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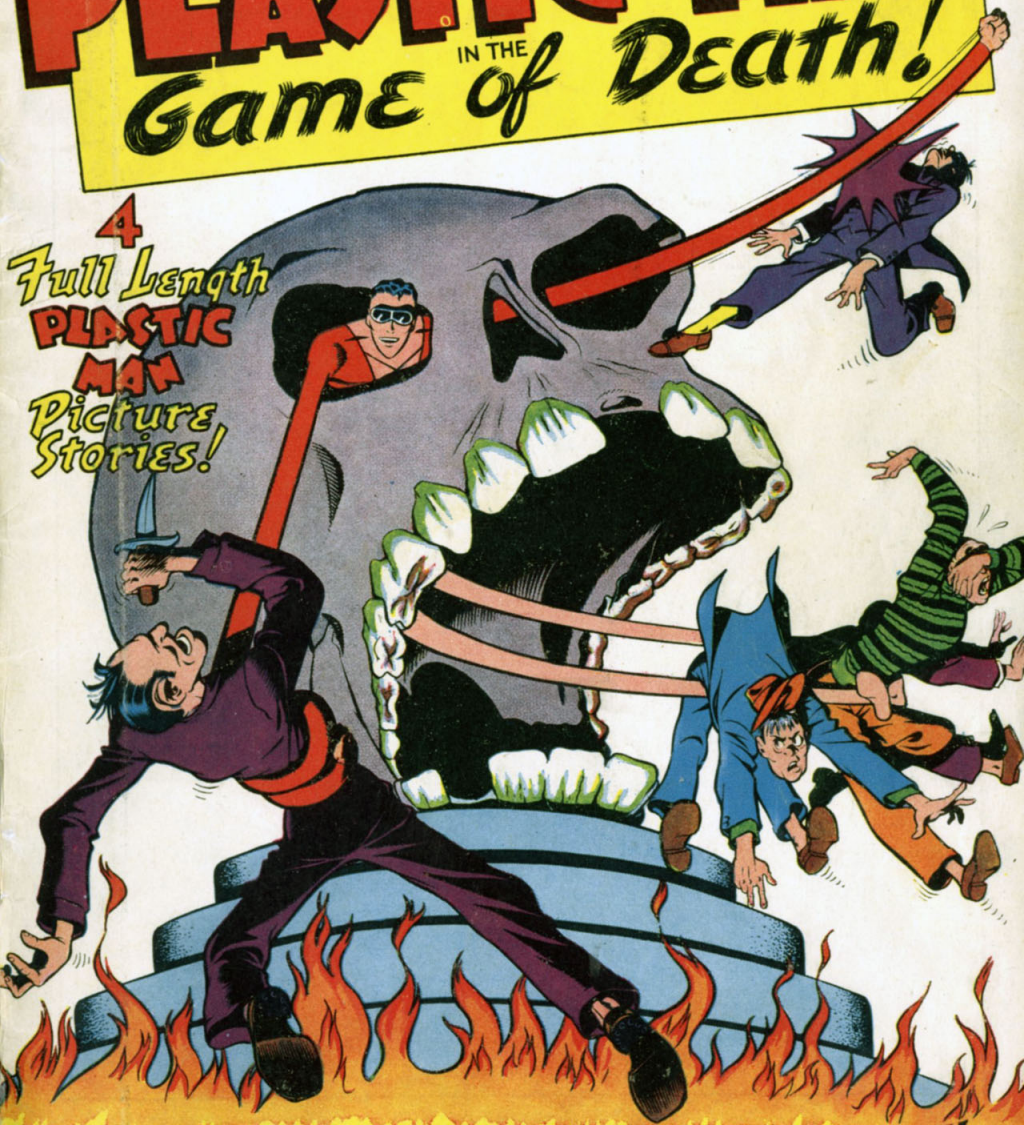
A VITAL BOOK

SM
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VI

PLASTIC MAN

IN THE *Game of Death!*

4
Full Length
**PLASTIC
MAN**
Picture
Stories!



HE STRETCHES, SHRINKS AND BENDS!!



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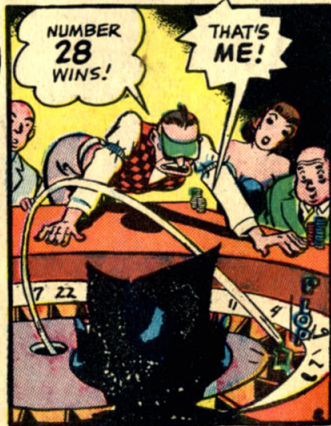
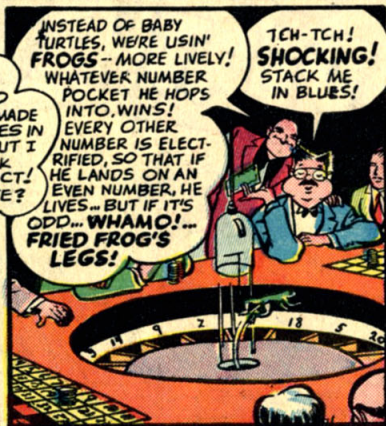
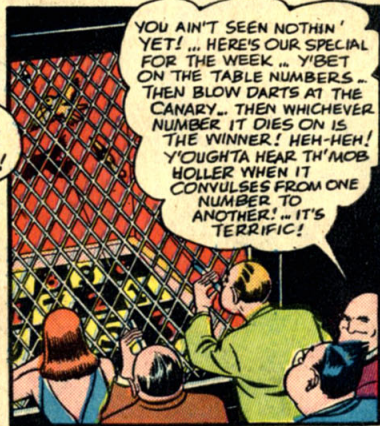
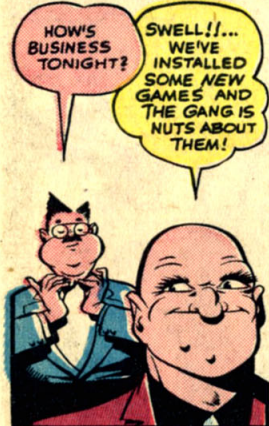
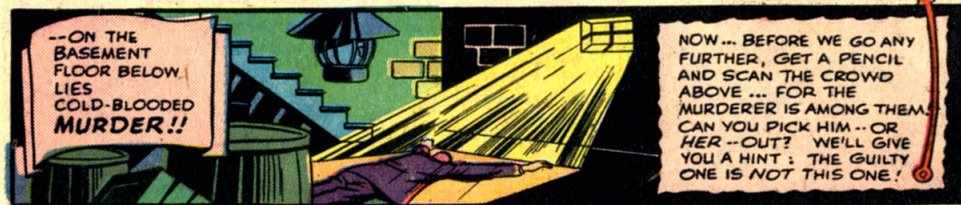
PLASTIC MAN

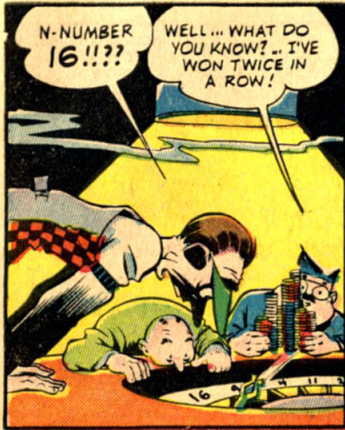
PLASTIC MAN

by JACK COLE

TO OUR NEW READERS:
IF YOU SHOULD SEE A MAN STANDING ON THE STREET AND REACHING INTO THE TOP WINDOW OF A SKY-SCRAPER ... THAT'S NOT ASTIGMATISM -- IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ... IF YOU HAPPEN UPON A GENT ALL BENT UP LIKE A PRETZEL ... DON'T DUNK HIM ... IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ALL THIS AND BOUNCING, TOO, YOU'LL SEE WHEN THE RUBBER MAN AND HIS PAL, WOZZY WINKS, GAMBLE THEIR LIVES IN: -







N-NUMBER 16!!!!

WELL... WHAT DO YOU KNOW?... I'VE WON TWICE IN A ROW!



ONE HOUR LATER...

MY NUMBER AGAIN! SAY... THIS IS MY LUCKY NIGHT!

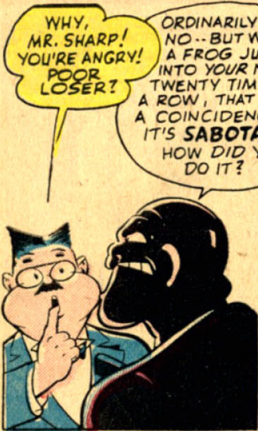
G-CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! NO MATTER WHAT DIRECTION TH' FROG JUMPS IN, IT ALWAYS LANDS ON HIS NUMBER! IT'S UNCANNY!

I'LL PAY YOU OFF IN MY OFFICE, MR. KING!



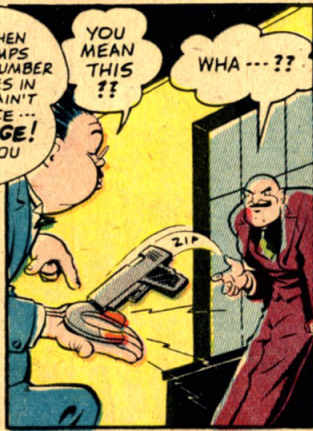
TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS! IMAGINE MY WINNING ALL THAT!! HOW DID I EVER DO IT?

PRECISELY WHAT I WAS ABOUT TO ASK YOU!



WHY, MR. SHARP! YOU'RE ANGRY! POOR LOSER?

ORDINARILY NO... BUT WHEN A FROG JUMPS INTO YOUR NUMBER TWENTY TIMES IN A ROW, THAT AIN'T A COINCIDENCE... IT'S SABOTAGE! HOW DID YOU DO IT?



YOU MEAN THIS ??

WHA --- ??



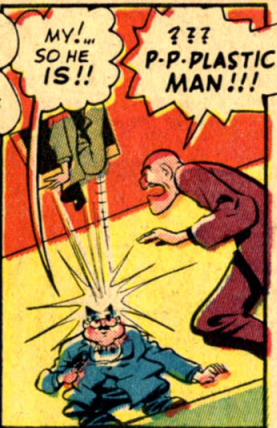
IT'S JUST A STRONG LITTLE BATTERY OPERATED MAGNET I HELD UNDER THE TABLE AT MY NUMBER!

DON'T FEED ME THAT! A MAGNET WON'T ATTRACT A FROG!



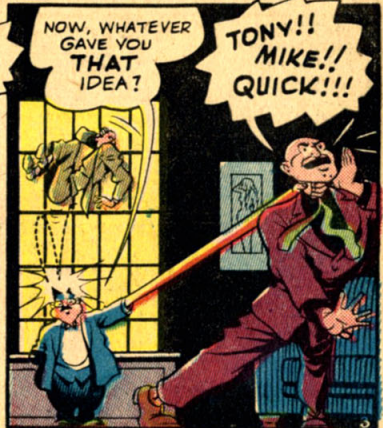
IT WILL, IF YOU FEED THE FROG A LITTLE STEEL BUCK-SHOT!

PRETTY CLEVER! YOU DON'T MIND IF CHARLIE DROPS IN TO SEE IT, DO YOU?... CHARLIE'S MY CHIEF BOUNCER!



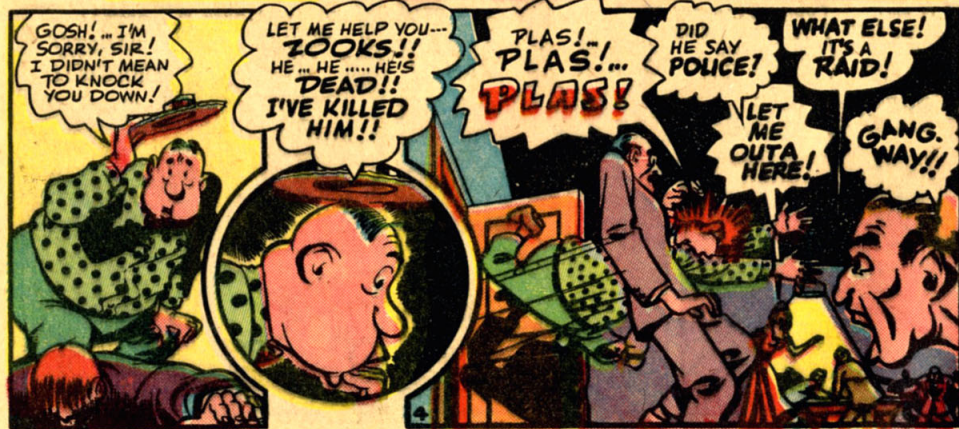
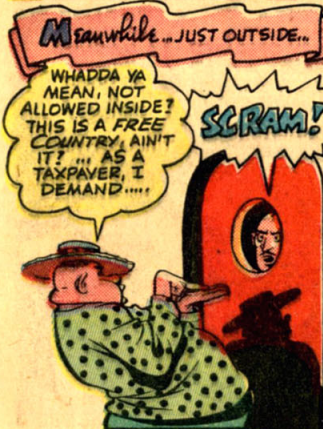
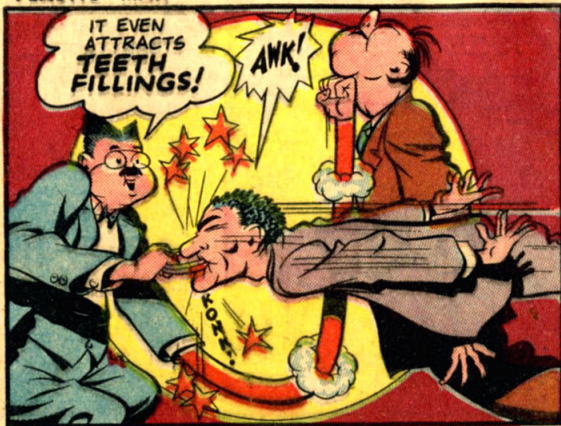
MY!... SO HE IS!!

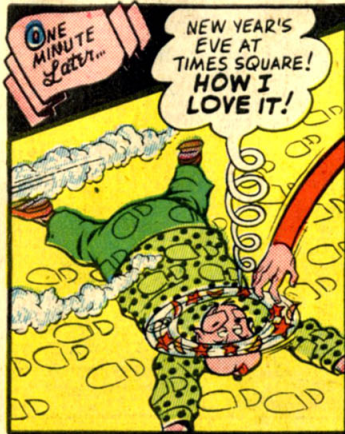
??? P-P-PLASTIC MAN!!!



NOW, WHATEVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?

TONY!! MIKE!! QUICK!!!





ONE MINUTE Later...

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT TIMES SQUARE! HOW I LOVE IT!



HAPPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY!!... SEASON'S GREETIN'S! **WOW!** WHAT WAS IN THAT **SASSPARILLA?**

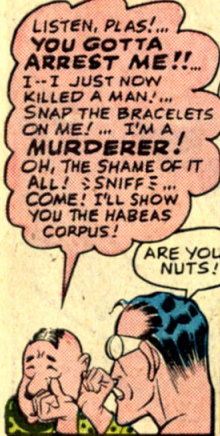
HMMM!



