

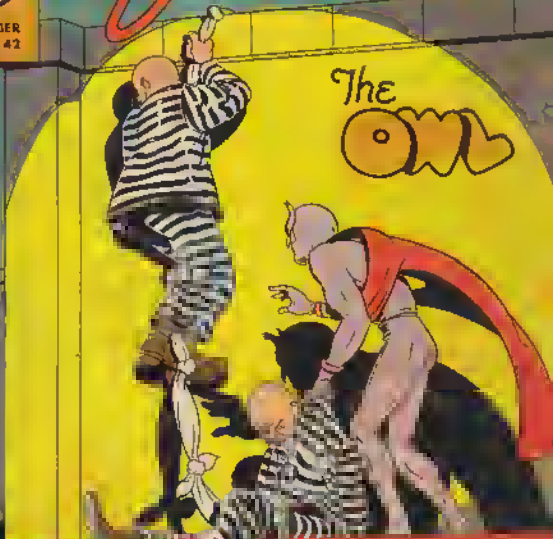
CRACKAJACK

The Wild West of the Air

Bunnies

10¢

DECEMBER
No. 42



The
OWL

**DON
WINSLOW**
•
**CYCLONE
and MIDGE**

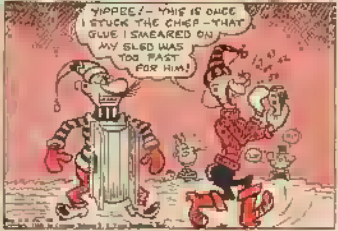
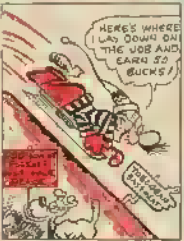
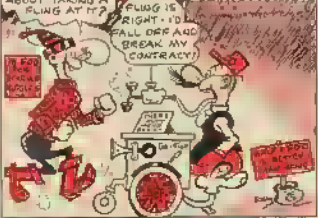
**ELLERY QUEEN
FLYING FORTRESS**
**BOB and BILL
THE CRUSOES**

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

SMOKEY STOVER

THE JOBBING MAN TODAY WILL SLEIGH YOU, LOVEY - HOW ABOUT TAKING A FLING AT IT?

WASTED DOWN BY THE PHIL & HOWARD COAST GUARDS



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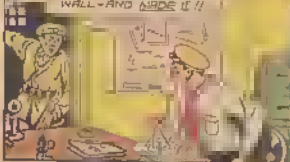
THE

OWL

by
~~Frank~~
Thomson

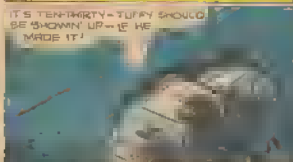
GOOD-BYE MR WARDEN-
• I SURE HATE TO LEAVE
YOU — WITHOUT PUNCHING
YOUR FACE !!

WARDEN! - PRISONER ESCAPED!!
• TUFFY HULK JUMPED THE
WALL - AND MADE IT !!



ON A LONELY ROAD A HALF-MILE FROM THE
PRISON, A LIMOUSINE WRITS IN DARKNESS!

IT'S TEN-THIRTY - TUFFY SHOULD
BE 'SHOWN' UP - IF HE
MADE IT!



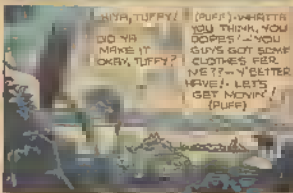
HERE HE COMES!

YEP! IT'S
TUFFY!



HIYA, TUFFY!
DO YA
MAKE IT
OKAY, TUFFY?

(PUFF) - WHARRA
YOU THINK, YOU
DOOPES! - YOU
GUYS GOT SOME
CLOTHES FER
ME?? - Y' BETTER
HAVE! - LETS
GET MOVIN'!
(PUFF)



THE OWL

WHERE TO, TUFFY?? WE'LL GO INTO THE CITY FIRST! - I GOT A FEW OLD SCORES TO SETTLE!



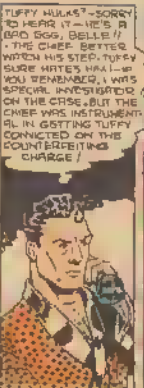
AT THE OFFICE OF BELLE WAYNE, ACE REPORTER ON THE MORNING EAGLE!

HELLO, NICK? - NICK TERRY? - LISTEN, WE JUST GOT A FLASH OVER THE ASSOCIATED NEWS WIRE - TUFFY HULKS JUMPED THE PEN - YEN - ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!



TUFFY HULKS? - SORRY TO HEAR IT - HE'S A BAD GGG, BELLE!!

THE CHIEF BETTER WATCH HIS STEP, TUFFY SURE HATES HAA! - YOU REMEMBER, I WAS SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR ON THE CASE, BUT THE CHIEF WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING TUFFY CONNECTED ON THE COUNTERFEITING CHARGE!



ON A SHADY SUB-URBAN STREET -

CALLING IT A DAY, YUP! ABOUT IT A DAY, IT? - AN GONNA LOOK OVER THE NEWSBAPER AN' THEN TURN IN! - G'NIGHT, JOE!

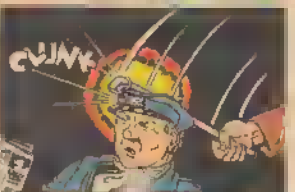


THE POLICE SWEEP AROUND THE CORNER

THERE HE IS!!

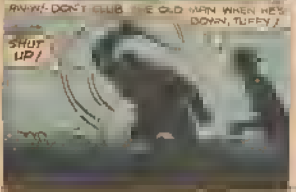


CLUNK



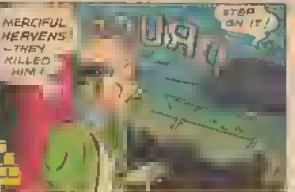
SHUT UP!

AW-W! - DON'T CLUB THE OLD MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN, TUFFY!



MERCIFUL HEAVENS - THEY KILLED HIM!

STEP ON IT!



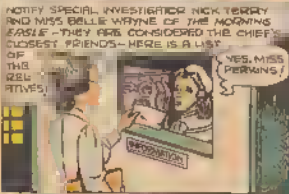


SEND AN AMBULANCE QUICK! - THIRTY-NINTH AND ELM STREETS - THE CHIEF OF POLICE HAS BEEN ASSAULTED ON THE STREET!



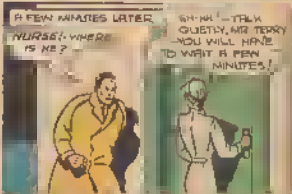
AT CITY HOSPITAL.

GET ROOM 309 READY FOR THE CHIEF OF POLICE - EMERGENCY JUST PHONED ME - HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!



NOTIFY SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR NICK TERRY AND MISS BELLE WAYNE OF THE MORNING EAGLE - THEY ARE CONSIDERED THE CHIEF'S CLOSEST FRIENDS - HERE IS A LIST OF THE RELATIVES!

YES, MISS PERKINS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER NURSE? WHERE IS HE?

SH-H! - TALK QUIETLY, MR TERRY - YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT A FEW MINUTES!



NICK!, YOU SURE CALLED THE TURN THIS TIME! - IT WAS TUFFY HULKS, WASN'T IT?

HELLO, BELLE - YES, NO DOUBT ABOUT IT - 308, THE CORNER DRUGIST, DESCRIBED TUFFY PERFECTLY!



WELL, MISS WAYNE - YOU MAY BOTH COME IN NOW - BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND!



HE IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS - COME, YOU MUST LEAVE NOW -



(COUGH!)

GEE - HIS CHANCES SEEM PRETTY - SLIM - D-DON'T THEY - NICK?

THE OWL

BELLE - IN MY MIND OF THE OWL, I'VE KIDDED THE CHIEF PLENTY AND MADE HIM PLENTY MAD - I'VE SEEN HIM PURPLE WITH RAGE AND CUSSED WORDS - HE THINKS HE'S HARD-BOLDED - BUT HE'S GETTING UP IN YEARS NOW -



HE'S AN OLD MAN - A GRAND OLD MAN AND A REAL FRIEND - THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO MIA, BELLE - THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT !!



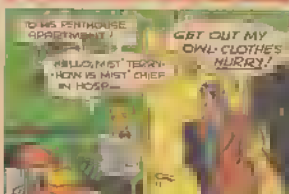
WOW! DON'T YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU AND

NO!

WHOW! - MAYBE THAT BIG ROUGHNECK ISN'T SUCH GOOD HUSBAND MATERIAL AFTER ALL! - I NEVER SAW HIM LIKE THAT BEFORE - HE'S MAD CLEAR THROUGH!! - HEAVEN HELP TUFFY HULKS !!



WALK RACES ACROSS TOWN



TO HIS PENTHOUSE APARTMENT!

GET OUT MY OWL - CLOTHES HURRY!

HELLO, MIST' TERRY - HOW IS MIST' CHIEF IN HOSP -

SOLLY - MIST' TERRY ALL BOIL INSIDE LIKE TEAKETTLE - SODD BETTER KEEP QUIET AND SAVE SKIN!



WUT TUFFY HULKS FORMER HANG-OUT DOWN BY THE WATER FRONT, THERE IS MUCH UN-EASINESS - BOTH MENTAL AND PHYSICAL!



BOY! - FM I GLAD TUFFY'S GONE!



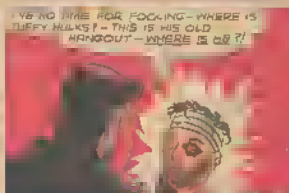
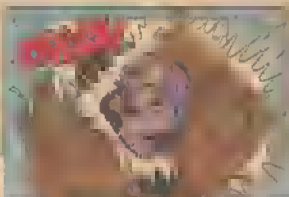
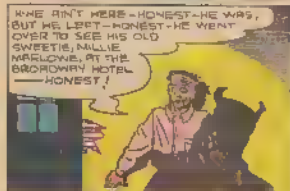
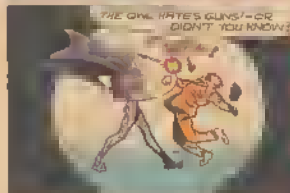
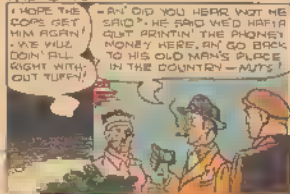
WHY DID HE WARTA SOCK ME? - I ONLY SAID I WAS GLAD HE WAS OUT OF THE PEN!

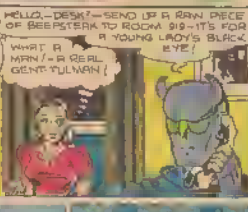
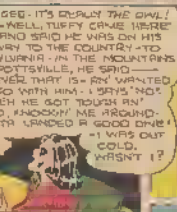
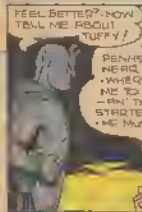
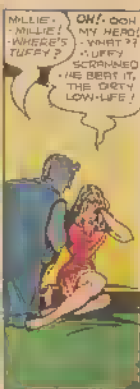


YEH - BUT YOU KNEW YOU WUZ DYING!



