



# FIIGHT

No. 2  
FEB.

10¢

"RENEGADES' LAIR"  
FEATURING THE TOUGHEST SAILOR-  
OF-FORTUNE OF THE SOUTH SEAS  
SHARK BRODIE

## COMICS

NOW PUBLISHED  
EVERY  
MONTH



TWO FISTED ADVENTURES OF MEN OF ACTION  
KAYO KIRBY • CHIP COLLINS

PICTURIZED LIFE STORY OF  
**JOE LOUIS**  
HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

KINKS MASON • BIG RED McLEAN • STRUT  
WARREN • TERRY O'BRIEN • ORAN - JUNGLE FIGHTER



JUMBO JIM,  
461 8th Ave., New York City.

I enclose herewith four (4) coupons, one from each of the magazines listed below, also five cents (5¢) in coin, for which send me postpaid the 7" x 9" color print, "BRITISH BOMBERS OVER WILHELMSHAVEN," also the five postcard-size pictures of British fighting planes and the five pictures of German fighting planes.

- JUMBO COMICS                       FIGHT COMICS  
 PLANET COMICS                       JUNGLE COMICS

(Place "X" in boxes as you check your coupons)

Your name ..... Age.....

Street Address .....

City and State.....

PRINT your name and address plainly in ink—make certain you enclose all FOUR coupons AND five cents in coin—address your envelope plainly and put on sufficient postage.

**SAVE THIS COUPON—IT WILL HELP YOU TO GET THIS BIG PICTURE—AND, IN ADDITION, TEN POSTCARD-SIZE PICTURES OF FAMOUS WAR AIRPLANES (FIVE BRITISH AND FIVE GERMAN)—READ DETAILS BELOW!**



**BRITISH FIRST-LINE FIGHTING PLANES:**  
(1) Bristol "Blenheim"; (2) Fairey "Battle"; (3) Vickers-Supermarine "Spitfire"; (4) Handley Page "Harrow"; (5) Westland "Lysander."

**THIS PICTURE SHOWS THE FIRST MAJOR AIR ACTION, ON THE WESTERN FRONT, OF THE NEW WORLD WAR.**



**BRITISH BOMBERS OVER WILHELMSHAVEN**  
September 4, 1939  
From the original oil painting by Leo Morey

## YOUR CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO GET THESE ELEVEN (11) RARE PICTURES!

Because of the overwhelming demand for the pictures offered in the January issues of JUMBO COMICS, FIGHT COMICS, PLANET COMICS and JUNGLE COMICS, this offer is being repeated, with an extra five pictures of German planes included. Those of you who weren't able to get in on the original offer can now obtain these remarkable pictures. It will be good news too for the many readers who requested us to repeat the offer so that they can get another set of the pictures; they will especially want to add the pictures of German planes (never offered before) to their collection.

The big picture, "BRITISH BOMBERS OVER WILHELMSHAVEN," is printed in FULL COLORS on glossy cardboard, measures 7 x 9 inches and is suitable for framing. The postcard-size pictures of the British and German first-line fighting planes are fine black-and-white reproductions, printed on the same glossy cardboard.

Now here's all you have to do to get, absolutely free, this

big color picture and the ten pictures of different fighting planes: Each of the issues dated FEBRUARY of JUMBO COMICS, PLANET COMICS, FIGHT COMICS and JUNGLE COMICS has a coupon similar to the one shown at the top of this page. Cut out these coupons (one from each of the four magazines), fill them out as per directions and mail all four coupons to JUMBO JIM, 461 8th Ave., New York City. Send only one nickel in coin (do not send stamps) to cover shipping charges and postage, and all eleven pictures will be mailed to you just as fast as the orders can be filled.

Be sure to follow instructions carefully. Orders must be accompanied by all FOUR coupons and one nickel, or, if you wish to obtain the pictures without sending in the coupons, send seventy-five cents (75¢) in coin.

Act NOW! Orders not in our hands before February 15, 1940, cannot be filled.



A  
FICTION  
HOUSE  
MAGAZINE

FIGHT COMICS, VOL. 1, NO. 2, FEBRUARY, 1940. Published every month by Fight Stories, Inc., 461 8th Ave., New York City. Thurman T. Scott, Pres.; Malcolm Reiser, Editor; William E. Eisner, Art Director; S. M. Iger, Feature Editor. Application for entry as second class matter is pending. Contents of this magazine are copyrighted, 1939, by Fight Stories, Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. A. \$1.20; Canada \$1.50; Foreign \$2.10. Single copies 10 cents in U. S. A. and Canada. 15 cents in foreign countries. For advertising rates address Wm. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE: FIGHT COMICS IS NOW PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH. THE NEXT ISSUE (NO. 3, MARCH) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND FEBRUARY 10TH.**



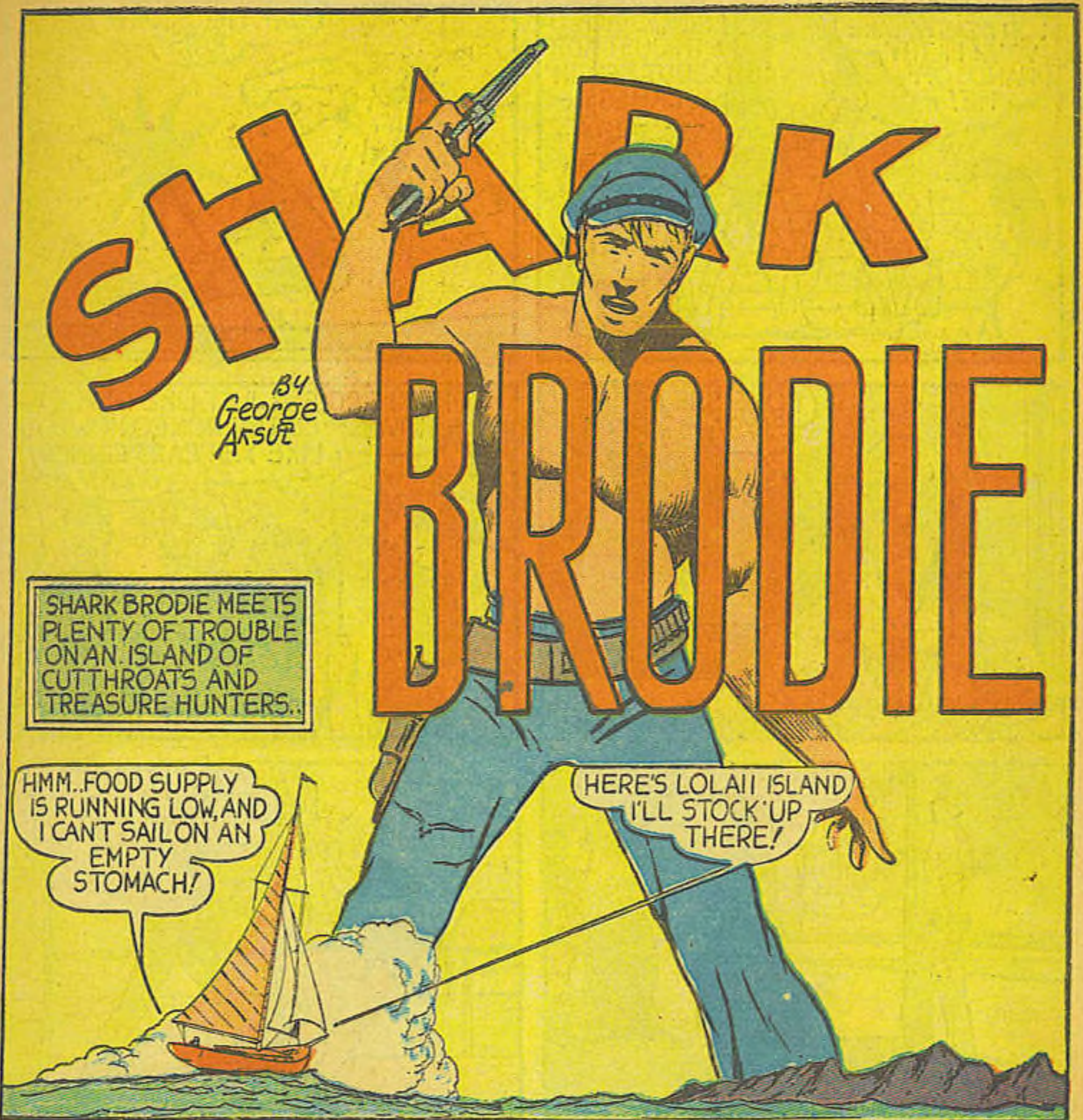
# SHARK BRODIE

BY George ARSUT

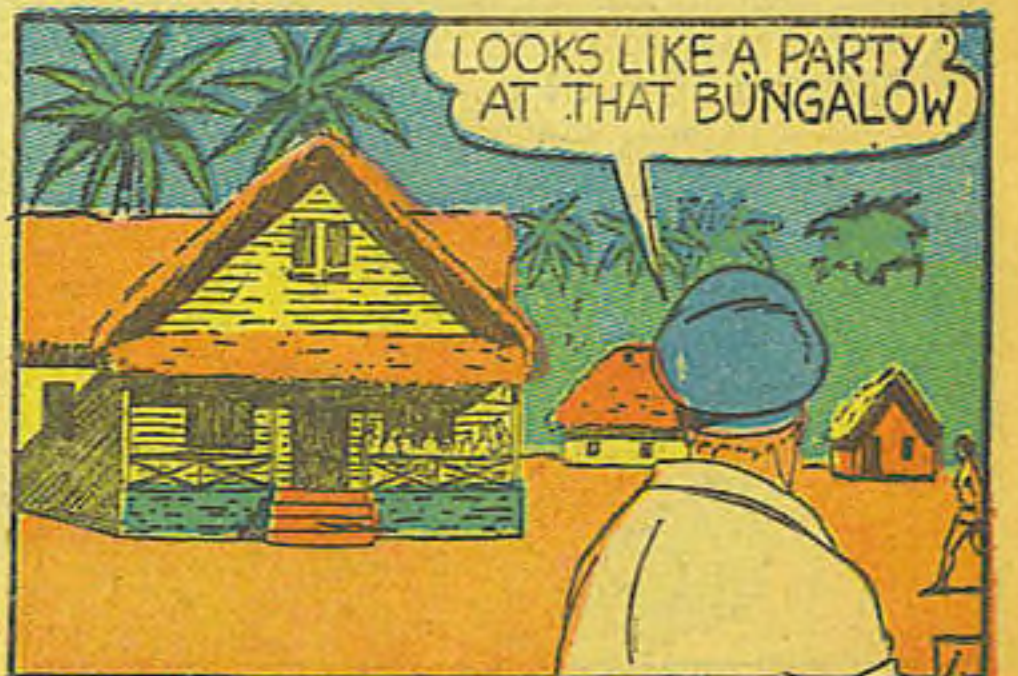
SHARK BRODIE MEETS PLENTY OF TROUBLE ON AN ISLAND OF CUTTHROATS AND TREASURE HUNTERS..

HMM..FOOD SUPPLY IS RUNNING LOW, AND I CANT SAIL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

HERE'S LOLAI ISLAND I'LL STOCK'UP THERE!

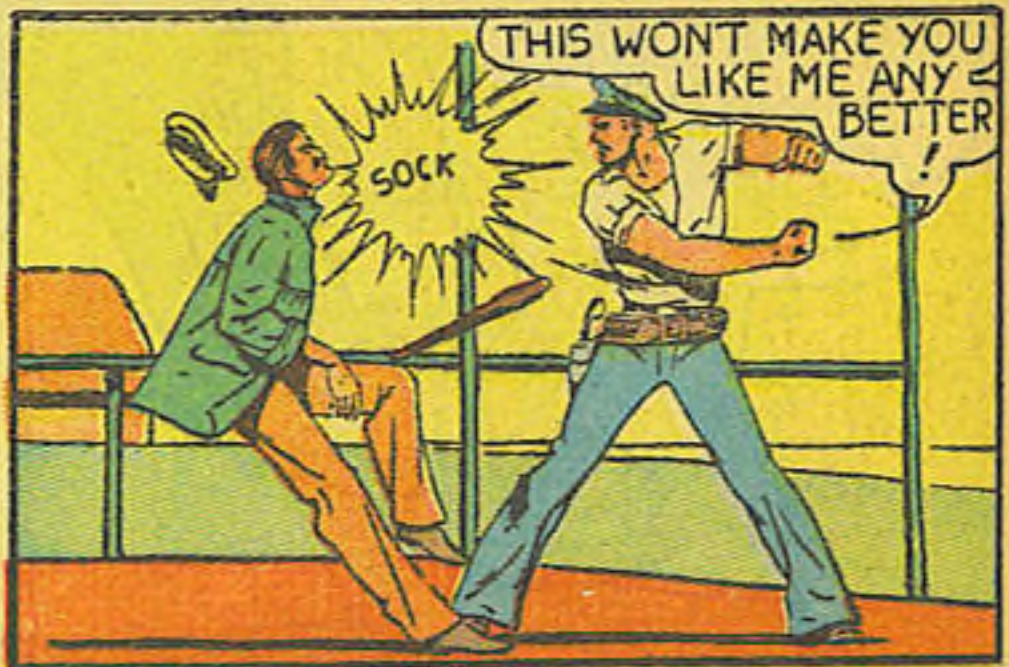


WON'T TAKE LONG TO PACK HER AND SET SAIL AGAIN!



LOOKS LIKE A PARTY AT THAT BUNGALOW







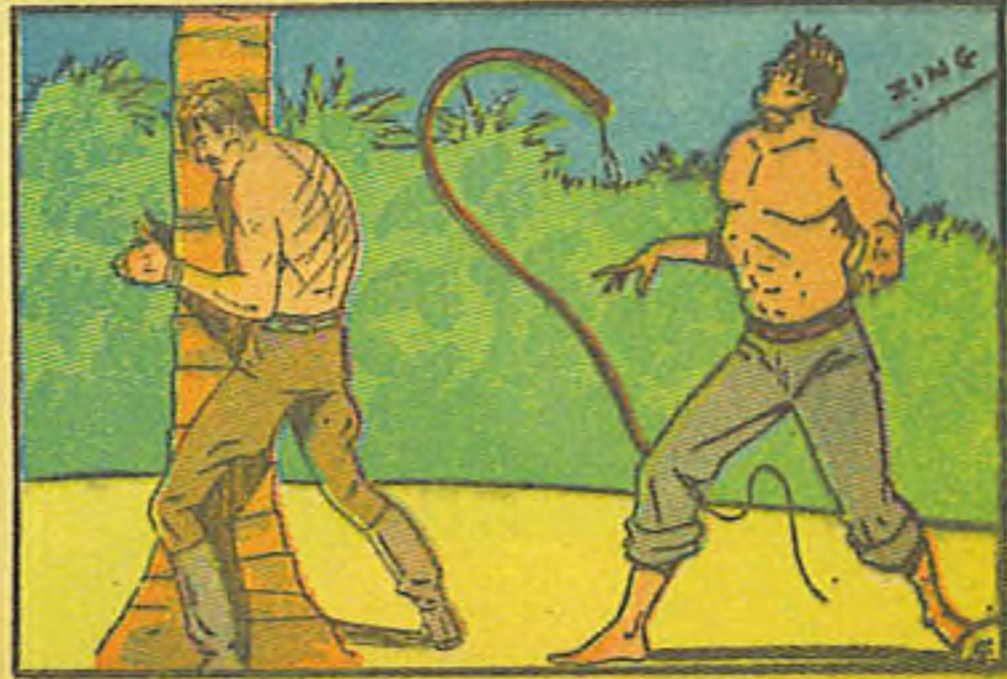
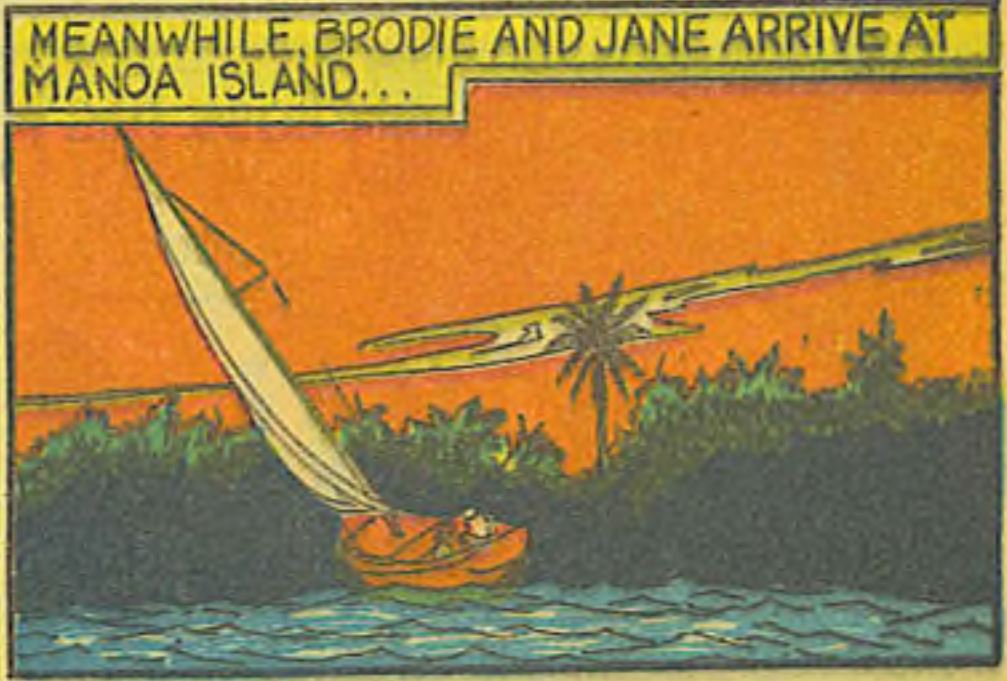
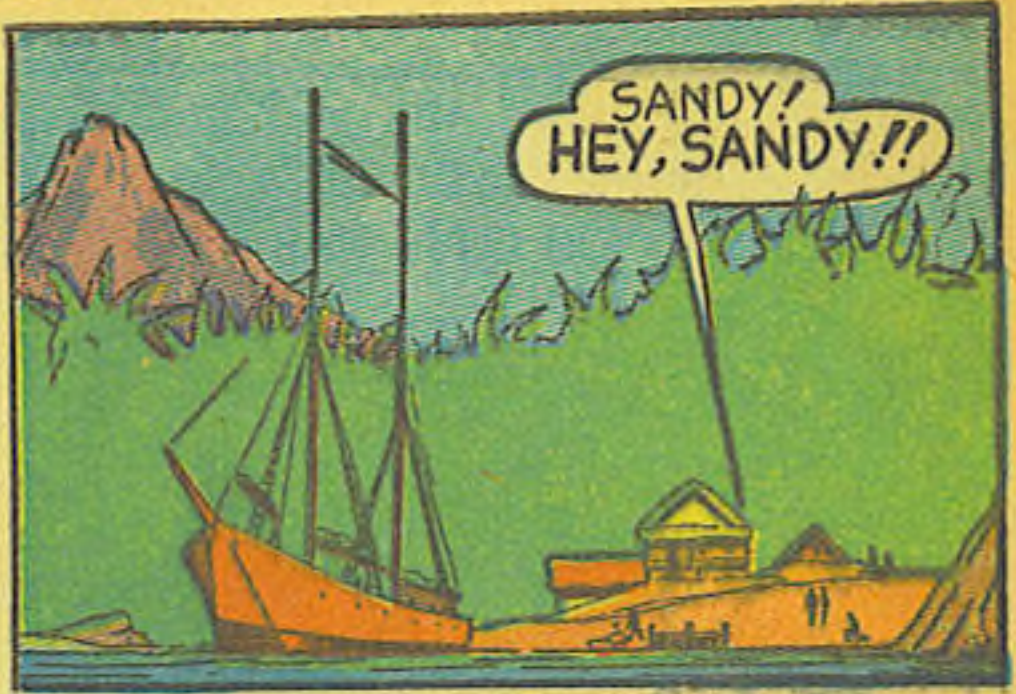








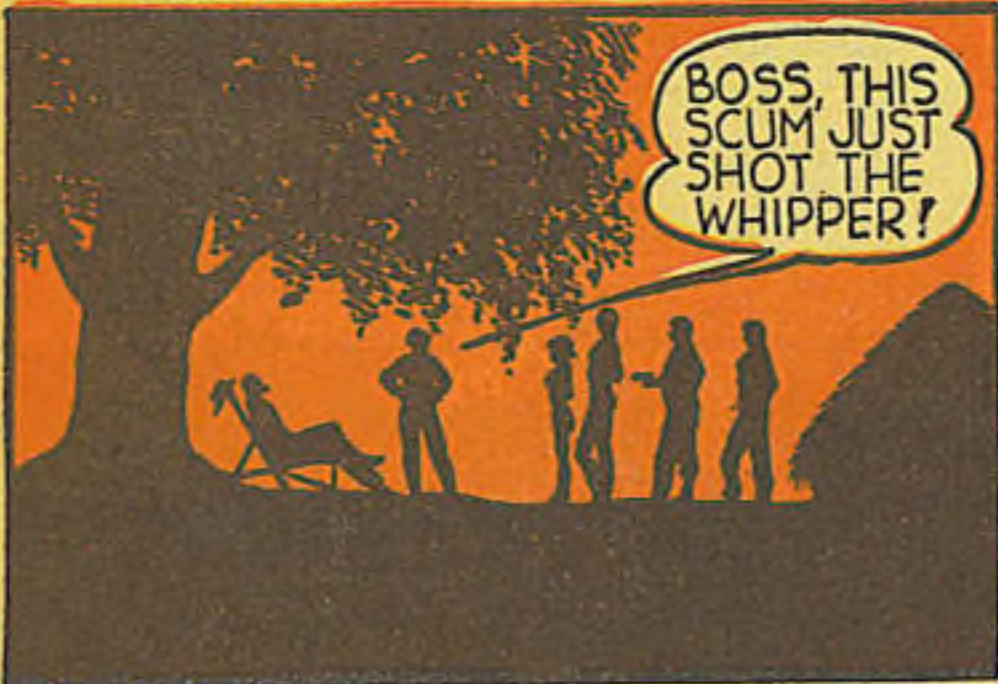
THE VICIOUS "SKINNY," CHIEF OF THE GANG.





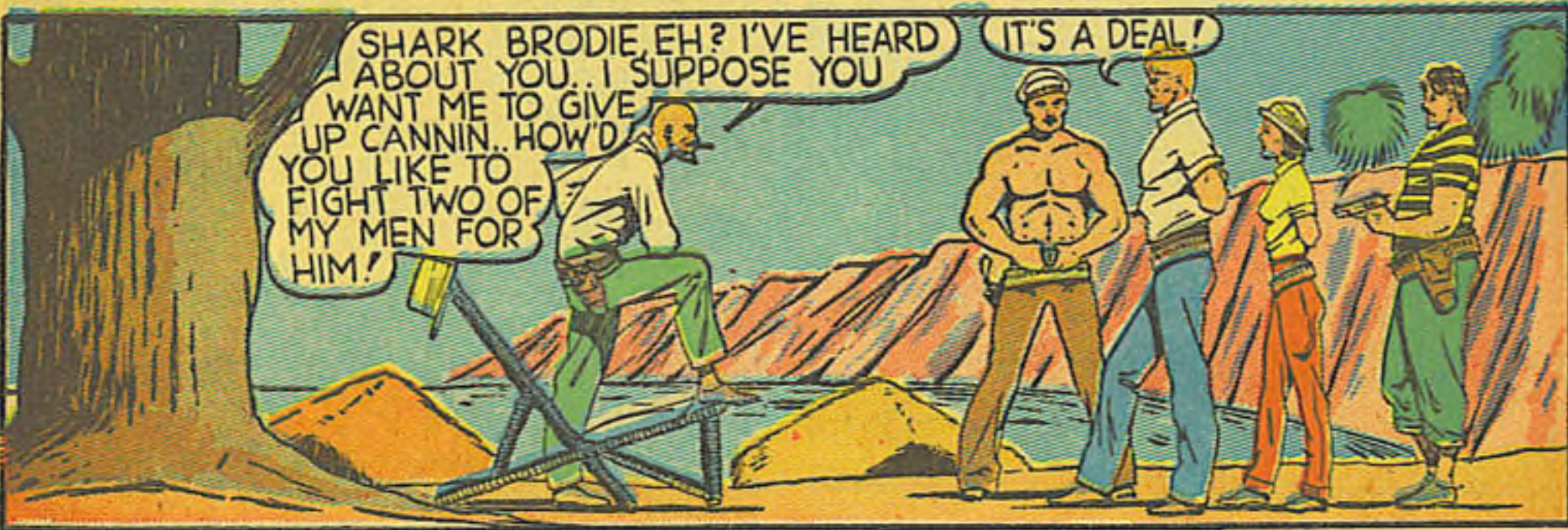


YOU GUYS NAB THAT SNIPER, BUT BE CAREFUL!



BOSS, THIS SCUM JUST SHOT THE WHIPPER!

OUTNUMBERED FOUR TO ONE, SHARK IS TAKEN CAPTIVE . . . . .



SHARK BRODIE, EH? I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU.. I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO GIVE UP CANNIN.. HOW'D YOU LIKE TO FIGHT TWO OF MY MEN FOR HIM!

IT'S A DEAL!

SHARK FACES HIS OPPONENTS GRIMLY...

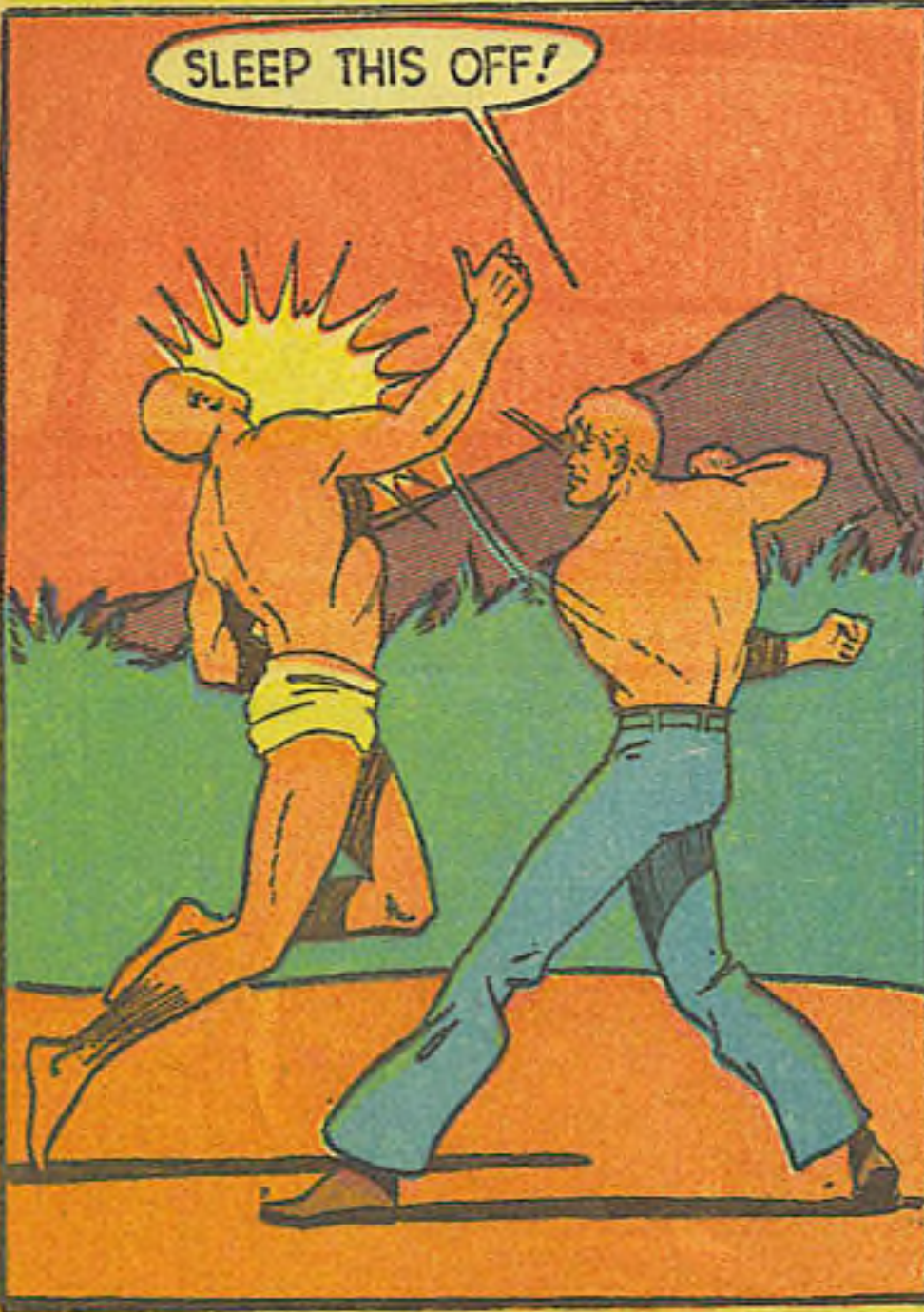
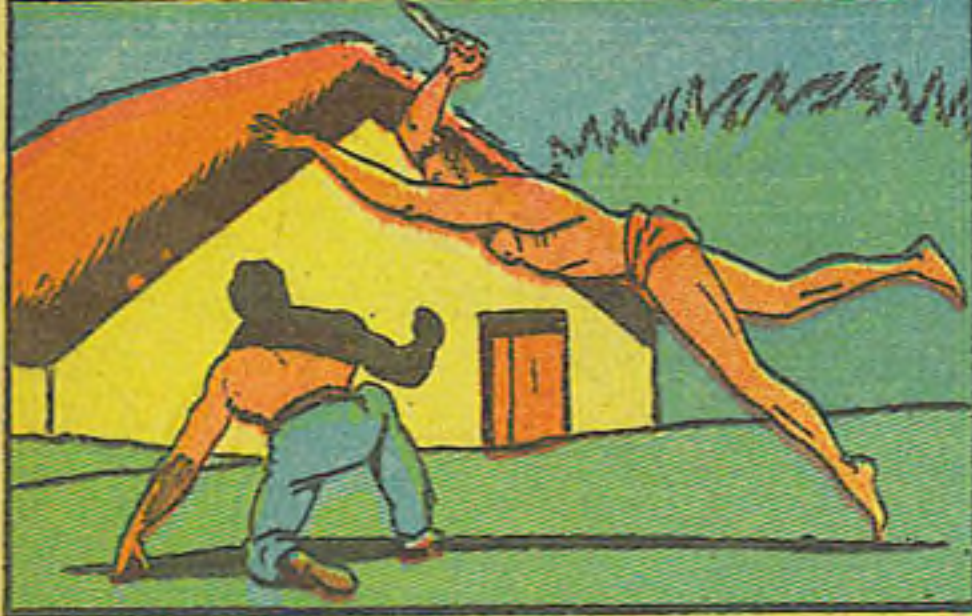


I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH THAT GUY.. I'LL SEE THAT MY MEN ARE FULLY EQUIPPED!

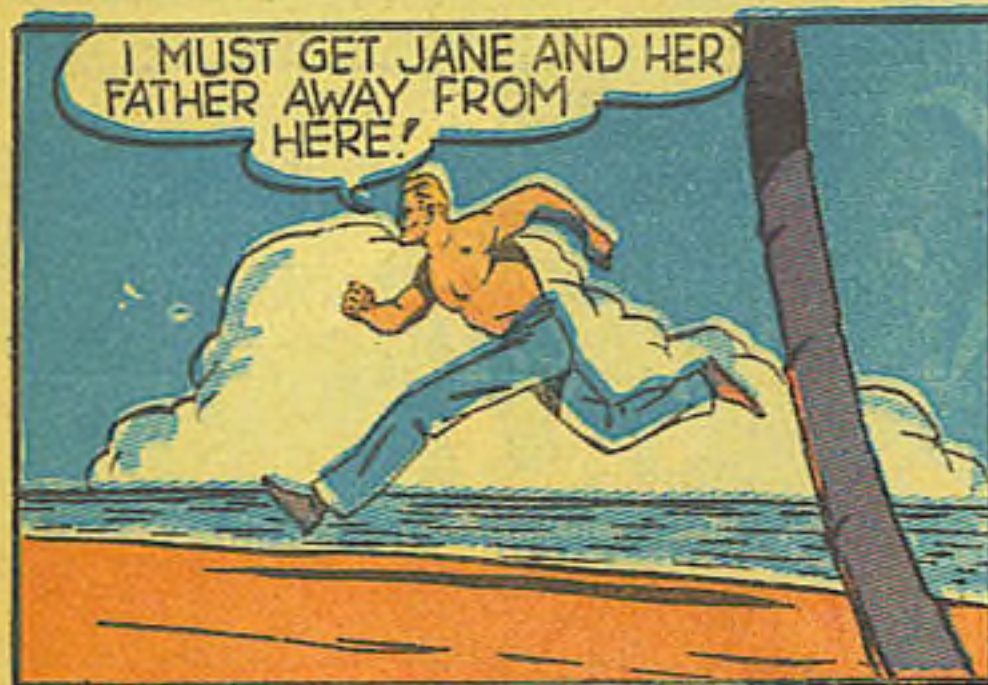




ONE MAN LUNGES, BUT SHARK DUCKS...

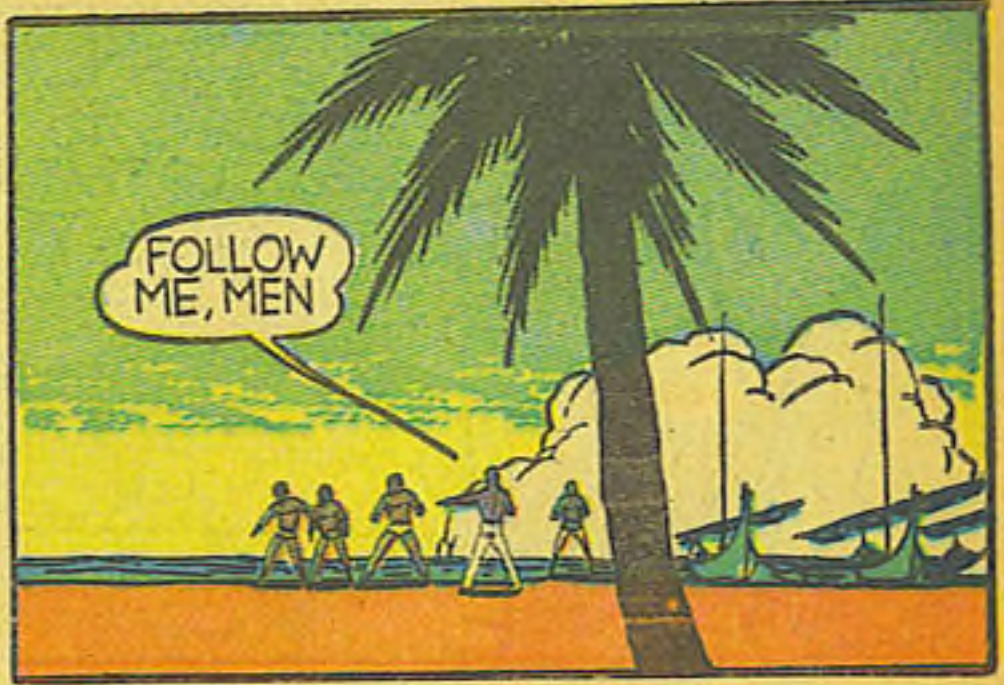








SWIFTLY, THEY SAIL FOR THE ISLAND.....



MEANWHILE, SKINNY AND HIS MEN COME TO.



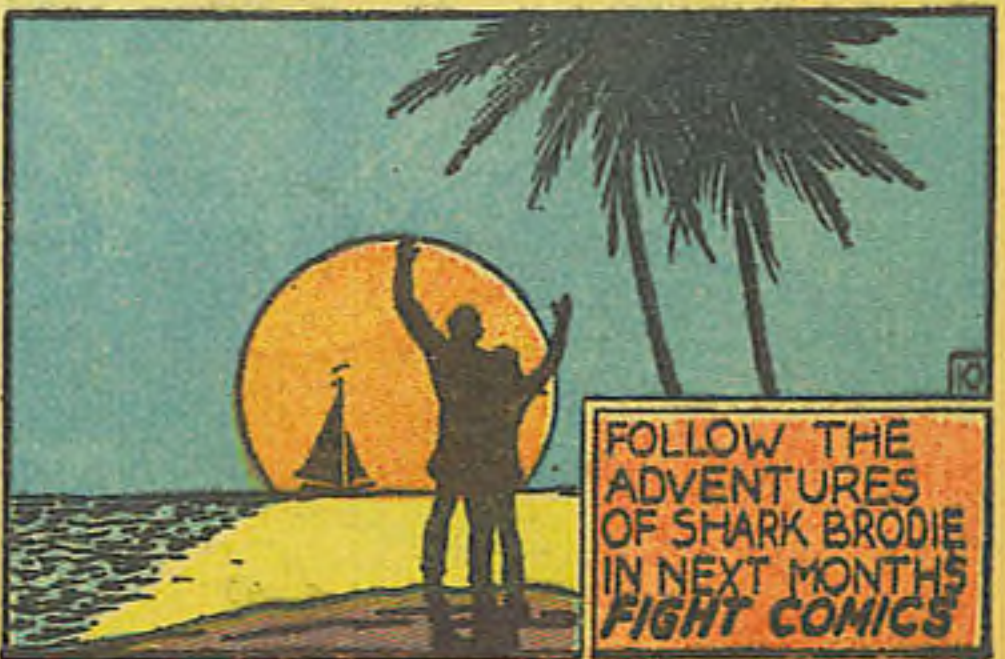
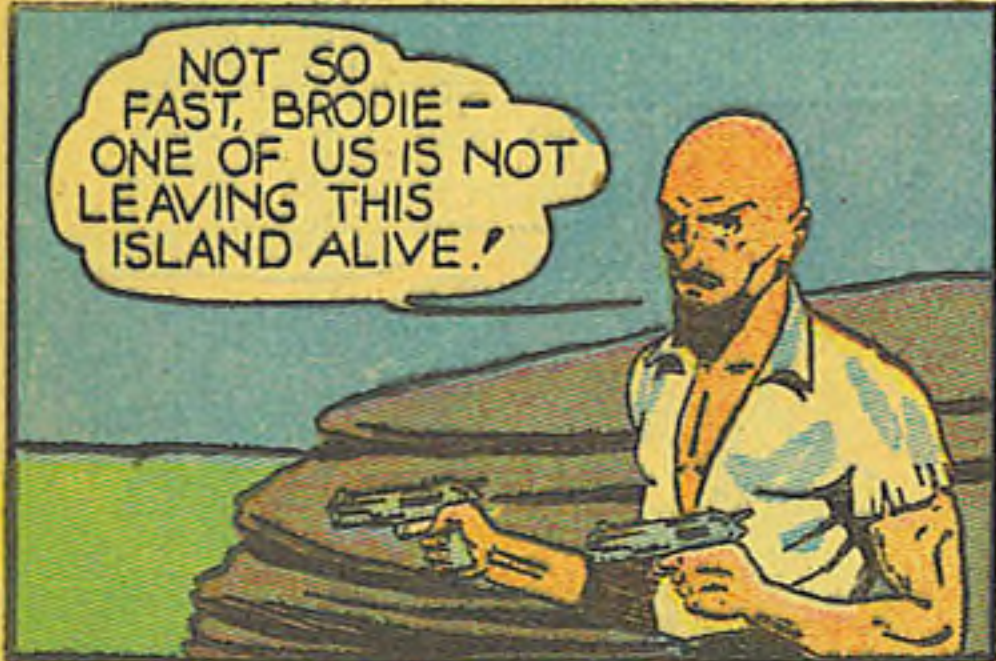
SUDDENLY, THE GANG IS SURPRISED BY A HAIL OF ARROWS FROM THE TREES...



ONE BY ONE THE THUGS DROP BEFORE THE SWIFT, SURE AIM OF THE TOANS...





