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

I enclose hereewith four (4) coupons, one from each of the magazines listed below, also five cents ($0) in coin, for which send me postpaid the 7" x 11" 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 ...........
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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!

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 to many of you 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 ($0) in coin.

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

FIGHT COMICS, VOL. 1, NO. 2, FEBRUARY 1939. Published every month by Fight Stories, Inc., 461 8th Ave., New York City. Thurman T. Scott, Pres.; Malcolm Rees, Editor; William S. Elster, Art Director; S. M. Iser, 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. $1.00; Canada $1.50; Foreign $1.25. 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 MEETS PLenty OF TROUBLE ON AN ISLAND OF CUTTHROATS AND TREASURE HUNTERS.

HMM. FOOD SUPPLY IS RUNNING LOW, AND I CAN'T SAIL ON AN EMPTY STOMACH!

HERE'S LOLA! I'LL STOCK UP THERE!

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

LOOKS LIKE A PARTY AT THAT BUNGALOW.
YOU BEAST! TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME!

HO-HO-HO! I'M JUST NUTS ABOUT FIGHTIN' DAMES

WHY THE SCURVY RATS!

DO AS SHE SAYS!

OH, A HERO, EH? JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES--LISTEN, ROMEO, HOW'D YOU LIKE YER EARS PINNED BACK?!

WE DON'T LIKE GUYS LIKE YOU ON THIS ISLAND!

THIS WON'T MAKE YOU LIKE ME ANY BETTER

WHY YOU ♂! LET HIM HAVE IT, MEN

THE CREW ADVANCES ON SHARK, MENACINGLY...
COMES ON, YOU LUGS? THE PRACTICE KEEPS ME IN GOOD SHAPE?

WHAT YOU GUYS NEED IS MORE SPINACH!

SOCK!

HERE'S SOME FLYING PRACTICE!

AND THIS IS TO HARDEN YER CHIN IN CASE YA WANT TO PLAY THE VIOLIN!

SMACK!
Mister, you were wonderful! How can I ever thank you?

I live here. My father sailed for Manoa Island to seek an old pirate treasure. These men tried to convince me that Dad was ill and wanted to see me. I didn't believe them so they got nasty, then you came along!

Manoa Island? Why, that's the place where Skinny and his mob are in hiding from the authorities! Your father may be in danger!

This island isn't safe for you. The natives also fear Skinny and his gang! Come, we must get to your father at once!

That evening, they sail for Manoa Isle.

Manoa, shielded by the island cove, where the cutthroat gang evades the authorities...
THE VICIOUS 'SKINNY,' CHIEF OF THE GANG.

SO, CANNIN WON'T TELL WHERE HE FOUND THE TREASURE? I'VE GOT A WAY THAT'LL MAKE HIM!

SANDY! HEY, SANDY!!

YES, BOSS! DID YA CALL FER ME?

I'M GETTIN' IMPATIENT WITH CANNIN! GIVE HIM THE WORKS WITH THE BULLWHIP THAT'LL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!

MEANWHILE, BRODIE AND JANE ARRIVE AT MANOA ISLAND....

OH, I HOPE DADDY IS ALL RIGHT!

DON'T WORRY.

WHY, THERE'S A MAN BEING WHIPPED!

I-HIT'S DADDY!!

SHARK AND THE GIRL AIM THEIR GUNS TOWARD THE CROOKS' HUT...
YOU GUYS NAB THAT SNIPER, BUT BE CAREFUL!

BOSS, THIS SCUM JUST SHOT THE WHIPPER!

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

SHARK FACES HIS OPPONENTS GRIMLY... I'M TAKING NO CHANCES WITH THAT GUY. I'LL SEE THAT MY MEN ARE FULLY EQUIPPED!
KNIVES, EH? JUST A NICE, CLEAN FIGHT?

ONE MAN LUNGE, BUT SHARK DUCKS...

THAT LITTLE APPLE PEEPER DOESN'T SCARE ME!

SLEEP THIS OFF!

THAT ABOUT WINDS UP THIS BED TIME STORY PLEASANT DREAMS!
O.K., SKINNY, HAND OVER MR. CANNIN.

