

PUNCH

COMICS

★★★★★
DEC
NO. 1
10¢



HARRY "A" CHISLER
FEATURES SYNDICATE, INC.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION
WORLD'S
greatest
COMICS



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

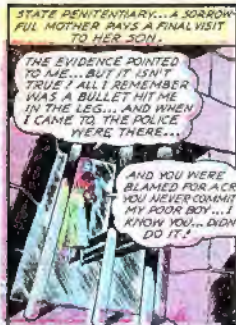
Mr.



ASSISTED BY THE STRANGE
 GOD, KING KOLAH,
 REMNANT OF AN EXTINGUISHED
 CIVILIZATION, WHOSE
 TEACHINGS PROCLAIM
 THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION
 OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE,
 MR. E AND HIS MESSENGERS
 OF KOLAH WAGE A
 NEVER ENDING BATTLE
 TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES
 OF THE TRIBAL GOD.

HARRY "AT" CHESLER
 TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. N.Y.

Washington
 The Press **Guardian**
**DORRENCE HANGS
 TONIGHT FOR
 DOUBLE MURDER**





I KNOW THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME LEFT BEFORE THE HANGING, BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN, TERRY.

LATER, MR. E. ENTERS A SECRET CHAMBER IN HIS HOME.



KNEELING, HE PLEADS THE CASE TO A STONE IMAGE, THE TRIBAL GOD OF A LONG EXTINCT RACE.



ALL WISE, ALL POWERFUL ADLAH, YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT CALLS UPON YOU—IF THERE HAS BEEN AN INJUSTICE DONE, THEN LET KOLAH FAVOR US WITH A SIGN!



GO QUICKLY, MESSENGER OF KOLAH!

THE GOD HAS COME TO LIFE... AN INJUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE!



SWIFTLY, THE WINGED MESSENGER FLUTTERS OUT OF THE OPEN WINDOW...



...SOON COMING TO REST ON THE WINDOW SILL OF AN APARTMENT ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN.



LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE PAGES OF A FAIRY TALE, THE BIRD TRANSFORMS ITSELF INTO A TINY FIGURE.

NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE.



IN A COUPLE OF HOURS THEY'LL HANG THE KID AND WE CAN STOP THIS LAZY LIFE!

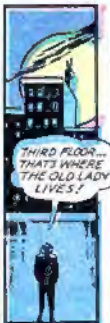
SURE RICCI, WE GOT TO GET OUT AND SPEND SOME OF THAT PAYROLL MONEY. THE WAY YOU HANDLED THAT FRAMEUP...



YOU'RE TELLING ME! WE'D ALL BE IN THE COOP IF I DIDN'T... SLINKY... WHAT'S UP?





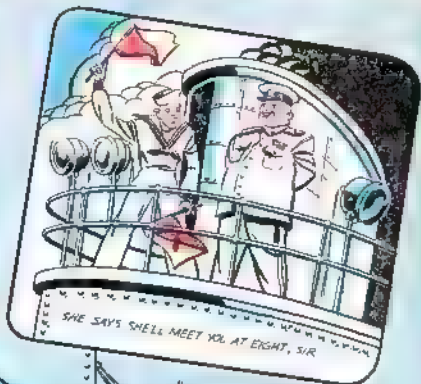






3 Cheers

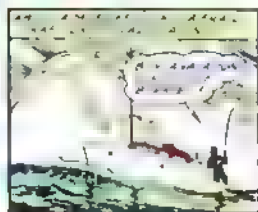
FOR THE NAVY

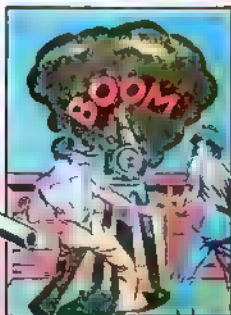


JUST GET REAL MAD AND
GOUGE THEIR EYES OUT!

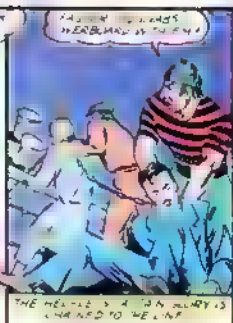


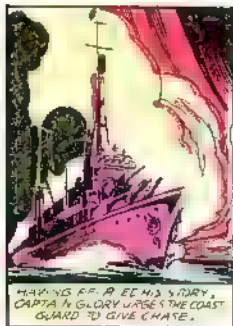
Captain GLORY













PUZZLETES



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

WORD EVOLUTION

CAN YOU CHANGE "APE" TO "MAN" IN 7 MOVES? CHANGE ONE LETTER AT A TIME AND STILL LEAVE A WORD.

A P E

M A N

TEASER SQUARE



THE SQUARE READS THE SAME DOWN AS ACROSS.

1- SUGARY. 2- RELIEVES.
3- MAMMAL. 4- CHOOSE.
5- QUIZZES.

APPLE MYSTERY!



4	15	14
9		12
5		8
16	3	13

FILL IN THE SIX MISSING SPACES WITH NUMBERS THAT WILL MAKE THE SQUARE ADD UP TO 34 - DOWN, ACROSS, AND DIAGONALLY.



