Waly Wolf

I'll amble over...
Oscar is repairing
my boat... she leaks
bad!

Hya Oscar... I swell wily-
how's things? I've just
invented a
way to keep
thy water
out of yer
boat!

Huh... er... how
Oscar? CMere an'
see....

What... ya bored it fulla
holes... why th' water
will pour in 'em ya nut!

Yeah I know but...

It'll pour out
of 'em too...
Wont it?
Rex Baxter
COUNTERSPIE

Hitler, in an attempt to reach the Undersea Kingdom of Atlantis, is marooned on a nearby uncharted rock where his V-4 crashed.

Bubbles!!! Does iss strange/ Dere must be som'ting down dere udder den fish--- som'ting human perhaps--- I shall see--- Diw iss vere der diving helmet will come in handy!

Ach... dere is vere der bubbles come from--- one minute und I will know dat vich produces dem--- could it be an Atlantan?
SUDDENLY

THOU ART RIGHT, VODNA......THE GODS OF FORTUNE SHINE UPON US WHAT AN ODD LOOKING CREATURE WHAT IS THAT UPON HIS LIP?

ACH, SUCH SVINE! VOT IMPUDENCE! WHY MUST YE BE SO OPPRESSED EFFEN IN DER OCEAN IT IS Horrible "BOO" HORRIBLE! DER ALLIES INSULT ME ABOUT DER WAY I COME MEIN HAIR AND NOW I AM INSULTED ABOUT MEIN BEAUTIFUL MOUSTACHE! BAH! DESE BARBARIANS!

VAT A BEAUTIFUL CITY! SOON IT WILL ALL BE MEIN AND Dese Ach... SVINE WILL BE MEIN SLAVES.... ATLANTIS, DER BERLIN OF DER NEW GERMAN REICH.

NO CHAINS WILL HOLD DER FUEHRER MEIN VILL-POWER WILL MAKE ME FREE AND Dene GREAT THINGS WILL BE POSSIBLE!

WHAT TALK!! WILL HE NEVER TAKE A BREATHE! HURRY, MORTU, THE KING MUST HEAR THE NEWS!
THOU SAYEST THAT THIS MAN COMES FROM THE MOUNTAIN OF FOREVER...WHAT KIND OF A CREATURE IS HE?

HE TALKETH ENDLESSLY LIKE A MAN SEERED OF HIS MIND...... HE IS AN UGLY LOOKING FELLOW WITH A BLACK UPPER LIP AND......

SO, HE THREATENS MY KINGDOM, THOU SAYEST, AND PROMISES TO MAKE US ALL HIS SLAVES......THE MAN MUST TRULY BE INSANE.....BRING HIM TO ME AT ONCE !

MEANWHILE, REX BAXTER, A NEWLY ASSIGNED COUNTERSPY HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF ADOLF HITLER......

I MUST WARN YOU, BAXTER, THAT THIS IS AN EXCEEDINGLY DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT IN THAT IF HITLER IS STILL ALIVE THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND WILL NOT HESITATE TO STOP AN INVESTIGATION! WE'VE DONE OUR BEST TO KEEP IT A SECRET......BUT......THEY'RE CLEVER.

LATER

IF HITLER WAS IN THE V-1 THAT I SAW LAUNCHED FROM BERCHTESBADEN AND THAT CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S SHIP PIGGED I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM FOR I KNOW APPROXIMATELY THE AREA WHERE HE LANDED, GAIL.
UP VID DEM, MEIN FRIEND.......NOT YUN THREATENING MOVE OR YOUR CAREER WILL COME TO AN ABRUPT END.......SOONER DEN YE VISIT IT.......COME ALONG NOW........YOU HAVE SOME INTERESTING QUESTIONS TO ANSWER!

WHAT THE.....? OH-H-H !!!

NOT THIS TIME, NAZI: I'VE BIGGER THINGS TO Worry ABOUT THAN TO JOIN YOU AND YOUR KIND IN A SPELLING-BEE !!!

ACH, YOU FOOL.......YOU SWINE! YOU FORCME TO.....AH-H-H-H

THE MAN IS DEAD, GAIL.......HIS HEAD STRUCK THE WALL AFTER I HIT HIM.......I WONDER IF THEY KNOW ABOUT MY APPOINTMENT.

WHAT WILL WE DO WITH HIM, REX? THIS IS A HORRIBLE SITUATION.......WE CERTAINLY CAN'T AFFORD TO BE HELD UP BY THE POLICE NOW.......AND THESE NAZI BLIGHTERS WILL BE HOT ON OUR TRAIL IN ANY EVENT.......COME, DARLING, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE.
AND SO, TWO WEEKS LATER, REX AND GAIL SEARCH THE ATLANTIC AREA 500 MILES EAST OF TRINIDAD FOR THE MISSING V-4 AND HITLER.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE, REX. IT SHOULD BE SOMEWHERE IN THE SECTION OF THE ATLANTIC HALF WAY BETWEEN CAPE VERDE AND TRINIDAD.

GOOD! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.... I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'LL SEE BUT HERE'S HOPING IT'S GOOD.

WHAT COULD THEY HAVE BEEN UP TO? A FLOATING ISLAND? MAYBE... NO! IS THERE ANY LAND CHARTERED IN THIS SECTION OF THE ATLANTIC, GAIL?

THE MAP INDICATES NONE, REX... IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TOO SMALL TO BE WORTH CHARTING.

LOOK, REX... OVER THERE... A ROCK!!! AND... AND... ISN'T THAT THE V-4... THIS IS LUCK! THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYBODY ALIVE DOWN THERE!

