

No. 1

JUNE, 1938

ACTION COMICS

10¢



\$25

Cash Prizes!

HERE'S HOW TO WIN! AND YOU DON'T
HAVE TO BE AN ARTIST OR A
CARTOONIST EITHER!

Turn to the feature, CHUCK DAWSON, and you'll notice that it is printed in black and white.

Now take out your crayons and color the first page (title page) of CHUCK DAWSON.

Then, when you've colored it the best you possibly can, tear out the page, put it in an envelope and send it into this magazine.

A cash award of \$1.00 each will be paid to the best 25 pages submitted.

THIS IS A CINCH !



BE SURE TO ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPES TO
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Action Comics—480 Lexington Ave., New York City

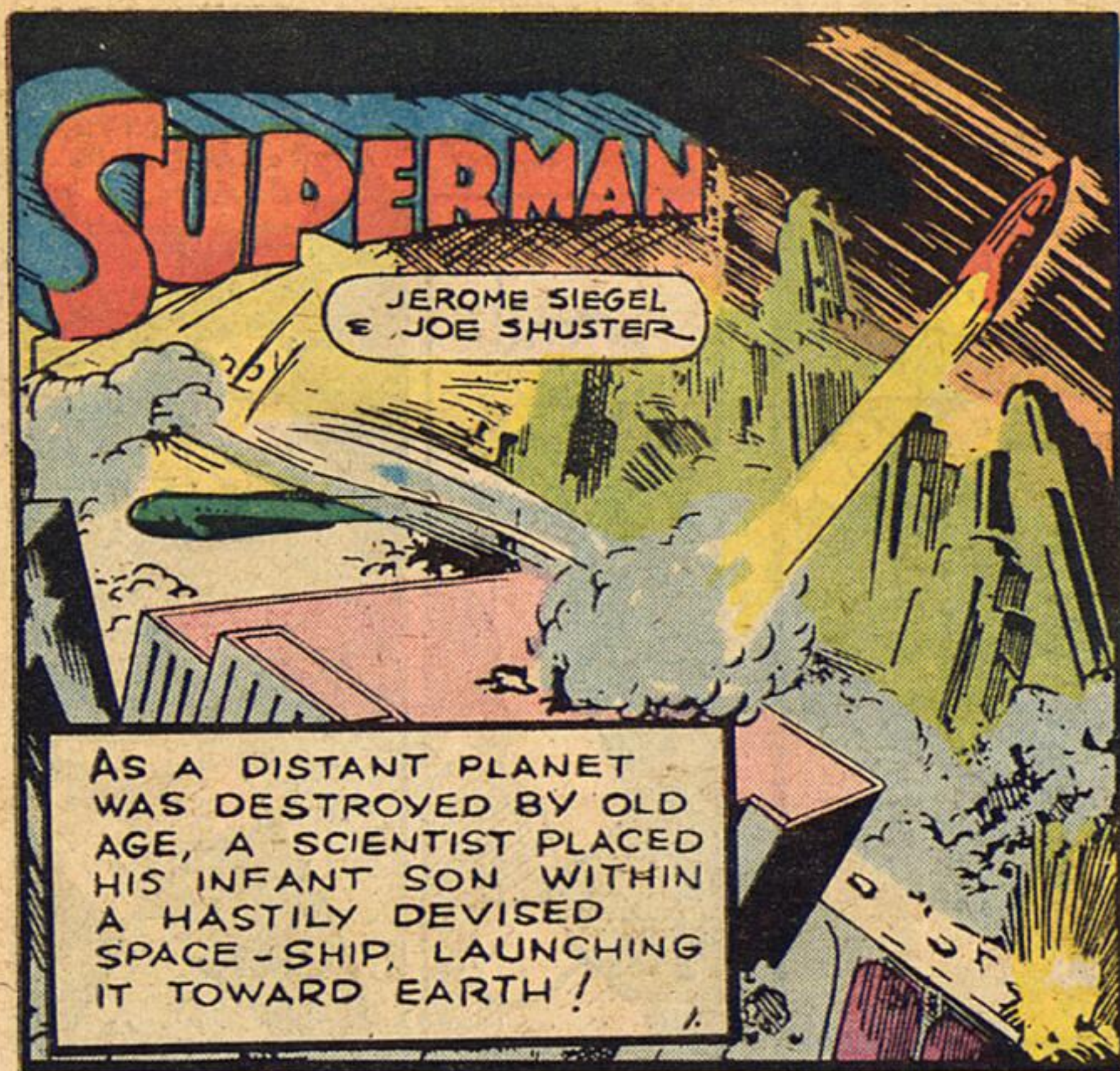
All entries must be in by midnight, Monday, June 6, 1938

ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN
Editor

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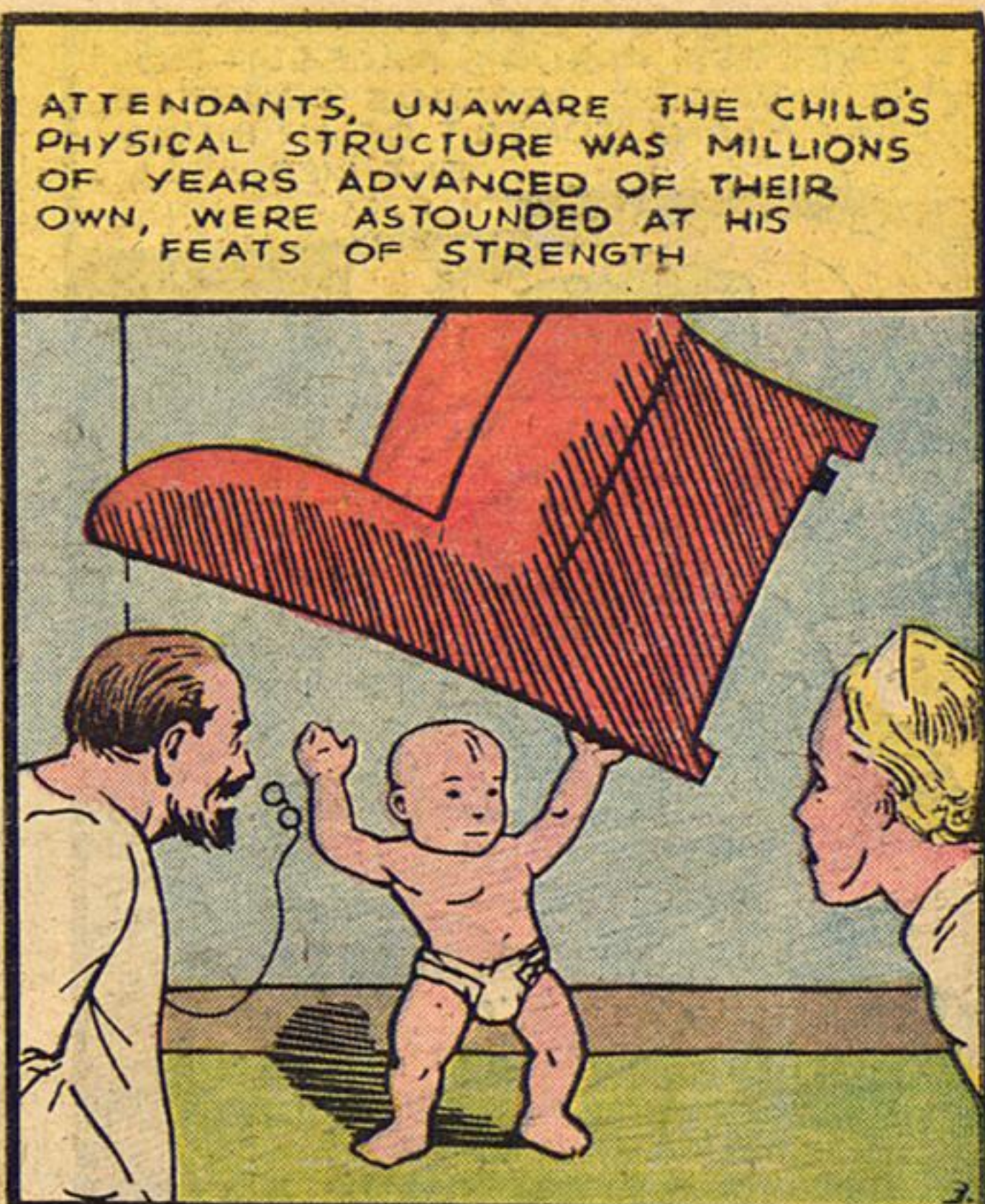


JEROME SIEGEL
& JOE SHUSTER

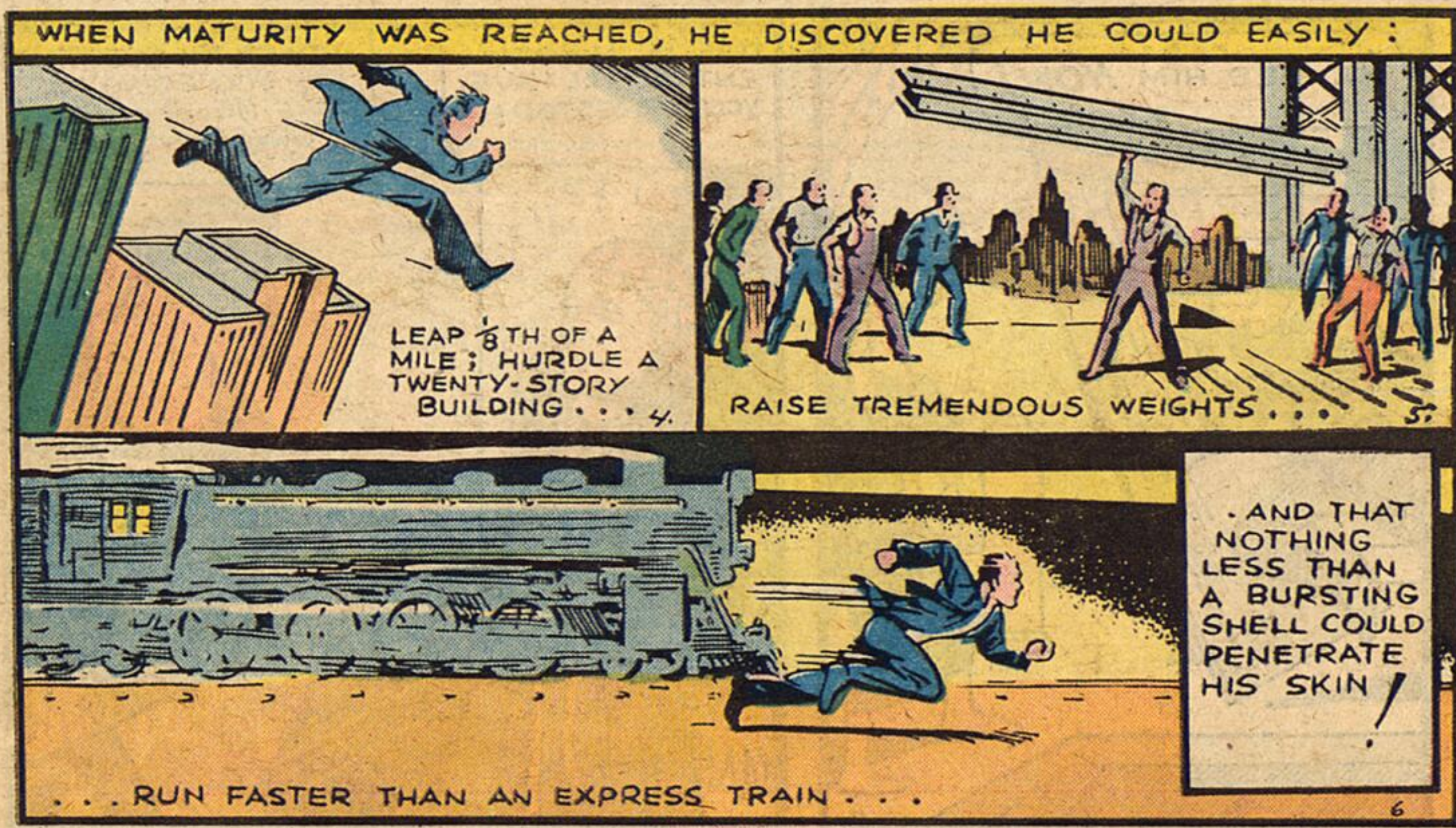
AS A DISTANT PLANET WAS DESTROYED BY OLD AGE, A SCIENTIST PLACED HIS INFANT SON WITHIN A HASTILY DEvised SPACE-SHIP, LAUNCHING IT TOWARD EARTH!



WHEN THE VEHICLE LANDED ON EARTH, A PASSING MOTORIST, DISCOVERING THE SLEEPING BABE WITHIN, TURNED THE CHILD OVER TO AN ORPHAN-AGE



ATTENDANTS, UNAWARE THE CHILD'S PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS ADVANCED OF THEIR OWN, WERE ASTOUNDED AT HIS FEATS OF STRENGTH



WHEN MATURITY WAS REACHED, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD EASILY:

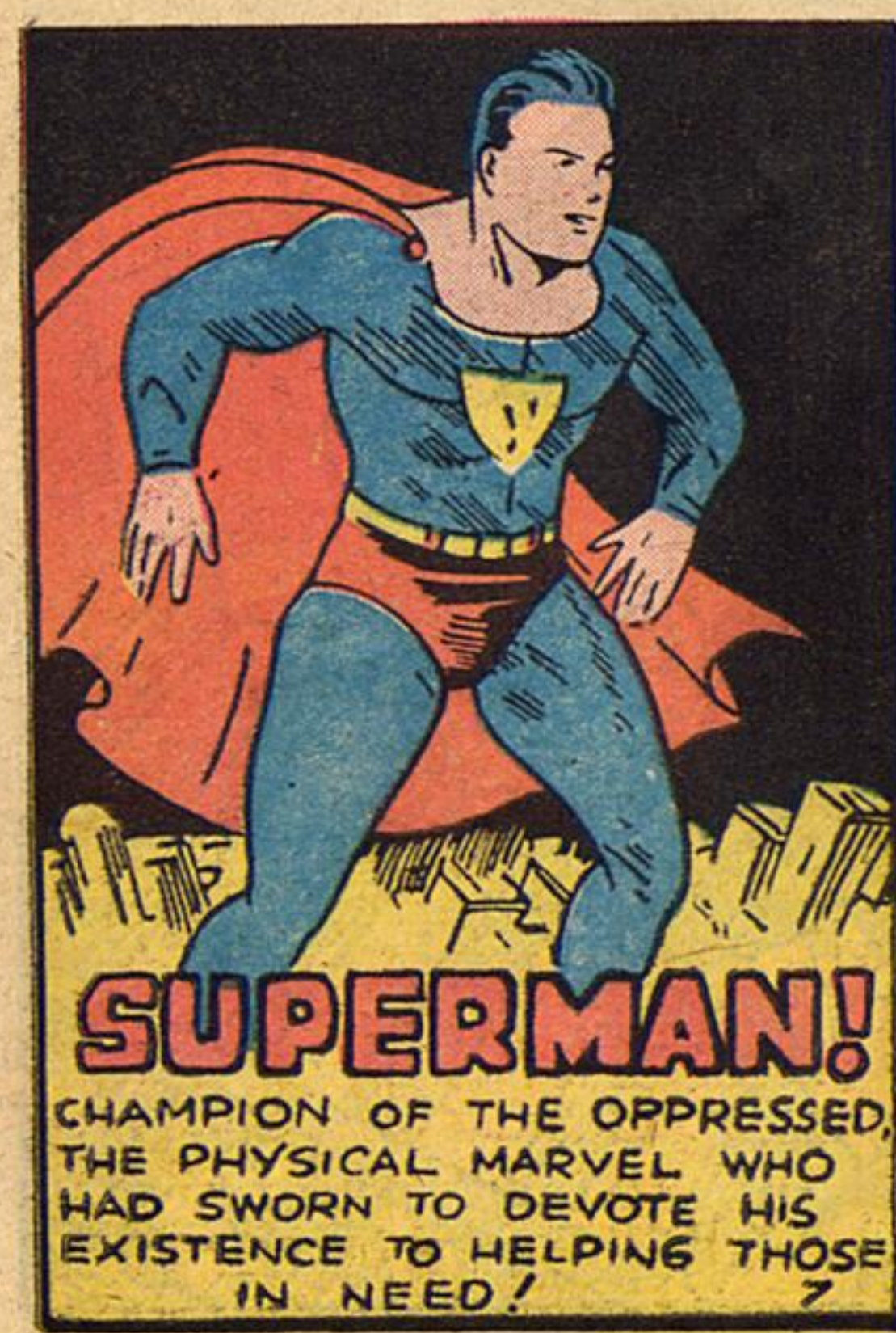
LEAP 1/8TH OF A MILE; HURDLE A TWENTY-STORY BUILDING...

RAISE TREMENDOUS WEIGHTS...

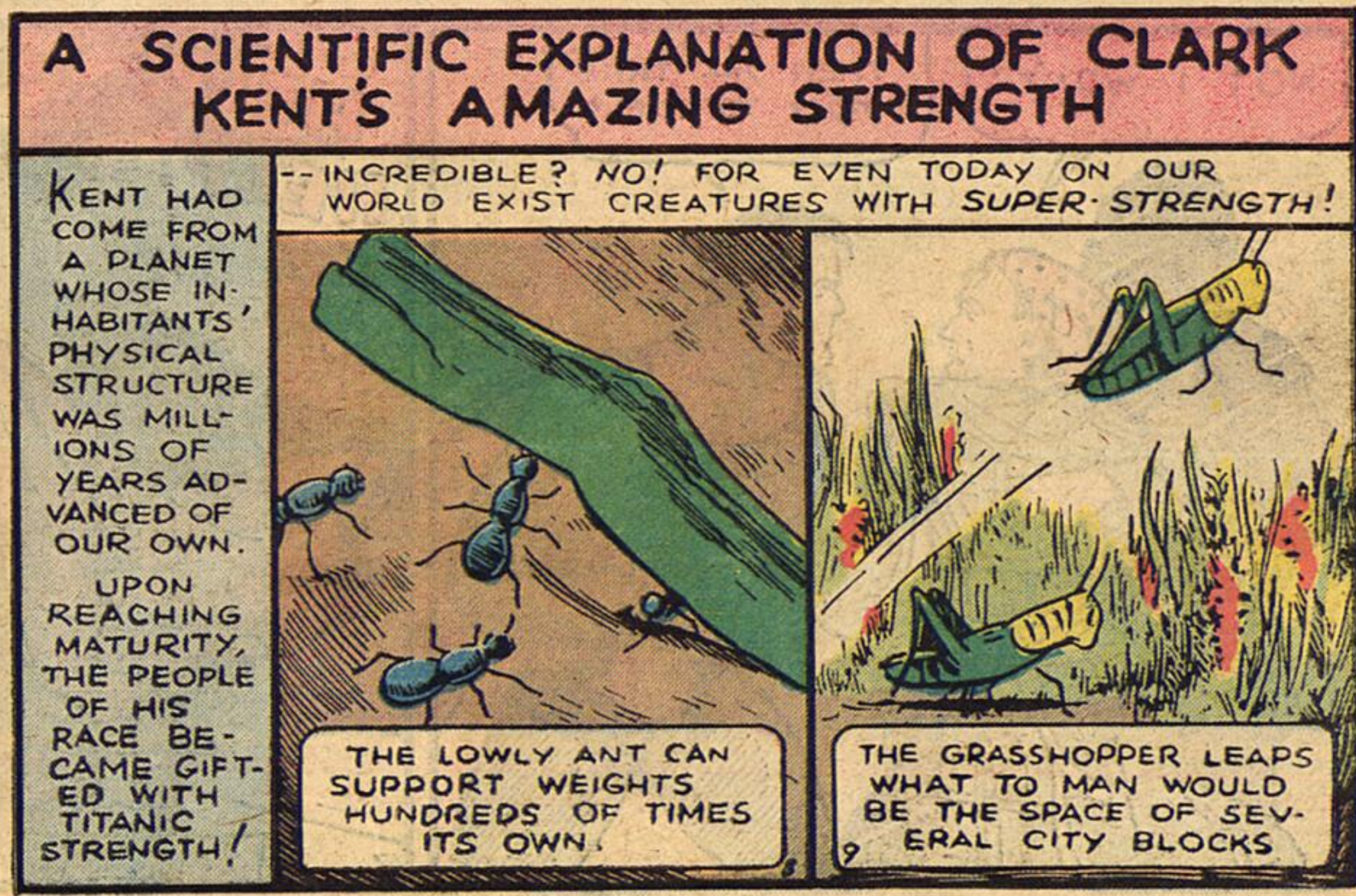
...AND THAT NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PENETRATE HIS SKIN!

... RUN FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN ...

EARLY, CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND AND SO WAS CREATED...



SUPERMAN!
CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, THE PHYSICAL MARVEL WHO HAD SWORN TO DEVOTE HIS EXISTENCE TO HELPING THOSE IN NEED!



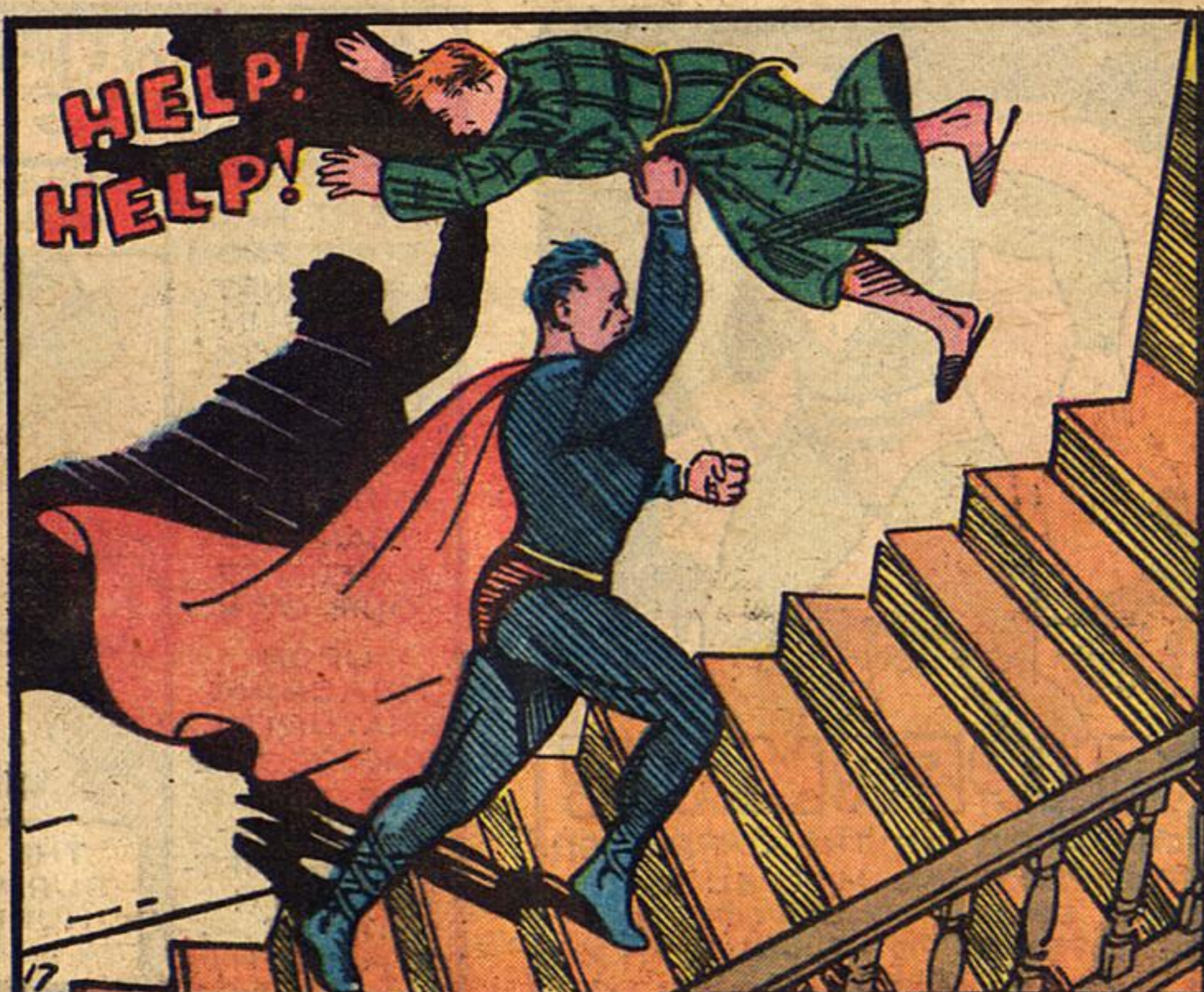
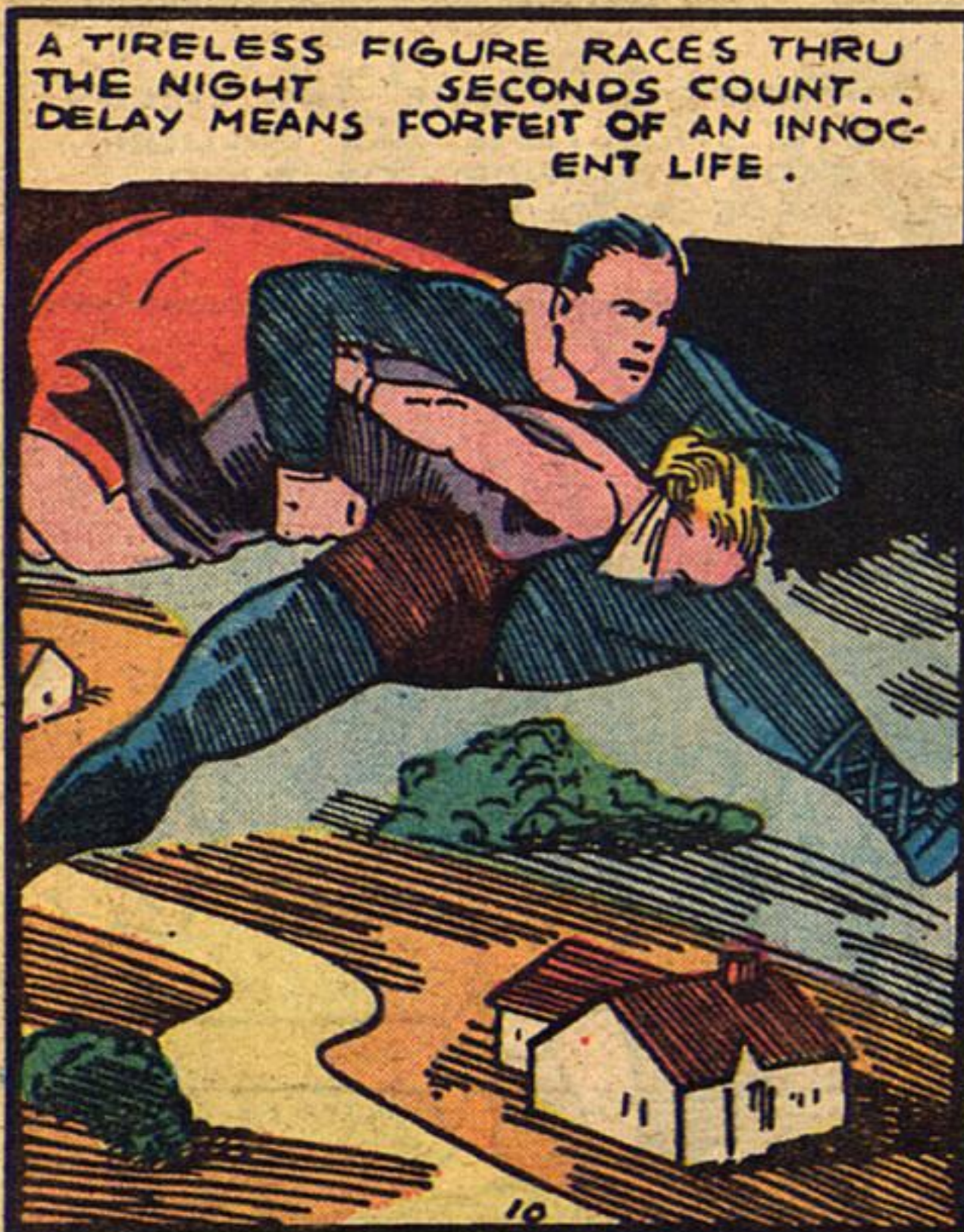
A SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF CLARK KENT'S AMAZING STRENGTH

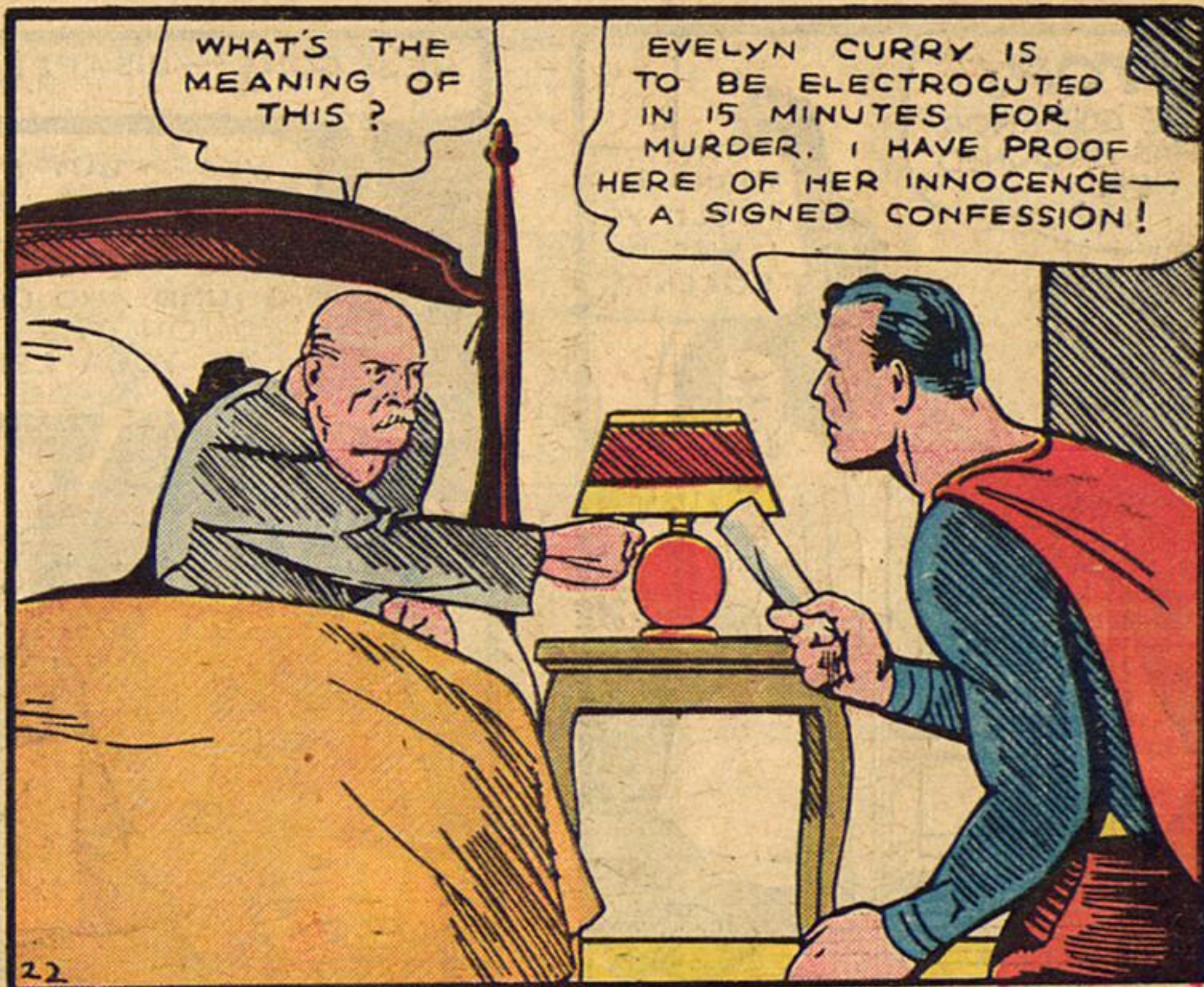
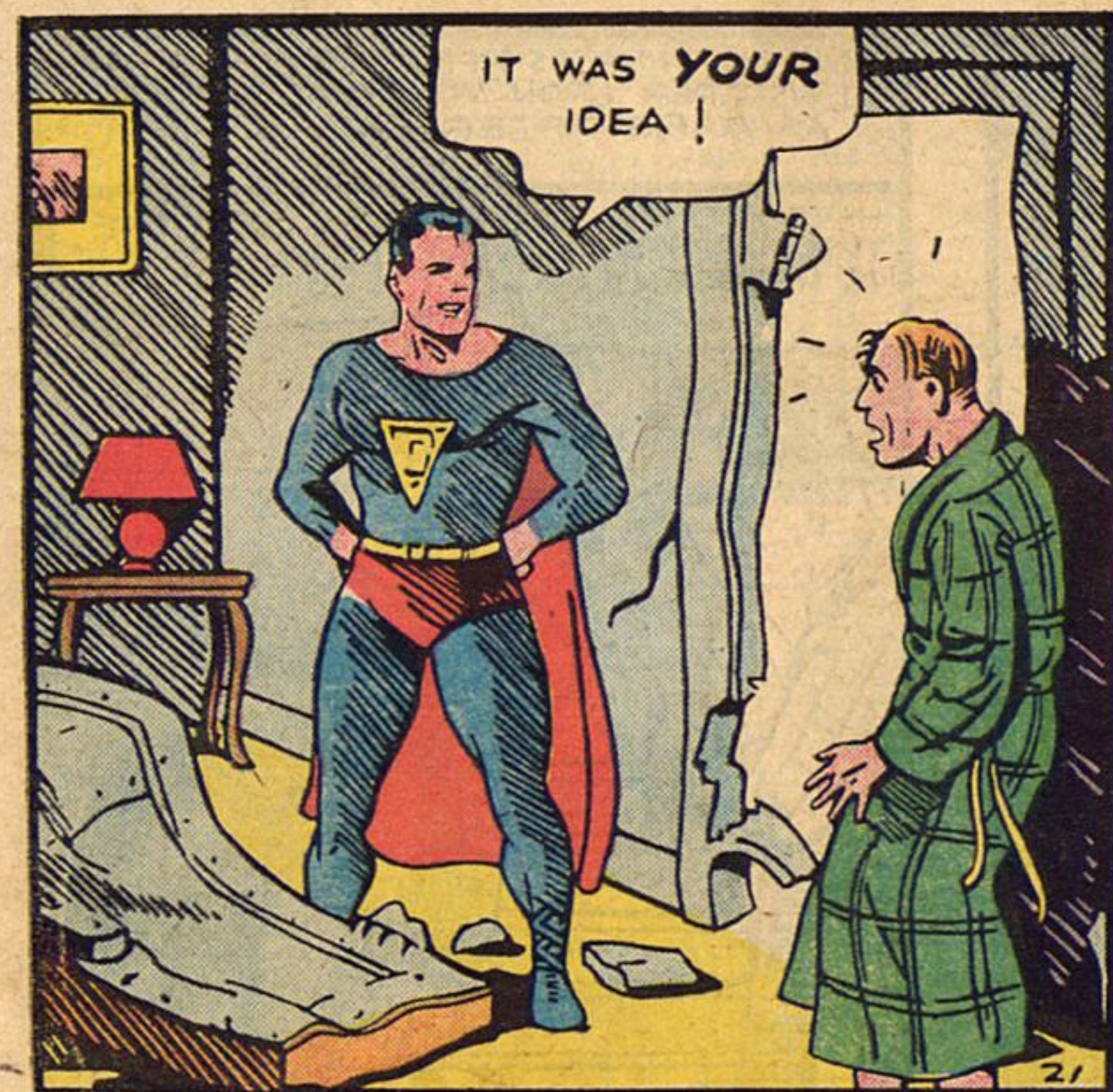
KENT HAD COME FROM A PLANET WHOSE INHABITANTS' PHYSICAL STRUCTURE WAS MILLIONS OF YEARS ADVANCED OF OUR OWN. UPON REACHING MATURITY, THE PEOPLE OF HIS RACE BECAME GIFTED WITH TITANIC STRENGTH!

-- INCREDIBLE? NO! FOR EVEN TODAY ON OUR WORLD EXIST CREATURES WITH SUPER-STRENGTH!

THE LOWLY ANT CAN SUPPORT WEIGHTS HUNDREDS OF TIMES ITS OWN.

THE GRASSHOPPER LEAPS WHAT TO MAN WOULD BE THE SPACE OF SEVERAL CITY BLOCKS







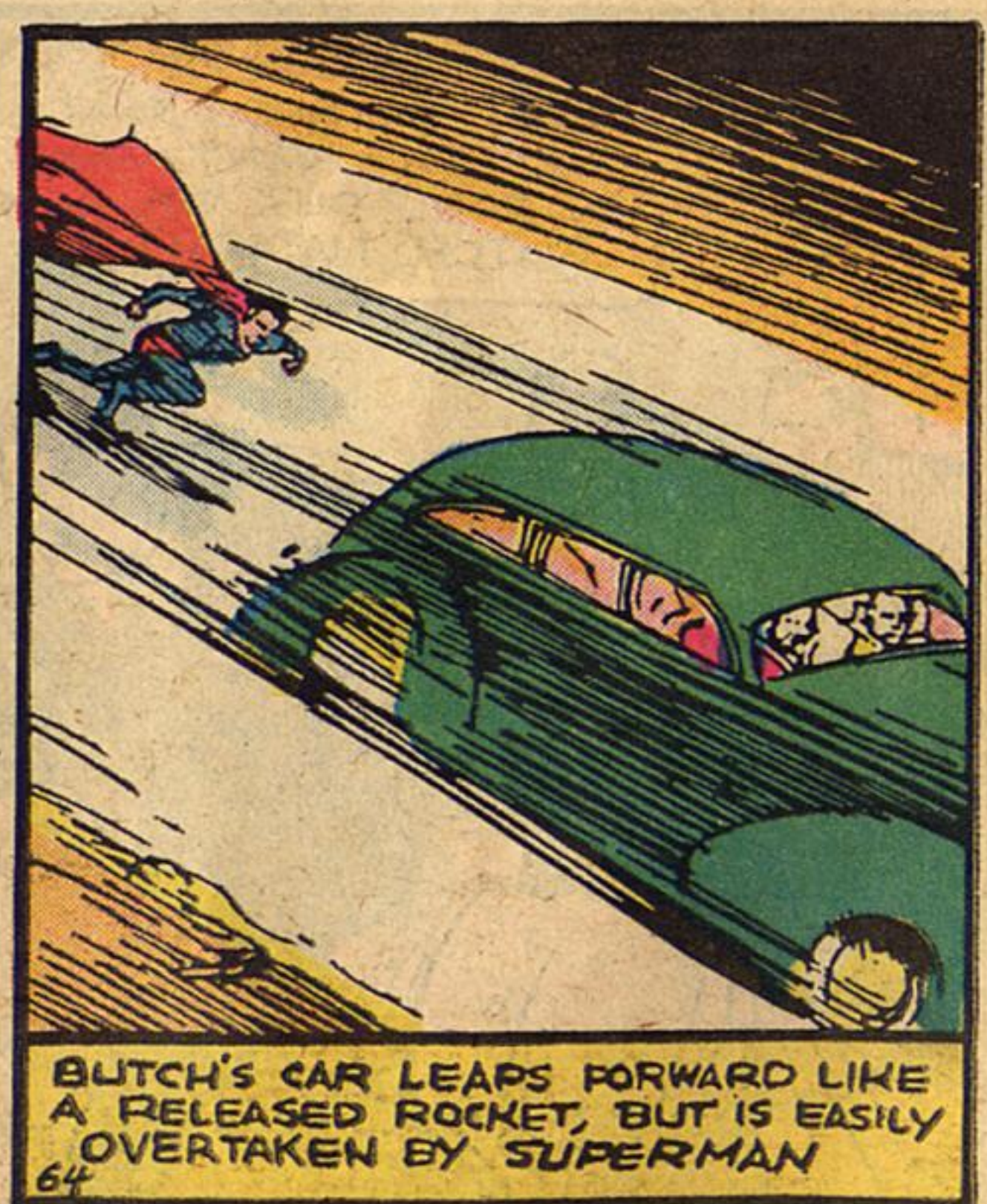
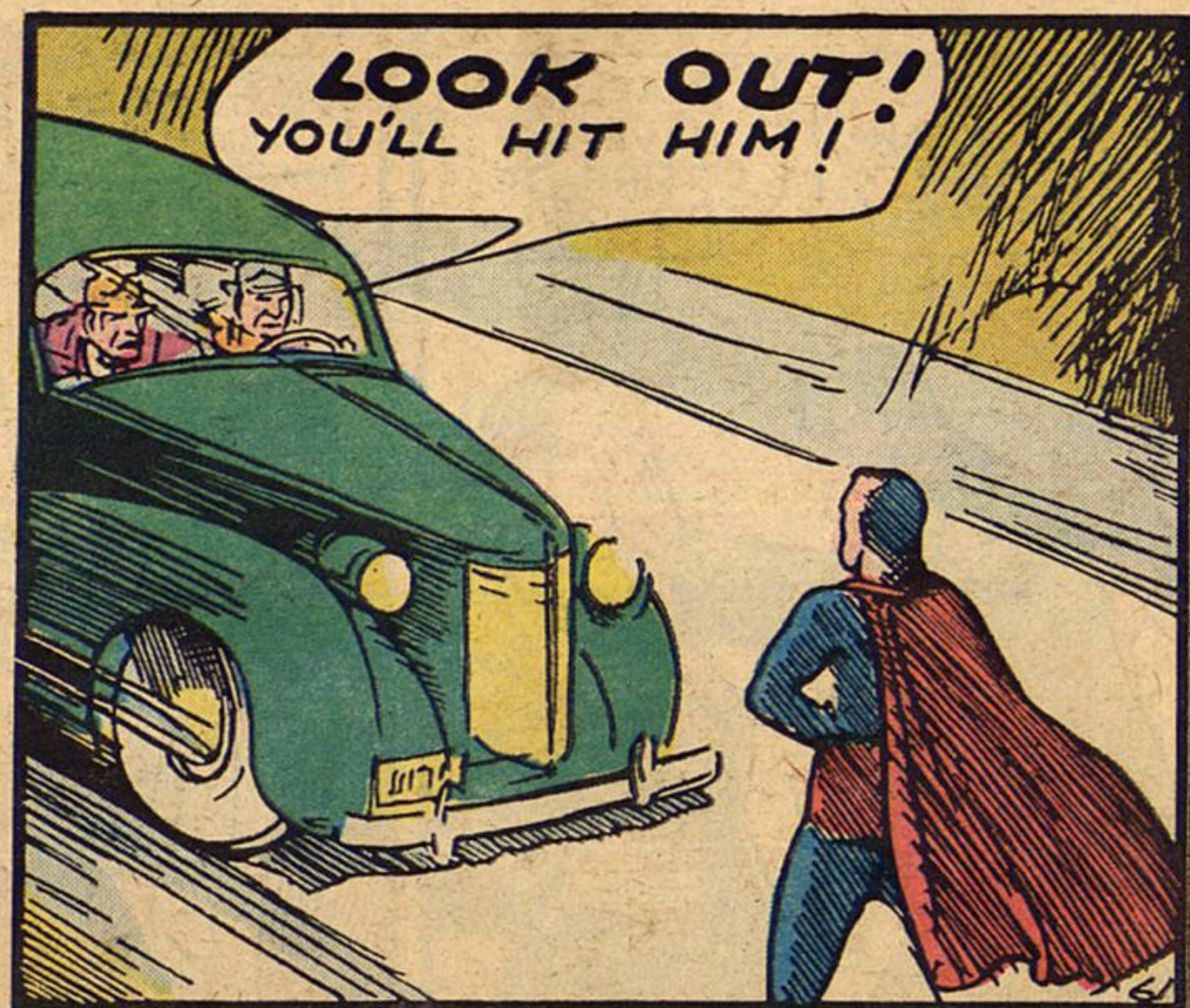
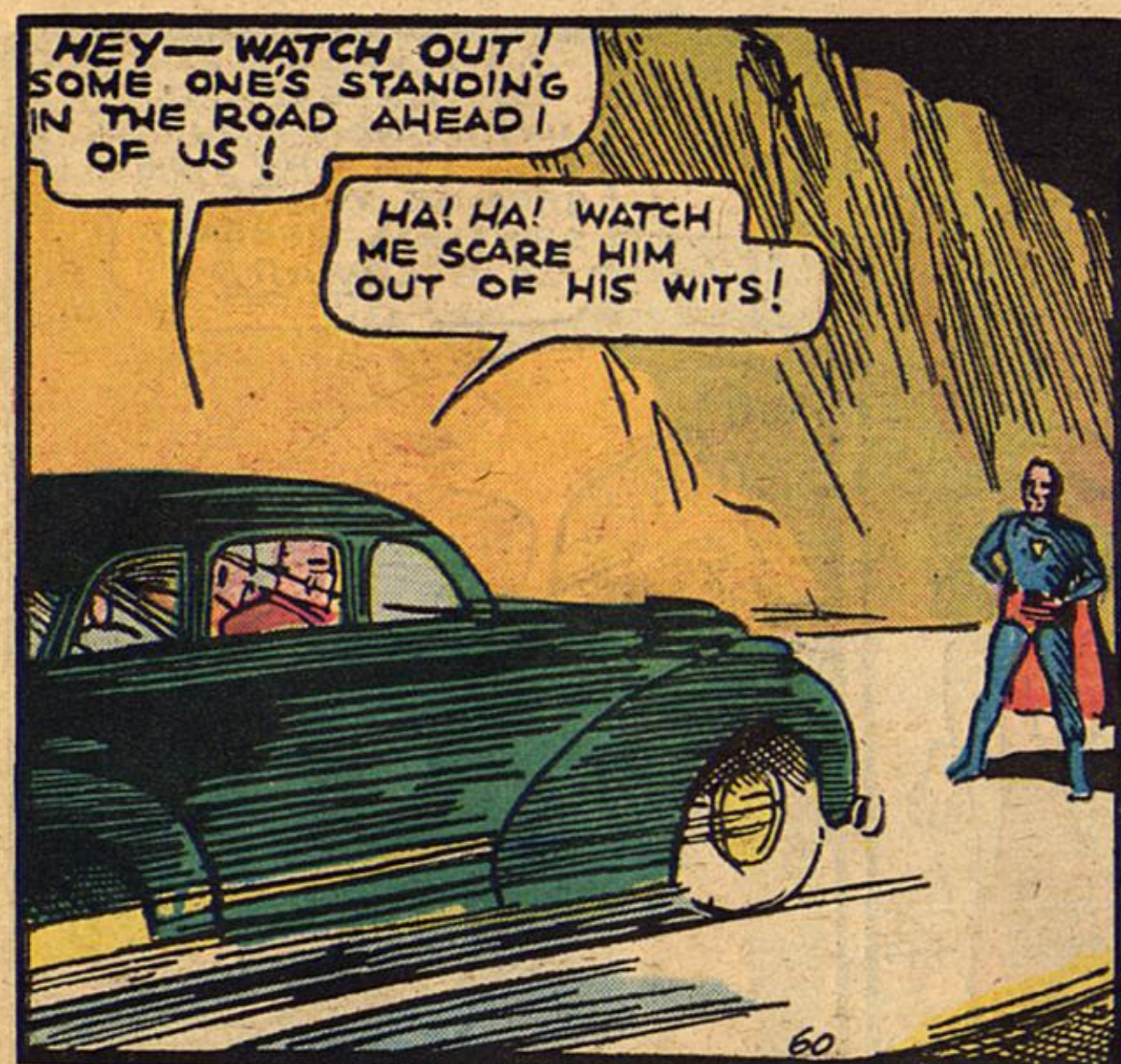


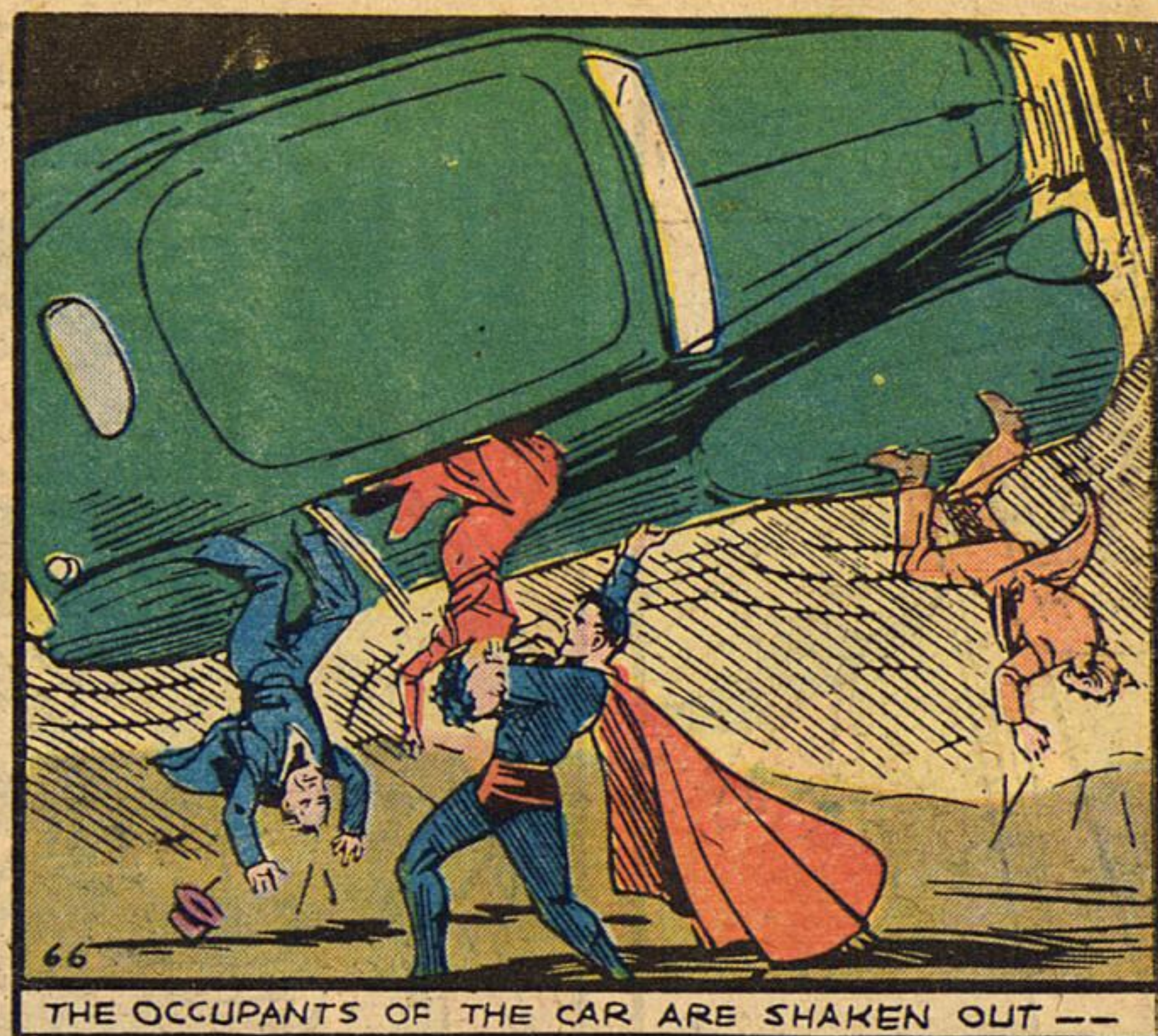
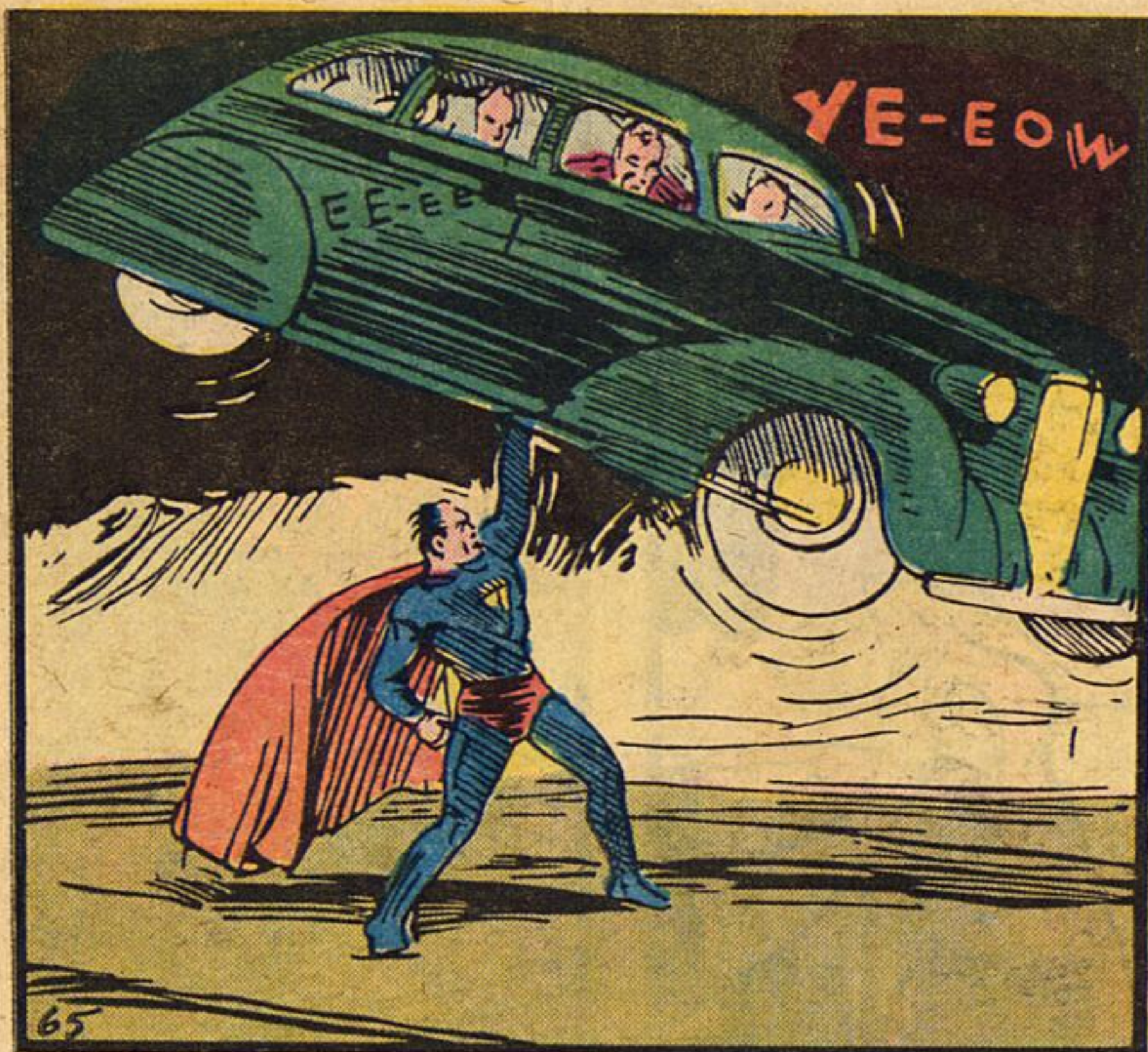




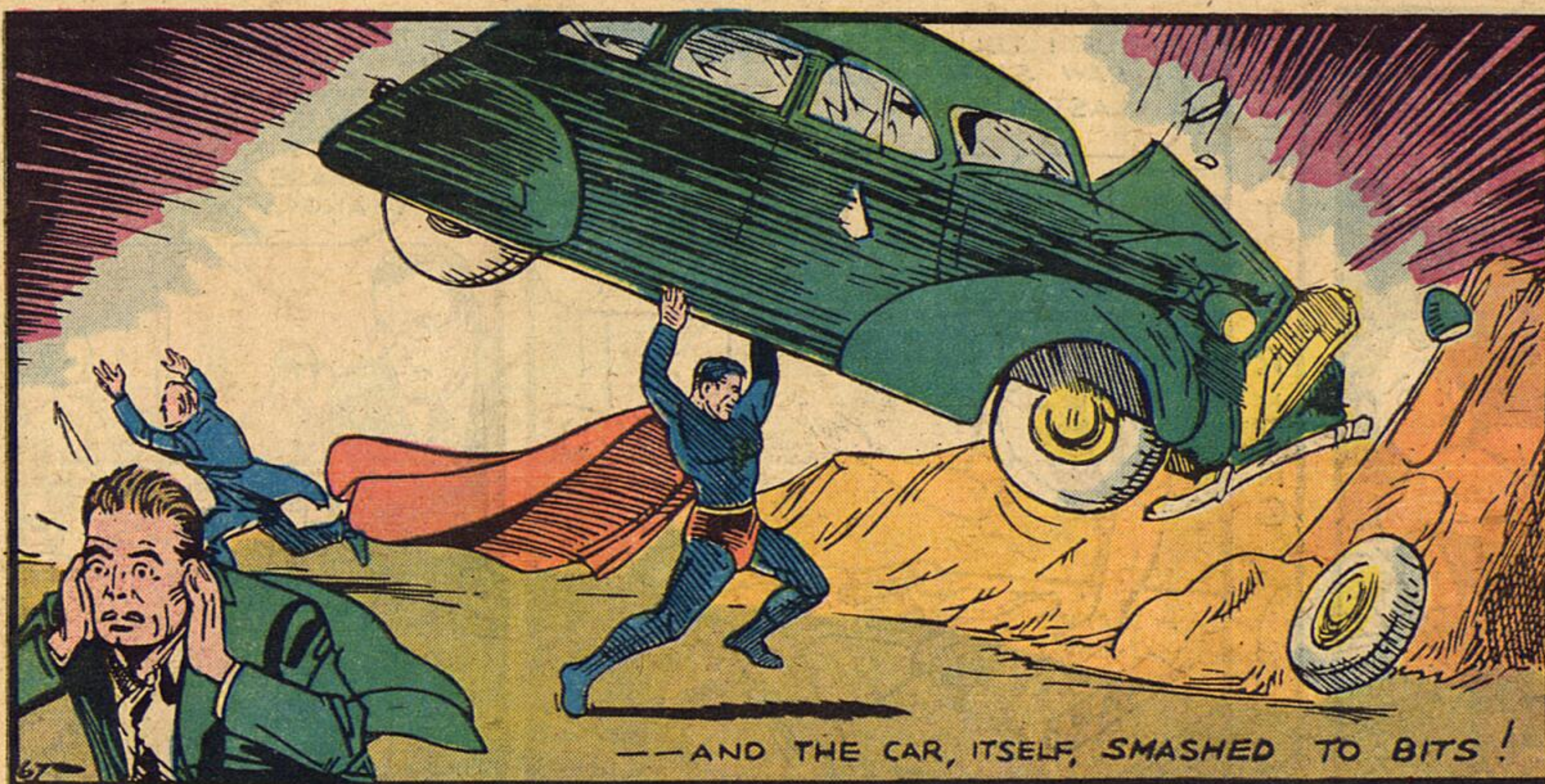
A
FEW
MINUTES
LATER







THE OCCUPANTS OF THE CAR ARE SHAKEN OUT --



--AND THE CAR, ITSELF, SMASHED TO BITS!

NEXT,
SUPERMAN
OVER-
TAKES
BUTCH
IN ONE
SPRING..



