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THE BLACK TERROR

NEMESIS OF EVIL

IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE, ACROSS FROM THE CITY HALL---

YOU'RE A WEEK LATE WITH THAT PROTECTION DOUGH!

I... I KNOW--BUSINESS IS BAD. I'LL TRY TO HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW!

WE'LL BE BACK TOMORROW, AND YOU'D BETTER COME ACROSS--OR ELSE!

Y-YES, SIR!

OUCH!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

BEAT IT! THIS AIN'T NO RESTING-PLACE FOR PUNKS!

HEY, YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
WHO’S GONNA STOP US, SUBY—YOU?

OH-H-H!!

POW

JEAN STARR, SECRETARY TO THE MAYOR, AND CITY COMPTROLLER RODNEY CLARK WITNESS THE ACTION!

LOOK, ROD! IT’S BOB BENTON—HELP HIM!

WHY CAN’T THAT WEAK-KNEEDED BILL-MIXER TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF? LET’S GO!

ON YOUR WAY, YOU RAT!

BEAT IT... THIS GUY’S A BIG SHOT!

OW!!

HERE ARE YOUR GLASSES... HERO!

DON’T PICK ON HIM, ROD—HE JUST ISN’T THE RIGHTING TYPE!

I... I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

I'M TIM ROLAND... I WANT TO THANK YOU!

WHAT FOR? I COULDN’T EVEN DEFEND MYSELF!

THAT’S WHY IT TOOK REAL NERVE TO STEP IN! WISH I WAS LIKE THAT—I'D FIND IT EASIER GETTIN’ ALONG!

NEED A JOB, EH? COME ON IN--MAYBE I COULD USE AN ASSISTANT!
THAT NIGHT, BOB BENTON EXPERIMENTS—

THIS IS MY SPARE-TIME HOBBY! I'M WORKING ON A SORT OF TONIC FOR RUN-DOWN PEOPLE! SO FAR I'VE HAD NO LUCK, BUT I'M NOT LICKED YET!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN'?

IT'S THE KIND OF A THING A CHAP LIKE ME WOULD FOOL AROUND WITH! ALL MY LIFE FOLKS HAVE BEEN PICKING ON ME AND I'VE DREAMED ABOUT SOMETHING WHICH COULD HELP ME BUILD MY STRENGTH!

GEE... IT SOUNDS SWELL! CAN I HELP?

GET ME THAT SODIUM PERMANGANATE ON THE SHELF BEHIND YOU— I'LL ADD A FEW DROPS TO THE COMPOUND!

HERE IT IS! CAN I POUR IT IN?

MIGHT AS WELL! ADD ABOUT TEN DROPS!

HEY! LOOK AT THIS— WHAT'S HAPPENING?

YOU TOOK THE WRONG BOTTLE, YOU IDIOT! THE COMPOUND'S SPOILED— I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU!

I'M SORRY... I--I GUESS I'M FIRED, HUH?
SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER, TIM.... WHAT YOU ADDED WAS FORMIC ACID, A FLUID OBTAINED FROM RED ANTS! I'LL HAVE TO START ALL OVER, I GUESS!

RED ANTS, EH? I ONCE READ THEY WERE THE STRONGEST THINGS ALIVE!

BY GEORGE--I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT! I WONDER... MAYBE A FORMIC ETHER MIGHT DO IT! I'LL SPLIT OFF THE REPLACEABLE HYDROGEN... ADD A SUBSTITUTE RADICAL, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS! IF YOU EVER PRAYED, TIM--DO IT NOW!

THE FORMIC ETHER SHOWS A TERRIFIC REACTION!

WOW! IT'S LIQUID DYNAMITE!

IT'S GIVING OFF AN ODD VAPOR! I WONDER WHAT THAT ODOR IS!

I... I FEEL LIKE LIVE STEEL IS POURING INTO ME! MY VEINS AND MUSCLES--EVERYTHING'S WAKING UP!