Jerry

OUR TRAINED SEAL- IS BALANCING A HUGE CLOCK DIAL ON HIS NOSE, AND WANTS YOU TO DIVIDE THE DIAL INTO FOUR PARTS, SO THAT THE NUMERALS IN EACH SECTION TOTAL 20.



MR. OWL

WISE OLD FELLOW- Says:

A SUPERFLUITY OF CULINARY EXECUTIVES RENDERS UNPALATABLE THE LIQUID NUTRIMENT.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

TENNESSEE
WINCHESTER
ROMAN 509
6- ELSIE DIX



THE BROTH
TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL
BARE ARM, ARM, RAM, RAM
2, 6, 7, 10, 11, 12
ELECT. TESTS
1- SWEET EASES WHALE.

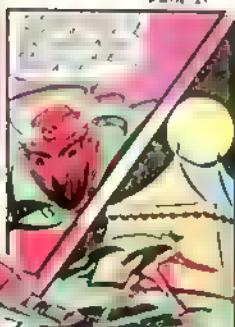
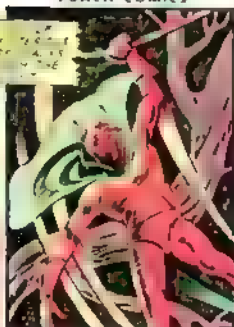
LC 509
CHEWSTER
XSE

TO WHOM IS THIS LETTER GOING AND WHERE?

CARNIVAL







VEFLEY THE CASHIER CONSOLES CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, VEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.

AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT OR SOMETHING HAPPEN, YOU WILL BECOME THE SOLE OWNER.

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR FATHER, CLARA. HE WAS A FINE MAN AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

MA, BUY ME SOME PEANUTS

YIPPEE THE CLOWN AND A GORILLA ACT ARE NEXT

YES DE, THE CROWD REEKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER

THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT DIVING.

I'M NERVOUS, LEE

I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY

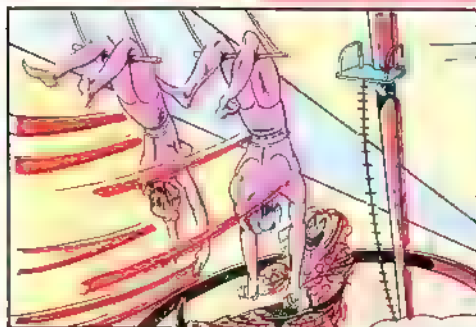
YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

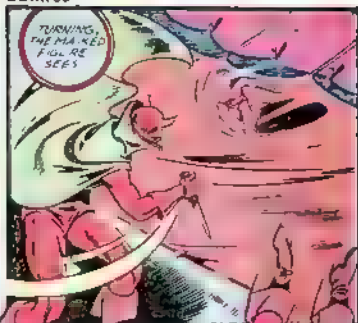
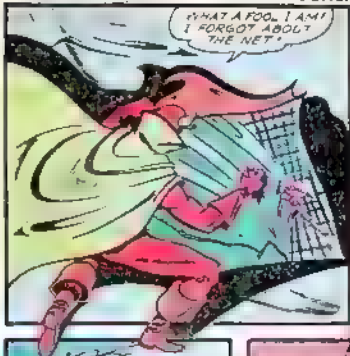
SUDDENLY ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT

THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!

WHAT TH... THAT APE LOOKS FEROCIOUS! MAYBE IT'S BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND?

HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST





A SOLDIER MUST OBEY

Several hundred pupils sat silently as the principal ushered the famous aviator to the front of the platform. "I take great pleasure in presenting Lieutenant Mathewson," the principal said. A thunderous ovation greeted the smiling aviator.

Lieutenant Mathewson spoke and one by one the students tensed in their seats. It was a story of his life he unfolded to them. The story of the hardships he had to undergo in preparing for aviation and the continued effort needed to complete the training. The hands of the huge clock on the wall kept turning but the audience sat in deep reflective silence.

"Above all," Mathewson's voice thundered, "a soldier must obey! He must never shrink or neglect his duty, not for any excuse, it was in 1918, I was . . .

Suddenly, a shuffling of feet was heard from the center of the audience. A small boy pushed his way over to the aisle, then began trudging toward the door. His shoes squeaked and the boy flushed under the hundreds of eyes gazing at him.

The shoes squeaked louder and louder. The principal fastened a pair of withering eyes on the boy, but proudly with head erect, the lad marched past the platform and toward the door.

"We must not be afraid to do our duty," the Lieutenant continued. Each and every one of us . . ." the voice droned on.

With those words, the squeak of the shoes died out as the door closed behind Tony. Without hesitating, he ran down the stairs into the basement. The words, "we must not neglect our duty," rang through his brain. Suddenly, a sizzling sound accompanied by the smell of burning rubber, reached him. He stopped and looked around.

Overhead, a shower of sparks came from one of the fixtures hanging loosely from the ceiling. Tony grabbed a chair and placed it under the broken fixture. Standing on it, he reached up, gripped the rubber near both ends of the wire and held them together. The sparks ceased.

