

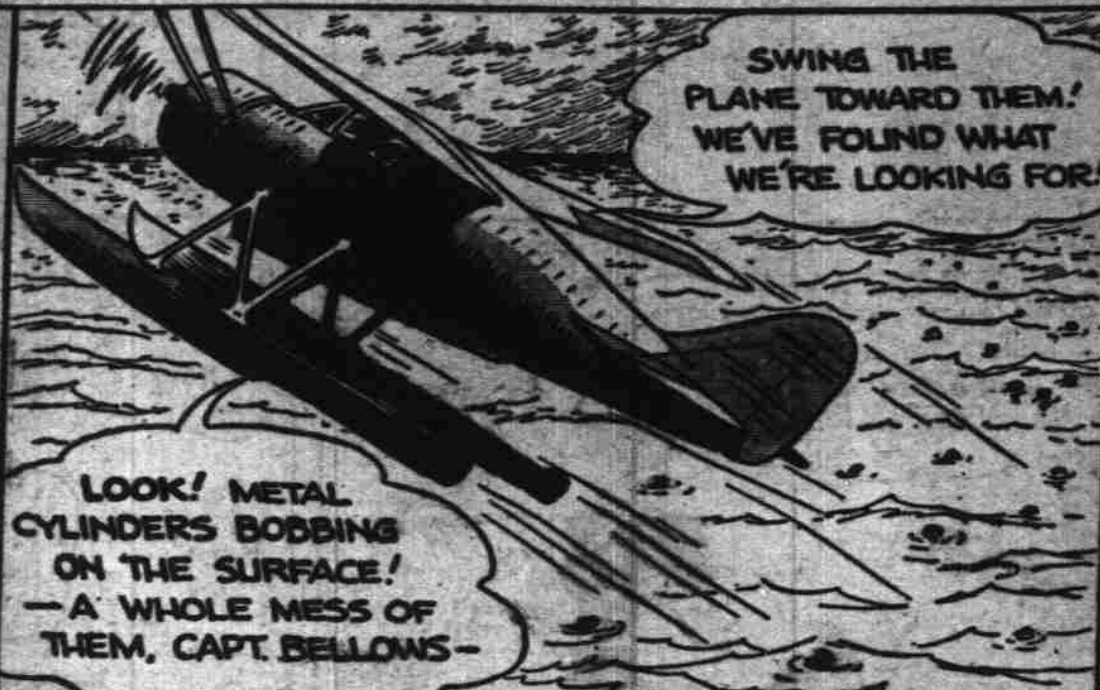


TIM TYLER'S LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG



WE'VE GONE THIRTY-FIVE MILES DUE WEST OF ROCKY POINT INLET, ACCORDING TO THE MARKINGS ON OUR MAP, BUT I DON'T SEE ANY SIGN OF--



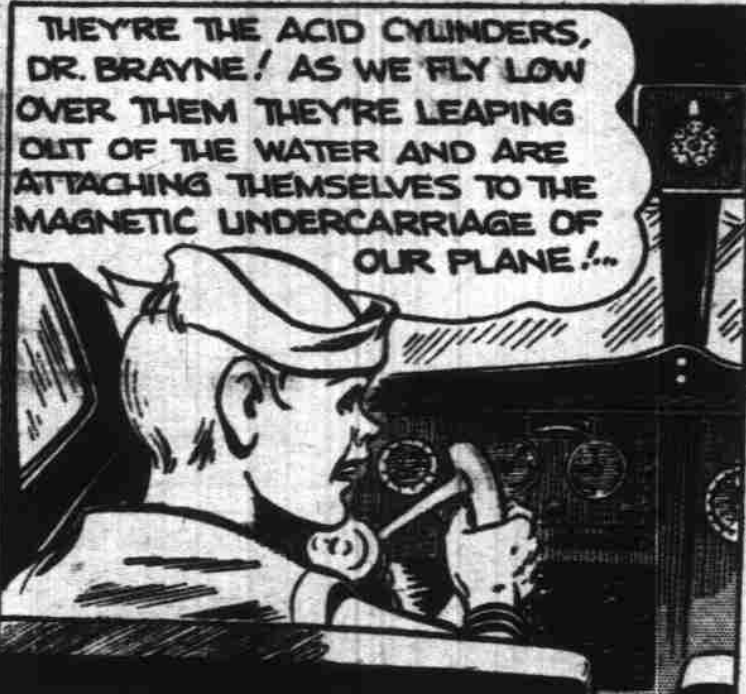
SWING THE PLANE TOWARD THEM! WE'VE FOUND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR!

LOOK! METAL CYLINDERS BOBBING ON THE SURFACE! --A WHOLE MESS OF THEM, CAPT BELLOW--



THUM THUMP THUMP

WH-WHAT WAS THAT THUMP?



