

ACTION

ADVENTURE

MYSTERY

JUMBO COMICS



10¢

AUG.
No. 30

SHEENA—
QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE
in an exciting adventure
**"SLASHING
FANGS"**



"THE MOST
OF THE BEST"

THE HAWK

ZX-5—SPIES IN ACTION

The LIGHTNING

TOM, DICK and HARRY

MIDNIGHT—WILD BLACK STALLION

SOLNE
POWICH

Grease Monkey

GRIFFIN



BY KIP REALES

F-4

of the AIR INTELLIGENCE

BY BILL FOX



The ACE of JINXES

BY Captain Derek West



GOOONY AND GLORIOUS AND CRAZY-WINGED AS EVER **GREASE-MONKEY GRIFFIN** SKYLARKS TO BATTLE AGAINST HALF THE LUFT-WAFFE... DEEP IN PANAMA'S CROCODILE GLADES, **F-4**, HIGH FLYING OFFICER OF THE **AIR INTELLIGENCE** SMASHES A FIFTH COLUMN LAIR... OVER OLD ENGLAND A HOODOOED **R.A.F. ACE** FLASHES 5000 FEET IN A HAIR-RAISING STAB AT HIS PURSUING JINX.

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FIGHTING ACES OF WAR SKIES

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THE SKULL SQUAD
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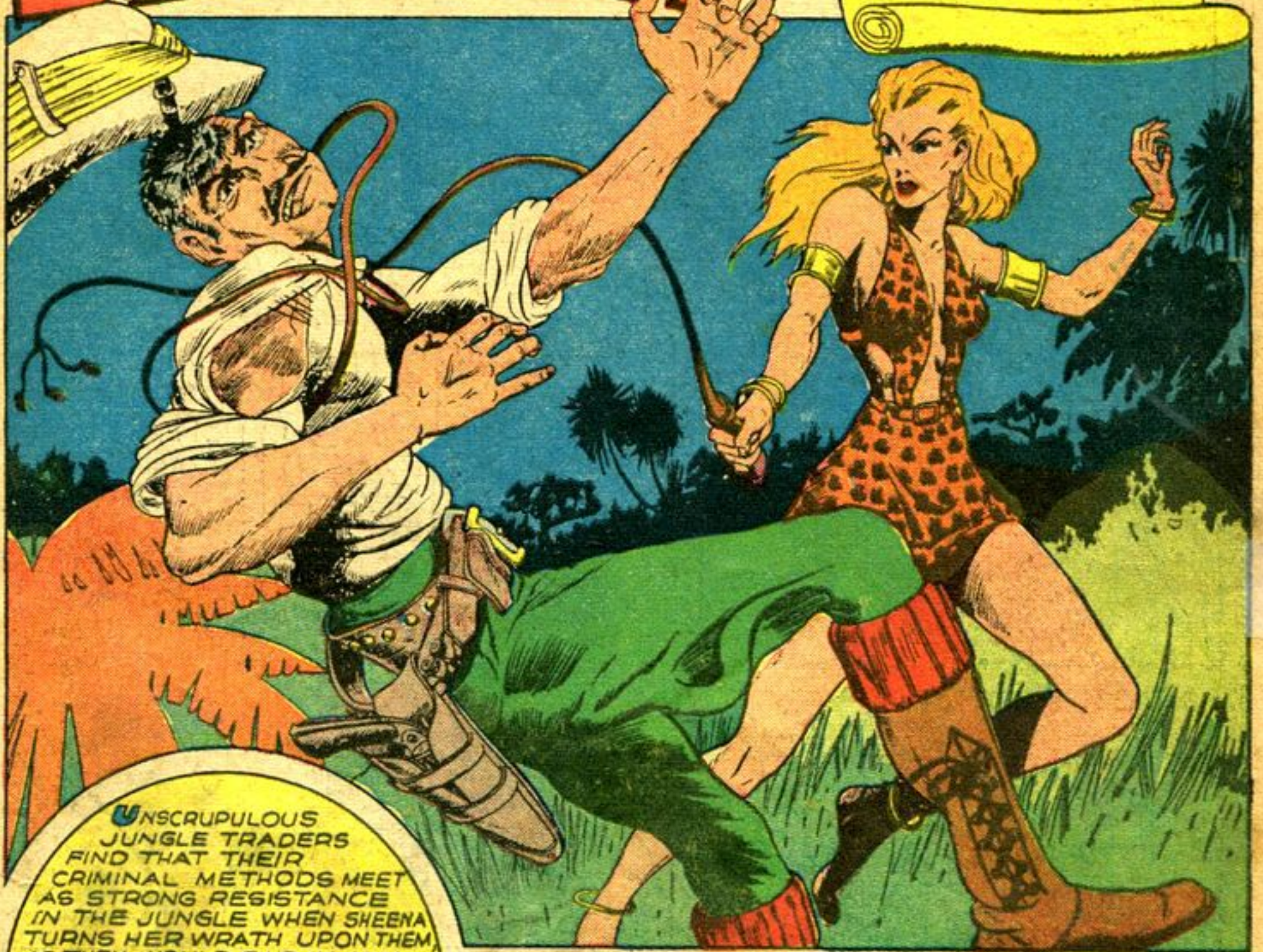
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THE NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS (No. 31, SEPT.) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND AUG. 1st.

SHEENA

QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

By W. MORGAN THOMAS



UNSCRUPULOUS JUNGLE TRADERS FIND THAT THEIR CRIMINAL METHODS MEET AS STRONG RESISTANCE IN THE JUNGLE WHEN SHEENA TURNS HER WRATH UPON THEM, AS THEY WOULD FIND IN ANY CIVILIZED PART OF THE WORLD.

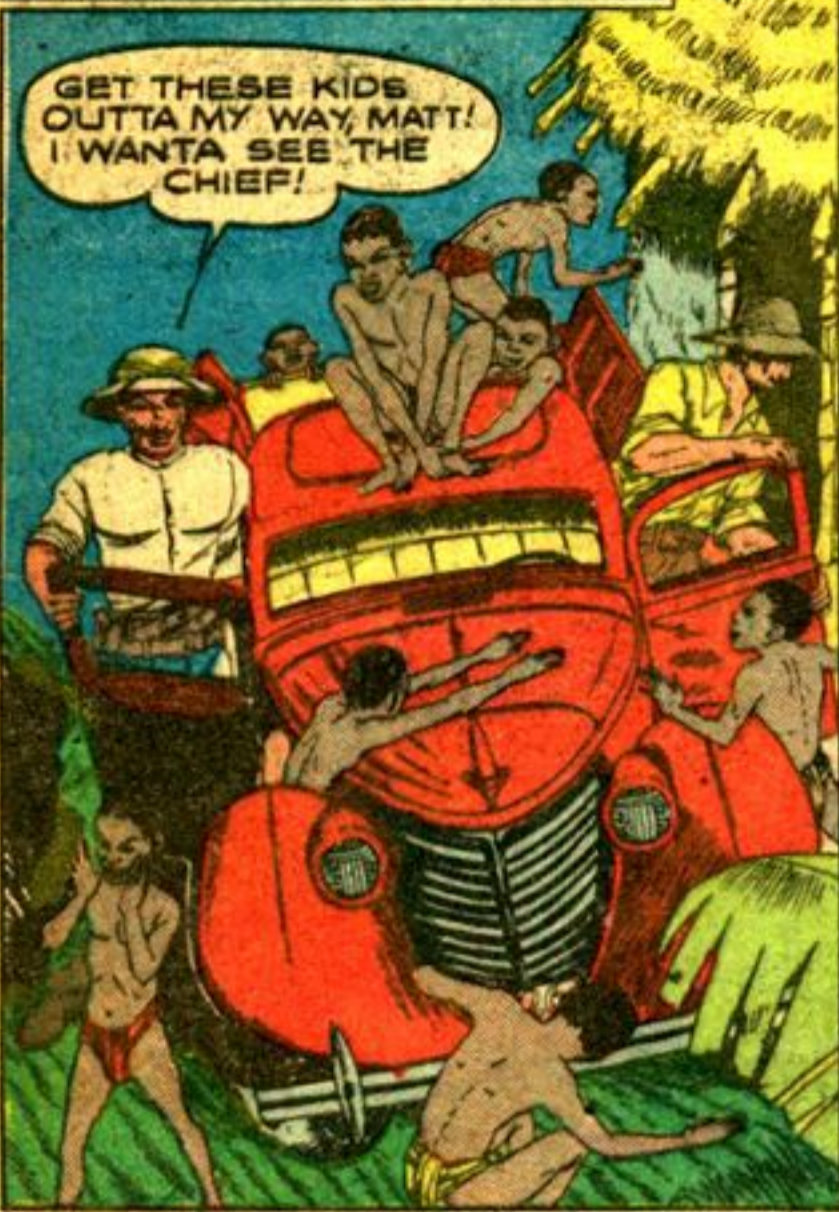
SHEENA IS A TIGRESS IN ACTION... MODERN WEAPONS HOLD NO TERROR FOR HER.

SCREAMING NATIVES SCATTER AS A TRUCK SPEEDS INTO SHEENA'S VILLAGE.

THIS VILLAGE HAS THE RICHEST TOBACCO CROP IN THE TERRITORY AND I MEAN TO GET IT AT MY PRICE.. NO USE LETTING THESE DUMB NATIVES MAKE A CLEAR PROFIT IN THE MARKET!



THE TRUCK PULLS TO A STOP, SQUEALING, INQUISITIVE CHILDREN SWARM OVER IT.



GET THESE KIDS OUTTA MY WAY, MATT! I WANTA SEE THE CHIEF!



YOU KIN TELL ME! WHERE'S YOUR CHIEF'S HUT?

MEANWHILE, SHEENA IS IN THE VILLAGE COUNCIL LODGE..



M-GALI, MY FRIEND.. OUR TOBACCO SELLS AT THE HIGHEST GOVERNMENT PRICE!

GOOD!

I'M GIVING YOU A FLAT PRICE.. FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS.. YOU'LL SELL.. OR..



NO..

HE'D EVEN KILL TO GET HIS WAY!

SUDDENLY THE WOVEN DOOR IS THRUST OPEN.



YOU THE CHIEF? I'M BUYING YOUR TOBACCO!

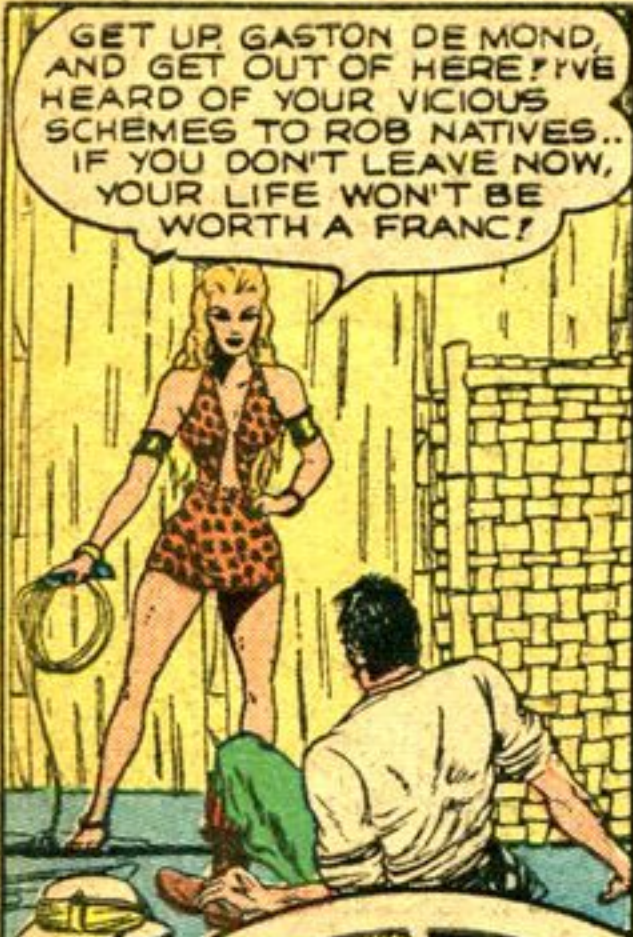


THEN I'LL BEAT YOUR BLACK HIDE TO PULP! HEY, LEGGO MY HAND!

HOLD HIM!

IN A SECOND SHEENA HAS SPRUNG LIKE A LEOPARD UPON THE VILLAINOUS TRADER.





GET UP, GASTON DE MOND, AND GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE HEARD OF YOUR VICIOUS SCHEMES TO ROB NATIVES.. IF YOU DON'T LEAVE NOW, YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A FRANC!



SMART, AREN'T YOU? 'QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE' BAH!! WELL, I'M SMARTER.. AS YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT!



SHEENA, BOB AND M-GALI WATCH THE TRADER DISAPPEAR.

HE MEANS BUSINESS!

DON'T FEAR, BOB!



SUDDENLY,

LOOK, SHEENA

THE HUT WHERE THE PRECIOUS TOBACCO IS STORED IS IN THE PATH OF LEAPING FIRE.



DE MOND STARTS HIS EVIL SOONER THAN I HAD EXPECTED! WE MUST DIG A TRENCH AROUND THE HUT.. IT WILL STOP THE FLAMES!



SHEENA DIGG WITH THE PEOPLE WHILE THE INSUFFERABLE HEAT SURROUNDS THEM LIKE A VACUUM.

WORK FASTER! WE CAN REST LATER!



IN THE NICK OF TIME, THE TROUGH IS FINISHED. THE ANGRY FLAMES CANNOT LEAP IT TO THE VALUABLE LEAF.

THE NEXT MORNING, SHEENA AND BOB SET OUT FOR THE TOBACCO MART.



AND A SHORT WAY OFF KEEN EYES FOLLOW SHEENA'S PROGRESS.



DE MOND AND HIS COMPANION SPEED DOWN THE ROAD. THEY PASS SHEENA'S SAFARI.



THE CAR STOPS NEAR TWO NATIVES, WHO GUARD A VICIOUS CAGED LION.



HELLO? WILL YOU TWO SELL ME THAT LION? I PAY YOU MUCH.. GUNS, BULLETS, MANY BEADS. I WANT A LION FOR WHITE MAN'S ZOO!



AT THIS MOMENT, SHEENA AND BOB WALK ON AHEAD, JUST AS DE MOND BUYS THE LION.



DE MOND PULLS A WIRE THAT OPENS THE CAGE. . . HALF-STARVED FOR DAYS, THE BEAST STALKS OUT. . .



AND FASTENING HIS BLOOD SHOT EYES ON SHEENA, LEAPS FOR HER WITH THE SPEED AND RAGE INCITED BY HUNGER. . . QUICKLY, SHEENA ROLLS FROM BENEATH THE GREAT PAWS.



DARN! MY GUN IS JAMMED!



SHE SPRINGS ATOP THE TAWNY BACK AND PLUNGES HER BLADE AGAIN AND AGAIN INTO THE LION.



THAT WAS BAD! I-I DO NOT LIKE TO KILL STARVING BEASTS.. BUT HE WOULD'VE KILLED ME OTHERWISE!



THE BEAST WAS LOOSED FROM HIS CAGE! THIS IS DE MOND'S DOING.. LEND ME YOUR GUN, BOB!

NIMBLY, THE JUNGLE QUEEN SWINGS THROUGH THE TREES.



SHE STOPS AT THE MUD ROAD.



THAT IS DE MOND'S TRUCK!



I HOPE THE GUN DOESN'T JAM... GOOD..IT'S NOT!



THE BULLET FLIES STRAIGHT FOR DE MOND'S FRONT TIRE.



HEY! WHAT HAPPENED?

BULLET PUNCTURE!

BY THE TIME SHEENA REACHES THE TRUCK, DE MOND IS GONE.



WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL CONTINUE OUR TREK!



COME, BOB, CALL OUR MEN!

RIGHT!



BUT AS THEY START ON THE TRAIL, A LASSO ROPES THEM.

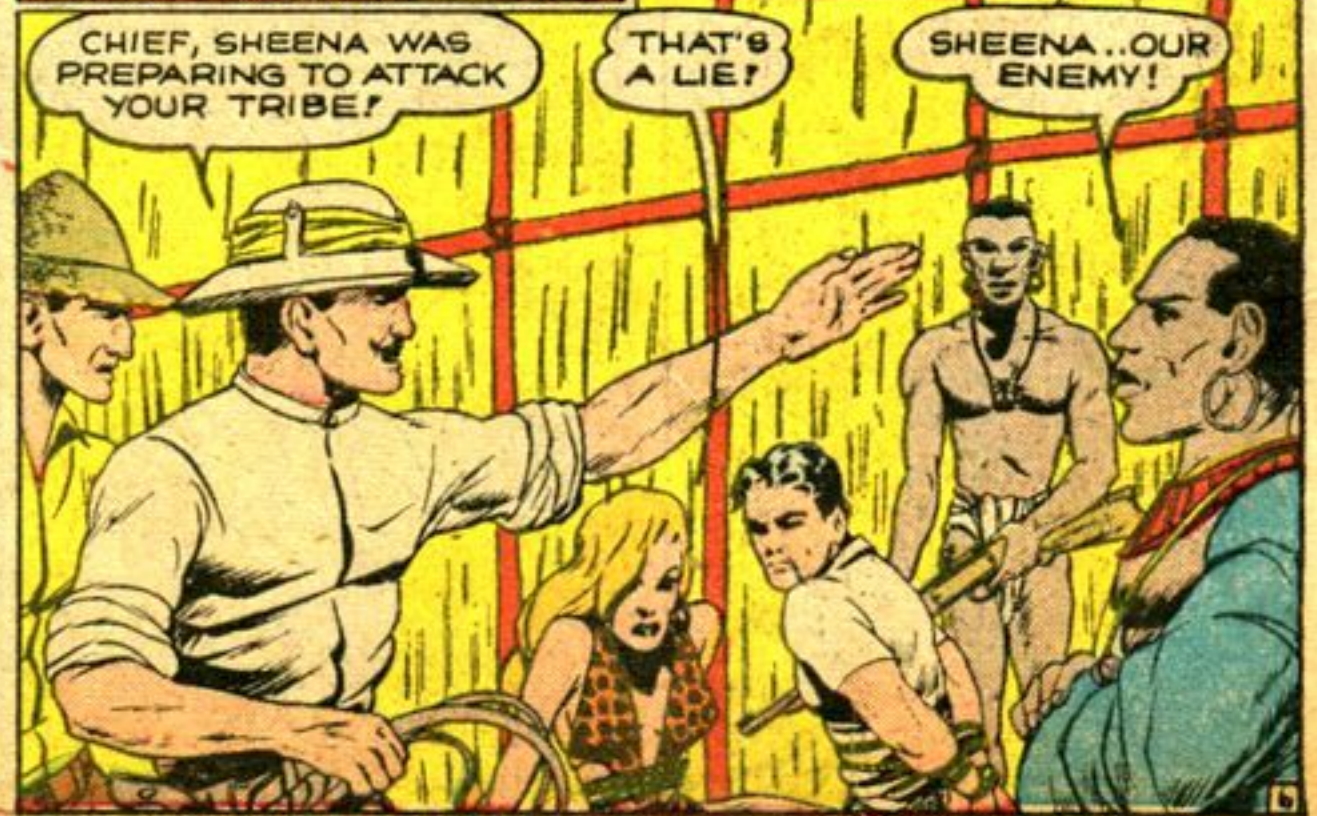
OH! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

FROM THE BUSHES SPRINGS DE MOND.



NOW WE'VE GOT YOU! AND THERE AIN'T NO ESCAPIN'!

SHEENA AND BOB ARE DRAGGED THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO A HUT IN A HOSTILE NATIVE VILLAGE.



CHIEF, SHEENA WAS PREPARING TO ATTACK YOUR TRIBE!

THAT'S A LIE!

SHEENA..OUR ENEMY!

YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME?
YOU'D RATHER LISTEN TO
THIS VILLAIN DE MOND,
WHO IS THE REAL
ENEMY OF YOUR
PEOPLE?



SHUT HER BLABBERING
MOUTH, CHIEF! I TELL YOU
THAT YOU ARE NOT SAFE
WHILE SHE LIVES.. MAKE
A FEAST OF HER.. A
REAL TRIBAL BANQUET.



BUT CANNIBALISM? NO!
MY TRIBE HAS GIVEN UP
THAT PRACTICE SINCE
THE GOVERNMENT
FORBADE IT.

BAH!
THE GOVERNMENT
WON'T KNOW
AND I'LL
PAY YOU
WELL!



IN GOLD AND JEWELS?
THEN I AGREE.. LET THE
CEREMONY BEGIN!



MADLY THE WITCH DOCTOR WHIRLS INTO HIS DEVIL DANCE..
WILD CHANTS FILL THE AIR.



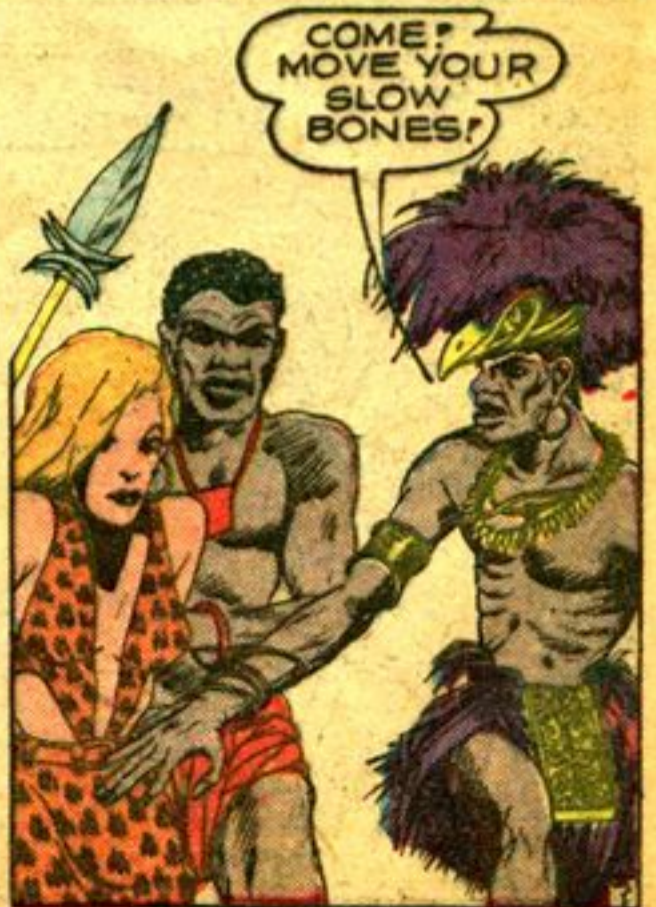
AFTER THE LUSTY DANCE, SHEENA, BOB AND M-GALI ARE
BOUND IN A HUT.



