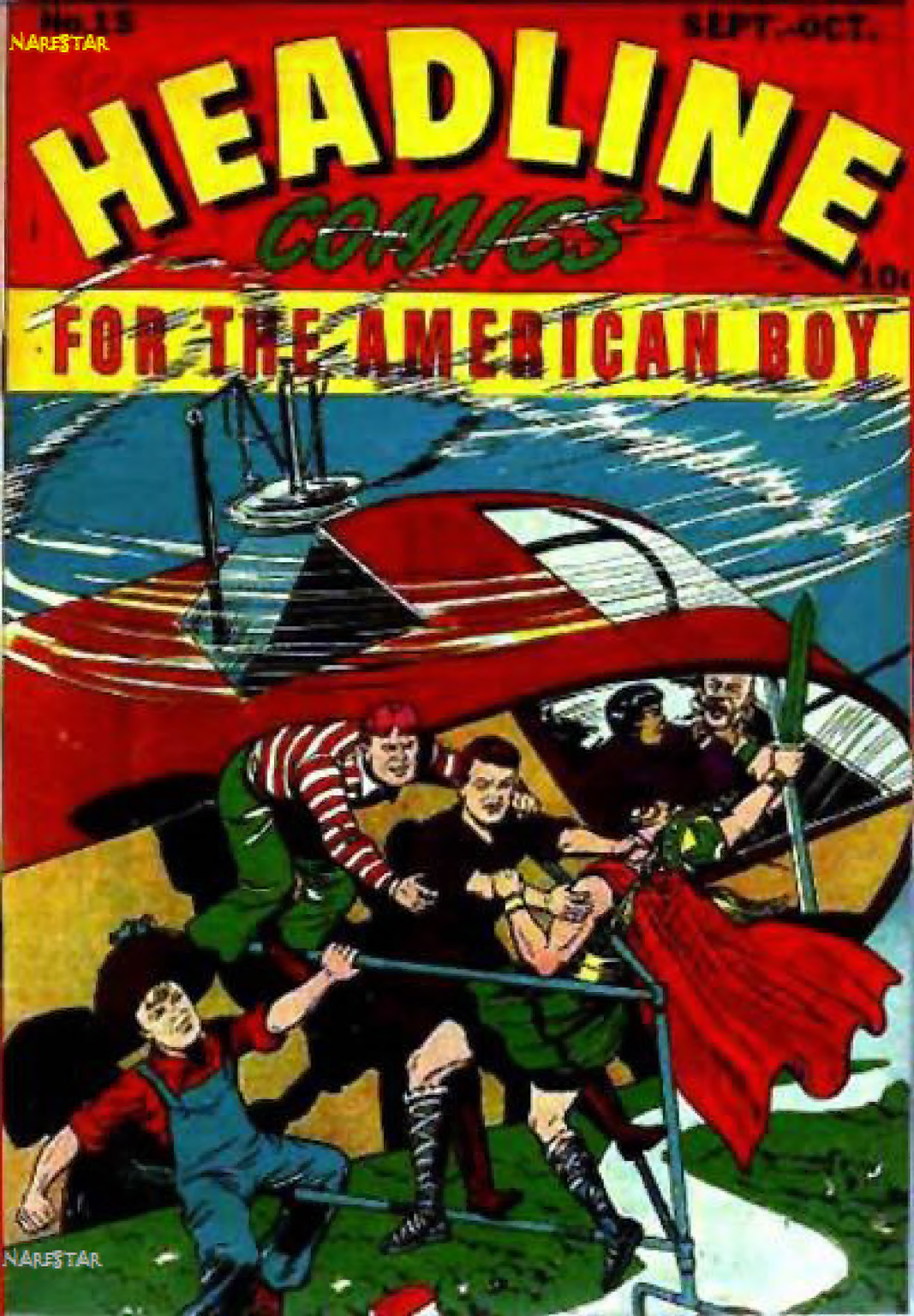
NARESTAR

No. 15 SEPT.-OCT.

HEADLINE COMICS

10¢

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



NARESTAR


Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
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Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
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JETTA
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Name .....

Address .....

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Color of Hair .....

Color of Eyes .....

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1259, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

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Pick out the gift you want from the articles shown or from the big gift circular included with your first order.



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6 TEASPOONS The Silverware you will adore. 6 spoons GIVEN for selling 1 order as explained in gift circular.



6 TEASPOONS



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Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-464, Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

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JUNIOR RANGERS



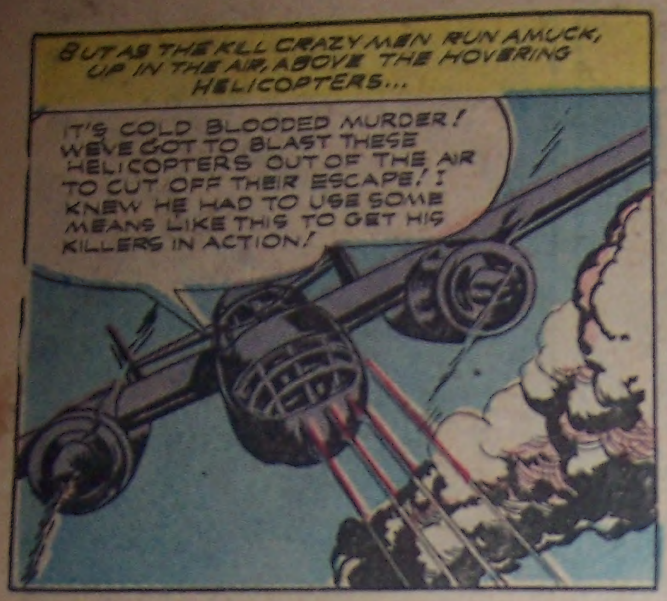

IT STARTED ON V DAY...
OH HAPPY DAY! THERE WERE TIMES WHEN I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D SEE THIS!
YOU AN' ME, BOT'CHAN! IT'S INDEED A SUBOIB SIGHT!
LOOK! THERE'S DAD!
I'M GLAD WE TALKED HIM OUT OF HAVING US IN THIS PARADE! IT'S MORE FUN TO WATCH THAN TO BE IN! ROGER, DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?
WHAT THE... NO IT CAN'T BE! THIS IS SOME NIGHTMARE ...BUT I'D SWEAR THOSE WERE ARCHERS FROM THE TIME OF ATTILA THE HUN!
DON'T LOOK NOW BUT I THINK THEY ARE! LOOK AT THOSE HUN FACES! NOTHING COULD IMITATE THOSE!
THROWING OFF THE MOMENTARY PARALYSIS THAT HAS GRIPPED THEM, THE BOYS RACE FORWARD...
WHATEVER THIS IS, IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE AND THAT'S STILL OUR MIDDLE NAME WAR OR NO WAR...
OUTA THE WAY, BUB! I GOT A IDEE
WHILE THE BOYS SCRAMBLE UP THE ARCH, THE STARTLED SOLDIERS SEE..
WHAT IS THIS A MASQUERADE?
LEAPING FROM THE ARCH CHAIN SAVESCROPS..
THEY ARE HUNS! I CAN HARDLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY SAY BUT IT SOUNDS OH NOUS!
LHT HT-
2