THE OWL





GLIDING THROUGH THE SHADOWED STREETS THE OWL IS SOON STANDING ONCE AGAIN BEFORE THE SECRET PANEL OF HIS PRIVATE ELEVATOR!



THE OWL

GOTO - GET ME BELLE
WAINF ON THE PHONE!



YIP - YOU SCARE
ME! - MIST'
TERRY COME ALL
SUDDEN OUT OF
NOWHERE



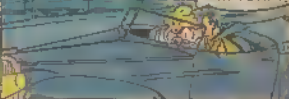
WAINF - LISTEN BELLE I THINK I'VE
LOCATED TUFFY - I'LL PICK YOU UP IN
ABOUT TEN MINUTES - OKAY? - NO, DON'T
WEAR YOUR COSTUME -



NICK - I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR YOU - I WAS
WORRIED - YES, I JUST CALLED THE HOSPITAL -
THE CHIEF IS RALLING SLIGHTLY, BUT IS
STILL UNCONSCIOUS -



LATER - NOW TELL ME, NICK - I KNOW
WE'RE GOING AFTER TUFFY - BUT WHERE?
- QUOTE A TRIP - OVER IN THE
PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS - NEAR
POTTSVILLE - TUFFY
IS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN
THAT VICINITY!



WAINF - BELLE - TUFFY
VERTIBLE EATS UP
THE MILES AND SOON
CARRIES THEM INTO
THE PENNSYLVANIA
FOOTHILLS -



SMELL A STORM
COMING UP!

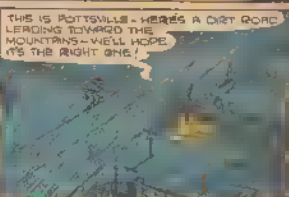
HOPE
NOT!



OOM - LOOK AT
THAT! I GUESS
YOU'RE RIGHT
NICK!

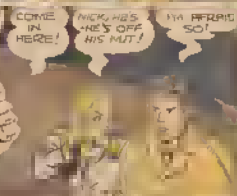
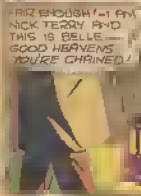
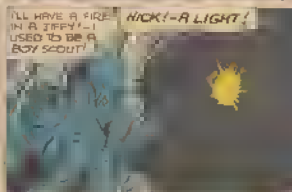
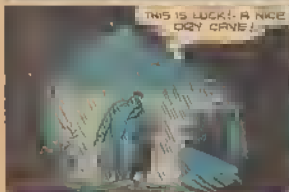
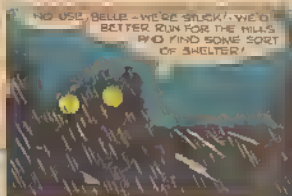


BUTTON UP YOUR COAT - WE'VE NO
TIME TO STOP AND PUT UP THE
TOP NOW!

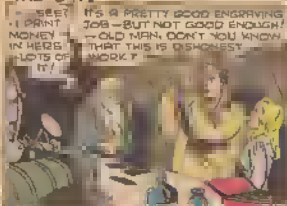


THIS IS POTTSVILLE - HERE'S A DIRT ROAD
LEADING TOWARD THE
MOUNTAINS - WE'LL HOPE
IT'S THE RIGHT ONE!

THE OWL

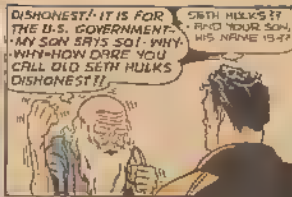


THE OWL



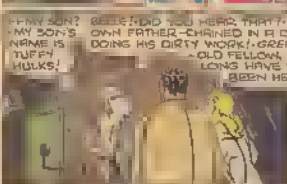
SEE?
I PRINT
MONEY
IN HERE
LOTS OF
IT!

IT'S A PRETTY GOOD ENGRAVING
JOB—BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH!
—OLD MAN, DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT THIS IS DISHONEST
WORK?



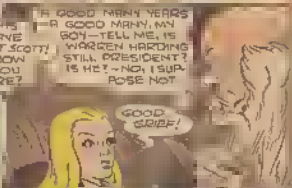
DISHONEST! IT IS FOR
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT—
MY SON SAYS SO! WHY
WHY—HOW DARE YOU
CALL OLD SETH HULKS
DISHONEST!!

SETH HULKS??
AND YOUR SON,
HIS NAME IS—?



MY SON?
MY SON'S
NAME IS
TUFFY
HULKS!

SEE? DID YOU HEAR THAT? HIS
OWN FATHER—CHAINED IN A DAVE
DOING HIS DIRTY WORK!—GREAT SCOTT!
—OLD FELLOW, HOW
LONG HAVE YOU
BEEN HERE?



A GOOD MANY YEARS
—A GOOD TELL ME, IS
WARREN HARDING
STILL PRESIDENT?
IS HE? —NO, I SUP-
POSE NOT

GOOD
GRIEF!

TELL ME, SETH HULKS,
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE
TO GET OUT OF HERE?
—TO SEE PEOPLE AND
PLACES AGAIN??

AH—YES—YES—BUT
WE MUSTN'T TALK OF
SUCH THINGS—MY SON
WOULD BEAT ME—HE
CAME BACK TONIGHT,
TUFFY DID, AFTER
MANY YEARS, AND
HE IS COMING AGAIN
TOMORROW NIGHT—NO
WE MUSTN'T TALK
OF SUCH THINGS
—NO—NO!

I'M SORRY—YOU POOR
OLD DUFFER—LISTEN!
—TOMORROW NIGHT
THE OWL WILL BE
HERE TO SET YOU
FREE—AND TO
GIVE YOUR BLACK-
HEARTED SON
WHAT HE
DESERVES!



AS SOON AS THE STORM
BLOWS ITSELF OUT, WE'LL
GET THE CAR OUT OF
THE DITCH AND HEAD
FOR HOME—TOMORROW
NIGHT WE'RE COMING
BACK HERE IN THE
NEW OWLPLANE!

GOOD!



THE FOLLOWING
AFTERNOON AT
CITY HOSPITAL—

THE CHIEF IS MUCH
IMPROVED, MR. TERRY.
HE REGAINED CON-
SCIOUSNESS AND
ASKED FOR YOU—BUT
AT PRESENT HE IS
SLEEPING AND SHOULD
NOT BE DISTURBED—
—THE DOCTOR'S SAY
WE MAY REMOVE SOME
OF HIS OUTER BAND-
AGES WHEN HE
AWAKENS—



THE OWL

OH YES, THE CHIEF ALSO ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HIS ATTACKER WAS TUFFY HULKS, THE ESCAPED CONVICT!

YES, I KNOW - TELL THE CHIEF THAT TUFFY WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!



MIDNIGHT - THE HOUR THAT FINDS THE OWL POISED FOR FLIGHT!

HERE'S MISSY BELLE!

HELLO, NICK! LET'S GO - THE OWLPLANE IS WARMING UP OUT ON THE ROOF!



FROM THE PENTHOUSE THE TINY OWLPLANE RACES OFF INTO THE DARKNESS TOWARD THE PENNSYLVANIA



DON'T BUT TUFFY ME - I'LL THRASH -- HEY! - I HEAR AN AIR PLANE -- IT'S LANDING -- MEBBE SOMEONE'S GETTIN' SNOOPY IDEAS!



I MUST RUN ALONG TO THE OFFICE - I'LL BE AT THE PENTHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, NICK -

OKAY - SEE YOU THEN!



WE WON'T GET STUCK IN THE MUD TONIGHT, BELLE!



AND AT THE CAVE OF SETH HULKS, A HARSH VOICE RENDS THE QUIET MOUNTAIN NIGHT -

IS THIS ALL YOU'VE PRINTED SINCE LAST NIGHT? - YOU LAZY OLD -- !!

BUT, TUFFY --



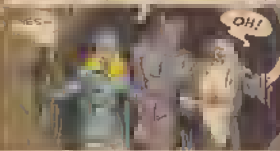
THEY WON'T GET ANY CLOSER - I'LL TELL YOU THAT! - IT SOUNDED OVER THIS WAY

IT MAY BE MY FRIENDS OF LAST NIGHT!

EASY, MY SON!



155957- GOOD EVENING, SETH - WE HAVE
COME TO FREE YOU - DON'T GIVE US
AWAY - BELLE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO-



YES-

OH!

I COULDN'T FIND THE PLANE
MUST BE THEY DIDN'T
LAND AFTER ALL -
WHAT'S THAT?



WHO'S IN
HERE? -?
HEY!



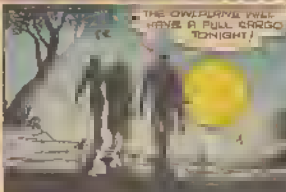
**TUFFY
HULKS!**
M MAMM

YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOME COMPETITION
THIS TIME - FIGHT AS YOU NEVER FOUGHT
BEFORE, TUFFY!

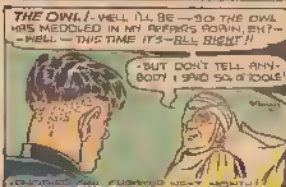
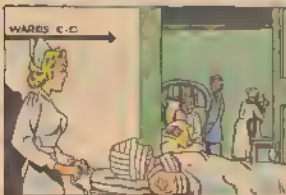
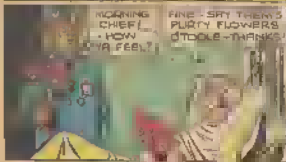


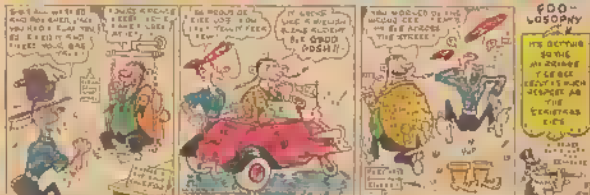


HERE ARE TUFFY'S KEYS - UNLOCK THE OLD MAN'S CHAINS, BELLE - HE'S GOING BACK WITH US AND RECEIVE THE CARE THAT WILL MEND HIS BROKEN MIND.



AS THE MORNING SUN STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF CITY HOSPITAL -



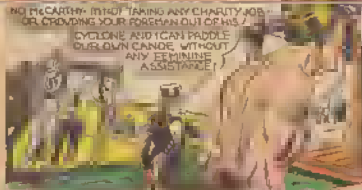


CYCLONE



NO MCCARTHY- I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHARITY JOB-
OR CROWDING YOUR FOREMAN OUT OF HIS /

CYCLONE AND I CAN PADDLE
OUR OWN CANOE, WITHOUT
ANY FEMINE
ASSISTANCE!



OH, CYCLONE,
MIDGE I'VE
JUST BEEN
KISSED TO
MILK!

