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THE COMMANDING OFFICER INTERVIEWS KENT DOUGLAS:

YOUR SQUADRON LEADER HAS MYSTEROUSLY DISAPPEARED. YOU ARE GIVEN TEMPORARY COMMAND OF THE SQUADRON UNTIL ALL THIS IS CLEARED UP!

WITH THE SKULL SQUAD LEADING, THE BLEHEIM SQUADRON TAKES OFF FOR A DEVASTATING RAID ON THE REICH!

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

Y'KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING PECULIAR ABOUT OUR SQUADRON LEADER DISAPPEARING... HE WASN'T ONE TO SUDDENLY GO A.W.O.L.!

LET'S TRY TO PICK UP HIS TRAIL!

AYE, WE CAN BORROW A CAR... WHAT SAY YE, KENT?

AS THE YANKEES SAY, LET'S GO!

THE SKULL SQUAD RIVES INTO A SMALL ENGLISH CAR, THEY DRIVE FROM THE FIELD ALONG ROADS BRISTLING WITH TANK TRAPS AND BARBED WIRE.
...at a roadside tavern...

Yes, I believe there was a m'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?

A naval officer is questioned

No, I didn't see... or hear of anyone down here... but something strange did happen three days ago!

The skull squad reaches the chalk cliffs on the dover coast... . . .

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 SL'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 jerrys... something's fishy in this setup!

In 1918, the SL 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 amisens 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!

What's this? A handkerchief tied to the joystick?

Let's get out of here. We've been spotted!

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?

Gasoline stores on the Nazi field spread fire as the bombs explode.

Out of the chaos and wreckage of the blasted airfield, 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 YICKERS 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!
HE TRIED TO TRICK ME INTO TRAPPING YOU... HARTMANN FEELS HE HAS BEEN HUMILIATED BY YOU BOYS AND WANTS TO GET YOU!

IN THAT CASE, LET'S RETURN AND LAY A FEW MORE EGGS ON THE JERRY!

THE NAZIS READY THREE UNDAMAGED PLANES... THEY TAKE TO THE AIR.

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

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

THAT'S HARTMANN COMING UP TO MEET US... BUT I'LL MEET HIM MORE THAN HALF WAY!

KENT GIVES DIRECTLY FOR THE MESSERSCHMITT... HARTMANN LOSES HIS NERVE... HE TRIES TO AVOID THE BRITISH SHIP.

TOO BAD, JERRY... YOU SHOULD HAVE LOOKED WHERE YOU WERE GOING, INSTEAD OF AT US!
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 flies from the RAF in a battle over Scotland.

We have dropped our bombs! Let us hasten home! The English 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!
A LITTLE LATER...

PARDON, SCARECROW, BUT I NEED YOUR COAT!

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

CAPTAIN ROSSO REVEALS A SECRET.

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?

LA NAVE... LA NAVE... SECRETTO... PRESTO!

IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT A SHIP! A SECRET SHIP! I SAY, WE'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO THIS!
I am Captain Guido Rosso of the Condutieri Squadron. I demand to be taken to headquarters at once!

All in good time, Captain, but what about this secret ship?

Bah! I do not talk to small boys.

It's Billy Campbell's goat?

What's that?

So the captain won't talk, eh, what?

Take off his sock and rub a little of Billy's salt on his foot.

Come on now, Billy, let's see if the captain is ticklish!

Oh, oh! Oh, oh! Oh, oh! I can't stand it! I'll talk! Ha! Ha!

A Nazi troopship flying Norwegian colors is coming from Helgoland to raid the Scottish coast!

We've got to stop that ship! If we could only get into that Italian plane!

Wait! I've got it! Where's Rosso's tunic?
TOMMY, YOU WEAR HIS CAP AND TUNIC! GO BACK TO THEIR PLANE AND LURE THE OTHERS INTO CAMPBELL'S BARNYARD!

CAREFUL NOW, LAD, DON'T OPEN THE DOOR TILL THEY GET HERE!

WE'LL FIND THE LAIRD IN THE BARN!

WHILE BACK AT THE PLANE...

THERE HE IS! HE'S BECKONING US TO FOLLOW HIM!

WHAT CAN BE KEEPING ROSSO?

HE'S GOING TOWARDS THAT BARN!