CHAN, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP! CAN YOU TRY TO QUESTION THEM?
WELL? COULD YOU MAKE HIM UNDERSTAND YOU? WHAT'D HE SAY?
GULP... HE SAYS GREAT ATTILA, DEAD THESE FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, RIDES AGAIN!
WITH ALL THE OTHER ARCHERS SHOT DOWN, THEY GRAB...
WHAT COOKS!
I'M AFRAID THIS IS SERIOUS!
ROGER'S DAD RUNS UP...
ROGER, WHAT IS IT, MY BOY?
DAD, YOU REMEMBER THE MAD GERMAN SCIENTIST, DR. EMIT WHO CLAIMED HE HAD DISCOVERED A TIME MACHINE?
ONLY TOO WELL! HE WAS AS NUTTY AS A LARGE FRUIT CAKE!
THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT AT THE TIME! BUT I'M AFRAID WE WERE WRONG! THIS LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE OPENING OF DR. EMIT'S WAR ON US!
BOYS, THIS LOOKS TO ME LIKE ANOTHER BIG JOB FOR THE JUNIOR RANGERS! I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE HELP I CAN, BUT THE BURDEN WILL BE ON YOU! I KNOW YOU WON'T FAIL!
WE WON'T!


MEN FROM THE TIME OF ATTILA THE HUN... THEY WERE THE INVADERS WHO OVERRAN EUROPE HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!
ALL WE NEED NOW IS TO FIND DIS ATTILA GUY UP AND MOVIN' AROUND!
IN THIG LIBRARY, IN THE SCROLLS OF THE PAST WE MAY FIND SOME CLUE THAT MAY HELP US!
SINCE THE MENACE IS FROM THE PAST IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE COULD CONQUER IT WITH SOMETHING ALGO FROM THE PAST!
COME ON, LETS GET A WIGGLE ON!
IN THE REFERENCE ROOM...
THIS ATTILA GUY MADE HITLER LOOK LIKE A SIGGY!
LAY YER PEEPERS ON DE BIG BOOK WID DE LITTLE GUY!
I T'OUGHT YOUGE LOOKED LIKE... SURE... HEY! IT'S DR. EMIT!
ATTILA, AID ME!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH BOOK FIGHTS IN SCHOOL TO REALLY ENJOY THIS!
EMIT'S GETTING AWAY!
4


I'LL TRY TO GRAB HIM!
THAT BOOK EMIT WAS READING MAY HAVE SOME KIND OF CLUE! GRAB IT ON THE RUN!
COME ON, LETS TRY TO GRAB EMIT! IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR US TO TEACH THE TIME MASTER A FEW LESSONS ABOUT A STITCH IN TIME...
A FINE THING! I BETTER GET BACK IN PRACTICE! I MISSED HIM BY A YARD!
BUT WHEN THE BOYS GET OUT THEY FIND THAT THE PROF HAS ESCAPED IN A HELICOPTER.....
FOR A GUY WHO WENT BACK IN HISTORY TO GET HIS WARRIORS, EMIT CERTAINLY USES UP TO DATE METHODS OF ESCAPE! I WONDER ABOUT THIS BOOK HE WAS READING!..
LET'S SEE...
HOW STRANGE! THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE HUNS! IT'S ABOUT THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN ...THE ONE WHO HAD MEN CALLED THUGS TO AID HIM!
MAYBE EMIT IS GONNA BRING BACK DEAD THUGS TO FIGHT US, TOO!
IT'S EITHER THAT OR ...I WONDER...MAYBE HE'S USING THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS METHOD ...I WANT TO SEE THOSE HUNS YOU KNOCKED OUT UPSTAIRS!
THEY RACE AS FAST AS THEY CAN ...WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE ROOM...
GONE, EVERY ONE OF THEM! IN HELICOPTERS I'LL BET!
NOW WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY KIND OF A LEAD TO THEM AT ALL!
WE'D BETTER CALL ROGER'S RATHER...
TOO LATE! I, DR. EMIT WIN THE FIRST ROUND AS I WILL ALL OF THEM! YOUR KIND IS DOOMED!
5


AND THEY GOT AWAY..
HMMM! HERE'S ALL THE NEWS I CAN GIVE YOU! I THINK IT ADDS UP TO SOMETHING! A... VAST SCORES OF GERMAN PRISONERS OF WAR HAVE BEEN HELPED TO ESCAPE IN WELL PLOTTED JAIL BREAKS! B... A MUSEUM IN THE WEST HAS BEEN ROBBED OF SOME HUN RELICS! C... I FOUND OUT THAT DR. EMIT WAS A CHEMIST!
SO..THAT'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS! I HAD AN INKLING OF THAT, TOO! EMIT WAS READING ABOUT THUGS! IT ALL ADDS UP TO ONE THING!
RIGHT! GET TO WORK, SON!
MEANWHILE... THE HUNS GET MODERNIZED..
LISTEN CAREFULLY! HERE ARE MODERN WEAPONS WITH WHICH YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS CAN KILL EVEN MORE PEOPLE!
WE DIE TO KILL!
HELICOPTERS ARE READY AND WAITING...
AS USUAL, YOU WILL BE DROPPED WHERE YOU CAN DO THE MOST DAMAGE! GO! GO AND KILL! REMEMBER, YOU ARE HUNS!
WE WILL REMEMBER!
OUT OF THE BLUE...
THE HUNS RACE FOR A DEPARTMENT STORE...
HA... IT IS GOOD TO KILL AGAIN!
6


BUT AS THE KILL CRAZY MEN RUN AMUCK, UP IN THE AIR, ABOVE THE HOVERING HELICOPTERS...
IT'S COLD BLOODED MURDER! WE'VE GOT TO BLAST THESE HELICOPTERS OUT OF THE AIR TO CUT OFF THEIR ESCAPE! I KNEW HE HAD TO USE SOME MEANS LIKE THIS TO GET HIS KILLERS IN ACTION!


LUCKY THE POLICE GOT THE CALL ON THE SHORT WAVE FAST ENOUGH FOR US TO GET HERE!
LESS TALK, MORE ACTION!


AS THE HELIOS ARE DESTROYED THE HUNS RE-APPEAR WITH THEIR LOOT
HA! LOOT! IT IS A FINE FEELING TO KILL AND LOOT!


THERE IS NO PLACE FOR THE PLANE TO LAND EXCEPT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET...
TAKE IT EASY, ROGER! THIS ISN'T THE BEST LANDING FIELD IN THE WORLD!
I KNOW, BUT WE MUST CAPTURE ONE OF THOSE HUNS ALIVE! THAT'LL PUT A CRIMP IN DR. EMIL'S PLANS




AS THE PLANE STOPS, SMOKEY GRABS ATTILA...
GOT HIM! TAKE IT AWAY, ROGER!
HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS, BOYS THAT GUN FIRE IS MAKING IT A LITTLE WARM HERE!


