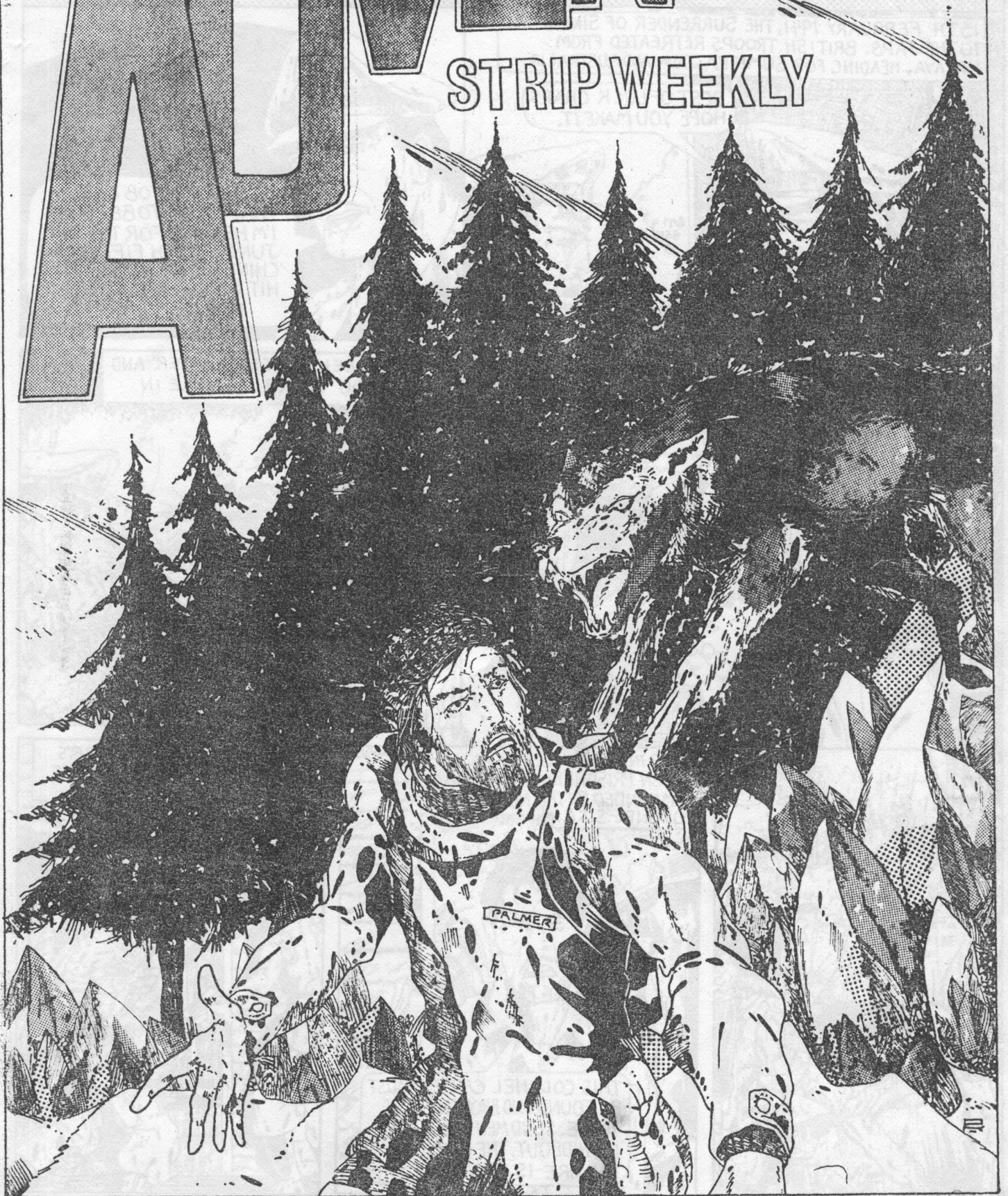


# ADVENTURE

STRIP WEEKLY



GUY . N . SMITH  
Artwork by Peter Knifton

*Guy N. Smith*



# BAMBOO GUERILLAS

15TH FEBRUARY 1941, THE SURRENDER OF SINGAPORE TO THE JAPS. BRITISH TROOPS RETREATED FROM MALAYA, HEADING FOR SUMATRA, JAVA AND AUSTRALIA.

BEST OF LUCK CHAPS. HOPE YOU MAKE IT.

YOU'RE NOT COMING WITH US?

