

RED RYDER

COMICS

MAR.-APRIL

10¢

No. 24

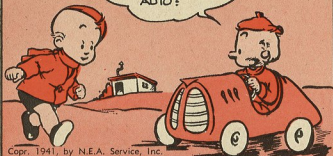


IN THIS ISSUE

ALLEY OOP
FIGHTING YANKS
CAPTAIN EASY
KING of the ROYAL MOUNTED

HERKY

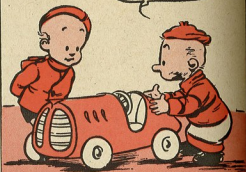
JIS' THE GUY I'M
LOOKIN' FER, HOIKY.
WANNA BUY A
AUTO?



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T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

WHY, I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU
OWNED AN
AUTO,
NOODLES?

IT AIN'T MINE,
HOIKY, I'M A
AGENT FER
PINCHY-- A
MIDDLE-MAN,
SEE? I GIT A
TEN PERCENT
RAKE-OFF!



WHY
DOES
PINCHY
WANT
TO
SELL
IT?

HONEST, PAL,
IT BREAKS
THE POOR
KID'S HEART!
BUT HE'S AL-
LERGIC TO
AUTOS--AN'
BESIDES, HE
WANTS DOUGH
TO BUY HIS
MOTHER SOME-
THIN' ON ACCOUNT
OF HE GOT BUM
GRADES IN SCHOOL!



TWO BUCKS,
CASH-- TWENTY
CENTS FER ME--
AN' THE DEAL'S ON
THE UP-AN'-UP!
DEMONSTRATION
GLADLY GIVEN!



HERE YA GO, HOIKY!
GIVE 'ER A GOOD
TRY-OUT!



CLASS, EH? AN'
WOT SPEED!
YOU'RE BOININ'
UP THE GROUND
CHUM!



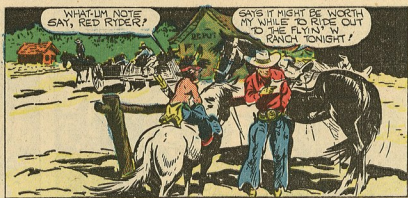
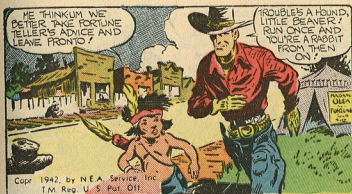
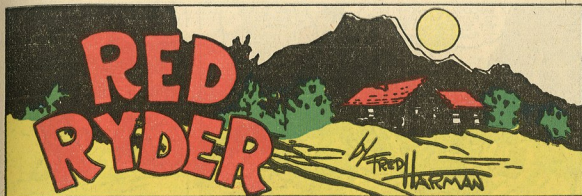
GEE, IT'S
SPEEDY, ALL
RIGHT, BUT
THE BRAKE
DOESN'T
WORK!

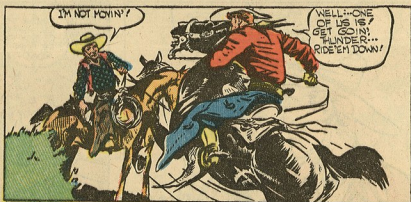
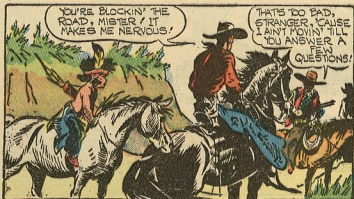
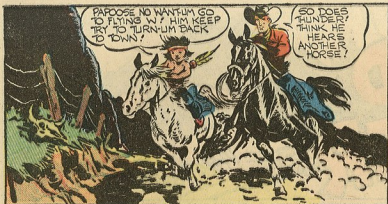


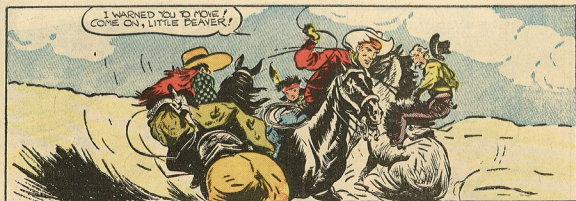
WOT! WHY, THAT
DOITY DOUBLE-
CROSSER! THAT
SNAKE-IN-THE-
GRASS! HE
NEVER MENTIONED
A BUM
BRAKE TO ME!

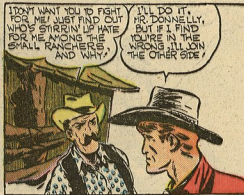
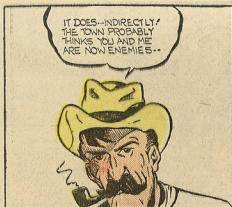
HONEST, PAL, YOU'D
SOITAINLY BE A DUMB
CLUCK IF YOU PAID
PINCHY TWO BUCKS
FER THAT
AUTO!



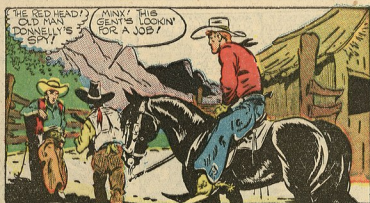


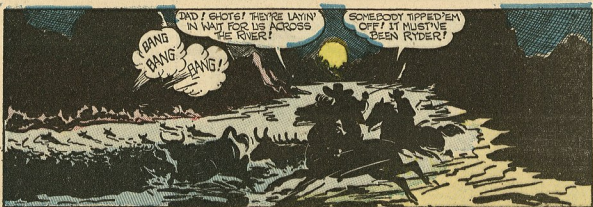














DONNELLY'S TURNIN' HIS HERD
BACK-- HE AN'T COMIN'
ACROSS-- HE HEARD
RYDER'S SHOTS!

WE'LL KILL THAT
RED HEAD
SCATTER OUT!
HE'S IN THESE
WILLOWS!



"TAKE CHARGE OF THE HERD,
SCRUB! I'M GONNA HUNT DOWN
RED RYDER! HE PUT MINX
WISE, WE WERE CROSSIN'
THE RIVER TONIGHT--"

-- AND HE'S GONNA
PAY FOR DOUBLE CROSSIN'
DAD DONNELLY!
GIDDAAP!



