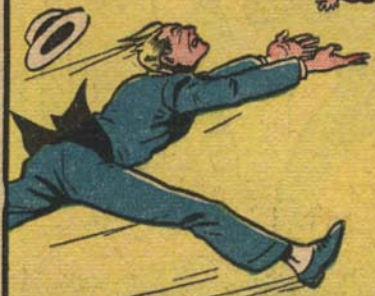


GOOD LORD!
A BABY IS
FALLING OUT
THE WINDOW!



DOWN BELOW, PAUL PATTON,
WHO IS WAITING FOR RUTH
LOOKS UP AND MISTAKES
THE DOLL FOR A BABY!

COME TO
PAPA!



I'LL BE... I SURE MADE A
CHUMP OUT OF MYSELF
THAT TIME?... HEY WHAT'S
THIS WRITTEN ON
THE DOLL?



HAW,
HAW!

JUST A GAG, FOLKS,
TRACY'S DELIVERS
ALL MY PURCHASES
THAT WAY!



I'D BETTER
GET UP THERE
FAST. THAT
MESSAGE HAD
AN URGENT RING
TO IT!



THIS LOOKS
LIKE A GOOD
DRESSING ROOM!



FROM
THE
INTERIOR
OF THE
TRUCK COMES
THE FOX!



THE WINDOW
TRIMMERS
ARE WORKING
AROUND HERE
SOME PLACE. I
OUGHT TO BE
ABLE TO
GET IN!



OPEN THE DOOR, YOU
OR I'LL SMASH THROUGH
THE WINDOW.



WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THIS PLACE IS CLOSED
FOR THE NIGHT.



SO WILL YOUR
EYES BE IF
YOU TRY TO
STOP ME.

HEY,
CUT IT
OUT!



THAT OUGHT
TO BE THE
OFFICE SHE
THREW THE
DOLL OUT OF.



IT'S LOCKED!
SUCH A
NICE DOOR,
700.



THE
FOX!

IT ISN'T LITTLE
BO-PEEP!
WHAT'S THE
EXCITEMENT
ABOUT?



DIDN'T
YOU SEE
THE CORPSE
OUT THERE?

DON'T KID
ME! WHAT
CORPSE?
WHERE?



IT WAS RIGHT THERE
A MINUTE AGO.

WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

I WANTED A
STORY ABOUT
THE SHOP-
LIFTING
EPIDEMIC.



MR. NIBBS SAID HE'D HAVE SOME TIME FOR ME TONIGHT. I CAME IN A SECOND AFTER THE SHOT. MR. NIBBS LAY DEAD ON THE FLOOR.



THAT'S RIDICULOUS. I'M JOHN GRANT, MR. NIBBS' PARTNER. IF ANYONE WOULD WANT TO KILL NIBBS-- OR MYSELF-- I'D CERTAINLY KNOW ABOUT IT.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT. I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



RUTH DOESN'T SUFFER FROM HALLUCINATIONS. IF SHE SAYS THERE'S A CORPSE, I'LL BET THERE IS ONE.



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER-- AND THE FOX, TOO. YOU GO ON, AND HIDE THAT CORPSE UNTIL WE HAVE A CHANCE TO GET RID OF IT PERMANENTLY.



OKAY!

YOU'VE HAD QUITE A SHOCK, MY DEAR. WOULD'N'T YOU LIKE TO LIE DOWN FOR A FEW MINUTES?



I DO FEEL KIND OF FAINT.

THOSE KNOCK-OUT DROPS I'LL TAKE CARE OF HER.

HERE, DRINK THIS-- YOU'LL FEEL BETTER



THAT MR GRANT HAD THIS DRINK TOO HANDY TO SUIT ME. I'D BETTER DITCH IT.



THE FOX GOES TO WORK WITH A VENGEANCE, LOOKING FOR THE LOST CORPSE.





WELL, HE'S NOT UNDER THIS TABLE, ANYWAY!



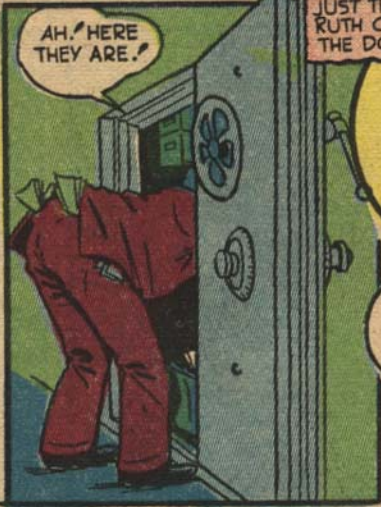
I'VE PRACTICALLY TORN THIS PLACE APART. MAYBE RUTH WAS HAVING NIGHTMARES AFTER ALL.



SUDDENLY, SOME INSTINCT WARNS THE FOX OF DANGER HE TURNS, AND-



NOW TO HURRY BACK TO THE SAFE AND GET THOSE PAPERS.



AH, HERE THEY ARE!



JUST THEN RUTH OPENS THE DOOR.

I KNEW HE WAS A PHONEY!

YOU AGAIN!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GO TO SLEEP THIS TIME - BUT PERMANENTLY.

HELP!



PRETTY TOUGH WITH A GIRL, AREN'T YOU?

WELL, MR. GRANT SEEMS LIKE I SCOTCHED YOUR NEAT LITTLE PLAN, DIDN'T I?



I THINK IF YOU GO THROUGH THOSE PAPERS IN HIS POCKET, YOU'LL HAVE YOURSELF THE WHOLE STORY, RUTH!



BUT WHAT ABOUT THE DEAD MAN, I SAW- NIBBS!

I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK NOW. GRANT AND THE WINDOW TRIMMER WERE BUSY AT SOMETHING IN THE WINDOW A WHILE AGO.... YOU CALL THE POLICE, MEANWHILE, RUTH!



THE FOX! I THOUGHT...

YOU THOUGHT GRANT HAD FINISHED ME OFF, EH?



WELL, HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT!



THERE'S THE MISSING CORPSE!

GOOD LORD!... HE'S DRESSED UP AS A WINDOW DUMMY! HERE COME THE POLICE NOW!



IF IT ISN'T PAUL! HOW DO YOU MANAGE TO BE AWAY EVERY TIME YOU MIGHT BE USEFUL?



HELLO, RUTH.

AND SO, WHAT STARTED OUT TO BE A SIMPLE SHOP-LIFTING STORY TURNED INTO THE BIGGEST ONE OF THE YEAR. GRANT WAS EMBEZZLING HIS OWN FIRM AND HAD BEEN CAUGHT BY HIS PARTNER, NIBBS: SO HE HIRED A KILLER TO GET RID OF HIM.



QUITE A GUY, THAT FOX!



WATCH FOR THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF THE FOX!

BY
HUBBELL

Corporal **COLLINS** INFANTRYMAN



AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, SERGEANT BOYLE CONVYED A FRENCH POLITICAL REFUGEE AND HIS DAUGHTER TO IRAQ (SEE PEP COMICS, DECEMBER) ONLY TO BE MET BY CORPORAL COLLINS WHO WALKED OFF WITH THE GIRL WHEN BOYLE'S BACK WAS TURNED!.....



EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE LOOK ON BOYLE'S HOMELY PUSS WHEN HE SAW US TOGETHER, I NEARLY BUST MY IN-SIDES!



BUT WASN'T IT RUDE TO LEAVE HIM STANDING-THERE? I DIDN'T EVEN THANK HIM PROPERLY FOR ALL HE DID!



OH, SO IT'S FUNNY, IS IT? WHY, YOU SCREWBALL....



BOYLE! IMAGINE SEEING YOU HERE! WELL, SO LONG! SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY!



