JUMBO COMICS

No. 1
SEPT.

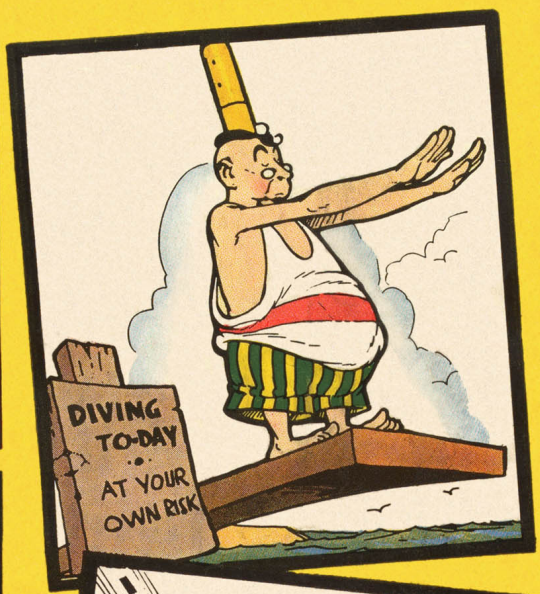
64 PAGES

Bigger & Better Funnies

10¢

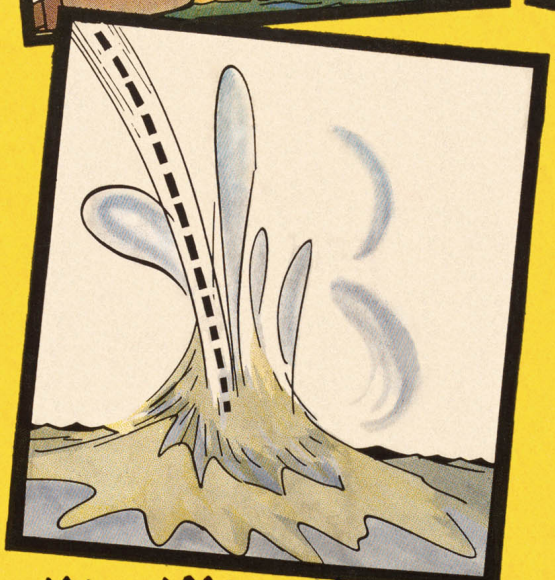
IN THIS ISSUE













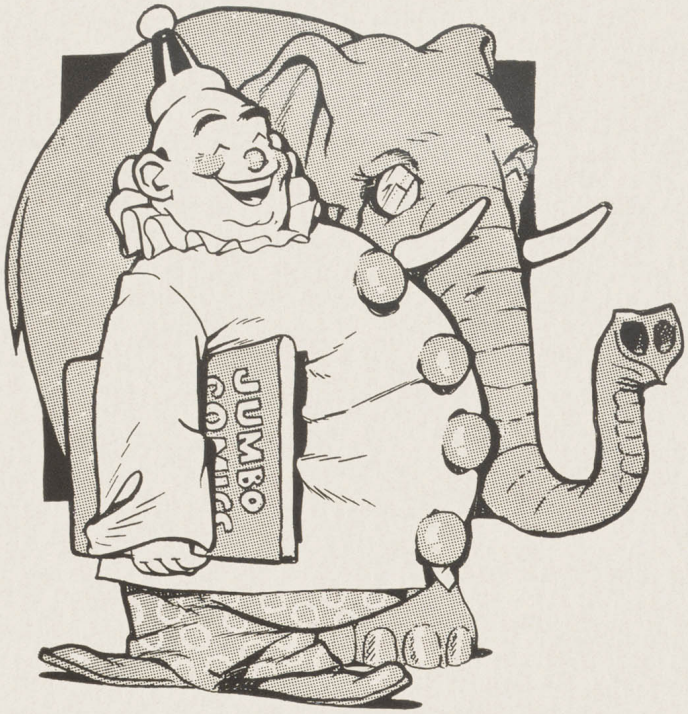




ALSO... PUZZLE PHUN, JOKES MODERN PLANES, INSPECTOR DAYTON, COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, WILTON OF THE WEST AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES

PRIZES—STORIES—FUN

BIG PAGES—BIG PICTURES—BIG TYPE—EASY TO READ



HELLO KIDS!

GREETINGS FROM

JUMBO JIM

(JUMBO SAYS "HI-YA")

Grab your hats—hold on tight—here we go! You want comics with fun, adventure, thrills, laffs, puzzles, stories and prizes, and you can take your uncle Jumbo Jim's word for it, boys and girls, you'll find them in JUMBO COMICS, a prize package if ever you've seen one. It has everything you want. BIG pages, BIG clear pictures, BIG type, easy to read—a BIG magazine and a whale of a BIG dime's worth.

And speaking of prizes, can you draw pictures or make up a joke? How would you like to see one of your cartoons or one of your funny gags printed in a future issue of JUMBO COMICS? Well, boys and girls, just turn to page 56 and I'll tell you how you can do it and get paid for it too. Fair enough?

Be seeing you, kids. I am sure you'll like JUMBO COMICS and I hope you'll come to see me and my gang in the next issue. Watch for No. 2 on your newsstand.

SO-LONG AND GOOD FUN!

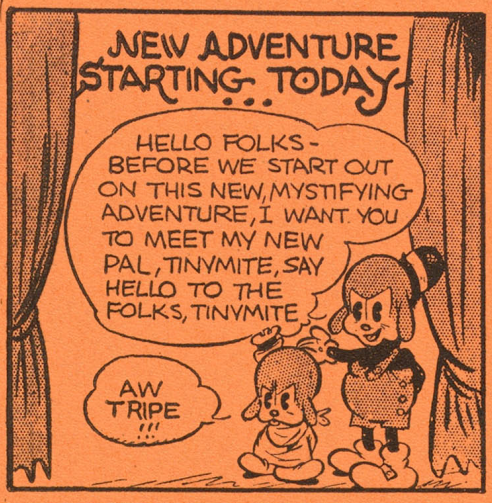
JUMBO JIM

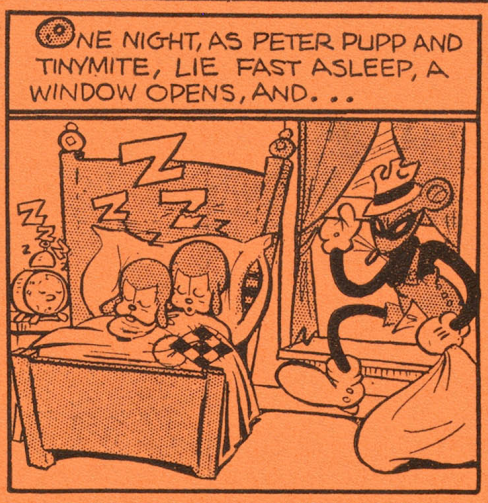
JUMBO COMICS, NO. 1, VOL. 1, SEPTEMBER, 1938, Published monthly by Real Adventures Publishing Co., Inc., 461 8th Ave., New York City, Thurman T. Scott, Pres., Malcolm Reiss, Editor, William E. Eisner, Art Director, S. M. Iger, Features Editor. Application for entry as second class matter at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., pending. Contents of this magazine are copyrighted, 1938, by Real Adventures Publishing Co., Inc. Yearly subscription $1.25; Canada $1.50; Foreign $2.25; single copies 10¢ in the United States and Canada, 15¢ in foreign countries. For advertising rates address Wm. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

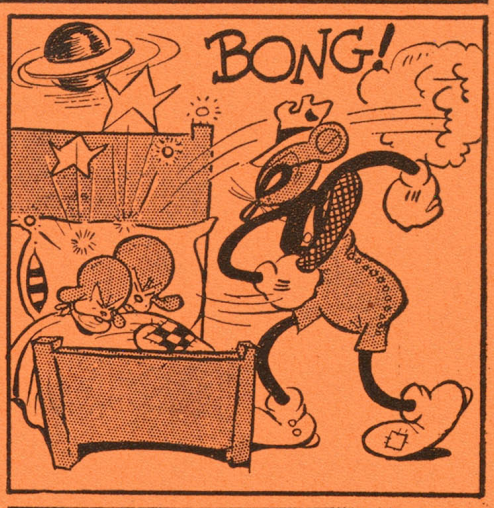
PETER PUPP

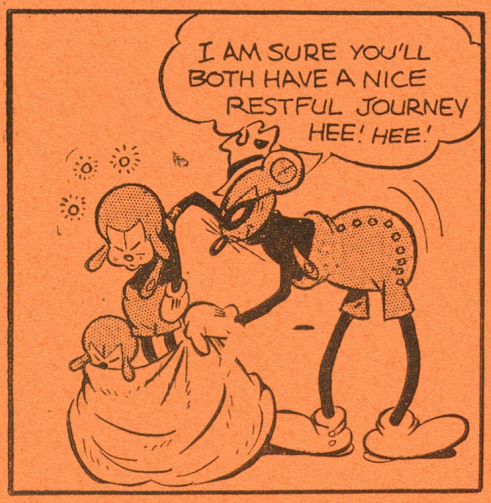
by BOB KANE

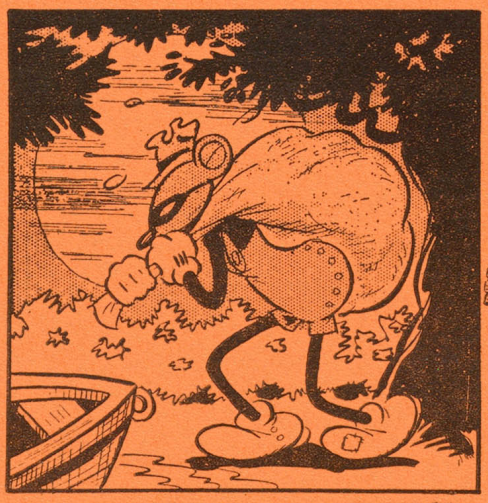


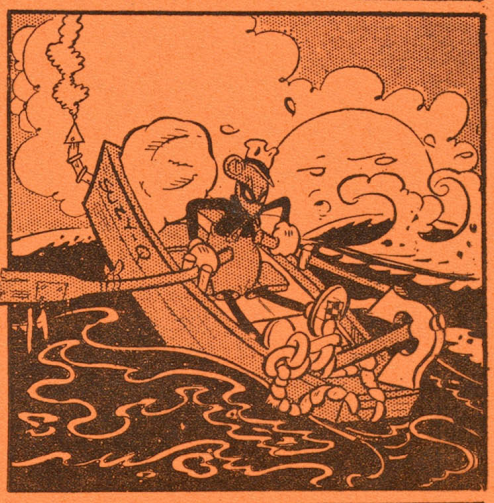


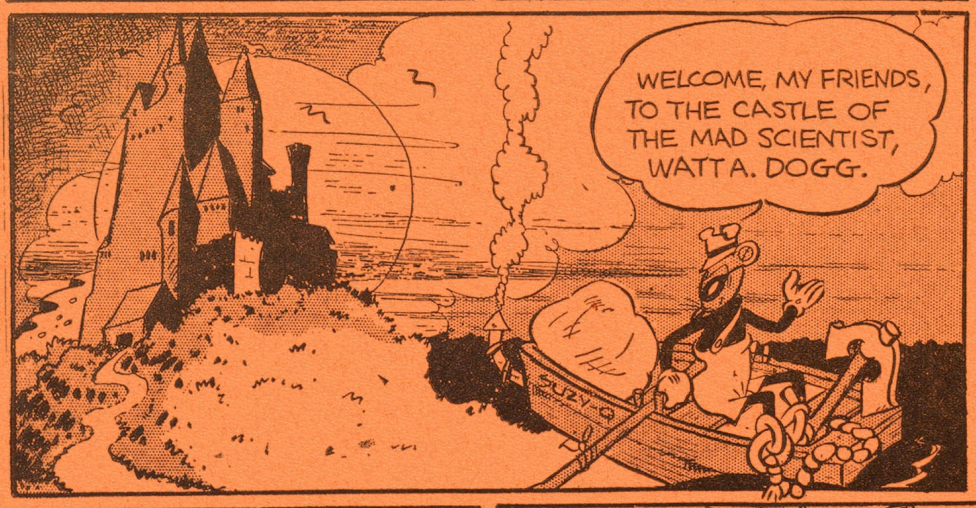


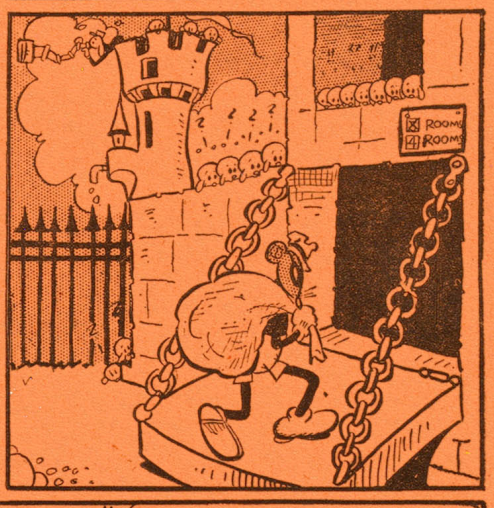


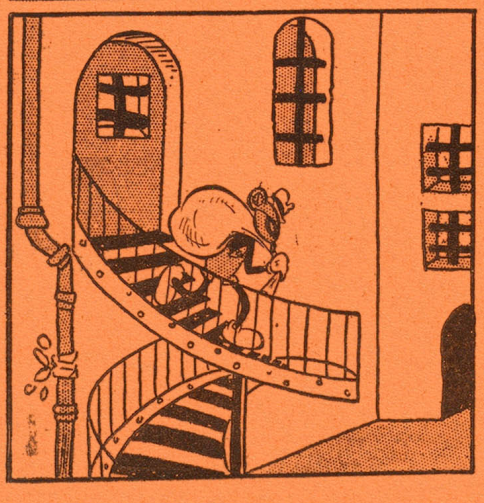


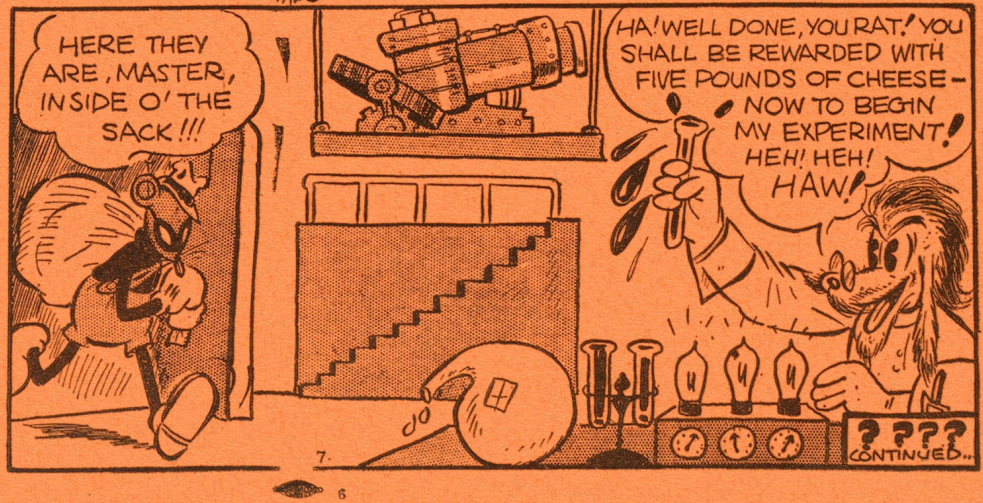












PETER PUPP

PETER PUPP AND HIS NEW ASSOCIATE, TINYMITE, ARE ABDUCTED ONE NIGHT BY A MYSTERIOUS LOOKING CHARACTER KNOWN AS 'THE RAT.' THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE CASTLE OF THE MAD SCIENTIST, WATT A. DOGG — WHO HAS AN EXPERIMENT HE IS ABOUT TO EXECUTE... -NOW CONTINUE

HEY - WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA - BRINGIN' US WAY OUT HERE ?

POOEY !

AHA! YOU ARE MY EXPERIMENT - YOU SEE...

YOU ARE GOING ON A LITTLE TRIP TO THE MOON WITH THE ROCKET AIR SHIP I CREATED - AND DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE GOING ON THIS TRIP ?

BECAUSE, HEH, HEH! ONE THING ALWAYS DID PUZZLE ME ABOUT THE MOON...

I THINK THE GUY IS BALMY

...I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED ...WHETHER THE MOON IS MADE OF CREAM CHEESE, AND YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT FOR ME

HELP! HELP! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

RAT EXTERMINATOR

MMM! SUPPOSE I SPANK YOU FOR THAT - WHAT'VE YOU GOT TO SAY NOW ?

POOEY !

JUST FOR THAT - I'M SENDING YOU TO THE MOON WITHOUT SUPPER - BOY AM I MEAN!

ROCKET GUN

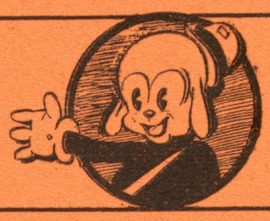
- JUST CLIMB THROUGH THAT TOP OPENING DOWN INTO THE SHIP AND LOCK THE TOP LID - WHEN I COUNT TWO AND A HALF - YOU'LL BE OFF TO THE MOON 1 ... 2 ... 2 ... ½ ...

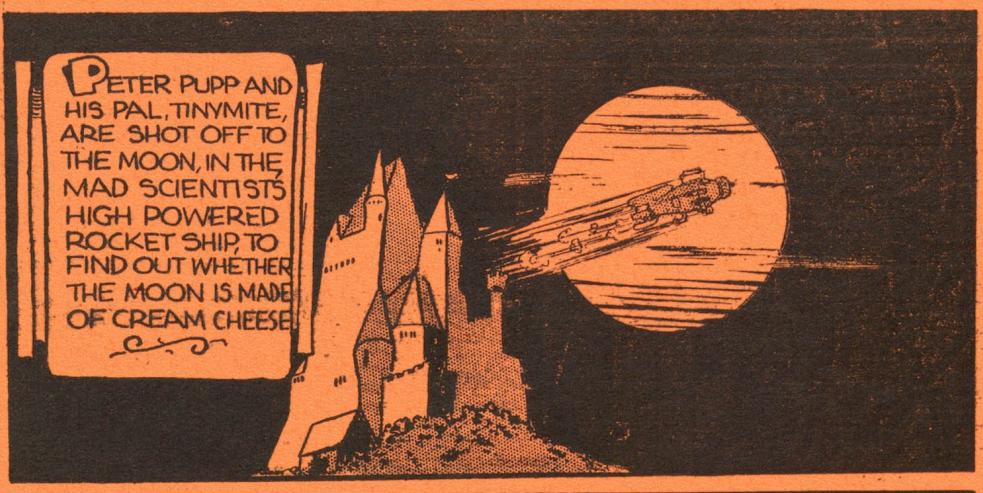
HEH 'HEH! BRING ME BACK A CREAM CHEESE SAN'WICH!

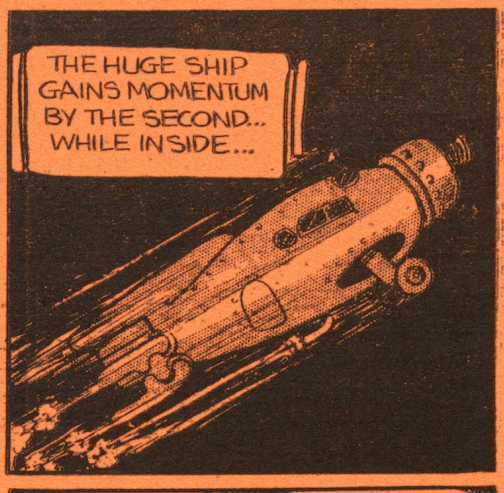
WILL PETER PUPP REACH THE MOON — WATCH

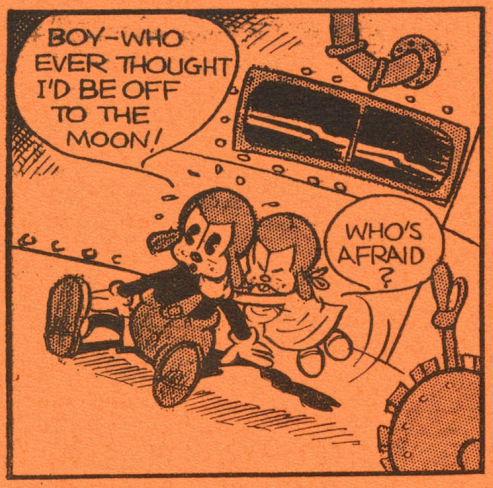
PETER PUPP

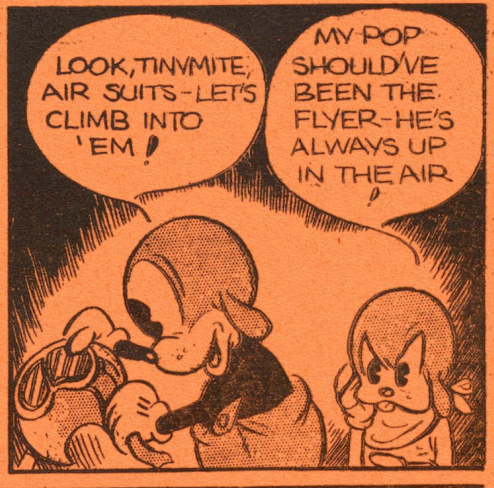
by BOB KANE



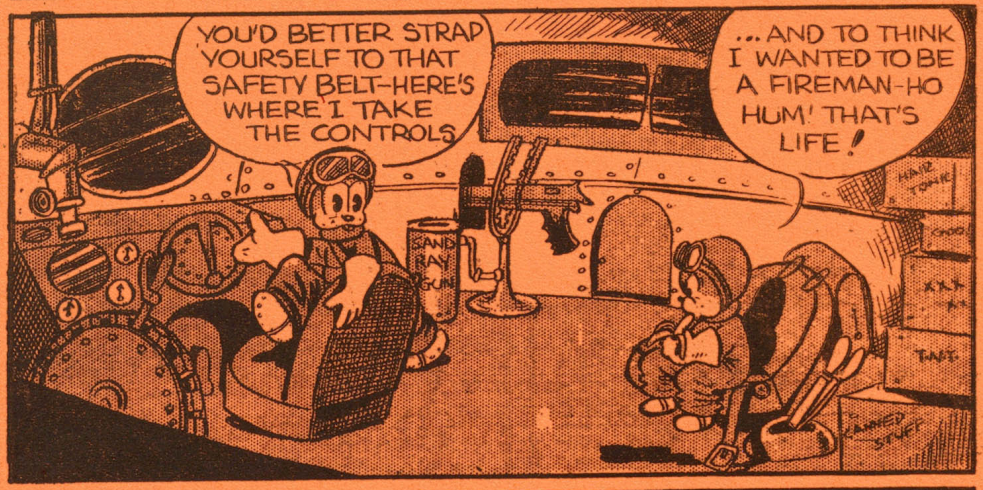


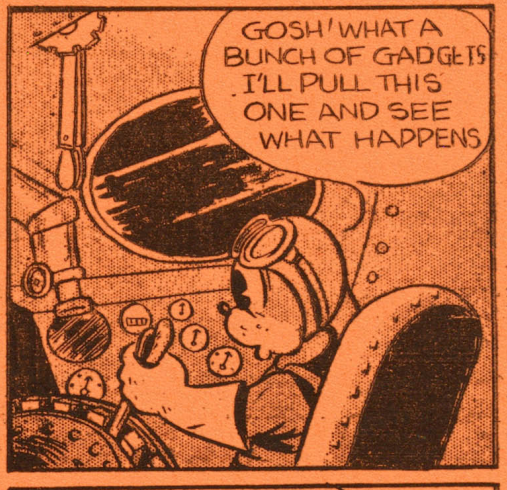


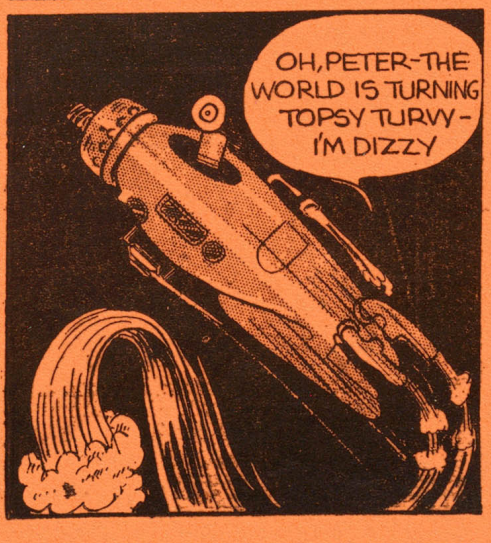


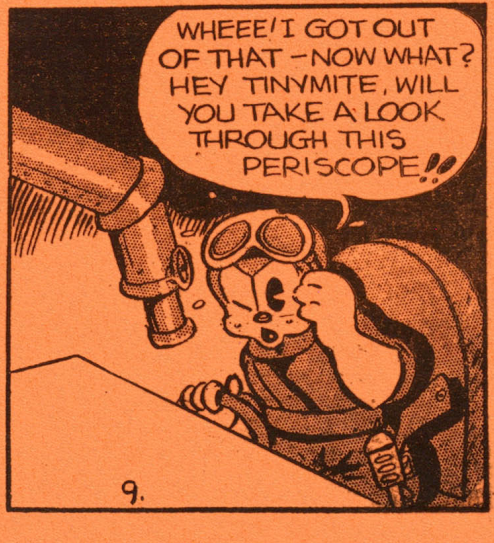


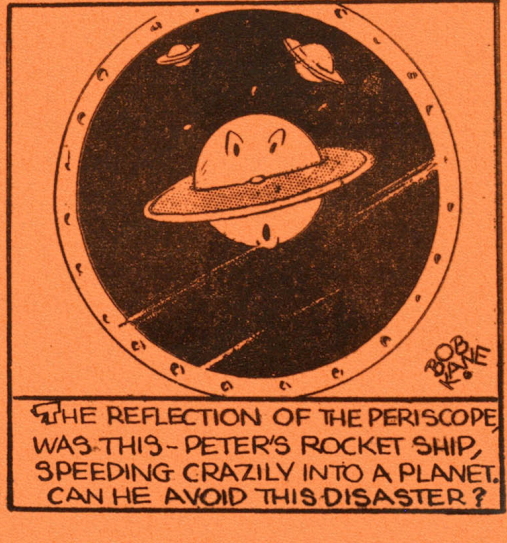












THE REFLECTION OF THE PERISCOPE WAS THIS-PETER'S ROCKET SHIP, SPEEDING CRAZILY INTO A PLANET. CAN HE AVOID THIS DISASTER?

PETER PUPP

BOB KANE

PETER PUPP AND TINYMITE ARE ON THEIR WAY TO THE MOON IN A ROCKET SHIP. THEY ARE NOW IN THE VICINITY OF A PLANET COLONY— WE LEFT PETER SPEEDING STRAIGHT INTO ONE OF THE PLANETS ...

SOLD

MARS

FOR SALE

JIMINEY-IF THIS AIR BRAKE DOESN'T WORK—WE'RE SUNK !!!

BE BRAVE, PETER !

SCREECH!

THE MIGHTY SHIP COMES TO A SCREAMING HALT, ON THE RIM OF THE PLANET, AS PETER PULLS THE BRAKE.

C'MON, TINYMITE— LET'S GET OUT FOR A STRETCH'N'LOOK THIS PLACE OVER

HERE'S A DOOR-I'LL KNOCK !

GO AHEAD-I'LL PROTECT YOU!

TEE-HEE! AH! VISITORS-MUST BE SUNDAY-TEE-HEE! WELCOME COME IN-TEE-HEE!

TEE-HEE-WON'T YOU JOIN ME IN A CUP OF ZOUP! TEE-HEE! HEE!

SLUP! SLUP! Z-ZUP!

ZOWIE-HE MAKES MORE NOISE THAN A "BAZOOKA" PLAYER WITH A COLD--- WONDER WHO HE IS?

THIS LOOKS MORE LIKE A BATHTUB OF SOUP-I CAN'T BUDGE THIS CUP!

TEE-HEE-NOW THAT I HAVE EATEN MY ZOUP-I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM. I'M...

BOB KANE

WHO OLD MAN WILL HE

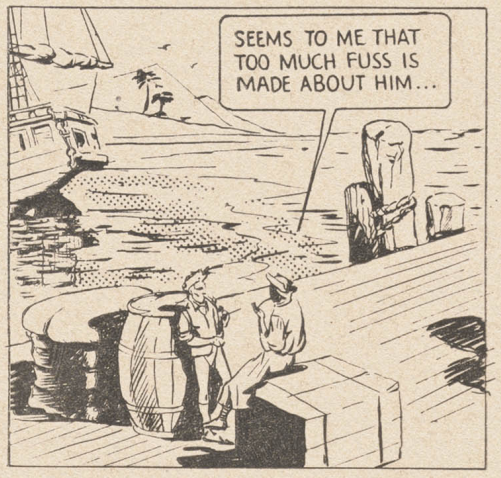
IS THIS STRANGE AND WHAT INFLUENCE HAVE ON PETER???

HAWKS OF THE SEAS

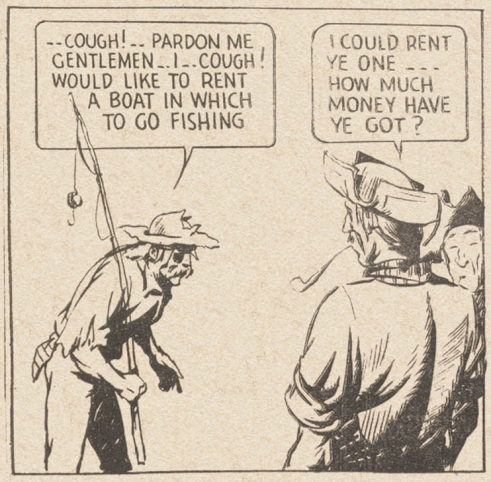
BY Willis Rensie

MERRYSTONE'S SOLDIERS ARE SCHEMING TO SIEZE THE HAWK, WHILE HE IS TRYING TO REACH HIS SHIP TO WARN HIS MEN OF AN ATTACK.....





















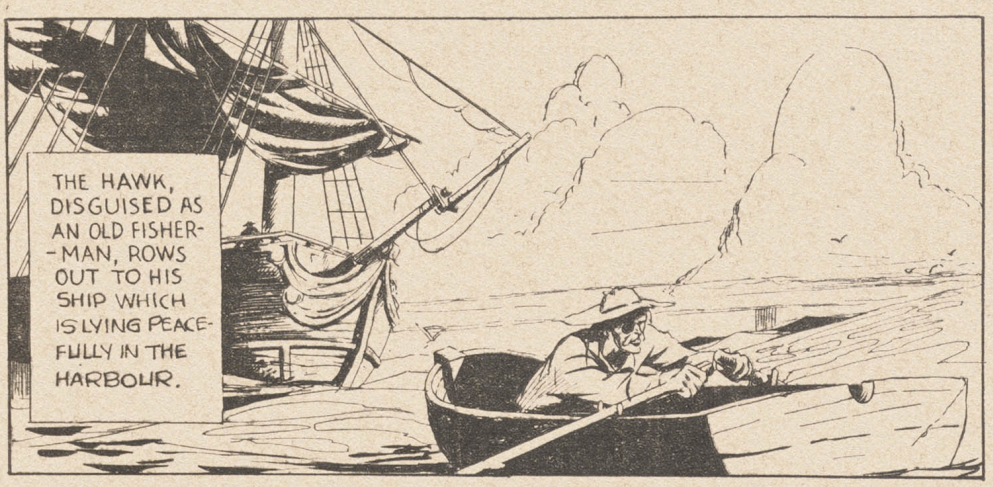




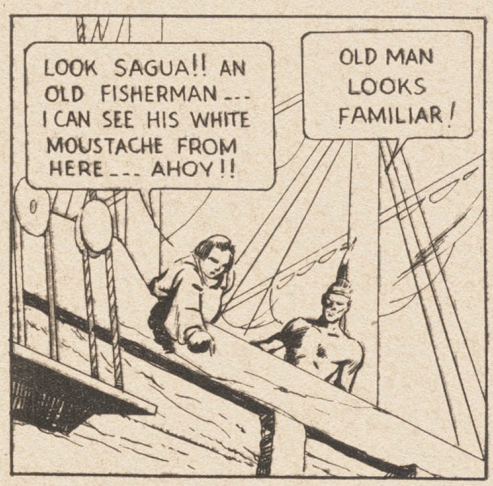
HAWKS OF THE SEAS

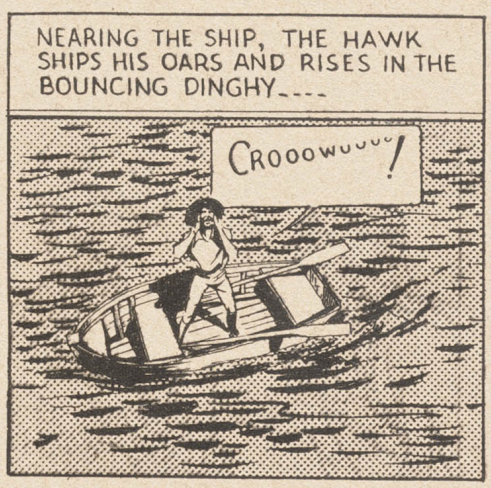
BY Willis Rentie

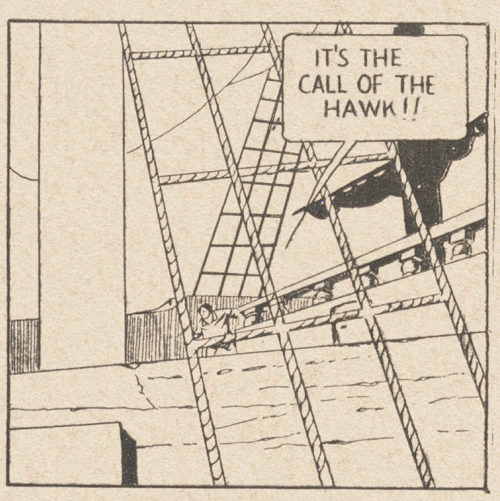
THE HAWK, IN HIS DISGUISE, HAS ELUDED MERRYSTONE'S SOLDIERS AND IS HURRYING BACK TO HIS SHIP...

