

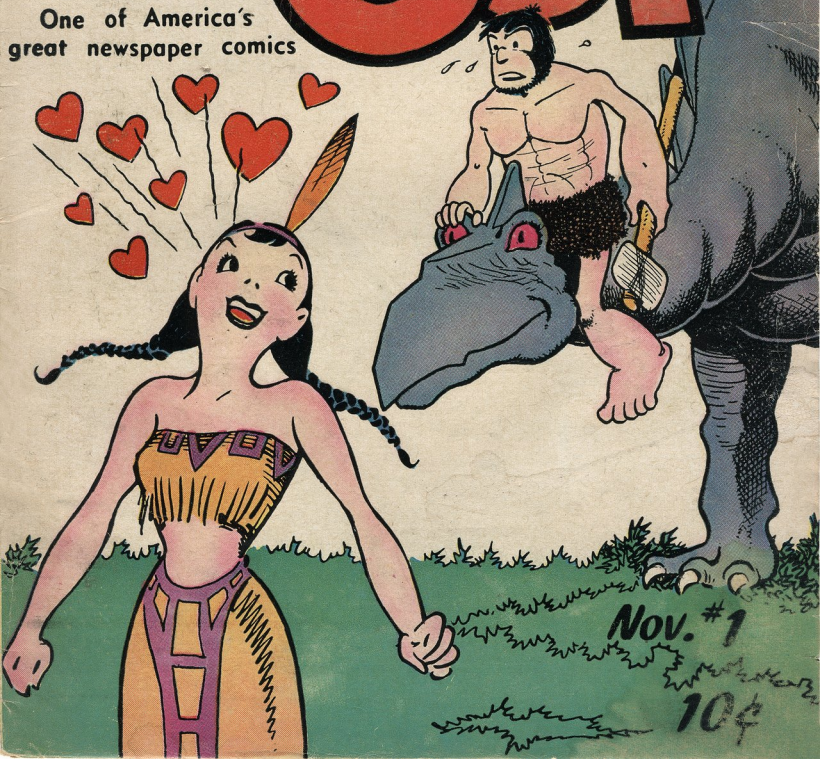
ARGO

The Adventures of

# ALLEY POOP

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One of America's  
great newspaper comics



Nov. #1

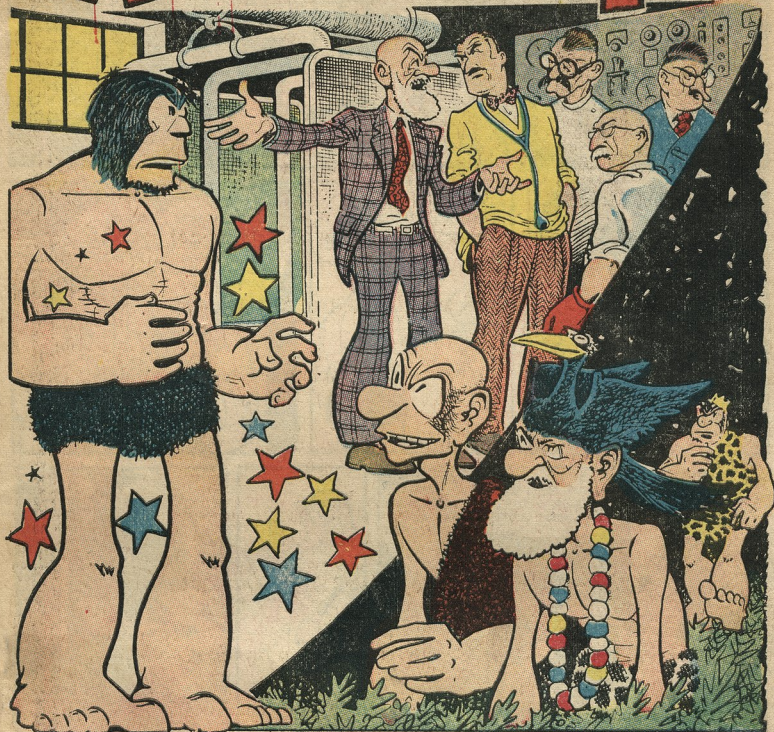
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# ALLEY OOP



OUR HERO, ON THE ADVICE OF HIS PHYSICIAN, HAS STOPPED SMOKING HIS BELOVED BIG BLACK CIGARS.

CHAPTER ONE OF "THE GREAT SPIRIT OF THE BUBBLING MUD."

MY STARS, DR. WONMUG, DO YOU THINK ALLEY REALLY DOES HAVE STOMACH ULCERS?

OH, NO, OOOLA... CERTAINLY NOT...



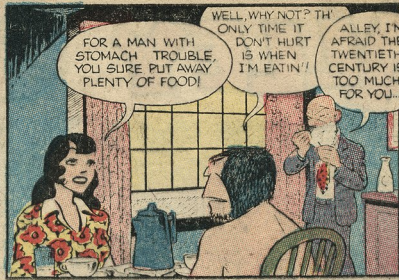
...HOWEVER, HE IS EXPERIENCING SOMETHING THAT MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS NICOTINE INDIGESTION.

IS THAT SERIOUS?





NO...NOT REALLY IF WE'D SUDDENLY SET HIM BACK HOME IN MOO, I FEEL SURE HE'D SNAP RIGHT OUT OF IT!



FOR A MAN WITH STOMACH TROUBLE, YOU SURE PUT AWAY PLENTY OF FOOD!

WELL, WHY NOT? TH' ONLY TIME IT DON'T HURT IS WHEN I'M EATIN'!

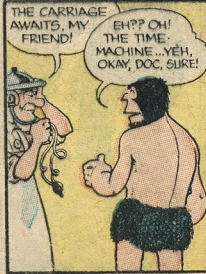
ALLEY, I'M AFRAID THE TWENTIETH CENTURY IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU..



...HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO BACK HOME TO MOO FOR A WHILE?



HMM! YEH... I WOULD KINDA LIKE TO SEE HOW GUTZ, FOOZY, AN' OL' DINNY'S DOIN' THESE DAYS!



THE CARRIAGE AWAITS, MY FRIEND!

EH?? OH! THE TIME MACHINE...YEH, OKAY, DOC, SURE!



ALL RIGHT NOW, ALLEY, TAKE IT EASY...WE'LL BE ALONG TO PICK YOU UP IN ABOUT THREE WEEKS.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO ALL THE FOLKS IN MOO!



OOF!!



HUMP! DOC'S OL' TIME-MACHINE MUST BE HAY-WIRE AGAIN! THIS SURE AINT MOO!

HMM...! THAT LOOKS LIKE HUMAN HABITATION... GUESS I'LL GO....



BLAM



HEY!



...WHASSA IDEA, THROWIN' LEAD AT ME, YOU DADGUM...



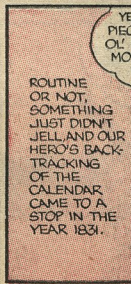
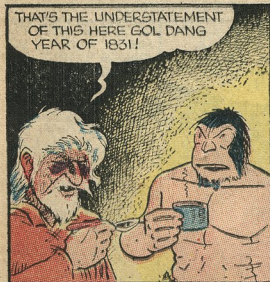
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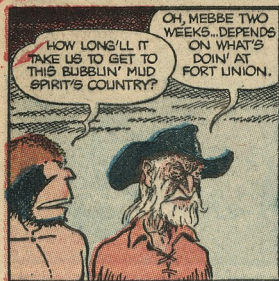
THE GREAT SPIRIT OF THE BUBBLING MUD!



WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, POP? WHAT'S THIS 'GREAT SPIRIT' BUSINESS?

INJUNS! BIG, BAD MEDICINE! INJUNS, INJUNS





HOW LONG'LL IT TAKE US TO GET TO THIS BUBBLIN' MUD SPIRIT'S COUNTRY?

OH, MEBBE TWO WEEKS...DEPENDS ON WHAT'S DOIN' AT FORT UNION.



I...OH, MY GOSH!! WHOA!

EH? WHUZZA MATTER?



I FORGOT! I CAN'T GO ON WITH THIS! I'M A SICK MAN! I'M GOTTA BE WHERE IT'S RESTFUL AN' QUIET!

THIS OUGHTA BE QUIET ENOUGH FOR ANYBODY...THAR AIN'T NUTHIN NO-WHAR BUT A FEW L'L O'L BUSHES!



YEH...WITH A HOSTILE REDSKIN BEHIND EVERY-ONE OF 'EM!



THIS HERE GREAT SPIRIT OF TH' BUBBLIN' MUJ...WHATCHA RECKON HE LOOKS LIKE?

I DON'T RECOLLECT ANYBODY EVER SAYIN' THEY'D SEEN 'IM....



WELL, IF, LIKE YOU SAY, THERE IS SUCH A CRITTER, YOU CAN DANG WELL BET I'LL SEE 'IM....



GOOD EYES, EH? MIGHTY FINE THINGS TO HAVE OUT HERE ON THE PLAINS, YEZZIR!



AN' THAT AIN'T ALL, POP... I GOT A NOSE THAT CAN SMELL AN INJUN AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE 'IM!

WELL, IN THAT CASE, I RECKON WE CAN GET US A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!



YEZZIR, POP, I SURE GOT A GOOD NIGHT'S REST...SLEPT LIKE A TOP!

THAT'S GOOD, 'CAUSE YOU'RE SURE GONNA NEED YOUR STRENGTH TODAY!



WHY TODAY?

'CAUSE FROM HERE ON, SON, WE WALK!



WALK? WITH HORSES TO RIDE? HAW!

WE GOT NO HORSES NOW... INJUNS GOT 'EM LAST NIGHT.

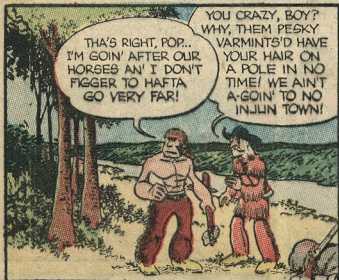
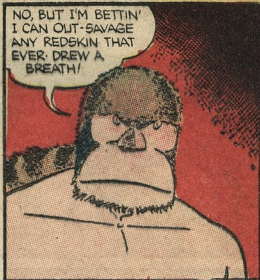


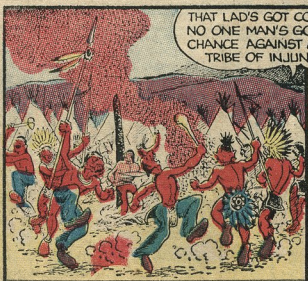
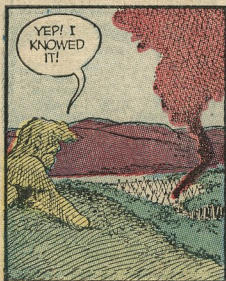
THEY STOLE 'EM WHILE WE SLEPT?

I DUNNO WHEN IT WAS... MUSTA BEEN SOME TIME WHEN THAT FABULOUS INDIAN-SMELLER YOU CLAIM TO HAVE WAS OUTA GEAR!



AWRIGHT, SO I WENT TO SLEEP AN' LET INJUNS SWIPE OUR HORSES...









DON'T RECKON I'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE!



HI-YAH! GIDDAP YOU BUG-EYED RANNIES.... YIPPEE!! HIYAHPEE!



HOLYCOW, IT'S OL' POP A-STAMPED A HERD OF HORSES RIGHT SMACK DAB INTO THIS INJUN TOWN! HOORAY FOR OUR SIDE! YIPPEE!



DANGED IF I AIN'T GLAD TO BE SEEIN' YOU, POP!

FIGGERED Y'MIGHT BE, SON, WHAT WITH YOUR SHINING A-HEATIN' UP THAT A WAY!



I SURE MADE A MESS OF THAT, DIDN'T I?

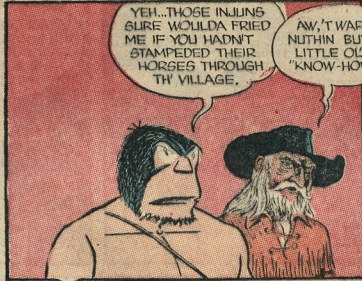
OH, I DUNNO... MEBBE IF N' Y'HADN'T GOT INTO THAT HAGSEL, WE'D NEVER A-GOT OUR HORSES BACK!



BURNED MY BRITCHES, RUINED MY MOCCASIN AN' LOST MY COONSKIN CAP... FINE THING!



...YOU'D NEVER MAKE IT TO THE LAND OF THE BIG SPIRIT OF THE BUBBLIN' MUD ALONE.

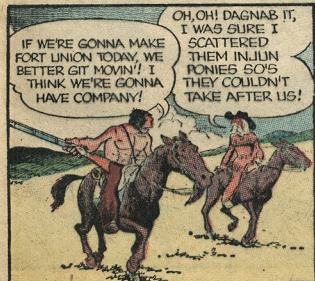


YEH...THOSE INJUNS SURE WOULD'VE FRIED ME IF YOU HADN'T STAMPEDED THEIR HORSES THROUGH TH' VILLAGE.

AW, 'T WARN'T NUTHIN BUT A LITTLE OL' 'KNOW-HOW'!



LOOK! WE'LL BE TO FORT UNION IN A COUPLE HOURS!



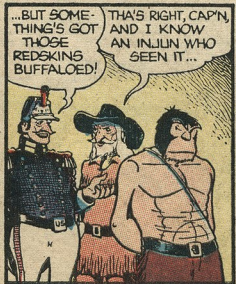
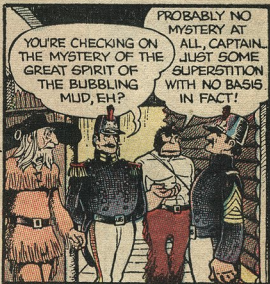
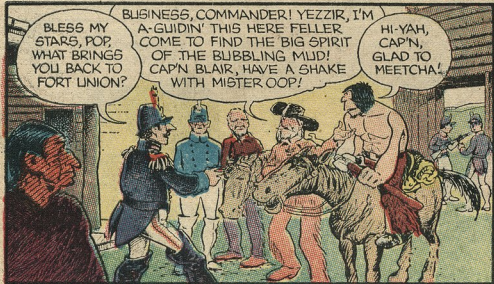
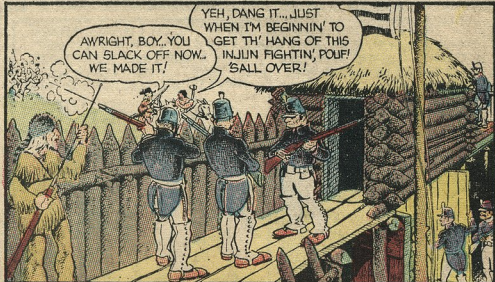
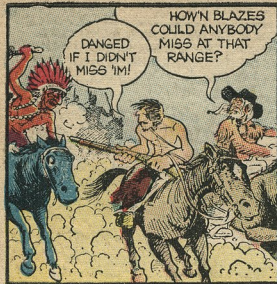
IF WE'RE GONNA MAKE FORT UNION TODAY, WE BETTER GIT MOVIN'! I THINK WE'RE GONNA HAVE COMPANY!

