

A Fawcett Publication

FEBRUARY

DON WINSLOW

OF THE NAVY

10¢
NO. 42



DON WINSLOW VISITS AMAZING
"AMAZON ISLAND"



BOYS! GIRLS!

SEND NOW! GET THIS

MAGIC SHOW

10 WONDERFUL TRICKS

and ILLUSIONS *only* 15¢

BE A MAGICIAN!
PUT ON YOUR OWN
MAGIC SHOW!

Amaze and mystify your audience and friends with all these wonderful stunts!

[COMPLETE . . . including
necessary apparatus and
all instructions.]

(Plus picture of Betty Crocker
cut from bottom of BETTY
CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY!)

ALL TEN TRICKS EASY TO DO!

Great magicians say that the *best* tricks are usually the *easiest* ones to perform! These ten tricks and illusions have been assembled for you by a *nationally-known magician* (whose name we are not permitted to reveal). All ten tricks have been especially selected so that they are *easy* to perform. Remember—you get the *necessary apparatus* and *all instructions* right with the set!

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR MAGIC SHOW!

It's *easy*! Just go to your grocer and get the BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY! That's the cereal assortment that gives you a total of *TEN* individual-size packages of your favorite cereals! Each package is just big enough for one serving, and there are *four* of WHEATIES . . . *four* of CHEERIOS . . . and *two* of KIX! On the bottom of the BETTY CROCKER BREAKFAST TRAY, you will notice a *small picture* of BETTY CROCKER. *Cut this picture out* and send it together with the coupon, and *only 15 cents!* Your complete set of 10 Magic Tricks and Illusions will be mailed to you *immediately!* And you'll be all ready to put on your own *MAGIC SHOW!*

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UNLESS YOU SEND
RIGHT AWAY!

- 1 **THE INCREDIBLE MIND READING TRICK!** (When you know how to do it, you apparently read anyone's mind . . . It's terrific!)
- 2 **THE MULTIPLYING BLOCKS!** (As if by magic, one block suddenly becomes three blocks!)
- 3 **THE JUMPING BLOCK!** (Secret block actually appears to jump from one of your hands to the other!)
- 4 **THE TOPSY TURVY COVERS!** (You do this trick right out in the open . . . right before their eyes, with nothing concealed. Then defy anyone to duplicate it!)
- 5 **THE RADAR VISION TRICK!** (Imagine! You apparently see right through metal! Secret apparatus makes it easy!)
- 6 **TELEVISION COLOR DISCS!** (You actually tell the color of these magic discs without seeing them! How? You'll know when you get the set!)
- 7 **THE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL METAL TRICK!** (You are able to accomplish what seems to be impossible—by floating metal on water!)
- 8 **THE VANISHING DISC!** (People can't believe it's true—that you really make the disc disappear with a wave of your hand!)
- 9 **MYSTIC HINDU BOOMERANGS!** (Amazing optical illusion! You are apparently able to stretch solid plastic!)
- 10 **THE VANISHING BOX!** (You cover this magic box with your handkerchief and—presto—it's gone! Where? That's your secret!)

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My name is

My address is

City State

DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY

A Fawcett Publication



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To help us maintain high
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have enlisted the aid of
the distinguished individuals
whose names are
given above.

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PRESIDENT

Contents



DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

TOGUCHI'S ESCAPE



DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

AMAZON island



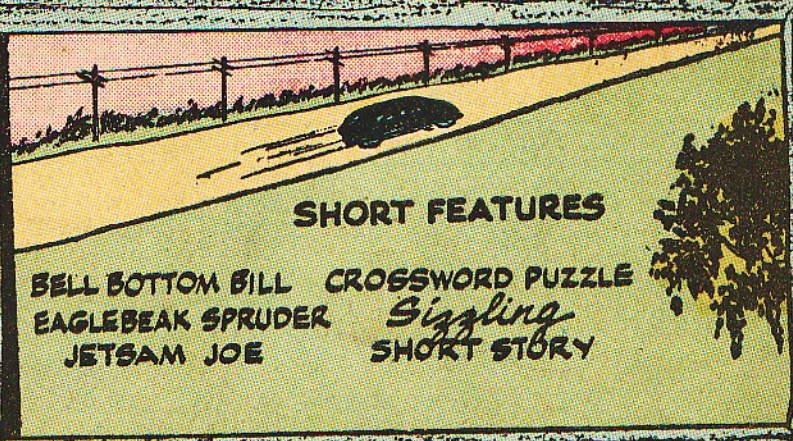
DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

Mission TOKYO



DON WINSLOW
OF THE NAVY

RED PENNINGTON'S folly



SHORT FEATURES

BELL BOTTOM BILL **CROSSWORD PUZZLE**
EAGLEBEAK SPRUDER *Sizzling*
JETSAM JOE **SHORT STORY**

February, 1947. Vol. 7, No. 42

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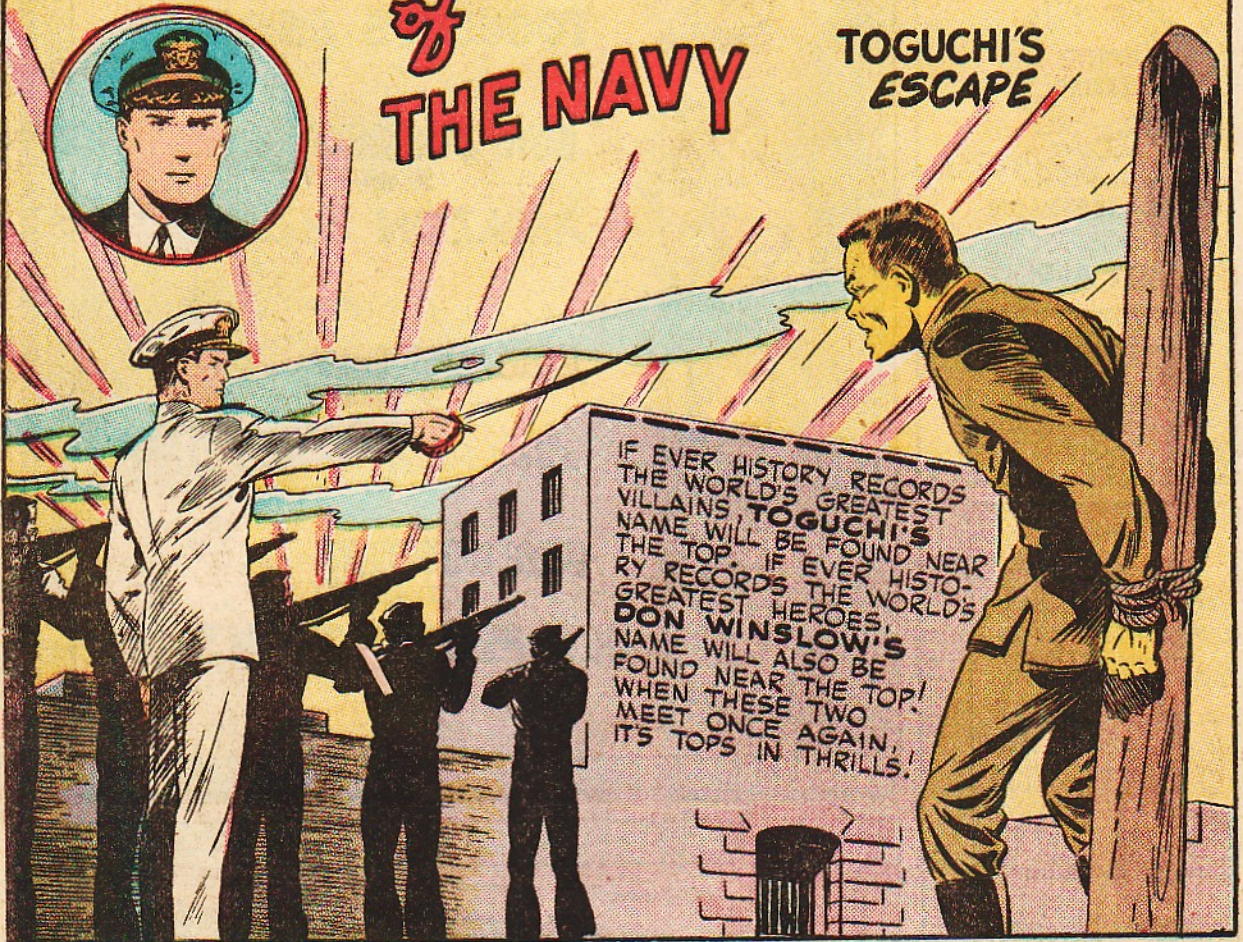
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DON WINSLOW

of THE NAVY

TOGUCHI'S ESCAPE



AT A WAR CRIMINAL TRIAL, IN JAPAN--

THE NEXT DEFENDANT IS TOGUCHI, BETTER KNOWN AS THE "AMERICAN!" EDUCATED IN THE UNITED STATES, HE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS KNOWLEDGE TO COMMIT INHUMAN CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE WHO HAD TRIED TO HELP HIM!

THE FIRST WITNESS AGAINST HIM WILL BE DON WINSLOW, WHO FIRST KNEW TOGUCHI WHEN THEY WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER!



TOGUCHI AND I HAVE CROSSED PATHS MANY TIMES DURING THE WAR! DESPITE HIS FRIENDLY SMILE HE IS ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING KILLERS I HAVE EVER MET! THE LAST TIME WE FACED EACH OTHER--

SEVERAL DAYS LATER--

THE COURT IS NOW READY TO RENDER A VERDICT!

IT IS THE VERDICT OF THIS COURT THAT THE DEFENDANT IS **GUILTY** AS CHARGED! WE HEREBY SENTENCE HIM TO BE SHOT AT DAWN!

WE'LL TAKE HIM BACK TO THE CELL, DON!

DON'T GET ANY IDEAS ABOUT ESCAPING, TOGUCHI! THOSE BARBED WIRES ARE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED!

LOCK HIM UP, GUARD.

ONE LAST REQUEST, WINSLOW!

WHAT IS IT?

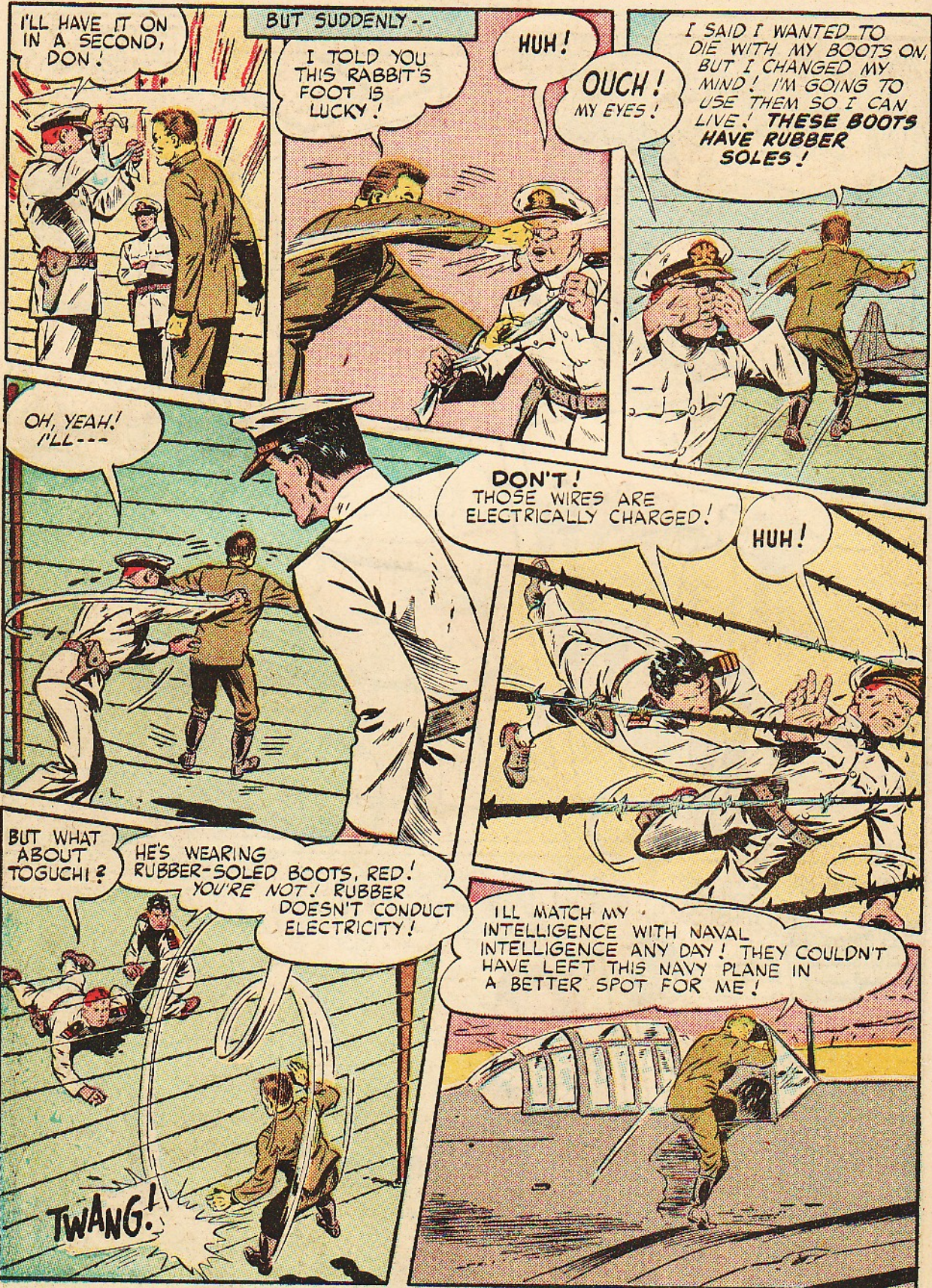
YOU KNOW, OLD BOY, I'M SUPERSTITIOUS! I'D LIKE TO DIE WITH MY BOOTS ON, HOLDING A RABBIT'S FOOT! COULD IT BE ARRANGED?

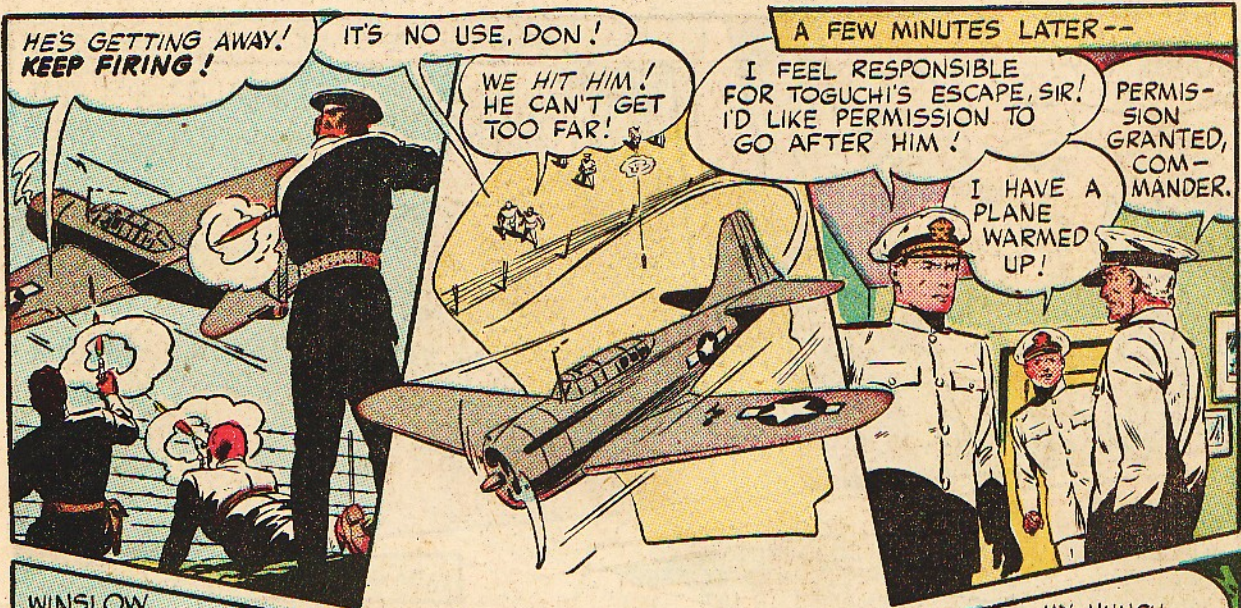
I'LL HAVE THEM HERE AT DAWN!

DAWN--

HE'S GOT THE BOOTS AND RABBIT'S FOOT, RED! NOW PUT THE BLINDFOLD ON HIM AND LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!

PRISONERS OF WAR





HE'S GETTING AWAY!
KEEP FIRING!

IT'S NO USE, DON!

WE HIT HIM!
HE CAN'T GET
TOO FAR!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

I FEEL RESPONSIBLE
FOR TOGUCHI'S ESCAPE, SIR!
I'D LIKE PERMISSION TO
GO AFTER HIM!

PERMISSION
GRANTED,
COM-
MANDER.

I HAVE A
PLANE
WARMED
UP!

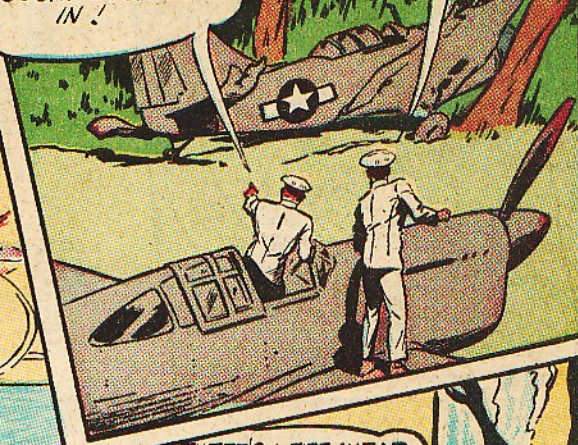
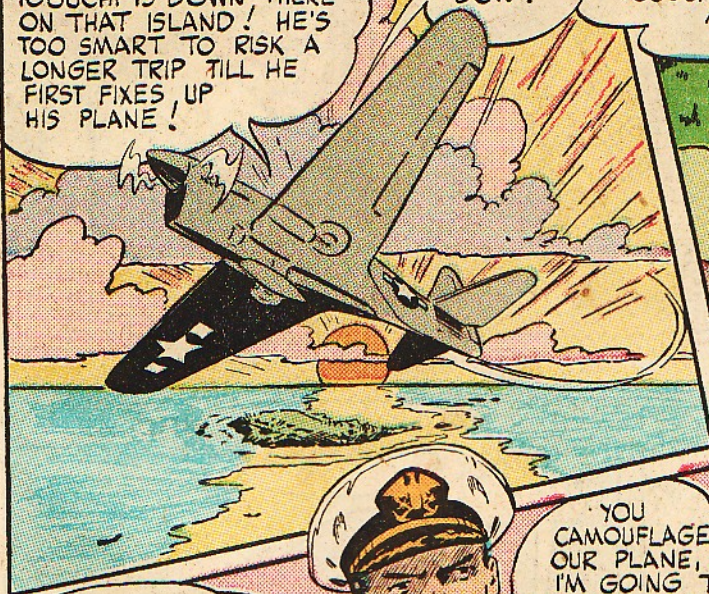
WINSLOW
AND PENNINGTON
WASTE NO TIME IN
GETTING ON THE TRAIL--

I HAVE A FEELING
TOGUCHI IS DOWN THERE
ON THAT ISLAND! HE'S
TOO SMART TO RISK A
LONGER TRIP TILL HE
FIRST FIXES UP
HIS PLANE!

I'LL TAKE
IT DOWN,
DON!

LOOK, DON! THERE'S
THE NAVY PLANE
TOGUCHI ESCAPED
IN!

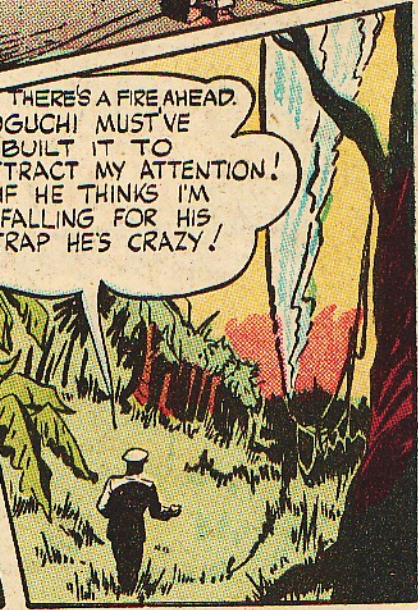
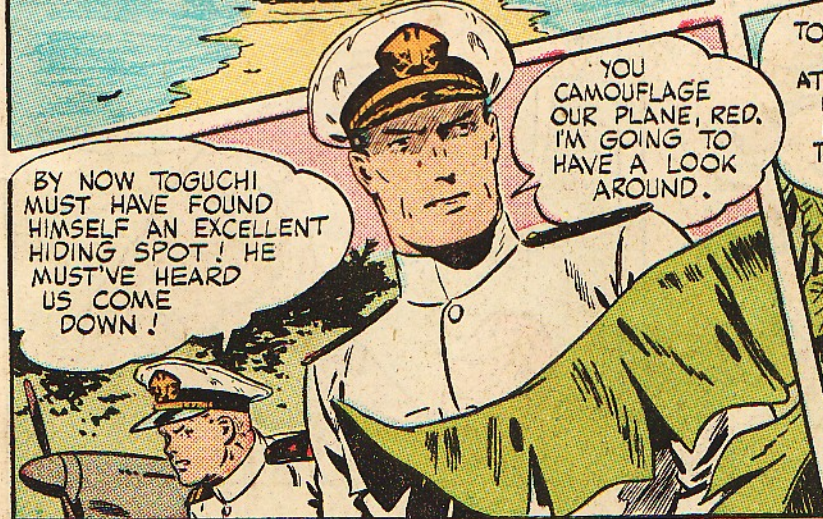
MY HUNCH
WAS RIGHT!
TOGUCHI IS ON
THE ISLAND!

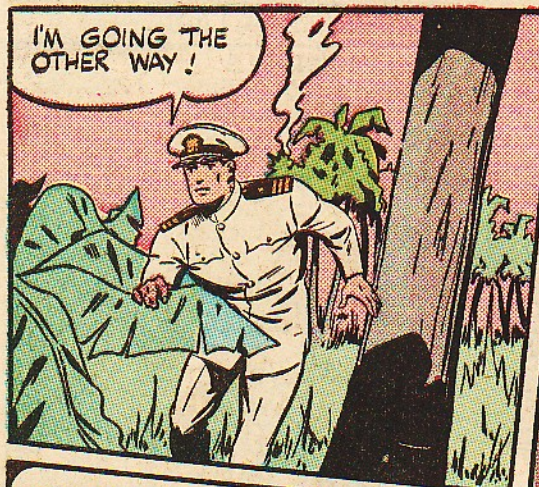


BY NOW TOGUCHI
MUST HAVE FOUND
HIMSELF AN EXCELLENT
HIDING SPOT! HE
MUST'VE HEARD
US COME
DOWN!

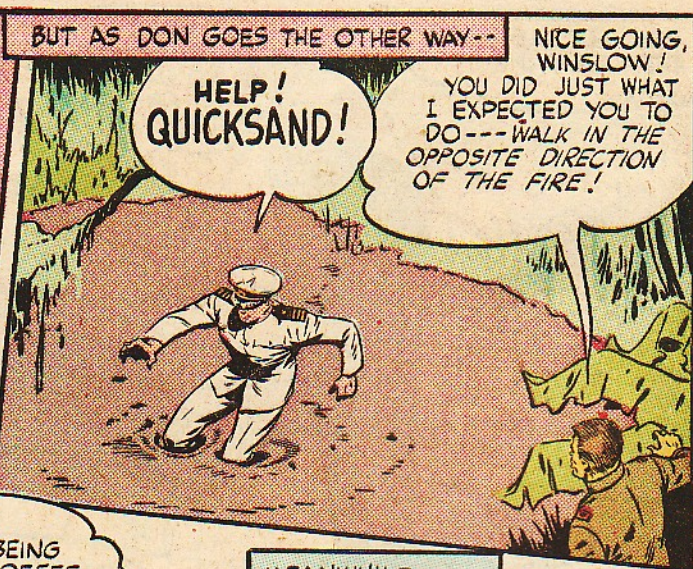
YOU
CAMOUFLAGE
OUR PLANE, RED.
I'M GOING TO
HAVE A LOOK
AROUND.

