

THE CHALLENGER

NO. 3

JULY • AUGUST • SEPTEMBER
1946

COMICS

10¢

FOR
64 PAGES
OF

THRILL-PACKED
ACTION STORIES



LETTERS TO THE CHALLENGER

Dear Sir:

This is the first comic magazine which I have come across which actually has a real value in it for readers of all ages, races and creeds. The problem which you have set out to cure is one which is the enemy to all free people, as you have stated in your Fledge.

I have just graduated from Manhattan Senior High School, in which one of our courses was American Problems. We studied the Negro problem, and I for one am convinced it, along with religious propaganda, and propaganda given out to set nation against nation is the big opposition finding world peace. I am going to college now, and intend to help right this problem with all the power God will give me.

Here in Manhattan, the Ministers Association have started a fight against segregation of Negroes in the theaters of Manhattan. They are putting a "bill" before the Chamber of Commerce. God willing, one step further will be taken to give Negroes their human rights.

Once more I wish to commend you for your magazine, for though I am only 18½ years old, I do recognize a profitable comic magazine after I have read it.

Sincerely yours,

Willie G. Patton
Manhattan, Kansas

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a poem in which I've written regarding race friendliness:

Our World
Our world is combined of different races
Some are overseas and in other places.
Let joy and happiness ring out with mirth,
And eliminate hate all o'er the earth.
So let's go all out for a better world free,
Make friends with other nationalities, that's
the way to be.

Yours very truly,

Frank Woods
Chicago, Illinois

THE CHALLENGER



THE CHALLENGER,
A MAGAZINE PLEDGED
TO FIGHT RACE PRE-
JUDICE, DISCRIMINA-
TION AND ALL OTHER
FORMS OF FASCISM
IN NORTH AMERICA.

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OFFICE OF THE CHALLENGER
251 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

THE CHALLENGER



IN A VERY FASHIONABLE PART OF THE CITY---



WE'LL TALK PRICE AFTER YOU GIVE ME THE LOW-DOWN, TUMBRELL. ANYWAY—WHAT'S MONEY TO A RICH GUY LIKE YOU!

WE WANT AN INCIDENT, DREGHER! WE WANT TO SPLIT THE UNIONS! WE WANT RACE HATRED! WE WANT TROUBLE WITH A CAPITAL "T"!

THAT TAKES MONEY WITH CAPITALS, M-O-N-E-Y!

MONEY'S UNIMPORTANT. WE WANT RESULTS! UNEMPLOYMENT IS MAKING THE PEOPLE RESTLESS... I WANT THEIR ATTENTION TURNED AWAY FROM JOBS!



YOU WANT WORKERS TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, RIGHT? YOU WANT RIOTS... WHAT I GAVE YOU BACK IN 1943. YOU WANT SOME BANG-BANG, EH?

YOU EXPRESS YOURSELF ADMIRABLY, DREGHER! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WANT! BANG-BANG, INDEED! HA, HA!



IT'S A DEAL, TUMBRELL! THIS TOWN'S GOING TO SEE REAL FIREWORKS!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU? THE MAN'S A GEM! DREGHER'LL HAVE THE WORKERS HATING THEIR OWN MOTHERS BEFORE HE'S THROUGH!



MENWHILE, IN ANOTHER DISTRICT---

WE NEED 'THE CHALLENGER'S HELP, MR. DAY! THE UNEMPLOYMENT CRISIS IN OUR CITY IS PRETTY BAD. OVER 300,000 ARE JOBLESS, AND THEIR FEARS ARE GETTING THE BETTER OF THEM!

SO REV. THOMPSON WROTE ME! YOUR CITY HAS A LARGE NEGRO POPULATION. DO YOU THINK THEY WILL BE THE TARGET OF THE REACTIONARIES?



4 I'M CERTAIN OF IT! SOME OF OUR BIG BUSINESS MEN ARE THE WORST FASCISTS! THEY'LL FOMENT TROUBLE BETWEEN THE WHITES AND NEGROES!

THERE HAVE BEEN INCIDENTS ALREADY, MR. CHARGIN. COLORED WORKERS HAVE BEEN BEATEN UP BY PROFESSIONAL LABOR-BAITERS!



THIS IS A BIG CITY, MR. DAY. SMALL TOWNS TAKE THEIR CUES FROM US! IF THEY SEE SOCIAL INJUSTICE HERE, THE EPIDEMIC WILL SPREAD. AMERICAN NAZIS WILL GROW BOLD WHEN THEY SEE THE PEOPLE ARE DIVIDED, AND BATTLING EACH OTHER!

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!



THE ENEMY LIKES TO HAVE US ON THE DEFENSIVE: WELL, WE SHALL ASSUME THE OFFENSIVE, AND MAKE HIM VERY UNHAPPY! YOU WERE RIGHT, GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A JOB FOR 'THE CHALLENGER'!

FINE! GREAT STUFF!

WE ARE IMMENSELY RELIEVED!



AND SO, BILL DAY, 'THE CHALLENGER' CONTINUES HIS STRUGGLE AGAINST AMERICAN FASCISM



5 BUT EVIL CAN FIND ITS SEED IN INNOCENCE-- ESPECIALLY WHEN EVIL DELIBERATELY PLANTS IT

NOW WE CAN CELEBRATE, CURLEY, EH? IT ISN'T EVERY DAY I'M A POPPA! A TOAST TO MY KID BEFORE WE GO HOME!

SURE THING, BILLY! JUST LET ANE LIGHT UP!



6 SHORTLY AFTER--

CUTE SHOT, BILL! HOW'D YOU TAKE IT?

INDOORS--WITH A FLASH BULB! ISN'T THE KID SOMETHING? IT'S MY FOURTH-- BUT MY FIRST GIRL!



I THINK WE'VE FOUND OUR INCIDENT, BOYS!
TAKE OVER! YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE! I'LL
OUT IN THE CAR, WAITING!

GOT YA,
BOSS!

WE HEAR THAT ONE OF YOU GUYS IS A HAPPY
FATHER! THAT CALLS FOR A ROUND OF DRINKS!

O-BUT--

FILL 'EM
UP,
SUGARHEAD!

SUGARHEAD--- A
MUCKY FOR THE
BLACK BOY?

IT'S A
PLEASURE!

SHORTLY AFTER--
WE'VE HAD ENOUGH!
COME ALONG, BILLY!
THANKS A LOT,
YOU GUYS!

ONLY ONE D-DRINK,
AND I F-FEEL SO DIZZY...
D-DIZZY ALL OVER!

DON'T MENTION
IT!

HERE THEY COME!
FOLLOW THEM
SLOWLY!

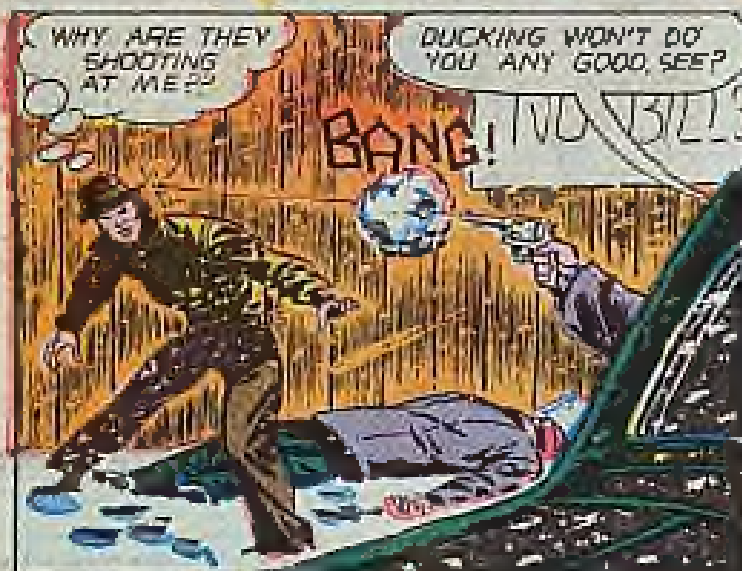
I M-MUST BE SICK, CURLEY!
A T-TERRIBLE STOMACH ACHE!
AND MY HEADS BURSTING!

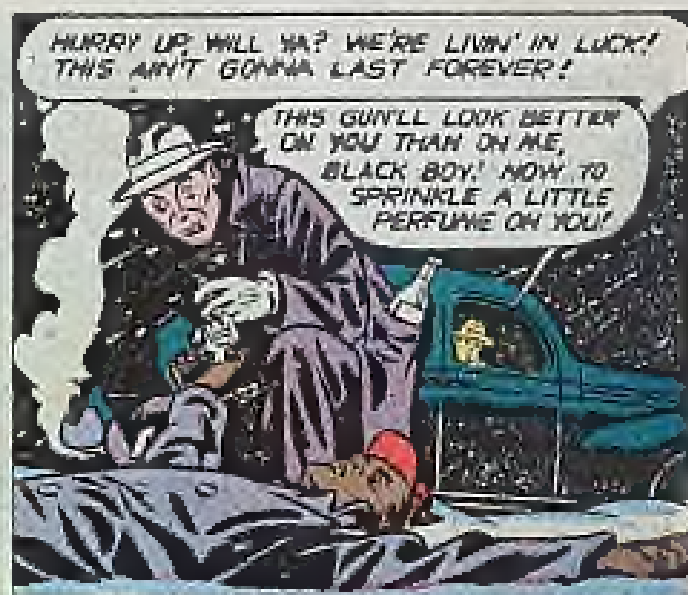
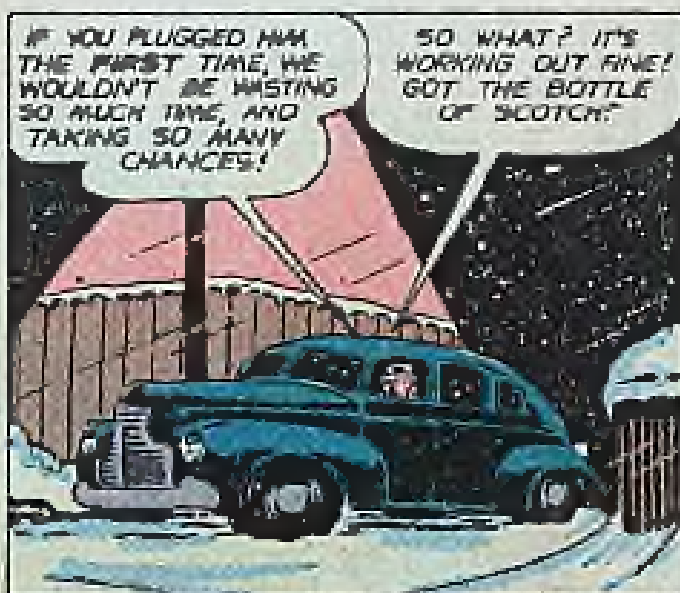
JUST HOLD TIGHT TO ME!
I'LL TAKE YOU HOME SAFE
AND SNUG! TWO BEERS
CAN'T KAYO MY FRIEND
BILLY!

THAT CAR'S BEEN FOLLOWING
US FOR FIVE BLOCKS! I DON'T
GET IT! WHO'S AFTER US? I
CAN'T RUN FOR IT WITH
BILLY SICK!

OH-H-H-H

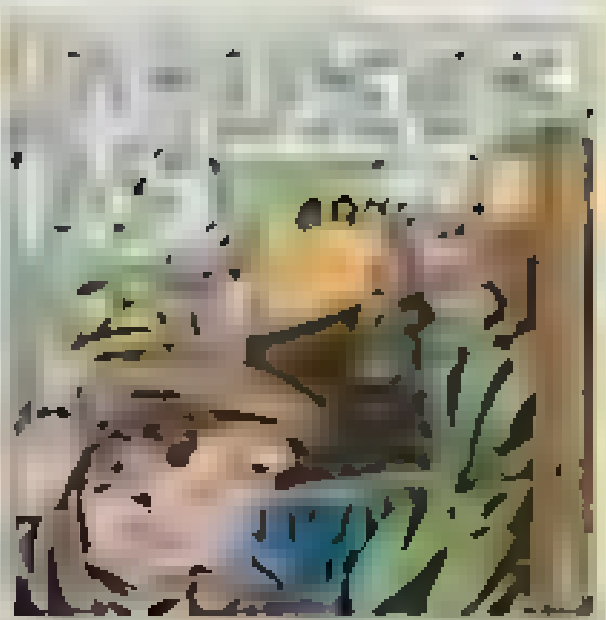
WE'LL TAKE
'EM ON THE
NEXT BLOCK! GET
CLOSER TO THE
CURB!



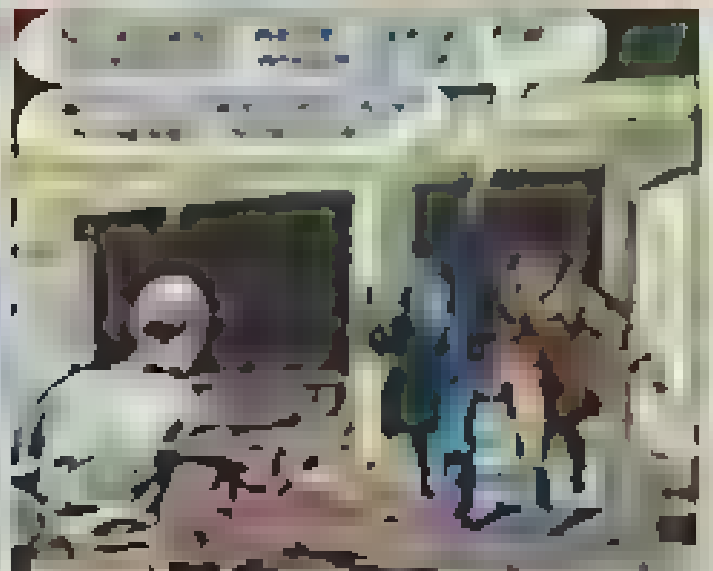
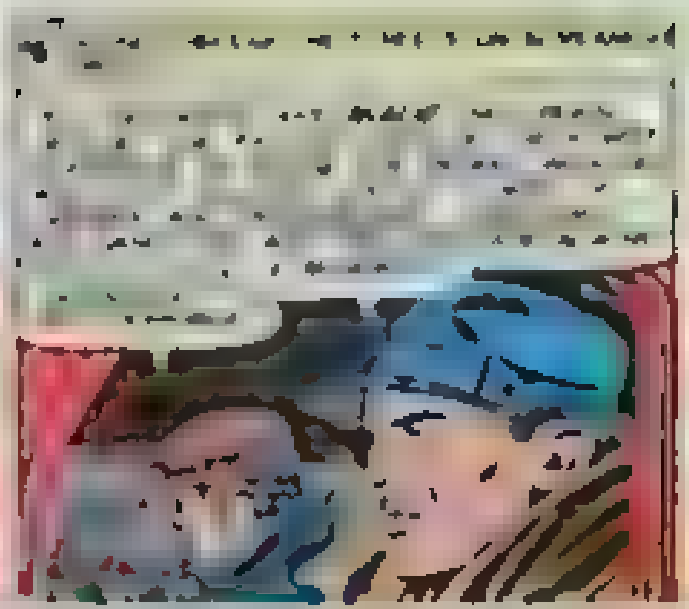




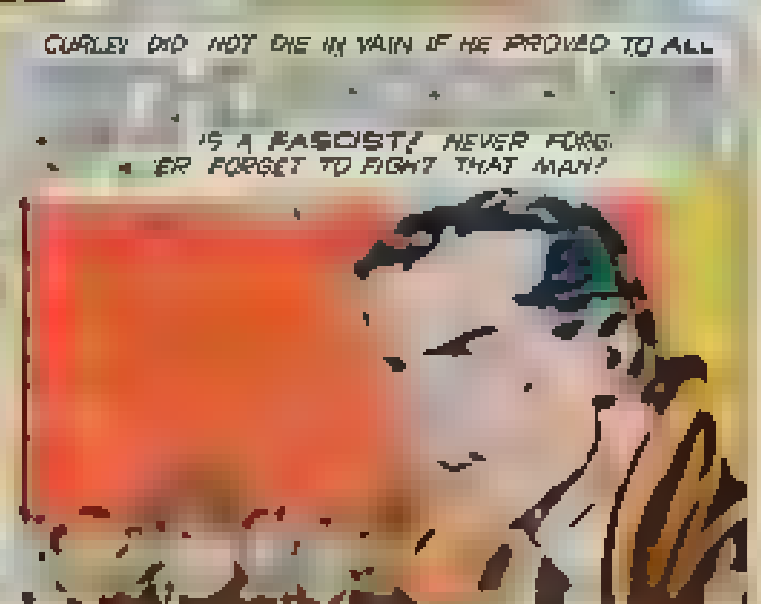










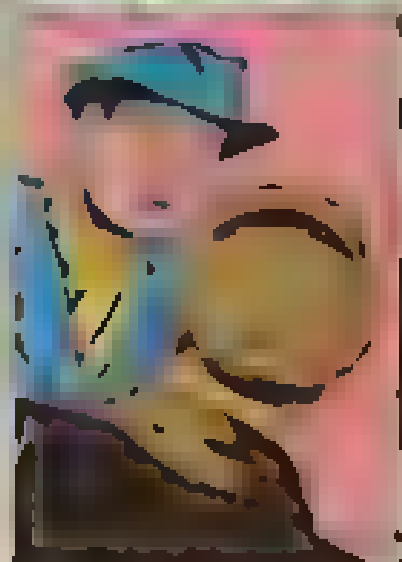
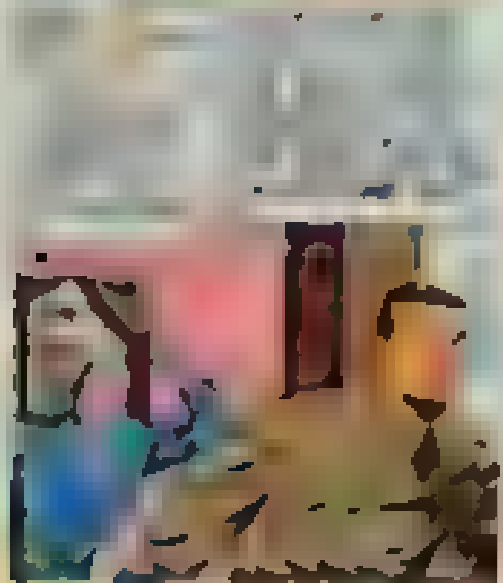
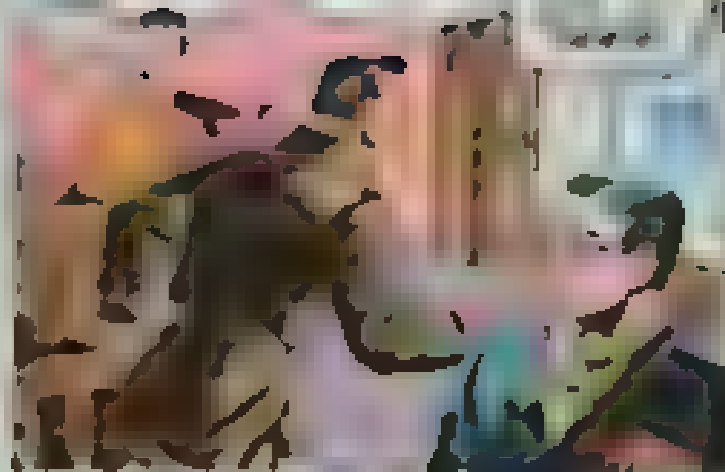




PREJUDICE



HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT



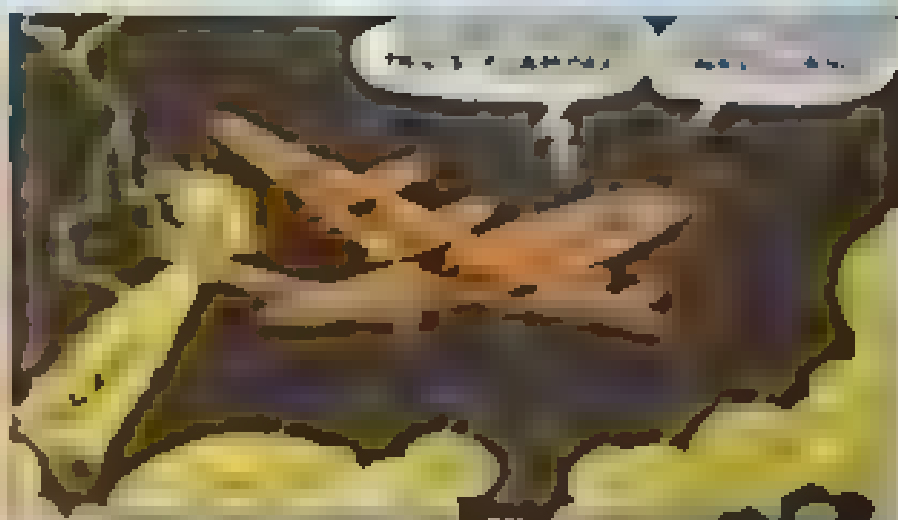
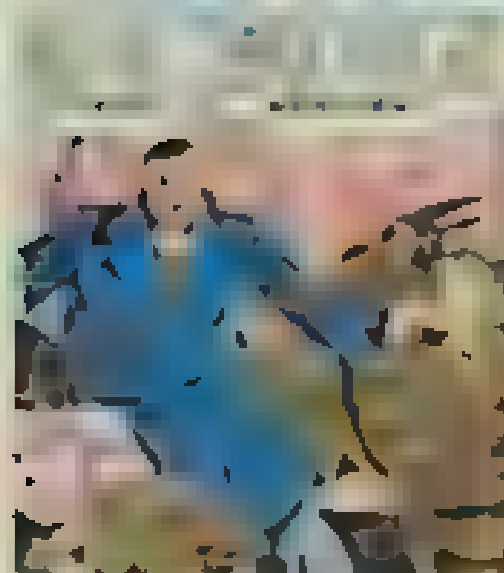
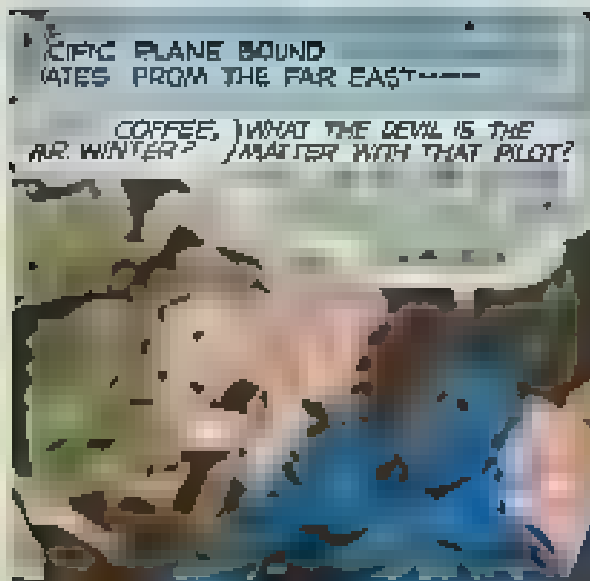