FIND RYDER, YOU FOOLS!
HE COULDN'T HAVE JUST
DISAPPEARED!

THERE HE IS-- HIDIN'
UNDER THAT BANK!



DID YOU
GET HIM?

NO! HE DOVE
UNDER-- BUT
HE'S GOT TO
COME UP!



RED SWIMS UNDER
WATER TOWARD THE
OPPOSITE BANK-- HIS
LUNGS ACHIE, BUT HE
KNOWS A HAIL OF LEAD WILL
GREET HIM IF HE COMES UP
FOR AIR.



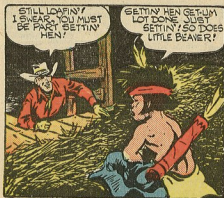
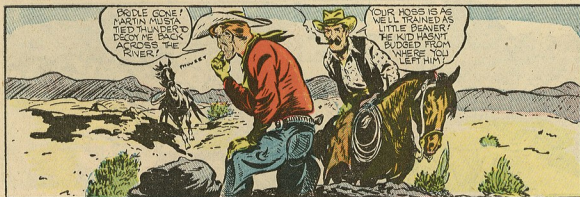
THERE-- RYDER'S
COME UP FOR
AIR!

THEN LET HIM
HAVE IT!

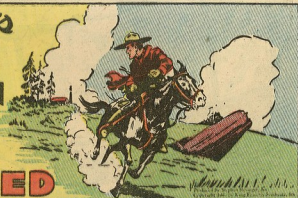


BUT RED TAKES A DEEP
BREATH AND AGAIN DIVES
UNDER THE WATER--
SWIMMING TOWARD THE
OPPOSITE BANK-- WHERE
DAD DONNELLY WAITS.





Zane Grey's KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



KNOWING
THAT HE
WILL BE
RESCUED
BY SHARK,
THE
SMUGGLER,
SAM HOLDS
KING,
KID AND THE
BROWNING'S
AT GUN
POINT AS
HE
HEADS
THE BOAT
TOWARD
THE ROCKS.





YEAH, AN'T' MAKE SURE I GET T'
USE IT---

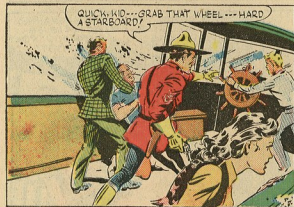


--- I'N GONNA PLUG ALL
OF YOU RIGHT
NOW!



SHOOTING US WON'T HELP
YOU, SAM--WHEN THIS BOAT
CRASHES YOU'LL DROWN!

IF KID CAN ONLY
HIT HIS MARK---



QUICK, KID---GRAB THAT WHEEL---HARD
A STARBOARD!



THE BOAT WON'T ANSWER THE HELM.
WE'RE CAUGHT IN
THE GULF!

KNOCKING
SAM
AGAINST
THE RAIL,
KING AND
KID GET
TO THE
WHEEL,
BUT THE
BOAT
WALLOWE
HELPLESSLY
IN THE
POUNDING
SURF--



WE'LL BE SWAMPED!
THE GULF'S BREAKING
OVER US!





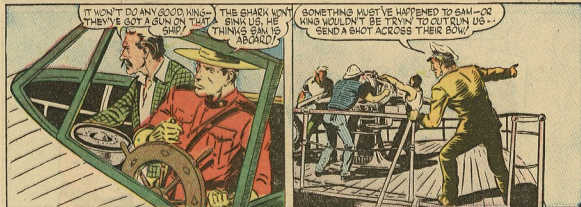
DAD, LOOK! A STEAMER!
IT'S THE SCORPION!

THE SCORPION! KING,
THAT'S SHARK'S BOAT!



KING THEY'VE
SPOTTED US!

BUT THEY CAN'T CATCH
US, BROWNING--WE'LL
TURN AND RUN FOR
IT!



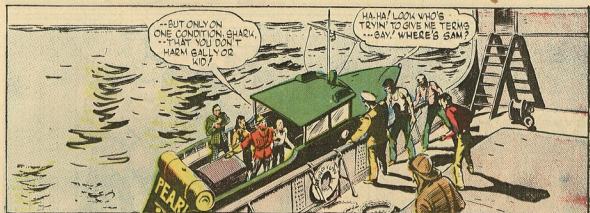
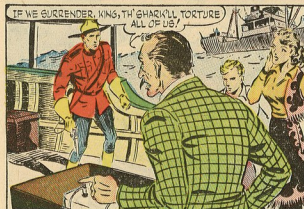
IT WON'T DO ANY GOOD, KING--
THEY'VE GOT A GUN ON THAT
SHIP!

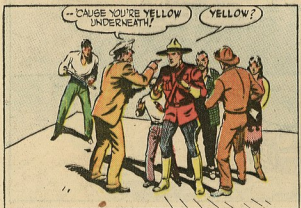
THE SHARK WON'T
SINK US, HE
THINKS SAM IS
ABOARD!

SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED TO SAM--OR
KING WOULDN'T BE TRYING TO OUTRUN US--
SEND A SHOT ACROSS THEIR BOW!



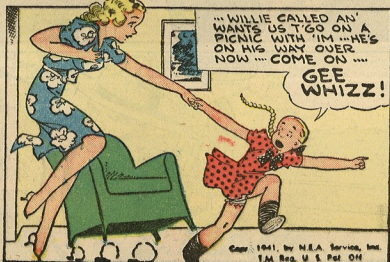
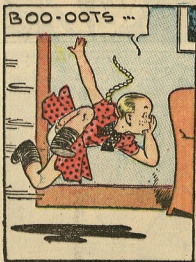
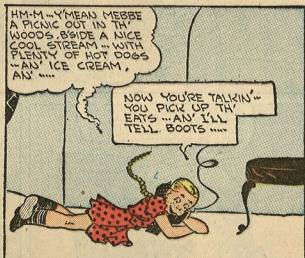
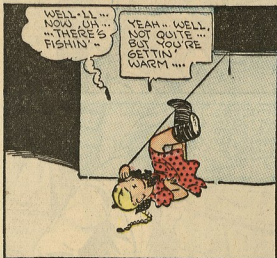
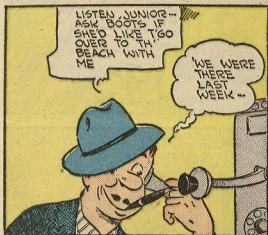
THE SHARK MEANS BUSINESS, BROWNING,
WE CAN'T OUT-RUN HIM WITH THIS
MOTOR MISSING FIRE!







