

CAPTAIN GALLANT

No 4



APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# Captain GALLANT

10¢

of the Foreign Legion

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

starring  
BUSTER CRABBE  
and his son  
CUFFY



# The AMAZING Legion



NOTHING IS KNOWN NOW OF LEGIONNAIRE MINARET EXCEPT HIS NAME AND WHAT HE DID ON DECEMBER 16, 1885 AT THE CITADEL OF SON-TAY AT HANOI. IT WAS HE WHO, IN THE FACE OF CONCENTRATED ENEMY FIRE, CLIMBED THE WALL AND SECURED THE LADDER UP WHICH HIS COMRADES SWARMED TO GAIN ANOTHER VICTORY FOR THE LEGION!

THE LEGION IS FAMOUS NOT ONLY FOR ITS GALLANTRY IN COMBAT-- BUT ALSO FOR ITS AMAZING ACHIEVEMENTS IN BUILDING ROADS!



OFFICIAL RECORDS SHOW THAT 44,150 MEN SERVED IN THE LEGION DURING WORLD WAR I, AND THEY LISTED 100 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES AS THEIR POINTS OF ORIGIN!



5-108

END

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

# CAPTAIN GALLANT

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

*Alfred P. Faj* Executive Editor

# Captain GALLANT

## of the Foreign Legion

# IN THE KIND STRANGER

THE RENEGADE ARABS IN THE HILLS WERE RUNNING WILD AGAIN -- THIS TIME WITH MODERN RIFLES AND PLENTY OF AMMUNITION! CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES TRIED EVERYTHING TO TRAP THEM BUT IT TOOK THE LEGION MASCOT, CUFFY, AND HIS FRIEND FUZZY TO STOP THE SMALL WAR...

ICE CREAM? YES, SIR-- I LOVE IT! BUT WHY DO YOU GIVE IT TO ME? I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN GALLANT WOULD WANT ME TO TAKE IT!

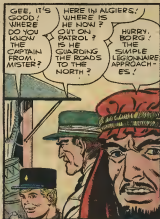
DON'T BE SILLY, CUFFY! I'M AN OLD FRIEND OF THE CAPTAIN'S! HERE, YOU'LL LOVE IT!



GEE, IT'S GOOD! WHERE DO YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN FROM, MISTER?

HERE IN ALGIERS, WHERE IS HE NOW? OUT ON PATROL? IS HE GUARDING THE ROADS TO THE NORTH?

HURRY, BOB! THE SIMPLE LEGIONNAIRE APPROACHES!

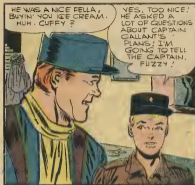


COME ON, CUFFY! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU! THE CAPTAIN WILL SKIN ME ALIVE IF I'M LATE FOR THAT PATROL!

DON'T GET IN TROUBLE ON MY ACCOUNT, CUFFY! WE'LL HAVE A NICE CHAT SOME OTHER TIME!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



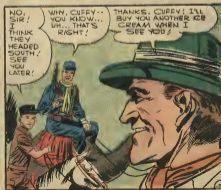
THE POST SEEMED DESERTED WITH MOST OF THE MEN GONE! CUFFY THOUGHT A WHILE, THEN SADDLED BABA, HIS PONY...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



CUFFY SWIFTLY EXPLAINED HIS SUSPICIONS OF THE FRIENDLY STRANGER, AND FUZZY BEGAN TO SHARE HIS SUSPICIONS...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



CUFFY KNEW THAT ONCE THE GUN-RUNNER AND THE MOUNTAIN GUERRILLAS SEPARATED, THE JOB OF CAPTURING THEM WOULD BE DOUBLY HARD... SO...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



PUT THAT FIRE OUT!  
WE'LL ALL BLOW  
UP!



GET DOWN, CUFFY!  
OLD FUZZY IS  
ON HIS WAY!

THAT SHOULD  
BRING CAP-  
TAIN GALLANT  
ON THE  
DOUBLE!



IT WAS A TRICK-- I'LL  
FIX THEM... AGH!

THE ARAB  
GUERRILLAS  
RECOVERED  
FROM  
THEIR  
PANIC...  
BUT NOT  
IN TIME!  
SUDDEN-  
LY THE  
BUGLES  
OF THE  
FRENCH  
FOREIGN  
LEGION  
SOUNDED  
THE  
'CHARGE'  
AND...