DON'T BE NAIVE, BRODIE. THAT WAS JUST A LITTLE JOKE ON YOU. HEH, HEH.

WELL, IT'S NOT VERY FUNNY, SKINNY. HERE'S SOMETHING TO CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT OUR DEAL!

AND, YOU, AND YOU, AND YOU, TOO!

I MUST GET JANE AND HER FATHER AWAY FROM HERE.

NATIVES OF TOA! GOOD, THEY CAN TAKE THEM BACK AND HELP ME CLEAN UP THIS GANG!

SHARK BRODIE QUICKLY BUILDS A FIRE TO SIGNAL THE NATIVES........

LOOK! SHARK BRODIE NEEDS HELP!
Swiftly, they sail for the island.

Meanwhile, skinny and his men come to.

This time, we've got to finish shark Brodie, understand?

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...
LEAVE IT TO THE TOANS TO CLEAN UP THAT GANG—I’LL GET JANE!

THE NATIVES WILL TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR ISLAND—I’VE GOT A DATE WITH SKINNY..

NOT SO FAST, BRODIE—ONE OF US IS NOT LEAVING THIS ISLAND ALIVE.

WELL THEN YOU BETTER SAY YOUR PRAYERS IF YOU KNOW ANY-

SUDDENLY, A POISONED ARROW STRIKES SKINNY...

WELL, THAT’S THE END OF YOUR TROUBLES FOR AWHILE, NOW-

GOOD BYE, BRODIE, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF SHARK BRODIE IN NEXT MONTH'S FIGHT COMICS

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
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.

Time of round one minute and 38 seconds.

His last amateur fight was with Joe Bauer, who was knocked out in the first round.

Joe, I think you are the next champion. I'd like to manage you.

After his first pro bout against Larry Udell he was phenomenally successful.

At last after many brilliant victories, he wins the support of Mike Jacobs in New York.

And after five months of professional fighting, he was drawing a purse of $2750 in his fight with Lee Ramage.

Your OK. Now for big time, Joe.

John Roxborough, a lawyer who had gotten him a job at the Ford Motor Co., agreed to handle him as a professional fighter.
HE WANTS TO FIGHT SHARKEY, BAER, SCHMELING OR CARNERA.

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

HE BEGINS GROOMING FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP IN EARNEST...

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....

MY ARMS FEEL LIKE CHUNKS OF ICE.

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

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

THE NEXT DAY LOUIS MARRIES....
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 twelfth round Louis is knocked out by Schmeling.

In the fourth round Louis is knocked down from a terrific right to the jaw.

Making a comeback, Louis meets and KO's Sharkey.

Sharkey was knocked out in the third.

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 world's champion heavyweight.
A FIGHTING CHAMPION, HE SIGNS TO FIGHT TOMMY FARR...

NATHAN MANN GOES OUT IN THE THIRD

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

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 10TH OF EVERY MONTH

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
THE BOXING HALL OF FAME

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.

PEDRO
MONTANEZ

ON APRIL 5TH 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 stream-
lined, fully equipped with blast horn, 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.

Mail this coupon to Jim Thayer, Dept. 811.
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: ____________________________
Age: ____________________________
Huge cities rise on the snow-covered land of Icy Antarctica, which has been inhabited for many years.

Our first objective is America. We have honeycombed the country with spies.

Antarctica, 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.
I AM A TRAITOR!

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

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

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

LOCK THEM UP... WE MAY FIND THEM USEFUL LATER ON.
WE MUST ATTACK FIRST TO HEAD OFF AN INVASION.

MEANWHILE, THE AMERICANS PLAN TO ATTACK ANTARTICA.

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

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.

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.

WE KNOW NOTHING OF THE MISSING SUBMARINES.

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

SABER AGAIN BEFORE THE BOARD.

YOU SHALL HAVE IT!

ALONE, SABER SETS OUT IN AN ICE-BORING SUBMARINE ARMED WITH THE ELECTRO-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.
NOW FOR SOME ACTION!

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 ELECTRO-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.

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
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 changes ---- this fight's gotta be a sure thing.

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 weakness under the influence of the dope.

Smack!