HE ALMOST PULLED MY ARM OUT, BUT I GOT HIM! NOW ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY?
THAT SEEMS TO BE ROOSEVELT'S SECRET! HE THINKS THESE AIN'T REALLY ATTILA'S MEN AT ALL!
Later...
SO EMIT STILL DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE FORAY FAILED!..
AMERICA...THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE MAN TO WHOM YOU SHALL ALL BOW! THIS IS DR. EMIT! I HAVE RESURRECTED ATTILA THE HUN'S MEN! THEY ROAM THE STREETS OF NEW YORK, NOTHING CAN STOP THEIR LOOTING AND KILLING...NOTHING BUT MY WORD...
AND I WILL NOT GIVE THE WORD TO STOP THEM, TILL I AM PAID! NOT TILL I AM PAID A MILLION DOLLARS! A SMALL PRICE TO RID THE METROPOLIS OF THE HUNS!
SO THAT'S HIS GAME
I HOPE THE MONITOR SETS ARE TRIANGULATING HIS BROADCAST SO WE CAN LOCATE HIM!
THIS IS DR. EMIT SIGNING OFF, BUT NOT FOR THE LAST TIME! ...NEXT TIME, I SHALL TELL YOU WHERE TO PLACE THE MILLION DOLLARS!
WE TRIANGULATED HIS POSITION, SIR, IT'S LATITUDE 2.54, LONGITUDE 30!
THANK YOU! HERE YOU ARE, BOYS...HIS POSITION IS NEAR YONKERS!
WE'LL BE THERE IN A FLASH AND THAT'LL MEAN NO CASH FOR DR. EMIT!


LAT. 234 .... LONG. 38 ...
SHHH... I THINK I HEAR HIS VOICE UP AHEAD...
IT WAS SO STRANGE WHEN THAT MAN WHO WAS DRESSED AS ATTILLA THE HUN FINALLY SPOKE UP!
IT WAS ONLY ON ACCOUNTA THE DRUG WORE OFF!
IN A MATTER OF MINUTES THE HELICOPTERS SHOULD COME BACK WITH MY FINE KILLERS! SUCH A BEAUTIFUL REVENGE ON AMERICA FOR WHAT SHE DID TO MY FEURER!
RELAX EMIT THEY'RE NEVER COMING BACK! THE GAMES UP!
WH... WH... WHAT THE?
TOO BAD YOU DON'T INJECT YOUR OWN DRUG INTO YOURSELF, EMIT! THEN YOU MIGHT GET OVER YOUR COWARDICE!
NOW DAT'S DAT! WHAT'S ALL DIS ABOUT DRUGS AND DE OLD GUY IN DE HILL AND HOW'D YA KNOW DAT DIS GUYS KILLERS WASN'T REALLY BRANG BACK THRU TIME!
THE FIRST HINT HAS THAT BOOK EMIT READ IN THE LIBRARY! IT WAS ABOUT THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN! HE DRUGGED HIS MEN SO THEY FEARED NOTHING! THEY WERE COMPLETELY FEARLESS BECAUSE THE DRUG REMOVED ANY THOUGHT OF DEATH FROM THEM! EMIT A CHEMIST REDISCOVERED THE DRUG!
I GET IT! DEY WASN'T REAL HUNS AT ALL, DEY WAS MODERN HUNS! DEY'RE DE NAZI PRISONERS WHAT ESCAPED FROM THE P.O.W. CAMPS!
RIGHT! THE OTHER CLUE WAS THE THEFT OF THE HUN COSTUMES FROM THE MUSEUM IN WHICH HE DRUGGED HIS DRUGGED NAZIS! WHAT WAS THE IDEA OF THE COSTUMES!
I COULD NOT RESIGN MYSELF TO THE FAILURE OF MY TIME MACHINE SO I PRETENDED THAT IT HAD WORKED!
AT H.Q.'S ....
SO THE INVASION WAS A PHONEY LIKE ALL THE NAZI PLANS! THANKS AGAIN BOYS!

FIRST-FACT-Fun!



ORIGIN OF "SERGEANT"?

THE TERM USED FOR THE N-C OFFICER WHO TEACHES DRILL AND COMMANDS DETACHMENTS IS DERIVED FROM THE LATIN WORD "SERVIRE"— AN ARMED GUARD.

DURING THE 14TH CENTURY IN SCOTLAND, WALES, AND IRELAND, HE WAS A LAWYER OF HIGH RANK!



FIRST PUBLIC COFFEE HOUSE WAS OPENED IN OXFORD, ENGLAND --- 1650.



FIRST (AND ONLY) FLYING BYCYCLE!

USING FOOTPOWER ALONE, MUDVILAIN, A CHAMPION RACER, LAUNCHED HIMSELF INTO THE AIR, AND FLEW ½ MILE AT A HEIGHT OF 3 FEET IN THE AIR, ON A BYCYCLE EQUIPPED WITH WINGS AS A BIPLANE. (LONGCHAMPS TRACK, FRANCE, 1751)



BYCYCLES, FOR MILITARY PURPOSE, WERE FIRST USED BY THE BRITISH ARMY, (1887).



ED CUTHBERT ON A PHILLY TEAM, AND RUNNING FOR THIRD, 1865, SLIPPED ON A PEBBLE—HE SHUDDED AND HAS BEEN GIVEN CREDIT FOR BEING THE FIRST BASE-BALL PLAYER TO STEAL A BASE BY SLIDING HOME.


Buck SAUNDERS and his PALS
A VACATION IN MID-WINTER USUALLY MEANS PALM BEACH OR MIAMI... BUT NOT FOR BUCK AND HIS FRIENDS! THEY PICKED THE WHITE WINTRY WASTES OF NORTHERN CANADA... WHERE COURAGEOUS TRAPPERS HUNT THE PRECIOUS PELTS OF ERMINE AND SABLE... AND WHERE THEY FOUND MODERN METHODS OF MURDEROUS MENACE... WHEN THEY BATTLED....
"HI-JACKERS OF THE ARCTIC"
WELL, YOU GUYS WANTED A TASTE OF ARCTIC WINTER... AND YOU'RE GETTIN' IT! THIS IS THE MOST NORTHERN OUTPOST IN CANADA!
A MOST DAZZLING SIGHT! THIS ALONE IS WORTH THE TRIP!
B...R...R! PRETTY COOL SPOT!
AW, YOU GUYS AIN'T GOT NO BLOOD IN YOUR BONES! I WONDER IF THEY BAT BLUBBER UP HERE?


WELCOME, FELLOWS! WE GOT YOUR RADIO MESSAGE! THIS IS JUST A SMALL POST... BUT WE'VE GOT EXTRA COTS ...AND SPARE HORSES!
THAT'S FINE SERGEANT... AN' WE'RE GRATEFUL TO THE ROYAL MOUNTED FOR LETTIN' US COME UP HERE!
AW GEE... STEAK... I MEAN... THAT'S GREAT BUT DON'T YA EAT ANY BLUBBER UP HERE!
NOPE. WE GET ALL OUR FIT JES SHIPPED IN FROM THE CITY!
HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR RIDE, BOYS... BUT YOU WON'T SEE NOTHIN'... JUST SNOW... AND MAYBE A TRAPPER OR TWO!
THANKS, SERGEANT! WE CAME HERE TO GET AWAY FROM CITY CROWDS!
AH... DAWB NATURE AT HER MOST GALUBRIOUS!
I'D PEACEFUL AS ALL RIGHT! HEY, WAT... AIN'T THAT A MAN... HIM IN THE SNOW?
UGG... CAUGHT... TRAP! BOUND... TOO STRONG FOR ME TO OPEN!
OOOH... IT'S A STRONG BOUND! GIMME A HAND WITH IT, YOU DUMB!
THIS IS DIFFICULT! THERE ARE TIMES WHEN FATTY WEIGHT IS USEFUL!
SNAP!
DOT IT! WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER?


