

FIGHTING ACES OF WAR SKIES

# WINGS

## COMICS



No. 7—MARCH

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THE  
YANKEE  
HUNDERBOLT

FEATURE BASED  
ON THE FAMOUS  
WAR-AIR NOVEL

BY  
CAPT.  
BEREK  
WEST

'SUICIDE' SMITH  
BLITZKRIEG BUSTER  
in a smashing new  
war-air adventure—  
THE  
"ACE OF FLAME"

THE  
SKULL SQUAD  
blasts the hot sky-  
trail for the

"DAWN PATROL"

PHANTOM FALCONS

'GREASE-MONKEY' GRIFFIN

PARACHUTE PATROL

JANE MARTIN

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Wing Span, 46 in.  
Length Overall, 26 1/2 in.  
Fuselage Cross Section, 10 sq. in.  
Wing Area, 254 sq. in.  
Weight, 16 oz.

## Win This Gas Model

# PLANE!

### 23 Prizes Just for NAMING IT

Come on, Kids—win this New Gas Model Airplane by sending us the best name for it. Oh, Boy! Here's your chance to try your skill at naming this speedy little number which has a specially built motor. The very first name you think of may be just the one to win this Airplane for you. So send a name right away.

You will get one of these sleek, fast-flying Model Airplanes if the name you send for it wins First, Second, Third, Fourth, or Fifth Prize. Sixth Prize will be \$10.00; Seventh Prize, \$5.00; Eighth Prize, \$3.00; and then there will be 15 more prizes of \$1.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie.

## The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

"Speed King" and "High Flier" have been suggested as possible names but you can think of a better one. Look at the picture (for the airplane is exactly like the picture), imagine that you are the proud owner of this model flier, then naming it will be easy. You'll be thrilled at this plane's powerful performance. Yes, Sir! It promises to be a favorite at the big air meets because this Class "A" type plane makes such beautiful flights when it is completed according to instructions. The "199" Megow Motor it has is built for long life and easy running because it comes with a permanently sealed-in crankcase and an extra long bronze bearing.

You can bet this motor really "sings" of power. The plane itself has a "Rite Pitch" propeller—a Flight Timer—and Rubber Wheels. Just place the motor in position! Crank her up! Let her go! And watch her zoom through the air! Any boy or girl, living in the 48 states, may send in a name. This offer closes March 31, 1941, so be prompt! Mail us only ONE airplane name on a penny postal card TODAY. Be sure to sign your full name and address on the card and address it to



Bore and Stroke,  
5/8 in.  
H. P., 1/7  
R. P. M., 2,000 to  
10,000  
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.199  
Propeller,  
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Static Thrust,  
28 oz.  
Weight, 3 oz.

**MODEL AIRPLANE CLUB, 13 Copper Building, TOPEKA, KANSAS**



A  
FICTION  
HOUSE  
MAGAZINE

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THE NEXT ISSUE OF WINGS COMICS (No. 8, APRIL) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND FEBRUARY 25th.



# SKULL SQUAD



BY ACE ATRINE



**Skoda Plant Is Raided**  
**Berlin's Rail Depots Also Bombed**  
**The British Fight Furiously...**

*Lorient Heavily Bombed*  
*RAF Attacks Airdromes*  
*British Turn To Offensive On All Fronts*  
*RAF Raids Submarine Base*

*London (AP) - A flight over 1,400 miles of hostile airplanes, including bombers were directed today to have set fire to Skoda Armament plant in the German-occupied Czech Republic.*

*Home-Going Crowd Caught*  
*the British said they had attacked the railway yards and the stations.*

*RAF Attacks Airdromes*  
*Meanwhile the RAF struck at airdromes, freight yards and submarine bases on the continent. The Air Ministry's communique said:*

*"Our bombers dived in and made a way to the shipping yard in Lorient, German submarine base."*

*British Turn To Offensive On All Fronts*  
*RAF Raids Submarine Base*

*Nazi Luftwaffe Officers Rage At Each New Victory of the Skull Squad. Kent Douglas, Sandy Macgregor and Jimmy Jones are the dreaded members of this valiant triumvirate.*

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THE COMMANDING OFFICER INTERVIEWS KENT DOUGLAS.



WITH THE SKULL SQUAD LEADING, THE BLENHEIM SQUADRON TAKES OFF FOR A DEVASTATING RAID ON THE REICH.



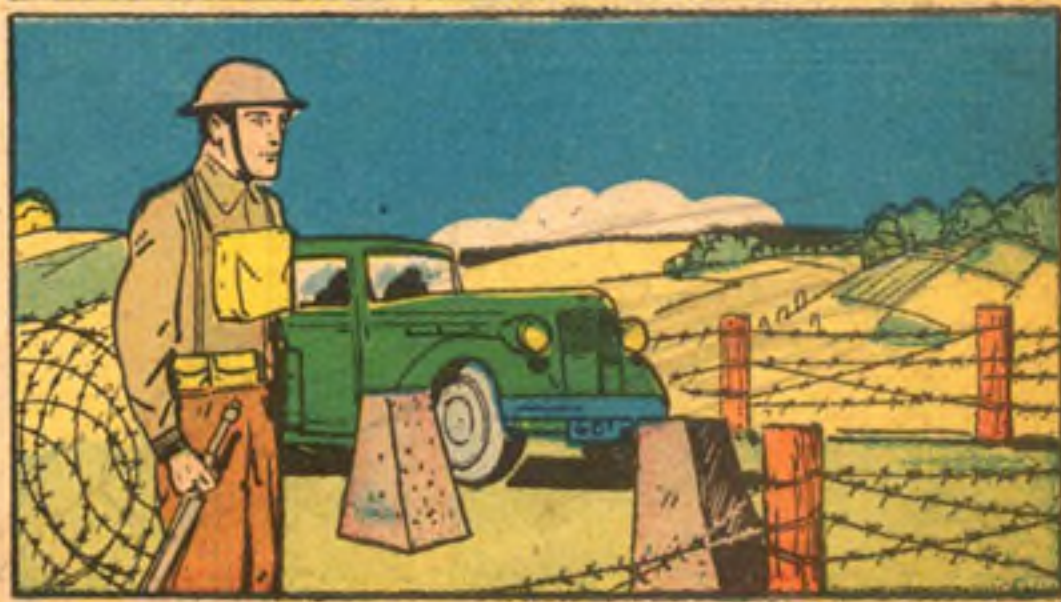
AFTER RETURNING, THE SKULL SQUAD SIPS TEA IN THEIR QUARTERS.



LET'S TRY TO PICK UP HIS TRAIL!



THE SKULL SQUAD PILES INTO A SMALL ENGLISH CAR.. THEY DRIVE FROM THE FIELD ALONG ROADS BRISTLING WITH TANK TRAPS AND BARBED WIRE.





...AT A ROADSIDE TAVERN...



YES, H' BELIEVE THERE WAS A H' OFFICER LIKE YOU DESCRIBE CAME BY 'ERE THREE DAYS AGO!

THE TRAIL ENDS HERE AT THE CHANNEL... I WONDER WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE FROM HERE?

THE SKULL SQUAD REACHES THE CHALK CLIFFS ON THE DOVER COAST.



A NAVAL OFFICER IS QUESTIONED.



NO... I DIDN'T SEE... OR HEAR OF ANYONE DOWN HERE... BUT SOMETHING STRANGE DID HAPPEN THREE DAYS AGO!



A DORNIER FLYING BOAT LANDED NEAR HERE, THEN TOOK OFF AGAIN IN A SHORT WHILE... THAT'S WHY WE HAVE SO MANY TORPEDO BOATS PATROLLING!



THERE MUST BE SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN THE DORNIER AND CAPTAIN LEWIS' DISAPPEARANCE... BUT THAT'S ONLY A WILD GUESS!

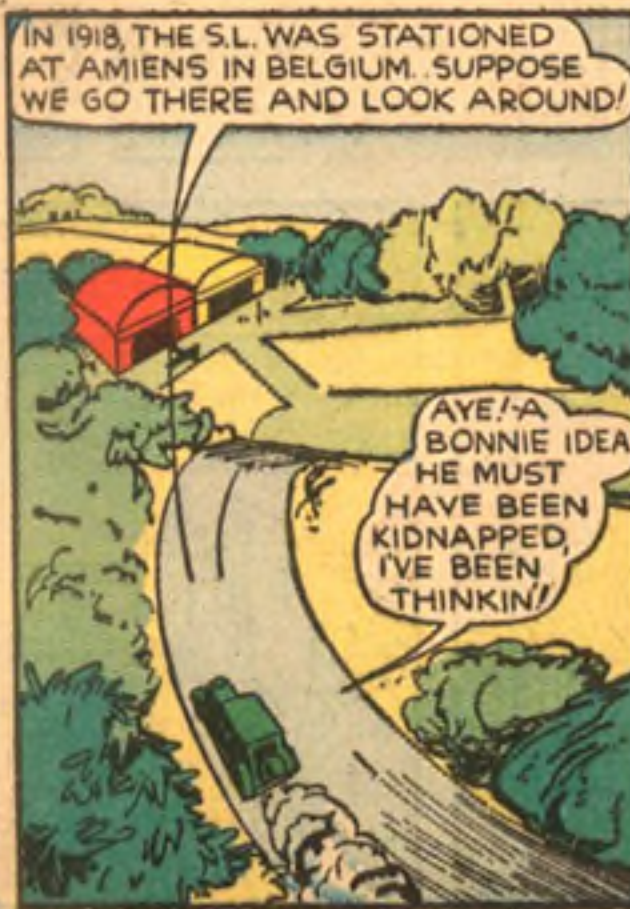
HOLD ON. WHAT'S THIS?



WHY, IT'S THE S.L.'S SCARF. THOSE ARE HIS INITIALS... OUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT!



THE CAPTAIN WAS A TOUGH EGG ON DISCIPLINE, BUT HE WAS A REAL PATRIOT, AND NOT ONE TO HOBNOB WITH THE JERRIES... SOMETHING'S FISHY IN THIS SETUP!



IN 1918, THE S.L. WAS STATIONED AT AMIENS IN BELGIUM. SUPPOSE WE GO THERE AND LOOK AROUND!

AYE! A BONNIE IDEA HE MUST HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED, I'VE BEEN THINKIN'!

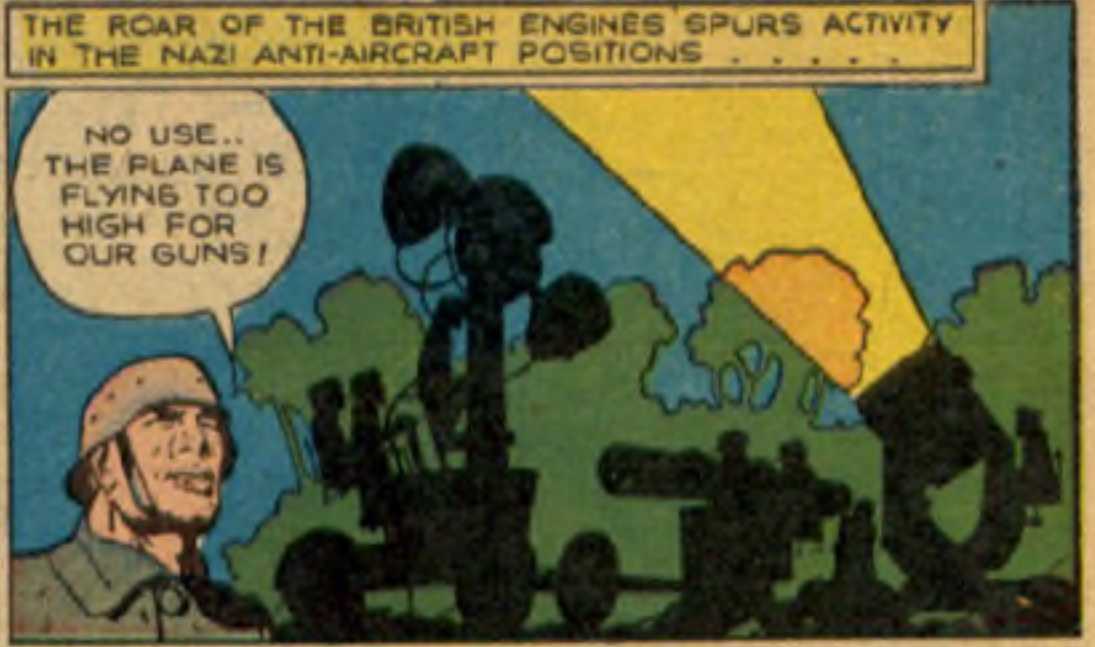


BOMB RACKS FULL OF BOMBS, GUNS PACKED WITH AMMUNITION, THE SKULL SQUAD BLENHEIM TAKES OFF.





THERE ARE TEMPTING TARGETS BELOW, BUT WE HAD BETTER FLY HIGH, AND IGNORE THEM!



THE ROAR OF THE BRITISH ENGINES SPURS ACTIVITY IN THE NAZI ANTI-AIRCRAFT POSITIONS . . . . .

NO USE.. THE PLANE IS FLYING TOO HIGH FOR OUR GUNS!



THERE'S AMIENS NOW.. WE'LL GLIDE IN AND FIND A QUIET SPOT IN WHICH TO LAND!

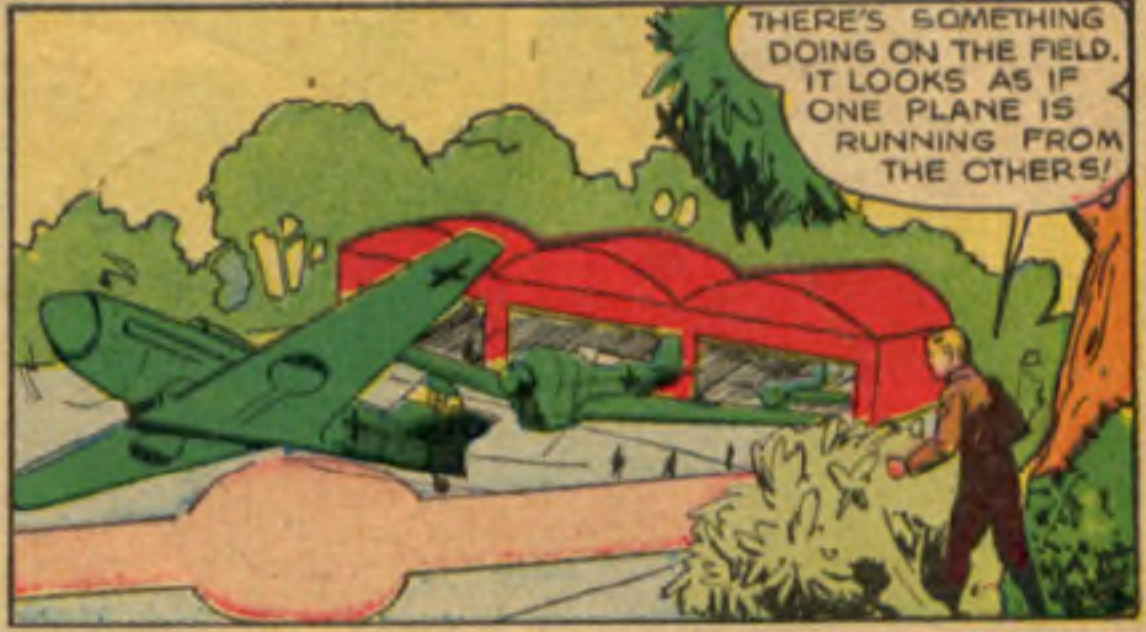


FINE, NOBODY HAS SEEN US. CAMOUFLAGE THE PLANE WITH THESE BRANCHES!



YOU FELLOWS STAY HERE AND KEEP THE SHIP READY.. I'LL LOOK OVER JERRY AIRPORT, NEARBY!

RIGHTO, JIMMY!



THERE'S SOMETHING DOING ON THE FIELD. IT LOOKS AS IF ONE PLANE IS RUNNING FROM THE OTHERS!



A NAZI OFFICER SHAKES HIS FIST AT THE DEPARTING PLANE.



SAY.. WE MET UP WITH THAT GUY BEFORE.. THAT'S HARTMANN! CAPTAIN LEWIS MUST BE IN THE FIRST PLANE!



HERE COMES JIMMY.. I WONDER WHAT'S UP?!



THE HEINKEL 112 WHICH IS PURSUED BY THE MESSERSCHMITTS CRACKS UP AFTER A SHORT FLIGHT.



THE S.L. WAS IN THAT SHIP THAT JUST CRASHED. LET'S RESCUE HIM..I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



I SAY, THIS IS STRANGE.. NOBODY'S IN THE PLANE!



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

WHAT'S THIS..A HANDKERCHIEF TIED TO THE JOY STICK!



GOOD TAKEOFF, KENT. WE JUST CLEARED THOSE TREES!



AGAIN THE INITIALS, J.L..CAPTAIN LEWIS MUST HAVE TIED THIS HANDKERCHIEF TO THE JOYSTICK AND LET THE PLANE TAKE OFF UNDER ITS OWN POWER TO FOOL THE JERRIES. BUT WHERE COULD HE BE?



WHILE WE'RE HERE, LET'S GIVE HARTMANN SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY. READY AT THE BOMB SIGHTS, SANDY?

AVE, GET ABOVE THOSE HANGARS!

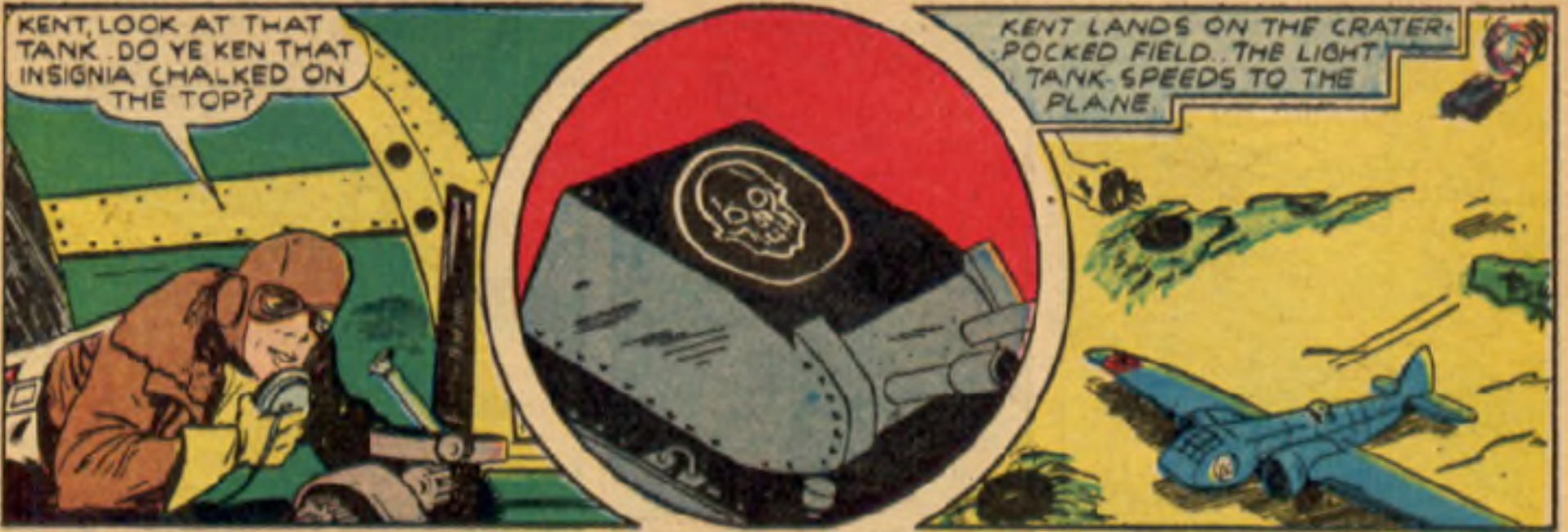
GASOLINE STORES ON THE NAZI FIELD SPREAD FIRE AS THE BOMBS EXPLODE.