BY JOVE! YOU'RE RIGHT, GAIL!

REX LANDS HIS PLANE AND, WITH GAIL, INVESTIGATES THE Pimple OF ROCK.

WELL, HITLER'S BODY ISN'T AMONG THESE CORPSES... MAYBE IT'S JUST ANOTHER ONE OF HITLER'S BLIND TRAILS.

WHAT KIND OF AN OUTFIT COULD THIS BE, REX?

WHY WOULD HITLER WANT TO GO BENEATH THE OCEAN? REX?

AND SO, LITTLE KNOWING THEIR DANGER, REX AND GAIL ARE SWALLOWED UP BY THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS-----PERHAPS NEVER AGAIN TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE.

THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYTHING HERE! MAYBE I WAS WRONG! IT'S SO PRETTY DOWN HERE, REX? MAYBE HITLER WASN'T ON THAT V-4!

WATCH OUT, GAIL! IT'S HITLER! AND THUNDERING AVALANCHES! WHOSE THAT WITH HIM? ----AM I SEEING THINGS OR IS THIS A SCENE FROM A GREEK PLAY!

SO THIS IS WHERE HE'S BEEN HIDING! THE CUNNING OLD DEVIL------AM I SEEING THINGS OR IS THIS A SCENE FROM A GREEK PLAY!

IF THIS STEEL FISH WITH ALL IT'S WONDERFUL INVENTIONS DOES NOT EXIST IT WILL GO HARD WITH THEE ------ THE KING OF ATLANTIS DOES NOT APPRECIATE PRACTICAL JOKES!

IT IS TRUE! I SWAI RIT------ IT IS JUST A KILOMETER OR TWO AWAY------ YOU WAIT------ YOU WILL SEE DAT I AM TELLING DER TRUTH!
Chik and 'Fuzzy escape from the Nazi supply base in a German sub-just as the island is blown up by the British.

Whut'll we do now, Ef de Navy sees us dey'll tink we're Nazis an' blow us up.

Dive for the bottom quick.

We should be deep enough now. Head north by the compass.

Okay-might's well git sunk in de north, as in de south.

Mah goodness-eberyting done went black-ah caint see nuffin no mo.'
WHY DON'T YE WATCH WHERE YE'RE GOIN'—NOW YE'VE WENT AN' LOST THE PERRYSCOPE.

NEBER MIND DE PERRYSCOPE—SOMETHING TELLS ME WE CAME TOO CLOSE TO SOMETHING WE SHOULDN'T HAB—AH'S GITTIN' AWAY FROM HEAH.

WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY NOW—BRING HER UP TO THE SURFACE AN' WE'LL SEE WHERE WE ARE.

YASSUH!

WE MUS' BE UP HIGH ENOUGH NOW—AH CAIN'T SEE WIFFOUT NO PERRYSCOPE.

AWRIGHT—GO ON UPSTAIRS AN' LOOK AROUND.

HALP! AH CAIN'T SWIM.

'MAH GOODNESS—IT MUS' BE RAININ' UP DERE.

YEAH! WE'LL TAKE OUR RAINCOATS.

WOT A MESS—HE DIDN'T BRING THE SUB UP HIGH ENOUGH.
Here's a rock fuzzy-climb up on it an'-we'll flag the first ship we see.

Ah nisht ah'd Brung mah Water-wings wif me.

No foolin' aroun' now jus' sit still.

Chik! Chik! Look quick-a sea-monster.

Well throw your raincoat aroun' his neck then.

Heavins-this's a sea-turtle we're sittin' on-grab his head so he can't dive.

No fear-ah hain't feedin' him none ob mah fingers.

Okay-might's well git et as drowned.
SHO' AM A FA'S' WAY OB GITTIN' NOPPLACE

AW SHUDDUP- WE'LL BE PICKED UP BY A BOAT SOON----MEBBE

YASSUH! AN' HERE COMES DE BOAT NOW

HOLEY SMOKE THEY LOOK LIKE A COUPLA JAPS

HOOILAY! NOW WE HAVE FOURsome

SHO' THING- THROW US A ROPE LIL' FELLAH

HERE YE ARE FUZZY - BETTER TIE OUR HORSE-POWER UP GOOD

HOLD STILL DAMASCUS - YO! HAIN'T GOIN' NOPPLACE WIFFOUT US

I'LL TAKE THREE
Uh uh! Come to poppa - dis am mah' lucky day.

Hot dawg! Hand dem ober boys.

Curses.

I pass.

Don't stop now, lads - ye may be lucky yet.

Yassuh! As lucky as yo' lil brothers at manilla - whut else hab yo' got?

Thanks for the game an' the raft boys.

So long - glad to see yo' is such good losers.

Whassa malla you you no cheat good enough?

Sure me cheat good enough but me not cheat fast enough!
COME ON SEA-BISCUIT-GIB US SOME SPEED

OH! MAH STUMMICK AM GWINE ROUN’ AN ROUN’ LAK A WHIRLWIN’

MIGOSH! YE ARE SICK - YE'RE TURNIN' TATTLE-TALE GRAY

WE'D BETTER KEEP A LOOKOUT FOR LAND

IF WE DOAN' FIND SOME SOON AH DOAN' THINK AH'LL EVAH SEE IT

FIRM LAND AGAIN - O BOY!