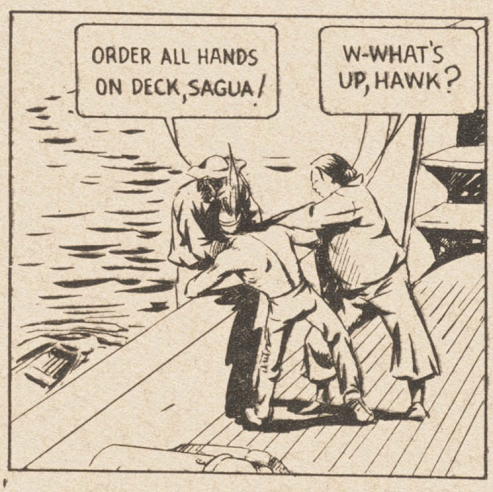


















IN INAGUA, THE THUD OF MARCHING MEN RESOUNDS THROUGH THE TOWN---





HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Rensie

MERRYSTONE'S SOLDIERS ARE PLANNING TO ATTACK THE HAWK'S SHIP AT DAWN ---

DARKNESS ENVELOPES INAGUA WITH TROPICAL SUDDENESS, AND AS THE TOWN'S TWINKLING LIGHTS SLOWLY DISAPPEAR AN UNNATURAL SILENCE FILLS THE HARBOUR ----

ANCHORED TO A PIER LAPPING THE SILENT WATERS, A SLAVE SHIP LIES AT REST WAITING TO LAND HER HUMAN CARGO.

YOUR TURN ON WATCH MONK!.. I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT THIS TRICK...THOSE BLACKS SINGING..UGH!!

..PFAW! THEY DON'T BOTHER ME, I'VE A WAY TO SILENCE 'EM.

NOT THE...?

YES!...WATCH ME, I'LL SHOW YE!

CRACK

STOP YOUR INFERNAL SINGIN'!... IT'S MONK WOT'S ON DUTY NOW..SO YE'D BETTER SHUT UP.

HUH!... THAT'LL LARN 'EM.... THEY KNOW WHO'S BOSS HERE. HA! HA! HA!

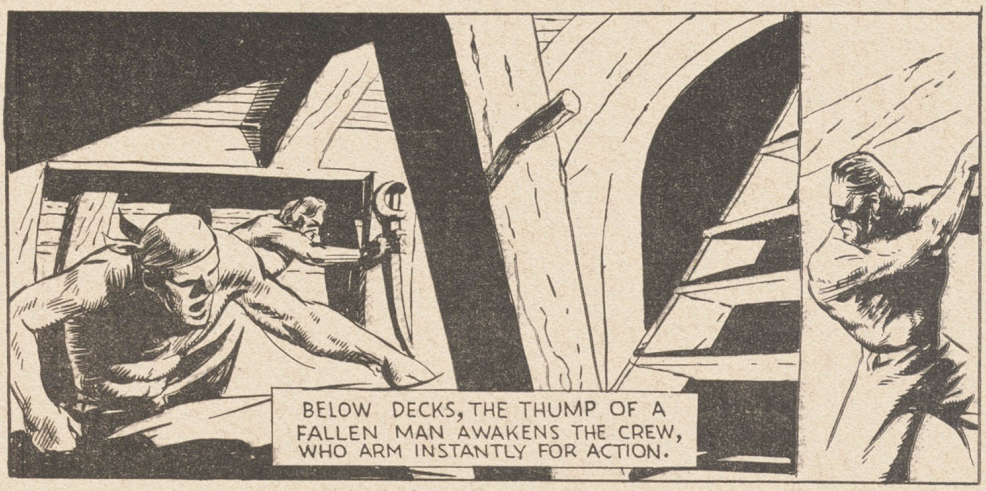
...YOU!! W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE??...

HELP!... ALL HANDS ON DECK! IT'S ...IT'S!....

HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Rentte

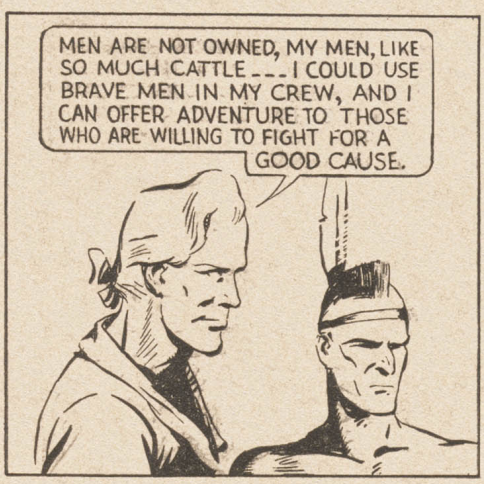
THE HAWK, REALIZING HIS IMMEDIATE DANGER OF ATTACK FROM THE TOWN, HAS BOARDED A SLAVE SHIP THAT HAS JUST ENTERED THE HARBOUR.....







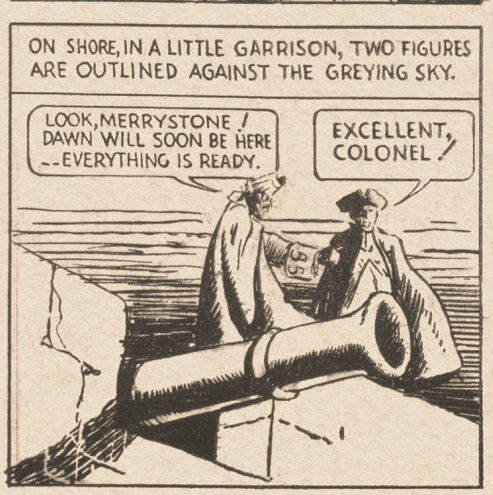












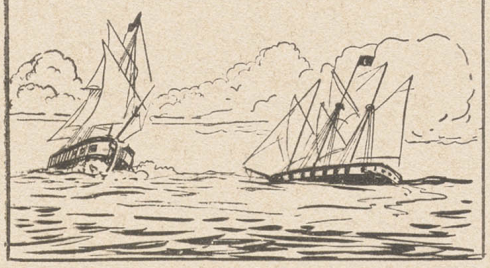


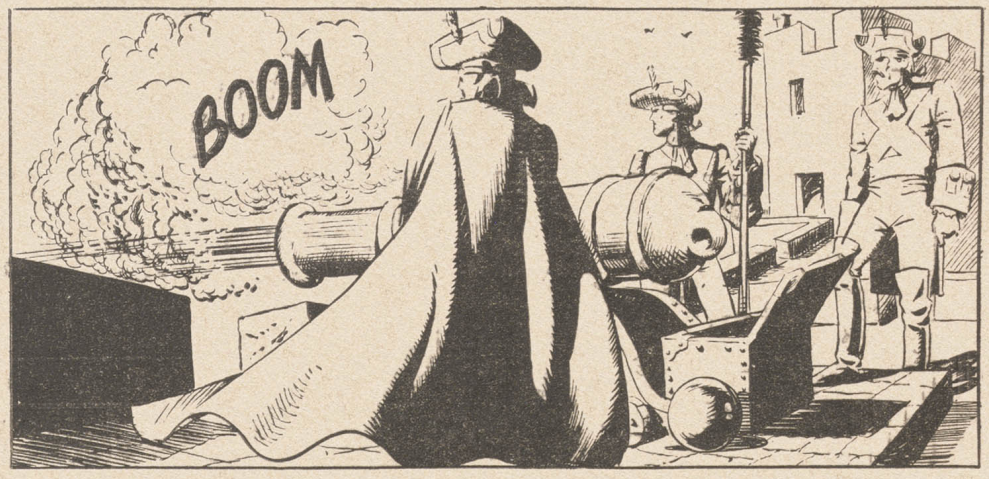
HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Rennie

DURING THE NIGHT MERRYSTONE HAS TRAINED THE GUNS OF THE LITTLE FORT ON THE HAWK'S SHIP LYING IN THE HARBOUR----

DAWN REVEALS THE HAWK'S ENSIGN FLUTTERING ON TWO SHIPS ------ INSTEAD OF LYING AT ANCHOR, BOTH SHIPS CIRCLE ABOUT THE HARBOUR UNDER FULL SAIL.---







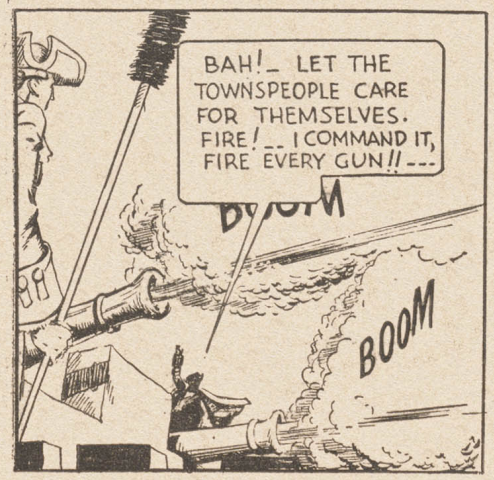












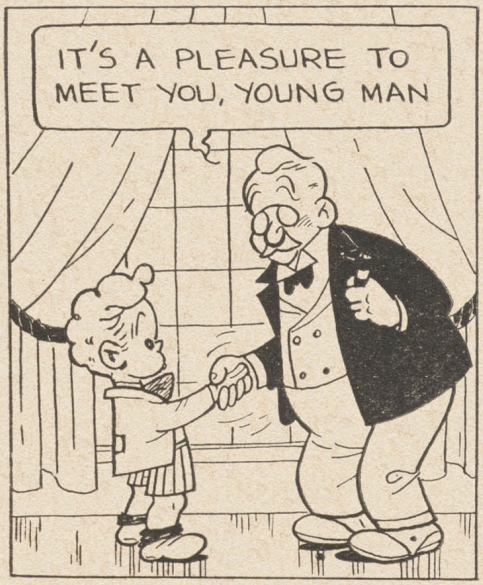




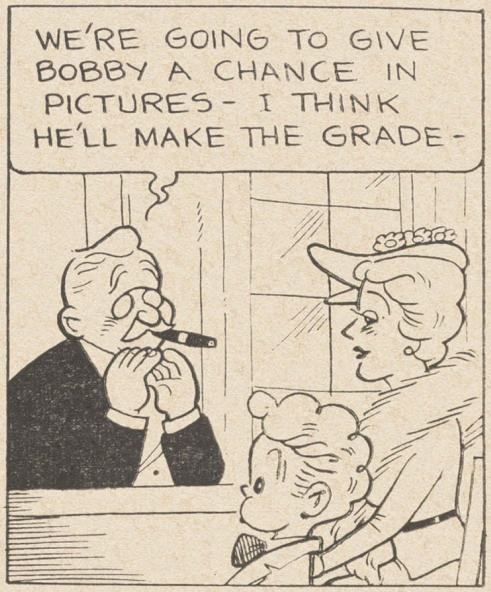
BOBBY

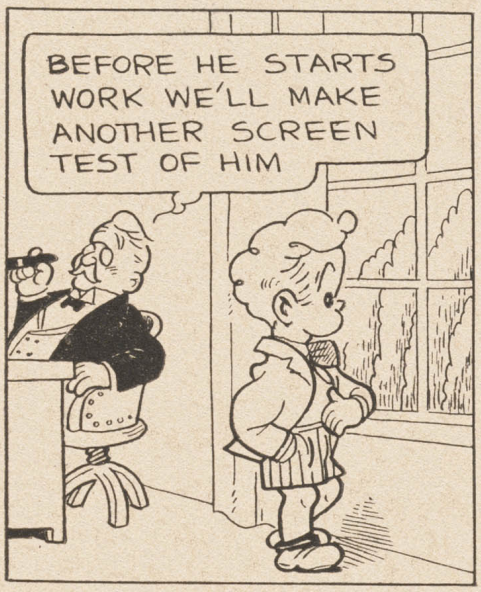
BY J. M. Iger



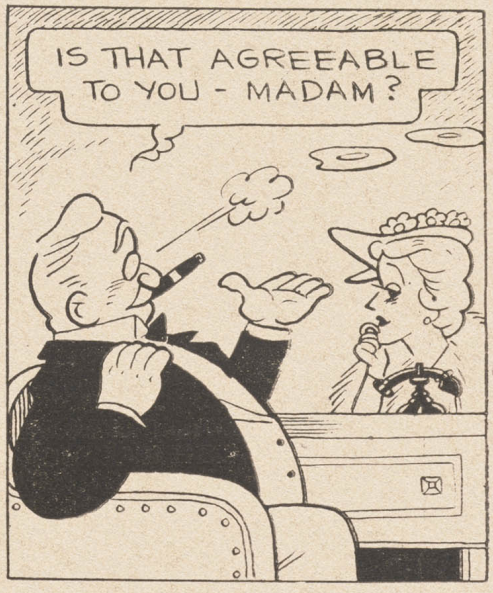


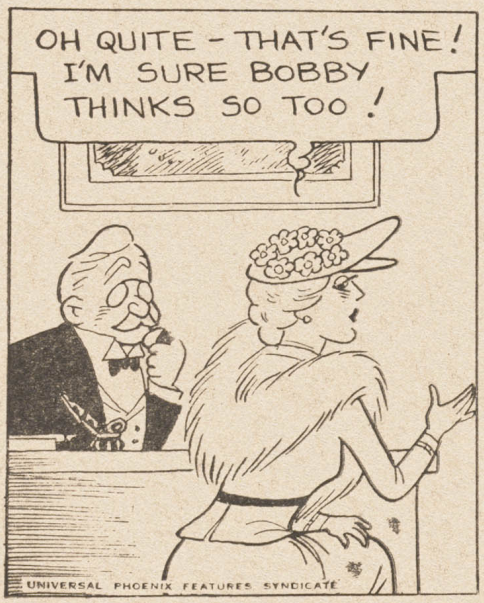


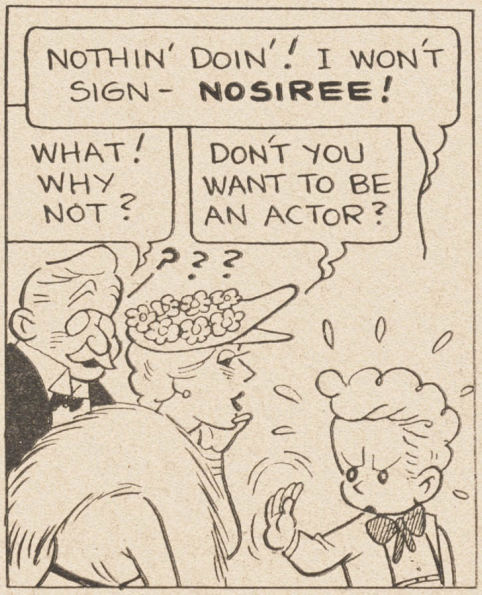










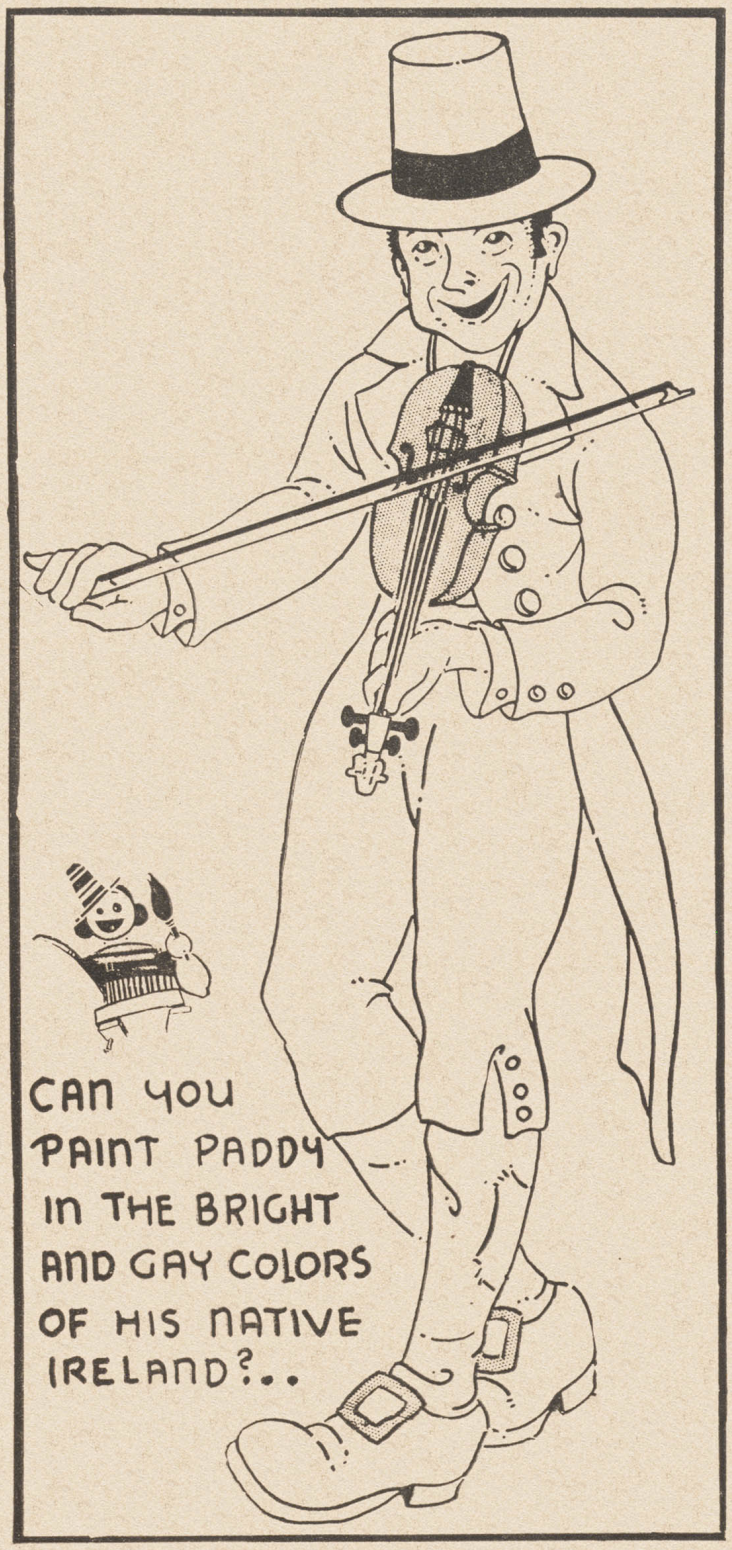




UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES SYNDICATE

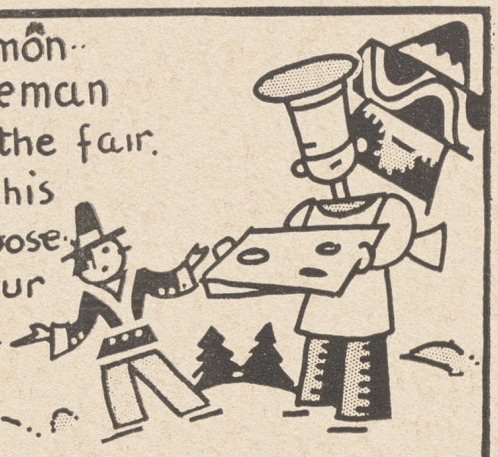

BOBBY
BY M. Iger
HERE'S A NEW PUPIL FOR YOUR STUDIO SCHOOL, MISS EIFFEL!
HELLO, MISS EIFFEL! WHAT, NO APPLES ON YOUR DESK?
OH, IT ISN'T THE CUSTOM HERE, BOBBY!
WELL, IT IS BACK HOME!
OH, THANK YOU!
-HA-HA-HA A HICK!
--AND NOW, CUTHBERT, WHAT YEAR DID THE PILGRIMS LAND AT PLYMOUTH?
--ER--AW--
127 x3 381
QUIET, PHILIP FADEOUT, WE'LL HAVE NO PROMPTING PLEASE!
AWW, I CAN TALK ALL I PLEASE
I HAVE A LONG-TERM CONTRACT WITH THIS STUDIO - YOU CAN'T FIRE ME - YOU CAN'T KICK ME OUT OF SCHOOL - YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING!
I KNOW THE ANSWER, MISS EIFFEL, THE PILGRIMS LANDED IN 1620
THAT'S FINE, BOBBY! YOU ARE A SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN! THE OTHERS COULD PROFIT BY YOUR EXAMPLE! CLASS DISMISSED!
OH YES! MY CONTRACT CALLS FOR A SUBSTANTIAL RAISE AND -----
MY OPTION IS DUE SOON - PERHAPS I--
HEY, FELLERS, HOW ABOUT A GAME OF MARBLES?
WHAT? DEAR ME - MARBLES --HA HA HA!
POOH POOH CHILDISH PRATTLE!
I MUST REMIND YOU, KID, TO KEEP YOUR NOSE OUT OF OUR COMPANY! I'M THE STAR HERE - MY BIG BLUE EYES ARE THE DELIGHT OF MILLIONS! I--
WA-A-W
UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES SYNDICATE
M. Iger

PUZZLE PHUN



CAN YOU PAINT PADDY IN THE BRIGHT AND GAY COLORS OF HIS NATIVE IRELAND?..

Simple Simon.. met a pieman going to the fair. Finish this mother Goose rhyme your own way..

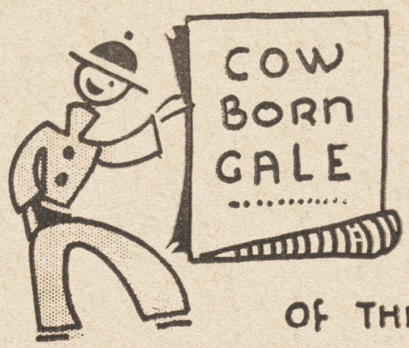


JUST FOLLOW THE DOTS.....



HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU FIND BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER M? THERE ARE SIX~





BY ADDING A LETTER TO.. EACH WORD & RE-ARRANGING THEM- YOU- WILL HAVE. THE NAMES OF THREE BIRDS

de conn

THE COUNT of MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS

ON FEBRUARY 24, 1815, THE STOUT SHIP "PHAROAH" ENTERED THE QUIET HARBOR OF MARSEILLES. ONLY TWO DAYS LATER, THE NOW HATED NAPOLEON WAS TO BEGIN HIS RETURN FROM ELBA AND AGAIN ROCK THE WORLD FOR ONE HUNDRED DAYS. MEANWHILE FRANCE, AGAIN UNDER THE RULE OF THE BOURBONS, DID ALL SHE COULD TO STAMP OUT TRACES OF THE REVOLUTION.

ALL THIS, HOWEVER, WAS A GOOD DEAL APART FROM THE SCENE NOW TAKING PLACE IN THE SMALL, SUNLIT HARBOR.

THE SIGHT OF THE TRIM SHIP BROUGHT A GROUP OF IDLERS TO THE PIER.

STANDING NEXT TO THE PILOT AND ISSUING ORDERS TO THE CREW WAS ITS YOUNG, NEWLY MADE CAPTAIN, EDMOND DANTES....

THE YOUNG MAN, AFTER ISSUING HIS FINAL ORDERS TO THE CREW, TURNED TO MEET MR. MORRELL, WHO CALLED TO HIM.

WELL DANTES, MY BOY, WHAT OF YOUR TRIP, CARGO AND YOUR CAPTAIN WHERE-

CAPTAIN LECLARE - IS DEAD, SIR; HE DIED OF FEVER AND-

-AND THE FIRST MATE DANTES TOOK OVER AS IF HE HAD RECEIVED ORDERS DIRECTLY FROM YOU

AT THAT MOMENT, DANGLARS, THE SUPERCARGO, CAME UP FROM BELOW AND WITH CURLING LIP THAT BETRAYED HIS TRUE CHARACTER, FINISHED EDMOND'S SENTENCE...

HA-HA- THAT WAS AS IT SHOULD BE. FOR A LAD OF ONLY 19 YOU ARE REMARKABLY ABLE TO HANDLE THE POSITION OF CAPTAIN, AND I THINK THAT YOU WILL REPLACE YOUR DEAD CAPTAIN

AT THIS UNEXPECTED ANNOUNCEMENT OF DANTES' PROMOTION, DANGLARS STIFFENED AS ONE WHO HAD MET WITH A PERSONAL AFFRONT, AND STALKED DOWN THE PIER

IT SEEMS DANGLARS IS A BIT ENVIOUS - WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO SAY, LAD?

WELL SIR - I'D APPRECIATE A WEEK'S LEAVE. YOU SEE I'M TO BE MARRIED TOMORROW

SPLENDID! YOU SHALL HAVE IT! NOW THAT YOU'RE CAPTAIN THIS CALLS FOR A DOUBLE CELEBRATION. COME NOW WE MUST HURRY!

DOUBLE CELEBRATION EH? WELL NOW, I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THAT - ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN!

JACK CURTISS

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS

IN THE OFFICE OF MR. MORRELL, SITS DANGLARS, THE SUPERCARGO, WHO HAS AN INTENSE DISLIKE FOR YOUNG EDMOND DANTES.

NOW THAT DANTES IS YOUR NEW CAPTAIN, YOU MUST EITHER CO-OPERATE WITH HIM OR RESIGN YOUR POSITION, NOW WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER DO?

I'LL NEVER TAKE ANY ORDERS FROM THAT YOUNG WHELP! I'LL-ER RESIGN!

MEANWHILE IN A SECRET HIDEOUT IN PARIS—

-AND NAPOLEON SHOULD LAND SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE - SOUTHERN FRANCE!

FRANCOIS! THE "PHAROAH" HAS JUST ARRIVED - LECLARE IS DEAD AND DANTES HAS THE LETTER.

A SHORT, STOCKY FELLOW STORMS INTO THE ROOM!

LECLARE DEAD! HMMM—THE SITUATION GROWS MORE DANGEROUS, LECLARE MUST HAVE TOLD DANTES THE PASS-WORD-- WE MUST GET THAT LETTER OR OUR HEADS WILL BE NEXT ON THE GUILLOTINE

PAPA, I'M HOME!

NOT FAR AWAY EDMOND RETURNS JOYOUSLY TO HIS HOME.

EDMOND MY BOY YOU'RE HOME AT LAST!

YES PAPA--AND A MOST SUCCESSFUL VOYAGE IT WAS TOO!

LOOK- GOLD, I HAVE BEEN MADE CAPTAIN OF THE "PHAROAH"- YOU SEE, CAPTAIN LECLARE DIED AND LEFT THIS LETTER-

LETTER?--- YOU MUST BE CAREFUL MY BOY.. BONAPARTISTS ARE NOT LIKED IN FRANCE

HMM, AN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT--I FEAR IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH NAPOLEON. HOW DID YOUR CAPTAIN GET IT? -AND WHOM DID HE TELL YOU TO DELIVER IT TO?

A FEW DAYS AGO WE PUT IN AT THIS ISLE OF ELBA WHERE NAPOLEON IS EXILED. A MAN CAME ABOARD AND GAVE IT TO MY CAPTAIN-- WHEN LECLARE DIED HE SAID THAT A MAN WOULD APPROACH ME WITH THE WORD ELBA! AND THAT I WAS TO GIVE IT TO HIM- THAT'S ALL I KNOW

THUS LATER THAT EVENING AS EDMOND JOYFULLY GOES TO HIS FIANCEE' MERCEDES-

JUST ONE MOMENT SIR, ELBA!

-OH! OH YES HERE'S YOUR LETTER SIR!

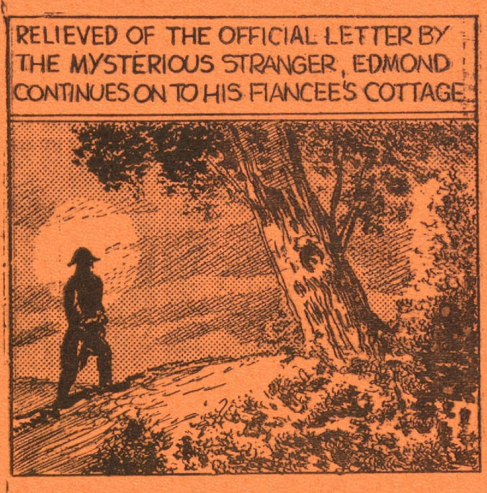
UNKNOWN TO THEM, THERE IS A THIRD PARTY--IT IS DANGLARS....

AH- IT IS MOST FORTUNATE THAT I HAVE SEEN THIS YES, MOST FORTUNATE

THE COUNT of MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

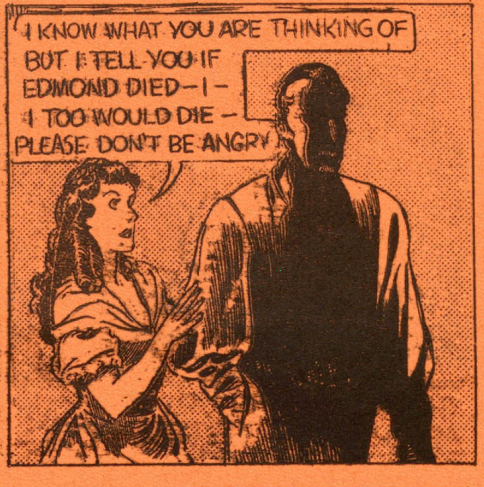
Picturized by JACK CURTISS

























THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS

FERNAND MONDEGO LEAVES MERCEDES' HOUSE AFTER ATTEMPTING TO STAB EDMOND DANTES, HIS RIVAL....

YOU MUST FORGIVE HIM, EDMOND, IT WAS ONLY A JEALOUS FIT

MONDEGO ENTERS A ROADSIDE TAVERN, HOPING TO FIND SOLACE IN THE BURNING WARMTH OF RUM..

SOME OF YOUR STRONGEST RUM — INNKEEPER

THE SPURNED SUITOR DOWNS CUP AFTER CUP OF THE FIERY LIQUID.. THE BOTTLE IS SOON EMPTIED....

A WHILE LATER, FERNAND MONDEGO LAPSES INTO A DRUNKEN STUPOR...

THAT SWINE DANTES! HE SHAN'T HAVE HER — I'LL KILL HIM FIRST!

WAITER! SOME WINE

YES, M'SIEU DANGLARS

DANGLARS PAUSES AS HE SNATCHES THE NAME OF DANTES FROM THE INCOHERENT BABBLE OF THE MAN OPPOSITE HIM...

IS THAT EDMOND DANTES YOU SPEAK OF, MY FRIEND?

YES — DANTES — THE DOG, MARRY MERCEDES WILL HE? WELL, WE'LL SEE WE'LL SEE!

EASY THERE, MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU SEEM TO HAVE AN EXTREME DISLIKE FOR THIS DANTES —

— WELL, SO HAVE I. I CAN SEE THAT YOU AND I WILL BECOME FAST FRIENDS — YOU SEE — WE ARE BOUND BY A COMMON CAUSE — THE REMOVAL OF EDMOND DANTES!

4. JACK CURTISS

SPENCER STEEL

BY

DENNIS COLEBROOK

A NEW ADVENTURE
UNDERWORLD ATTEMPT
A MOCKERY OF JUSTICE.



Beginning

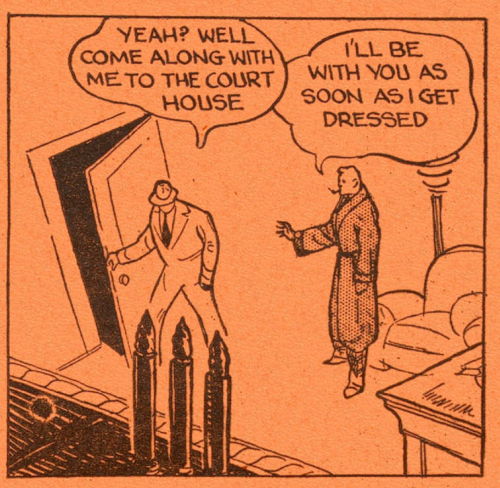
The man who lived twice

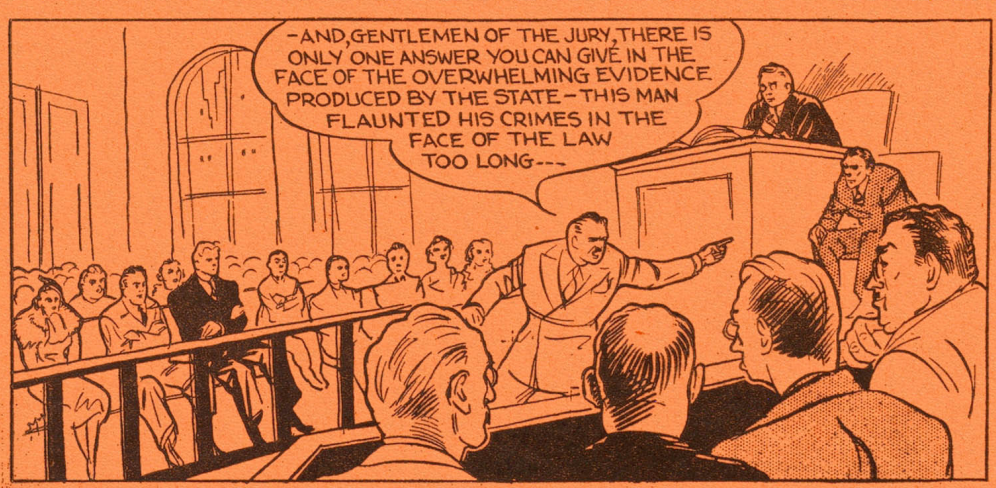




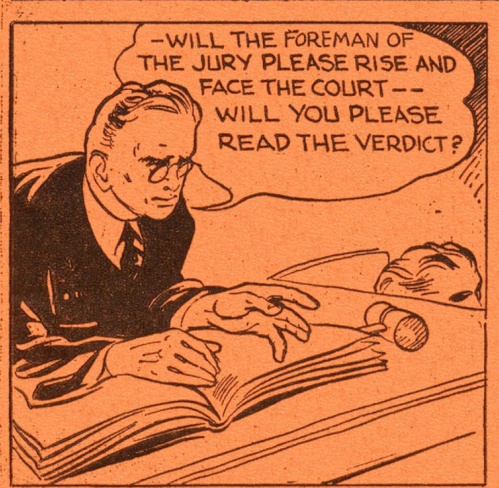


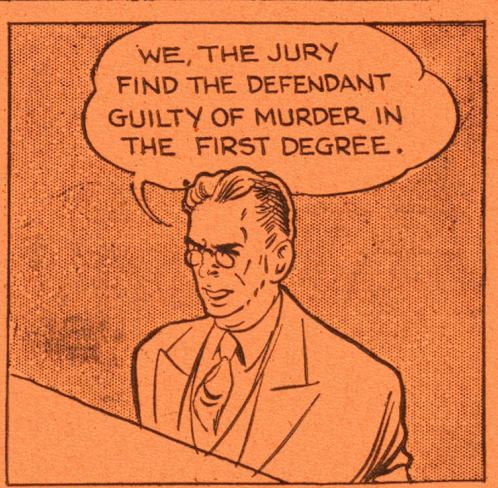














SPENCER STEEL

BY DENNIS COLEBROOK

"LUCKY" LUCIFER IS FOUND GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE. AT THIS, "LUCKY," WHO UNTIL NOW HAS DEFIED THE LAW, BECOMES ENRAGED AND VOWS HE WILL KILL THE JURORS IN REVENGE. ----

AS THE COMMOTION SLOWLY SUBSIDES, THE JUDGE LEANS FORWARD TO PRONOUNCE SENTENCE. —

LOUIS LUCIFER, YOUR REPUTATION HAS BEEN THAT OF A SHADY CHARACTER; BUT THANKS TO CROOKED, UNSCRUPULOUS LAWYERS, YOU HAVE ESCAPED JUSTICE. —

NOW, HOWEVER, AS MUST EVENTUALLY COME TO ALL OF YOUR KIND, YOU ARE APPREHENDED -- IN VIEW OF YOUR RECORD, --- AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE REST OF YOUR STAMP, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH BY HANGING AS PROVIDED BY THIS STATE, ON THE FOURTH DAY OF MARCH—

MAKE AN EXAMPLE OUT OF ME, EH? I'LL SHOW YOU, I'LL COME BACK AND GET YOU - DO YOU HEAR ME? GET YOU — I'LL COME BACK!