BOB,
LISTEN!

THE GIRL..
KILL HER
FIRST!

COME!
MOVE YOUR
SLOW
BONES!



RUDELY, THE JUNGLE QUEEN IS FORCED TO A GORE STAINED CHOPPING BLOCK . . .



MEANWHILE . . . IN THE HUT . . .

THAT CLAY POT! I CAN SMASH IT AND USE THE PIECES!



BOB TAKES A LONG CHANCE . . .



I CAN CUT THESE ROPES!

SO FAR SO GOOD.



WITH A JAGGED FRAGMENT, BOB SAVES AT HIS BONDS. THE MINUTES SEEM LIKE YEARS.



AT LAST HE IS FREE . . .



SHEENA!

BUT SHEENA IS ALREADY KNEELING AT THE EXECUTIONER'S BLOCK. THE KNIFE BARE INCHES FROM HER NECK.



MEANWHILE, BOB SLASHES DESPERATELY THROUGH THE GUARDS .. HE MUST REACH SHEENA BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

SNATCHING ONE GUARD'S WEAPON, BOB RISKS A FINAL CHANCE.

HIS ARROW FLIES SWIFT AND STRAIGHT .. INTO THE EXECUTIONER'S RAISED ARM.



HOLA! STOP THE KILL!

IT IS AN OMEN .. THE GODS FORBID US TO KILL JUNGLE QUEEN! SHE IS FREE!

MEANWHILE, DE MOND'S STOOSGE, MATT, SETS UP A MACHINE GUN ..

HE DIRECTS A HAIL OF BULLETS AT THE NATIVES.

WHO FALL, DYING, IN THE DUST ..



SHEENA AND BOB HAVE STARTED TO FLEE BUT . . .



WE MUST SAVE THE NATIVES!

QUICKLY AND QUIETLY, BOB CREEPS UP TO MATT AND TACKLES HIM . . .



NO GUN PLAY FOR YOU, FELLOW!



MOVE AWAY, BOB! I'LL FINISH HIM!



POISING HER SHINY BLADE GRACEFULLY, SHEENA SENDS IT FLYING . . .



UNERRINGLY TRUE TO ITS TARGET, THE BLADE SINKS INTO MATT'S THROAT . . .

ARR-AGH! A-A-A

FURIOUS AT HIS COMPANION'S DEATH, DEMOND RACES TO THE MACHINE GUN.



WHILE SHEENA WATCHES, THE MADDENED VILLAIN POURS SHOT INTO THE NATIVES' MIDST

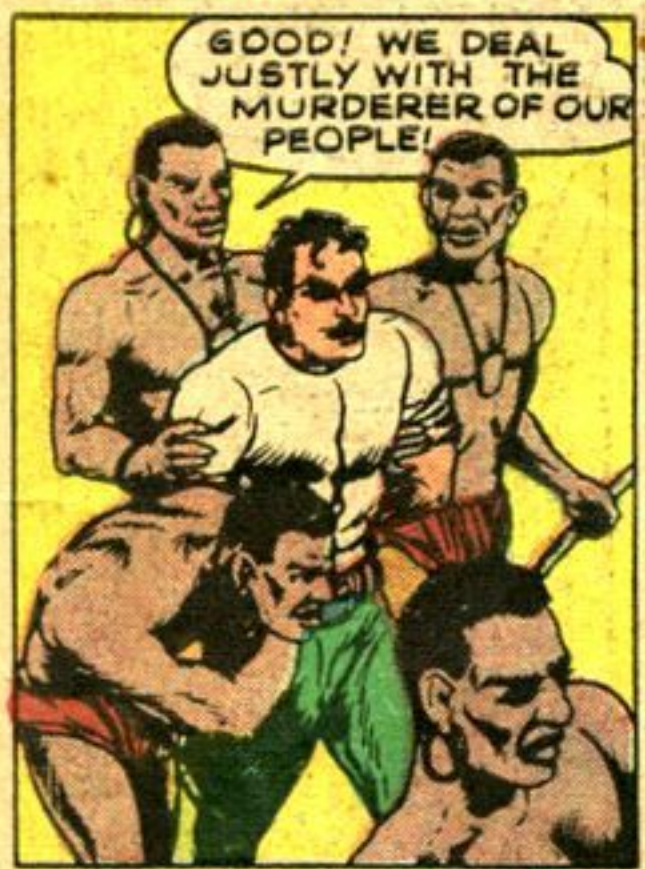




SUDDENLY, LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHT, SHEENA SWINGS UPON HIM...



KNOCKING DE MOND FROM THE GUN INTO THE ARMS OF HIS SAVAGE ENEMIES..



GOOD! WE DEAL JUSTLY WITH THE MURDERER OF OUR PEOPLE!



LASHED TO A STAKE DE MOND MEETS A HORRIBLE END... PRIMITIVE, VICIOUS, BUT WELL DESERVED.



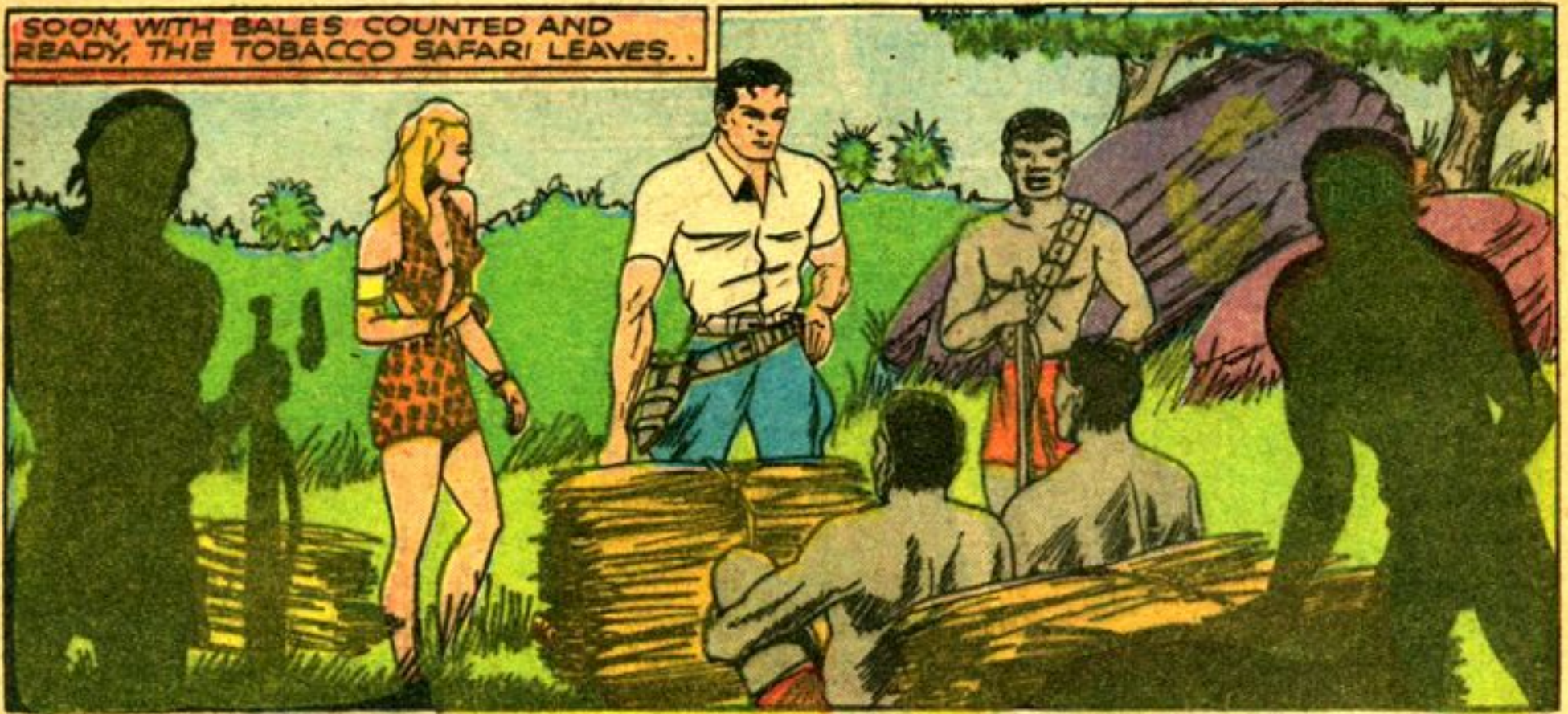
THE CHIEF, WHO HAD BEEN PERSUADED TO CANNIBALISM BY DE MOND, REPENTS...

YOU OUR FRIENDS. I GIVE YOU GUIDES TO THE TOBACCO MARKET!



I'M GLAD YOU CAME TO KNOW YOUR REAL FRIENDS BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE.. NOW LET'S FORGET WHAT HAPPENED AND LIVE IN PEACE.. THANK YOU FOR THE GUIDES!

SOON, WITH BALES COUNTED AND READY, THE TOBACCO SAFARI LEAVES.



WE'LL BE BACK, CHIEF!

WITH SOMETHING FOR YOU!



KEEPING SHARP LOOKOUT FOR ANY POSSIBLE NEW DANGERS, THE PROCESSION NEARS THE MART.



HERE WE ARE! JUST IN TIME TO MAKE THE SALE!



LATER...

WE GOT THE BEST PRICE, SHEENA?

GOOD! AND DID YOU BUY THE CHIEF'S PRESENT?



FOR YOU, CHIEF! THE BEST CIGARS IN AFRICA... FROM OUR TOBACCO!

MUCH THANKS! COME... WE HAVE GREAT FEAST!

Stuart TAYLOR

IN WEIRD STORIES of the SUPERNATURAL

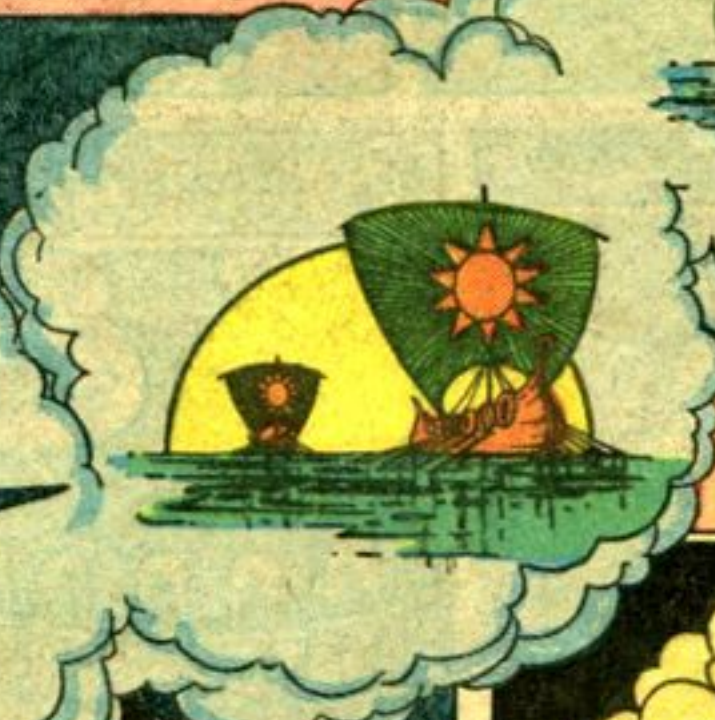
BY CURT DAVIS



HIGH OVER A DESOLATE SPOT IN MID-ATLANTIC HOVER THE COSMIC FORMS OF OUR FRIENDS THE TIME TRAVELERS, STUART, LAURA AND DR. HAYWARD. AS THEY WATCH, ERAS OF THE DIM PAST UNFOLD BEFORE THEIR EYES.



SUDDENLY THE DOCTOR POINTS TO AN ODD SCENE RISING OUT OF THE MIST.



THERE'S OUR DESTINATION, STUART.



BEFORE THEM STRETCHES A STRANGE UNKNOWN CONTINENT... THE LONG LOST ATLANTIS...



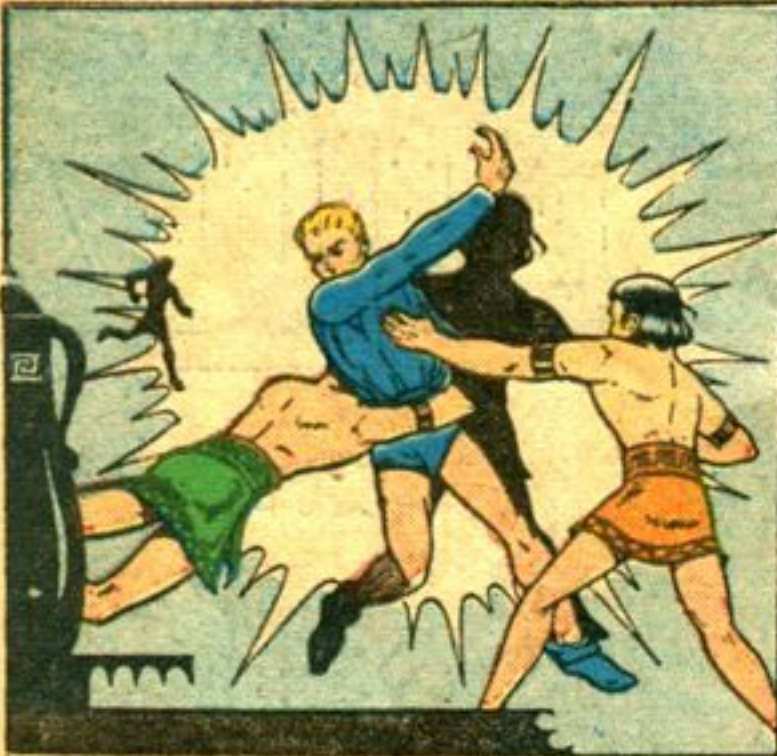
EAGERLY THE TIME-TRAVELERS ENTER THE ORNATE CITY.



BUT AS THEY WALK ALONG SIGHTSEEING, THEY ARE GREETED BY HOSTILE STARES FROM THE INHABITANTS.



SUDDENLY A GROUP OF YOUNG MEN ATTACK STUART.



HEY! WHAT DID WE EVER DO TO YOU?



WHILE STUART IS BUSY TRADING PUNCHES, LAURA AND HAYWARD ARE DRAGGED AWAY.



FINALLY STUART IS FELLED BY A BLOW FROM THE REAR.



REVIVING, HE FINDS HIMSELF BEFORE THE GRAND ATLANTIAN COUNCIL.

I DEMAND MY CIVIL RIGHTS! WHERE ARE MY FRIENDS?

H-M-M, THEN YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE!



OUR LAW PROHIBITS WOMEN AND OLD PEOPLE FROM ASSOCIATING WITH THE USEFUL PART OF OUR POPULATION... THEY ARE KEPT SEGREGATED... IF YOU HEED OUR CUSTOM, YOU MAY STAY HERE AT LIBERTY!



BUT LAURA, CONFINED TO THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT FREEDOM.



THIS IS TERRIBLE! YOU WOMEN SHOULD REVOLT AND DEMAND EQUALITY!

YOU ARE RIGHT, I AM PILARI AND I WANT TO HELP YOU ORGANIZE AN UPRISING SO THAT WE MAY ALL WIN FREEDOM!



FINE, PILARI! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

THAT NIGHT, PILARI AND LAURA STEAL OUT OF THEIR QUARTERS AND RAID THE CITY ARSENAL...



THEN, WITH A BAND OF WOMEN, THEY MARCH ON THE ATLANTIAN FLEET.



THE REBELS ATTACK SWIFTLY, SENDING THE SURPRISED AND SLEEPY GUARDS HURLING OVERBOARD.



BUT ONE GUARD ESCAPES TO SOUND AN ALARM.



TO ARMS! TO ARMS! OUR WOMEN HAVE REVOLTED!

ONCE MORE, STUART AND DOCTOR HAYWARD FACE THE GRAND COUNCIL.



YOU ARE FOREIGNERS.. PERHAPS YOUR LAND HAS LAWS TO SUBDUE THIS RIOT.. WILL YOU HELP US?

ABSOLUTELY NOT! OUR COUNTRY DOESN'T ENSLAVE WOMEN! BESIDES, MY DAUGHTER IS AMONG THOSE GIRLS!



IT'S UP TO YOU.. FOR YOUR LACK OF COOPERATION YOU'LL BE FED TO OUR SEA SERPENT!

STUART THINKS FAST.



THE ATLANTIAN PUT TO SEA WITH STUART LEADING THEM.



SOON, THE MEN COME UPON THE WOMEN'S SHIPS NESTLED IN A COVE.



MEANWHILE, DOCTOR HAYWARD IS HAVING TROUBLE TOO. . .



SO... THE DOCTOR IS TOSSED OVER THE CLIFF TO THE MONSTER WAITING BELOW. . .



AND NOW, PILARI BECOMES JEALOUS OF LAURA'S SUCCESS.



SUDDENLY, A MIGHTY EARTHQUAKE SHIFTS THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA... THE CONTINENT ATLANTIS TREMBLES. . .



HUGE TIDAL WAVES SWEEP OVER THE LAND WHILE ANGRY WATERS RISE TO ENGULF THE CITY.

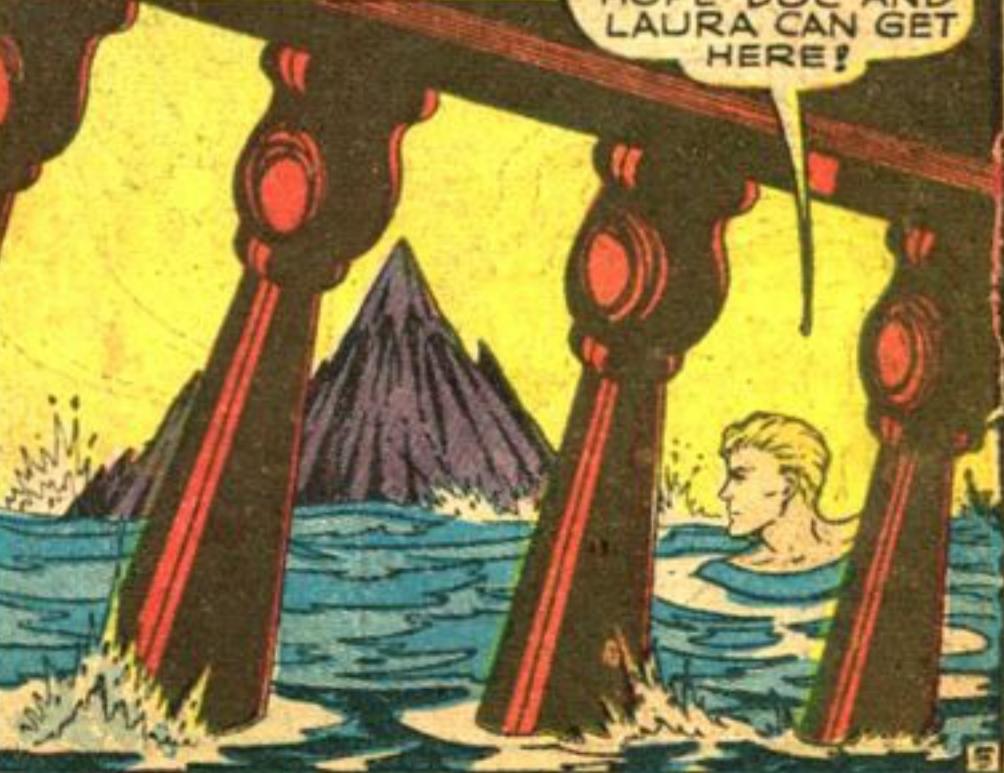


THE THREE TIME TRAVELERS ARE AFLOAT IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE RAGING SEA... THEIR ONE HOPE IS TO REACH DRY LAND TOGETHER SO THEY CAN TAKE OFF IN THE TIME MACHINE. . .



AFTER HOURS OF DRIFTING, STUART SPOTS THE LAST REMAINING POINT OF LAND.

THAT WAS THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN IN ATLANTIS... I HOPE DOC AND LAURA CAN GET HERE!

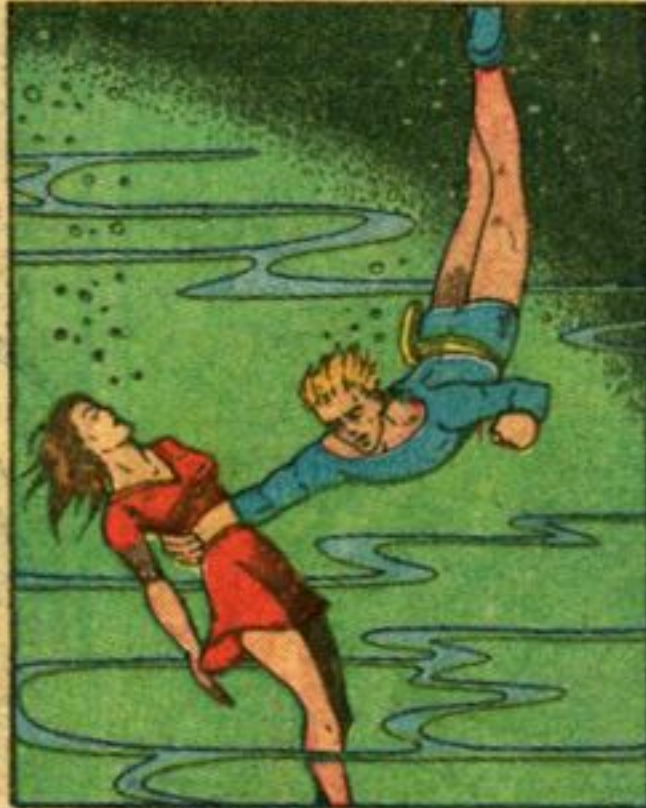


ON THE WAY TO THE MOUNTAIN, STUART HEARS A SCREAM.



SOUNDS LIKE LAURA!

DIVING BELOW THE SURFACE, HE SEIZES THE GIRL.



AND SUPPORTING HER, CHURNS HIS WAY TO DRY LAND.



BUT DOCTOR HAYWARD IS STILL THRASHING ABOUT.



OH! OH! THE SEA SERPENT! SAY... HE DOESN'T EVEN SEE ME!

THE MONSTER IS SCARED TO DEATH... HE'S HEADING FOR DRY LAND TOO... THE DOCTOR HITCHES A RIDE.