WH-WHERE-- OH, IT'S YOU!!

WHO DID YOU EXPECT? ... **LADY GODIVA!** WHAT WAS ALL THAT YELLING ABOUT?

WHO, ME?? WHY I NEVER-- **OMIGOSH!!** NOW IT COMES BACK!



LISTEN, PLAS!... **YOU GOTTA ARREST ME!!**... I-- I JUST NOW KILLED A MAN!... SNAP THE BRACELETS ON ME!... I'M A **MURDERER!** OH, THE SHAME OF IT ALL!... **COME! I'LL SHOW YOU THE HABEAS CORPUS!**

ARE YOU NUTS!



THERE HE IS!... **STRUCK DEAD BY ME... KILLER WINKS!**... SOB... HE PROBABLY LEFT A WIFE AN' TEN KIDS!... TEN SEMI-ORPHANS-- **TO STARVE!**... SNIFF-SNIFF...

YEAH-- SURE! AND NO DOUBT THE BODY JUST LEFT ON THE **5:15** FOR SHANGRI-LA!



GONE?? BUT IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** I TELL YA, I FELL ON A MAN HERE AND **KILLED HIM!**

IF YOUR NONSENSE HAS ALLOWED SHARP AND HIS GOONS TO RECOVER AND ESCAPE, THERE'LL REALLY BE A MURDER AROUND HERE!



MINUTES LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

HAVE A HEART, PLAS! I **SWEAR** HE WAS DEAD! WHY, HIS BODY WAS **ICY, COLD!**

IN THE FIRST PLACE, IF YOU HAD JUST KILLED HIM, THE BODY'D BE **WARM...** IF THERE WAS A BODY!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



BY GUM! THAT'S RIGHT!... THEN SOMEBODY ELSE MURDERED 'IM!

ER--ER-- NOTHING, CHIEF! I ONLY LET THE **CHANCE CLUB** OPERATORS GET AWAY, THAT'S ALL!



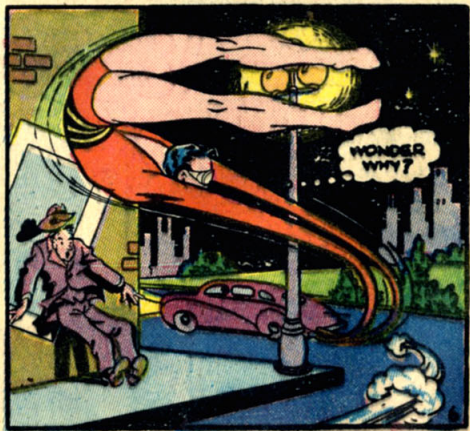
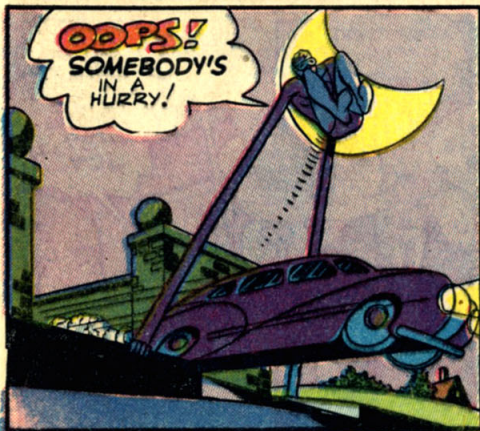
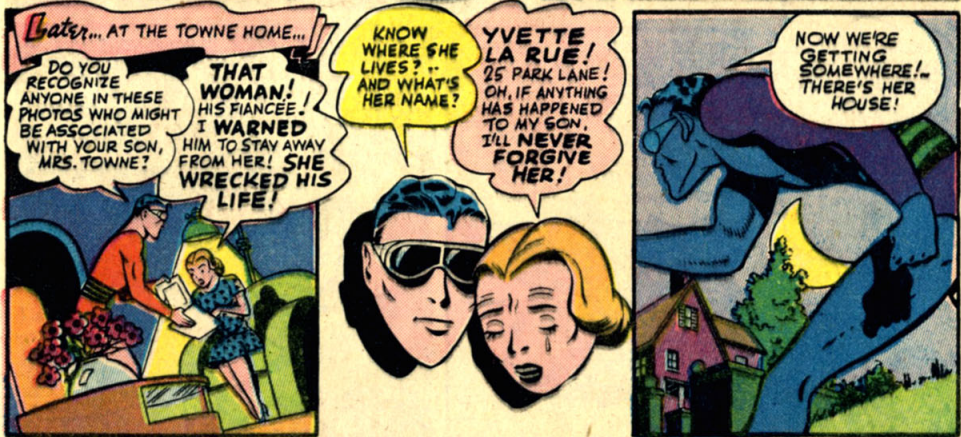
ESCAPED, EH? PLASTIC, YOU'RE SLIPPING!

IT WAS MY FAULT, CHIEF!... BUT, HONEST, I SAW A CORPSE THAT VANISHED! IT LOOKED JUST LIKE...



THIS!

DON'T CALL ME CHIEF! AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE-- **BY JOVE!!**





LEAVING TOWN, MISS LA RUE? ... OR DO YOU ALWAYS PACK YOUR BAGS FOR A TRIP TO THE DRUG STORE?

HUH??
...ULP!!



WHAT D'YOU WANT, COPPER?

WHY DID YOU KILL JAMES TOWNE?



JIMMY... DEAD??
...OH, NO!!
THEY WOULDN'T DARE!

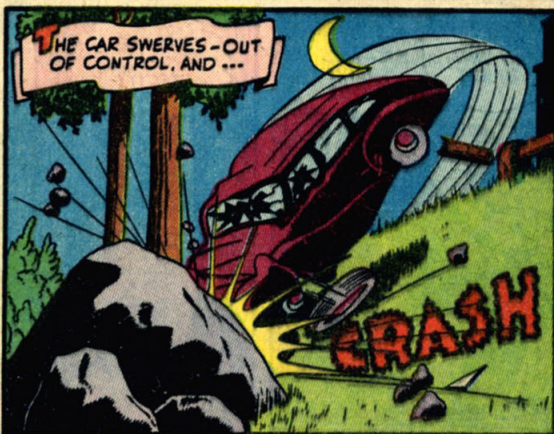
QUITE AN ACT, MISS LA RUE! ...EVER GO IN FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS?



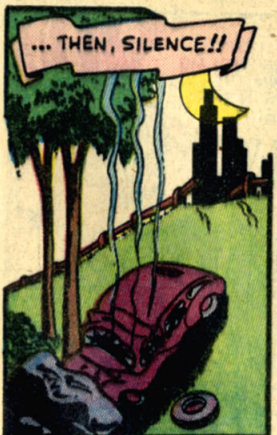
I DIDN'T DO IT! ... BUT I KNOW WHO DID...
THE SWINE!



HE WAS KILLED BY...
OOOOO OOH!



THE CAR SWERVES - OUT OF CONTROL, AND ...



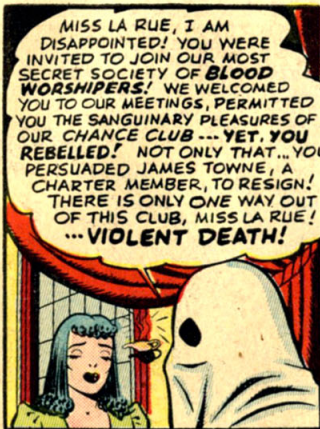
... THEN, SILENCE!!



FINALLY, ONLY ONE FIGURE EMERGES -- THAT OF YVETTE LA RUE!

MUST-- HURRY!
THEY'LL BE BACK!

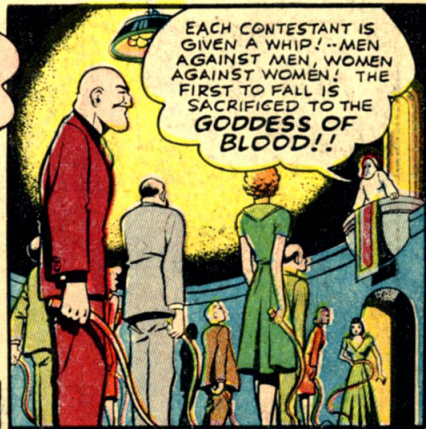




MISS LA RUE, I AM DISAPPOINTED! YOU WERE INVITED TO JOIN OUR MOST SECRET SOCIETY OF BLOOD WORSHIPERS! WE WELCOMED YOU TO OUR MEETINGS, PERMITTED YOU THE SANGUINARY PLEASURES OF OUR CHANCE CLUB --- YET YOU REBELLED! NOT ONLY THAT --- YOU PERSUADED JAMES TOWNE, A CHARTER MEMBER, TO RESIGN! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS CLUB, MISS LA RUE! --- VIOLENT DEATH!



BUT BEFORE YOU --ER-- RESIGN, I SHALL GRANT YOU THE RIGHT OF ALL NEW MEMBERS TO PARTICIPATE IN THE ANNUAL GAME OF DEATH!
... COME !!



EACH CONTESTANT IS GIVEN A WHIP! --MEN AGAINST MEN, WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN! THE FIRST TO FALL IS SACRIFICED TO THE GODDESS OF BLOOD!!



AT LENGTH, ONE WEAKENS ---- YVETTE! THE OTHERS RUSH IN FOR THE KILL!



A FALL!

CONGRATULATIONS, MISS LA RUE!



CLEAR THE ARENA AND DRESS YOUR WOUNDS! --ALL EXCEPT YOU, MISS LA RUE! THE GAME OF DEATH IS ONLY BEGINNING!





AND NOW MISTER PLASTIC MAN... YOU'RE AT MY MERCY!



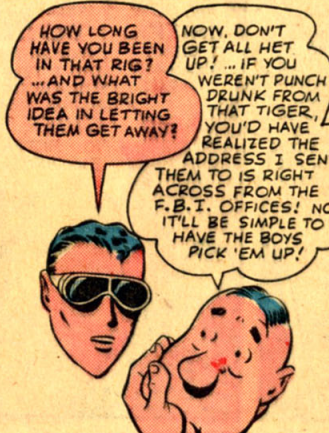
THIS ENCLOSURE ISN'T AS CONFINING AS YOU MAY THINK!!

OINK!



THE BALL IS OVER, SWEETHEART-- TIME TO UNMASK!!...
...???
WOOZY!!!

AW... YOU NEVER LET ME HAVE ANY FUN!



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THAT RIG? ...AND WHAT WAS THE BRIGHT IDEA IN LETTING THEM GET AWAY?

NOW, DON'T GET ALL HET UP! ... IF YOU WEREN'T PUNCH DRUNK FROM THAT TIGER, YOU'D HAVE REALIZED THE ADDRESS I SENT THEM TO IS RIGHT ACROSS FROM THE F. B. I. OFFICES! NOW, IT'LL BE SIMPLE TO HAVE THE BOYS PICK 'EM UP!



I GOT HERE WHILE YOU WERE GIVIN' YOUR ILLUSTRATED LECTURE! ... I KONKED THE LEADER ON THE BEAN AN' SLIPPED ON THIS K.K.K. EVENING GOWN!

WOOZY! I'M PROUD OF YOU! BUT THE LEADER-- WHERE IS HE?



IT'S NOT A HE ... IT'S A HER!!

MRS. TOWNE! THEN SHE CONDEMNED HER OWN SON TO DEATH!!



THIS MESS IS MORE CONFUSING THAN EVER! LET'S GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND SEE IF WE CAN FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER!... MRS. TOWNE!! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT!!!

SOME NIGHT, HEY, PAL?

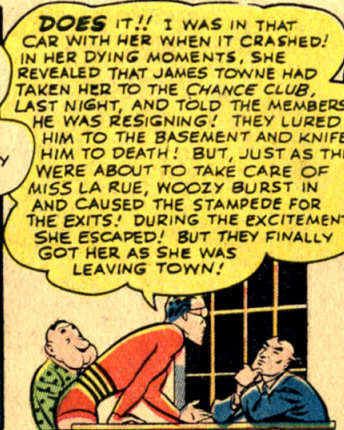


Later -- AT F. B. I. HEADQUARTERS--

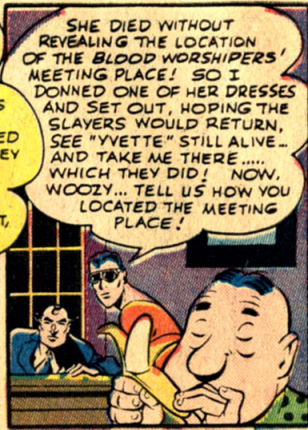
WE GOT A FULL CONFESSION OF GUILT FROM THE CULT MEMBERS, PLASTIC! IT SEEMS THEY OPERATED THE CHANCE CLUB AS A SORT OF RECRUITING STATION FOR NEW MEMBERS -- TO FIND OUT HOW RECEPTIVE THEY WERE TO IDEAS OF CRUELTY!



... JAMES TOWNE WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY GENERAL VOTE, SO THEY ARE ALL GUILTY OF THE CRIME! HIS BODY WAS DUMPED INTO THE NORTH RIVER! AND, BY THE WAY, A MISS YVETTE LA RUE WAS FOUND DEAD IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, HER BODY RIDDLED WITH SLUGS! DOES THAT TIE UP ANYWHERE, PLASTIC?



DOES IT!! I WAS IN THAT CAR WITH HER WHEN IT CRASHED! IN HER DYING MOMENTS, SHE REVEALED THAT JAMES TOWNE HAD TAKEN HER TO THE CHANCE CLUB, LAST NIGHT, AND TOLD THE MEMBERS HE WAS RESIGNING! THEY LURED HIM TO THE BASEMENT AND KNIFED HIM TO DEATH! BUT, JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF MISS LA RUE, WOOLZY BURST IN AND CAUSED THE STAMPEDE FOR THE EXITS! DURING THE EXCITEMENT, SHE ESCAPED! BUT THEY FINALLY GOT HER AS SHE WAS LEAVING TOWN!



SHE DIED WITHOUT REVEALING THE LOCATION OF THE BLOOD WORSHIPERS' MEETING PLACE! SO I DONNED ONE OF HER DRESSES AND SET OUT, HOPING THE SLAYERS WOULD RETURN, SEE "YVETTE" STILL ALIVE... AND TAKE ME THERE... WHICH THEY DID! NOW, WOOLZY... TELL US HOW YOU LOCATED THE MEETING PLACE!



AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'... WHEN ME AN' THE BOYS WENT BACK TO THE CHANCE CLUB, I FOUND A CARD WITH THE CULT'S ADDRESS ON IT, CHIEF!

