

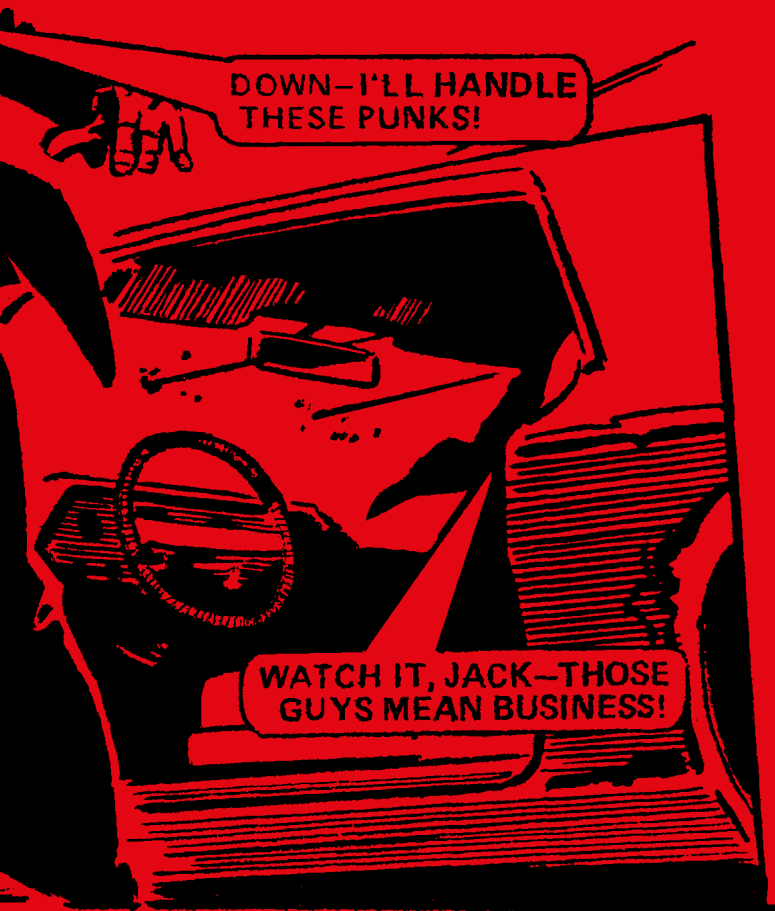
FROM THE PAGES OF
VALIANT



ONE-EYED JACK™

LAW ENFORCEMENT WITH AN EDGE!

JOHN WAGNER • JOHN COOPER



JOHN WAGNER

Writer

JOHN COOPER

Artist

REBELLION[®]

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Original Commissioning Editor: John Wagner

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ONE-EYED JACK

ONE-EYED JACK CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER & JOHN COOPER

INTRODUCTION

Maybe I shouldn't have been let loose on a children's comic. Reading One-Eyed Jack again today I'm a little shocked to see how near the knuckle the stories were. Jack went far over the line of acceptable police behavior. He could (should!) have been prosecuted on any number of occasions. Should I have been presenting that sort of stuff to 12-year-olds?

On the other hand, the readers loved him.

When I was appointed editor, *Valiant* was a basket case, on its way down and out. It was part of the seemingly inevitable decline of most comics at the time – destined for a merger with another publication to briefly prop up sales of the survivor before the decline continued again. There were exceptions, of course. Sister IPC publication *Action* was nearing launch – a comic full of life, fresh ideas and excitement. Its sales figures looked healthy until an errant plotline and company politics resulted in it being removed from the shelves.

Valiant's stories, by contrast, were stale and formulaic. It was a comic lacking energy, living in the past. A large part of it comprised reprint, which because of its budget would have to continue. If it was to be saved it needed to be given a harder edge in the few slots that were left. One-Eyed Jack, borrowing strongly from the film *Dirty Harry* and similar genre movies, was the first effort.

The impact of the story was in huge measure boosted by the slick, superb artwork of John Cooper. I can still remember a real thrill when his first pages were shown to me – so much better than anything I had imagined. The characters and the city came to life. Other writers came after me and did an excellent job, but it's John's work that truly made One-Eyed Jack.

Jack was an instant hit. The first week he appeared he leapt to the top of the readers' poll, scoring twice as many votes as the previous regular top story, Captain Hurricane. It was a position he never lost in my few remaining months as *Valiant* editor.

The lessons I learned from One-Eyed Jack played no little part in the creation of Judge Dredd, but that's another story. For now, join John Cooper and Jack McBane out on those mean streets.

John Wagner
2017





ONE-EYED JACK

Script: John Wagner

Art: John Cooper

Originally serialised in *Valiant*
20th December 1975 – 16th October 1976

NEW STORY NUMBER 3—THE NEW YORK COP WITH HIS OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE.

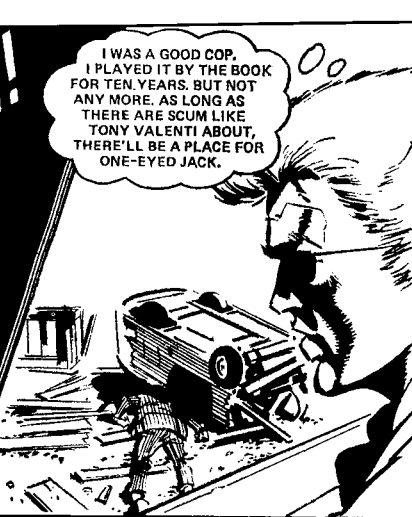
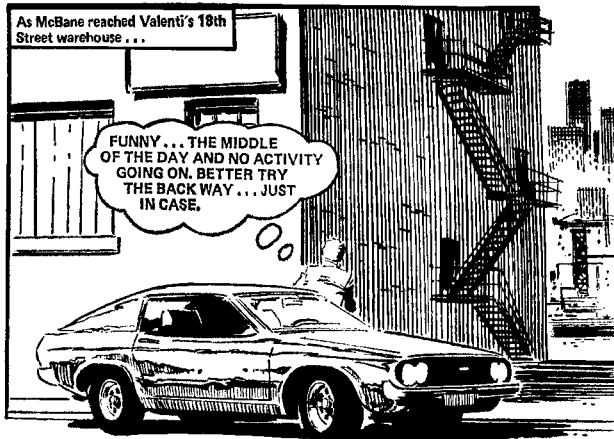


ONE-EYED JACK



"SO WHAT'S IT TO BE . . . AN EYE FOR AN EYE—OR A LITTLE INFORMATION?"

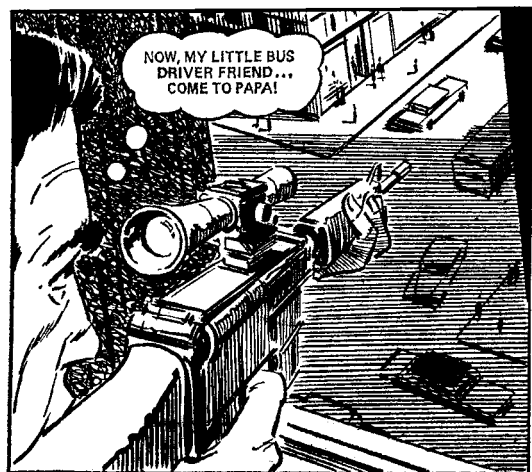




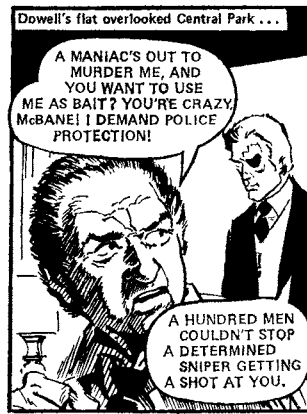
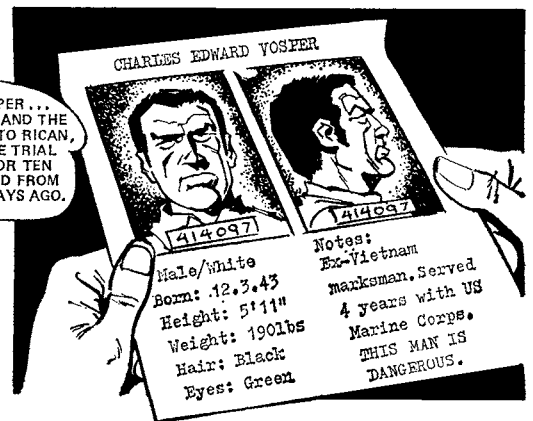
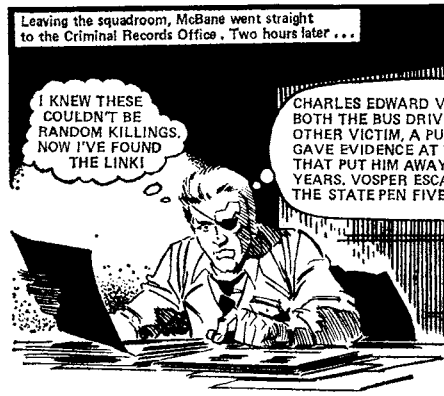
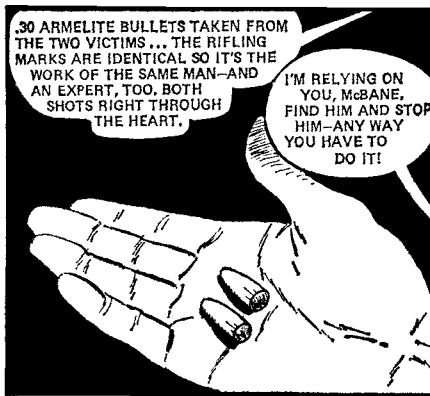
NEXT WEEK: JACK McBANE VERSUS THE SNIPER!

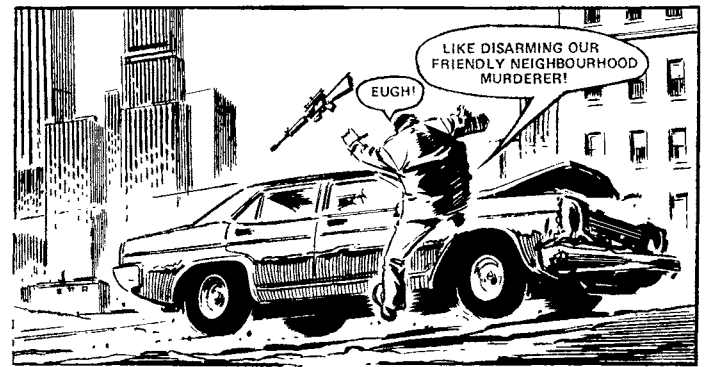
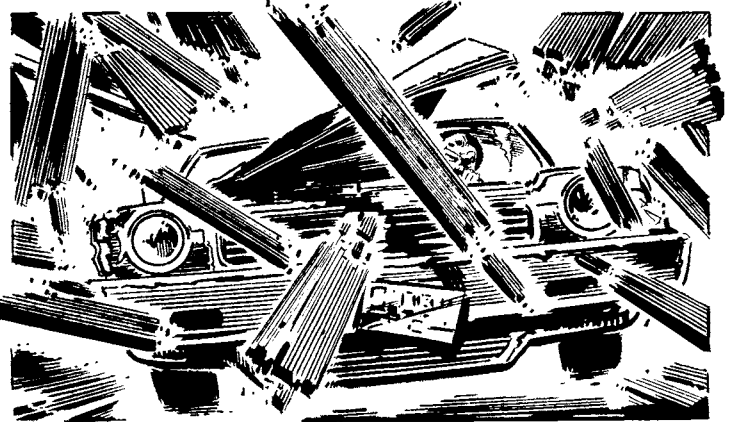
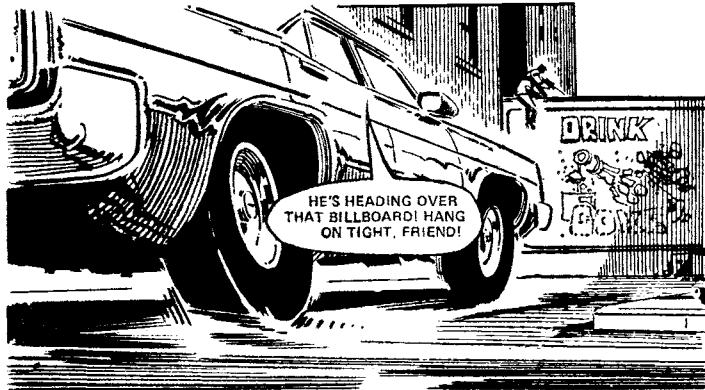
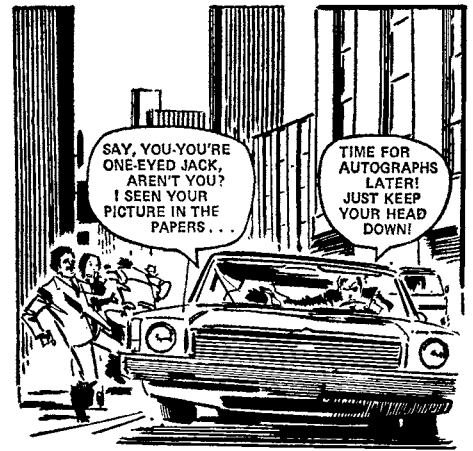
"NOW, MY LITTLE BUS DRIVER FRIEND... COME TO PAPA!"

ONE-EYED JACK



"YOU COULD BE LYING ON A MORTUARY SLAB BY MORNING!"

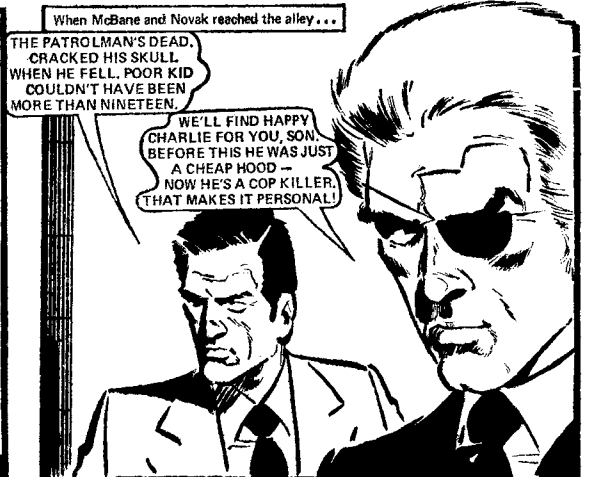
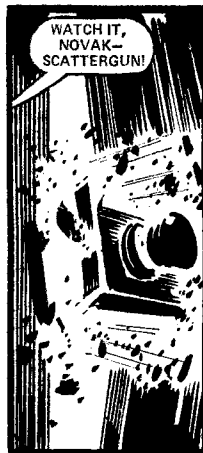




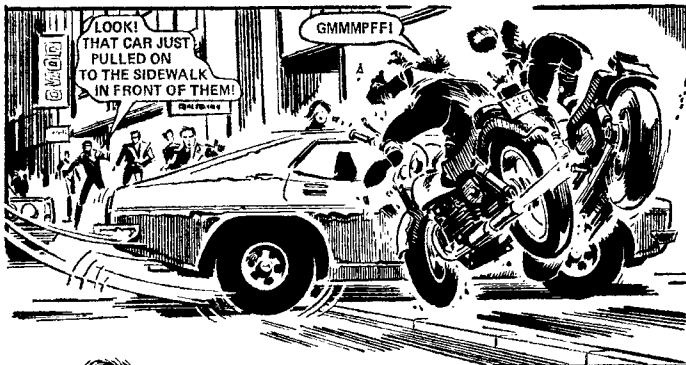
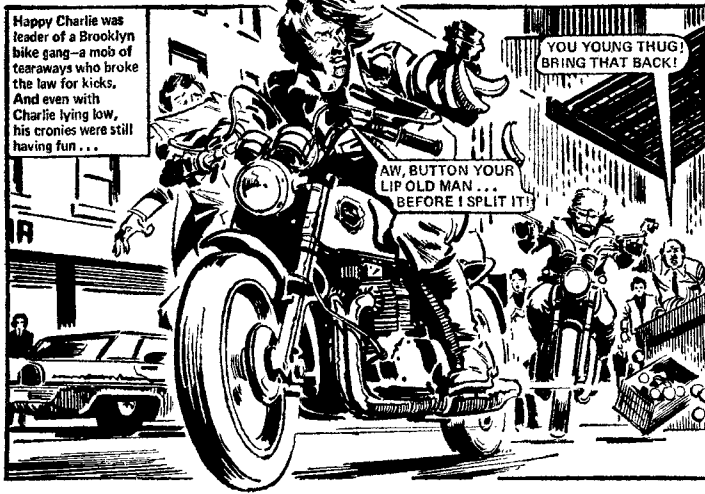
NEXT WEEK: McBANE TAKES ON A COP KILLER!

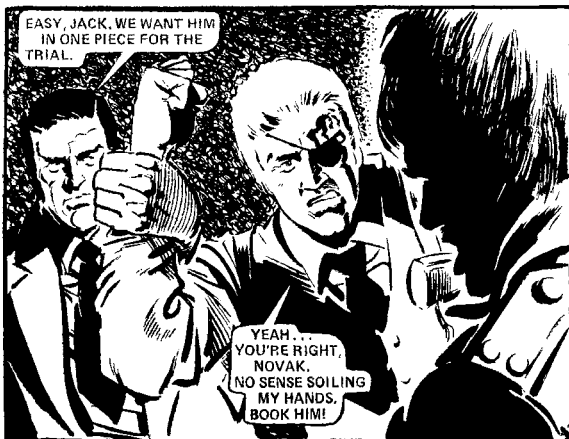
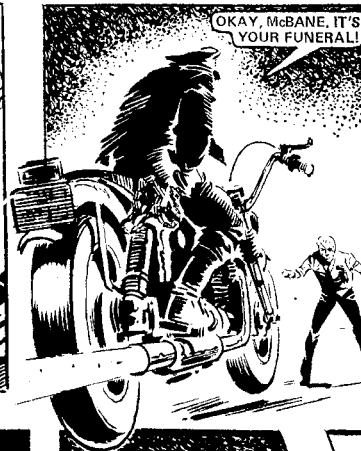
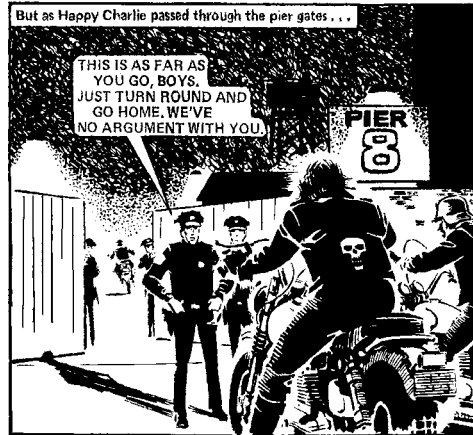
"NOW HE'S A COP KILLER, THAT MAKES IT PERSONAL."

ONE-EYED JACK



"COP KILLERS AREN'T MY FAVOURITE KINDA PEOPLE."





"A ONE-EYED JACK — THAT MEANS BAD LUCK."



In the office of a car graveyard on the outskirts of New York, four men are playing cards — among them notorious heist men, Coe and Wally Onslow. . .

EIGHT THIRTY.
TIME WE GOT DRESSED
FOR THE PARTY.



Soon. . .

THESE SCATTERGUNS ARE LOADED
AND READY. WE'LL NEED 'EM
BEFORE THE DAY'S OVER.

HANG ON, COE. . . I'M JUST
GOING TO CUT THE CARDS
FOR LUCK.



A-A ONE-EYED JACK—
THAT MEANS
BAD LUCK.

YOU AND YOUR CRAZY
SUPERSTITIONS, WALLY! FORGET IT!



But as the four men left the car
graveyard, their progress was
being watched by detective Jack
McBane—better known as One-
Eyed Jack!

THEY'RE LEAVING THE
CAR DUMP NOW, DISGUISED
AS SECURITY MEN. 
NOTIFY ALL UNITS. WE
ARE FOLLOWING.



As nine o'clock approached, inside the Stateside Bank. . .

THE SECURITY VAN'S HERE,
SIR—THEY'RE A BIT EARLY. . .

BETTER OPEN UP,
HASKINS.



WHAT THE — ?

EVERYBODY BACK! THIS
IS A RAID.

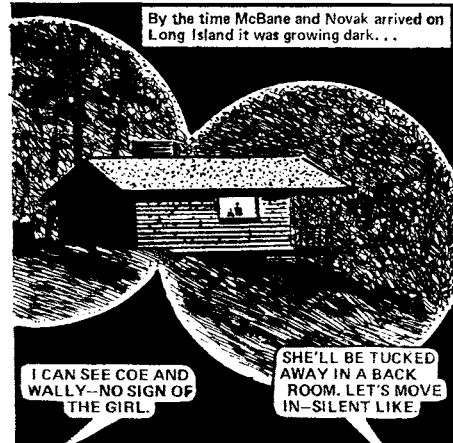
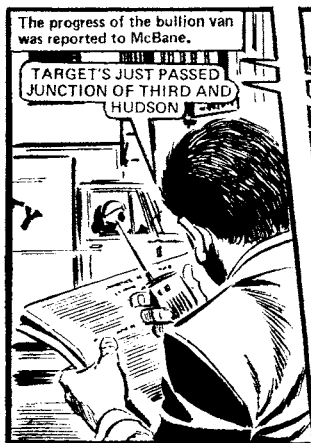
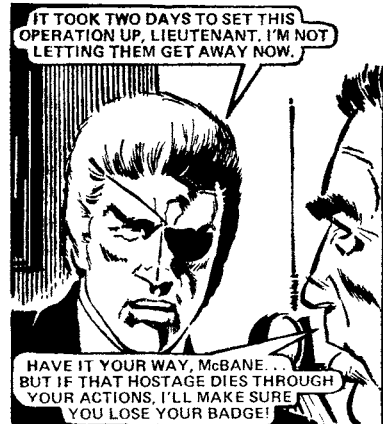


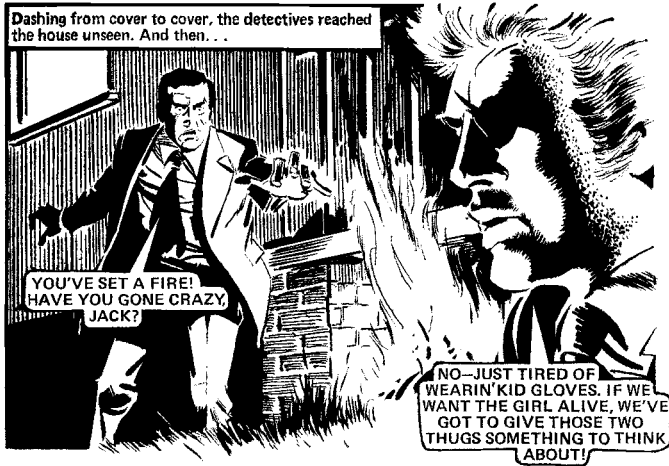
Next second. . .

AAAH. . . G-GAS!

UUUU! CAN'T BREATHE. . .

"IT'S McBANE, COE! WE'VE HAD IT!"





NEXT WEEK — FRAME UP!

A BODY FROM THE EAST RIVER—AND ANOTHER CASE FOR ONE-EYED JACK!

JUST ANOTHER MONDAY MORNING IN THE 94TH PRECINCT OF NEW YORK. DETECTIVES JACK McBANE AND WILLY NOVAK WATCH AS A CAR IS WINCHED UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE EAST RIVER. . .



ONE-EYED JACK

NO NEED FOR THE AUTOPSY, NOVAK. THOSE SPARKLERS COULD ONLY BELONG TO GEORGE RINGS' RENATTO... BIG TIME GANGSTER, NUMBERS MAN—AND DEADLY RIVAL OF ALFONSE PARISI, THE EAST SIDE MAFIA DON.

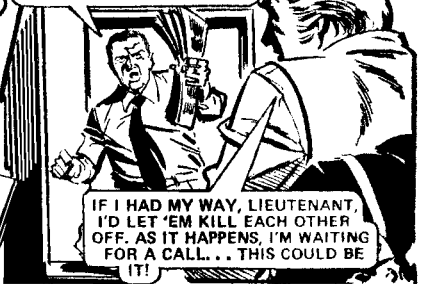


The city's papers all carried banner headlines. . .



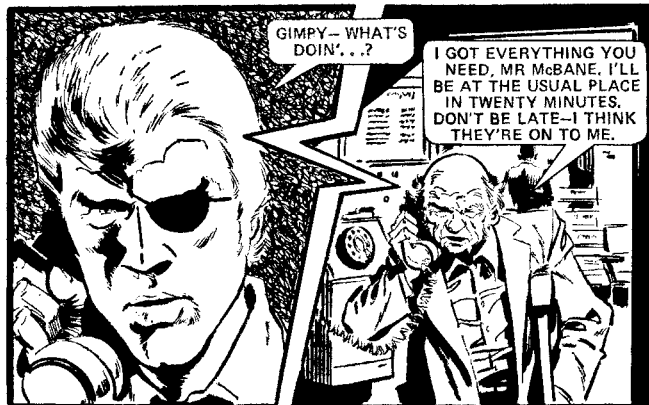
Later, in the 94th Precinct squadroom. . .

THE PAPERS ARE ROASTING US ON THESE GANGLAND MURDERS, McBANE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT IT?

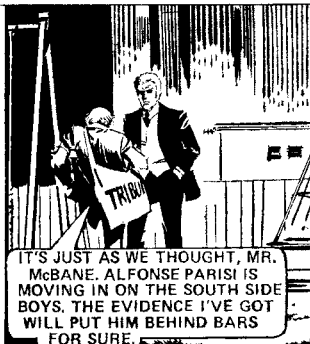


GIMPY—WHAT'S DOIN'...?

I GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED, MR. McBANE. I'LL BE AT THE USUAL PLACE IN TWENTY MINUTES. DON'T BE LATE—I THINK THEY'RE ON TO ME.



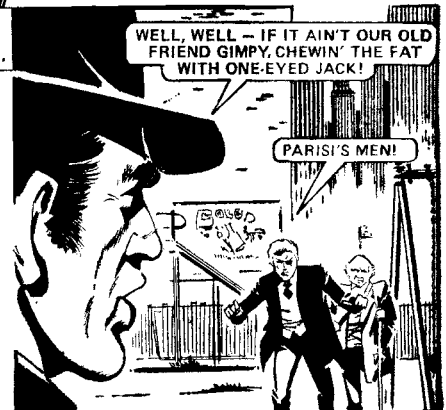
"Gimpy" Kowalski, a one-legged newspaper seller, was McBane's best informant. The meeting place was a playground in the Bronx. . .



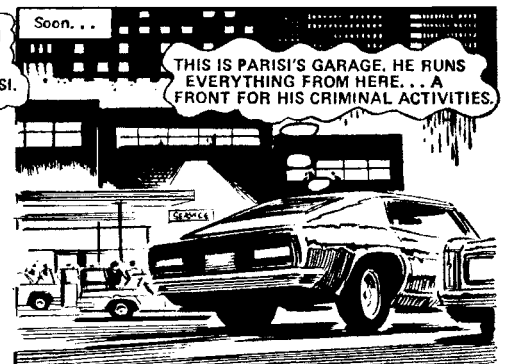
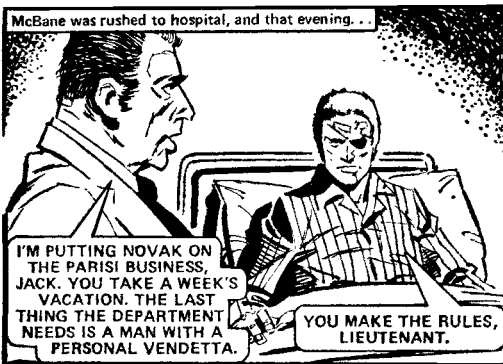
IT'S JUST AS WE THOUGHT, MR. McBANE. ALFONSE PARISI IS MOVING IN ON THE SOUTH SIDE BOYS. THE EVIDENCE I'VE GOT WILL PUT HIM BEHIND BARS FOR SURE.

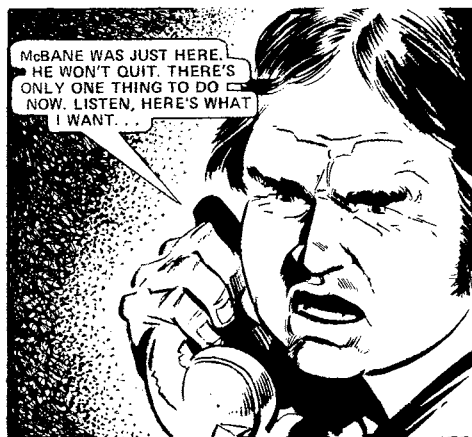
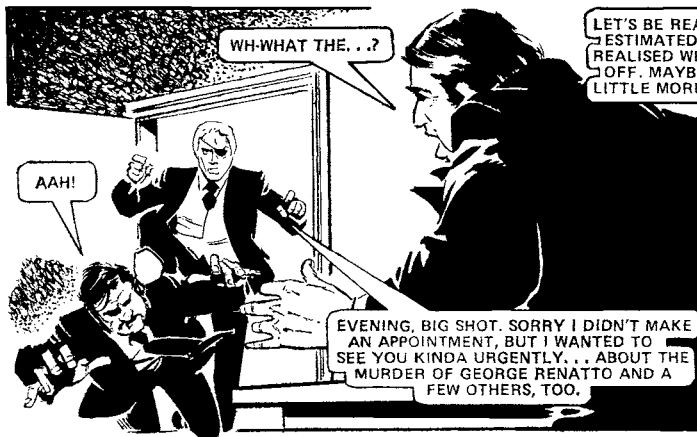
WELL, WELL — IF IT AIN'T OUR OLD FRIEND GIMPY, CHEWIN' THE FAT WITH ONE-EYED JACK!

PARISI'S MEN!



"I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MR. ALFONSE PARISI."





NEXT WEEK. A MAFIA CONTRACT ON McBANE'S LIFE!

"I CAN'T OPERATE WITHOUT TOOLS!"

ONE-EYED JACK

A police informer called Gimpy has been murdered with a .44 Magnum revolver, the gun that belonged to detective Jack McBane, known as One-Eyed Jack. Now McBane is suspended from duty on suspicion of murder...

ALD
**SUSPENDED! NEW YORK
DETECTIVE FACES INQUIRY**

ECHO
**MURDER GUN BELONGED
TO NEW YORK COP**

**ONE-EYED JACK
MURDER SENSATION**

TRIBUNE
**"ONE-EYED JACK" MAY
FACE MURDER CHARGE**

STANDARD
**DETECTIVE IN
MURDER RIDDLE**



Meanwhile, mafia leader Alfonse Parisi was meeting with high-ranking members of his 'family'...

I KNOW McBANE. HE WON'T GIVE UP TILL HE FINDS GIMPY'S KILLER... AND WHEN HE DOES, HE'LL TIE IT IN WITH ME. SO WE'VE ONLY ONE CHOICE—WE WASTE HIM!



YOU WERE GIMPY'S FRIEND, LEFTY. ANY IDEAS WHICH ONE OF PARISI'S THUGS SHOT HIM?

JUST A WHISPER, JACK... THE GUY YOU WANT IS MANNY ZEIGLER—HE LIKES TO KEEP IN SHAPE DOWN THE PLAZA GYM.

"IT'S A HIT!"

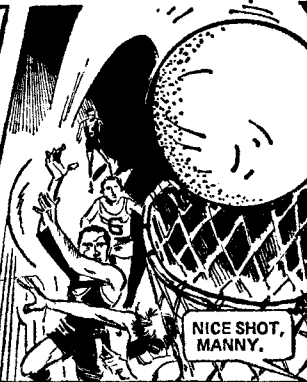
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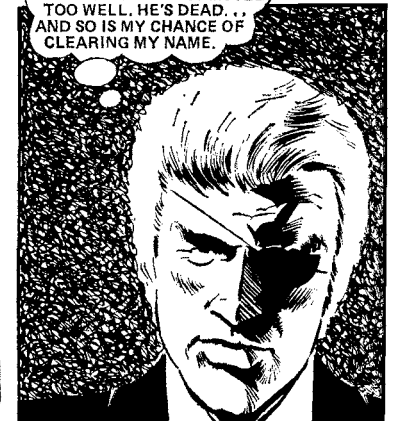
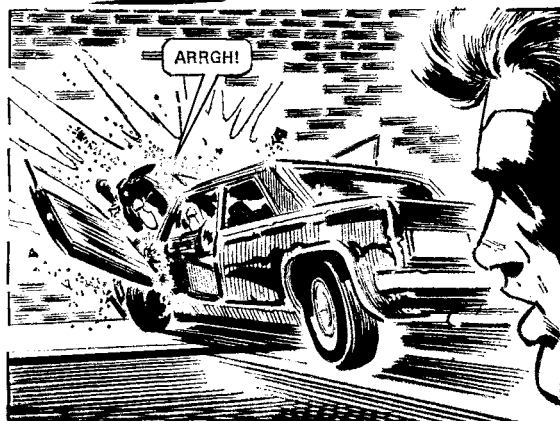
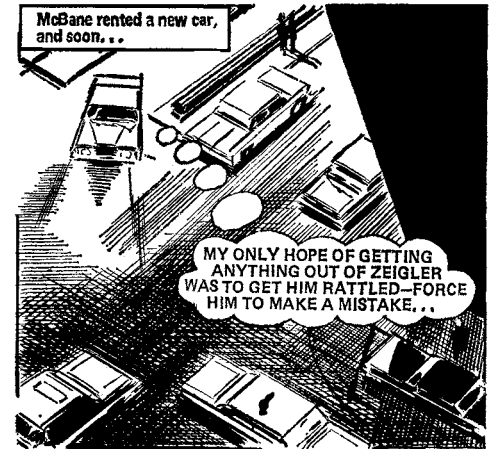
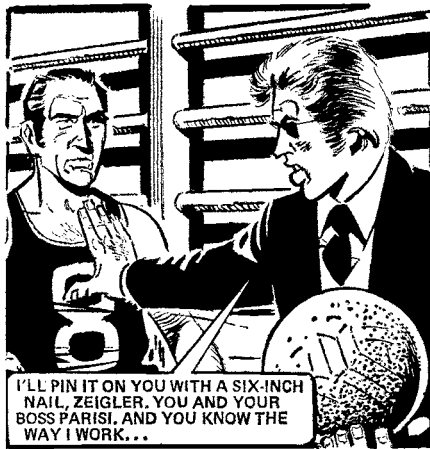
HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY, ONE-EYE!

IT'S A HIT! DOWN, LEFTY!



But as the detective wrenched open his car door...





IS ONE-EYED JACK A MARKED MAN FOR LIFE? SEE NEXT WEEK.

"THE DEAD SHOULD REST IN PEACE!"

ONE-EYED JACK

New York detective Jack McBane, known as One-Eyed Jack, kneels over a dead man—the only person who could have cleared him of the murder of police informant "Gimpy" Kowalski...

ZEIGLER'S DEAD... AND WITH HIM GO MY CHANCES OF PROVING HE KILLED GIMPY... THAT ALFONSE PARISI, THE MAFIA DON, ORDERED THE KILLING TO FRAME ME.

HEY, YOU'RE JACK McBANE. YOU WITNESS THIS ACCIDENT?

YOU COULD SAY I CAUSED IT, SON.

THIS IS PATROLMAN JOHNSON REPORTING FROM 68th AT AVELON. TELL LIEUTENANT CARELLI TO GET DOWN HERE RIGHT AWAY. I GOT JACK McBANE, TWO STIFFS AND A BENT CAR TO SORT OUT.

Within two minutes...

YOU NEVER GIVE UP, McBANE... EVERYWHERE YOU GO WE END UP WITH CORPSES. GET IN... WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE YOU IN FOR QUESTIONING.

I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT, LIEUTENANT...

... 'COS RIGHT NOW I'VE GOTTA GET OUT FROM UNDER A MURDER WRAP!

UGH!

AND I AIN'T GONNA DO IT SITTING IN THE COOLER!

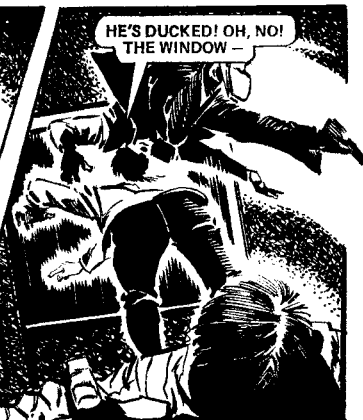
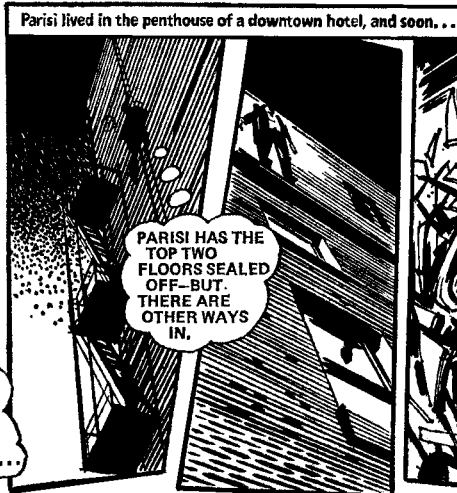
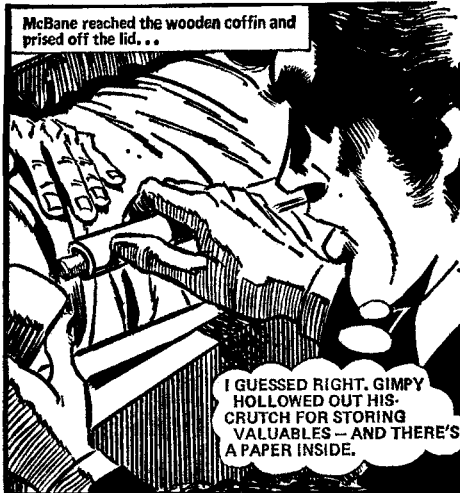
ATTENTION ALL UNITS... I WANT AN ALL-POINT ALERT ON JACK McBANE. SUBJECT LAST SEEN HEADING DOWN 68th AT AVELON... IF YOU SEE HIM, ARREST HIM.

I'M REAL SORRY, GIMPY. THE DEAD SHOULD REST IN PEACE... BUT RIGHT NOW, MY NEED'S GREATER THAN YOURS.

All the next day McBane lay low. But darkness found him in Potter's Field, the New York graveyard for the poor...

GIMPY SAID HE HAD EVIDENCE ON PARISI. I TURNED HIS PLACE OVER AND COULDN'T FIND A THING. SO WHATEVER HE HAD HAS GOT TO BE BURIED WITH HIS BODY.

"IT'S McBANE! GET HIM."





AAAAAAHHH!



PARISI'S HEADED FOR THE ROOF.

ROOF STAIRCASE



THERE HE GOES.



DON'T RUN OUT ON ME, SWEETHEART! WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO TALK.



UUH!



WH-WHAT YOU DOING, McBANE?

WE'RE IN A CONSTRUCTION SITE, WE MIGHT AS WELL USE IT.



A CONCRETE OVERCOAT! NO-NO McBANE-YOU YOU WOULDN'T...

WOULDN'T IT? IF I'M GOING TO BE BLAMED FOR GIMPY'S MURDER, ONE MORE DOESN'T MATTER.

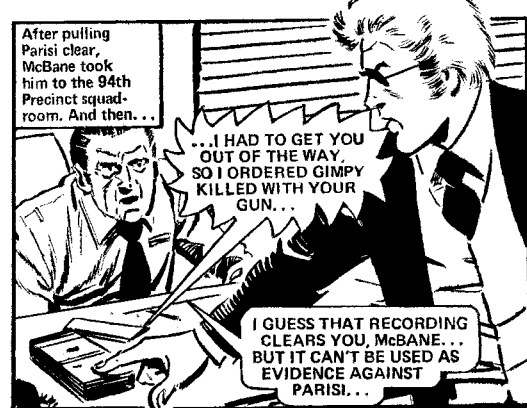


HOW DOES IT FEEL WHEN IT HAPPENS TO YOU, ALFONSE? IS IT STARTING TO SET YET?

YOU-YOU'RE CRAZY, McBANE! GET ME OUT OF HERE AND I-LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!



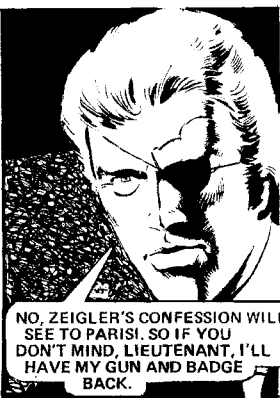
TUT, TUT, ALFONSE. YOU FIRST. SING IT OUT LOUD AND CLEAR SO THE BIRDIES CAN HEAR YOU.



After pulling Parisi clear, McBane took him to the 94th Precinct squad-room. And then...

...I HAD TO GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY, SO I ORDERED GIMPY KILLED WITH YOUR GUN...

I GUESS THAT RECORDING CLEARS YOU, McBANE... BUT IT CAN'T BE USED AS EVIDENCE AGAINST PARISI...



NO, ZEIGLER'S CONFESSION WILL SEE TO PARISI. SO IF YOU DON'T MIND, LIEUTENANT, I'LL HAVE MY GUN AND BADGE BACK.



OKAY, JACK - YOU WIN. BUT DO ME A FAVOUR-PLAY IT BY THE BOOK IN FUTURE, HUH?

LIEUTENANT CARELLI

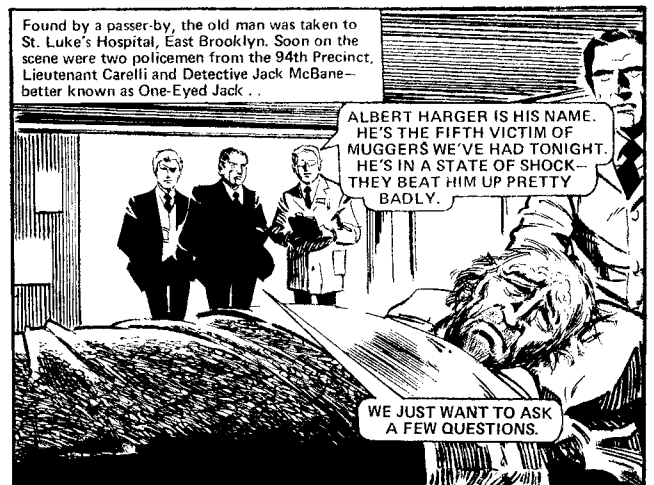
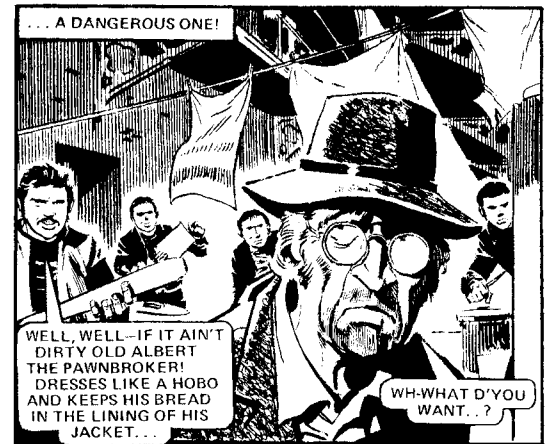
I LOST AN EYE PLAYING IT BY THE BOOK. THE ONLY WAY TO FIGHT THUGS IS TO USE THEIR RULES.

NEXT WEEK: NIGHT OF THE MUGGERS!

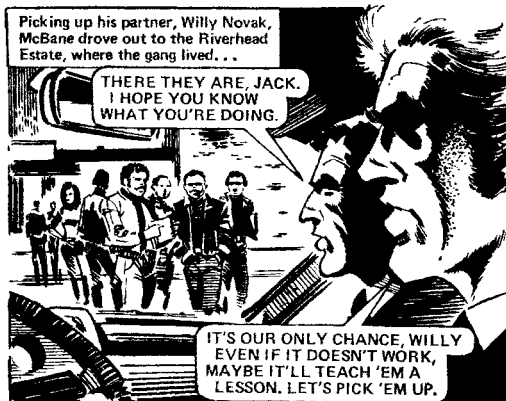
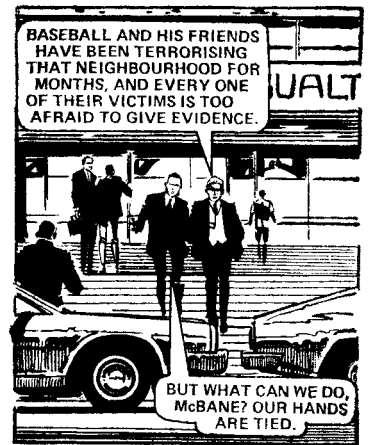
"WE WANT A PIECE OF THE ACTION!"

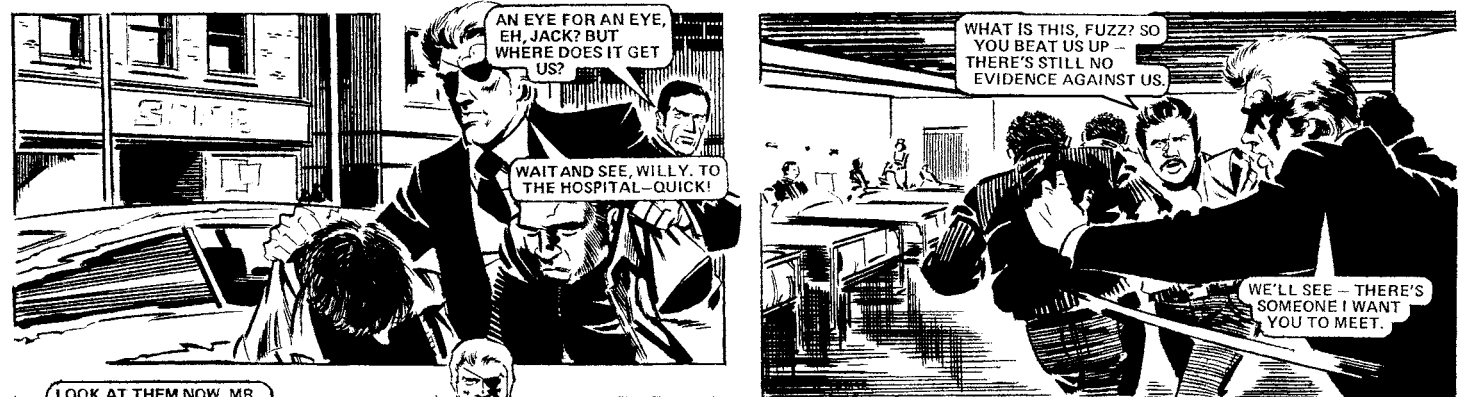


ONE-EYED JACK



"I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WASTE A COP!"