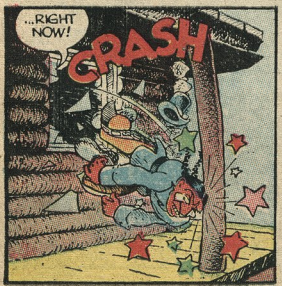
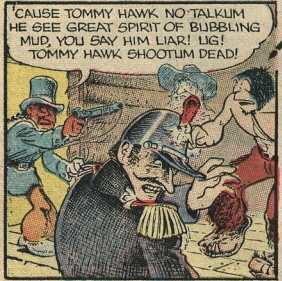
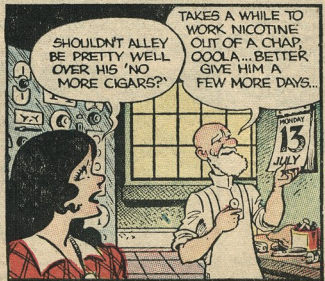
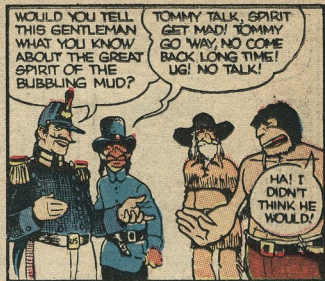
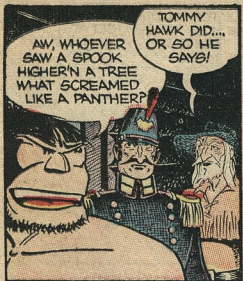
OH, OH! DAGNAB IT, I WAS SURE I SCATTERED THEM INJUN PONIES SO'S THEY COULDN'T TAKE AFTER US!

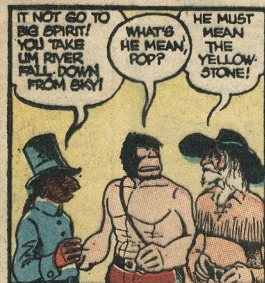


THEY'RE GAININ' ON US, POP!

YEH, BUT LESS'N THEY CRIPPLE OUR MOUNTS, WE'LL BE SNUG IN THE FORT, COME ANOTHER MILE OR SO!



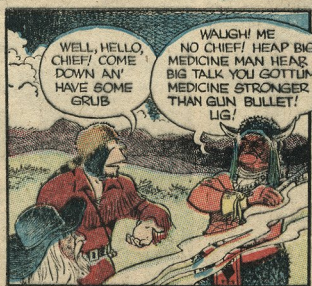
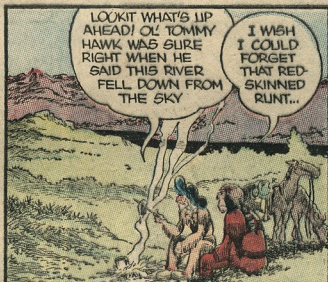




SO WITH THE COMING OF THE NEXT DAWN, THE QUEST OF THE "HAUNT" IS RESUMED... UP THE YELLOW-STONE...



SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE OOP AND POP LEFT THE MISSOURI RIVER AT FORT LINION TO FOLLOW THE YELLOWSTONE IN SEARCH OF THE FABULOUS SPIRIT OF THE BUBBLING MUD







COUSIN OOOLA!  
SAKES ALIVE, WHAT  
BRINGS YOU BACK  
HOME TO MOO!

OH, ALLEY'S IN  
TROUBLE, SO  
DR. WONMUG  
SENT ME  
TO FETCH  
THE GRAND  
WIZER!



THEN I GUESS  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
TAKE FOOZY...  
THE WIZER'S ON  
VACATION!



BUT DON'T BE ALARMED,  
DEAR! MY OLD MAN  
MAKES A TOLERABLE  
SUBSTITUTE... PRETTY  
TRICKY BOY, EHT?

WELL, FOR  
HEAVEN'S  
SAKE!



OOP IN TROUBLE? Y'NEED  
BUT YELP. AN' FOOZY TH'  
WIZER'LL COME RUNNIN'  
TO HELP!

OH, FOOZY, YOU'RE A  
DEAR... AND WE  
REALLY MUST RUN,  
FOR THERE'S SO  
LITTLE TIME!



AH! THERE'S  
OOOLA'S  
SIGNAL.



BY GADFRY, BOY, I'M  
ABOUT RUN OUTA  
MUMBO-JUMBO! I  
DUNNO HOW MUCH  
LONGER WE CAN  
STALL OFF THESE  
INJUNS!

GOSH,  
POP, I...  
**FOOZY!**



WHAT'S WITH THEM HIGH-  
WHEELIN' JOES? A-DANCIN'  
OFF ON BUCKSKINNED  
TOES?

I RECKON  
YOU SORTA-  
STAMPEDED  
'EM, SHOWIN' UP  
SUDDEN LIKE  
YOU DID...

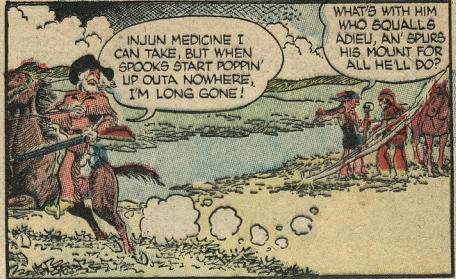


...BUT TO HECK WITH  
THEM... TURN 'ROUND  
AN' MEET MY OL'  
PARDNER... I...



WHAT TH' HECK, POPP WHAT GOES?

I DO, SON... THAT MEDICINE OF YOURS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME! I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH TH' CROWS AND TH' BLACKFOOTS!



INJUN MEDICINE I CAN TAKE, BUT WHEN SPOOKS START POPPIN' UP OUTA NOWHERE, I'M LONG GONE!

WHAT'S WITH HIM WHO SQUALLS ADIEU, AN' SPURS HIS MOUNT FOR ALL HELL DO?

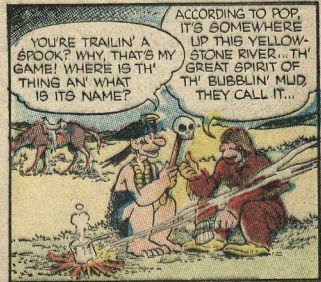


THAT'S OL' POP... I GUESS YOU SORTA STAMPED HIM ALONG WITH THAT MEDICINE MAN WHO GAVE US SUCH A BAD TIME.



WELL, TELL ME, OOP, HOW COME YOU HERE IN THIS VAST LAND OF SAVAGES QUEER?

FOOZY, I'M ON TH' TRAIL OF TH' GOL- DANGEST SPOOK Y'E'VER HEARD OF!



YOU'RE TRAILIN' A SPOOK? WHY, THAT'S MY GAME! WHERE IS TH' THING AN' WHAT IS ITS NAME?

ACCORDING TO POP, IT'S SOMEWHERE UP THIS YELLOW-STONE RIVER... TH' GREAT SPIRIT OF TH' BUBBLIN' MUD, THEY CALL IT...



...IT'S QUITE A CRITTER... GOT TH' WHOLE COUNTRY HOODOOD, SO I'M TOLD.