A fire alarm box hung near by. It would have been the work of an instant to leap off the chair and ring it. Tony hesitated. The whole auditorium was enjoying the Lieutenant's speech. The sound of an alarm would only interrupt the interesting lecture—that would never do. Silently, with up raised arms, Tony stood holding the wires together.

It was a long time before the Lieutenant finished speaking. The principal invited him to inspect the modern school. Into the basement

they went and soon came on the small boy valiantly holding the wires.

"What are you doing up there, Tony, stealing the electric light bulbs?" the irate principal demanded. "You dared to interrupt Lieutenant Mathewson's lecture for this? I've caught you red handed. Your folks will hear of this. Get down."

Tony let go. The live wires sparked and smoked as the weary lad slumped from the chair. The Lieutenant caught the limp form.

A glass of cold water and the Lieutenant's knowledge of first aid quickly revived the lad.

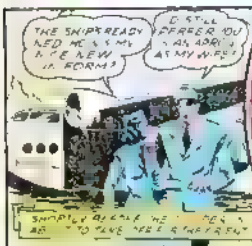
Tony looked up at the aviator and said quietly, "I was fire monitor for this week. I did not want to leave while you were speaking but it was my duty to inspect the basement. I had to do this because I did not want the alarm to keep the others from hearing your speech, sir."

Lieutenant Mathewson smiled and looked down at the brave boy. "A guy like you dared to interrupt my speech and face the wrath of the audience just to do his duty," the Lieutenant grinned as he spoke. "Follow, I'm flying back this way next week in a new army pursuit ship. Yes sir, lad, I'm going to get permission from headquarters to give a real soldier, who nobly did his duty, a ride in it!"

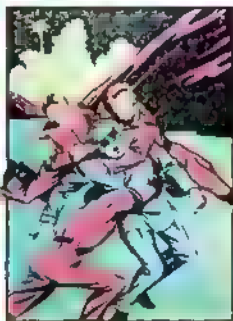
KITTY KELLY



ADVENTURE-LOVING KITTY KELLY
SACRIFICES THE PEACEFULNESS OF
MARRIED LIFE FOR A CAREER
IN THE AIR. ALTHOUGH HER
LIFE'S CONTINUALLY
THREATENED THE AIRHOSTESS
CARRIES ON IN THE
TRADITION OF THE SERGE







LET'S KEEP THE PASSENGERS FROM AN ATTEMPT TO HELP THE PILOT AND HOSTESS

STAND BACK OR DIE!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, WE ARE AMERICA!

GET THE AMO!

BY SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS, THEY HAD ALL SUBDUDED

THEY WERE ALL IN A HURRY TO GET THE AMO! THEY WERE ALL IN A HURRY TO GET THE AMO!

THE PRISONERS WERE FORCED TO CLIMB AND TO A PATH LEADING TO

AN ACTIVE AREA OF A

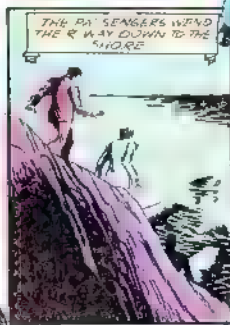
THEY WERE ALL IN A HURRY TO GET THE AMO! THEY WERE ALL IN A HURRY TO GET THE AMO!

PLEASE

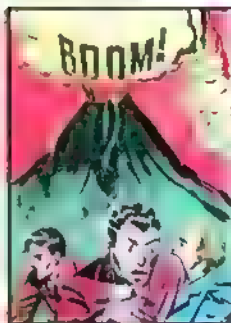
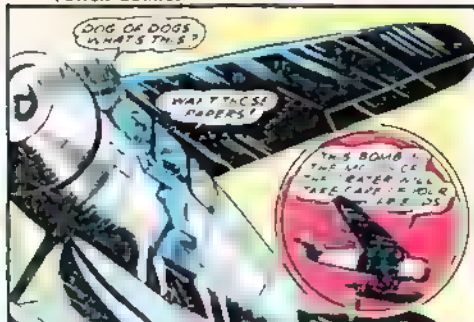
HERE'S MY ANSWER!

OWWW!

MY LIPS AND THE PAPERS AND THE







IS IT TRUE?

JOHN BUNYAN

HE WROTE "PILGRIMS' PROGRESS" WHILE IN PRISON. HE WAS VERY POOR WITH LITTLE EDUCATION. HE WORKED HARD AND SUFFERED MUCH?

TRUE

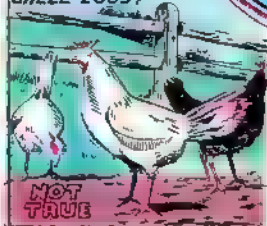


CHIGGERS

OR HARVEST MITES WILL BITE HUMANS AND SNAKES, THEY WILL NOT BITE ANY DOMESTIC ANIMALS?

TRUE

ALL HENS WITH WHITE FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS?



NOT TRUE

HENS WITH BLACK, BROWN OR RED FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS. THE MEDITERRANEAN STRAIN OF FOWL LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS.

BUNYAN WAS PUT IN PRISON FOR HIS RELIGIOUS VIEWS, WHILE THERE HE PRODUCED WORKS THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER.