I'M JIM MALLOY... AN' I WAS GOIN' IN TO REPORT HOW SOME SKUNKS HAVE BEEN STEALIN' THE TRAPPERS' FURS! PETERSON AN' GREY WERE BOTH CLEANED OUT!
WELL RIDE YA IN ON ONE OF OUR HORSES!
NOT YET! THAT TRAP WAS RIGHT ON THE TRAIL BURIED UNDER THE SNOW! I'D BETTER LOOK AT MY OWN FURS FIRST... MY CABIN IS BACK THERE A PIECE!
THEY'RE GONE... EVERY LAST PELT! MY WHOLE CATCH FOR THE SEASON IS TAKEN!
GEE, THAT'S TOUGH! CAN'T YA DO SOME MORE TRAPPIN'?
I'D BE TOO LATE FOR THE WINTER TRADIN' SEASON IN QUEBEC! WE PLANNED TO MAKE OUR SHIPMENTS THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW!
LOOKS LIKE HORSES' HOOF MARKS!
FUNNY! THESE MARKS ARE TOO BIG FOR HORSES' HOOFS ... MORE LIKE BUFFALO TRACKS... EXCEPT THERE AIN'T NO BUFFALOES AROUND HERE!
MAYBE THE HORSES WORE SNOW SHOES!
QUIET, FATTY! WE'RE GONNA FOLLOW THOSE TRACKS! LETS GO, FELLAS!
EXCELLENT IDEA! PERHAPS THIS VISIT ISN'T GOING TO BE SO LACKADAISICAL AFTER ALL!


LOOK AHEAD! THE MARKS SEEM TO GO RIGHT INTO THE SIDE OF THAT MOUNTAIN
THAT'S JUST WHERE WE'RE GOIN'!
A CAVE! AN' THAT FEELS LIKE WARM AIR COMIN' OUT OF IT!
I DON'T SMELL ANYTHING COOKIN'!
WHEW... IT'S HOT IN HERE! WONDER IF IT'S THE CROOKS' HANGOUT?
I THOUGHT FURS WERE KEPT IN COLD STORAGE
HEY... WE AIN'T RECEIVIN' NO VISITORS, SEE... GOON!
OKAY WITH ME IF YA WANTA PLAY ROUGH!
STOP 'EM, SLUG! DON'T LET 'EM GIT DE FURS!
WHO WANTS FURS IN THIS HEAT?
YOU'RE NOT BEING A VERY GOOD HOST, YOU KNOW!
AAAGH!


THIS FEELS LIKE THE OPEN SEASON ON HIDES!
OOOPH!
OWTCH!


HERE'S A GOOD PELT!
URRRRGH!


JUMP, FELLAS!
OH DEAR...THIS IS A MUCH TOO VIVID DEMONSTRATION OF TRAPPING!


WHATA YA KNOW ... CAMELS!
THAT EXPLAINS THE WIDE TRACKS! BUT WHAT'S THE IDEA?


THE CAVE MUST BE HEATED BY STEAM FROM UNDERGROUND GEYSERS! THEY KEEP THE CAMELS HERE AND TAKE 'EM OUT IN THE COLD FOR SHORT TRIPS!
BUT WHY NOT HORSES?


THE SNOW'S TOO DEEP FOR HORSES! COME ON ... WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK ... FOR OUR PLANE!


CAMELS, EH! THEY CAN'T GET MUCH ON 'EM IN THAT DIRECTION! HUDSON BAY IS FROZEN SOLID THIS TIME O' YEAR!
WELL FLY AHEAD IN THE PLANE, SERGEANT! YOUR MEN CAN FOLLOW THE TRACKS!
RCMP
THERE THEY ARE! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OVER THEM AND CIRCLE BACK!
I TOLD YOU WE SHOULDA LOADED SOME BLOCKBUSTERS!
DUCK, GUYS! AN AIN'T I GLAD WE'RE ARMORED!
BEST LANDIN' STRIP IN NORTH AMERICA!
YEAH!! BUT DON'T LET HER SKID!
GIVE 'EM THE OLD SCHOOL TACKLE... BEFORE THEY LOCK THEMSELVES IN THAT BUILDING!
IT SEEMS TO ME THEY'VE SPRUNG THEIR LAST TRAP THIS TIME!
WELL SOON FIND OUT!
6


AW GEE, BUCK... YOU'RE HOGGIN' THAT GUY!
SORRY FATTY... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN RAT!
THIS DON'T MAKE SENSE... TRANSFERRING THE FURS FROM ONE STORAGE PLACE TO ANOTHER! THEY CAN'T SHIP 'EM OUT OF HERE!
SO THAT'S IT... A SUBMARINE! THEY TRAVEL UNDER THE ICE!
HERE'S ONE CROOK THAT WON'T!
HOLD IT, CREEP! YOU GOT MORE PASSENGERS!
WE MUST DETAIN THE ROTTERS!
STOP THAT GUY! HE'S GOT THIS THING IN MOTION!
I CAN'T... MY HANDS ARE FULL!
TURN BACK, MUG! YOU'RE NOT GOIN ANYWHERE BUT TO JAIL!
SEE YOU! WE'RE MAKIN THE QUEBEC MARKET


WE'VE HIT SOMETHING!
GRAB THAT WHEEL! I'LL LOOK THROUGH THE PERISCOPE!
IT'S A WHALE! WE MUST BE IN OPEN WATER! BETTER TURN BACK!
WE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL, BOSS! GLAD TO SEE YOU NABBED 'EM!
THEY'RE INSIDE, SARGE... AN' THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FUR BANDITS! BUT WHERE'S PATTY?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I SEE AN ESKIMO'S IGLOO DOWN AHEAD!
LET'S ASK IN THERE... IF WE CAN STAND THAT FUNNY SMELL!
HE COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE IN THERE! OR COULD HE?
I'LL HAVE SOME MORE OF THAT BLUBBER, LADY! IT'S GREAT!
OH NO, YOU WON'T! COME ON... YOU'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

PETTY LARCENY PETE



THE STORY OF A BIG LUG WHO GETS HIS SWEET-TOOTH KNOCKED OUT BY A COUPLE OF UNDER-AGE DESTROYERS WHO PROVE THAT... *CRIME AIN'T PROFITABLE!*






CRASH!
STOP!
AH... SUPPOSE I NOW TO GET DA GOL!
BLOP!
WHY DID YOU HIT ME!
CAUSE IT AIN'T HONEST TO BE A CROOK! I'M TAKIN' YOU TO JAIL!
HMMM... DISTURBING THE PEACE... TAMPERING WITH THE MAILS... DESTROYING PRIVATE PROPERTY... PETTY LARCENY AND INSULTIN' THE INTELLIGENCE OF AN OFFICER! YOU OUGHTA GET TWO DAYS FOR THIS!
SAY! I'M A BUSY MAN! AIN'T ANYBODY GONNA BAIL ME OUT?