SAY! WHAT'S THE IDEA HORNING IN ON MY DATE? GO ON, SCRAM OR I'LL POKE YOU ONE!



YOU AND THE IRAQ ARMY! IF YOU'D LIKE TO STEP OUTSIDE, WE'LL SETTLE THINGS BETWEEN YOU AND ME ONCE AND FOR ALL!

OKAY BY ME, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL! LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH!



JUST A MOMENT, CORPORAL!



COLONEL HUNT? SORRY SIR, I DIDN'T SEE YOU COME IN.

WE WON'T GO INTO THAT NOW, COLLINS. THERE'S SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT! WE CAN TALK AT THAT CORNER TABLE.



I HAVE AN ASSIGNMENT TO BE CARRIED OUT, BUT ONLY BY A MAN OF WIDE MILITARY EXPERIENCE. I CAN COUNT ON YOU, OF COURSE!

SURE THING, COLONEL, WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?

I'M GAME FOR ANYTHING! SPILL IT!



KIND OF YOU TO OFFER, SERGEANT, BUT YOU MUST REPORT YOUR ARRIVAL TO THE COMMANDER AND GET SETTLED. COLLINS HAS BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME ALREADY!



BRIEFLY, CORPORAL, YOUR JOB IS TO CARRY AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO GENERAL PSVOV. YOU WILL LEAVE FOR RUSSIA AT ONCE!

IS THAT ALL?

SAY! THAT'S A PRETTY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FOR COLLINS! ARE YOU SURE HE CAN BE TRUSTED?

HA HA HA



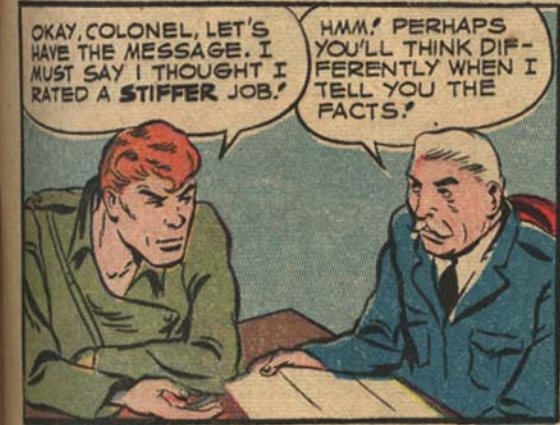
LISTEN YOU DUMB JERK, I OUGHTA

TSK TSK! I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO PLAY POSTOFFICE!



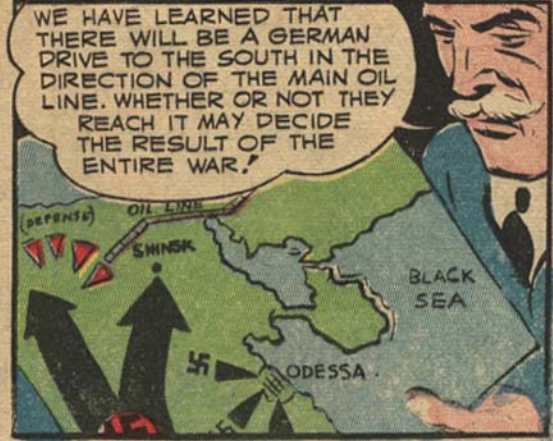
LOOK OUT YOU DON'T FALL DOWN THOSE RUSSIAN STEPPES! SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY! HA, HA!

G'WAN, YOU DROOP! WHEN I GET BACK I'LL STILL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF BOUNCING A FEW OFF YOUR NOSE!



OKAY, COLONEL, LET'S HAVE THE MESSAGE. I MUST SAY I THOUGHT I RATED A **STIFFER** JOB!

HMM! PERHAPS YOU'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY WHEN I TELL YOU THE FACTS!



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THERE WILL BE A GERMAN DRIVE TO THE SOUTH IN THE DIRECTION OF THE MAIN OIL LINE. WHETHER OR NOT THEY REACH IT MAY DECIDE THE RESULT OF THE ENTIRE WAR!

THE WHOLE AREA AROUND SNINSK IS DEFENDED BY COSSACK CAVALRY UNDER GENERAL PSVOV. THIS MESSAGE CONTAINS A PLAN FOR TRAPPING THE MAIN NAZI SPEARHEAD.



I GET IT. I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!



IF THOSE SAUER-KRAUTS GOT TO THAT OIL LINE, THEY'D BE ALL OVER IRAN IN TWO WEEKS.

HEY CORP, LISTEN TO THIS NEW ARRANGEMENT.



SNAP OUT OF IT, SLAPSIE. OR MAYBE YOU DON'T WANT TO MAKE THIS TRIP TO RUSSIA?

DADDY, YOU WANNA GET THE BEST FOR ME.

DON'T WANT TO GO? SAY, ARE YOU FOOLING? I ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE RUSSIA. OH, BABY!



STEP ON IT. WE'RE GRAB- BING A PLANE AT THE AIR- PORT.

HOURS LATER, OVER RUSSIA...



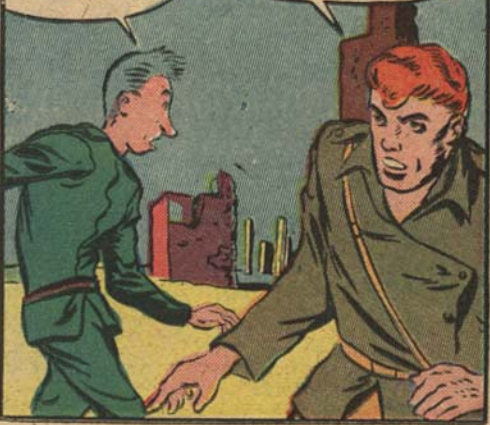
THAT'S SNINSK AHEAD. THERE'S NO AIRPORT SO WE'LL TRY THIS WHEATFIELD.

HURRY UP, FLANNEL PANTS. WHAT'S KEEPING- YOU?



WAIT UP, CORP, THIS WHEAT IS HOLDIN' ME UP!

SO THIS IS SNINSK. BOY, THEY SURE WRECKED THIS PLACE.



SUFFERIN' MACKEREL! LOOK AT WHAT'S COMIN'. QUICK, SLAPSIE. INTO THAT WHEATFIELD.

HEINIES. I THOUGHT THEY WEREN'T DUE TO GET HERE TILL AFTER TOMORROW.



THEY WEREN'T. KEEP DOWN! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE HERE FOR A WHILE.



NUTTSKI! THOSE NATZKIS ARE BACK!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



OUR BOMBERS HAFF DONE A GOOD JOB. FIND OUT VOT TOWN DIS VAS.

YAH, MARSHAL!



HEY! ANYBODY HOME? OPEN UP!



WHO ISS IN DERE? I HEAR YOU!

OOMP ZOMP OOMP

WHOMP



MISCHA! L-LOOK! N-N-NATZKIS!

STOP! STOP IT! VOT A NOISE!



I TINK I MAKE MY HEADQUARTERS HERE! GET RID OF DOSE BUMS.

OUT! UND TAKE YOUR HORNS VITH YOU!

VE VEE GEEV BEEG CONCERT TOMORROW. MAYBE VE CAN PRACTICE OUTSIDE?



NO! I COULDN'T STOOD SUCH HORRIBLE MOOSIC!

HEAR DOT? GO AWAY! FAR AWAY! DE FARTHER DE BETTER!



MEANWHILE, COLLINS AND SLAPSIE ARE STILL CAMPING OUT IN THE WHEATFIELD.

G-GOSH, CORP! IT'S AWFULLY COLD. MUST BE TEN BELOW.

IT ISN'T EXACTLY WARM AT THAT.





