JUMBO COMICS

No. 2
OCT.

10¢ **Bigger & Better Funnies** 64 PAGES

JUMBO COMICS FEATURES:









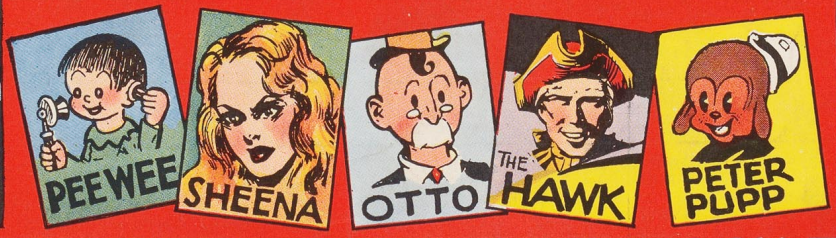


SCOOP!

COMPLETE CARTOON PREVIEW OF
CHARLIE McCARTHY
IN
"A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION"
THE NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE LAFF-RIOT



ALSO
INSPECTOR DAYTON
COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
TOM SHERRILL— INDIAN SCOUT
ZX5— SPIES IN ACTION
HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME
MODERN PLANES, PUZZLES, LAFFS, STORIES AND OTHER FAVORITES.
JUMBO JIM AND HIS PRIZE PARTY



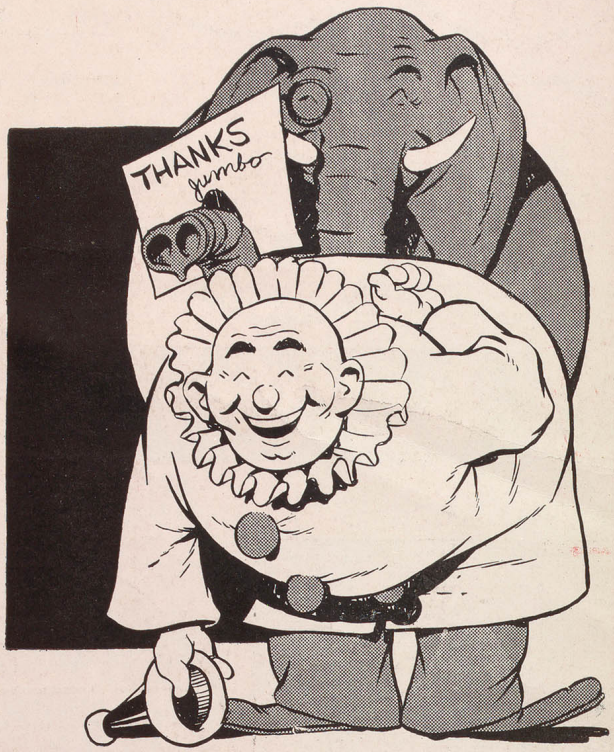
BIG PAGES—BIG PICTURES—BIG TYPE—EASY TO READ

THANKS, FOLKS—THANKS

FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART

I THANK YOU

(JUMBO SAYS "HI-YA")



Grown-ups live on steak and potatoes, kids on cereal and spinach—but clowns exist on applause. And are you giving me plenty of applause—wow! I'll say you are—your nice letters are pouring in like anything. Believe me, you're making me happy.

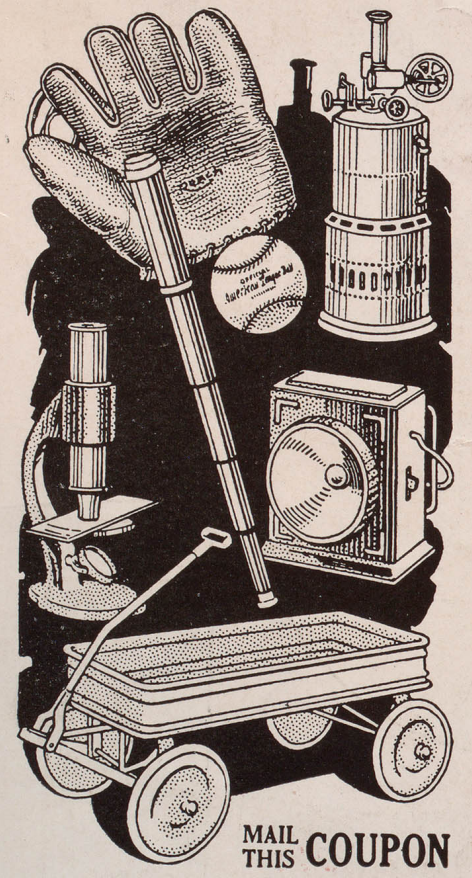
I'm sure tickled pink to know you like JUMBO COMICS. Jumbo and I worked mighty hard to make it the kind of magazine you would like, and from your terrific response, we judge it hit the mark. I'm especially pleased with the many letters from the mothers and dads, saying how glad they are that here, at last, is a comic magazine big enough to read.

My, but it is good to be with you again! Jumbo and I think THIS SECOND ISSUE is even better than the first, and we're sure you will like it, too. I've got another swell contest for you on page 57, and a BIG SURPRISE—Good news for you.

By all means keep on sending in your letters and suggestions. I want to hear from every single one of you.

So-long and good fun!

JUMBO JIM.



MAIL THIS COUPON

BIG PRIZES and CASH PROFITS!

You Can Earn This Speedy Streamlined Aluminum Bike

BOYS, 12 to 15, here's the bicycle for YOU! Made of stainless, rust-proof aluminum alloy; light, exceptionally easy to handle, yet (weight for weight) stronger than steel. A knockout of a job; a silvery beauty that has plenty of "pick-up" and speed. Fully equipped. Balloon tires.

Earn this bike and any of 300 other big prizes, including a portable typewriter and musical instruments. Make MONEY, too. It's easy. Just deliver our fine magazines to customers whom you secure in your neighborhood. Many boys earn a prize the first day. Perhaps you can, too. Mail the coupon to start.

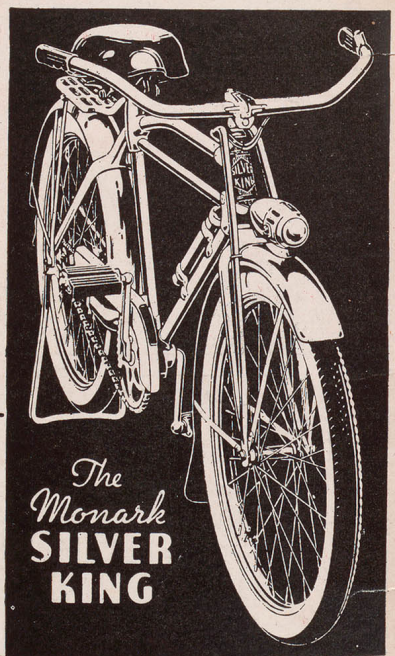
Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 834
The Crowell Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning MONEY and PRIZES and send me one of your Prize Books, showing 300 items boys can earn.

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



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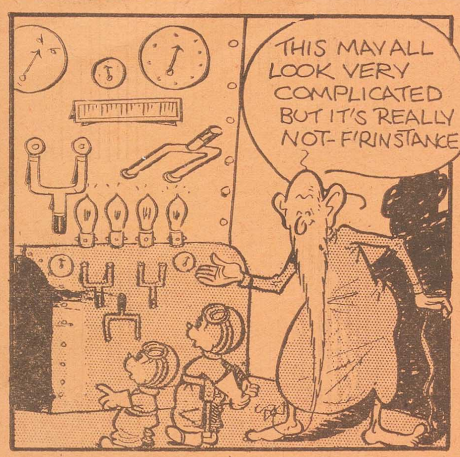
PETER PUPP

by BOB KANE

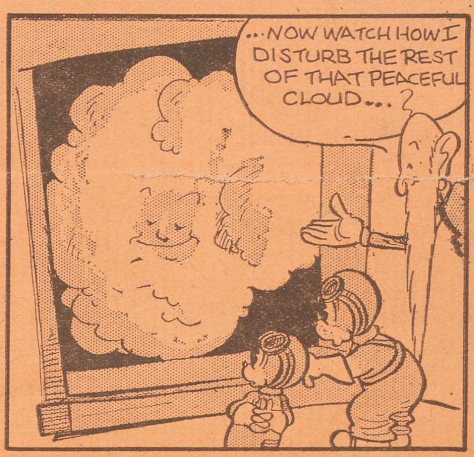


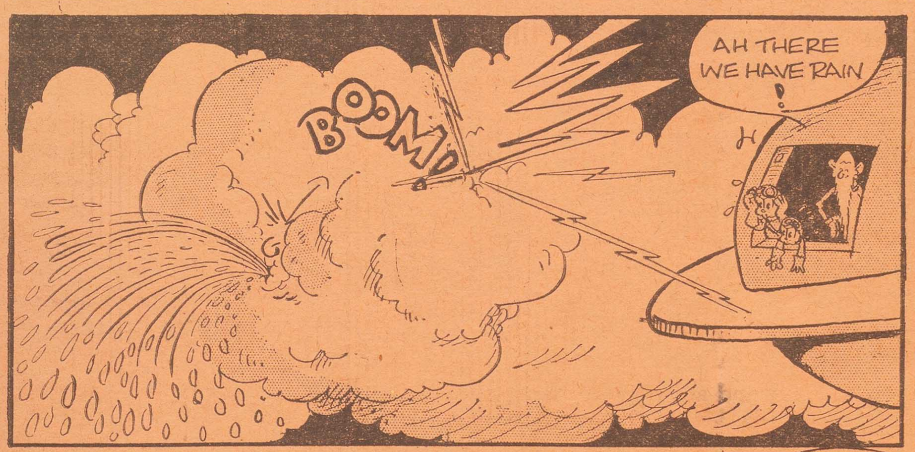


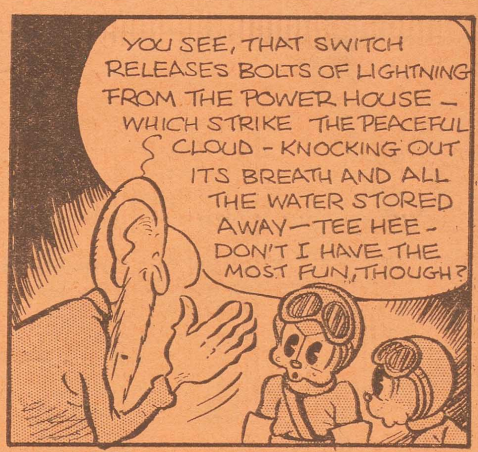


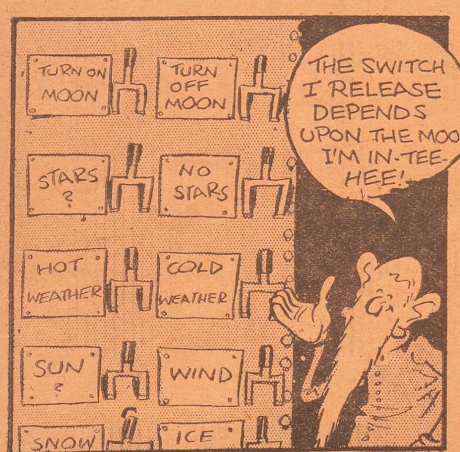


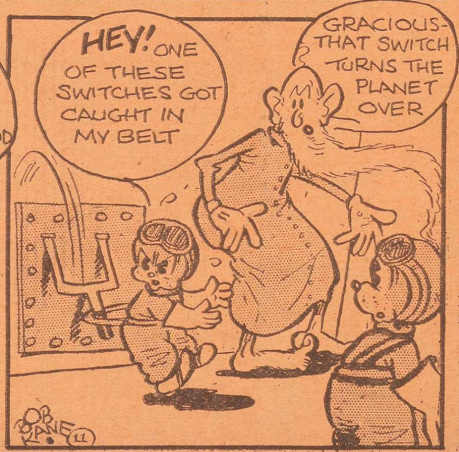










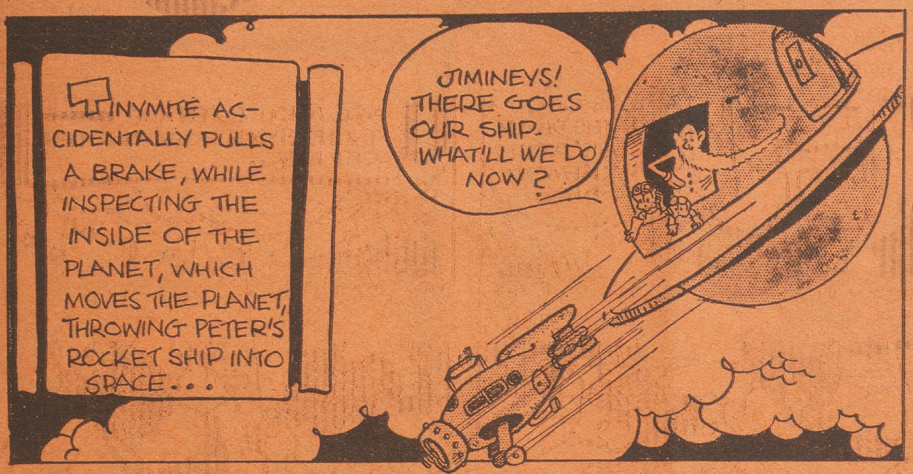




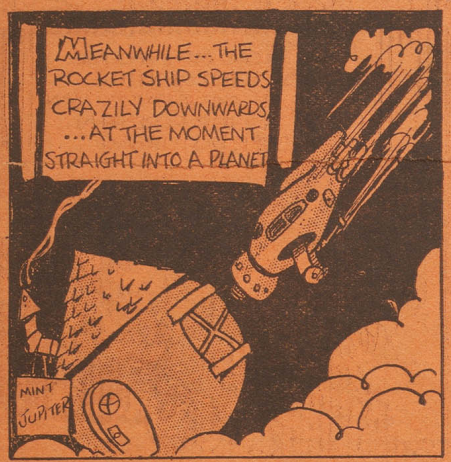
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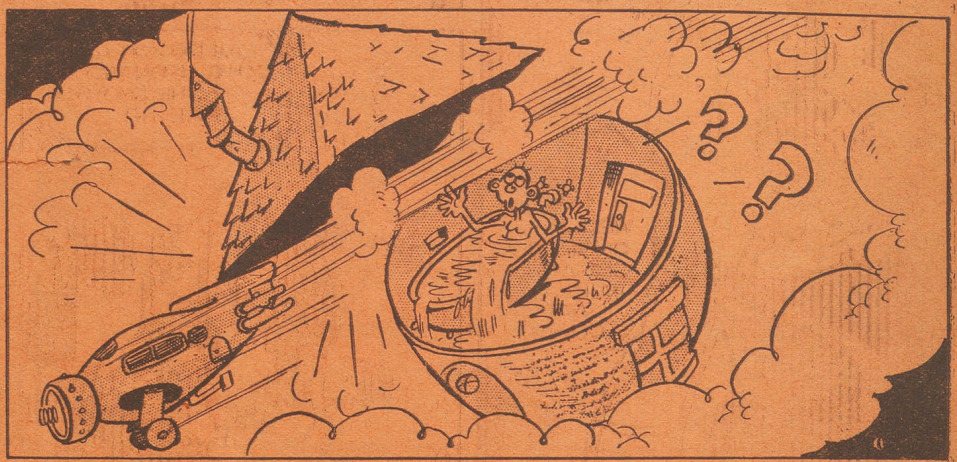
by BOB KANE



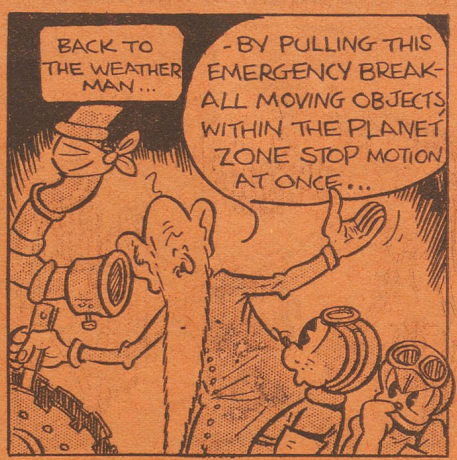


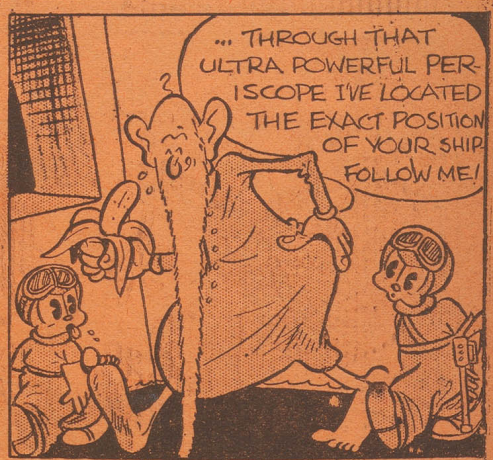




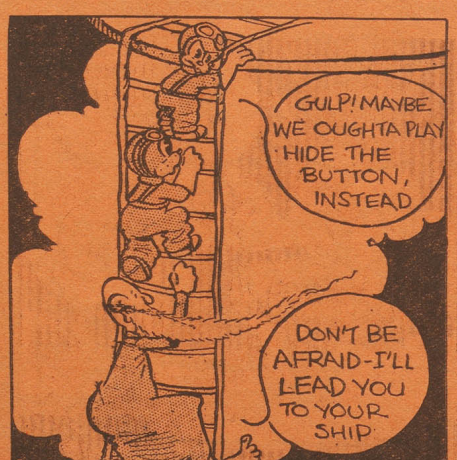


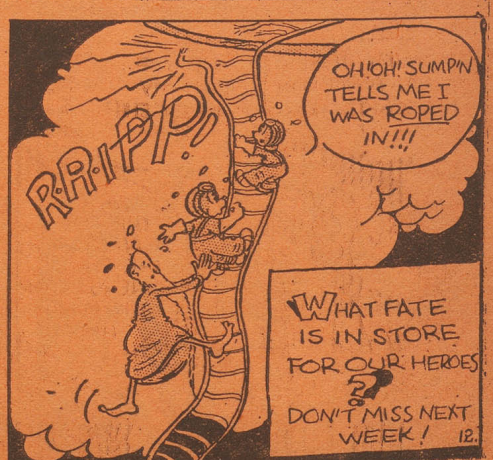










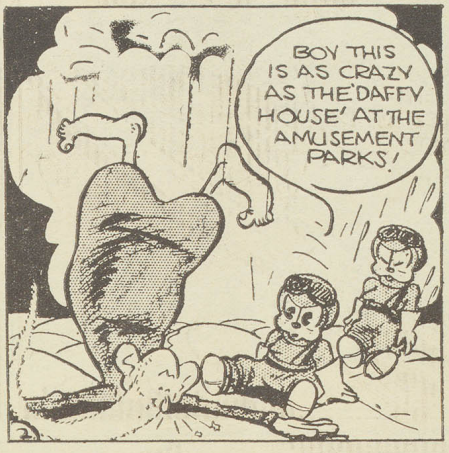


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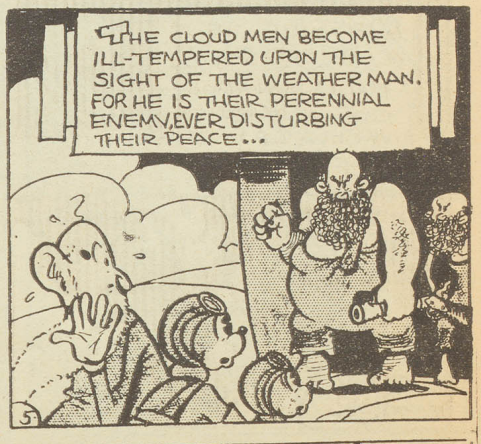


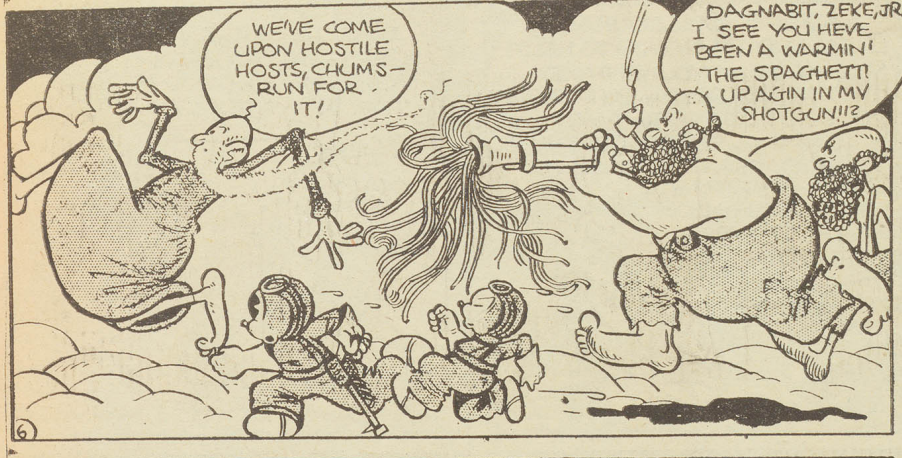


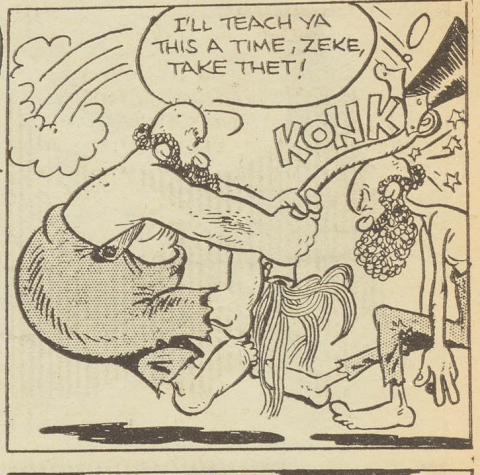




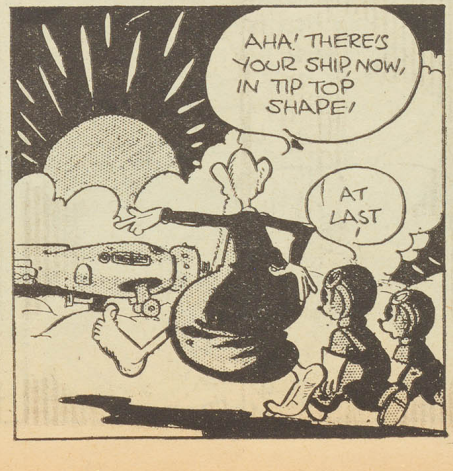








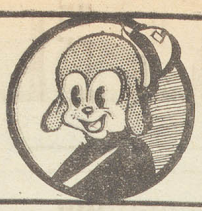


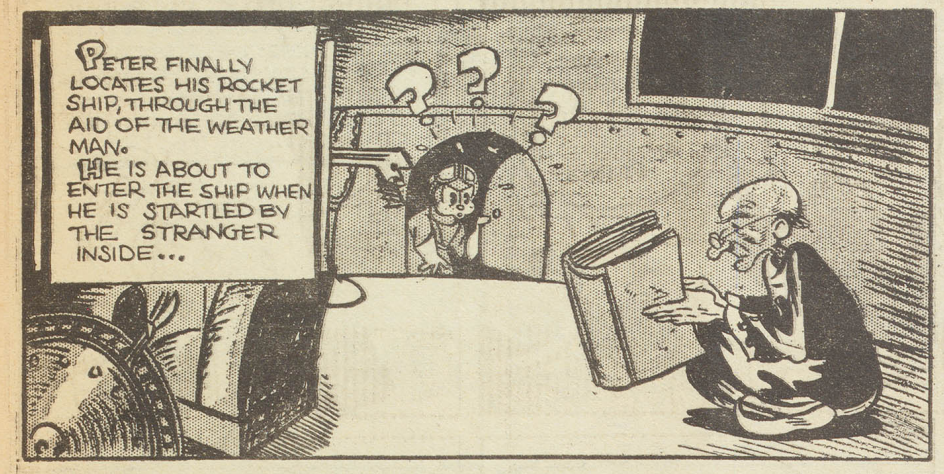


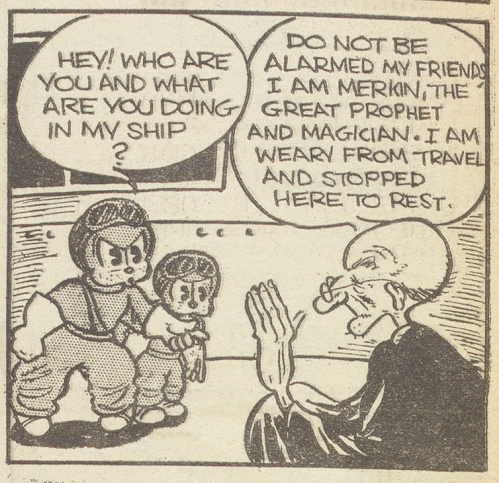


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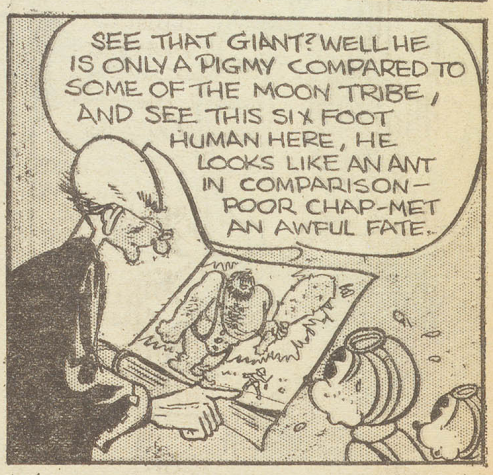




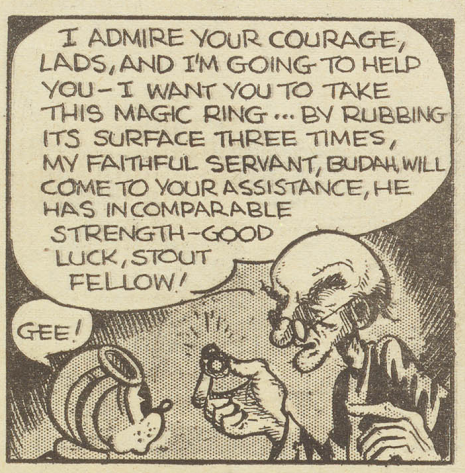








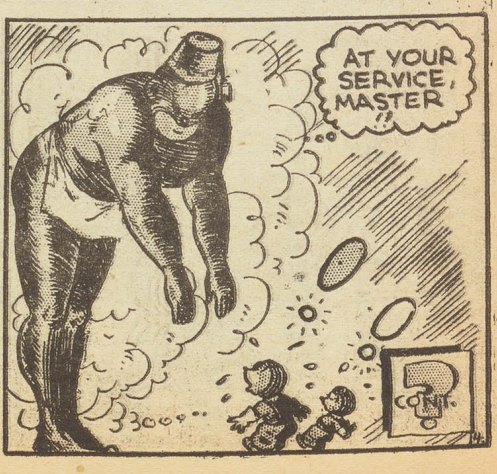






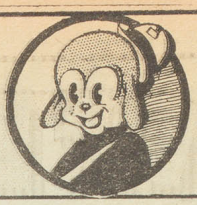


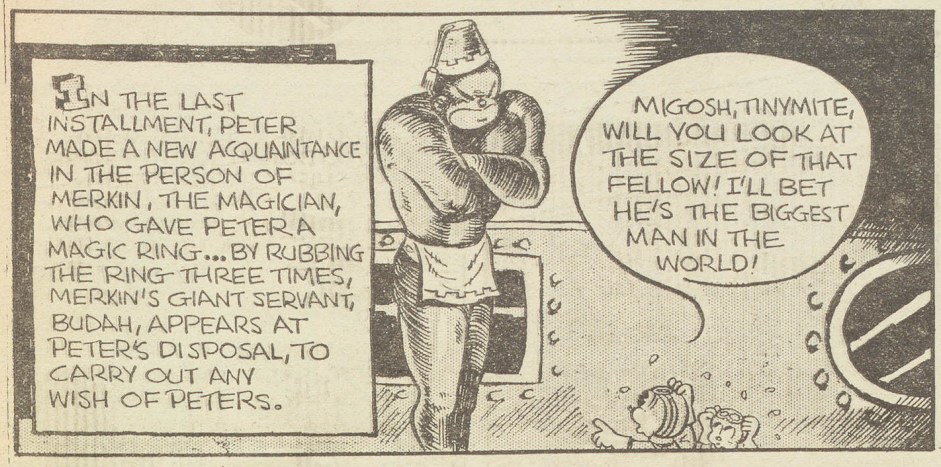


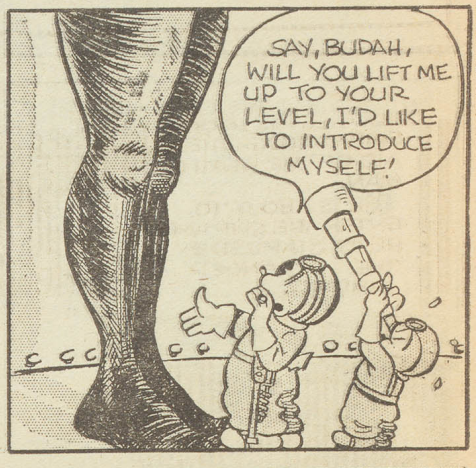


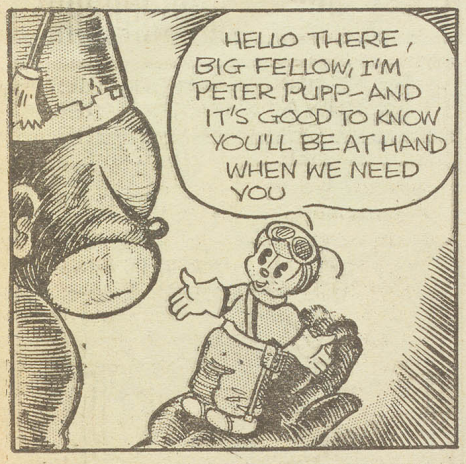
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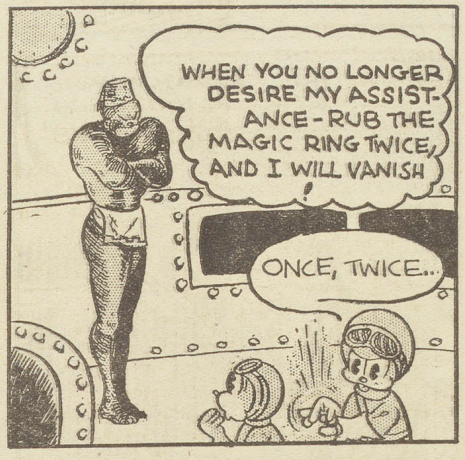
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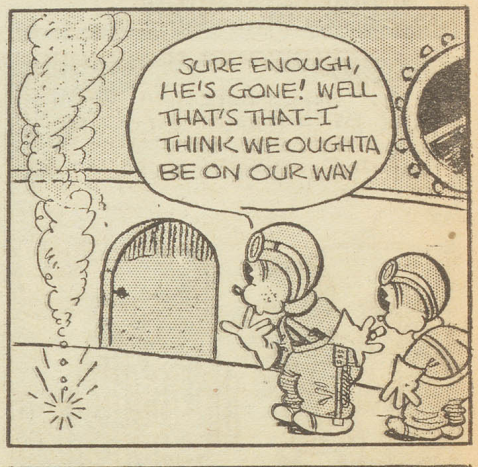


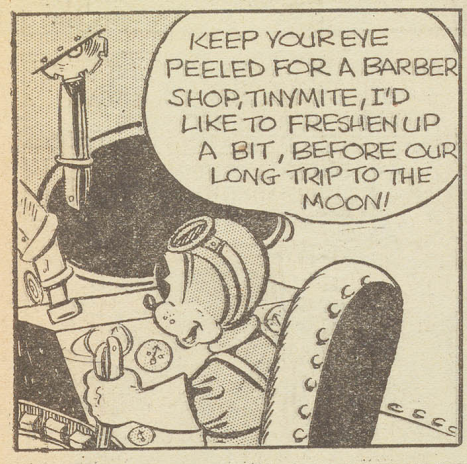


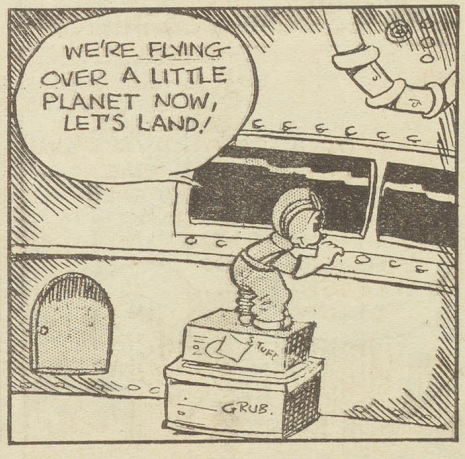




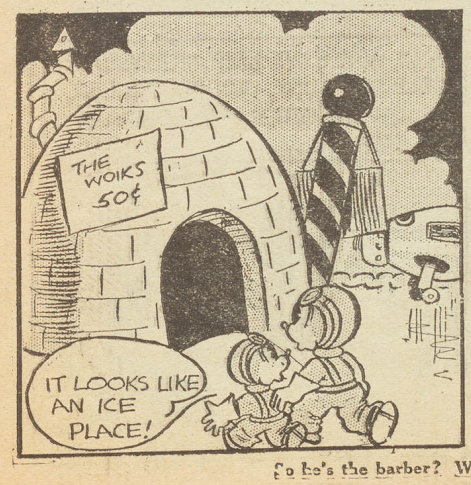
















So he's the barber? Will Peter Pupp get a clipping? Read the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Ransie

DISREGARDING THE PLEAS OF HIS COLONEL, MERRYSTONE, IN A RAGE, ORDERS THE GARRISON TO OPEN FIRE ON THE HAWK'S SHIPS..