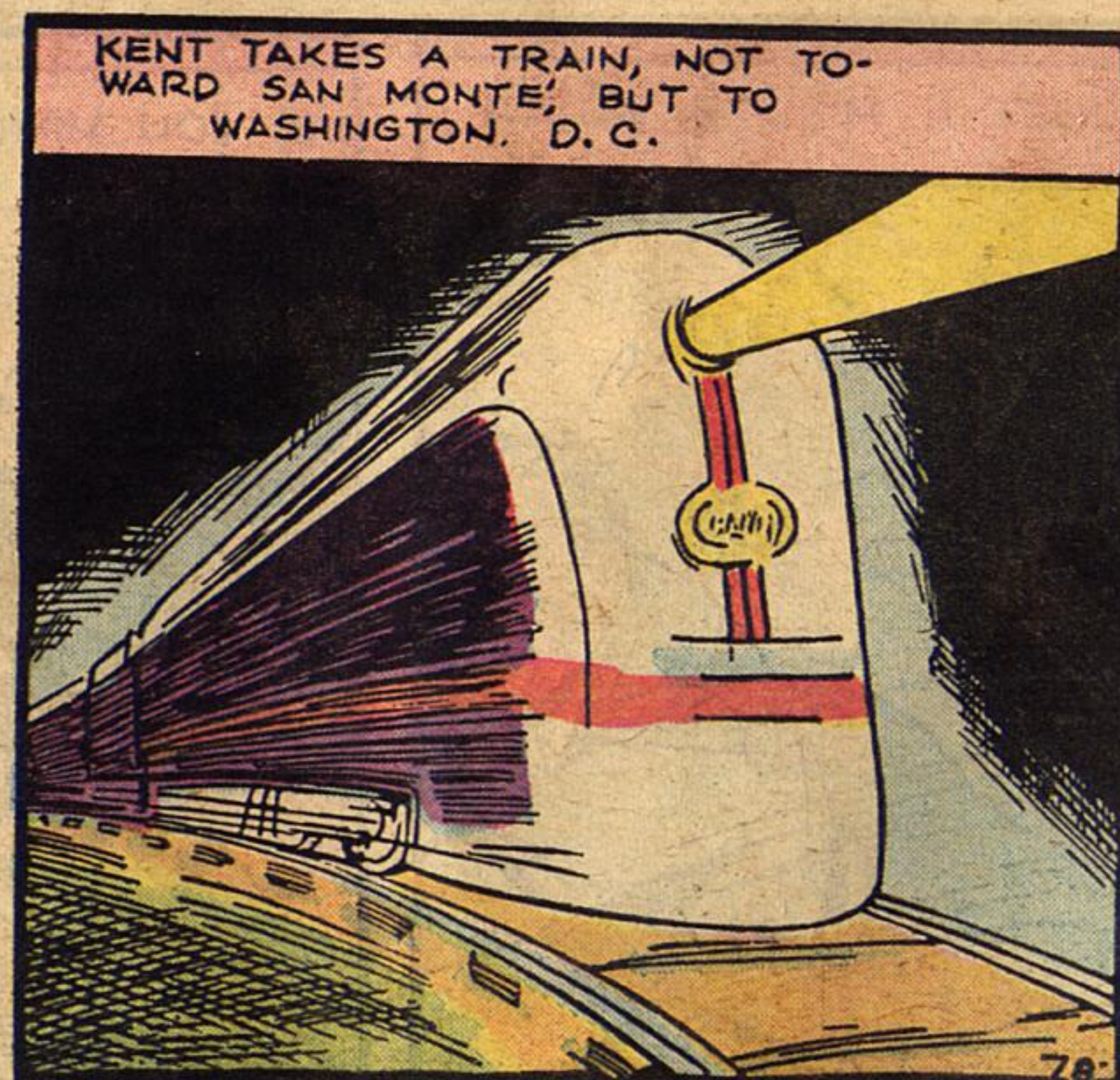
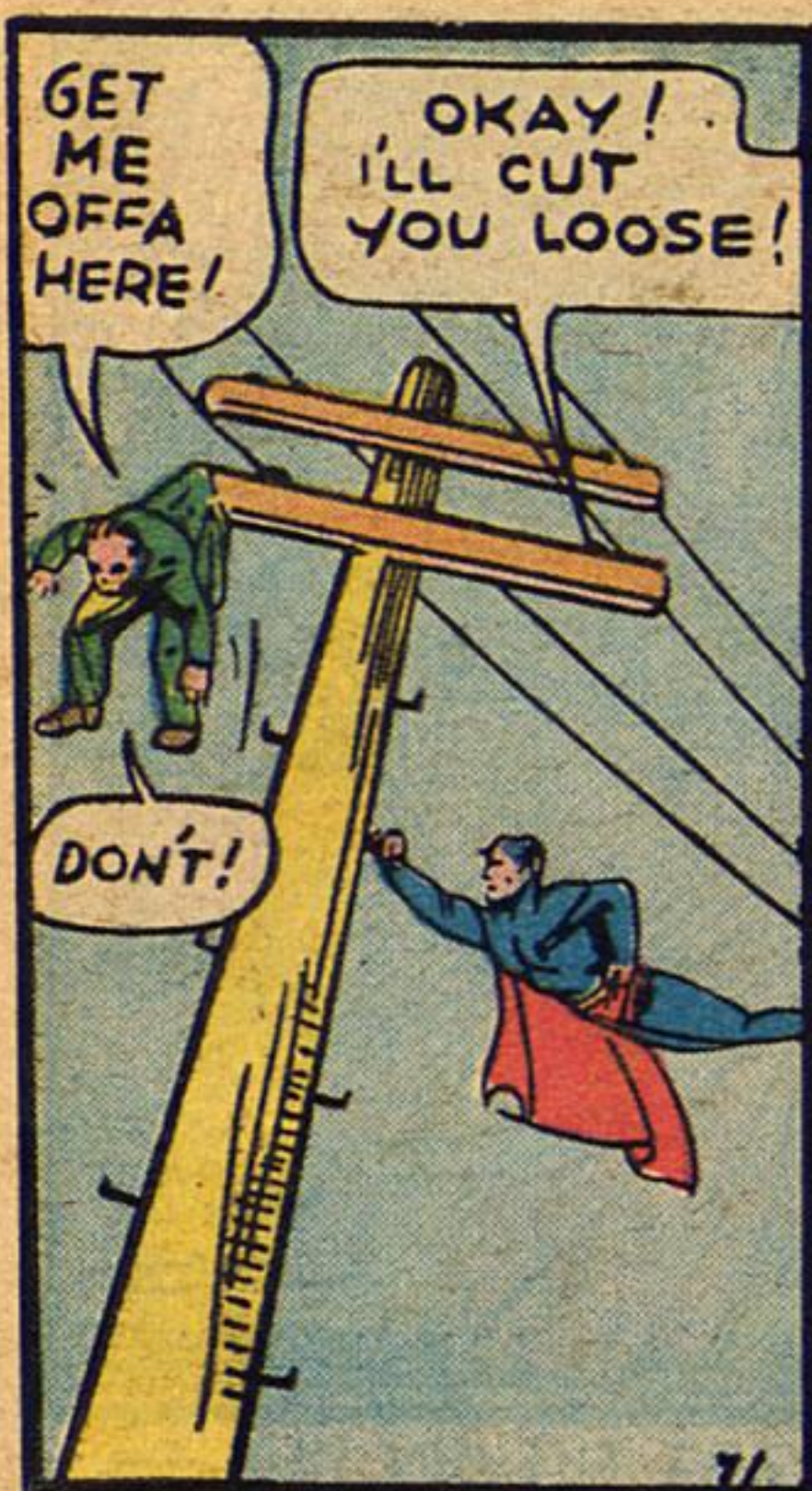
JUST A MINUTE, BUTCH!



DO YOU MIND?



THIS WILL TAKE
BUT A FEW
SECONDS



IN THE CAPITOL CITY, HE ATTENDS A SESSION OF CONGRESS, SITTING IN THE GALLERY

IS THAT SENATOR BARROWS SPEAKING?

YES.

UPON LEAVING THE SENATE CHAMBERS, CLARK SNAPS A PICTURE OF A FURTIVE MAN SPEAKING SWIFTLY TO SENATOR BARROWS

WHEN CAN I SEE YOU?

I TOLD YOU NEVER TO SPEAK TO ME IN PUBLIC!...UH... MY HOME...TONIGHT AT 8:30

AT THE "MORQUE" OF A LOCAL NEWSPAPER...

WHO'S THE CHAP SPEAKING TO SENATOR BARROWS?

WHY, THAT'S ALEX GREER, THE SLICKEST LOBBYIST IN WASHINGTON. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT INTERESTS BACK HIM.

EIGHT-THIRTY P.M. !
OUTSIDE SENATOR BARROWS' RESIDENCE...
AN EAVESDROPPER LISTENS IN ON AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION !

I'VE TOLD YOU TO AVOID ME IN PUBLIC. WHAT WOULD PEOPLE THINK IF THEY KNEW I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH YOU?

QUIT SPUTTERING! I HAD TO SEE YOU. TELL ME: DO YOU THINK YOU'LL SUCCEED IN PUSHING THE BILL THRU?

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE BILL WILL BE PASSED BEFORE ITS FULL IMPLICATIONS ARE REALIZED. BEFORE ANY REMEDIAL STEPS CAN BE TAKEN, OUR COUNTRY WILL BE EMBROILED WITH EUROPE.

FINE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FINAN-
CIALLY FOR THIS!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF YOURSELF?

YOU BET HE WILL!

UPON
LEAVING
BARROWS,
GREER
IS
CONFRONTED
BY
SUPERMAN

WHO IS BEHIND
YOU IN CORRUPT-
ING SENATOR
BARROWS?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE
TALKING
ABOUT!



SO YOU'RE ONE
OF THESE SILENT
MEN, EH? WE'LL
SEE, WHETHER
YOU'LL TALK!

LET GO
OF MY
HAND!



YOUR FOOT WILL
DO JUST AS WELL!



STOP! STOP!
WE'LL BE ELEC-
TROCUTED!

NO, WE WON'T!



BIRDS SIT ON TELEPHONE
WIRES AND THEY AREN'T
ELECTROCUTED --

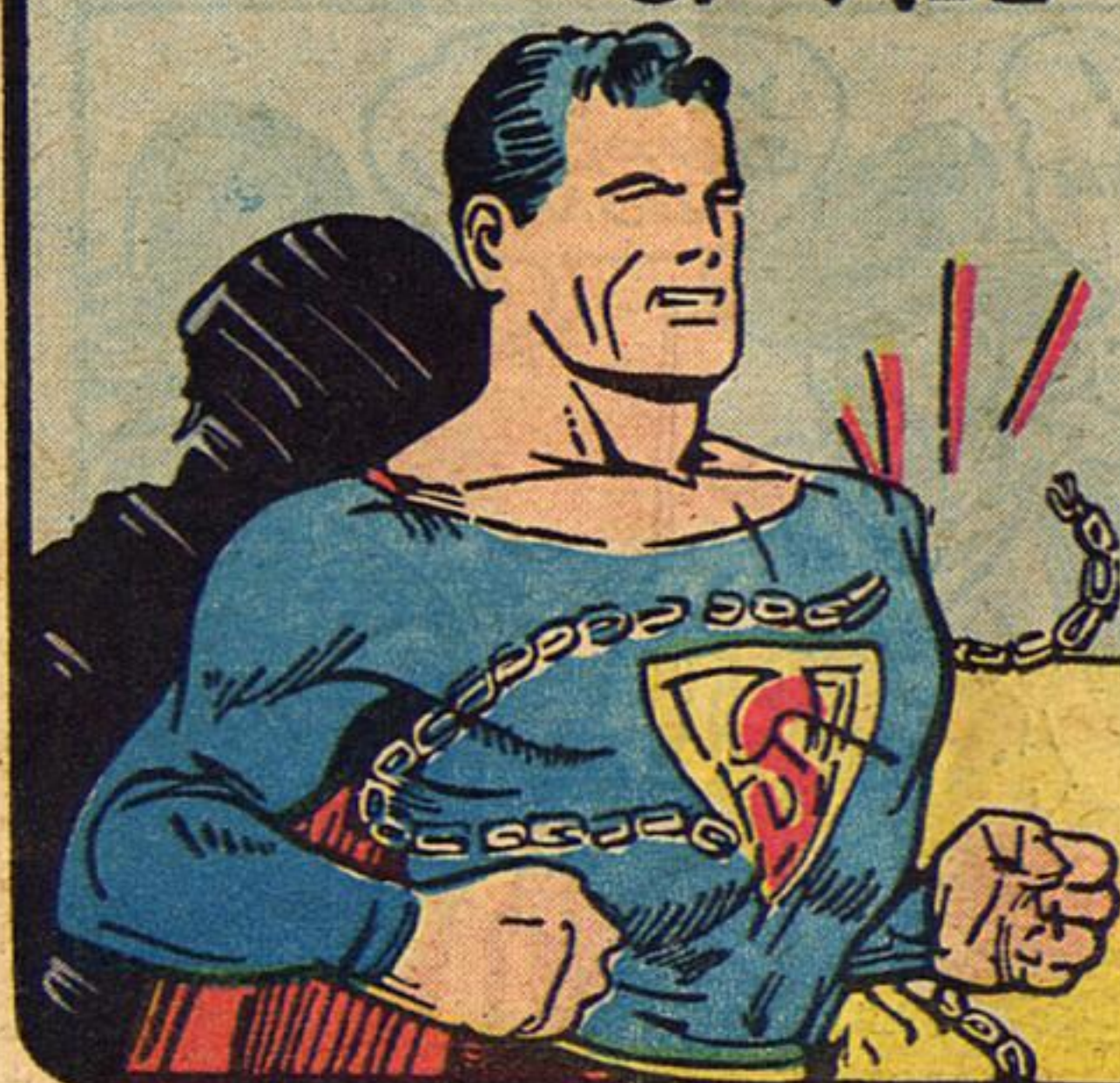




AND SO BEGINS THE STARTLING ADVENTURES OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL STRIP CHARACTER OF ALL TIME: **SUPERMAN!**

A PHYSICAL MARVEL,
A MENTAL WONDER,
SUPERMAN IS DESTINED
TO RESHAPE THE DESTINY
OF A WORLD!

Only in
ACTION COMICS
CAN YOU THRILL
AT THE DARING
DEEDS OF THIS
SUPERB CREATION!
**DON'T MISS
AN ISSUE!**



"CHUCK" DAWSON

BY
H. FLEMING



WHEN CHARLES DAWSON, OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-D RANCH IS KILLED IN A BLOODY TEXAS RANGE WAR, HIS YOUNG SON AND ONLY HEIR GOES TO LIVE WITH AN UNCLE, A HORSE RAISER IN WYOMING.

THE BOY, KNOWN AS "CHUCK", GROWS TO MANHOOD, WITH THE BUILD OF AN ATHLETE AND AN ALMOST UNCANNY SKILL WITH THE RIFLE AND SIX-GUN.

CHUCK, NOW, BEGINS TO THINK ABOUT TAKING UP THE FIGHT AGAINST THE CROOKED CATTLEMEN WHO KILLED HIS FATHER.

"CHUCK" MAKES UP HIS MIND TO GO BACK TO BATTLE THE GANG OF CROOKED RANCH OWNERS WHO HAVE ACQUIRED, BY FRAUD, THE RANGE LANDS HE INHERITED AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH

UNCLE DAN, I'M GOING TO REDGULCH AND HAVE A SHOW-DOWN WITH THAT A-G OUTFIT. THEY SHOT DOWN MY DAD IN COLD BLOOD



THEY CONTROL EVERYTHING, CHUCK



ONLY A FEW MORE MILES BLACKY AND WE'LL BE IN REDGULCH

IT DOESN'T SEEM SO PEACEFUL-LIKE IN THERE



DON'T SEEM TO BE ANYONE ABOUT - I'LL STOP IN HERE AND ASK A FEW QUESTIONS



THE DOOR SUDDENLY FLIES OPEN AND A STOCKY EVIL-LOOKING, PUNCHER BACKS OUT, A SIX-GUN IN EACH HAND, POURING LEAD THROUGH THE DOOR-WAY

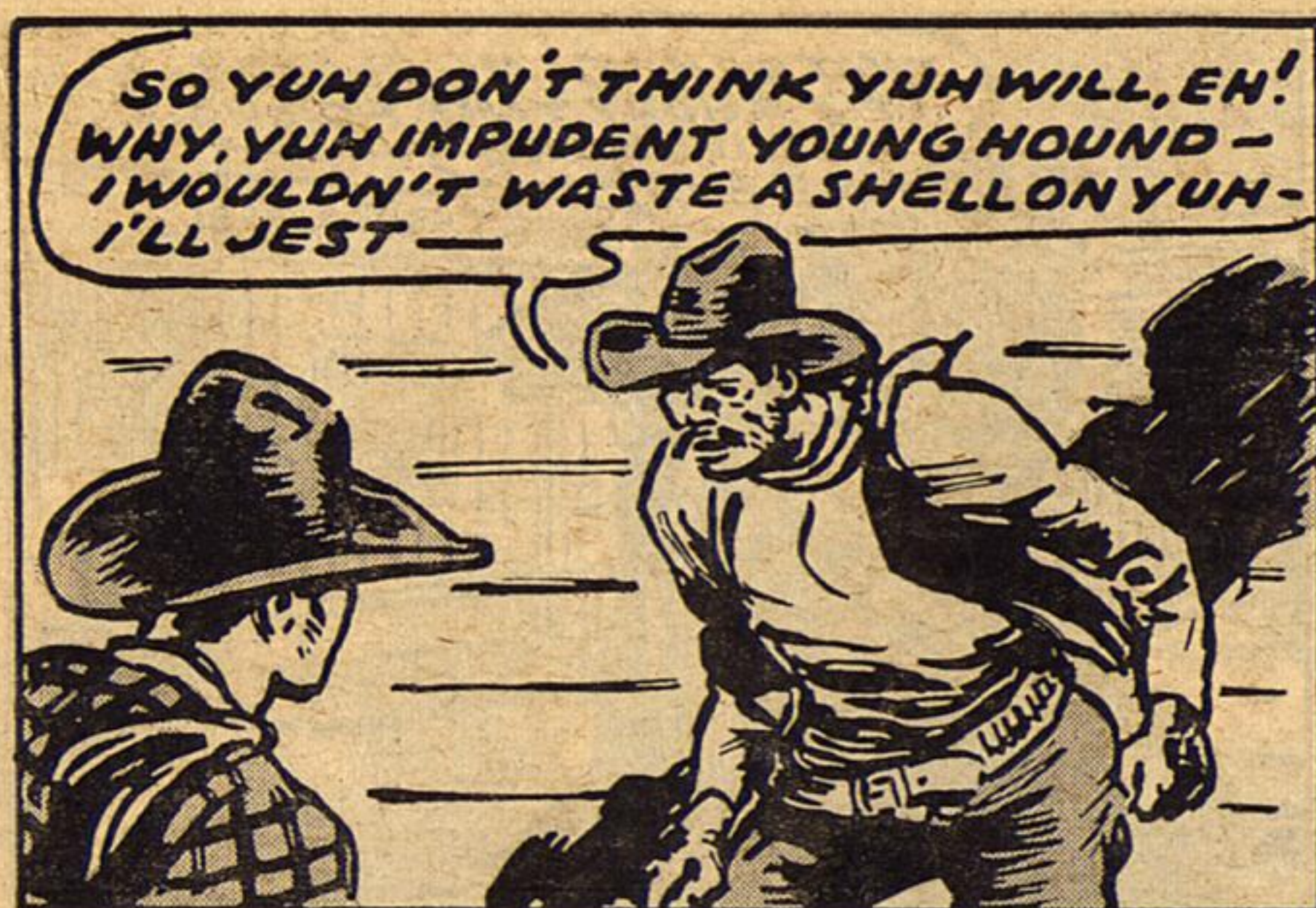


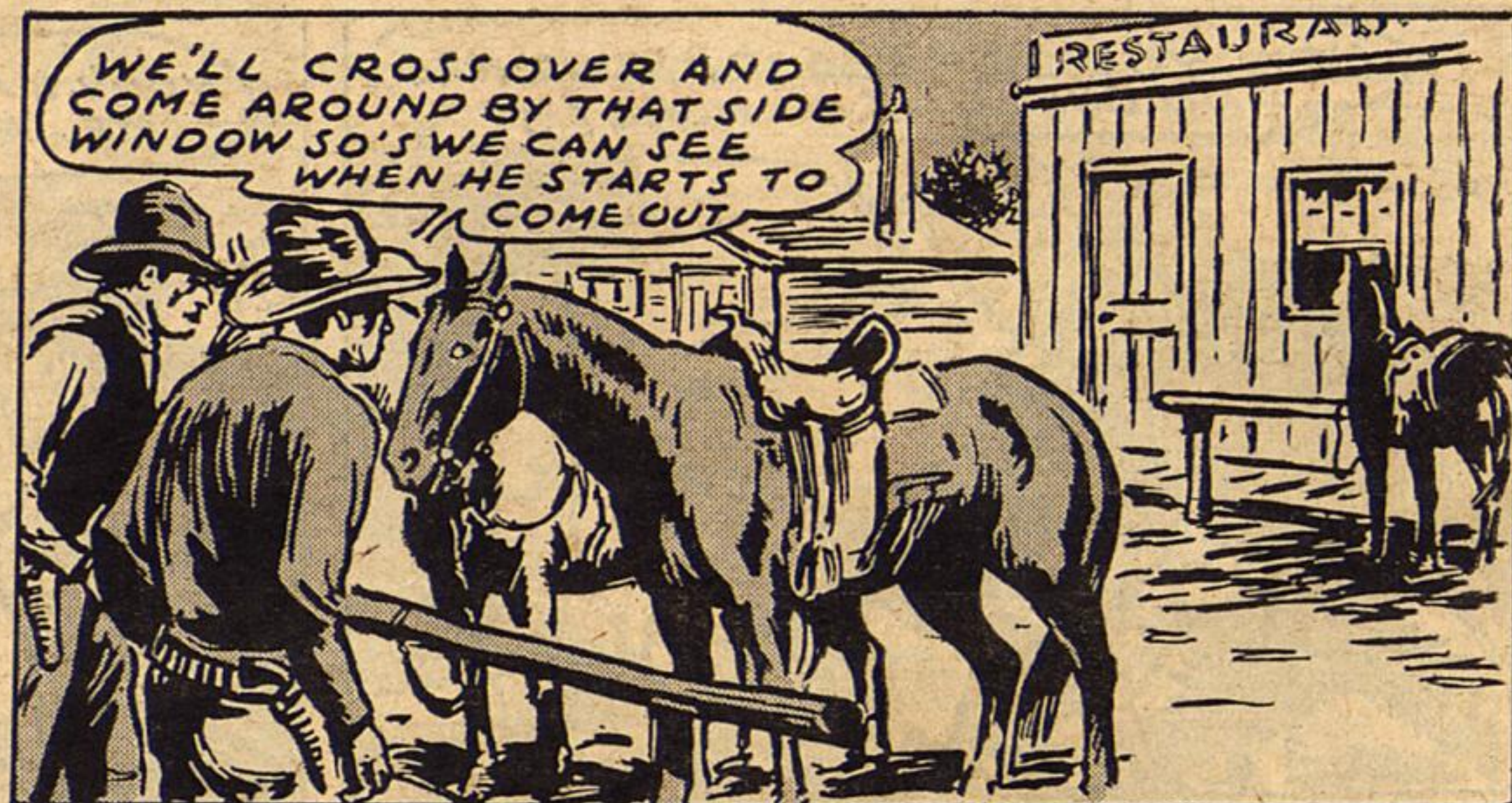
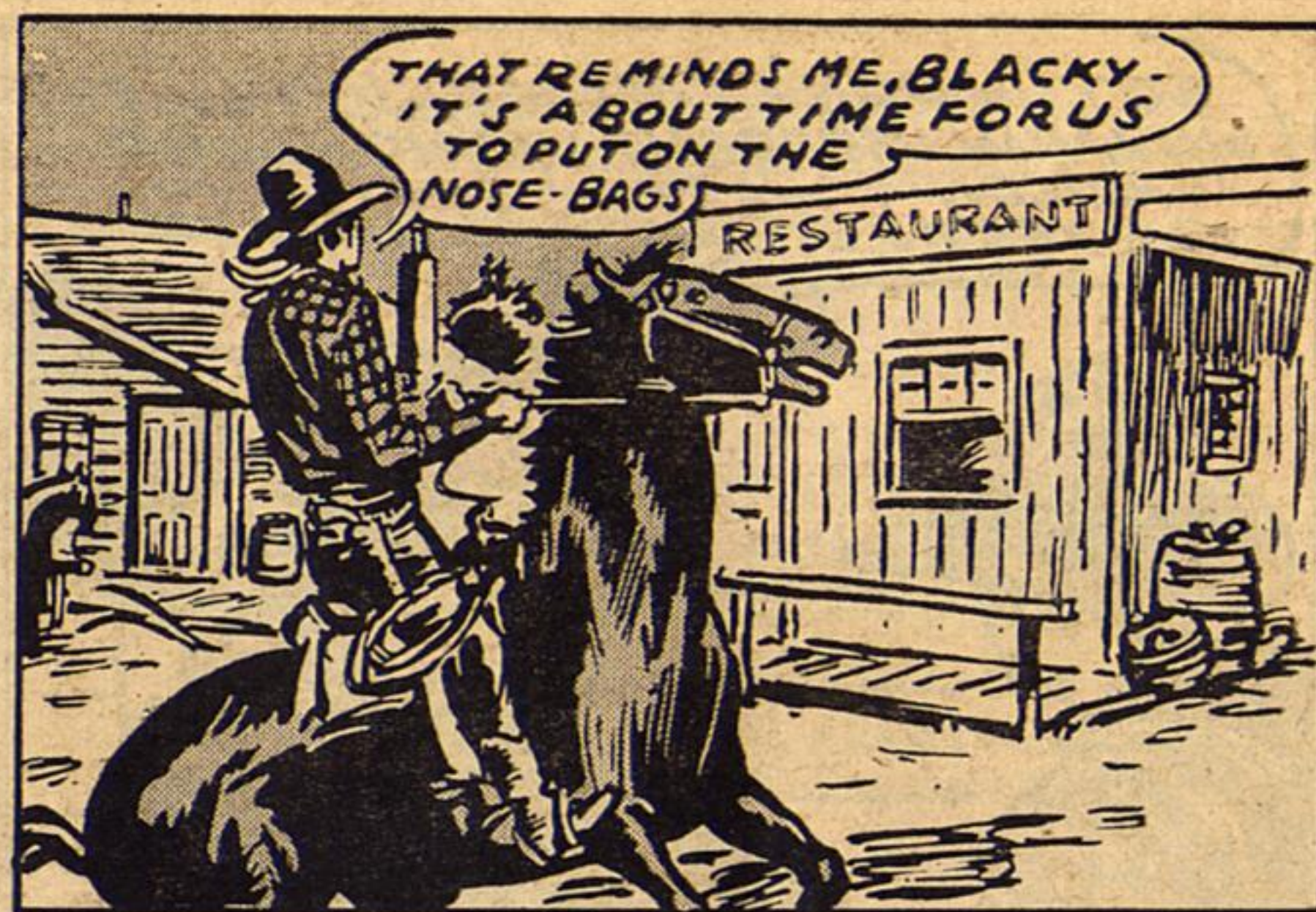
YOU SCUM! I'LL LEARN YOU TO TANGLE WITH NOTCH LOGAN

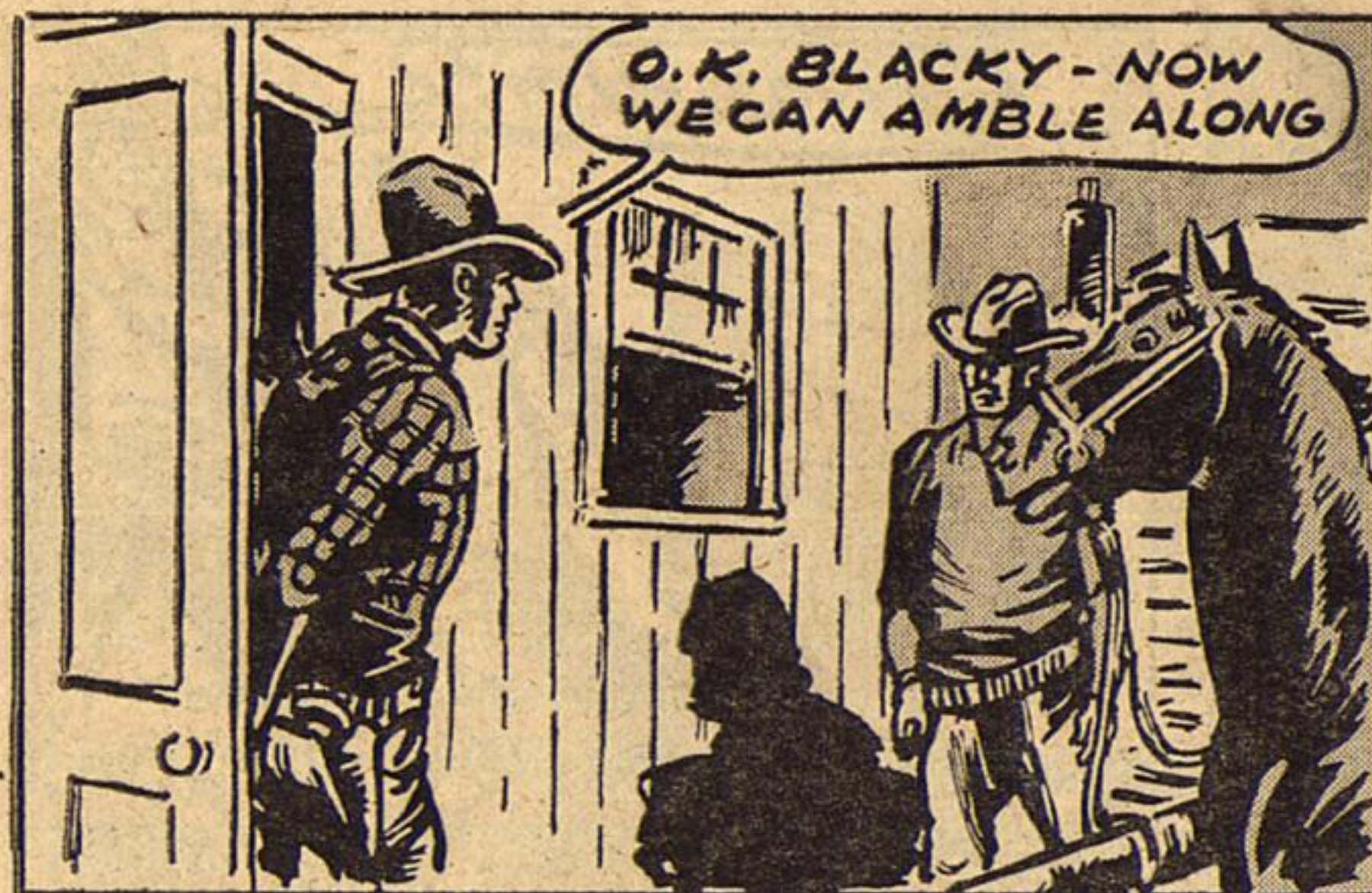


HEY, YOU! GIT IN THAR WITH THE REST O' THEM COW NURSES

YEH? SUPPOSE I DON'T!









HOLD IT!



NOW THEN, TAKE THAT

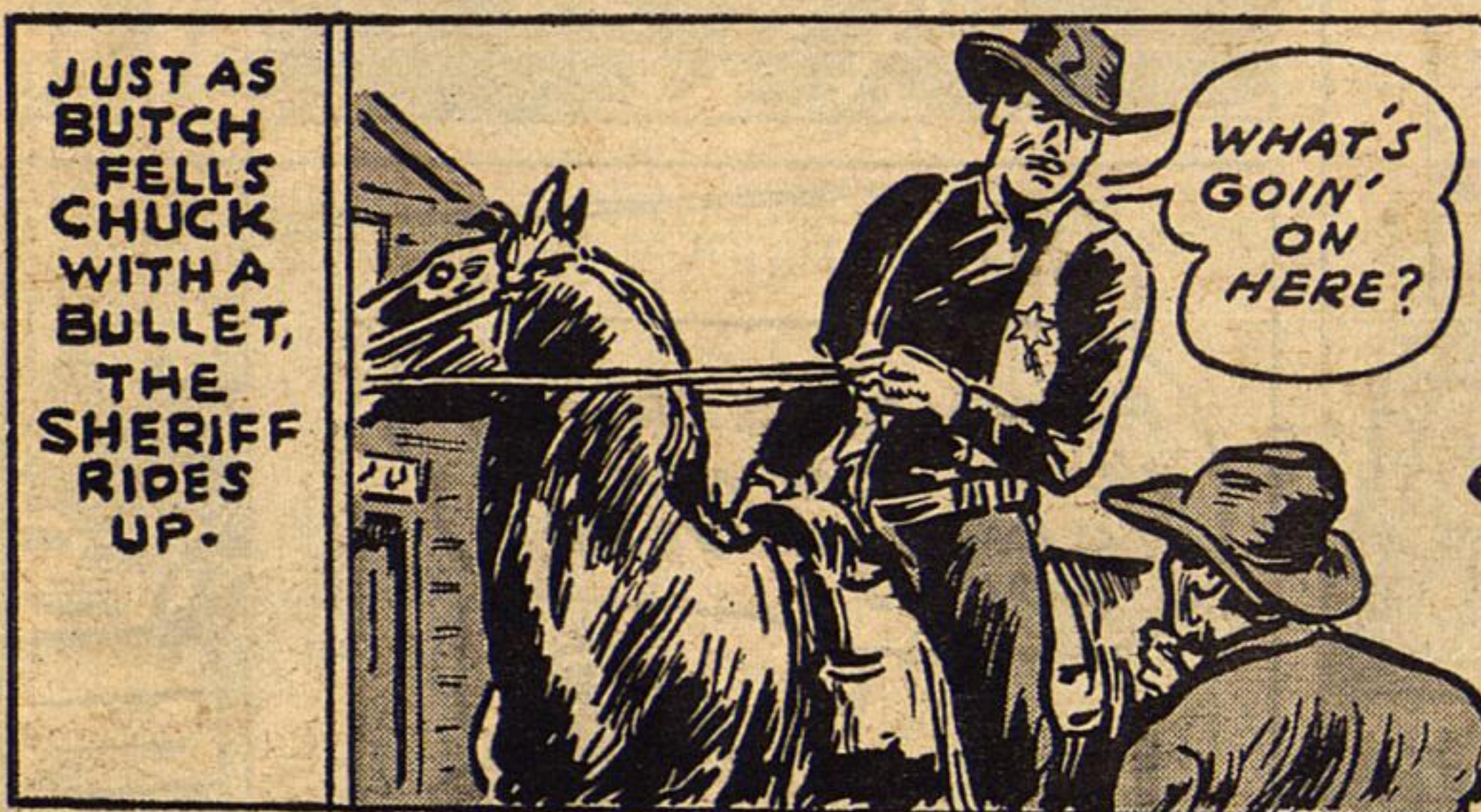
CRACK



- AND A LITTLE JIU JITSU, ANYONE CAN FIGHT - WITH A GUN!



I GOT HIM!



JUST AS BUTCH FELS CHUCK WITH A BULLET, THE SHERIFF RIDES UP.

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

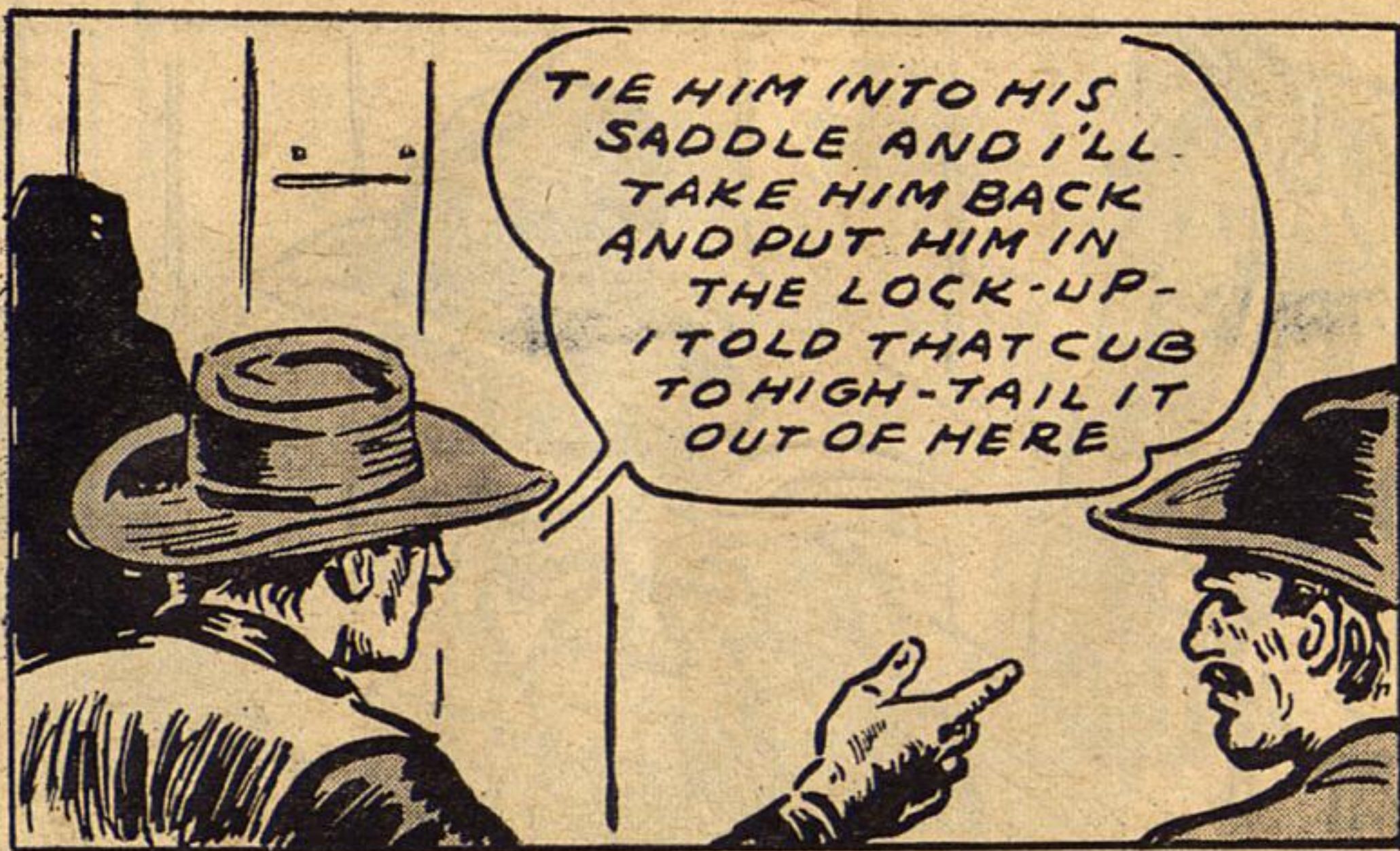


THIS HERE COYOTE IS ON THE PROD - SORT O' TANGLED ROPES WITH TRIGGER HERE AN' CAME OUT SECOND BEST.



CASHED-IN AIN'T HE?

HE'S NO MORE DEAD THAN YOU ARE - JUST OUT-BULLET CREASED HIS SKULL -



TIE HIM INTO HIS SADDLE AND I'LL TAKE HIM BACK AND PUT HIM IN THE LOCK-UP - I TOLD THAT CUB TO HIGH-TAIL IT OUT OF HERE

WHEN CHUCK REGAINS HIS SENSES, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL IN BACK OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE - SITTING IN A CHAIR OUTSIDE IS A DEPUTY.



WHEN THE DEPUTY GETS CLOSE TO THE CELL DOOR, CHUCK PRETENDS TO WHISPER - AS THE DEPUTY LEANS FORWARD TO HEAR, CHUCK'S LONG ARMS SHOOT FORWARD THROUGH THE BARS -



CHUCK FINDS HIS OWN GUN IN A TABLE DRAWER - HE IS JUST ABOUT TO LEAVE, WHEN HE HEARS THE SOUND OF A FOOT-STEP IN THE OUTER OFFICE



ZATARA

MASTER MAGICIAN

BY FRED GUARDINEER

CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER, THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT, TONG, HAVE DEDICATED THEIR LIVES TO WIPING OUT THE FORCES OF OUTLAWRY LED BY THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CRIMINAL AND ZATARA'S ARCH-ENEMY, "THE TIGRESS." NOW, THEY ARE ATTEMPTING TO SOLVE "THE MYSTERY OF THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROBBERIES."

THIS IS SERIOUS, TONG. IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TWO RAILROAD DETECTIVES HAVE BEEN KILLED, A BRAKEMAN MURDERED, AND \$200,000.00 TAKEN IN LOOT!



UNDOUBTEDLY THE WORK OF "THE TIGRESS," THE MALICIOUS ONE.

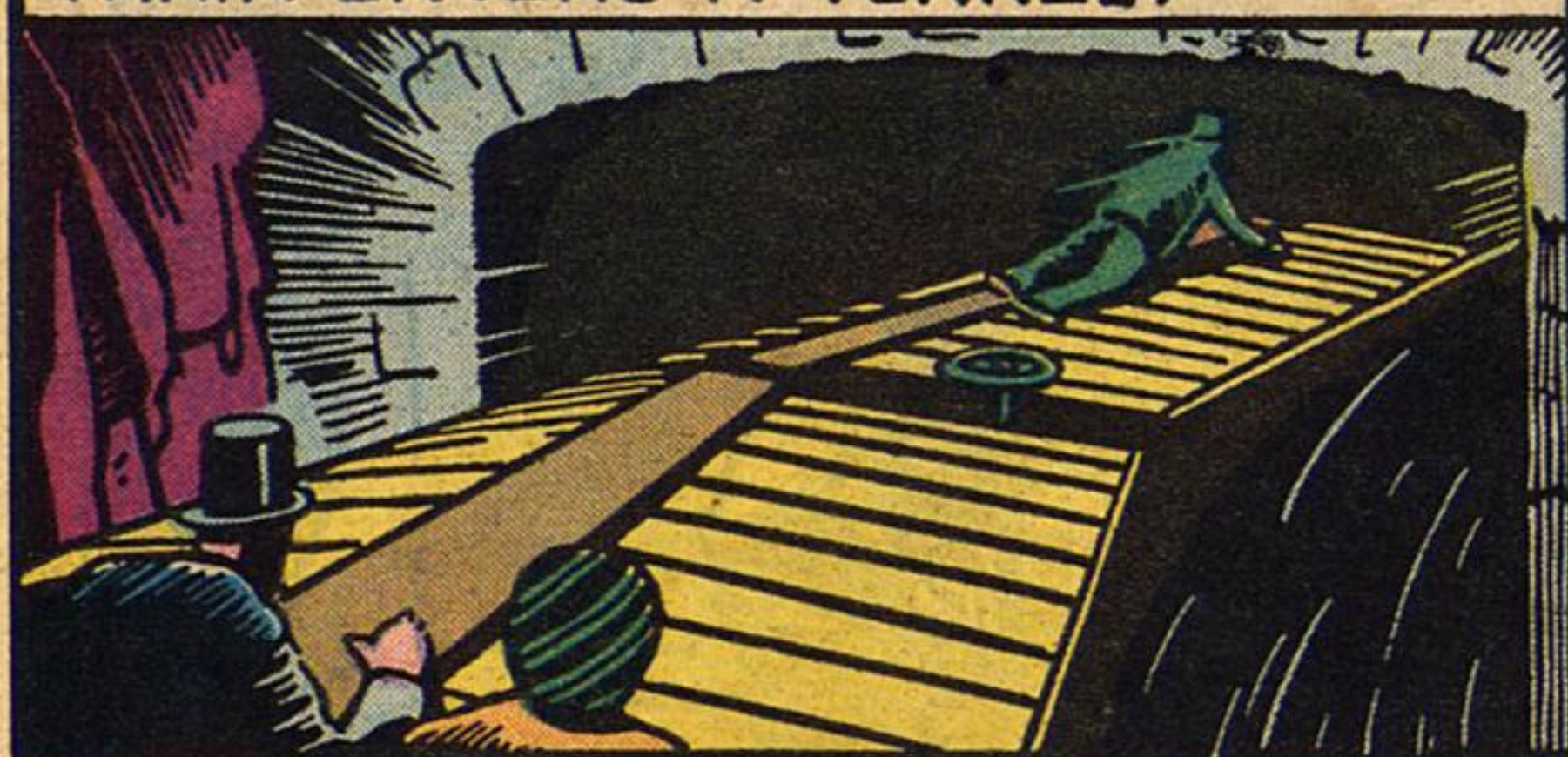
THE CRYSTAL HAS NEVER BEEN WRONG - I CAN PLAINLY SEE THAT ANOTHER ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO ROB THE TRAIN. WE'LL IMMEDIATELY GET IN TOUCH WITH OUR DETECTIVE FRIEND, BRADY!



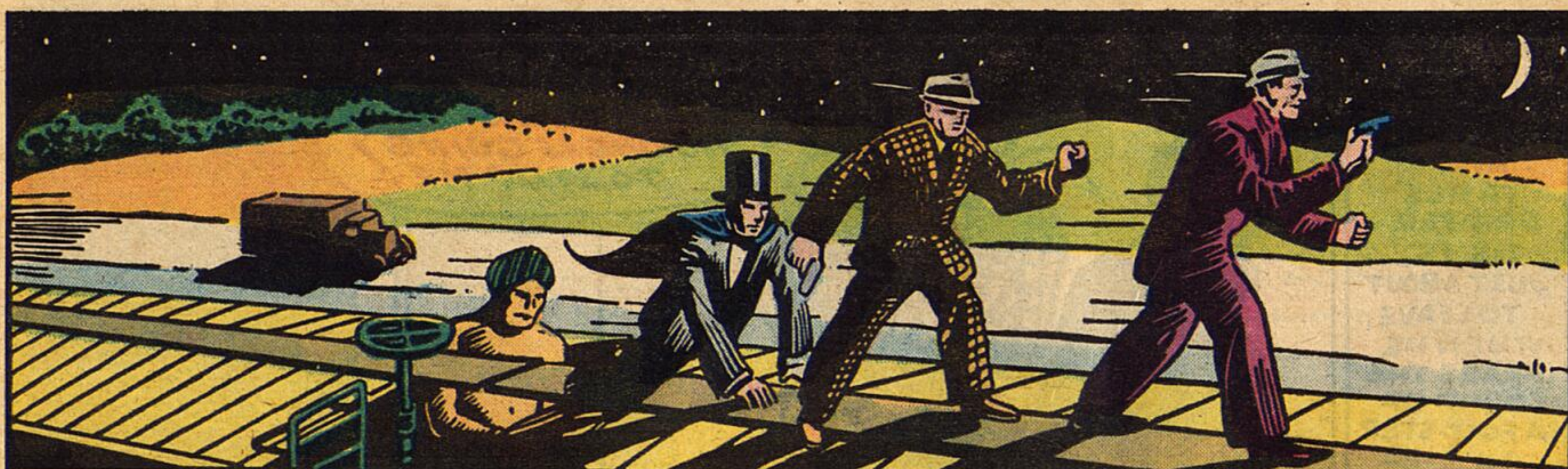
LATE THAT NIGHT THE MAGICIAN ACCOMPANIES BRADY TO THE FREIGHT YARD AND SILENTLY THEY BOARD THE TRAIN THAT IS DESTINED TO BE ROBBED.



THE TRAIN SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT. BRADY, MAKING HIS WAY DOWN THE CATWALK, CROUCHES LOW AS THE TRAIN ENTERS A TUNNEL.



EMERGING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TUNNEL, THE FIGURE OF A MAN, WHOM ZATARA AND THE OTHERS BELIEVE TO BE BRADY, BECKONS THEM TO FOLLOW.



THE MAGICIAN AND HIS COMPANIONS CLAMBER TO THE ROOF AND CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE DOWN THE BOXCARS.



GREAT SCOTT-
WHAT'S THAT ?

THE RED FLAME OF GUNFIRE STABS THE
DARKNESS AND DETECTIVE BROWN SLUMPS
FORWARD...



AND IS SAVED FROM CERTAIN DEATH BY A
QUICK MOVEMENT OF THE POWERFUL TONG.



THE DETECTIVE IS MERELY STUNNED AND
ZATARA GESTURES WITH HIS HANDS, PRO-
DUCING A FIRST-AID KIT !

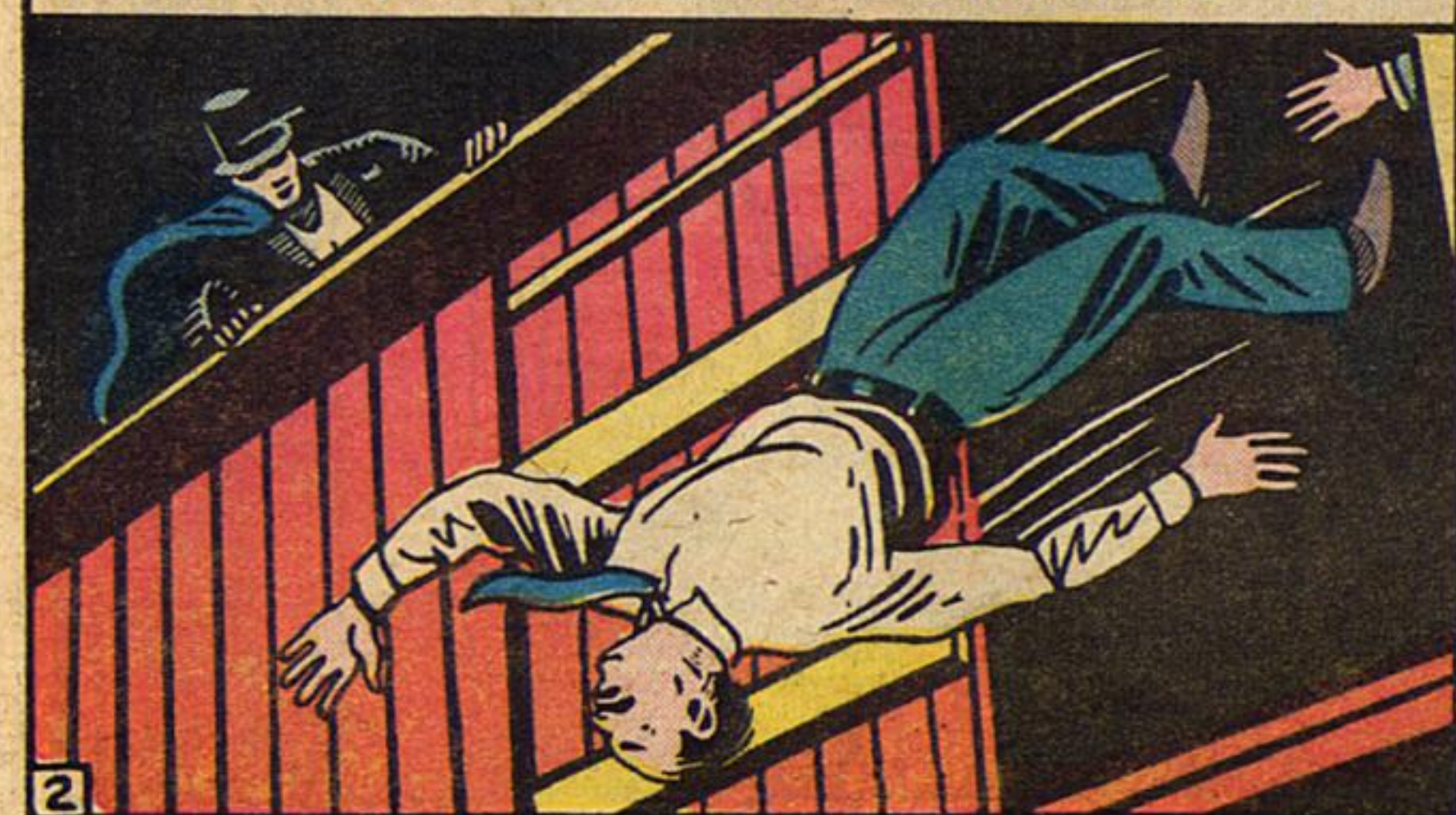


THE MAGICIAN RACES FORWARD TO
INVESTIGATE -



BRADY IS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS. HE'S IN
LEAGUE WITH THE
CROOKS !

AND IS STARTLED AS A BODY IS HURLED
FROM ONE OF THE BOXCARS !



THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STEALTHILY
CREEPS UP BEHIND ZATARA - IT IS "THE
TIGRESS" !



"THE TIGRESS" ATTACKS !

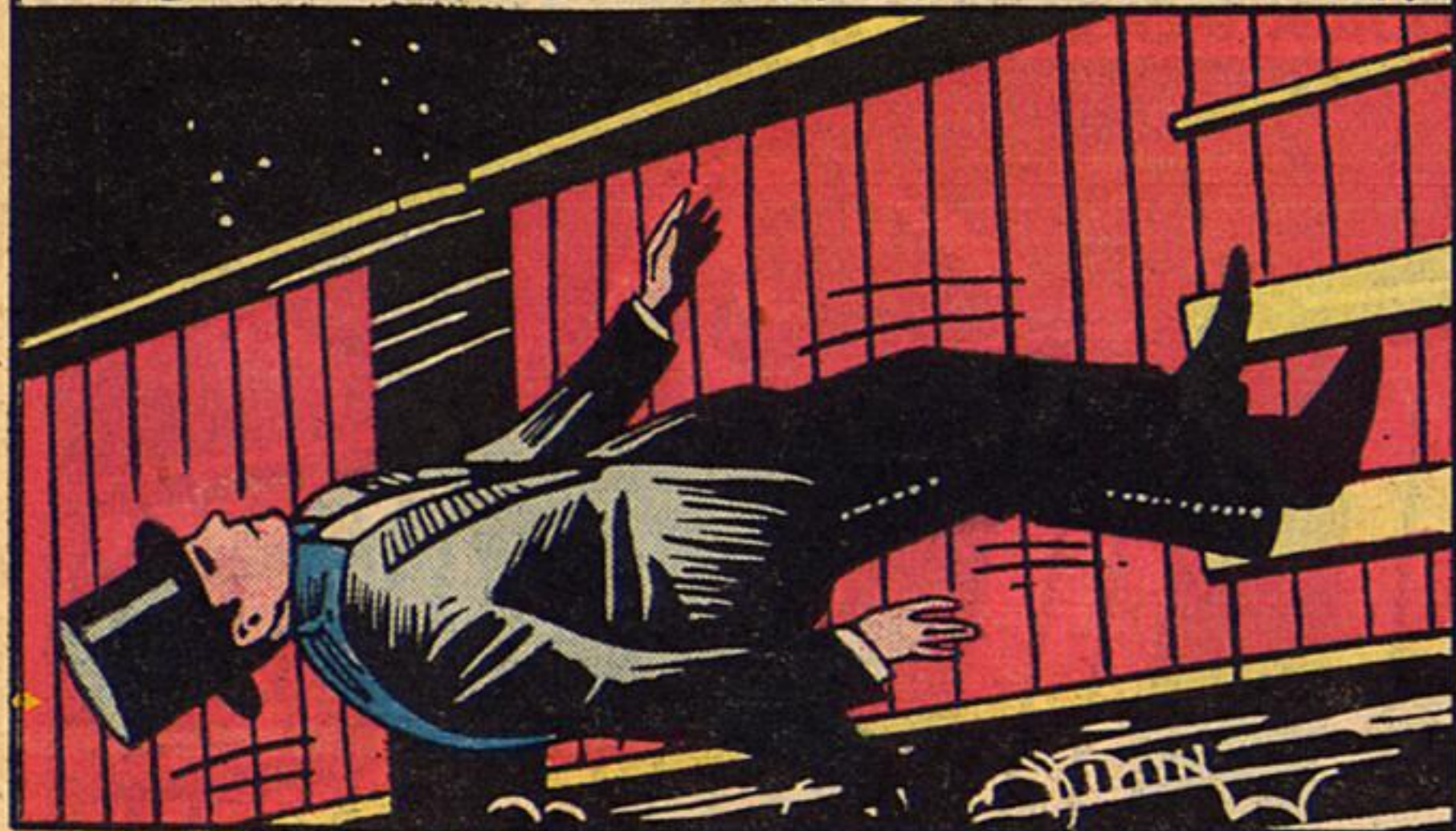
THIS TIME
YOU DIE,
ZATARA !



AND WITH A POWERFUL LUNGE SHE SHOVS
THE MAGICIAN FROM THE SPEEDING TRAIN !



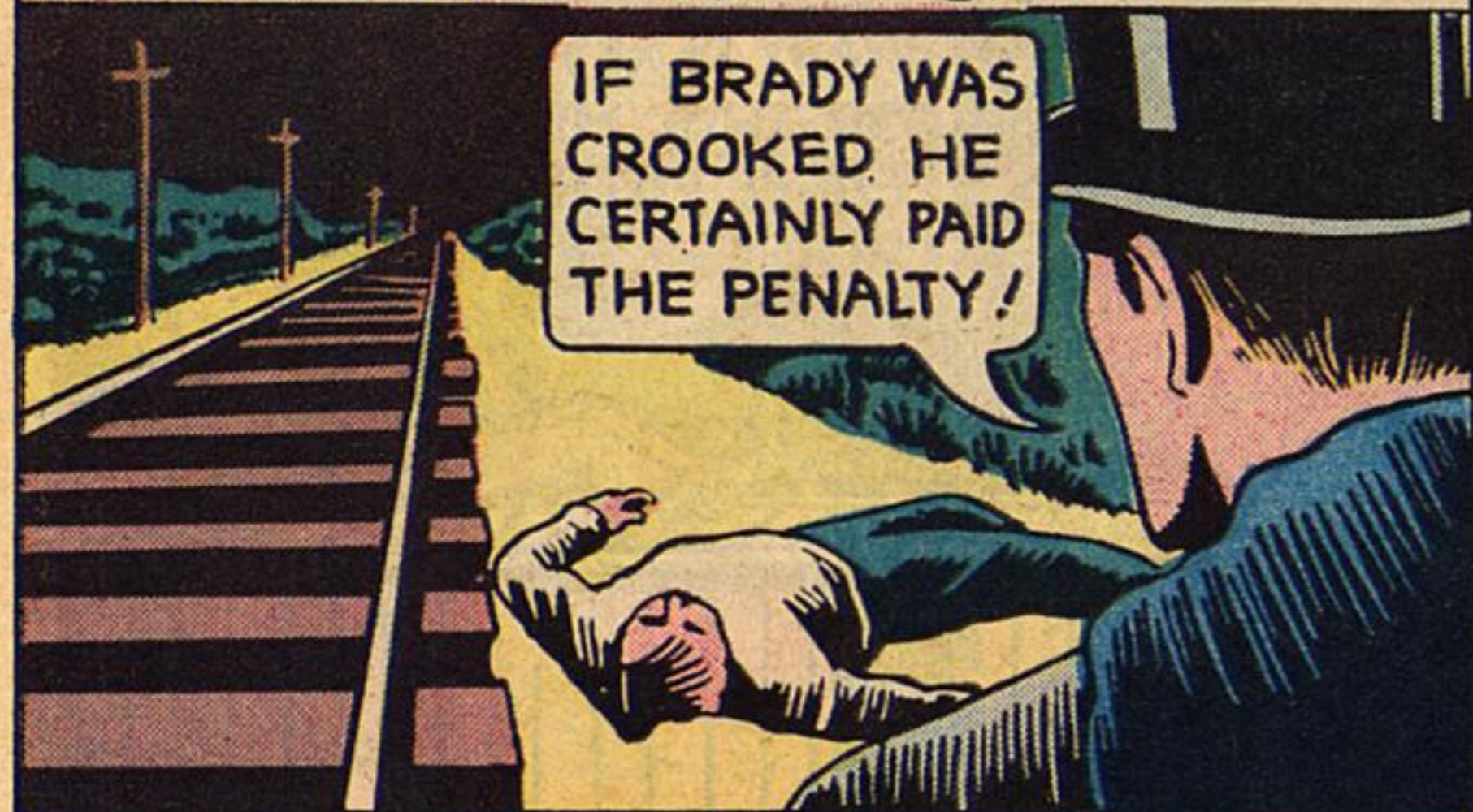
BUT ZATARA'S MAGICAL POWERS SAVE HIM
AND HE FLOATS GENTLY DOWN TO EARTH !