TA-RA  
TA-RAAAA!



ALL RIGHT, CUFFY! YOU CAN LET  
HIM UP! WE'VE GOT  
THEM ALL!

YES, SIR!  
THIS IS THE  
MAN I TRIED  
TO TELL YOU  
ABOUT!



NEXT DAY-- CUFFY WAS HAPPY... UNTIL HE  
AND FUZZY WOUND UP PEELING POTATOS.

GEE, CAPTAIN--  
I DON'T  
SEE WHY  
WE GET  
K.P.!

FOR DISOBEYING ORDERS,  
CUFFY! BUT WHEN YOU GET  
THROUGH, I'M BUYING AN ICE  
CREAM CONE DOUBLE THE SIZE  
OF THE ONE YOU GOT  
YESTERDAY!

END



# Captain GALLANT

of the  
Foreign Legion

AND **JOSEPHINE'S LAST DATE**



HAVE ANOTHER DATE, JOSEPHINE -- I KNOW YOU LOVE THEM!

THAT FOOLISH CAMEL DERIES US! SHE AND THAT LEGIONNAIRE ARE THE ONLY OBSTACLES IN OUR WAY OF VICTORY!

THE OUTNUMBERED LEGIONNAIRES IN NORTH AFRICA WERE TRYING TO KEEP ORDER -- CAPTAIN GALLANT'S INSTRUCTIONS WERE TO MAINTAIN PEACE AT ALL COSTS. HE TRIED -- BUT HE DIDN'T FIGURE ON FUZZY AND HIS LOVING COMPANION, JOSEPHINE -- AND HER LOVE FOR THE FRUIT OF THE DATE PALM TREE ...

CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS ENJOYING A PERIOD OF COMPARATIVE PEACE ... IN FACT, HE WAS HAVING LUNCH WITH CHIEF IBN FASAM WHEN JOSEPHINE'S APPETITE BEGAN TO GET DIFFICULT...

CAPTAIN GALLANT, MY PEOPLE WANT PEACE. IT IS AGREED THEN?

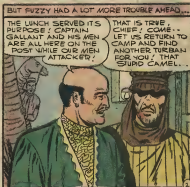
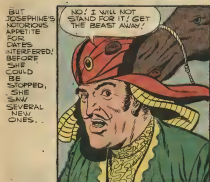
MY ONLY JOB HERE IS TO PREVENT VIOLENCE! THE LOUDEST NOISE I WANT TO HEAR ARE THOSE DATES DRIPPING OFF THE TREE UP ABOVE!

CAPTAIN GALLANT, THIS IS HUMILIATING!

DON'T MIND, JOSEPHINE! SHE'S A PET OF ONE OF THE MEN! GO AWAY, JOSEPHINE!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



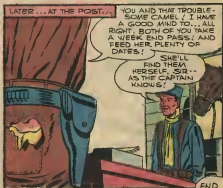
# CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE LEGIONNAIRES SETTLED DOWN FOR THE NIGHT, UNAWARE OF THE AMBUSH HANGING OVER THEIR HEADS! ONLY JOSEPHINE WAS REST-LESS...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

# Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion



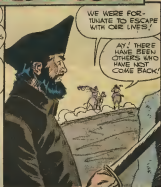
OUT OF THE SHADOWS THEY CAME -- THE DANGEROUS HORDE -- AND IT WAS DOOM TO THE UNFORTUNATES WHO FIRED THEM INSIDE THE ANCIENT WALLED CITY OF ....

## THE SMUGGLER'S COVE



GO! AND NEVER  
COME HERE  
AGAIN -- LEAVE  
YOUR BONES  
ADORN THE TEMPLES  
OF MARA-KESH!

YIII! BACK  
BROTHERS!  
THIS PLACE  
IS ACCURSED!



WE WERE FOR-  
TUNATE TO ESCAPE  
WITH OUR LIVES!

AH! THERE  
HAVE BEEN  
OTHERS WHO  
HAVE NOT  
COME BACK!



THESE COSTUMES  
ALWAYS SCARE  
THEM AWAY!  
I THINK THEY'LL  
RETURN AGAIN.  
ELBAO?

IF ANYONE DOES,  
IT WILL FADE BADLY  
WITH THEM, I  
ASSURE YOU!

# CAPTAIN GALLANT

HOURS LATER, INSIDE THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION...