GO AHEAD, ROSSO, WE FOLLOW!

ALL READY, LADS! HERE THEY COME!

SAPRISTI! LOOK!

"THE LAIRD"
VIVA THE BULL!

GO TO IT, FERDINAND!

MAMA MIA!

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

LOOK, LADS! LUBRICATING OIL! WHAT LUCK!

THE BOYS SOON HAVE THE PLANE READY TO FLY AGAIN.

GET INTO THEIR PARACHUTES AND LET'S GO!

COME ON, LADS, TO THE PLANE!

A MOMENT LATER, THEY'RE OFF.

MAKE FOR THE NORTH SEA, CURLY! HEAD FOR HELGOLAND!

HERE COMES A SPITFIRE... AND HE THINKS WE ARE ENEMIES!

TOMMY FINDS A MIRROR.

I'LL SIGNAL BY MORSE CODE! THIS MIRROR MAKES A PERFECT HELIOGRAPH!
IN THE SPITFIRE'S CABIN...

DOT...DASH DASH...
DOT DA...I SAY, IT'S THE PARACHUTE PATROL!

WHAT ARE THOSE KIDS UP TO NOW?

THE FLIERS SOON KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT AND THE HUNT IS ON.

THERE SHE IS, LADS!

ON THE NAZI RAIDER, THE CAPTAIN SEES...

VERREUCHTER ENGLISHER! FIRE ON THEM!

A PASSING DESTROYER PICKS UP THE NAZI SURVIVORS.

AND THE BOYS FLY BACK TO LOCHMUIR CASTLE.

AYE, LADS, YE'VE DONE WELL. I'LL HANG THAT CAPRONI'S COCARDES NEXT TO THE JUNKER PROPELLER, YOU GAVE ME!

ANOTHER PARACHUTE PATROL STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WINGS COMICS
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 fiancé 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 how ever 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 dummykopfe 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 dodges trouble!

All clear so far... wait! That's a submarine periscope up ahead of us!

Through Jane's clever strategy, the torpedoes all go wild...

Managa! Oh! They are so close we can't focus our aim!

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 O.K. Keep on with what you're doing!

Tony's getting too close for comfort. Hold on everyone, 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 Corru... the Generale orders attack.
THE LAUNCH PROCEEDS STEADILY TOWARDS CORFU, AS THEY NEAR THE HARBOR, A SQUADRON OF HURRICANES DIP IN AN APPRECIATIVE SALUTE.

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!

THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET LIES ANCHORED OFF ITALIAN LIBYA.

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

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

TOM RALEIGH’S SUNDERLAND APPEARS... GRACEFULLY IT WINGS TOWARD THE BEBESIED 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! 'TWAS MERELY ME DUTY, MLAD!

ANOTHER THRILLING WAR ADVENTURE IS IN STORE FOR JANE MARTIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WINGS COMICS.
THE ADVENTURE OF THE STIRRING AIR BATTLE OVER THE ITALIAN-GREEK FRONT. THE BEAUTIFUL, BUT TREACHEROUS BARONESS. THE FAMOUS, HEROIC GREEK EYZONES.

TOM, I'VE JUST RECEIVED 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 SPEND WINTER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

ARE YOU A FALCON OR A CANARY?

J. OH THERE'S NO SHOW OR SLEET ON THE ISLAND OF CRETE?

AKEY LAY 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.
Meanwhile... in the Berlin headquarters of the Gestapo... "Baroness von Hohenlinden, you understand you are to pick your way into Greece through Bulgaria..."

...I am to work with the Greek fifth column, spreading panic among the Greek people...

"This transport will take you to your destination..."

And so the Baroness, like the Phantom Falcon, wings her way toward Greece:

The Falcons, meanwhile, have refueled at Gibraltar and are heading eastward.

I have an idea, lads, shall we give the Italians a bit of a scare, and then scout the Greek front before we go to Crete?

Changing their course, the Falcons leave behind them a trail of air raid alarms in city after city.

Over Naples they drop incendiary cards...

Over Albania, they come upon a few Greek Curtiss Hawk III fighters, trying in vain to break up a formation of Savoia-Marchetti SM-79 bombers.

The Falcons slam into the Italians..."
ONE SAVOIA CRUMPLES.