WHAT A GAP! LIGHTING A FIRE AROUND YOURSELF! THIS DRY WHEAT BURNS LIKE TINDER!

GOSH! I MIGHTA BEEN ROASTED ALIVE!



HMM! DOT VOS SOM FIRE.

WHERE'D YOU PICK THESE VOLGA BOATMEN UP, CORP?

GENERAL PSVOV IS DUE TO ARRIVE TOMORROW. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF KEEPING THOSE HEINIES FROM LEAVING.



I'VE GOT IT! BUT WE'LL HAVE TO BORROW SOME OF YOUR DUDS, CHUM! THAT OKAY?

HOKAY! DUN'T GET SO ROFF!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO, CORP? HOW DO I LOOK!

FINE! BETTER BRUSH UP YOUR RUSSIAN ACCENT... YOU'LL HAVE SOME ACTING TO DO!



AS THE SUN SINKS BELOW THE STEPPES, COLLINS AND SLAPSIE APPROACH THE OCCUPIED VILLAGE....

YOU HAVE YOUR LINES OKAY. DON'T SLIP UP!

I WONT, CORP... I MEAN KOLLIN-SKY!



VE LEAVE TOMORROW AT DAWN! WHO ISS OUT THERE?



I'LL STOP DOT YOWLING!

AND HE BOOGIE-WOOGIED ALL THE WAY HOME

NO! DON'T! IT AIN'T BAD!



STOP! STOP PLAYING! LOOK! IT'S FIVE HACLOCK! ON DA BEAMSKI!

SO SOON? TSK, TSK! I VOS JUST GETTINK HIN DA GROOVE!



HEY! DON'T STOP! PLAY SOME MORE! SEE, I PAY MONEY!



MONEY? HAH! VE GOT IT HERE IN ROOSHIA HA UNION! COMS FIVE HACLOCK, VE STOP!



HALT!
YOU WANT TO
BE SHOT?

PHOOEY!
YOU VANTINK MORE
MUSIK, COME TO-
MORROW TO BEND
PRACTICE! NINE A.M.!



GEE, CORP,
SUPPOSE THEY
DON'T STAY?
MAYBE THEY'RE
WISE THAT GENERAL
PSVOV IS COMIN'!

IT'S OUR ONLY
CHANCE! LET'S
GET BACK TO
THOSE MUSICIANS.



I TOLDA DA
FARMERS LIKA
YOU SAY!
HAVVERY TINK
ISS OKSKI
DOKSKI!

GOODY!
HERE'S
YOUR
OUTFIT
BACK!

ALL NIGHT LONG, IN THE RISING WIND, THE PEASANTS DIG LONG TRENCHES THROUGH THE FIELDS NORTH OF SNINSK.



NEXT MORNING...THE
FURROWS ARE
COMPLETED AND
THE WIND WHIPS THE WHEAT
WITH NEAR HURRICANE
FORCE!



WE HAVE MEN
PLANTED ALL ALONG
THOSE DITCHES. IT'S
NEARLY TEN NOW!

OH OH
HERE THEY
COME! THE
WHOLE GANG!



NICE OF YOU
MARSHAL, TO
INVITE OUR
SOLDIERS
TOO!

SOITENLY!
BAH! SOCH A VIND!
HEY! YOU CAN
BEGIN NOW!

HALLO, GENTS!
YOU SEET
OVER DERE, NO?
YOU HEAR
MOOCH
BATTER!



ALL SET?
LAT'S GO!

OMP
OMP
OMP
OMP
OMP



WHOCOMP!
WHOCOMP!
WHOCOMP!

DOT'S DA
SIGNAL!
LIGHT DA
FIRES!

THE HORN FANFARE
THUNDERS ACROSS
THE FIELDS!



STOP IT!
STOP DOT
TARRIBLE
NOISE!



MARSHAL!
LOOK! SOMETHING
ISS BURNING!



ACH DULIEBER!
IT'S ON DIS SIDE
TOO! VE ARE
TRAPPED!



VE CAN ESCAPE
TO THE NORTH!
THERE ISS A RIVER!
RUN, QVICK!



A FEW MILES TO THE NORTH...

SMOKE?
HAH! VE
INVESTIGATE!



VOT HIS ALL DOT
YALLINK VIT! SCREAMINK?

VE FIND
HOUT
SOON!

HALP
ACH!
HIMMEL



AH! VE
MADE IT!

YAH! BUT
LOOK WHO'S
COMING!



THOSE FOOLS
DON'T GET ME!
YAH! I HIDE IN
DE W'EAT!



HY'A
FRITZIE!

I THOUGHT
YOU'D BE
ALONG SOONER
OR LATER!

SOCK

SPLASH



WITH THE MARSHAL AND THE
ENTIRE PANZER DIVISION
CAPTURED, COLLINS DELIVERS
THE MESSAGE TO GENERAL
PSVOV...

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, GEN-
ERAL? NOT
BAD NEWS,
I HOPE!

STROMPOFF!
IS COMINK
BEEG NAZI
POOSH
TOMORROW!



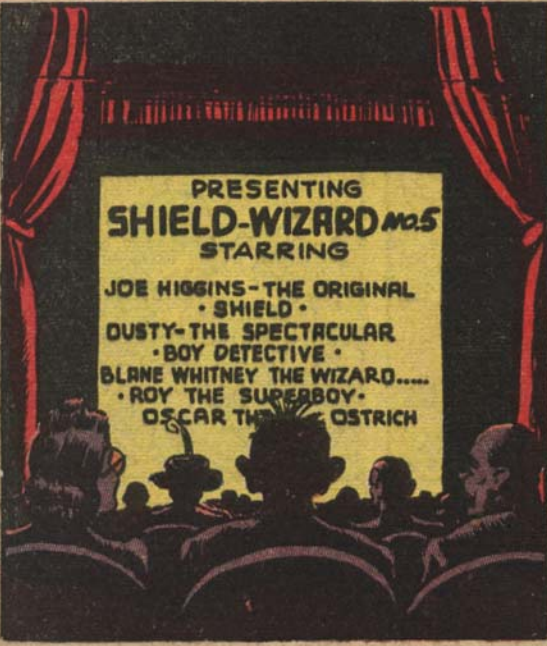
HUH?...BUT
GENERAL,
WE'VE
ALREADY....

DUN'T BODDER
ME! HAH! NAZIS!
DEY VUNT GET
PAST ME, GREGOR
DMITRI SERGEI
VASILY VASSILY
VASSILYVITCH
PSVOV!!

CORPORAL COLLINS AND
SLAPSIE WILL BE BACK
AGAIN NEXT MONTH!!

SHIELD-WIZARD NO.5

A FOUR-STAR SMASH HIT FROM COAST TO COAST
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS RIGHT NOW!



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, THEY BATTLE, THOSE TWO INVINCIBLES OF THE AGE, THE WIZARD AND ROY THE SUPERBOY.



ONCE AGAIN, DUSTY, THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE, PLAYS A LONE HAND IN A WALLOPING, THRILL-PACKED YARN!



TY GOR

SON OF
THE
TIGER



TY GOR, MALMA AND JUNIOR, HAVE BEEN SHIPWRECKED ON A JUNGLE ISLAND. DISCOVERING A NAZI SUBMARINE BASE WITH THE AID OF CAP'N PLUG NICKLE OF THE 99¢ STEAMSHIP, MANAGE TO CAPTURE THE GERMANS. OUR HEROES ARE READY TO SAIL FOR HOME WHEN A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE HOLD!