OUT OF THE CHAOS AND WRECKAGE OF THE BLASTED AIRDROME, A SMALL TANK RUMBLES.

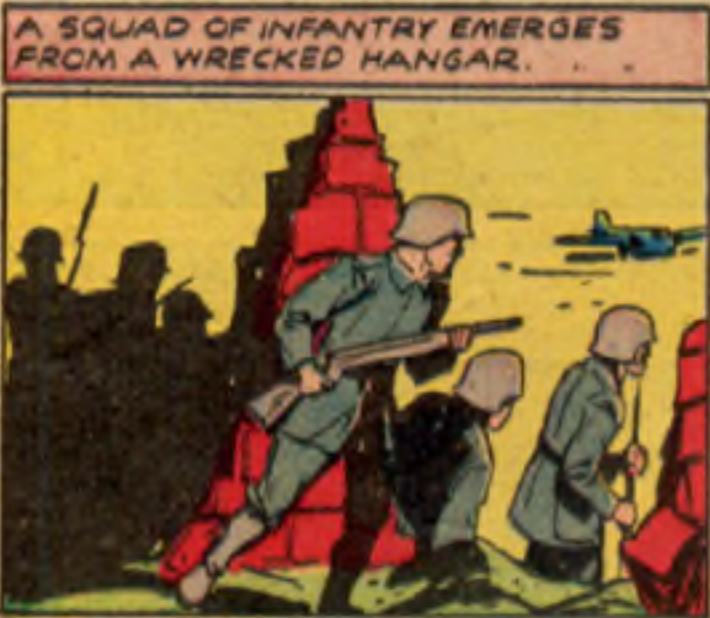






KENT, LOOK AT THAT TANK. DO YE KEN THAT INSIGNIA CHALKED ON THE TOP?

KENT LANDS ON THE CRATER-POCKED FIELD. THE LIGHT TANK SPEEDS TO THE PLANE.



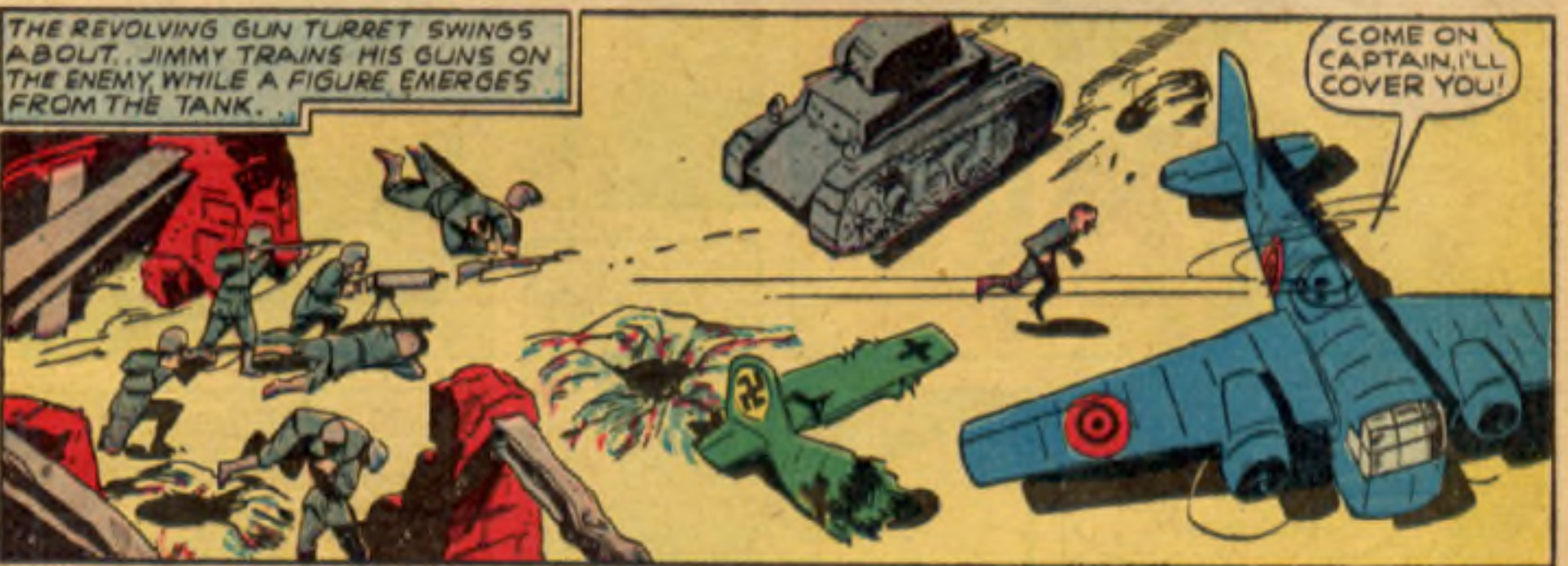
A SQUAD OF INFANTRY EMERGES FROM A WRECKED HANGAR.



I SEE EM.. I'LL TAKE OVER THE NOSE GUNS!

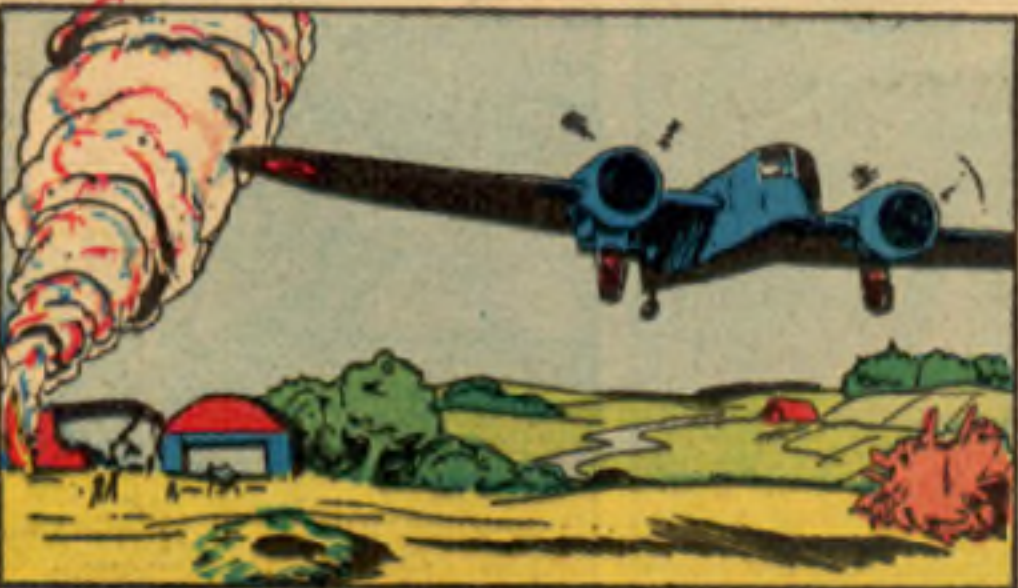


THE PLANES VICKERS GUNS SPIT LEAD.



THE REVOLVING GUN TURRET SWINGS ABOUT. JIMMY TRAINS HIS GUNS ON THE ENEMY WHILE A FIGURE EMERGES FROM THE TANK.

COME ON CAPTAIN, I'LL COVER YOU!



IM CERTAINLY GLAD YOU BOYS PICKED UP THE CLUES I TRIED TO LEAVE BEHIND. I WAS KIDNAPPED BY HARTMANN HIMSELF. HE'S GUNNING FOR YOUR SKULL SQUAD!

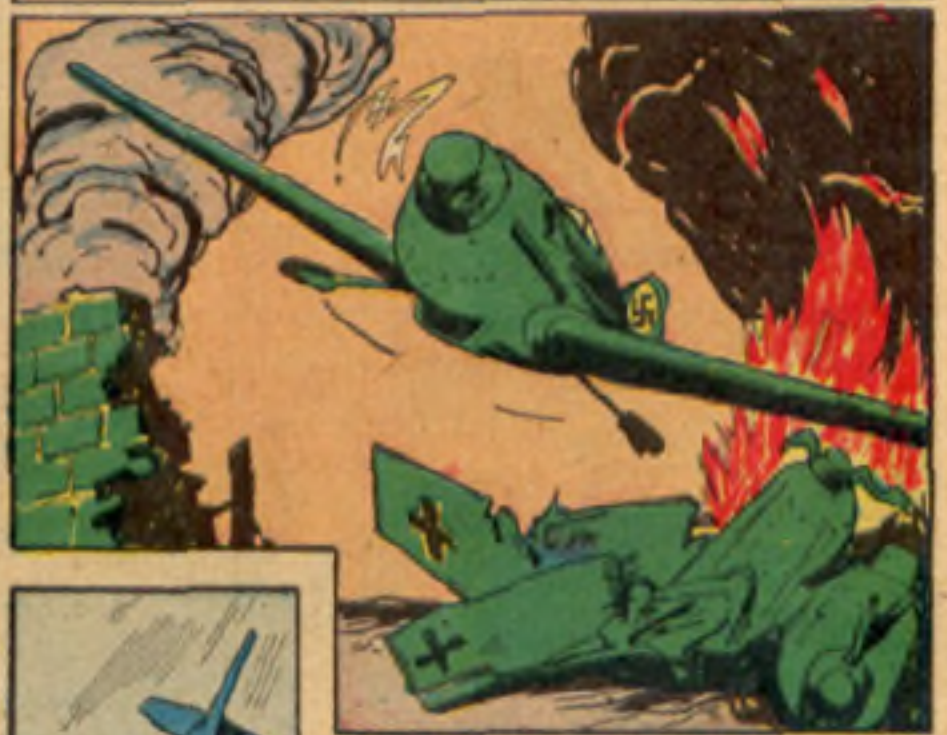




A BLAST FROM SANDY'S BOMBS FORCES ONE MESSERSCHMITT SHARPLY UPWARD INTO HIS COMRADE'S PATH... BOTH PLANES LOCK AND PLUNGE TO RUIN.



HARTMANN HIMSELF PILOTS THE REMAINING ME. 109... HIS EYES BURNING FIERCE HATRED, HE PURSUES THE SKULL SQUAD'S BLENHEIM.





AS HARTMANN'S MESSERSCHMITT CRACKS UP, THE NAZI COMMANDER IS CATAPULTED FROM HIS PLANE.



HE MAKES A ONE POINT LANDING IN A WATER FILLED BOMB CRATER...



HIMMEL! DAS !@%/M!! SKULL SQUAD! HUMILIATED BY THE ENGLISH SWINE AGAIN!



IN HIS DISAPPOINTMENT, HARTMANN TRIES SUICIDE, BUT HIS MUD-CLOGGED LUGER MISSES FIRE.



DON'T DO IT, HERR COMMANDANT.. VAIT TILL VE CONQUER ENGLAND, DEN VE GET BACK AT OEM! DER FÜHRER SAYS IT WILL BE SOON!



THAT SKULL SQUAD! THEY WRECK EVERY-THING I ATTEMPT! EVEN SUICIDE!

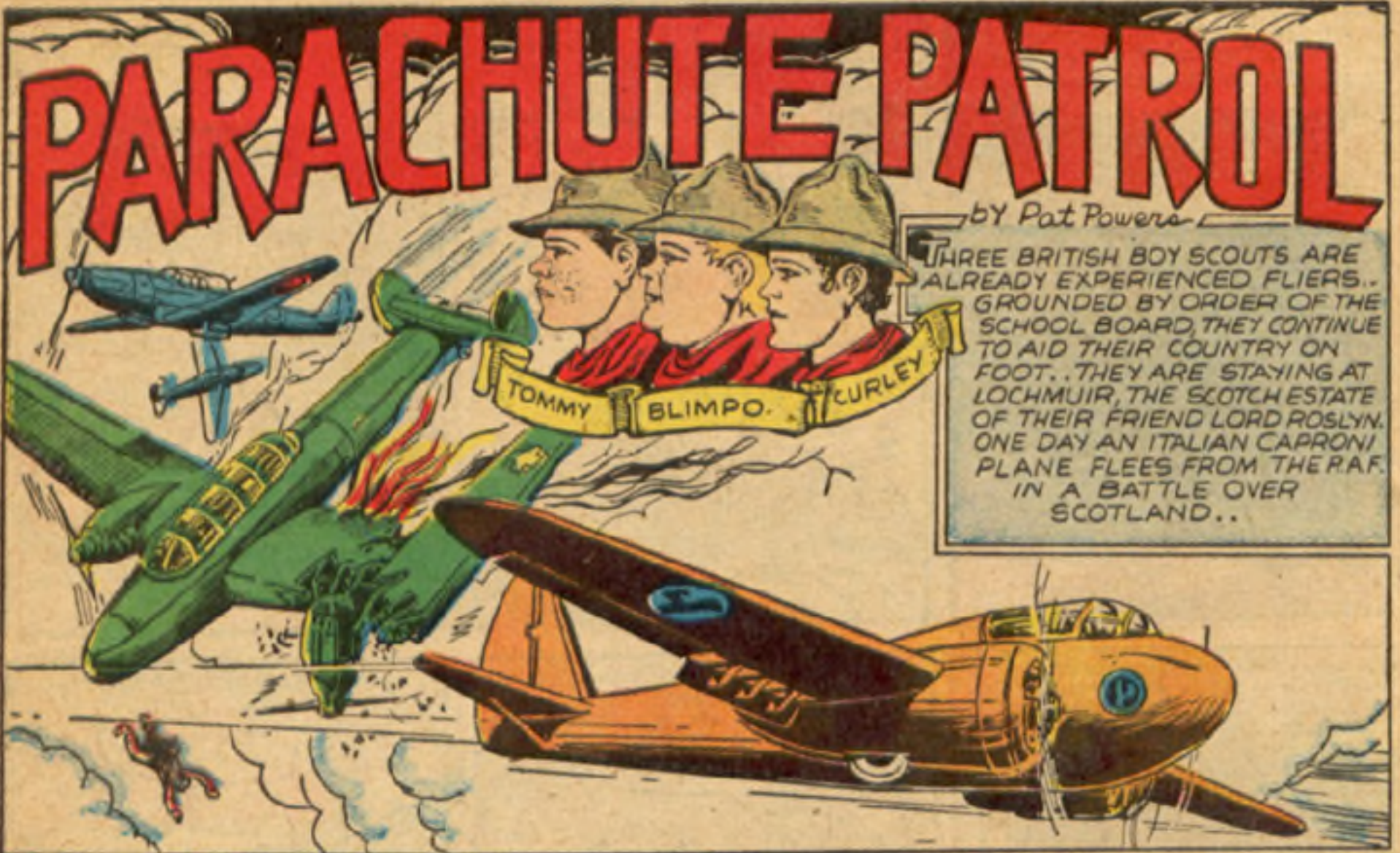
THERE'S ENGLAND! I THOUGHT I WOULD NEVER SEE MY HOME AGAIN!



IN 1917, LLOYD GEORGE SAID OF THE R.A.F. " THE HEAVENS ARE THEIR BATTLEFIELDS.. THEY'RE THE CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS.. HIGH ABOVE THE SQUALOR AND THE MUD, THEY FIGHT OUT THE..

ETERNAL ISSUES" ..... THE SKULL SQUAD LIVES UP TO THIS GLORIOUS TRADITION AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **WINGS COMICS.**





by Pat Powers

THREE BRITISH BOY SCOUTS ARE ALREADY EXPERIENCED FLIERS. GROUNDED BY ORDER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD, THEY CONTINUE TO AID THEIR COUNTRY ON FOOT. THEY ARE STAYING AT LOCHMUIR, THE SCOTCH ESTATE OF THEIR FRIEND LORD ROSLYN. ONE DAY AN ITALIAN CAPRONI PLANE FLEES FROM THE RAF. IN A BATTLE OVER SCOTLAND..



WE HAVE DROPPED OUR BOMBS! LET US HASTEN HOME! THE INGLESE ARE NOT ETHIOPIAN NATIVES, CAPTAIN ROSSO!

SOMETHING IS AMISS! WE'LL HAVE TO LAND HERE!

THE ITALIAN PLANE LANDS IN A DESERTED FOREST.



WE ARE SAFE HERE FOR AWHILE AT LEAST. NO ONE HAS SEEN US LAND! GET OUT OF YOUR FLYING SUITS!

BUT THE PARACHUTE PATROL HAS SEEN ALL.



WE NEED LUBRICATING OIL. CAPTAIN ROSSO, YOU SPEAK ENGLISH. SEE IF YOU CAN GET US SOME!

BUT MY UNIFORM, MAJOR..



LOOK! A SCARECROW! TAKE ITS CLOTHING AND GO TO A FARMHOUSE. WE WILL WAIT HERE. GO NOW!





HOP TO IT! WE MUST GET TO THAT SCARECROW FIRST! I HAVE A GOOD IDEA!



A LITTLE LATER.

PARDON, SCARECROW, BUT I NEED YOUR COAT!



BUT SUDDENLY, THE SCARECROW COMES TO LIFE...



WHILE HIS ALLIES GO INTO ACTION.



TAKE HIM!



WE'LL TIE HIM UP SAFELY IN CAMPBELL'S BARN!



TO MAKE HIM MORE SECURE, THE BOYS TAKE ROSSO'S TUNIC AND BOOTS.



HE'S COMING TO, LADS. SHH.. HE'S STARTING TO TALK!

YOU SPEAK ITALIAN, TOMMY. WHAT IS HE SAYING?

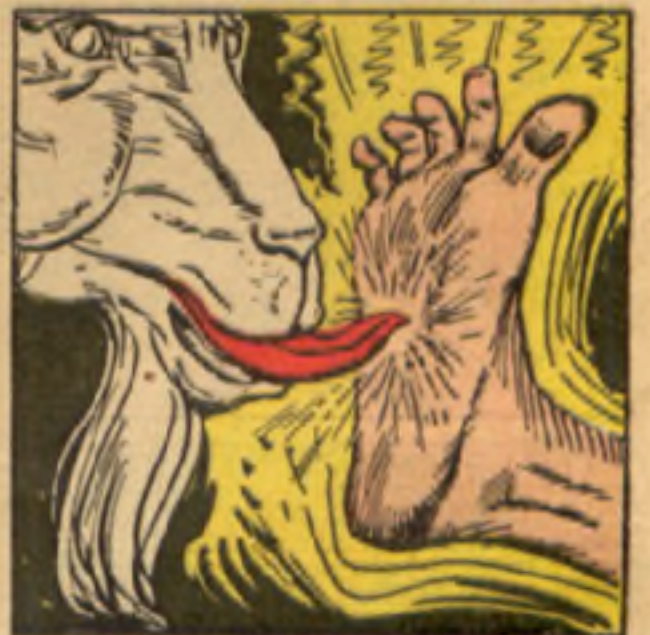


CAPTAIN ROSSO REVEALS A SECRET.

LA NAVE.. LA NAVE.. SEGRETO.. PRESTO!

IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SHIP! A SECRET SHIP! I SAY, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!









WHILE BACK AT THE PLANE.







TOMMY SPIES A CAN OF OIL IN GAFFER CAMPBELL'S BARN.



THE BOYS SOON HAVE THE PLANE READY TO FLY AGAIN.



A MOMENT LATER, THEY'RE OFF.



TOMMY FINDS A MIRROR.





