

No. 1

JUNE, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢



\$25

Cash Prizes!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST OR A
CARTOONIST EITHER!

THIS IS A CINC



Turn to the feature, CHUCK DAWSON, and you'll notice that it is printed in black and white.

Now take out your crayons and color the first page (title page) of CHUCK DAWSON.

Then, when you've colored it the best you possibly can, tear out the page, put it in an envelope and send it into this magazine.

A cash award of \$1.00 each will be paid to the best 25 pages submitted.

BE SURE TO ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPES TO
COLOR-PAGE CONTEST

Action Comics—480 Lexington Ave., New York City

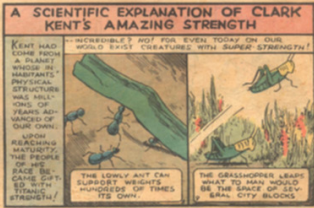
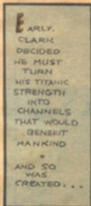
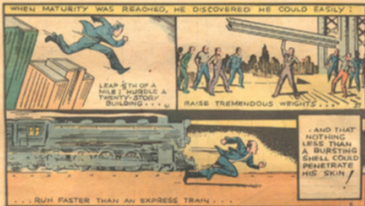
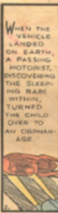
All entries must be in by midnight, Monday, June 6, 1938

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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A TIMELESS FIGURE RACES THRU THE NIGHT. SECONDS COUNT. DELAY MEANS FORFEIT OF AN INNOCENT LIFE.



THE GOVERNOR'S ESTATE FINALLY IS REACHED.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY KNOCKING THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT?



SEE HIM IN THE MORNING!



I'LL SEE HIM NOW!



THIS IS ILLEGAL ENTRY! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED!



NO! I WON'T!

THEN I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM!







THE DAILY STAR OFFICE IS REACHED...

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

YES, BE SEATED

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF SUPERMAN?

WHAT!

REPORTS HAVE BEEN STREAMING IN THAT A FELLOW WITH GIANTIC STRENGTH NAMED SUPERMAN ACTUALLY EXISTS. I'M MAKING IT YOUR STEADY ASSIGNMENT TO COVER THESE REPORTS. THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT, KENT?

LISTEN, CHIEF, IF I CAN'T FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THIS SUPERMAN NO ONE CAN!

HURRY, KENT-- A PHONED TIP... WIFE-BEATING AT 211 COURT AVE!

I'M ON MY WAY!

AT 211 COURT AVE. --

HOLD IT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

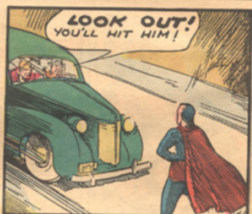
DON'T GET TOUGH!

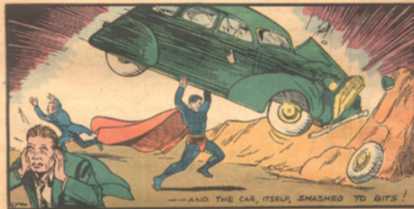
TOUGH IS PUTTING THIS MILKY-TREATMENT YOUR GOING TO GET!

YOU'RE NOT FIGHTING A WOMAN, NOW!









NEXT,
SUPERMAN
OVER-
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING..





IN THE CAPITOL CITY HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SHAPE A PICTURE OF A FUNTIVE MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR BARROWS

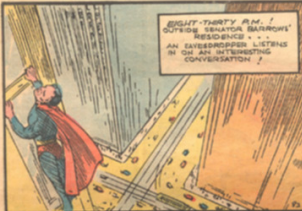
WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC!...UH, MY HOME-TONIGHT AT 8:30

AT THE MORGUE OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER...

WHO'S THE CHAP SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?

WHY, THAT'S ALAN GREER, THE SLEETEST LOBBYIST IN WASHINGTON. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM.



I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC. WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?

QUIT SPUTTERING! I HAD TO SEE YOU. TELL ME: DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED. BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE.

FINE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINAN-
CIALLY FOR THIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE WILL!

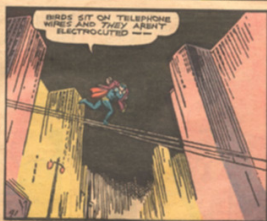
UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
GREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN

WHO IS BEHIND
THIS CORRUPT
SENATOR
BARROWS?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT!

SO YOU'RE ONE
OF THESE SILENT
MEN, EH? WE'LL
SEE, WHETHER
YOU'LL TALK!

LET GO
OF MY
HAND!





AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**



A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
**DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!**

"CHUCK" DAWSON

By
H. FLEMING



"CHUCK" MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GO BACK TO BATTLE THE GANG OF CROOKED RANCH OWNERS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED, BY FRAUD, THE RANGE LANDS HE INHERITED AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH

UNCLE DAN, I'M GOING TO REDGULCH AND HAVE A SHOW-DOWN WITH THAT A-G OUTFIT. THEY SHOT DOWN MY DAD IN COLD BLOOD



WHEN CHARLES DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-D RANCH IS KILLED IN A BLOODY TEXAS RANGE WAR, HIS YOUNG SON AND ONLY HEIR GOES TO LIVE WITH AN UNCLE, A HORSE RAISER IN WYOMING.

THE BOY, KNOWN AS "CHUCK," GROWS TO MANHOOD, WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE AND AN ALMOST UNCANNY SKILL WITH THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN.

CHUCK, NOW, BEGINS TO THINK ABOUT TAKING UP THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CATTLEMEN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER.



THE DOOR, SUDDENLY, FLIES OPEN AND A STOCKY EVIL LOOKING, PUNCHER BACKS OUT, A SIX-GUN IN EACH HAND, POURING LEAD THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY



ESCAPING
THE
PUNCHER'S
VICIOUS
SWING
BY THE
FRACTION
OF AN INCH,
CHUCK
LEAPS OVER
THE HITCH
RACK AND
LANDS
A
CRUSHING
BLOW
TO THE
BULLY'S
BRISTLING
CHIN—

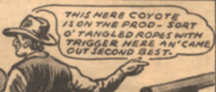




AFTER
CHUCK
HAS LEFT,
JOHN
BURWELL
OWNER OF THE
4-G
RANCH
CALLS
OVER
"TRIGGER"
HOLT
ONE OF
HIS RIDERS!







WHEN CHUCK REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL IN BACK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SITTING IN A CHAIR OUTSIDE IS A DEPUTY.



WHEN THE DEPUTY GETS CLOSE TO THE CELL DOOR, CHUCK PRETENDS TO WHISPER - AS THE DEPUTY LEANS FORWARD TO HEAR, CHUCK'S LONG ARMS SHOOT FORWARD THROUGH THE BARS -



CHUCK FINDS HIS OWN GUN IN A TABLE DRAWER - HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP IN THE OUTER OFFICE.



ZATARA

MASTER MAGICIAN

BY FRED GUARDINER

CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT TONG, HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO WIPING OUT THE FORCES OF OUTLAWRY LED BY THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CRIMINAL AND ZATARA'S ARCH-ENEMY, "THE TIGRESS." NOW THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE "THE MYSTERY OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROBBERIES."

THIS IS SERIOUS, TONG. IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TWO RAILROAD DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN KILLED, A BRAKEMAN MURDERED, AND \$200,000.00 TAKEN IN LOOT!

UNDOUBTEDLY THE WORK OF "THE TIGRESS," THE MALICIOUS ONE.

THE CRYSTAL HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG - I CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT ANOTHER ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO ROB THE TRAIN. WE'LL IMMEDIATELY GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR DETECTIVE FRIEND, BRADY!

LATE THAT NIGHT THE MAGICIAN ACCOMPANIES BRADY TO THE FREIGHT YARD AND SILENTLY THEY BOARD THE TRAIN THAT IS DESTINED TO BE ROBBED.

THE TRAIN SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT. BRADY, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE CATWALK, CROUCHS LOW AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.

EMERGING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, THE FIGURE OF A MAN, WHOM ZATARA AND THE OTHERS BELIEVE TO BE BRADY, BECKONS THEM TO FOLLOW.

THE MAGICIAN AND HIS COMPANIONS CLAMBER TO THE ROOF AND CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE DOWN THE BOXCARS.



THE RED FLAME OF GUNFIRE STABS THE DARKNESS AND DETECTIVE BROWN SLUMPS FORWARD...



THE DETECTIVE IS MERELY STUNNED AND ZATARA GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS, PRODUCING A FIRST-AID KIT!



AND IS STARTLED AS A BODY IS HURLED FROM ONE OF THE BOXCARS!



AND IS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY A QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE POWERFUL TONG.



THE MAGICIAN RACES FORWARD TO INVESTIGATE -



THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STEALTHILY CREEPS UP BEHIND ZATARA - IT IS "THE TIGRESS"!



"THE TIGRESS" ATTACKS !

THIS TIME
YOU DIE,
ZATARA !



AND WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE SHE SHOVS
THE MAGICIAN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN !



BUT ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS SAVE HIM
AND HE FLOATS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH !



— AND LANDS SOFTLY IN THE
UNDERBRUSH ALONG THE TRACKS !