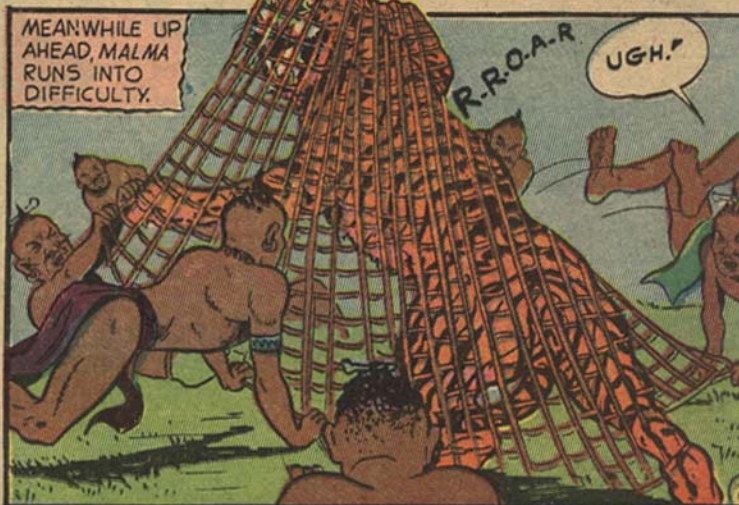
WELL, THERE GOES THE BOILER AGAIN. SHE'S GETTIN' TO LOOK LIKE A PATCH-WORK QUILT!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT WASN'T DUE TO BLOW UP FOR ANOTHER WEEK!

ON DECK

WELL, LAD, WE CAN'T SAIL 'TILL WE FIX THE BOILER. S'POSE YOUR PAL WON'T MIND THAT—THE WAY HE LOVES THE JUNGLE!





OH, GOLLY, I HOPE
NOTHIN' HAPPENS
TO MALMA. IT
COMES IN PRETTY
HANDY HAVING HER
FOR A PAL.

MALMA
NO BABY!

TY GOR—
HELP!
CANNIBALS!



TY GOR!
TY GOR!
RAH! RAH!
RAH!

AH!
JUNIOR
GONE!

TY GOR FIND!
BAD MEN TAKE
JUNIOR THIS
WAY!

OH GREAT
CHIEF BOOGLY
WOOLLY, WE
CATCHUM TENDER
LITTLE WHITE-
FACE AND
TERRIBLE TIGER.
MAKE GOOD
EAT!

TY GOR REACHES THE VILLAGE
JUST AS THE CANNIBALS
ENTER INTO THEIR
DINNER DANCE!

THE JUNGLE YOUTH
MYSTERIOUSLY KNOCKS
THE BOTTOM OUT OF A
CEREMONIAL DRUM!...

AND SNEAKS INTO THE NATIVE VILLAGE...



ME GETTUM MY DRUM AND JOIN JAM SESSION!



BOB-BA-LOO!-
BOB-BA-LOO-
LOO-
FOO!



WHILE INSIDE....



HOW YOU LIKE BOOM BOOM?



ME FIXUM EVIL SPIRIT DRUM. NO ASK HIM TO PLAY WITH ME. ME SOLOIST.



TY GOR LEAVE NOW!



UNK!



MAN, I TELL YOU DERE'S SOMETHIN' IN DAT DRUM- AN IT AIN'T RYTHM.

AW, YOU EATUM TOO MUCH MEAT.

HEY! YOU WRECKUM MY DRUM ME WRECK-UM YOUR'S!

ME BEAT YOUR'S FOR LAST TIME!

HM-M-M. LET'S SEE. HE'S TOO SMALL TO FRICASSEE!

I GOT UM. WE FEED HIM TO DE TIGER DEN WE EATS DE TIGER.

NO! DON'T THROW ME TO A TIGER.

NO! NO! HELP!

MALMA! GEE, AM I GLAD IT'S YOU AND NOT A REAL HUNGRY TIGER!

IF WE PILE ALL THESE ROCKS AND LIMBS UP MAYBE WE CAN JUMP OUT!

UM-UM- THIS SOUP IS JESS RIGHT FOR A PINCH OF TIGER A-LA BOY!

SUDDENLY, MALMA LEAPS OUT OF THE PIT TO THE TERROR OF THE NATIVES.

YEEOW

WHE.E.E.E SIC 'EM, MALMA!



HOLY CATS, THEY THINK I TAMED MALMA!

OH, GREAT WHITE CHIEF, WHO RULES THE TERRIBLE TIGER, WE ARE YOUR SLAVES!



PHEW, I GIVE UP. MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO PATCH A SIEVE. BLAST IT!

CAPTAIN! COME ON DECK QUICK!



WELL SCUTTLE MY SHIP AND CALL ME HITLER - CANNIBALS. QUICK, MEN, GRAB YOUR GUNS!



NO! NO! NO SHOOT! TY GOR, TY GOR! JUNIOR NEW CHIEF!



SEE TY GOR, THE NATIVES WILL TOW US TO THE NEAREST PORT!

AW, BARNACLES! MY SHIP BEING DRAGGED AROUND THE OCEAN BY A BUNCH OF BLASTED "RED CAPS"!



DON'T MISS THE FURTHER HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF TY GOR WITH HIS FRIENDS JUNIOR AND MALMA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

A BUBBLE RISES FROM THE WITCH'S CAULDRON AND IN IT THE HIDEOUS OLD HAG SEES A BOY AND GIRL SPEEDING THROUGH A DRIVING RAIN IN AN OPEN CAR.

BUBBLE TROUBLE,
BOIL AND BUBBLE!
NO DOUBT THIS PRETTY
PAIR WILL DROP IN ON
ME SHORTLY.



TALES FROM THE WITCH'S CAULDRON

UNABLE TO GO ON,
THE BOY AND GIRL
LOOK FOR SHELTER...

LET'S
TRY THAT
CABIN!

ANYPLACE
TO GET OUT
OF THIS
STORM!



IT'S OPEN.
I GUESS
WE CAN
WALK IN.



COME IN, MY DEARS!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING
YOU!

WHAT?
EXPECTING
US?



HE! HE!
COME NEAR MY
CAULDRON AND
WARM YOUR-
SELVES!

THANK
YOU.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE
TO SEE A PRETTY
PICTURE STORY COME
RIGHT OUT OF MY
CAULDRON?



HE! HE! YES!
JUST WATCH
THE BUBBLES!
BUBBLE
TROUBLE
BOIL
AND
BUBBLE!



AS THE
BUBBLE
RISES...



SLOWLY, SLOWLY,
THE MISTS RESOLVE THEM-
SELVES INTO TWO HUMAN
FIGURES AND THE COUPLE
GASPS AMAZEDLY AS THEY SEE
THEMSELVES!





MARY LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW

GOOD LORD, IT'S MY FATHER... AND HIS MEN. THEY KNOW WHERE WE ARE!



LET'S DIE TOGETHER, DARLING, THEN NOBODY CAN EVER SEPARATE US. MAYBE THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!



YOU GO IN THAT WAY AND SEE THAT THEY DON'T GET OUT!



IT'S NO USE, JOHN. WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THEM. AND THEY'LL KILL YOU... I KNOW THEY WILL!

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO!



THIS SHEET WILL KEEP THE GAS FROM ESCAPING!



JOHN TURNS ON THE GAS JET IN THE HEATER!



THE GAS OVERCOMES THE COUPLE!



I DON'T WANT TO DIE!



THE GIRL'S FATHER BREAKS INTO THE ROOM!...

THEY'RE DEAD!

SHE'S DEAD... BUT I'D RATHER HAVE HER DEAD THAN MARRIED TO HIM!

WHAT HAPPENED?

WHY DO THESE THINGS HAVE TO HAPPEN IN MY HOTEL?

THE GIRL IS GONE BUT THE BOY CAN BE REVIVED.



WEEKS LATER... ALIVE BUT MISERABLE, THE BOY IS STEEPED IN GRIEF...