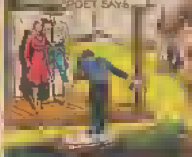


CYCLONE TURNS DOWN THE A.P.
JOB OFFERED HIM BY SANDY'S UNCLE
IN THE SOUTH

MAYBE I'M STUBBORN- BUT I AM
TO PICK MY OWN JOB'S MIDGE AND
I'VE LEAVIN' THE RANCHO DEL
RIO RICH!
NOW!



IN MASTA WEDD BUT PROBABLY
NOT AU REVOIR- AS THE
POET SAYS



— COME ON, MIDGE WE' — RIDING

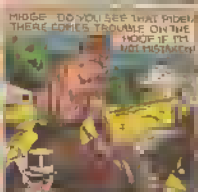


IT'S ALL MY F-FAULT!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED
TO FOOL CYCLONE
NOW I'LL N-NEVER
S-SEE HIM AGAIN
OH-HOO-HOO-
HOO!

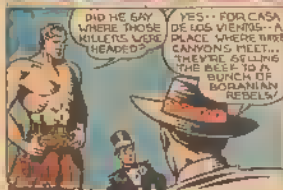
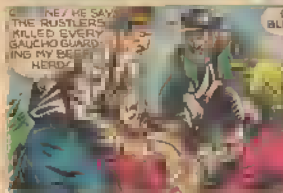


DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, SANDY.
IT'S PARTLY MY
FAULT TOO!

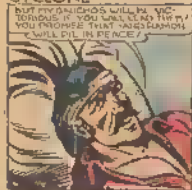
MIDGE DO YOU SEE THAT PIDER?
THERE COMES TROUBLE ON THE
HOOF IF IT'S
NOT MISTAKEN!



CYCLONE



'CYCLONE

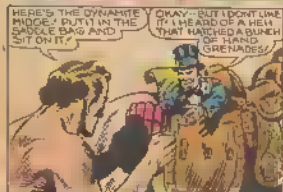


BUT MY DYNAMITE WILL BE VICTORIOUS IF YOU BELIEVE THAT I YOU PROMISE THAT "ASIS RAMON" WILL DIE IN PEACE!



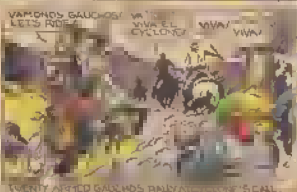
RAMON HAS GONE, CYCLONE! WILL YOU TAKE HIS JOB NOW?

I'LL BE PROUD TO--AFTER I WIPE OUT THE RATS WHO KILLED HIM--I'LL NEED ABOUT TEN THOUSANDS OF DYNAMITE AND EVERY FIGHTING MAN ON THE MARCH.



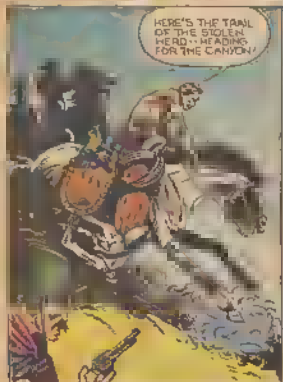
HERE'S THE DYNAMITE MIDGE-- PUT IT IN THE SADDLE BAG AND SIT ON IT!

OKAY-- BUT I DON'T LIKE IT! I HEARD OF A HEN THAT HATCHED A BUNCH OF HAND GRENADES!



VAMONOS GAUCHOS! VIVA EL CYCLONE! VIVA! VIVA!

SEVENTY ARMED GAUCHOS DAILY CYCLONE'S CALL



HERE'S THE TAIL OF THE STOLEN HEARD-- HEADING FOR THE CANYON!



IS THAT THE SHORT CUT TO CASH DE LOS VILTONS?

SI-- BY THE WHITE ROCK IS A NARROW TRAIL-- WE DO THAT WAY!!



WE'LL HEAD OFF THE RUSTLERS BY THE SHORT CUT-- YOU BOYS FOLLOW THE MAIN CANYON TRAIL!

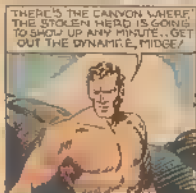
SI, SEÑOR CYCLONE!

CYCLONE



THIS PLACE MUST BE THE HOUSE OF THE WINDS AS THE GAUCHOS CALL IT!

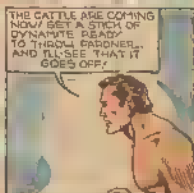
HALF AN HOUR'S GALLOP BRINGS CYCLONE AND MIDGE TO THE SPOT WHERE THE THREE CANYONS MEET.



THERE'S THE CANYON WHERE THE STOLEN HEAD IS GOING TO SHOW UP ANY MINUTE... GET OUT THE DYNAMITE, MIDGE!



HERE'S YOUR BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE STICKS BUT YOU FORGET TO BRING CAPS OR FUSE!



THE CATTLE ARE COMING NOW! GET A STICK OF DYNAMITE READY TO THROW BARDNER... AND I'LL SEE THAT IT GOES OFF!



MIDGE HURLS A STICK WITH ALL HIS FORCE.



THERE! BUT IT WON'T EXPLODE WITHOUT CAP AND FUSE!



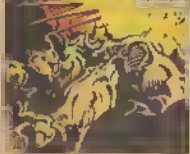
IT WON'T EXPLODE? WATCH THIS!



BY THE BULLET THE DYNAMITE GOES OFF

CYCLONE

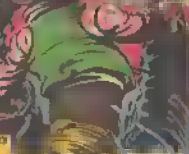
FOLLOWING WITH FLIGHT, THE CATTLE
ROCK—MORE DYNAMITE
EXPLODES



AV DE MI WE C
THEY AGAINST DYNAMITE



WID
ADE GOING TO
HIDE?



IN VAIN THE RUSTLERS TRY TO
DRIVE THE STAMPEDE

A NG SPEED THE STAMPEDE
ROLLS BACK UP THE CANNON.

RIDE/ WE ARE BETRAYED/

RIDE FOR
YOUR LIVES/
NOTHING CAN
STOP THEM
NOW!



YOUR FRIEND CYCLONE IS
HAVING A LOT OF FUN WITH
HIS DYNAMITE STICKS!

U BE CHAS-
ING THE WE DID
BACK— WE VE
MISSED THE FUN

THY MURDEROUS RUSTLERS
WILL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN
THE STAMPEDE AND MY
OWN SAUCOS!

RAYMOND FRIENDS
WILL WIPE THEM
OUT— THANKS TO
CYCLONE'S TRICK!

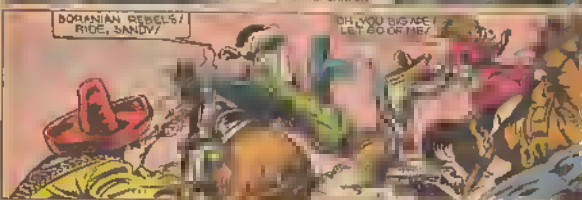


SANDY
AND
MANUEL
ARRIVE
TOO
LATE.

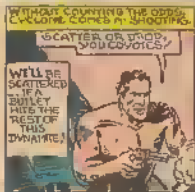
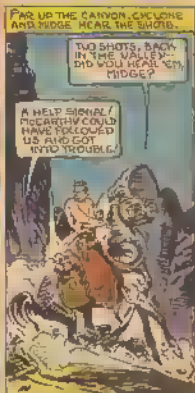
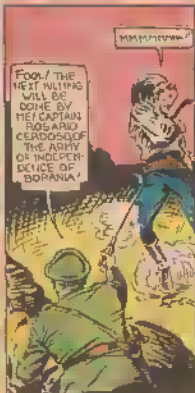
UNWARE
OF DANGER,
SANDY AND
HER UNCLE
SLIP NEAR
THE MOUTH
OF THE
THIRD CANNON

BORANIAN REBELS/
RIDE, SANDY!

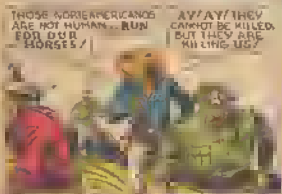
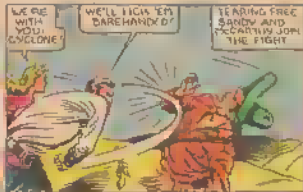
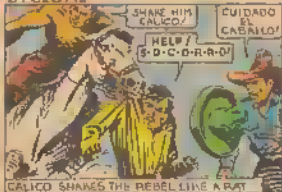
OH, YOU BIG ADE/
LET GO OF ME!



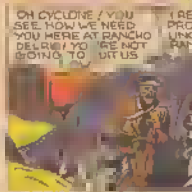
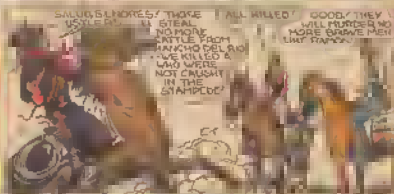
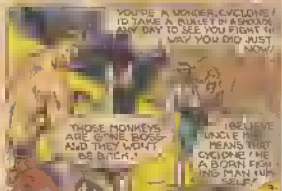
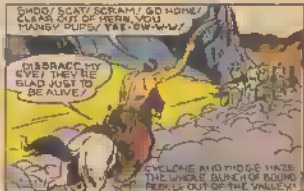
CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



ONE MAN

Invasion



"Better get up, lad. There's been some excitement during the night."

At the sound of his father's voice, young Harry Lint rolled out of bed, rubbing his eyes.

"Excitement?" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "You mean the bombers have been over?"

"No, not exactly bombers, my boy," explained his dad, "but I guess the Japs did try in a visit all right. The boys found a parachute in our south pasture this morning."

"A parachute—I say!" cried Harry, now fully awake and pulling on his clothes. "That must mean—"

"Yes, lad," his father went on, "out of 'em all about the countryside somewhere. No wrecked plane about, so he may have been dropped for a purpose. The police and the home defense corps are scouring the whole area. They'll turn him up before long, I dare say."

Harry had soon joined the interested crowd which had gathered on his father's small farm. Several men in uniforms guarded the spot where the parachute had been found.

"Must have landed in the beet field, yonder," one of them was saying, "judging by the marks. It dropped his chute on the other side of the fence where it wouldn't be spotted so easily."

Harry wished he could join in the search for the intruder. It pained him that he was too young

to join the fighting forces. His two older brothers were already in service but Harry was only fourteen and they had told him that he was badly needed on the farm. This morning, he had to cycle to town to get a machine part for his father. At least, he would be able to tell the town folk of the strange happening of the night before.

As Harry pedaled through the quiet country lane on his way to the village, he suddenly perceived ahead of him another bicycle. The rider, a man in working clothes, had dismounted and was looking at the wheel with a look of disgust. As Harry approached, the man scowled for a moment and then stepping forward, smiled brightly.

"Good morning, my boy," he grinned. "I've had a bit of bad luck, I'm afraid. Flat tire, old fellow. I wonder if you could give me a hand."