THEN GEE, LET'S GO... 'FORE SUMPIN' SPOILS TH' SHOW!

OKAY... CLIMB ABOARD



HO, MISTER SPIRIT, GO HIDE YOUR HEAD 'CAUSE MEN OOP IS A-COMIN' TO KNOCKO YOU DEAD



WISH I KNEW WHERE WE COULD FIND ANOTHER HORSE!



WHAT OF TH' INJUNS WHO INFEST THIS PLAIN? DON'T THEY HAVE HORSES TO EASE THEIR DOGS' PAIN?

YEH, SURE! COME NIGHT WE'LL SWIPE US A COUPLE!

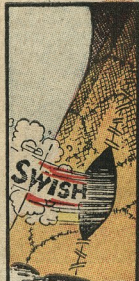
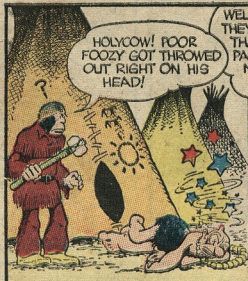
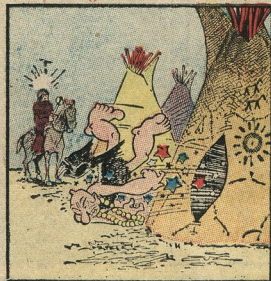
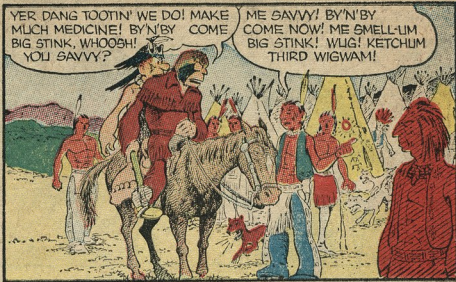


WHY, LIKE THIEVES, AWANT TH' NIGHT. WHEN IT CAN BE DONE IN BROAD DAY-LIGHT?

'CAUSE I DON'T WANT A SKIN FULL OF ARROWS!



FWOOSH, MY FRIEND, LEAVE THIS TO ME, AN' MIRACLES I VOW YOUR TIMID EYES WILL GEE!







UG!

AN AN UG TO YOU, YEZZIR, INDEED! WE'VE COME TO YOU FOR TH' LOAN OF A STEED!

Y'SEE, TWO OF LIS ON ONE HORSE IS TOO MUCH...WE GOTTA HAVE ANOTHER ONE!

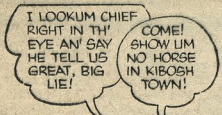


UG!



WE COME ASK YOU FOR HORSE AN' YOU SAY "UG!" WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

MEANS NO GOT HORSE! KIBOSH INJUN HIM WALK! SEE UM FEET?



I LOOKUM CHIEF RIGHT IN TH' EYE AN' SAY HE TELL US GREAT, BIG LIE!

COME! SHOW UM NO HORSE IN KIBOSH TOWN!



UG! YOU SEE UM HORSE?

GOSH, OOP, OL' CHIEF IS RIGHT! THERE'S NARY A SINGLE HORSE IN SIGHT!

I'LL SAY THERE AIN'T...NOT EVEN OUR OWN...NOW!



NO SEE UM HORSE! NOW YOU BELIEVE UM CHIEF HIM SAY KIBOSH INJUN NO GOT HORSE?

I'LL SAY WE NO SEE UM HORSE...NOT EVEN OUR OWN! HOW COME THAT?



PALEFACE HORSE VERY TIRED FROM TOTE TWO BRAVES... HIM DIE!



WHAT?

KIBOSH INJUN HEAP SMART... NO WASTE UM DEAD HORSE... EAT UM!



BIG CHIEF THUNDER-ALL-DAY-LONG INVITE UM YOU STAY FOR SUPPER!

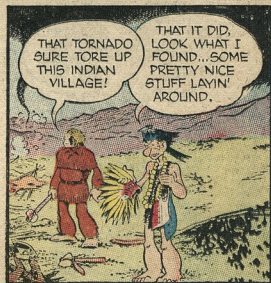
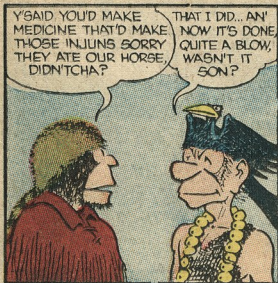


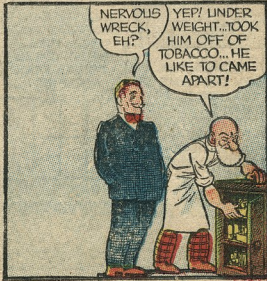
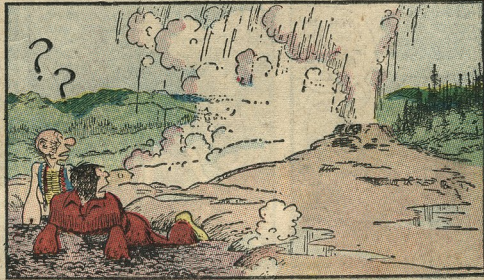
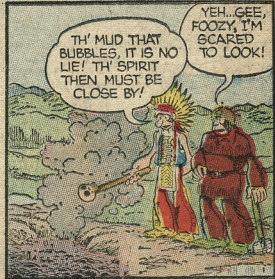
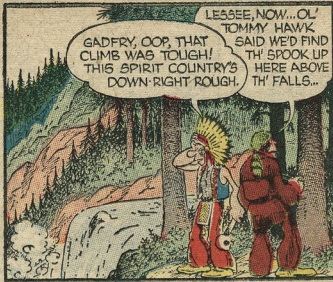
WELL, HOW DYA LIKE THAT ?

YOU NO LIKE KIBOSH INJUN EAT UM HORSE ?

NO, I DON'T...I'M PLENTY MAD, AN' THAT FOR YOU IS VERY BAD! I'LL MAKE ME SOME MEDICINE UP ON TH' HILL THAT'LL CURL YOUR WHISKERS, YEZZIR, IT WILL!

GOSH, FOOZY, I DON'T THINK OL' SOUR-PLUSS WAS VERY IMPRESSED!

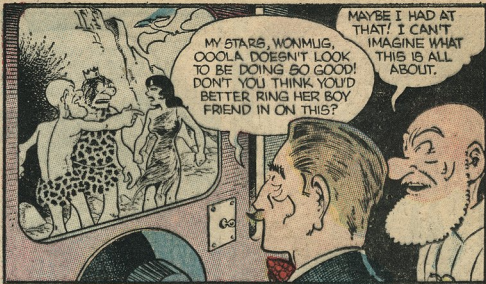






AND WHAT OF THE OTHER TROGLODYTE... COOLA, I THINK HER NAME WAS?

OH, SHE'S BACK HOME IN MOO...



MY STARS, WONMUG, COOLA DOESN'T LOOK TO BE DOING SO GOOD! DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER RING HER BOY FRIEND IN ON THIS?

MAYBE I HAD AT THAT! I CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT.



WELL, NOW WE'VE PROVED TH' SPOOK'S JUST STEAM, WHAT'LL WE DO, GO BACK DOWN STREAM?

GOSH, I DUNNO, FOOZY, I....



I HOPE TO TELL YOU I SURE DO! WE'RE HOME AGAIN IN GOOD OL' MOO...

GOSH, FOOZY, DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE?