THERE'S A FIRE AHEAD.
TOGUCHI MUST'VE
BUILT IT TO
ATTRACT MY ATTENTION!
IF HE THINKS I'M
FALLING FOR HIS
TRAP HE'S CRAZY!





I'M GOING THE OTHER WAY!



BUT AS DON GOES THE OTHER WAY--

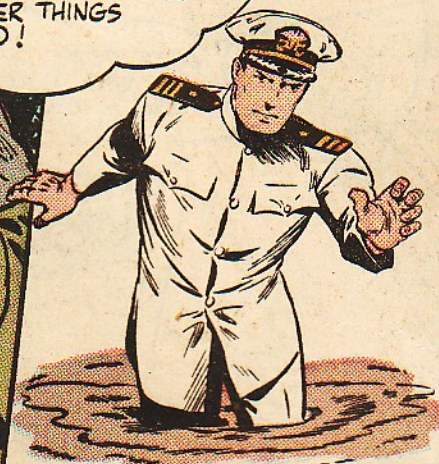
HELP!
QUICKSAND!

NICE GOING, WINSLOW!
YOU DID JUST WHAT I EXPECTED YOU TO DO---WALK IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION OF THE FIRE!



VERY CLEVER, TOGUCHI! YOU GOT ME BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY!

YOU LOOK LIKE A DOUGHNUT BEING DIPPED INTO COFFEE, WINSLOW! I'D LIKE TO WATCH YOU HIT BOTTOM, BUT I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO DO!



MEANWHILE --



WELL, THE PLANE IS CAMOUFLAGED! NOW TO FIND DON AND HELP HIM LOOK FOR TOGUCHI!



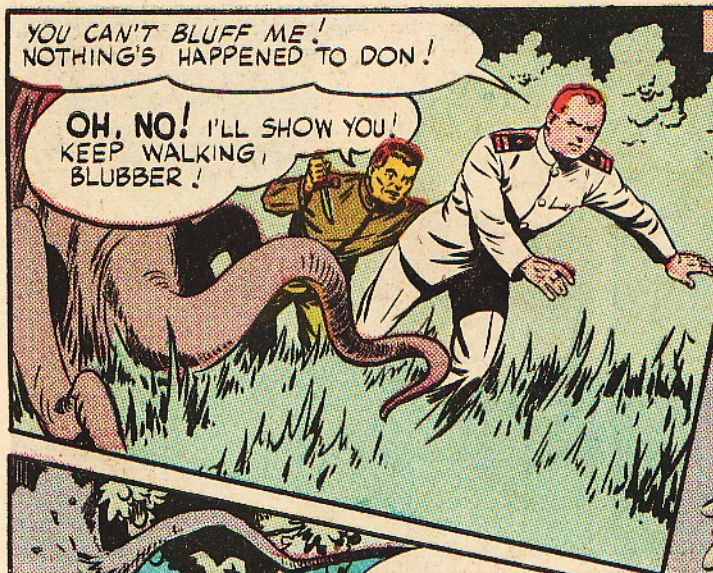
WHERE DID YOU HIDE THE PLANE, FAT STUFF?

HUH?



YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, TOGUCHI! I'LL NEVER TALK!

I THINK YOU WILL -- OR YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO DON!

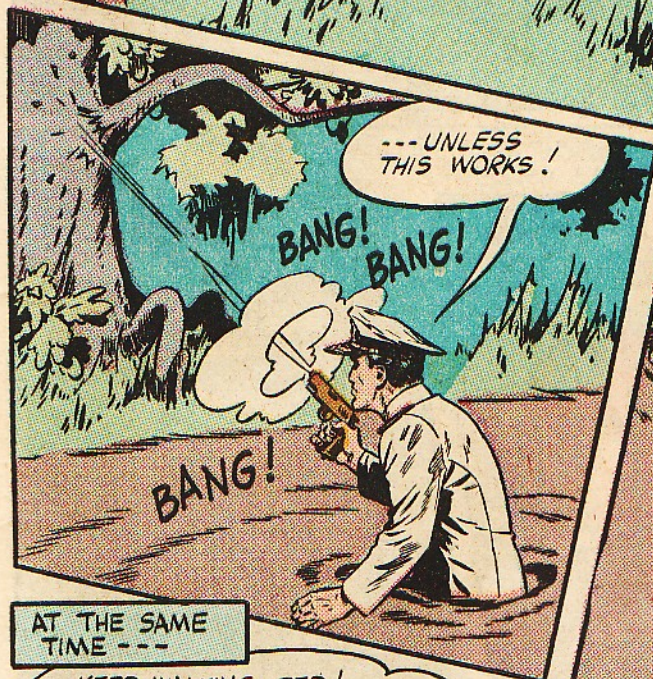


YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME!
NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO DON!

OH, NO! I'LL SHOW YOU!
KEEP WALKING,
BLUBBER!

MEANWHILE--

I'M BEING
SUCKED UNDER!
I'M A SURE
GONER--



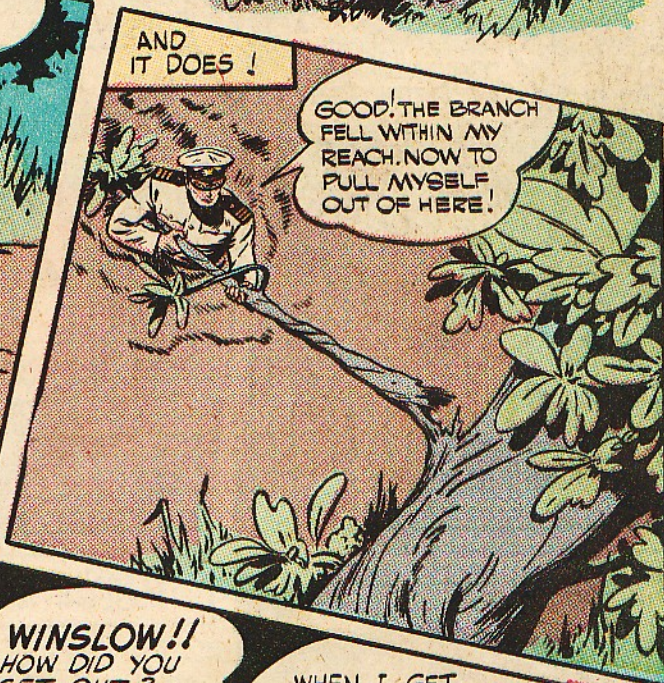
--- UNLESS
THIS WORKS!

BANG!
BANG!

BANG!

AT THE SAME
TIME ---

KEEP WALKING, RED!
YOU'LL FIND WINSLOW RIGHT
AHEAD--- TAKING HIS FINAL
BATH IN QUICKSAND!



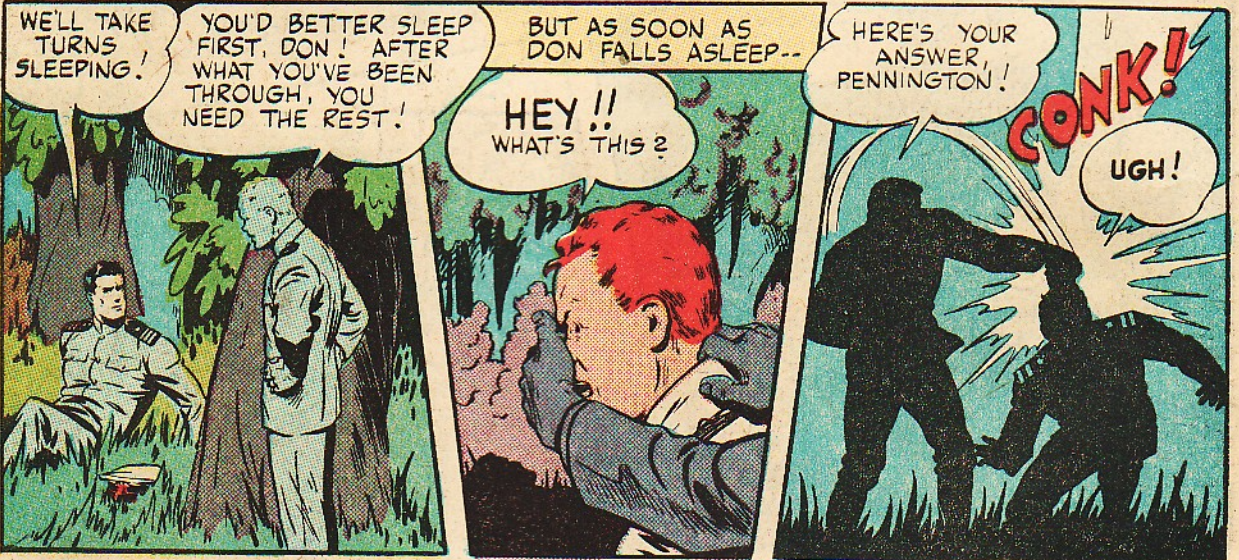
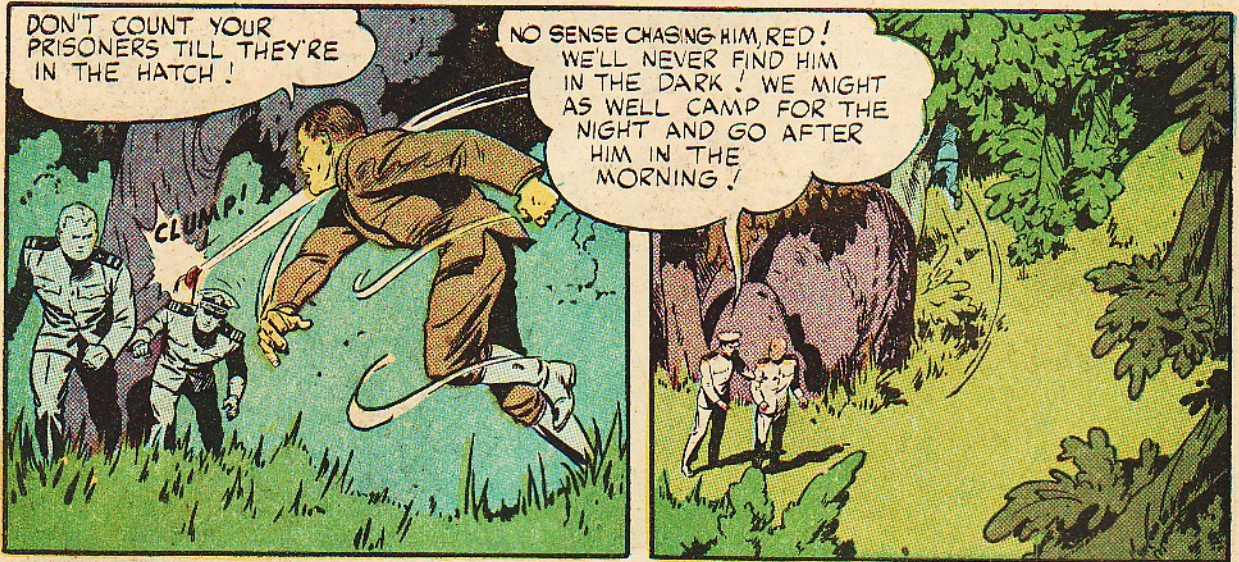
AND
IT DOES!

GOOD! THE BRANCH
FELL WITHIN MY
REACH. NOW TO
PULL MYSELF
OUT OF HERE!

WINSLOW!!
HOW DID YOU
GET OUT?

WHEN I GET
YOU BACK IN JAIL,
TOGUCHI, I'LL TELL
YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

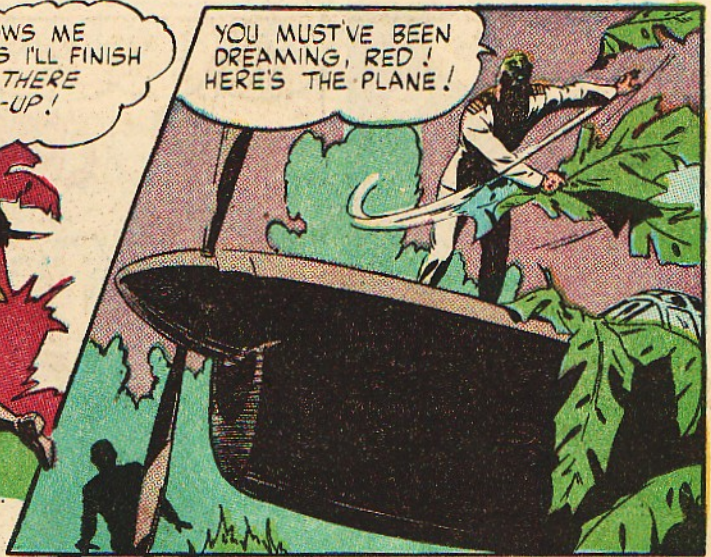




WE'D BETTER
TAKE A LOOK!

AS SOON AS HE SHOWS ME
WHERE THE PLANE IS I'LL FINISH
HIM OFF! THIS TIME THERE
WON'T BE ANY SLIP-UP!

YOU MUST'VE BEEN
DREAMING, RED!
HERE'S THE PLANE!



KNOCK WOOD
FOR THAT!

KNOCK WOOD! THAT'S A
SUPERSTITIOUS EXPRESSION
AND RED'S NOT
SUPERSTITIOUS!

THIS MUST BE TOGUCHI!
HE ALWAYS WAS
SUPERSTITIOUS AND
CLEVER AT
IMITATING VOICES!

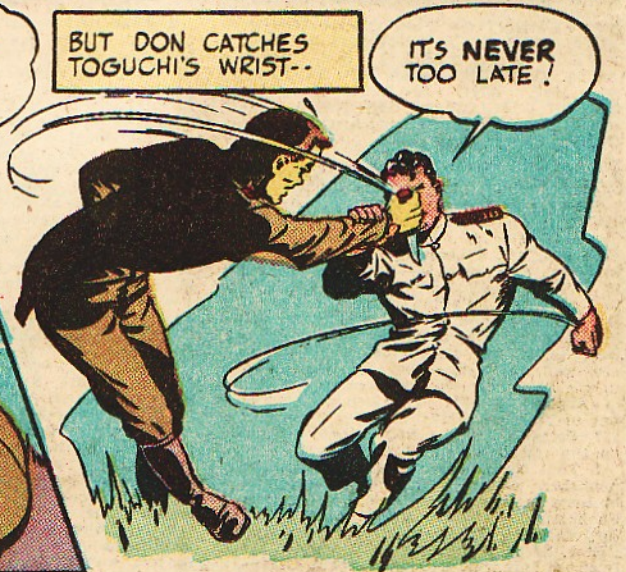


TOGUCHI!
I WAS RIGHT!

YES! BUT IT'S TOO
LATE TO DO ANYTHING
ABOUT IT, WINSLOW!

BUT DON CATCHES
TOGUCHI'S WRIST--

IT'S NEVER
TOO LATE!





OUCH!
YOU'RE BREAKING
MY ARM!



NOW I'LL TRY TO DO THE
SAME TO YOUR CHIN!

CRACK!

DON!
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?



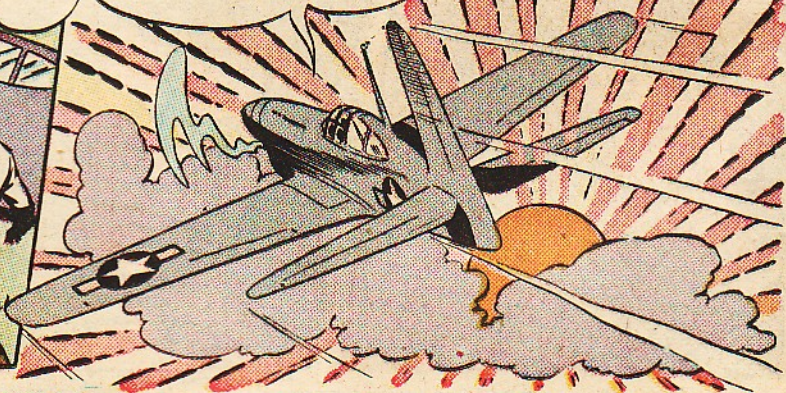
I'M FINE, RED,
AND I'M GLAD I
CAN'T SAY THE
SAME FOR
TOGUCHI!



THROW HIM
IN THE PLANE,
RED! WE'LL TAKE
HIM BACK TO
THE BASE!

TOO BAD YOU
DIDN'T LEAVE ONE
PUNCH FOR ME! I
OWE HIM ONE FOR
THAT SMACK I
GOT ON THE
HEAD!

DON'T WORRY, RED!
THE FIRING SQUAD
WILL PAY HIM BACK
FOR ALL THE SNEAKY
TRICKS HE'S PULLED!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST
24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933;
OF DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY,
published monthly at Greenwich Conn., for
October 1, 1946.

State of Connecticut 155.
County of Fairfield 155.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gordon Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of September, 1946.

(Seal) LILLIAN M. BUSHLEY,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires February 1, 1948.)

DON WINSLOW

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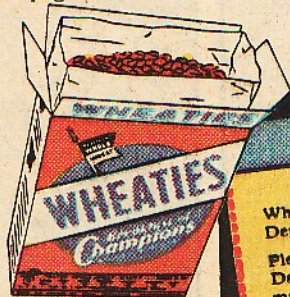
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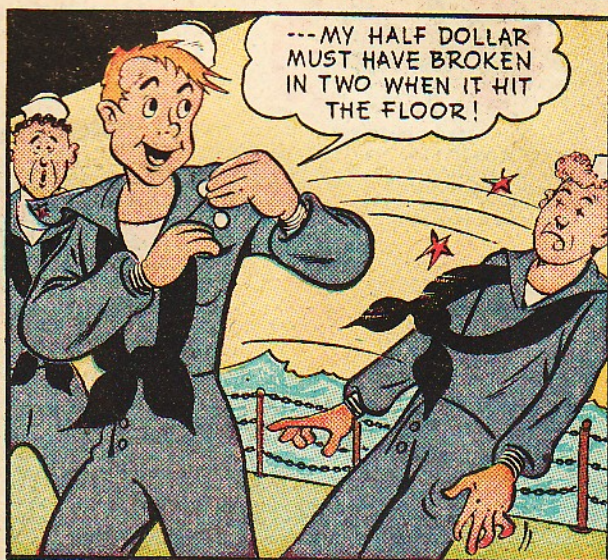
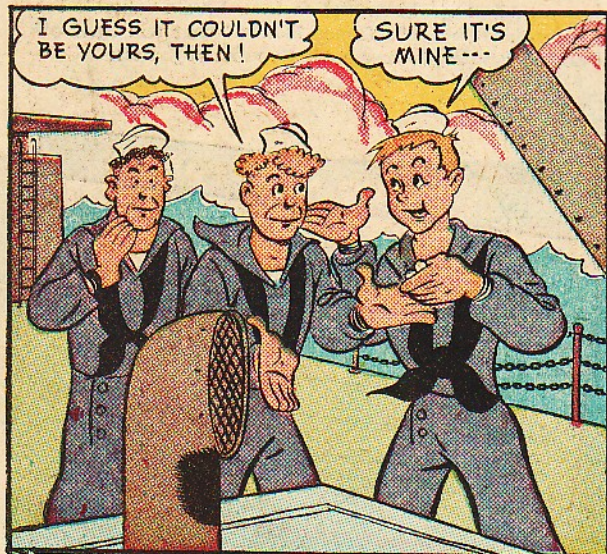
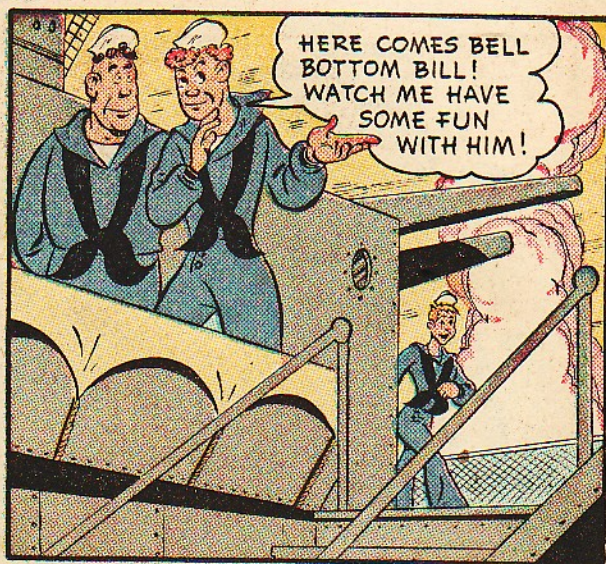
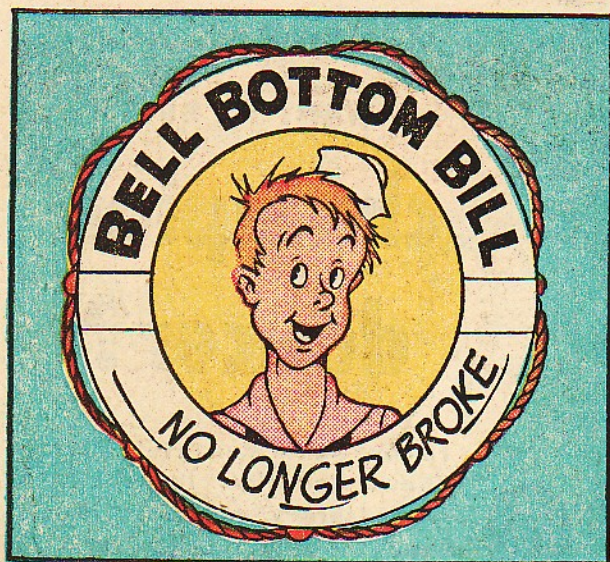
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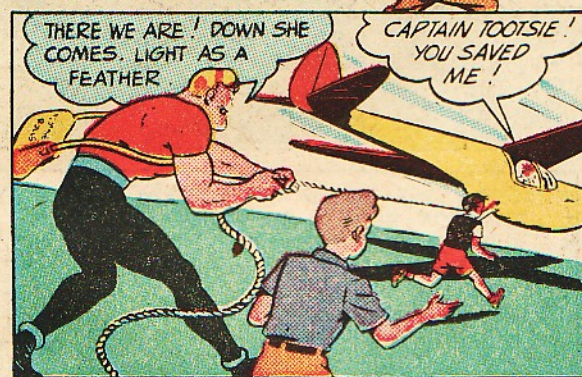
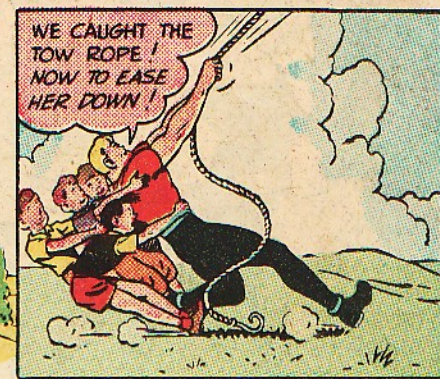
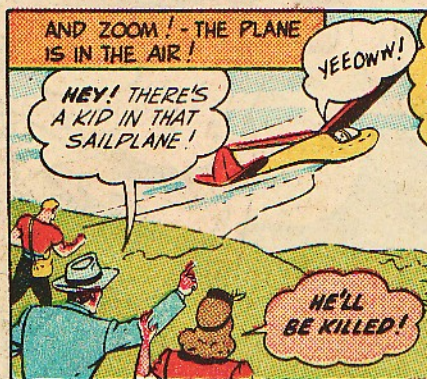
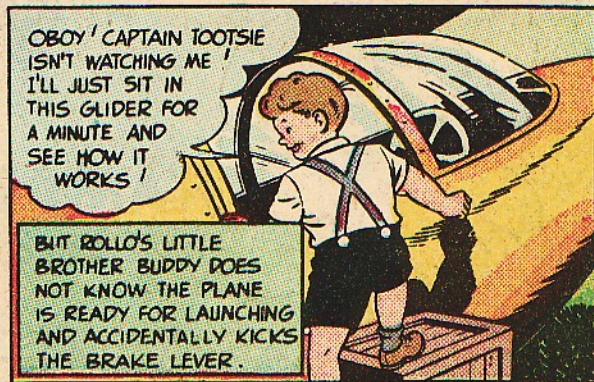
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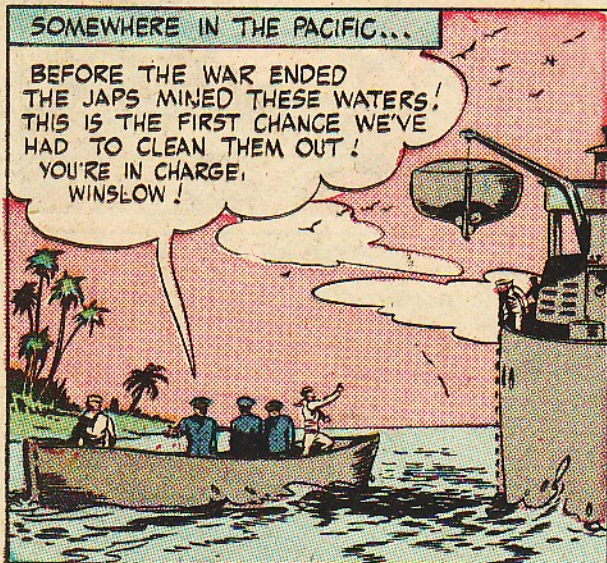