BOOTS



CAPTAIN EASY



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T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LET ME REMEMBER YOU AS YOU WERE THAT NIGHT IN ARABIA. STAND HERE AND TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS—KISS ME, MY JIM. WILL YOU?

WHY, OF COURSE



AND TELL ME THE THINGS THAT YOU SAY IN ARABIA, MY JIM

OF COURSE, LISKA



I'M GLAD YOU DROPPED THAT LETTER OPENER, LISKA. I DON'T LIKE TO THINK OF YOU AS A PERSON WHO'D STAB A MAN IN THE BACK



YOU DELIBERATELY DARED ME! YOU KNOW VER' WELL I WILL MELT IN YOUR ARMS... THAT FOR YOU I HAVE SO MUCH LOVE I CANNOT KILL YOU, EVEN TO SAVE MY OWN LIFE. VER' WELL, CAPTAIN EASY... CALL THE POLICE! IT IS TRUE—I AM A SPY!



CAPTAIN EASY'S APOLOGIES, COLONEL. HE'S DOWNSTAIRS TO SEE YOU. HE'S CAPTURED AN ENEMY SPY, SIR

HUH? HOW? WHERE?



I DUNNO, SIR, BUT HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT HE SHOULD DO WITH HER

WITH HER? HER?



YES, SIR. SHE'S A KNOCKOUT, TOO

GREAT SCOTT!



WELL, CAPTAIN! I NOTICE THERE'S LIPSTICK ON YOUR FACE. DOES THAT IMPLY THAT YOU CAPTURE LADY SPIES MERELY BY KISSING THEM? IF SO, YOU HAVE GREATER TALENTS THAN WE REALIZE



I SEE, YOU KNEW THIS DANCER, MONA MONA, IN ARABIA WHERE SHE WAS A JAPANESE AGENT

ONCE SHE SAVED MY LIFE, SUH... SHE'S NOT A BAD SORT



CONFOUND IT! DURING A WAR ALL ENEMY AGENTS ARE BAD... DANGEROUS!

THAT IS WHY, SIR, HIS HONOR WILL NOT PERMIT HIM TO LET ME GO



IT'S A DELICATE SITUATION, SIR. SHE HAS SOME INFORMATION WHICH SHE'S WILLING TO TURN OVER TO US... IN RETURN, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE TO SAVE HER LIFE BY ARRANGING A PRISON SENTENCE

WHAT INFORMATION HAS SHE?



YOU EXPLAIN IT, LUSKA
TOMORROW NIGHT A BRITISH SUBMARINE WILL PICK UP PEOPLE FROM FRANCE NEAR THE ROCKS SOUTH OF CALAIS. PERHAPS YOU KNOW THIS, BUT THE GERMANS KNOW IT, TOO. THEY HAVE PLANTED GUNS IN READINESS



MORNING!



SOUTH OF CALAIS, A RECONNAISSANCE PLANE FLIES OVER THE FRENCH COAST

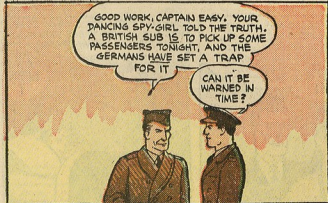
LATER!

TAKE A LOOK, COLONEL. THE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW GUN EMPLACEMENTS WHICH WERE NOT THERE TWO DAYS AGO



GOOD WORK, CAPTAIN EASY. YOUR DANCING SPY-GIRL TOLD THE TRUTH. A BRITISH SUB IS TO PICK UP SOME PASSENGERS TONIGHT, AND THE GERMANS HAVE SET A TRAP FOR IT

CAN IT BE WARNED IN TIME?



WE HOPE SO. INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S A VITAL CONNECTION BETWEEN YOUR NEXT JOB AND THE INFORMATION ONE OF THOSE PASSENGERS IS BRINGING. WE HOPE THAT HE CAN BE WARNED, ALSO



BY THE WAY, CAPTAIN, I WOULDN'T MENTION ANYTHING ABOUT THAT DANCER'S ARREST AS A SPY... MAY AFFECT FUTURE DEVELOPMENTS

I UNDERSTAND, SIR

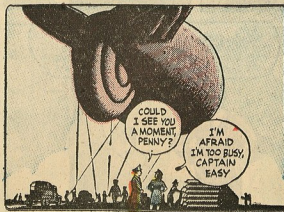


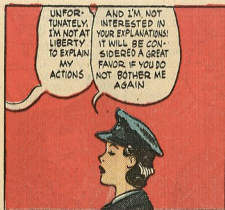
STILL MAD, EH?

WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? YOU HURRIED ME HOME SO YOU COULD RUSH BACK AND VISIT WITH THAT... THAT ORIENTAL SHIMMY DANCER! SUCH CRUDE BEHAVIOR, SIR, IS INEXCUSABLE!

COULD I SEE YOU A MOMENT, PENNY?