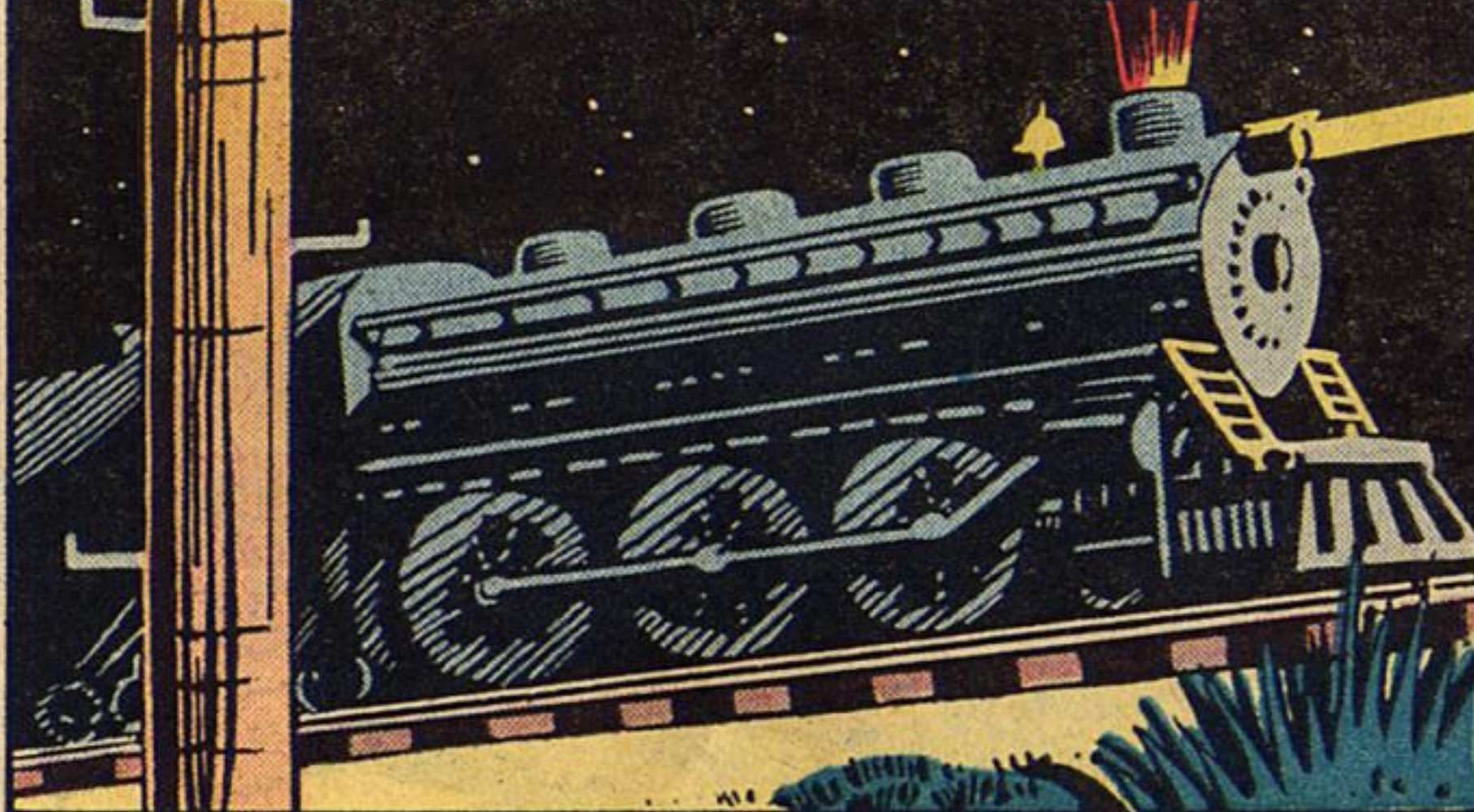
— AND LANDS SOFTLY IN THE
UNDERBRUSH ALONG THE TRACKS !



THE TRAIN RUSHES OFF INTO THE NIGHT AND THE
MAGICIAN, MAKING HIS WAY BACK ALONG THE TRACKS,
COMES UPON THE BODY OF BRADY !



MEANWHILE TONG SUCCEEDS IN WARNING THE
ENGINEER AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HALT.



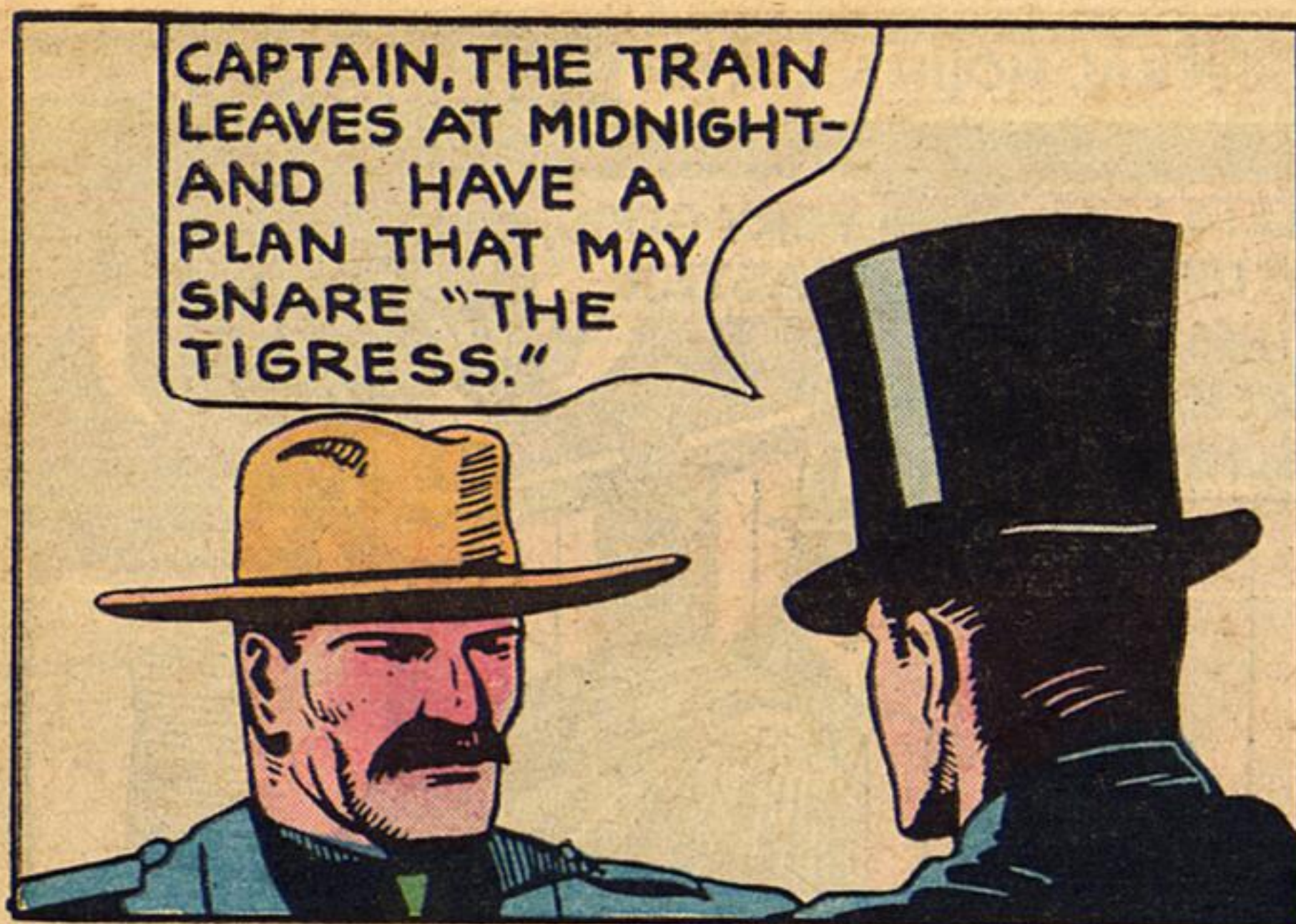
THE STATE POLICE HURRY TO INVESTIGATE THIS LATEST OUTRAGE —





BACK IN THE FREIGHT YARD ZATARA HAPPENS TO MEET BABCOCK, THE TRAIN INSPECTOR.

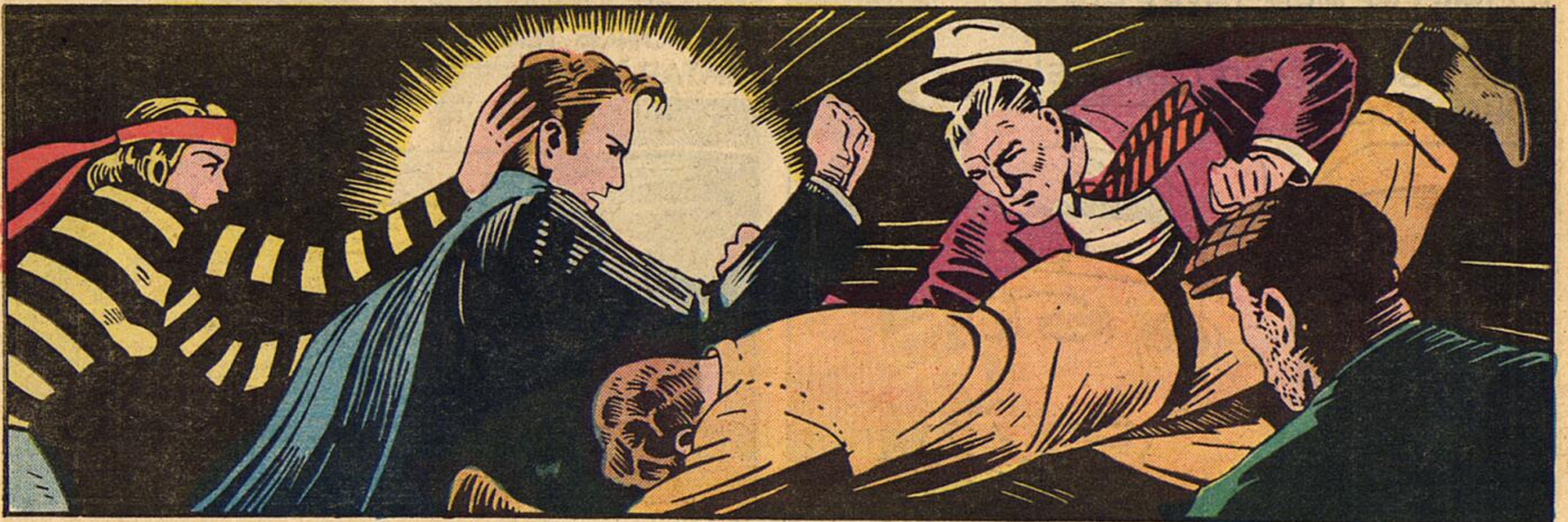




SO...IT'S YOU,
ZATARA!



THE CROOKS ARE RELEASED FROM THE SPELL-



WHAT'LL WE
DO, BUMP
HIM OFF?

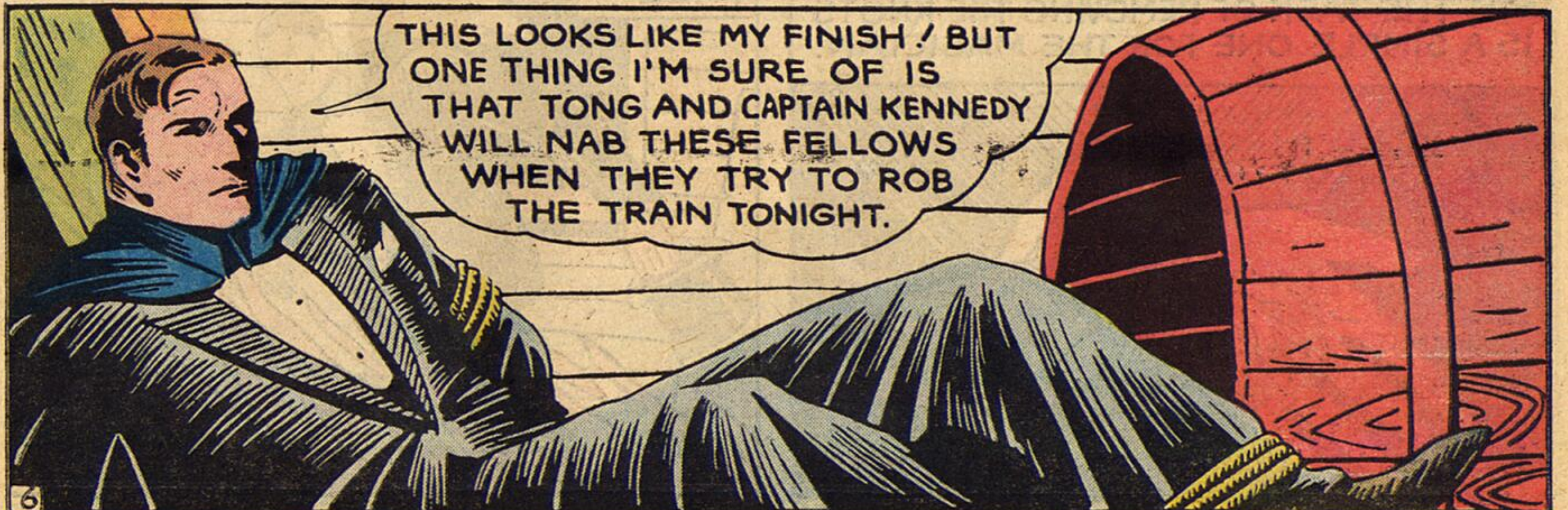
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM, MONK!

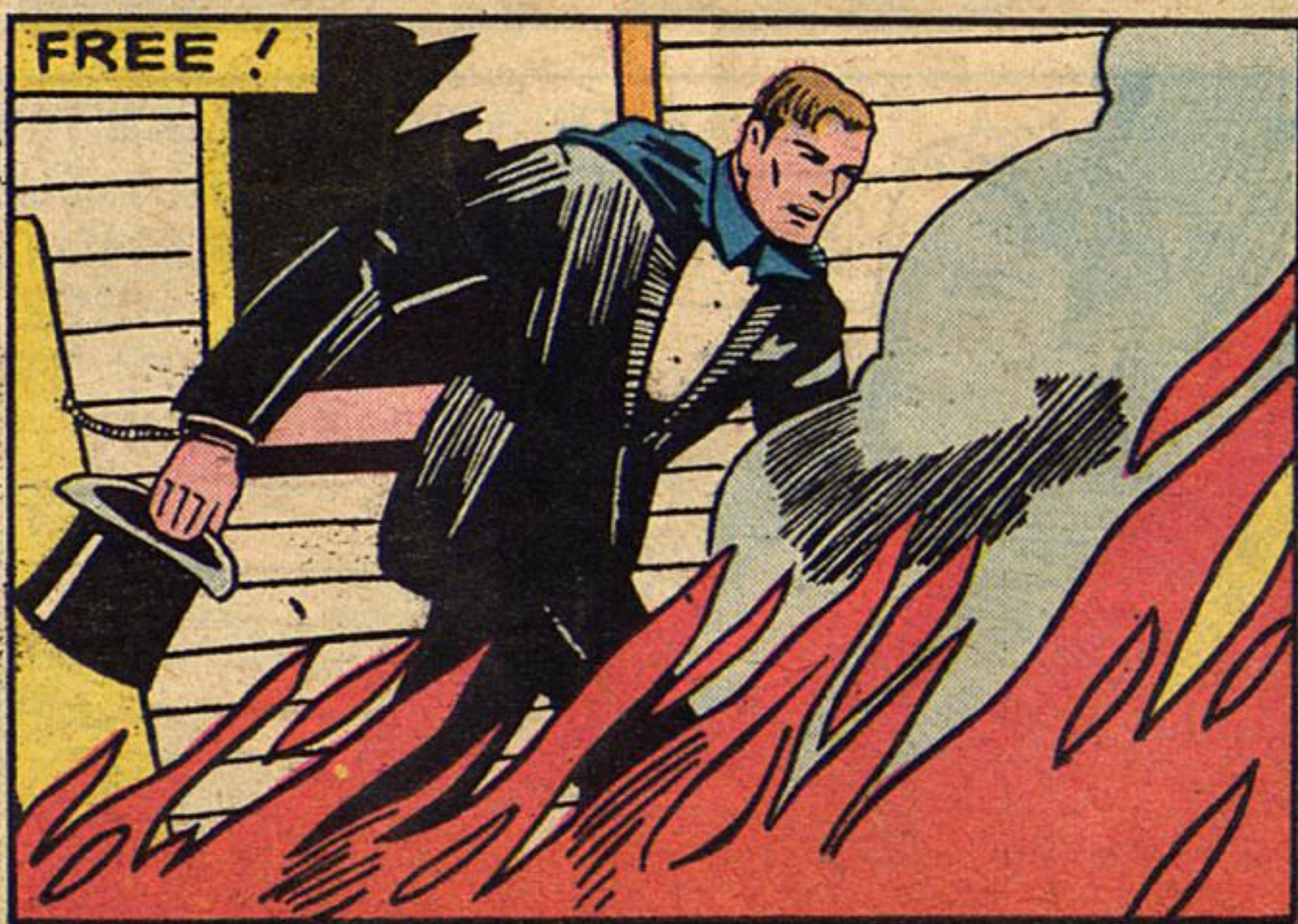
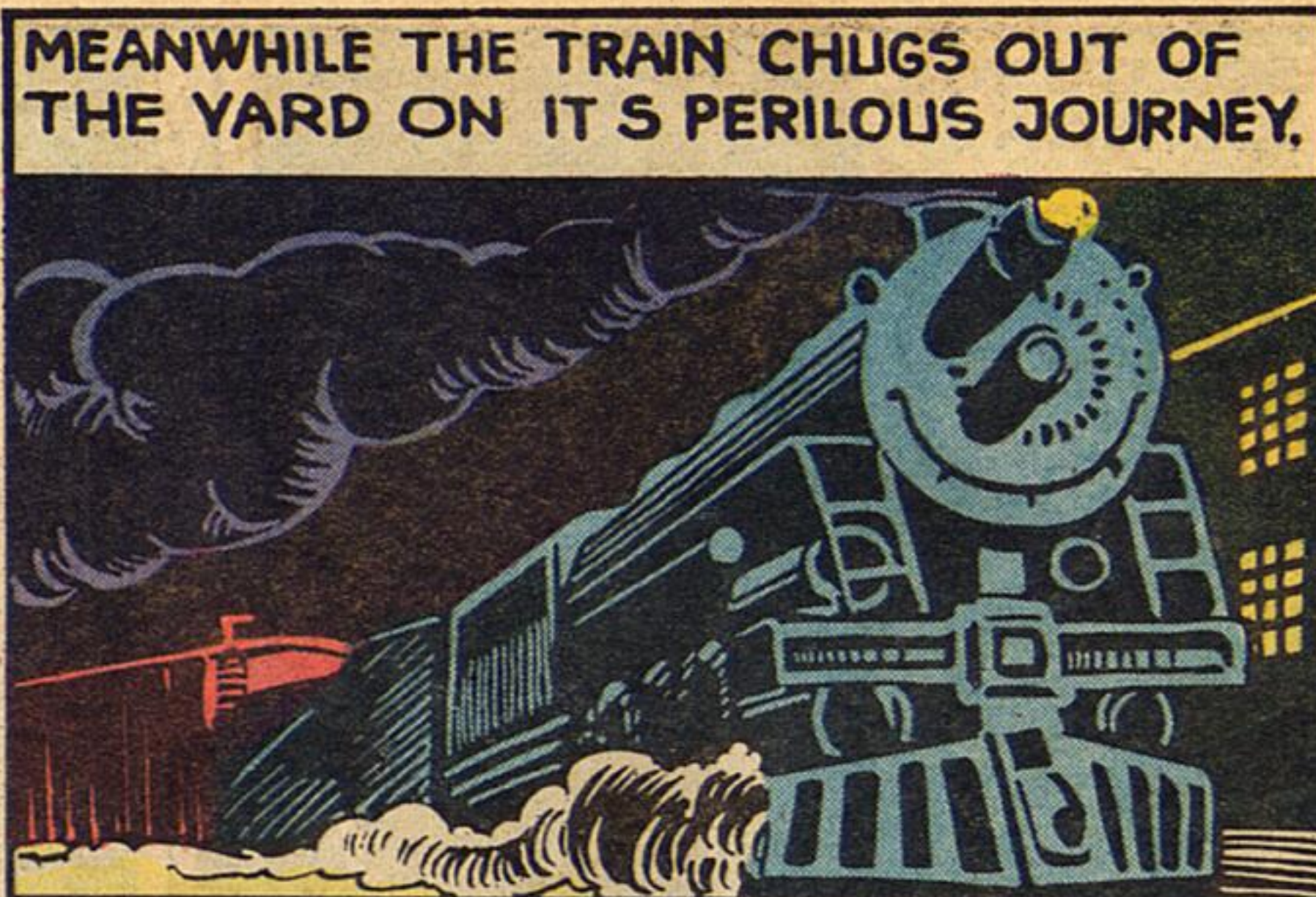
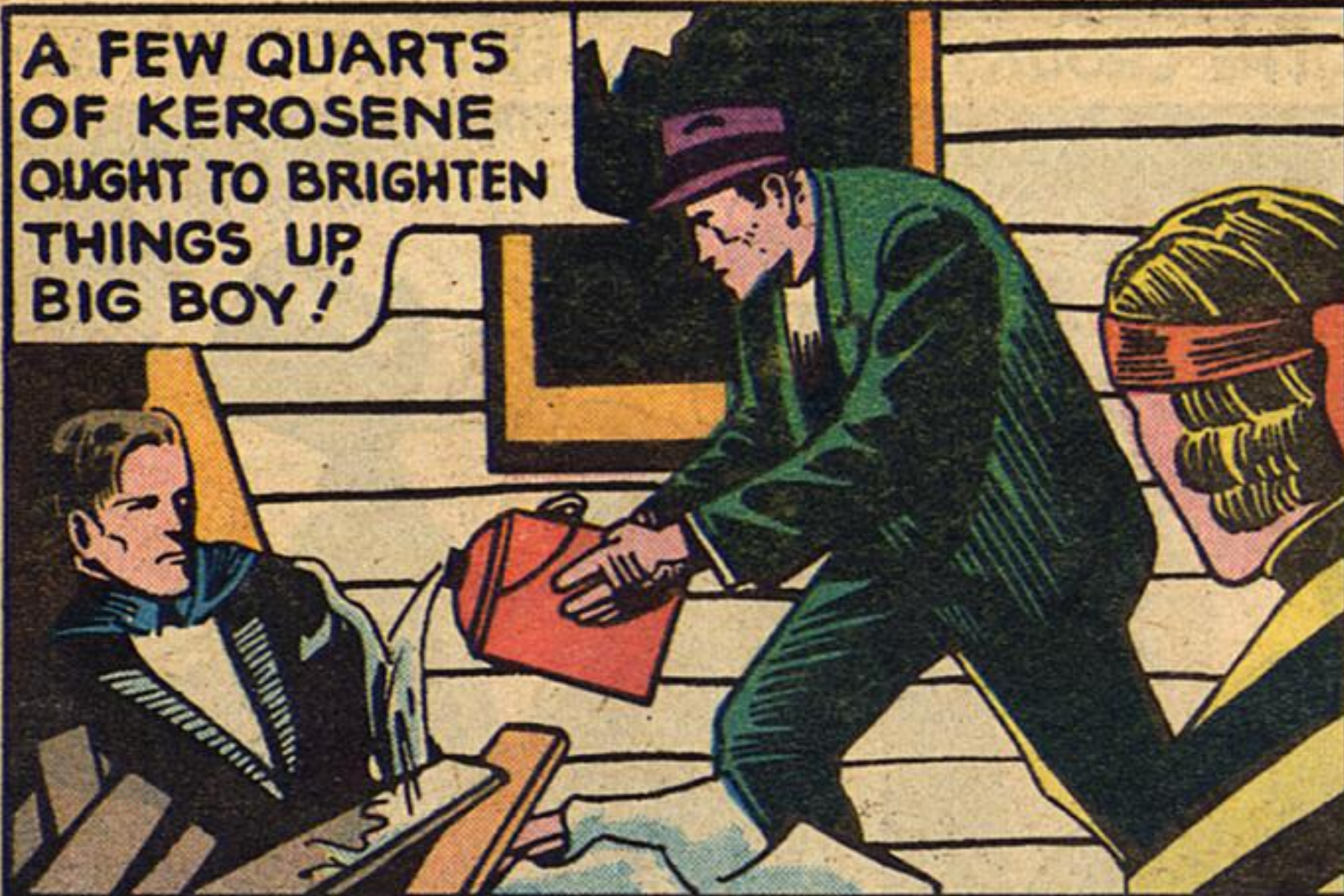


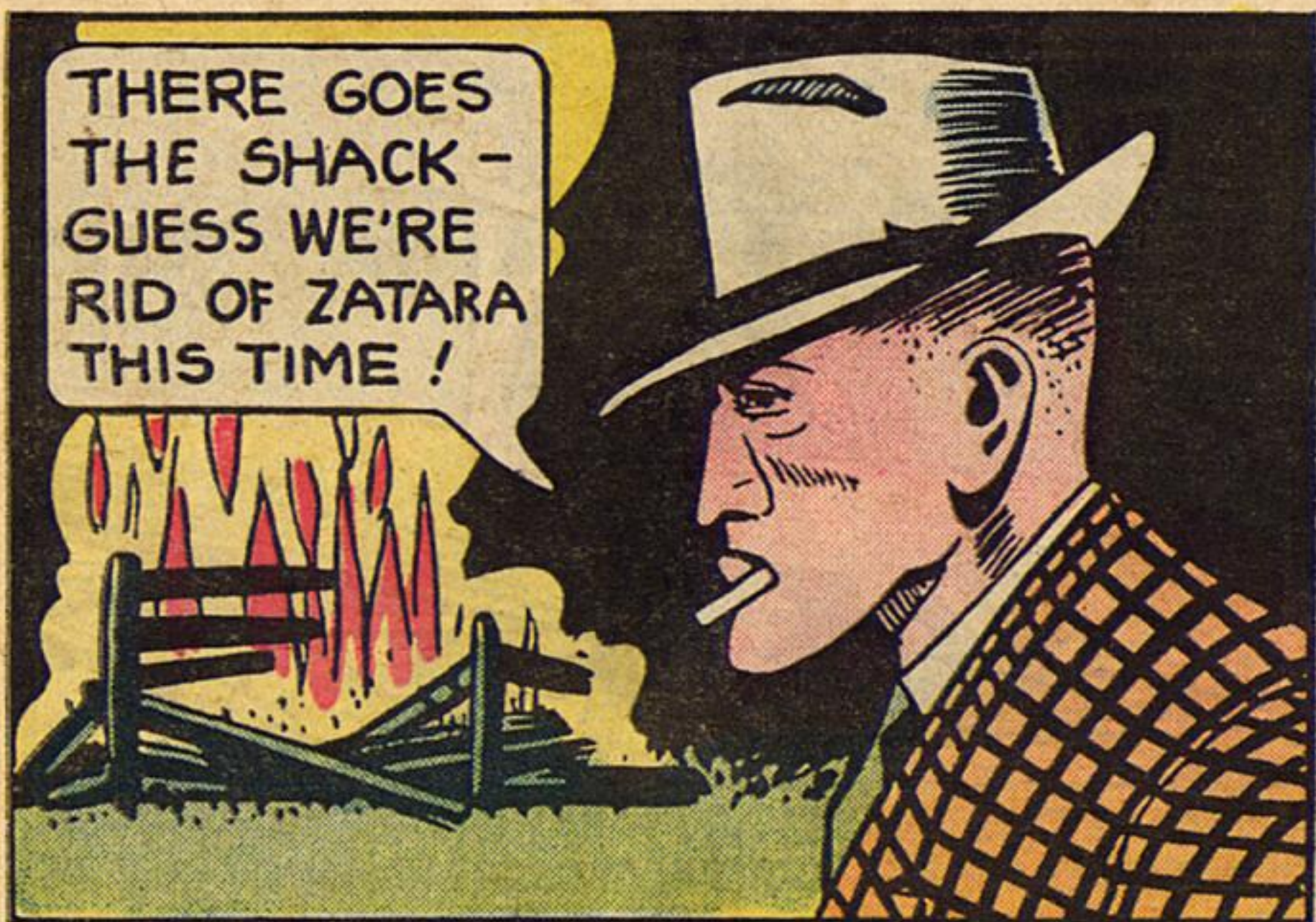
WELL, MASTER MAGICIAN, I'VE
FINALLY GOT YOU AND I'M
GOING TO MAKE IT UNCOMFORT-
ABLY WARM FOR YOU!

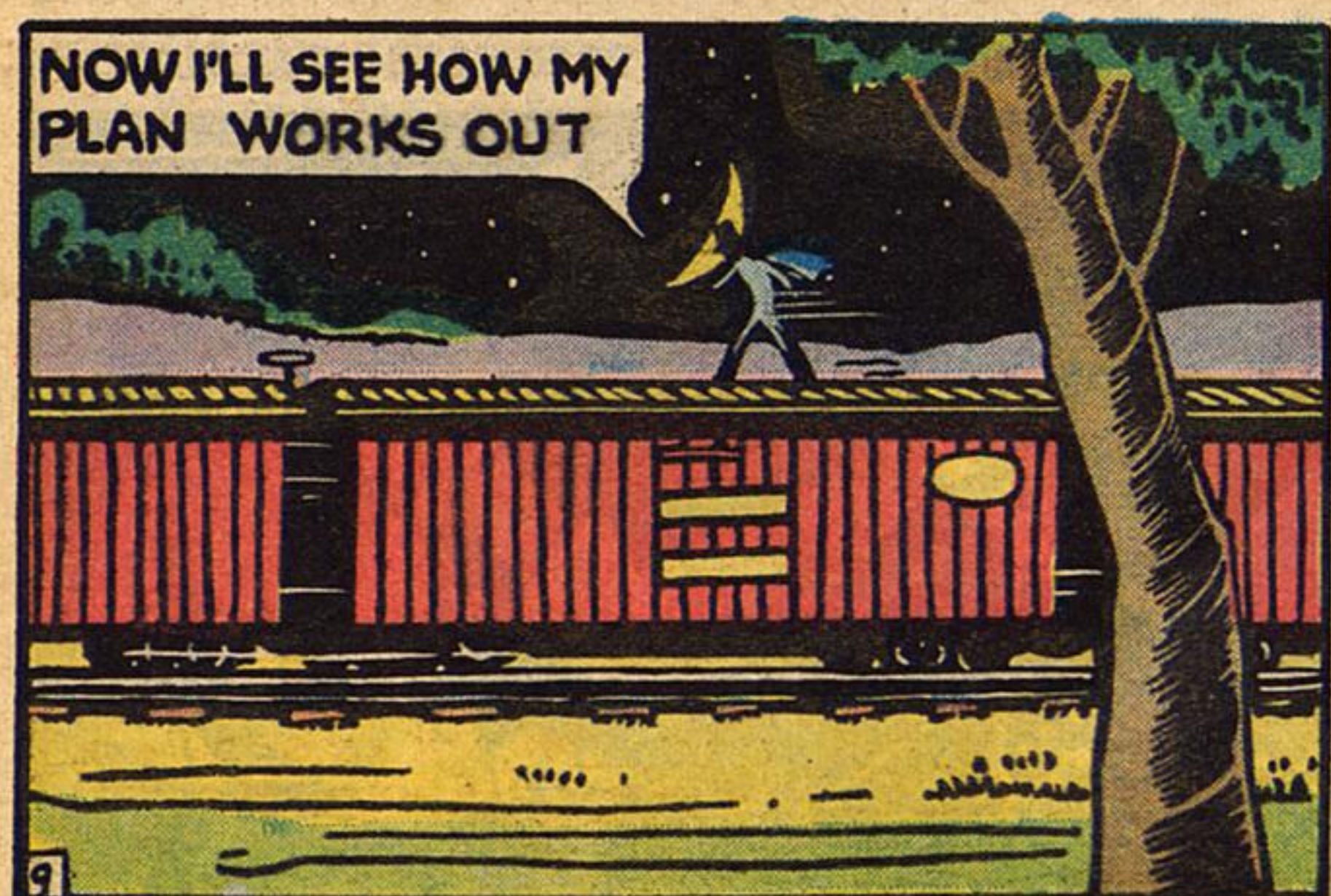
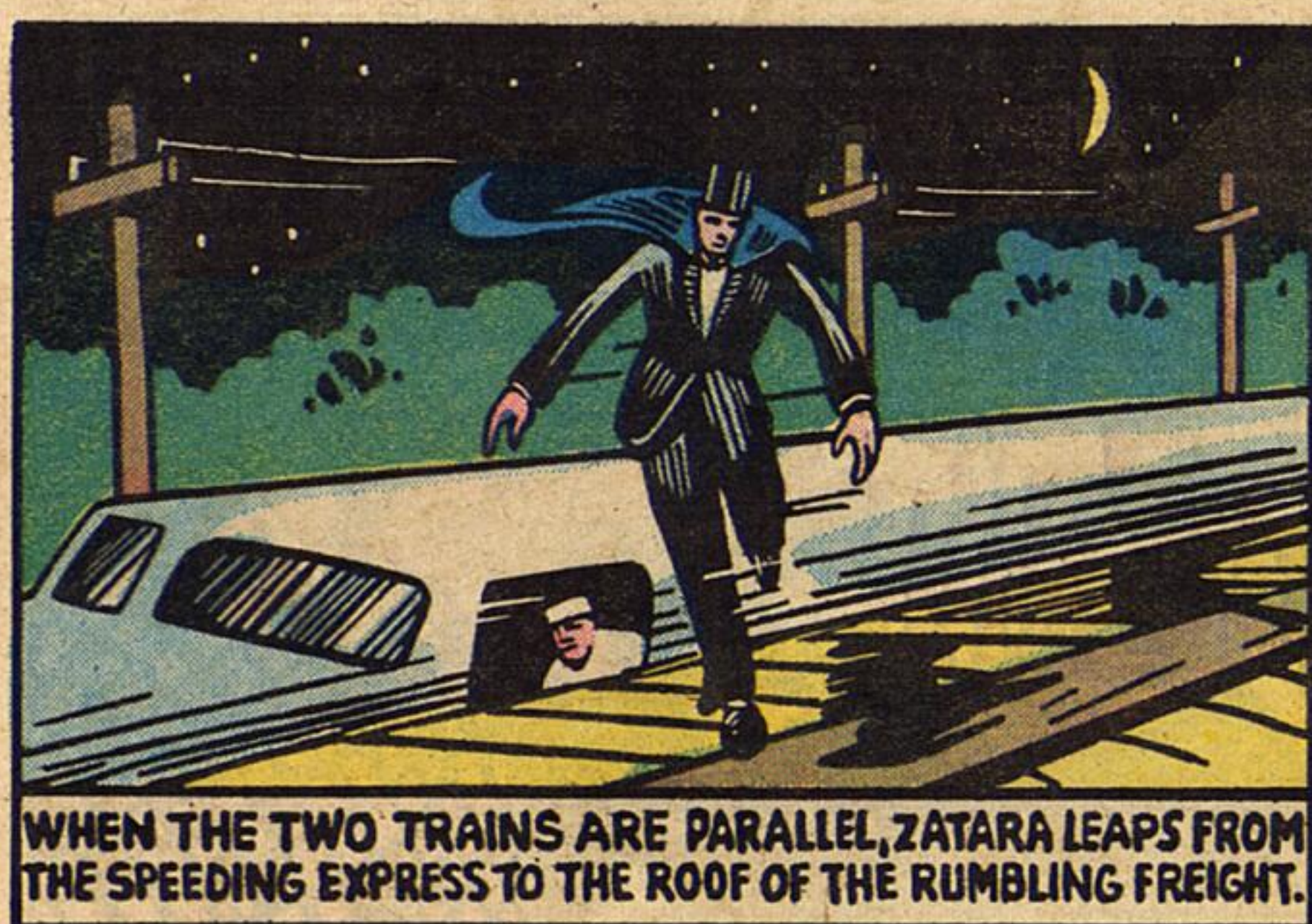


THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH! BUT
ONE THING I'M SURE OF IS
THAT TONG AND CAPTAIN KENNEDY
WILL NAB THESE FELLOWS
WHEN THEY TRY TO ROB
THE TRAIN TONIGHT.









**ZATARA SPIES TWO OF THE HENCHMEN
AND HIDES AS THEY APPROACH -**



**LOOK, SPIKE, HERE'S ONE OF THE
CARS THE BOSS MARKED!**



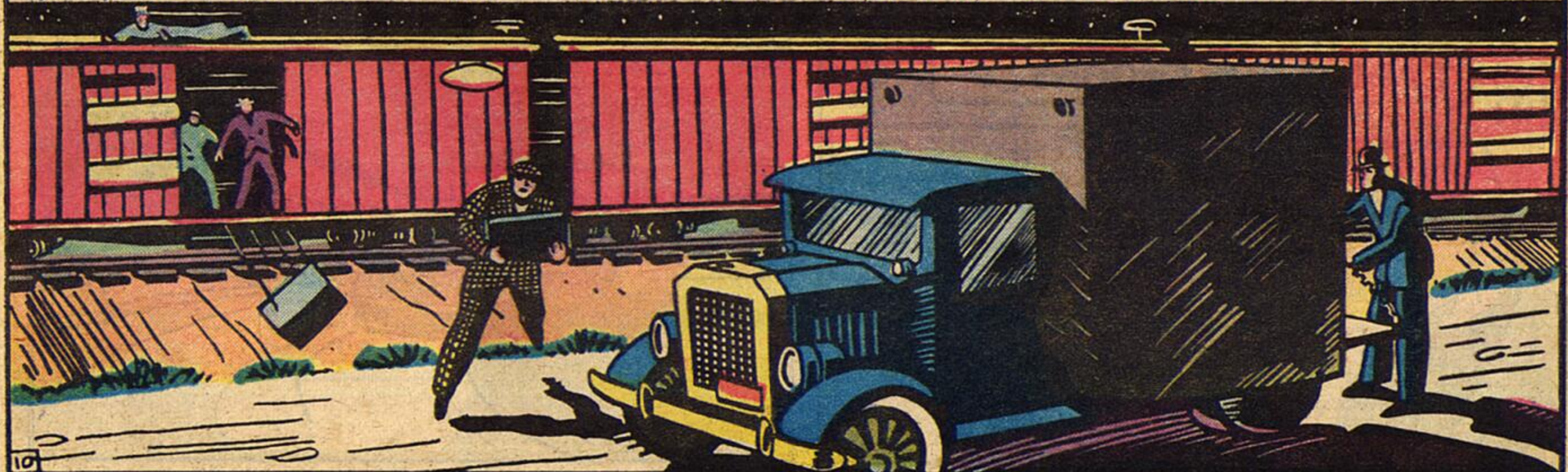
**THE CROOKS CLIMB INTO THE CAR AND
PROCEED TO TOSS OUT THE CRATES AND BOXES.**



A THUG SEES THE MAGICIAN!



A TRUCK FOLLOWS THE TRAIN PICKING UP THE BOXES THROWN OUT.



ZATARA CLOSES THE DOOR TO IMPRISON THE ROBBERS IN THE BOXCAR.



HEY! WHAT THE -?

YOUR MAGIC MAY HAVE SAVED YOU FROM THE FIRE BUT I DOUBT IF IT CAN STOP A BULLET!

THE TIGRESS, EVER ALERT, AGAIN STEALS UPON THE MAGICIAN-



A QUICK GESTURE OF HIS HAND AND THE TIGRESS' GUN IS TRANSFORMED INTO A BULLET!



WHY - WHAT!

ENRAGED BECAUSE SHE IS OUTWITTED, SHE LEAPS FROM THE CAR AND VANISHES!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, ZATARA!

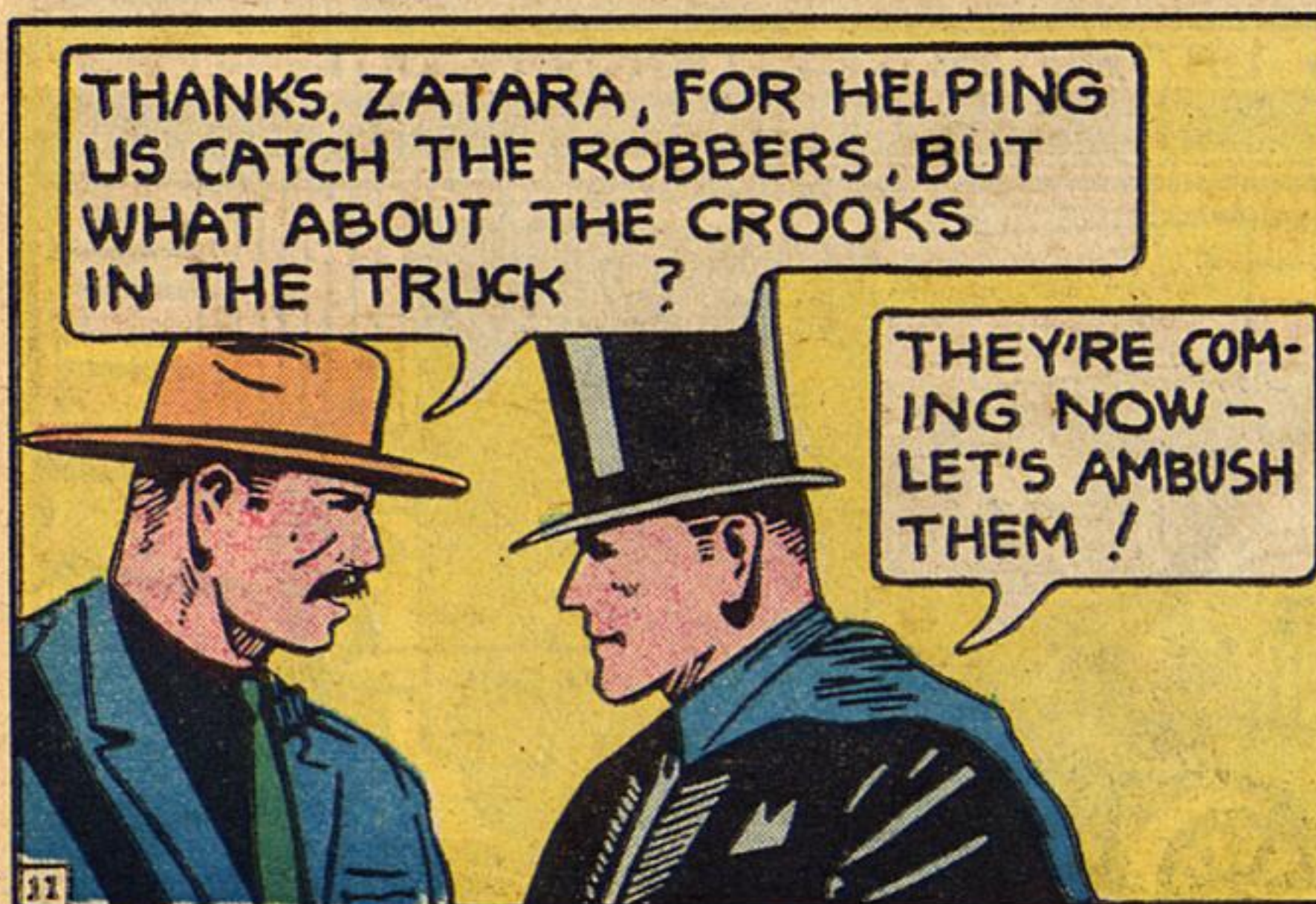
A SPECIAL TRAIN OF POLICE PULLS UP AS THE FREIGHT SLOWS DOWN -



OKAY, MISTER! YOUR NEXT TRAIN RIDE WILL BE TO THE PENITENTIARY!



THANKS, ZATARA, FOR HELPING US CATCH THE ROBBERS, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CROOKS IN THE TRUCK?



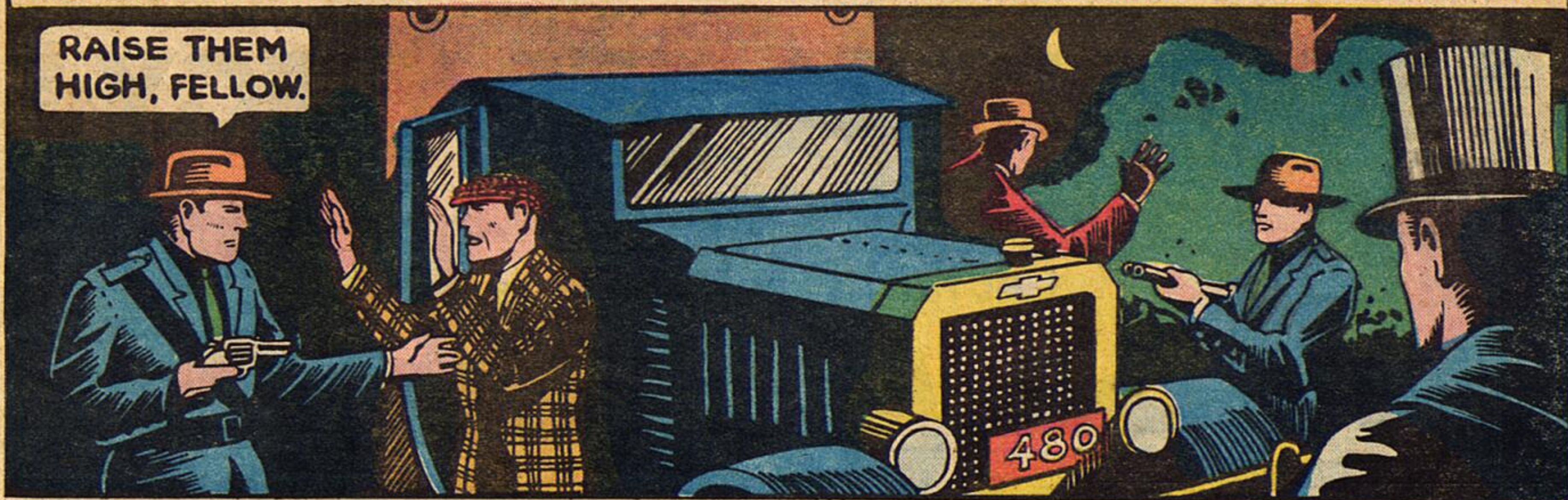
THEY'RE COMING NOW - LET'S AMBUSH THEM!

THE STILL NIGHT IS SHATTERED BY THE RUMBLE OF THE APPROACHING VEHICLE.



THE POLICE SPRING FROM THE SIDES OF THE ROAD AND FORCE THE REMAINING ROBBERS INTO SUBMISSION

RAISE THEM HIGH, FELLOW.



YOU SEE, CAPTAIN KENNEDY; BABCOCK, THE CROOKED TRAIN INSPECTOR, USED TO LEAVE A CAR OPEN FOR THE THIEVES AND THEN LATER THEY ENTERED THE CAR MARKED WITH ⊗. THEY THREW OUT THE FREIGHT AND IT WAS PICKED UP BY THE MEN IN THE TRUCK!



WHILE THEY WERE HOLDING ME IN THE SHACK I HAD TONG SUBSTITUTE THOSE BOXES FOR THE VALUABLE CARGO WHICH IS STILL SAFE AND SOUND ON THE FREIGHT TRAIN —



SO BABCOCK TIPPED THEM OFF?

CORRECT! AND TONG HAS HIM NOW AT THE POLICE STATION BACK IN TOWN!



BACK IN THE STATION HOUSE BABCOCK CONFESSES BRADY'S INNOCENCE —

NO, BRADY WASN'T IN WITH US—THEY BUMPED HIM OFF THAT NIGHT WE WENT THROUGH THE TUNNEL! ONE OF THE BOYS PUT ON HIS HAT AND COAT AND MOTIONED YOU TO COME AHEAD.



CONGRATULATIONS, ZATARA, YOU CERTAINLY AIDED THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE. TOO BAD "THE TIGRESS" IS STILL AT LARGE.

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN.



WELL, THAT CLOSES THIS CASE. NOW TO WATCH WHERE "THE TIGRESS" STRIKES NEXT!

THIS HUMBLE PERSON SEEKS A BIT OF SLEEP BEFORE THE NEXT "TIGRESS" HUNT!



SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By
Captain Frank Thomas



FOR an instant, the sky to the west was splashed with all the vivid colors of nature's paint box. Brilliant ribbons of red and blue shot into the void, blending and melting with the softer greens and golden shades of the clouds that drifted by. A kaleidoscope of many tones reflected itself in the mirror-surface of the sea.

The inspiring vision lasted but a moment and then the molten ball of sun sank beyond the horizon. Light grew dim and finally disappeared and from the east to the west night spread its blanket over the tropic water and islands.

Bret Coleman, sitting on the rail of his small schooner, struck a match and applied it to his briar. Hungrily his blue eyes devoured the luminous display that had, a minute before, flashed across the heavens like liquid fire.

"And each night it seems to become more beautiful!" he whispered. Then arousing himself he walked aft to the cabin and shouted down to his mate, cook, cabin boy and all around assistant, Cottonball:

"Shake a leg there, fellow, and let's get the anchor on board."

"Ah's comin', Cap'n Bret," and a few seconds later Cottonball's glistening, black face appeared above the door of the hatch.

Together they hoisted the anchor chain and made it fast to the fore-deck. They raised the sail and the huge canvas, flapping like a white albatross, caught the warm breeze and swelled into a large crescent.

Coleman swung the wheel and slowly the *Aruba* turned, pointing her bow westward. The sea washed softly against her side and the dark shore of the island to the right slipped by, mysteriously and magic-like.

"We made out pretty well this time, Cottonball," said Coleman.

"Yas suh, Cap'n, we sho' did!" grinned Cottonball, his teeth flashing whitely in the gloom. "De boat am filled right to de brim wif copra and fo' good measure we has five hundred pounds of pearl shell. Dis am one of de best trips we has ever made, Cap'n!"

COLEMAN laughed and puffed on his pipe. It had been an excellent trip and three weeks from now, if everything went smoothly, they'd be in Singapore. The market would bring a good price for the cargo and then, with a well filled purse, they'd sail leisurely southward through the islands to Sydney.

Cottonball shuffled forward to hang the port and starboard lights. Coleman switched on a light to make a compass-reading, his blue-grey eyes carefully studying the sensitive needle. His face was thin and strong and ten years



beneath the tropic sun had dyed his complexion the color of teak-wood.

Up in the bowhead Cottonball squatted and hummed a native song of the islands. Back of them to the east, the silver crescent of the moon rose against the diamond-studded backdrop of the velvet heavens. The peacefulness of the new night pleased him greatly and Coleman settled back on the leather rests.

Up forward Cottonball had suddenly ceased his song and at once Coleman knew the reason. In the distance, off their starboard, he heard the splashing of water. And then, through the stillness, came the cry of a man . . . frantic and desperate!

Coleman leaped to his feet and shouted to Cottonball. The negro disappeared into the cabin and a few seconds later was back on deck with a powerful searchlight in his hands. He pressed the switch and the beam of light stabbed the darkness like a huge rapier.

The bronze-faced captain swung the wheel and the *Aruba* veered off in the direction from where the sound emanated. The splashing grew louder and presently Cottonball's probing light settled on the figure of a man swimming fiercely toward the boat.

He came alongside and Coleman, reaching over, heaved him on deck, dripping and panting. He was a white man, middle-aged and gray. An ugly, open cut was slashed across his forehead and temple; and Coleman lost no time in cleaning and dressing the wound.

For a moment he sat on the deck breathing heavily, eyes closed. Then he opened them and looked up at the lean figure of Coleman standing above him.

"Thank God I reached you!" he gasped and the captain caught him as he fainted.

"We'd better anchor here for the night," Coleman said to his negro assistant. And lifting the unconscious man, he carried him down into the cabin and laid him on the couch.

HALF an hour later he awoke and smiled wanly when he realized that he had fainted. Coleman offered him a warm, stimulating drink which he held in his hand and sipped as he related the horrible incidents of the uprising of the island natives.

"What really caused it I can't imagine," the man said. "But they suddenly went mad and overran the whole island, killing and plundering as they went. The unexpectedness and brutality of it was indescribable . . . shocking!"

The stranger's strength returned and he introduced himself to Coleman. He was Samuel Newton and had spent the last twenty years of his life in the islands as a missionary and trader. Three years ago his daughter, Merna, and a housekeeper had come to live with him.

"Were they with you when the natives went berserk?" asked Coleman.

Newton passed a hand over his eyes. "Yes, they were . . . the housekeeper was killed and the

natives carried Merna back into the interior. They evidently left me for dead for when I became conscious they had gone and my house was a smouldering ruin!"

He told of hiding in the heavy underbrush till nightfall and then stumbling along the beach, he espied the approaching lights of the *Aruba*.

"But I must get help," he cried. "I must go back and free my daughter before they kill her, too!"

Coleman placed his arm around the older man's shoulders. "We'll do our very best to get her back, Mr. Newton. Cottonball and I know these natives exceedingly well and perhaps we can give them a surprise they haven't been expecting!"