I MIGHT SAY THIS IS A VERY UNIQUE WAY OF TRAVELING!



AT LAST THE TRAVELERS ARE SAFE ON THE MOUNTAIN PEAK.



THE WATER'S RISING FAST... WE HAVE TO TAKE OFF QUICK WHILE THERE'S ENOUGH GROUND TO STAND ON!



IN A FLASH, THEY ZOOM BACK TO THE PRESENT.



JUST AS THE LAST TRACE OF ATLANTIS SINKS FOREVER BENEATH THE WAVES.



THE TIME TRAVELERS WHIZZ THROUGH SPACE FOR MORE THRILLS NEXT MONTH IN **JUMBO COMICS**

BOBBY

By

E. M. Selzer

NO, YOU CANT HAVE ANY MORE COOKIES TONIGHT, BOBBY. DONT YOU KNOW THAT YOU CANT SLEEP ON A FULL STOMACH?

BUT, MOM, I CAN ALWAYS SLEEP ON MY BACK!



YES, DEAR.



WELL, NOW, THAT DEPENDS ON THE ARTICLE, OF COURSE.



E. M. Selzer

MIDNIGHT

The Black Stallion



CAPTURED AS A COLT IN THE BAD LANDS, MIDNIGHT WAS REARED BY RICK, THE RANGER'S SON.. HOWEVER HE PREFERENCES THE OPEN RANGE TO HIS FRIEND'S CORRAL.

A VILLAGE IN THE FOOTHILLS IS DOOMED BY RUTHLESS OUT-LAWS WHO ATTACK IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.



HOUSES ARE RAZED, STORES LOOTED AND SETTLERS KILLED BY THE RAIDERS.



THE DURN COYOTES ARE GITTIN' AWAY AGAIN!

THE RANGER AND HIS SON RICK LEAVE THE SMOLDERING RUINS AT DAYBREAK.



MEBBE WE KIN PICK UP THEIR TRAIL, SON..

YES.. I SHORE WOULD LIKE TO DRAW A BEAD ON 'EM!

FINDING THE OUTLAWS' TRAIL, THEY RIDE SWIFTLY TO ANTELOPE RIVER.

THE RAIDERS ARE INDIAN RENEGADES... SKILLED HORSEMEN AND EXPERTS AT DODGING PURSUIT...

TRAIL ENDS HERE, PA. THE WATER'S SHALLOW! I THINK THEY RODE DOWNSTREAM!

THAR THEY BE, SON... DOWN YONDER!



WHITE MEN NO CATCHUM US, EH?

THEY GET NEAR... WE KILL!

ON A NEARBY RIDGE STANDS MIDNIGHT. HE RECOGNIZES HIS OLD RANGE FRIEND, BROWNIE, AMONG THE INJUNS' HORSES...

THAT NIGHT THE OUTLAWS REACH THEIR SECRET CAMP.



WE FOOLUM RANGER, EH, JOE?

UMM... MEBBE!



BEHIND THEIR BACKS, MIDNIGHT LOPES INTO CAMP, NEIGHING SOFTLY TO BROWNIE...



BROWNIE WHINNIES. HE REMEMBERS HIS FRIEND, MIDNIGHT...



THE GREAT BLACK STALLION BITES THROUGH BROWNIE'S HALTER.



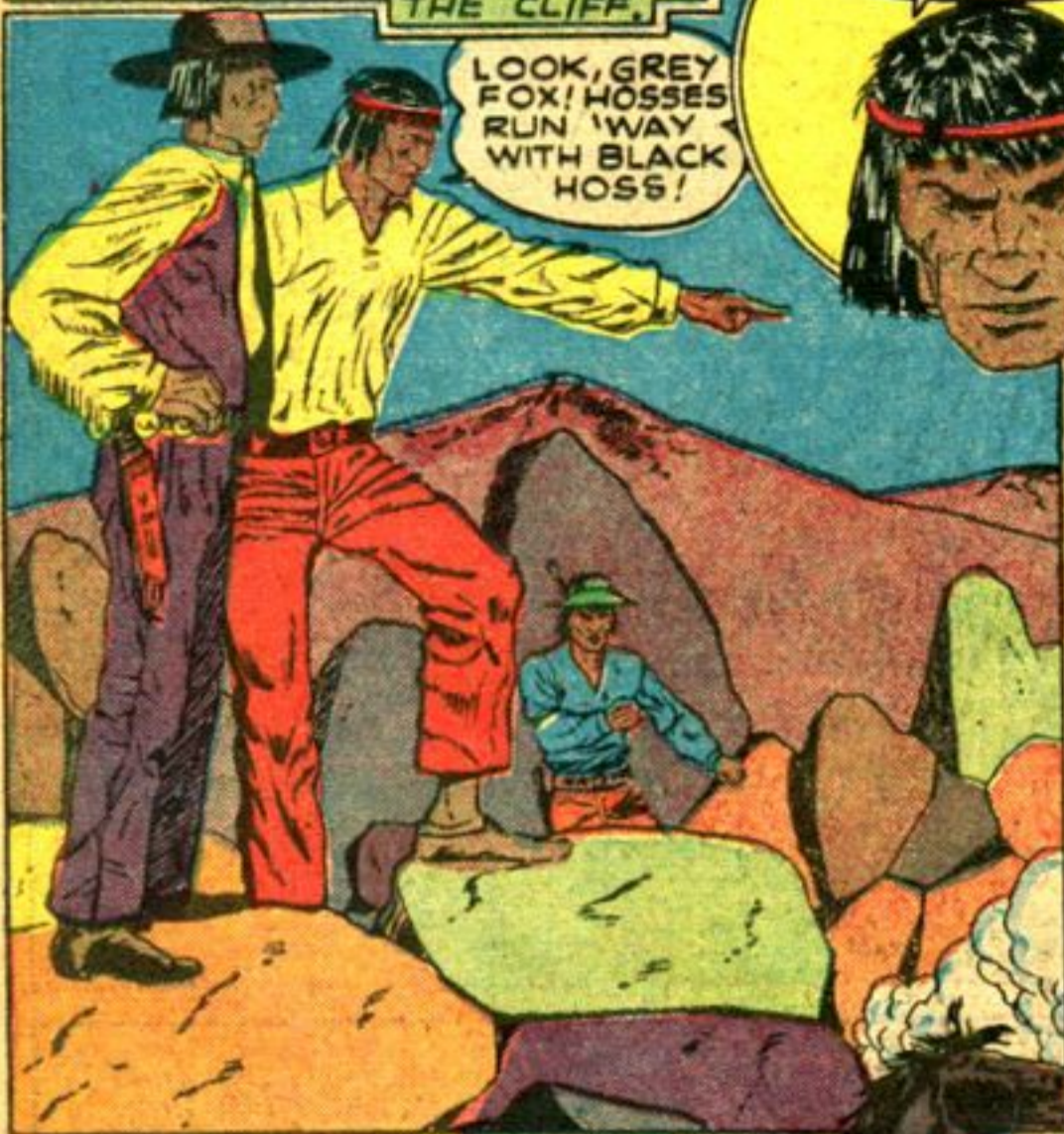
BROWNIE SLIPS HIS HEAD STRAPS. THEN, WITH JOYOUS NEIGHS, HE GALLOPS OFF WITH MIDNIGHT...



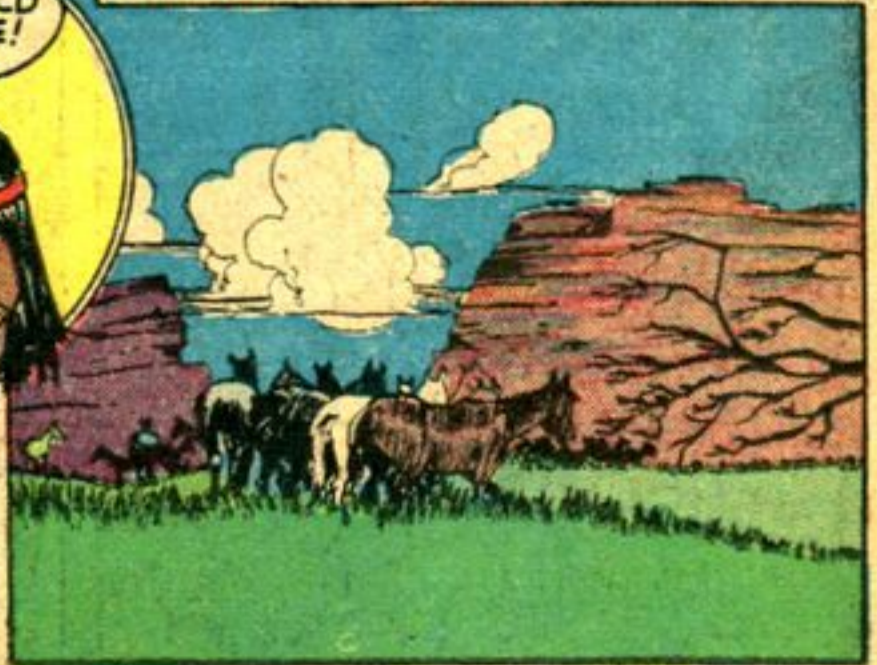
THE INJUNS' OTHER HORSES, SPURRED BY BROWNIE'S HAPPY NEIGHS, CHEW THEIR HALTER ROPES AND RUN FREE. THE CLATTER OF HOOF BEATS DRAWS THE INJUNS TO THE CLIFF.

GET RIFLE! WE KILL WILD BLACK ONE!

LOOK, GREY FOX! HOSSES RUN 'WAY WITH BLACK HOSS!



MIDNIGHT LEADS BROWNIE AND THE OTHERS TO HIS HERD . . .



BUT HIS FEARS ARE CALMED WHEN HE SCENTS THE WIND. HE TROTS OFF TO MEET RICK AND THE RANGER . .

HEY, PA.. IT'S MIDNIGHT.. AND HE ACTS LIKE SOMETHING'S WRONG!



SUDDENLY MIDNIGHT REARS AT THE BEAT OF SHOD HOOF.



SEE? HE WANTS US TO FOLLER HIM.. COME ON, PA!

SAY, YUH CAIN'T BEAT THET BLACK STUD! HE'S A WISE ONE!

HE'S HEADIN' BACK TO HIS HERD!



MIDNIGHT DRAWS THEIR ATTENTION TO THE OUTLAWS' HORSES.

LOOKIT THET, SON. FRESH BURNS ON THIS CRITTER'S SHANK.

SHORE 'NUF. THIS NAG MUST'VE BEEN RIDDEN INTO TOWN BY AN OUTLAW!

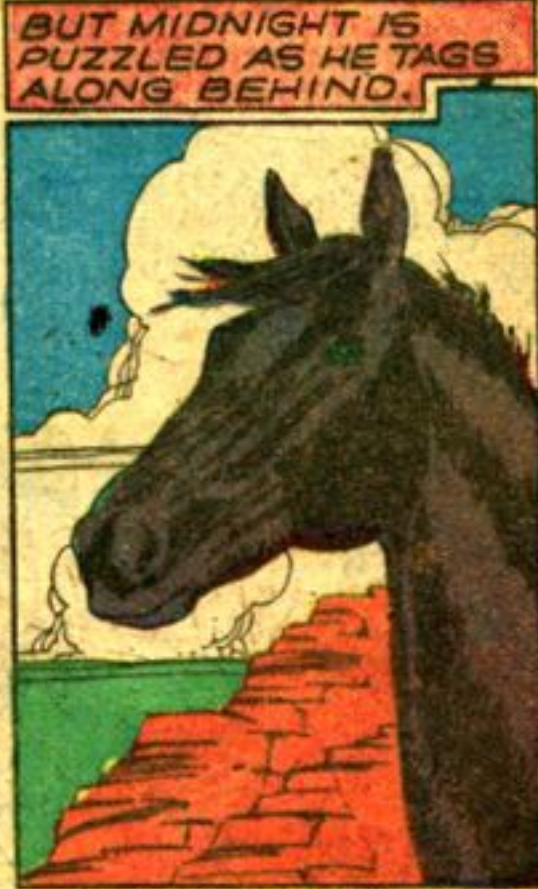




PA, WE'LL TAKE THESE HOSSES BACK TO TOWN. MEBBE SOMEONE WILL KNOW THEIR OWNERS.



THESE POOR CRITTERS DON'T MIND US AT ALL, SON.

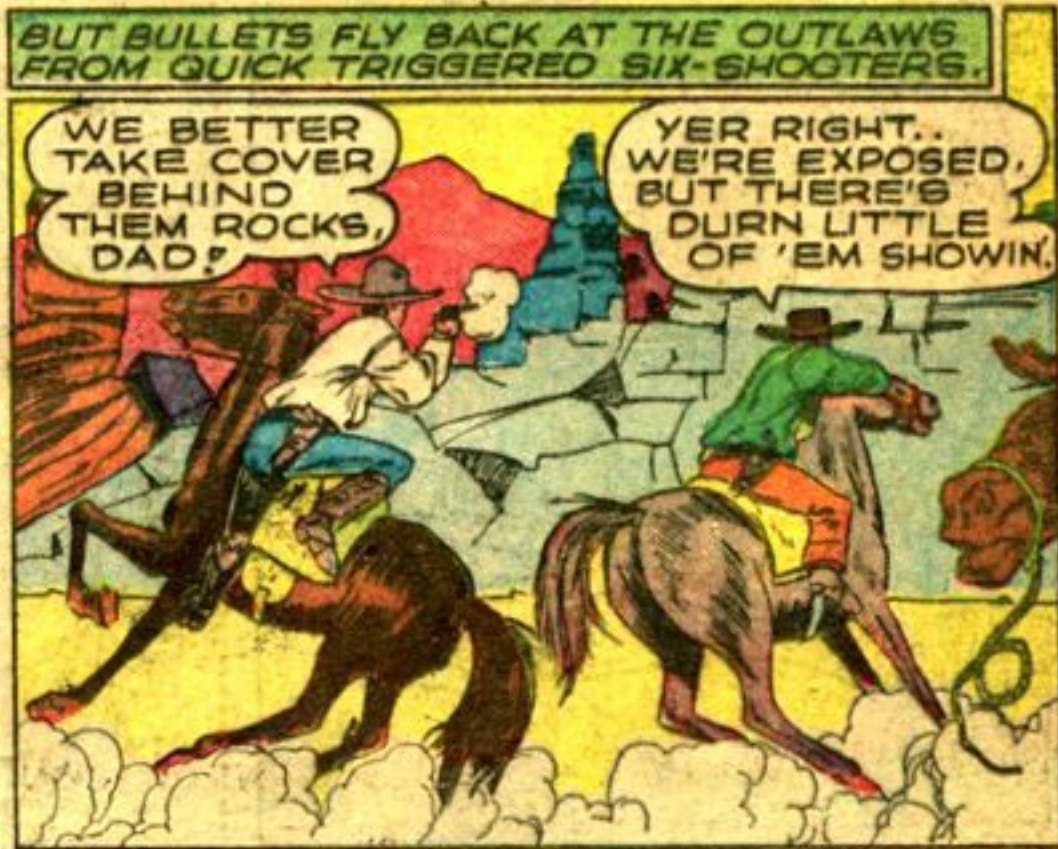


BUT MIDNIGHT IS PUZZLED AS HE TAGS ALONG BEHIND.



LET 'UM HEV IT, JOE?

TAKIN' OUR HOSSES... TH' SKUNKS?



BUT BULLETS FLY BACK AT THE OUTLAWS FROM QUICK TRIGGERED SIX-SHOOTERS.

WE BETTER TAKE COVER BEHIND THEM ROCKS, DAD?

YER RIGHT.. WE'RE EXPOSED, BUT THERE'S DURN LITTLE OF 'EM SHOWIN'.



THESE LOOK LIKE TH' VARMINTS WE'RE AFTER, SON!

KEE-RECT, DAD. INJUNS THEY BE AN' MIGHTY CAGEY?



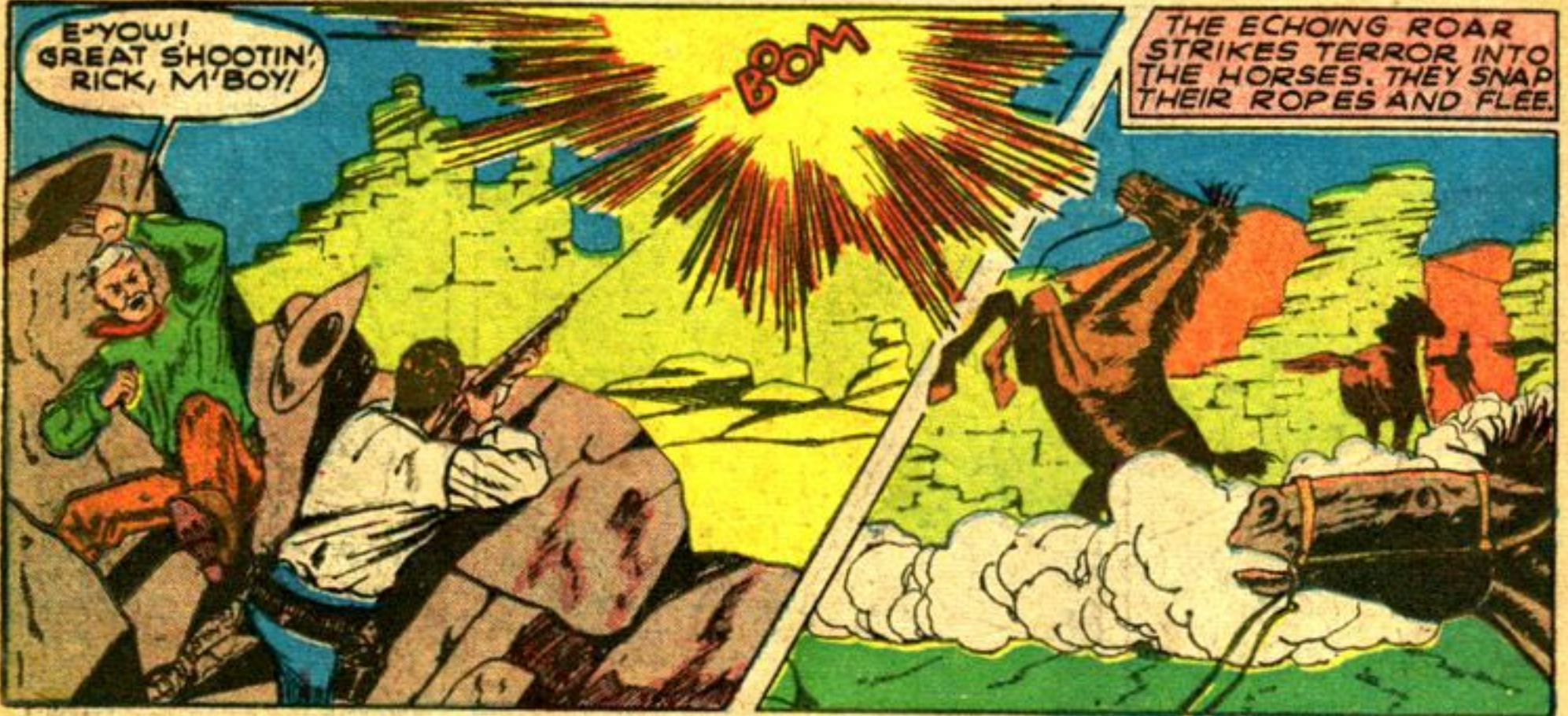
UNSEEN ABOVE THEM, AN OUTLAW LIGHTS A POWDER STICK.

THEY DIE QUICK NOW.



BUT AS HE THROWS THE EXPLOSIVE, RICK WHIRLS.

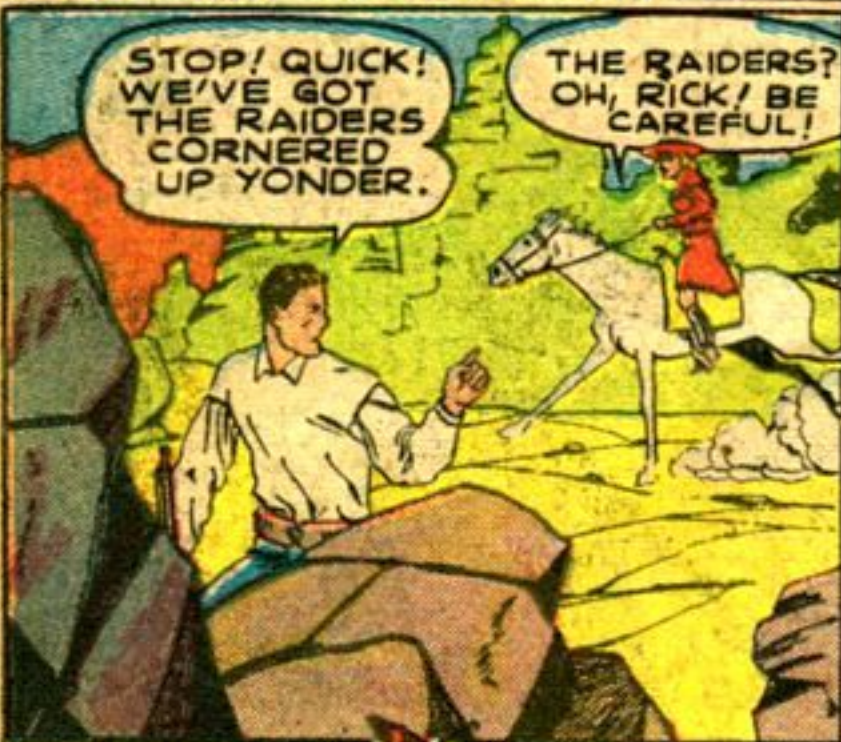
EF I'M AS GOOD AS OLE BILL HICKOCK I KIN HIT THET STICK AFORE IT HITS US?



E-YOW!
GREAT SHOOTIN',
RICK, M'BOY!

THE ECHOING ROAR
STRIKES TERROR INTO
THE HORSES. THEY SNAP
THEIR ROPES AND FLEE.

AS THE ECHOES DIE, RICK TURNS
TO FIND HELEN, HIS SWEETHEART,
GALLOPING TOWARD HIM.



STOP! QUICK!
WE'VE GOT
THE RAIDERS
CORNERED
UP YONDER.

THE RAIDERS?
OH, RICK! BE
CAREFUL!