NO, THERE'S A JOB HERE THAT'S GOT TO BE DONE. I'M HEADING FOR THE JUNGLE WITH FIFTY LOYAL CHINESE. WE'VE GOT TO HIT THESE JAPS WHERE IT HURTS MOST!

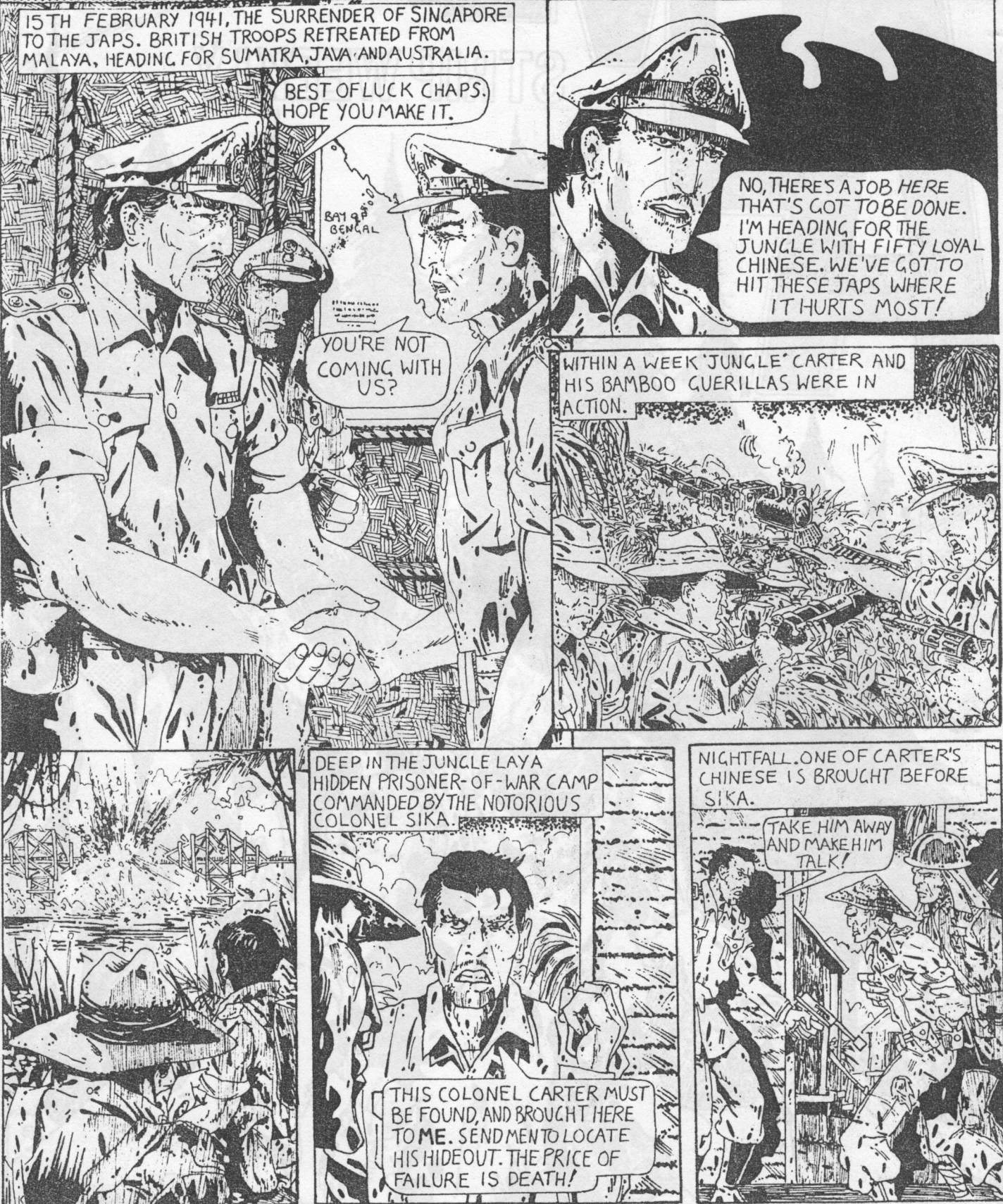
WITHIN A WEEK 'JUNGLE' CARTER AND HIS BAMBOO GUERILLAS WERE IN ACTION.

DEEP IN THE JUNGLE LAYA HIDDEN PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP COMMANDED BY THE NOTORIOUS COLONEL SIKA.