Harry stopped and looked at the man curiously. He was a stranger in that part of the country, a typical English workman in dress and appearance.

"I'm on my way to the bicycle factory nearby," explained the man seeing Harry's questioning look. "Called to work there, you know, and I've peddled all the way from Gilbey this morning. Perhaps you can show me where the factory is located?"

Harry slowly dismounted from his bicycle. "First, we'll have to fix your tire," he said, presently. "I'll help you do that."

"Oh, that's a good lad," smiled the man. "We'll get this out off first. Wish I had the right tools to do the job."

Harry had noticed the large tool box which the man was apparently carrying and which had been set down in the grass some distance from the bicycle. Then, he glanced at the small leather tool kit that clattered to the seat of the bike.

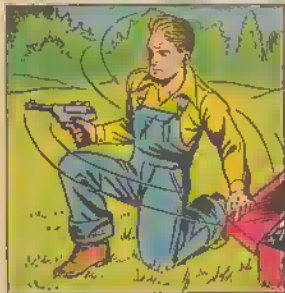
"Don't you have some tools and repair kit in there?" he said to the man, pointing to the bike.

"Oh—er—in there?" said the man, momentarily stumped. "Why, to be sure, my lad, that's right. Don't know what's the matter with me this morning. A bit excited about the new job, I guess. Going to be late and all that."

As he spoke, he started to fumble with the small tool kit on the bicycle. Meanwhile, Harry edged toward the larger box which lay on the ground nearby. As he bent over to open the lid, the man whirled around suddenly.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Don't touch that box, son. Those are just my regular tools—needed for the job, you know. There's nothing in there that—"

But Harry had paid no heed to the man's words. Quickly he had lifted the cover and in a moment, his hand came out clutching a revolver.



"Just stick 'em up, mister!" he said firmly. "This is a mighty funny looking tool kit. And I think there's something funny about you!"

The man's face hardened now, his mouth drawn into a thin line and his narrowed eyes suddenly flashed with fire.

"Jal The young man is very smart, yes?" he began slowly. "But I also have here a gun and I shoot very—"

Harry saw the man's hand suddenly flash to a holster inside his coat. Then, a shot quickly rang out to shatter the strange silence. The man before him stood as if frozen for an instant and then, with a grimace of pain on his face, he fell suddenly forward.

Harry looked in amazement at the guts in his hand. He had been too startled to see when the man reached for his own gun and now he wondered whether the heavy revolver he held in his trembling fingers had blazed away of its own accord.

The next moment, however, his fears were put at rest. From the other side of the road, three uniformed men emerged from a thicket and leaped the hedge.

"Nice work, young lad," said one of them, a sergeant. "Tod Little's boy, isn't it? Look, as if you've cornered a prize, sure enough. But it's a good thing I took a shot at this fellow when I did. Better shoot first and ask questions later, I thought to myself."

While the sergeant bent over to determine the extent of the man's injury, one of the other men hastily ran through the contents of the large tool kit.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "This is a haul! Time fuses, grenades, wire cutters. Everything the well-equipped saboteur should carry these days."

"He's the prize saboteur!" exclaimed Harry. "I'm sure of it. He wanted me to show him the way to the plane factory."

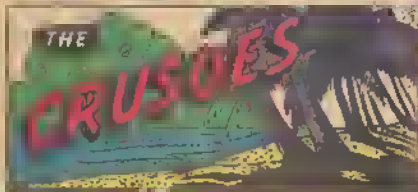
"Well, he'll get a chance to answer some questions," interrupted the sergeant, straightening up. "Not bad hurt—just grazed his temple. How did you become suspicious of him, lad?"

"Well," explained Harry. "In the first place he was a stranger—in the second place, there was mud on his knees and boots that looked just like the mud from our best field—in the third place, he said he'd come all the way from Gilbey this morning and Gilbey is on the other side of the factory, so he wouldn't be coming from this direction. And lastly—"

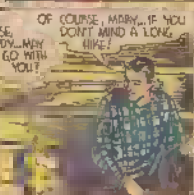
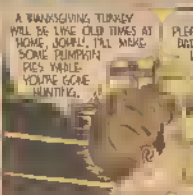
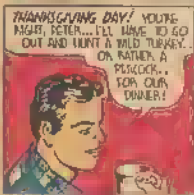
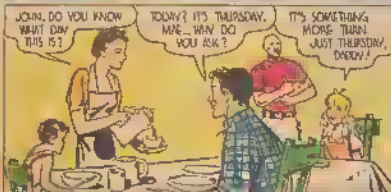
"And lastly?" echoed the sergeant.

"And lastly," grinned Harry. "That bicycle belongs to my brother Tom. He must have stolen it from our barn!"





NEARLY A MONTH
IN AFTER THEIR
WILLOWED ADVENTURE,
THE CRUSOES
ARE SETTLING DOWN
TO BREAKFAST...



THE CRUSOES



OH DADDY, WE'RE SO HIGH UP! IF WE SHOULD FALL!

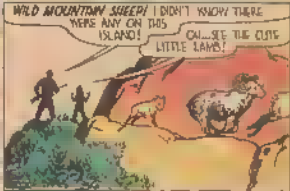
I WON'T LET YOU FALL, YOUNG LADY... JUST TAKE MY HAND AND DON'T LOOK DOWN!

TO SAVE HAN, JOHN TRIES A SNOW-CLIMB UP THE CLIFFS.



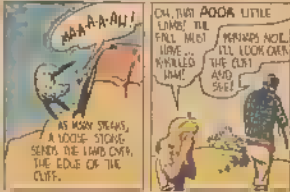
WE OUGHT TO SCARE UP SOME INDS AMONG THESE BUSHES... WALK SOFTLY AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED, WARY!

I WON'T MAKE A SOUND!



WILD MOUNTAIN SHEEP! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE ANY ON THIS ISLAND!

OH... SEE THE CUTE LITTLE LAMB!

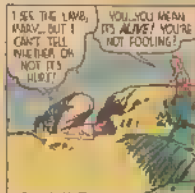


AAA-A-AW!

AS MARY STREAMS, A LOOSE STONE SENDS THE LAMB OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

OH, THAT AOKK LITTLE LAMB! THE FELL HURT! I'VE... WHIRLED HIM!

PERHAPS NOT. I'LL LOOK OVER THE CLIFF AND SEE!



I SEE THE LAMB, MARY... BUT I CAN'T TELL WHETHER OR NOT IT'S HURT!

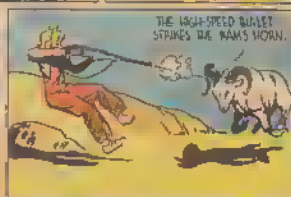
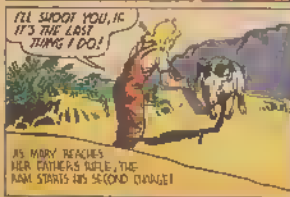
YOU... YOU MEAN IT'S ALIVE! YOU'RE NOT FOOLING?



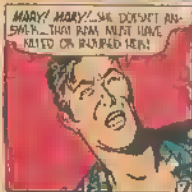
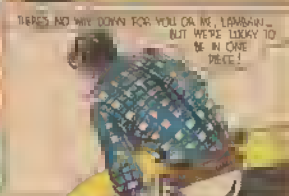
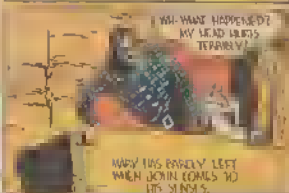
DADDY! LOOK OUT!

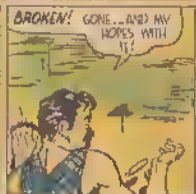
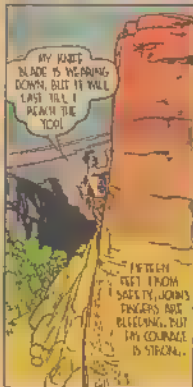
WAL... WHAT?!

THE CRUSOES

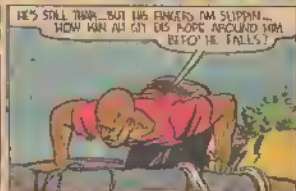
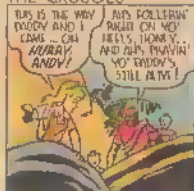


THE CRUSOES

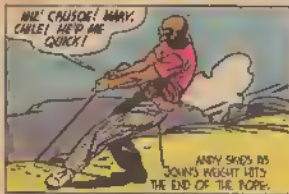




THE CRUSOES



THE CRUISES



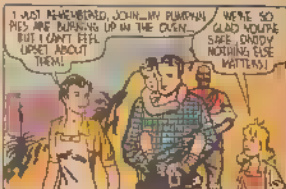
THE CRUSOES



JOHN BOY! WHY WARE YOU TAKE THAT LAMB'S EXTRA WEIGHT? IT NEARLY COST YOUR LIFE!

WE WERE BOTH IN THE SAME FIX, THAT LAMB AND I!

I'M GOING TO KEEP IT FOR- EVER AND EVER- AND NAME IT SOGARRA!



I JUST REMEMBERED, JOHN...MY PUMPKIN PIES ARE BURNING UP IN THE OVEN... BUT I CAN'T FEEL UPSET ABOUT THEM!

WE'RE SO GLAD YOU'RE SAFE DADDY NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!



WHA, DOLMS! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

HELLO, PAUL! DID YOU BOYS JUST GET HERE?

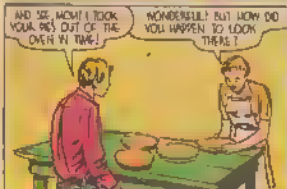


...AND WE WERE JUST IN TIME TO SAVE YOUR FATHER'S LIFT!

GEE, DAD! I DIDN'T DREAM... I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!

YOU'RE NO MORE THANKFUL THAN I AM, SON!

MOM TELLS PAUL OF JOHN'S NARROW ESCAPE.



AND SEE, MOM! I TOOK YOUR PIES OUT OF THE OVEN IN TIME!

WONDERFUL! BUT HOW DO YOU HAPPEN TO LOOK THERE?



BUT...BUT WHAT ON EARTH! THAT'S FIVE TIMES AS BIG AS ANY TURKEY I EVER SAW, PAUL!

IT ISN'T A TURKEY...IT'S A YOUNG OSTRICH... MOM BOY AND BOM AND I GOT IT THIS MORNING!