WHEW, SPENCE, WHAT A GUY! EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT TO PHONE THE NEWS TO MY PAPER

GO RIGHT AHEAD, DOAKS, I KNOW THE JUDGE, AN OLD FRIEND OF MY FATHER. I'D LIKE TO SPEAK TO HIM.

HELLO, JUDGE GRAYSON, — REMEMBER ME?

WHY-ER--OH, YES, YOU'RE SPENCER STEEL, 'BEANY' STEEL'S SON. — COME INTO MY CHAMBERS

'BEANY' STEEL??

OH, HO, HO, HO, YES--HE WAS MY ROOMMATE AT COLLEGE--HE GOT THAT NAME BECAUSE OF HIS WILD PITCHING ON THE BASEBALL TEAM. HAW, - HA, HA, HA!

WELL, MY BOY, EVER SINCE YOUR FATHER DIED, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MEET YOU - BUT YOU'RE TOO BUSY BECOMING FAMOUS, I GUESS.

ON THE CONTRARY, IT IS NECESSARY TO SHUN PUBLICITY AS MUCH AS I CAN IN MY WORK.

I SAY JUDGE, THAT UGLY FELLOW YOU JUST SENTENCED - THAT WAS A MIGHTY BIG BOAST HE MADE. NEVERTHELESS, HE MIGHT HAVE ONE OF HIS GANG KILL YOU

THAT MAN IS A MURDERER! MY CONSCIENCE IS ALL THE CLEARER IF I CAN FINALLY RID SOCIETY OF HIM.

YOU RISK YOUR LIFE TO APPREHEND PUBLIC ENEMIES --- SURELY, I, AT LEAST MAY FACE INSULTS TO SENTENCE THEM, BUT LET'S FORGET HIM -- TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF. --

OUR SCENE CHANGES TO LUCIFER'S CELL, THE BROODING KILLER IS ROUSED BY THE GUARD, AS HE ANNOUNCES A VISITOR

HEY 'LUCKY' THERE'S SOMEONE TO SEE YOU

DON'T FORGET, YOU GUYS, ONLY FIVE MINUTES. YOU'LL BE SEARCHED WHEN YOU LEAVE.

WELL, BOSS, WHAT NOW?

'FINGER' - I'M GOIN' TO COME BACK - I'VE GOT TO COME BACK! I'LL KILL THEM ALL. LISSEN CAREFUL, I'VE GOT A PLAN. ----

SPENCER STEEL

BY

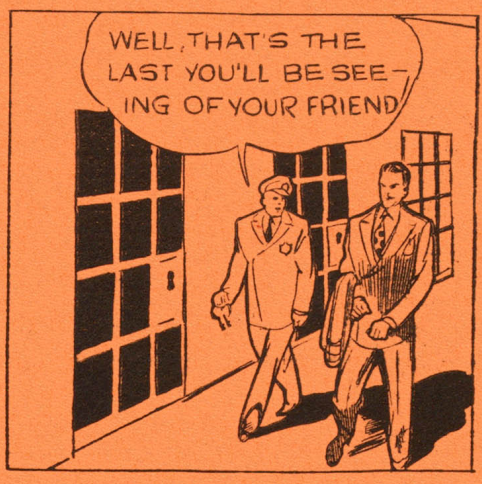
DENNIS COLEBROOK

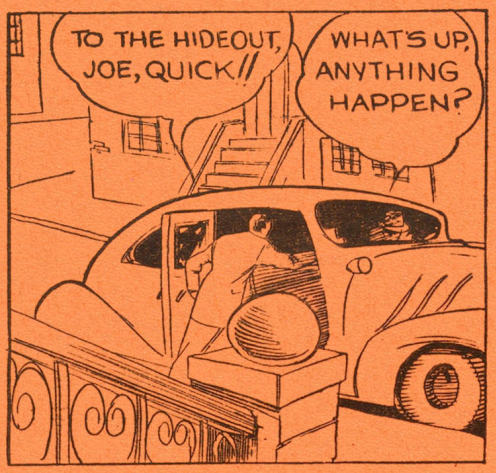


LUCKY' LUCIFER HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH.---IN A RAGE, HE VOWS TO COME BACK AFTER DEATH AND KILL THE JUDGE AND JURY



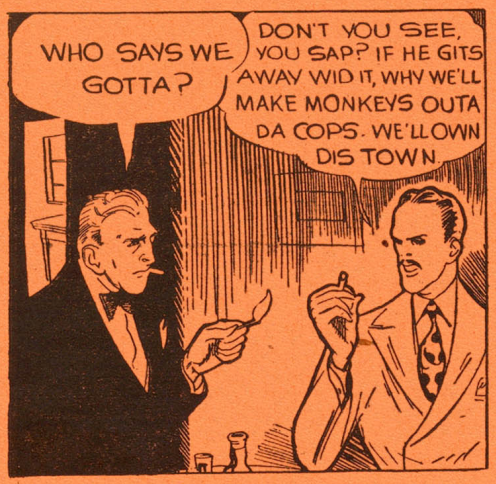








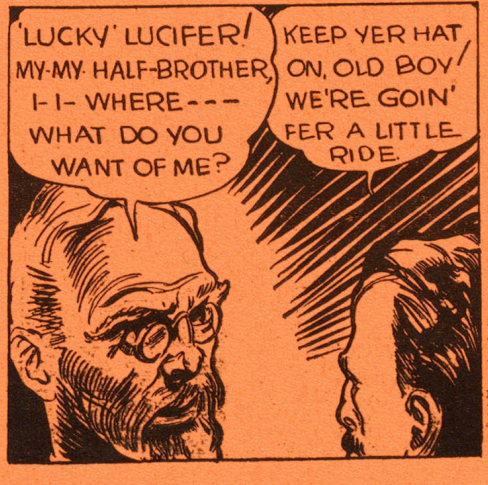














SPENCER STEEL

BY

DENNIS COLEBROOK

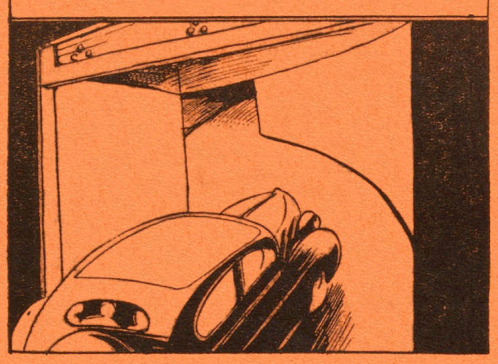
"FINGER," LUCKY LUCIFER'S HENCHMAN, ACCOMPANIED BY MEMBERS OF HIS GANG, CALLS ON DOCTOR BLITZEN, A PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.







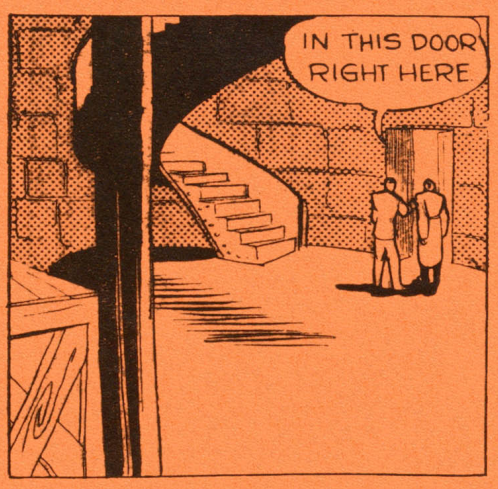
AS THE CAR APPROACHES AN OLD GARAGE, THE DRIVER HONKS HIS HORN; INSTANTLY THE STEEL DOOR LIFTS, REVEALING A LONG DRIVEWAY.

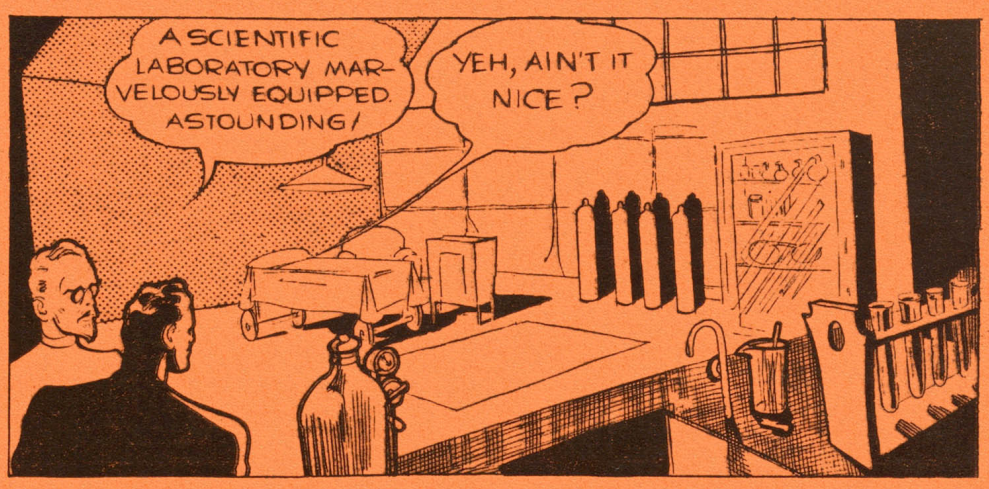




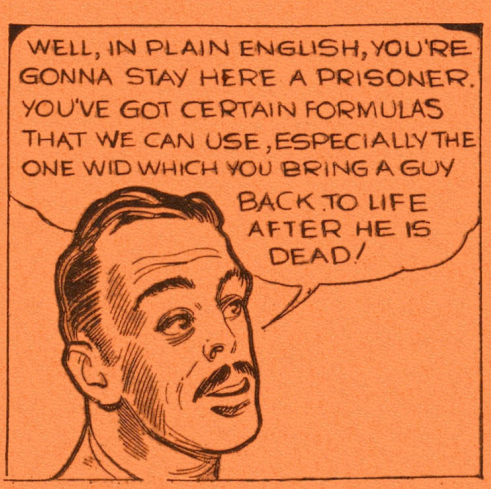
'FINGER' PAUSES BEFORE A WALL HE PRESSES A LOOSE STONE; INSTANTLY THE WALL PARTS, REVEALING AN ELEVATOR.









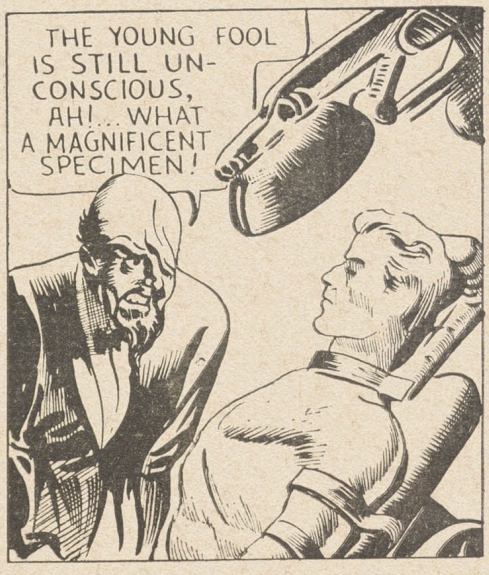


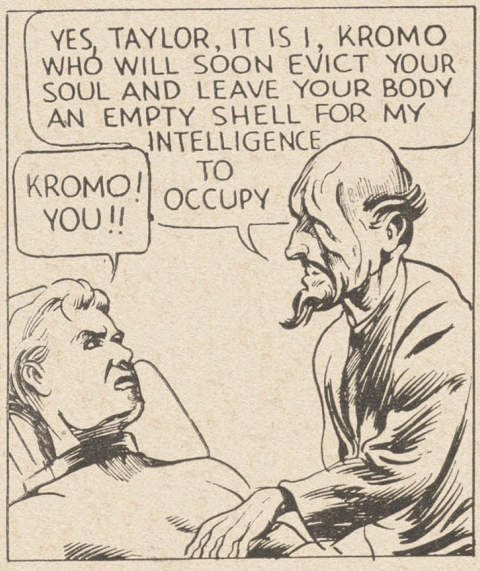


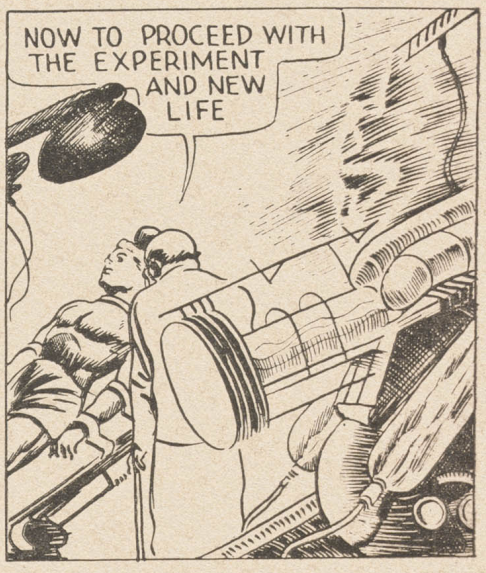
THE DIARY OF DR. HAYWARD

BY CURT DAVIS

IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE A LONG FORGOTTEN NAME COMES TO THE LIGHT OF MORTAL BEINGS. THE NAME IS KROMO --- ONCE A BRILLIANT MIND - RESPECTED BY MEN --- SUDDENLY THE SCIENTIST RETURNED, HIS FACE HORRIBLY DEFORMED, HIS MIND TWISTED-- STUART TAYLOR A YOUNG SCIENTIST FALLS PREY TO KROMO -----



















STUART TAYLOR WHOSE BODY NOW HARBORS THE SOUL OF KROMO, HAS JUST ARRIVED AT THE HOME OF DOCTOR HAYWARD.....

HELLO, STUART TELL US WHAT HAPPENED — WHERE IS KROMO?

KROMO WILL NEVER BOTHER US AGAIN / WHEN I TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM, THERE WAS A STRUGGLE AND HE FELL INTO A TANK OF ACID WHICH DISSOLVED HIS ENTIRE BODY.

I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY AFTER I'VE DRESSED FOR DINNER

STUART IS BEHAVING VERY STRANGELY — SOMETHING IS WRONG — I CAN FEEL IT.

I'M SORRY I STARTLED YOU, DARLING. SHALL WE GO IN TO DINNER?

WHY, STUART

AFTER DINNER, LORA AND DOCTOR HAYWARD LISTEN TO THE TRUMPED UP DETAILS OF KROMO'S SUPPOSED DEATH...

...I WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM, HE TOPPLED INTO THE ACID VAT AND DIED HORRIBLY!

THE TRIO THEN RETIRE TO THEIR ROOMS ...LORA IS PREPARING FOR BED.

THE DOOR BEHIND HER OPENS SLOWLY, AS SHE STARES IN SURPRISE AT THE MIRROR.

STUART! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

LORA DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT SHE IS ADDRESSING KROMO, WHOSE MAD BRAIN GOVERNS STUARTS BODY.....

WELL, STUART! I'M WAITING FOR AN EXPLANATION OF YOUR UNMANNERLY CONDUCT

WHY SO UPSET LORA? I ONLY DROPPED IN TO SAY GOOD NIGHT.

OH, STUART! WHY DO YOU ACT THIS WAY. IT ISN'T LIKE YOU AT ALL!

KROMO GAZES INTENTLY AT THE GIRL THROUGH STUART'S EYES. ~ SUDDENLY HE CLASPS HER IN HIS ARMS IN A FIERCE EMBRACE

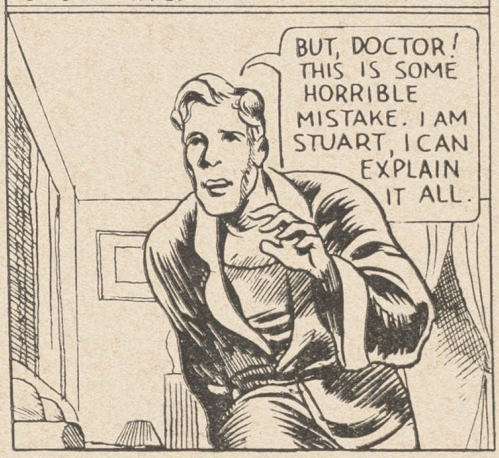




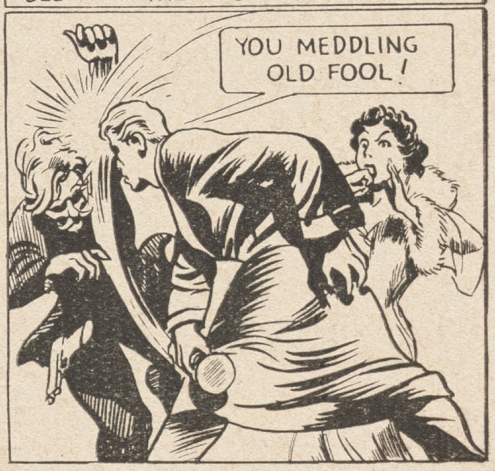




UNSEEN BY DOCTOR HAYWARD, KROMO ADVANCES TOWARD HIM WITH A CANDLE-STICK GRIPPED IN HIS RIGHT HAND...



KROMO STRIKES WITH THE SPEED OF A COBRA, DELIVERING A SMASHING BLOW TO THE THE DOCTOR'S HEAD.









LORA IS SHOCKED AT THIS COLD-BLOODED REMARK, SHE STARES AT STUART. HIS EYES ARE AGLOW WITH AN UNHOLY LIGHT. THEY SEEM TO POSSESS LIFE OF THEIR OWN.

IT IS UNCANNY THE WAY THOSE EYES BURN LIKE BRIGHT RED OVALS, WHILE THE FACE IS PALE AND EXPRESSIONLESS ~ LORA HAS SEEN THOSE CRUEL EYES BEFORE.....



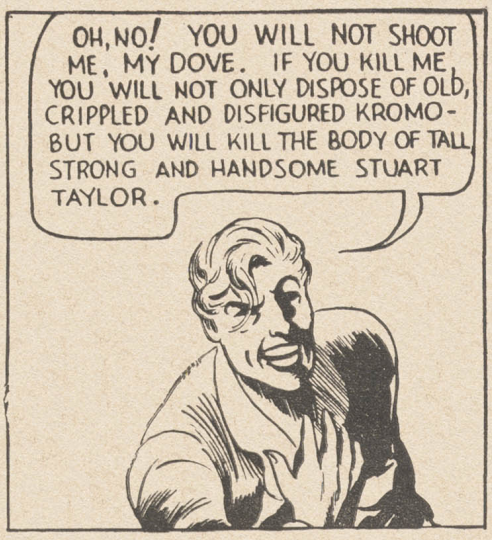
THE HORROR-STRICKEN GIRL LOOKS FOR AN AVENUE OF ESCAPE — SUDDENLY SHE NOTICES THE DOCTOR'S AUTOMATIC.



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, LORA GRASPS THE WEAPON TIGHTLY AND POINTS IT AT THE MENACING KROMO





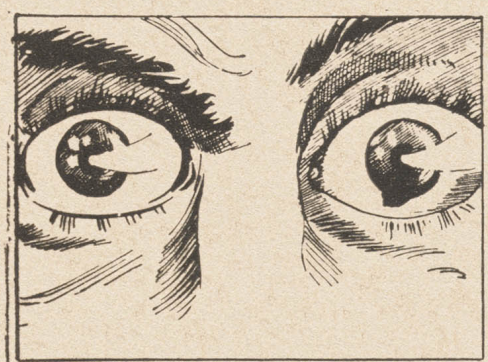








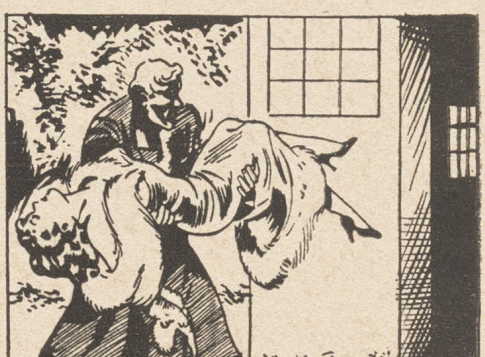




AGAIN THOSE BURNING, SOUL PIERCING EYES ADVANCE, BECOMING LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL THEY SEEM TO FILL THE ENTIRE ROOM WITH THEIR UNHOLY RADIANCE....



LORAS BRAIN IS ENVELOPED IN A GREY FOG WHICH BECOMES BLACKER UNTIL SHE SEEMS TO FLOAT IN A SEA OF ENDLESS BLACK

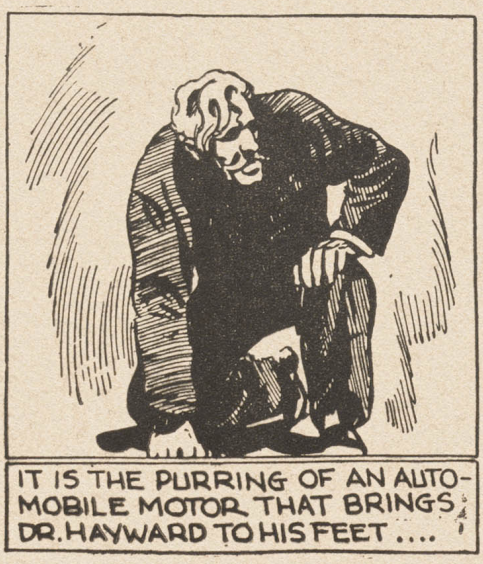


WITH THE GIRL'S LIMP FORM IN HIS ARMS, KROMO, HEADS FOR THE GARAGE--

MEANWHILE THE STILL FORM OF DR. HAYWARD, STIRS SLIGHTLY AND SLOWLY RIGHTS ITSELF INTO A SITTING POSITION....



UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES SYNDICATE
205 EAST 42ND STREET NEW YORK N.Y.



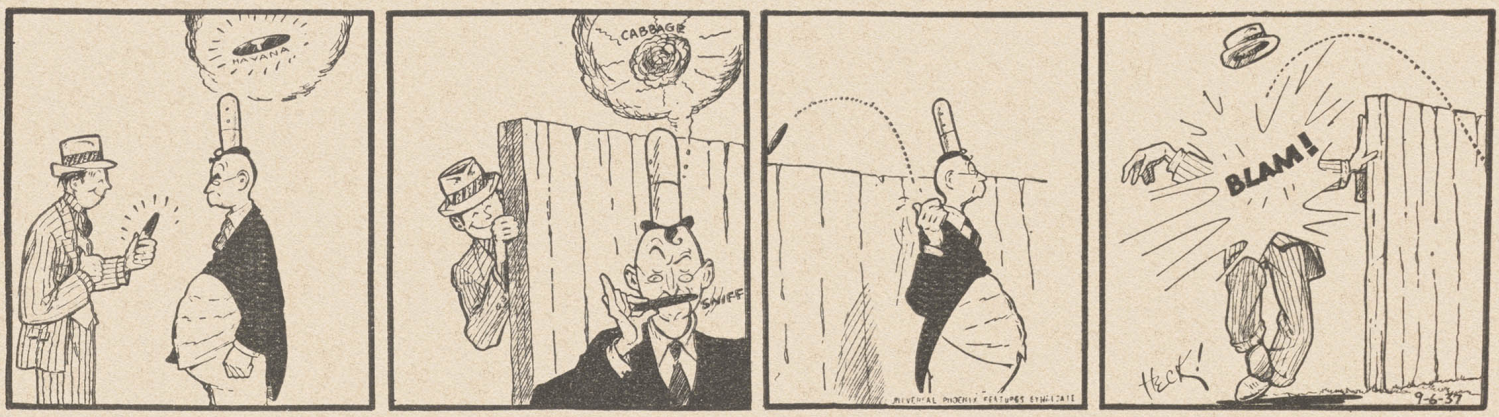
IT IS THE PURRING OF AN AUTO-MOBILE MOTOR THAT BRINGS DR. HAYWARD TO HIS FEET....

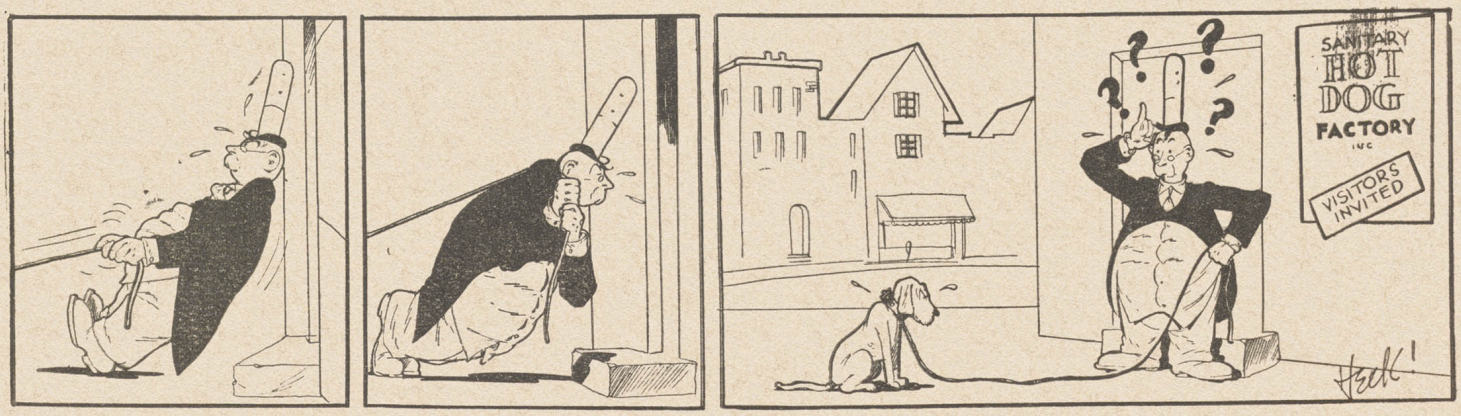


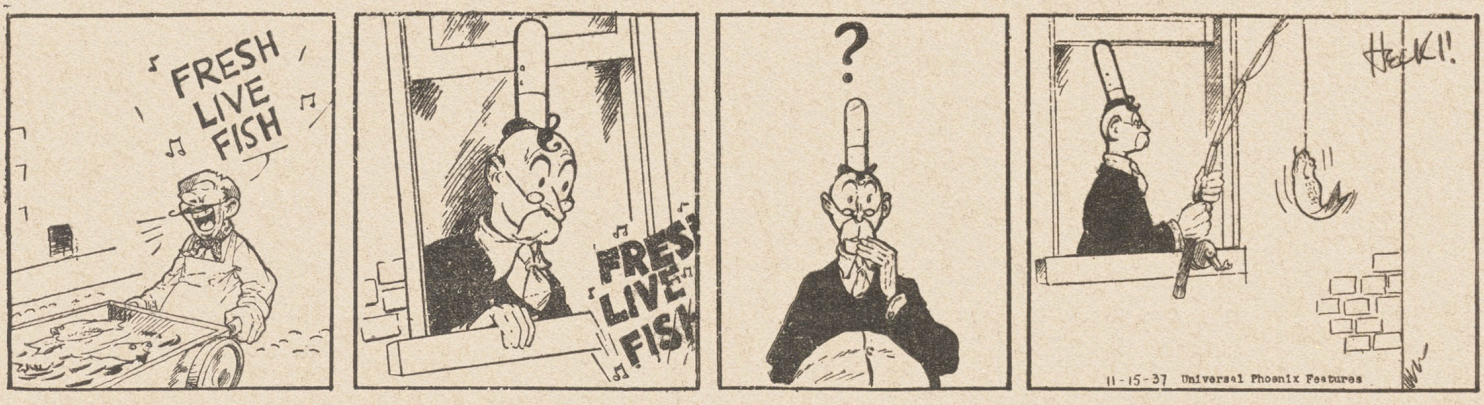
HE STAGGERS TO THE PORCH IN TIME TO SEE KROMO DRIVING OFF WITH THE SLEEPING GIRL...