IT DOAN' FEEL SO FIRM T’ME

WE'RE SAFE! THERE'S LAND OVER THERE

AM DERE ENOUGH DERE TO BURY ME OHHA!!
It's one A.M. at the Hotel Commodore. And Drummy Young and his band fold up for the night...

Goodnight, Ziggy! See you tomorrow mornin'!

Yeah! If I can get up...

It's a nice night and my hotel's only a few blocks away... think I'll walk to-night! Ah... just take a breath o' that fresh carbon dioxide!

Say... there's "Pops", my favorite night watchman at his old post! Bet he's just itchin' for someone to come along and say a few words to him.... and me so tired of people talkin' my head off and beggin' for autographs!! Well, that's life for you, Drummy!!

Hi... "Pops"! Swell night, eh? It sure is MR. Young, but kinda lonely... got a few minutes to spend with that old man???
ANY TIME, POPS!!

OH, DAMN!!! I FORGOT TO CLOSE THE LIGHTS UPSTAIRS! MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, MR. YOUNG. I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!!

SECONDS LATER...

HEY, POPS! OPEN UP THIS IS THE LAW!! OKAY, ONE MINUTE! (MUST BE THE COP MAKIN' HIS ROUNDS)!!

WHERE'S OLD POPS. THE REGULAR GUY??

OH, HE'LL BE DOWN ANY MINUTE!!

THAT SUITS US FINE! LIFT 'EM, CHUMP... THIS IS A STICK-UP!!! OKAY, GANG, C'MON IN AND GET BUSY WITH THOSE FURS!!

POPS RETURNS...

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE!! PUT UP YOUR HANDS!!

SURE THING, POPS! HERE'S SHOOTIN' AT YUH!!
NICE GOIN'! HE'S OUT LIKE A LIGHT... BUT HE SURE PACKS A WALLOP!!!

THE OLD MAN'S DEAD... WE'LL LEAVE HIM HERE!!!

CMON, DRAG THIS TOUGH GUY OUT TO THE TRUCK!!!!

HE KNOWS TOO MUCH! WE'LL HAVE TO LIQUIDATE HIM ALONG THE ROAD SOMEWHERE!! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS... HE'LL NEVER KNOW IT!

WE GOT THE FURS AT THE EXPENSE O' THE WATCHMAN'S LIFE!! BUT, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH THIS MUG?
That wooded spot ahead oughta do the purpose. I'll slow down!!!

Drummy, waiting for this chance, flings open the truck door as it slows down and makes a dash for a nearby farmhouse...

Wha-?? GET HIM!!!!

He made the farmhouse but, he won't get very far!!!

And back at the truck our would-be officer gives terse orders...

I'm goin' after him alone! You guys stay here... This cop's outfit oughta get me in that house!!!

Hurry, Mister! Where's your phone?? I'm being chased by a gang of hijackers! They're right behind me... I've got to get the police!!!

Quick, get in!! The phone's in the hall!!!
The cops'll be here in minutes! By the way the leader of the hijackers wears a fake police uniform! So I see... he's comin' up the front walk now!!!! I'm after a guy who broke jail!! Seen anyone around?? I can't hear yuh very well, son! Step in fer a second!!!!

As the boss of the gang enters... and don't tell me you're gonna arrest me for this, rat!!!!

I'll put on his uniform and lure the rest of the gang in here!! Say, pal... how come you knew I wasn't a runaway convict and this guy was a phoney cop??

I listened in on your conversation when you phoned the police! No crook would do that!!!!

Okay you, guys! I got him! C'mon in and we'll haul him to the truck!!!
The police arrive...Here's the whole gang, Sergeant! They're good for murder, hijacking and kidnapping!!!!

Hello...This is Ziggy! Say what's the big idea!!!

Thought you ordered a rehearsal. Why aren't you down here...yuh 6%!!! 6%!!!
You'd think you never got to bed at nights the way you sleep. Bla-bla-bla...

Well, jazz fans here's your second thumbnail sketch on men of music. Hope you like it. See you next month. (The End)

Men of Music

No. 2 Clarinetist

Woody Herman

Born on May 16, 1915, Woodrow Wilson Herman organized his first band in Memphis, Tenn. in September of 1936. And early in 1940, Rose to fame as the band that plays the blues. The world has got to know that it was the Herman Herd that started it. But, few large bands can play them the way they should be played. The Herman Herd Is one of these exceptions. Woody has possibly the best white swing outfit in the country. A swell guy and a fine musician!!!
IZZY BRITE

by Hy. Moyer.

Oh, Gramp! Now that we're wallowing in wealth from selling eggs, are you gonna wed Widow Wise right away?

Nope! Not if I can side-step. 'Course th' Widow'll be heart-broken, but...

-Mebbe I'll wait 'til Betty Grable or Lana Turner divorce again and give 'em first chance at me.

Gee! 'Magine me havin' a movie queen for a grandma!

Guess what, guys! I'm likely gonna be a movie actor!

A 'reel' movie actor, Izzy?

Yep! Right now my Gramp is waitin' for a smart movie queen to propose to him!

'What, Gramp? Are you in pain?

'What! Conscience hurts! Th' poor Widow'll grieve her heart out when she hears she's losin' me!

Yoo hoo, Pinky! Gramp is gonna give Widow Wise a gentle hint that he's no longer hers.

-By singin' poetry neath her window!

Oh, near you I may tarry until we're in our graves, but ME you'll never marry cause Britons won't be slaves!
I GUESS TH' CHARMIN' WIDOW IS NOT AT HOME.

NOPE! DOES HOLLYWOOD KNOW SUCH AN ANIMUL AS YOU EXISTS OUTSIDE TH' COMIC BOOKS?