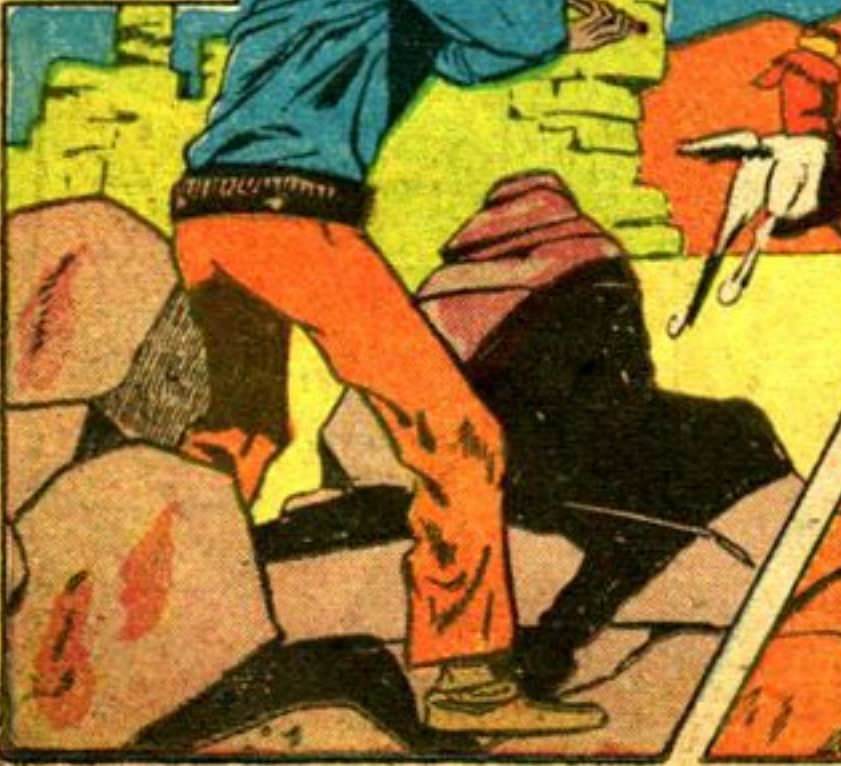
HELEN.. YOU
TEAR BACK TO
TOWN AND
ROUND UP A
POSSE. NO
TIME TO LOSE!

BUT PERIL LOOMS ABOVE.



RANGER
SENDUM GIRL
TO GET POSSE
..I STOP HER!

THE RENEGADE
TAKES AIM
AT HELEN'S
BACK..



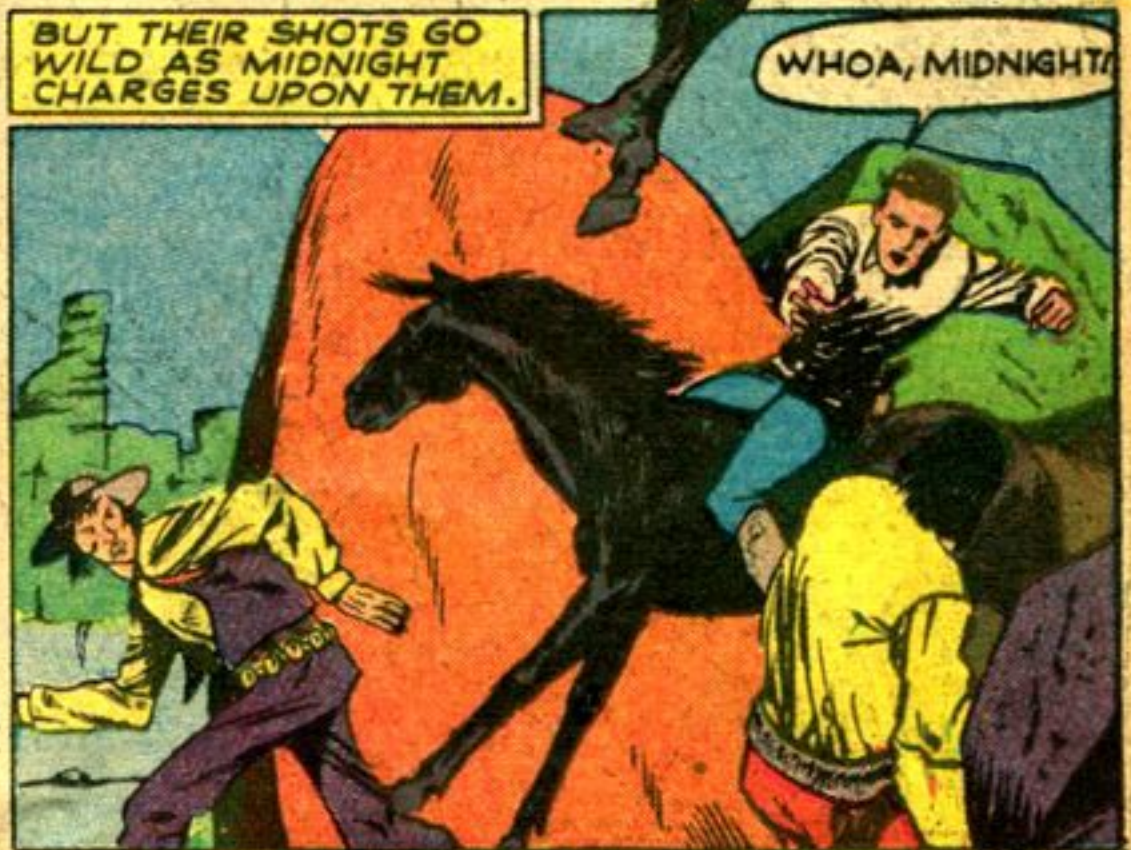
I WON'T BE
LONG, RICK!

A SHOT
RINGS
OUT.

I GOT THAT
REDSKIN NOT
A SECOND
TOO SOON!

THE RIFLE FALLS FROM
THE OUTLAW'S GRASP AS
RICK'S BULLET PIERCES
HIS HEART.





JUMBO COMICS GOES ON SALE THE 1st OF EVERY MONTH

LIGHTNING

by
TELLER
TAYLES

GENERAL LARKIN, U.S. ARMY, NEVER SUSPECTS THAT HIS SOLDIER SON, FRED, IS LIGHTNING, THE ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG. AN UPRISING IN LATIN AMERICA FINDS THAT LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE TWICE.



A HUGE ARMY B-19 BOMBER THUNDERS SOUTH EN ROUTE TO CENTRAL AMERICA. BESIDES ITS CREW THE PLANE CARRIES GENERAL LARKIN AND FRED.

WE'RE GOING TO HELP PRESIDENT GOMEZ OF BOLIDOR CRUSH A FASCIST REVOLT?
SO THAT'S THE BIG SECRET?

SKIMMING TROPICAL MOUNTAINS, THE SHIP RIDES THE PAN AMERICAN RADIO BEAM.



FASTEN YOUR BELTS!

AHEAD LIES AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY MANNED BY FASCIST REBELS.



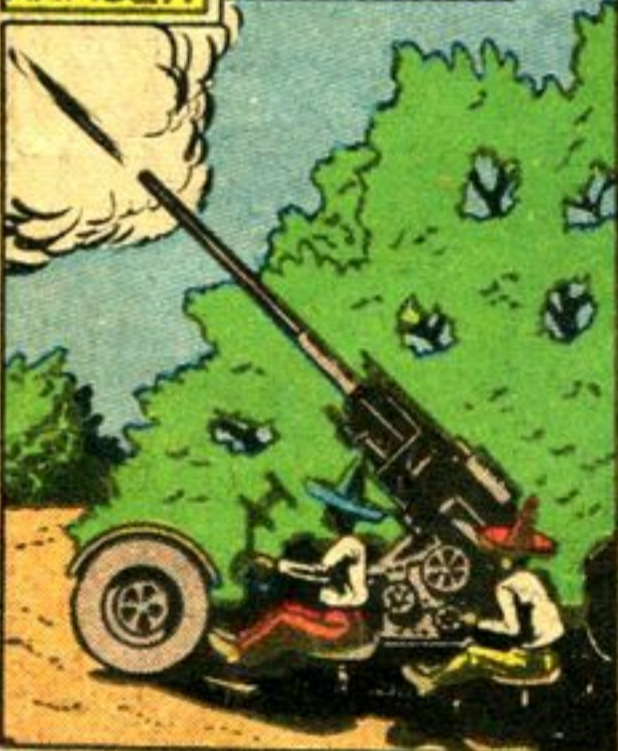
OUR WASHINGTON SPY WAS RIGHT.. HERE COMES DER YANKEE BOMBER MIT GENERAL LARKIN. FIRE AWAY!



VE VILL TEACH DESE AMERIKANER NOT TO MEDDLE IN BOLIDOR AFFAIRS.



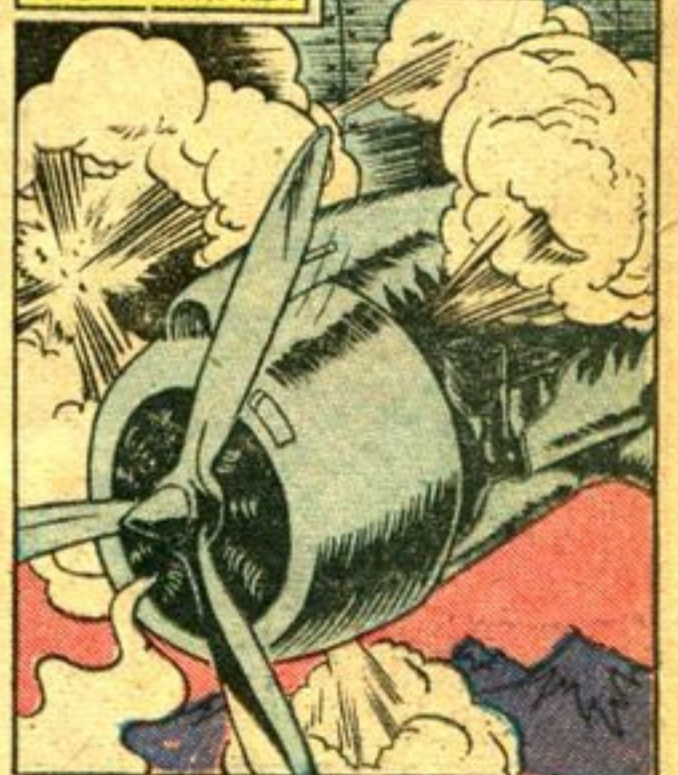
THE PEON CREWS LEAP TO THEIR GUNS AND FIRE RAPIDLY.



A BARRAGE OF SHRAPNEL BURSTS AROUND THE BOMBER.



A DIRECT HIT TEARS OFF THEIR RIGHT WING.



AS THE SHIP SPINS CRAZILY EARTHWARD, THE CREW BAILS OUT.



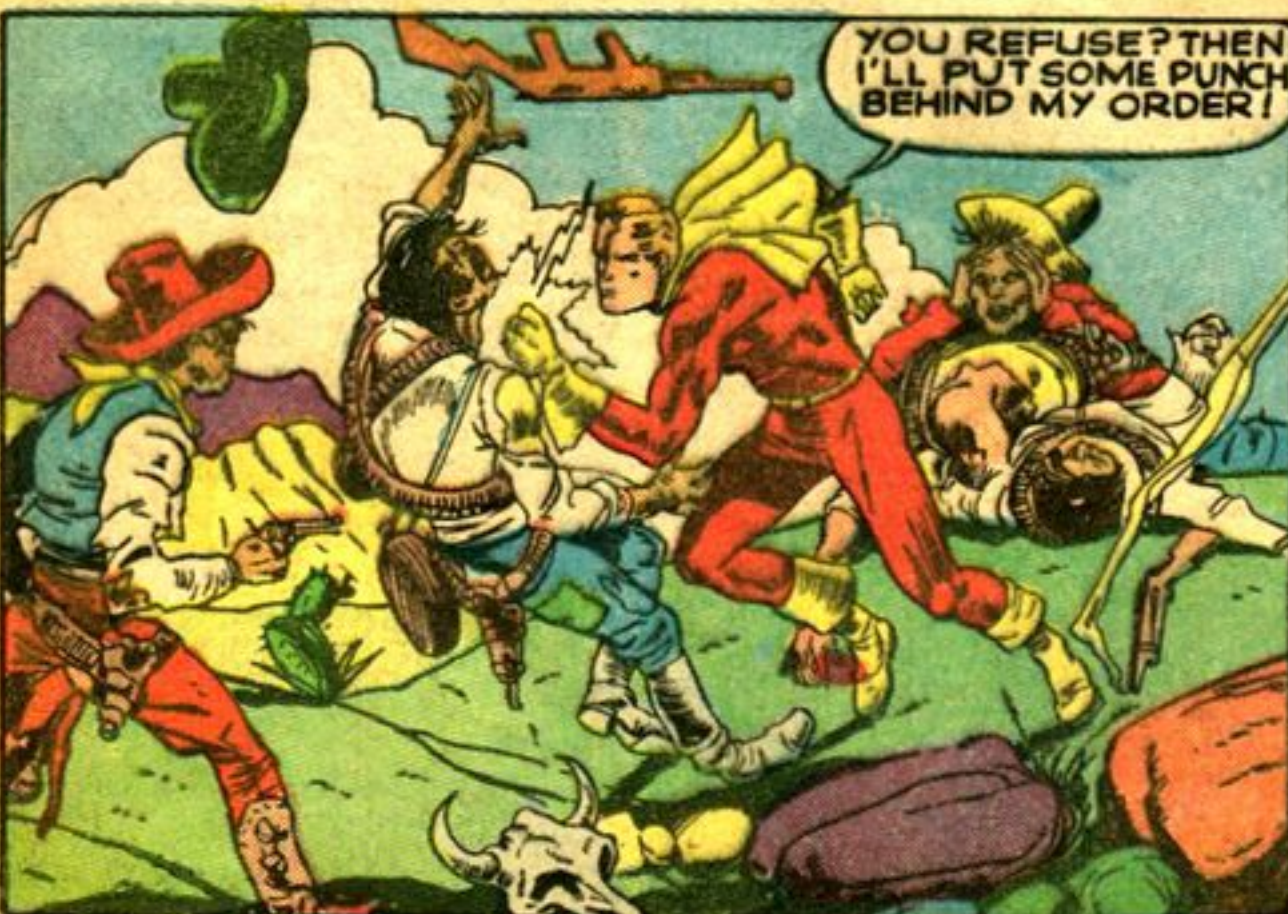
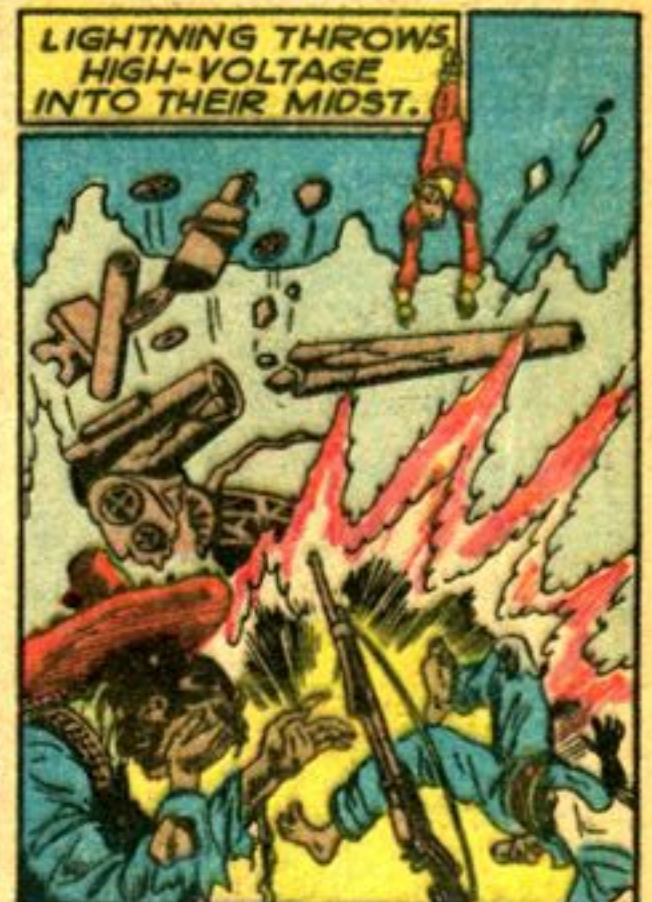
OKAY, DAD, I'LL FOLLOW YOU!



FRED DIVES FROM THE DOOMED SHIP.



THEY WON'T NOTICE THAT I HAVEN'T GOT A 'CHUTE.



LIGHTNING MAGNETIZES THE OFFICER'S METAL SPURS . . .



YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO!

MY SPURS ARE LOCKED. I CAN'T MOVE!

WHERE IS YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS? SPEAK UP!



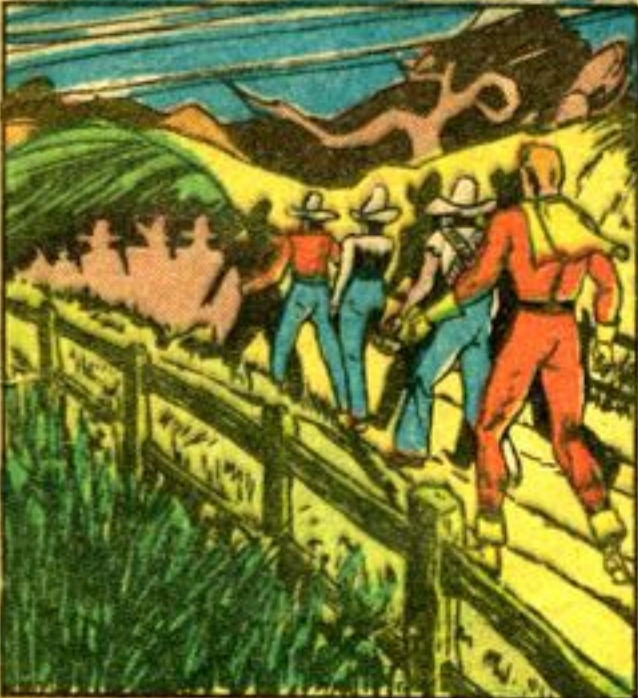
ACH! I SURRENDER... I TALK... JA, OUR BASE IS BEHIND THE HILL!

WHY ARE YOU EUROPEANS MAKING THESE POOR PEONS REVOLT AGAINST THEIR GOVERNMENT?



WE WERE SENT HERE BY OUR DICTATOR TO SPREAD FASCIST DOCTRINES!

LIGHTNING MARCHES HIS GRUMBLING BUT FEARSOME PRISONERS TO THEIR HEAD-QUARTERS . . .



MEANWHILE, GENERAL LARKIN AND THE BOMBER CREW ARE LANDING ON A NEARBY HILLSIDE . . .



BUT WHERE'S MY SON FRED?

I DIDN'T SEE HIM, GENERAL!

A MOMENT LATER A SHOT RINGS OUT.



RUN FOR THE PASS!

BULLETS CRASH AROUND THEM AS THEY RACE INTO THE PASS . . .



HALT, MEN! WE'RE TRAPPED!

THAT'S RIGHT, GRINGOS. . . NOW YOU WEEL COME WEETH US!



LIGHTNING SPOTS THEM AS THEY MARCH BELOW . . .



THEY'LL SHOOT DAD IN THE BACK IF I GO TO RESCUE HIM.. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT!

BUT HE PLANS A CLEVER STRATEGY . . .



ALL OF YOU GET INTO THAT CAVE, PRONTO!

A HUGE ROCK YIELDS TO LIGHTNING'S ELECTRO-POWER.



THIS WILL KEEP THEM LOCKED UP!

THEN HE RUNS TOWARD THE FASCIST FORT . . .



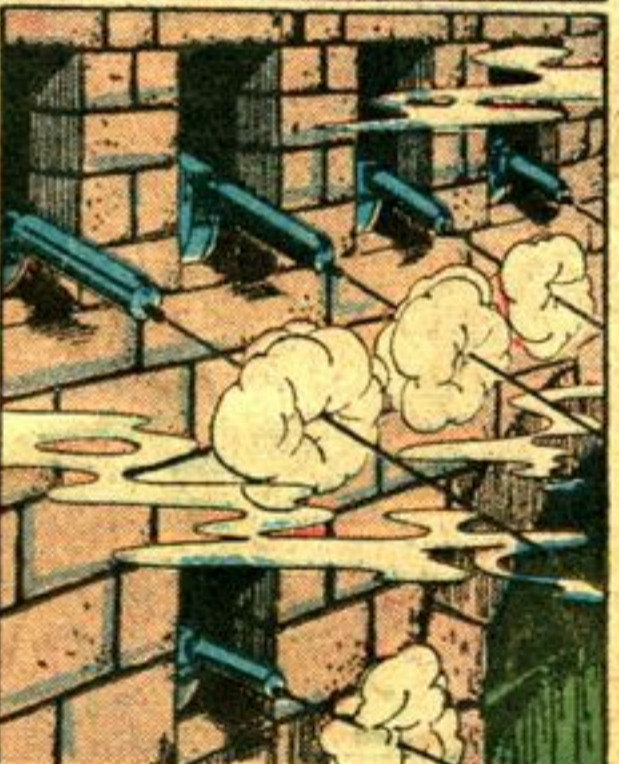
I WON'T NEED A LIGHT BRIGADE TO CHARGE THAT CASTLE!

A SENTRY SHOUTS IN ALARM.



STOP THAT HOMBRE!

AND MACHINE GUNS FIRE A DEADLY WELCOME . . .



LIGHTNING RETURNS THEIR SALUTE.. VIA TEN THOUSAND VOLTS . . .



THIS IS THE CHARGE I'LL USE!

HIS THUNDERBOLT TEARS A GAPING HOLE IN THE WALL.



BUENOS DIAS, MIS AMIGOS!

THE REBELS SCATTER LIKE FRIGHTENED RABBITS . . .



WITH THAT GANG OUT OF MY WAY I CAN FIND THE LEADERS!

SMASHING INTO THE MAIN BUILDING HE DISCOVERS THE REBEL STAFF . . .



NO FALSE MOVES NOW.. OR I'LL TEST MY BATTERY ON YOU!

MADRE DIOS! SPARKS FLY FROM HEEM!

BUT THE OFFICER'S HAND IS QUICKER THAN LIGHTNING'S EYE.



VE SURRENDER, HERR BLITZER.. OR DO VE? HA! HA!

THE BUTTON RELEASES A TRAP DOOR.



OOPS! HE PULLED A FAST ONE!

AND LIGHTNING FALLS INTO A CELLAR.



I'M JUST DROPPING IN FOR A FRIENDLY CHAT, FELLAS!