BUT WE SAW WITH OUR OWN EYES, COMMANDANT! THERE ARE DEVILS IN OUR ANCIENT WALLED-CITY! LEGENDS HAVE SAID THAT SUCH WOULD APPEAR WHEN FAKINE WALKS OUR LANDS!

NONSENSE!

I'M SURPRISED THAT GREAT MERCHANTS SUCH AS YOU WOULD BE FRIGHTENED BY SUCH SUPERSTITIOUS HALLUCINATION!

NEVERTHELESS--YOU MUST AID US IN SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

YES-- OTHERWISE OUR POPULACE WILL TAKE MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS AND BLOODSHED WILL RESULT!

WE HAVE MORE IMPORTANT MATTERS TO CONSIDER NOW-- SUCH AS SMUGGLED MEDICINALS AND DRUGS THAT HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY APPEARED ON THE BLACK MARKET-- BUT THIS IS CLEARLY AN EMERGENCY!

GET ME CAPTAIN GALLANT ON THE WESTERN SECTOR OF THE ALIBI DESERT! HURRY!

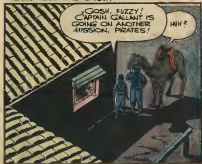
MEANWHILE, OTHER INTERESTED EARS HAVE HEARD WHAT WAS SAID...

GOSH, FUZZY! CAPTAIN GALLANT IS GOING ON ANOTHER MISSION, PIRATES!

HUH?

DON'T YOU SEE, FUZZY? WE'LL GET TO HELP THE CAPTAIN AGAIN! THE ANCIENT WALLED-CITY OF MARA-KESH IS JUST A FEW MILES AWAY!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! I'M STILL NOT FORGETTING AMBUD SALIA AND HIS BUNCH!



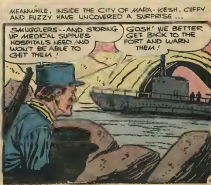
# CAPTAIN GALLANT



MEANWHILE ON THE FAR DESERT FRONT, CAPTAIN GALLANT HAS HIS HANDS FULL AGAINST STUBBORN RENEGADES...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT





# CAPTAIN GALLANT

BUT FATE PLAYS THEM A LOSING HAND...



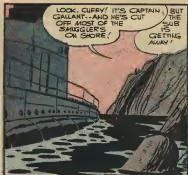
BUT CAPTAIN GALLANT AND HIS LEGIONNAIRES NOW REACH THE CITY...



FIGHTING THEIR WAY INSIDE, THE BRAVE SOLDIER-OF-FORTUNE FACES...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



# "Elimination by Appointment"

The small toy store was located on a side street off the Main Avenue of the City. There were a few items in the window and a sign bearing the legend: "Wholesale Only." Now and then a person would stop and look into the window merely out of sheer curiosity. This time a well dressed man opened the door and entered. It was difficult to tell his age. His skin was white and lineless. He might have been in either his early thirties or forties. Off-hand you would be ready to comment that he must have led a life of ease. You could not spot the superbly trained athletic body that could spring into action in the fraction of a second. The man walked to the end of the store. A middle-aged clerk was dusting imaginary dust from a glass shelf.

"I am interested in toy typewriters," remarked the entrant, "especially the kind that writes upside down, sixty words per second."

There was no betrayal by any facial movement of the clerk, that was being said sounded like sheer nonsense. Instead he replied.

"You'll have to see Mr. Jackson, our import manager. We have not received our shipment of that item as yet." The clerk then pressed a signal button. The man walked, without hesitation, to a door which opened. Behind a desk was a thin man reading a book.

"Agent V?" he asked in a tone that told he knew the answer would be in the affirmative.

"Ready for action, sir," was the reply.

An entire section of the back wall moved aside and the two men entered a large room. The wall closed behind them. There were approximately thirty people in that room, all busy reading a variety reports. For this was the secret headquarters of our United Intelligence Division!

"You will have to move quickly," said the thin man who was none other than Colonel Geoffrey Phelps. "There is a plot to kill President Juan Romos. As you well know, Martin Navez, the ex-President of that South American republic, has been living in this city. With him

was his trusted friend and companion, General Rudolfo Valesquez. General Valesquez died last night in City Hospital from five bullet wounds. As far as we can figure out, he was involved in a plot to overthrow the government of President Ramos. He thought he would be doing his friend, the ex-President, a favor. But at the last moment, he discovered it was really a Communist plan to kill the President and put the blame on the United States. A trained killer from Moscow was ordered to do the job. Your orders are to prevent that killer from doing his assigned task. And if possible to expose it for what it really is --- a Red plot to gain power in South America."

