WAR PLANES

FRANCE, HAS 2800 PLANES, THE CURTISS HAWK, AN AMERICAN BUILT PLANE, IS SAID TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE PLANE USED BY FRANCE.

UNITED STATES, HAS 4500 PLANES, THE BOEING FLYING FORTRESS IS THE MOST OUTSTANDING.

ITALY, HAS 4500 PLANES, THE CAPRONI IS SAID TO BE VERY EFFICIENT AT HIGH ALTITUDES.

ENGLAND, HAS 6000 PLANES, THE HAWKER IS THE MOST OUTSTANDING.

GERMANY, HAS OVER 11,000 PLANES, THE MESSERSCHMITT IS RATED AS ONE OF THE FASTEST PLANES IN THE WORLD.

RUSSIA, HAS OVER 9000 PLANES, SEVERAL TYPES BUILT FOR ARTIC FLYING.
Scoop Mason
War Correspondent
Written by Alan Blane

Scoop and his
Aid, Sleepy Sam
son, are covering
the European conflict
between France
and Germany.
Tonight Scoop
broadcasts to
America from
Paris, The Cape,
and he has
promised news
of startling
revelations.

Hello America! This is your
roving reporter, Scoop Mason
with World Press News from the
war zone. And here is hot news
why are munitions plants
being bombed, supply trains
wrecked?

As he is about to reveal the
secret a bullet intended for
him crashes into the Mike.

And here is the answer
someone high in official circles is
Hey, what th'?

Cablegram
Mason, World Press
rush sabotage yarn immedi-
dately stop Atlantic news
featuring exclusive stories
on sabotage stop who is
Jay-Jay? Stop find him
stop hire him stop get
going stop

Hah, so that's who's
scooping me, Jay-Jay.
It's that dame again-
Judy Jackson
that sob-sister?

Holy whiskers! She's
been in our hair
from Ethiopia to
Shanghai.
But, gee,
I don't think she'll
try to bump you
off?

Don't be stupid. She-
she goes for me! But
that's my exclusive
story. She can't

Hold everything.
Richard Harding Davis here
comes bad news and
brass buttons.
TO THE STUDIO "JAY-JAY," JUDY JACKSON, FAMOUS WOMAN CORRESPONDENT AND SCOOPE'S RIVAL.

JUDY! SO YOU PLANNED ALL THIS? A FINE PAL YOU ARE!

BUT I'M HERE TO BROADCAST A STORY TO AMERICA, AND IT'S MY STORY TOO.

Scoop darling, what do you mean?

Your story, eh? Well, I'll see you later, sob-sister!

TAKEN BEFORE THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE SCOOPE IS TOLD—

MONSIEUR MASON, THIS IS WAR AND I MUST KNOW WHERE YOU GOT PROOF OF THIS MUNITIONS SCANDAL.

AND I'M ONE NEWSPAPERMAN WHO WON'T REVEAL HIS SOURCE OF INFORMATION.

VERY WELL! THEN YOU'RE EXPELLED FROM FRANCE, YOU MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY.

OKAY, WE'LL GO, BUT DON'T FORGET YOU CAN'T SILENCE THE WORLD PRESS.

AS SCOOPE IS BOARDING THE BOAT TRAIN, JUDY JACKSON ARRIVES TO SAY FAREWELL.

OH, SCOOPE, THIS IS TERRIBLE SENDING YOU AWAY WHEN YOU WERE ONLY DOING YOUR DUTY.

DON'T KID ME, JUDY, YOU KNOW WHO'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

WHAT! JUMP OFF THE TRAIN? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WE'RE STAYING IN FRANCE TO FINISH THIS JOB, COME ON!

AS THE TRAIN ROARS TOWARDS CHERBOURG, TWO FIGURES LEAP FROM THE COACH.
SLEEPY, WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO THE HEAD MAN BARON TREVILLE THE MUNITIONS KING!

THAT NIGHT TWO FIGURES APPROACH THE HOME OF BARON TREVILLE.

MEANWHILE THE BARON ENTERTAINS A LOVELY GUEST, A SPANISH REFUGEE.

 ROSITA, MY LOVE. WHEN MY NEXT SHIPMENT OF MACHINERY REACHES SWITZERLAND WE SHALL GO AWAY WITH MUCH MONEY.

OH, THAT WILL BE WONDERFUL, SENOR BARON!

MACHINERY TO SWITZERLAND. THAT MEANS HE'S SENDING MUNITIONS THERE. BUT WHY?

I DON'T KNOW BUT BOY! SHE'S GORGEOUS!

SWITZERLAND’S OUR NEXT STOP. COME ON — HEY, WHAT'S THIS!

MONSIEUR YOU WILL STAY HERE! HANDS UP PLEASE!

OUI AND HE HAS HEARD EVERYTHING THAT WAS SAID IN THIS ROOM.

WHO ARE THESE MEN? WHY IT'S SCOOP MASON, THE AMERICAN REPORTER!

SO YOU KNOW MORE THAN YOU SHOULD? HOW INTERESTING!

YOU SAID IT! IT'S INTERESTING FOR THE READERS OF WORLD PRESS NEWS.

YOU'VE SENT YOUR LAST STORY! I HAD YOU BANISHED FROM FRANCE, NOW I'LL BANISH YOU FROM THE EARTH GUARD TO THE CELLAR!

HEY, THAT SOUNDS KINDA PERMANENT!
SCOOPE MASON

HOURS LATER ..... HELPLESS PRISONERS OF THE VINDICATIVE BARON TREVILLE.

WELL, CHUM, LOOKS LIKE WE SENT OUR LAST STORY. THE BARON AND HIS SWEETIE HAVE US ON THE SPOT.

SPEAKING OF THAT DAME HERE SHE COMES NOW. SHHH!

SAY, GORGEOUS, WHO ARE YOU AND WHATS THE IDEA TURNING US LOOSE?

SENORS, IM JUST A FRIEND. QUICK YOU MUST LEAVE. HE PLANS TO KILL YOU!

WHAT IS THIS, A TRAP?

PLEASE YOU MUST LEAVE FRANCE AT ONCE. I WILL SEE YOU LATER. SOMEDAY, SOMEWHERE.

BACK IN PARIS --

LISTEN, BOSS, WE'D BETTER GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY.

NOT YET, SLEEPY. HERE PUT ON THESE OLD CLOTHES.

DRIVER TO THE TREVILLE MUNITIONS PLANT.

THAT MORNING TWO NEW WORKMEN REPORT FOR DUTY IN THE TREVILLE MUNITIONS PLANT.

LOOK, SCOOPE, THESE SHELLS ARE DUDS. THE DETONATORS ARE WORTHLESS.

AND THEY'RE BEING SENT TO SWITZERLAND. COME ON HERES THE POWER ROOM.

BOY, IF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT COULD ONLY SEE THIS BOLD SABOTAGE!

HEY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE. AN INSPECTION PARTY'S COMING.

IN THEIR HURRY TO ESCAPE THEY RUN INTO THE MUNITIONS MAGNATE.

IT'S SCOOPE MASON THE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT QUICK. GRAB HIM!
SCOOPE MASON

SCOOPE GRASPS A DEADLY GRENADE AND HOLDS THE PARTY AT BAY

STAND BACK OR WELL ALL GO UP IN SMOKE!

FOOLS! THOSE GRENADES ARE HARMLESS. YOU MIGHT AS WELL SURRENDER

IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE. COME ON SLEEPY. JUMP!

THEIR WILD LEAP CARRIES THEM TO BARON TREVILLE'S CAR PARKED BELOW THE WINDOW.

STOP THEM! STOP THEM!

THIS IS THE BARON'S CAR. SO THE GUARDS WON'T STOP US. HERE'S THE GATE. HANG ON!

S-C-C-O-O-P! PLEASE HIT SOMETHING CHEAP!

THEY CRASH THRU THE GATE TO FREEDOM!

THAT'S MY SECRET. NEXT TURN WE'RE GOING TO VISIT MY OLD APARTMENT.

WELL THERE'S OUR STORY. BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO SEND IT?

~~ IN THE RUE MAURICE, WHERE SCOOP HAS AN APART-MENT.

HEY, YOU LIVE ON THIS FLOOR! WHERE YOU GOING, TO THE ROOF?

EXACTLY. FOLLOW ME!
HOLY WHISKERS! CARRIER PIGEONS! SO THAT'S HOW YOU—

SURE, MY SECRET MESSleshoots AND HERE'S MY STORY WRITTEN ON ONION SKIN PAPER.

THAT BIRD CARRIES MY STORY TO LUXEMBOURG, A NEUTRAL COUNTRY. KELLY, THE WORLD PRESS MAN THERE WIREs IT ON THE STATES.

DARNED CLEVER, THESE AMERICANS!

WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE. EVERYTHING SWARMING WITH GENDARMES. THE BARON MUST HAVE TIPPED THEM OFF!

QUIET! THE PLACE IS QUIET BELOW?

COME ON, WE'LL HAVE TO TRAVEL OVER THE ROOFTOPS.

BOY, WHEN I HIRED OUT TO BE A LEG-MAN I WASN'T FOOLING!

Scoop BOLDLY LEADS HIS ASSISTANT TO THE PARIS RAILWAY YARDS WHERE—

SO WE'RE LEAVING PARIS AT LAST? GOOD!

PAL, WE'RE GOING TO SWITZERLAND AND, UNLESS I'M WRONG, THIS TRAIN'S LOADED WITH TREVILLE'S AMMUNITION.

AS THE FREIGHT TRAIN ROLLS TOWARD THE FRENCH FRONTIER, SCOOP INVESTIGATES THE SHIPMENT.

JUST AS I THOUGHT, THESE SHELLS ARE WORTHLESS, AND I'LL WAGER HE'S SELLING THEM TO GERMANY.

SO THE BARON'S PLAYING BOTH SIDES. WOW, WHAT A STORY!

WERE STOPPING. THIS MUST BE BASEL, NEAR THE GERMAN FRONTIER.

THEY'LL PROBABLY SMUGGLE THE AMMUNITION ACROSS THE BORDER TONIGHT. COME ON, WE'VE GOT ANOTHER STORY TO SEND.
A few minutes later in the Basel offices of World Press News.