COWBIRDS

BUILD NO NESTS, WILL NOT INCUBATE IT'S EGGS OR REAR IT'S YOUNG. THE EGGS ARE LAID IN THE NESTS OF OTHER BIRDS?

TRUE

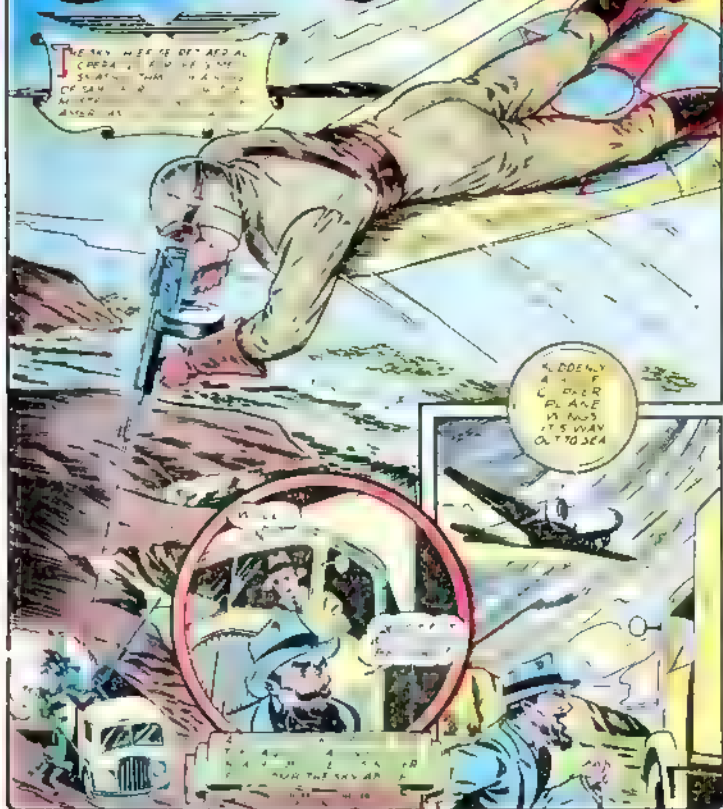
THE LAND OF EVERLASTING FIRE. TRAVELERS HAVE SEEN THIS STRANGE LAND MANY TIMES?

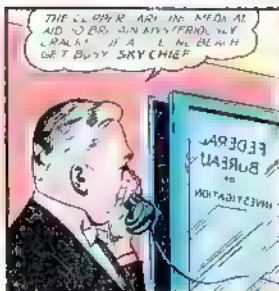


TRUE

IN NORTHERN IRAQ OIL FIELDS THE OZZING PARTICLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN BURNING FOR TIME IMMEMORIAL.

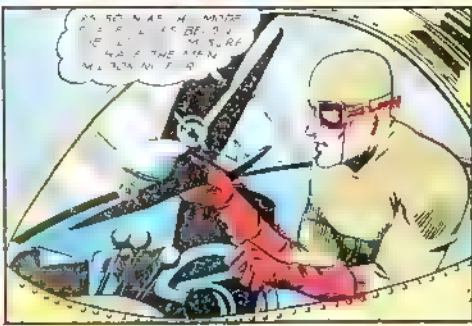
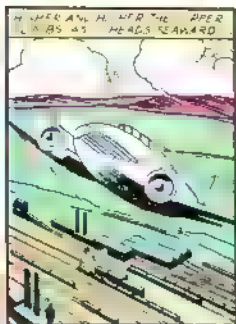
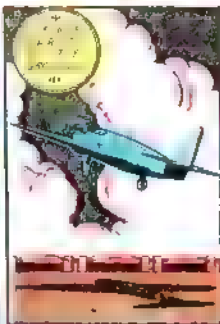
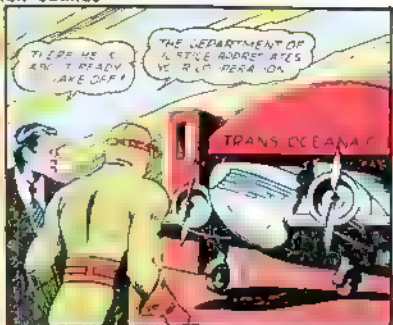
The SKY CHIEF

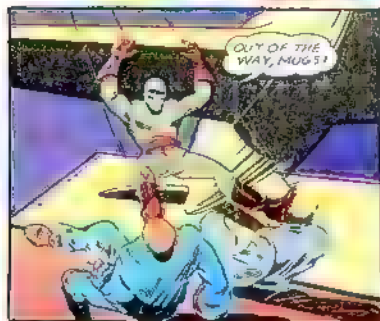
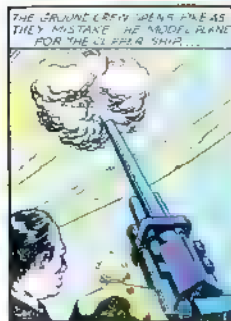