SUDDENLY HIS SWEETHEART OPENS THE DOOR!

THANK HEAVENS, YOU'RE ALIVE!

YES, DEAR JOHN, IT IS I. I DIDN'T DIE. I, TOO, WAS REVIVED WITH A PULMOTOR.



AGH! MARY!... IT CAN'T BE!



NOBODY NEED EVEN KNOW NOW. WE CAN BE TOGETHER, ALWAYS!

HEE!HEE!NOBODY NEED KNOW BUT THE WITCH KNOWS... KNOWS THAT THE PRETTY YOUNG MAN IS DOOMED TO DIE!

YOU HAG! I WON'T LISTEN TO ANYMORE!



COME ON, HONEY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.



THE DEAD WILL CLAIM THEIR OWN, I TELL YE!.. (HEE, HEE!) THE DEAD WILL CLAIM THEIR OWN.



BRR... THAT WITCH GAVE ME THE CREEPS... SAY, HONEY, THERE'S A SMELL OF GAS AROUND HERE, ISN'T THERE?

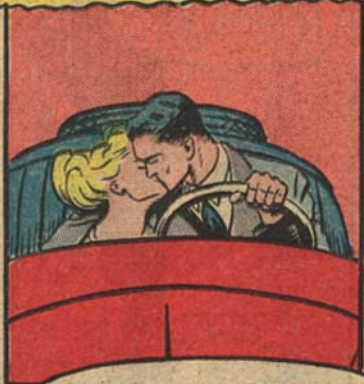


I DON'T SMELL IT, DEAR! JOHN, YOU HAVEN'T KISSED ME... YET!

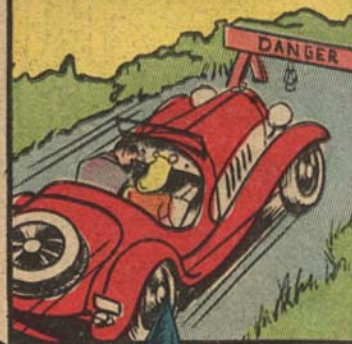
WELL, I SURE WILL NOW.



AND THEN, AS JOHN'S LIPS MEET MARY'S, A SUFFOCATING ODOR OF GAS RISES FROM HER.



HORROR-STRICKEN, JOHN TRIES TO PULL HIMSELF AWAY, BUT TOO LATE! HIS SENSES SOON BECOME NUMBED...



...AND THE CAR GOES OVER A CLIFF!

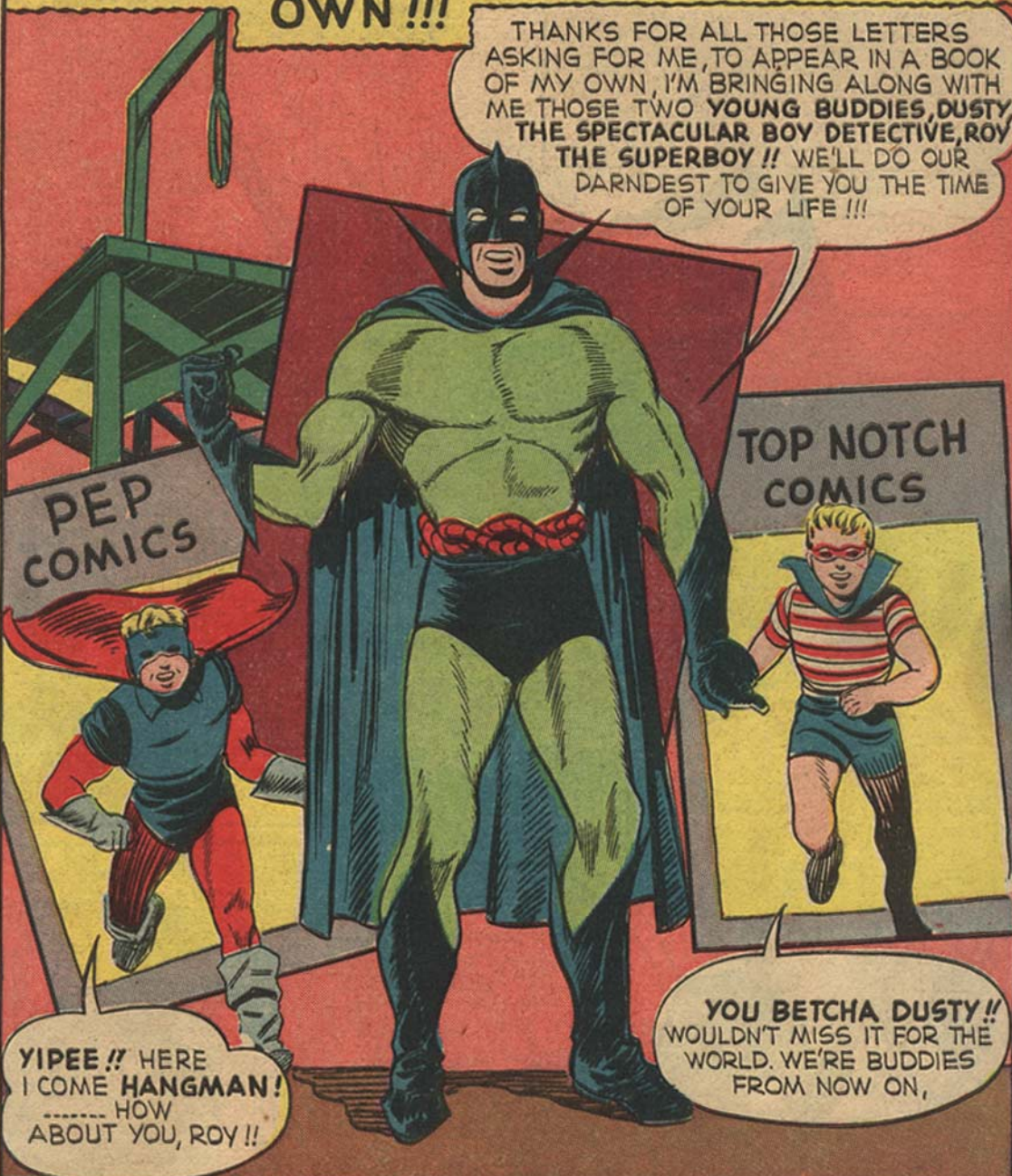


SEE, LUCIFER! THE WITCH KNOWS! THAT WAS HER GHOST THAT CAME BACK TO MAKE HIM KEEP HIS VOW. NOW THEY'RE REALLY TOGETHER!



IT'S HERE! IT'S HERE! IT'S HERE!
THE HANGMAN
IN A BRAND NEW COMIC BOOK OF HIS
OWN!!!

THANKS FOR ALL THOSE LETTERS ASKING FOR ME, TO APPEAR IN A BOOK OF MY OWN, I'M BRINGING ALONG WITH ME THOSE TWO YOUNG BUDDIES, **DUSTY THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE, ROY THE SUPERBOY!!** WE'LL DO OUR DARNDDEST TO GIVE YOU THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!!!



YIPEE!! HERE I COME **HANGMAN!**

HOW ABOUT YOU, ROY!!