ALL THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING A STEADY BOMBARDMENT FILLS THE TROPICAL AIR WITH A CONTINUOUS THUNDER.

BOOM BOOM BOOM

BUT- HAWK- THOSE SHOTS ARE LANDING CLOSER- AND CLOSER---

WE MUST WAIT HERE UNTIL---- AH! THERE THEY ARE--

GATHERED ON THE SHORE, HUDDLED IN FEAR, THE BLACKS WHOM THE HAWK HAD FREED, WAIT FOR A SIGNAL TO ROW OUT TO SEA----

THE SLAVES/ THEY'RE WAITING FOR OUR SIGNAL

GOOD!-- NOW HERE'S MY PLAN, FLUTH, SIGNAL OUR OTHER SHIP TO STAND BY TO TAKE THOSE SLAVES ON BOARD.

BUT IN THE LITTLE GARRISON, THE GATHERING OF THE SLAVES IS ALSO NOTICED-----

LOOK! SLAVES ON THE SHORE!!

SLAVES- SO, THAT'S HIS GAME, EH!.. WELL WE'LL STOP THAT.

YOU SEE HE'S BEEN WAITING FOR THOSE SLAVES ---HE WANTS TO GET THEM ABOARD HIS OTHER SHIP---

AS SOON AS THOSE BLACKS TAKE TO THE BOATS, DIRECT YOUR FIRE ON THEM... AHEM!- SO THEY WILL BE **ACCIDENTALLY** HIT.-HEH!-HEH!--

BUT ON THE HAWK'S SHIP- THE MOVE IS ANTICIPATED, AND THE HAWK PREPARES FOR A CHECKMATE----

ORDER A LANDING PARTY-- THREE LONG BOATS, SCALING-LADDERS--- AND 20 MEN.

WHAT'S OUR OBJECTIVE?

WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THE GARRISON.

TO A CREW OF FIGHTING ADVENTURERS WHO HAVE BEEN CHAFING AT THE BIT, THIS IS WELCOME NEWS- AND THE ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT, AS IF BY MAGIC-

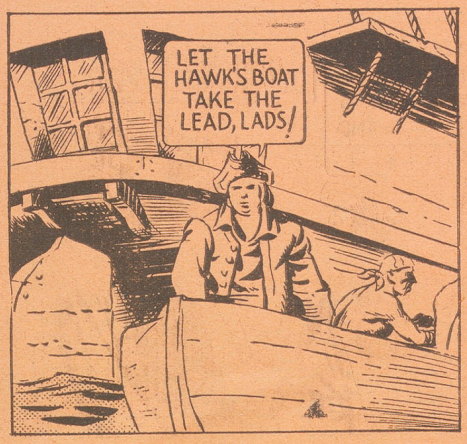
AND WHILE WE KEEP MERRYSTONE'S SOLDIERS BUSY, OUR BLACKS CAN REACH THE OTHER MERCHANTMAN IN SAFETY----

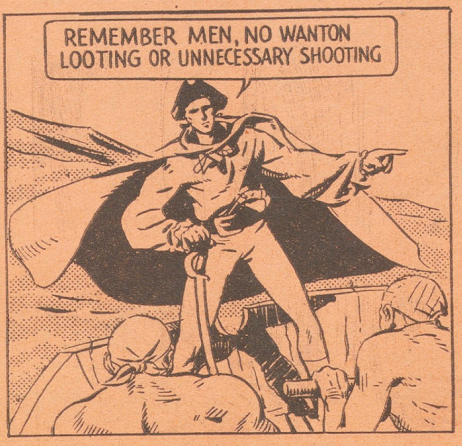
Ransie

HAWKS OF THE SEAS

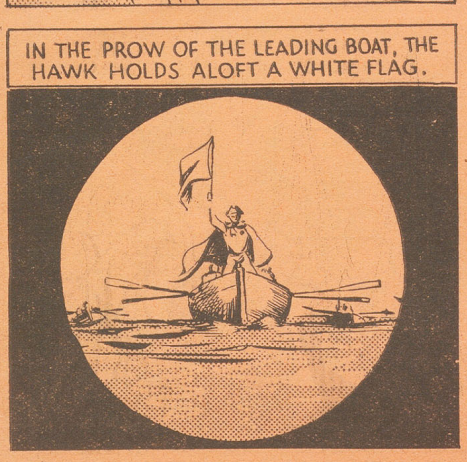
BY Willis Rensie

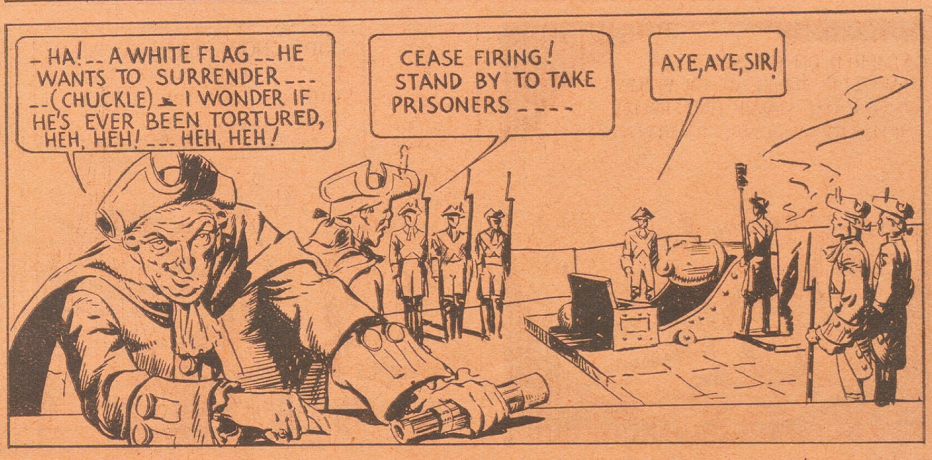
IN ORDER TO ENSURE THE SAFETY OF THE LIBERATED SLAVES, THE HAWK PREPARES TO STORM THE GARRISON ----

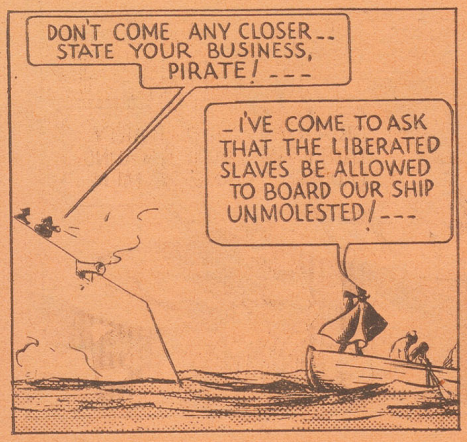








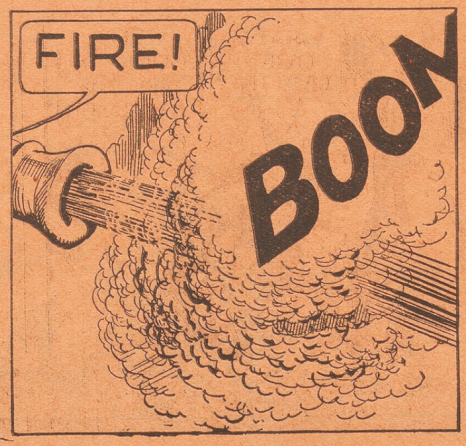


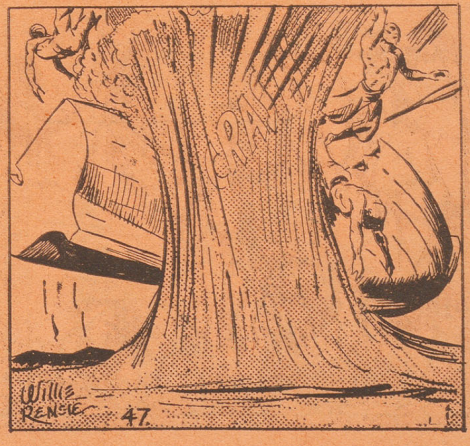








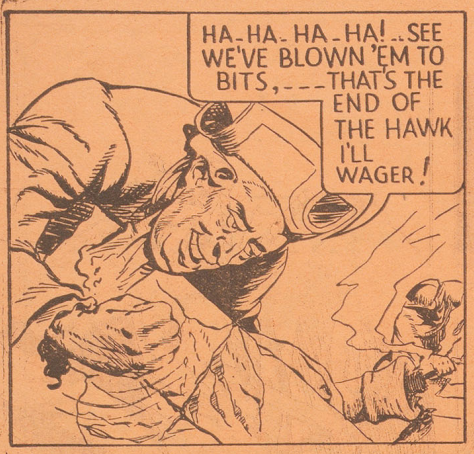


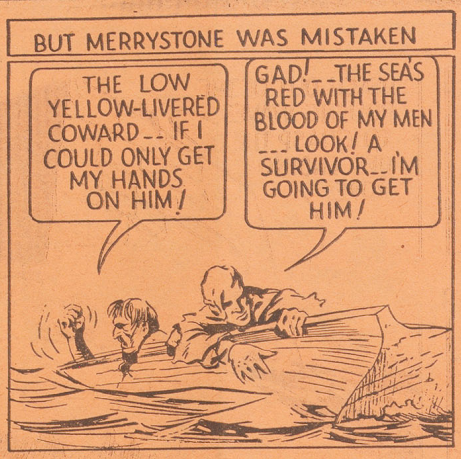


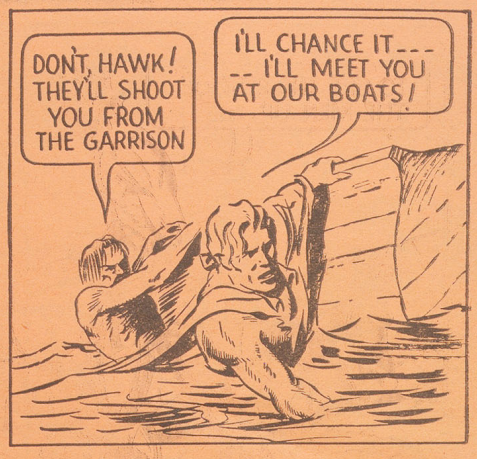
HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Rentie

THE TREACHEROUS MERRYSTONE FIRED A SHOT POINT BLANK AT THE HAWK'S BOAT, DESPITE THE WHITE FLAG THEY CARRIED.....



















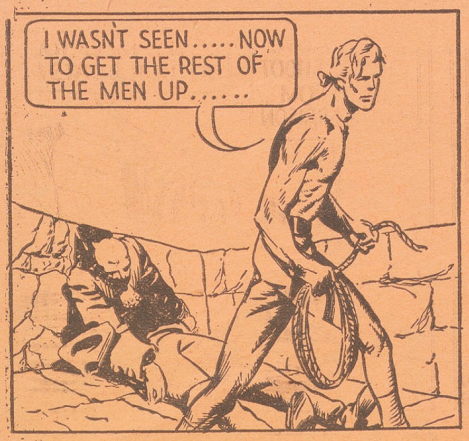


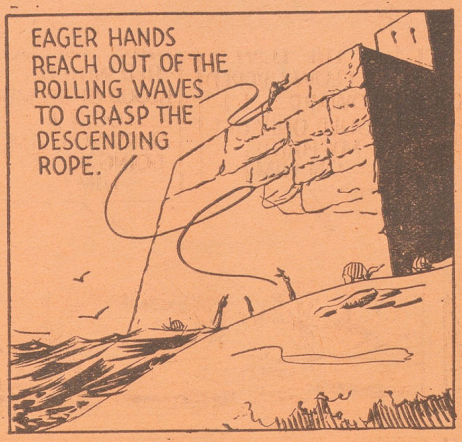


HAWKS OF THE SEAS

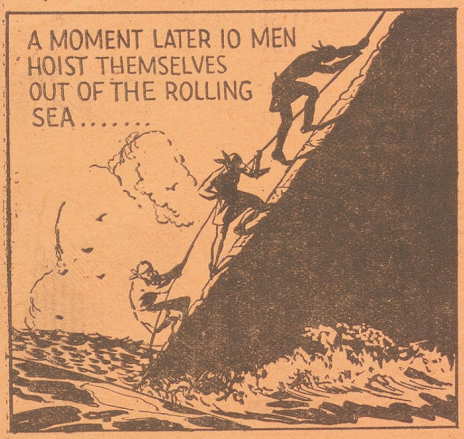
BY Willis Rennie

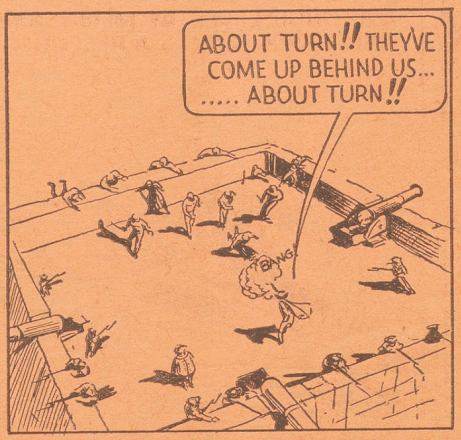
THE HAWK HAS CLIMBED THE REAR WALL OF THE TINY GARRISON THEY ARE PREPARING TO STORM

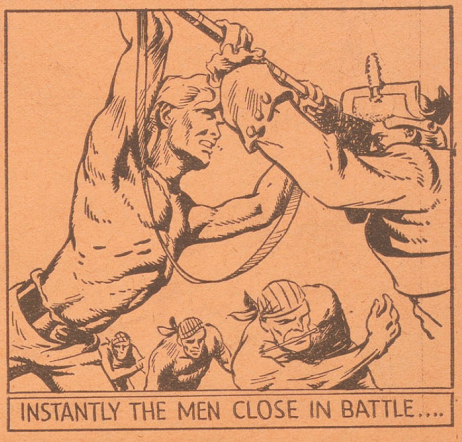




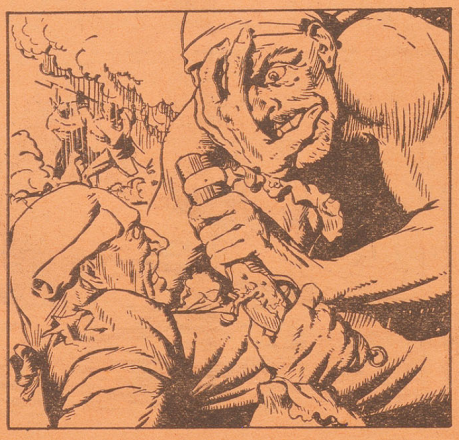


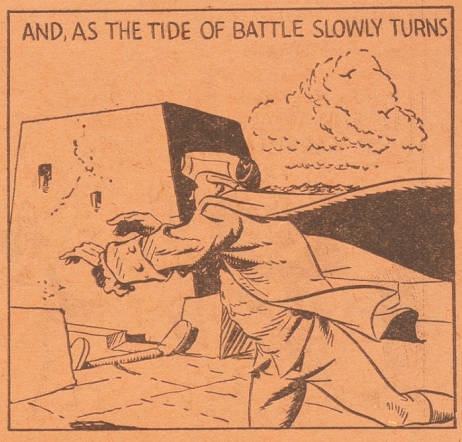


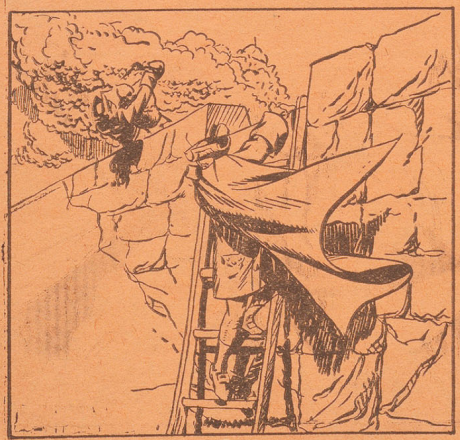










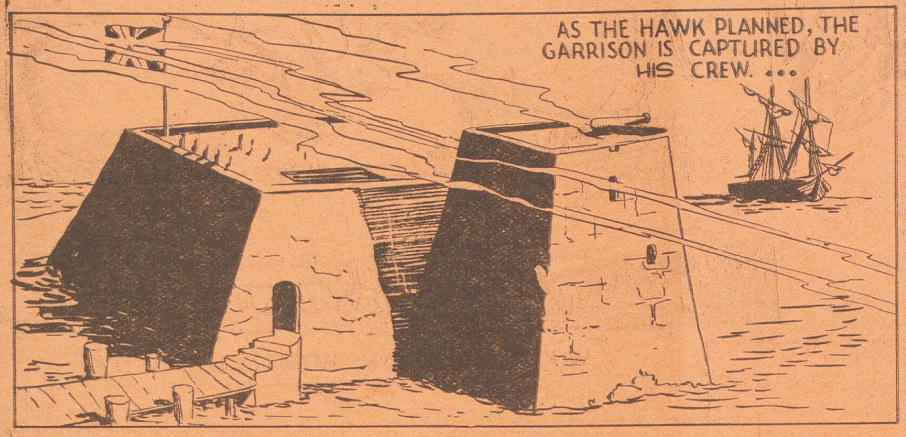




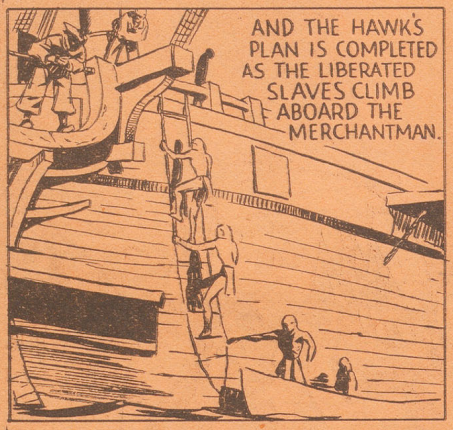
HAWKS OF THE SEAS

BY Willis Rensie

BY SWIMMING UNDER WATER, THE HAWK WITH TEN MEN REACH AND CLIMB THE GARRISON WALLS.. THEY ENGAGE THE SURPRISED SOLDIERS.....

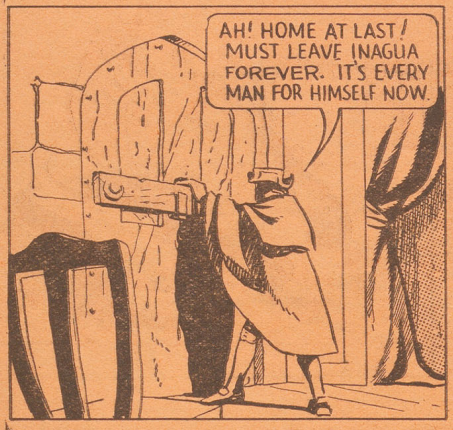










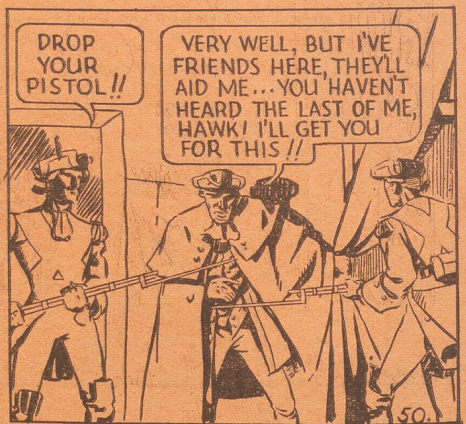








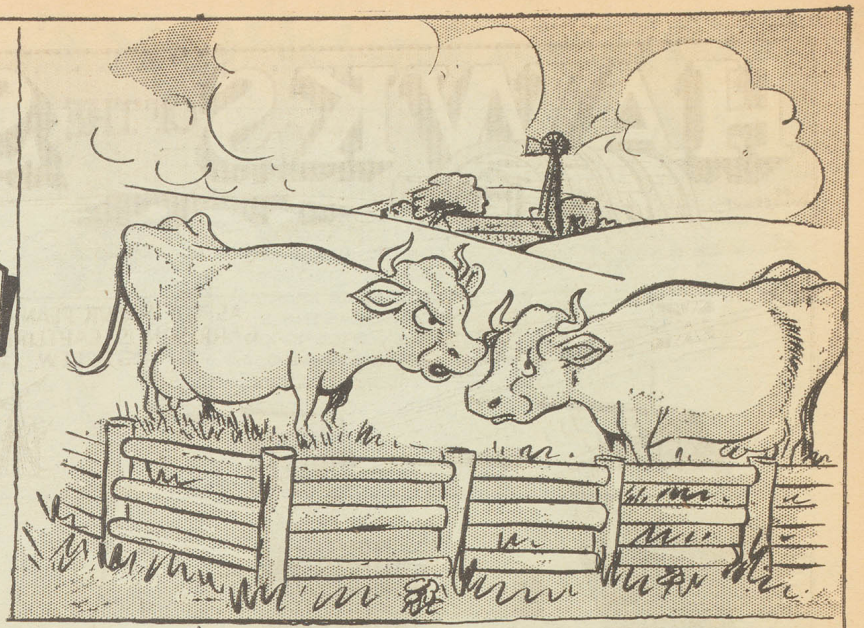




The Hawk reveals his identity and a new adventure begins in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

JEST LAFFS

BY BOB KANE



"WHO THE HECK SAYS WE'RE CONTENTED!"

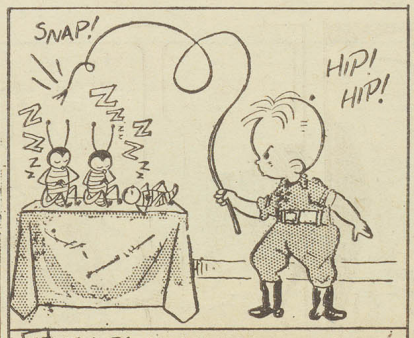


"DID YOU ORDER THE FRESH LOBSTER, SIR?"

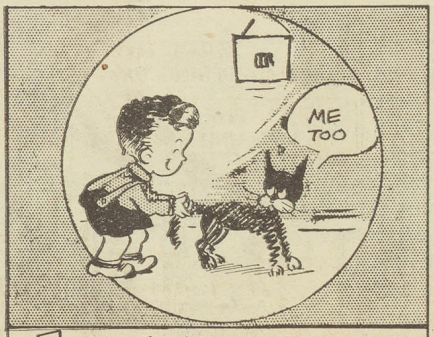


"I USED TO BE A COXWAIN AT COLLEGE!"

PHIL-OS-SAPPIES

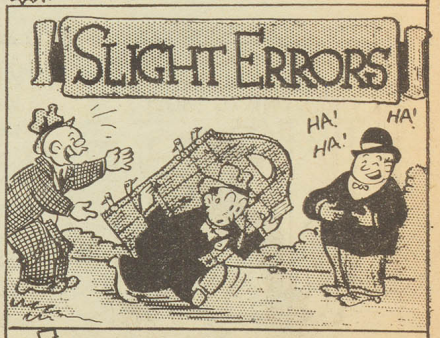


THEY SAY EXERCISE WILL KILL ALL GERMS, BUT HOW DO YOU GET THEM TO EXERCISE?



I WISHT I HAD A BABY SISTER— IT GETS KIND O' TIRESOME TEASIN' THE CAT!

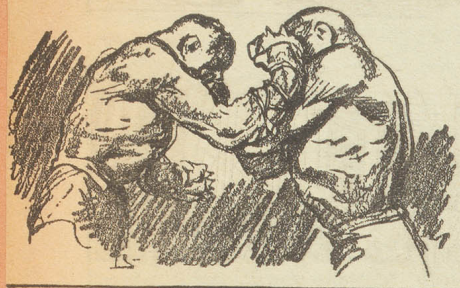
SLIGHT ERRORS



JUST SUPPOSIN' YOU ACTUALLY HAD TO CARRY HOME THE 'GATE' YOUR SWEETIE JUST GAVE YOU...

HEROES OF SPORT — By TOM SWIFT

THE MANLY ART OF SELF DEFENSE



IN IMPERIAL ROME, DURING THE REIGN OF COMMODUS LUCIUS AELIUS AURELIUS, WHO WAS A GREAT BOXER HIMSELF— BOXING WAS SIMPLY STANDING TOE-TO-TOE AND SLUGGING IT OUT UNTIL ONE OF THE FIGHTERS DROPPED.



THIS MODE OF BOXING PERSISTED, MORE OR LESS, UP TO THE TIME OF THE GREAT JOHN. L. SULLIVAN.



THEN AND NOW!

THEN CAME THE GREAT JIM CORBETT, WHO REVOLUTIONIZED THE GAME—HE WAS THE FIRST GREAT EXPONENT OF BRAIN AND BRAWN, AND HIS CLEVER BOXING DEFEATED JOHN. L. SULLIVAN.



ONLY IN RECENT YEARS HAS INTELLIGENCE IN THE RING PLAYED A REALLY IMPORTANT PART IN THE DEVELOPEMENT OF THE MANLY ART. AND WE HAVE SEEN LITTLE GUYS BEAT THE BIG SLUGGERS BY SHEER SKILL!

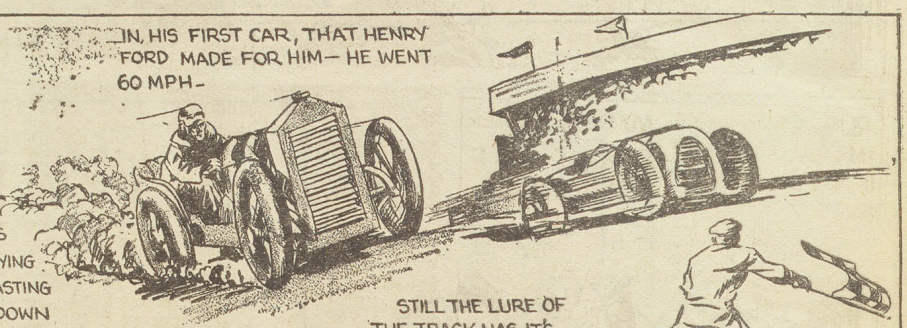
BARNEY OLDFIELD



THE GREATEST SPEED DEMON OF YESTERDAY'S AUTO-RACING WORLD.

THROUGH THE YEARS OF ROARING MOTORS, FLYING DUST, AND THE EVERLASTING THRILL OF ZOOMING DOWN THE STRAIGHT AWAY, BARNEY HAS BUILT A REPUTATION OF A SPEED DEMON OF THE TRACK—

IN, HIS FIRST CAR, THAT HENRY FORD MADE FOR HIM— HE WENT 60 MPH—



STILL THE LURE OF THE TRACK HAS IT'S HOLD ON THE "OLD SPEEDSTER" WITH THE PERPETUAL CIGAR IN THE SIDE OF HIS FACE—

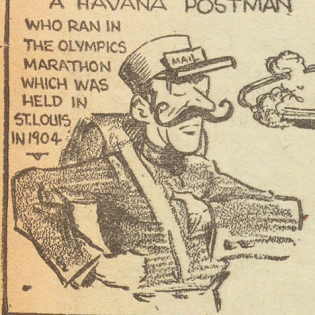
UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES

6-21-37

FELIX CARVAJAL

A HAVANA POSTMAN

WHO RAN IN THE OLYMPICS MARATHON WHICH WAS HELD IN ST. LOUIS IN 1904.



EXPERTS SAID HE MIGHT EASILY HAVE WON HAD HE HAD ANY SORT OF TRAINING AT ALL...

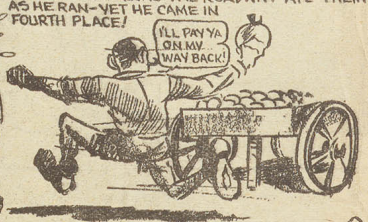


FELIX RAISED MONEY FOR HIS PASSAGE TO ST LOUIS BY DOING A MARATHON AROUND THE GREAT PUBLIC SQUARE OF HIS NATIVE HAVANA— AFTER THE RACE HE STOOD ON A BOX AND BEGGED FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

HE ARRIVED IN ST. LOUIS RAGGED AND BROKE, BECAUSE ON HIS ARRIVAL IN NEW ORLEANS HE PAUSED TO ROLL DICE AND HAD TO WALK THE DISTANCE FROM NEW ORLEANS TO ST. LOUIS—



FELIX HAD NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE IN COMPETITIVE RUNNING— HE CAME TO THE MARK WEARING HEAVY WALKING SHOES, A LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT AND LONG TROUSERS— BIG MARTIN SHERIDAN, THE STARTER CAME OUT WITH SCISSORS, SNIPPED FELIX'S TROUSERS DOWN TO TRUNK LENGH— HE PICKED APPLES AND PEACHES ALONG THE ROADWAY— ATE THEM AS HE RAN— YET HE CAME IN FOURTH PLACE!