THE OTHERS TIGHTEN FORMATION, THEIR GUNNERS BEARING DOWN ON TOM.

TOM GOES INTO A SPIN...

Uh-uh! I'll be lucky if I can pull out of this!

ARoused, the other Falcons batter the Italians...

...send three Savoias crashing

Meanwhile, Tom manages to land among a group of cheering Greek Evzones.

They joyfully carry him to their commander.

May I put a motorcycle side car at your disposal to take you to Athens?

A bit bumpy, eh?

Thank you, sir.
TOM TRANSFERS TO A LORRY FILLED WITH REFUGEES FLEEING FROM THE BULGARIAN BORDER.

MAY I SIT HERE?

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

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

IF YOU WISH.

SO LONG, COWBOY. THANKS FOR THE LIST.

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

HERE WE ARE IN ATHENS.

MAY I SEE YOU TO YOUR QUARTERS?

ER-ER. WHY, YES.

THANK YOU, DRIVER.

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 FÜHRER!

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 REVOITS, SUICIDES...YOU KNOW THE USUAL PROCEDURE...AND NOW TO DEAL WITH DER ENGELANDER!

BUT TOM HAS BEEN BUSY IN THE MEANWHILE...
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 GUNFIRE AND SHRICKES OF PAIN FILL THE ROOM.

THE GIRL WHERE IS SHE?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We'd better try to get out of this country if we still can, Cosmo! Righto, Burns! To the airport and our aerial chariot... and we're off!

Where's that big oaf Sven? Certain sounds attest to his presence.

Sven! Cut it out!

Ham?

Dis fellar bane call me names in foreign language! Brr! Now look... you bane get me stock!
YOU BIG OX! YOU DON'T SAVVY ROMANIAN!

AY KNOW... BUT WHAT HE SAY JUS' SOUND BAD! COMPH!!

EGAD! THE BRUTE TORE OUT THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE!

LET'S SCRAM OUTTA HERE BEFORE THE WHOLE TOWN'S ON OUR NECK!

WHEN WILL YOU CEASE THESE ETERNAL FISTIC PURSUITS... AND ADOPT GENTEEL TACTICS?

AW, COSMO... PLEASE! AY BANE CRY!!

YOU GOT PAPERS?

MMH! THEES MON ENGLISH! NO GO!!

THE HECK HE'S NOT GOIN'!!

GAR-RUMFF!!

BRAVO!

YOU BANE GOT CAN-OPENERS, HEY?
NOBLY DONE, OLD HORSE! YOU ARE A PHYSICAL GENIUS, BY JOVE!

HAM? COSMO, YOU BANE MIX ME ALL OP!

WE'RE NEAR THE AIRPORT, FELLAS!

BUT FROM THE DOORWAY OF A LONELY HOUSE...

PST!

I AM HEAR YOU SPIK THE ENGLISH... COME INSIDE... THERE IS SOMEONE I THINK BE GLAD FOR SEE YOU!

OH! YOU'RE AN AMERICAN? THANK HEAVENS! SO AM I! CAN YOU HELP ME GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY?

I AM A FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT FOR THE N.Y. BULLETIN. THE NAZI GESTAPO IS AFTER ME FOR CERTAIN REVEALING ARTICLES I'VE WRITTEN...

OH YES... HERE IS ANOTHER FUGITIVE, A BRITISH AVIATOR FORCED DOWN HERE... HE HAS BEEN MOST FRIENDLY AND KIND...

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

THAT'S STRANGE, UP TO NOW HE'S BEEN SO EAGER TO LEAVE, WHY DOES HE DELAY NOW?
I'm going up to ask an explanation of that remark!

Judas! He's phoning! ... and talking in German at that! What's his angle?

You seem to have friends in town!

You spying sneakup with your hands!

Hey! Vot bane de fuss up dar?

Something screwy! We gotta hotfoot it outa here!

Wait! I have to get my brief case! I can't leave my notes behind!

Hello, Heinrich! You called us?

Yes, the girl has dangerous knowledge! These people must all go into custody!

And this is the traitorous dog who harbors enemies of the fatherland!

But the group tarries too long ... the door swings ajar ... and in stamps a Nazi squad!
"HEINRICH"? I GET IT... HE'S A GESTAPO AGENT! WE HAVE TO WORK FAST!