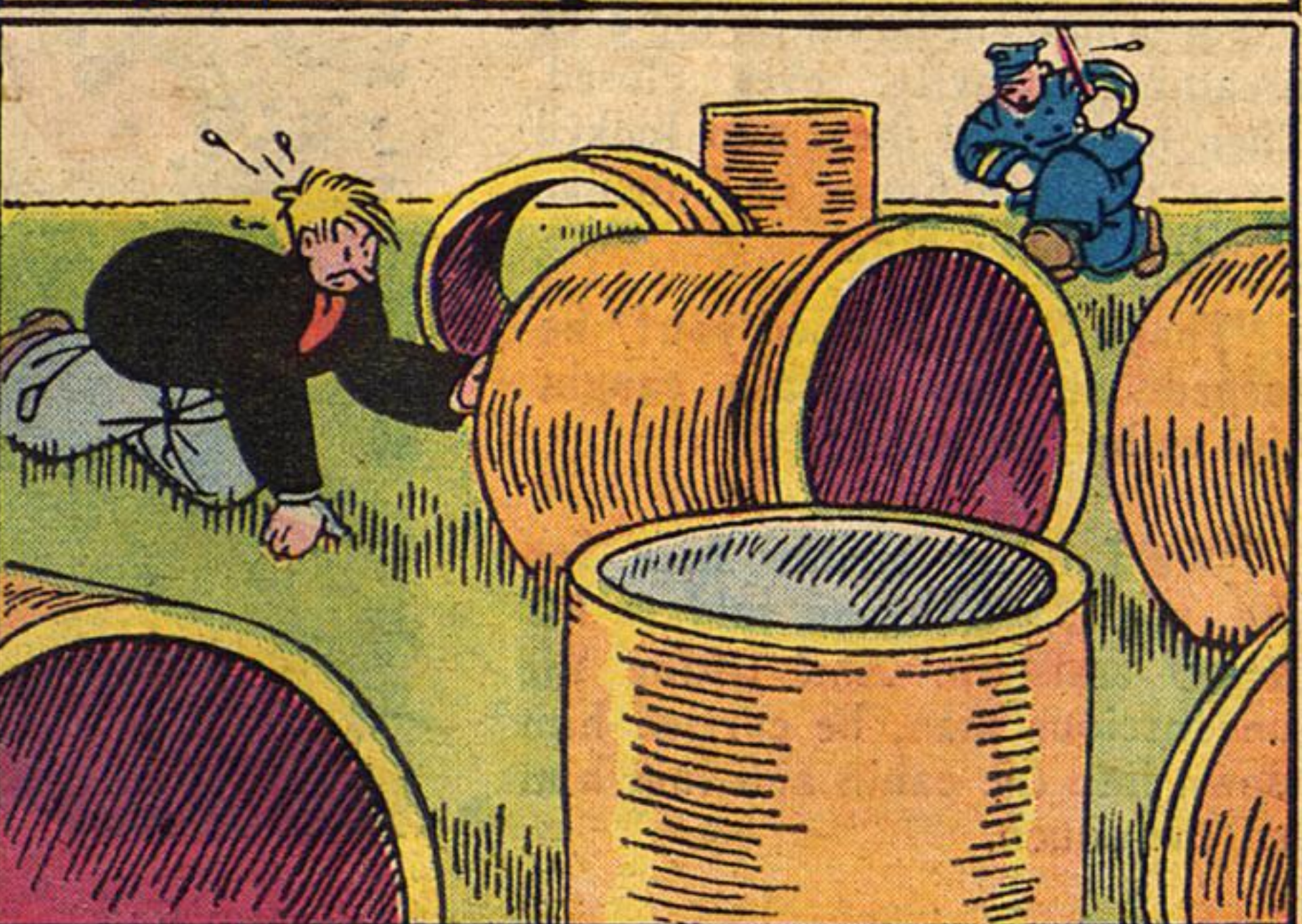
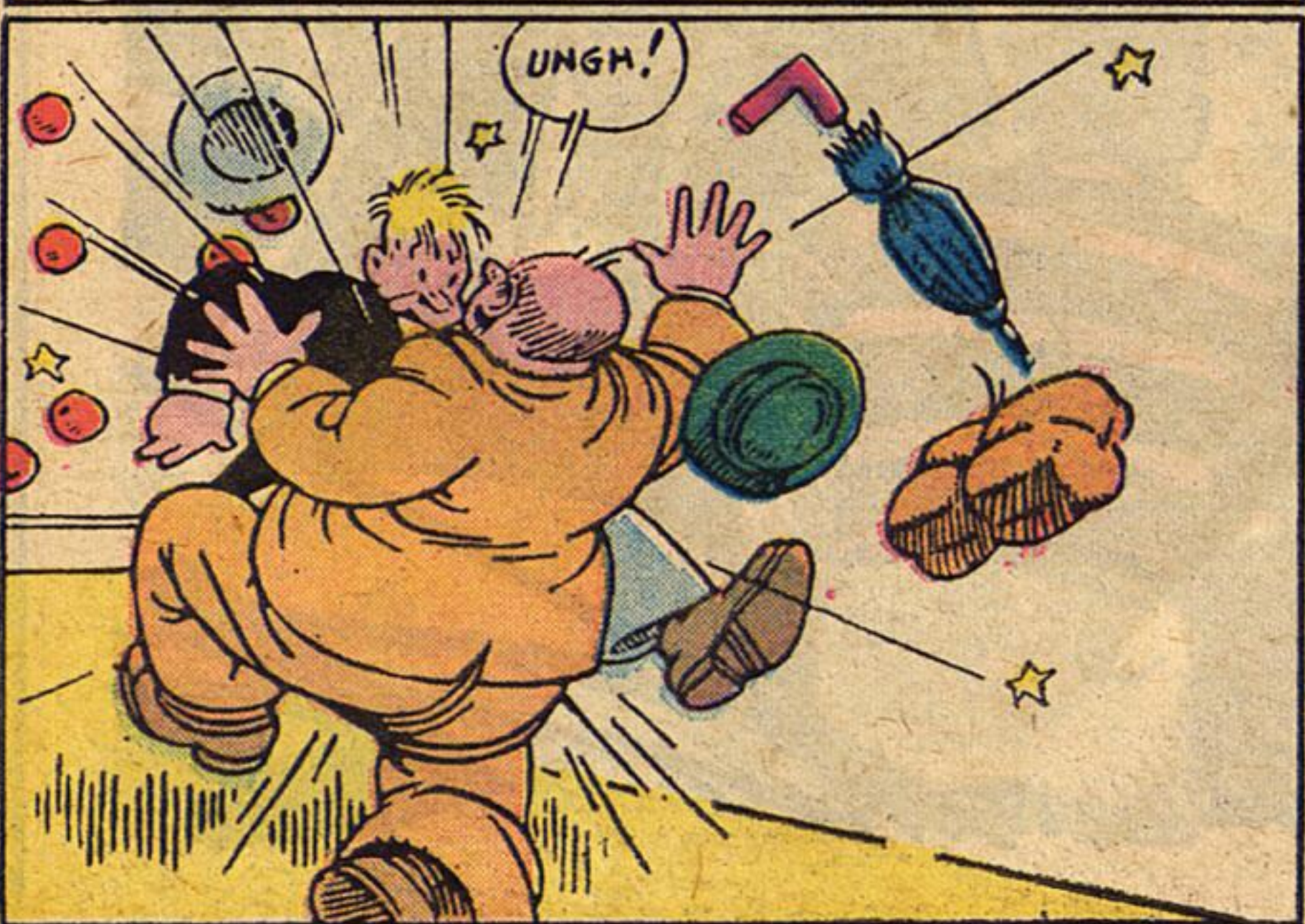
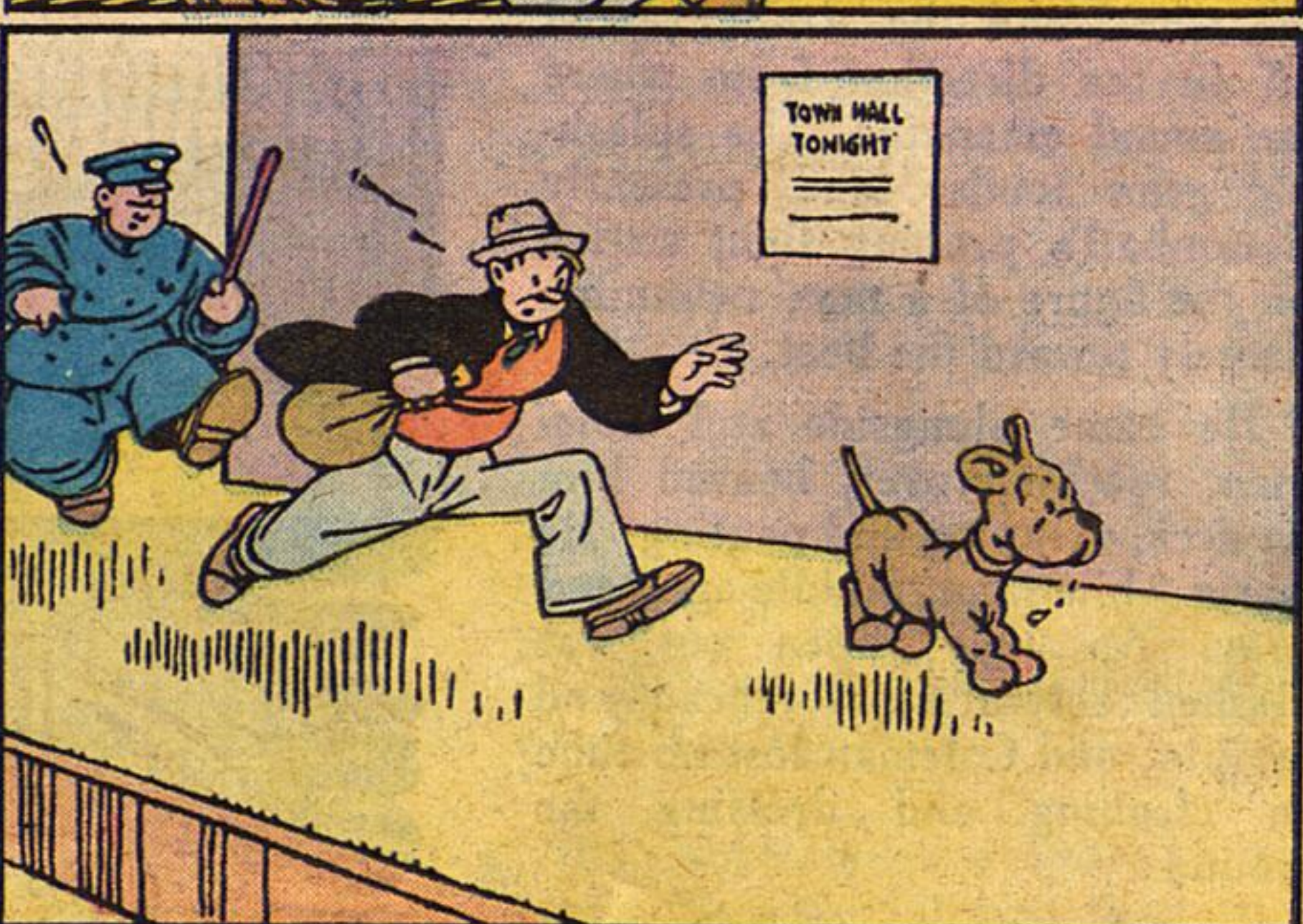
(TO BE CONCLUDED
NEXT MONTH)

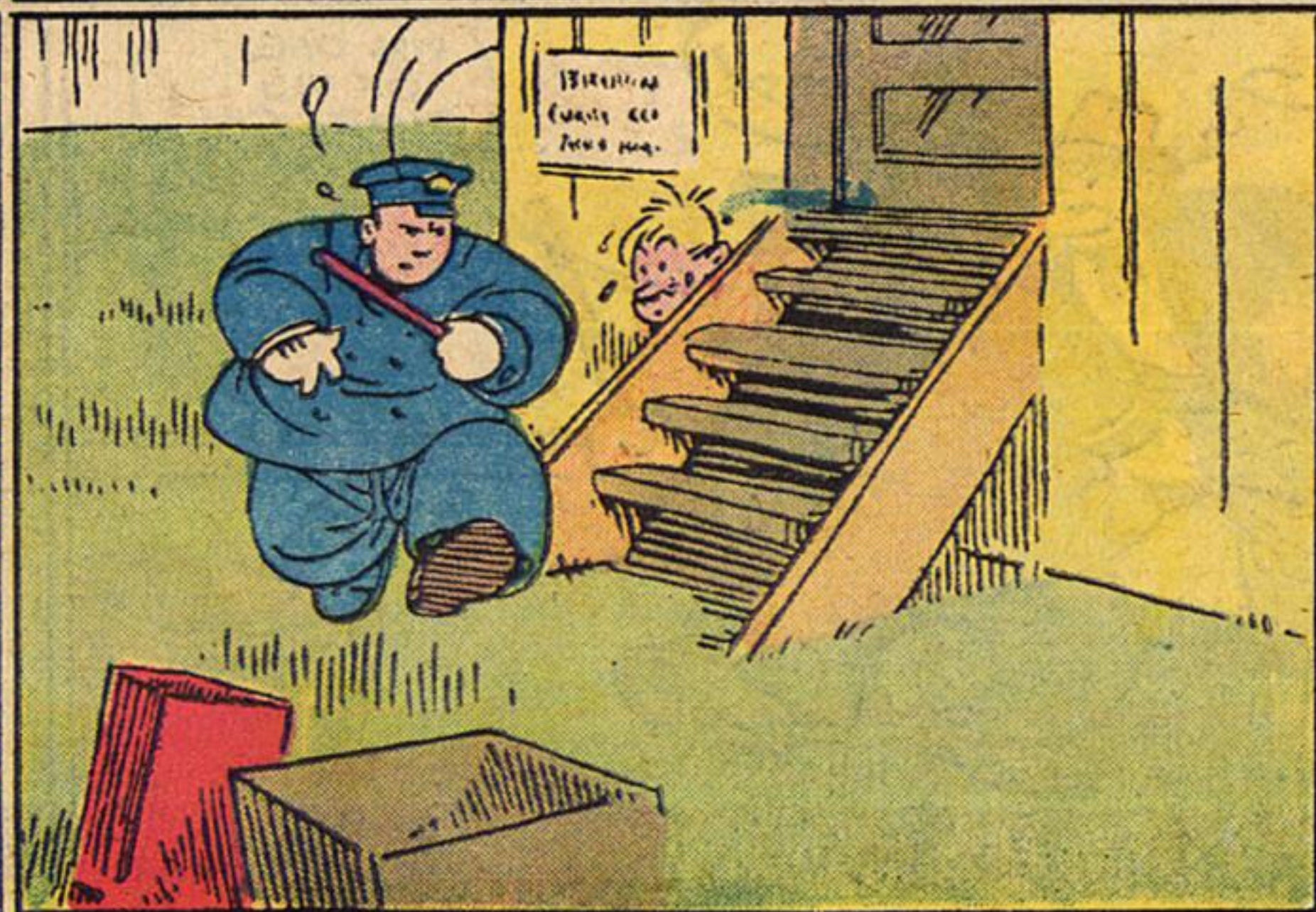
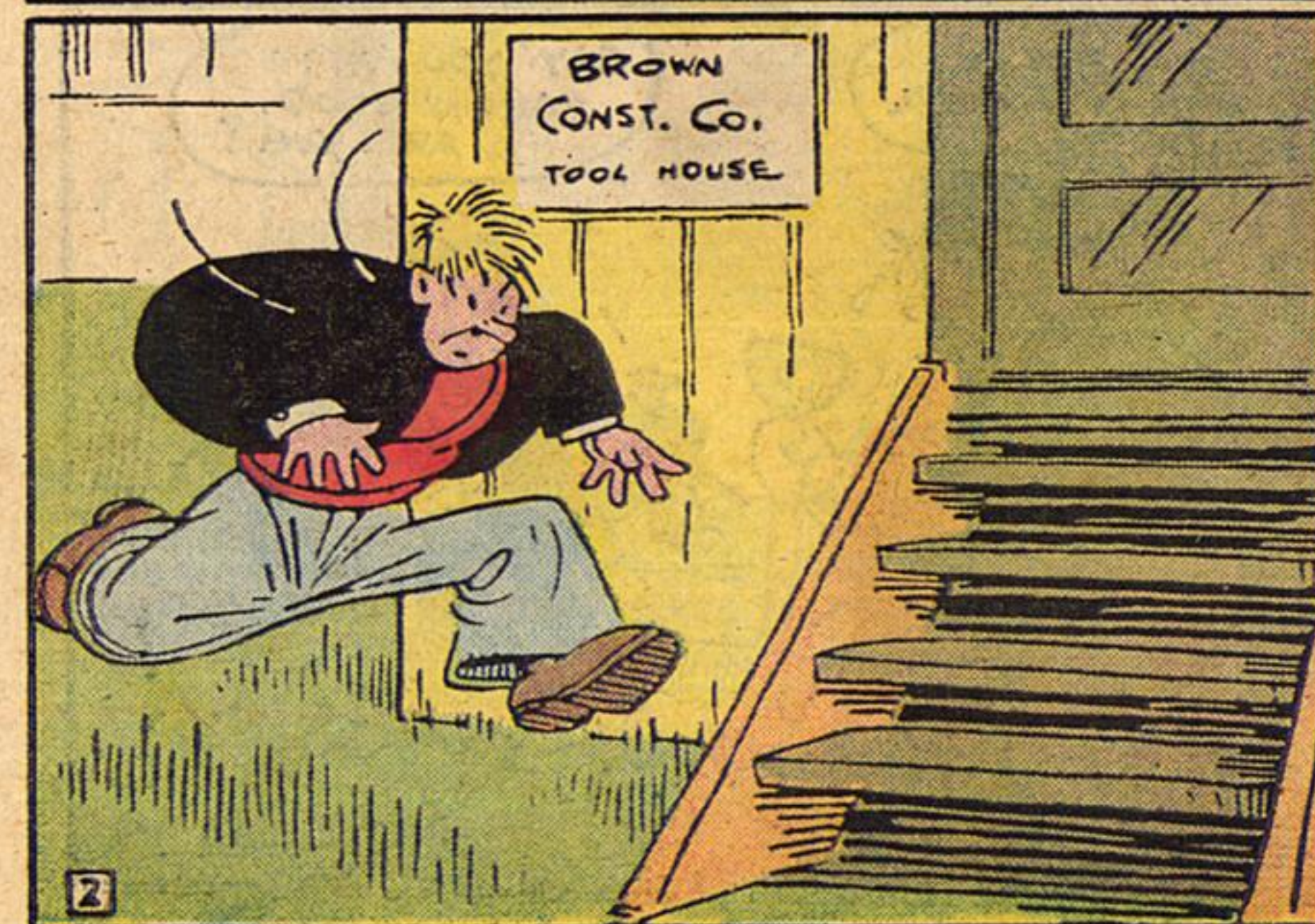
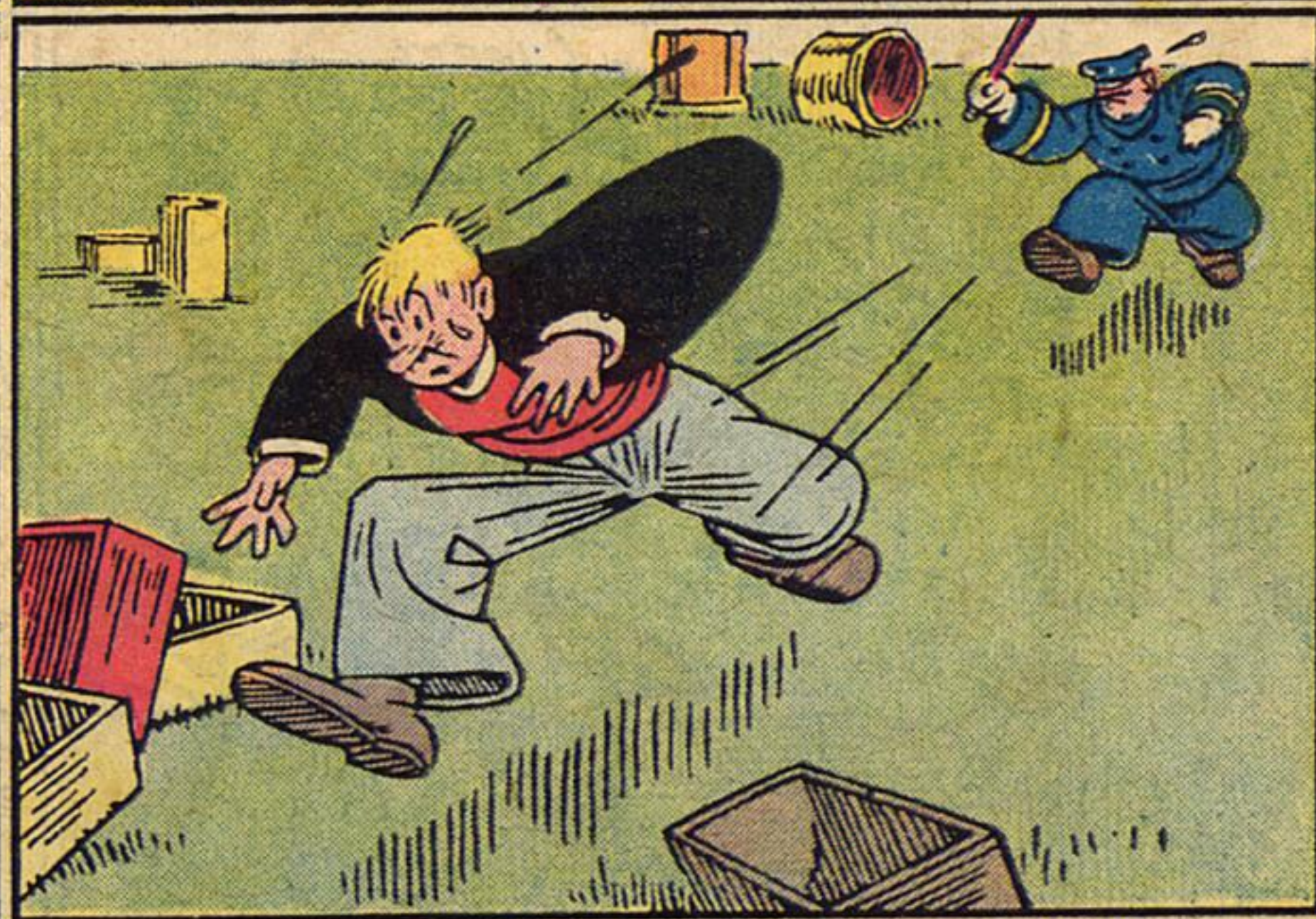
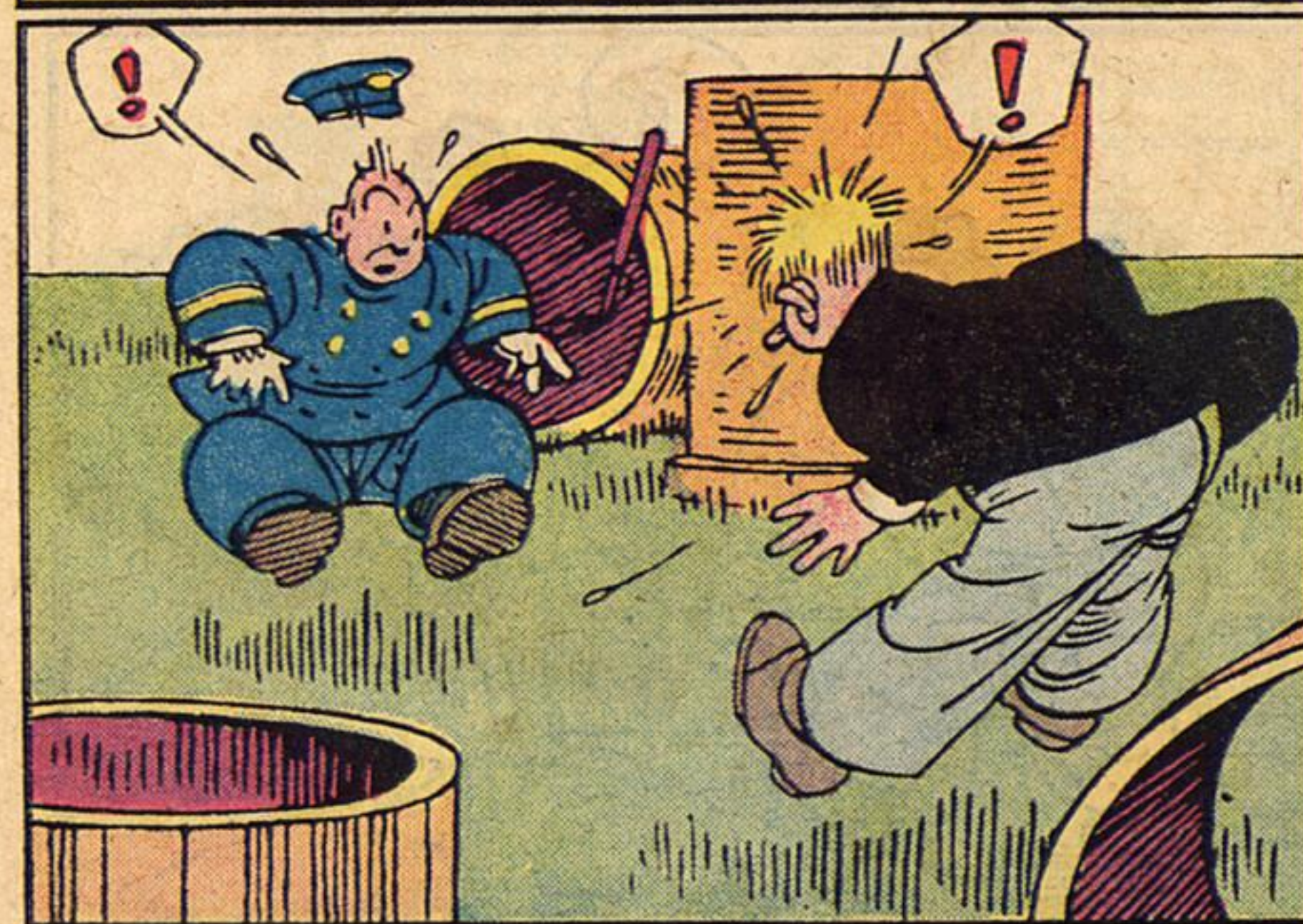
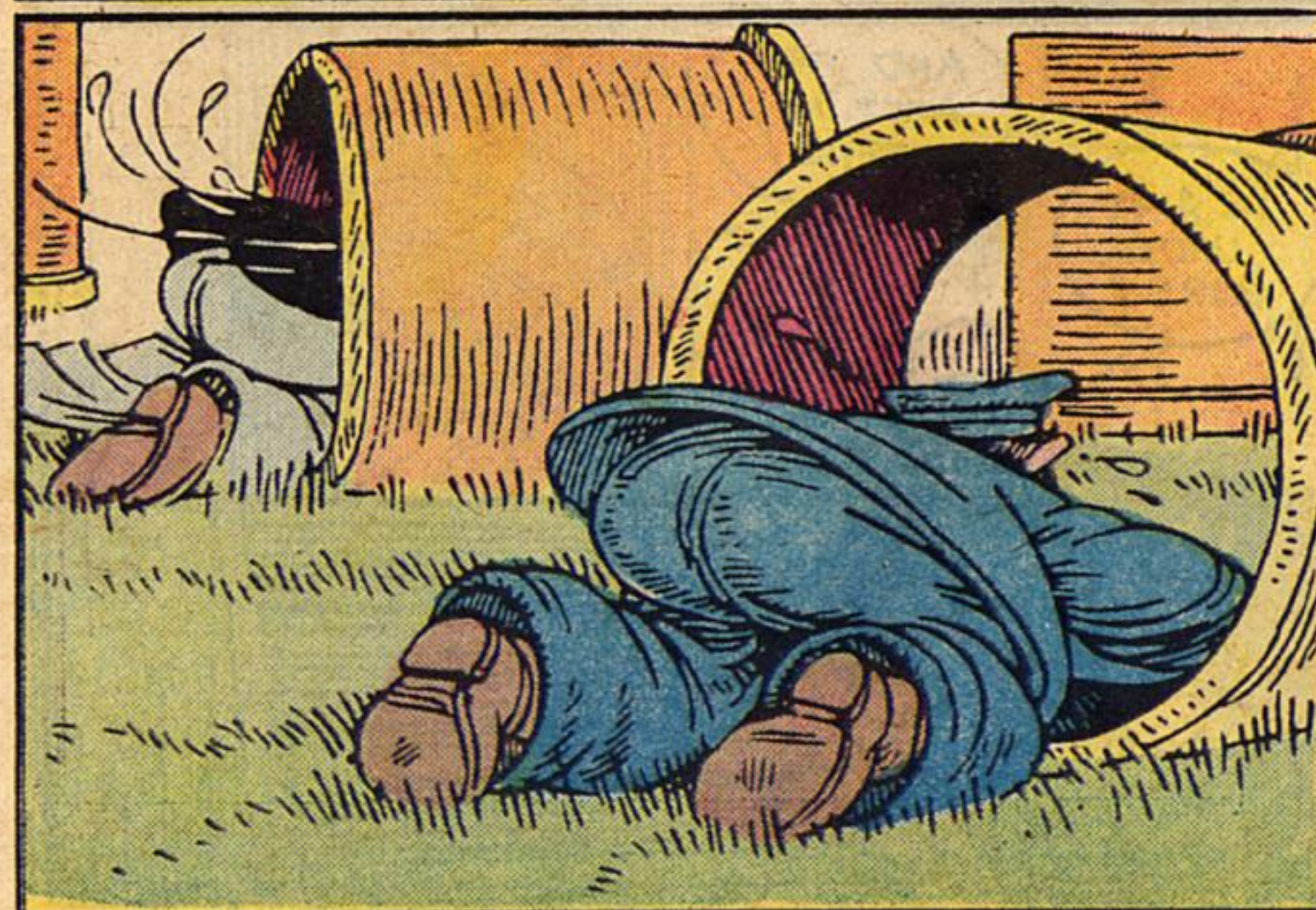
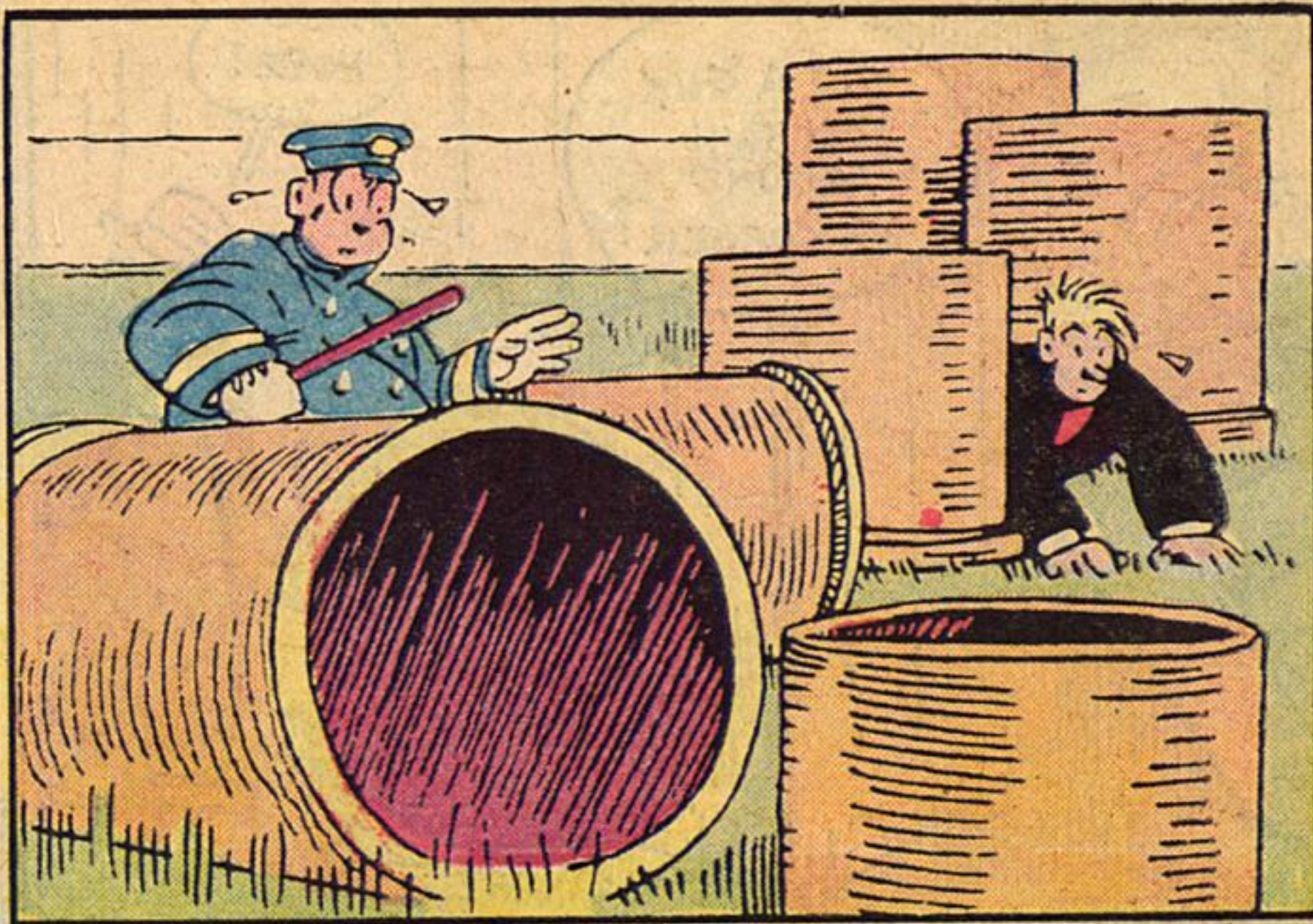
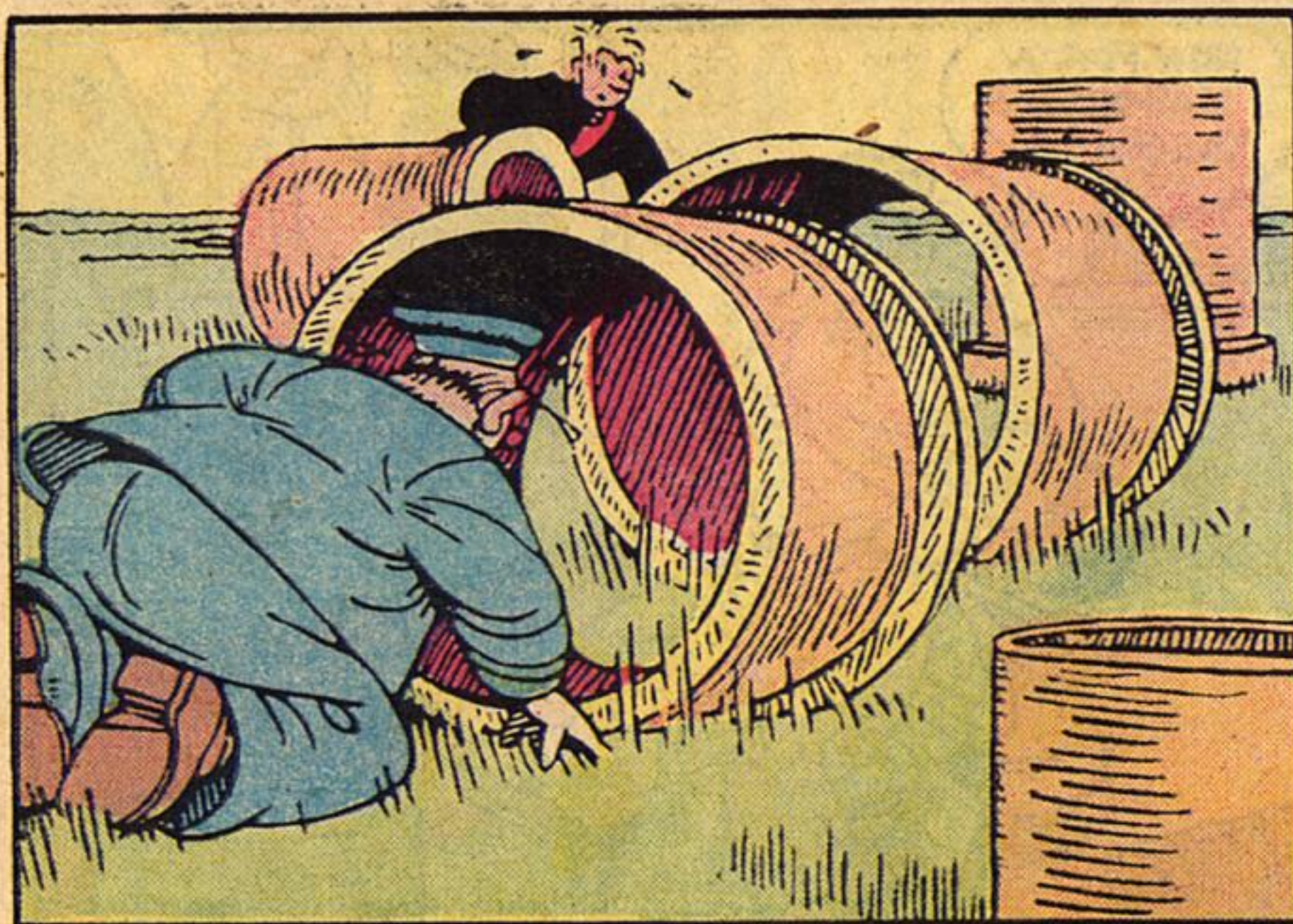
(Will Bret Coleman manage to save Merna Newton from the blood-thirsty South Sea island natives? Read the exciting climax of this story in the July issue.)

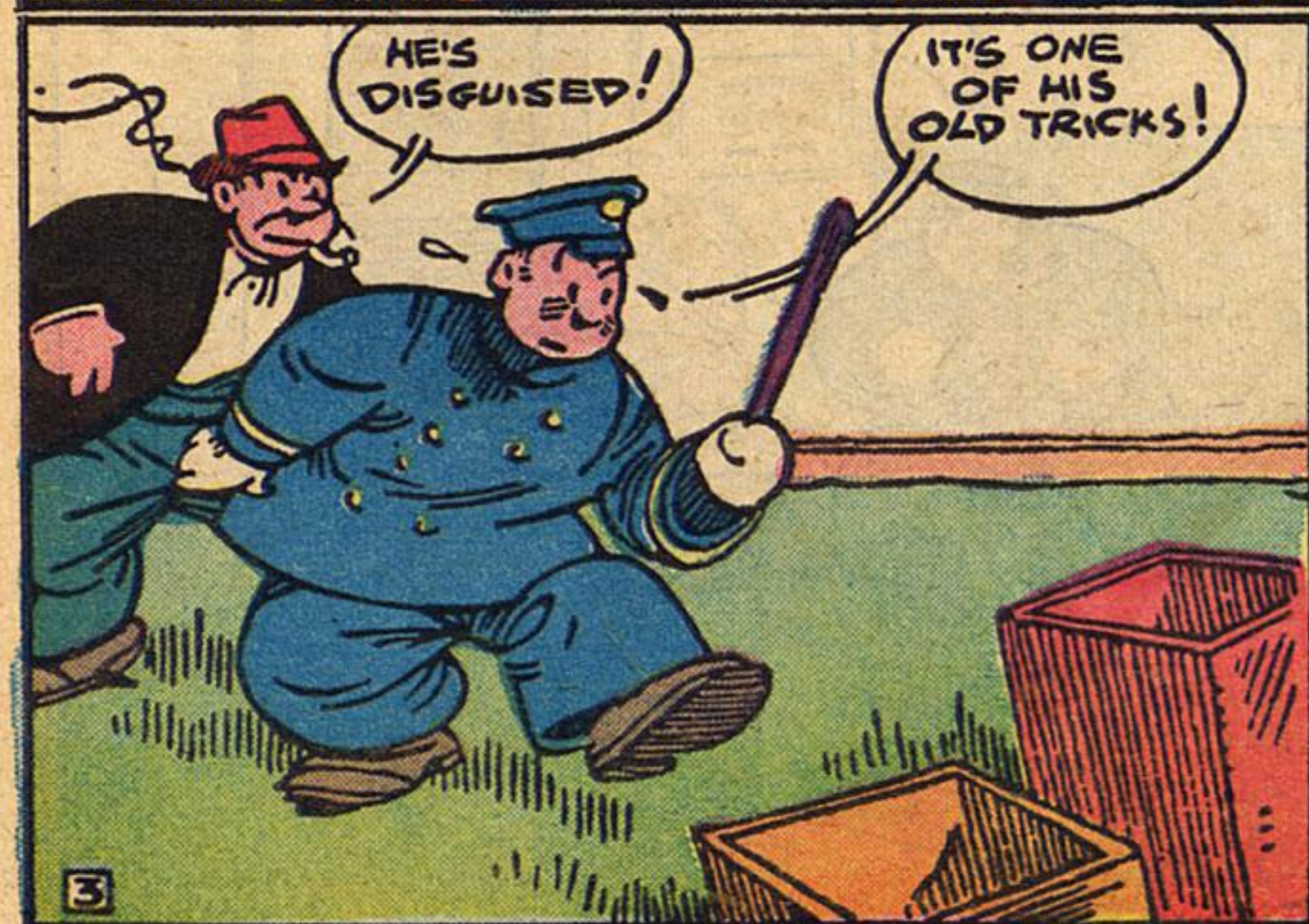
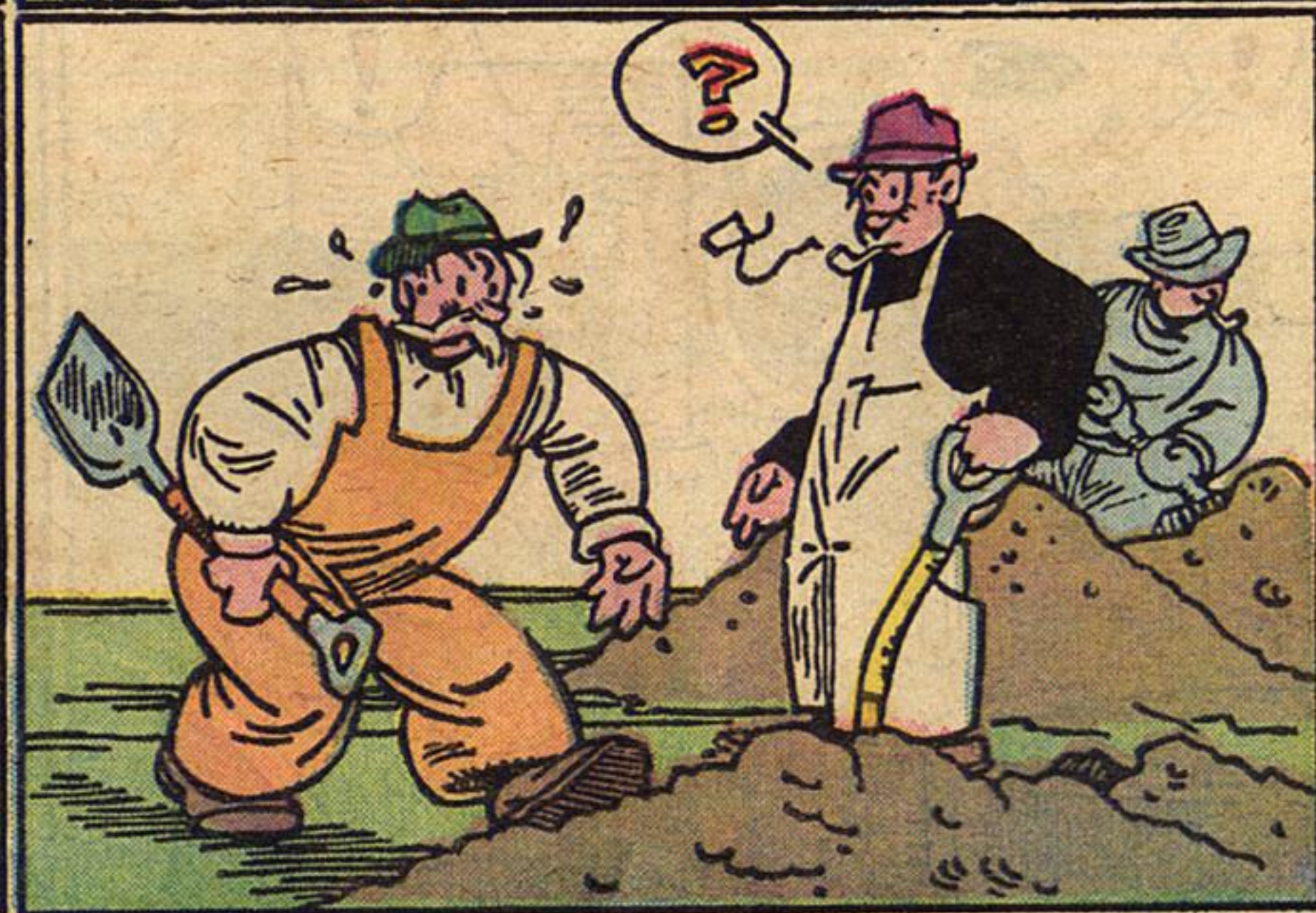
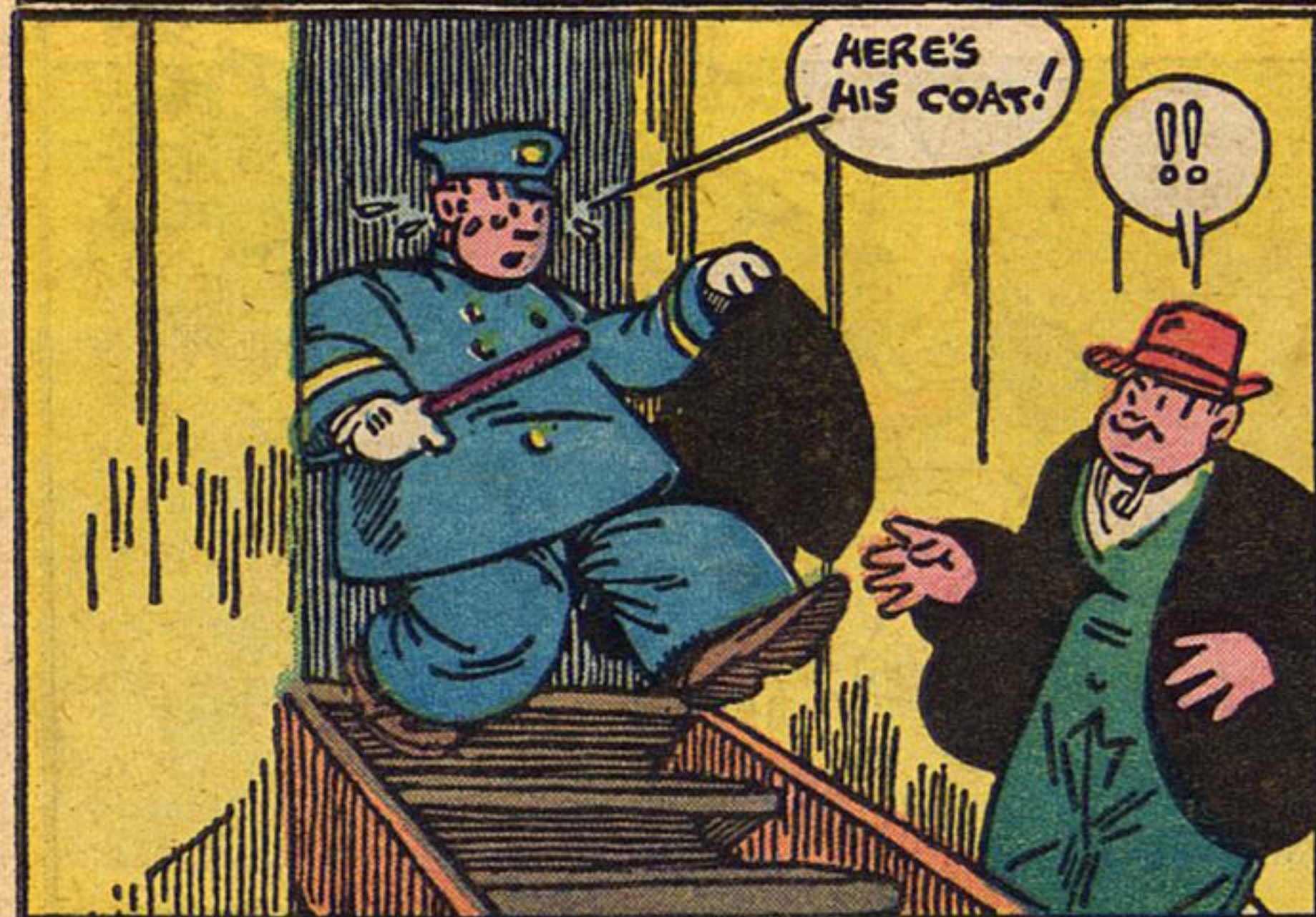
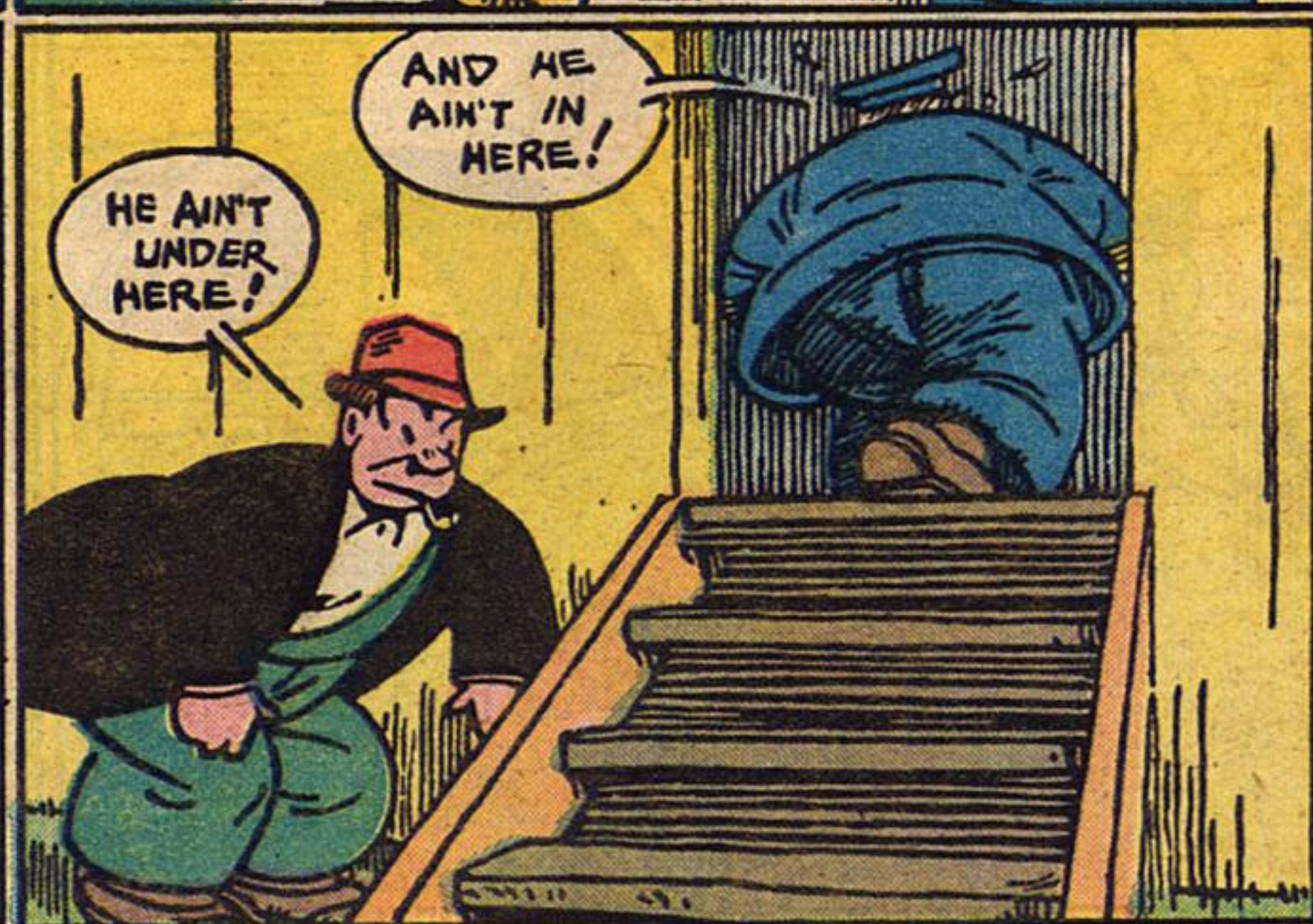
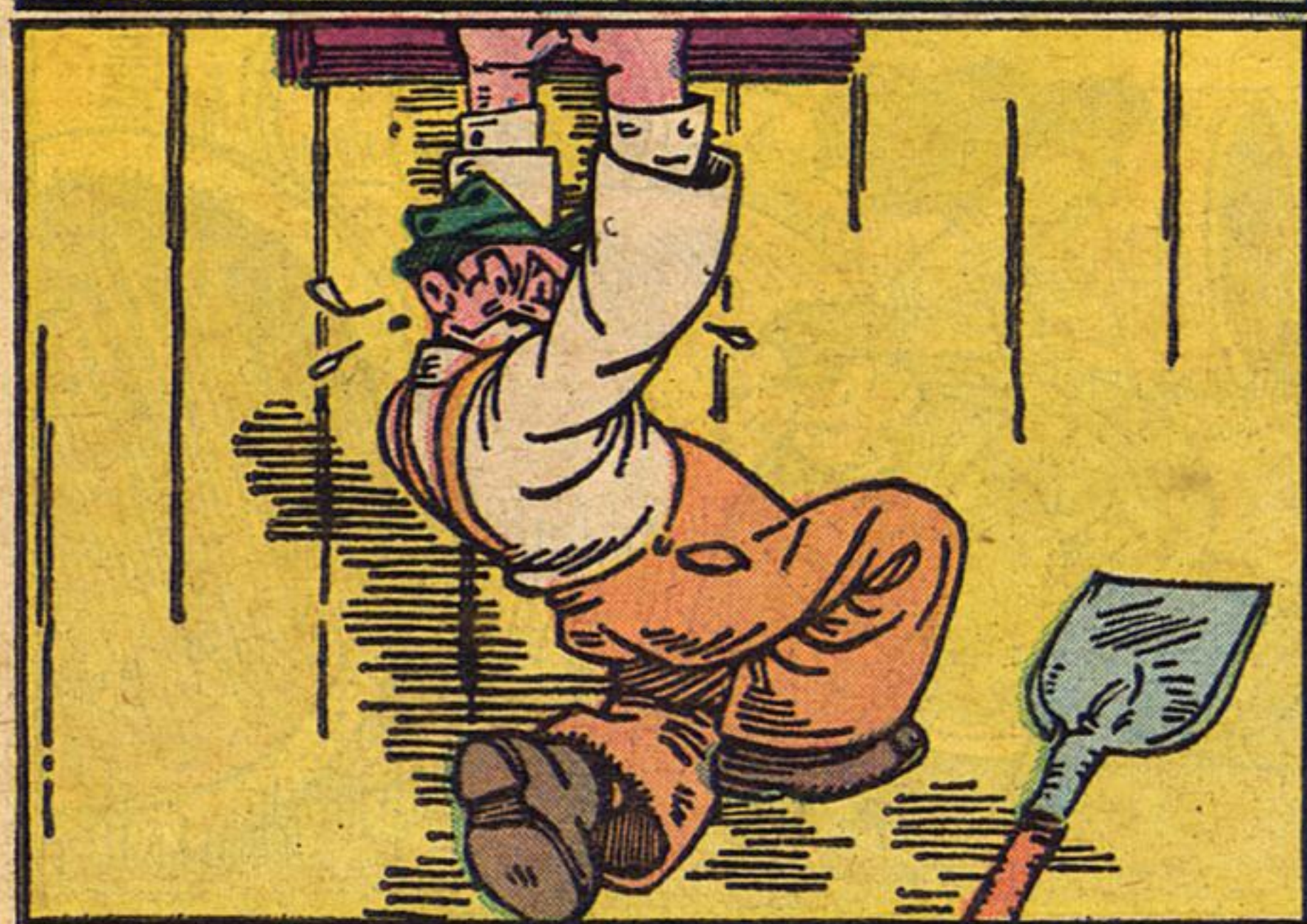
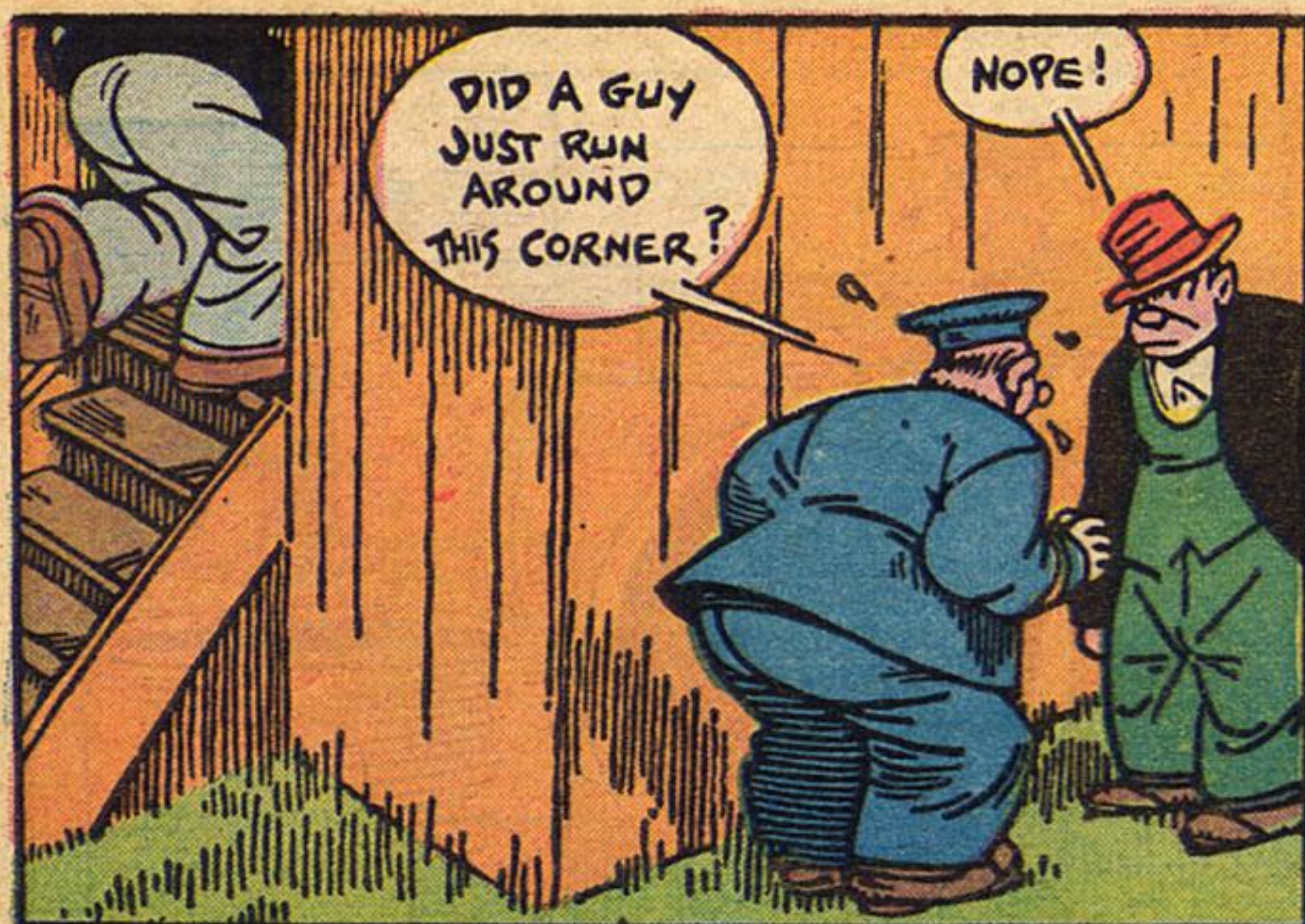


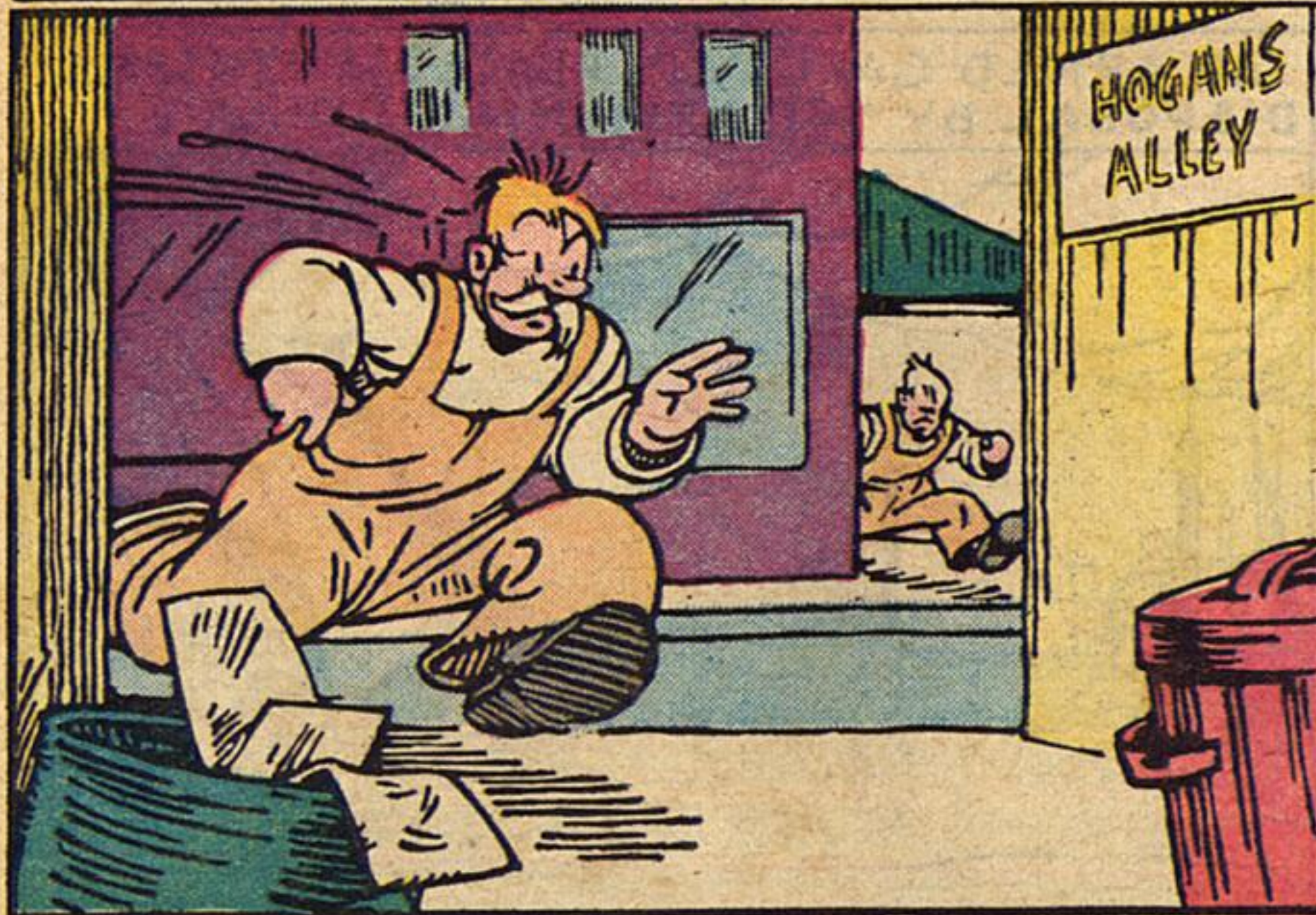
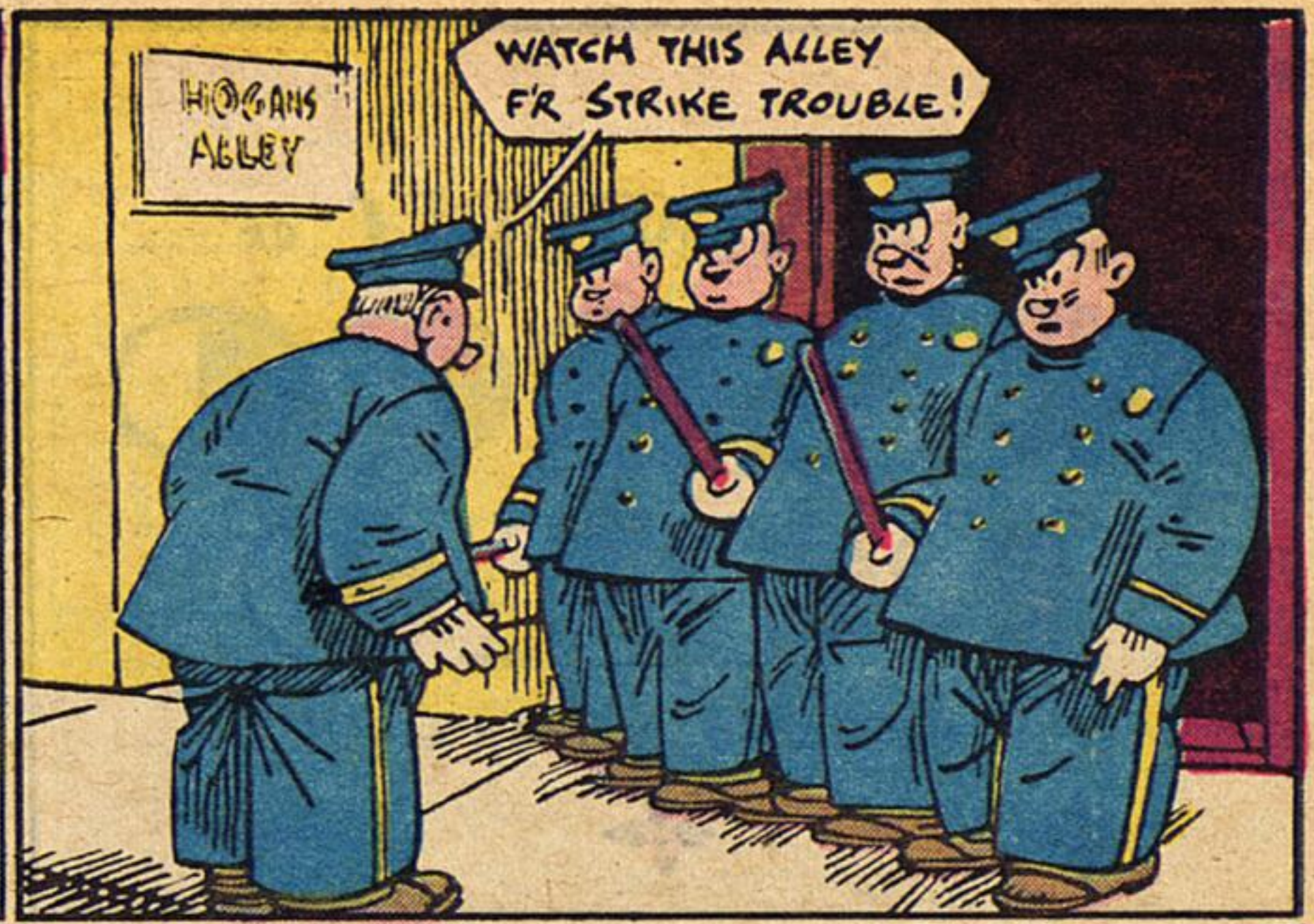
STICKY-MITT STIMSON

BY ALGER









The ADVENTURES of MARCO POLO

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVÉN



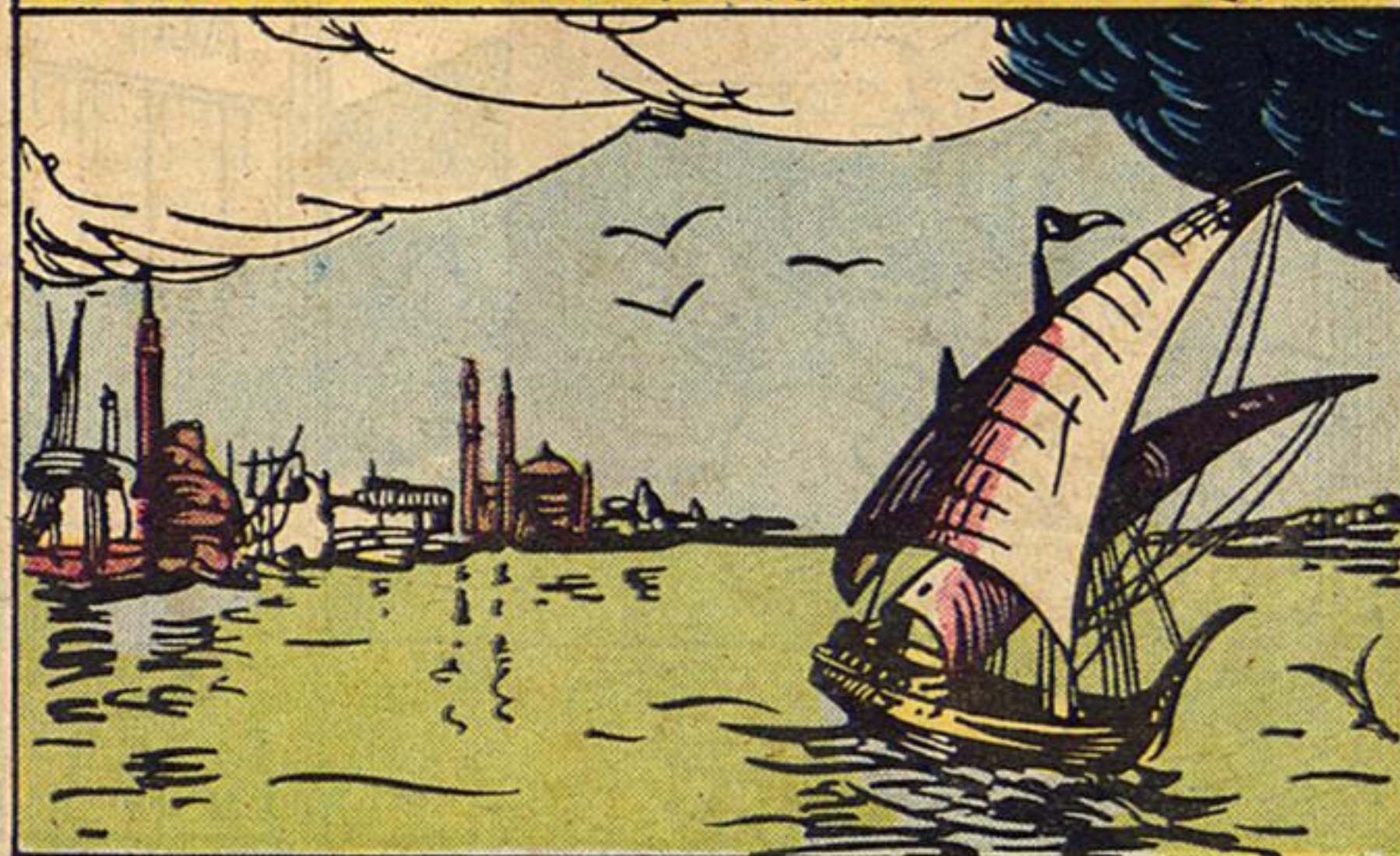
IT'S THE YEAR 1271.
MARCO POLO, AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN,
TOGETHER WITH HIS FATHER AND UNCLE,
TWO WEALTHY AND IMPORTANT MEN OF
VENICE, SET OUT ON A JOURNEY TO THE
ORIENT.