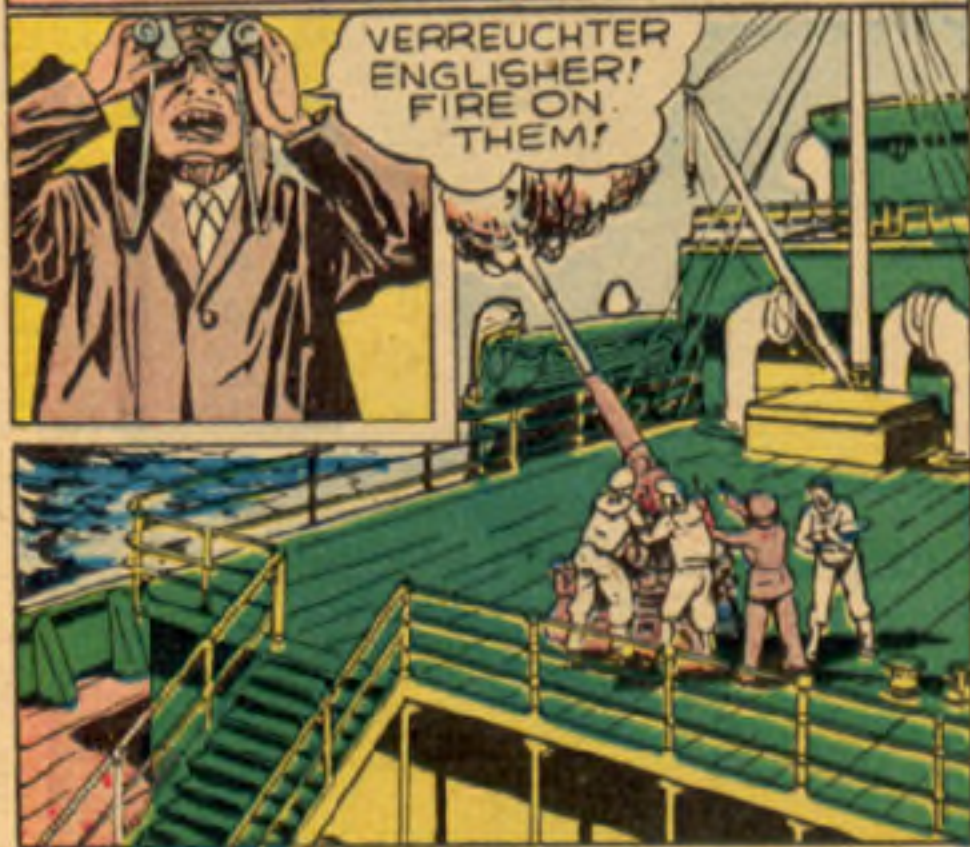
IN THE SPITFIRE'S CABIN.



THE FLIERS SOON KNOW WHAT ITS ALL ABOUT AND THE HUNT IS ON.



ON THE NAZI RAIDER, THE CAPTAIN SEES.



A PASSING DESTROYER PICKS UP THE NAZI SURVIVORS.



AND THE BOYS FLY BACK TO LOCHMUIR CASTLE.



ANOTHER PARACHUTE PATROL STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **WINGS COMICS**



# Jane Martin

## WAR NURSE

by  
FRED HAWKS



THE GREEK ISLAND OF CORFU IS UNDER HEAVY SHELLING FROM ALL SIDES..... ALBANIA, BRINDISI IN ITALY, AND FROM THE DODECANESE ISLANDS... CORFU IS DESPERATELY IN NEED OF MEDICAL AID... JANE MARTIN, AT ALEXANDRIA, VOLUNTEERS HER HELP.

TOM RALEIGH, JANE'S FIANCEE TRIES TO DISSUADE HER.

.. I'LL BE CAREFUL, BUT CAN'T YOU SEE? I'VE GOT TO HELP!

I DON'T LIKE YOU TO GO THERE, JANE, BUT ALL RIGHT AND DON'T FORGET THAT I WANT YOU BACK.. ALL IN ONE PIECE!

UNDER COVER OF DAWN AND CONVOYED BY CAMOUFLAGED LIGHT CRUISERS, THE HOSPITAL SHIP LEAVES ALEXANDRIA.

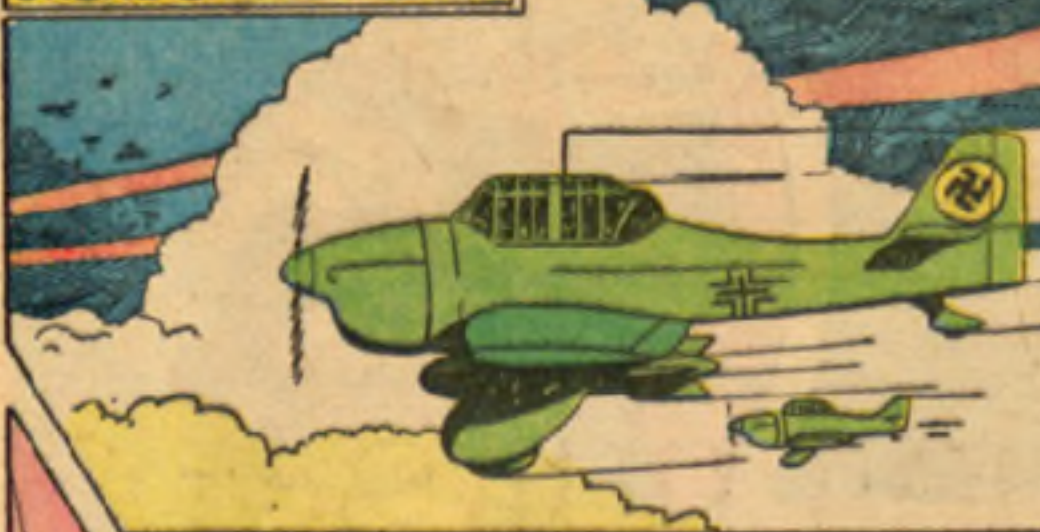


ALL GOES WELL.. THE MERCY SHIP AND ITS MATES PLOW THROUGH THE HIGH WAVES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, BOUND FOR THE ADRIATIC.. THEY DO NOT KNOW, HOWEVER, THAT A TREMENDOUS FORCE OF HOSTILE BOMBERS IS AWARE OF THEIR PLAN.

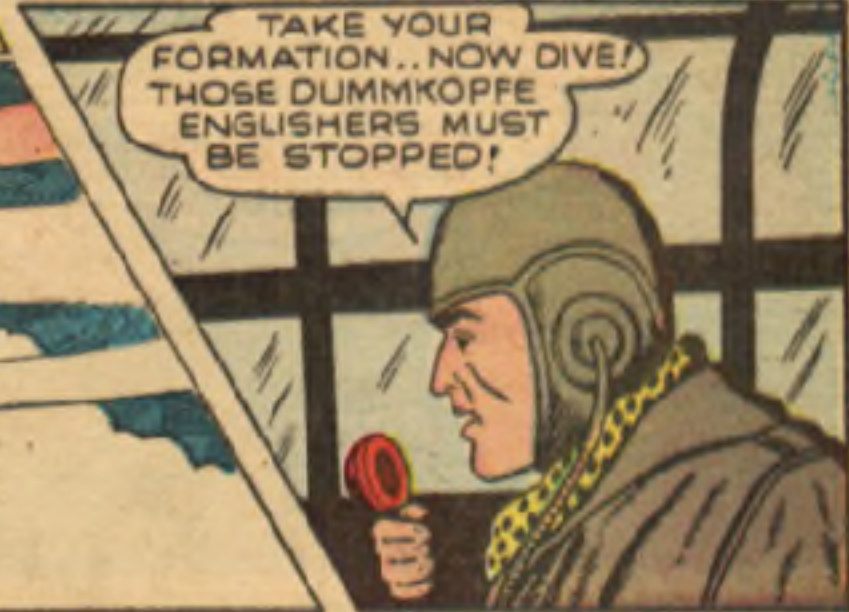




SUDDENLY, A SQUADRON OF STUKA DIVE BOMBERS DRONE ON THE SCENE.



TAKE YOUR FORMATION.. NOW DIVE! THOSE DUMMKOPFE ENGLISHERS MUST BE STOPPED!



THE SHIPS RESIST VALIANTLY.. AT LAST, ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE DRIVES OFF THE RAIDERS.



THE CALM DOES NOT LAST.. A HEAVY FORCE OF ITALIAN FIATS APPEAR.. TONS OF EXPLOSIVES RAIN DOWN UPON THE CONVOY.



FORTUNATELY, NO DIRECT HITS ARE SCORED.

WE CAN'T GO ON! TURN BACK TO ALEXANDRIA! WE'LL USE A MOTOR LAUNCH.





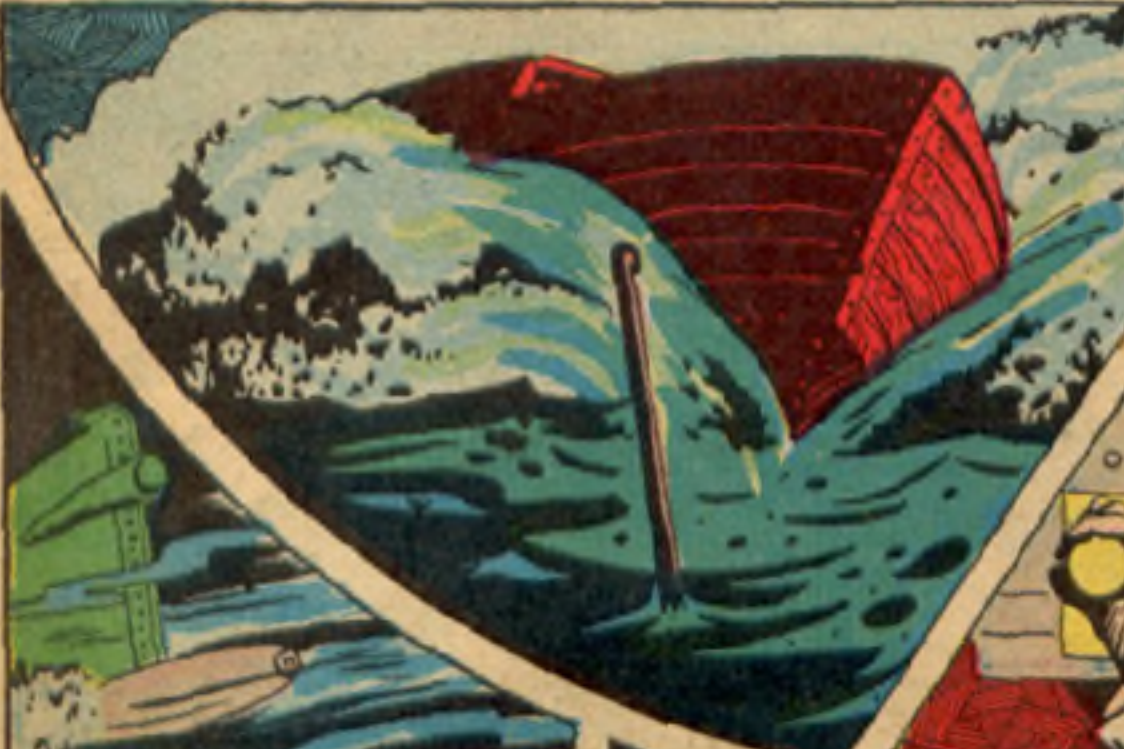
AFTER LOADING A SMALL MEDICAL SUPPLY, JANE, A YOUNG DOCTOR, AND A FEW NURSES LEAVE ALEXANDRIA IN A LIGHTLY ARMED LAUNCH.

THIS IS FASTER! WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO DODGE TROUBLE!

... ALL CLEAR SO FAR... WAIT! THAT'S A SUBMARINE PERISCOPE UP AHEAD OF US!



IN THE U-BOAT



MANAGA! GA!! THEY ARE SO CLOSE WE CAN'T FOCUS OUR AIM!



THROUGH JANE'S CLEVER STRATEGY, THE TORPEDOES ALL GO WILD...

BUT NOW A NEW MENACE COMES FROM THE SKIES... A SQUADRON OF BREDA DIVE BOMBERS.

THE DOCTOR AND A FEW SAILORS STICK TO THE LAUNCH'S GUNS.

BRINDISI... BRINDISI... SEND REINFORCEMENTS. THIS ONE SMALL SHIP IS AS BAD AS A WHOLE FLEET!



GOOD SHOT! KEEP IT UP!







BRINDISI... ARE YOU LISTENING? NOW I'LL ATTACK THE SHIP ALONE... BRINDISI... SEND AID...

A NURSE IS HIT!

DON'T MIND ME, JANE... I'LL BE OK. KEEP ON WITH WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

"TONY'S" GETTING TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT... HOLD ON EVERYBODY, I'M GOING TO SWAMP HIS ENGINE!

THE HEAVY SPRAY DEADENS THE BREDA'S MOTOR. THE BOMBER FOLDS UP IN A SPLASH OF FOAM...



THE PILOT! QUICK... HEAD FOR HIM. HE'S HALF DROWNED ALREADY!



WEAK FROM THE CRASH AND SUBMERSION, THE PILOT BABBLES CRAZILY...

NOSTRE NAVE... CORFU... THE GENERALE ORDERS ATTACK.





THE LAUNCH PROCEEDS STEADILY TOWARDS CORFU. AS THEY NEAR THE HARBOR, A SQUADRON OF HURRICANES DIP IN AN APPRECIATIVE SALUTE . . . . .



THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET LIES ANCHORED OFF ITALIAN LIBYA . . . . .



WIRE FROM CORFU . . SAIL FOR IMMEDIATE ENGAGEMENT WITH ENEMY FLEET . . CALL ALL HANDS ON DECK!

A FEW HOURS LATER, THE BRITISH NAVY IS STILL MISTRESS OF THE SEAS . . .

IMMEDIATELY UPON LANDING, JANE CONTACTS THE BRITISH CHARGE D'AFFAIRES AT CORFU . . .



SO YOU SEE, SIR, THAT ITALIAN PILOT ALLOWED HIS FLEET MOVEMENTS TO LEAK OUT!

I'LL WIRE OUR NAVAL UNIT AT ONCE!



TOM RALEIGH'S SUNDERLAND APPEARS . . GRACEFULLY IT WINGS TOWARD THE BESIEGED GREEK ISLAND.

WHILE BELOW, THE PONDEROUS BULLDOGS OF THE SEA STEAM PROUDLY IN TOM'S WAKE . . .



WELL, JANE, CONSIDER YOURSELF A HEROINE . . IF NOT FOR YOU . . .

NEVER MIND THE BOUQUETS! 'T WAS MERELY ME DUTY, M'LAD!

ANOTHER THRILLING WAR ADVENTURE IS IN STORE FOR JANE MARTIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF . . . . . **WINGS COMICS**



# THE PHANTOM FALCONS

BY KIT GLEASON

THE ADVENTURE OF THE STIRRING AIR BATTLE OVER THE ITALIAN-GREEK FRONT ... THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT TREACHEROUS BARONESS ... THE FAMOUS, HEROIC GREEK EVZONES!

TOM, I'VE JUST RECIEVED A COMMUNICATION FROM THE CHIEF MARSHAL OF THE R.A.F.

GOOD NEWS, PROFESSOR STRAFFORD?

YES, SINCE THE SITUATION IN BRITAIN IS WELL IN HAND, HE ASKS ME TO SEND YOU AND THE OTHER PHANTOM FALCONS TO THE ISLAND OF CRETE.

SO IT'S CRETE! HURRAH!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO WINTER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

OH THERE'S NO SNOW OR SLEET ON THE ISLAND OF CRETE

ARE YOU A FALCON OR A CANARY?

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

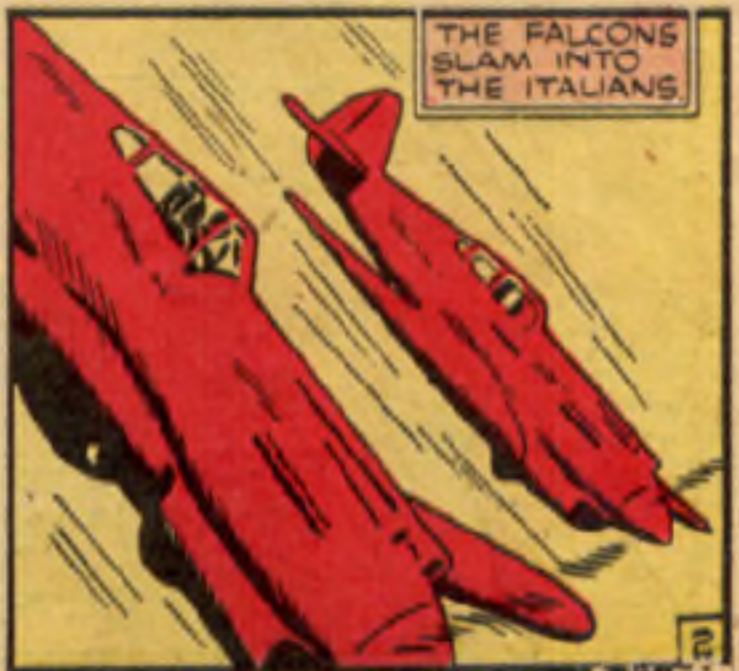
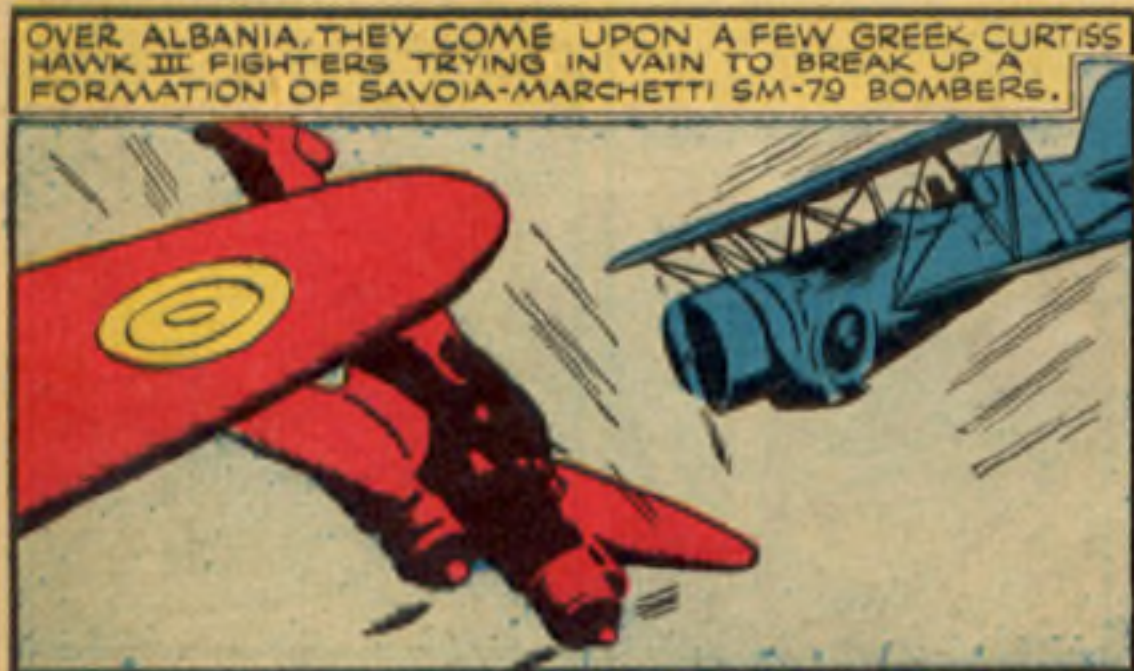
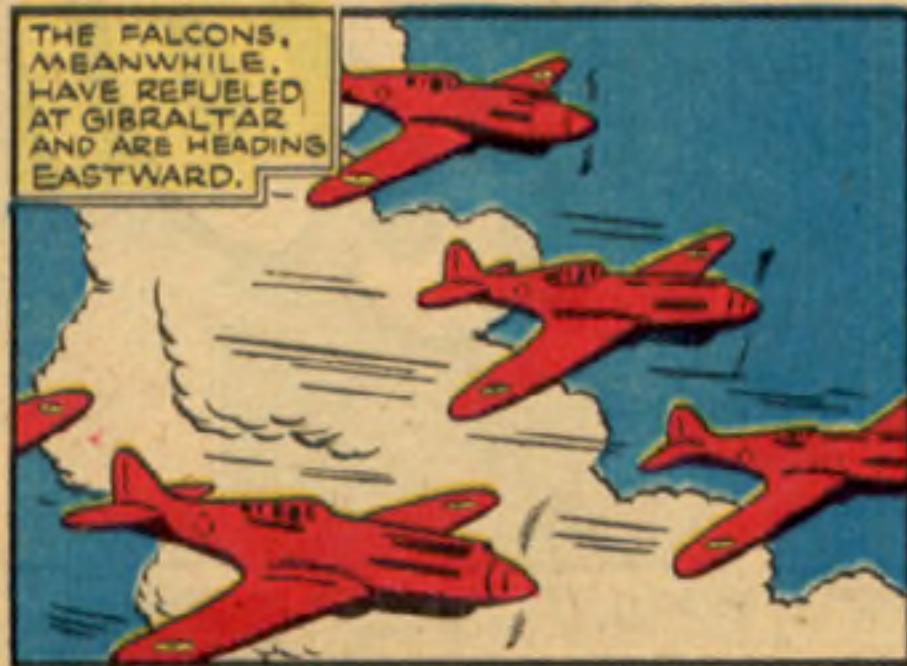
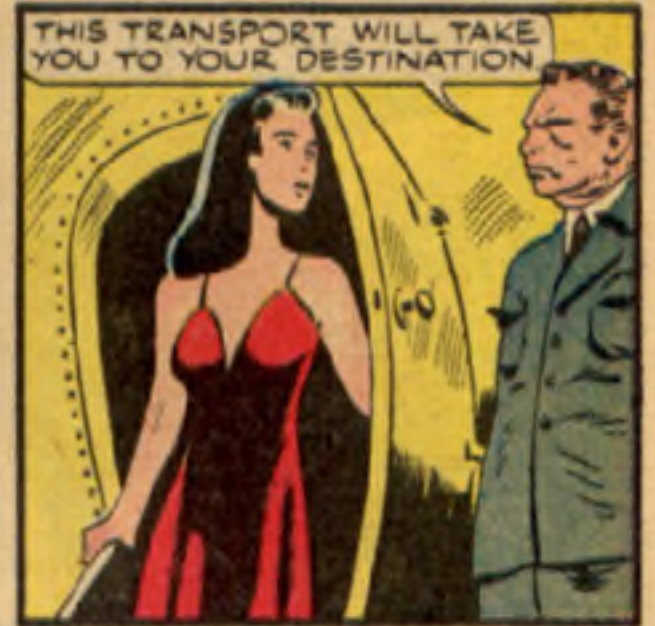
AKELEY TAKES THE LEAD WITH TOM, DALE, JERRY AND PARKER IN THE OTHER POSITIONS.