AND, OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T LET MY MEN IN ON YOUR LITTLE SECRET, COULD YOU? ... YOU WANTED TO BE A GREAT BIG HERO AND SOLVE THE MURDER ALL BY YOUR LITTLE SELF!



AW, NOW, CHIEF!... I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

WELL, I DO!!! AND WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME "CHIEF," YOU BIG FAT EX-DIP?



...AND STAY OUT!!!

COME ON, PAL!... LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE ...AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!



MEBBY YOU'RE RIGHT! ... THIS WHOLE GORY CASE HAS MY NERVES FRAZZLED! WHAT'S SHOWIN' AT THE STRAND?

A SWELL PICTURE-- "THE BLOODY HAND!"



NO!... NO!! I COULDN'T STAND IT!!



I TELL YOU, IF I EVER HEAR OR SEE THE WORD BLOOD AGAIN, I'LL SCREAM!

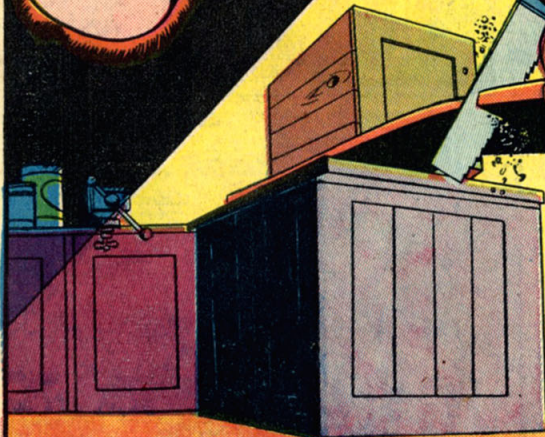
THEN YOU'D BETTER START TUNING UP YOUR VOCAL CHORDS!

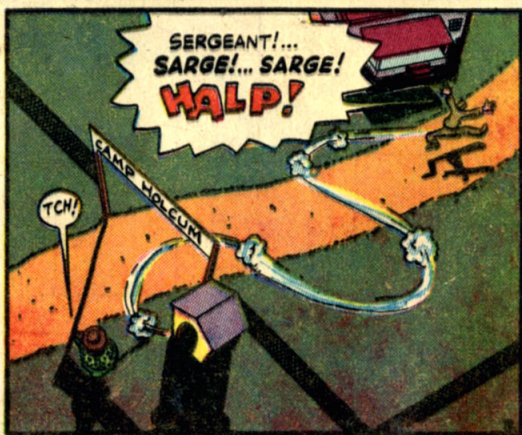
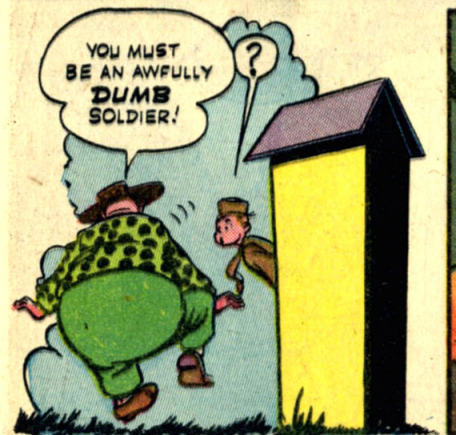
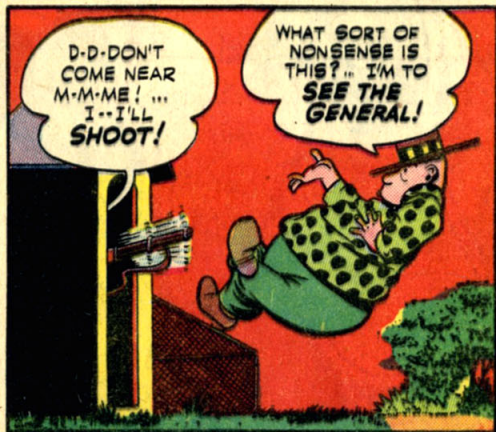
AND SO, DEAR READER... NO MATTER WHICH PERSON YOU SELECTED AS THE KILLER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY, YOU WERE RIGHT! FOR THEY WERE ALL GUILTY!

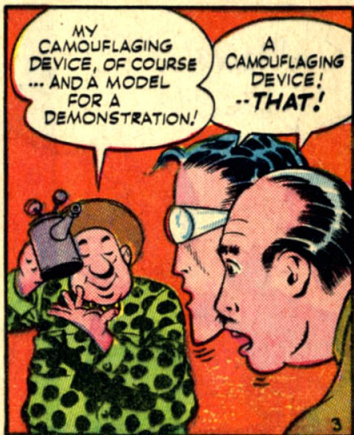
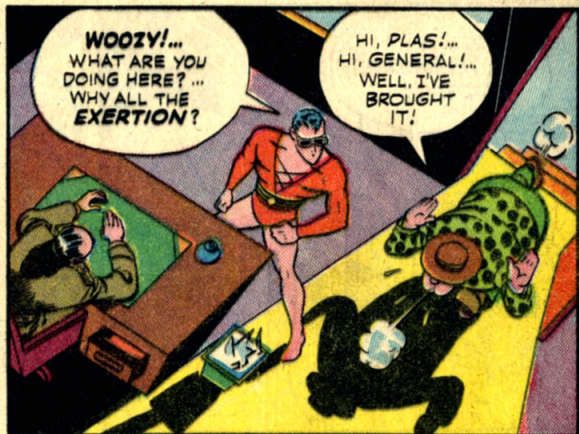
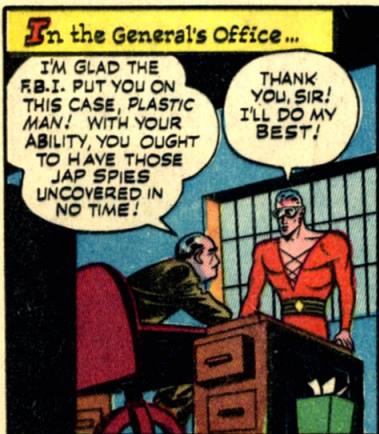
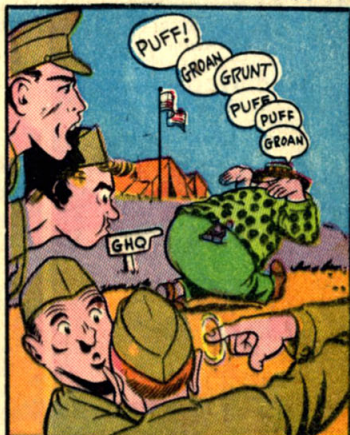
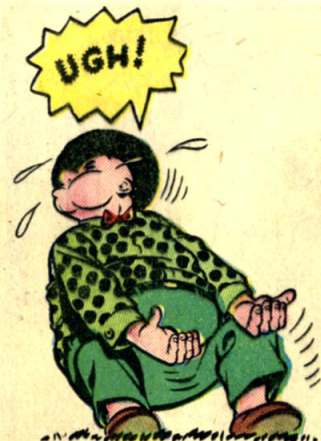
PLASTIC MAN

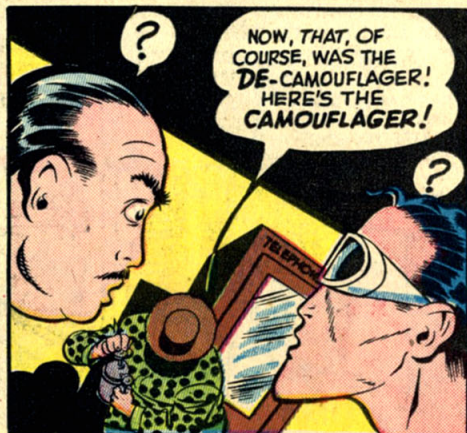
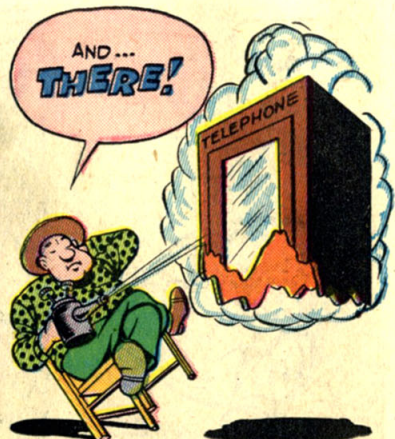
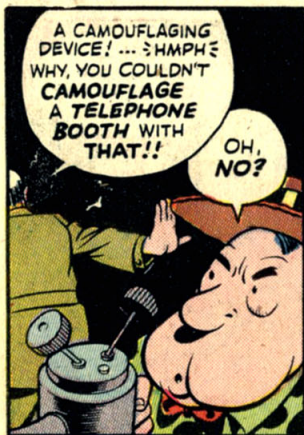
WOOZY!

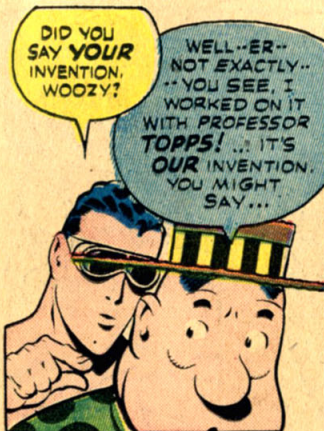
DON'T MIND HIM, FOLKS! ... HE'S JUST CHURNED UP 'CAUSE HE LOST HIS BODY! ... AND I, **WOOZY WINKS**, THE GREAT INVENTOR, AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS WHERE IT IS!

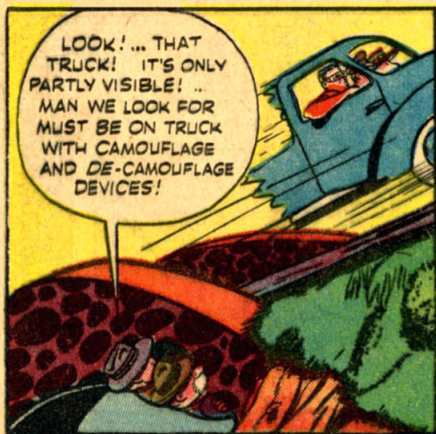
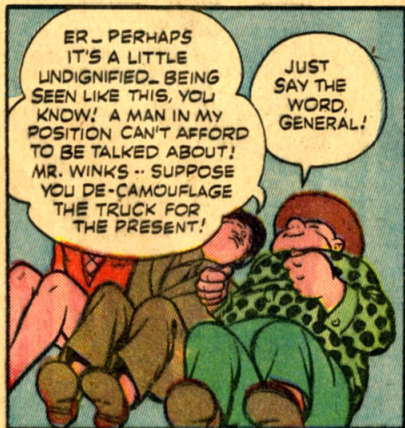


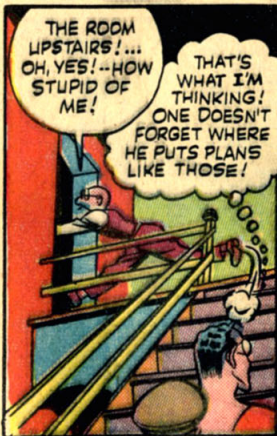
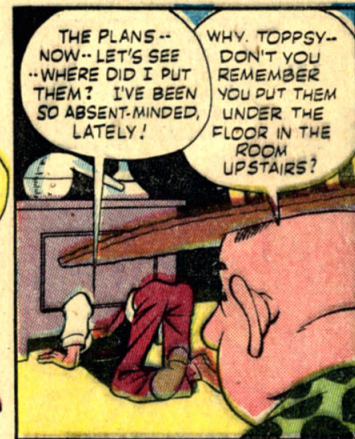


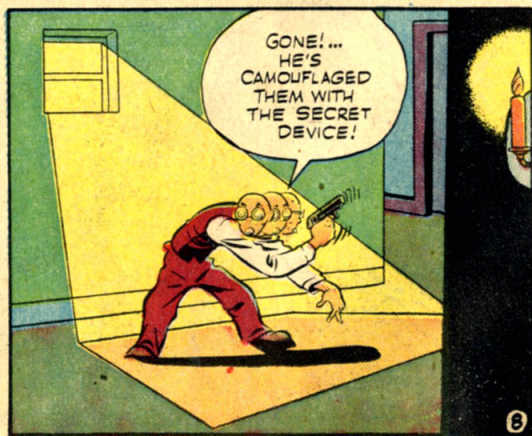
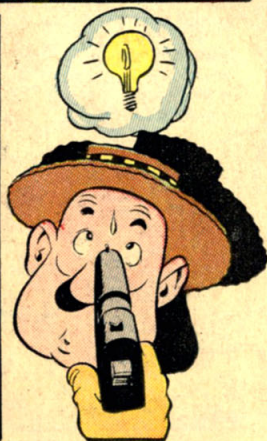
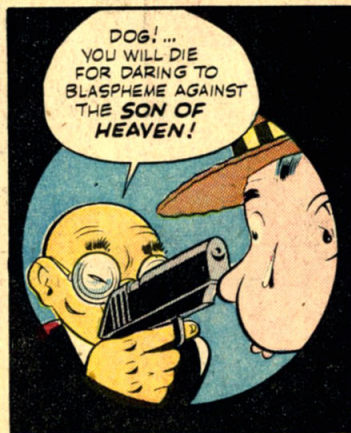
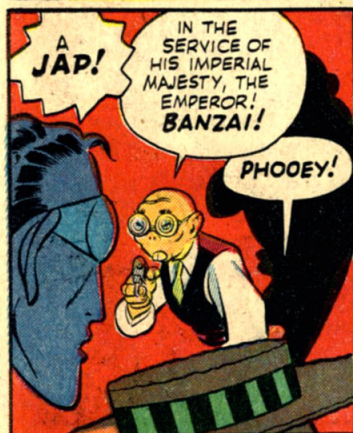
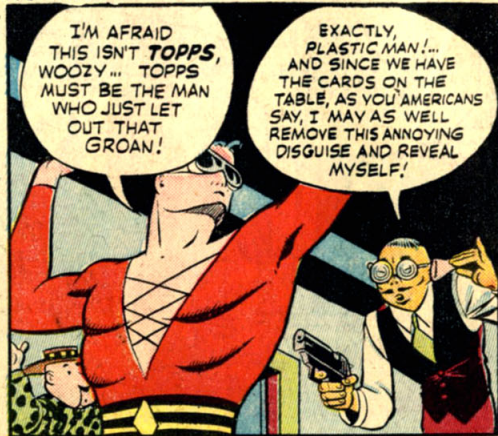


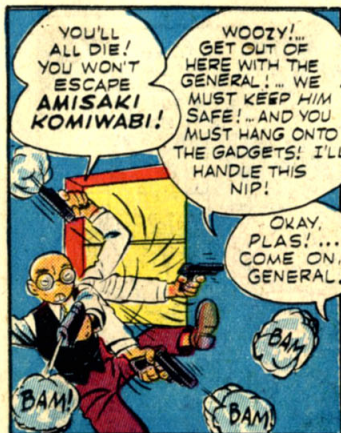












YOU'LL ALL DIE!
YOU WON'T ESCAPE
AMISAKI
KOMIWABI!