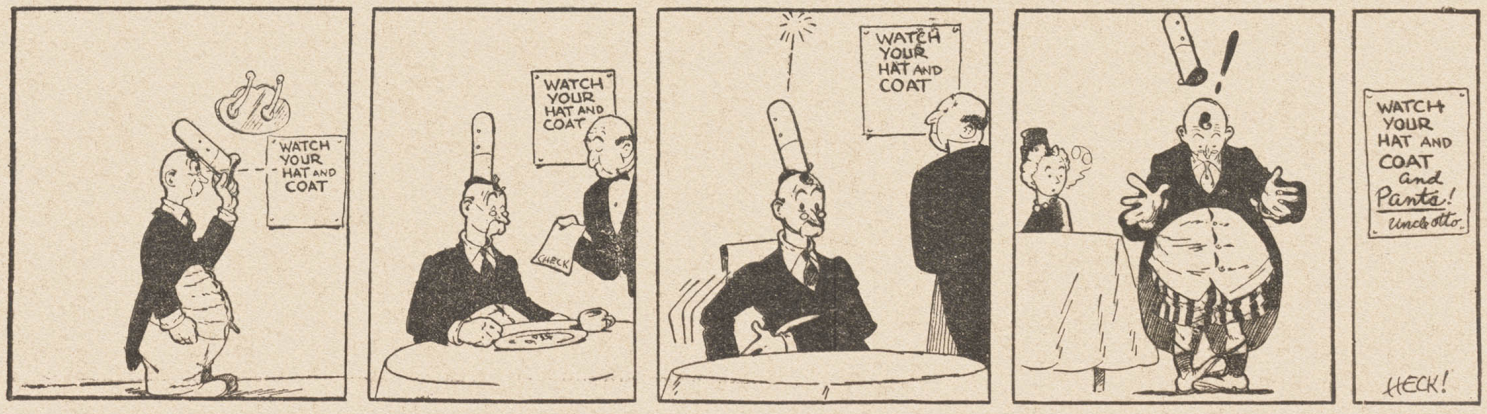
UNCLE OTTO

By CARL HECK

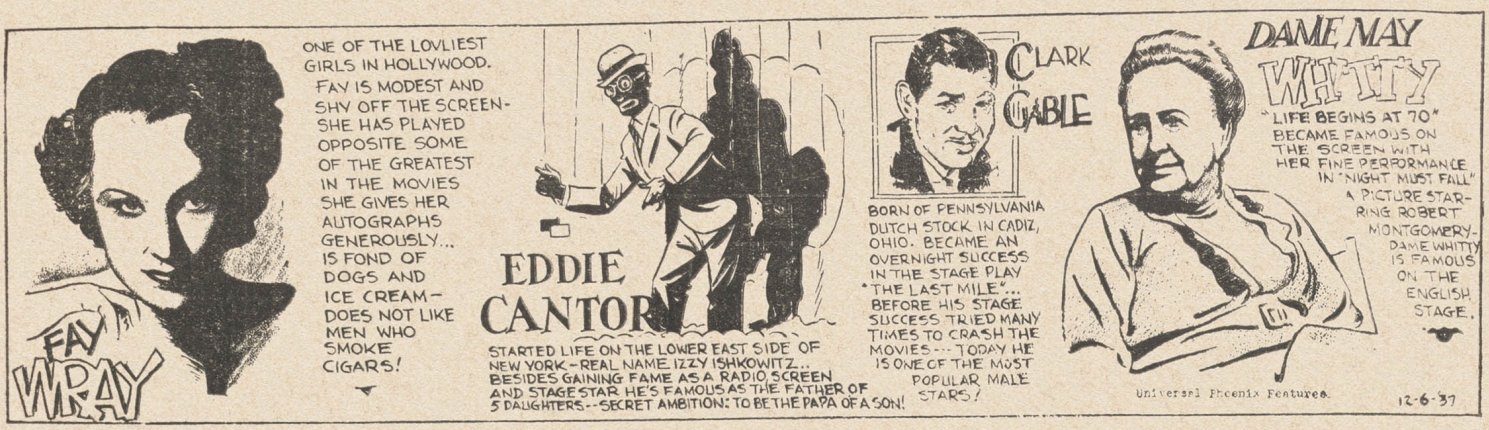


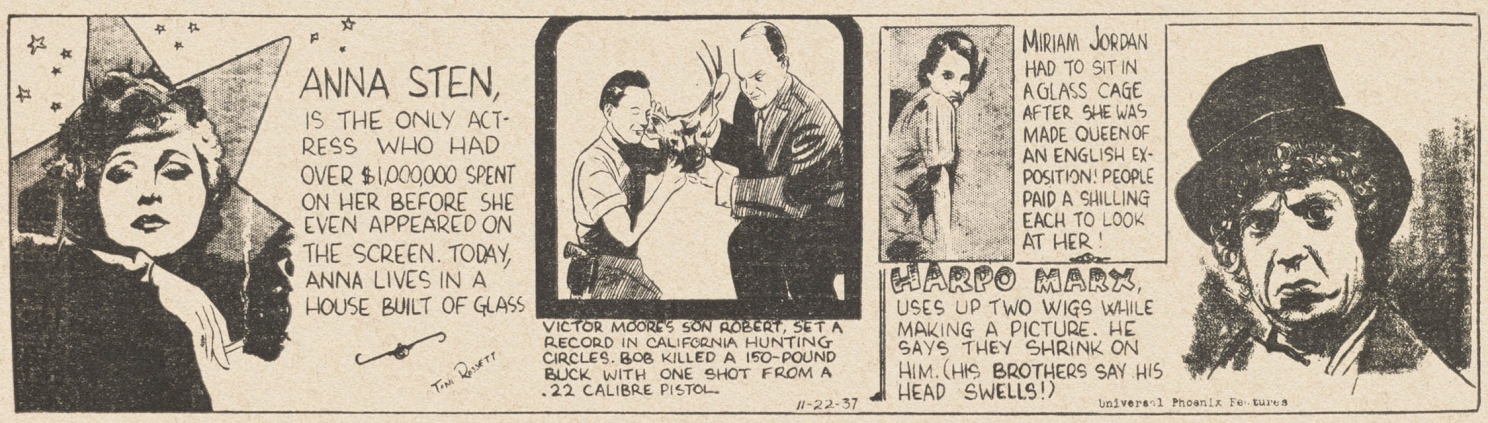


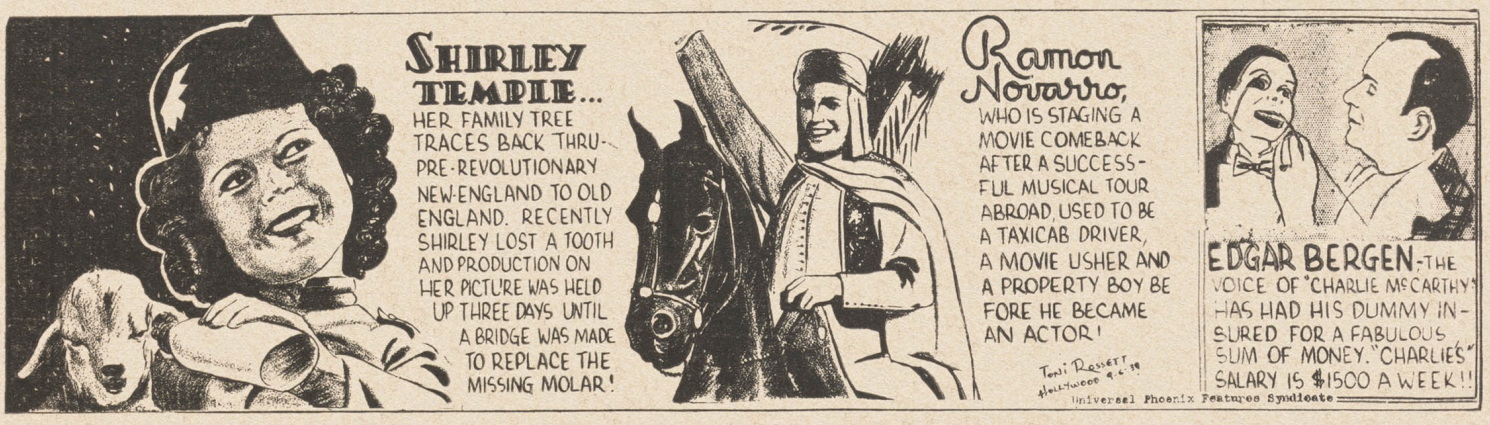


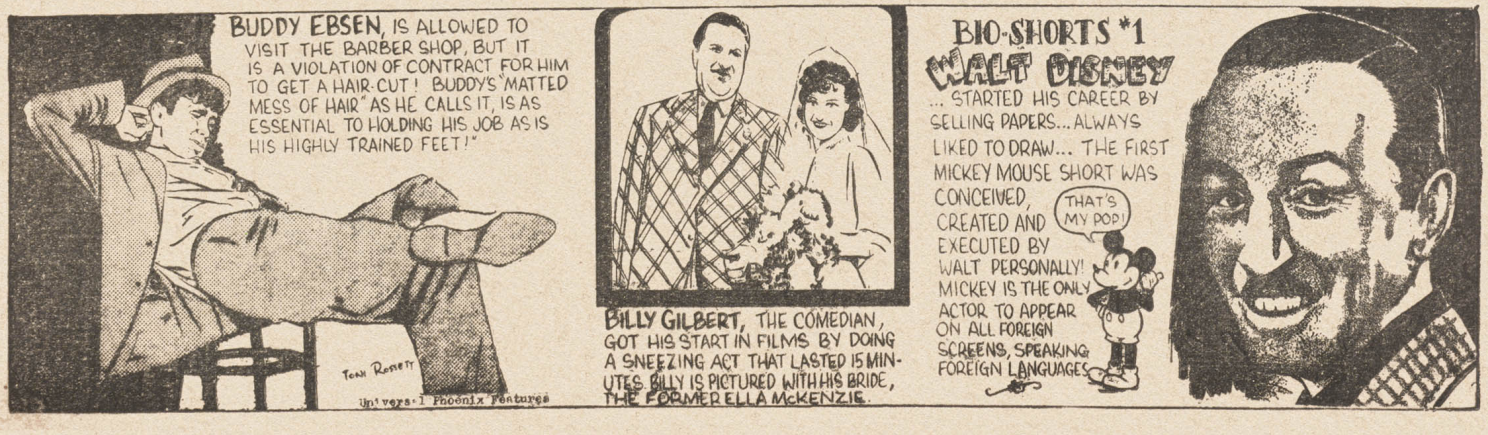


STARS ON PARADE + + + By LORA LANE

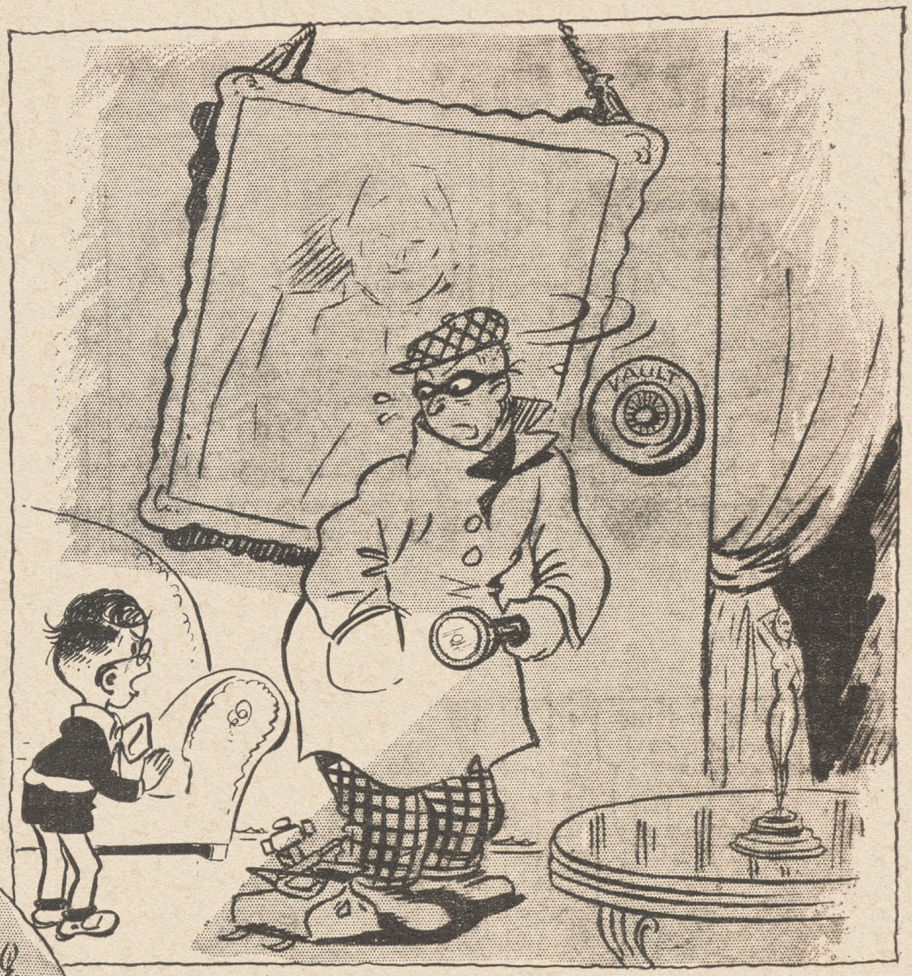




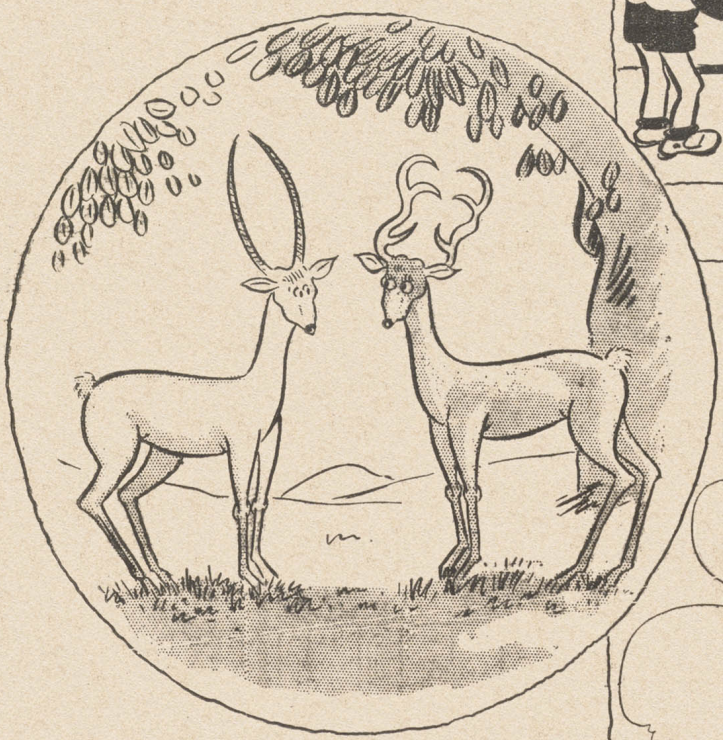




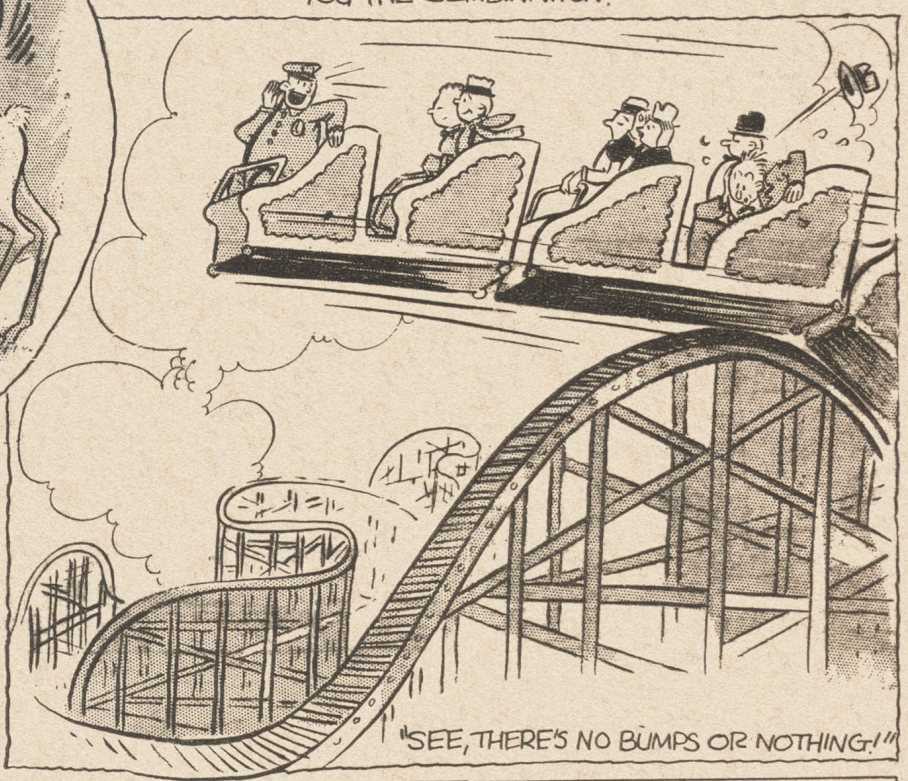
JEST LAFFS



"IF YOU SPLIT – I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMBINATION!"

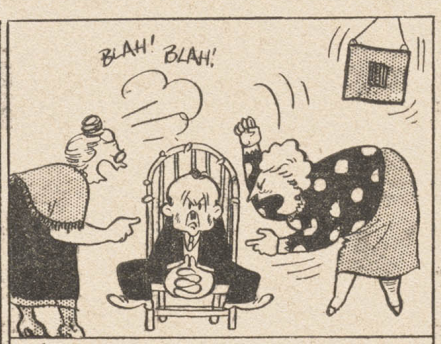


"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW PERMANENT, DEER?"



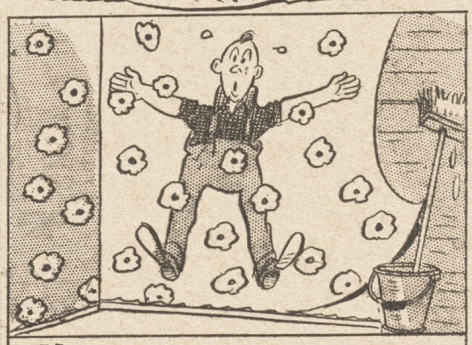
"SEE, THERE'S NO BUMPS OR NOTHING!"

PHIL-OS-SAP-PIES



"THE PENALTY FOR BIGAMY – IS TWO MOTHERS-IN-LAW!"

5



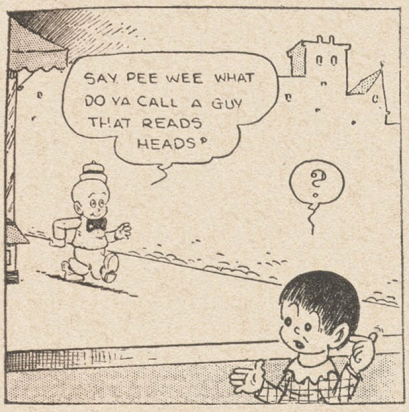
MANY A PAPER HANGER – HAS HIS BACK "TO THE WALL".

SLIGHT ERRORS



PEE WEE

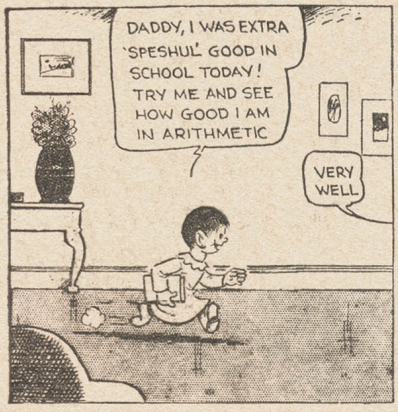
By S. M. IGER



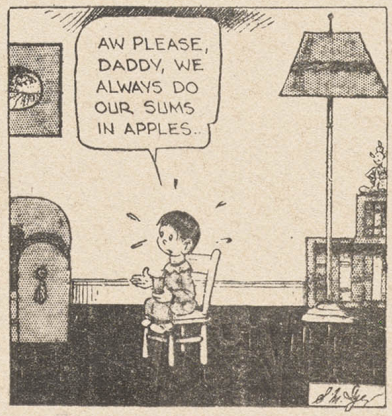


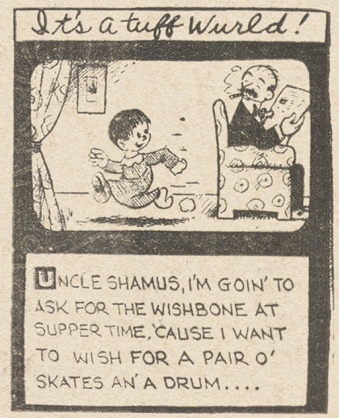




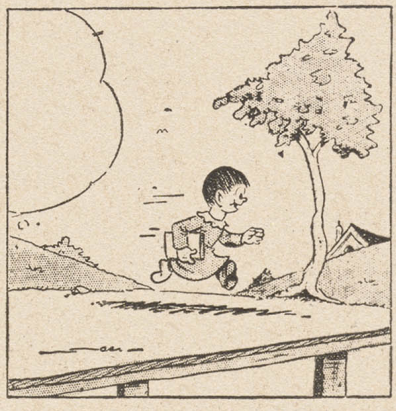




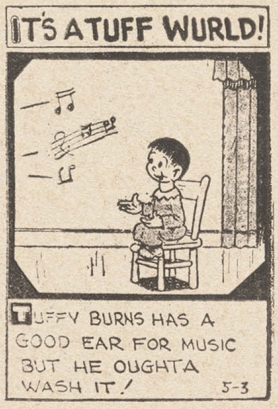


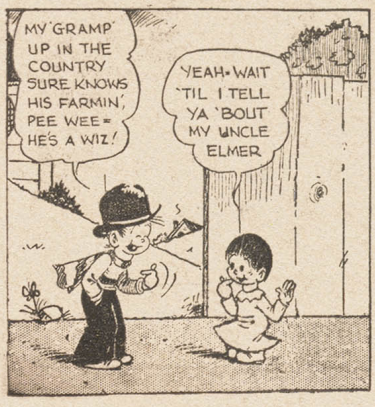


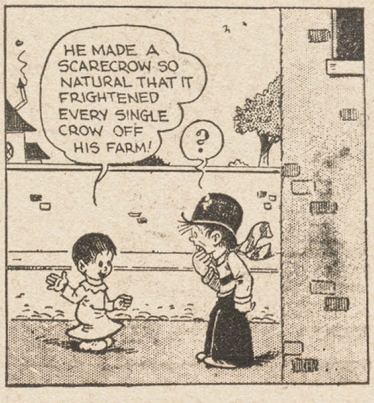




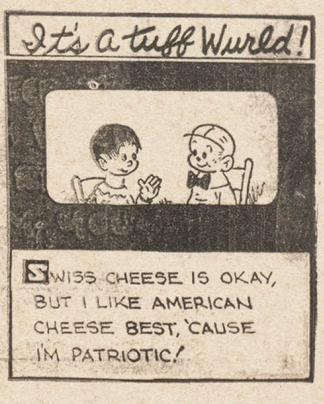












SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

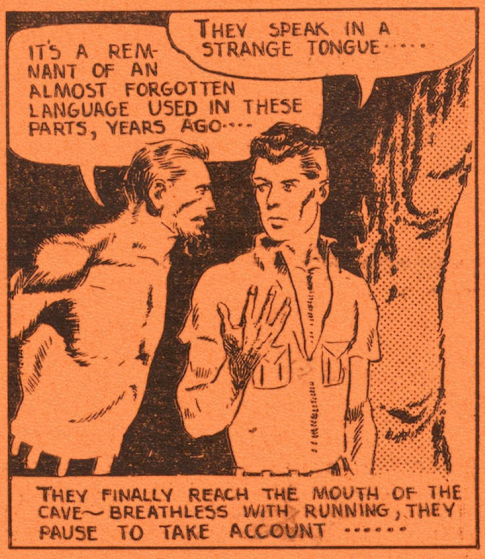
by
W. MORGAN THOMAS



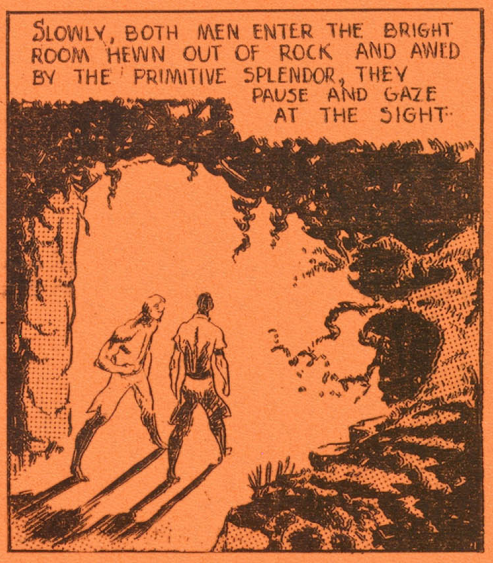
BOB KNOCKS OUT THE GUARD STATIONED AT HIS HUT AND HEADS FOR THE CAVE IN WHICH SHEENA HOLDS COURT····VAN DYKE FOLLOWS·····



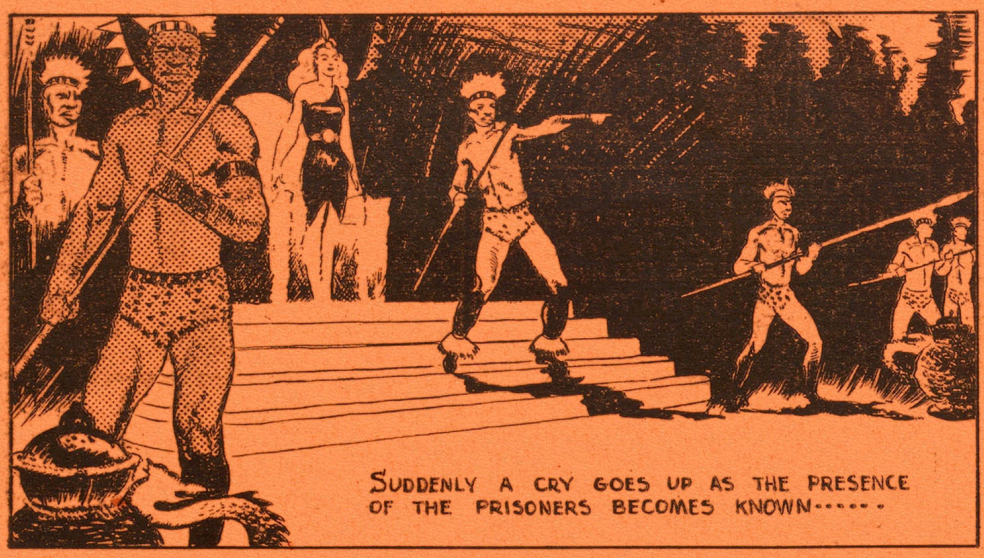
LIKE FLEETING SHADOWS, THE PAIR RUN FROM COVER TO COVER···



THEY FINALLY REACH THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE—BREATHLESS WITH RUNNING, THEY PAUSE TO TAKE ACCOUNT ·····



SLOWLY, BOTH MEN ENTER THE BRIGHT ROOM HEWN OUT OF ROCK AND AWED BY THE PRIMITIVE SPLENDOR, THEY PAUSE AND GAZE AT THE SIGHT·



SUDDENLY A CRY GOES UP AS THE PRESENCE OF THE PRISONERS BECOMES KNOWN·····



UPON SHEENA'S COMMAND, SEVERAL NATIVES RUSH FORWARD TO SEIZE BOB AND VAN DYKE····



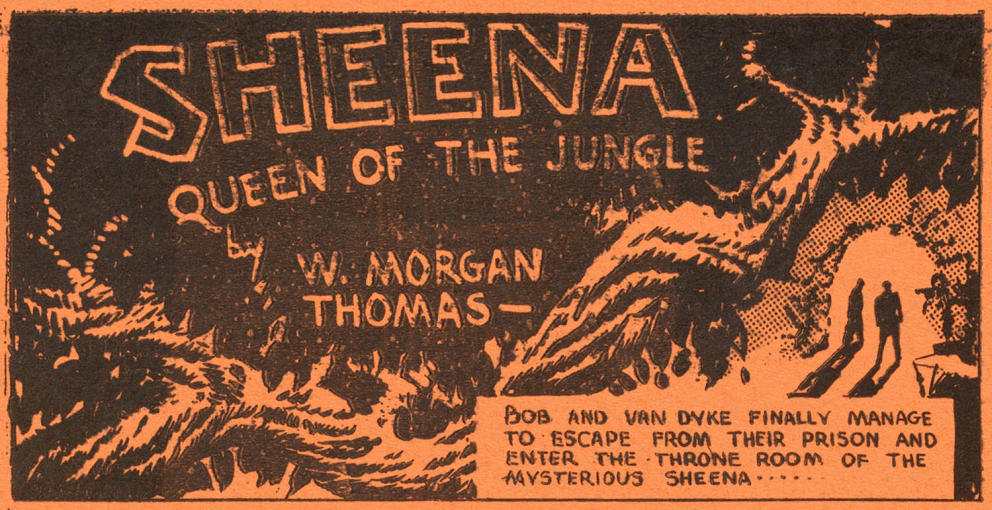
INSTANTLY PROFESSOR VAN DYKE RAISES BOTH OF HIS HANDS AND SHOUTS ABOVE THE CLAMOR IN THE STRANGE LANGUAGE OF THE NATIVES·····

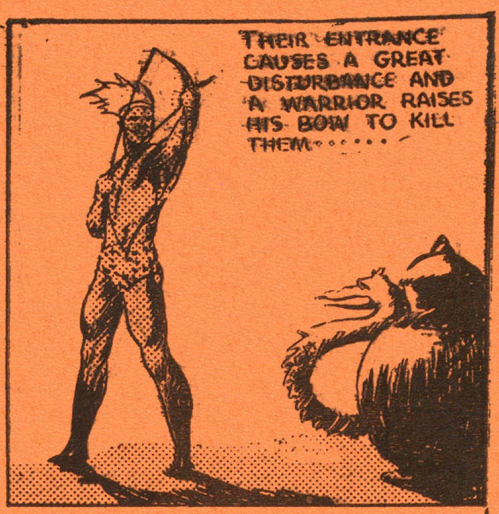


AT THIS, THE ATTACKERS STOP IN THEIR TRACKS, BEWILDERED AT THE SOUND OF A WHITE MAN SHOUTING FRIEND" IN THEIR NATIVE TONGUE ·····



ONLY ONE, AT THE FAR END OF THE CAVE, NEAR THE THRONE, DRAWS HIS BOW·····


SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE
by W. MORGAN THOMAS—
BOB AND VAN DYKE FINALLY MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THEIR PRISON AND ENTER THE THRONE ROOM OF THE MYSTERIOUS SHEENA.....

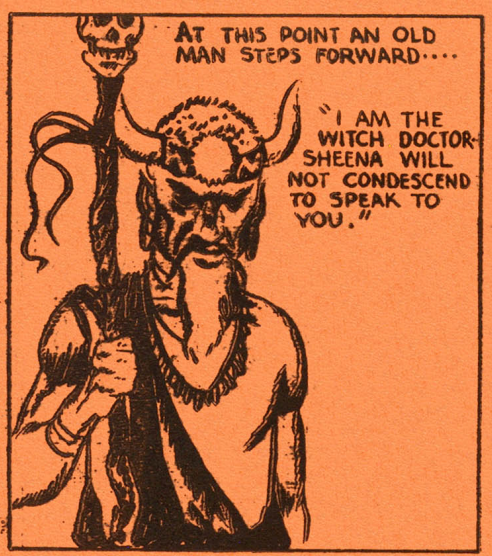

THEIR ENTRANCE CAUSES A GREAT DISTURBANCE AND A WARRIOR RAISES HIS BOW TO KILL THEM.....

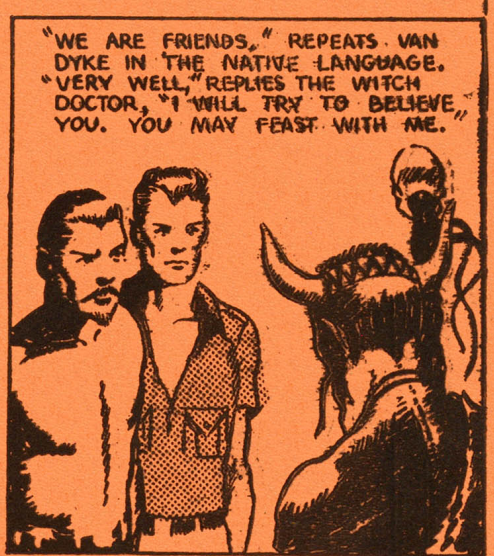

MAGUALI TUA NO'T!
SHEENA VOICES A STERN COMMAND.


THE ARCHER DROPS HIS ARMS OBEDIENTLY BUT SCOWLS AT THE APPROACHING WHITE MEN...


AMAZING! SHE HAS COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THESE NATIVES!
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.. ....BEAUTIFUL!


KUBALAI MOI SHEENA KUMOLTAI
THEY PAUSE BEFORE THE PLATFORM...


AT THIS POINT AN OLD MAN STEPS FORWARD....
"I AM THE WITCH DOCTOR. SHEENA WILL NOT CONDESCEND TO SPEAK TO YOU."


"WE ARE FRIENDS," REPEATS VAN DYKE IN THE NATIVE LANGUAGE. "VERY WELL," REPLIES THE WITCH DOCTOR, "I WILL TRY TO BELIEVE YOU. YOU MAY FEAST WITH ME."


THE THREE SUBSEQUENTLY SIT DOWN TO A LARGE MEAL... AS THE EVENING WEARS ON, PRODDED BY VAN DYKE, THE WITCH DOCTOR AGREES TO REVEAL THE HISTORY OF THE TRIBE.....


PUFFING MEDITATIVELY AT HIS PIPE, THE OLD CONJURER BEGINS HIS STRANGE TALE.....
MESKIN—
13

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

by W. MORGAN THOMAS

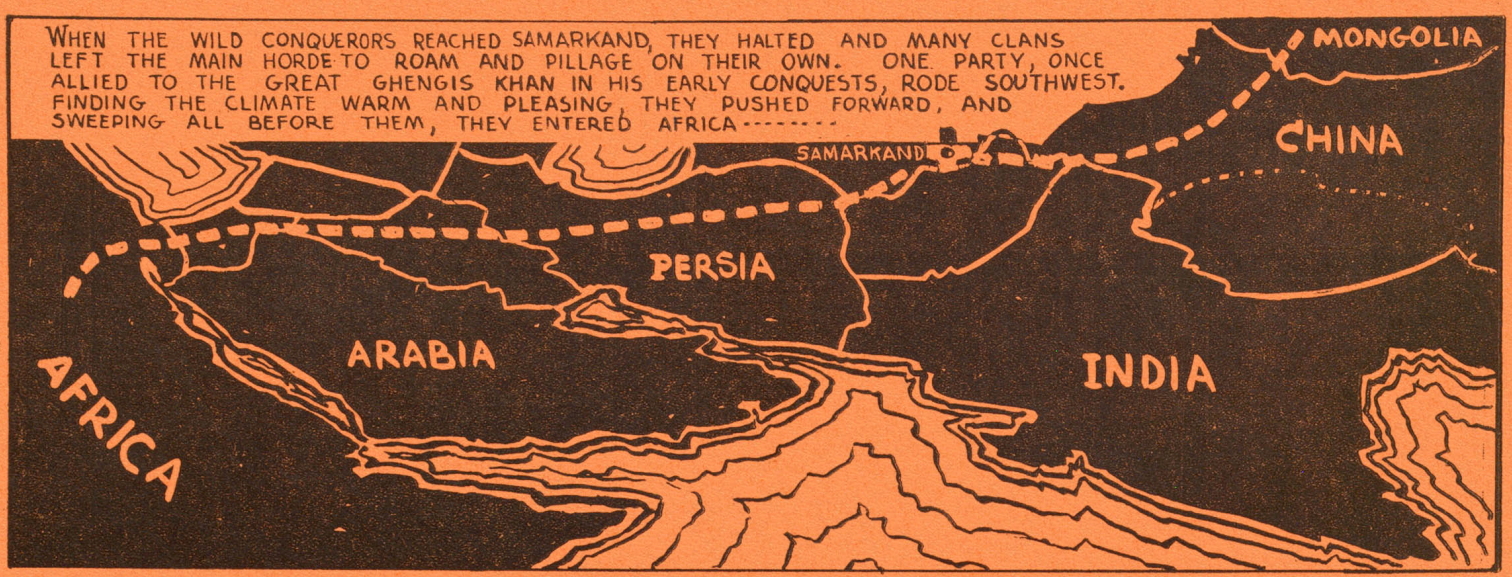




THE WITCH-DOCTOR BEGINS HIS TALE---------"MANY CENTURIES AGO, THE TARTARS SWEPT DOWN FROM THE BARREN PLAINS OF THE GOBI--

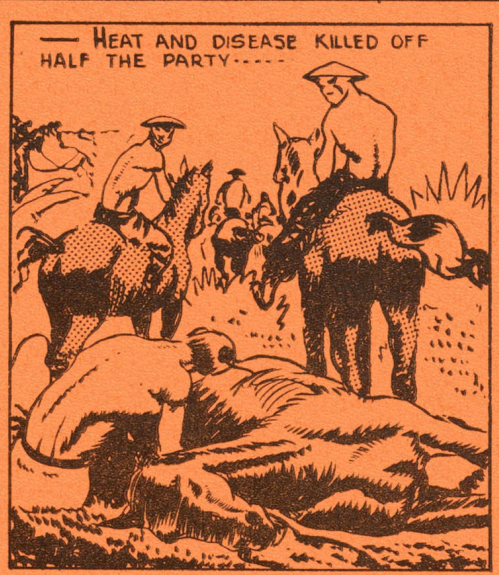


WHEN THE WILD CONQUERORS REACHED SAMARKAND, THEY HALTED AND MANY CLANS LEFT THE MAIN HORDE TO ROAM AND PILLAGE ON THEIR OWN. ONE PARTY, ONCE ALLIED TO THE GREAT GHENGIS KHAN IN HIS EARLY CONQUESTS, RODE SOUTHWEST. FINDING THE CLIMATE WARM AND PLEASING, THEY PUSHED FORWARD, AND SWEEPING ALL BEFORE THEM, THEY ENTERED AFRICA--------





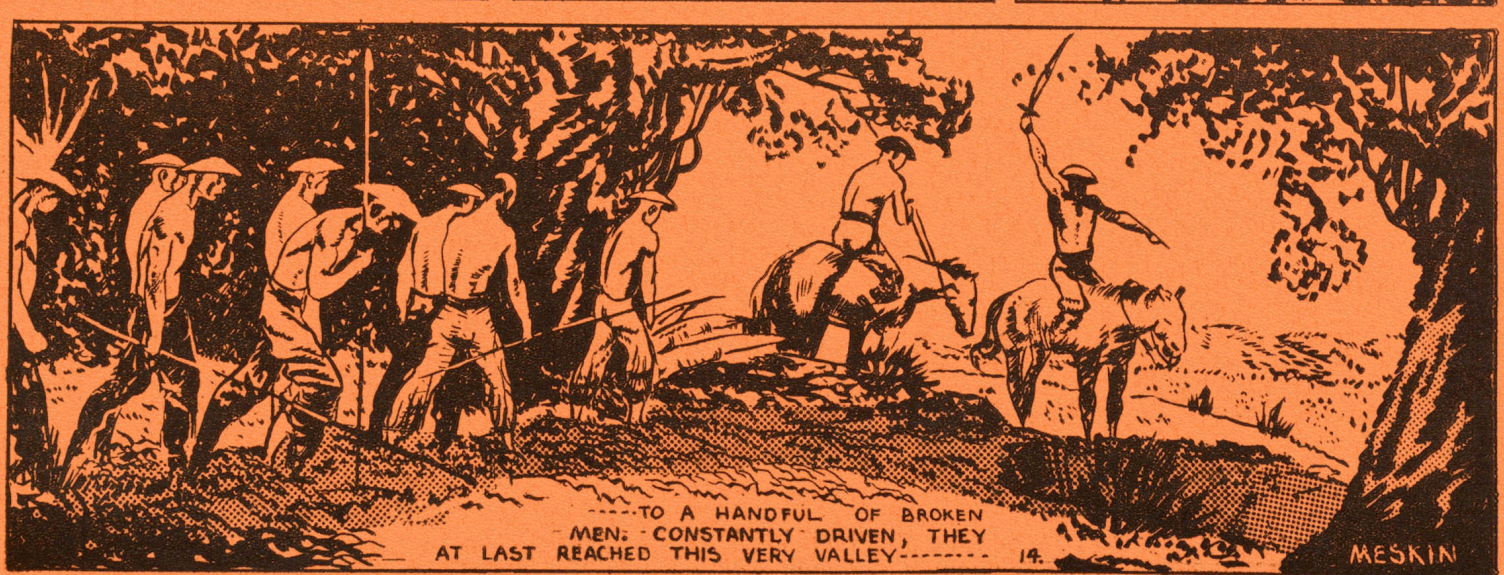
BUT SOON THEIR FORTUNES CHANGED-- INSTEAD OF THE MERCILESS HARD-RIDING CONQUERORS, THEY NOW BECAME HUNTED--------