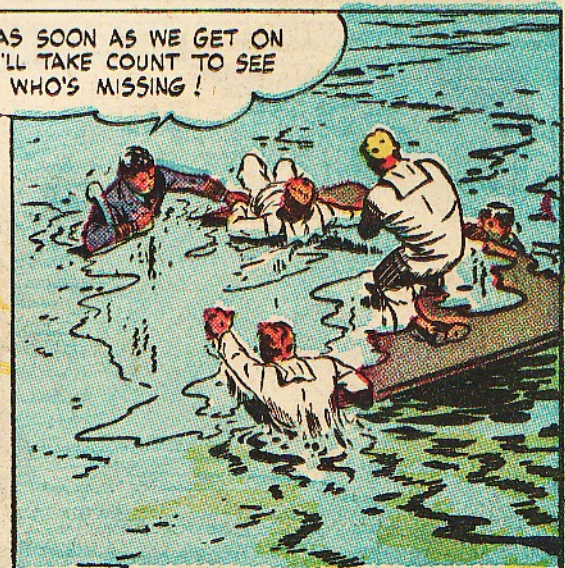
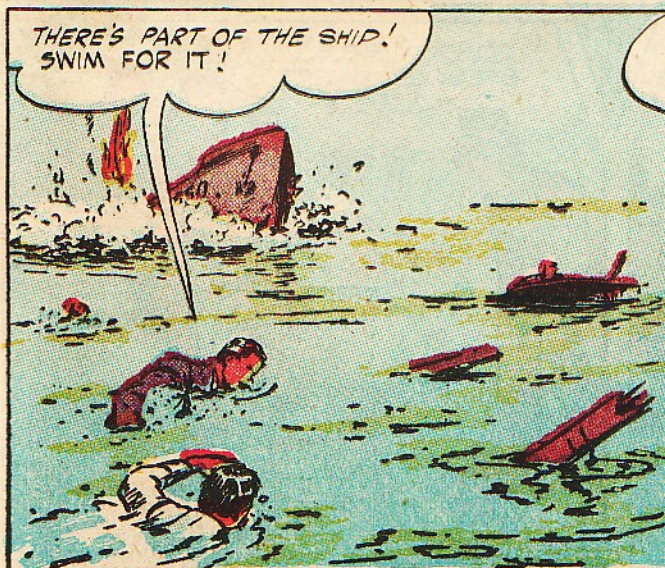
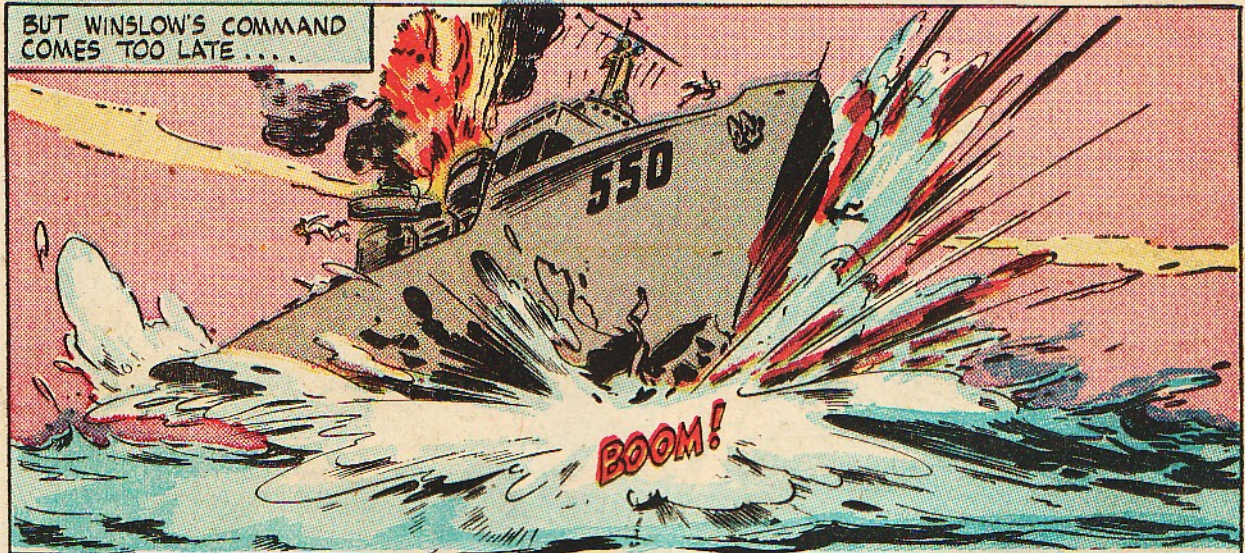
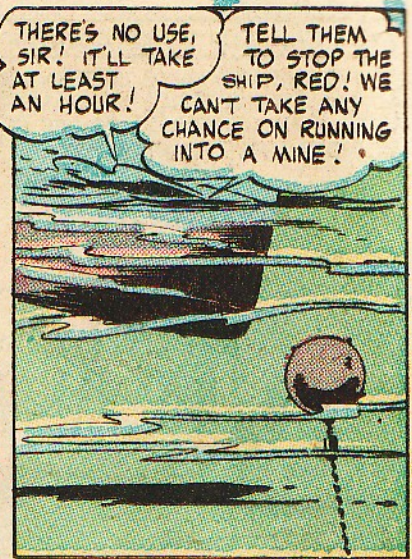
TOOTSIE SAVES THE SAILPLANE

BY C.C. BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



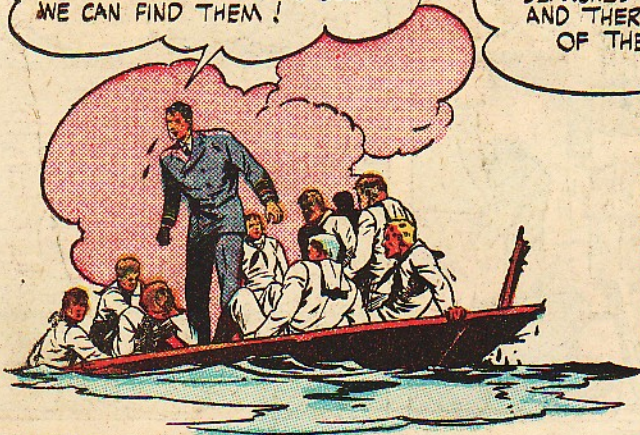
DON WINSLOW of THE NAVY





BUT WHEN DON TAKES COUNT--

TWO MISSING---LT. WARREN AND RED PENNINGTON! WE'VE GOT TO FLOAT AROUND AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND THEM!



HOURS LATER---

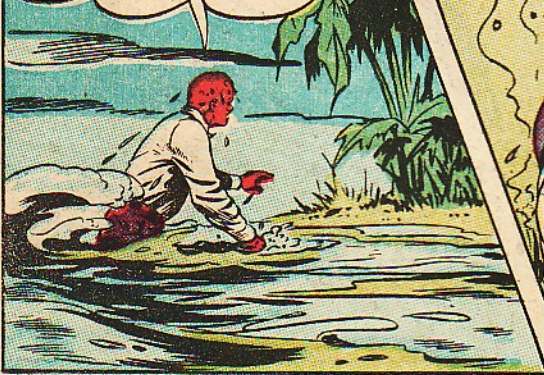
I'M AFRAID IT'S NO USE, COMMANDER! WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM!

SEE IF WE CAN HEAD THIS RAFT BACK TO THE BASE! IT'S GETTING DARK AND I CAN'T RISK THE LIVES OF THE WHOLE CREW FOR TWO MEN--- AS MUCH AS THEY MEAN TO ME!

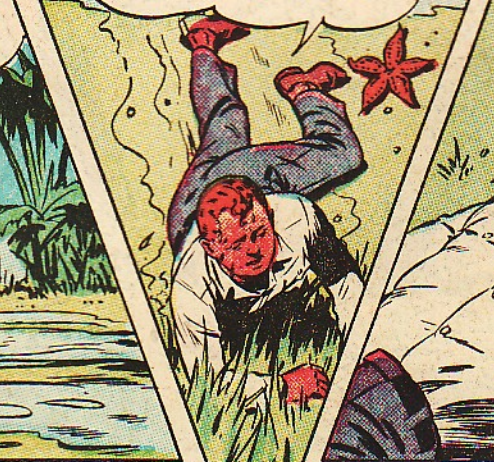


MEANWHILE--

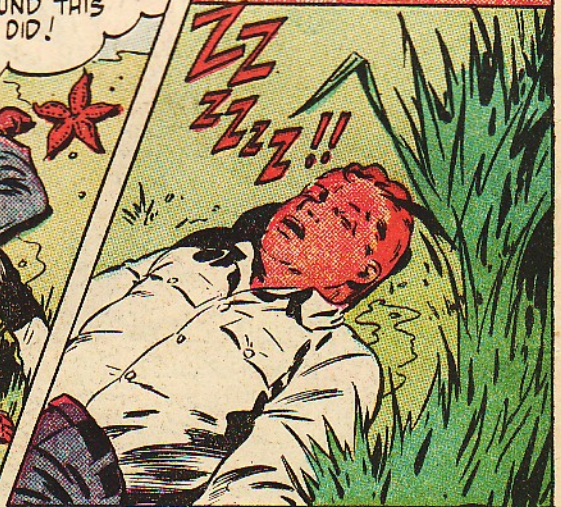
WHEW! WHAT A SWIM! I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT BLOWN SO FAR FROM THE MINE SWEEPER!



I CAN'T MOVE ANOTHER INCH! IT'S LUCKY I FOUND THIS ISLAND WHEN I DID!

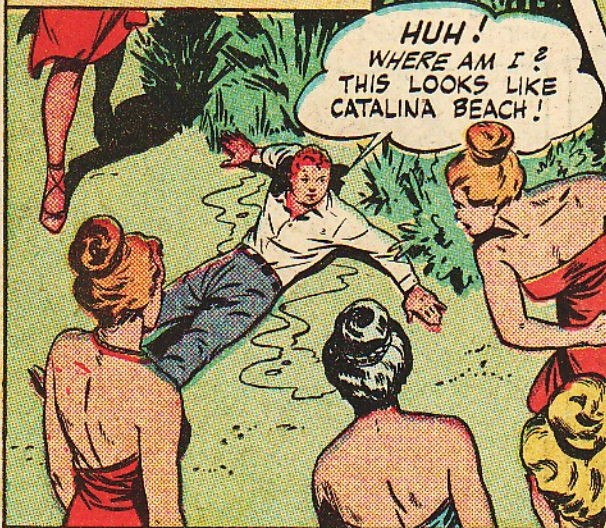


IN A FEW SECONDS....

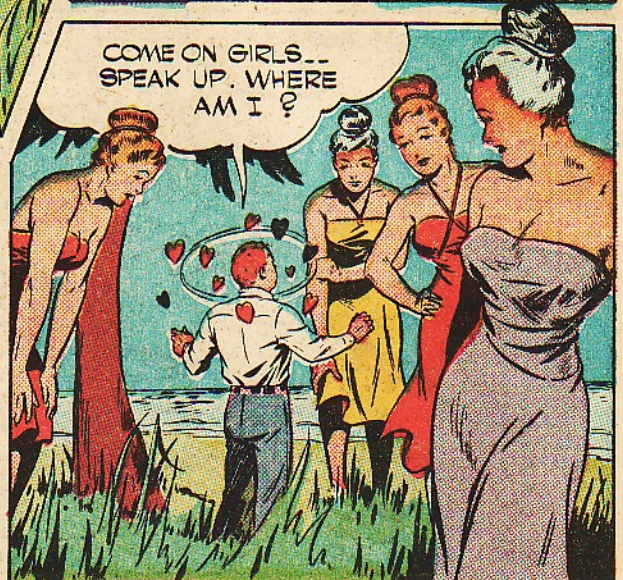


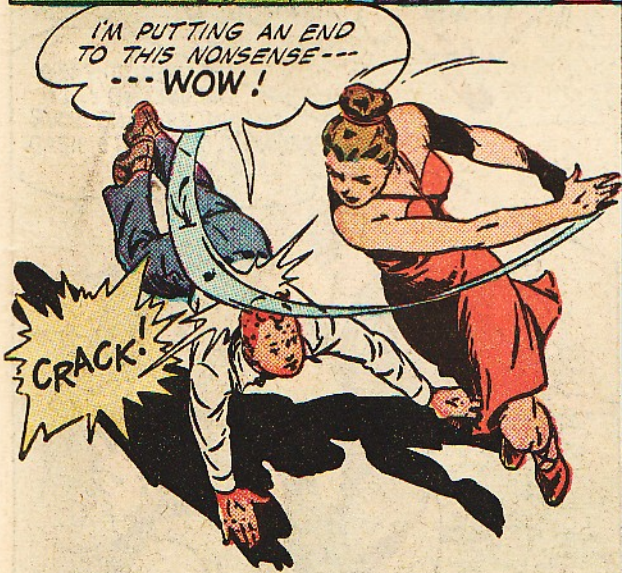
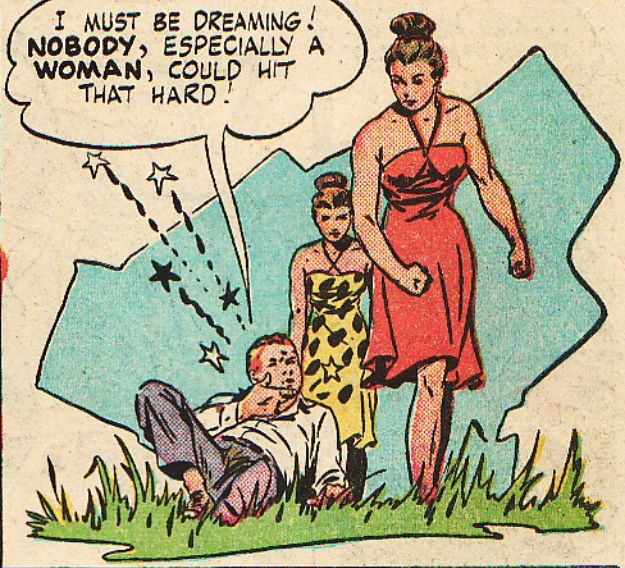
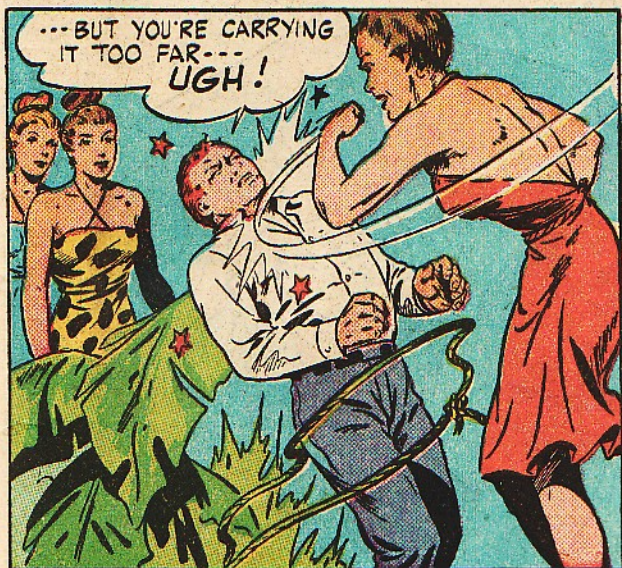
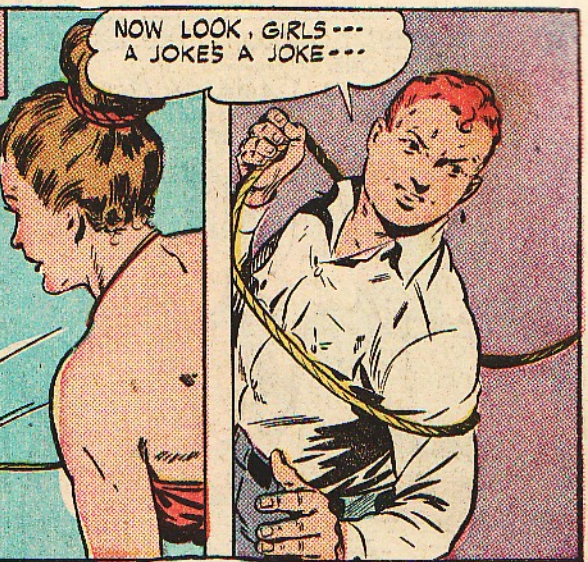
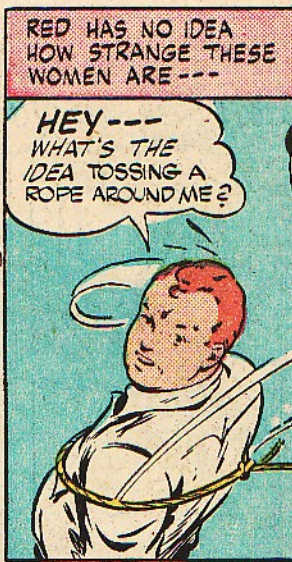
AND WHEN RED AWAKENS...

HUH! WHERE AM I? THIS LOOKS LIKE CATALINA BEACH!



COME ON GIRLS-- SPEAK UP. WHERE AM I?





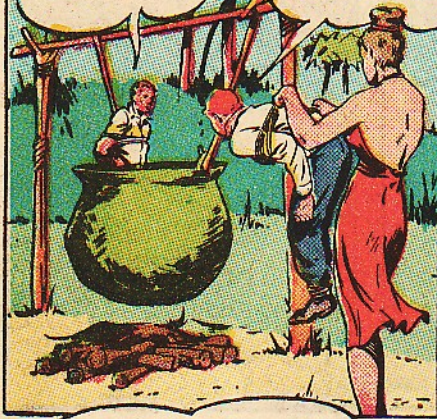
RED PENNINGTON! I THOUGHT I WAS THE ONLY ONE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO LAND ON AMAZON ISLAND!

AMAZON ISLAND! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

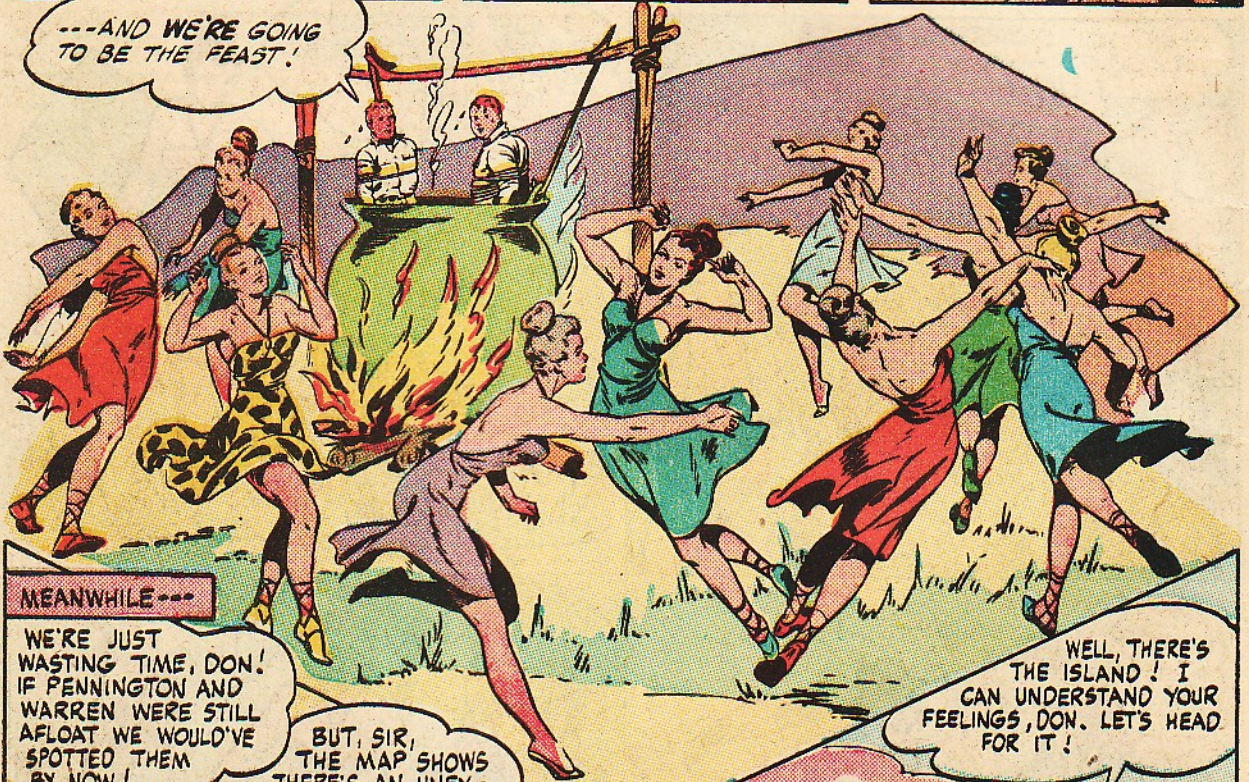
I READ ABOUT THIS PLACE BUT I NEVER KNEW IT REALLY EXISTED! THESE WOMEN ARE CANNIBALS!

NOW, WHAT ARE THEY DOING, WARREN?

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR THEIR TRIBAL DANCE TO CELEBRATE A FEAST--



---AND WE'RE GOING TO BE THE FEAST!

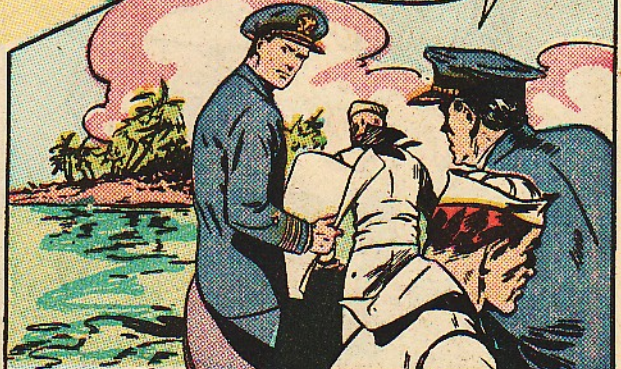
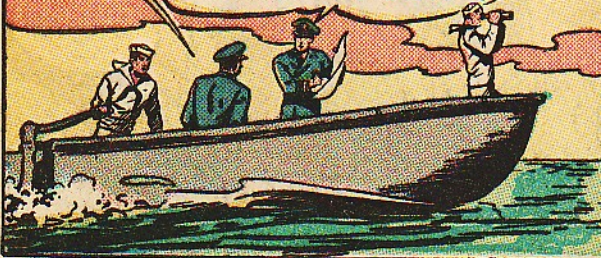


MEANWHILE---

WE'RE JUST WASTING TIME, DON! IF PENNINGTON AND WARREN WERE STILL AFLOAT WE WOULD'VE SPOTTED THEM BY NOW!

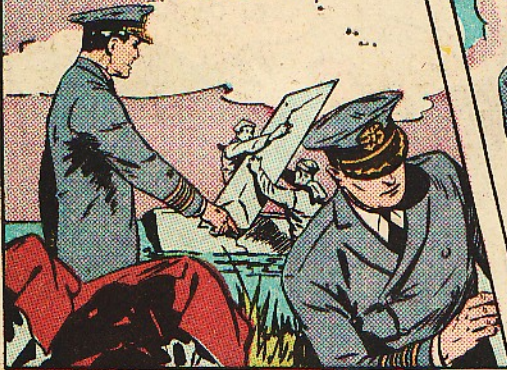
BUT, SIR, THE MAP SHOWS THERE'S AN UNEXPLORED ISLAND AROUND HERE SOME PLACE. WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT! NO CHANCE IS TOO REMOTE TO OVERLOOK!

WELL, THERE'S THE ISLAND! I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, DON. LET'S HEAD FOR IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE PACKAGES, MEN!



FOOTPRINTS, WELL, AT LEAST WE KNOW SOMEBODY'S ON THE ISLAND!

WE'LL LEAD THE WAY! TELL THE MEN TO FOLLOW US!