WELL, LADS, WE'RE OFF!

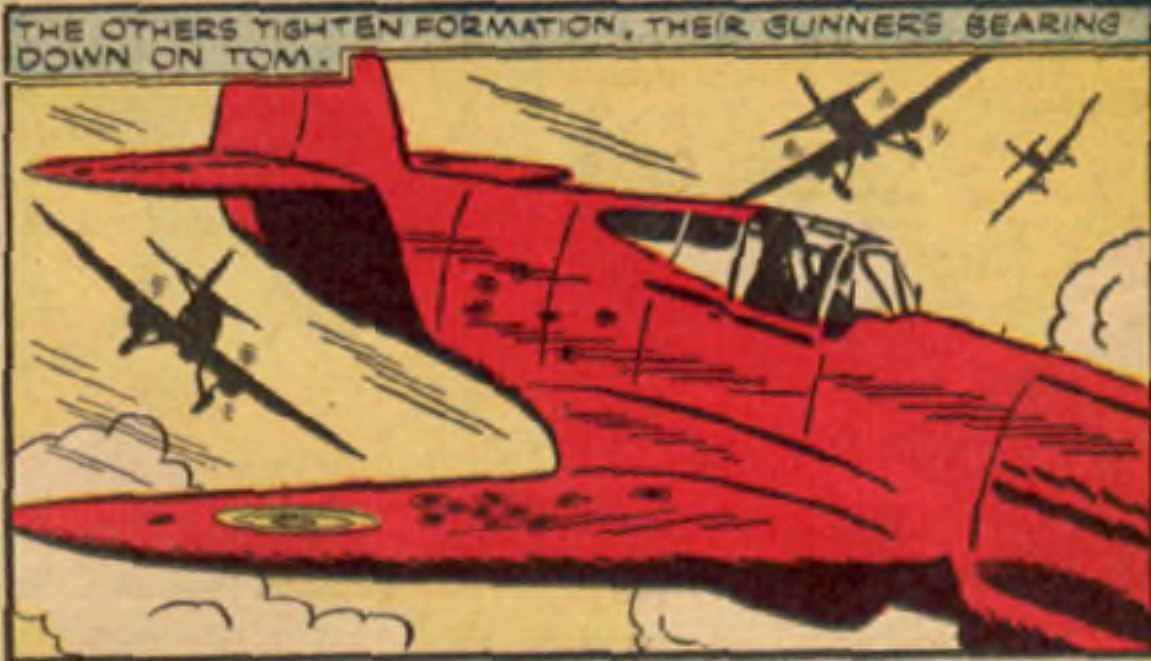
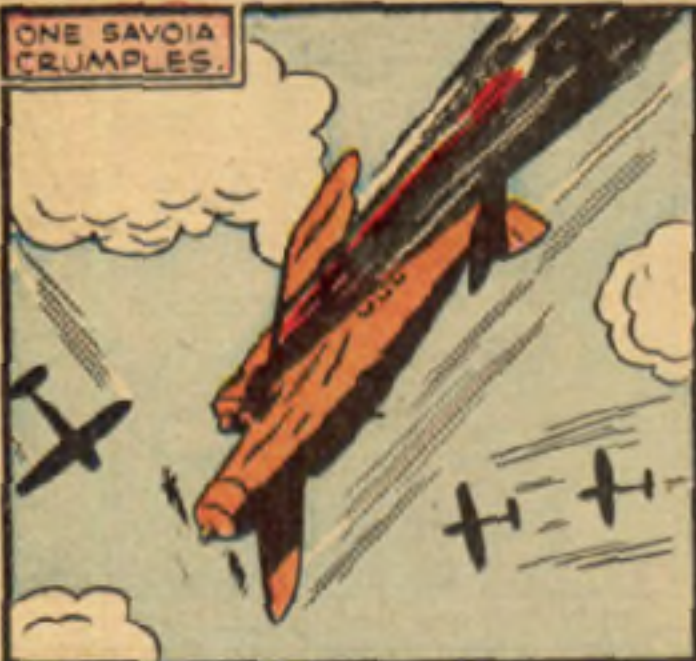
WE ARE TO STOP AT GIBRALTAR TO REFUEL

ROUTE OF THE PHANTOM FALCONS











TOM TRANSFERS TO A LORRY FILLED WITH REFUGEES FLEEING FROM THE BULGARIAN BORDER.

SO LONG, COWBOY, THANKS FOR THE LIFT.

MAY I SIT HERE?

IF YOU WISH.

THE BEAUTIFUL "GREEK" REFUGEE IS NONE OTHER THAN THE BARONESS.

U-U-UMPH. NICE DAY, ISN'T IT?

... YES, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY... I MUCH PREFER BEETHOVEN TO THE MODERNS... ETC. ETC.

HERE WE ARE IN ATHENS.

THANK YOU, DRIVER.

MAY I SEE YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS?

ER-ER, W-WHY, YES.

HERE WE ARE. WON'T YOU COME IN?

TOM IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF SURROUNDED BY SEVERAL UGLY LOOKING CUSTOMERS.

DON'T LOOK NOW, MY STUPID FRIEND, BUT THERE IS A GUN POINTING AT YOUR BACK... AS SOON AS WE FINISH OUR BUSINESS WE'LL DEAL WITH YOU... TO THE FUHRER!

TOM IS BOUND AND THROWN INTO A SMALL ADJOINING ROOM.

OTTO, YOU ARE TO IMITATE THE OFFICIAL GREEK WAVE LENGTH, SPREAD PANIC BY STORIES OF BORDER REVOLTS, SUICIDES... YOU KNOW THE USUAL PROCEDURE... AND NOW TO DEAL WITH DER ENGELANDER!

BUT TOM HAS BEEN BUSY IN THE MEANWHILE...





WELL, MINE FRIEND, VE ARE SORRY, BUD VE MUST PUT YOU OUDT OF DER VAY.



YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO TIE BETTER KNOTS FIRST!



WELL, LOOK WHAT FELL RIGHT INTO MY HAND!

BUT JUST THEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT! FLASHES OF GUN FIRE AND SHRIEKS OF PAIN FILL THE ROOM.



THE GIRL! WHERE IS SHE?

TOM DASHES OUT JUST IN TIME TO SEE A TAXICAB DISAPPEAR AROUND A CORNER.



QUICK! FOLLOW THAT CAB!

HE FOLLOWS THE CAB TO A LONELY MEADOW, BUT GETS THERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE A HEINKEL ME 112 TAKE OFF.



THERE SHE GOES!

THERE'S A FIELD VERY NEAR HERE I'LL TAKE YOU THERE!

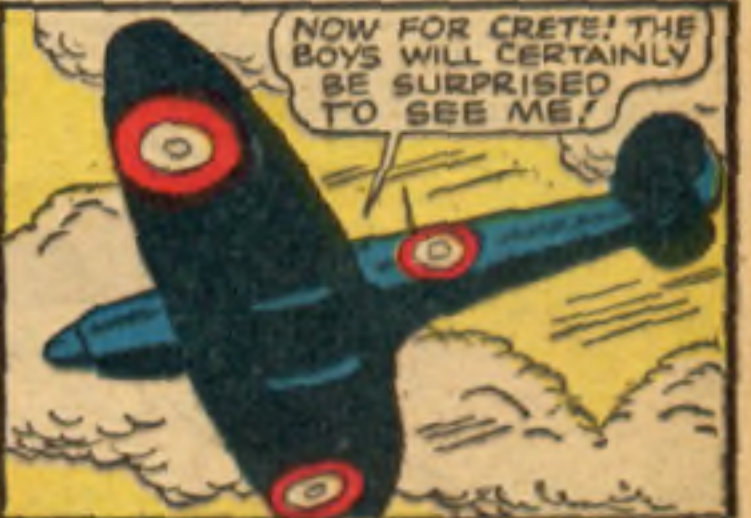


I DON'T KNOW WHOSE SPITFIRE THIS IS, BUT THERE WASN'T TIME TO ASK QUESTIONS.

OVERTAKING THE BARONESS, TOM FORCES HER DOWN INTO THE HANDS OF GREEK TROOPS.



ZOOMING OFF AGAIN, TOM RADIOS FOR PERMISSION TO TAKE THE SPITFIRE TO CRETE.



NOW FOR CRETE! THE BOYS WILL CERTAINLY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE PHANTOM FALCONS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WINGS COMICS!



# POWDER BURNS

IN HIS AIR WANDERINGS, 'POWDER' BURNS (WITH HIS HUGE SCANDINAVIAN PAL, SVEN KNUTSEN, AND COSMO DUST, BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGIST) IS CAUGHT IN ROMANIA AT THE TIME IT FALLS UNDER THE NAZI RULE....







AS  
THEY  
COME  
TO  
THE  
CITY  
LIMITS,  
THEY  
ARE  
STOPPED  
BY  
IRON  
GUARD  
TROOPS!







BUT FROM THE DOORWAY OF A LONELY HOUSE ...



SO WE ARE TO ESCAPE NOW, EH? I WOULD ADVISE WAITING A FEW HOURS. EXCUSE ME!



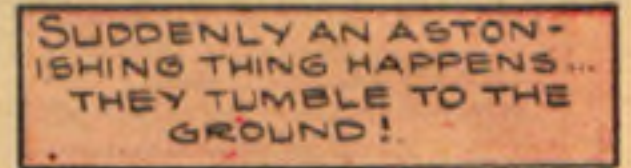




BUT THE GROUP TARRIES TOO LONG... THE DOOR SWINGS AJAR.. AND IN STAMPS A NAZI SQUAD!









THE EARTH TREMBLES AND ROARS AND SPLITS!!



THEY SOAR AWAY FROM THE HOLO-CAUST.. OVER THE MEDITER-RANEAN... FINALLY, THEY WING OVER A BRITISH BASE IN EGYPT....



AND 'POWDER' PULLS OUT IN TIME TO MAKE A GRACEFUL LANDING.



ON LEARNING THEIR IDENTITY, HOWEVER, THE BRITISH WELCOME THE ARRIVALS WARMLY.....

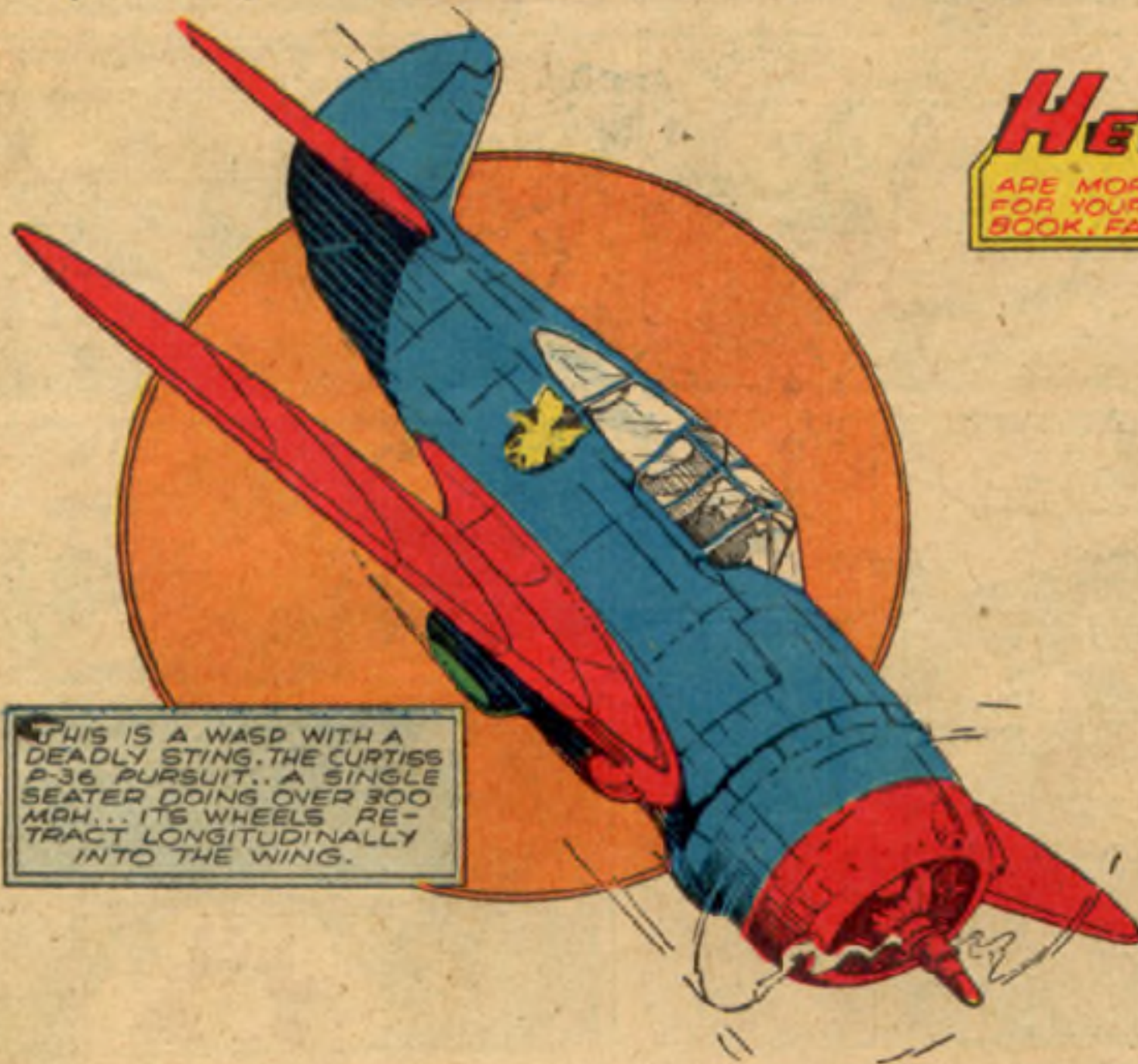


FOLLOW THE AIR ESCAPADES OF 'POWDER' BURNS AND HIS PALS IN THE NEXT ISSUE.....



# WING

**HERE**  
ARE MORE SHOTS  
FOR YOUR SCRAP  
BOOK, FANS!



THIS IS A WASP WITH A DEADLY STING. THE CURTISS P-36 PURSUIT.. A SINGLE SEATER DOING OVER 300 MPH... ITS WHEELS RETRACT LONGITUDINALLY INTO THE WING.

THERE'S A NEAT LITTLE TRAINING SHIP.. THE STEARMAN P 113.. A PRIMARY TRAINER.. IT IS BEING USED EXTENSIVELY IN TEACHING UNCLE SAM'S EAGLETS TO FLY.