Well blow me down, Scoop Mason! We heard you were dead!

Hyah, Jonesie! Clear all wires! Have I got a story on that munitions scandal!

Take this! The man responsible for the French munitions scandal is — Hey, what's this?

We now present the famous woman correspondent, Jay-Jay Broadcasting to America.

This is Judy Jackson. Jay-Jay speaking from Basel, Switzerland. Here is the latest angle on the French munitions scandal.

Scooped again. It — it isn't possible!

Come on to the radio station. We're going to get to the bottom of this.

A shipment of worthless shells from the Treville plant is now in Basel.

A few minutes later, in the Basel Broadcasting studios.

That dame knows too much and I'm going to find out why.

Maybe she uses a crystal ball. Look, there she is now.

As they approach the studio where Judy is broadcasting.

That's our cue. Come on! Judy, look out!

Scoop! Scoop Mason!

He's going to shoot her!
THE POWERFULLY BUILT STRANGER GIVES SCOOP THE BATTLE OF HIS LIFE

TAKE THAT! OOPS! SORRY PAL!

YOU’VE HIT HIM. OH, SCOOP DARLING!

SCOOP DARLING, SPEAK TO ME. IT’S JUDY

THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU SAME AS HAPPENED TO ME IN PARIS.

IT’S TREVILLE’S MEN. HE’S SELLING AMMUNITION TO BOTH GERMANY AND FRANCE AND HE KNOWS WE’VE GOT THE STORY!

OH SCOOP DARLING, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU—I’D—WELL, YOU BIG LUG, I’M CRAZY ABOUT YOU.

YEH, MAYBE. BUT HOW COME YOU GOT ALL THE FACTS OF MY STORY? COME ON, SPEAK UP!

HEY, HERE COME THE SWISS POLICE LOOKS LIKE WE’RE GOING TO BE HERE AWHILE.

SUFFERING SAINTS! THAT MIKE IS STILL OPEN. WE’VE BEEN ON THE AIR, JUDY.

WHAT!

WELL, WE’RE UNDER ARREST BUT I DON’T CARE. I BROADCAST THE STORY ANYWAY.

AND THE WHOLE WORLD HEARD ME SAY I LOVED YOU—WHY YOU—YOU DOUBLECROSSER!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF SCOOP MASON AND HIS FRIENDS NEXT MONTH AS THEY FOLLOW THE AMMUNITIONS STORY INTO GERMANY!
THE TRIPOD TRIO

WHAT A STORY! ALL ABOUT THE ISLE OF EVERLASTING BEAUTY!

GEE - I WISH I COULD READ A COOK-FEED. I COOK - I MEAN -

ME TOO.

THE ISLAND IS INHABITED ONLY BY GORGEOUS, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

YOU MEAN GULLER GILLS - GLUMMER GULLS - I MEAN - DAMES?

LOOK AT THAT - A TYPICAL BELLE FROM NO MAN'S LAND!

THEY CALL IT NO MAN'S LAND BECAUSE NO MAN HAS EVER SET FOOT ON THE ISLAND.

OY - I MEAN BOY! WHAT A DANCE FOR A LOOP - WHAT A CHANCE FOR A SCOOP.

BOSS, WE'VE GOTTA GREAT STUNT - THE BIGGEST SCOOP OF THE YEAR FOR PATHE-TIC NEWS.

WELL - MAKE IT SNAPPY. CAN'T YOU SEE I HAVE MY HANDS FULL?

CHIEF, WE WANT TO GO GET SOME EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF NO MAN'S LAND!

WONDERFUL. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR SOMEONE BRAVE ENOUGH TO HANDLE THAT ASSIGNMENT.

HUH? WAR ZONE?

YOU SAIL FOR THE WAR ZONE TODAY!

YOU SAID IT, BOYS - IT'S THE FRONT LINE. TRENCHES FOR YOU!

NO MAN'S LAND.
THE TRIPOD TRIO

THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF FISH.

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE FRONT LINE STENCHES—I MEAN—BENCHES—

LOOK, BOYS—ANY PORT IN A STORM. WE CAN HIDE HERE TILL AFTER THE BOAT SAILS.

OKAY—SHE'S FAST! HAUL AWAY!

HAHA-SKI AND HO HO-SKI. I'M GOING TO BLOWING UP THE SHIPSKI!

BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN——

LOOK OUT, BOYS—IT'S TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

SMOLEY HOKE—A BUM—A BOOM—I MEAN—A PINEAPPLE

OUT THE WINDOW YOU MUST GO!

THANKS—

STOUT FELLOWS! YOU SAVED THE BLOOMIN' SHIP DON'TCHA KNOW—YOU SHALL BE MY SPECIAL GUESTS.

MUCH.
THE SKY HAWK

by Ralf Stone
Tom Hickey

Midshipman Storm Allen, China born and raised, where his father had been a doctor in an American Mission Hospital.

Midshipman Buzz Magee, ex-G.O.B. who had won his appointment from the fleet.

Midshipman Lucky Lane, a hot-headed Alabama boy.

Bad News Strikes Hard. I know, this telegram...it was Dad's hospital. He...he's dead!

I see the Japs bombed another hospital.

Let's resign! Let's go fight the Japs!

What! Your Japs? Say I...I'm sorry Storm.

Can you get there, Storm? Are you going to ask for leave to go to China?

No-o-o, I'm staying here. In the Navy, that's the way Dad would have wanted it.

Graduated! We're ensigns now! Hooray! No more rivers to cross!

What ship are you putting in for Storm?

But after that, aviation became their favorite study.

Graduation is always a great day, but it often brings a parting of close friends.

No ship, I'm putting in for Aviation.

Me too, then.

Well you guys can't shake me that easy. When you make your first solo, Pelly, you'll find me buzzing right behind you.

Congratulations, young gentlemen, on your excellent work here. Also I congratulate you on your new detail. You are all ordered to duty on the Aircraft carrier, Lexington.

Wings at last.
THE SKY HAWK

Flying fast pursuit planes in the actual fleet was a lot harder than mere training, but it was a lot more exciting too. And by the time they were lieutenants, they had become famous as the "hot-shot" flight of the Navy.

Listen! We three are ordered to the Cleveland Air Races as the Navy's exhibition team in acrobatic flying! Another crack at the Army, but we'll have to beat that Army team.

And don't forget the Marines.

The Army was good!

Those guys could fly a battleship.

Oooh!

Ah!

The Marines were no slackers either.

But the Navy "hot-shots" were better!

Listen to this telegram from the Lexington's captain...

"Congratulations on bringing home first prize for the Navy."

Yeah? Well, listen to this one from the Navy Department in Washington... "Proceed immediately to Shanghai, China, and report to U.S.S. Alaska, for aviation duty aboard."

China! Say, that's just what I've been hanging for! Maybe we'll see some of that war we've just been reading about!
THE SKY HAWK

Winning first prize and orders to China is worth a celebration.

Better pull heavy dragon these eats. That transport across may feed nothing but Navy beans!

We're lucky, not every Navy flyer gets a grandstand seat at war.

My name Ah Wing, head waiter say I find Lieutenant Allen here. I have very important message for him.

A strange Chinaman suddenly appears at the table.

It's in Chinese...Whew! Why this is an offer of fifty thousand pieces to resign and sign up to fly and fight for China!

Somebody's kidding us! It must be a joke!

Lucky slipped the smaller piece of paper from Storm's hand.

Then it's a mighty high-priced joke for someone. Because this is in English...and it's a check on the Bank of Shanghai for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars! It's signed..."Ah Fong!"

The letter is signed Ah Fong too.

But who is Ah Fong?

That's what the japs would like to know too. He's the mystery man of China. Every Chinese has heard of him. But nobody knows who he is. He's just Ah Fong, the old one.

Then he must be ghoshawful rich! A hundred and fifty thousand dollars when!

He's supposed to be the richest man in China...nobody knows how many steam ships, stores, warehouses and trading companies he owns. But above all, he's a patriot.

Did you ever run into him when you were living there?

No-o... wait a second! I remember my father saying it was some rich Chinaman that gave the money for his hospital...yes, the name was Ah Fong!

Recollection strikes Storm like a voice from the past.
THE SKY HAWK

Fifty thousand is a lot of money! And I always wanted to fly in a war.

You're right, Storm. We're in the Navy and America is not at war with Japan. Anyway, fighting for money like that would be taking blood money.

Don't do that, Storm! Don't terrify that... now you've done it! Fifty thousand dollars a piece - and me within right in my hands.

Where's that Chinaman? Why he's gone!

On board the transport entering Shanghai Harbor.

Look! The Japs are still bombing the Chinese section!

That's the way Dad was killed.

I am glad to have the Navy Hot-Shot flight attached to the Alaska. And I know you young gentlemen will remember that an American officer's first duty over here is to be absolutely neutral in both words and actions.

Admiral White, commanding officer of the American Asiatic Fleet, welcomes them.

Storm and his buddies get their first glimpse of Nichi Korg, the famous Japanese naval ace.

That old Chinese plane never had a chance. The Jap is three times as quick and fast.

What's that insignia on the side of his plane?

That's the rising sun - the personal device of Nichi Korg, the famous Japanese ace.

The Hot-Shots found everyday drills the same as usual, except that they took off from catapults and landed on the Marines' flying field in the International Settlement ashore, from which their planes were brought back to the Alaska by bort since the battle ship had no open flight deck for them to land on.
THE SKY HAWK

Flying close over a foreign warship is more than sky-larking. It's almost an insult. After all, this ship is American territory.

Maybe he's sneaking a close-up squint at our anti-aircraft sir.

Koto celebrates by leading his flight in stunts close over the American warship.

Look! It's one of our launches! And that Jap is diving almost on top of it!

Our coxswain will have to turn quick to dodge!

See, he's already turning with hard-over rudder. That Jap's prop or landing gear could take a man's head right off his shoulders!

Zoom!

It might have been a good Japanese joke, but it was a dangerous one for the coxswain.

This has ceased to be a joke. Endangering an American sailor's life is something I won't stand for! Call away my boat. I'm going over to the Japanese flagship!

Aye--aye, sir.