THE TRAIN RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT AND THE
MAGICIAN, MAKING HIS WAY BACK ALONG THE TRACKS,
COMES UPON THE BODY OF BRADY !

IF BRADY WAS
CROOKED HE
CERTAINLY PAID
THE PENALTY !



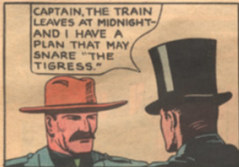
MEANWHILE TONG SUCCEEDS IN WARNING THE
ENGINEER AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT.



THE STATE POLICE HURRY TO INVESTIGATE THIS LATEST OUTRAGE —







SO...IT'S YOU,
ZATARA!



THE CROOKS ARE RELEASED FROM THE SPELL-



WHAT'LL WE
DO, BUMP
HIM OFF?

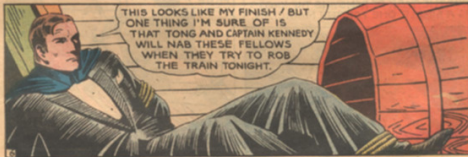
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM, MONK!



WELL, MASTER MAGICIAN, I'VE
FINALLY GOT YOU AND I'M
GOING TO MAKE IT UNCOMFORT-
ABLY WARM FOR YOU!



THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH / BUT
ONE THING I'M SURE OF IS
THAT TONG AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY
WILL NAB THESE FELLOWS
WHEN THEY TRY TO ROB
THE TRAIN TONIGHT.



A FEW QUARTS
OF KEROSENE
OUGHT TO BRIGHTEN
THINGS UP,
BIG BOY!



COME ON, MEN, THERE GOES
THE FREIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO
GET ABOARD AND COMPLETE
OUR JOB!



THIS TIME I BID
YOU FAREWELL!



BUT THE TASK OF REMOVING THE KNOTS
IS A SIMPLE ONE FOR THE MAGICIAN.



MEANWHILE THE TRAIN CHUGS OUT OF
THE YARD ON ITS PERILOUS JOURNEY.



YOU'VE STOOD IN MY
WAY ONCE TOO OFTEN,
ZATARA!



FREE!







ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN
AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH -



LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE
CARS THE BOSS MARKED!



THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND
PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.



A THUG SEES THE MAGICIAN!



MAYBE YOU WEREN'T LOOKING
FOR THIS, WISE GUY!



YOUR AIM IS
VERY POOR,
MY FRIEND!



A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT.



ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR.



A QUICK GESTURE OF HIS HAND AND THE TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULLET!



A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN —



YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE

SAVED YOU FROM THE FIRE BUT I DOUBT IF IT CAN STOP A BULLET!

THE TIGRESS' EVER ALERT, AGAIN STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN —



ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED, SHE LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES!



OKAY, MISTER / YOUR NEXT TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO THE PENITENTIARY!



THANKS, ZATARA, FOR HELPING US CATCH THE ROBBERS, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CROOKS IN THE TRUCK?



THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE.



THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM
HIGH, FELLOW



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY; BABCOCK,
THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR USED TO
LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND
THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR
MARKED WITH ⊙. THEY THREW OUT
THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP
BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK!



WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE
SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE
BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO
WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON
THE FREIGHT TRAIN —



SO BABCOCK
TIPPED THEM
OFF?

CORRECT! AND TONG HAS
HIM NOW AT THE POLICE
STATION BACK IN TOWN!



BACK IN THE STATION HOUSE BABCOCK
CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE —

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN
WITH US—THEY BUMPED
HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE
WENT THROUGH THE
TUNNEL! ONE OF THE
BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT
AND COAT AND MOTIONED
YOU TO COME AHEAD.



CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU
CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF
JUSTICE. TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS"
IS STILL AT LARGE.

THANK
YOU,
CAPTAIN.



WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE.
NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE
TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT!



THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEMS
A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE
THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT!

SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By

Captain Frank Thomas



FOR an instant, the sky to the west was splashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and melting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror-surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic water and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his briar. Hungrily his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night it seems to become more beautiful!" he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball:

"Shake a leg there, fellow, and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's glistening, black face appeared above the door of the hatch.

Together they hoisted the anchor chain and made it fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the *Arabs* turned, pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island to the right slipped by, mysteriously and magic-like.

"We made out pretty well this time, Cottonball," said Coleman.

"Yas suh, Cap'n, we sho' did!" grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing whitely in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wif copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"



COLEMAN laughed and puffed on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail leisurely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass-reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive needle. His face was thin and strong and ten years

beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complexion the color of teak-wood.