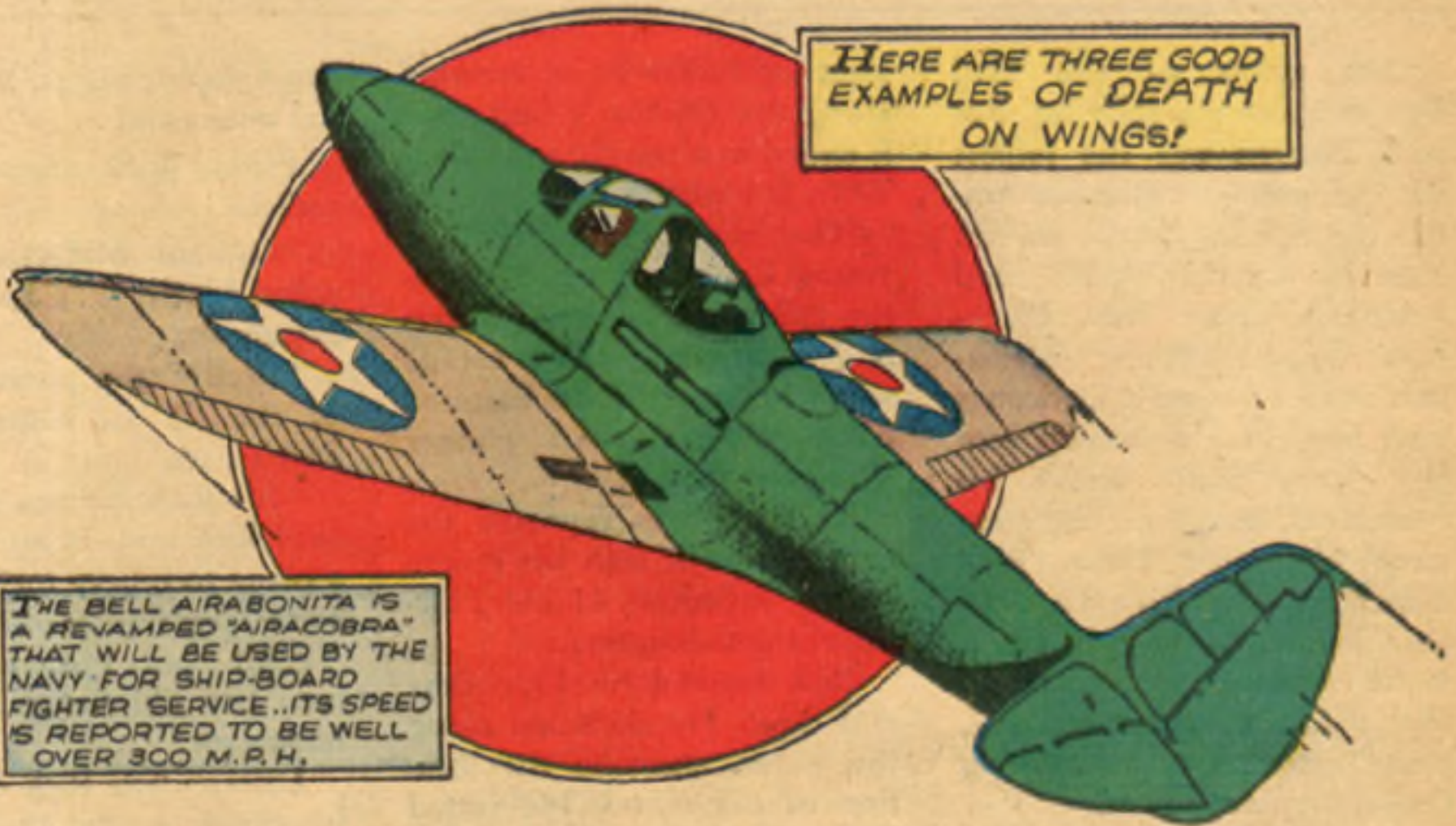




# TIPS

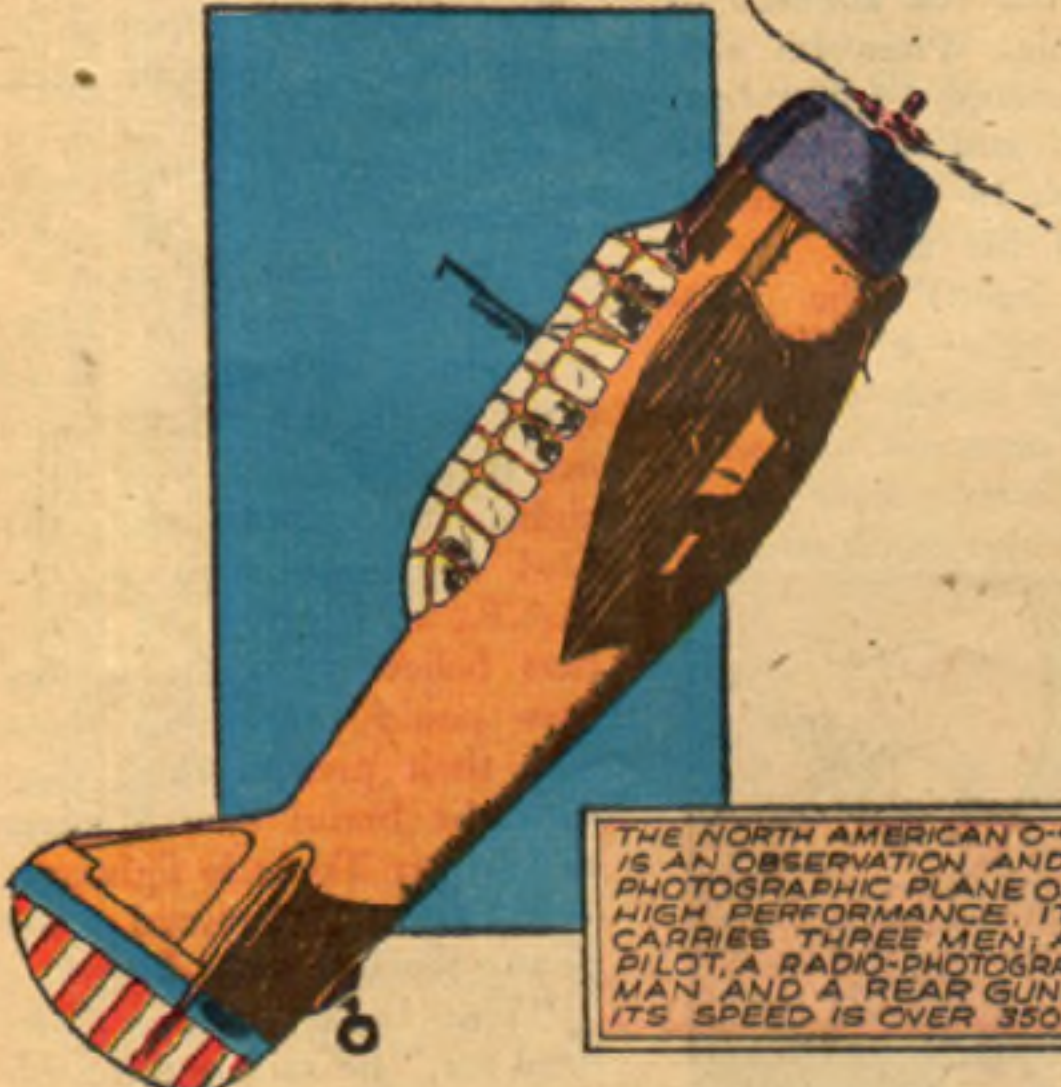
Gene  
Fawcett

HERE ARE THREE GOOD  
EXAMPLES OF DEATH  
ON WINGS!

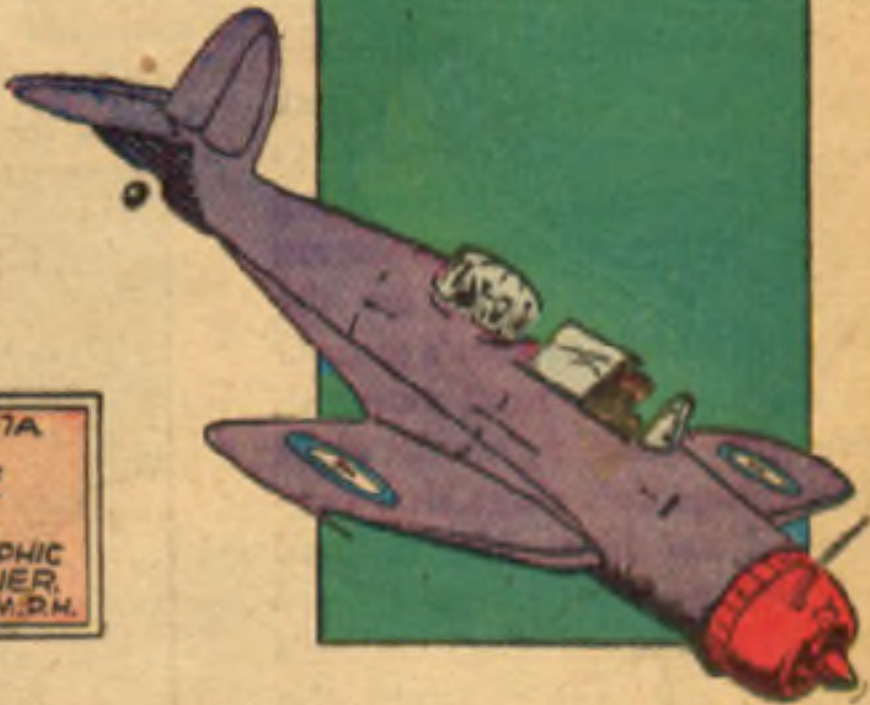


THE BELL AIRABONITA IS  
A REVAMPED "AIRACOBRA"  
THAT WILL BE USED BY THE  
NAVY FOR SHIP-BOARD  
FIGHTER SERVICE..ITS SPEED  
IS REPORTED TO BE WELL  
OVER 300 M.P.H.

THE BLACKBURN SKUA IS A  
TWO-SEAT FIGHTER AND  
DIVE BOMBER..ITS SERVICE  
CEILING IS 20,200 FT...  
IT CARRIES FOUR FIXED  
MACHINE-GUNS AND FOUR  
IN THE POWER TURRET  
BEHIND THE PILOT.



THE NORTH AMERICAN O-47A  
IS AN OBSERVATION AND  
PHOTOGRAPHIC PLANE OF  
HIGH PERFORMANCE. IT  
CARRIES THREE MEN; A  
PILOT, A RADIO-PHOTOGRAPHIC  
MAN AND A REAR GUNNER.  
ITS SPEED IS OVER 350 M.P.H.





# THE OWL SQUADRON

by *Watt Knight*

The pilots of the Owl Squadron were a jolly lot. But Rick Norton was the jolliest of the motley collection under the banner of the R.A.F. French, Czech, Polish and American, they flew Blackburn Skuas, Gloster Gladiators, and salvaged Hurricanes with abandon, slamming into any Jerry that'd shove his Heink or Messup on the comparatively quiet Naze. Rick drove his crate with even more abandon. For, wasn't he a Yank from the Panhandle, whose father was a marshal, grandfather a trooper fighting Geromino, and so on?

However, at this moment Rick was far from being jolly. A series of events presented a startlingly clear picture. Perhaps Rick had been reading too many Ellery Queen detective stories, but he found no other explanation as logical as the one that presented itself in his mind.

The Naze was an illogical place for the Jerries to risk their Dorniers. Yet, three days ago, he caught one dropping mines. He gunned his battered Hurricane and dove on the Dornier. The Dornier's gunner never knew the next moment, for the little fighter's eight Brownings spit slugs that converged on him. He zoomed with an exultant heart, winged over and cut off the Dornier's escape. He still pictured the

sight of bullet holes running along the Dornier's hull until it ended in a terrific explosion. Then it struck a mine.

That night, Jan Hruza, a young Czech, reported downing two mine laying Dorniers and seeing the third escape when he wheeled his battered Skua with a dead gunner along the tarmac.

The tale was repeated the next two days, with the neighboring squadron of old Hurricanes collaborating.

Rick banked his Hurricane and dove. He skimmed along the water, studying the location of the mines. He jotted them on his regulation map. His job done, he zoomed to gain altitude. When his altimeter registered 14,000 feet, he levelled and headed back to the land. In the meantime he studied his map.

"Great Scott!" he muttered, "That's it! They're planning to invade the Naze to-night! Tomorrow, the wind and tides'd scatter these mines. When destroyers rush to meet

the invading ships, they strike the mines and . . ."

Firmly Rick turned on the radio.

"Captain Millerton!" Rick called for the O. C. of the Owl Squadron.

"Well?" the pleasant voice of the O. C. responded in Rick's ears.

"It's Rick Norton speaking, sir," Rick said. "Can you send a plane to relieve me? I've got something important!"

"All right, Lieutenant Norton; but it'd better be really important."

Later, when Rick explained his theory to the O. C., Captain Millerton leaned his office chair back, tapping his teeth with the vulcanite stem of his pipe.

"By Jove," Millerton said, "I believe you're right. I'll call the Air Chief Marshal."

Rick smiled broadly. Millerton was a rare officer who'd listen to his subordinates and act if he thought they were right. This quality made the Owl Squadron tops in the R.A.F., and made the brasshats believe that the motley crew could accomplish more with their present ships than with the brand new Spitfires or Hawker Tornado fighters.

Millerton slammed the phone receiver with disgust.

"The brasshats don't believe me," he said, puffing his hot pipe. "But the Owl Squad-





ron will stop the show and make them stew, as you Americans'd say it."

"SWELL!" Rick shouted, *restraining an impulse to slap the O. C. on the back.*

*That night, the Owl Squadron waited tensely. Jan Hruda and a Cockney gunner were out on a patrol. If the Jerries meant to strike, they'd do it now.*

The roar of the Skua's Kestrel engine cut the stillness of the air. It wobbled to a stop. Jan sprang out of the cockpit, signing to the mechanics to refuel her . . . and load her with bombs!

A whoop resounded through the field.

"It's a regular army," Jan said, his chest heaving for breath. "Three hundred ships and barges of all sorts, and the sky full of Heinks and Mess-ups!"

"We go," the O. C. said quietly. "But first I'll tell the Air Chief Marshal."

The squadron took off. Rick sang exultantly in the battered narrow cockpit of his old Hurricane. The invasion fleet loomed into view.

Rick selected a barge full of monster tanks. He kept his Spitfire straight on its course, ignoring the roar of the Messerschmitt's Daimler-Benz engines. The tiny tanks grew larger and larger as Rick continued his dive. Finally he made out figures of running soldiers and the flame of machine guns. He pressed the makeshift bomb release lever and zoomed. He looked back. The barge lifted as though thrown by a giant hand, then orange colored flame cut her into half. A heavy pall of

smoke hid the rest of the scene.

Rick felt his Hurricane quiver. He saw three Messerschmitts dive on him, their Madsen guns barking. He half rolled. The Messerschmitts darted past, to be lost from sight in the darkness.

He slammed his plane into the first Messerschmitt that presented itself in his gun sights. He pressed the gun trips. The Brownings barked a song of death. The Messerschmitt veered, but too late.

Rick hovered. He saw Jan's Skua, hard pressed by three Heinkel He 112 fighters. He banked curving toward the Heinkels. He was too late. The plucky Cockney gunner fired his last shot and slumped lifelessly into the hatch. Holes appeared in the Skua's Plexiglass cowling hatch. Jan ignored them, peeled, and dove on a barge surrounded by anti-aircraft ships. Rick suppressed a scream as he saw Jan jerk, but the Skua continued its dive . . .

The Skua hit the barge. First it was an insignificant explosion, but it was followed

by a deafening roar and a huge geyser of orange red flames that illuminated the invasion fleet. Jan had struck the ammunition barge!

The crescendo of fresh Rolls Royce Merlin engines, reinforced by the roar of Pegasus and Mercury engines above the din of the battle. The R.A.F. was on the job!

Spitfires, Hurricanes, Tornados, and Defiants fell like angry hornets on the stunned Nazi fighters and bombers. Blenheims and Whitleys dumped tons and tons of demolition bombs and incendiary bombs on the demoralized invasion fleet.

The next day the Owl Squadron, or rather one half of it, the half that did not find its end in the watery grave of the Naze or was not in the infirmary, lined up as the Air Chief Marshal congratulated them. Millerton caught Rick's eye and nodded. Rick smiled broadly. They were getting the new terrors, the Hawker Tornado fighters with twelve Brownings and a speed that made a Spitfire look like a Jenny.





# RADIO VS. NIGHT BOMBERS

ACTUAL REPORTS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED OF A SECRET RADIO DEVICE WHICH WILL ENABLE PURSUIT SHIPS TO DETECT THE EXACT LOCATION OF NAZI NIGHT BOMBERS.. THE DEVICE IS BASED ON THE PRINCIPLE OF WAVE REFLECTION, WHICH OPERATES FOR RADIO AS WELL AS SOUND AND LIGHT WAVES..

A TRANSMITTER MOUNTED ON A UNIVERSAL AXIS, IS CARRIED ON THE INTERCEPTOR PLANE AND IS OPERATED TO SEND OUT A CURTAIN OF RADIO WAVE BEAMS WHEN A BEAM IS CUT BY AN ENEMY SHIP, IT IS DEFLECTED BACK AND PICKED UP BY A SENSITIVE RECEIVER..THIS ENABLES THE GUNNER TO SPOT THE BOMBER DESPITE THE LACK OF VISIBILITY...

LET'S WATCH THE DEVICE IN ACTION: UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, NAZI BOMBERS HAVE BEEN BOMBING LONDON RUTHLESSLY NIGHT AFTER NIGHT.





BRITISH SEARCHLIGHTS STAB WILDLY THROUGH THE BLACK, BUT THE NAZIS DODGE AGILELY IN AND OUT OF THE BEAMS.



AT R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS...



GENTLEMEN, WE MUST FIND A MORE EFFECTIVE WAY OF STOPPING THESE NIGHT RAIDERS!



COLONEL, MY NEW RADIO INTERCEPTOR IS COMPLETED! MAY WE GIVE IT A TRIAL?  
VERY WELL, MAJOR GRAVES. LET'S HOPE THAT'S THE ANSWER.

IMMEDIATELY, MECHANICS ARE PUT TO WORK INSTALLING THE STRANGE DEVICE IN THE MAJOR'S PLANE.

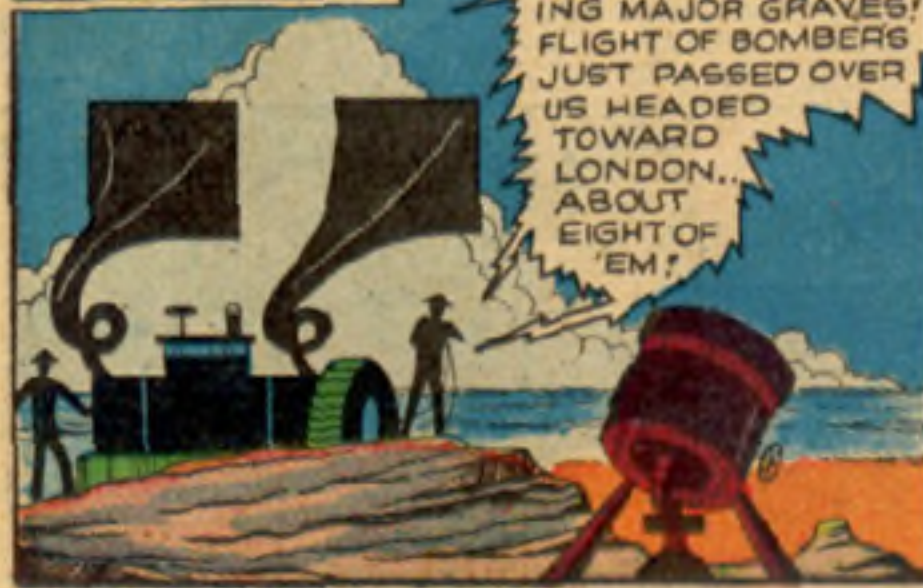


AND THAT NIGHT, MAJOR GRAVES AND HIS GUNNER SOAR HIGH INTO THE DUSK OVER LONDON.

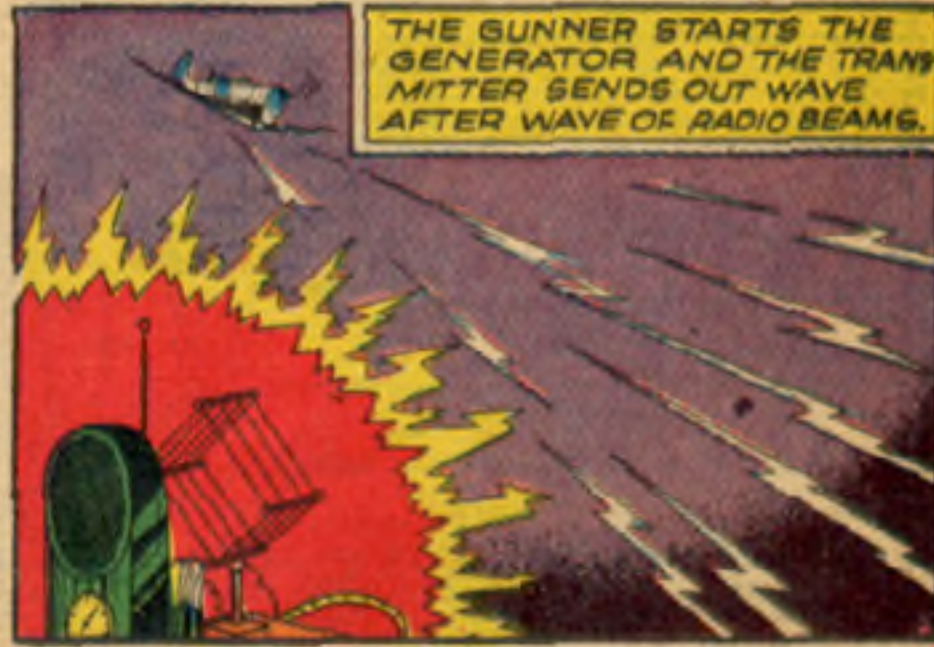


WE'LL CRUISE AT 10,000 AND WAIT FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN!

... BEFORE LONG..



COAST UNIT 4 CALLING MAJOR GRAVES! FLIGHT OF BOMBERS JUST PASSED OVER US HEADED TOWARD LONDON.. ABOUT EIGHT OF 'EM!



THE GUNNER STARTS THE GENERATOR AND THE TRANSMITTER SENDS OUT WAVE AFTER WAVE OF RADIO BEAMS.



MAJOR GRAVES IS CONFIDENT OF SUCCESS.

IT'S GOOD AND DARK TONIGHT, JUST RIGHT FOR A TEST!



