

# TIM TYLER'S LUCK

INSIDE THE HUGE, STEEL-WALLED WORKROOM, MEN ARE CARRYING SEALED METAL CONTAINERS FROM THE POURING VATS TO THE SUBMARINE—TIM AND SPUD ARE PRISONERS IN A SMALL ADJOINING ROOM—



SEE, KRONY, THE FOOD SHIP CONVOY WILL APPROACH FROM A SOUTHEASTERLY DIRECTION—

WE WILL RELEASE OUR CHEMICAL CYLINDERS THIRTY MILES DUE EAST OF HERE DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THEIR SHIPS! THE ACID IN THE TANKS WILL MIX WITH THE SEA WATER AND DISSOLVE THE VICTIMS, LEAVING NO TRACE



THREE DOZEN CONTAINERS ALREADY TAKEN ABOARD THE U-BOAT, SNAGG

GOOD! THAT SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT TO COMPLETE OUR JOB—



ORDER THE CREW TO BOARD THE SUB AND PREPARE TO SUBMERGE AT ONCE—



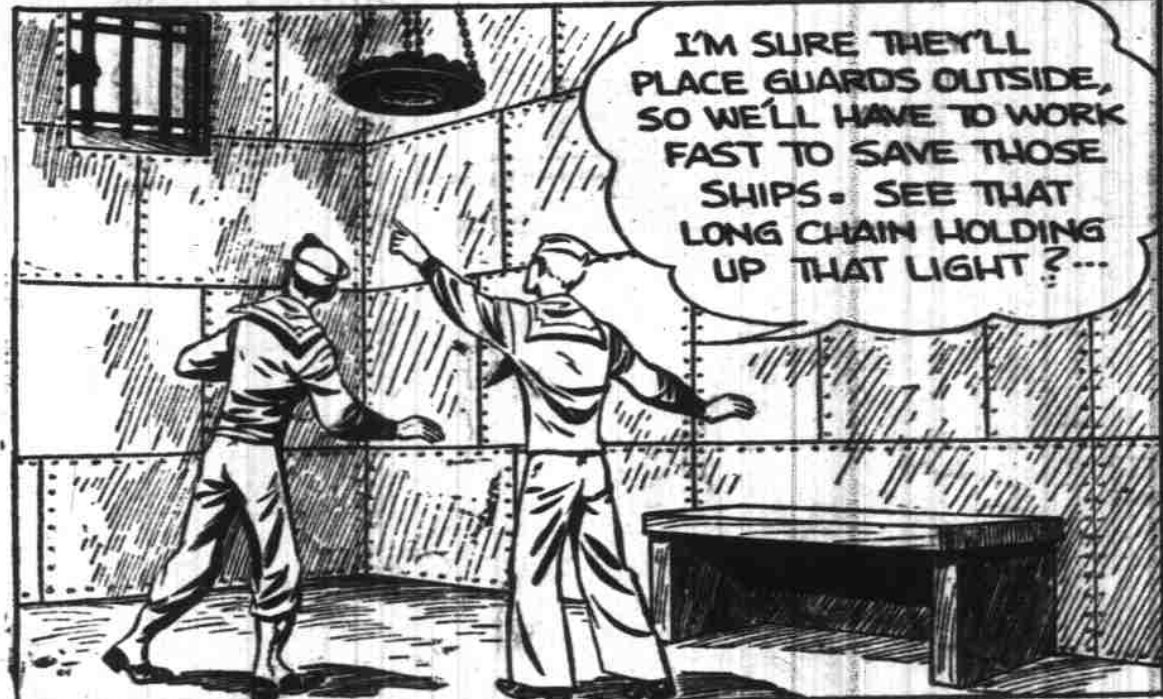
THEY'RE GETTING ORDERS TO SHOVE OFF

COULD YOU HEAR WHAT ELSE THEY SAID, SPUD?



THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THAT FOOD SHIP CONVOY—AND THE ONLY WAY WE CAN ESCAPE FROM HERE IS WITH A CAN-OPENER!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, OLD PAL—



I'M SURE THEY'LL PLACE GUARDS OUTSIDE, SO WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST TO SAVE THOSE SHIPS—SEE THAT LONG CHAIN HOLDING UP THAT LIGHT?—



BUT HOW CAN WE USE IT, TIM?

WE MUST YANK DOWN THE CHAIN AND ATTACH ONE END TO THE BARRED WINDOW—FASTEN THE OTHER END AROUND ONE OF THOSE BENCH LEGS—HURRY



FROM NOW ON WE'RE GOING TO NEED PLENTY OF LUCK—

# Polly AND HER PALS

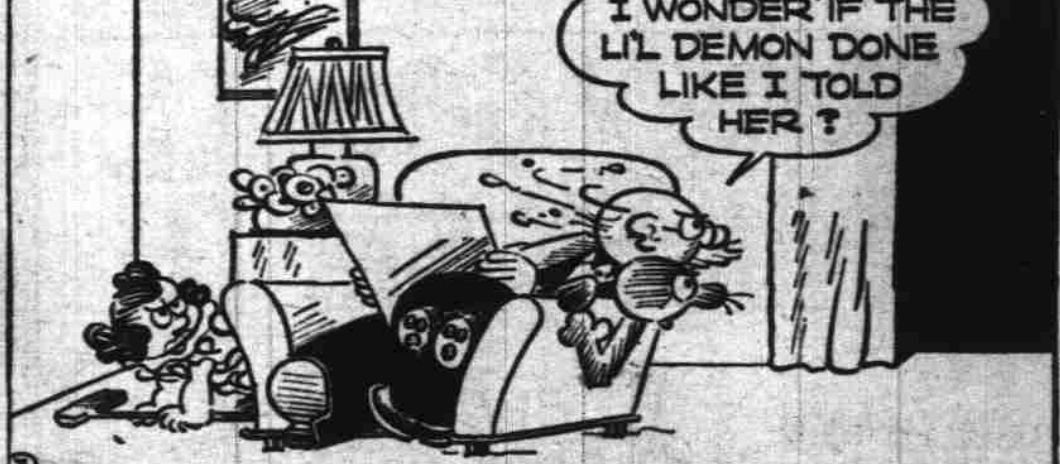
By CLIFF SERRETT



PUT THAT 'PUTTER' RIGHT STRAIGHT BACK WHERE YOU FOUND IT, ANGEL!



I'VE WARNED YOU A MILLION TIMES 'T'KEEP YER DANG' DIGITS OUTTA MY GOLF-BAG!



I WONDER IF THE LIL' DEMON DONE LIKE I TOLD HER?



DOLLARS 'N' DOUGHNUTS SHE DIDN'T!



NO, SIR! BY CRACKIE, THE 'PUTTER' AIN'T HERE!



WOT TH'—?

HEY, CARRIE! L'KOUT!!



DON'T ATTEMPT TO DENY IT! I SAW YOU WITH MY OWN EYES!!

AW, SHUX!



THE INSUFFERABLE LITTLE SNEAK!

P—ST!



THE MAYHEM-MINDED OLD MONSTER!

CLIFF SERRETT -1-30