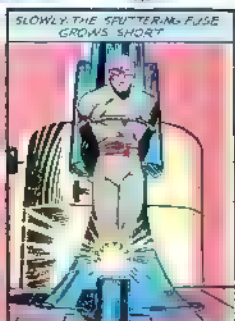
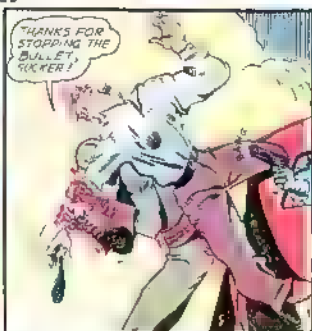


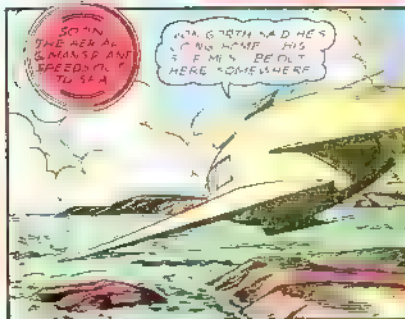
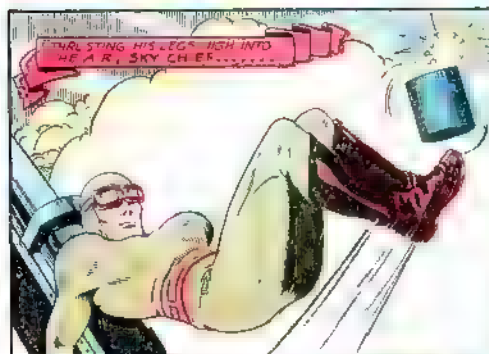
FROM WASHER ON THE HEAD OF THE FBI (A) THE MOUNTAIN TOP RETREAT OF THE SECRET OFFICERS











AND OFF SHORE A TANKER RACES
THE WAVE'S OUTWARD BOUND.



WHILE ON DECK THE MINISTER
VON GORTH RECOGNIZES THE
APPROACHING PLANE.



SO, VON GORTH SAYS
THAT FREIGHTER



SENDING A TALL OF DESTRUCTION
TO THE SHIP'S DECK.



AND
AS THE
PLANE
ZOOMS
UPWARD.



BOOM

LOOKS LIKE THEY
DIDN'T LIKE IT
BUT THEY CAN'T
DO ANYTHING
ABOUT IT



THE CLIPPER SHIP CAN FLY THE
A PLANE FREELY AGAIN.
AND YOU CAN CROSS VON
GORTH OFF THE SET OF
INTERNATIONAL SABOTEURS

GOOD WORK,
SKY CHIEF.
WE KNEW
YOU'D DO IT!



THE SKY CHIEF APPEARS IN NEXT
MONTH'S ISSUE OF THIS
MAGAZINE

THE DEAD MAN PLAYS

The judge let you off because of insufficient evidence. Patrolman Dick Stevens addressed the sneering racketeer, Pete Beers. "I'm positive you murdered him and someday I'll find the evidence that'll get you a trip to the hot seat."

"Pipe down, flatfoot," Pete grinned as he spoke. "Your pal Morris disappeared and you're trying to pin a murder on me. But it won't work."

Dick stepped forward and touched the shoulder of the departing racketeer as he whispered, "Beers, remember—his Morris said he'd keep playing his violin even after he was dead. Yep, all I'll have to do is follow the strains of the music and I'll find the murderer."

"See you, Pete barked as he walked away from the patrolman. But dead men can't play."

Dick clenched his fists at the thought of the thousands of dollars Pete had extracted from small storekeepers for unwanted and unneeded protection. He also thought of his pal's investigation and sudden disappearance. More than ever he was out to get the haughty Pete Beers.

It was dark and moonless that night. The huge house was ablaze with lights as Pete Beers shook hands with the last of his departing guests. Guests who had enjoyed a lavish party celebrating his release from

prison. Pete turned to his butler and said, "I'm turning in, Mike. Wake me at noon. Most of the shops have been laying down on their protection payments since I was detained by them dumb cops. I'll have to get after them, this place can't be run on peanuts."

Pete climbed the huge stairway to his bedroom. It was a spacious room. He grinned as he glanced at the expensive furnishings. Some different from that seen he muttered aloud.

Resting on the soft bed, he dozed off but was soon awakened by the sound of music. He lay puzzled. It was violin music, soft and sweet.

He jumped slightly as the words of Patrolman Stevens ran through his mind. All I have to do is follow the music to the murder. He squirmed. He turned several times but the musical sound kept on. He could stand it no longer. Pete jumped out of bed, switched on the light and snatched his gun out of the holster.

"I'll settle this once and for all," he yelled aloud. "I'll have no dead man playing in my house."

Pete slipped down the stairs that led into the cellar. "Afraid? Bah, what could scare Pete Beers," he muttered aloud.

The violin played on and on. The music echoed throughout the long

corridor. Pete's flesh was covered with goose pimples. He gripped his gun tightly and made his way to a corner of the stone wall.

Carefully, he felt the wall. "You can't play, you're dead, DEAD!" he screamed. "I put you there and you can't play."

The musical strains grew louder and louder. The notes imbedded themselves in Pete's tortured brain. "Dead men can't play," he screamed out loud.

Suddenly, the music stopped. A dark form stepped from behind a pillar to Pete's side and whispered, "Drop that gun or die."