SUDDENLY A NAZI BOMBER CUTS ACROSS A RADIO BEAM, AND THE BEAM IS DEFLECTED BACK.



GUIDED BY THE RADIO DIALS, THE GUNNER ADJUSTS HIS SIGHTS. HE BLASTS THE NAZI SQUARELY.



AND SENDS HIM CRASHING TO EARTH.



THREE OTHER SHIPS ARE CAUGHT BY THE RADIO WAVES, AND QUICKLY MEET SIMILAR FATES!



THE NAZI LEADER IS DUMBFOUNDED.

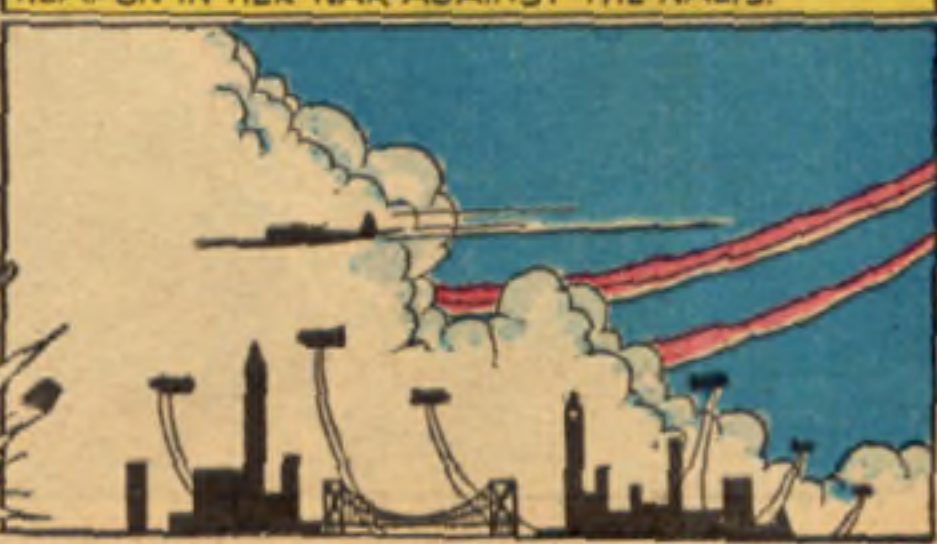
HIMMEL! DOT BRITISHER MUST HAVE CAT'S EYES! EFFERYBODY RUN FOR HOME... QVICK!



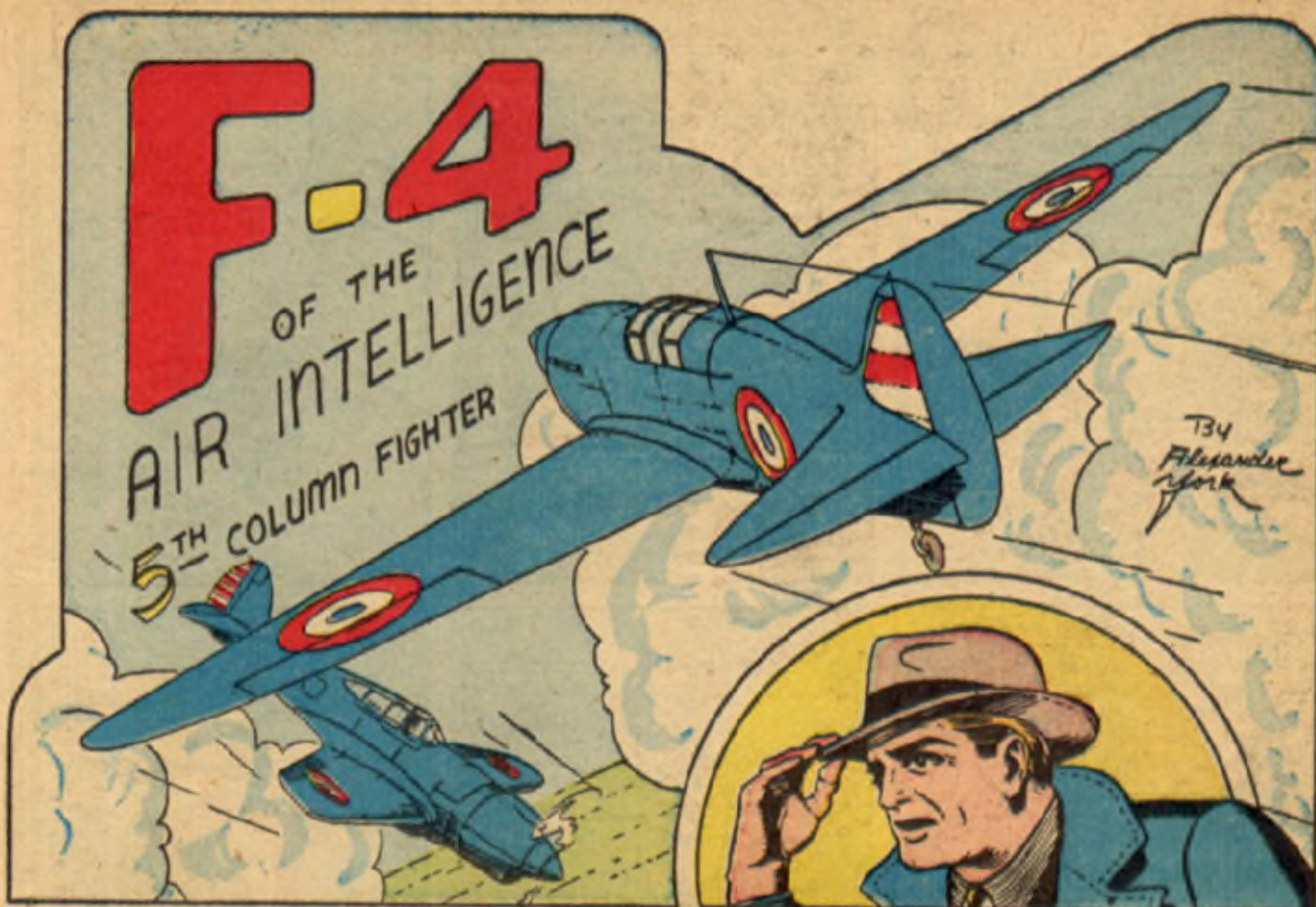
THE FOUR REMAINING BOMBERS CUT FOR GERMANY AS FAST AS THEY CAN GO.



AND MAJOR GRAVES RETURNS TO CROYDON AIRFIELD TO REPORT THAT ENGLAND HAS ONE MORE WEAPON IN HER WAR AGAINST THE NAZIS.





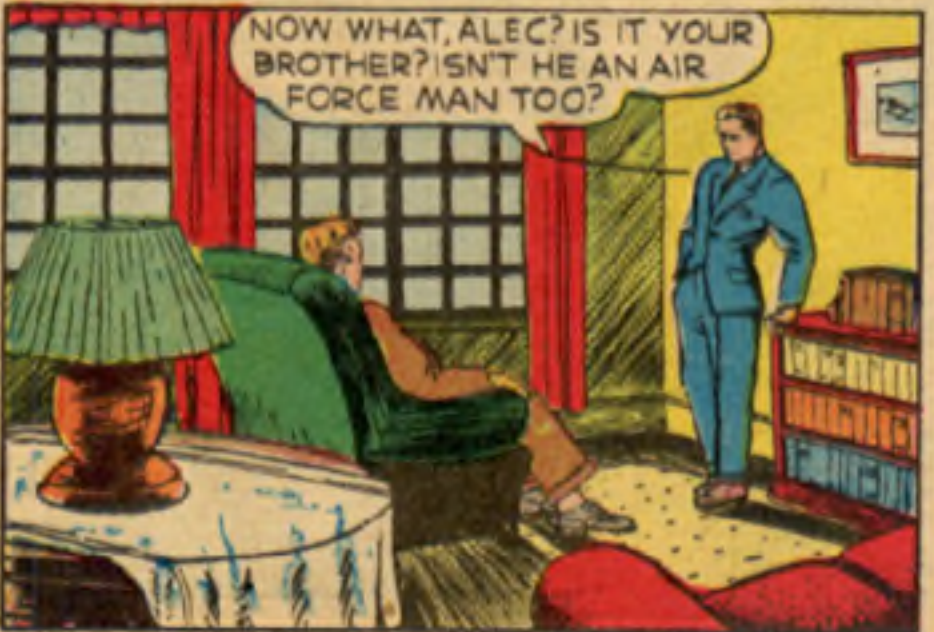


A HASTILY SCRIBBLED MESSAGE BRINGS F-4 TO A MIDLAND R.A.F. FIELD. HIS FRIEND, ALEC BROWNE, PILOT, IS HIGHLY AGITATED.



WHAT'S UP, OLD MAN? HERE.. CALM DOWN! COME TO MY PLACE.. WE'LL TALK IT OVER..

GLAD YOU GOT HERE.. MY BROTHER... HE... YE GADS! WHAT A MESS!

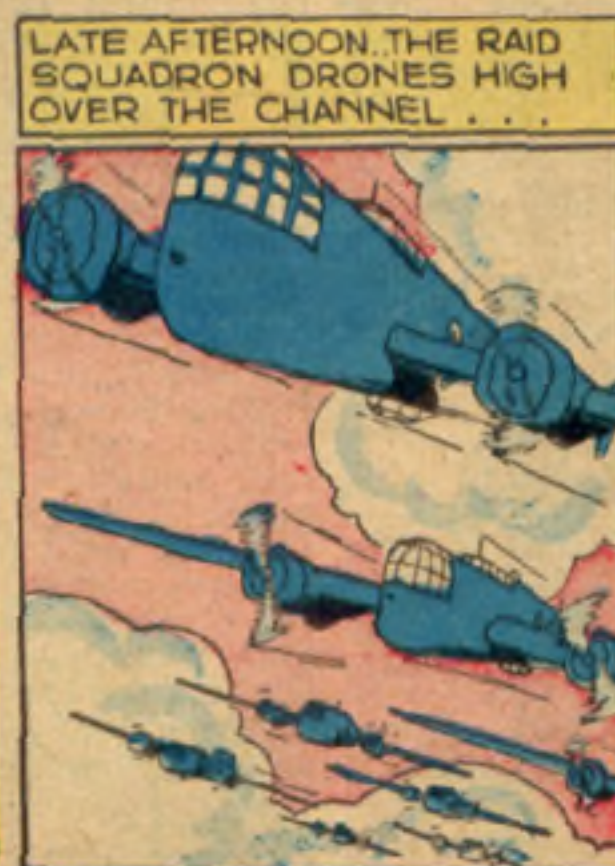


NOW WHAT, ALEC? IS IT YOUR BROTHER? ISN'T HE AN AIR FORCE MAN TOO?



YES.. AND HE IS SO STRANGE NOW! FRED'S ALL I HAVE, YOU KNOW.. MOTHER AND DAD BOTH DEAD. HE WON'T TALK TO ANYONE, NOT EVEN ME.. JUST SHUNS ALL HIS FELLOWS! CAN'T SEE WHY HE DOES HIS JOB WELL.. GOES UP FOR THE JERRIES WITH THE REST.. FUNNY THOUGH, HE CAN BE IN THE THICKEST DOG-FIGHT AND THE GERMANS DONT EVEN TRY TO HIT HIM!





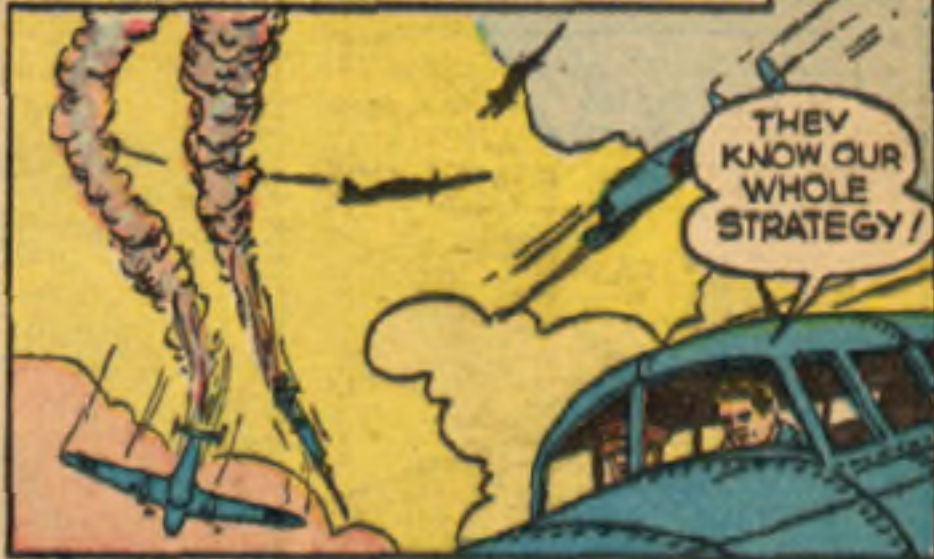


A SHORT TIME LATER THE WHITLEY SQUADRON IS OVER THE VITAL STUTT WORKS AT HAMZIG ..



NOW WE'RE READY.. WE.. HEY! A WHOLE NEST OF JERRIES IS COMING AT US!

THE WHITLEYS SCATTER AS THE MESSERSCHMITT ME 110'S ATTACK .. BUT...



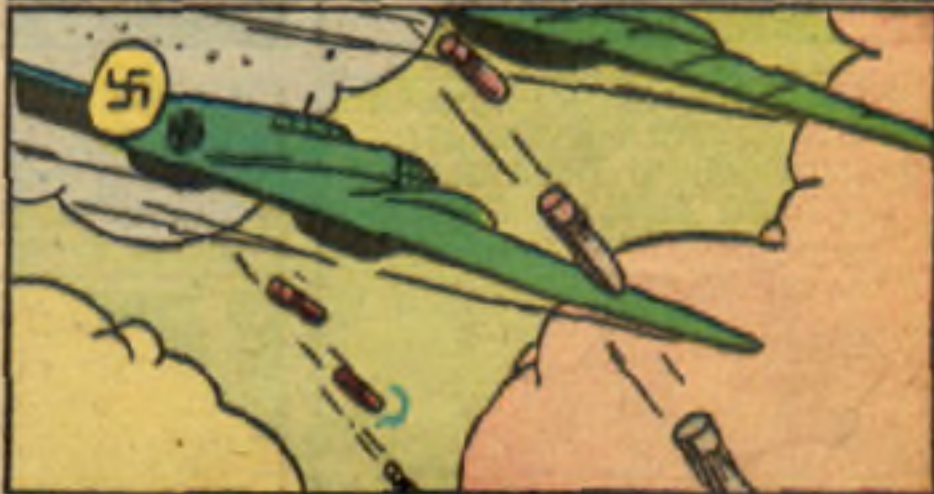
THEY KNOW OUR WHOLE STRATEGY!

ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE BRITISH BOMBERS CRASH ..



THIS IS TOO MUCH! ORDER THE REST TO REVERSE.. LOOK THERE'S BROWNE NOT EVEN SCARRED!

THE WHITLEY'S DROP THEIR BOMB'S ON THE SPRAWLING WORKS BELOW .. THEN THEY DUCK THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT CLOUDS.



AFTER RECONNOITERING FOR AWHILE LONGER, F-4 RETURNS TO THE R.A.F. FIELD.



GOOD! THEY'RE ALL IN .. BROWNE TOO THAT'S HIS SHIP!

LATE THAT NIGHT F-4 WALKS THROUGH THE STREETS OF A MIDLAND'S TOWN .....



HE'D BE IN THIS TAVERN GOSH .. I HOPE MY HUNCH IS WRONG .. HE CAN'T BE A TRAITOR!



HELLO, FRED! I'VE BEEN MEANING TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU..

YES? WHAT ABOUT?

FRED'S FACE HARDENS AS HE LISTENS TO F-4'S ACCUSATIONS ..



BE REASONABLE FRED.. TELL US THE TRUTH!



FRED LUNGES IN HOT FURY.



BROWNE DASHES OUT OF THE TAVERN. F-4 FOLLOWS HIM TO THE AIRPORT, TO SEE HIM TAKE OFF IN HIS OWN HAWKER 'HENLEY' IMMEDIATELY F-4 GOES TO THE COLONEL.



HIGH OVER THE CHANNEL HE TRAILS BROWNE. THE HENLEY HEADS STRAIGHT FOR A SQUAD OF GERMAN RAIDERS.



HE'S GUNNING THE MESSERSHMITTS. AND THEY'RE NOT EVEN DEFENDING THEMSELVES! SAY, WHAT SIDE IS HE ON ANYWAY?



THE ENEMY, PERPLEXED, HAS NO ALTERNATIVE. UNABLE TO ALLOW THE ONE MAN ASSAULT TO CONTINUE, THEY RIDDLE FRED'S SHIP.



THE HENLEY NOSES DOWNWARD CRAZILY, A MASS OF FLAMES. THE MESSERSHMITTS BEAT A HURRIED RETREAT.



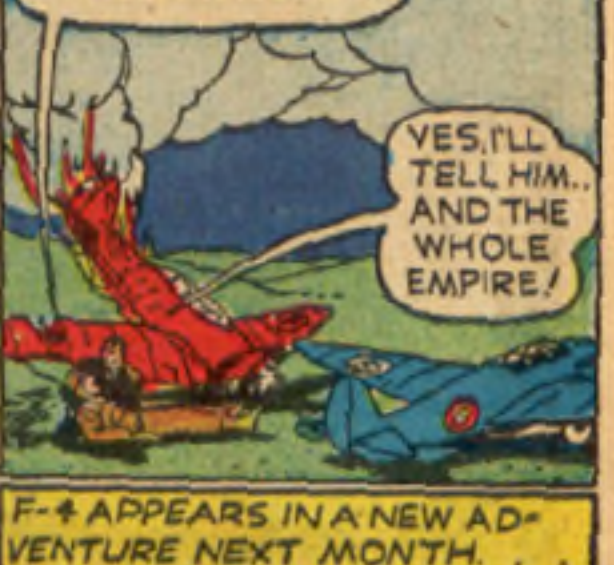
F-4 DODGES OUT OF HIS CLOUD SCREEN.



BROWNE IS DYING...



I.. HATED THE SHAM.. BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET INFORMATION. YOU'LL.. YOU'LL TELL ALEC.. THAT I'M STRAIGHT? THAT I'M ROOTING FOR HIM.. WHEREVER I'LL BE? ENGLAND.. UH.. H..



F-4 APPEARS IN A NEW ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH.



# CLIPPER Kirk

By  
Rick  
Ayres



ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY. EVERY MAN DOES IT AND MORE..AT HALIFAX ..H.M.S. VENGEANCE AWAITS THE ARRIVAL OF FRESH RECRUITS CALLED FOR EMPIRE SERVICE..

THE GREAT AIRPLANE CARRIER LIES QUIETLY AT ANCHOR.



THEN CLIPPER KIRK APPEARS.



OOZING WITH PRIDE AND HIS OWN IMPORTANCE, THE FIRST RECRUIT STRUTS AHEAD BLINDLY.



NOT HEARING SNCKERS BEHIND NOR SEEING BEFORE HIM, HE STEPS...







BOY, OH, BOY! BUDDY, DO YOU FLOP LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!

HAW! HAW!



THE LAUGHERS STOP FOR BREATH.. THEY TAKE ANOTHER LOOK... AND..

HAW! WHAT TH?

IT.. IT'S CLAUDE BOYLE!



CLAUDE BOYLE.. HOLLYWOOD'S GIFT TO THE EMPIRE AND NOW THE LATEST STRAW ON KIRK'S BACK.

HOW D'YE LIKE THIS? NOW I HAVE HIM IN MY SQUADRON!



THAT NIGHT, THE REGULAR RITUAL OF INITIATION GOES ON.. TO THE VAST DISCOMFORT OF THE DODOS INVOLVED, CLAUDE DOESN'T SEE THE JOKE.