"What identity shall I assume?" asked Agent V.

"You will become Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of Trans-Latino Airways. Here are your credentials and passport. Upon your arrival you will contact General Domingo Petrez. A plane bound for South America is being held up pending your arrival at the airfield. The hostess, an attractive brunette is one of our operatives. Good luck to you, Agent V."

The passengers in the plane were irritated at the delay.

"There is absolutely no excuse for keeping us here so long," scolded a middle-aged man. "We should have been air-borne two hours ago. We will be late arriving at Ciudad Sabino. I have important business there."

"We will arrive on schedule," explained the hostess. "We shall travel at top speed. Our normal cruising range is only half of our top speed."

"He must be a very important man to keep us all waiting," said a pretty blond slim young lady.

"He is Mr. Arthur W. Beal, head of Beal Oil Industries and part owner of this airways. I guess that makes him my boss, Miss Sheppard."

"I hope he sits next to me," replied the

young lady. "I need a man with influence. My magazine has sent me to South America to do a story about President Juan Ramos and his policy of social reform. Someone with pull could make it easier for me."

"As it so happens, he has the seat next to you and I guess that's a lucky break for you," replied the hostess. "To tell you the truth, I wouldn't mind changing positions with you right now."

A speeding car drove across the airfield and stopped next to the plane. Mr. Arthur W. Beal jumped out of his car. The chauffeur followed with a brief case and two small valises.

"Good flying weather, Mr. Beal," remarked the chauffeur as he deposited the valises and brief case in the safe keeping of the hostess.

"About time he got here," snapped the middle-aged man. "I bet they would never hold the plane for me."

Mr. Arthur W. Beal sat down in his seat to catch his breath. He closed his eyes as the plane taxied down the field and started to gain altitude. About half-an-hour later, the hostess came over and introduced the pretty young lady seated next to him.

"I asked for this introduction," said Helen Sheppard. "And, I must confess, there is a mercenary reason behind it. If I get a good story and swell pictures of the president, there is a fat bonus for me. So I am honest in my motives."

"I think that can be arranged," replied Arthur Beal. "When we get to Ciudad Sabino, stop at the Hotel Metropol. All big shots, to use a bit of American slang, stay at the hotel. I'll arrange introductions for you."

The plane arrived at its destination on schedule. The pilot had pushed it to its utmost speed. The last to leave the plane was Arthur W. Beal who listened to the hostess.

"I couldn't spot anyone suspicious, unless it was that middle-aged man who calls himself Frederick Baxton. He's wearing a shoulder holster. I had a code message sent by our navigator so that Mr. Baxton is being tailed continuously. Any orders, Agent V?"

"Return to home base on this plane. You have finished your specific assignment."

President Juan Ramos wasn't a bit pleased to hear the news Agent V brought him. But neither was he disturbed.

"This will be the fifteenth attempt to assassinate me," he commented. "I am very grateful to you, Mr. Beal, and to the Government of the United States for wanting to

protect me. What precautions have you taken, to insure my safety, General Petrez?"

There was definitely a worried look upon the face of the head of the armed forces of the nation.

"We are tripping your bodyguard Sir. In addition you will wear the bulletproof vest. It may be warm and uncomfortable but it will protect you."

"Why can't one of your inventors figure out an air-conditioned bulletproof vest?" grinned President Ramos.

For the next three days, Arthur W. Beal did a lot of sightseeing in the city. His pretty companion was always the same girl, Helen Sheppard. She was always taking various pictures.

"I sell them in the free lance market," she explained. "And pick up some extra cash that way."

"Tomorrow evening there is a presidential banquet. And I have an invitation for you, if you'll sit next to me," he told her.

"Thanks a million," she smiled back. "And the condition is accepted."

"I may have a big story for you if things break right. A certain man is being watched day and night by the secret police in this city," he added.

The banquet had been in progress two hours. The photographers were now taking pictures. Helen Sheppard rose, taking with her, the big press camera at her side. She stood in front of the President then it happened! Arthur W. Beal made one quick dash, and threw the camera out of her hand.

"Is the Americana crazy?" asked one of the guests.