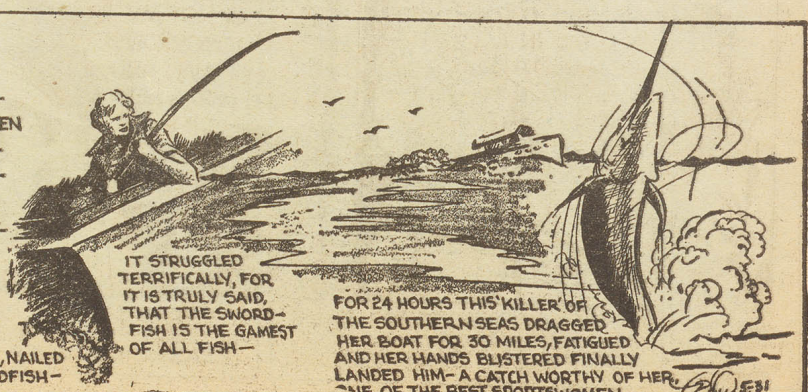
UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES

6-7-37



THE FIRST WOMAN KNOWN TO HAVE LANDED A SWORDFISH— --- SHE HAS OFTEN FOUGHT THE GREY-HOUND OF THE SEAS— AND UP AND DOWN THE ATLANTIC COAST— HER GAMENESS IS REVEALED BY THIS VIVID TALE...

ONCE OUT AT SEA MRS. GRINNELL, NAILED A HUGE 450 LB. SWORDFISH—



IT STRUGGLED TERRIFICALLY, FOR IT IS TRULY SAID, THAT THE SWORD-FISH IS THE GAMEST OF ALL FISH—

FOR 24 HOURS THIS 'KILLER' OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS DRAGGED HER BOAT FOR 30 MILES, FATIGUED AND HER HANDS BLISTERED FINALLY LANDED HIM— A CATCH WORTHY OF HER— ONE OF THE BEST SPORTSWOMEN—

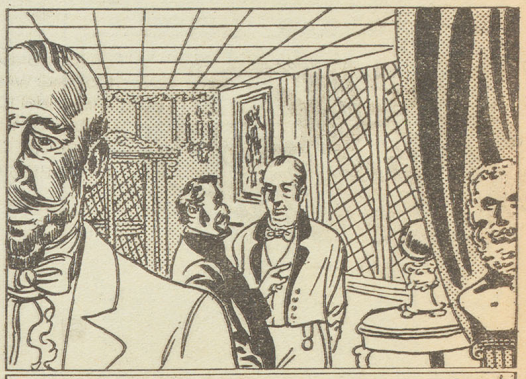
5-31

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS





IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM, THE BRIDE'S FATHER TALKS WITH HIS FUTURE SON-IN-LAW

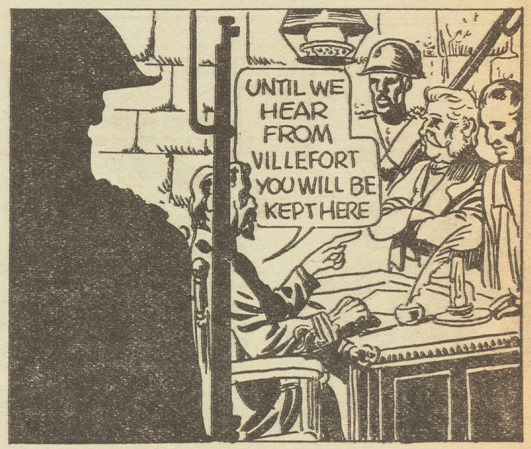




MEANWHILE A ROYALIST AGENT IS LEADING A RAID AGAINST A BONAPARTIST HIDEOUT...











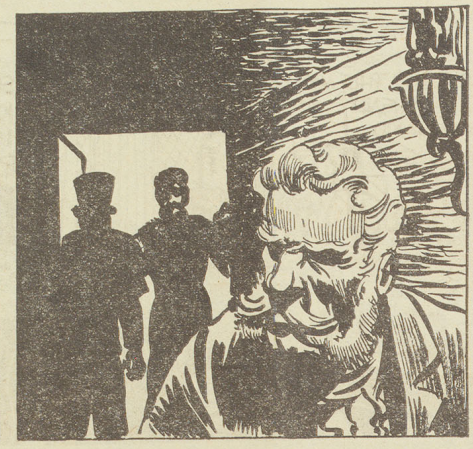


THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

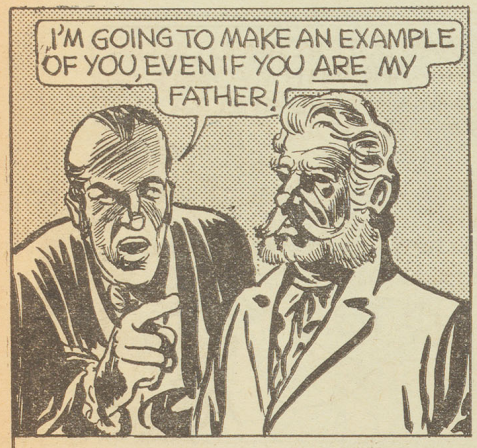
Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

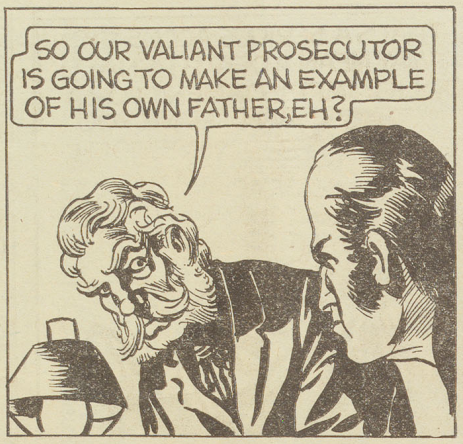
Picturized by JACK CURTISS



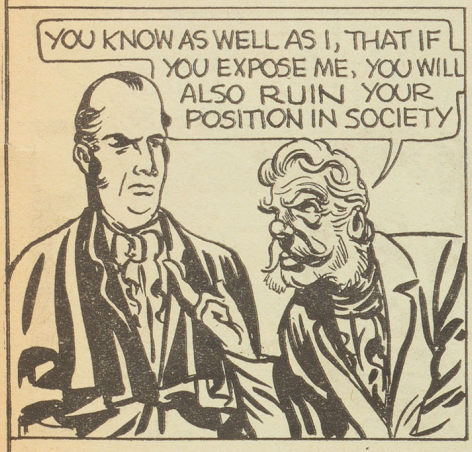




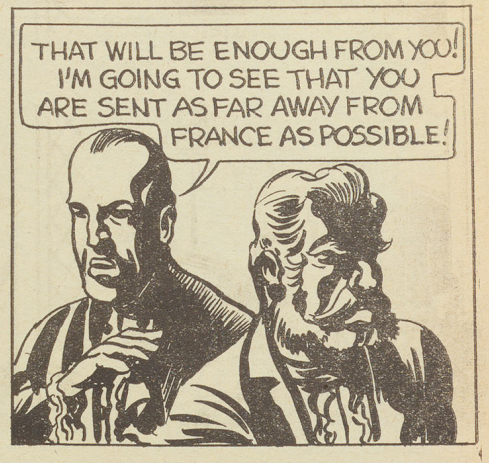


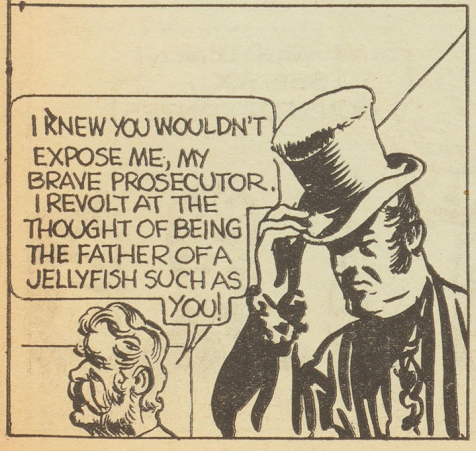














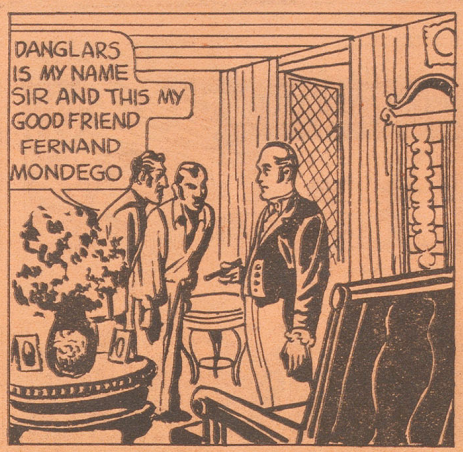


THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

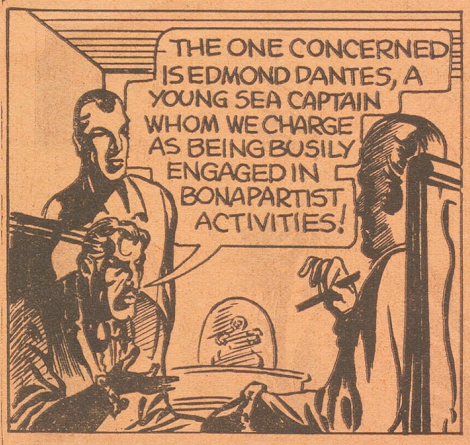
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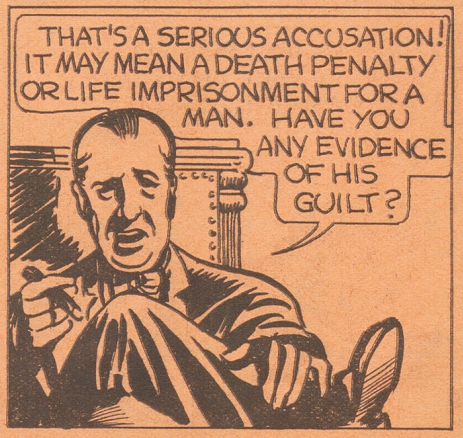
Picturized by JACK CURTISS

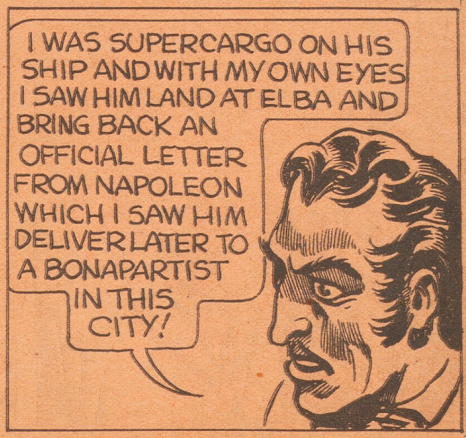


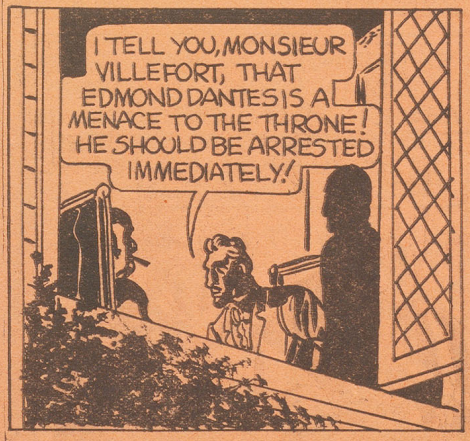






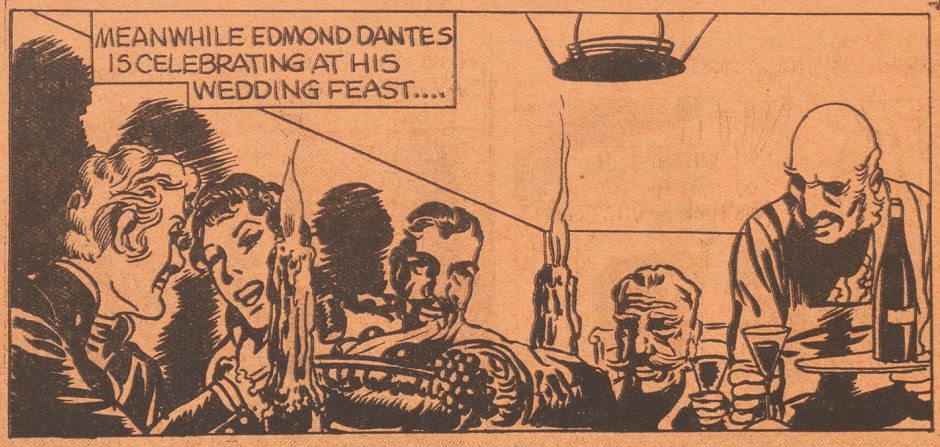














THE COUNT of MONTE CRISTO

Adapted from the Classic by Alexandre Dumas

Picturized by JACK CURTISS

EDMOND DANTES LEAVES HIS GAY WEDDING FEAST TO SEE TWO SOLEMN VISITORS WHO ARRIVE UNEXPECTEDLY!

ARE YOU EDMOND DANTES?

YES I'M DANTES

-THEN YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR CONSPIRING AGAINST HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILLIPE!

BUT THIS IS ABSURD!

OH EDMOND- THEY CAN'T TAKE YOU AWAY NOW

I'LL SOON RETURN, DEAR, IT'S PROBABLY A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

DANTES IS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF PROSECUTOR VILLAFORT.

DANGLARS! MONDEGO! I-I- DON'T UNDERSTAND

MONSIEUR DANTES, THESE TWO GENTLEMEN HAVE REPORTED YOU AS BEING A BONAPARTIST CONSPIRATOR AND CHARGE YOU WITH TREASON. THIS IS A VERY SERIOUS OFFENSE!

IT'S TRUE YOUR EXCELLENCY! LET ME SEE HIM DENY RECEIVING A LETTER FROM NAPOLEON AT ELBA AND LATER DELIVERING IT TO A BONAPARTIST SPY IN THIS CITY!

BUT MONSIEUR, THAT LETTER WAS FOR MY CAPTAIN, WHO BEFORE HE DIED, ASKED ME TO GIVE IT TO A MAN SAYING "ELBA"! I WAS ONLY CARRYING OUT MY CAPTAIN'S ORDERS!

YOU HAVE NO PROOF! YOUR CAPTAIN IS DEAD! I HAVE ONLY YOUR WORD AGAINST THAT OF THESE GENTLEMEN -AND I AM INCLINED TO FAVOR THEIR STORY.. GUARDS! HOLD HIM UNTIL YOU GET FURTHER ORDERS!

WHILE THE BEWILDERED DANTES IS MARCHED OFF, VILLAFORT VISITS HIS BONAPARTIST FATHER IN JAIL!

WELL WELL, MY BELOVED SON!

I'M SENDING YOU OUT OF FRANCE AT ONCE - NEVER TO RETURN! I'LL BE RID YOU AT LAST

I HAVE NO CHOICE! IT IS AGREED!

JACK CURTISS

MEANWHILE YOUNG DANTES' CAPTURE WILL MAKE A FINE SCREEN UNTIL YOU ARE GONE. AFTER THAT I'LL SEE TO IT THAT EDMOND DANTES IS NEVER SEEN IN FRANCE OR ANYWHERE ELSE - AGAIN!

8

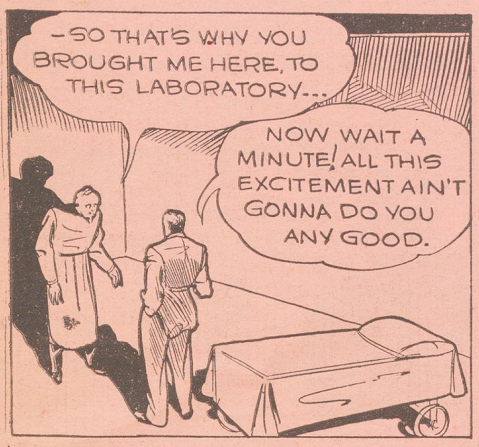
Four more exciting pages of Count of Monte Cristo in Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

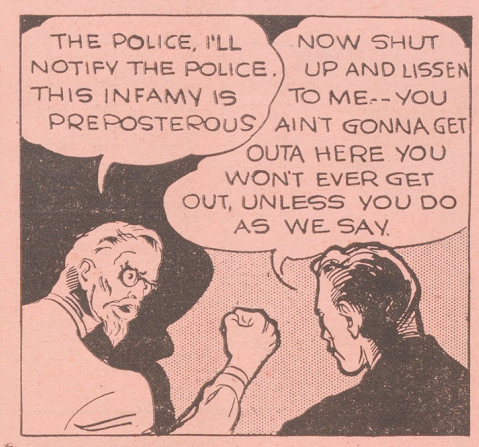
SPENCER STEEL

BY

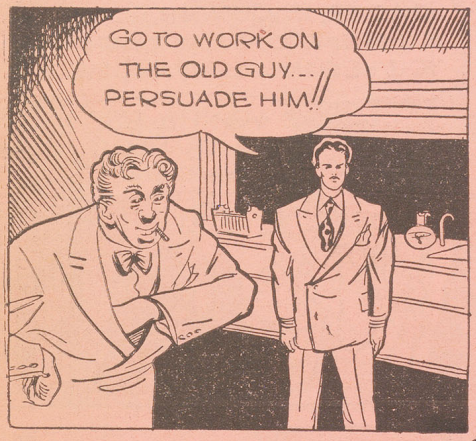
DENNIS COLEBROOK

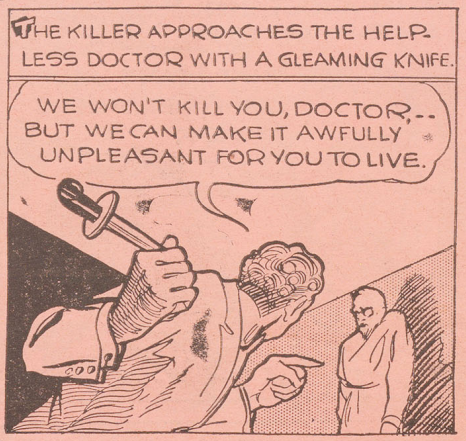
THE CELLAR TO WHICH LUCIFER'S GANG HAS TAKEN DOCTOR BLITZEN, AFTER ABDUCTING HIM, CONTAINS A COMPLETE LABORATORY. WITH THE AID OF THE DOCTOR'S SECRET FORMULA, THEY HOPE TO BRING "LUCKY" BACK TO LIFE.



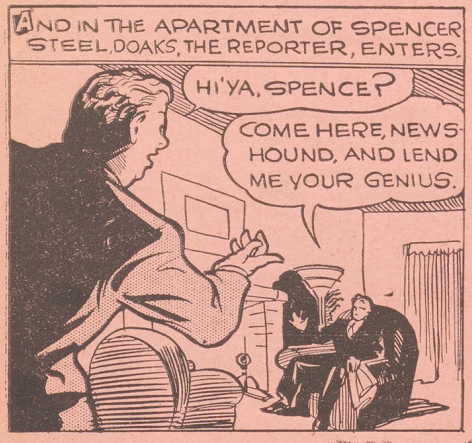


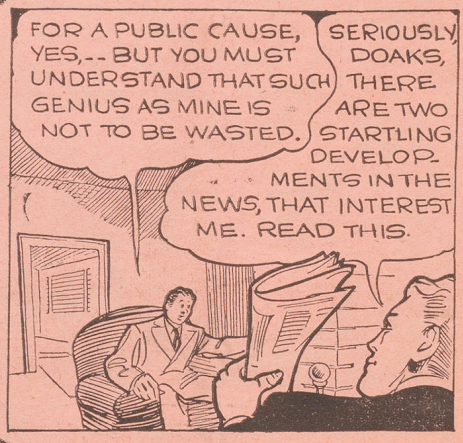


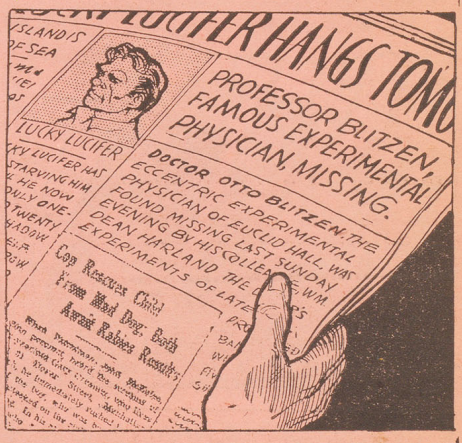


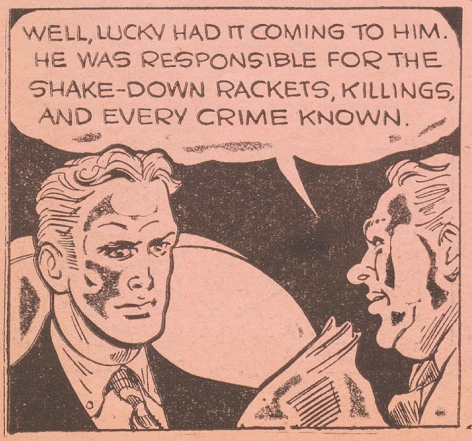


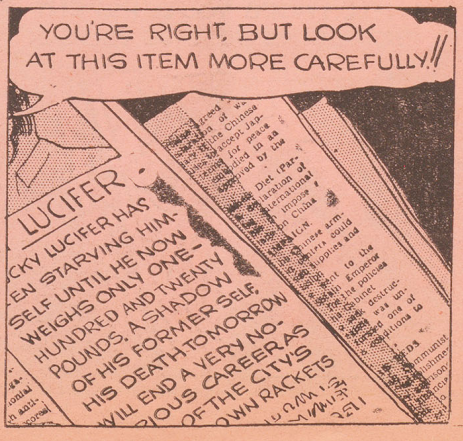


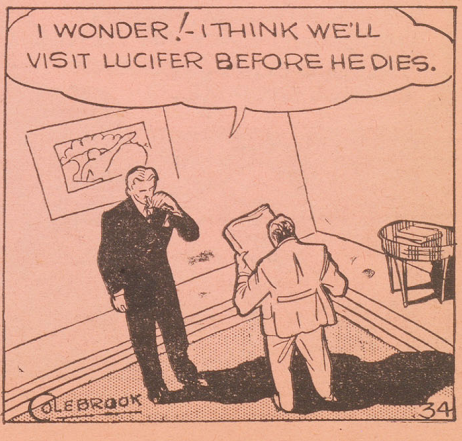












SPENCER STEEL

BY

DENNIS COLEBROOK

BECAUSE OF THE UNUSUAL BEHAVIOR OF "LUCKY" LUCIFER, SPENCER STEEL HAS DECIDED TO VISIT HIM IN HIS CELL BEFORE HE PAYS THE FINAL PENALTY.

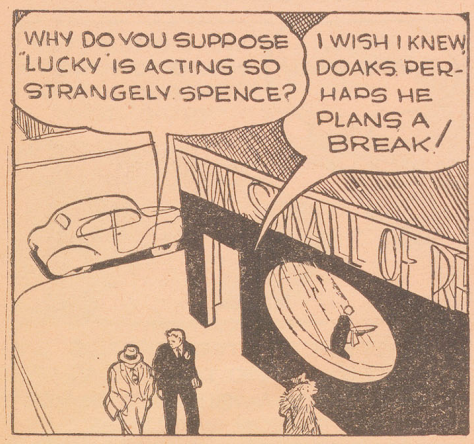


SPENCER STEEL

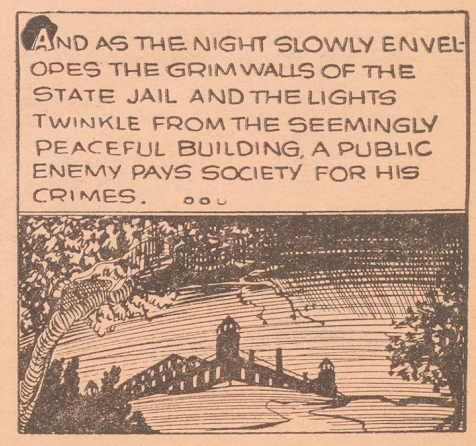
BY

DENNIS COLEBROOK

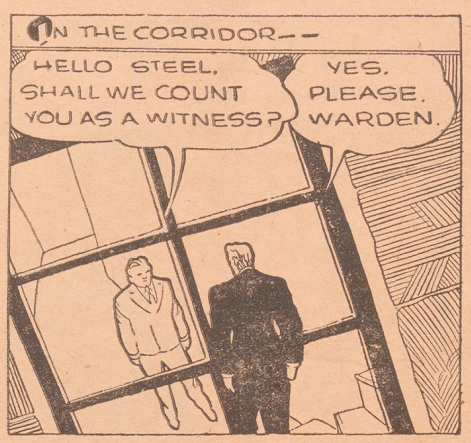
SPENCER STEEL HAS INTERVIEWED LUCIFER. HE HAS GOTTEN NO INFORMATION, BUT A HUNCH THAT "LUCKY" HAS SOME SCHEME. - - -

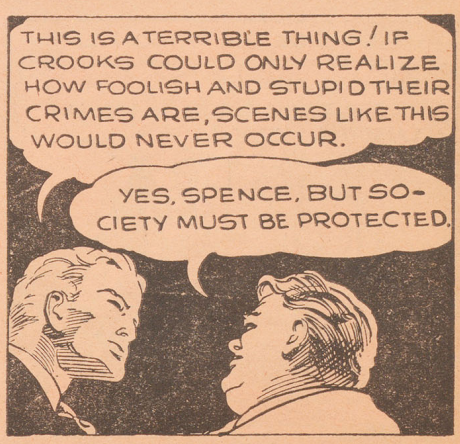










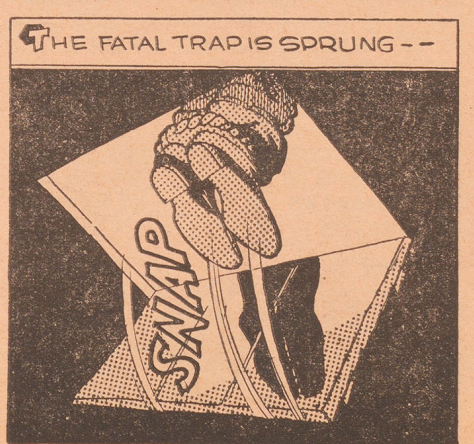














SPENCER STEEL

BY DENNIS COLEBROOK

LUCKY LUCIFER HAS PAID THE PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES . . .

SPENCER STEEL AND DOAKS, THE REPORTER, HAVE WITNESSED THE EXECUTION.

WELL, SPENCE, THE DOCTOR PRONOUNCED HIM DEAD.-- WHEW! WHAT AN UGLY SIGHT!

IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D LET EVERY KID THAT THOUGHT HE'D LIKE TO BE A GANGSTER SEE THIS--THE REAL END OF EVERY CROOK

WELL, HE DID'NT TRY ANY BREAK

NO. I HAD A HUNCH THAT HE MIGHT TRY TO ESCAPE AT THE LAST MOMENT.

WELL, THAT'S THAT!

WE'LL BREAK THE NEWS TO JUDGE GRAYSON - HE'S SAFE, NOW!

AND SPENCER STEEL SPEEDS INNOCENTLY INTO TRAFFIC, AS A LARGE BLACK AMBULANCE DRIVES INTO THE PRISON GROUNDS.

... AND INSIDE THE PRISON ...

IS THERE ANYONE PRESENT WILLING TO CLAIM THE BODY?--

I WILL!

VERY WELL, SIGN THIS DOCUMENT, THIS LINE -- HERE.

O.K.!

INSTANTLY THE BODY IS REMOVED TO THE AMBULANCE WAITING OUTSIDE.

C'MON, YOU GUYS, MAKE IT SNAPPY!

INSIDE THE AMBULANCE....

C'MON, DOC, GIT TO WORK.--- HOW IS HE ?

HIS BODY IS STILL WARM_

..AND HIS NECK IS **NOT** BROKEN--I--I CAN'T DO THIS--IT WILL MAKE ME A CRIMINAL

SHUT UP, AND GET TO WORK, OR I'LL-

VERY WELL, BUT I'VE A FEELING YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT.

TO THE GARAGE, MONK, AND STEP ON IT!

AMBULANCE

MORNING - AND CRASHING DOWN ON THE BIG CITY IS THE SCREAMING EXTRA ---

MORNING GLOBE EXTRA

LUCKY LUCIFER EXECUTED

COMMITTEE REORG TODAY

AND THE NEWS BRINGS SATISFACTION TO MANY PEOPLE, AMONG THEM HIS BITTER RIVAL, "GARDENIA GREEN".

WELL, WELL, WELL, AIN'T IT TOO BAD! WE'LL HAVE TO ATTEND HIS FUNERAL.

SHALL I ORDER FLOWERS, BOSS?

COLEBROOK '37

YEAH, SURE, AND I THINK NOW THAT OUR FRIEND IS GONE, WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER HIS BUSINESS. YES,--WE'LL TAKE OVER HIS BUSINESS_HAW-HAW-HAW!!

SPENCER STEEL

BY

DENNIS COLEBROOK



THE PAPERS ANNOUNCE "LUCKY" LUCIFER'S DEATH . . .

"GARDENIA" GREEN, A BITTER RIVAL OF "LUCKY" LUCIFER, DECIDES TO TAKE OVER THE LATTER'S BUSINESS . . .

THE FIRST THING WE DO IS TO NOTIFY THE GANG. --

YES, BOSS.

AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY . . .

WELL, DOC, WHAT ABOUT HIM, IS HE O.K.?

YES, --- HIS STARVING SAVED HIS ROTTEN LIFE!

HI'YA BOSS!

HELLO, BOYS, — IN A DAY OR SO, I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW.

WELL, NOW THAT I'VE DONE YOUR DIRTY WORK, LET ME GO!

OH NO!, — MY FRIEND, YOU KNOW TOO MUCH.

— YOU'LL STAY RIGHT HERE WITH US — THIS GANG CAN USE YOU!

WHY — Y — YOU FIENDS, YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT. —

SOCK

GOOD WORK! NOW SALT HIM AWAY — WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

O.K. "LUCKY"!

TWO DAYS LATER, IN "GARDENIA" GREEN'S APARTMENT . . .

HEY, BOSS, THERE'S TROUBLE IN TOWN. -- THE GANG THINKS THAT "LUCKY" IS NOT DEAD!

WHAT? THEY'RE CRAZY! — THE PAPERS SAY --

THEY DON'T SAY I'M DEAD, THEY SAY I WAS EXECUTED!

WHAT, YOU?!!

CLOSE THE DOOR, THAT'S IT. --- SO, YOU WERE GOING TO TAKE OVER, EH, "GARDENIA"?

B-BUT I CAN'T BE -- I-IT AIN'T --

WELL, SO LONG, GARDENIA! —

HE'S AS DEAD AS A DODO, BOSS, NICE SHOOTING!

WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO WID HIM?