WOOZY!...
GET OUT OF
HERE WITH THE
GENERAL!... WE
MUST KEEP HIM
SAFE!... AND YOU
MUST HANG ONTO
THE GADGETS; I'LL
HANDLE THIS
NIP!

OKAY,
PLAS!...
COME ON,
GENERAL!

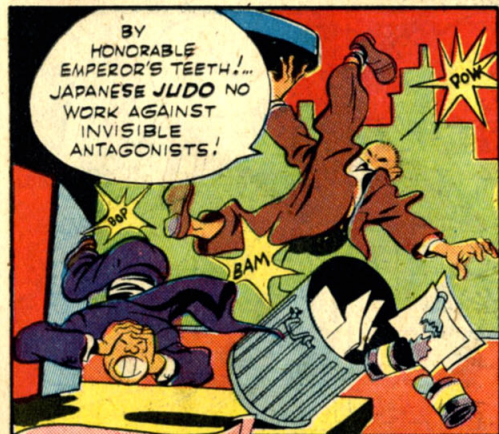


LOOK!... THOSE
TWO MEN MUST BE
IN DISGUISE, TOO!...
BUT THEY CAN'T SEE
US! DOES THAT GIVE
YOU AN IDEA,
GENERAL?



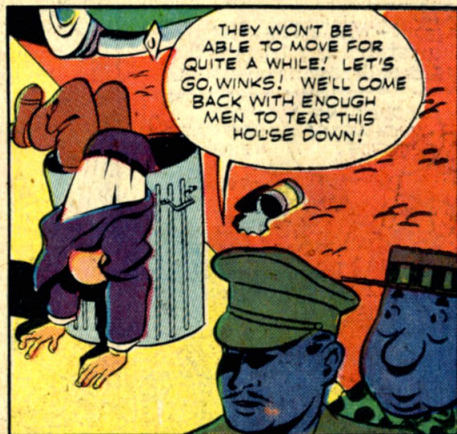
C'MERE,
YOU!

...WHAT
STRANGE
THING THIS?
ME NO SEE NO-
BODY BUT ME
BODY BEING
BAD HURT!



BY
HONORABLE
EMPEROR'S TEETH!...
JAPANESE JUDO NO
WORK AGAINST
INVISIBLE
ANTAGONISTS!

POW!



THEY WON'T BE
ABLE TO MOVE FOR
QUITE A WHILE! LET'S
GO, WINKS! WE'LL COME
BACK WITH ENOUGH
MEN TO TEAR THIS
HOUSE DOWN!



MEANWHILE-- INSIDE
THE HOUSE...

YOU CAN
NOT REMAIN
CONCEALED
FOREVER!

WHEN MY
BULLETS ENTER
YOUR
HEARTS, WE
SEE YOU!

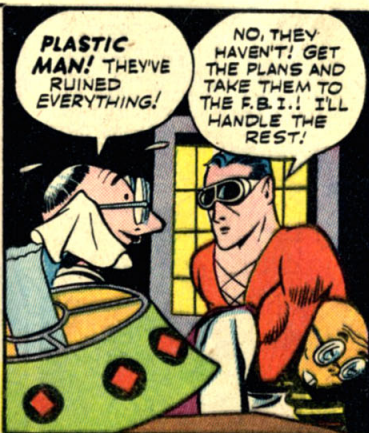
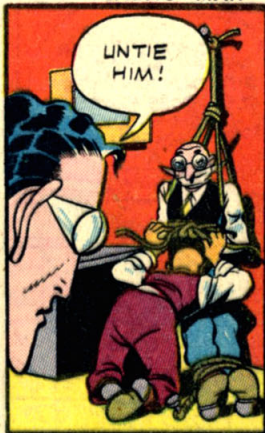
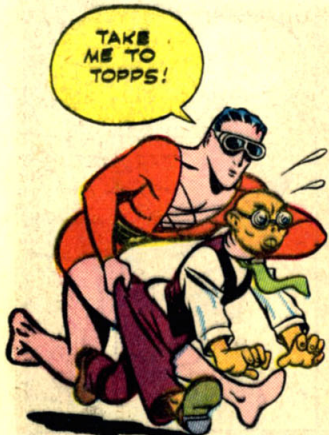
YOU'LL
SEE ME
SOONER THAN
THAT,
HORSE-TEETH!



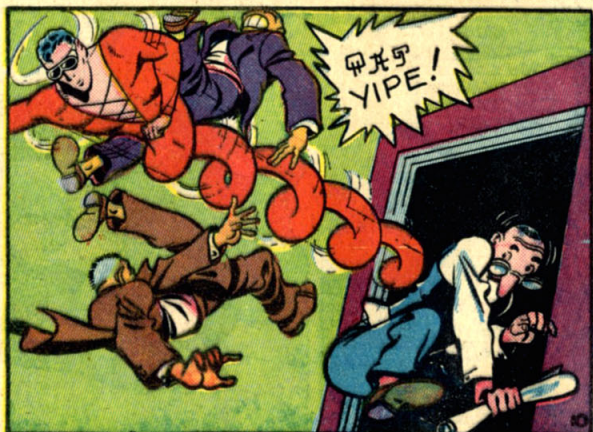
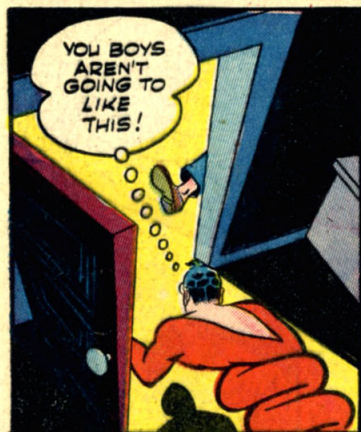
SEE
ANYTHING
NOW?



I COULD
FINISH YOU NOW
AND RID THE WORLD
OF ANOTHER RAT...
BUT HEADQUARTERS
MIGHT WANT TO
TALK TO YOU!

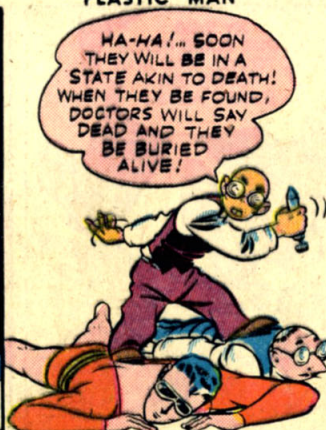


But... while Topps hastens upstairs, the Japs on the sidewalk regain consciousness!





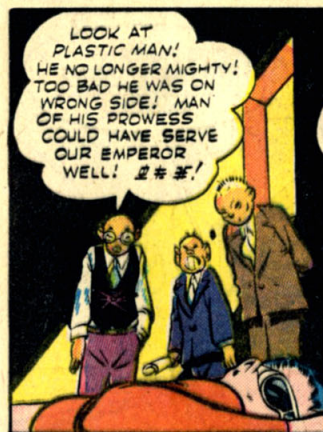
MY DRUG OF THE DEAD WILL STOP THEM!



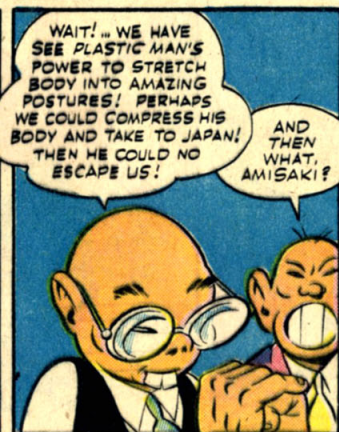
HA-HA!... SOON THEY WILL BE IN A STATE AKIN TO DEATH! WHEN THEY BE FOUND, DOCTORS WILL SAY DEAD AND THEY BE BURIED ALIVE!



HA! THE PLANS ARE ENOUGH PLENTY! WE CAN CONSTRUCT CAMOUFLAGE DEVICES FROM THESE! HA!



LOOK AT PLASTIC MAN! HE NO LONGER MIGHTY! TOO BAD HE WAS ON WRONG SIDE! MAN OF HIS PROWESS COULD HAVE SERVE OUR EMPEROR WELL! 皇々々!



WAIT!... WE HAVE SEE PLASTIC MAN'S POWER TO STRETCH BODY INTO AMAZING POSTURES! PERHAPS WE COULD COMPRESS HIS BODY AND TAKE TO JAPAN! THEN HE COULD NO ESCAPE US!

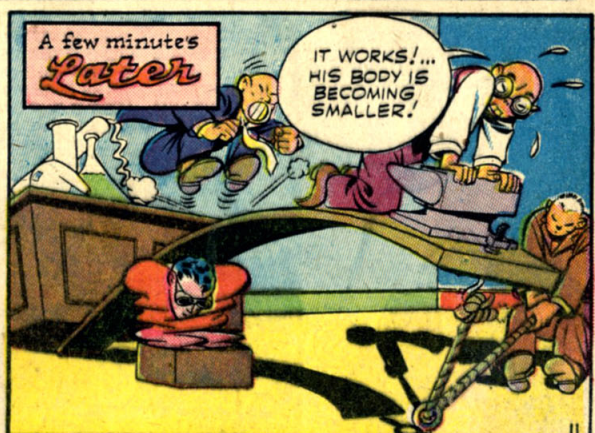
AND THEN WHAT, AMISAKI?



THEN IMPERIAL TORTURERS WOULD FIND WAYS PERSUADE HIM ENTER SERVICE OF HONORABLE EMPEROR!

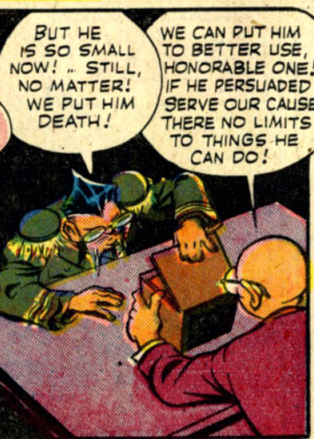
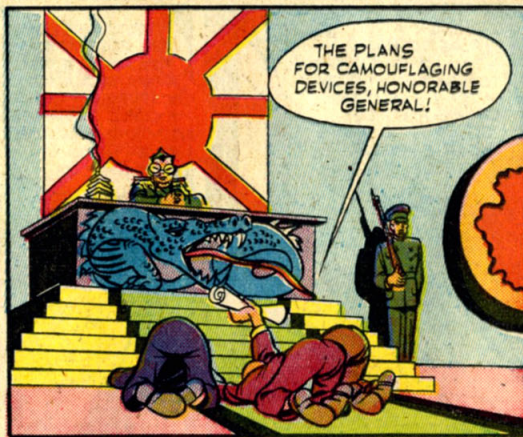
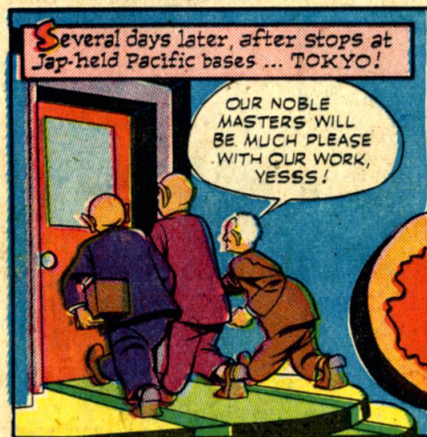
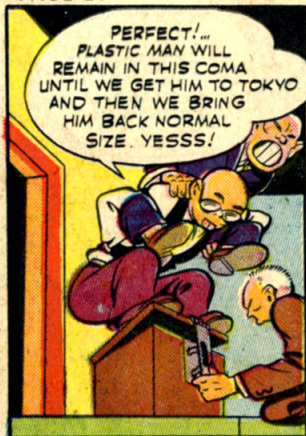


BRING, PLEASE, SOME IRON RODS FROM BASEMENT!



A few minutes Later

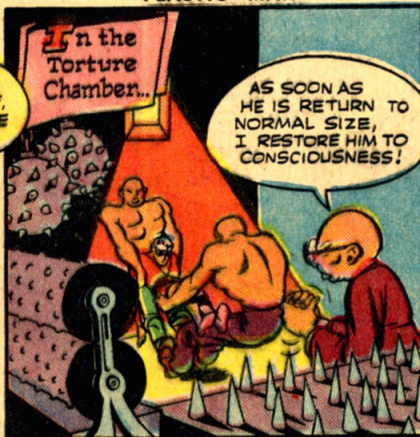
IT WORKS!... HIS BODY IS BECOMING SMALLER!





TAKE PLASTIC MAN TO TORTURE CHAMBER!

WITH PLEASURE, HONORABLE ONE!

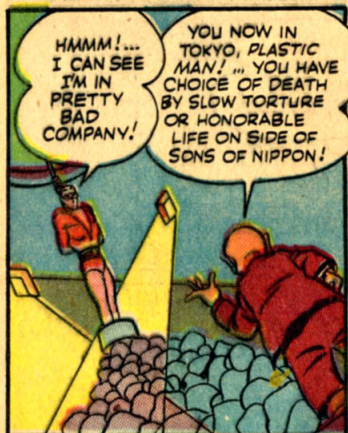


In the Torture Chamber...

AS SOON AS HE IS RETURN TO NORMAL SIZE, I RESTORE HIM TO CONSCIOUSNESS!



THERE! ... HE REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS! THE REST IS IN HANDS OF HONORABLE TORTURERS!



HMMM! ... I CAN SEE I'M IN PRETTY BAD COMPANY!

YOU NOW IN TOKYO, PLASTIC MAN! ... YOU HAVE CHOICE OF DEATH BY SLOW TORTURE OR HONORABLE LIFE ON SIDE OF SONS OF NIPPON!



AS EACH OF ROCKS IS REMOVED, ROPE WILL GROW TIGHTER AROUND YOUR NECK!

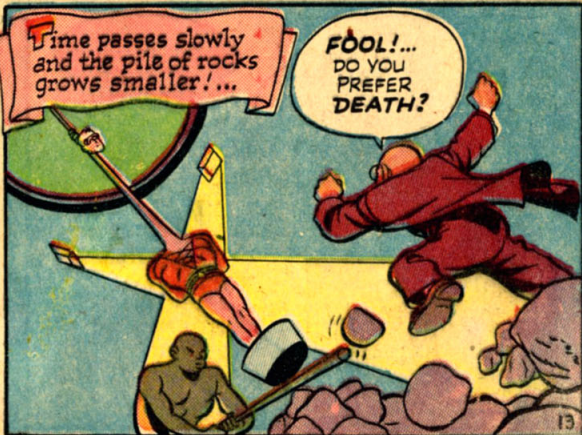
DECIDE, PLASTIC MAN!

NICE IDEA OF FUN YOU MONKEYS HAVE!



SOON YOU DIE, PLASTIC MAN! ... WE OFFER YOU USEFUL LIFE FOR WORTHY CAUSE!