So sorry, but this is Chinese harbor, and Japanese warships are here to make war on China. And our planes must keep up their war-time practice.

The United States may not be at war, but the Alaska is here to protect American lives, and will do so at all costs!

The Japanese have had their morning exercise. Now we will have ours. Maybe it might improve their manners if they saw a sample of the Hot-Shot flying that won first prize at Cleveland.

Aye--

Aye, sir!

Back aboard the Alaska, Admiral White orders the three American flyers also to take off for a bit of exercise.

The Japanese signal men on the bridge get a very close look.
And even the Black Gang in the engine room below could almost smell them even if they couldn't see them.

The deck force of the Japanese flagship gets a closer look still!

As they head for shore to land at the Marines' field, Buzz finds that his motor is balky...

Buzz's motor must be missing. Ok in the gasoline line probably. I see he's gunning her to try and clear it.

Storm and lucky land at the Marines' field ashore, to find Buzz is still up, trying to jazz up his balky motor.

Furious at being outstunted by the Americans, Koto, the Japanese ace, sees the crippled plane of Buzz helpless in front of him.

It's that Jap again! He's trying to hound me like he did the launch. And with this balky motor I'm half crippled.

It's that Jap ace! And look --- he's after Buzz!
Helpless, Buzz is almost thrown out of control by the Jap pilot flying close over his elevator.

Two can play at that game. You escort Buzz in, Lucky. I'll take care of Koto!

Right!

One of the other Americans! I'd better head for home!

In his merciless hounding of Buzz, Nichi Koto doesn't see the approach of another plane until Storm is almost on top of him.

Storm almost drags his landing gear across Koto's cockpit.

But Storm cuts him off, and now it is Koto who is the hunted instead of the hunter.

Storm forces the Jap ace down into the harbor.

Whack!

Though the harbor water is cold, Nichi Koto comes out of it boiling with rage.
THANKS, OLD-TIMER. YOU SURE SAVED MY SKIN FROM A DUCKING THAT TIME.

THAT WAS NOTHING. BUT SAVING OUR SKIN IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE JAPS AND CHINESE WAS DARNED IMPORTANT.

I'D LIKE TO SEE NICHII KÔTO'S FACE RIGHT NOW. I'LL BET IT'S RED ENOUGH TO USE FOR A POWDER PIG.

WELL DONE, GENTLEMEN. AFTER SEEING OUR AMERICAN BRAND OF MORNING EXERCISE, MAYBE OUR JAPANESE FRIENDS WILL IMPROVE THEIR MANNERS A BIT. PLEASE GIVE YOUR CAPTAIN MY COMPLIMENTS, AND TELL HIM THAT I THINK YOU HAVE EARNED A SPECIAL NIGHT'S LIBERTY A SHORE.

THANK YOU, SIR.

The C-in-C is a great old guy, isn't he? A whole night's Liberty A Shore -- Whoops!

Dinner to start the celebration. A Chinese dinner with shark fins, bird's-nest soup, and all the fixings.

We'll look for a regular Chinese place then. But we've got to be careful.

That second American plane -- it must be a mystery plane. It must have some secret attachments to make it especially fast and quick-turning.

AT THE JAPANESE LANDING FIELD.

It would be great deed for Japan then if this American plane crashed so we could search it. But the American pilot is good -- he would not allow plane to crash unless he was shot down.

It might be easy to shoot him down if one got close enough without being suspected.

SCHOOH HIM DOWN? BUT THAT WOULD MEAN WAR WITH AMERICA!

NOT IF THE AMERICANS THINK IT WAS A CHINESE PLANE THAT SHOT HIM DOWN. QUICK -- BRING PAINT!

Now to make it Chinese plane!

The Americans are friendly to the Chinese. This American pilot will think it is only a Chinese plane coming near -- until the bullets begin to strike him! And then it will be too late!

And so, even as Storm and his two buddies start out for a happy celebration, the deadly trap is being prepared.

TO BE CONTINUED.
WHATCHA DOIN', BOYS — LOOKING FOR SUBMARINES?

OH NO-O-O WE'RE TAKING THE SIP BY SAIL — THE SIP BY TAIL — I MEAN THE TRIP BY —

COMING ON! I WANT TO SHOW YOU MY NEW IDEA FOR TAKING PICTURES. LOOK AT MY CAMERA!

A RAPID FIRE FLASHBULB AND AUTOMATIC PLATE EXPELLER!

THAT'S A GREAT INTENTION-EXTENSION—

IDEA

OH—I SAY! WHAT HO? AND ALL THAT SORT OF ROT. IT'S AN ENEMY RAIDER SENDING OVER A BALLY LANDING PARTY TO LOOK US OVAH. DEAH, DEAH.

WOW — WHAT WAS THAT!

BOY OH BOY. HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO TRY OUT OUR NEW INVENTION!

EXCLUSIVE PICTURES OF A LANDING SMARTY —

AH-OY-OY-OY! VOT GIFFS IT ABOARD DER FUNNY LOOKING PICKLE BOAT? MAKE VAY FOR DER VOLF OF DER ATLANTIC OCEANS UND ALL POINTS VEST.
THE TRIPOD TRIO

SO IT GIFFS AN EMEMY SHIP, MAYBE I SHOULD BLOW FROM DER VATTER OUT DER WHOLE KABOODLE.

OH, I SAY THAT'S HARDLY CRICKET OLD FELLOW.

NOW'S OUR CHANCE BOYS. SHE'S ALL SET. START SHOOTING!

OKIE DOKE.

WHAT THE DICKENS! THE PLATES ARE FLYING OUT THE FRONT. I MUSTA HOOKED IT UP WRONG.

POW!

CHEESE IT, CAPTINK! DER MACHINE GUNNERS!

SOUND DER RETREAT!

GANGVAY!

BY JOVE—SPLENDID FELLOWS! YOU JOLLY WELL SAVED OUR BLOOMIN' NECKS. WHAT?

HUH?

IS DOT SO? VE MAY BE ALL VET BUT VE DON'T GET HOODVINKED TOO LONG BY DER FANCY TRICKS!

OH OH—HE'S BACK!

SO! IT GIFFS SOLDIERS, AINT IT—IN DER UNIFORMS! VELL, DOTS DOT! I'M TAKING YOU ON MY BOAT AS PRISONERS OF WAR!
Early on an October morning, a German U-boat slips out of Kiel harbor and into the ocean mist, with her conning tower barely awash.

The young commander, Guenther Prien, guides the sub through the German mine fields at the harbor’s entrance.

We are through our mine fields—keep on our present course, helmsman.

What are our sailing orders, captain?

Our orders are to sink any British ships we come in contact with!!

Nearing the British blockade, Prien brings the sub down until only the periscope is showing above the ocean’s surface—

Look down there, Lieutenant—au boat!! Just under the surface.

You’re right—I’ll radio the destroyers!

“German sub just dived for the bottom—I’ll circle over her position come and get her!!’’

Prien sees two destroyers on the horizon—but he does not see a British plane flying directly over—head—-!! The blind spot for all subs.
THE TWO DESTROYERS RACE TOWARD THE SPOT UNDER FORCED DRAFT!

GET READY WITH THE Y-GUN AND DEPTH BOMBS!

FIRE THE Y-GUN!—LET GO THE DEPTH BOMBS——!

THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSIONS OF THE DEPTH CHARGES ROCK THE U-BOAT AS SHE DIVES FOR SAFETY.

THAT ONE ALMOST GOT US—STOP ALL MOTORS, OR THEY’LL HEAR US ON THEIR HYDROPHONES—!

THEY’VE FOUND US, CAPTAIN! WE’LL BE BLOWN WIDE OPEN—!

MAYBE—BUT I’VE STILL GOT A TRICK LEFT—BREAK OUT A CAN OF OIL AND FLOOD THE AIRLOCK WITH IT—THEN OPEN THE OUTER HATCH SO IT’LL FLOAT TO THE SURFACE.

HELLO, DESTROYER! I’VE SIGHTED A HEAVY OIL SLICK—GUESS YOU GOT’EM!

CEASE FIRING! WE’VE SUNK THE SUB—CONTINUE ON PATROL.

THE TRICK WORKS—THE PLANE REPORTS——
SCAPA FLOW

HAVING ELUDED THE BRITISH WARSHIPS, PRIEST'S U-BOAT CONTINUES TO CRUISE FOR THREE DAYS — EVER ON THE ALERT FOR A BRITISH SHIP.

WE ARE TWENTY MILES OFF SCAPA FLOW — WHERE THE BRITISH GRAND FLEET LIEST. I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET IN.

— GOING IN THERE? THAT'S MADNESS, CAPTAIN! IT'S IT'S SUICIDE! THE ENTRANCES ARE JAMMED WITH MINES — NETS — PATROLS — IMPOSSIBLE!

NO ONE WOULD EVER DREAM OF AN U-BOAT ENTERING SCAPA FLOW — THEREFORE IT'S POSSIBLE WE MIGHT GET AWAY WITH IT.

"THERE'S A FLEET OF CARGO SHIPS GOING INTO THE HARBOR NOW — MUST BE SLIPPERY SHIPS — WELL FOLLOW 'EM IN!"

THE U-BOAT FOLLOWS DIRECTLY IN THE WAKE OF THE CARGO SHIPS.

THEY CAN'T PICK US UP ON THEIR HYDROPHONES BECAUSE THEIR OWN ENGINES MAKE TOO MUCH NOISE.

FULL ASTERN — WE'RE IN THE NETS!!! FULL SPEED ASTERN ——!

JUST IN TIME! THE SUB REVERSES — NOSES DOWN — AND SLIDES BENEATH THE DREADED NET, INTO SCAPA FLOW.

WE'RE IN — NOW WE'LL LAY ON THE BOTTOM AND ATTACK AT DAWN —!!
DAWN IS HERALDED IN THE GREAT BRITISH NAVAL BASE BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION IN THE BOW OF THE "ROYAL OAK"!! ONE OF THE BIG BATTLESHIPS OF THE FLEET—ANOTHER BLAST AMIDSHIPS!!—AND STILL ANOTHER !!!—THE U-BOAT HAS STRUCK

WE GOT HER, BOYS—!!
CRASH DIVE TO THE BOTTOM—

ALL THAT DAY PRIEN KEEPS THE U-BOAT QUIET ON THE BOTTOM WHILE THE BRITISH HUNT FOR HIM—BUT THE NEXT NIGHT THE SUB COMES UP AND LIES CLOSE TO THE HARBOR SHORE

BEFORE THE BRITISH CAN LOCATE HIM, PRIEN MANAGES TO GET THE SUB PAST THE MINE FIeldS, THEN HE DIVES FOR THE BOTTOM WITH DEPTH BOMBS BLASTING ALL ABOUT!