IN THAT CASE I'LL BAIL OUT MYSELF!
YOIKS! A TREE POINT LANDING! FROM NOW ON, I'M GONNA PRACTICE BEFORE I SWIPE ANYTHING ELSE!
AH... MY FIRST PRACTICE SUBJECTS! DIS IS GONNA BE A PUSHOVER!
OKAY, YOU KIDS... FORK OVER DE ICE... OR ELSE!
OH, A WISE GUY, HUH!
G'WAN, BEAT IT... YA BIG LUG!
OOF!
AWW... TWO AGAINST ONE AIN'T FAIR!


MMM... DIS OUGHTA BE AN EASY SET-UP! BESIDES, DAT LEMONADE LOOKS GOOD!
LEMONADE 2 CENTS
THE KID'S A LITTLE BIG—SO I'LL JUST SNEAK IT OUT!
LEMONADE 2 CENTS
AWW... BOY! DIS IS WONDERFUL! I KNEW I'D GET BACK MY OLD STYLE!
CROOK! HUH! JUST FOR THAT I'M CALLING MY BIG BROTHER! HEY, JOE!!
BURP!
COMING, BROTHER!
NEXT TIME PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE! THE IDEA—MESSIN' WITH MY KID BROTHER!


SEE, DA KIDS NOWADAYS IS TOUGH! HEY, JOE...HOW'D YOU GET DEM MUSCLES?
DRINKING LEMONADE! HAVE SOME!
PLOP!
SAY, DIS IS GETTIN' BAD! I GOTTA SAVE MY REPUTATION, QUICK! AH... DERE'S A POIFECT VICTIM, NOW!
OKAY, KID... MAKE WIT DA LOLLYPOP!
AWRIGHT! KEEP YOUR OLD LOLLYPOP...BUT GIMME BACK MY HAT!
BAW! I'M WASHED UP! I CAN'T EVEN MAKE AN HONEST LIVING AS A CROOK NO MORE!
HEY, PETE!


WELL, IF IT AIN'T ME OLD PALS, FINGERS FINNIGAN AND BUTCH DA BUM!
HI, PETE! SAY, D'YOU WANNA JOIN OUR GANG?
SURE! WHEN DO WE START TO WORK?
TONIGHT! WE'RE ROBBING THE 24th NATIONAL BANK! IT'S AS EASY AS TAKIN' CANDY FROM A BABY!
CANDY FROM A BABY!
ZRKZOW
PHEW! SAFE AT LAST!

THE GOLDEN GOBLETS

By CLEM COLBERT

DETECTIVE SGT. TERRY MOORE pushed through the crowd stretched across the opening to the little street and greeted the patrolman standing guard.

"Hello, Sergeant," the patrolman said gravely. "You got here quick. The house is two doors in on the right. Deserted place. The killin' was on the top floor. No. 5. We got men around the whole block."

Terry nodded and went on. The tiny street was a dead end, a quiet backwater on Manhattan's upper East Side. He found No. 5 and went in past another cop. The house was musty and unfurnished. He climbed three flights of dark stairway. But on the top floor a surprise awaited him.

Stepping through an open doorway, he found himself in a long wide room ablaze with light. Sitting on chairs against the opposite wall were four middle-aged men, dressed in tuxedoes. A glance at their faces told Terry that they were shocked and worried by what had just taken place here. And it was easy enough to see just what that was. Further down the long room, behind the end of a long heavy table, a figure was stretched out on the floor. It was the figure of a man dressed like the four against the wall, and just about the same age.

Terry turned to one of the three uniformed cops in the room.

"What goes, Holmes?" he asked. "Looks like some kind of a secret lodge meeting."

"That's just what it was, sergeant," Holmes answered. "The Golden Goblet society—whatever that is! It seems their chairman was shot down in cold blood—and none o' them knows a thing about it! And there's not a weapon on any o' them!"

"Let me explain, officer," a voice said behind Terry. The speaker had evidently been standing at one of the windows. In appearance he was like the other four—which meant that, counting the dead man, it had been a society of six members.

"We call ourselves the Knights of the Golden Goblet. That lay-out on the table will tell you why."

Terry stepped over to the long table and examined it more closely. Six places had been set, with old-fashioned quill pens, scrolls of parchment—and gleaming goblets of gold.

"They sure look like antiques," Terry said. "Must be worth a bit of money."

"They're more than antiques," the man said. "They're made of solid gold!"

Terry felt stunned for a moment as he stared at the miniature cups.

"Solid gold! That's impossible!"

"Not at all," the man said casually. "Our society goes back to the middle ages. The cups have always been handed down from father to son. But the time has come when we present day members find ourselves all ageing bachelors. Until a year ago there were eight of us. We made an agreement that all the cups would go to the last survivor. About a year ago two of us eight bachelors died—of natural causes. And now, tonight, a third member has died—violently!"

Terry eyed the man curiously. "That puts the five of you under suspicion," he said. "But I notice that you don't seem worried—like those other four gentlemen over there!"

"There's good reason for that," the man answered easily. "You see, I was not in the room at the time the shot was fired! By the way, let me introduce myself. I'm John T. Mandeville, the explorer."

Terry nodded absently, and turned to Holmes.

"You've done the questioning," he said to the patrolman. "Tell me briefly what happened."

"Well," Holmes began, "it seems they were goin' through their annual ritual, when Mr. Mandeville here felt kind of faint and said he needed a little fresh air. He tells me he didn't

want to miss too much o' the proceedings so he climbed up to the roof for a few minutes. While he was up there, gettin' his head cleared out, he heard a shot, and rushed back down here. I get the rest of the story from these others, who stayed in the room. According to what they all tell, they were standing up, making some kind of a pledge, when the lights went out. Right away, there was this shot in the dark, and then the lights went up again. They saw that the fifth member—name of Phillips—was toppling over. In another second he was dead."

"Did you search 'em for weapons?" Terry asked. "Including Mr. Mandeville?"

"Every one of 'em," Holmes answered. "And we searched every inch of the room. Not a thing here. The windows were all closed!"

"Very strange," Terry muttered to himself. Walking around the end of the table, he bent over the late Mr. Phillips. "Any of the surviving members could've done it—they all had a motive. Each one is naturally interested in being the last member alive, since he'd inherit all the goblets. By the way, Mr. Mandeville—how much would the eight goblets be worth?"

"About $100,000," Mandeville told him from the other end of the table. A grim smile touched the man's face. "You're right about us all having a motive," he added. "But you're wrong when you say that any of us could have done it. You're forgetting that the other four had the opportunity to do the shooting—but I did not!"

Terry finished his examination of the body and straightened up.

