No. 17 JAN.-FEB.

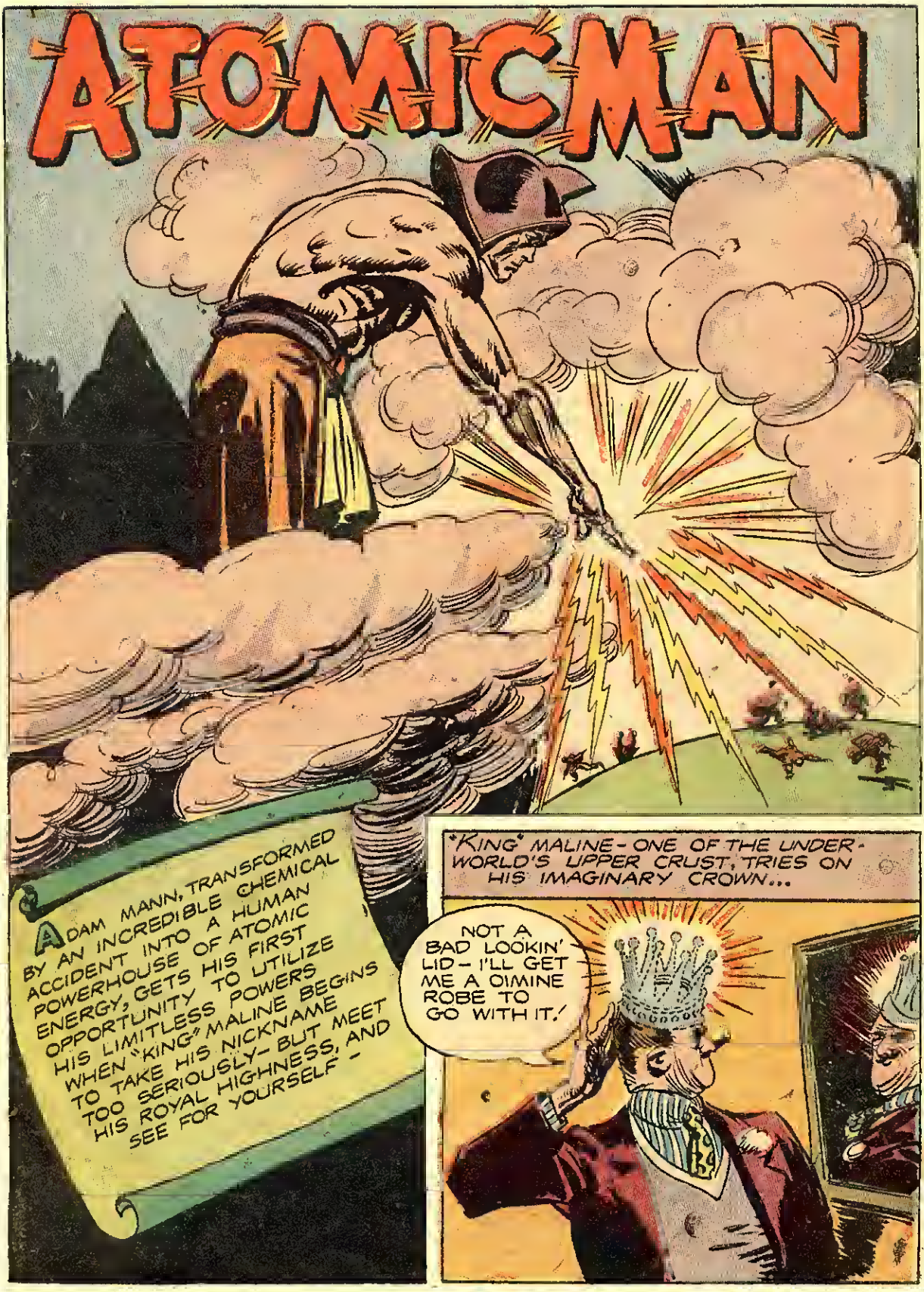
HEADLINE COMICS

IND 10¢

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY




Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
STRANGE
Duck
MYSTERY Tales
STARTLING COMICS
BARNYARD COMICS
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

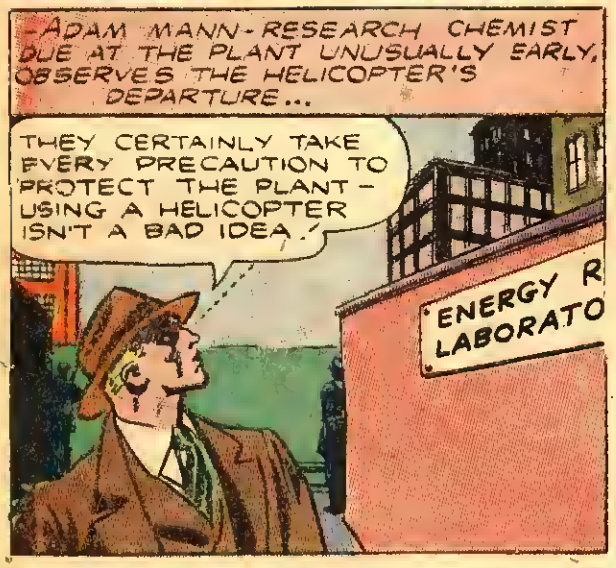

ATOMIC MAN
ADAM MANN, TRANSFORMED BY AN INCREDIBLE CHEMICAL ACCIDENT INTO A HUMAN POWERHOUSE OF ATOMIC ENERGY, GETS HIS FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO UTILIZE HIS LIMITLESS POWERS WHEN "KING" MALINE BEGINS TO TAKE HIS NICKNAME TOO SERIOUSLY- BUT MEET HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF -
"KING" MALINE - ONE OF THE UNDER-WORLD'S UPPER CRUST, TRIES ON HIS IMAGINARY CROWN...
NOT A BAD LOOKIN' LID - I'LL GET ME A OIMINE ROBE TO GO WITH IT.'


HEY, BOSS, THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS WAITIN' FOR YA!
-HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YA NOT TO CALL ME "BOSS"! I'M KING TO YOU! IF YA WANNA, YA CAN CALL ME YOUR MAJESTY-UNDERSTAND?!
O.K. BOSS!
-YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID!
-HEY-WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PUNKS? WHEN THE KING SHOWS UP-KNEEL!!
?
-ER-NOW LISTEN, BOSS-AREN'T WE CARRYING THIS IDIOSYNCRASY TOO FAR? WE MUST DISCUSS MORE SERIOUS THINGS.
-AS YOU KNOW, THE WAR'S END HAS RUINED OUR MOST PROFITABLE ENTERPRISES! NAMELY, THE BLACK MARKET, COUNTERFEIT RATION COUPONS... ETC. WE NEED NEW FIELDS!
I'M HEP, SAP! AN' I GOT PLANS! WE ARE THE BIGGEST CRIMINAL COMBINE IN THE WORLD, WITH THOUSANDS OF GUYS WORKIN' FOR US-AND I'M GOING PLACES WITH IT!

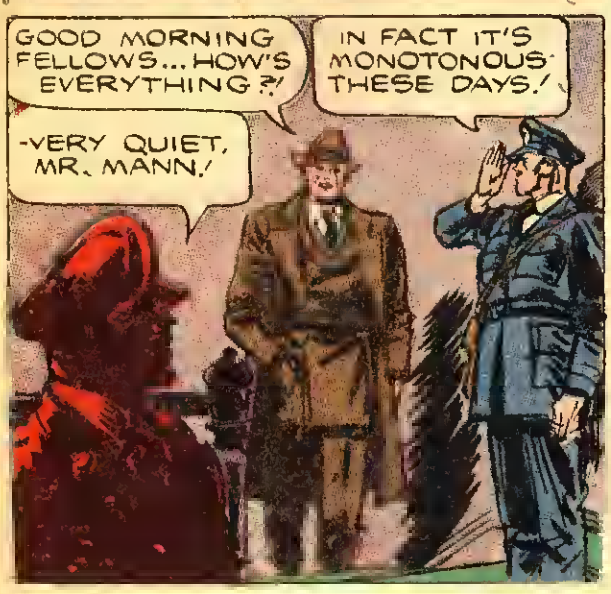

I'M GONNER TAKE OVER THE WHOLE COUNTRY--I'LL BE KING.// AN' I'LL MAKE YOU GUYS PRINCES, DUKESES, AND THINGS LIKE THAT./ THINK OF IT,/ 130,000,000 SLAVES PAYIN' ON THE LINE.//
-THINK THAT'S JUST A PIPE DREAM, HUH.? IF WE SNATCHED THE KEY SCIENTIST WHO DEVELOPED THE ATOMIC BOMB - HEY?./ AH...EVEN YOU DUMB CLUCKS CAN GET THAT - NOW - GET BUSY.//
SMART WORK./
YOU GOT SUMPIN' THERE, B-ER-- KING./
THE FOLLOWING MORNING - AT DAWN...
FUNNY HOW THEY'RE KEEPING ALL US GUARDS NOW THAT THE WAR'S OVER-
YEAH-- IT SEEMS KINDA SILLY - YOU'D THINK THIS WAS A MINT OR SOMETHIN'./
ENER
RESE
LABO
THERE'S THE DUMP- RIGHT BELOW./
ENERGY RESEARCH LABORATORIES
-HERE WE ARE, BOYS- NOW - DOWN THE HATCH./
THE GUY HAS GOT AN APT. ON THE THIRD FLOOR -
YEAH./ HE'S SO IMPORTANT THEY MAKE HIM LIVE IN THE PLANT./

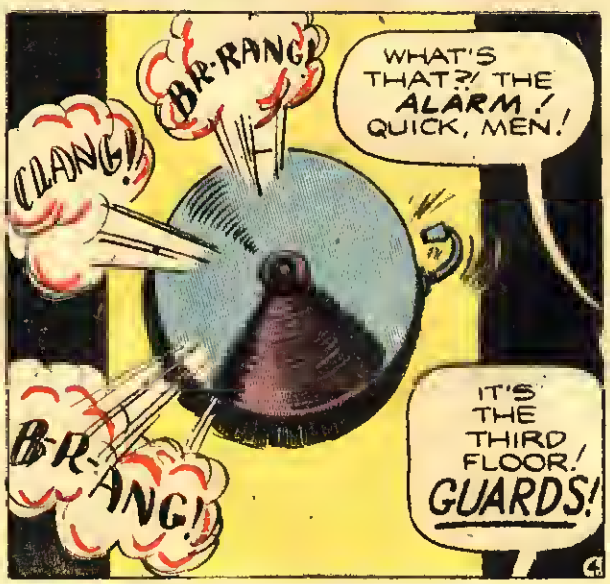

NOW NO FUSS, PROFESSOR - COME ALONG QUIETLY.
YEAH - GET YOUR DUDS ON.
-WHY YOU DIRTY-


WE GOT HIM. THE KING'LL BE SO GLAD HE WILL GIVE US A TITLE OR SOMETHIN'.

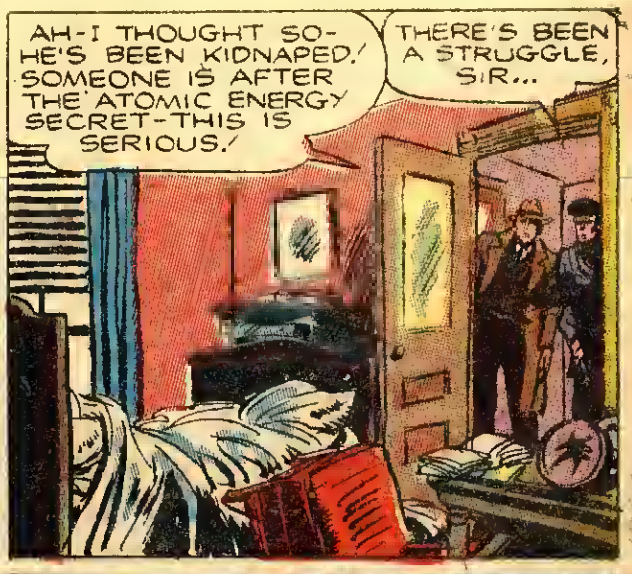

-ADAM MANN - RESEARCH CHEMIST DUE AT THE PLANT UNUSUALLY EARLY, OBSERVES THE HELICOPTER'S DEPARTURE...
THEY CERTAINLY TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION TO PROTECT THE PLANT - USING A HELICOPTER ISN'T A BAD IDEA.
ENERGY R
LABORATO

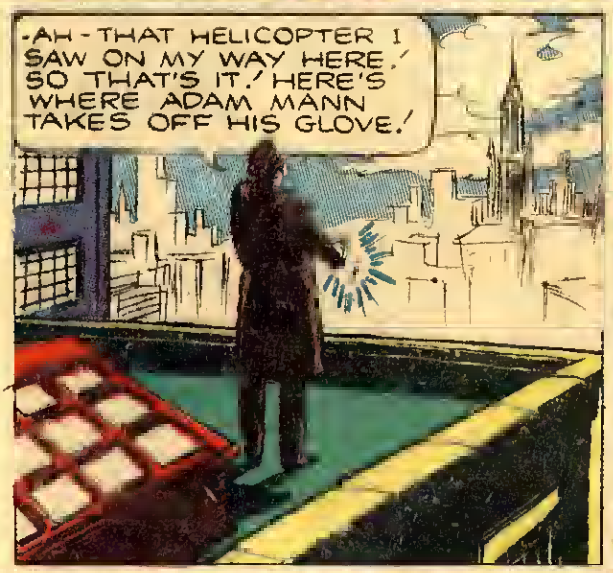

I MUSTN'T FORGET TO KEEP MY LEAD GLOVE ON MY RIGHT HAND - WHERE THE SHRAPNEL IN MY WOUND IS IMPREGNATED WITH THE POWERFUL RADIO ACTIVITY.

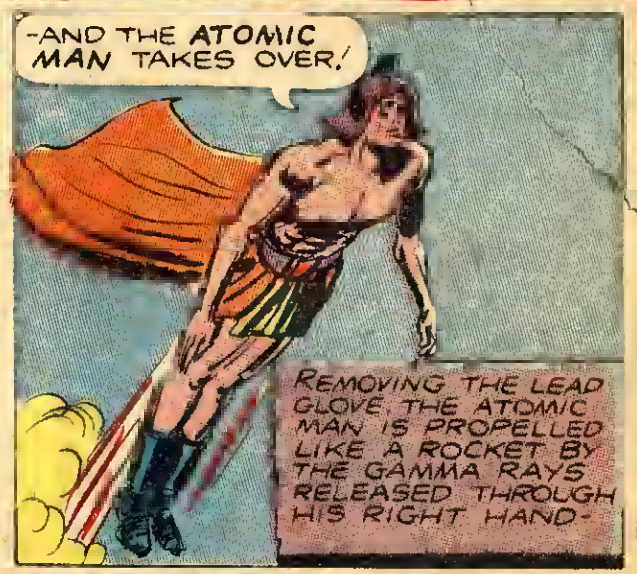

GOOD MORNING FELLOWS... HOW'S EVERYTHING?
IN FACT IT'S MONOTONOUS THESE DAYS.
-VERY QUIET, MR. MANN.


CLANG!
BR-RANG!
WHAT'S THAT?! THE ALARM! QUICK, MEN!
BR-ANG!
IT'S THE THIRD FLOOR! GUARDS!
4

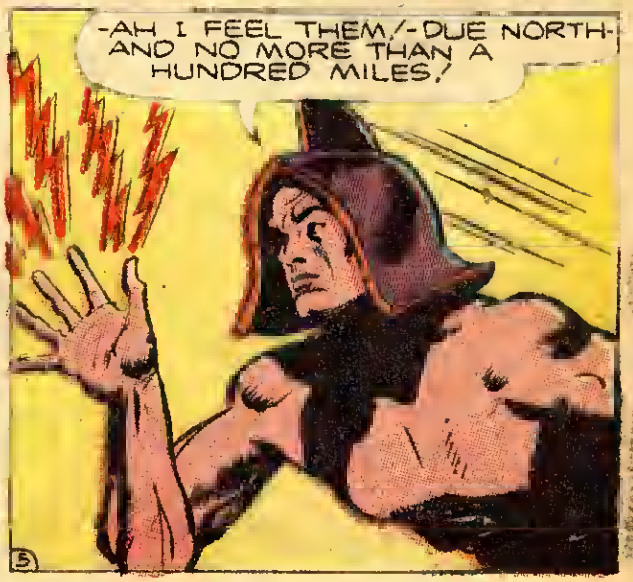

-THAT'S PROF. SMART'S LAB., MANN-IS HE THERE?/
NO-LET'S LOOK IN HIS APARTMENT./ HE'S THE KEY SCIENTIST HERE!