I'M AFRAID I'M TOO BUSY, CAPTAIN EASY



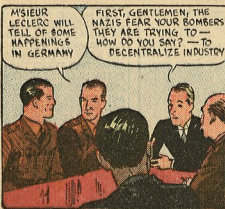
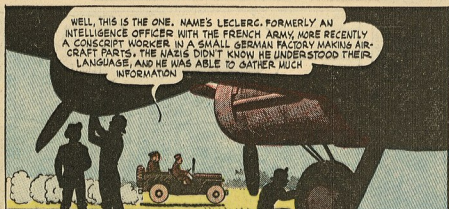
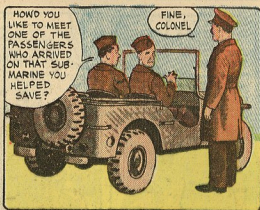


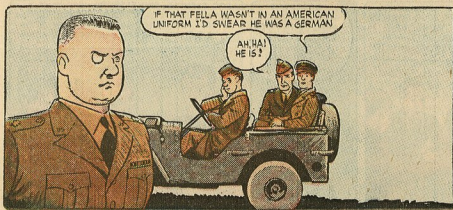
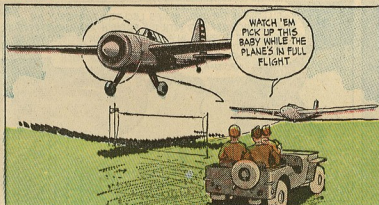
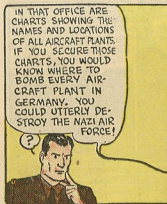
MIDNIGHT! A LONELY SPOT ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY!

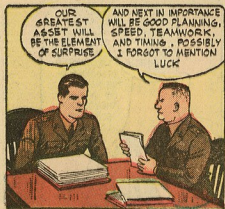
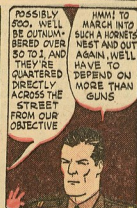
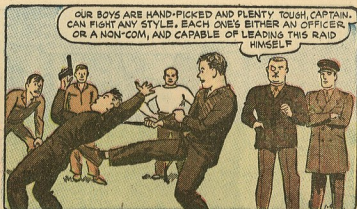


HULLO, ARMAND, WE WEREN'T SURE YOU'D RECEIVED WORD OF THE NEW MEETING PLACE. JOLLY WELL GLAD YOU MADE IT. READY?

OUI, M'SIEUR







YOU MUST KNOW TOWN "X" AS THOROUGHLY AS IF YOU LIVED THERE. I CAN NOT OVER-EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS. OUR LIVES AND THE SUCCESS OF OUR RAID DEPEND ON IT. THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES! NO DELAYS!



MEN, YOU'RE TO LEARN A THOUSAND THINGS THAT, AT THE TIME, MAY SEEM FOOLISH... BUT AREN'T. YOU'LL LEARN EVERYTHING FROM HOW TO DISMANTLE A NAZI MACHINE GUN TO THE LATEST GERMAN SLANG AND THE GOOSE STEP

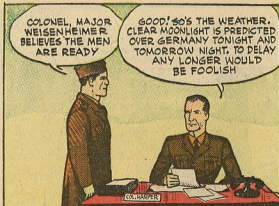


DAYS PASS. DAYS OF ENDLESS STUDY—OF PRACTICING OVER AND OVER EVERY CONCEIVABLE PHASE OF THE RAID.

AT LAST, AFTER A TWO-DAY DRESS REHEARSAL:

COLONEL, MAJOR WEISENHEIMER BELIEVES THE MEN ARE READY

GOOD! SO'S THE WEATHER. CLEAR MOONLIGHT IS PREDICTED OVER GERMANY TONIGHT AND TOMORROW NIGHT. TO DELAY ANY LONGER WOULD BE FOOLISH



TWO MOONLIGHT NIGHTS IN A ROW? GOOD! THAT'S MORE THAN WE BARGAINED FOR. THEN WE'LL USE THE SECOND PLAN, CAPTAIN. HEINTZ AND I WILL LEAVE TONIGHT, LAND NEAR DINKELSBURG BY PARACHUTE, AND TRY TO GET THE INFORMATION THAT'S STILL NEEDED



YOU'LL FOLLOW WITH THE MAIN GLIDER FORCE TOMORROW NIGHT. IF EVERYTHING'S OKAY, WE'LL GIVE THE SIGNAL. THE GLIDERS WILL CUT LOOSE FROM THE TOW PLANES, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A LIGHT FOR LANDING

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, SIR



WELL, THE BEST OF LUCK, OLD BOY! SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT.



TWO AMERICAN OFFICERS, DISGUISED AS MEMBERS OF THE GESTAPO, LAND DEEP IN THE HEART OF GERMANY

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME FOR YOU, HEINTZ. NO NEED TO BE NERVOUS. FORTUNATELY, IN GERMANY FEW FARM HOUSES ARE ACTUALLY ON THE FARMS, THEY'RE GROUPED IN VILLAGES

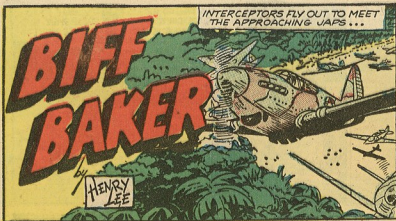


YOU CAN LAND MOST ANYWHERE IN COMPARATIVE SAFETY

BUT WITH SNOW ON THE GROUND, SIR, OUR TRACKS MAY BE DISCOVERED BEGINNING IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD. THEY'LL KNOW SOMEONE'S LANDED BY PARACHUTE



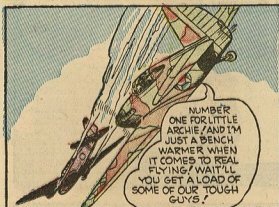




INTERCEPTORS FLY OUT TO MEET
THE APPROACHING JAPS...



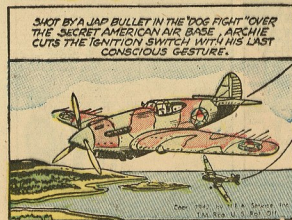
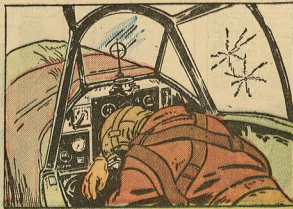
ALL RIGHT, MEN OF NIPPON,
HERE COMES LITTLE ARCHIE!



NUMBER
ONE FOR LITTLE
ARCHIE / AND I'M
JUST A BENCH
WARMER WHEN
IT COMES TO REAL
FLYING / WAIT'LL
YOU GET A LOAD OF
SOME OF OUR TOUGH
GUYS!