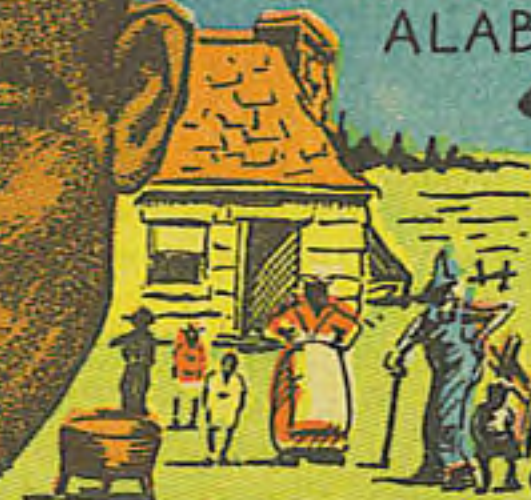




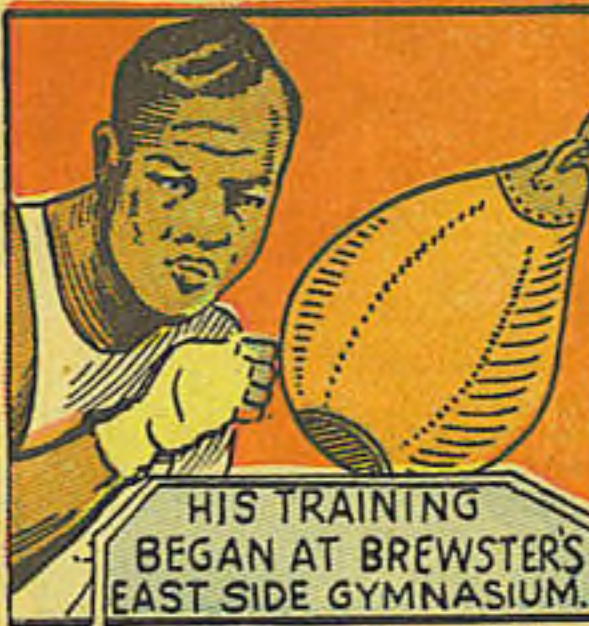
# The LIFE STORY of

# Joe Louis

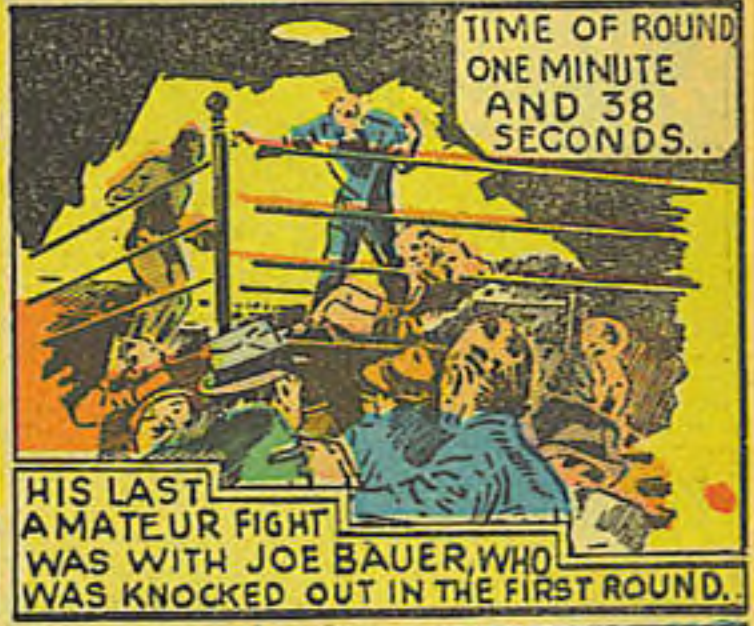
HE WAS BORN IN A SHACK IN THE BUCKALEW MOUNTAINS NEAR LEXINGTON, ALABAMA.



JOE'S ANCESTRY TRACES BACK TO A WHITE GRANDFATHER AND AN INDIAN GRANDMOTHER...



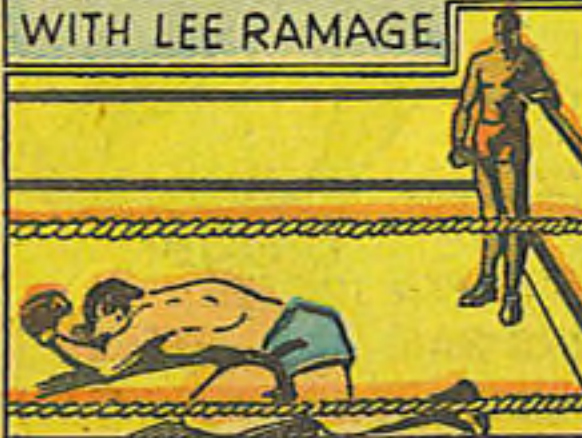
HIS TRAINING BEGAN AT BREWSTER'S EAST SIDE GYMNASIUM.



JOE, I THINK YOU ARE THE NEXT CHAMPION. I'D LIKE TO MANAGE YOU.



AND AFTER FIVE MONTHS OF PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING, HE WAS DRAWING A PURSE OF \$2750. IN HIS FIGHT WITH LEE RAMAGE,



AT LAST AFTER MANY BRILLIANT VICTORIES, HE WINS THE SUPPORT OF MIKE JACOBS IN NEW YORK.



JOHN ROXBOROUGH, A LAWYER, WHO HAD GOTTEN HIM A JOB AT THE FORD MOTOR CO., AGREED TO HANDLE HIM AS A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER





HE BEGINS GROOMING FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP IN EARNEST...



HE WANTS TO FIGHT SHARKEY, BAER, SCHMELING OR CARNERA.

JACK SHARKEY



AND AT LAST HE IS MATCHED WITH PRIMO CARNERA THE ITALIAN GIANT.

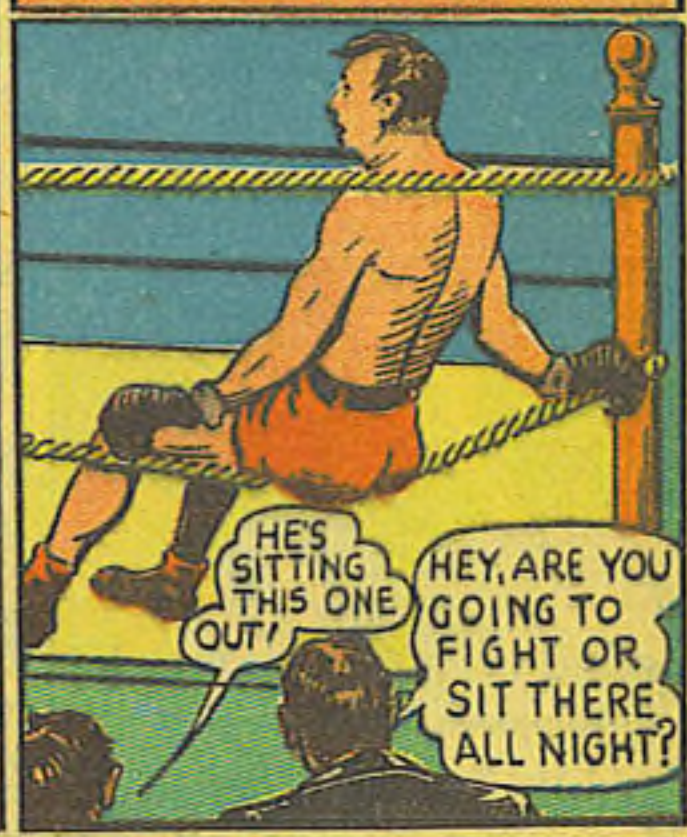


LOUIS GAVE THE ITALIAN SUCH A TERRIBLE BEATING THAT THE REFEREE HAD TO BREAK IT UP...

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HOLD IT, JOE.

HE FIGHTS KING LEVINSKY WHO IS SO SCARED THAT HE JUST SITS DOWN ON THE ROPES AND STARES GLASSY EYED AT THE REFEREE...

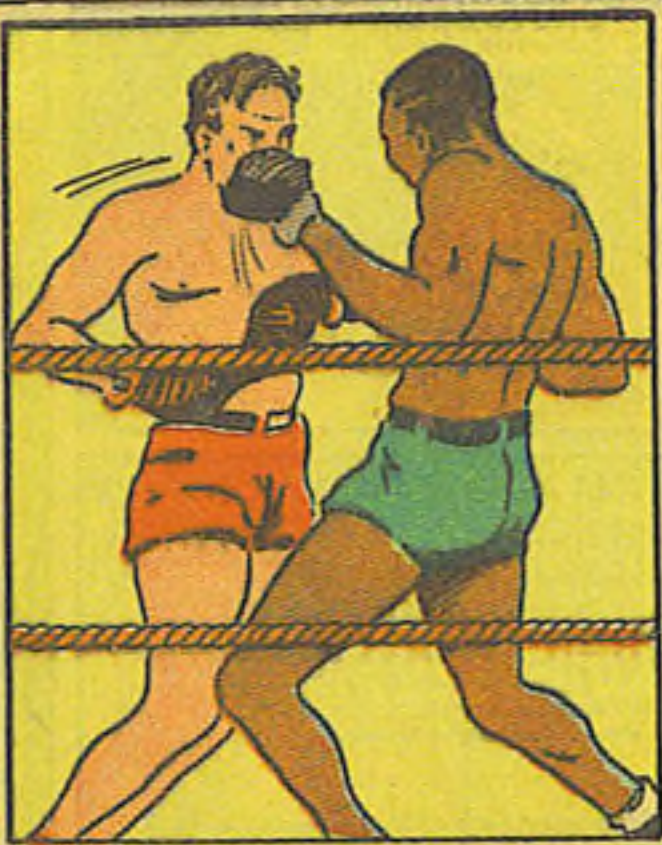


HE'S SITTING THIS ONE OUT!

HEY, ARE YOU GOING TO FIGHT OR SIT THERE ALL NIGHT?



MY ARMS FEEL LIKE CHUNKS OF ICE.



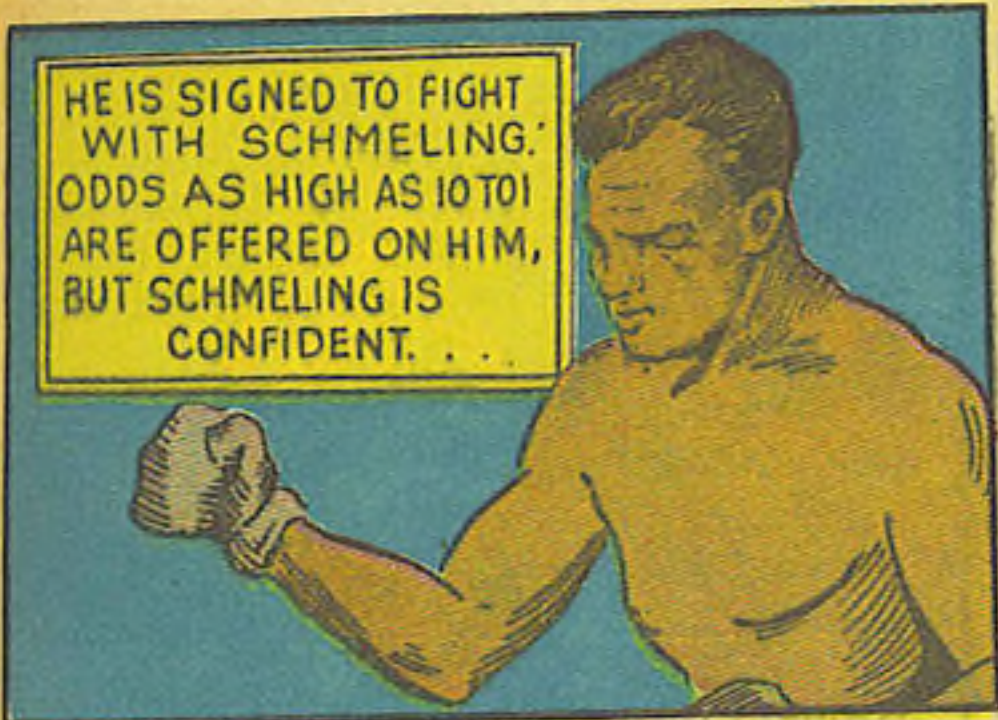
BAER LASTED FOUR ROUNDS AND AFTER THE FIGHT LOUIS SAID, 'HE WAS THE TOUGHEST MAN HE FOUGHT.'



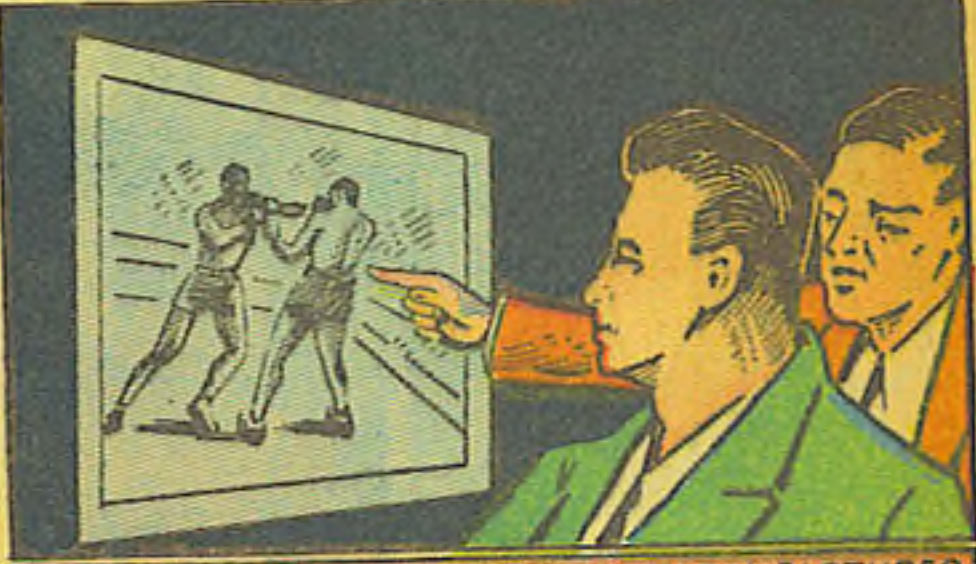
THE NEXT DAY LOUIS MARRIES...

HIS NEXT BIG FIGHT IS WITH MAX BAER AT THE YANKEE STADIUM. DEMPSEY IS IN BAER'S CORNER...

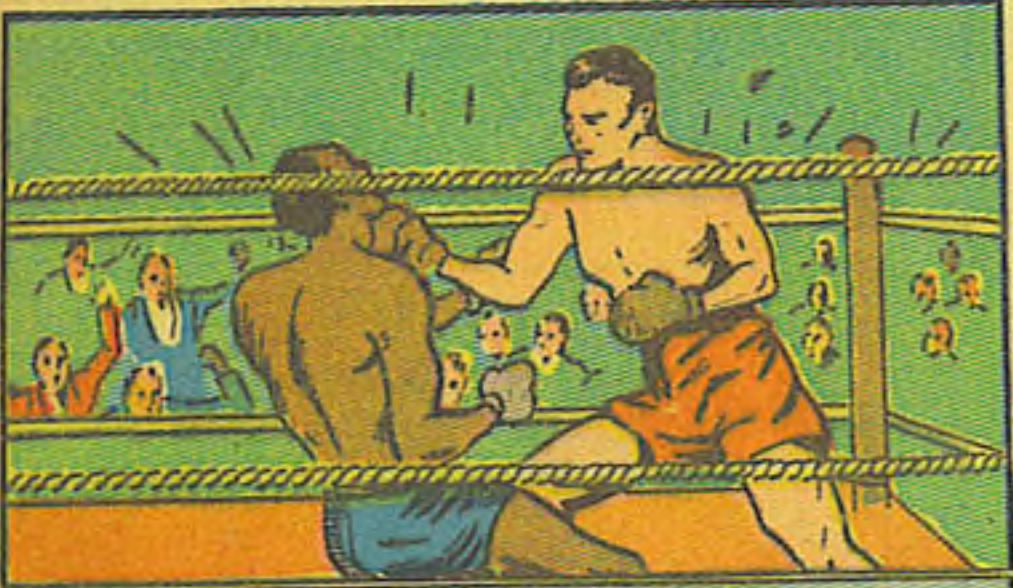




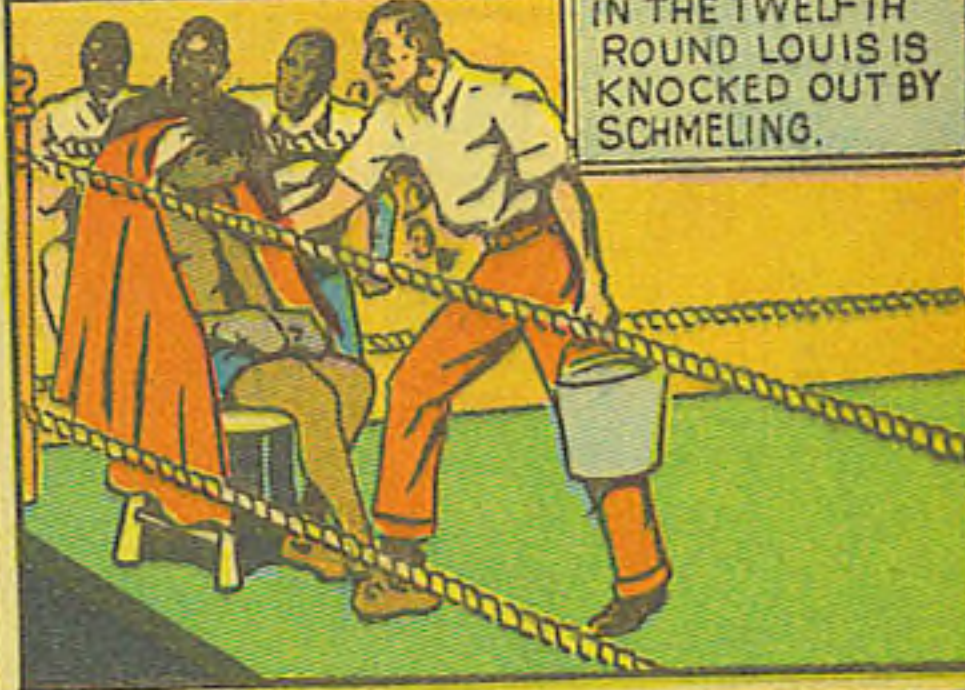
HE IS SIGNED TO FIGHT WITH SCHMELING. ODDS AS HIGH AS 10 TO 1 ARE OFFERED ON HIM, BUT SCHMELING IS CONFIDENT. . . .



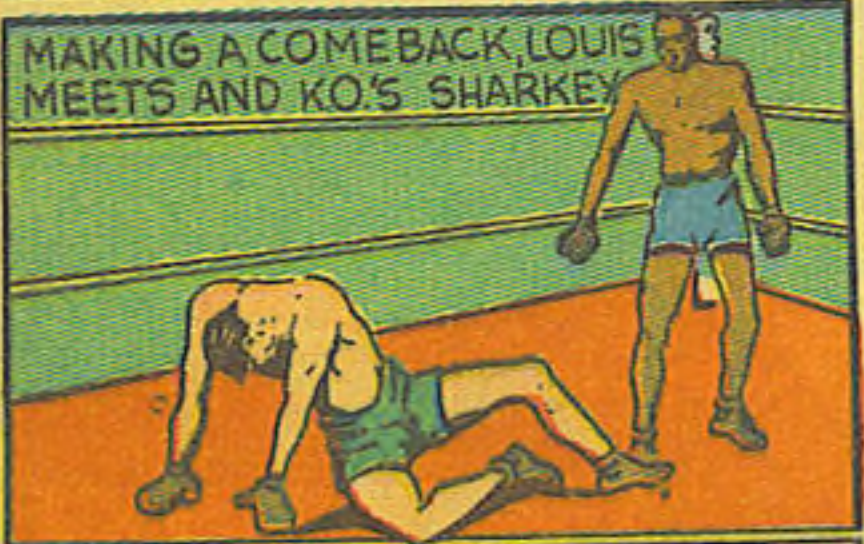
SCHMELING STUDIES MOTION PICTURES OF THE BOMBER. HE KNOWS ALL HIS WEAKNESS FOR A RIGHT CROSS. . . .



IN THE FOURTH ROUND LOUIS IS KNOCKED DOWN FROM A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE JAW!



IN THE TWELFTH ROUND LOUIS IS KNOCKED OUT BY SCHMELING.

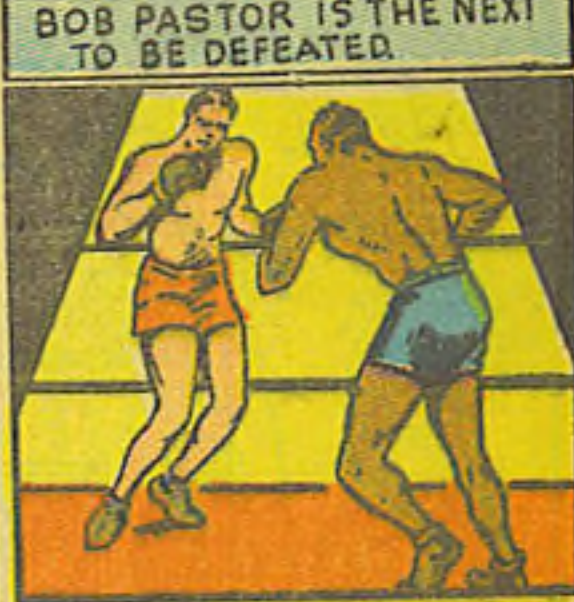


MAKING A COMEBACK, LOUIS MEETS AND KO'S SHARKEY

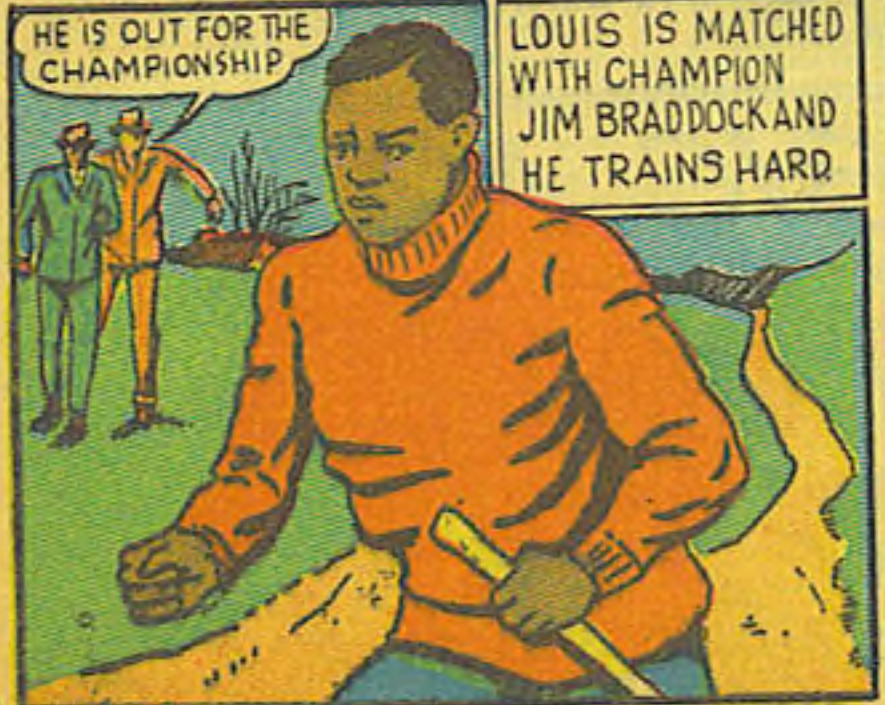
SHARKEY WAS KNOCKED OUT IN THE THIRD.



SIMMS IS KNOCKED OUT IN ONE PUNCH.



BOB PASTOR IS THE NEXT TO BE DEFEATED.



HE IS OUT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

LOUIS IS MATCHED WITH CHAMPION JIM BRADDOCK AND HE TRAINS HARD

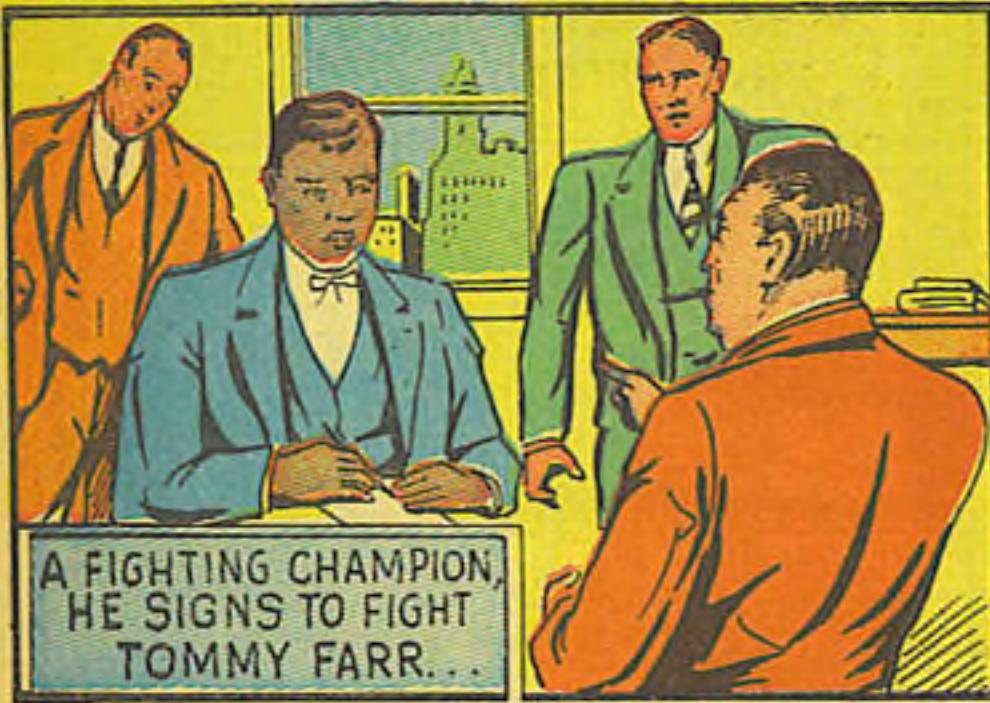


LOUIS WON FAIRLY.

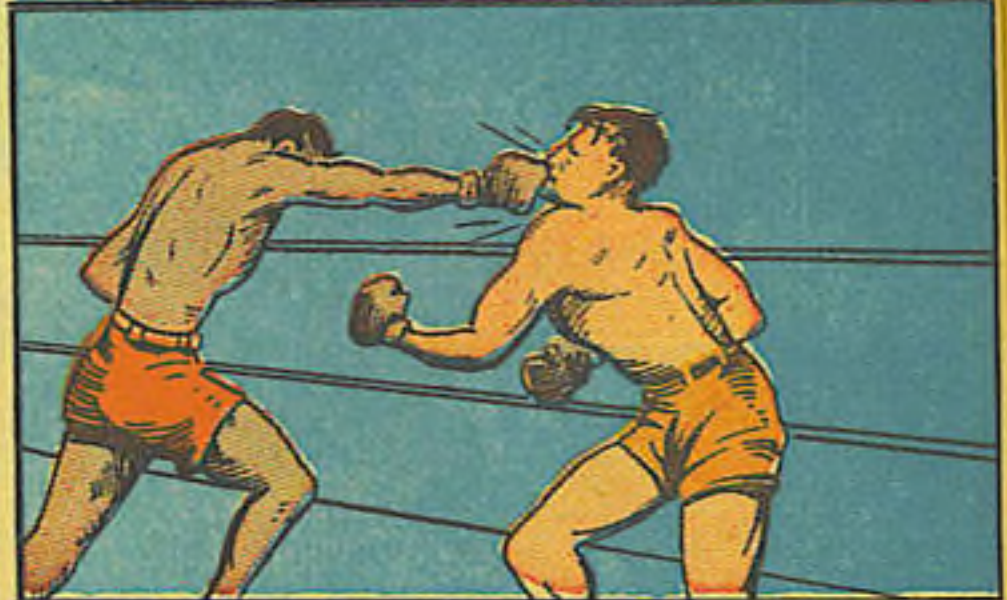
THE WINNER, AND NEW CHAMPION JOE LOUIS!

LOUIS IS NOW THE WORLDS CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT.

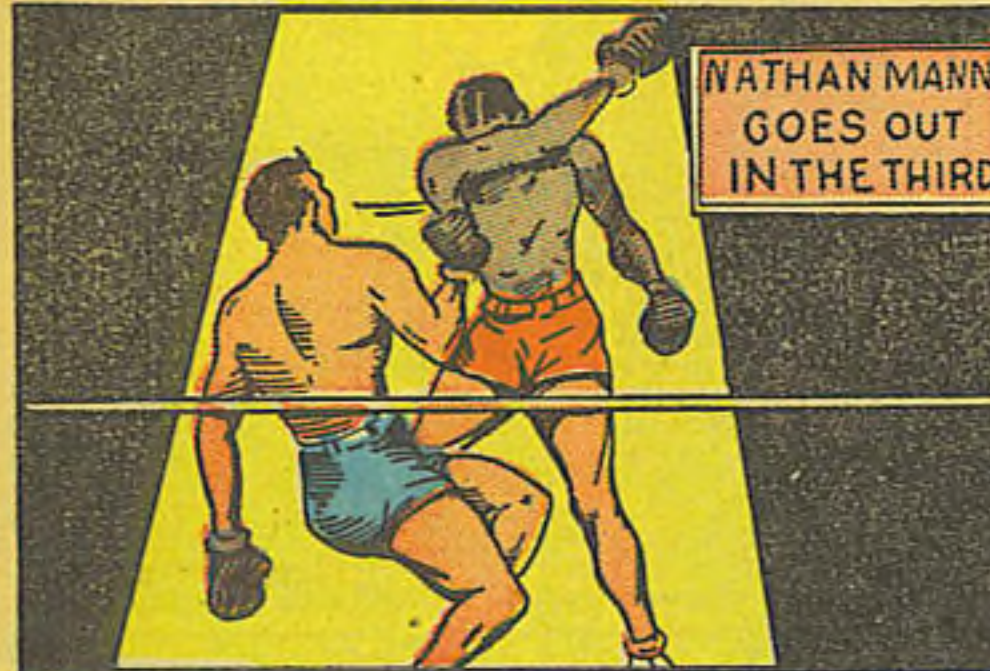




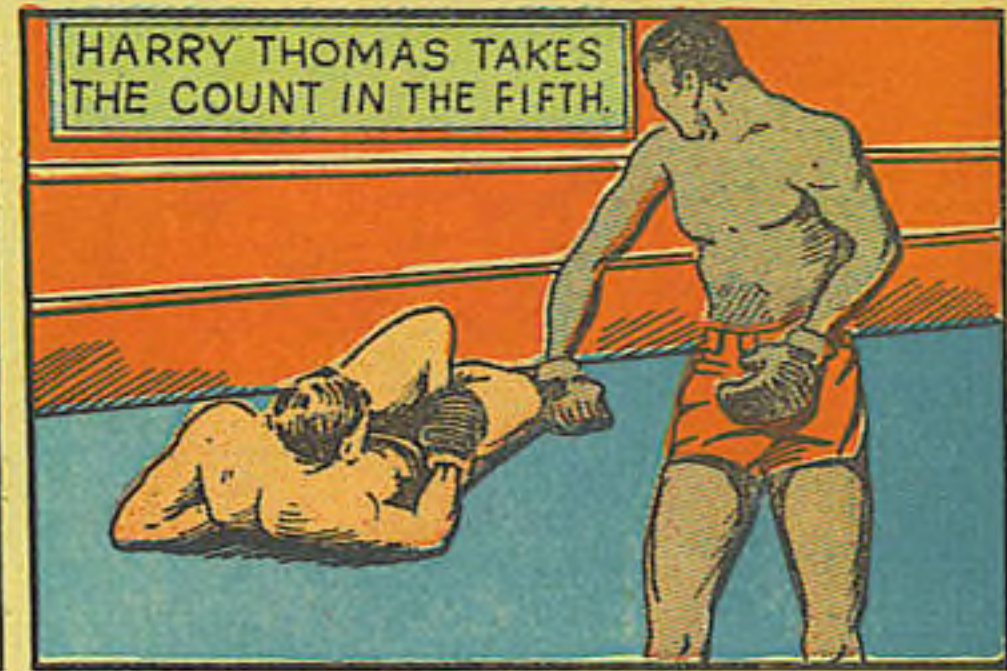
A FIGHTING CHAMPION, HE SIGNS TO FIGHT TOMMY FARR.



FARR TOOK A TERRIFIC BEATING, BUT FOUGHT GAMELY UNTIL THE FINISH OF THE FIGHT.



NATHAN MANN GOES OUT IN THE THIRD.



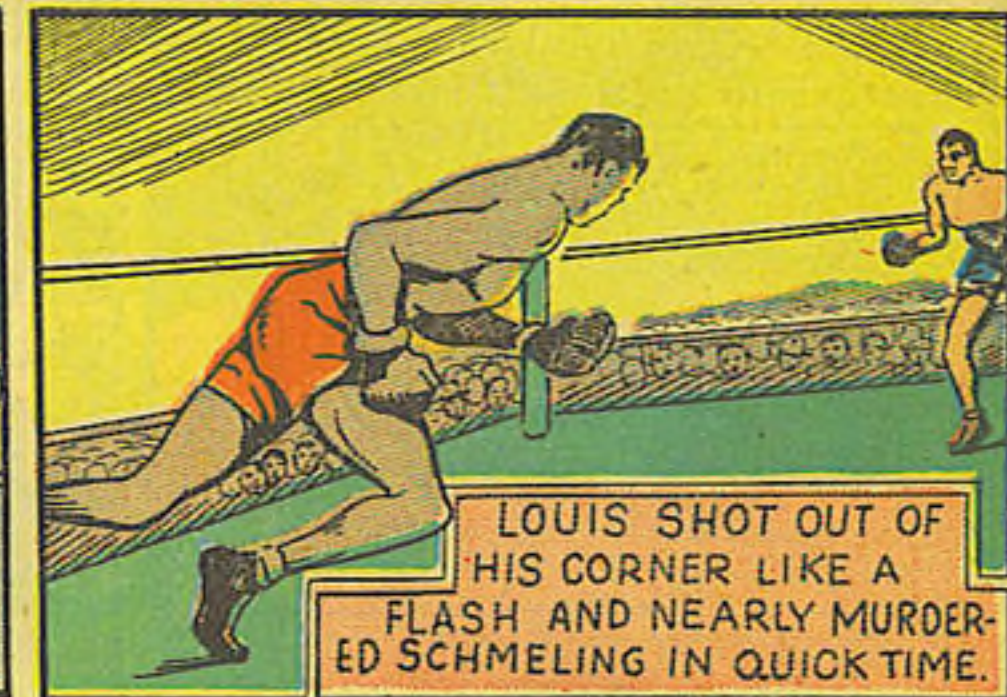
HARRY THOMAS TAKES THE COUNT IN THE FIFTH.



JUST LET ME GET AT LOUIS.

YOU'RE GOING TO BE SURPRISED

SCHMELING COMES BACK TO AMERICA FULL OF CONFIDENCE FOR HIS NEXT FIGHT WITH LOUIS.



LOUIS SHOT OUT OF HIS CORNER LIKE A FLASH AND NEARLY MURDERED SCHMELING IN QUICK TIME.



HEY, KIDS... BIG NEWS!

IN RESPONSE TO YOUR DEMANDS

**FIGHT COMICS**

WILL NOW APPEAR

**MONTHLY**

ORDER A COPY AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND ON THE 10<sup>TH</sup> OF EVERY MONTH



# THE BOXING HALL OF FAME

BY  
JIM  
TOPP



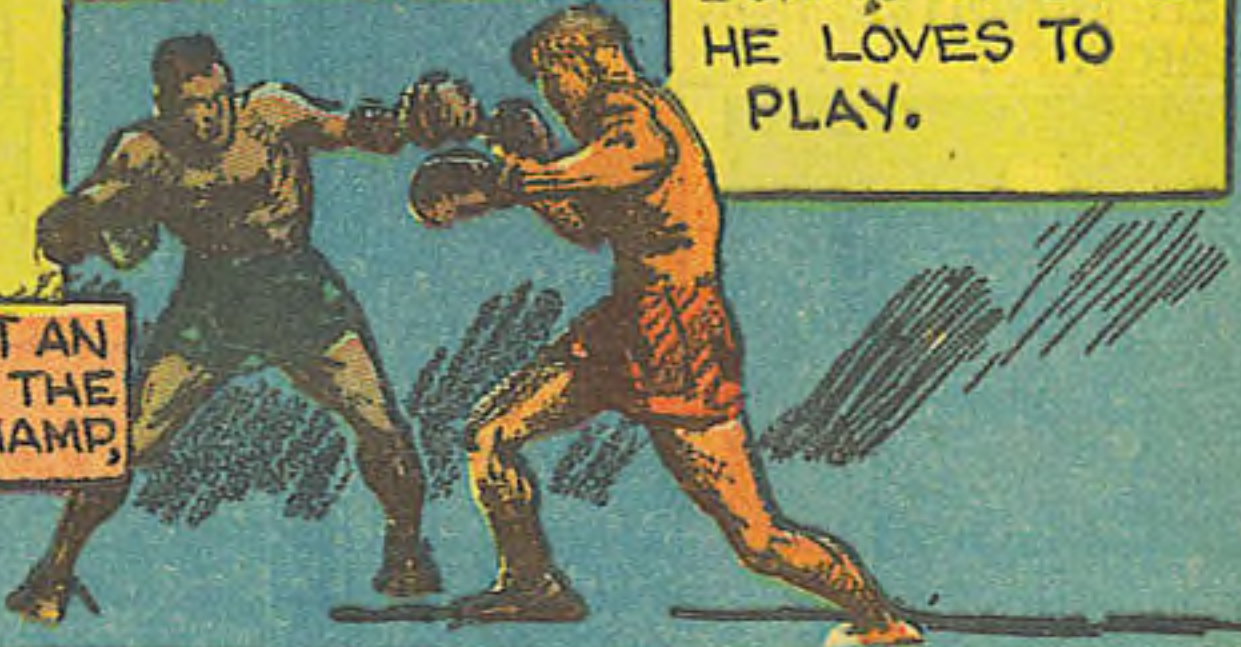
## PEDRO MONTANEZ



PEDRO'S CAREER IS THE STORY OF A REAL FIGHTER. A MAN BORN TO FIGHT, AND AN ATHLETE TO WHOM BOXING IS A GAME HE LOVES TO PLAY.

ON APRIL 5<sup>TH</sup> HE FOUGHT AN OVERWEIGHT BOUT WITH THE CHAMP,

LOU AMBERS, AND BEAT HIM



# A BIKE FOR YOU



OH, BOY! Picture yourself riding down the street on this speedy deluxe aluminum bike! Completely streamlined; fully equipped with blast hornlite, coaster brake, platform carrier, cushioned balloon tires, etc. Built low for speed and safety. Geared to give you instant "get-away."

Earn this bike (you don't have to buy it!) and any of our 300 other prizes, including a movie machine. **MAKE MONEY**, too.

It's easy! It's fun! Just deliver our three popular magazines to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. Need not interfere with school. To start toward money and prizes, mail the coupon or rush postal card **AT ONCE!** Boys who hustle can earn a prize the very first day. Let's go!

Mail This Coupon to Get Started at Once

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 921  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company  
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: Start me earning **MONEY** and **PRIZES**. Send your latest 32-page Prize Book, showing 300 items boys can earn.

Name..... Address.....  
City..... State..... Your Age.....