THERE'S A BAD LEAK UP FORWARD, SIR—but WE'VE PLUGGED IT

WE NEED AIR—WE'LL BE MISTAKEN FOR A BRITISH SUB IN THE DARK, SO WHAT'S THAT—?

AUTOMOBILE HEADLIGHTS! SHINING RIGHT ON US FROM THE BEACH ROAD

BATTERED AND LEAKING, THE U-BOAT MAKES GOOD ITS ESCAPE

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER THE U-BOAT LINPS INTO KIEL—TO THE WELCOME OF THE GERMAN FLEET
Frank Luke Jr., "The Balloon Buster from Arizona." Frank was born May 19, 1897, in Phoenix, Ariz. As a youth he loved outdoor life, and had many daring adventures in the Navaho country.

In the summer he worked in a copper mine in Ajo, Ariz., and in the winter he was a student at the Phoenix High School...

He was an all-round athlete, captain of the school track team, and played a good game of baseball and football...

Frank's ability was soon noticed around the mines, and a jealous miner tried to slow him down. And was thoroughly beaten by Luke...

When a professional pugilist appeared in Ajo, with a four round challenge for all comers, Frank accepted and knocked him out in the first round...

On Sept. 25, 1917, he went to Tucson and enlisted in the army, and was sent to a flying school in Austin, Texas...

He completed his flying course at Rockwell Field, California, and was ready for action at the front...
FRANK LUKE WAR ACE

YOU'LL HEAR OF ME BEFORE I'M THROUGH, AND I'LL NEVER BE TAKEN PRISONER.

GOOD LUCK, FRANK

WHEN HE TOLD HIS FRIENDS AT HOME GOOD-BY, THESE WERE HIS FAMOUS PARTING WORDS, "I'LL NEVER BE TAKEN PRISONER."

HE SAILED FOR FRANCE MARCH 4, 1918, ON THE LEVIATHAN . . .

I'D LIKE TO GET THAT BALLOON, SIR.

IT'S A DANGEROUS MISSION, LIEUTENANT

HIS FIRST NARROW ESCAPE IN FRANCE WAS DURING A 500 FOOT DIVE, HIS SAFETY BELT CAME UNFASTENED AND HE WAS ALMOST THROWN FROM THE PLANE.

HIS FIRST VICTIM WAS A FOKKER . . .

HE VOLUNTEERED TO BRING DOWN AN ENEMY BALLOON THAT HAD BEEN UNSUCCESSFULLY ATTACKED BY OUR PLANES SEVERAL TIMES BEFORE . . .

IN A FEW MINUTES THE GERMAN SAUSAGE WAS DOWN IN FLAMES. HIS FIRST VICTORY OVER A BALLOON

WHILE HIS ESCORT OF PLANES ATTACKED A FLIGHT OF FOKKERS, HE SWOOPED DOWN . . .

PRETTY CLOSE, EH BOYS!

YOU MUST HAVE A CHARMED LIFE!

THROUGH A HAIL OF ARCHIES AND GOT HIS SECOND BALLOON ON SEPT. 14, 1918

WHEN HE LANDED HIS SPAD, IT WAS SO TORN WITH GERMAN BULLETS THAT IT WAS DECLARED UNSERVICEABLE . . .
Frank Luke War Ace:

**Frank Had Four Planes Shot to Pieces in Three Weeks...**

**Luke's Fame Had Spread into Germany, So They Set a Trap for Him...**

**Two Balloons Were Stationed Near a Large Flight of Fokkers**

**You Said It**

German Sausages Are Your Meat, Eh, Luke!

**He Not Only Brought Down the Balloons, But Two of the Attacking Planes Also.**

**In Less Than a Week He Crashed 13 Enemy Ships, and a Record of Five in One Day.**

**There She Is, a Beauty!**

Once he flew to the front of another army corps and brought down a balloon that had the allies worried. After destroying it, he flew back to his own station...
FRANK LUKE WAR ACE

ON SEPT. 29, 1918, HE AGAIN VOLUNTEERED TO GO ON A LONE-HANDED RAID FOR THREE ENEMY BALLOONS, AND WENT AFTER THEM.

LUKE, YOU ARE A CREDIT TO YOUR COUNTRY.

THANK YOU, SIR!

ON ALL FRONTS HE BECAME KNOWN AS THE BALLOON BUSTER FROM ARIZONA.

THE GERMANS WERE OUT TO GET HIM; THEY FILLED THE AIR WITH BURSTING ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS.

AND THEY BROUGHT HIM DOWN.

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME PRISONER!

TRUE TO HIS WORD THAT HE WOULD NEVER BE TAKEN PRISONER, HE DREW HIS PISTOL AND FIRED ON THE GERMANS.

FOR HIS HEROISM HE WAS AWARDED THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR, THIS NATION'S HIGHEST AWARD. LUKE FIELD, HAWAII, WAS NAMED IN HIS HONOR.
IN HIS LABORATORY SITS SIKANDUR, THE ROBOT MASTER.

YOU SEE, COUNTESS SYLVA, I AM READY TO MAKE MY BID FOR WORLD POWER.

SEE—THEY HAVE TELEVISION PICK-UPS FOR EYES AND MICROPHONES FOR EARS. I CAN TUNE IN ON EVERYTHING THEY SEE OR HEAR.

THE COUNTESS RECOLLS AS SHE ATTEMPTS TO TOUCH A ROBOT.

THEN YOU ARE READY TO STRIKE?

I SEE—AND YOU NEED GOLD, SIKANDUR, TO SUCCESSFULLY MAKE YOUR ROBOTS!

SEND ROBOT X5328B TO SEE ME AT ONCE.

X5328B—YOU WILL BE SENT IMMEDIATELY TO THE UNITED STATES AS A SCIENTIFIC EXHIBIT AT AN ELECTRICAL EXPOSITION.

X5328B: YES MASTER.

SIKANDUR, THE ROBOT MASTER AND HIS AID COUNTESS SYLVA BELIEVE THEY HAVE FOUND THE AVENUE TO WORLD POWER AND DOMINATION THROUGH SIKANDUR'S MAN-LIKE MACHINES THAT THREATEN TO OVERTHROW THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD.

BE CAREFUL! EVERY ONE OF THESE ROBOTS IS RED HOT. THEY CANNOT BE SEIZED BY THOSE WHO THEY ATTACK AND THEY START FIRES IMMEDIATELY ON CONTACT!

I HAVE ALREADY STRUCK, COUNTESS. MY ROBOTS HAVE ATTACKED AND OVERCOME AN IMPORTANT WORLD POWER. BUT THE VICTORY HAS BEEN A HOLLOW ONE.

THAT COUNTRY HAD ALREADY SHIPPED ITS GOLD SUPPLY TO THE UNITED STATES FOR SAFE KEEPING.
Sikandur the Robot Master

Once there you will await orders to proceed to Fort Knox and report to me on the United States Vault.

Yes, Master.

You will go in the guise of a man. I will control your movements by remote radio. Now go!

At the electrical exposition in the U.S.A.

This is a mechanical man. Talks, walks and acts just like a human.

Sounds like a lot of hooey!

Yes, Master.

But late one night, this is your master. You will proceed at once by train to Fort Knox...

One ticket to Fort Knox Kentucky.

His burning qualities insulated by an asbestos suit, X5328B starts out.

Near a small Midwest town, the train is wrecked.

Say, that must've been some wreck this morning.

Yeah, most of the passengers have been brought into town.

X5328B makes his way to the town's only hotel.
WHAT'SA MATTER BERT? DIDN'T YA EVER BUMP INTA ANYONE BEFORE?

GOSH! THAT WAS FUNNY. NOW WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE?

WHOOPS! PARDON ME, SIR. SAAAY--

JUST AT THAT MOMENT--

YEAH--BUT THAT'S THE HOTTEST NUMBER I EVER RAN INTO. THAT GUY ACTUALLY THROWS OFF HEAT!

MAYBE HE'S ALL BURNED UP ABOUT BEING STRANDED IN A HICKTOWN.

HEY--WHERE YA GOING, BERT? I'VE GOT AN IDEA, FELLIES. IT MAY BE JUST A WILD MUNCH BUT FOLLOW ME.

NOW WHAT SCATTER BRAIN?

I'VE BEEN READING ABOUT THOSE ROBOTS THAT HAVE CONQUERED HALF OF EUROPE. THEY SAY THEY GIVE OFF TREMENDOUS HEAT!

YOU ARE NOT GOING TO TELL US----- THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT MAN--- IF HE IS A MAN AND I'M JUST CURIOUS ENOUGH TO FIND OUT.

SAY--WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT ANYWAY?

LOOK! HE'S GOING INTO THE HOTEL. LET'S FOLLOW HIM. I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA.
WHAT'RE YOU DRIVING AT, LITTLE ONE? IS THAT DELICATE BRAIN OF YOURS GETTING SOFT.

HE'S TAKING A ROOM, SEE? WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO GET TO HIM!

LISTEN FELLOWS—THOSE ROBOTS ARE NO JOKE. THEY'RE GOING TO PICK ON THE U.S.A. NEXT. THEY NEED GOLD AND WE'RE THE GUYS THAT HAVE GOT IT. THIS BIRD MAY BE ONE OF THEM!

MAYBE WE BETTER HUMOR HIM, ED. WE'VE GOT NOTHING ELSE TO DO AND THIS MIGHT BE FUN.

WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO WITH OUR LITTLE CHUM HERE, BILL—SEND FOR A STRAIGHT JACKET?

I GOT IT—WE'LL POSE AS NEWSPAPER REPORTERS AND GET AN INTERVIEW WITH THIS—ER—PERSON. COME ON!