Up in the bowhead Cottonball squatted and hummed a native song of the islands. Back of them to the east, the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The peacefulness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman settled back on the leather rests.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off their starboard, he heard the splashing of water. And then, through the stillness, came the cry of a man . . . frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball. The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge rapier.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from where the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, heaved him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly, open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple; and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat on the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

HALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm, stimulating drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he related the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

"What really caused it I can't imagine," the man said. "But they suddenly went mad and overran the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable . . . shocking!"

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter, Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were . . . the housekeeper was killed and the

natives carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left me for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smouldering ruin!"

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

"But I must get help," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too!"

Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulders. "We'll do our very best to get her back, Mr. Newton. Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

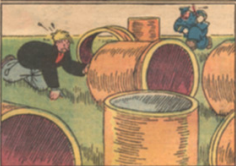
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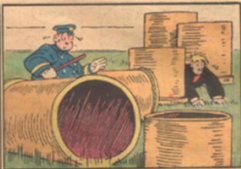
(Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.)



STICKY-MITT STIMSON

BY ALGER









The ADVENTURES of **MARCO POLO**

ILLUSTRATED by SYEN ELVEN



IT'S THE YEAR 1271.
MARCO POLO, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN,
TOGETHER WITH HIS FATHER AND UNCLE,
TWO WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MEN OF
VENICE, SET OUT ON A JOURNEY TO THE
ORIENT.

AS THEY REACH THE ARMENIAN COAST
THEY ARE MET BY THE KING'S EMISSARY.

OUR KING HAS JUST RECEIVED
WORD FROM THE NEWLY ELECTED
POPE REQUESTING YOUR IM-
MEDIATE APPEARANCE AT HIS
RESIDENCE AT ACRE.

WE SHALL
TURN BACK
AT ONCE..

AN ARMED GALLEY IS PLACED AT THEIR
DISPOSAL BY THE ARMENIAN RULER.



DOLKING AT THE CITY OF ACRE THEY GO
DIRECTLY TO THE POPE'S PALACE.



WHERE THEY RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AUDI-
ENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS AND GIVEN
THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

--MY BLESSINGS UPON YOU--
THIS IS YOUR MISSION; THE KHAN OF TAR-
TARY REQUESTS ME TO SEND PRIESTS AND
MEN OF LEARNING TO HIS GREAT DOMAIN
TO IMPART THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUN-
TRY TO HIS PEOPLE.

I HAVE BUT TWO PRIESTS AVAILABLE TO
SEND, WHO, WITH LETTERS AND GIFTS I EN-
TRUST TO YOUR CARE TO SAFELY CONVEY
TO THAT VAST EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

SO AGAIN THEY SET OUT FOR DISTANT
LANDS.



I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN,
THAT YOUR KING IS AT
WAR WITH THE RULER
OF BABYLONIA.

YES, 'TIS SO.
THE SOLOAN HAS
LAID WASTE MUCH
OF OUR BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY.





THE SAILORS JUMP INTO ACTION IN RESPONSE
TO THE CRISP COMMAND.



WHILE BELOW DECK THE MATE BELAYS
THE ROWERS



AS THE FLEET DRAWS NEARER THE GAL-
LEY IS SHOWERED WITH MISSILES.



BUT GALLANTLY THE LITTLE SHIP STRUG-
GLES THROUGH INTO THE SAFETY OF THE
FORTIFIED HARBOR.



THE POLOS AGAIN PREPARE TO LEAVE ARMENIA, TAKING WITH THEM THE POPE'S
LETTERS AND GIFTS TO PRESENT TO THE KHAN.



HEEDLESS OF PERILS AND DIFFICULTIES THE THREE TRAVELLERS PUSH ON.



AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIPS THEY LEAVE MOUNT ARARAT AND HEAD FOR THE PLAINS.



LOOK, FATHER, THERE'S A GREAT LAKE IN THE DISTANCE!

THAT MUST BE LAKE URMIA, MARCO.

THEY FINALLY REACH THE PORT OF DORA ON THE PERSIAN GULF AND AFTER A FEW DAYS REST BOARD A SMALL BOAT FOR BUNDER-ABBAS.



AFTER MUCH BICKERING THEY SUCCEED IN CHARTERING A SMALL CARAVAN FOR THE INTERIOR.



APPROACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DANGEROUS KARGHAR PASS IN THE WILD RHAS MOUNTAINS THE KULIES REFUSE TO GO ON.



WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOUR MEN, NIKO?

SAHIB POLO: THESE MOUNTAINS ARE INFESTED BY THE FEROCIOUS BARRARI MEN. THEY ROB AND KILL ALL WHO DARE ENTER THE HILLS AND THEY ARE WITHOUT MERCY. MY MEN REFUSE TO GO ON--

OK, POLO

IF WE GO ON, WE WILL BE KILLED

BUT WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW, NIKU. WE'RE IN FOR IT EITHER WAY.