READ "ONE-EYED JACK" AGAIN NEXT WEEK.

"THIS IS A HI-JACK!"

Saturday morning at New York's Kennedy airport A car tears across the runway towards a Boeing 747 Jumbo Jet...

FLIGHT 6351 TO DALLAS IS NOW BOARDING AT GATE FOUR. WILL ALL PASSENGERS PLEASE MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE DEPARTURE LOUNGE. THANK YOU.

ARRGHI

WHAT THE HECK-?

THEY'VE GOT GUNSI RUN!

STOP! Y-YOU CAN'T...UUGH!

OUT OF THE WAY! THIS IS A HIJACK!

Inside the cockpit of the Jumbo Jet...

THIS IS AIRCRAFT ALPHA DELTA TO CONTROL. WE ARE ARMED AND HAVE COMPLETE COMMAND OF THE PLANE.

WE DEMAND A RANSOM OF FIVE MILLION DOLLARS AND AN UNIMPEDED FLIGHT TO THE MIDDLE EAST. UNTIL YOU COMPLY WITH THE REQUEST, ONE PASSENGER WILL BE SHOT EVERY HALF HOUR.

ONE-EYED JACK

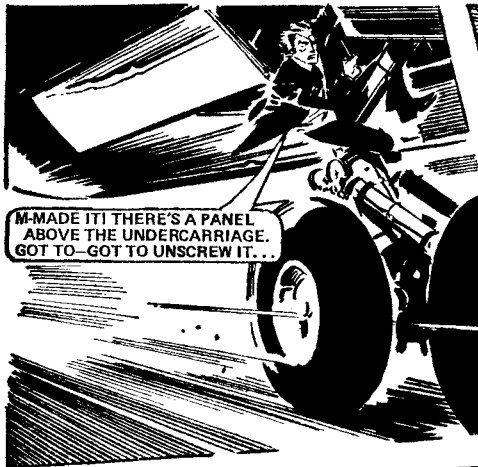
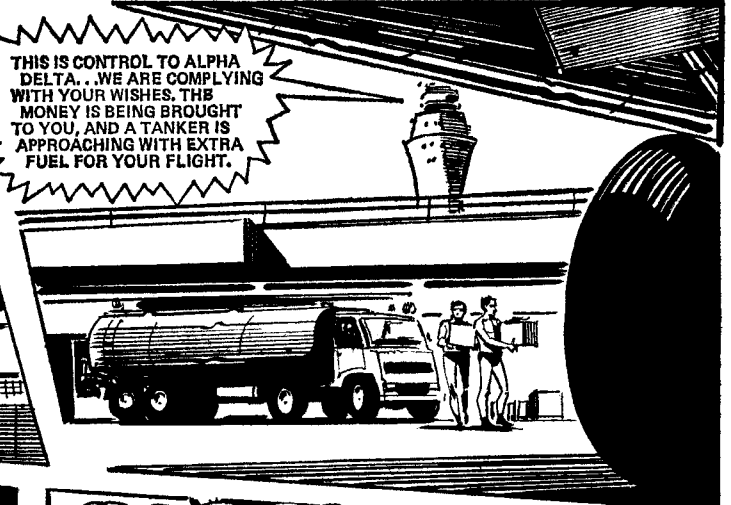
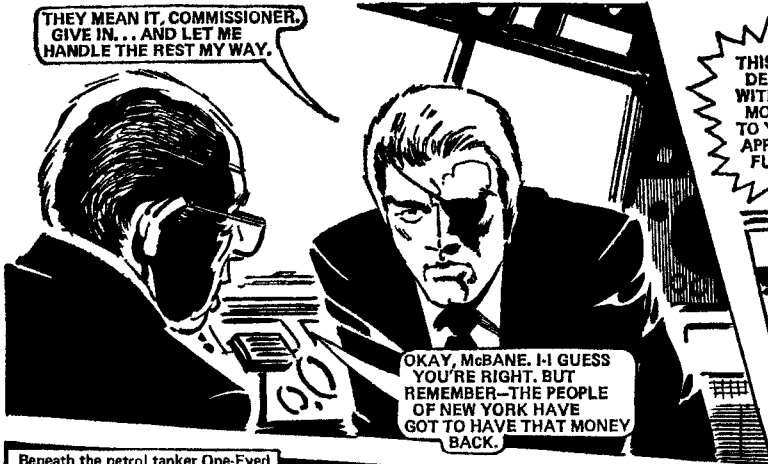
New York's Police Commissioner rushed to the scene. With him in the control tower was Detective Jack McBane, better known as One-Eyed Jack...

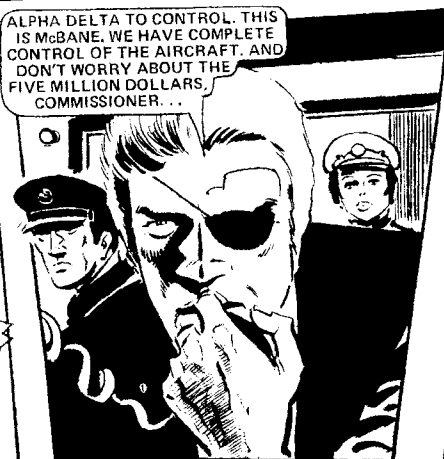
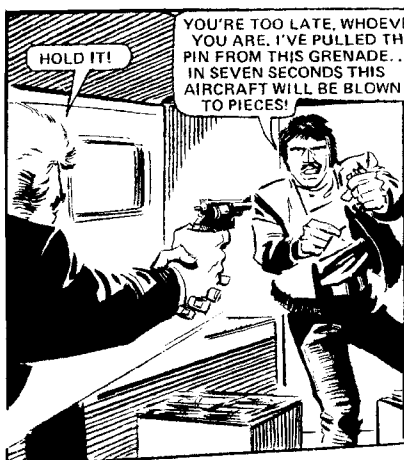
WE CAN'T GIVE IN TO THEM. NEW YORK IS DEEPLY IN DEBT ALREADY.

I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GOT MUCH CHOICE, COMMISSIONER. OR DO PEOPLE'S LIVES MEAN LESS TO YOU THAN FIVE MILLION BUCKS?

YOU HAVE HAD TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES. UNLESS YOU AGREE TO OUR DEMANDS, IN FIVE MINUTES THE PASSENGER YOU SEE WILL DIE.

"ONE WRONG MOVE NOW AND PEOPLE DIE..."





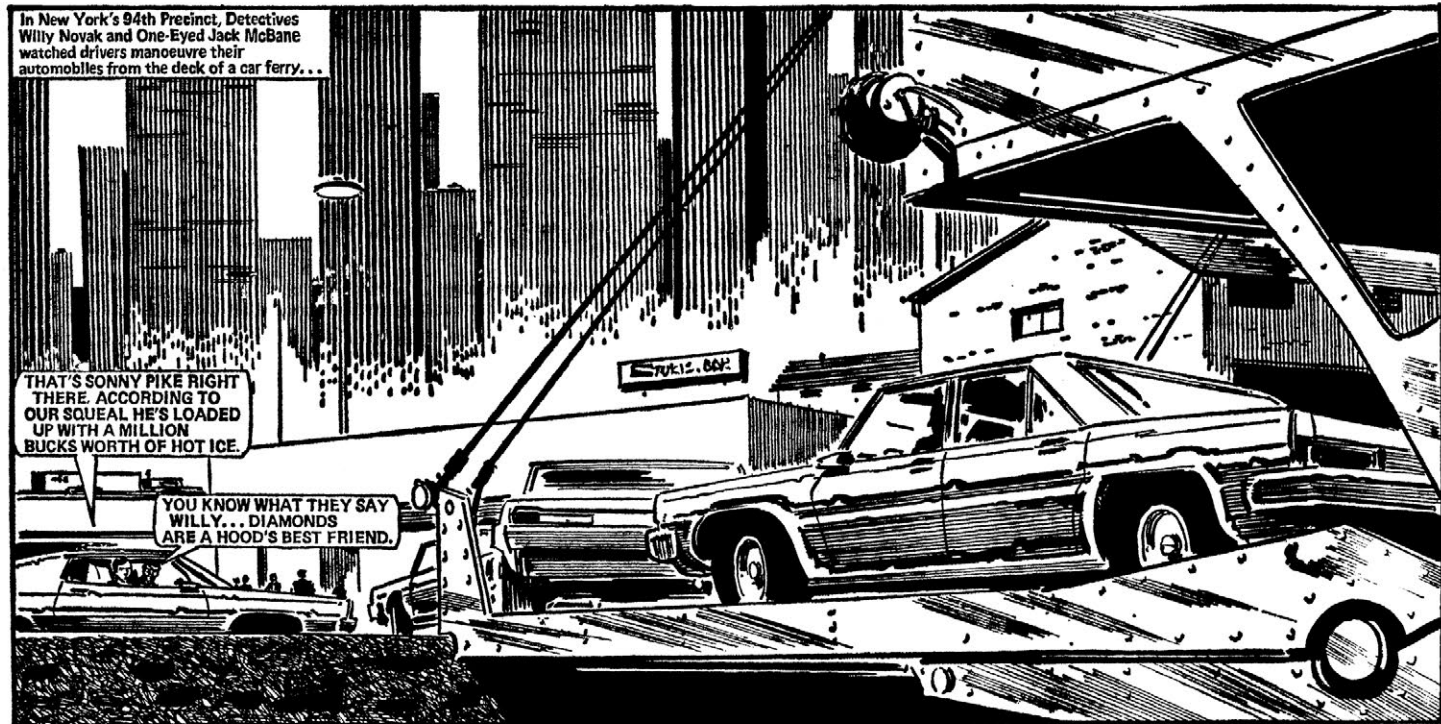
NEXT WEEK: McBANE SHOTS A COP. WHY?

ANOTHER CASE FOR NEW YORK'S TOUGHEST COP . . . ONE-EYED JACK!

In New York's 94th Precinct, Detectives Willy Novak and One-Eyed Jack McBane watched drivers manoeuvre their automobiles from the deck of a car ferry . . .

THAT'S SONNY PIKE RIGHT THERE. ACCORDING TO OUR SQUEAL HE'S LOADED UP WITH A MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF HOT ICE.

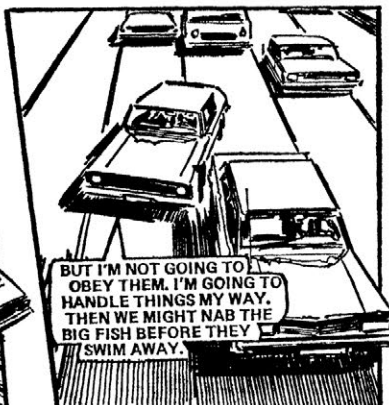
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY WILLY... DIAMONDS ARE A HOOD'S BEST FRIEND.



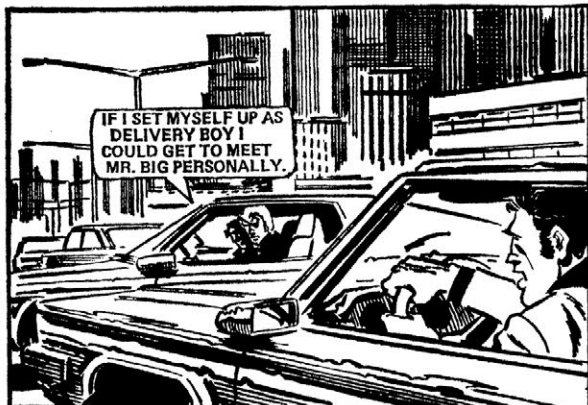
ONE-EYED JACK



I KNOW WHAT THE ORDERS WERE...



But then...



SURE, I GOT NOTHING TO HIDE.

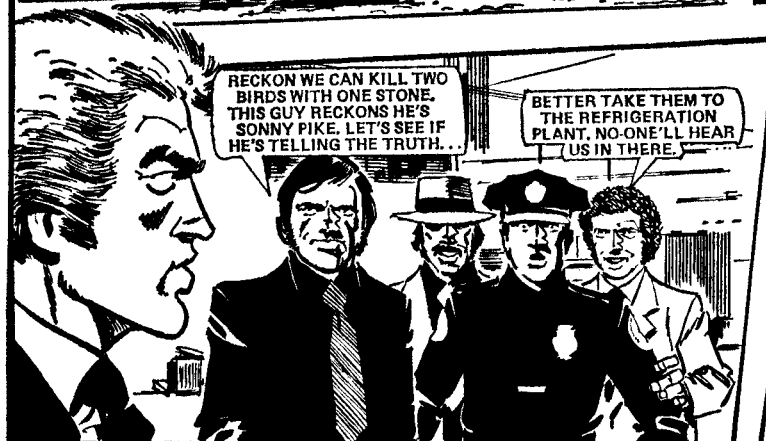
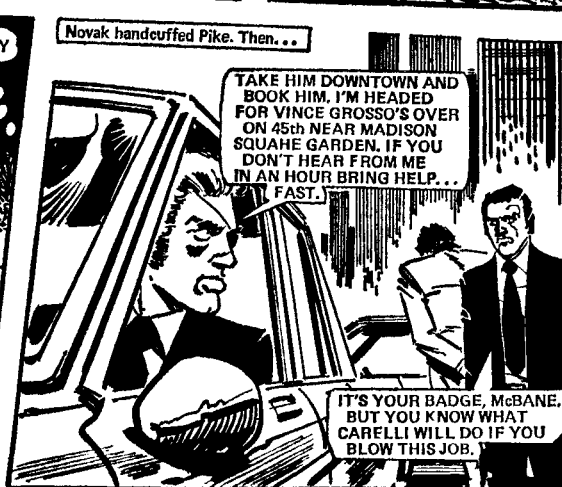


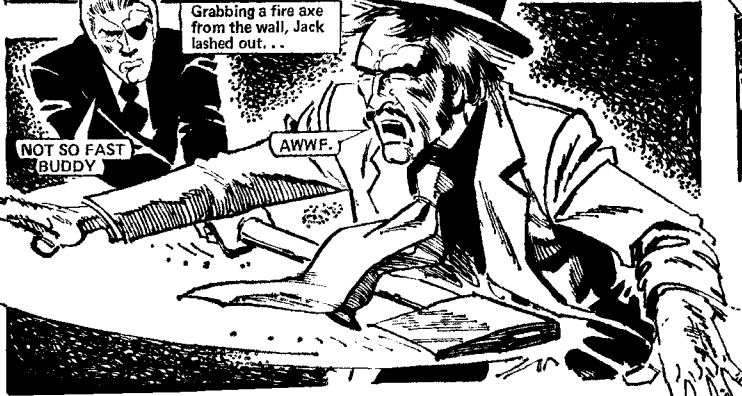
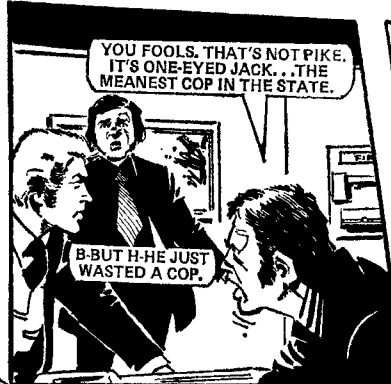
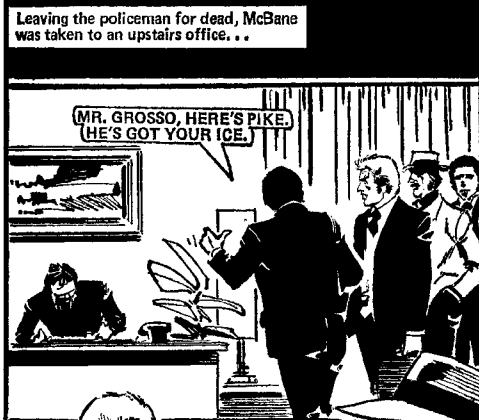
[MOVE, I SAID.]

AN' I'LL BE GLAD TO OBLIGE.

AAARRGH.

"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE STARING A MILLION BUCKS RIGHT IN THE FACE?"





READ "ONE-EYED JACK" AGAIN NEXT WEEK!

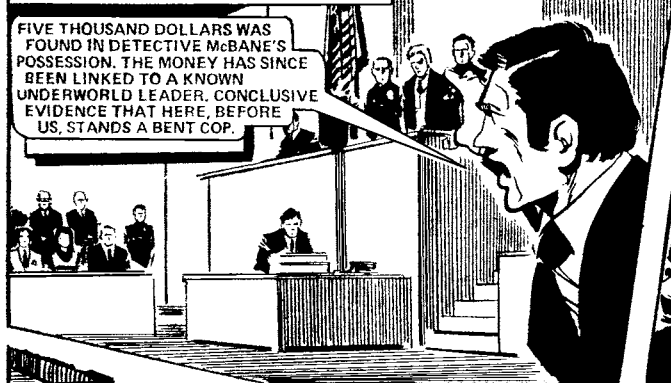
SENSATION! ONE-EYED JACK GOES TO JAIL!

SATURDAY NIGHT, NEW YORK. AMID THE NOISE AND TRAFFIC OF A BUSY MANHATTAN STREET, A PLAINCLOTHES POLICEMAN MAKES AN ARREST...

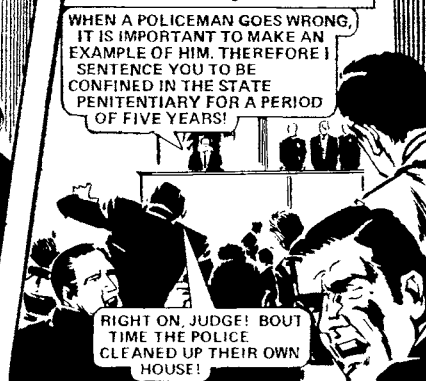


ONE-EYED JACK

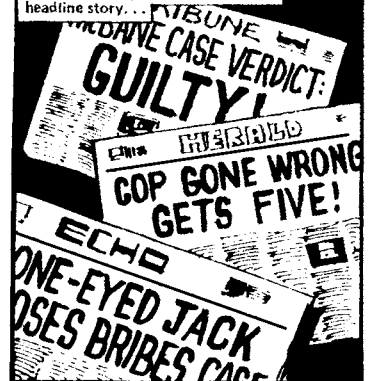
Twenty-four hours later in a Brooklyn courtroom...



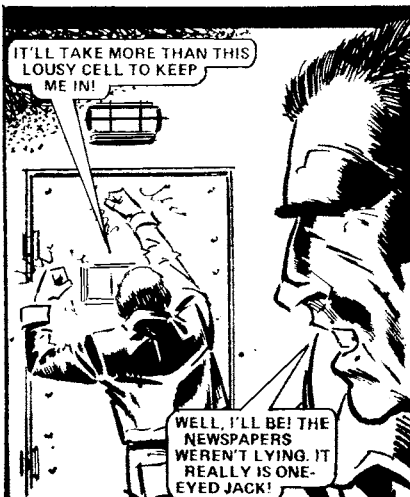
The verdict was a foregone conclusion...



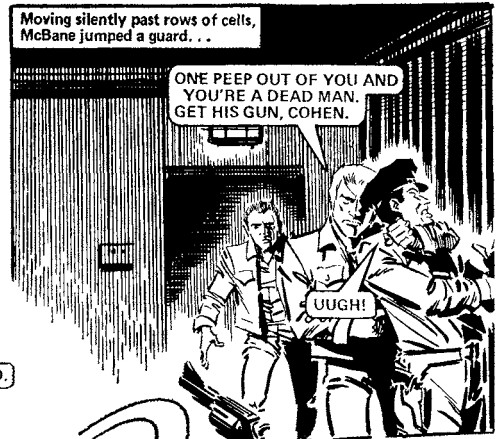
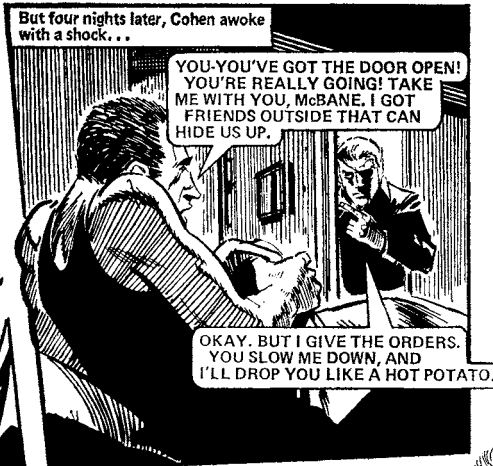
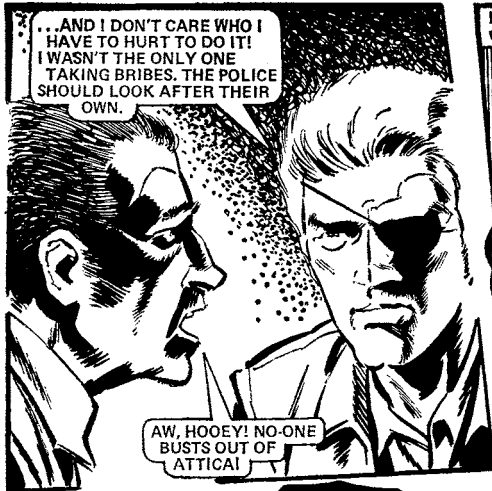
The evening papers carried the same headline story...



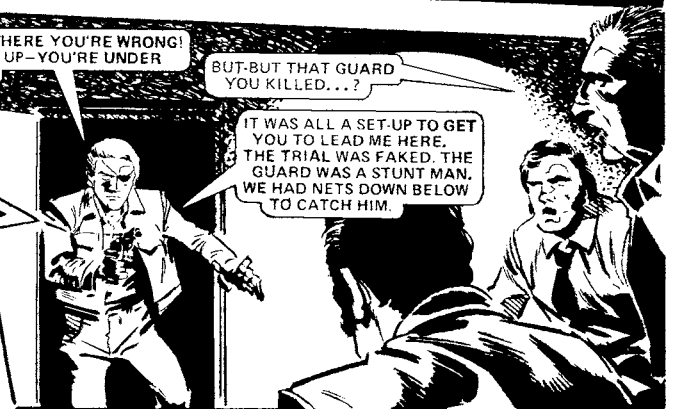
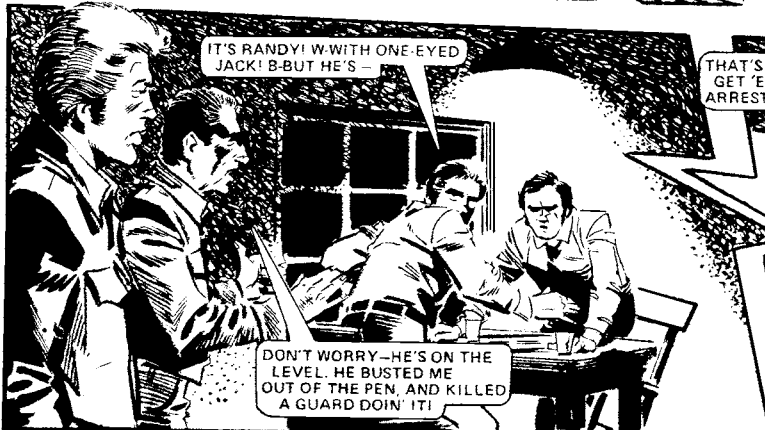
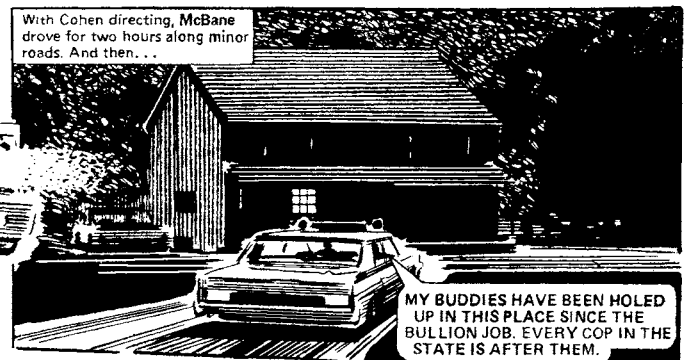
That afternoon McBane was taken by police bus to Attica Prison, upstate...



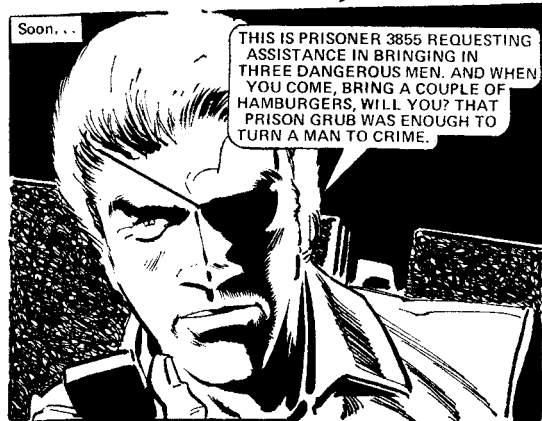
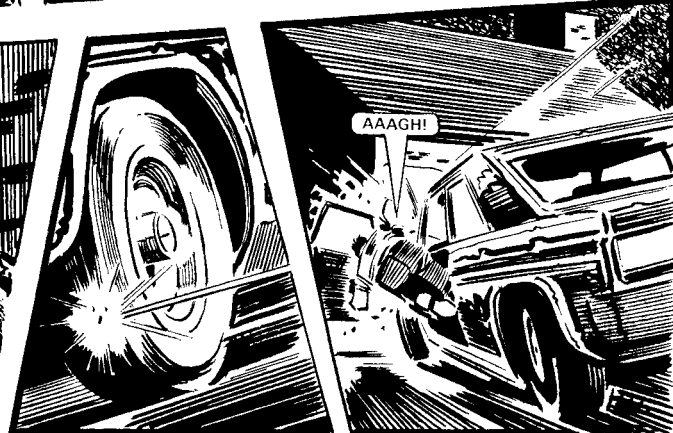
"FIRE THAT GUN AND YOUR BUDDY GETS IT!"



"I'LL BLAST YOU IF I HAVE TO."



McBane took the men's guns, but then...



NEXT WEEK: A ONE-EYED JACK ADVENTURE IN CHINA TOWN!

A BOMB IS THROWN, A RESTAURANT IS BLOWN UP. WHY?

Chinatown, New York. Detectives Jack McBane and Willy Novak of the 94th Precinct squad are on routine patrol. . .

TIME FOR LUNCH, NOVAK. YOUR TURN TO PAY. STOP OFF AT LI HO KWAN'S OVER THERE - HE DOES A GOOD CHOP SUEY.

WAIT - LOOKS LIKE WE GOT WORK. LOOK AT THE CAR IN FRONT!



ONE-EYED JACK



"I NO WANT TO DIE."

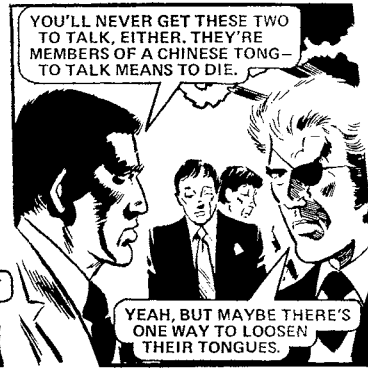


ALL RIGHT, FELLAS, THE FUN'S OVER. LET'S MOSEY BACK TO LI'S AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.

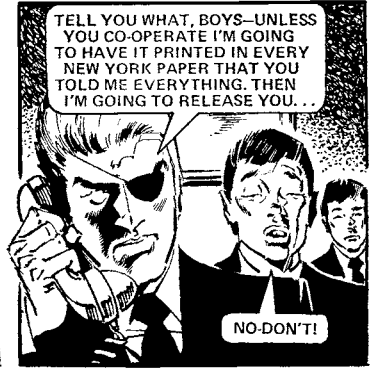


THOSE JOKERS GOT SOMETHING AGAINST YOUR CHOP SUEY, MR. LI HO KWAN?

THEY TONG, MR. McBANE... WANT MONEY TO "PROTECT ME". I NO PAY, SO THEY THROW BOMB. B-BUT I SAY NO MORE NOW. I NO WANT TO DIE.



YEAH, BUT MAYBE THERE'S ONE WAY TO LOOSEN THEIR TONGUES.



NO-DON'T!



WE TELL—AAAGH!

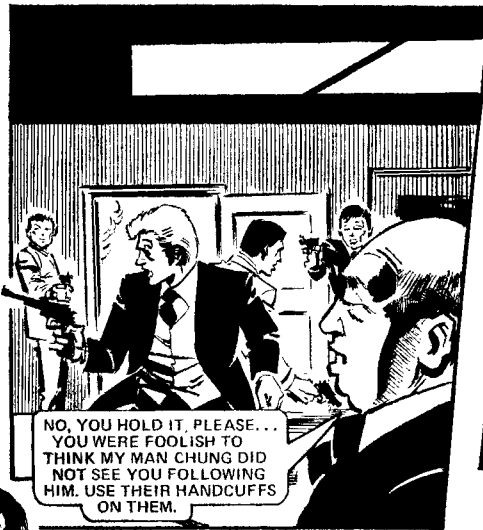


NO! HE'S NO GOOD TO US COLD MEAT! LET HIM THINK HE'S GOT AWAY WITH IT!





HOLD IT, DON'T ANYONE MOVE.



NO, YOU HOLD IT, PLEASE... YOU WERE FOOLISH TO THINK MY MAN CHUNG DID NOT SEE YOU FOLLOWING HIM. USE THEIR HANDCUFFS ON THEM.



WE CANNOT LET THEM LIVE NOW. I WILL GET RID OF WORKERS, THEN WE WILL DISPOSE OF THEM.



WHO'D THINK THAT INNOCENT LOOKING CHINAMAN WOULD BE HEAD OF A VICIOUS TONG GANG? AND AN EFFICIENT ONE TOO—THEY'VE GOT US COLD.

MAYBE! BUT THESE TWO ARE STANDING TOO CLOSE FOR THEIR OWN GOOD. GO FOR THEM WHEN I SAY THE WORD...



NOW!

AAAGH!

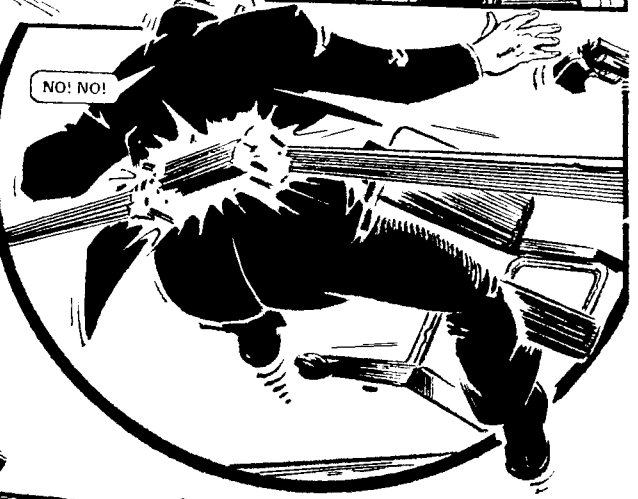


FOOLISH POLICEMEN. NOW YOU WILL HAVE TO DIE IMMEDIATELY...

LOOKS THAT WAY...



BUT LOOKS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING UNLESS YOU CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT!



NO! NO!

As he dived, McBane sent a heavy chair spinning across the room...



the Chinaman fell head first into a vat of boiling water...

AAAAAH!

YOU SURE GET YOURSELF A PACK OF TROUBLE ALL THE TIME, McBANE.

JUST ROUTINE, SAM, AND ALL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH TOO. AS I RECALL, WILLY HERE WAS GOING TO BUY ME A MEAL BEFORE ALL THIS STARTED.

COME ON THEN—WE'LL DROP IN ON LI.

Back at the Chinaman's damaged restaurant...

LUCKILY KITCHENS NOT DAMAGED. THIS POOR LEWARD FOR HONOURABLE SERVICES, BUT WHEN RESTAURANT REPAIRED, YOU TWO COME BACK ANY TIME—NO CHARGE.

THANKS, LI. LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A COUPLE OF REGULAR CUSTOMERS!

NEXT WEEK—THE JIGSAW KILLER!

THE ONE-EYED COP TACKLES THE CASE THAT SHOOK NEW YORK!

IN NEW YORK'S CLASSY MANHATTAN SOUTH, A BODY IS DISCOVERED IN AN APARTMENT. TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD IT LOOKS LIKE JUST ANOTHER KILLING. BUT FOR ONE-EYED DETECTIVE JACK McBANE OF THE 94TH PRECINCT, IT MARKS THE BEGINNING OF HIS STRANGEST AND MOST SPECTACULAR CASE...

NO CLUES, NO NOTHING. JUST ANOTHER STIFF. YOU KNOW, McBANE, THERE ARE TWO THOUSAND MURDERS EVERY YEAR IN NEW YORK—THAT'S MORE THAN AN ENTIRE COUNTRY THE SIZE OF ENGLAND HAS.

DON'T TELL ME, MURPHY—YOU POOR HOMICIDE BOYS ARE UNDERPAID AND OVERWORKED. I CRY FOR YOU EVERY NIGHT. HEY—WHAT'S THIS?

ONE-EYED JACK

A JIGSAW PIECE. LOOKS LIKE A PART OF A FACE. I'LL HOLD ONTO THIS, MURPHY. SOMETHING TELLS ME IT COULD BE IMPORTANT.

McBane was right! Two days passed and two more men were murdered. Beside each body a jigsaw piece was found.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THESE JIGSAW KILLINGS, McBANE?

I'D SAY WE HAD A NUT ON OUR HANDS, LIEUTENANT. A GUY SO CONFIDENT HE'S SMARTER THAN THE POLICE, THAT HE LEAVES PART OF HIS FACE AS A SIGNATURE. HE'S TREATING THE WHOLE THING AS A GAME... AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT.

It was Friday before the fourth piece of puzzle turned up. But this time something else was found at the scene...

TAKE A LOOK ON THE TABLE, McBANE... COULD BE THE LEAD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR.

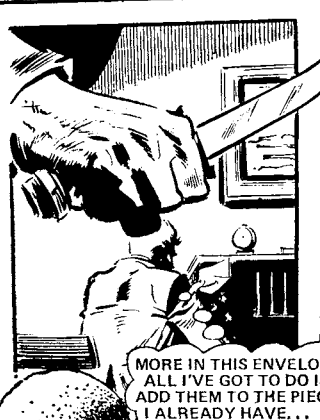
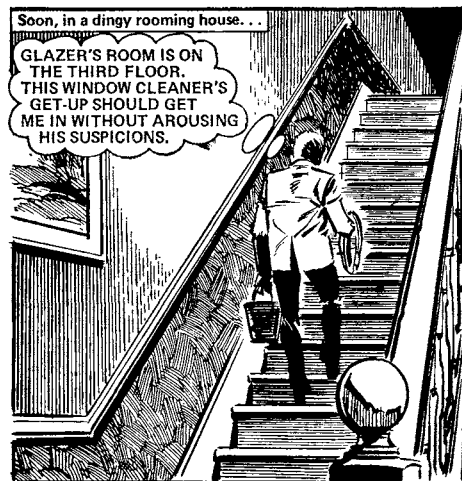
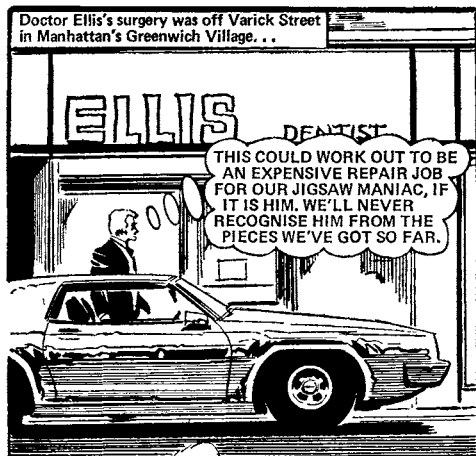
A FRONT TOOTH—THE KILLER'S?

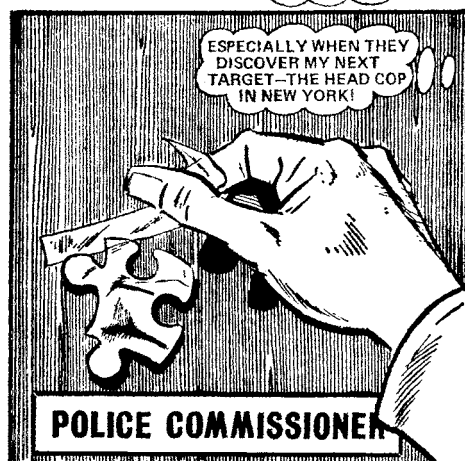
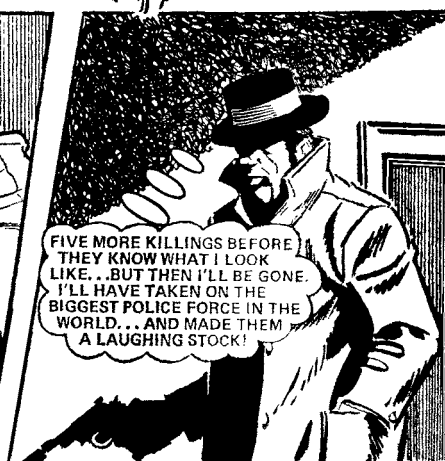
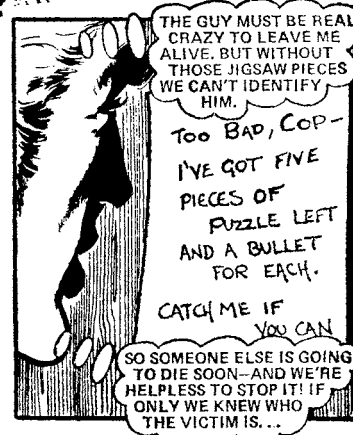
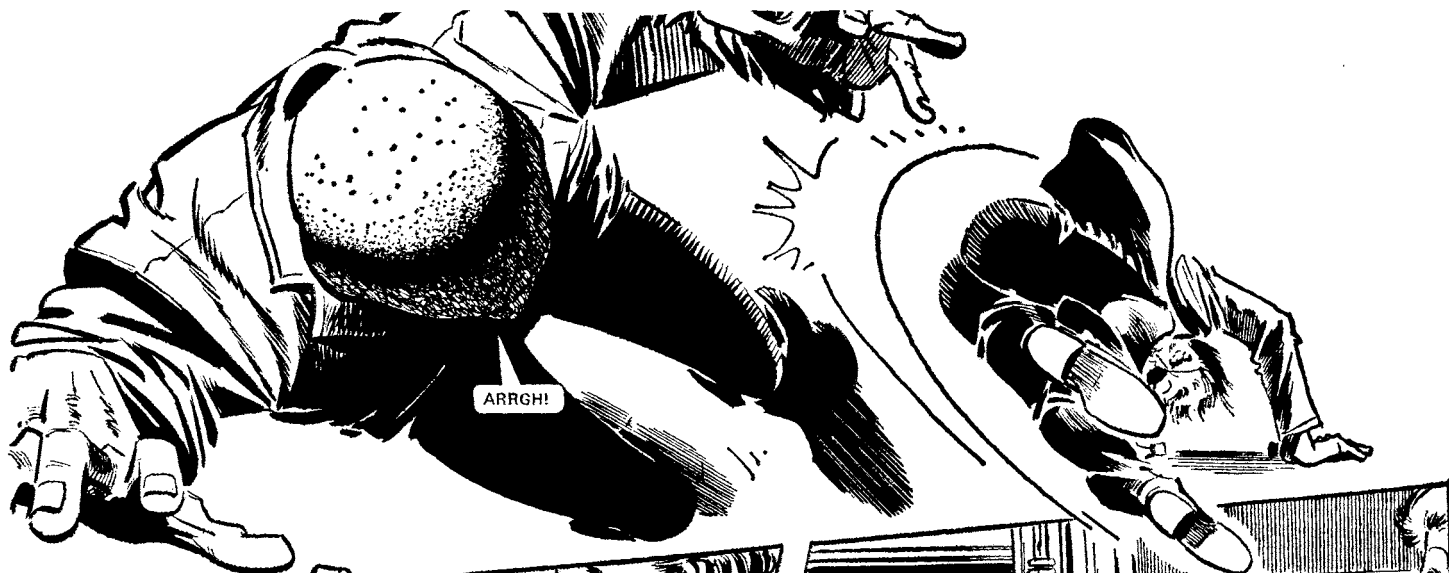
WE FOUND IT EMBEDDED IN THE DEAD MAN'S FIST. IT MUST HAVE HAPPENED AS HE FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

Over the next twenty-four hours every dentist in New York was questioned. Then finally...

YOU HAD A PATIENT THIS MORNING WHO'D LOST HIS FRONT TOOTH. OKAY, DOC, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING YOU'LL FIND HERE—TROUBLE!"



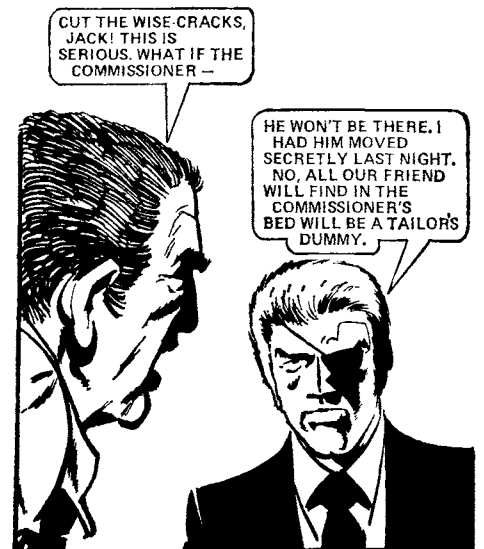
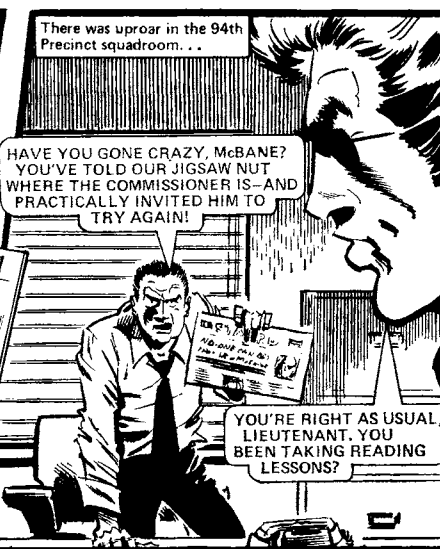
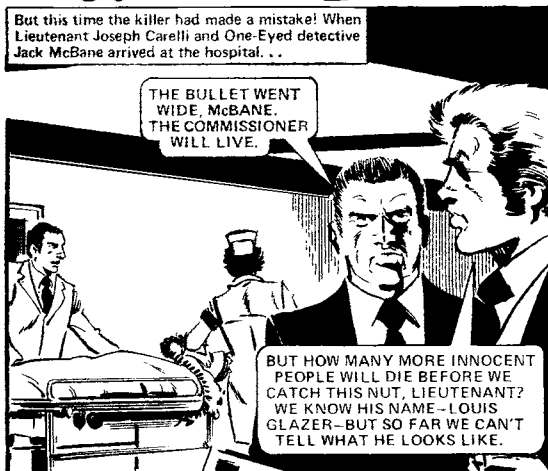


HOW MANY MORE HAVE TO DIE BEFORE THE KILLER IS CAUGHT?

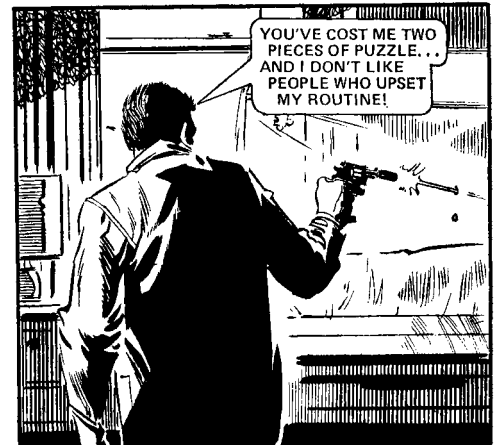
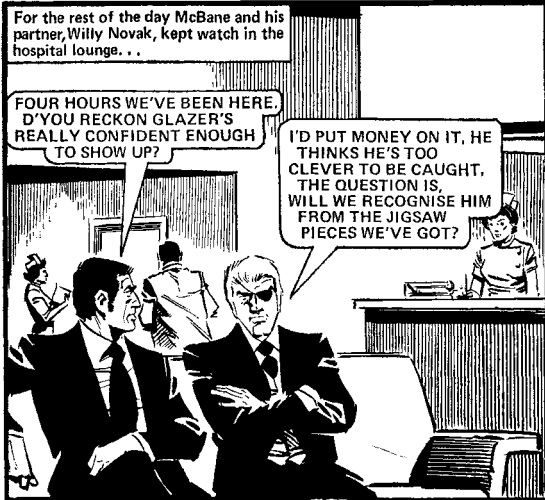
THE JIGSAW KILLER STRIKES AGAIN!



ONE-EYED JACK



"I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO UPSET MY ROUTINE!"





THAT BULLET WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANOTHER EYE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY DOWN FROM HERE. FROM NOW ON, IT'S HIM OR ME.



ARRGH!



UHH... HE-HE'S STRONG... BREAKING ME IN TWO...

I WILL DEAL WITH YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS, COP!



AAH! MY FOOT!



YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING YOUR DEATH, McBANE!

HE'LL FINISH ME, UNLESS... THE ROOF! IT'S LINED WITH FINE GRAVEL—



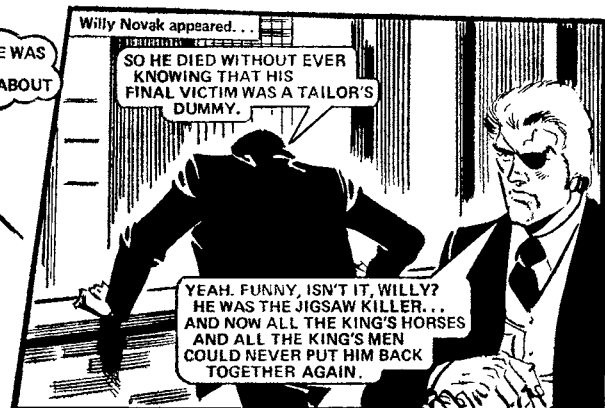
MY EYES!