THE CAUSE OF RATS!



Time passes slowly and the pile of rocks grows smaller! ...

FOOL! ... DO YOU PREFER DEATH?

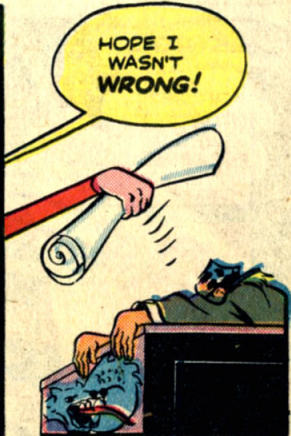




THOSE MAY BE THE PLANS!
...IT'S WORTH A TRY!



竟犯笨!
OINK!
咒咒咒!!



HOPE I WASN'T WRONG!



THEY'RE THE PLANS, ALL RIGHT!
NOW TO GET HOME... I HOPE!



After a hazardous journey through the city...

THAT CHAP LOOKS LIKE AN AMERICAN!

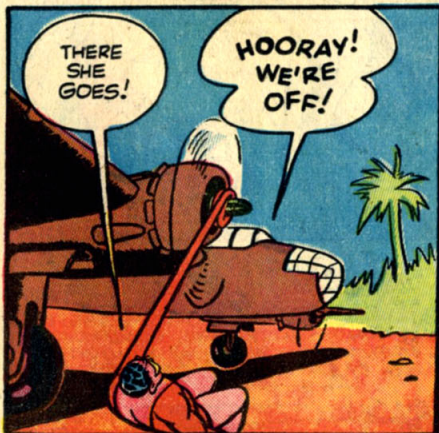
HI, THERE!

PLASTIC MAN!



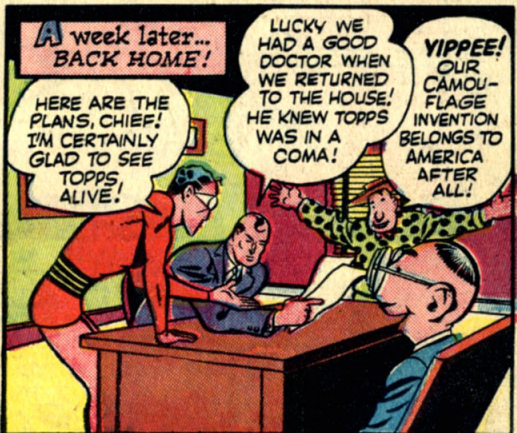
I WAS SHOT DOWN IN AN AIR RAID!... I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS SHIP ALL NIGHT AND I'VE ABOUT GOT IT PATCHED UP... ALL I NEED TO DO NOW IS GET THE PROPS GOING!

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO DO THAT FOR YOU!



THERE SHE GOES!

HOORAY! WE'RE OFF!



A week later... BACK HOME!

HERE ARE THE PLANS, CHIEF! I'M CERTAINLY GLAD TO SEE TOPPS ALIVE!

LUCKY WE HAD A GOOD DOCTOR WHEN WE RETURNED TO THE HOUSE! HE KNEW TOPPS WAS IN A COMA!

YIPPEE! OUR CAMOUFLAGE INVENTION BELONGS TO AMERICA AFTER ALL!



MAN THIS IS NOT A PRETTY STORY!... ONE CAN HARDLY WRITE ABOUT THE UGLY ORPHAN, WILLIE McGOON, IN HAPPY PHRASES... FOR POOR WILLIE - "THE GOON" TO HIS CLASSMATES - LIVED IN CONSTANT GRIEF!... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND STILL IN GRADE SCHOOL, HE WAS DERIDED FOR HIS IGNOMINIOUS "THE TARGET OF EVERY MEAN TRICK IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!" THOUGH STRONG AS A LION, WILLIE HAD NO TASTE FOR REVENGE!... HIS ONLY DESIRE IN LIFE WAS TO FIND, SOMEWHERE, SOMEHOW, A FRIEND... JUST ONE FRIEND!!! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THIS SIMPLE AMBITION IS REALIZED, CREATES THE MOST ASTOUNDING CASE IN THE CAREER OF

PLASTIC MAN!!!

EVERY DAY IS THE SAME TO WILLIE MCGOON THE SNEERS OF ADULTS...THE JEERS OF CHILDREN!! HAVING THE BODY OF A MAN AND THE MIND OF A CHILD, HE IS REJECTED BY BOTH--AN OUTCAST OF SOCIETY!!

HA! HA!! THERE GOES THE GOON AGAIN!... ON THE RUN AS USUAL!!

WHY DOESN'T HE STAND AND FIGHT?

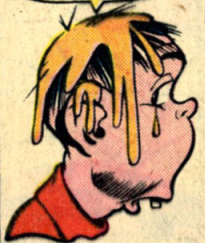
YELLOW IS THE WORD!

YELLOW? NOT WILLIE! HE JUST COULDN'T HARM HIS FELLOW MAN!

'TAINT THEIR FAULT....IT'S MUH UGLY FACE!! I-I DON'T BLAME THEM FER HATIN' ME!!

BUT EACH NIGHT IN HIS DINGY ROOM HE HOPED...

MEBBE TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFRUNT! THEY CAN'T HATE ME FEREVER..... I HOPE!



WHEN, ONE AFTERNOON...

SSST! HERE HE COMES!! ALL SET?

PAPER! READ ALL 'BOUT IT!

READY!

HI, THERE, GOONIE, OLE KID!!

LO, FELLERS! WHUTCHA DOIN'??

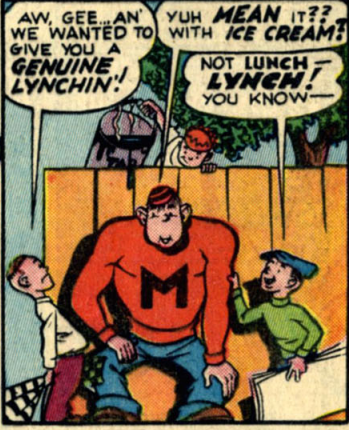
OH, JUST PLAYIN' VIGILANTE! WANNA GET IN ON THE FUN?

GORSK. THANKS! BUT MEBBE I'D BEST FINISH MUH PAPERS!

AW, GEE...AN' WE WANTED TO GIVE YOU A GENUINE LYNCHIN'!

YUH MEAN IT?? WITH ICE CREAM?

NOT LUNCH--LYNCH! YOU KNOW--



...LIKE THIS!! OH!!



HELP!! MUH FACE! GROAN: C-CAN'T SEE!!

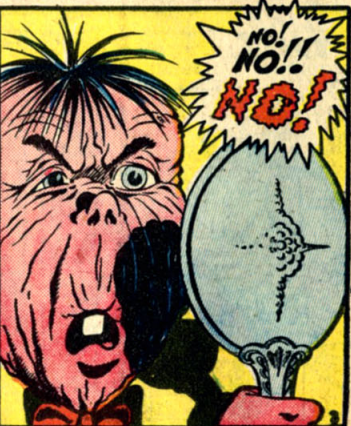
HA! HA! HA! WHAT A GOOP! HO-HO-HO! NO, NO, NO!

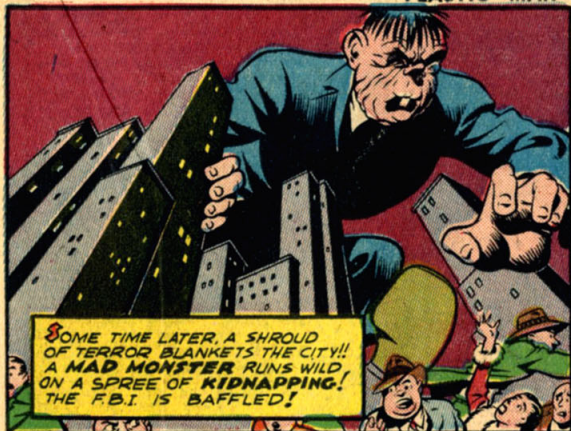
LOOKIT 'IM TEAR! HEE HEE!



OHHHHH!! WHY DO THEY...DO...IT? :; soa :; MIGHT'S WELL DIE! PLEEZE LET..



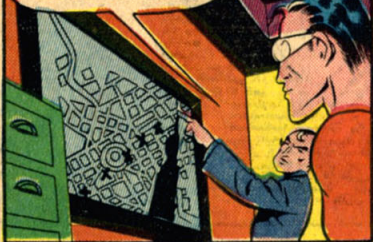




BUT AS WEEKS GO BY, THE CRIMES TAKE ON A DEFINITE PATTERN...

...AND THIS MAP SHOWS THAT THE KIDNAP SPOTS FORM A STRAIGHT LINE THROUGH THE CITY!... WHICH MEANS THE NEXT JOB WILL PROBABLY BE PULLED ABOUT **HERE!!**

AND YOU WANT A POLICE GORDON AROUND THAT DISTRICT!



I'LL ROUND UP THE BOYS RIGHT AWAY AND —?? TCH! TCH! WOZZY! EAVESDROPPING AT YOUR AGE!!

HONEST, PLAS... I DIDN'T HEAR A THING!



...ANYWAY, YOU'RE GONNA NEED HELP TONIGHT! CAN I GET IN ON IT, NUH?

DI'DN'T HEAR A THING, EH? OKAY ITCHY-EARS... SINCE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT!



NIGHT FALLS AND MEN WAIT....

SEE ANYTHING YET?

NOT A SIGN!



FINALLY... THERE SHE BLOWS!! IF THAT AINT HIM I'LL EAT MY KLEENEX!

HELP!

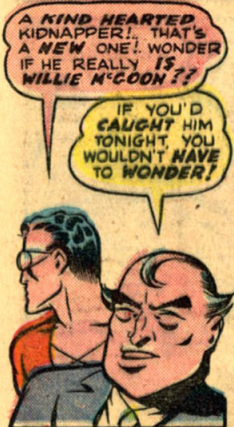
HELP!

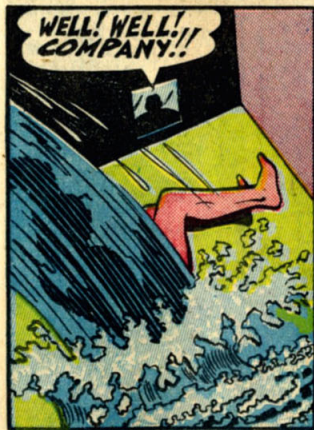
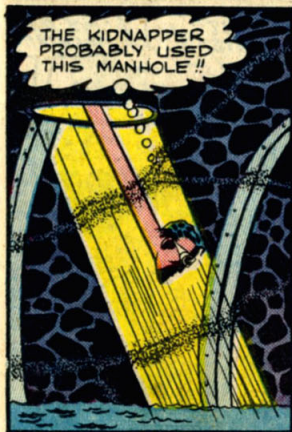
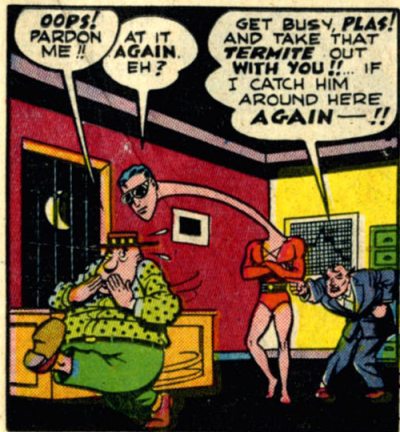


OHMIGOSH!! HE'S HEADED THIS WAY!!! IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP HIM!!



H-HERE GOES NUTHIN'!





OOPS! PARDON ME!!

AT IT AGAIN EH?

GET BUSY, PLAS! AND TAKE THAT **TERNITE** OUT WITH YOU!!... IF I CATCH HIM AROUND HERE **AGAIN**—!!

YOU HEARD I'M **PLAS**... YOU GOTTA TAKE ME ALONG!!

UH-HUH! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU CAN HELP!

WHY YOU—!! **LEMMIE OUTTA HERE!!** YA CANT DO THIS! **LEMMIE OUT!**

SURE!! IN **ONE HOUR!** JUST LIKE **PLASTIC MAN SAID!!**

THE KIDNAPPER PROBABLY USED THIS MANHOLE!!

...AND HE MUST HAVE HAD A **BOAT**...UNLESS HIS FEET ARE BUILT LIKE **MINE!!**

SUDDENLY...

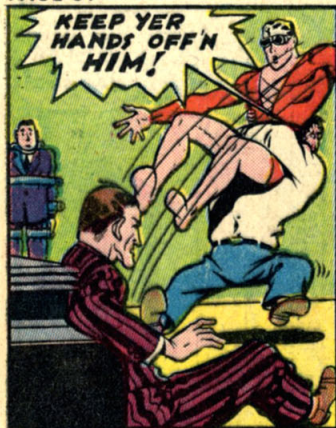
WH??... A WHIRLPOOL!!—WASNT HERE A **SECOND AGO!!**

WELL! WELL!! COMPANY!!

THIS IS OUR **GUEST ROOM!** THE ROOF LEAKS A LITTLE, BUT YOU WON'T MIND IT—AFTER THE WATER REACHES THE **CEILING!!**

NOW, WHAT KIND OF A WELCOME IS **THAT?**

CRASH!



KEEP YER HANDS OFF'N HIM!



AN' DON'T DO IT AGIN! YUH ORTA BE ASHAMED!!

GOOD BOY WILLIE! RIGHT UNDER THE PARALYZER RAY!



HE CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE... NOT EVEN TO BREATHE!! HE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HIS MISERY, POOR CHAP!!

BUT DO YUH HAFF T' KILL HIM??



DISTRESSING, ISN'T IT? BUT NOTHING MUST JEOPARDIZE THE GREAT WORK WE —

OOF!!

*** SPLUT *
* GLUB *
I'VE BEEN SCUTTLED!
* SPUTTER ***



YUH HURT MUM FRIEND!! I'LL —?

MY RAY MACHINE!

*** SPLUT! *
MAN THE PUMPS!!
PITOOOIE!!**



THANKS FOR POSTPONING MY FUNERAL, PAL!! BUT HOW'D YOU GET OUT?

IT'S A LUCKY THING FOR YOU I CAN PICK LOCKS! AN WHAT A TIME I HAD GETTIN THE CANOE DOWN THAT MAN-HOLE!!



WELL LET'S TAKE —?? THEY'VE DROPPED A GLASSITE WALL!!

W-WE'RE TRAPPED!

HA! TRY BREAKING THROUGH THAT ONE!!



STAND GUARD WILLIE. WHILE I TAKE OUR LATEST PATIENT OUT TO THE LAB! TIME IS PRESSING!

YUP!



THE PROF. EXITS...
WHY DO YOU DO IT, WILLIE?. DON'T YOU KNOW KIDNAPPING IS A CAPITAL OFFENSE?