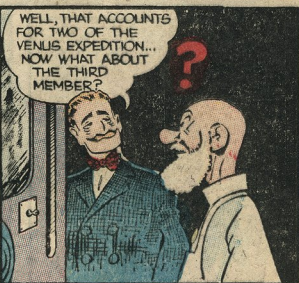
...AN' I MUST HURRY TO TH' ROYAL COURT AN' TO HIS HIGHNESS MAKE REPORT.

YEH...AN' I BET HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE ME, TOO!

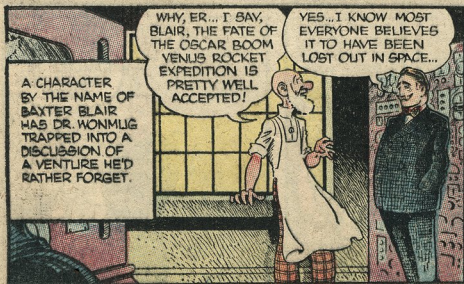


WELL, WHAT IN TH'...??

ASHES OF MY GRANDPAPPY'S WHISKERS, WHAT IS THIS?



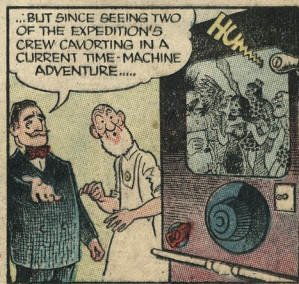
WELL, THAT ACCOUNTS FOR TWO OF THE VENUS EXPEDITION... NOW WHAT ABOUT THE THIRD MEMBER?



A CHARACTER BY THE NAME OF BAXTER BLAIR HAS DR. WONMUG TRAPPED INTO A DISCUSSION OF A VENTURE HE'D RATHER FORGET.

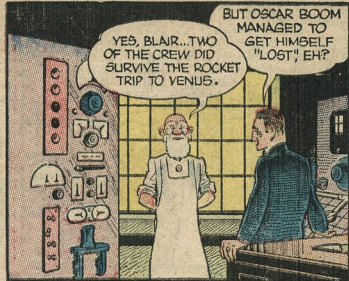
WHY, ER... I SAY, BLAIR, THE FATE OF THE OSCAR BOOM VENUS ROCKET EXPEDITION IS PRETTY WELL ACCEPTED!

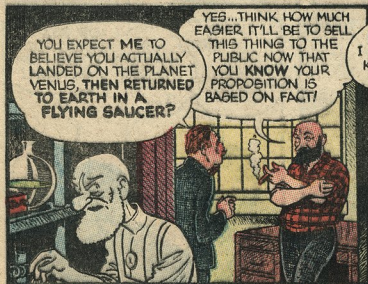
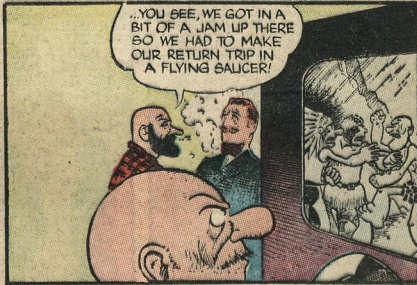
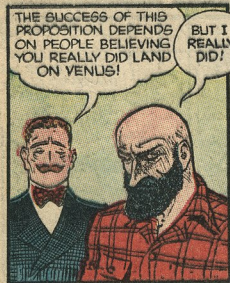
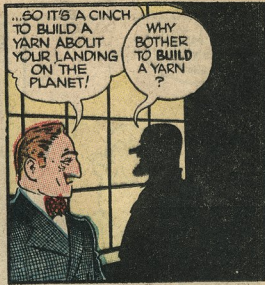
YES...I KNOW MOST EVERYONE BELIEVES IT TO HAVE BEEN LOST OUT IN SPACE...

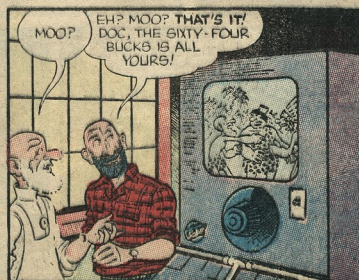
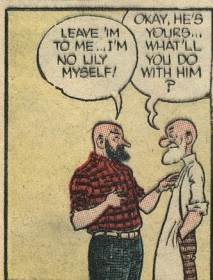
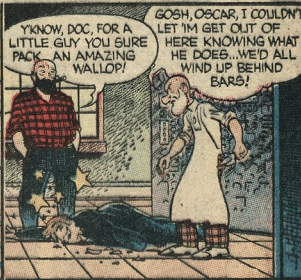


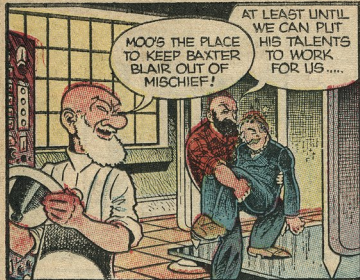
...BUT SINCE SEEING TWO OF THE EXPEDITION'S CREW CAVORTING IN A CURRENT TIME-MACHINE ADVENTURE.....

HUM...









MOO'S THE PLACE TO KEEP BAXTER BLAIR OUT OF MISCHIEF!

AT LEAST UNTIL WE CAN PUT HIS TALENTS TO WORK FOR US....

...BUT IT IS A SHAME TO SEND ONE OF SUCH ELEGANCE BACK INTO PREHISTORIC TIMES.

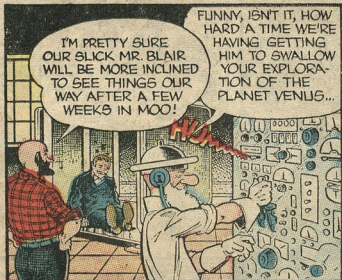


YES, HE'D BE A SORRY SPECTACLE ALL DIRTY AND UNSHAVED!

TELL YOU WHAT... WE'LL THROW IN A BUNDLE OF TOILET ARTICLES!



SPLENDID! THE ONE WAY A THOROUGHLY DIRTY CHARACTER CAN MAINTAIN HIS SELF RESPECT IS TO KEEP AN IMMACULATE EXTERIOR.



I'M PRETTY SURE OUR SLICK MR. BLAIR WILL BE MORE INCLINED TO SEE THINGS OUR WAY AFTER A FEW WEEKS IN MOO!

FUNNY, ISN'T IT, HOW HARD A TIME WE'RE HAVING GETTING HIM TO SWALLOW YOUR EXPLORATION OF THE PLANET VENUS...



...THE VERY THING HE EXPECTS TO PEDDLE TO THE PUBLIC FOR A SUBSTANTIAL CHUNK OF MAZUMA!

**BA-AD!**



WELL, THAT SHOULD HAVE DONE IT.

IT DID...HE'S SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!



YEZZIR, ELBERT, MIGHTY CLEVER OF YOU TO THINK OF MOO AS A PLACE TO KEEP OUR LITTLE PLAYMATE OUT OF OUR HAIR!

OH, I TELL YOU, OSCAR, I'M A RIGHT SMART FELLA!

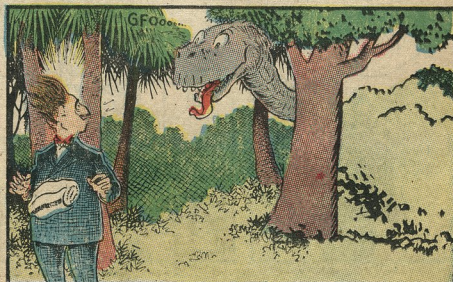
WHEN THE SLICK BAXTER BLAIR THOUGHT TO "USE" OSCAR BOOM AS AN AIDE IN A GIGANTIC SWINDLE, HE GOT IN OVER HIS DEPTH... NOW HE'S A "PRISONER" IN MOO.