DIDN'T SEE THAT
FELLOW... GUESS
I WON'T GET TO
TOKYO AFTER
ALL...



SHOT BY A JAP BULLET IN THE "DOG FIGHT" OVER
THE SECRET AMERICAN AIR BASE, ARCHIE
CUTS THE IGNITION SWITCH WITH HIS LAST
CONSCIOUS GESTURE.

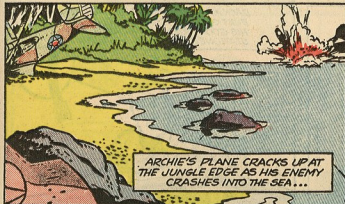


ONE LESS
AMERICAN!
TAKE MY CONTEMPT
WITH YOU ON YOUR
WAY DOWN!

CAPTAIN BURT CORDON SEES IT...

THEY GOT
ARCHIE! POOR
KID! HIS FIRST
FIGHT... AND
HIS LAST!

THEY OUTNUMBER US PLENTY, BUT
NOT ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB. IF THEY
EXPECTED TO WIPE OUT OUR BASE
THEY SHOULD HAVE BROUGHT MORE
PLANES!... THAT'S FOR ARCHIE,
YOU SCUM!



ARCHIE'S PLANE CRACKS UP AT
THE JUNGLE EDGE AS HIS ENEMY
CRASHES INTO THE SEA...



WELL, WHAT DO YOU
KNOW! THEY'VE HAD
ENOUGH AND THEY'RE
HIGHTAILING IT
FOR HOME!

AN HOUR LATER

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT,
POOR KID!... WELL,
ARCHIE, YOU HAD YOUR
CRACK AT THEM AND YOU
DIED LIKE A MAN... NO-
BODY CAN TAKE THAT
AWAY FROM YOU!

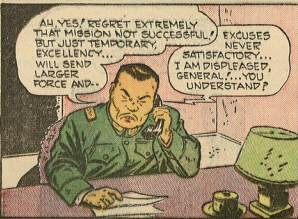
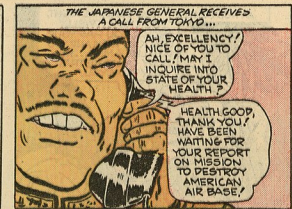
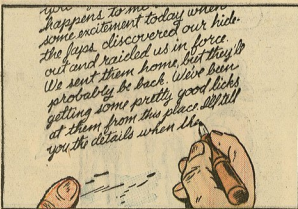
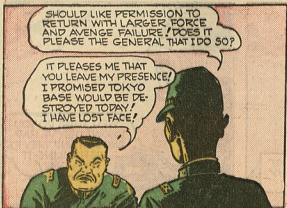
CAN'T WE HELP
YOU, CAPTAIN?

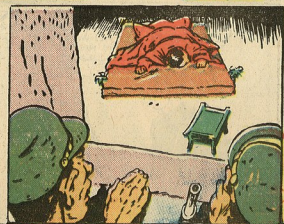
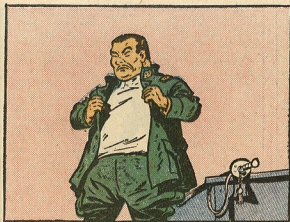
I'D RATHER CARRY
HIM MYSELF, IF YOU
DON'T MIND!

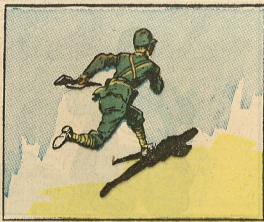
WELL, COLONEL OTA,
YOU COME TO REPORT
THE SUCCESS OF YOUR
MISSION? THE
AMERICAN BASE
IS CONQUERED AND
OCCUPIED BY US?

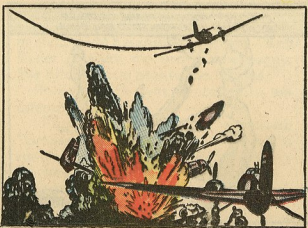
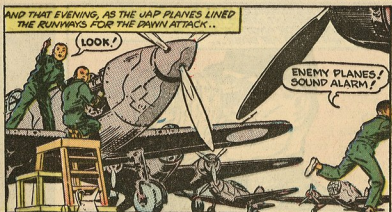
SO SORRY,
GENERAL!
HUMILIATED
TO REPORT
WE LOST MANY
PLANES AND
HAD TO RETIRE!

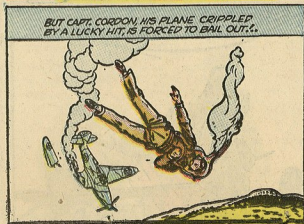
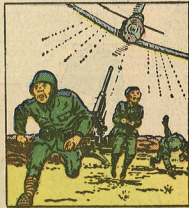
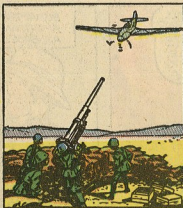
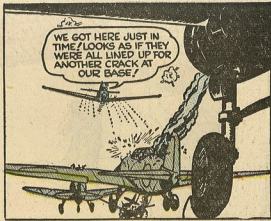
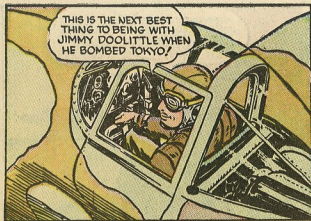
SURELY, COLONEL, YOU JEST!
NOW TELL ME TRUTH... TELL ME
THAT YOU SUCCEEDED IN YOUR
MISSION OF DESTROYING SECRET
AMERICAN AIR BASE!