CAN'T... CAN'T SEE...



I THOUGHT THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY DOWN. I FORGOT ABOUT THAT WAY.

AAAAH!



Willy Novak appeared...

SO HE DIED WITHOUT EVER KNOWING THAT HIS FINAL VICTIM WAS A TAILOR'S DUMMY.

YEAH. FUNNY, ISN'T IT, WILLY? HE WAS THE JIGSAW KILLER... AND NOW ALL THE KING'S HORSES AND ALL THE KING'S MEN COULD NEVER PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN.

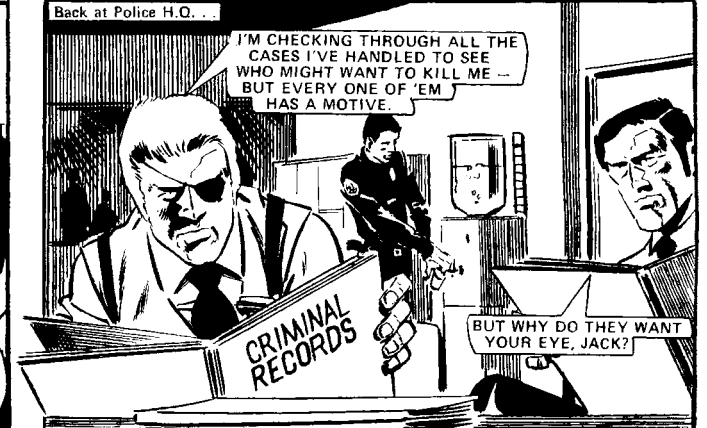
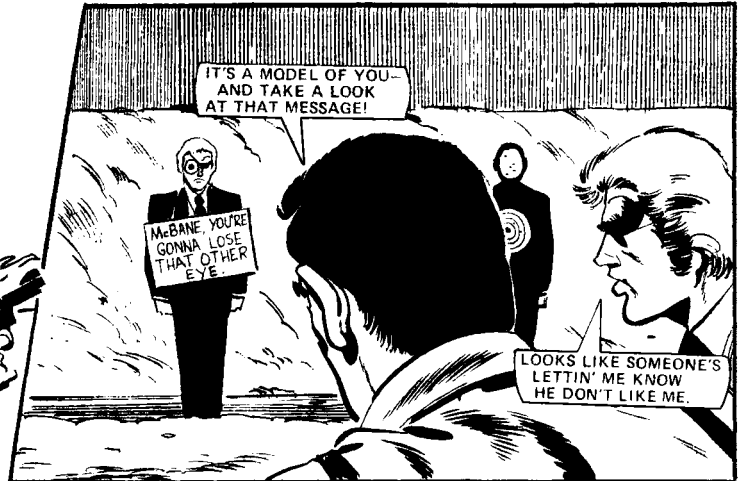
THRILL TO A NEW "ONE-EYED JACK" ADVENTURE NEXT MONDAY!

SOMEBODY WAS AFTER MCBANE — AND THE NEW YORK COP DIDN'T LIKE IT!

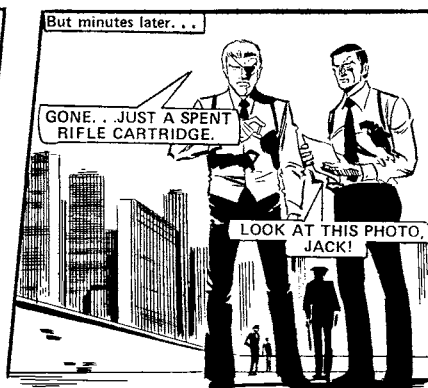
Upstate New York — an hour's drive from the city lies the Police Shooting Ranges — among the marksmen along for the practice are 94th Precinct detectives Willy Novak and Jack McBane, better known as One-Eyed Jack. . .



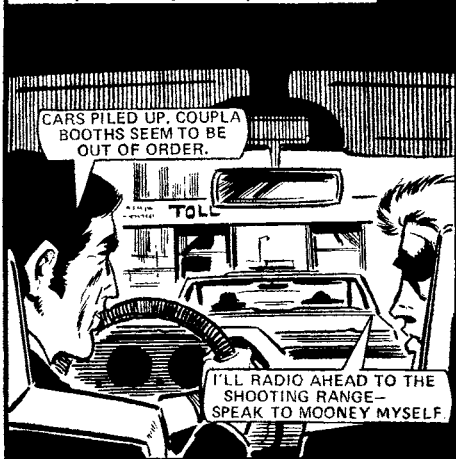
ONE-EYED JACK



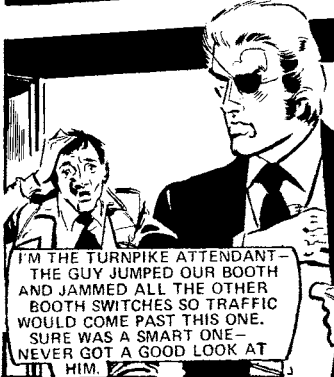
"WHO'S GUNNING FOR ME, ROSS?"



Soon they were nearing the Turnpike tollbooths...



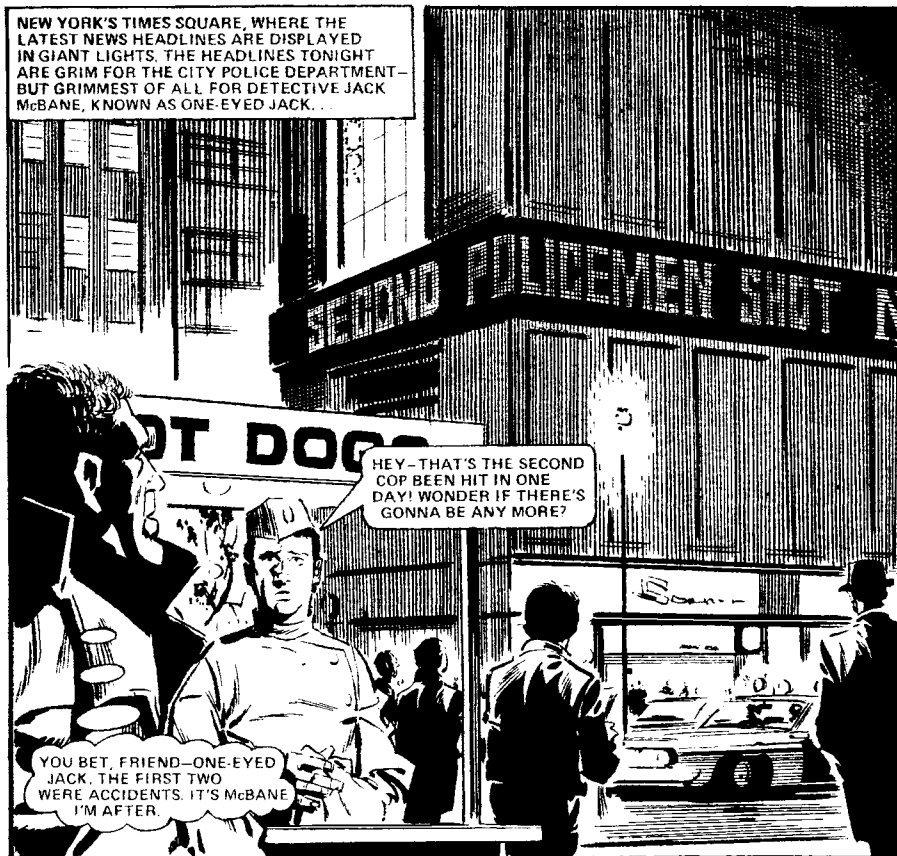
Police Central Despatch relayed the call to the ranges...



WHO IS THE MYSTERY KILLER? READ ON NEXT MONDAY!

ONE-EYED JACK REMEMBERS A VICIOUS THUG...AND A GRUDGE!

NEW YORK'S TIMES SQUARE, WHERE THE LATEST NEWS HEADLINES ARE DISPLAYED IN GIANT LIGHTS, THE HEADLINES TONIGHT ARE GRIM FOR THE CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT—BUT GRIMMEST OF ALL FOR DETECTIVE JACK McBANE, KNOWN AS ONE-EYED JACK.



HEY—THAT'S THE SECOND COP BEEN HIT IN ONE DAY! WONDER IF THERE'S GONNA BE ANY MORE?

YOU BET, FRIEND—ONE-EYED JACK. THE FIRST TWO WERE ACCIDENTS. IT'S McBANE I'M AFTER.

Meanwhile, in a nearby hospital...



I WAS THE TARGET IN BOTH AMBUSHES. ONE PATROLMAN FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, AND MY PARTNER WILLY NOVAK WITH A DOZEN SHOTGUN PELLETS IN THE FACE. I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS GUNMAN BEFORE ANYONE ELSE GETS HURT.



I SAW THE GUNMAN, JACK. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PLACE HIM—NOW I'VE GOT IT. REMEMBER TONY VAN CLEEF?

VAN CLEEF... YES, I REMEMBER. THE AIRPORT, TEN YEARS AGO. I WAS JUST A BEAT COP THEN. HE WAS TRYING TO CLEAR OUT AFTER A BANK HEIST.

ONE-EYED JACK

McBane's mind flashed back to the incident...



VAN CLEEF! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

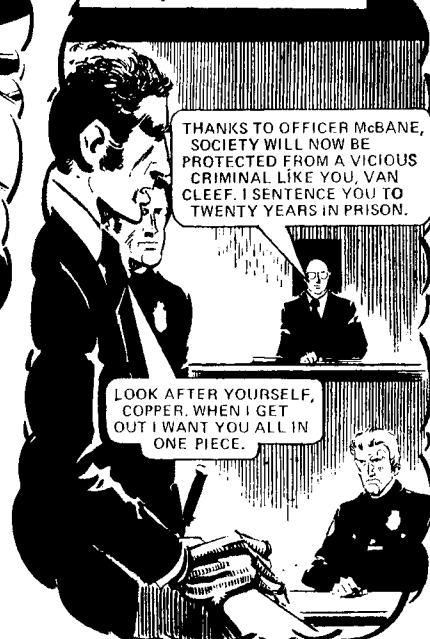
AND YOU'RE DEAD, COP!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, FELLA!

AIEEEE!

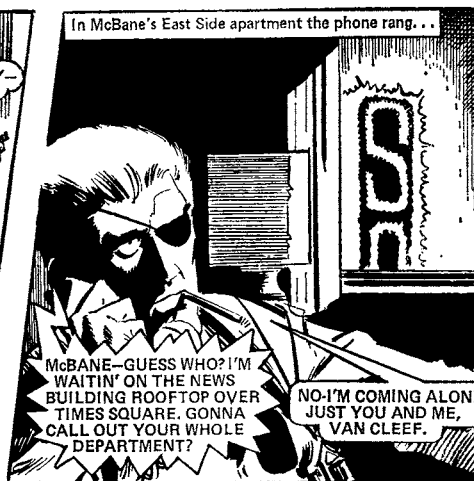
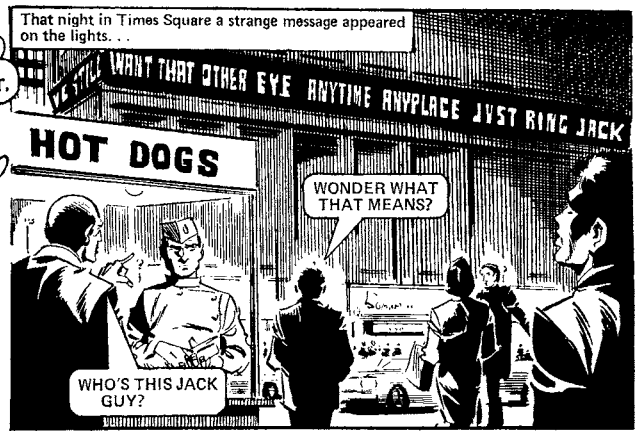
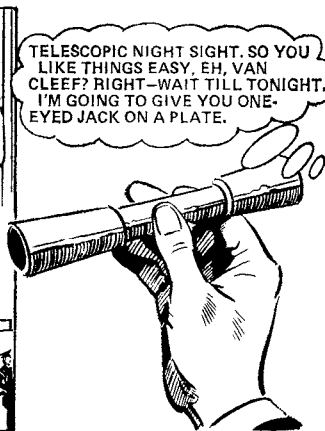
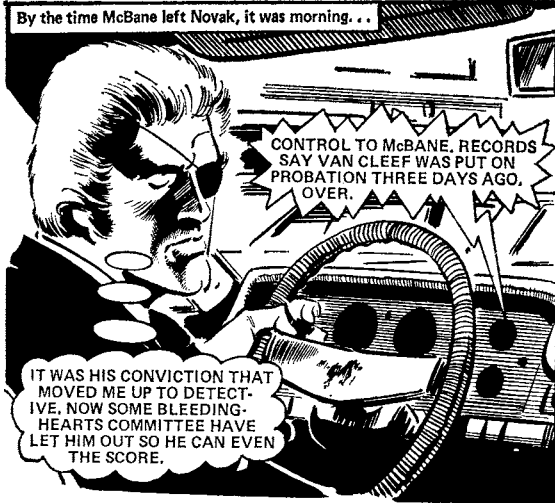
McBane's bullet shattered his hand, and by the time Van Cleef's trial came up, he was wearing a metal one...

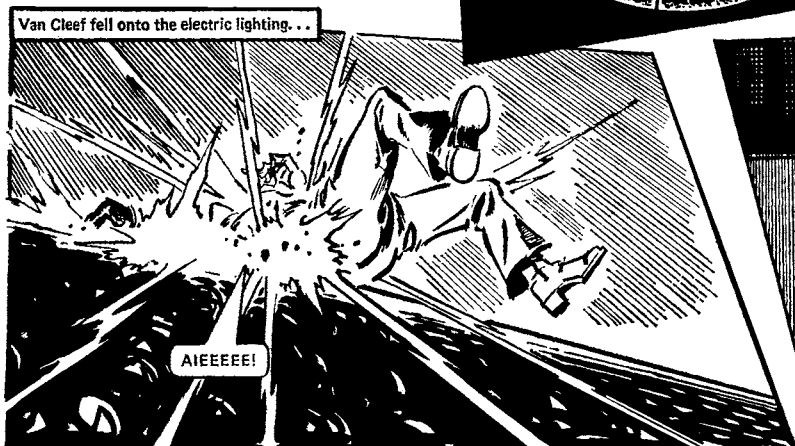
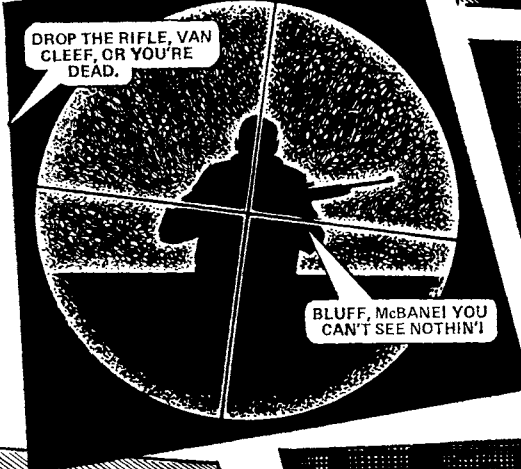
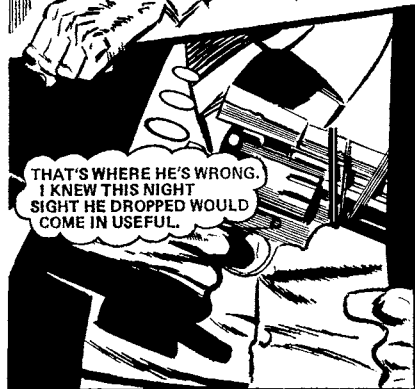
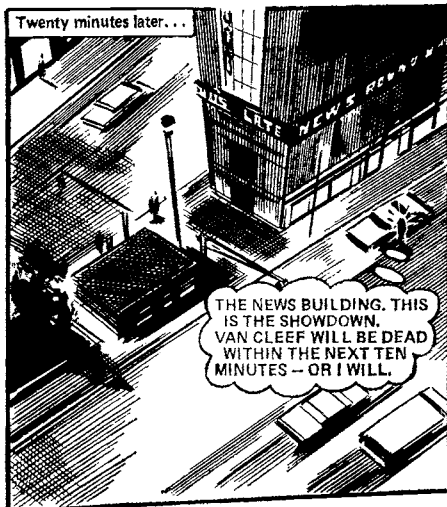


THANKS TO OFFICER McBANE, SOCIETY WILL NOW BE PROTECTED FROM A VICIOUS CRIMINAL LIKE YOU, VAN CLEEF. I SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON.

LOOK AFTER YOURSELF, COPPER. WHEN I GET OUT I WANT YOU ALL IN ONE PIECE.

"JUST YOU AND ME, VAN CLEEF."





NEXT WEEK: ONE-EYED JACK TAKES ON A LOAN SHARK!

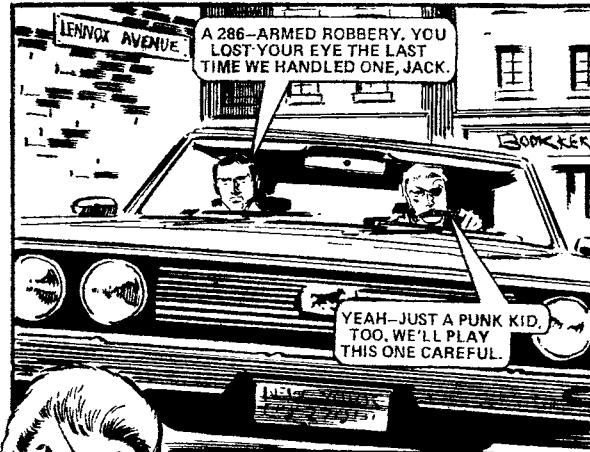
ONE-EYED JACK – THE NEW YORK COP WITH HIS OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE!

THE 94TH PRECINCT, NEW YORK CITY.
DETECTIVES JACK McBANE AND WILLY NOVAK ARE ON ROUTINE PATROL...



CONTROL TO ANY UNIT
IN THE LENNOX
AVENUE AREA... WE
HAVE A 286 AT
BERGMAN'S LIQUOR
STORE!

THIS IS CAR 254, McBANE
AND NOVAK. WE'RE
ON OUR WAY.



LENNOX AVENUE.
A 286—ARMED ROBBERY. YOU
LOST YOUR EYE THE LAST
TIME WE HANDLED ONE, JACK.

YEAH—JUST A PUNK KID,
TOO. WE'LL PLAY
THIS ONE CAREFUL.



McBane's mind flashed back to
that fateful night...

HOLD IT, SON—DROP
THAT GUN!

ONE-EYED JACK

And he remembered the kid's
answer—a lead slug that had
taken out his left eye.

YOU-YOU WON'T
GET ME, PIG!

AAAH!

Meanwhile, in the liquor store...



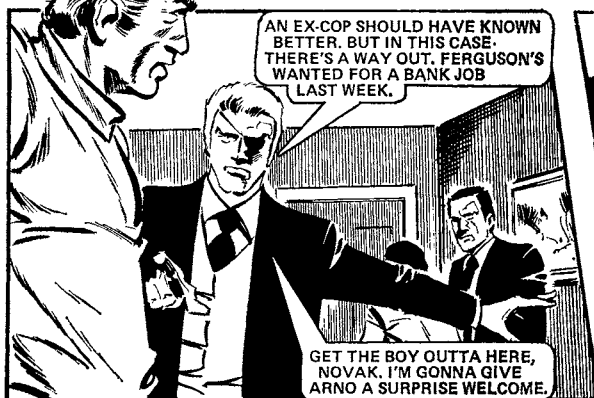
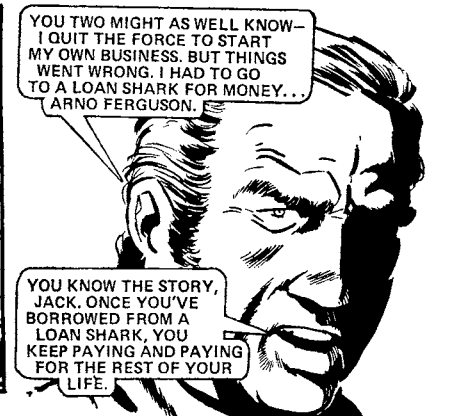
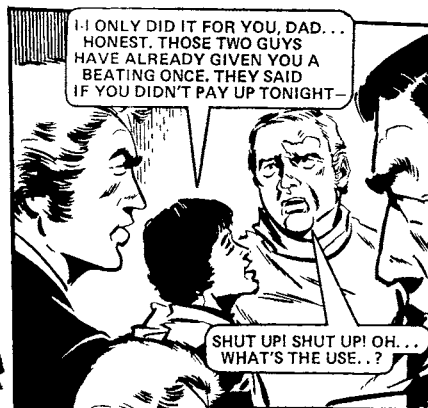
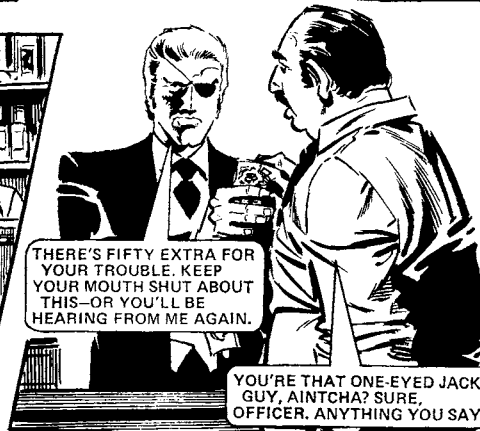
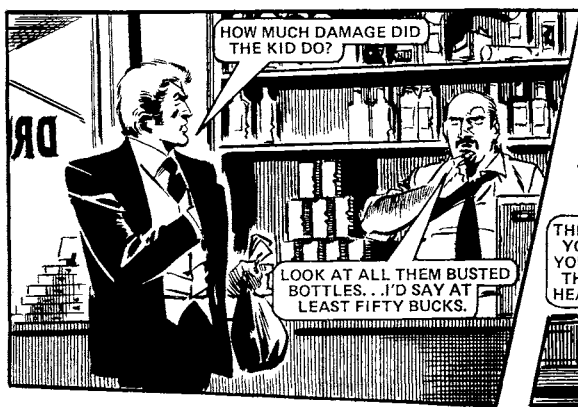
FILL THAT BAG WITH CASH
FROM THE TILL, MISTER!
T-TRY ANYTHING AND I'LL
BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

DON'T BE A FOOL, SONNY.
GO ON—BEAT IT!



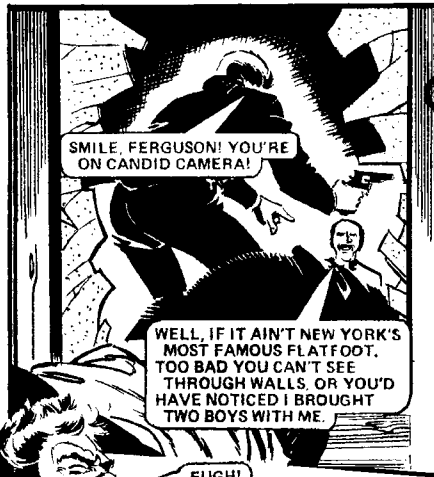
LOOK, FATSO, I-I NEED
THAT MONEY BAD.
MOVE IT!

OKAY, OKAY! Y-YOU
MADE YOUR
POINT.





AARRGH!



SMILE, FERGUSON! YOU'RE ON CANDID CAMERA!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T NEW YORK'S MOST FAMOUS FLATFOOT. TOO BAD YOU CAN'T SEE THROUGH WALLS. OR YOU'D HAVE NOTICED I BROUGHT TWO BOYS WITH ME.

EUGH!



The man leapt from McBane's left...
ROUGH HIM UP A LITTLE, CLANCE. THEN I'LL PUT A BULLET IN HIM.

UUGH!



GET-OFF MY BACK, CLANCE. WHAT D'YOU THINK I AM - A CAMEL?

GOONNA SHOOT ME THROUGH YOUR OWN MAN, ARNO?

YOU GOTTA DROP HIM SOMETIME, McBANE.



DON'T SHOOT HIM, BOSS! I CAN TAKE HIM—I KNOW I CAN!



AARRGH!

YOU KNOW NOTHIN', CLANCE!



McBANE DIVED —

AND KEPT ROLLING —



AAGH!

YOU LOSE, ARNO!



THANKS, JACK. GUESS THAT'S HIM OFF MY BACK.

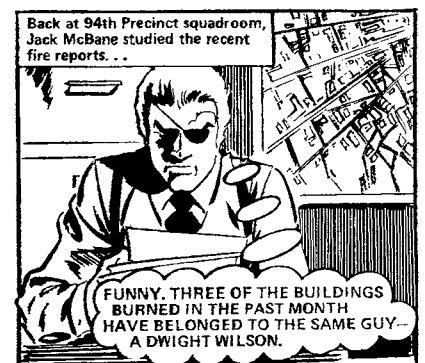
BETTER THAN THAT, DAN. THERE'S A FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR REWARD FOR HIM. PUT IT INTO THE BUSINESS. AND FOR PETE'S SAKE, KEEP THAT KID OF YOURS OFF THE STREETS.

NEXT WEEK - "TOWERING INFERNO"!

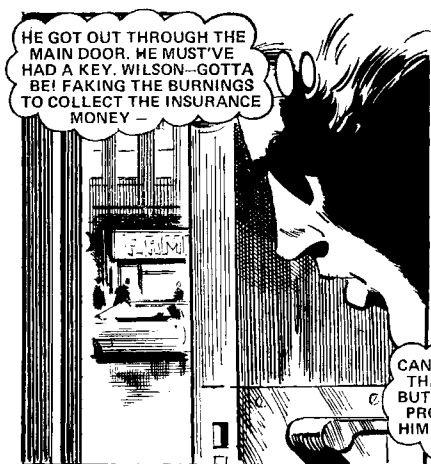
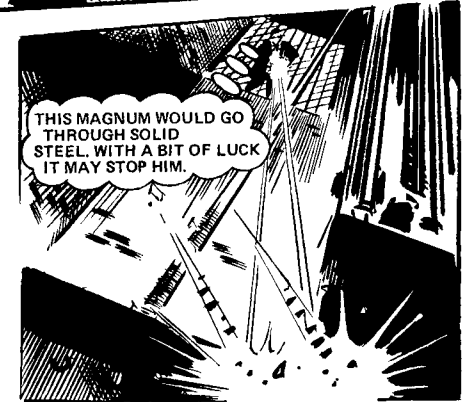
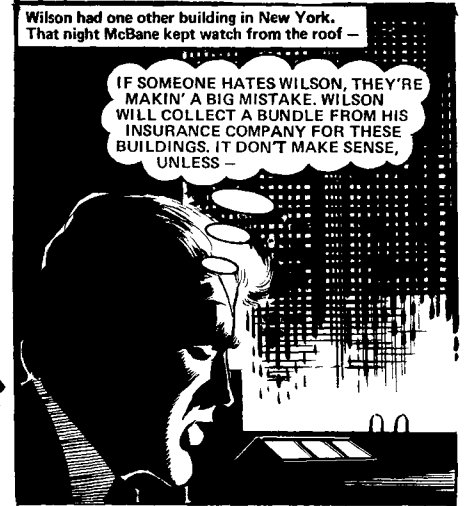
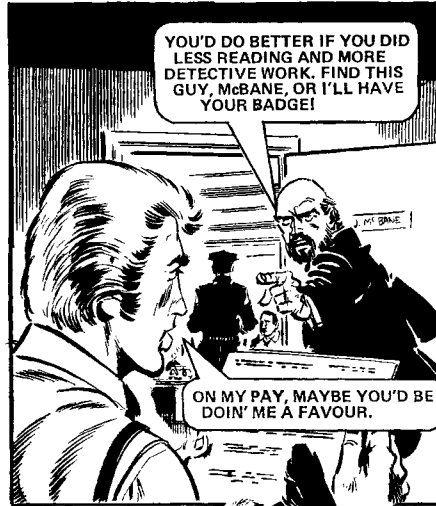
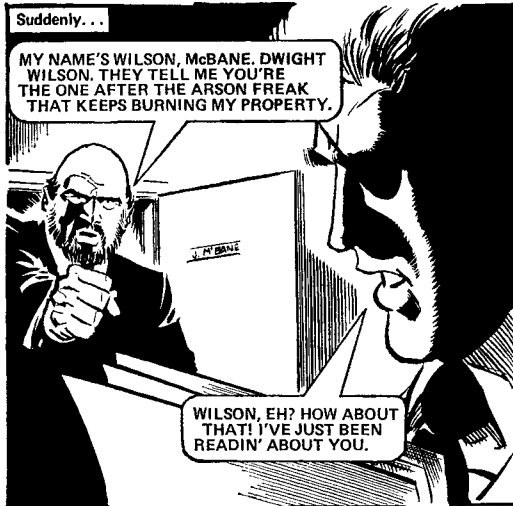
A FIREBUG STRUCK AND A BUILDING BURNED!



ONE-EYED JACK



"THIS MAGNUM WOULD GO THROUGH SOLID STEEL!"



It was evening when McBane arrived in the Catskill Mountains—and Wilson was ready —

SO McBANE'S GOT PROOF. WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T GO TELLING ANYONE ELSE. HERE COMES HIS CAR.

THAT'S IT, COPPER. COME ON... COME ON...

BEAUTY! TWO SLUGS RIGHT THROUGH THE HEAD.

WHAT THE—? THE CAR— IT'S STILL COMING ON!

IT'S SPEEDING UP! BUT I CAN SEE HIM LYING DEAD!

IT'S HIT THE CABIN! IT'S BURSTING INTO FLAMES!

THAT'LL FINISH YOU, McBANE!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, DWIGHT!

IT WAS A DUMMY BEHIND THE WHEEL. I BLASTED A DUMMY...

IT WASN'T EASY DRIVING BENT OVER DOUBLE. BUT IT'S PAID OFF. THOSE BULLETS YOU PUT THROUGH THE DUMMY ARE ENOUGH PROOF TO PUT YOU AWAY FOR A LONG WHILE.

NEXT WEEK: SUDDEN DEATH ON THE Q.E.2!

ASSASSINATION ON THE Q.E.2!

For the mighty QE2 sealer it was just another arrival in New York's spectacular harbour, but for One-Eyed Jack McBane there was something special about this particular arrival...

And high on the Narrows Bridge...

THE COPS'LL BE ALL OVER TONI LIKE THICK TREACLE THE MOMENT THE SHIP DOCKS, BUT THEY'LL BE WORRYING OVER A DEAD MAN!

UUURGH!

HE-HE'S BEEN SHOT!

WELCOME HOME, TONI MARIELLO. HE WAS EXTRADITED TO BRITAIN TO TESTIFY IN THE GANGLAND TRIAL. HIS EVIDENCE CRACKED ONE OF THE BIGGEST INTERNATIONAL CRIME SYNDICATES GOING! HE'S SURE MADE HIMSELF A FEW ENEMIES—AND THAT SLIMY COUSIN OF HIS, SAL, WILL BE TOP O' THE LIST.

ONE-EYED JACK

JEEZ, THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR THE SHIP TO ARRIVE! START FLYING THIS THING... I WANT THAT HIT MAN!

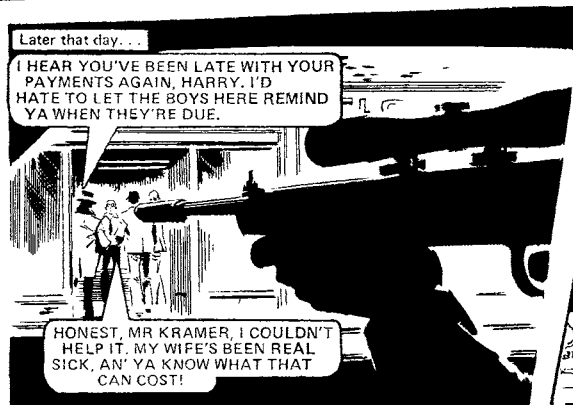
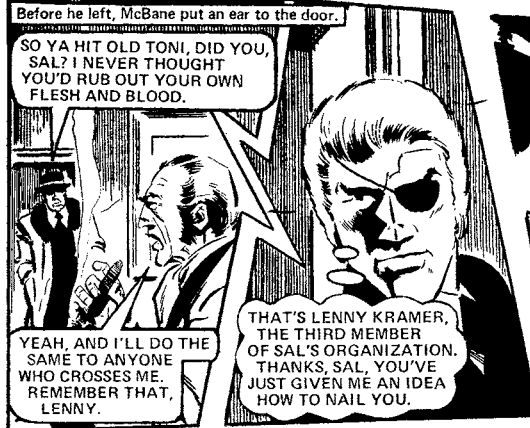
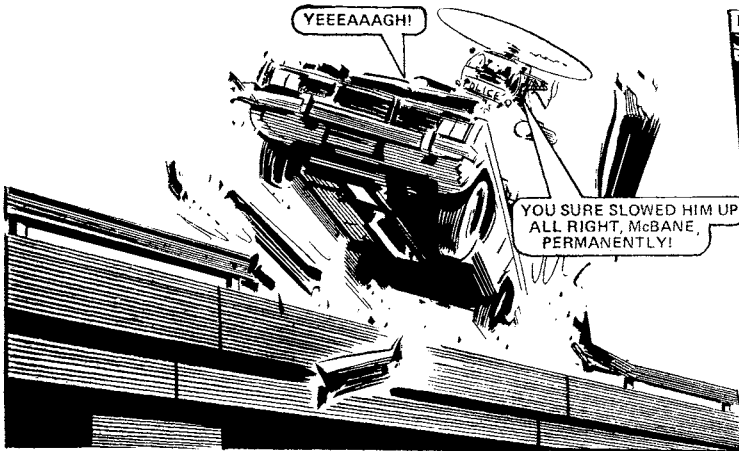
As the getaway car smashed through the Brooklyn Bridge toll-gates...

CLOSER, CLOSER! I'M GOING TO TRY AND SHOOT OUT HIS TYRES! ALERT ALL GROUND PATROLS IN THE VICINITY!

HEY...

THIS SHOULD SLOW HIM UP A BIT!

"REMAND ME TO SEND FLOWERS TO HIS FUNERAL!"





GET THE PUNK!

TOO LATE—HE'S
ALREADY
OUTTA RANGE!



And...
TWICE IN ONE DAY, SOMEBODY WANTS YOU
REAL BAD, LENNY... AND YOUR BOYS
WON'T BE ABLE TO PROTECT YOU. I'M
RUNNING 'EM IN FOR USING ILLEGAL
WEAPONS WITH INTENT TO KILL. NOW, IF
YOU SHOULD WANT POLICE PROTECTION,
I'M SURE WE COULD COME TO SOME
ARRANGEMENT... LIKE SWEARING
THAT SAL ARRANGED TONI'S MURDER.

GET LOST, McBANE... I CAN
TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.

Later in Sal's apartment...

ME PUT A CONTRACT OUT
ON YOU, LENNY?
YOU'RE CRAZY!

DON'T PLAY LILY WHITE
WITH ME, SAL! REMEMBER
THIS... IF YOUR HIRED GOON
TRIES EVEN ONCE MORE
I'LL GO STRAIGHT TO THE
COPS AN' GIVE 'EM ENOUGH
TO PUT YOU AWAY TILL
YOU ROT!



Kramer stormed out...
HE'S FLIPPED! THINKS I GOT A
CONTRACT OUT ON HIM.
THE WAY HE'S ACTING NOW IF
HE STEPPED IN FRONT OF A
BUS HE'D BLAME ME. I CAN'T
RISK IT. YA KNOW WHAT
TO DO, LOU... MAKE IT QUICK
AND CLEAN!

LEAVE IT TO
ME, BOSS.



Outside, McBane and Willy Novak watched...

THERE GOES KRAMER...

HOLD IT! THERE'S SAL'S PET
MONKEY, LOU... AND
HE ISN'T LOOKING TOO SOCIABLE!
LET'S GET AFTER THEM.



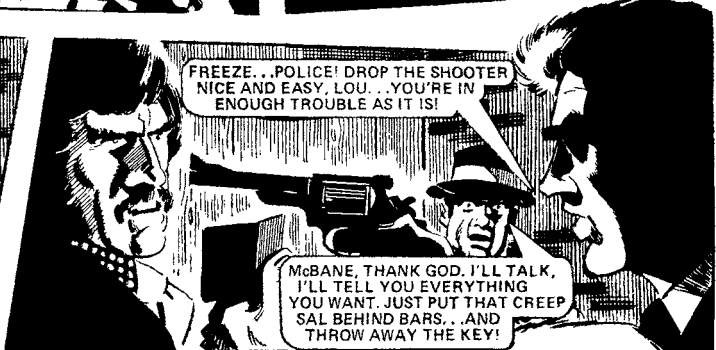
SOMEBODY'S ON MY TAIL!
IT'S THE HIT MAN...
IT'S GOTTA BE! I'LL SLIP
INTO THIS ALLEY.



But...

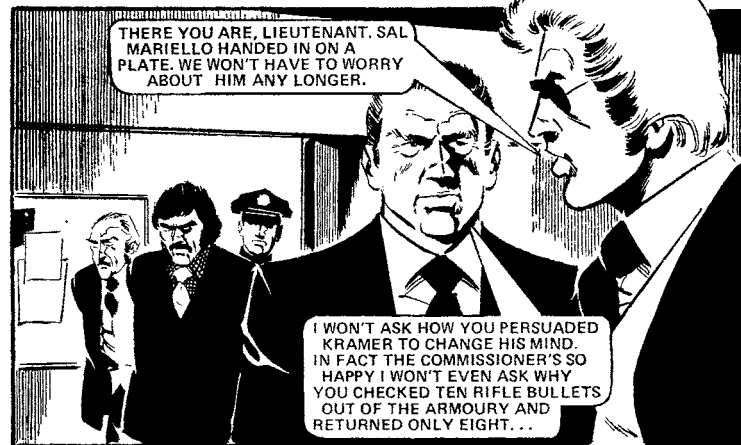
OH, NO, IT'S A
DEAD END!

SORRY, MR KRAMER... BUT THE
BOSS CAN'T RISK HAVING
YOU AROUND ANY LONGER.



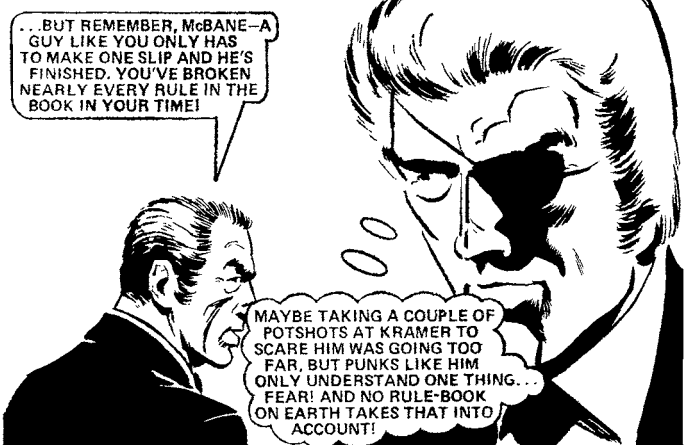
FREEZE... POLICE! DROP THE SHOOTER
NICE AND EASY, LOU... YOU'RE IN
ENOUGH TROUBLE AS IT IS!

McBANE, THANK GOD. I'LL TALK,
I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING
YOU WANT. JUST PUT THAT CREEP
SAL BEHIND BARS... AND
THROW AWAY THE KEY!



THERE YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT. SAL
MARIELLO HANDED IN ON A
PLATE. WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY
ABOUT HIM ANY LONGER.

I WON'T ASK HOW YOU PERSUADED
KRAMER TO CHANGE HIS MIND.
IN FACT THE COMMISSIONER'S SO
HAPPY I WON'T EVEN ASK WHY
YOU CHECKED TEN RIFLE BULLETS
OUT OF THE ARMOURY AND
RETURNED ONLY EIGHT...



...BUT REMEMBER, McBANE—A
GUY LIKE YOU ONLY HAS
TO MAKE ONE SLIP AND HE'S
FINISHED. YOU'VE BROKEN
NEARLY EVERY RULE IN THE
BOOK IN YOUR TIME!

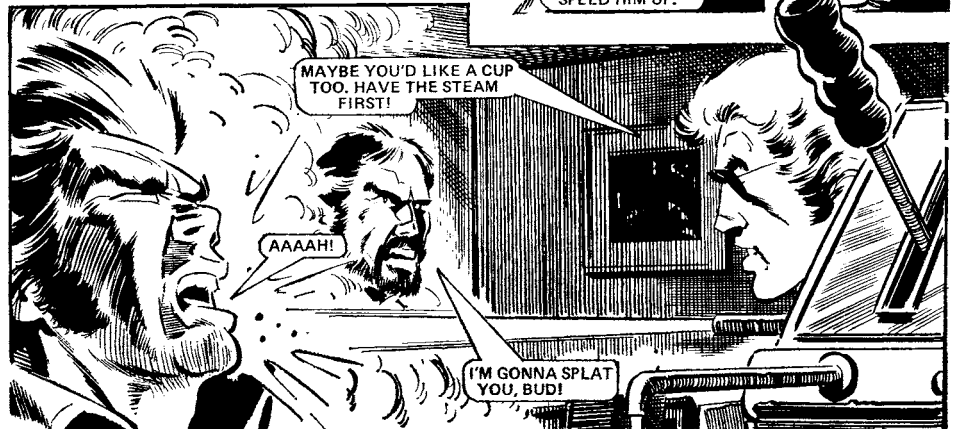
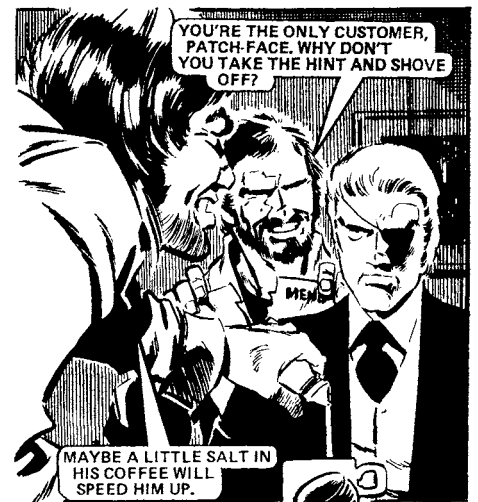
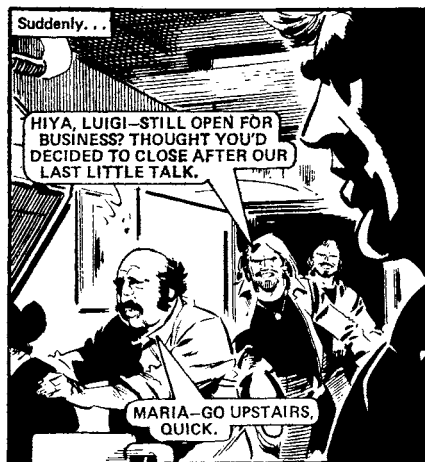
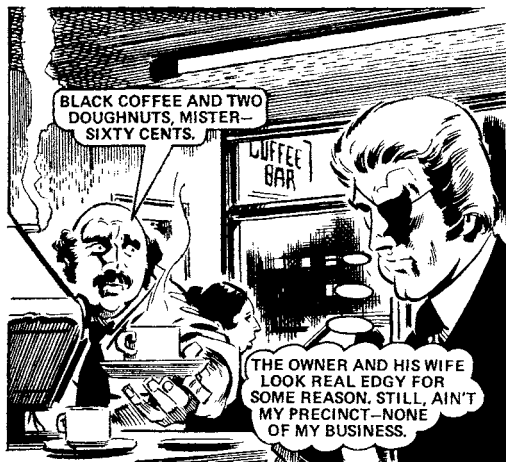
MAYBE TAKING A COUPLE OF
POTSHOTS AT KRAMER TO
SCARE HIM WAS GOING TOO
FAR, BUT PUNKS LIKE HIM
ONLY UNDERSTAND ONE THING...
FEAR! AND NO RULE-BOOK
ON EARTH TAKES THAT INTO
ACCOUNT!

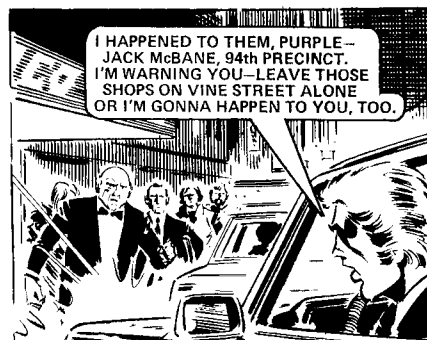
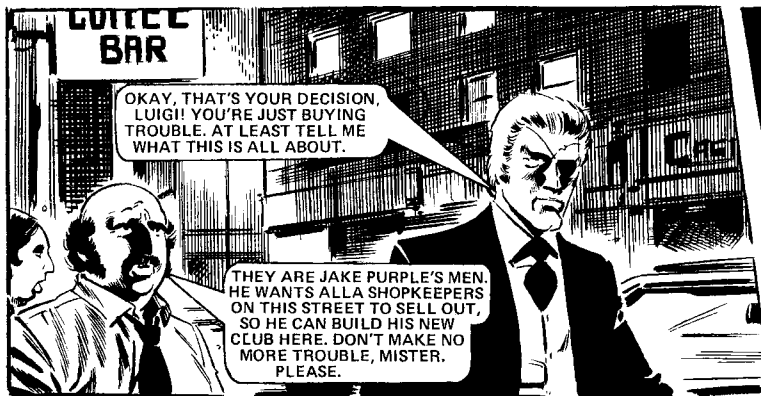
THE NEW YORK COP FACES THE PURPLE MOB!