WHAT'S THIS? SOAP? A RAZOR? A BUNDLE OF TOILET ARTICLES?

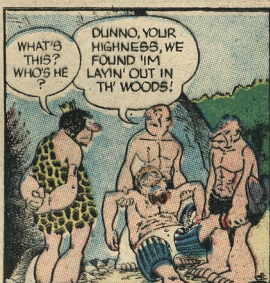
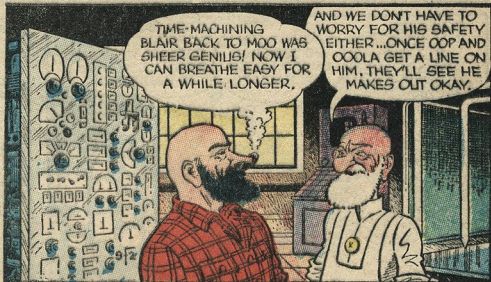
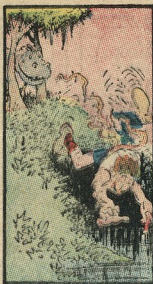


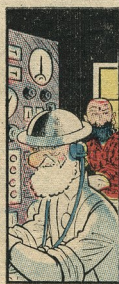
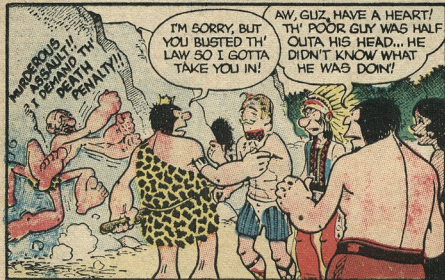
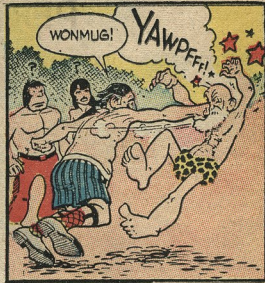
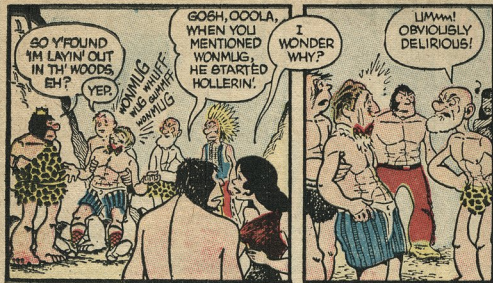
HMM...! COULD IT BE BAXTER BLAIR HAS MET HIS MATCH AT LAST??? NO...I'LL NOT ADMIT ANY... **CRA-ak**



**GFoo...**







# PERIL OF PADONG

"WE'VE been flying for over five hours," said Major Carhart as he brushed his thin mustache with the edge of his forefinger. "How soon do you think we'll reach Paradise Island?"

Lieutenant Prentice placed the points of his dividers on the map before him. "We should be there in about a half hour," he answered. "Let's go forward and see how our friend Captain Bailey is doing at the controls."

When the two officers reached the cockpit of the plane, Captain Dan Bailey was singing lustily as he lounged in the pilot's seat with the controls on automatic.

"On the road to Mandal-a-hay . . . where the flying fishes play . . ." The captain's booming baritone would hardly earn him a living, but what he lacked in technique he made up in volume. "Say, the dawn really does come up like thunder out here," he bawled, interrupting his song. "Look at that!"

The broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean below them sparkled as the sun came up from behind the horizon in a blazing burst of light. The edges of the great fleecy clouds were tinted with lavender and rose. A few minutes later it was broad daylight.

Lieutenant Prentice looked at the leather envelope that the major hugged tightly under his armpit. "Say, Major," he grinned, "I wonder what's in that dispatch case that's so darned important!"

"I don't know," said the major. "But I wouldn't be surprised if it's sealed battle orders. I hear the fleet is anchored off Paradise with a flock of transports loaded with soldiers, all ready for a mock invasion of the island. All I was told officially, however, was that this dispatch case must be delivered at any cost—and we must guard it with our lives!"

As Captain Bailey looked out the window he saw a string of small islands stretching like a jade necklace on the surface of the sea. "Say, Prentice," he inquired what islands are—"

He never finished the sentence. The engines coughed and sputtered and then stopped completely. His face tense with alarm, the captain desperately adjusted the controls. Meanwhile the plane was losing altitude fast.

"It's no use," he muttered grimly. "The engines have conked out completely. We'll have to try a crash landing!"

"Look," shouted Major Carhart. "There's a wide beach on that island below us!"

The captain scanned the beach carefully. "We might be able to make it. Anyway, it's our only chance!" He pointed the nose of the plane toward the beach. Lower, lower they dropped and now they could see the pounding surf tumbling upon the edge of the white sand. "Hold on to your hats," the captain shouted, "—this is it!"

A moment later the plane pancaked onto the beach, skidded across the sand, and lurched into a grove of palm trees with a sickening crash.

The major picked himself up from the floor of the plane. He was aware of a dull pain in

the back of his head but aside from that he was relieved to discover that he was all right. He grinned ruefully as he realized that the dispatch case was still tucked under his arm.

"You fellows okay?" he asked, as the other two officers staggered from their seats in the cockpit.

"I'm all in one piece," said Captain Bailey. "Just a slight bump on my forehead."

"I'm shook up a bit, that's all," said Lieutenant Prentice. "I'd better check the radio."

Carhart and Bailey climbed out of the plane to survey the damage. The propellers were broken and the entire nose of the ship was crushed like a paper bag.

"We're marooned, but good," the captain groaned.

"I wonder, if there are any natives on this island?" said the major as his eyes wandered over the green expanse of thick jungle. About a mile inland a low plateau rose from the mass of lush vegetation.

A few minutes later Lieutenant Prentice leaped from the plane. "The radio is smashed beyond repair," he said, "—no chance of sending a message."

"Well, don't despair," said the major. "When we fail to arrive at Paradise they'll send out rescue planes to look for us."

"Yeah," Prentice replied. "But they'll never find us in this forsaken place!"

The three officers sat beneath the shade of a huge palm tree at the edge of the beach. The hours slipped by slowly. Late in the afternoon they obtained rations from the plane and ate dinner. Then as the sun sank below the horizon they lay back on the sand and fell asleep.

It seemed to Lieutenant Prentice that he had been asleep only a half-hour when he was rudely awakened by a choking pressure on his throat. Then, as his senses cleared, he became aware that a dark arm was encircling his neck. He opened his eyes and saw a savage face scowling down at him. Another native was sitting astride his legs and pinioned his arms to his sides. He felt another hand removing his pistol from his holster.

As he was pulled roughly to his feet, Prentice saw that his two companions were also disarmed and captured. The natives tied them to trees with vines while they examined the wrecked plane with childish curiosity. There were about twenty warriors in the party, armed with long spears and ornately painted shields. He noted that they were well-built and handsome, their skin a golden tan. He surmised they must be of pure Polynesian blood.

"We're really in a jam now," groaned Captain Bailey. "We'll be dead before daylight."

The major looked down and saw the dispatch case lying at his feet. Slowly, so as not to attract attention, he kicked the case into the bushes behind him. "If any one of us succeeds in escaping," he said grimly, "remember that dispatch case *must* be delivered to Paradise Island!"