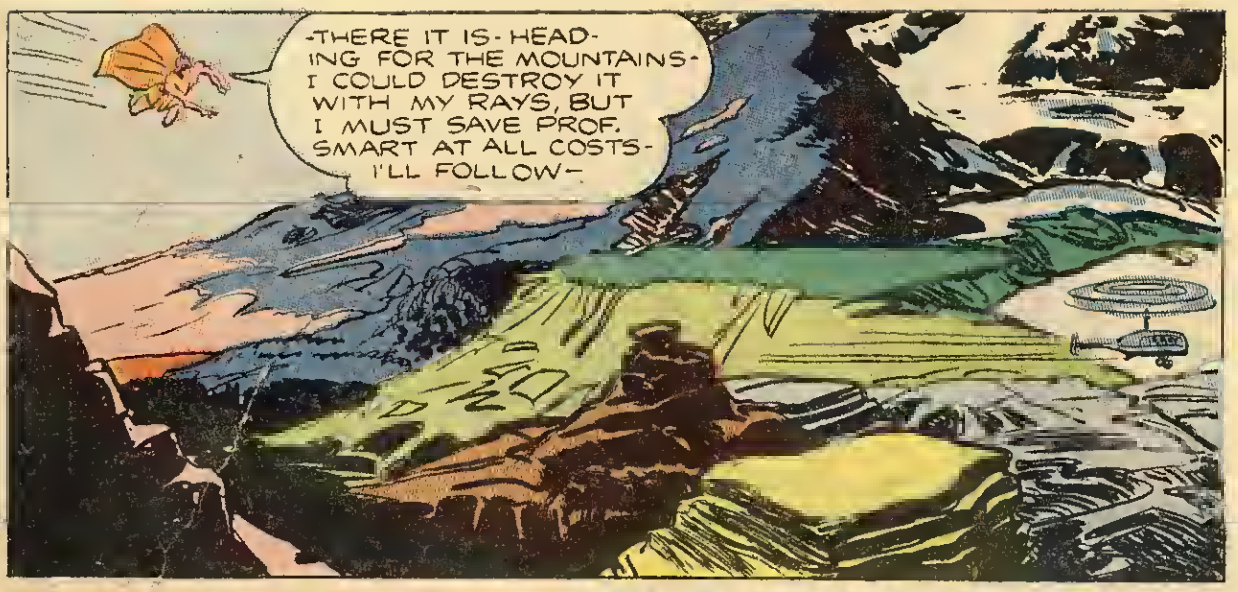

AH-I THOUGHT SO- HE'S BEEN KIDNAPED./ SOMEONE IS AFTER THE ATOMIC ENERGY SECRET-THIS IS SERIOUS./
THERE'S BEEN A STRUGGLE, SIR...

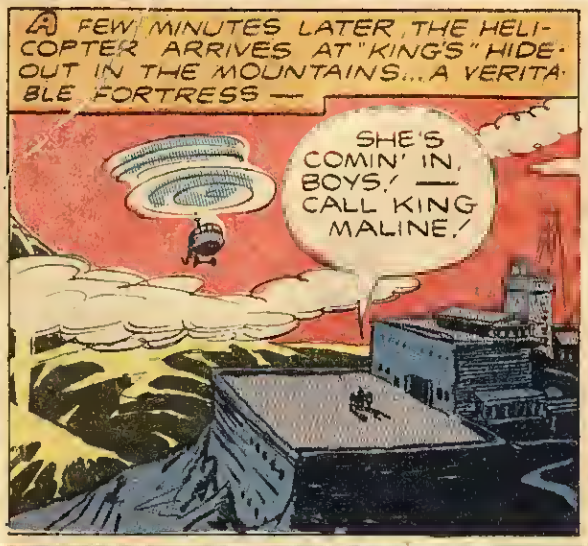

-AH-THAT HELICOPTER I SAW ON MY WAY HERE./ SO THAT'S IT./ HERE'S WHERE ADAM MANN TAKES OFF HIS GLOVE./


-AND THE ATOMIC MAN TAKES OVER./
REMOVING THE LEAD GLOVE THE ATOMIC MAN IS PROPELLED LIKE A ROCKET BY THE GAMMA RAYS RELESED THROUGH HIS RIGHT HAND-


THEY HAVEN'T MUCH OF A START ON ME...
HURTLING THROUGH SPACE, AT ASTONISHING SPEED, HE SEARCHES FOR THE HELICOPTER WITH RADAR WAVES!!


-AH I FEEL THEM./-DUE NORTH- AND NO MORE THAN A HUNDRED MILES./
5


-THERE IT IS-HEADING FOR THE MOUNTAINS-I COULD DESTROY IT WITH MY RAYS, BUT I MUST SAVE PROF. SMART AT ALL COSTS-I'LL FOLLOW—


A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE HELICOPTER ARRIVES AT "KING'S" HIDEOUT IN THE MOUNTAINS... A VERITABLE FORTRESS —
SHE'S COMIN' IN, BOYS! — CALL KING MALINE!


-EASY WITH THAT GUY, MEN! HE'S WORTH BILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
O.K. KING!


SO!
-ER... AM I SEEIN' THINGS?! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
-MAYBE I'VE BEEN READIN' TOO MANY O' THEM COMICS!

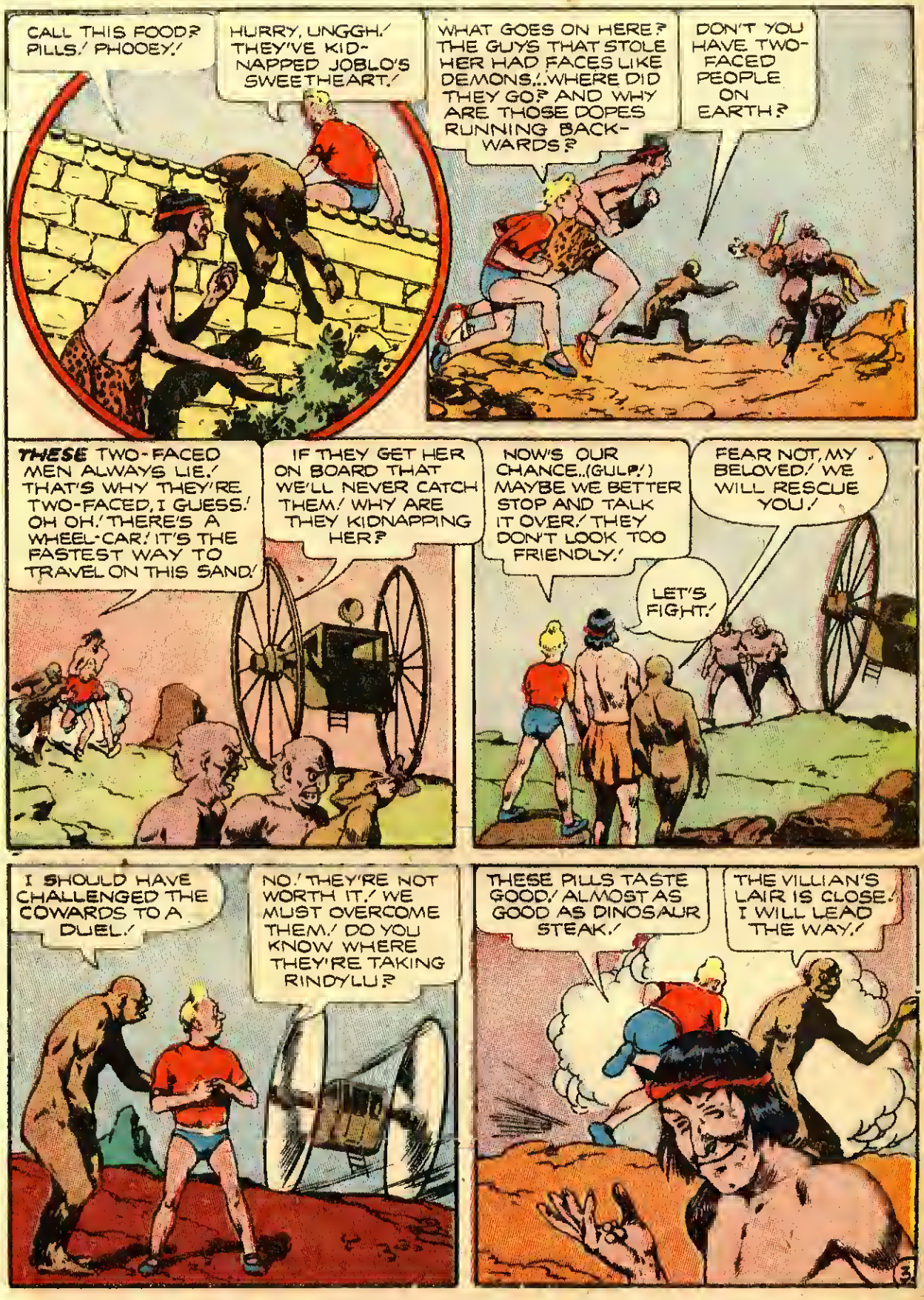

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF - I'M ATOMIC MAN! I'M GOING TO VAPORIZE YOU - UNLESS YOU SURRENDER!

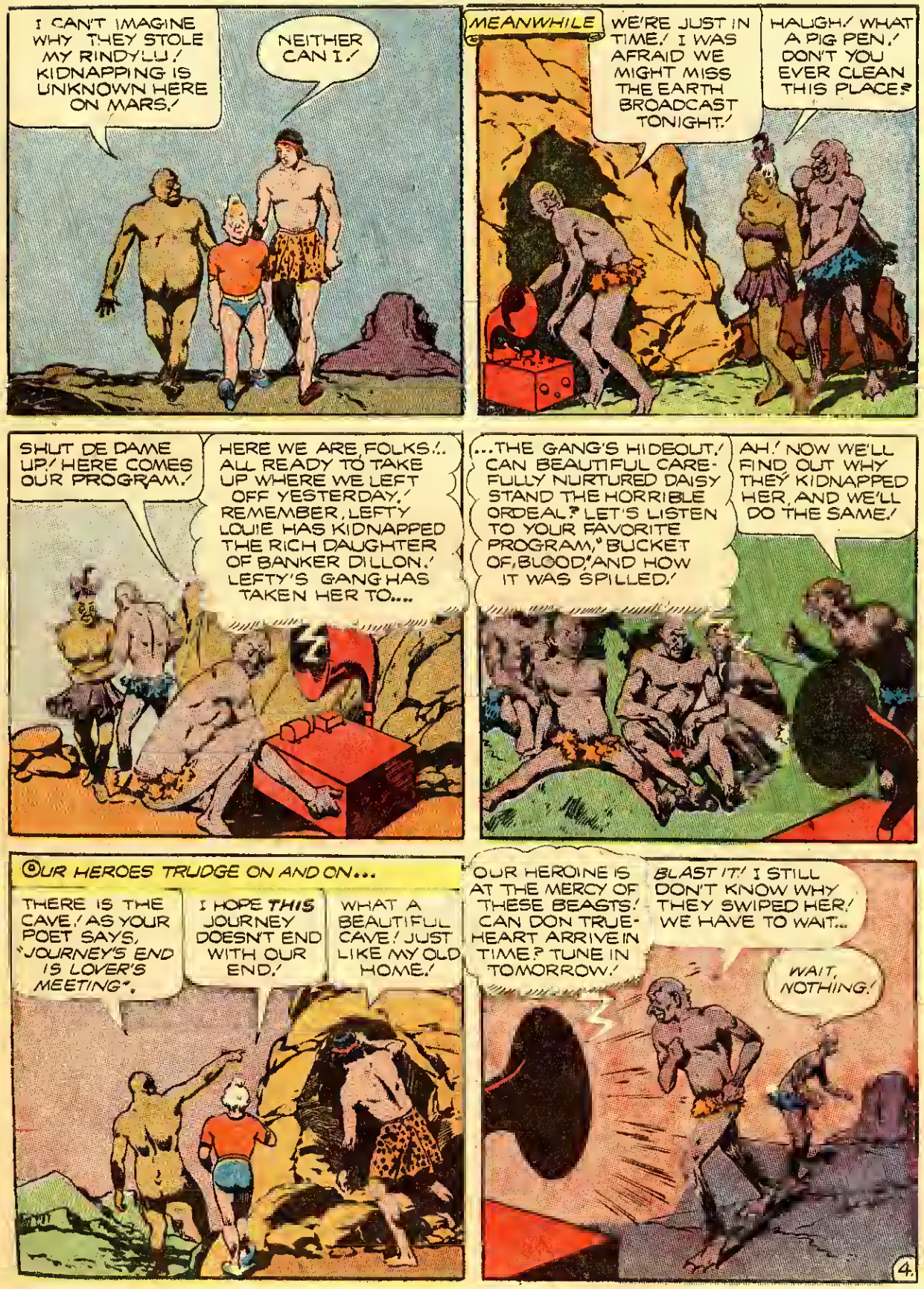

-I'LL GIVE YOU EXACTLY HALF A MINUTE!
ATOMIC MAN!? THE GUY'S NUTS! GIVE HIM THE WORKS, BOYS!
O.K. KING!
VERY WELL THEN-
PHUTT!
WHAT THE?
I WARNED YOU!-DOES THAT CONVINCE YOU?!
-ER- O.K.-YOU WIN!
-I'LL ROUND UP THOSE CROOKS LATER-NOW, I'LL PUT BACK MY GLOVE, AND UNTIE THE PROFESSOR
-I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT, SIR-JUST A-
KING MALINE AIN'T ABDICATIN' WITHOUT A FIGHT!
-HEY YOU PUNKS-COME BACK-SEE WHAT I DONE! I KNOCKED THE BIG BOMB OUT!!

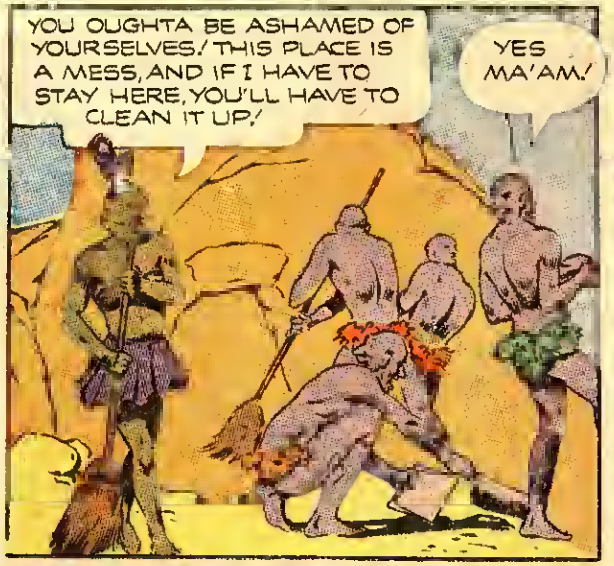

-AND SO, HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, "KING" MALINE, PROCEEDED TO TORTURE HIS CAPTIVES WITH DEVILISH DEVICES IN ORDER TO FORCE THEM TO GIVE UP THEIR PRECIOUS SECRET...UNTIL...
COME THROUGH, OR I'LL TOAST YOUR NOSE!
STOP! YOU WIN! I'LL TELL YOU-THE SECRET FORMULA IS IN MY GLOVE!
-IN YOUR GLOVE, EH? HERE, GIMME!
YES -IT'S YOURS- THAT'S IT- TAKE IT OFF!
PHUT!
X MARKS THE SPOT WHERE "KING" STOOD.
-I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW, SIR! YOU CAN MAKE YOUR WAY BACK IN THE HELICOPTER! I HAVE MORE WORK TO DO—
I DON'T KNOW WHO OR WHAT YOU ARE- BUT YOU HAVE SAVED THE WORLD!
AND THAT IS THE END OF THAT!
THIS MORNING'S EXPERIENCE WAS MOST EXTRAORDINARY! PERHAPS IT WAS ALL A DREAM! I WONDER WHERE ADAM MANN IS?! HE'S LATE...
-WHAT TIME IN THE MORNING IS THIS TO START TO WORK, ADAM? YOU'LL NEVER AMOUNT TO ANYTHING UNLESS YOU TAKE YOUR WORK MORE SERIOUSLY!
-ER- YESSIR- I'M SORRY, SIR! I WAS, ER... UNAVOIDABLY DETAINED!
8.


WORLDBEATER
and
UNGGH
WHEN WORLDBEATER, MAN OF THE FUTURE, CAME PLUMMETING BACK THROUGH TIME, HE NEVER EXPECTED TO WIND UP ON MARS WITH UNGGH, MAN OF THE PAST, AND JOBLO, A MARTIAN!..NEITHER COULD HE HAVE FORETOLD THAT ONE DAY HIS LIFE WOULD BE AT STAKE IN A GAME WHERE THE COIN ALWAYS CAME UP HEADS!... TOSSED BY...
"THE TWO-FACED MAN!"
DO ME THE CONSUMMATE HONOR OF ENTERING WITHIN THE GATE OF MY ANCESTRAL MANOR!
SOMETIMES I'M SORRY YOU LEARNED ENGLISH BY LISTENING TO COMMERCIALS ON THE RADIO!, JOBLO! IF YOU MEAN THIS IS YOUR HOME, FINE!
HOW ARE YOU, DAD? THIS IS MY FATHER, COMRADES OF MY TROUBLESOME TIMES!
HOW DO YOU DO? HE'D LOOK MORE NATURAL HOLDING A MINT JULIP!
ME SMELL FOOD!.. GOOD!