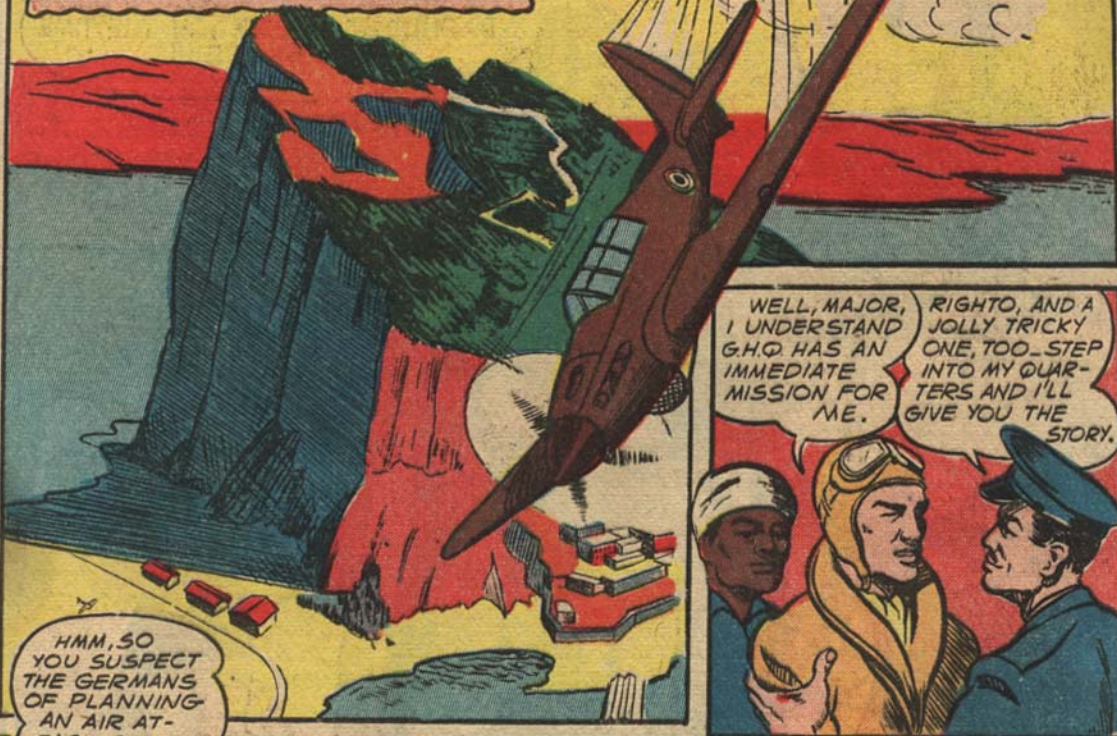
YOU BETCHA DUSTY!!
WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD. WE'RE BUDDIES FROM NOW ON,

BOY BUDDIES!!! DUSTY THE SPECTACULAR BOY DETECTIVE, AND ROY THE SUPERBOY, APPEAR IN THE "HANGMAN COMICS, LOOK FOR IT!!!!

LOOP LOGAN

Air Ace

PLAYING MANY ROLES IN THE SHIFTING THEATRE OF WAR, LOOP LOGAN AND HIS LOYAL SERVANT, CLATRA HAVE RECEIVED MYSTERIOUS ORDERS TO PROCEED TO GIBRALTAR, ENGLAND'S GUARDIAN TO THE MEDITERRANEAN. THEY LEVEL OFF FOR A LANDING ON HISTORIC QUEENSBURY AIRFIELD....



WELL, MAJOR, I UNDERSTAND G.H.Q HAS AN IMMEDIATE MISSION FOR ME.

RIGHTO, AND A JOLLY TRICKY ONE, TOO... STEP INTO MY QUARTERS AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE STORY.



HMM, SO YOU SUSPECT THE GERMANS OF PLANNING AN AIR ATTACK ON THE ROCK?

AND I'M PUTTING YOU ON THE SCENT, LOGAN.

THEY'VE TAKEN OVER AIRFIELDS IN SPANISH MOROCCO!

THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR, A NATIVE SENTRY LISTENS -



THEN HE APPROACHES A SEEMINGLY INNOCENT PEDDLER...

(HSSST!) THE BRITISH ARE SENDING THE AMERICAN, ZOGAN ON A SCOUTING MISSION.

BUENO, I'LL GET WORD THROUGH TO THE GERMANS AT ONCE!

CONCEALED IN THE LOAD OF FRUIT IS A POWERFUL RADIO TRANSMITTER— SOON A MESSAGE CRACKLES FORTH...

AT THE GERMAN CONTROLLED AIRFIELD IN MOROCCO

VOT ISS? ACH, DOT YANKEE ZOGAN. BETTER I SEE THE GENERAL. JA!

MINUTES LATER, LOOP'S PLANE ROARS OVER THE STRAITS AND INTO SPANISH MOROCCO!



SUDDENLY A SQUADRON OF GERMAN PLANES APPEARS FROM BEHIND A THICK CLOUD-BANK, AND

A FIERCE DOG-FIGHT ENSUES!



THEN!

CLATRA! WE'VE BEEN HIT! WE'RE ON FIRE!



HOPE THE PARACHUTES OPEN.





ACH, LOOK VOT GIVES. MAKE DEM PRISONERS QUICK!

JA, HERR KAPITAN, COME, MAX!

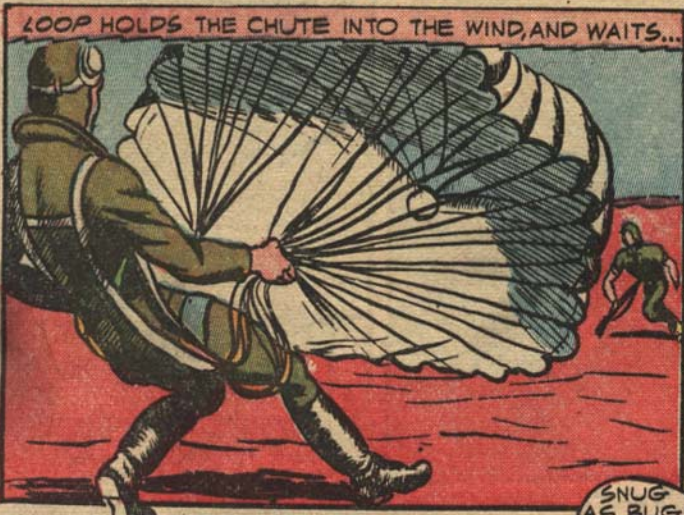


WELL, THE WELCOME BOYS ARE HERE AND I GOT A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR THEM.



GERMAN INFANTRYMEN DASH FORWARD TO THE CAPTURE

THIS WAY, MAX - HURRY!



LOOP HOLDS THE CHUTE INTO THE WIND, AND WAITS...



SO YOU HEINIES WANT TO BE UNDERCOVER AGENTS - WELL, THERE YA' ARE!

AS THE NAZIS SURROUND HIM, HE RELEASES THE SHROUD LINES...



AND CLATRA RUSHES UP TO COMPLETE THE GERMAN'S HUMILIATING CAPTURE.

MAX, MAX! VOT ISSZ?



SNUG AS BUGS IN A RUG!



MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE NAZI DROME, THEY FIND....

YES, MASTER.

LOOK, CLATRA - GLIDERS - THAT MEANS AN ATTACK ON GIB-RALTER!





THAT'S FINISHED... NOW THE NEXT ONE!

LOOP AND HIS SERVANT MOVE FROM GLIDER TO GLIDER, ENGAGED IN A MYSTERIOUS TASK...



WILL THESE NAZIS BE SURPRISED WHEN THEY TRY TO DIS-ENGAGE THE GLIDERS?



THAT'S ALL. LET'S GO.



ACHTUNG! WE TAKE OFF NOW!



THE TRANSPORT AND TRAIN OF GLIDERS TAKE OFF..