AND AS THEY FOLLOW THE FOOTPRINTS ---

LOOK! AMAZON CANNIBALS! AND THEY'VE GOT LT. WARREN AND PENNINGTON IN A BOILING POT! HOW ARE WE GOING TO RESCUE THEM? WE CAN'T FIGHT WOMEN!

I SUSPECTED THAT THIS WAS AMAZON ISLAND! THAT'S WHY I HAD THE MEN BRING THE PACKAGES!

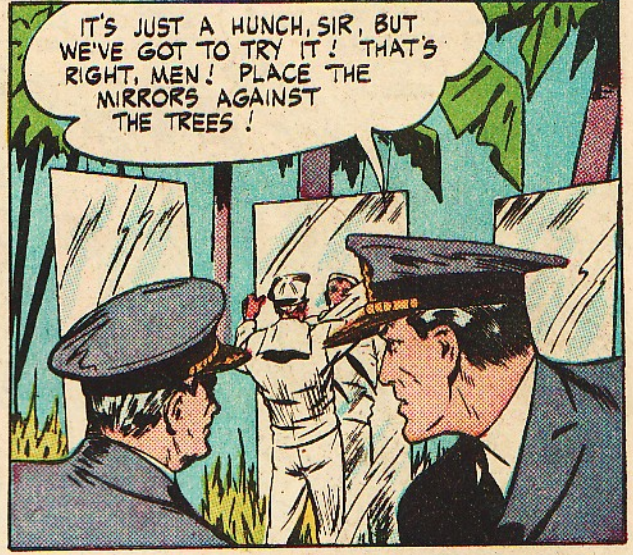


OPEN THE PACKAGES, MEN!

MIRRORS! WHAT GOOD ARE THEY?

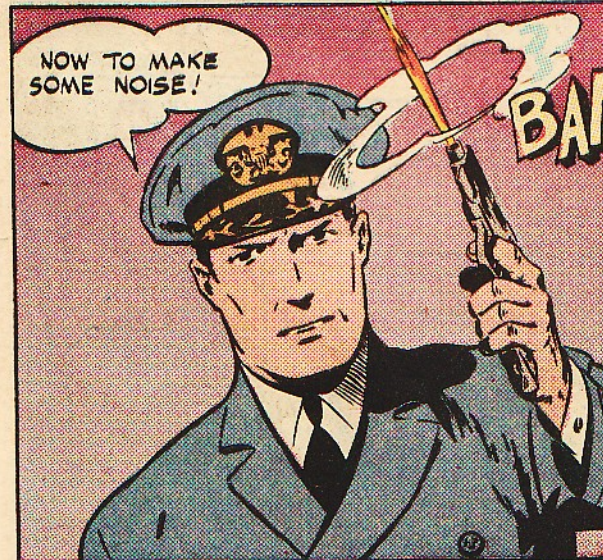


IT'S JUST A HUNCH, SIR, BUT WE'VE GOT TO TRY IT! THAT'S RIGHT, MEN! PLACE THE MIRRORS AGAINST THE TREES!

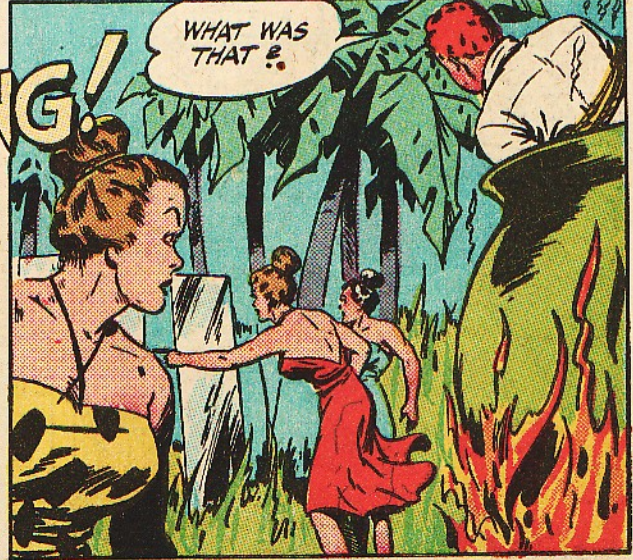


NOW TO MAKE SOME NOISE!

BANG!



WHAT WAS THAT?



THEY'VE NEVER SEEN MIRRORS BEFORE, CAPT! THEY WON'T RECOGNIZE THEIR OWN REFLECTIONS!

VERY CLEVER, DON! I GET IT. THEY'LL THINK IT'S ANOTHER AMAZON TRIBE ATTACKING THEM! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FREE THE TWO MEN!

AND WHILE THE AMAZONS RUSH TOWARD THE MIRRORS ---

GOOD WORK, DON! BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET PAST THEM?

BY NOW THEY SHOULD'VE DISCOVERED WHAT MIRRORS ARE! WOMAN'S VANITY SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE REST!



SEE! WHAT DID I TELL YOU? ALL WOMEN ARE ALIKE WHEN THEY GET IN FRONT OF A MIRROR!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE BOAT!

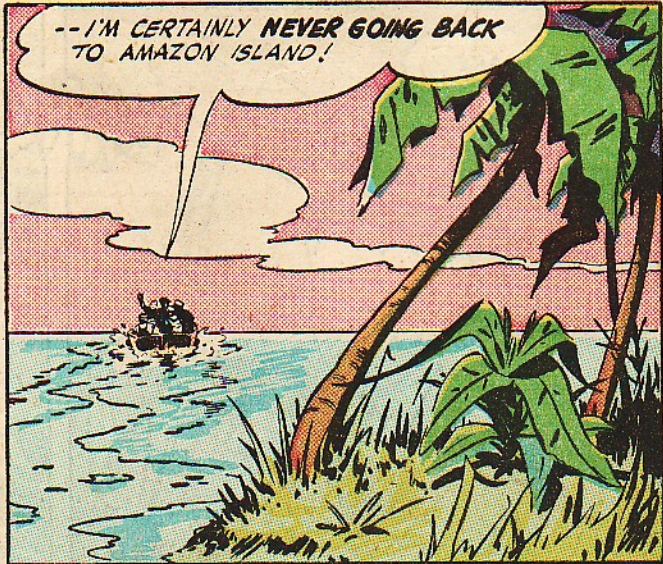


NOW THAT THEY HAVE THE MIRRORS I DON'T THINK THOSE AMAZONS WILL BE AS WILD AGAIN!

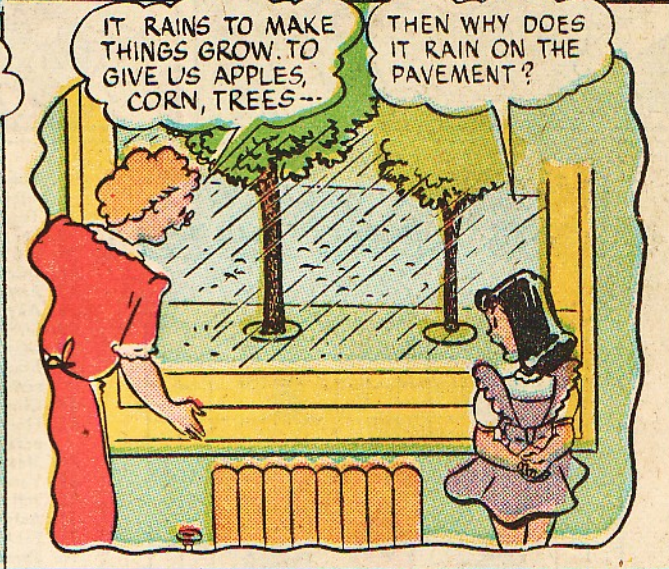
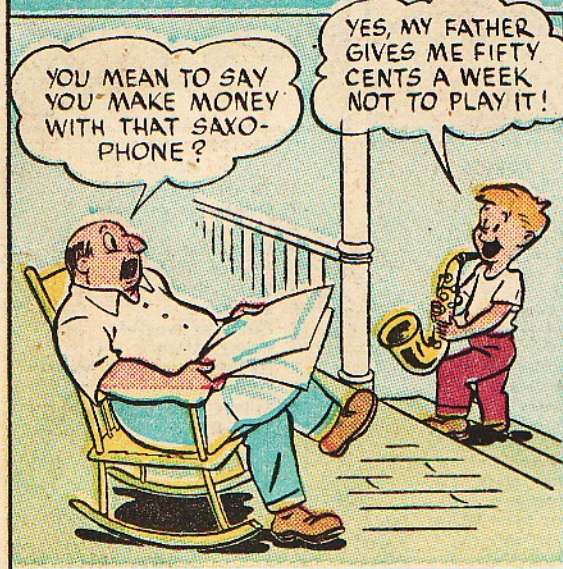
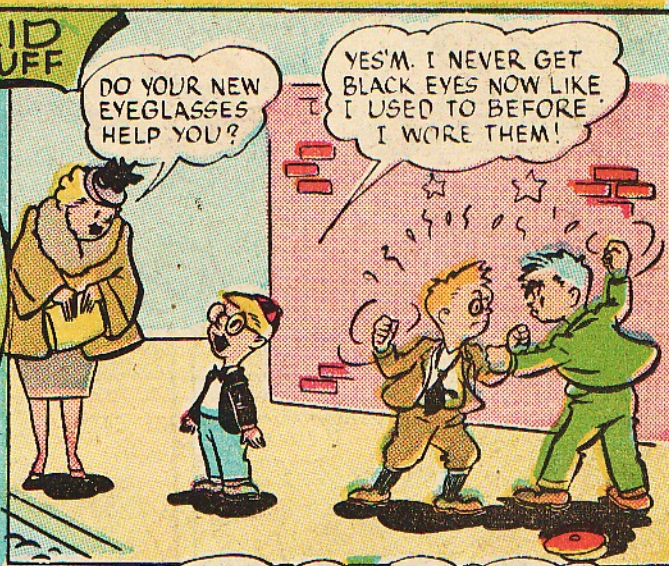
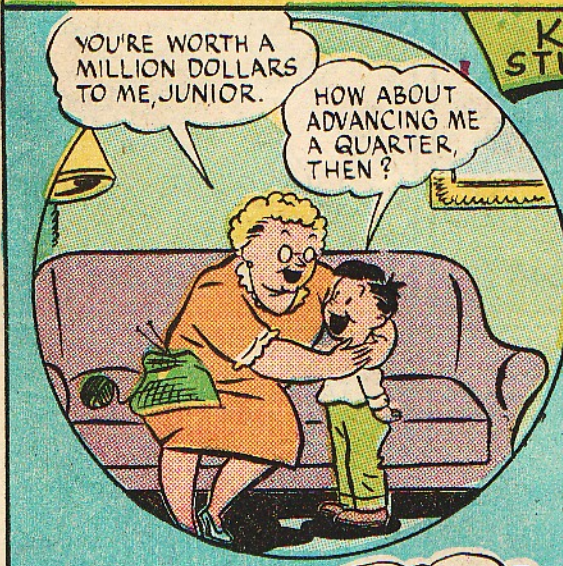
WHETHER OR NOT THAT'S TRUE NOBODY WILL EVER FIND OUT FROM ME --



--I'M CERTAINLY NEVER GOING BACK TO AMAZON ISLAND!

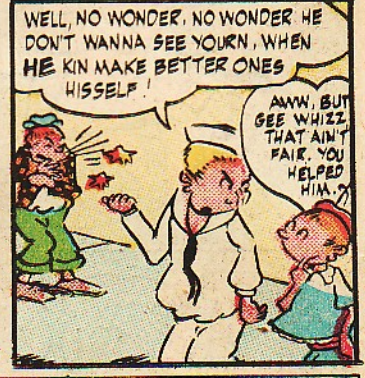
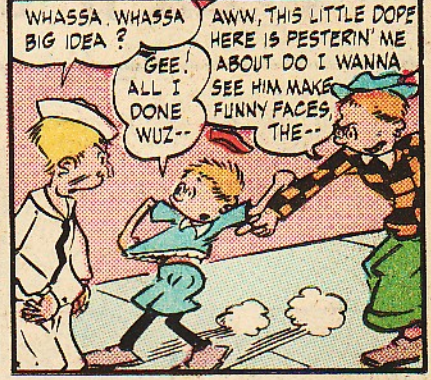
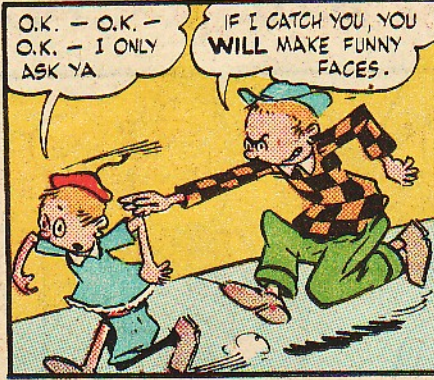


DIPPY DETOURS •

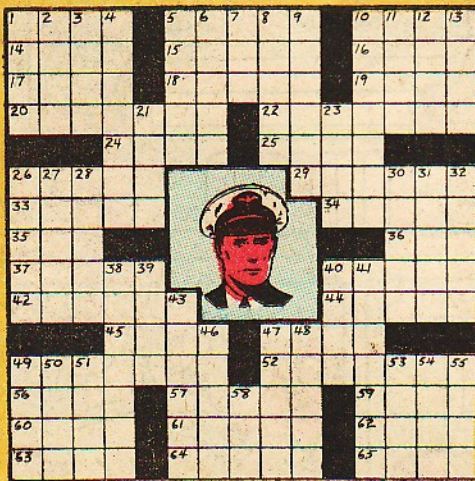


Eaglebeak Spruder

HE'LL EVEN CHEAT A LITTLE IN A GOOD CAUSE.



DON WINSLOW'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE



SOLUTION ON LAST PAGE

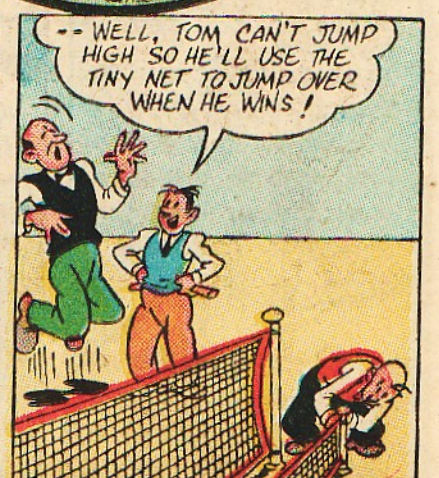
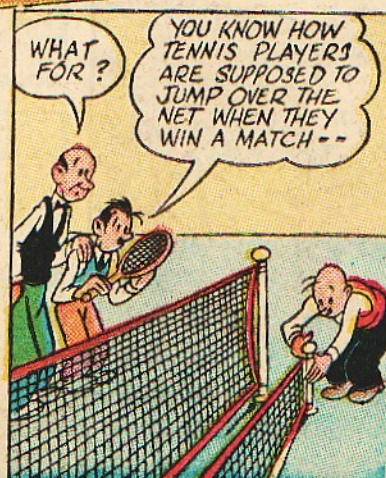
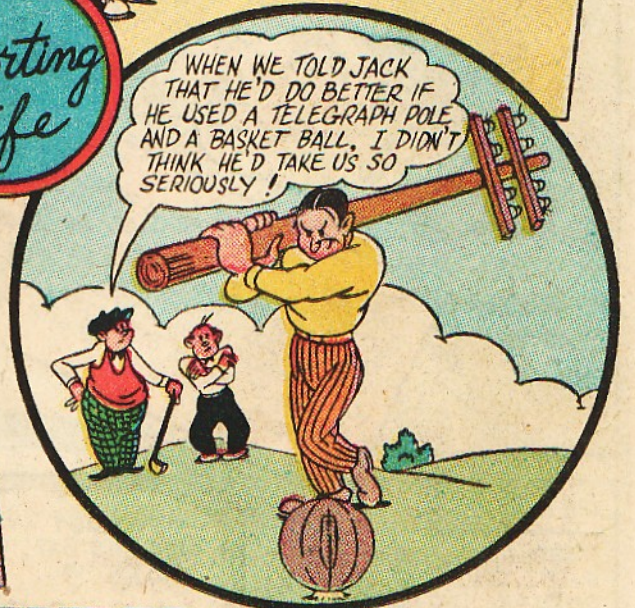
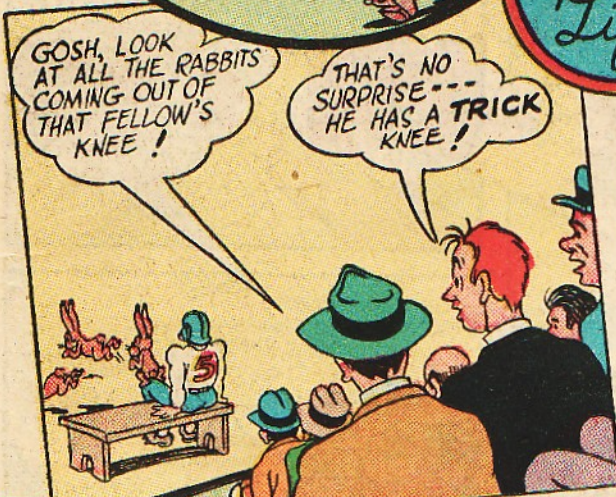
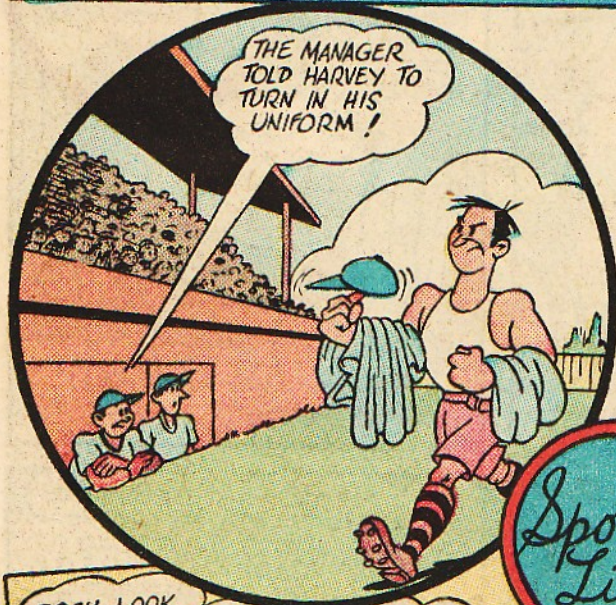
ACROSS

1. Vended
5. Summer hat
10. Tops off
14. Loyal
15. Hackneyed
16. Death notice
17. British title
18. Any American airman
19. List of restaurant dishes
20. Glad
22. Made suitable for the screen, etc.
24. Christmas
25. Fluids injected to prevent diseases
26. Steady and serious
29. Vacation place
33. Self-esteem
34. Actress Mary
35. Peculiar
36. Shade of color
37. Ships' timbers running along bottom from stem to stern
40. Hard-fought main island of Greece
42. German substitute material
44. Takes on a worker
45. Abandon an airplane in flight
47. African golf
49. Understanding between nations
52. Whaler's spear
56. Winning post in football
57. Snug harbor
59. Box at the theater
60. Plucky
61. Eject from a house
62. Stones, original Henry Aldrich
63. Cast off
64. Smells pretty bad
65. Antlered beast

DOWN

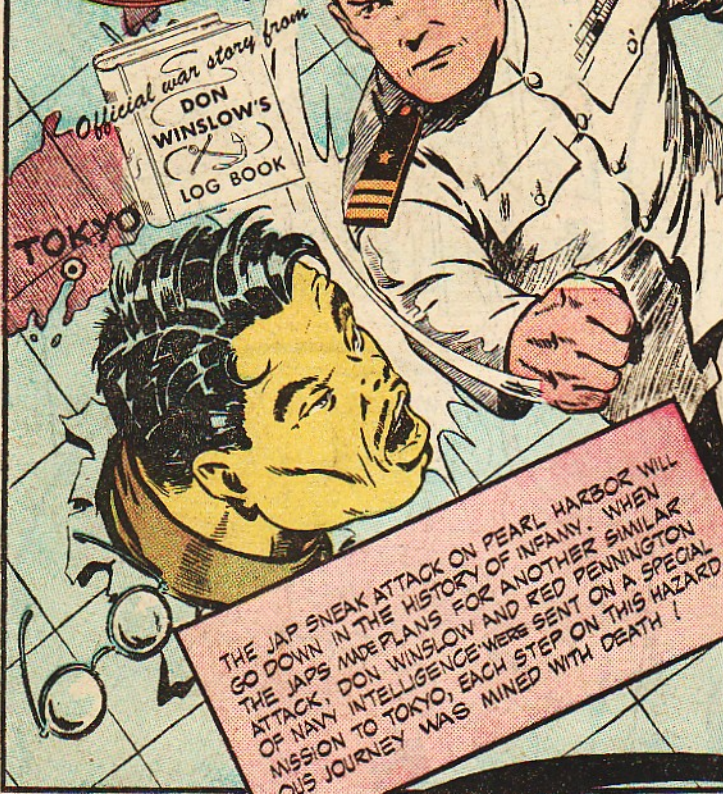
1. To set in a mast
2. Spoken, as an exam
3. Entice
4. Bomb that doesn't explode till later
5. Metal of war
6. Commerce
7. Particular type of sailing design
8. He held the world on his back
9. Garden hoer
10. Sailor's trusty guide
11. To aid
12. Tree
13. Cuff link
21. Positive
23. Space
26. Talked
27. Tidiness
28. Waits patiently
30. Some different one
31. Course of travel
32. Branched growths
38. Marked with identification
39. Oliver's partner
40. Scorch
41. Made small waves
43. Can you say: "Is this a ...?"
46. Shore for a sailor
47. See if it's correct
48. Makes wild speeches
49. What bombers lay
50. First sailor and zookeeper
51. Not wild
53. Flow like thick oil
54. Bloodthirsty giant
55. Close by
58. Compete with

WHIPPERSNAPPERS



**DON
WINSLOW
OF THE
NAVY**

Mission TOKYO



THE NEXT DAY !

NINETY-SEVEN, NINETY-EIGHT ! SOMETHING IS WRONG, THERE ARE TWO FILIPINOS MISSING. QUICK ! GET OUT THE HOUNDS !



THEY MUST HAVE GONE THIS WAY. WE STILL ON TRAIL !

WOOF !
WOOF !



JAPANESE HELD BATAAN !

YOU TWO FILIPINOS NOT TURN OUT ENOUGH WORK FOR EMPEROR.

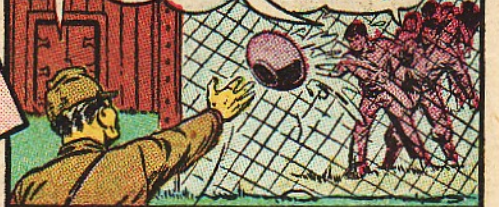
THROW THEM IN CONCENTRATION CAMP !



EAT THIS, YOU DOGS !

THIS FOOD IS NOT FIT FOR ANYBODY BUT DOGS !

THESE JAPS WILL PAY FOR THE INHUMAN WAY THEY ARE TREATING OUR COUNTRYMEN !



I HAVE WORKED OUT A PLAN BY WHICH WE CAN BOTH ESCAPE. IF IT IS UNSUCCESSFUL, CARLOS, IT MEANS CERTAIN DEATH !