—HEAT AND DISEASE KILLED OFF HALF THE PARTY-----



SAVAGES AND OTHER MISHAPS REDUCED THE ONCE IMPOSING HORDE---



-----TO A HANDFUL OF BROKEN MEN. CONSTANTLY DRIVEN, THEY AT LAST REACHED THIS VERY VALLEY--------

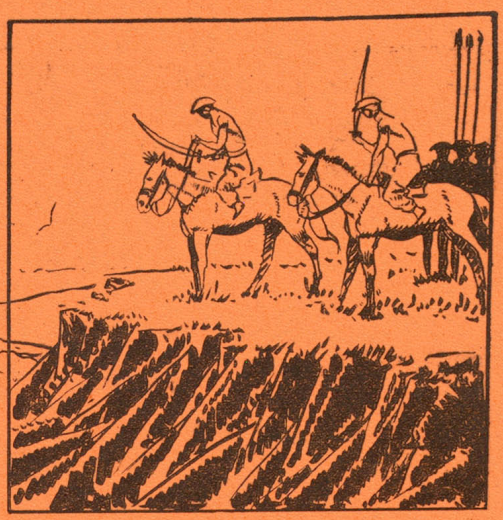
MESKIN

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

by

W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE HORDE OF MONGOLS AT LAST REACHED A HIDDEN VALLEY, HERE THEY SOUGHT A HAVEN FROM THE SLOW DEATH DEALT BY THE AFRICAN TROPICS - - - - - - - -

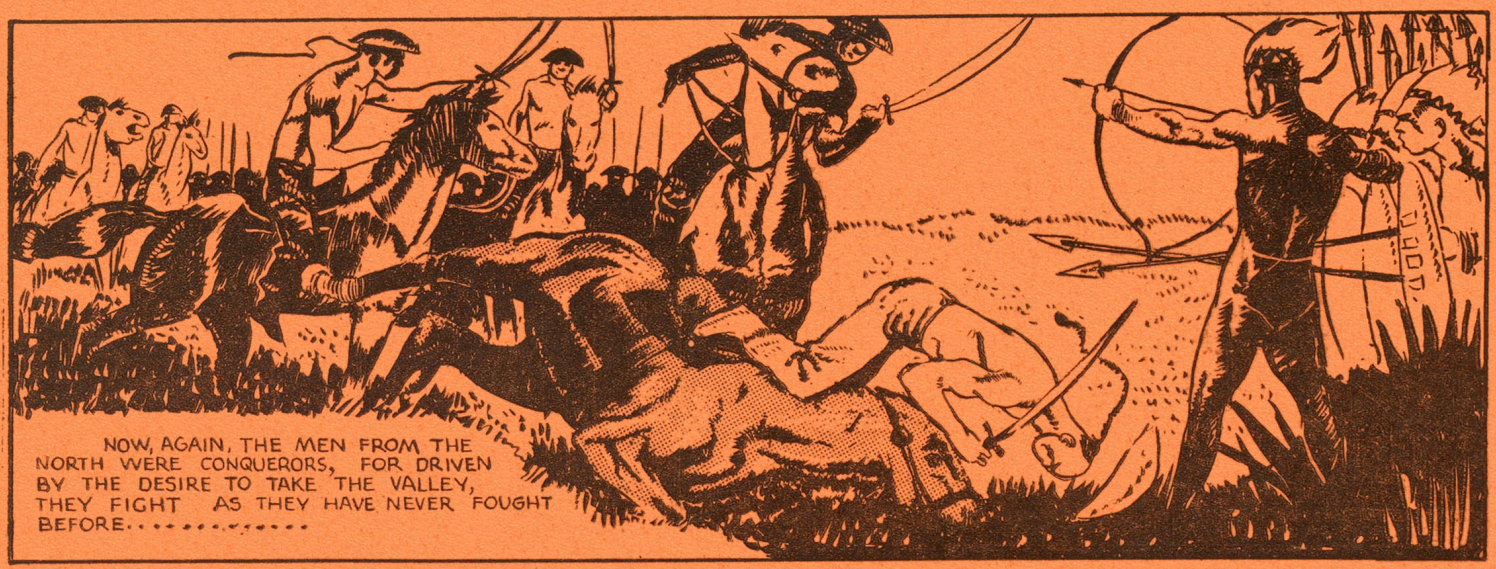


GATHERING WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIS SOLDIERS, THE LEADER GUIDED THE DELIGHTED MEN INTO THE COOL VALLEY



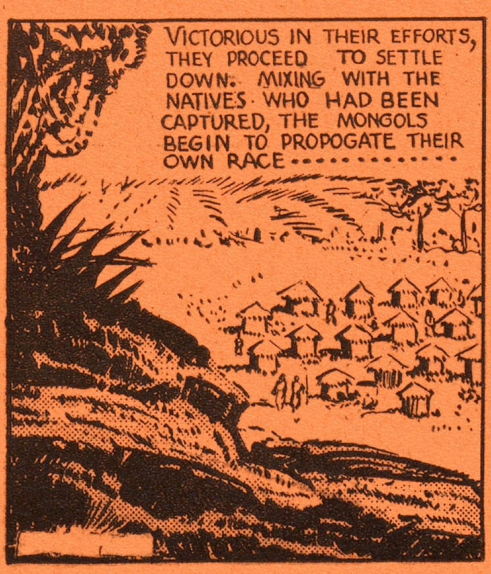
BUT EVEN THIS LAND WAS NOT FOR THE ASKING. HUNDREDS OF NATIVES ISSUED FROM THE THICKETS AND SET UPON THE TARTARS....





NOW, AGAIN, THE MEN FROM THE NORTH WERE CONQUERORS, FOR DRIVEN BY THE DESIRE TO TAKE THE VALLEY, THEY FIGHT AS THEY HAVE NEVER FOUGHT BEFORE.....

VICTORIOUS IN THEIR EFFORTS, THEY PROCEED TO SETTLE DOWN. MIXING WITH THE NATIVES WHO HAD BEEN CAPTURED, THE MONGOLS BEGIN TO PROPOGATE THEIR OWN RACE.....



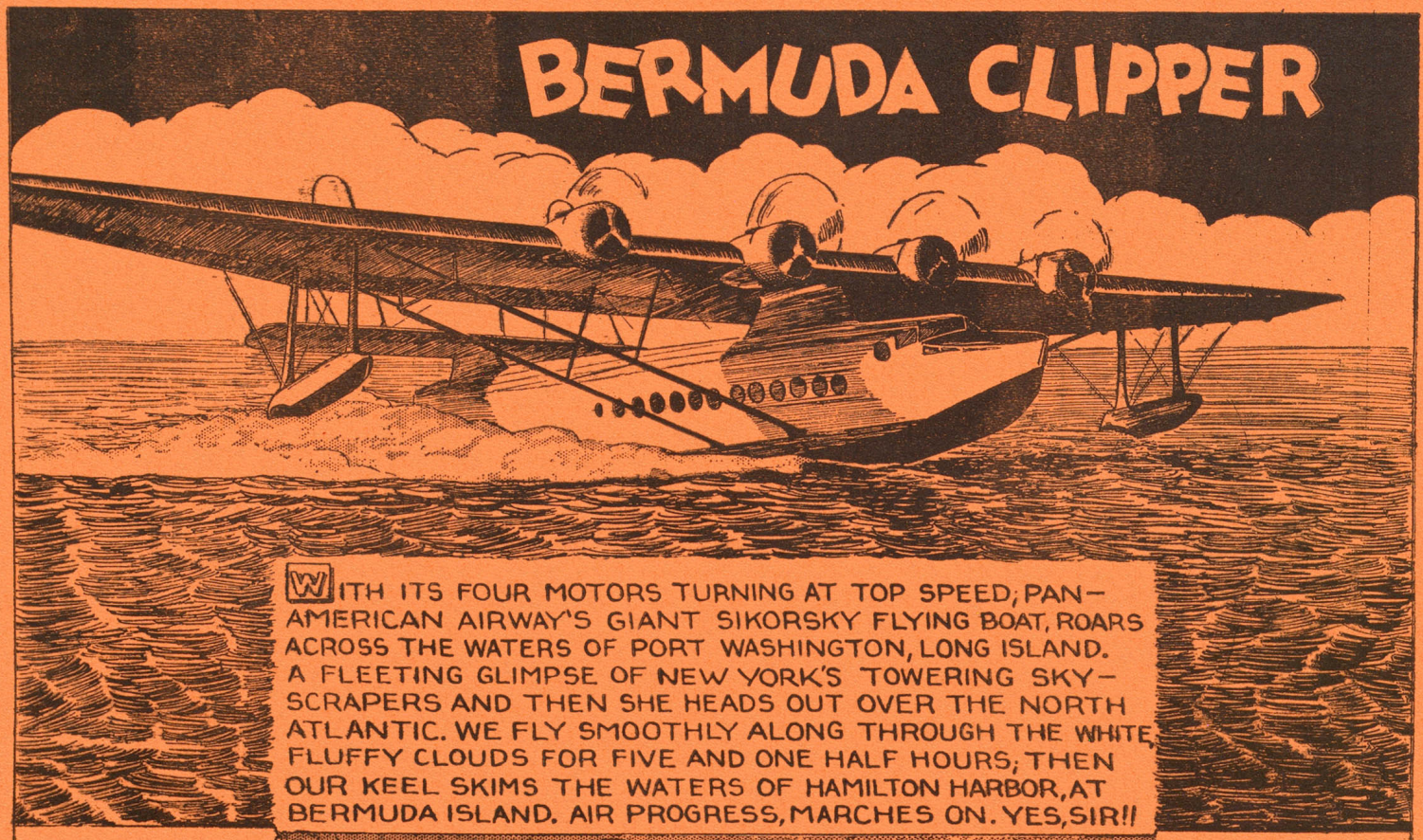


HERE IN THE VILLAGE THAT ALONE SURVIVES THE LITTLE EMPIRE THEY CREATED, ARE RELICS OF THE ORIENTAL CIVILIZATION THEY BROUGHT WITH THEM FROM PERSIA AND OTHER COUNTRIES THROUGH WHICH THEY SWEPT.
"BUT, WHAT ABOUT SHEENA?" BOB ASKS THE WITCH DOCTOR.
"THAT IS ANOTHER STORY," REPLIES THE OLD CONJURER, "WHICH I SHALL NOW TELL YOU.....

MODERN 'PLANES and MODEL BUILDING

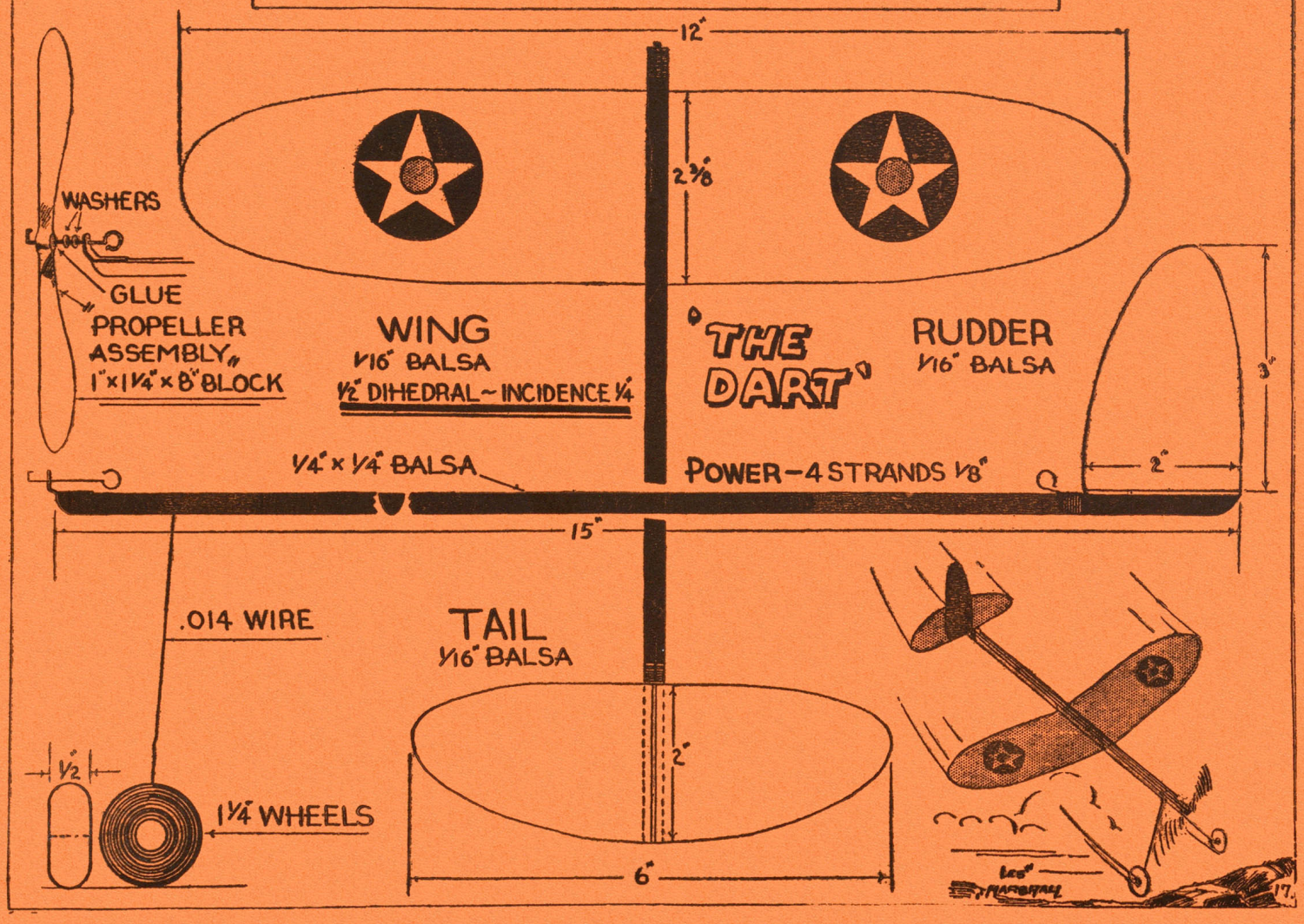
By LEE MARSHALL

BERMUDA CLIPPER



WITH ITS FOUR MOTORS TURNING AT TOP SPEED; PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAY'S GIANT SIKORSKY FLYING BOAT, ROARS ACROSS THE WATERS OF PORT WASHINGTON, LONG ISLAND. A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK'S TOWERING SKY-SCRAPERS AND THEN SHE HEADS OUT OVER THE NORTH ATLANTIC. WE FLY SMOOTHLY ALONG THROUGH THE WHITE, FLUFFY CLOUDS FOR FIVE AND ONE HALF HOURS; THEN OUR KEEL SKIMS THE WATERS OF HAMILTON HARBOR, AT BERMUDA ISLAND. AIR PROGRESS, MARCHES ON. YES, SIR!!

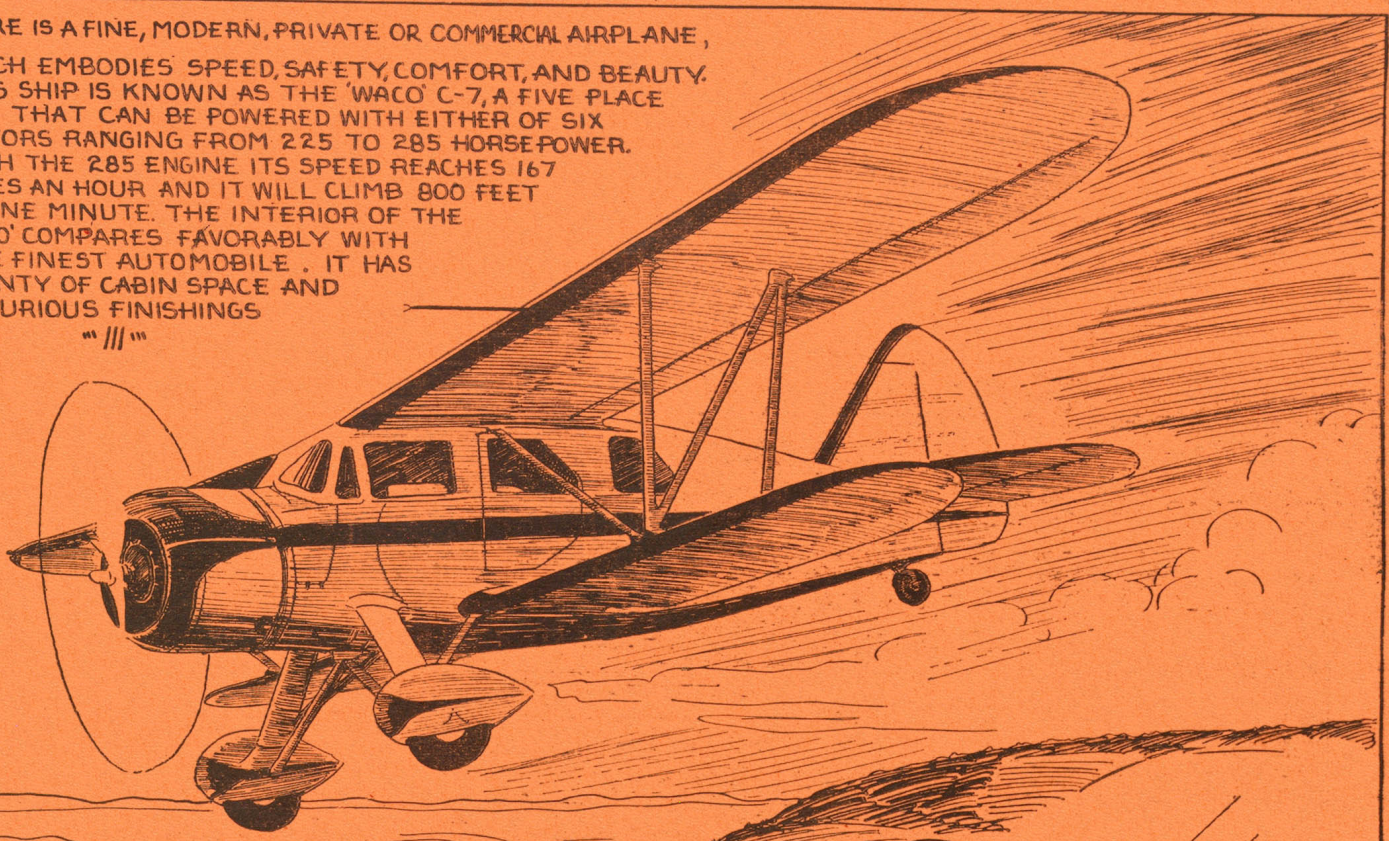
THE MODEL LABORATORY

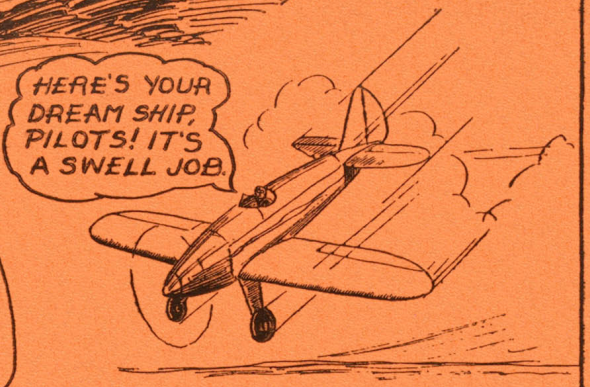


MODERN 'PLANES and MODEL BUILDING

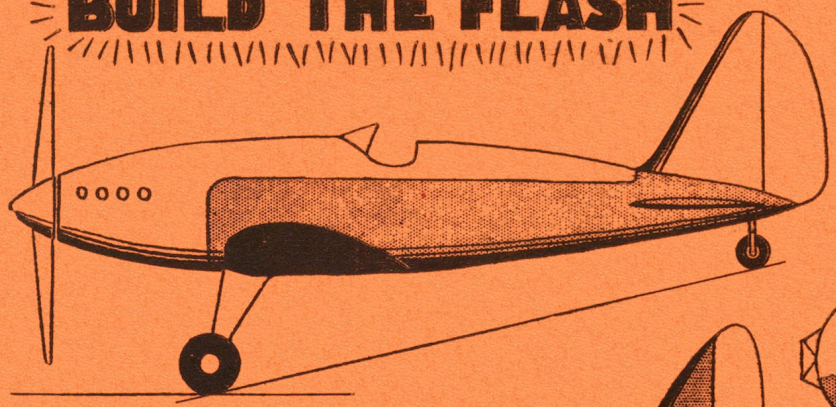
by LES MARTIN

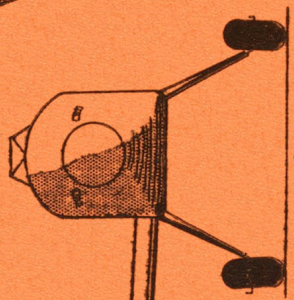
HERE IS A FINE, MODERN, PRIVATE OR COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE, WHICH EMBODIES SPEED, SAFETY, COMFORT, AND BEAUTY. THIS SHIP IS KNOWN AS THE 'WACO' C-7, A FIVE PLACE JOB THAT CAN BE POWERED WITH EITHER OF SIX MOTORS RANGING FROM 225 TO 285 HORSEPOWER. WITH THE 285 ENGINE ITS SPEED REACHES 167 MILES AN HOUR AND IT WILL CLIMB 800 FEET IN ONE MINUTE. THE INTERIOR OF THE 'WACO' COMPARES FAVORABLY WITH THE FINEST AUTOMOBILE. IT HAS PLENTY OF CABIN SPACE AND LUXURIOUS FINISHINGS

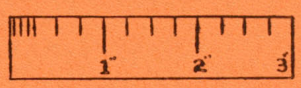




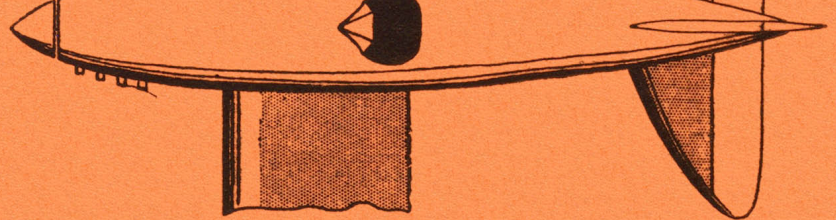
BUILD THE FLASH

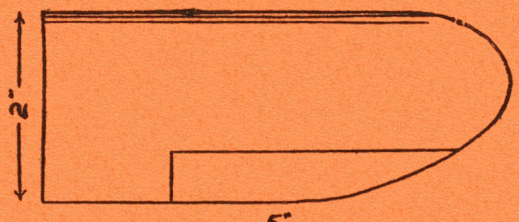






"USE THE ABOVE SCALE FOR FINDING MEASUREMENTS. THE RULE EQUALS 3"





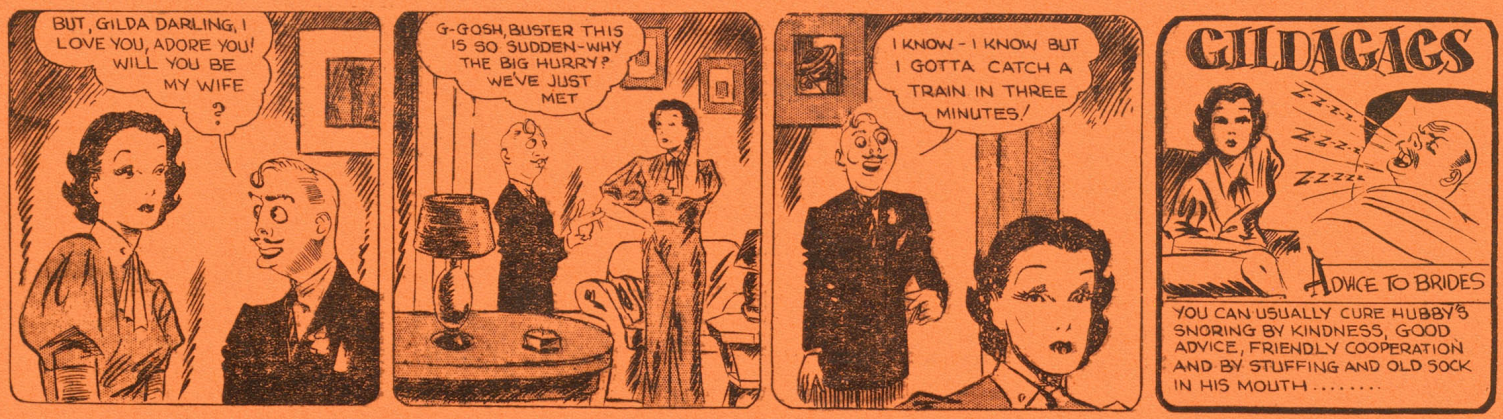


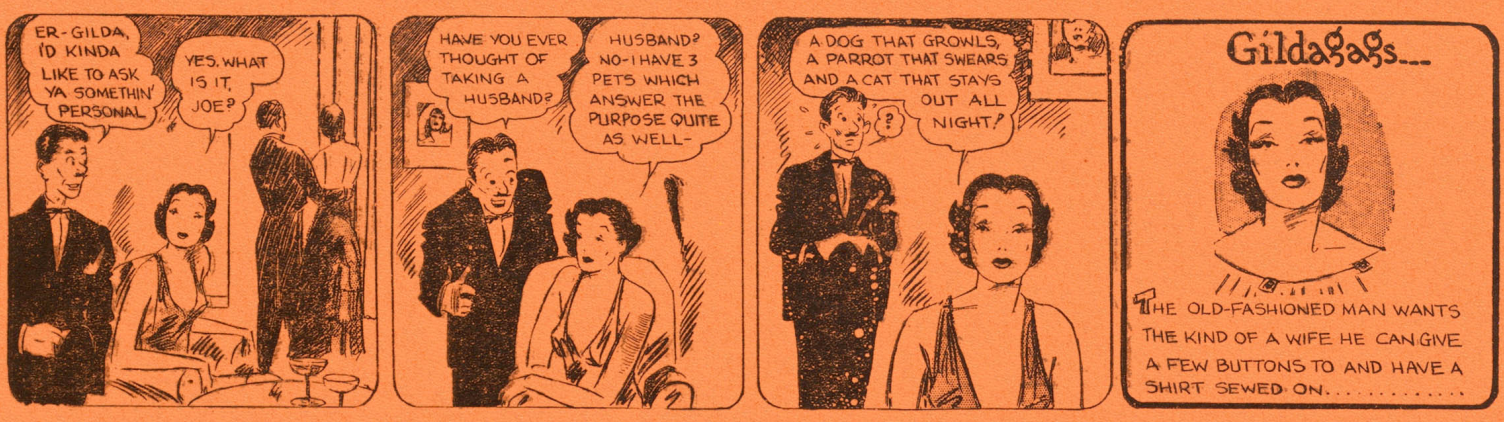
BALSA WOOD IS THE CHIEF PART OF THIS SOLID SCALE MODEL. CARVE THE FUSELAGE FROM A HARD BLOCK. CUT OUT THE COCKPIT OPENING AND SAND WELL. NEXT COME THE WINGS WHICH ARE IN TWO SECTIONS. TAIL UNITS ARE OF 1/8" STOCK AND THEY ARE GLUED DIRECTLY TO THE BODY. 'DOUGHNUT WHEELS ARE USED ON THIS SHIP AND THEY MAY BE BUILT TO ROTATE OR FASTENED SOLIDLY TO THE STRUTS. GIVE THE MODEL THREE COATS OF ENAMEL, BEING SURE TO SAND THE FIRST TWO WHEN THE PAINT IS DRY.

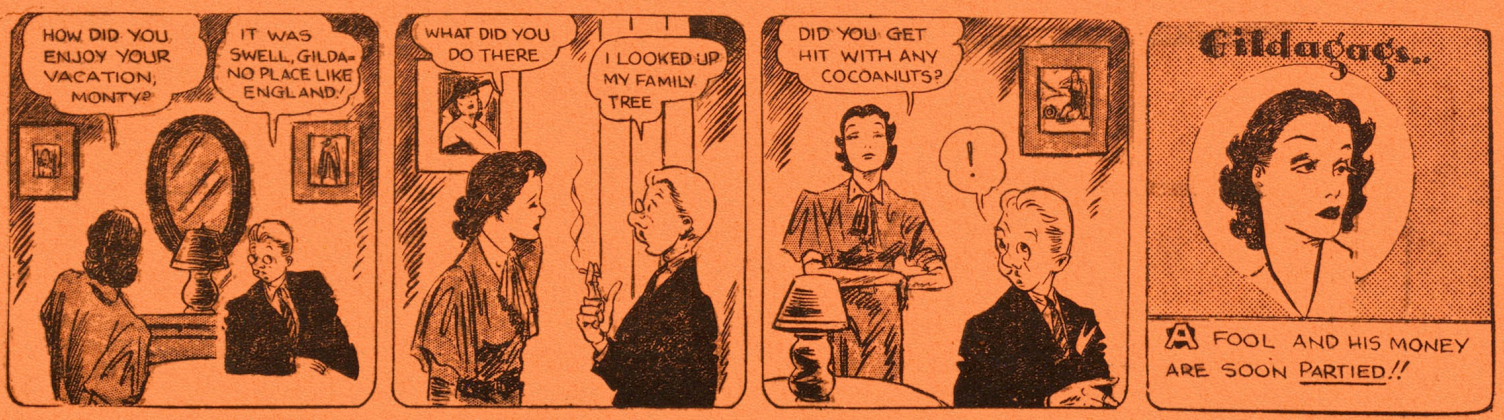
Universal Phoenix Features Syndicate

GILDA GAY + + + THE MODERN GIRL









PUZZLE PHUN



JANE LOVED TO STRUT IN DIAMONDS AND SATIN

FIND THE HIDDEN COUNTRY IN THE ABOVE SENTENCE.



PHUN WITH WORDS DEP'T. THIS WEEK WE HAVE ANOTHER WORD---- CUBA--JUST ONE CUBA SUGAR IN MY TEA---TRY SOME OTHER WORDS.



F + / - P = ?

---CAN YOU SOLVE THIS REBUS?



THESE OBJECTS WHEN ARRANGED IN THEIR PROPER ORDER REPRESENT A GENERAL---

- BY ELIMINATING A LETTER EACH TIME FROM THE WORD "SPARKLING" A COMPLETE WORD IS LEFT. CAN YOU GUESS WHAT THEY ARE?--



don

SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

BY
W MORGAN
THOMAS

IN SEARCH OF THE MYSTERIOUS SHEENA, BOB REYNOLDS AND PROFESSOR VAN DYKE BECOME SEPARATED~ALONE~BOB IS ATTACKED BY SHEENA'S GUARDS~

TOO WEARY TO LIFT HIS GUN, BOB IS CAPTURED AND DISARMED~

BOB TRIES TO MAKE HER UNDERSTAND THAT HE IS A FRIEND~

APPARENTLY UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND ENGLISH, SHEENA IGNORES BOB'S WORDS AND HEADS DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE~TO HER MYSTERIOUS EMPIRE~

AFTER TWO DAYS OF WEARY CONFINEMENT, BOB IS JOINED BY VAN DYKE~

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BOB~ AND I SEE VERY WELL, CONSIDERING THE LOSS OF MY GLASSES. IT'S STRANGE~ WE CAME TO FIND SHEENA, BUT INSTEAD SHE FOUND US.

I HOPE WE CAN MAKE HER UNDERSTAND WE'RE FRIENDLY

HOW DID SHE COME HERE? WHY, AND HOW, DID SHE BECOME QUEEN OVER THESE FIERCE NATIVES?

I'VE BEEN HERE TWO DAYS, AND ALL I KNOW IS THAT SHE'S YOUNG AND VERY BEAUTIFUL~ BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT EVERYTHING, RIGHT NOW !!!!

BOB STEALS OUT OF THE HUT TOWARDS THE UNSUSPECTING GUARD~

~AND CLAPS HIS HAND OVER THE GUARD'S MOUTH, STIFLING HIS CRY~

I'M GOING TO TRY TO MAKE HER CAVE WITHOUT BEING SEEN

MESKIN

~A MOMENT LATER, A QUICK BLOW DROPS THE BLACK IN A HEAP~



LOST IN THE ARCTIC

By OWEN FINBAR

Treacherously deserted, left in the trackless Northlands to die of white-cold and slow starvation. . . . But tousle-headed Johnny Sheridan and his Pa were of the pioneer breed. They didn't quit without a struggle.

THIS was summer in the North.

Fort Fitzgerald lay white-walled and stifling under the burning rays of the sub-Arctic sun. Heat waves danced over the wide waters of the Slave, hemmed in by smooth red rocks and dark green spruce woods.

Phillipe Larocque and Ian McCampbell tugged their chairs further into the lee of the *Northland Echo's* pilot house, stretching gratefully in the dark shadows. Ian listened to the distant booming of the Cassete rapids, idly watching a string of soft-stepping Indians packing great bales of fur aboard the steamer from the whitewashed warehouse across the muddy beach.

"Who is the kid?" Ian asked the old riverman, pointing a lazy pipe-stem shoreward. A small boy had suddenly appeared driving three blundering pups attached to a little red sleigh.

"Cha! Chee!" His voice piped across the water. Ian could see that he was training the dogs and making a good fist of it too.

"Johnny Sheridan," Phillipe said. Ian caught the flash of his eyes as he half-turned.

"Not the Sheridans that were marooned out in the Barrens?"

Larocque grunted. "That's right."

He tamped down the ashes in his calumet with a blunt forefinger, and settled himself. Nothing pleased Phillipe better than to



Already this Paquette, he act nasty. Once he hit the Ole Man . . . .

tell a story. Young Ian McCampbell leaned forward and waited.

"This ole Tom Sheridan, M'sieu, he is a good hunter," Larocque began. "Last spring he go 'way back into the Barrens. He takes with him the boy so that he may learn the ways of the wild things. Also he takes Napoleon Paquette for a partner. This Paquette is bad. You shall see.

"The twenty-foot canoe is loaded with the sled, tent, traps, grub, and many things; a mean load. The five dogs, they run along the shore, following after the Indian manner. Paquette is a strong paddler. Yes. He is a big fellow.

"They go through fine country, the boy, the Ole Man and this fellow, Paquette. Country of big timber and white water. The boy he learn to shoot a rifle. He learn to stalk the caribou and the bear. He learn to fish for the wily trout. And how to make a camp, quick and tight, at the end of the day. Many good things the boy learn as they plunge north. His face get brown and his young muscle toughen like deer thong.