Prentice became aware of movement all

around him. He turned his head and noted with surprise that numerous other natives were converging on the scene. Men, women and children stepped from the shadows of the jungle into the brilliant moonlight on the beach and eyed the captives curiously. In spite of his predicament, he couldn't help noticing that many of the younger women were exceptionally pretty. "Hey, Prentice," chortled Captain Bailey out of the side of his mouth, "pipe the dames. Real slick chicks. Too bad they're not friendly!"

Suddenly the natives stepped back in attitudes of abject respect as a tall figure with a plumed headdress strode majestically out of the jungle and approached the prisoners. He stopped directly in front of Major Carhart and folded his muscular arms.

"You not welcome on this island," he growled. "You die!"

Carhart gasped in surprise. "You speak our language," he said eagerly. "We did not come here to harm you. Why do you want to kill us?"

"White men came to this island many years ago," the chief replied. "They came with guns and made us their slaves. They made us work very hard to get rubber. They force us to speak their language, destroy our gods. Then, one day we kill all white men and bury them in sea. Now we are happy again—and we stay that way!"

"But those men who made you slaves," the major argued, "they were bad men. We are not bad."

"All white men bad!" the chief grunted. Then, turning to his warriors, he shouted, "Come! Take them to village. Burn them!"

At that moment a warrior stepped up to the chief, whispered in his ear and pointed to the prisoners. The chief's scowl changed to a broad grin. "Release the white men," he commanded.

The warriors removed the officers' bonds. As they rubbed their chafed wrists the chief addressed them once more.

"You prisoners very lucky," he grinned. "My daughters fall in love with you. They want you for husbands!"

"But I'm already marr—," the major blurted, but before he finished Captain Bailey poked him in the ribs with his elbow.

"Quiet, you fool!" he rasped. "Either we marry his daughters—or die!"

"And, besides — these aren't bad-looking gals," grinned Lieutenant Prentice. "I think I can put up with the situation until we're rescued!"

"All right, we agree," announced the major. "Good," grunted the chief. "Bring forth my daughters."

Three women stepped out of the crowd. The officers gaped in dismay. One of the daughters was as rotund as a circus fat lady, the other was tall, toothless and skinny, and the third was short, flat-nosed and bow-legged.

"Oh, no!" groaned Lieutenant Prentice.

"What ugly ones," wailed Captain Bailey.

"I think I'd rather die," said Major Carhart. The chief grinned. "Don't worry, you die anyway!"

"What do you mean?" asked Major Carhart in alarm.

"Here, on island of Padong," the chief intoned solemnly, "we have very wonderful cus-

tom. Every year my daughters take husbands. It is great honor for men they choose. They are given great privilege of being burned before our great stone god, Ramuani!"

"Ouw," Captain Bailey moaned, "what a wedding!"

The chief drew himself up imperiously and raised his hand. "Come," he commanded. "Let us take these happy husbands to Ramuani."

"Wait!" shouted the major. "Oh, great chief, we too have a wonderful custom in our land. Before we get married we shoot fire into the heavens. Let us do this and we will be pleased to accept your daughters!"

The chief thought for a moment in silence. "Is good," he finally agreed. "Send up fire. I would like to see it."

Carhart broke away from the crowd and raced toward the plane. In a few minutes he returned with an armful of distress rockets. He divided the rockets among himself and the two junior officers.

"It's our only chance," he panted. "Pray hard that it works!"

The three officers thrust the rockets into the sand and ignited them. With a loud *whoosh* the rockets zoomed upward. The natives shouted with delight as the flaming streaks soared high into the sky like shooting stars. After the spectacular fireworks display the officers were led inland to their fate.

As the sun rose over the jungle, the three officers were bound to wooden stakes before the stone god, Ramuani. Great heaps of faggots were arranged around their bodies. Then as the native drums throbbed and a witch doctor intoned the ceremony, the three "brides" advanced with flaming torches to ignite the faggots.

Suddenly the drone of many planes filled the sky overhead. Major Carhart looked upward and shouted with elation.

"It's our flyboys! They saw the rockets! They've come to rescue us!"

A burst of machine-gun fire scattered the natives. A bomb bursting on a nearby hill sent them down on their knees. The chief rushed forward with a long knife and severed the ropes that bound the officers.

"You are free!" he shouted. "Stop them before they destroy our island."

Two hours later Major Carhart, Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Prentice entered General Minton's headquarters and saluted smartly.

"Here is the dispatch case, General," said Major Carhart proudly. "We have delivered it to you at the risk of our lives."

"Very commendable," the general grunted. "You have conducted yourselves like real soldiers." A grin spread over his florid features. "I think you ought to know this dispatch case contained blank sheets of paper. We sent out three planes to confuse the enemy. Only one of the planes carried the real dispatches—and they were delivered yesterday."

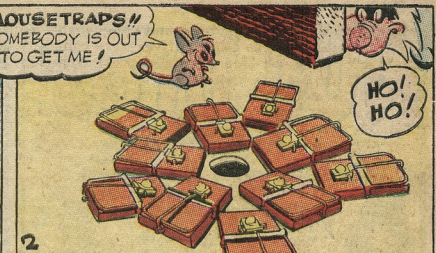
The three soldiers saluted listlessly and staggered out the door.

"Ours is not to reason why," murmured Major Carhart, "ours is but to do or die—"

"Aw, shut up," shouted Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Prentice in unison.

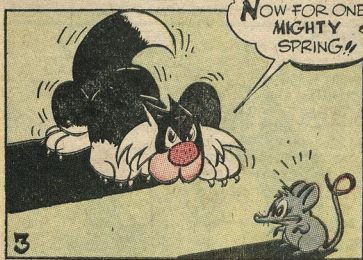


TODAY I'LL  
CATCH THAT  
MOUSE...BOY! IS  
HE ON A SPOT!!

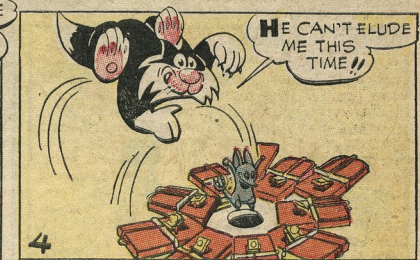


MOUSETRAPS!!  
SOMEBODY IS OUT  
TO GET ME!

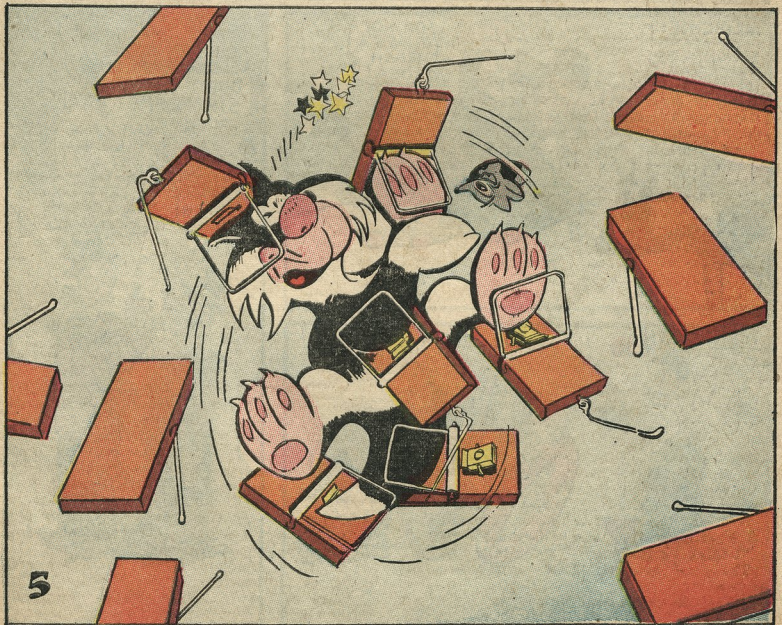
HO!  
HO!