THIS COLONEL CARTER MUST BE FOUND, AND BROUGHT HERE TO ME. SEND MEN TO LOCATE HIS HIDEOUT. THE PRICE OF FAILURE IS DEATH!

NIGHTFALL, ONE OF CARTER'S CHINESE IS BROUGHT BEFORE SIKA.

TAKE HIM AWAY AND MAKE HIM TALK!







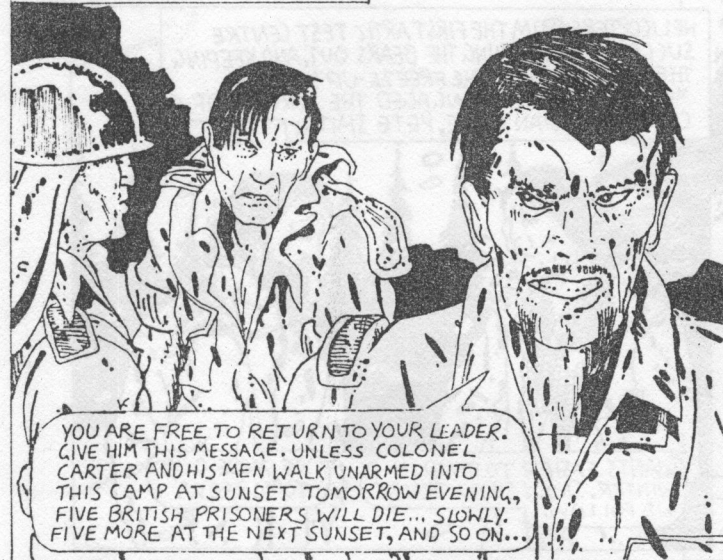
LATER.

THE PRISONER DIED WITH SEALED LIPS.

THEN YOU MUST DIE TOO!



TWO DAYS LATER ANOTHER OF CARTER'S GUERRILLAS WAS BROUGHT BEFORE SIKA.



YOU ARE FREE TO RETURN TO YOUR LEADER. GIVE HIM THIS MESSAGE. UNLESS COLONEL CARTER AND HIS MEN WALK UNARMED INTO THIS CAMP AT SUNSET TOMORROW EVENING, FIVE BRITISH PRISONERS WILL DIE... SLOWLY, FIVE MORE AT THE NEXT SUNSET, AND SO ON...

SUNSET THE FOLLOWING DAY.



THEY HAVE COME. CARTER AND HIS GUERRILLAS HAVE SURRENDERED!



YOU HAVE A LOT TO ANSWER FOR COLONEL...

I MUST REMIND YOU OF THE GENEVA CONVENTION. I AM A BRITISH OFFICER, AND AS SUCH I DEMAND TO BE...



GENEVA CONVENTION, PAH! COLONEL SIKA RULES THIS CAMP. MY WORD IS LAW. TAKE HIM AWAY, GUARDS. WE SHALL EXECUTE THESE PIGS IN THE MORNING!

NEXT WEEK - 'JUNGLE' CARTER AND HIS GUERRILLAS FACE COLONEL SIKA'S EXECUTION SQUAD!



# IN SEARCH OF THE HAIRY GIANTS

IN THE MORRIS MOUNTAINS OF NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA IN AN AREA KNOWN AS 'SASQUATCH' (PLACE OF THE WILD MEN) ARE BELIVED TO EXIST A RACE OF GIANTS. GEOFF RUSSELL AND ROY PALMER WERE LEADING AN EXPEDITION TO TRY AND LOCATE THEM.

THE WEATHER IS TOO WARM. THESE POLAR BEARS HAVE COME DOWN TO FEED AND THE CHURCHILL RIVER IS FROZEN SO THEY CAN'T GET BACK.

THERE COULD BE TROUBLE IF THEY GO ON THE RAMPAGE.

TWO DAYS LATER THE POLAR BEARS BEGAN TO ROAM THROUGH FORT CHURCHILL DAMAGING PROPERTY!

WELL, WE CAN'T MOVE UNTIL THE FREEZE-UP START EITHER.

HELICOPTERS FROM THE FIRST ARTIC TEST CENTRE SUCCEEDED IN DRIVING THE BEARS OUT, AND KEEPING THEM AT BAY UNTIL THE FREEZE-UP STARTED MEANTIME RUSSELL ENGAGED THE SERVICES OF A CHEHALIS INDIAN GUIDE, PETE SMITH.

GIANTS EASIER TO FIND IN WINTER. SNOW SHOW TRACKS. WE FOLLOW.

WE MOVE OUT TOMORROW.