A HANDFUL OF SILVER FOR EVERY MAN WHO STAYS WITH US. DO YOU KNOW THE LAY OF THIS LAND, NIKU?

MANY YEARS AGO WE FIGHT THESE PEOPLE. I LEARN ALL ABOUT THESE HILLS THEN. I SHALL TRY MAKE MY MEN TRY, SAHIB.



NIKU SUCCEEDS IN MAKING HIS MEN REMAIN WITH THE EXPEDITION.



FROM NIKU'S DESCRIPTION THE FOUR MEN CAREFULLY PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVES.

WE MUST DIVIDE OUR PARTY. YOU, MARCO, WITH NIKU AND HALF OUR MEN MUST GAIN THE ROCKS ABOVE THE GORGE WITHOUT BEING SEEN. OR ALL WILL BE LOST.

AND THE REST OF US SHALL PROCEED OPENLY FOR THE PASS, AND MAY PROVIDENCE WATCH OVER US.



MY MEN WILL FIGHT IF THEY HAVE TO, SAHIB.



UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, MARCO, NIKU AND THEIR MEN CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD FOR THE UPPER ROCKS.



WHILE, AT DAYBREAK THE ELDER MEN, WITH THEIR TRAIN START FOR THE DANGEROUS PASS.



THE LITTLE PARTY COMES TO A STEEP, NARROW PASS, SCARCELY WIDE ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH. IN SINGLE FILE THEY ENTER THE TRAP.



AS THEY APPROACH THE OTHER END OF THE BOUL A BAND OF HOWLING SAVAGES POUR DOWN ON THEM WITH RAISED SWORDS.



BUT-UP ABOVE YOUNG MARCO AND HIS MEN, WITH A SPLIT-SECOND TO GO SWING INTO ACTION. THEY LOOSE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF BOULDERS ONTO THE BANDITS BELOW.



"PEP" MORGAN

by FRED GUARDINEER



PEP MORGAN, VERSATILE YOUNG ATHLETE IS FIGHTING SAILOR SORENSON FOR THE COVETED LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. POP BURKETT, PEP'S TRAINER AND PAL IS IN THE FIGHTER'S CORNER. SAILOR IS MANAGED BY THE UNSCRUPULOUS DOC LOWRY.



BOY / THOSE STIFF SMACKS TO THE JAW OUGHT TO GIVE PEP THIS ROUND /



THE BELL SAVES SAILOR SORENSON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT /

COME ON, SAILOR, KEEP YOUR GLOVES IN HIS FACE AND DON'T STOP SLUGGING /

MORGAN'S GONE FAR ENOUGH /



IN THE NEXT ROUND PEP APPEARS TO BE BLINDED AND WILDLY THROWS PUNCHES IN DESPERATION...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BOY'S EYES?



HOWEVER ONE OF HIS MAD BLOWS FINDS FLESH AND BONE SAILOR IS KNOCKED OUT FOR THE COUNT /

THE WINNAH- AND NEW CHAMPION /

HE'S BLINDED YOU, PEP. BUT YOU WON.. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT 'SOON AS WE WASH YOUR EYES.



WHAT WAS IT THAT BLINDED ME FOR A WHILE, POP?

WAS ONLY LINIMENT, PEP. DOC LOWRY RUBBED SOME ON SAILOR'S GLOVES!

YEAH, DOC LOWRY. HE'S NO GOOD. HEY WON'T LET HIM PRACTICE MEDICINE ON ACCOUNT OF HE'S SO CROOKED /



THE BOXING COMMISSION HOLDS AN INVESTIGATION BUT CAN PROVE NOTHING DOC LOWRY CLAIMS THE SECOND HAD MIXED THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE

DOC YOU BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN ANYWAY - AND DO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS IN SOME OTHER STATE /

OKAY, BOYS, BUT YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME /





THE SLUGGISH O'ROURKE GOES DOWN AND OUT!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY O'ROURKE TOOK A DIVE. HE'S AN HONEST FIGHTER AND I KNOW HE WOULDN'T ACCEPT A BRIBE!



I'M NOT TAKIN' ANY CHANCES ON THIS FIGHT. I WANT YOU DETECTIVES TO WATCH EVERY MOVE OF DOC LOWRY AND THE BUSHMAN THE NIGHT WE GO ON!



BOXING - LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP
MORGAN vs BOOMERANG

BUY YOUR PROGRAMS, READ ABOUT THE FIGHTERS!



IN THIS CORNER WE HAVE PEP MORGAN, THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!



DOC LOWRY AND THE MYSTERIOUS BUSHMAN ENTER THE RING!