I KNOW, MISTER BUT—

PROFESSOR SEZ, IT'S FER THUH GOOD O' HUMANITY... HE'S FIXIN' A GAS WHAT'LL MAKE ALL FOLKS GOOD! HE NEEDS PEOPLE T' SPERIMENT ON AN' THAS WHY I'M HELPIN' 'IM... IT'S MUH DOOTY! HEY GONNA SAVE TH' WORLD!



THEN WHY IS HE ASKING MONEY FOR THEIR RELEASE?

HE AINT!

BUT HE IS!

YER LYIN!

DID YOU ASK 'IM?

NO, BUT—



THEN WHY DONT YOU FIND OUT? HE'S TRICKING YOU INTO A LIFE OF CRIME!

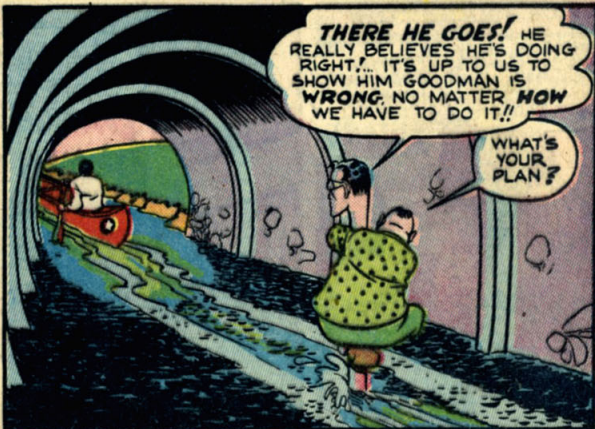
TAINT SO! AN' JUS' T' PROVE IT, I'LL GO AN' ASK 'IM RIGHT, NOW!!



HE BIT ON IT!! NOW IF I CAN ONLY REACH THAT BUTTON.

BUT I THOUGHT THERE WEREN'T ANY RANSOM NOTES!!

RIGHT BUT HOW ELSE COULD WE GET HIM TO LEAD US TO THEIR SECRET LAB?



THERE HE GOES! HE REALLY BELIEVES HE'S DOING RIGHT... IT'S UP TO US TO SHOW HIM GOODMAN IS WRONG. NO MATTER HOW WE HAVE TO DO IT!!

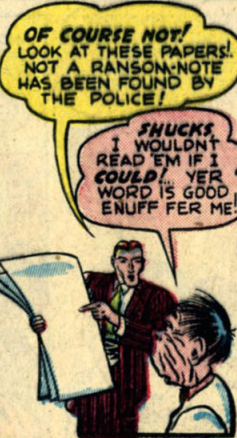
WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?



WATER ON A SECLUDED FARM ON THE CITY'S OUTFKIRTS.....

EH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M SORRY PROFESSOR, BUT I HAD TO COME! THEY SAID YER GETTIN MONEY FER THUH VICTIMS! IT AINT TRUE. IS IT??



OF COURSE NOT! LOOK AT THESE PAPERS! NOT A RANSOM-NOTE HAS BEEN FOUND BY THE POLICE!

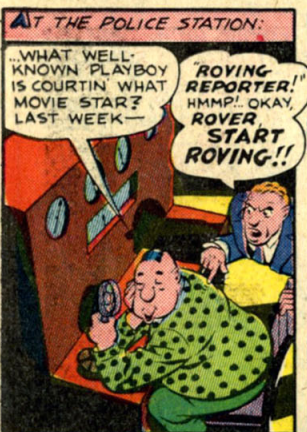
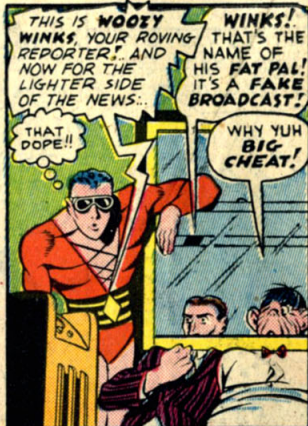
SHUCKS, I WOULDN'T READ 'EM IF I COULD! YER WORD IS GOOD ENUFF FER ME!



YOU'RE A TOUGH MAN TO CONVINC, WILLIE!!

??

??? NOW HOW DID HE GET LOOSE?



AND HOW WELL I PLANNED IT... IT WAS EASY TRICKING STUPID WILLIE INTO KIDNAPPING VICTIMS FOR ME! HA HA! IF HE ONLY KNEW THE REAL PURPOSE BEHIND IT ALL... I FORCED THEM TO OPERATE MY SUPER BORING MACHINE... THEY'VE DRILLED FIFTY MILES DOWN INTO THE EARTH!! THAT RUMBLE MEANS THEY'VE HIT **MOLTEN LAVA!** ALL BUT TONIGHT'S VICTIM ARE **DEAD!**



WHEN WILLIE OPENS THE FLOOD GATE, THE ENTIRE CITY WILL BE BURIED BENEATH **THE WORLD'S FIRST MAN-MADE VOLCANO !!!**

WELL HERE'S WISHING YOU GENTLEMEN A PLEASANT DEATH!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

TIME'S UP!! RECKON THIS IS TH' WHEEL HE MEANT!



IT-IT'S HOPELESS!... CAN'T EVEN BUDGE! IF ONLY I COULD STOP WILLIE !!

THAT GLUE HAS BOUND ME UP LIKE A POPCORN BALL !!

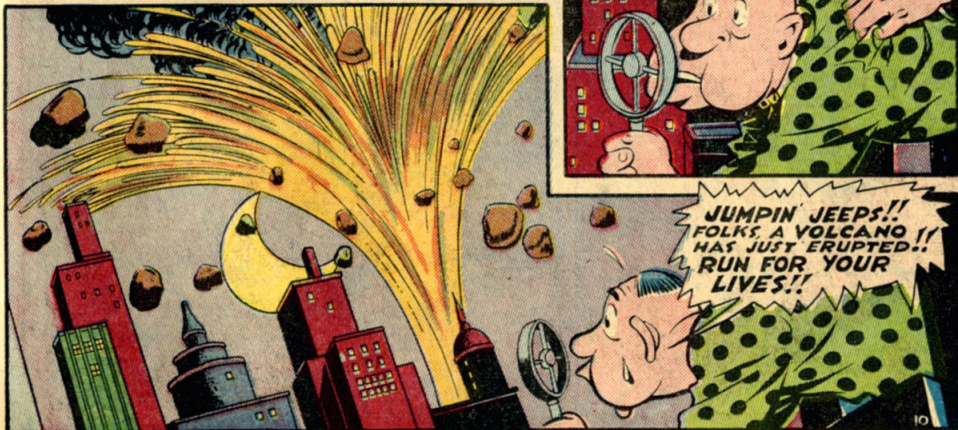


MEANWHILE, WOZZY IS STILL AT IT.....

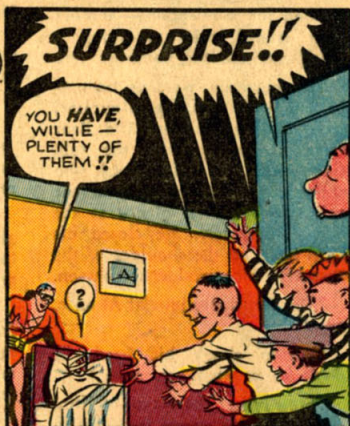
...AND NOW I'LL IMITATE CHARLES LAUGHTON: FOR THE LAST TIME: HAND OVER THAT MIKE!



MISSSTER CHRISTIAN!- HUH??



JUMPIN' JEES!! FOLKS, A VOLCANO HAS JUST ERUPTED!! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!



PLASTIC NEMESIS

FOUR big closed cars, loaded with men, arrived at the four entrances to the Langford Trust Company at the same instant. Out of them poured masked, armed figures. They filled the lobby and the offices in a twinkling.

"This is a stickup! Employees line up right—customers left!"

A cashier whipped open a drawer where lay a pistol—one of the thugs fired a tommy gun, and the cashier subsided. A customer reached for a telephone—another thug leaned over to swing a blackjack, and the customer fell.

The gangsters, working furiously but with amazing discipline, stripped tills, drawers and floor safes of money. But the tall, sinewy man in full-face mask who seemed to be commander of the raid did not even glance at the heaps of money. He closed his hard hand on the shoulder of the executive vice-president, Dawson.

"The Kimripore jewels! At once, or—"

Dawson shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"Stop lying. The Rajah of Kimripore sent his crown treasures to America, as security for a loan of millions. Plastic Man and that little screwball Woozy Winks brought them overseas—don't you think the underworld heard how they smashed six attempts to steal the jewels? And we know they're in your vaults."

He thrust a pistol against Dawson's ribs. The vice-president led him down a flight of stairs and unlocked a barred door.

"There," and Dawson pointed. "In that vault. In a big cowhide suitcase—"

"Open the vault." The masked man prodded him with the gun. "Quick, or I'll make you look like a cribbage board!"

Dawson spun the dial, pulled

open the great door. Inside stood a dingy-looking suitcase. It's label said PLASTIC MAN.

"Bring it out. Open it." The vice-president did so, disclosing a glittering mass of rubies, diamonds, amethysts, emeralds—the ransom of an emperor. At a motion from his captor, he shut the case again and handed it to the masked man.

His only reply and reward was a bullet through the heart. The raider chief hurried upstairs.

"Clear out!" he barked at his men. They sped out to their cars and away. The entire raid had taken less than ninety seconds.

"Cops Coming?" asked the driver of the biggest car as he headed his vehicle for the suburbs.

The thug in the seat beside him glanced back. "Yeah! But they took after the other boys. Left us alone."

"I fixed that," spoke the leader, from between his two companions in the rear. He had taken off his mask, revealing the sharp, shrewd features of Bronty Breen, current Public Enemy No. 1. "Just before we went in, I called police and FBI offices. Said the Langford Trust was being raided—and told which way the other three cars would head."

"Police!" echoed his companions. "FBI! And you tipped them off right?"

"Sure. While they're busy scooping up the others, we get clear away. And," Bronty's toe tapped the suitcase, "only five of us left to split the jewels, huh?"

He grinned, but nobody grinned back. A lieutenant gazed from the rear of the car. "If you called FBI, Bronty, that brings Plastic Man into the case!"

Bronty shuddered, but shrugged it off. "Not a chance! He's on

leave of absence, after bringing these jewels from Kimripore—"

"Look!" interrupted the other thug.

They all looked back.

From the top of a tall building two great red streamers darted out and down, like interminable, deadly snakes—each toward a different street. Down and down the red streamers extended—story after story—to the sidewalk level—there came a sound of crash and commotion.

"That was PLASTIC MAN!" breathed one of the five. "He reached down with both arms—snagged TWO OF THE CARS AT ONCE!"

"Speed up," growled Bronty to the driver. "We're blowing town."

PLASTIC MAN, gaunt, crimson-clad, enigmatic behind his dark goggles, sat in a little cellar room of FBI headquarters. Woozy, pudgy and deceptively dull-faced, lounged beside him. Opposite them was one of the captured thugs.

"I ain't talking," the thug said for the hundredth time, "and you FBI jerks ain't gonna batter me into it."

"Who said anything about battering?" inquired Plastic Man silkily. "I wouldn't lay a finger on you."

He wagged a finger to emphasize. The finger grew a yard long for a moment, then subsided.

"He don't scare easy Plas," offered Woozy. "I knew him back when I was outside the law. Kittens, they called him—because nothing scares him but a cat—"

"So?" muttered Plastic, and smiled. His hand lifted to his face, swept across it. His body seemed to grow plumper and at the same time lither. His legs doubled strangely, the feet were paws. His ears turned pointy, whiskers were plainly sprouting—

"Get away from me!" Kittens suddenly quavered.

Plastic Man was Plastic Man no more. The lithe, furry creature he had become jumped gracefully down from the chair and strolled forward toward the captive. "Meow?" it said.

"Get that cat out of here!" begged Kittens, cowering. "Listen, I'll tell anything—it was Bronty Breen who planned the raid—"

"Where did he go with the jewels?" demanded Woozy.

"I don't know—I swear I don't!" We were directed to head east—the other two carloads you and the cops grabbed went west and south—but Bronty's car had its own orders—

"Which means it went north," said Plastic Man, who had become himself again with a little wriggle and a rubbery snap. "Tell the turnkey to put him away, Woozy. We're going north ourselves."

Bronty Breen's hideout had been prepared months before. It looked no more than a half-ruined shack among trees at the end of a country road, but this was only a modest topping to a vast underground lair, strongly fortified, stocked with provisions and weapons, with at least three secret entrances.

In the main cellar-room, Bronty and his four surviving thugs gathered around the open suitcase.

"Look at them pretty gimmicks!" exulted Potsy, the driver, picking up a ruby as big as a walnut. "What a game of marbles a guy could play with them! And we divide five ways."

"Not that simple, Potsy," said his chief quietly.

"Why, there's five of us—"

"And four of you are only stoges. I'm boss, I get eighty percent. You others, five percent each."

"I'm satisfied," nodded one thug. "After all, we picked up plenty of cash in the Langford Trust. I got a pocketful."

"I'm not satisfied," growled Potsy, and a gun came out from under his coat. "If—"

A buzzer sounded somewhere above.

"The electric-eye signal," snapped Bronty. "Somebody's prowling around. Two of you—Potsy, you and Banjo—slide out among the trees and hook in whoever it is. Quick!"

The two designated slipped away down a tunnel, up through a hidden burrow and away among the trees. The three thugs who waited soon heard a knock at the upper door. Bronty, covered by tommy guns in the hands of his lieutenants, opened. Potsy stood there, with a prisoner bound and crestfallen—a pudgy, dull-faced prisoner—

"That's Woozy, Plastic Man's sidekick!" exclaimed Bronty.

"I know," Potsy nodded. "We found him nosing around. Banjo's out there, trying to sneak up on Plastic Man."

"That's more than a one-man job," said Bronty. "Go back, Potsy, and take Spike here with you."

The two men left, and Bronty faced the captive. "How did you track us, Woozy?"

"As soon as we knew you'd gone north, we just studied the marks of tire-treads," replied the little fellow. "The other cars all had new black market tires, same brand—so we figured you'd have 'em, too. And we followed you here."

"Woozy," said Bronty, "you weren't always a dope. Forget the law and Plastic Man. Help us snare and finish him. I'll cut you in on the Kimriport jewels—"

A knock. Banjo was back.

"We got Plastic Man!" he cried. "Those new explosive bullets did the trick! And Potsy and Spike are burying him!"

Bronty faced the worried Woozy. "Forget what I said. We don't need you now."

"No cut of the jewels?" suggested Woozy.

"The only cut you get is across the throat," said Bronty. "Bring him downstairs."

In the room with the jewels, Bronty nodded to Banjo. "Finish

him, quick . . . Hey, what—you're CHANGING!"