I'VE GOT IT ALL PLANNED OUT! I'M GOING TO HAVE **MY** FUNERAL TO-MORROW, AND **HE'LL** BE THE CORPSE.

COLEBROOK '38

Spencer Steel goes into action when "Lucky" Lucifer returns. Don't miss the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.


BY
BOBBY
NO HICK IS GONNA MUSCLE IN ON MY POPULARITY! I'M GONNA SPOIL BOBBY'S SCREEN TEST
PEAS
WELL, EVERYTHING'S SET! READY, BOBBY?
YES, SIR-
OKAY! QUIET!
QUIET!
QUIET!
OUCH!!
QUIET! QUIET! QUIET!
STOOGE
CRASH
HOLY JUMPING JUNEBUGS! QUIET, QUIET!
YESSIR-
THE NEXT ONE THAT MAKES A SOUND WILL BE KICKED OUT FOR GOOD!!
SET #10
OWW!!
HOLY HAT!!
#7
UNIVERSAL PHOENIX FEATURES SYNDICATE
BOBBY, BOBBY, BOBBY! THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE A SCREEN TEST!!
OH, I THOUGHT YOU SAID SCREAM TEST!
WAWWW

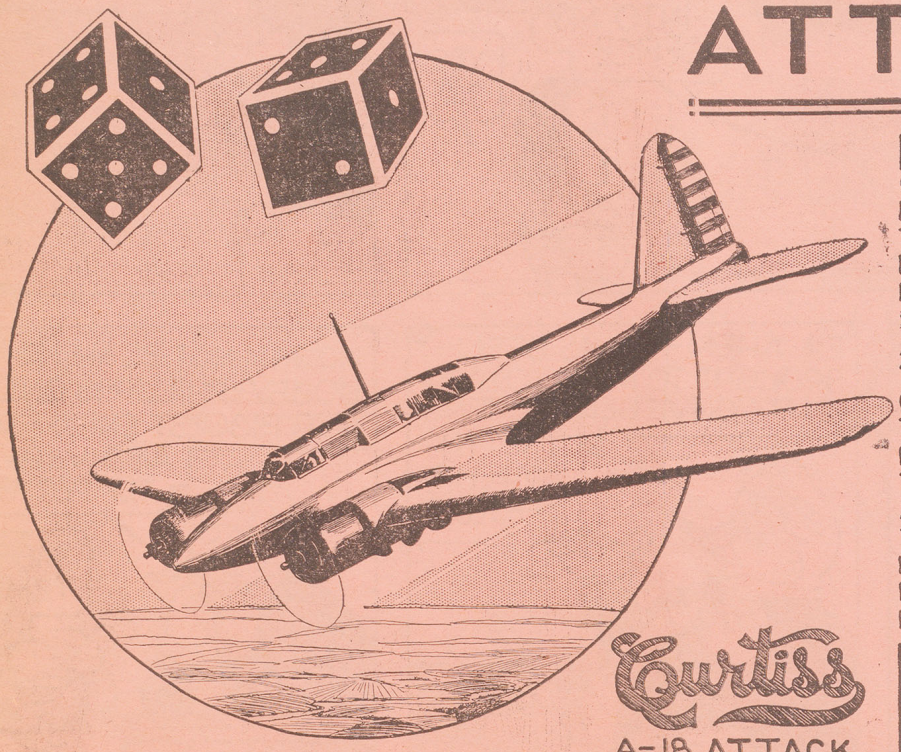


Don't fail to see Bobby in the further adventures in Movieland in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

MODERN 'PLANES and MODEL BUILDING

by LES MARSHALL

ATTACK!!

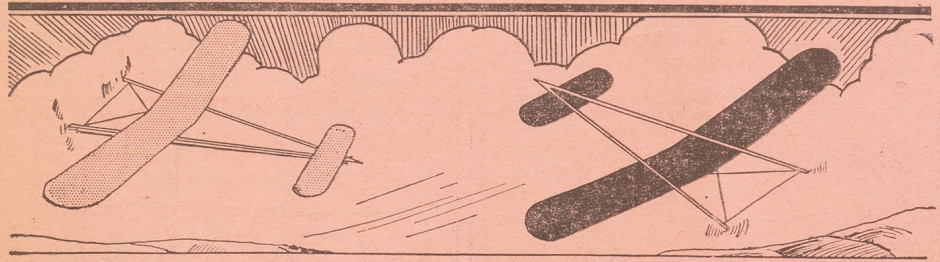


Curtiss A-18 ATTACK

DAWN FINDS A LONE PLANE OF THE 90TH ATTACK SQUADRON ROARING OVER SHELL-TORN BATTLE FIELDS. CROSSING THE LINES, IT HEADS INTO ENEMY TERRITORY. THREE SPECKS APPEAR IN THE SKY AND SOON THEY TAKE SHAPE. 'PLANES — THE ENEMY. GUNS CLATTER MADLY AS THE SHIPS TANGLE IN A TERRIFIC DOG-FIGHT SUDDENLY LEAD SEEMS TO LITERALLY FILL THE COOL AIR. TWO OF THE FOE PERISH.— THE OTHER 'HIGHTAILS' FOR HOME, AND VICTORY IS THE LOT FOR THE SQUADRON OF THE EBONY DICE ▪▭▪

THE SHIP FEATURED IN THE EXERPT FROM "THE NEXT WORLD WAR," IS A CURTISS A-18; FASTEST TWIN-ENGINED MILITARY PLANE.

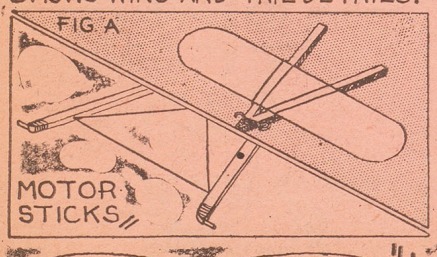
SPEEDY TWIN-PUSHER

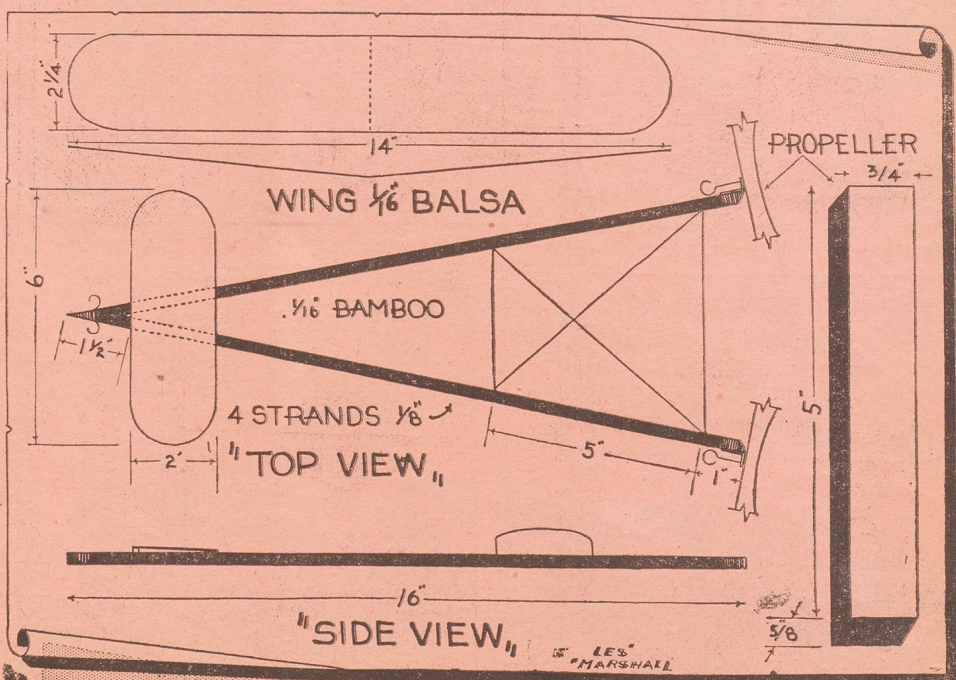




WING WORKS

FIRST, CUT OUT ALL THE WOOD PARTS — WINGS, TAIL, & MOTOR STICKS. ASSEMBLE THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN IN THE TOP VIEW, AND GLUE ON ALL THE FITTINGS. NOTE THAT THIS MACHINE HAS TWO PROPS. ONE IS CARVED WITH A LEFT PITCH — THE OTHER WITH RIGHT PITCH. BE SURE TO GLUE A 1/16" PIECE UNDER THE FRONT EDGE OF THE TAIL PLANE. THIS GIVES THE SECTION A SLIGHT INCIDENCE ANGLE. FIGURE 'A' SHOWS WING AND TAIL DETAILS.





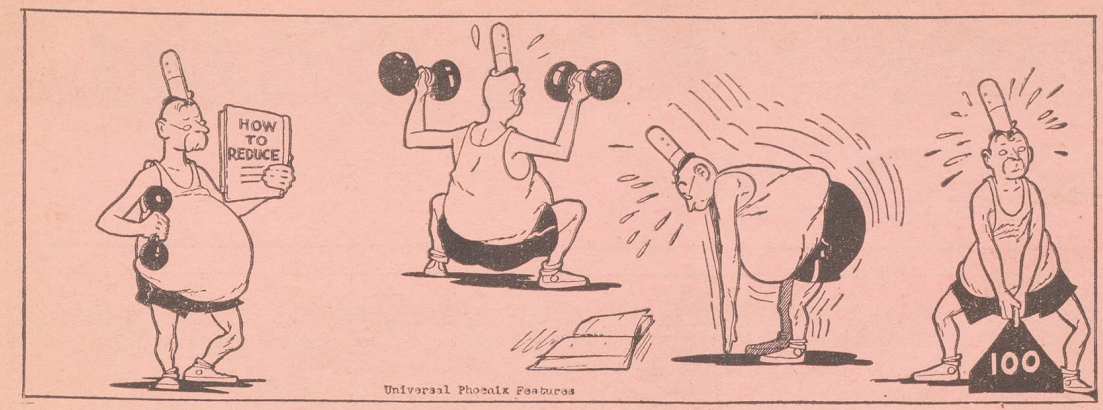
"HAPPY LANDINGS!"

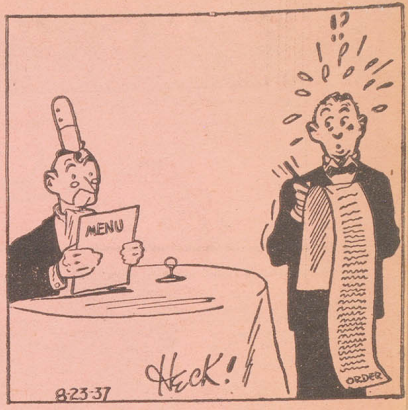
16.

Pilots, there's a new set of tested plans for a snappy model plane in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

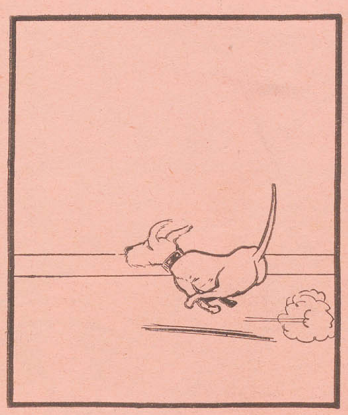
UNCLE OTTO

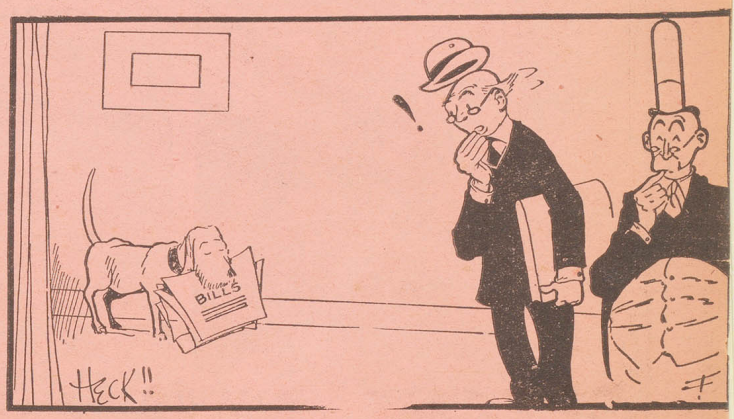
By CARL HECK

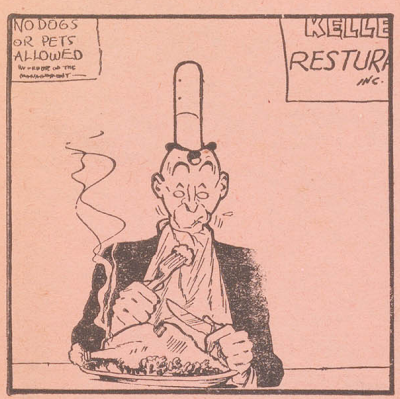


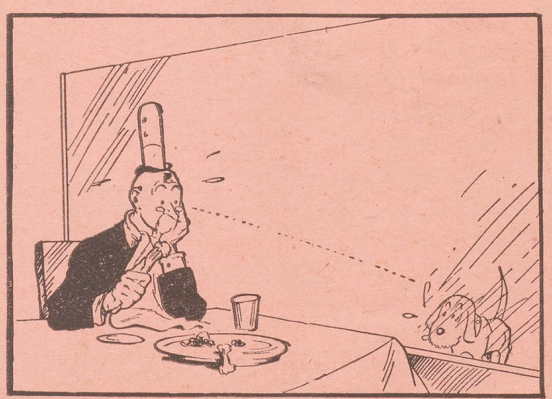


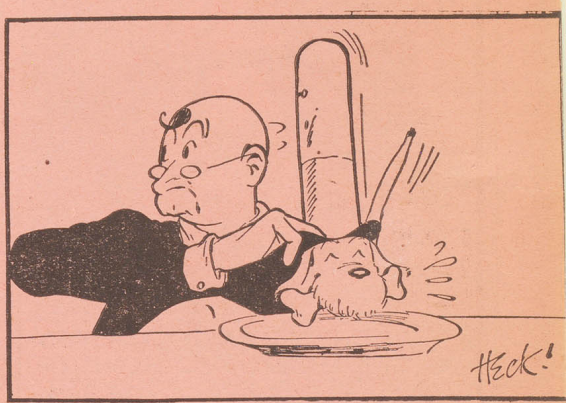


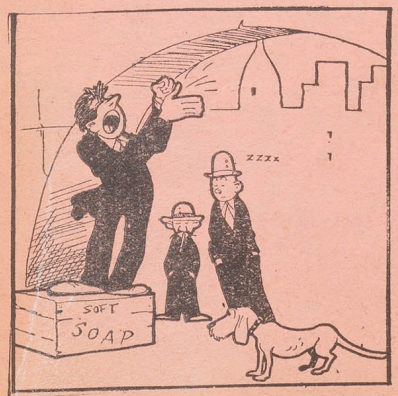




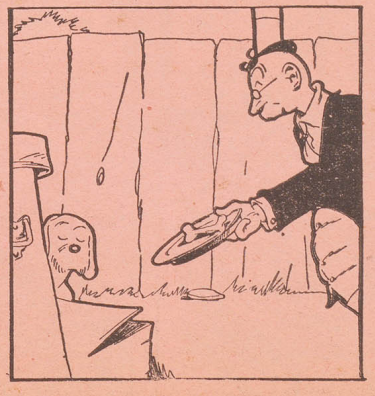














Action speaks louder than words says Uncle Otto—What will he do next? See the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

THE DIARY OF DR. HAYWARD

by Curt Davis

DR. HAYWARD HELPLESSLY WATCHES KROMO DRIVE OFF WITH LORA.

AS THE CAR SPEEDS ALONG THE HIGHWAY, GAINING VELOCITY AT AN ASTOUNDING RATE OF SPEED, KROMO'S HAIR BLOWS MADLY IN THE WIND, THE BLUE LIGHT OF THE MOON LIGHTS UP HIS FEATURES. KROMO'S EYES NARROW TO MERE SLITS, HIS MOUTH TWISTS INTO A DISTORTED GRIMACE. A SHRILL CACKLING LAUGH RIPS FROM HIS THROAT— HIS PLANS HAVE WORKED TO PERFECTION— NOTHING CAN STOP HIM NOW!

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE COUNTRY-SIDE, THE MOURNFUL HOWL OF A MONGREL BREAKS THE STILL-NESS OF THE NIGHT!

SILAS, DO YOU HEAR THE STRANGE SOUNDS COMING FROM THE BARN AND THE PIG PEN— SOMETHING IS WRONG— I KNOW!

D'YA THINK IT MIGHT BE A PROWLER TRYIN' TO MAKE AWAY WITH THE LIVE STOCK?

SUDDENLY A CAR SPEEDS BY AT A TERRIFIC PACE WITH A MADMAN AT THE WHEEL....

MUST'VE BEEN THAT CAR WE JUST HEARD WHIZZIN' BY LIZ, NOTHIN' TO BE A FEARED OF.

SOMETHIN' TELLS ME IT'S MORE'N THAT— LISTEN— THE WIND

THE PEACEFUL JULY NIGHT IS SUDDENLY TRANSFORMED INTO A ROARING WINTRY GALE...

A HUGE UNEARTHLY SHADOW IS CAST OVER THE COUNTRY ROAD, FOLLOWING IN THE WAKE OF THE FAST DISAPPEARING CAR..

THE DIARY OF DR. HAYWARD

by Curt Davis

WITH HIS FOOT DOWN TO THE FLOOR BOARD, KROMO, SENDS THE POWERFUL CAR FAIRLY FLYING AHEAD!

BEHIND KROMO, THE FEARFUL SHADOW SPREADS ITS INKY IMAGE ACROSS THE ROADWAY, ALMOST WITHIN REACH OF THE SPEEDING CAR...

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, KROMO STOPS THE CAR IN FRONT OF HIS OLD DESERTED TENEMENT HOUSE.

WITH THE GIRLS LIMP FORM IN HIS ARMS, HE ENTERS THE HOUSE, AND IS SOON LOST IN THE ENVELOPING DARKNESS.....

MEANWHILE, HIS HEAD STILL ACHING FROM KROMO'S ATTACK, DR. HAYWARD, IN A SMALL, TRIM COUPE, SPEEDS DOWN THE ROAD ON KROMO'S TRAIL....

INSTANTLY FROM NOWHERE, AN OMINOUS BLACK PHANTOM REARS ITS HUGE SHADOW DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF DR. HAYWARD'S AUTOMOBILE.

DR. HAYWARD'S WINDSHIELD TURNS INKY BLACK, HE LOSES ALL SENSE OF DIRECTION. THE BRAKES SCREECH AS THE CAR SKIDS AND CRASHES INTO THE ROADSIDE SIGN BOARD AND SHRIEKS TO A STOP!

DAZED BY THIS NERVE WRACKING OCCURENCE, DR. HAYWARD PERSPIRES FREELY. HIS ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY DRAWN TO THE STRANGE PRESENCE OF A MAN ADVANCING TOWARD THE CAR.....!

I'M SO SORRY TO INCONVENIENCE YOU, DOCTOR, BUT SINCE WE ARE GOING TO THE SAME DESTINATION, WE MIGHT AS WELL RIDE TOGETHER

WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES!

DAVIS

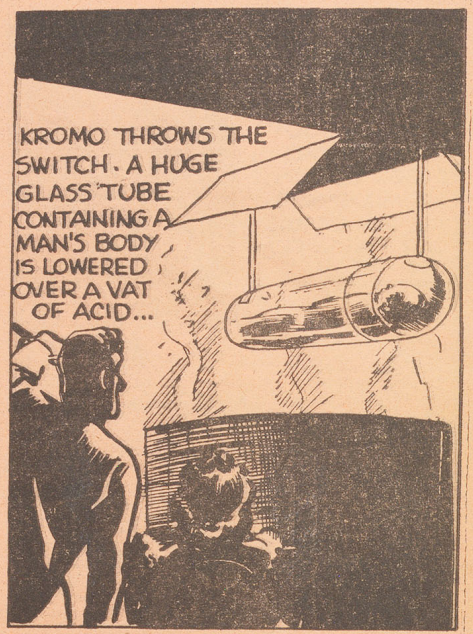
WITH AN AIR OF EASE AND FAMILIARITY, THE STRANGER SEATS HIMSELF NEXT TO HAYWARD....

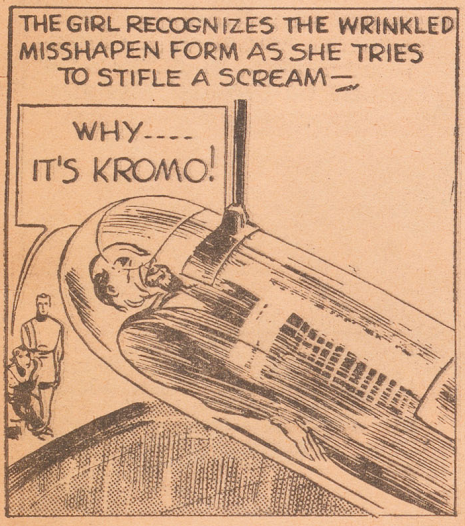
THE DIARY OF DR. HAYWARD

by Curt Davis





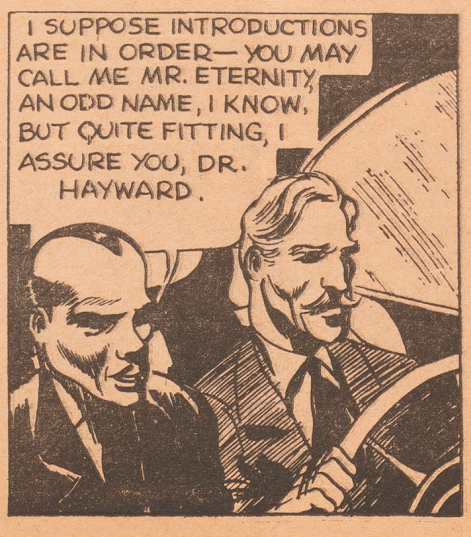


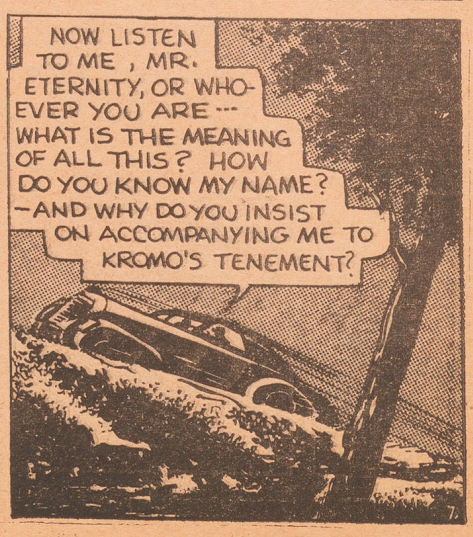












THE DIARY OF DR. HAYWARD

by Curt Davis

DR. HAYWARD'S CAR PURSUES IT'S COURSE TOWARD KROMO'S ABANDONED TENEMENT. HAYWARD'S STRANGE COMPANION LOOKS AHEAD IN SILENCE.

DR. HAYWARD OCCASIONALLY GLARES AT HIS UNWELCOME COMPANION OUT OF THE CORNERS OF HIS EYES.. HE STUDIES THE SHAPE OF THE STRANGER'S FACE, THE HARSH OUTLINES, THE BONY COUNTOURS, SOMEWHERE IN THE HIDDEN CORNERS OF THE DOCTORS MIND, AN IMAGINARY LIGHT BEGINS TO FLICKER.....

MY GOODNESS, DOCTOR, STILL CURIOUS — COME NOW, YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW WHO I AM — I AM THE ETERNAL RIDDLE. MAN'S GREATEST MYSTERY—

THERE IS NOT ONE CORNER OF THIS UNIVERSE WHERE THY VERY NAME IS NOT DREADED. MEN TRY TO OUT-SMART ME WITH EVERY SCIENTIFIC MEANS THEY POSSESS—BUT THE FIGHT IS FUTILE—

FOR MAN CANNOT FIGHT AN ENTITY THAT IS AS OLD AS TIME ITSELF— POSSIBLY OLDER—KROMO ALMOST SCRATCHED THE SURFACE BUT MADE AN INEXCUSABLE ERROR FOR WHICH HE WILL PAY TONIGHT!

THE LIGHT OF RECOGNITION BURNS BRIGHTER IN YOUR EYES; DR. HAYWARD, I'LL TELL YOU MORE.

AS I SAID BEFORE, DR. HAYWARD, I AM A BEING WHOSE SIZE EXTENDS BEYOND THE LIMITS OF SPACE AND TIME. WHEN VISITING EARTH I USE COUNTLESS SHAPES AND FORMS.

SOMETIMES, I COME IN THE GUISE OF AN ONCOMING TRAIN, OR A PLUNGING KNIFE. MEN MANY TIMES HAVE SOUGHT MY AID IN DISPOSING OF THEIR ENEMIES, BUT I PLAY NO FAVORITES FOR I AM AN ALLY OF BOTH SIDES!!

TONIGHT, I WAS STARING STRAIGHT AT YOU, WHEN YOUR CAR CRASHED INTO THE SIGN BOARD, SURELY, DOCTOR - YOU KNOW NOW—

YES, MOTHER OF MERCY, I KNOW—I-I-KNOW—

SUDDENLY THE HUGE FORBIDDING SHAPE OF KROMO'S TENEMENT LOOMS ABOVE THE TREETOPS....

DAVIS

WELL-WE'VE ARRIVIED, DR. HAYWARD. THE STAGE IS SET. OUR LITTLE DRAMA BEGINS. YOU, DOCTOR, WILL MAKE YOUR ENTRANCE ALONE WITHOUT ME, BUT I WILL RETURN - FOR I PLAY PRINCIPAL PART NEAR THE ENDING.

Don't miss Dr. Hayward in the "Return from Eternity" in the Nov. issue of JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

SHEENA

QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

by

W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE WITCH DOCTOR IS TELLING THE STRANGE STORY OF THE FIERCE AND MYSTERIOUS TRIBE LED BY THE WHITE GIRL, SHEENA.....





...A WHITE MAN SUCH AS YOU, WANDERED INTO OUR LAND. WITH HIM HE BROUGHT A LITTLE WHITE GIRL WITH HAIR THE COLOR OF CORN.



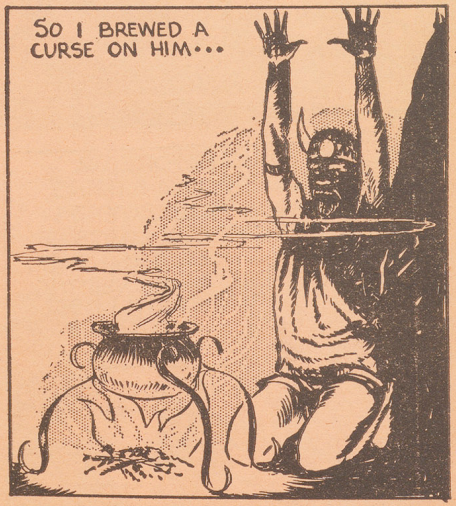
HE WAS A VERY LEARNED MAN AND SOON HE AND I BECAME VERY FRIENDLY..



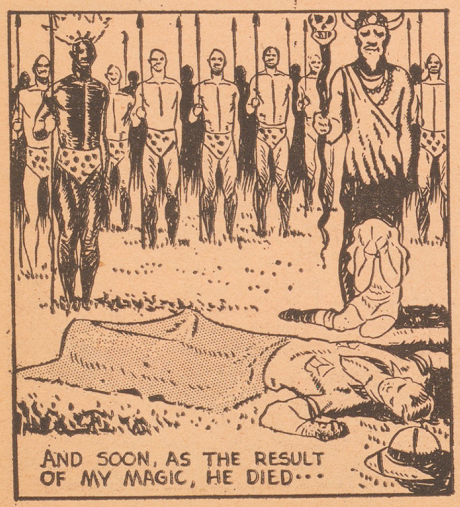
HE WROTE MUCH AND STUDIED OUR ANCIENT RELICS. IN RETURN FOR MY SERVICES, HE TAUGHT ME YOUR LANGUAGE..



AFTER HE HAD WRITTEN MUCH IN HIS BOOKS, HE WISHED TO LEAVE... BUT I WOULD NOT LET HIM GO...



SO I BREWED A CURSE ON HIM...



AND SOON, AS THE RESULT OF MY MAGIC, HE DIED...



TO RETAIN MY POWER OVER MY PEOPLE, I MADE SHEENA A GODDESS...



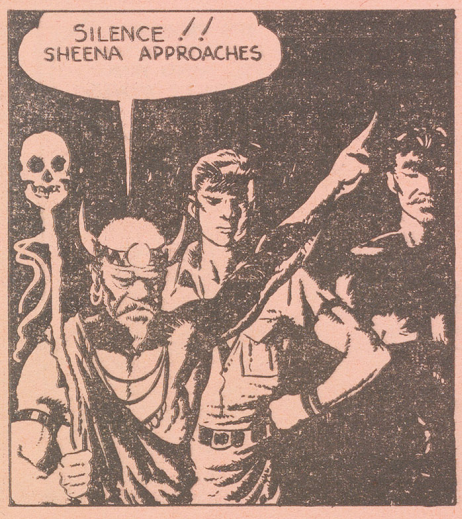
SHE IS CUNNING AND KNOWS THE GREAT JUNGLE... MY PEOPLE FOLLOW HER AND THOUGH SHE IS A WOMAN, SHE IS FEARLESS IN BATTLE"...