DIABLO?

WHY DID YOU FELLOWS JOIN THIS REVOLT? YOUR FOREIGN LEADERS WILL MAKE YOU LIVE UNDER THEIR IRON HEELS IF THEY GRAB YOUR GOVERNMENT?



HMM.. MEBBE YOU EES RIGHT, SENOR!

I AM TOWN CHIEF! I TELL MY BROTHERS WHAT YOU SAY!



THAT'S THE STUFF!

WITH THE PEONS NOW IN REVOLT AGAINST THEIR FASCIST LEADER, LIGHTNING RUNS DOWN THE PASS.



...DAD AND THE BOMBER CREW! I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE QUICKLY!

LIGHTNING DISAPPEARS AND FRED LARKIN SMASHES FIST FIRST INTO THE REBEL PATROL.



A LITTLE KNUCKLE PERSUASION IS ALL YOU NEED!

GREAT GUNS, FRED! WE THOUGHT YOU CRACKED UP WITH THE SHIP!



NO...I WAS BUSY CRACKING A FEW JAWS!

IT SEEMS WE ARRIVED TOO LATE, DAD. THE PEONS HAVE REVOLTED AGAINST THE FASCIST CHIEFS. BUT LET'S PAY PRESIDENT GOMEZ A FRIENDLY VISIT ANYWAY...



THE INTREPID LIGHTNING STREAKS THROUGH A NEW MAZE OF ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN JUMBO COMICS!

THE HORRIBLE HANDS

By KLEDGE THOMAS

Studs Logan dropped his garden rake and crept up to the laboratory window. He could see the sunlight from the southern windows falling on the complicated apparatus and squinted into the shadows to see if there was anyone moving among the twisting maze of wires and pipes and cylinders and tubes. There was no one there.

"Dis is de chance I been waitin' fer," Studs breathed to himself as he quietly slid the lower sash up and climbed into the room. "While de Professor's away, little Studs is gonna play . . . and I don't mean play. I know dere's some stuff in here that would bring a big hunk of dough to a smart guy who knew where to sell it. And I aim to hit the road and beat it to the big town where Studs Logan can make a name fer himself. Now, let's see, the Professor was showing me this machine de other day. Said that little plate in there was made of pure gold—"

Studs' dirt-smeared hand reached in through the delicate wires and groped around for the plate. He wrenched it hard.

The reason that a tough bitten "deac, dem and dose" guy like Studs Logan was there, prowling

around in Professor Harken's laboratory with designs for thievery on his mind was because of a theory the Professor was trying to put in practice. He believed that the boys who fill reform schools in preparation for a future life in jail, the boys whose parents are too poor or too hard-worked to give them the proper care and training and who are forced out on the street to fight and steal and laugh at the law, that these boys were made of the same stuff that other children were composed of. He said that you only had to give them a chance to become interested in something else. And he didn't just talk to hear what he had to say. He wanted to put his words into action. So he gave Studs Logan, a kid just fresh from reform school, a job as gardner on his country home. He had plans to teach him something of science and engineering while Studs was working for him.

Studs was interested in the machines, all right, but things were too slow for him here. He liked the Professor but wouldn't admit that to his old gang. He knew they would laugh at him if he said he liked this sissy life and Studs didn't want to be laughed at.

So he had figured out a way to make a little ill-earned money and as he would put it, scam out of there.

He wrenched the gold plate harder and something snapped.

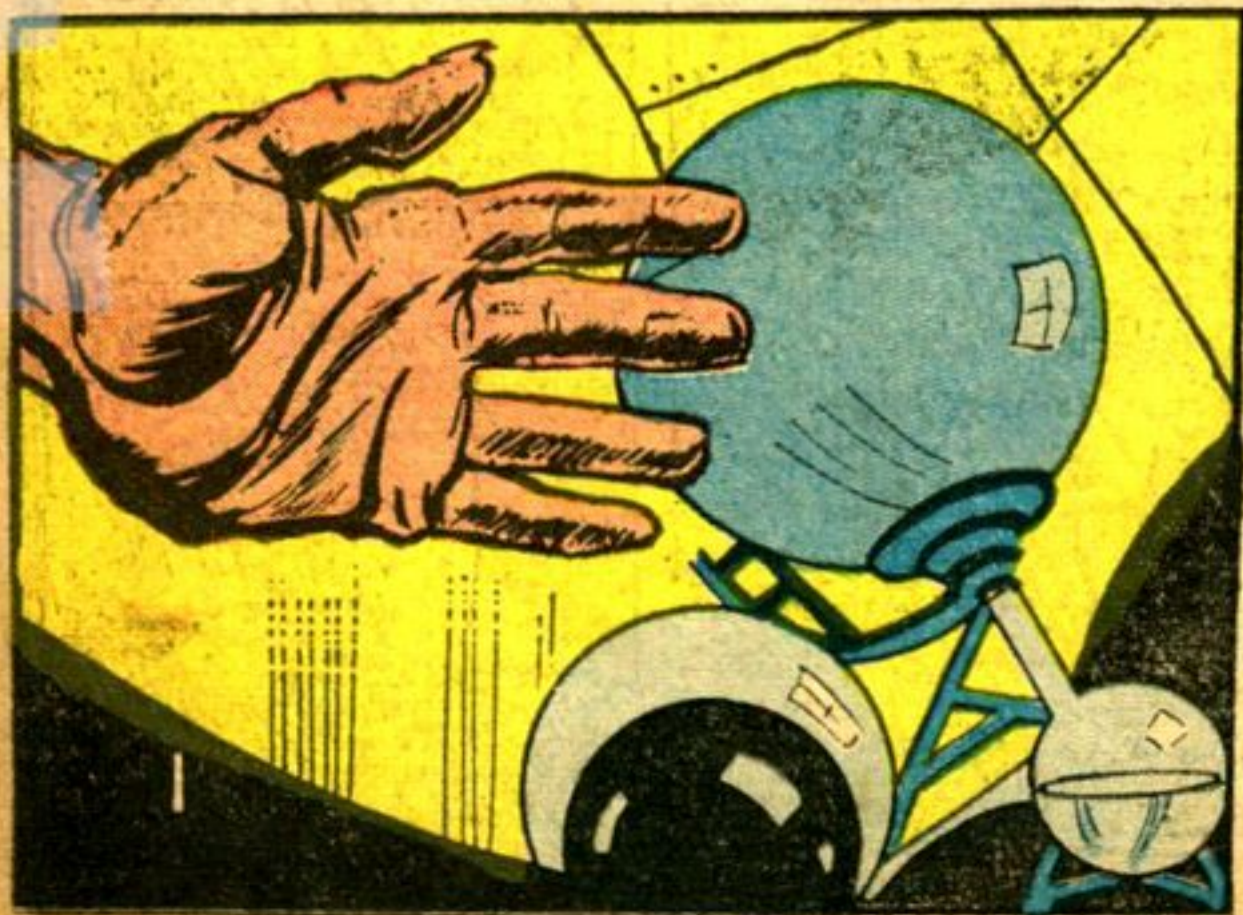
And then the wheels began to whirl and whirl. The fluid lights in the glass tubes leapt up and down in a crazy jagged dance of brilliant colors. Studs found that he couldn't move. Not even his little finger. The machine was making the most awful racket he had ever heard. Like ten Niagaras roaring all at once. Studs thought his head was going to split open with the noise.

Then the liquids in the tubes began to turn red. They grew brighter and brighter and danced higher and higher until the whole room was fused in the crimson light.

Studs began to feel dizzy. He felt two tight steel bands clamp around his chest and revolve slowly at first and then faster, faster, until he grew blind with the terrible spinning and the room seemed to have melted away from him.

Then the roaring ceased and he heard a great whoosh! like the sound of something being shot from a giant cannon. Suddenly he realized that it was himself that was hurtling away from the laboratory, away from the country, and, as his chest grew tighter and the air thinner and thinner, he realized that he was shooting far into space, away from the Earth!

As he flashed into ether, Studs conscious brain stopped working. A couple of million meteors whizzed by on Studs strange journey but he knew nothing about it. At last, consciousness began to awake again as he felt himself dropping instead of rising and his movement grew slower. He was fully aware of himself and his surroundings when



he landed on a barren strip of rock, bounced up a little and settled down again. He had to take a firm grasp of the ledge of gray stone to make sure he didn't bounce over the edge of a crater into a boiling pit below.

"Dis must be de moon or someplace," he said to himself



and although he had spoken in a normal voice, the words came back to him in a whisper.

He looked down at his hands and found that he was carrying the gold plate that he had wrenched from the Professor's machine. His first thought was a strange one for Studs Logan. "I got to get this back to the Professor. He'll need it in his machine." He had forgotten completely that he had intentions of stealing it!

Then he heard a soft, padding sound behind him. It was like the light footstep of a very big or very heavy animal, a soft but solid sound. For the first time in his life, Studs was afraid. He was petrified. He couldn't turn around to see what was creeping up behind him.

He stared at the dismal, gray and brown, treeless landscape before him and shivered. He couldn't even move when he felt something brush slowly past his shoulders and encircle him in a rubbery embrace. Then he looked down and saw the horrible hands.

They were five times the size of an Earthman's hands and they were the color of clay except for huge green veins that swelled

through the thick plastic skin. They moved slowly, like snakes and were reaching for the gold plate in Studs hand.

An electric thought shot Studs into action. He bounded up and raced down the incline shouting thinly in the rare atmosphere, "You can't take this, it's the Professor's. He needs it. You can't steal it from me!"

But to his dismay, he found that he wasn't going fast at all. Although he was able to take huge leaps, many times further than he could on Earth, he was traveling very slowly, just floating through his steps.

Glancing over his shoulders he saw his pursuers. They were hideous beyond description. If they had heads, Studs couldn't see them. There were two dark slits near the arm-pits that might have been eyes. Their arms stretched three times the length of their stunted bodies, and their many spidery legs carried them along at twice the speed poor Studs was making.

"They'll catch up with me! They'll catch up with me!" Studs was thinking, "and they'll steal the plate. I've got to save the plate!" He looked around again and the air was thick with the ugly, waving hands that reached their stumpy fingers toward him.

Studs was nearing the edge of another crater. He knew there was no turning back. He could run for awhile around the rim, but, they would catch him then and seize the plate. He looked into the boiling lava below. There was only one thing to do. Leap in. If he took the plate with him there may be some way for the Professor to come here and dig it up. Studs wasn't reasoning very well but all the odds were against him anyway and he jumped into the steaming, bubbling mass below.

The thick ooze sucked him under and for a moment he felt the terrible heat. Then all was black. And then, quite suddenly, he opened his eyes.

Professor Harkens was standing next to him. Studs was bedded in a pile of wrecked machinery.

"Glad to see you were interested in the machine, Studs. Too bad you wrecked it—I should have told you not to touch it until I had it completely wired," the Professor was saying.

Studs gulped and then pulled himself up to a sitting position. "Gee, Professor, you got me all wrong. I was gonna take that gold plate to see what I could get for it. I thought I wanted to go back to de big town. I was gonna steal it, Professor. So you better send me back to reform—"

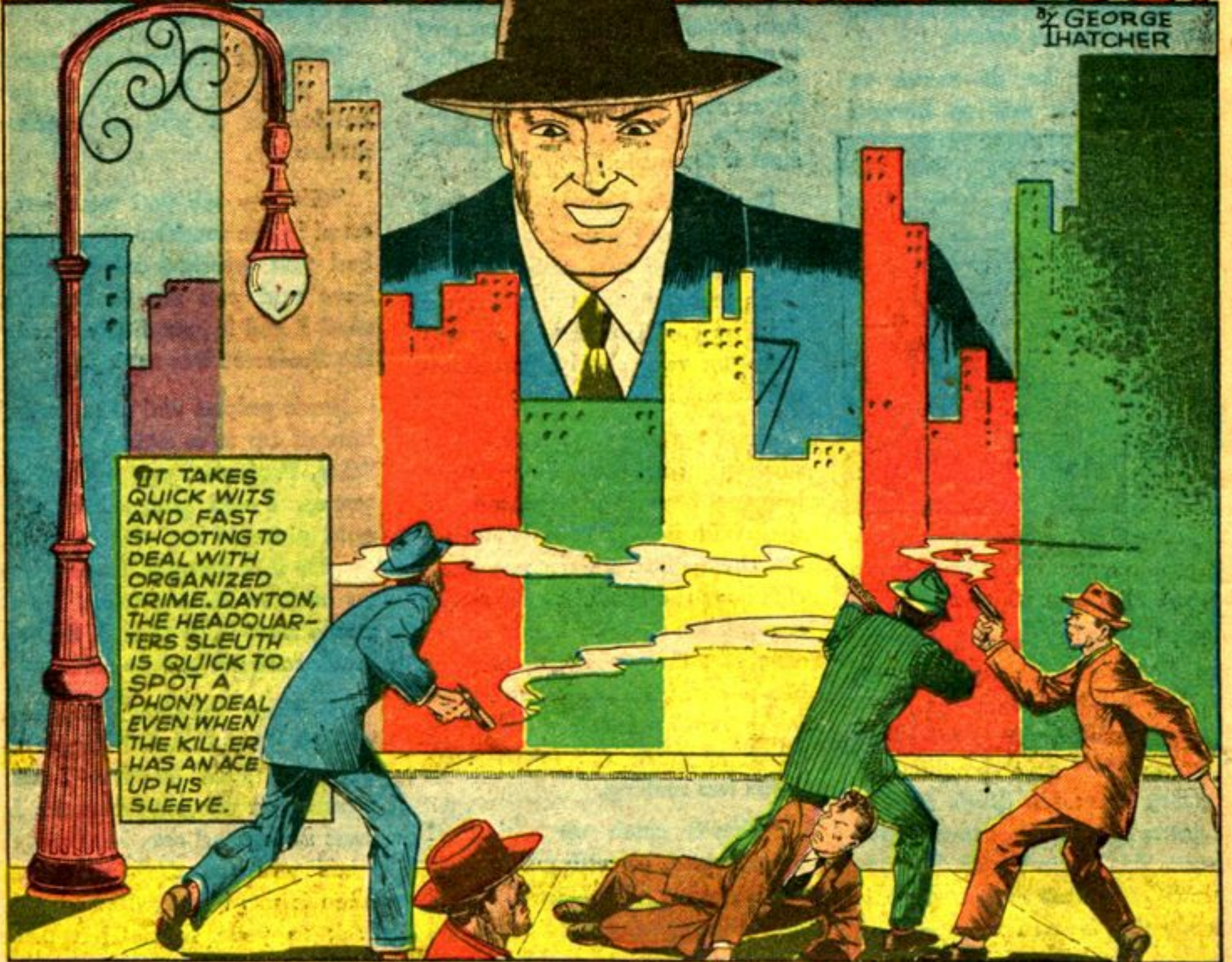
Professor Harkens laughed. "That's very funny. I forgot to tell you. That machine I was working on was a lie detector. It must be a good one. You see, it made you tell the truth even when it was broken. Now go on back to your rake. That back yard looks a mess."

Studs picked himself out of the mess and started toward the door. "Gee, thanks Professor. And if I can help you put it back together again—well, just let me know."



INSPECTOR DAYTON

By GEORGE THATCHER



IT TAKES QUICK WITS AND FAST SHOOTING TO DEAL WITH ORGANIZED CRIME. DAYTON, THE HEADQUARTERS SLEUTH IS QUICK TO SPOT A PHONY DEAL EVEN WHEN THE KILLER HAS AN ACE UP HIS SLEEVE.

BENEATH A RESTAURANT TABLE IN AN UNDERWORLD DIVE, AN AUTOMATIC PISTOL CHANGES HANDS . . .



SOON AS YOU'VE RUBBED DE GUY OUT T'ROW DE GUN IN DE BAY!

YEAH.. AN' I'LL COLLECT MY DOUGH FROM YOU AT MIDNIGHT!



THEN A DARK FIGURE SLINKS FROM THE CAFE . . .



S' LONG.. I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

OUTSIDE, RINKIE, INSPECTOR DAYTON'S KID PAL, SEES THE MAN LEAVE THE RESTAURANT . . .



GOSH, HE'S A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING CREEP!

RINKIE FOLLOWS HIM TO A SWANK NIGHT CLUB WHERE A MAN AND WOMAN ARE LEAVING . . .



HA! HA! THAT'S GOOD!

YES..I THOUGHT SO!

SUDDENLY THE CONVERSATION BREAKS SHORT . . .



ARTHUR! THAT MAN.. HE'S GOT A GUN!!



RINKIE RACES TO THE CORNER DRUG STORE . . .



WHOA..OH.. OOH!



YEH..AND DIS GUY UPS AND PLUGS THE SMART LOOKIN' DUDE! I THOUGHT IT'D BE BEST TO CALL YOU .. INSPECTOR DAYTON!

OKAY! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER STICK AROUND RINK!!

BUT JUST AS RINKIE LEAVES THE BOOTH . . .



GULP..WHAT? HELLO . . . IT'S YOU!!

I HOID YOU CALL DE LAW!



SO YOU'RE A SMART LITTLE BRAT, EH? WELL, I CAN TAKE CARE OF YOU TOO!



NOW YA KIN SQUEAL TO DE FISHES!!



YA SONUVAGUN!
YA SO AN' SO.
DON'T WORRY!
THE INSPECTOR'LL
GET YOU. . AN' I
CAN SWIM, SEE?



MEANWHILE, INSPECTOR DAYTON
ARRIVES AT THE NIGHT CLUB.

THE VICTIM WUZ
ARTHUR SALT, THE
COLUMNIST. HE HAD
A GIRL
WIT'
HIM!

I WANT TO
TALK TO
HER!



CAN YOU DESCRIBE
THE MURDERER,
MISS... ER...?

WINDSOR.
MARION
WINDSOR.



NO.. I CAN'T DES-
CRIBE HIM. . BUT
I DID HEAR ARTHUR'S
LAST WORD...
"BONDS".
THAT'S ALL..

BONDS,
EH?HM..



MEANWHILE, RINKIE CLIMBS UP
THE WHARF LADDER, THE MUR-
DER GUN CLUTCHED IN HIS
HAND.

GOOD THE WATER
WAS SHALLOW SO'S
I COULD DIVE FER
TH' GUN!



JUST AS HE REACHES THE
DOCK.

HEY! TH' CROOK'S
GETTIN' AWAY! I
GOTTA FOLLER HIM!



HITCHIN' IS ONE
THING INSPECTOR
DAYTON TOLD ME
NOT TO DO. . BUT
IT'S IMPORTANT
NOW!



INSPECTOR DAYTON IS CRUISING
IN A RADIO CAR. . .

I WONDER WHERE
RINK IS?.. HE SAID
HE'D STICK AROUND..

POLICE

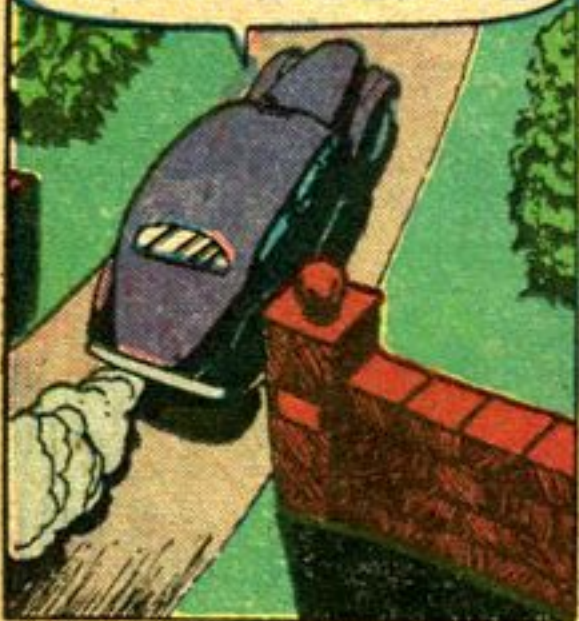


HEY! THAT'S HIM
HITCHING ON THE
BACK OF THAT CAB!
SOMETHIN'S UP!



MEANWHILE, DAYTON TURNS INTO THE DRIVEWAY OF A RICH ESTATE.

THIS IS MARTY DUGAN'S PLACE.. HE USED TO BE A BOOTLEGGER. NOW HE'S IN REAL ESTATE.



YOU WAIT HERE, MIKE. MARTY MIGHT KNOW SOMETHING.



DAYTON STROLLS NONCHALANTLY PAST GUARDS AND THROUGH DOORS.



HELLO, DUGAN. HOW'S TRICKS?

SAY, DID YOU KNOW ARTHUR SALT WAS MURDERED?

NO.. WHY?



SUDDENLY.

HEY, MARTY! PINE BOX IS HERE TO COLLECT FER THE SALT JOB!

SHUT UP!



YOU HALF WITS! CANTCHA SEE DAYTON IS HERE?? NOW WE GOTTA GET HIM TOO!



DAYTON WHIPS OUT HIS GUN.



AND SWAPS LEAD WITH THE THREE VICIOUS HOODLUMS.



A SHOT STRIKES DUGAN.



OH OHH..

MICRO AND PINE BOX TRY TO HOLD DAYTON OFF.



BUT RINKIE, WHO TRAILED PINE BOX, DIVES IN FRONT OF THE THUG.



MICRO KEEPS ON RUNNING



DAYTON FIRES AGAIN.

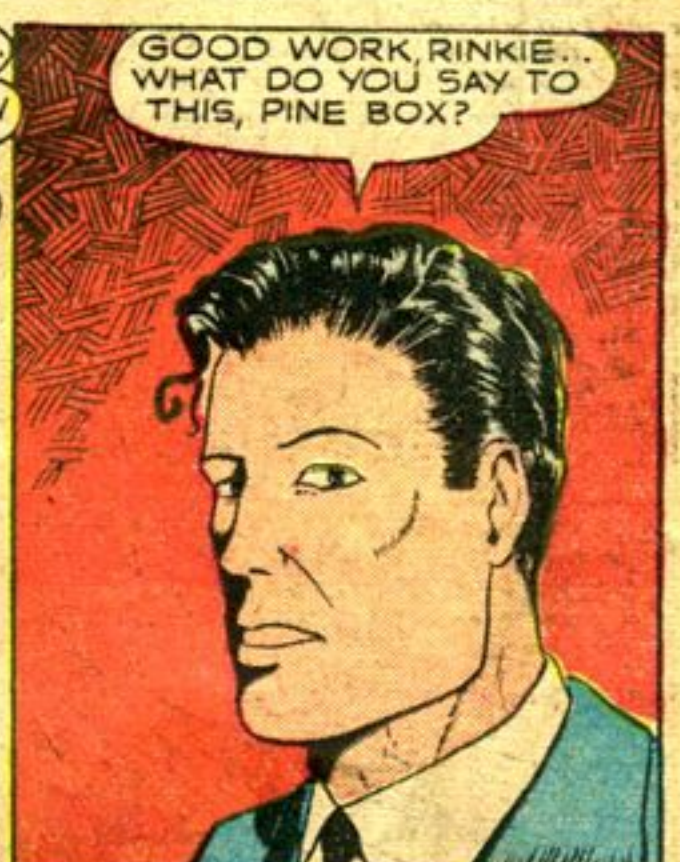


BY THIS TIME, PINE BOX GETS TO HIS FEET AGAIN...