Nice work, fella -- how's 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 AIN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE HE LOST THE FIGHT!
I KNOW THE GUY WORRIES ME!

IT'S HARD ON A CHAMP LOSING A TITLE -- STILL CAN'T 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.

WELL, FOLKS. IT LOOKS LIKE KIRBY IS ALL THROUGH!

AGAIN. THE GANGSTERS REJOICE OVER THEIR SUCCESS.

WE SURE GOT THAT GUY LICKED—HE WON'T BOTHER US AGAIN. HEH! HEH!

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.

DESPOJENT KIRBY.

SURE. WENT DOWN FOR THE COUNT.

KAYOED KIRBY.

HE WALKS THE STREETS. HE SEEMS TO HAVE LOST ALL HOPE AND AMBITION.
DEPcerye, he trying 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?

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.

You got the wrong slant, Kirby?
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 FOR A DOCTOR.

MARY SICK? WHY DIDN'T SHE TELL ME?

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 HER—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. HE CAN'T 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?

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.

-AND DON'T LET THOSE RATS LOOSE AGAIN!

CONGRATULATIONS, CHAMP!

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
KINKS
MASON

1000 FATHOMS UNDER THE SEA
BY STEVE BRODER

THE CALL
@he News
ANOTHER SHIP SINKS IN GULF!
NAVY SENDS SUBS TO INVESTIGATE

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

YOU'LL LEAVE AT ONCE!
Kinks sails for the Gulf Stream in his ketch; alone, but undaunted.

Well, nothing strange about this place!

This must be the spot.

Suddenly the speedy vessel stops with a jerk!

What the...

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!

No time to waste!

Gee, I can see the lost ships down there!
AFTER SEARCHING THE SHIPS FOR BODIES, KINKS IS AMAZED TO FIND NONE THERE!

I WONDER WHAT COULD OF HAPPENED?

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

TO OUR QUEEN

NO HARM IN SHOWING YOU HOW WE ARE GOING TO CONQUER THE UPPER WORLD..COME!

MEANWHILE, STRANGE SEA-WEED LIKE CREATURES ATTACK HIM.

WE'VE GOT HIM!

SO, YOU'VE COME TO INVESTIGATE US?

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!

LEAVE THAT GIRL ALONE!

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!

IF ONLY I CAN FIND AWAY OUT OF HERE!

A SUBMARINE!
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 seaweed will soon imprison the sub!

She'll work!

All ready... Let's go!

With a lurch, the sub shakes itself off from the binding seaweed!

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!

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!

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!

Boom

They are about to kill him when the lack of chlorophyll makes itself felt. The weed people lose color and fall dead.

On the way back Kinks is ambushed.

Kill him!

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.

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
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!
THIS IS WHY I'M HERE!

YOU RED RIVER RATS, I'LL FIX YOU!

COME ON! LET'S KILL HIM!

TRY AND DO IT, YOU RATS!

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

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

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

I'LL KNOCK YOU STIFF, YOU BIG PALOOKA!

I'LL PUT YOU ALL WHERE YOU BELONG!

STEP UP AND GET IT!

HOW DID YOU LIKE IT?
I GUESS THIS WINDS IT UP!

I BELIEVE YOU'LL HAVE NO MORE TROUBLE WITH RED RIVER, MR. FARLOW!

YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, RED! YOU HAVE A LIFETIME JOB HERE IF YOU WANT IT!

I'M SORRY, MR. FARLOW, BUT I'M SHOVING OFF WHERE THERE IS MORE ACTION!

I'LL PASS BY THE RED RIVER CAMP AND SAY SO-LONG!

THESE RED RIVER BOYS DON'T SEEM VERY GLAD TO SEE ME!

THERE GOES A GOOD MAN!
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.

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

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

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

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.

Breaking the door, Oran quickly unbinds his father.

He easily surpises the guards with swift, sure blows.

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.

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
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".

KELLY'S GYM IN BACK OF THE CITY

HE, 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, KO 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 THERES 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 I 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...

SAV, 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.

THAT KID CERTAINLY GOT NERVE.

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

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

LET HIM HAVE IT, CHAMP?

WOW! DA CHAMP'S TEARING INTO DA KID!