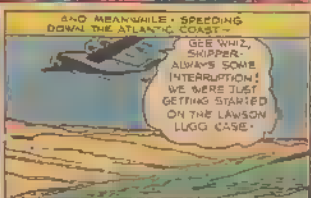
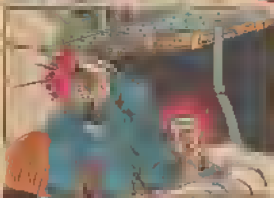
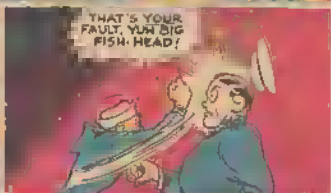
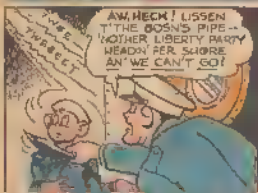
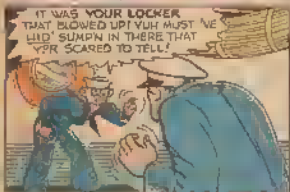
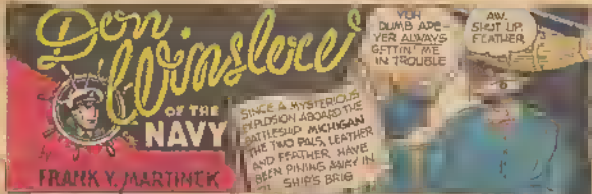


HEAVENLY FATHER WE HAVE MORE THAN EVER TO THANK THEE TODAY!

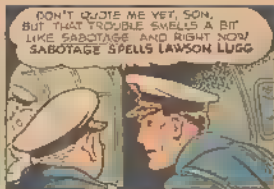
AMEN!

WITH THE "TURKEY" SETTING WALE THE TABLE, THE CRUSOES SIT DOWN TO DINNER.

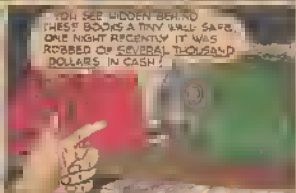
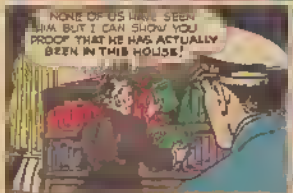
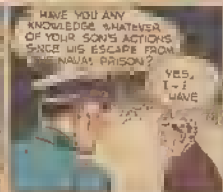
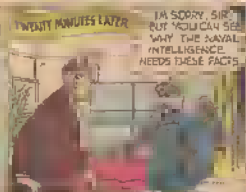
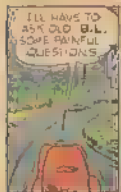
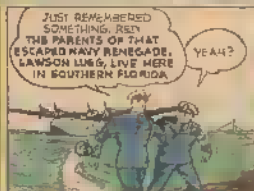
TO BE CONTINUED—



DON WINSLOW



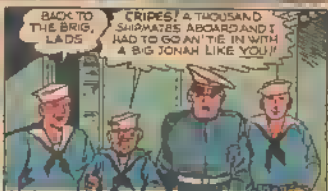
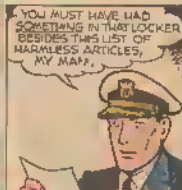
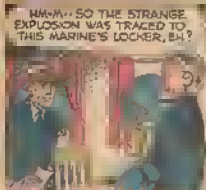
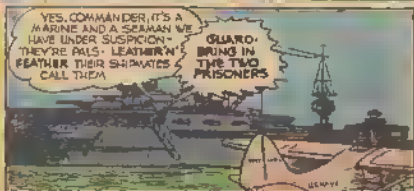
EN ROUTE BY NAVY BOMBER TO THE SCENE OF A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN, WINSLOW SUDDENLY ORDERS A SURPRISE LANDING.



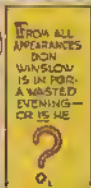
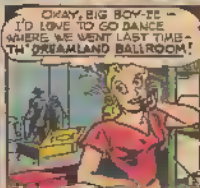
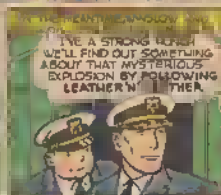
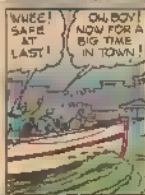
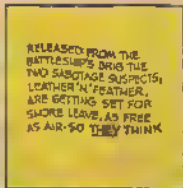
DON WINSLOW

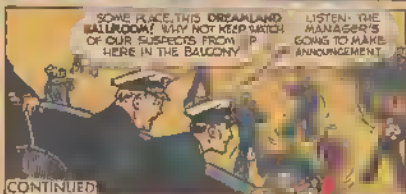
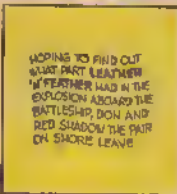
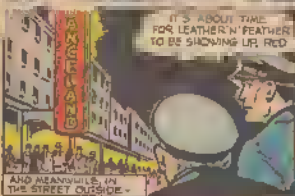
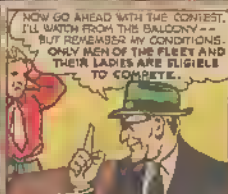
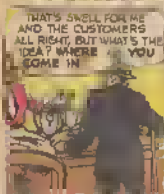
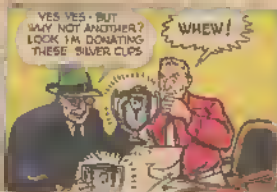


WAS THE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP A HARBAN ANY CONNECTION WITH THE ESCAPED NAVY RENEGADE, LAWSON LIGG? WINSLOW WAS NOW ARRIVED TO INVESTIGATE.



DON WINSLOW





BOB & BILL

The Scout Twins

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE,
WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE,
AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS
AND VERY TINY PEOPLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRACK

SO THIS IS HOW YOU
GOT HERE, BOB... IN A
TINY WAR GALLEY?

YES WE HELPED THE
LITTLE MEN CAPTURE A
PIRATE SHIP... AND THEN
THE STORM DROVE US
ONTO THE BEACH...
AND THEN THE
GIANT CAT CAME
AND DROVE US
BACK INTO THE OCEAN!



PUT US DOWN ON
THE SANDY DECK AND WE'LL
CALL THE LITTLE
MEN!



THEY'RE ALL HIDING BECAUSE
THEY'RE AFRAID OF ME!

AFRAID OF ME?
WHY... I WOULDN'T
HURT A FLY!

HELLO THERE SALDORS!
(COME BACK TO THE
SHIP!

THE GIANT WON'T
HURT YOU... HE'S
OUR FRIEND!



THE TWIN'S ARE RIGHT,
MEN... THAT GIANT SEEMS
FRIENDLY!

MAYBE HE'LL HELP
US FLOAT THE
SHIP AGAIN!



IF YOU'LL WAIT TILL
THE LITTLE MEN HAVE
REPAIRED THEIR SHIP YOU
CAN PUT IT IN THE WATER
FOR THEM!

VERY WELL... BUT
HURRY! I HAVE TO
GET HOME TO MY
LITTLE GRAND-
DAUGHTER.

I
WOULDN'T TAKE
US LONG.



BOB AND BILL

MAKE THOSE JOINTS TIGHT YEA-AVE SID!
CARPENTER - WE MAY RUN INTO ANOTHER STORM. WE'LL MAKE HER
READY TO BE LAUNCHED.



THE SAILING MASTER SAYS THE GALLEY IS
READY TO BE LAUNCHED.



HOLD TIGHT THEN -
I'LL PICK IT UP AND
PUT IT IN THE WATER.



WE'RE AHEAD!
YEA-AY FOR
THE GOOD
GIANT!

AS TOKEN OF OUR THANKS I PRESENT
YOU, BOB AND BILL, WITH THESE TWO
SWORDS.



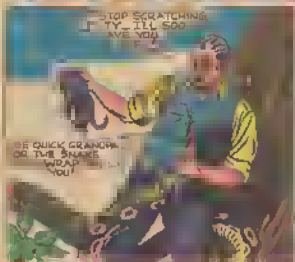
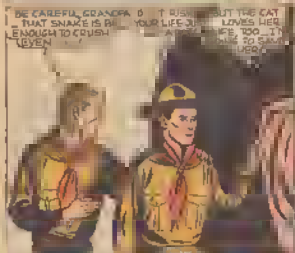
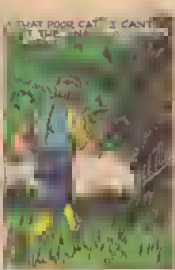
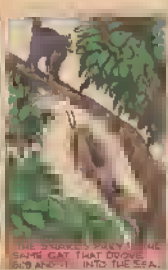
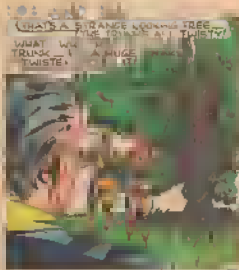
THEY'RE HANDY!
SOME GIFTS
THEY'VE
GOT JEWELLED
WILTS!



GOOD-BYE MEN OF LATONIA!
GOOD LUCK TO YOU!
BOB AND BILL!



WE'LL SOON BE HOME NOW.
LOLA WILL BE GLAD TO SEE
YOU IN THE MIDGETS AGAIN.
YOU'VE BEEN MIDGETS
AGAIN - WE WERE
GIANTS TO THE
TINY MEN!



THE SNAKE UNWINDS FROM THE TREE



SAAY! THAT OVER-SIZED BOA CONSTRUCTOR IS AFTER US NOW!

HE IS GRANDPA! RUN!



IT'S CATCHING UP WITH US!

I CAN'T RUN ANY FASTER BOYS!



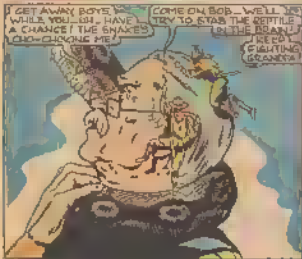
JUMP KITTY!

BILL...BILL... WHAT CAN WE DO?



GET AWAY BOYS... WHILE YOU CAN... HAVE A CHANCE! THE SNAKE'S CHO-CHONG ME!

COME ON BOB... WE'LL TRY TO STAB THE REPTILE IN THE BRAIN! KEEP FIGHTING GRANDPA!

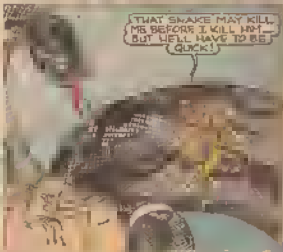
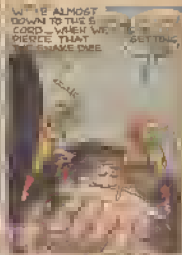


THE BRUTE KEEPS ITS HEAD OUT OF REACH... WE'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE

YEAH... ROB... I'VE GOT IT!



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



THIS BUCKET MAY LEAK A LITTLE BUT I GUESS IT'LL WORK.

WE DON'T HAVE TO CARRY THE WATER FAR, ANYWAY.



CA WE...UH...DUMP OUT ME OF THIS WATER, BILL? IT'S PRETTY HEAVY!

NOT ANY... E...IT...ALL



ONE BUCKETFUL MAY NOT BE JUST ENOUGH TO FILL HIS EYE.

WE'VE GOT TO WAKE HIM... BEFORE THE CAT COMES BACK AND CATCHES US!



...UH...GULP... STILL ALIVE AND THERE'S THE SNAKE... DEAD... BLOOD!



YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU KILLED THAT SNAKE? YOU LITTLE MIDGETS!

WE HAD TO WHEN YOU JUST HAVE TO DO SOME THING YOU GENERALLY CAN.

BOB DROVE HIS SWORD THROUGH THE REPTILE'S BACK. NONE!



BOB, YOU DID A BRAVE THING... RISKING YOUR LIFE TO SAVE AN... MAN LIKE...

NOT AS BRAVE AS WHAT YOU DID GRANDPA... RISKING YOUR LEG JUST TO SAVE A CAT!

YES AND THE CAT SCRATCHED AND BIT! INSTEAD OF THANKING YOU, I HOPE IT'S THE LAST WE SEE OF HER!

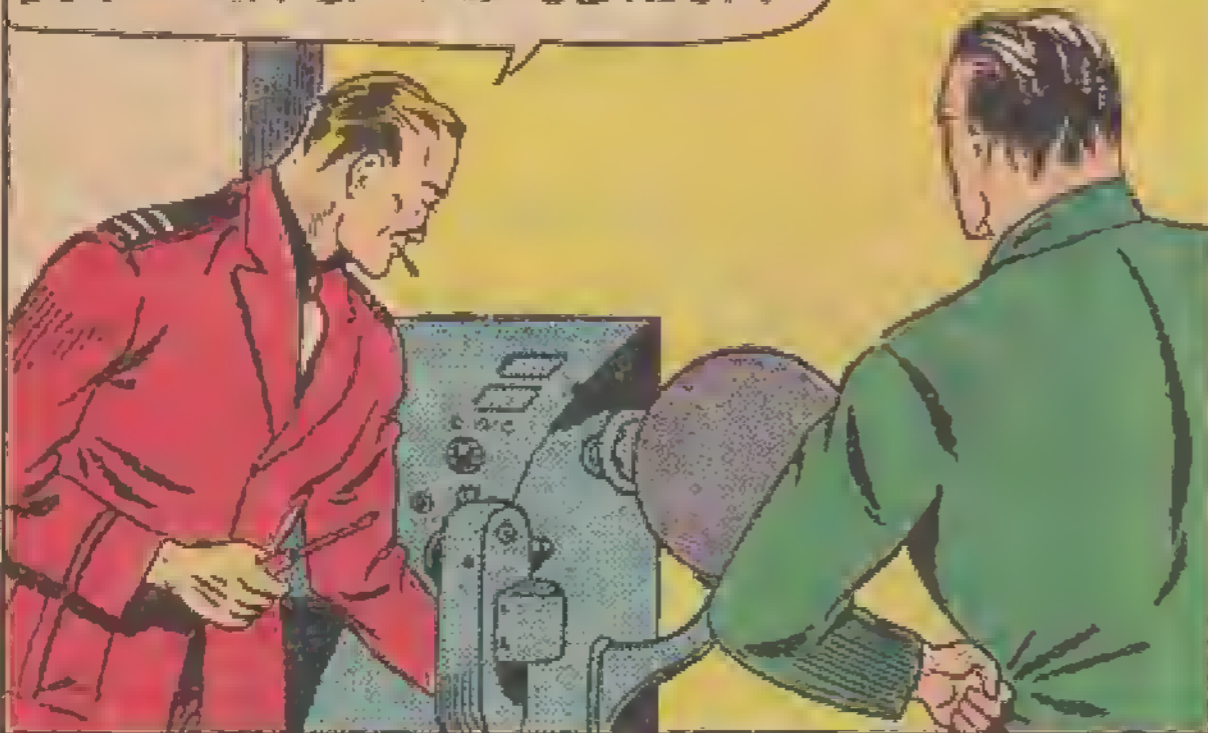
STRATOSPHERE JIM

AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

IN THE SECRET HANGAR IN THE ROCKIES, JIM AND HARRY ARE TESTING A NEW LOCATION DEVICE ON JIM'S TELEVISION SIGHTS!!



IT'S JUST A REVOLVING GLOBE, WITH A LIGHT INSIDE. WHEN THE SIGHTS PICK UP AN OBJECT, THE GLOBE SPINS TO THE LOCATION OF THE OBJECT!

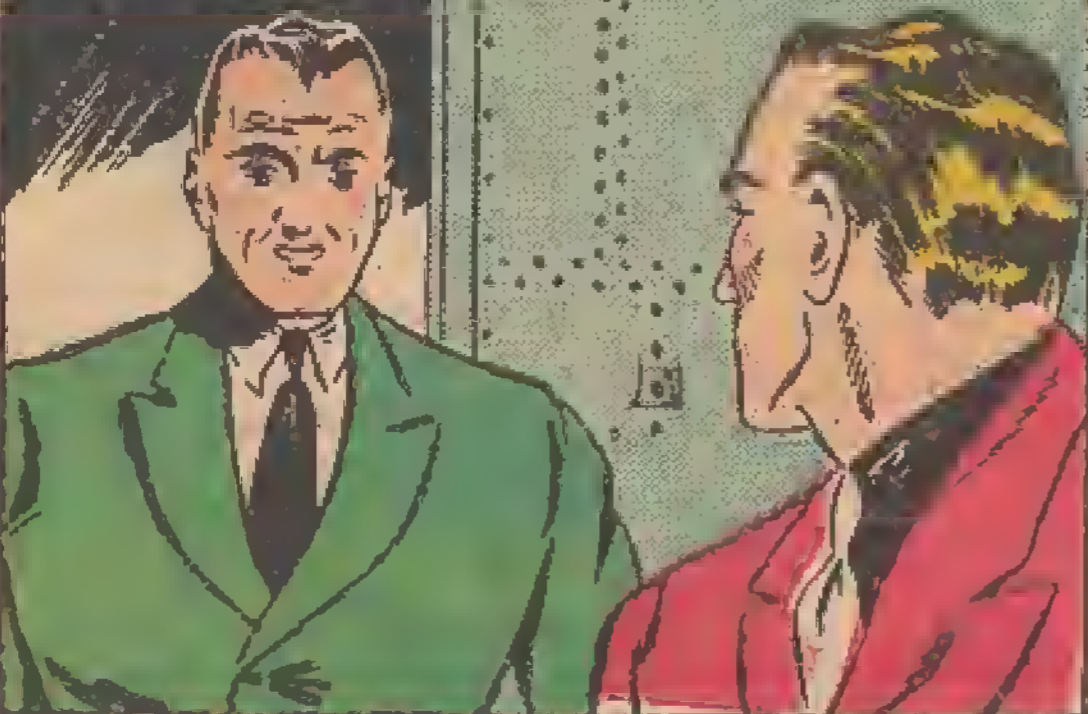


-- AND THE SPOT ON THE MAP IS PROJECTED THRU THE MOVIE PROJECTOR AND ONTO A SCREEN ALONGSIDE THE TELEVISION SCREEN!



SOUNDS GOOD, BOSS! HOPE IT WORKS AS WELL AS IT SOUNDS!

OH, IT'LL WORK! JUST WATCH THIS!

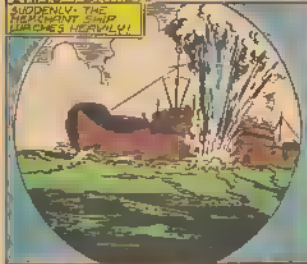


JIM PRESSES A BUTTON!



FLYING FORTRESS

SUDDENLY, THE MERCHANT SHIP LURCHES HEAVILY!



THAT SHIP'S BEEN TORPEDDED!

YEAH— BUT WHO...?



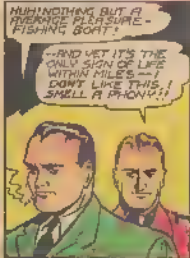
I'M GOING TO SHIFT THESE SIGHTS AROUND— AND FIND OUT!!

JIFFI SHE'S THE SIGHTS— AND....



HUH! NOTHING BUT A AVERAGE PLEASURE-FISHING BOAT!

--AND YET IT'S THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE WITHIN MILES-- I DON'T LIKE THIS! I SMELL A PHONY!!



C'MON HARRY! THERE'S PASSENGERS ON THAT MERCHANT SHIP! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE 'EM FIRST— THEN WE CAN TRY AND FIGURE OUT THE REST!

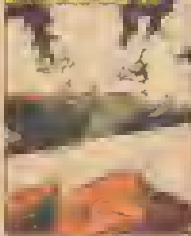


OK MEN— ALL OUT! WE'RE TAKING OFF AS FAST AS WE CAN!



FLYING FORTRESS

THE FLYING FORTRESS TAKES TO THE AIR...



...AND SOARS ACROSS THE SKIES AT A TERRIFIC CLIP!

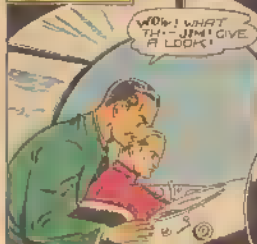


I'M GONNA KEEP THESE SIGHTS ON THAT FISHING BOAT—YOU HAVE THE LOCATION OF THE SINKING SHIP!

GOOD IDEA—HARRAY!



SOME TIME LATER...



A DISGUISED HAIDER PALMING ON AMERICAN SHIPPING!

LET'S HURRY AND SAVE THE SURVIVORS—THEY'VE PICKED UP THAT PHONY FISHING BOAT!



THE FORTRESS REACHES THE SCENE OF THE SINKING AND BEGINS RESCUE WORK!



FLYING FORTRESS

AS THE RESCUE MISSION NERDS COMPLETELY, NIGHT FALLS SWIFTLY OVER THE PACIFIC.



DOGGONE! NOW WE'LL LOSE THAT RAIDER IN THE DARKNESS!

OH—NO WE WON'T!



YOU FORGET. ULTRA-GAMMA RAYS MAKE THE TELEVISION SIGHTS WORK AT NIGHT, TOO!

HUH?! FORGOT THAT! JIM!



... IS THE SMALL, RAIDER AGAIN SAVED BY FISHING BOAT



RADIO 'EM TO STAND BY TO BE TAKEN ABOARD OR WE'LL BLOWN 'EM TO BITS!



I'LL BET IT'S A FOR HELP—CANTAL! WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

HERE'S THE REPLY—THEY SURRENDER! BUT—WAIT!! THEY FOLLOWED UP WITH A MESSAGE IN CODE!!

OKAY, SNIDER!



FLYING FORTRESS

SLOWLY THE FORTRESS SINKS
DOWN TO THE BRIDGE!

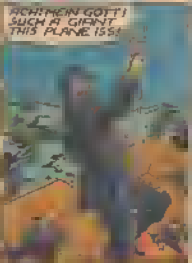


WORK SWIFTLY—BUT
WATCH OUT
FOR TROUBLE!

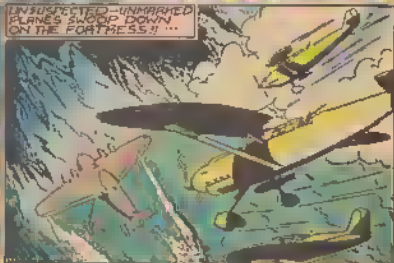
RIGHT!
JIM!!