AY FIX DOOR SO DEY DUN'T FOLLER!

HERE: WE CAN SLIDE DOWN THIS ROOF! HURRY!

YUMPIN' YUNIPER YULICE!

SVEN, YOU CATCH THE LADY!

HERE I JOLLY WELL COME! SVEN!! CATCH M---!

READY..... AIM....

MM

SUYDENLY AN ASTONISHING THING HAPPENS.. THEY TUMBLE TO THE GROUND!

WHAT HAPPENED?

WHO POOSH ME?

OH OH... I GUESS WE'RE DONE FOR!
The Earth trembles and roars and splits!!

My word! That house swallowed whole!

Run! Trust to luck we can make the airfield!

Aside, varlet! Ye vant dis boat, you bet you!

Just made it! The field's cracking open!

They soar away from the holocaust over the Mediterranean... Finally, they wing over a British base in Egypt...

Judas! They think we're the enemy!

I'll go into a spin to look like we're hit! Hang onto your tonsils!

And 'powder' pulls out in time to make a graceful landing.

On learning their identity, however, the British welcome the arrivals warmly....

You're wonderful... and thank you!

Hey, don't you two have anything better to do?

Follow the air escapades of 'Powder' Burns and his pals in the next issue....
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.

HERE'S A NEAT LITTLE TRAINING SHIP. THE STEARMAN P-13. A PRIMARY TRAINER. IT IS BEING USED EXTENSIVELY IN TEACHING UNCLE SAM'S EAGLETS TO FLY.
TIPS

Here are three good examples of death on wings!

The Bell Airacobra 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 20,000 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 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 Geronimo, 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 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 Hruda, 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 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 swear, as you
Americans'd say it."

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

That night, the Owl Squad-
ron waited tensely. Jan Hru
da 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 Kest-
rel 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 Heinkels 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 Mes-
serschmitt's Daimler-Benz en-
gines. The tiny tanks grew
larger and larger as Rick con-
tinued 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 Messer-
schmitts 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 Messer-
schmitt 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 Plexi-
glass cowlings hatch. Jan
ignored them, peeled, and dove
on a barge surrounded by
anti-aircraft ships. Rick sup-
pressed a scream as he saw Jan
jerk, but the Skua continued
ts 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 in-
vansion fleet. Jan had struck
the ammunition barge!

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

Spittiles, Hurricanes, Tor-
adoes, and Defiants fell like
angry hornets on the stunned
Nazi fighters and bombers.
Blenheims and Whitleys
dumped tons and tons of de-
molition bombs and incendi-
ary bombs on the demor-
alized invasion fleet.

The next day the Owl Squad-
ron, 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 in-
firmary, fired 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 Tor-
ado fighters with twelve
Brownings and a speed that
made a Spitfire look like a
Jenny.
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!

S U D D E N L Y A N A Z I 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.

A N D S E N D S H I M C R A S H I N G T O E A R T H . . .

T H R E E O T H E R S H I P S A R E C A U T H B Y T H E R A D I O WAVES, AND QUICKLY MEET SIMILAR FATES!

T H E NAZI LEADER IS DUMBFOUNDED.

H I M M E L I O T Britisher must have cat's eyes! Efferybody run for home... quick!

T H E F O U R R E M A I N I N G B O M B E R S C U T FOR GERMANY AS FAST AS THEY CAN GO.

A N D M A J O R GRAVES RETURNS TO CRONDON 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 't over.

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 Jerrys with the rest. Funny, though. He can be in the thickest dog-fight and the Germans don't even try to hit him!
I'll help, Alec... it does seem queer... if Fred's a successful pilot why should he avoid his friends? Unless he has something to hide. H-m-m-m?

That afternoon, F-4 goes to R.A.F. Headquarters.

Colonel, I'd like to join your bombing squadron for this flight... I'm on the trail of something important!

F-4 explains his business. The colonel listens in amazed interest.

Why, of course! This is important! Here, take this note to the main hall...

I've ordered you assigned to a Whitley bomber. We're massing a raid over the Stutt works in Hanzig. You go on that flight and good luck!

The main hall at the field is the pilots' recreation center.

My credentials, Sergeant. Right! Just go in!