The Monark  
**SILVER KING**

Clip and Mail





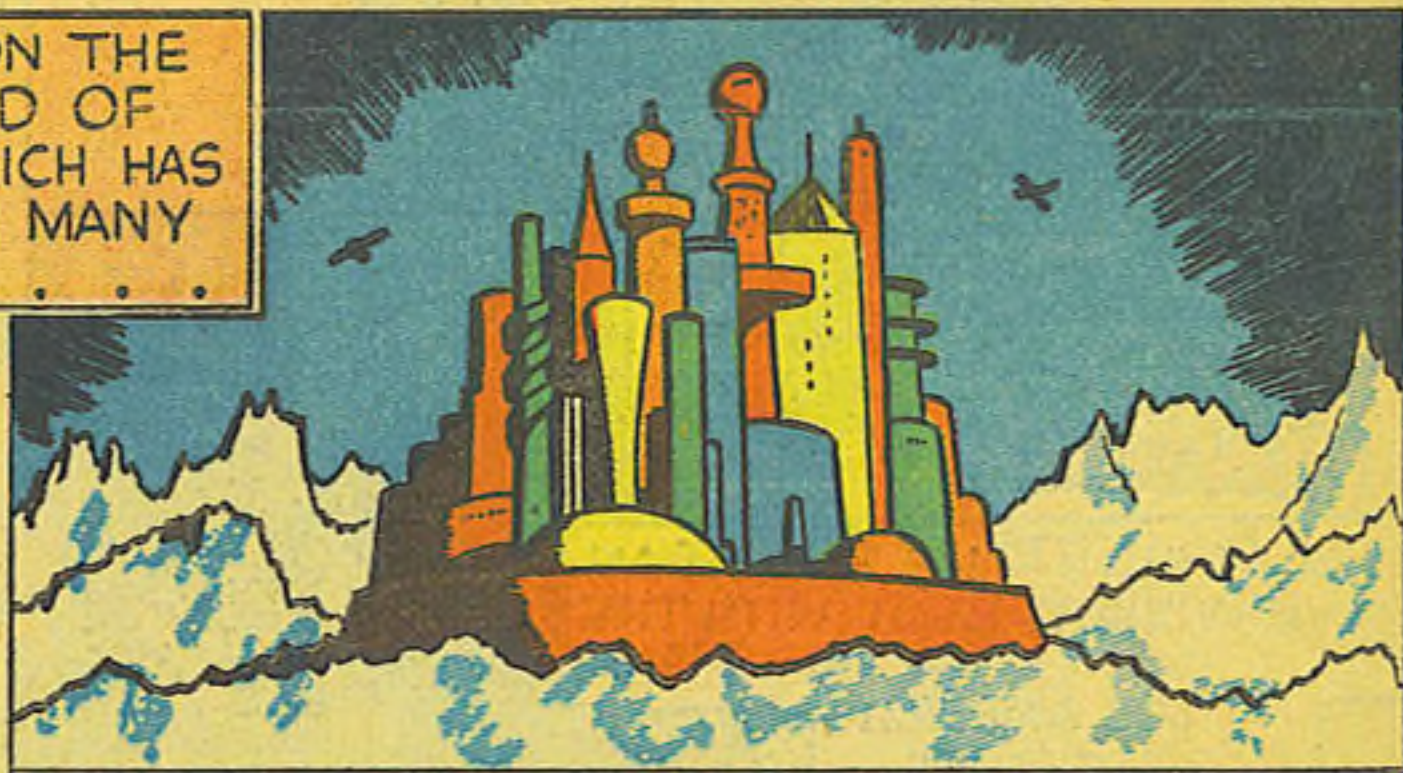


# THE SPY FIGHTER

STARRING *SABER*, THE MAN WITH THE KEENEST MIND IN THE WORLD, AND THE MIGHTIEST. . . .

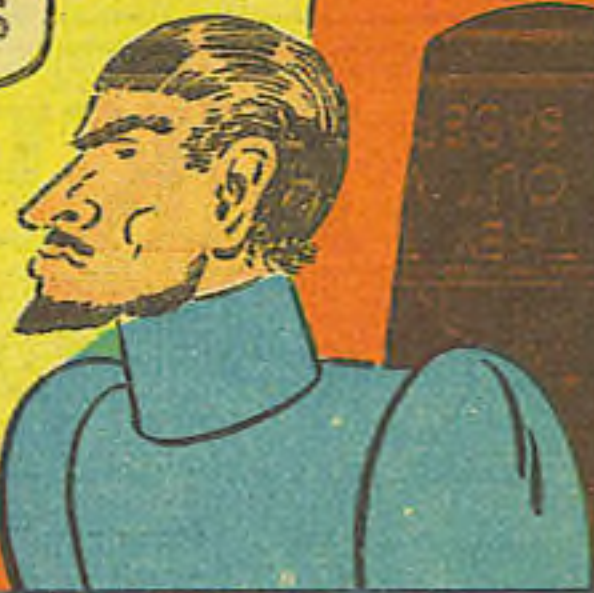
*By Leonard Frank*

HUGE CITIES RISE ON THE SNOW COVERED LAND OF ICY ANTARTICA, WHICH HAS BEEN INHABITED FOR MANY YEARS. . . .



OUR FIRST OBJECTIVE IS AMERICA. WE HAVE HONEYCOMBED THE COUNTRY WITH SPIES.

ANTARTICA, AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY RULED BY GREEDY MEN IN SEARCH OF WORLD POWER. . .



SABER, HEAD OF THE AMERICAN SUPER-INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT, IS CALLED BEFORE THE BOARD. . .

WE SUSPECT THE EXISTENCE OF SPIES IN OUR ARMY.

FIRST, I SHALL REVIEW THE GENERAL STAFF, GENTLEMEN.







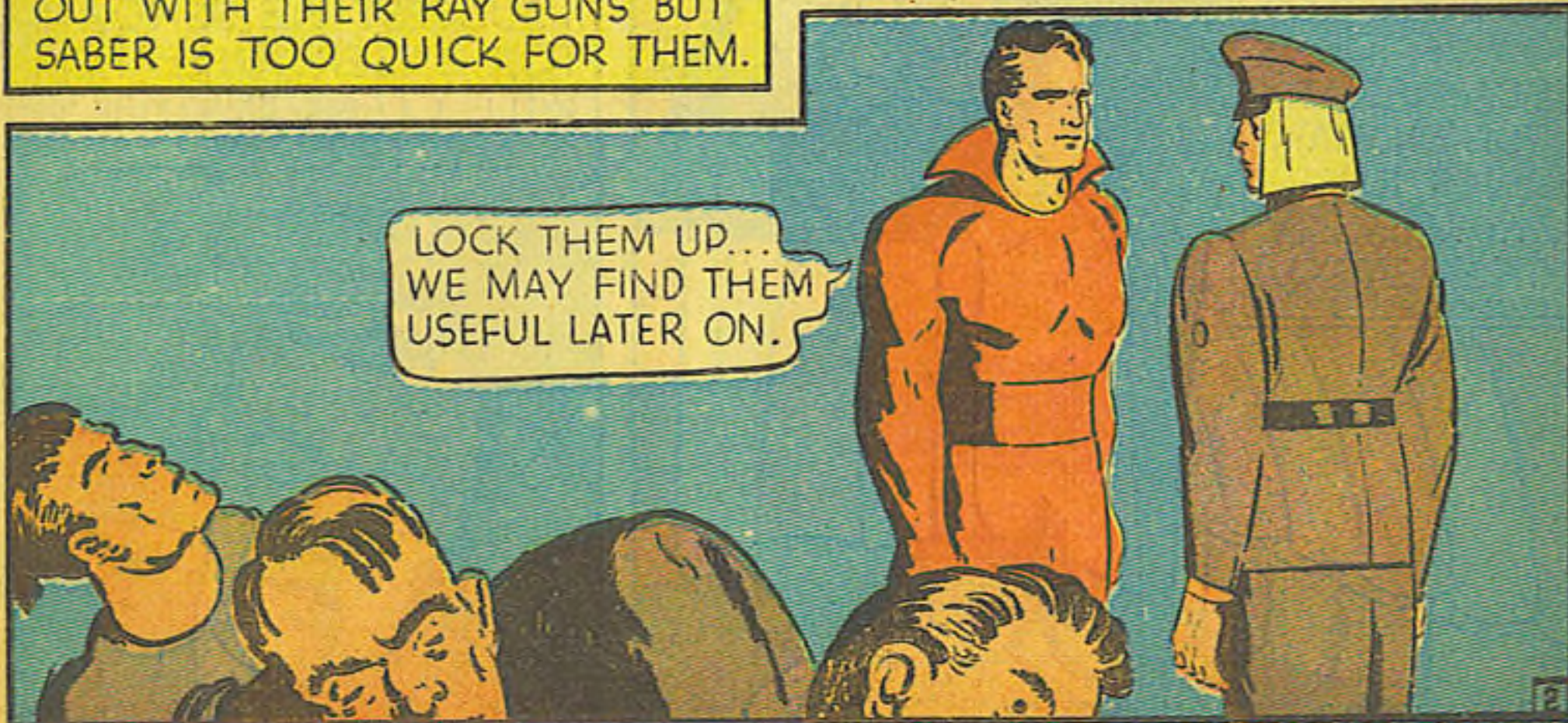
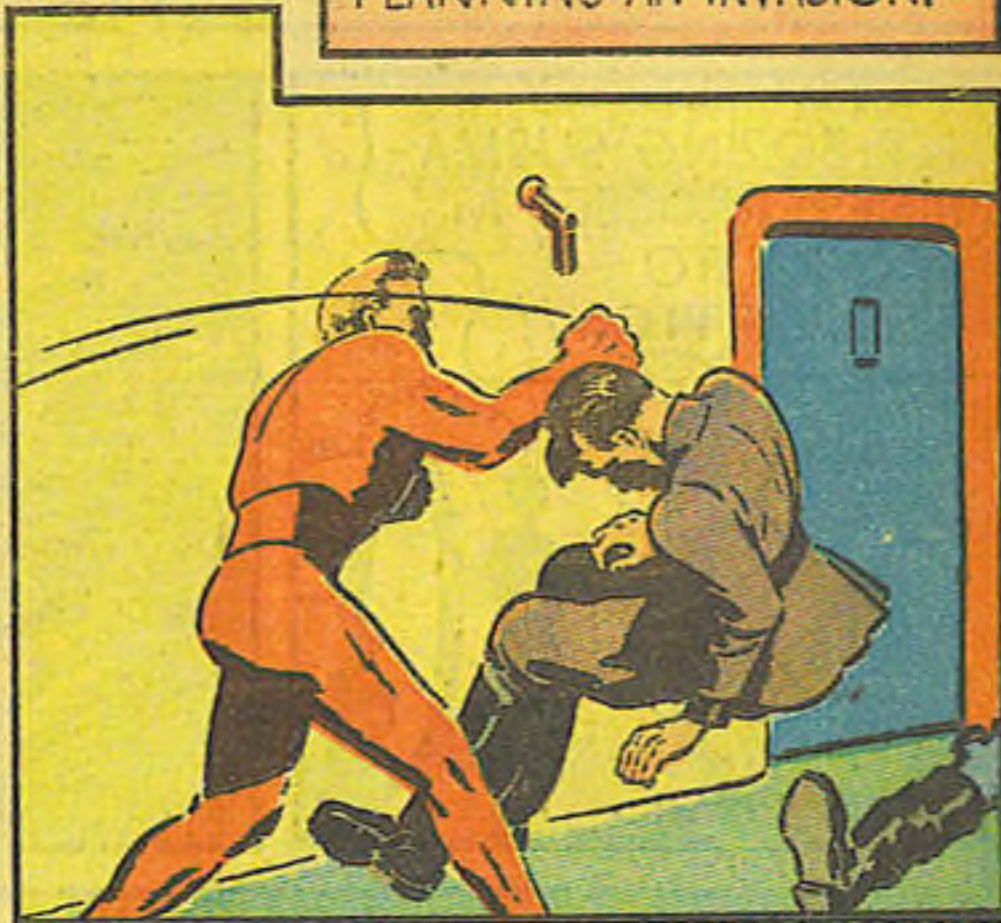
EMPLOYING HIS ALMOST SUPER-NATURAL POWERS OF MIND READING, SABER REVIEWS THE GENERAL STAFF.



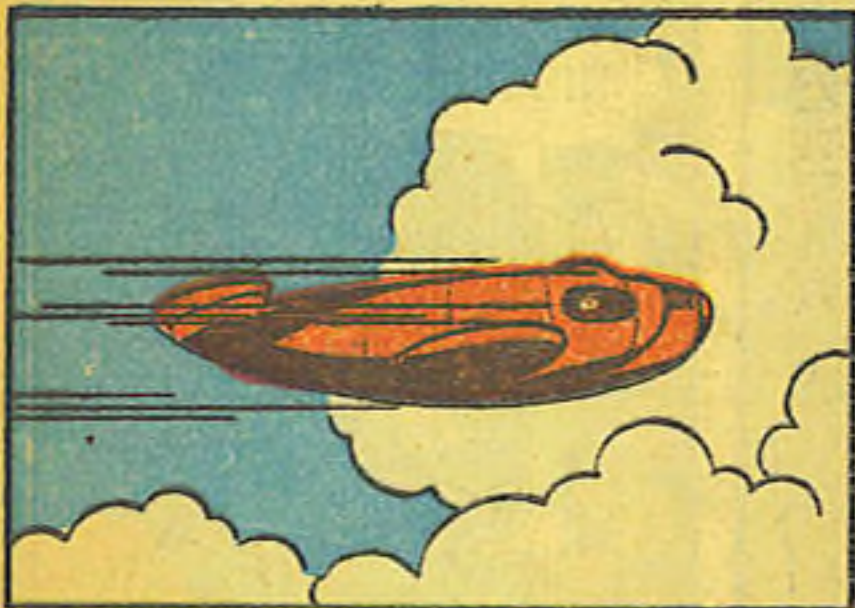
HE LEARNS THAT SEVERAL ARE SPIES AND, HAVING STOLEN PLANS OF FORTIFICATIONS, ARE PLANNING AN INVASION.



THEY TRY TO SHOOT THEIR WAY OUT WITH THEIR RAY GUNS BUT SABER IS TOO QUICK FOR THEM.





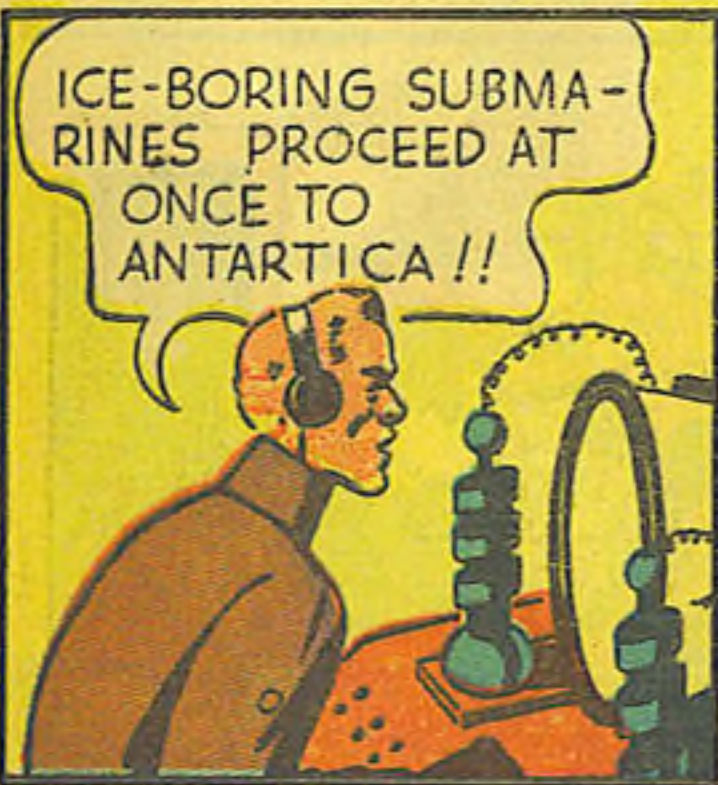


SABER FLIES TO ALL THE MAJOR FORTIFICATIONS TO UNCOVER THE SPIES AT WORK THERE. . . .

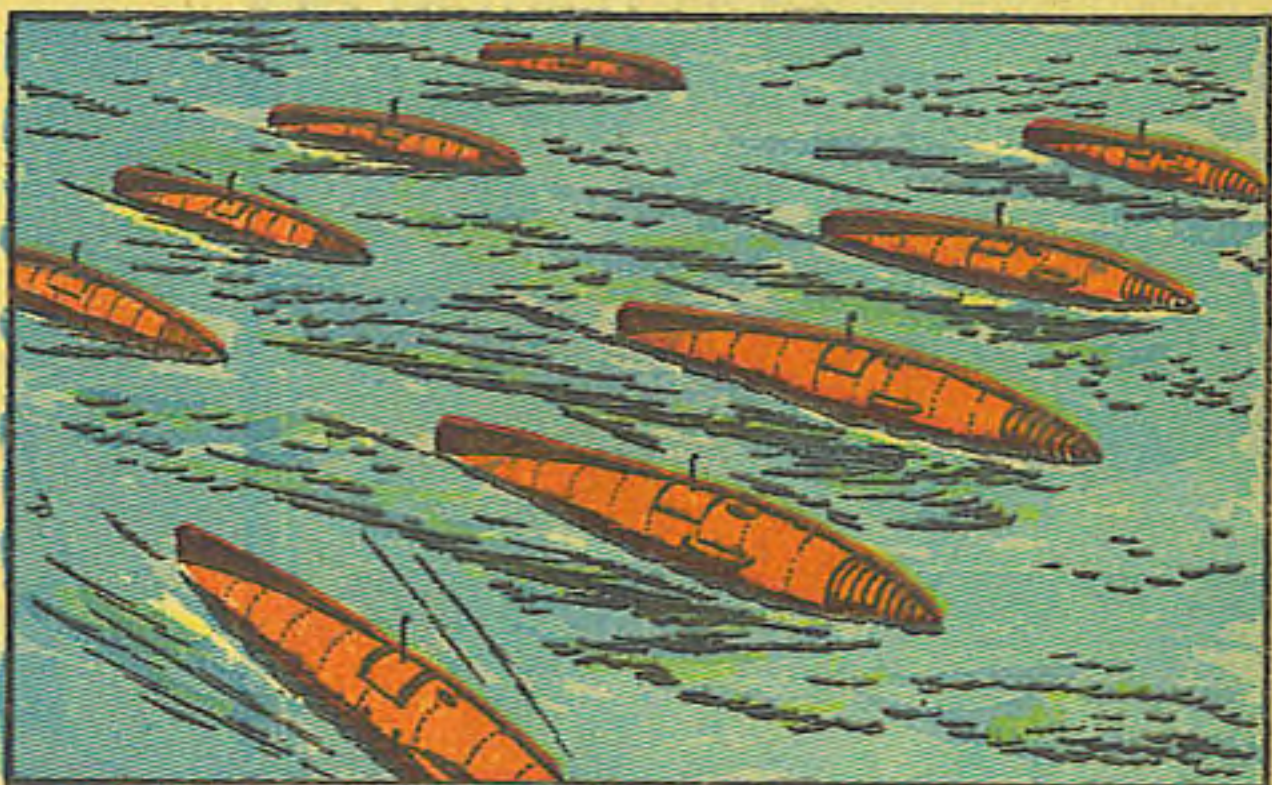


WE MUST ATTACK FIRST TO HEAD OFF AN INVASION

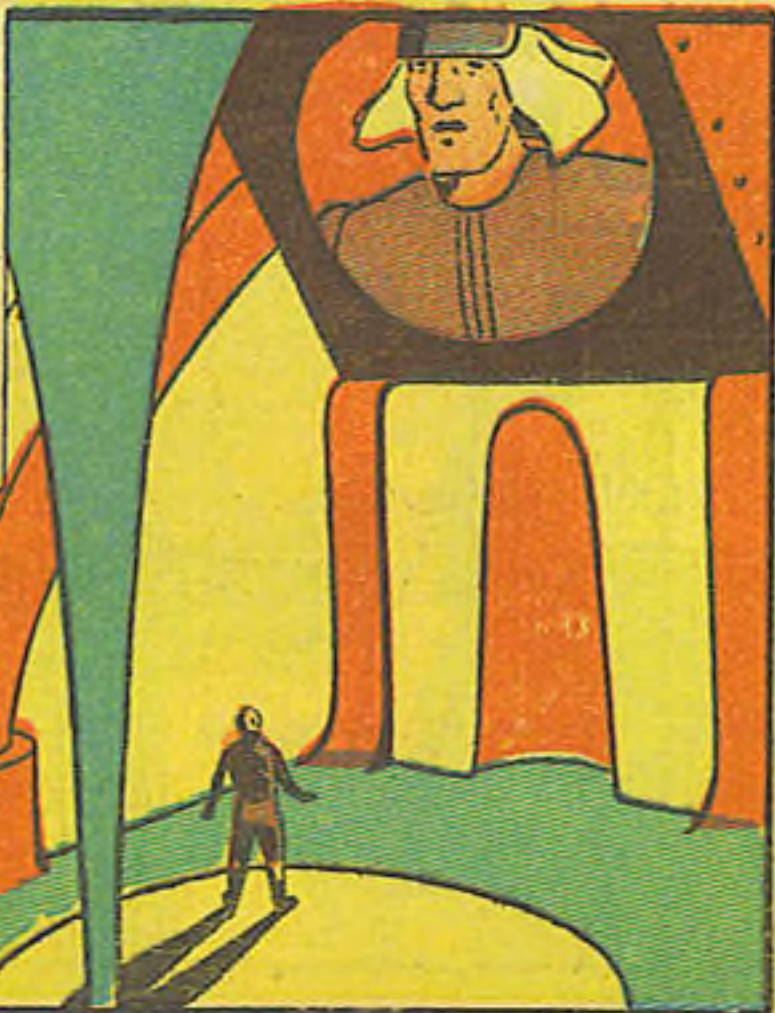
MEANWHILE, THE AMERICANS PLAN TO ATTACK ANTARTICA. . . .



ICE-BORING SUBMARINES PROCEED AT ONCE TO ANTARTICA !!



BUT WORD COMES TO THE BOARD THAT THE SUBMARINES HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



I SUGGEST WE SEND FOR SABER. HE WILL CLEAR UP THIS MYSTERY.





SABER RETURNS...



I SHALL GO TO WORK ON THE CAPTURED SPIES



HERE THEY ARE, SIR.



WE KNOW NOTHING OF THE MISSING SUBMARINES.



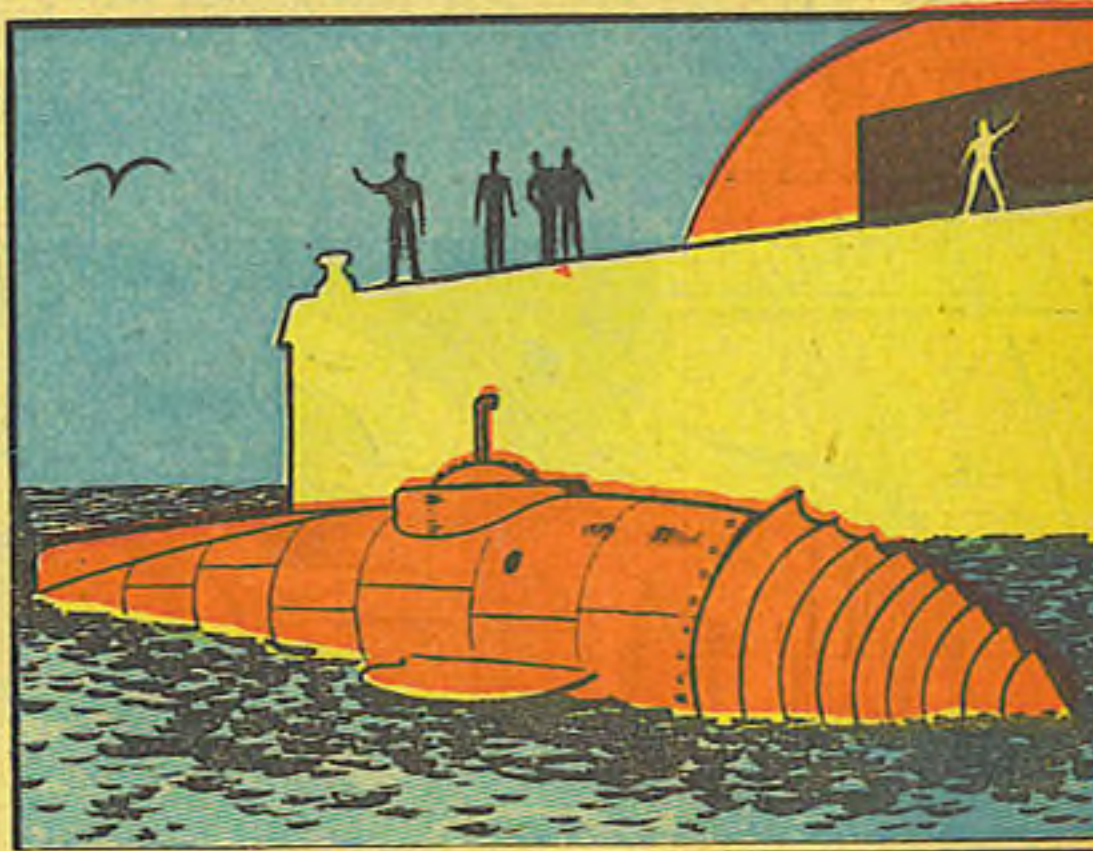
THEIR MINDS REVEALED THAT THE ANTARTICANS POSSESS AN ICE BEAM THAT HAS PARALYZED BOTH OUR SHIPS AND OUR CREWS. THEY LIE IMPRISONED IN THE ICE....

SABER AGAIN BEFORE THE BOARD.



... ONLY OUR ELECTO-HEAT RAY GUN CAN RELEASE THE SHIPS.

YOU SHALL HAVE IT!



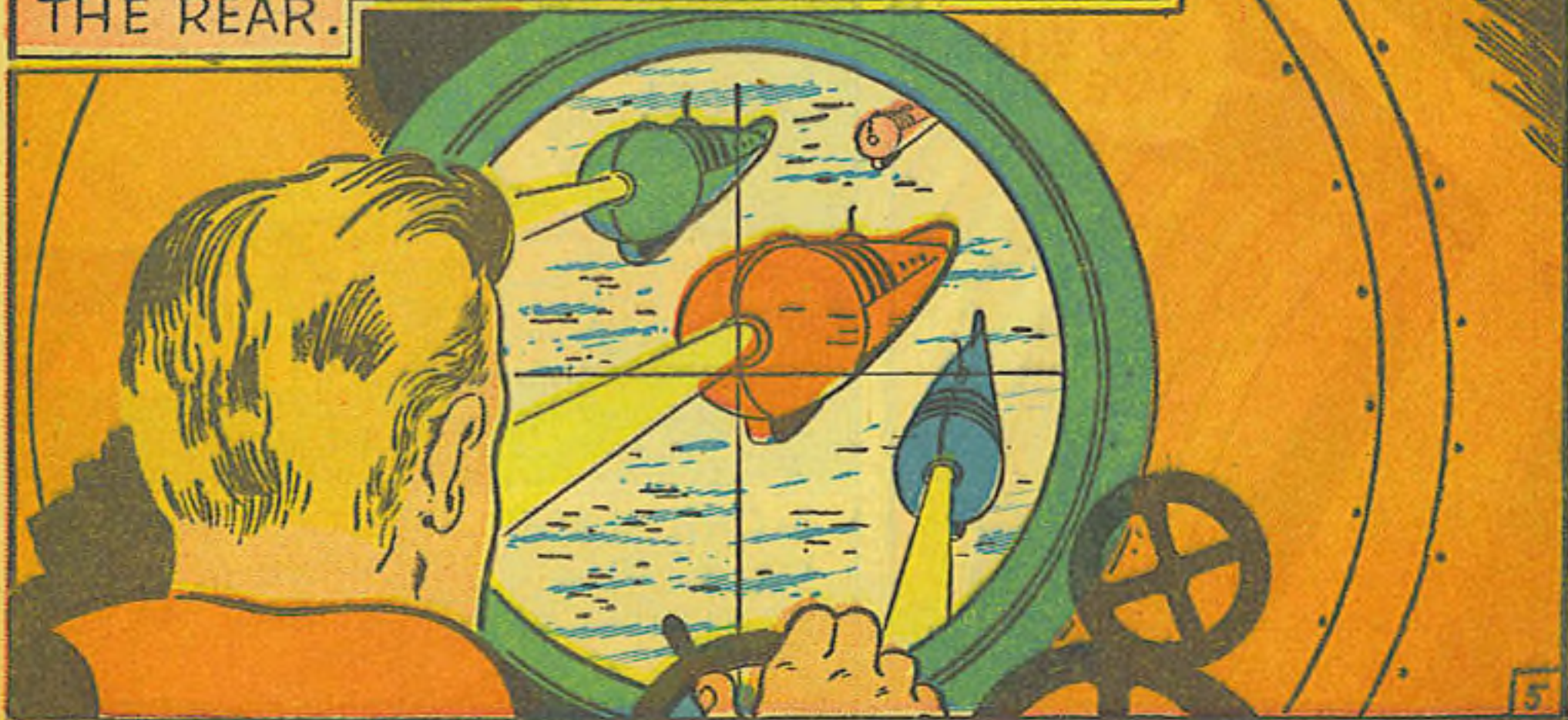
ALONE, SABER SETS OUT IN AN ICE-BORING SUBMARINE ARMED WITH THE ELECTO-HEAT RAY GUN....



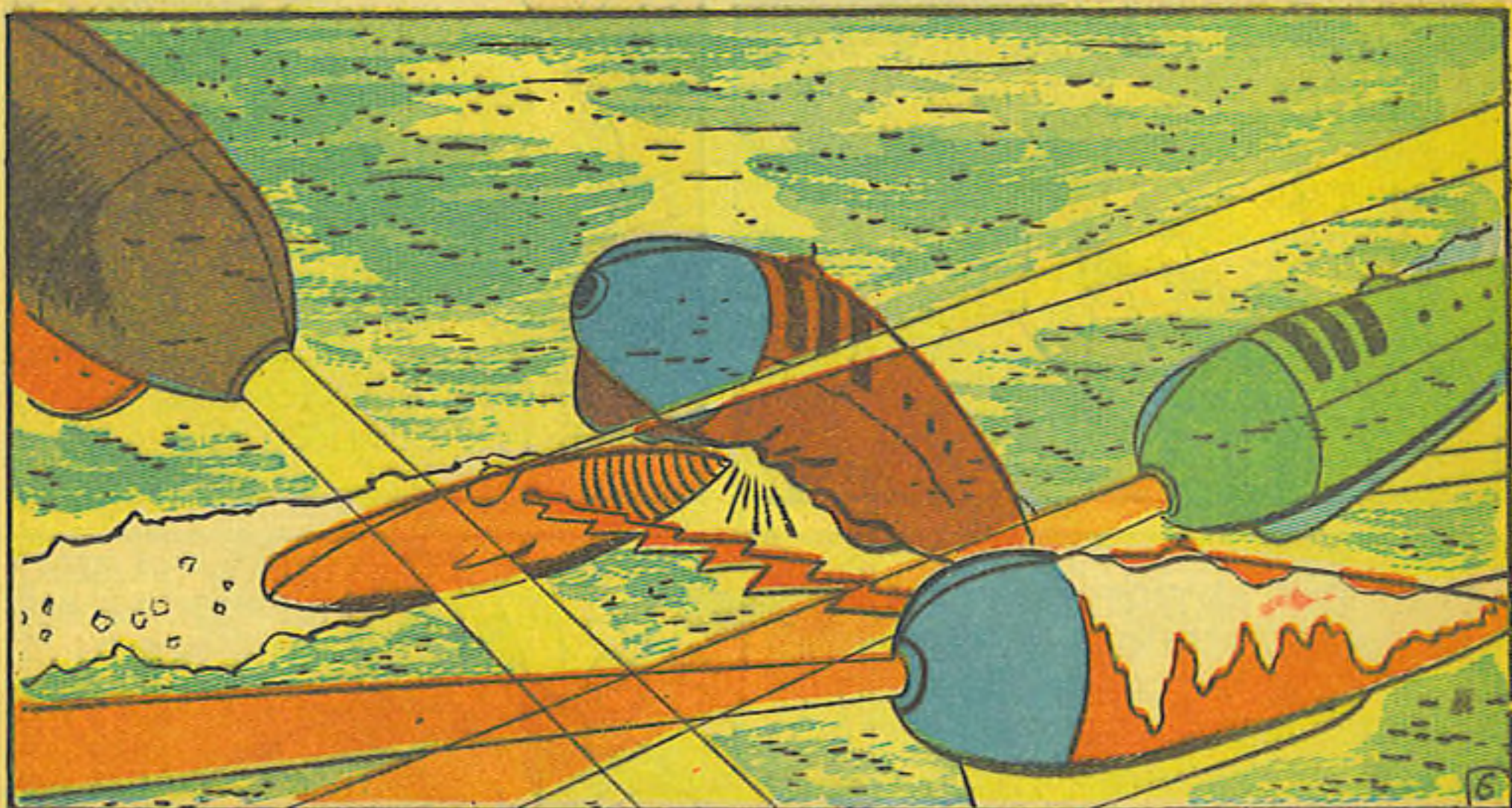
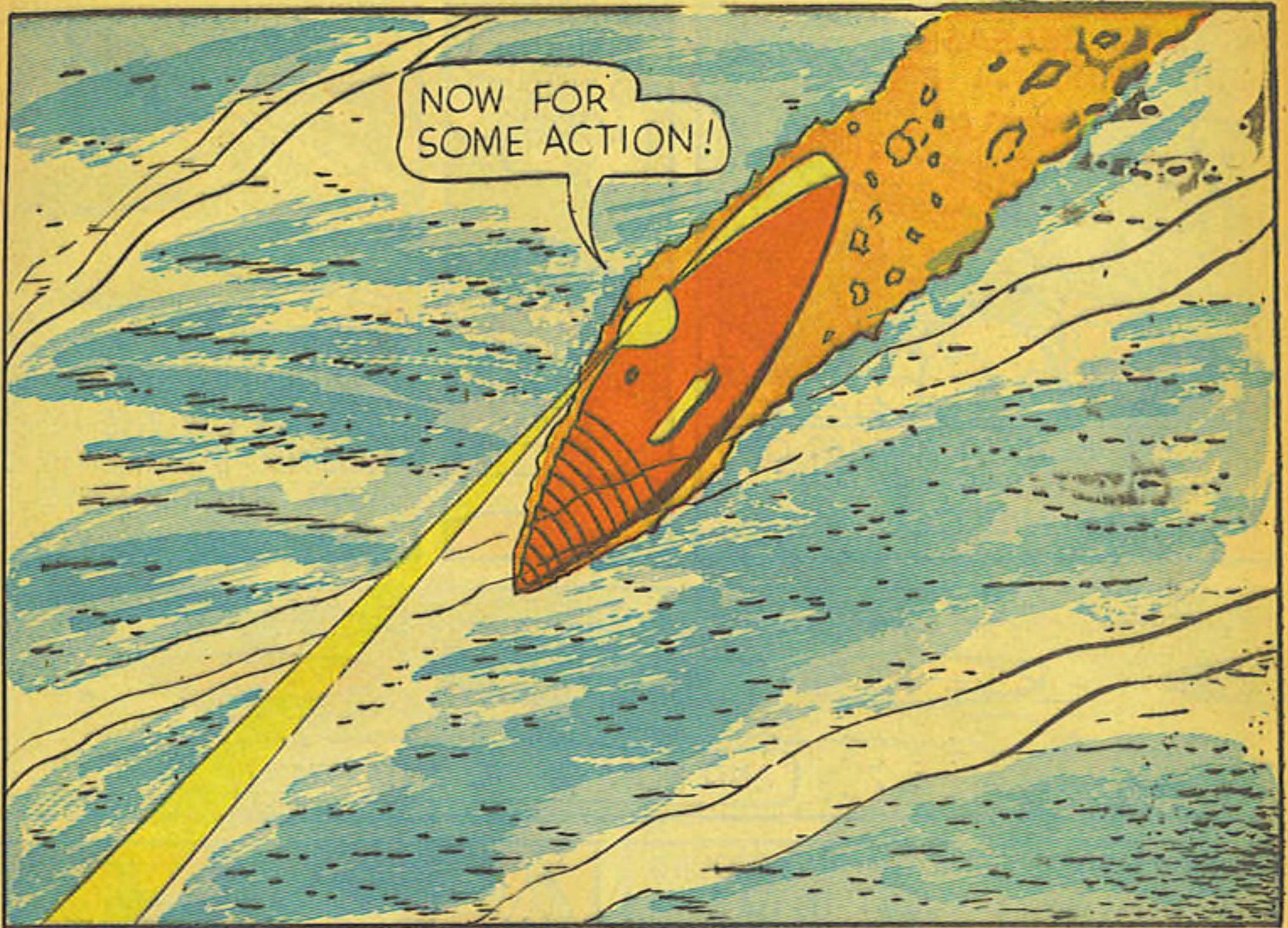
NOTHING BUT  
ICE AHEAD...

BUT THERE  
SUDDENLY  
APPEARS  
IN SABER'S  
TELEPERISCOPE  
A FLEET OF  
AMERICAN  
SUBMARINES  
HELD FAST  
IN THE ICE

SWINGING THE TELEPERISCOPE  
AROUND, HE SEES A FLEET OF  
ANTARTICAN ICE-BEAM SUBMARINES  
BEARING DOWN UPON HIM FROM  
THE REAR.







THE ANTARTICAN ICE-BEAM PROVES USELESS AGAINST SABER'S ELECTO-HEAT RAY GUN, AND ONE BY ONE HE RAMS THEM WITH HIS ICE-BORING DRILL.



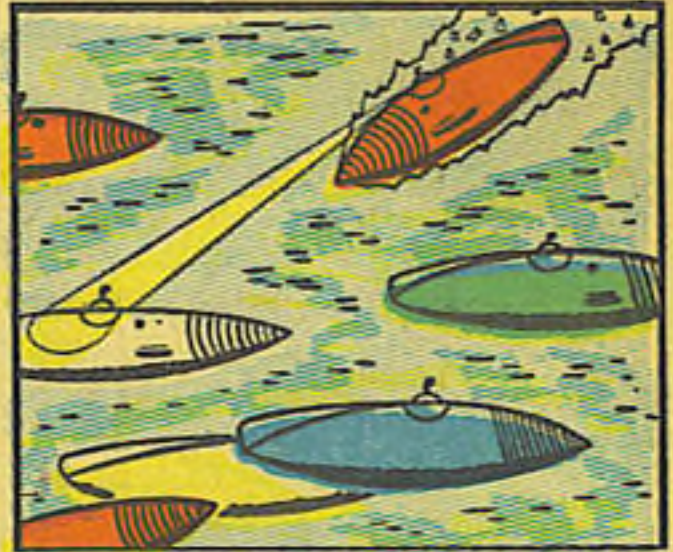


NOW TO RELEASE OUR SHIPS...

LEAVING BEHIND A MASS OF CRIPPLED SHIPS, SABER RESUMES HIS COURSE.



THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!