GULP.. OOF.. PEPPER IN MY SOUP! QUICK! WATER!



CUT IT OUT! MUST YOU ACT LIKE INFANTS?

HOW'D YOU LIKE A PUNCH IN THE...



OH YEAH? AND MAYBE YOU'D LIKE THIS BOTTLE WRAPPED AROUND YOUR THICK SKULL!



CLIPPER INTERFERES..

O.K. FER YOU CLIP, I'LL DO IT.. BUT I WISH I COULD LAND A GOOD ONE ON THAT SILK JAW.. AW, GEE!

LET ME AT HIM, SIR!



WHEN ALL IS READY, THE VENGEANCE STEAMS OUT OF HALIFAX HARBOR.



ABOARD SHIP THE HILARIOUS HAZING STILL GOES ON!



AND FEELING BETWEEN BOYLE AND THE MEN GOES FROM BAD TO WORSE.

LISTEN, BOYLE, YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE A LITTLE RIBBING.. BE A SPORT.. YOU'LL GET ALONG BETTER!



HAZING IS NO WAY TO TEST A MAN'S METAL! I PREFER THE HARD WAY.. ACTION!



BY THIS TIME, THE VENGEANCE IS CLOSE TO DAKAR.



CLIPPER AND HIS VOUGHT-SIKORSKY SQUADRON LEAVE SHIP BOARD FOR A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT.



QUICKLY THEY SOAR TO 10,000 FT.



AND LEVEL OFF... WITH CLIP LEADING



10,000 FEET. NOW I CAN OPEN THE SKIPPER'S SEALED ORDERS... WHEW! WHAT?! NO WONDER HE ORDERED ME TO 20,000 FEET. TROUBLE AT DAKAR!



ACTING UPON THE ORDERS, CLIPPER SIGNALS HIS SQUAD TO CLIMB HIGHER.



INTO ENVELOPING CLOUDS THEY SPEED.. UP.. UP TO A 20,000 FT. ALTITUDE...



THEN, EMERGING HIGH OVER THE SEA...



THAT'S WHAT THE SKIPPER MEANT... I'VE GOT TO BOTTLE UP THAT SHIP SO IT WON'T SHELL DAKAR. BUT I CAN'T RADIO HEADQUARTERS THEY'D INTERCEPT MY CALL..



AND THEY'VE GOT SIX ITALIAN FIATS GUARDING THEM.



WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE... ATTACK NOW!







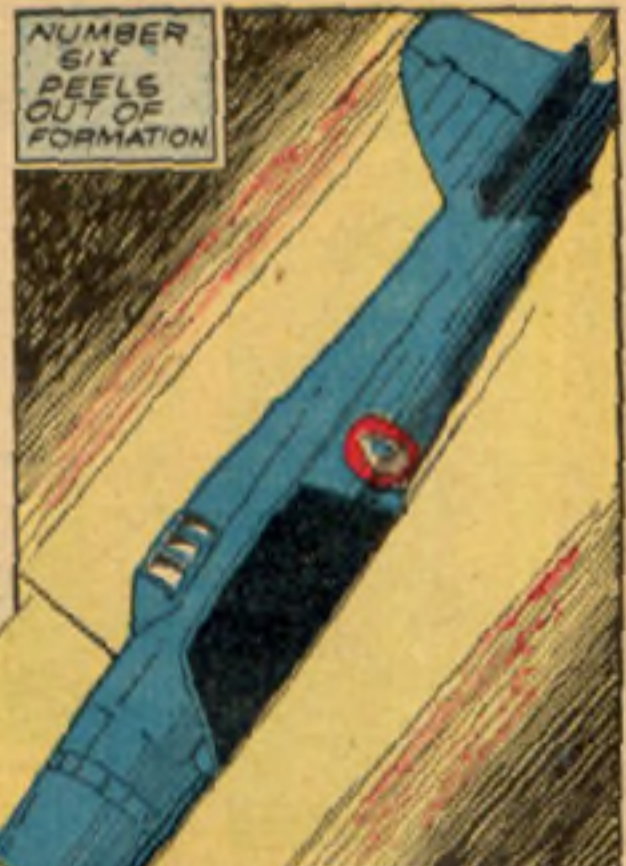
I'LL ORDER A SEASONED FIGHTER TO IT.. NUMBER SIX.. NUMBER SIX.. ATTACK THOSE FIATS! DO YOU HEAR ME, NUMBER SIX?



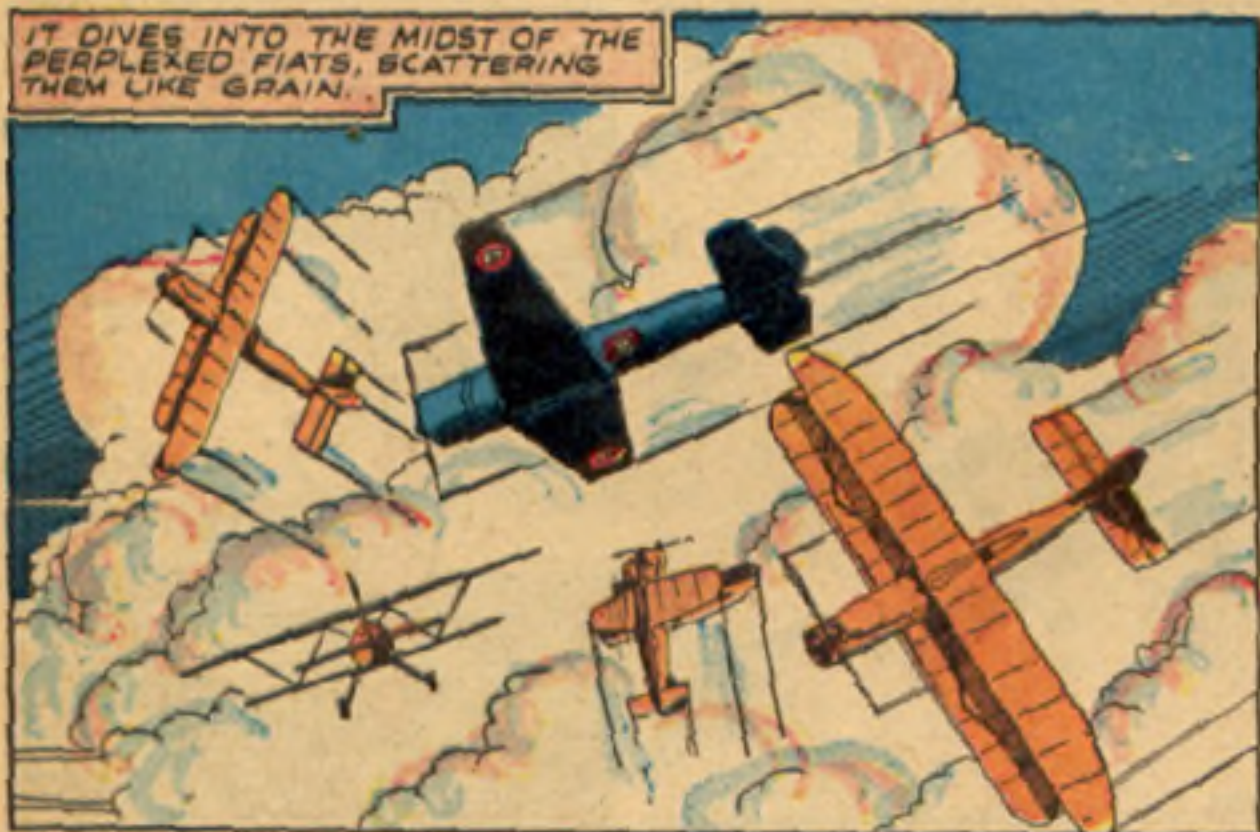
A VOICE ANSWERS IMMEDIATELY.. CLAUDE'S VOICE..

THANK YOU, SIR! I'LL DO A GOOD JOB!

WHAT TH? THAT'S BOYLE! WHAT'S HE DOIN' IN NUMBER SIX?



NUMBER SIX PEELS OUT OF FORMATION



IT DIVES INTO THE MIDST OF THE PERPLEXED FIATS, SCATTERING THEM LIKE GRAIN.



GOLLY! CLAUDE SURPRISES ME! I'LL GO FOR THE SHIP!



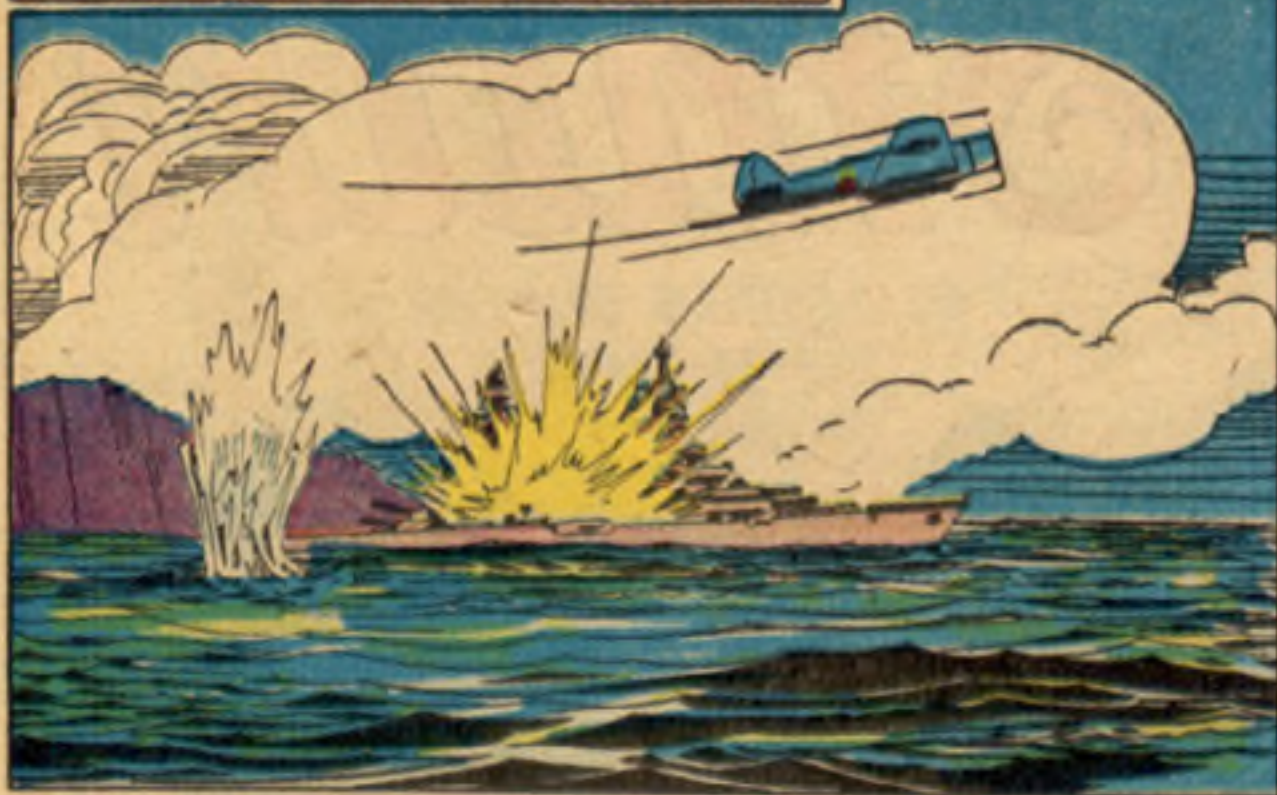
CLIPPER STREAKS DOWN IN A LIGHTNING POWER DIVE.



AND SCORES A DIRECT HIT ON THE FIRST TRY.



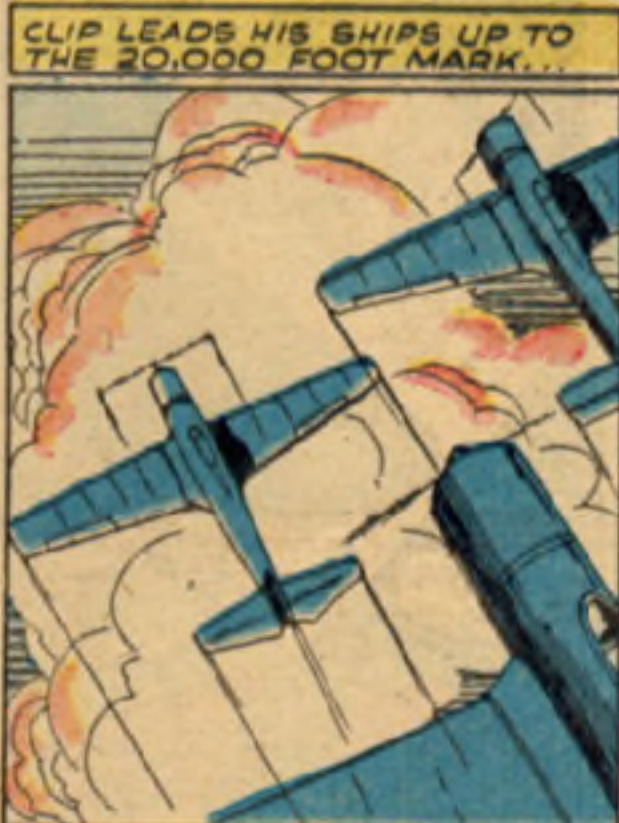
ONE AFTER ANOTHER, CLIPPER'S SQUADRON SWOOPS OVER THE BATTLESHIP TO RELEASE THEIR BOMBS.



THE BATTERED RAIDER LISTS SHARPLY... ITS GRAY HULL SINKS BELOW THE WAVES.



SHE'S DONE FOR... THAT SAVES DAKAR... NOW, I'LL SEE WHAT CLAUDE'S DOING WITH THOSE FIATS!



CLIP LEADS HIS SHIPS UP TO THE 20,000 FOOT MARK...



THEY SURROUND THE POCKET BATTLESHIP'S GUARD FIATS.



THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND TO THE POINT... ONE BRITISH SHIP GOES DOWN IN FLAMES.



BUT THE FIATS ARE QUICKLY OUTFOUGHT... THEY SCURRY AWAY IN CONFUSED RETREAT.



BACK ON H.M.S VENGEANCE...

GOOD WORK, CLAUDE! YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE MIXING WITH THE CROWD NOW!

NO? I'M HAVING TROUBLE NOW... TRYING TO ESCAPE THE CROWDS!

CLIPPER KIRK HAS ANOTHER ABSORBING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT **WINGS COMICS.**



# SUICIDE Smith

BLITZKRIEG BUSTER

by Larry Shaw



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE R.A.F. SQUADRON AND ANOTHER? THEY'RE BOTH GOOD. BUT SUICIDE SMITH STILL SWEARS BY HIS SPITFIRE, AND HIS PAL, CAPT. LACEY BY HIS DEFIANT.

A DARKENED LONDON STREET LONG AFTER BLACKOUT, VIBING WITH AIR RAID ALARMS FOR NOISE, IS A STREET CORNER DEBATE.



I SAY, SMITH, YOU CAN'T DO IT!

I CAN, LACEY.. AND YOU KNOW IT!

THE ARGUMENT CONTINUES IN A STILL OPEN PUB...



TRY IT! WE'LL TAKE A BET ON IT!

AND THE LOSER ROLLS PEANUTS WITH HIS NOSE!

O.K. IF I CAN'T BAG MORE HEINKELS THAN YOU CAN, WITH A DEFIANT INSTEAD OF MY SPITFIRE, I'LL PUSH PEANUTS FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.. AND THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO!



IN THE HEAT OF BETTING EXCITEMENT, THEY GO TO THEIR AIRPORT...



A SECOND LATER, SMITH AND LACEY SOAR UP IN TWO IDENTICAL DEFIANTS...





THE COMMISSIONED OFFICER DASHES FROM HIS QUARTERS.

HEY! COME BACK!



HEAD FOR HOLLAND, SMITH. IT'S QUIETER THERE!



LEAD ON, MACDUFF!

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

SQUAD OF HEINKELS.. OH, BABY! LACEY, DO YOU WANT TO BACK OUT? ...PEANUTS, Y'KNOW!



NO!

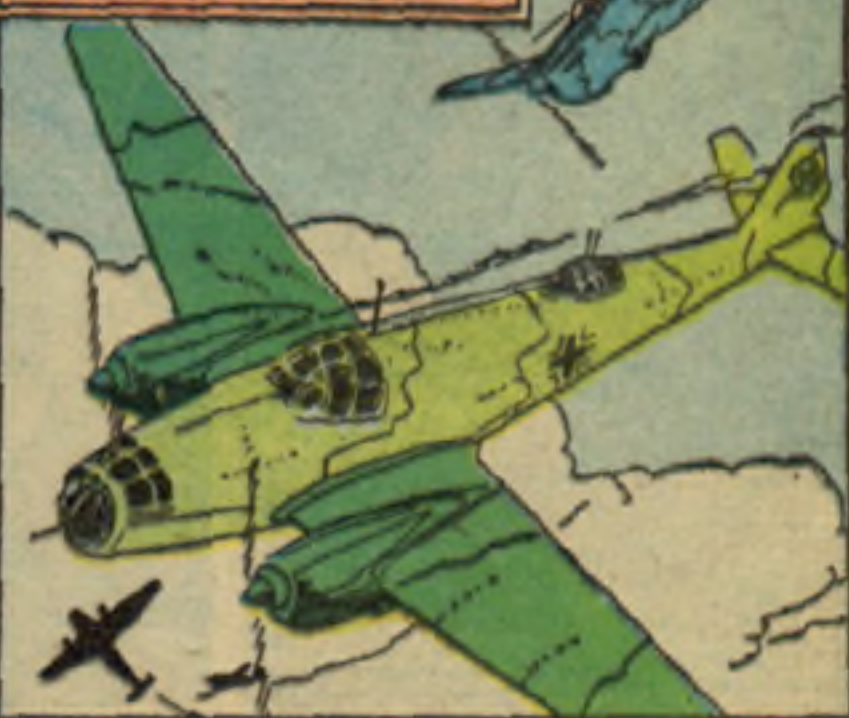
THE TWO DEFIANTS DIVE INTO THE HEINKELS, SCATTERING THEM LIKE A COVEY OF QUAIL...



SMITH GOES FOR THEM ONE AT A TIME...



CHOOSING THE HEINKELS BLIND SIDE, HE ORDERS HIS GUNNER TO FIRE...



THE ENEMY ROLLS SLUGGISHLY.. SMITH DIVES SHARPLY...



AND NOSING UP AGAIN, SEES THE HEINKEL CRASH... ONE DOWN!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN LACEY IS NOT DOING SO BADLY EITHER..