"Well, by the swift rivers and many long portages they come to the Tazin River and the country of the Caribou-Eater Indians. From there they go north to Thekulihili lake. This is the Wayaweekamon of the Chipewyans; the passage between many lakes.

"A good country for the hunter, M'sieu. Yes. Many caribou feeding upon the moss. White fox in great plenty. Wolves also. All right, they stay. All winter they trap and the pile of white fox in the tepee grows higher and higher. Their bellies are filled with strong meat of the caribou and they are happy.

"Other good things come too. That ole dog 'Pahayo,' she have three fat pups, and the boy he play with them all the time, staying in the camp, keeping the fire going.

"Well, one morning just before the spring break-up, into the Fort comes the great Paquette running hard before his dogs. The bells go ting-a-ling, and all the people come



"The Ole Man and the boy come to the Tazin River and the country of the Caribou-Eater Indians."



Another time he try to shoot him. . . .

out to see who comes. Paquette has the cariole loaded with furs, but he is sad. Parbleu, but that fellow is sad.

"He tell of how the poor ole man and the little boy fall through a blow-hole in the ice and he never see them no more. He go to sell the fur, but here comes the sergeant of the Mounted Police, his spurs jingling. Quite a figure of a man, M'sieu. To the great Paquette he puts many questions, writing in a book, very fast. Then he says to his Napoleon:

"'I think myself you are a liar. You come to the barracks with me!' Just like that.

"So this sergeant he takes the dogs an' the fur, and Paquette he go to the barracks. He is not prisoner, but what you call it? Detention. Yes, that's what he is.

"WELL, one morning out in the Barrens, Ole Man Sheridan wake up an' quickly see that Paquette is gone. That great pig, he take the dogs, sled, grub, everything. Ole Man is in a bad fix. There is nothing left but the long canoe, a fishing line, one ole dog an' three pups. Bad, eh?

"But the Ole Man, he was not too much surprised. Already this Paquette, he acted nasty. Once he hit the Ole Man. Another time he try to shoot him but he miss and then the automatic, she jam. So the Ole Man, he had half been expecting trouble like this.

"He look at the boy sleeping there, an' I tink mebbe he cry a little. He is three hundred miles from the nearest post, M'sieu. Nothing but rocks, rivers and long portages. But he have a strong heart, this Ole Man. The ice is going; roaring down the Tazin to the far Hudson's bay. They catch *inconnu* and fry 'em on long sticks.

"Sheridan, he sees the fat pups an' thinks mebbe he will kill them to eat, but the little boy cry. He will go hungry first, 'cause he love them foolish pups. There is nothing to do but start for the post. So they start.

"The rivers run too fast for the paddle, but this Ole Man, he make a tracking line from spruce roots an' he pull the canoe up the white water. The little boy, he steer the canoe, having with him the pups. He will not leave them. Pahayo, the mother dog,



"The Ole Man portages the canoe. He go back to carry the boy and the pups."

she run along the banks crying for her children.

"Some time they catch a fish, knock over a rabbit or a partridge wit' a club. Many times they are hungry. And the portages. M'sieu? One hundred an' seventy—mebbe more—between Thekulihili lake an' Fort Fitzgerald.

"No trails. No! Ole Man Sheridan he carry the twenty-foot canoe over rocks that cut his feet. He shove his way through the timber, slipping, falling, sweating. It breaks the heart. He is near dead.

"Again the tracking against the swift water. Then the flies come. The *no-see-ums* that fill the ears an' nose. Flies that bite like bull-dogs here on the old portage of the Slave.

"Sometimes the little boy can not walk no more. Then the Ole Man portage the canoe. He go back an' carry the boy an' the pups.

"It took them five days to get to the hunting ground, but he is two months traveling back. One day the boy and the Ole Man, the three pups and the mother dog come paddling up the Slave.

"All the people come running to see this thing. An' here come Napoleon Paquette too. He can not believe it is the Ole Man. No one can make that voyage.

"Sheridan let out a big yell! Napoleon he make to run, but the boys push him back, saying to the Ole Man 'Soak him one!'

"By reason of his great hardship the Ole Man is tough. He soak Paquette hard. Then the sergeant of the Mounted Police in his scarlet tunic takes Napoleon by the shoulder. 'So you did lie to me,' he says. 'You will go to jail for that.' And he boots him up to the barracks.

"Then M'sieu Sheridan get his fur back, an' his dogs. He make the charge against Napoleon, an' now Paquette is in the big jail at Fort Saskatchewan.

"And here is the big joke, M'sieu. Because he is a long time coming from the lake all the trappers have sell their catch, an' by that time the price of fur she go up an' up. The company buys the fur for a great price, an' the Ole Man is rich.

"So, by gar, he gets red harness an' bells for the pups, an' in the fall he send Johnny to the outside to learn many things at the great school. Good, eh?"

(The End)



The Sergeant of the Mounted says to Paquette, "I think myself you are a liar. You come to the barracks with me."

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer



PARIS 1482

THE NARROW STREET OF THE ANCIENT CITY IS CROWDED WITH EXCITED, DANCING, SHOUTING BEINGS FOR IT IS THE FESTIVAL OF THE BEGGARS

HIGH ATOP THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, QUASIMODO, A HALF BLIND, HORRIBLY DEFORMED - "BELL-RINGER" -- WATCHES THE PROCEEDINGS FROM HIS PERCH - THE BELFRY

UPON THE SECOND DAY OF THE FESTIVAL, QUASIMODO, BECAUSE OF HIS HORRIBLE FEATURES IS CROWNED "KING OF THE FOOLS"

THUS SITTING IN THE COURT, A LOVELY GYPSY DANCES BEFORE HIM - AND LO -- THE POOR WRETCHED CREATURE'S HEART GOES OUT TO HER --- IF SHE COULD BUT ONCE LOOK UPON HIM -- PERHAPS SMILE AT HIM --

THERE SHE IS NOW -- GET HER!!

NIGHTFALL -- THE NOISES OF THE STREETS CEASE AND - THE WICKED JEHAN - WHO HAD PERCEIVED THE HUNCHBACK'S MAD DESIRE --- PERSUADES QUASIMODO TO KIDNAP THE GYPSY GIRL FOR HIM!

THE PLOT FAILS FOR UPON SEEING THE UGLY FORM OF QUASIMODO, SHE SCREAMS AND IS RESCUED BY THE KING'S GUARDSMAN -

FEAR NOT, FAIR ONE, I HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE TO SAVE YOU

A VICTIM OF JEHAN'S FOUL RUSE, THE POOR BEWILDERED QUASIMODO IS DRAGGED TO JAIL -- AND IS SUBSEQUENTLY BROUGHT BEFORE A TRIBUNAL -

THE EVIDENCE IS QUITE CONCLUSIVE, AND WITH HIS HORRIBLE LOOKS THE HUNCHBACK IS SHOWN NO MERCY -

WHEREBY THE COURT FINDS YOU GUILTY AND SENTENCES YOU, QUASIMODO, BELL-RINGER, FOR THE ABDUCTION OF THE GYPSY GIRL, ESMERALDA - TO BE WHIPPED ON THE PILLORY FOR ONE HOUR

MUCH TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE SEETHING THRONG -- THE UNFORTUNATE QUASIMODO IS PLACED UPON A PILLORY IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE. HIS CRIES OF ANGUISH MINGLE WITH THE SHRIEKS OF THE MOB AS HIS BACK IS LASHED TO RIBBONS

LATER, AS THE CROWD SUBSIDES - AND AS THE EARLY EVENING BREEZES SOOTH HIS BLEEDING WOUNDS -

WATER, WATER, I THIRST!

ESMERALDA, PITYING HIS MOANS FOR WATER, ADMINISTERS TO HIS NEEDS

THIS STRANGE ACT OF KINDNESS TOUCHES THE POOR BELL-RINGER'S WRETCHED HEART, MAKING HIM FEEL EVEN MORE KEENLY THE PANGS OF HOPELESS LOVE FOR THE GIRL HE UNWITTINGLY WRONGED -

CONTINUED

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer



THE LUCKLESS QUASIMODO IS WHIPPED ON THE PILLORY FOR HIS ATTEMPT TO KIDNAP THE GYPSY GIRL. MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE THE GIRL FEELS SORRY FOR THE POOR HUNCHBACK AND BRINGS HIM WATER

A FAREWELL WAVE OF HER HAND AND ESMERALDA WENDS HER WAY THRU THE PARIS STREETS



UNMINDFUL OF THE WOUNDS ON HIS BODY, THE HUNCHBACK QUASIMODO THINKS ONLY OF ESMERALDA, HIS LOVE—

NIGHTFALL FINDS ESMERALDA IN HER RESCUER'S GARDEN— FATE HAD QUASIMODO BRING THESE TWO HEARTS TOGETHER



BELOVED, ONLY LAST NIGHT YOU DID NOT EXIST AND NOW I AM ASKING YOU TO BE MY WIFE



JEHAN, WICKED, CRUEL, FINDS THAT NOT ONLY DID HE FAIL IN OBTAINING THE GYPSY GIRL, BUT NOW HAS TO DO AWAY WITH PHOEBUS.





POOR PHOEBUS--- TO THINK HE WOULD MEET DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A GYPSY

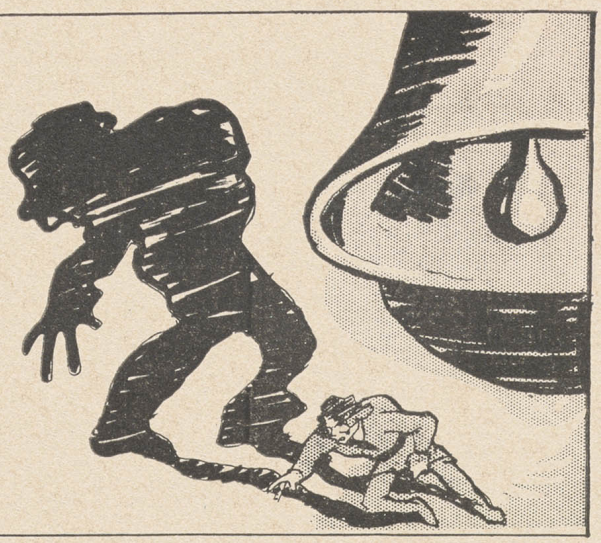
A SCREAM! JEHAN ESCAPES, AND PHOEBUS' FRIENDS RUSH IN— TO THE GARDEN.



THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer



DAWN--AND QUASIMODO QUIETLY AND REVERENTLY HOBBLES BESIDE CLAUDE FROLLO, HIS ONLY MORTAL FRIEND



CLAUDE FROLLO HAD ADOPTED QUASIMODO THE DAY HE WAS LEFT IN A BASKET OUTSIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL. PATIENTLY FROLLO EDUCATED QUASIMODO



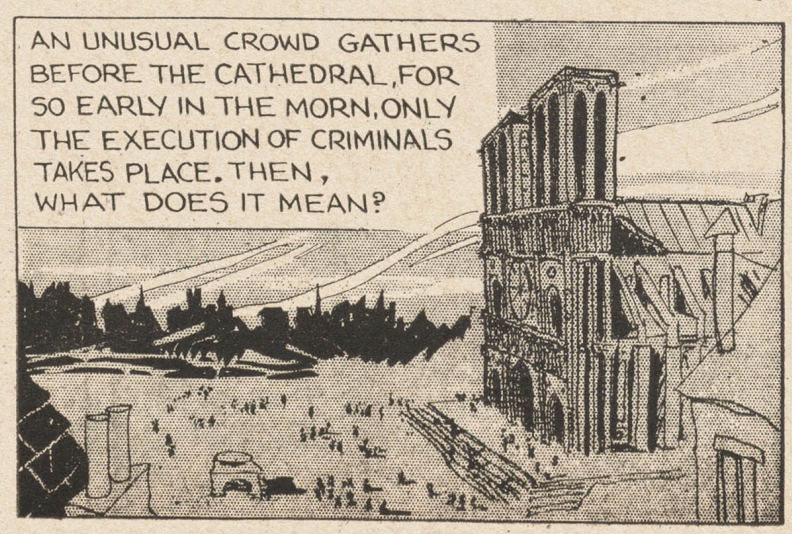


QUASIMODO'S ONLY OTHER LOVE,--HIS CATHEDRAL AND ITS BELLS. PASSIONATELY, SAVAGELY, HE TOLLS THE BELLS, CLINGING TO THEM UNTIL HE IS PART OF NOTRE DAME ITSELF

THUS LIVES THIS WRETCHED BELL-RINGER. BUT NOW-ADDED TO HIS LOVES, FROLLO AND NOTRE DAME, IS HIS NEW LOVE-ESMERALDA. BUT THIS FATEFUL DAWN WILL BRING MUCH GRIEF TO QUASIMODO



AN UNUSUAL CROWD GATHERS BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL, FOR SO EARLY IN THE MORN, ONLY THE EXECUTION OF CRIMINALS TAKES PLACE. THEN, WHAT DOES IT MEAN?



THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer

AS A RESULT OF A PLOT, ESMERALDA, THE GYPSY GIRL, IS ACCUSED AND CONDEMNED TO HANG FOR THE MURDER OF PHOEBUS.

EARLY THIS MORNING AN ANXIOUS, IMPATIENT CROWD GATHERS BEFORE THE CATHEDRAL. A COMMON SIGHT, A HANGING, IS TO TAKE PLACE.





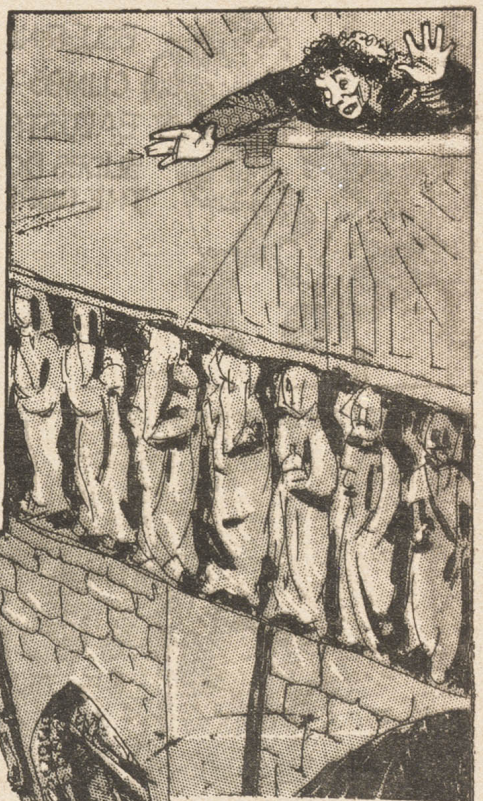
FOR THE STABBING OF COUNT PHOEBUS, IT IS ORDAINED THAT THIS GYPSY GIRL, ESMERALDA, BE HANGED UNTIL DEAD!

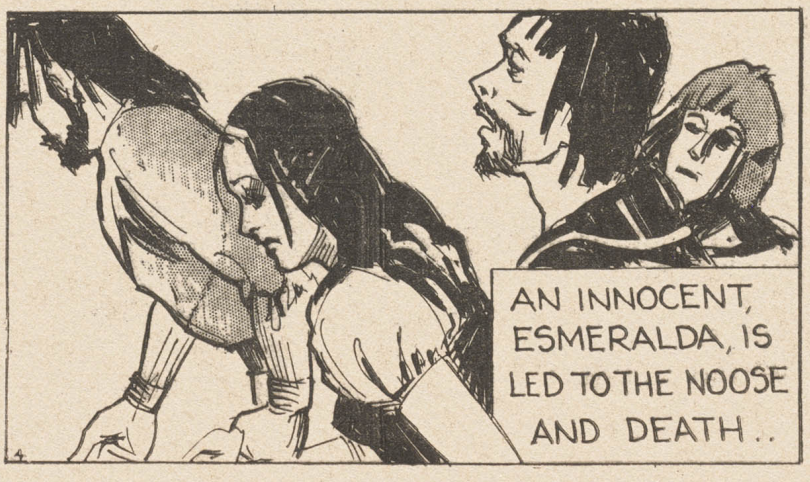




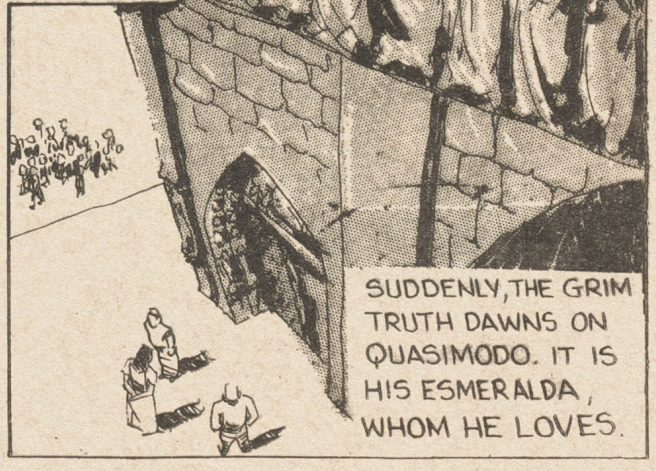
THIS IS NOT A NEW SCENE FOR QUASIMODO, FOR BEING DEAF HE DOES NOT HEAR THE VICTIM'S NAME.







AN INNOCENT, ESMERALDA, IS LED TO THE NOOSE AND DEATH..



SUDDENLY, THE GRIM TRUTH DAWNS ON QUASIMODO. IT IS HIS ESMERALDA, WHOM HE LOVES.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer

IN HIS PERCH, HIGH ABOVE THE STREETS QUASIMODO IS SUDDENLY AWARE OF WHAT IS GOING ON

ESMERALDA, THE ONLY PERSON THE HUNCHBACK EVER LOVED, IS TO BE EXECUTED FOR MURDER.

FALSELY ACCUSED OF STABBING HER LOVER, PHOEBUS, THE NOOSE IS SLIPPED OVER HER HEAD.

FAR ABOVE, QUASIMODO WATCHES. SUDDENLY HE SEES THE ROPE THAT IS TO HANG ESMERALDA TIED AT HIS FEET

LIKE A MONKEY, THE DEFORMED BELL-RINGER CLIMBS THE BALUSTRADE, SLIDES DOWN THE ROPE...

TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL, HE GRASPS THE GYPSY WITH HIS LEGS—

AND IS UP AGAIN, HIS HEAVY BURDEN MERELY A FEATHER TO HIM.

SAFE IN HIS CELL, THE DOOR IS BARRED AND QUASIMODO RESTS HIS BURDEN ON THE STONE FLOOR OF HIS QUARTERS.

HIS HOME, THOUGH A HUMBLE CELL, BECOMES HEAVEN TO HIM, FOR IT NOW HARBOURS HIS LOVED ONE —

The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL by-don

CHAPTER ONE
ESCAPE

THE STORY OF A STURDY WILDERNESS SCOUT. BRAVE, HONEST, LOYAL. BLAZING A TRAIL FOR YOUNG AMERICA.-A-TRUE PIONEER SCOUT..

WHILE PICKING BERRIES ONE DAY, ELLEN SHERRILL IS CAPTURED BY A MEMBER OF THE RED OWL TRIBE HER CRIES FOR HELP ARE STIFLED AS SHE IS CARRIED OFF..

WITH THE HOUR OF HER RETURN LONG PAST DUE GREAT CONCERN IS FELT OVER HER DISAPPEARANCE- FINALLY, AN ALARM IS SPREAD AND A SCOUTING PARTY IS FORMED...

FINDING A STRIP TORN FROM ELLEN'S DRESS, HER BROTHER TOM, A YOUNG- AND FEARLESS SCOUT— HASTILY STARTS IN PURSUIT.

TOM'S ROAD LEADS TO A PRECIPICE. THERE, IN THE STARRY BLACKNESS HE CAN DISCERN THE OUT-LINE OF AN INDIAN CAMP..

HOURS PASSED

..CAREFULLY AWAITING HIS CHANCE, TOM INTREPIDLY STEALS INTO THE CAMP. WITH CAUTIOUS TREAD HE PEERS INTO EACH WIGWAM.

AT LAST! THRU A GAP IN A WIGWAM HE SEES ELLEN. HELPLESSLY BOUND HAND AND FOOT—..

OVERPOWERING THE SENTINEL, TOM FREES ELLEN, AND THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE — SUDDENLY! — —

WHAT IS THIS NEW IMPENDING DANGER? READ THE NEXT CHAPTER "A SON OF THE TRIBE"

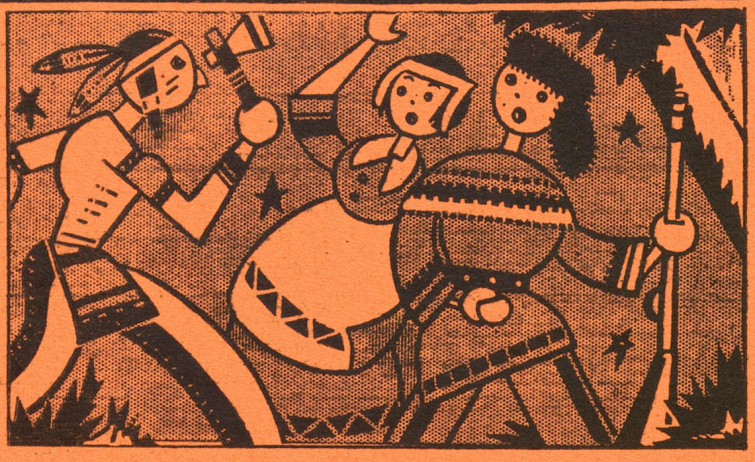
don

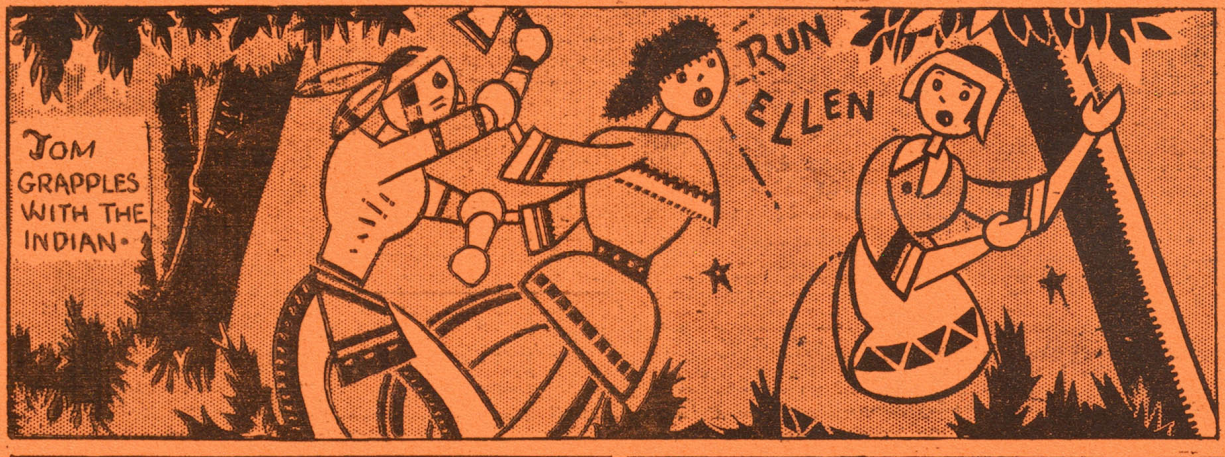
The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by-don

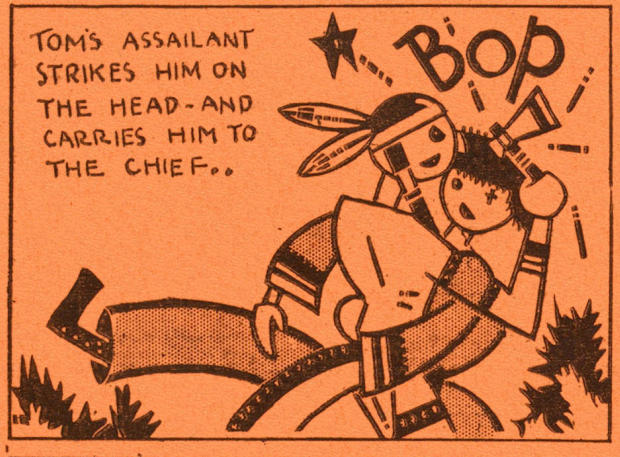
CHAPTER TWO
"A SON OF THE TRIBE"

ELLEN SHERRILL IS ABDUCTED BY A TRIBE OF INDIANS AND HELD PRISONER. HER BROTHER TOM, A MEMBER OF THE SCOUTING PARTY THAT IS FORMED TO SEARCH FOR HER, TRACES A CLUE THAT LEADS HIM TO THE INDIAN CAMP. HE FINDS ELLEN, BOTH MAKE THEIR ESCAPE WHEN THEY SUDDENLY ENCOUNTER ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE TRIBE..

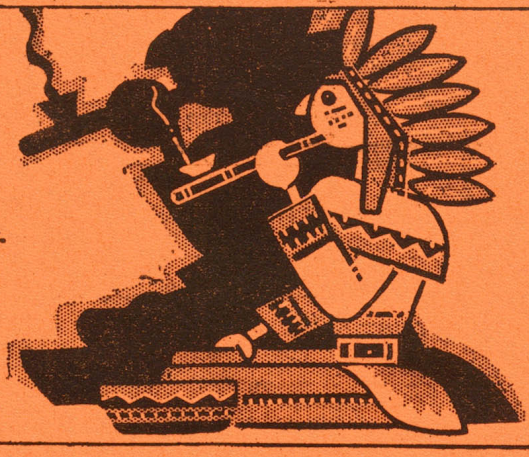


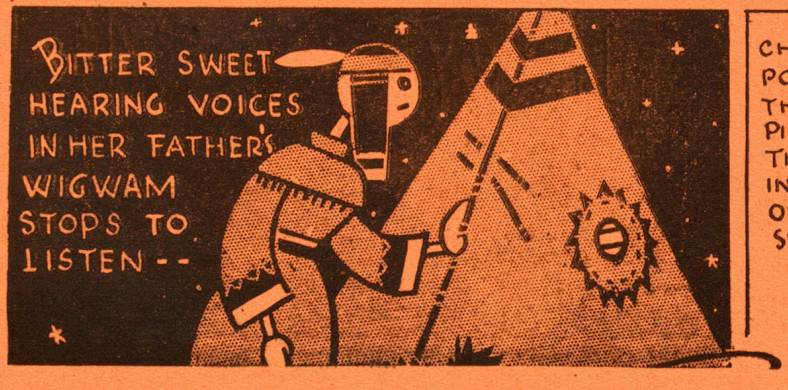


HE SHOUTS TO ELLEN TO RUN TO THE PINE RIDGE WHERE THE SCOUTING PARTY IS STATIONED AND SECURE HELP.....

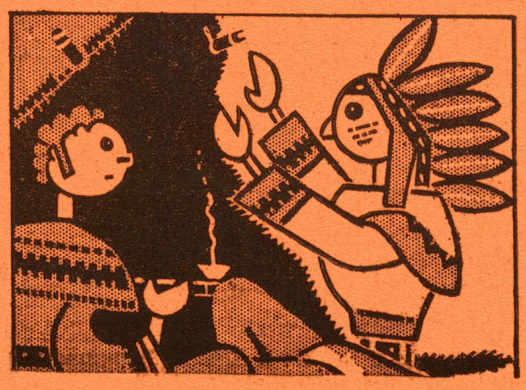


CHIEF POW-POW HAVING HEARD OF TOM'S SKILL AND PROWESS AS AN INDIAN-FIGHTER-DESIRES TO UNITE TOM WITH HIS DAUGHTER, BITTER SWEET.





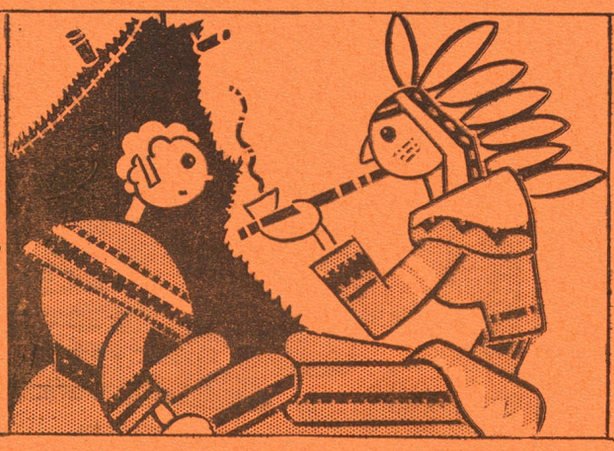
CHIEF POW-POW OFFERS THE PEACE PIPE TO TOM, THUS INSURING A TRUCE OF FRIENDSHIP----



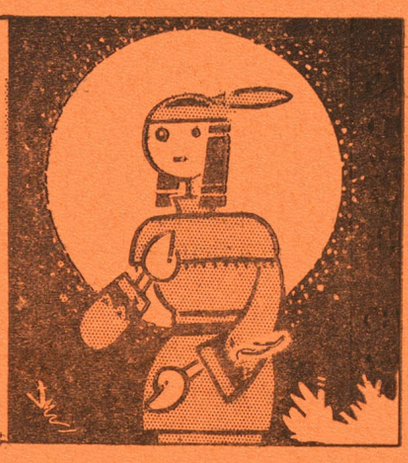
The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

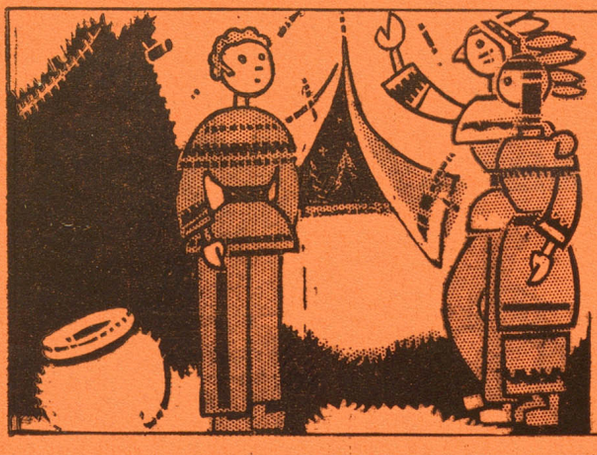
by-don

TOM HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY CHIEF POW-WOW WHO PLANS TO WED HIM TO HIS DAUGHTER. TOM'S ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE, IS TO ACCEPT HIS PLAN — — —



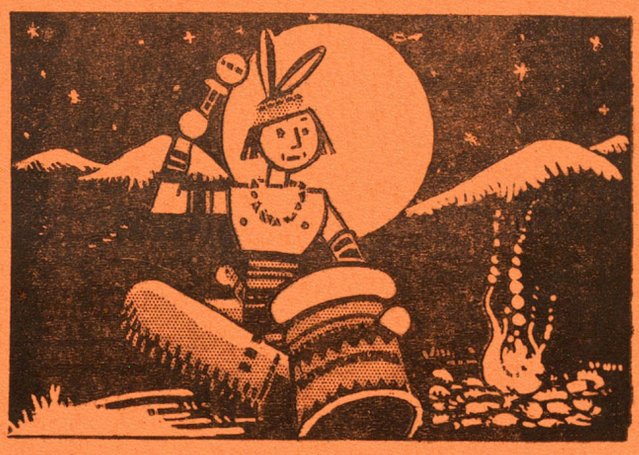
"BITTER-SWEET," THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER, OVER-JOYED AT TOM'S DE--CISION, RUSHES TO THE WIGWAM



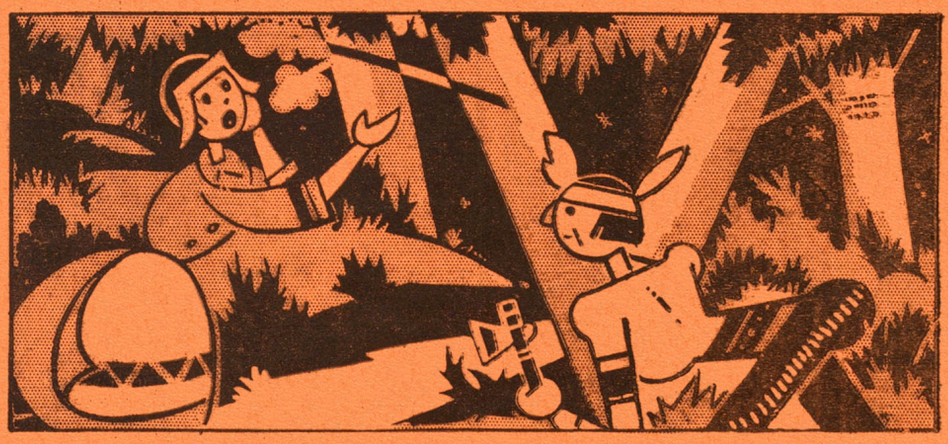


CHIEF POW-POW BESTOWS HIS BLESSING UPON THEM AND ARRANGE-MENTS ARE MADE FOR THE WEDDING DAY

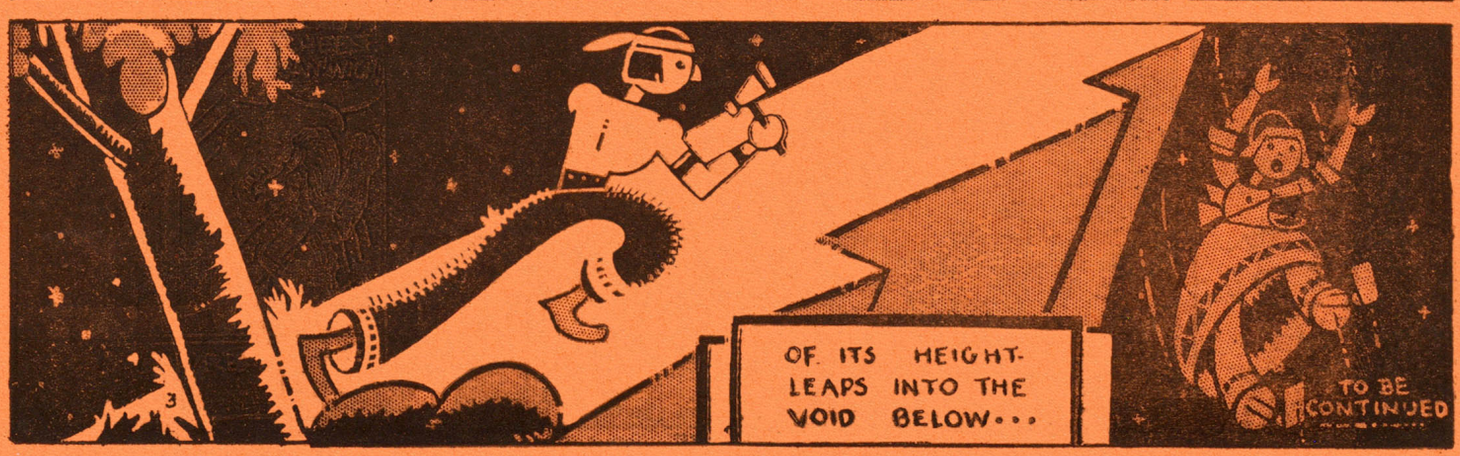
THAT NIGHT THE DRUMS HERALD THE COMING EVENT.