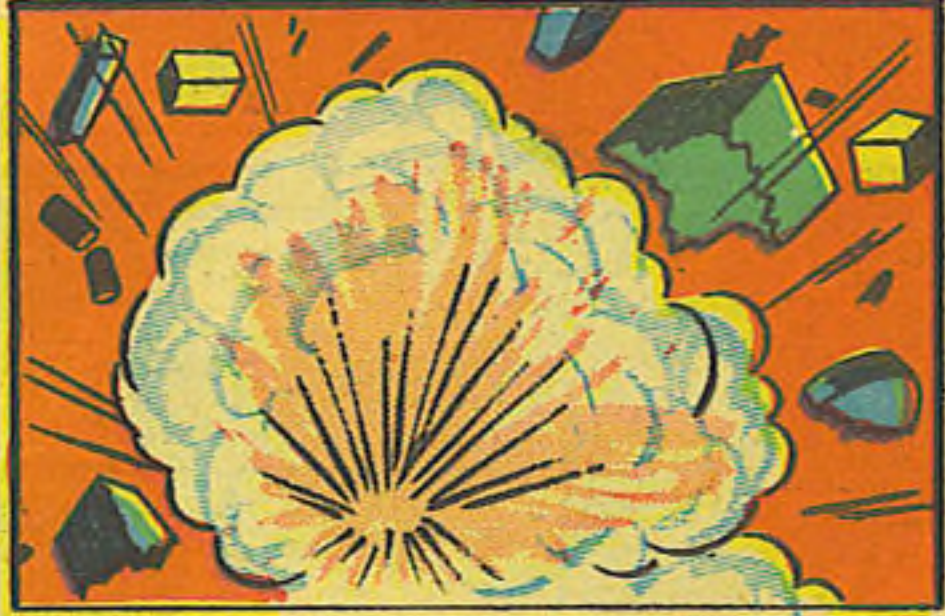
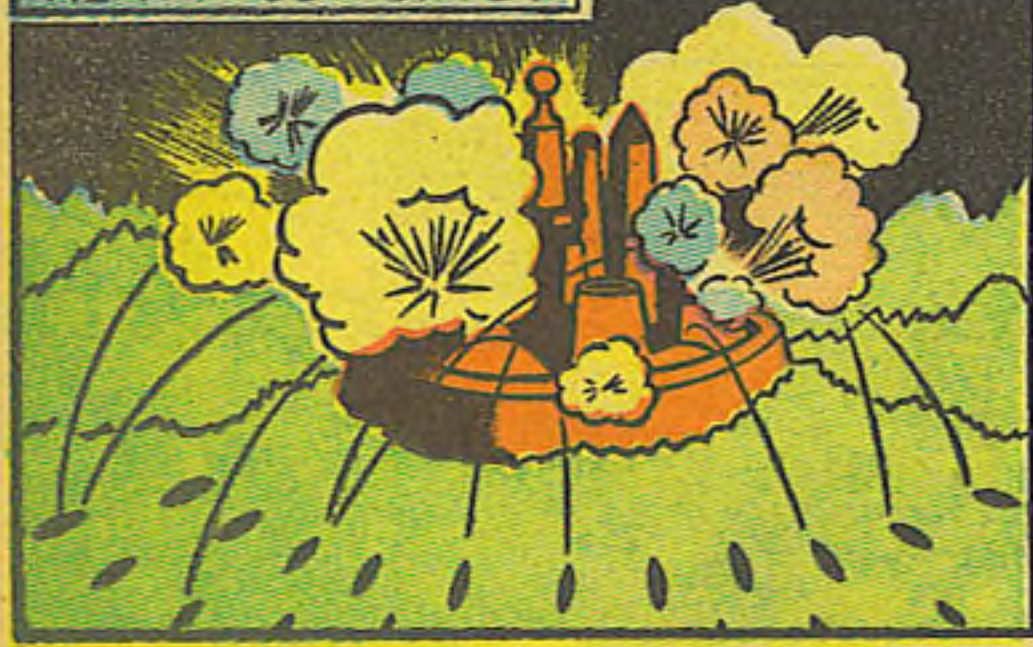


PLAYING THE ELECTO-HEAT RAY ON THE IMPRISONED SUBMARINES, SABER QUICKLY SETS THEM FREE.



AND NOW ON TO ANTARTICA!

THEY EMERGE BENEATH AND AROUND THE CITY AND SUBJECT IT TO A HEAVY BOMBING.



MUNITIONS PLANTS AND AIR BASES ARE DESTROYED.

THUS THE ANTARTICAN PLANS TO INVADE AMERICA ARE COMPLETELY FOILED, AND SABER RETURNS, HAVING ONCE AGAIN SAVED THE COUNTRY FROM ATTACK.



HURRAH FOR SABER, THE MIGHTIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!

FOLLOW SABER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.



# KAYO KIRBY

BY  
CHUCK  
WALKER



A GANG OF CROOKED MANAGERS IS ANXIOUS TO GET THE TITLE AWAY FROM KIRBY-AND QUICKLY.

SURE, I CAN KNOCK THAT GUY OUT EASY.

IF YOU DON'T-IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU-SO GET INTO SHAPE?



HE'S TRAININ' UP GOOD, BOSS-- I THINK WE GOT A CHANCE...



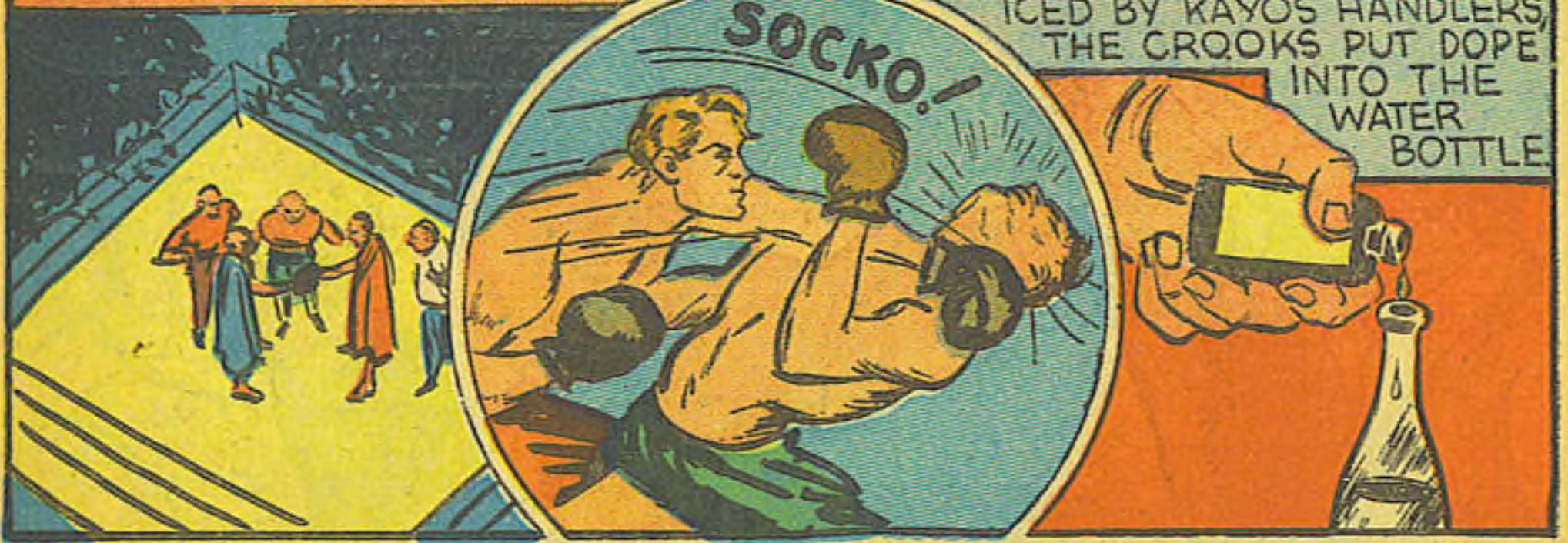


CHANCE? I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES ---- THIS FIGHT'S GOTTA BE A SURE THING?

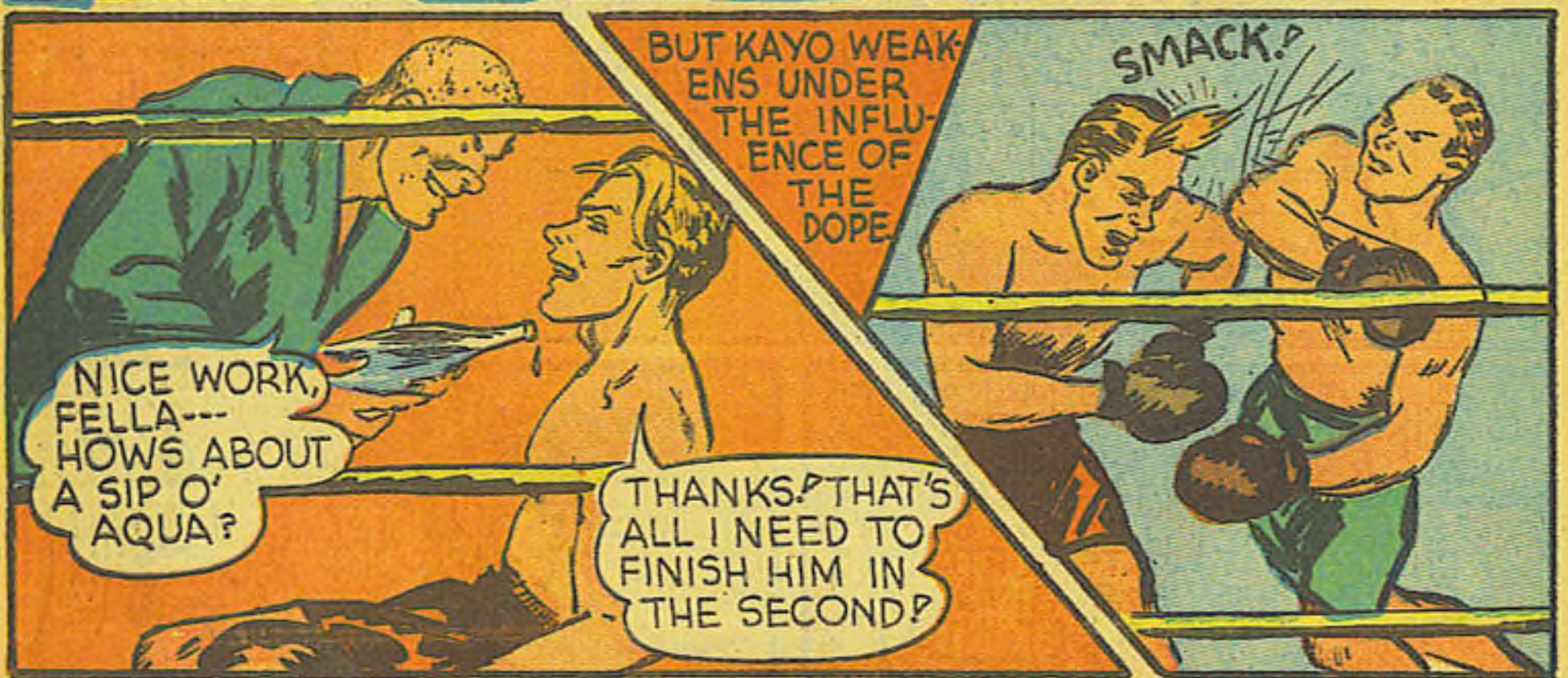
WE GOT WAYS, BOSS - JUST LEAVE IT TO US...

THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT-AND KAYO WAS IN PERFECT FORM.

THE FIRST ROUND GOES BADLY FOR KAYO'S OPPONENT----UNNOTICED BY KAYO'S HANDLERS, THE CROOKS PUT DOPE INTO THE WATER BOTTLE



SOCKO!

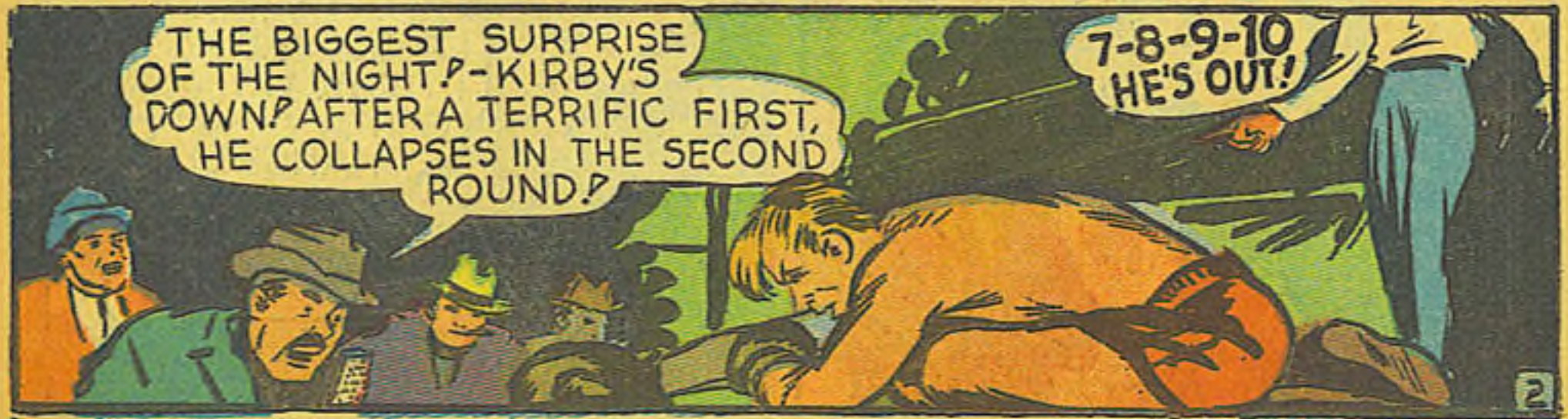


BUT KAYO WEAKENS UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE DOPE

SMACK!

NICE WORK, FELLA--- HOWS ABOUT A SIP O' AQUA?

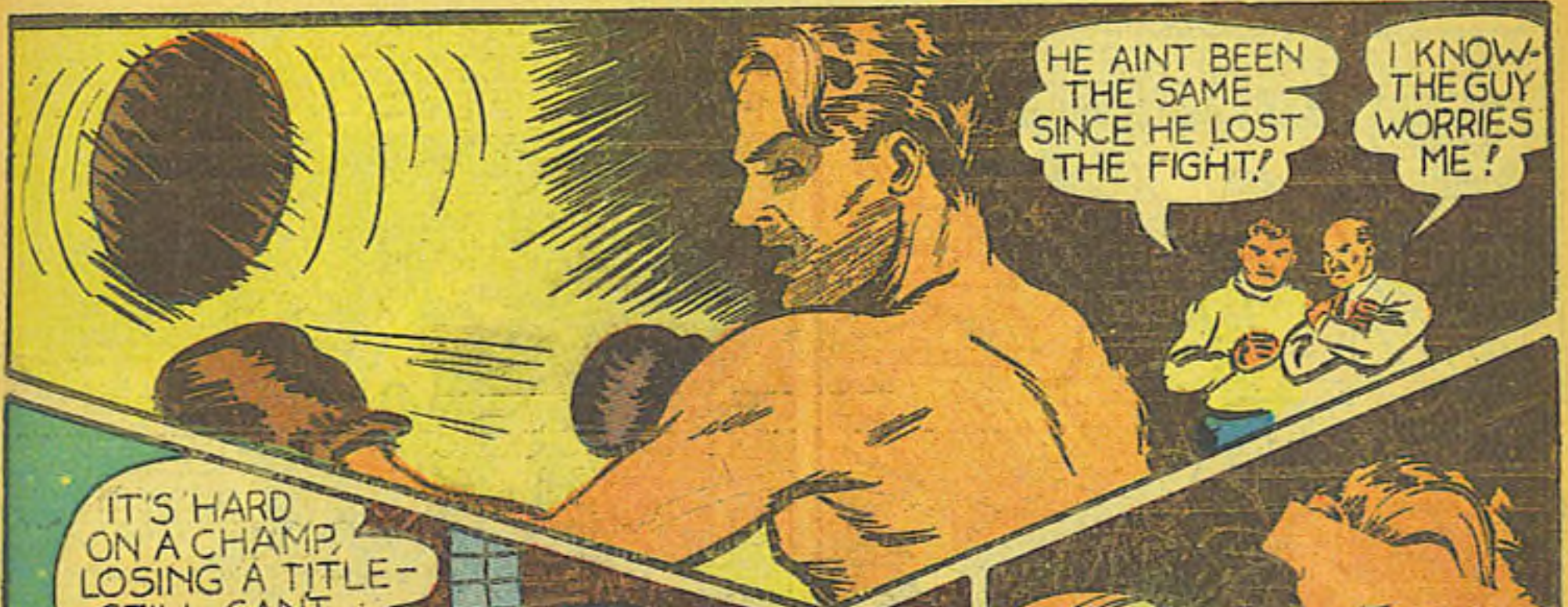
THANKS! THAT'S ALL I NEED TO FINISH HIM IN THE SECOND!



THE BIGGEST SURPRISE OF THE NIGHT!-KIRBY'S DOWN! AFTER A TERRIFIC FIRST, HE COLLAPSES IN THE SECOND ROUND!

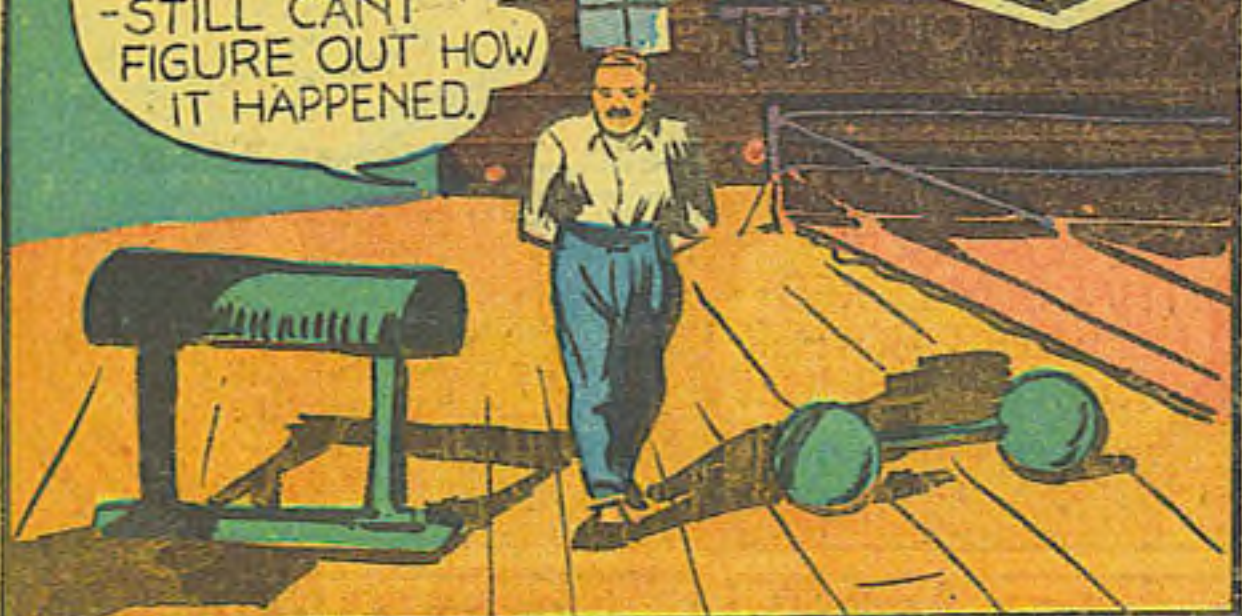
7-8-9-10 HE'S OUT!





HE AINT BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE LOST THE FIGHT!

I KNOW- THE GUY WORRIES ME!



IT'S HARD ON A CHAMP, LOSING A TITLE - STILL CANT FIGURE OUT HOW IT HAPPENED.



BUCK UP, SON, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG - YOU CAN COME BACK!

IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, THE CROOKS ENJOY THEIR ILL-WON VICTORY.



WE PUT IT OVER!

AND IT'S GOING TO STAY PUT - WE KEEP THAT TITLE AS LONG AS WE WANT IT!



MAY I SEE KAYO PLEASE?

SURE, MARY, I'LL GET HIM RIGHT NOW.

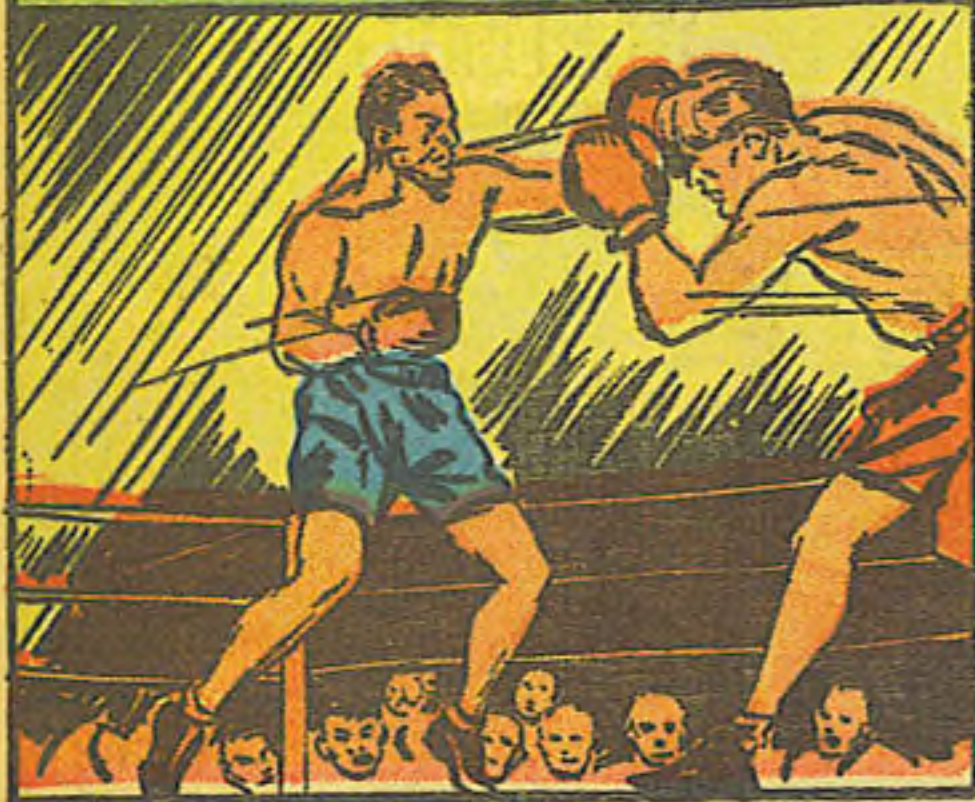


NO - I DON'T WANT TO SEE HER!

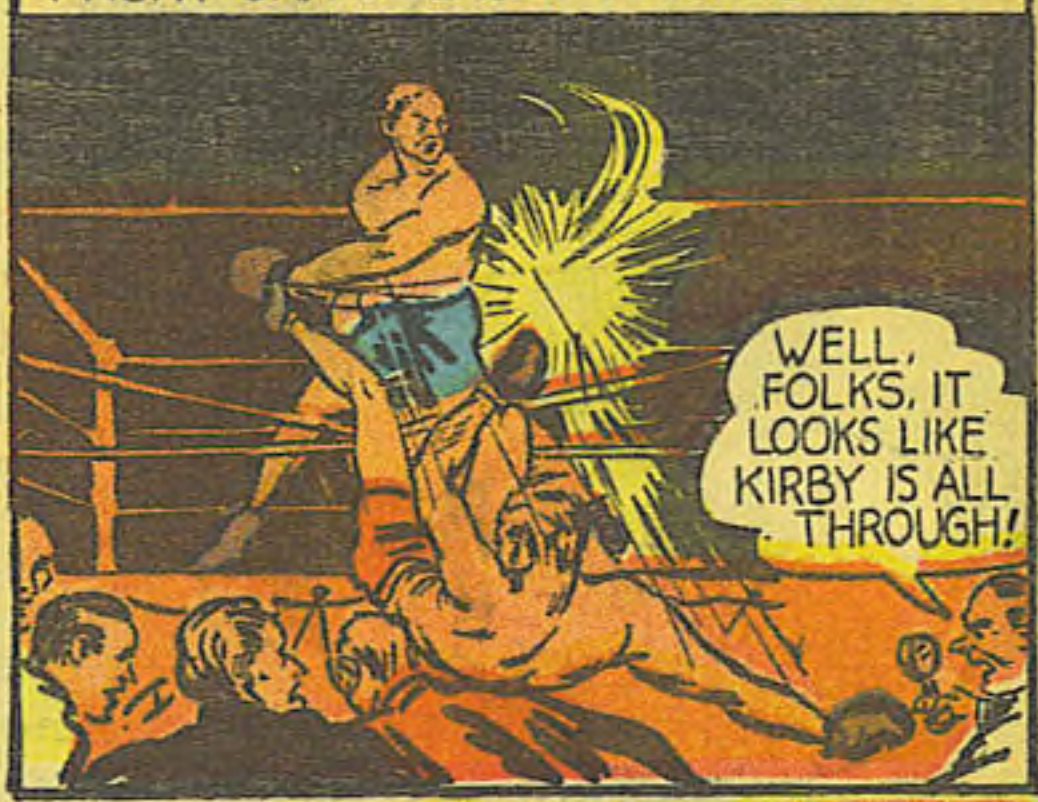
AW, KAYO, WHY DON'T YOU BE REASONABLE?



AFTER MONTHS OF HARD TRAINING, KAYO GETS A CHANCE TO REGAIN HIS TITLE...



BUT HE IS NOT HIMSELF AND THE PHONY CHAMP EASILY FINISHES HIM OFF.



AGAIN, THE GANGSTERS REJOICE OVER THEIR SUCCESS.



KIRBY BROODS OVER HIS DEFEAT.....



HE GOES BACK TO LAW, BUT CANNOT KEEP HIS MIND ON HIS STUDIES.

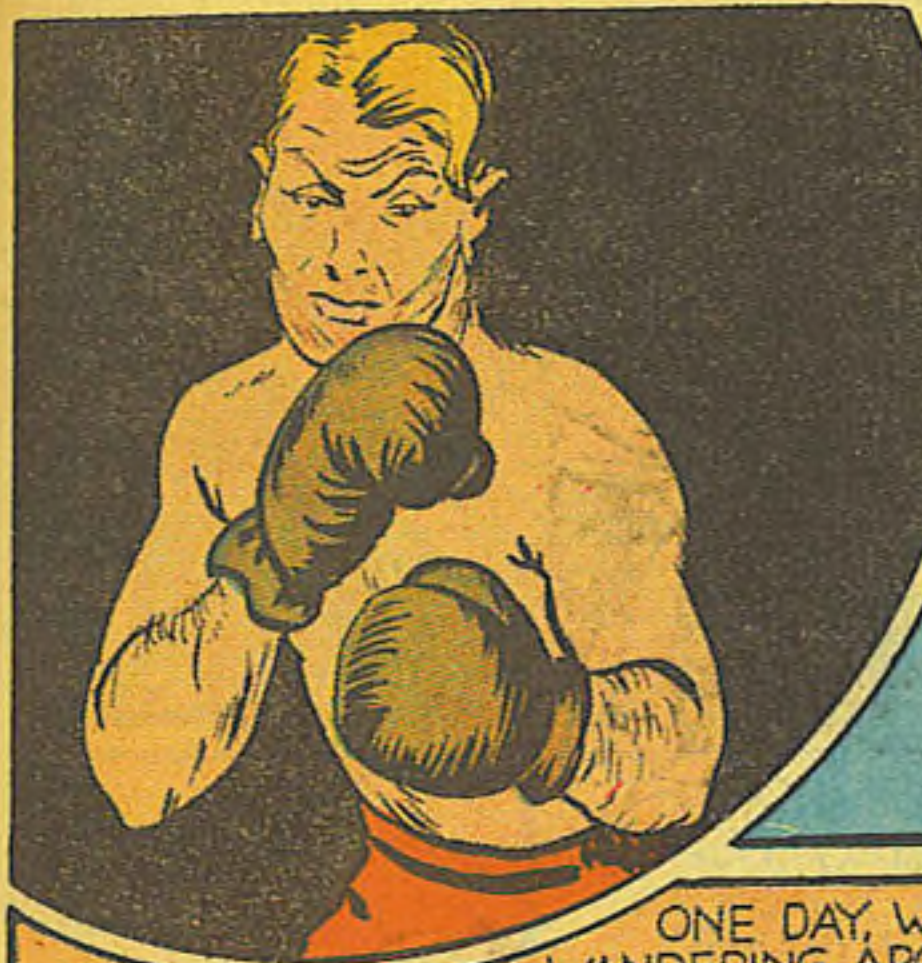


HIS PROFESSOR ADVISES HIM TO GET A GRIP ON HIMSELF..

DESPONDENT, HE WALKS THE STREETS.. HE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST ALL HOPE AND AMBITION.







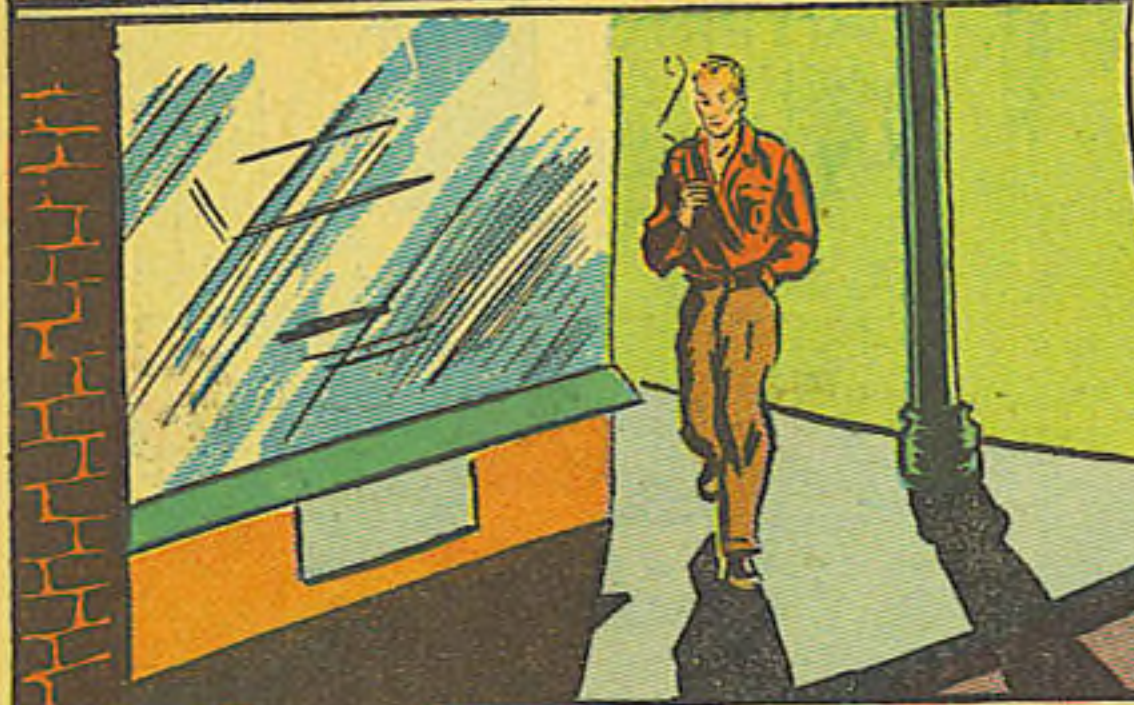
DESPERATELY, HE TRIES TO TRAIN, BUT HE IS MENTALLY TOO DEPRESSED...



WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF FOR AWHILE, KAYO-TAKE A LONG REST.

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

ONE DAY, WHILE WANDERING AROUND THE CITY, KAYO MEETS AN OLD FRIEND...



KAYO! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN TRYING TO ARRANGE A FIGHT FOR YOU..

ME?



THAT'S A LAUGH! WHO WOULD WANT TO FIGHT WITH "KAYOED" KIRBY?

YOU GOT THE WRONG SLANT, KIRBY?

YEAH! WHAT'S YOUR IDEA OF THE RIGHT SLANT, WILLY?

I KNOW YOU STILL HAVE PLENTY OF FIGHT IN YOU-IF YOU'D ONLY GIVE YOURSELF A FAIR CHANCE!





WHILE KIRBY AND HIS FRIEND ARE CHATTING, THEY ARE SUDDENLY SET UPON BY A BUNCH OF HOODLUMS.



LISTEN, HARD GUYS, YOU PICKED THE WRONG ONE TO PLAY WITH!



SCARED AND BADLY BEATEN BY KIRBY'S LIGHTNING BLOWS, THE GANGSTERS SCATTER QUICKLY....



WRONG, AM I? DYNAMITE KIRBY? YOUR WALLOP IS STILL PACKED WITH T.N.T.!



YOUNG FELLOW, I'M SIGNING YOU UP RIGHT AWAY..... YOU BETTER COME OUT OF THAT FOG PRONTO - YOU'RE MY FIGHTER NOW!



I DON'T KNOW, WILLY.





LISTEN, KAYO, WHAT I REALLY CAME TO TELL YOU WAS THAT MARY IS SICK—SHE NEEDS HELP—MONEY FOR A DOCTOR.

MARY SICK? WHY DIDN'T SHE TELL ME?

NEWS

YEAH, I KNOW. I WOULDN'T SEE HER. TAKE ME TO HER, QUICKLY?

DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD WAIT TILL YOU CAN PAY FOR ER--A DOCTOR?



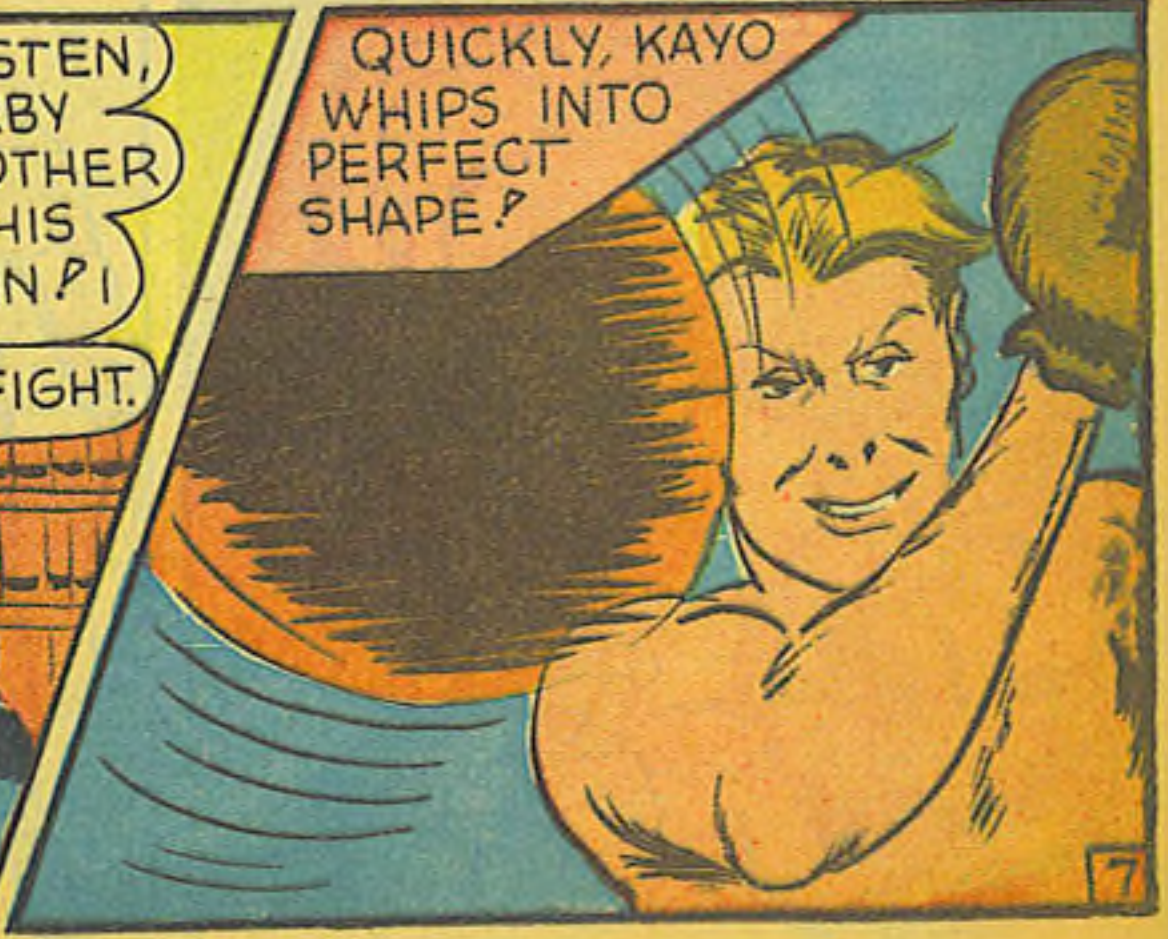
YOU'LL AGREE TO FIGHT NOW, WON'T YOU, BOY? COME ON OVER TO THE GYM.

YES, WILLY, I'LL FIGHT---- I'VE BEEN A FOOL-- I KNOW THAT NOW.



HELLO, MIKE? LISTEN, I'M BRINGIN' KIRBY BACK FOR ANOTHER COMEBACK--THIS TIME, HE'LL WIN! I WANT YOU TO ARRANGE THE FIGHT.

QUICKLY, KAYO WHIPS INTO PERFECT SHAPE?





THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT!



JEST A HAS-BEEN.

BOO!

HE CANT TAKE IT.

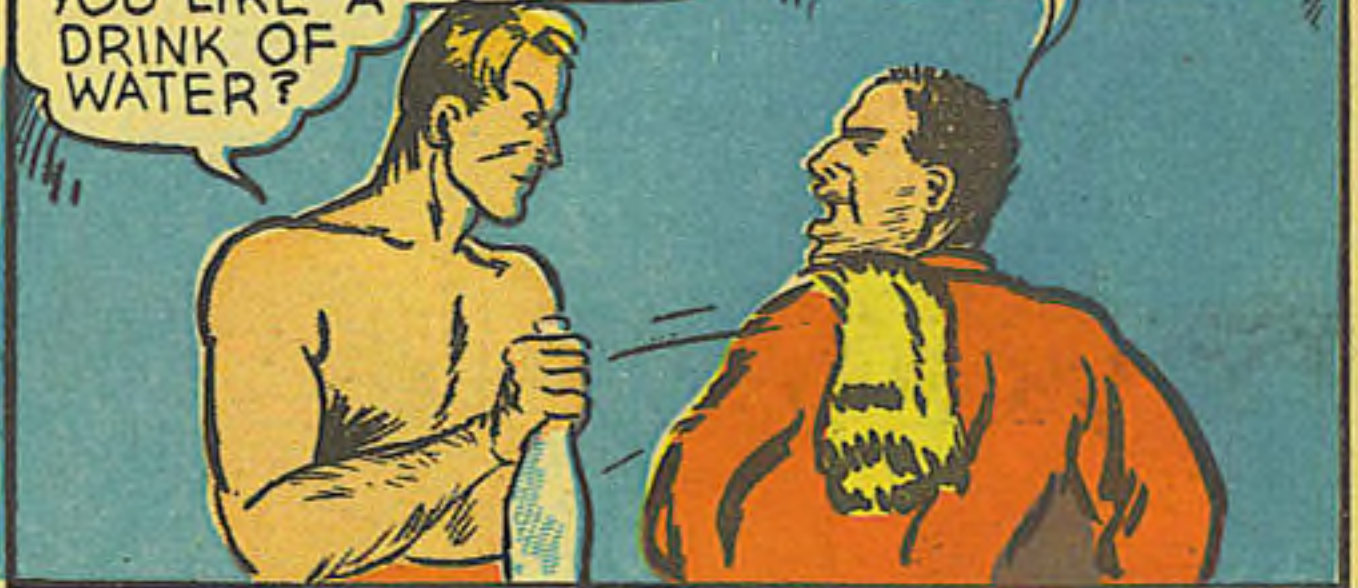


HEY, KAYO, TAKE A WHIFF OF YOUR WATER BOTTLE--I SAW SOME GUYS----



JUST A MINUTE--- YOU'RE THE CHAMP'S TRAINER, EH? WELL HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A DRINK OF WATER?

HEY, WHAT IS THIS, A TEA PARTY? GO ON BACK TO YOUR CORNER!



NO, SIR! NOT 'TILL YOU GET A GOOD GULLET FULL OF THIS DOPE!



AS KAYO SUSPECTED, HE DROPS TO THE CANVAS!!

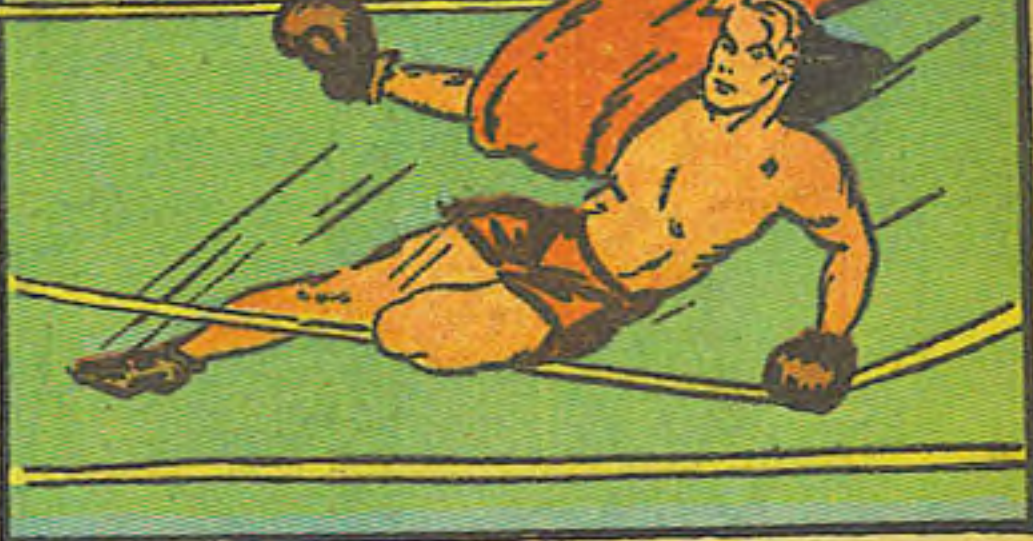




KAYO KIRBY RUSHES TOWARD HIS OPPONENT WITH TERRIFIC FORCE . . .