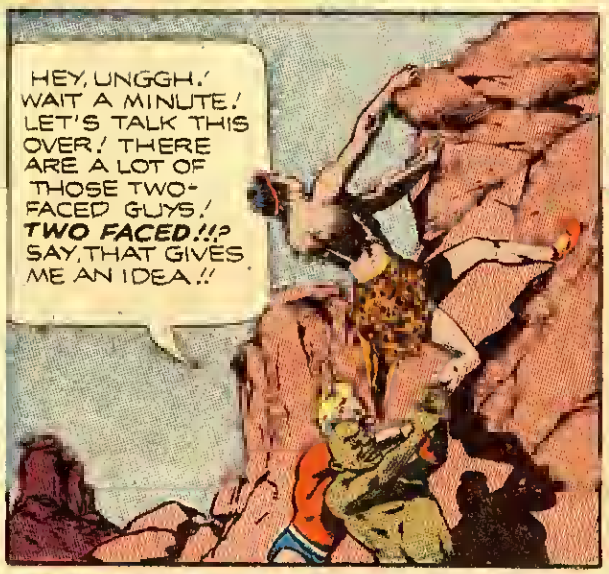

ANY FRIEND OF MAH SON'S IS A FRIEND OF MINE! WELCOME, TO WHITE GABLES, SUH! AH THERE YOU ARE TOM, YOU OLD RASCAL! LET'S ALL HAVE A MINT JULEP!
HIDEE, MASSA JOBLO! RINDYLU'S BEEN A PININ' FO YOU!
RINDYLU!..I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT HER! HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO CRUEL?!
WHO'S RINDYLU?
SHE, SUH IS THE VERITABLE FLOWER OF 'OLD MARS! HERE SHE COMES NOW!
ME GO KITCHEN! ME CAN TELL WHEN MUSH IS COMING!
IF THAT'S ONE OF THE FLOWERS OF MARS, I'D HATE TO SEE A WEED!
HONEYCHILE...I'VE MISSED YOU SO! EVERY MOMENT HAS BEEN AGONY FOR YOU WERE NOT THERE!
SWEETHEART, I WANT YOU TO MEET...
JOBLO! LOOK BEHIND YOU!
UNGGH, COME OUT OF THAT KITCHEN! THERE'S TROUBLE AFOOT!
2

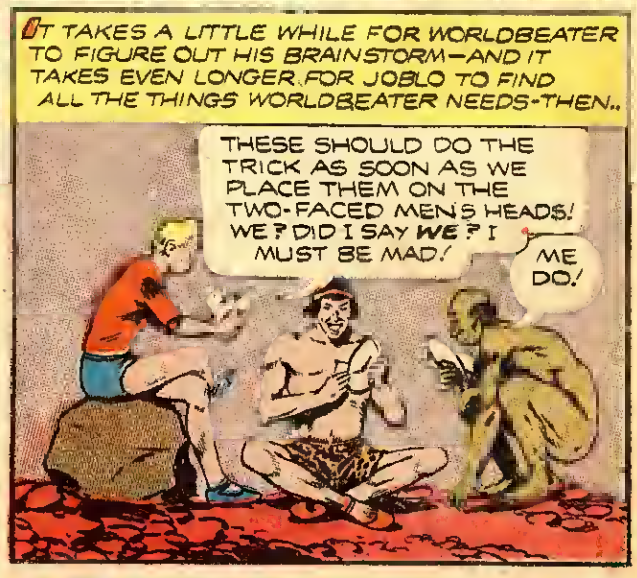

CALL THIS FOOD? PILLS.' PHOOEY.'
HURRY, UNGGH.' THEY'VE KIDNAPPED JOBLO'S SWEETHEART.'
WHAT GOES ON HERE? THE GUYS THAT STOLE HER HAD FACES LIKE DEMONS.'..WHERE DID THEY GO? AND WHY ARE THOSE DOPES RUNNING BACKWARDS?
DON'T YOU HAVE TWO-FACED PEOPLE ON EARTH?
THESE TWO-FACED MEN ALWAYS LIE.' THAT'S WHY THEY'RE TWO-FACED, I GUESS.' OH OH.' THERE'S A WHEEL-CAR.' IT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO TRAVEL ON THIS SAND.'
IF THEY GET HER ON BOARD THAT WE'LL NEVER CATCH THEM.' WHY ARE THEY KIDNAPPING HER?
NOW'S OUR CHANCE..(GULP.') MAYBE WE BETTER STOP AND TALK IT OVER.' THEY DON'T LOOK TOO FRIENDLY.'
LET'S FIGHT.'
FEAR NOT, MY BELOVED.' WE WILL RESCUE YOU.'
I SHOULD HAVE CHALLENGED THE COWARDS TO A DUEL.'
NO.' THEY'RE NOT WORTH IT.' WE MUST OVERCOME THEM.' DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY'RE TAKING RINDYLU?
THESE PILLS TASTE GOOD.' ALMOST AS GOOD AS DINOSAUR STEAK.'
THE VILLIAN'S LAIR IS CLOSE.' I WILL LEAD THE WAY.'
3


I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY THEY STOLE MY RINDYLU! KIDNAPPING IS UNKNOWN HERE ON MARS!
NEITHER CAN I!
MEANWHILE
WE'RE JUST IN TIME! I WAS AFRAID WE MIGHT MISS THE EARTH BROADCAST TONIGHT!
HAUGH! WHAT A PIG PEN! DON'T YOU EVER CLEAN THIS PLACE?
SHUT DE DAME UP! HERE COMES OUR PROGRAM!
HERE WE ARE, FOLKS!.. ALL READY TO TAKE UP WHERE WE LEFT OFF YESTERDAY! REMEMBER, LEFTY LOUIE HAS KIDNAPPED THE RICH DAUGHTER OF BANKER DILLON! LEFTY'S GANG HAS TAKEN HER TO....
...THE GANG'S HIDEOUT! CAN BEAUTIFUL CAREFULLY NURTURED DAISY STAND THE HORRIBLE ORDEAL? LET'S LISTEN TO YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAM, "BUCKET OF BLOOD" AND HOW IT WAS SPILLED!
AH! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHY THEY KIDNAPPED HER, AND WE'LL DO THE SAME!
©UR HEROES TRUDGE ON AND ON...
THERE IS THE CAVE! AS YOUR POET SAYS, "JOURNEY'S END IS LOVER'S MEETING".
I HOPE THIS JOURNEY DOESN'T END WITH OUR END!
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CAVE! JUST LIKE MY OLD HOME!
OUR HEROINE IS AT THE MERCY OF THESE BEASTS! CAN DON TRUEHEART ARRIVE IN TIME? TUNE IN TOMORROW!
BLAST IT! I STILL DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SWIPED HER! WE HAVE TO WAIT...
WAIT, NOTHING!
4.


YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELVES! THIS PLACE IS A MESS, AND IF I HAVE TO STAY HERE, YOU'LL HAVE TO CLEAN IT UP!
YES MA'AM!


FEARLESS JOBLO...
IF I WASN'T AFRAID OF HEIGHTS, I'D DASH RIGHT UP THERE AND TEACH THOSE HOODLUMS A LESSON OR TWO!
LET'S SLEEP 'TIL MORNING AND SOLVE OUR PROBLEM THEN!
LET'S GO NOW! LET'S NOT WAIT!

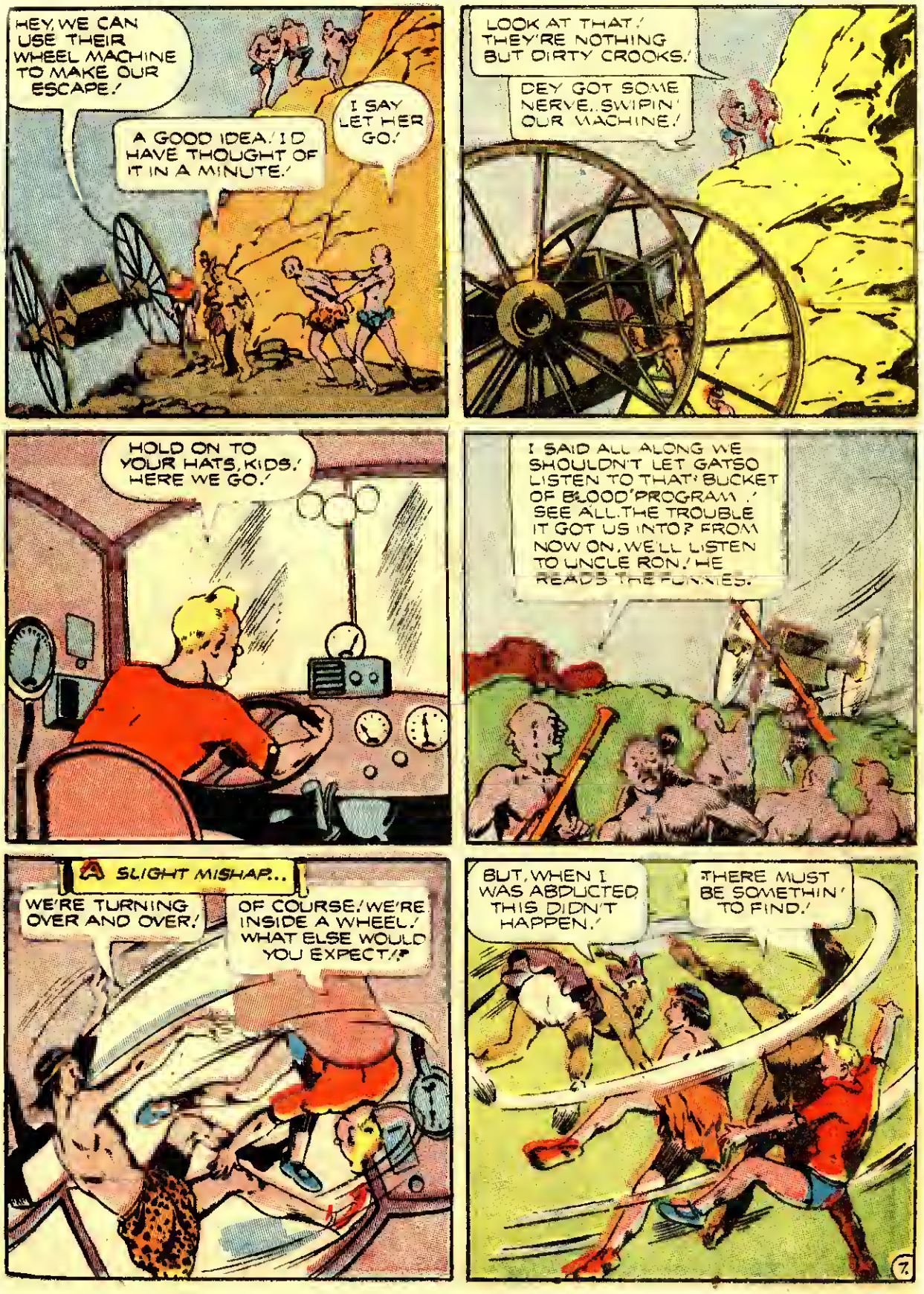

HEY, UNGGH! WAIT A MINUTE! LET'S TALK THIS OVER! THERE ARE A LOT OF THOSE TWO-FACED GUYS!
TWO FACED!!? SAY, THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!!


IT TAKES A LITTLE WHILE FOR WORLDBEATER TO FIGURE OUT HIS BRAINSTORM—AND IT TAKES EVEN LONGER FOR JOBLO TO FIND ALL THE THINGS WORLDBEATER NEEDS—THEN..
THESE SHOULD DO THE TRICK AS SOON AS WE PLACE THEM ON THE TWO-FACED MEN'S HEADS! WE? DID I SAY WE? I MUST BE MAD!
ME DO!


NOW REMEMBER, UNGGH, IF YOU NEED US, DON'T FAIL TO CALL!


THE MARTIAN GANGSTERS, WORN OUT FROM THEIR HOUSE-CLEANING, SLEEP....
GIVE ME TWO MORE DAYS, AND THIS PLACE WILL BE LIVABLE! WHAT'S THIS?! ANOTHER TWO-FACED LOAFER?..
SHH!

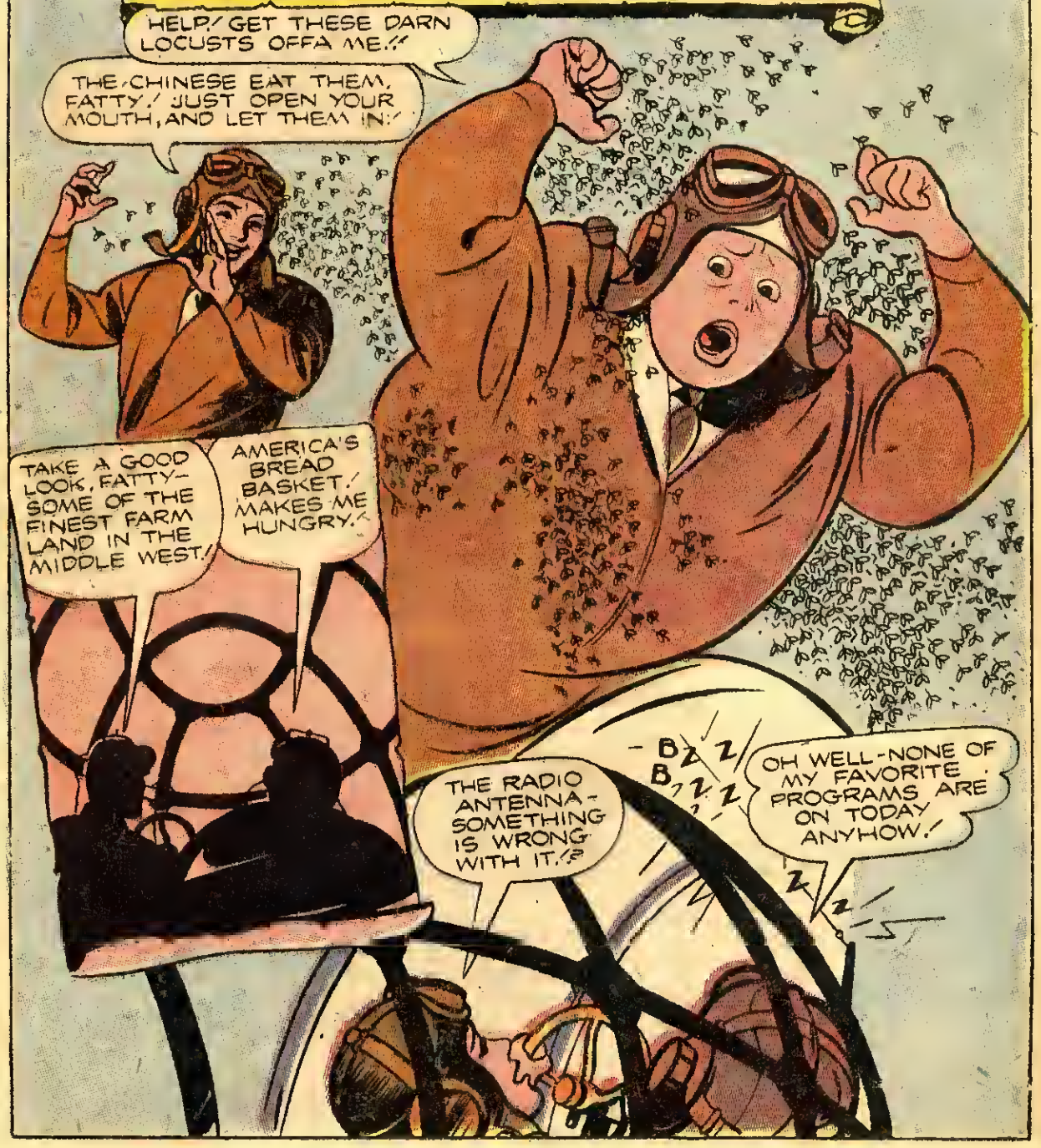

UNGGH EXPLAINS HURRIEDLY, AND....
I MUST CONFESS, I DON'T GET THE PLOT.!
ME NEITHER, BUT WORLDBEATER SAID TO CALL HIM WHEN I GOT DONE.!.. ME DO.!
HELLO...WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU GRINNING AT, YOU DOPE.!
MY SAVIOUR!
MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON MARS!.. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I TOLD YOU TO STOP GRINNING AT ME, YOU DOPE.!
MY.! HOW UNFRIENDLY YOU ARE.! I DON'T THINK YOU'RE AS TOUGH AS YOU SOUND.!
TAKE THAT, YOU @#$%!.
HEY.! THAT'S ME! AND IT HURT.! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!!
CUT IT OUT, YOU GUYS.! YOU'RE FIGHTING YOURSELVES.! OUR VICTIM IS ESCAPING.!
LET HER GO.! SHE'LL ONLY MAKE US WORK HARDER!
6


HEY, WE CAN USE THEIR WHEEL MACHINE TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE!
A GOOD IDEA! I'D HAVE THOUGHT OF IT IN A MINUTE!
I SAY LET HER GO!
LOOK AT THAT! THEY'RE NOTHING BUT DIRTY CROOKS!
DEY GOT SOME NERVE.. SWIPIN' OUR MACHINE!
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS, KIDS! HERE WE GO!
I SAID ALL ALONG WE SHOULDN'T LET GATSO LISTEN TO THAT BUCKET OF BLOOD PROGRAM! SEE ALL THE TROUBLE IT GOT US INTO? FROM NOW ON, WE'LL LISTEN TO UNCLE RON! HE READS THE FUNNIES.
A SLIGHT MISHAP...
WE'RE TURNING OVER AND OVER!
OF COURSE! WE'RE INSIDE A WHEEL! WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT!?
BUT, WHEN I WAS ABDUCTED THIS DIDN'T HAPPEN!
THERE MUST BE SOMETHIN' TO FIND!
7


BUT THEY STILL HAVEN'T FOUND THE CONTROL AS THEY REACH JOBLO'S HOME..
AH'M PROUD OF YOU, MAH BOY.'
AFTER HARROWING EXPERIENCES, WE RETURN.' RINDYLU AND I WANT TO GET MARRIED TOMORROW!
LOOKS LIKE THEY FOUND A PLACE! THAT SERVES STRONGER MINT JULIPS THAN MINE!
OH.' MY HEAD!
THE WEDDING DAY...
NOW THAT WE'RE GETTING MARRIED, JOBLO, I THINK YOU SHOULD STOP SEEING YOUR DISREPUTABLE BACHELOR FRIENDS.'
WORLDBEATER AND UNGGH?.' NEVER!
AFTER THE CEREMONY....
UH, FELLAS, YOU KNOW.. I LIKE YOU..BUT...THE MRS...ER..SHE...ER...
I GET IT.' WELL, I WANTED TO LEAVE MARS ANYWAY.' I'VE GOT TO BUILD A NEW SHIP FIRST.'
SOME DAYS LATER...
NOW YOU KNOW I'M REASONABLE, BUT HOW LONG ARE THESE RUFFIANS STAYING.?
UH. THEY'RE LEAVING RIGHT AWAY.'
WISH I WERE GOING TOO!
ONCE AGAIN, WORLDBEATER GOES OFF INTO THE UNKNOWN TO CONQUER NEW WORLDS.' HE HAS THE CONTROLS SET FOR EARTH. BUT IF WE KNOW HIM...
AREN'T YOU GLAD THEY ARE GONE?
YES, DEAR.'
HOW I WISH I WERE WITH THEM.'
HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR VICTORY BONDS?