NOW FOR ONE  
MIGHTY  
SPRING!!



HE CAN'T ELUDE  
ME THIS  
TIME!!



# THE NUT BROS.

CHES and WAL

**"LIFE WORK"**

CHES AND WAL ADVISE FOLLOWING CAREER OF WILLIAM TELL — HE AIMED TO PLEASE

## SCISSORS GRINDING:

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH SHARPENING SCISSORS!

I KNOW! BUT I'M HOLDING MY HONE!

## LUMBER BUSINESS:

ARE YOU TEACHING THAT LAMB TO BE A LUMBER-JACK?

YES! DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A LAMB CHOP?

NO FISHIN

## OPERA:

NOW I'LL TEACH YOU TO SING "A TREE!"

OH, GOODY! THAT'S A POPLAR SONG!

## MEDICINE:

I WANTA BE A MEASLES SPECIALIST WHEN I GROW UP, POP!

OH, NO! THAT'S A RASH IDEA!

## DON'T TRUST STRANGERS:

COULD YOU SPARE A POOR MAN A BITE?

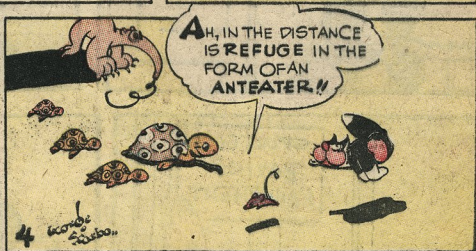
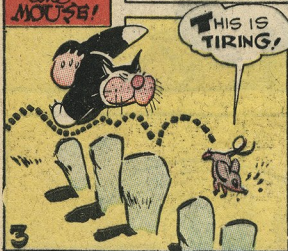
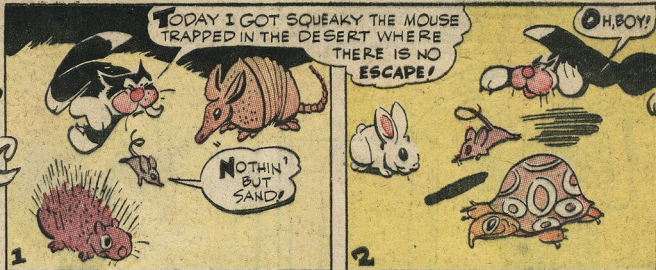
WAIT HERE TILL I GO GET MY TEETH — I LEFT 'EM IN A GLASS AT HOME!

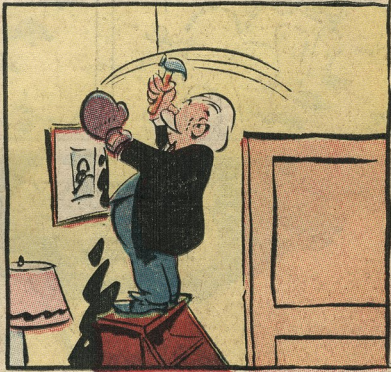
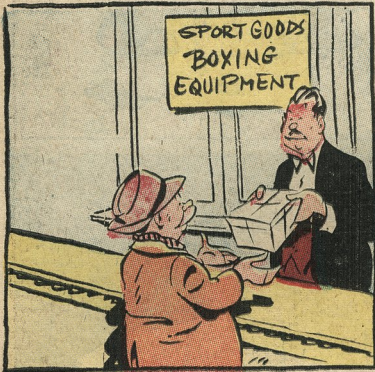
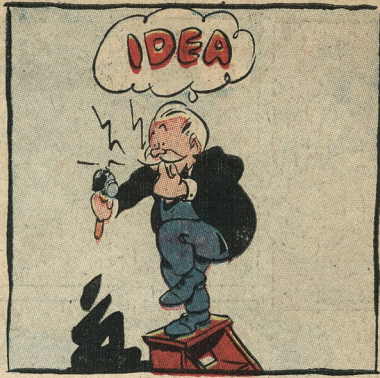
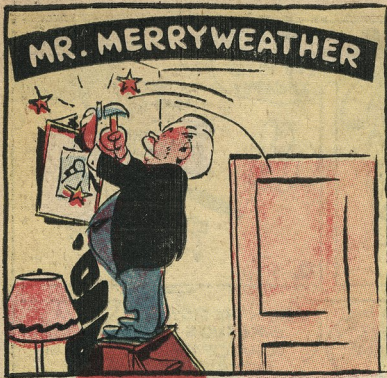
## TRANSPORT:

ARE YOU A CAB DRIVER?

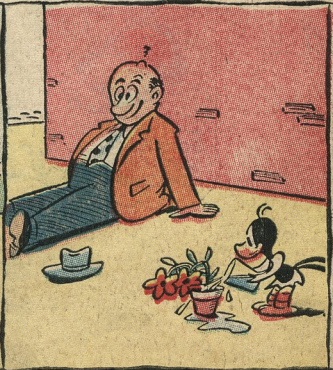
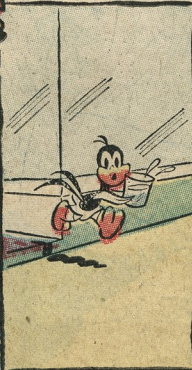
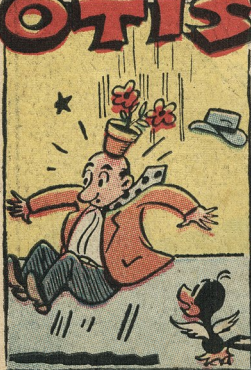
CERTAINLY, MA'AM! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M A HANSOM MAN?

*the*  
**Sonic  
Toad**  
SQUEAKY  
THE  
MOUSE!





**OTIS**





The  
**GNIC  
ZOO**  
BLACKIE  
BEAR

I MUST BE A NATURAL BORN  
BIG SHOT!!



WHILE ON  
THIS ISLAND  
THE GANG  
NEVER  
COMES  
NEAR  
ME!

1

EVEN OLD RHINO IS  
SCARED STIFF OF ME--  
I MUST BE  
IMPORTANT!



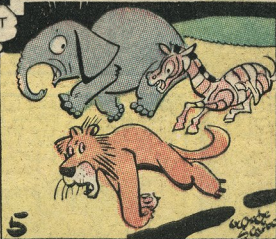
NEVER HAD SO MUCH FUN  
IN MY LIFE! EVERYONE IS  
AFRAID OF ME ---- **HELP!**

3

GO ON, LION! I'M NOT  
AFRAID OF YOU OR  
ANYONE ELSE!



4



5

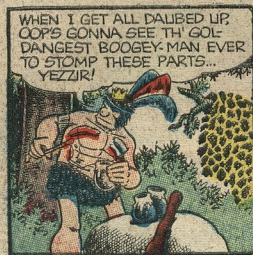
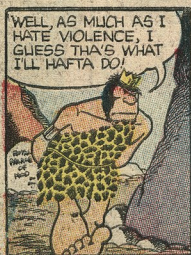


6

**CROCODILES!**  
BILLIONS OF 'EM!!



# ALLEY OOP



# Give them a Faith

# to live by

**Worship  
with them**



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# ALLEY OOP by V. THAMLIN