"I've been changing all day," said Banjo, who ran a hand over his face, twitched out of his garments and stood up as Plastic Man. "First I captured Potsy and Banjo and came back as Potsy. Then I grabbed Spike—the FBI boys have him halfway back to town—and came back as Banjo. I wanted to be sure the jewels were safe—"

Bronty drew his gun. Plastic's fist shot halfway across the room, knocking the gang chief sprawling. Then, like a rubber ball, Plastic Man bounded upon the remaining thug.

"Snap that suitcase shut, Woozy, and get it out of here!"

Bronty staggered into one of the hidden passages, shaking his head to clear it. He heard sounds of conflict outside, that died away. He dared peep out.

Everyone was gone—but not everything. An object still lay in the center of the floor—

"The suitcase!" he breathed. "Woozy didn't get it, after all!"

Gun in one hand, he ran to the treasure, lifted it, and slid into another secret passage. He found a door, entered, locked the door behind him. He set down the suitcase, laid his gun on top.

There were no windows, no ventilators, no entrances but the locked door. Plastic Man might follow—surely would follow. But Bronty would be ready. From his pocket he drew a vial of powerful corrosive acid. Carefully he poured it into the keyhole.

"Let him come in," he muttered. "That'll eat him down to the bones, if he has any bones in that rubberized carcass—"

"Isn't this cozy, all alone together?" said a voice he knew.

He whirled and looked at the suitcase on which his gun lay.

The suitcase shook itself, lifted a head. The luggage straps unfolded from around it, became legs. The handle lengthened into an arm, and took the gun in its hand. Plastic Man stood up.

"Just another of my disguises, Bronty," he said.

PLASTIC MAN

ON YOUR
GUARD, DADE!
I KNOW HE'S
AROUND HERE,
SOMEWHERE!



SPLAT

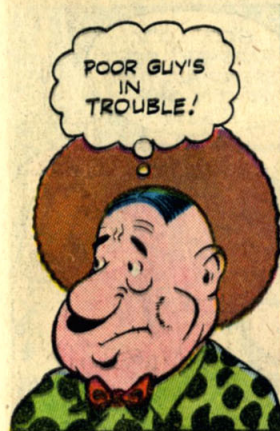
SOMEWHERE WOOLY READ
WHAT HORACE GREELEY SAID:
"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST,"
→
(FILL IN YOUR OWN LAST LINE!)



TOO BAD!... TOO BAD!
TOO BAD!



TOO BAD!
SNIFF

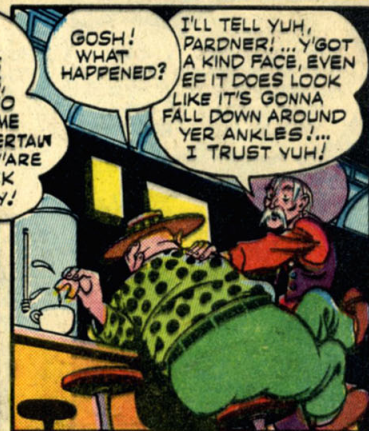


POOR GUY'S
IN
TROUBLE!



ANYTHING
I CAN
DO FOR YOU,
MISTER?

SNIFF
IT'S JUST ONE
O' THEM THINGS
THAT HAPPENS,
PARDNER! Y'GO
A WHOLE LIFETIME
A'WAITIN' FER A CERTAIN
DAY ... AND THEN Y'ARE
TOO OLD AND SICK
T'MEET THAT DAY!
THAT'S ME!



GOSH!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

I'LL TELL YUH,
PARDNER! ... Y'GOT
A KIND FACE, EVEN
EF IT DOES LOOK
LIKE IT'S GONNA
FALL DOWN AROUND
YER ANKLES! ...
I TRUST YUH!

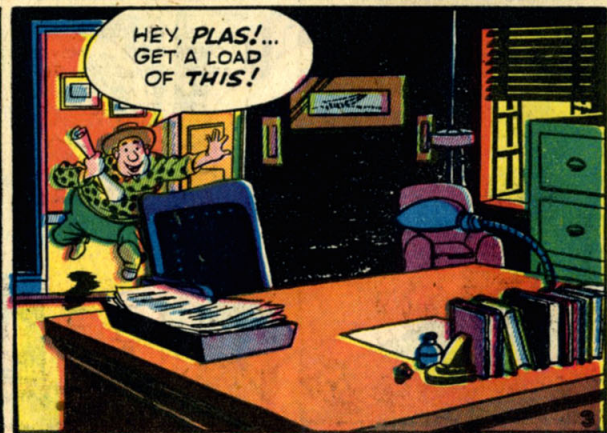


FER TWENTY YEARS
I BEEN A-TRYIN' TO LOCATE
TH' MAP TO TH' OLD SAGAWAN
MINE OUT IN TH' TECOS COUNTRY!
A MINE JEST A-BUSTIN' WITH YALLER
GOLD! WAL ... FINALLY I GIT HOLD
O' TH' MAP AN' I COME
HERE TO BUY SOME
EQUIPMENT!



AN' WHUT HAPPENS? I START
GITTIN' PAINS HERE AN' THERE --
AN' I GO TO A SAWBONES WHO
TELLS ME IF I EVER GIT OUT IN THET
WESTERN AIR AG'IN -- I'M AS GOOD
AS DAID! SO HERE I AM WITH
A MAP WUTH MILLIONS
AN' IT'S WUTHLESS
TO ME!

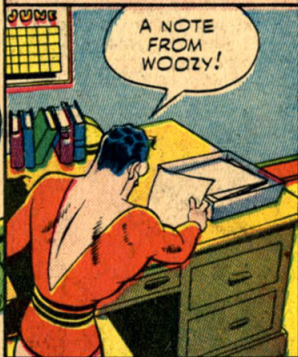
PLASTIC MAN



GUESS PLASTIC MAN ISN'T HERE! ... WELL... I'LL JUST LEAVE HIM A NOTE! I GOTTA GET OUT WEST AND FIND THAT MINE!



Later... when PLASTIC MAN comes home...



A NOTE FROM WOZZY!

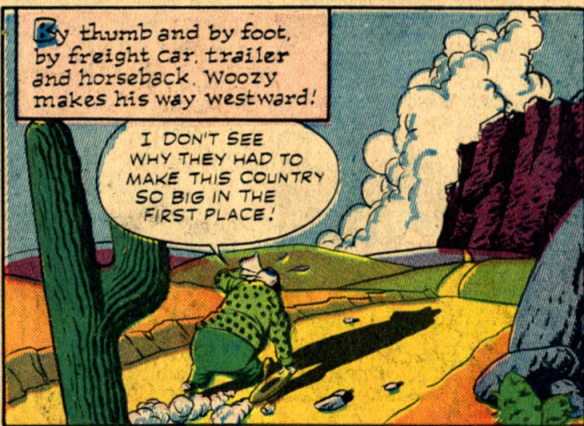
Star Plas:
I'm a-goin' out to the Texas country where I've bought a gold mine! When I see you agin, I'll be rich, handner!
Wozzy



WOZZY'S GOING WESTERN IN A BIG WAY! ... WONDER WHAT SORT OF GAG HE FELL FOR, THIS TIME!



By thumb and by foot, by freight Car, trailer and horseback, Wozzy makes his way westward!



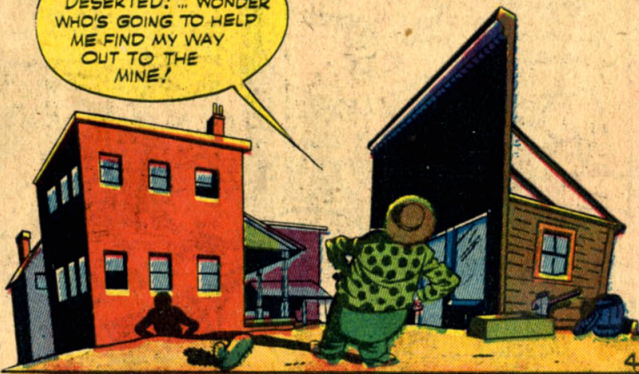
I DON'T SEE WHY THEY HAD TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY SO BIG IN THE FIRST PLACE!

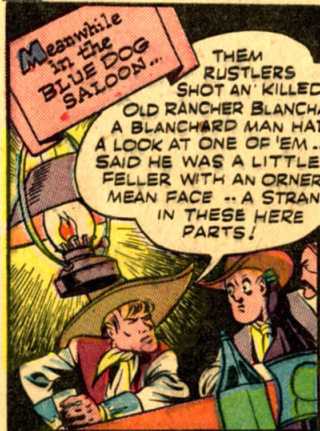
And THEN!...

HOORAY! I'M ALMOST THERE! SO THEY'RE TOUGH, EH? WELL, THAT'S OKAY WITH ME!



SURE LOOKS DESERTED! ... WONDER WHO'S GOING TO HELP ME FIND MY WAY OUT TO THE MINE!



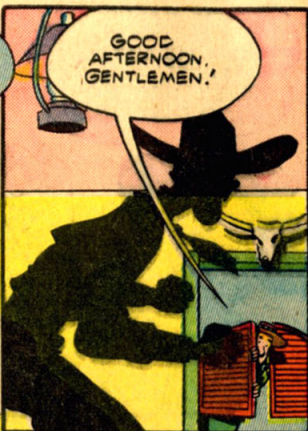


THEM RUSTLERS SHOT AN' KILLED OLD RANCHER BLANCHARD! A BLANCHARD MAN HAD A LOOK AT ONE OF 'EM ... SAID HE WAS A LITTLE FELLER WITH AN ORNERY, MEAN FACE -- A STRANGER IN THESE HERE PARTS!



WE'LL FIND THEM RUSTLERS AN' STRUNG 'EM UP!

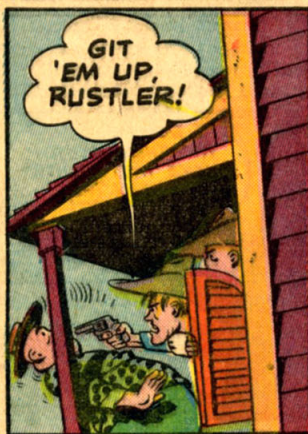
SHORE!... LYNCH 'EM!



GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN!



THAT'S THE LITTLE GUY! ...LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE HIM!



GIT 'EM UP, RUSTLER!



GULP! I DON'T GET THIS!

YOU WILL -- AROUND YOUR NECK!



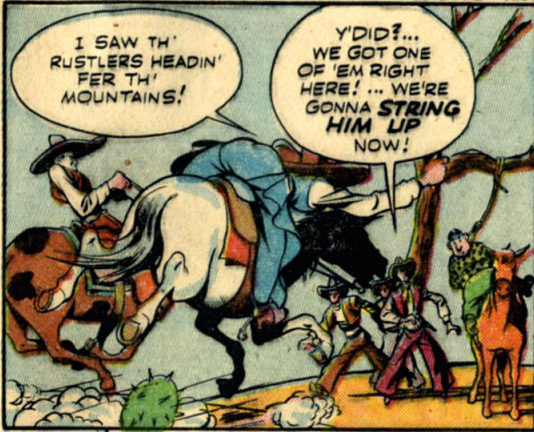
HEY! ... YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT AIN'T LEGAL!

SEZ YOU!... IT'S LEGAL IN TECOS GULCH!



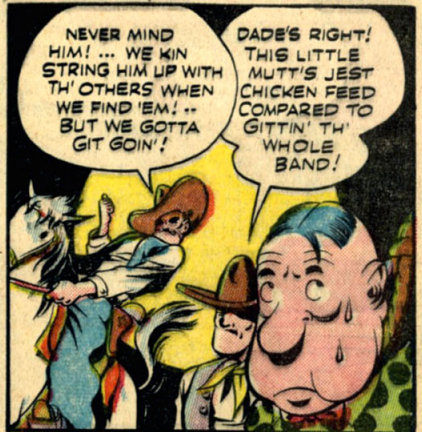
A LYNCHIN'!... HOT DAWG! NOW I KIN PRINT ME A NEWSPAPER STORY!

TECOS GAZETTE



I SAW TH' RUSTLERS HEADIN' FER TH' MOUNTAINS!

Y'DID?... WE GOT ONE OF 'EM RIGHT HERE! ... WE'RE GONNA **STRING HIM UP** NOW!



NEVER MIND HIM! ... WE KIN STRING HIM UP WITH TH' OTHERS WHEN WE FIND 'EM! -- BUT WE GOTTA GIT GOIN'!

DADE'S RIGHT! THIS LITTLE MUTT'S JEST CHICKEN FEED COMPARED TO GITTIN' TH' WHOLE BAND!



I WISH **PLASTIC MAN** WAS HERE!



All day and far into the night, **Woozy** rides amidst the band of avenging cowboys....



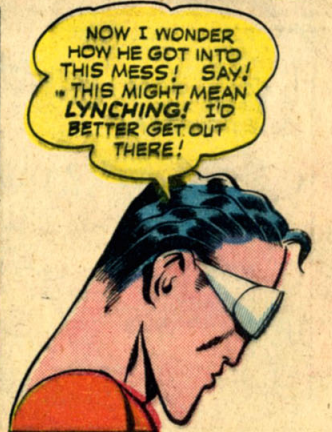
In the meantime, in a distant city...

SAY, PLASTIC MAN, ISN'T THIS FUNNY-LOOKING DUCK YOUR FRIEND **WOOZY**? I HAD A BATCH OF WESTERN SMALL TOWN PAPERS BROUGHT IN BECAUSE I'M FOLLOWING THE WILTON CASE ... I JUST HAPPENED TO NOTICE THIS!