"Do you always hold your meetings in old deserted houses like this?" he asked.

"That's right," Mandeville replied. "It's a rule."

"And who made the arrangements to rent this house for tonight?"

For the first time a cloud passed over Mandeville's face, and he hesitated. In the pause one of the other members spoke up.

"Mr. Mandeville made the arrangements," he said.

"Just as I guessed," Terry said quickly. "Holmes—your handcuffs! Arrest Mandeville for the murder of Phillips!"

For a moment Holmes stood stupefied, and Terry shouted, "Quick, man!" But there was no need for action—Mandeville was glued to the spot where he stood in utter astonishment.

"Just as you say, sergeant," Holmes was muttering, as he clamped the irons on Mandeville's unresisting wrists.

"I've just examined the marks on the body," Terry said, "and they prove that the shot came from above. It had to come from the roof! Just how it was done, I have a very good idea—and in another five minutes I'll be able to prove it!"

Mandeville had at last found his tongue. "You couldn't very well fire through the roof," he said. "And I don't see any opening in the ceiling."

"There is an opening, though," Terry said over his shoulder. He was walking back across the room, counting off the number of steps between an elaborate unused gas chandelier in the ceiling above the table and the far wall. "Fifteen feet," he mumbled to himself. Then he went quickly out into the hall, stopping out his pencil flashlight as he walked. He found the stairs to the roof, and took them two at a time. When he was on the roof he started without hesitation to count the distance back from the edge of the roof.

When he had counted fifteen feet he stooped down and flashed his light on the spot where he had stopped. In the dim light the area at his feet looked just about like the rest of the tar-papered surface of the roof until he peered more closely. Then he was able to make out a square formed by four hardly traceable grooves. Getting out his pocket knife, he quickly dug it into one of the grooves. The square lifted—and Terry could look down into a complicated mechanism.

A moment later he was back down in the long room.

"Very clever, Mandeville," he said. "A .45 calibre gun mechanism that fired a bullet down through that old gaspipe. You might have got away with it—but I knew the bullet had to come from above—and the gas chandelier was the only logical explanation. Maybe you can work at something more profitable in the cell we've got for you down at headquarters. Let's go!"

WORLDBEATER and UNGGH

THOSE THREE MUSKETEERS OUT OF TIME AND SPACE, **WORLDBEATER**, MAN OF THE FUTURE; UNGGH, MAN OF THE PAST; AND JOBLO WHO IS NOT A MAN AT ALL BUT A MARTIAN WHO HAS LEARNED ENGLISH BY LISTENING TO THE COMMERCIALS ON THE RADIO.... GO TO THEIR FINAL REWARD IN ..... "PARADISE LOST"

LOST IN THE DRIFTS OF ANCIENT WATERLESS MARS...

SOMETIMES I DONT THINK MY UNIQUE TALENTS ARE APPRECIATED! ALL WE EVER SEEM TO DO IS WIND UP ON THE DESERT!

TUT, TUT! MUSNT CALL THE BEAUTIFUL EXPANSE OF GOLDEN SAND A DESERT! THERE ARE SOME MARTIANS WHO MAKE THEIR HOMES HERE!

NOT EVEN A SELF-RESPECTING GOPHER WOULD LIVE HERE!

JAW! GOPHER GOOD TO EAT! ME HUNGRY!


HE SAVE!
VIPE! LET GO OF ME!
WHAT NEW FOUL FATE LIES IN WAIT FOR OUR DOUGHTY HERO? STAY TUNED TO THIS STATION AND...
PSST! WANNA BUY SOME HOT RUGS?
WHAT ARE YOU A MAN OR MOUSE?
I COMBINE THE BEST FEATURES OF BOTH! PSST! WANNA BUY SOME WATER? IT'S THE VERY BEST WATER! IT ALMOST TASTES LIKE THE REAL THING AND WHAT A KICK TO IT!
HE BUY WATER! ME THIRSTY!
BAH! PHOOEY!
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT AT THOSE PRICES? THE REAL THING? THAT'S THE VERY BEST BOOTLEG WATER YOU CAN BUY ON MARS!
HOW ABOUT SOME HOT FOOD? SELL IT TO YOU REAL CHEAP!
NO BUY ANYTHING FROM YOU! WATER TASTED AWFUL!
I HAVE A SPECIAL OFFER FOR TODAY ONLY! HOW'D YOU LIKE THREE TICKETS TO PARADISE? I'LL GUIDE YOU THERE! BEAUTIFUL GIRLS ALL THE FOOD YOU WANT!
SOUNDS LIKE A WORTHY PARADISE! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!


AGAINST UNOGH'S ADVICE THEY START....
DON'T BE A KILLJOY UNGGH! REMEMBER THAT IN PARADISE YOU CAN HAVE ANY THING YOU WANT! A DINOSAUR STEAK OR...
ME SAY NO!
DINOSAUR STEAK AND SPARE-RIBS OF BRONTOSAURUS! UMM, ME LIKE! NO HAVE SINCE LEAVE OWN TIME
START RUN-NING!
HEY! WHAT IS THIS? WE'RE NOT GETTING ANYWHERE!
YOU HAVE TO RUN FASTER! IN THIS PLACE YOU HAVE TO RUN TO STAY IN THE SAME PLACE! YOU HAVE TO RUN FASTER IF YOU WANT TO GET ANYWHERE!
IS THIS PARADISE? WHERE ARE THE GIRLS?
NO! WE HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO YET! BUT HURRY! YOU HAVE TO RUN!
DON'T WEAKEN! WE JUST HAVE TO REACH THAT CAVE AND WE CAN RELAX!
DID HE SAY WE WERE GOING TO PARADISE?
PUFF PUFF! ARE YOU OUT OF CONDITION? JOIN A HEALTHFUL 'GYM' AND GET BACK YOUR YOUTH! OUR RATES ARE LOW!
TURN OFF THE COM-MERCIAL, JOE! I'M TOO WEAK TO TAKE IT!
JUST THINK OF ALL THE BEAUTIFUL FOOD THAT WAITS FOR YOU IN PARADISE AND CHEER UP!


AHHK! LOOK AT THOSE EYES! MAYBE WE ARE THE BEAUTIFUL FOOD FOR IT!
CAN EVEN OUR TERRIFIC TRIO ESCAPE THIS NEW HORROR THAT STANDS IN WAIT OR WILL THEY...
NO MOUSE, NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, IS GOING TO BE BRAVER THAN WORLDBEATER... OR IS HE? HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
RELAX! I WANT YOU ALL...
HE DID TO...
...TO MEET MY COUSINS? SAY HELLO TO THE PEOPLE, NAO AND SAKI!
HOW DO.
YOU DO! LOOK AT WHAT...
THEY'RE ALWAYS FIGHTING! NAO SAYS THAT THE PROPER WAY TO BUILD A BOAT IS WITH WOOD AND SAKI SAYS IT SHOULD BE MADE OF METAL!
BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH METAL IN MARS TO FLOAT A TOOTHPICK!
...MY EYES...
BUT IT WAS YOUR FAULT!