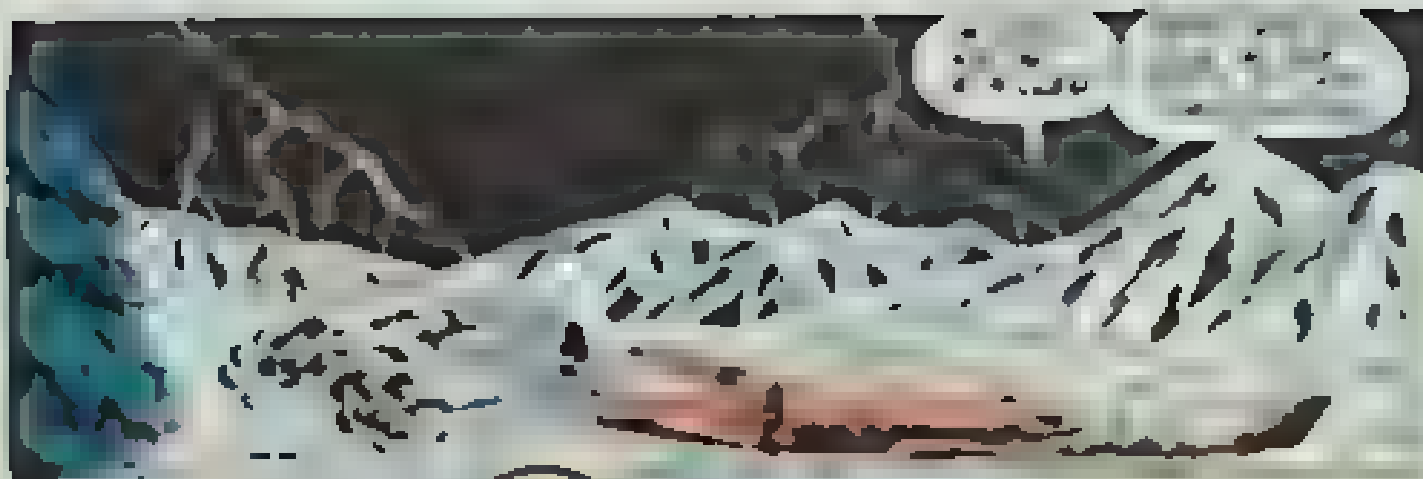
WINTER'S GOOFY ENOUGH TO, HE CAN SEE NOTHING! HE'S
HATE ME BECAUSE MY
ANCESTORS' DESCENDENTS
KILLED HIS SON—BUT WHY?
--CAN'T HE SEE THE VALUE

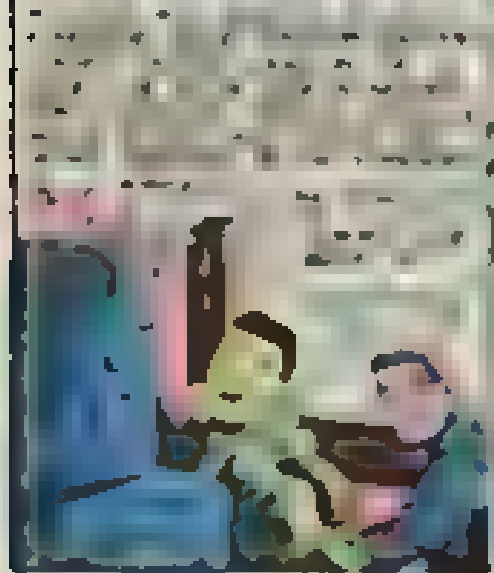


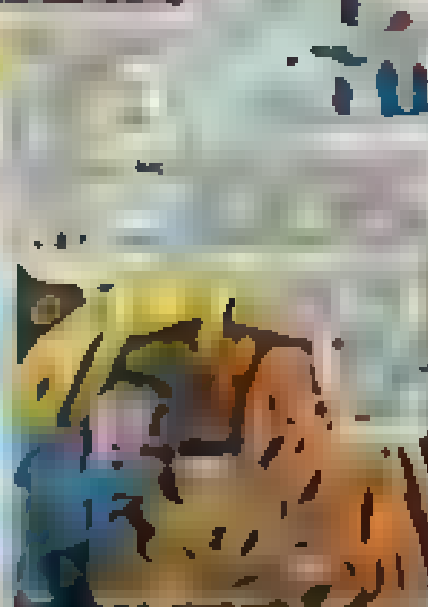
--- WEEKS PASSED, AND CAPTAIN TOM
PINE BECAME CIVILIAN TOM PINE, AN

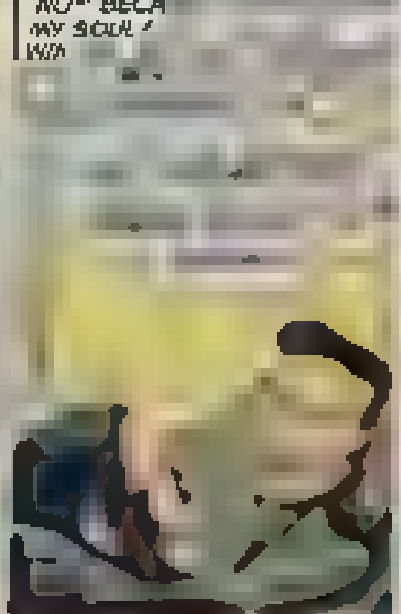
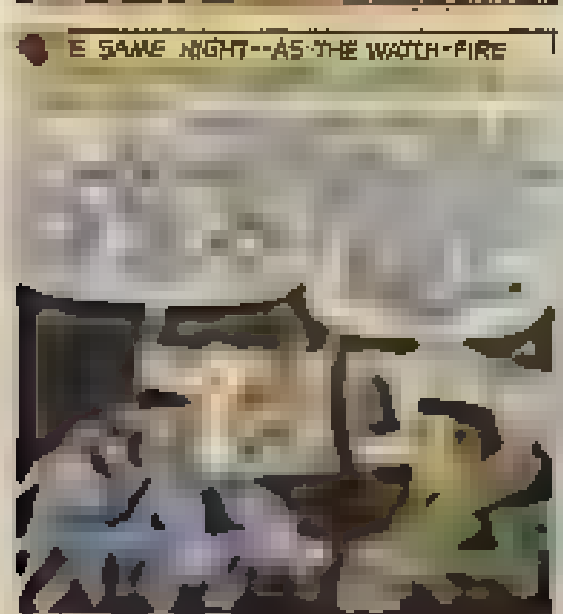








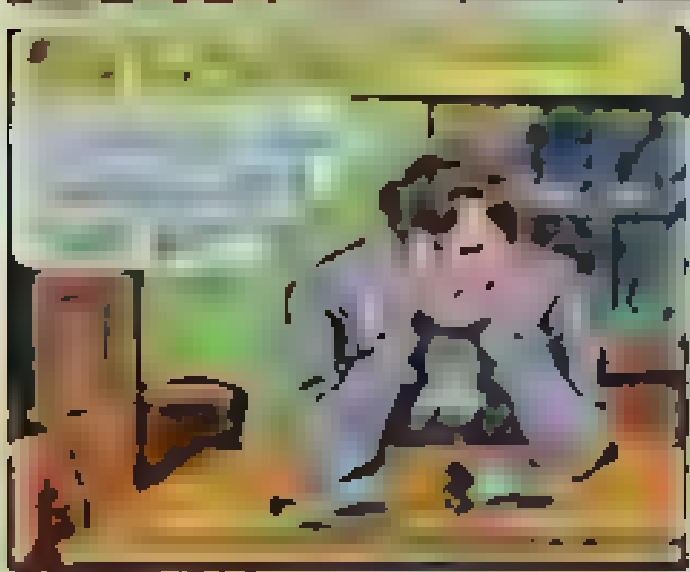
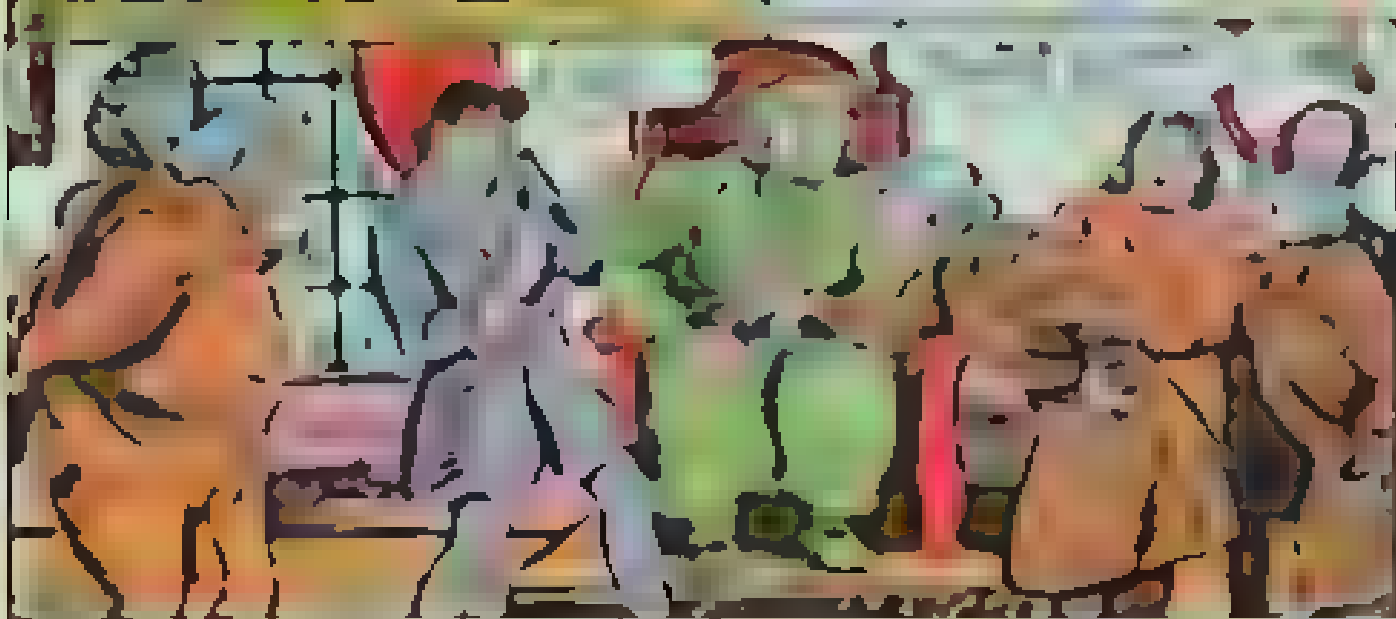




NO- BECA
MY SOUL /
WON

THE SAME NIGHT--AS THE WATCH-FIRE









A job well done

THE rain fell in torrents that unforgettable the upturned faces of the dead. There were many hundreds of them—lying like figures of

It was the Third of September, 1864—many miles from Richmond, Virginia. General Lee's half starved, half naked soldiers were busily contesting the advance of the Union forces.

Deep behind the Confederate lines—near a small stream flowing through a shell scarred forest, three men in rebel gray were eating a meal of bacon and hardtack. A fire was impossible. The bacon was devoured raw. One of the trio—obviously the eldest, looked up into the beardless face of the youngest.

"Bill," he said. "I've been racking my brains trying to figure out how we're going to get across the lines. We got our information, but what good is it if we can't deliver it. Looks like we're stuck here."

The man called Bill—a boy actually, he was not yet out of his teens—smiled at his companion.

"We're not stuck Malcom," he said. "We're not stuck. We'll get it up."

"And then what?"

"Then we'll have to make a run for it—and

The third man let out a laugh.

"What's so funny, Harvey?" asked Bill.

"When our own men see us coming," replied Harvey. "And they spot these uniforms they'll

"Yes," Bill admitted. "I've thought of that,

Harvey picked up a stone and tossed it into

"Let's think of a way out of it," he said. "I

admit that I can't. Everywhere I look I see bullets flying around my head. If anything goes wrong and we're found out, we'll be shot as

do now.

"Let's keep our wits," said Bill. "And we'll

Anyway, the war can't last much longer. We've

seen the condition of Lee's army. Can they hold

SUDDENLY a horseman rode into the clearing, and stopped a few feet in front of the three men. He had taken them by surprise, thanks to a violent clap of thunder that had muffled the noise of his mount's hoofs. Recognizing a Confederate officer the 3 badly drenched scouts leaped to their feet and rendered a very military salute. The officer returned the salute and eyed them coldly.

"Where are you men from? What are you doing here?"

"I'm just a request for information," Bill answered for himself and his companions.

"Private Malcom, Harvey and James, a

"Out of Company C—51st Virginia rifles. We were sent out to forage."

The officer dismounted and walked to where the three were standing.