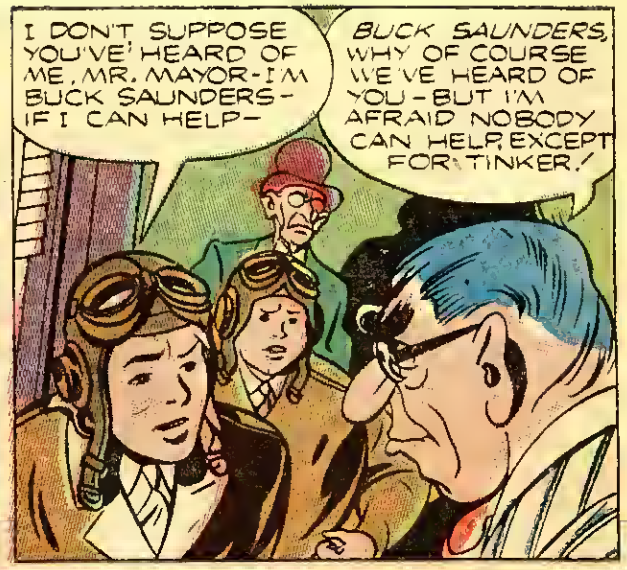
Buck SAUNDERS and his PALS

EVEN FATTY KNOWS THAT LITTLE WINGED CREATURES ARE NO SUBSTITUTE FOR GOOD FOOD-AND WHEN SWARMS OF THEM ATTACK AMERICA'S RICHEST FARM BELT, IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE BUCK AND HIS CHUBBY FRIEND FIND A SINISTER PLOT BEHIND— "THE PLAGUE OF THE SEVEN YEAR LOCUSTS"!!

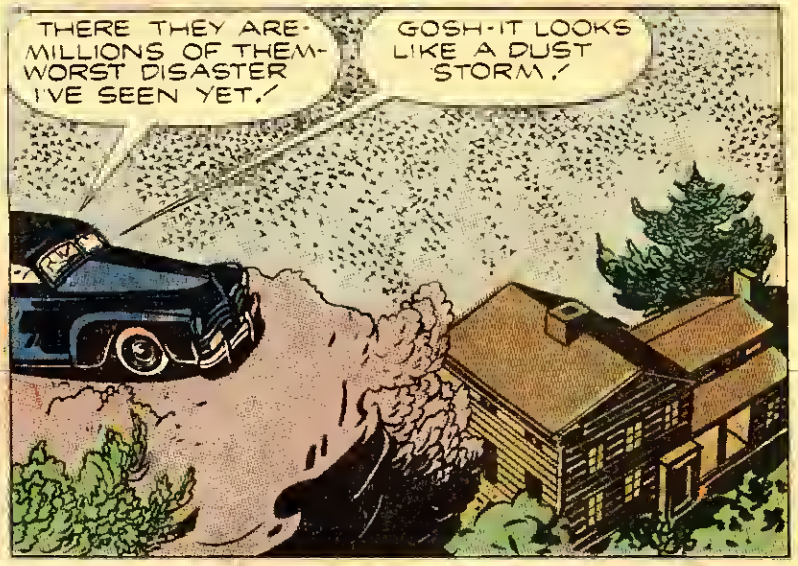



CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE./ WE'LL GET THE RADIO FIXED IN THE NEXT TOWN./
SUITS ME./ WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE LUNCH./
SORRY, YOUNG MAN, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NARY A SPARE RADIO PART IN STOCK-BIG RUN ON 'EM HERE LATELY./
MUST HAVE BEEN A BUNCH OF RADIOS BROKE DOWN AT THE SAME TIME./
OOPH./ SORRY, BOYS, BUT I'M LATE FOR PROFESSOR TINKER'S EXPERIMENT AND DEMONSTRATION- HE'S THE GREAT ELECTRICAL EXPERT./
MAYBE HE HAS A SPARE PART FOR OUR BUSTED RADIO./
I'M JUDGE GAVEL./ COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT, BUT PROFESSOR TINKER IS NOT INTERESTED IN RADIOS./ HE WANTS TO GET RID OF OUR LOCUSTS./
CITY HALL
YOU WILL AGREE, MR. MAYOR- THAT THE LOCUST PLAGUE MUST BE STOPPED./
YES-YES,// IT'S RUINING OUR COUNTRYSIDE./
-IT CAN BE STOPPED ONLY BY MY WONDERFUL MACHINE I'LL OPERATE IT FOR-SAY- $50,000./
BUT-BUT WE CAN'T PAY SUCH A SUM./
2


SUIT YOURSELF, MR. MAYOR! I HAVE NO TIME TO HAGGLE! IF YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND, LOOK ME UP!
WHY-IT'S PRACTICALLY BLACKMAIL!


I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, MR. MAYOR-I'M BUCK SAUNDERS-IF I CAN HELP-
BUCK SAUNDERS, WHY OF COURSE WE'VE HEARD OF YOU-BUT I'M AFRAID NOBODY CAN HELP EXCEPT FOR TINKER!


COME ALONG-IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT THESE INSECTS ARE DOING TO OUR FARMS!
THANKS, MR. MAYOR!


THERE THEY ARE-MILLIONS OF THEM-WORST DISASTER I'VE SEEN YET!
GOSH-IT LOOKS LIKE A DUST STORM!

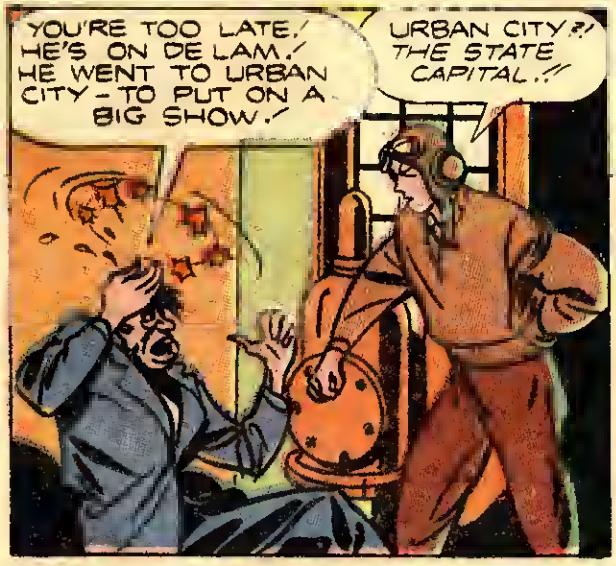

TELL ME, MR. MAYOR. HOW LONG SINCE YOU FOLKS HAD YOUR LAST LOCUST PLAGUE?
WELL, WE HAD A SMALL PLAGUE JUST ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO!


BUT THESE ARE SEVEN YEAR LOCUSTS, AND THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO COME EVERY SEVEN YEARS!
BY GOLLY-YOU'RE RIGHT!


JUST AS I THOUGHT./ A FAKE METAL LOCUST./
BLACKMAIL IS RIGHT- LIKE YOU SAID, MR. MAYOR-THESE PHONY LOCUSTS ARE COMING FROM THAT FARM- HOUSE./LET'S GO./
ASTOUNDING./ THAT SCOUNDREL PROFESSOR TINK- ER, WANTED $50,000 TO CALL OFF THE PLAGUE./
LET'S HURRY, BUCK, OR THERE'LL BE A TERRIBLE FOOD SHORTAGE./
-MOST AMAZING PLOT IN THE HISTORY OF BUNKUM COUNTY.
NICE SET-UP...THAT DYNAMO SENDS OUT WAVES TO DIRECT THE LOCUSTS AND THESE THUGS KEEP IT GOING./
HEY./?/ GET OUT OF HERE./
COME ON, GENTLEMEN- YOU DON'T MIND SHOWING US ONE OF THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE./
NO TRES- PASSING HERE, UUGH!/
DON'T MIND ME- I ALWAYS MAKE FOR THE BREAD BASKET./
WE'LL GET DE LAW ON YA— AAAGH./
4

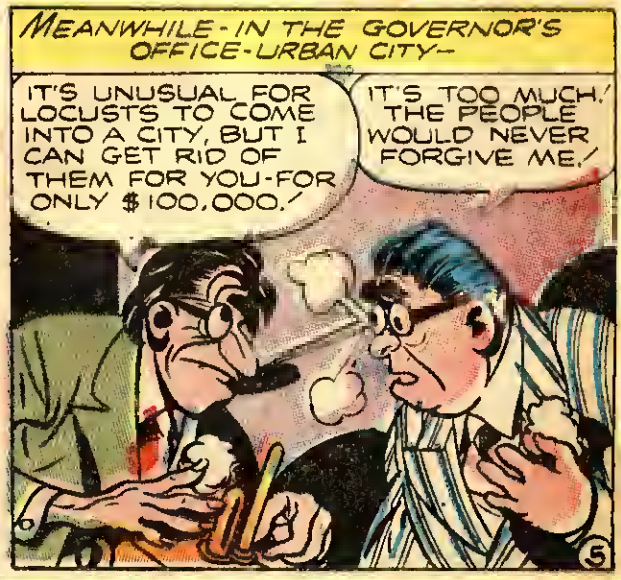

WE'LL MAKE THIS A TRIPLE PLAY.!
WE'RE PEACEFUL FARMERS.!

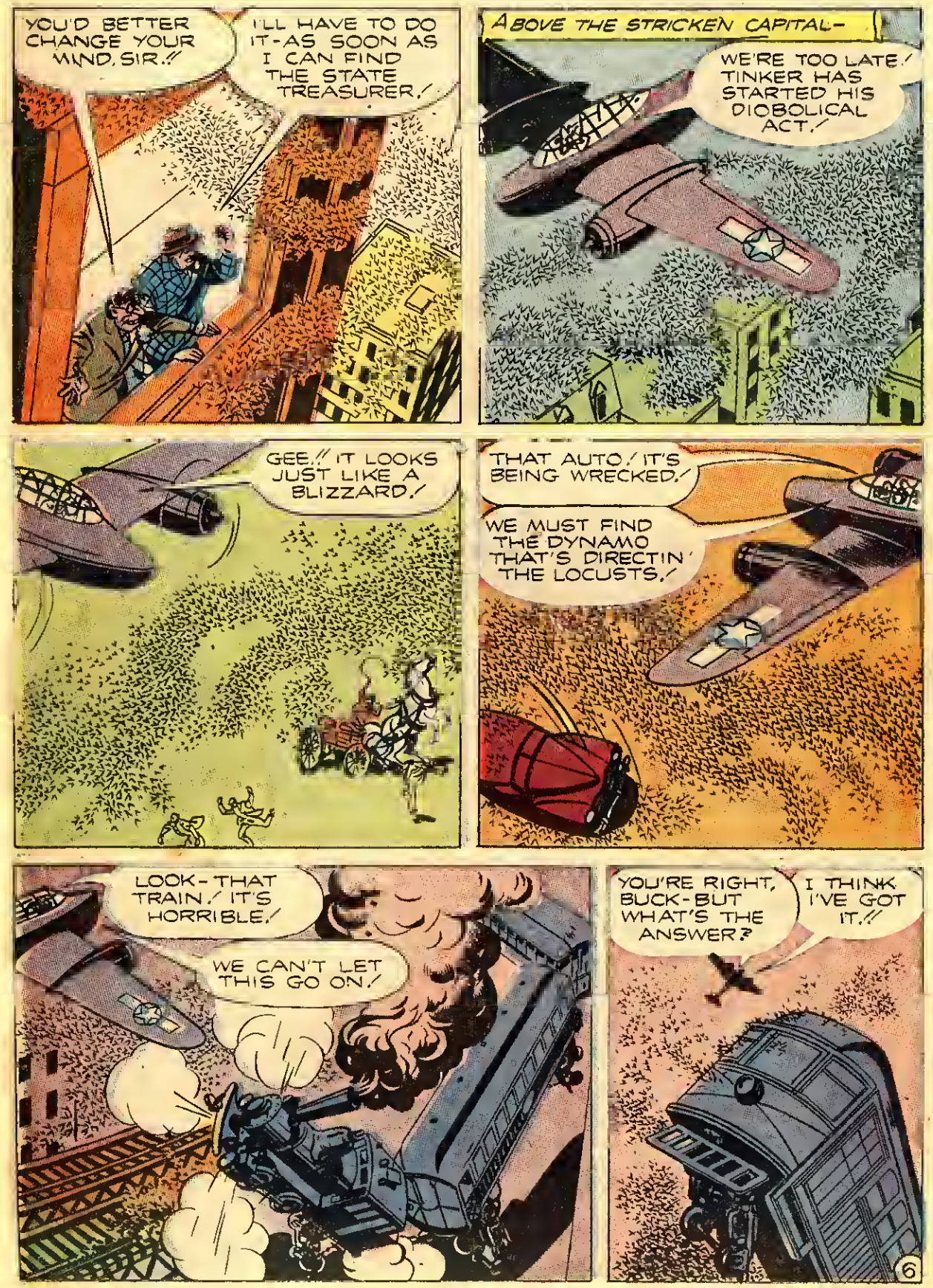

TALK QUICK MUGG- WHERE'S YOUR BOSS, PROFESSOR TINKER ?
NO ROUGH STUFF, BUCK, BUT - YOU MAY ASSIST HIS MEMORY.!


YOU'RE TOO LATE.! HE'S ON DE LAM.! HE WENT TO URBAN CITY - TO PUT ON A BIG SHOW.!
URBAN CITY?! THE STATE CAPITAL.!!


DIS HERE WAS JUST SMALL TIME STUFF - DE BOSS IS MAKIN' A REAL CLEAN-UP IN URBAN CITY.!
COME ON, FATTY - BE- FORE WE'RE TOO LATE.!


TINKER MUST BE MAKIN' A BIG HAUL IN THE STATE CAPITAL.! WE'D BETTER HURRY.!
BUT WE AIN'T HAD LUNCH YET.!

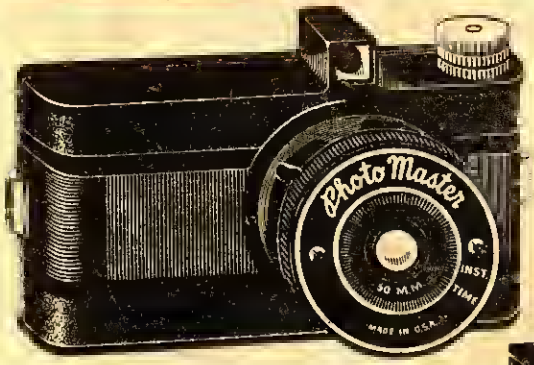

MEANWHILE - IN THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - URBAN CITY -
IT'S UNUSUAL FOR LOCUSTS TO COME INTO A CITY, BUT I CAN GET RID OF THEM FOR YOU - FOR ONLY $100,000.!
IT'S TOO MUCH.! THE PEOPLE WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME.!