GEE! THAT'S RIGHT ISN'T IT! WHAT DO YOU KNOW, NO WATER! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THEM THAT SOME TIME!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO CROSS THAT CHASM UP AHEAD?
WELL, AS THEY SAY ON EARTH, NEVER CROSS YOUR CHASMS TILL YOU COME TO THEM!
THAT SAYING IS ABOUT BRIDGES AND ANYHOW WE'VE COME TO IT, SO HOW'LL WE CROSS IT?
THERE WE ARE! NOW JUST GRAB THE ROPE AND...
OH REALLY, THIS IS NO PROBLEM! I'LL JUMP ACROSS AND THEN THROW YOU A ROPE, SO YOU CAN CLIMB ACROSS!
I MUSTN'T LOOK DOWN! I MUSTN'T LOOK DOWN...
OH, BY THE WAY BOYS! I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER, THERE'S A NEW TAX THAT'S JUST GONE INTO EFFECT! I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE MY PRICE!
NOW HE TELLS US! GULP! WE'LL BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO PAY IT, SIR! JUST KEEP A GOOD GRIP ON THAT ROPE! DON'T SNEEZE WHATEVER YOU DO, PLEASE SIR!


IF YOU DON'T MIND, PERHAPS YOU'D PAY ME THE INCREASE NOW? YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND ONCE YOU GOT UP HERE!
NOW I KNOW WHERE NIGHT CLUB OWNERS ON EARTH GO WHEN THEY DIE! THEY COME TO MARS AND ARE REBORN AS GOPHERS!
NOT MUCH FURTHER TO GO AND THEN WE'LL BE IN PARADISE! AH THOSE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS! AND THE BEST THING IS THAT THEY THINK YOU'RE HANDSOME NO MATTER WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE BECAUSE AFTER ALL IT IS PARADISE!
BETTER I GET DINOSAUR STEAK! THAT REALLY BEAUTIFUL
GOOD GRIEF! THOSE TREES HAVE SHOES ON THEM!
OF COURSE! DON'T YOU EVER HEAR OF A SHOE TREE BEFORE!
ONCE WE ARE SAFELY THROUGH THE GRAY PLAIN ALL WILL BE WELL! THIS IS THE LAST HAZARD!
WHAT IS THE HAZARD ABOUT?
OH, IT'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT AS LONG AS YOU DON'T LOOK BACK TOWARDS WHERE WE CAME FROM! IF YOU DO YOU WILL BECOME A WISP OF SMOKE!
UH-OH!
NEXT TIME I ALK FASTER WHEN YOU'RE WAS PRETTY CLOSE TO BEING NOTHING BUT A SMOKE AND THAT TIME!
CAN'T WE JUST TAKE ONE TOO LITTLE LOOK


I WOULDN'T EVEN PEEK IF I WERE YOU UNGGH! AHEAD! KEEP YOUR EYES GLUED ON OUR ULTIMA THULE, UP AHEAD! AT THE TOP OF THE LADDER IS PARADISE!


HERE WE ARE! YOU CAN LOOK AROUND NOW! THE MENACE IS GONE!
I'VE RUN SO FAR THAT I DON'T THINK I CAN CLIMB UP ALL THOSE STAIRS! IF I ONLY HAD A BATTERY AND SOME WIRE I COULD RIG UP A DEGRAVITY GADGET...


STRANGELY ENOUGH, WORLD BEATER IS RIGHT! IT DOES TAKE ALL THEIR CASH!


BY A STRANGE COINCIDENCE I HAPPEN TO HAVE JUST WHAT YOU NEED! I'D BE GLAD TO SELL IT TO YOU FOR A NOMINAL SUM!
AND BY JUST AS STRANGE A COINCIDENCE I SUPPOSE, THE NOMINAL SUM WILL BE ALL THE REST OF OUR MONEY!


OF COURSE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT PRICE WE HAD TO PAY FOR THIS THAT YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME TO RIDE UP!
NO SALE! I'D RATHER WALK!


OUR GALLANTLESS TWO TAKES OFF...
OH DEAR! I HAVE IT ON UPSIDE-DOWN!
AND SO WE LEAVE THE BEAUTIFUL GROUND OF MARS AND GO FAR OFF INTO THE SKY...


SO IT IS THAT OUR HEROES ENTER PARADISE! IT'S TRUE THAT IT IS A LITTLE UNDIGNIFIED BUT...
UGH!
PARADISE! LOOK AT THOSE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS! LOOK AT THAT LUSCIOUS FOOD!
THAT DIRTY OVERGROWN MOUSE! HE DON'T TELL US THAT THIS WAS JUST PARADISE FOR GOPHERS!
EVEN GOPHERS HAVE TO EAT! THAT HE COULDN'T TRICK US ABOUT!
THEY ARE LED TO A BANQUET TABLE WHICH IS GROANING BENEATH ITS LOAD...
AH, MAYBE IT WILL ALL BE WORTH IT! I CAN SEE THIS BREAD TABLE FILLED WITH STEAM! NO MEATS!
AND A RHINOCEROUS CUTLET AND A DINOSAUR STEAK! YUM!
A SLIGHT DISAPPOINTMENT...
OH WELL, I WASN'T VERY HUNGRY ANYWAY! I'M MERELY STARVING!
CACTUS!
GRASS!
IT'S PARADISE FOR HIM ALRIGHT, BUT WE'VE BEEN TAKEN TO THE CLEANERS!
I DON'T LIKE TO BE VINDICTIVE BUT SINCE THIS IS HIS IDEA OF PARADISE LETS...
PUT ME DOWN! PUT ME DOWN! I'LL SEE YOU BACK ALL THE MONEY!
NOT A CHANCE! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK SO YOU'LL SEE JUST AS LETTUCE AS WE DO!

BLUE STREAK


A MYSTERIOUS AND DARING CRIMINAL WHO DROPPED FROM THE SKY TO GRAB HIS LOOT... BRINGS TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF HIS VICTIMS! BUT THERE WAS AN AVENGING SPIRIT ON HIS TRAIL... THAT COURAGEOUS CRIME CRUSHER... THE BLUE STREAK!

THE GREAT DINGLING BROTHERS BIGGER AND BETTER CIRCUS HAS GONE INTO WINTER HEADQUARTERS IN FLORIDA...



INSIDE THE TENT...THE FLYING DARES, JIM AND KITTY, WATCH A NEW ACT...



JOHNNY KING...KING OF THE AIR... WORKS OUT UNDER THE BIG TOP...





TEN MINUTES LATER...






HE'S A WONDERFUL PERFORMER...BUT I WONDER HOW HE CAN AFFORD ALL THE RUNNING AROUND AND NIGHT-CLUBBING HE DOES!
MAYBE HE COMES FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY!


THE NEXT DAY...
KITTY, LOOK AT THIS STORY ON THE FRONT PAGE!


DAILY GAZETTE
MYSTERIOUS ROBBER STRIKES AGAIN
THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER WHO DROPS FROM TREES TO SNATCH UP HIS LOOT STRUCK AGAIN LAST NIGHT AT A PARTY HELD AT THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. J.B. WANDERMARK! THE ROBBER, ONE OF THE MANY GUESTS, MADE OFF WITH JEWELS VALUED AT $75,000. BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED HE DROPPED A CARD BEARING HIS SIGNATURE. NO ONE COULD OBTAIN AN ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF HIM!