No, no—Morris, don't touch me, you're dead, you're dead, I know it. I killed you. Pete screamed hysterically as the gun fell from his fear-paralyzed fingers.

Suddenly, a pair of handcuffs closed on the frightened racketeer's wrists. When that wall is pulled down, the voice of Patrolman Dick Stevens said softly, "I'll have the evidence needed to send you to the hot seat. Pete Beers."

Dick led the astonished racketeer to the staircase. At the foot of the stairs, Patrolman Stevens stooped down to pick up the victim. He turned to Pete and said, "I forgot to tell you that Morris taught me how to play."

A QUEER TRICK OF FATE AND
 A BIT OF COURAGE, BURLY
 SHIPPER OF A RAINY OCEANIC
 FREIGHTER, FINDS HIMSELF
 AGAIN BACK TO BACK
 TO RE-... OF THE AGE OF THE
 B. CANEERS AND THE ROVERS
 OF THE SPANISH MAIN

A LONELY FREIGHTER RIPS THRU
 THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC



CYCLONE!
 CYCLONE!

SUDDENLY, A HOWLING STORM

Capt'n

COURAGE

UP DECK, THE HUSKY CAPTAIN
CHALLENGED DRIFTWOOD TO CHALLENGE
THE DECK. A L L R Q V



IT'S A FREAK
S O R M CAP
SHELL LAD
THE T H O P E
A M L N A O R
D R I F T W O O D!



KEEP FIRING THE
B L C C L A D S
WE'RE R A L N O D E A T H
T H S - M E



MOUNTAINOUS MAVE'S LASH
THE DECK AS THE SKIPPER
ISSUES HIS TERSE COMMAND

A B L T W



A U M T A N T W A R D S T A
A A B Y A N D C O A S T A T W I T H I T S
S E A S T H E H E D C I S S E F L E M E R
C H A T T E R T O A T S



WHEN SUDDENLY



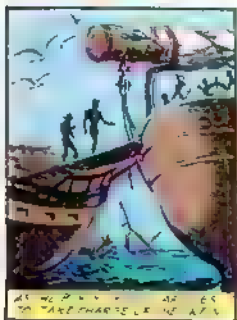
WE GOT TO MAKE
IT WE GOT TO



AS IF RETURNING FROM THE DEAD,
THE BATTERED CAPTAIN COURAGE
STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF

FINALLY HE CALLED OUT
THE B L C C L A D S







ACCUA EYADILING WE SPY
GLASS THE SHIPPER SEES



SHE'S BRATE CRAFT
ALL RIGHT GET THE
SHIP IN ORDER WE'RE
GOING TO KID THE SEA
THAT A BARRA E



CLASHES FEEL
THE SEA



SWIFTLY THE CREW SPRINGS INTO
ACTION AS THE SHIP IS PREPARED
FOR ANY EMERGENCY

STEADILY HE GAP BETWEEN
THE TWO VESSELS CLOSED.



THEY'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER
THAN THAT TO KICK US, CAP!



HE SHELL EXAMINE HARM
LESS IN THE WATER

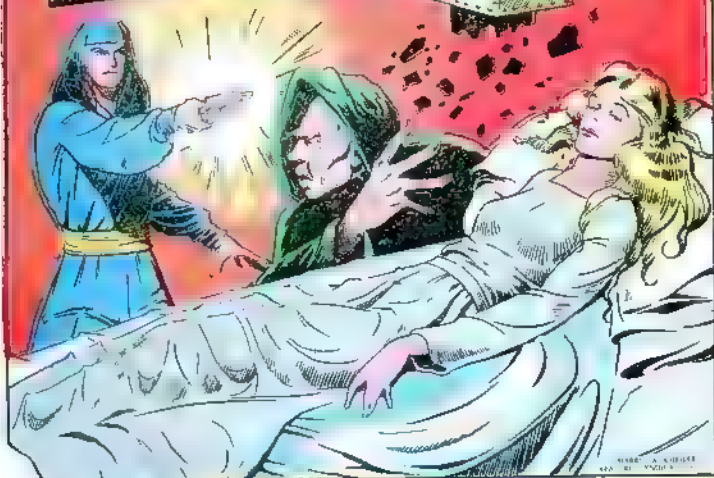






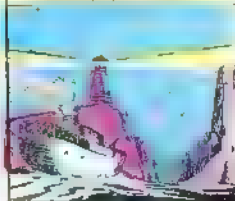
HALE!

...THE MAGICIAN



BY A FRIENDLY
YACHTING TIP
HALE THE MAGICIAN IS
THROWING A JO
GIGANTIC RIGGLE
WHICH ONLY THE POWER
OF HIS MAGICAL
SPEARHEAD
CAN
OVERCOME
↓

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA A 400
'S FLEET SLEWLY THRU A NARROW,
DANGEROUS CHANNEL

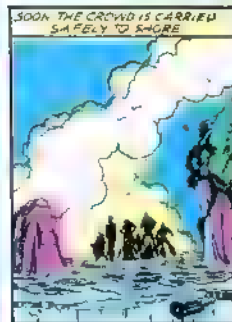


ON DECK L.O.'S STARRETT CONVERSES WITH
HER CLOSE FRIEND, HALE, THE MAGICIAN

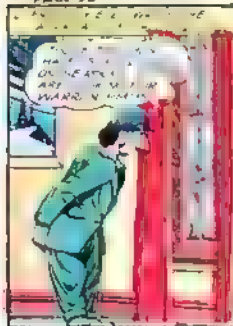
LOOKY HUR WARREN, I'LL
BE SURPRISED TO SEE U.S.
JIM GLAD WE DIDN'T WIRE
HIM. IT'S MORE FUN THIS
WAY!