YOU'D BETTER CHANGE YOUR MIND, SIR.//
I'LL HAVE TO DO IT-AS SOON AS I CAN FIND THE STATE TREASURER./
ABOVE THE STRICKEN CAPITAL-
WE'RE TOO LATE./ TINKER HAS STARTED HIS DIOBOLICAL ACT./
GEE.// IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A BLIZZARD./
THAT AUTO./ IT'S BEING WRECKED./
WE MUST FIND THE DYNAMO THAT'S DIRECTIN' THE LOCUSTS./
LOOK-THAT TRAIN./ IT'S HORRIBLE./
WE CAN'T LET THIS GO ON./
YOU'RE RIGHT, BUCK-BUT WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
I THINK I'VE GOT IT.//
6


THE FAKE LOCUSTS MUST BE RADIATING OUT FROM ONE CENTER-KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, FATTY!
OVER THAT WAY, BUCK!
IT'S RIGHT BELOW US!
WE'LL LAND ON THE ROOF!
NOW FOR THE BIG CLEAN-UP!
I COULD USE SOME MORE ACTION AFTER BEIN' CRAMPED IN THIS SEAT!
MIND IF WE INTRUDE, PROFESSOR?
THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY- GET OUT!!
YOUR LABORATORY IS MAKING TOO MUCH OF A RACKET!
OH MY-I'M BEING CRUELLY ASSAULTED!
WE DON'T LIKE RACKETEERS!!
GEE-YOU DIDN'T SAVE ANY FOR ME!
7


I'VE GOT THE MONEY, PROFESSOR - OH, WHAT HAS HAPPENED ?!
PLENTY, GOVERNOR.. AND YOU CAN SAVE THE STATE'S MONEY!
STATE POLICE
THAT FAKE LOCUST PLAGUE CAME FROM IN HERE - AND THIS SWITCH WILL TURN IT OFF.!
WHAT?! THEN IT'S ALL A PLOT!
ALLOW ME TO OFFER YOU BOYS A SMALL REWARD.!
NO THANKS.! WE ONLY DID OUR DUTY, GOVERNOR!
STATE POLICE
SEEMS LIKE THE LOCUSTS HAVE LOST THEIR BITE - LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE STREET BELOW.!
AW-I AIN'T CURIOUS ANYMORE.!
BUSINESS IS SURE PICKING UP.!
YEP.! BIGGEST JOB SINCE THE WAR ENDED.!
BUT, BUCK, WE DIDN'T HAVE LUNCH YET.!
THAT CAN WAIT - TILL WE GET TO A MORE PEACE-FUL TOWN.!
8

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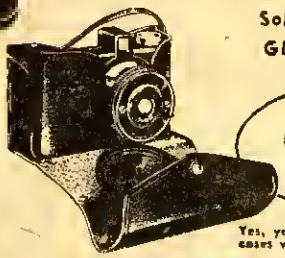
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This Made-To-Measure **CARRYING CASE** only **2c** with purchase of Camera

Yes, you can have one of these made-to-measure carrying cases worth 75c for only 2c with every camera ordered.

Biggest Smokers' Value Ever!

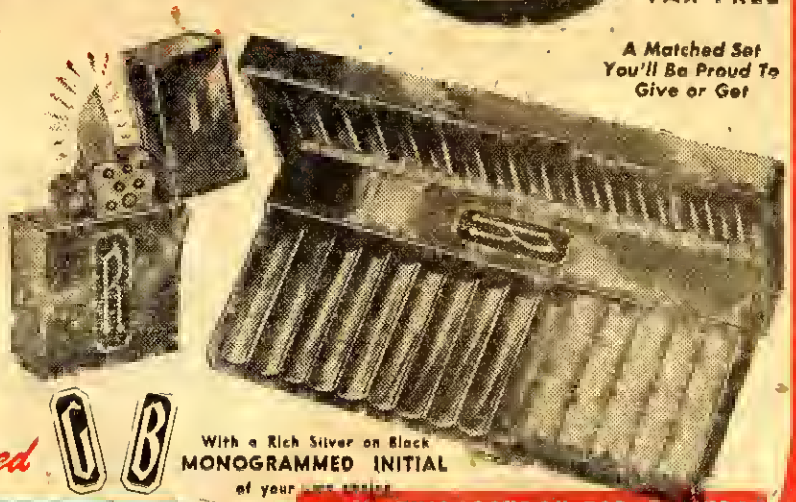
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A THRILL BY THEMSELVES...
. . . A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

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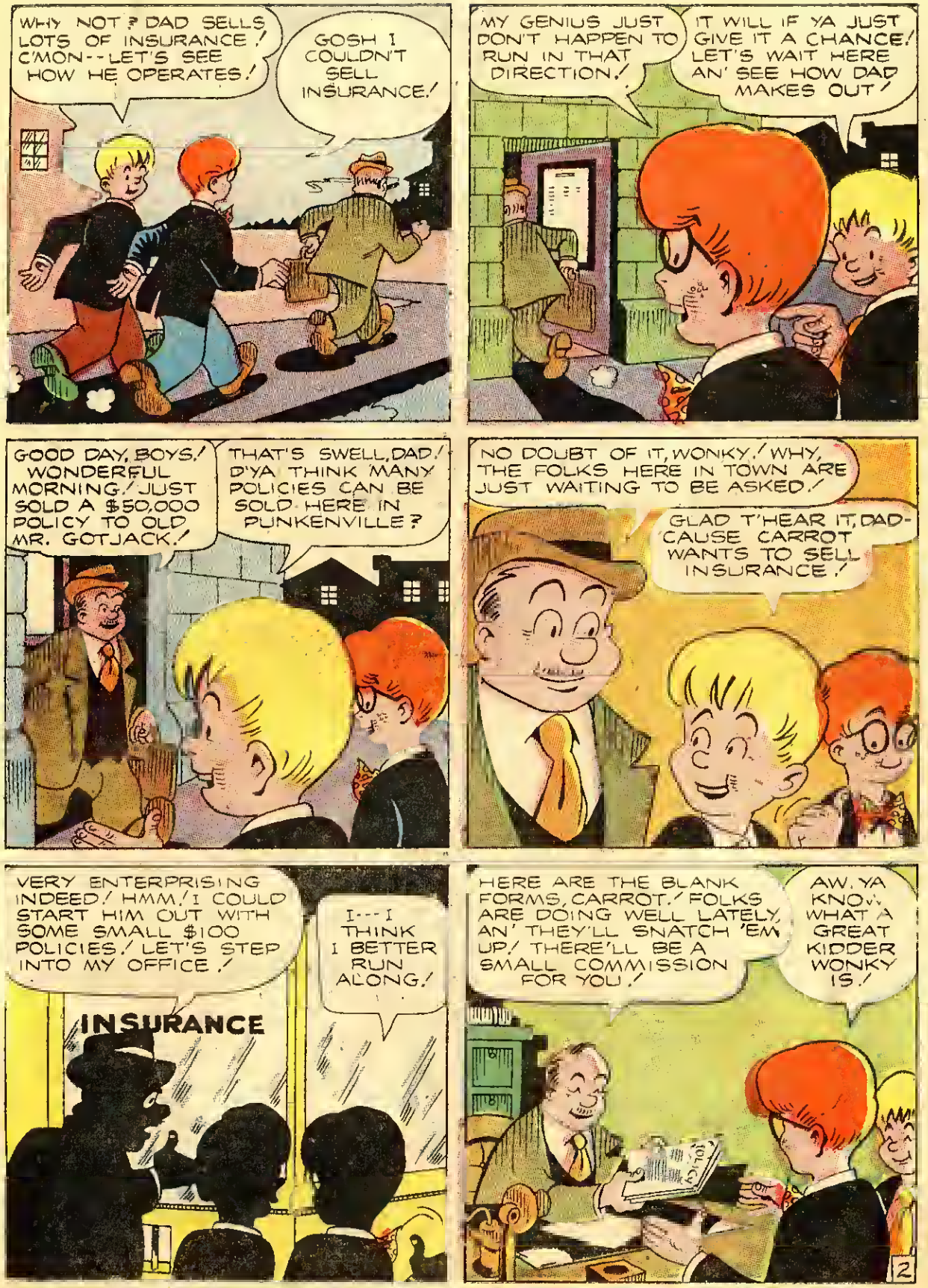
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☐ I am enclosing $4 for payment in full. Send Camera and Case Postpaid.
☐ Send Camera and Case C.O.D. I will pay postman $4 plus postage costs.
If you want 3 rolls of No. 127 Film (enough for 48 pictures) for only $1.c plus 15c postage and handling costs CHECK BELOW.
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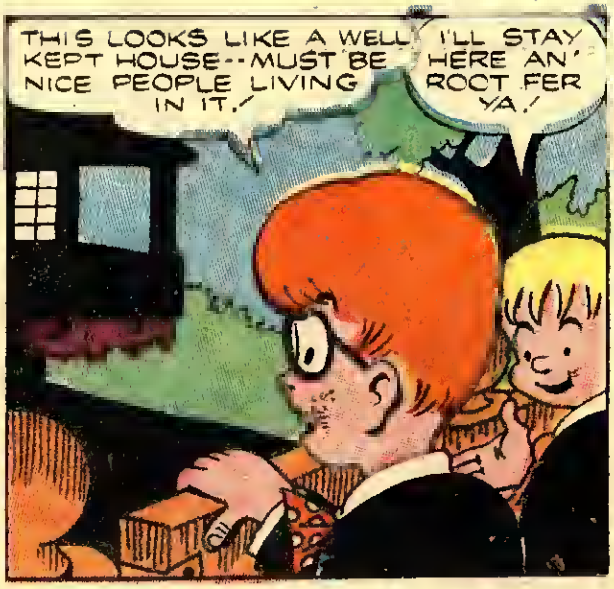
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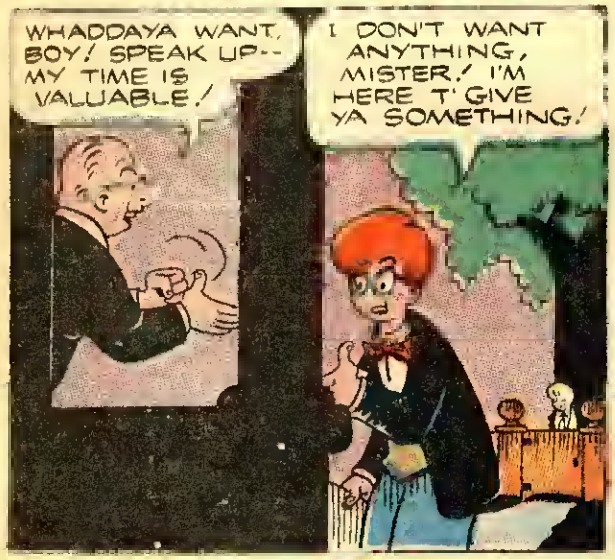
CARROT TOPP

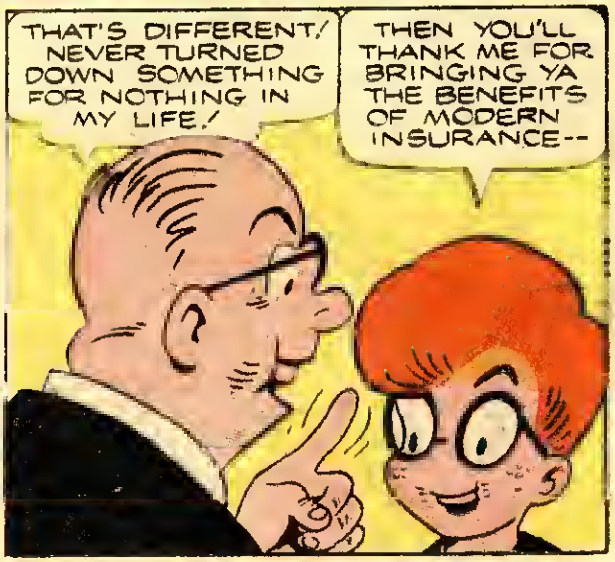

HE'S A DESPERATE CHARACTER!!
LOOKS LIKE A TYPICAL MURDERER TO ME!
WH-WHO-ME?!
OUR YOUNG FRIEND HAS BEEN IN AND OUT OF SCRAPES GALORE-BUT THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S EVER MASTER-MINDED A ONE BOY CRIME-WAVE! THE WHOLE THING STARTED WHEN CARROT SET HIMSELF UP IN A BRAND NEW BUSINESS-THAT WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE UNTIL OUR HERO WAS--
"WANTED FOR MURDER"
I'M JUST A FAILURE, WONKY! I'LL NEVER BE A BIG BUSINESS MAN! FIRST MY AIR-PLANE BUSINESS CRASHES-AN' THEN MY NEWS-PAPER ROUTE-S'NO USE!
AW-CHEER UP, CARROT!
THERE'S MY DAD COM-ING OUT OF THE HOUSE-THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, CARROT! WHY DONTCHA FOLLOW IN HIS FOOTSTEPS?
IN THE INSURANCE BUSINESS.
1

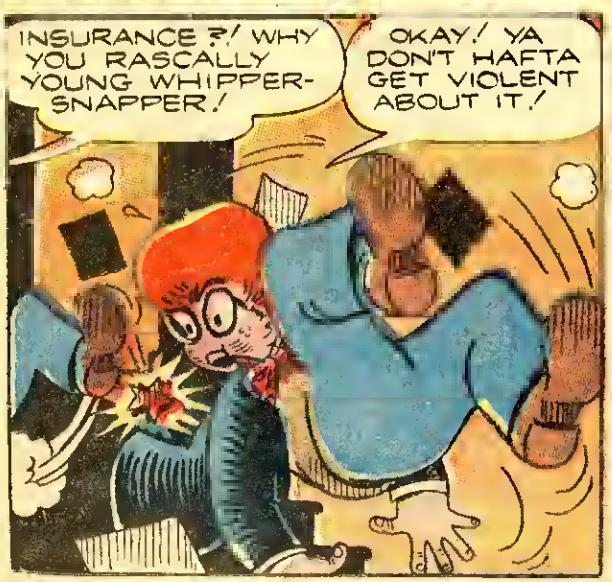

WHY NOT? DAD SELLS LOTS OF INSURANCE! C'MON--LET'S SEE HOW HE OPERATES!
GOSH I COULDN'T SELL INSURANCE!
MY GENIUS JUST DON'T HAPPEN TO RUN IN THAT DIRECTION!
IT WILL IF YA JUST GIVE IT A CHANCE! LET'S WAIT HERE AN' SEE HOW DAD MAKES OUT!
GOOD DAY, BOYS! WONDERFUL MORNING! JUST SOLD A $50,000 POLICY TO OLD MR. GOTJACK!
THAT'S SWELL, DAD! D'YA THINK MANY POLICIES CAN BE SOLD HERE IN PUNKENVILLE?
NO DOUBT OF IT, WONKY! WHY, THE FOLKS HERE IN TOWN ARE JUST WAITING TO BE ASKED!
GLAD T'HEAR IT, DAD-CAUSE CARROT WANTS TO SELL INSURANCE!
VERY ENTERPRISING INDEED! HMM! I COULD START HIM OUT WITH SOME SMALL $100 POLICIES! LET'S STEP INTO MY OFFICE!
INSURANCE
I--- I THINK I BETTER RUN ALONG!
HERE ARE THE BLANK FORMS, CARROT! FOLKS ARE DOING WELL LATELY, AN' THEY'LL SNATCH 'EM UP! THERE'LL BE A SMALL COMMISSION FOR YOU!
AW, YA KNOW, WHAT A GREAT KIDDER WONKY IS!
2

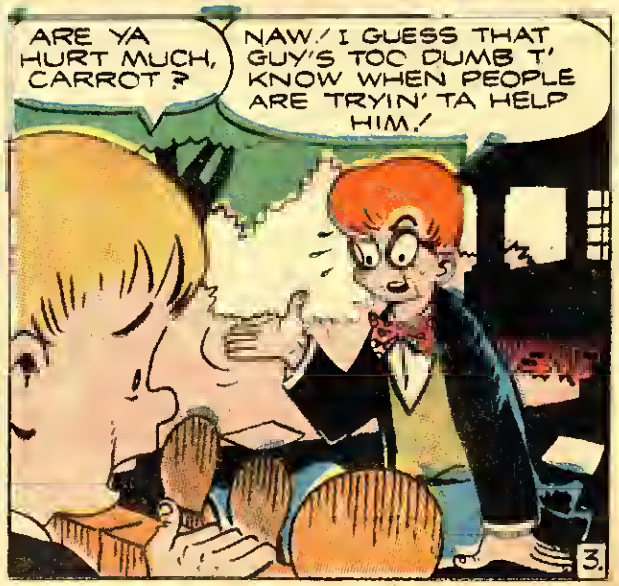

YA KNOW YA KIN DO IT, CARROT! WE KIN START OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE O' TOWN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, WONKY! I WAS FORGETTING MY OWN STRENGTH! LET'S GO!


THIS LOOKS LIKE A WELL KEPT HOUSE--MUST BE NICE PEOPLE LIVING IN IT.
I'LL STAY HERE AN' ROOT FER YA.