THE MYSTERIOUS VAPOR BRINGS A GIANT STRENGTH TO BOB BENTON!

GOSH! YOU JUST LEANED ON IT--AND IT BUSTED LIKE CARDBOARD!

ONE SIDE, PAL... I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING!

MUSCLES TINGLING WITH MIGHT ANSWER HIS CALL!

I THOUGHT SO! THE NEW FORMIC COMPOUND'S GIVEN ME THE STRENGTH OF A HERCULES! AND I OWE IT TO YOU, TIM!

OH, BOY--WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO NOW?
I'll do something! I've always daydreamed about using my strength to fight crime and evil! But none will know that poor Bob Benton's no longer a weakling! I want you to go to a theatrical costume tomorrow morning...don't tell him who it's for, but this is the kind of rig I want...

Next morning...

These are left over from an old play! I've got one for a man and another for a boy! I'll take 'em both but keep the small one here till I call for it!

Later, Jean Starr pays a call on Bob--

You ought to learn how to take care of yourself, Bob! It was ridiculous, Comptroller Clark having to rescue a grown man!

I've got to get rid of her! Those rats are coming for their protection money any minute!

Jim gives a covert signal!

Here they come now!

Er...would you mind staying here till I come back, Jean?

You're the only one here, eh? Where's Benton?

He just stepped out...I guess he'll be back soon!

So he ducked, eh? Get to work on the joint, boys!

Let go of me!

Here goes!
Suddenly a terrible figure appears in the doorway!

Hold it---muggs!

What's this...a dress-up party? I'll---ow-ow!

Now it's my turn!

From the Black Terror...with love!

ARR-gh!!

The strange figure leaps into action with terrific power!

Ugh!

Here's something to remember me by!

Bam!

He--he's like a tornado!

Now get back to your boss--and tell him that the Black Terror's declared war!

Oh!

Let's get outta here!

Oof!!
The thugs speed away---but the terror takes up the chase!

This pace is a bit fast for a respectable young druggist---but I've got to see where they're bound for!

Hey! What's that?

It's... it's a spook!

Another jump carries him to the rear of the fleeing car!

And now to ride the rest of the way in comfort!

That window up there—that's where they've probably gone! Now to get to it!
Meanwhile, inside the gang hideout...

Well, per---what happened to you?

Trouble, boss! We was down at Benton's shop on a collection, an' some big bruiser in a devil's get-up jumped us! He calls himself the Black Terror... an' he's dynamite!

I like this... the high altitude must agree with me!

Reaching an adjoining roof---he launches himself downward in a mighty dive!

Here's hoping I make it!

Greetings, gentlemen!

Holy smoke... it's the Black Terror again!

One side, small fry---there are a few others here I haven't met!
THIS IS WHAT FOLKS LIKE YOU NEED! MORE EXERCISE!

RRR-Glug!

OW-W!!

**A SHORT WHILE LATER...**

HI...BOYS! I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU!

WHAT IS THIS... A MASQUERADE?

WHAT THE--!

CATCH!

COME BACK, YOU!

OOF!

WOW! THIS IS THE BOSS OF THE SHAKEDOWN MOB, AND IT GIVES THE ADDRESS WHERE THE OTHERS ARE TIED UP-- IT'S SIGNED "THE BLACK TERROR!!!" THIS STICKER MUST BE HIS MARK! I WONDER WHO HE IS-- AND WHERE HE WENT!

AND THEN BOB BENTON RETURNS --

IT'S JUST LIKE YOU TO SLIP OUT AND RUN WHEN THERE'S ACTION AROUND! WHERE WERE YOU?

ER... THERE WAS SOME BUSINESS I HAD TO ATTEND TO... DID SOMETHING HAPPEN WHILE I WAS GONE?
THE BLACK TERROR WAS HERE! HE'S MORE THAN A MAN... HE'S A HERO! IF YOU WERE ONLY LIKE HIM!