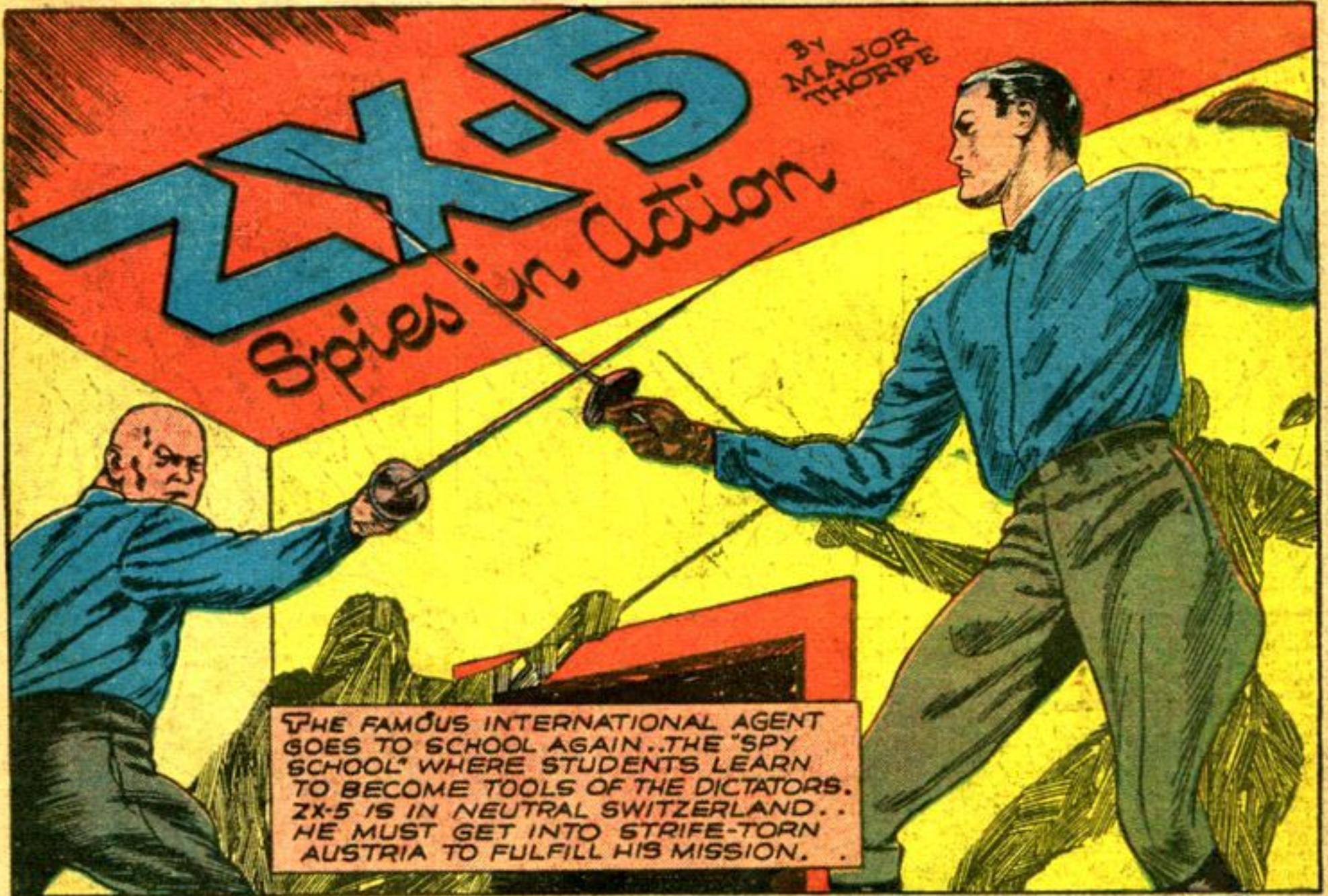


BUT THE INSPECTOR TACKLES PINE BOX BEFORE THE THUG CAN GET A BLOW IN.





THE INSPECTOR WHIZZES THROUGH ANOTHER SLAM BANG THRILLER IN NEXT MONTH'S JUMBO COMICS!



THE FAMOUS INTERNATIONAL AGENT GOES TO SCHOOL AGAIN..THE "SPY SCHOOL" WHERE STUDENTS LEARN TO BECOME TOOLS OF THE DICTATORS. ZX-5 IS IN NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND.. HE MUST GET INTO STRIFE-TORN AUSTRIA TO FULFILL HIS MISSION.

ZX-5 PREPARES TO LEAVE A SWISS CHALET HIGH IN THE ALPS..THE INN KEEPER GIVES HIM FINAL INFORMATION.



USE THE PATH.. YOUR GUIDE TO AUSTRIA WILL WAIT FOR YOU THERE.

FOLLOWING INSTRUCTIONS, ZX-5 TREADS THE WINDING PATH.



AT THE BEND-I MUST TIE MY BOOT LACE.

A LEATHER-GARBED GUIDE SEES HIM.



AND WHEN ZX-5 RISES, THE GUIDE JOINS HIM SILENTLY. THE BOOT LACE WAS HIS PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL.



STRAIGHT AHEAD, M'SIEU.. UNTIL WE ARE ALONE.. QUIET..

SOON THEY LEAVE TRAVELED PATHS FOR LONELY ALPINE PEAKS . . .

YOU WILL LEAD ME TO AUSTRIA?
YES..AND IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO PUT ONE OVER ON HERR DICTATOR.



HACKING STEPS OUT OF THE ICY INCLINE, ZX-5 FOLLOWS HIS GUIDE UP . . .



COME, MY FRIEND.. I SEE CLIMBING IS NEW TO YOU.. I'LL HAUL YOU UP! WE REACH THE AUSTRIAN TYROL OVER THESE MOUNTAINS!



SUDDENLY A SNIPER'S SHOT ECHOES HOLLOWLY THROUGH THE VALLEY.



SNOOPERS! I KILL THEM!

CRACK

ZX-5'S GUIDE IS HIT . . .



M'SIEU..YOU HANG ON!

I'LL HELP YOU, FELLOW!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE..THE GUIDE IS GONE . . .



I'LL MAKE THE KILLER PAY FOR THIS!

TAKING CAREFUL AIM, ZX-5 FIRES . . . A TINY FIGURE FAR AWAY HURTTLES INTO THE ABYSS . . .



YOU'VE PAID FOR YOUR CRIME!

BANG

BUT NOW OTHER SCURRYING FIGURES FLEE FROM ZX-5'S BULLETS . . .



H-M-M-M.. I GET IT! A WHOLE ENEMY BAND IS OUT TO PREVENT ME FROM REACHING AUSTRIA!





I'LL HAVE TO GO ON ALONE AND SKID BETWEEN THESE BULLETS!



AT LAST HE COMES TO A MOUNTAIN PASS BETWEEN AUSTRIA AND SWITZERLAND BUT . . .

THE WAY IS BLOCKED BY THAT NAZI SKI PATROL!



SUDDENLY, A LIGHT HAND TUGS AT HIS SLEEVE . . .

HUH? WHAT?

SH-H.. QUICK! GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE SOMEONE SEES YOU!!



QUICKLY THE GIRL DRAWS HIM BEHIND A CONCEALING ROCK . . .

YOUR GUIDE WAS MY BROTHER . . . I WILL LEAD YOU INTO AUSTRIA TO FINISH HIS WORK!



THEY HEAD FOR A NARROW PATH KNOWN TO THE GIRL, HANSI . . . SUDDENLY A GRINDING CRACKING ROAR SOUNDS ABOVE . . .

AVALANCHE!

RUN!



WHILE TONS OF ICE POUR DOWN . . . ZX-5 AND HANSI FLEE BENEATH A SHELTERING LEDGE . . .



IT'S ALL OVER NOW . . . SEEMS LIKE THE WHOLE ALPS CAVED IN . . .



OUTSIDE, THE SKI PATROL AND ITS CAMP LIE BURIED UNDER THE AVALANCHE . . .



OVER SLIPPERY INCLINES, ZX-5 AND HANSI CONTINUE . . .

NOW.. JUMP!

AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS OF TREKKING, THEY REACH A WOODED ALPINE RIDGE...



I MUST LEAVE YOU HERE... YOU WILL FOLLOW THE HIGHLANDS TO THE BORDER ROAD...

THANKS, HANSI... IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT PEOPLE LIKE YOU WORK ON THE SIDE OF FREEDOM! GOOD-BYE!



CIRCLING THE RIDGE, ZX-5 COMES TO THE SWISS-AUSTRIAN HIGHWAY...



OH, OH! AN OFFICIAL CAR GOING MY WAY!



I'LL SHOVE THIS ROCK IN FRONT OF THE CAR!

THE DRIVER JAMS DOWN HIS BRAKES...



AND NAZI OFFICERS PILE OUT, ANGRILY EMPTYING THEIR GUNS... BUT ZX-5 IS FASTER ON THE DRAW.



ME TOO! OUCH!

HIMMEL! I AM HIT!

ONE OFFICER REMAINS CONSCIOUS TO SEARCH.. ZX-5 CLIMBS DOWN BEHIND HIM.



VERE ISS DOT SHPY?



HERE I AM, BROTHER!

KONK!

BUNDLING THE TWO WOUNDED MEN IN THE BACK, ZX-5 FORCES THE UNINJURED OFFICER TO THE WHEEL.



A SORE CHIN WON'T BOTHER YOUR DRIVING... GO TO IT... AND FAST!

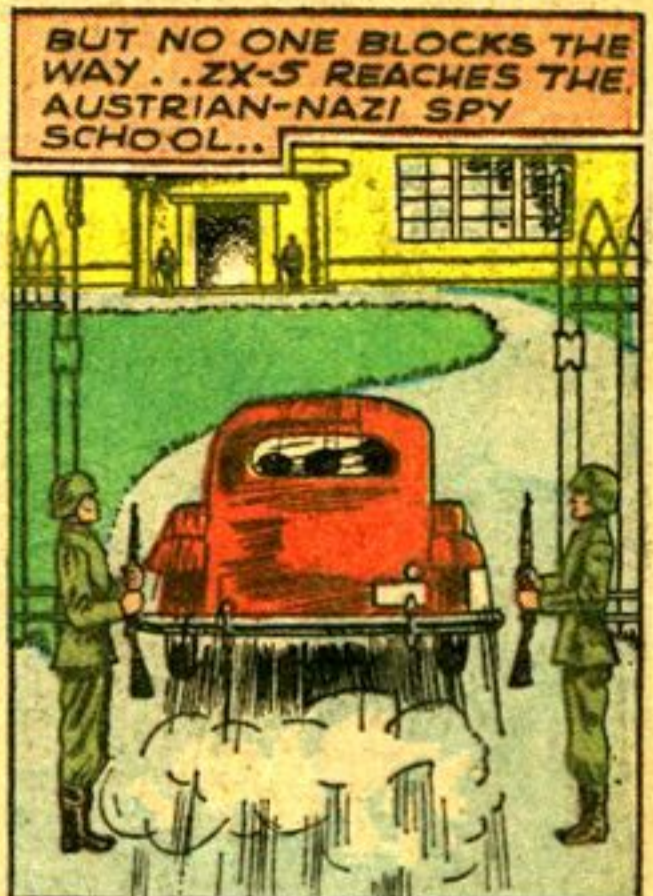


NOW .. WHILE I CHANGE INTO YOUR "BROTHER'S" CLOTHES, YOU START US MOVING!! AND DON'T CRASH INTO THAT ROCK! DRIVE AROUND IT!



SECURELY HANDCUFFED TO THE WHEEL, THE DRIVER IS FORCED TO OBEY ZX-5.

ACH HIMMEL! YOU VILL NOT GET AWAY MIT DIS!



BUT NO ONE BLOCKS THE WAY .. ZX-5 REACHES THE AUSTRIAN-NAZI SPY SCHOOL..

NOISELESSLY, HE TWISTS THE DRIVER'S NECK TO RENDER HIM TEMPORARILY UNCONSCIOUS ..



THEN HE LEAVES THE CAR ..



BUT A DOOR GUARD STARES CLOSELY AT HIM ..



I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE, ZX-5 !! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT UNIFORM?!



THAT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW!!

CRACK!

LEAVING BOTH GUARDS OUT COLD, ZX-5 CONTINUES ..



NOW I CAN GET THE LIST OF THIS SCHOOL'S "STUDENTS"!!

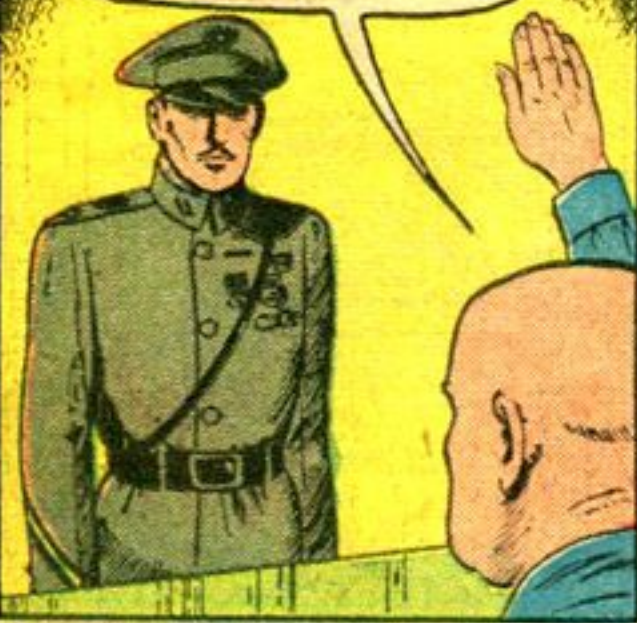


INSIDE ..

HEIL! YOU MUST BE HERR GENERAL HORST .. COME, I TAKE YOU TO DER SCHOOL'S REGISTRAR!

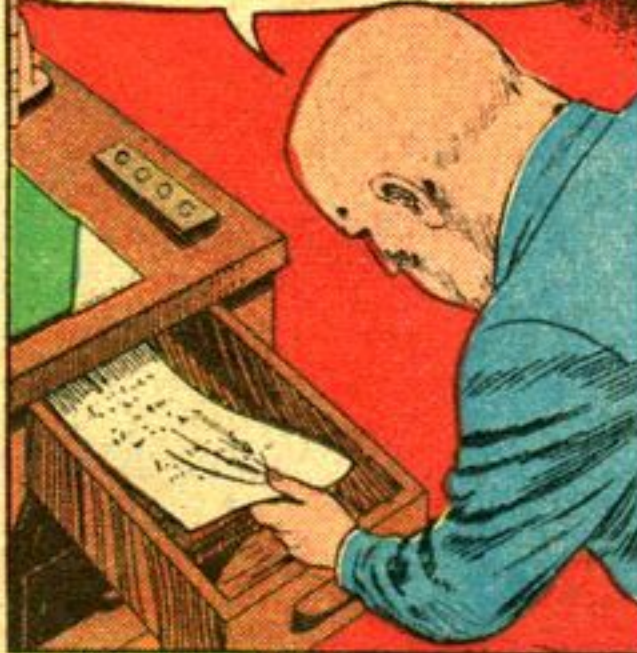
ZX-5 IS LED TO THE REGISTRAR'S OFFICE.

HEIL! VE HAF BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HERR GENERAL! I GET YOU LIST OF OUR BEST STUDENTS FOR YOUR ESPIONAGE SERVICE!



THE REGISTRAR DELVES INTO HIS DESK.

AH... HERE IT ISS! JA! THESE STUDENTS VILL SPREAD OUR IDEALS ALL AROUND DER VORL!



JUST AS REGISTRAR VON HERRING IS ABOUT TO HAND ZX-5 THE PAPER.

NO! NO! DON'T GIVE HIM DOT LIST! I KNOW HIM... HE ISS DER SHPY ZX-5!



BEFORE VON HERRING CAN SIZE UP THE SITUATION, ZX-5 SNATCHES THE LIST FROM HIS HAND.



NEIN! SHTOP MIT DOT!

SORRY... CAN'T STOP... I'M IN A HURRY!

HASTILY TUCKING THE PAPER IN HIS POCKET, ZX-5 TACKLES THE DOOR GUARD TO GET PAST.



HE RACES DOWN LONG CORRIDORS, VON HERRING PUFFING AT HIS HEELS.



ACH! HOW SHTUPID... VE ALL GO TO CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR DIS!!

THE CORRIDOR REACHES A DEAD END... ZX-5 DUCKS INTO A ROOM, SEARCHING FOR SOME WEAPON.



HERE! FENCING FOILS!

VON HERRING SEIZES THE OTHER FOIL.



I CHALLENGE MIT YOU!

SURE, HERRING! I'LL CARVE A FILET OUT OF YOU!

AS THE TWO CLASH, THE GUARDS, RESPECTING THEIR SUPERIOR'S ABILITY AS A SWORDSMAN, STAND BY.



CLANG

AGILE, ZX-5 PARRIES VON HERRING'S LUNGES AND DEFLECTS HIS FOIL.



ACH! VE HAF JUST BEGUN!

BUT SUDDENLY ZX-5 THRUSTS SHARPLY.



HIMMEL!

GOOD! I'VE PUNCTURED THIS WINDBAG!

FOLLOWED BY VON HERRING'S ANGRY YELLS, HE LEAPS OUT THE WINDOW.



I DIE! ACH DU LIEBER! GET A DOKTOR, UND STOP DOT MURDERER!

OUTSIDE, ZX-5 LANDS ON ROUGH COBBLE STONES..AND..



WHAT LUCK! A MOTOR-CYCLE!

MEANWHILE, A NETWORK QUICKLY SURROUNDS ZX-5..ROADS ARE BLOCKED TO PREVENT HIS ESCAPE.



THERE ISS DER SCHWEIN?

ACH JA? VE SHOOT TO KILL!

ZX-5 IS HOPELESSLY TRAPPED. SUDDENLY, FROM THE BUSHES.



WELL, I'LL BE.. HANSI!

PSSST!

TOGETHER THEY VANISH INTO THE FORESTS OF THE SWISS BORDER.



NO SIGN OF BEING FOLLOWED. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR WAY THROUGH THESE WOODS? YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER, HANSI.

SOON THEY SIGHT THE TOWERS OF A FREE SWISS TOWN.



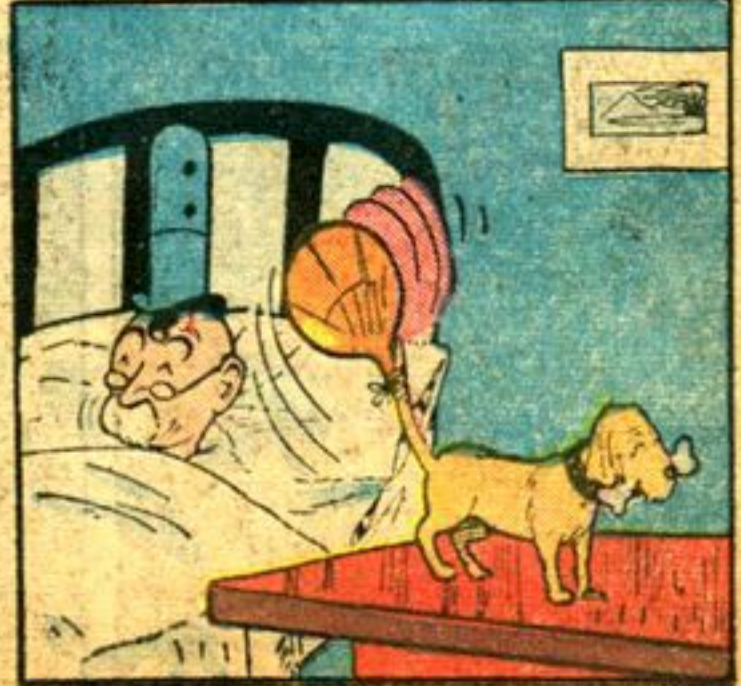
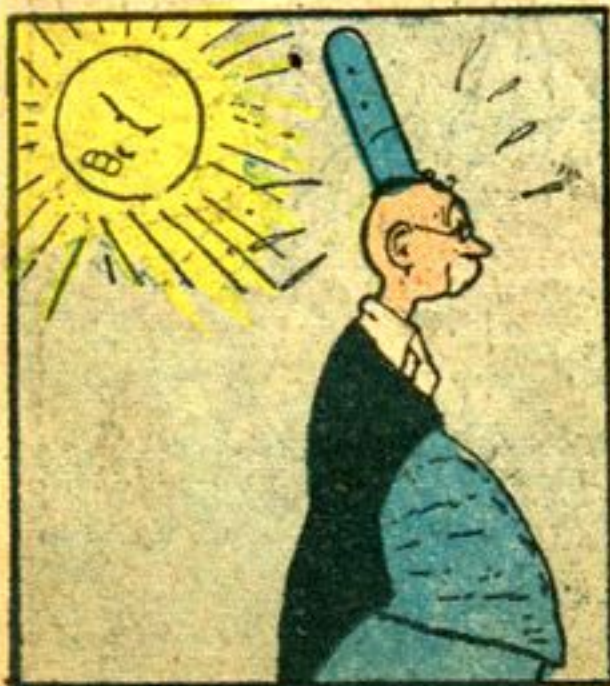
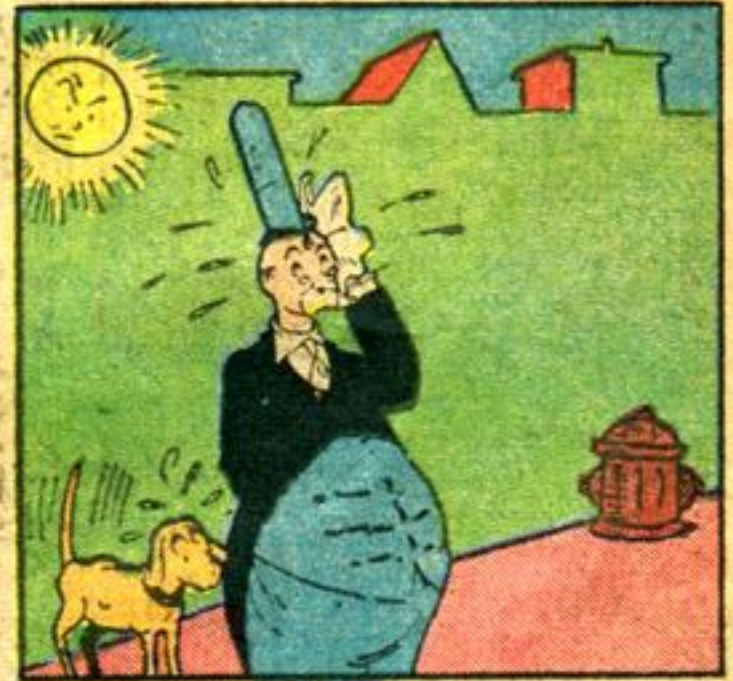
WHEN THIS WAR IS OVER, HANSI, YOU WILL HAVE PLAYED A GREAT PART IN WINNING IT.