"Any luck?" he asked.

"No, sir," answered the man who went under the name of Bill James. "The country has been stripped clean for miles around. We didn't even see a squirrel."

The rebel officer scrutinized the men carefully. His eyes were sharp and expressive. And the most dominating expression seemed to be

"I'm Lieut. Randall of Co. A," he said. "If you

men are returning to your outfit I'll ride with you. Where are your horses?"

"We're short, sir," replied Harvey. "Only officers are mounted, and most of the horses have already been eaten."

Lieut. Randall nodded grimly. This fact was widely known.

"Yes," he said. "And the situation grows worse. My own horse may have to go into the bellies of my men before long. Anything that moves, is in danger of being devoured."

THIS unexpected arrival of a Confederate officer created an unpleasant situation. He

might well be followed by a heavily armed patrol, which was usually the case. They could

not question him. At least not directly. They must watch him closely and hope that some-

where on the way an opportunity would present itself and permit them to slip away. Not for a

moment did the thought of killing him enter their heads. These men were honorable soldiers. They were not murderers. A way would come.

But they would not help it along by plunging a knife into an unprotected back, war or no war.

enemy or not. Men fought with honor. With

as much decency as war would permit in 1864.

"We must rejoin our units as soon as possible," said the young officer. "If the Yankees attack in the morning, and we expect they will, every man able to fire a gun will be needed in the line."

The Lieut. was leading his horse by the reins. He was trying desperately to figure a way out of this most uncomfortable predicament. They

tion they had successfully gathered. The rebels were weakest on the left. Concentrate the attack there. The center had been strengthened

and very precious ammunition. Then a plunge through the weakened left would fold up their

line, and the drive to Richmond could begin. This information must be in the hands of the Federal commander by dawn. From there

use to make of it. It could herald the end of the long and bloody struggle—and make of brothers brothers once more. Such a blow would soon mend the house divided—and a great man on Capitol Hill could truthfully say

"A job well done."

Such were the thoughts of Yankee scouts, Malcolm, Harvey and Bul James, as they slowly followed the Confederate officer through the dark and forbidding forest. Soon they were passing the badly battered, but still fiercely cour-

Someone called to them.

"Anything to eat back there? Maybe back to a tree, huh?"

The four silent men moved steadily ahead. Another tired voice called out:

oughta see em up front. As fat as the pigs on the Tennessee farm I used to live on when I was a kid."

MORE men came into view. A few pieces of artillery dodged in and out among the trees, pulled by skinny horses working overtime with a last ounce of strength. An occasional rifle cracked the awful stillness of the night. The advance pickets were exchanging shots.

turned the three men to join him.

"My company is a hundred yards ahead," he said. "Yours is down the line to the right. Good

The three surprised men saluted. They watched the young officer vanish

"We're not out of it yet," replied Malcolm. "We still gotta break across that open field and think I hadn't oughta busted into this war."

"Let's get started," said Bill James. "Only a couple more hours of darkness."

"What's up?" the sergeant in command asked. "You from?"

three of your men. Got any wounded?"

huddled beside him.

TWO figures dashed madly across the battlefield littered with the dead of yesterday's fighting. Again the rifles roared. Malcolm pitched on to his face.

And Bul kept going. He reached the Union

"Splendid work, James," he was commended. "Sir, may I drop the James now?"

"Thank you, sir."

The future "Buffalo Bill" saunters and left to catch up on some sleep. A job well done, Bill Cody.

THE END

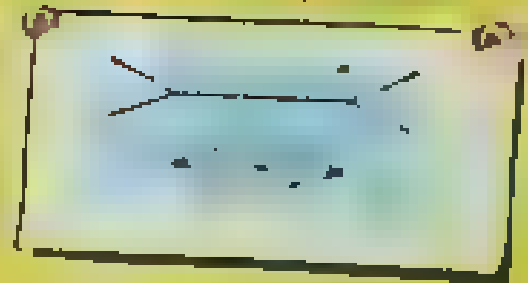
PAGE - OF - FUN

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

WHEN YOU HEAR THE REMARK "I WILL NOT BELIEVE IT UNTIL I SEE IT" HOWEVER, THESE DRAWINGS ARE TO SHOW THAT YOU SHOULD NOT BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU SEE



HERE IT APPEARS THAT ONE OF THESE MEN IS SHORTER THAN THE OTHER BUT IF YOU MEASURE THEY ARE THE SAME SIZE



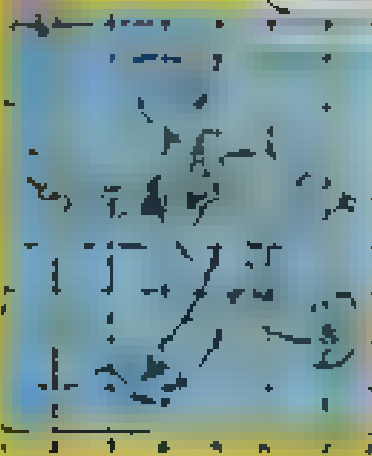
WHICH HORIZONTAL LINE IS THE LONGEST?



LOWER CURVED SECTION APPEARS LARGER THEN THE UPPER ONE. BUT IF YOU MEASURE THEM YOU'LL FIND THEY ARE BOTH THE SAME.

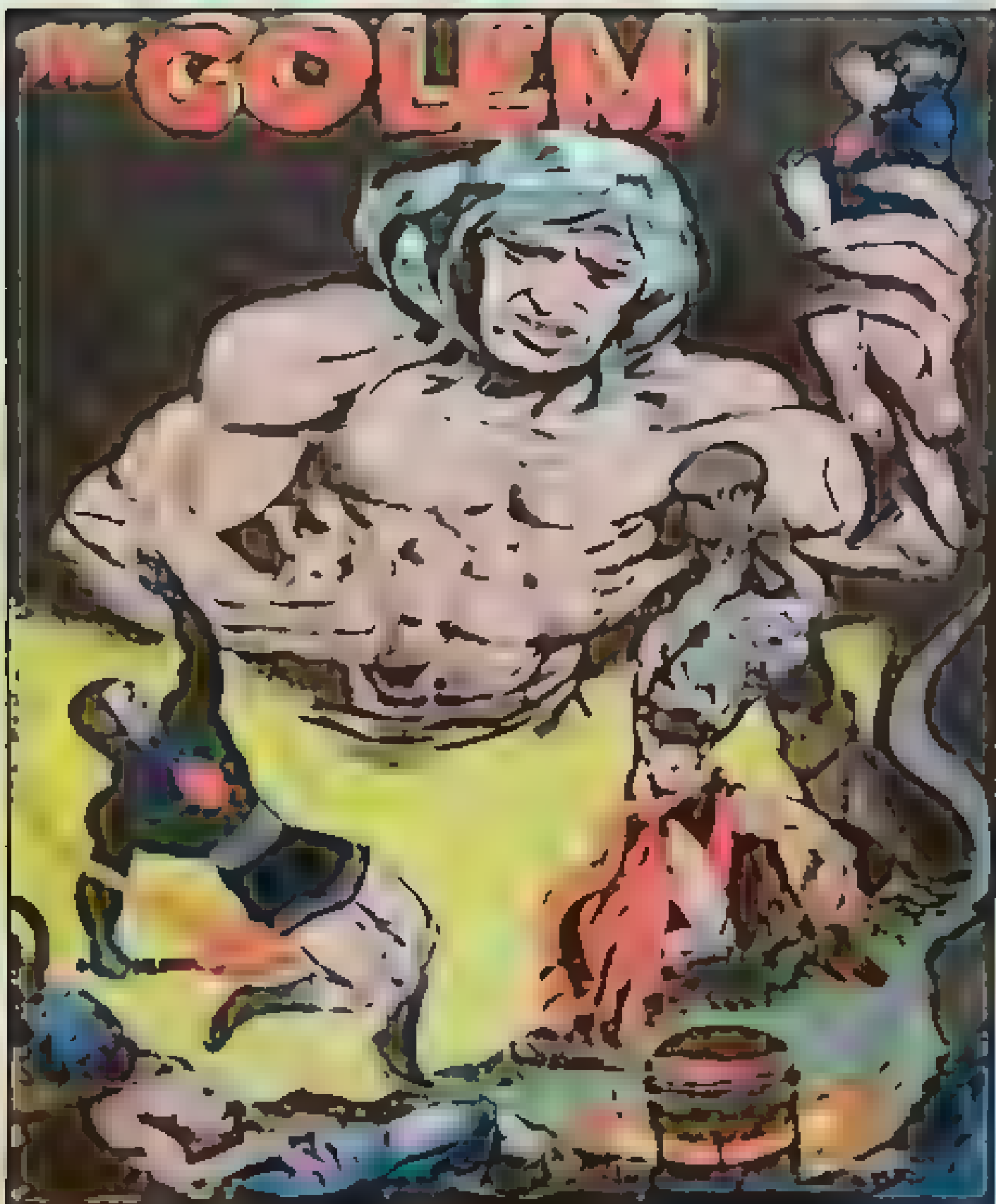


HEY, FELLOWS!



MOST HOLIDAYS ARE ASSOCIATED WITH CERTAIN PICTURES. HERE ARE FOUR ARE THESE HOLIDAYS?