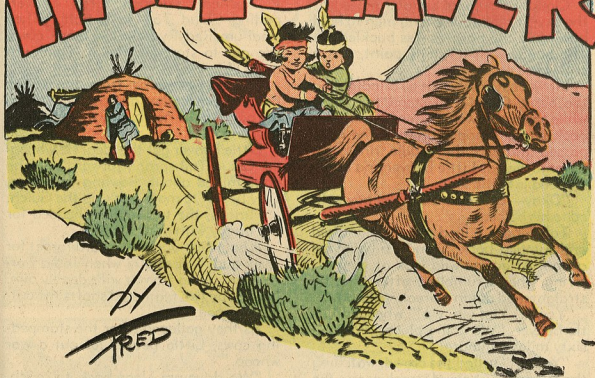








LITTLE BEAVER



Tall Singer's freight wagon creaked to a stop in front of Little Beaver's hogan door.

"Hi-yah!" he shouted. "Me got-um heap big express box for small Injun boy. Come take-um before me throw-um away."

The door curtain jerked. Little Beaver's head, with its stiff brush of black hair, popped into sight.

"You talk-um 'bout me, Tall Singer?" he asked. "What you got-um on wagon there?"

"You wa-wa too much, like squaw," grunted Tall Singer, dragging a heavy wooden crate over the wagon's tail gate. "Get-um hatchet and open box so me can see too. Red Ryder send-um to you for birthday gift!"

Nails screeched and splinters flew, as

they tore the crate apart. The noise brought every Navaho in the village, running to see. With grunts and gasps of wonder his neighbors saw Little Beaver rip the wrapping paper off four shiny red wheels. The body of a one-horse carriage came next, then the shafts, and last of all a new harness with brass buckles.

"Wow! Look-um, Po-ko!" Little Beaver shouted to his small girl friend. "Red Ryder give-um me brand new buggy. We hitch-um up pronto. Go for ride!"

Po-ko's black eyes danced with excitement.

"Put-um together quick," she cried. "Grease-um axles good. We drive-um to ranch—show-um to Red Ryder's Aunty Duchess."

Putting the buggy's four wheels, body

and shafts together was a simple matter. But when it came to hitching up Little Beaver's pony, Cloud Tail, the trouble began. A saddle would have been strange enough to an Indian bronco. A harness was a nightmare in leather and brass.

Cloud Tail reared up and pawed at the sky. It took four strong men to hold him while the harness was buckled on. The buggy with its shiny paint, was a still worse problem.

Little Beaver solved it by blindfolding the pony. Cloud Tail stood trembling while the traces were fastened, the hold-back straps snapped on, and the reins passed through the saddle rings. He never moved as Little Beaver and Po-ko climbed into the seat.

"Okay—LET UM GO!" the boy called to his helpers.

Tall Singer pulled off the blindfold and jumped back. Cloud Tail jumped ahead. After one wild look at the glittering wheels rumbling after him, he straightened out in a breakneck run.

"Yowee! Yip, yip, yip!" whooped Little Beaver. "We going places, Po-ko—sixty miles a minute!"

"Yahool!" yelled the crowd, watching the buggy's dust cloud streak across the plain. "Pony no stop-um this side of Mexico!"

Through miles of greasewood and sagebrush the buggy whirled. It bounced over stones and hummocks. It tore down the slope of a dry wash. Cloud Tail ran like a scared rabbit—and by some miracle the little carriage stayed right side up.

"Y-You b-better s-stop-um pretty quick, Little Beaver," Po-ko warned, as she clung to the seat. "Dry wash run in to Deep Gulch. Big stones there break-um wheels."

"No can stop-um!" grunted Little Beaver, pulling with all his might on the reins. "If Cloud Tail break-um buggy, we ride-um on back."

Sooner or later the worst-scared runaway gets tired, however. As they entered Deep Gulch, Cloud Tail slowed to a trot and then to a walk. Beyond the

Gulch lay Aunty Duchess' ranch. The danger seemed to be over.

Suddenly, around a bend, the way was blocked. From wall to wall the Gulch was filled with whitefaced cattle.

Ahead of them came two hard-bitten riders.

"Rustlers!" gasped Little Beaver, pulling Cloud Tail to a halt. "They steal-um Red Ryder's shorthorn cows. We got to stop-um, Po-ko. Think-um quick!"

The answer came from the stolen herd. As the leaders glimpsed the flashing paint of the new buggy they stopped, snorting.

Little Beaver got the idea. He whooped. Cloud Tail sprang forward . . . The cows milled about. Bowling with fear, they began to move back up the Gulch.

Furious, the two rustlers headed for the buggy with guns blazing.

A bouncing buggy is a hard target for a six-gun—especially when Indian arrows are flying from it with deadly aim. Nicked by two feathered shafts the outlaws turned.

As they galloped after the stampeding cows, Little Beaver let out a war whoop.

"We drive-um clear back to ranch, Po-ko," he yelled. "Red Ryder feel plenty glad that he give-um me new buggy for birthday. Me betchum!"



The FIGHTING YANKS



BY A MIRACLE THE SEAPLANE TENDER 'LANCE' SIGHTS THE FIGHTING YANKS' WRECKED CATAMARAN. MAKE FAST THE LINE AND WE'LL PASS YOU A ROPE LADDER.



SOMEBODY MUST HAVE BEEN PRAYING FOR YOU, MISTER! WHO'S YOUR SENIOR OFFICER?

CAPT. PEYTON OF THE U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES! HE'LL BE THE LAST MAN ABOARD.



THE WRECK IS CAST LOOSE... HAUL UP THE LADDER!

YOUR STORY BEATS THE STRANGEST THAT I'VE HEARD, CAPTAIN PEYTON. YOUR MEN WILL NEED TIME TO RECUPERATE!

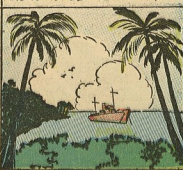
NOT MY FIGHTING YANKS, CAPTAIN DONOVAN... JUST SLEEP AND A SQUARE MEAL!



THERE'S THE ISLAND WE'RE BOUND FOR, PEYTON! WE'LL MAKE IT A SEAPLANE BASE...

...IF THE JAPS HAVEN'T OCCUPIED IT IN FORCE.

FINDING NO SIGN OF THE ENEMY, THE 'LANCE' ANCHORS CLOSE TO SHORE



THIS LAGOON MAKES A PERFECT SEAPLANE ANCHORAGE... BUT A MIGHTY POOR PLACE TO HIDE A WARSHIP!