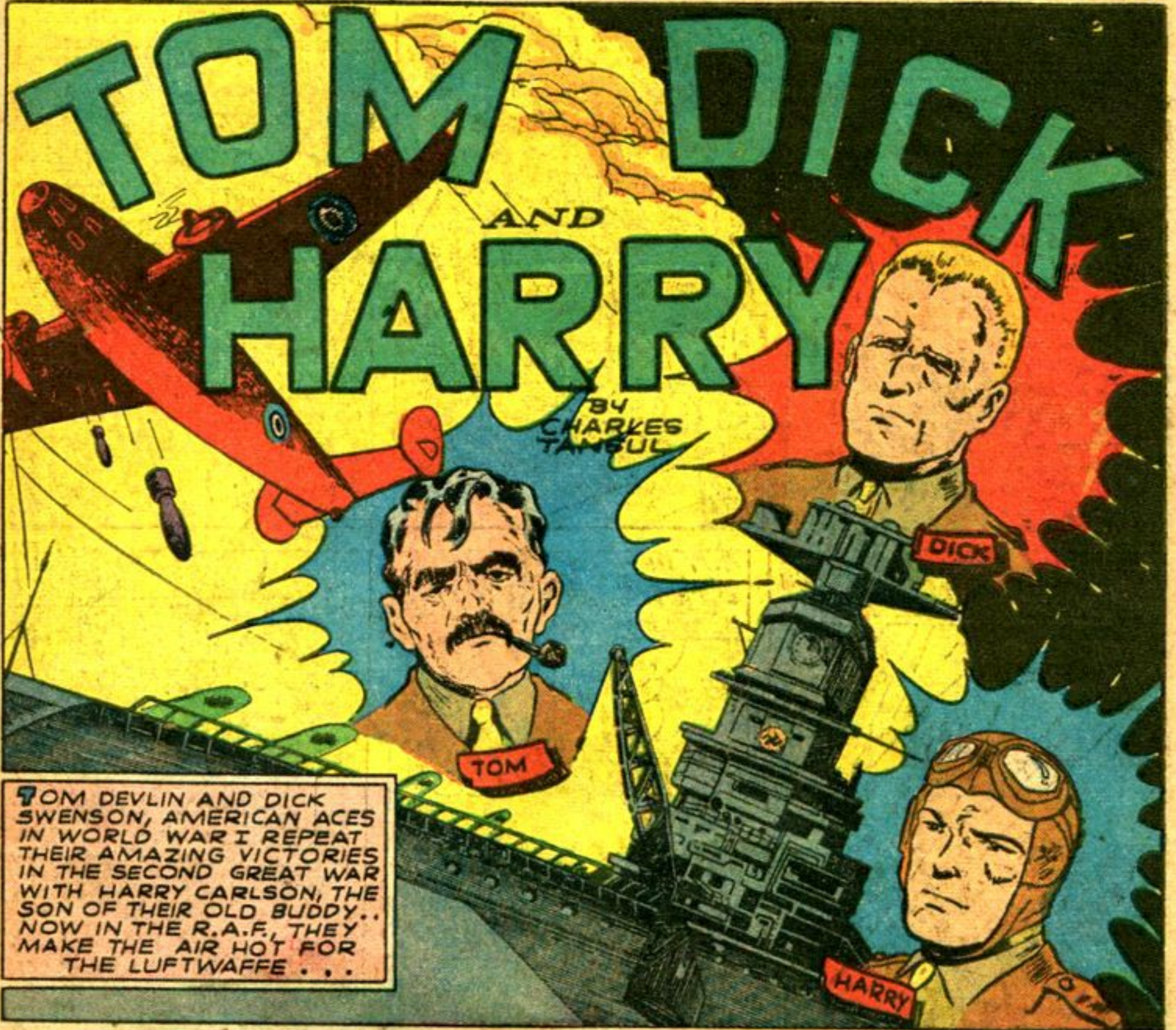
I'M THANKFUL I COULD HELP.. WELL, HERE WE ARE.. SWITZERLAND.. NOW YOU CAN FINISH THE SPIES ON YOUR LIST!

THE FAMOUS AGENT FOLLOWS THE TRAIL OF THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT JUMBO COMICS.

PEE WEE

BY S.M. LIGER





TOM DEVLIN AND **DICK** SWENSON, AMERICAN ACES IN WORLD WAR I REPEAT THEIR AMAZING VICTORIES IN THE SECOND GREAT WAR WITH **HARRY** CARLSON, THE SON OF THEIR OLD BUDDY.. NOW IN THE R.A.F., THEY MAKE THE AIR HOT FOR THE LUFTWAFFE . . .

A BRITISH TAR IS SENT TO THE TRIO'S R.A.F. FIELD COMMANDER . . .



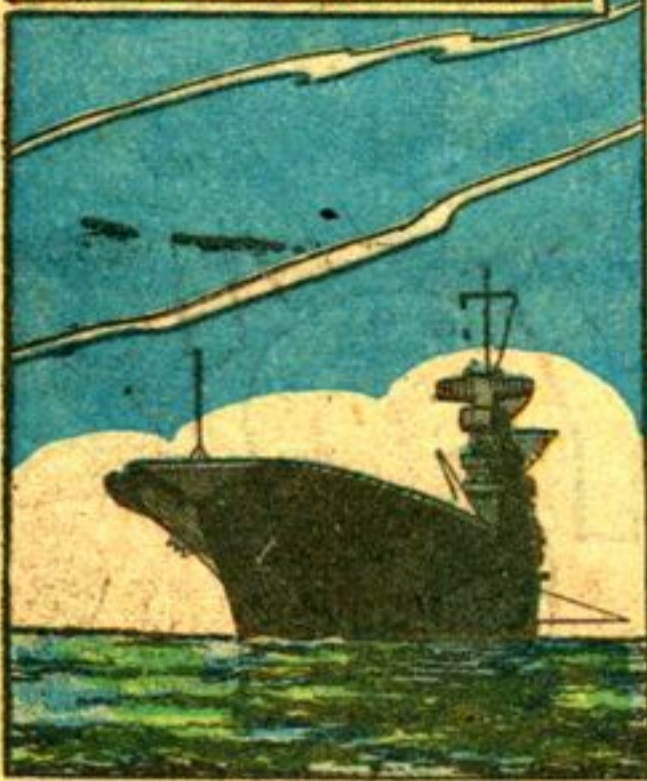
DICK BRINGS THE FLIGHT ORDER TO HIS BUDDIES..



THE TAR AND THE WING COMMANDER SEE THE SQUADRON TAKE OFF..



THE SQUADRON SPEEDS WEST. SOON THEY SPOT THEIR OBJECTIVE . . .



THERE'S THE MYSTERY CARRIER.. BUT NO PLANES ARE ON HER DECK. THEY MUST BE SCOUTING FOR ANOTHER CONVOY. HERE'S OUR CHANCE!



HARRY RADIOS THE OTHER PILOTS

READY, MEN! DIVE FORMATION.



TOM, DICK AND HARRY LEAD THEIR SQUADRON IN A LONG ROARING POWER DIVE . .



BUT THE CARRIER'S A.A. GUNS THROW UP A TERRIFIC BARRAGE . .



BURSTING SHELLS MENACE THE PLUMMETING BOMBERS.



DIRECTLY ABOVE THEIR TARGET, THE PLANES RELEASE THEIR DEADLY LOADS.



HUGE DETONATIONS FLASH ON THE CARRIER'S DECK AS THE BOMBERS LEVEL OFF . .



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS...



ZOOMING FOR ALTITUDE, THE SQUADRON AGAIN FALLS IN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN'S RANGE.



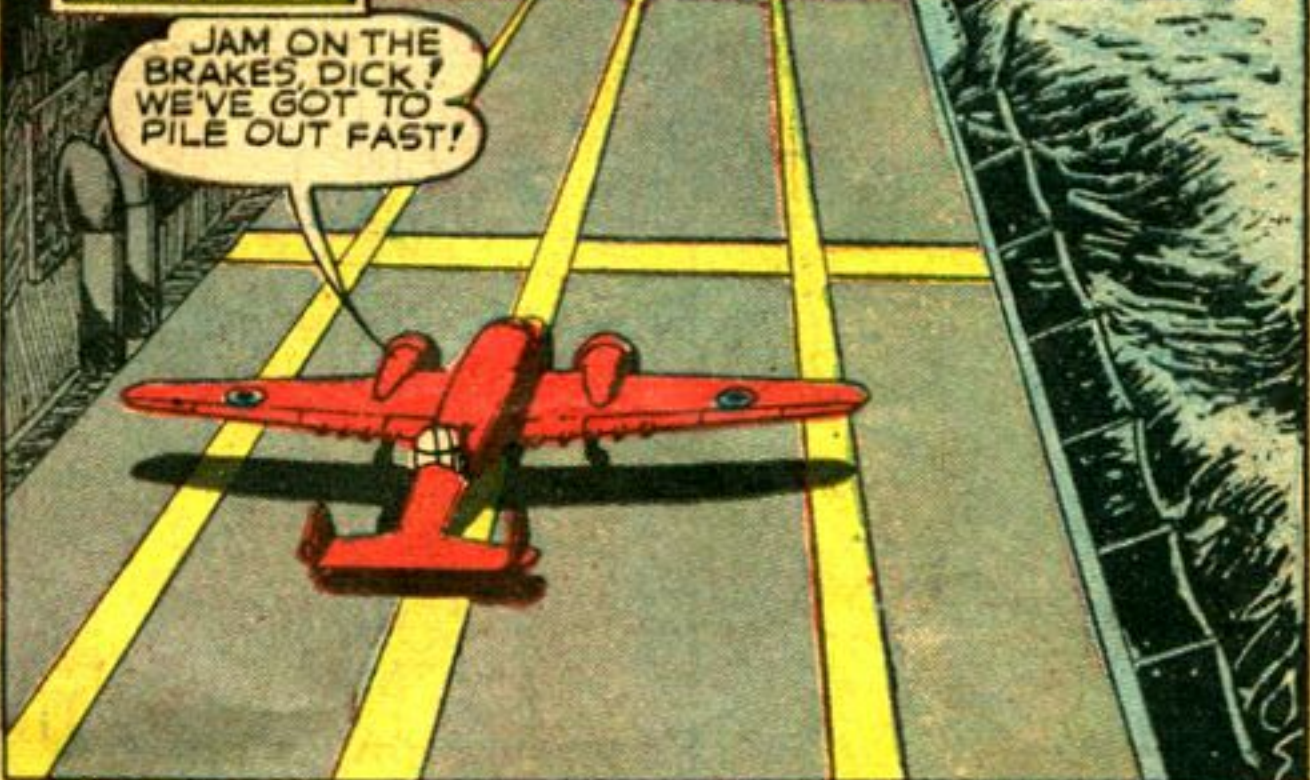
TOM, DICK AND HARRY MAKE A DRASTIC PLAN AND HARRY RADIOS THEIR PILOTS.



DIVING INTO THE TEETH OF THE A. A. BARRAGE, DICK LEVELS OFF AND GLIDES TOWARD THE DECK...



HE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING... THE BOMBER ROLLS AMIDSHIP...



MAKE IT SNAPPY FELLAS!



ONE BY ONE, THEIR SQUADRON COMES DOWN ON THE ENEMY CARRIER'S DECK...



HARRY'S FIST IS FASTER THAN A SAILOR'S TRIGGER.



AND TOM IS QUICK AT JIU JITSU.



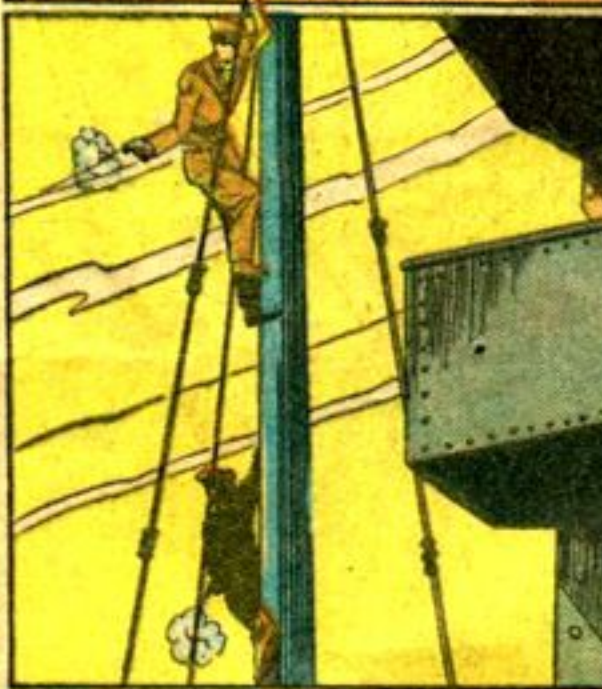
BUT GUNNERS SCRAMBLE FROM THEIR TURRETS. . .



HARRY SHOUTS AN ORDER.



PISTOLS BLAZING, HARRY AND DICK MAKE FOR THE CONTROL TOWER.



YOU'RE TOO HOT HEADED FOR GOOD SHOOTING. A BATH IN THE ATLANTIC MAY COOL YOU OFF!



MEANWHILE, DICK THWARTS THE CAPTAIN'S ESCAPE.



AND TOM LINES UP THE CREW.



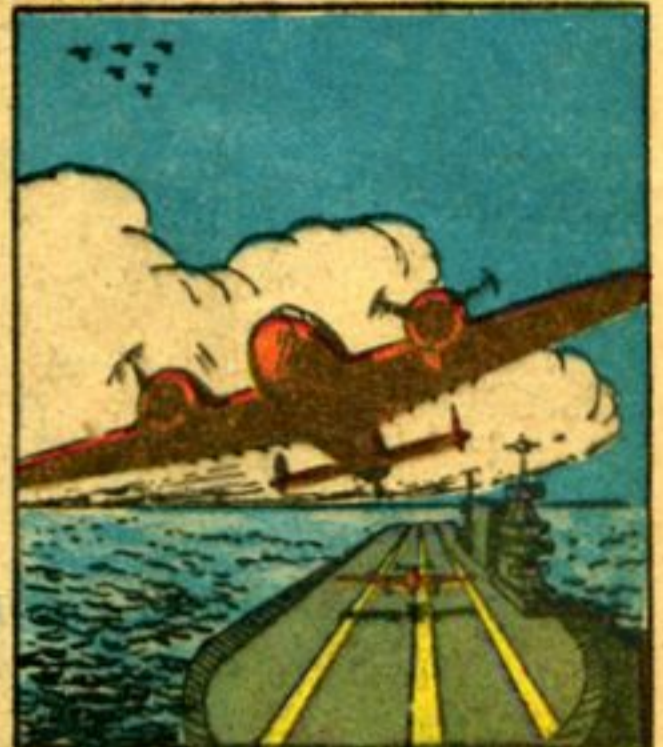
NEWS OF THE AIRMEN'S VICTORY REACHES THE ENGINE ROOM . . .



TOM SEES THE BUBBLES . . .



BUT A GRIM FORMATION OF PLANES RETURNING TO THEIR STRICKEN CARRIER AWAITS THEM AS THEY TAKE OFF.



MINUTES LATER, TOM, DICK AND HARRY LEAD THEIR SQUADRON INTO THE TEETH OF THE JUNKERS' FIRE . . .



WELL, M'LAD.. WE CLEANED UP THAT FLIGHT OF VULTURES!
YES, TOM, AND THE MYSTERY CARRIER JUST PLUNGED BENEATH THE WAVES!



THEIR VICTORIOUS SQUADRON WINGS BACK TO ITS R.A.F. FIELD . . .



WE CARRIED OUT YOUR ORDERS, SIR. THE CARRIER WAS SCUTTLED!



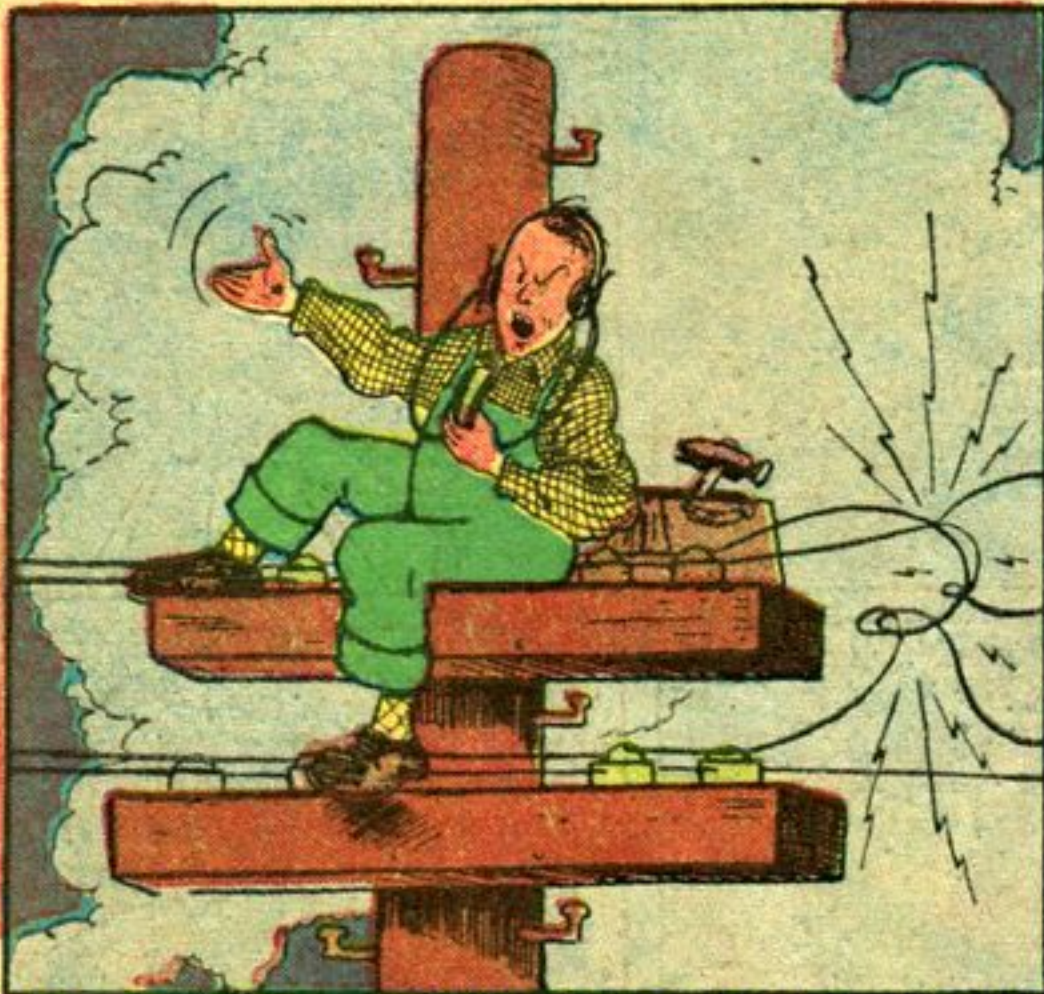
YES, SIR! WE CLEANED OUT THAT SEA GOING WASPS' NEST!
RIGHTO! YOU GAVE THE ENEMY A STINGING DEFEAT!



ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH TOM, DICK AND HARRY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF JUMBO COMICS . .

JUMBO LAFFS

by STAN LEE



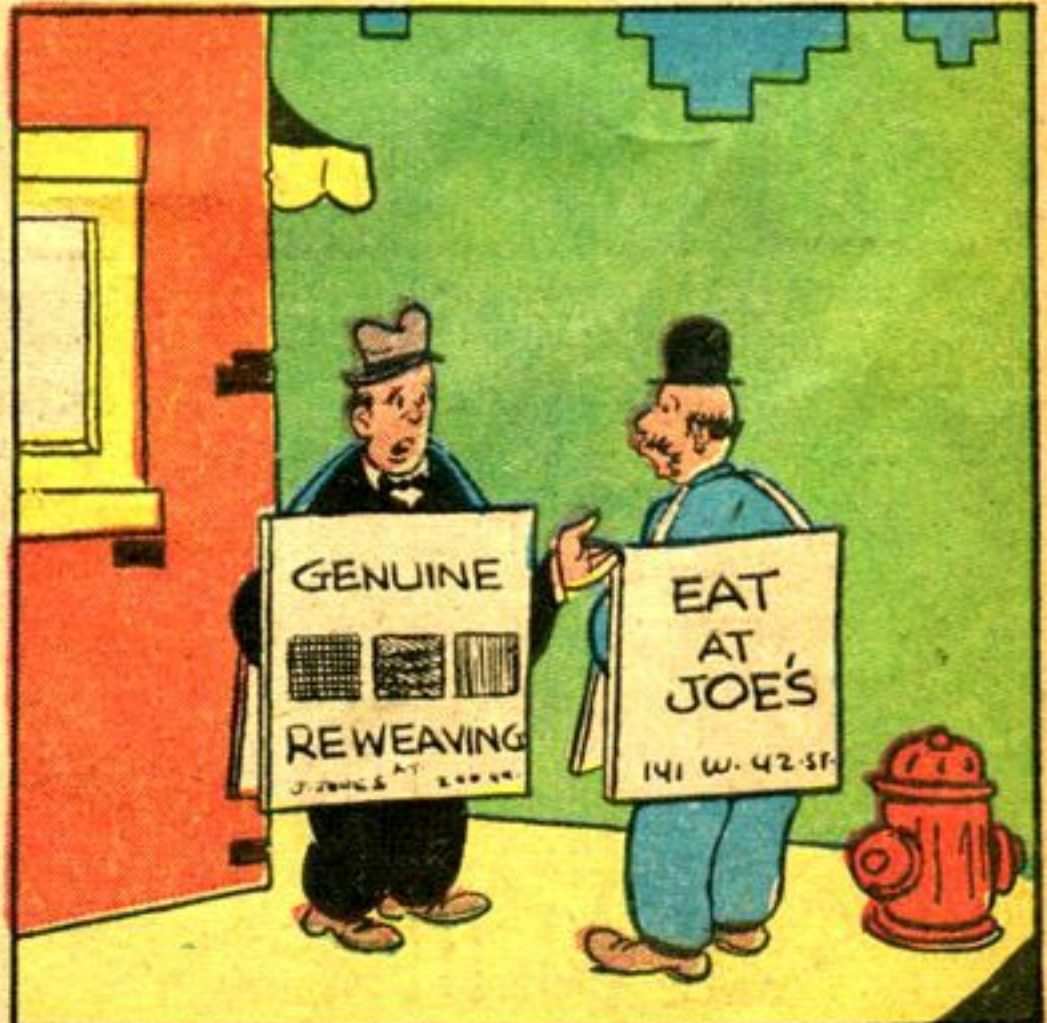
"BUT I TELL YOU, MADAME, I AM NOT YOUR HUSBAND AND I WILL NOT STOP AT THE BUTCHER, ON MY WAY HOME!"