AS THEY REACH THE ARMENIAN COAST
THEY ARE MET BY THE KING'S EMISSARY.

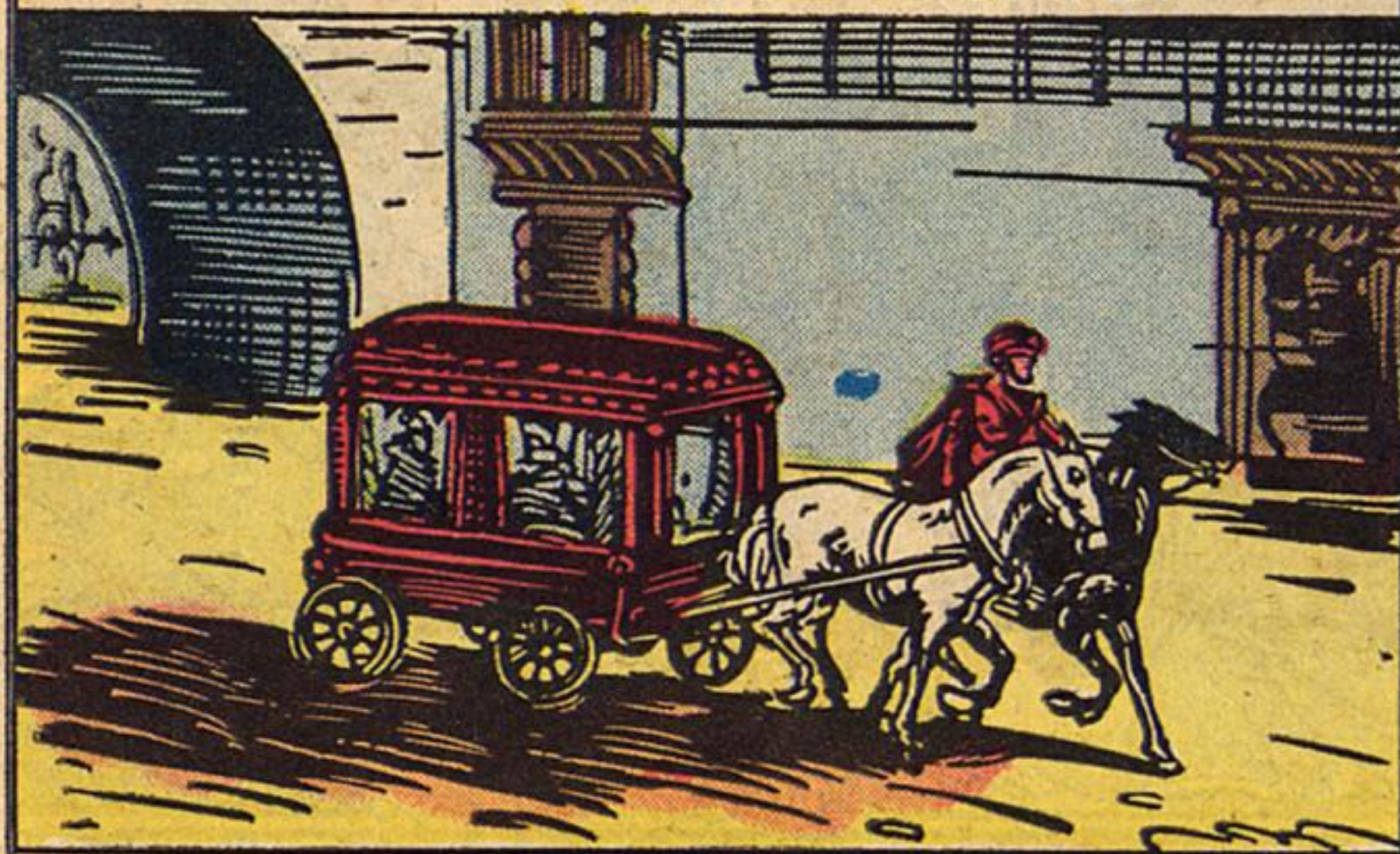
OUR KING HAS JUST RECEIVED
WORD FROM THE NEWLY ELECT-
ED POPE REQUESTING YOUR IM-
MEDIATE APPEARANCE AT HIS
RESIDENCE AT ACRE



AN ARMED GALLEY IS PLACED AT THEIR
DISPOSAL BY THE ARMENIAN RULER.



DOCKING AT THE CITY OF ACRE THEY GO
DIRECTLY TO THE POPE'S PALACE.

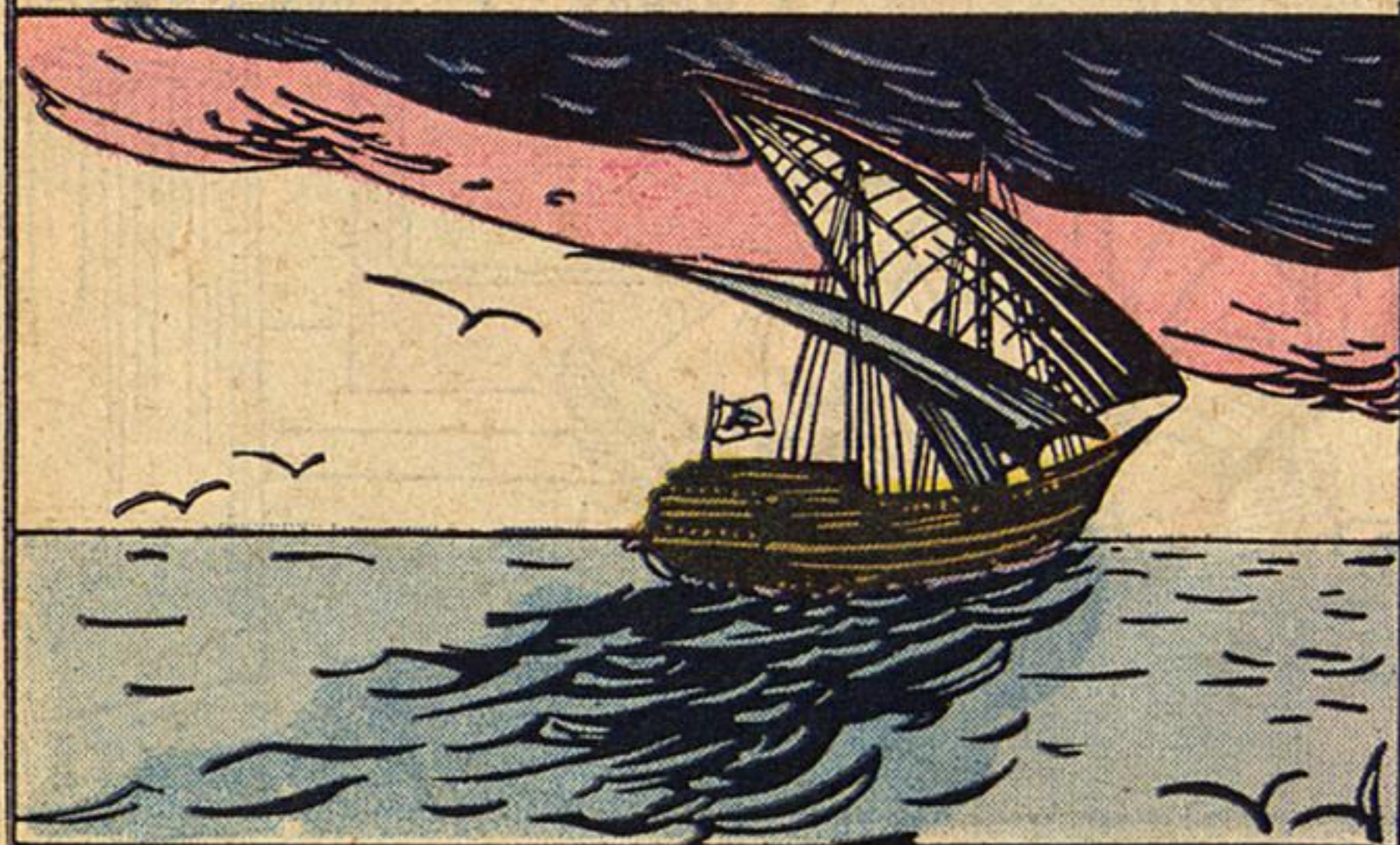


WHERE THEY RECEIVE IMMEDIATE AUDI-
ENCE WITH HIS HOLINESS AND GIVEN
THEIR INSTRUCTIONS.

-- MY BLESSINGS UPON YOU --
THIS IS YOUR MISSION; THE KHAN OF TAR-
TARY REQUESTS ME TO SEND PRIESTS AND
MEN OF LEARNING TO HIS GREAT DOMAIN
TO IMPART THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR COUN-
TRY TO HIS PEOPLE.

I HAVE BUT TWO PRIESTS AVAILABLE TO
SEND, WHO, WITH LETTERS AND GIFTS I EN-
TRUST TO YOUR CARE TO SAFELY CONVEY
TO THAT VAST EMPIRE IN THE EAST.

SO AGAIN THEY SET OUT FOR DISTANT
LANDS.



I UNDERSTAND, CAPTAIN,
THAT YOUR KING IS AT
WAR WITH THE RULER
OF BABYLONIA

YES, 'TIS SO -
THE SOLDAN HAS
LAID WASTE MUCH
OF OUR BEAUTIFUL
COUNTRY.



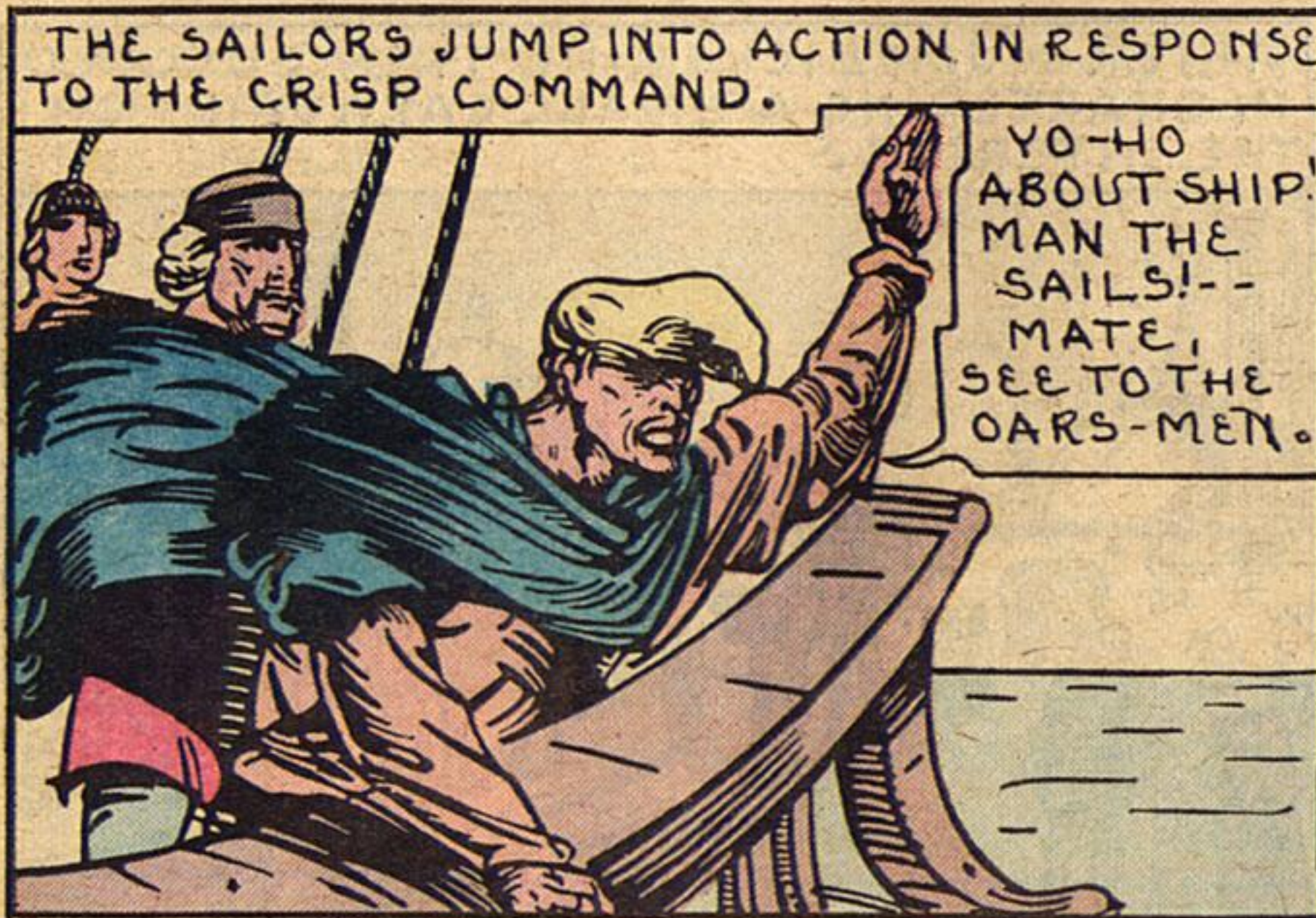


OH, LOOK!
A FLEET OF SHIPS!

HM- LOOKS LIKE
THE ENEMY'S
FLAG ON THEM
TOO

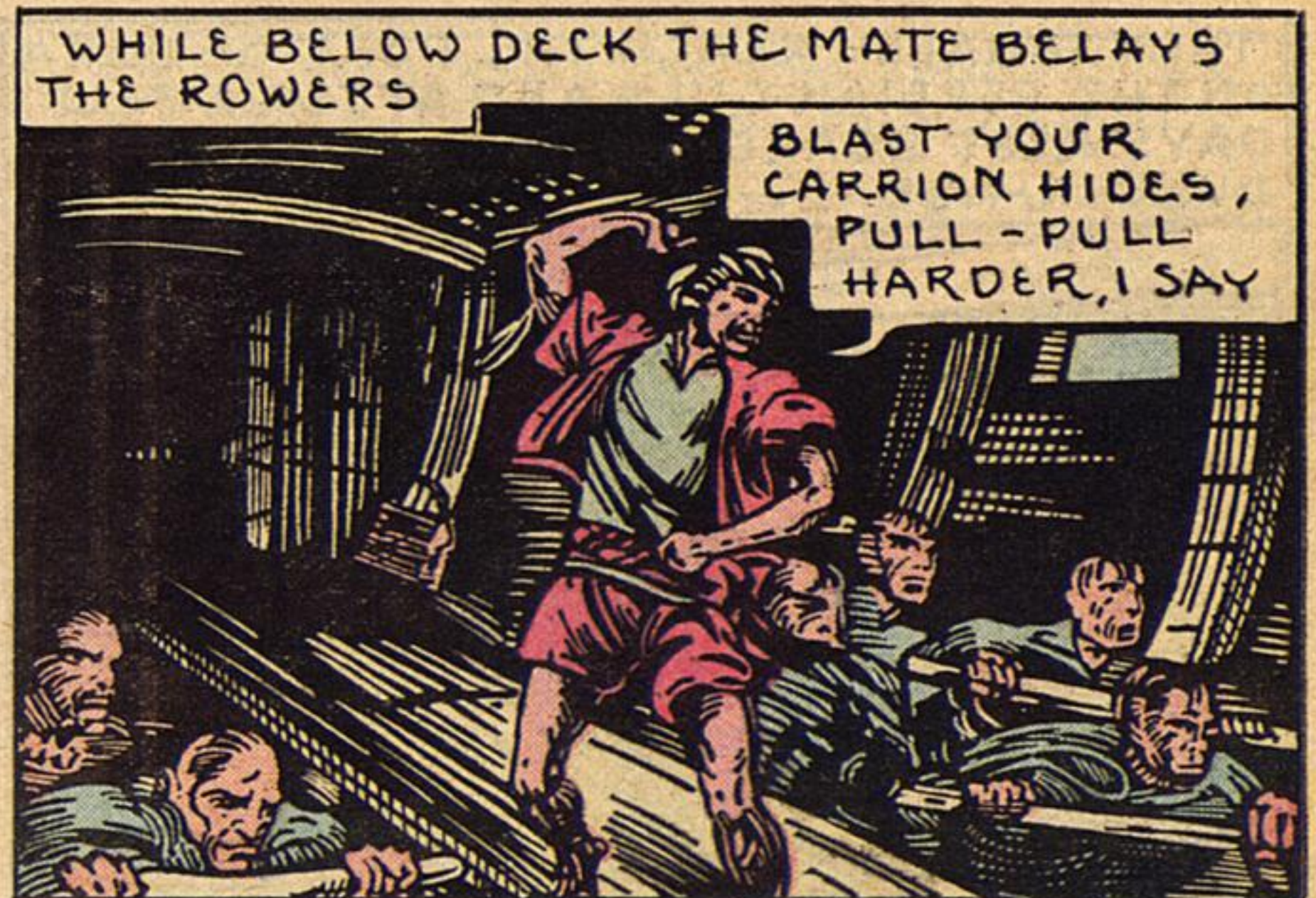


WE MUST RUN FOR IT
THEY'RE BABYLONIAN
WARSHIPS -- WE'RE
LOST IF THEY CAPTURE
US-- WE MIGHT MAKE IT
BACK TO PORT
YET.



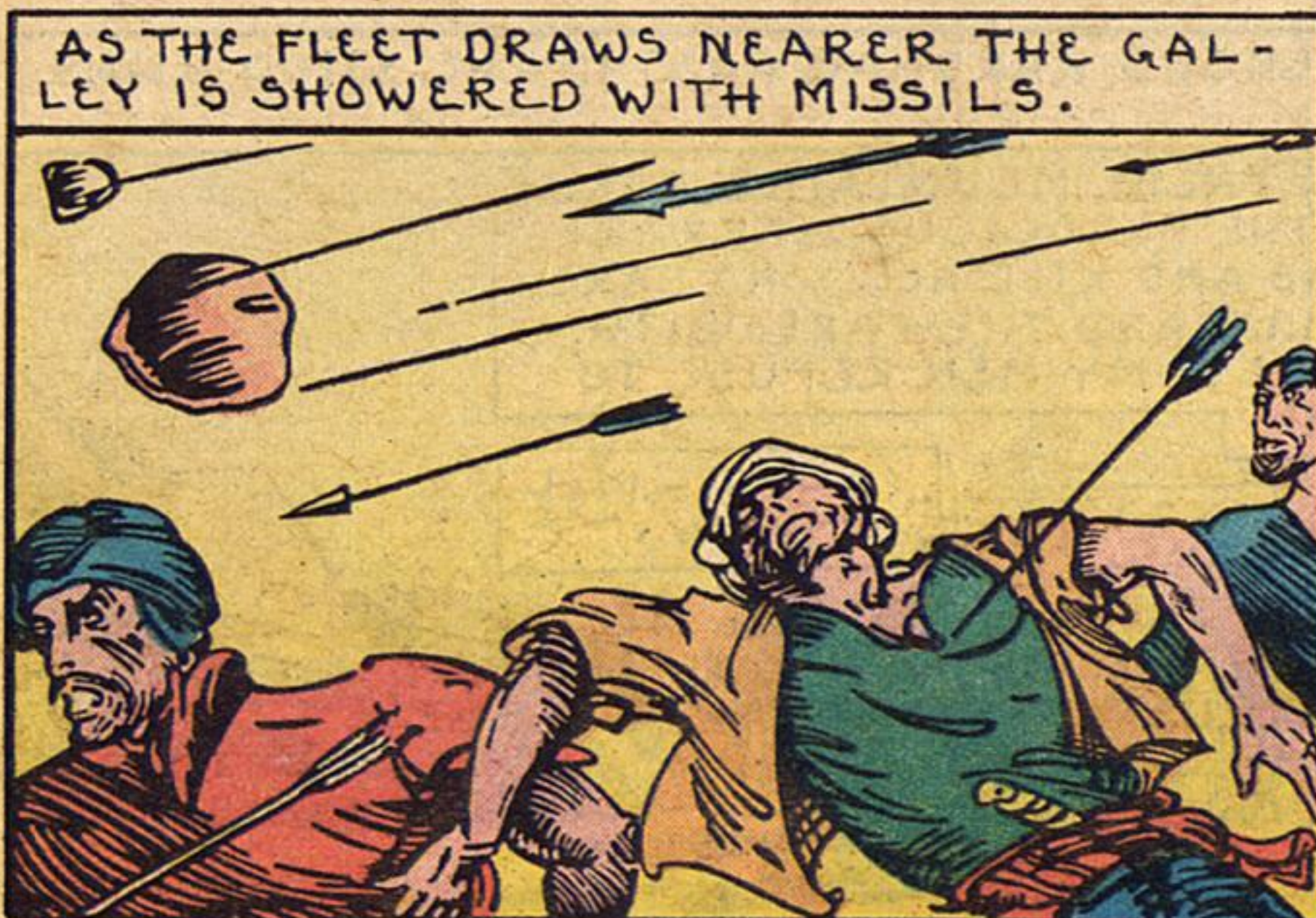
THE SAILORS JUMP INTO ACTION IN RESPONSE
TO THE CRISP COMMAND.

YO-HO
ABOUT SHIP!
MAN THE
SAILS!--
MATE,
SEE TO THE
OARS-MEN.



WHILE BELOW DECK THE MATE BELAYS
THE ROWERS

BLAST YOUR
CARRION HIDES,
PULL - PULL
HARDER, I SAY



AS THE FLEET DRAWS NEARER THE GAL-
LEY IS SHOWERED WITH MISSILES.



BUT GALLANTLY THE LITTLE SHIP STRUG-
GLES THROUGH INTO THE SAFETY OF THE
FORTIFIED HARBOR.



THE POLOS' AGAIN PREPARE TO LEAVE ARMENIA, TAKING WITH THEM THE POPE'S
LETTERS AND GIFTS TO PRESENT TO THE KHAN.

WE HAD A CLOSE
CALL THAT TIME--
HOWEVER, WE
MUST RESUME
OUR JOURNEY.

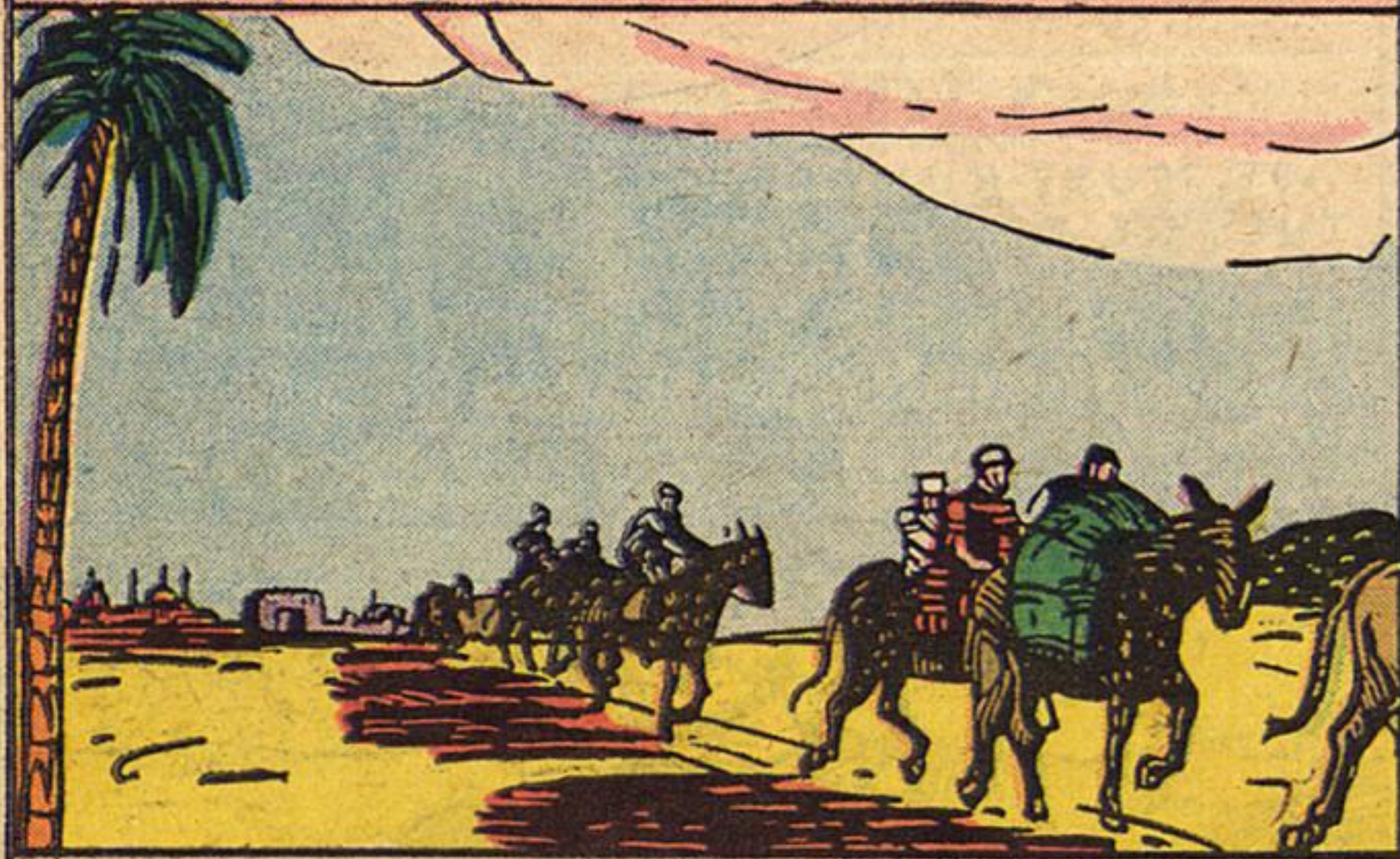
OH, NO, SIGNOR
POLO, WE DARE
NOT CONTINUE
AFTER THESE
PERILOUS
EVENTS.

WE BESEECH
YOU TO TURN
BACK, TOO.

THAT'S UN-
THINKABLE--
WE MUST
GO ON.

WE CAN TAKE
THE POPE'S MES-
SAGE TO THE
KHAN, OUR-
SELVES

HEEDLESS OF PERILS AND DIFFICULTIES THE THREE TRAVELERS PUSH ON.



AFTER MONTHS OF HARDSHIPS THEY LEAVE MOUNT ARARAT AND HEAD FOR THE PLAINS.



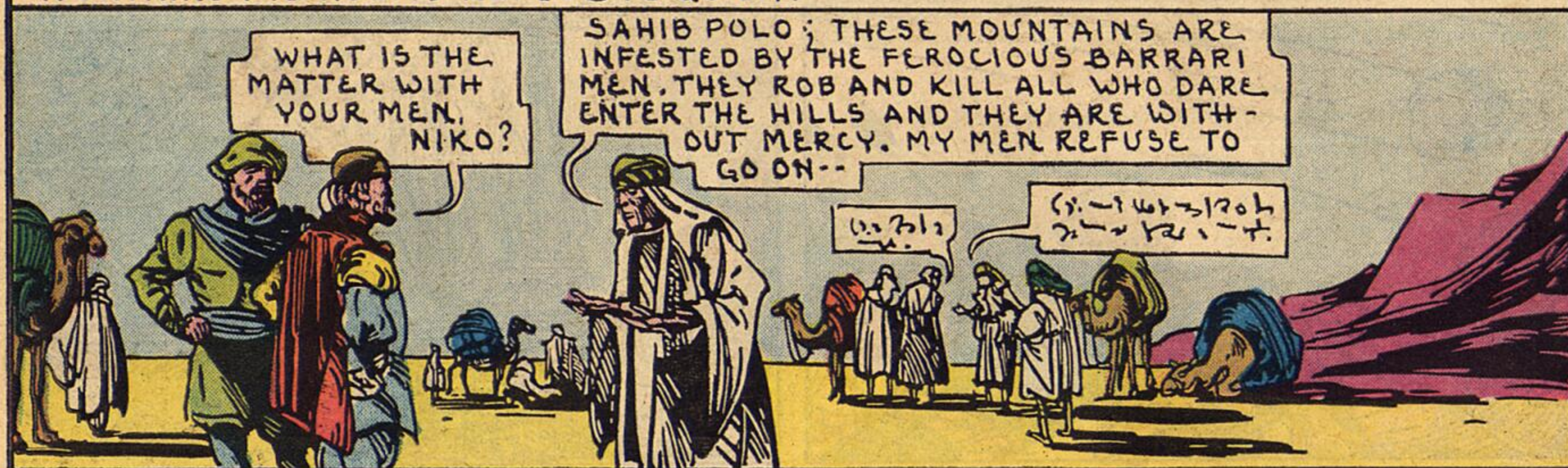
THEY FINALLY REACH THE PORT OF DORA ON THE PERSIAN GULF AND AFTER A FEW DAYS REST BOARD A SMALL BOAT FOR BUNDER-ABBAS.



AFTER MUCH BICKERING THEY SUCCEED IN CHARTERING A SMALL CARAVAN FOR THE INTERIOR.



APPROACHING THE FOOTHILLS OF THE DANGEROUS KARGHAR PASS IN THE WILD RHAS MOUNTAINS THE KULIES REFUSE TO GO ON.



BUT WE CAN'T TURN BACK NOW, NIKU, WE'RE IN FOR IT EITHER WAY.

A HANDFUL OF SILVER FOR EVERY MAN WHO STAYS WITH US. DO YOU KNOW THE LAY OF THIS LAND, NIKU?

MANY YEARS AGO WE FIGHT THEESE PEOPLE. I LEARN ALL ABOUT THEESE HILLS THEN. I SHALL TRY MAKE MY MEN STAY, SAHIB.

NIKU SUCCEEDS IN MAKING HIS MEN REMAIN WITH THE EXPEDITION.



FROM NIKU'S DESCRIPTION THE FOUR MEN CAREFULLY PLOT THEIR NEXT MOVES.

WE MUST DIVIDE OUR PARTY. YOU, MARCO, WITH NIKU AND HALF OUR MEN MUST GAIN THE ROCKS ABOVE THE GORGE WITHOUT BEING SEEN OR ALL WILL BE LOST

AND THE REST OF US SHALL PROCEED OPENLY FOR THE PASS, AND MAY PROVIDENCE WATCH OVER US.



MY MEN WILL FIGHT IF THEY HAVE TO, SAHIB.



UNDER COVER OF NIGHT, MARCO, NIKU AND THEIR MEN CREEP CAUTIOUSLY AHEAD FOR THE UPPER ROCKS.



WHILE AT DAYBREAK THE ELDER MEN WITH THEIR TRAIN START FOR THE DANGEROUS PASS.

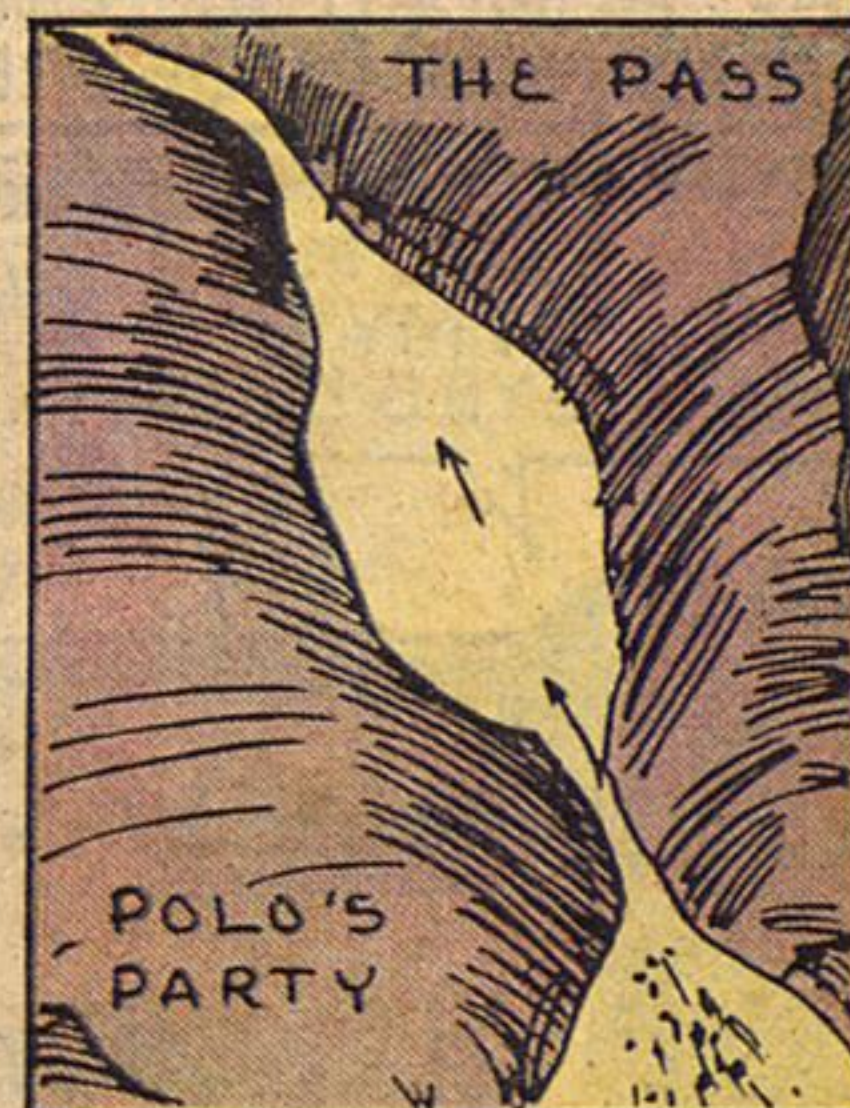


THE LITTLE PARTY COMES TO A STEEP, NARROW PASS, SCARCELY WIDE ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH. IN SINGLE FILE THEY ENTER THE TRAP.



LOOK, SAHIBS! THERE'S A HORSEMAN IN BACK OF US. THEY'VE SEEN US.

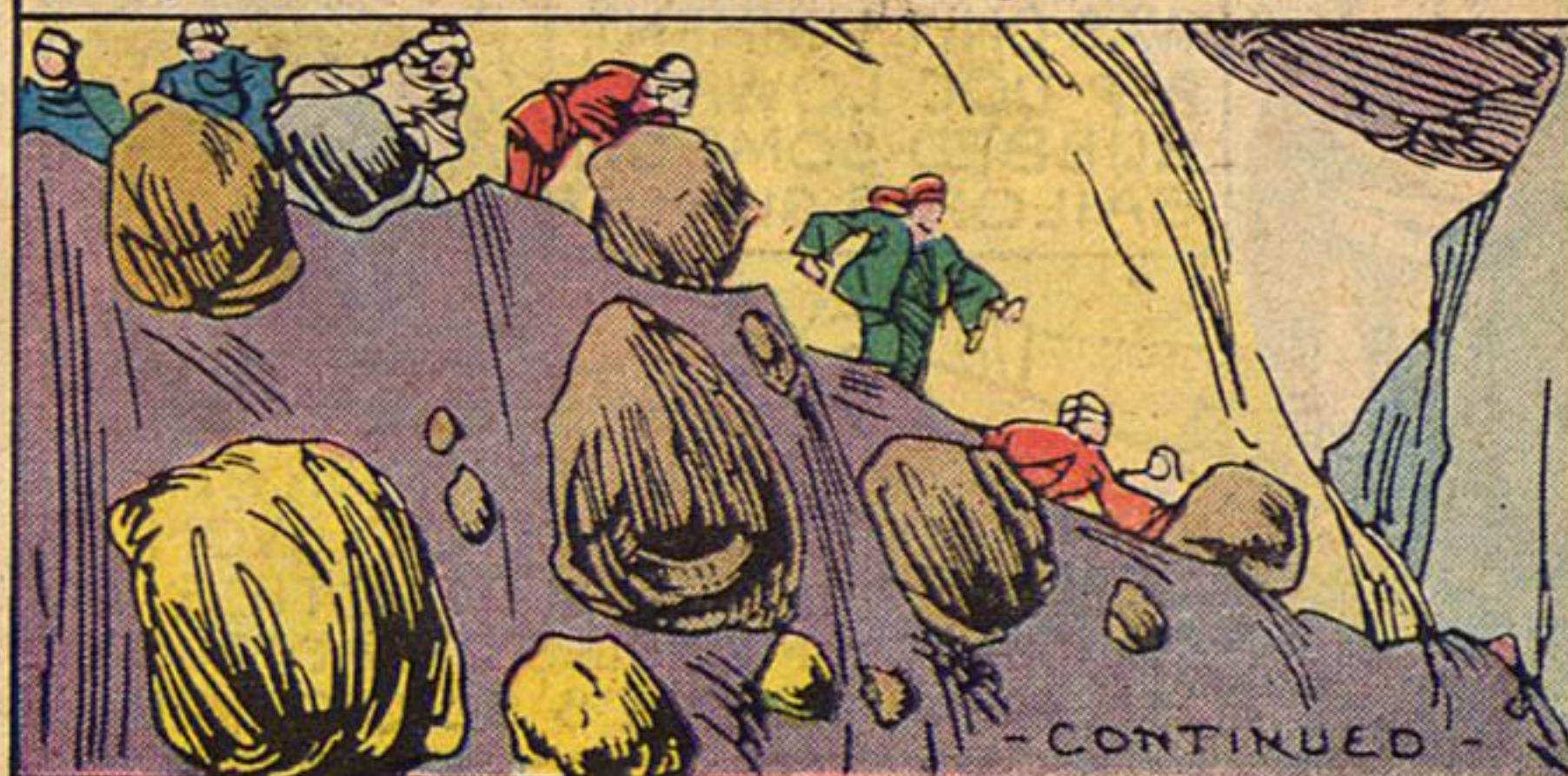
DON'T MAKE ANY SIGN THAT WE ARE AWARE OF THEM.



AS THEY APPROACH THE OTHER END OF THE BOWL A BAND OF HOWLING SAVAGES POUR DOWN ON THEM WITH RAISED SWORDS.



BUT--UP ABOVE YOUNG MARCO AND HIS MEN, WITH A SPLIT SECOND TO GO SWING INTO ACTION. THEY LOOSE A WHOLE MOUNTAIN OF BOULDERS ONTO THE BANDITS BELOW.



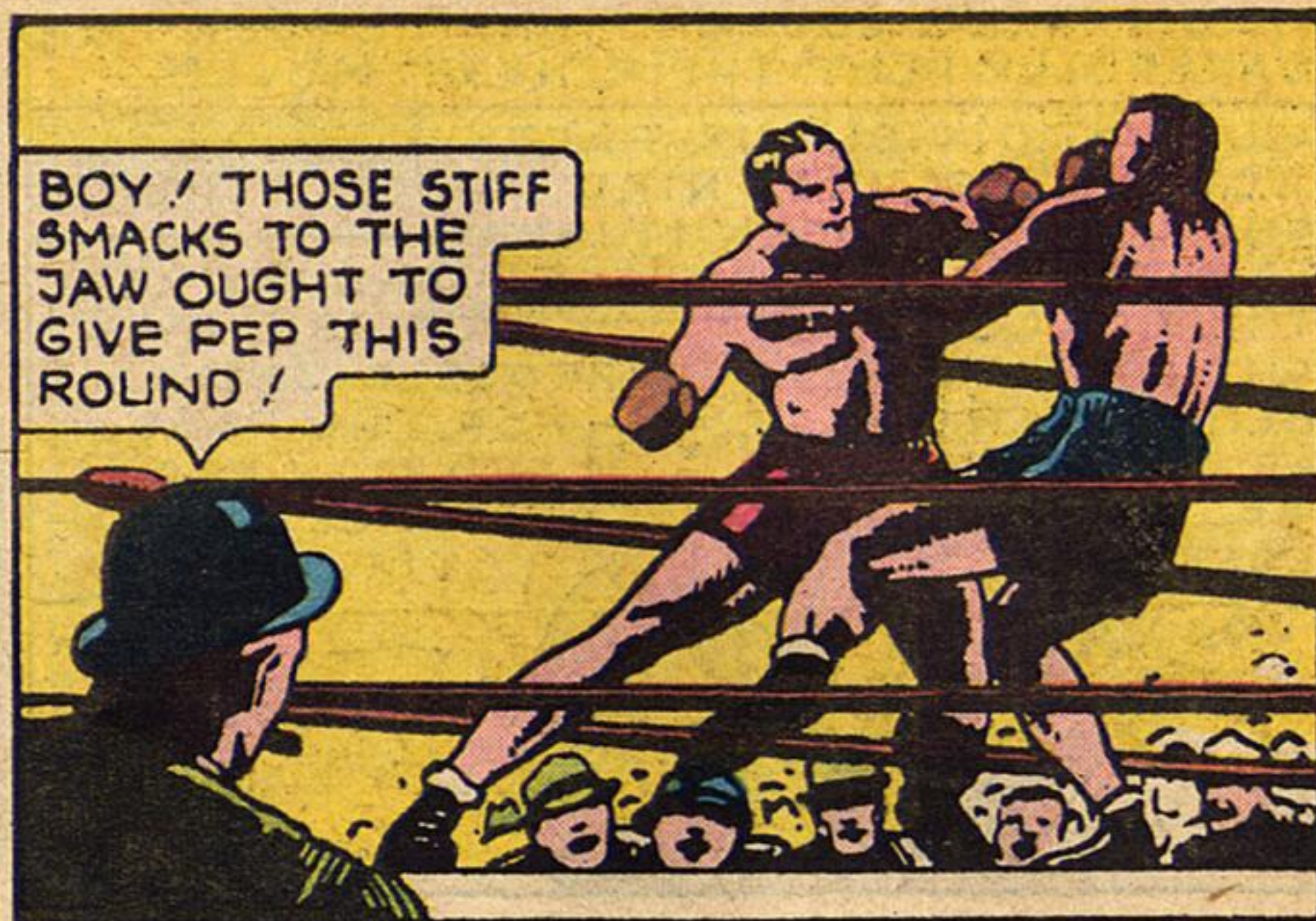
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"PEP" MORGAN

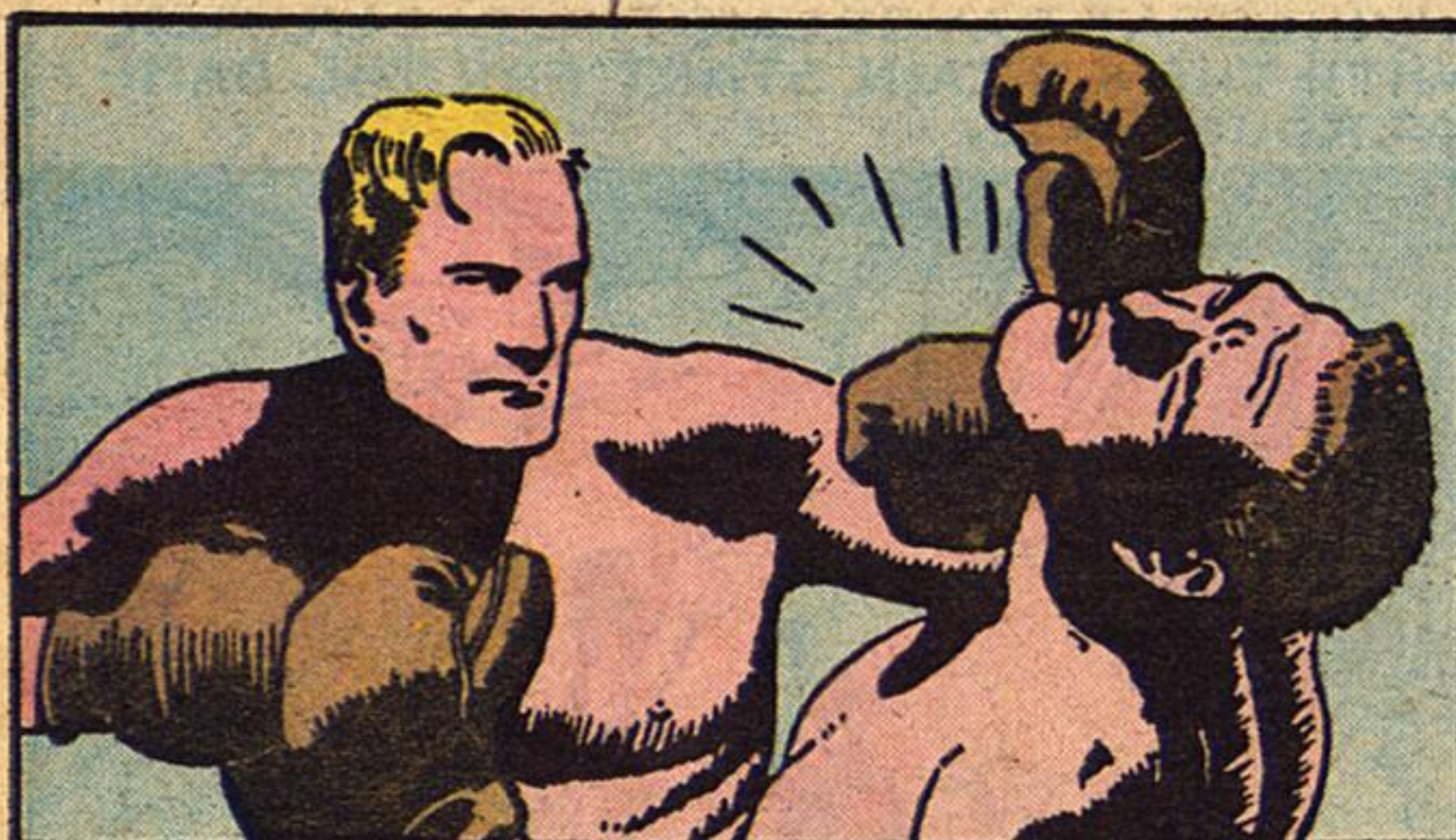
by FRED GUARDINEER



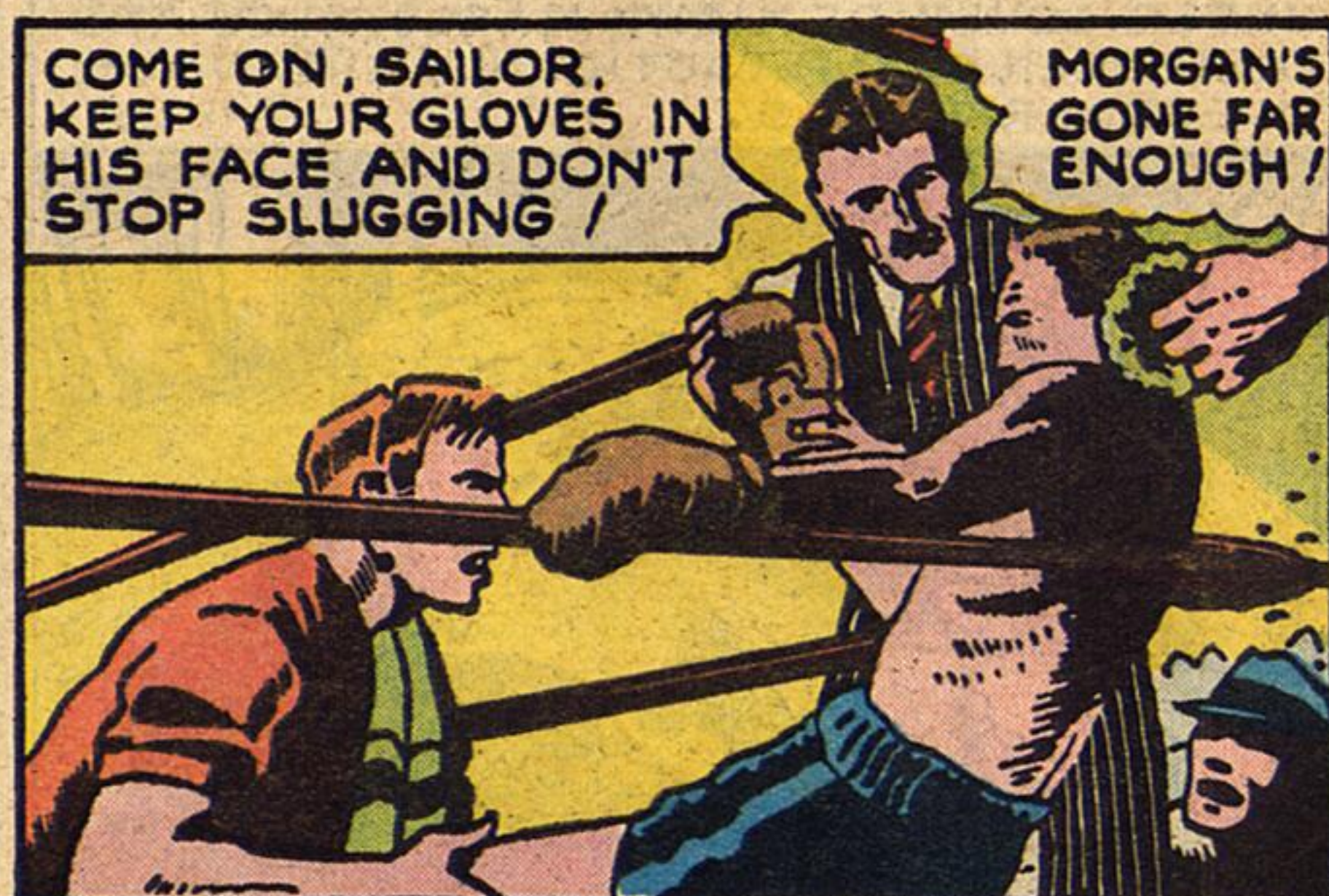
PEP MORGAN, VERSATILE YOUNG ATHLETE IS FIGHTING SAILOR SORENSON FOR THE COVETED LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP. POP BURKETT, PEP'S TRAINER AND PAL IS IN THE FIGHTER'S CORNER. SAILOR IS MANAGED BY THE UN-SCRUPULOUS DOC LOWRY.



BOY! THOSE STIFF SMACKS TO THE JAW OUGHT TO GIVE PEP THIS ROUND!



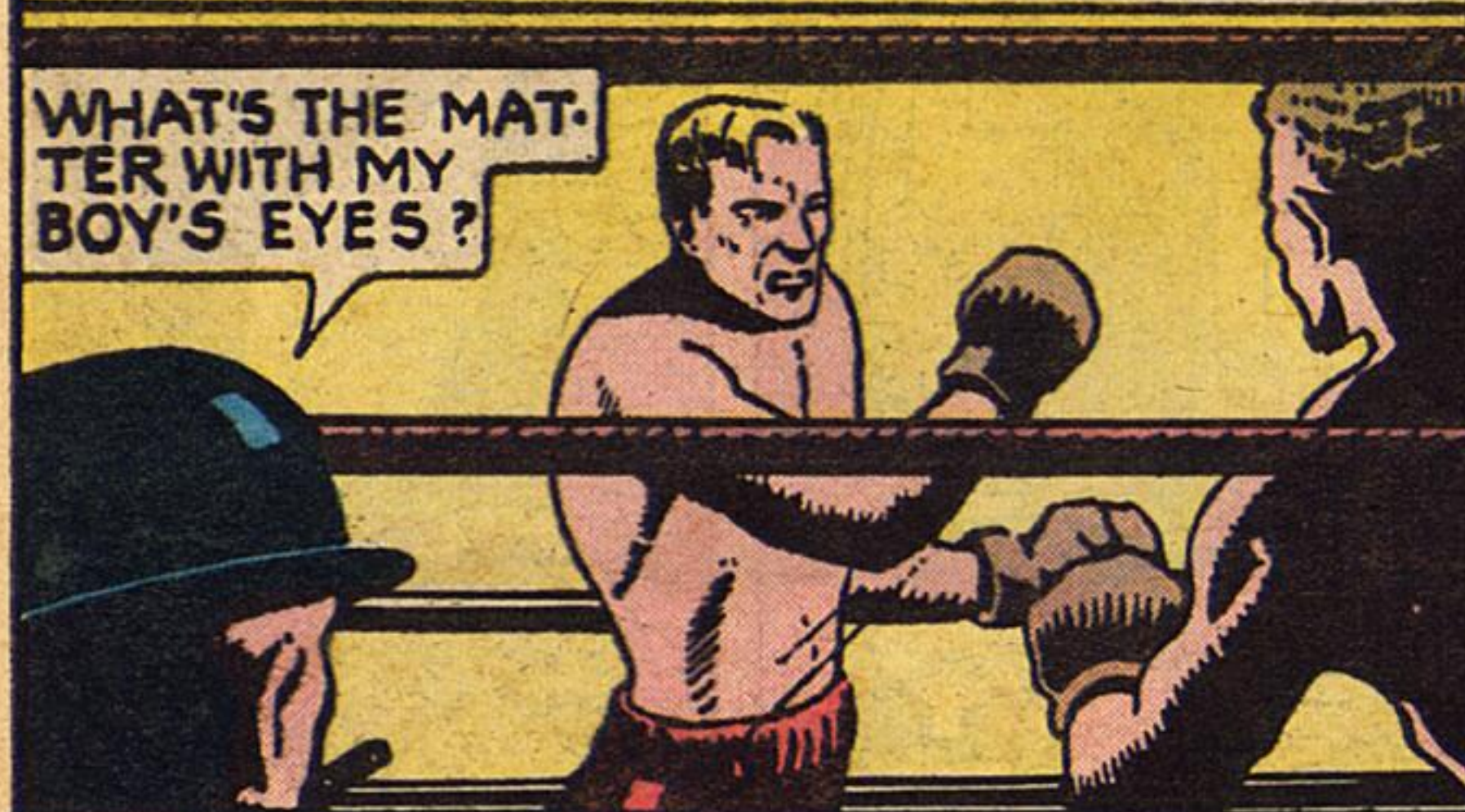
THE BELL SAVES SAILOR SORENSON FROM BEING KNOCKED OUT!