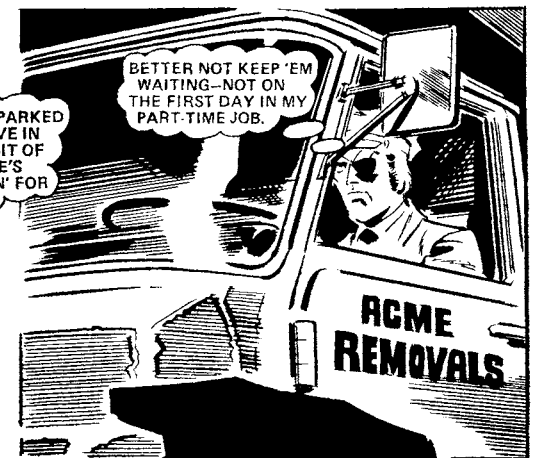
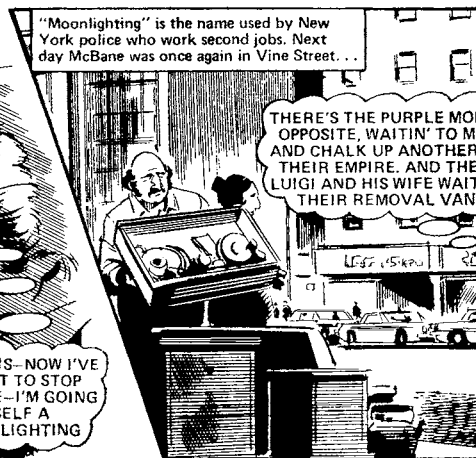
NEW YORK, MIDNIGHT. DETECTIVE JACK McBANE OF THE 94TH PRECINCT, ON THE WAY HOME AFTER LATE DUTY, TAKES A SHORTCUT THROUGH ANOTHER PRECINCT.

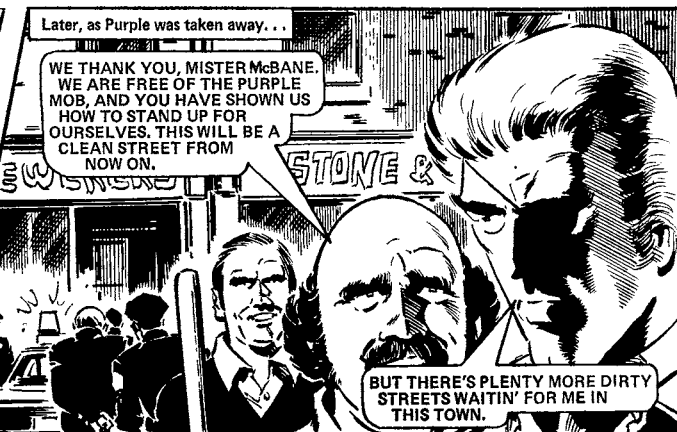
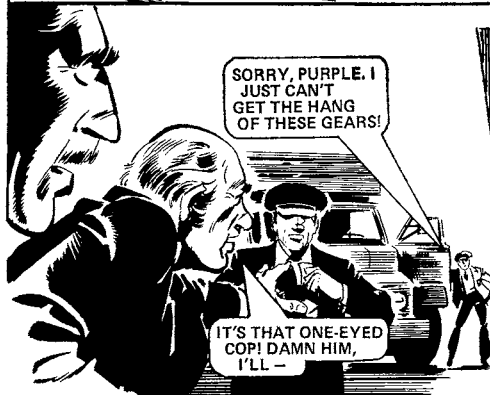
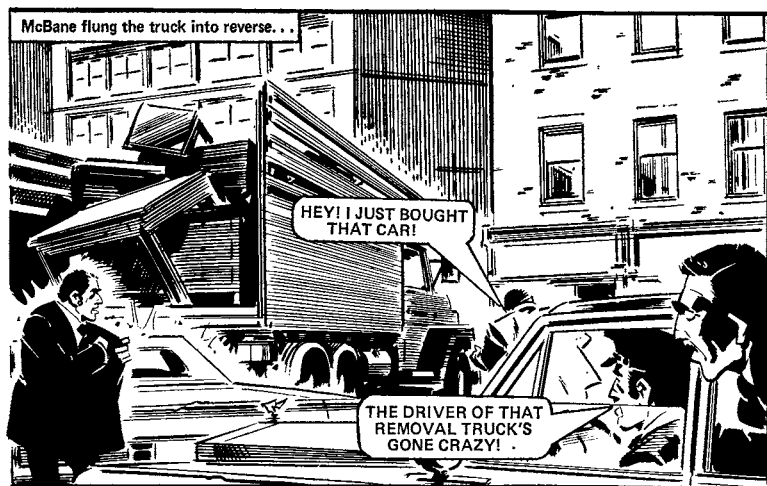
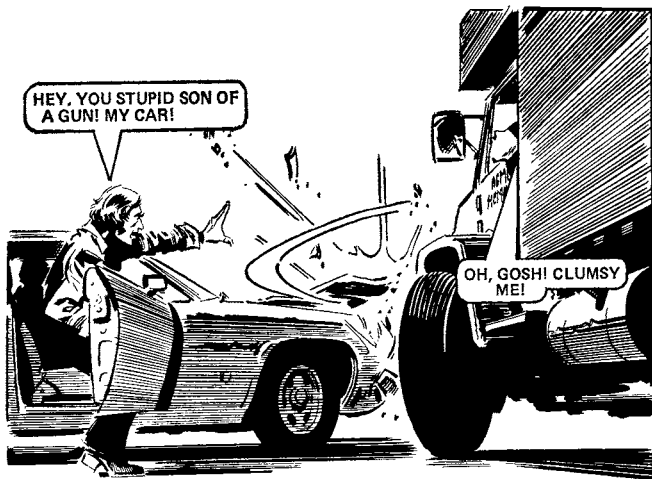
WHEW, I'M BEAT! CAN HARDLY KEEP MY EYES OPEN. I'LL STOP OFF AT THAT CAFE THERE FOR A COFFEE.

ONE-EYED JACK





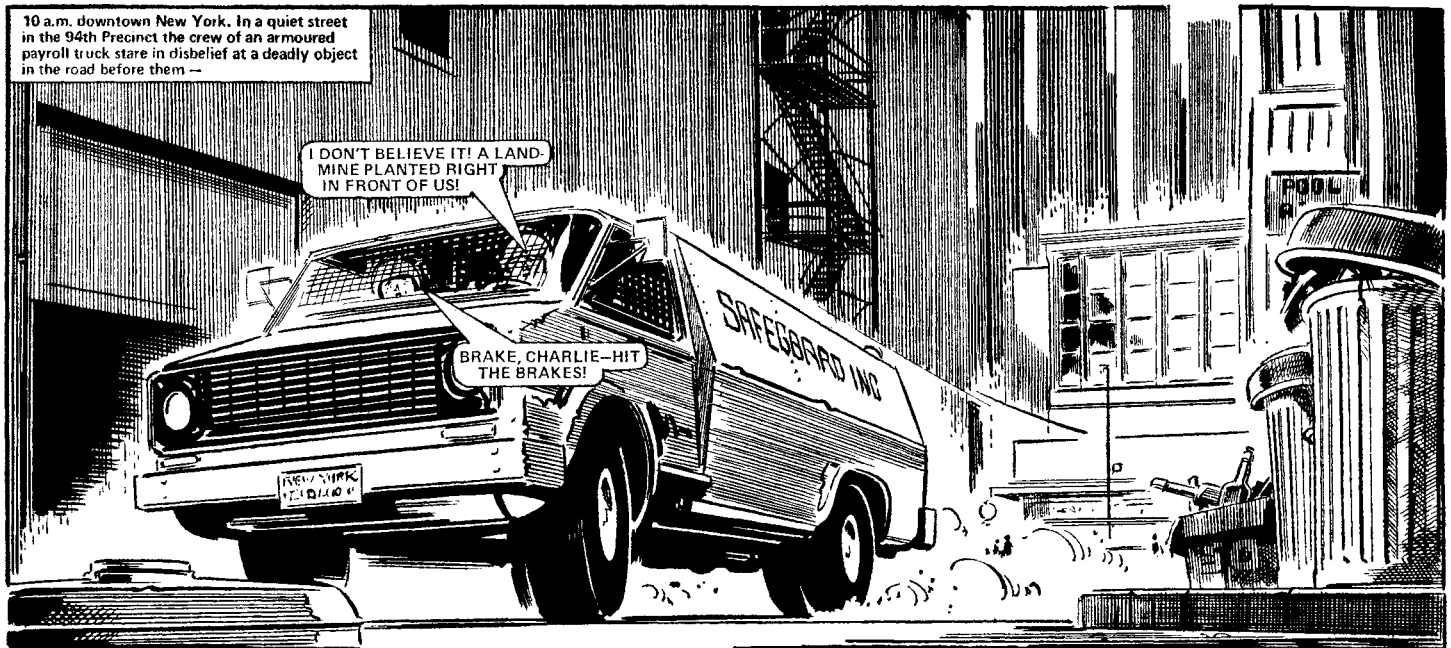




NEXT WEEK : THE BAZOOKA GANG TERRORISES NEW YORK!

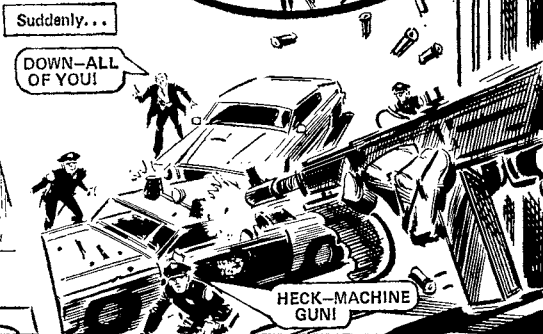
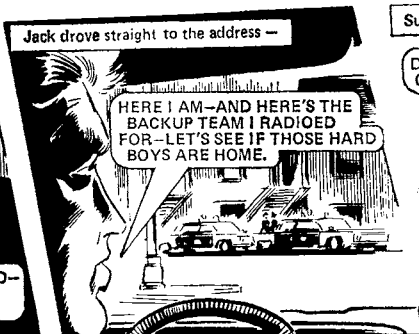
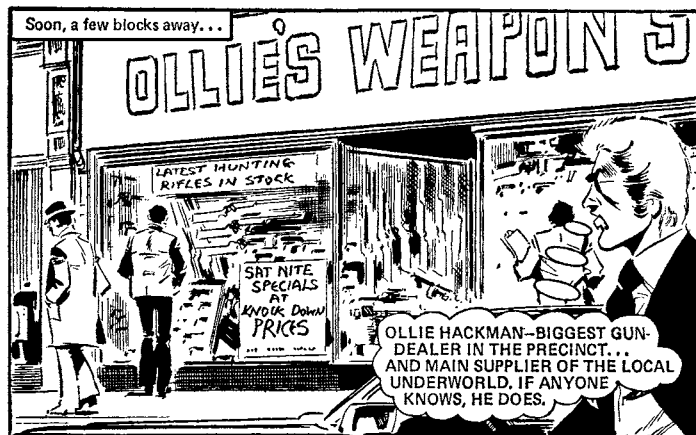
THE NEW YORK COP WITH HIS OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE!

10 a.m. downtown New York. In a quiet street in the 94th Precinct the crew of an armoured payroll truck stare in disbelief at a deadly object in the road before them —

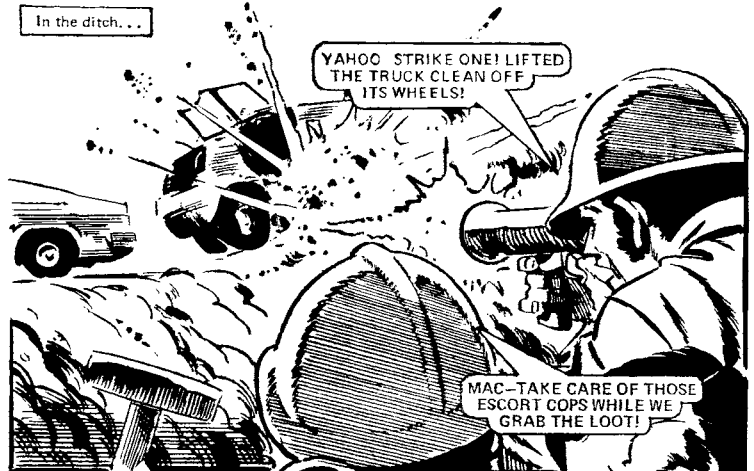
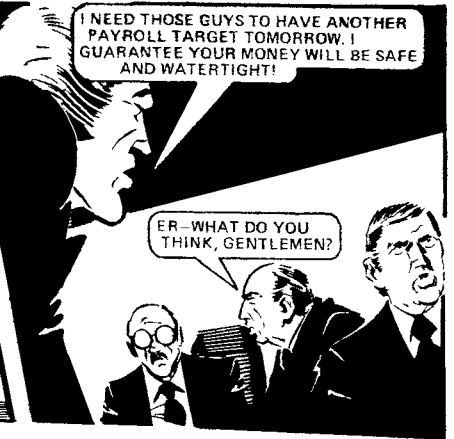
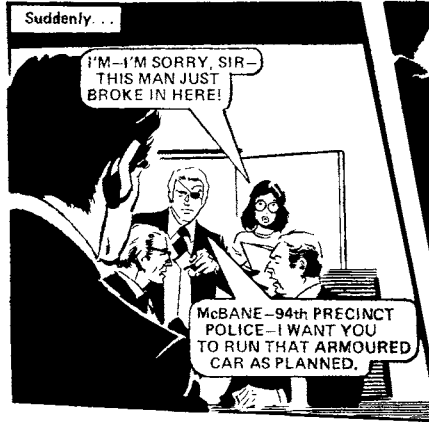
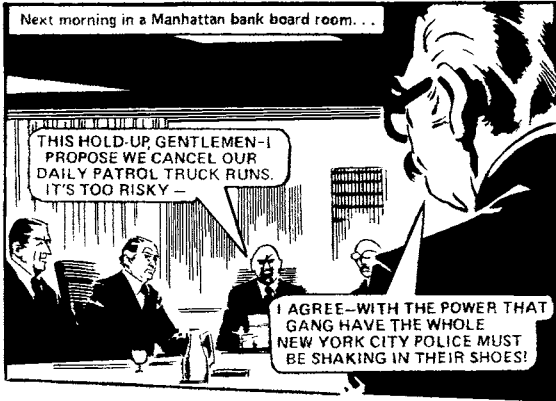


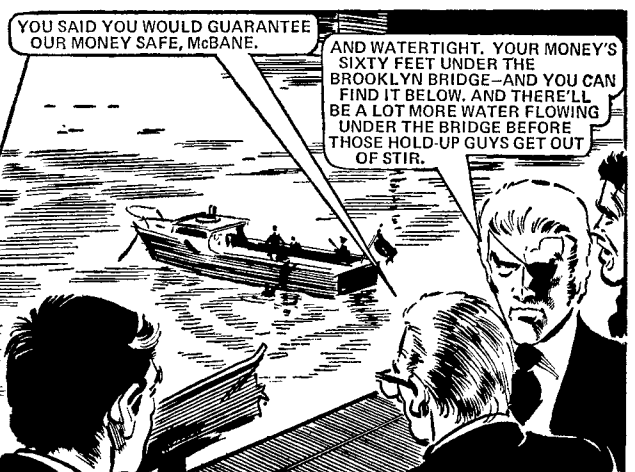
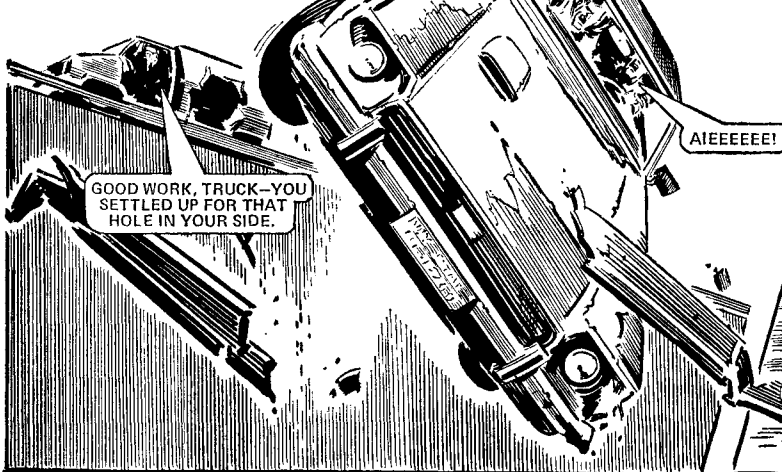
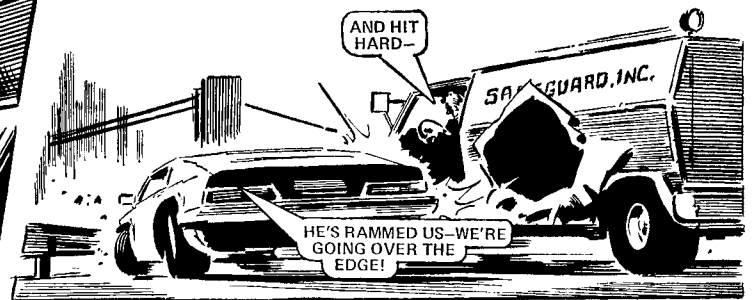
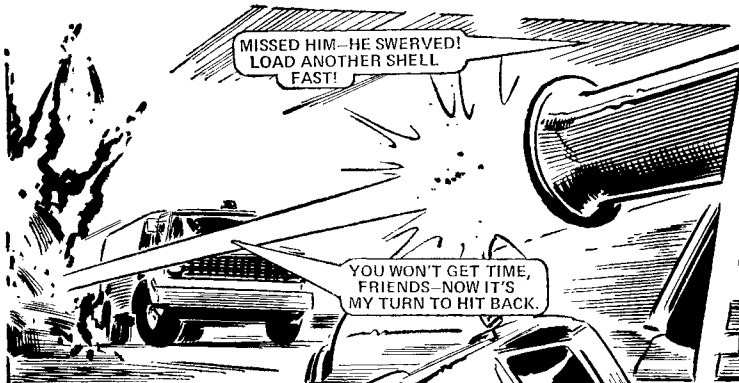
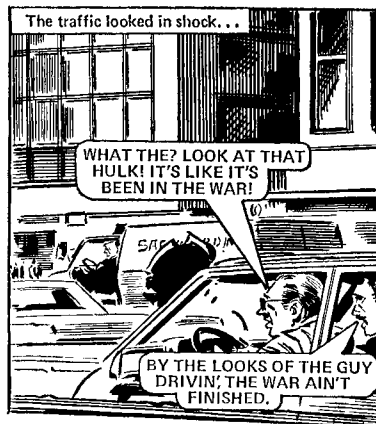
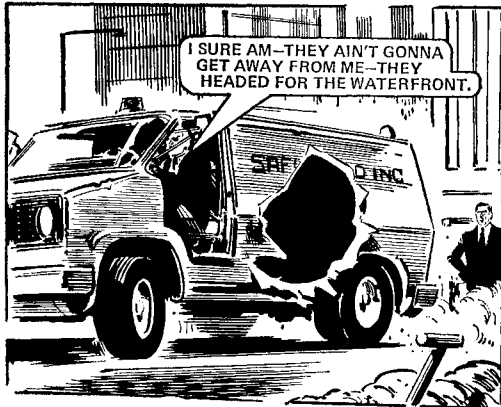
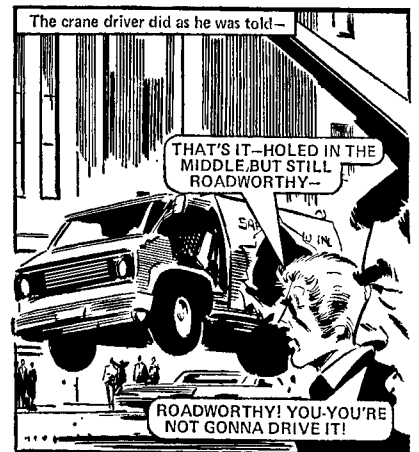
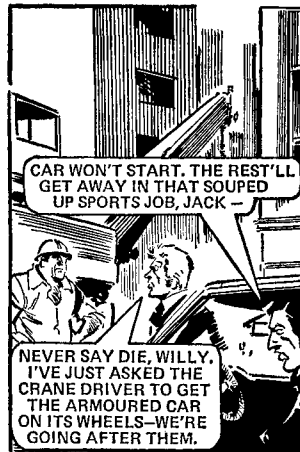
ONE-EYED JACK



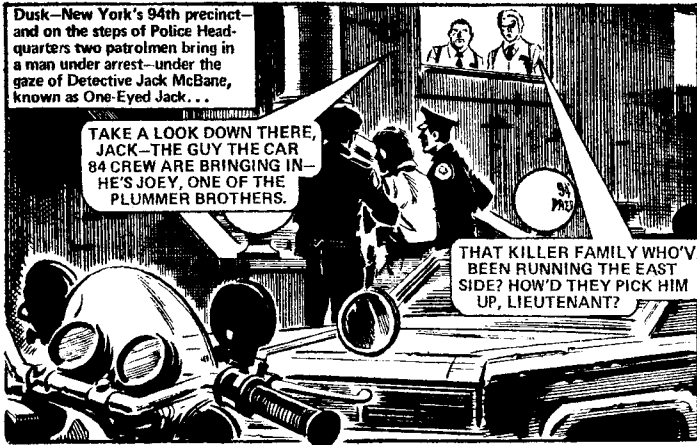


PLACE A REGULAR ORDER FOR "VALIANT & VULCAN" TODAY!

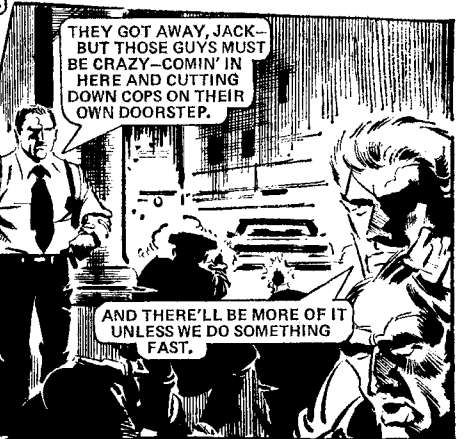


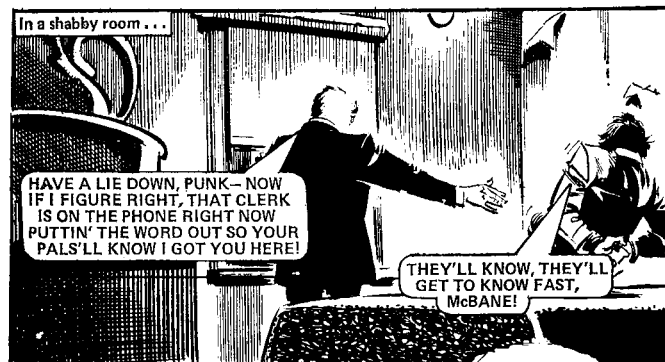
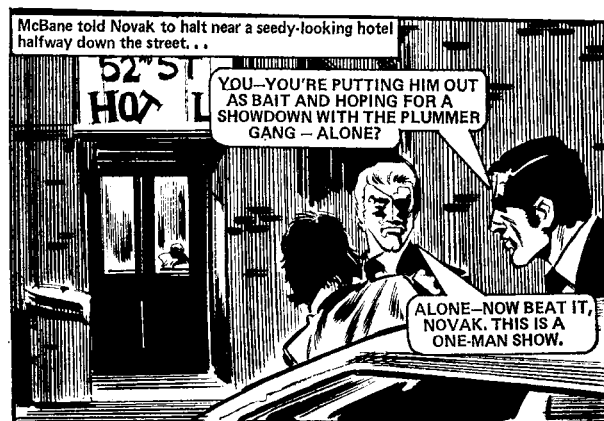
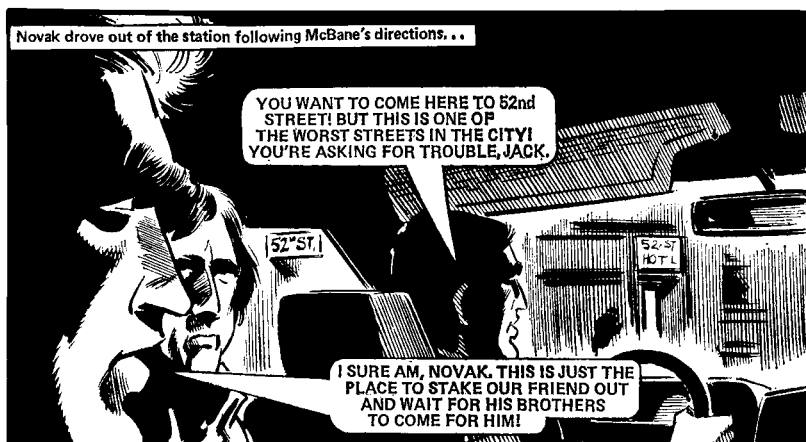
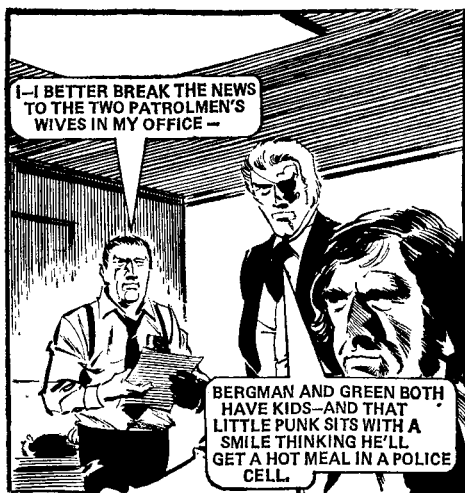


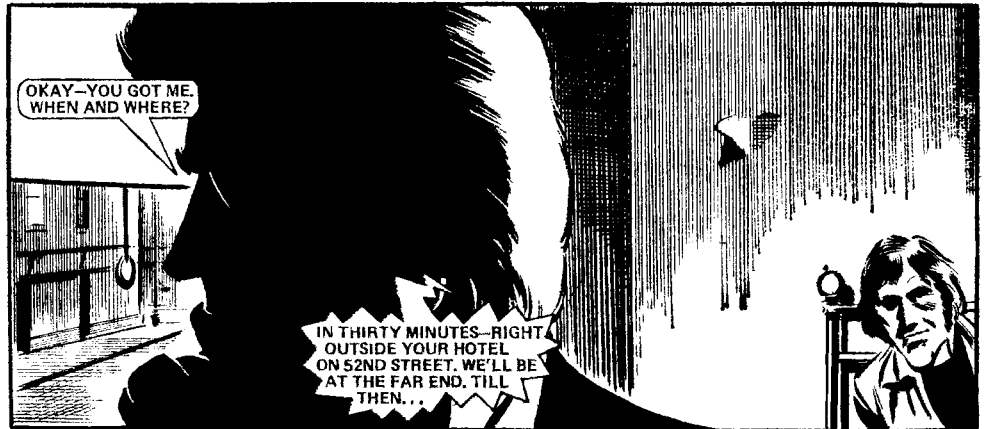
SOMEONE HAD TO DIE — COP-KILLERS OR COP!

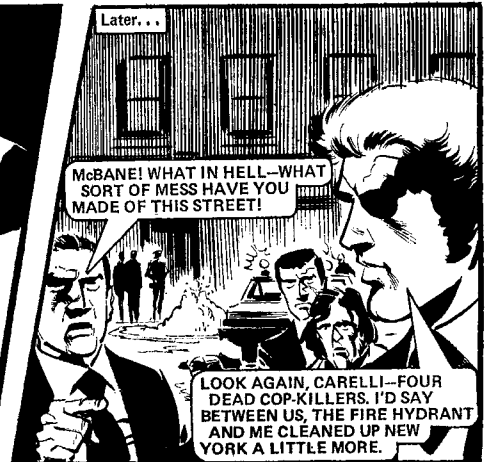
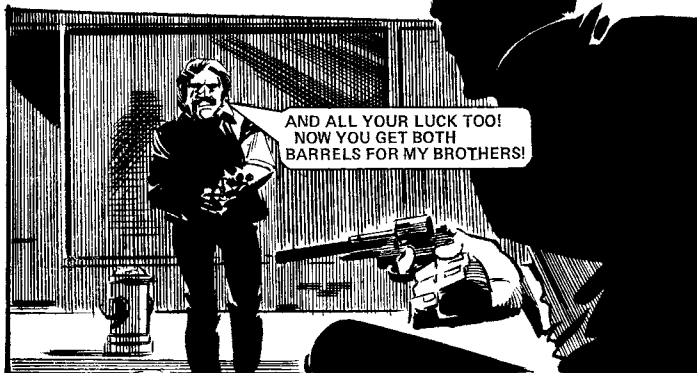


ONE-EYED JACK







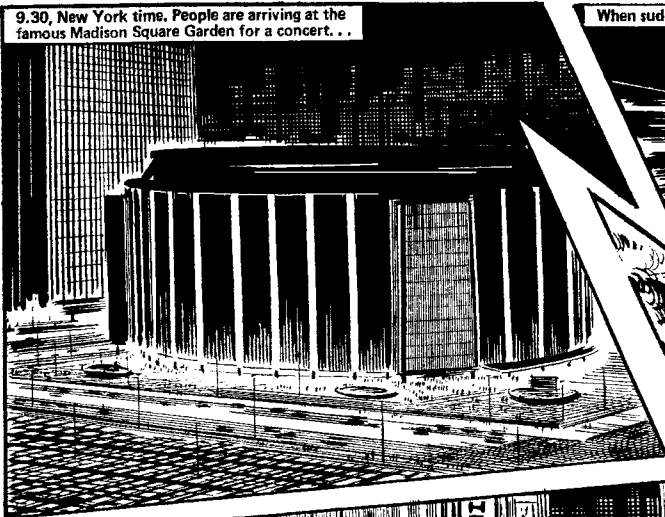


NEXT WEEK — TERROR OF THE MAD BOMBER!

THE CITY OF NEW YORK . . . BLACKMAILED!

9:30, New York time. People are arriving at the famous Madison Square Garden for a concert. . .

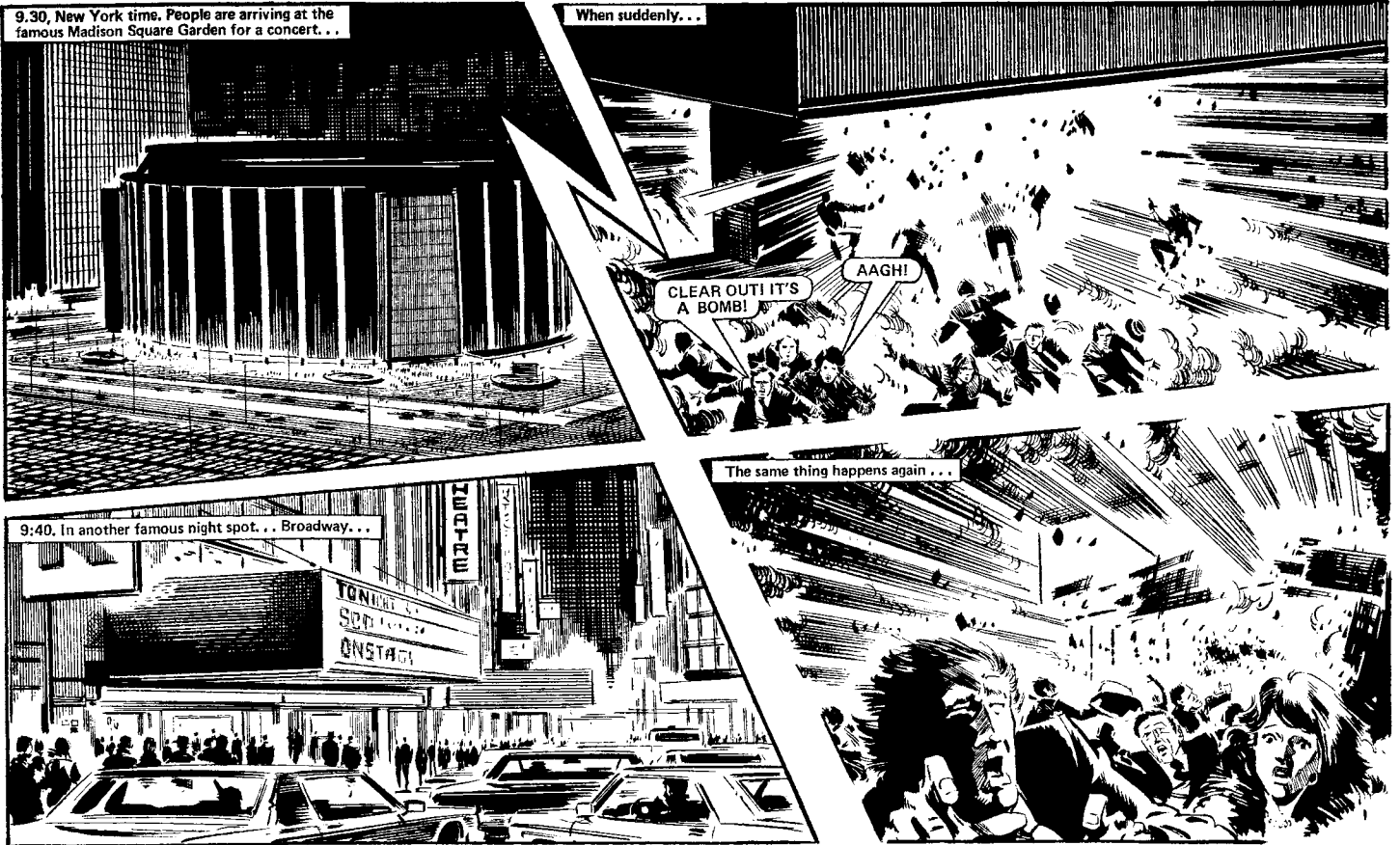
When suddenly. . .



9:40. In another famous night spot. . . Broadway. . .



The same thing happens again. . .



ONE-EYED JACK

At Police headquarters . . .

WE GOT A LEAD ON THOSE BOMBINGS, McBANE. TAKE A LOOK!



SOME NUTCASE DEMANDING ONE MILLION BUCKS FROM THE CITY OR HE SETS MORE BOMBS. HE SAYS HE'LL BE IN TOUCH.

Later. . .

LISTEN CAREFULLY, I WANT THE MONEY LEFT IN LOCKER 146 IN GRAND CENTRAL STATION AT NOON AND NO COPS AROUND WHEN I COLLECT OR NEW YORK'LL SUFFER. . .

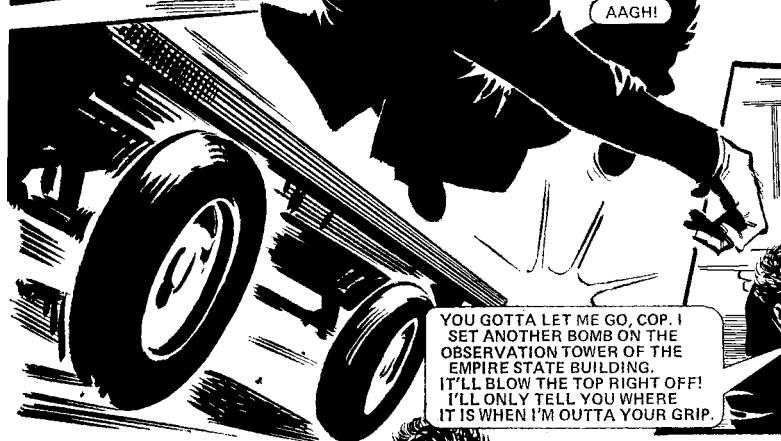
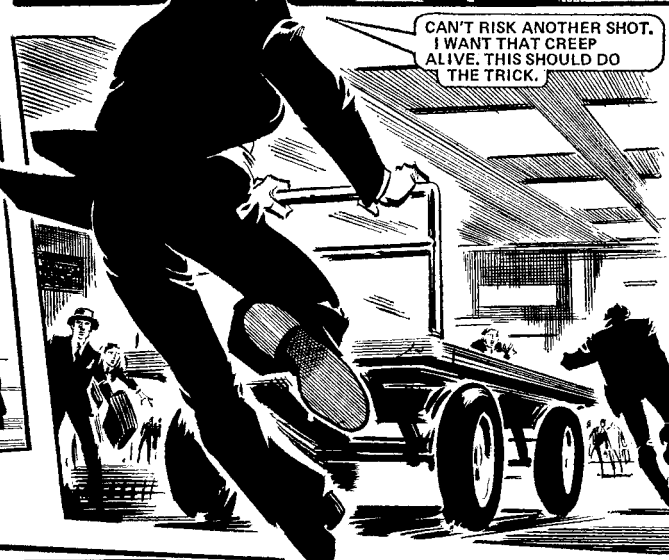


I'LL TRY TO KEEP HIM TALKING. . . TRACE THE CALL!

NO GOOD, JACK. HUNG UP TOO SOON.



BUT I GOT ANOTHER PLAN. GET THAT MONEY TO THE LOCKER AND DON'T BE SURPRISED AT ANYTHING YOU SEE INSIDE.





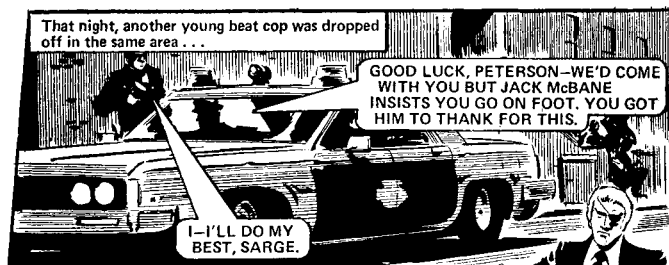
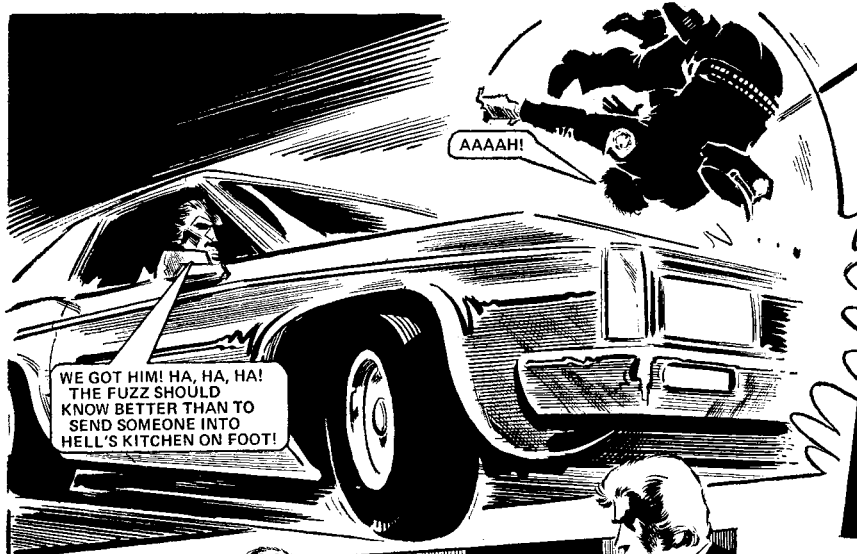
NEXT WEEK: ONE-EYED JACK SHOWS THE ROPES TO A ROOKIE COP!

A VISIT TO "HELL'S KITCHEN"... WHERE COPS GET EATEN ALIVE!



ONE-EYED JACK







ER-MIND YOUR FEET, MISTER-
THEY'RE BLOCKING MY PATH.

WHAT'S THE COP
SAY, FRANKIE?



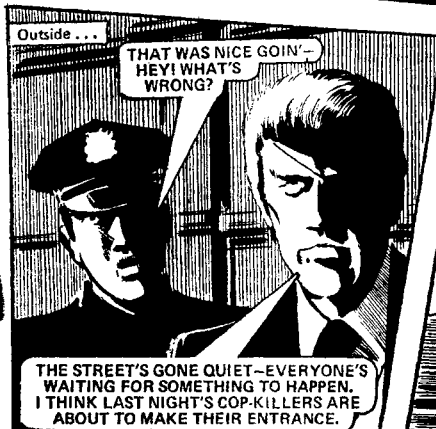
I'LL FIX YOU-
AAAHH!

THE ONLY THING YOU'LL BE
FIXING IS YOUR THROAT!



I THOUGHT NOT. YOU JOE? THIS JOINT
YOU RUN IS FILTHY-FILTHY WALLS
AND FLOORS-GET IT CLEANED UP
UNLESS YOU WANT YOUR PLACE
CLOSED DOWN. GOT IT?

ER-SURE ...



Outside ...

THAT WAS NICE GOIN'-
HEY! WHAT'S
WRONG?

THE STREET'S GONE QUIET-EVERYONE'S
WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN.
I THINK LAST NIGHT'S COP-KILLERS ARE
ABOUT TO MAKE THEIR ENTRANCE.



OFFICER-OFFICER!
HELP!

SOMEONE IN
TROUBLE!

OKAY-START TO CROSS
SLOW AND EASY ...



WHAT THE-
HEADLIGHTS!

DON'T PANIC, PETERSON!

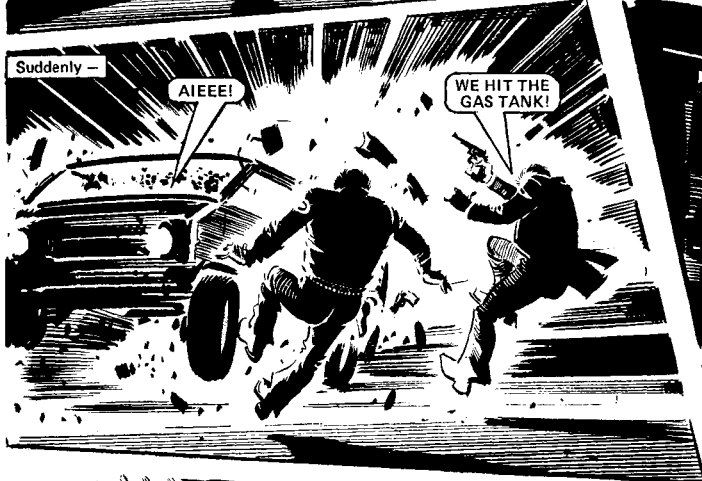


HE SAID MIND YOUR
FEET, FRIEND!

AAAAGH!

NOW ANYONE ELSE WANNA
TALK BACK TO US? EH?

LEAVE HIM, MO. HE'S A
REAL HARD NUT.



NEXT WEEK! ONE-EYED JACK CLEANS UP NEW YORK'S DOCKLAND!

ATTEMPTED MURDER ON JACK McBANE!

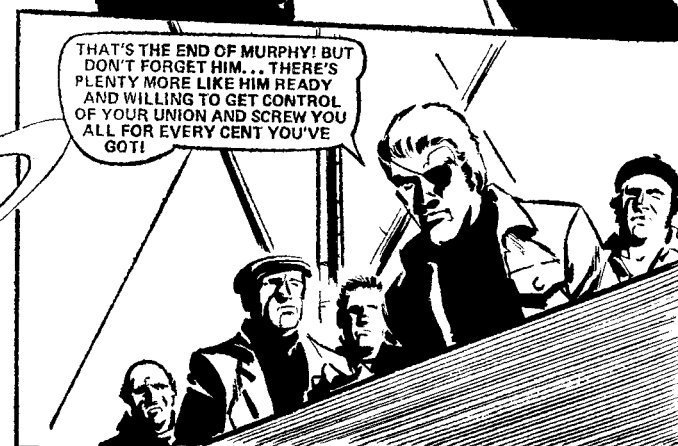
It is morning at a New York dockyard, as the workers prepare to start the first shift of the day... Among them, posing as a new recruit, is detective One-Eyed Jack McBane...