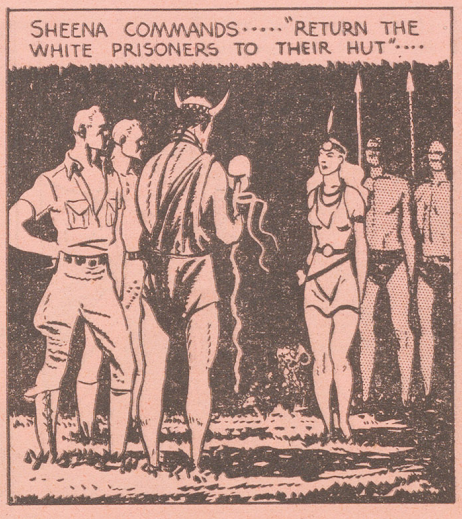
SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

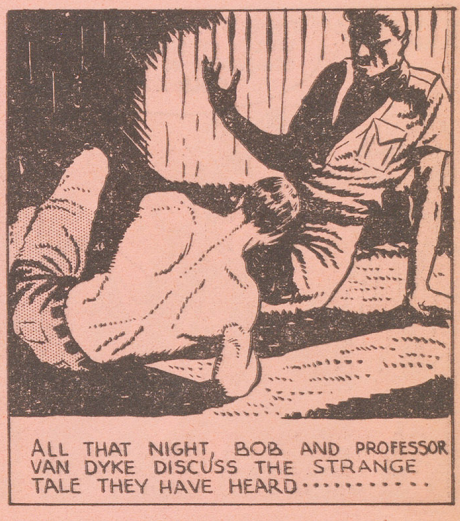
by W. MORGAN THOMAS

THE WITCH DOCTOR HAS CONCLUDED THE STRANGE HISTORY OF THE MYSTERIOUS TRIBE



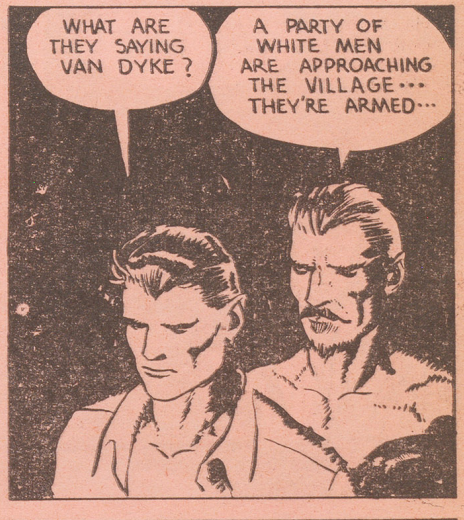


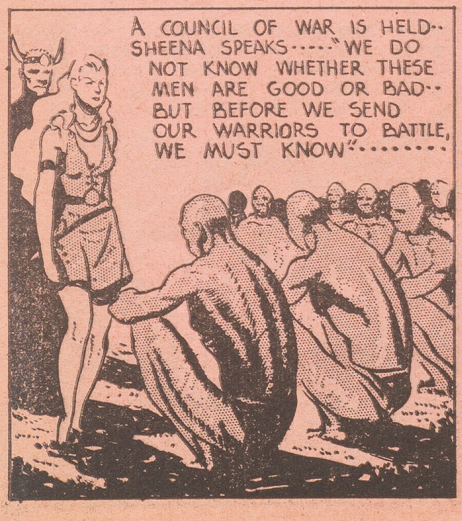




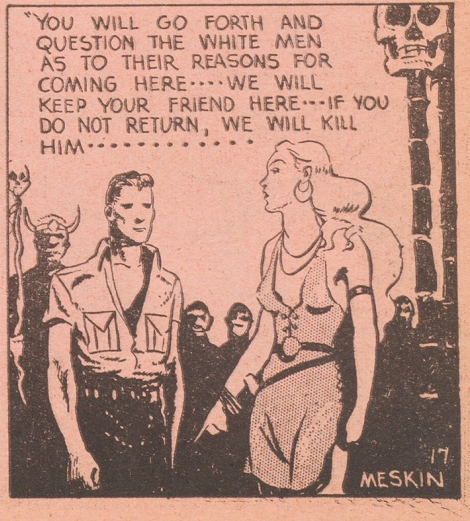








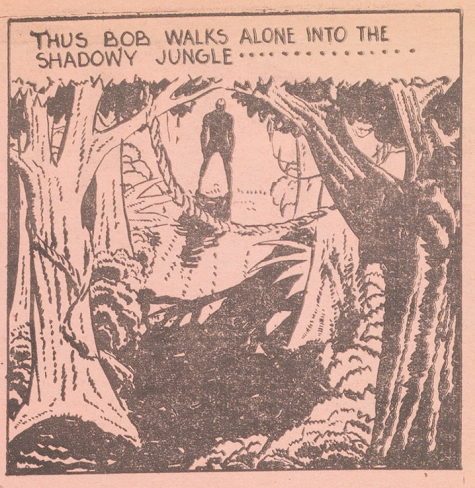




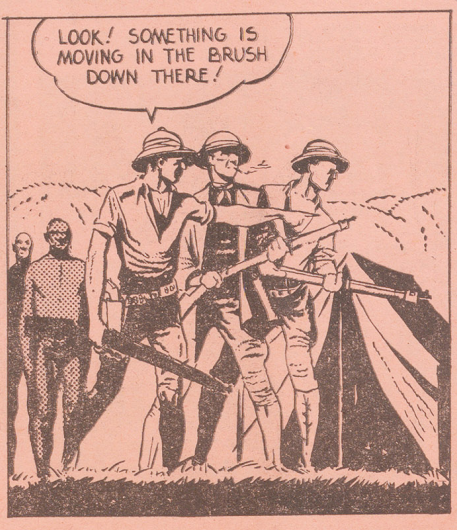
SHEENA
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

by
W. MORGAN THOMAS

"BAT" MORGAN AND HIS HENCHMEN ARE WITHIN SHEENA'S DOMAIN···SHEENA HAS SENT BOB TO INTERVIEW THE NEWCOMERS, HOLDING VAN DYKE AS HOSTAGE, PENDING BOB'S RETURN.





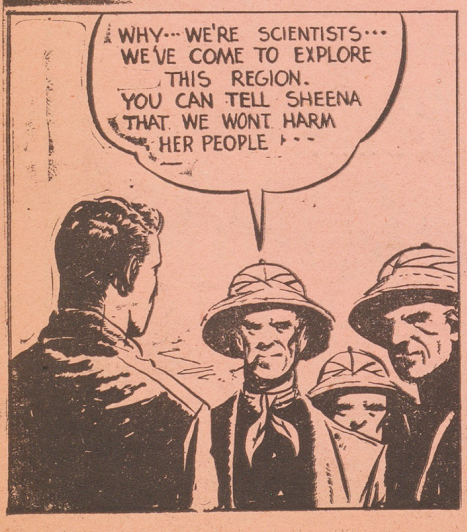
















SHEENA

QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

by

W. MORGAN THOMAS

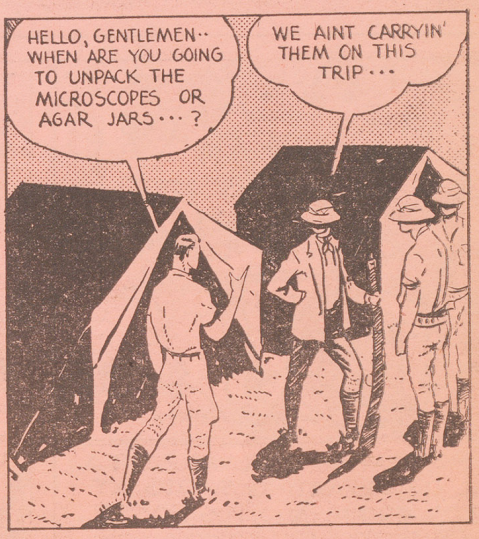
BOB HAS BEEN SENT BY SHEENA TO INTERROGATE THE SAFARI OF WHITE MEN AT THE GATES OF THE LITTLE TOWN. 'BAT' MORGAN, ITS LEADER DENIES ANY EVIL INTENTIONS, CLAIMING HE IS AN EXPLORER.....



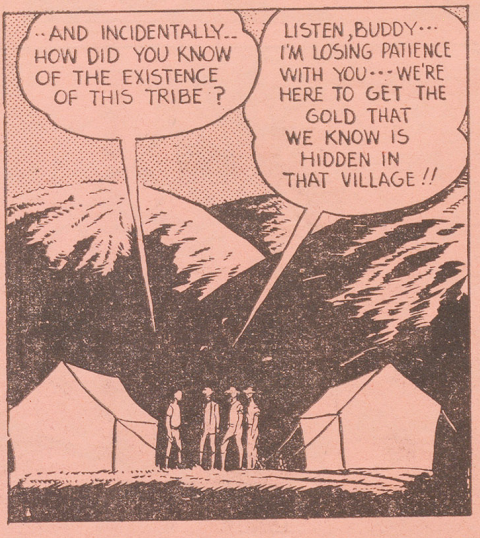




















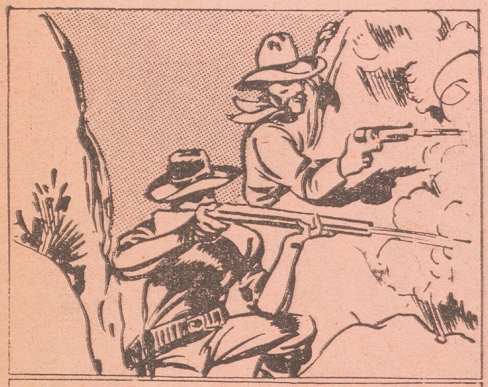
Read about Sheena's revenge in the white man's jungle in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

WILTON OF THE WEST

BY FRED SANDE

BART LUGAR'S GANG, WHO HAVE BESIEGED THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE, ARE RETREATING IN DISORDER...

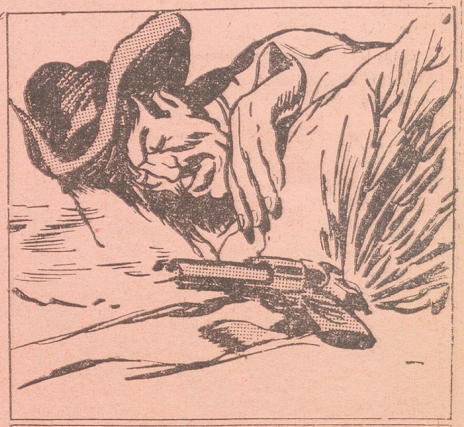
BILLY DANSON WHO HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE BANDIT'S TRAP, IS ON HIS WAY BACK WITH AID – THE TEXAS RANGERS! EXPECTING THE RANGERS, THE OUTLAWS ARE CLEARING OUT. MEANWHILE WILTON, WHO HAS BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK BY LUGAR'S MAN, LUKE REED, LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN THE LINE OF FIRE...



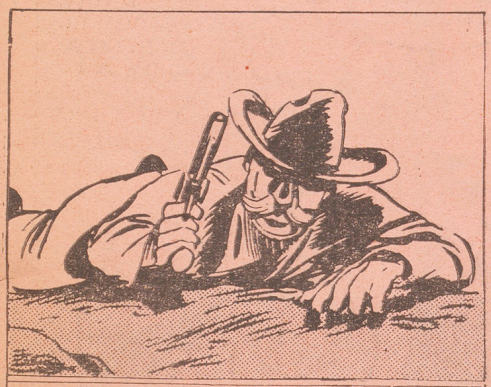
THE RETREATING OUTLAWS POUR A HAIL OF DEPARTING SHOTS AT THE SHERIFF AND HIS POSSE..

THE BANDITS TAKE TO THEIR HORSES TO MAKE THEIR GET-AWAY BEFORE THE RANGERS ARRIVE.....

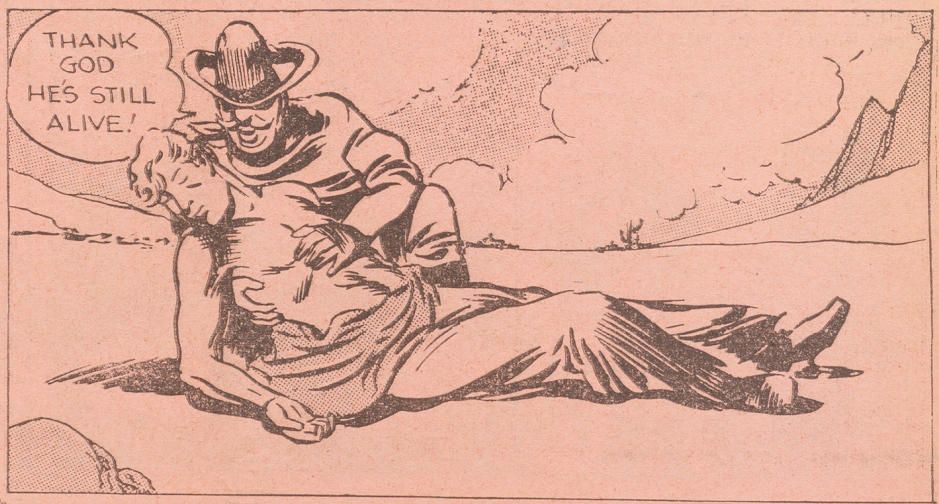


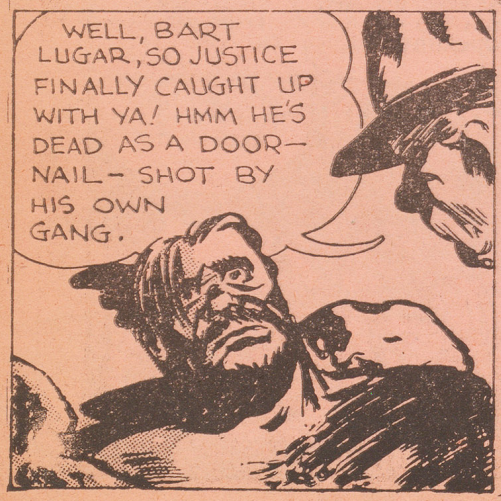


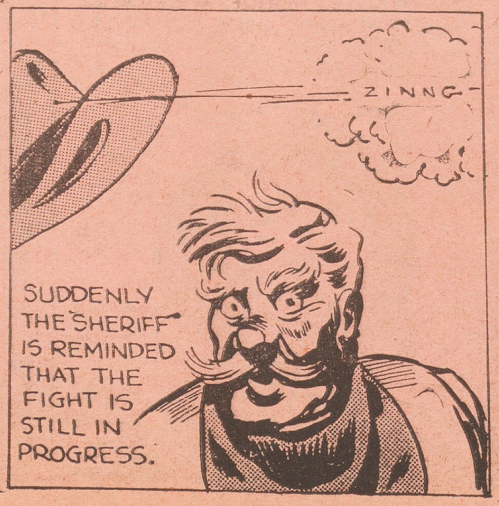
SOME OF THE OUTLAWS NEVER REACH THEIR HORSES...



MEANWHILE THE SHERIFF CRAWLS ACROSS THE LINE OF FIRE INTENT ON RESCUING WILTON..





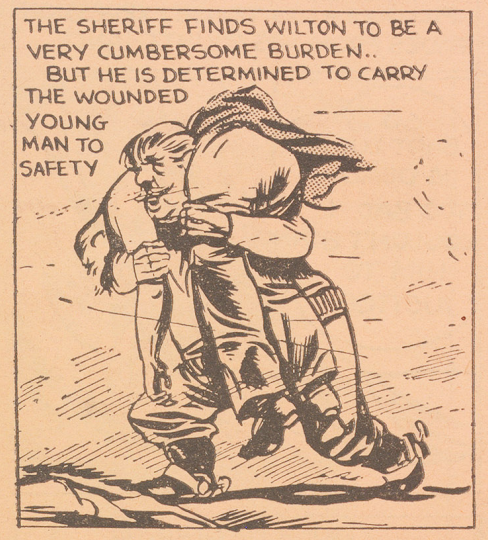




WILTON OF THE WEST

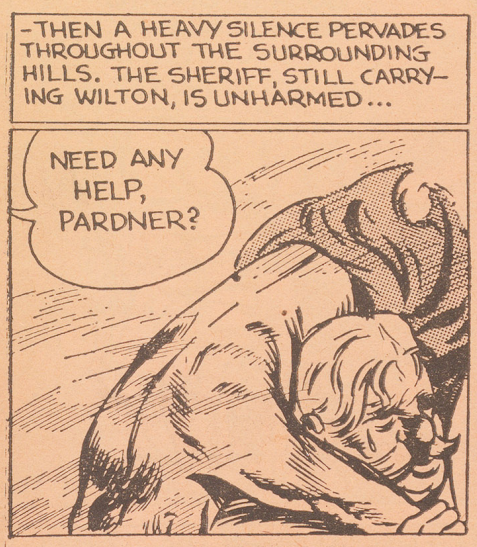


BY FRED SANDE



















WILTON OF THE WEST

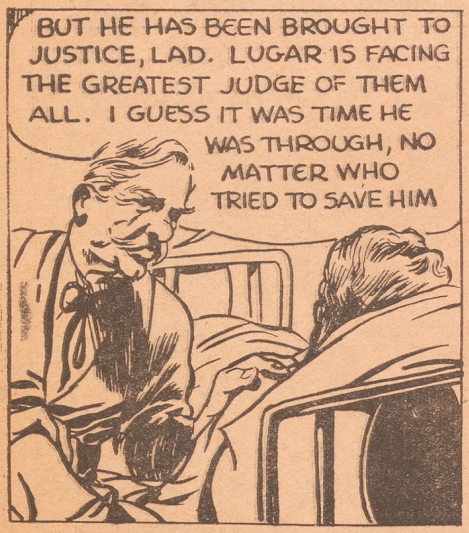


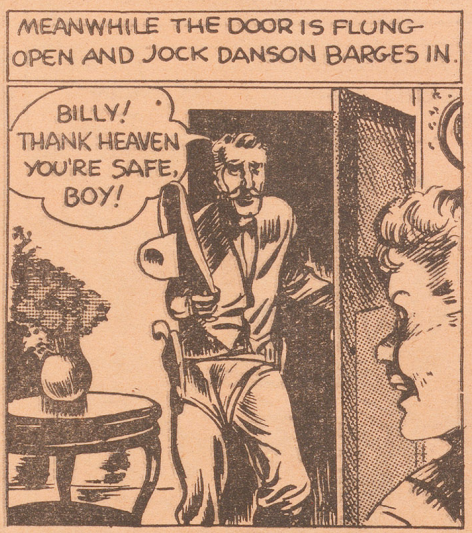
BY FRED SANDE





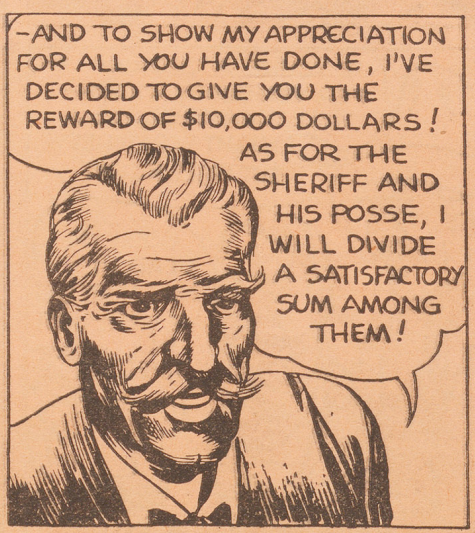










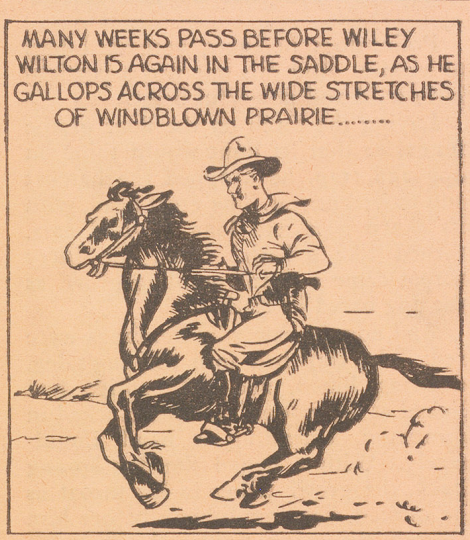




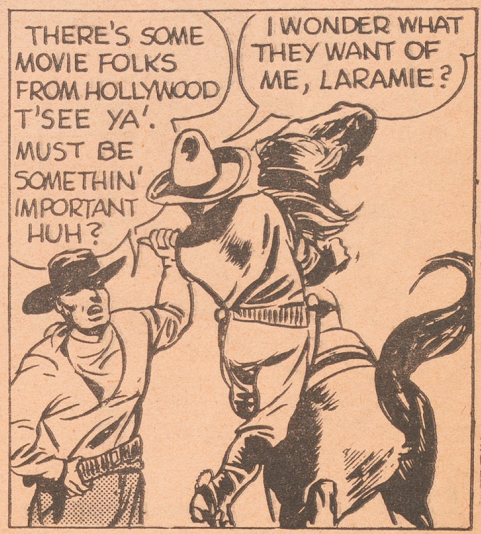
WILTON OF THE WEST



BY FRED SANDE





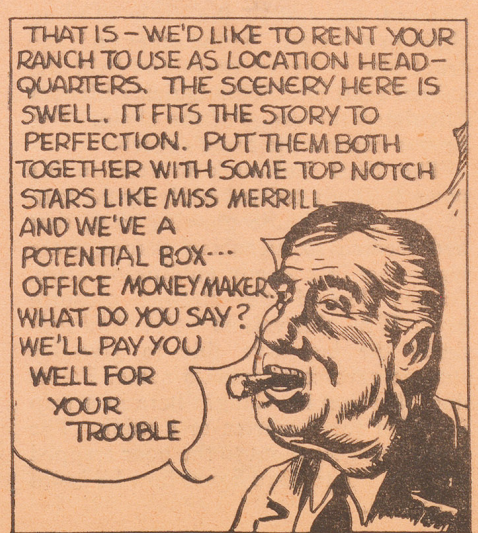












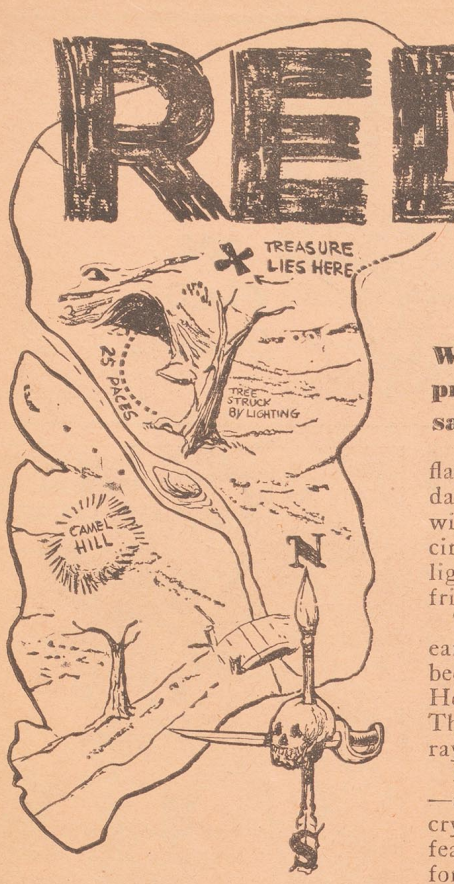


Will Wilton let them turn his ranch into a movie lot?? . . . Read the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

RED FANG

By LINTON DAVIES

Would Red Fang, the wild Police Dog, save him? Johnny Storm prayed that the animal would hear his cries as he battled to save his buried treasure from the Terrible Hermit of the Hills.



IN the center of the treasure map was a faint faded crisscross. And below the scrawl read "X—ye Cave Behind ye great Cleft Rock."

Johnny Storm, holding the map outspread in fingers that trembled with his eagerness, looked around him. Yes, here was the valley, bright green in the sun, silent, holding tight to its secret. And here was the great split rock.

He forced his way, map in one hand, small hatchet in the other, through the tangled undergrowth beside the rock that rose high over his head. The branches seemed stubbornly determined to hold him back, but he slashed several off their trunks and pushed on. Behind the rock the underbrush thinned, and he gazed avidly about.

Then he spied the hole. Not much bigger than a gopher's hole it seemed until he crept closer. Then he saw that he could push the fern and tough weeds aside and enter that beckoning cave.

With a long, anxious look about him at the close-pressing foliage of the valley slope, he gathered his courage. He folded the ancient yellowed map, slipped it into his shirt pocket, pulled his flashlight from his belt, and crawled into the tunnel's dark mouth.

Instantly the gloom of the cavern, silent, forbidding, enveloped him. His sturdy ten-year-old frame tensed as he crouched. Then he straightened his shoulders and flashed the light to left and right. The tunnel was some six feet wide, a natural passage created by some strange earth movement. He flashed the light up, and saw to his surprise that the uneven rocky ceiling was high—twice his height. He stood erect, and flashed the light ahead, picking out the dank weed-matted floor of the tunnel with a pale radiance. Following the circle, he moved warily on, flashing the light from side to side, up to the fern-fringed ceiling.

The walls were bare. Just dark, damp earth. But as he moved in, the floor became firmer, free of weedy growth. He stepped forward more confidently. Then his breath came fast as the flash ray glinted on metal.

He focused the light in that direction—and dropped the torch as a half-stifled cry escaped his lips. Paralyzed with fear, he stood trembling, unable to stoop for the flashlight, which now bathed a narrow circle of the wall nearby.

Ahead was a *thing*—a thing with a pair of glowing devil's eyes that flashed fire and awful menace.

JOHNNY'S chest seemed about to burst. Suddenly he felt the reassuring weight of the hatchet in his hand. With a desperate swoop he reached for the flashlight. He centered it squarely on those burning eyes, his heart beating like a trip-hammer. He turned cold when the light showed him a tawny, powerful animal facing him only a few yards off. A wolf!

Crouching, slavering jaws parted to bare red fangs, the brute seemed on the verge of springing.

Then a rush of thankfulness and relief swept over Johnny, and his knees sagged at the reaction. The beast was in a trap!

He could see the stake, now, that fastened one end of the dully glinting chain to the wall. At the other end, the cruel bite of heavy steel jaws held the animal's left hind foot. Quickly his eyes calculated the range of the chain. Yes, he was beyond the brute's reach.

The beast had sunk to rest on his paws, his body twisted oddly by the grip of the trap. Those glowing eyes, that had seemed so menacing before, were wary now in a steady unblinking stare. Johnny looked the strange creature over. Why, this was no wolf! And suddenly the boy was able to give his strange cave-companion a name. Police dog, that was it. Caught here in a trap intended for a marten or a mink. The boy's heart went out to the poor trapped animal. He tried to figure how he could help him.

Police dogs, he knew, were hard dogs to handle. And this one was a particularly wild and powerful beast.

Laying the torch on the floor of the tunnel so that its light would shine on dog and trap, he dropped the hatchet and moved nearer. The great head, with its sharp nose and long flat-laid ears, turned like a flash. From the furry throat came a deep rumbling growl as the dog bared its teeth.

And now he saw why the fangs were red. The trap had torn the dog's leg, drawing blood, and the captive had licked at the wound. Johnny clucked in sympathy, extending a hand impulsively. With a bound the dog sprang back, the growl rising in his throat as he circled, keeping Johnny before him though the move tightened the trap's grip on his leg.

Johnny squatted. He didn't want to bring the poor animal more pain. "Easy, boy!" he called softly. "Take it easy."

THE dog eased the strain on the imprisoned leg by sidling forward a bare inch. He almost fell as his weight shifted on three sound legs. Then Johnny had an idea.

With a sudden toss he heaved his hatchet against the dog's forelegs. The big fellow dodged, lost his footing. In an instant Johnny was on him, sitting on his shoulder, pinning him down.

Then the tunnel seemed to rock as the great beast under him writhed and twisted, heaving, straining. The great jaws snapped at Johnny's shoulder. The chain rattled like mad music. Fear sapped Johnny's strength, and he nerved himself to spring away, out of the great mad creature's reach. Then he glanced down and saw the trap.

Those awful punishing teeth were dragging down the leg toward hock and paw—tearing off fur and flesh. Blood poured upon the rusty trap. Johnny cried out, "Easy, boy! Don't, don't!"

WITH a suddenness that almost knocked him off his swaying perch, the dog lay still. Johnny, still braced astraddle the big fellow, lay quiet too, catching his breath in great sobs. Catching sight again of the flowing blood that now covered the paw, and gushed over the trap, he stirred to action.

The dog pinioned between his legs, he bent far over the furry body and got the trap in his hands. Then, a palm on each stiff spring, he pried the jaws apart. He sat up, in a new dilemma.

If he freed the dog now, what would it do?

He gripped his hatchet and suddenly sprang off the dog's back. Instantly the dog was up, warily facing the boy. Johnny stood breathing hard. But his eyes held the dog's. "Friends, old feller," he begged. "Let's be friends." He waited eagerly.

Then his heart sank. The dog, glaring, bared his fangs for one last low growl, and with eyes still on the boy slowly slunk toward the mouth of the tunnel.

JOHNNY found no treasure that day. Whether the adventure with the dog had dulled his hunger for the secret of the map, found in his uncle's old cabinet, he didn't know. But his searchings of the passage, which ended ten paces from the trap stake, yielded nothing.

He returned early the next day watching the clearings for any sign of the big dog. Once or twice he thought he saw Red Fang but each time it turned out to be only a shadow.

He entered the tunnel as before.

Once in the cave, Johnny forgot his disappointment in the excitement of treasure hunting. With the small spade he had brought he prodded the ground here and there without any luck. Then his eyes fell on a small boulder near the inner wall. Under the boulder his spade struck metal a few inches below the dirt surface. In no time he had uncovered a sadly rusted iron chest, some four feet long and two feet wide. With his spade he pried off the creaking lid.

Black metal objects lay inside. Candlesticks. A platter. Odd-shaped knives and forks and spoons. And in one corner, a heap of coins. Everything was black. Iron, thought Johnny. He picked up a yellowed slip of paper, played the torch on it, and read the finely penned lines.

Ye Silver of Yon Yost

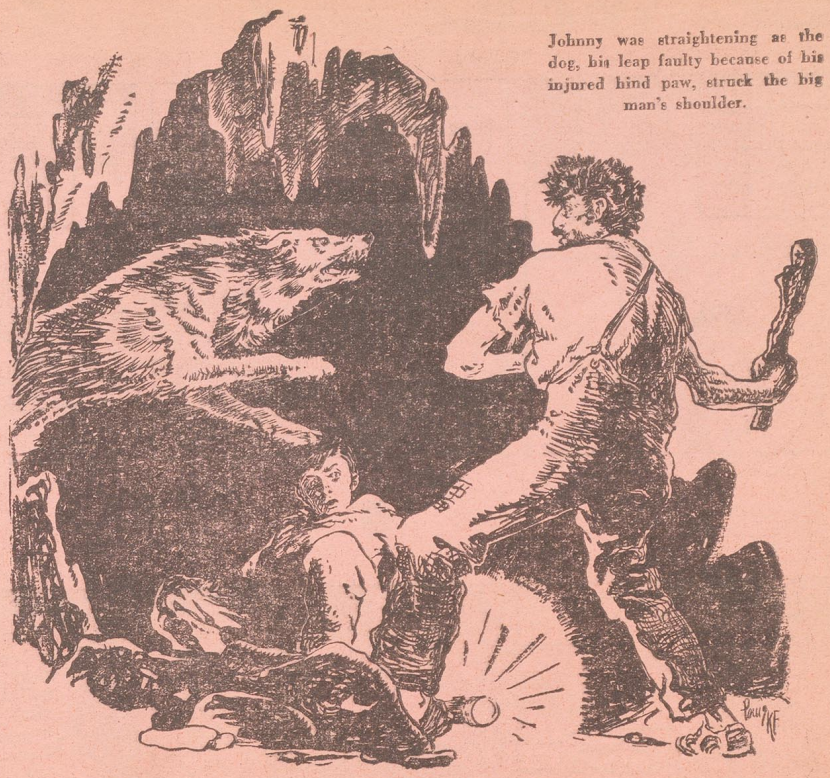
Here Buried against ye advance of ye murdering Hessians with St. Legere from Oswego. Who finds it will hold it safe for ye rightful owner or if he be slain for ye Cause of ye Colonies.

There was a date, but Johnny could make out only the year—1777.

Silver! The treasure of a Mohawk Valley patroon! What would his uncle say when he showed it to him. Eyes sparkling, he feasted his eyes on the pile. Then a footfall sounded behind him. A harsh voice grated, "Don't ye move!"

JOHNNY whirled. A huge bulk showed dim against the faraway radiance of the cave opening. Resolutely he twisted the torch to shine on the newcomer.

"Drat ye!" A big ungainly figure jerked back in the sudden light, blinking. "Turn that light away!"



Johnny was straightening as the dog, his leap faulty because of his injured hind paw, struck the big man's shoulder.

"Why?" asked Johnny belligerently. He half rose, a trembling hand fingering for his hatchet. And a sinking feeling grew inside him. He had never seen this man before. But he had heard much of the trapper hermit. "Stays in the mountains in the summer, so you won't see him," his uncle had assured him. "But he's a bad one. Mean. Don't go too high in the hills." And here he was, high in the hills—and face to face with the trapper.

The "bad one" rubbed a grimy hand across a leering mouth. "Playin' caves an' robbers, hey?" he grinned slyly. He hefted a short club, hitched sagging tattered trousers around his waist, and swaggered forward. "Le's see what ye got."

Johnny swiftly rose and moved to shield his new-found treasure. The big man's scowl darkened. With a huge hand he reached out, grasped Johnny by the neck and flung him aside. Half dazed, Johnny lay on the tunnel floor, sick at heart, feeling small and scared.

The trapper grunted contemptuously as he looked down and gave the scattered metal a kick. "Junk!" he grated, and was turning away when his eye fell on one of the tarnished objects. Swiftly for a man of such huge bulk, he stooped and picked up a coin. "Silver!" he muttered gloatingly. "Silver!" He flung the coin aside, and picking up the big platter, began to scour it furiously. He eyed it closely, then chuckled evilly. "Silver! All silver!" He turned to Johnny, and his eyes were wild. "All mine!" he croaked, and reached for the club.

Swaying, Johnny sprang to his feet. Strove to dash for the cave entrance. But a huge hand grasped his shoulder, whirled him around and flung him to the floor again. "No, ye don't!" the bearded trapper growled, and he swung his club, red lights swirling in his eyes.

Johnny turned his head away. Then his heart leaped. For in the dim light from the tunnel mouth stood the dog.

Johnny, striving to put assurance into his voice, shouted, "Here Red Fang! Take him!"

The trapper grinned crookedly. "Too old a trick. It won't work on me." But slowly he turned to follow Johnny's intent gaze.

Then he stiffened. He whirled on Johnny. "So it was you let him loose!" Quickly he whirled again to face the dog. Johnny seized the chance to spring to his feet. As the hermit's club swung to check him he ducked.

Thus he saw nothing of the dog's lightning spring. He was straightening as the dog, his leap faulty because of his injured hind paw, struck the big man's shoulder. Then Johnny was hurled to the wall as the trapper, dropping his club, fled to the outer light. The dog, with a queer limping leap, sprang at his heels.

Johnny pulled himself to his feet. No sound came to him in the tunnel, and he shivered as he hurriedly picked up a candlestick, and a handful of coins and the flashlight. He wasted no more time as the trapper might return. . . . He hurried out of the cave and, still shaken, set off at a trot for home.

Just as he came in sight of his uncle's lodge a long lean shadow fell across his path. Turning as he trotted, he saw Red Fang loping lopsidedly beside him, his big head cocked up to give Johnny a contented grin, as if to say, "You helped me and I helped you and now we're friends."

Johnny reached out and patted the big dog's furry head. Together they went down the path to the lodge that was to be Red Fang's new home.

(THE END)

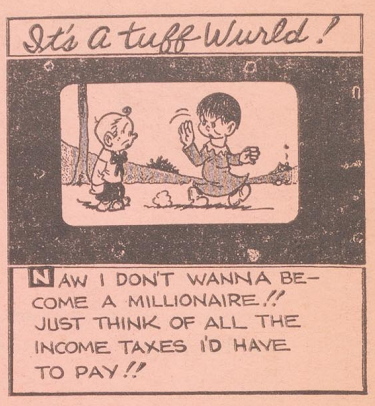
PEE WEE

By S. M. IGER



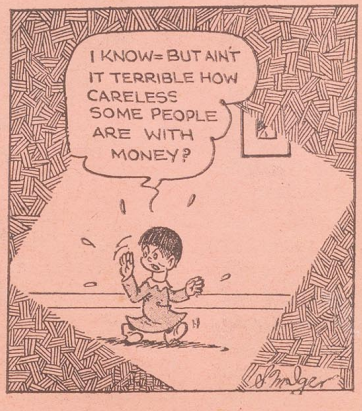


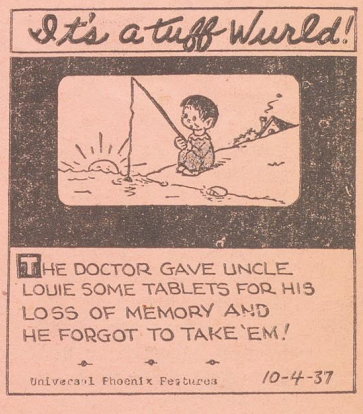








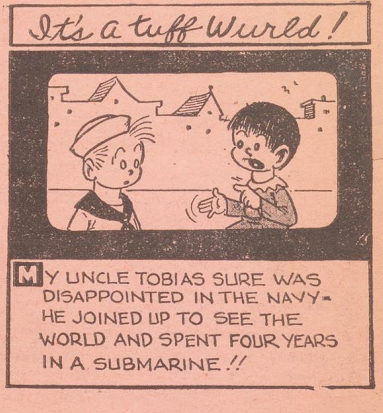


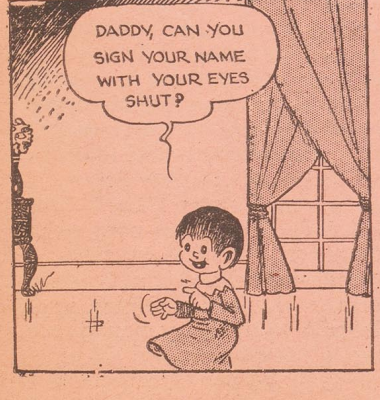




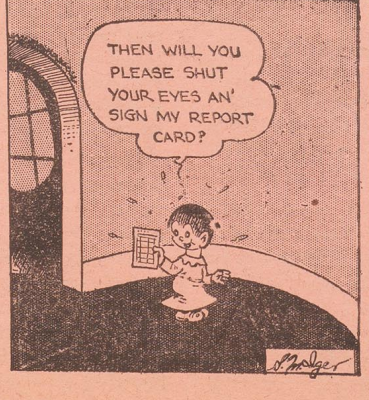


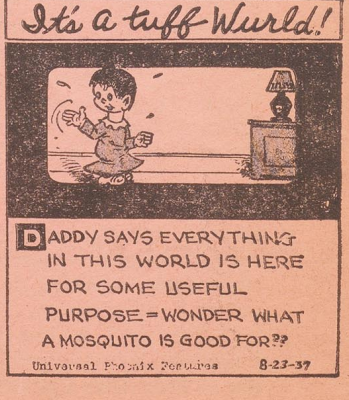






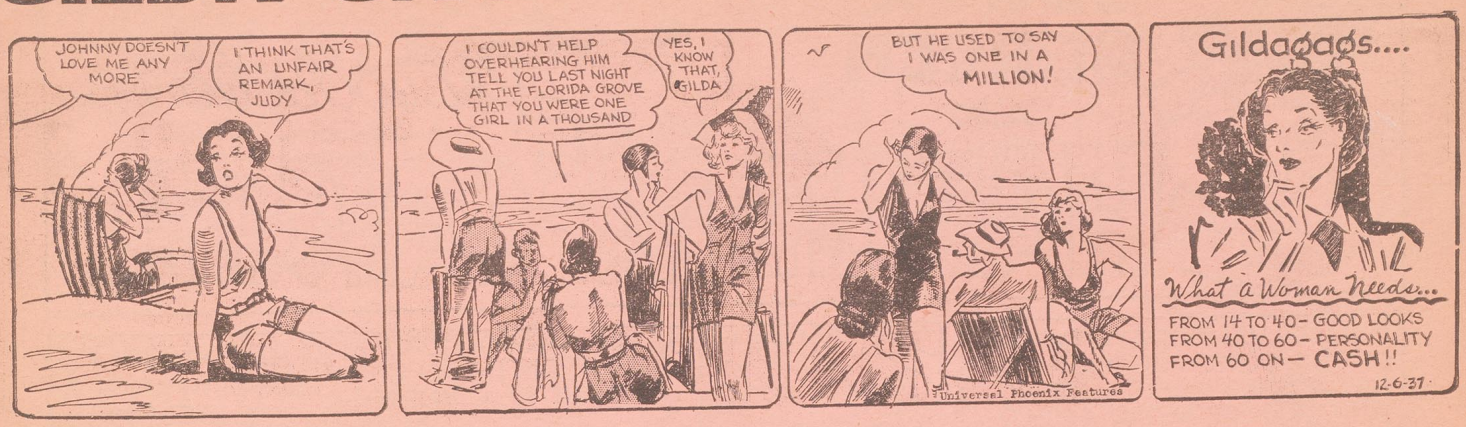


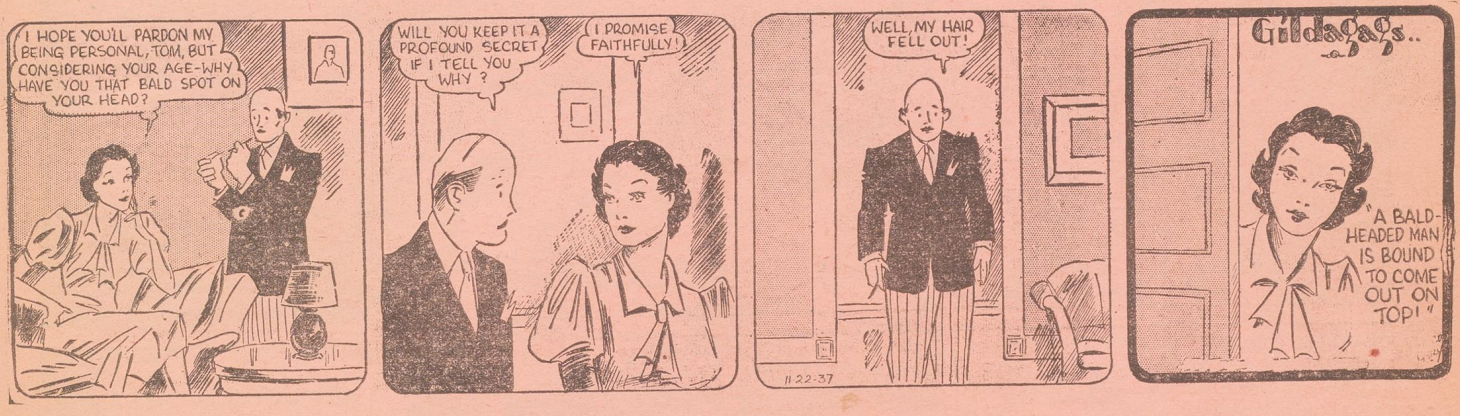




Laugh at Pee Wee's capers in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

GILDA GAY THE MODERN GIRL









Follow beautiful Gilda Gay and her boy friends in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY IN "A Letter of Introduction"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

IT IS NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK CITY, THE STREETS ARE FILLED WITH GAY SHOUTING PEOPLE, AS EDGAR BERGEN, AN UNEMPLOYED VENTRILOQUIST, AND ANDREA LEEDS SADLY WEND THEIR WAY HOMEWARD.....

LOOK! OUR ROOMING HOUSE--IT'S ON FIRE!!

LET ME THROUGH HERE! CHARLIE IS IN THERE, HE'LL BE BURNT TO A CINDER!!

HEY! YOU CAN'T BREAK THROUGH FIRE LINES!

WITH A BOUND BERGEN FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE BURNING BUILDING WITH GREAT LEAPS HE ASCENDS THE FLAMING STAIRS.....

ONCE IN HIS ROOM, HE MAKES FOR A TRUNK STANDING IN A CORNER.....

HEY! BERGEN, WHAT'S THE MATTER ??

WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY !!!

WHERE ARE WE GOING? THE RENT'S NOT DUE 'TILL FRIDAY---- SAY ARE THEY TRYING TO SMOKE US OUT??

QUIET, CHARLIE!

AT LAST THEY REACH THE SAFETY OF THE STREET.....

WHEW! SAFE AT LAST!! HELLO, OFFICER, WANT MY AUTOGRAPH?

HEY! IS THAT WHAT YE RISKED YER NECK FOR--A DUMMY?

I BEG YOUR PARDON, OFFICER-- I'LL HAVE YOU UNDERSTAND I'M A McCARTHY!

1

EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY IN "A Letter of Introduction"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

CHARLIE, EDGAR AND ANDREA ARE INVITED TO GEORGE MURPHY'S APARTMENT JUST ACROSS THE STREET...

I HOPE YOU AND MR. BERGEN WON'T MIND--THERE'S A PARTY GOING ON.

A PARTY-WHOOPEE!

QUIET, CHARLIE.

HOW ABOUT SOME OF THAT ALE, BERGEN?

DON'T BE SILLY, CHARLIE, BEER ISN'T GOOD FOR GROWING BOYS

ISN'T HE CUTE?

EDGAR BERGEN AND ANDREA LEEDS MOVED INTO THE SAME BOARDING HOUSE WHERE GEORGE MURPHY AND HIS FRIENDS ARE STAYING---ONE NIGHT EDGAR IS RESTLESS AND CAN'T SLEEP...

PSST--- CHARLIE, ARE YOU AWAKE?

DON'T BE SILLY, I NEVER SLEEP--- SAY, BERGEN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

OH-I GUESS I WASN'T CUT OUT TO BE A LOVER- EVERY TIME I WANT TO PROPOSE, I CAN'T FIND THE WORDS----

WHY DON'TCHA LET ME SAY IT FOR YOU, I'M GREAT WITH THE GIRLS!

LOOK, CHARLIE, A 'DRUNK' COMING INTO OUR HOUSE!

BOYO'BOY! HE'S TIGHT AS A DRUM!!

LET'S HAVE SOME FUN, THROW YOUR VOICE DOWN TO THE HORSE

AW C'MON, BE A SPORT

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD, CHARLIE--

OH, VERY WELL-

GOSH, MISTER, YOU'RE CARRYING MORE OF A **LOAD** THAN I AM!

?(HIC)? A TALKING HORSE!

2.

EDGAR BERGEN AND CHARLIE McCARTHY IN "A Letter of Introduction"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SOBERED BY THE SURPRISE OF SEEING A HORSE TALK, THE DRUNK, JOHN MANNERING, THE FAMOUS ACTOR, LOOKS UPWARD TOWARDS BERGEN'S WINDOW

SO IT WAS YOU THROWING YOUR VOICE COME DOWN HERE I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU!

WHEE! SAY I THINK I PICKED UP A SPLINTER ON THEY WAY DOWN!

HEY! WHAT'S THIS?

THIS IS AMAZING! YOU'RE SO GOOD I THINK I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE ON RUDY VALLEE'S PROGRAM—

THANKS, SIR. IT'S THE CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

WOW! WE EAT AGAIN!

A VISIT TO MR. MANNERING'S HOUSE WHERE CHARLIE AGAIN AMUSES HIM. WHEN THEY DEPART BERGEN WRAPS CHARLIE UP IN NEWS PAPER...

CAREFUL, BERGEN— YOU'LL BREAK SOMETHING! HEE HEE--YOU'RE TICKLING ME!!

HUSH

THEY DEPART FOR HOME TO PREPARE FOR THEIR FIRST BROADCAST....

?

WHY DID YA WRAP ME UP? OH, ASHAMED OF ME, EH?

SH-H- CHARLIE

ON THE SAME NIGHT THAT BERGEN IS MAKING HIS RADIO DEBUT, MANNERING IS APPEARING IN THE OPENING OF HIS NEW SHOW WITH HIS DAUGHTER (ANDREA LEEDS). HE SUDDENLY COLLAPSES ON THE STAGE. WHEN HE FINALLY LEAVES THE THEATRE, DEJECTEDLY, HE IS STRUCK DOWN BY AN AUTOMOBILE.....

BERGEN OVERWHELMED BY THE SAD NEWS ANNOUNCES HIS SORROW TO THE RADIO AUDIENCE---HE ALSO INFORMS MANNERING'S DAUGHTER OF THE TRAGEDY.....

--AND SO IF ANY OF HIS LOVED ONES ARE LISTENING GO TO HIS BEDSIDE IMMEDIATELY....

UPON THE DEATH OF JOHN MANNERING, GEORGE ASKS ANDREA TO MARRY HIM.... SHE ACCEPTS AND THE HAPPY PAIR LEAVE FOR THEIR HONEYMOON...

CHARLIE AND EDGAR BECOME A BIG HIT ON THE AIR.....

NOW THAT WE'RE SUCCESSFUL, BERGEN— HOW ABOUT RAISING MY SALARY TO 75¢ A WEEK?

NO—I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT RUN OFF AND GET MARRIED, CHARLIE

THE END

The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by-don

CHIEF POW-WOW HAS DECREED THAT TOM BE MADE A MEMBER OF THE TRIBE, AND THEN WED TO HIS DAUGHTER "BITTER-SWEET".—

TOM'S ADOPTION INTO THE TRIBE PROVES A PAINFUL ONE. FIRST HIS HAIR HIS HAIR IS PLUCKED OUT EXCEPT FOR A TUFT, LEFT FOR A "SCALP-LOCK"...

THEN HIS FACE IS PAINTED WITH SAVAGE COLORS

THE CEREMONIAL DANCE

JEALOUS OF TOM, "SNEER-FACE", A RIVAL FOR "BITTERSWEET'S" HAND IN MARRIAGE, BECOMES ENRAGED, AND PLOTS A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.

LATE THAT NIGHT AS TOM RETURNS TO HIS WIGWAM ...

HE IS FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY THE CRAFTY 'SNEER-FACE'

READ THE NEXT CHAPTER---

The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by don

CHAPTER SIX ---- A RESCUE - and a PLOT

TOM, upon returning to his camp is confronted by SNEERFACE, a rival for BITTER-SWEET- SNEERFACE approaches with knife in hand---

HE LIFTS HIS WEAPON TO PLUNGE IT. WHEN

WHIZZ---

A BULLET STRIKES THE TREE - BOTH ARE SURPRISED TO SEE - A - BAND OF SCOUTS---

THUS TOM - SAVED IN THE NICK-OF-TIME RETURNS WITH THE PARTY...

CHIEF POW-POW AND SNEERFACE PLOT REVENGE FOR TOM - AND - THE SETTLEMENT---

TO BE -- CONTINUED

don

The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by don

CHAPTER SEVEN
LOVE···· and a···STORY

HAVING BEEN SAVED FROM THE INDIAN CAMP BY JIM MURRAY, A TRADER, TOM ONCE MORE IS RE-UNITED WITH HIS SISTER-··

THERE WAS GREAT REJOICING IN THE SETTLEMENT·· THAT NIGHT··

JIM AND ELLEN SEEK THE -·· NIGHT AIR

---AND BOTH DECLARE THEIR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER--THEN JIM TELLS HER HIS STORY - HOW HE IS SPENDING HIS LIFE TRYING TO FIND HIS-· LITTLE SISTER WHO HAD BEEN STOLEN YEARS AGO - JUST A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF THE KIDNAPPER - HAD BEEN---

CAUGHT BY HIM··· BUT THE YEARS OF SEARCHING-·· HAD PROVEN FRUITLESS BUT HIS FAITH STILL PERSISTS --- AND HE WILL NEVER GIVE UP HIS SEARCH-···

TO BE CONTINUED

The Adventures of TOM SHERRILL

by don

CHAPTER EIGHT
"BITTER-SWEET."

IN PROFESSING HIS LOVE TO ELLEN, JIM NARRATES HIS STORY TO HER. HOW HIS SISTER MARTHA, AT A VERY EARLY AGE HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A BAND OF INDIANS. JUST A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF THE KIDNAPPER, BUT IT WAS ENOUGH TO INDELIBLY IMPRESS WHAT HE SAW UPON HIS MIND.....

UNDER THE RIGID RULE OF CHIEF POW-POW, A WISE AND KINDLY INDIAN-THE LITTLE WHITE CHILD WAS RAISED AND CALLED BITTER-SWEET...

THE SUCCEEDING YEARS FIND BITTER-SWEET A LOVELY MAIDEN-WITH SUITORS FROM DISTANT TRIBES.....

BRINGING GIFTS FOR BITTER-SWEET

ONLY SNEER FACE, A CRAFTY INDIAN FROM A NEIGHBORING TRIBE HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN.. COMPELLING CHIEF..

POW POW TO GIVE HIM BITTER... SWEET'S HAND IN MARRIAGE. BUT ALAS -HER HEART IS SADDENED- FOR TOM. IT IS OUR OWN TOM, SHE LOVES...

8.

THAT NIGHT A SIGNAL FIRE IS LIT- A.. SUMMONS FOR THE TRIBES TO GATHER..

The tribes gather—What happens? Read Tom Sherrill in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

PICTURED BY RICHARD BRIEFER

ESMERALDA, ACCUSED OF STABBING HER LOVER, PHOEBUS, HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO BE HANGED – QUASIMODO DEFTLY FOILS THESE PLANS BY FLEEING WITH HER INTO NOTRE DAME.

SANCTUARY

– IN EVERY TOWN DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, THERE WERE PLACES OF REFUGE – SOMETIMES THEY WERE CHURCHES, CASTLES – OR EVEN MONASTERIES – TO THESE SACRED PLACES HUNTED MEN FLED FOR THEY KNEW THAT WHILE THERE NO ONE COULD TOUCH THEM -- THUS TO ESMERALDA, THE CONFINES OF NOTRE DAME BECAME A SANCTUARY ~~~~

THE CROWD – TRICKED BY QUASIMODO OUT OF SEEING THE HANGING FINALLY LEAVES THE SQUARE – – –

HERE IS FOOD – DRINK AND SOME CLOTHES

WHILE IN NOTRE DAME –

I FRIGHTEN YOU? I'M VERY UGLY, AM I NOT? LISTEN; IN THE DAY-TIME STAY IN HERE, AT NIGHT YOU CAN WALK ABOUT THE WHOLE CHURCH

BUT DON'T GO OUT, ANYTIME – THEY'D KILL YOU. AND I SHOULD DIE. I AM YOUR FRIEND. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE POOR WRETCH WHO TRIED TO CARRY YOU OFF ONE NIGHT – BUT HE REMEMBERS –

THE VERY NEXT DAY YOU BROUGHT HIM RELIEF – A DROP OF WATER AND A LITTLE PITY. YOU SPEAK? ALAS – I AM DEAF. YOU KNOW, YOU'RE SO BEAUTIFUL

WERE A MAN TO FALL FROM HERE, HE WOULD BE DEAD BEFORE HE REACHED THE GROUND – WHEN YOU WANT ME TO FALL FROM THIS TOWER, A GLANCE OF YOUR EYE WILL BE ENOUGH

I MUSTN'T STAY – YOU PITY ME. WHEN YOU WANT ME, BLOW THIS – I AM ABLE TO HEAR SHARP SOUNDS –

AND THE HOARY HAND OF QUASIMODO GIVES HER A TINY WHISTLE..

– NOT A SERIOUS WOUND – BUT ENOUGH TO KEEP HIM IN BED FOR A FEW DAYS AT LEAST AND ENOUGH TO SEND THAT GYPSY WITCH TO THE GALLOWS –

– AND AT PHOEBUS' HOME – THE WOUND INFLICTED BY JEHAN DOES NOT REACH IT'S INTENDED GOAL . . .

CONTINUED

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer

PHOEBUS' WOUND DOES NOT PROVE FATAL. HE IS STUNNED BY THE NEWS THAT HIS BELOVED HAD BEEN HANGED AS THE GUILTY ONE.

SO ESMERALDA—THE GIRL I ASKED TO BE MY WIFE, WAS SENT TO THE GALLOWS?

ALAS, GRINGOIRE! GO YOU AND ARRANGE FOR A ROYAL FUNERAL

STRANGE! A HANGING BEFORE A CHURCH, AND NOBODY SAW IT—

TELL ME, OLD FRIEND— HOW IS IT THAT NOBODY WITNESSED THE DEATH OF THE GYPSY GIRL?

THERE WAS A CROWD— THERE WAS TO BE A HANGING— BUT THAT FOOL QUASIMODO CAUGHT HER UP A SECOND BEFORE AND THEY FLED INTO THE CHURCH—

FATE ORDAINS THAT JEHAN WHO REALLY STABBED PHOEBUS SHOULD OVERHEAR.

NOT HANGED? ALIVE? AND ONLY A MOMENT AGO I LEARNED THAT PHOEBUS TOO IS ALIVE!

7

AND ALL THAT NIGHT THE THWARTED JEHAN BROODS···

PHOEBUS NOT DEAD? BUT FATE IS KIND AND HAS LEFT ME ESMERALDA! I SWEAR HE SHALL NOT HAVE HER!

7

NEWS, PHOEBUS, WONDERFUL NEWS! ESMERALDA IS LIVING! SHE IS IN THE SANCTUARY OF NOTRE DAME

8

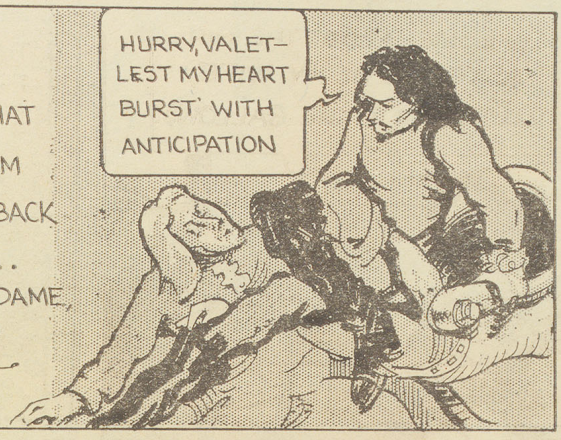
MY CLOTHES, GRINGOIRE! I MUST ARISE AND CLEAR HER OF THIS VILE ACCUS— ATION!

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

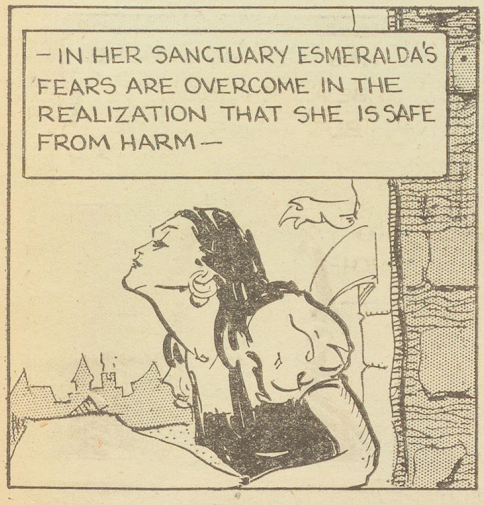
SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

Pictured by Dick Briefer

PHOEBUS, NOW RECOVERED FROM HIS WOUND, LEARNS THAT ESMERALDA WAS SAVED FROM THE GALLOWS BY THE HUNCHBACK BELL-RINGER, QUASIMODO..
HE HASTENS TO NOTRE DAME, HER SANCTUARY, THERE TO MEET HIS LOVED ONE AGAIN—

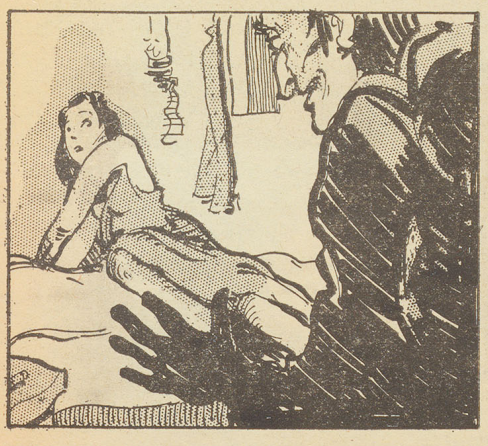






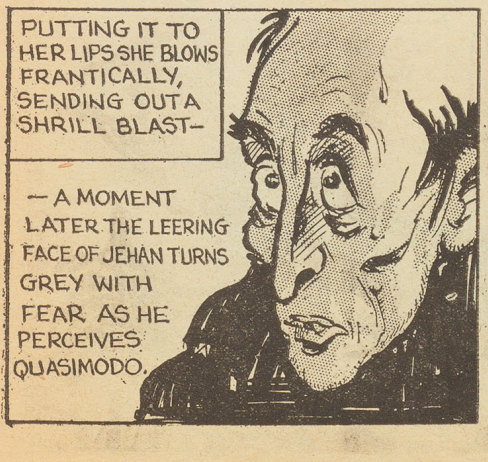




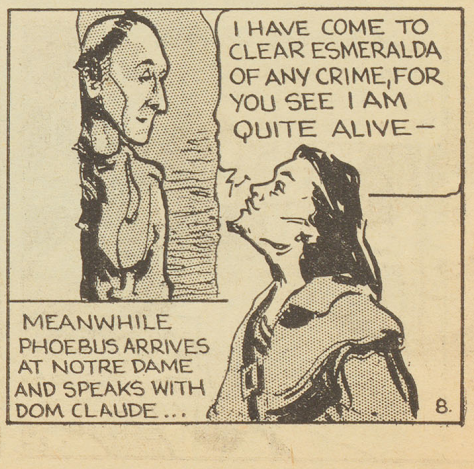








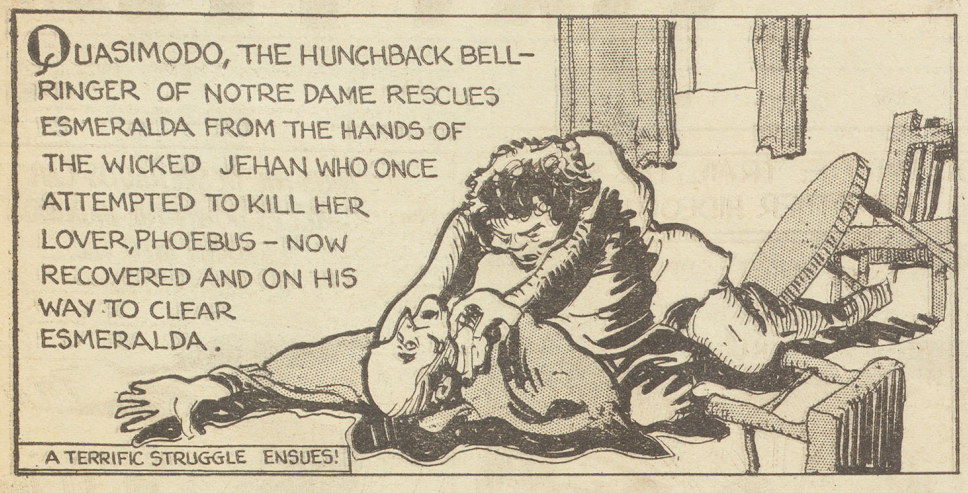




HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

SUGGESTED BY VICTOR HUGO'S GREAT CLASSIC

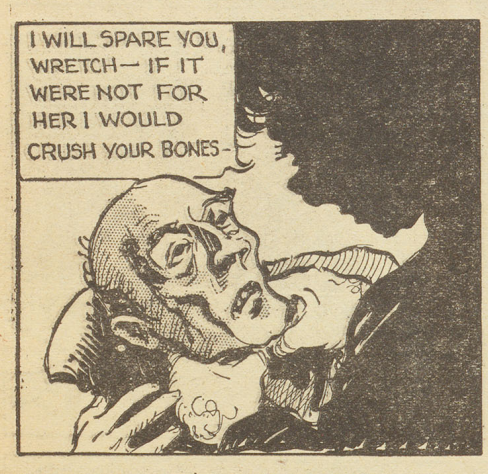
Pictured by Dick Brisfer







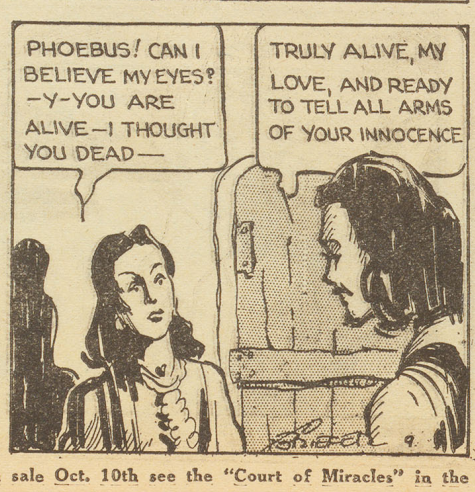














In the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th see the "Court of Miracles" in the Hunchback of Notre Dame.