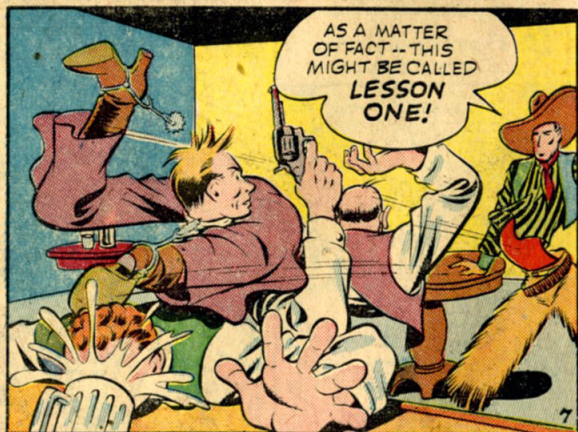
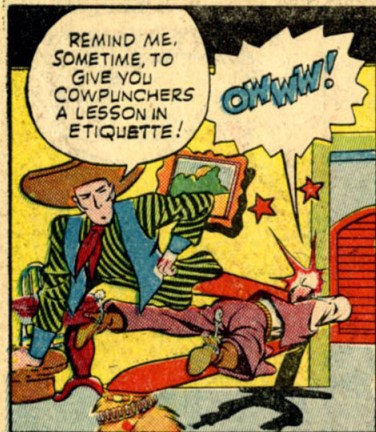
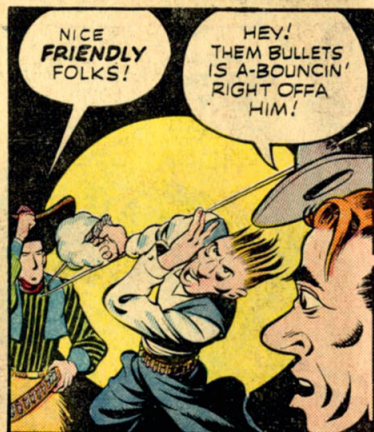
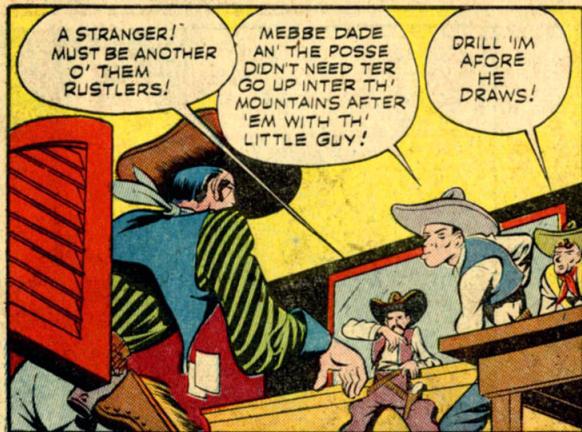
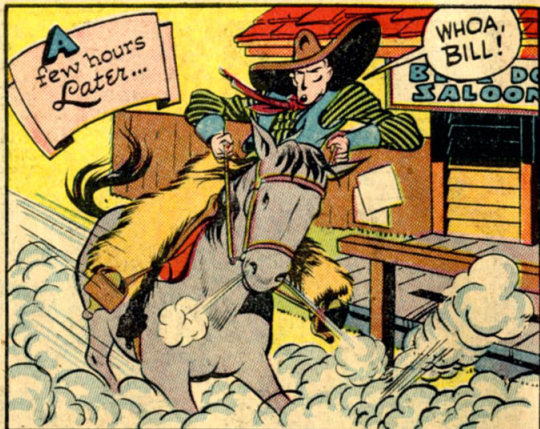
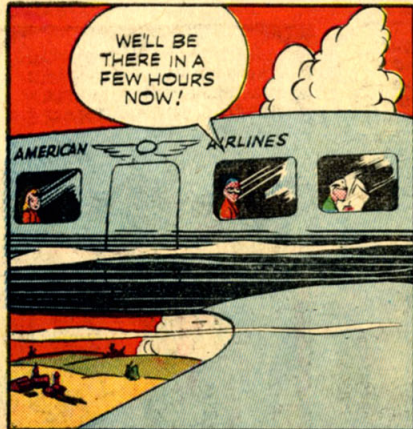
LET ME SEE IT!

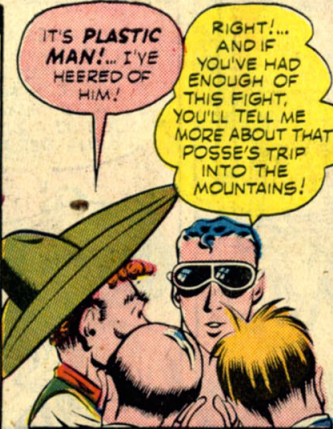


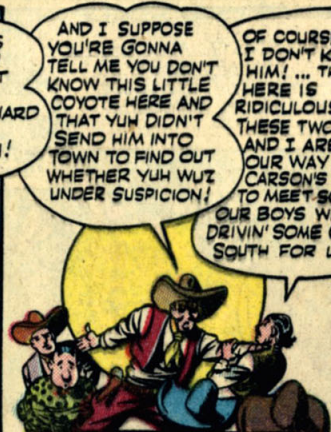
TECOS GAZETTE
TECOS GULCH CITIZENS CAPTURE MEMBER OF RUSTLER-MURDER BAND

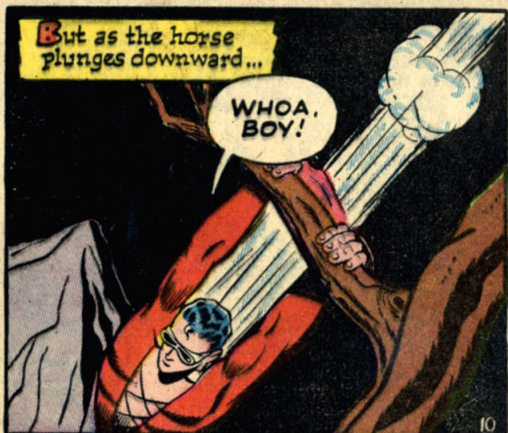


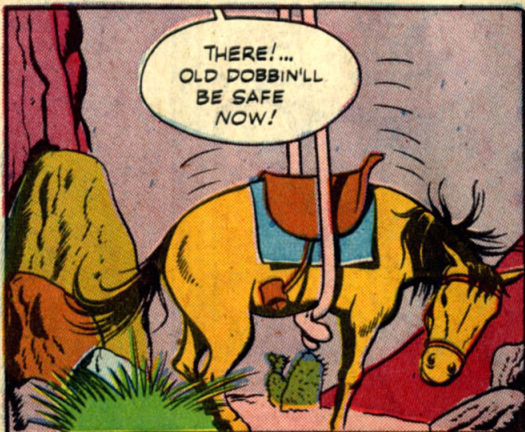
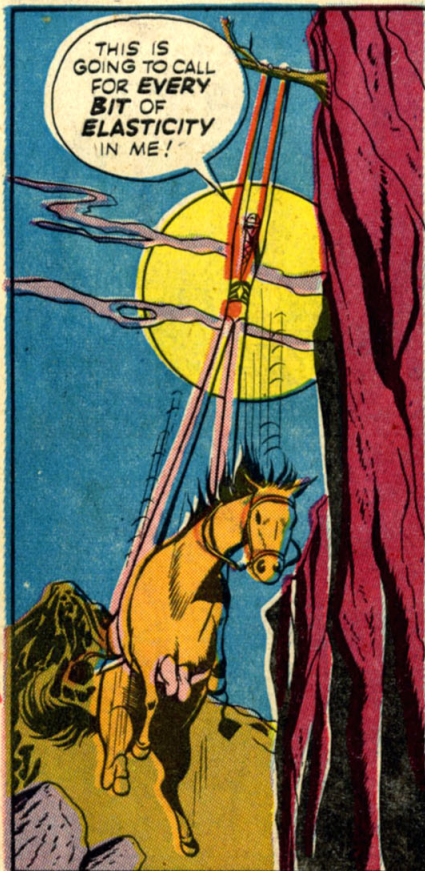
NOW I WONDER HOW HE GOT INTO THIS MESS! SAY! THIS MIGHT MEAN **LYNCHING!** I'D BETTER GET OUT THERE!

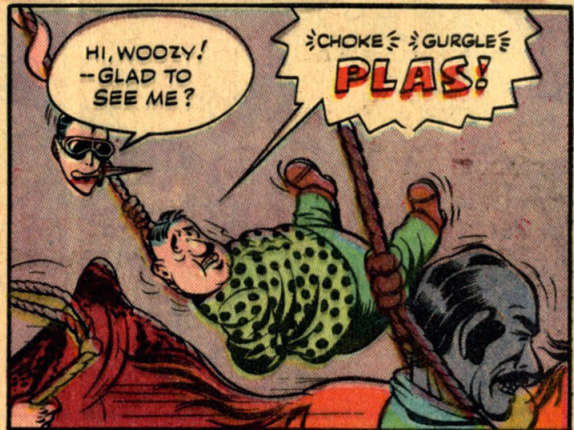
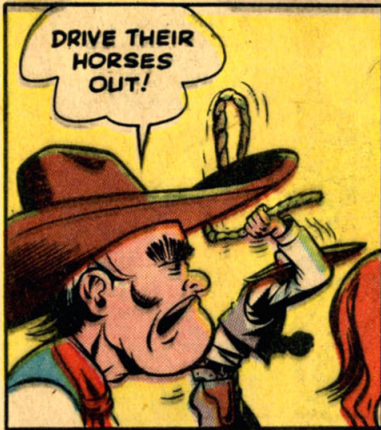


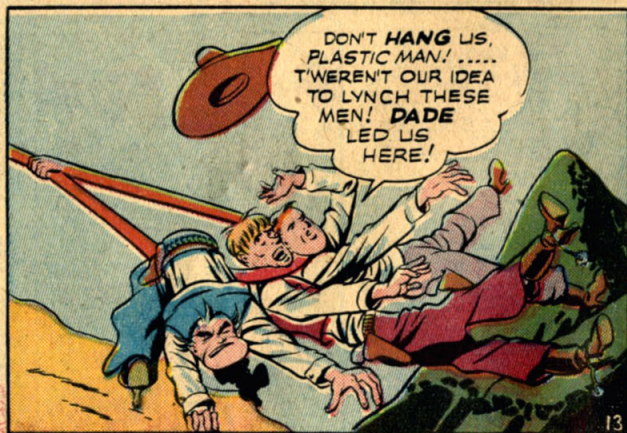
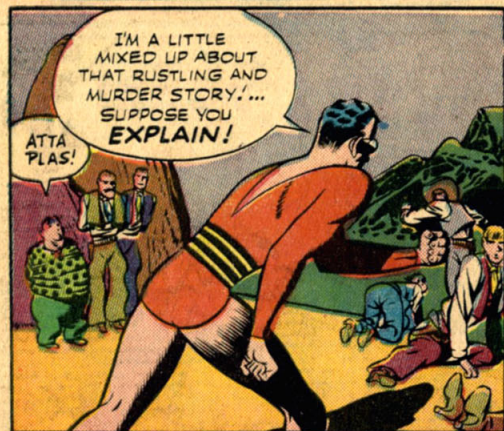














WELL, NOW --
I HADN'T THOUGHT
ABOUT HANGING YOU
-- BUT IT'S AN
IDEA!



DON'T, PLASTIC
MAN! ... **DON'T!**
LET ME GO AND
I'LL TELL YOU
EVERYTHING!



I'M READY
TO LISTEN!
THAT'S A GOOD
IDEA, WOZZY!
... KEEP AN
EYE ON
'EM!

DON'T WORRY,
PLAS! ...
I USED TO
BE KNOWN
AS **SURE-
SHOT
WOZZY
WINKS!**



I WORK FOR DADE!
HE'S BEEN RUSTLIN'
BLANCHARD'S CATTLE AND
HE HATES McANDERS! HE
SHOT BLANCHARD, THEN SENT
ME INTO TOWN TO STIR UP
THE MEN! WHEN I SAW
THIS LITTLE GUY, I DECIDED
TO MAKE IT LOOK REAL
BY IDENTIFYIN' HIM AS
ONE O' THE
RUSTLERS!



BY TH' GREAT
HORN SPOON, DADE!
... YOU'RE A LOWER
SKUNK THAN I
THOUGHT
YOU WERE!



YUH YALLER
COYOTE!
I'M A-GOIN' TER
KILL YUH, EF IT'S
TH' LAST THING
I DO!

**NO!
DADE!**



HEY! ... YOU CAN'T
DO THAT! ... I'M
GONNA SHOOT! ... SEE!
... GOSH! I'M MISSING!
STAND STILL!

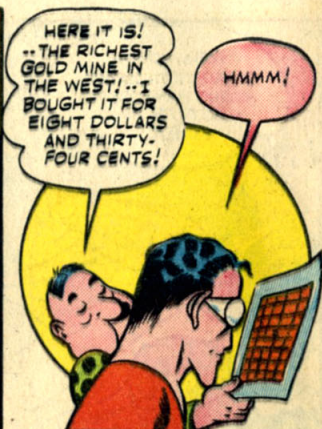


THAT'LL DO, DAD! YOU DON'T DESERVE IT, BUT WE'RE TAKING YOU BACK TO TOWN FOR A FAIR TRIAL!



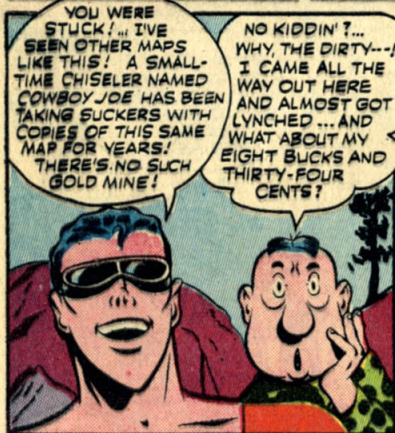
ALL THIS LYNCHING FEVER SURE HAS HELD ME UP! I OUGHTA SUE THEM FOR KEEPING ME AWAY FROM MY GOLD MINE!

WHAT GOLD MINE!



HERE IT IS! --THE RICHEST GOLD MINE IN THE WEST! --I BOUGHT IT FOR EIGHT DOLLARS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!

HMMM!



YOU WERE STUCK! ... I'VE SEEN OTHER MAPS LIKE THIS! A SMALL-TIME CHISELER NAMED COWBOY JOE HAS BEEN TAKING SUCKERS WITH COPIES OF THIS SAME MAP FOR YEARS! THERE'S NO SUCH GOLD MINE!

NO KIDDIN'?... WHY, THE DIRTY---! I CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE AND ALMOST GOT LYNCHED ... AND WHAT ABOUT MY EIGHT BUCKS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS?



In town again. **PLASTIC MAN** turns his prisoners over to the Sheriff...

NICE WORK, **PLASTIC MAN!** I'D SHORE LIKE TO MAKE YUH ONE O' MY DEPPITIES IF YU'D STAY IN THESE PARTS!

I'D LIKE TO SHERIFF-- BUT I HAVE ANOTHER JOB ELSEWHERE!



I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO WOZZY!



THERE'S MORE GOLD IN THIS MINE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD, PARDNER! I'D BE MINING IT MYSELF IF I WEREN'T SICK! AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT DIRT CHEAP!

WAL ... NOW ...



NOW, NOW, WOZZY! YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T NICE!

B-BUT GOSH, PLAS! ... I WASN'T GOING TO STICK HIM FOR MORE THAN EIGHT DOLLARS AND THIRTY-FOUR CENTS!!

CONTENTS

- The Game of Death — does Plastic Man hold
the winning hand? page 1
- Now you see it, now you don't — Plastic Man
has the Japs rubbing their eyes . . . page 13
- Willie McGoon, Dope, didn't know right from
wrong — but Plastic Man and Woozy set
him straight, the HARD way . . . page 28
- Plastic Man and Woozy come to "grips" with
Bronty Green, Public Enemy No. 1 . . . page 40
- Go West, young man, go West — but to Plas-
tic Man and Woozy it nearly meant, West
of the Great Divide page 42

THE SHADOW OF THE BAT

Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)
(1961-08-13 - 2009-06-27)

We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN