



# TIM TYLER'S LUCK

BY LYMAN YOUNG

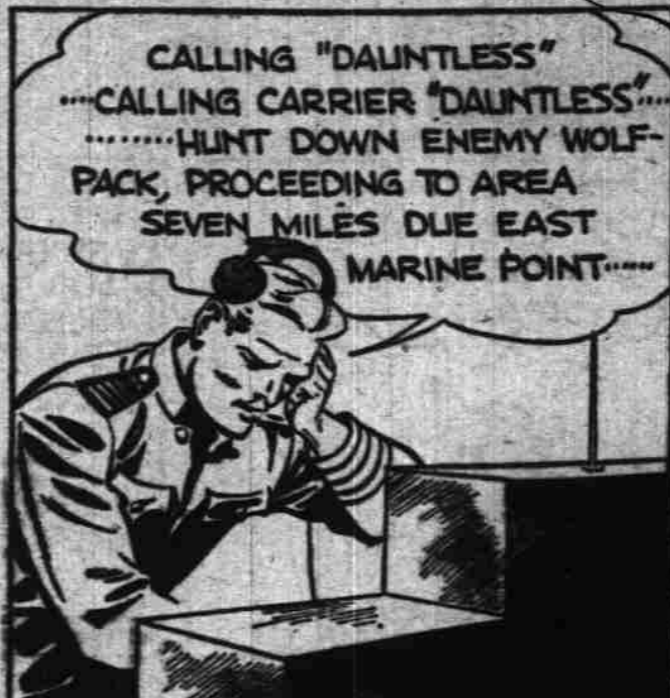


—AND KEEP 'EM UP, "DOCTOR."



DOCTOR DEMON'S SENT AN ENEMY SUBMARINE FLEET TO LIE IN WAIT FOR THAT AIRCRAFT-CARRIER! KEEP HIM COVERED, TIM!

I HAVE SOME BROADCASTING TO DO, MYSELF!



CALLING "DAUNTLESS" —CALLING CARRIER "DAUNTLESS"— HUNT DOWN ENEMY WOLF-PACK, PROCEEDING TO AREA SEVEN MILES DUE EAST MARINE POINT

USING THIS ABANDONED BLACK WOODS MANSION AS A LABORATORY FOR CONSTRUCTING PAPIER-MACHE INSECTS TO FRIGHTEN SERVICE MEN INTO REVEALING MILITARY INFORMATION, WAS A VERY CLEVER TRICK



AND HERE'S ANOTHER GOOD TRICK —



YOU'VE CRASHED THE RADIO SET TO THE FLOOR! —IT DOES NOT FUNCTION—



AND NOW, LISTEN CLOSELY TO ME —



UNFORTUNATELY, WITH THE RADIO DESTROYED, I CANNOT WARN MY UNDERSEA FRIENDS OF THEIR DANGER, BUT I CAN WARN YOU OF YOURS! LAND-MINES, PLANTED THROUGHOUT THESE BLACK WOODS, ARE TIMED TO GO OFF TEN MINUTES AFTER I LEAVE, BLASTING THIS PLACE TO ETERNITY!!



ONCE I LOCK THIS DOOR AFTER ME, THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR YOU FROM THIS ROOM



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—TO BE CONTINUED—

# Polly AND Her Pals

By LIFE STERRETT

POLLY'LL BE READY SOON'S SHE PACKS THE WIENIES, WILLY!

O.K. I'VE GOT THE CAKE AND COOKIES!

POOR BOY, HE'D MAKE A FIRST RATE SON-IN-LAW IF HE WASN'T SO SUPERSTITIOUS!

I'LL SOON TALK HIM OUTTA THAT NONSENSE, SUSIE!

EVENIN', BUB! YOU YOUNGSTERS SHORE PICKED A NICE NIGHT FOR YOUR "WIENIE ROAST!"

OH, BOY! I'LL SAY WE DID!!



THAT IS — A'HEM! GOOD HEAVENS!



GEE WHIZ!



GOSH!



I HOPE! I HOPE! I HOPE!



SHAME ON YOU SON! DON'TCHA REALIZE THAT WHAT IS TO BE, WILL BE?



IT AIN'T HOSSE-SENSE TO WALK CLEAN ACROSS THE ROOM TO KNOCK WOOD!



WHY DON'TCHA USE YOUR HEAD?



NOT TH—? WHERE'S WILLY?

ANSWER ME, BUB! WHAT DID YOU SAY THAT MADE HIM MAD?

I KEEP TELLIN' YOU I AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST NOTION!