INSPECTOR DAYTON

by GEO. THATCHER



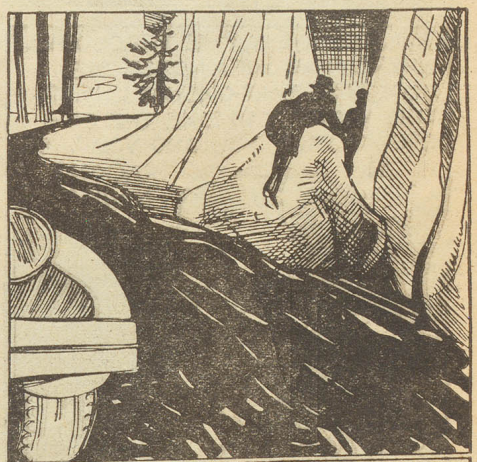
WITH INSPECTOR DAYTON HOT ON THE TRAIL, THE SMUGGLING GANG DECIDES TO MOVE TO ANOTHER HIDEOUT.....







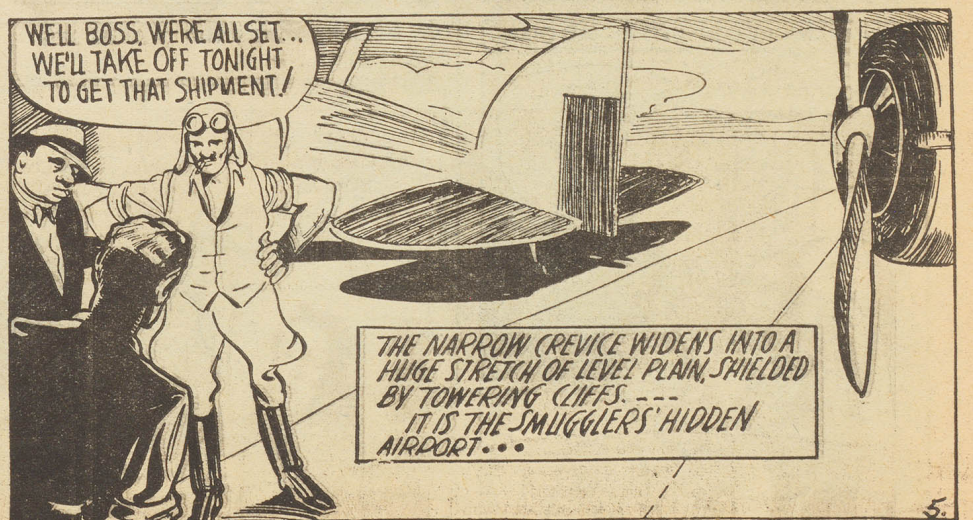




CLIMBING A HUGE ROCK, THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE NARROW OPENING ...



MEANWHILE, THE CHAUFFEUR ABANDONS THE CAR IN A SECLUDED SPOT, AND HASTENS TO FOLLOW THE PEST.



INSPECTOR DAYTON

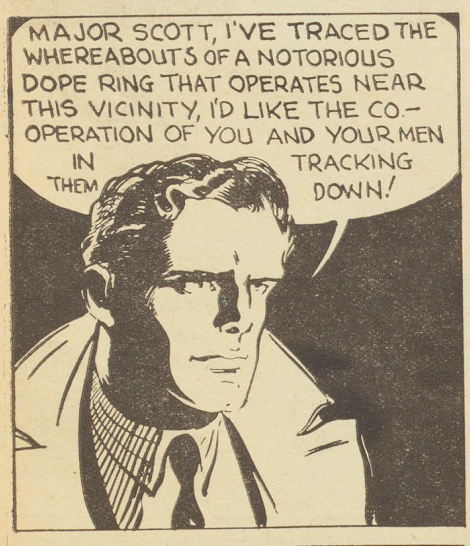
by GEO. THATCHER



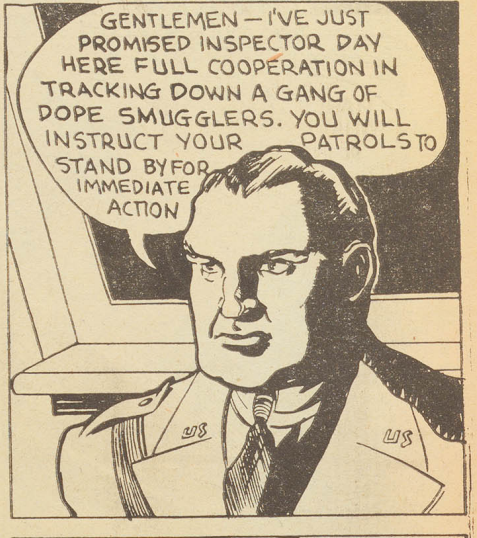


















INSPECTOR DAYTON

by GEO. THATCHER



DAYTON'S AERIAL RAIDING PARTY SCANS THE MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN FOR SIGNS OF THE HIDDEN AIRPORT.

DAYTON SOON DISCOVERS DEFINITE SIGNS...

THE "ACE OF SPADES" VIEWS THE ON-COMING PATROL WITH ALARM...

HOLY SMOKES! IT'S DAYTON AND THE BORDER PATROL--THEY'VE SPOTTED THE FIELD. --I'M CLEARING OUT FAST, YOU GUYS CAN MAKE YOUR OWN GETAWAY!

THIS FAST PLANE IS JUST WHAT I NEED!--I'LL BE IN MEXICO IN NO TIME.

SO! THE "ACE" IS PLAYING INTO MY HANDS AT LAST. I'VE BEEN ACHING FOR THIS MOMENT A LONG TIME.

...DAYTON POURS A LEADEN HAIL OF DEATH INTO THE ESCAPING PLANE...

WITH HIS PLANE A MASS OF FLAMES, THE SMUGGLER PLUMMETS TO HIS DOOM...

WELL, INSPECTOR DAYTON, THE RAID WAS A SUCCESS THE "ACE OF SPADES" IS DEAD AND HIS GANG FACES HEAVY SENTENCES. ---I SUPPOSE THAT CLOSES THE CASE?-

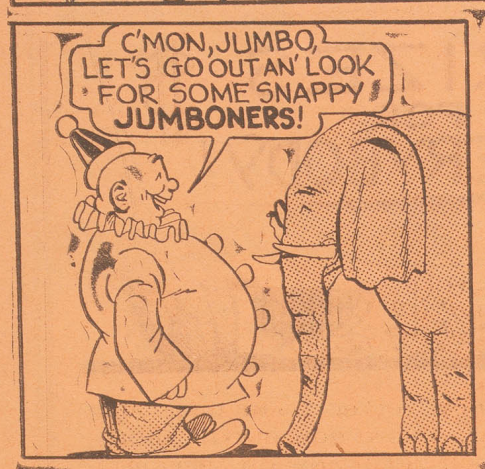
YES IT DOES, MAJOR SCOTT.--THE DEATH OF THE "ACE OF SPADES" SPELLS THE DOOM OF THE LARGEST MARAJHUANA RING IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. ---

7.

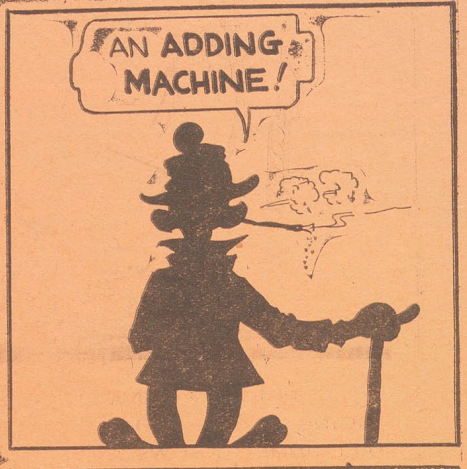
Inspector Dayton starts on a new case "The law of the Bat" in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. ~~12th~~.

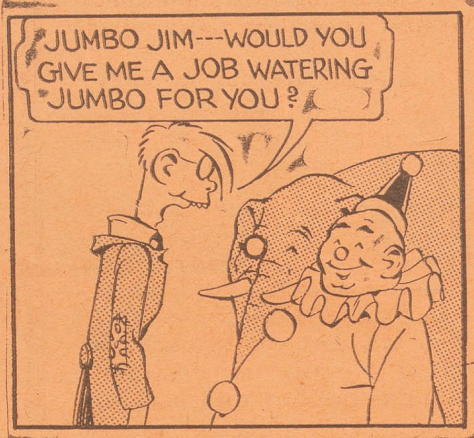
JUMBONERS

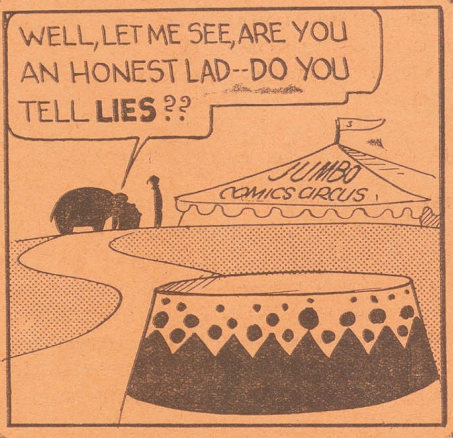
Starring JUMBO JIM

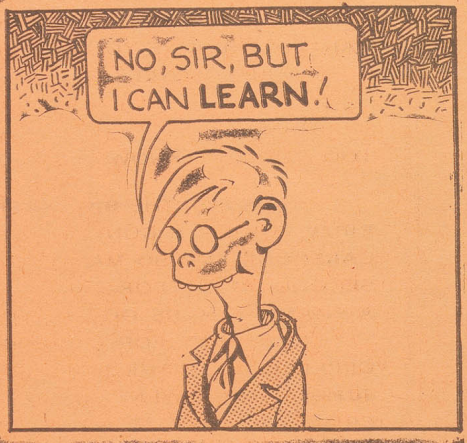


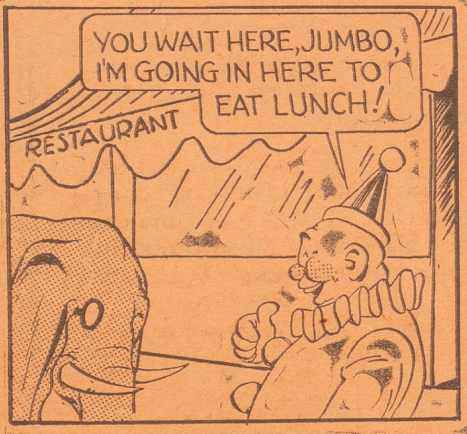


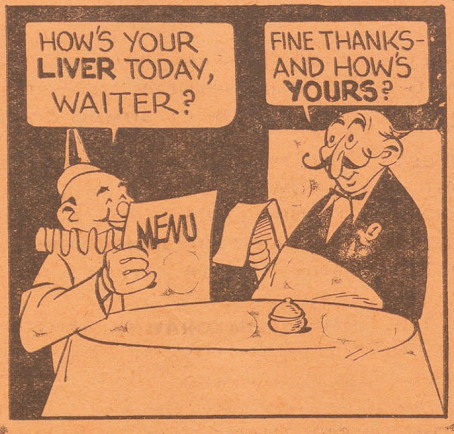




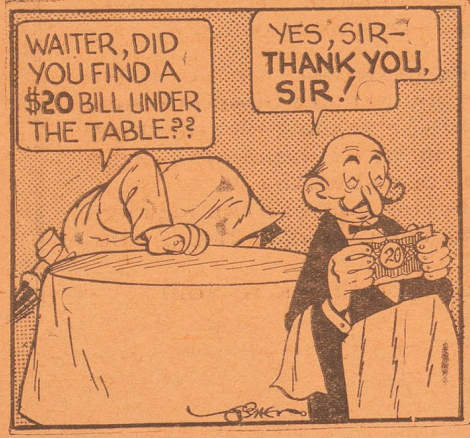


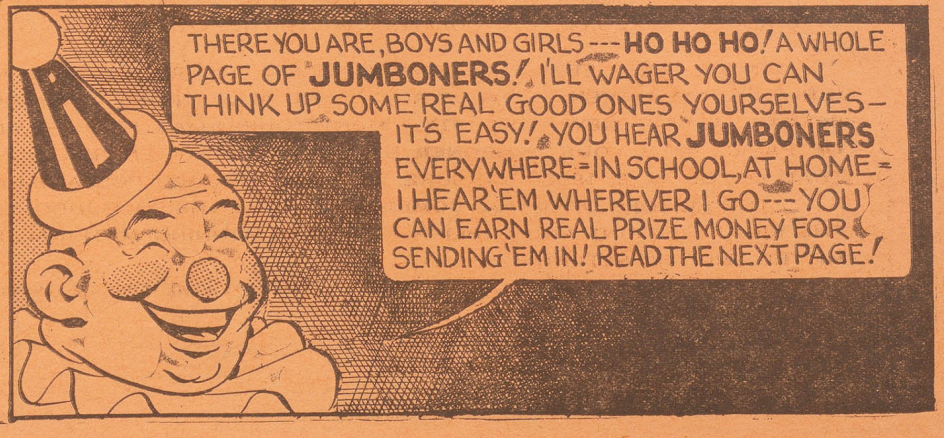




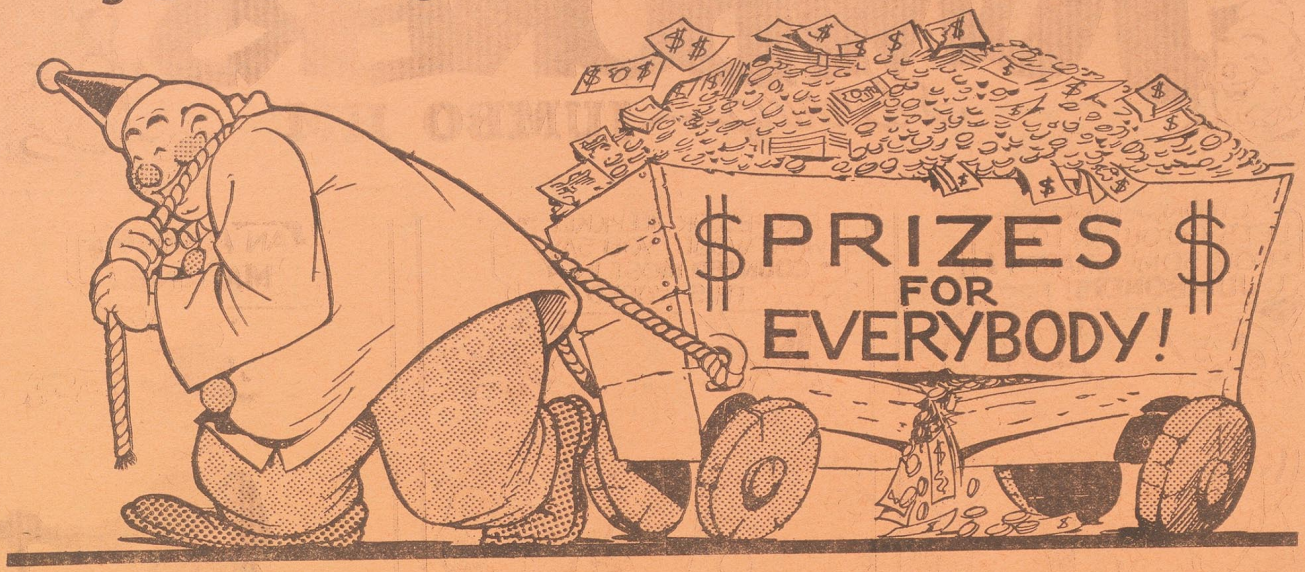








JUMBO JIM'S PRIZE PARTY



PHEW! WHAT A LOAD! BUT I DON'T MIND, ON ACCOUNT OF I KNOW YOU BOYS AND GIRLS ARE GOING TO EMPTY THIS PRIZE WAGON BEFORE JUMBO CAN SAY "HI-YA." (RIGHT NOW HI-YA IS ABOUT ALL JUMBO KNOWS HOW TO SAY—HE HASN'T BEEN TO SCHOOL MUCH YET.) ANYHOW, BEFORE I TELL YOU HOW TO GET ALL THESE PRIZES, I WANT TO SAY A FEW WORDS ABOUT MY LAST PRIZE PARTY—AND GIVE YOU THE GOOD NEWS I PROMISED.

I SURE WISH I COULD TELL YOU RIGHT NOW THE NAMES OF THE WINNERS OF THAT PRIZE PARTY, BUT IT IS TOO EARLY. AS YOU REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T CLOSE UNTIL OCTOBER 1ST. AND MY, OH MY, THE CARTOONS AND THE GAGS FOR THE "FARMER" PICTURE ARE STILL POURING IN! GOOD ONES, TOO. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU KIDS COULD DO SO WELL. YOU SHOULD SEE THE REPLIES I HAVE!

NOW FOR THE **BIG SURPRISE.** I SAID, IN THE LAST ISSUE, THAT THERE WOULD BE A $5.00 FIRST PRIZE FOR EACH CONTEST, AND TEN $1.00 SECOND PRIZES FOR EACH CONTEST. BUT SO MANY GOOD CARTOONS AND SO MANY GOOD GAGS HAVE COME IN THAT WE'VE DECIDED TO GIVE **TWENTY** $1.00 SECOND PRIZES FOR EACH CONTEST! ISN'T THAT GOOD NEWS? WE SIMPLY DECIDED IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF MORE OF YOU BOYS AND GIRLS DIDN'T GET PRIZES FOR YOUR GOOD WORK.

AND NOW FOR OUR **BIG SUPER-JUMBO SURPRISE!** HERE IS A PRIZE WE DIDN'T ANNOUNCE OR OFFER AT ALL. THE FIRST LETTER—THE VERY FIRST ONE—I RECEIVED AFTER THE FIRST ISSUE OF **JUMBO COMICS** WENT ON SALE PLEASED ME SO MUCH I DECIDED THE SENDER SHOULD GET A SPECIAL PRIZE. SO HERE IT IS: THE PRIZE IS $5.00. AND THE LUCKY WINNER IS KATHERINE COCORDAS, AGE 12½, OF 129 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA. **CONGRATULATIONS,** KATHERINE!

OF COURSE NOW, THIS SPECIAL PRIZE DOESN'T AFFECT THE OTHER PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE CONTESTS. JUST AS SOON AS ALL THE ENTRIES ARE IN, AND JUST AS SOON AS WE CAN CAREFULLY GO OVER ALL OF THEM AND SELECT THE WINNERS, THE PRIZES WILL BE SENT DIRECT AND THE NAMES ANNOUNCED IN THE VERY NEXT ISSUE OF **JUMBO COMICS** PRINTED.

NOW FOR THE NEW CONTESTS! THE FIRST ONE IS **JUMBONERS.** THIS IS EASY—YOU HEAR **JUMBONERS** EVERYWHERE. JUST WRITE DOWN THE BEST ONES YOU KNOW, SEND THEM IN TO ME, AND **PRESTO**—YOU ARE IN THE CONTEST AND ELIGIBLE FOR A PRIZE. LOOK AT THE PAGE BEFORE THIS ONE, AND YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF IDEAS FOR **JUMBONERS.** FOR THE BEST **JUMBONER** RECEIVED I WILL GIVE A PRIZE OF $5.00, AND FOR THE TWENTY NEXT BEST **JUMBONERS** I WILL GIVE PRIZES OF $1.00 EACH.

THE SECOND CONTEST IS THE **JUMBO JIM DRAWING GAME.** SEEING THAT SO MANY OF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, THIS IS ANOTHER ONE YOU'LL ENJOY. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO MAKE AN ORIGINAL PEN AND INK SKETCH OF **JUMBO JIM** (ME) AND **JUMBO** (THE "HI-YA" ELEPHANT) AND SEND IT IN TO ME. YOU CAN DRAW US IN ANY POSITION YOU CHOOSE, BUT IT MUST BE AN ORIGINAL AND NOT A TRACING. SKETCHES MUST NOT BE LARGER THAN 6" X 6". FOR THE BEST DRAWING RECEIVED I WILL GIVE A PRIZE OF $5.00, AND FOR THE TWENTY NEXT BEST I WILL GIVE PRIZES OF $1.00 EACH.

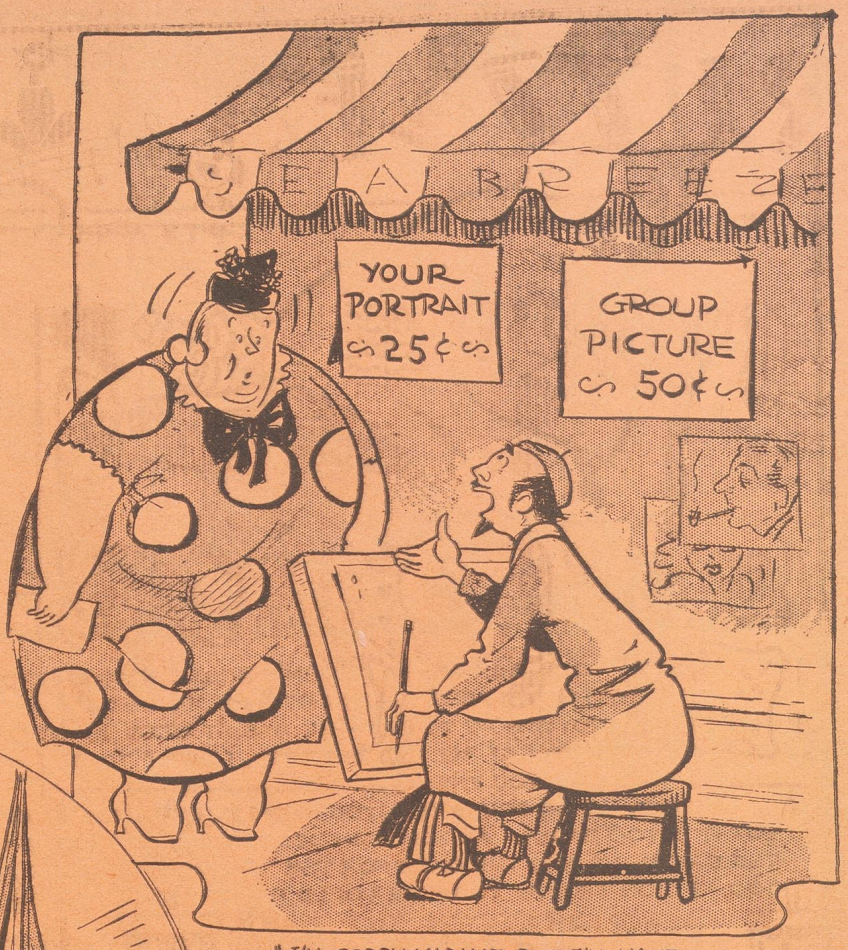
HERE ARE A FEW MORE SIMPLE RULES: THESE CONTESTS ARE OPEN ONLY TO BOYS AND GIRLS UNDER SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE. SEND ALL ENTRIES TO **JUMBO JIM,** CARE OF **JUMBO COMICS,** 461-8TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY. PRINT YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE PLAINLY ON THE SHEET OF PAPER WITH YOUR **JUMBONER** OR DRAWING. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN MY HANDS NOT LATER THAN OCTOBER 15, 1938. BE SURE TO PUT SUFFICIENT POSTAGE ON YOUR ENVELOPE.

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.

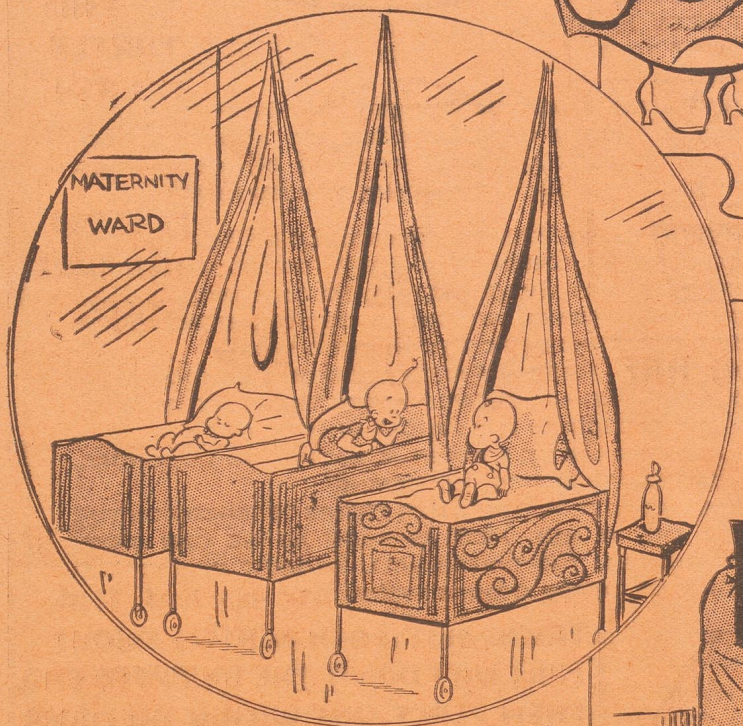
THAT'S EASY, ISN'T IT? ALL RIGHT, THEN—COME ON, LET'S GO! GOOD LUCK TO YOU!

JUMBO JIM.

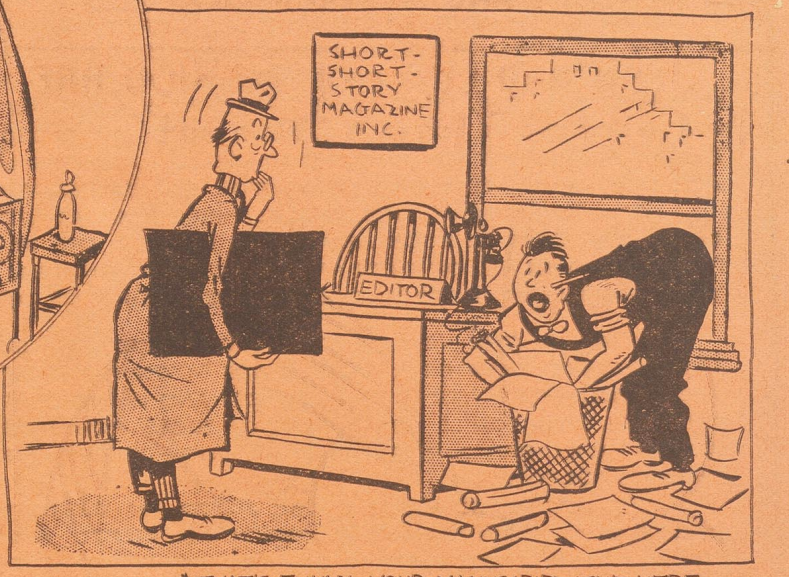
JEST LAFFS



"I'M SORRY, MADAME, BUT I'LL HAVE TO CHARGE YOU FOR A GROUP PICTURE!"

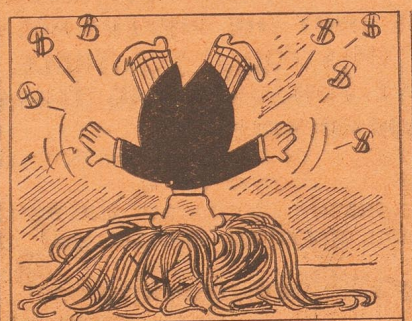


"PSST! GOT A BOTTLE ON YA?"

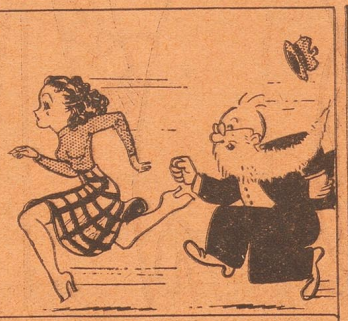


"THAT'S FUNNY—YOUR MANUSCRIPT ISN'T HERE—THE EDITOR MUST HAVE USED IT TO WRITE A MEMO ON!"

PHIL-OS-SAPPIES

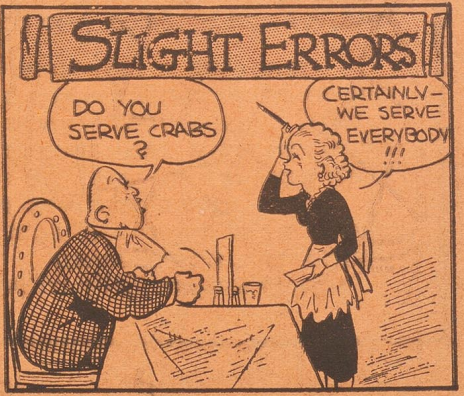


THE MAN WHO MADE A MILLION IN SPAGHETTI, CERTAINLY USED HIS NOODLE.

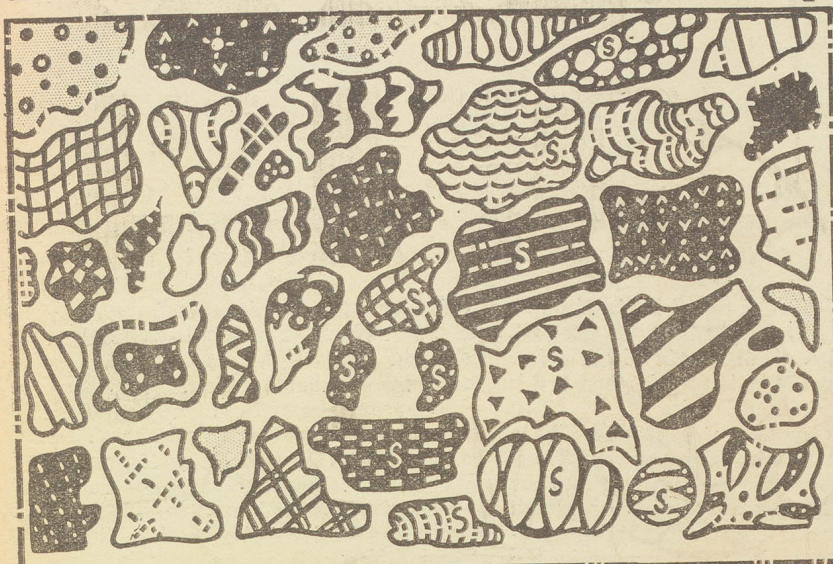


LIFE IS ONE DARN THING AFTER ANOTHER... LOVE IS TWO DARN THINGS AFTER EACH OTHER.