ONE-EYED JACK

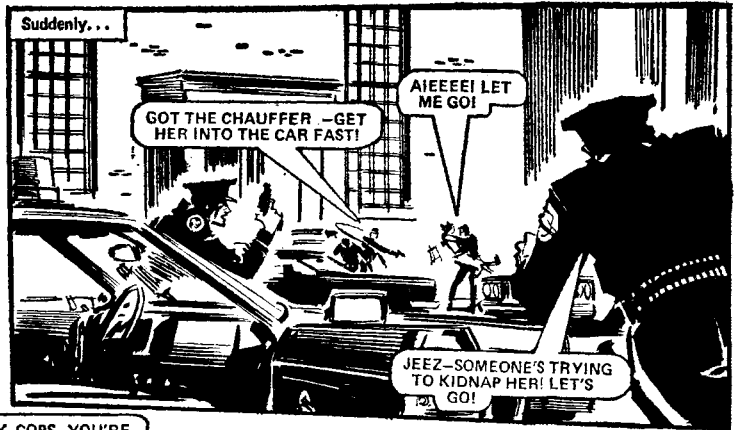
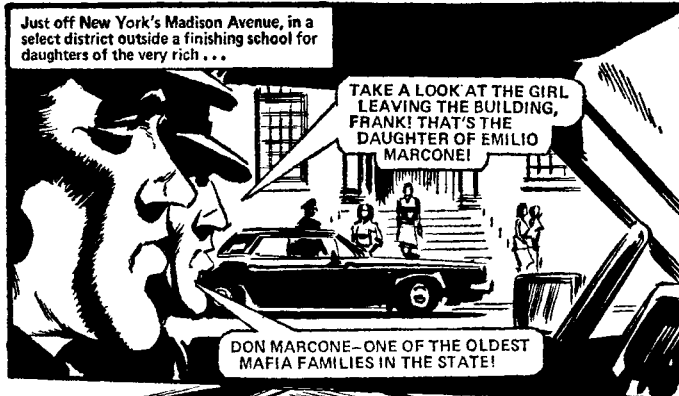




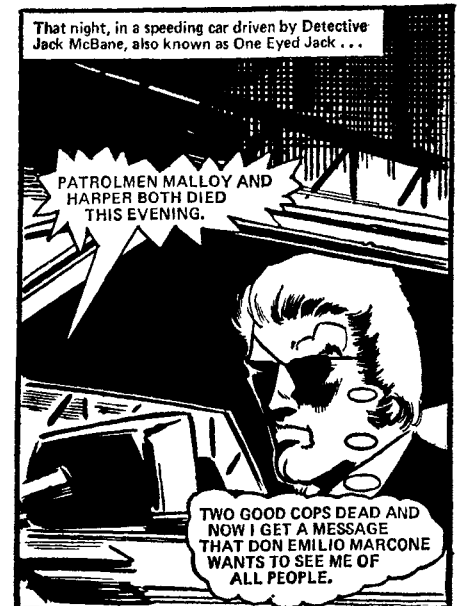


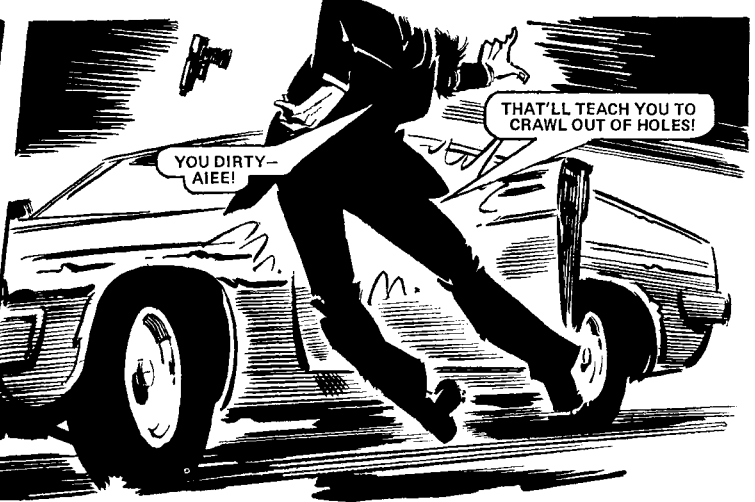
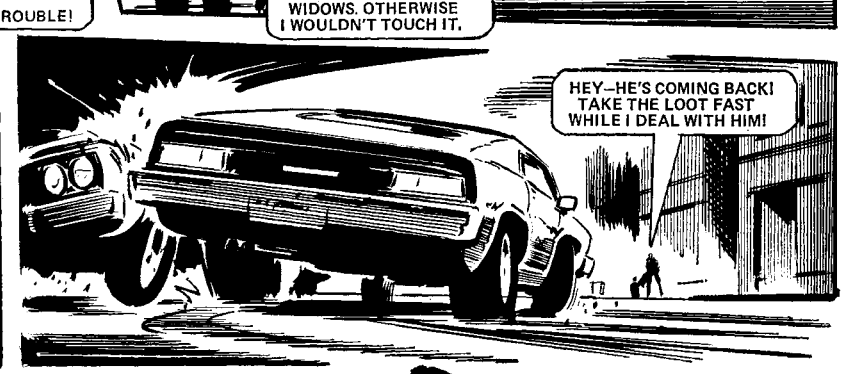
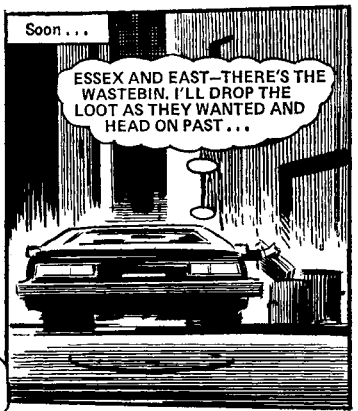
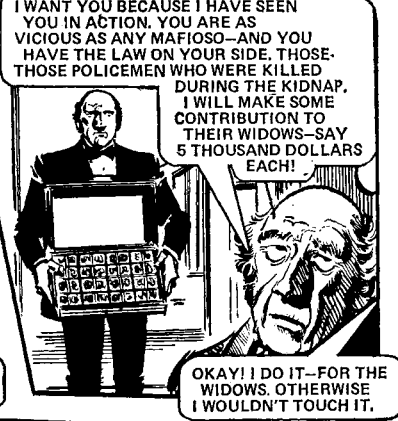
MORE NEW YORK POLICE ACTION WITH ONE-EYED JACK NEXT WEEK!

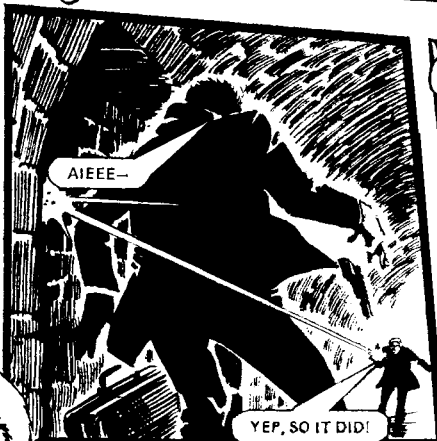
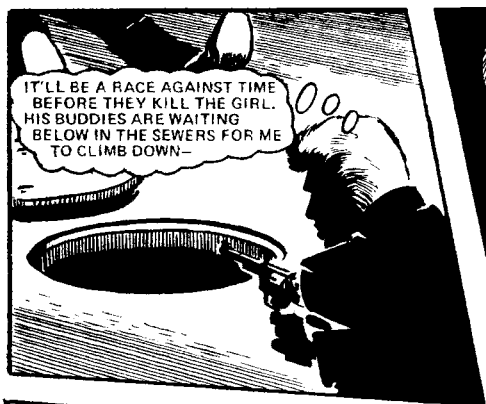
McBANE . . . FIGHTING FOR THE MAFIA!



ONE-EYED JACK







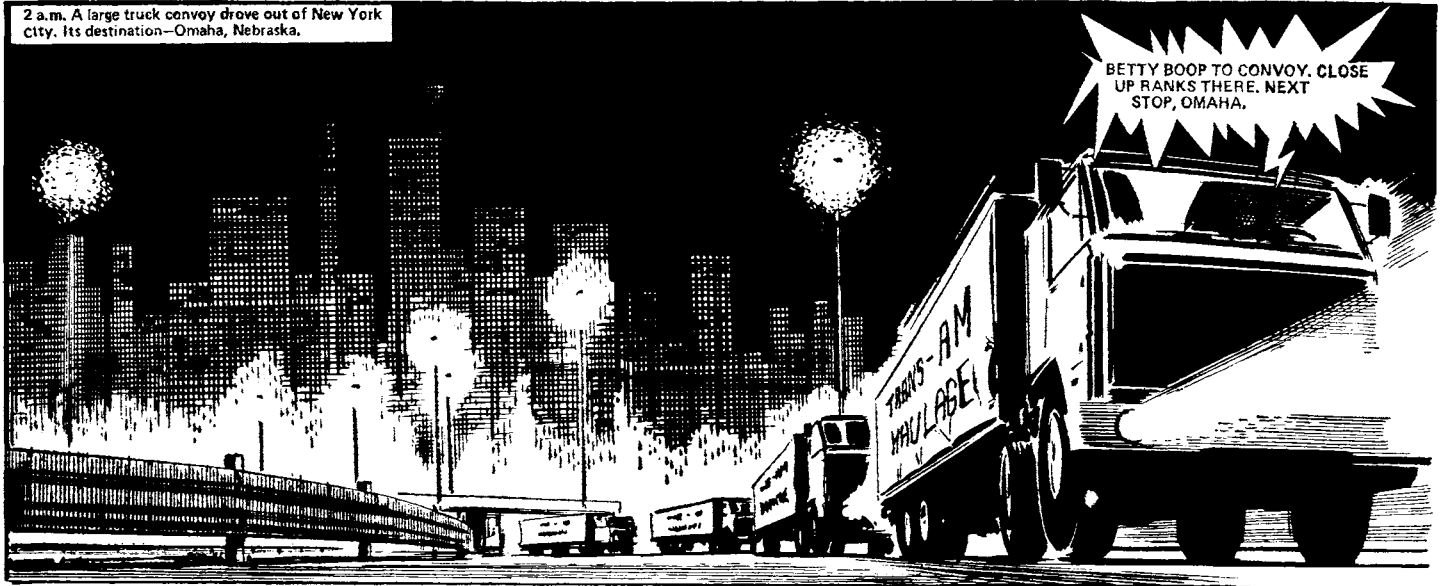


MORE DEADLY McBANE — NEXT WEEK!

MORE ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE WITH THE TOUGH NEW YORK COP!

2 a.m. A large truck convoy drove out of New York City. Its destination—Omaha, Nebraska.

BETTY BOOP TO CONVOY. CLOSE UP RANKS THERE. NEXT STOP, OMAHA.

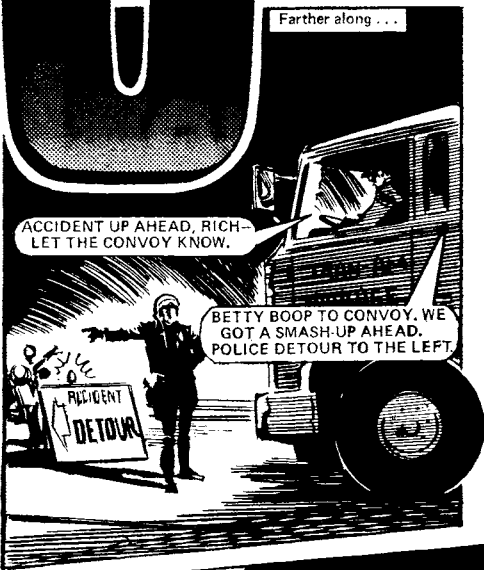


ONE-EYED JACK

Farther along ...

ACCIDENT UP AHEAD, RICH—LET THE CONVOY KNOW.

BETTY BOOP TO CONVOY, WE GOT A SMASH UP AHEAD. POLICE DETOUR TO THE LEFT.

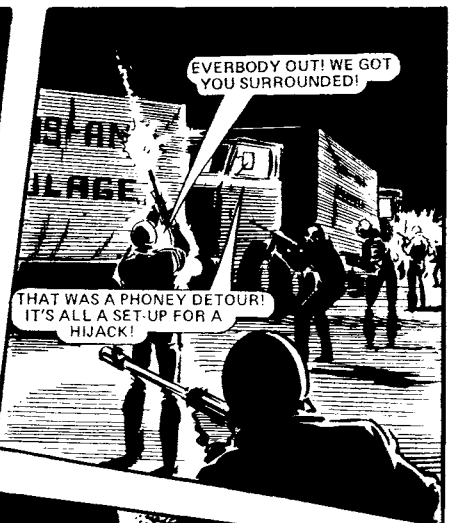


Along the detour ...

WHAT THE SAM HILL—GOTTA BRAKE!



EVERBODY OUT! WE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!



THAT WAS A PHONEY DETOUR! IT'S ALL A SET-UP FOR A HIJACK!

YOU CHEAP HOODLUMS—

CLAM UP, BIG-MOUTH! OKAY, BOYS—LET 'EM HAVE IT!



THEY'RE BLASTING THE CARGO! THE RATS—



AAAAGH!

AAAAH!

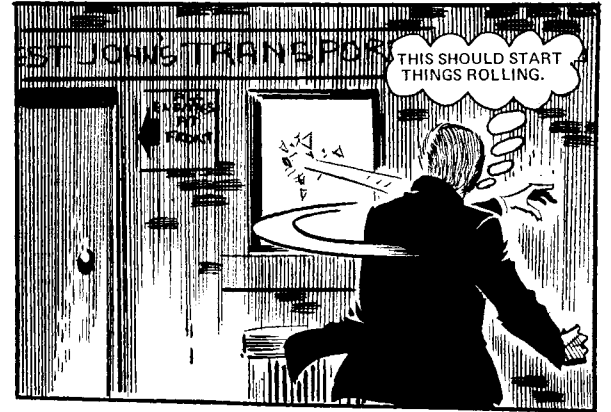


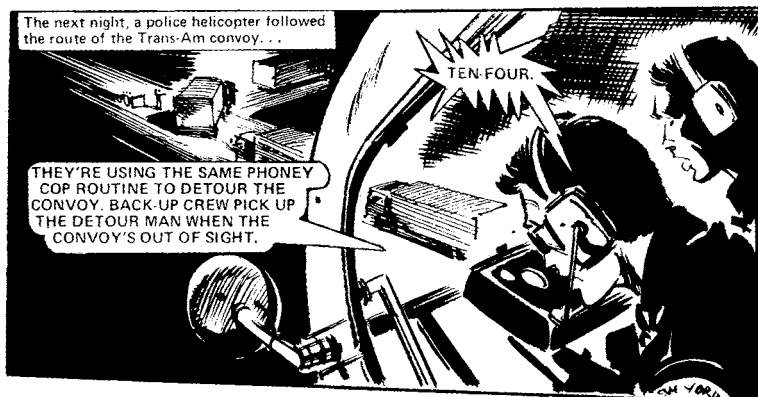
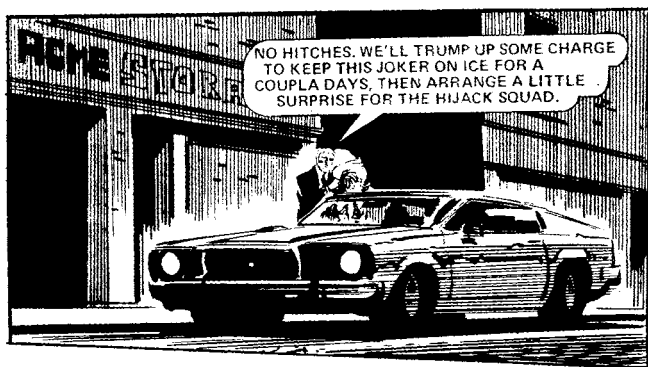
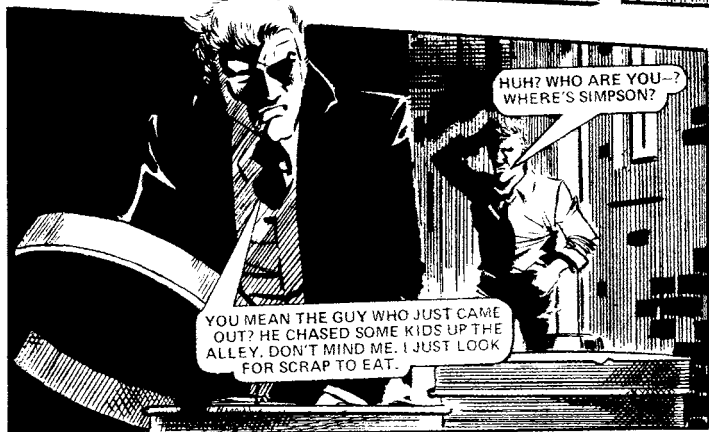
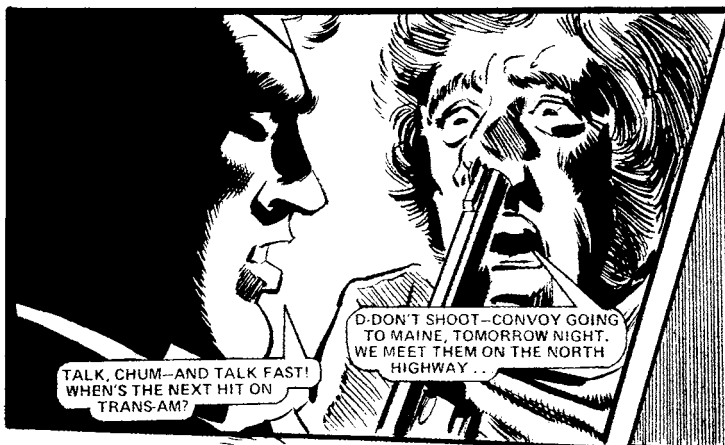


Later, back in the 94th Precinct...



Two nights later, McBane and Novak went into action...







NEXT WEEK—THE ASSASSIN WHO MISSED, BUT STILL HIT HIS TARGET!

TERROR STRUCK AT A POLITICAL RALLY!

ONE-EYED JACK

The New York Primary Election was imminent, and Senator Humphrey Faith was trying to get the Republican nomination. Detective Jack McBane was assigned as a body guard at the final eve of poll rally.





I SAW SOMEONE RUNNING THAT WAY, McBANE.

WHAT YOU WAITING FOR-- INSTRUCTIONS IN TRIPPLICATE? COME ON, MOVE IT!



THERE HE IS... GAH! MISSED!



HOLD THAT GUY, WHOEVER HE IS!

HEY, WHAT GIVES?

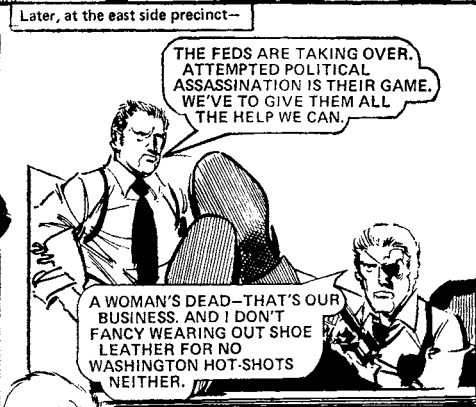


I'VE LOST THE HIT MAN! GUESS HE COULD BE ANYWHERE NOW.



WHAT'S HOPALONG CASSIDY DOING HERE?

HE'S CLEAN... HE'S THE MANAGER OF THE AUDITORIUM. HIS OFFICE IS JUST BACK THERE. CAME OUT WHEN HE HEARD THE SHOTS.



Later, at the east side precinct--

THE FEDS ARE TAKING OVER. ATTEMPTED POLITICAL ASSASSINATION IS THEIR GAME. WE'VE TO GIVE THEM ALL THE HELP WE CAN.

A WOMAN'S DEAD--THAT'S OUR BUSINESS. AND I DON'T FANCY WEARING OUT SHOE LEATHER FOR NO WASHINGTON HOT-SHOTS NEITHER.



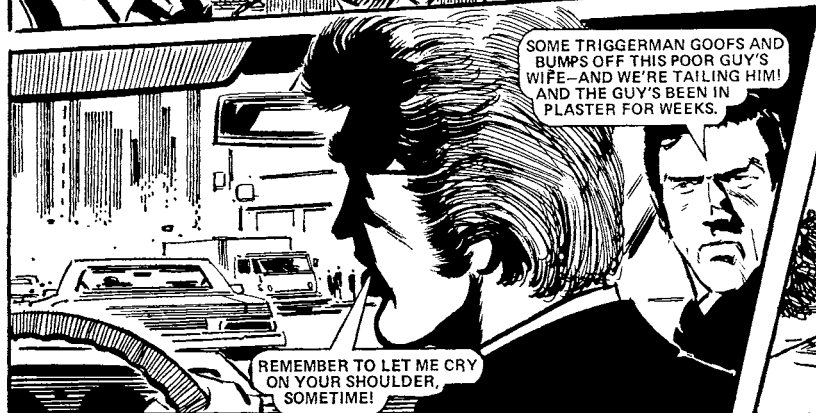
CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY THAT TRIGGERMAN KEPT PUMPING LEAD... HEY, WHAT'S HOPALONG DOING HERE?

BEEN DOWN AT THE MORGUE. HE'S THE DEAD WOMAN'S HUSBAND.



SAY, WHERE YOU GOING? YOU'LL GET BUSTED. WE'RE WAITING FOR INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE FEDS.

NUTS! COME ON, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!



SOME TRIGGERMAN GOOFS AND BUMPS OFF THIS POOR GUY'S WIFE--AND WE'RE TAILING HIM! AND THE GUY'S BEEN IN PLASTER FOR WEEKS.

REMEMBER TO LET ME CRY ON YOUR SHOULDER, SOMETIME!



LOOK, JUST GET ROUND THE BACK OF HIS HOUSE. I'LL GO IN THE FRONT.

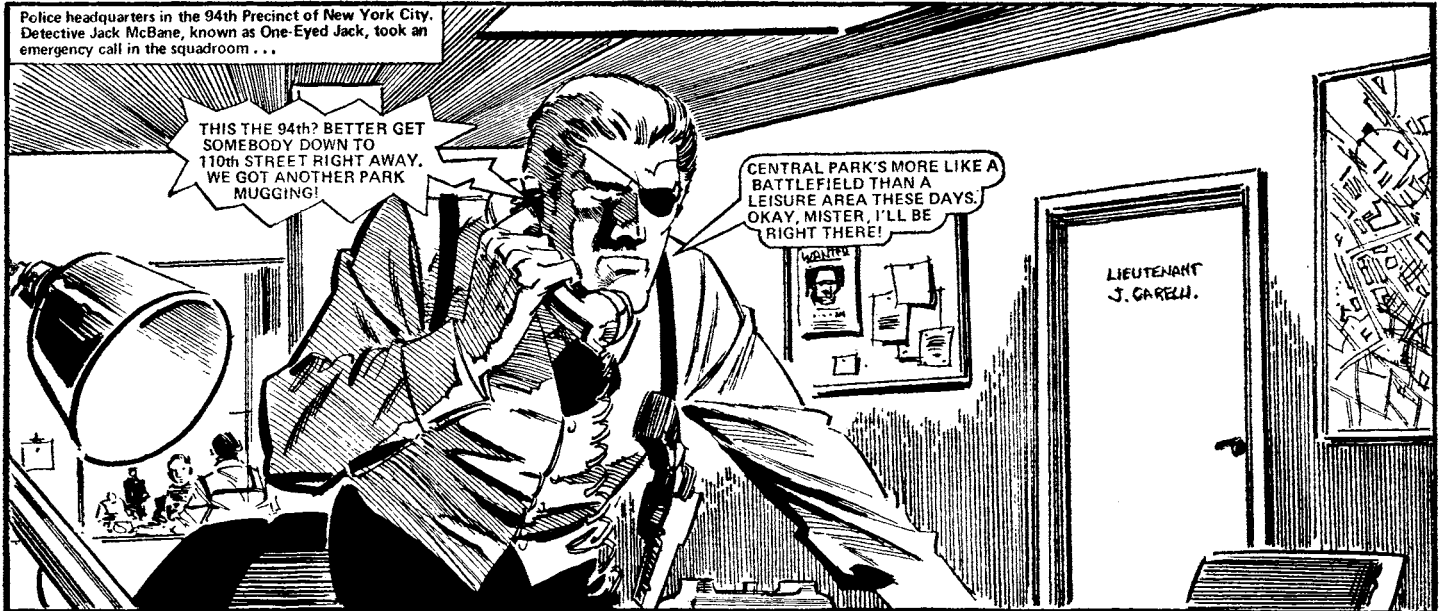
THE MANAGER'S OFFICE WAS SEARCHED AND IT WAS CLEAN. SO IF IT WAS HIM WHERE DID HE HIDE THE RIFLE?



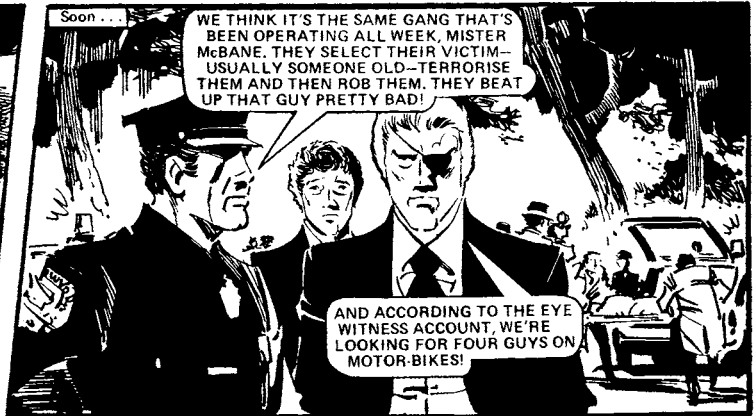
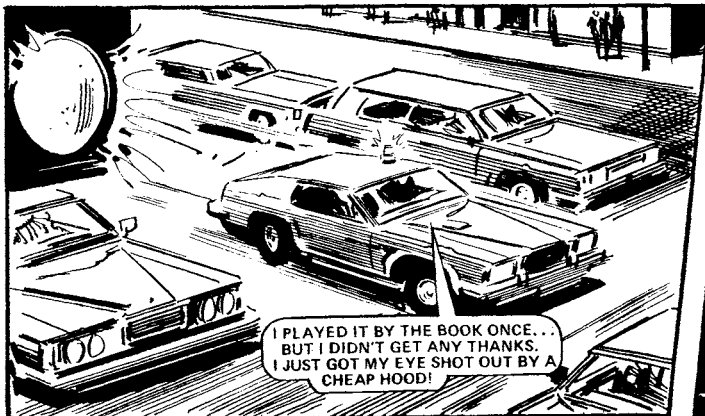
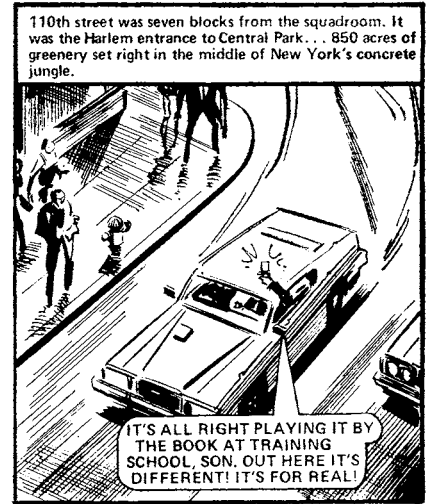
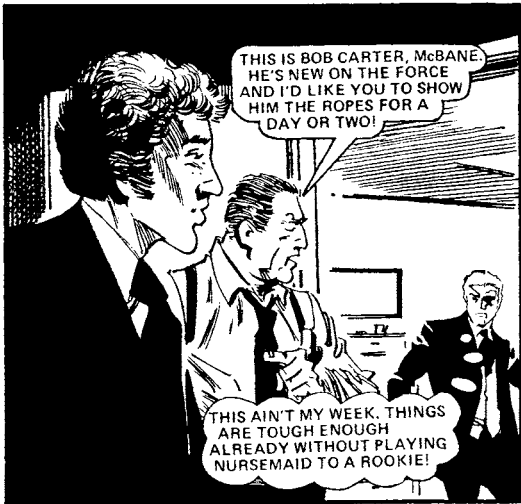
SUPERCOP McBANE'S HERE AGAIN NEXT WEEK !

McBANE TOOK ON THE MOTORCYCLE-MUGGERS!

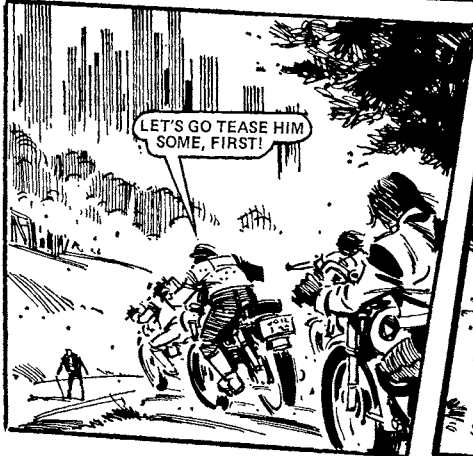
Police headquarters in the 94th Precinct of New York City. Detective Jack McBane, known as One-Eyed Jack, took an emergency call in the squadroom...



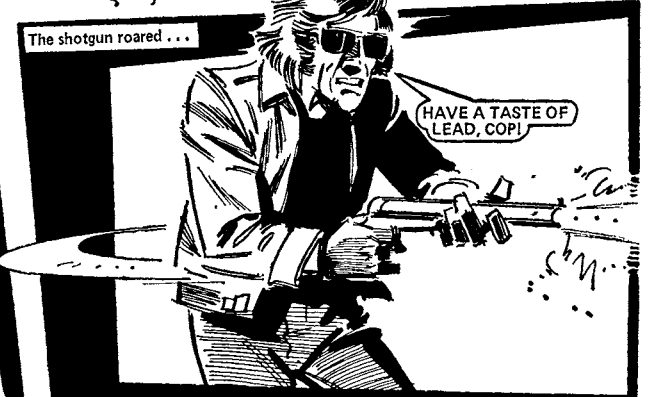
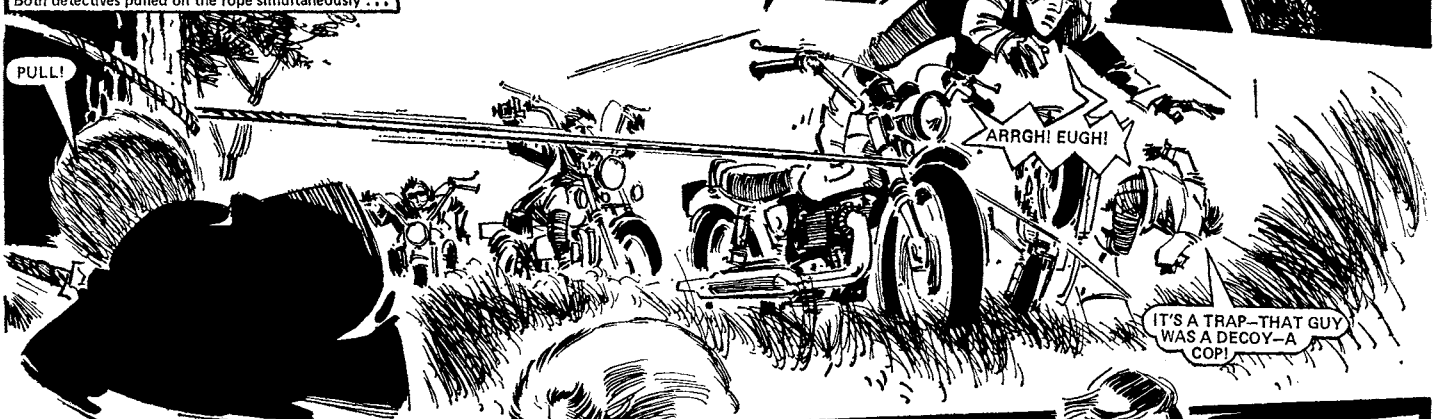
ONE-EYED JACK

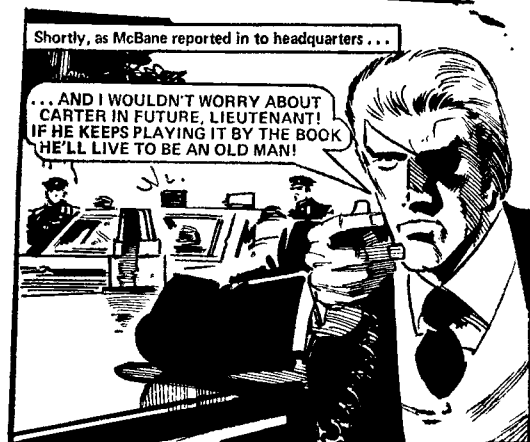


THE TOUGH COP'S IN THE VALIANT SUMMER SPECIAL – DON'T MISS HIM!



BOTH DETECTIVES PULLED ON THE ROPE SIMULTANEOUSLY ...

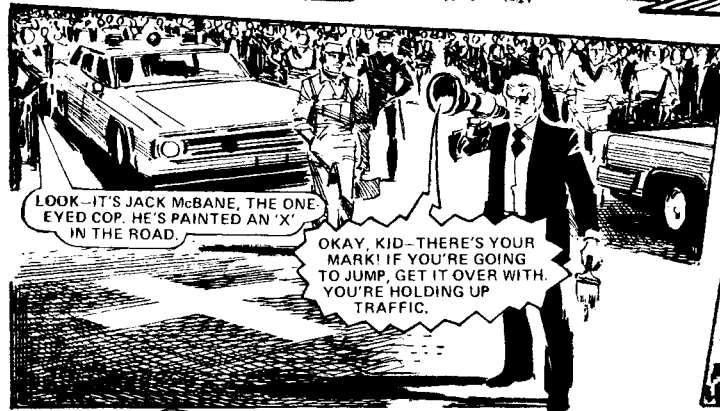


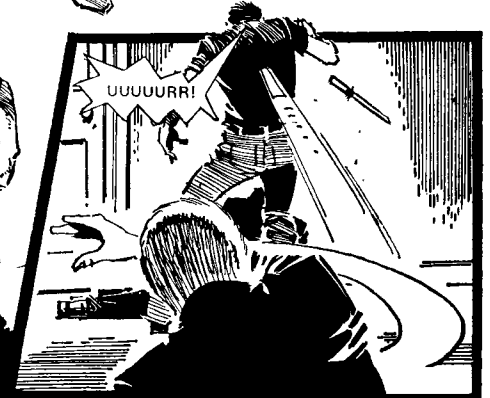
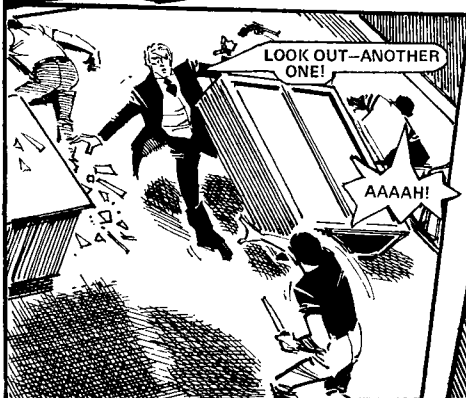
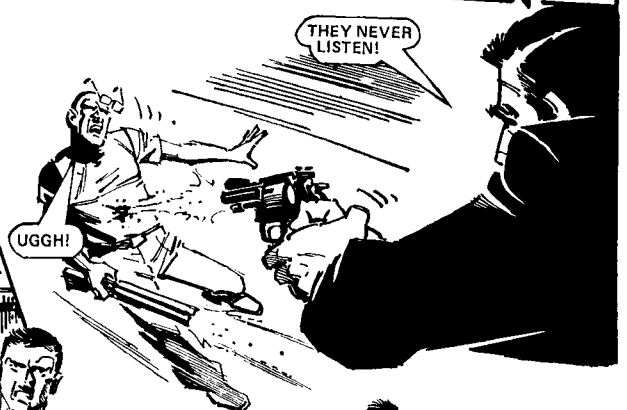
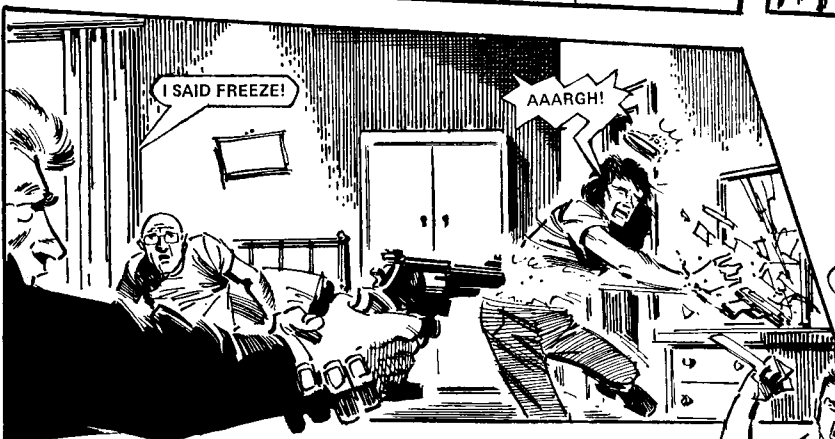
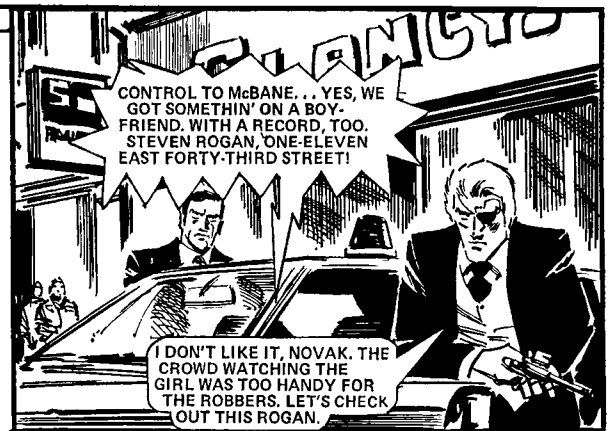
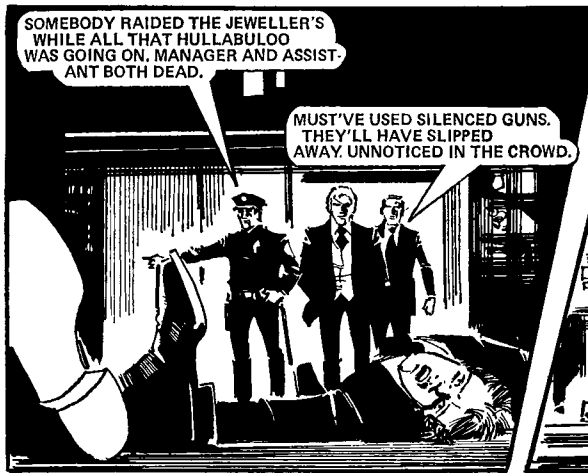


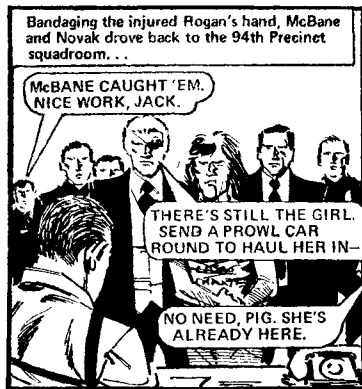
'X' MARKS THE SPOT FOR A SUICIDE, NEXT WEEK!

A PRETTY GIRL THREATENING SUICIDE WAS THE START OF ANOTHER CASE FOR . . .

ONE-EYED JACK



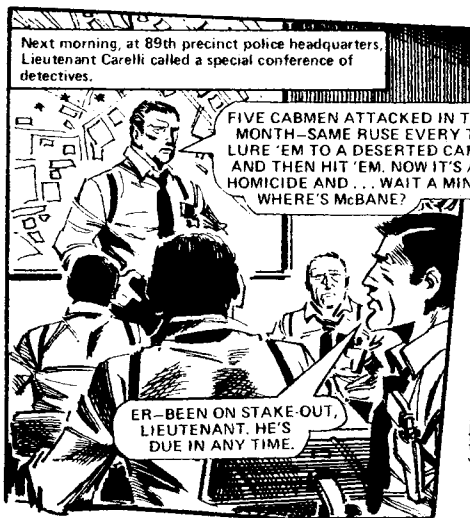


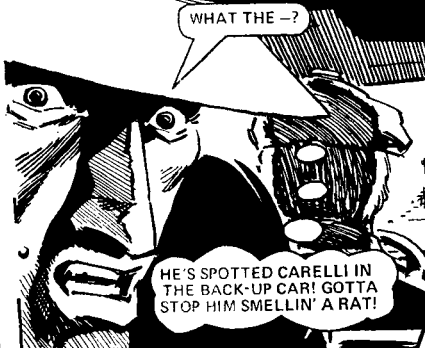
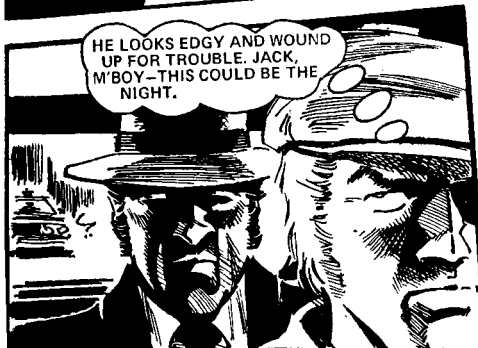
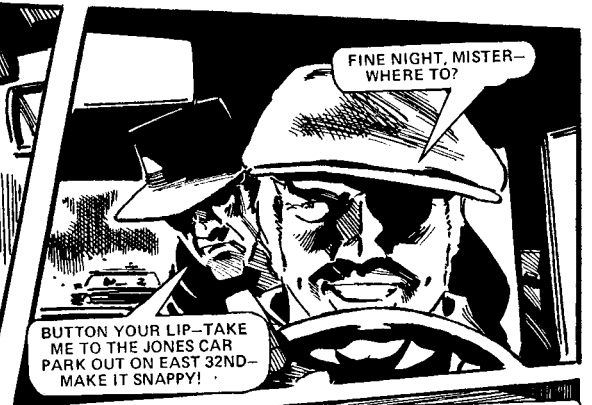
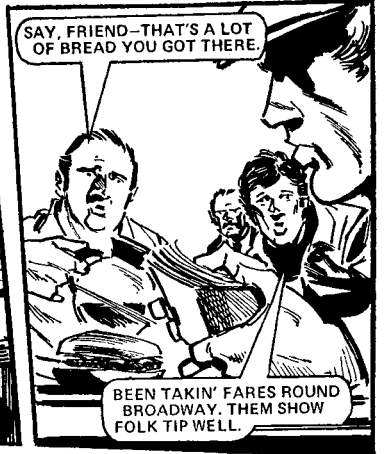
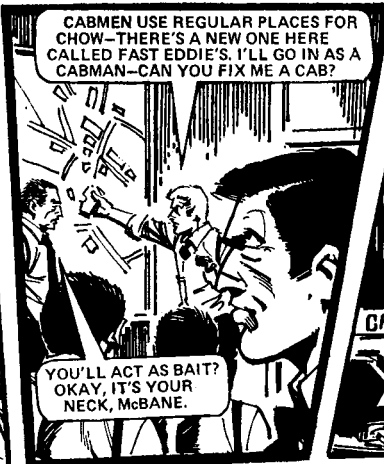


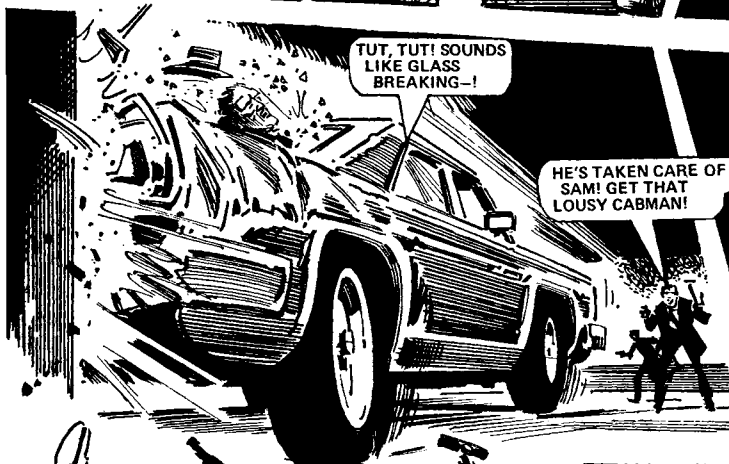
NEXT WEEK, McBANE TAKES A CAB-RIDE, WITH A DEADLY DIFFERENCE!

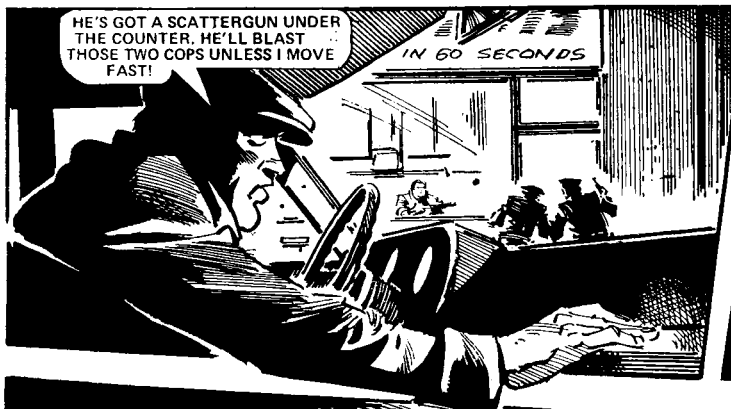
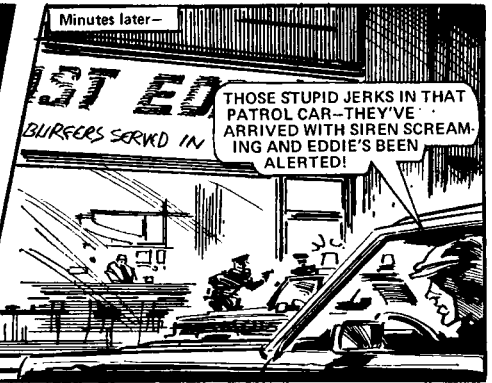
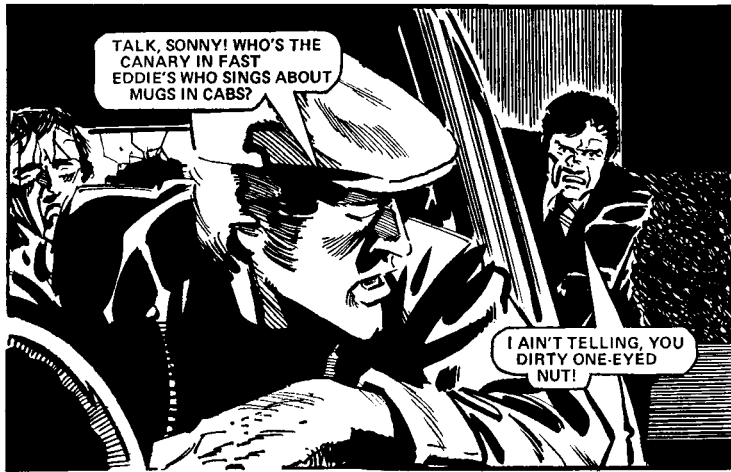
McBANE DROVE LIKE HE WORKED . . . RECKLESSLY !

ONE-EYED JACK









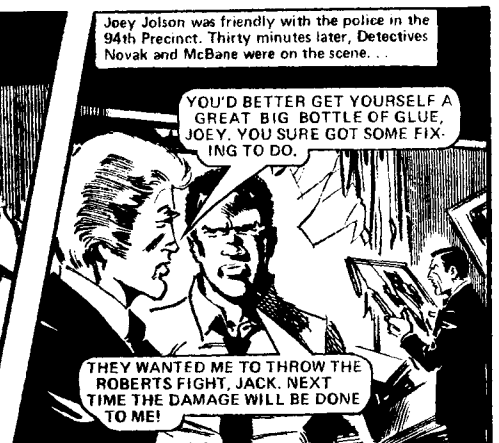
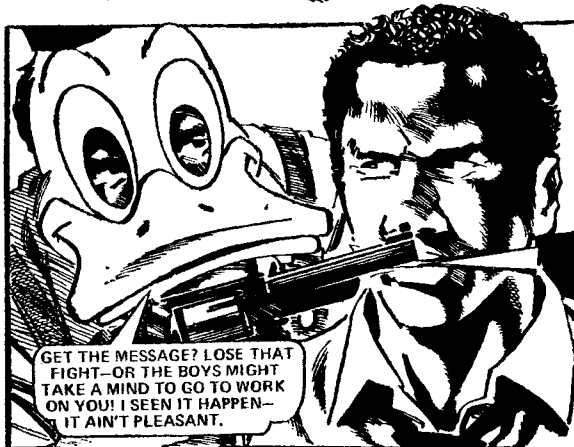
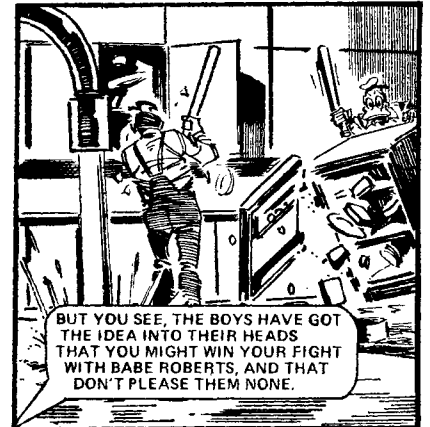
A TOUGH ROUND FOR McBANE NEXT WEEK – WHEN HE BATTLES WITH THE FIGHT FIXERS!