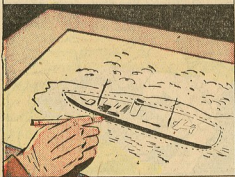


HERE IS HOW I'D HIDE THE "LANCE"—COVER HER WITH GREEN JUNGLE GROWTH AND MAKE HER PART OF THE SHORELINE.

PEYTON! WE'LL DO IT!



WITH A DOTTED LINE, PAL INDICATES THE CAMOUFLAGE.



THIS CALLS FOR CAREFUL WORK, YANKS... DON'T LET YOUR CHOPPIN' SHOW FROM THE AIR!



THE TROUBLE IS, GREEN BUSHES AND PALM FRONDS WILL WILT FAST! (NOT THESE!) THEY'RE SPRAYED WITH SHELLAC.



I THINK WE'RE SAFE NOW FROM ANY SNOOPING JAP PLANES, CAPTAIN!

IF I DIDN'T KNOW A SHIP WAS HIDDEN THERE, I'D NEVER GUESS IT.



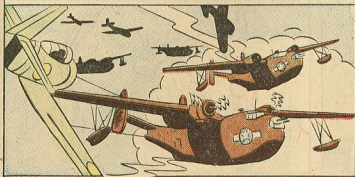
WHEN OUR SEAPLANES ARRIVE, WE'LL HAVE TO SIGNAL THEM IN. (OUR NEXT TASK WILL BE TO RIG ANCHORS FOR 'EM WITH CAMOUFLAGED BUOYS.)



THERE THEY COME NOW! AND—GREAT GUNS!—THERE'S A FLOCK OF ZEROS ON THEIR TAILS!



DIVING REPEATEDLY, THE JAPS TRY TO SPLIT UP THE SEAPLANE FORMATION.

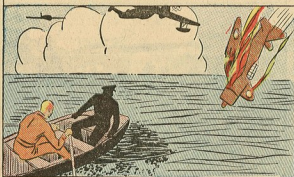


PUT US ASHORE QUICK, PEYTON! THOSE BOATS MAY NEED OUR AA GUNS.

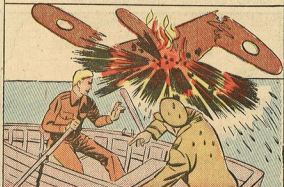
RIGHT!



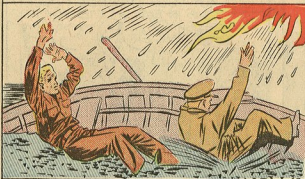
BEFORE PAL CAN ROW TWENTY STROKES A FLAMING ZERO CRASHES.



—AND EXPLODES NEAR THE BOAT.



PAL AND DONOVAN ARE HURLED INTO THE BLAZING WATER!



DONOVAN... HE'S KNOCKED OUT! IF I CAN KEEP HIM FROM BREATHING FLAME!

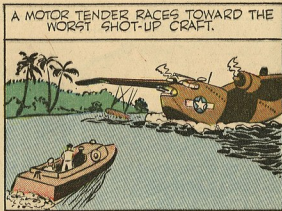
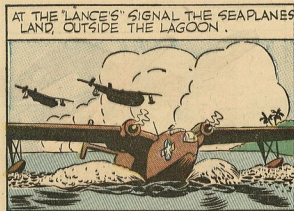


UNDER WATER PAL TOWS THE SKIPPER!



AHOY! LANCE! DON'T SEND A BOAT... I HAVE DONOVAN!



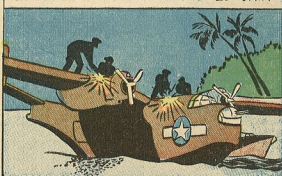


BUCK! JACK! SNORKY! LISTEN
TO THIS... WE'RE FLYING
AT DAWN TOMORROW!

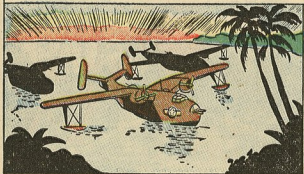
GREAT
DAY!



ALL NIGHT THE "LANCES" PICKED
CREWS WORK ON THE BATTERED SHIP.



AT DAWN, RECHECKED AND ANCHORED.
SHE WAITS PROUDLY WITH THE SQUADRON.

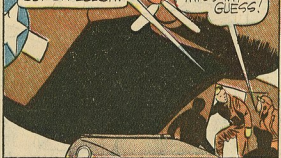


HERE ARE MY ORDERS, I DOUBT.
PEYTON... HOPE YOU THAT... BUT
AND POOLE WILL WE'LL DO OUR
DO A BETTER BEST IN YOUR
JOB THAN I PLACE!
COULD.

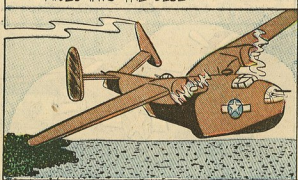


WELL, YANKS, OUR MISSION
IS TO CONTACT FILIPINO
PATRIOT FORCES HOLDING
OUT ON LUZON.

AN' THAT
MEANS FIGHT-
ING OR I
MISS MY
GUESS!



LIKE A LONELY GULL THE MARINER
RISES INTO THE BLUE.

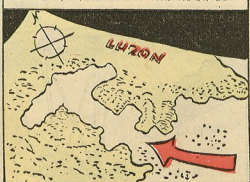


HERE'S A CHART OF THE
LUZON COASTLINE.
CAPTAIN! I'VE MARKED
THE SPOT IN RED!

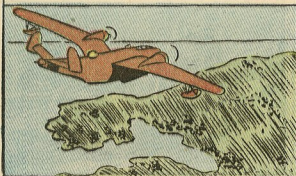
THANKS, POOLE! THAT
BAY SHOULD BE EASY
TO LOCATE!



ON THE ENLARGED MAP AN AN-
CHOR-SHAPED COVE IS MARKED.



AND HOURS LATER, THE MARINER'S CREW LOOKS DOWN ON THE COVE ITSELF.