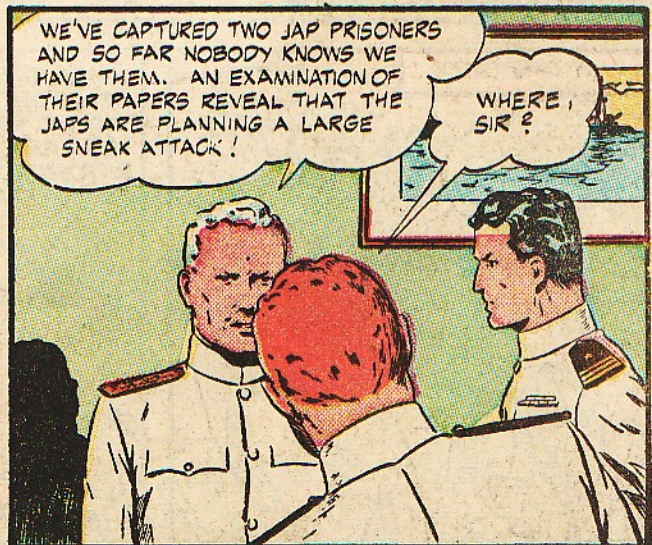
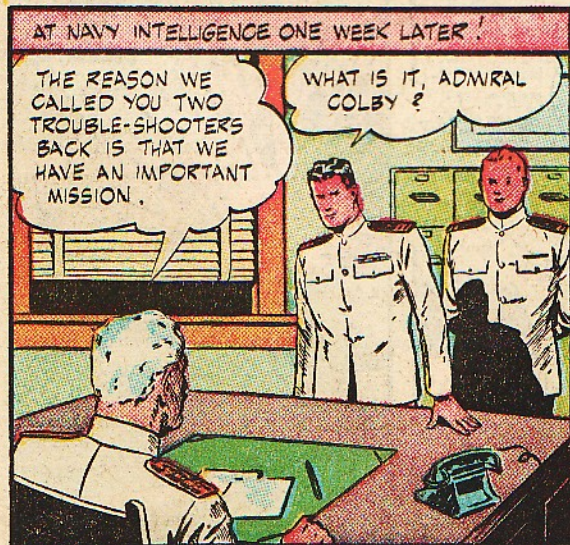
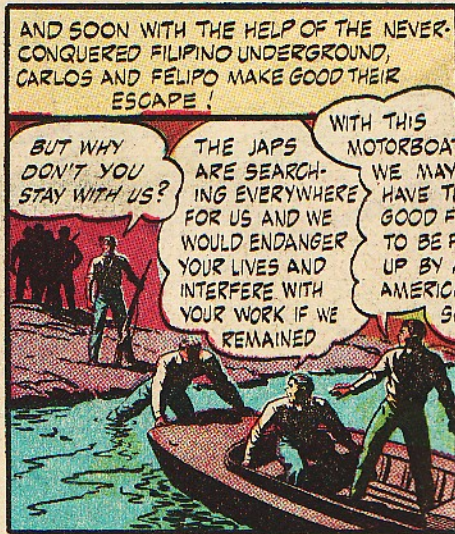
FELIPO, IT IS BETTER TO DIE STANDING UP THAN TO LIVE ON ONE'S KNEES ! WHAT IS THE PLAN ?

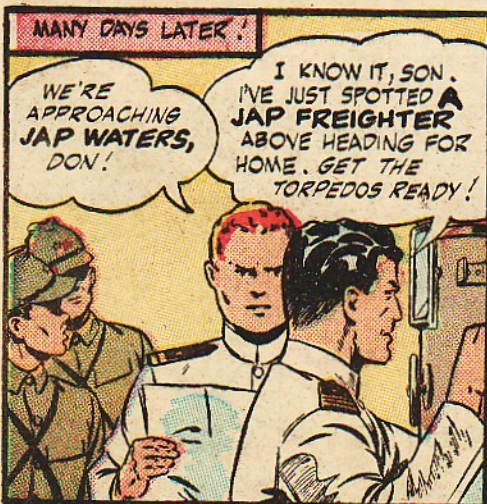
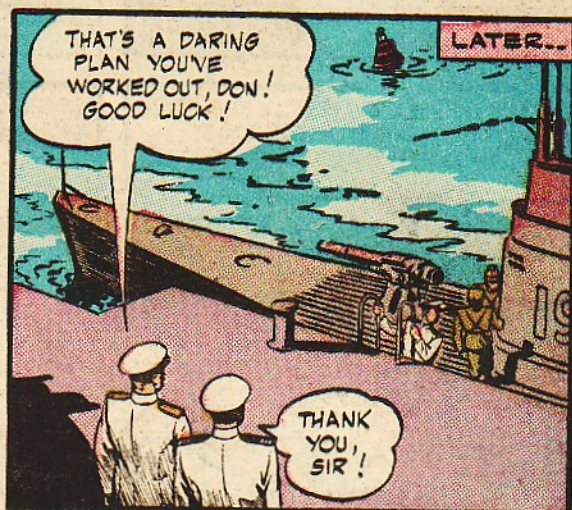
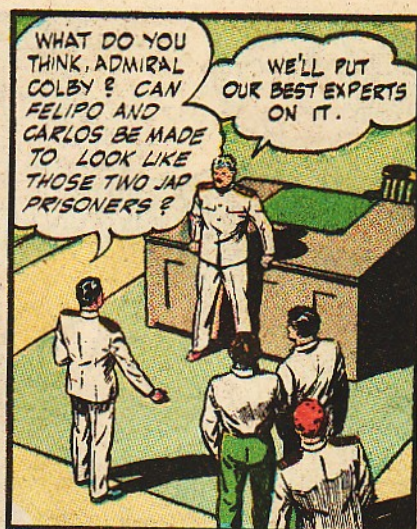
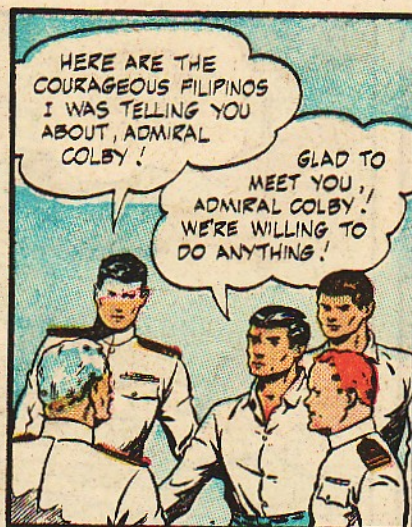


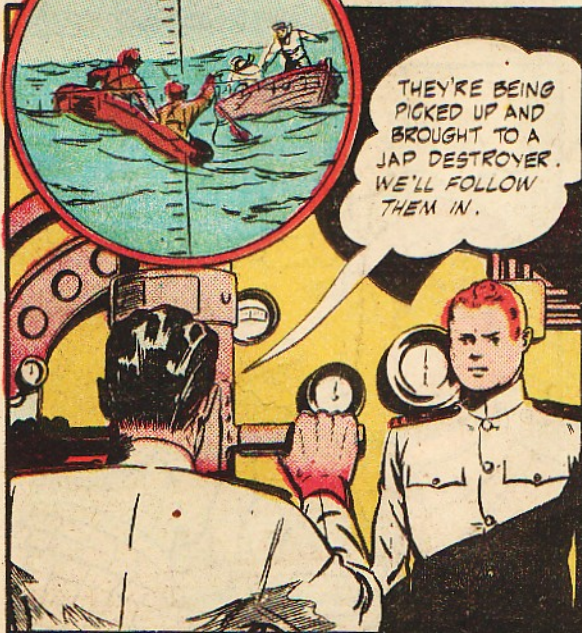
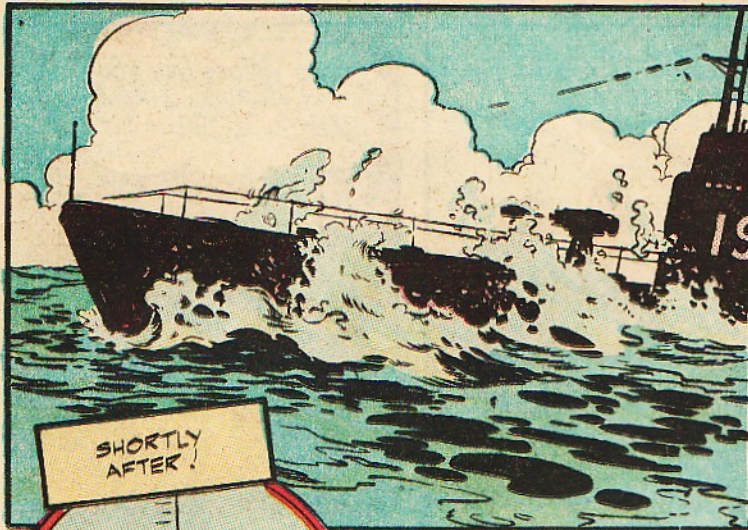
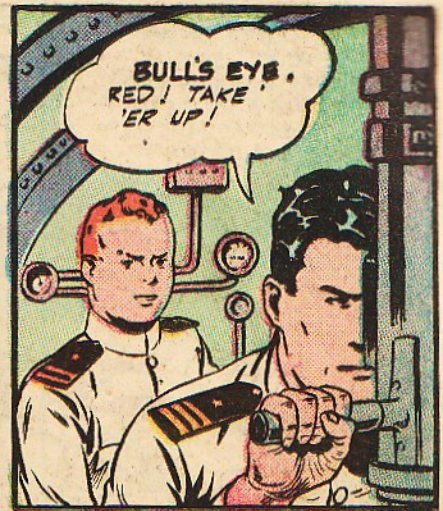
WHAT DO WE DO NEXT, FELIPO ? THERE IS NOTHING BUT WATER AHEAD OF US AND THE JAPANESE ARE CLOSING IN !

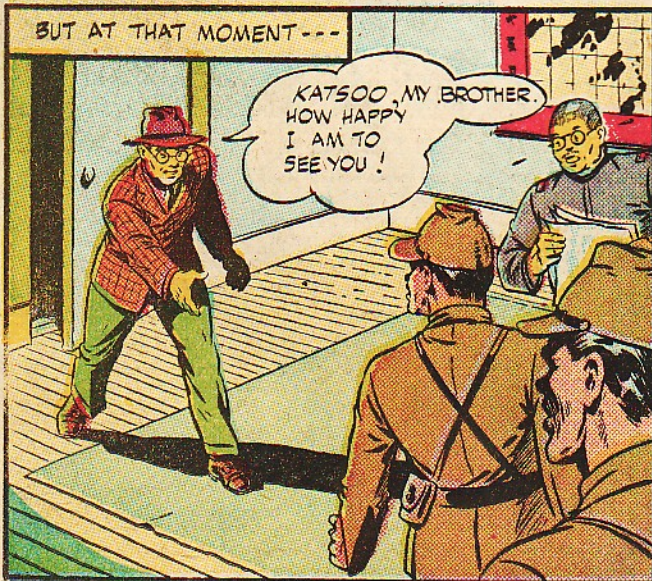
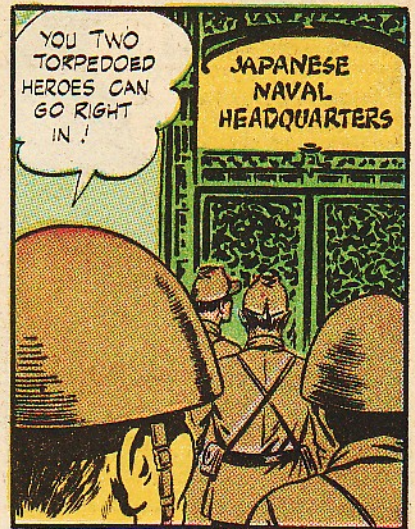
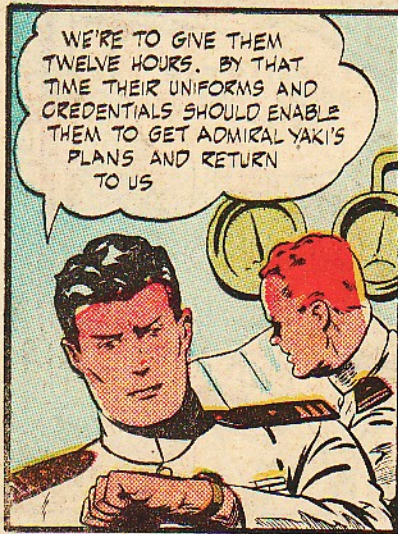
FOLLOW ME !











AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS TRAPS THE FILIPINOS .

FILIPINOS ! MUST BE SENT HERE BY AMERICANS . TELL HOW GET HERE OR WE TAKE YOU TO TORTURE CHAMBERS !

WE'LL NEVER TELL !



IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER !

WE DO EVERYTHING BUT THEY STILL NO TALK !

WE NO KILL THEM OR WE NEVER GET INFORMATION . LET THEM REST TILL MORNING WHEN WE USE BETTER METHODS !



MEANWHILE , BACK ON THE SUB

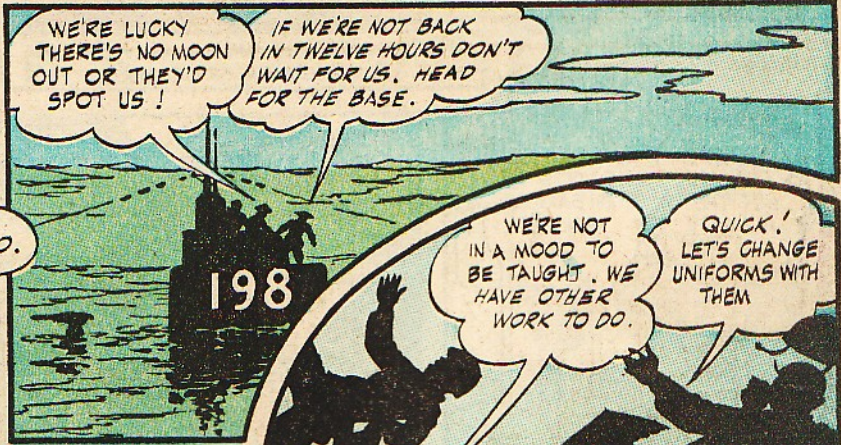
THE TWELVE HOURS ARE UP , DON . SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO FELIPO AND CARLOS !

WE MUST GET THOSE PLANS . RED , YOU AND I ARE GOING TO TOKYO . GET OUT THE MAKE-UP KITS .



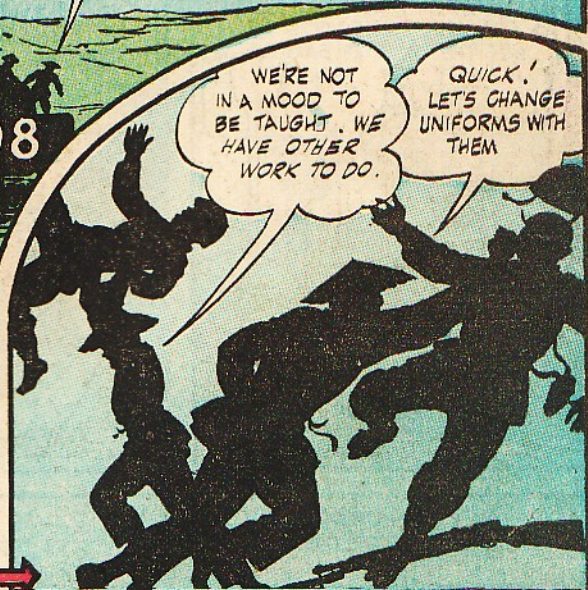
WE'RE LUCKY THERE'S NO MOON OUT OR THEY'D SPOT US !

IF WE'RE NOT BACK IN TWELVE HOURS DON'T WAIT FOR US . HEAD FOR THE BASE .



WE'RE NOT IN A MOOD TO BE TAUGHT . WE HAVE OTHER WORK TO DO .

QUICK ! LET'S CHANGE UNIFORMS WITH THEM



DON AND RED OVERCOME THE GUARDS AND SWAP COSTUMES .

LOOK , SOMEBODY SWIMMING !

MUST BE MORE FARMERS FROM HILLS WITH TOO MUCH SAKI IN STOMACH .



THIS TEACH YOU TO STAY WHERE YOU BELONG .



SHORTLY AFTER IN THE HEART OF TOKYO .

DID YOU HEAR ? TWO FILIPINOS CAPTURED , DRESSED AS JAPANESE SAILORS . I'M GOING TO PRISON TO PHOTOGRAPH THEM FOR PAPER . TARO , HERE , WRITE STORY .

YOU TALK TOO MUCH .



DON'S KNOWLEDGE OF JAPANESE COMES IN HANDY .



QUICK, RED!
WE HAVE TO
CHANGE PLACES
WITH THESE
TWO!

IF I CHANGE
CLOTHES
ANY MORE
THEM OUT
TODAY I'LL FEEL
AS SOON LIKE A BEAU
AS THEY BRUMMEL!
WALK INTO
THAT ALLEY!!

**BAM!
SMACK!**

NOW
LET'S GET
TO THE
PRISON!



WINSLOW!

QUIET!
DID YOU
GET THE
PLANS?

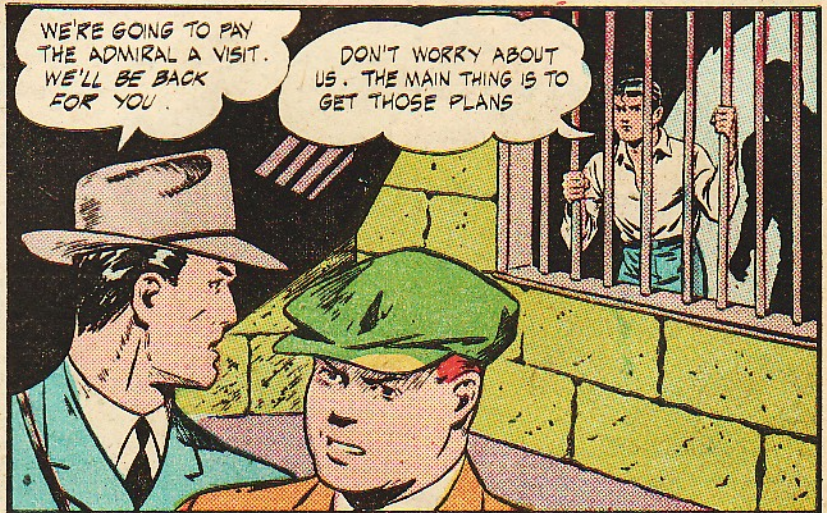
NO, BUT
ADMIRAL
YAKI CARRIES
THEM WITH HIM
IN A BRIEFCASE.
HE LIVES AT
811 SAKAKO
STREET.

SHORTLY AFTER, THE NAVAL HEROES EMERGE
AS JAP NEWS REPORTERS.



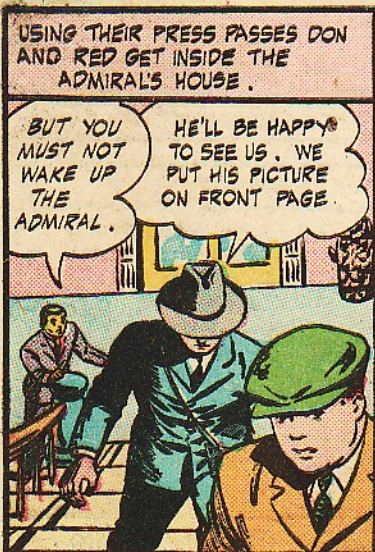
FROM
TOKYO DAILY
NEWS! WANT
TO SEE
FILIPINO
PRISONERS.

THIS
WAY!



WE'RE GOING TO PAY
THE ADMIRAL A VISIT.
WE'LL BE BACK
FOR YOU.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
US. THE MAIN THING IS TO
GET THOSE PLANS



USING THEIR PRESS PASSES DON
AND RED GET INSIDE THE
ADMIRAL'S HOUSE.

BUT YOU
MUST NOT
WAKE UP
THE
ADMIRAL.

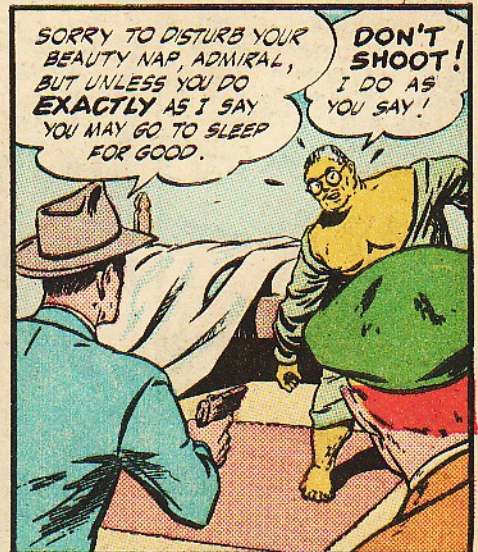
HE'LL BE HAPPY
TO SEE US. WE
PUT HIS PICTURE
ON FRONT PAGE.



A FEW SECONDS LATER!

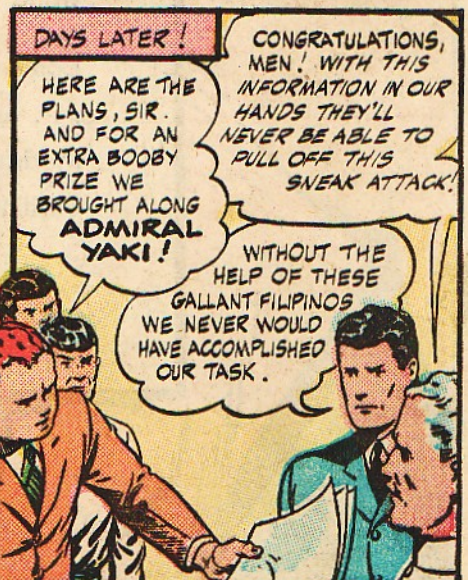
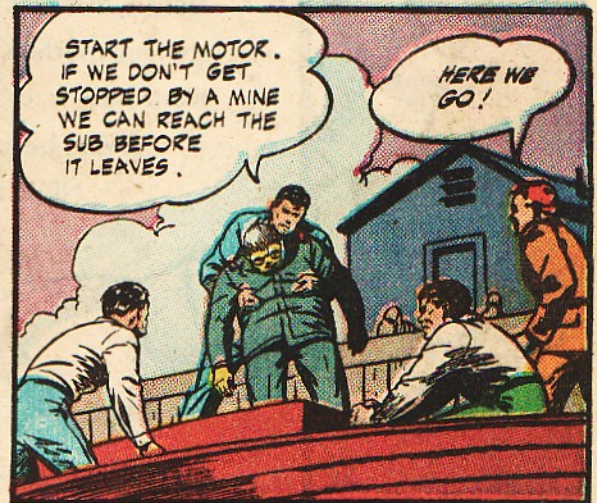
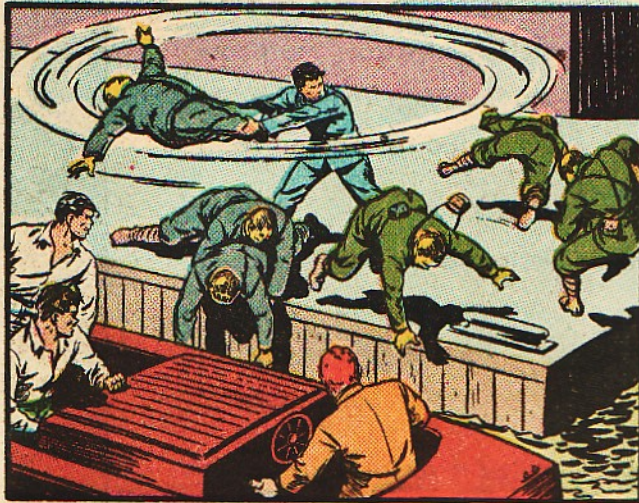
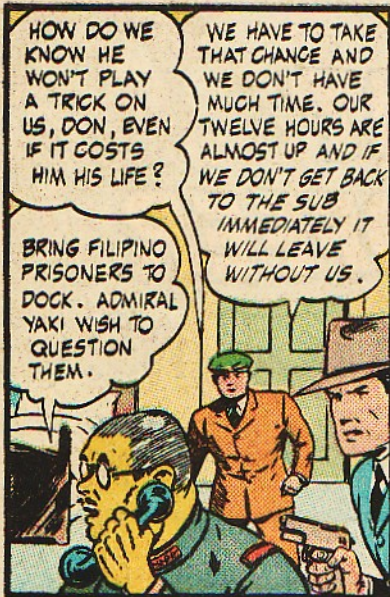
HERE ARE
THE PLANS,
DON! BUT
HOW WILL
WE EVER
RESCUE GARLOS
AND FELIPO?

AS SOON AS
I WAKE THE
ADMIRAL WE'RE
GOING TO
PLAY FOLLOW
THE LEADER.



SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR
BEAUTY NAP, ADMIRAL,
BUT UNLESS YOU DO
EXACTLY AS I SAY
YOU MAY GO TO SLEEP
FOR GOOD.

DON'T
SHOOT!
I DO AS
YOU SAY!



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BEYOND ALL DUTY

by

Nat Schachner

*Of every kind and creed
They are heroes of the sea,
Brave deeds and stout hearts
Record the warrior's history!*

FROM THE DECK of the wallowing *William Tyler Page* land, sea and sky crowded together in a wild confusion. Fighter planes scooted overhead like swarms of angry, stinging bees, the long yellow beaches churned with tanks, guns, men, and trucks, while the English Channel, as far as the eye could see, was dotted with a mighty armada of ships, ranging from huge battle-wagons through ungainly transports down to snub-nosed LSTs laden with troops.

"It's worse than Times Square during rush hour," thought Chief Mate Henry B. Leitman, as he squared his legs against the choppy roll of the Channel and directed his glasses again toward the shore. He still hadn't got over the thrill of it all. That low coast ahead was Normandy; and those were American boys toiling feverishly to establish their beachhead before the Germans came rolling back in counter-attack.