THE PUNCHES FLEW THICK AND FAST WHEN McBANE MIXED IT IN THE BOXING RACKET!

In a plush apartment on the edge of Central Park, New York, middleweight boxer Joey Jolson answered the door...



ONE-EYED JACK



I DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT 'EM, OF COURSE. BUT THEY HAD CHICAGO ACCENTS.

OUT OF TOWN MUSCLE WITH A LOTTA 'BREAD' RESTING ON BABE ROBERTS TO WIN. COULD GET VERY NASTY. WE'LL WORK ON IT.

Soon, back in their car...

WE GOT A LEAD ON THAT MUSCLE YOU WERE ASKING ABOUT, McBANE... THREE MOB HEAVIES FLEW IN YESTERDAY—COLE WITHERS AND THE PRESTON BROTHERS... SO FAR NO ADDRESS... OVER.

LET'S TRY BARNEY THE BUG.

Soon, at a second hand shop near 25th Street...

SECOND & THIRD HAND

BOUGHT & SOLD
JEWELLERY & WATCHES

GOING CHEAP
GENTS OVERHAULS

WANTED
WE SUITS

ANYTHING
BOUGHT

HE'S SEEN US. I'LL COVER THE BACK.

HELLO, BARNEY. SHAME ON YOU FOR TRYING TO SNEAK OUT ON YOUR OLD PALS. LET'S GO BACK INSIDE.

AW, MR. McBANE...

Novak had come in the front...

LOOKEE HERE, JACK—TELEVISION SETS THIS TIME. SERIAL NUMBERS CHECK OUT WITH THE STOLEN LIST.

I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, BARNEY. THIS'LL MEAN ANOTHER LONG TERM UPSTATE... UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU DECIDE TO CO-OPERATE...

Barney co-operated...

WITHERS AND THE PRESTON BOYS ARE HOLED UP IN A BASEMENT OVER ON 33RD STREET. THAT'S ALL I KNOW, McBANE.

THANKS, BARNEY. WE'LL REMEMBER THIS. TAKE YOURSELF ALONG TO THE 94TH PRECINCT AND TURN YOURSELF IN. WE'LL SEE YOU LATER.

WE'VE NO EVIDENCE ON OUR CHICAGO PALS. IF WE WANT TO KEEP JOEY JOLSON IN ONE SWEET PIECE, WE'LL HAVE TO HANDLE IT OURSELVES... OFF THE RECORD.

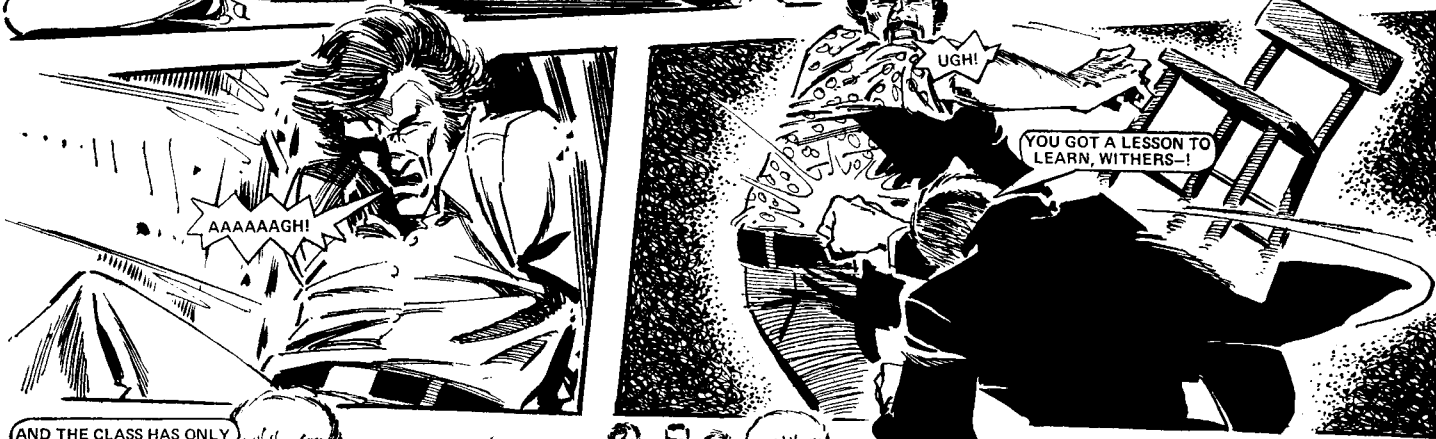
Later that night, in the 33rd Street basement...

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR. GET IT, PRINCE.

MICKEY MOUSE POLICE DEPARTMENT—WE'RE COMIN' IN!

TASTE MY BOOT, FELLA, 'COS YOU GOT SOME THINGS TO ANSWER FOR.

AAAAAH!



DON'T MISS THE SHATTERING CLIMAX OF THIS STORY — NEXT WEEK!

McBANE WARMED UP SMILER'S NIGHT-CLUB—WITH A CAN OF GASOLINE!

Three Chicago mobsters had tried to frighten middleweight boxer Joey Jolson into losing a forthcoming fight. Then New York detectives Jack McBane and Willy Novak stepped in and sent the thugs on their way... only to hear an urgent radio message...

JOEY JOLSON'S MANAGER CALLED IN, JACK... EXPLOSION AT THE GYM... JOEY'S HURT.

HELL! AND WE JUST PUT OUR ONLY LEAD ON THE TRAIN FOR CHICAGO! GOTTA MOVE.

ONE-EYED JACK

COLE WITHERS AND HIS TWO SIDEKICKS COULDN'T HAVE PLANTED THAT BOMB. SOMEBODY ELSE HIRED THEM TO MAKE JOEY JOLSON LOSE THAT FIGHT—

THE SAME SOMEBODY WHO'S PLAYING WITH FIREWORKS NOW.

HEY!

EMERGENCY. PULL HANDLE

McBane raced through the train to Cole Withers' carriage...

HATE TO INTERRUPT YOUR JOURNEY, WITHERS, BUT YOU'RE GETTING OFF.

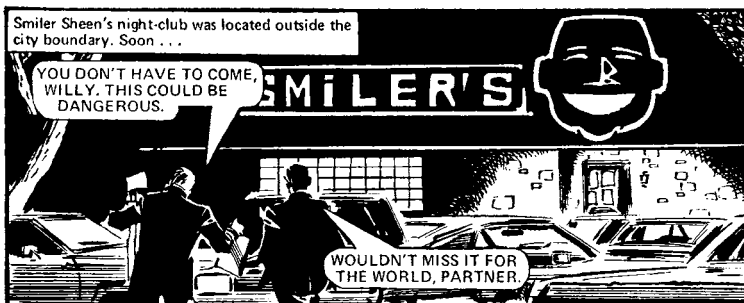
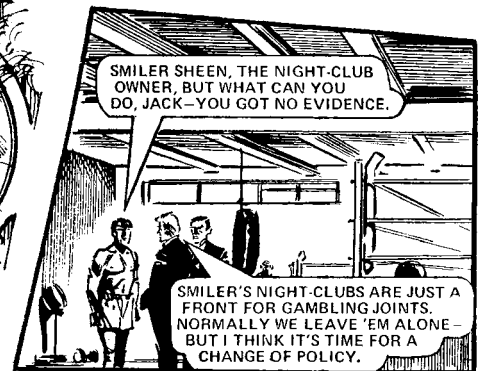
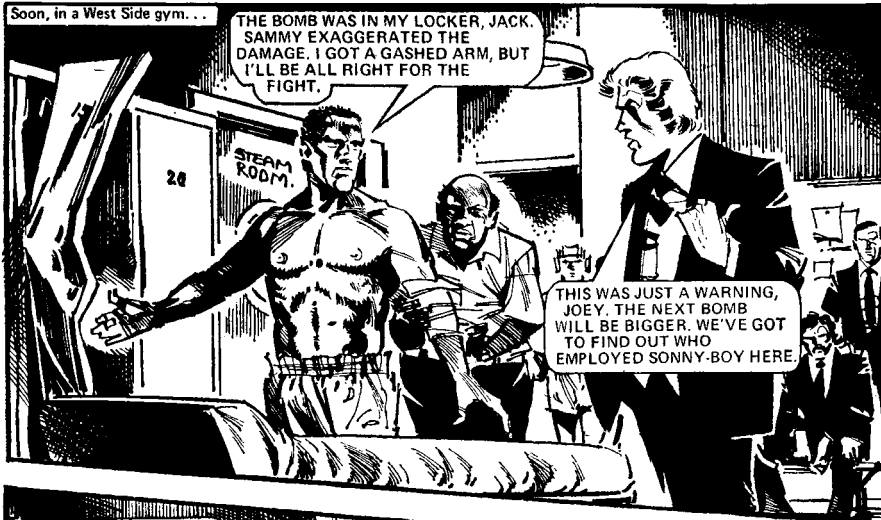
I SEE A LITTLE GENTLE PERSUASION IS CALLED FOR.

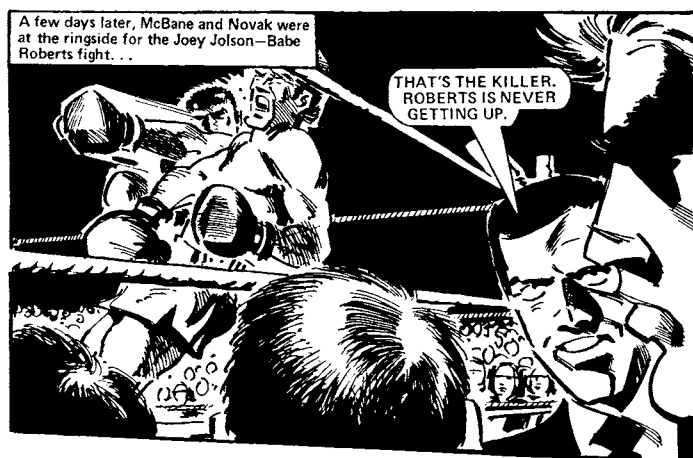
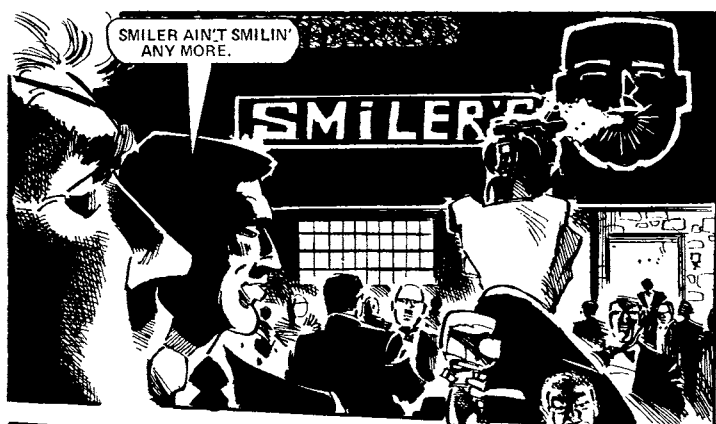
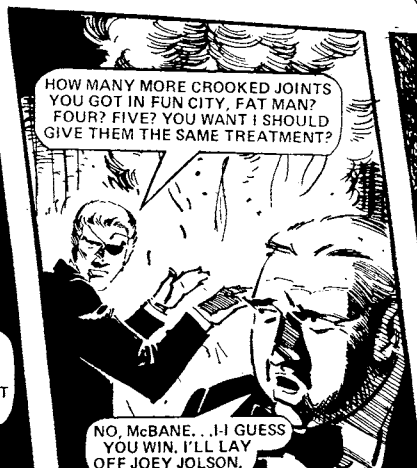
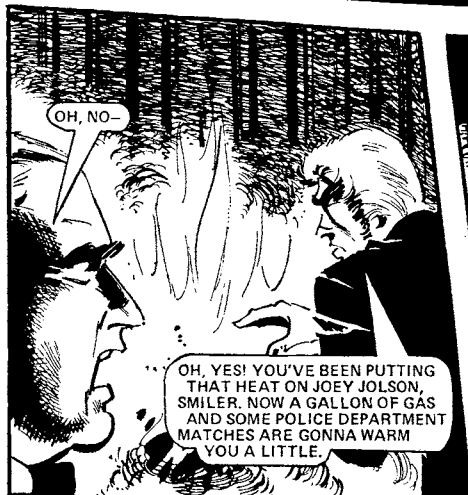
I AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE, McBANE. GET LOST.

UGGH!

HE DIDN'T WANT TO COME, HUH?

YEAH, BUT HE CHANGED HIS MIND. LET'S GET TO JOEY JOLSON'S GYM.





McBANE TAKES A HOLIDAY, NEXT WEEK--BUT ENDS UP FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE!

McBANE SET OUT TO HUNT JACKRABBITS—BUT FOUND A MORE DEADLY QUARRY!

Inside police H.Q. in New York's 94th Precinct, Lieutenant Joseph Carelli spoke to Detective Jack McBane, otherwise known as One-Eyed Jack...

YOU BEEN WORKING AN EIGHTEEN HOUR DAY FOR MONTHS, McBANE. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR HUNTING RIFLE AND HEAD UPSTATE FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS REST?

YOU'RE RIGHT, CARELLI... I NEED A BREAK PRETTY BAD.

And, next day, two hundred miles north of the city in a small town called Dawson...

RECKON I'LL BOOK IN A HOTEL AND PUT MY FEET UP FOR A BIT.

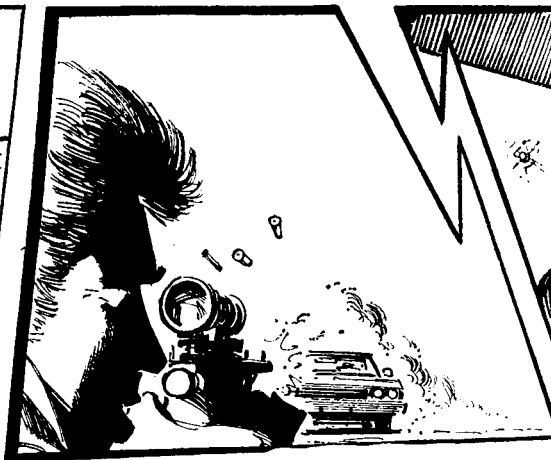
ONE-EYED JACK



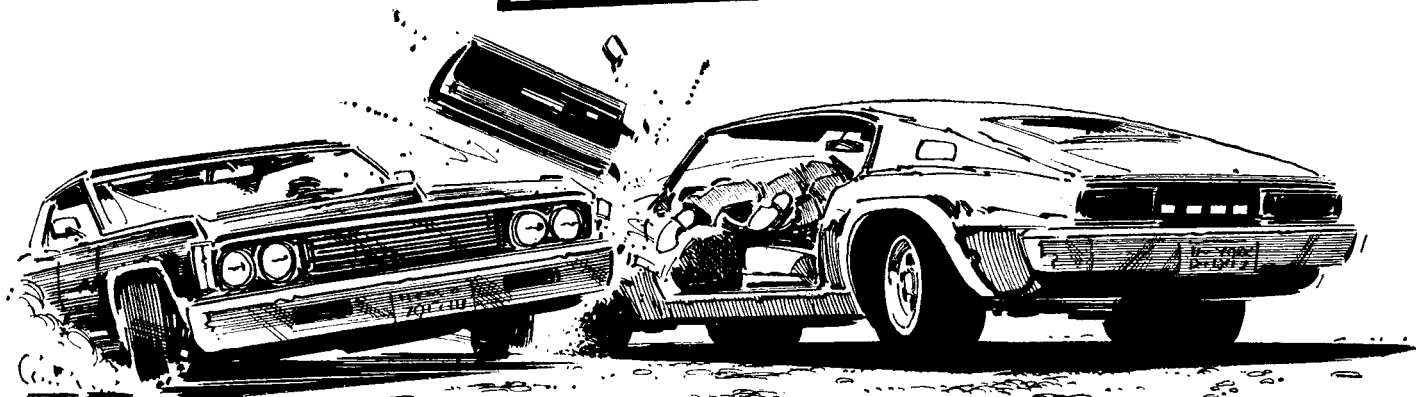
The 300 Savage hunting rifle could take a man out at ten thousand yards...



The raider's car skidded round in a full circle, and...



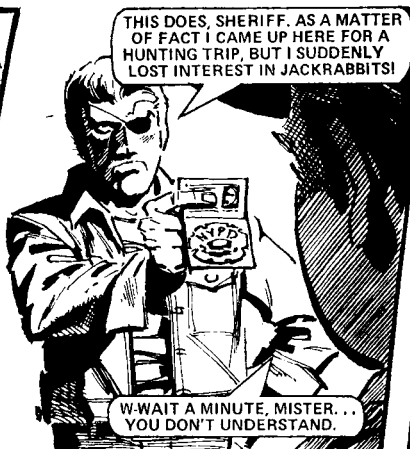
THE COP AIN'T BEEN BORN THAT CAN TAKE ME!



Suddenly the action was over... Dawson was quiet and peaceful once again...



THIS DOES, SHERIFF. AS A MATTER OF FACT I CAME UP HERE FOR A HUNTING TRIP, BUT I SUDDENLY LOST INTEREST IN JACKRABBITS!



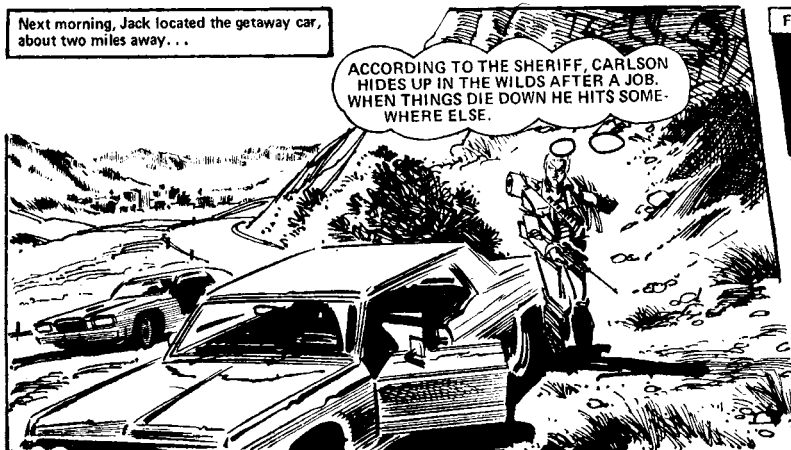
W-WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.

THAT RAIDER'S NO ORDINARY COOKIE— HE'S A VIETNAM WAR VETERAN. HE'S BEEN HITTING BANKS IN THE SMALL TOWNS FOR MONTHS BUT NO-ONE'S EVER GOT IN SPITTING DISTANCE OF HIM. HONEST, SON, YOU'RE PLAYIN' WITH FIRE... HE'LL EAT YOU ALIVE!



WELL, I'LL JUST GO SEE IF I CAN TEMPT HIS APPETITE. SO LONG, SHERIFF.

Next morning, Jack located the getaway car, about two miles away...

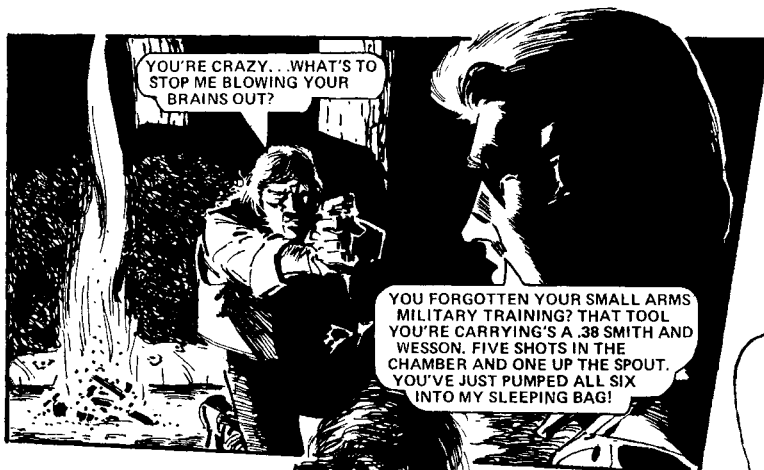


ACCORDING TO THE SHERIFF, CARLSON HIDES UP IN THE WILDS AFTER A JOB. WHEN THINGS DIE DOWN HE HITS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

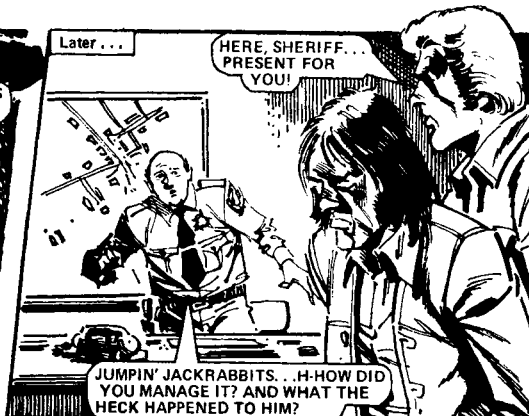
For two days and a night, McBane trailed Carlson...



IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO SEE... BETTER MAKE AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING.



But Carlson hadn't forgotten the unarmed combat course which had taught him to fight like a wild animal!



McBANE'S BACK IN THE BIG CITY NEXT WEEK—MAKE SURE YOU JOIN HIM!

MEET DOC ABEL CARVER - YOU WOULDN'T TRUST HIM TO PUT A PLASTER ON YOUR FINGER!

Hoodlum William Raft, convicted of armed robbery and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, was released after serving seven years inside the New York State Penitentiary...



ONE-EYED JACK



Meanwhile, at the 94th precinct police H.Q., detective 'One-Eyed' Jack McBane and Lieutenant Joseph Carelli also had William Raft on their minds...

RAFT'S A FREE MAN FROM TODAY. JUST THINK OF ALL THE INTEREST THAT'S BEEN LOST ON THE FIFTY GRAND HE STASHED AWAY BEFORE HIS CONVICTION!

TRY NOT TO, LIEUTENANT-- WON'T DO YOUR ULCERS NO GOOD!

Soon...

THE PRISON AUTHORITIES GAVE ME THE ADDRESS OF THE PLACE THEY RENTED FOR RAFT. THINK I'LL JUST MOSEY DOWN THERE AND SEE HOW HE'S LIKIN' HIS FREEDOM!

LOOKS LIKE MAD LOUIE KRASKY GOT HERE BEFORE ME AND FORCED RAFT TO TAKE A QUICK WAY OUT. HE MUST WANT RAFT'S FIFTY GRAND PRETTY BAD TO SHOW HIS FACE IN PUBLIC!

To track a man down you have to read his mind... something that One-Eyed Jack had done on many occasions.

I'VE JUST GOT OUT OF JAIL WITH A FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLAR PRICE TAG ROUND MY NECK... I'M HURT... AND I WANT TO LIE LOW... WHERE DO I GO?

McBane drove downtown to the seedy apartment of struck-off doctor, Abel Carver...

HI, ABEL... HOW'S BUSINESS?

M-McBANE! WH-WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

I SEE YOU'RE STILL GETTING PATIENTS DESPITE YOUR REPUTATION. WHAT'S RAFT SUFFERING FROM?

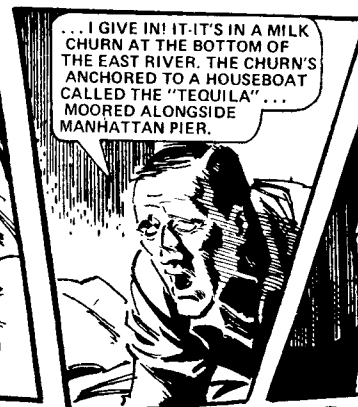
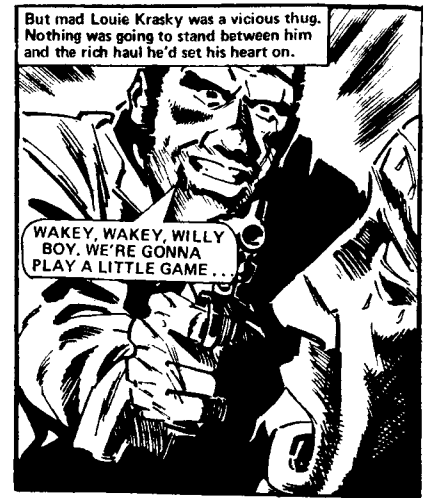
HE H-HAD A FALL... HE'S HURT PRETTY BAD!

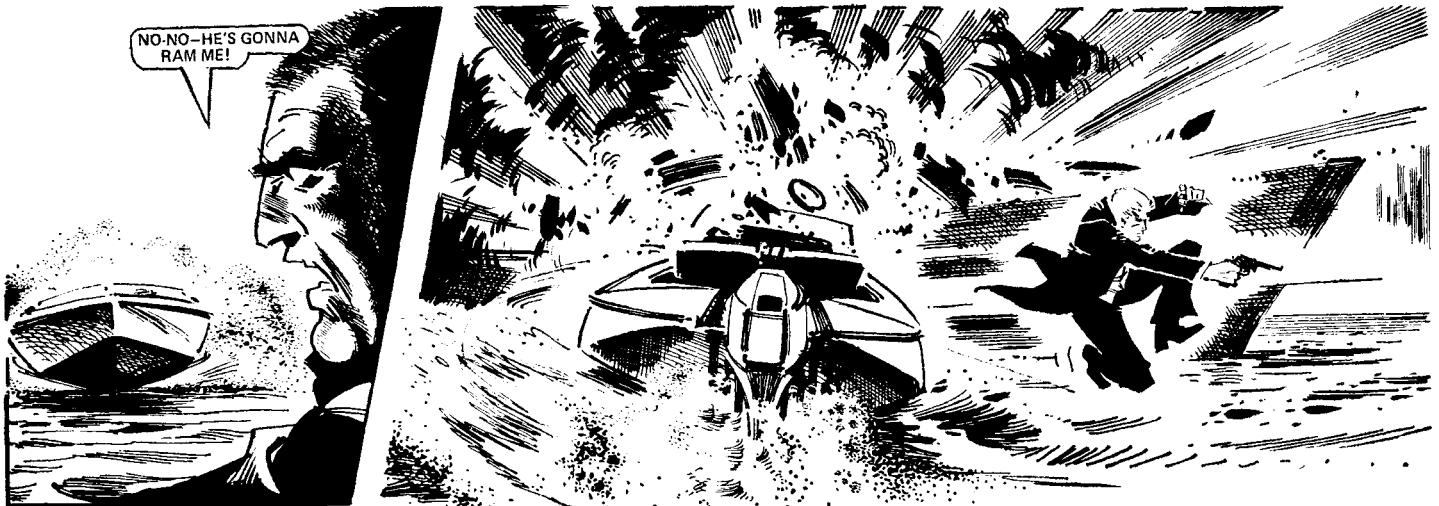
OPERATOR? GET ME MANHATTAN 3700. A MR. LOUIE KRASKY!

YOU'RE CRAZY, McBANE. IF MAD LOUIE FINDS OUT RAFT'S HERE HE'LL KILL HIM... YOU'RE COMMITTING MURDER!

Seconds later, on the other side of the city...

YOU SAY RAFT'S AT ABEL CARVER'S PLACE? HOW DO YOU KNOW? WHO ARE YOU?

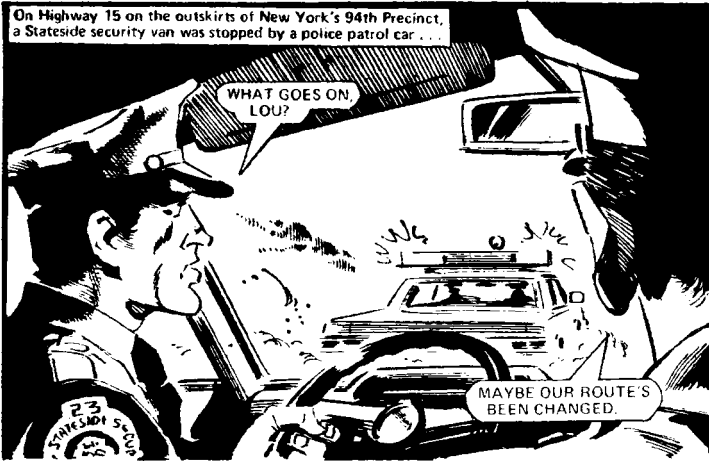




McBANE'S GOT HIS HANDS FULL NEXT WEEK - WHEN HE'S HIJACKED BY COPS!

A SECURITY MAN COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES - THE HI-JACKERS CONFRONTING HIM WERE POLICEMEN!

On Highway 15 on the outskirts of New York's 94th Precinct, a Stateside security van was stopped by a police patrol car...



ONE-EYED JACK

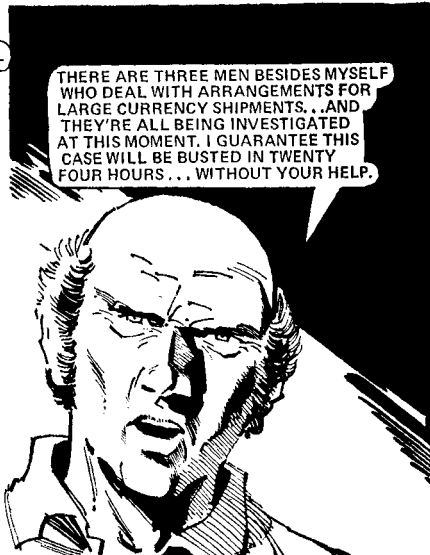
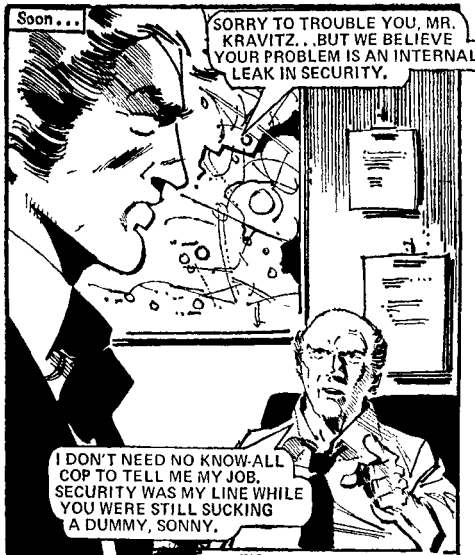
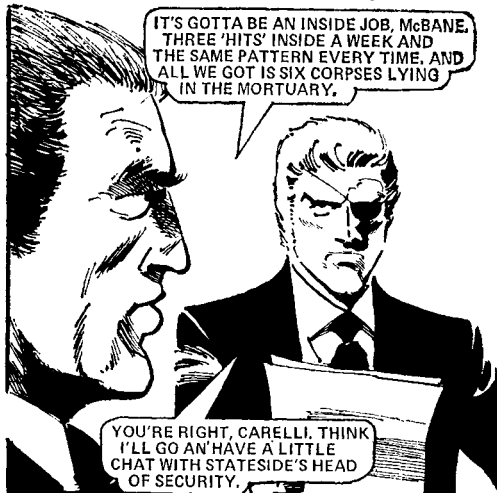


Two sticks of gelignite ripped off the back of the security van...

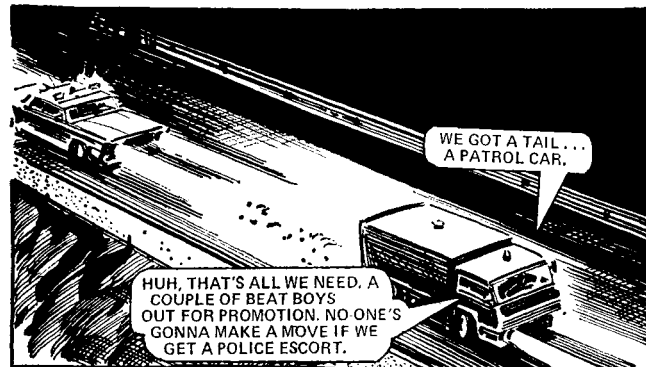
And in three minutes flat, Stateside Security were 500,000 dollars poorer...



Shortly, in the 94th Precinct police H.Q., detective One-Eyed Jack McBane was being clued up on the case by Lieutenant Carelli...



That evening, another security van set off to the bank of New York... but this time it was crewed by One-Eyed Jack and Detective Willy Novak...





FEELS KINDA STRANGE SHOOTING AT YOUR OWN KIND!

YEAH... THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE.



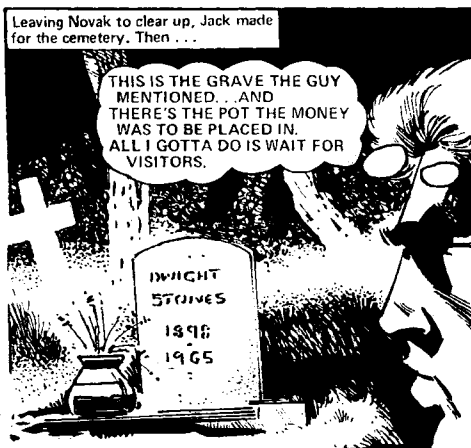
PRETTY SMART TRICK DRESSING UP AS COPS! WHO'S YOUR CONTACT? YOU COULDN'T HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS CONSIGNMENT WITHOUT INSIDE INFORMATION.

UHH... I DON'T KNOW...



YOU DON'T, HUH? WELL, MAYBE YOU NEED HELP TO REMEMBER.

N-NO... DON'T HIT ME! THE WHOLE THING WAS DONE ANONYMOUSLY. ALL WE HAD WAS A PHONE CALL AND A RENDEZVOUS FOR US TO DROP FIFTY PER CENT OF THE TAKE. THE DROP FOR THIS JOB IS IN BROOKLYN CEMETERY...



Leaving Novak to clear up, Jack made for the cemetery. Then...

THIS IS THE GRAVE THE GUY MENTIONED... AND THERE'S THE POT THE MONEY WAS TO BE PLACED IN. ALL I GOTTA DO IS WAIT FOR VISITORS.



FREEZE, FELLER!



TURN ROUND NICE AND SLOW AND INTRODUCE YOURSELF.

SURE!



BUT HOW ABOUT A HOT LEAD SANDWICH FIRST...?

SO...



... YOU GOTTA GET UP EARLY TO CATCH A WISE OL' BIRD LIKE ME, MISTER!

EUGH!



KRAVITZ! WELL, YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING. THE CASE SURE WAS BUSTED IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS. TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT IT WASN'T WITHOUT MY HELP!

NEXT WEEK: A HIRED KILLER STALKS ONE-EYED JACK! DON'T MISS THE ACTION!

THE HIDDEN ASSASSIN TOOK CAREFUL AIM. HIS TARGET? ONE-EYED JACK!

New York's Manhattan bank had been held up. But one of the men responsible for law and order in the city's 94th Precinct was detective One-Eyed Jack McBane... and he coincidentally arrived on the scene just as the raiders ran to a waiting car...



ONE-EYED JACK



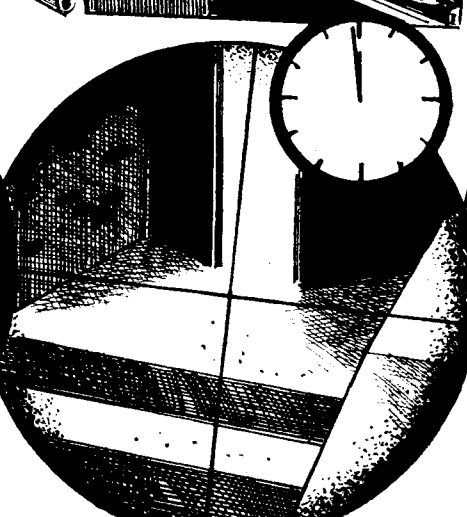
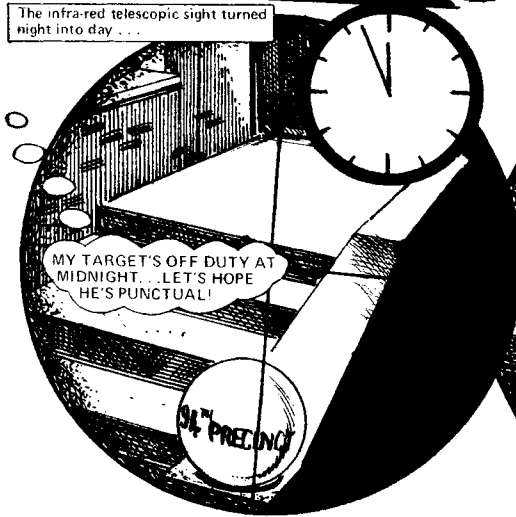
The infra-red telescopic sight turned night into day...

Later, in the Brooklyn penthouse apartment of financier Sol Greenberg...

FIVE HUNDRED GRAND'S WORTH OF UNCUT DIAMONDS GOES UP IN SMOKE! LAST MONTH WE LOST A BIG BULLION SHIPMENT! THIS GUY McBANE'S GOTTA BE RUBBED OUT FAST... UNDERSTAND?

I UNDERSTAND, MR. GREENBERG. HE'LL BE COLD MEAT IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS!

A professional hit-man can assemble a deadly 7.62 self-loading rifle blindfolded...





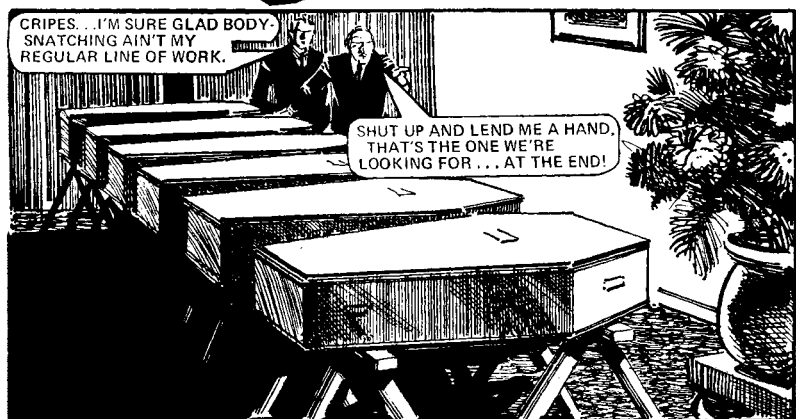
Next day, New York's papers carried news of the detective's death ...



Later that day ...



Shortly, in 68th Street, Brooklyn ...



And, back in Sol Greenberg's office...





SURPRISE, SURPRISE, BOYS...
IT'S ONE-EYED JACK BACK
FROM THE DEAD!

N-NO... IT AIN'T
POSSIBLE!

IT-IT CAN'T
BE...!



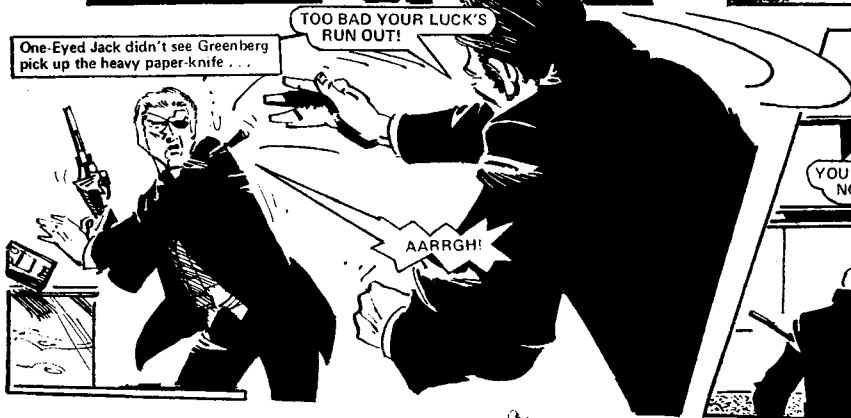
THE WHOLE THING WAS A SET UP.
LIEUTENANT CARELLI HEARD
TELL THERE WAS A CONTRACT
OUT ON ME... SO HE FAKED
MY DEATH—MADE ME WEAR A
BULLET-PROOF VEST FOR
INSURANCE PURPOSES!



BUT CARELLI ONLY EVER HALF DOES THINGS. HE WANTED
ME TO GET OUT OF TOWN... WE DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS
YOU BEHIND ALL THE BIG HEISTS, GREENBERG, ALL WE DID
KNOW WAS THAT YOU WANTED ME BADLY... BADLY

ENOUGH TO WANT TO
SEE MY BODY—AND ALL
THE PROOF THE D.A.
NEEDS IS RIGHT THERE
ON THIS LITTLE BABY
TAPE RECORDER!

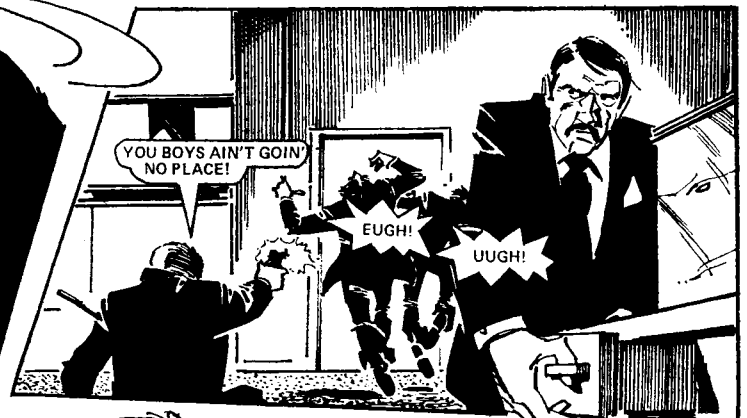
SMART, McBANE...
REAL SMART!



One-Eyed Jack didn't see Greenberg
pick up the heavy paper-knife...

TOO BAD YOUR LUCK'S
RUN OUT!

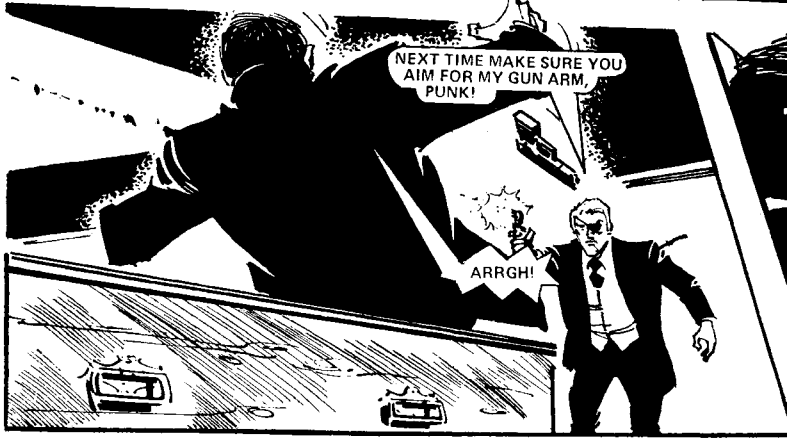
AARRGH!



YOU BOYS AIN'T GOIN'
NO PLACE!

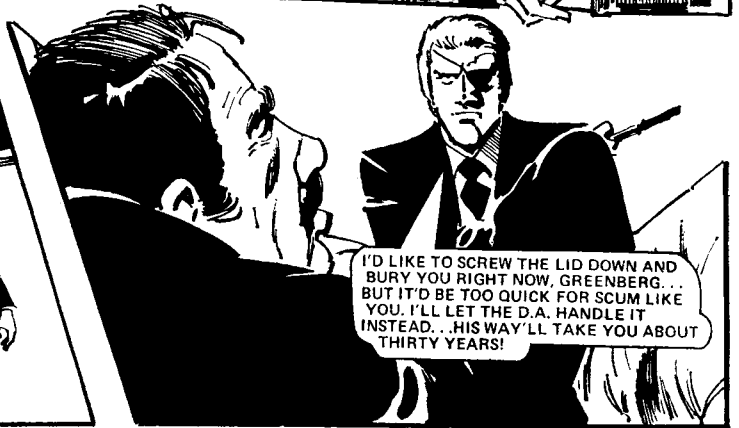
EUGH!

UUGH!



NEXT TIME MAKE SURE YOU
AIM FOR MY GUN ARM,
PUNK!

AARRGH!

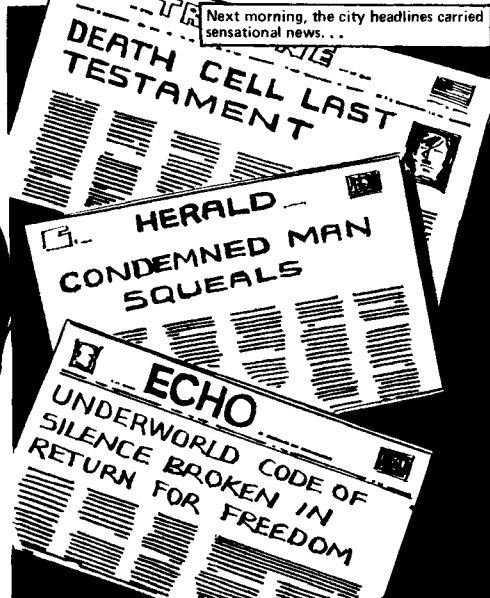
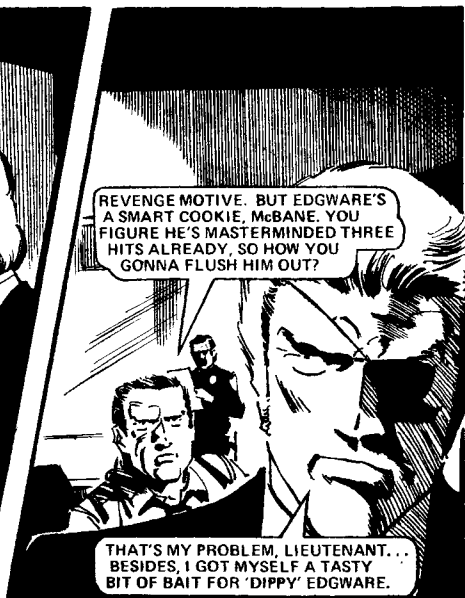
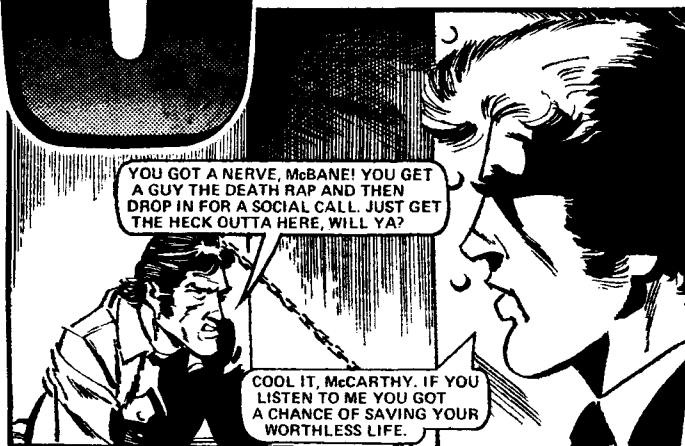


I'D LIKE TO SCREW THE LID DOWN AND
BURY YOU RIGHT NOW, GREENBERG...
BUT IT'D BE TOO QUICK FOR SCUM LIKE
YOU. I'LL LET THE D.A. HANDLE IT
INSTEAD... HIS WAY'LL TAKE YOU ABOUT
THIRTY YEARS!