AND WITH ONE TERRIFIC BLOW, THE CHAMP IS KNOCKED FLAT...

KAYO LEAPS AFTER THE ESCAPING CROOKS.



LUCKY I'VE GOT MY RUNNING PANTS ON.



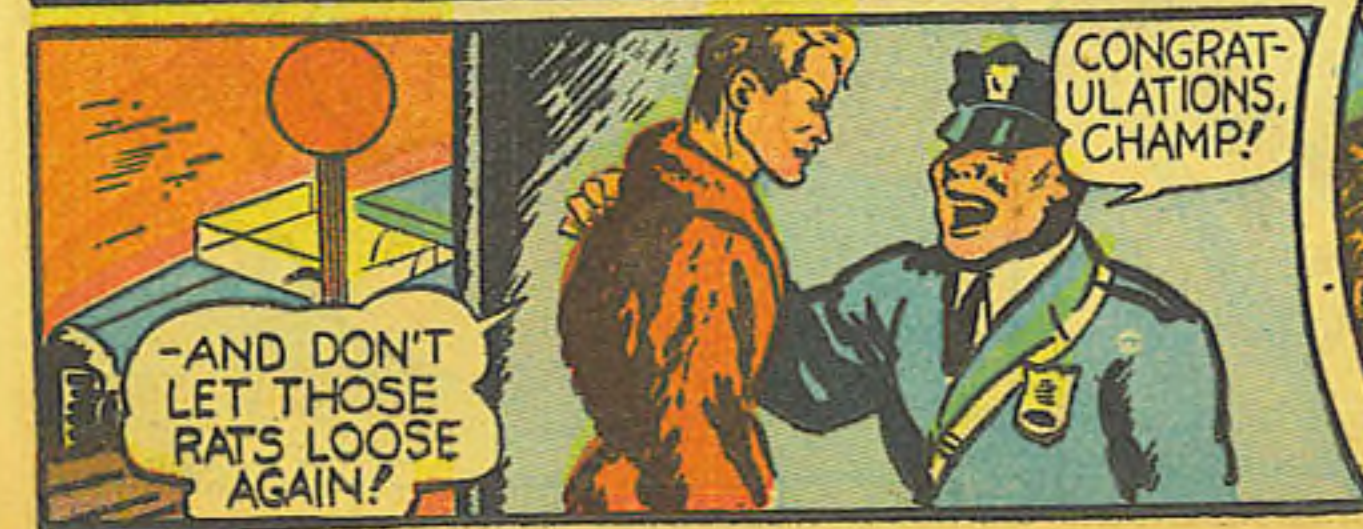
HE'S AFTER US!

LET'S HOP TO IT!



CLEANING UP THIS MOB WAS MORE FUN THAN WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP!

MARY! YOU'LL BE BETTER SOON, AND I'LL GO ON FIGHTING!



CONGRATULATIONS, CHAMP!

-AND DON'T LET THOSE RATS LOOSE AGAIN!





# KINKS MASON

1000 FATHOMS UNDER THE SEA

by STEVE BRODER



WHEN THE SUBMARINES FAIL TO RETURN, KINKS MASON VOLUNTEERS TO GO DOWN AND INVESTIGATE.





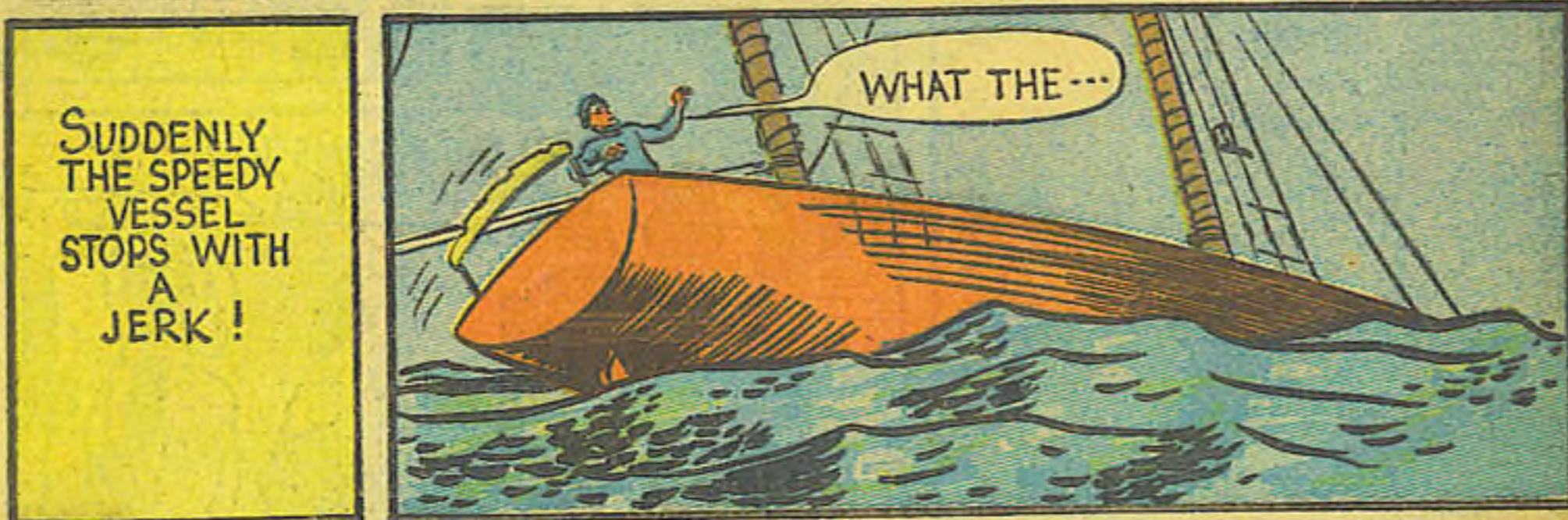
KINKS SAILS FOR THE GULF STREAM IN HIS KETCH; ALONE, BUT UNDAUNTED.



WELL, NOTHING STRANGE ABOUT THIS PLACE!



SUDDENLY THE SPEEDY VESSEL STOPS WITH A JERK!



HUGE, SLIMY SEAWEED, CLINGING TO THE BOAT LIKE CLAMMY GREEN FINGERS WAS PULLING IT UNDER THE SEA!



I HOPE I CAN GET MY NEW DIVING HELMET ON IN TIME!

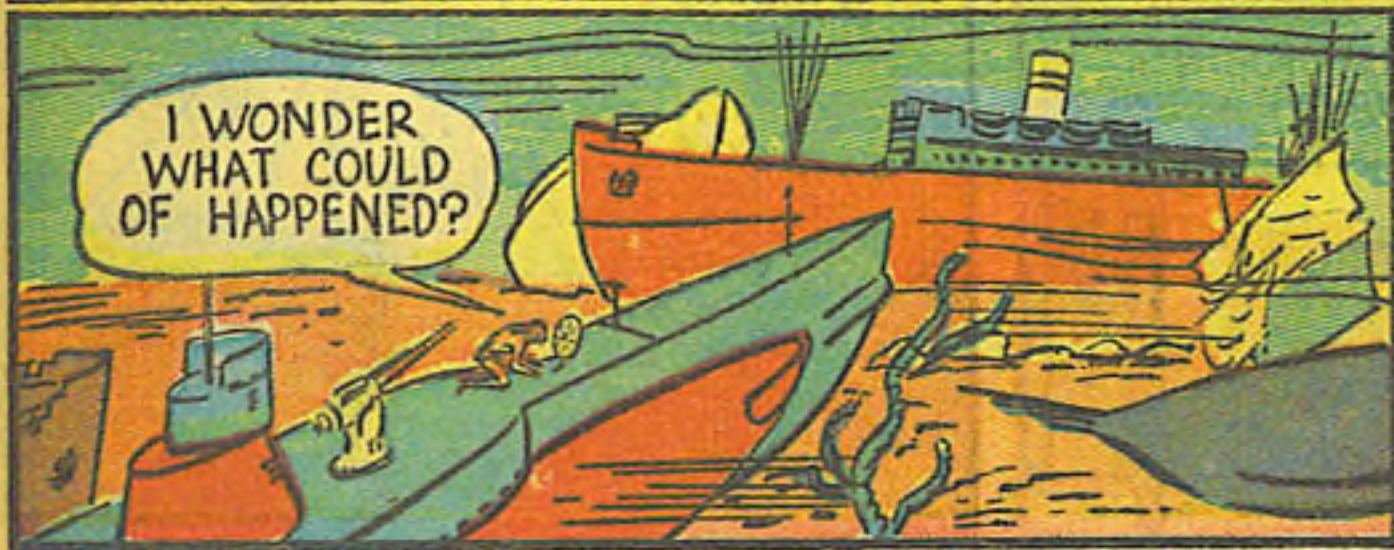


GEE, I CAN SEE THE LOST SHIPS DOWN THERE!





AFTER SEARCHING THE SHIPS FOR BODIES, KINKS IS AMAZED TO FIND NONE THERE!



MEANWHILE, STRANGE SEA-WEED LIKE CREATURES ATTACK HIM.



OUR CHLOROPHYLL MANUFACTURING PLANT. THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL CAPTURES AND MAGNIFIES THE RAYS OF THE SUN.. WE CONVERT THE VITAL ELEMENT INTO THE MAKING OF CHLOROPHYLL. THE CLINGING WEED WHICH PULLED YOUR SHIP UNDER THE SEA HAS BEEN VITALIZED BY IT!



THE CHLOROPHYLL IS OUR SOURCE OF LIFE. WITHOUT IT WE CANNOT LIVE. AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE ALSO USE IT IN TRANSFORMING AIR BREATHERS INTO WATER PLANTS, THUS, MAKING SLAVES OUT OF THEM.



THEN SOME OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE? WHERE ARE THEY?



HERE, IN OUR PRISON FOR AIR BREATHERS - THEY WILL BE KEPT TILL WE ARE READY TO TRANSFORM THEM. WHEN WE HAVE ENOUGH SLAVES, WE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO CONQUER THE UPPER WORLD! LOOK IN THERE IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU!



TRANSFORMED HUMANS!



SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE TRANSFORMER DOORS OPENS!

HELP! SAVE ME!



TAKE HER AWAY!





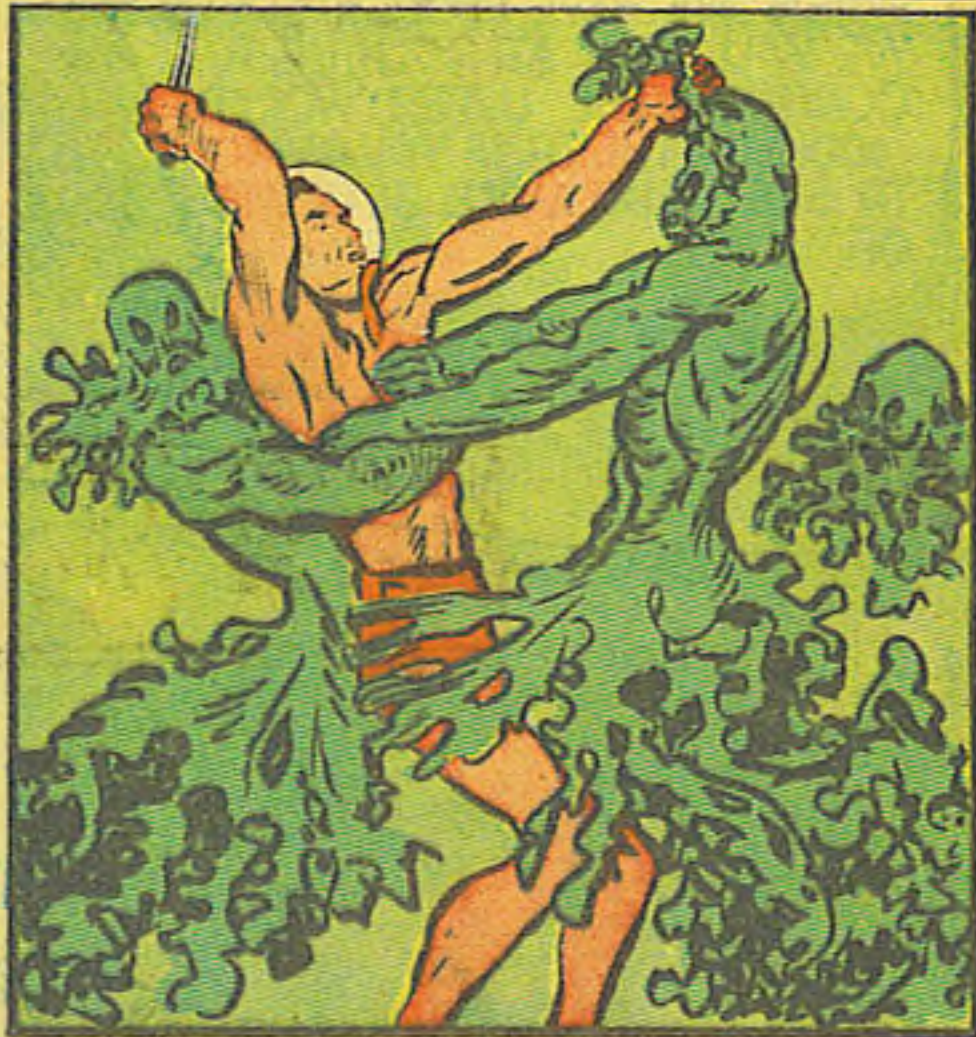
FLEXING HIS POWERFUL MUSCLES, KINKS SNAPS HIS BINDINGS!



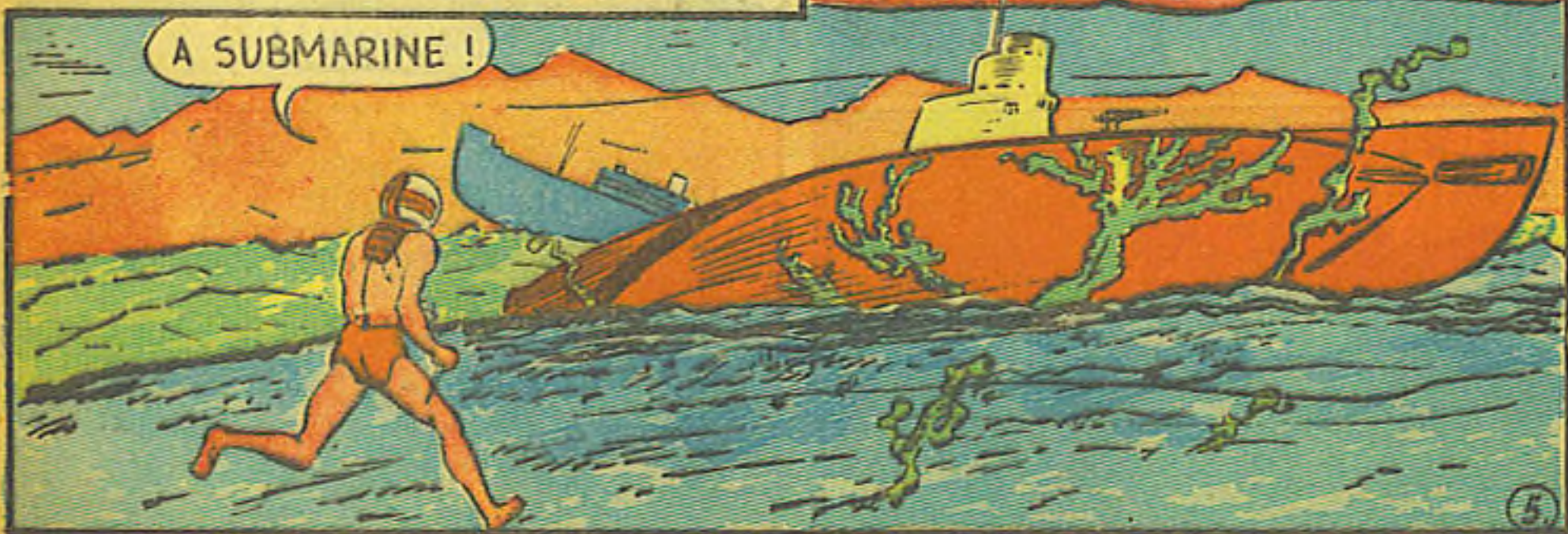
BUT KINKS FISTS HAVE LITTLE EFFECT ON THE WEED CREATURES.



THEY GET HIM DOWN AND ARE ABOUT TO TEAR HIS HELMET OFF, WHEN KINKS GROPING HANDS RESTS ON THE HILT OF HIS SHARP DIVING KNIFE!



KINKS FINALLY BREAKS AWAY FROM HIS ADVERSARIES!







FIRST, I'VE GOT TO CLEAR THIS SEAWEED AWAY, THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE HER GO



WOW! THEY'RE COMING!



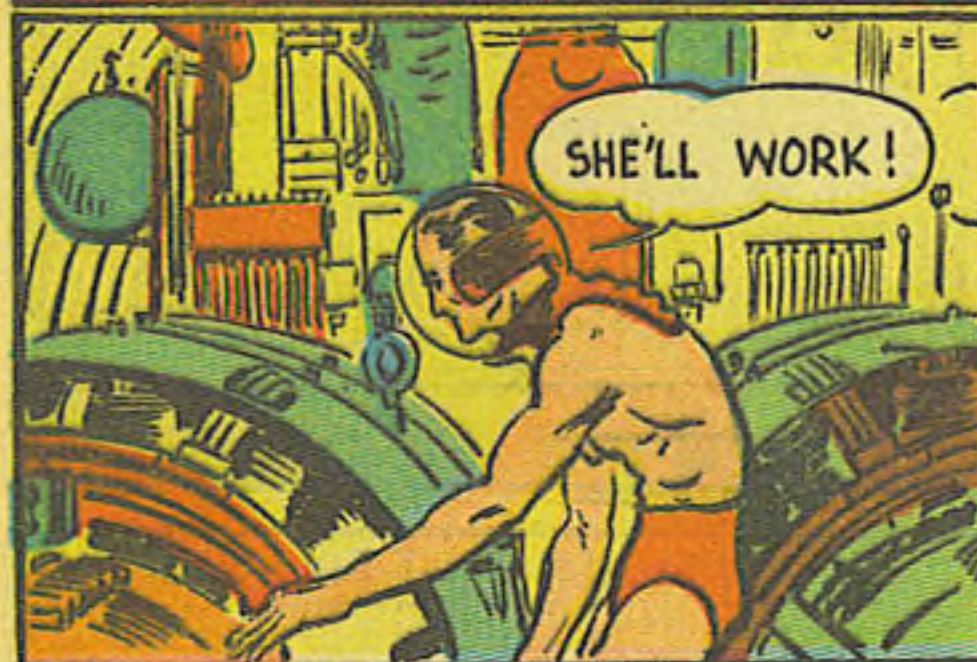
ONCE IN THE SUB, I'LL BE SAFE.



IF THE SUB IS DRY, I'LL SHOW 'EM.

KINKS FINDS THE SUB IN GOOD CONDITION..THE CREW, LEAVING THROUGH THE ESCAPE HATCH, HAD KEPT WATER FROM POURING IN.

A SCRAPING SOUND GALVANIZES KINKS INTO A DYNAMO OF ENERGY. FOR IT MEANS THAT THE POWERFUL CLINGING SEA-WEED WILL SOON IMPRISON THE SUB!



SHE'LL WORK!



ALL READY.. LETS GO!

WITH A LURCH, THE SUB SHAKES ITSELF OFF FROM THE BINDING SEA-WEED!



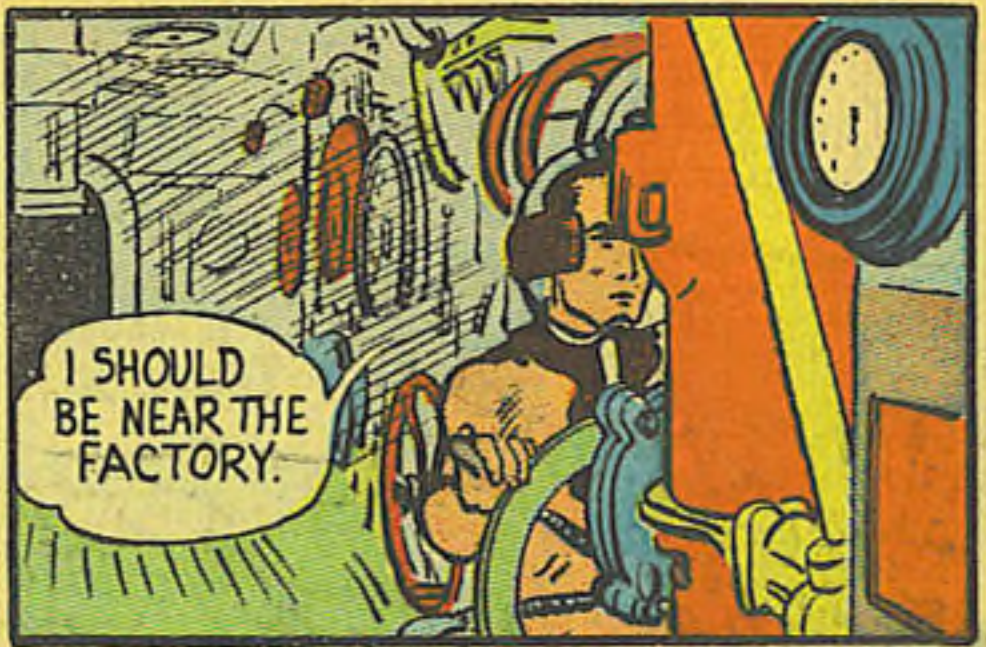
HURRAH! IT WORKS!



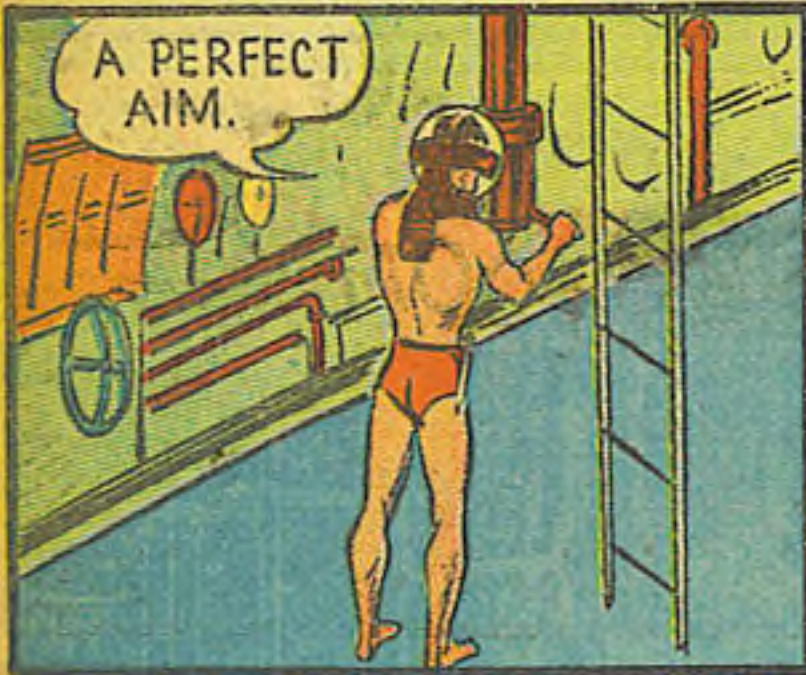
KINKS EASILY OUT-DISTANCES THE WEED CREATURES' ARMY.



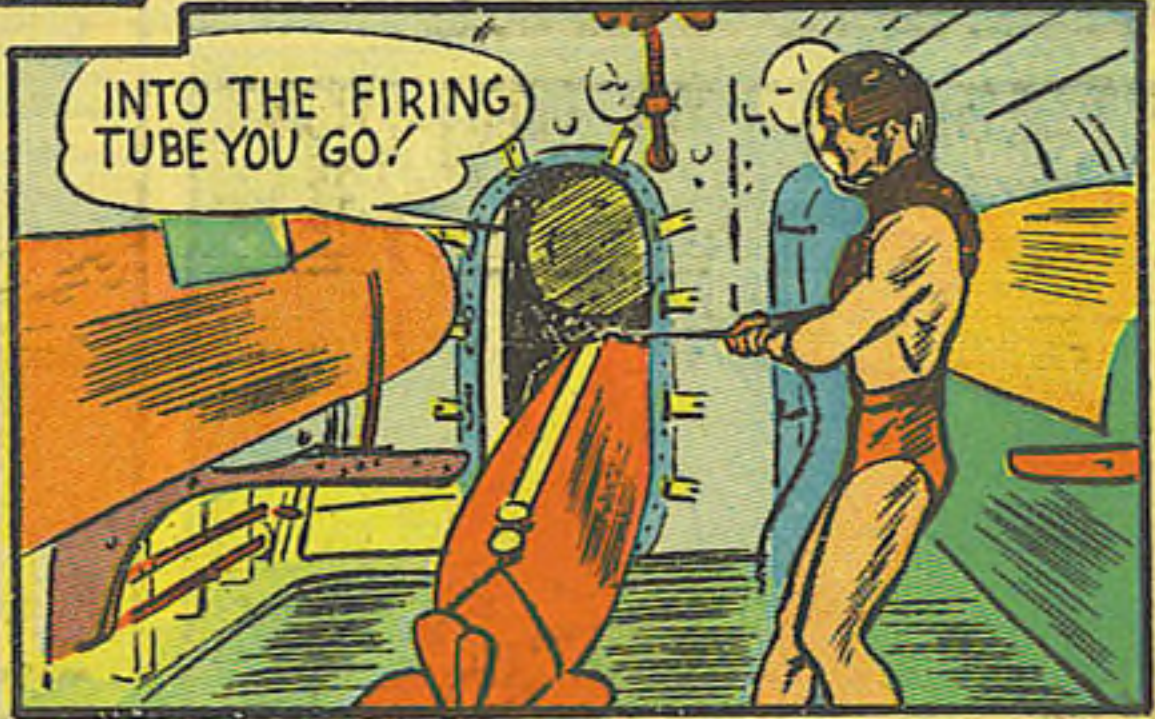
NOW BACK TO FREE THE HUMANS!



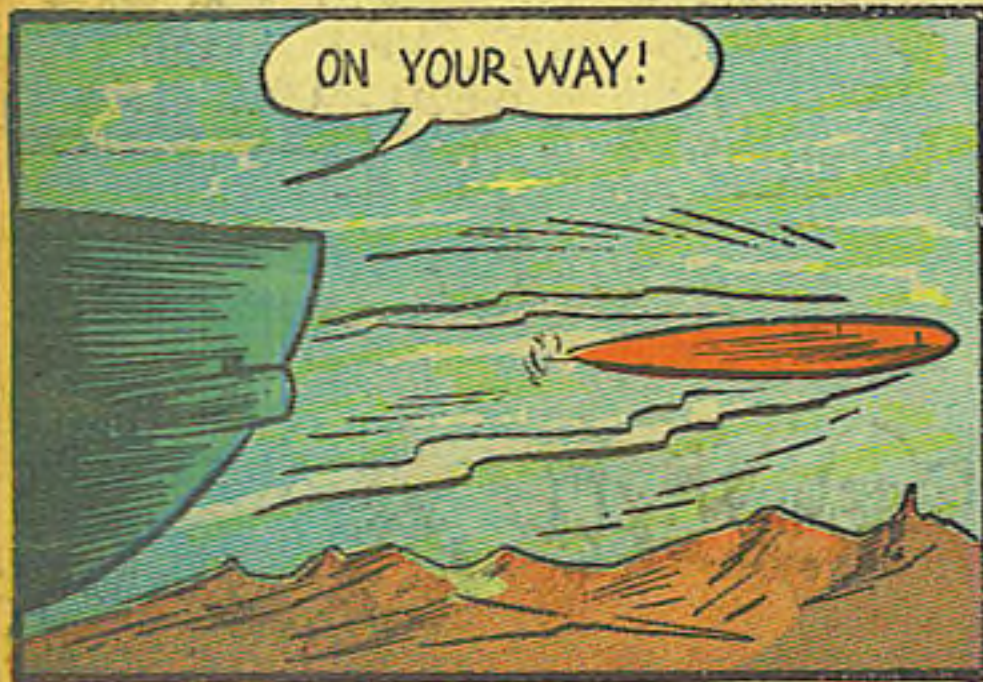
I SHOULD BE NEAR THE FACTORY.



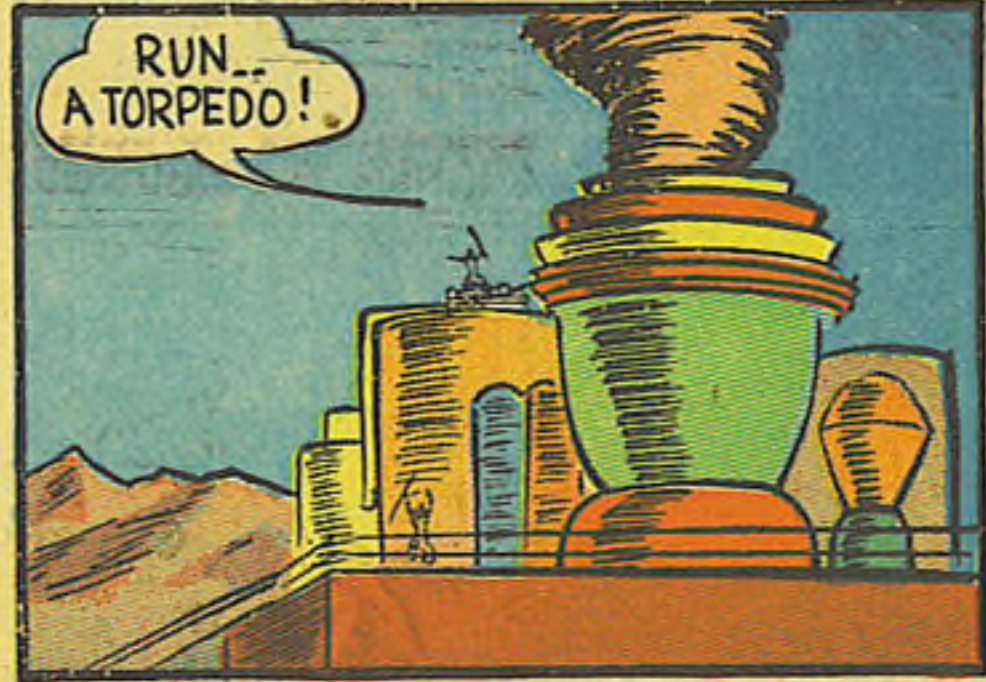
A PERFECT AIM.



INTO THE FIRING TUBE YOU GO!



ON YOUR WAY!



RUN... A TORPEDO!



BOOM!

IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWS, KINKS EASILY GETS INTO THE PRISON.



QUICK - TO THE SUBS - BEFORE THE WEED ARMY RETURNS.



THE RETURNING WEED ARMY RALLY AROUND THEIR QUEEN.

INJECT CHLOROPHYLL INTO THE BINDING WEED. WE HAVE TO STOP THOSE SUBS!



THE VITALIZED ENTANGLING WEED SOON GROWS SPEEDILY TOWARDS THE SUBS!



REALIZING THAT THE WEED CREATURES NEED A CONSTANT SUPPLY OF THE VITAL CHLOROPHYLL, KINKS RACES TO THE STORAGE TANKS.

A FEW STICKS OF DYNAMITE WILL FIX THAT!



ON THE WAY BACK KINKS IS AMBUSHED.

KILL HIM!



THEY ARE ABOUT TO KILL HIM WHEN THE LACK OF CHLOROPHYLL MAKES ITSELF FELT. THE WEED PEOPLE LOSE COLOR AND FALL DEAD!



THE HUMANS FREE THE SUBS FROM THE NOW DEAD ENTANGLING WEED.



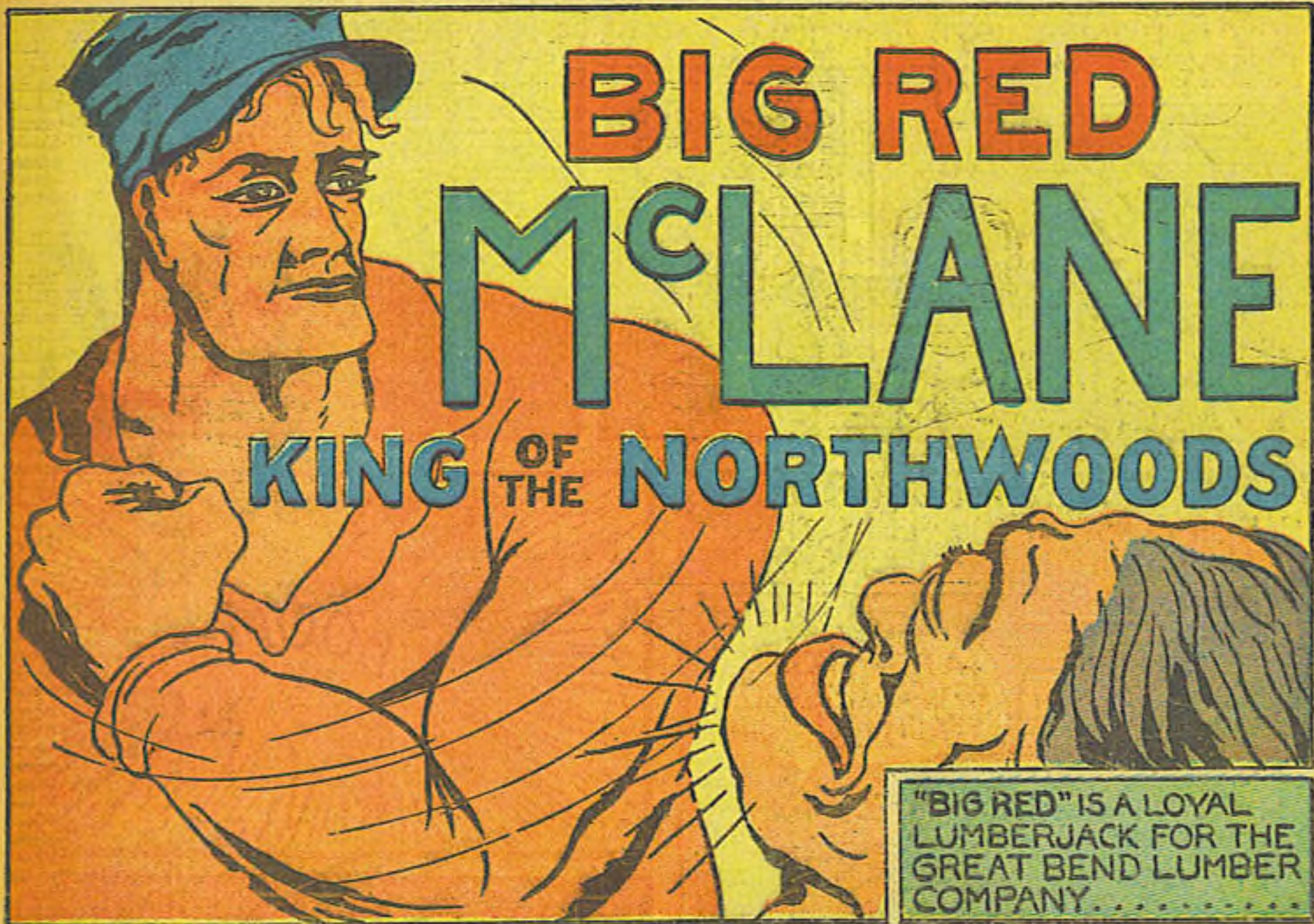
RETURNING HOME, KINKS AND THE SURVIVORS ARE ACCLAIMED.

FOR BRAVERY!



FOLLOW THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF KINKS MASON IN FIGHT COMICS



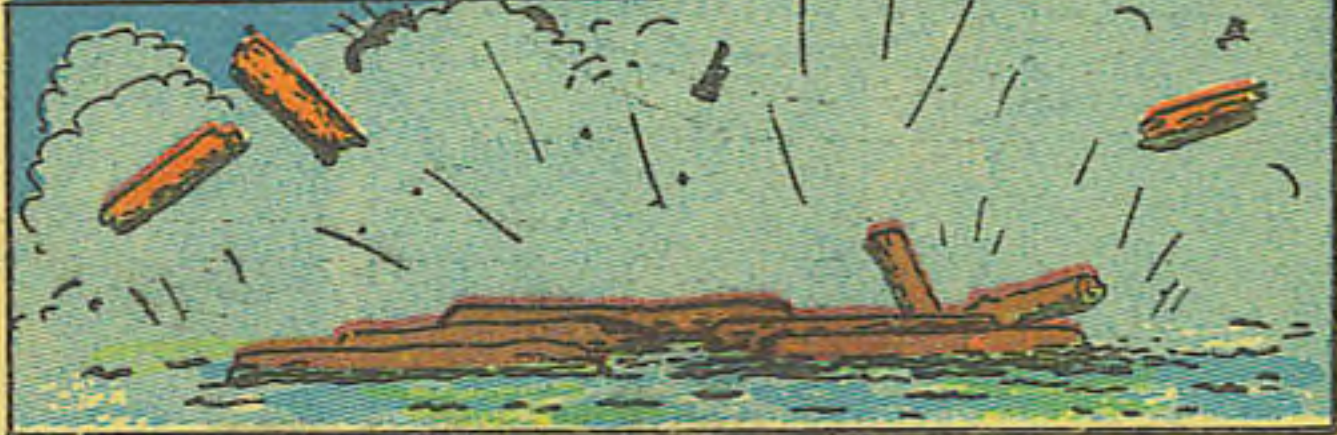


"BIG RED" IS A LOYAL LUMBERJACK FOR THE GREAT BEND LUMBER COMPANY.....

WHILE WORKING ON A LOG JAM, HE SEES MEN FROM A RIVAL CAMP SCURRYING INTO THE WOODS.....



A MINUTE LATER THE LOGS ARE DYNAMITED INTO THE AIR.....



SEVERAL MEN ARE INJURED AND "BIG RED" GOES INTO THE OFFICE TO SEE THE BOSS.....



LET ME GO OVER TO RED RIVER AND CLEAN UP





THAT'S NOT MY WAY OF DOING THINGS, "RED."

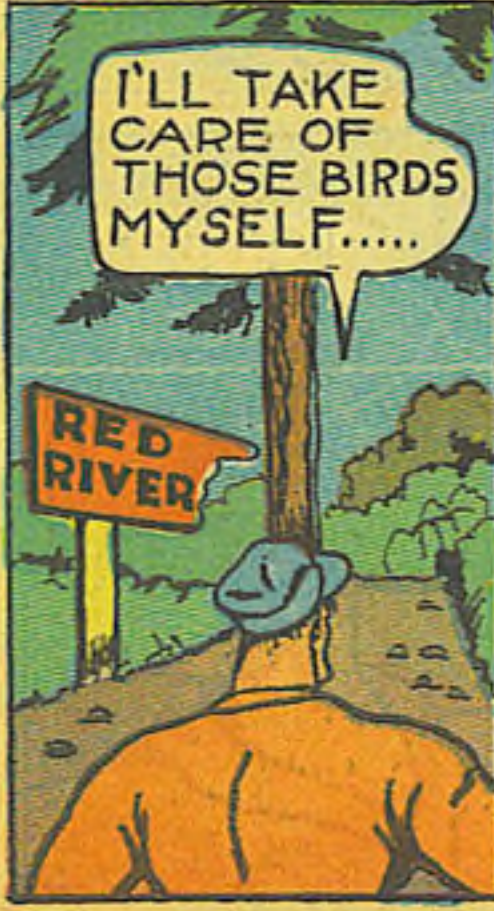
WHILE THEY ARE TALKING, MEN FROM THE RIVAL CAMP START A FOREST FIRE ON GREAT BEND...