A GARBO COIFFURE, S'IL VOUS PLAIT, M'SIEU!



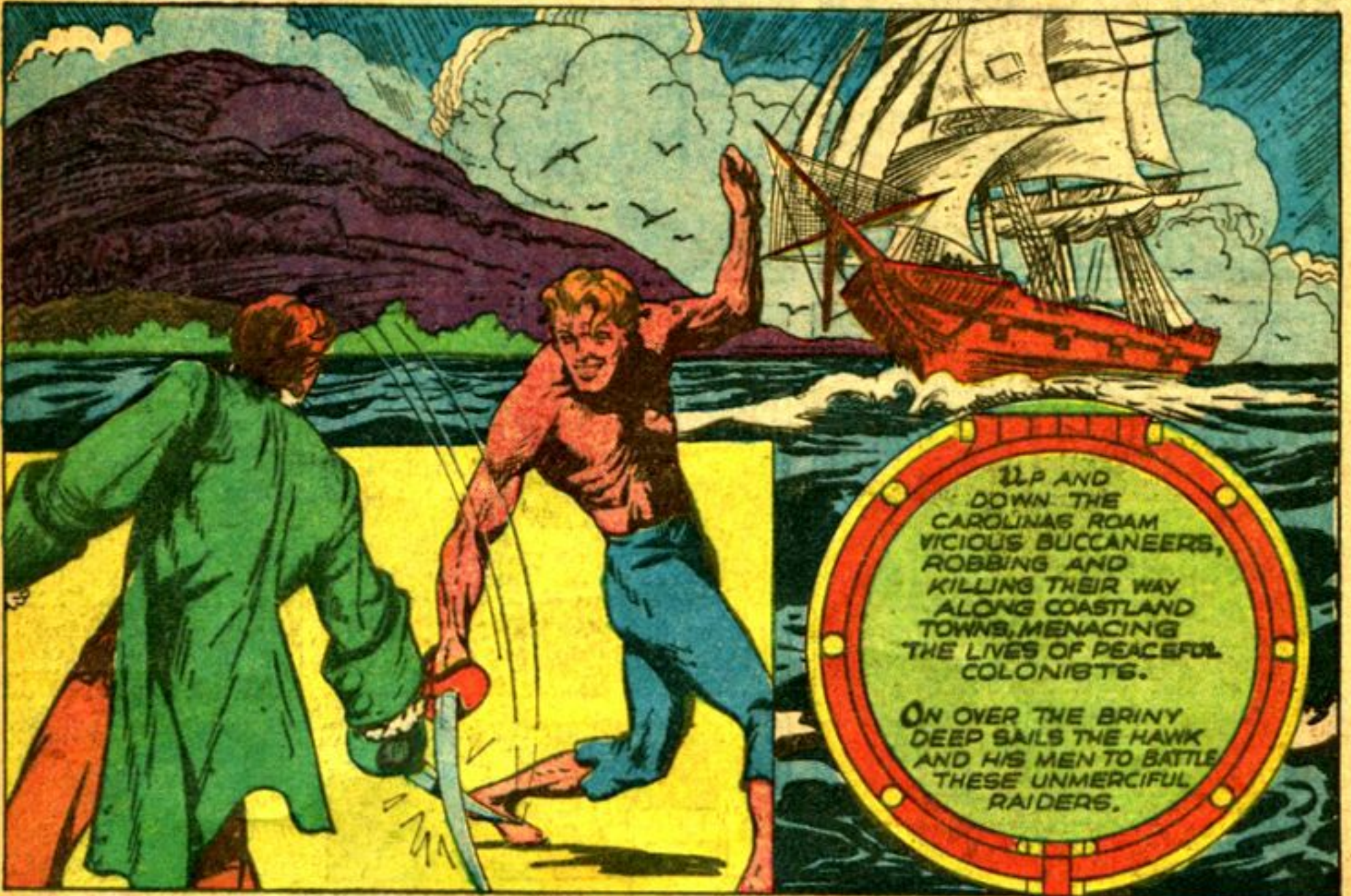
"I LOST MINE IN PITTSBURGH."



"I DON'T HAVE TO GO AROUND WITH THIS SIGN. MY PANTS ARE TORN."

The HAWK

By
Willis
Rensie



UP AND
DOWN THE
CAROLINAS ROAM
VICIOUS BUCCANEERS,
ROBBING AND
KILLING THEIR WAY
ALONG COASTLAND
TOWNS, MENACING
THE LIVES OF PEACEFUL
COLONISTS.

ON OVER THE BRINY
DEEP SAILS THE HAWK
AND HIS MEN TO BATTLE
THESE UNMERCIFUL
RAIDERS.

ON A TINY ISLAND IN RALEIGH BAY,
JUST OFF THE CAROLINA COAST, IS
THE BLUE BOAR INN, RENDEZVOUS
OF TRADERS, BUCCANEERS AND
MURDERERS.



INSIDE, IN THE FARTHEST
CORNER, SITS THE HAWK.

YE'VE EATEN ENOUGH,
SIR? KIN I GET YE
SOMETHING ELSE?

NO,
INN-KEEPER,
THANK YOU.
LATE 2
PERHAPS..



I'M WAITING
FOR SOME-
ONE. HE
SHOULD
BE HERE
NOW.



FINALLY, HAWK'S "GUEST" ARRIVES. FLUTH, ESCORTED IN BY A GUST OF WIND.



OH... THERE YE BE!



WELL, DID YOU GET THE INFORMATION? WHERE CAN WE GET WHAT WE WANT?

WAIT'LL I CATCH ME BREATH! NOW LISTEN...

FLUTH WHISPERS HIS KNOWLEDGE TO HAWK, THEN...

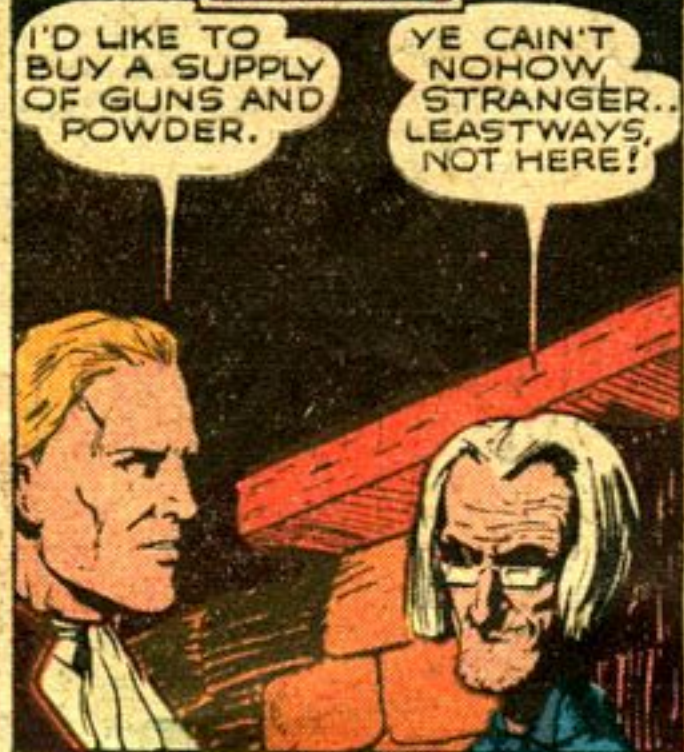


FINE! WE'LL GO AND SEE IF WE CAN GET THE THINGS!

LATER... AT A SPRAWLING WAREHOUSE ON THE ISLAND'S BUSY WATERFRONT...



HAWK GOES INTO THE GLOOMY BUILDING.



I'D LIKE TO BUY A SUPPLY OF GUNS AND POWDER.

YE CAIN'T NOHOW STRANGER.. LEASTWAYS, NOT HERE!



WHY?

'CAUSE THERE AIN'T NO MUNITIONS LEFT! SPANISH PIRATES WHAT'S BEEN ROBBIN' TH' CAROLINAS HEV RAIDED THIS H'YAH WAREHOUSE AN' STOLE OUR WHOLE STOCK!



MEANWHILE, ON THE RAFTERS ABOVE HAWK, KNEELS A TREACHEROUS FIGURE.



LOOK OUT!

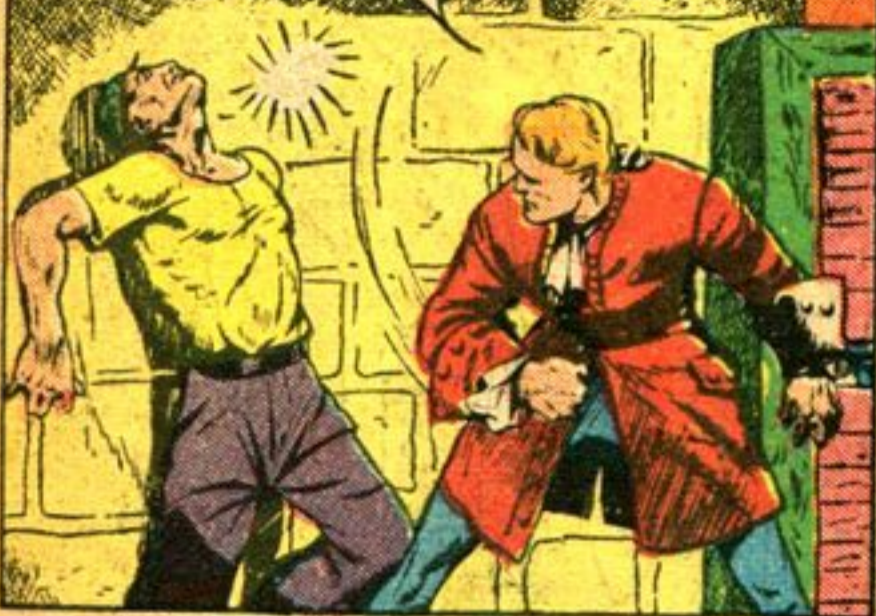
THE MAN LEAPS TO THE FLOOR.



CARA DE DIABLO! HAWK? AH, BUT DON FILIPPO WILL BE GLAD THAT I CAUGHT YOU!

HAWK LUNGES FURIOUSLY.

I GET IT! YOU'RE ONE OF THE THIEVES WHO ROBBED THIS WAREHOUSE, EH? YOU WORK FOR DON FILIPPO ALVAREZ TOO?



DON FILIPPO, "GENTLEMAN PIRATE" WHO HIRES CUTTHROATS TO ROB FOR HIM.. COME NOW, TELL ME THE REST OR...



Y-YES.. I DO WORK FOR DON FILIPPO.. HE HAD US TAKE ALL THE MUNITIONS THAT WUZ MEANT FOR CAROLINA, SO'S THE COLONISTS THERE WONT BE ABLE TO FIGHT WHEN THE DON RAIDS THE COAST.



FLUTH ROARS IN ANGER.

HAWK! DIDJA HEAR THAT? HE'S GONNA RAID CAROLINA AGAIN! WE GOTTA STOP IT!



AT THIS MOMENT, THERE IS GREAT ACTIVITY ABOARD DON FILIPPO ALVEREZ'S FRIGATE, ESTRELLA, DOCKED AT A DESERTED WHARF. THE DON'S CREW IS BUSY LOADING THE STOLEN MUNITIONS.



SANCHEZ, MILO, A LITTLE SPEED!

THE DON WANTS TO WEIGH ANCHOR NOW.. IF YOU GET THIS LOADING DONE 'FORE YE CROAK'



MEANWHILE, BACK WITH THE HAWK AND FLUTH.

WE GOTTA GET THAT AMMUNITION BACK TO THE COLONISTS! Y'LL MEET YOU AT THE SHIP HAWK.. I WANNA DO SOME SNOOPIN' AROUND HERE!



THE HAWK, RETURNING TO HIS SHIP, FINDS HIS MEN WAITING IMPATIENTLY.

WELL, DID YOU PUT THE DEAL ACROSS? KIN WE WEIGH ANCHOR NOW? AYE! I'M GOIN' BLOOMIN' BATS HERE!



MEN, THE MUNITIONS I WAS COMMISSIONED TO BUY FOR THE CAROLINA COLONISTS HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY DON FILIPPO. WE MUST GO AFTER HIM BEFORE HE BLASTS DOWN THE COAST DEFENSES.



THE HAWK ORDERS AN IMMEDIATE SAILING.. THE SHIP SWINGS LIGHTLY INTO THE CURRENT..WHEN..



JEREMY, UP IN THE RIGGING, SPOTS FLUTH..



FLUTH KEEPS ON SPRINTING.. BUT HE NEGLECTS TO STOP AT THE WHARF'S EDGE.



HA, HA, HA! HO! HO! AN' FLUTH SWIMS LIKE A ROCK! WE'VE GOT TO FISH 'IM OUT!



YA CAN'T SINK, FLUTH. TOO MUCH AIR IN YA! GRAB THE LINE!

HAILED ABOARD, FLUTH'S DIGNITY IS NONE THE WORSE FOR THE DUCKING.



YOU! YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN IT!

I WUZ THERE, WUZN'T I? SO I SEEN IT.. AN' IT WUZN'T FUNNY! WHERE'S THE HAWK? I GOT NEWS..



YES, FLUTH? WHAT ABOUT?



THE BUCCANEERS ARE GOIN' TO SANTA ROSA HARBOR, WHERE THEY ARE GONNA UNLOAD THE STORED MUNITIONS.. THEN THEY'RE COMIN' BACK TO LOOT THE COAST!



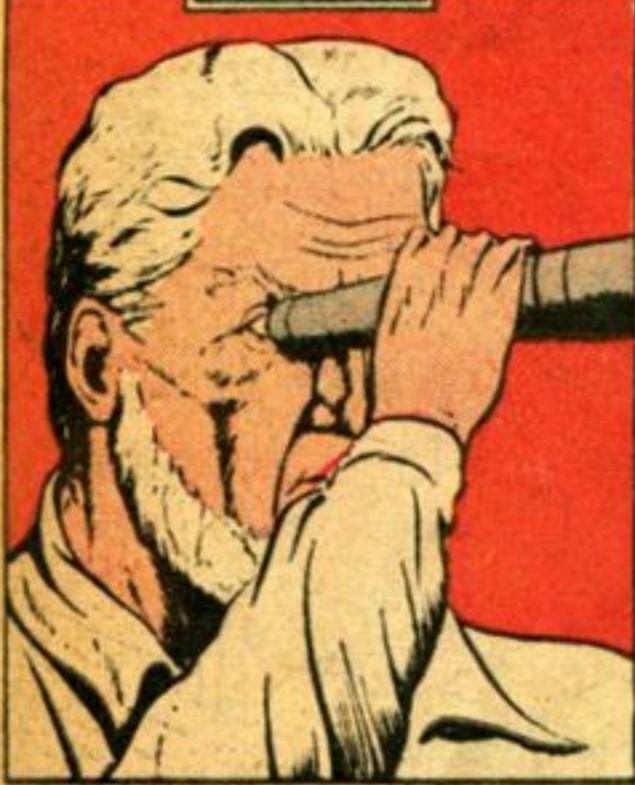
BLIMEY! THIN WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FER? LES' GIT AFTER TH' BLOOMIN' HAWGS!



THE CREW HOPS TO ACTION WITH A VIM..

AVAST, YE SWABS! SHOVE OFF NOW! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!

A HALF DAY OUT, CALEB SCANS THE HORIZON WITH HIS SPY GLASS...



SUDDENLY...



THEN KEEP YOUR EYES ON HER, CALEB! WE'RE GOING TO FOLLOW HER!



NO DOUBT SHE'S HEADED FOR SANTA ROSA HARBOR... WE'LL HEAVE-TO WHILE SHE'S UNLOADING AND THEN WE'LL GRAB THE CARGO!



WITH A BRISK BREEZE, BOTH SHIPS MAKE STEADY PROGRESS



SOON THE ESTRELLA PROWS TOWARD A SMALL ISLAND...



THIS IS SANTA ROSA HARBOR... DROP ANCHOR HERE, MEN!

AYE!

ABOARD THE SPANISH FRIGATE, THE CREW UNLOADS THEIR DANGEROUS CARGO TO SANTA ROSA'S DOCK...



CAREFUL! YOU DROP THIS AND WE BLOW UP INTO LITTLE PIECES!

MEANWHILE, HAWK WAITS FOR THE ESTRELLA TO LEAVE THE HARBOR...



ANY MINUTE NOW!... I HOPE!

AT LAST THE LOOK-OUT YELLS...



HERE SHE COMES! ALL HANDS ON DECK!

THE HAWK, ON THE BRIDGE, ISSUES ORDERS . . .



WE'RE TAKING OVER THE ESTRELLA AS A PRIZE!



HAWK'S CREW STANDS READY TO ATTACK.



THEY DRAW CLOSE ALONGSIDE UNTIL THE ESTRELLA IS BARE YARDS AWAY . .



THE HAWK HAS COME DOWN TO THE DECK TO BE AMONG HIS MEN . .



EAGER FOR EXCITEMENT THE HAWK'S MEN STORM THE ESTRELLA . . SO SUDDEN IS THE ATTACK THAT THE DON'S CREW RESISTS FEEBLY AND UNSUCCESSFULLY . . .



THE DON HIMSELF IS FORCED TO SAVE HIS MEN FROM COMPLETE ANNIHILATION.



I'M LEAVING A PRIZE CREW ON YOUR SHIP, DON FILIPPO.. YOU'RE GOING TO THE CAROLINA AUTHORITIES!

AFTER THIS, HAWK RETURNS TO HIS OWN VESSEL .. THEY HEAD AGAIN TOWARD SANTA ROSA

MEN, I PLAN TO GO ASHORE AT SANTA ROSA TO PREVENT THE SPANIARDS FROM BLOWING UP THEIR ARSENAL!

YEP! THEY'D DO THAT RATHER THAN GIVE IT UP!

STEADY SAILING BRINGS HAWK'S SHIP TO HIS DESTINATION..

LAND HO!

HAWK ROWS ASHORE ALONE.

THE CAROLINAS WON'T BE SAFE TILL THE SPANISH BUCCANEERS ARE WIPED OUT!!

SANTA ROSA IS DARK AND APPARENTLY DESERTED AS HAWK STRIDES THROUGH ITS COBBLED STREETS.

I'LL CLIMB THIS ROOF TO GET MY BEARINGS..

LOCATING THE ARSENAL FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT, THE HAWK EDGES ACROSS ROOFS AND DRAIN PIPES .. SUDDENLY HE STOPS SHORT..

A GUARD!

QUIETLY HE DROPS BEFORE THE ARSENAL..

.. HAVE TO SLIP BY HIM!

SLIPPING PAST HAWK ENTERS THE ARSENAL AND IS COMFRONTED BY THE WATCHMAN.



AND YOUR END WON'T BE AS QUICK AND MERCIFUL AS THIS!



ON THE ARSENAL PARAPET IS A CANNON. HAWK GOES UP AND FIRES IT.



THERE IT IS, CALEB! LET'S GO!



BARE SECONDS LATER, HAWK'S CREW STORMS THE ARSENAL WALLS.



INSIDE THE MAGAZINE, DON FILIPPO'S LIEUTENANT WAKES UP.



THE ARSENAL'S DEFENDERS LASH VAINLY INTO HAWK'S MEN. THE FIGHT IS DESPERATE AND VICIOUS..NO HOLDS BARRED, NO QUARTER GIVEN.



HAWK, IN THE MIDST OF THE FRAY, SEES A BUCCANEER SNEAK UP BEHIND ONE OF HIS MEN.





OUTSIDE, HAWK FINDS HIS MEN AWAITING FURTHER ORDERS...



HAWK GOES TO THE POWDER ROOM...



ANGRILY, HAWK SNATCHES A FLINT-LOCK FROM THE WALL.



ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HAWK'S MEN HAVE THE CAROLINA'S MUNITION ABOARD.



AND ARE SWINGING OUT OF SANTA ROSA HARBOR.



CALEB TAKES LOOKOUT DUTY AGAIN.. SUDDENLY.



NOT WITHOUT A FIGHT! THEY'RE OUT TO GET BACK THE MUNITIONS. THE DON MUST HAVE FLAGGED THE NEWS!



WITH SAILS UNFURLED FULLY TO CAPTURE EVERY BREEZE, THE MAN O' WAR RACES TOWARD THE HAWK'S SHIP.



WHEN THE SPANISH SHIP COMES WITHIN FIRING DISTANCE, HAWK SIGNALS HIS CREW.



THE TWO SHIPS CLOSE IN TO FIFTY YARDS.



THE HAWK GETS IN THE FIRST SHOT.



AND STRIKES THE MAN O' WAR'S POWDER MAGAZINE. SHEATHED IN FLAMES, THE SHIP SINKS IMMEDIATELY.



HAWK RETURNS TO THE CAROLINAS WHERE A GRATEFUL COLONIST MEETS HIM.



BY NIGHTFALL, THE HAWK SAILS AGAIN.



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