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY





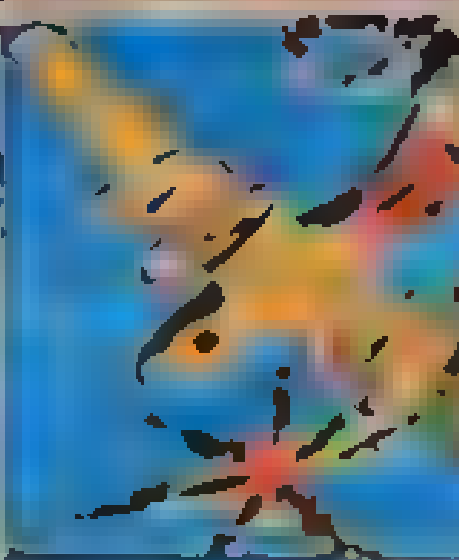




At THE SAME TIME, ALMOST
AFTERMATH OF THE CRACK
AFTERMATH OF THE CRACK



CRACK

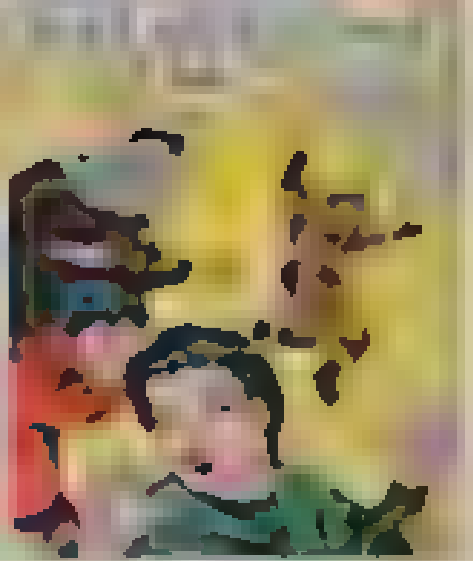


CRACK

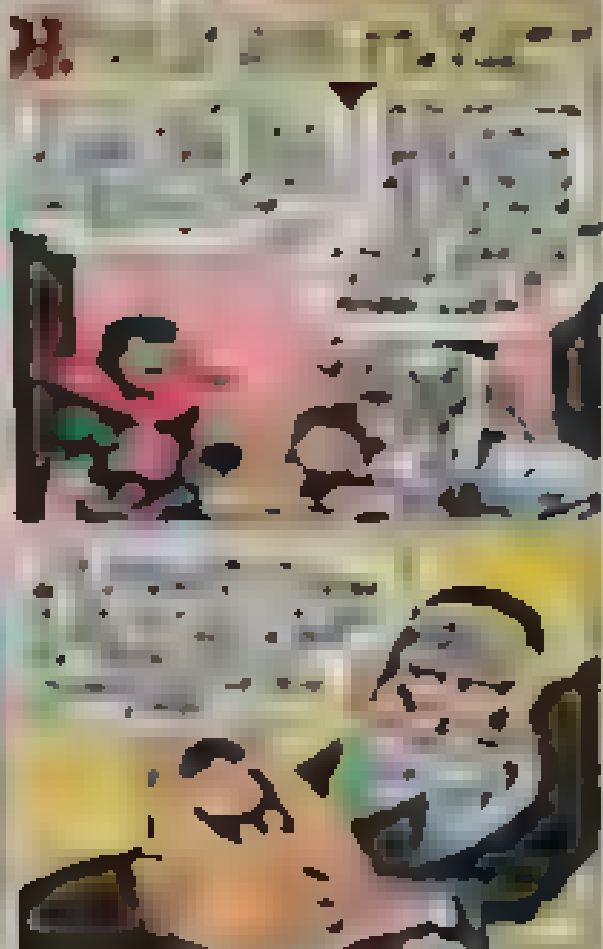


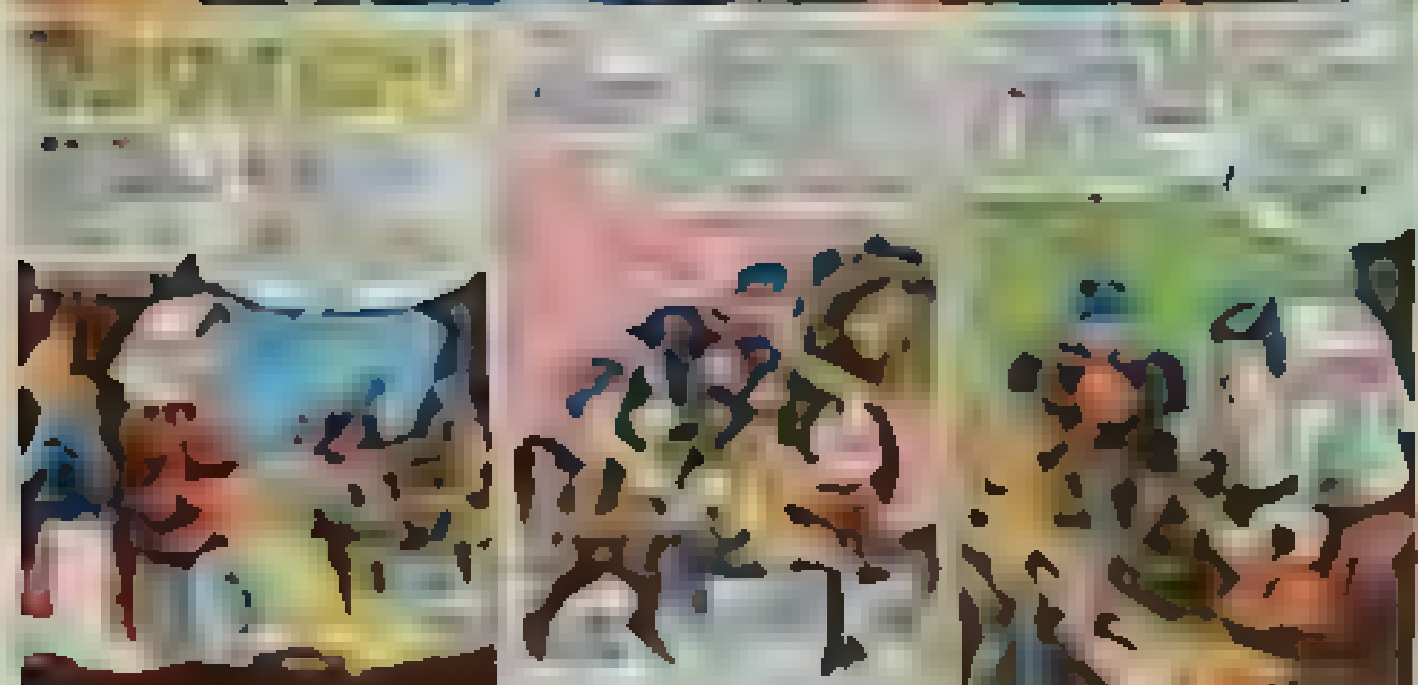
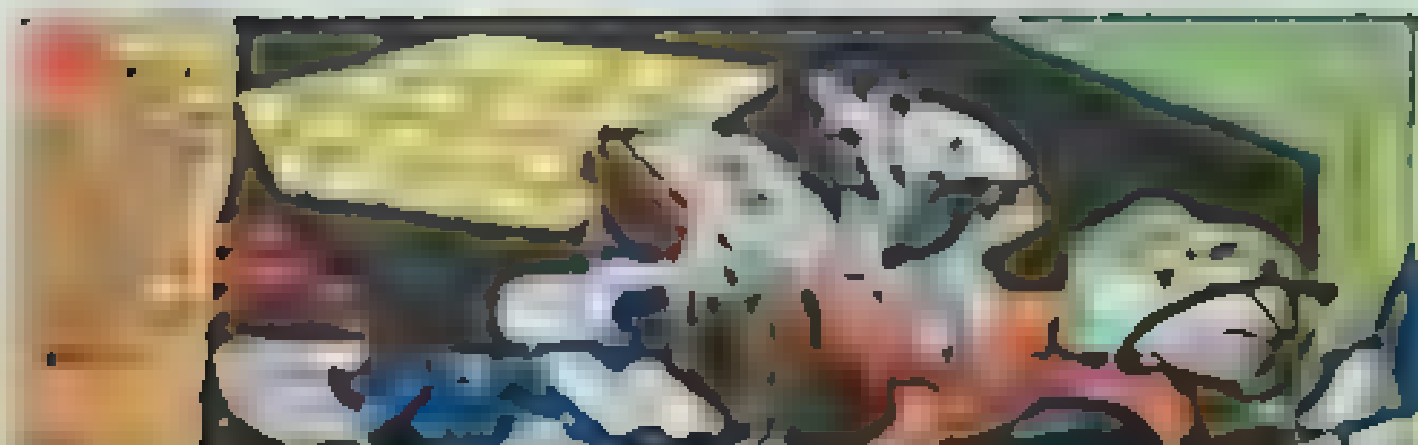


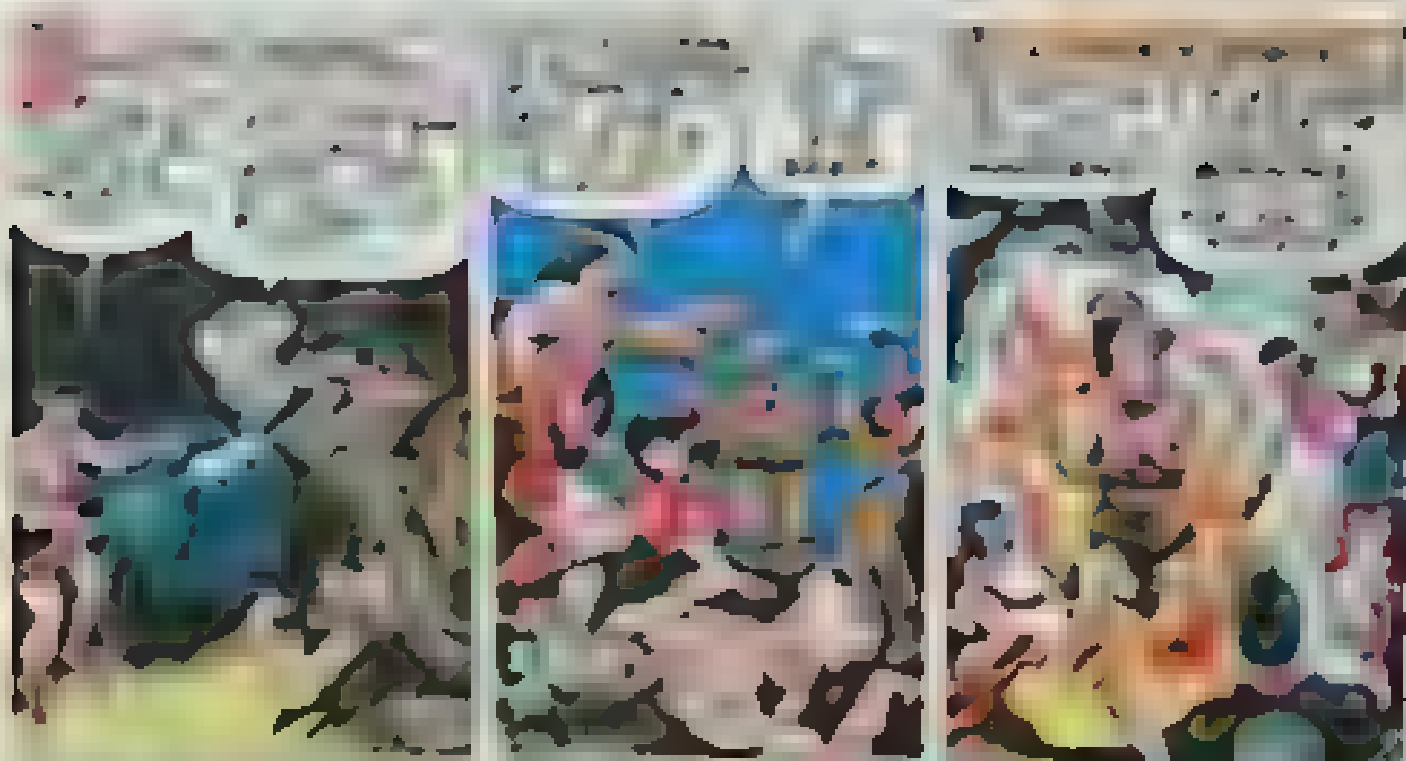
THE HUNTERS ARE
HUNTED!