The girl was quickly seized by members of the bodyguard and taken to another room. Arthur Beal opened the camera and took out a machine gun pistol, which he examined carefully.

"Loaded with explosive bullets," was all he said.

Later, after the girl confessed that she was a special secret agent sent on this mission of assassination, President Juan Ramos asked but one question.

"What made you suspicious at the last moment?"

"In your poorly lit room, and with all the haze of smoke, she was going to take a picture of you-- without a flashlight!"

"Now I know why they call you Agent V," replied the President, "V for Victory, the Victory of Democracy over Red Tyranny."

# CAPTAIN GALLANT



## Captain



# GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

in DANCING DANGER

AFTER A TOUGH CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTHERN MOUNTAINS, THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE OUT FOR FUN AND RELAXATION! THEY FOUND BOTH IN THE NEWLY OPENED FLAME CLUB! IT SEEMED MADE TO ORDER FOR LEGIONNAIRES WITH LITTLE MONEY AND BIG APPETITES! BUT IT TOOK CAPTAIN GALLANT TO LEARN WHY HIS MEN WERE SO WELL TREATED ---



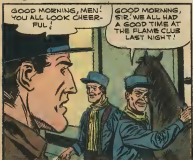
RIDE THEM DOWN!  
DO NOT LET THEM  
GET AWAY!

YOU'RE BETTER  
OFF WITH  
CASTANETS  
THAN WITH A  
SABER, YVETTE!  
SORRY TO BE  
RUDE LIKE THIS!

LOOK! IT'S THE  
DANCER FROM  
THE CLUB!

5720

THE GUERRILLAS HAD BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE HILLS AND CAPTAIN GALLANT NOTICED THAT THE MEN WERE TAKING IT EASY AND UNUSUALLY HAPPY!



GOOD MORNING, MEN!  
YOU ALL LOOK CHEER-  
FUL!

GOOD MORNING,  
SIR! WE ALL HAD  
A GOOD TIME AT  
THE FLAME CLUB  
LAST NIGHT!



WE GET SPECIAL PRICES ON  
EVERYTHING! REAL CHEAP!  
AND THE MAM'SELLE WHO  
DANCES THERE, OWNS THE  
PLACE! SHE'S WONDERFUL,  
'CAPTAIN'!

HMM! I'M  
TEMPTED  
TO DROP  
IN MYSELF!  
MAYBE I'LL  
SEE YOU  
THERE!

# CAPTAIN GALLANT

THAT EVENING---

YOU MUST BE ZEE CAPTAIN GALLANT! I HAVE A SPECIAL TABLE FOR YOU!

THANK YOU MAM'SELLE! I HAVE HEARD OF YOU, I THINK!



MAM'SELLE DUBOIS TELLS ME THAT YOU GENTLEMEN ARE HER GUESTS TONIGHT! AND TOMORROW NIGHT SHE WILL HAVE A PARTY FOR ALL OF YOU!

CAN'T MAKE IT, CUTIE! WE ARE RIDING NORTH AFTER THE GUERRILLAS!



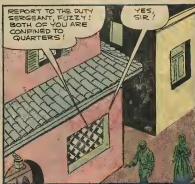
NORTH? BUT I THOUGHT THEY WERE SOUTH OF HERE!

THEY SPREAD THAT RUMOR THEMSELVES! BUT WE KNOW WHERE THEY ARE!



REPORT TO THE DUTY SERGEANT, FUZZY! BOTH OF YOU ARE CONFINED TO QUARTERS!

YES, SIR!



THE INCIDENT WAS SEEN BY YVETTE! SHE INTERCEDED BUT---

THEY MEANT NO HARM, M'SIEUR! AND WHAT THEY SAY WON'T BE REPEATED!

I'LL DECIDE THAT, LADY! I'VE GOT TO GO!



CAPTAIN GALLANT LED THE SMALL PATROL-- FINDING TRACES OF THE GUERRILLAS BUT NOTHING ELSE UNTIL--

TAKE COVER, MEN! REMEMBER, WE WANT PRISONERS! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



SIR, THIS BLOKE LOOKS FAMILIAR ! I SAW HIM NEAR THE FLAME CLUB THE OTHER NIGHT !

ALL RIGHT, FUZZY ! LET'S GET 'EM BACK TO THE FORT !