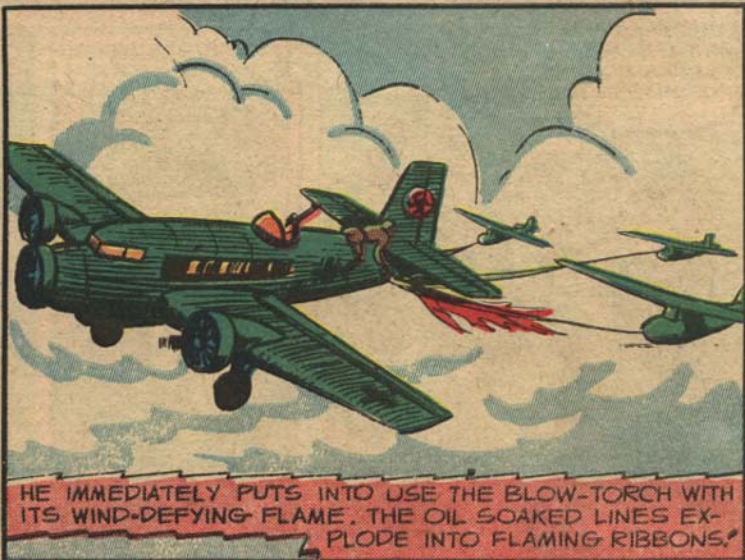


LOOP AND CLATRA WHO HAVE HIDDEN IN THE STERN GUN PITS, SUDDENLY LEAP INTO ACTION!



IF I SLIP, MY GOOSE IS COOKED, BUT THE CHANCE IS WORTH IT!

LOOP MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE TAIL OF THE TRANSPORT.



HE IMMEDIATELY PUTS INTO USE THE BLOW-TORCH WITH ITS WIND-DEFYING FLAME. THE OIL SOAKED LINES EXPLODE INTO FLAMING RIBBONS!



THEIR TASK COMPLETED, THE BOYS BAIL OUT OVER THE MIGHTY ROCK...



FIRE! DISENGAGE THE LINES! QUICK!

I CAN'T! WE'RE HELPLESSLY STUCK!



THE FIRE IS COMING NEARER!

WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP! GET READY HANS!



AS THE FLAMES LEAP FROM GLIDER TO GLIDER, THE NAZI TROOPS LEAP TO SAFETY...



A CURIOUS SIGHT GREETES THE ENGLISH ON GIBRALTAR!

WHAT A SIGHT! THE WHOLE FLIGHT IN FLAMES!



HERE COME TWO OF THEM RIGHT ON THE ROCKS!

GRAB THEM, LIEUTENANT!



LOGAN! SO WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THE NAZI FLYERS?

HELLO, LIEUTENANT... ER... MIND POINTING THAT THING THE OTHER WAY? I'M ALLERGIC TO BULLETS!



THAT'S ONE LESS ATTACK WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT, EH LIEUTENANT? NOT A BAD JOB, IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

LOGAN, YOU'RE PRICELESS! I WON'T BOTHER ASKING YOU HOW YOU DID IT, RIGHT. NOW I'LL HAVE TO MUCH TO DO FISHING THOSE BLIGHTERS OUT OF THE DRINK!

MR JUSTICE



ONWARD, A CRUSHING JUGGERNAUT OF DESTRUCTION, THE NAZI WAR MACHINE ROLLS THROUGH GREECE—HOME OF THE ANCIENT GODS! AND OUT OF THIS WELTER OF DEATH IS TO RISE A HORROR WHICH IS DESTINED TO MAKE THE NAZI MENACE LOOK LIKE MERE CHILD'S PLAY—THE GARGOYLE !!

WEEKS LATER IN THE WAKE OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY, COMES A PARTY OF GERMAN ARCH-ABEOLOGISTS, TO DIG AMONG THE ANCIENT RUINS OF THEIR DEFEATED FOE



WE'LL START WITH THIS CAVE!

ENTERING THE CAVE THEY SEE -- DONNERWETTER! IT'S A GARGOYLE! WHAT A FIND, THE CREATURE WHO IN GREEK MYTHOLOGY WAS ABLE TO TURN PEOPLE INTO STONE BY SIMPLY LOOKING AT THEM



YOU ALL KNOW THE LEGEND OF COURSE! THE GARGOYLE HIMSELF TURNED INTO A STONE STATUE WHEN ONE DAY HE LOOKED AT HIMSELF IN A POOL OF WATER, FOLKLORE SAYS, THE GARGOYLE WILL ONE DAY COME TO BE



AND A BATTLE ENSUES



MY ARM! I'VE BEEN SHOT!



AS THE WOUNDED GERMAN STUMBLES AGAINST THE GARGOYLE, HIS BLOOD DRIPS ON THE STONE IMAGE.



SUDDENLY, THE STONE MONSTER SHUDDERS AND QUICK PULSATING LIFE COURSES THROUGH HIS VAST FRAME



SLOWLY, IT'S HORRIBLE EYES OPEN, AS IT'S BALEFUL STARE FIXES UPON THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS AND THEY BECOME STATUES.



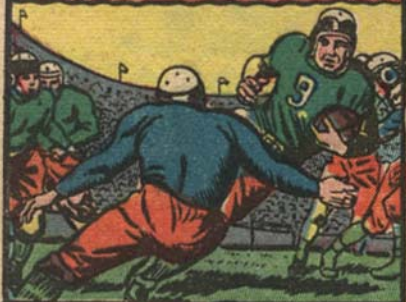
NOW HE TURNS TO THE ASTONISHED SCIENTIST, IT WAS YOUR BLOOD THAT GAVE ME LIFE, FROM NOW, I AM YOUR SLAVE. AS LONG AS YOU LIVE, I WILL SERVE YOU.



ACH! THIS IS WONDERFUL! I WILL MAKE GOOD USE OF YOU AND YOUR STRANGE POWERS, TO DESTROY THE ENEMIES OF MY COUNTRY,



MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK CITY, ANOTHER TYPE OF JUGGERNAUT ABSORBS THE ATTENTION OF THE POPULACE,



AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS ARE PAT CLARK AND MR JUSTICE,

WELL MR JUSTICE, ARE YOU SATISFIED? ISN'T AMERICAN FOOT BALL EXCITING?

I SUPPOSE IT IS, BUT IT DOESN'T QUITE COMPARE TO AN OLD ENGLISH JOUST!



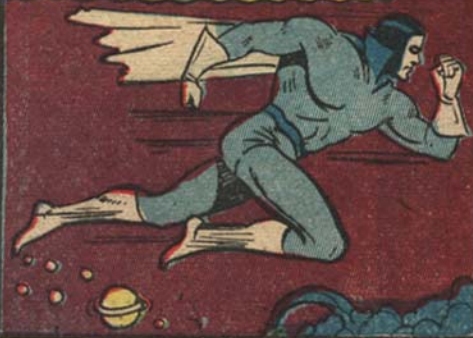
JUST THEN!

HM! I'VE GOT THE MOST PECULIAR FEELING, IT'S AS THOUGH SOME-MALIGNANT FORCE WERE DRAWING ME TOWARD IT—SELF.



A MOMENT LATER, THE ETHEREAL FORM OF MR. JUSTICE LEAVES HIS MORTAL BODY...

---AND RACES TOWARD THE SOURCE OF THE EVIL!



MEANWHILE, IN GERMANY

YES MASTER

GO FORTH, GARGOYLE! YOUR FIRST MISSION WILL BE TO DESTROY THOSE ENGLISH DOGS



THE GARGOYLE LUMBERS OFF THROUGH SPACE,



AND ARRIVES IN ENGLAND

NOW TO CARRY OUT MY MASTER'S ORDER,



AND COMES ACROSS HIS FIRST UNWITTING VICTIM!

WELL I'D BEST BE GOING NOW!



BLIMEY, WHAT'S THAT? WHERE'D IT COME FROM?