THE ENTIRE GREAT BEND CAMP WORK HARD FIGHTING THE FLAMES.....



MAKE THOSE TRENCHES 20 FEET WIDE....



I'LL TAKE CARE OF THOSE BIRDS MYSELF.....

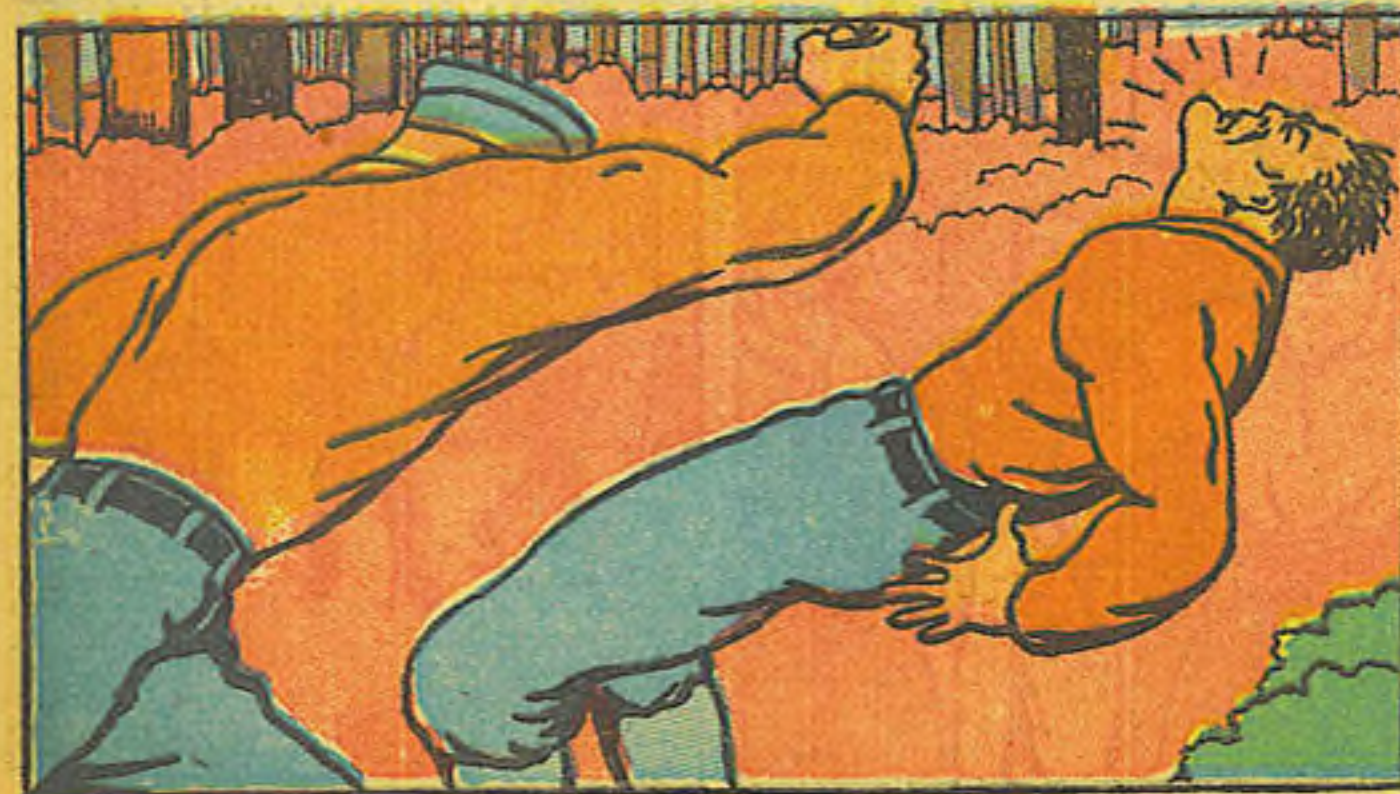


I RECOGNIZE YOUR FACES!!



LET'S GANG UP ON HIM!







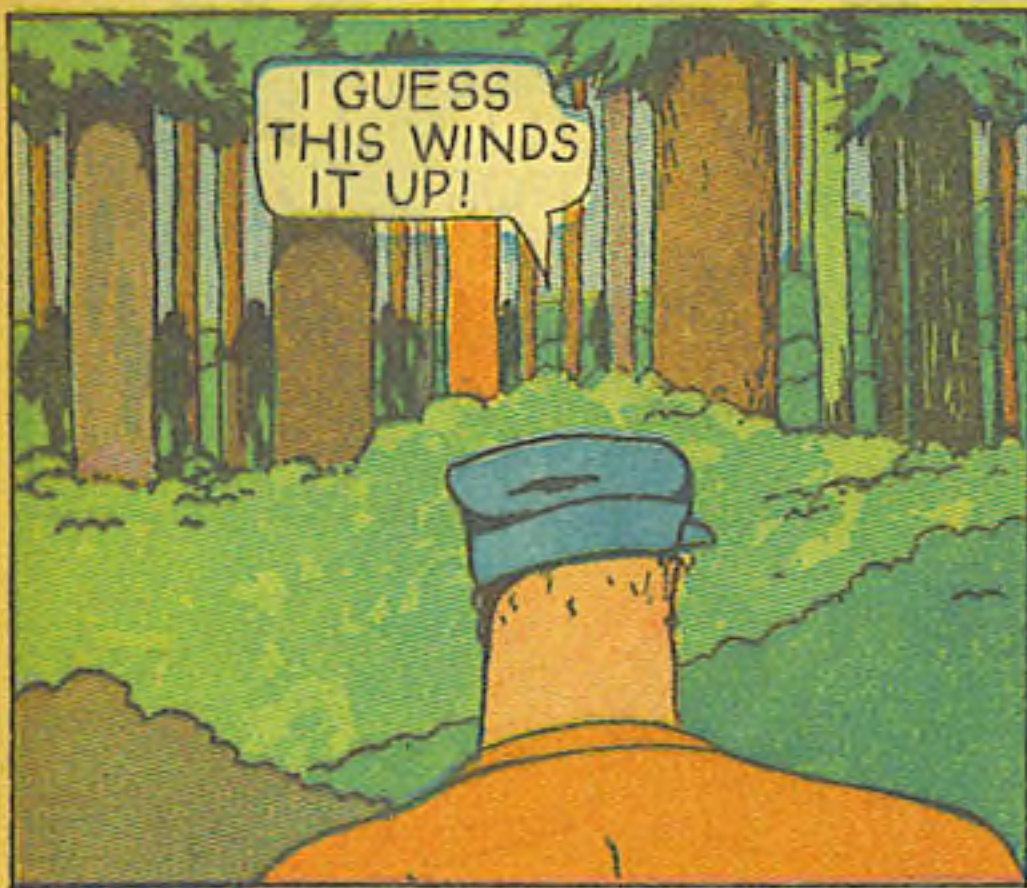
"BIG RED" USES HIS FEET WHEN THEY PULL THE GUNS ON HIM.



THE BIG HEAVYWEIGHT FROM THE RED RIVER GANG COMES OUT INTO THE OPEN.....





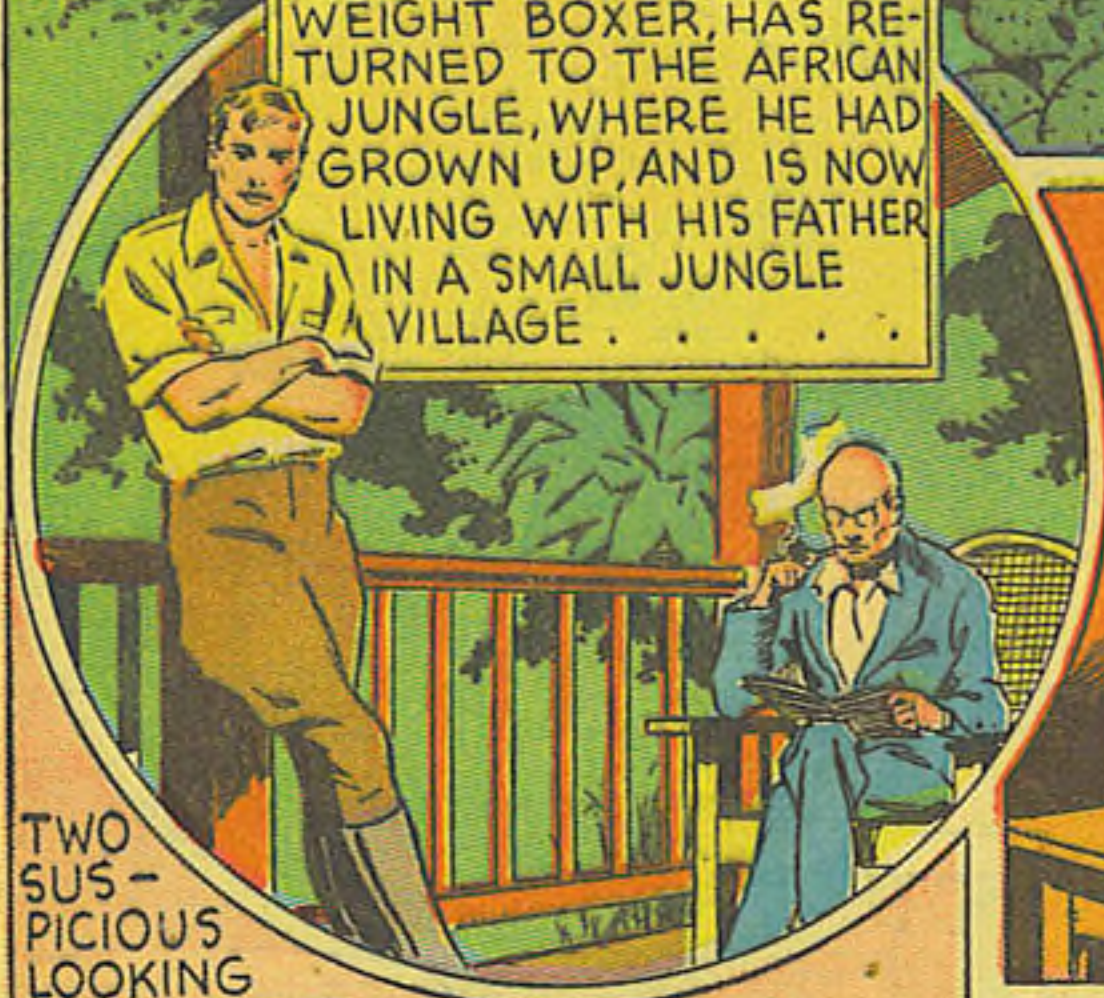




# ORAN of the JUNGLE

by Hugh Bartlett

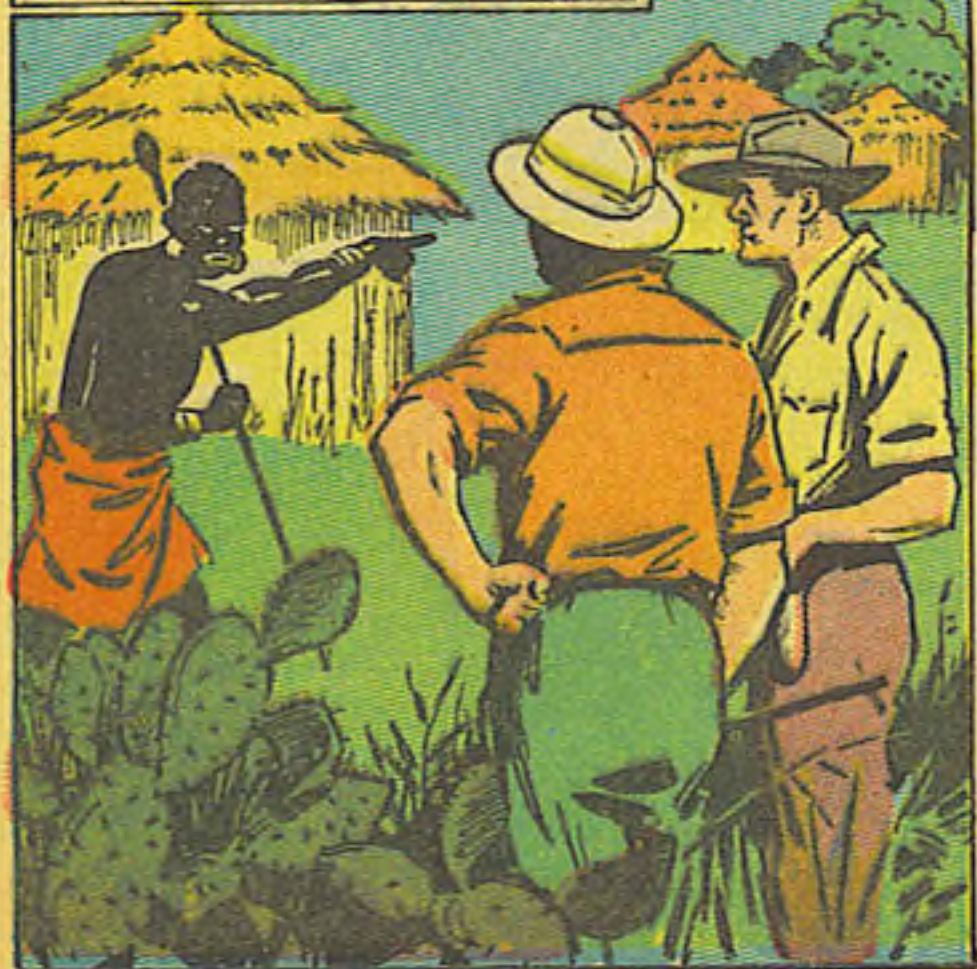
ORAN, WHO WON FAME IN AMERICA, AS A HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXER, HAS RETURNED TO THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, WHERE HE HAD GROWN UP, AND IS NOW LIVING WITH HIS FATHER IN A SMALL JUNGLE VILLAGE . . . . .



IF I COULD FIGHT AGAIN, DAD, WE WOULD HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO START A PLANTATION. PERHAPS I SHOULD.

NO, SON.

TWO SUSPICIOUS LOOKING MEN APPEAR IN THE VILLAGE AND ASK THE WAY TO ORAN'S HOUSE.



THIS GUY WILL BRING A BIG GATE AT THE RING. HE HAS A GOOD REP.

YEAH, AND HE'S DUMB ENOUGH TO DO JUST AS WE SAY? I THINK WE GOT SOMETHING HERE!



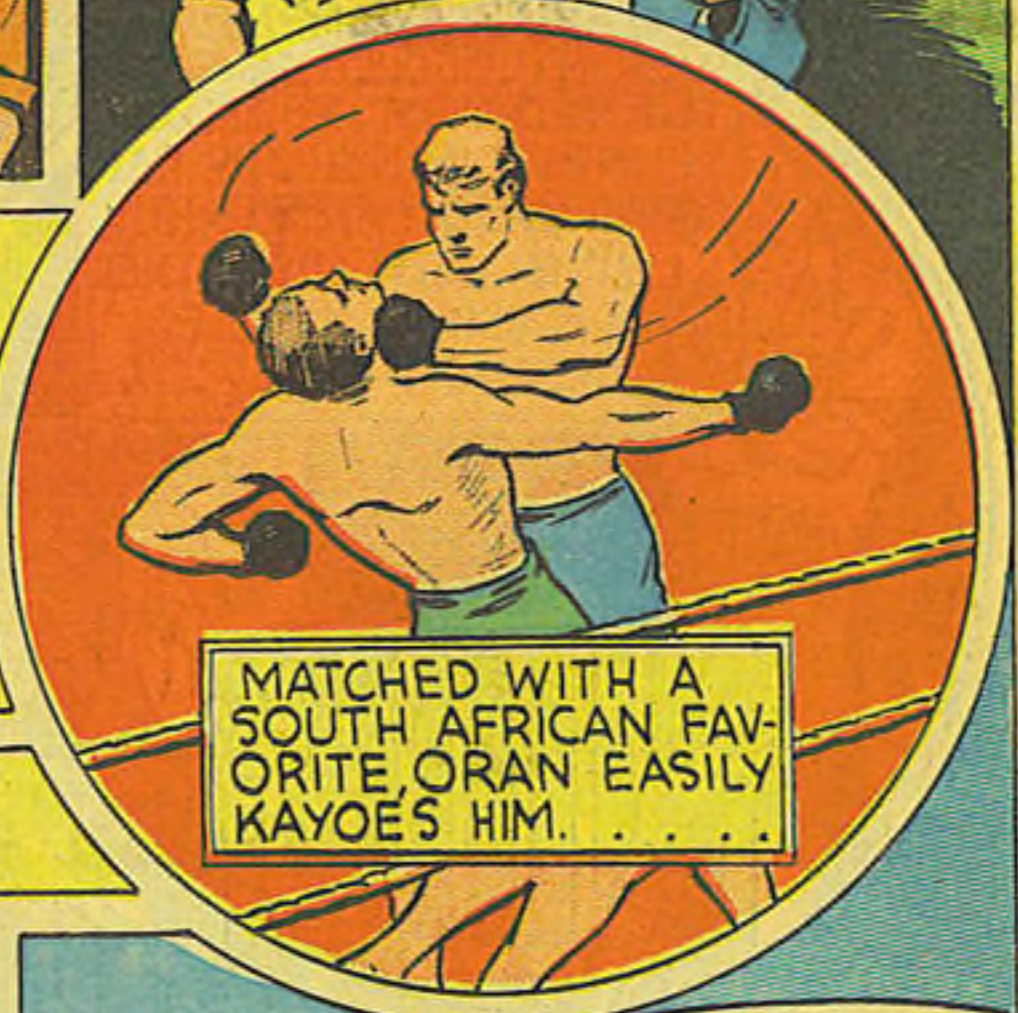
THE CROOKED MANAGERS MAKE TEMPTING OFFERS.



JUST A FEW FIGHTS, DAD, WILL BUY THE PLANTATION. I DON'T TRUST THOSE MEN, SON, I'VE SEEN THEIR TYPE BEFORE.



HEEDLESS OF HIS FATHER'S ADVICE, ORAN SIGNS THE CONTRACT...



MATCHED WITH A SOUTH AFRICAN FAVORITE, ORAN EASILY KAYOES HIM.

ATTA BOY! YOU WERE GREAT



HIS MANAGERS LOAD HIM WITH PRAISE AND ENCOURAGEMENT...



HERE'S ANOTHER CONTRACT, AND WE WANT YOU TO TAKE A FLOP IN THIS FIGHT.

I'LL FIGHT FAIRLY, OR NOT AT ALL!



SO, YOU'D DOUBLE CROSS US, EH? LISTEN KID, WE CAN HANDLE YOU!



ORAN'S SWIFT BLOWS SMASH INTO THE TWO CROOKS.



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, A PROMOTER, WHOM HE KNEW IN THE U.S., ASKS ORAN TO FIGHT FOR HIM.



ORAN AGREES. THEY BOOK A FIGHT WITH BATTLING JIM MURPHY.



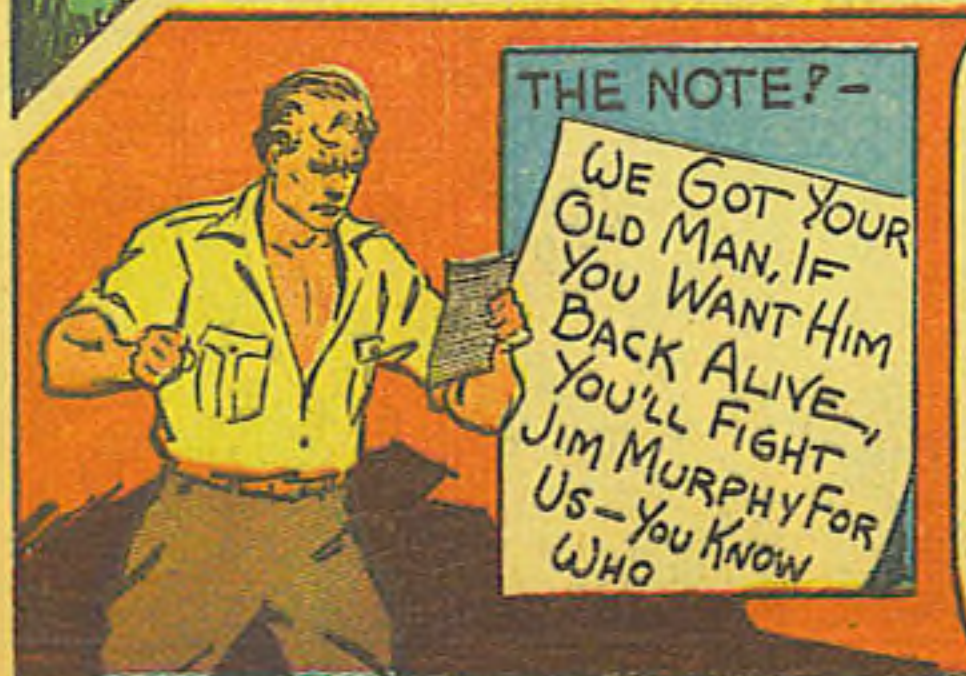
MEAWHILE, THE FOILED CROOKS PLAN TO FORCE ORAN TO FIGHT FOR THEM.



KIDNAPPING HIS OLD FATHER, THEY HIDE HIM AWAY IN A JUNGLE HUT.



A NATIVE IS SENT WITH THE RANSOM NOTE.....



THE NOTE? -  
WE GOT YOUR OLD MAN, IF YOU WANT HIM BACK ALIVE, YOU'LL FIGHT JIM MURPHY FOR US - YOU KNOW WHO



SUDDENLY, A NATIVE FRIEND OF ORAN'S RUSHES OUT OF THE JUNGLE WITH NEWS OF HIS FATHER.





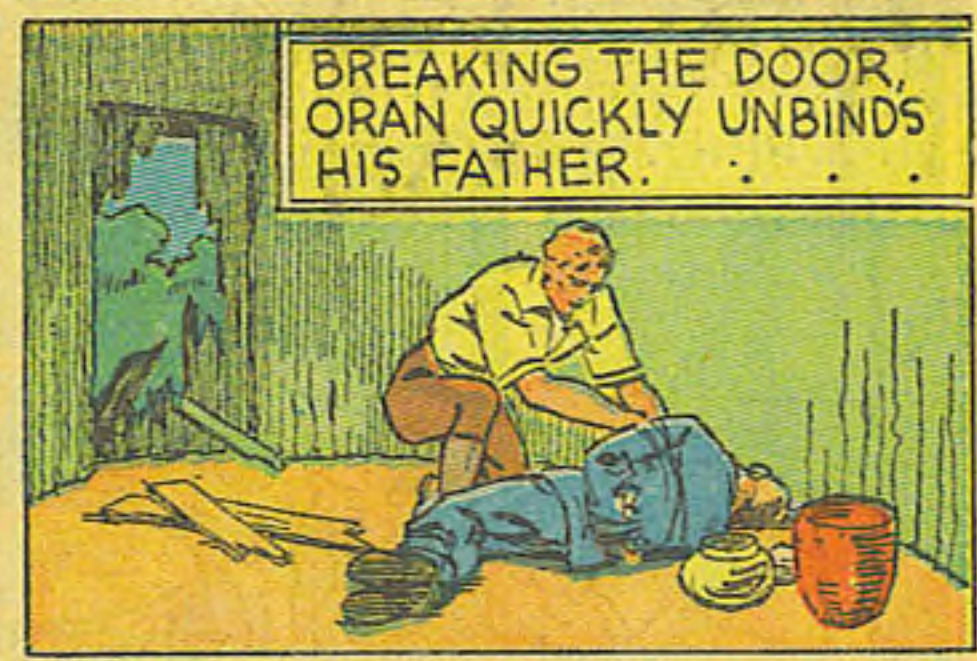
I SEE MEN COME WITH OLD WHITE MAN. TIE HIM UP. -COME- I SHOW.



ORAN FOLLOWS HIS FRIEND TO THE HUT.



HE EASILY SURPRISES THE GUARDS WITH SWIFT, SURE BLOWS!



BREAKING THE DOOR, ORAN QUICKLY UNBINDS HIS FATHER.

THE NEXT NIGHT-----



I THINK YOU'LL SEE SOME FIREWORKS TO-NIGHT, DAD, BESIDES THE FIGHT WITH MURPHY.



AS THEY ENTER THE RING, THEY CATCH SIGHT OF THE TWO CROOKS.



HOW'D THE OLD GUY GET LOOSE? LEMME OUT OF HERE, QUICK!

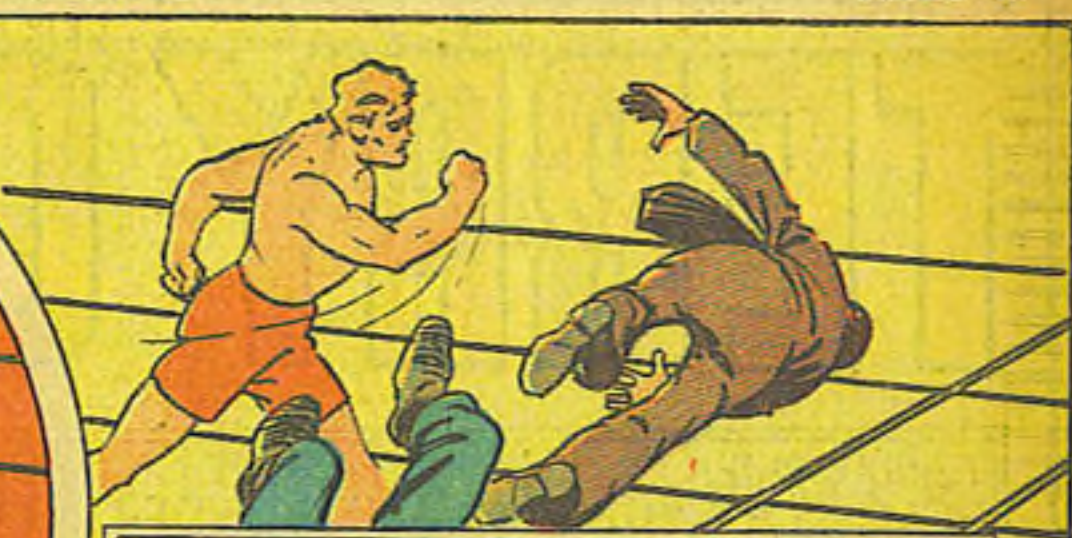


WHEELING ABOUT, ORAN SNATCHES THE MEN BY THEIR COAT COLLARS.





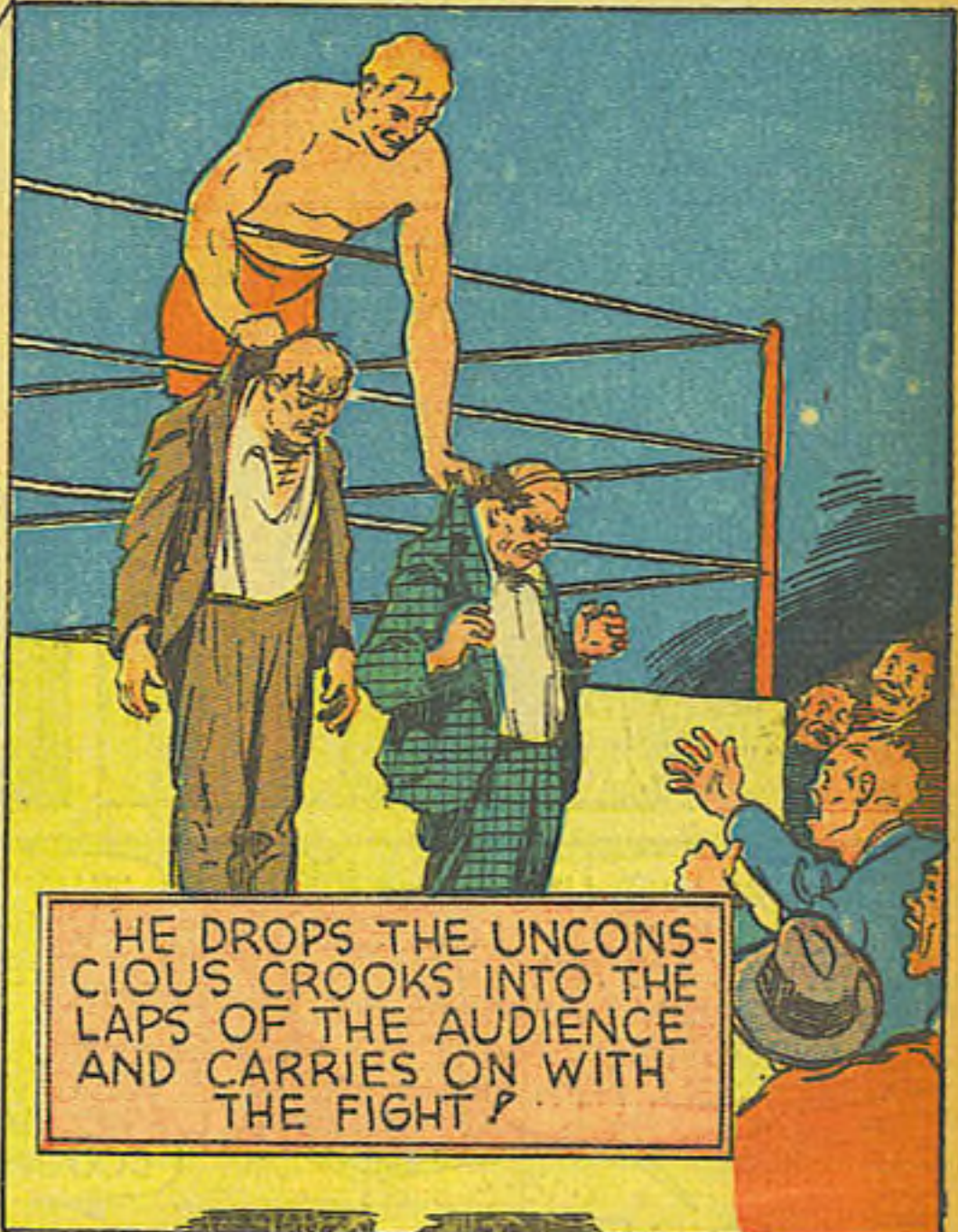
INTO THE RING HE DRAGS HIS BOOTY BEFORE THE ASTONISHED AUDIENCE?



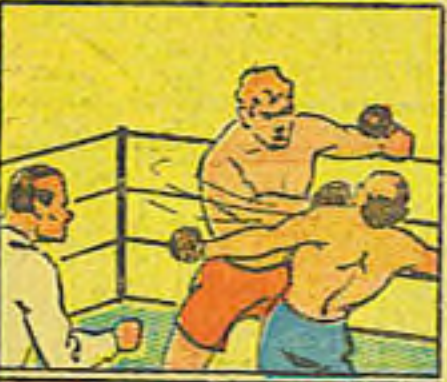
WITH TWO HAMMERING RIGHT HOOKS, HE KNOCKS THEM BOTH INTO THE ROPES?!



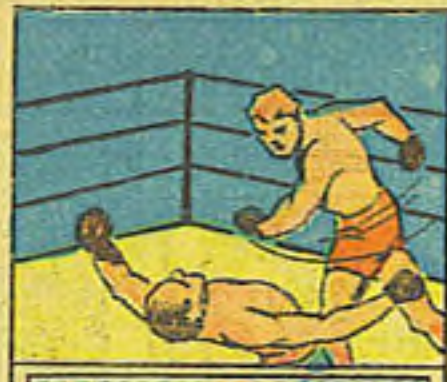
ORAN TELLS THE WHOLE STORY TO THE REFEREE.



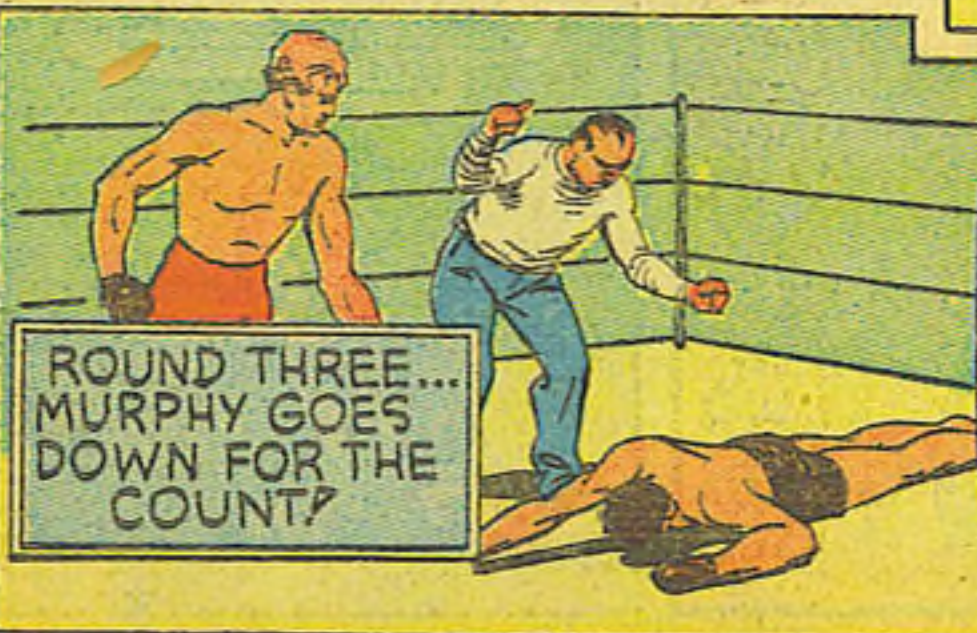
HE DROPS THE UNCONSCIOUS CROOKS INTO THE LAPS OF THE AUDIENCE AND CARRIES ON WITH THE FIGHT?!



ROUND ONE... A TERRIFIC RIGHT TO THE JAW?



ROUND TWO... A SMASHING LEFT?



ROUND THREE... MURPHY GOES DOWN FOR THE COUNT?



BACK IN THEIR JUNGLE HOME, ORAN AND HIS FATHER PLAN FOR THEIR PLANTATION. SEE ORAN IN HIS NEW ADVENTURE?



# TERRY O'BRIEN

## GANG SMASHER

TERRY O'BRIEN, GANG SMASHER, PLAYS A NEW ROLE AS A FIGHTER. TRAINING UNDER HIS FATHER, AN OLD TIME CHAMP, TERRY IS TRICKED INTO FIGHTING AN UNSCRUPULOUS "KILLER".

BY AL TENER

KELLY'S GYM IN BACK OF THE CITY. . . .

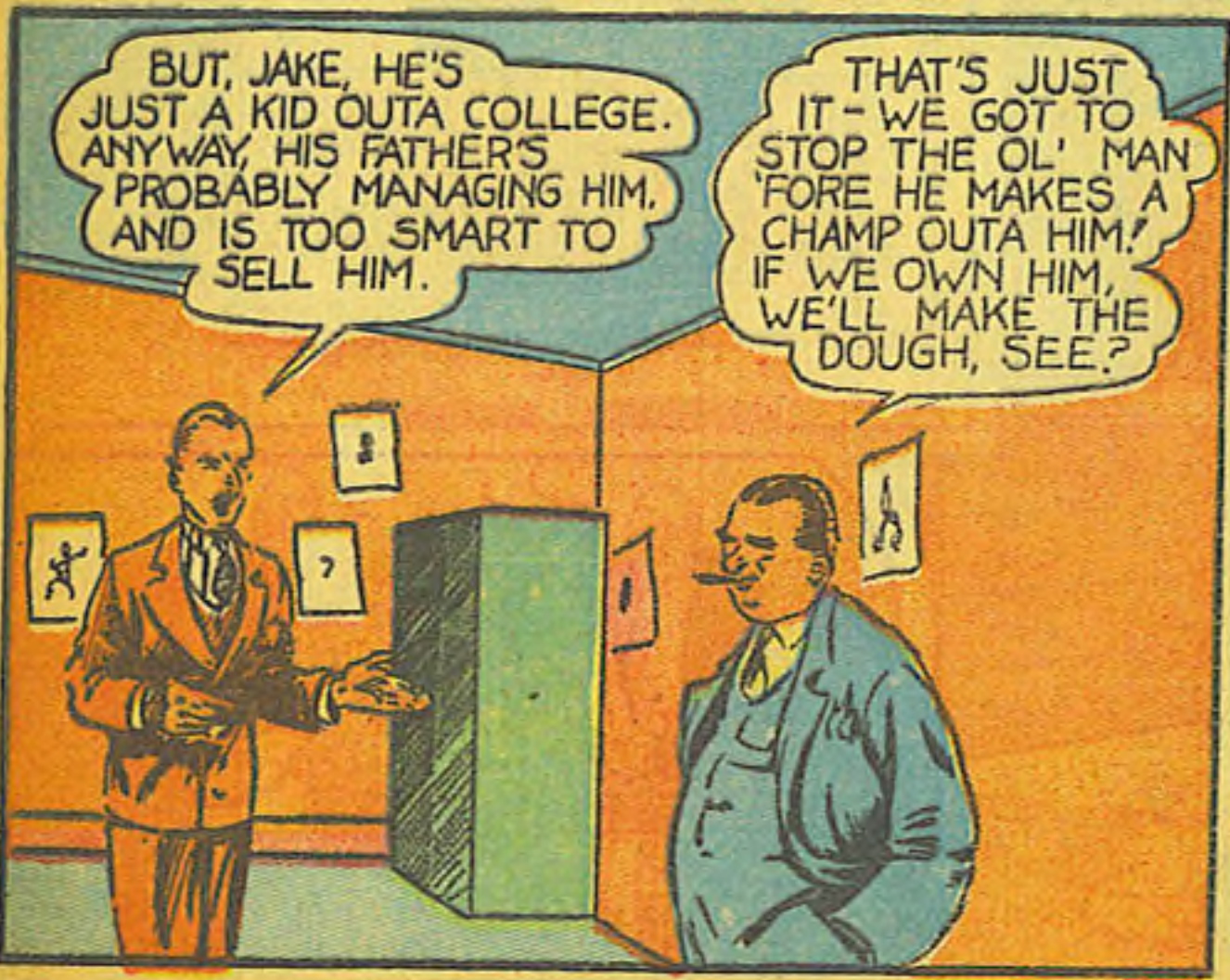


HEY, SILK, I WANNA SEE YOU IN MY OFFICE

OKAY, BOSS, I'LL BE RIGHT. WITCHA.



REMEMBER K.O. O'BRIEN, THE OLD LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMP? WELL, I SAW HIS KID, TERRY, BOXING IN EBBETSVILLE! SILK, THAT KID IS A COMER! HITS LIKE DYNAMITE - A PERFECT HEAVYWEIGHT. I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER - I'M GONNA BUY HIM UP!



BUT, JAKE, HE'S JUST A KID OUTA COLLEGE. ANYWAY, HIS FATHER'S PROBABLY MANAGING HIM, AND IS TOO SMART TO SELL HIM.

THAT'S JUST IT - WE GOT TO STOP THE OL' MAN 'FORE HE MAKES A CHAMP OUTA HIM! IF WE OWN HIM, WE'LL MAKE THE DOUGH, SEE?

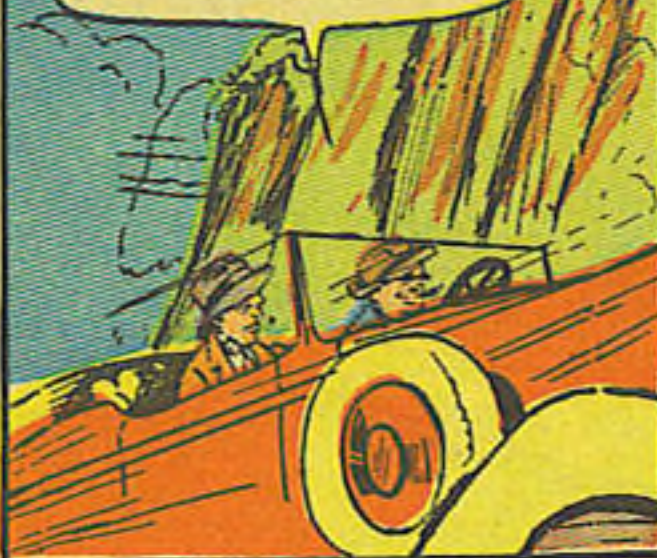


ONCE WE GET THE KID, WE'LL KEEP HIM ON 'ICE' UNTIL OUR FIGHTER, THE "KILLER", BEGINS TO LOOK BAD, THEN WE MAKE THE KID CHAMP! ALL RIGHT NOW, LET'S GET STARTED - WE'RE GOING TO EBBETSVILLE!