OKAY, JUNIOR—WHAT NEXT?

OKAY SONNY BOY. HERE GOES!

CHARLEY, THE CLERK, SAYS THIS IS THE ROOM HE TOOK.

REPORTERS? INTERVIEW?

THAT'S RIGHT, HE'S BEEN IN A TRAIN WRECK, HASN'T HE? WE'LL ASK HIM SOME ROUTINE QUESTIONS AND IF HE'S OKAY, THERE'S NO HARM DONE.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE'RE REPORTERS SIR, WE UNDERSTAND YOU WERE IN A TRAIN WRECK THIS MORNING?

GET OUT! I DO NOT WISH TO BE BOTHERED BY YOU CHEAP AMERICANS.

CHEAP AMERICANS EH? LISTEN BROTHER- YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT.

STAND BACK, I TELL YOU! YOU AND YOUR DISGUSTING COUNTRY WILL SUFFER SOON ENOUGH!

I'LL MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS, YOU--- OH!

I Warned you, don't lay a hand on me again.

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, BILL. GET HIM!

YOU WERE RIGHT KID— YOU WERE RIGHT! THAT GUY'S RED HOT!

COME HERE YOU. SAY- WHAT THE--? ONE OF HIS FINGERS— BROKEN OFF! IT'S MADE OF METAL!!

LOOK— HE'S TAKING OFF HIS SUIT. ASBESTOS!

VERY WELL, YOU YOUNG FOOLS! NOW YOU KNOW TOO MUCH AND YOU WILL NEVER LIVE TO TELL IT!
YOU ARE RIGHT, MY INQUIJSTIVE FRIENDS.
YOU ARE INTERESTED IN HEAT, NOW YOU SHALL REALLY TASTE SOME!

LOOK OUT FELLOWS! HE'LL BURN YOU TO A CRISP IF HE EVER GETS YOU!

AH! YOU DO NOT RELISH THE PROSPECT OF A FIERY EMBRACE?

MEANWHILE, AT SIKANDUR'S HEADQUARTERS.

X532BB! X532BB!

YOU FOOL— YOU WILL SPOIL ALL OUR PLANS! I STOP AT ONCE— AND LISTEN TO ME!

THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF THOSE THREE WILL START AN INVESTIGATION. MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM— OFFER THEM WEALTH AND POWER—ANYTHING! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

X532BB SUDDENLY CHANGES HIS TACTICS.

GENTLEMEN, I SEE YOU ARE TOO SMART FOR ME AND YOU KNOW MUCH. YOU MAY NAME YOUR OWN PRICE, IF YOU WILL JOIN ME AND HELP TO OVERTHROW YOUR COUNTRY.

WHY YOU---!

HOLD IT, BILL! MAYBE THIS— ER— GENTLEMAN IS RIGHT, GIVE US A FEW MINUTES TO THINK IT OVER.

SAY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? IF YOU THINK--

DON'T BE SILLY, BILL. YOU DON'T THINK FOR A MINUTE I'D TURN TRAITOR AND HELP THOSE FIENDS!

IN AN ANTE ROOM
Sikandur, the Robot Master

But I've got a plan. Let's pretend to agree to his terms. That'll help us to get away from here and work out a means of destroying him.

I get it!

Needless to say things will go badly with any individual who violates this agreement.

There! That's the last signature signed, sealed, and delivered.

Okay, Brother—we'll talk turkey with you. But we want plenty.

Good! I have a contract already drawn up. Look!

A moment later

$	ext{x5328B!}$

Boy—was that a narrow escape! That thing could have burnt us all to a crisp!

Fellows—this is just the beginning. We've got to act quick to stop this menace!

Okay, goodbye, Mr—er—Mr—

Something tells me that was just a breeze compared to what's in store for us.

I'm afraid you're right, Bill. Anyway we'll soon see.
TELEVISION TORPEDO

WAR'S NEWEST WEAPON

IN THE FIRST WORLD WAR OF 1914-1918 THERE WERE SUICIDE SQUADS, THE BRAVEST AND BEST AIRMEN GAVE THEIR LIVES IN HOPELESS ENCOUNTERS...

THERE ARE ZEPPELINS OVER LONDON, WHO'LL VOLUNTEER TO SHOOT THEM DOWN? I NEED THREE PLANES.

I WILL, SIR.

SOMEBEFORE IN ENGLAND, 1917...

I PICKED YOU, SGT. MURPHY, YOU'RE THE BEST GUNNER IN THE WHOLE SQUADRON.

IT'S AN HONOR, SIR, YOU'RE OUR BEST PILOT.

LOAD UP WITH INCENDIARY BULLETS, MURPHY, WE'LL TRY TO BURN THEM.

LT. RADCLIFFE AND SGT. MURPHY REACH LONDON AND SIGHT THE ZEPPELINS...

THREE OF THE BEST ARE CHOSEN
THE FILTHY ENGLISH HAVE NO CHANCE. OUR GUNS OUT-RANGE THEM 300 YARDS...

BRISTLING WITH MACHINE-GUNS THE GIANT ZEP CAN FIGHT OFF ATTACKERS; LOADED WITH BOMBS IT MAY DEVASTATE THE CITY...

THERE'S JUST ONE WAY, MURPHY, ARE YOU READY TO DIE?

SURE, AND WHO WANTS TO LIVE FOREVER?

THE R.A.F. FLIERS REALIZE THEIR PLIGHT...

RISING FAR ABOVE THE ZEPPELIN, THE LITTLE PURSUIT PLANE, GUN SPITTING, DIVES STRAIGHT FOR IT...

THEY WERE BRAVE MEN TO DIE FOR THEIR COUNTRY.

KNOWING HE AND MURPHY WILL BE BURNED TO CINDERS, RADCLIFFE CRASHES HIS PLANE INTO THE ZEPPELIN...

BRAVE MEN DIE BUT THE CITY IS SAVED...

BUT NOW, THE TELEVISION TORPEDO CAN DO SIMILAR WORK...
IN A CHICAGO LABORATORY, U.A. SANABRIA, YOUNG SCIENTIST, IS WORKING...

HE IS THE GENIUS WHO STARTLED THE WORLD WITH GIANT TELEVISION ALMOST TEN YEARS AGO...

IF THIS GRID WORKS TUBES WILL BE THOUSANDS OF TIMES MORE SENSITIVE AND POWERFUL.

IT WILL BE A WONDERFUL THING, DOCTOR.

HIS REGULAR OCCUPATION IS OPERATING A TELEVISION SCHOOL IN CONJUNCTION WITH DR. LEE DE FOREST, "FATHER OF RADIO." IN 1907, DE FOREST INVENTED THE MODERN VACUUM TUBE...

THERE IS NOT A SET TODAY, EXCEPT FOR THE SIMPLEST CRYSTAL SET, THAT DOES NOT USE DE FOREST INVENTIONS. NOW COMES THE TELEVISION FLYING TORPEDO WHICH SANABRIA HAS OFFERED TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT.

ICONOSCOPE TUBE PICKS UP SCENE.
ENGINE
BATTERIES
EXPLOSIVE
RECEIVER
SW-TRANSMITTER
RELAY CONTROL

THIS IS A ROUGH IDEA OF THE TORPEDO'S CONSTRUCTION...

FLEETS OF THESE TORPEDOES MAY BE OPERATED FROM MOTHER-PLANES OR GROUND STATIONS.

SIR, OUR RADIO PATROL REPORTS AN ENEMY FLEET OFF NEW YORK HARBOR.

PREPARE TO LAUNCH TORPEDO SERGEANT!

PERHAPS IN SOME FUTURE WAR.

A GRIM FLEET SAILS WESTWARD, BRINGING ITS GUNS TO BEAR ON AMERICA'S GREATEST CITY...
I HAVE RELEASED TWENTY TELEVISION TORPEDOES, SIR.

Sgt. Williams presses buttons and an avenging flight is loosed.

Each torpedo transmits an image to a screen before the operator, but let's follow torpedo no.13.

They've launched a plane, Colonel, any orders?

We've got to get that plane before it bombs the city!

A new torpedo is launched, torpedo no.21 takes over 13's assignment, as the screen shows.

An enemy plane comes into view...

While good old no.13 overtakes the plane...

It must be magic, it follows us whichever way we turn.

It's too small for a plane, it's like a torpedo with eyes!

The men in the enemy plane spot the pursuing torpedo.

Has the enemy hit torpedo 13 or has it reached its mark?

Suddenly screen 13 goes blank.

Meanwhile at the army airfield a swarm of planes take to the air, each bearing television torpedoes.

Each plane has a miniature of the radio control room already shown.

But even before the planes took off their work was done.
NO. 13 HAS DESTROYED THE PLANE, AND NO. 21 IS NEARING THE BATTLESHIP

NO. 21 MAKES A DIRECT HIT...

THE ENEMY FLEET IS SUNK AT SEA...

THOSE TORPEDOES HIT THEIR MARK

AT HEADQUARTERS, WHERE REPORTS FROM THE TORPEDOES ARE RECEIVED, ALL SCREENS ARE BLANK...

THE WHOLE FLEET IS SUNK, SIR, AND THE PLANE HAS CRASHED.

AND, BEST OF ALL, SERGEANT, NOT AN AMERICAN LIFE WAS LOST!
**BLOCKADE**

TIM AND JERRY, TWO AMERICAN BOYS, ARE ENJOYING A HIKING AND BICYCLING TOUR THROUGH SWEDEN WHEN THEIR TRIP COMES TO A SUDDEN TERMINATION

BY J.D. WILKES

**BOY! THIS IS THE LIFE, JERRY!**

**YOU SAID IT, TIM! AND NEXT WEEK WE'LL BE IN NORWAY, WATCHING THE FJORDS GO BY**

**HERE COMES A SWEDISH COP ON A BICYCLE**

**WE'D BETTER STOP, I HEAR HIS WHISTLE**

**YOONG YENTLEMEN, I HAF BEEN ASKED TO APPREHEND YOU**

**WHY? YOU MUST HAVE THE WRONG GUYS. WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING**

**THAT IS TRUE. BUT DID YOU KNOW A WAR HAD STARTED?**

**BUT WE'RE AMERICANS, MISTER. WE'RE NOT IN THIS SCRAP, ARE WE?**

**WHAT? ANOTHER WAR?**

**NO, BUT ALL AMERICAN TOURISTS MUST REPORT TO THEIR CONSUL RIGHT AWAY**

**WELL, ORDERS IS ORDERS. LET'S GET GOIN', TIM**

**FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY, YOUNG MEN, WE MUST INSIST THAT YOU RETURN TO AMERICA AT ONCE**

**YOU JUST MISSED A SHIP FOR NEW YORK, BUT HERE'S ONE YOU CAN GET FOR ENGLAND TONIGHT, WHERE YOU CAN CHANGE TO A SHIP FOR AMERICA**

**YES, SIR. STATE ESTATE COMMISSION.**
WELL, WE'RE OFF FOR MERRIE ENGLAND! I'LL FEEL BETTER ON ONE OF OUR OWN SHIPS. LET'S GO BELOW

CROSSING THE NORTH SEA IS GOING TO BE A RISKY BUSINESS FROM NOW ON YOU MEAN THE SUBS?