SLIGHT ERRORS



PUZZLE PHUN



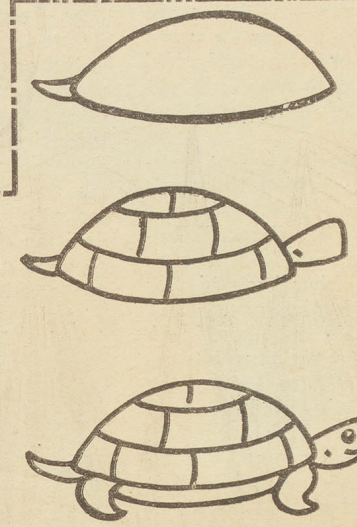
NURSERY-KRAZY KIVILT-PUZZLE

BLACK OR COLOR THE PARTS THAT HAVE S TO COMPLETE THIS AMUSING KRAZY-KIVILT.

SHADO-GRAPHS



TRY THESE TWO THIS WEEK THEY ARE FUN TO WORK.



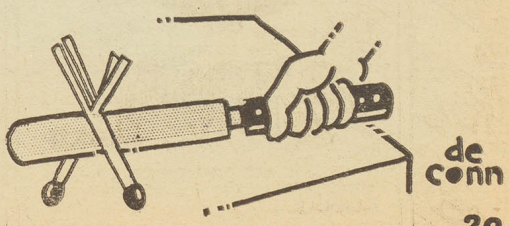
THIS TURTLE IS EASY TO DRAW IF YOU FOLLOW THE THREE STEPS.

JUAN AND LUPE OF MEXICO ARE THE COLOR TWINS TO PAINT.



A MATCH TRICK

YOU NEED 2 MATCHES FOR THIS TRICK. SLIT EACH MATCH ABOUT HALF WAY DOWN THE UNDIPPED END. THEN PLACE ONE WITHIN THE OTHER AS SHOWN. SET THEM ASTRADDLE A KNIFE BLADE, NEAR ITS TIP. NOW, GRIP THE KNIFE AND HOLD IT A LITTLE ABOVE THE TABLE, BUT PRESS YOUR HAND DOWN ON THE TABLE TOP. BE SURE THAT THE DIPPED ENDS OF THE MATCHES TOUCH THE TABLE. YOU'LL HAVE FUN WATCHING THEM WALK TOWARD YOU.



de conn

HORSE-THIEF!

By HAP' CASEY



On the Western range, when a cowboy stole another cowboy's horse, the punishment was always the same—a rope from the topmost branch of the tallest mesquite tree!

STANDING by the chuck wagon, stern and straight, Goose-neck Trammell faced a campfire court. For young Trammell had stolen a horse—that arch crime of the West. And now he was on trial for his life before six of his fellow cowboys.

True, there were some few extenuating circumstances. He had heard that his girl, who lived in El Paso, was thinking of hitching up with another waddie. So he had taken a horse at night and started out across the sage in the moonlight. But the night wrangler had heard him and roused the rest of the outfit. The Double-O riders were furious by the time they caught up with the horse-thief, only to discover it was Goose-Neck. They were enraged and resentful. If, as Red Kennedy said, the kid had asked to borrow a pony he could have had it in a minute. Instead he had turned horse-thief, the lowest of all critters. And a horse thief round-up always called for a hanging.

But Lon Sutter, the bowlegged foreman, argued against lynching Trammell right off.

"Give the pore devil a chance," Sutter argued. "Let the waddie face us in a trial. We can either hang him or decide what else oughta be done."

A few minutes later Goose-Neck Trammell stood before six cowpunchers of the Double-O outfit to answer the charge of horse stealing. Red Kennedy was chief witness for the prosecution.

By the dim glow of a chuck-wagon lantern, Red Kennedy offered in evidence the ewe-necked piebald pony that Goose-Neck had taken.

WHILE the cowpunchers were enumerating the charges against Goose-Neck, he coolly smoked a cigarette and eyed the menacing wagon tongue. He figured that a lariat could be tied at the end of the tongue and that his feet would have plenty of room to dangle beneath. Closer figuring caused him to change his idea and reach the conclusion that the limb of a neighboring mesquite tree probably would be the hanging place chosen by his executioners.

"No question about this waddie being guilty," at length asserted Lon Sutter. "The thing is what we gonna do with him?"

"Hang him!" several voices bellowed. "Hang him to that mesquite limb."

Lon Sutter, leader among the rough men of the West due to his strong character, shook his head. He liked Goose-Neck. He liked the way the young cowboy stood with his head up, facing them.

"Why not give him the desert!" Sutter argued. "Drive him from the camp and let him walk to the nearest town. It's fifty miles to Marfa and that's the closest place. We have to make some distinction here in the Big Bend on crimes. If you hang a fellow for rustling a pony, what are you going to do with a card-shark?"

GOOSE-NECK raised his head hopefully. His life might be saved after all. He could walk to Marfa within a few days. It would be hard going across this desert, but he could do it.

Sutter's motion was carried. By a unanimous vote the cowpunchers determined to send Goose-Neck out into the blistering desert to survive or perish among the skulking coyotes and the cactus that cast ghost-like figures in the moonlight. Goose-Neck welcomed the decision of the cowpunchers' jury and arose to go. He had escaped dangling at the end of a rope and he was pleased. The desert did not hold great terrors for him. There were thorny bushes and countless cacti and burning sands out there. But Goose-Neck Trammell had a brand new pair of boots! He had bought them only a few days before in Marfa. They would protect his tender feet against cactus and hot sand. Goose-Neck took great pride in his boots. In fact, he considered splendid boots the acme of a man's taste in good clothes.

But Red Kennedy also liked good boots. Red took a look at Goose-Neck's boots and started talking.

"Listen men," he snapped, "I am not in favor of showing such regard for a horse-thief. It's a cinch for that coyote to walk to Marfa and never be any worse off. I vote to take his boots!"

Goose-Neck Trammell had never thought of losing his boots. There are things worse than hanging.

Other members of the round-up outfit considered the matter in silence. They agreed that Goose-Neck, as long as he was to escape his justifiable fate, should be deprived of his boots.

An instant later the bootless Goose-Neck Trammell walked off into the night.

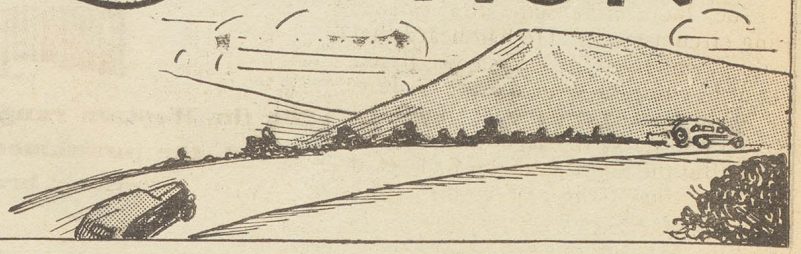
Three days later a couple of riders of the Seven-Triangles found a barefoot youth bathing his swollen feet in the refreshing water of a small creek. The youth was talking at random. He told a weird tale of wandering about the burning desert where prickly pear and cactus grew so thick that they matted the ground! The cowpunchers carried the young puncher to Marfa where he was given medical treatment for two of the sorest feet that ever attempted to walk the arid sands of the Big Bend district of Texas. Goose-Neck recovered. After a couple of weeks he was able to sit a saddle once again. Years passed and he became one of the biggest ranchers in Texas, but Goose-Neck had learned his lesson well. Never again did he take anything else, horse or cow, that didn't belong to him.

(THE END)

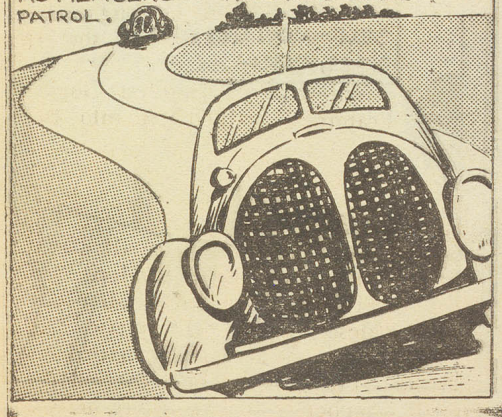


ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE

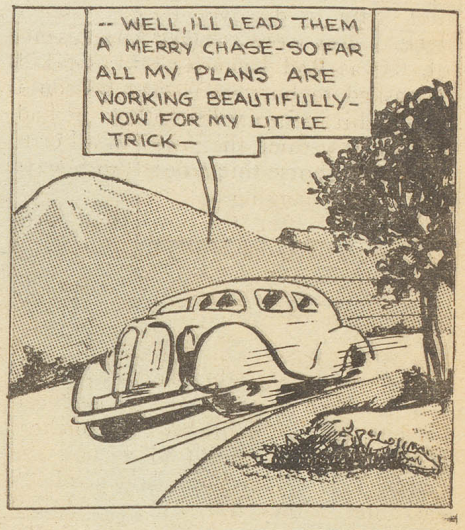


ZX-5 IS HEADING TOWARD THE TRANSOVANIAN BORDER THROUGH HOLLAND— - HE IS BEING TRAILED BY TWO TRANSOVANIAN AGENTS WHO ARE DISGUISED AS MEMBERS OF HOLLAND'S BORDER PATROL.



IN THE LEADING CAR ZX-5-BECOMES SUDDENLY AWARE OF THE FACT THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED...

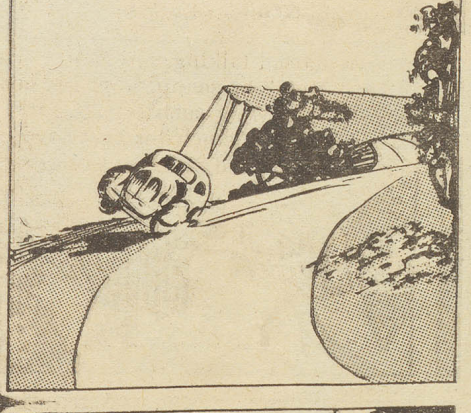




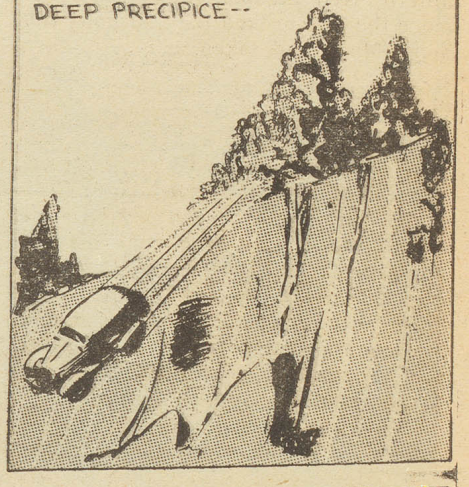
IN THE PURSUING CAR, THE TWO TRANSOVANIAN AGENTS ARE SUDDENLY AMAZED----



- AND AT THAT MOMENT, ZX-5'S CAR SWERVES AND WITH A SICKENING SCREECH SPINS —



AND DIVES OVER A DEEP PRECIPICE--



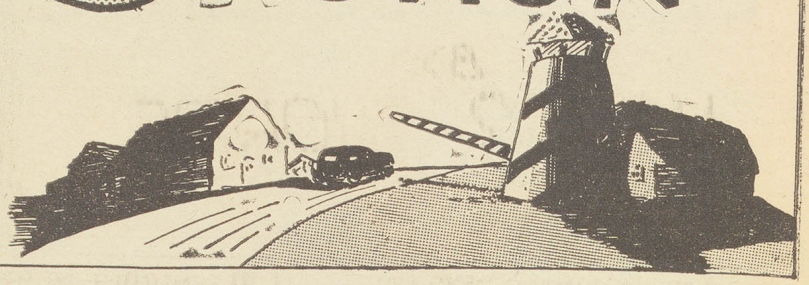






ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE



ZX-5'S CAR DIVES OVER A CLIFF - THE TRANSOVANIAN AGENTS WHO PURSUED HIM THINK HE'S DEAD —UNTIL ZX-5 STEPS FROM BEHIND A TREE —----

—DON'T MOVE, SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU I'M NOT DEAD AS YOU CAN SEE ---

—B-B-BUT I SAW YOUR CAR GO OVER TH-- -IT -IT CAN'T BE-- HOW DID YOU ESCAPE??

—OH- AN OLD CIRCUS TRICK, —I JUST JUMPED OUT- AND LET THE CAR GO OVER BY IT-SELF —NOW GET INTO YOUR CAR—

—RIGHT— NOW AS YOU KNOW I'M ZX-5 — I'M GOING INTO TRANSOVANIA — SO TELL YOUR DRIVER TO HEAD THE CAR WESTWARD — —OR—

—VERY WELL- DRIVE ON, KARL

—GOOD— —WHEN WE REACH THE BORDER, YOU WILL PRESENT YOUR CREDENTIALS - REMEMBER IF I'M CAUGHT I'LL BE KILLED, SO I'M NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

THE CAR SOON REACHES THE OUT-POSTS - AND AS SOON AS THE LIGHTS OF THE APPROACHING CAR ARE SIGHTED THE ALERT SENTRIES STIR INTO ACTION —

HALT!!

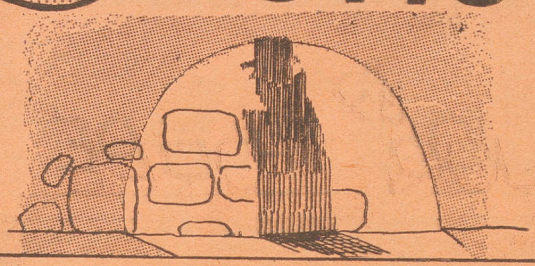
MACHINE GUN AN SEARCH-LIGHT BEAM ARE FOCUSED UPON THE CAR — AS THE SOLDIERS APPROACH —

AND INSIDE THE AUTOMOBILE

—REMEMBER, WHAT I SAID — —I'LL SHOOT, YOU FIRST IF YOU MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE — — — !!

ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

BY MAJOR THORPE



THE TRANSOVANIAN SPY'S CAR, COMMANDEERD BY ZX-5 APPROACHES THE BORDER OUTPOSTS INTO TRANSOVANIA---

HALT! THIS IS THE ENTRANCE INTO TRANSOVANIA— MY MEN HAVE YOU COVERED

REMEMBER—I'VE GOT MY GUN HANDY—IF YOU BETRAY ME --I'LL SHOOT

Y-YES— I-I-KNOW- -D-DON'T POINT THAT GUN AT ME

— GIVE ME YOUR CREDENTIALS—I WARN YOU— IF THEY ARE NOT IN ORDER—I'LL ASSUME YOU ARE SPIES

-- SO— AHEM—YOU ARE THE BARON DE ROLF--YES, THESE PAPERS ARE CORRECT— AND WHO IS THE GENTLEMEN IN THE REAR, EXCELLENCY??

H-HE'S AN AGENT WORKING WITH ME— — I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM—NOW DON'T ASK SO MANY STUPID QUESTIONS— GIVE ME MY PAPERS AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY

— VERY WELL, EXCELLENCY— — ONLY DOIN' MY DUTY HIGHNESS--

THE CAR SPEEDS SWIFTLY AWAY—

WELL—THAT'S OVER I MUST THANK YOU, BARON YOU WERE QUITE CONVINCING— NOW KEEP ON DRIVING—

— AND THE AUTOMOBILE SPEEDS UNSUSPECTED, DEEP INTO TRANSOVANIA—

SUDDENLY THE BARON LOOKS AROUND—

STOP, DRIVER--- HE-HE'S— ZX-5 IS **GONE**—HE'S NOT IN THE CAR!

ZX-5 SPIES IN ACTION

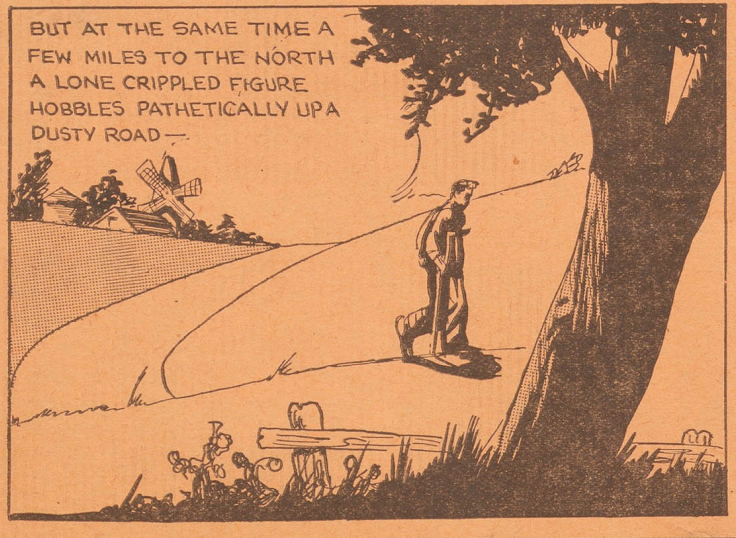
BY MAJOR THORPE

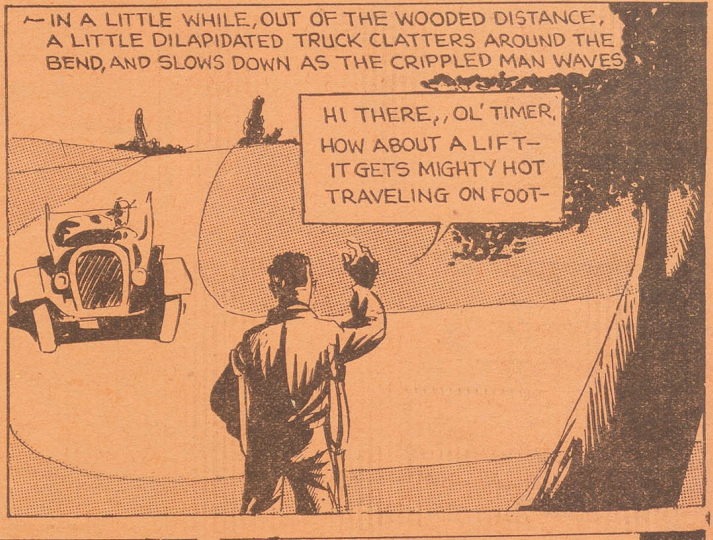
HAVING SUCCESSFULLY GOTTEN THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES, ZX-5 LEAVES THE TWO AGENTS HE HAD FORCED TO DRIVE HIM THROUGH THE BORDER PATROL ....



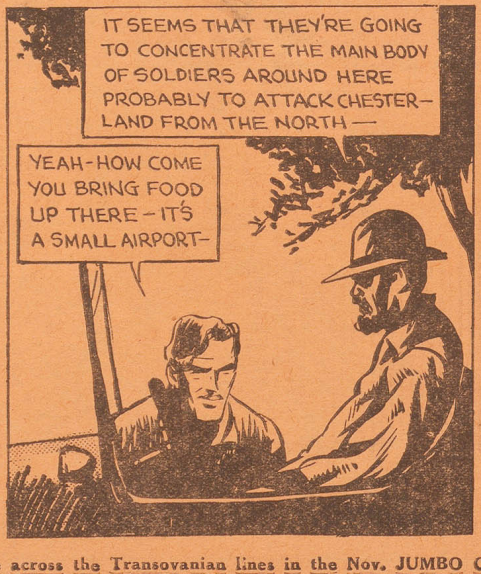














ZX-5 makes a daring escape across the Transovanian lines in the Nov. JUMBO COMICS on sale Oct. 10th.

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, **Josh and mystify friends.** Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a **Bing Crosby, Charlie McCarthy, Jack Benny, Bonny Goodman,** etc.



World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. **Not a toy. Put** on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Only 25c



DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Practise radio singing, broadcasting, programs, etc., thru your own radio. Reproduces voice loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model—can be held in hand. Guaranteed. **Price Postpaid $1.00**



ONE TUBE POCKET RADIO Crystal Radio

1-Tube Pocket Radio with built-in phone. **MUSIC DIRECT FROM RADIO.** Beautiful Cathedral tone. Complete in one unit with batteries, tube, switch, wired. Fits in pocket. Listen anywhere with good aerial and ground. Uses ordinary flashlight dry cells. Lasts for months. **Price Postpaid $3.49**

Complete Radio, 25c! Get reception within 25 miles of station. All you need is aerial & phone. Completely assembled & wired. Sensitive crystal. **Reception guaranteed. No tubes, no batteries, no expense.** Make 2 connections and it's ready to play. **Price Postpaid 25c** Single Earphone . . 89c

MIDGET POCKET RADIO $1.00

Listen to Music and Sports Everywhere You Go

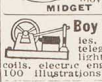
This amazing midget pocket radio brings in programs within 25 miles of broadcasting station—even more under favorable conditions—in the country—in bed, at camp, office, etc., etc. **ANYWHERE** and **EVERYWHERE** Merely connect an aerial and ground wire, or single or double head phone and tune in. No expense to operate. No static or noise. No batteries, no tubes, no crystal to adjust. Just one moving dial to locate stations.

MIDGET POCKET RADIO. Price $1.00





DeLUXE MODEL PRICE $1.95 Built-in phone. 1 unit. Operates like standard model . . **$1.95**



Boy Electrician Tells how to make batteries, dynamos, motors, radios, telegraph apparatus, telephones, lights, electric bells, alarms, coils, electric engines, etc. 64 pages. 100 illustrations. **Price Postpaid 10c**

Send 3c for 576 page Catalog

TELEPHONES 10c PAIR



No Batteries Here is a set of phones which carries the voice perfectly for distances from 50 to 100 feet, yet they sell for only **10c** a pair! Uses no battery or electricity—just the one connection. **Talk from one room to another, from workshop to office, etc.** Each phone acts both as a receiver and speaker. Set complete with telephones, transmission cord and instructions. **Price Per Set Only . . . 10c**

Beautiful Blond Wigs 35c



Change your appearance. Wigs fit snug and look natural. Short bob or curls. State choice. **Each Wig Only 35c**

Moving Picture Projector



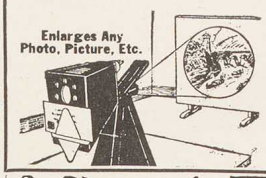
A real **Electric Movie Machine** for only **35c!** Shows bright, clear pictures about 14 x 18 inches in size. Just insert the film, turn the crank and watch the pictures as long as you like! Uses 2 flashlight cells obtainable anywhere. Has a colored steel case, measuring 5x314x134 inches. Complete with bulb ready to use. **Price Postpaid FILM:** Choice of Felix the Cat, Wild West, Mutt & Jeff, Tom Mix, etc., **Price 15c each.**

REPEATING SLING SHOT



Automatic repeating slingshot that will fire 150 shots with one loading! Designed for accuracy. Bull's-eye every time. Carries a long distance and is quickly and easily reloaded. Powered just like an air rifle. Sturdily constructed with non-slip suede leather shot holder and thick live-ly cords. Shoots BBs. Many hunters use Slingo for small game. **Price . . . . . 25c 200 coppercoated BB's for only 10c postpaid.**

JECTA-SCOPE



Enlarges Any Photo, Picture, Etc.

Enlarge & Reproduce Any Picture, etc.

Learn to Draw This Easy Way

The **Jecta-Scope projects pictures in natural colors** on wall screen, etc. Can be used as a **magic lantern, enlarger, projecting microscope, etc.** By projecting pictures, maps, cartoons, **comics, charts, objects,** etc., on paper you can sketch over them, **making beautiful drawings.** Develops your ability to draw. **Make portraits of your friends.** Produces gigantic enlargements. **Use it as a photo enlarger.** Dozens of other uses. Shipped postpaid in carton. **Complete outfit** (Without Bulb) **Only $2.25**



SWORD & SCABBARD



Toy metal sword with scabbard. A new and winning novelty. Realistic blade of shiny flexible metal, slides into metal scabbard which has chain attached. Length, 17½ in. **Price Each 25c**

WONDERFUL X-RAY 10c

Apparently See Through Flesh, Etc.

GREAT CURIOSITY! With it you can apparently see the bones in the fingers, lead in a pencil, even the flesh seems transparent. Ready for use. **Price 10c**



Army, Navy, Aviation Rings



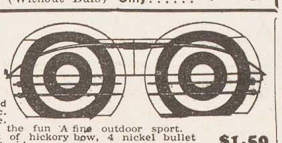
Wear one of these jumbo, handsome **military rings! Three styles: Army** (illustrated), **Navy** (Navy design), **Aviation** (Propeller & wings). Beautifully embossed. **State style & finish. Silver Finish . . 25c Sterling Silver $1.00 Rolled Gold . . $1.75** *Send 3c for 576 page Catalog Showing unique Jewelry, Good Luck, etc., Novelties*

Fencing & Archery Sets



Have Fun Dueling! Learn to fence! Fight with **swords** (foils) Women as well as men should learn. Teaches you art of self defense, same as in boxing. Set consists of **2 fine steel foils** (swords) **3 ft.** in length, with aluminum guard and complete instructions on how to fence. **Complete Outfit for only $2.50**

Hunting And Target Practice Two smart archery sets for target shooting, small game, bird shooting, hunting, etc. Really economical to use. There is no limit to the fun you can have with this set. **Amateur Set.** Consists of hickory bow, 4 nickel bullet tip arrows. **Price Postpaid . . . . . $1.50 Professional Set.** 47½" lemonwood bow, strung with pure flax, 4 triple feathered, steel bullet head arrows, 2 24" arrows. Two big targets included. **Price Postpaid $3.25**



Live Chameleon

Watch It Change Color! A LIVE PET



Get one of these most wonderful of all creatures. Watch it change color. Study its habits. Wear one in the lapel of your coat as a curiosity. Shoots out its tongue to catch flies and insects for food. No trouble to keep. Can go for months without food. About 4 in. long. Shipped to any point in U.S.A. by mail. Live delivery guaranteed. **Price . . . . . 25c** Add 20c for lapel coat chain. **Special Chameleon Food, 15c Package**

Live Turtle With Your Name On It



Each turtle is attractively painted on its back with bright enamel and YOUR NAME is printed right on. These turtles are extremely gentle and will live for years and years without any trouble. Study their habits. Safe delivery guaranteed. **Print your name clearly. PRICE POSTPAID . . 35c Gambling Turtle, Race Game, 10c**

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

REVOLVER STYLE



50c $1.00

Fine For Protection Well made and effective. Patterned after latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone will scare a burglar. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Great protection against burglars, tramps, dogs. Have it laying around without the danger attached to other revolvers. Fine for 4th of July. New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc. **Two sizes. Medium Size, 50c. Large size $1.00 Blank cartridges 50c per 100. Holster** (cowboy type) **50c. Shipped express collect.**

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Smart - Cool - Comfortable Captain's Cap

A swell looking yacht cap. Just the thing for you to wear during the summer. **It looks good and it is good.** Cool and comfortable. Every cap has a **snappy white top** with a **peak eye shade. Gold braid** and **brass buttons. Anchor emblem on front of cap.** Well made and finished. **State size desired.**

White Twill Black oilcloth peak, sweat band, gold braid & brass buttons with anchor. Well made. Smart looking. **Price Each 25c**

White Duck Superior quality duck, white celluloid visor, gold cord, brass buttons and anchor. **State size. Price Postpaid 35c**

PEA-MATIC REPEATER-12 SHOT



Automatic Pea Shooting Gun

Get One Now for Hallowe'en

Shoots 12 to 15 ordinary peas without reloading. Just load the gun with peas, pull the trigger and keep on firing until the barrel is empty. Then reload and fire again. It is absolutely harmless and safe. Nothing to explode. These pistols sell like hot cakes, so get yours **AT ONCE.** Be the first boy in your town to own one.

Shoots 12 to 15 Shots Rapid Fire

Remember, unlike most guns, it costs practically nothing for ammunition. Just go into the kitchen and help yourself. The pistol is well and strongly made, patterned after the style of a regular automatic, measuring five inches in length, just the right size for the pocket; weighs about 6 oz. **Price Postpaid . . . 25c HOLSTER WITH BELT FOR PEAMATIC, 25c POSTPAID.**

Hands Up! Pistol Cigarette Case 25c



It looks like a deadly weapon, but it's merely a novel Cigarette Case. Better than the real thing in many an awkward encounter. Great fun "sticking up" your friends. They squirm and protest. Pull the trigger and the slide flies open, disclosing cigarettes. **Price 25c**

THROW YOUR VOICE

Into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of fun fooling teacher, policeman or friends.



THE VENTRILO A little instrument, fits in the mouth out of sight, used with above for Bird Calls, etc. Anyone can use it. **Never fails. A complete book with full course on Ventriloquism together with the Ventrilo Sent Postpaid for only 10c**

Climbing Glove Monkey Dummy



Charlie McCarthy Talks This Talking Card is a lifelike portrait of Charlie, the famous radio dummy, with phonograph attachment. Lots of fun making Charlie talk—easy to do. **Price . . 20c**

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300 Shots 10c

30 Targets 10c

$1.98

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Wing Span of 60 Inches or Five Feet

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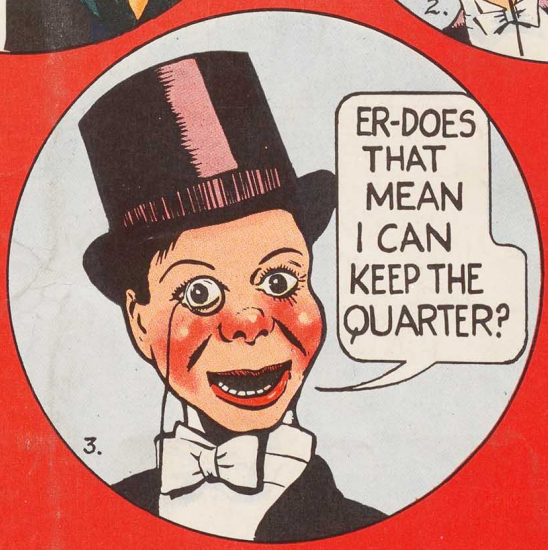
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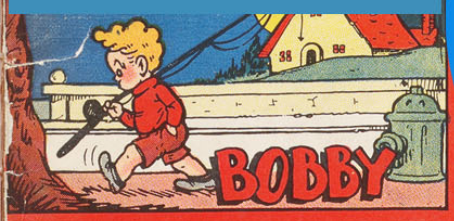
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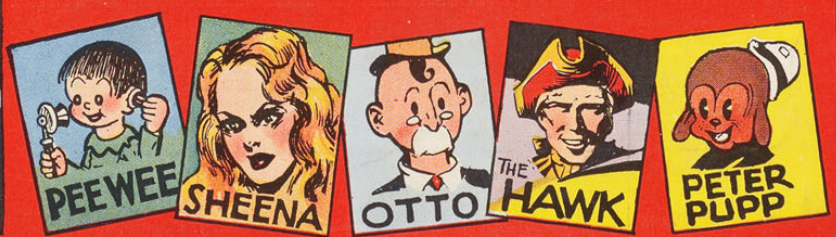


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