OH, WELL... MAYBE SOME DAY I'LL BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING TOO, JEAN!

BOB'S CHANCE COMES! NEXT DAY, IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, MAYOR BRANT?

IT'S ABOUT THE NEW SUBWAY ROUTE! THERE'S BEEN A LEAK, CLARK... UNKNOWN INTERESTS HAVE BOUGHT UP LAND ALONG THE RIGHT-OF-WAY AND ARE HOLDING THE CITY UP FOR EXORBITANT SUMS!

I CAN'T CONDEMN THE LAND... WITH ALL THIS CORRUPTION, I CAN'T TRUST THE COURTS! BUT I'LL FOOL 'EM AS GOOD AS THERE'S AN ALTERNATE ROUTE I CAN TAKE!

I CAN'T BE AS GOOD AS THE ORIGINAL ONE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

THE OLD SAP'LL THROW A FIT WHEN HE GETS THIS!

OF ALL THE INFERNAL NERVE! SOMEONE SHOVED THIS NOTE UNDER MY DOOR. CLARK--IT THREATENS A TERRIBLE SUBWAY WRECK IF I HOLD UP THE AWARDS ON THE NEW ROUTE!

WE CAN'T GUARD AGAINST A WRECK IF WE DON'T KNOW WHERE OR WHEN IT WILL TAKE PLACE! BETTER THINK IT OVER, MAYOR!

NEVER! PHONE THE NEWSPAPERS-- I'LL CALL THEIR BLUFF!

IN BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE, ACROSS THE STREET.

WE'RE PULLIN' THE WRECK ANYWAY-- JUST TO SHOW 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS! IT'S COMIN' OFF IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES, IN THE TUNNEL SOUTH OF THE ELM STREET STATION!

AND THERE'LL BE HUNDREDS KILLED UNLESS WE CAN DO SOMETHING!

TRAIN WRECK, EH? I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST... STAY HERE WHILE I'M GONE!

HOLY SMOKE!
AFew minutes later, in the Tunnel near Elm St.

Those rats must be around here somewhere! I'll have to find out their plans!

Gee... I got the costume. I wonder if I dare? Bob shouldn't have made me stay here... Maybe he's in trouble and needs me!

Bob's discovery gets in its work!

Zowie! Bring on your Joe Louis!

I'm not getting out of the way for no tough guys any more!

Meanwhile, back in the Subway Tunnel...

Here's where Tim Roland goes to town! Boy... will Bob get a surprise!

Look! That must be the Black Terror the guys are talkin' about!

Come on... we'll sneak up on 'im!
SMASHING BLOW CATCHES THE BLACK TERROR OFF GUARD!

TAKE THAT, WISE GUY!

He ain't so tough!

POW!

HE IS TIED TO THE TRACK, TO AVOID A TERRIBLE DEATH!

TAKE OFF THAT MASK, AND LET'S SEE WHO HE IS!

ARE YOU NUTS? THERE AIN'T NO TIME--THE EMTIES ARE ON THEIR WAY DOWN THE TRACK! FINISH TYIN' HIM, AND BEAT IT!

SUDDENLY TIM MAKES HIS APPEARANCE!

LEAPIN' LIMA-BEANS! I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

EMERGENCY EXIT

IT'S ONLY A KID!

SCRAM, PUNK!

WITH THE STRENGTH OF A MADDENED TIGER... TIM LEAPS TO THE ATTACK!

UGH!

CAN'T YOU GUYS GIVE ME SOME COMPETITION?

THAT COSTUME... HE MUST BE THE BLACK TERROR'S SIDEKICK! GIMME A SHOT AT 'IM!

OW-W!
WANT A SHOT AT ME, EH? MIND IF I BEAT YOU TO IT?

BEAT IT, BOYS! I HEAR THAT STRING OF EMPTIES!