ON THE ROAD LEADING TO EBBETSVILLE, WHERE POP O'BRIEN IS TRAINING HIS SON TERRY O'BRIEN . . .

LOOK, SILK, HERE COMES POP AND DE KID! NOW, I'LL DO ALL DE TALKIN'!



WELL, WELL, IF IT AINT DE CHAMP, K.O. O'BRIEN! SAY, YOU REMEMBER ME? JAKE KELLY, THE FIGHT PROMOTER!

YES, I REMEMBER YOU! WHAT BRINGS YOU WAY OUT HERE?



I'VE A PROPOSITION TO MAKE YOUR BOY CHAMP INSIDE OF SIX MONTHS! AND TO PROVE IT'S ON DE LEVEL-I'LL MATCH HIM WITH ONE OF MY FIGHTERS, SAY- 'SLAPSY' MARKS!

WELL, SOUNDS ALL RIGHT TO ME, BUT I KNOW YOUR GAME, AND IF THERE'S ANY DIRTY WORK-I'LL--



LATER . . .

JAKE, ARE YOU CRAZY? THE KID WILL MURDER SLAPSY!!

CRAZY LIKE A FOX! DA KID IS NOT GONNA FIGHT SLAPSY. HE'LL FIGHT DE 'KILLER'! I'M GONNA FIX IT AT DE LAST MINUTE! AFTER DE 'KILLER' GETS THROUGH WITH HIM, POP WILL BEG ME TO TAKE HIM ON!



BACK AT THE GYM.

WELL, 'KILLER', I GOT Y' A 'PUSHOVER' THIS TIME!



BUT WIND OF THIS DEAL SOON GETS TO POP O'BRIEN, AND ON THE DAY BEFORE THE FIGHT-

I HEARD THAT KELLY FIXED ME TO FIGHT THE CHAMP! IT'S OKAY WITH ME!

BUT THE CHAMP IS TOO EXPERIENCED AND FULL OF DIRTY TRICKS!

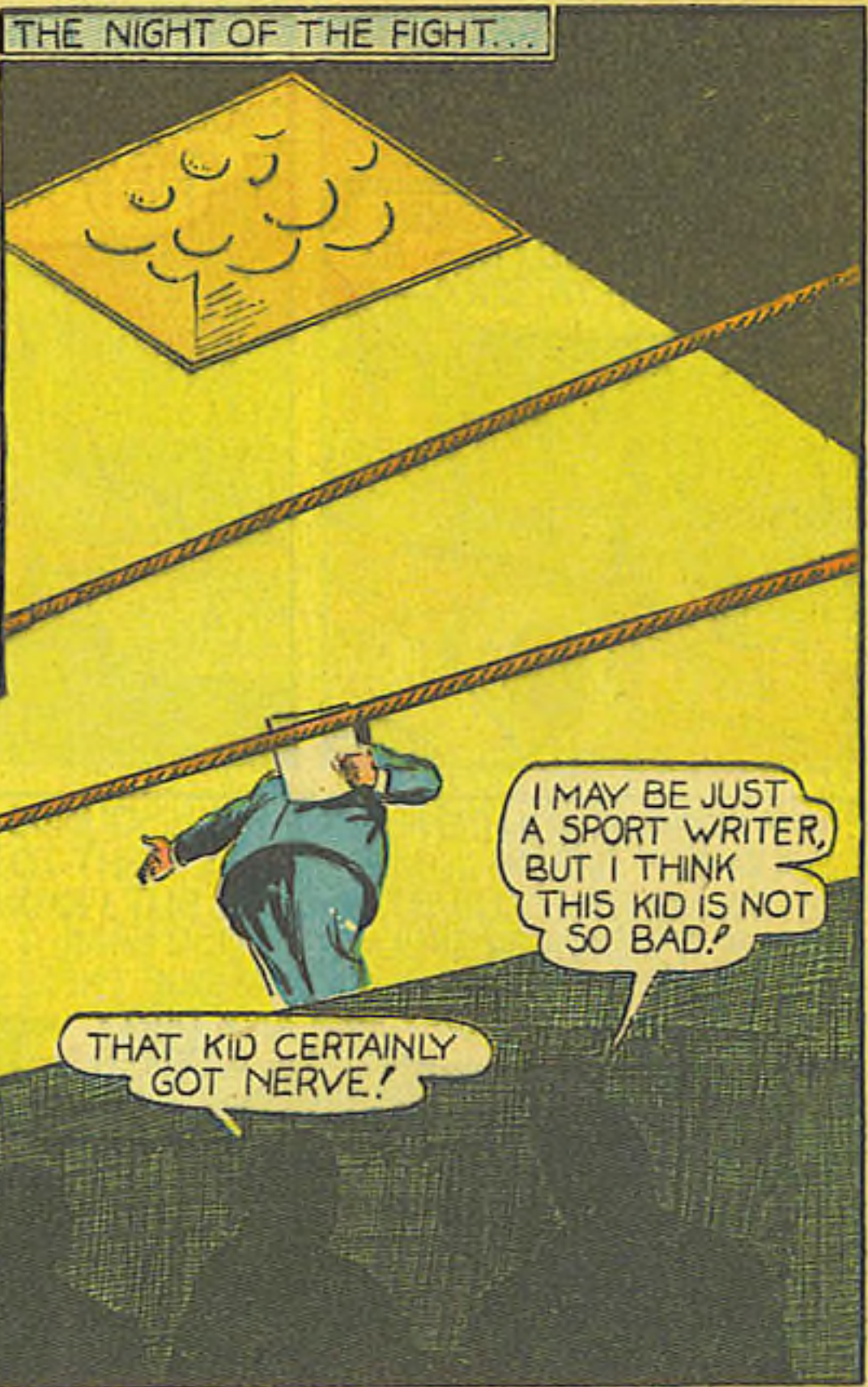






AND THE WORST PART OF IT IS THAT WE CAN'T BACK OUT NOW EVEN IF WANTED TO. EVERY CENT I COULD GET IS TIED UP IN THE GUARANTEE - I'D LOSE IT ALL!

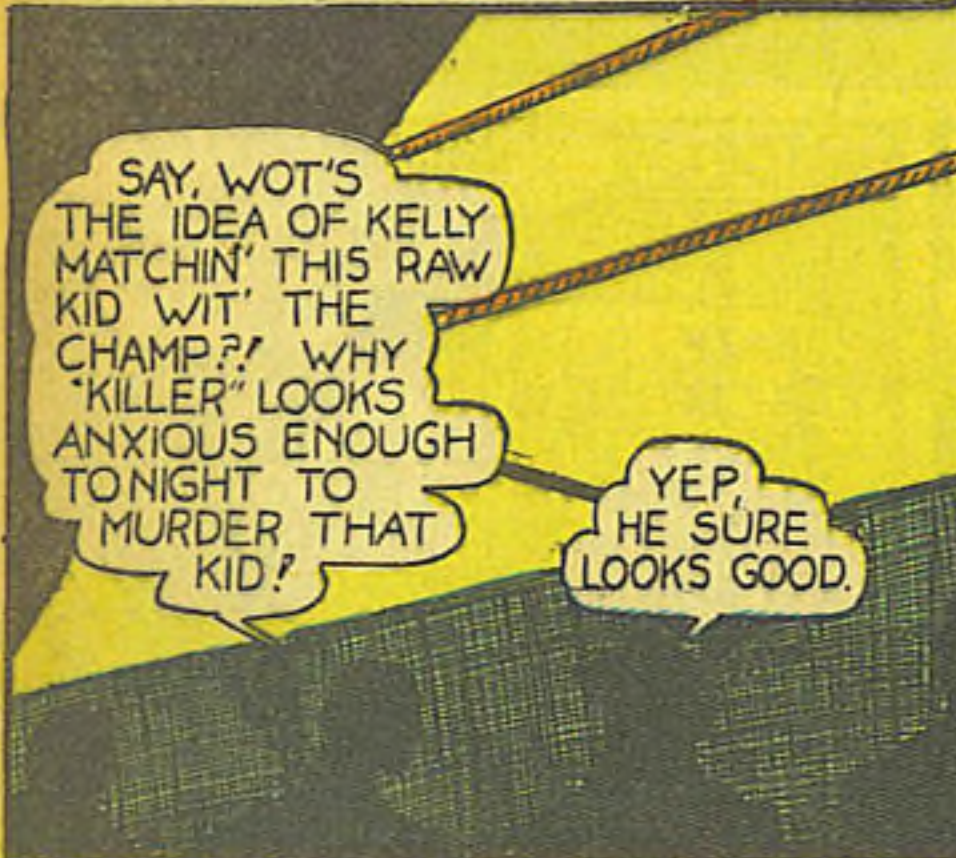
THEN I MUST FIGHT THE 'KILLER'. THAT'S FINE!



THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT...

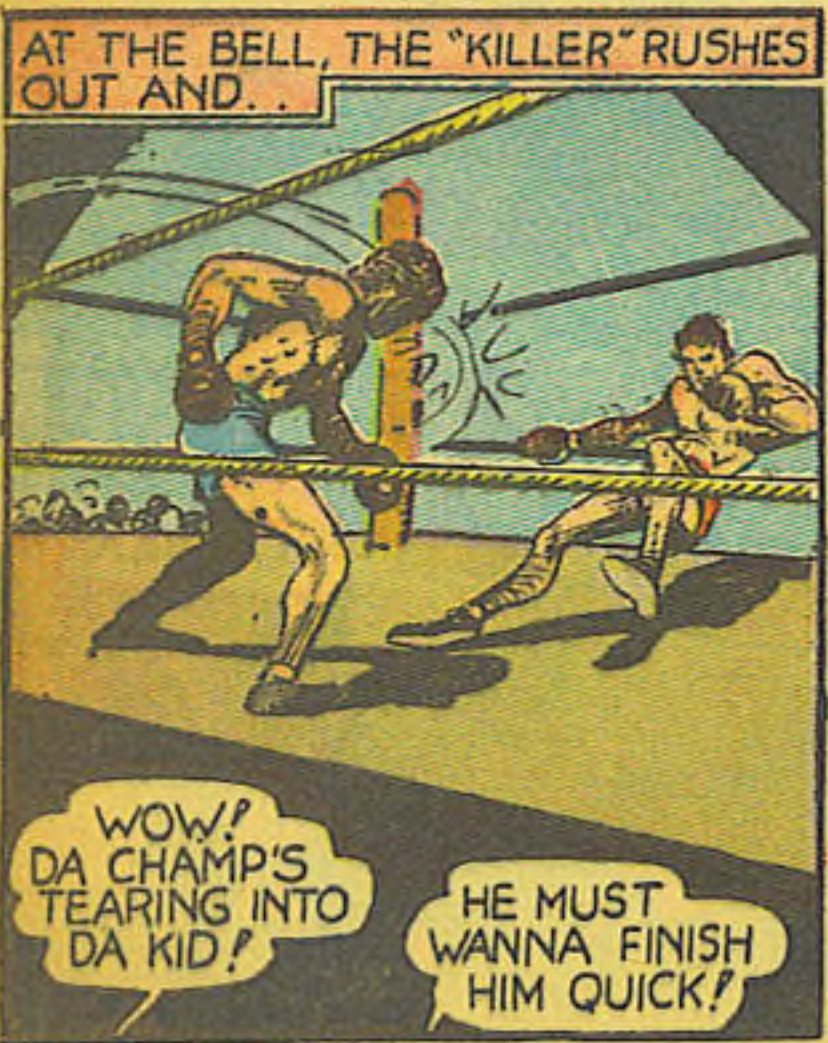
I MAY BE JUST A SPORT WRITER, BUT I THINK THIS KID IS NOT SO BAD!

THAT KID CERTAINLY GOT NERVE!



SAY, WOT'S THE IDEA OF KELLY MATCHIN' THIS RAW KID WIT' THE CHAMP?! WHY 'KILLER' LOOKS ANXIOUS ENOUGH TONIGHT TO MURDER THAT KID?

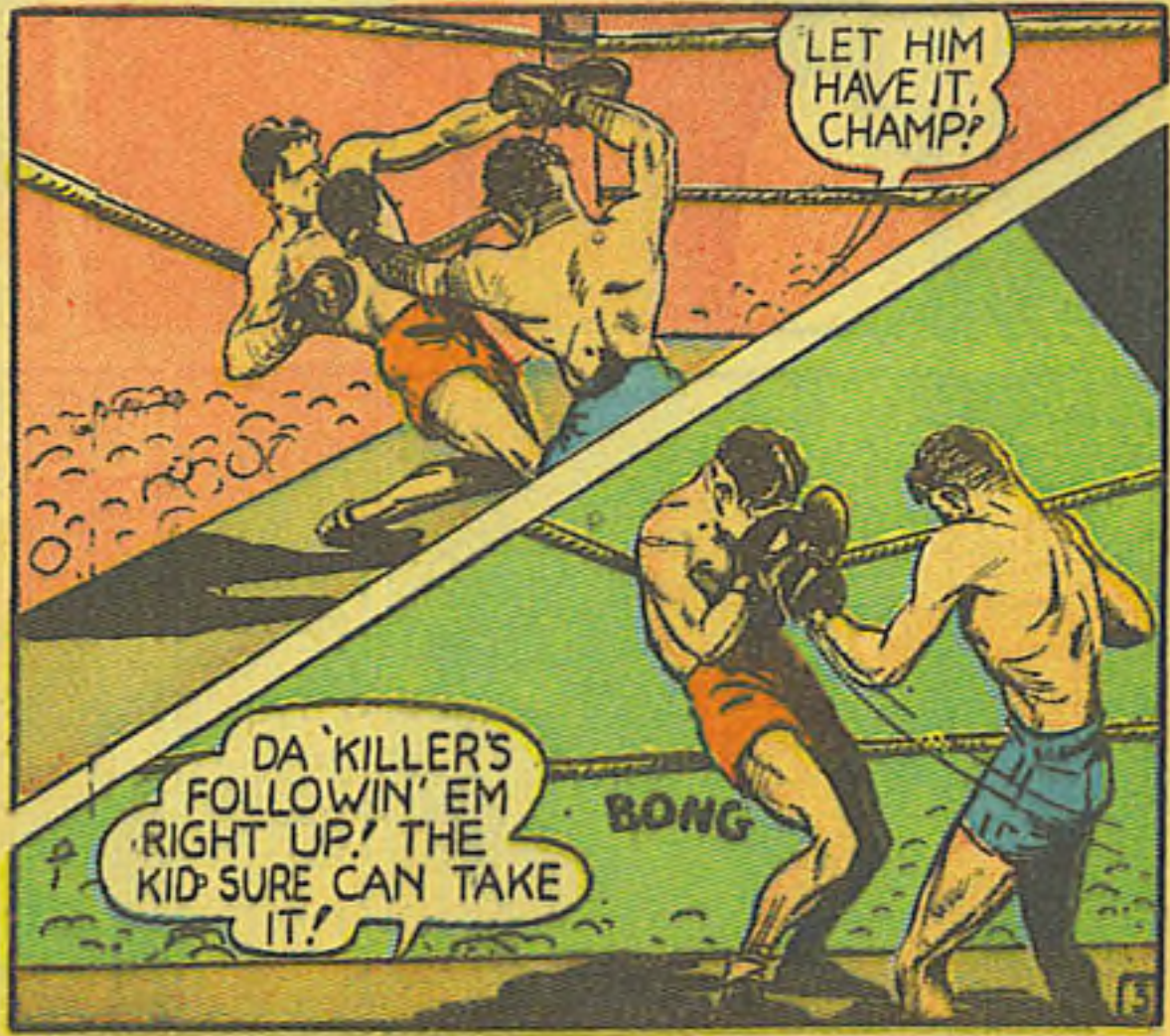
YEP, HE SURE LOOKS GOOD.



AT THE BELL, THE "KILLER" RUSHES OUT AND...

WOW! DA CHAMP'S TEARING INTO DA KID!

HE MUST WANNA FINISH HIM QUICK!

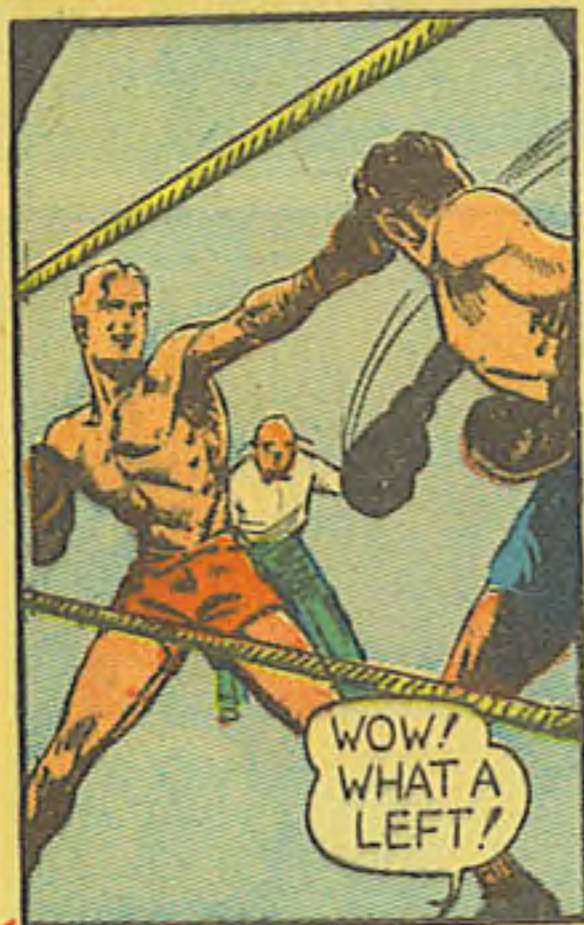
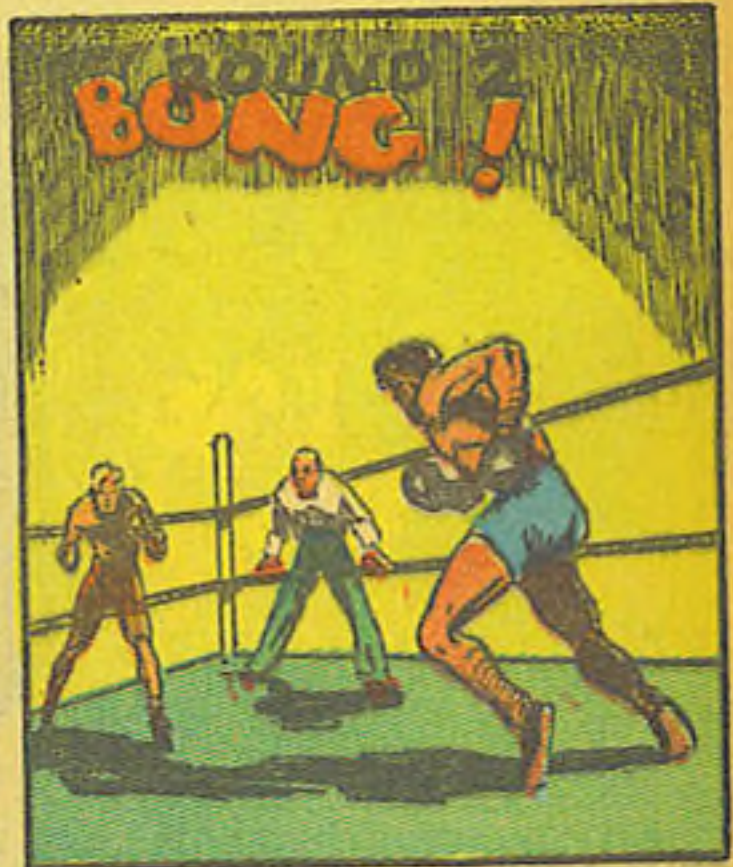


LET HIM HAVE IT, CHAMP!

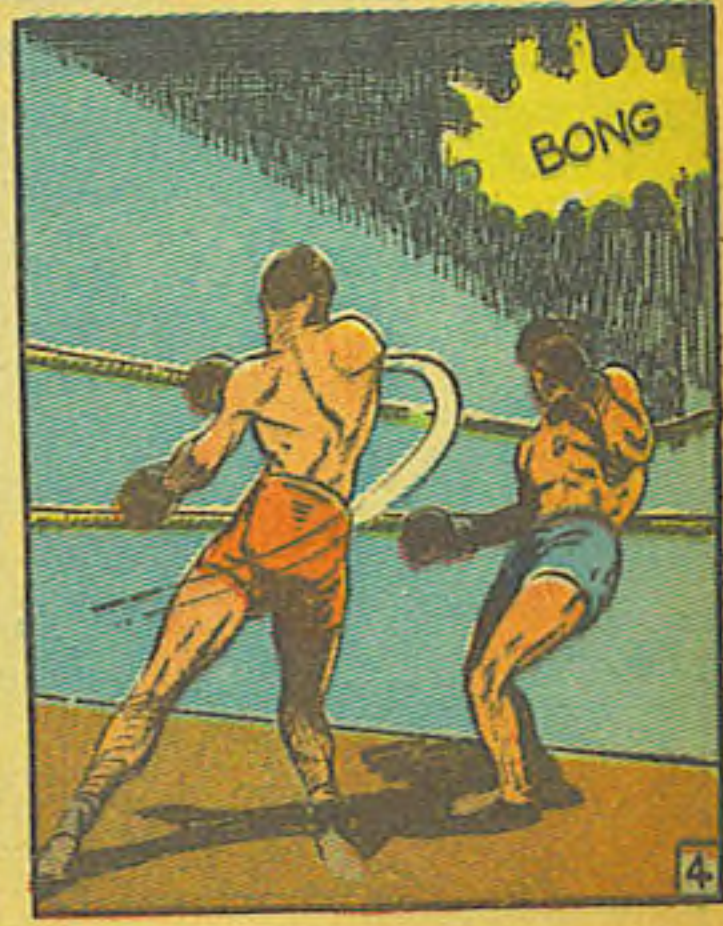
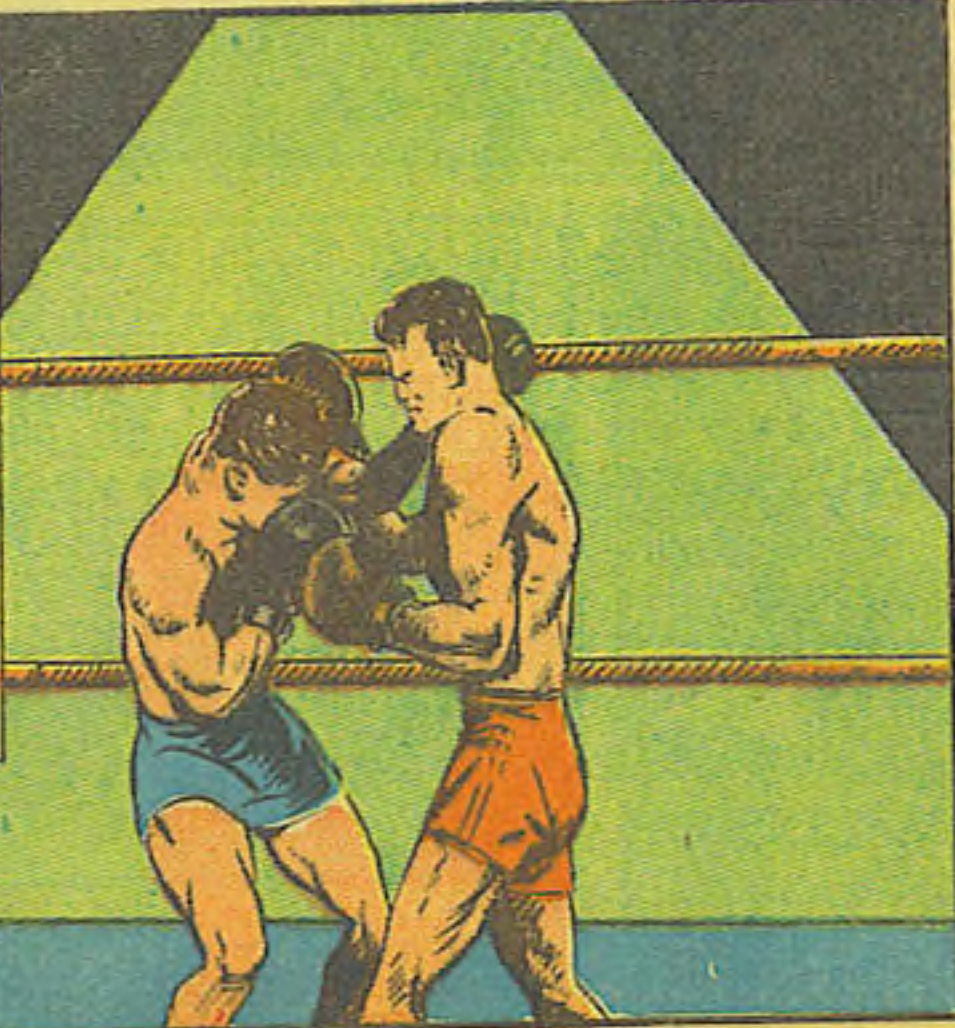
DA 'KILLER'S FOLLOWIN' EM RIGHT UP! THE KID SURE CAN TAKE IT!

BONG



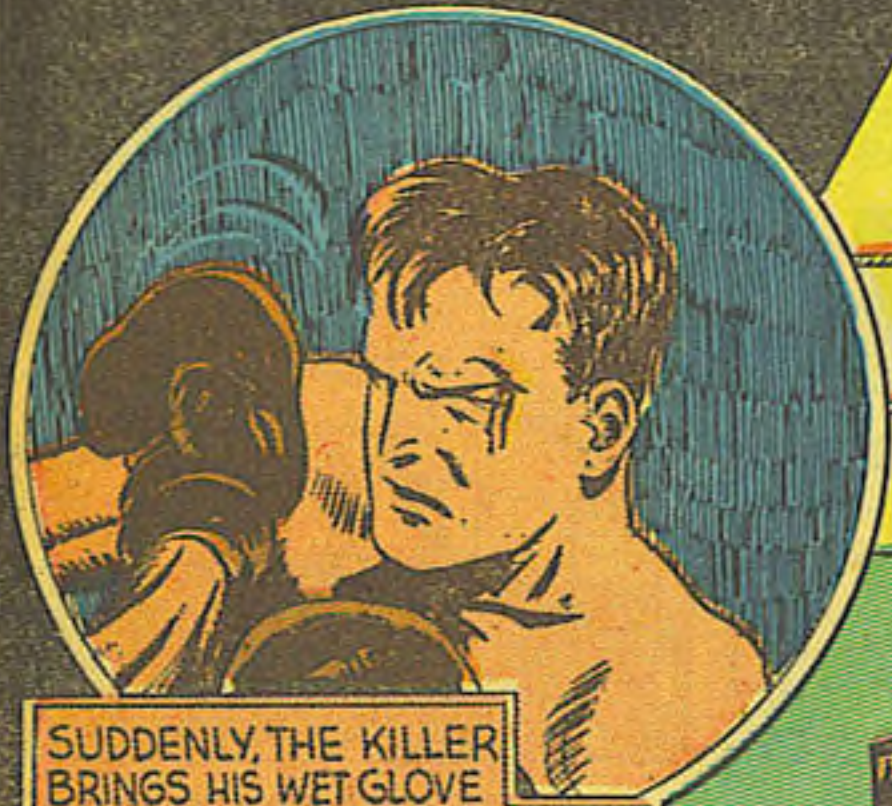


THUS, RELYING ON FOUL PLAY, THE KILLER WEAVES IN SLOWLY OUT OF HIS CORNER AND CRAFTILY CLINCHES WITH TERRY.

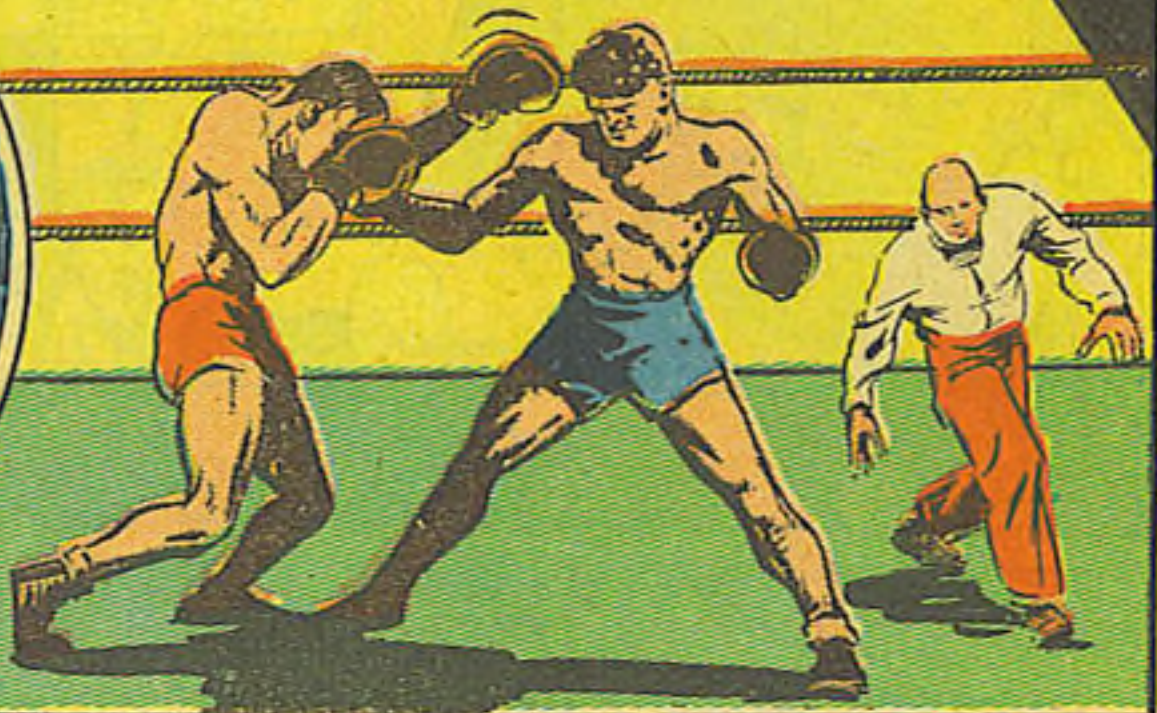




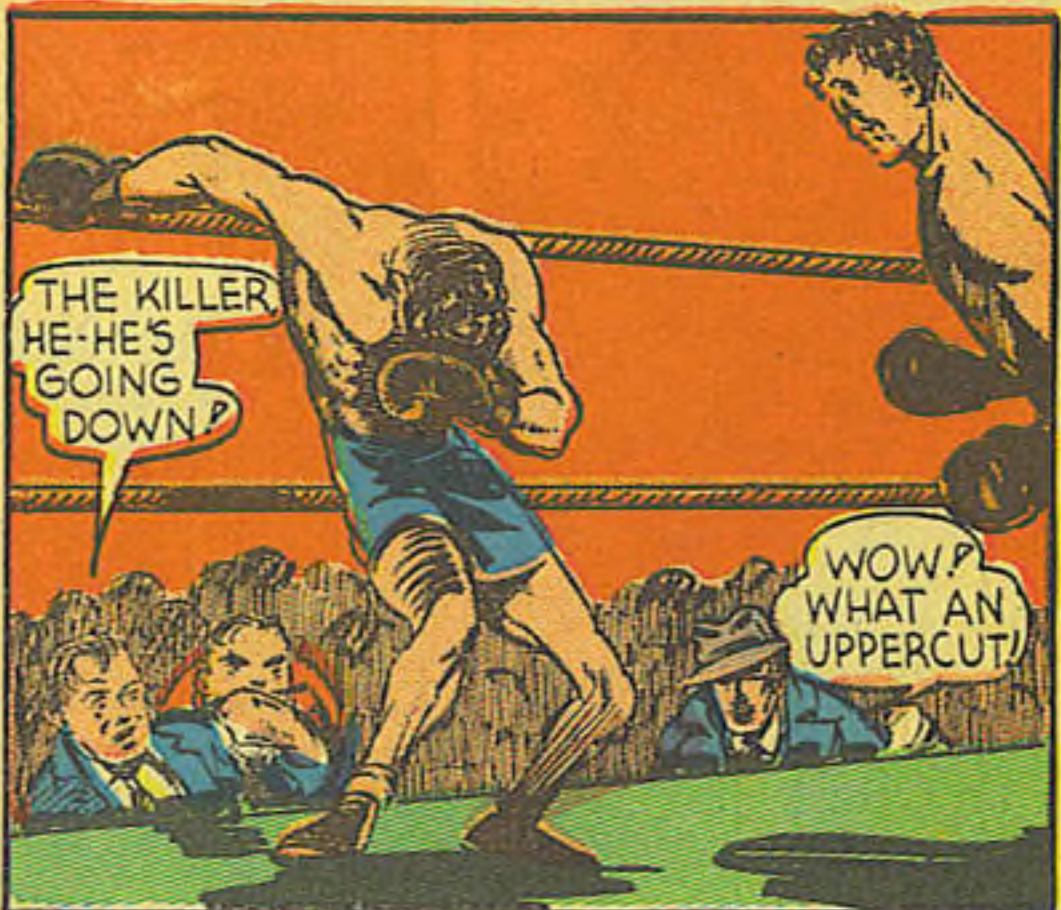
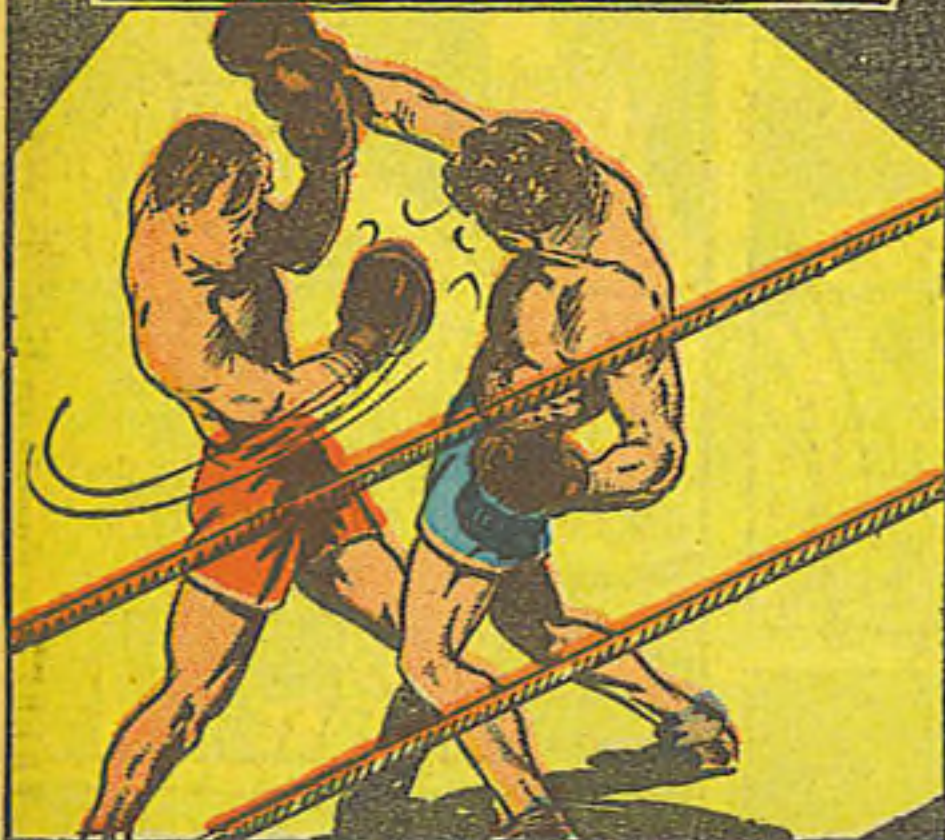
BLINDED BY THE BLOOD OF THE OPEN WOUND, THE KID STAGGERS AND GROPEs BLINDLY.



SUDDENLY, THE KILLER BRINGS HIS WET GLOVE TO THE KIDS FACE AND TWISTS!



BUT HE GRIMLY RECOVERS, AND...



THE KILLER HE-HE'S GOING DOWN!

WOW! WHAT AN UPPERCUT!

HEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? GET UP! GET UP AN' FIGHT, YA BUM!

7---8---  
9---10  
YER OUT!



HELLO! SPORTS EDITOR? YEAH - PUT THIS IN MY COLUMN FOR TOMORROW - AN UNKNOWN, TERRY O'BRIEN, DEFEATED KILLER CASEY IN THREE ROUNDS. THIS WILL PROBABLY MEAN THE END OF JAKE KELLY'S REIGN AS FIGHT BOSS OF THE CITY



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF TERRY O'BRIEN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **FIGHT COMICS**



# ESTRUT WARREN

## OF THE U.S. MARINES

BY ED NORRIS

CORPORAL! HEY..  
CORPORAL  
WARREN!!





STRUT TAKES A SHORT CUT, BUT SOON FINDS HIS WAY BLOCKED . . . .

HEY! ONE SIDE! LEMME BY!

SALUTE!

I'LL SALUTE YOU IN THE PUSS!

AMERICAN PIG! CABBAGE! NOT GET THROUGH HERE! GO HOME! PFUI!

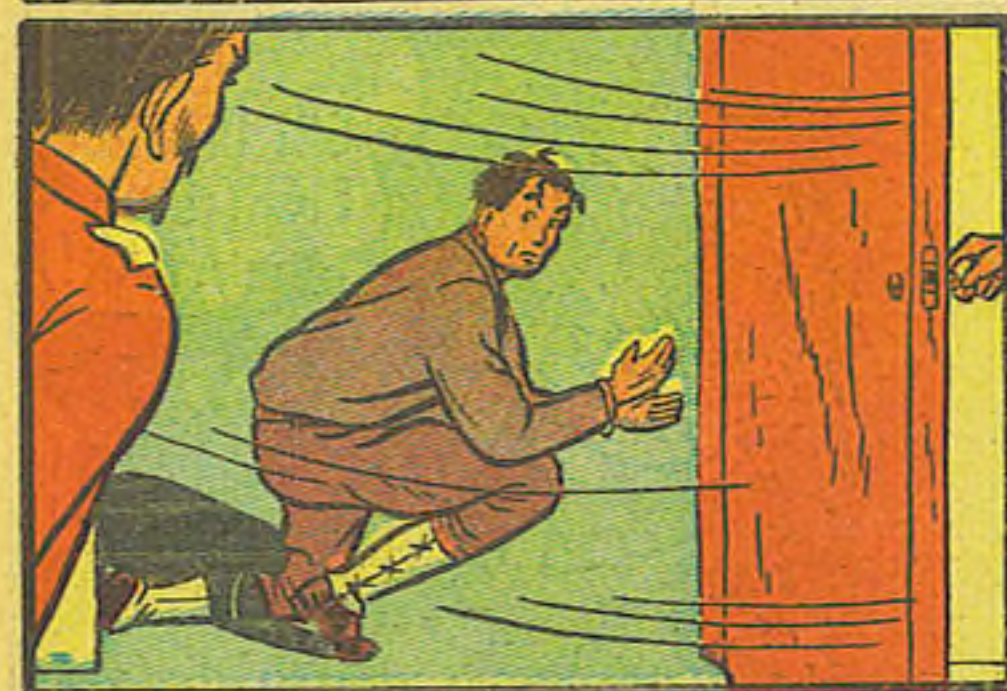
☪☆#!! NOW YA DID IT! I GET MAD DOGGONE EASY! ☪☆!!

STICK YER NECK IN THERE, YA LITTLE ROOSTER!

GET READY TO MEET YER ANCESTORS!