COME ON, SAILOR, KEEP YOUR GLOVES IN HIS FACE AND DON'T STOP SLUGGING!

MORGAN'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

IN THE NEXT ROUND PEP APPEARS TO BE BLINDED AND WILDLY THROWS PUNCHES IN DESPERATION...



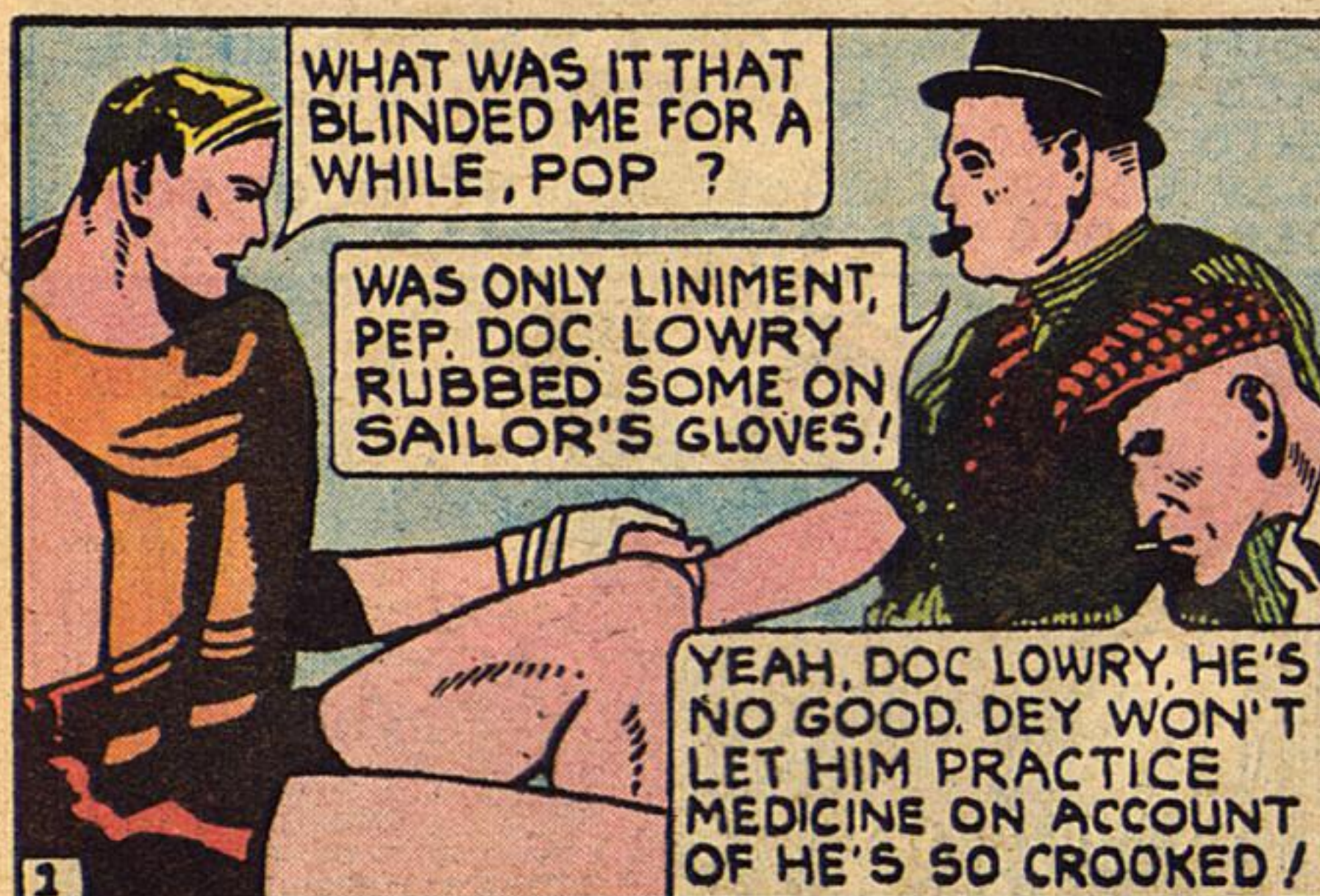
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY BOY'S EYES?

HOWEVER ONE OF HIS MAD BLOWS FINDS FLESH AND BONE SAILOR IS KNOCKED OUT FOR THE COUNT!



THE WINNAH-AND NEW CHAMPION!

HE'S BLINDED YOU, PEP, BUT YOU WON.. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT 'SOON AS WE WASH YOUR EYES.



WHAT WAS IT THAT BLINDED ME FOR A WHILE, POP?

WAS ONLY LINIMENT, PEP. DOC LOWRY RUBBED SOME ON SAILOR'S GLOVES!

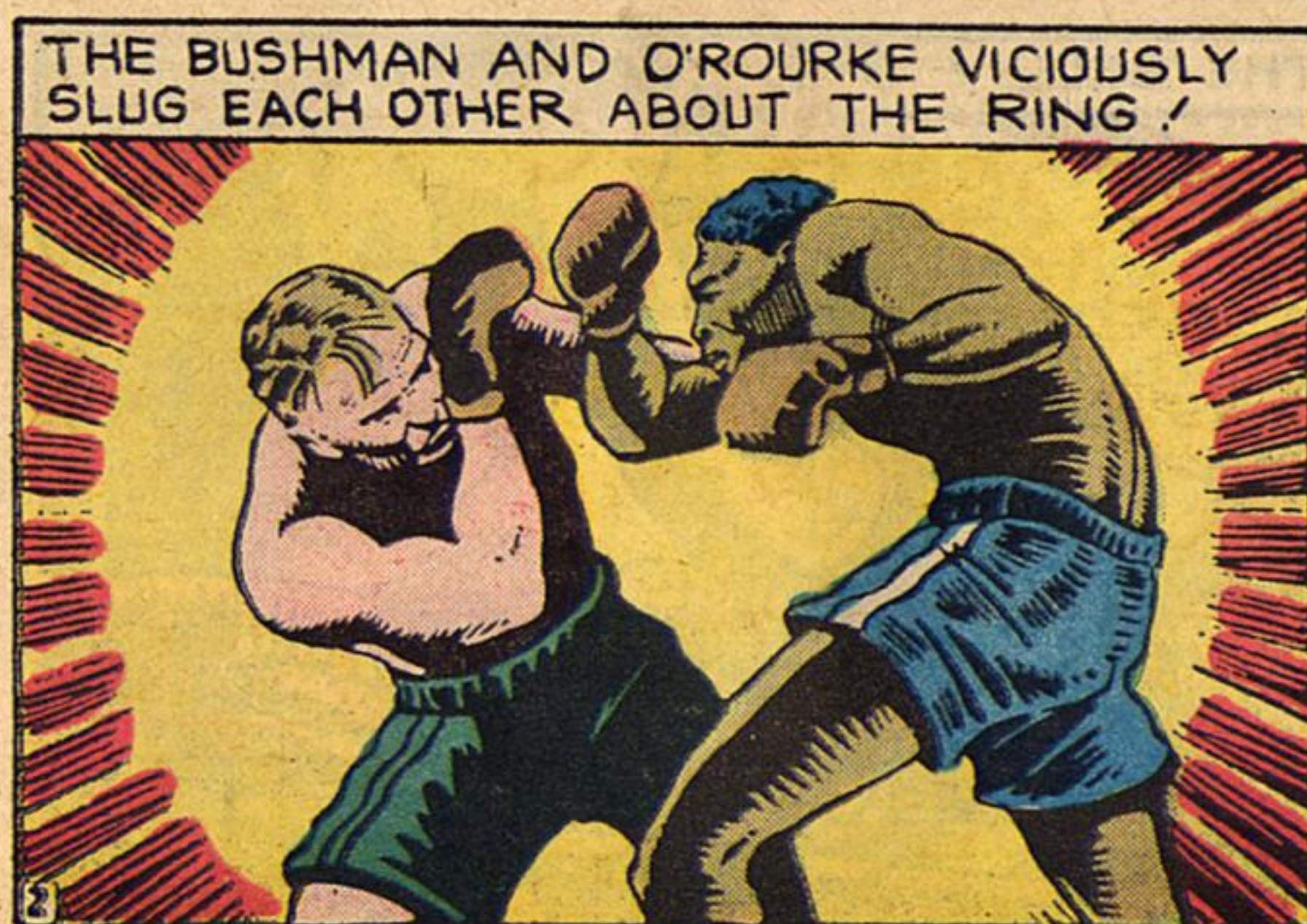
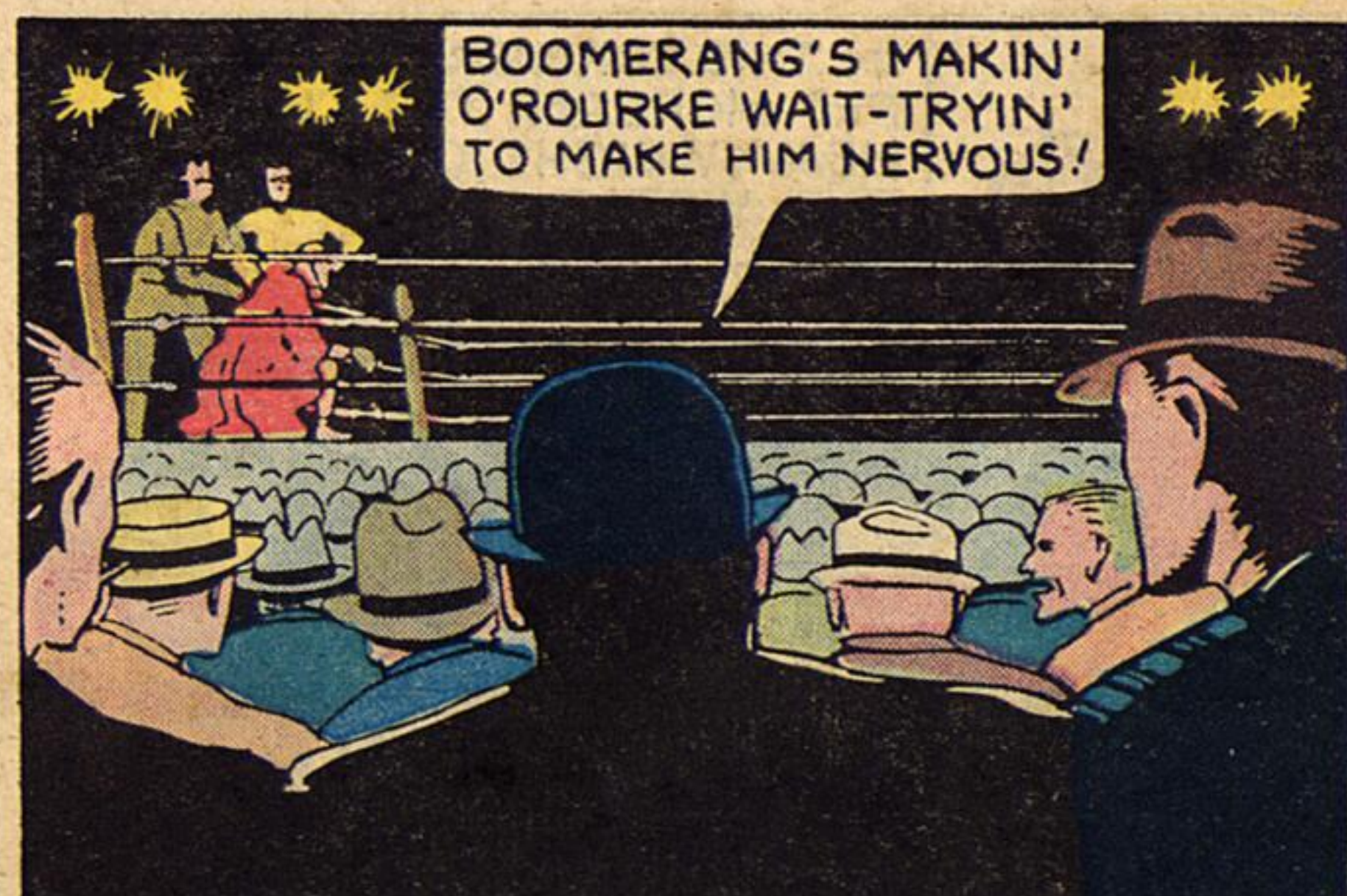
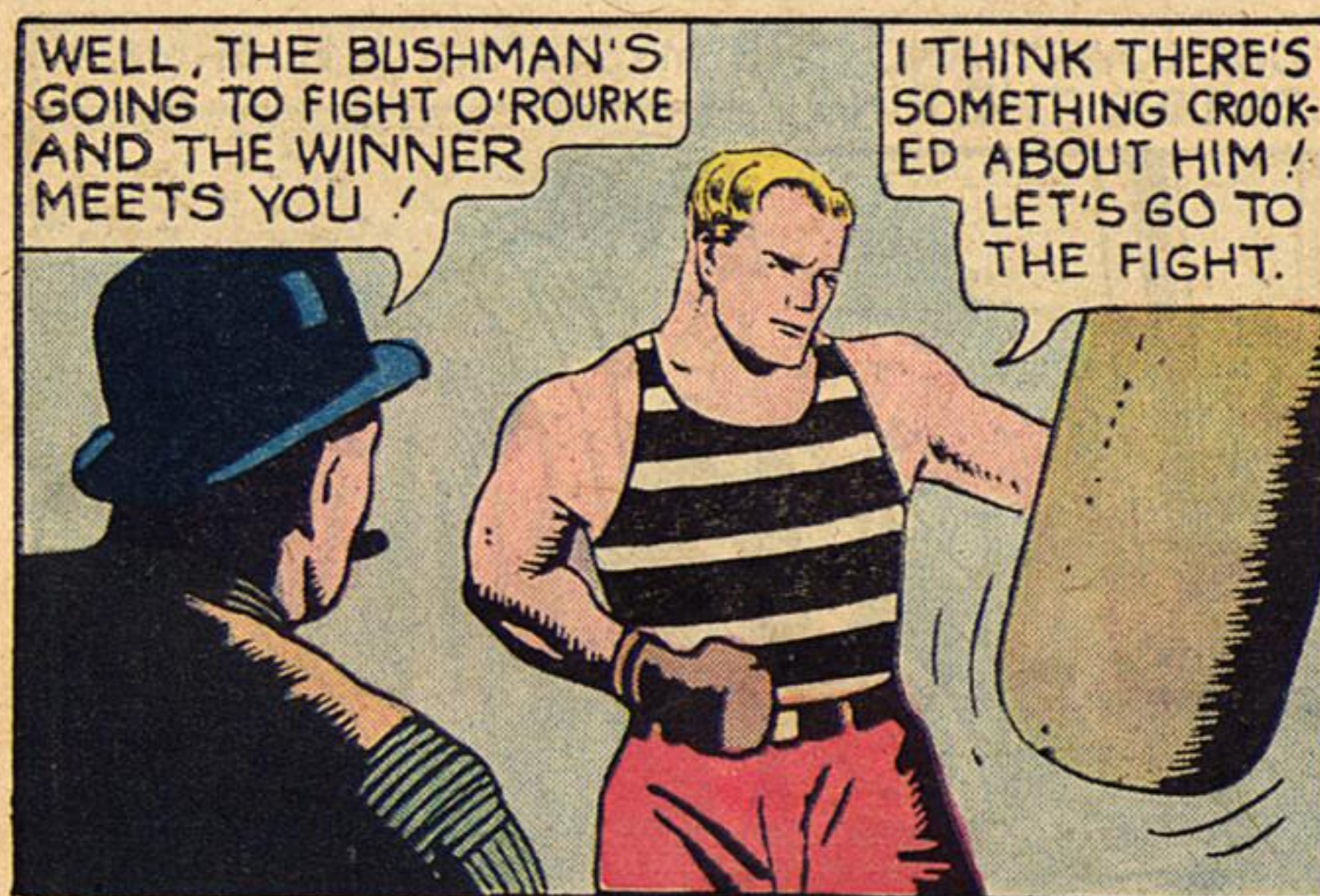
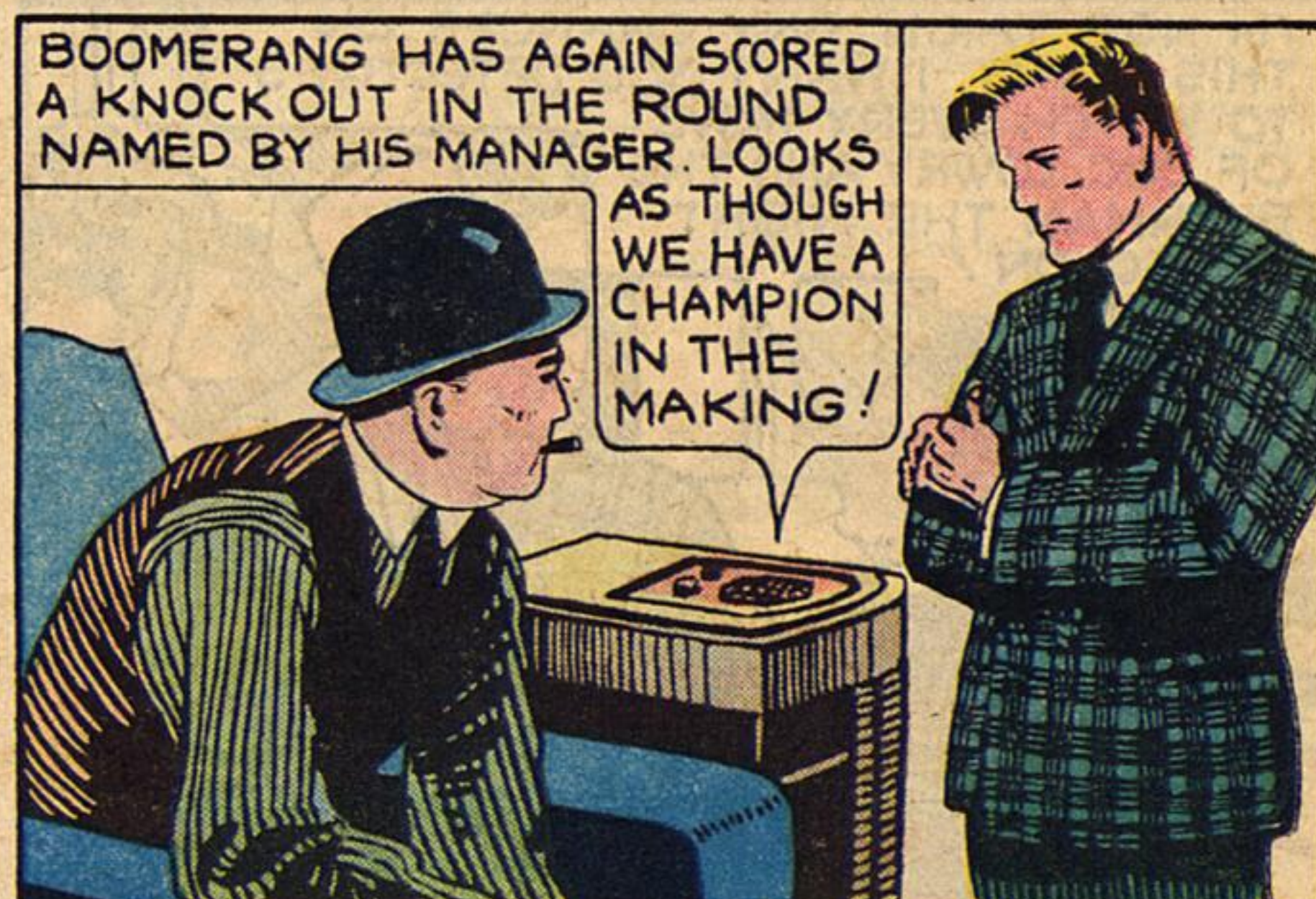
YEAH, DOC LOWRY, HE'S NO GOOD. DEY WON'T LET HIM PRACTICE MEDICINE ON ACCOUNT OF HE'S SO CROOKED!

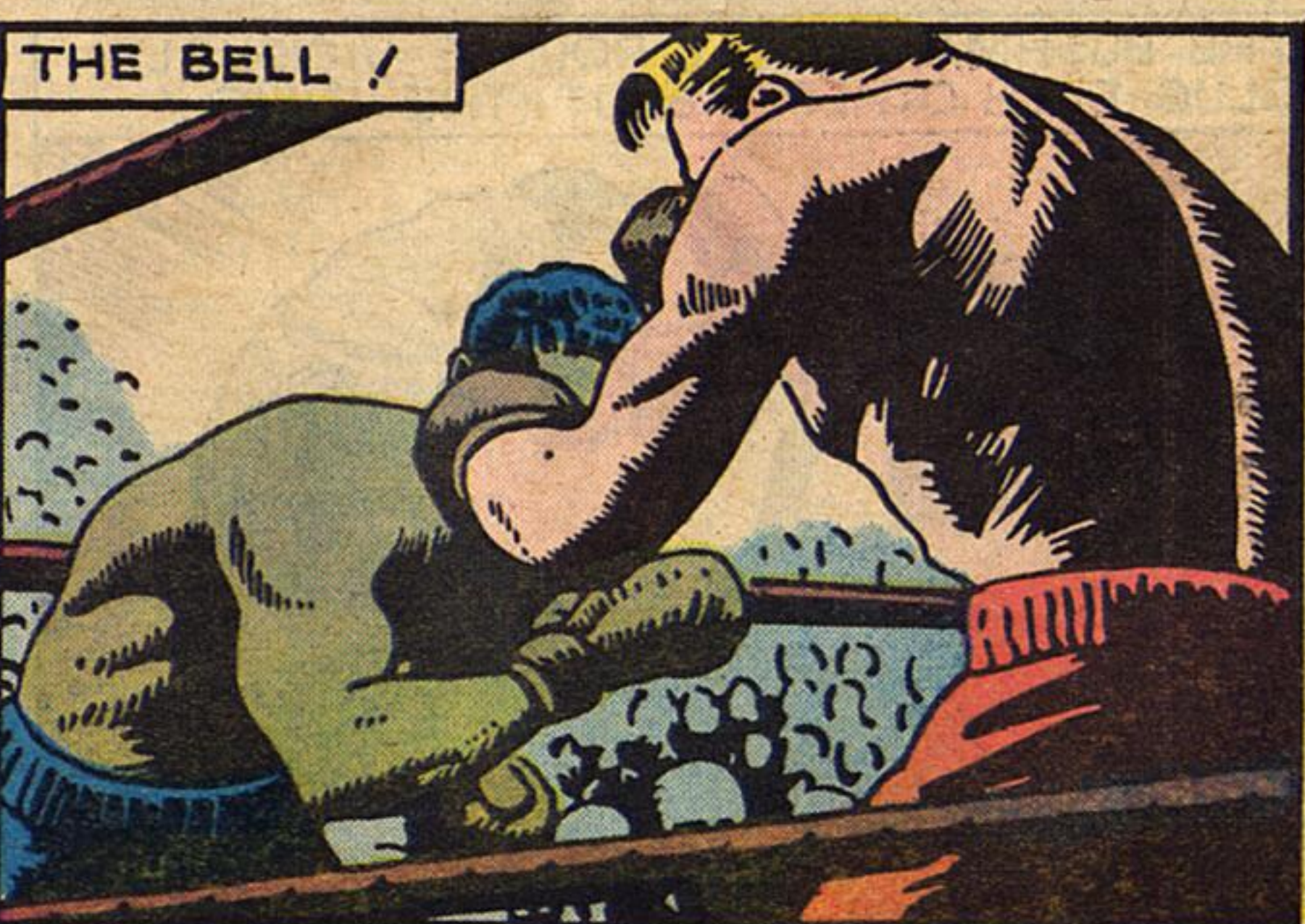
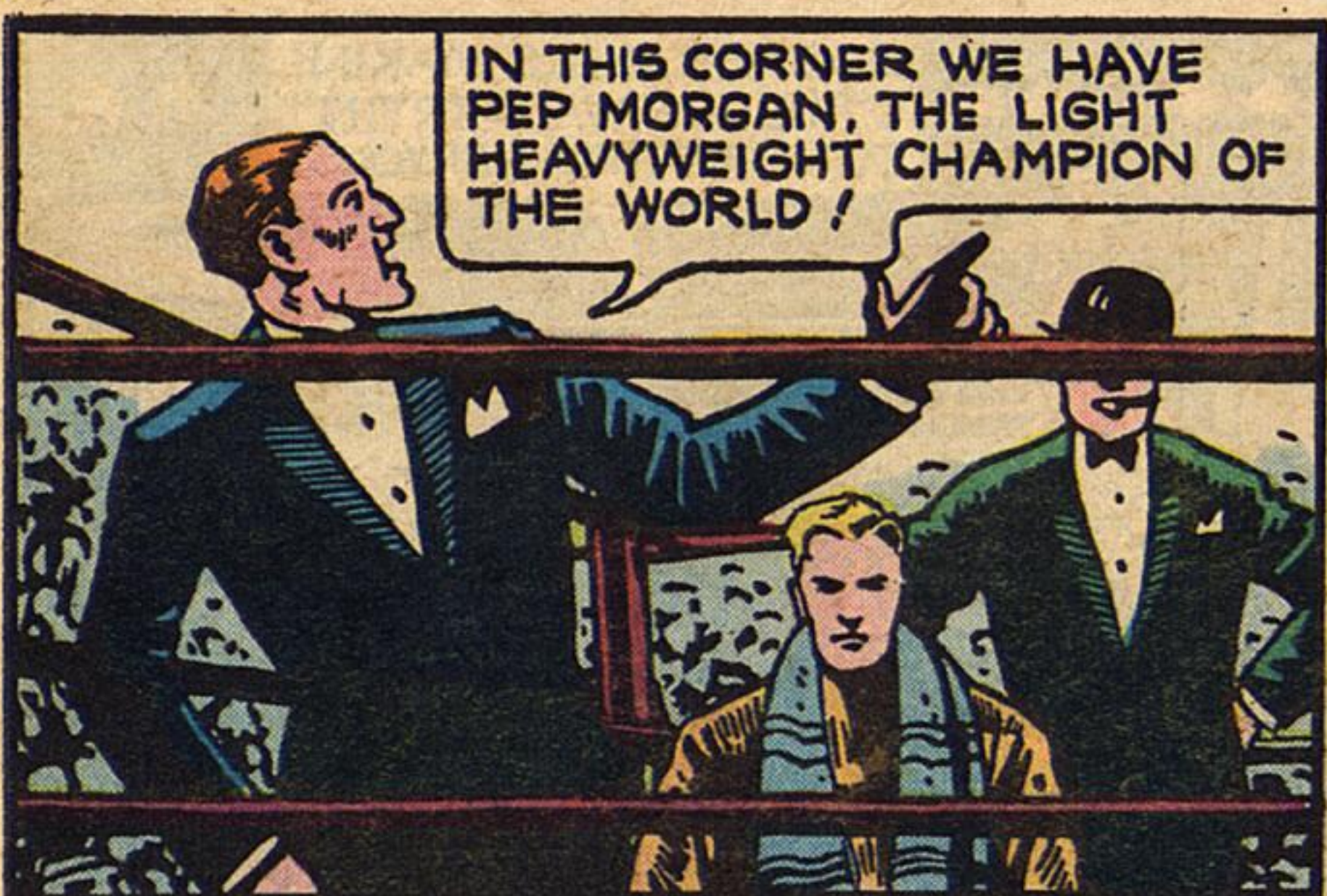
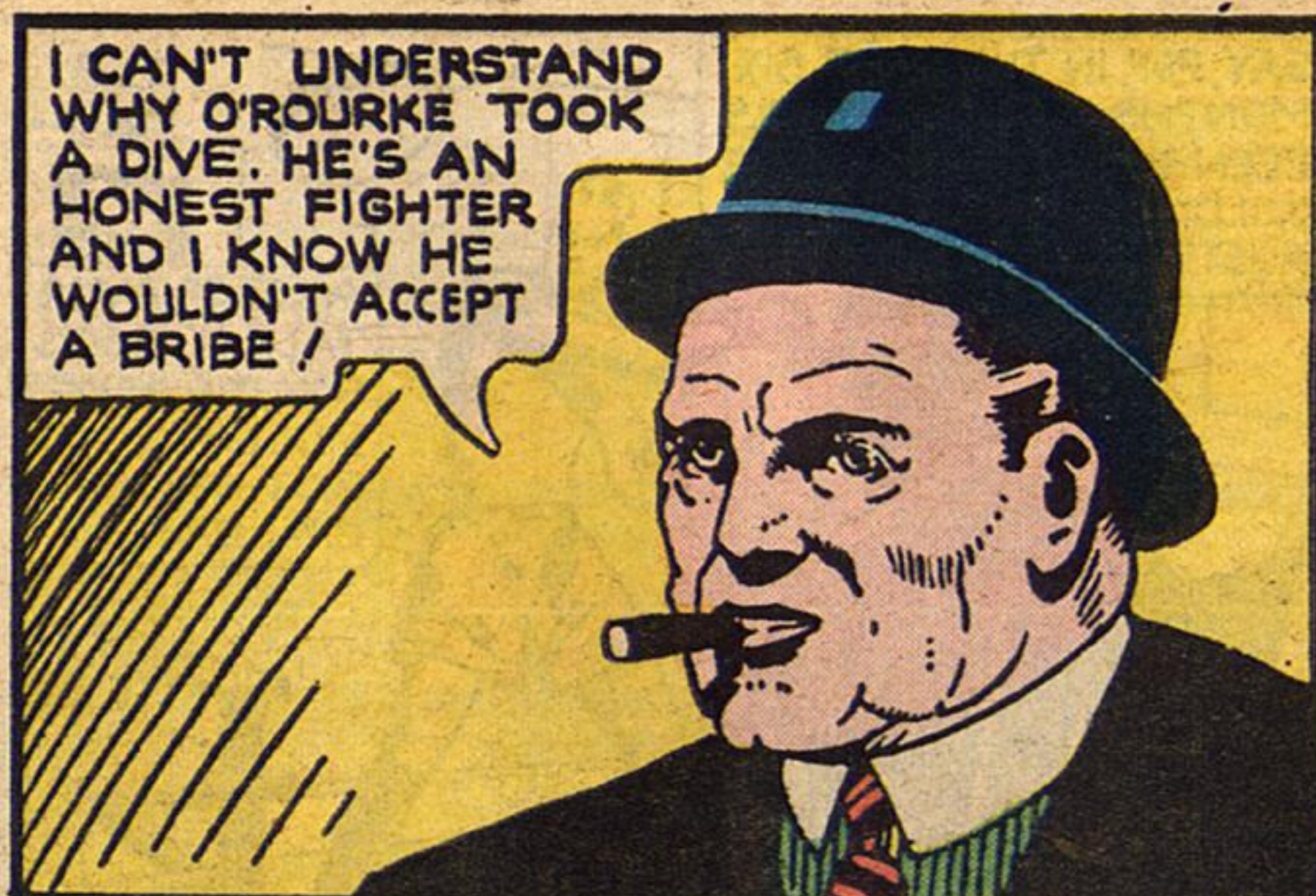
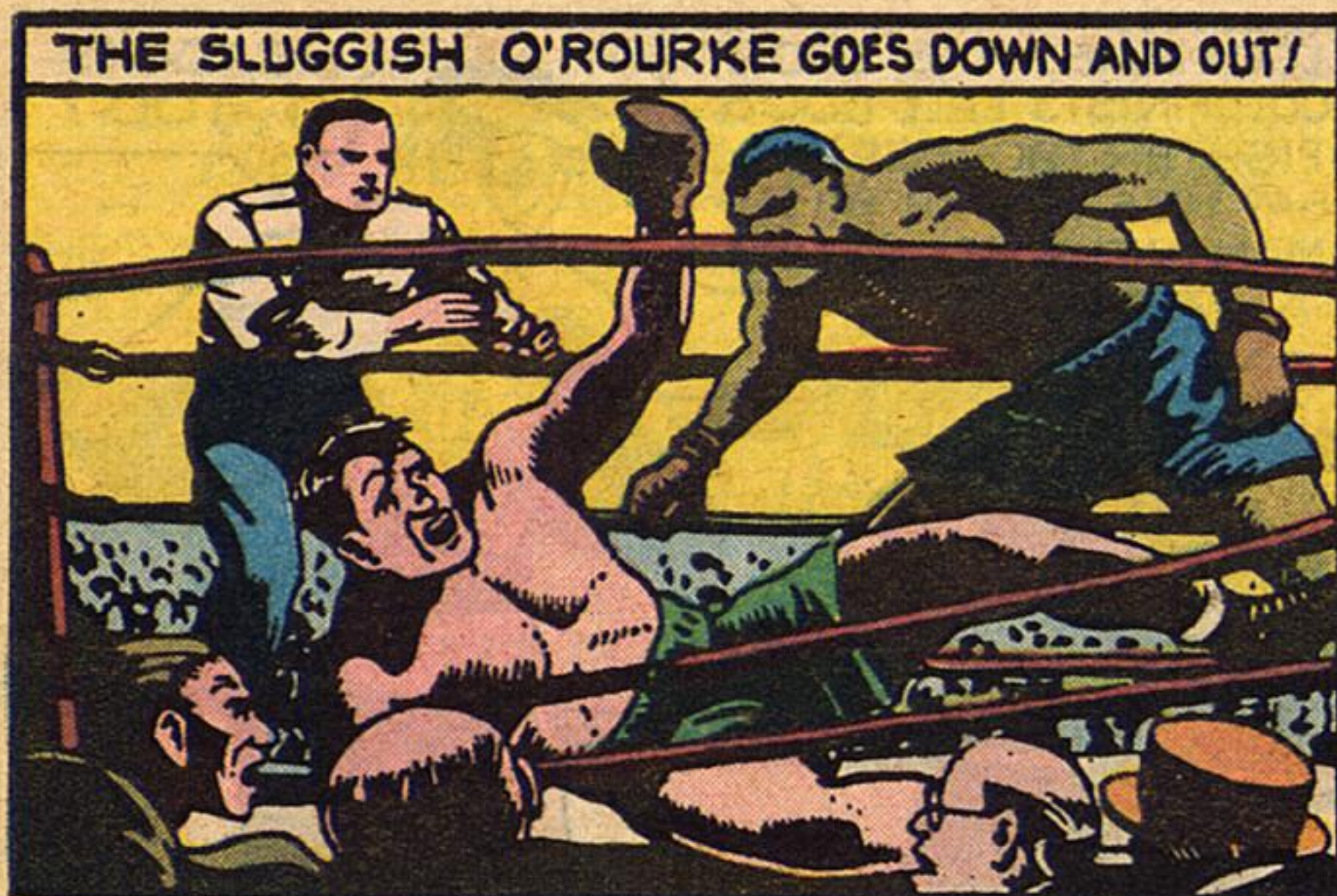
THE BOXING COMMISSION HOLDS AN INVESTIGATION BUT CAN PROVE NOTHING. DOC LOWRY CLAIMS THE SECOND HAD MIXED THE BOTTLES BY MISTAKE.



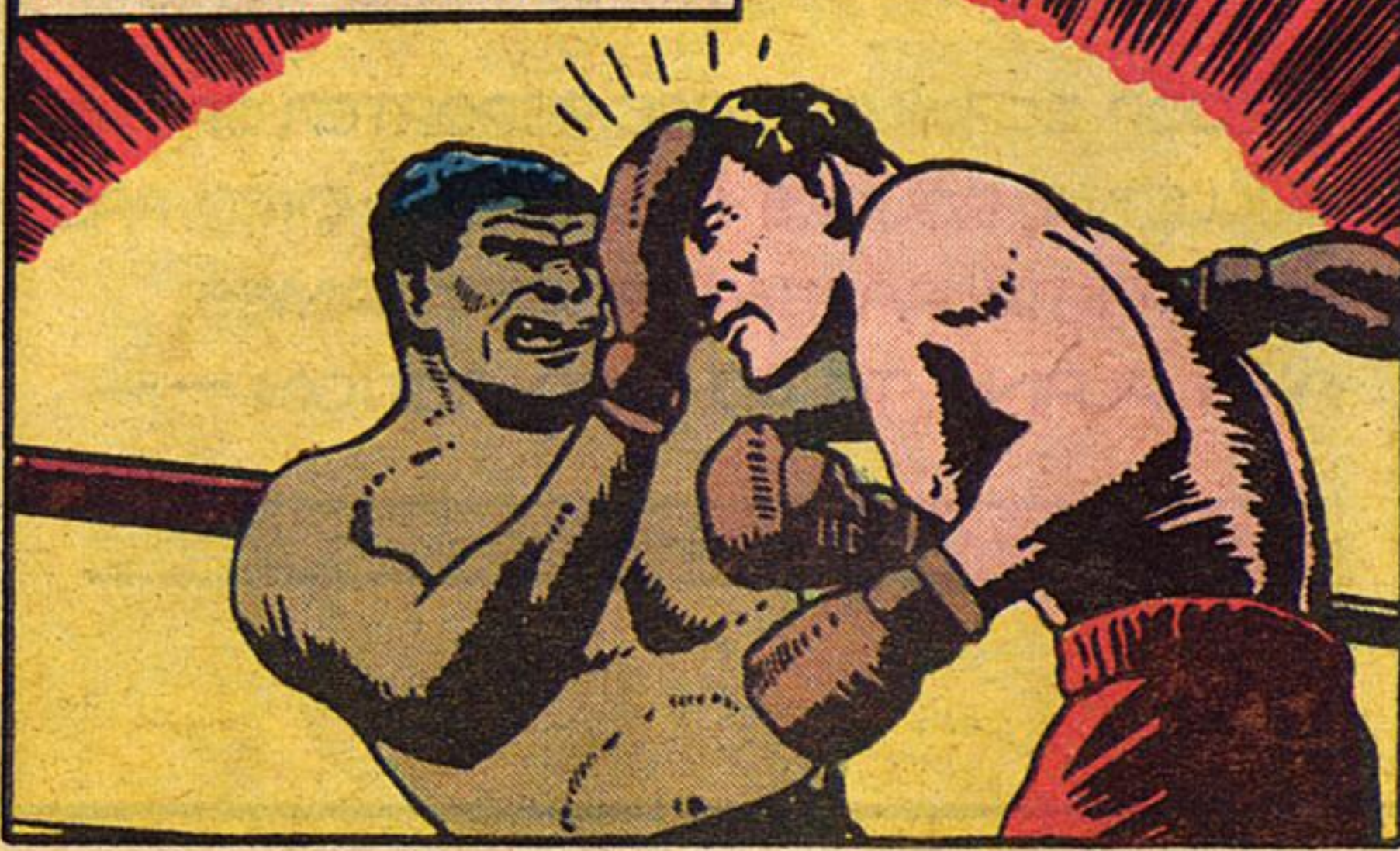
DOC, YOU BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN ANYWAY - AND DO YOUR DIRTY BUSINESS IN SOME OTHER STATE!

OKAY, BOYS, BUT YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME!

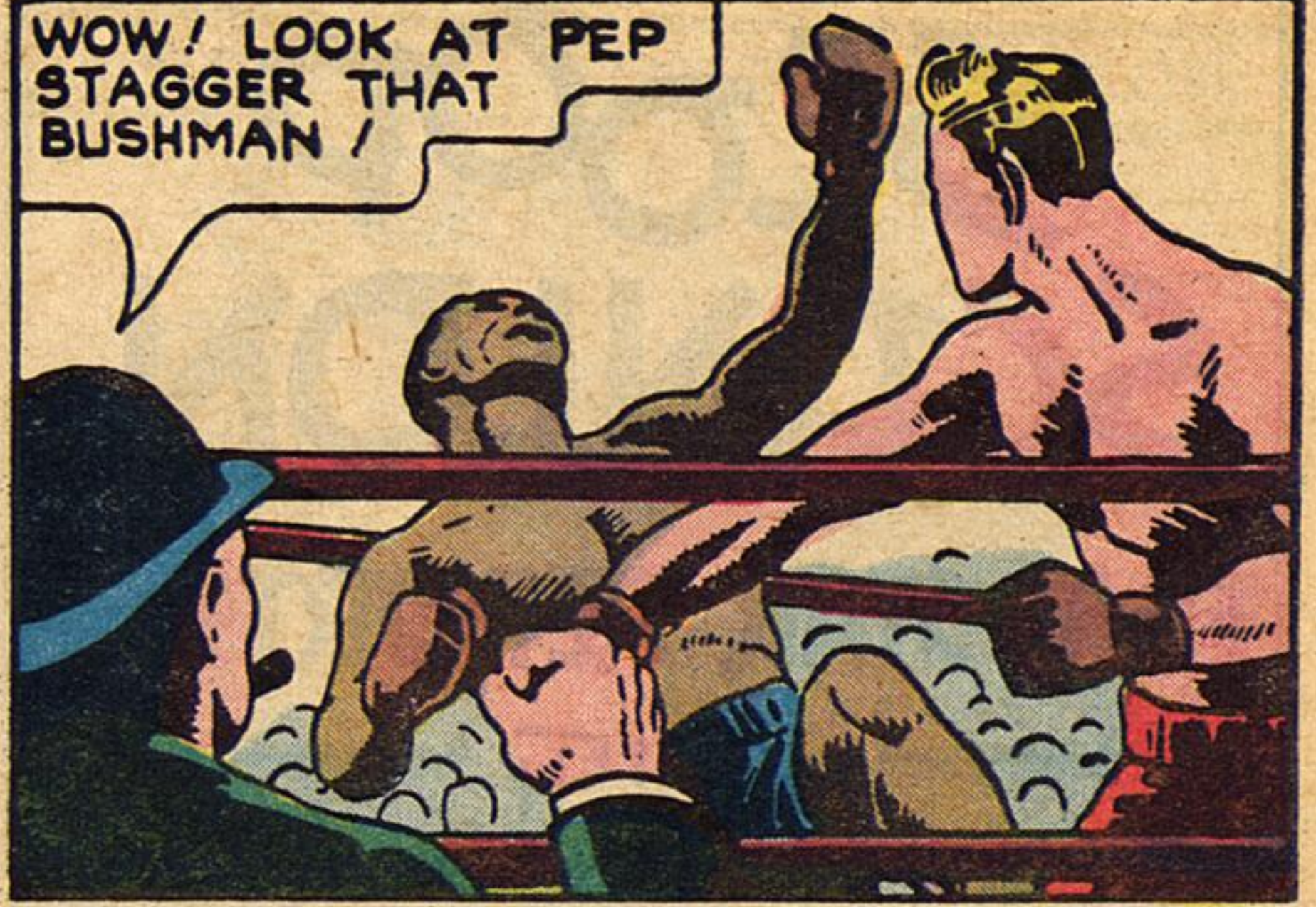




THE BUSHMAN TRIES TO CUT PEP'S EYE WITH THE HEEL OF HIS GLOVE!

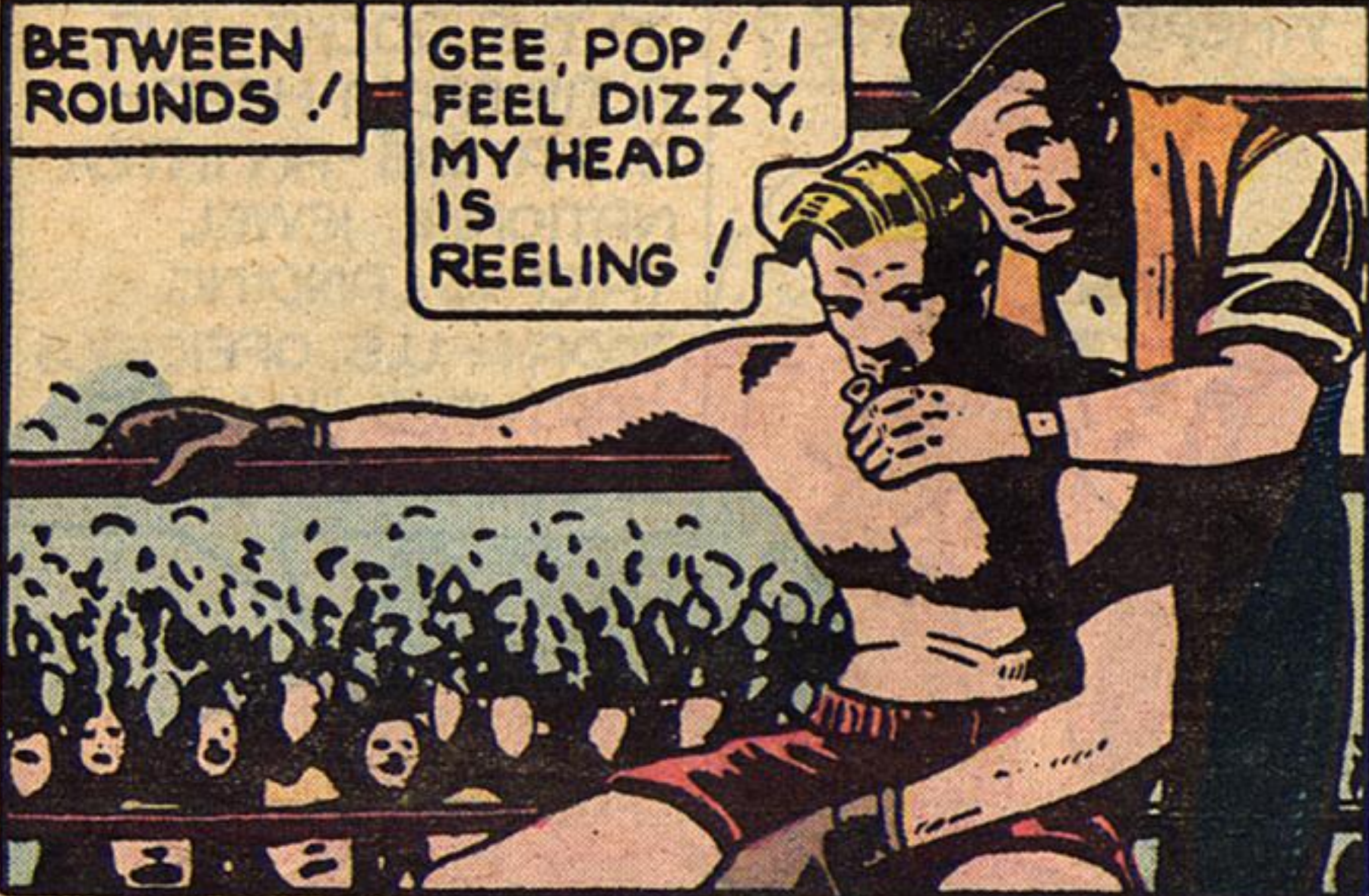


WOW! LOOK AT PEP STAGGER THAT BUSHMAN!

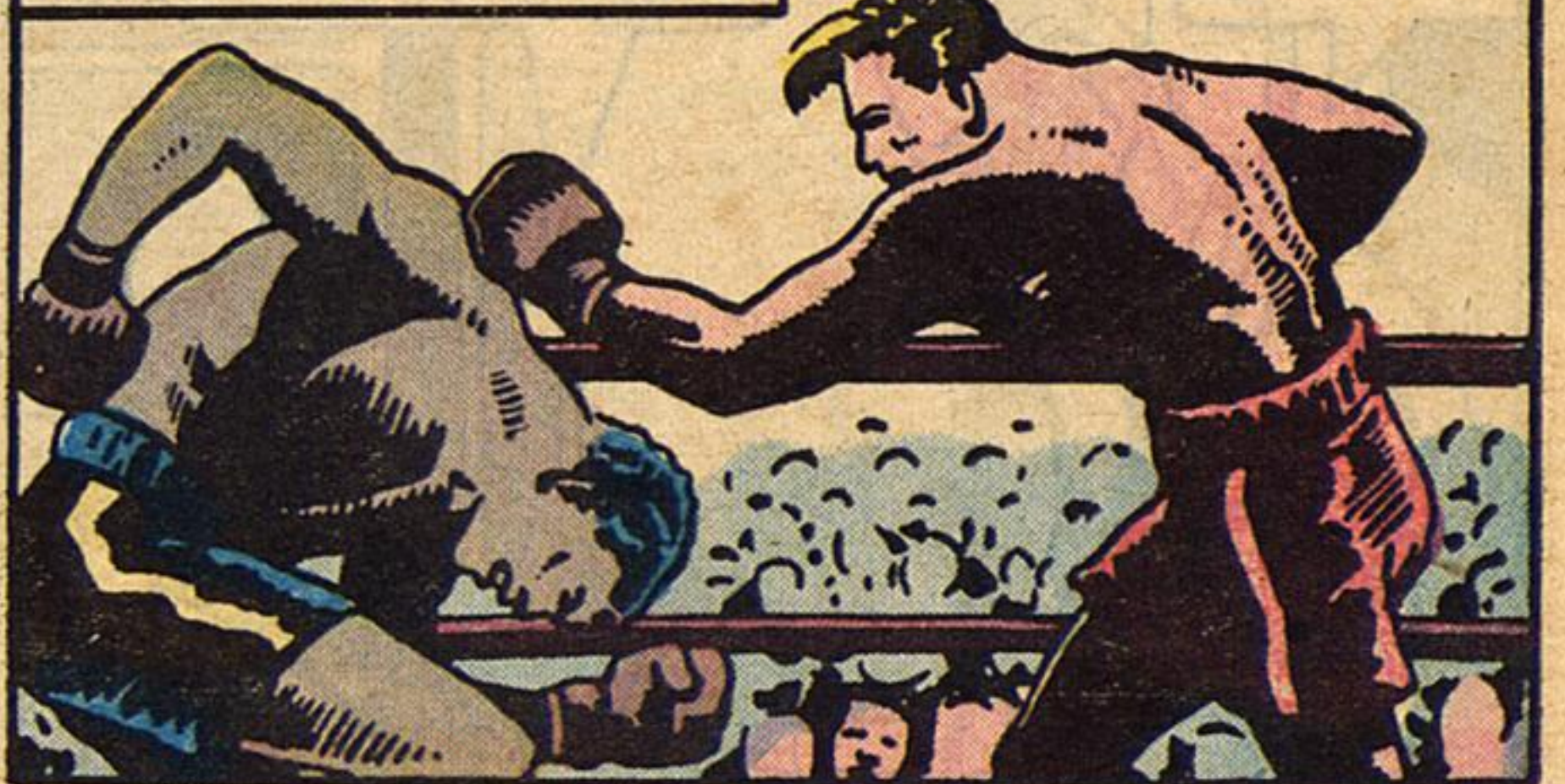


BETWEEN ROUNDS!

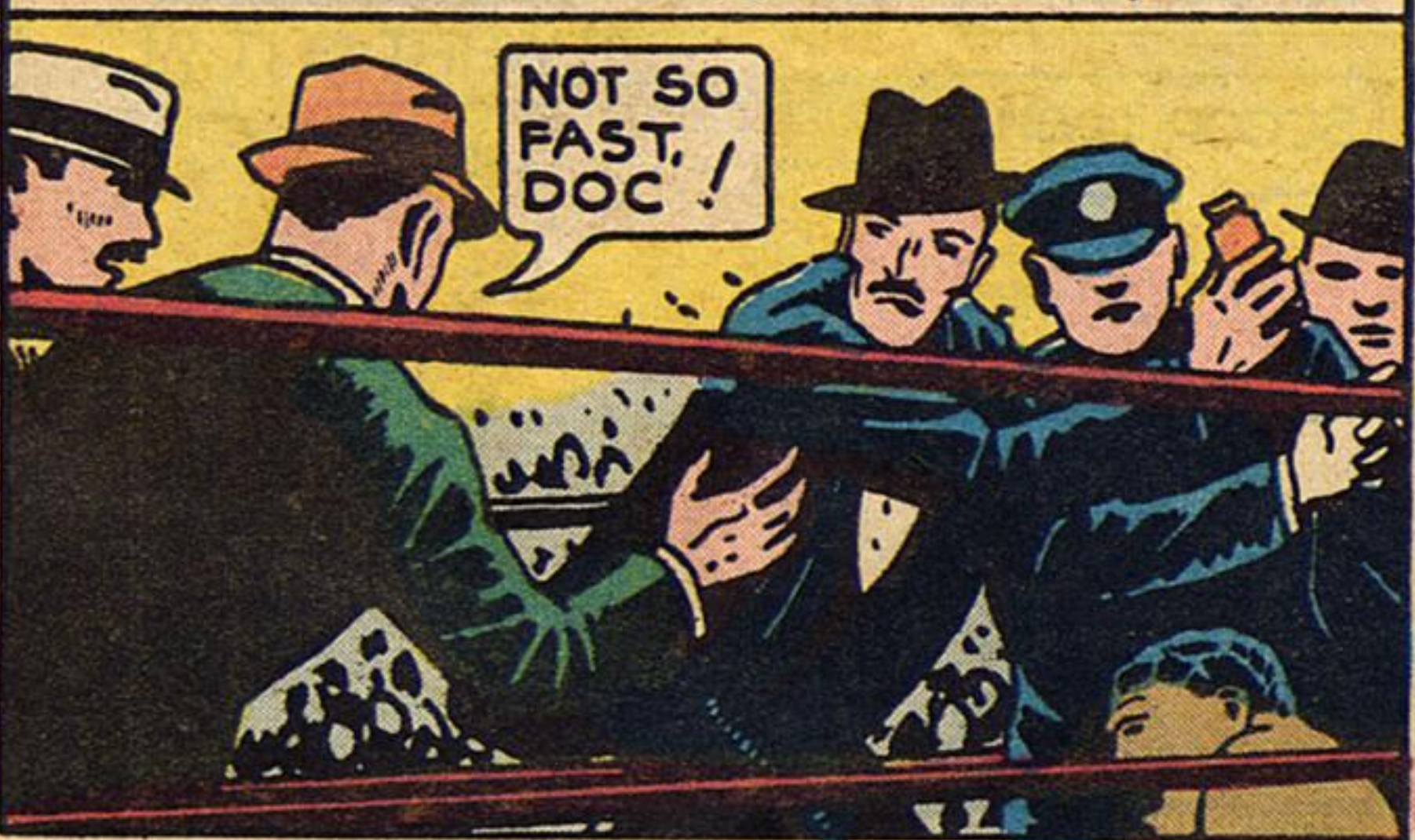
GEE, POP! I FEEL DIZZY, MY HEAD IS REELING!



THE BELL AGAIN! AND PEP, FIGHTING DESPERATELY BY INSTINCT, SUDDENLY CATCHES THE BUSHMAN WITH A K.O. PUNCH!



AS THE BUSHMAN IS COUNTED OUT, THE DETECTIVES LEAP INTO THE RING!

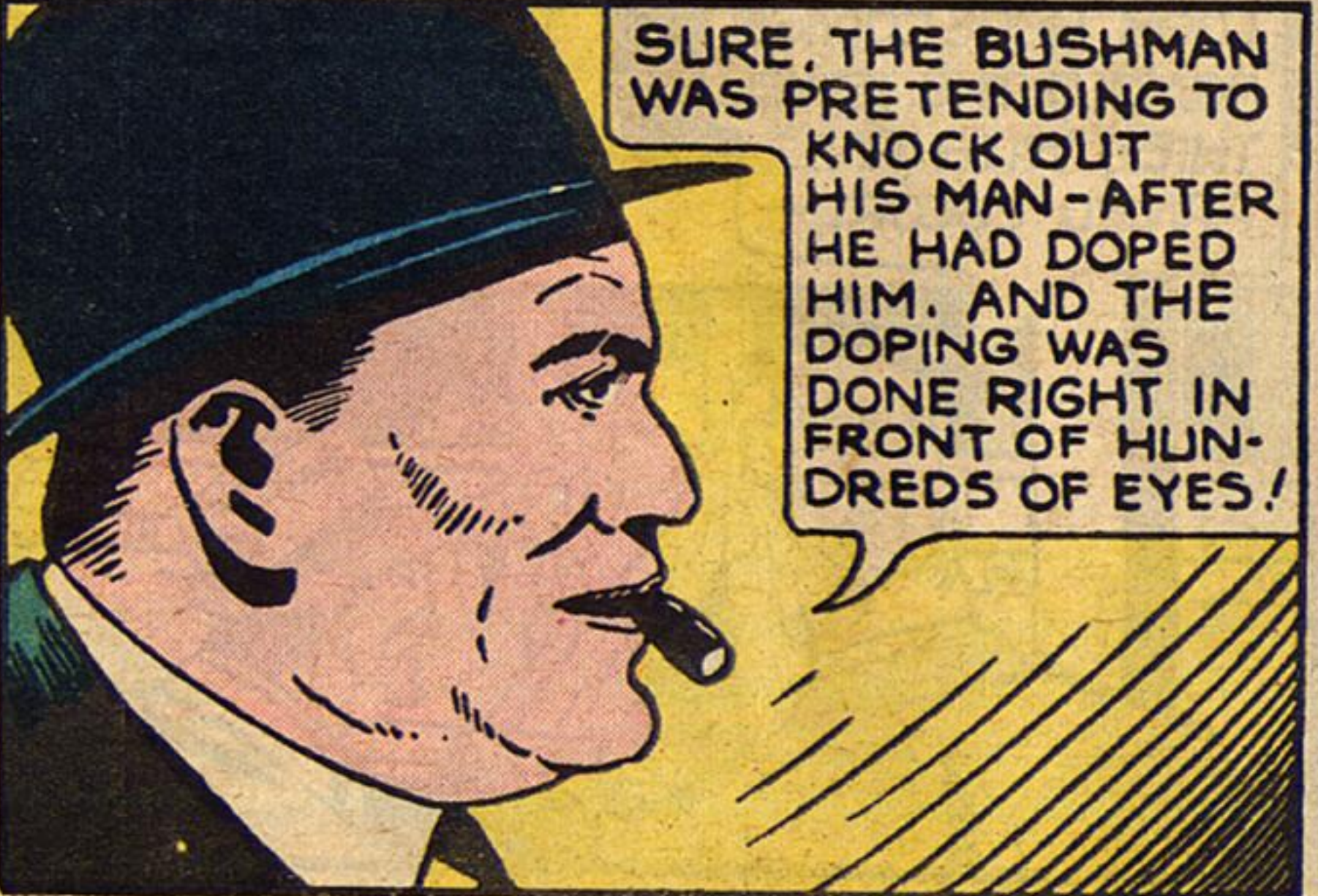


THIS IS WHAT I TOOK OUT OF THE BUSHMAN'S GLOVE - HAD IT HIDDEN IN THE LEATHER.

A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE!



SURE, THE BUSHMAN WAS PRETENDING TO KNOCK OUT HIS MAN - AFTER HE HAD DOPED HIM. AND THE DOPING WAS DONE RIGHT IN FRONT OF HUNDREDS OF EYES!



S'GOOD THING YOU WERE WATCHING, POP!

WELL, WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOC FOR THE NEXT FIVE YEARS!



SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

SCOOP SCANLON, ACE REPORTER OF THE BULLETIN, ROUSES HIS SLEEPY-EYED PAL AND PHOTOGRAPHER, RUSTY JAMES, AND PLANS TO GO INTO ACTION — —



AS ARNOLD DESCENDS THE GANGPLANK HE GIVES A SLOW NOD TO ONE OF THE MEN THAT RUSTY NOTICED —



THE GUARDS LEAD HIM TO A WAITING CAR—



THE MEN WITH COATS FOLLOW AT A DISTANCE —



RUSTY, YELL FOR COPS — WE'VE GOT TO BREAK THIS UP!



AS ARNOLD IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE CAR, SUDDENLY HE FALLS FLAT —



LIKE A FLASH THE MEN DROP THEIR COATS, REVEALING "TOMMY GUNS"—



WITH A LEAP FROM ABOVE, SCOOP LANDS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF THE GUNMEN BOWLING OVER ANOTHER —



THE POLICE SENSE THE SITUATION AT ONCE—



BUT THE TWO REMAINING GUNMEN LET LOOSE WITH THEIR TOMMY GUNS, AND THE GUARDS CRUMBLE — — —



THE POLICE OPEN FIRE AND BRING DOWN THESE TWO GUNMEN — —



ONE OF SCOOP'S VICTIMS BREAKS LOOSE — SCOOP DUSTS THE OTHER ONE OFF WITH A STIFF LEFT TO THE JAW —



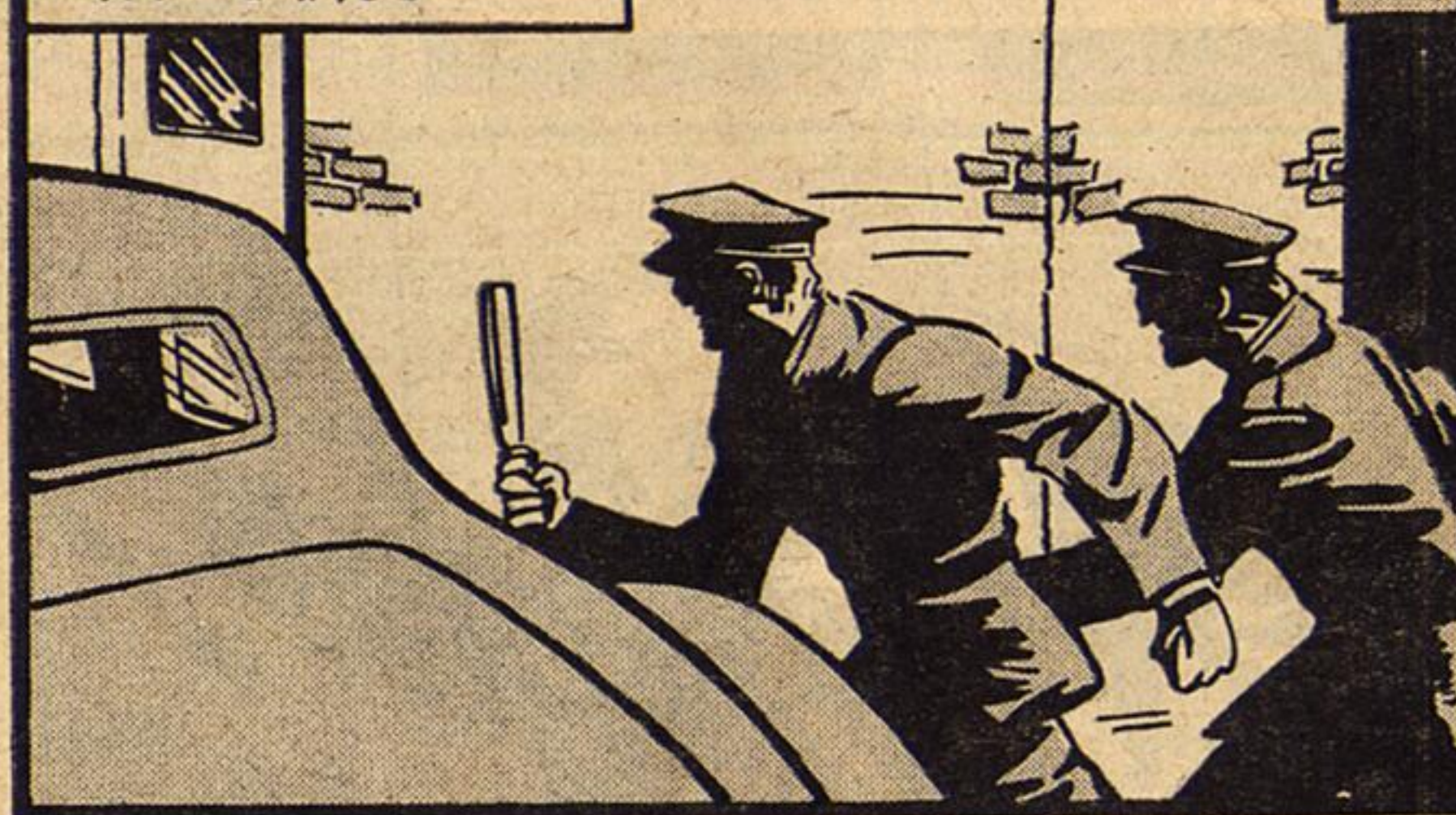
ARNOLD AND THE OTHER CROOK MAKE FOR A POWERFUL CAR PARKED DOWN THE STREET —



RUSTY, WHO'S BEEN FILMING THE RIOT SCENE, SPOTS THEM AND TAKES AFTER THEM —



THE POLICE RACE TO THEIR CARS TO TAKE UP THE CHASE — —



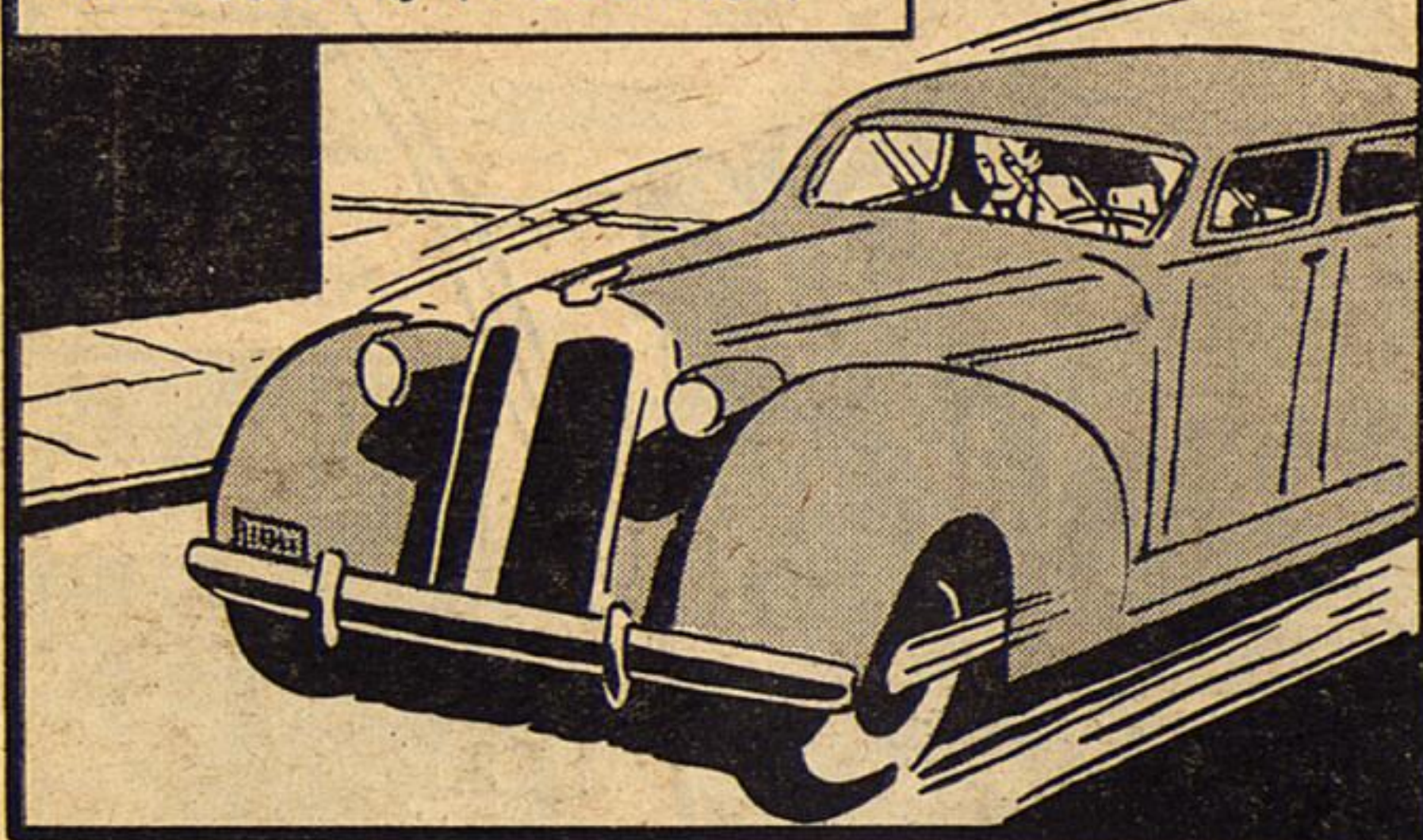
SCOOP GRABS UP A DESERTED TOMMY GUN AND LEAPS INTO A COP-PAL'S CAR —



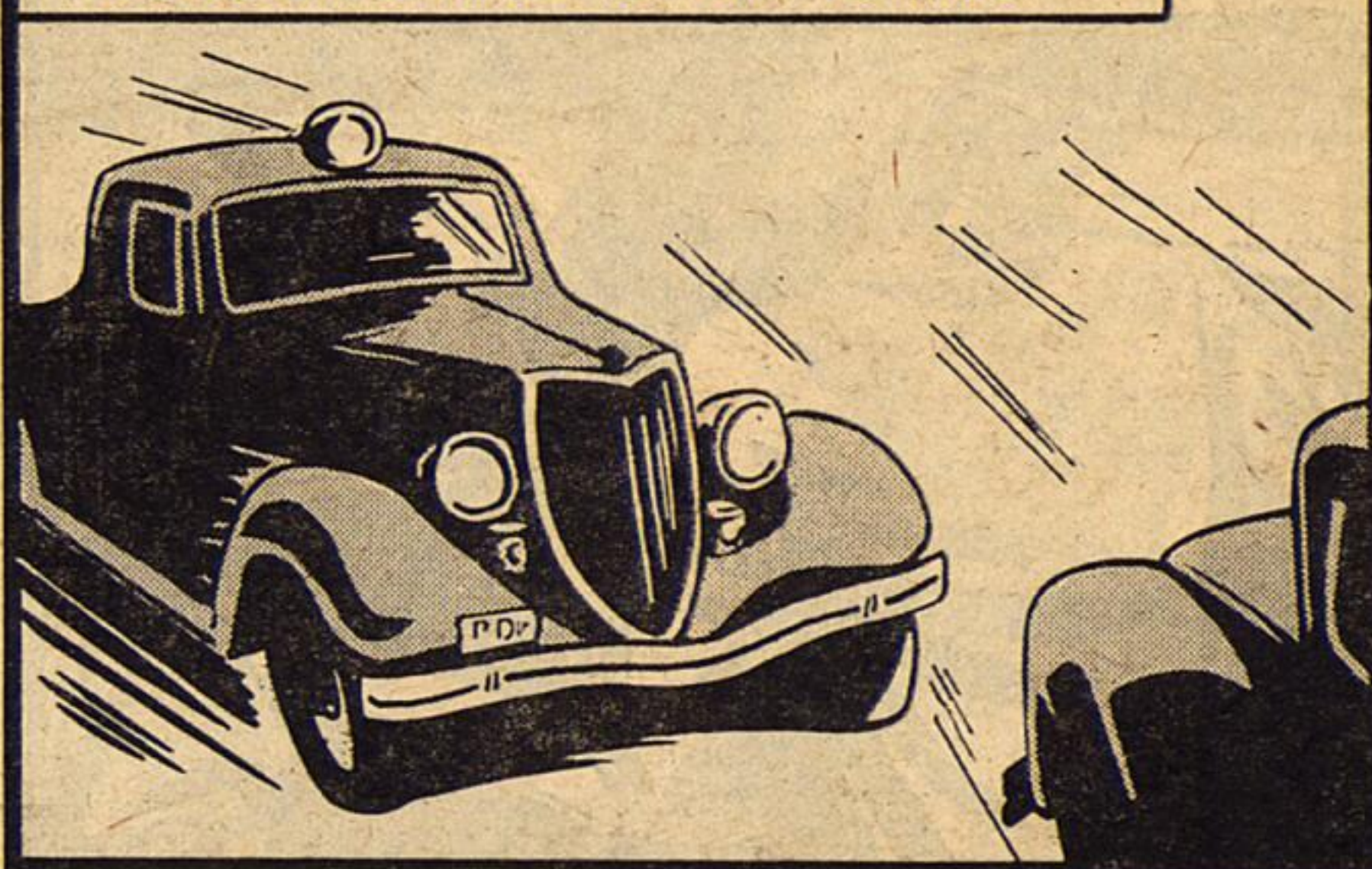
AT THAT MOMENT RUSTY MAKES THE SPARE TIRE OF ARNOLD'S CAR AND HANGS ON FOR DEAR LIFE — — —



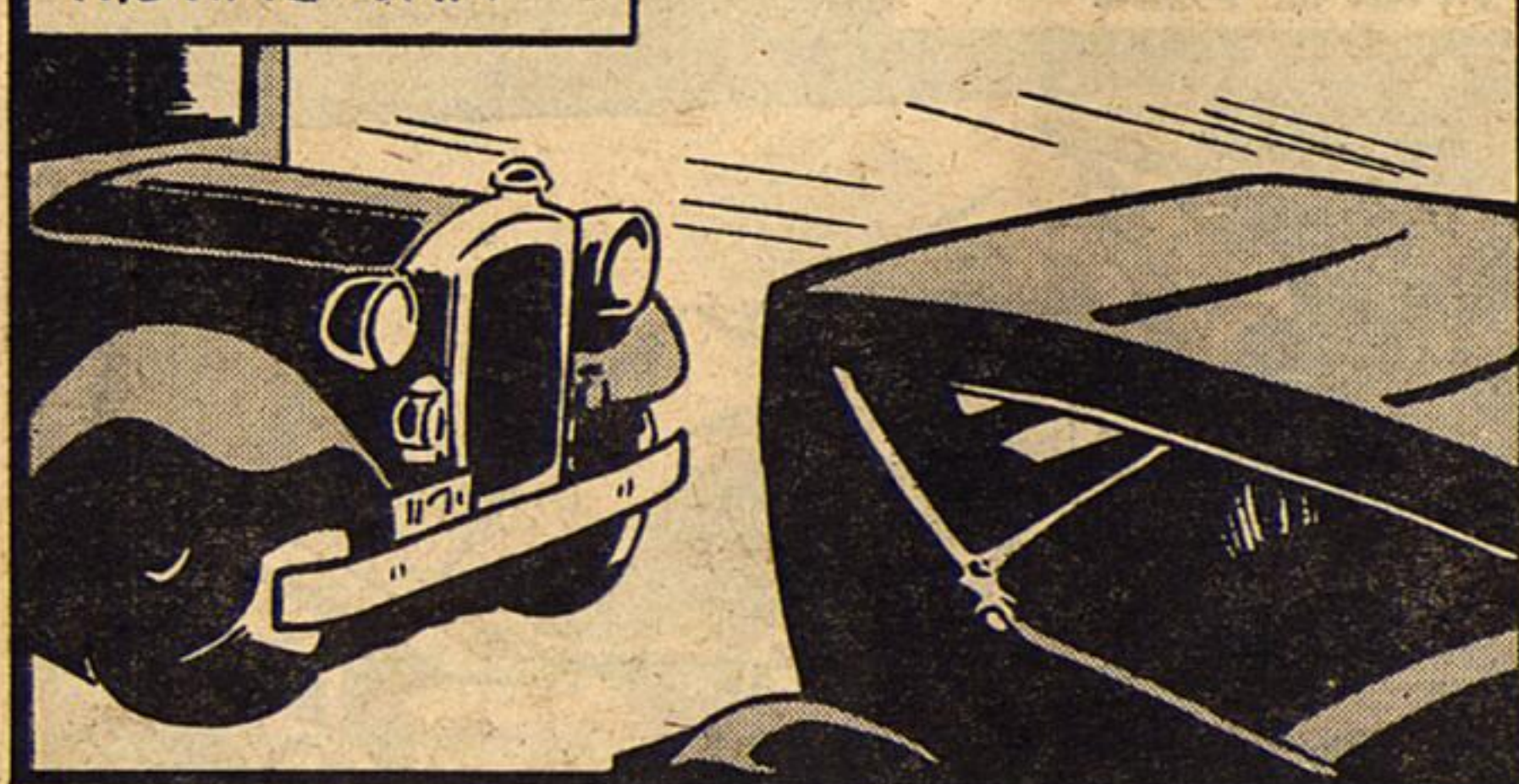
THE CAR DASHES UP THE STREET WITH ITS UNWELCOME PASSENGER —



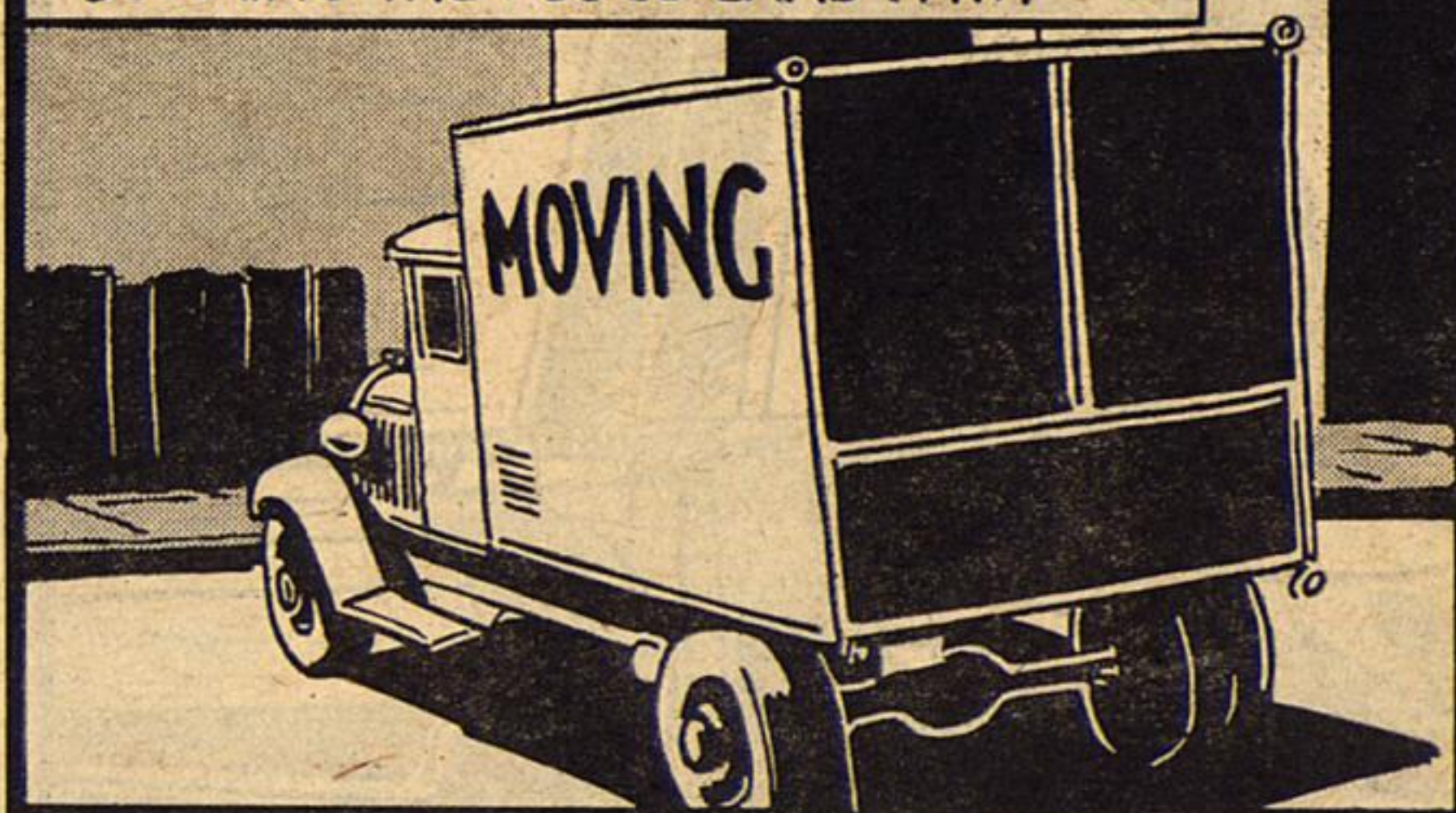
POLICE CARS ARE HOT ON ITS TAIL — —



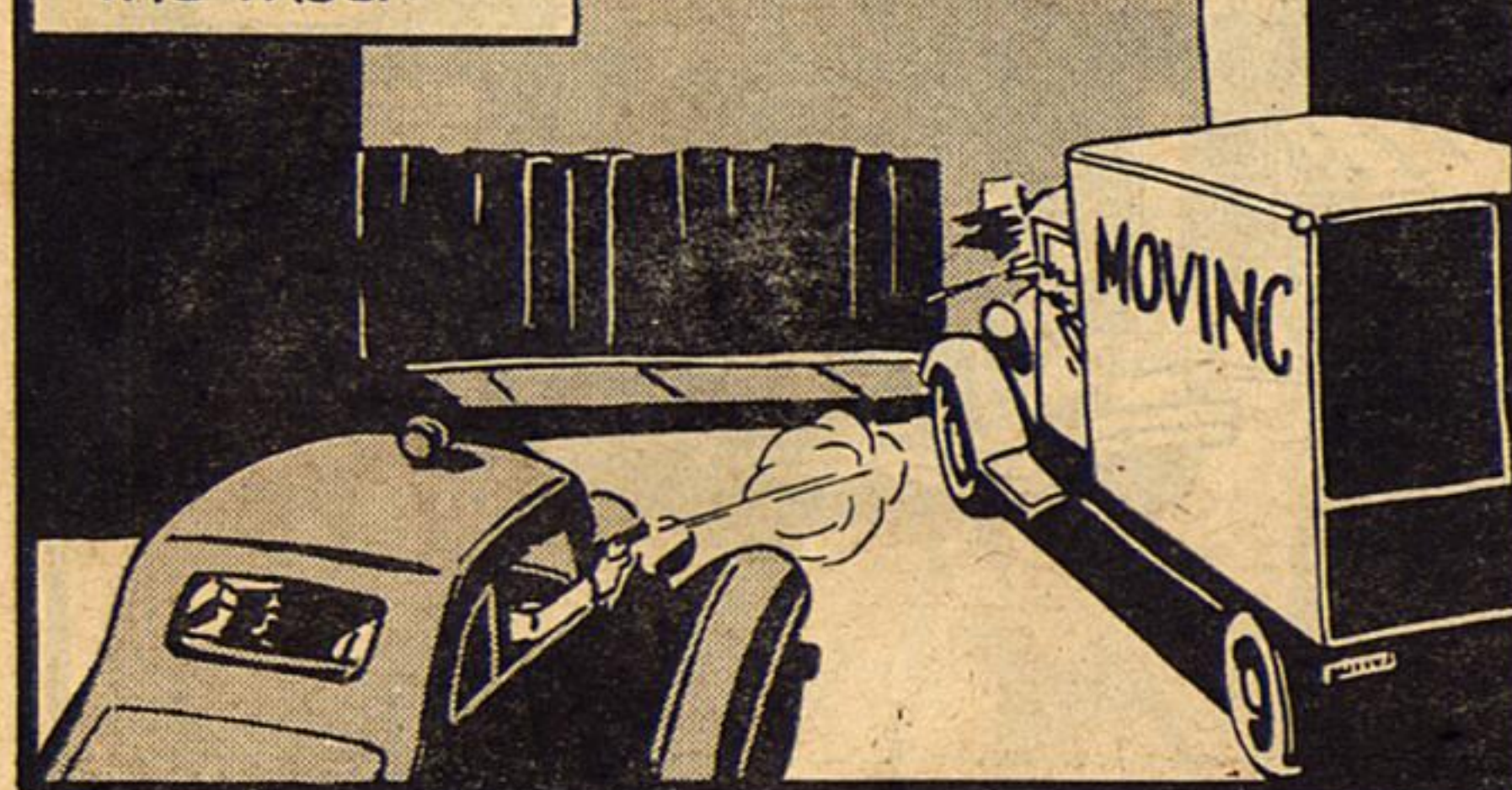
WHEN SUDDENLY FROM A SIDE STREET A TOURING CAR APPEARS, FOLLOWED BY A HUGE MOVING VAN —



THE VAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND STOPS, BLOCKING THE POLICE CARS' PATH — —



THE POLICE CARS SCREECH TO A HALT — AS THEY DO SO, GUNMEN START FIRING FROM THE TRUCK —



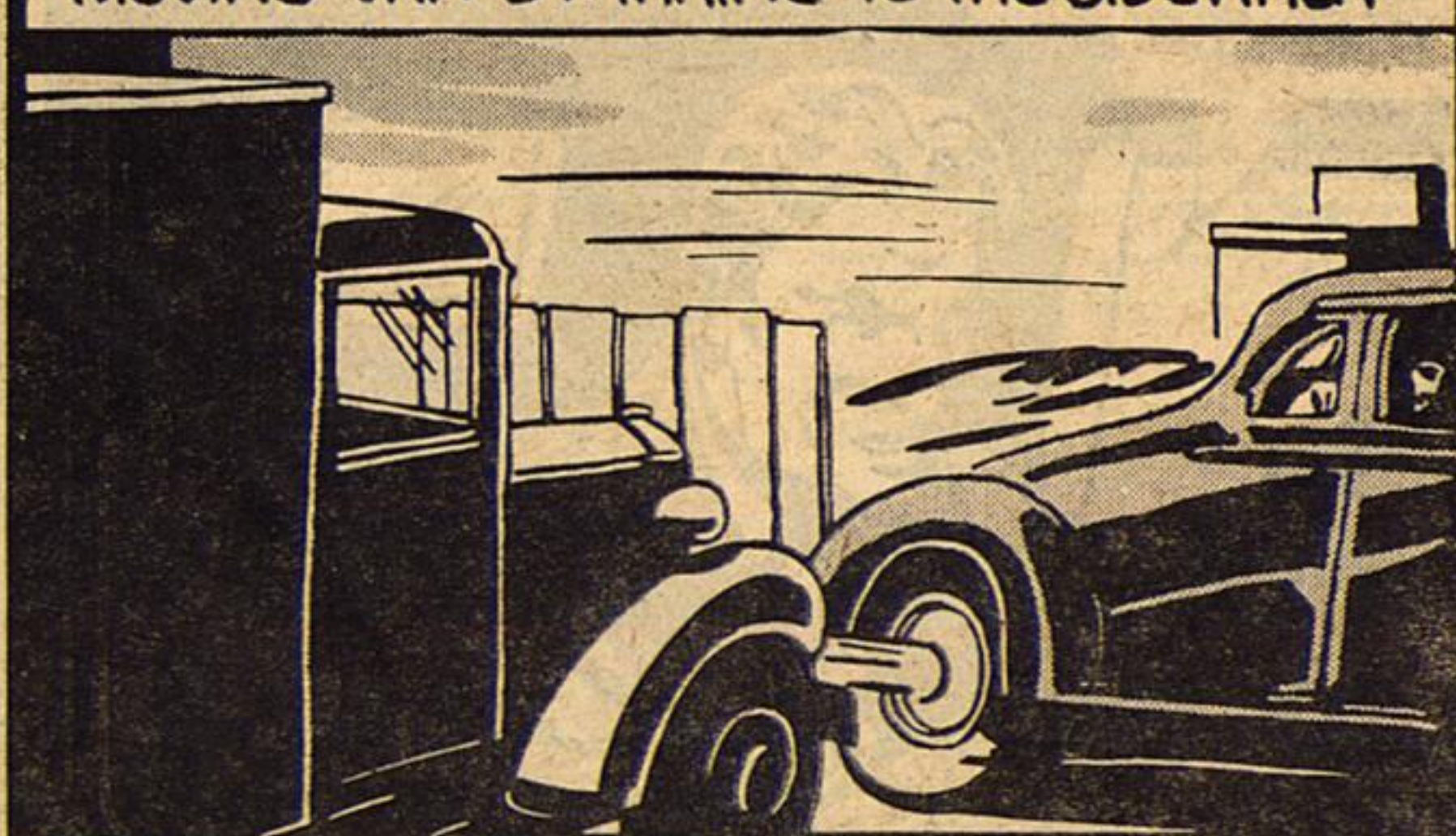
THE POLICE RETURN THEIR FIRE, AND IT'S TOO HOT FOR THE GUNMEN —



THEY LEAVE THE TRUCK AND MAKE FOR THE WAITING TOURING CAR — —



SCOOP'S CAR PASSES THE POLICE AND THE MOVING VAN BY TAKING TO THE SIDEWALK —



THE TOURING CAR IS JUST GETTING AWAY — —



WHEN SCOOP'S CAR COMES ABREAST OF IT —



SCOOP CUTS LOOSE WITH HIS "CHOPPER" —



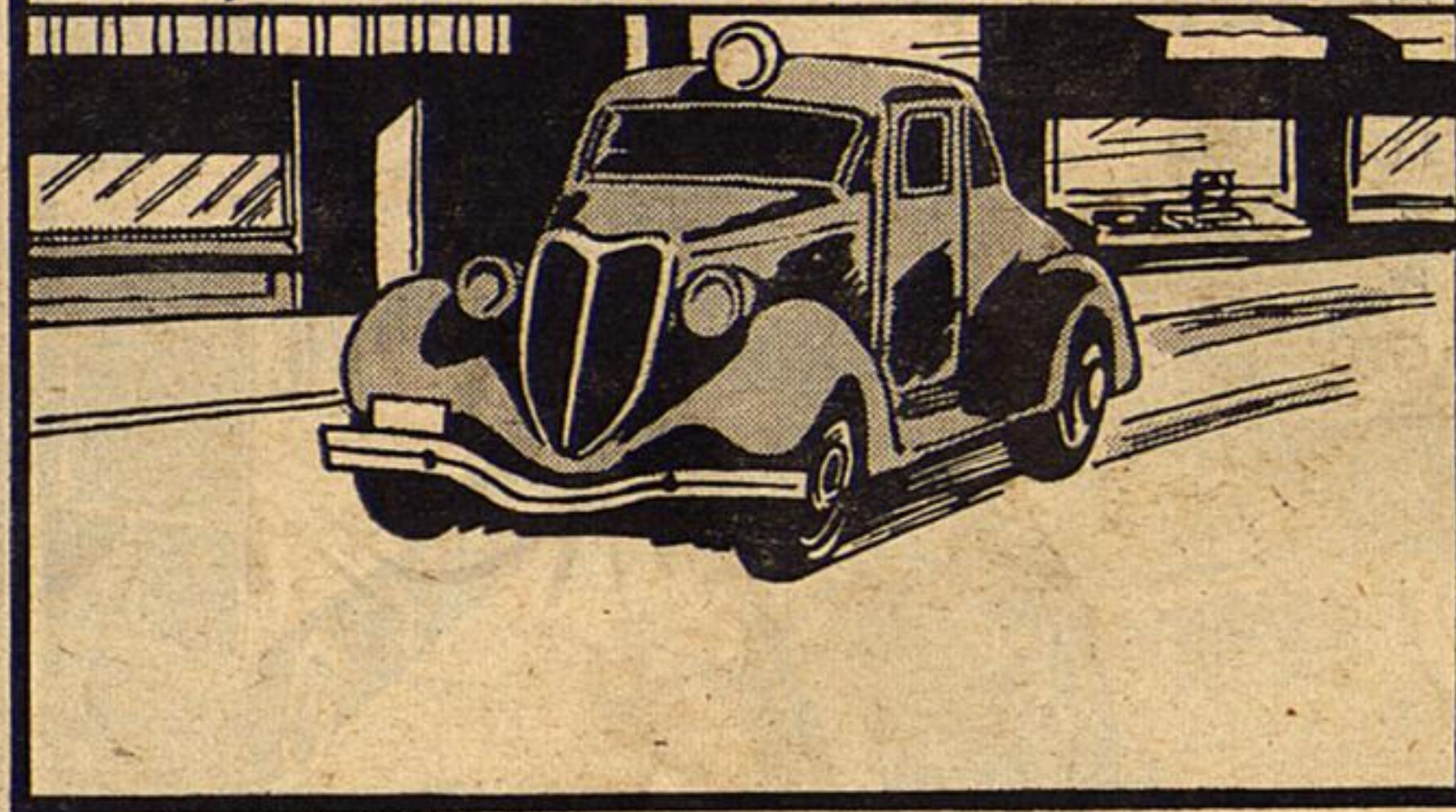
HE COMPLETELY DISABLES THE CAR, AND IT SWERVES WILDLY AND HEADS FOR A TELEPHONE POLE —



THE POLICE ARRIVE TO TAKE CHARGE OF THE BADLY BATTERED AND WOUNDED CROOKS —



BUT THE COP WITH SCOOP OPENS HIS CAR UP WIDE, TRYING TO PICK UP ARNOLD'S TRAIL —



THAT LOOKS LIKE THE CAR AHEAD —



YEAH, AND WHAT THE — — — ?



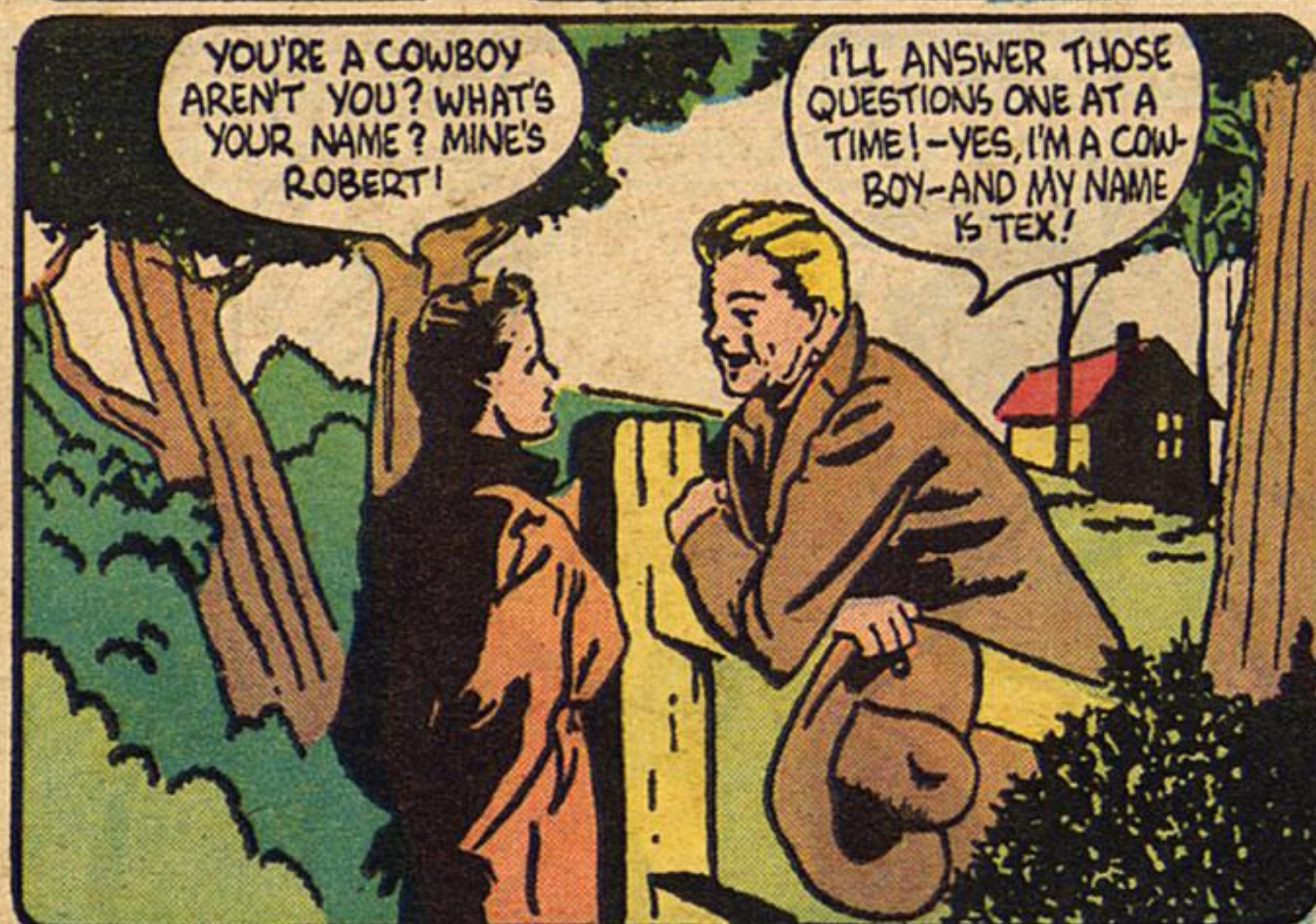




TEX THOMSON

BY BERNARD BAILY

HAVING STRUCK IT RICH IN THE OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS, TEX THOMSON HAS LEFT HIS NATIVE COUNTRY TO TOUR THE WORLD. AS OUR STORY OPENS WE FIND TEX IN A SMALL TOWN IN ENGLAND. THE INACTIVITY IS BEGINNING TO BORE HIM...



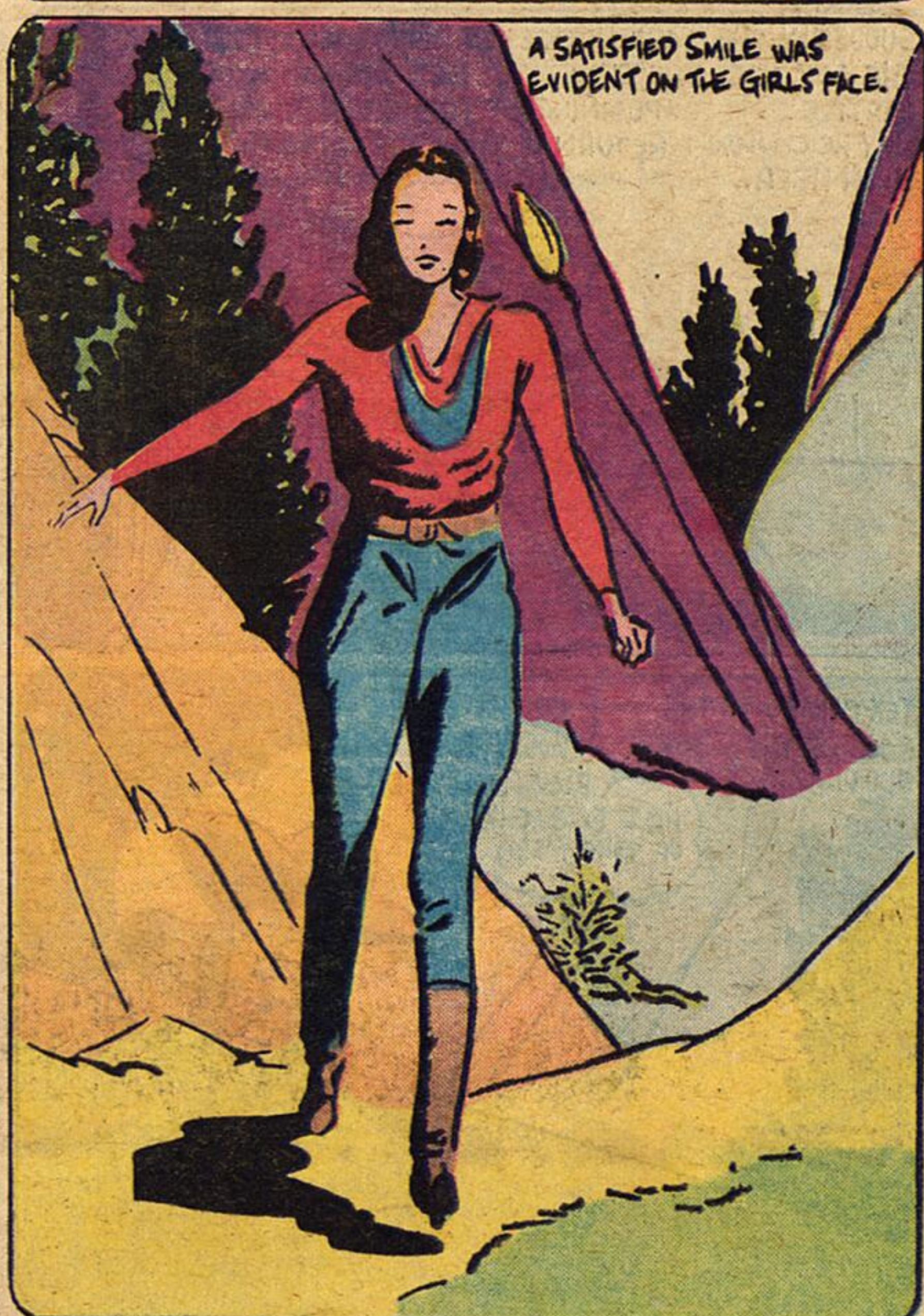


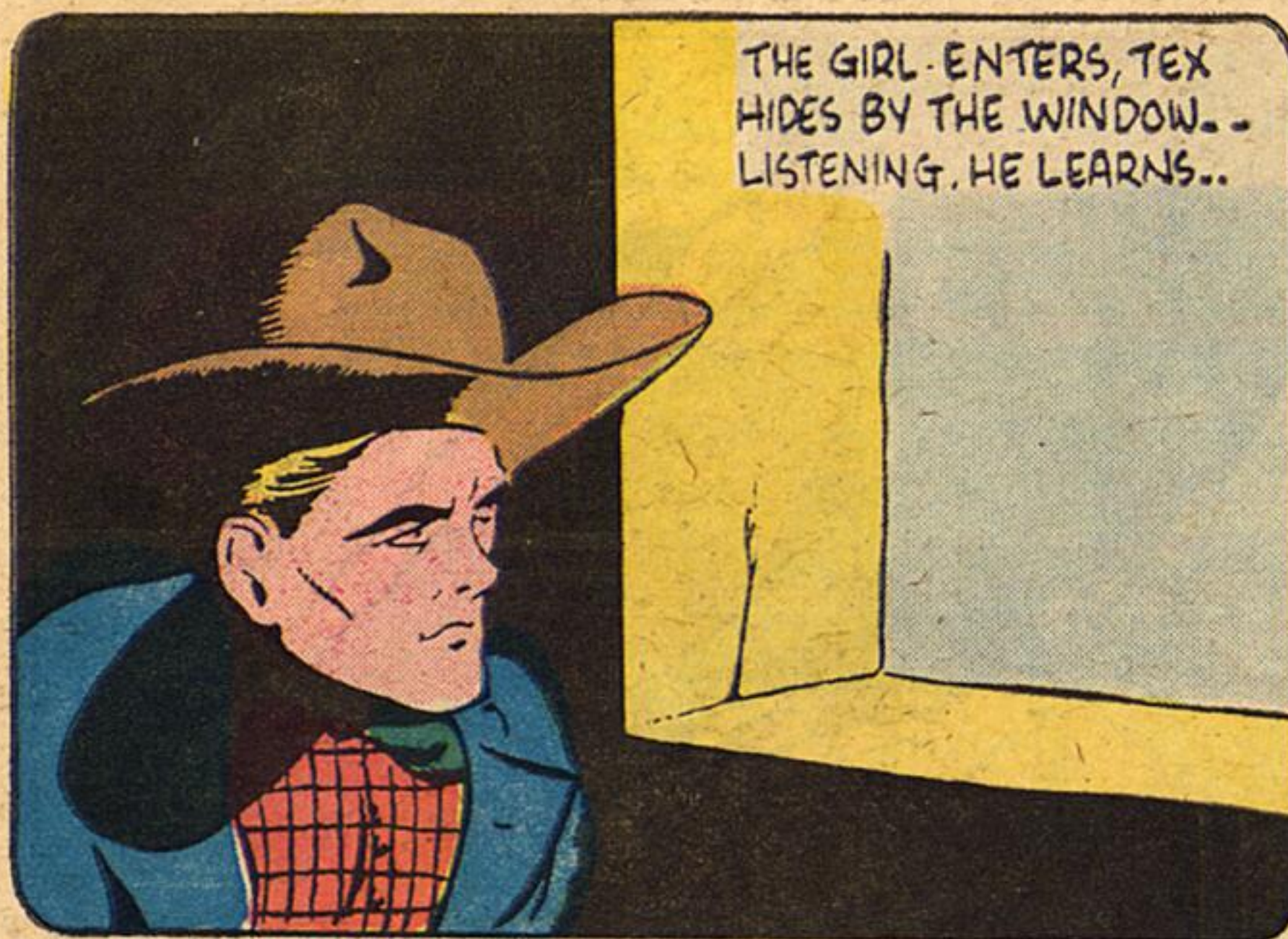
COVERING THE BODY WITH HIS COAT - TEX TURNS TO YOUNG BOB, AND DISCUSSES THE SITUATION...



FURTHER UP IN THE HILLS THE FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL IS SEEN WATCHING THE MOVEMENTS OF THE TWO BELOW. A KNOWING SMILE ON HER FACE!

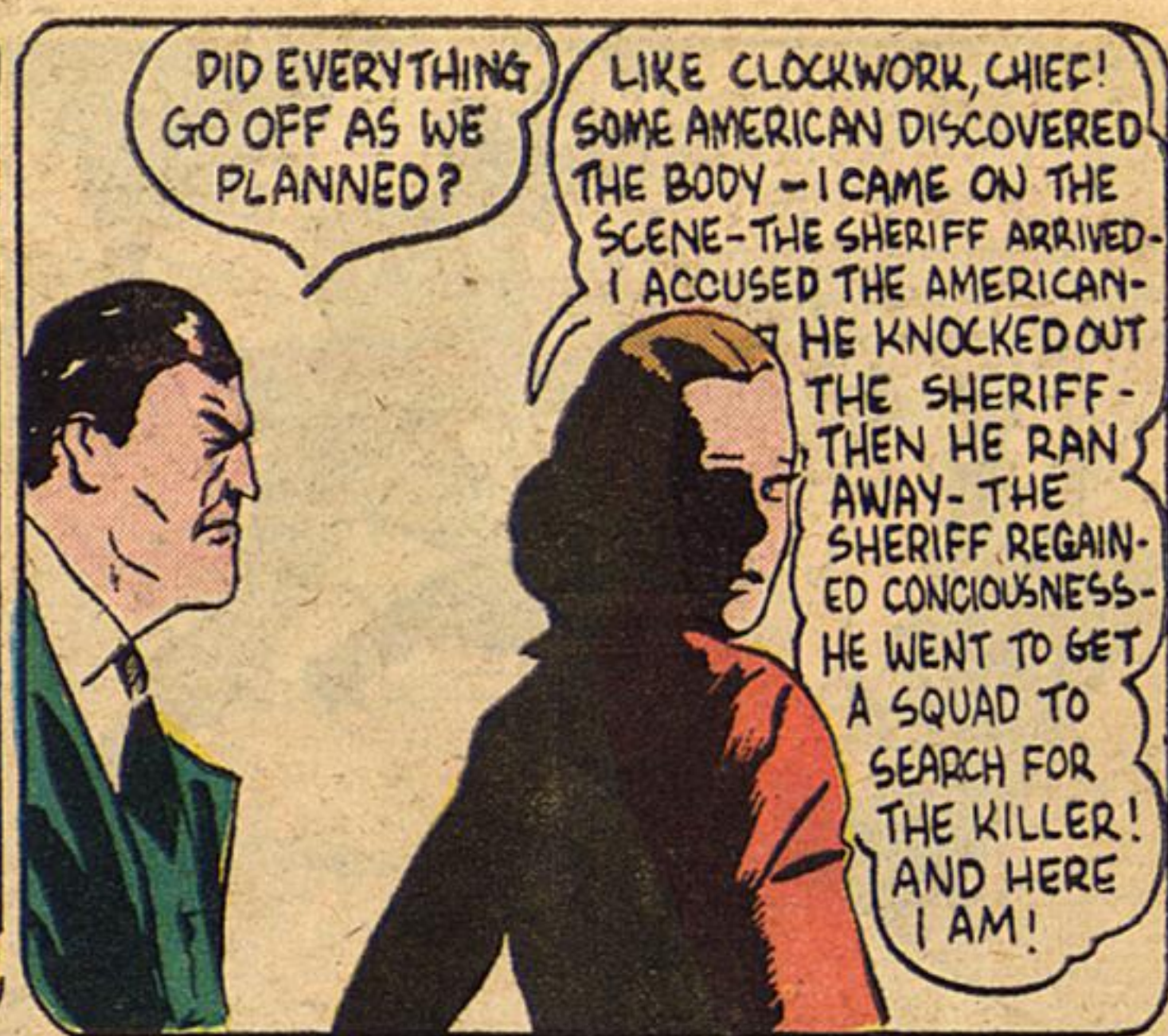






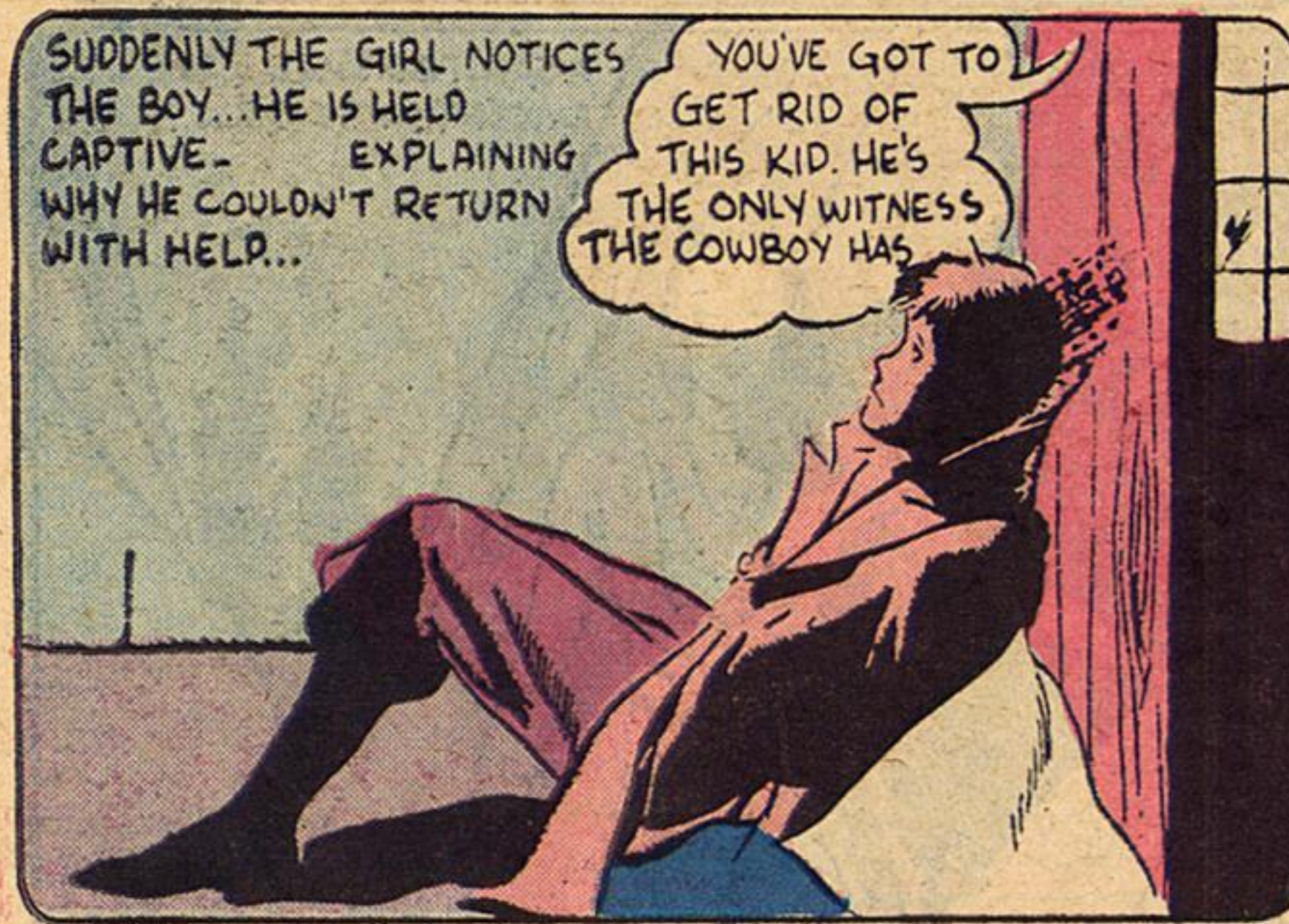
THE GIRL ENTERS, TEX HIDES BY THE WINDOW... LISTENING. HE LEARNS...

... THAT THE GIRL IS PART OF THE GANG RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF THE MAN IN THE WOODS... AND THAT THEY PLANNED TO FRAME THE FIRST PERSON WHO FOUND THE BODY



DID EVERYTHING GO OFF AS WE PLANNED?

LIKE CLOCKWORK, CHIEF! SOME AMERICAN DISCOVERED THE BODY - I CAME ON THE SCENE - THE SHERIFF ARRIVED - I ACCUSED THE AMERICAN - HE KNOCKED OUT THE SHERIFF - THEN HE RAN AWAY - THE SHERIFF REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS - HE WENT TO GET A SQUAD TO SEARCH FOR THE KILLER! AND HERE I AM!



SUDDENLY THE GIRL NOTICES THE BOY... HE IS HELD CAPTIVE... EXPLAINING WHY HE COULDN'T RETURN WITH HELP...

YOU'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS KID. HE'S THE ONLY WITNESS THE COWBOY HAS



DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM! MONK! TAKE THIS KID OUT AND GIVE HIM AN AIRING!



TEX CLIMBS TO THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING...

SO THAT'S WHY BOBBY DIDN'T COME BACK - WELL, I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS MESS

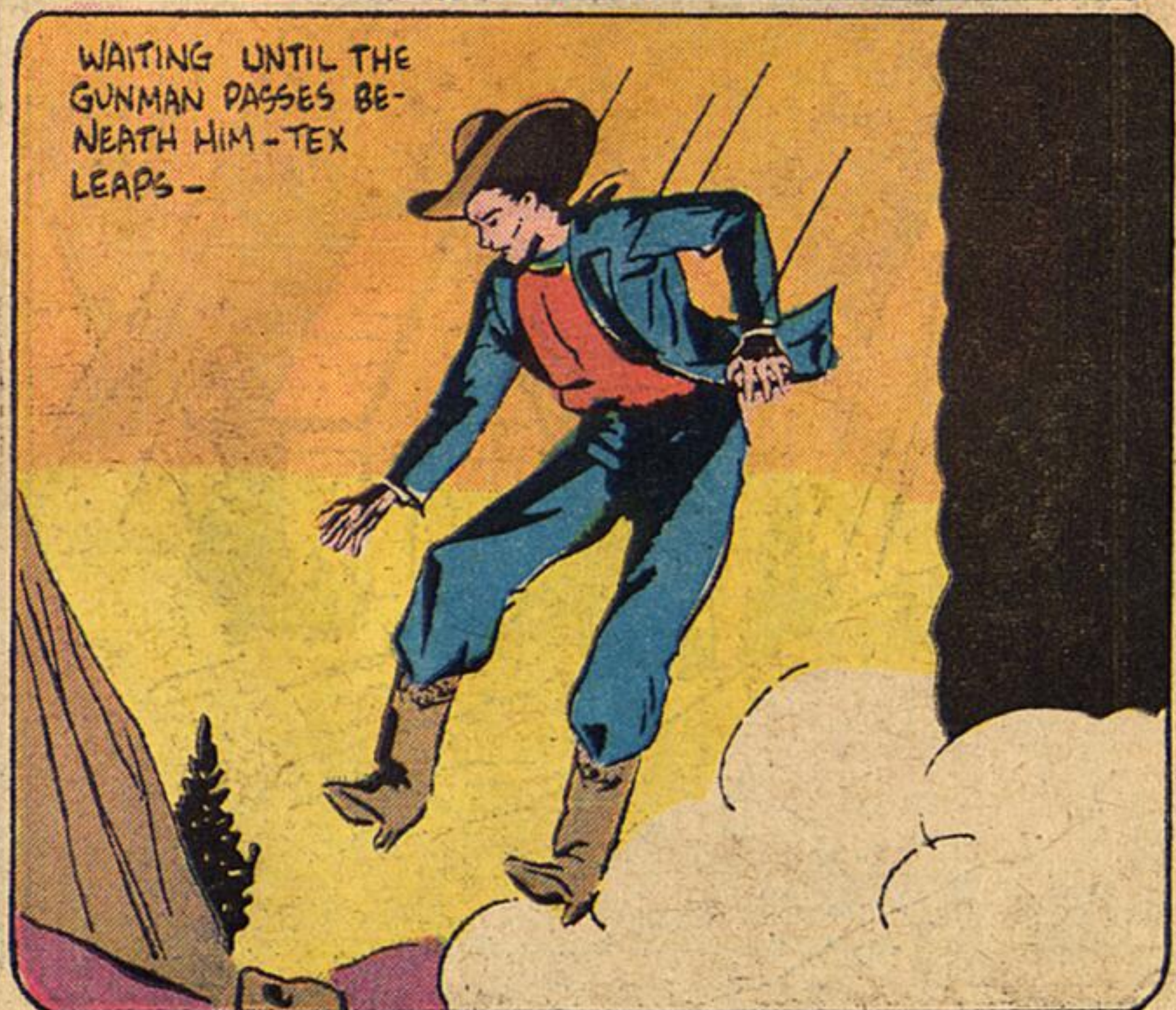


COME ON, KID! YOU AND I ARE GOING OUT FOR A WALK!