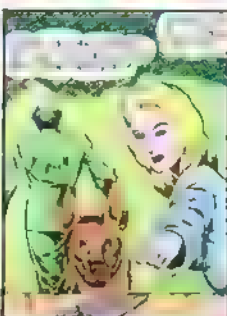
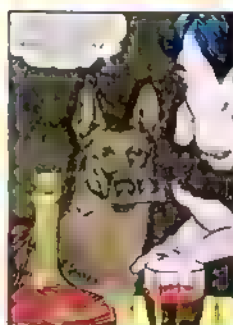
YOU'RE RIGHT,
HALE, BRRRR
BUT THOSE ROCKS
ARE UGLY
LOOKING!
HERE COMES
THE CAPTAIN

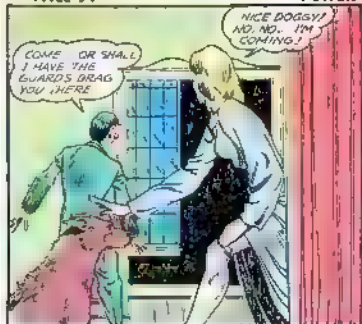




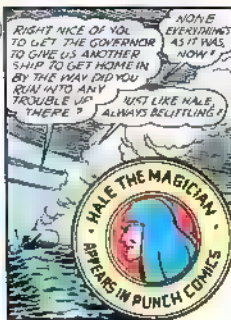
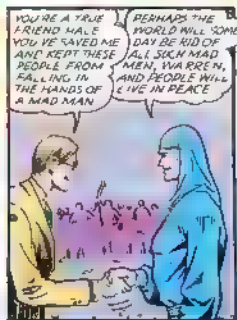
A TRAGEDY DISCOVERED IN
SIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE











DEATH

The Sting of

"Don't touch that!" Steve Kent yelled, as he pushed John Waters to the ground. "It's the Golden Orchid and it means trouble."

Carefully picking himself out of the bed of ferns, Waters adjusted his monocle and stared coldly at his guide. "Have you gone completely crazy?" he shouted at Steve. "I hired you to guide me and not advise me as to what specimens should take and what not!" Waters reached for the huge orchid again. "It's worth at least five hundred pounds—and I'm..." That's as far as he got. The strong grip of Steve Kent stopped him.

"As long as anyone's with me they don't pick that flower," Steve barked. "It's meant death to some—but others it drives mad, rev'ng mad!"

That night, Steve and Waters sat around the campfire. They listened to the strange jungle sounds. Kent identified each one for his friend. Soon, the conversation drifted to the life they had left behind in London. Kent studied Waters and sensed his mind had wandered—it had drifted to the Golden Orchid. Steve tensed. "I suppose you're angry because I kept you from picking that flower?" he said smacking straight into the subject.

Before Waters could answer, Kent continued, "I've knocked around all over the world and there are some things I can't understand and never will. That Golden Orchid is one. The natives say that he who picks one will never leave the jungle alive."

"Stupid superstition!" Waters

scoffed. "You're civilized, man, you can't believe such nonsense. Did you ever know of any one who picked one and died?"

"Once," Steve hesitated, then continued. "The natives warned him just as I did you. The man laughed in their faces and picked the blossom. I watched him as he fondled it like a little child. I watched him hold it to his face and gaze into its golden petals as he raved over the shape and size. He talked of the glory and fame the Academy would award him for bringing back such an unknown treasure."

"But what happened? I never saw it on exhibit," John interrupted impatiently.

"I'm coming to that," Steve said slowly. "The next morning in his tent we found the body. It was a dark blue color—he had died during the night."

"Dead," Waters whispered in an awed voice.

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "The natives called it the sting of the Golden Orchid."

"What about the flower?" Waters asked.

"I lay beside him on the bed where he had picked it," Kent replied. "The natives piled the tent with brush and burned the body of the man and the orchid." With that, Steve got up and stretched lazily. "I'm turning in for the night," he said as he walked off to the tent.

Kent lay on the cot. His eyelids grew heavier and heavier. Suddenly, his semi-conscious mind caught the sound of cracking brush.

Instantly, he was on his feet and out of the tent. Through the slowly dying campfire he saw the figure of John Waters, in his hand the Golden Orchid.

With sparkling eyes, John held the prize so Kent could see its full beauty. "Those silly stories couldn't scare me," he said proudly. "I've got it and I'm going to take it back to civilization with me. It's mine—they'll call it John Waters' Golden Orchid!"

Swiftly, Steve leaped forward, grabbed the flower and threw it into the fire.