SOCKO

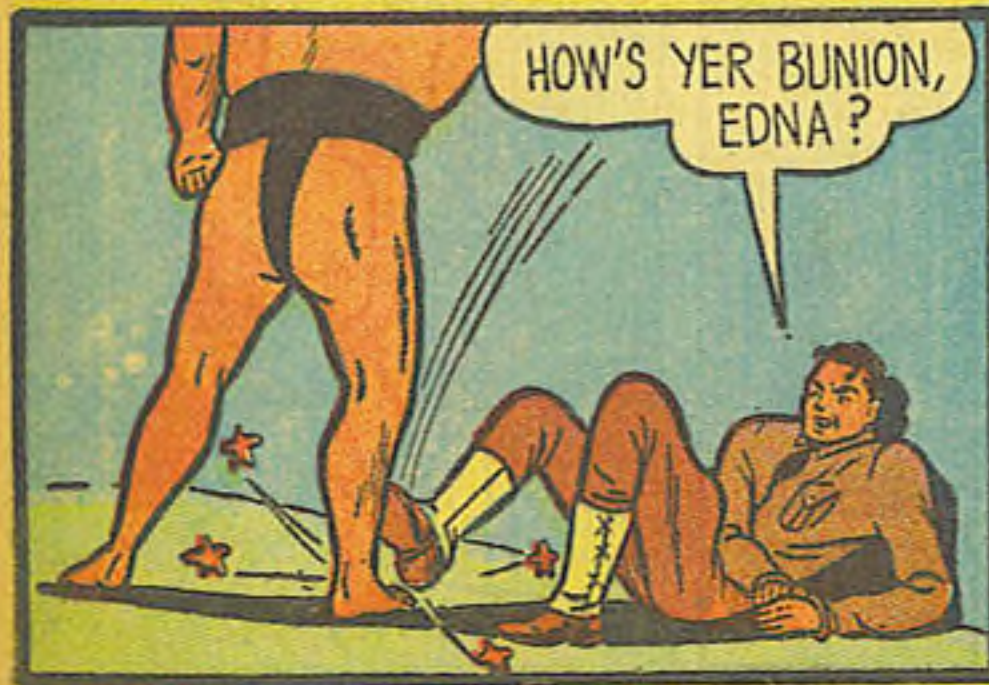
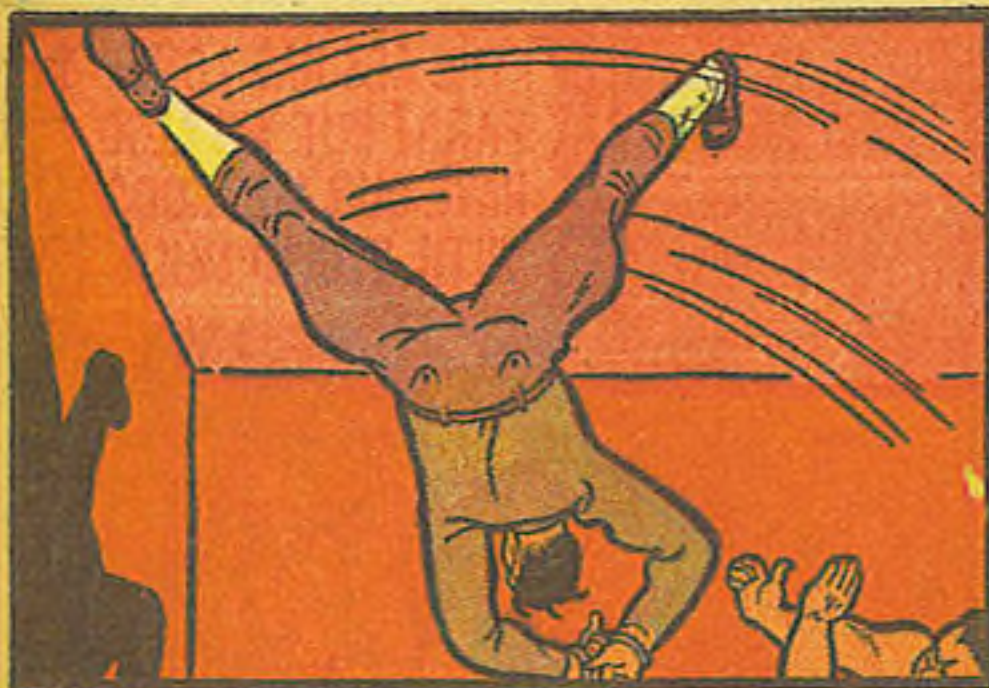
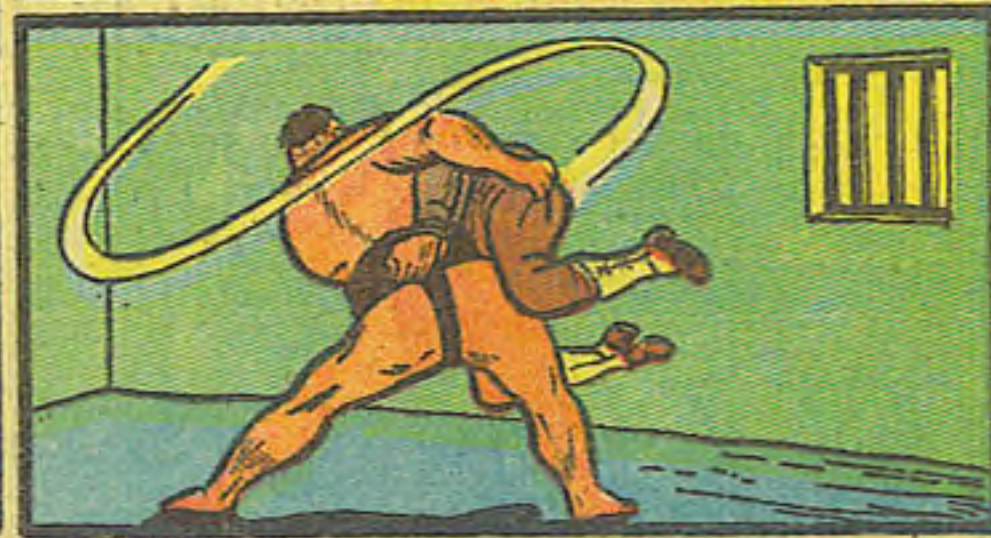




... AND INTO THE MARINE'S PRESENCE LUMBERS AN ORIENTAL WRESTLER!

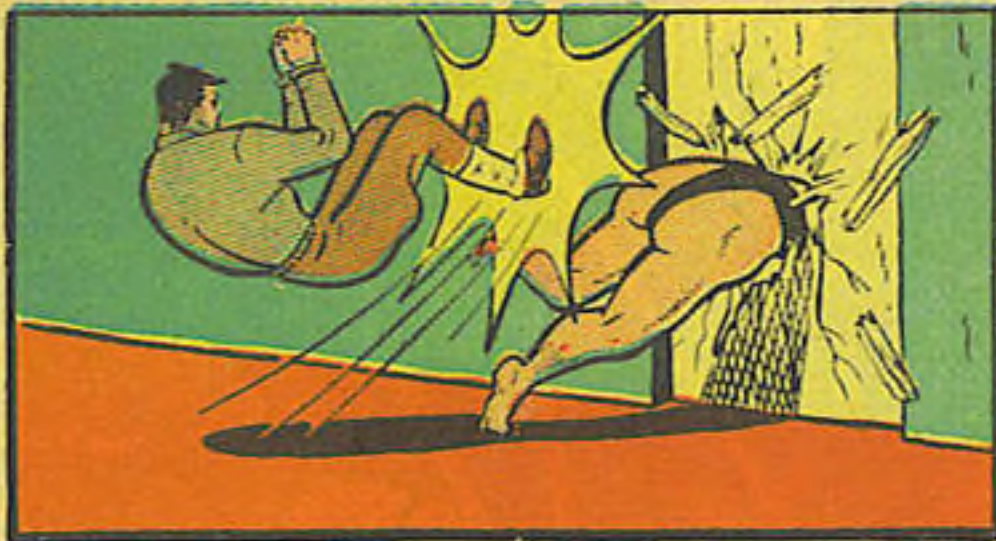








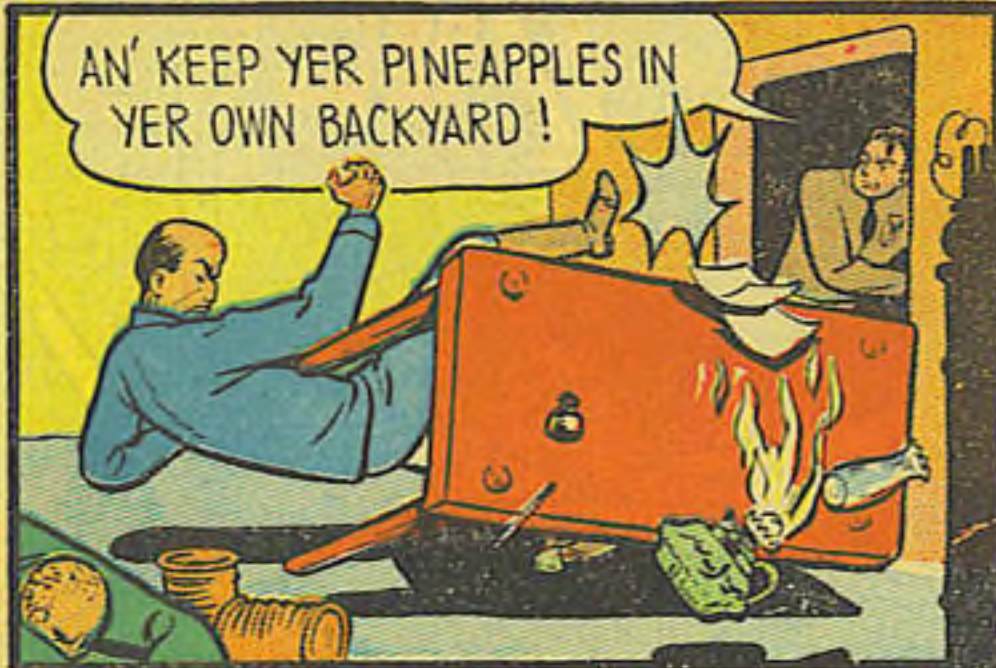
STRUT JUMPS AND LANDS WITH BOTH FEET!



I'M BUSTIN' UP THIS LITTLE SOCIABLE!



AN' KEEP YER PINEAPPLES IN YER OWN BACKYARD!



UNKNOWN TO THE DEPARTING MARINE, THE IGNITED LAMP SPREADS LICKING FLAMES AMONG THE DEADLY BOMBS! THEN...



AND A FLYING ROCK SINGS HIM A LULLABY!



HE WAKES UP TO THE DAMP CONTENTS OF A PAIL.....



UH HUH.. OUT BOOZING AGAIN, HEY? YOU DIDN'T BY ANY CHANCE DELIVER THAT LETTER?!

Y'SEE, SARGE.. IT WAS LIKE THIS...



IT'S ABOUT TIME YA LEARNED TO FOLLOW ORDERS.. AN' NOT GO LAPPIN' UP 90% SODAS EVERY TIME YA TURN THE CORNER... BLA BLA

AW, SARGE.. TAKE OFF THESE BRACELETS, HUH? HUH?



PRETTY AS A PICTURE IN THAT FRAME, AIN'T HE, MARLENE?

BUT WHY DOES HE LOOK SO SOBER, ANDREW?



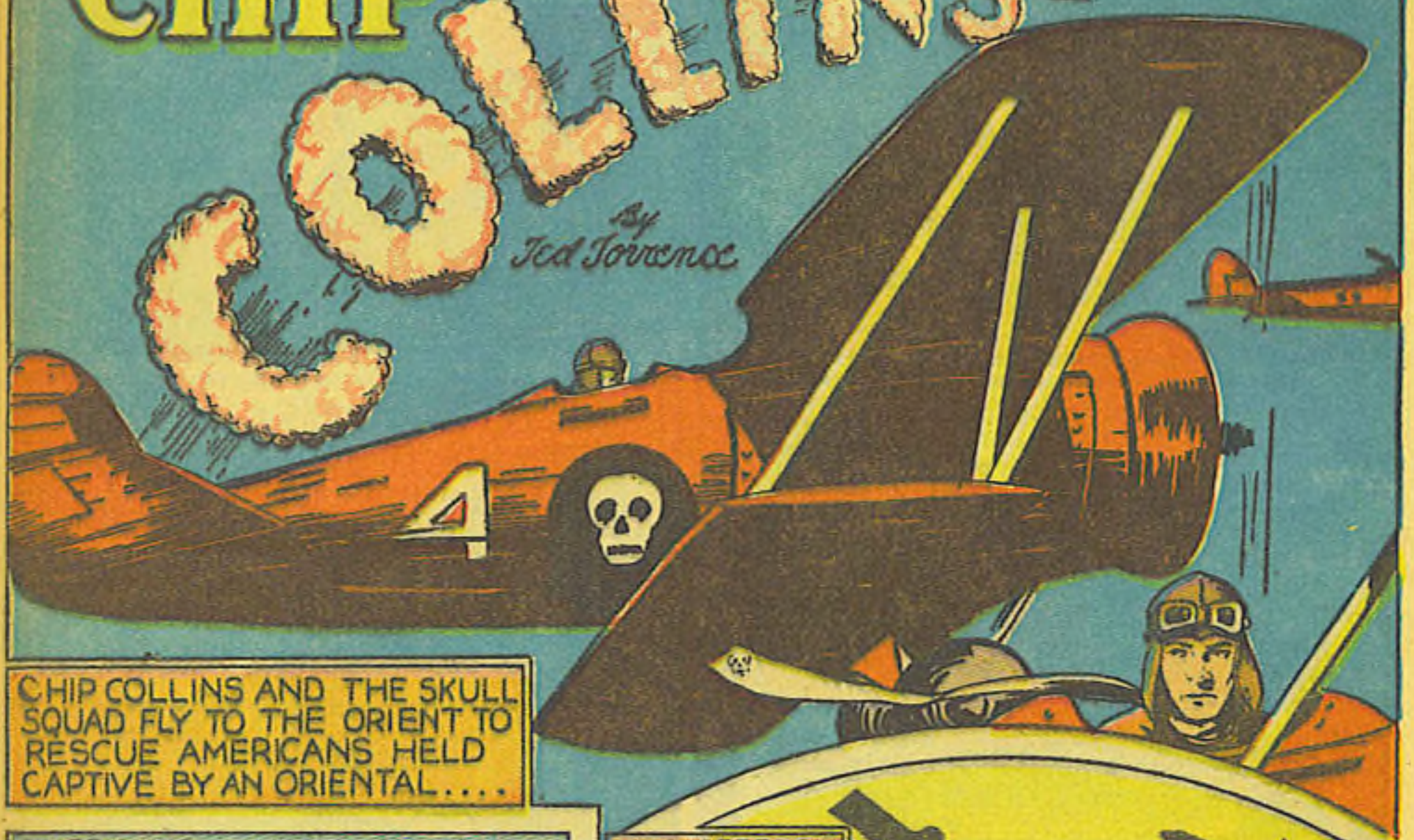
GUARDHOUSE COMPANY A

FOLLOW STRUT IN FIGHT COMICS... 5



# CHIP COLLINS

By Ted Torrance



CHIP COLLINS AND THE SKULL SQUAD FLY TO THE ORIENT TO RESCUE AMERICANS HELD CAPTIVE BY AN ORIENTAL....

AMERICANS CAUGHT IN A SMALL BESEIGED TOWN IN WAR-TORN CHINA, CALL ON CHIP COLLINS TO RESCUE THEM..

CHIP SPEEDS THROUGH THE TROUBLED SKY TO THE VILLAGE TOWN..



I WISH YOU HADN'T COME ALONG, WENDY, THIS IS DANGEROUS COUNTRY.

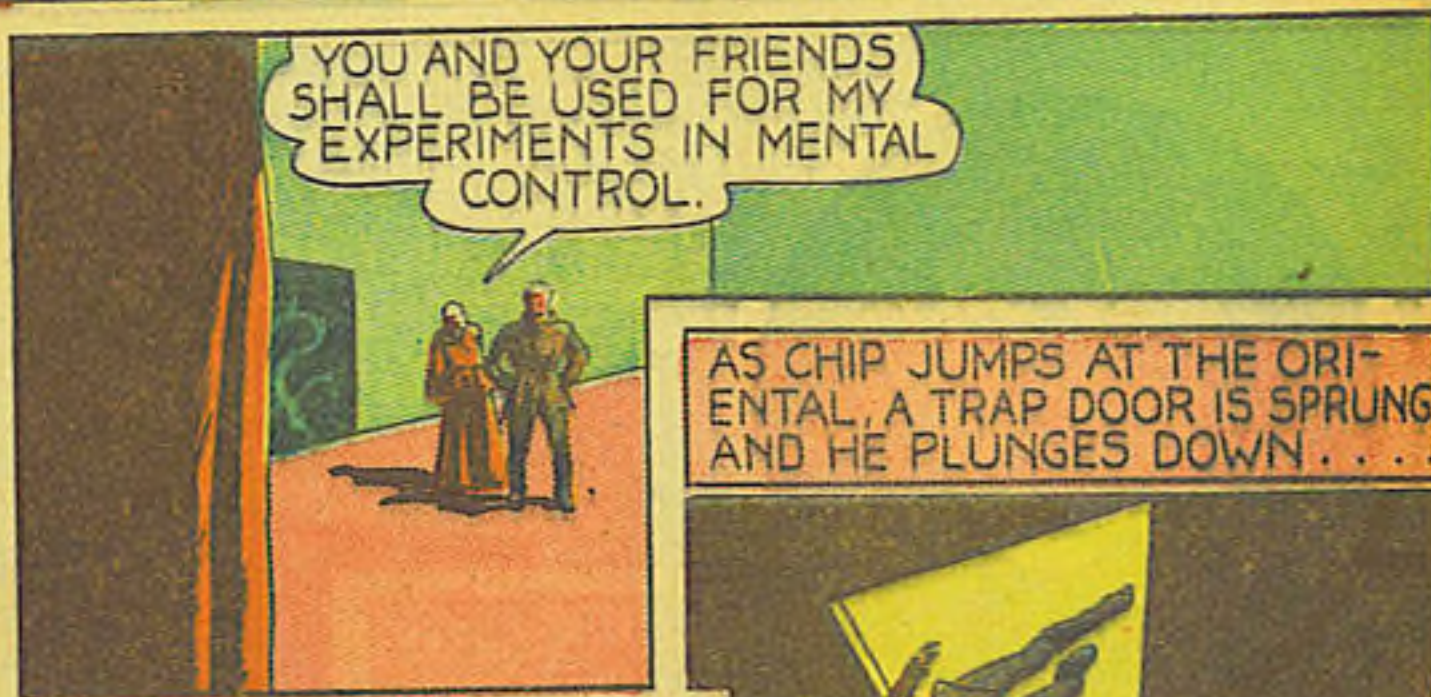
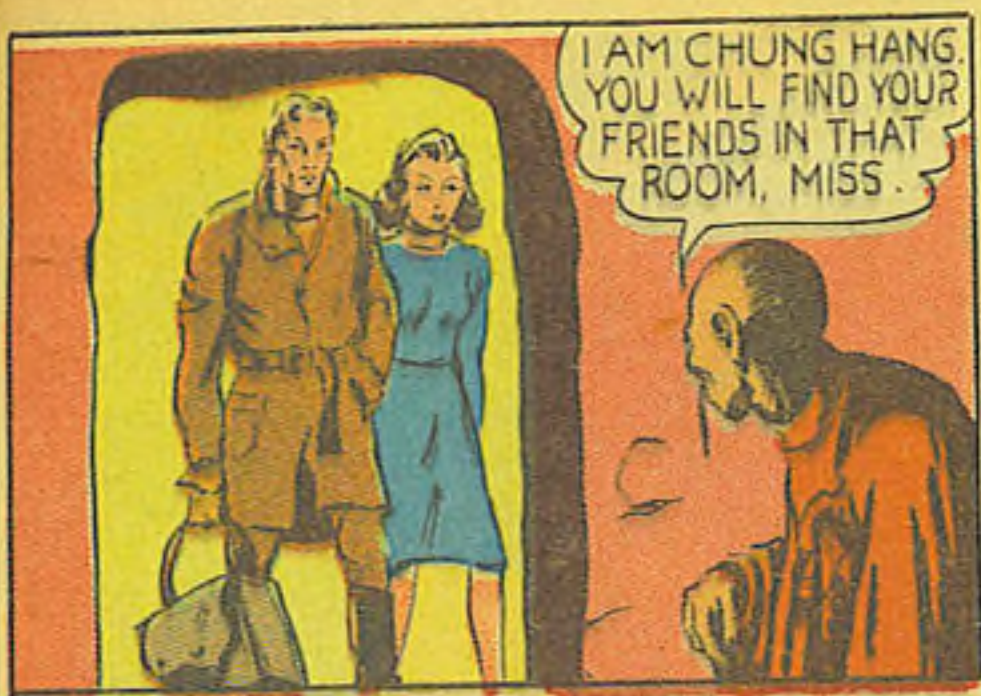


WHERE ARE THEY?

AMERICANS -- IN THERE -- CHUNG HANG'S HOUSE..







AS CHIP JUMPS AT THE ORIENTAL, A TRAP DOOR IS SPRUNG AND HE PLUNGES DOWN...





THE FIENDISH  
FACE OF CHUNG  
LEERS DOWN,  
AS CHIP LANDS  
BELOW WITH  
WENDY AND  
THE OTHERS..



FLASHING A CONTROL RAY UPON  
THE TWO AMERICANS, THE  
ORIENTAL PUTS THEM IN HIS  
POWER...



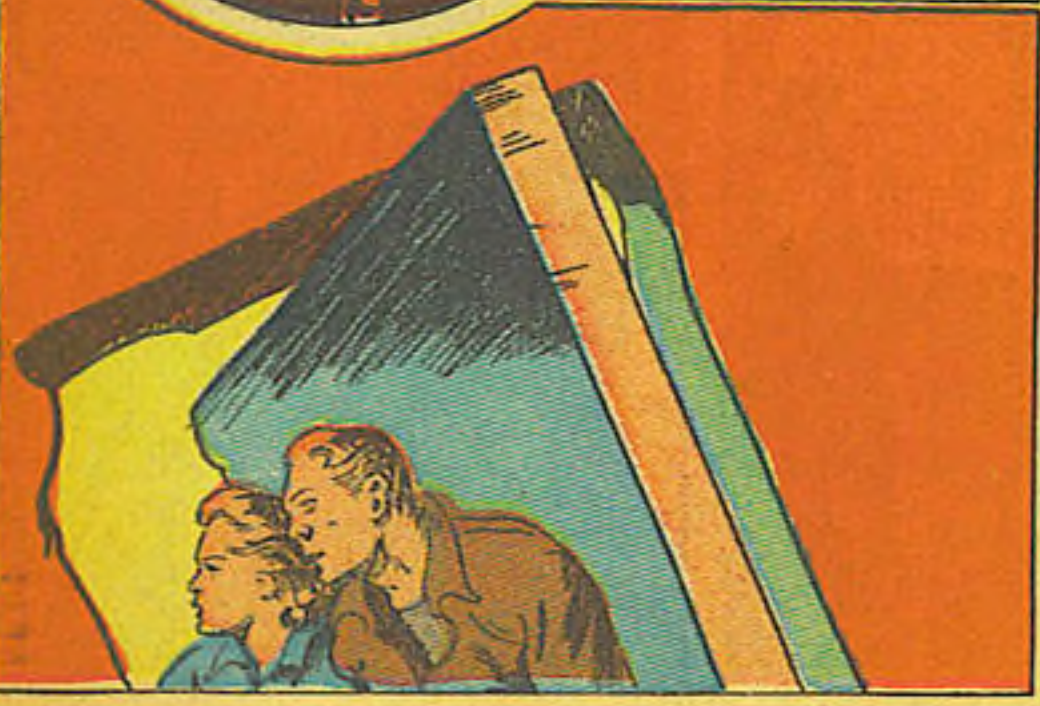
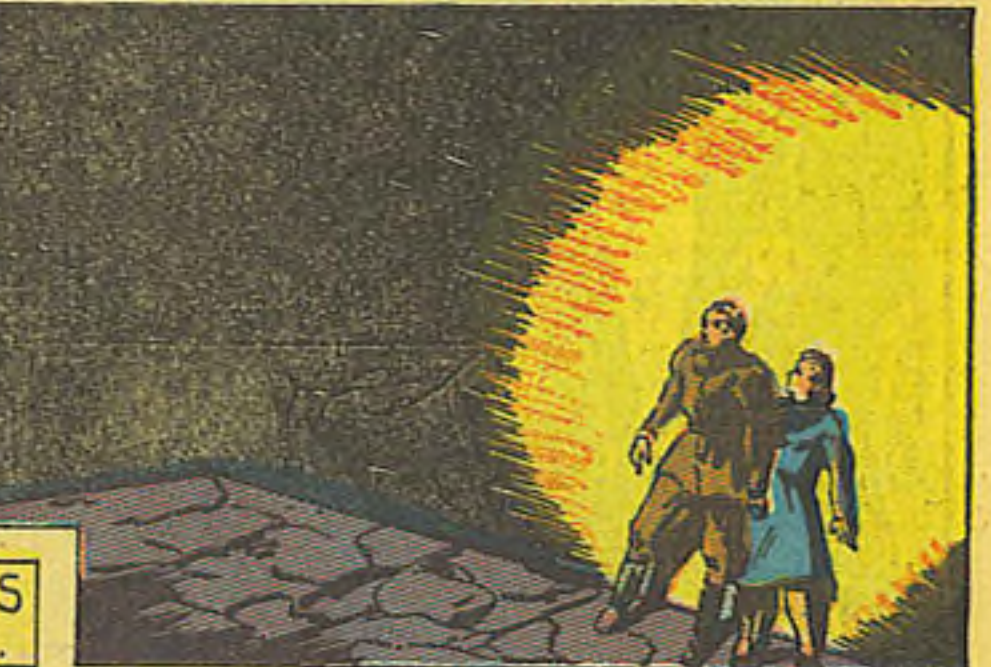
SLIP INTO  
THE SHADOW,  
WENDY, QUICKLY!



JUST AS THE  
LIGHT OF  
THE RAY  
FOCUSES  
ON THEM..



A PANEL OPENS  
BEHIND THEM...

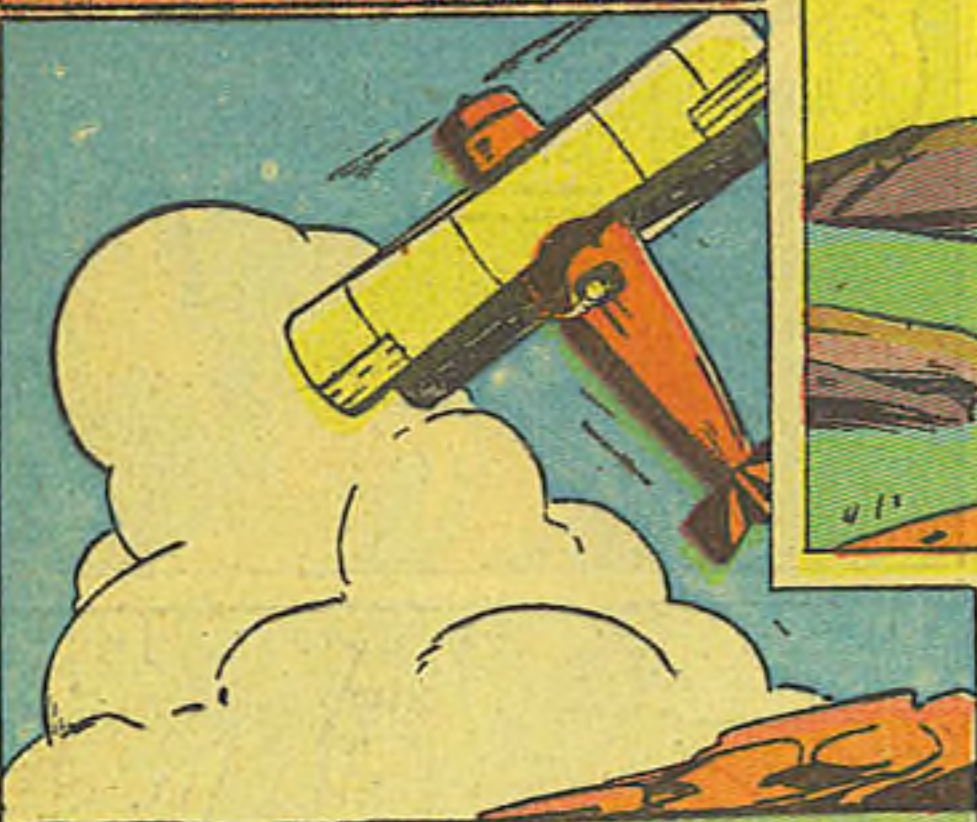


WE'RE  
BEHIND THE  
ENEMY LINES!

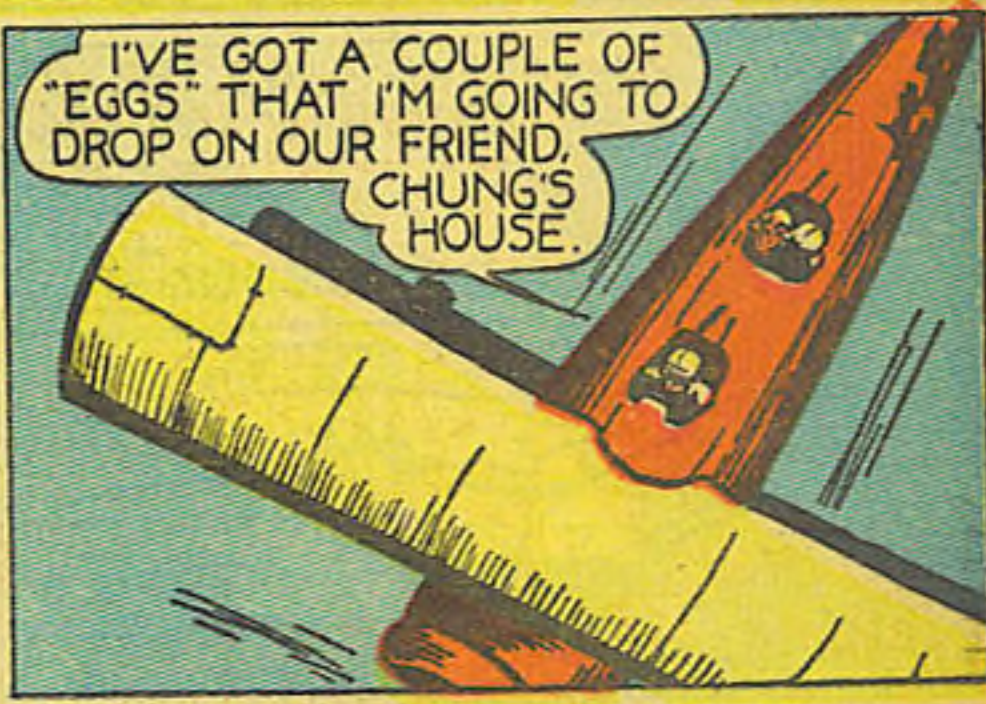




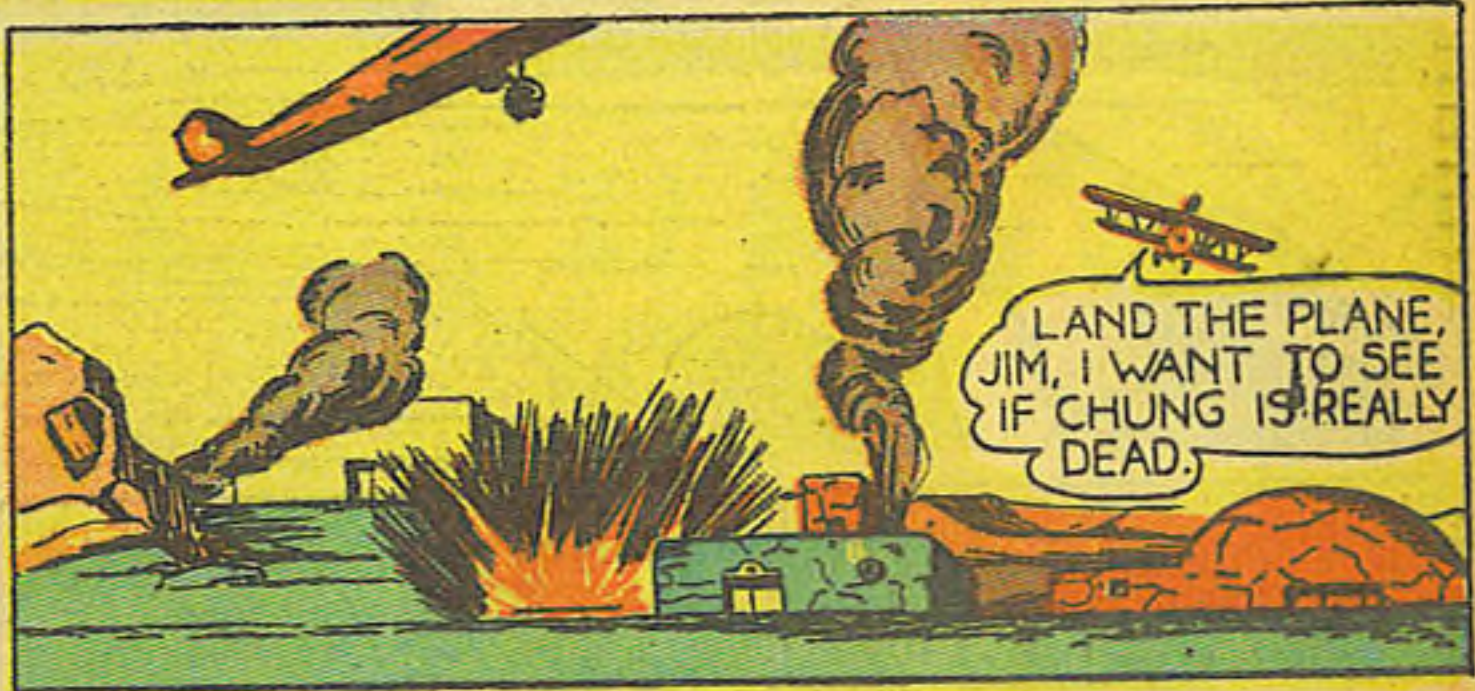
SUDDENLY, A SKULL SQUADRON PLANE SWERVES ABOVE.



LANDING QUICKLY, THE PILOT HAILS THE COUPLE.



SWOOPING LOW OVER THE MANIACS HOUSE, JIM SENDS A BOMB HURLING DOWN.



DASHING TO THE RUINS CHIPS SEES CHUNG, UNHARMED, ABOUT TO MAKE A GETAWAY



YOU ESCAPED THE BOMB, CHUNG, BUT NOT WHAT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU!





CHIP RIPS A DAGGER FROM THE CHINAMAN'S HAND.



NO YOU DON'T, MY FRIEND.

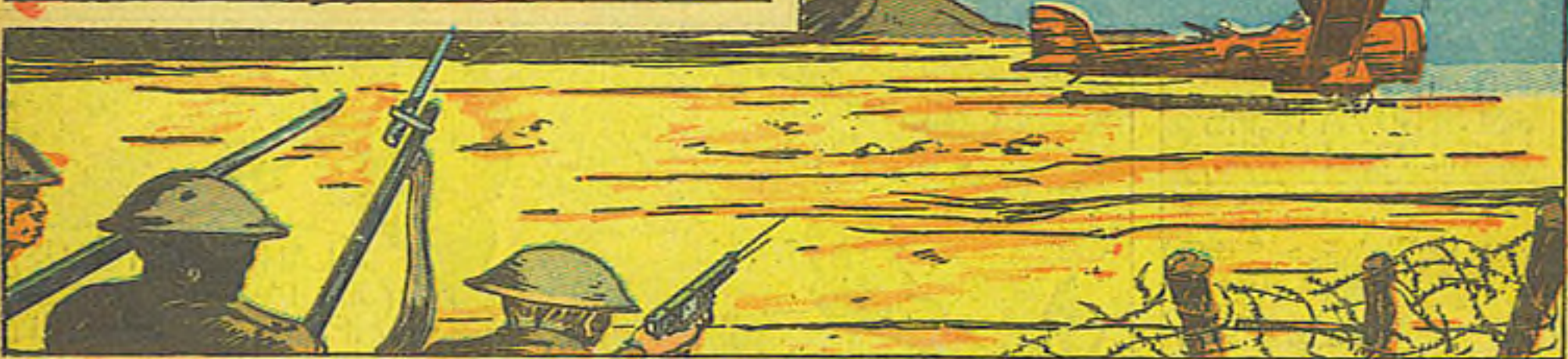
THIS'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP, SO YOU CAN DREAM ABOUT RULING THE WORLD- GOOD NIGHT!



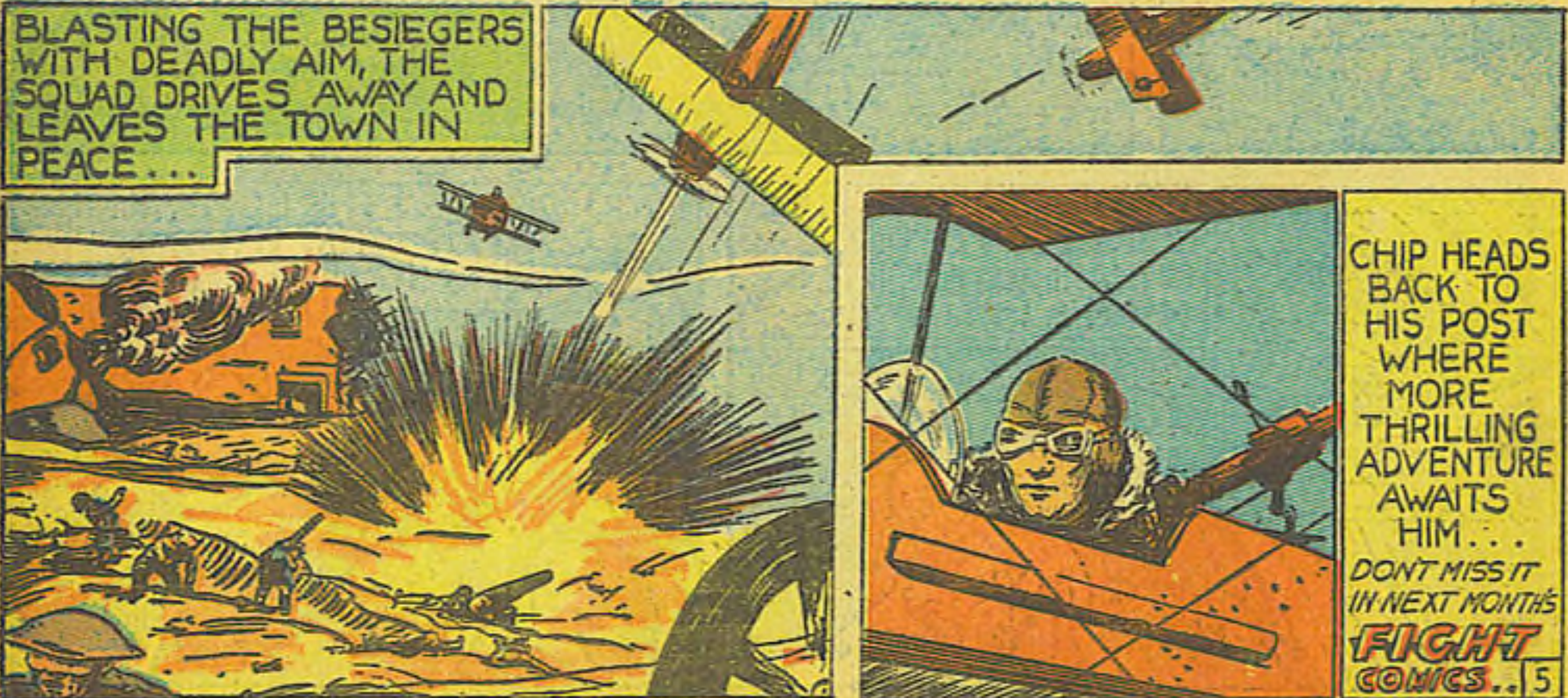
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER AMERICANS ESCAPE BY THE SECRET PASSAGE...



WITH EVERYONE SAFE ABOARD THE PLANES, CHIP'S SKULL SQUADRON TAKES OFF...



BLASTING THE BESIEGERS WITH DEADLY AIM, THE SQUAD DRIVES AWAY AND LEAVES THE TOWN IN PEACE...



CHIP HEADS BACK TO HIS POST WHERE MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE AWAITS HIM...

DON'T MISS IT IN NEXT MONTH'S **FIGHT COMICS**... 15



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