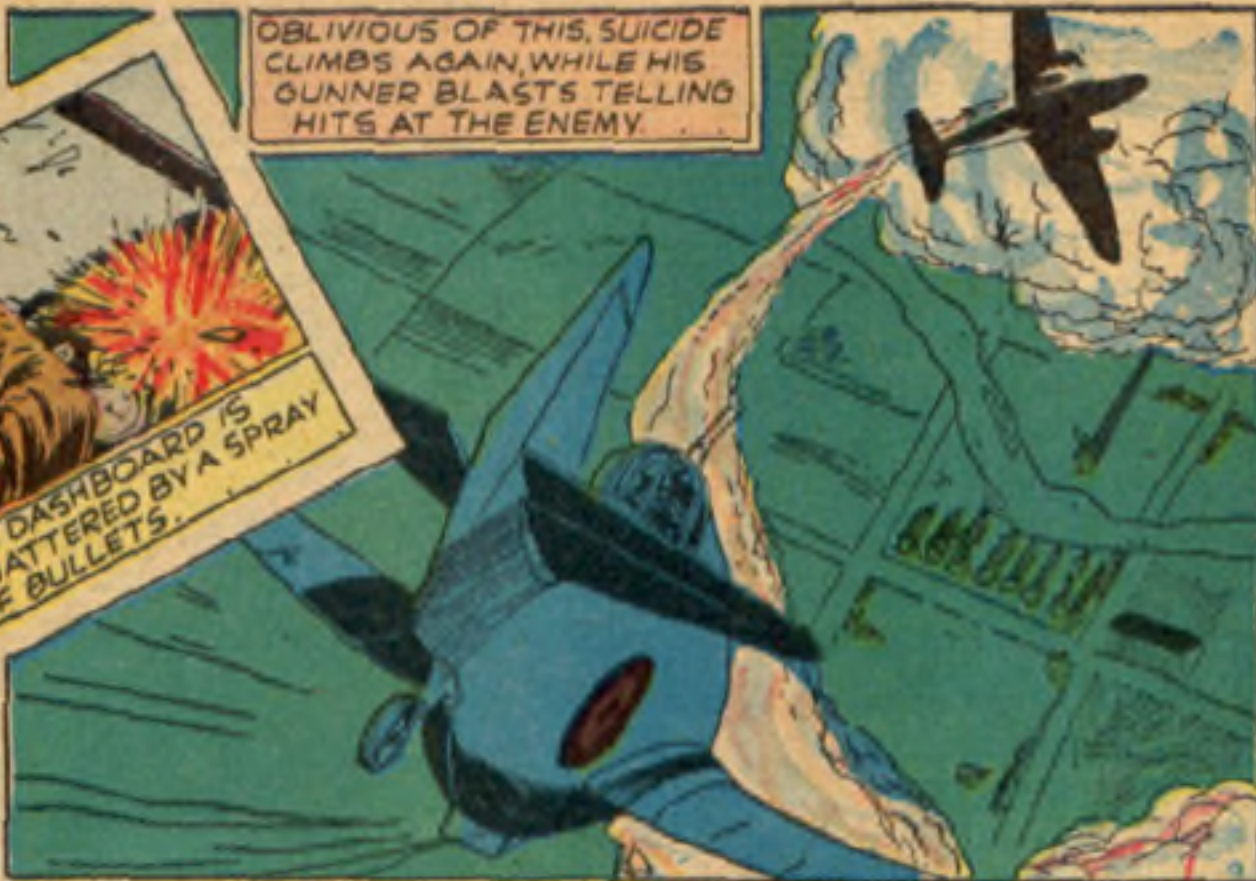




IN A VERTICAL ALTITUDE-GAINING CLIMB, THE BOMBER FIXES ON SMITH'S TAIL.



OBLIVIOUS OF THIS, SUICIDE CLIMBS AGAIN, WHILE HIS GUNNER BLASTS TELLING HITS AT THE ENEMY.



HIS DASHBOARD IS SHATTERED BY A SPRAY OF BULLETS.

THE NAZI SHIP FOLDS UP. SMITH TRAILS ANOTHER ONE.



WHILE HIS GUNNER KEEPS UP A STEADY RAT-A-TAT OF LEAD.



FURIOUSLY, THEY TAIL THE GREAT BOMBER.



THEIR BULLETS PEPPER THE FUSELAGE, PIERCING THE BOMB RACK.



WITH A BLINDING EXPLOSION, THE GERMAN SHIP CRACKS IN MID-AIR... VICTIM OF ITS OWN BOMBS.



SMITH DOES NOT DODGE SOON ENOUGH... A FLYING FRAGMENT OF WRECKAGE HITS HIM, RENDERING HIM UNCONSCIOUS.





THE PLANE SPINS DIZZILY, OUT OF CONTROL, IT HURTTLES DOWN FOR A CRASH...



THROWN FROM ONE SIDE OF THE COCKPIT TO THE OTHER, SUICIDE IS FAIRLY KNOCKED INTO CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN...



JUST IN TIME TO PULL OUT OF THE PERILOUS SPIN... BARE INCHES FROM THE GROUND...



HEDGE-HOPPING OVER THE BUMPY DUTCH TERRAIN, SMITH PULLS TO A LANDING



HE AND HIS GUNNER CLIMB OUT TO SAFETY...



...I SAY SMITH, YOU HAVE A NOVEL METHOD OF FLYING!



OUR CONTROL BOARD'S SMASHED, BUDDY. THE SHIP'S USELESS.

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO PARK HERE OVER NIGHT.

THE NEXT MORNING THEY EXPLORE THE COUNTRYSIDE AND FIND A HIDDEN AIRPORT. A GERMAN FIELD.



WE'LL "BORROW" A PLANE!

TO ATTRACT THE NAZI'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE FIELD, THEY SET THEIR DEFIANT ABLAZE.



AND THEN SPRINT FOR THE NEAREST STUKA...



HURRY... BEFORE THEY WAKE UP!



FIELD GUARDS ARE ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE...



BUT SMITH'S GUNNER USES THE STUKA'S SHELL'S AGAINST THEM...



CRAZILY, THEY WING OFF INTO FLIGHT...



I SAY.. SMITH! WE'VE A LOAD OF BOMBS ABOARD!



SWELL! WE'LL BLAST THE WHOLE WORKS!



A SECOND LATER, THE HANGARS ARE FLATTENED TO THE GROUND...



JUST THEN, A RETURNING GERMAN SQUADRON ROARING DOWN FROM ABOVE...



SEE THEIR BASE BEING DESTROYED, THEY POUNCE ON SMITH... HE BLASTS FIRST.



.. AND WITH ENEMIES ON HIS TAIL, DASHES INTO THE CLOUDS.







WHEW! THAT'S ALL I CAN SAY... WHEW! NOW FOR ENGLAND!



.. BUT I'M STILL IN THE MOOD FOR FUN.. AHA! HERE ARE A COUPLE O' MORE!



HMM.. HEINKELS! MUST'VE RAIDED ENGLAND.. THEY THINK I'M THEIR BUDDY!

SMITH OPENS FIRE. THE HEINKELS ARE PERPLEXED.. CAN THIS BE FRIEND OR ENEMY?



ON THEIR WAY TO A 'FORCED LANDING,' THE GERMAN PILOTS DECIDE HE IS A FOE.



THE SECOND HEINKEL ATTACKS.. SMITH DOES A SMOOTH BARREL ROLL AND GETS ON THE NAZIS TAIL.



A SECOND LATER, THE HEINKEL CRACKS IN MID-AIR.



THE PILOTS KICK IN FURY, AS THEY WAFT DOWN TO EARTH.



DONNER VETTER! DOES HE FLY BACKWARDS?!





LANDING WITH THE INTENTION OF RESCUING THE GERMANS, SUICIDE IS TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR THEIR RECEPTION.



BUT HE SOON IS!

GUESS YOU JERRIES NEVER HEARD OF A DROP KICK!



OR A PILE DRIVER EITHER!



A SECOND LATER FINDS SUICIDE IN THE STUKA AGAIN. AS HE GAINS ALTITUDE.



TWO HEINKELS CONVERGE ON HIM AT A SHARP ANGLE.



AND NOW... BACK IN LONDON.

THERE, LACEY! MY PART OF THE BET!



LACEY GETS THE PEANUT. AND LAUGHS, FROM PICCADILLY TO TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



SUICIDE SMITH RETURNS IN THE NEXT WINGS COMICS!





ONE OF THE "MESSUPS" BREAKS FORMATION AND DROPS IN A POWER DIVE INTO THE MIDST OF THE RISING SPITFIRES...



UNPREPARED FOR SUCH A SUDDEN ASSAULT, SEVERAL BRITISH PLANES CRACK UP...



FROM THE FIELD, ANOTHER SPITFIRE CUMBS... GUNS OPEN AND BARKING... THE PILOT, TIM CASSIDY, THE YANKEE THUNDERBOLT



LIKE A SNAPPING TERRIER, TIM'S PLANE KEEPS ON THE TAIL OF THE LEADING MESSERSCHMITT... PEPPERING THE NAZI'S FUSELAGE WITH SHOTS...





BUT A STRANGE THING HAPPENS THE OTHER PILOTS SEEM READY TO SACRIFICE THEIR LIVES TO HELP THE LEADER ESCAPE.



ONE ALERT SPITFIRE OBSERVER EXPOSES A ROLL OF FILM ON THE LEADER'S PLANE.



SOON THE INVADING PLANES TURN BACK ACROSS THE HILLS TO THE CHANNEL.



TIM LEARNS OF THE OBSERVER'S WORK ON THE RADIO...

COME TO ALTHORNE ON ESSEX COAST FOR EXAMINATION OF PHOTOS?



THAT NIGHT, TIM, WHITEY, FORBES AND RED BARTON LAND AT ALTHORNE.



HERE THEY ARE! THEY MAY INTEREST YOU AMERICANS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



AT FIRST, TIM SEES NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THE PHOTOS OF THE PLANES.



BUT A CLOSE UP REVEALS A SWASTIKA SUPERIMPOSED OVER A U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS' EMBLEM.



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH IS OF ONE OF THE MESSERSCHMITT'S PILOTS.



TIM'S FINGERS TREMBLE AS HE STARES CLOSELY AT THE PICTURE.

WHY... I... I KNOW THIS MAN... IT'S CHIP BENDER.. HE ROOMED WITH ME AT KELLY FIELD IN THE UNITED STATES





CHIP WAS A GOOD EGG..WHEN HE WANTED TO BE..HE WAS SERIOUS ABOUT HIS WORK.



..WOULDN'T TAKE PART IN ANY OF OUR GAGS..HED SIT OVER HIS BOOKS AND DRIVE ME CLEAN CRAZY..



..NOW I REMEMBER THE TIME I RIFLED HIS DRAWER..HE HAD ALL KINDS OF CHARTS AND MAPS IN THERE!



GOLLY, WAS I SURPRISED AT WHAT I FOUND!...COMPLETE BLUEPRINTS OF GERMAN JUNKERS..



COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT HE WANTED 'EM FOR.. BUT THEN HE CAUGHT ME..



..AND THE NEXT DAY, HE SETTLED THE SCORE..AND HOW!!



WE'RE FORCED TO DEMAND YOUR RESIGNATION FROM KELLY FIELD FOR THIS VIOLATION!



SO..THAT'S WHY I LEFT KELLY FIELD, BOYS... AND THIS IS BENDER, ALL RIGHT! I'D KNOW THAT SO AND SO ANYWHERE... NOW HE'S 'BARON VON BENDER,' THE ACE, AND TOO PRECIOUS FOR THE GERMANS TO LOSE. C'MON!



THAT NIGHT, TIM, RED AND WHITEY LEAVE ON THEIR NIGHTLY VISIT TO GERMANY..





UPON THE RETURN TO HIS HOME FIELD, TIM RECEIVES A MESSAGE.



THIS IS WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

OUR INTELLIGENCE WORKS FAST! H-MM.. VON BENDER'S HOME PORT IS MÜNCHEN.



I'LL LOOK FOR HIM NOW!

NIGHT FALLS AS TIM RETURNS FROM AN UNSUCCESSFUL TRIP OVER MÜNCHEN.

FAR INTO EARLY MORNING, HE PORES OVER HIS AERIAL MAPS



..NOW, IF THIS IS RIGHT, HE OUGHT TO HEAD FOR HERE TONIGHT, THEN..

I'M SURE THIS IS IT! JUST A LITTLE MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION!



TIM HASTENS TO THE SQUADRON LEADER.



SIR, IF WE CAN GET THE FLIGHT TO MÜNCHEN TONIGHT, WE'LL BAG VON BENDER!

SURE SOUNDS GOOD, CASSIDY. I'LL SEE.

IN PLEASED EXPECTATION OF GOOD RESULTS, THE SQUAD LEADER CALLS LONDON.



AIR MARSHAL PLEASE... YES.

BUT A SECOND LATER, HIS HOPES ARE SHATTERED.



OH.. I SEE.. YOU SAY THE MARSHAL WILL NOT ALLOW THAT FLIGHT.

CASSIDY, SMOULDERING IN DISGUST, DECIDES TO DROWN HIS ANGER IN THE PUB. WHITEY AND RED WAIT FOR HIM THERE.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT GUY? IS HE SCARED?



..I'VE GOT IT! THE AIR MARSHAL'S NOT IN LONDON! SOMEONE HAS BEEN GIVING FALSE ORDERS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

H'LO, YOU TWO! NOW LISTEN, THERE'S MONKEY BUSINESS AT OUR LONDON FIELD.. CAN'T GET PERMISSION FOR A FLIGHT.. WE'LL JUST FORGET ABOUT THAT AND GO ANYWAY. ARE YOU WITH ME?



SURE! SURE!



ACTING ON TIM'S HUNCH, THE THREE "GUN" THEIR SHIPS TO A QUIET TAKE OFF...



BEFORE ANYONE CAN STOP THE SPITFIRES, THEY ARE FAR AWAY.. MEETING THEIR EXPECTED OPPONENTS.



WHITEY AND RED DRAW OFF MOST OF THE SQUADRON...



LEAVING TIM TO DEAL WITH BARON VON BENDER AND HIS FIVE GUARD MESSERSCHMITTS



IMMEDIATELY, HE IS THE TARGET FOR THE BARON'S MEN.



WITH A TRICKY SPIN, TIM DODGES FREE. AT TREMENDOUS SPEED, HE HEADS FOR A CRASH.



AND RADIOS HIS APPEAL TO THE BARON.



VON BENDER! CHIP! CHIP! DON'T LET ME DOWN!



HE CALLS ME CHIP! IT IS THAT YANKEE FOOL!

VON BENDER'S FACE TIGHTENS IN HATRED. HE ORDERS HIS SHIPS TO ATTACK THE APPARENTLY HELPLESS FOE.

GET HIM! HE IS TRYING TO TRICK US!





TAKING TIM'S OBVIOUS DISTRESS AS AN OPPORTUNITY, VON BENDER AND HIS SQUADRON PURSUE HIM RELENTLESSLY.



BUT TIM, PULLING SWIFTLY OUT OF THE DIVE, ZOOMS UP, LEAVING THE NAZIS PERPLEXED...



AS A RESULT OF THIS, VON BENDER IS LEFT WITHOUT HIS GUARD.



VOT ISS? DOT DUMMKOPF! BUT HOW HE CAN FLY!! I REMEMBER.

TIM SOARS FAR ABOVE THE BARON.



AND EMPTIES HIS GUNS AT THE ENEMY... BARON VON BENDER, ALIAS "CHIP" IS DEAD.



FURIOUS AT THEIR LEADER'S DEATH, THE REMAINING MESSERSCHMITTS CONVERGE UPON TIM... WHITEY AND RED START SNIPING...



AT LAST, BY ARTFUL DODGING, THE THREE CHUMS STREAK INTO THE CLOUDS TO SAFETY...



AND THEIR OWN R.A.F. FIELD...



HELLO, SIR! WE'VE GREAT NEWS FOR YOU!

FINE! BUT TELL ME FIRST... WHERE DID YOU GET THE NERVE TO DISOBEY THE AIR MARSHAL'S ORDERS?



THERE WAS NO MARSHAL, SIR! HE WASN'T IN LONDON... SO I KNEW IT WAS A SPY!

OUR THREE AERIAL BUDDIES FLY THROUGH ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT WINGS COMICS.









AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A SQUADRON OF ENEMY BOMBERS ROARS OVERHEAD.. TO BLAST THE AIRDROME!



IN THE CONFUSION THAT EN-SUES IN GREASE MONKEY'S WAKE, TWO NAZI SHIP'S COLLIDE.





THE TWO PLANES, STILL CARRYING THEIR BOMBS, CRASH TO THE GROUND NEXT TO THE JAIL . . .



DONNERVETTER! SCHMITZ, DER VALL CAVES IN!!

GOOT! VOT LUCK!

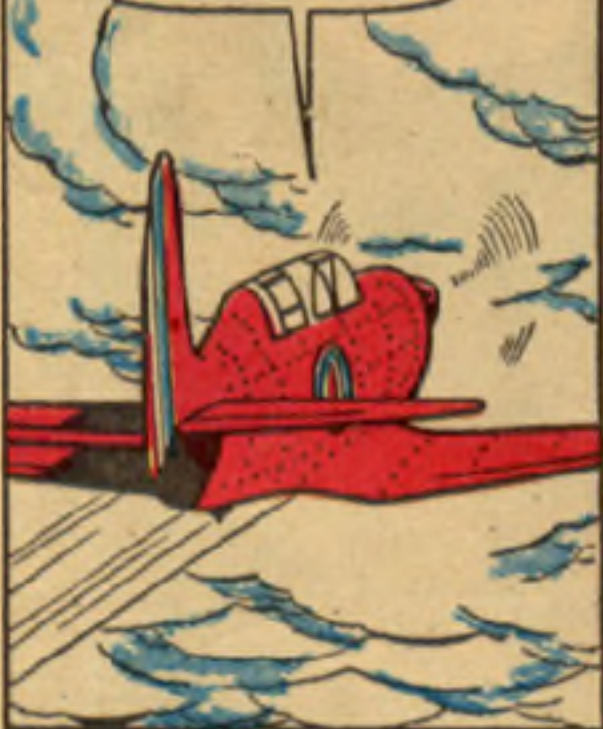


IN THE BEDLAM OF THE BOMBER RAID, THE PRISONERS GO UNOBSERVED.



VE CHUMP INTO A PLANE UND ESCAPE.

UP ABOFF DER CLOUDS, PUTZI! HURRY!



GEE WHIZ! I CAN'T SEE THE GROUND!



JEEPERS! IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND PEACEFUL UP HERE!



OWW! GO 'WAY!

OH BOY, THERE'S A BRITISH PLANE . . . I CAN FOLLOW IT TO AN AIRPORT!



PUTZI! DERE ISS A PLANE FOLLOWING US!

DUN'T VORRY ABOUT IT!







SEE WILLIERS! THEY'RE GONNA LAND ON AN AIR-CRAFT CARRIER! WONDER IF I CAN DO IT, TOO!



OOPS! I GUESS I KINDA MIS-CALCULATED!

THE AIRPLANE CARRIER HAPPENS TO BE THE ENEMY'S VON BISMARCK... BUT GRIFFIN DOESN'T KNOW!



CHOOOMP! CHOOOMP! VE'RE GOING TO SMESH!

CARRYING A FULL RACK OF BOMBS, THE DOOMED PLANE SMASHES INTO THE SHIP'S STERN!



GRIF CONTINUES AHEAD.



HERR ADMIRAL... VOT ISS?

HERALUS! UND CHOOOMP FOR YOUR LIFE!



GULP! THAT WAS SORTA CLOSE!

HALP!



GOSH! I MISSED!

GRIFFIN TURNS TO SEE THE GIANT SHIP SLIP SILENTLY INTO ITS DEEP TOMB.



DID I DO THAT?!

THE ADMIRAL FLOATS BY FLOUNDERING HELPLESSLY...



HERE... I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, MISTER!





WHAT LUCK! HERE COMES A LIFEBOAT!



VELL, LOOK! IT'S BROTHER MAXIE!

WIE GEHTS, MAXIE?

UND DOT LITTLE FRECKLE FACE!



SORRY, MR. MAXIE..YOUR RELATIVES DON'T LIKE ME!



I WAS HOPIN' HE CARRIED A GUN!



AN' YOU FELLAS ARE GONNA ROW ME BACK TO SHORE IN YOUR BOAT!

ONCE ASHORE, GRIFFIN SOON HUSTLES THE PRISONERS BACK TO THE AIRPORT...



MARCH RIGHT BACK IN THE WAY YOU CAME OUT

HE STUMBLES AGAINST THE WALL...AND SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER!



JINGOES! THE GUN WAS OUT OF ORDER! OW!

LATER... OF COURSE YOU ARE TO BE COMMENDED FOR THE RECAPTURE OF THOSE PRISONERS GRIFFIN... BUT TAKING A PLANE UP AGAINST ORDERS IS INEXCUSABLE! IT'S BACK TO PEELING POTATOES FOR YOU!



Y-YES, SIR!



EXCUSE ME, SIR..WE HAVE JUST DELIVERED THE ELECTRIC POTATO-PEELERS. SIGN HERE PLEASE!

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