BANG

BOB! WAKE UP! THEY'RE GONNA WRECK THE TRAIN---YOU'VE GOTTA STOP IT!

IM RELEASES THE BLACK TERROR AS THE WRECKERS FLEE!

ILL-I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A SECOND!

AS HE SUMMONS HIS GREAT STRENGTH... A RUNAWAY TRAIN ROARS DOWN UPON HIM!

THEY'VE RELEASED THESE EMPTIES TO COLLIDE WITH THE NEXT EXPRESS! THIS IS GOING TO TAKE EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FLAG THE EXPRESS, BOB!

GIANTIC POWER HALTS THE JUGGERNAUT!

END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, BABY!

CRASH!
Meanwhile...as the crowded express speeds toward the wreckage--

What the--!

Come on brother...throw on that air!

The train stops...just in time!

But...but how--?

When you're writing your report, just chalk up an assist to the Black Terror!

Hey...how about me?

Locked! It's just like him to neglect business this way!

Maybe he's scared of burglars...the softy!

Hello!

It...it's the Black Terror!

Huh?

Black Terror, eh? Some cheap notoriety-seeker!

Most people get their reward in the hereafter, my friend, but as for you...

...you get yours here and now!

Ow!

Sock!
AND NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
LET ME DOWN, YOU--YOU BEAST!
NOW TO RUSH IN AND GET OUT OF THESE CLOTHES!
HE...ER... GOT ME WHEN I WASN'T LOOKING...
ARE YOU HURT, ROD?

I...I WAS SORT OF TAKING A NAP...
IT'S JUST LIKE YOU... SLEEPING ON THE JOB! POOR RODS BEEN HURT--GET SOMETHING FOR HIS EYE!

I WONDER WHO HE IS? WHY CAN'T YOU BE LIKE HIM, BOB...INSTEAD OF A--A SCARED MOUSE?
DON'T BE SILLY, JEAN...IMAGINE ME LIKE THE TERROR! FORGET IT!

WHEN JEAN AND CLARK LEAVE--
I HEARD WHAT SHE SAID, BOB! OH, BOY--IF SHE ONLY KNEW!

NRETRAY'S GOING TO KNOW, YOUNGSTER--JUST YOU AND ME! THE BLACK TERROR WORKS BEST IN THE DARK!

WELL, TIM--ARE WE GOING TO SHOW THESE FOLKS SOME ACTION?
ARE WE!! JUST WAIT FOR NEXT MONTH'S EXCITING COMICS!
JIM HATFIELD
TEXAS RANGER

RED TAGGARD AND HIS HENCHMEN RIDE TOWARD THE COMANCHE RESERVATION!
IF WE KIN GIT THEM INJUNS TO PLAY OUR GAME, BOYS... WE'RE SET!

CHIEF RED WOLF GROWS SUSPICIOUS!
FIREWATER CHIEF... MAKE FUN!
MAKE TROUBLE! YOU GO!

YAH, YOU'RE A MITE TOO SMART—RED WOLF!

DRINK UP, PARDS! THAT'S PLENTY MORE!

GIT GOIN'—THEY'LL BE READY TO FINISH OFF THE JOB WHEN YAH GIT BACK!

EY-YOW!

IN HOUR LATER... AS RANGER JIM HATFIELD RIDES THE PLAINS—

HOOFBEATS/SOUNDS LIKE A TEAM RUNNIN' HARD!
GREAT HORN SPOON---RUNAWAYS!

LET'S GO, BRONC!

WHOA!

JIM SPOTS A FAMILIAR BRAND!

JIMINETTY! THEY'RE THE YUCCA COACH TEAM!

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL BACK!

THAGGARD'S MEN SEE THE RANGER APPROACHING!

LOOK THAR!

HE'S NOSIN' AROUND... GIT TO COVER!

THAT WADDY'S HEADIN' FER TROUBLE!
GANGIN' UP, EH?

HOLD HIM, BOYS!

SOC!