JACK MADE A DEATHLY DEAL – WITH A CONDEMNED MAN!

ONE-EYED JACK

A man sitting in the death cell of New York's San Antonio prison had an unexpected caller. It was detective 'One-Eyed Jack' McBane from the 94th precinct police headquarters...



And, five floors up in a Brooklyn apartment...

YOU MIGHT AS WELL HAVE PUT ME IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, McBANE. BUT THE CRAZY THING IS I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO DID THE HIRING! THIS WHOLE THING'S A BIG BLUFF... AND MY NECK'S RIGHT ON THE LINE!

HERALD
UNDEMNED SQUEALS!

DON'T FRET, MCCARTHY... AND GET THIS ON BEFORE WE GO FOR A STROLL... IT'S BULLET-PROOF!

ARRGH! I'M HIT!

SOMETHING MOVED UP THERE ON THAT APARTMENT BALCONY...

An hour later, in Central Park...

USING A PRISONER AS HUMAN TARGET ISN'T EXACTLY IN THE POLICE MANUAL... I ONLY HOPE IT TEMPTS SOMEONE TO SHOW THEIR HAND!

HEY... I'M ALIVE! THAT BULLET-PROOF VEST...

GET DOWN! GET DOWN!

EUGH!

HECK A'MIGHTY! THE GUNMAN HASN'T MISSED THE SECOND TIME!

H-HE'S DISAPPEARED INTO THE APARTMENT... I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST TO CATCH HIM!

In the foyer...

G-CAN'T SHOOT IN HERE!

Next moment, at the kerbside...

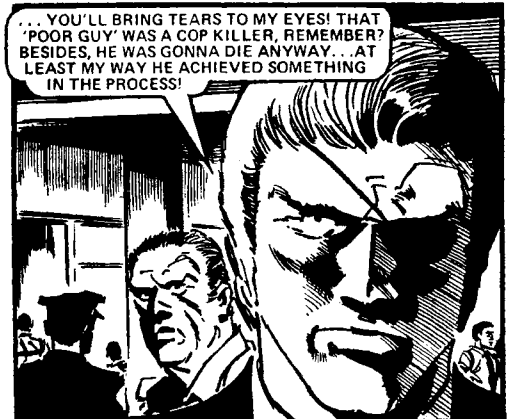
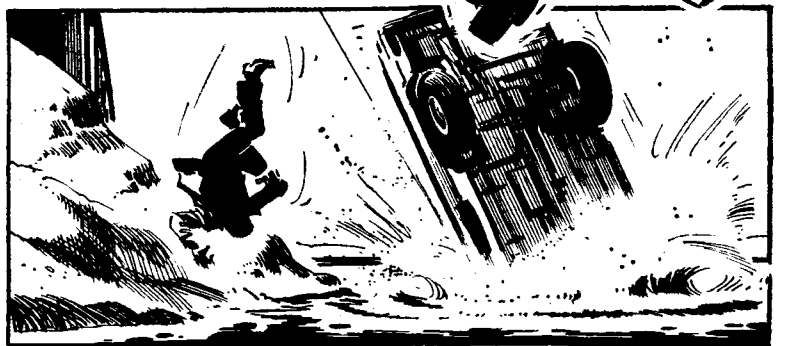
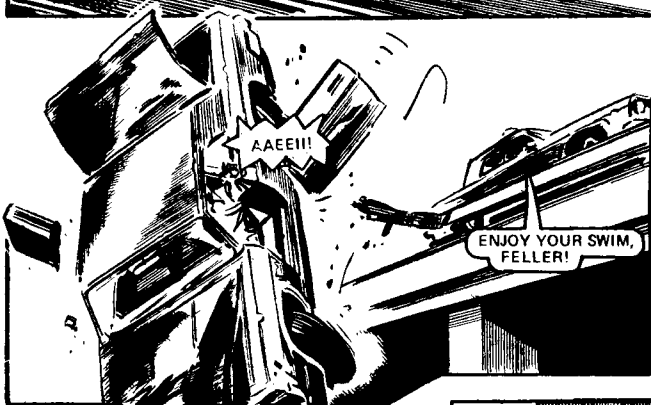
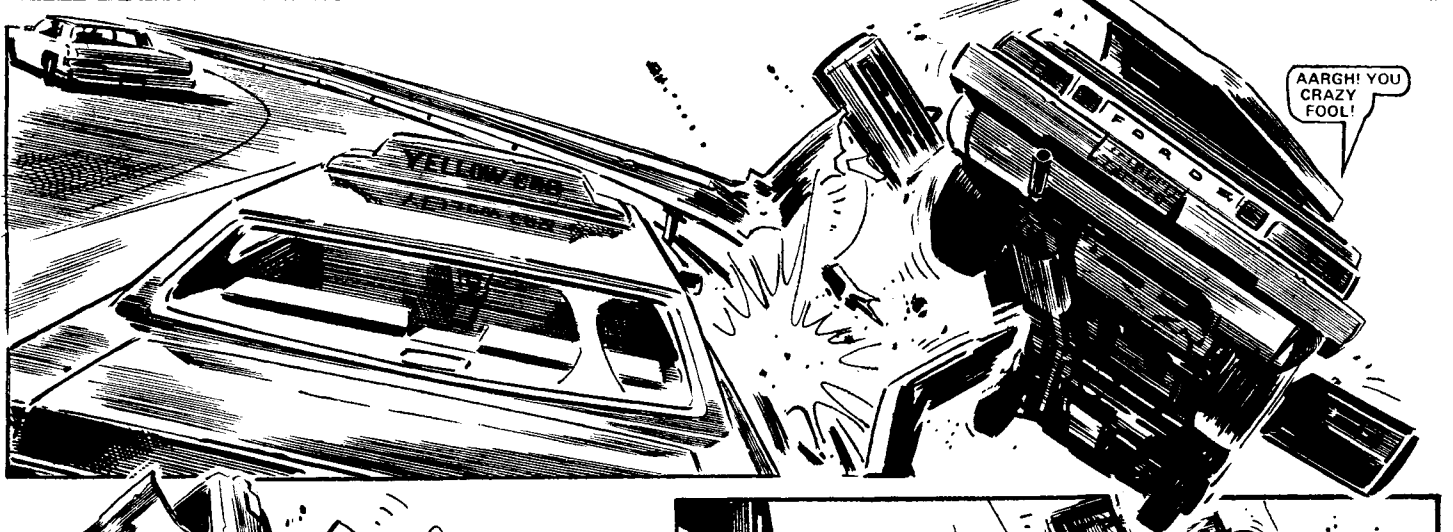
'SCUSE ME, LADY... MY NEEDS GREATER THAN YOURS!

EEK!

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BORROWING SOME WHEELS!

NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT. I'D LIKE TO BORROW YOUR CAB.

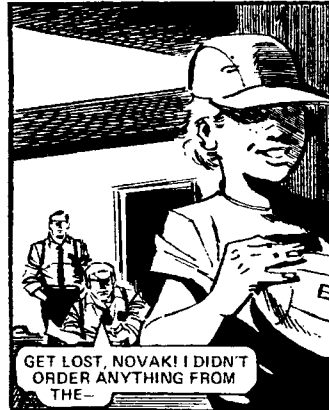
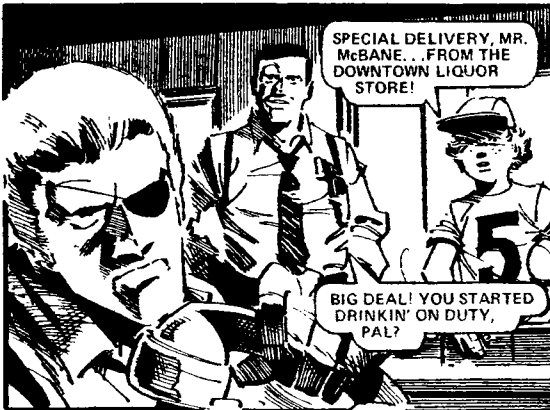
ER... YEAH... ANYTHING YOU SAY!



WHO'LL BE AT THE RECEIVING END OF McBANE'S MAGNUM NEXT ISSUE?

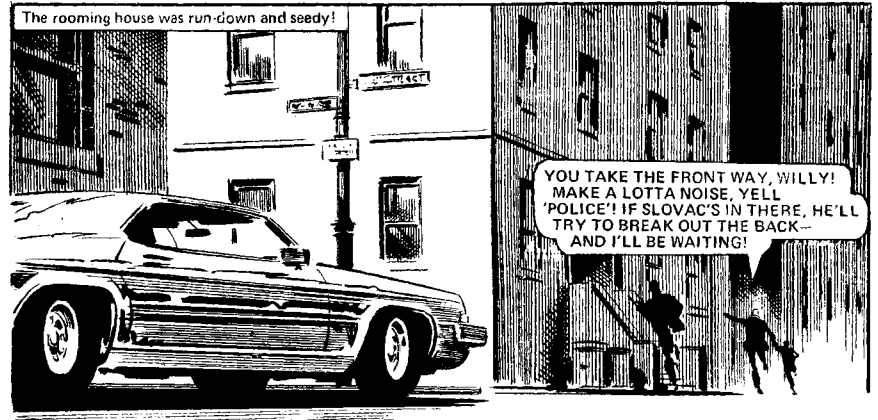
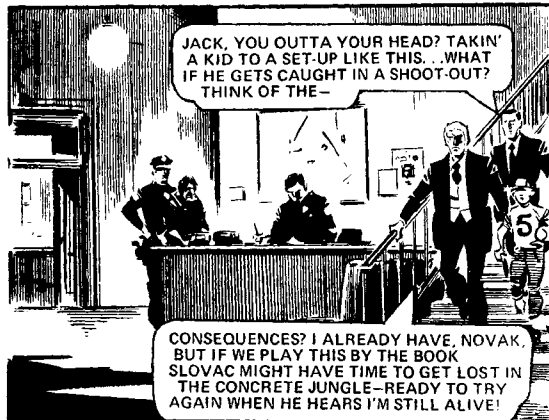
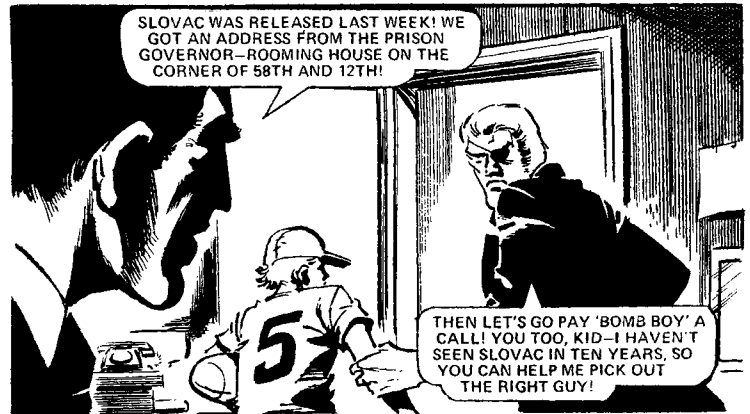
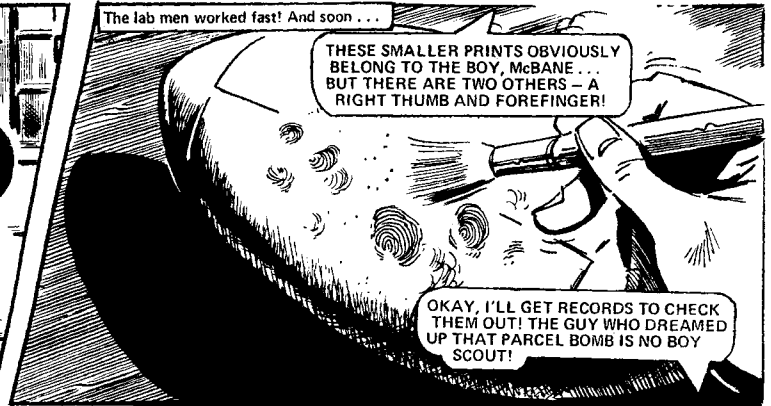
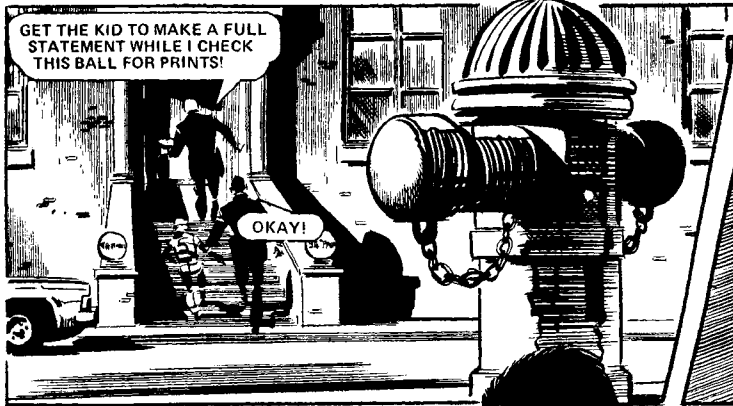
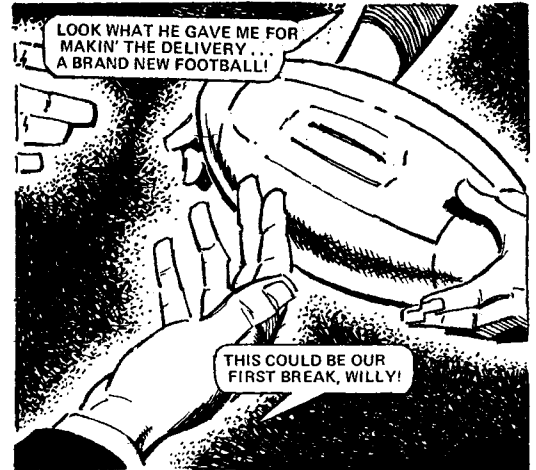
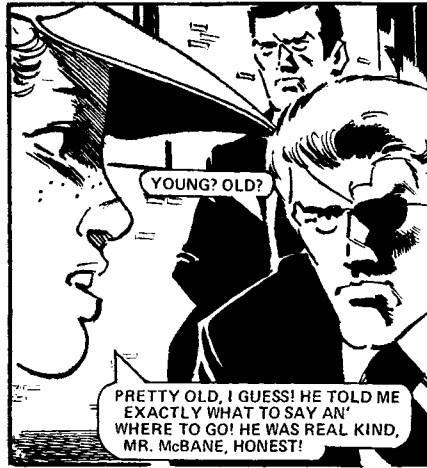
A SURPRISE GIFT FOR McBANE . . . ONE WITH AN EXPLOSIVE DIFFERENCE!

A hot, sultry afternoon in New York City, and at police headquarters in the 94th Precinct someone came calling . . .

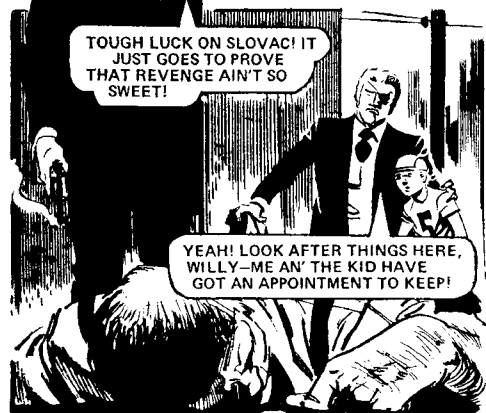
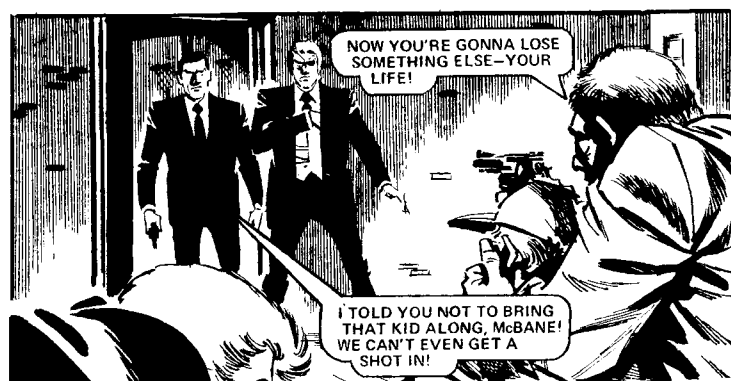


ONE-EYED JACK





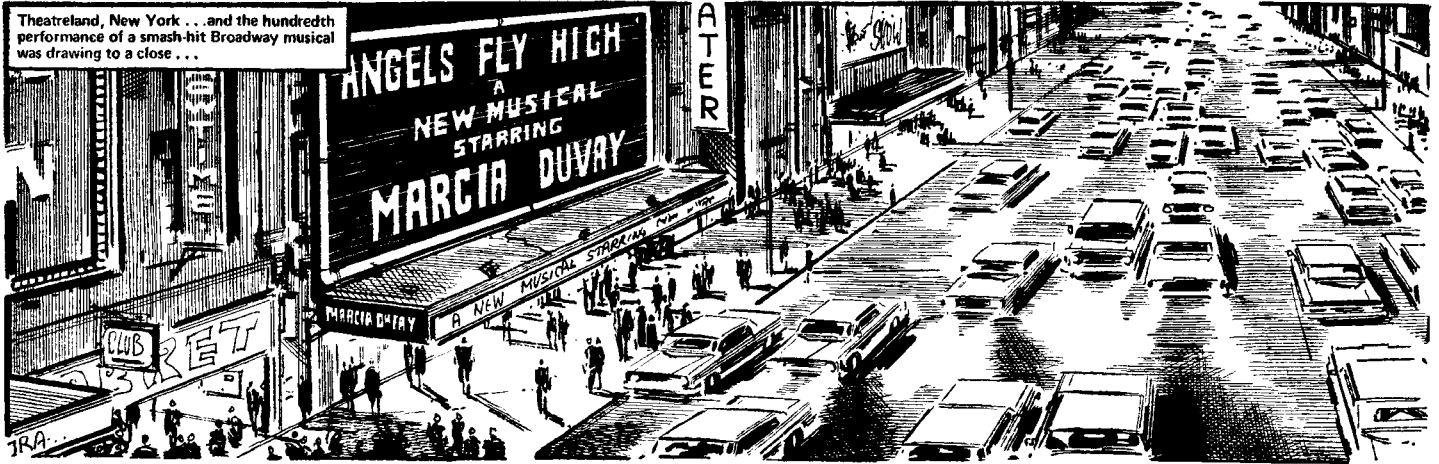
But moments later, as the alarm was raised...



A PRETTY GIRL, A HOODLUM AND A BOTTLE OF ACID ADD UP TO AN EVIL JOB FOR MCBANE, NEXT WEEK!

McBANE PUT A KIDNAPPER TO THE "ACID TEST"!

Theatreland, New York ... and the hundredth performance of a smash-hit Broadway musical was drawing to a close ...



ONE-EYED JACK

Among the audience were detectives 'One-Eyed' Jack McBane and Willy Novak ... on a rare night out!





TAKE ONE MORE STEP...
AND THE LADY GETS IT!

MMMMMMM!



WHY, YOU CHEAP,
NO-GOOD—

COOL IT, WILLY... THE
PUNK MEANS WHAT
HE SAYS!



HE'S HEADED FOR THE STAGE
DOOR! WE'LL GO OUT FRONT
AND TRY AN' JUMP HIM IN THE
SIDE ALLEY!



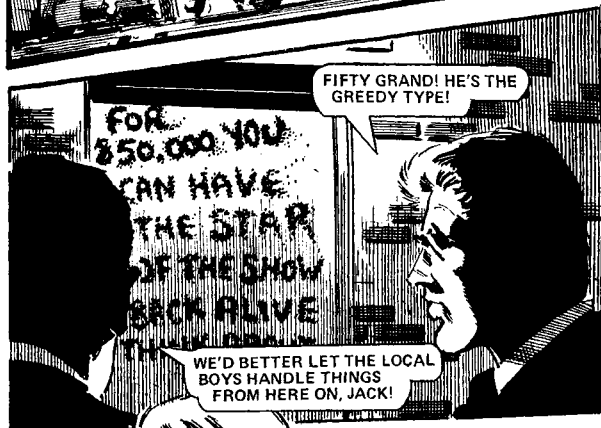
But...

HIS GETAWAY
CAR! JUMP!



WE MUST BE GETTING
OLD, WILLY—WE
LOST HIM!

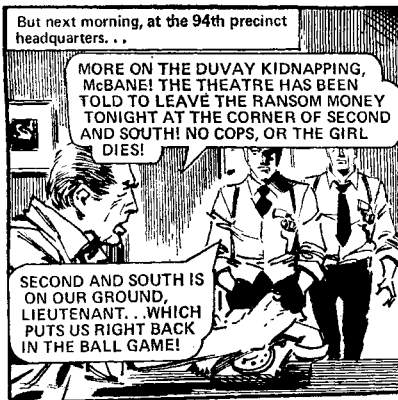
YEAH—AND HE'S LEFT A
LITTLE MESSAGE FOR
THE THEATRE MANAGE-
MENT! LOOK!



FIFTY GRAND! HE'S THE
GREEDY TYPE!

FOR
\$50,000 YOU
CAN HAVE
THE STAR
OF THE SHOW
BACK ALIVE
THAT EVENING

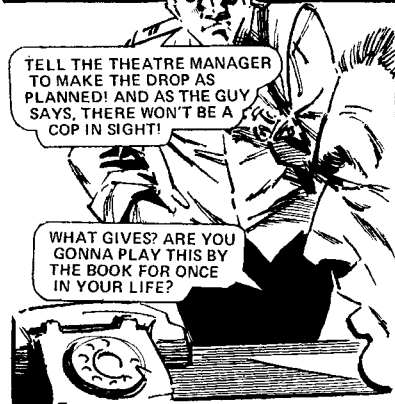
WE'D BETTER LET THE LOCAL
BOYS HANDLE THINGS
FROM HERE ON, JACK!



But next morning, at the 94th precinct
headquarters...

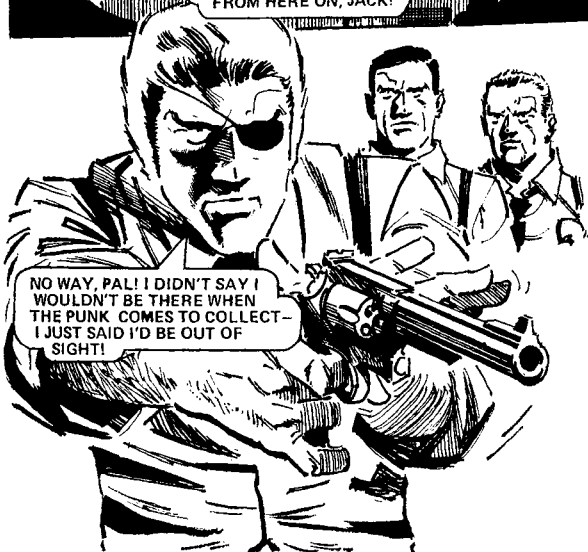
MORE ON THE DUVAY KIDNAPPING,
McBANE! THE THEATRE HAS BEEN
TOLD TO LEAVE THE RANSOM MONEY
TONIGHT AT THE CORNER OF SECOND
AND SOUTH! NO COPS, OR THE GIRL
DIES!

SECOND AND SOUTH IS
ON OUR GROUND,
LIEUTENANT... WHICH
PUTS US RIGHT BACK
IN THE BALL GAME!

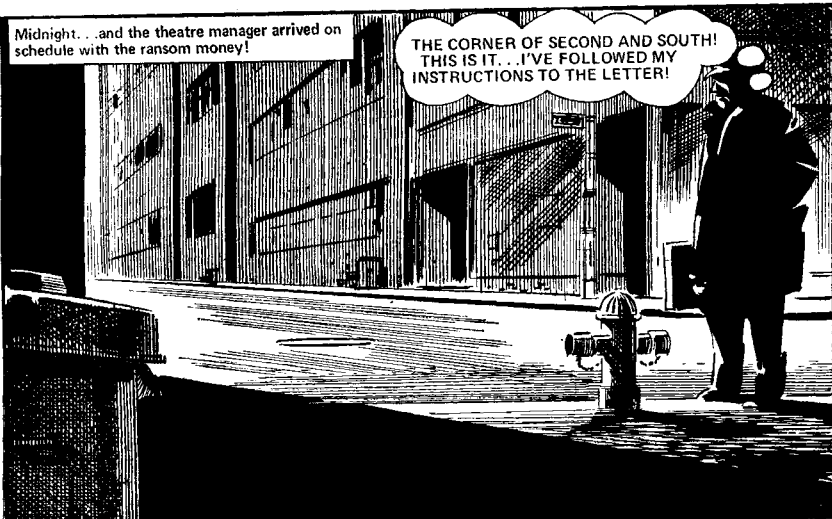


TELL THE THEATRE MANAGER
TO MAKE THE DROP AS
PLANNED! AND AS THE GUY
SAYS, THERE WON'T BE A
COP IN SIGHT!

WHAT GIVES? ARE YOU
GONNA PLAY THIS BY
THE BOOK FOR ONCE
IN YOUR LIFE?

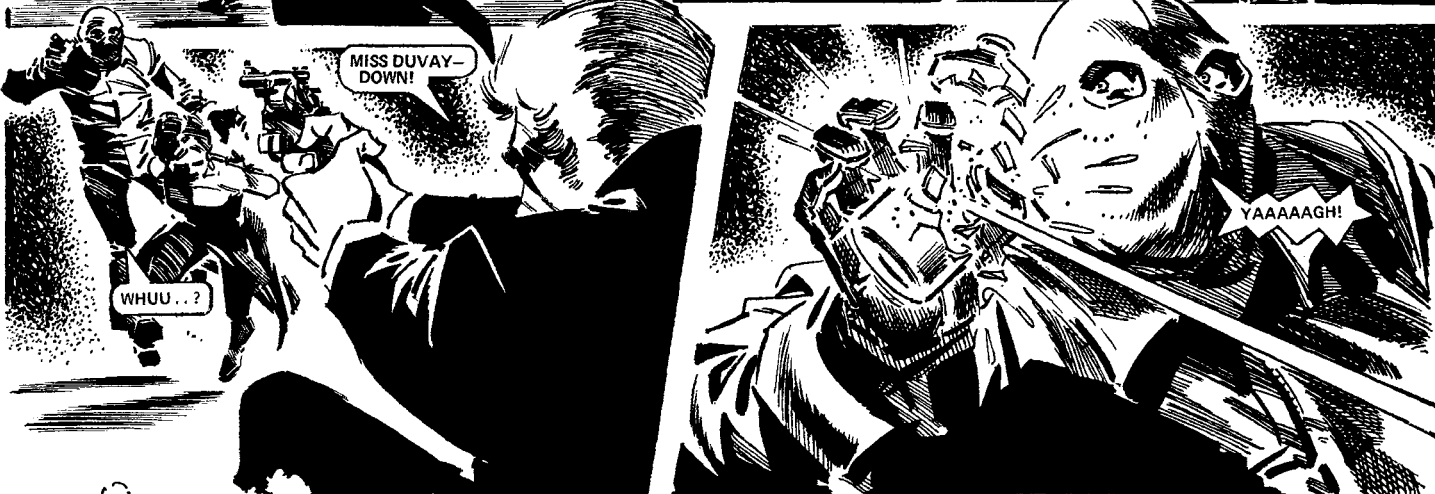
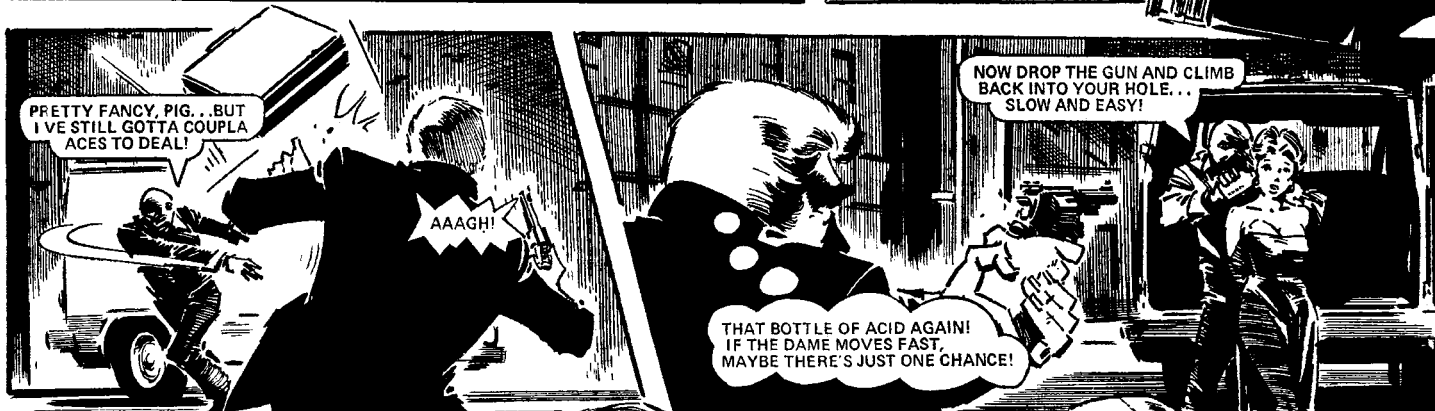


NO WAY, PAL! I DIDN'T SAY I
WOULDN'T BE THERE WHEN
THE PUNK COMES TO COLLECT—
I JUST SAID I'D BE OUT OF
SIGHT!



Midnight... and the theatre manager arrived on
schedule with the ransom money!

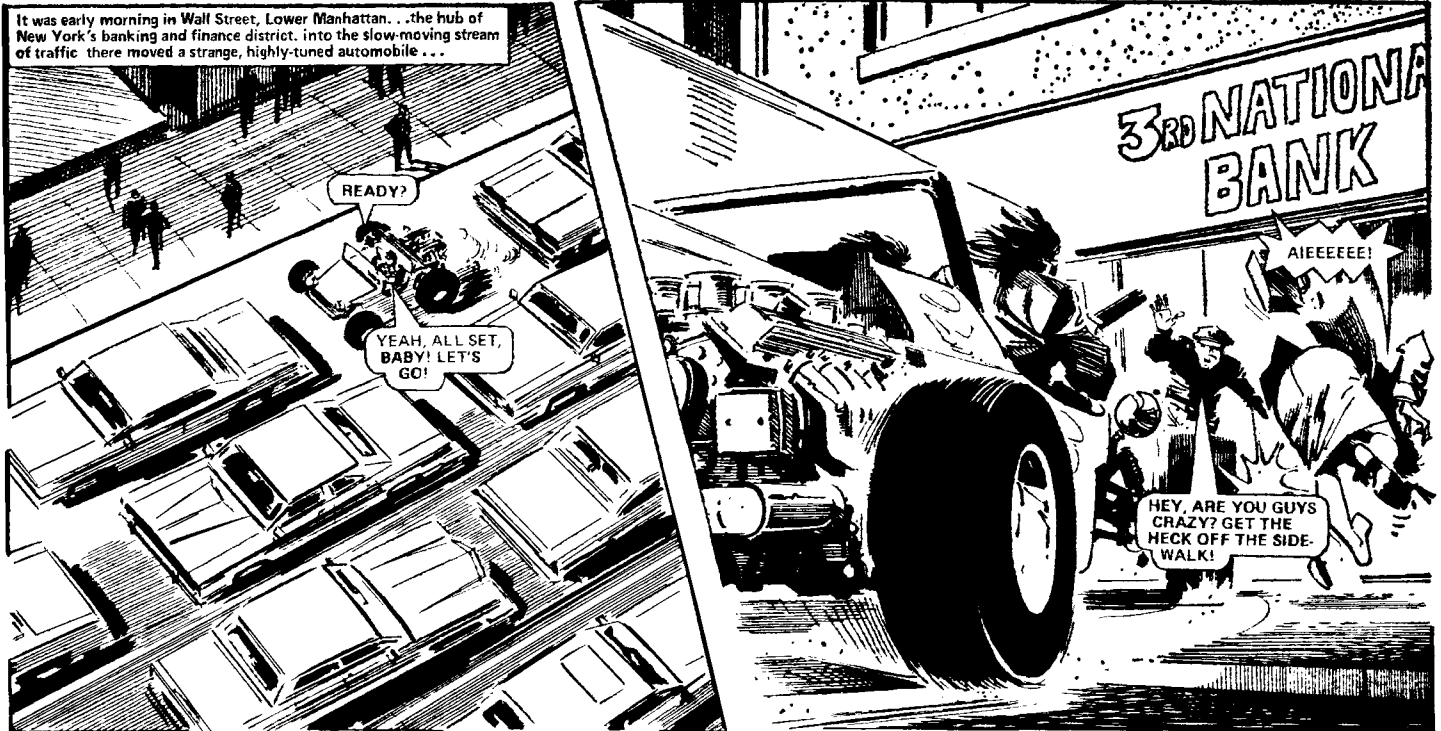
THE CORNER OF SECOND AND SOUTH!
THIS IS IT... I'VE FOLLOWED MY
INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LETTER!



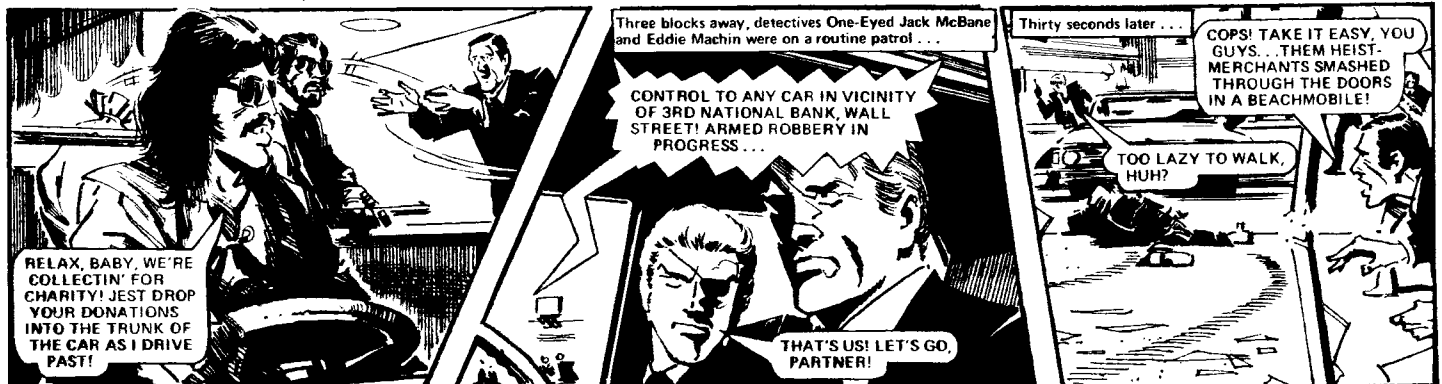
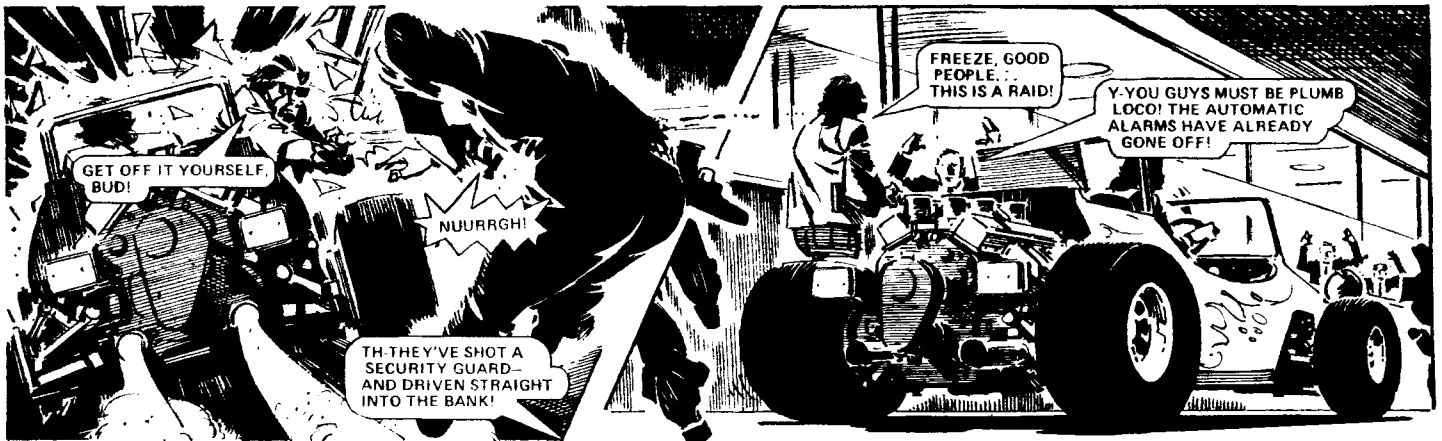
MORE DEADLY McBANE NEXT WEEK — DON'T MISS IT!

ARMED BANDITS BURST INTO A BANK – IN A BEACH BUGGY!

It was early morning in Wall Street, Lower Manhattan... the hub of New York's banking and finance district. Into the slow-moving stream of traffic there moved a strange, highly-tuned automobile...



ONE-EYED JACK

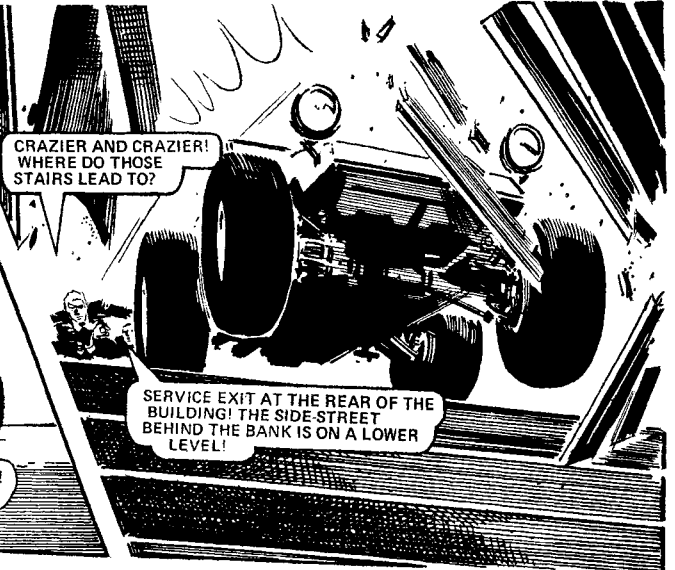




But...

TOO LATE, FUZZ! HELLO AND GOODBYE!

GNNNF... THOSE PUNKS AIN'T FOOLIN'! THEY'RE HOT-RODDIN' THAT BUGGY STRAIGHT FOR THE FAR WALL!



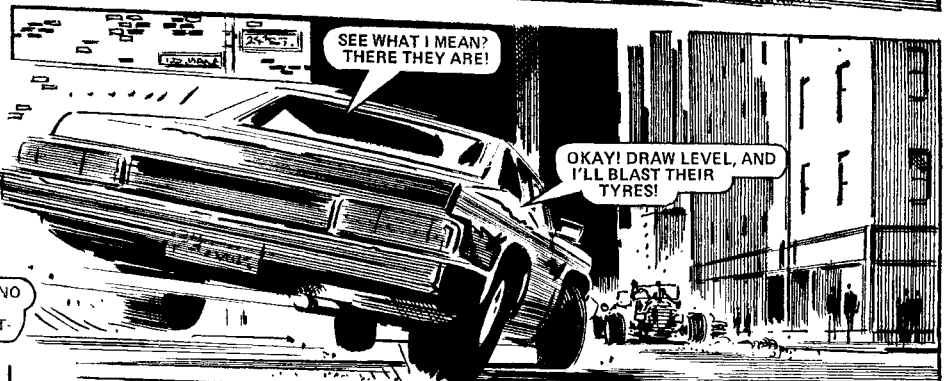
CRAZIER AND CRAZIER! WHERE DO THOSE STAIRS LEAD TO?

SERVICE EXIT AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING! THE SIDE-STREET BEHIND THE BANK IS ON A LOWER LEVEL!



DRIVE, EDDIE—ROUND THE BLOCK! UNLESS WE MOVE FAST, THOSE GUYS ARE GONNA PULL THE SWEETEST JOB I'VE SEEN IN YEARS!

DON'T WORRY, McBANE! NO FLOWER-POWERED DRAGSTER IS GONNA OUT-RUN MY FAVOURITE CHEVY!



SEE WHAT I MEAN? THERE THEY ARE!

OKAY! DRAW LEVEL, AND I'LL BLAST THEIR TYRES!



But suddenly...

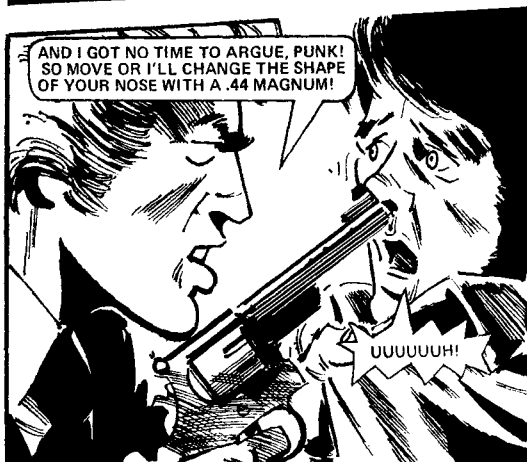
NAAGH! THE PUNKS ARE LAMMING IT UP AN ALLEY! WE'RE GONNA LOSE 'EM, McBANE—WE CAN'T CHASE THEM UP THERE!

NOT IN THE CAR—BUT MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY! WAIT HERE!



POLICE! GET OFF THAT BIKE, KIDDO—I NEED IT TO CATCH ME A COUPLA BANK THIEVES!

GET LOST, FUZZ! AIN'T NOthin' IN THE LAW BOOKS SAYS I HAFTA LEND YOU MY PERSONAL PROPERTY! ROBBERY OR NO ROBBERY, I GOT MY RIGHTS!



AND I GOT NO TIME TO ARGUE, PUNK! SO MOVE OR I'LL CHANGE THE SHAPE OF YOUR NOSE WITH A .44 MAGNUM!

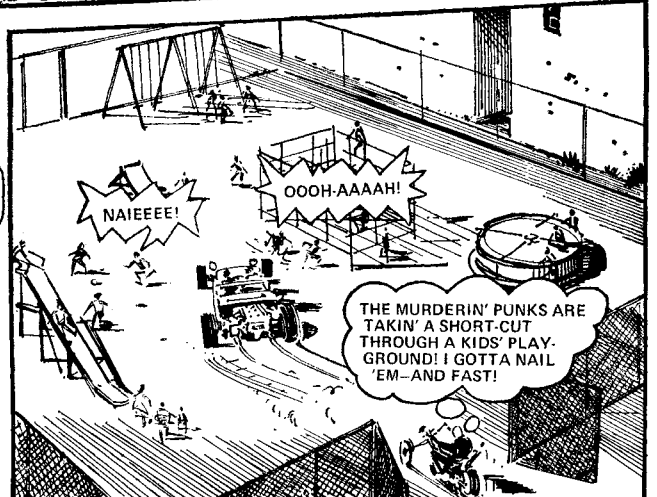
UUUUUUH!



Minutes later...

HEY, MAN, THAT ONE-EYED PIG HAS GOT HIMSELF SOME WHEELS! HE'S STILL AFTER US!

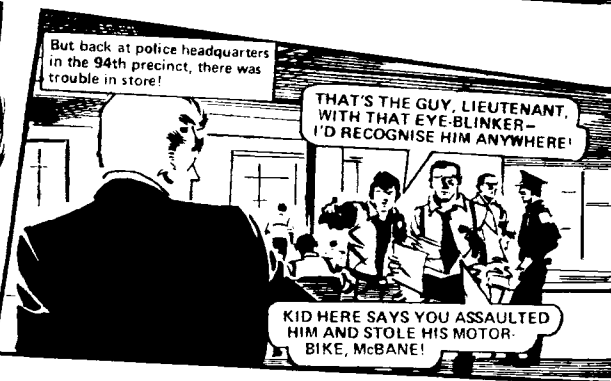
RELAX... I CAN SHAKE HIM!



NAIEEEE!

OOOH-AAAAH!

THE MURDERIN' PUNKS ARE TAKIN' A SHORT-CUT THROUGH A KIDS' PLAYGROUND! I GOTTA NAIL 'EM—AND FAST!