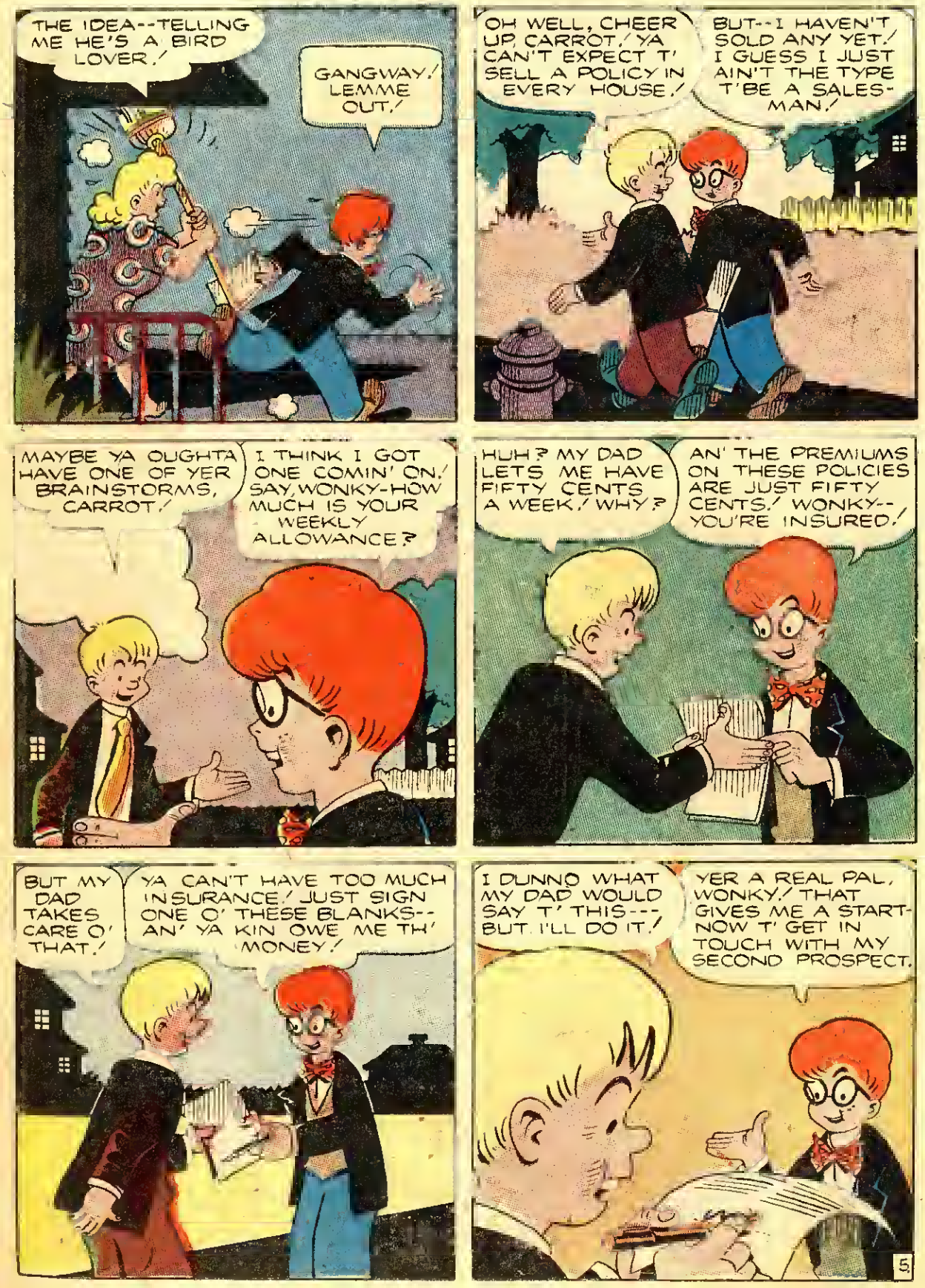

WHADDAYA WANT, BOY! SPEAK UP--MY TIME IS VALUABLE.
I DON'T WANT ANYTHING, MISTER. I'M HERE T' GIVE YA SOMETHING!

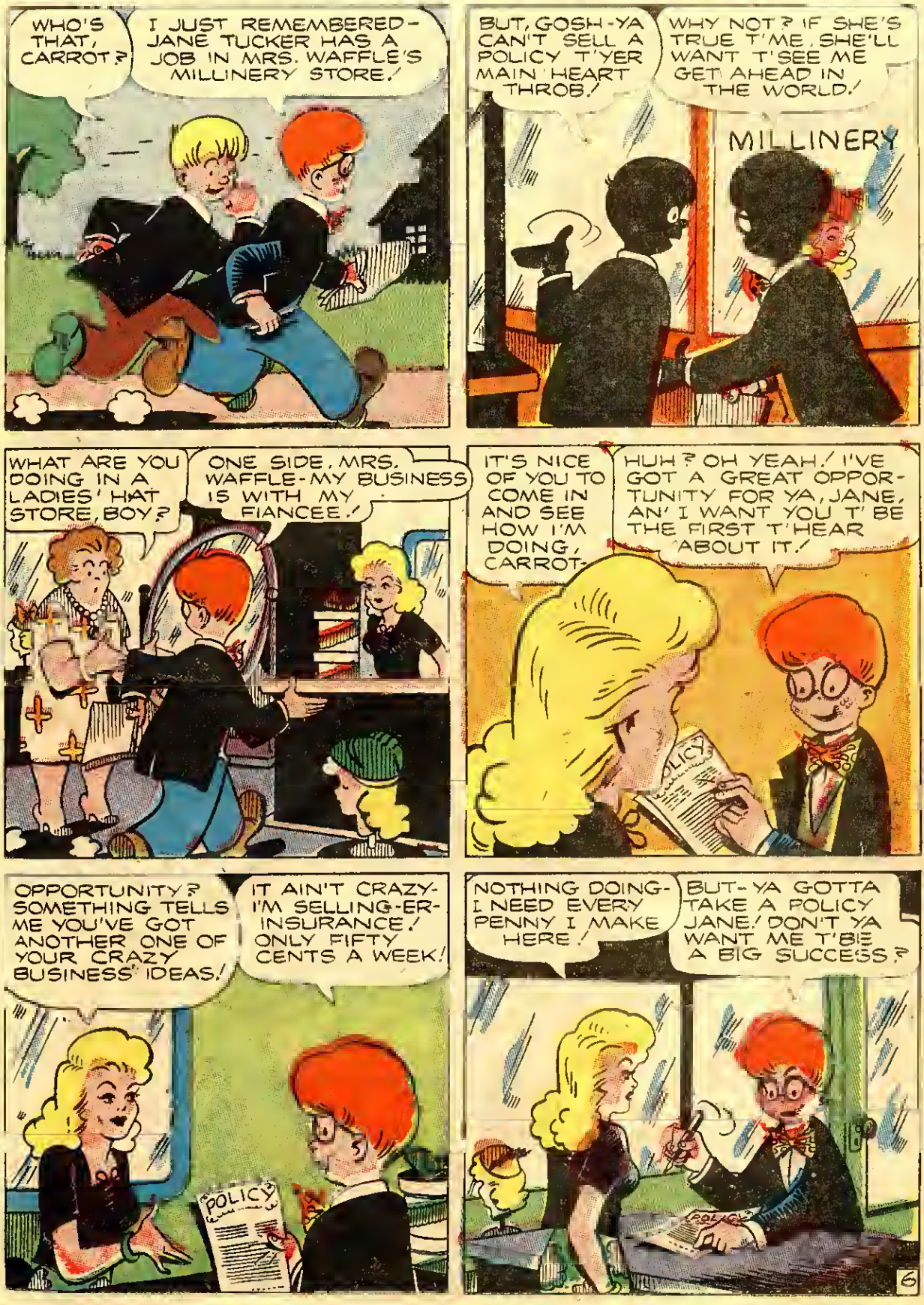

THAT'S DIFFERENT! NEVER TURNED DOWN SOMETHING FOR NOTHING IN MY LIFE!
THEN YOU'LL THANK ME FOR BRINGING YA THE BENEFITS OF MODERN INSURANCE--

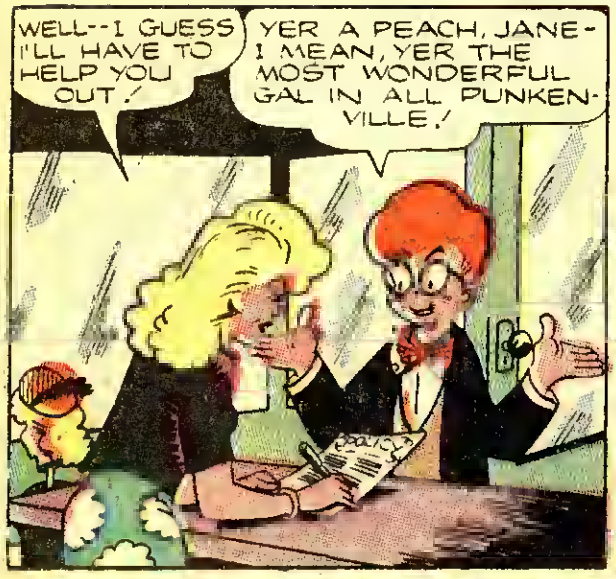

INSURANCE?! WHY YOU RASCALLY YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPER!
OKAY! YA DON'T HAFTA GET VIOLENT ABOUT IT!

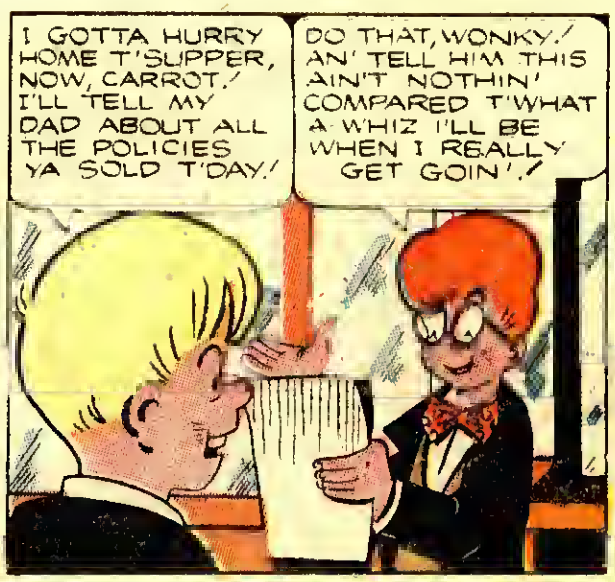

ARE YA HURT MUCH, CARROT?
NAW! I GUESS THAT GUY'S TOO DUMB T' KNOW WHEN PEOPLE ARE TRYIN' TA HELP HIM.
3.

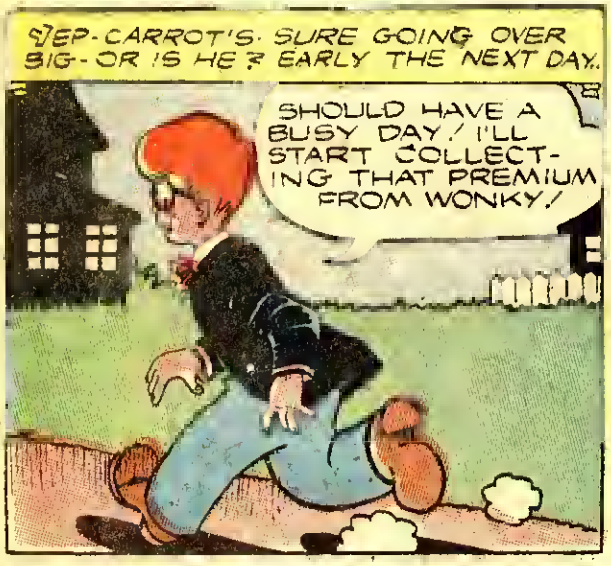

IT'S YOUR TURN, WONKY--YOU TRY THIS HOUSE./
B-BUT YOU'RE THE BUSINESS MAN, CARROT--REMEMBER??
YER RIGHT, WONKY./ I'LL FIGHT MY OWN BATTLES./ JUST LET THIS GUY TRY T'GET TOUGH./
THAT SOUNDS LIKE TH' OLE CARROT./
SPEAK UP, YOUNG MAN./ I'M A LITTLE HARD OF HEARING./
HUH? OH--I SAID, IT'S A LOVELY DAY./
COULD I INTEREST YOU IN A WONDERFUL POLICY?
HEY? OH, SURE./ CERTAINLY, M'BOY./
OF COURSE YOU CAN SEE POLLY./ I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE A BIRD-LOVER./
POLLY-SEE./
AWWK./ HE'S MURDERIN' ME!!
WHY YOU NAUGHTY BOY./ TRYIN' TO KILL POOR POLLY./
OOOPS./ SLIPPED./
4

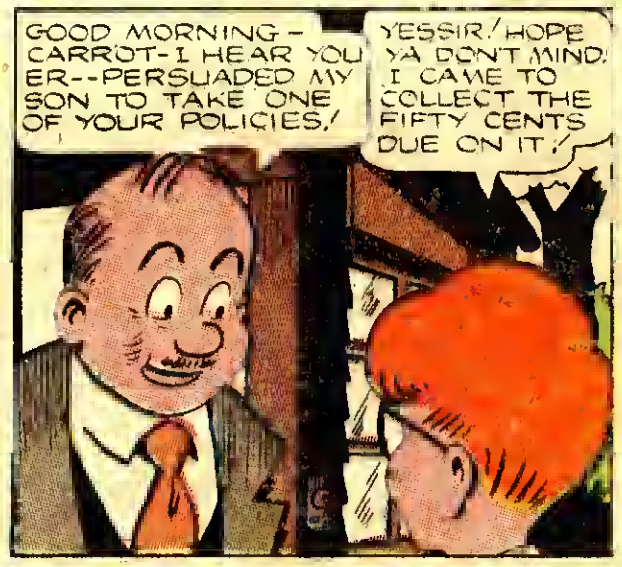

THE IDEA--TELLING ME HE'S A BIRD LOVER./
GANGWAY./ LEMME OUT./
OH WELL, CHEER UP, CARROT./ YA CAN'T EXPECT T' SELL A POLICY IN EVERY HOUSE./
BUT--I HAVEN'T SOLD ANY YET./ I GUESS I JUST AIN'T THE TYPE T'BE A SALES-MAN./
MAYBE YA OUGHTA HAVE ONE OF YER BRAINSTORMS, CARROT./
I THINK I GOT ONE COMIN' ON./ SAY, WONKY-HOW MUCH IS YOUR WEEKLY ALLOWANCE?
HUH? MY DAD LETS ME HAVE FIFTY CENTS A WEEK./ WHY?
AN' THE PREMIUMS ON THESE POLICIES ARE JUST FIFTY CENTS./ WONKY--YOU'RE INSURED./
BUT MY DAD TAKES CARE O' THAT./
YA CAN'T HAVE TOO MUCH INSURANCE/ JUST SIGN ONE O' THESE BLANKS--AN' YA KIN OWE ME TH' MONEY./
I DUNNO WHAT MY DAD WOULD SAY T' THIS--- BUT I'LL DO IT./
YER A REAL PAL, WONKY./ THAT GIVES ME A START-NOW T' GET IN TOUCH WITH MY SECOND PROSPECT.
5

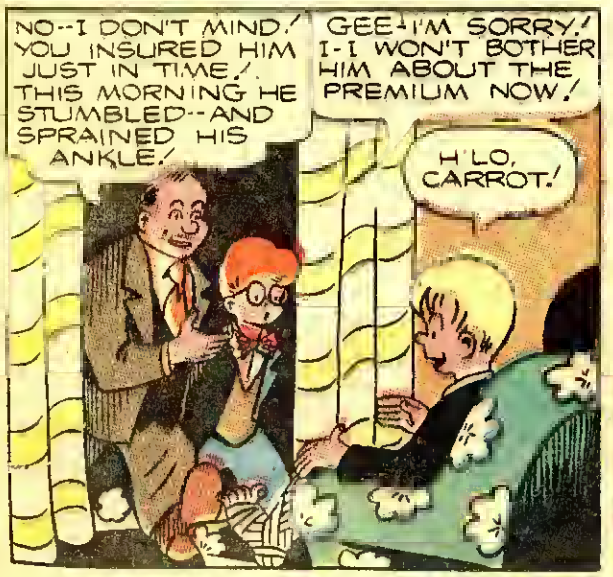

WHO'S THAT, CARROT?
I JUST REMEMBERED - JANE TUCKER HAS A JOB IN MRS. WAFFLE'S MILLINERY STORE.!
BUT, GOSH-YA CAN'T SELL A POLICY T'YER MAIN HEART THROB.!
WHY NOT? IF SHE'S TRUE T'ME, SHE'LL WANT T'SEE ME GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD.!
MILLINERY
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN A LADIES' HAT STORE, BOY?
ONE SIDE, MRS. WAFFLE - MY BUSINESS IS WITH MY FIANCEE.!
IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME IN AND SEE HOW I'M DOING, CARROT-
HUH? OH YEAH.! I'VE GOT A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR YA, JANE, AN' I WANT YOU T' BE THE FIRST T'HEAR ABOUT IT.!
POLICY
OPPORTUNITY? SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR CRAZY BUSINESS IDEAS.!
IT AIN'T CRAZY- I'M SELLING-ER- INSURANCE.! ONLY FIFTY CENTS A WEEK!
POLICY
NOTHING DOING- I NEED EVERY PENNY I MAKE HERE.!
BUT - YA GOTTA TAKE A POLICY JANE.! DON'T YA WANT ME T'BE A BIG SUCCESS?
POLICY
6

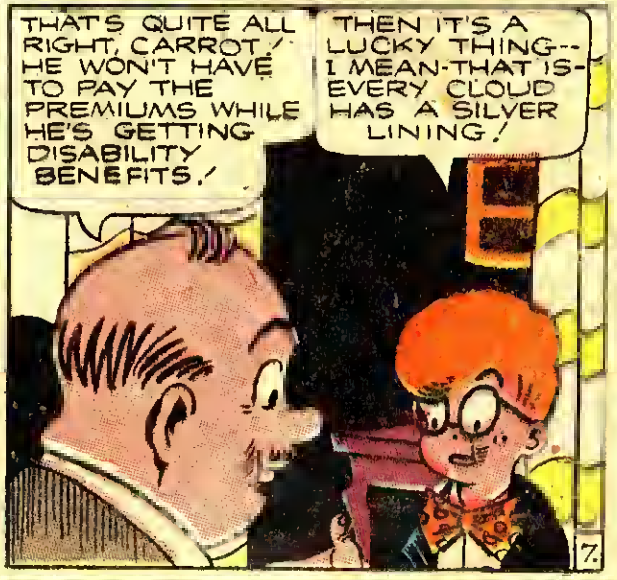

WELL--I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HELP YOU OUT./
YER A PEACH, JANE-I MEAN, YER THE MOST WONDERFUL GAL IN ALL PUNKENVILLE./