I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR TONIGHT, MORGAN!

SO HAVE I—I'LL SLAM YOUR BUSHMAN BACK TO AUSTRALIA!



THE BELL!



THE BUSHMAN TRIES TO CUT PEP'S EYE WITH THE HEEL OF HIS GLOVE !



WOW / LOOK AT PEP STAGGER THAT BUSHMAN !



BETWEEN ROUNDS /

GEE, POP !
I FEEL DIZZY,
MY HEAD
IS
REELING !



THE BELL AGAIN / AND PEP, FIGHTING DESPERATELY BY INSTINCT, SUDDENLY CATCHES THE BUSHMAN WITH A K.O. PUNCH !



AS THE BUSHMAN IS COUNTED OUT, THE DETECTIVES LEAP INTO THE RING !



NOT SO
FAST,
DOC !

THIS IS WHAT I TOOK OUT OF THE BUSHMAN'S GLOVE - HAD IT HIDDEN IN THE LEATHER

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE !



SURE, THE BUSHMAN WAS PRETENDING TO KNOCK OUT HIS MAN - AFTER HE HAD DOPED HIM. AND THE DOPING WAS DONE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF EYES !



S'GOOD THING YOU WERE WATCHING, POP !

WELL, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOC FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS !



SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

SCOOP SCANLON, ACE REPORTER OF THE BULLETIN, ROUSES HIS SLEEPY-EYED PAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER, RUSTY JAMES, AND PLANS TO GO INTO ACTION —



AS ARNOLD DESCENDS THE GANGPLANK HE GIVES A SLOWY NOD TO ONE OF THE MEN THAT RUSTY NOTICED --



THE GUARDS LEAD HIM TO A WAITING CAR--



THE MEN WITH COATS FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE --



RUSTY, YELL FOR COPS - WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THIS UP!



AS ARNOLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR, SUDDENLY HE FALLS FLAT --



LIKE A FLASH THE MEN DROP THEIR COATS, REVEALING "TOMMY GUNS" --



WITH A LEAP FROM ABOVE, SCOOP LANDS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN BOWLING OVER ANOTHER --



THE POLICE SENSE THE SITUATION AT ONCE --



BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUNMEN LET
LOOSE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS, AND THE
GUARDS CRUMBLE ----



THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND BRING DOWN
THESE TWO GUNMEN ----



ONE OF SCOOP'S VICTIMS BREAKS LOOSE --
SCOOP DUSTS THE OTHER ONE OFF WITH A
STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW ----



ARNOLD AND THE OTHER CROOK MAKE FOR A
POWERFUL CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET--



RUSTY, WHO'S BEEN FILMING THE HOT SCENE,
SPOTS THEM AND TAKES AFTER THEM--



THE POLICE RACE TO THEIR CARS TO TAKE UP
THE CHASE. ----



SCOOP CRABS UP A DESERTED TOMMY GUN
AND LEAPS INTO A COP-PAL'S CAR --



AT THAT MOMENT RUSTY MAKES THE SPARE
TIRE OF ARNOLD'S CAR AND HANGS ON FOR
DEAR LIFE ----



THE CAR DASHES UP THE STREET WITH ITS UNWELCOME PASSENGER —



POLICE CARS ARE HOT ON ITS TAIL — —



WHEN SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE STREET A TOURING CAR APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE MOVING VAN —



THE VAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND STOPS, BLOCKING THE POLICE CARS' PATH — —



THE POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A HALT—AS THEY DO SO, GUNMEN START FIRING FROM THE TRUCK —



THE POLICE RETURN THEIR FIRE, AND IT'S TOO HOT FOR THE GUNMEN —



THEY LEAVE THE TRUCK AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING TOURING CAR — —



SCOOP'S CAR PASSES THE POLICE AND THE MOVING VAN BY TAKING TO THE SIDEWALK —



THE TOURING CAR IS JUST GETTING AWAY --



WHEN SCOOP'S CAR COMES AHEAD OF IT --



SCOOP CUTS LOOSE WITH HIS "CHOPPER" --



HE COMPLETELY DISABLES THE CAR, AND IT
SWERVES WILDLY AND HEADS FOR A TELE-
PHONE POLE --



THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE
BADLY BATTERED AND WOUNDED CROOKS --



BUT THE COP WITH SCOOP OPENS HIS CAR UP
WIDE, TRYING TO PICK UP ARNOLD'S TRAIL --



THAT LOOKS
LIKE THE CAR
AHEAD --



YEAH, AND WHAT THE --- ?