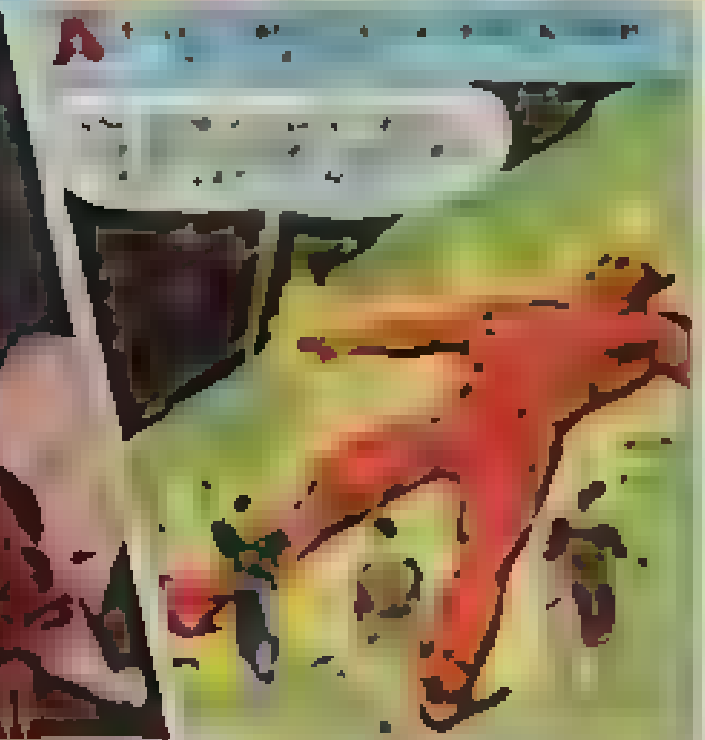


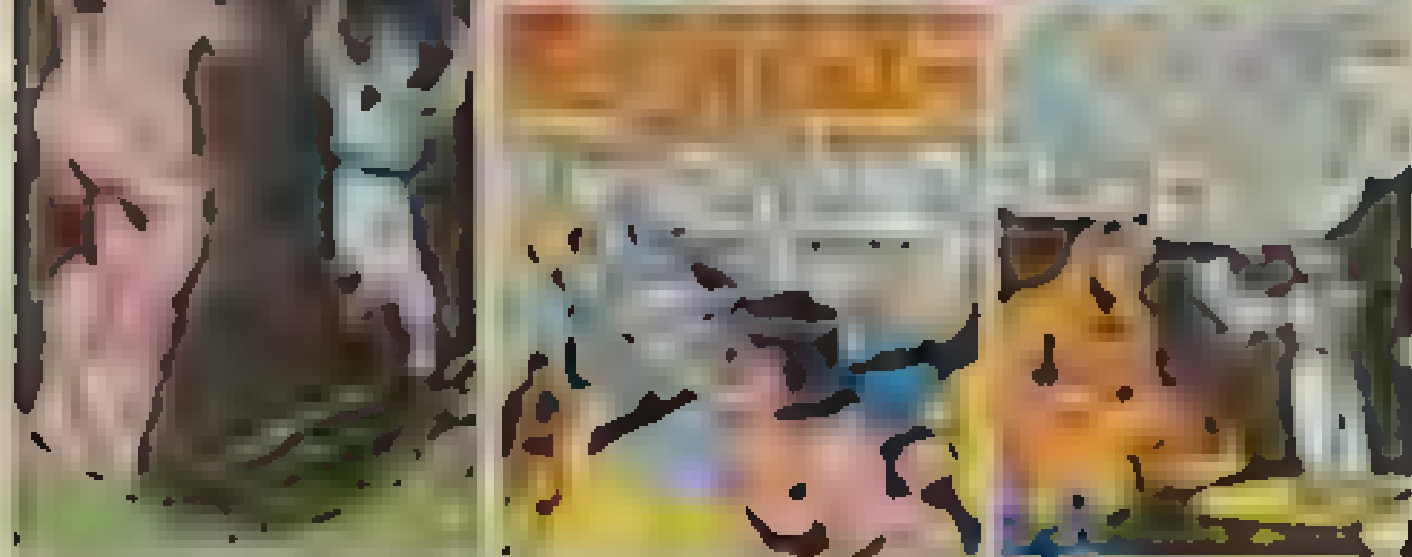






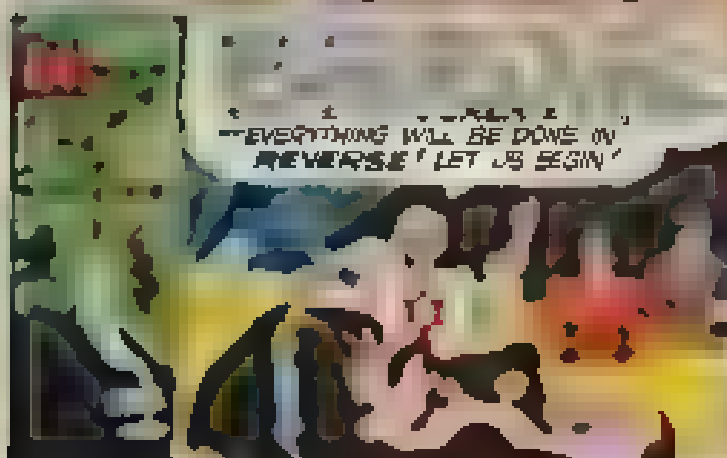
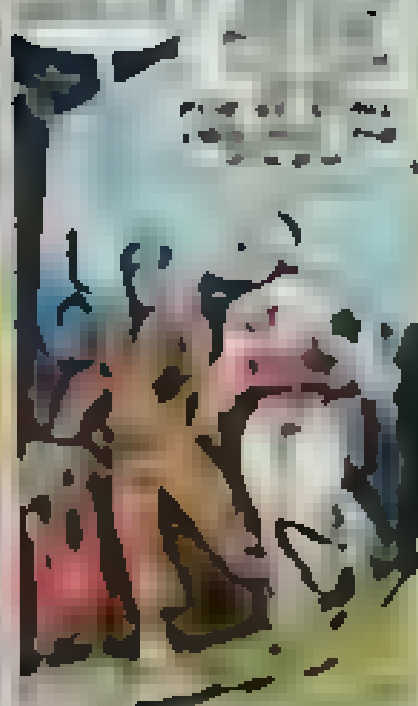








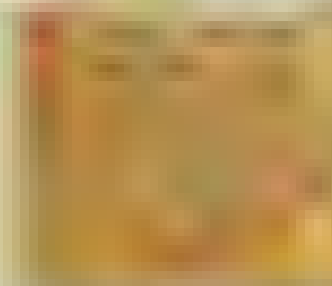
FROM PERSECUTION, FROM NOW ON!

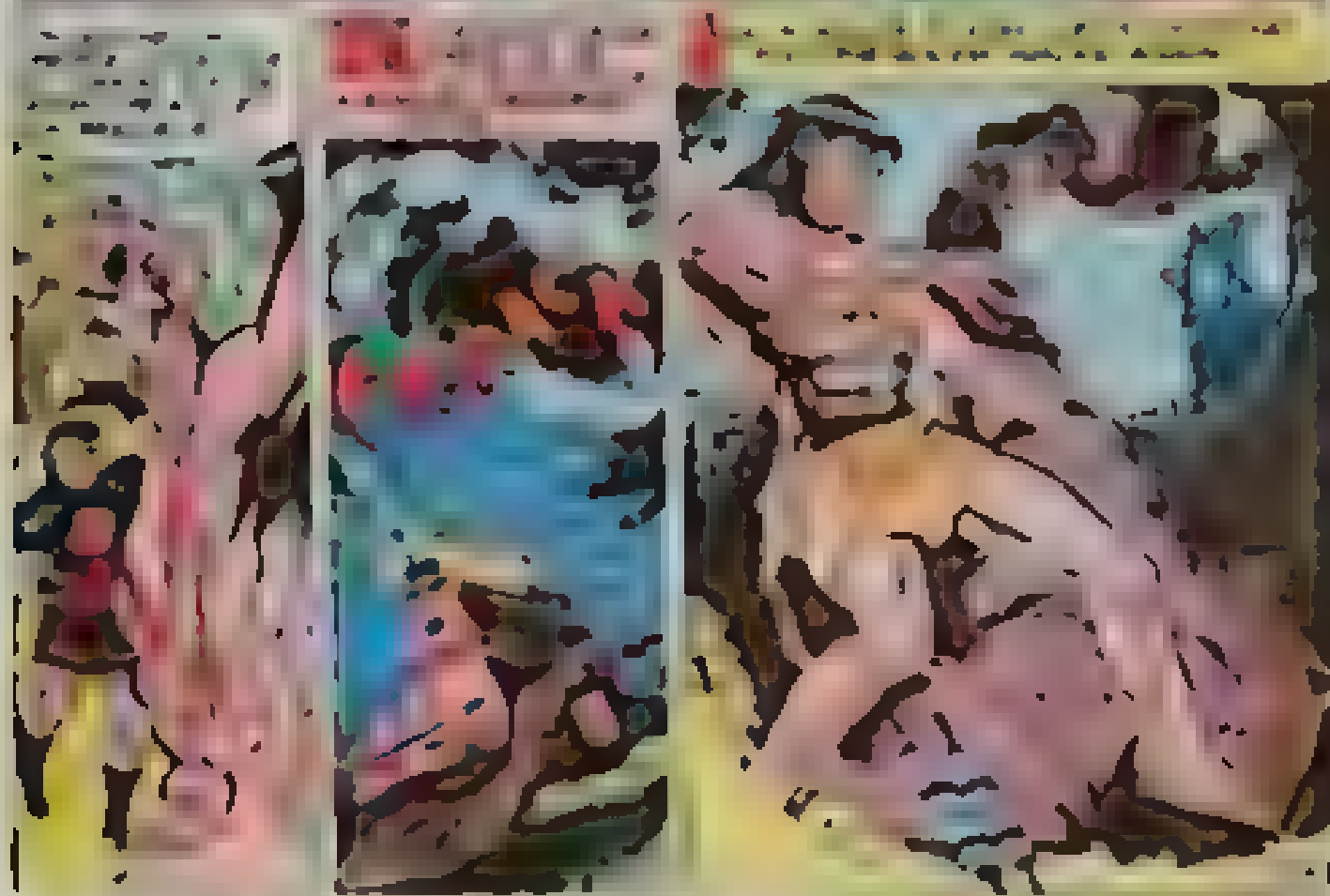


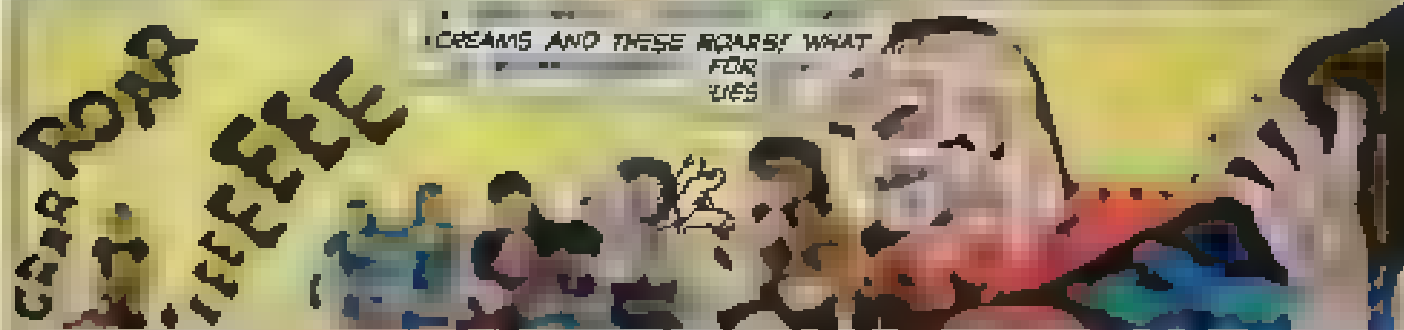
EVERYTHING WILL BE DONE IN
REVERSE! LET US BEGIN!

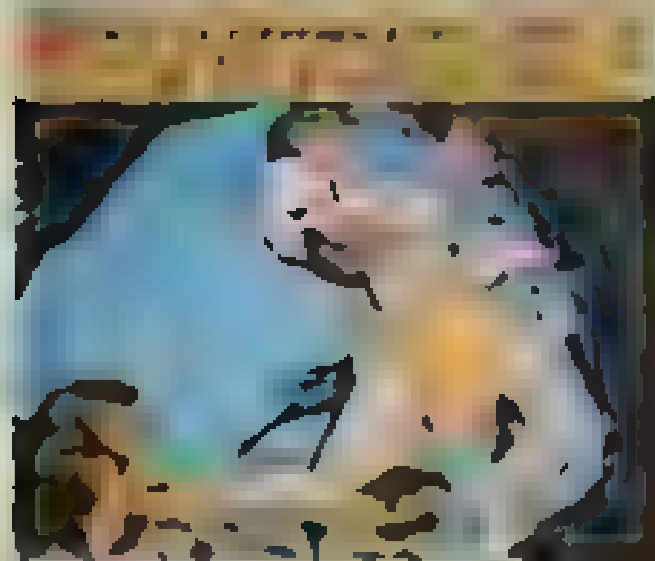
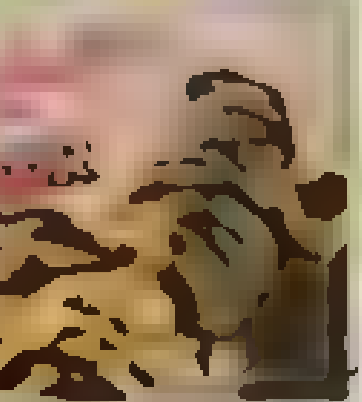