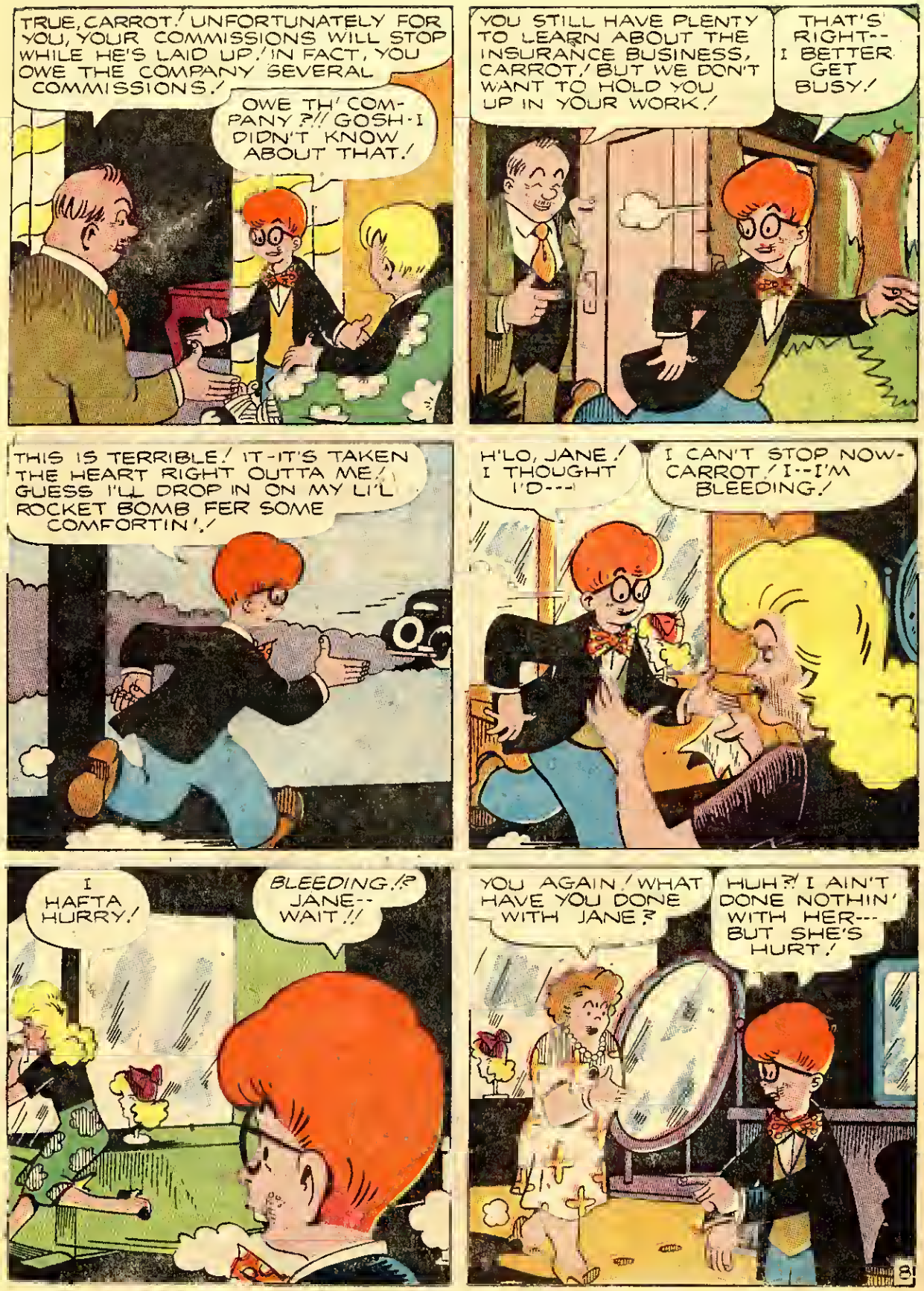

I GOTTA HURRY HOME T'SUPPER, NOW, CARROT./ I'LL TELL MY DAD ABOUT ALL THE POLICIES YA SOLD T'DAY./
DO THAT, WONKY./ AN' TELL HIM THIS AIN'T NOTHIN' COMPARED T'WHAT A WHIZ I'LL BE WHEN I REALLY GET GOIN'./


YEP-CARROT'S SURE GOING OVER BIG-OR IS HE? EARLY THE NEXT DAY.
SHOULD HAVE A BUSY DAY./ I'LL START COLLECTING THAT PREMIUM FROM WONKY./


GOOD MORNING-CARROT-I HEAR YOU ER--PERSUADED MY SON TO TAKE ONE OF YOUR POLICIES./
YESSIR./ HOPE YA DON'T MIND. I CAME TO COLLECT THE FIFTY CENTS DUE ON IT./


NO--I DON'T MIND./ YOU INSURED HIM JUST IN TIME./ THIS MORNING HE STUMBLED--AND SPRAINED HIS ANKLE./
GEE! I'M SORRY./ I-I WON'T BOTHER HIM ABOUT THE PREMIUM NOW./
H'LO, CARROT./


THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT, CARROT./ HE WON'T HAVE TO PAY THE PREMIUMS WHILE HE'S GETTING DISABILITY BENEFITS./
THEN IT'S A LUCKY THING--I MEAN-THAT IS-EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING./


TRUE, CARROT! UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU, YOUR COMMISSIONS WILL STOP WHILE HE'S LAID UP! IN FACT, YOU OWE THE COMPANY SEVERAL COMMISSIONS!
OWE TH' COMPANY?!! GOSH-I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT!
YOU STILL HAVE PLENTY TO LEARN ABOUT THE INSURANCE BUSINESS, CARROT! BUT WE DON'T WANT TO HOLD YOU UP IN YOUR WORK!
THAT'S RIGHT-- I BETTER GET BUSY!
THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT-IT'S TAKEN THE HEART RIGHT OUTTA ME! GUESS I'LL DROP IN ON MY LI'L ROCKET BOMB FER SOME COMFORTIN'!
H'LO, JANE! I THOUGHT I'D---
I CAN'T STOP NOW-- CARROT! I--I'M BLEEDING!
I HAFTA HURRY!
BLEEDING!? JANE-- WAIT!!
YOU AGAIN! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH JANE?
HUH?! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' WITH HER--- BUT SHE'S HURT!
81


EEK! BLOOD ON THE FLOOR!!
YES, MA'AM! IT'S FROM JANE! SHE WAS BLEEDING! BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME ME FOR THAT!
THAT'S A MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS REMARK, YOUNG MAN! YOU SOLD HER A POLICY YESTERDAY--AND SHE NAMED YOU AS BENEFICIARY! DID YOU PUT HER UP TO THAT?
LEMME GO!!
OFFICER JONES-YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! JANE'S DISAPPEARED-- SHE LEFT A TRAIL OF BLOOD AND THIS BOY'S TO BLAME!
SOUNDS REAL SERIOUS MRS. WAFFLE! HANG ON TO 'IM!
LEMME ALONE YOU OLD CRANK!
DON'T STRUGGLE, YOU MURDERER!
TWEE TWEE
SO YOU MADE JANE TAKE OUT INSURANCE IN YOUR NAME?! WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER, HUH?
HONEST-- I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN', MR. JONES!
SO YOU WON'T TALK--
WE'LL MAKE 'IM TALK!
AW! YER ALL CRAZY!
9


YOU'D BETTER SPEAK UP, BOY! WHERE'D YA HIDE THE BODY?!!
HUH?! ARE YOU KIDDIN'?
HE'LL TALK ALL RIGHT! -AFTER WE WORK ON 'IM AT THE STATION HOUSE!
I-I'LL GET MY POP AFTER YA!
STILL HERE, CARROT!? I SEE YOU HAVE LOTS OF COMPANY!
-JANE!!
OH--JANE, DEAR-I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE!
BUT THIS BLOOD ON THE FLOOR-- WE WERE AFRAID SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED TO YOU!
OH, THAT! MY NOSE WAS BLEEDING! I HAD TO RUSH HOME FOR A CLEAN HANKY!
SUCH A RELIEF! I-I THINK YOU OUGHT TO TAKE THE DAY OFF--- AND GO SOMEWHERE WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND!
YEAH! C'MON-JANE-- WE'LL GET SOME SUNDAES!
LATER--
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT ALL THOSE POLICEMEN WERE DOING IN THE STORE--OR WHY YOU'RE SO GLUM!
AW, SKIP IT! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO FIND SOME OTHER BUSINESS TO MAKE A NAME IN!
THE END

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of HEADLINE COMICS published bi-monthly at Buffalo, N. Y., for October 1, 1945.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Bierman, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the HEADLINE COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) SAMUEL BIERMAN, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1945.

(Signed) SYLVIA WOLLENBERG, New York Co. Clk's No. 243, Reg. No. 394-W-7.

(My Commission expires March 30, 1947.)

BEHIND THE EIGHT BALL

By CLEM COLBERT

HARRY CONDON'S country hide-out was perched high on a piece of rock in the Catskill Mountains. It was a pretty sumptuous place, a kind of small castle, but Harry always called it his "shack." Condon was a wealthy bachelor, a director in half the electric appliance corporations of the country, and he could well afford such luxury.

We sat in leather armchairs smoking our after dinner cigar.

Harry said. "Funny—he was anxous to talk

"This fellow Webb seems to be late," Harry said. "Funny—he was anxious to talk over a South American contract with me.



Although I can't see what there is to talk about. We're rivals for the contract—it's just a matter of who gets his name on the dotted line first. Matter of $5,000,000 worth of business. I don't see any basis for a compromise."

"Webb?" I repeated. "I guess you did mention the name to me. What sort of a fellow is he?"

Harry smiled and flicked ashes from his cigar. "Fact is," he said, "I'm playing a little joke in getting you up here with him. He's one of those amateur magicians—sleight-of-hand and all that. He'll be delighted to meet the Great Zeto."

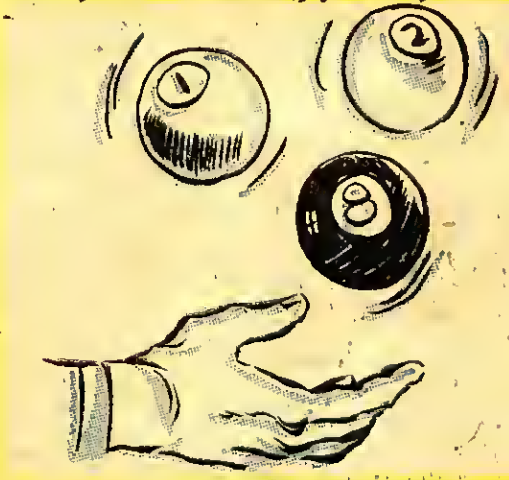
"Hope you don't expect me to entertain—" I began. The sound of automobile wheels on the steep roadway outside cut off my words. A minute or two later Harry was introducing me to Gordon Webb.

"Great little nest you've got here," Webb



exclaimed. His manner was surprisingly hearty for a small man. "Regular eagle's nest! And it's sure a treat to meet Mr. Zeto!"

"I thought you'd get along," Harry smiled. "But you must be hungry after your drive."



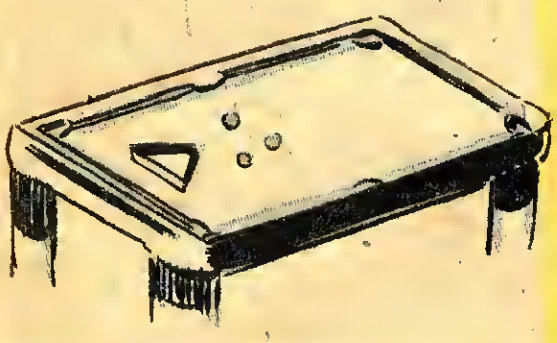
"Not a bit of it!" Webb answered. "Ate on the way. I'm fit as a fiddle to wrangle all night with you over that South American affair! But that can wait. Let me demonstrate my new juggling trick. My coat—"

He strode on his short legs to where he had thrown down his overcoat and fished in the pockets. He was back in a moment with three hard balls—the kind used in pool.

"There's nothing much to this, Mr. Zeto," he said to me. "I mean, you'll consider it sorta childish. But it took me quite a while to get the hang of it."

He began juggling the three balls with one hand—tossing them rapidly up in the air, keeping them going at a fast rate while his left hand hung down at his side. It wasn't at all bad for a man whose days were taken up with the problems of hig business.

"Fine, Mr. Webb," I said, when he paused. He gave us a comical little bow, then began his juggling again. Suddenly he fumbled one of the balls—it was the eight ball—knocking it a little out of line with the edge of his hand. The hall sailed sideways and he made a quick grah for it. I was startled to see that



his face turned pale, and his small eyes opened wide with alarm.

"Almost missed!" he gasped.

"What's so terrihle about that?" I asked. "After all, if you've just learned the trick—"

"Joe takes his hobby too seriously," Condon observed. He stood up. "How about a couple of rounds at the pool table? That's *my* hobby, you know."

We walked into the game room, Webb stopping at his overcoat on the way. When he caught up with us his hands were free of the balls he had been juggling.

"I'll set 'em up," Webh said, taking up the rack and going to the pool tahle.

I watched his deft hands gather the scattered balls together and put them in the rack—the small hands that had so nimbly juggled three halls at once and had almost missed. Why had that near-miss so frightened the man? As I watched his hands now a quick movement caught my eye—and suddenly I understood.

Condon was breaking the balls on the table. The triangle scattered in all directions, and then he began knocking one ball after another in the pockets. I waited tensely.



"The eight ball," he announced finally. I stepped forward and grabbed the hall just as he was taking aim.

"One moment," I said. "You know how I get some eccentric ideas every once in a while, Harry. Well, I've got one now. I'd like to throw this eight ball down the side of the cliff."

I went to the open window and tossed the ball far out. Two or three seconds passed, and then we heard a distant explosion.



I whirled and shouted to Harry—"Quick—stop him! That was meant to hlow you to pieces!"

But Wehh was gone. We heard the motor of his car start, and the sound of wheels.

"In this case," I said, "the eye was quicker than the hand. You can get after him hack in town, Harry. But I'll wager he won't trouble you about that South American contract!"

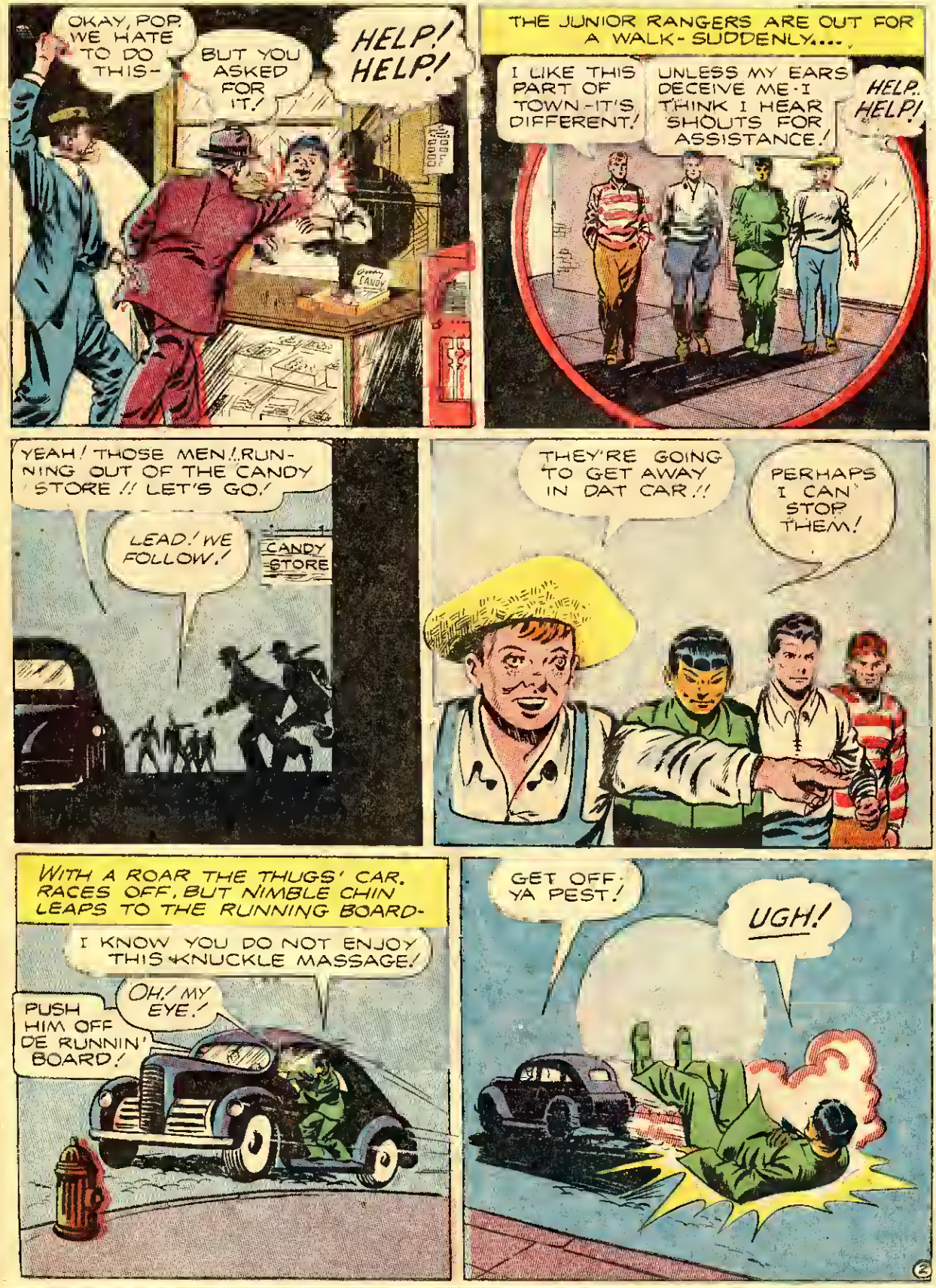
JUNIOR RANGERS



IN A GREAT CITY- THERE ARE SECTIONS INHABITED BY PERSONS OF FOREIGN EXTRACTION... ONE DAY....