It was D-day!

Henry Leitman had been to sea since he was a boy of fourteen — he was only twenty-three now and one of the youngest mates in the Merchant Marine, with a master's license on the way — but he had never seen a sight like this before.

"Mighty pretty picture, ain't it?" Leitman started, dropped his glasses from his

eyes. The weatherbeaten old captain of the Liberty ship had come noiselessly behind him.

"Yes sir. If the Luftwaffe don't come out and break it up."

The Captain squinted worriedly at the sky. "It'd be just too bad if an egg dropped on us, Henry. We're up to the hilt with munitions— nice, explosive shells. We'd sorta scatter a bit."

"Plenty!" Leitman glued his binoculars to his eyes again, swept both sea and air. "Not much chance, though. Our planes 're making a swell umbrella."

"Well, anyhow, we'll be landing our cargo in another hour." The Captain mopped his head with a large bandanna. The day was sticky, damp. "Hey, what're you staring at?"

The young Chief Mate didn't answer for a moment. Then he said quietly: "I don't think we'll be landing in an hour, sir."

It was the Captain's turn to stare. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"There's a storm coming up. Real gale proportions, I'd say."

"Storm? Nonsense! I just looked at the glass. She's riding high."

Leitman shook his head. "The Channel's smoothing out like oil slick, and the air's got a feel about it. Maybe we ought to get a little sea room."

The old Captain snorted. "You young fellers get to be too big for your britches. If they listened to me they wouldn't hand out stripes

until a man's thirty and got a little sense. Storm, indeed!"

He stamped off in a huff. But a little later Leitman heard him bawling out orders to batten down the hatches — a gale was coming up fast, and look sharp to it! The young Chief Mate grinned, and called the bos'n. "Make everything shipshape, Ben. There's going to be a blow."

The bos'n jerked his thumb. "So the Cap'n jest said."

* * *

The storm broke upon them with overwhelming suddenness. The Channel whipped into a frenzy, the waves rose mountain-high, the deep black sky split into a hundred lightnings.

The Captain shouted hoarsely: "We'd better weigh anchor, Mr. Leitman, and stand out from shore."

"Right, sir." The young mate issued his orders, the anchor creaked and the ship bounded off like a frightened deer.

Out of the scud and thunder loomed a blunt, ungainly shape. An LST, jammed with troops and guns. He opened his mouth to cry the alarm, but the *William Tyler Page* shied like a racehorse and slid past the helpless, lunging landing craft. They shaved so close that Leitman saw the staring, pallid faces of the crowded soldiers, heard the sudden outcries sharp against the gale.

"The Old Man's a good sailor," said Leitman admiringly. "But that LST's broken its rudder; I hope—"

There was a blinding flash in the semi-dark and a spout of water above the pounding waves. Then a huge concussion of sound that shouted down the storm.

"Great God!" groaned Leitman. Before his horrified eyes the LST heaved and split in two. Black figures tossed and flung into the boiling water. Heads bobbed, cried faintly, and were swallowed up.

Leitman ran breathlessly toward the forward deck. Captain, slicker whipping around his solid form, was peering toward the commotion. "That LST we just grazed," reported the Chief Mate, "has struck a mine. It broke in half. We've got to—"

A lookout yelled harsh warning. "Wreck on the starboard. Ware away!"

The Captain reached swiftly for the speaking tube. The ship shuddered, veered; and the bow of the shattered LST wallowed by and was gone. Young Leitman stared after it in horror. It was only half of a wreck — the forward end. Not a sign of life on its rain-swept deck; not a single man of the hundreds who seconds earlier had made its human cargo. But where was the stern? He leaned against the driving storm and searched the toss and we ter. Half a mile away, and drifting rapidly from them, the grim hulk showed. Despairing figures silhouetted in the lightning flashes; faint cries for help punctuated the howling gale.

"We've got to rescue those poor devils, sir," Leitman said desperately.

The Captain's face looked gaunt and old. He shook his head "No boat would live in a sea like this. I can't ask our men to take the chance."

"Let me ask them, sir."

The Captain stared at him. "You mean—?"

"I mean I'll take a boat

out. The men will follow me. Those are American soldiers out there — and human beings. They've a right to everything we can give 'em."

The seas lifted mountain high, the wind howled and raged, the rain drove in a horizontal, solid wall. Leitman fought for breath as he faced the lashing waters; it was like trying to swim up Niagara Falls. Down into deep Stygian troughs plunged the lifeboat; then, with express speed, it rushed what seemed miles high into the air. Perched trembling on a narrow knife-edge of foaming billow, it descended again with dizzying drop. Tons of mighty water flung in fury against the frail cockleshell, cascaded in dark green flood into the boat. The craft shuddered and began to settle.

Still clinging to the rudder, Leitman seized a bucket and bailed furiously.

For three hours they toiled and spun dizzily and met death in a thousand forms. For three hours they gave up all hope of finding the ship they had risked their lives to rescue; or even of saving themselves.

Then, faint in the dark, sandwiched between two tremendous heights, Leitman caught a glimpse of a wallowing hulk. It pointed at a crazy angle, nose buried deep in the sea, shattered end weaving a wild arc against the broken line of sky. A half dozen sodden men clung to the upper end, while huge seas burst foaming over them. They set up a hoarse, weak cry at the sight of the lifeboat.

"Hold tight!" yelled Leitman encouragingly. "We're coming."

It was easy to say and hard to accomplish. Twice Leitman maneuvered his craft toward the sinking ship and threw a line. Once it fell short into the sea; the

second time a soldier caught it and tried to make it fast. But it whipped out of his weakened grasp and almost pulled him into the gaping waters.

A third time Leitman pulled his boat so close they almost crashed. He stood in the bow, rope in hand, poised. With a mighty effort he jumped for the wreck, tottered and almost fell. A soldier grabbed him and held. He righted himself, passed the rope around a jagged spar, made a tight knot. The two craft ground against each other, jerked away with the frantic pull of oars.

A rain-sodden soldier said joyfully: "We'd given ourselves up for lost. We've been praying."

"So have we," said Leitman grimly.

The castaways were too weak to jump to the lifeboat. Leitman lifted them one by one, waited as the boats plunged together with terrifying sound, passed them to eager arms below. Then he loosened the rope and jumped, staggered, righted himself. "Row!" he roared. "Put your backs into it."

Not a moment too soon. The remnant of the LST shivered, lifted, and plunged beneath the waves; while the lifeboat started on its long and dangerous return to the mother ship with half a dozen men snatched from the very jaws of death.

* * *

DON WINSLOW
READERS ATTENTION!

Thank you for your landslide of answers in favor of WARRIORS - OF - THE - SEA Stories.

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DON WINSLOW'S MILITARY SHORTHAND

TERRAIN FEATURE-VEGETATION

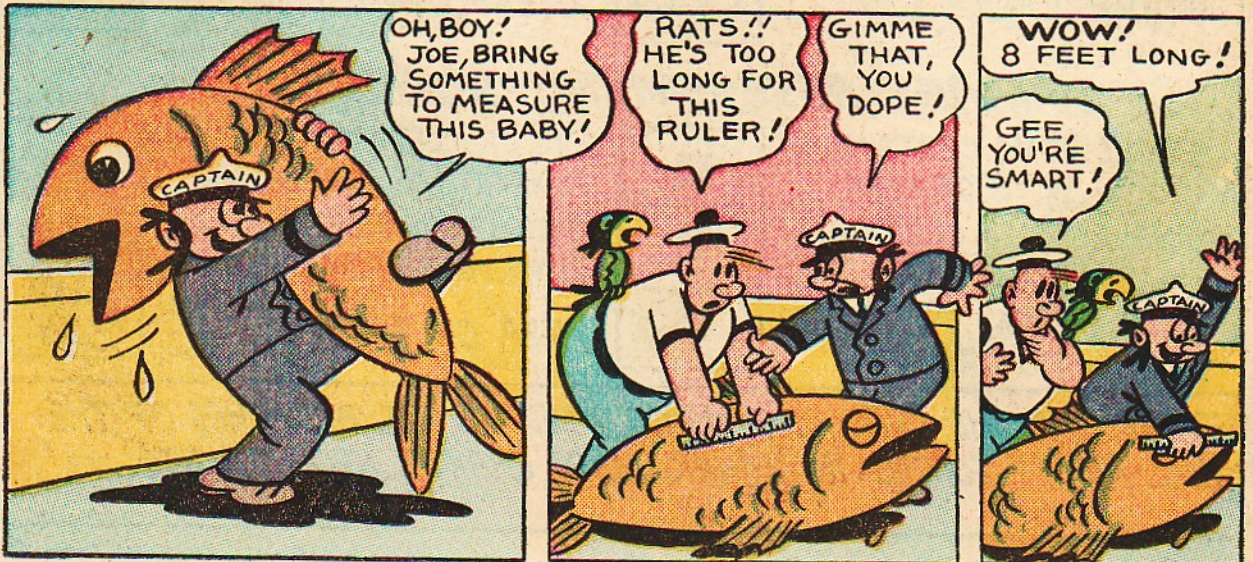
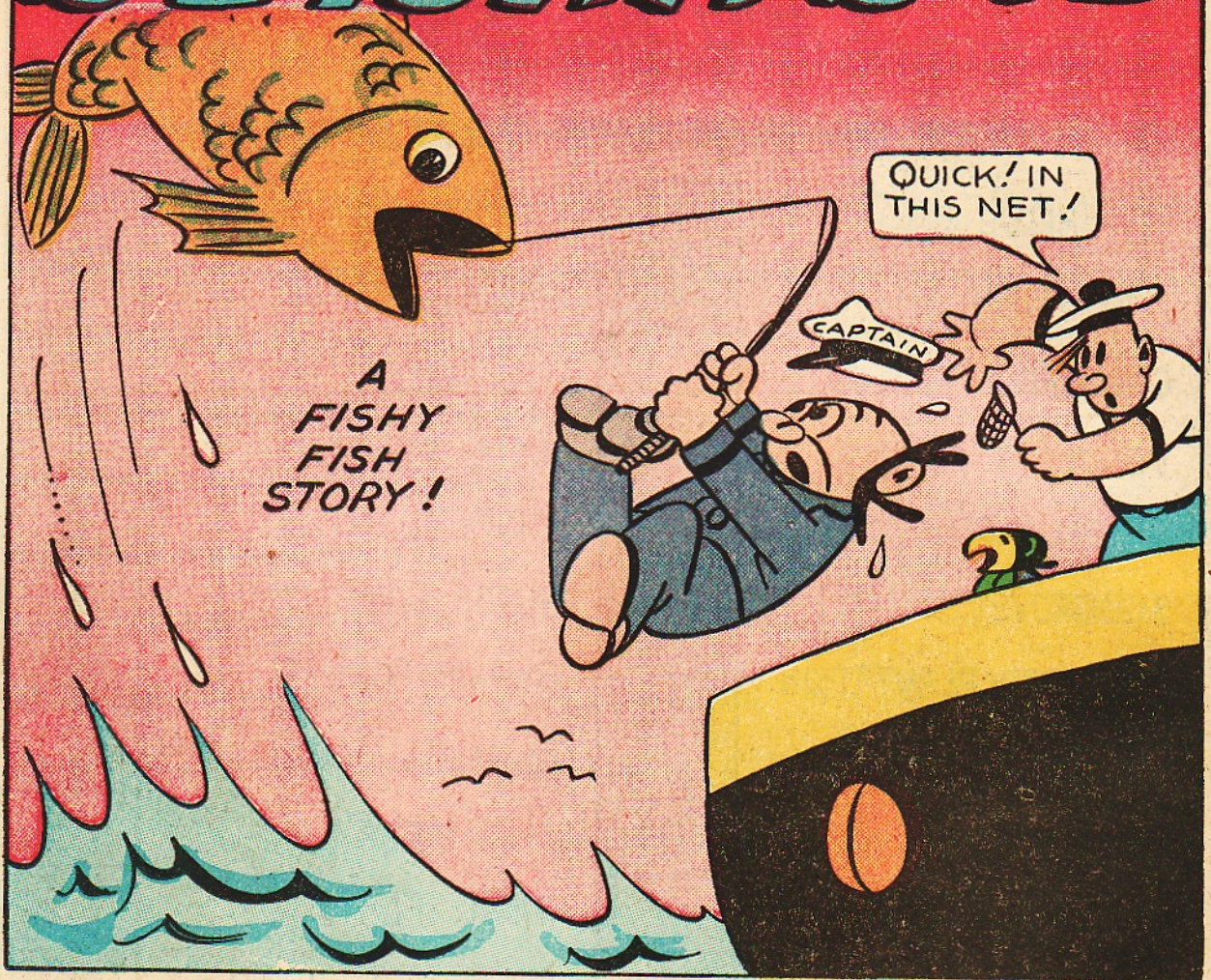
HEDGE		SLOPE	
BRUSH		FALLS OR RAPIDS	
CONIFEROUS FOREST		WELL	
DECIDUOUS FOREST		WELL DERRICK	
GRASSLAND		WINDMILL	
MANGROVE		SUGAR CANE	
ORCHARD OR PLANTATION		SWAMP FOREST	
PALMS		SWAMP OR MARSH	
JUNGLE		TREE	
RICE FIELD		TIDAL FLATS	
STUMP LAND		OVERFLOWED LAND	

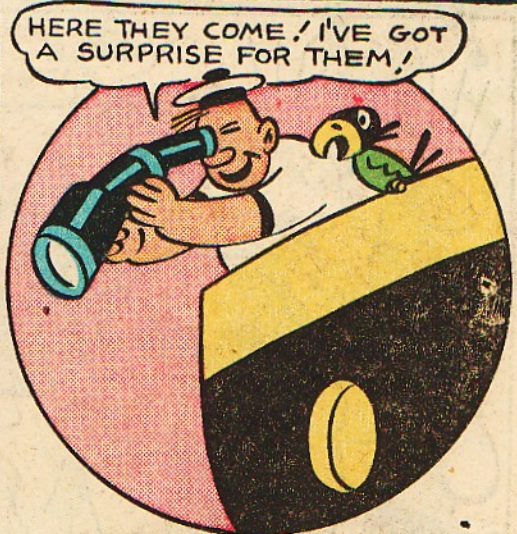
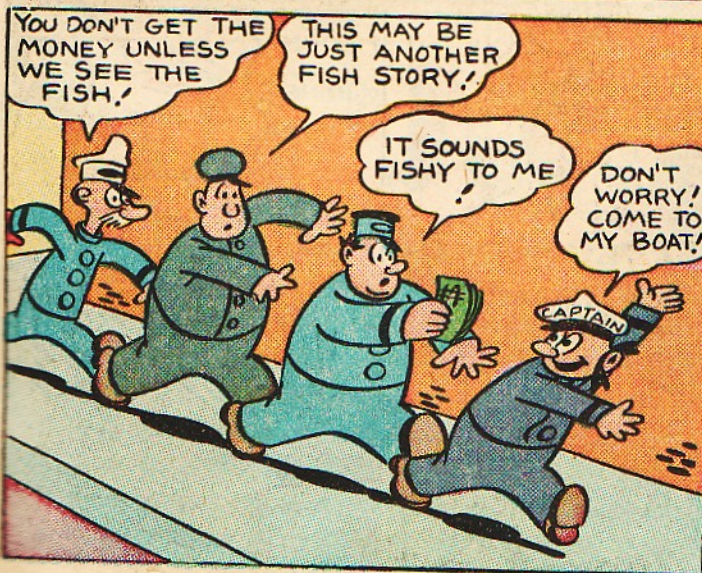
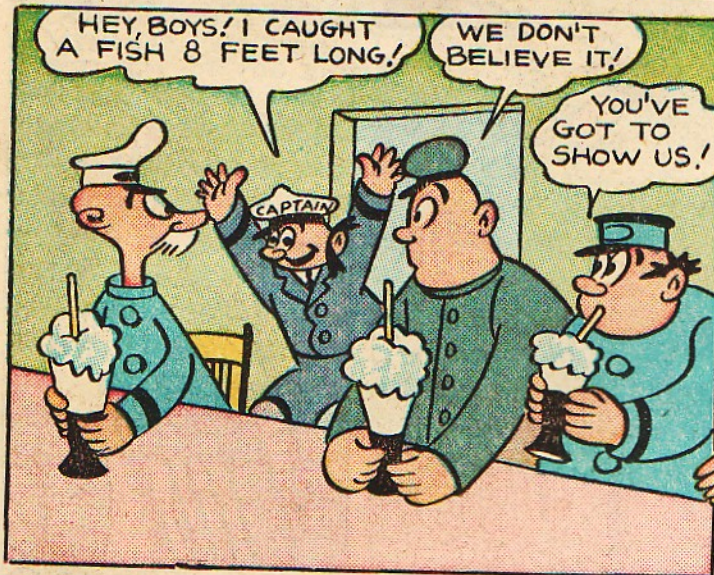
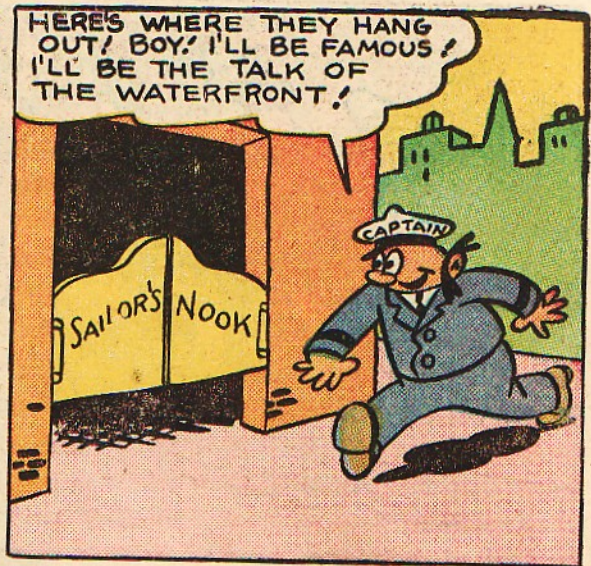
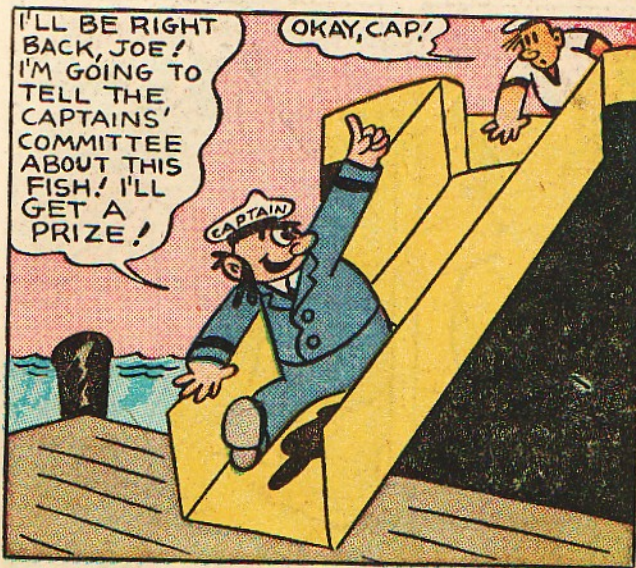
DAMAGE ASSESSMENT-BOMB PLOT

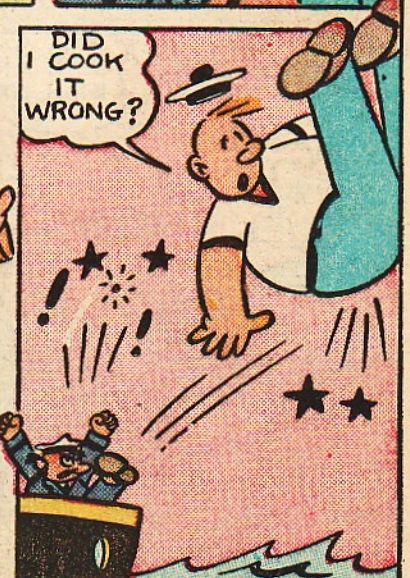
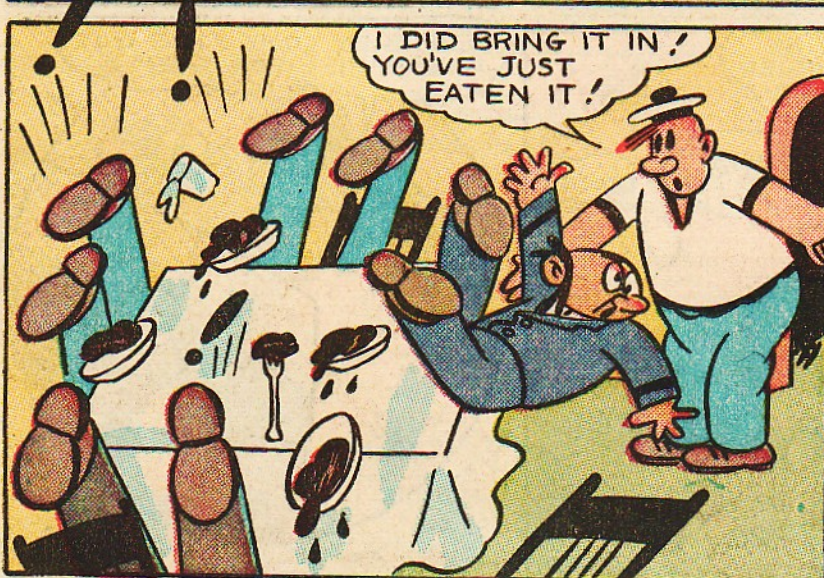
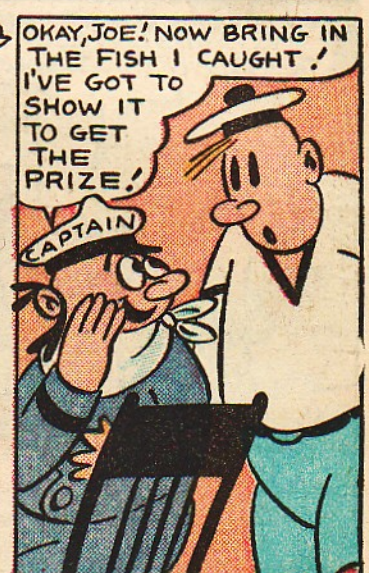
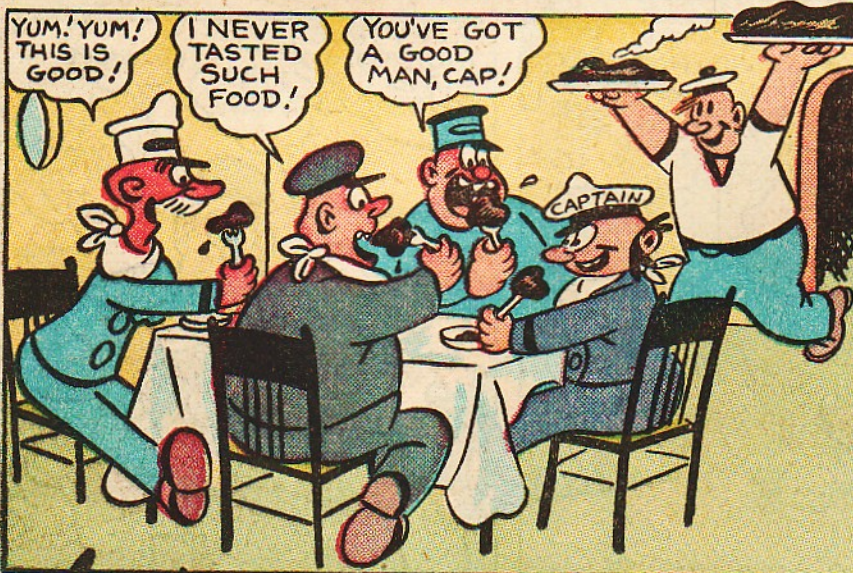
SINGLE BOMB CERTAIN WITH CRATER		ONE OR MORE BOMBS CERTAIN IN VICINITY OF ARROWHEAD	
SINGLE BOMB CERTAIN, NO CRATER		ONE OR MORE BOMBS PROBABLE IN VICINITY OF ARROWHEAD	
SINGLE BOMB PROBABLE, NO CRATER		AREA OF BURSTS	

THESE ARE THE OFFICIAL SYMBOLS USED BY ALL BRANCHES OF THE
U.S. ARMED FORCES IN MAKING MAPS, CHARTS, RECORDS, ETC.