ACHIMEN GOTT!
SUCH A GIANT
THIS PLANE IS!



UNSUSPECTED—UNMARKED
PLANES SWEEP DOWN
ON THE FORTRESS!! ...



SUDDENLY, JIM'S BULLET-PROOF
SHIELD IS SPLATTERED BY LEAD!



LOOKS LIKE THAT HELP
THEY CALLED FOR HAS
COME O.K. IF THEY WANT
A FIGHT—THEY'LL GET IT!

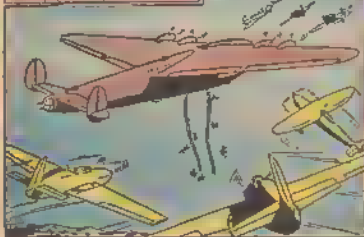


THROW ON THE
HELICOPTER
PROPELLORS!



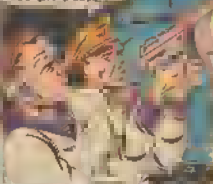
FLYING FORTRESS

THE GIANT FORTRESS SOARS STRAIGHT INTO THE SKY!



THE ATTACK ALARM SOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP—AND IN NO TIME—EVERYMAN IS AT HIS POST!

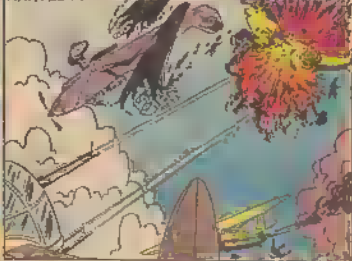
80 YARDS, BILL! OPEN FIRE!



PART OF THE SQUADRON TEARS IN ON THE FORTRESS' TAIL!



THE BARR MULTIPLE 50 CALIBRE GUNS REAP A TERRIBLE HARVEST!



YOW! THOSE BARR GUNNERS ARE RIGHT ON THE BUTTON—

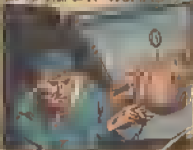


CONNECT THE AUTOMATIC GUNSIGHT TO THE TELEVISION RANGE FINDER LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN KNOCK THESE VULTURES OUT OF THE SKY!



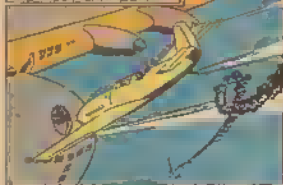
THE DEADLY GUNSIGHT IS CONNECTED—THE GUNNER WAIT TENSELY!

THIS IS THE FIRST I'VE TRIED IT AT NIGHT LET'S HOPE IT WORKS!

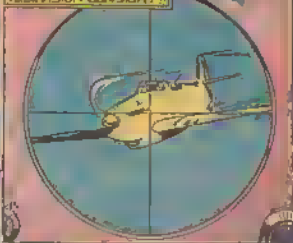


FLYING FORTRESS

A LONE PLANE DIVES FOR THE PILOT CHAMBER...



...AND IS CAUGHT IN THE TELEVISION GUN SIGHT !!



ALL FORWARD GUNS ON THE SHIP ARE AUTOMATICALLY AIMED, AND --



I GUESS THE GADGET WORKS OKAY, HARRY!

I KNOW ONE ENEMY PILOT WHO'LL NEVER CALL YOU A LIAR ON THAT!



IF THOSE DEVILS GET ABOVE US, THEY'LL TRY TO BOMB US -- WE'D BETTER FINISH THIS SCRAP, BUT FAST!



THE FORTRESS'S DEADLY GUNS BEGIN TO SWEEP THE SKIES --



FLYING FORTRESS

SEE THAT PLANE WITH THE TWO RED LIGHTS? IT MUST BE THE LEADER! LET'S NAIL HIM!



THE SQUADRON LEADER TRIES DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE THE RAIN OF LEAD...



BUT A LONG BUSTY SENDS HIM CRASHING INTO THE SEA IN FLAMES...



UH-I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



YEAH? SPILL IT!

THOSE PLANES MUST HAVE COME FROM AN AIR CRAFT CARRIER— IF WE'RE OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC!!

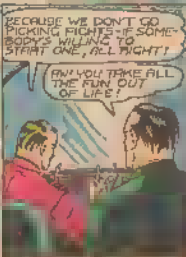


AND YOU WANT TO GO AFTER IT? NO, HARRY!



WHY NOT?

BECAUSE WE DON'T GO PICKING FIGHTS—IF SOMEBODY'S WILLING TO START ONE, ALL RIGHT!



AND YOU TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF LIFE!

FORGET IT PAL! YOU KNOW WE'VE GOT TO GET THE CREW THE BAIKOR—LET 'EM GO!



TO BE CONTINUED...

Read DICK TRACY



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GORGED, LIBERIA TRIANGLE DIAMOND

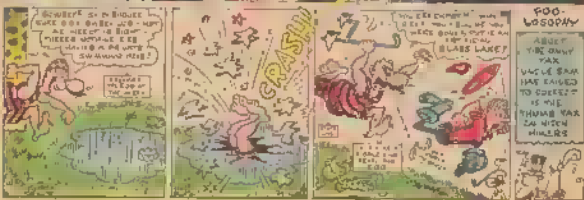
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1-2000-1944-5 series, 1¢ each, 1¢ each
1-2000-1944-5 series, 1¢ each, 1¢ each
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1-2000-1944-5 series, 1¢ each, 1¢ each

4500 N. Orange, Glendale, Calif.

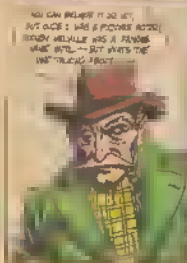
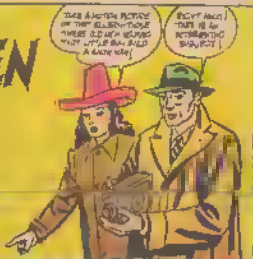


ELLERY QUEEN

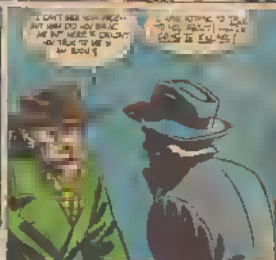
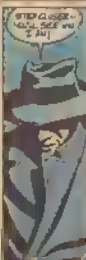
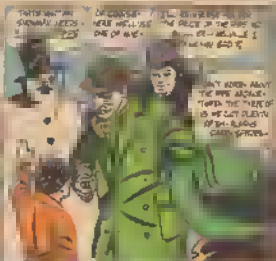
ELLERY QUEEN MASTER DETECTIVE, PIONEERS HAVE A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF A BRILLIANT MYSTERY THAT SHOWS HIS WORTH THROUGH SOLVING A CASE ALMOST KNOWN TO EVERYONE - THE SOLUTION WAS SO SIMPLE, ONLY A BRILLIANT MIND COULD HAVE FIGURED IT OUT.

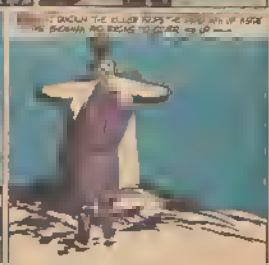
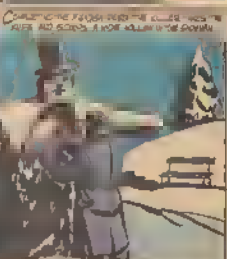
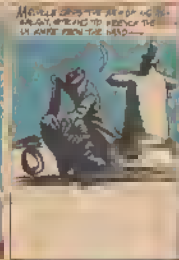
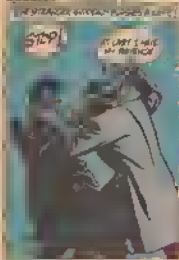
IT IS THE "REVENGE OF THE UNBORN AND DEAD".

ELLERY AND HIS ASSISTANT WERE FIRST TO FIND THE SOLUTION TO THIS CASE - A PROGRAM, BOTH SIMPLE IN PLAN, CRUCIAL IN EFFECT -



ELERY QUEEN



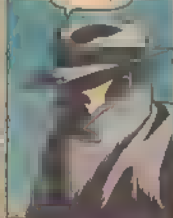


ELLERY QUEEN

FINDING THE TRUCK THE KILLER DROVE TO HUNG AND ELLERY SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING IN THE SNOW



BLUNT THE WHEELS I CAN'T FIND IT— OH WELL, NORTON WILL ADVISE ME AWAY!



THE KILLER SWINGS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT—



THE FOLLOWING MORNING ELLERY AND NORTON WALK THROUGH THE PARK TO KEEP THEMSELVES FROM COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION THEN SEE JEREMY AND THE WOMAN WHO STAY WITH HIM THE POLICE

HERE COMES THE LITTLE BOY AND THE WOMAN ELLERY HEARS!

STOP RUNNING FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE— RUN TO THE POLICE!



THAT'S AN INTERESTING POINT TO BE STAYING AWAY FROM, NORTON— I'LL HAVE

NORTON HAS ANY MORE STORIES!

NOT FOR ME! I WANT TO BE IN ON THIS!



TALK TO ELLERY AND NORTON ABOUT THIS— THAT'S IT!

THEY CAN ONLY SEE THE POLICE WHEN THEY'RE DEVELOPED?

CERTAINLY— I'LL CHECK THEM OUT FOR YOU!



ELLERY TAKES THE POLICE THE SYDNEY NOTICES AND OPIN ON THE SHAWHAN'S GUEST—

WHAT'S THAT RED ON THE BROWNISH CHEST?

WHAT? OH— IT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD!

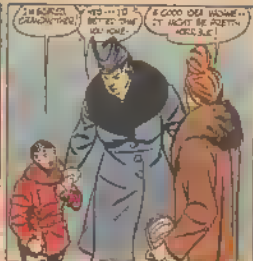


ELERY QUEEN



"WELL, YOU SEE THAT CRIBBED IT?"

"OH, ELERY, I KNOW IT'S NOT WHAT I WANT IT IS!"



"I'M SEARCHING FOR GRANDFATHER!"

"YES... TO BETTER THAN YOU WERE..."

"A GOOD IDEA, HOWEVER... IT MIGHT BE PRETTY NEARBY..."



"EUREKA! IT'S MR. MELVILLE!"

"MURDERED!"

RICHARD MELVILLE, OWNER OF A COMPANY INSTEAD OF THE CLUB, IS NOW FOUND IN HIS POCKET TISSUE. MR. ELERY IS COMPLETELY BARRLED AS HE DISCOVERS THE CASE GENERAL ONE LAST WITH HIS PARTNER & SPECIAL COUNSEL AND HIS...



"THAT NOTE TELLING MELVILLE TO BE AT THE SACKING IN THE PARK AT MIDNIGHT DOUBT WITH A TRICK—WE CAN'T GET THE LEAD FROM IT!"