MEANWHILE ELLEN RUNS ON COMPLETELY UNAWARE THAT THE WOODS ARE FULL OF INDIANS. THE RUSTLE OF BUSHES AND THE ALARMING PRESENCE OF AN INDIAN



QUICKENS HER PACE- ON AND ON BLINDLY RACING THRU THE FOREST WITH HER FOE UPON HER HEELS. SUDDENLY A CLEARING, A STEEP MOUNTAIN, THE MURMUR OF WATER BELOW AND ELLEN-INNOCENT



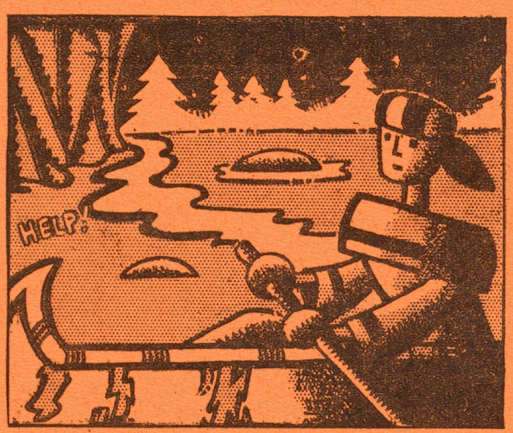
The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by-don

WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE, CHIEF POW WOW'S WARRIOR-ELLEN ACCIDENTALLY FALLS OFF A HIGH CLIFF-INTO THE SWIRLING RIVER.

THERE IN THE DARKNESS, SHE FRANTICALLY CALLS FOR HELP.

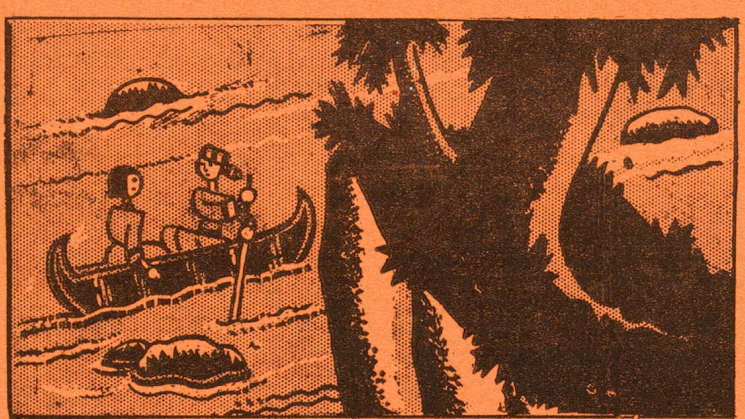




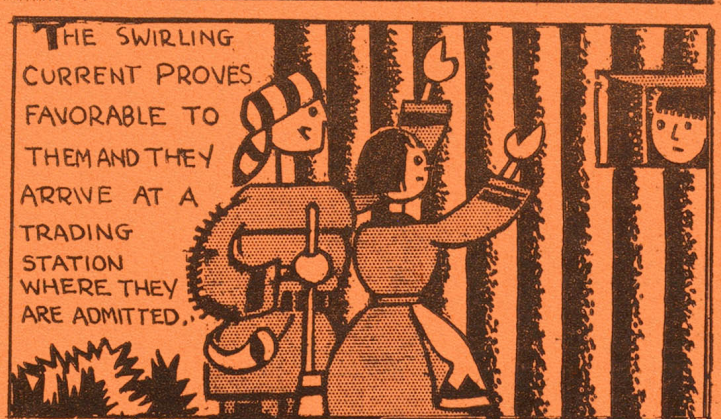
HER CRIES ARE HEARD BY A TRADER JIM MURRAY

HE PADDLES RAPIDLY TO HER AND LIFTS HER INTO HIS CANOE...





THE SWIRLING CURRENT PROVES FAVORABLE TO THEM AND THEY ARRIVE AT A TRADING STATION WHERE THEY ARE ADMITTED..



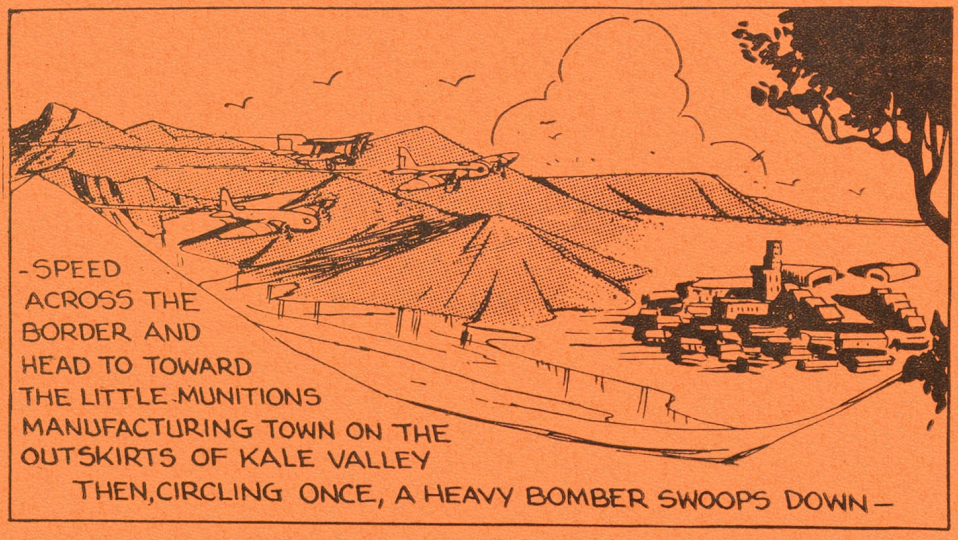
WITH ELLEN'S INFORMATION THE HARDY PIONEERS SET OUT EARLY THE NEXT MORNING TO ATTEMPT TO RESCUE TOM FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE INDIANS.

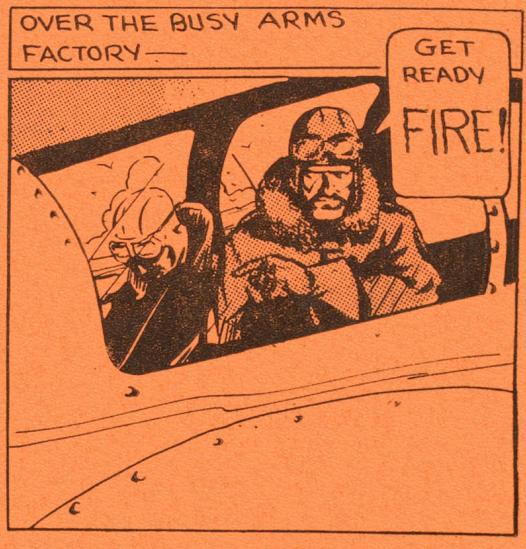


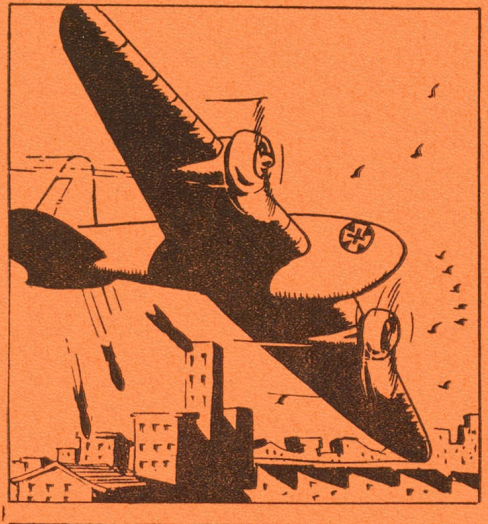
4X-5 SPIES IN ACTION

BY MORGAN THOMAS

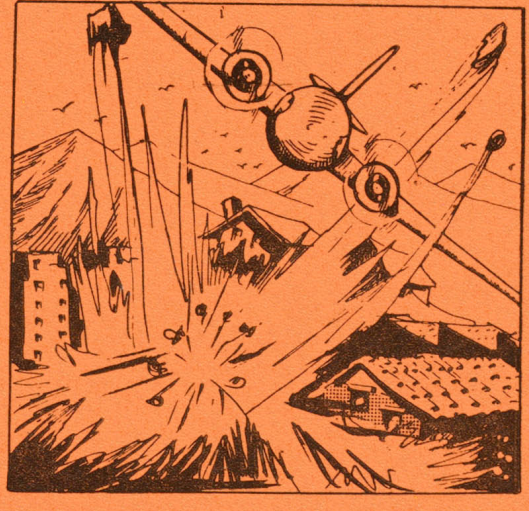
TRANSOVANIA HAS DECLARED WAR AND EARLY ONE MORNING A SQUAD OF HER PLANES





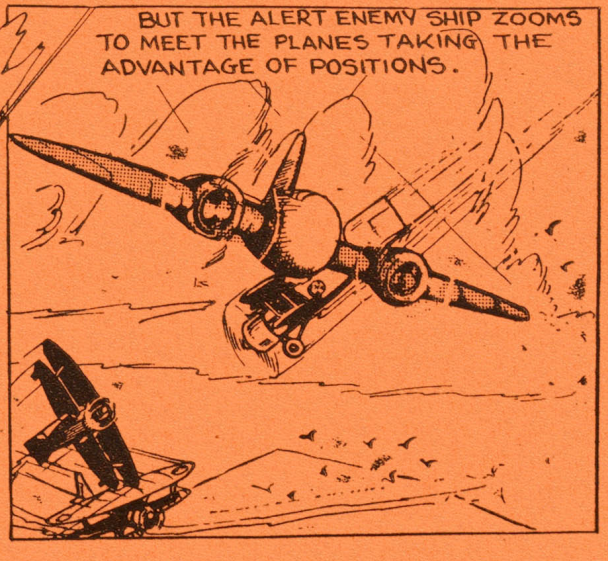








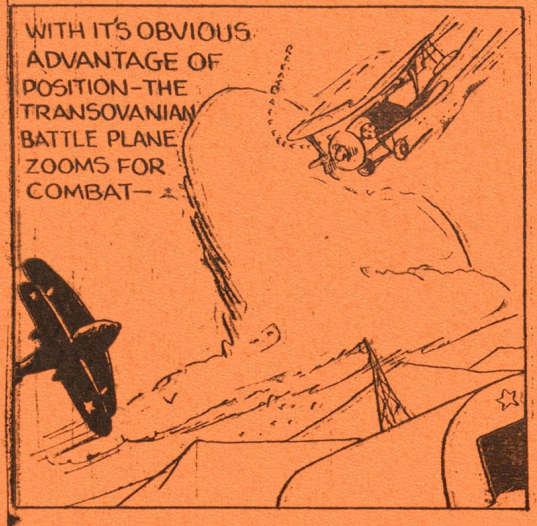




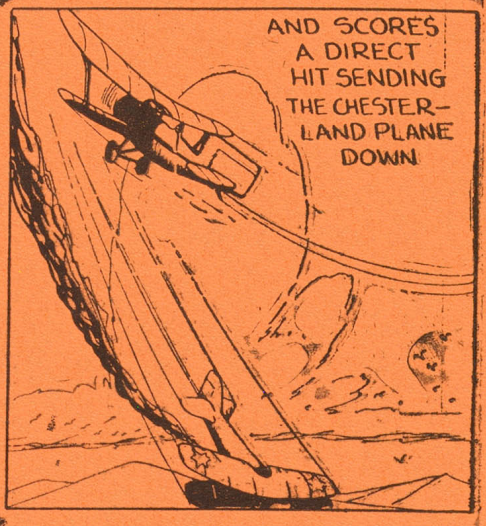
ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

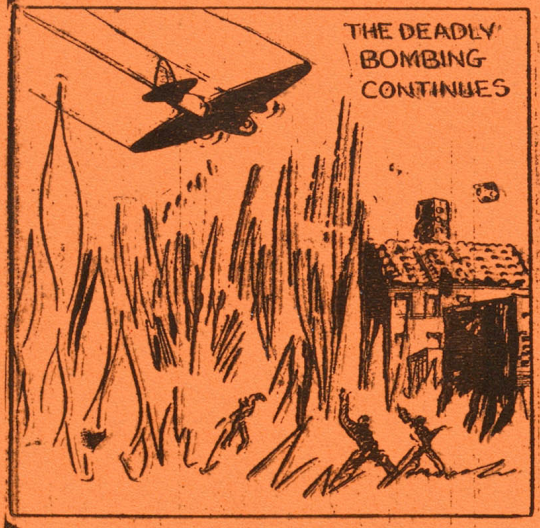
BY MORGAN THOMAS

THE TRANSOVANIAN BOMBERS ARE ATTACKING THE MUNITIONS FACTORIES — TWO CHESTERLIAN PLANES TRY TO TAKE OFF!!

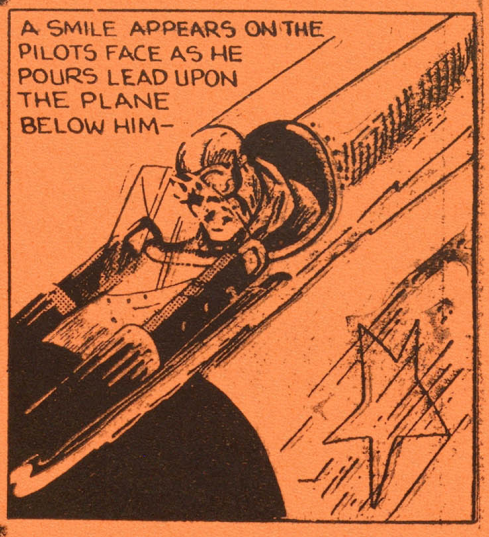


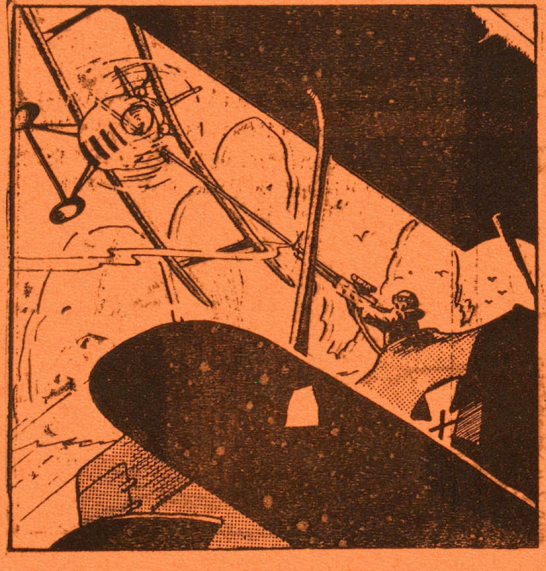


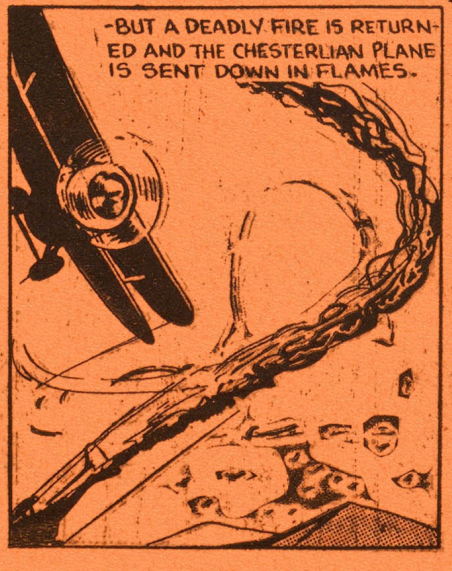


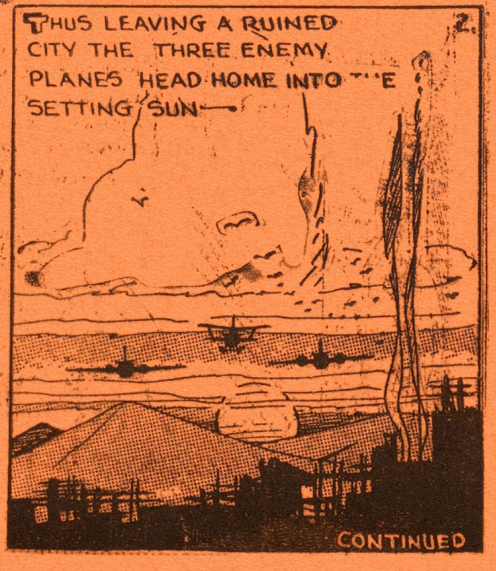












ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

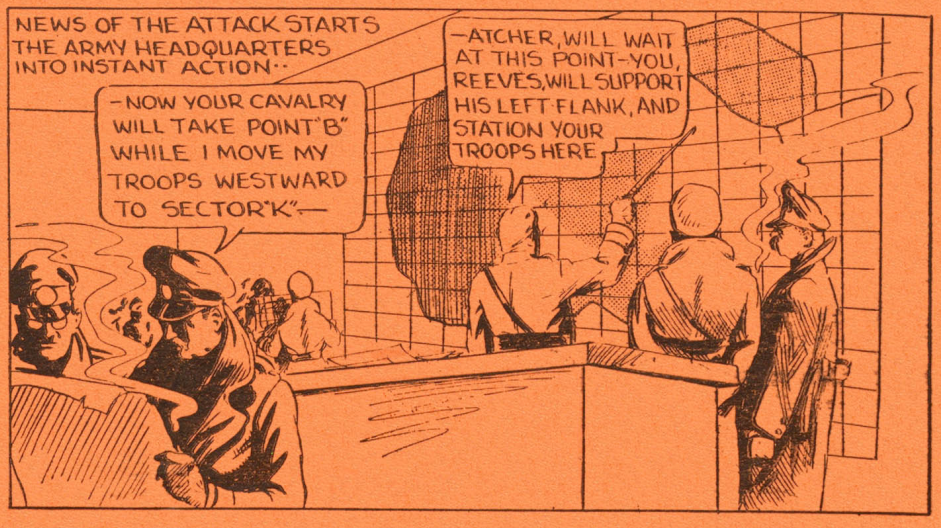
BY MORGAN THOMAS

A SQUADRON OF TRANSOVANIAN PLANES HAVE SWEPT ACROSS THE BORDER AND—

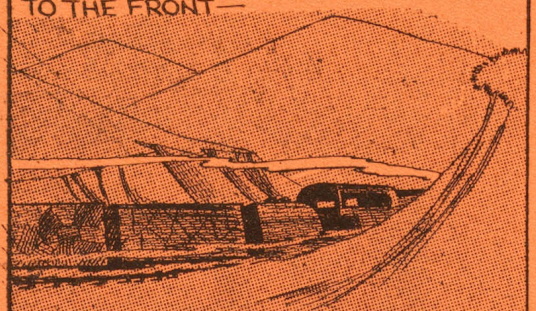
COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED THE LITTLE ARMS MANUFACTURING CITY IN THE KALE VALLEY—



NEWS OF THE ATTACK STARTS THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS INTO INSTANT ACTION··



WHILE ALL THAT NIGHT UNDER THE PROTECTING COVER OF DARKNESS TROOP-TRAINS CARRY THEIR HUMAN CARGO TO THE FRONT—



TO ALL STRATEGIC POINTS—WEAK AREAS ARE STRENGTHENED--



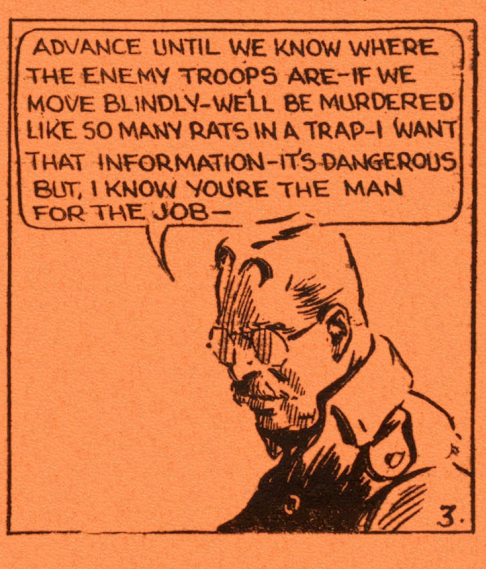
THE STRATEGIC POINTS IN THE DEEP RECESSES OF THE MOUNTAINS SURROUNDING THE KALE VALLEY, ARE STUDDED WITH MACHINE GUN CREWS—

BACK AT HEADQUARTERS A LONE FIGURE WAITS OUTSIDE MAJOR JASON'S OFFICE — IT IS ZX-5





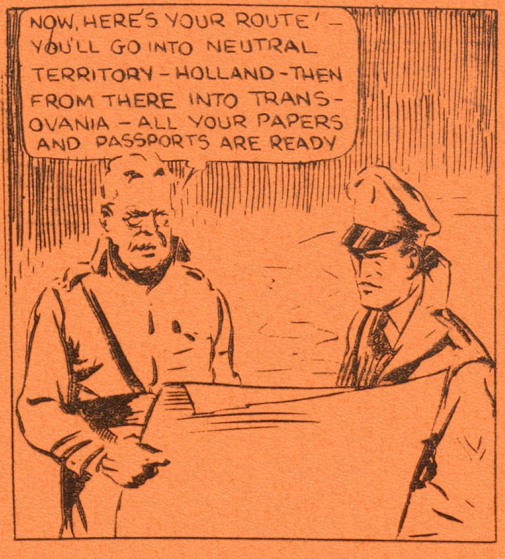


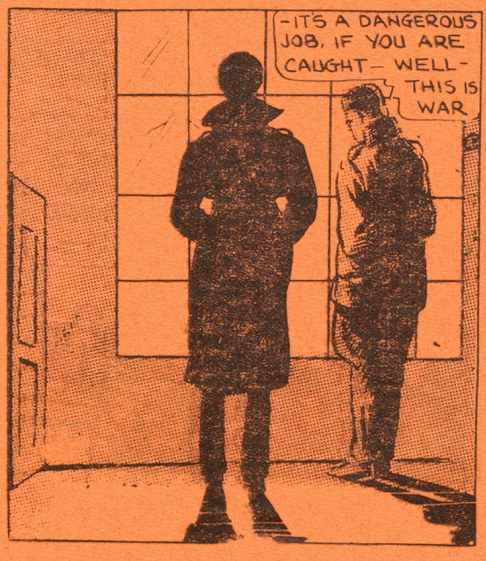


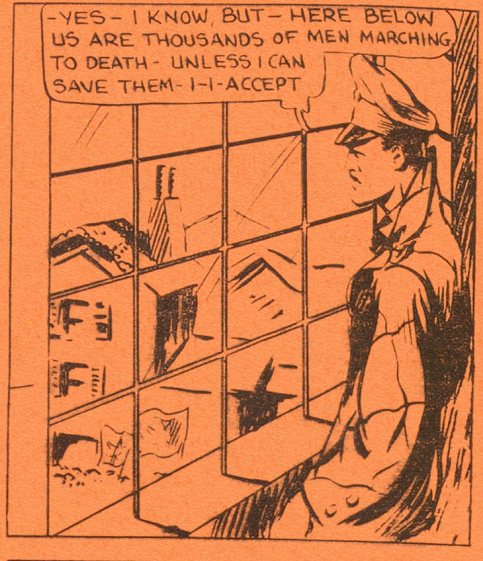
ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

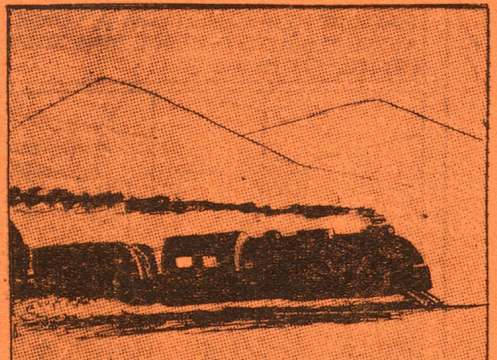
BY MORGAN THOMAS

ZX-5 HAS BEEN COMMISSIONED TO FIND OUT THE ENEMY'S INTENTIONS IN THE KALE VALLEY









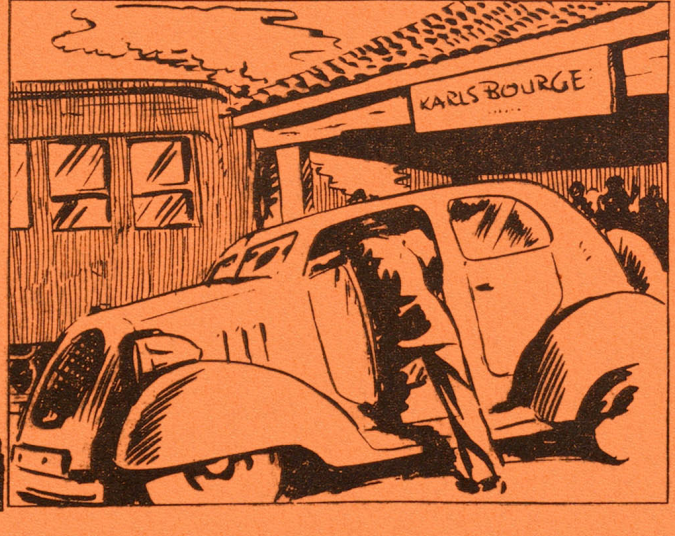
THUS UNDER THE PROTECTING COVER OF NIGHT A TRAIN SPEEDS ACROSS THE CHESTERLAND BORDER INTO HOLLAND — — CARRYING AN IMPORTANT PASSENGER — ZX-5



- AND SOON THE TRAIN WHEEZES INTO THE BORDER TOWN OF KARLSBOURGE — ZX-5 ALIGHTS AS THE BORDER PATROL APPROACH







- UNSUSPECTING, ZX-5 STEPS INTO A WAITING CAR - AND HEADS TOWARD THE WESTERN BORDER WHERE TRANSOVANIA JOINS HOLLAND

HEROES of SPORT + + + By TOM SWIFT

TOM McAULIFFE OF BUFFALO — THE ARMLESS GOLFER

PLAYED 18 HOLES IN 98 STROKES

WHENEVER YOU FEEL DISCOURAGED, THINK OF TOMMY McAULIFFE, WHO MADE THE GRADE, DESPITE HIS TERRIBLE HANDICAP

12-6-37

LEFTY GROVE

ONE OF BASEBALL'S IMMORTALS —

STRUCK OUT 68 MEN IN 45 INNINGS! BALTIMORE-1923

BOY, IF I EVER CONNECT!

★ FEW HAVE BEEN FASTER, OR MORE PUZZLING!

Elmer Keiffer

Universal Phoenix Features

TERRY McGOVERN

WON THE BANTAM AND FEATHERWEIGHT CROWNS, AND KNOCKED OUT THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMP—, AND WAS THROUGH AT 21!

I'LL TAKE ON ANYBODY.

+ + +

CLEVE BROWN - COUSHATTA, LA., CAUGHT AN ALLIGATOR GAR WITH HIS BARE HANDS! HE DIVED UNDERWATER AND CAUGHT IT IN HIS ARMS! THE FISH WAS 9 FEET LONG AND CAPABLE OF BITING A MAN IN TWO!!

BATTLING NELSON KNOCKED OUT WILLIAM ROSSER IN TWO SECONDS! AS THE BELL RANG, NELSON SPRANG ACROSS THE RING AND CAUGHT ROSSER AS HE STEPPED FORWARD KNOCKING HIM OUT WITH ONE PUNCH-----

I WONDER WHAT HIS SYSTEM IS?

MAYBE HE'S A GENIUS OR SUMTHIN'?

BEN HELLER PICKED 8 WINNERS OUT OF 7 RACES.. HOW? HE PICKED THE WINNER OF THE FIRST 6 RACES AND IN THE 7TH RACE, WHICH WAS A DEAD HEAT HE HAD BOTH HORSES, WHICH PAID FIRST MONEY - LAUREL, MD. OCT 28, 1937.

ERW.N

+ + +

THE MAN MOUNTAIN OF BASEBALL WHO ALWAYS UPSET THE 'APPLE CART' - BUT THE FANS LOVED THIS LANKY DUTCHMAN WHO COULD PLAY EVERY POSITION ON THE DIAMOND, AND BAT LIKE RUTH — BUT PULLING BONERS WAS HIS WAY - AND THE FANS WENT WILD EVERY TIME HE DID.

Honus WAGNER

Universal Phoenix Features

HERE'S A MILDLY TYPICAL INCIDENT —

WAGNER PLAYED IN THE FIRST 'NIGHT BASE — BALL' GAME ON JULY 4, 1896 - AND AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT — THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS WENT OUT —

LIGHTS OR NO LIGHTS, THE GAME GOES ON!

BUT AFTER THAT NO ONE TOOK THE GAME SERIOUSLY, AND

SAY, DOC - WAGNER IS UP NOW, THROW HIM ONE — HAW! WILL HE BE S'PRISED

WATCH THIS

AND 'DOC' AMOLE, THE PITCHER DID - THREW HIM A REAL FOURTH OF JULY TORPEDO — WELL, ONE DOESN'T NEED MUCH IMAGINATION TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT —

BANG!!

5-3

+ + +

MRS. MOODY, THE GREATEST WOMAN TENNIS PLAYER IS NOT ONLY ADEPT WITH A TENNIS RACQUET, BUT IS A VERY TALENTED PAINTER ALSO. SHE WAS ONCE OFFERED A MOVIE CONTRACT BUT TURNED IT DOWN.

Helen Wills Moody

HIS NOSE KNOWS!!

HENRY LEWIS

EXPERT BILLIARD PLAYER MADE THE AMAZING RUN OF 46 USING HIS NOSE AS A CUE STICK!!

WALTER HAGEN

- IS ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN GOLFERS IN THIS COUNTRY. THE FORMER GOLF CHAMP PLAYED 18 HOLES IN 59 STROKES. THERE'S SOMETHING FOR ALL OF THE GOLF 'BUGS' TO SHOOT AT —

JIMMY JOHNSTON (SAN FRANCISCO)

IN 1913 JIMMY STOLE 124 BASES IN ONE SEASON!! WHATTA MAN!

TH' CROOK!

GUESS I'LL STEAL THE PITCHERS BOX NEXT!

1ST BASE

-37



ISLAND OF GOLD

By CAPT. DENNIS DRAKE

Dead men didn't bother Capitaine Dacier. But when he flung the Professor to the scavenger sharks he drowned the secret of cached gold and made a quick-trigger enemy.

CAPITAINE PIERRE DACIER thrust his hairless pate and his black fork-whiskered chin up through the *Moorea's* companion. The hiss of waves cutting by the craft's sharp prow, the gurgling rush of water along the schooner's sides, killed all sound of the soft pad of the captain's feet as he stole forward. In a hand he carried a short Marquesan war-club carved of native ironwood. He crept up behind the professor.

The Marquesan war-club rose—and fell. The professor hung an instant over the rail, then slid softly to the deck.

Capitaine Dacier flung the war-club overboard. Quickly he knelt beside the inert form on the *Moorea's* deck. He went methodically through the professor's pockets, transferring the contents to his own.

Then Capitaine Dacier stood upon his bare feet. He glanced aft, toward the wheel. With another grunt he bent and caught the professor by an arm and a leg, heaved him to the rail, and threw him into the sea.

The wind was fair; the *Moorea* rushed along. Capitaine Dacier padded softly aft and kicked the Kanaka who hung sound asleep over the wheel.

"Black one!" he roared angrily. "Do you dream of being fed alive to the *mako?* Or would you put the *Moorea* on some hidden reef?"

IT was another evening when the *Moorea* sailed into Papeete and moored to the cannon planted in the coral wall. Capitaine Dacier, with a clean shirt on his back and shoes on his feet, went ashore.

Midnight found him in a native shack seated before a table. Across the table from the captain sat Jean Picard, his savage face covered with a black stubble that grew up over his cheekbones, close to his eyes.

"You're crazier than the devil, Dacier!" he barked. "I'm a chemist, you know—or was until I came here to Tahiti. Nobody can change a baser metal to gold. The nuts have been trying that for hundreds of years."

"But," Capitaine Dacier protested. "You say it is impossible. I say no, nothing is impossible. True enough, the philosopher's stone has not been found. But, *m'sieu'*, the way to make gold has been found."

From a trouser pocket he produced a small bar of yellow metal and placed it on the table before Picard.

"That, *m'sieu'*," he declared, "that is gold!"

His breath hissing through his nose, Picard took up the bar of yellow metal. From a pocket he fished a knife, opened out a blade and with the point tried the metal. It was soft and Picard gouged out a narrow shaving. Then he scratched a few more times and when he put down the bar it was marked with the feathered shaft of a barbless arrow.

"Your mark, eh?" Capitaine Dacier laughed. "Some day you will carve that mark once too often."

Picard growled. "That bar is gold, pure gold. Where did you get it?"

Dacier eyed Picard sharply.

"Jean Picard," he said softly, "if at dawn you will sail with me on my *Moorea*, I will tell you where I obtained this gold. I will tell you now that originally it was not gold—it was a base metal."

AT dawn the *Moorea*, her white wings spread to the wind, sailed from the harbor of Papeete. By noon the Island of Tahiti was far behind. Dacier surrendered the wheel to a Kanaka and woke Jean Picard.

"Come below," the captain said. "There are many things we must talk about."

In the *Moorea's* main cabin he spread out on the table all that he had found in the professor's pockets. One of these things was an unsealed letter addressed to "Mr. Hugh Tyler, Atuona, Hiva-oa, The Marquesas Islands." Picard read it.

My dear friend,

You have visited my laboratory many times and made many pleasant evenings for me with your talk. Sometimes, perhaps, you thought me a queer one in the head—that like the old alchemists I sought after the philosopher's stone, the secret of transmutation of baser metals into gold; but your thoughts of that nature, if you had such, you kept to yourself.

For that I shall reward you. The secret I sought for so many years I now give to you—a secret, my young friend, that will give you gold. It took many of my years to pluck the fruits of this secret; it should take you but a few hours, just long enough to read the attached cipher. Webster could do it in a few minutes.

I am writing this on board Captain Dacier's "Moorea." I have bought passage to Papeete. But I am not going to Papeete. Some calm night I am going into the sea. I am old and tired and wish to die.

Johann Conrad.

To this letter was fastened a second sheet of paper. It was the cipher to which the professor had referred.

871 . 2 . 15 . . 745 . 3 . 2 . . 719 . 1 . 12
. . 1 . 1 . 1 . . 141 . 3 . 4 . . 721 . 1 . 1
. . 719 . 1 . 12 . . pp 172 . 2 . 18 . . 28 .

Jean Picard scowled over the cipher for many minutes. Then he looked again at the professor's letter.

"Who is Webster?" he demanded.

Capitaine Dacier shrugged.