THEY'RE THE ACID CYLINDERS, DR. BRAYNE! AS WE FLY LOW OVER THEM THEY'RE LEAPING OUT OF THE WATER AND ARE ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO THE MAGNETIC UNDERCARRIAGE OF OUR PLANE!



THERE'S THE APPROACHING CONVOY! WE'VE BARELY REACHED HERE IN TIME!



LUCKY FOR US THE GUN CREWS PICKED UP OUR WING SIGNALS

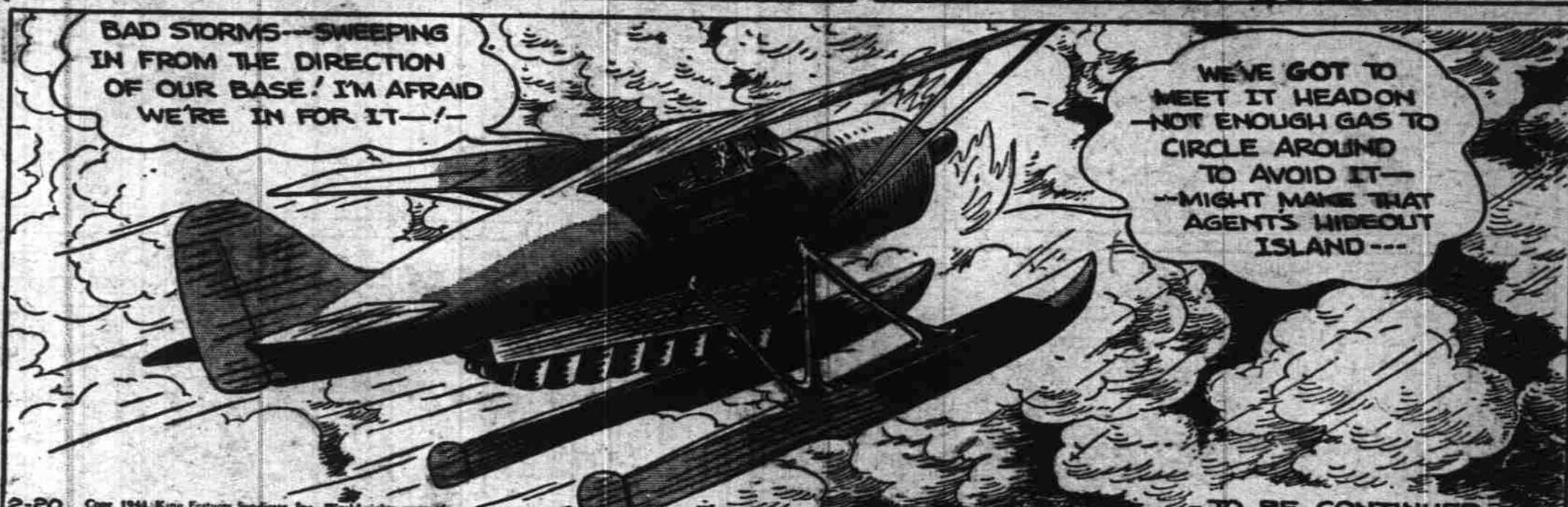


LITTLE DO THEY KNOW WE'RE SAILING IN A CAPTURED ENEMY TRICK PLANE



WE PICKED UP THE LAST OF THOSE ACID DRUMS NONE TOO SOON!...

WHAT HAPPENS NOW, CAPTAIN BELLOW?



BAD STORMS--SWEEPING IN FROM THE DIRECTION OF OUR BASE! I'M AFRAID WE'RE IN FOR IT!--

WE'VE GOT TO MEET IT HEADON--NOT ENOUGH GAS TO CIRCLE AROUND TO AVOID IT--MIGHT MAKE THAT AGENTS' HIDEOUT ISLAND---

TO BE CONTINUED

POLLY AND HER PALS

By LIFÉ SECRET



WHY DON'T YOU DO IT? I'D SOONER SAGS A SABER-TOOTHED TIGER!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BAWL OUT THE 'HELP' RAW! I'LL BE LISTENIN'!



THIS HERE BANGIN' ALL NIGHT AN' DOZIN' ALL DAY, HAS GOTTA STOP AN' I MEAN STOP!!



YOU'LL QUIT CUTTIN' RUGS AN' START SWEEPIN' 'EM OR OUT YOU GO!!



ME AN' MRS. PERKINS IS ALLERGIC TO SLIP-HAPPY HEP-CATS, SISTER! SINGIN' DOMESTICS IS OUR DISH!!



FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL HIT THE PARK YER CARCASS OR BACK YER TRUNK!



HEH, HEH, HEH, THAT'S TELLIN' HER, RAW! SHE WAS SHAKT SPEECHLESS!

OH, ONCE I GETS MY DANDER UP THEY DON'T TALK BACK!

LIFÉ SECRET 2-20