YEAH, NOW THAT THE— HEY, LOOK!

A MYSTERIOUS HAND SUDDENLY CLICKS THE LIGHT SWITCH

HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE!

SORRY, GENTLEMEN. NO LIGHTS ALLOWED ABOARD SHIP UNTIL WE CAN GET THE PORTS COVERED GEE! YOU SCARED US OUT OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH, STEWARD

THAT WAS A FUNNY WAY TO TELL PASSENGERS OF A REGULATION I'LL SAY! LET'S TAKE A LOOK OUT OF THAT PORT-HOLE

SO THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL A BLACKOUT NO LIGHTS—SAY! WHAT'S THAT FLASHING? A SMALL BEAM OF LIGHT THAT GOES ON AND OFF
IT'S COMING FROM THE NEXT STATE ROOM TO OURS!

SOMEONE SIGNALLING. COME ON!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU TRYING TO DO? GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY?

QUICK, TIM! HE'S GOT A GUN!

VASS ISS?

WOT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE?

HEY, MASTER-AT-ARMS! Dese kids is tryin' to rob me!

DROP THAT GUN!

TELL HIM WHY YOU FLASHED THAT LIGHT OUT THE PORTHOLE

WHY, UH-ER— SO THAT'S IT, EH?

WE'D BETTER GO SEE THE SKIPPER

HE WAS FLASHING DOTS AND DASHES FROM A PORTHOLE, CAPTAIN

AND FIRST HE TURNED OUT OUR LIGHTS

HMM! LOOKS BAD. A SPY, NO DOUBT

BUT WE WON'T KNOW 'TIL MORNING IF HE HAS CONTACTED THE ENEMY. LOCK HIM UP ANYWAY, MASTER-AT-ARMS, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS TOMORROW

ENEMY AIRCRAFT, SIR! APPROACHING RAPIDLY!

SAY, JERRY, DOESN'T THAT SOUND LIKE AIRPLANE MOTORS?

SURE DOES! LET'S GET ON DECK

AT DAWN, ABOARD THE AUSTERIA
Blockade

There they are—diving out of those clouds.

I'll bet they mean business, too!

The planes dive and drop bombs.

Missed us! Did you break out the guns, Mr. Jones? Yes, sir, we're ready for 'em! They're turning back.

Look, Tim! They're taking down that deckhouse. It was just a fake.

Sure! It was just to hide those guns, and you bet they're not fakes!

The ship's guns roar in sudden anger!

One of the planes falls in flames.

Look, Tim—one of the flyers! He seems to be tangled in his parachute.

Gee! He'll drown! Quick, gimme your clasp-knife!

The other scurries away in panic.
Hey, wait a minute. But I've got to help that guy!

Tim cuts the air in a perfect dive and man overboard!

Hang on, brother; I'll try to cut you loose!

There! — Now, if I can only get that other one!

That frees you, brother. Now I'll help to keep you afloat 'til that boat gets to us.

Boy! That was give us something to watch! Pal. This guy's getting kinda heavy.

That was noble, my boy. Thanks, captain. As daring a rescue as I've ever seen!

Young sir, I want you to know I am fery grateful to you for saving my life.

That was a cinch for Tim. He's junior diving and swimming champ of our home state.
MEANWHILE, THE OTHER PLANE SPOTS ONE OF ITS OWN SUBMARINES

HE HAS ENCOUNTERED A HEAVILY ARMED ENEMY MERCHANT SHIP

GET ITS POSITION! WE'RE GOING AFTER IT

LOOK, JERRY! A TORPEDO! WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!

TOO LATE NOW—IT'S GOING TO HIT—LOOK OUT!

AN HOUR LATER ON THE AUSTRALIA

THE SUB PICKS THEM UP

TIM AND JERRY ARE THROWN INTO THE SEA

WHY, IF IT ISN'T OUR FLYER FRIEND THAT I FISHED OUT OF THE DRINK!

CAPTAIN, THESE BOYS SAVED MY LIFE. THEY DESERVE EVERY CONSIDERATION

ACH, SO?

YOUR BOATS ARE OVERCROWDED, SO WE WILL ACCOMMODATE YOU TEMPORARILY

THANK YOU, SIR.
PLEASE TO WEAR THESE CLOTHES WHILE YOURS DRY. I AM SORRY THEY'LL DO SWELL!

DER CAPTAIN IS SORRY, BUT YOU STAY HERE. PLEASE, WE GO AGAIN INTO ACTION GOING TO LOCK US IN THIS ROOM, EH?

THE BOYS ARE TREATED LIKE HEROES ON THE SUB

OH-OH! LISTEN TO THE EXPLOSIONS! SOUNDS LIKE THEY'VE SUNK ANOTHER SHIP

GOSH! I HOPE WE DON'T GET SUNK, WITH THAT DOOR LOCKED

YOUR CLOTHES ARE DRY, GENTLEMEN, SURE! AS UND YOU PLEASE VILL REPORT RIGHT SOON AS AWAY TO DER CAPTAIN WE DRESS

THANKS, SAILOR

WELL, GOING TO YES, MY FRIENDS; THIS UNLOAD US AGAIN? VICTIM HAS PLENTY OF BOATS. I'LL PUT YOU IN ONE OF THEM

YOU WILL BE PICKED UP SOON BY ANOTHER SHIP, NO DOUBT

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE, SIR. YOU'VE BEEN VERY KIND TO US

LOOK! A DESTROYER!

THEY'VE GOT OUR RANGE—CRASH DIVE!!

RESCUE COMES QUICKER THAN EXPECTED
THE DESTROYER DROPS DEPTH BOMBS AFTER THE SUB DIVES.

THERE ARE A FEW PATCHES OF OIL, AND A LITTLE WRECKAGE COMING UP.

LOOKS LIKE THAT'S THE END OF THE SUB.

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A HABIT, JERRY.

YEP! CHANGE HERE FOR ENGLAND AND ALL POINTS WEST.

I WONDER IF THOSE GUYS GOT KILLED. THEY WERE PRETTY GOOD EGGS.

WELL, WE'RE LUCKY THEY UNLOADED US.

WELL, YOUNG MEN, I HEAR YOU'VE HAD A RATHER HECTIC JOURNEY SO FAR.

I'LL SAY WE HAVE! WHAT'S OUR NEXT STOP?

YOU'LL BE SAFE IN AN ENGLISH PORT BEFORE SUNDOWN.

THAT'S GOOD. DO YOU THINK YOU GOT THAT SUB, CAPTAIN?

WE HAVE EVERY INDICATION OF SUCCESS. AT LEAST, WE'LL REPORT IT "PROBABLY DESTROYED".

WHAT A TOUGH WAY TO RING DOWN THE CURTAIN!

WELL, JERRY, THAT'S A TASTE OF REAL WAR FOR YOU.

MORE THAN A TASTE, BROTHER! THAT WAS A WHOLE STOMACH FULL!
THE TRIPOD TRIO

TAKE DEM AWAY - WE TAKE DEM BACK TO DER CONSECRATION CAMP.

MAKE IT SHNAPPY. DIDN'T YOU EVER CLIMB IT DOWN DER LADDER?

WOOPS! MY FOOT SLIPPED!

SNAPPY! MAKING IT! WE'RE - LOOK OUDT!

SO,BUMMERS! YOU WAS TRYING TO DROWN DER CAPTINK. WAIT TILL I'VE GET YOU ON DER SUBMAROON!

ABOARD THE ENEMY SUBMARINE

WE Gotta GET OUTTA HERE, FELLWS. WE'RE IN A TOUGH POT--- I MEAN --- SPOT.

ANY PORCH IN A STORM

THERE'S A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE-IN WITH YOU!

LATER

AHA! DER ENEMY BATTLE SNOOZER! FOR DIS I'LL BE CATCHING DER IRON CRISS CROSS FIRE DER TORPEDO!

BANG

HEY! WE'VE BEEN FIRED!
THE TRIPOD TRIO

I'M BURNING --- LEARNING -- I MEAN --- TURNING!

KEEPGRINDING BOYS -- THIS IS A SCOOP!

HEY! WERE GOING TO HIT THAT BATTLESHIP UNLESS I CAN STEER THIS THING!

WOW! WE'RE ALRIGHT!

WE KISSED IT -- I MEAN -- MISSED IT!

LOOK! IT'S HEADED BACK TO THE SUB!

GLUB!

BLUB!

VOT ISS? CHEESE IT! DER TORPEDO IS BOOMERANGED. SOUND DER RETREAT!

GANGVAY! WE'RE CHOINING DER AIR FORCES!

BOOM!

AH, ZE BRAVE HEROES. YOU HAVE SAVE OUR LIVES. I WEEG GEEV YOU THE BEEG KEES FOR VIVA LA FRANCE!

KEEP EM TURNING BOYS. WHATTA PICTURE!
Danny Dash

Globe Trotter

by Erwin L. Hess

London is Bombed

A mysterious air raid strikes over London with sudden swiftness! Millions of people are horrified! Sirens screech! Anti-aircraft guns are rushed out, but the weird fleet of unknown planes disappears!

Our story now shifts to the old Dover Road over which the "Mail" made trips many years ago. Now that we know a bit of its history, let's go on with the story on the next page.