FORGET THIS ATTIC





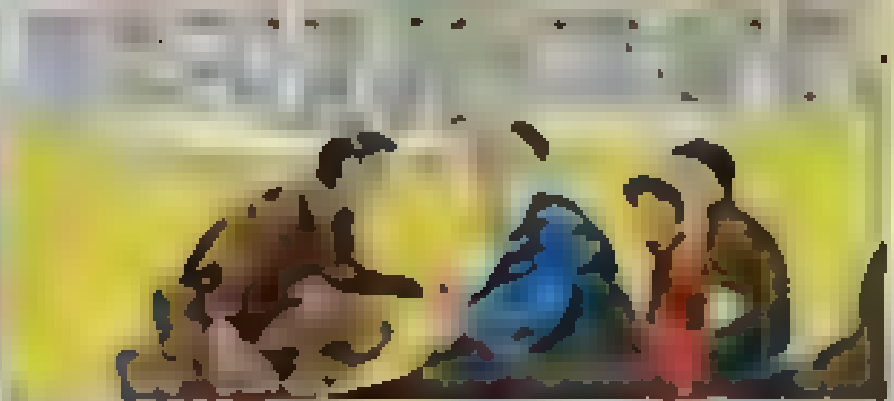
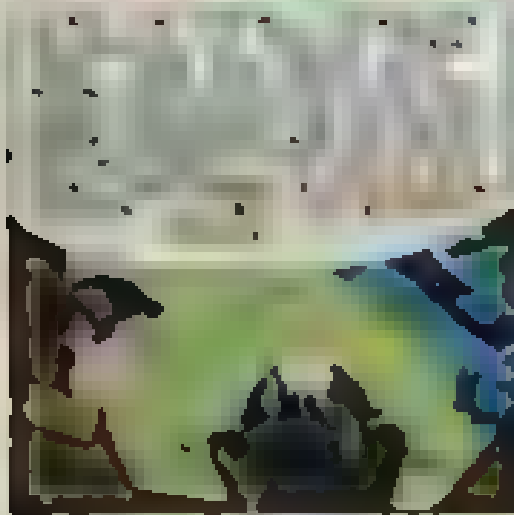




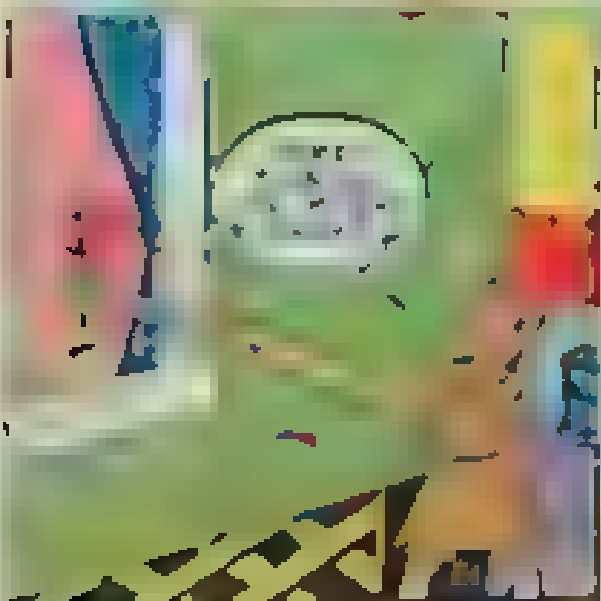
THE GYM



AND THEN DADSA LOSE HIS WAY



MILLY MISCHIEF

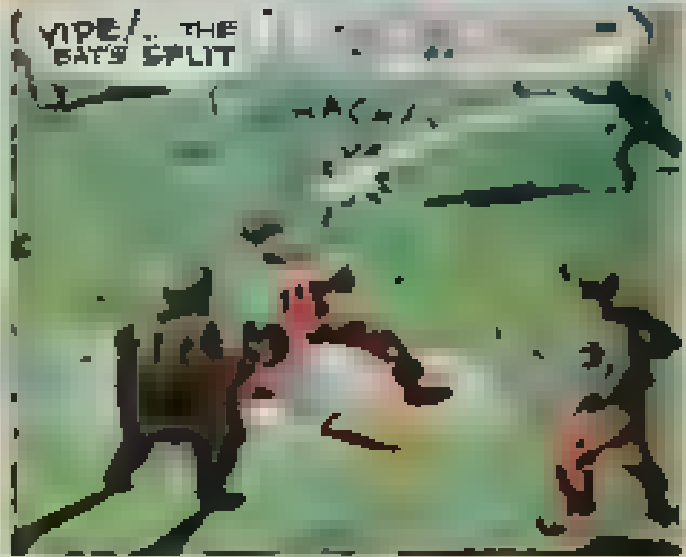


WIN TOGETHER

CO-OPERATION
FOREVER.

IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO ALWAYS
WIN THE WAR. IT IS THE ONLY
WAY TO ALWAYS WIN THE PEACE.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO ALWAYS
WIN THE FUTURE. IT IS THE ONLY
WAY TO ALWAYS WIN THE PRESENT.
IT IS THE ONLY WAY TO ALWAYS
WIN THE FUTURE. IT IS THE ONLY
WAY TO ALWAYS WIN THE PRESENT.
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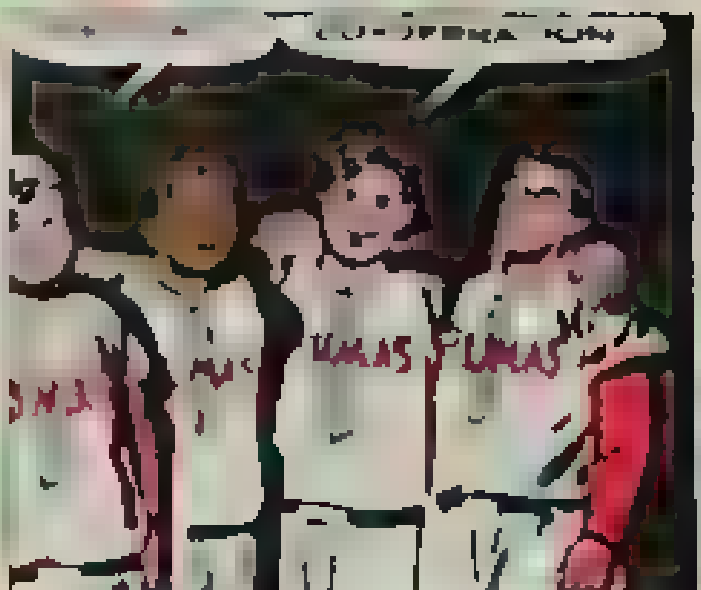
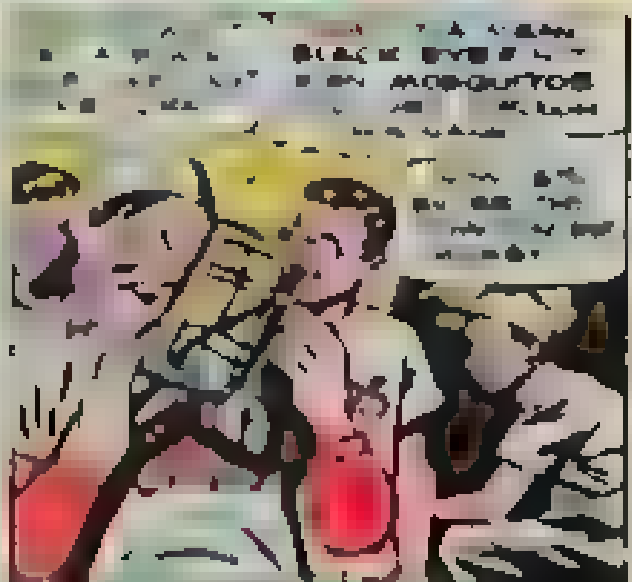
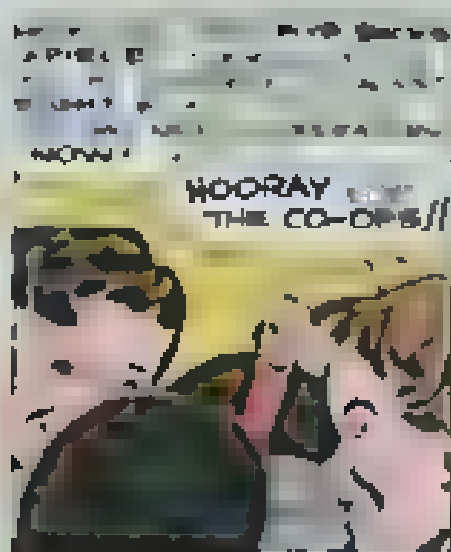


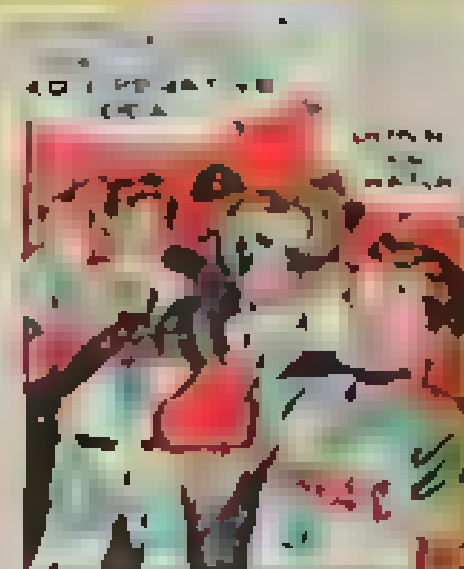
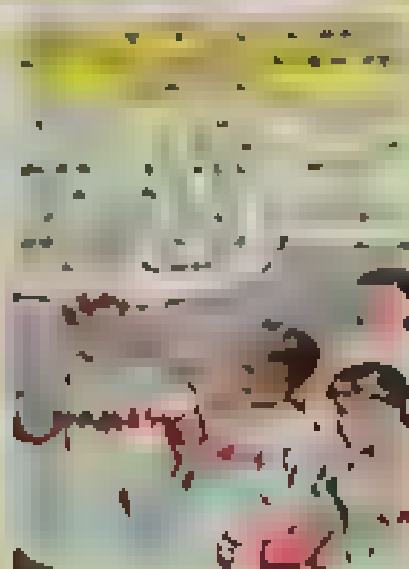