Furiously, Waters aimed his fist at Steve's jaw. Kent ducked the blow and with a short right sent Waters sprawling to the ground. In an instant, he was astride him.

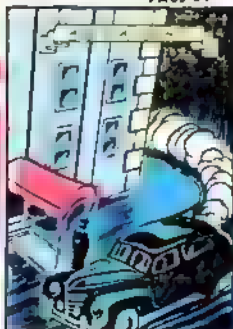
"Why did you do it why did you do it?" John sobbed angrily. "I'll never have a chance to get another!"

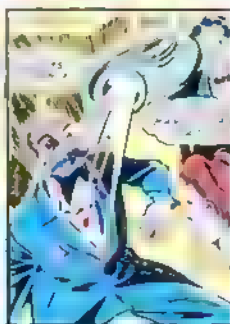
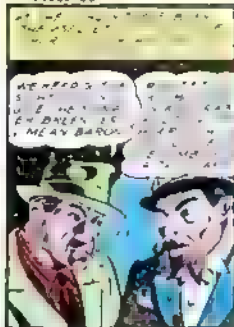
Steve released his grip. "That orchid," he began slowly, "has been known to always harbor a nest of vipers within its leaves. The viper, colored the same as the plant, is very seldom found—that was the thing that killed the other man! Its sting is filled with venom—and the viper strikes at night."

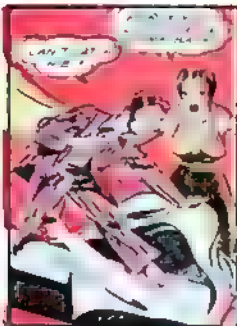
"But why didn't you tell me the truth about it?" Waters demanded.

"Because," Steve said slowly, "you'd have decided to look for the deadly reptile, to kill it—by that time it would have injected you with its poison."

Waters gripped Steve's hand and said, "And to think, all this time I thought you made up that story to scare me away, so you could have the orchid for yourself."







SWIFTLY, THE MASTER MAKE UP ARTISTS DON THEIR DISGUISES...

YOU'RE LIABLE TO CRAB OUR ACT, LITTLE ONE... SO, JUST STAY HERE AND AMUSE YOURSELF!

WE LOOK MORE LIKE THE HUDSONS THAN THEY DO THEMSELVES... CHIN, FLASH... LET'S GIVE THE BARON A SURPRISE.

YOU HAVE PUT THE CHILD TO BED?

YES, BARON... AND NOW YOU!

DON'T MIND HIM... HE'S ALWAYS JOKING!

... AND JOIN THE BARON AS MR. AND MRS. HUDSON.

READY, MEN... IT'S BEGINNING! SEIZE THESE FOOLS!

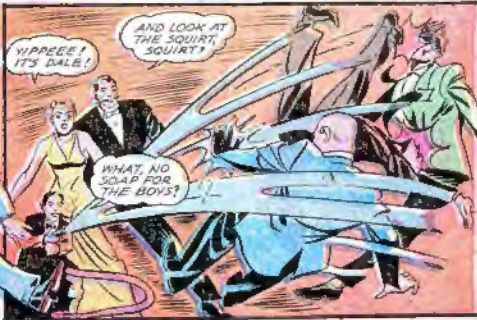
SUDDENLY, THE CRAFTY FOREIGNER BARKS AN ORDER...

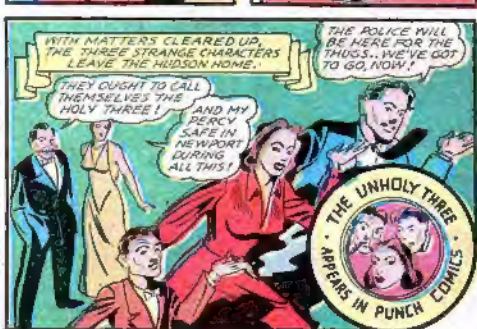
BULL'S EYE!



WE GOT HER!

OOOFFF!





THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

FEATURING

89

MR. "E"
THE ECHO
CARNIVAL
RAY BRIGHT
RING KONGA
YANKEE BOY
MASTER KEY
ROCKETMAN
LUCKY COYNE
DYNAMIC BOY
LITTLE NEMO
KITTY KELLY
DAN HASTINGS
MADAM SATAN
BOC TRIUMPH
GREAT SCOTT!
JOHNNY REBEL
FOX GRANDPA
CAPTAIN GLORY
YANKEE DOODLE
JONES & DANDY
MAJOR VICTORY
SCARLET SENTRY
"HAPPY" LAUNDING
MOTHER RUSSAND
YOUNG AMERICANS



8
MAMMOTH
RINGS

•
EACH
ONE
FEATURING

15
COMPLETE
ATTRACTIVEONS

•
IT'S YOURS FOR
THE PRICE OF
A SINGLE
ADMITTANCE

10¢

HURRY, HURRY
H-U-R-R-Y!
TO YOUR NEAREST
NEWSDEALER

YANKEE
COMICS

DYNAMIC
COMICS

SCOOP
COMICS

MAJOR
COMICS

BULLS-EYE
COMICS

PUNCH
COMICS

KAYO
COMICS

WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS

A B C
COMICS