HOW CAN GRAMP BE PROPOSED TO BY A MOVIE QUEEN IF NONE KNOWS WOT HE LOOKS LIKE?

I'LL MAIL HIS PICTURE TO SAM GOLDWYN, HOLLYWOOD, SO THEY CAN SEE HOW HANDSOME HE IS!

ANY LETTERS FR' ME FROM HOLLYWOOD?

THEN HE'LL LIKELY GET CLARK GABLE'S JOB, AND I'LL BE ROY ROGER'S UNDER-STUDY OR A STUNT MAN!

OH, WHOA IS ME!

2 WEEKS LATER

A LETTER FROM HOLLYWOOD FR' ME?

WHY DID I EVER PASS-UP BEE-UTIFUL WIDOW WISE FR' A PICKLE MOVIE QUEEN?

LIKE LAUREN BACALL IS CRAZY T'MARRY ME!

LIKE LAUREN BACALL IS CRAZY T'MARRY ME!

—READ IT OUT LOUD, IZZY!

—READ IT OUT LOUD, IZZY!

GRAMP GRIMES:— YOUR PICTURE RECEIVED FROM HIRIN' A CLOWN LIKE YOU, INCLUDE ME OUT!

SAM GOLDWYN.

P.S.—WHAT DO YOU LOOK LIKE 'THOUT TH' FALSE-FACE??
Ah! How peaceful 'tis out here in th' graveyard! With no movie magnates and no widows throwin' cold water on one's ambitions!

Poor Gramp's got th' graveyard blues! He'd make up with widow wise, but he hasn't even got near enough to try!

Why not build a robot to carry peace proposals to th' widow?!!

E'keap out! Sekret service!

Signed...

Brite

4 days later

Oh, Gramp!

My Daniel is ready to beard th' lioness in her den!

There goes Daniel! Get ready to talk peace to th' widow through th' hose, Gramp!

Gramp Brite is is askin' kin he surrender?

Not until he tosses away all his movie pin-up gals!

O.K. Gramp'll give up his pin-ups! But kin he keep Betty Grable?

Nope!

-Not even Grable!!! I demand an unconditional surrender!
Extra Extra! Madison Bank armoured car mysteriously disappears from the Island Ferry Maybelle... That's only the beginning... Read on and see how Russ Somers of the Harbour Police and his brother Ricky are aided by the lovely and unknown Polka-Dot Pirate in "Bullion Buccaneers"
**Sudden**

LYNNE SLIPS ON THE WET DOCK AND INTO THE WATER...

GOTTA GET TO HER BEFORE SHE GOES DOWN.

Quickly taking in the situation, Russ whips off his coat and is in the water before Ricky can turn around...

**Diving, Russ finds...**

HERE IT IS IN THE PAPER, RUSS.

HERE IT IS IN THE PAPER, RUSS.

**Herald**

MADISON BANK DISAPPEARED

Police abandon the search after fruitless underwater search. The armored car containing several thousand dollars in gold bullion was never found.

Later, after Russ visits a waterfront store, he leaves with a strange package. He boards the ferry and is locked along with the gold bullion in the armored car.

HA! HA! Hope they never decide to use that old drinking water pipe. It said in the paper that they might take it up!
ON BOARD WE FIND RICKY LISTENING IN.

THE SMOKE’S JUST RIGHT—LET’S ROLL THE TRUCK OFF.

RUSS! RUSS!

THEY’RE ROLLIN’ THE TRUCK....

NEVER MIND THE GUN CHIC! I’LL TOSS HIM OVERBOARD, IF HE DOES NOT DROWN, THE PADDLE WHEEL WILL GET HIM!

THAT SETTLES IT THEY’RE THE HI-JACKERS

NOW IF THAT TRUCK VANISHES SURELY I’LL SEE HOW JUMPIN’ CATFISH IF I HURRY I MAY BE ABLE TO...

SUFFERIN’ SARDINES, THE POLKA DOT PIRATE HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

OH I DOUBLE AS LIFEGUARD, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

GUESS WHAT, I WAS LISTENING TO TWO GUYS WHO TURNED OUT TO BE GOL D-JACKERS. THEY MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT THE CITY’S DRINKING WATER PIPE LET’S GO!

MEANWHILE IN THE TRUCK

IT’S GOING OVER GOTTA GET THE MASK ON QUICK!

BUT, A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE FALLING VEHICLE AND...

LATER INSIDE THE WATER PIPE UNDER THE MADISON HARBOUR, RICKY AND THE POLKA DOT PIRATE ARE EAVESDROPPING....

THIS IS IT, RICKY! WHEN I COUNT TO THREE WE’LL CRASH THE PLACE. READY?

ROGER!

GET SET, 1-2...
AN! BOYS, OUR POOR MAN'S ELLERY QUEEN IS COMING TO! PRETTY SLICK SET UP EM COPPER / CHIC CONKS THE GUARDS WHILE PUGGY HERE PUTS YOU'LL SOME SPECIAL POWDER IN THE SMOKE STACKS... NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT FATSO.

-3!

RUSS! HE'S ALIVE!

NOT FOR LONG
HE AIN'T!

DON'T YOU DARE HIT HIM BUBBLE-BRAIN!

COME ON RUSS, JOIN THE FUN!

FIVE MINUTES AND TWO KNOCKOUTS LATER, RUSS JOINS THE MELEE...

HOW DID YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME, RICKY?