BACK AT THE FORT---

MAYBE WHEN THE LEGIONNAIRES GO TO THE FLAME CLUB, THEY TALK AMONG THEMSELVES AND---

THEY WON'T ADMIT IT, CUFFY, BUT THEY EXPECTED US ! THERE'S AN INFORMATION LEAK SOMEWHERE !

THAT'S WHAT I THINK ! PASS THE WORD FOR THE SER-GEANTS TO ASSEMBLE !

YES, SIR !



HAVE THE MEN READY FOR PATROL IN THE MORNING ! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE GUERRILLA CAMP AT THE OASIS ! AND LET THE MEN OUT ON PASS TONIGHT !

RIGHT, SIR ! THEY ARE READY TO GO, SIR !

THAT NIGHT, THE FLAME CLUB WAS JUMPING ---



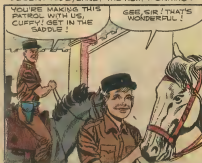
WE'LL FIND OUT NOW ! IF THIS WORKS, THE GUERRILLAS'LL TAKE A WALLOWING !

# CAPTAIN GALLANT

AFTER YVETTE FINISHED THE DANCE---



THE LEGIONNAIRES WERE READY FOR THEIR DESERT RIDE, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING!





# CAPTAIN GALLANT

WHAT IS IT, SIR?  
WHY DID WE  
COME OUT HERE  
ON A USELESS  
TRIP?

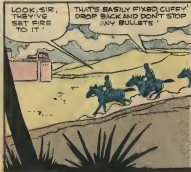
THE GUERRILLAS THINK WE  
WILL KEEP LOOKING FOR  
THEM! BUT WE DON'T  
HAVE TO! I KNOW  
WHERE THEY ARE  
IN OUR FORT!



THE RIDE BACK WAS MADE IN HALF THE TIME!

LOOK, SIR,  
THEY'VE  
SET FIRE  
TO IT!

THAT'S EASILY FIXED, CUFFY!  
DROP BACK AND DON'T STOP  
ANY BULLETS!



SPLIT THE MEN! YOU TAKE  
HALF AGAINST THE FRONT  
IN A FEAT--I'LL USE THE  
TUNNEL FROM THE HILL!

RIGHT, SIR!  
DON'T FOR-  
GET THE  
GATE--WE  
WANT SOME  
RUN TOO!



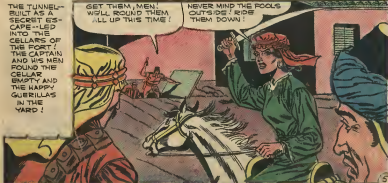
COME ON, LADS!  
THEY CAN'T  
GET OUT BUT  
WE CAN GET  
IN!



THE TUNNEL--  
BUILT AS A  
SECRET ES-  
CAPE--LED  
INTO THE  
CELLARS OF  
THE FORT!  
THE CAPTAIN  
AND HIS MEN  
FOUND THE  
CELLAR  
EMPTY AND  
THE HAPPY  
GUERRILLAS  
IN THE  
YARD!

GET THEM, MEN!  
WE'LL ROUND THEM  
ALL UP THIS TIME!

NEVER MIND THE FOOLS  
OUTSIDE! RIDE  
THEM DOWN!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



# CAPTAIN GALLANT

SIX MEN AND A DESERT OF NO RETURN THAT FACED THEM. EACH WITH A HOPE AND A DREAM, BUT NO WAY TO WIN IT. YET THERE HAD TO BE AN ESCAPE FROM ---

## The **LOST PATROL**



BUT THE MEN OF THE DESERT PATROL HAD SINCE GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RETURNING ---

HE IS CRAZY, AMI! WE ARE LOST--LOST IN THIS DESERT!

PATIENCE, UGARR! PERHAPS HE WILL GET US BACK SAFELY!



WAH! PERHAPS THE SUN WILL TURN INTO AN OCEAN OF COOL, REFRESHING WATER! FAIRY TALES ARE FOR CHILDREN, NORMAND!

THE LIEUTENANT IS CAPABLE, PESSIMIST! WE ARE NOT TOO FAR FROM THE FORT, I CAN SENSE THIS!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



FOR NOW THERE WOULD BE NO QUARTER ASKED -- AND NONE GIVEN ! THE SWIFT RIDERS BORE DOWN ON THEIR ENEMY...