TEX THOMSON

BY BERNARD BAILY

HAVING STRUCK IT RICH IN THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS, TEX THOMSON HAS LEFT HIS NATIVE COUNTRY TO TOUR THE WORLD. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND TEX IN A SMALL TOWN IN ENGLAND. THE INACTIVITY IS BE-
GINNING TO BORE HIM.



"THIS GUYT IS BE-
GINNING TO GET ME! I'D
BETTER GO OUT AND GET
SOME AIR!"



"HEY, MISTER! WAIT
UP A MINUTE!"



"YOU'RE A COWBOY
AREN'T YOU? WHAT'S
YOUR NAME? MINE'S
ROBERT!"

"I'LL ANSWER THOSE
QUESTIONS ONE AT A
TIME!—YES, I'M A COW-
BOY—AND MY NAME
IS TEX!"



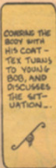
"I HOPE YOU WON'T
MIND IF I WALK
ALONG WITH YOU, MR. TEX."

"GLAD TO HAVE YOU BOB!
OR CERTAINLY IN
THE WOOD FOR
COMPANY!"



"GOSH! MR. TEX!
LOOK! OVER
THERE!"





FURTHER UP IN THE HILLS THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL IS SEEN WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TWO BELOW. A KNOWING SMILE ON HER FACE!







THE GIRL ENTERS, TEX
HIDES BY THE WINDOW...
LISTENING, HE LEARNS...



THAT
THE GIRL
IS PART
OF THE GUN
RESPONSE
FOR THE
DEATH OF
THE MAN
IN THE
WOODS.
AND THAT
THEY PLAN
TO
FRAME
THE FIRST
PERSON
PERSON
WHILE FINDING
THE BODY

DID EVERYTHING
GO OFF AS WE
PLANNED?



LIKE CLOGGERS, GRIEF!
SOME AMERICAN DISCOVERED
THE BODY - I CAME ON THE
SCENE - THE SHERIFF ARRIVED -
I ACCUSED THE AMERICAN -
HE KNOCKED OUT
THE SHERIFF -
THEN HE RAN
AWAY - THE
SHERIFF REGAINED
CONSCIOUSNESS -
HE WENT TO ME,
A SOUND TO
SEARCH FOR
THE KILLER!
AND HERE
I AM!

SUDDENLY THE GIRL NOTICES
THE BOY. HE IS HELD
CAPTIVE... EXPLAINING
WHY HE COULDN'T RETURN
WITH HELP...

YOU'VE GOT TO
GET RID OF
THIS KID. HE'S
THE ONLY WITNESS
THE COWBOY HAS.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM!
WON'T TAKE THIS KID OUT
AND GIVE HIM AN
AIRING!



TEX CLIMBS TO THE
ROOF OF THE
BUILDING.

SO THAT'S WHY
BOBBY DON'T COME
BACK - WELL, I'LL
HAVE TO GET HIM OUT
OF THIS MESS.



COME ON, KID! YOU
AND I ARE GOING
OUT FOR A WALK!



WAITING UNTIL THE
GUNMAN FINISHES BE-
NEATH HIM - TEX
LEAPS -



WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

DON'T WORRY,
KID - YOU'RE
NOT GOING
VERY FAR!







KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT KID - OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!



BUT SHE IS TOO ALERT FOR THE GUNMAN...



LOOK OUT, MR. TEX!

HE BREAKS LOOSE AND HEADS FOR THE WOODS...



BOB'S GHOY PROVED DISASTEROUS FOR TEX. THE MOMENT HE TURNS HIS EYES AWAY FROM THEM, THEY LEAP FOR HIM - ONE KNOCKING THE GUN FROM HIS HAND, THE OTHER GRABBING HIM FROM BEHIND...



HOLD HIM!



BUT TEX WAS A TRICK OR TWO OF HIS OWN - A LITTLE JUMP - IT'S SURE ONE OF THE MEN - THEN HE TURNS TO THE OTHER ONE...



YOU'RE NEXT, BIG GUY!

...FORGETTING ABOUT THE GIRL



... BUT SHE'S NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!

NOT SO FAST, CONBOY. I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



IN THE
MEAN-
TIME

I'VE GOT TO FIND
HELP—THEY'RE LIABLE
TO KILL ME TEX!



BUT THE LONG DIS-
TANCE IS
BEGINNING TO TELL ON
THE BOY.
EXHAUSTED,
HE IS FORCED
TO SLOW
DOWN—SUDDENLY
HE IS GREETED
BY A LITTLE
GIRL....

HEY-LO, BOBBY!

HUH? OR BETTY—
GEE, YOU'RE A GOSH-
SEND!



YOU'RE ALL OUT OF
BREATH, BOBBY! IS
ANYTHING WRONG?