HEAVY SNOWFALLS RESTRICT THEIR PROGRESS TO 100 PER WEEK. THE HUSKY TEAM IS QUARRELSOME.

WHAT'S THAT?

WOLVES. THEY'VE GOT OUR SCENT.

THESE WOODS ARE ALIVE WITH WOLVES.

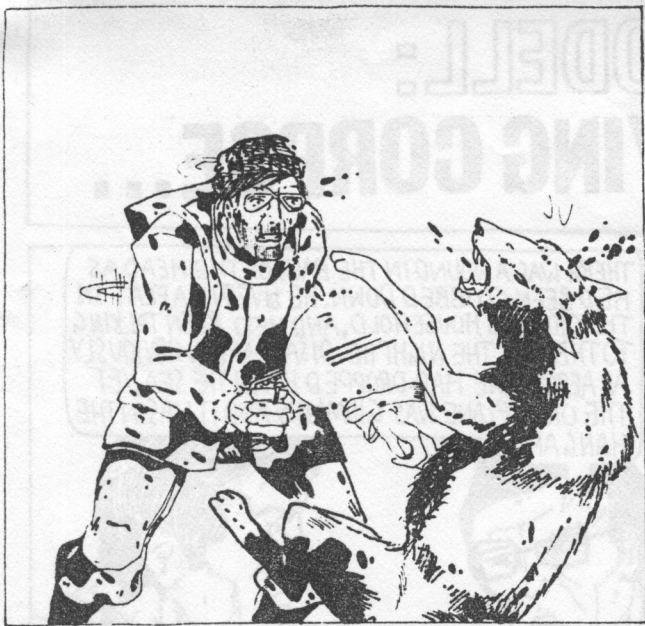
THEY NO LEAVE US ALONE NOW.

GREAT...

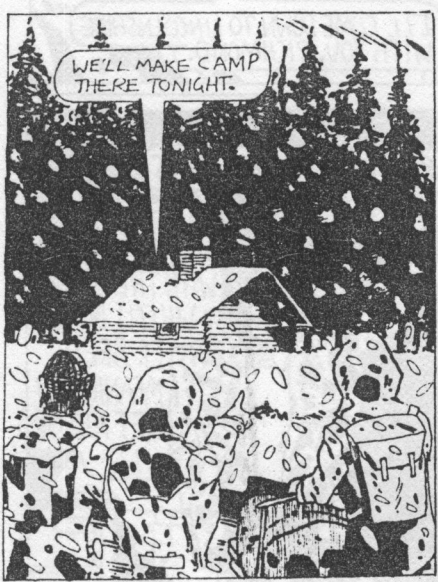
RRRR







PHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE. I HOPE RUSSELL AND SMITH APPRECIATE THE TROUBLE I WENT TO GET THESE CARIBOU STEAKS!



WE'LL MAKE CAMP THERE TONIGHT.



THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF THE BACKWOODS STATE THAT ALL WHO USE SUCH CABINS SHALL LEAVE A SUPPLY OF MATCHES AND KINDLING WOOD WHEN THEY LEAVE.

WELL, AT LEAST WE HAVE FOOD AND SHELTER.

ME BRING HUSKIES INSIDE TOO. MANY WOLVES FOLLOW, VERY CLOSE.



LISTEN! WOLVES ARE RIGHT UP AGAINST THE HUT.

THEM NO WOLVES. TOO BIG.

WELL, THEY CAN'T GET. THEY FEEL THIS IF THEY DO. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK OUT IN THE MORNING.



LOOK!

YEAH, WE'RE IN SASQUATCH, GIANT COUNTRY... BUT THEY'VE FOUND US BEFORE WE FOUND THEM!

PLENTY BAD, MR RUSSELL. BEST LEAVE NOW.

NEXT WEEK: FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE HAIRY GIANTS!



# RAYMOND ODELL: THE CASE OF THE FLYING CORPSE...

DETECTIVE - INSPECTOR RICHMOND OF THE C.I.D. HAS CALLED UPON HIS OLD COLLEAGUE RAYMOND ODELL, A PRIVATE DETECTIVE, TO HELP HIM WITH A PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT CASE.