WELL RUSS, BEFORE I WAS TOSSED OVER BOARDO, I HEARD THESE GUYS TALK IN, AND WHEN 'DOTTIE' HERE PICKED ME UP I TOLD HER — AND HERE WE ARE.

HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

WELL, RICKY, YOU BROUGHT THE 'POLKA-DOT PIRATE ALONG JUST IN TIME! IT WAS A CLEVER SCHEME 'DIPPLES' HAD. CHIC AND PUGGY WENT OVER ON THE FERRY, AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME, CHIC TOSS A PACKAGE OF SMOKE SCREEN POWDER INTO THE FUNNEL. UNDER-COVER OF THIS THEY ROLLED THE ARMoured CAR OFF THE MAYBELLE, THEN ATTACHED STEEL CABLES TO THE SUNKEN TRUCK AND PROCEEDED TO PULL IT INTO THE CITY'S DRINKING WATER PIPE! IT WAS AS SIMPLE AS THAT!

THE END
OUT OF THE WOODS

by - R.L. KULBACH -

THERE'S FIZZY, LOOK AT THE HAPPY LITTLE FELLOW -

YES - AND HE MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING!

WHAT'S HE DOING NOW?

THIS WILL BE A MASTERPIECE - WAIT TILL YOU SEE IT!

LOOK AT HIS OUTFIT!

OH, FUZZY, YOU'RE SO WONDERFUL!

-NOTHING LIKE FLY-FISHING, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU TIE YOUR OWN FLIES!

AH - AT LAST! WHAT A BEAUTY! BOY - OH - BOY, THAT'S A REAL 'WHIZZ - BANG'!

-AND I GAVE HIM SOME OF MY HACKLES!

OH, BUT IT'S TERRIFIC!

YEAH - LOOKS LIKE SOMETHIN' -
HELLO, FUZZY - WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE - YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING -

HEE-HO, RAGS, IT'S - IT'S A FLY -

NOW GO, GET ME A FISH - I'M HUNGRY -

I'LL - I'LL TRY -

OH, I HOPE IT'LL WORK - BUT IF IT DOESN'T?

HA-HA, THIS IS GOOD, CATCH A FISH!

W-WELL, HERE GOES!

OH-NO! DON'T TAKE THAT ONE! IT'S TOO NICE - IT COULD STING YOU -

YES, BUT - I BET IT TASTES GOOD!

NO LUCK - 'RAGS' WILL KILL ME, IF I DON'T GET HIM A FISH -

HELLO, FUZZY - I KNOW WHERE THERE IS SOME FISH!
NOW I CATCH A FISH - THE KINGFISHER KNOWS!

OH-BOY - A MONSTER! I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I'VE LANDED HIM - NOW TO MAKE SURE HE WON'T GET AWAY!

FUZZY - YOU'VE CAUGHT A FISH!

YES - I - I THINK IT'S A FISH?

OH HAPPY DAY - HAPPY DAY - THAT MUSKY Didn'T GET AWAY!

I - FUZZY - CAUGHT A RECORD FISH AND WILL HE MAKE A LOVELY DISH - TRA-LA-LA -
HA-HA- SO YOU GOT ME A FISH! NOW AIN'T THAT NICE—

Y-YES, B-BUT I—

HA-HA- NOW I'VE GOT YOU! IT'S A SCREAM—

OUCH! YOU-IOOSE!

HA-HA- remove that hook! Fuzzy, please—please—

WE'RE PROUD OF FUZZY, AREN'T WE?

'RAGS', THIS WILL TEACH YOU A LESSON NOT TO PICK ON SMALL FELLOWS—

HE IS WONDERFUL, ISN'T HE?!

FUZZY—OUR HERO!
SYNOPSIS.

Although the war with Japan is at an end, persistent rumors of a great underground factory make Johnny Canuck postpone his return to his unit. Having escaped the Japs after being shot down, he now decides to find out the truth about the underground factory. Avoiding the roads, Johnny finally reaches the forbidding hills where the factory is supposedly located.

A Jap Sentry - seems to me I'm getting nearer to my goal. Some cliffs! - but the holes in the rock - they can't be windows - they aren't large enough. Air-ducts - yes, that's what they must be!
EVADING THE SENTRY, JOHNNY, UPON REACHING THE CLIFF’S SUMMIT, LETS HIMSELF DOWN TOWARD ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS OPENINGS.

THANK HEAVENS - THE SENTRY BELOW DIDN’T SEE ME - OR I’D BE A DEAD DUCK!

MADE IT - AND NOW LET’S SEE WHERE THIS DUCT WILL TAKE ME -

WELL - I’LL BE -- ! THIS LOOKS LIKE AN ATOM-SMASHING OUTFIT!

HALT! DON’T MOVE OR WILL BE PLEASED TO SHOOT! SO - A YANKEE - GOOD, YOU WILL PLEASE PUT UP HANDS!

SOON JAPAN WILL HAVE SUPER-ATOM BOMB! WORK PROCEEDING VERY SATISFACTORY -

OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! WELL, I’LL HAVE TO PLAY BALL -
RAISING HIS ARMS AND TURNING SLOWLY, JOHNNY SIZES UP THE SITUATION—THEN SUDDENLY EXPLODES INTO ACTION!

UGH!

THAT SHOULD FIX YOU, MY FRIEND!

AS JOHNNY KNOCKS OUT HIS OPPONENT, ANOTHER JAP GUARD RUSHES UP, THEN-

- A GLANCING BLOW TO HIS HEAD, STUNS HIM MOMENTARILY.
American not dead—only passed out, but he will die slowly—ha-ha!