YES! A BUNCH OF GUNNED
AGE HOLDING MY FRIEND!
THEY'RE HIDING IN THE
OLD NORTON SHACK!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, BETTY—YOU GUN TO
TALK THE SHERIFF—

TELL HIM TO GET SOME
MEN AND COME TO
THE SHACK—NOW
HURRY, BETTY,
HURRY!



BOB HURD BACK TO THE
SHACK—HOPING HE WILL
BE IN TIME TO PREVENT
THE KILLERS FROM WAKING
HIS FRIEND...



IMPRESSIONED WITH
THE SERIOUSNESS OF
THE SITUATION—BETTY
RUSHES AS FAST AS SHE
CAN GO!



TAKING IN THE SITUATION,
BOB GETS A CHANCE OF
FREEDOM, TEX.



HE SPEAKS UP BEHIND THE
TREE AND CAUTIONS THE BANDIT
BART AND HOLDING THE COUNTRY



THE BOWDO CUT, TEX STILL BEHAVES AS IF HE WERE TIED, TEARFULLY WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE THE KING OF ENGLISH QUEMEN!



KNOWING THAT TEX WOULD BE ABLE TO GO INTO ACTION IF THE GANG'S ATTENTION WERE DIVERTED, BOB BOLLY STEPS FORTH!





BUT THE FIGHT IS
SOON TERMINATED
BY A COLLARFUL BLOW
DELT BY THE TAIL.



AFTER THE BOMBING
CONCLUDES, THE
BANGBANG ORDERS
HIM TO RUN FOR
THE HILLS.

ALL RIGHT,
CONGRAT! RUN
FOR IT!



STAND BACK, I'M
GOING TO TAKE THE
FIRST SHOT!



IF I CAN REACH
THAT ROCK, I'LL
BE SAFE FOR ANGLE



MADE IT!



SHERIFF! SHERIFF!
COME QUICKLY!

WHAT'S WRONG,
COLD?

IN THE HIGH-
TONE, BETTY
HAS REACHED
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE....



SERGEANT SMITH!
CALL OUT THE
MEN!

YEA, SIR!

STRAIGHT
EVIDENCE
TO THE
SHERIFF
ABOUT
HIS
ACTION!



OVER 'N EVDS ---- BY M700FF



IN THE LAST 23 YEARS ONLY 27 MEN HAVE EVER FIRST BASE FOR THE YANKEES WILLY PAPP AND GEORGE



REMEMBER, THAT DAY WHEN HE SPOKE OUT IN HOME RUNS IN DODGERS AGAINST THE AS

THE WILDEST HITTER IN BASE BALL HIS BRIDE'S ARE LIKE A SHOT FROM A GUN

IT'S ALL ABOUT HIM IN O.K.

"FARZAN" AS HE IS CALLED BY HIS TEAM FIGHTS IS BRIBED'S FINEST AND STAY AND NOW HE'S CRASHED THE FIGHTS WILL BE QUITE A WEALTHY MAN WHEN HE RETIRES

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT HIS 'SQUAD' ABOUT ITS ONE HAND MAN FIRST THAT PLEASLEY YOU



THE RECORD FOR THROWING A BALL IS 124 FT. 9 IN. HELD BY SHERIDAN LESTONE (1910)



THE PITTSBURGH CLUB HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE "PIRATES" SINCE 1890 WHEN SEVERAL PLAYERS WERE TAKEN FROM OTHER TEAMS

"LADRUVIN" LEO GRISSOM

LAST OF THE FAMOUS YANKEE PUNDRER'S ROW OF 27, CONTRASTS AS THE IRON MAN OF BASE-BALL AS HE NEARS HIS 2000TH CONSECUTIVE GAME



IN CARICATURE - BASE - RUTH

HE RUTH HAD RECEIVED ALL THE BASE'S - ON BALLS AT ONE THAT HE HAD BEEN GIVEN DURING HIS ENTIRE LEAGUE CAREER - HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 71 TIMES!!



PITCHER LEO GRISSOM

SAYS HE IS ANGRY TO PITCH BOTH GAMES OF A DOUBLE-HEADER SOME DAY

HE'S LIKE A FLASH AND OUT LIKE A LIGHT

NORRIS BOLK AND OTTO BAKER MET IN A 6-ROUND BOUT - AFTER FLOORING EACH OTHER IN THE 1st THEY BOTH LET GO WITH RIGHTS TO THE CHIN BOTH WENT DOWN AND WERE OUT FOR 5 MINUTES THE REFEREE CALLED IT A DRAW



SAYS LEO BELIEVES HE ONCE STOOD A SIGN BY STARTING TO MEAN A RIGHT-SWAY INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL "PITCHER'S" "P"

[illegible]