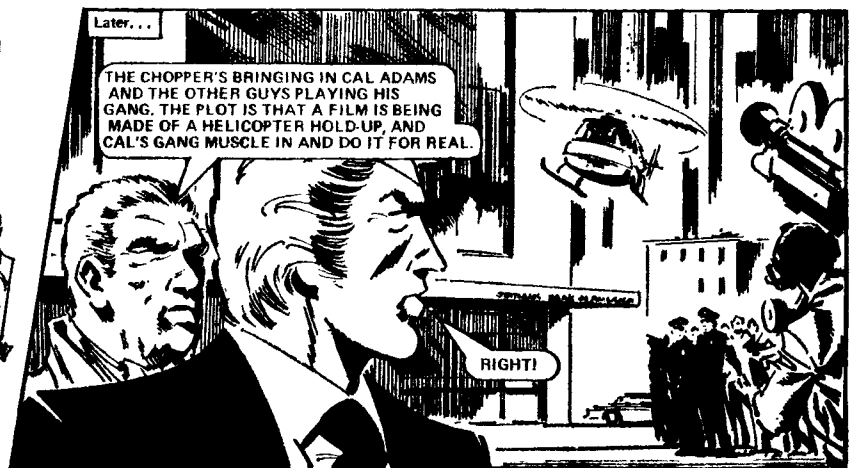
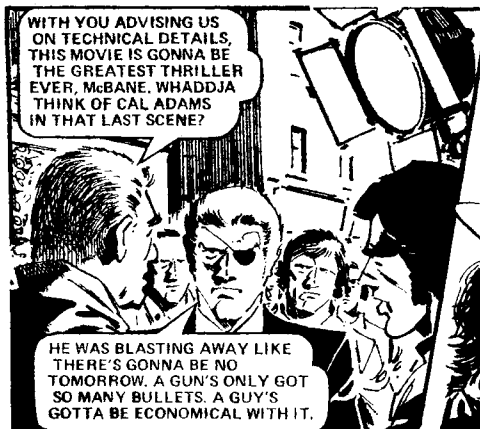
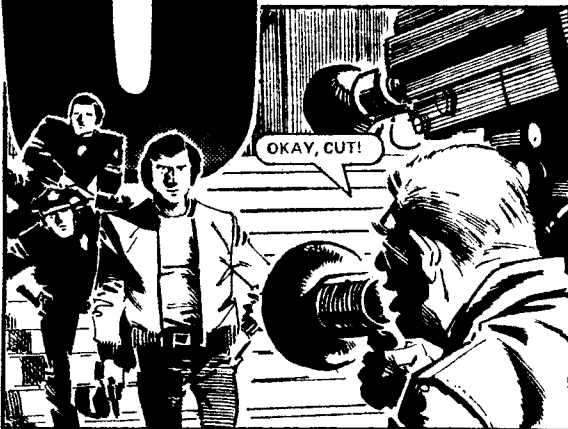
NEXT WEEK — THE CAMERAS ARE ROLLING... AND JACK'S RUNNING!

McBANE'S ONE GOOD EYE SPOTTED SOMETHING EVERYONE ELSE HAD OVERLOOKED!

One morning, a prisoner blasted his way out of a New York courthouse, and detective McBane, known as One-Eyed Jack, stood calmly watching...



ONE-EYED JACK





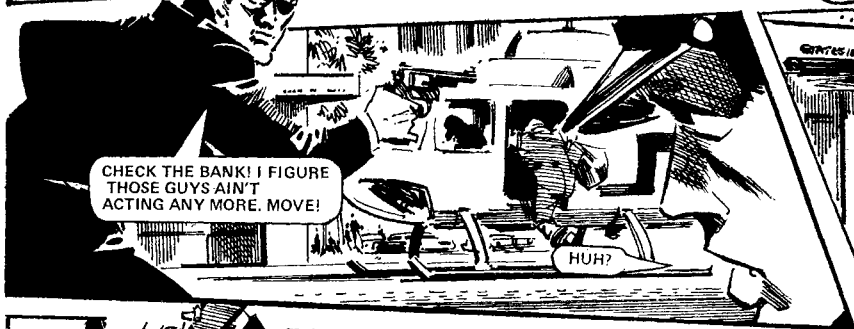
WELL, I'LL SAY ONE THING FOR 'EM—THEY SURE LOOK THE PART!

STRINGSIDE BANK OF AMERICA



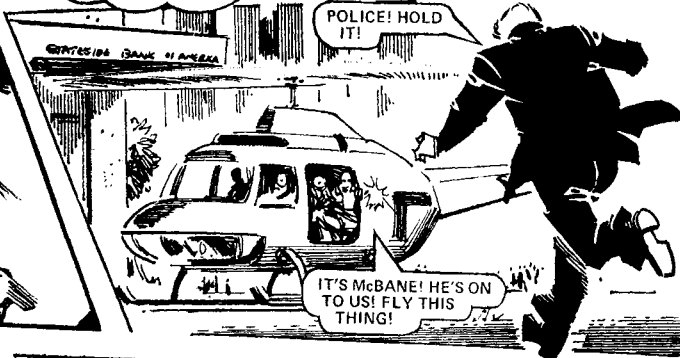
HERE THEY COME! KEEP IT ROLLING! NICE ACTION, CAL!

SAY, CAL'S SURE LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE THAT GUN. HEY, HE'S FIRING LEFT-HANDED. BUT CAL IS RIGHT-HANDED! THAT'S NOT CAL ADAMS!



CHECK THE BANK! I FIGURE THOSE GUYS AIN'T ACTING ANY MORE. MOVE!

HUH?



POLICE! HOLD IT!

IT'S McBANE! HE'S ON TO US! FLY THIS THING!



CAN'T SHOOT THE CHOPPER DOWN ON THE CROWD! BUT NOBODY GETS AWAY WITH A STICK-UP RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!



LOOK AT McBANE! HE'S CRAZY!

GET OUT AN ALL-POINTS ALERT! THAT CHOPPER'S GOTTA BE STOPPED!



McBANE'S HANGING ON THE SKIDS!

GET HIM, RED!



AAGH!

YOU GOTTA GET UP EARLY TO CATCH ME, MISTER!

HE'S GOT RED!

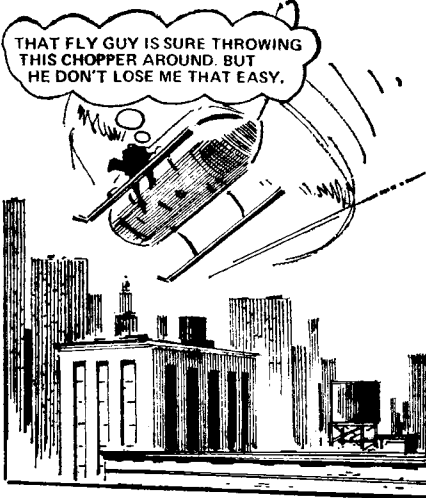


ONE DOWN AND THREE TO GO!



DON'T SHOOT THROUGH THE DECK AT HIM, YOU FOOL... YOU'LL WRECK US. SHAKE HIM OFF, PILOT!

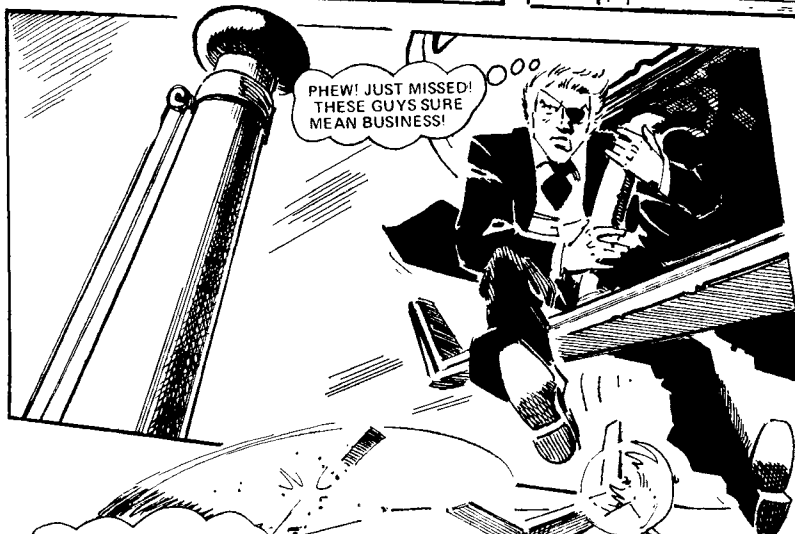
THERE ARE TRICKY GUSTS AROUND THESE TALL BUILDINGS. GOTTA WAIT TILL WE CLIMB CLEAR.



THAT FLY GUY IS SURE THROWING THIS CHOPPER AROUND. BUT HE DON'T LOSE ME THAT EASY.



PULL UP! YOU'LL PILE US INTO THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!

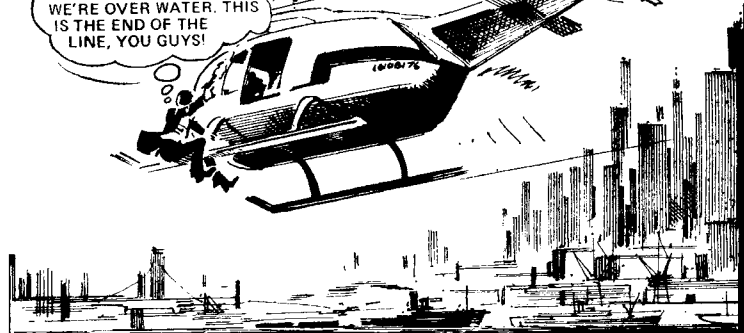


PHEW! JUST MISSED! THESE GUYS SURE MEAN BUSINESS!

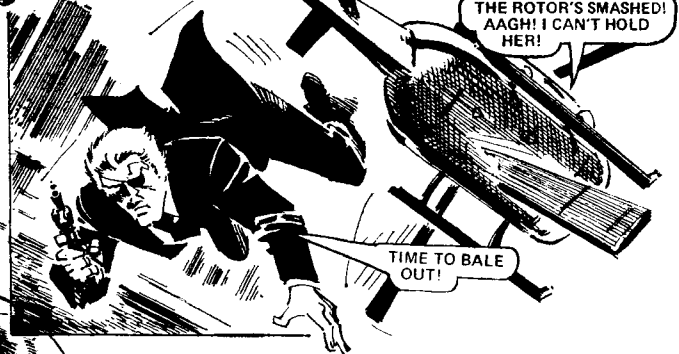


HEY, POLICE CHOPPER COMIN' UP ON US!

GO LOW OVER THE EAST RIVER. MAYBE WE CAN DODGE 'EM.



WE'RE OVER WATER. THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE, YOU GUYS!



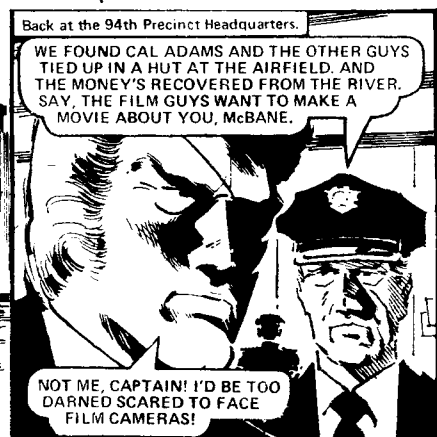
THE ROTOR'S SMASHED! AAGH! I CAN'T HOLD HER!

TIME TO BALE OUT!



THEY'VE HAD IT! BUT YOU GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT, McBANE. WE'LL WINCH YOU UP.

I'LL WAIT FOR THE BOAT, 'COS I'VE KINDA GONE OFF FLYING FOR A WHILE. PUT A MARKER ON THAT WRECK. THERE'S A HEAP OF THE BANK'S MONEY DOWN THERE.



Back at the 94th Precinct Headquarters.

WE FOUND CAL ADAMS AND THE OTHER GUYS TIED UP IN A HUT AT THE AIRFIELD. AND THE MONEY'S RECOVERED FROM THE RIVER. SAY, THE FILM GUYS WANT TO MAKE A MOVIE ABOUT YOU, McBANE.

NOT ME, CAPTAIN! I'D BE TOO DARNED SCARED TO FACE FILM CAMERAS!

THE START OF THE TOUGH COP'S HARDEST AND DIRTEST JOB – NEXT WEEK!

A SHOT — A DEAD BOY — AND JACK HAS PULLED THE TRIGGER ONE TIME TOO MANY!

0200 hours. . . and from the waterfront of New York's Hudson River, an injured man made a desperate phone call . . .



POLICE? QUICK—BRUNNER'S FUR WAREHOUSE ON EAST 18TH STREET! THERE'S A RAID IN—

ONE-EYED JACK



NUURRGH!

THE OLD GUY GOT A CALL THROUGH! DROP EVERYTHING AND LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!



YOU GOOFED, KID! I THOUGHT YOUR JOB WAS TO FIX THAT NIGHT WATCHMAN WHEN WE BUST IN!

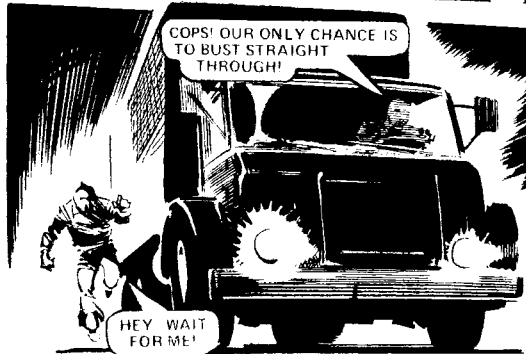
OKAY, SO I DIDN'T HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH! RELAX, WILL YA? WE STILL GOT TIME!



But, led by One Eyed Jack McBane, men from the 94th police precinct were racing to the scene. . .

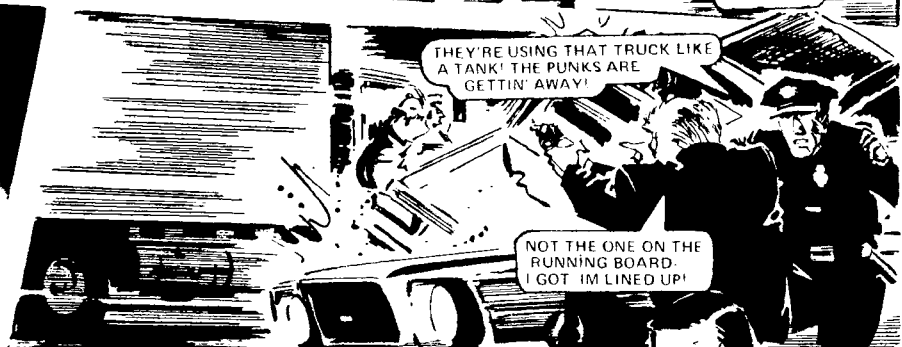
WE'VE STRUCK LUCKY, JACK! THAT LOOKS LIKE A GETAWAY TRUCK!

OKAY, LET'S STOP 'EM DEAD!



COPS! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO BUST STRAIGHT THROUGH!

HEY WAIT FOR ME!



THEY'RE USING THAT TRUCK LIKE A TANK! THE PUNKS ARE GETTIN' AWAY!

NOT THE ONE ON THE RUNNING BOARD, I GOT 'IM LINED UP!



NEEEEEAAAGH!

PLUMB CENTRE! FOR A ONE-EYED COP YOU SHOOT PRETTY GOOD, JACK!



HE'S A GONER, ALL RIGHT. . . LITTLE MORE THAN A KID, TOO! EVER SEEN HIM BEFORE, WEBBER?

NAW, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN A THING! JUVENILE HOODLUMS LIKE HIM ARE A DIME A DOZEN ON THE WATERFRONT!



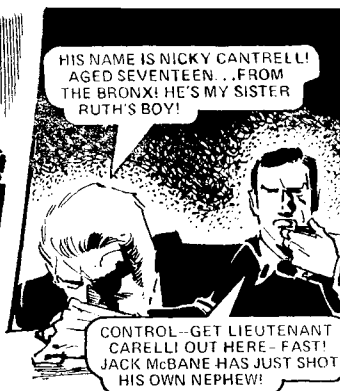
WEBBER, GET AWAY FROM HIM! LEAVE THE KID ALONE!

HAAARRRGH! WHADYA KICK ME FOR?



McBANE, HOLD IT! YOU GONE LOCO, OR SUMPIN'?

TH-THAT KID I JUST GUNNED DOWN... I-I KNOW HIM, WILLY!



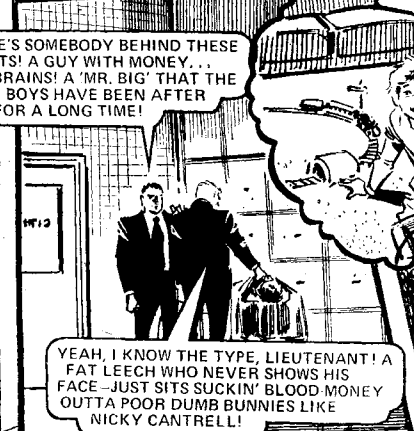
HIS NAME IS NICKY CARELLI! AGED SEVENTEEN... FROM THE BRONX! HE'S MY SISTER RUTH'S BOY!

CONTROL--GET LIEUTENANT CARELLI OUT HERE--FAST! JACK McBANE HAS JUST SHOT HIS OWN NEPHEW!



Later, at the city morgue...

YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME, JACK... A THING LIKE THIS COULD HAPPEN TO ANYBODY! THE KID WAS TRYING TO MAKE IT BIG WITH A GANG OF UP-STATE FUR THIEVES!



THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND THESE HEISTS! A GUY WITH MONEY... AND BRAINS! A 'MR. BIG' THAT THE F.B.I. BOYS HAVE BEEN AFTER FOR A LONG TIME!

YEAH, I KNOW THE TYPE, LIEUTENANT! A FAT LEECH WHO NEVER SHOWS HIS FACE--JUST SITS SUCKIN' BLOOD-MONEY OUTTA POOR DUMB BUNNIES LIKE NICKY CARELLI!



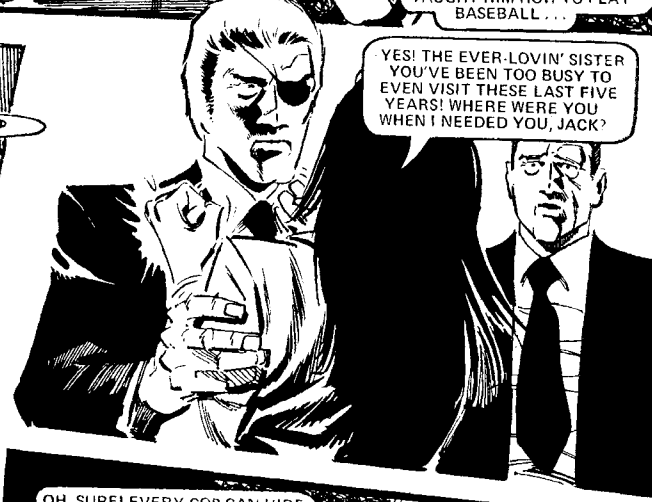
I BOUGHT THE KID HIS FIRST TRAIN SET... DID YOU KNOW THAT, CARELLI? I EVEN TAUGHT HIM HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL...



AND NOW YOU'VE KILLED HIM! ARE YOU PROUD OF THAT TOO, JACK McBANE?



RUTH!



YES! THE EVER-LOVIN' SISTER YOU'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO EVEN VISIT THESE LAST FIVE YEARS! WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU, JACK?



WHERE WERE YOU WHEN MY HUSBAND DIED AND NICKY STARTED RUNNIN' WILD? STALKING THE STREETS... LEARNING HOW TO GUN PEOPLE DOWN?

EASY, MRS. CARELLI! WHAT JACK DID WAS ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY!



OH, SURE! EVERY COP CAN HIDE BEHIND HIS BADGE! WELL, I SPIT IN YOUR FACE, JACK McBANE! I SPIT IN YOUR MURDERIN' FACE...



Moments later...

WILLIS, OF THE "NEW YORK TRIBUNE"! HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING WE CAN PRINT, MR. McBANE?

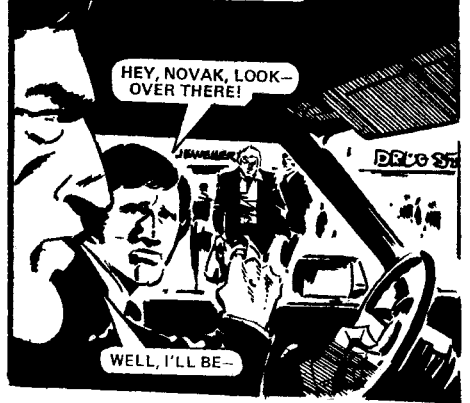
YEAH! ONE SHORT SHARP SENTENCE...



Next day, the news broke... and Jack McBane vanished into the concrete jungle of New York. Alone with his grief...



Three weeks went by. Then, one day...



Nightfall... and the whole city knew the truth!



McBANE'S METHODS ALWAYS WERE UNUSUAL—THIS TIME THEY WERE ILLEGAL!

Small-time young hoodlum Nick Cantrell—working for a gang of high-class fur thieves—had been shot by his uncle... Detective One-Eyed Jack McBane! Filled with revulsion and remorse, McBane quit the force—and took to a life of crime!



ONE-EYED JACK

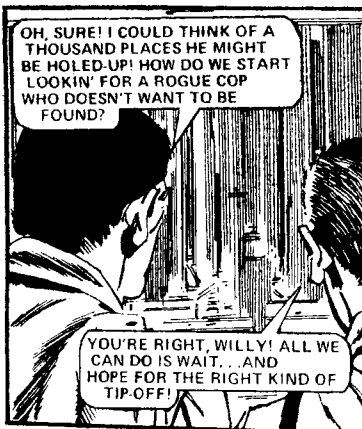
In the squadroom of the 94th police precinct...



FIRST A JEWELLERY STORE AND NOW THE BIGGEST FUR COMPANY IN NEW YORK. McBANE'S TEARING THIS CITY APART! SO WHERE IS HE?

NOVAK KNEW HIM BEST, LIEUTENANT! MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME IDEAS!

OH, SURE! I COULD THINK OF A THOUSAND PLACES HE MIGHT BE HOLED-UP! HOW DO WE START LOOKIN' FOR A ROGUE COP WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE FOUND?



YOU'RE RIGHT, WILLY! ALL WE CAN DO IS WAIT... AND HOPE FOR THE RIGHT KIND OF TIP-OFF!

Meanwhile, in an empty warehouse on the Hudson River...



A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HIGH-CLASS SKINS! IT'S TWO DAYS SINCE I HIT THE MANHATTAN FUR COMPANY! SOMETHING'S GOTTA HAPPEN SOON!

Suddenly...



OKAY, McBANE! FREEZE!

HEY, WHAT GIVES? THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!



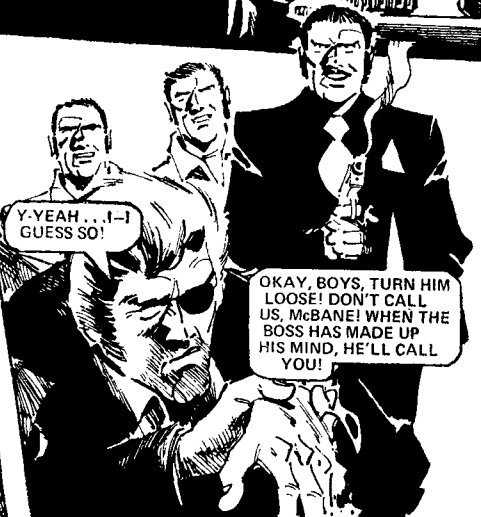
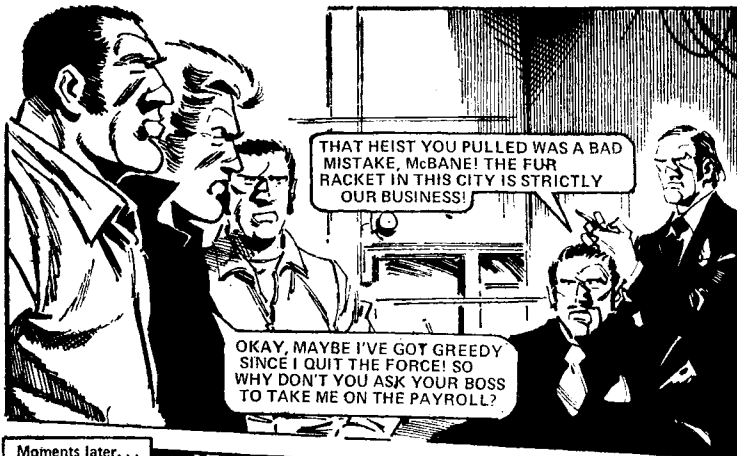
YEAH—RENTED UNDER A FALSE NAME! SOMEBODY DOESN'T LIKE YOUR INTEREST IN THE FUR BUSINESS, McBANE! 'BIG HARRY' WANTS TO SEE YOU!

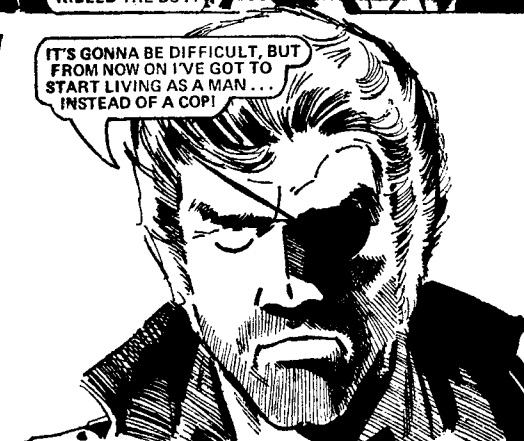
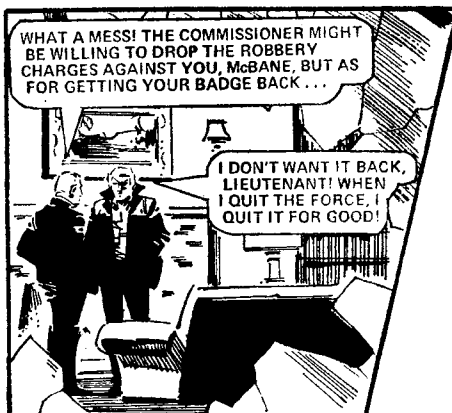
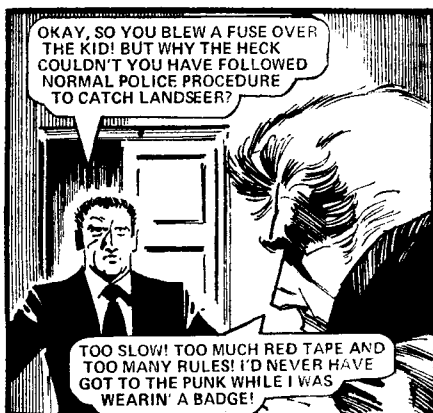
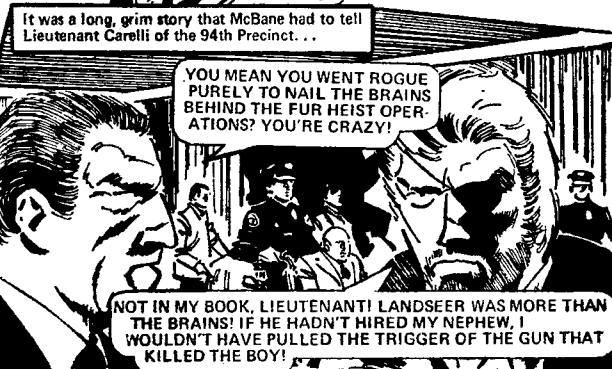
Later, in a run-down East Side gymnasium...



HARRY MANCINI! MUSCLE MAN AND EX-CON! I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD THE BRAINS TO RUN AN OPERATION LIKE THIS, HARRY!

LET'S SAY I WORK FOR SOMEONE WHO HAS BRAINS, PAL! AND HE DON'T LIKE MEDDLERS!





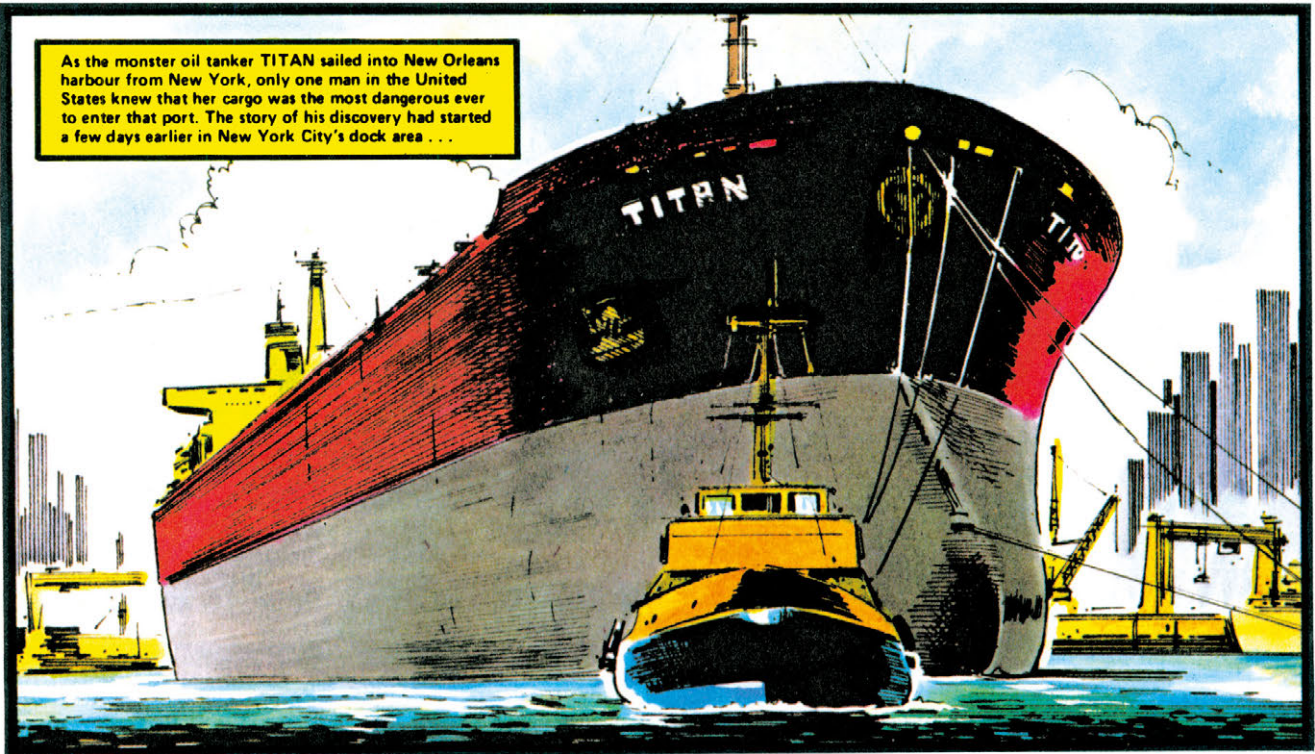


ONE-EYED JACK

Script: John Wagner
Art: John Cooper

Originally published in the *Valiant* Annual 1978

As the monster oil tanker TITAN sailed into New Orleans harbour from New York, only one man in the United States knew that her cargo was the most dangerous ever to enter that port. The story of his discovery had started a few days earlier in New York City's dock area . . .



ONE-EYED JACK

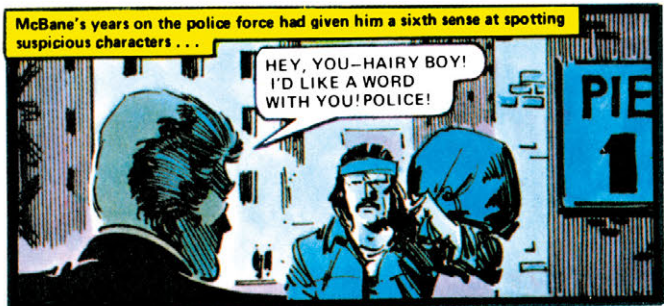
Detective 'One-eyed Jack' McBane, of the 94th precinct, had been talking to an old friend at the dockside . . .



I HEAR TELL OF SOME ILLICIT CARGO BEING MOVED T'NIGHT, JACK . . .

CHEERS, DANNY. I'LL WARN THE REVENUE BOYS. BE SEEIN' YA, PAL . . .

McBane's years on the police force had given him a sixth sense at spotting suspicious characters . . .



HEY, YOU-HAIRY BOY! I'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU! POLICE!

McBane had only wanted to ask a few questions, but the suspect took him by surprise



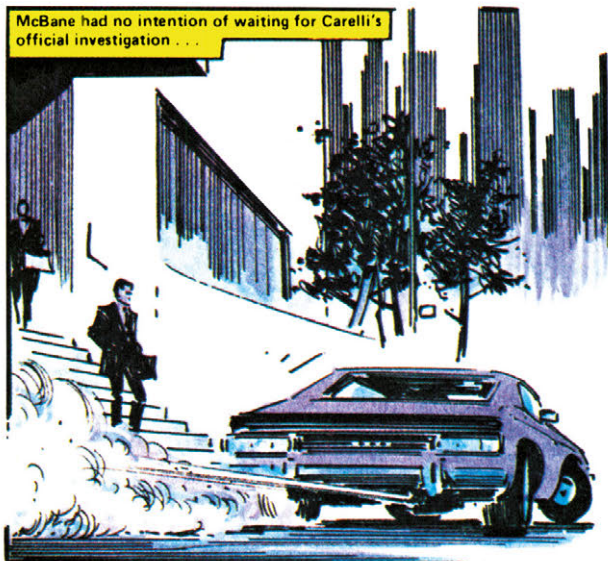
COP HOLD, FUZZ! I'M OFF!



CAN'T SHOOT WITH THOSE KIDS AROUND! I'LL SNARE BOYO'S LEGS WITH HIS OWN BAG . . .



McBane had no intention of waiting for Carelli's official investigation . . .



. . . he drove hard and fast down the interstate highway through Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama, until, 36 hours and 1,400 miles later . . .



That night, in One-eyed Jack's room at the Temperance Hotel.



McBane's patience paid off, for, at around 3 a.m. the door started to open . . .



OKAY, PAL, JUST TAKE ONE MORE STEP AND...

Mysteriously, the door closed as stealthily as it had opened, and no-one entered. But moments later . . .



WHAT THE HELL? SOMETHIN' MOVING ON MY ARM!



GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THEY DIDN'T SEND A GUNMAN. . . THIS POISONOUS SNAKE'S GONNA DO IT MUCH MORE QUIETLY! UNLESS...

Fear lent the tough cop lightning reactions, and, grabbing the writhing killer by the tail . . .



The following morning . . .



HEY, CHARLIE-D YOU DO REPTILE TATTOOS?

REPTILES? NAH! I GOT A NICE LINE IN SHIPS BUT...

WELL, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO TELL ME ABOUT DUPREZ BEFORE ONE SNAKE CHOKES THE LIFE OUT OF ANOTHER!



NO, NO! D-DUPREZ IS ONE OF 'BIG LOUIS' FRASIER'S HOODS! I HEARD THAT HE W WENT TO NEW YORK FOR SOME B BIG JOB LOUIS GOT P PLANNED!



ONE OF LOUIS'S OTHER HOODS S-SHOT OFF HIS MOUTH IN THE P-POL HALL LAST WEEK ABOUT A RANSOM JOB WHICH WAS G-GONNA BLOW THIS CITY WIDE APART! LOUIS D-DIDN'T LIKE THAT, AND THE HOOD W-WENT FOR A SWIM WITH A CONCRETE OVERCOAT!



JACK, M'BOY, I THINK YOU'VE BITTEN OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW WITH THIS ONE! TIME TO PLAY IT BY THE BOOK...

And so, thirty minutes later, in the headquarters of New Orleans police department, One-eyed Jack told the full story to detective chief Capt. Meyer...



YOU AIN'T TELLING ME NOTHING NEW, McBANE! WE'VE ALREADY RECEIVED THE RANSOM PHONE CALL DEMANDING TWO MILLION BUCKS! AND WE'VE GUESSED THAT BIG LOUIS IS BEHIND IT—HE'S THE ONLY GANGSTER EVIL ENOUGH TO THREATEN TO BLOW UP HALF THE CITY!



BUT WE GOT NO WORD ON HOW HE PLANS THE BIG BANG! ALL WE CAN DO IS PUMP OUR CONTACTS AND INFORMERS HARD TO TRY AND BEAT THE DEADLINE!



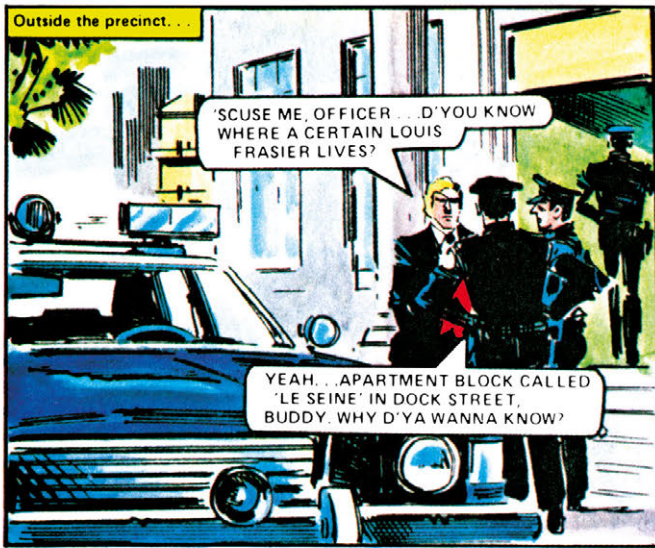
LISTEN, CARELLI, I GOT NO TIME FOR ARGUMENTS! JUST TELL ME THE NAME OF DUPREZ'S SHIP...

SHE'S THE "TITAN", AN OIL TANKER, BUT...

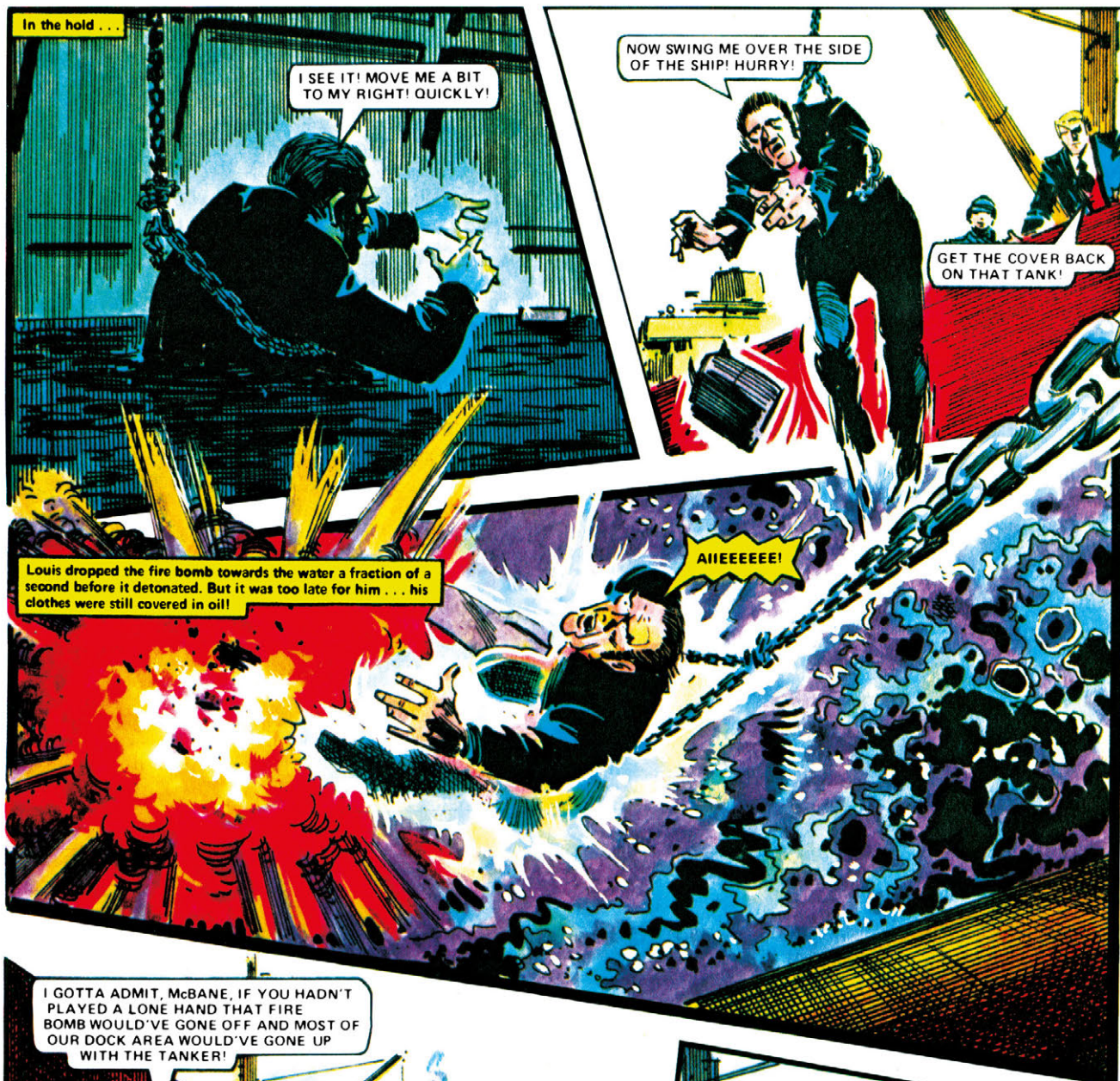


AN OIL TANKER! YEAH, THAT'S IT! MEYER, YOU GOTTA ORDER THE "TITAN" TO LEAVE HARBOUR IMMEDIATELY!

SO? AND MAKE OURSELVES THE LAUGHING STOCK OF EVERY POLICE FORCE IN THE STATES IF YOUR DUMB HUNCH DON'T PAY OFF? NO WAY, McBANE! NOW BEAT IT... WE'LL HANDLE THIS OUR WAY!







A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS!

VALIANT

6p

EVERY MONDAY

27TH DECEMBER, 1975

SNIPER

A CASE FOR
**ONE-EYED
JACK**
INSIDE!



Want to be a
MIND READER?
Find out how in
**VALIANT'S
BAG O' TRICKS**
PART 2 - INSIDE!

Malaysia \$1.00

Malta 7c.0

Australia 25 cents

South Africa 25 cents

Rhodesia 25 cents

New Zealand 25 cents

FLEETWAY COLLECTING SCHEME! TOY BARGAINS INSIDE!

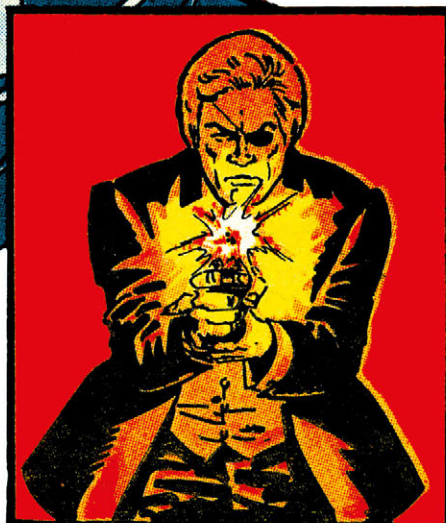
VALIANT

6p

**10TH JANUARY, 1976
EVERY MONDAY**

ONE-EYED JACK

**THE FACE THAT SPELT
TERROR FOR NEW YORK'S
UNDERWORLD—inside!**



Malaysia \$1.00

Malta 7c.0

Australia 25 cents

South Africa 25 cents

Rhodesia 25 cents

New Zealand 25 cents

BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST PICTURE-STORY WEEKLY!

VALLIANT

6p

7TH FEBRUARY, 1976

ON SALE MONDAY

NIGHT OF THE MUGGERS



Read
**ONE-EYED
JACK**—inside!

JOIN THE FANTASTIC ADAM ETERNO — INSIDE!

VALLIANT

6p

Malaysia \$1.00 Malta 7c.0 Australia 25 cents South Africa 25 cents Rhodesia 25 cents New Zealand 25 cents

13TH MARCH, 1976
ON SALE MONDAY

JIGSAW!

Can **ONE-EYED
JACK** put the pieces
together?
SEE INSIDE!



VALIANT

6p

19th JUNE, 1976
EVERY MONDAY

AND
VULCAN

**NEW YORK'S
TOUGHEST COP...** he only has
ONE EYE!

BUT...

HE HAS
TWO
FISTS...

AND...

A .44
MAGNUM THAT
CAN TAKE A MAN
OUT AT 60 YARDS!

Read

ONE-EYED JACK
-inside!

VALLIANT

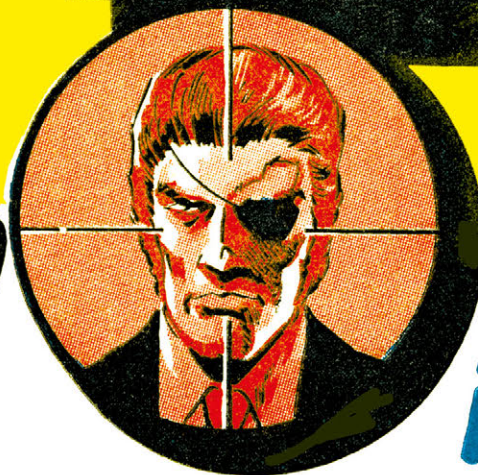
6p

**AND
VULCAN**

28th AUGUST, 1976

EVERY MONDAY

**WHO'S
TAKEN OUT A
CONTRACT ON
ONE-
EYED
JACK?**



**See
inside!**

VALLIANT

7p

9th OCTOBER, 1976

South Africa 25 cents
Malaysia \$1.08

Rhodesia 25 cents
Malta 7c 0

New Zealand 25 cents
Australia 25 cents

EVERY MONDAY

ONE-
EYED
JACK
HITS
THE
HEAD-
LINES!





AN' IF YOU CAN'T TAKE THE
HEAT, BEST THING TO DO
IS STAY OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

**BEFORE
JUDGE DREDD,
JACK McBANE
WAS THE
LAW!**

**Part Dirty Harry,
part Judge Dredd,
ALL BADASS!**

Police Detective Jack McBane is the toughest, meanest law enforcer in 1970s New York City. Despite having lost his left eye in the line of duty, McBane will stop at nothing to rid the crime-infested streets of scumbags and villains - even if means having to occasionally break the rules!

Written by John Wagner and featuring the dynamic artwork of the late John Cooper, One-Eyed Jack is seminal comic strip which helped shape and change the course of British comic books forever.

ONE-EYED JACK



£14.99

**TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS**

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REBELLION

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