Throw the Yankee dog on the floor—I will attend to him when he comes to!

Pretending to be unconscious, Johnny folds his hands, while they are being tied, in a certain way that will allow him to free them from the bonds at any time.

Johnny has been taken to the head office of the underground factory.

- My honorable friend will agree that the Yankee spy has to die!

While working to free his hands, Johnny takes in his surroundings, then—

Carefully removes a Colt from inside his flying-boots.

Are you kidding?

My honorable friend, look! Our uninvited visitor has recovered. It is too bad he will not see our super atom bomb lay waste the land of his birth!

Maybe Yankee pig will answer some questions first?
Jumping to his feet, Johnny confronts his captors.

Put 'em up, boys, I'm not dead yet! Get into the corner and face the wall—quick!

Having stuffed important papers into his jacket, he is studying the factory's layout, when in walks a guard.

Wham!

As the Jap lunges, Johnny fires.

And now, with a flashlight in his pocket, he gets busy smashing the electric control panel, plunging most of the factory into darkness.

And now quick to the storage-room for some hand-grenades, hope I remember the factory's layout!
10 MINUTES LATER, AS JOHNNY MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD AN EXIT, THE LIGHTS GO ON.

THERE HE IS! QUICK—DON’T LET HIM GET AWAY!

A ‘PINE-APPLE’ NOW, WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO CLEAR THAT OPEN CAT-WALK TO THE EMERGENCY EXIT.

SO, THAT’S THEIR SUPPLY ROOM. LOOKS MORE LIKE AN ARSENAL! HAND-GRENADERS, DYNAMITE, FUSES—OH BOY—JUST THE STUFF TO BLOW THIS HORNETS’ NEST SKY HIGH!

SKILFULLY ThROWN, THE HAND-GRENADE EXPLODES AMIDST THE SHOOTING JAPS.

ANOTHER TURN TO THE RIGHT, AND I’LL BE THERE!
NOW QUICK—EVERY SECOND COUNTS. IF THE TIME-BOMB I'VE SET UP WORKS, IT WON'T BE LONG UNTIL ALL THIS BLOWS UP! AH—THERE'S THE EXIT!

WHAT? ANOTHER SENTRY—AND NO TIME TO LOSE!

THANK HEAVENS—THAT WAS A BULLS-EYE. AND NOW RUN, JOHNNY, BEFORE THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN BLOWS UP!

WOW! THIS WILL PUT AN END TO THE JAPS' SUPER ATOMIC BOMB. LET'S HOPE THIS WILL MAKE FOR A BETTER AND LONGER-LASTING PEACE IN THE WORLD!

RUNNING DOWN-HILL, JOHNNY HAS TO STOP AND TAKE COVER. THE EARTH SEEMS TO SHAKE, THEN—WITH A TERRIFIC ROAR, THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN ERUPTS LIKE A VOLCANO!
On a piece of cardboard, lay out 1/2 in. squares and sketch in the outline of the duck as shown in the above drawing. When you have drawn the duck to your satisfaction, cut it out with a pair of scissors. This cutout is called a template. Lay the template on the piece of 1" lumber you have chosen and trace around it with a soft pencil. You should have a clear outline of the duck on the wood. Cut out along the line as the rough model with a coping saw.

Material
A block of pine 1" thick and 6" square is required for this project. Try and get a piece of lumber that is free from knots and straight grained. Any soft wood will do, if you have no pine.

This is how your rough model should look, after sawing out. With a soft pencil, draw a centre line all around your duck as shown above.
The BODY

CUT OUT THE SHADED AREAS.

ROUGHLY SHAPE THE BODY AS SHOWN IN THIS PANEL. THE HEAD AND NECK SHOULD BE NEARLY AS WIDE AS THEY ARE DEEP.

The WINGS

FOLLOW THE DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY ON THIS PART OF THE JOB. BE CAREFUL OR YOU WILL BREAK THE WING TIPS.

AFTER YOU HAVE ROUGHLY SHAPED THE WINGS THEN — WITH YOUR KNIFE — MAKE A "V" GROOVE ALL AROUND THE WINGS TO SHOW THEM AS THOUGH THEY ARE SEPARATED. NEXT ROUND OFF THE FRONT EDGE OF THE WINGS. TO FORM THE FEATHERS ON THE WINGS — FIRST CUT DOWN INTO THE WING AND THEN MAKE AN ANGLE CUT TO TAKE OUT THE WASTE.

Saw out the "V" notch at the top of the wing. First. Then cut out the side portion.

This shows you how to make the groove for the wings. 1 A SHALLOW CUT STRAIGHT DOWN INTO THE WOOD. 2 THE KNIFE IS HELD AT AN ANGLE AND SLICES THE WASTE MATERIAL OUT. PRACTICE ON A PIECE OF SCRAP BEFORE YOU DO IT ON YOUR WORK.
Finishing The Duck

The final work is done at this time.

Round off the body and head. Sandpaper them smooth and do not leave any knife marks. The tail is finished off as shown in the drawings at the top right hand corner. The feather separation is shown only on the top. These separations are made the same as on the wings.

Painting

The bird is not painted in its natural color—but is painted in a solid color. Any light color will do. If possible, choose a shade that will blend with the color scheme of your room.

Mounting

The bird on the left is glued on a half-ball shaped piece of wood about 3½" in diameter. Colour the base the same as the bird.

OR

Cut out a 6" circle from ¼" lumber and glue the bird on. Before gluing, drill a ½" hole in the circular piece for hanging on the wall.