JETSA M JOE

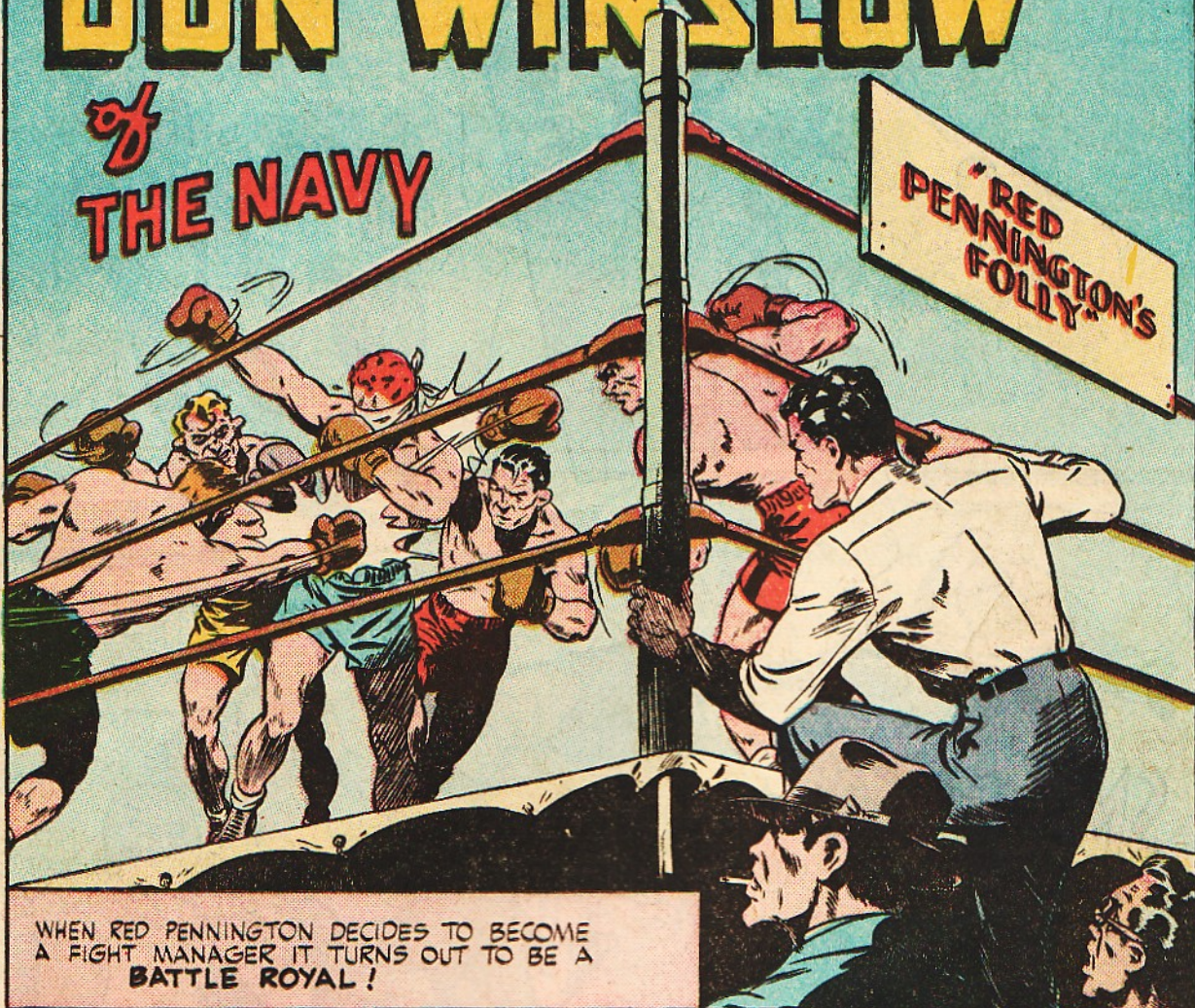






DON WINSLOW

of
THE NAVY



WHEN RED PENNINGTON DECIDES TO BECOME
A FIGHT MANAGER IT TURNS OUT TO BE A
BATTLE ROYAL!

ONE DAY AT THE NAVY
SEPARATION CENTER--

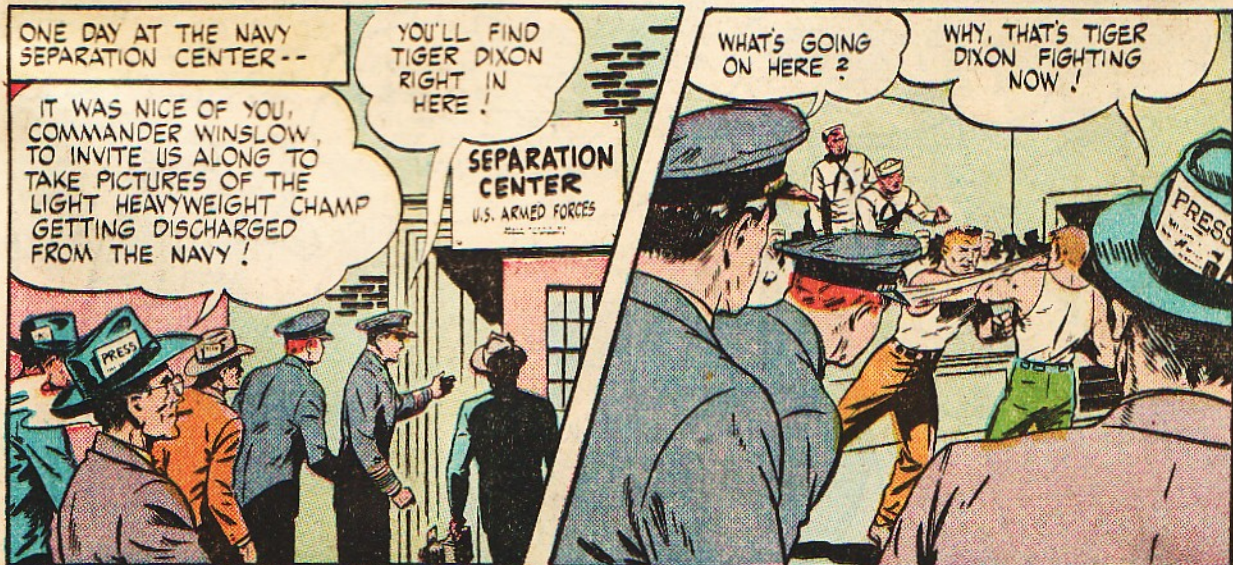
IT WAS NICE OF YOU,
COMMANDER WINSLOW,
TO INVITE US ALONG TO
TAKE PICTURES OF THE
LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP
GETTING DISCHARGED
FROM THE NAVY!

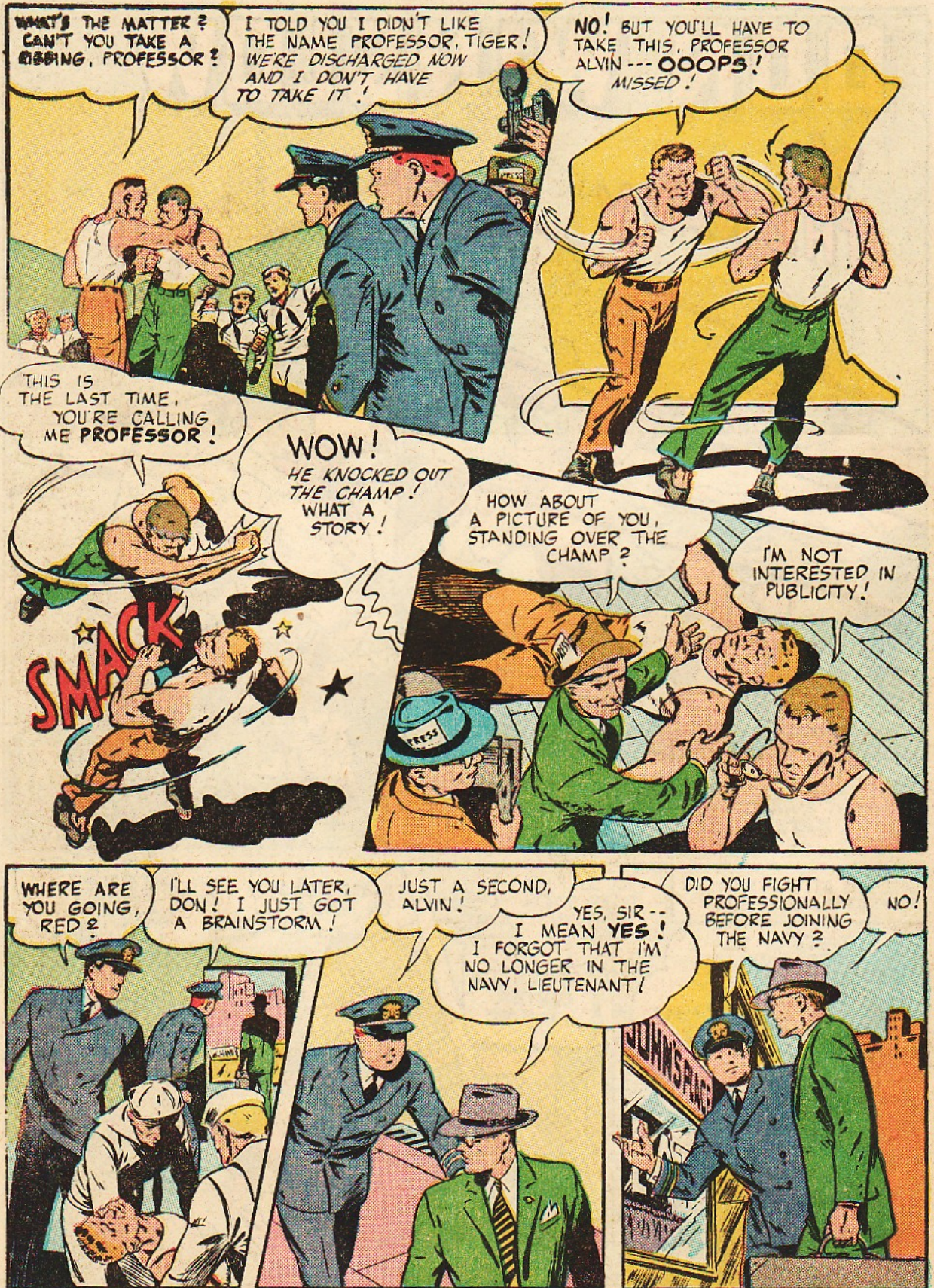
YOU'LL FIND
TIGER DIXON
RIGHT IN
HERE!

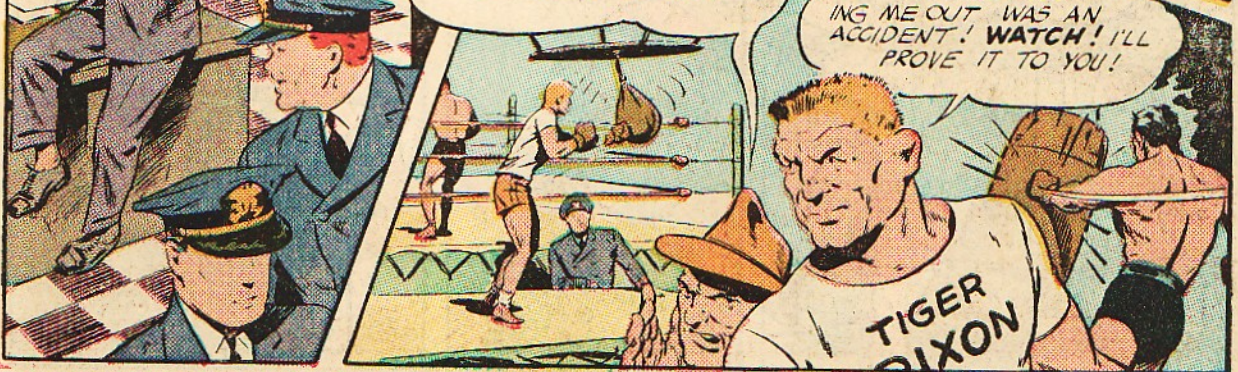
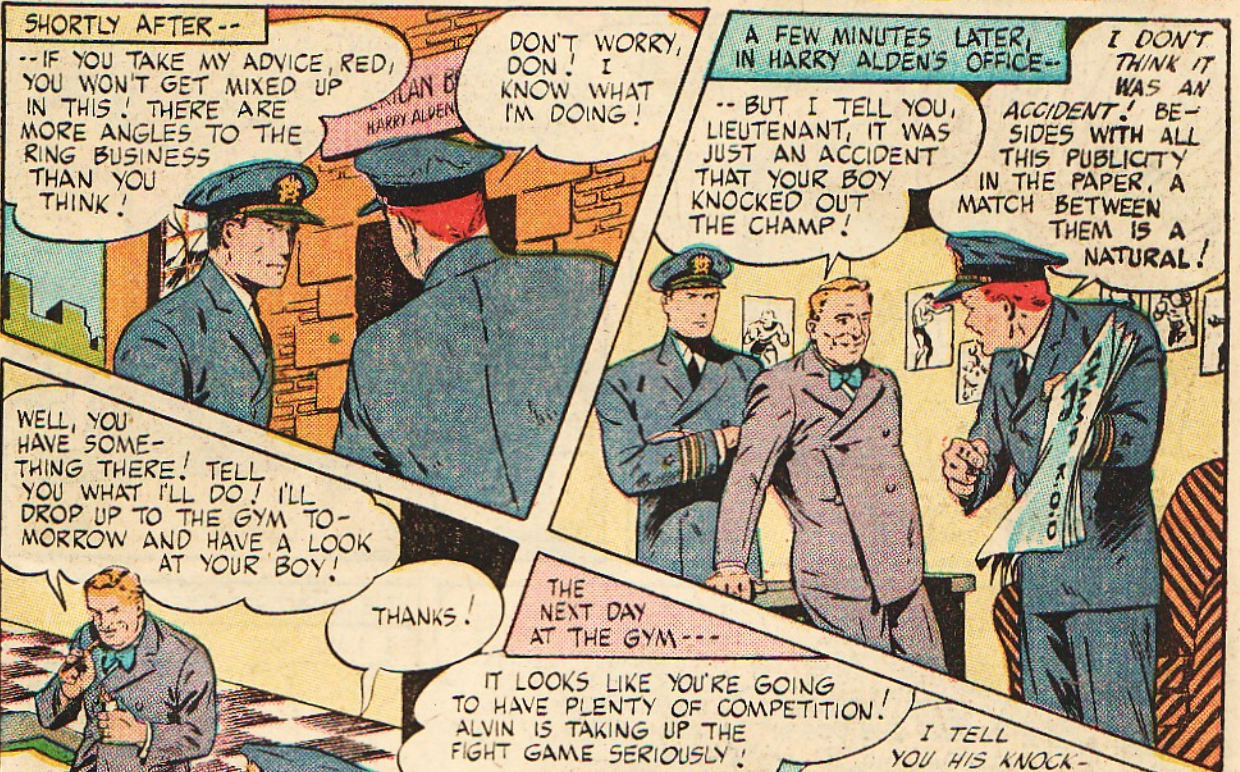
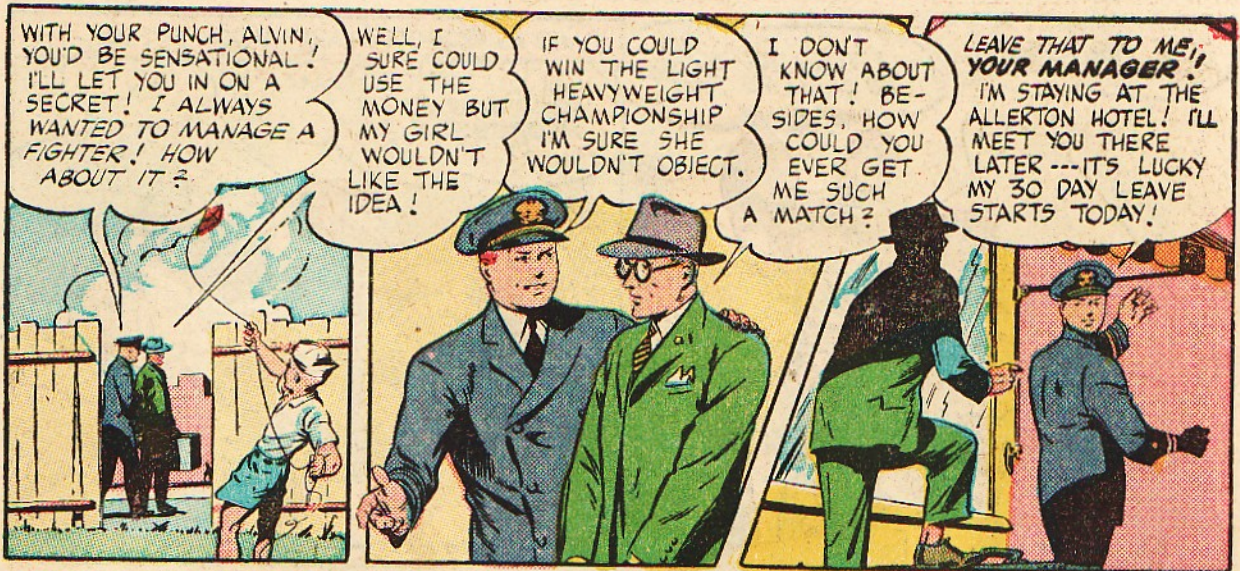
SEPARATION
CENTER
U.S. ARMED FORCES

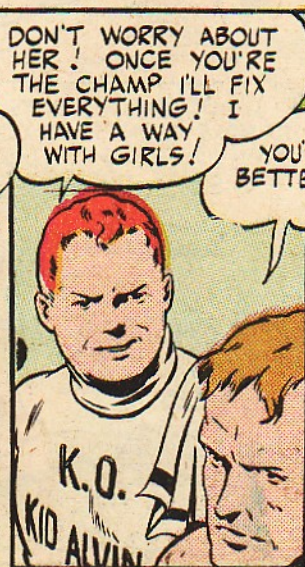
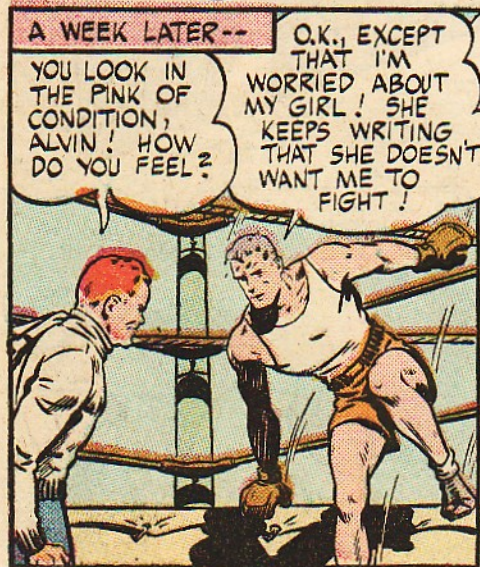
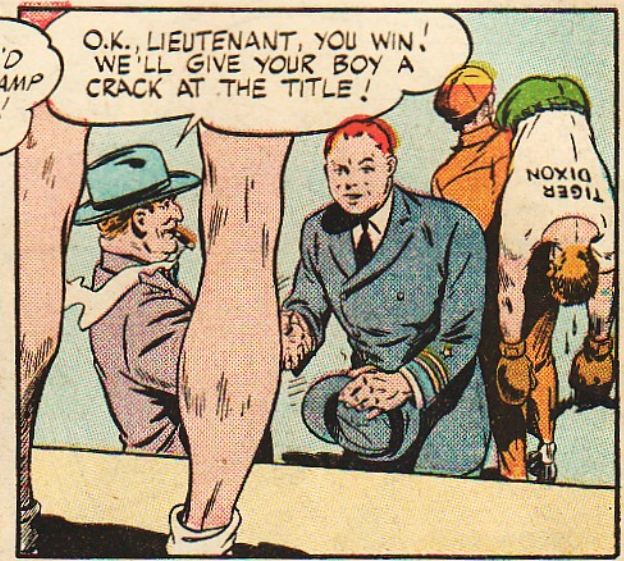
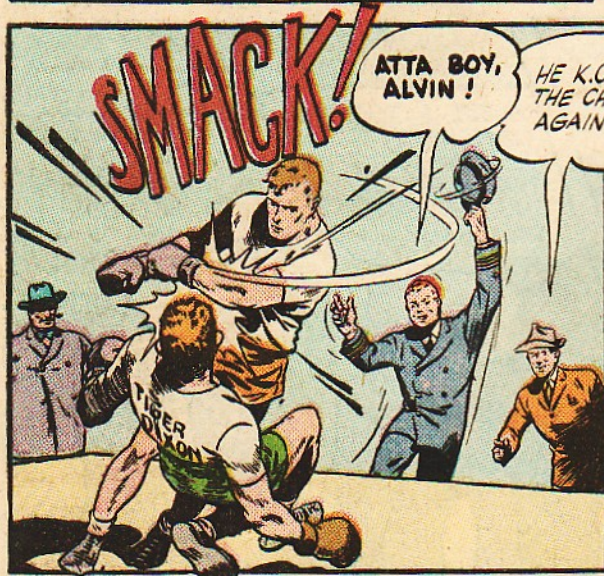
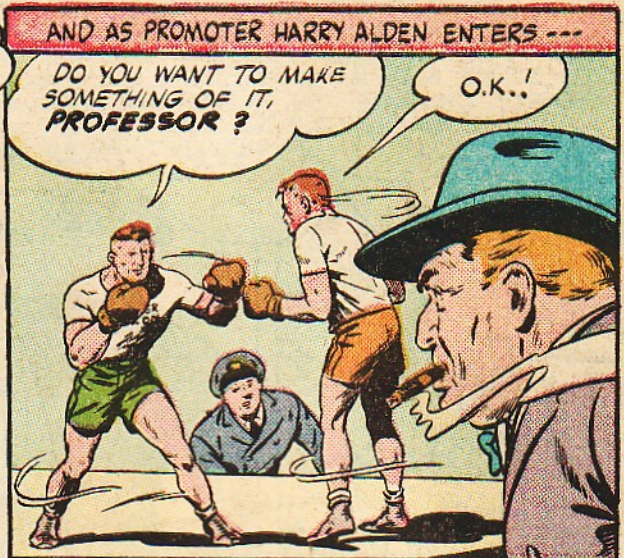
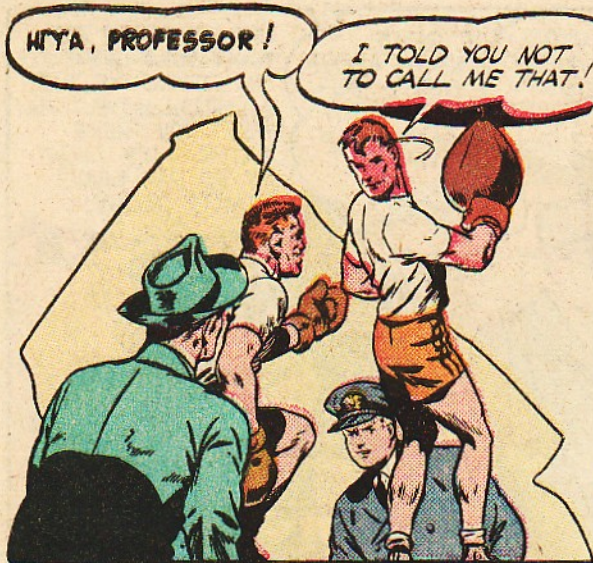
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

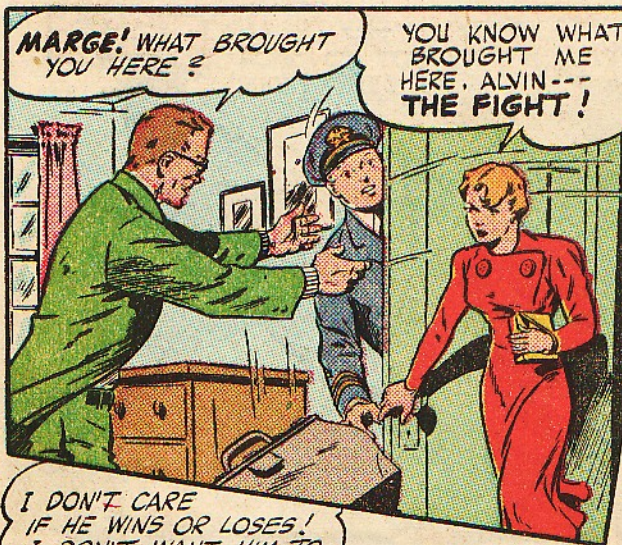
WHY, THAT'S TIGER
DIXON FIGHTING
NOW!





