

TIM TYLER'S LUCK

BY LYMAN YOUNG

WHEN TIM HEARD THE TAPPING SOUND ON THE FLOOR OF THE CELL UNDER THE WAR PRISONER CAMP, HE LIFTED A BIG LOOSE ROCK, EXPOSING A SECRET ENTRANCE TO AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE WHICH HE ENTERS AND SOON—

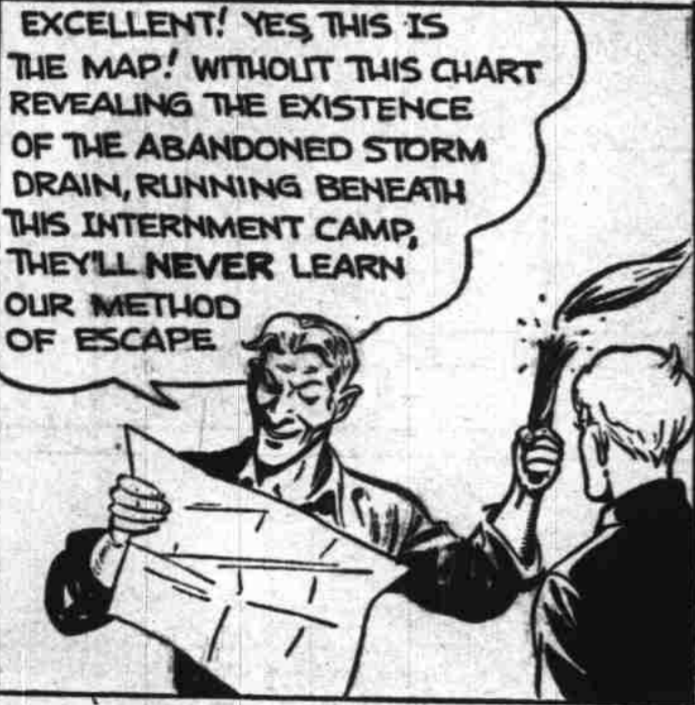


ERIC KRASH? YOU ARE LATE! WHERE IS THE MAN WHO WAS SENT FOR YOU?

HE WAS DISCOVERED AND ATTACKED! I HAD TO ABANDON HIM—

WHAT? THEN THE GUARDS GOT THE MAP?

I MANAGED TO RESCUE THAT, IF THIS IS WHAT YOU MEAN—



EXCELLENT! YES, THIS IS THE MAP! WITHOUT THIS CHART REVEALING THE EXISTENCE OF THE ABANDONED STORM DRAIN, RUNNING BENEATH THIS INTERNMENT CAMP, THEY'LL NEVER LEARN OUR METHOD OF ESCAPE.



THIS TUNNEL MOUTH ENDS IN A RAVINE THREE MILES FROM CAMP, WHERE A HAY WAGON WILL BE WAITING TO PICK US UP



EMERGING FROM THE TUNNEL, TIM AND THE OTHERS PILE INTO THE WAGON AND HIDE THEMSELVES



WHEN ALL ARE ABOARD, THE TRUCK PULLS AWAY—



MILE AFTER MILE, THE VEHICLE MOVES ON, ALONG THE BACKROADS OF ROLLING FARM COUNTRY, AND FINALLY TURNS OFF THE ROAD, HEADED TOWARD A HIGH, BRUSH-COVERED HILLSIDE—

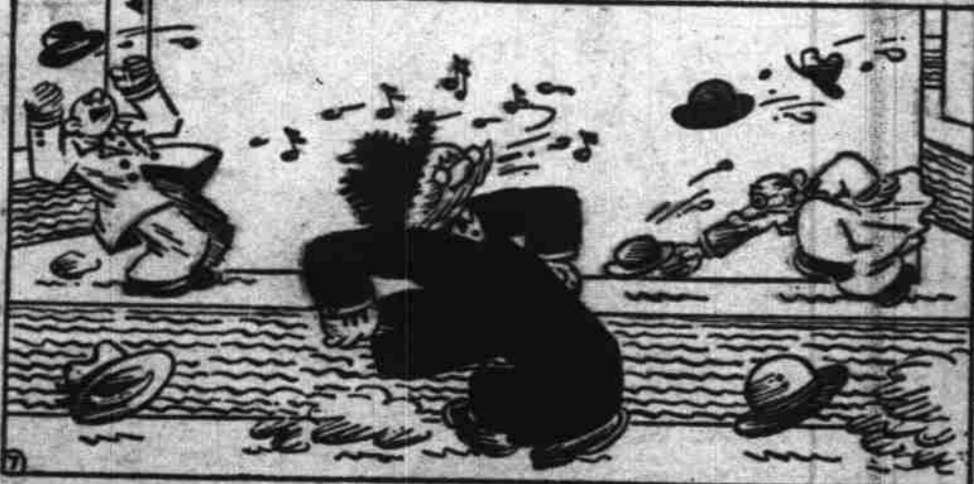


SUDDENLY, A HUGE SECTION OF THE GRASSY HILLSIDE SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING THE INTERIOR OF THE HILL TO BE HOLLOW! THE TRUCK MOVES INTO THE OPENING—

- TO BE CONTINUED - 4-2

POLLY AND HER PALS

By LIFE SERRETT



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