Down to the basement locker room goes F-4 where pilots exchange news between flights.

Well, when I got to Munich, I...

Hey! Look! Who's here? Hello!

Hello, yourself. And I didn't come down here to gossip... read this note. I'm taking a ship in your flight.

Later afternoon, the raid squadron dries high over the channel...

Hate to miss any excitement. Eh? Well, come along!

F-4 is in the leading plane.

We're over occupied France now... baby! This ship flies like a dream!
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 Jerrys is coming at us!

One After Another, the British Bombers Crash...

This is too much! Order the rest to reverse... look there's Browne not even scarred!

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...

You, what makes you think you're on the right track? Mind your own business!

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.

Again, a favor. The fastest Spitfire you have!

Browne is dying...

The enemy, perplexed has no alternative. Unable to allow the one man assault to continue, they riddle Fred's ship.

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. Um...h...

F-4 dodges out of his cloud screen...

...Hope I can get him out before it's too late... think I've the right answer to this puzzle!

The Henley noses downward crazily. A mass of flames. The Messerschmitts beat a hurried retreat.

F-4 appears in a new adventure next month...
CLIPPER Kirk

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.

Oozing with pride and his own importance, the first recruit struts ahead blindly.

Not hearing snickers behind nor seeing before him, he steps...

Oh boy! Here they come! Greener grass than this never grew before!

Then Clipper Kirk appears.

Get a load o' this, Clip! It's gonna be funny!

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

HAW! HAY!

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 you like this? Now have him in my squadron!

That night, the regular ritual of initiation goes on. To the vast discomfort of the officers involved, Claude doesn't see the joke.

GULP, COF, PEPPER IN MY SOUP! QUICK WATER!

Cut it out! Must you act like infants?

Oh yeah? And maybe you'd like this bottle wrapped around your thick skull!

How'd you like a punch in the...

Clipper Interferes...

O.K. fer you clip. I'll do it. But I wish I could land a good one on that silk jay-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.

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

Listen, Boyle. You've got to take a little ribbing. Be a sport. You'll get along better!
By this time, the vengeance is close to Dakar.

Clipped and his squadron leave shipboard 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...

Ye gads! A Nazi pocket battleship!

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 fliers! 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?

It dives into the midst of the perplexed fliers, 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 LIST
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
ROCKET BATTLESHIP'S
GUARD FIATS.

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

BUT THE FIATS ARE QUICKLY OUT-
FUGHT. 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 HAV-
ING TROUBLE
NOW. TRYING
TO ESCAPE
THE CROWDS?

CLIPPER KIRK HAS ANOTHER
ABSORBING ADVENTURE IN THE
WINGS COMICS.
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. WING WITH AIR RAID ALARMS FOR NOISE. IS A STREET CORNER DEBATE.

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.

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!

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!

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

A FEW SECONDS LATER...

LEAD ON, MACDUFF!

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 BUND SIDE, HE ORDERS HIS GUNNER TO FIRE...

THE ENEMY ROLLS BLUDGEONLY. SMITH DIVES SHARPLY...

AND NOISING UP AGAIN, SEES THE HEINKEL CRASH ONE DOWN!

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

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.

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

AND THEN SPRINT FOR THE NEAREST STUKA...

WE'LL 'BORROW' A PLANE!

(MARRY... BEFORE THEY WAKE UP!..."
FIELD GUARDS ARE ATTRACTION TO THE SCENE...

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

CRASSLY, THEY WEAVE 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 BLOWS FIRST...

...AND WITH ENEMIES ON HIS TAIL, DASHES INTO THE CLOUDS.
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 CONVERSE ON HIM AT A SHARP ANGLE.

AND NOW, BACK IN LONDON.

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

OW! HAVE YOU TWO MET BEFORE?

THERE, LACEY! MY PART OF THE BET!

SUICIDE SMITH RETURNS IN THE NEXT WINGS COMICS!
ONE OF THE "MESSERS" BREAKS FORMATION AND DROPS IN A POWER DIVE INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE RISING SPITFIRES.

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

FROM THE FIELD, ANOTHER SPITFIRE CLIMBS, 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.