WITH DEAD STICK, THE FLYING BOAT GLIDES TO AN ALMOST SILENT LANDING.



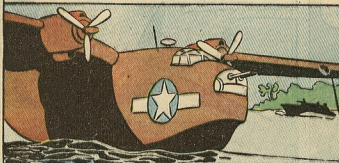
OUR FILIPINO FRIENDS! I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WERE TO KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR US NIGHT AND DAY, BUCK. THAT LOOKS LIKE A SIGNAL ASHORE... WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING!



AT THE JUNGLE'S EDGE A RED FLARE BURNS BRIEFLY!



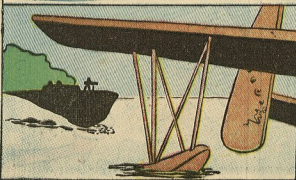
AS IT DISAPPEARS A SPEEDBOAT WITHOUT LIGHTS DARTS OUT OF CONCEALMENT.



SAY! THAT'S NO FRIENDLY CRAFT... IT'S COMIN' TOO FAST!



AS SNORKY SPEAKS MACHINEGUNS BLAST FROM THE BOAT'S BOW...



OKAY, JADDIES... TRY SOME OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!



ALLEY OOP



FOLLOWING HIS ADVENTURE IN THE EGYPTIAN ROYAL COURT OF CLEOPATRA, ALLEY OOP IS AGAIN REUNITED WITH HIS FRIENDS

OH, ALLEY I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK WE'D NEVER FIND YOU!

YEH, OOOOLA, I GOTTA ADMIT I WAS GITTIN' WORRIED MYSELF!

WELL, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, PULL OFF THOSE FALSE WHISKERS AND THAT RIG...AND LET'S GET BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!



BUT GOSH, DOC, I'VE GOTTA GO BACK TO THAT TEMPLE, BEFORE I--

YES, I KNOW...YOU WANT TO GO GET YOUR ARMO-- BUT THAT WOULD BE NECESSARY

WE FOUND IT IN THE TEMPLE AND BROUGHT IT WITH US



BY GOLLY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GIT OUTA THIS CRAZY PLACE! SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE FOREVER!

OH, IT WASN'T SO LONG, ALLEY--BUT THERE'S OUR CONTACT POINT, RIGHT AT THE FOOT OF THAT PYRAMID!

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T.M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE 20TH CENTURY, DR. WONMUG'S TIME-MACHINE LABORATORY....

SO YOU DON'T EXPECT DOCTOR BRONSON BACK FOR A WHILE YET, EH?

NO JON--AND MEANWHILE, I WANT TO CHECK ON A RECORDING DEVICE I'VE JUST INSTALLED



SO IF YOU'LL STEP UP THE POWER, I'LL WORK THE RHEOSTAT FORWARD AND BACK, IN THE HOPE OF ESTABLISHING THE MAXIMUM LIMITS OF OUR TIME-MACHINE'S SCOPE

OKAY, DOC... I'LL HAVE IT HOT IN A JIFFY!



SO, JUST AS THE SCIENTISTS BEGIN THEIR EXPERIMENT,

ADE YOU READY?

ALL SET, DOC... GIVE 'ER TH' WORKS!



OUR FRIENDS ENTER THE CONTACT ZONE

WELL, HERE WE ARE

YEP, THIS IS THE PLACE ALL RIGHT

AND NOW IF WONMUG HASN'T GONE TO SLEEP AT THE SWITCH, WE SHOULD SOON BE ON OUR WAY BACK TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

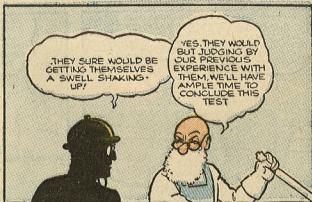


DR. WONMUG, NOT KNOWING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TIME-TRAVELERS, OOP, OOOOLA, AND DR. BRONSON, PROCEEDS WITH AN EXPERIMENT TO TEST THE RANGE OF HIS INVENTION.



EUREKA!
IT WORKS
LIKE A
CHARM!

IF OUR TIME-TRAVELING
FRIENDS SHOULD
JUST HAPPEN TO BE
WITHIN OUR POWER
FIELD...



THEY SURE WOULD BE
GETTING THEMSELVES
A SWELL SHAKING-
UP!

YES, THEY WOULD
BUT JUDGING BY
OUR PREVIOUS
EXPERIENCE WITH
THEM, WE'LL HAVE
AMPLE TIME TO
CONCLUDE THIS
TEST

MUCH TO THE DISCOMFORT OF OUR FRIENDS WHO ARE WITHIN THE TIME-MACHINE'S POWER FIELD OF INFLUENCE AND SUBJECT TO EVERY SLIGHT VARIATION OF ITS OPERATION...



OH?
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!

MY GOSH,
DOC! HAVE
WE GONE
CRAZY?

I DON'T
THINK SO, YET-
BUT SOME-
THING IS
CRAZY SOME-
WHERE?



WHOOIE! NOW
WHERE'N
HECK ARE
WE?

AH, HERE COMES A
MAN WHO MIGHT
ANSWER OUR
QUESTION...
AT LEAST I
THINK IT'S
A MAN!



MY GOODNESS... HE DOESN'T
HE'S MADE OF
IRON!
HE LOOKS
HOSTILE!

HE DOESN'T
APPEAR TO BE
IN ANY MOOD
TO ANSWER
QUESTIONS

I'LL

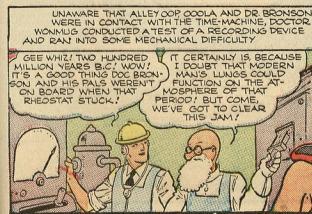
PEFF!

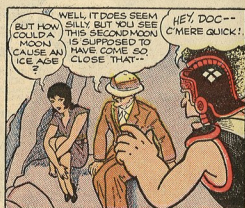


HEY! MY
GOSH, HE'S
GONE!

WHERE
DID HE
GO?

WE'LL NEVER
KNOW... WE
ARE CHANG-
ING TIME
AGAIN!





FRECKLES

and his

FRIENDS

by BLOSSER