I WONDER IF THAT COULD BE OUR KING OF THE AIR? IT MIGHT EXPLAIN WHERE HE GETS ALL HIS MONEY!
NONSENSE, JIM...IT COULDN'T BE HIM!


MAYBE...BUT I THINK I KNOW SOMEONE WHO'LL BE INTERESTED IN THE POSSIBILITY!


THAT NIGHT, BLUE STREAK WAITS NEAR THE CIRCUS GROUNDS! NO ONE KNOWS THAT HE IS A REALITY JIM DARE...OF THE FLYING DARES!


LATER...
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IF JOHNNY KNOW IS THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER.
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
MEANWHILE...
NOW WE'LL SEE!
SUDDENLY...
HELP! POLICE!!
MY JEWELS! HELP!
NOW MY FINE FEATHERED FRIEND!





DAZED BY THE BLOW FROM THE COCOANUT, BLUE STREAK IS UNABLE TO STOP THE MASKED ROBBER FROM ESCAPING!










THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...
I KNOW KING MUST BE THE GUILTY MAN--BUT I HAVEN'T ANY PROOF! I GUESS THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO START GOING TO THE SAME PARTIES AND HOPE THAT I CAN CATCH HIM!
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW...
GOOD EVENING, MR. DARE!
THE CHANGE IN JIM DARE IS STARTLING TO THOSE WHO KNOW HIM...NEXT EVENING--
I'LL BE SEEING YOU, LATER... GOOD NIGHT!
WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO JIM DARE? I NEVER KNEW HIM TO LIKE PARTIES BEFORE!
A WEEK LATER--AT A GARDEN PARTY...
I'M GETTING MIGHTY TIRED OF THIS! I WISH OUR MYSTERIOUS ROBBER WOULD STRIKE AGAIN!
A VERY LOVELY PARTY, MRS. RICH!
THIS IS AN AWFUL PRICE TO PAY JUST TO KEEP AN EYE ON JOHNNY KING!
BUT THIS PARTY SHOULD CERTAINLY DRAW THE UNKNOWN MARAUDER FOR THE ELITE OF FLORIDA SOCIETY IS THERE...DECKED OUT IN ALL THEIR JEWELS!


SUDDENLY...
MIND IF I BORROW THIS FOR A MINUTE!
OHHH!!
MEANWHILE...
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR BLUE STREAK TO SHOW UP!
WHILE THE GUESTS ARE STILL PETRIFIED WITH FEAR, THE MASKED MAN MAKES ANOTHER ATTACK...
A PRETTY BAUBLE! I THINK I'LL ADD IT TO MY COLLECTION!
EEEE!
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
AND NONE TOO SOON!
HEY! WHO INVITED YOU TO THIS PARTY!
DON'T YOU KNOW I'M GUEST OF HONOR!


I HATE TO SPOIL YOUR ACT... BUT MAYBE WE CAN FINISH IT ON THE GROUND!
YOU SHOULDN'T RUSH OFF WITHOUT EATING... IT ISN'T POLITE!
YOU'RE BEGINNING TO SPOIL MY SENSE OF HUMOR WITH THOSE GAGS!
SORRY, BUT I NEVER TOUCH IT! BAD FOR MY FIGURE!
SPLASH!
I KNOW IT'S A LITTLE EARLY FOR DESSERT... BUT HAVE SOME PIE, ANYWAY!
BUT HERE'S A DESSERT FOR YOU!
POW!
ER... A VERY DELICIOUS PIE, MRS. RICH!


WHENEVER YOU GET TIRED OF THIS...YOU CAN GIVE UP!
I'M ALREADY TIRED OF IT, BUT---
POW!
...I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE IDEA OF GIVING UP!
WHAT THE...
IT'LL BE A RAINY DAY BEFORE YOU GET YOUR HANDS ON ME!
WHEN I DO, IT'LL START RAINING BLOWS!
IN FACT, I THINK WE'LL START RIGHT NOW!
HERE I COME, READY OR NOT!
BUT...
NOW WHERE DID HE GO?


HE MUST HAVE DUCKED OVER THE WALL USING THE UMBRELLA AS A SCREEN!
THERE HE GOES! NOW WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN'T END THIS MYSTERY...
THE CHASE LEADS BACK TO THE WINTER HEADQUARTERS OF THE CIRCUS...
HEADED BACK HOME, ALL RIGHT!
I WONDER IF HE THINKS HE'S GOING TO LOSE ME IN THERE!
SO THAT'S IT! HE DOESN'T HAVE TIME TO DO A SWITCH BACK TO JOHNNY KING, AND I GUESS HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT THE BLUE STREAK CAN ALSO WORK ON A TRAPEZE!
OKAY, WISE GUY--THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'RE GOING TO STICK YOUR NECK OUT TOO FAR!


SO... HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND... A BATTLE BETWEEN TWO ACROBATIC GIANTS BEGINS...
I'VE BEEN TRICKED! HE'S AN AERIALIST, TOO!
YOU TRICKED YOURSELF THIS TIME! NOW WE'LL SEE JUST HOW GOOD AN AERIALIST YOU ARE!
THAT WON'T BE HARD TO PROVE! I HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR PARACHUTE WITH YOU!
I WON'T NEED IT THIS TIME!
SWINGING WILDLY ON A SINGLE TRAPEZE BAR, BLUE STREAK BATTLES FOR HIS VERY LIFE!


THEN...
DON'T GO AWAY... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
BACK IN A FLASH WITH A CRASH!!
OW!
WAK!


THIS IS KNOWN AS THE OLD ONE-TWO---AND IT WORKS JUST AS WELL UP HERE AS IT DOES ON THE GROUND!
OHH!!
Then...
EEEOW!!
THE SOUND OF THE BATTLE HAS AWAKENED OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CIRCUS...
TWO MEN FIGHTING ON THE TRAPEZE BARS!
LOOK! THE ONE WHO FELL IS WEARING A MASK! HE MUST BE THE UNKNOWN ROBBER THE PAPERS HAVE BEEN TALKING ABOUT!
I BETTER SCRAM!
WHY...IT'S JOHNNY KING...KING OF THE AIR...HE...HE MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONE-MAN CRIME WAVE!
AND THE FALL KILLED HIM!
BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GUY WHO WAS FIGHTING HIM? IT LOOKED LIKE BLUE STREAK!
BLUE STREAK? NO WONDER KING LOST THE BATTLE OF THE AIR!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
I HEARD ALL THE EXCITEMENT--WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT'S JUST LIKE JIM--TO SLEEP THROUGH ALL THIS EXCITEMENT! THE FAMOUS MASKED CRIMINAL JUST HAD A FIGHT WITH BLUE STREAK AND LOST!
THE CIRCUS PERFORMERS MAY THINK THAT JIM DARE IS ALWAYS ASLEEP... BUT THE UNDERWORLD KNOWS THAT BLUE STREAK NEVER SLEEPS!

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