Many sections of the big city are in flames! Wonder and fear is written on everyone's face—where did the strange planes come from? Who do they belong to? Nobody knows.
Danny Dash

Instead of the old stage coach of yore jerking along on a rainy night, we see a powerful motor car of today as it makes its way on this same old Dover Road. Danny Dash and a pal, Shamrock Mc Glynn, an American sports writer, are enroute to London to see a boxing match—Danny drove his car from Paris to Calais and then had it ferried across the Channel to Dover.

Various sections of London are in flames! The identity of the planes is unknown. They have vanished ten minutes ago! Observers report that the planes are difficult to see as though they were built of glass and with motors that are almost noiseless! More reports will be......

The radio cuts in with a news flash. So could I after that ride from...... say listen! This is London calling—there has just been a mysterious air raid here......

Broadcast as soon as they are received by this station! You will hear the finish......

Did you hear that? We've got to make London tonight! No hot meal for us now!

Hey, Danny..... look! Ahead!

Head on approaches a weird car—its body coated with a radioactive substance—it illuminates with a dazzling brilliance like lightning.

As it passes by Danny's car, a terrific explosion occurs. A bomb! Hold tight, Mac! Here we go!

Earth rains down—tires mash through mud—then there is a sound of screeching iron as the car careens into a ditch.

All is silent—smoke crawls along with fog—the smell of burnt powder and hot oil roams through the dreary night air.

Suddenly the tense silence is broken—voices are heard—followed by flames shooting up into the misty darkness.

Mac! Oh Mac! Where are you?

Over here.
DANNY DASH

ARE YOU ALL IN ONE PIECE, MAC? BOY, THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! THAT DIRTY SKUNK—IF I COULD ONLY LAY MY MITTS ON 'IM

YEAH! 'TOSSEN THAT BOMB RIGHT IN OUR PATH—WONDER WHO HE COULD HAVE BEEN? AND SAY—THAT GARNIT JUST BLINDED ME

ME TOO—but what gets me is... such a news break and here we are stranded in no man's land! It's startin' to rain, too, and the car looking like a barbecue.

HEY—DANNY—DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

L——O——O——K!

ME: A DESERTED CASTLE! GEE, IT'S A MUSTY LOOKING OLD DUMP, EH—MAC

BOY BOY—WHAT A PLACE, WE CAN SPEND THE NIGHT IN THERE!

ME: NOW AINT THAT CUTE! MAYBE WE CAN TAKE A CHARMING SLICE OF THIS SEE-YOO-TEE-BUL OLD MOULDY MEDIAEVAL BUNGALOW IN THE LIGHT OF GORGEOUSLY COLORED FLAMES

DANNY: The door's ajar! Maybe it's open since Papa booted out the knight for keeping the princess up too late—about three hundred years ago.

SOUNDED AS THOUGH I HEARD SOMEBODY, DANNY

MAYBE OLD KING ARTHUR HIMSELF; BIDDING US WELCOME FOR THE NIGHT—OKAY! ART! GOT A GUEST ROOM READY, OLD TOP?

A DARK FIGURE RUNS TOWARD THE OTHER PART OF THE BIG CASTLE
DANNY DASH

DISGUSTEDLY, THE TWO WALK THROUGH THE DAMP OLD CASTLE....

THERE'S A FAINT LIGHT COMING FROM THAT WAY

A FLICKERING ORANGE-RED LIGHT TELLS THEM THAT A DYING FIRE IS BURNING

THERE WAS SOMEONE IN HERE!

I WAS RIGHT AT THAT

WE CAN DRY OUR CLOTHES--AND STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT. I WONDER WHO MADE THE FIRE? AND WHY THEY LEFT?

MAYBE THEY WERE SCARED OFF WHEN THEY HEARD YOU HOLLERING

HEY!

THERE'S A DOCUMENT IN THE FIRE--MUST HAVE JUST BEEN PUT THERE

HUH!

DANNY QUICKLY PICKS THE CURIOUS LOOKING PAPER OUT OF THE FIRE AND AS HE LOOKS AT IT, HE SEES...

THIS LOOKS STRANGE----SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT "GRAY HORDES FROM THE CENTER OF THE EARTH.....THAT'S ALL I CAN DISTINGUISH.....IT'S BURNT BADLY! SOUNDS FANTASTIC, AND MYSTERIOUS...YET, IT WAS BEING DESTROYED?

WORK OF SOME SCREWBALL, IF YOU ASK ME!

MAYBE NOT, MAC! THIS MIGHT HAVE A CONNECTION WITH THE BOMBING IN LONDON--AND THE CAR THAT NEARLY WIPED US OUT

AW! GO ON--YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME THAT GUYS COULD COME OUT OF THE CENTER OF THIS EARTH?

THAT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY--BUT WITH ALL THE STRANGE THINGS HAPPENING TONIGHT, I'M REALLY BEGINNING TO WONDER WHETHER OR NOT, THIS OLD CASTLE HASN'T BEEN USED AS A SECRET MEETING PLACE........

THERE'S A REASON FOR THE BOMB--SOMEONE PROBABLY DID THAT TO QUICKLY ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF WHOEVER WAS IN HERE. THIS PAPER PROVES THAT SOMEONE WAS HERE--AND THE FACT THAT IT WAS BURNING, PROVES....SAY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE A SHARP SNAP......NOTHING IN HERE! THERE'S A DOORWAY--MAYBE IT CAME FROM THE OUTSIDE--C'MON, MAC!

A PLANE!

IT SNAPPED A TREE AND IT'S LANDING! THERE'S THAT CAR AGAIN

YEAH--IT'S LIGHTING UP THE GROUND, SO THE PLANE CAN LAND

MAYBE THEY ARE THE GRAY HORDES AT THAT--THE PLANE LOOKS SO DEEPLY--IT DOESN'T MAKE NOISE LIKE OTHER ONES! GIVES ME THE CREEPS

MAC!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOUR COLOR CAMERA! IF THEY ARE THOSE GUYS! MAN--WHAT A SHOT THAT WILL MAKE!
DANNY DASH

They're using that radium car to illuminate the ground where the plane will land—that bomb was a signal for someone in this old castle—most likely to let him know that the plane was coming near to pick him up.

Hey look! The car's pulling away!

Danny quickly focuses the camera on the black shape, and...

Well, here goes for the prize color shot of the century—won't the roto page editors eat this up?

FLASH!

A group of weird figures, around the strange plane, are startled! An unknown race of gray-colored people... horribly death-like!

Stop them! Get that camera! It holds our great secret!

I got it, Mac—what a scoop! C'mon—they're after us. Run!

He doesn't answer—they've got him! I'll hide this box in the bushes—they'll never find it in this fog— I can't leave a pal at a time like this.
DANNY DASH

Danny sprints through the mud in an effort to help his friend, who has been wounded.

But in doing so, he meets up with one of the gray men and they are locked in deadly combat.

Take that, you rat-skinned bully!

Another one!

So you can take it, eh?

We'll try a left then.

Stop! Don't shoot him! There are sounds in the distance. A shot will be heard. Quickly! To the plane!

In the distance, is seen a long line of lights! A caravan of British army trucks approaches.

Quickly the gray men help the unconscious comrades to the plane - quietly it takes off and within a few moments disappears into the darkness.

Will the camera reveal a secret? Who are the gray hordes from the center of the earth?

Be sure to follow the adventures of Danny Dash in future issues of this magazine.
THE CRACK CRUISER, PAX, BUILT BY LARRY MACINTOSH TO BRING PEACE TO A STRICKEN WORLD

LARRY MACINTOSH WHO BECOMES KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE "PEACE RAIDERS"

VORACETITE, THE DEADLY SUBSTANCE LARRY HAS INVENTED WHICH DESTROYS METAL UPON CONTACT

GENTLEMEN, IT WILL SWEEP THE SEVEN SEAS!

PREPOSTEROUS! CRACKPOT!

WHAT'S TO PREVENT THE WIND AND CURRENT FROM DRIVING THE STUFF INTO OUR OWN VESSELS?

HE'S WASTING OUR TIME!

LARRY IS NOT PERMITTED TO EXPLAIN THAT HIS HIGHLY PERFECTED KNOWLEDGE OF WIND VELOCITIES AND CURRENTS ENABLES HIM TO CONTROL VORACETITE WITH 100% EFFICIENCY

THIS WAY PLEASE, MR. MACINTOSH.

LARRY IS PLUNGED INTO DEEP GLOOM BECAUSE OF HIS INABILITY TO SERVE HIS BELOVED U.S.A.

I GUESS I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME.

NOW IS THE TIME TO APPROACH HIM

IT WILL NOT BE DIFFICULT. THESE AMERICANS ARE VERY FOOLISH

THE TWO STRANGERS SUCCEED IN SCRAPPING UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH LARRY AND LOSE NO TIME IN MAKING A PROPOSITION

OUR SUPERIORS WILL GIVE HONOR AND FORTUNE TO A MAN WITH SUCH AN INVENTION.

I'LL MEET YOU WHEREVER YOU SAY TOMORROW. THEY MUST BE SPIES - I'LL TRAP THEM FOR GOOD.
RELYING UPON HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND HIS WITS TO OUTGUESS THE SUSPECTED SPIES, LARRY GOES TO THE MEETING PLACE.

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME TO FLASH OUR BADGES ON THOSE TWO.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT McINTOSH! AN EX-NAVAL OFFICER TOO. WHAT A MUGG.

THE TWO PRETENDED FLUNKIES ARE G - MEN.

EVEN G-MEN MAKE MISTAKES.

LARRY COMES OUT OF THE COMA TO FIND HIMSELF IN JAIL, CHARGED WITH SPYING AND TREASON.

FLASH! AN EX-NAVAL OFFICER HAS JUST BEEN NABBED BY G-MEN IN AN INTERNATIONAL SPY PLOT!

EXTRA! EXTRA! NAVY OFFICER CAUGHT IN SPY NET!

THE MAN WHO WANTED TO BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD AND SECURITY TO HIS COUNTRY IS NOW A DISGRACED OUTCAST.

NEXT DAY—LARRY MAKES A DECISION.