"AND THE TWO OLD MEN—WHY BLOODS HAVE PERFECTLY ALIBI—THEY SAID THEY WERE WITH EACH OTHER."

"BUT THERE IS THAT THING ABOUT IN CAROLINA—MAYBE MELVILLE WAS A LITTLE NERVOUS AND THEN CALLED HIM FOR IT."



"I AGREE, MEL—MEL... BUT WE'VE GOT TO LOOK AT THESE PICTURES AGAIN!"

"SURE DID—BUT I'M SURE THE MURDERER GAVE THEM TO THE MURDERER—MAYBE HE'LL BE IN THEM."



"WAS HE PART OF ELERY AND HE THE SECOND DAY?"

"NOT A SHUTE... HERE IS SOMETHING RECALLED FROM THE SECOND DAY!"



"WHAT IS A BULLET?"

"IF YOU FOUND SOMETHING ELSE...?"

"I'VE FOUND THE ANSWER, DAD—I KNOW WHO KILLED MELVILLE—BUT I DON'T!"

AT THIS POINT ELERY QUEEN SOLVED THE MURDERERS OF THE SACRILEGE AND ELERY QUEEN FOUND THE PRINCIPLE ELSE THAT LET ELERY TO HIS SOLUTION & ONE OF HIS OWN DEFENSIVE—GIVE OVER THE BIRTH DIALOGUE AND PROVERBS—A LOGICAL SOLUTION OF THEM.

CLYDE BEATTY

The
Cavalier



WHEN HE LIVED IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON BASIN, CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS HELPERS TRAP A PAIR OF SPOTTED JAGARS

CLYDE SENDS COCKNEY HELPER OUT TO THE RIVER TO MEET THE TRANSPORT PLANE...



THERE'S THE TRAIL TO THE RIVER FOR US, COCKNEY. WHEN YOU SEE COCA COCA'S TRAIL WE'VE TRAPPED TWO BEAUTIFUL BO CATS!



IT'S TELL ME THAT IN MY OPINION WE'VE CAUGHT TWO WAAH-KILLING DEVILS, MY BEATTY!

IN MY OPINION WE'VE LOST THE BLOOMIN' WAAH! THE AUNT THE TRAIL HE CAME BY!

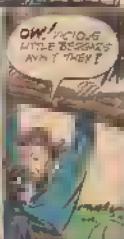


UNLESS TO THE JUNGLE, COCKNEY POSITION'S A TRAIL MADE BY THE FISH AND PECARIES--THE JUNGLE PIGS

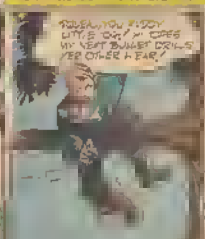
SURE! A FROG OF WIND PIGS! I'VE HEARD THEY KILL ANYTHING IN THEIR PATH!



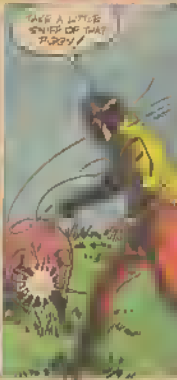
OW! WINDIG LITTLE BERRA'S! AUNT THEY!



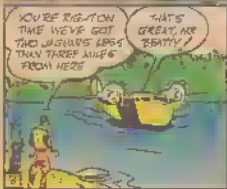
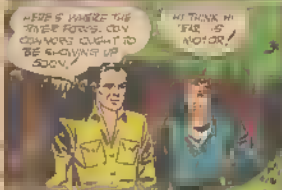
TOLD YOU I'DDY LITTLE BOO! I'VE HEARD MY NEXT BULLET DRILLS YOUR OTHER HEAR!



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY
HE JAGUARS ONLY A
LITTLE WAY. TOMAS AND
MICO WILL HAVE THE
NETS READY

YOU MEAN YOU'RE
GOING TO FREE
THAT FEMALE OUT
OF 'ER CAGE?

AREN'T THEY
BEAUTIES, COO?

ER-YE-EE-FROM A
DISTANCE // I DON'T
WANT TO GET TOO
CLOSE TO THOSE
CLAIMS

RIGHT?



THERE, THERE KITTY,
AS THAT THE WAY
TO TALK TO A
GENTLEMAN?

DON'T GO IN THERE,
MR BEASTY, 'EVEN
IF THE BLOOMIN' OX
IS TIED SHE CAN
STILL BITE.

THAT'S JUST WHY I HAVE
TO BASH HER... FOR THE
TRIP TO THE PLANE.



RISKING A BAD CLAW WOUND, CLYDE
NOOGES THE FEMALE'S FEET---

SORRY OLD GIRL // IT
ISN'T POLITE TO
TREAT YOU THIS WAY
BUT IT'S NECESSARY.

MY WORD // I
DIDN'T DREAM
A JAGUAR COULD
BE SO 'EAVY!

THESE OX'S
HAVE HUMBLES
LIKE A 'BEAR,
COCK'NEY. THEY
CAN BREAK A
DEER'S NECK
WITH ONE BLOW.

BOY, IF THOSE
CATS WEREN'T
TIED THEY'D
TEAR MY
PLANE WHAT?

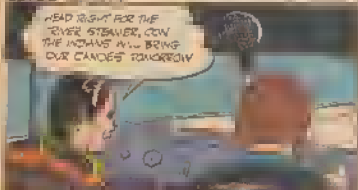
WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH THE
NETS, MR
'BEASTY?

STOW THEM
IN THE
PILOT'S
COMPARTMENT
WHERE THEY
WON'T GET
TANGLED.

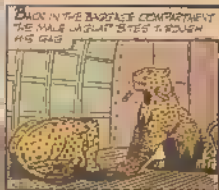


CLYDE TIES A STOUT STICK
BETWEEN THE FEROCIOUS
'BEASTY'S JAWES---

KICKING AND ENRAGING THE OX'S
ARE LOADED INTO THE BARRAGE BINS



HEAD RIGHT FOR THE RIVER STEAMER, CON THE INDIANS WILL BRING OUR CANDLES TOMORROW



BACK IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT THE MALE JAGUAR BITES THROUGH HIS GRAB



THE JAWN PUFFS THE BIG CAT WORKS A-HOLE'S OTHER BONDS



SEEKING ESCAPE THE MALE JAGUAR RIPS A HOLE IN THE PLANKS' TWIN FUSELAGE ---



SOUNDS LIKE A JAGUAR LOOSE BACK THERE, CON NOW NEAR ARE WE TO THE STEAMER?

ABOUT THREE MINUTES RIGHT --SAY THAT CAT IS TEARING THE SHIP TO PIECES!

OH! WHAT'LL WE DO?



SET THE PLANE DOWN AS NEAR TO THE STEAMER AS YOU CAN, CONCORDS -- I'LL ATTEMPT TO THE JAGUAR!

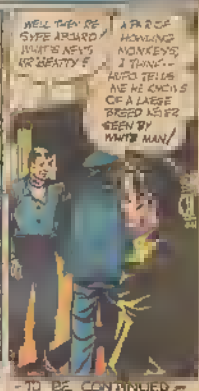
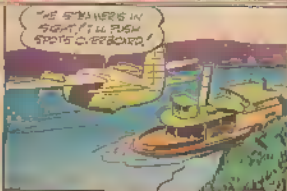
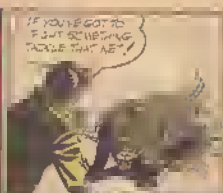
BUT WE BEAT...



OH OH! HE'S ON THE TEAR!

WELL KILL YOU AIR, BEATIN!

CLYDE BEATTY



- TO BE CONTINUED -

SMOKEY TOVER



OH, CHIEF!
JUST FINISHED TRIMMING THE TREE.
WE'RE ALL SET.
COME IN AND TAKE A PEEK!



CHIMNEY CHRISTMAS!
AIN'T THAT SUMPIN', WOVEY?

WOW!
THAT BEATS THE OLD BY NICK.
THERE'S SO'RE A FORTUNE IN GIFTS IN THAT MERE!

SAY IT WITH US!



IT WAS A DANDY IDEA OF YOURS TO HAVE OUR CHRISTMAS BLOWOUT AT THE FIREHOUSE THIS YEAR!

I WISH OUR FAMILIES WOULD HURRY, I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT I GOT!



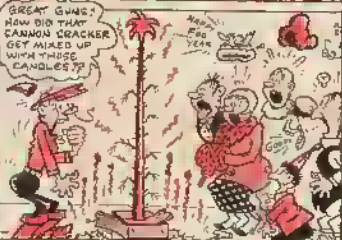
HERE THEY COME NOW, SMOKEY-QUICK! - LIGHT THE CANDLES!

KEEP THE PLANE FOODS AWAY!

FEATHER, SEAL, ROOMS & CANS ARE WITH US NOW



AH - NOW FOR THE FINISHING TOUCH!



GREAT GUNS! NOW DID THAT CANNON CRACKER GET MIXED UP WITH THESE CANDLES?

Happy Hog Year!

READY for CHRISTMAS

RED RYDER

1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

**MY BRAND
ON STOCK!**
It's just what a Red R
has in there. That's w
ground to have no other
is a beautiful one to
Daisy Rifle.



**IS YOUR BROTHER
SARNO BEING?**
It's the best gift
you can give him
for Christmas. It's
the only one he
can't get anywhere
else. It's the only
one that's really
worth the money.

**WISDOM
SOMEONE ELSE!**
It's not until
you've had the
Red Ryder Carbine
that you know
what a real gift
it is. It's the only
one that's really
worth the money.

SOME STORES!
It's the only store
that has the Red
Ryder Carbine. It's
the only store that
has the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine.

**GOLDEN
BANDIED
BARRELS!**
It's the only
store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine.

**(LIGHTNING-
LOOSELY MOUNTED!)**
It's the only
store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine.

**IT'S YOURS
for \$2.95**

**CARBINE
SIVIL
FOR-PICED!**
It's the only
store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine. It's the
only store that has
the Red Ryder
Carbine.



**Write for
FREE CATALOG**

ATTENTION BOYS! The Store you will be Christmas is now ready to send to through all your favorite hardware, sports goods or department stores! See a Red Ryder Rifle (and the name of the store where he can get you Daisy Air Rifles) in the catalog for the first time! 30 pages, packed with the best of Daisy Air Rifles from \$1.00 to \$4.00. Target Pistol, Telescope Sight, Accessories — and more! It's the only shooting manual, SHOOTING STRATEGIES. They're back FREE — an important message while it's still in the hands of the boys. They're back FREE — an important message while it's still in the hands of the boys. They're back FREE — an important message while it's still in the hands of the boys.

- PLUM GUN** — the first in regular size boys' rifle — \$3.50
- BUCK JONES' SPECIAL** — the only 10-man rifle — \$4.50
- USE DAILY BULLS EYE BIRD** — \$2.50
- 500 YARD RIFLE** — the only 500 yard rifle — \$2.50
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DAISY AIR RIFLES