

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1962

I STILL CANNOT BELIEVE MY AUNT WOULD DO THIS...

AT THE MOMENT MY FATHER'S PARTY BIDS FOR POWER HERE, THE REDS WILL MAKE A HUGE DEMAND OF THE U.S. — AND THREATEN TO SINK A SHIP-FULL OF STEEL-EATING MICROBES IN A LOCK OF THE PANAMA CANAL!

...AND THE SHIP WILL BE REGISTERED FROM MY COUNTRY... BUT MY FATHER KNOWS NOTHING OF ALL THESE THINGS!

OF COURSE YOU ARE UNHAPPY, CONSUELO, BUT THE ORIENTAL CREW OF THAT TUB HAS BEEN LANDED...

AUNT PILAR HAS MADE A DEAL WITH THE REDS TO COINCIDE WITH A LOCAL POLITICAL UPHEAVAL...

MILTON CANIFF

...TO FIND US BEFORE WE SPILL ALL THIS AND BLOW THE PLOT WIDE OPEN...

IT IS SO, STEVE! —AND WE CAN HIDE ONLY SO LONG ON THIS ISLAND! MY AUNT DOES NOT DARE ALLOW ME TO LIVE AND TELL!

THE CREW OF THE MICROBE SHIP IS NO ORDINARY OUTFIT... THE MEN HAVE BEEN PICKED FOR THE CANAL JOB — THEY FORM A DISCIPLINED TEAM...

MEANWHILE — THE U.S. AIR COMMANDO GROUP INSTRUCTORS ARE SEARCHING AS THEY TEACH...

IT'S DISCOURAGING, AMIGO MURCIA!... ANY NEW LEAD ON COL. CANYON?

NO, MI TENIENTE CORONEL ADEW...

BUT I SHALL NOT BELIEVE MY OWN FATHER COULD HAVE ORDERED CORONEL CANYON KILLED!

WE HAVE NOT YET SEARCHED THE OFF-SHORE ISLANDS

LATER

LESSEE, THAT NEXT ISLAND WOULD BE AN ESPECIALLY GOOD PLACE TO HIDE A PRISONER!

DO I NOT KNOW, SIR! IT IS OWNED BY MY FAMILY! I PLAYED THERE AS A CHILD

BUT OF COURSE THERE WOULD BE NO POINT IN SEARCHING FOR CORONEL CANYON ON OUR PLACE!

RECKON YOU'RE RIGHT, LIEUT. MURCIA!

IT'S A U.S.A.F. RECON JOB! HERE! HERE!

IT IS GOING AWAY!

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WALT DISNEY'S

Castaways

SLOWLY, THE SHAKEN FOURSOME COLLECT THEMSELVES — THEN MAKE AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY...

WE'RE ALIVE!

NO BREAKS! NO SPRAINS!

NOBODY WILL EVER BELIEVE US WHEN WE GET HOME.

IF WE GET HOME...!

MIRACULOUSLY SURVIVING THE WILD RIDE DOWN THE SNOWY SLOPES, THE TWO MEN AND THE TWO TEEN-AGERS REACH THE PLAIN BELOW. THEY MEET A FRIENDLY INDIAN WHO AGREES TO AID THEIR QUEST FOR CAPTAIN GRANT.

FAR AWAY, BAD INDIANS HOLD SHIPWRECKED SAILORS FOR RANSOM. WE GO THERE.

ONE OF THEM HAS TO BE MY FATHER.

TWO DAYS LATER, AS THEY REST BENEATH A GIANT OMBU TREE...

THAT DISTANT RUMBLING SOUND...?

FLOOD COME! MUCH WATER! BIG DANGER!

THE RUMBLING GROWS... AND THE FRIGHTENED HORSES BOLT...

I GO FOR HELP. GET IN TREE!

QUICKLY!

AS THEY SCRAMBLE AMONG THE TWISTED BRANCHES, THE FLASH FLOOD ROARS UPON THEM...

HIGHER! CLIMB HIGHER!

THEN THE GREAT ENGLING WAVE SWEEPS OVER THE LAND...

CONTINUED...