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



WE MUST NOW DECIDE WHO IS TO BE LEADER -- AND HOW WE CAN FIND OUR WAY TO THE FORT!

LEGARE SHOULD BE LEADER! HE KNOWS THE DESERT BEST!



ALL EYES TURNED TO A BURLY DETERMINED FIGURE STANDING BY...

ALL RIGHT, I ACCEPT, BUT YOU MUST OBEY ME TO THE WORD! AGREED?

YES! WE AGREE!



SO ONCE MORE THE LOST PATROL BEGAN THEIR MARCH, AND ABOVE WAS THE HOT SUN.

WE MUST TRY TO FIND SOME SHELTER BEFORE NIGHTFALL OR ELSE RAIDERS WILL BE DOWN ON US!

AH! THERE IS SOMETHING UP AHEAD! IT LOOKS LIKE AN OASIS!



IT IS! WATER! WE'VE FOUND WATER!

HA, HA... WE'LL LIVE NOW!

GLEEFULLY, THEY RAN AND FLUNG THEMSELVES INTO THE SPARKLING LIQUID THAT SHIMMERED SO PROMISINGLY BEFORE THEIR EYES. BUT NOW LEGARE SHOUTED...



AN ILLUSION! A MIRAGE!



WE MUST CONTINUE -- FORWARD --

YOU ARE RIGHT, LEGRE! WE HAVE A CHANCE THAT WAY!



ALL EYES SWIVELED TOWARDS LEGRE!...

TO STAY IN ONE PLACE -- AND GIVE UP -- IS A COWARD'S WAY!

# CAPTAIN GALLANT

HAVING QUIETED HIS MEN, LEGARE, REFLECTED THAT ASIDE FROM THIRST AND HUNGER, THEY ARE ALSO WEARY AND TIRED SO...

WE ARE FORCED TO DO WITHOUT FOOD AND WATER BUT NOT OUR COMMON SENSE... WE MUST REST AND COMPOSE OURSELVES, RESERVE EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH FOR ONE THING ONLY... STRENGTH TO GO ON!!



HOURS LATER, THE WEARY ONES LEFT THE HEAT OF DAY AND MOVED AWAY INTO THE NIGHT...

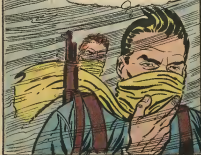


NIGHT BROUGHT BRIEF RESPIRE, THEN MORNING FOUND THEM FIGHTING A RAGING SAND STORM...

HOLD ONTO EACH OTHER'S SCABBARDS! DON'T LET GO-- WHATEVER YOU DO!



HOW LONG CAN WE ENDURE? WE MUST FIND OUR WAY SOON--OR WE ARE DOOMED!



THEN SLOWLY--THE STORM DIED DOWN WHILE THE EDDY CURRENTS OF SWIRLING SAND SETTLED ONCE MORE, BUT NOW CAME TRAGIC NEWS!

MY SCABBARD IS GONE! GORDON WAS HOLDING ON TO IT, IT MUST HAVE SLIPPED LOOSE FROM MY BELT DURING THE STORM!



THE MEN STIRRED UNEASILY, EACH READING THE OTHER'S THOUGHTS, THEN GORDON'S CLOSE FRIEND, MONTEN-- BROKE LOOSE...

HE'S OUT THERE-- ALONE! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE! I'M GOING AFTER HIM!

NO! HE'S GONE NOW! YOU'LL STAY HERE WITH US! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR US TO FIND HIM AGAIN!

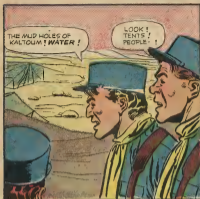


WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY HOME?

BY MY RIFLE--I VOW WE'LL REACH SAFETY! THE DESERT WILL NOT HAVE US YET!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT



WHILE LEGARE WHO HAD EXAMINED THE TENTS

THE PEOPLE MUST HAVE MOVED WHEN THE WATER DRIED UP!



# CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE FOUR TURNED TO THE WEST, HOPING FOR RELIEF THERE. BUT AFTER WALKING ENDLESS MILES, THEY CAME TO A JUNGLE.

NO! WE MUST BACK TRACK, AMIS! THOSE SAVAGES ARE HOSTILE!



BUT NOW THE SCREAMING FRENZIED HORDE WERE UPON THEM, AND TWO OF THE BRAVE MEN FELL!