CAN I HAVE MY BOTTLE OF SHAVING LOTION IN THAT LEATHER KIT YOU TOOK AWAY FROM ME?

THAT SWEET SMELLING STUFF YOU MEAN? WHY NOT?

THAT "SWEET SMELLING STUFF" IS THE SUBSTANCE, VORACETITE, THAT DESTROYS METAL.

HERE YOU ARE. IT OUGHT TO HELP YOU TO A NICE CLEAN SHAVE.

AFTER I USE THIS I'LL PROBABLY FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER.
Larry McIntosh, wealthy and idealistic, wants the U.S. Navy to adopt his invention without cost, believing Voracetite to be so deadly that war will no longer be probable or possible.

The crack cruiser Pax, built by Larry McIntosh to bring peace to a stricken world.

Larry McIntosh who becomes known to the world as the Peace Raider.

Voracetite, the deadly substance Larry has invented which destroys metal upon contact.

Gentlemen, it will sweep the seven seas!

Preposterous! Crackpot!

What's to prevent the wind and current from driving the stuff into our own vessels?

He's wasting our time!

Larry is not permitted to explain that his highly perfected knowledge of wind velocities and currents enables him to control Voracetite with 100% efficiency.

This way please, Mr. McIntosh.

Larry is plunged into deep gloom because of his inability to serve his beloved U.S.A.

I guess I've been wasting my time.

Now is the time to approach him.

It will not be difficult. These Americans are very foolish.

The two strangers succeed in scraping up an acquaintance with Larry and lose no time in making a proposition.

Our superiors will give honor and fortune to a man with such an invention.

I'll meet you wherever you say to-morrow. They must be spies. I'll trap them for good old U.S.A.
PEACE RAIDER

RELYING UPON HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND HIS WITS TO OUT-GUESS THE SUSPECTED SPIES, LARRY GOES TO THE MEETING PLACE.

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT TIME TO FLASH OUR BADGES ON THOSE TWO.

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT MACINTOSH! AN EX-NAVAL OFFICER TOO. WHAT A MUGG.

THE TWO PRETENDED FLUNKIES ARE G-MEN.

AND THERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND!

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AFTER I USE THIS I'LL PROBABLY FEEL A WHOLE LOT BETTER.
VORACETITE
DO YOUR STUFF!

THE STEEL BARS DISSOLVE

SORRY TAPE ANY BIDGER. WHEN YOU SEE ME AGAIN YOU WILL SPEAK
HAN'S WITH A MAN WHO HONORICI NIGOUR.

LARRY SWINGS OUT

SO FAR, SO GOOD

HERE GOES FOR THE OLD PENDULUM TRICK

PRISON WALLS ARE MADE FOR BOLD MENTOR CONQUER!

GANGWAY! ONE SIDE OR A LEG OFF!

FANCY SEEING YOU TWO HERE

WE READ ABOUT YOU IN THE PAPERS CHIEF

WE CAME TO HELP YOU GET AWAY

C'MON BOYS, LET'S GO!

WE GOT THE PLANE READY NEAR HERE, CHIEF
PEACE RAIDER

STEP ON IT, CHIEF!

ALASKA, HERE WE COME!

IN ALASKAN WATERS LARRY HAS A SECRET ISLAND REFUGE

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED, CHIEF!

I NEVERTHOUGHT I'D HAVE TO RUN LIKE A DOG FROM MY OWN COUNTRYMEN

THEY'RE U.S. NAVY PLANES, CHIEF!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT

THE NAVY'S ORDERS ARE TO BRING LARRY BACK DEAD OR ALIVE

THIS'LL STOP 'EM

THE U.S. NAVY RIDES LARRY'S TAIL

VORACETITE SPRAYED UPON NAVY PLANES WILL DESTROY THEIR ENGINES

NOT AGAINST THE U.S., SON—NOT EVEN IF WE DIE!

LARRY IN A TAILSPIN HEADING FOR A CRASH?
NOW TO GET OUT OF THIS DIVE AND INTO THAT CANYON

IT'LL TAKE A REAL FLYER BUT LARRY CAN DO IT

SORRY I HAD TO CONK YOU, SON - NO TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE.

WE OUGHT TO MAKE THAT ISLAND IN A FEW MINUTES

THE NARROW CANYON WALLS HIDE LARRY'S ESCAPE

LARRY RETURNING TO HIS ISLAND REFUGE AND TO HIS PRIVATELY OWNED AND SPEEDY CRUISER, "PAX"

ON HIS ISLAND LARRY ALSO HAS A SECRET, FABULOUS GOLD MINE.

THE U.S. TURNED VORACETITE DOWN, BOYS, BUT WE'RE GOING OUT ON THE HIGH SEAS AND MAKE IT JUST TOO TOUGH FOR ALL BELLIGERENTS TO MAKE WAR

THEY'LL CALL YOU THE PEACE-RAIDER, SIR

LARRY TELLS HIS CREW TO PROVISION THE SHIP FOR A LONG CRUISE
PEACE RAIDER

GENTLEMEN, THOSE AT WAR MUST BE ENCOURAGED TO KILL EACH OTHER OFF. WHEN THEY ARE WEAK, THEN WE WILL GIVE THEM WHAT WE HAVE TO SELL.

MEANWHILE, IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN, A SINISTER CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE

DO NOT WORRY, BABANOFF, OUR DESTROYER’S WILL CUT ALL MINES ADRIFT. THE NATIONS AT WAR WILL BLAME ONE ANOTHER.

ONE BY ONE, BABANOFF’S COMMANDING OFFICERS DETAIL THEIR EVIL PLANS.

OUR AIR FLEET WILL BOMB CITIES. WOMEN AND CHILDREN INDISCRIMINATELY. NO ONE WILL THINK IT WAS US.

BABANOFF’S MEN CO-OPERATE

THERE MUST BE NO PEACE. YOU ARE RIGHT, BABANOFF. NO ONE WILL GUESS WHO IS RESPONSIBLE. BREED HATE!

SUDDENLY THE U.S. NAVY PLANS LOCATE LARRY’S ANCHORAGE.

THOSE FIENDS MUST BE STOPPED!

LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR US, CHIEF.

ON A SPECIAL LISTENING DEVICE, LARRY OVERHEARS BABANOFF’S PLOT.

THE ‘PEACE RAIDER’ HEADS FOR THE OPEN SEA

WILL LARRY BE ABLE TO ESCAPE IN THE FOG BANK? CAN HE STOP BABANOFF? LOOK FOR NEXT MONTH’S STARTLING ADVENTURE WITH THE ‘PEACE RAIDER’.
THE TRIPOD TRIO

But we're not soldiers—we're camera men!

We work for the nose reel—the snooze news reel!

Sure, Captain, why not let us take your picture?

Ah, you flat-tair me! I weel be too glad!

That's fine, Captain. Okay boys—let er go!

How ees thee? You like the poses, yes?

Pfft! Let er go? Qu'est que c'est?

So, you have try to insult ze so brave capitan. For thee I weel have you shot on the sunrise!

Now we're in a mess again—thanks to you!

That idea was all set—I mean—

All wet!

Here's some parachutes. Hurry up and get into 'em.

Now—help to unload these bombs and we'll hide in the bomb racks of this plane.
THE TRIPOD TRIO

OH OH! WE'RE TAKING OFF!
I FEEL LIKE A BUM...

A BOMB

OVER THE BATTLEFIELDS
AH! ZE ENEMY LINES!
WAIT TILL THEY GET A
LOAD OF THEES!

IT DON'T MEAN
A THING—

IF YOU DON'T
PULL——

THE RING!

NOW—WE'RE GETTING
SOMEBWHERE!

FEEL LIKE A
PIECE OF
DOPE
I FLOAT TOO!

WE'RE GOING TO FALL
RIGHT INTO THAT
TREE!

I'LL BE AN APPLE FOR
THE PREACHER——

TEACHER!

WE WON'T HANG AROUND
HERE LONG, BOYS——

LOOK!

MACHINE BUNS!

THEY'RE
SHOOTING!

GOING DOWN!

SNAP!

I'VE GOT A BLINKING
CEILING——

SINKING
FEELING

IMAGINE LANDING AT——

THE FRONT——

ON YOUR BACK!
NAME THE PILOTS!

Boys and Girls! Here's your opportunity to win a cash prize for your knowledge on the War in Europe. On this page we have pictured four European airplanes, piloted by four all-important personages. Can you name the pilots and the countries they represent? ... also, can you write a short paragraph about one of these men? If you can, you are eligible to enter this contest and win a cash prize.

Here are the prizes: $5.00 to the boy and the girl who submit the neatest, correct answers accompanied by a short letter about one of the "pilots"; and fifteen prizes of $1.00 to the 15 boys and girls who submit the neatest, correct answers alone (these fifteen do not need to submit a letter with their solution).

When you've identified the pilots and the countries, write them down on the coupon provided on this page. Be sure to fill in your name, address, and additional information and mail it to WAR COMICS CONTEST, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. before FEBRUARY 20th, 1940, when this contest closes. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded and prize winners will receive their checks immediately after the closing date. Winners' names will appear in this magazine at a later date.

Here are my answers:

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<td>1. Pilot</td>
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Name

Age

Street and Number

City and State

My Favorite Features in War Comics are:

1st best

2nd best

3rd best

I DON'T like
At the outbreak of war!

United States - 90 submarines - 83,125 tons
The sub pictured above is in the 'R' class,
the smaller type used in the U.S. Navy,
which operates only in coastal waters.
It is 186 ft. long, displaces 530 tons - 10
knots on surface, 6 knots underwater

British Empire - 55 submarines - 56,919 tons - most of
Britain's subs average 1,000 to 15,000 tons. The one
above is in 'Thames' class, 1,850 tons, 22 knots speed.

Germany - 70 submarines - 31,000 tons - most German
subs comparable to U.S. 'R' class subs (see above) and
are used as commerce and coastal raiders.

France - 75 submarines - 72,709 tons - all are large
and quite heavily armed.

Italy - 105 submarines - 79,704 tons - Italian subs
displace less than 1000 tons each and are fast.

Russia - 160 submarines - 81,000 tons
Russian subs average 500 tons each,
and are used along coast - are not
built for work in deep, open oceans.