THE GARGOYLE STARES AND ---

YOU CANNOT MOVE, YOU ARE TURNED TO STONE,



AS THE GROTESQUE MONSTER TRUDGES THROUGH THE STREETS



WORD OF HIS COMING IS BROUGHT BY HORRIFIED CITIZENS AND AN ARMED FORCE DASHES TO MEET HIM---



ONCEMORE, HOWEVER; THE GARGOYLE BRINGS HIS DEADLY STARE TO PLAY, WITH DEVASTATING EFFECT!



PRIME MINISTER/CABINET MEMBERS! THOSE ARE THE ONES MY MASTER TOLD ME TO KILL!



THE ROYAL WRAITH ARRIVES IN ENGLAND A FEW MOMENTS LATER—



THE EVIL I SENSE SEEMS TO BE DRAWING ME TO 10 DOWNING STREET

I'LL DESCEND AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON.



THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE SPECTRAL FIGURE STARTLES THE GARGOYLE



WHO ARE YOU?

I'VE COME TO DESTROY YOU!

DIE! WHY DON'T YOU DIE? NO EARTHLY CREATURE CAN WITHSTAND MY STARE!



I AM NOT EARTHLY, GARGOYLE! YOU'VE MET YOUR MATCH!

PANIC-STRICKEN, THE GARGOYLE TURNS AND SOARS INTO THE ETHER IN WILD FLIGHT.

MY POWER! IT'S FAILED ME!



I'D BETTER RETURN TO MY MASTER QUICKLY!



YOU SEEM TO BE IN A HURRY TO GET SOMEWHERE!

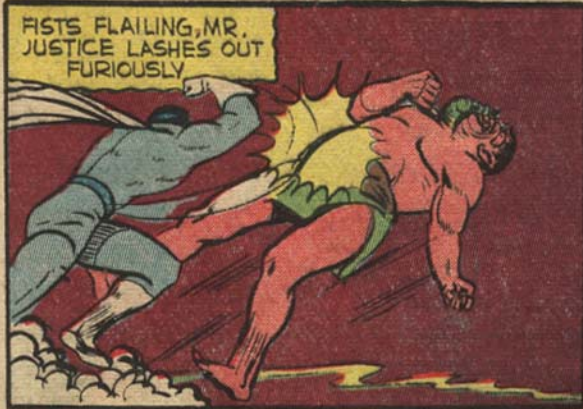




THE FRIGHTENED GARGOYLE TURNS, AND GRASPS THE ROYAL WRAITH IN A DEATH GRIP,



AND A BLOODY BATTLE BEGINS--



FISTS FLAILING, MR. JUSTICE LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY



AND SENDS THE MONSTER HURLING TO EARTH--



I CAN'T CRUSH YOU, GARGOYLE, WHILE YOU LIVE WITH ANOTHER'S BLOOD! BUT NEITHER CAN YOU DEFEAT ME!

I'LL FOLLOW YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF NECESSARY TO KEEP YOU FROM YOUR EVIL TRICKS!

TELL ME, GARGOYLE! TELL ME, WHO IS YOUR MASTER!



I'LL TELL!



IT'S DR. KUNTZ, HE'S AT HIS LABORATORY IN GERMANY!



IF I'M TO DESTROY HIM, I MUST KILL DR. KUNTZ. YET, I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE UNGUARDED.

THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT HIM FROM DOING ANY MORE HARM IS TO COVER HIS EYES SOMEHOW!



THE WRAITH GESTURES AND ---



THIS CLOUD WILL DO TEMPORARILY!

RACES OFF TO GERMANY!



I'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THAT CLOUD WON'T LAST VERY LONG!



MEANWHILE

HA, SOON MY GARGOYLE WILL RETURN AND TELL ME OF THE SUCCESS OF HIS MISSION!



I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO BE DISAPPOINTED!



YOUR FIENDISH PLAN IS ENDED! I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU AND THE MONSTER YOU'VE CREATED!



REACHING OUT WITH FURIOUS SWIFTNES, MR. JUSTICE PULLS THE ARCHAEOLOGIST'S SOUL FROM HIS MORTAL BODY!



AT THE MOMENT THE PROFESSOR'S BODY SLUMPS IN DEATH, THE GARGOYLE BECOMES LIFELESS STONE.



AND ITS SPELL OVER ITS VICTIMS IS BROKEN!

HO HUM!
THAT'S STRANGE,
I COULD SWEAR
THAT I'VE BEEN
ASLEEP, YET HERE
I AM STAND-
ING UP!



WHAT'S HAPPEN-
ED, I HAVE THE
STRANGEST
FEELING!

LOOK'S LIKE
WE'VE BEEN A-
SLEEP AT OUR
POSTS!



WHILE UP INTO STELLAR SPACE SOARS MR. JUSTICE WITH THE SOUL OF DR. KUNTZ



INTO THE BLANKNESS OF ETERNITY, WHERE THE LOST SOULS OF DOOMED MEN WANDER AIMLESSLY



THIS HORRIBLE PLACE WILL BE YOUR HOME FROM NOW ON! YOU'RE DOOMED TO WANDER AROUND IN DARKNESS FOREVER!



NOW FOR THE MONSTER!



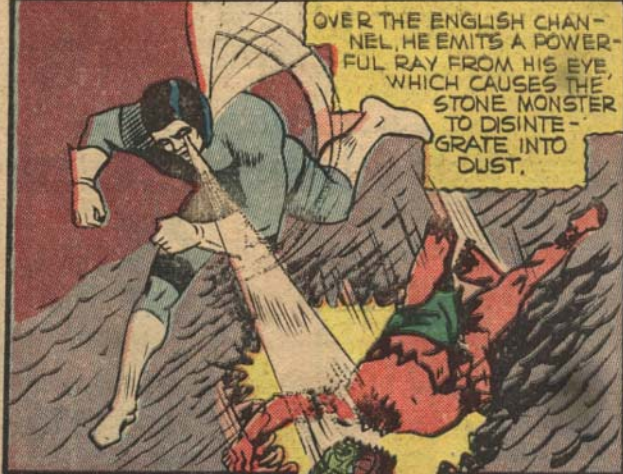
I'LL RID THE WORLD OF HIM, FOR-
EVER!



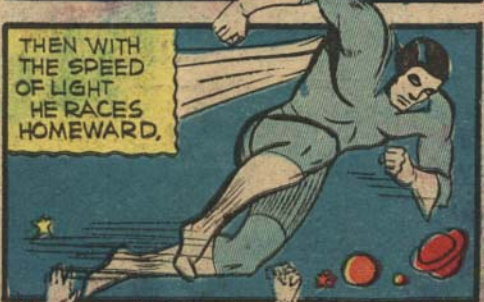
ONCE MORE THE ROYAL WRAITH FLIES UP INTO CELESTIAL SPACE---



OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, HE EMITS A POWERFUL RAY FROM HIS EYE, WHICH CAUSES THE STONE MONSTER TO DISINTEGRATE INTO DUST.



THEN WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT HE RACES HOMEWARD,



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE UNITED STATES...



WHEE!
TOUCHDOWN
TACKLE HIM!
LOOK AT HIM GO!

LOOK--LOOK! HE'S FREE, HE'S RUNNING FOR A TOUCHDOWN

REACHING HOME THE EERIE SPIRIT DESCENDS AND RESUMES HIS MORTAL FORM.



WASN'T THAT A THRILLER?



YEAH!
WHO SCORED?



OH YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE, YOU'VE PROBABLY BEEN MILES AWAY, DAY DREAMING.

WELL, I DID HAVE KIND OF A NIGHTMARE AT THAT.



IF YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN YOUR COPY OF JACKPOT COMICS NO. 3 YET, DON'T DELAY ANOTHER MOMENT. YOU'LL READ THE SCARIEST, MOST BLOOD-CHILLING--MR. JUSTICE--YARN YET..

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