HE MUST WANNA FINISH HIM QUICK?

DA 'KILLER'S FOLLOWIN' EM RIGHT UP! THE KID SURE CAN TAKE IT!
I gave Dat Kid everything I got. Aw nuts! Go out and moider him. He's just a green kid.

I'm O.K. Dad! I was just feelin' him out—he's a hard hitter, but he didn't hurt me.

Careful now, Son! He's not through yet!

Yeah, I know what you mean! I'll fix him!

Hey you punk—what's the matter with you?? Finish him dis round? You know what I mean?

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 GRAPES BLINDLY.

SUDDENLY, THE KILLER BRINGS HIS WET GLOVE TO THE KID'S FACE AND TWISTS IT.

BUT HE GRIMLY RECOVERS, AND...

THE KILLER 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.

The next issue of FIGHT COMICS goes on sale Feb. 10th.
CORPORAL WARREN!!

CORPORAL! HEY...
CORPORAL WARREN!!

HUUH? OH...
H'LO, SARGE...

"H'LO, SARGE".. NUTS! SINECE WHEN HAVE WE
ENLISTED WIMMEN FOR SENTRY DUTY?...
HERE, TAKE THIS
LETTER TO THE
EMBASSY!

I'LL TAKE CARE O'
YOUR ASSISTANT..

AHH.. RICH, BLACK,
OOZY MUD!

WAH-? WHERE DID
THAT COME FROM?!
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! PFU!

Co* Φ*! Now ya did it! I get mad doggone easy! ♂ ♂ ♂

Stick yer neck in there, ya little rooster!

Get ready to meet yer ancestors!

Socko
LET US CONTINUE... WE PLANT TIME BOMBS IN AMERICAN MARINE BARRACKS... BLOW UP WHOLE MESS OF FOREIGN DOGS....

MUST STRIKE NOW... EVERY AMERICAN IN THIS SECTOR MUST BE DESTROYED!

Ssh...

THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AGAIN!

THE ASS HAS LONG EARS! BUT WE ALSO HAVE OUR METHODS WITH STUPID MULES!

SUMO! COME SUDDEN! THE DONKEY YEARNS FOR COMPANY... TEAR HIS TONGUE IN TWO!

... AND INTO THE MARINE'S PRESENCE LUMBERS AN ORIENTAL WRESTLER!
Gonna polish me off, eh, Jocko?

Oww! I musta busted my lunch-hooks on that brick wall! mo'!!

Where is he? Get up an' fight like a man!

How's yer bunion, Edna?
Strut jumps and lands with both feet!

I'm bustin' up this little social!

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?!

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 auto Follow strut in Fight Comics...
CHIP COLLINS AND THE SKULL SQUAD FLY TO THE ORIENT TO RESCUE AMERICANS HELD CAPTIVE BY AN ORIENTAL.

AMERICANS CAUGHT IN A SMALL BESIEGED 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...
I AM CHUNG HANG.
You will find your
friends in that
room, miss.

THE SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CHINAMAN
DETAINS CHIP FOR A
MOMENT...

NOW, YOU MAY
FOLLOW HER.

WHERE'S WENDY?
WHAT'S ALL THIS WEIRD
APPARATUS?

WENDY IS
SAFE IN MY
KEEPING. SOON THE
WORLD WILL EXHAUST
ITSELF IN WAR, THEN IT
SHALL BE READY FOR
MY SUPER-SCIENCE.... I
WILL CONTROL THE
THOUGHTS OF
ALL MEN!

YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS
SHALL BE USED FOR MY
 EXPERIMENTS IN MENTAL
CONTROL.

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

I'M SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR
DREAMS, CHUNG HANG,
BUT YOU'RE NOT
GETTING AWAY
WITH THIS!
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.

HI, CHIP! HURRY UP AND GET IN!

I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF EAGS THAT I'M GOING TO DROP ON OUR FRIEND, CHUNG'S HOUSE.

IT'S JIMMY—HE'S SEEN US. THANK HEAVEN.

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

LAND THE PLANE, JIM, I WANT TO SEE IF CHUNG IS REALLY DEAD.

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 RIP'S 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.

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