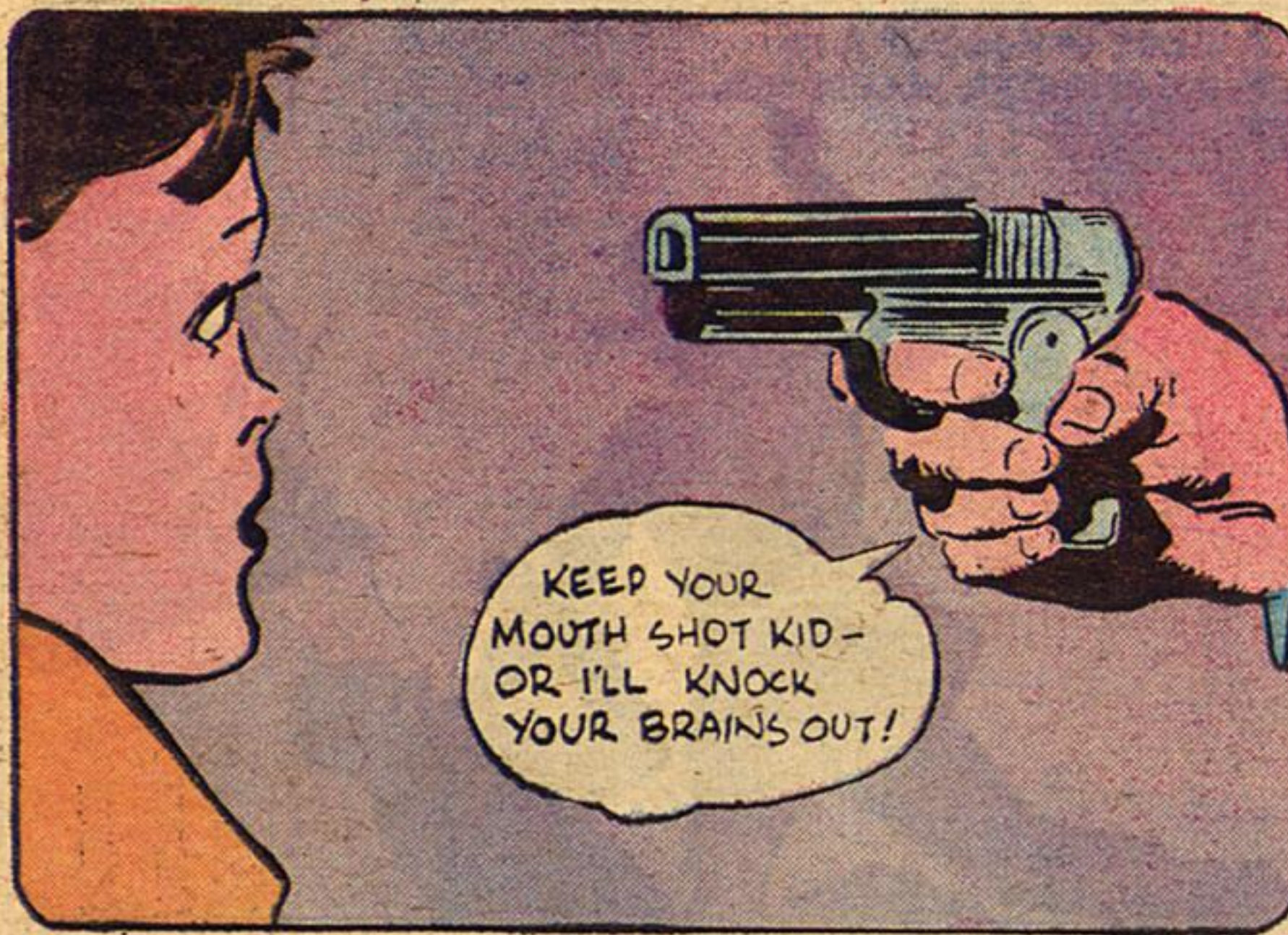
WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

DON'T WORRY, KID - YOU'RE NOT GOING VERY FAR!

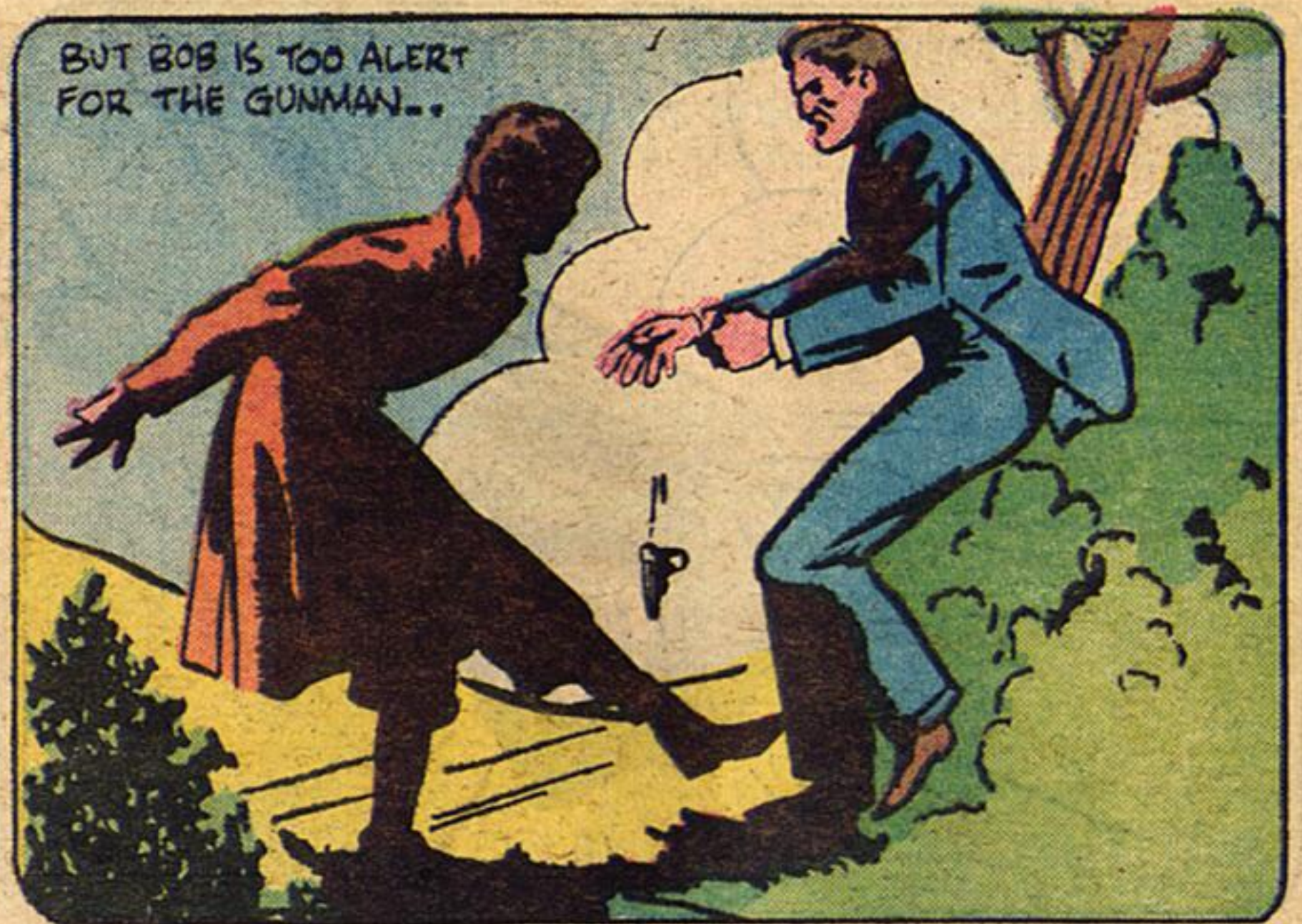


WAITING UNTIL THE GUNMAN PASSES BE- NEATH HIM - TEX LEAPS -





KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHOT KID - OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BRAINS OUT!



BUT BOB IS TOO ALERT FOR THE GUNMAN...



LOOK OUT, MR. TEX!

HE BREAKS LOOSE AND HEADS FOR THE WOODS...



BOB'S SHOUT PROVES DISASTEROUS FOR TEX. THE MOMENT HE TURNS HIS EYES AWAY FROM THEM, THEY LEAP FOR HIM - ONE KNOCKING THE GUN FROM HIS HANDS THE OTHER GRABBING HIM FROM BEHIND...



HOLD HIM!



BUT TEX HAS A TRICK OR TWO OF HIS OWN - A LITTLE JIU-JITSU SUBDUES ONE OF THE MEN - THEN HE TURNS TO THE OTHER ONE...



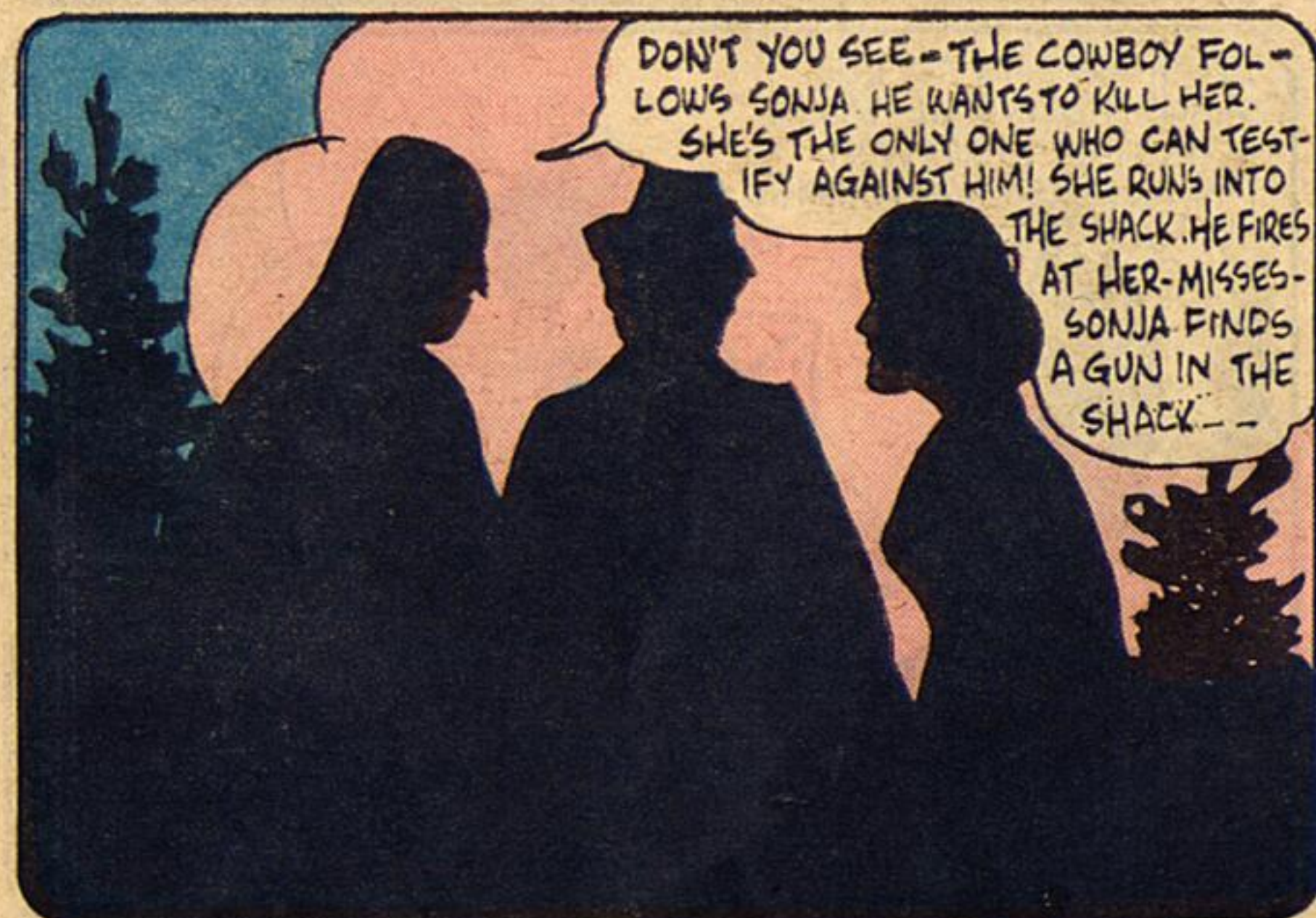
YOU'RE NEXT, BIG SHOT!

...FORGETTING ABOUT THE GIRL



... BUT SHE'S NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN!

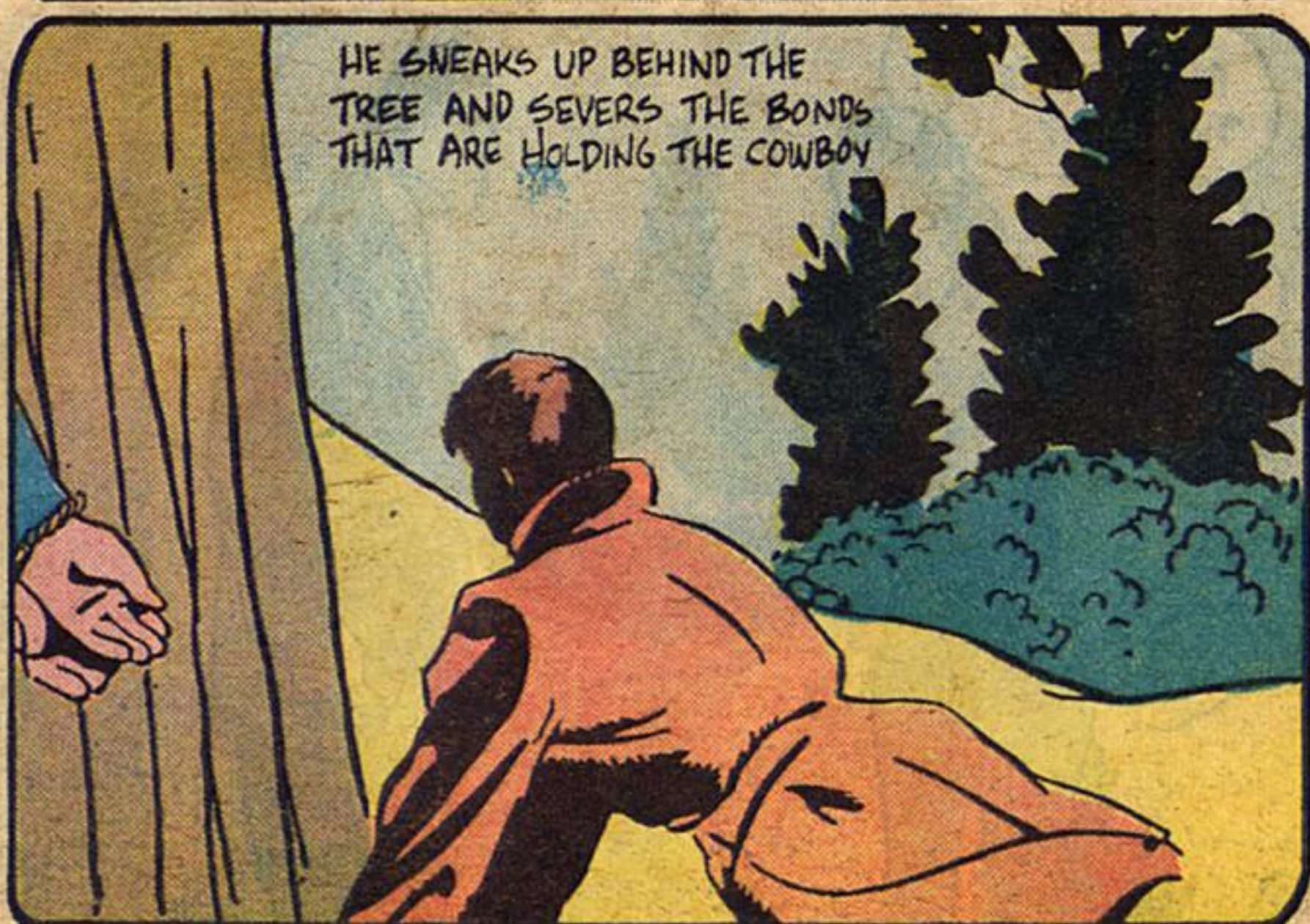
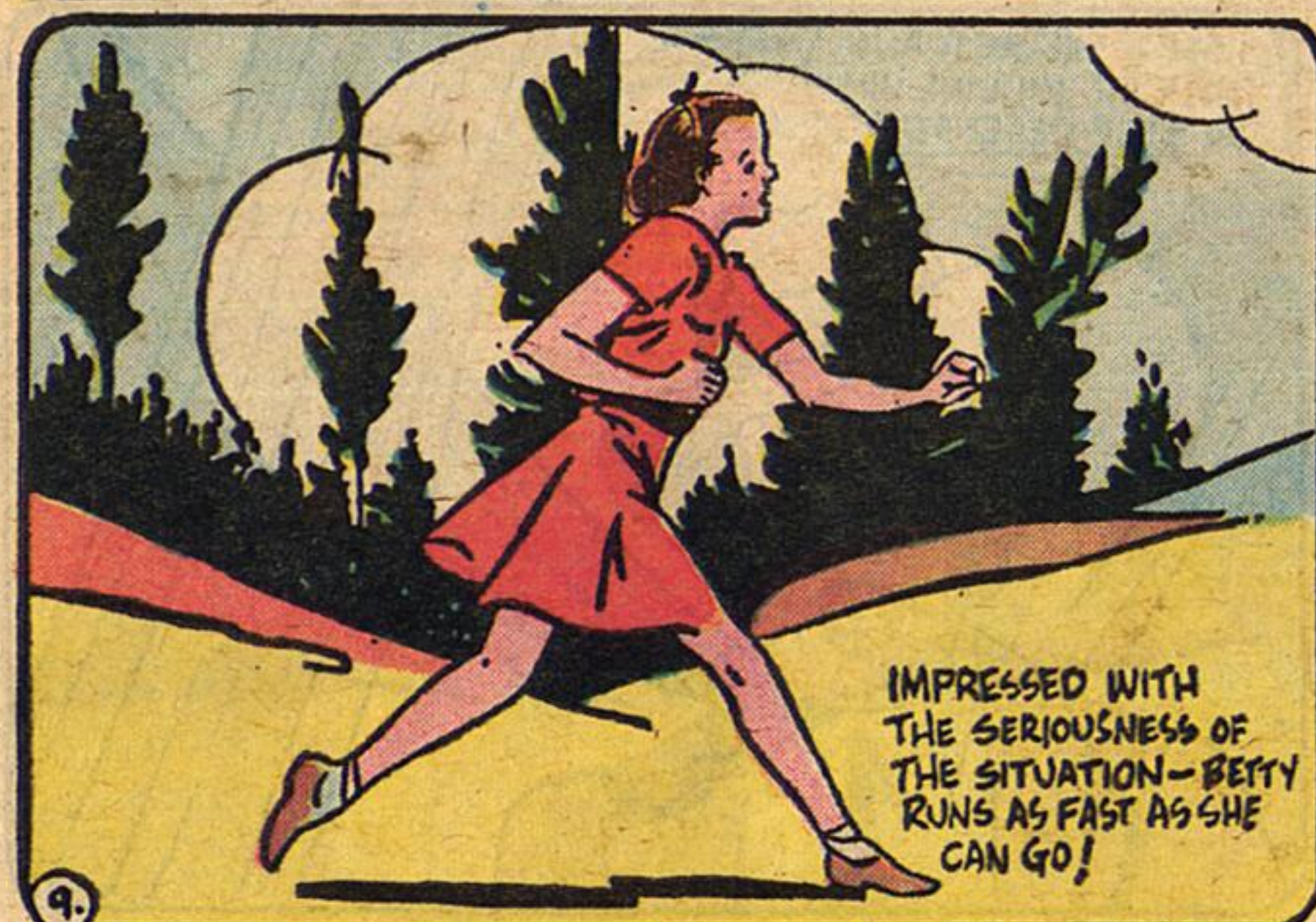
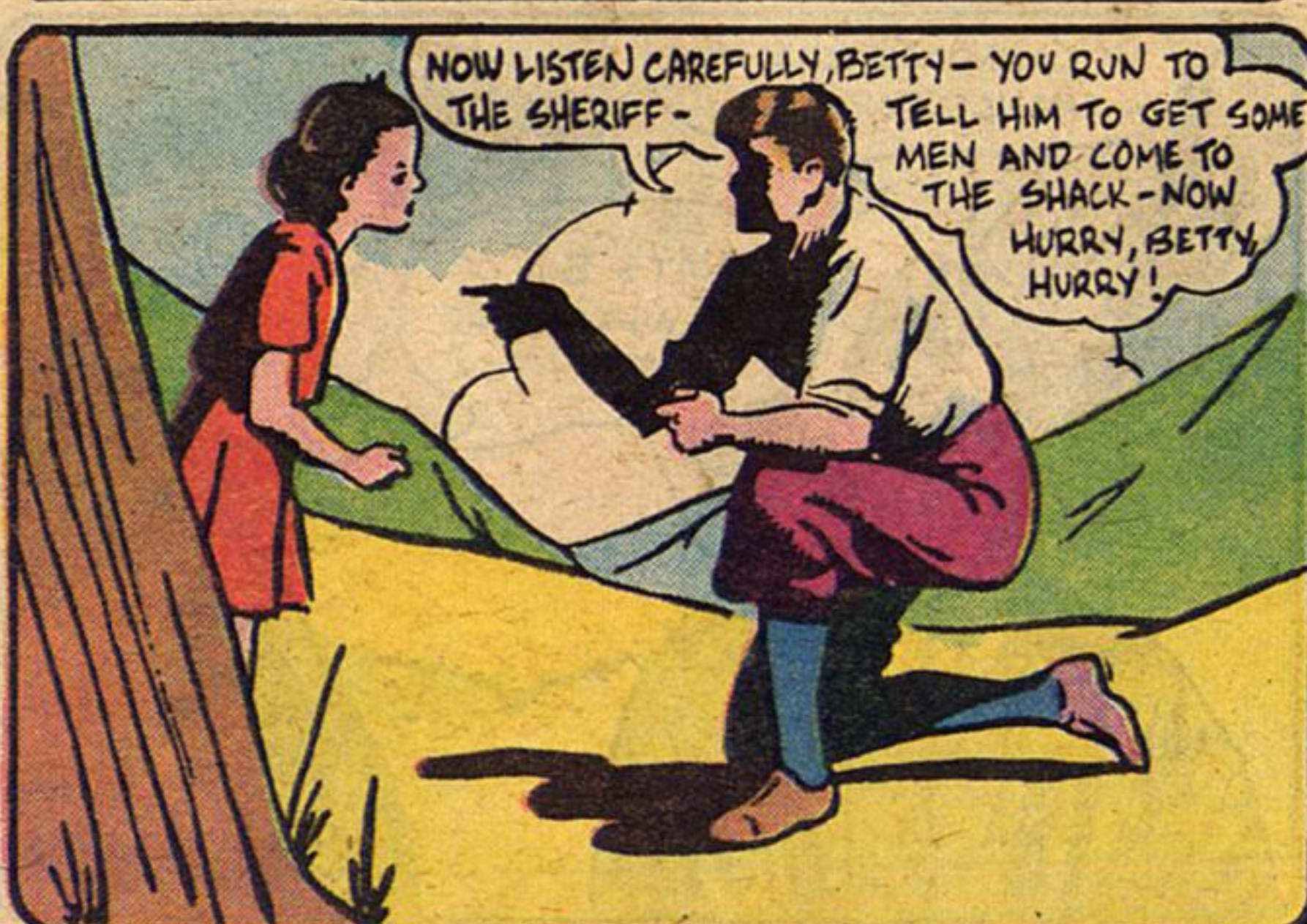
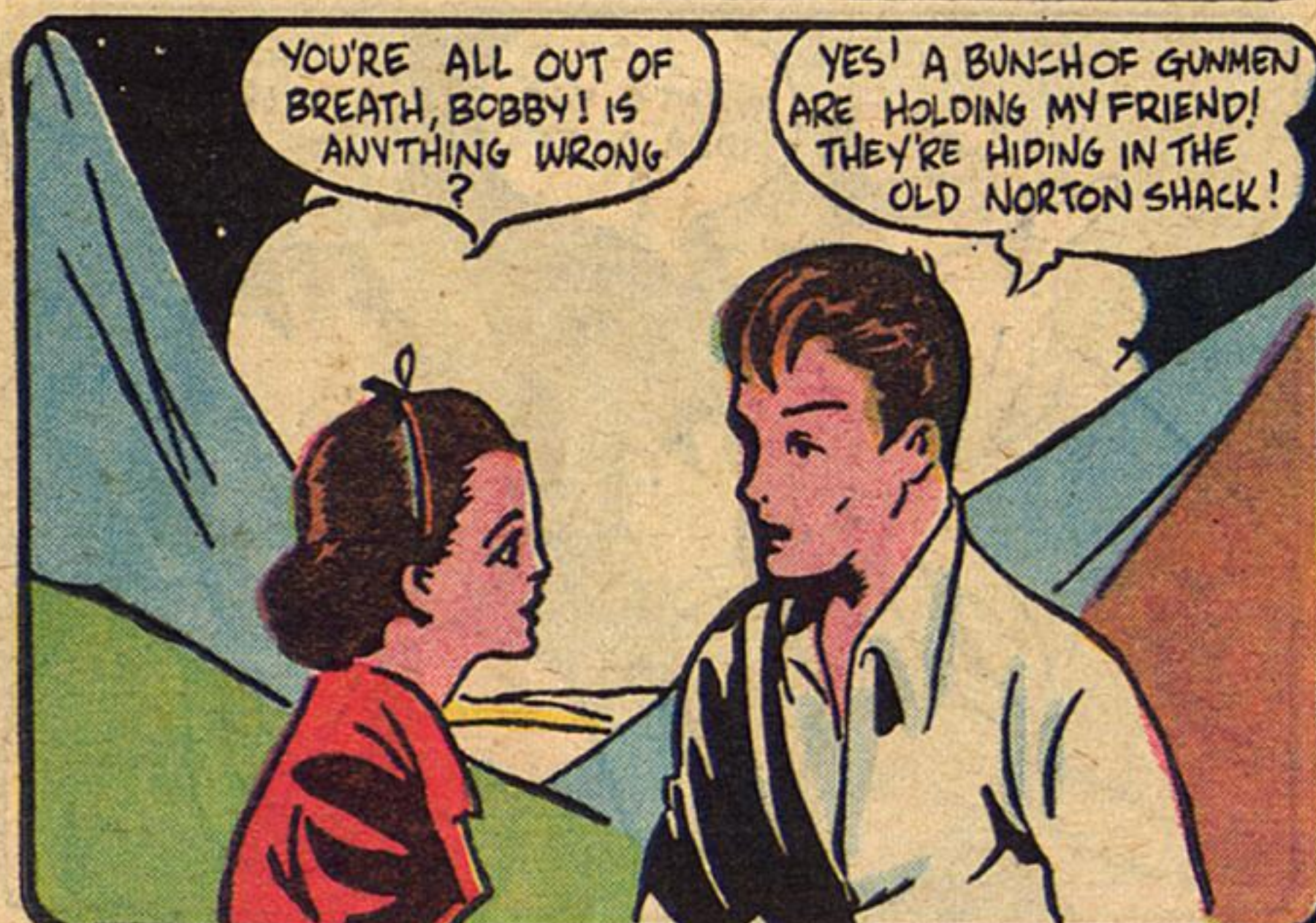
NOT SO FAST, COWBOY, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



IN THE
MEAN-
TIME



BUT THE
LONG DIS-
TANCE IS
BEGINNING
TO TELL ON
THE BOY.
EXHAUSTED,
HE IS FORCED
TO SLOW
DOWN—SUD-
DENLY HE
IS GREETED
BY A LITTLE
GIRL—



THE BONDS CUT, TEX STILL STANDS AS IF HE WERE TIED, TENSELY WAITING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO CAPTURE THIS GANG OF ENGLISH GUNMEN!

OKAY! BOSS! I'M ALL SET! BUT...

BUT, WHAT?

WELL, I STILL WISH WE HAD THAT KID HERE, I'D FEEL A LOT SAFER!

DON'T BE A FOOL! FORGET THE BRAT!

KNOWING THAT TEX WOULD BE ABLE TO GO INTO ACTION IF THE GANG'S ATTENTION WERE DISTRACTED, BOB BOLDLY STEPS FORTH!

HERE I AM!

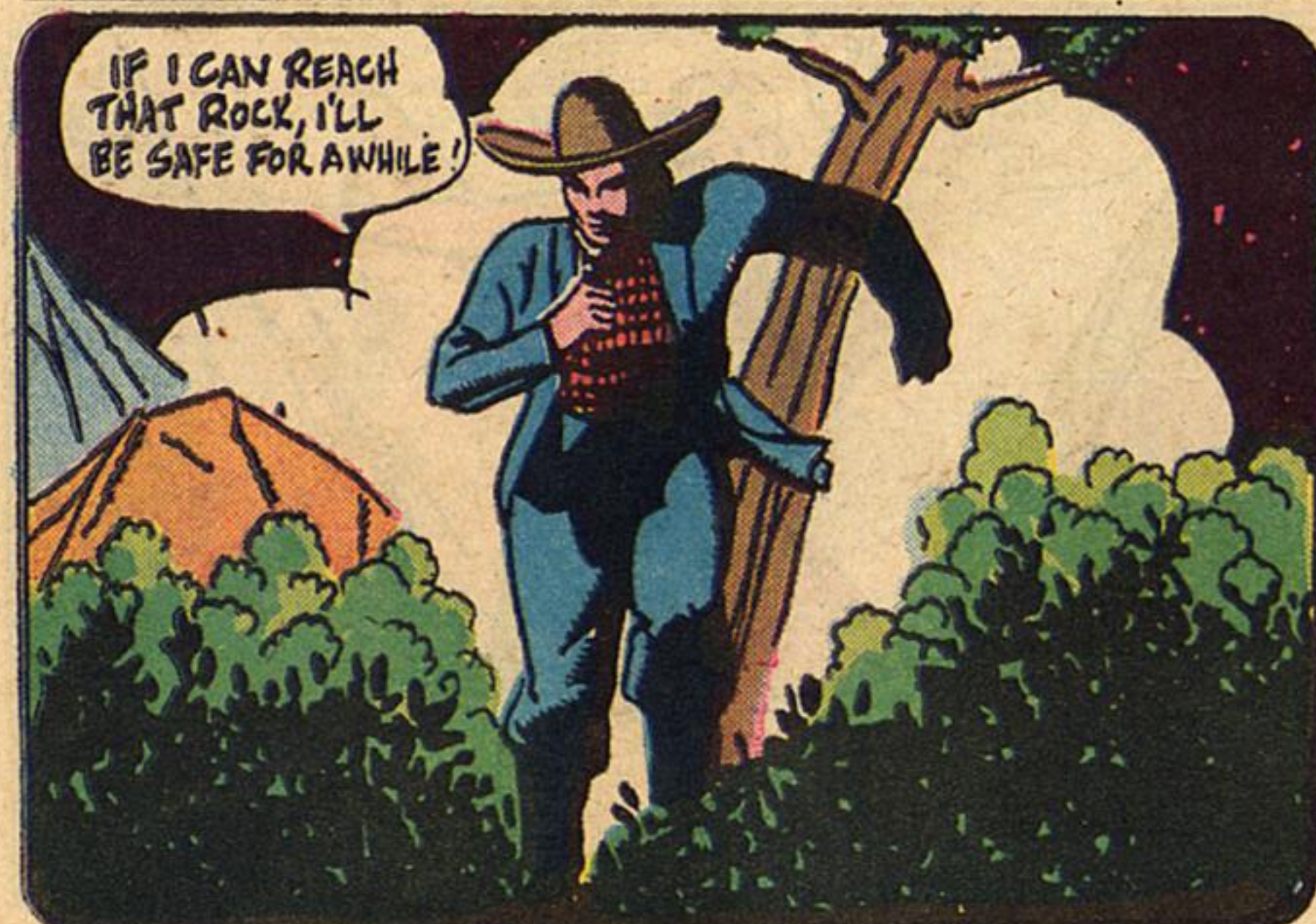
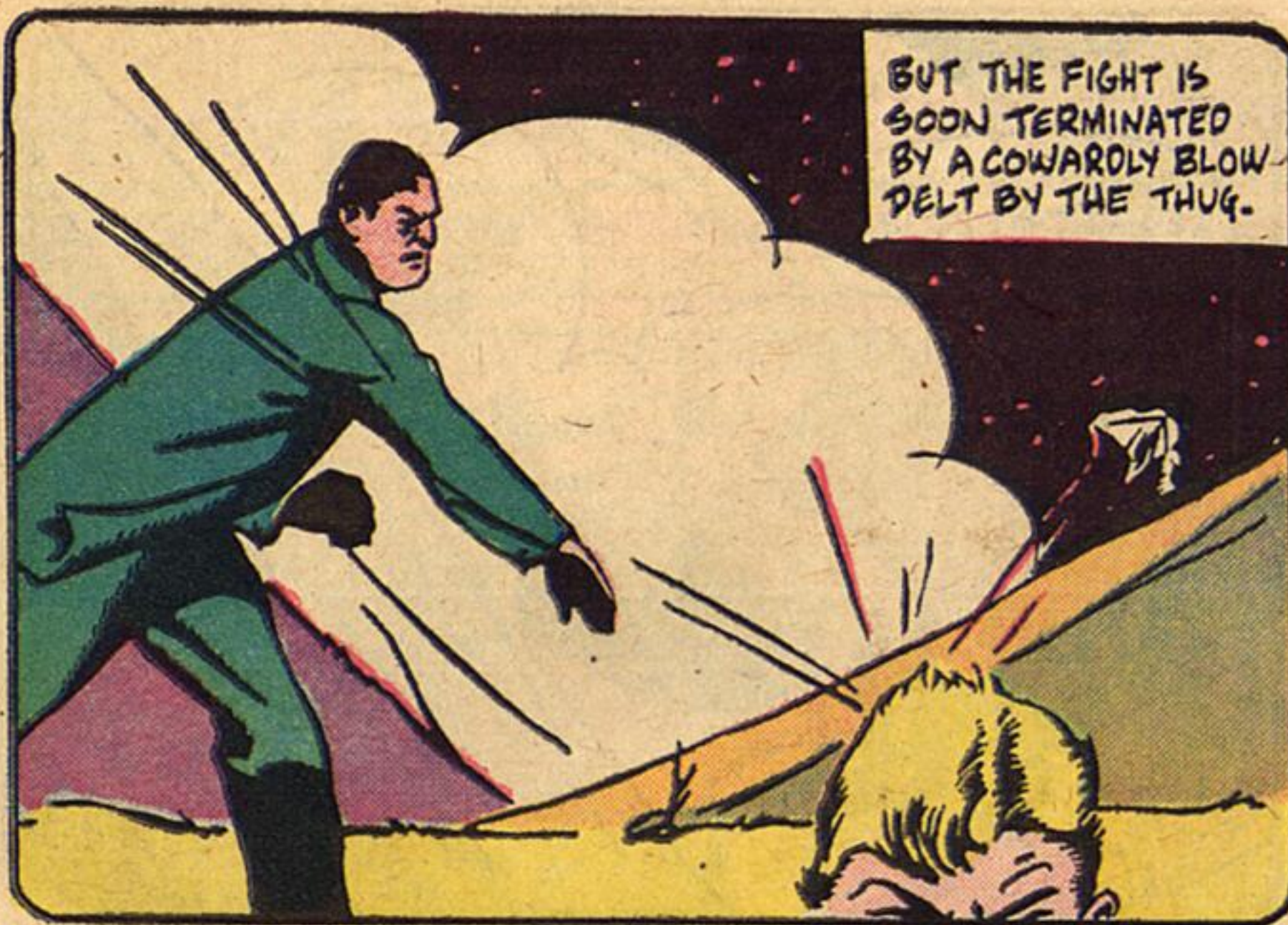
GET THAT KID!

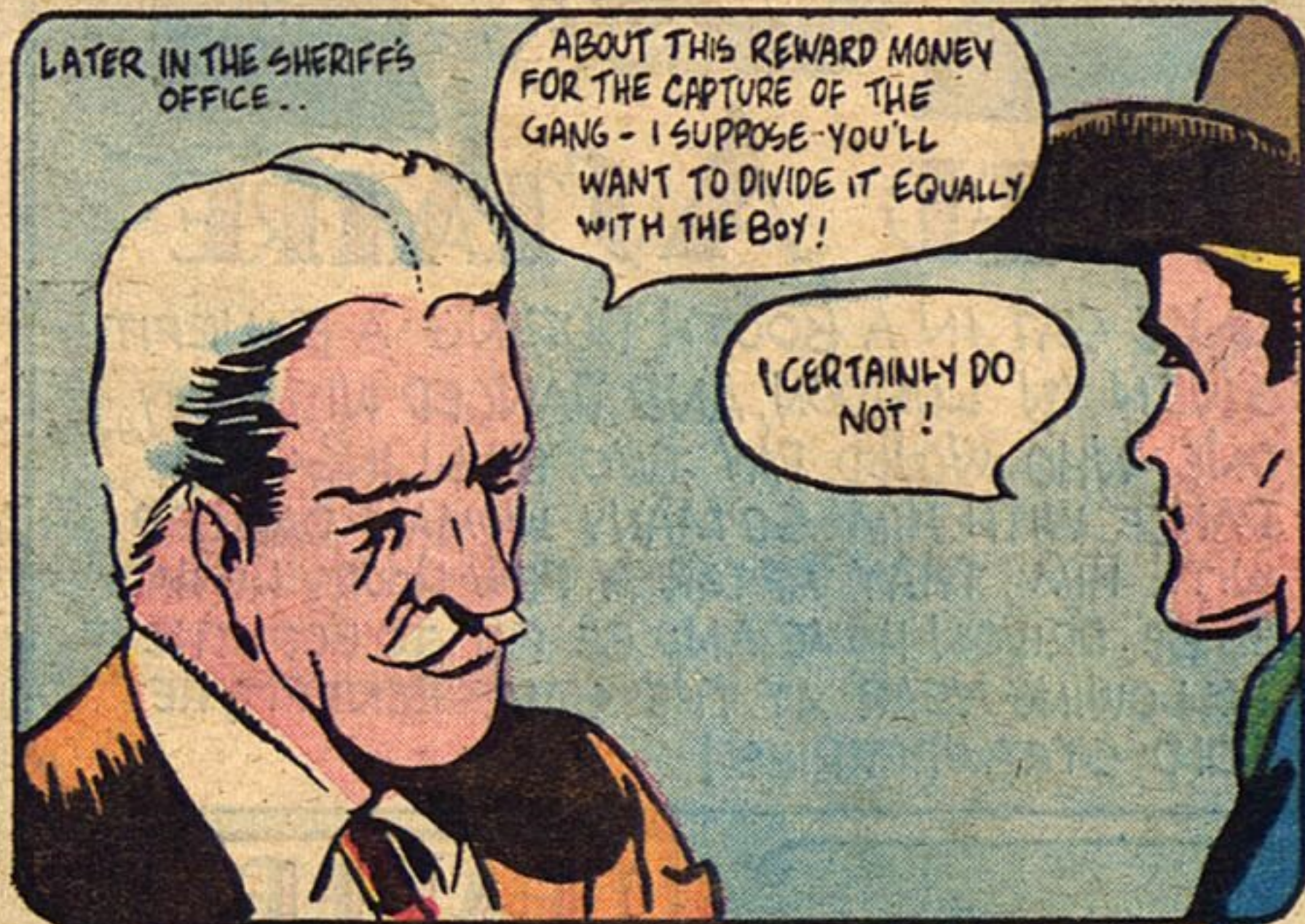
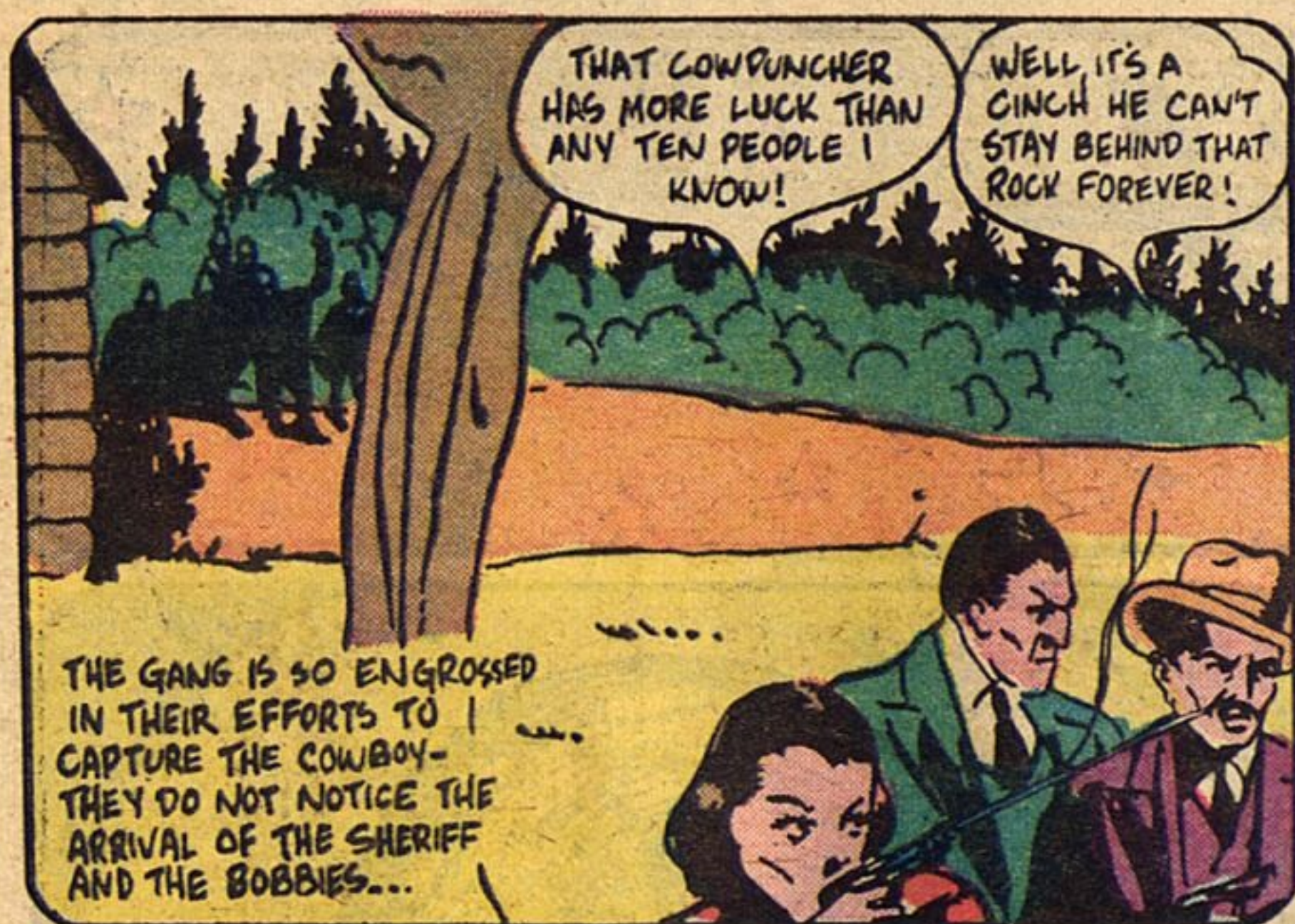
I WOULDN'T TOUCH HIM, IF I WERE YOU!

LOOK OUT! THE AMERICAN IS LOOSE!

YOU SAID IT, SISTER - I'M LOOSE - AND I'M MAD!

MAD AS AN AROUSED BULL, TEX SAILS INTO THE GANG - OBVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT HE IS OUTNUMBERED!





Stardust

BY

THE
"STAR-GAZER"



FRED ASTAIRE

ONCE SAT IN A BOOTH DURING A BENEFIT GIVEN IN LONDON, AND DANCED WITH ANY-ONE WHO WOULD PAY TWO SHILLINGS TO DANCE WITH HIM. SO MANY WOMEN DANCED WITH HIM, THAT AFTER A FEW HOURS HE HAD TO BE DRIVEN HOME AND BE PUT TO BED. THE FOLLOWING YEAR AT THE SAME BENEFIT, HE SOLD STRAWBERRIES!



CONSTANCE

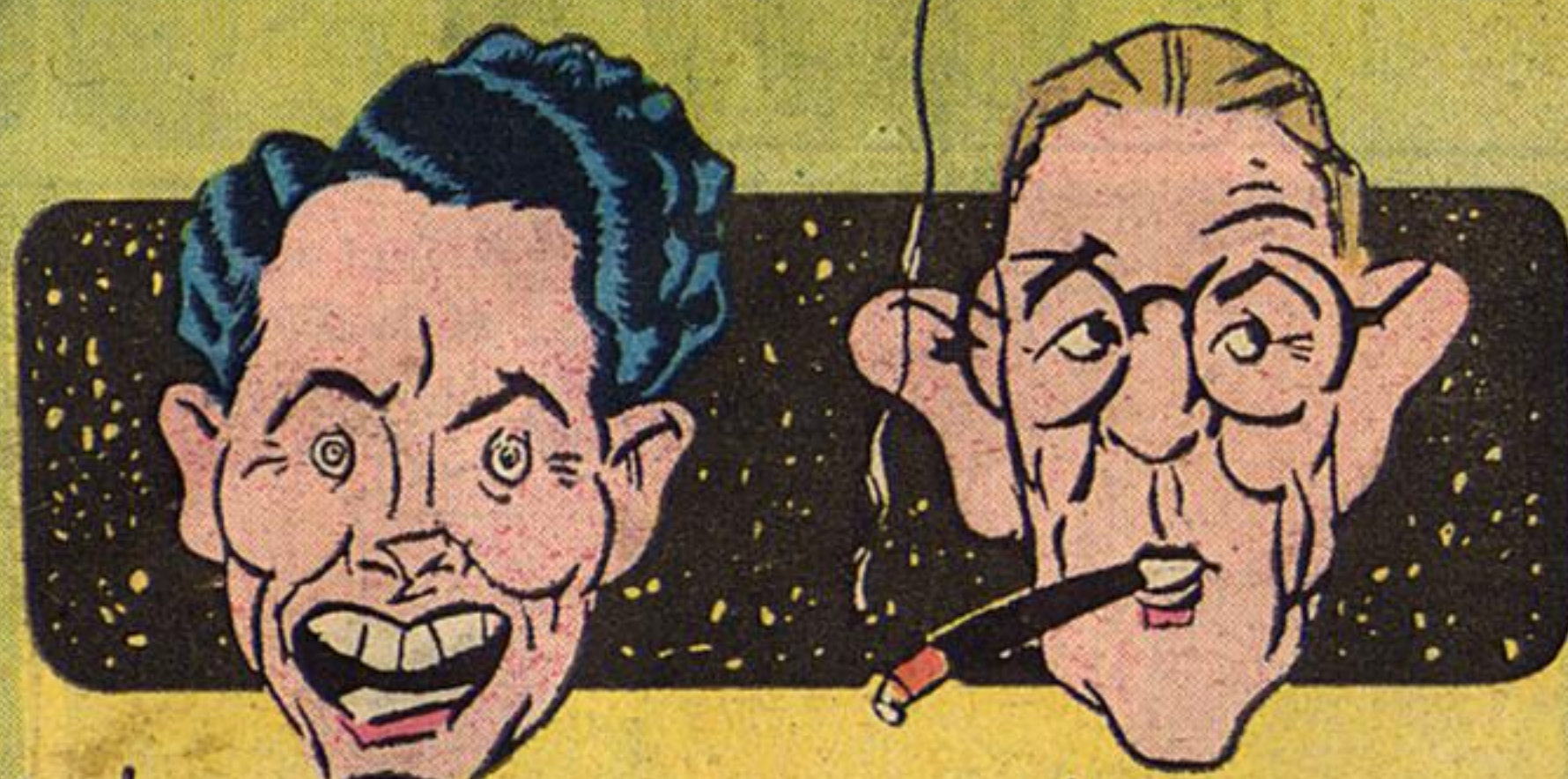
BENNETT

WORE A COSTUME DURING THE FILMING OF THE "AFFAIRS OF CELLINI", THAT WEIGHED THIRTY POUNDS! SHE LOST AS MUCH AS THREE POUNDS A DAY, EVERY DAY THAT SHE WORE THE OUTFIT DURING THE MAKING OF THE PRODUCTION!



CHARLES BOYER,

SMOKED AS MANY AS FOUR PACKS OF CIGARETTES A DAY DURING THE FILMING OF "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" EVERY TIME HE STARTED TO SMOKE HE WAS CALLED TO ACT IN A SCENE!



WHEELER AND WOOLSEY

TWO OF HOLLYWOOD'S MOST POPULAR COMICS, ARE INCORPORATED AS A TEAM! THEY'LL SHOW YOU THE PAPERS IF YOU DOUBT THEM!

ODDS 'N EVDS ---- BY MOLDOFF

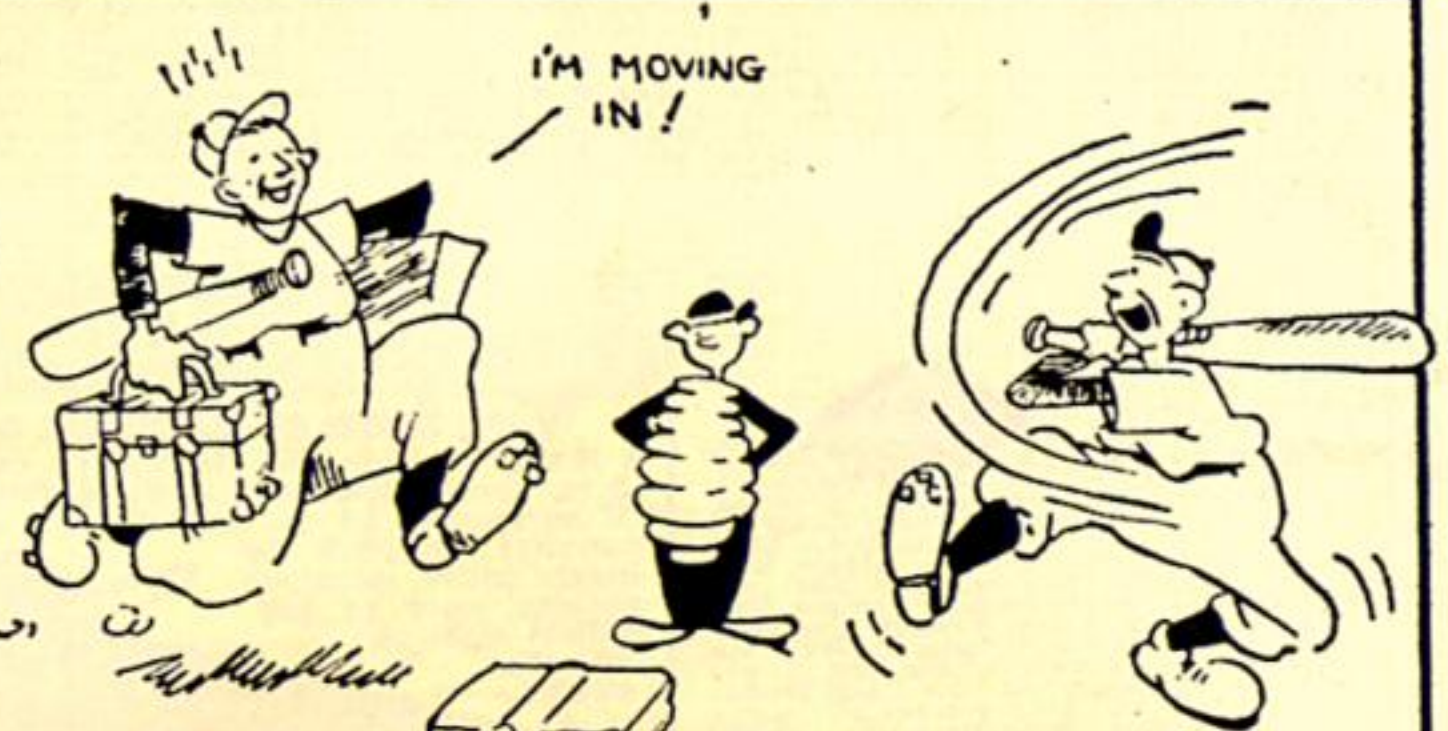


THE RECORD FOR THROWING A BALL IS 426 FT. 9 1/2 IN. HELD BY SHELDON LEJEUNE (1910)



THE PITTSBURGH CLUB HAS BEEN KNOWN AS THE 'PIRATES' SINCE 1890, WHEN SEVERAL PLAYERS WERE TAKEN FROM OTHER TEAMS -

IN THE LAST 23 YEARS ONLY 2 MEN HAVE COVERED FIRST BASE FOR THE YANKS WALLY PIPP AND GEHRIG

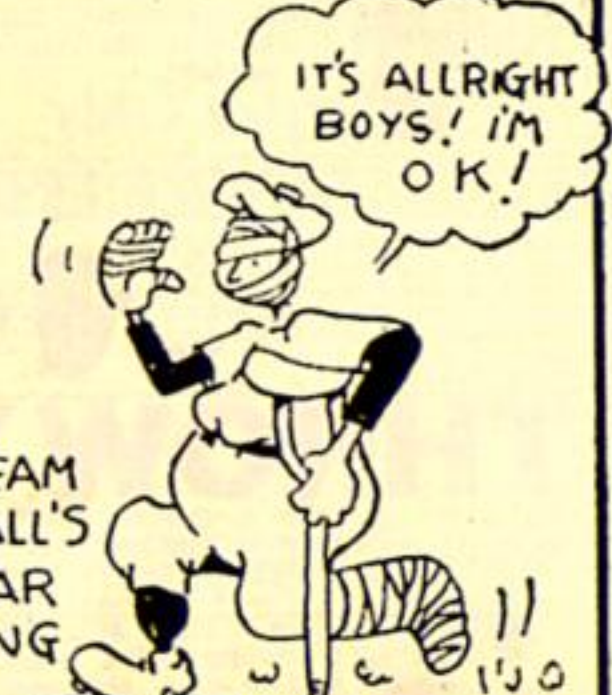


IT WAS ON JUNE 2, 1925 THAT HE REPLACED PIPP AT FIRST - HE'S BEEN MAKING RECORDS EVER SINCE

REMEMBER THAT DAY WHEN HE SMASHED OUT 4 HOME RUNS IN SUCCESSION AGAINST THE A'S



THE HARDEST HITTER IN BASEBALL HIS DRIVES ARE LIKE A SHOT FROM A CANNON



"TARZAN" AS HE IS CALLED BY HIS TEAM MATES, IS BASEBALL'S HIGHEST PAID STAR AND NOW HAVING CRASHED THE MOVIES - WILL BE QUITE A WEALTHY MAN WHEN HE RETIRES

THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT LOU'S SLUGGING ABILITY - IT'S THE IRON MAN PART THAT PUZZLES YOU -

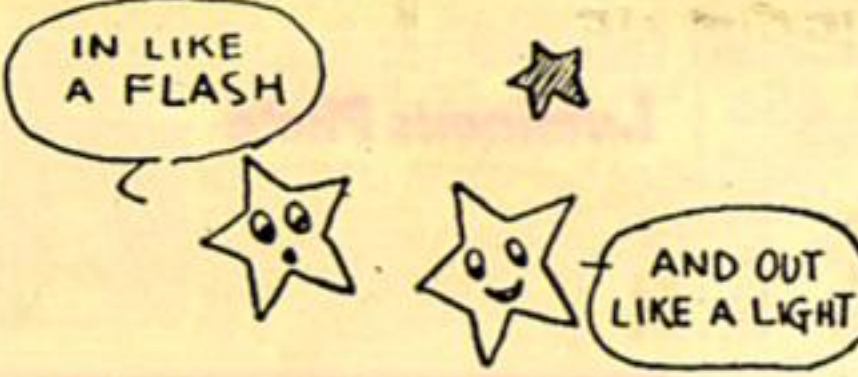
"LARRUPIN" LOU GEHRIG

LAST OF THE FAMOUS YANKEE MURDERER'S ROW OF '27, CONTINUES AS THE IRON MAN OF BASEBALL AS HE NEARS HIS 2000th CONSECUTIVE GAME



IN CARICATURE - BABE - RUTH -

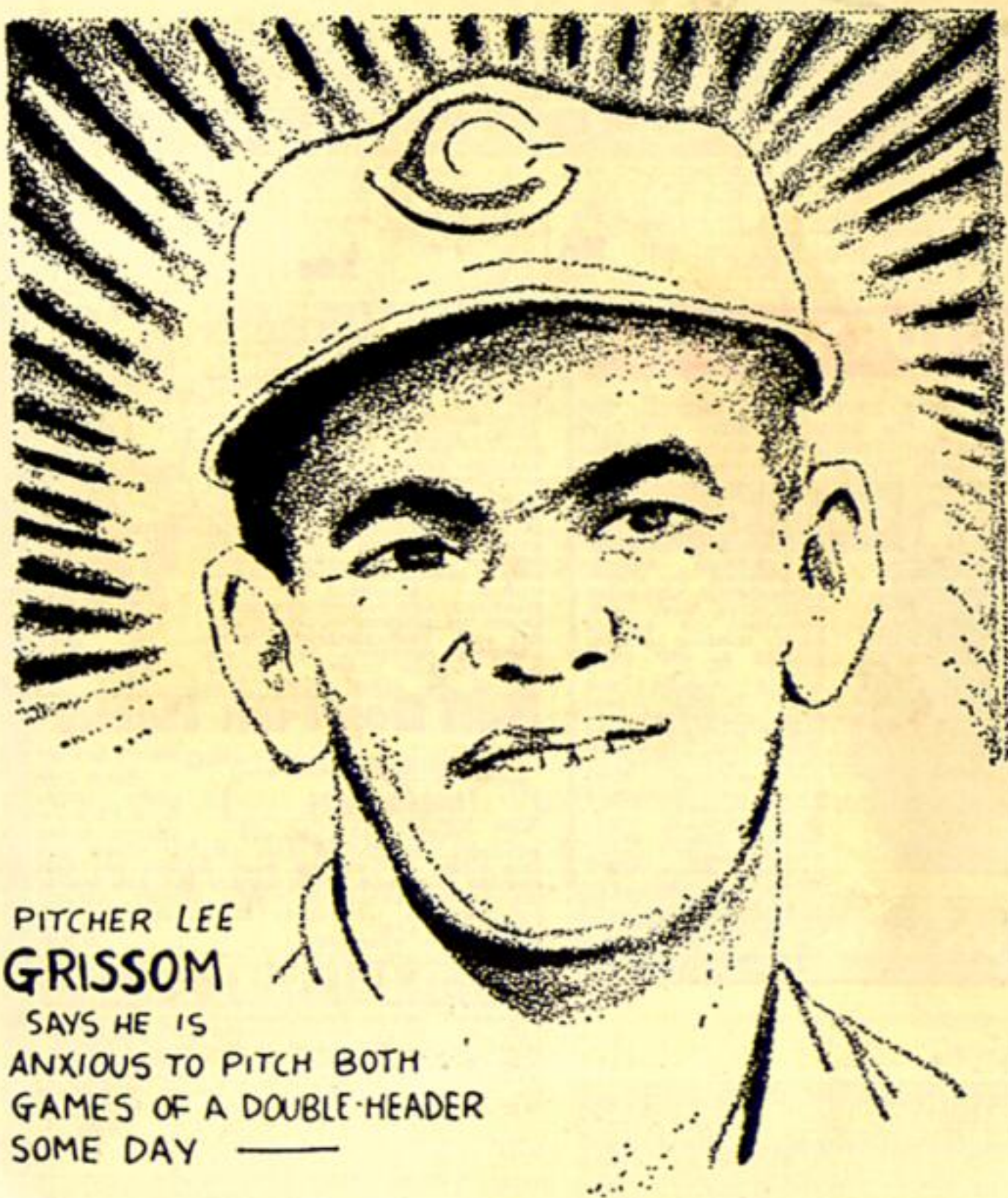
- IF RUTH HAD RECEIVED ALL THE BASES - ON-BALLS AT ONCE, THAT HE HAD BEEN GIVEN DURING HIS BIG LEAGUE CAREER - HE WOULD HAVE HAD TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING 71 TIMES !!



NORRIS POLK AND OTIS BAKER MET IN A 6-ROUND BOUT - AFTER FLOORING EACH OTHER IN THE 1ST. THEY BOTH LET GO WITH RIGHTS TO THE CHIN BOTH WENT DOWN AND WERE OUT FOR 5 MINUTES THE REFEREE CALLED IT A DRAW -



SAM LESLIE BELIEVES HE ONCE ENDED A SLUMP BY STARTING TO WEAR A NIGHTSHIRT INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL PAJAMAS !!



PITCHER LEE GRISSOM SAYS HE IS ANXIOUS TO PITCH BOTH GAMES OF A DOUBLE-HEADER SOME DAY