I'm going to have both of them!
You've all read about the great "Atomic Bomb" — just another of my brain children.

In the silent vastness of the Mojave Desert I made my great discovery.

First I obtained a few dozen grade "A" atoms.

Not a vitamin in a carload!

Now my problem was to "smash" these tiny critters!!

Ugh!

I'll smaash you!!
I solved this problem in a simple manner by placing an "atom" on an anvil and

"Hitting" it with a large hammer.

Wham

Bo-re

Bop!

I not only "smashed the atom, but also me!"

Yours truly!

Now my smashed atoms are "enclosed" in those mighty atomic bombs!!!

Yes! I might—heh-heh—say my atom experiment was a "smashing" success.

Tokio

The punk atomic bomb
A BETTY BURD ADVENTURE

GUNS OF GREED

by FRED KELLY

This is the story of Betty Burd, who arms herself with a longbow, and goes into the jungle to gather information for her forthcoming novel on life in the African wilds.

Lokay a dis one nick? Dere's 20 bucks worth o' feathers on it!

Swell! Keep knockin' em down!

Hmm... dozens of birds... all shot to death!
SHOCKED BY THE SCENE OF NEEDLESS SLAUGHTER, BETTY GRASPS A VINE, AND SWINGS UP INTO THE TREES!!

I MUST FIND OUT WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CARNAGE!!

SNARES!! DOZENS OF THEM...SET TO CATCH BIRDS OF PARADISE!!

THERE'S NOBODY AROUND, I THINK I'LL RELEASE THOSE TRAPPED BIRDS, AND DESTROY THE SNARES!!

THERE GOES THE LAST ONE...NOW TO GATHER UP THESE SNARES!
OMG!! WOAH?? SOMEONE'S SET THE BIRDS LOOSE, AND RUINED OUR SNARES!!

YEEH!! WHADA WE GONNA DO, NICK??

AINT GONNA FOOL WITH WHOEVER IT IS—GIMME A HAND WITH THIS ROPE!!

AN HOUR AFTER BETTY HAD GONE, THE TWO HUNTERS' RETURN

NEXT DAY:

SUDDENLY!!

I'LL JUST KEEP ON SETTING THESE BIRDS FREE AS FAST AS THEY SNARE THEM!!

INTENT ON HER ERRAND OF MERCY, BETTY DOES NOT NOTICE THE TRAP CLEVERLY CONCEALED IN THE GRASS...
Minutes later, the two renegades step out of the jungle!

Look Nick! We snared someone all right! Hey! It's a dame....

Yeh!

Unconscious from the violent wrench she received, Betty swings silently, in the air!!

You'll never get away with this, you beast!

Who'll ever know??

Meanwhile, a white man, and five black soldiers, hack their way through the jungle a few miles away!!

Cut 'er down Jake... we won't shoot 'er... we'll just tie her to a tree for tiger bait!! That's the easiest way!..... no fuss, and there won't be any evidence left, when those cats get through!
Slowly the African night descends, the air is filled with the howls of prowling beasts, then Betty sees the unblinking eyes of a giant leopard fixed intently on her.

A LEOPARD!

It's going to spring at me! Help!!

Betty Burd!! How did you get mixed up with these two crooks? I've been on their trail for days, and just caught up with them—wouldn't I've known you were here if you hadn't screamed?

Bang

Commissioner Storms!! Boy I'm sure glad to see you!

As the leopard crouches to spring, a rifle barks, and the big cat falls, dead!!
NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

by H. Moyer.

FREE HAIR CUT AND A SINGE!

LIGHTNIN' REMOVES DAYTON MAN'S HAIR.

MIND IF I TAKE AN X RAY OF YOUR THIGHS, LADY?

IZZY BRITE!

SORRY!

"I WASN'T GOIN' WHERE I WAS LOOKIN'!

4-11-44

'I COME 11."

KIN IT BE THAT SUTHIN' IS MISSIN'?

BOTH FLiERS LAND SAFELY WHEN ONE PLANE Cuts TAIL OFF ANOTHER NEAR VANCOUVER.

PARDON TH' INTRUSION, MISTER!

HARTFORD MAN OFFERS REWARD TO FINDER OF RUNAWAY DAUGHTER WITH STARS TATTOOED ON EACH THIGH.

REXTON DRIVER BACKS OFF DOCK AND LANDS ON PASSIN' BOAT.
**EXTREE!**

NEGRO MURDERER LAUGHS AT FLORIDA ELECTRIC CHAIR!

HAR! HAR!

9:50 A.M.

AH! ONLY ONE MORE KILLER TO FRY AT 10 A.M. AND WE'RE THROUGH!

NEXT!

9:51 A.M.

OH! OH! SUTHIN' SAYS AH AIN'T GONNA ENJOY DAT HOT SEAT!

9:55

YEP, SURE LOOKS LIKE MAH GOOSE GONNA BE COOKED!

33

- BOUT 30 SECONDS MOH'AH'LL BE WEARING BLACK WINGS?

9:58 ½

NOPE.
- NOTHIN' KIN SAVE ME NOW.

10:59

OH, YE-AH?
- WELL, I SAY I'M GONNA GIVE HIM TH' JUICE!

AH AIN'T FUSSY BOUT EITHER OF YOU-ALL MAKIN' IT HOT Foh ME!

11 A.M. SHARP

TING LING

FRIENDS ASKIN' KIN SHE GO COLLECT MAH INSURANCE YET?