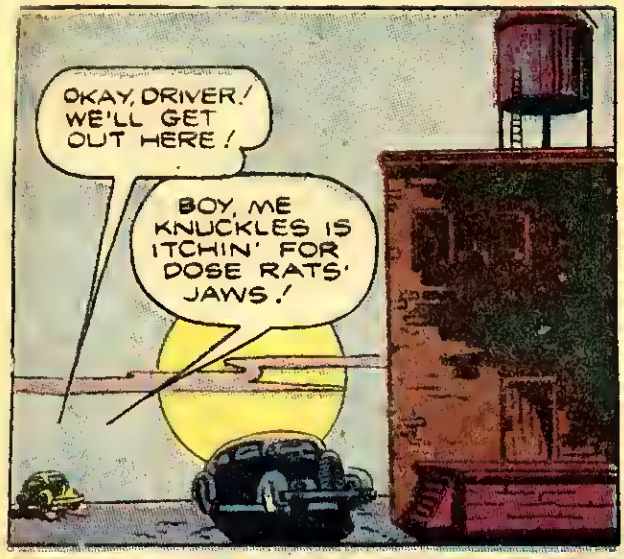

OKAY, POP. WE HATE TO DO THIS-
BUT YOU ASKED FOR IT!
HELP! HELP!
THE JUNIOR RANGERS ARE OUT FOR A WALK- SUDDENLY....
I LIKE THIS PART OF TOWN-IT'S DIFFERENT!
UNLESS MY EARS DECEIVE ME-I THINK I HEAR SHOUTS FOR ASSISTANCE!
HELP. HELP!
YEAH! THOSE MEN!..RUNNING OUT OF THE CANDY STORE!! LET'S GO!
LEAD! WE FOLLOW!
CANDY STORE
THEY'RE GOING TO GET AWAY IN DAT CAR!!
PERHAPS I CAN STOP THEM!
WITH A ROAR THE THUGS' CAR. RACES OFF, BUT NIMBLE CHIN LEAPS TO THE RUNNING BOARD-
I KNOW YOU DO NOT ENJOY THIS KNUCKLE MASSAGE!
OH! MY EYE!
PUSH HIM OFF DE RUNNIN' BOARD!
GET OFF YA PEST!
UGH!

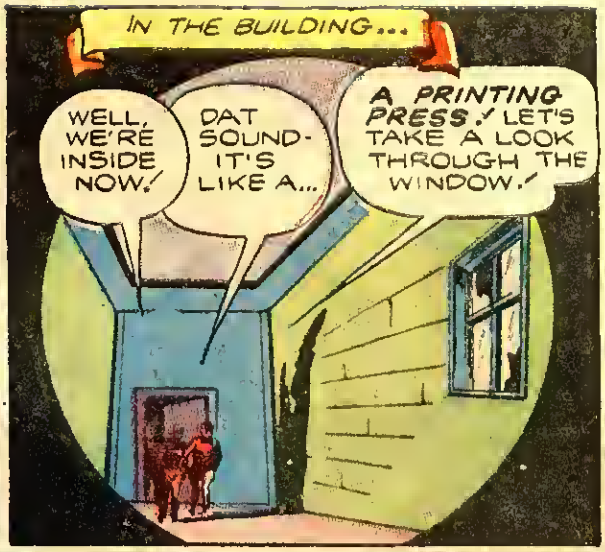

ARE YOU OKAY, CHIN?
YES-ONLY MY DIGNITY IS RUFFLED-BUT LET US INVESTIGATE THE CAUSE OF THIS TROUBLE!
YEAH-CHIN'S ON DA BEAM!
INSIDE THE LITTLE STORE...
WOW! DA JOINT'S WRECKED!
SEE--ON THE FLOOR!
IT'S AN OLD MAN!
WHAT HAPPENED, SIR?!
DOSE THOGS-ZEY BEAT ME!
BUT WHY?
-BECAUSE I DO NOT PAY THEM MONEY. ZEY SAY I HAVE NO RIGHT TO LEEVE HERE IN AMERICA-ZEY SAY ALL FOREIGNERS MUST PAY! I REFUSE--THEY BEAT ME!!
SO THAT'S IT! RACKETEERS! WELL I THINK IT'S UP TO THE JUNIOR RANGERS TO SHOW THESE RATS THAT ALL MEN OF GOOD WILL CAN LIVE IN AMERICA!
DAT'S RIGHT!
LATER
THEN IT'S AGREED! WE'LL EACH COVER A SECTION OF THE CITY AND MEET IN A COUPLE HOURS!
3


FOLLOWING OUT THE PLAN TO TRAIL THE RACKETEERS, CHIN VISITS A RESTAURANT IN CHINATOWN...
HOW DOES IT GO, O' VENERABLE ONE?
WELL! AND WHAT DOES THE YOUNG MAN DESIRE OF THIS ANCIENT?
THERE ARE EVIL ONES WHO DISTURB THE PEACE! THEY MOLEST THOSE OF FOREIGN BIRTH! MY COMRADES AND I SEEK OUT THESE EVIL DOERS!
I WALK MY WAY IN PEACE, UNMOLESTED, FOR THIS IS AMERICA, WHERE ALL ARE WELCOME!
YES, AGED ONE, BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO WOULD PROFIT BY THIS PRIVILEGE TO LIVE IN AMERICA!
SUDDENLY
YEAH, SONNY, YER RIGHT! WE T'INK YOUSE FOREIGNERS OUGHTA PAY DUES FOR DA RIGHT TO LIVE HERE!
YEH.. AND YOU PAY OFF, OR WE'LL MAKE CHOP SUEY OUT OF THIS RESTAURANT.
NEVER WILL I PAY HOMAGE TO YOU OR ANYONE! I WALK IN PEACE AND LIVE IN FREEDOM!
DAT'S A PURTY SPEECH, POP, BUT I T'INK YOU NEED A LESSON!
IF I CAN REACH THAT SUGAR BOWL - I'LL..
4

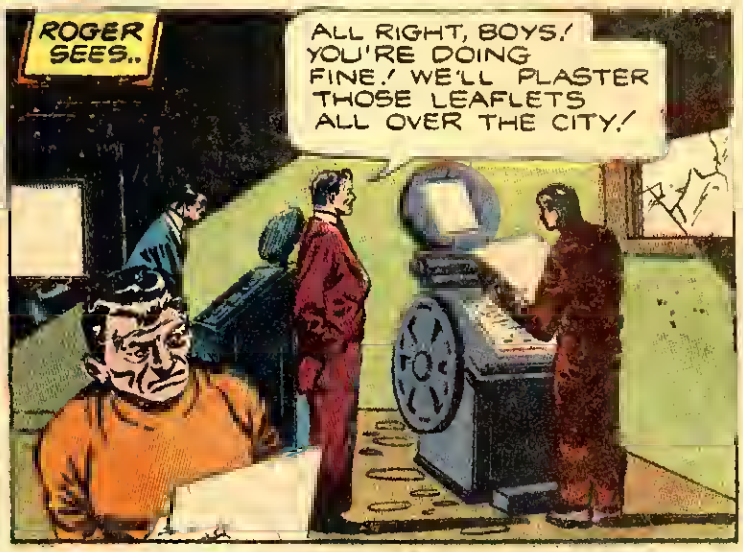

CHIN'S AIM IS TRUE—
YOU WILL NOT GET AWAY SO EASILY THIS TIME!
WAIT, MY SON I SHALL RETURN...
UGH! MY HEAD!
AIYEE! IT IS A SHAME TO WASTE THIS TURTLE SOUP, BUT—
SECONDS LATER..
SLOWLY THE OLD MAN CLIMBS A CHAIR AND POURS THE SOUP...
YEEOW! I'M BOILIN'!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!
QUICK-TO DA CAR!!
IM NOT FINISHED WITH YOU YET, RUNNING DOGS!
DESPOILERS! THIEVES!!
THIS WILL HOLD HIM..
-AAH!
T'ROW HIM IN DA CAR AN' LET'S GET GOIN'!
5


HOURS LATER, AT THE RANGERS' RENDEZVOUS...
WE'RE ALL HERE, EXCEPT CHIN!
GOSH! MEBBE SOMETHIN' HAPPENED TO HIM!
LET'S GO LOOK FOR HIM!
THEY HURRY TO CHINATOWN...
YES - YOUR RASH FRIEND WAS HERE! HE HELPED ME VALIANTLY, BUT I FEAR EVIL HAS BEFALLEN HIM! HE IS IN THE HANDS OF THE BAD ONES!
WHAT HAPPENED?!
THE OLD MAN TELLS HIS STORY...
AND THAT IS WHAT OCCURED - BUT I HAVE THE LICENSE OF THE AUTOMOBILE IN WHICH THE EVIL ONES CARRIED AWAY YOUR FRIEND!
THAT LICENSE ISN'T MUCH TO WORK ON! IT'S PROBABLY A PHONEY!
HEY, LOOK AT DAT GUY! HE'S GONNA POST BILLS!
AT DIS TIME OF NIGHT?
NO FOREIGNERS!
LOOK AT DAT!
THAT LICENSE NUMBER! THAT CAR! IT'S THE ONE WE'RE AFTER!
FOLLOW THAT CAR!
RIGHT, BUDDY!
TAXI
6


OKAY, DRIVER! WE'LL GET OUT HERE!
BOY, ME KNUCKLES IS ITCHIN' FOR DOSE RATS' JAWS!


IN THE BUILDING...
WELL, WE'RE INSIDE NOW!
DAT SOUND- IT'S LIKE A...
A PRINTING PRESS! LET'S TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE WINDOW!


WHAT DO YA SEE?
PLENTY!


ROGER SEES..
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! YOU'RE DOING FINE! WE'LL PLASTER THOSE LEAFLETS ALL OVER THE CITY!


MEANWHILE
OKAY SNOOPS! DON'T MOVE! I SEEN YA COME IN! I THINK THE BOYS WILL WANT TO-TALK TO YA!

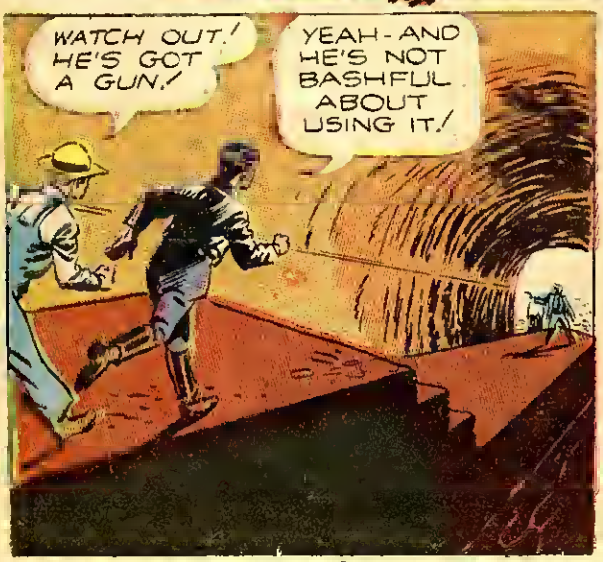

WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE!?
A COUPLE OF SNOOPERS, BOSS!
MY FRIENDS, I KNEW YOU WOULD NOT FORGET CHIN!

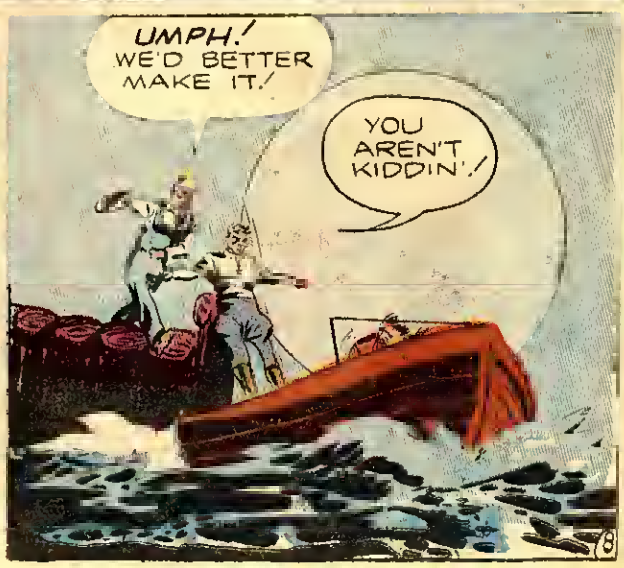

I'M GLAD THEY DIDN'T. IN A LITTLE WHILE, YOU AND YOUR IMPETUOUS BUSY-BODY FRIENDS WILL BE FLOATING ON THE RIVER BOTTOM, WEIGHED DOWN BY PRINTER'S LEAD.!


BUT SMOKEY HAS OTHER IDEAS...
I DON'T FEEL LIKE TAKING A BATH.!
YEEOW!


A BIT LATER...
I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.!
THE BIG SHOT.! HE'S TAKING OFF DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR.!


AFTER HIM, JERRY.! SMOKY, YOU AND CHIN GUARD THESE GUYS.! I'M GOING WITH JERRY.!


WATCH OUT.! HE'S GOT A GUN.!
YEAH - AND HE'S NOT BASHFUL ABOUT USING IT.!


UMPH.! WE'D BETTER MAKE IT.!
YOU AREN'T KIDDIN'.!


NOW, RAT, YOU'D BETTER GET SET FOR THE BEATING OF YOUR LIFE.!
YIPES! THE GAT'S EMPTY.!
CLICK.! CLICK.!
YOUR GUN MIGHT NOT BE LOADED, BUT MY FISTS ARE.!
HERE DEY COME.!
WE WENT FISHING AND CAUGHT A SKUNK.!
LOOK AT THEM THEY AREN'T SO TOUGH NOW.!
IT IS AN OLD STORY.! THE BULLY IS STRONG ONLY WHEN HE FIGHTS THE WEAK.!
AND THESE CREATURES THOUGHT TO MAKE THEMSELVES RICH BY ATTACKING A MINORITY- BUT THIS IS AMERICA, WHERE ALL MEN ARE EQUAL.!
WELL - THEY'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK IT OVER IN PRISON.!

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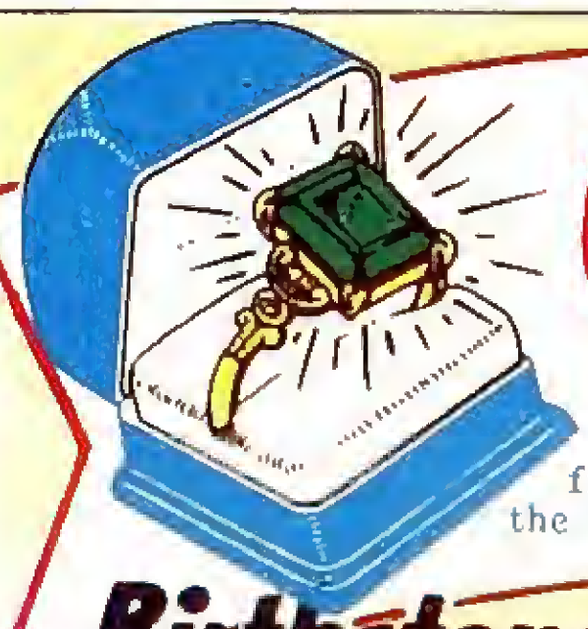
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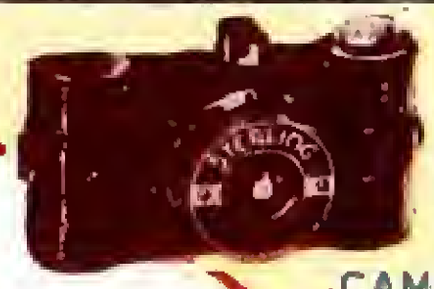
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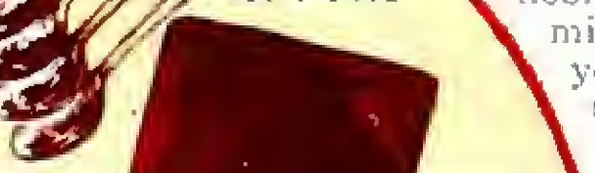


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