MOTEN HAS RECEIVED A POISON-DART!

FIGHT THEM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



FOR TWENTY HAIR-RAISING MINUTES, THE TWO LEGIONNAIRES FOUGHT OFF THE WILD MEN! THEN-

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY, ESPING! WE'VE WON!



BUT NOW LEGARE IS LOOKED DOWN TO FIND...

I'M DONE FOR, FRIEND. LEAVE ME. GO ON AHEAD!

ESPING! YOU'RE WOUNDED! COME-- I'LL HELP YOU TO YOUR FEET!



SO BEGAN THE JOURNEY THAT WAS TO BE HERALDED FAR AND WIDE THROUGH ALL OF AFRICA. CARRYING HIS FRIEND ON HIS SHOULDERS, LEGARE SET OUT BACK THROUGH THE DESERT.

WE'LL REACH SAFETY! YOU'LL SEE...



... SAFETY! ...





# CAPTAIN GALLANT



WHILE NIGHT BROUGHT MERCIFUL BUT TOO BRIEF DELIVION ...

TOMORROW WE'LL FIND SAFETY ...



I TRIED ESPINO! I TRIED!



LEGARE'S HAT, BLOWN WITHER AND YON BY THE WAILING WINDS, WAS CARRIED A SHORT-DISTANCE, WHEN ...

... A LEGIONNAIRE'S HAT! SERGEANT-- SOUND TROOP ALERT! THERE MAY BE LOST MEN NEARBY!

OH, MON CAPTAN!



AND HOURS AFTERWARDS...

THIS ONE IS STILL ALIVE TOO!

IT IS A MIRACLE! CARRY THEM BACK TO THE FORT --GENTLY!



AND AT THE FORT HOSPITAL WHEN LEGARE WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO SPEAK...

CONSIDER YOURSELF FORTUNATE, LEGIONNAIRE LEGARE, YOUR PATROL COVERED TWO HUNDRED MILES IN TRACK-LESS DESERT! AND YOU TWO HAVE LIVED!

IT IS THE WILL OF THE LEGION, DOCTOR-- ALSO-- THE WILL OF GOD!

THE END

# CAPTAIN GALLANT



# The AMAZING Legion

THE MILITARY ENGAGEMENT THAT IS REMEMBERED ABOVE ALL OTHERS IN THE PROUD TRADITION OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, OCCURRED AT CALDERONE, MEXICO, WHERE ONLY SIXTY LEGIONNAIRES, BESIEGED BY A WHOLE MEXICAN ARMY, REFUSED TO SURRENDER!



5105

THIS IS THE INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT AT CALDERONE ...

THEY WERE HERE,  
LESS THAN SIXTY  
OPPOSED TO A WHOLE  
ARMY.  
ITS MASS CRUSHED  
THEM  
LIFE, RATHER THAN  
COURAGE  
ABANDONED THE  
FRENCH SOLDIERS.  
THE 20th APRIL, 1863

OFFICERS OF THE LEGION ARE CHOSEN ONLY FROM THE TOP MEN IN THE GRADUATING CLASSES OF ST. CYR -- WHICH IS THE FRENCH EQUIVALENT OF OUR WEST POINT!



END

# The AMAZING Legion

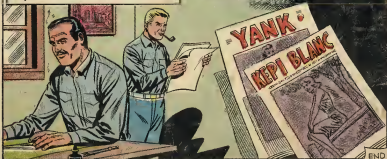
**T**HERE IS A STANDING ORDER IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION THAT COULD BE OPERATIVE ONLY IN A MILITARY ORGANIZATION WHERE THE MEN HAVE GREAT FEELING FOR ONE ANOTHER; THAT ORDER READS: NEITHER WOUNDED NOR DEAD MUST EVER BE LEFT IN ENEMY HANDS; THEY MUST BE RE-TAKEN DESPITE THE COST OF THE COUNTER-ATTACK!



51104

**M**ANY LEGION ENLISTEES ARE WELL-EDUCATED; ONCE, WHEN HELP WAS NEEDED IN THE PLANNING OF AN ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT SID-BEL-ABBIS, SEVEN LICENSED ARCHITECTS WERE FOUND IN ONE COMPANY!

**T**HE LEGION JOURNAL, 'KEPI BLANC', IS VERY SIMILAR TO THE 'YANK' MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY AMERICAN TROOPS DURING WORLD WAR II!



END