"Perhaps he refers to the Englishman who lost a leg to the *mako* in the Bay of Traitors."

"Dead men decode no ciphers," Picard growled. "You should have stood better guard over the professor. Who the devil have we left to figure it out for us?"

Capitaine Dacier shrugged again. Then slowly bared his teeth in a bleak smile. "There is Tyler," he said.

HUGH TYLER, the young American vanilla planter, sat in a wicker easy-chair on the veranda of his bungalow, and read and re-read the professor's letter. He turned to Capitaine Dacier.

"What happened to the professor?"

The captain wiped a tear from his eye and brushed the front of his shirt with his forked, black whiskers.

"He must have thrown himself overboard."

Jean Picard, who sat on the veranda floor where the steps descended to the ground, looked up from the stick at which he whittled.

"Do you know, Tyler," he remarked with a wink at the planter, "the more I think of the affair, the more I think that the captain used his whiskers to strangle the professor and then threw the body overboard."

Tyler laughed. He turned to Capitaine Dacier.

"If you do not object, captain, and if you still have in your possession the bar you said the professor gave you in payment for his passage, I would like to see it."

Capitaine Dacier drew the bar of gold from a trouser pocket.

"Rather a heavy pocketpiece," Hugh Tyler commented. He turned the bar over and observed on one surface the mark of the barbless arrow that Jean Picard had made with the point of his knife.

WHEN the two men had gone, the young planter got up from his chair and walked down the steps of the veranda. On the ground he stood for a time searching the grass with his eyes. Then he picked up the stick which Jean Picard had whittled. In miniature it was shaped like the shaft of an arrow, feathered at one end, barbless at the other.

He took out the professor's letter and studied that for a time. Then he went indoors and wrote a brief note. This he gave

to his native servant to deliver to the Commissionaire.

When the man had gone, Hugh again read the professor's letter. He frowned slightly.

"Webster!" he muttered. "Webster!" Then he laughed. "Of course, Webster is the key."

THE professor's laboratory was built against the sheer wall of a basalt cliff and the undressed stone was the wall of the building opposite the door. Near to the wall was erected a switchboard that reflected the many lights from its gleaming brass levers and dials. By the switchboard were rows of shelves all filled with books.

Hugh Tyler took down a heavy volume which he placed on the desk. It was a Webster's unabridged dictionary.

He drew the paper containing the professor's cipher of numbers. "Eight-seventy-one—then two—then fifteen. . . . Hmmm! Probably page, column and paragraph!"

He opened the dictionary to page eight hundred and seventy-one and counted down to the fifteenth paragraph in the second column. The word was "my." He jotted the word on the paper above the numbers. Then, in turn, he followed out the plan with the remaining groups of numbers. The cipher message read—

"My laboratory is a blind. It is built against a sheer wall of rock in which is a cave. The red switch will disclose the door."

Walking over to the switchboard, Hugh threw in the switch with the red handle. Somewhere a hidden motor came to life—and an opening came in the wall of basalt rock as a slab of stone moved inward and then was lifted out of sight.

"Thank you for saving us the trouble!"

Hugh Tyler turned slowly from the switchboard. In the doorway of the laboratory stood Capitaine Dacier, his black, forked whiskers bristling, a leveled revolver in a hand. Behind him was Jean Picard.

Hugh reached for his gun. But he was too late. In an instant they had him so he couldn't move.

The captain whipped out a knife and would have used it had not Picard knocked it from his hand.

"Fool!" he cried. "You've one man's blood upon your bald head now! Why add more?"

He ripped off his belt and secured Hugh Tyler's ankles. Then he bound his hands.

"Now," said Picard, "let's see what's in this hole."

He disappeared into the cave, lighting his way with Hugh Tyler's torch. Dacier followed him.

When the two men were gone from the room, Hugh Tyler rolled himself over and over until he struck against the switchboard. Then, after several vain attempts, he managed to get to his knees. In that position the red-handled switch was before his face. He took that red handle between his teeth, threw himself back and pulled the switch.

The slab of basalt, which was the cave door, dropped and sealed the entrance to the cavern.

For many minutes Hugh Tyler lay very still. Then outside in the coco-palms, a bat squeaked. Hugh Tyler smiled when he heard it.

"Gaspard!" he called. "Gaspard!"

Running feet came along the path to the laboratory. Gaspard Dubois, the *commissionaire* from Atuona, burst into the room. He was hatless and breathless. In a hand he carried a huge and antique revolver.

"*Monsieur!*" he cried, when he saw Hugh sitting on the floor. "Nugu brought your note and I came at once. I did as you suggested—first I went to the *Moorea* and arrested the two Kanakas." He knelt down by Hugh and loosened the belts about his wrists and ankles. "Where are these men?"

"In a secure place," Hugh told the *commissionaire*. "One of them is Capitaine Dacier of the *Moorea*. You will arrest him for the murder of Professor Conrad."

The *commissionaire* looked round-eyed at Hugh. "But, *m'sieu'!* Have you proof?"

Hugh took the professor's letter from his pocket and handed it to Gaspard.

"Read that!"

"There was no murder," Gaspard said when Hugh finished the letter. "The professor intended to drown himself."

Hugh shook his head. From a pocket he produced the arrow Jean Picard had whittled that afternoon.

"That is Jean Picard's mark," Hugh informed the puzzled Gaspard. "Picard makes that mark from habit. He made it with a knife on the bar of gold which Capitaine Dacier obtained from the professor. He made it again here—" and Hugh indicated on the margin of the professor's letter where Picard with a fingernail had made his mark.

"But what does it signify?" the bewildered Gaspard wanted to know.

"That Dacier and Picard read this letter and saw the cipher, which was fastened to it, before they delivered the envelope to me. The envelope was sealed when they gave it to me. But the professor had not sealed it. He had not finished it. *He had not definitely decided to carry out the plan to throw himself overboard.*"

The *commissionaire* nodded soberly. "Perhaps that is true, *m'sieu'*. You were familiar with the professor."

"I am sure of it," Hugh said with conviction. "When Picard and Dacier overpowered me, the captain all but knifed me. Picard knocked the knife from



Hugh, who had gone to one of the chests, beckoned Gaspard to his side.



The captain whipped out a knife. . . .

his hand and called him a fool for wanting upon his head the blood of a second man."

Gaspard sighed. "*Ah, m'sieu'!* If we had but one witness."

"Question the Kanakas," Hugh said.

The two Kanakas were outside, guarded by Hugh's servant. Terrified by the dire threats of the *commissionaire*, one of the Kanakas confessed to having witnessed the clubbing of the professor by the captain. Fearing for his own life, he had feigned sleeping at the wheel, he said.

"Convinced?" Hugh asked Gaspard.

Gaspard nodded.

Hugh went to the switchboard and threw in the red-handled switch. The hidden motor hummed. The cave door lifted. Capitaine Dacier and Jean Picard staggered in.

Gaspard manacled the two men together, back to back. Then he followed Hugh Tyler.

"*Parbleu!*" he said excitedly. "Now we shall see that philosopher's stone."

A narrow winding natural passage descended gradually, ending in a small, circular room. In the center of this room, piled up like cordwood, gleaming yellow beneath the rays of Hugh's big torch, were many bars of gold. In a row against the circular wall stood several brass-bound chests.

"*Sapristi!*" the astounded Gaspard cried. "He made a great pile while he was at it."

Hugh, who had gone to one of the chests, laughed and beckoned Gaspard to his side.

"And here's the professor's secret," he said. "Read that and you'll know just exactly how he did it."

He pointed at the cover of the chest on which was carved:

LOOT
from the Spanish treasure ship
TERESA
taken by the pirate
SIMON DE TORENO
July 9, 1645
Hidden here in September of the same year
Rediscovered
After twenty years of search
by
JOHANN CONRAD
August 11, 1935
Who concealed his source of wealth by posing as a scientist on the trail of the elusive atom which he never found.

(THE END)

JUMBO JIM'S PRIZE PARTY

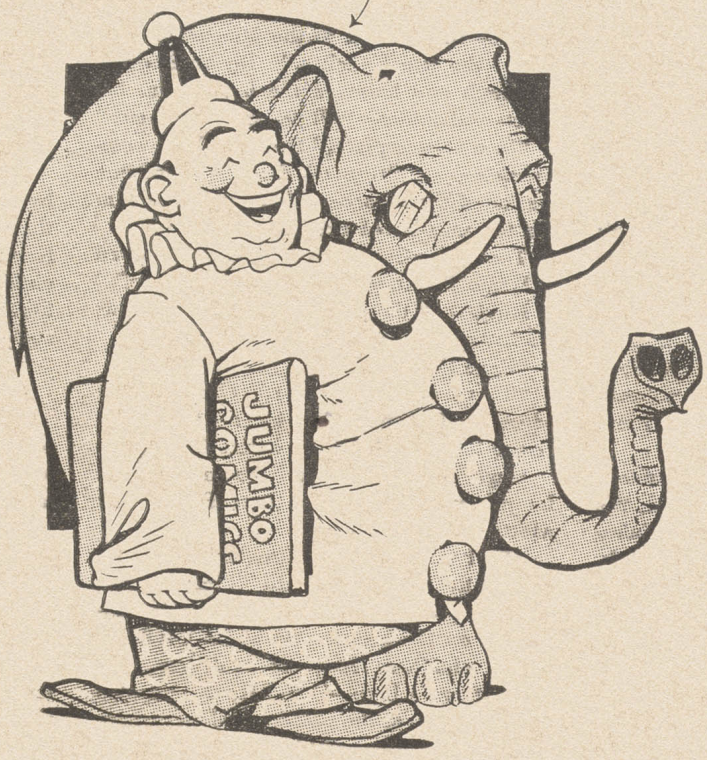
HI-HO, FELLOWS! COME ON IN—JOIN THE PARTY. SORRY I CAN'T TREAT YOU TO PINK LEMONADE AND ICE-CREAM AND CAKE—JUMBO FORGOT HIS MANNERS AND "ET" IT ALL UP! ANYHOW WE'LL HAVE A LOT OF GOOD FUN. I'VE GOT SOME SWELL PRIZES AND HERE'S HOW TO GET 'EM. JUST LOOK AT THE PICTURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE AND THINK OF SOMETHING FUNNY YOU'D SAY IF THE FARMER CAUGHT YOU "BORROWING" APPLES FROM HIS ORCHARD. THAT'S EASY, ISN'T IT? WRITE IT DOWN AND SEND IT IN TO ME.

NOW HERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO WIN A PRIZE. YOU CAN DRAW, CAN'T YOU? WELL, DRAW ME AN ORIGINAL CARTOON OF YOUR OWN. I WANT TO SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE.

BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE CONTEST RULES PRINTED BELOW. IT'S ALL AS SIMPLE AS ROLLING OFF A LOG. SO COME ON—LET'S GO!

PRIZES
$
PRIZES
$
PRIZES
$

COME AND
GET 'EM



JUMBO SAYS "HI-YA"

PRIZES
$
PRIZES
$
PRIZES
$

COME AND
GET 'EM

JUMBO JIM'S CONTEST RULES

1. PICTURE GAG. Send in your gag of ten words or less for the "Farmer" picture on this page. I will pay $5.00 for the best and funniest gag received. For the ten next best gags I will pay $1.00 each.

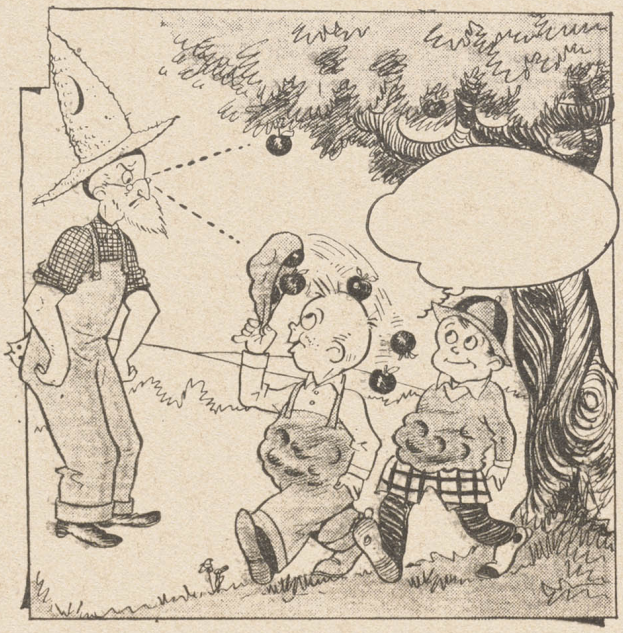
2. ORIGINAL CARTOON DRAWING. For the best and most original comic drawing received I will pay $5.00. For the ten next best I will pay $1.00 each. Drawings must not be bigger than six inches by six inches.

This contest is open only to boys and girls under sixteen years of age. Send all gags and drawings to JUMBO JIM, care of JUMBO COMICS, 461 8th AVE., NEW YORK CITY. Print your name, address and age plainly on the sheet of paper with your gag or drawing.

The editors of JUMBO COMICS are to be the sole judges in this contest and reserve the right to print and publish any prize winning material received. No material submitted will be returned. All entries must be in my hands not later than October 1, 1938. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your envelope.

Good luck and here's hoping you win a prize.

JUMBO JIM.



CAN YOU FILL IN THE GAG?

INSPECTOR DAYTON



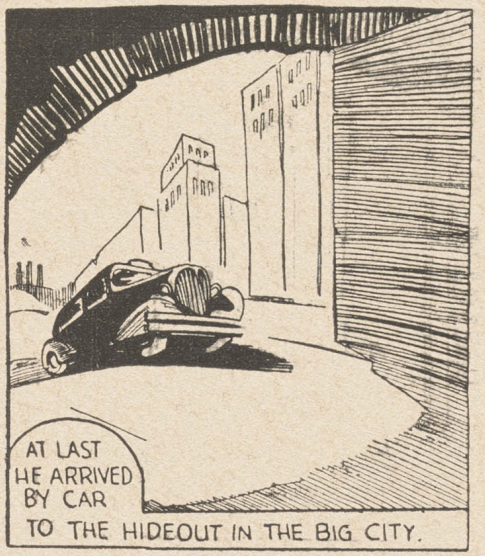
by GEO. THATCHER

INSPECTOR DAY HAS COME UPON A SMUGGLING RING... STRANGELY ENOUGH THEY ARE THE BLACK "ACE OF SPADES" GANG HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR



















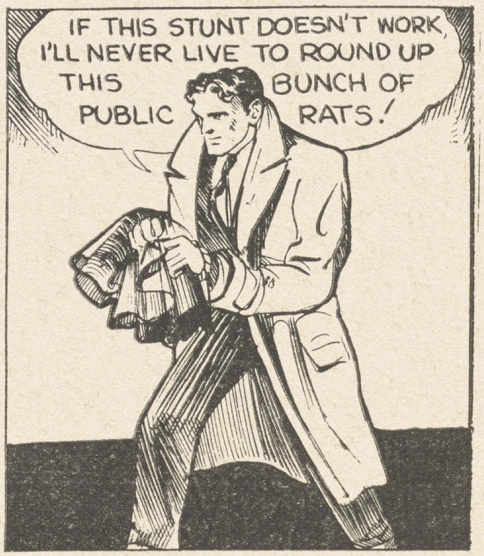
1.

INSPECTOR DAYTON

BY
GEO. THATCHER

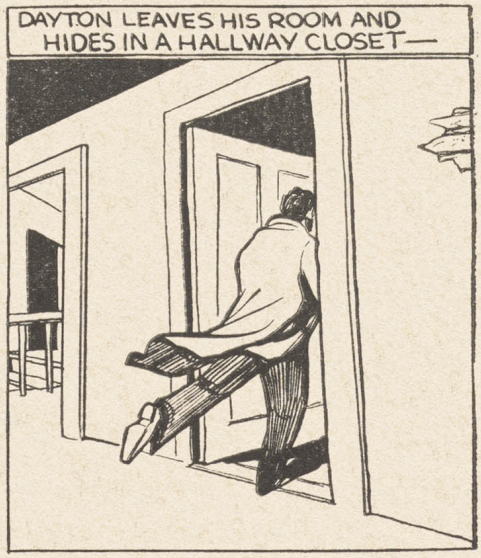


















INSPECTOR DAYTON

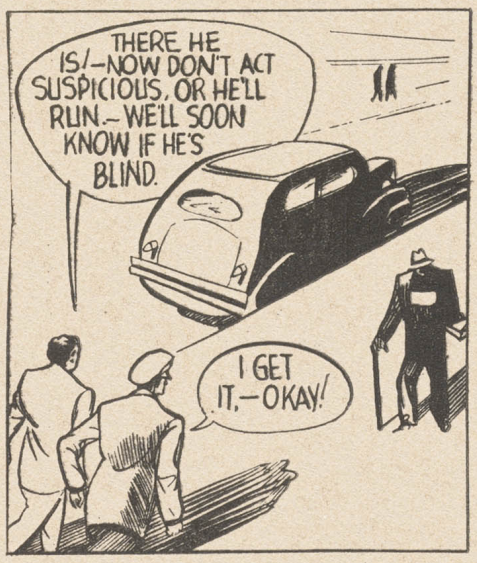
by GEO. THATCHER





AFTER REACHING HIS OFFICE, HE CALLS FOR A PLAINCLOTHESMAN AND A POLICEMAN ...







AFTER MANY HOURS OF GRILLING "THE FINK",—DAYTON TRIES A RUSE ...







INSPECTOR DAYTON



by GEO. THATCHER

INSPECTOR DAYTON CENTERS HIS EFFORTS ON APPREHENDING THE "ACE OF SPADES" AND HIS GANG OF DOPE SMUGGLERS ...

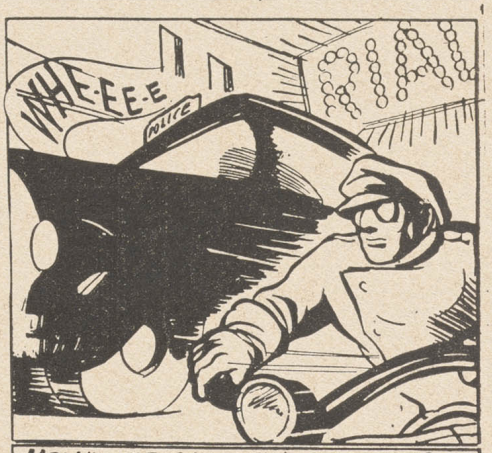








THE GANGSTERS' SPEEDY SEDAN IS SOON CAREENING ALONG THE OPEN COUNTRY ROADS AS THEY LEAVE THE CITY'S LIMITS BEHIND ...



MEANWHILE, DAYTON'S SCREAMING POLICE CARS AND MOTORCYCLE UNITS TEAR ACROSS TOWN TO THE NOW ABANDONED HIDEOUT ...







WILTON OF THE WEST



THE SHERRIF AND HIS MEN ARE TRAPPED IN THE HILLS BY BART LUGER AND HIS CUT-THROATS. MEANWHILE, WILTON IS IN HIDING BEHIND THE OUTLAWS. WITH HIM IS JOCK DANSON'S YOUNG NEPHEW, BILLY.

JOCK DANSON'S LITTLE NEPHEW MAKES A WILD DASH FOR THE SHERRIF AND HIS BESEIGED MEN...

THERE GOES DANSON'S BRAT HEADIN' FER THE SHERRIF. WELL HE WON'T GET THERE, NOT WHILE BART LUGER HAS HIS GUN SIGHTS TRAINED ON HIM!

WILTON, NOTICING LUGER'S INTENTION, LEAPS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE.

WILTON LANDS HEAVILY ON LUGER, WHO LOSES HIS BALANCE, CAUSING BOTH MEN TO ROLL DOWN THE HILLSIDE.

EASY THERE, POLECAT! I'VE GOT THE GUN NOW. GET UP AND DROP YOUR GUN BELT. I'M GOING TO BEAT THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU.

O'KAY— NOW UP WITH YOUR HANDS, LUGER! THIS IS MAN TO MAN!

LUGER TAKES THE OFFENSIVE WITH A MAD RUSH AT WILTON

WILTON STRIKES HOME!

IT LOOKS BAD FOR THE BOSS. AS SOON AS WILTON TURNS HIS BACK, I'LL PLUG HIM!

WILTON OF THE WEST



IN ORDER TO STOP BART LUGER FROM SHOOTING BILLY DANSON, TO PREVENT THE BOY FROM REACHING THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN WHOM LUGER'S GANG HAS TRAPPED, WILTON JUMPS ON LUGER FROM BEHIND. THE TWO MEN ENGAGE IN A TERRIFIC FIST FIGHT.

BART LUGER IS WILD WITH RAGE AND DESPERATION. HE THROWS HARD CHOPPING BLOWS AT WILTON WHO, WITH COOL PRECISION WARDS THEM OFF

TOO BAD, WILTON IS TOO BUSY TO SAY HIS PRAYERS, BECAUSE IN THE NEXT FIVE SECONDS HIS BACK IS GONNA LOOK LIKE A SIEVE!

LOOK, SHERIFF! THAT MAN ON THE CLIFF. HE'S AIMING TO SHOOT WILTON IN THE BACK!

WHY, THE ORNERY BLACK-HEARTED SKUNK!

THE SHERIEF'S DEADLY AIM ACCOUNTS FOR LUGER'S MAN WHO DROPS TO THE ROCKS BELOW.

MEANWHILE WILTON PUTS ALL HIS STRENGTH BEHIND ONE JAW-SMASHING BLOW.

YOU HAVE MUCH MORE COMING TO YOU, LUGER! TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT AWAKE TO GET IT!

HEY, WILTON! COME A RUNNIN', PRONTO! YER IN THE LINE OF FIRE. THEY'LL PLUG YOU SURE. GIT A GOIN' OR YER A DEAD MAN!

JUMPIN' JUNIPER! I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE, THEY'LL KILL HIM TOO!

ZING ZING

WILTON OF THE WEST



WILTON FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE BETWEEN BART LUGER'S GANG AND THE POSSE.

CARRYING BART LUGER, WHOM HE JUST KNOCKED OUT, WILTON STAGGERS TOWARD THE SHERIFF'S POSITION.

THE YOUNG FOOL! IT WOULD BE JEST LIKE HIM TO DO A THING LIKE THAT, HE'S SURE TO GET HIT THIS TIME!

MEANWHILE, THE SHERIFF'S MEN DRAW THE FIRE OF LUGER'S GANG TO PROTECT WILTON

WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS TRAP ALIVE WITHOUT HELP SOMEONE HAS GOT TO GET THROUGH AND IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME.....I HOPE THE SHERIFF DON'T MIND MY BORROWING HIS HORSE.

SHOOT STRAIGHT, YOU GUYS, THAT KID MUSTN'T GET THROUGH!

BUT LUCK IS WITH THE BOY AS HE BREAKS THROUGH THE CORDON OF LEADEN DEATH.

CURSE THAT BRAT! - WE'LL NEVER GET HIM NOW THAT MEANS THE RANGERS WILL BE DROPPING IN ON US.

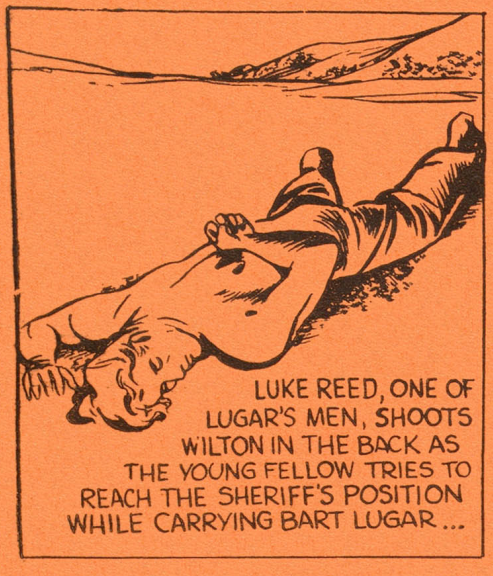
GET READY TO CLEAR OUT, WILTON'S GOT THE BOSS, WE HAVE TO SAVE OUR OWN HIDES NOW. BUT FIRST I'M GONNA BLAST WILTON TO KINGDOM COME!

WILTON HALTS IN HIS TRACKS, CLUTCHING HIS BACK, AND FALLS.

WILTON OF THE WEST

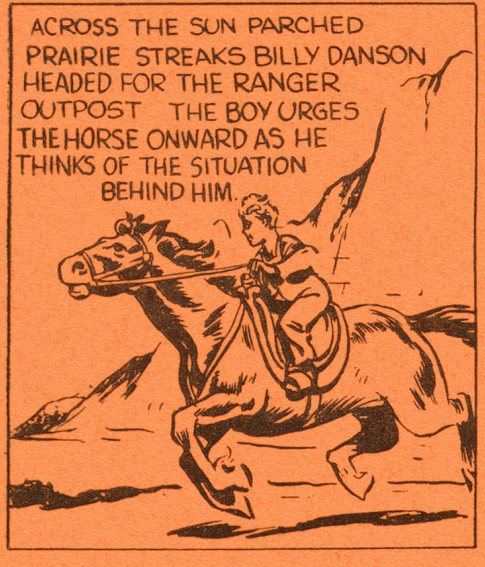


AFTER RENDERING BART LUGAR UNCONSCIOUS DURING A HEATED FIST FIGHT, WILTON FINDS HIMSELF CAUGHT IN A CROSSFIRE BETWEEN LUGAR'S GANG AND THE SHERIFF'S BESIEGED POSSE. MEANWHILE BILLY DANSON HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE OUTLAW TRAP VIA THE SHERIFF'S HORSE, TO GET HELP....

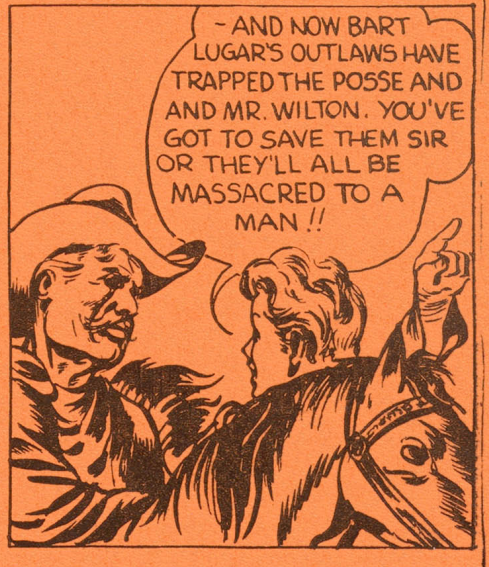


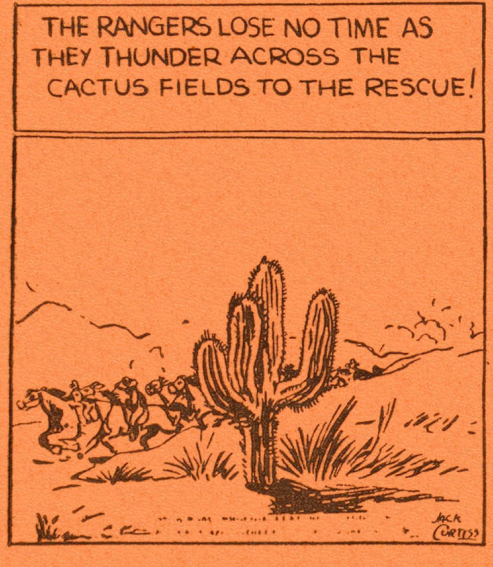




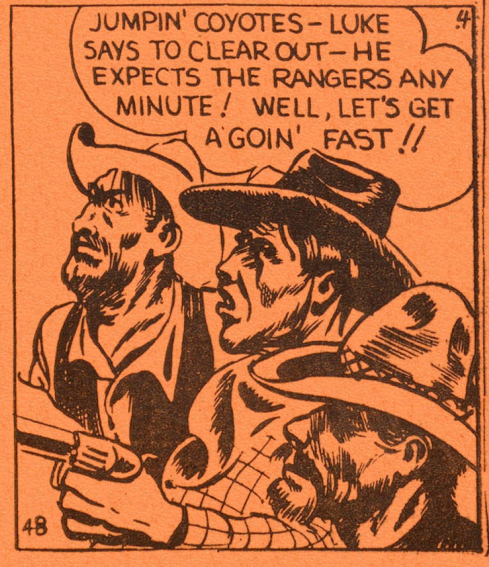




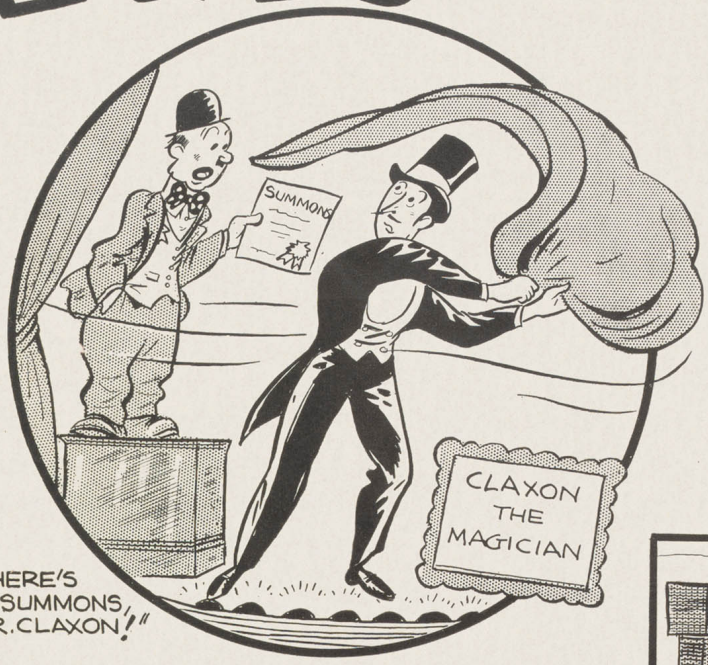








JEST LAFFS



"HERE'S A SUMMONS, MR. CLAXON!"



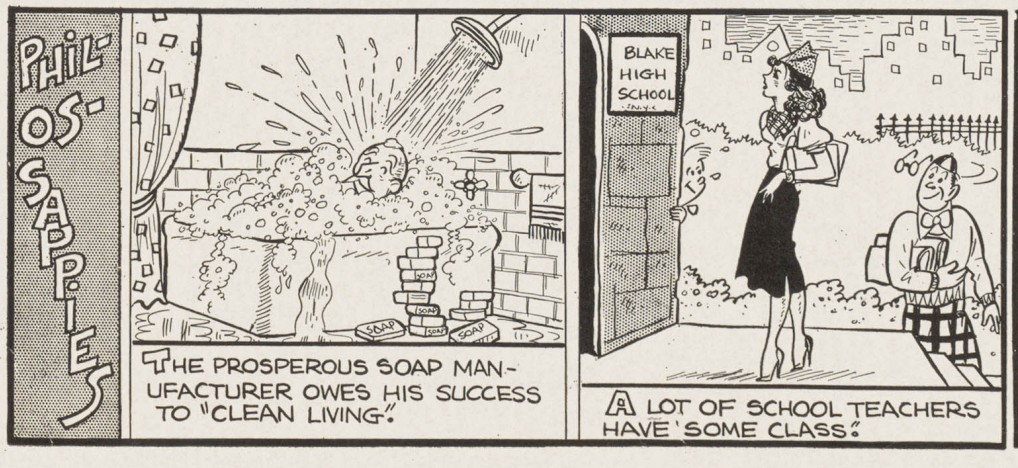
"MISS JONES, TAKE A LETTER!"

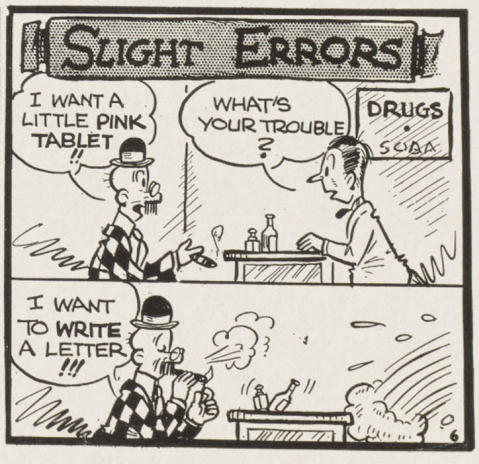


"OH, BOY, HERE'S A DEPOSIT BOTTLE!"



"LET'S PUT OUR CODS ON THE TABLE, SWENSON!"





JUMBO COMICS

No. 1
SEPT.

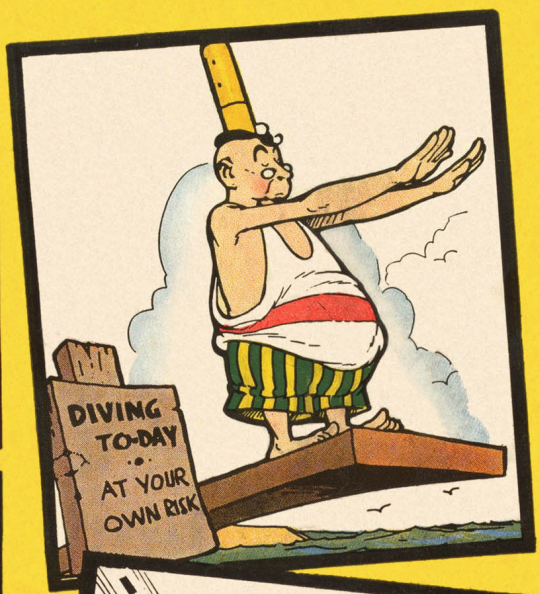
64 PAGES

Bigger & Better Funnies

10¢

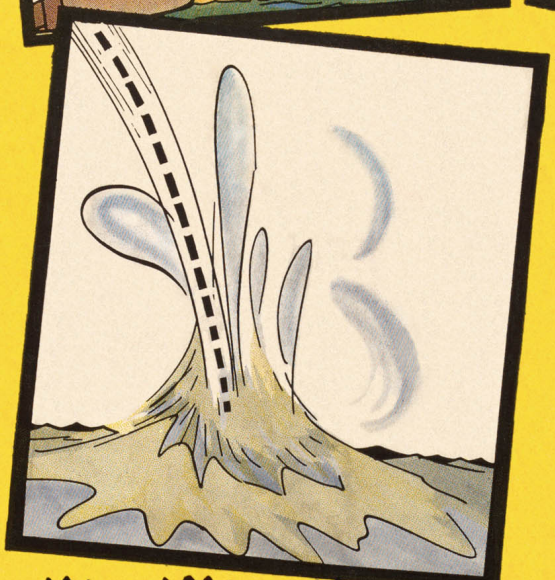
IN THIS ISSUE

















ALSO... PUZZLE PHUN, JOKES MODERN PLANES, INSPECTOR DAYTON, COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, WILTON OF THE WEST AND MANY OTHER FAVORITES

PRIZES—STORIES—FUN

BIG PAGES—BIG PICTURES—BIG TYPE—EASY TO READ