UP FROM AN R.A.F. FIELD SHOOTS A SQUADRON OF SPITFIRES. DOWN FROM THE CLOUDS DIVE THE ENEMY MESSERSCHMITTS, CHARGING IN A RELENTLESS ATTACK ON THE DEFENDERS OF BRITAIN.
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.

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.

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.

But a close up reveals a swastika superimposed over a U.S. Army Air Corps' emblem.
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... HE'D 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
NOW!!

CASSIDY, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN
THIS LIQUOR?

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

YES, SIR.

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
"BARTON 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, WELL BAG VON BENDER!

 SURE SOUNDS GOOD, CASSIDY. I'LL SEE.

 IN PLEASING 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, SMOURDERING 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. WELL 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 BEN- DER AND HIS SQUADRON PURSUE HIM RELENTLESSLY.

BUT TIM, PULLING SWIFTLY OUT OF THE DIVE, ZOOMS UP, LEAV- ING 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 DOUG'S, THE THREE CHUMS STREAK INTO THE CLOUDS TO SAFETY...

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

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

HELLO, SIR? WE've GREAT NEWS FOR YOU!

OUR THREE AERIAL BUDDIES FLY THROUGH ANOTHER EXCIT- ING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF WINGS COMICS.
GREASEMONKEY

GRIFFIN

by

Jay Ryder

HIMMEL! DERES DOT SHRIMPER VOT GOT US INTO CHAIL!

ACH! BROTHER FRITZ HERE, IHS A NAZI GENERAL DUMMkopf! WE DON'T BELONG IN HERE!

LIEUTENANT HAWKS, SIR, I'VE GOT YOUR SHIP ALL GROOMED UP FINE!

GEE! MUST BE WONDERFUL TO BE AN ACE! GOSH!

HELLO, I WASN'T THAT ACE HAWKS YOU WERE TALKING TO?

FINE, GRIF... THANKS!

GEEEEE!

OUCH!

AND YOU'RE HIS MECHANIC? THAT'S WONDERFUL... I'M GLAD I MET YOU...

LOOK, THERE HE GOES UP NOW LIKE A NOBLE BIRD!

DAGNABBIT! HOW'D I GET MY FINGER IN THERE?

OH, ISN'T HE WONDERFUL? WILL YOU INTRODUCE ME TO HIM?

AW... GEE... ER... I'M GLAD TOO!
Uh...yes, ma'am...I'll go chase him right down! Uh...that's a bottle...heh, heh!

I'll show her I'm a pretty good flier too!

Doggone this bottle...it won't come off!

G-gosh! I hope nobody sees me take up this plane!

Holy smoke!

Who's that nut?

How can I steer this crate with a bottle hangin' on my finger?

Golly, this isn't so easy!

At that very moment, a squadron of enemy bombers roars overhead...to blast the airdrome!

Gee whiz! Get outta my way!

In the confusion that ensues in grease monkey's wake, two Nazi ships collide.
THE TWO PLANES, STILL CARRYING THEIR BOMBS, CRASH TO THE GROUND NEXT TO THE JAIL.

DONNERVEITER! SCHMITZ, DER VALLEVES 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, PUTZ! HURRY!

GEE WHIZ! I CAN'T SEE THE GROUND!

JEEPERS! IT'S BEAUTIFUL AND PEACEFUL UP HERE!

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

PUTZ! DERE ISS A PLANE FOLLOWING US!

DUN'T WORRY ABOUND IT!
SEE WILKERS! THEY'RE GONNA LAND ON AN AIRCRAFT CARRIER! WONDER IF I CAN DO IT, TOO!

OOPS! I GUESS I KINDA MISCALCULATED!

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

CHOOM! CHOOM! WE'RE GOING TO SMASH!

GULP! THAT WAS SORTA CLOSE!

HERR ADMIRAL... VOT ISS?

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

HERAUS! UND CHOOMP FOR YOUR LIFE!

THE ADMIRAL FLOATS BY FLOUNDERING HELPLESSLY...

GOSH! I MISSED!

DID I DO THAT?

HERE. I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, MISTER!
WHAT LUCK! HERE COMES A LIFEBOAT!

VEL, LOOK! IT'S BROTHER MAXIE!

WIE GEHTS, MAXIE?

UND DOT UDDLE 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 MUSHTLES THE PRISONERS BACK TO THE AIRPORT...

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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