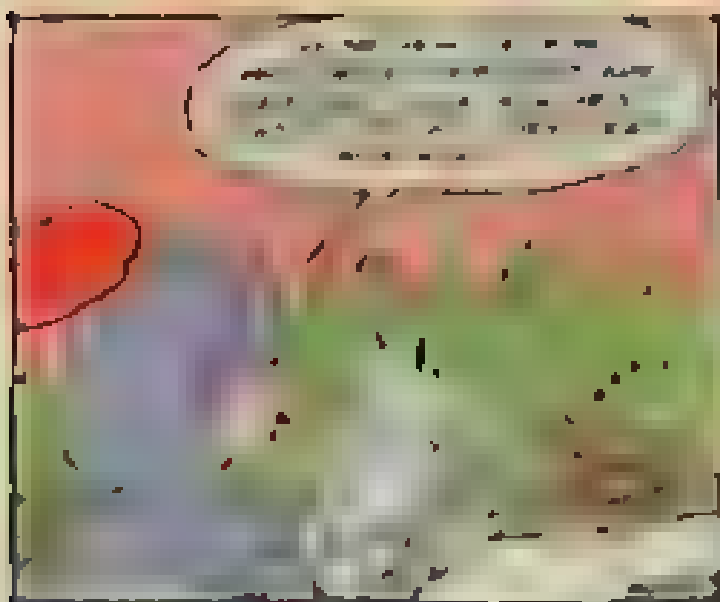


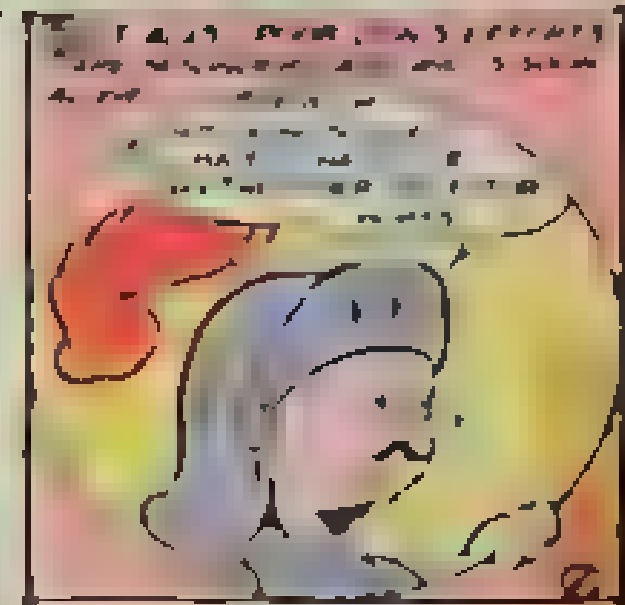


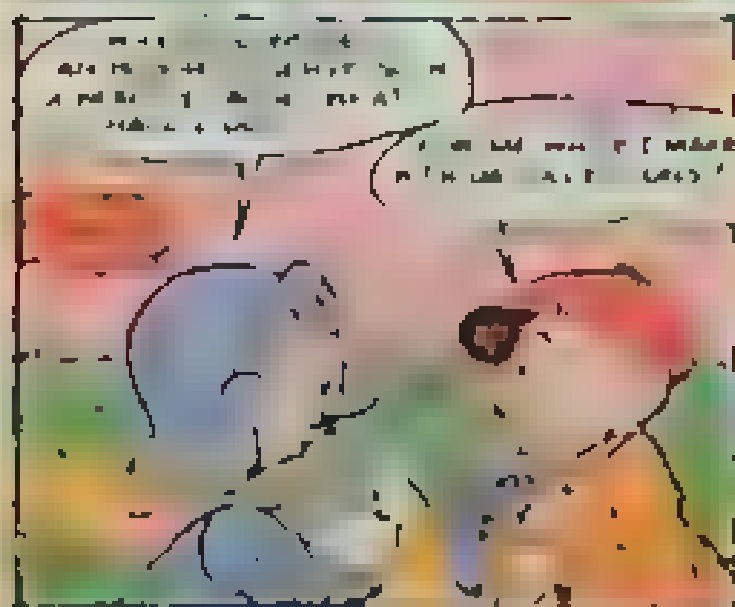




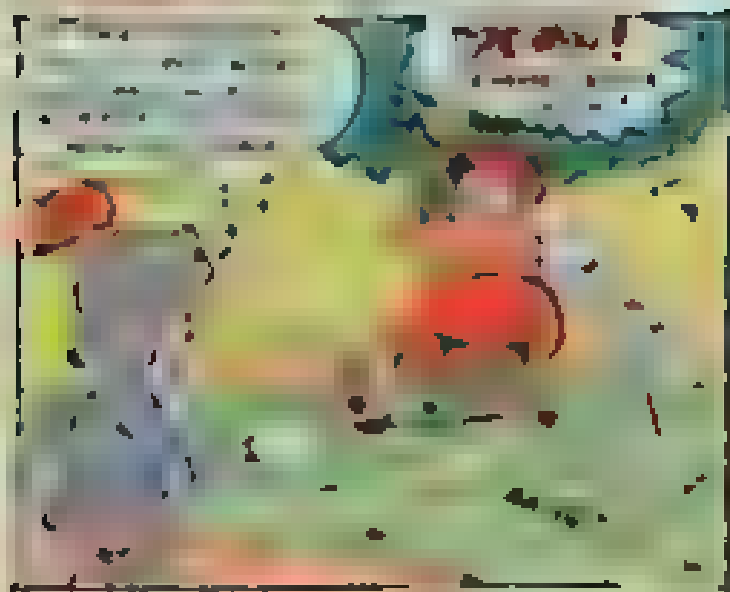


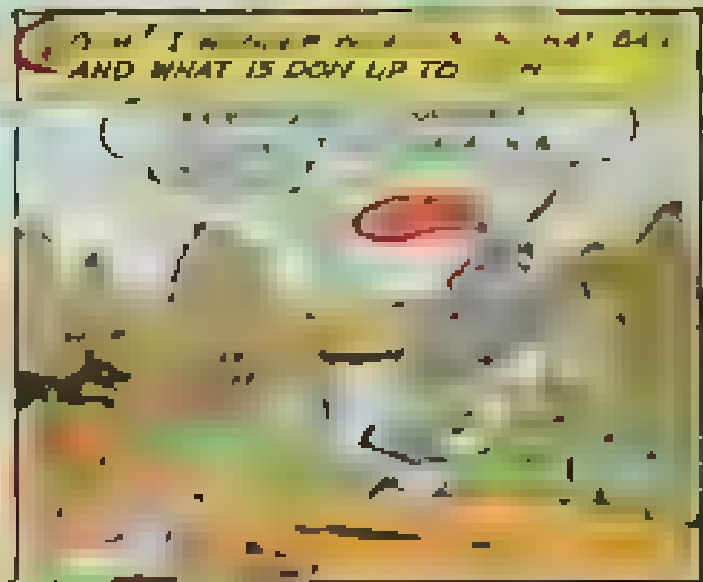
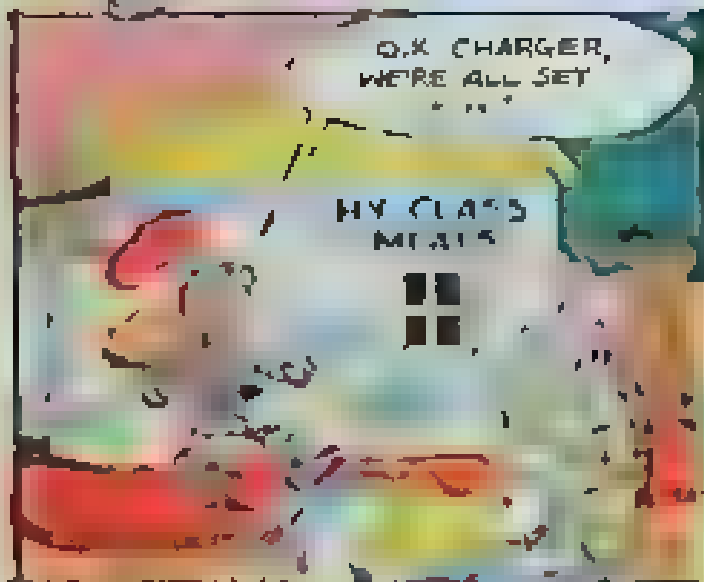












16A NACKY ADVENTURE WITH DON DIMWIT IN THE NEXT ISSUE

This is the **CHALLENGER** **PLEDGE**

PLEDGE

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. FREEDOM IS OUR COMMON HERITAGE, AND FASCISM OUR COMMON ENEMY.

THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY US SEEK FIRST TO DEFEAT US BY SETTING GENTILE AGAINST JEW--WHITE AGAINST NEGRO--FAITH AGAINST FAITH. BUT THE UNITY OF FREE PEOPLES CANNOT BE BROKEN.

IN THE NAME OF DEMOCRACY AND OUR FAITH IN THE NEW WORLD BORN OUT OF THE MOST TRAGIC OF WARS, WE PLEDGE OURSELVES TO CHALLENGE, FIGHT AND DEFEAT FASCISM IN ALL FORMS!

I HEREBY JOIN HANDS WITH THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD, IN ITS FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM AND BIGOTRY, AND BY SO DOING, DECLARE MYSELF A CHALLENGER.

TO: CHIEF CHALLENGER, Suite 301, 521 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

I WISH TO SIGN THE PLEDGE OF THE CHALLENGER.
PLEASE SEND ME COPIES OF THE PLEDGE.

SIGNED _____

MY NAME IS (Print) _____

ADDRESS _____

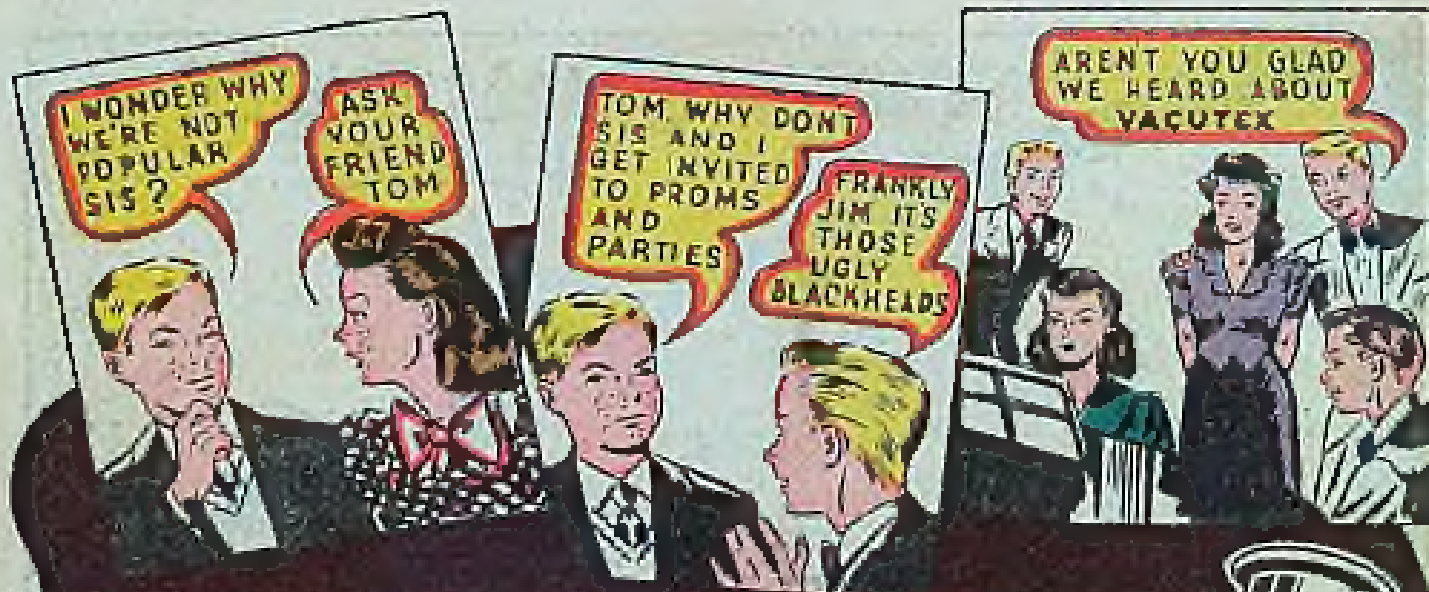
(CITY) _____

(STATE) _____

SIGN THIS COUPON AND SEND IT TO THE CHIEF CHALLENGER ADDRESS, AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A CHALLENGER BUTTON. IF YOU REQUIRE MORE PLEDGES FOR YOUR FRIENDS FILL IN THE NUMBER YOU WISH IN THE BOX ABOVE.

INSTRUCTIONS ON
THE FORMATION OF
"CHALLENGER
CLUBS"
WILL APPEAR IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE!

ADDRESS ALL
COMMUNICATIONS TO:
CHIEF CHALLENGER
521 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
SUITE 301



UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are. How they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX invention. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.



Only
3
EASY
STEPS

RUSH COUPON

10 DAY TRIAL

BALLOO PROD. CO.
19 W. 44th St., N. Y. C. 18

BALLOO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 9-A

19 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.

☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Some quantities as above) SORRY NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY & ZONE _____

STATE _____

Chief Challenger
Dear Sir:

Life is at best something all peoples must ponder over at some time or another. Be they black or white your very interesting pledge is something that warms my heart that someone else besides can see there is much need now in the world for tolerance and understanding.

I as a graduate nurse unable to follow my profession due to arthritis. Being a RN so long I've come into contact with all sorts of people and I see no reason why you do not go further with your plan and have a radio program to back up what you've started. I feel sure all real Americans do not want another war.

I take these funnies to the clinics at John Hopkins Hospital and other places where there are children.

Mrs. B. Burns

Baltimore, Md.

"Sandways"
Hall Crescent,
Huddersfield,
Essex
England
April 18th

Dear Chief Challenger,
A friend of mine who lives in Canada has sent me a copy of "Scapegoat", and although I live some distance from New York, I'd be very pleased if you would allow me to become a "Challenger." Not wishing to inconvenience you in any way, but do you think that an American Challenger of 14 years would care

LETTERS
TO THE CHALLENGER