NO, GOVERNOR- NOT YET- Y' SEE WE GOT TO ARGUIN' AND- EH?

BUT-BUT- OH, VERY WELL, SIR. IF YOU INSIST!

HUMPH! SEE WOT YOU DID?
- NOW NEITHER IS GONNA PULL TH' SWITCH!

F'R WHY? -CAUSE WE DIDN'T EXECUTE HIM 'WEEN TH' HOURS SET-

- TH' GOVERNOR HAS PARDONED HIM!

HAR! HAR!

NOW AH MEBBE COLLECTS MAH OWN LIFE INSURANCE!

? ? ?
Yuh wanted tuh see me "spider"???

Ha-ha-ha!! "You're a card, spider"!! Who's your friend???

So they tell me! Step into my parlor said th' spider tuh da fly!! Ha-ha!!
THIS IS MR. STIMSON! HE'S GOTTA JOB FOR US, "CORPY"!!!

Yeah! Like what???

MR. STIMSON OWNS THE JEWELRY STORE ON CLAUS AVENUE! IT'S DA SAME OLD PLOT... HE PAYS US TO STEAL ONE O' HIS MOST VALUABLE NECKLACES; THAT WAY HE GETS DA DIAMONDS BACK OFFA US AND THE INSURANCE FER 'EM!!

But, dere's a new twist.... instead o' gettin' caught by da cops with da ice comin' out o' da store, we pass da jewels to Mr. Stimson's partner outside!!!

He'll be wearin' a carnation in his lapel so's we'll notice him! Then da bulls can search us 'til doomsday and won't find a thing on us!!!

What a set up, count me in!!!

But, outside the door of "Spider" Slime's apartment eager ears belonging to one Terry Allen, or Nitro, (have it your own way) take in every word.......

M-M-M! I thought something was up when I saw "corpulent" feathers go into "Spider's" room and now I'm glad I followed him!! What a surprise Nitro's gonna pull on them!!!!

Don't worry Mr. Stimson... we'll be there tomorrow afternoon, so long!!!
IT'S TOMORROW AFTERNOON. AND SURE ENOUGH "SPIDER" AND "CORBY" SHOW UP AT MR. STIMSON'S EXCLUSIVE JEWELRY STORE.

HERE'S THE JOINT!! OKAY, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?!!

YES, SIR... CAN I DO SOMETHING FOR YOU??

WE'D LIKE TO SEE THAT 5000 DOLLAR NECKLACE IN THE WINDOW, PLEASE!!

AND MEANWHILE IN THE STREET THE RATHER ELDERLY PARTNER OF MR. STIMSON HAS ARRIVED, A HUGE CARNATION PINNED IMMACULATELY TO HIS LAPEL.

ARE THESE THE ONES YOU-- OH !?!! THAT'S RIGHT MISS. NOW JUST HAND 'EM TO MY FRIEND!!

THEY SHOULD BE COMING OUT ABOUT NOW... OH, DEAR, I HOPE NOTHING BACKFIRES !!!!
But, hitches occur in the best of plans and here's the first one in our melodrama.

And approximately three minutes later, Nitro, nonchalantly clothed in the tight-fitting suit of his victim, watches as...

A kind of small but it'll do... oh, oh, here they come now!!

"Spider" and "Corpy" race out of the nearby jewelry store...

There's da guy... slip him da ice!!!

GOTCHA!!!

And as "Spider" passes Terry, wearing the carnation, he carefully drops the necklace in his pocket.

HA-HA! Here comes da law! Dis is gonna be good!!!

Hey, my buckos! One minute... where do you think you're goin'??
WE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'!
Honest Officer!
Sure and I was positive you were th' spalpeens... Okay, you can go now!!

Well, I'll be - Mother Machree!
Upon leaving the officer, "Corpy" and "Spider" rush to the home of Stimson for the pay-off.........

Hi, "Stimy"! Where's da kid with da poils??

KID!!

YOU FOOLS! My partner was an old geezer... about sixty!!!!

Huh?!

Dis guy was young and good lookin'!!!

AND THEN YOU'LL BE HAVIN' NO OBJECTIONS IF I SEARCH YOU??
WHY, "SPIDER"... YOU OLD FLATTERER, YOU? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CARED!!!

OH, I SHOULDN'T HAVE HIT YOU .... YOU'RE WEARING GLASSES!!

NITRO!!

AND THE JEWELS!!

ONE AND TWO MAKES THREE!!

WHAM!

OKAY, OFFICER O'LEARY HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!!
ONLY THIS TIME WITH THE DIAMONDS!!

YEAH! SURE AND I'VE HEARD EVERYTHIN',
NITRO!
SO STIMSON WAS IN ON IT TOO, EH?

BUT, NITRO... WHY DIDN'T I FIND THE JEWELS ON 'EM BEFORE? I CAN'T FIGURE - HUH! NOW, WHERE DID HE GO???

THE END.
SO HELP ME

"WE'LL SURROUND HIM - YOU GO OVER THERE AND SPREAD OUT"

"SHE LOVES ME - SHE LOVES ME NOT - - - - - - - -"

"I JIST AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES THASS ALL"
YOU’LL WANT A COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF THESE FAVOURITE
THRILL-PACKED
BOOKS

YOURS NOW!

PHANTOM RIDER

AMAZING ADVENTURES
IN THE LIFE OF
NELVANA

68 PAGES

TANG

BY THE WONDER HORSE & BUDDY

68 PAGES

BOYS

68 PAGES

SPEED SAVAGE

68 PAGES

SPIKE & MIKE

15 CENTS