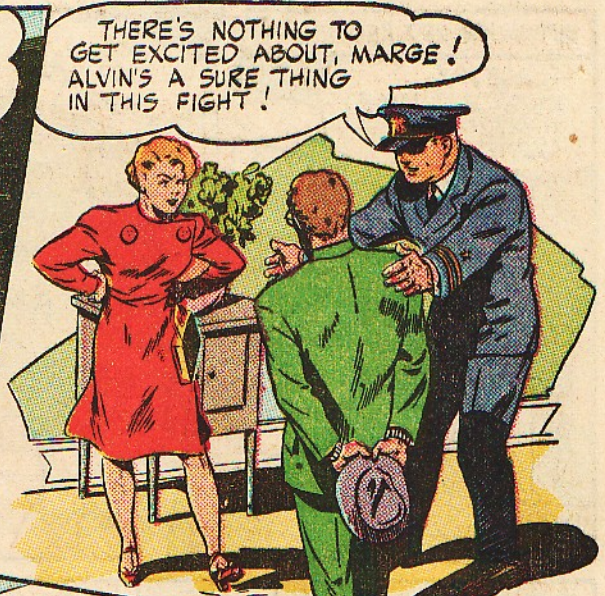






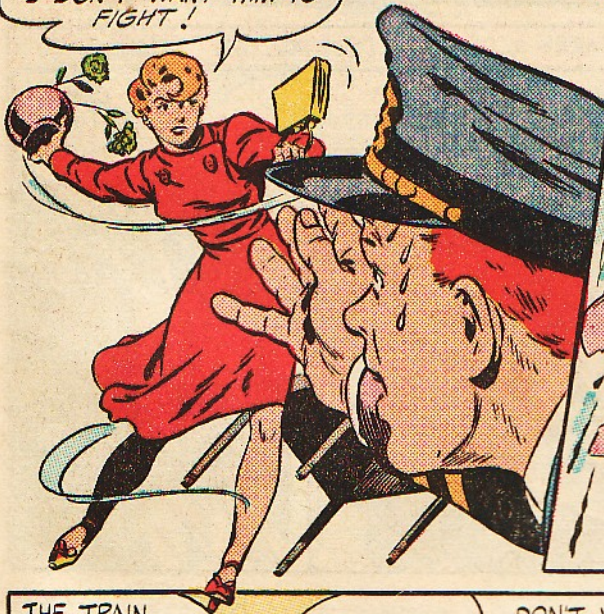
MARGE! WHAT BROUGHT YOU HERE?

YOU KNOW WHAT BROUGHT ME HERE, ALVIN--- THE FIGHT!



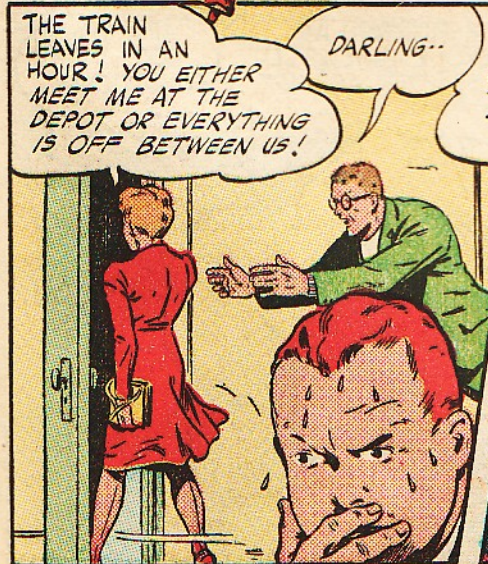
THERE'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT, MARGE! ALVIN'S A SURE THING IN THIS FIGHT!

I DON'T CARE IF HE WINS OR LOSES! I DON'T WANT HIM TO FIGHT!



BUT THINK OF ALL THE MONEY HE'LL MAKE!

I WANT ALVIN THE WAY HE IS! I DON'T WANT ANY PUNCH-DRUNK HUSBAND!

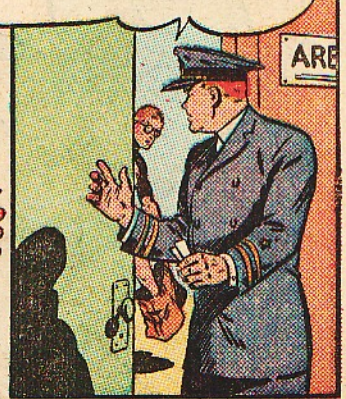
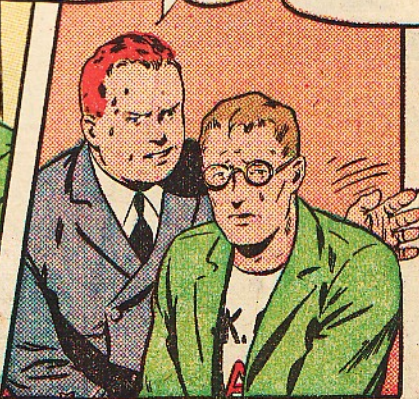


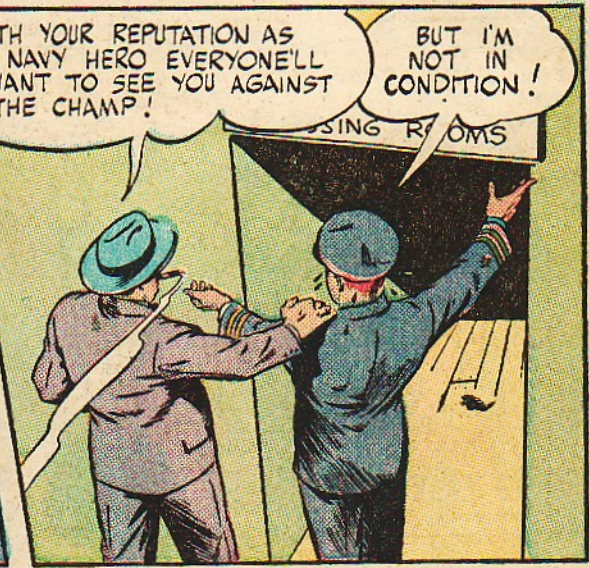
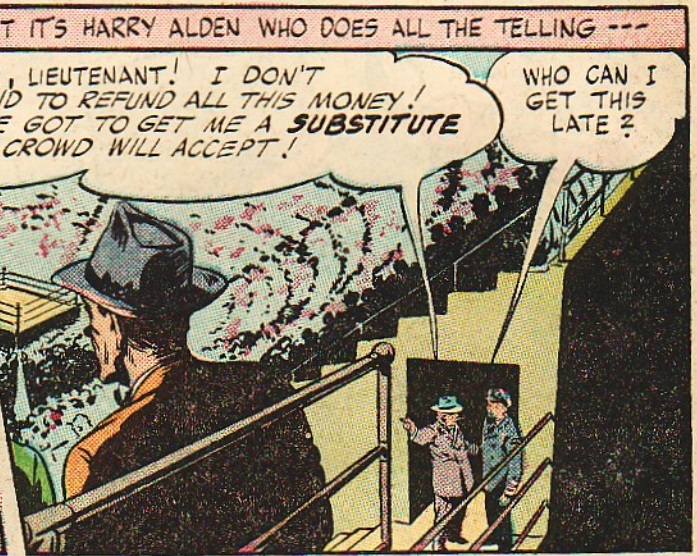
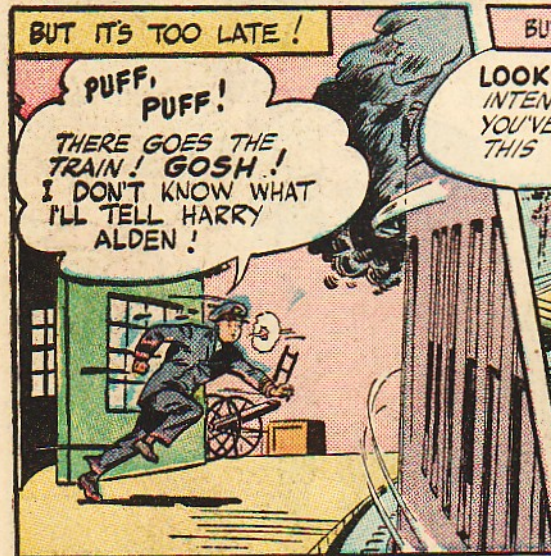
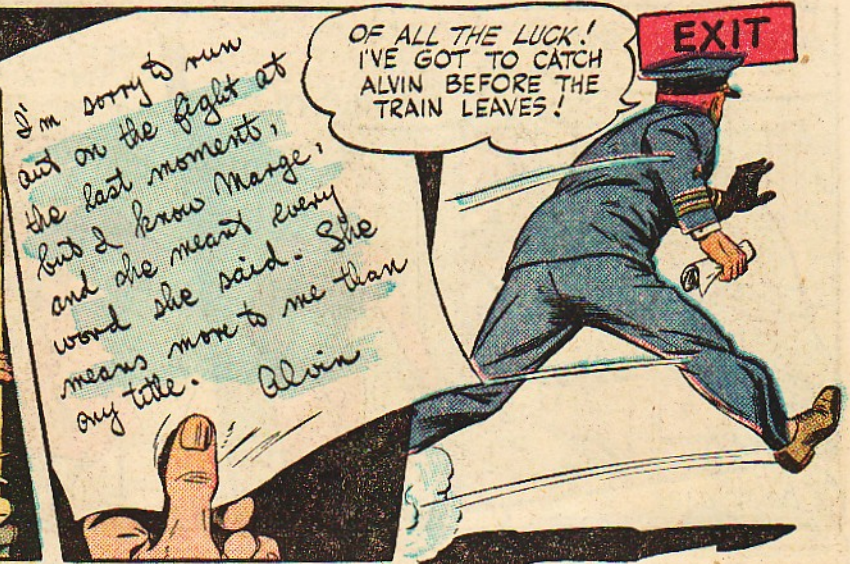
THE TRAIN LEAVES IN AN HOUR! YOU EITHER MEET ME AT THE DEPOT OR EVERYTHING IS OFF BETWEEN US!

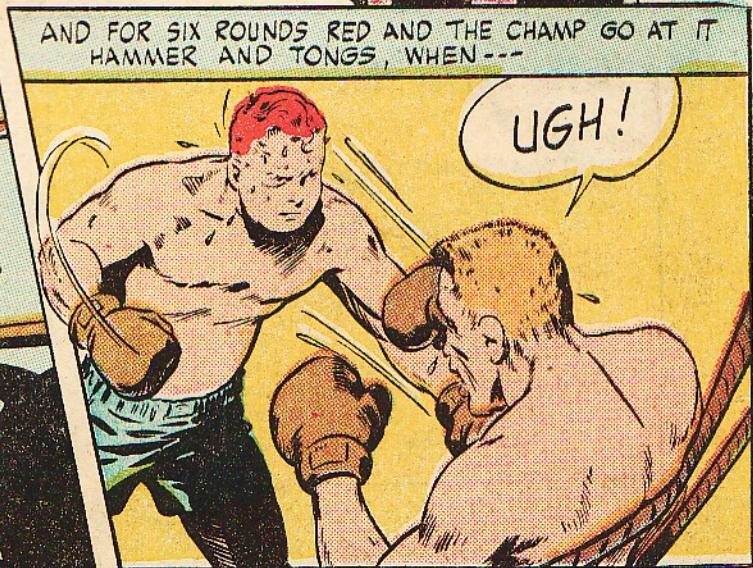
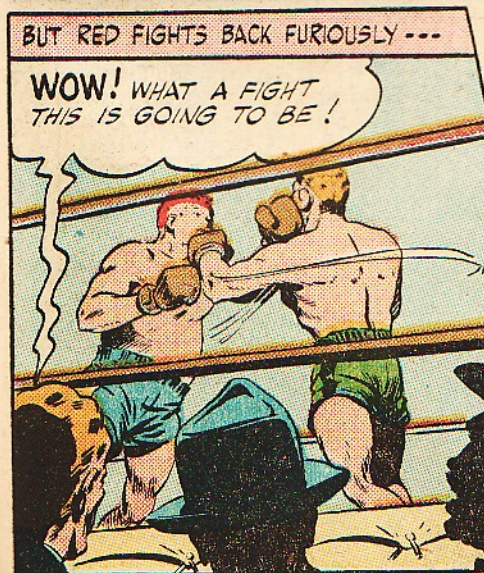
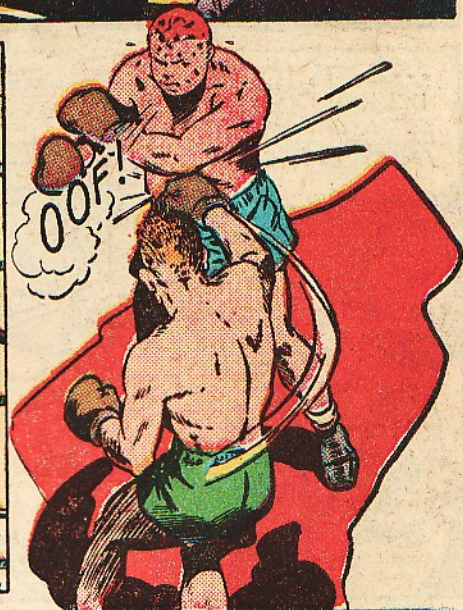
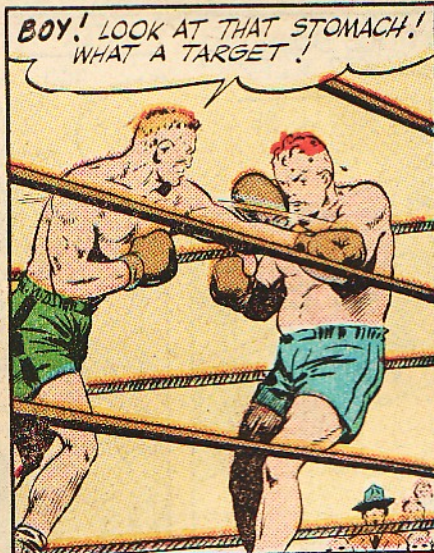
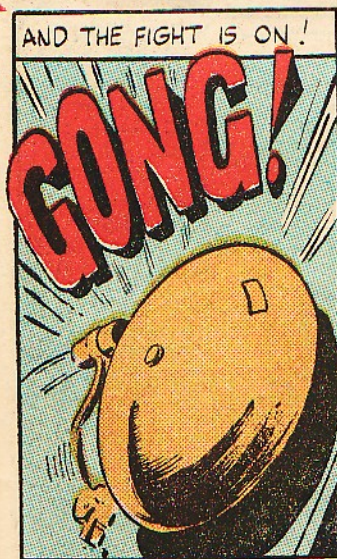
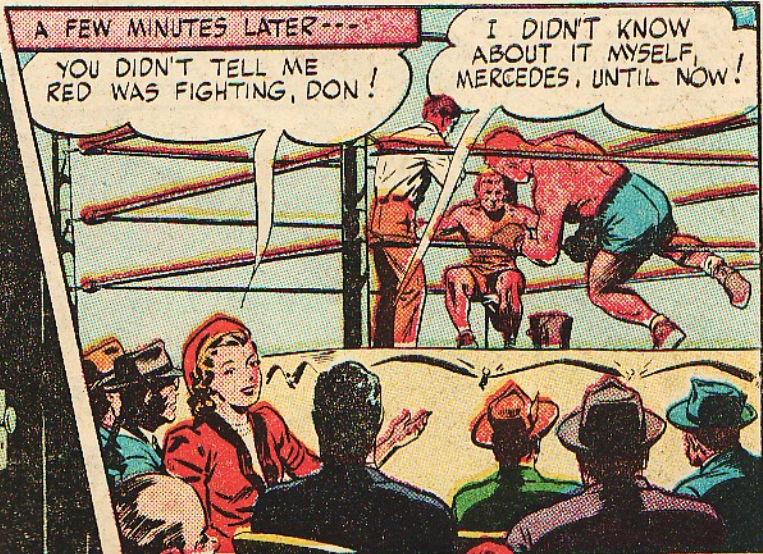
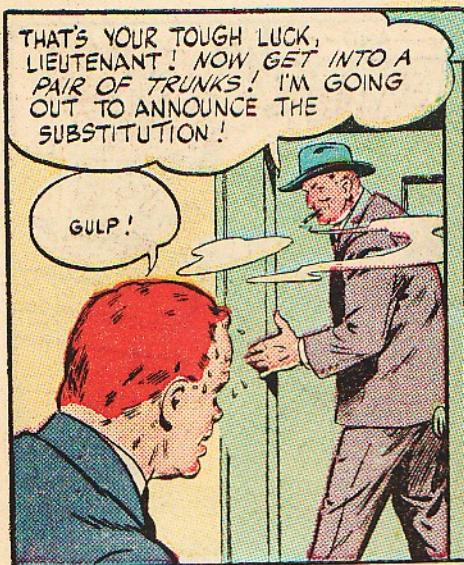
DARLING--

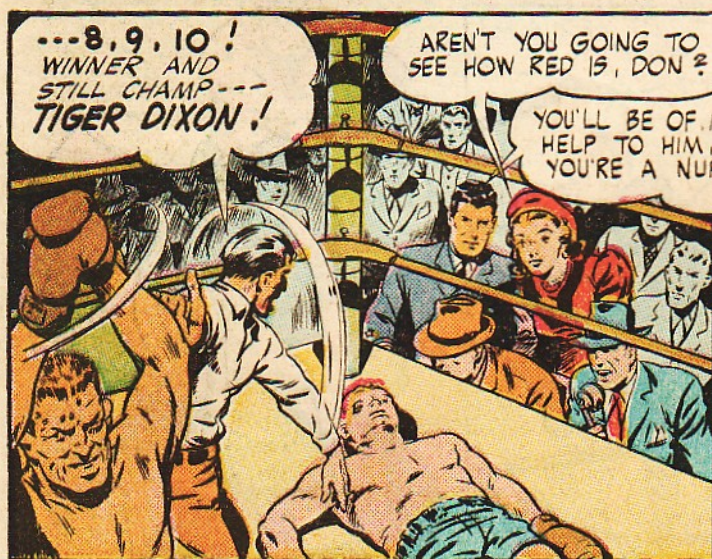
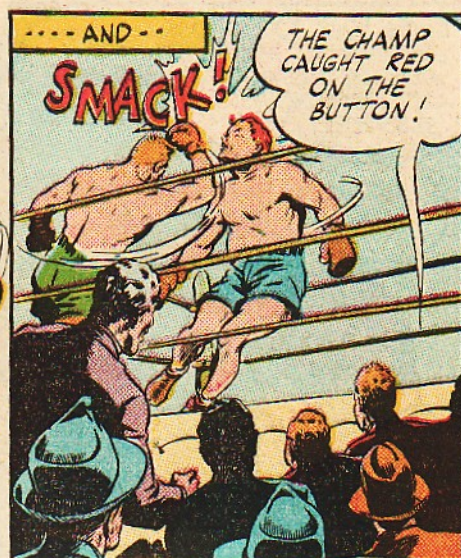
DON'T WORRY, ALVIN! SHE'LL CHANGE HER MIND! WE'VE GOT TO GET OVER TO THE ARENA NOW!

LATER IN THE DRESSING ROOM-- CHANGE INTO YOUR TRUNKS, ALVIN! I'M GOING UPSTAIRS TO LEAVE A PAIR OF TICKETS FOR DON AT THE BOX OFFICE!









DID YOU KNOW...

THAT "CROSSING THE LINE," THE HAZING CEREMONY GIVEN TO ANY MEMBER OF A CREW CROSSING THE EQUATOR FOR THE FIRST TIME, DATES BACK TO THE EARLY ROMAN AND GREEK MARINERS. ON CROSSING THE EQUATOR, THEY USED TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE GOD OF THE SEA, NEPTUNE, WHOM THEY THOUGHT CONTROLLED THE ELEMENTS. IT WAS UNDER THE VIKINGS THAT THE CEREMONY WAS CHANGED TO TEST THE NOVICES.

SOLD	STRAW	CAPS
TRUE	TRITE	OBIT
EARL	EAGLE	MENU
PLEASED	ADAPTED	
	YULE	SERA
SOBER		RESORT
PRIDE	SOLUTION	ASTOR
ODD	TO	HUE
KEELS	CROSSWORD	CRETE
ERSATZ	puzzle	HIRES
	BAIL	CRAP
ENTENTE	HARPOON	
GOAL	HAVEN	LOGE
GAME	EVICT	EZRA
SHED	REEKS	DEER

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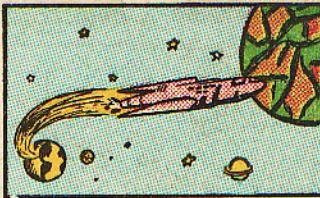
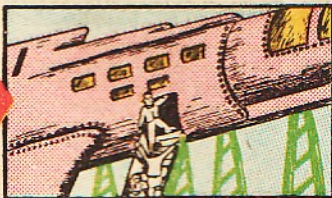


MAGIC
COMIC
COPYER

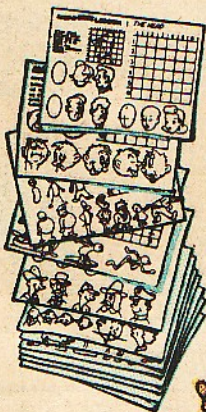
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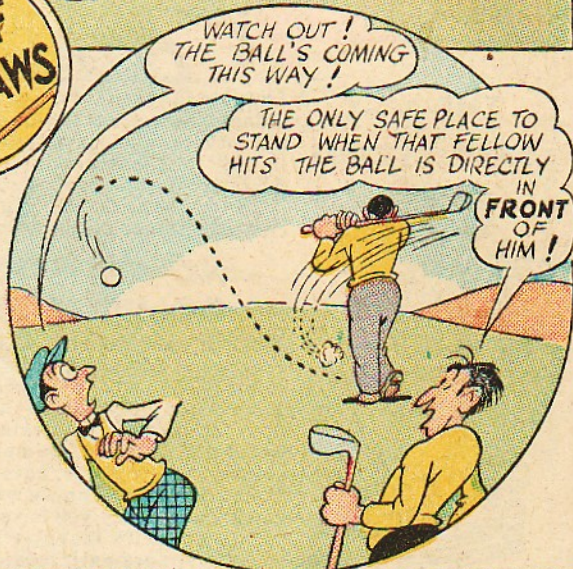
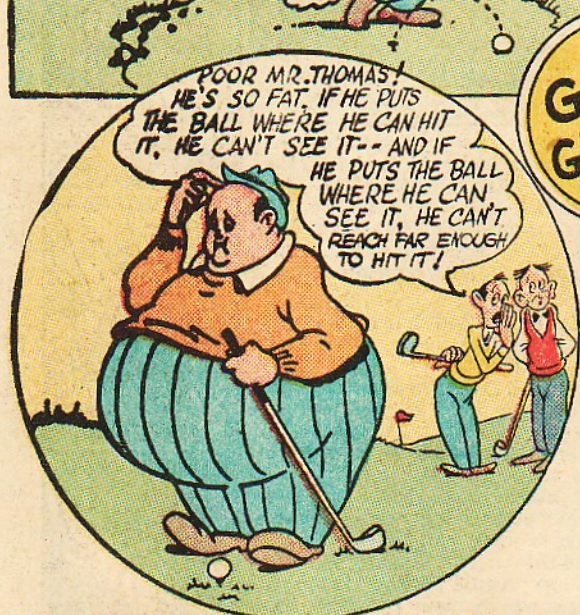
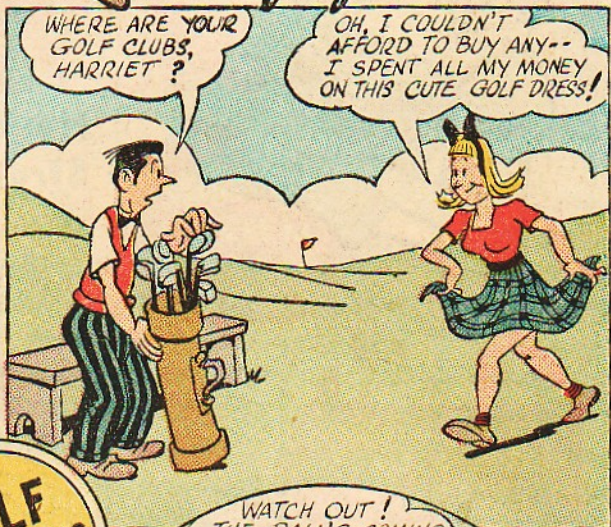
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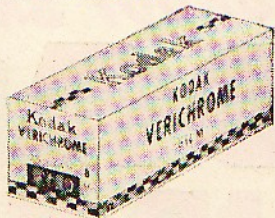
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