THIS'LL SOFTEN YUH!

JIM GOES DOWN FIGHTING!

IT'S ALL SET, BOSS!

SO ARE THESE CRITTERS!

JAGGARD'S MEN RETURN TO THE COMANCHE CAMP!

HOLD YORE WHOOPIN', BRAVES!

THAR'S GOOD PICKIN'S ON THE YUCCA COACH... WANT 'EM?

WE GO!
BOYS—that coach'll be a purty sight when those red devils git done with it!

Hi...whar's yore six-gun, pokey?

Reckon I dropped it when we mixed with that ranger!

It's good as a hangin'-warrant if he finds it! Let's go!

Reckon those coyotes got clean away!

Meanwhile...

Just as Jim finds the gun...

Looks like—thunderation! What's that?

Yi! Yi!

Yipee!

The comanches approach with their loot—

Here's somethin' I'm lookin' into!
THAT MOMENT...

YUH'RE STAYIN'!

SPEAK UP... WHAR'ID YUH GIT IT?

YUCCA COACH--EVERYONE KILLED!

MY IRON'S GONE... AN' THE RANGER WITH IT!

SUFFERIN' CATAMOUNTS!

THAR HE IS, TAGGARD! GOT ONE O' THE INJUNS TOO--AFTER HIM!

STILL SET FOR A Tussle, HEY?

BANG!

OW!

THEN...

UGH!

MAYBE I DON'T NEED A GUN!

EASY, THAR--WE KIN MAKE THIS LOOK LIKE AN INJUN JOB!
This'll fix him! Now to git to yucca!

Jim is ringed by fire!

Reviving...he makes a desperate bid for his life! If I don't skeedaddle soon--

GREAT BLUES... they're runnin' loco!

A new peril looms

I'll take a chance--

--with a mite of bulldoggin'!!

The coach's over an hour late!

Reckon we'd better see what's up, men!

I'm afeerd thar ain't much yuh kin do, sheriff!

At that moment, in yucca---
WHAT CALL YUH GOT, TAGGARD, CLAIMIN' THE COMANCHE JUMPED THE COACH?

DOUBTIN', EH? TAKE A LOOK-SEE AT THE RESERVATION!

MOB SPIRIT RISES!

LET'S CLEAN OUT THEM REDSKINS, BOYS!

C'MON, GANG!

MEANWHILE...

KI-YI... GET ON THROUGH, DOCHIES!

THAT BIT OF RODEO RIDIN' SAVED MY HIDE... NOW TO GIT BUSY!

THOSE VARMINTS JUMPED ME JEST AFTER I ROPED THAT INJUN... RECKON THEY'RE IN CAHOOTS!

SLEEPIN' IT OFF, HEY?

HOLD!

I'M PLUMB SORRY CHIEF... BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO COME WITH ME!

WAIT!

HERE-EVERYTHING!

THE OLD BOY'S TAKIN' THE BLAME HIMSELF!
JIM FINDS A BILLOFAL AMONG THE LOOT!

HMM... IT'S A COPY OF A LETTER TO JED TAGGARD!

THAT'S THE CHIEF... GRAB HIM!

STAND BACK, MEN!

THE INFURIATED MOB ARRIVES!

I'M THE LAW HERE... AND I'M ARRESTING JED TAGGARD FOR MURDER!

I SAY YUM AIN'T, RANGER!

CHIEF RED WOLF ACTS QUICKLY...

THIS... FROM MY PEOPLE!

BANG!

TAGGARD'S MEN CONFESS!

TAGGARD WAS AFRAID HIS SWINDLE WOULD OUT... SO HE HAD US WRECK THE COACH AND KILL THOSE INVESTORS!

THEN HE GOT THE COMANCHE TO SALVAGE IT... RIGGER IN! THEY'D BE BLAMED, HUH?

SMART GONI! RANGER!

JIM HATFIELD FIGHTS FOR RANGER JUSTICE

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!