THIS IS A TOUGH ONE ODELL, THE NEAREST I'VE EVER COME TO THE 'PERFECT MURDER'. RONALD GIDMAN HAS AN EXPORT BUSINESS CLOSE TO THE WASH, HIS HOBBY IS FLYING, AND HE OWNS A SMALL PLANE WHICH HAS BEEN DISMANTLED FOR OVERHAULING FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS. NOW GIDMAN IS KNOWN TO HAVE A FEUD WITH HIS PERSONAL SECRETARY, RICHARD CORDA, TWO DAYS AGO A BOAT PICKED UP THE CHARRED REMAINS OF CORDA'S BODY AT SEA. THE REMNANTS OF A PARACHUTE HARNESS ON HIM.



THERE WAS A WOUND IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD AS HE'D BEEN CLUBBED DOWN. HE LIVED IN A FLAT IN THE GIDMAN'S HOUSEHOLD, AND HE'D BEEN TALKING TO THEM ON THE NIGHT HE DISAPPEARED. OBVIOUSLY AN AEROPLANE HAD DROPPED HIM IN THE SEA, YET THE ONLY PLANE WAS GIDMAN'S AND IT WAS IN THE HANGAR.



I'LL COME DOWN TO LINCOLNSHIRE WITH YOU, RICHMOND.

LATER

BRINGS BACK MEMORIES OF WARTIME DAYS DOESN'T IT?



ALL THAT JUNK WAS DELIVERED WITH THE HANGAR WHEN I BOUGHT IT. BEEN MEANING TO GET RID OF IT.

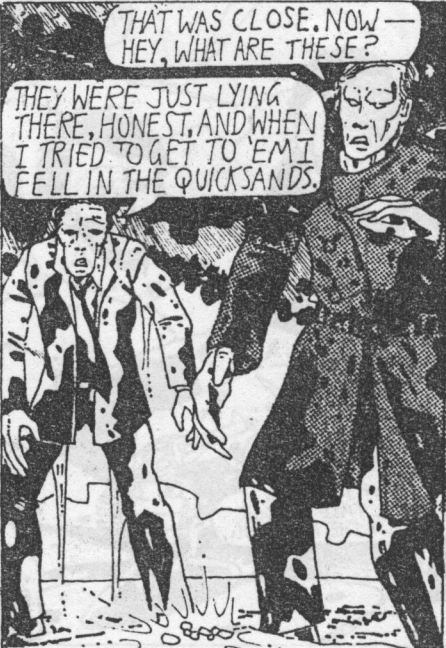
ODELL AND RICHMOND TOOK A STROLL ALONG THE SEAWALL.



WHAT'S THAT?

SOUNDS LIKE A CRY FOR HELP. COME ON!

HELP!!!



THAT WAS CLOSE. NOW — HEY, WHAT ARE THESE?

THEY WERE JUST LYING THERE, HONEST, AND WHEN I TRIED TO GET TO 'EM I FELL IN THE QUICKSANDS.





HMM. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

KENNY FARROW... BUT WE'D BETTER NOT STOP OUT HERE. THE WERE BIRDS FLY AFTER DARK.



WERE-BIRDS?

AYE, STRANGE BIRDS THAT ARE SAID TO GUARD KING JOHN'S TREASURE, AND TAKE REVENGE ON ANYONE FINDING IT. YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THESE DIAMONDS...?



THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE. WE'D... WHAT'S THAT?



THIS IS THE STRANGEST CASE I'VE EVER INVESTIGATED. A PERFECT MURDER, KING JOHN'S TREASURE, WERE-BIRDS.

THOSE DIAMONDS ON THE QUICKSANDS. MY BET IS THAT THE SOLUTION LIES OUT THERE ON THOSE MARSHES.



THE BAR OF THE BULL HOTEL.

YOU WON'T CATCH ME ON THOSE MARSHES AFTER DARK. BENNY WILSON SAW ANOTHER WERE-BIRD LAST NIGHT

NOR ME. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT FELLOW CORDA. THE WERE BIRDS GOT 'IM!



COME ON, RICHMOND. WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT THERE ON THE MARSHES AND SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THIS WERE-BIRD BUSINESS.

I THINK WE'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF SHOTGUNS WITH US JUST TO BE ON THE SAFESIDE!



# REBEL STAR



WORTHINGTON COLLEGE WAS A WELL KNOWN PUBLIC SCHOOL WHERE RUGGER WAS PLAYED SOCCER WAS NOT ONLY FROWNED BUT FORBIDDEN WITHIN ITS PRECINCTS.

CHRIS FOX WAS SOCCER MAD AND WAS BITTER BECAUSE HE WAS FORCED TO PLAY RUGGER...



THERE'S A FIELD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WROCKWARDINE VILLAGE WITH SOME GOAL-POSTS WHERE THE LOCAL LADS PLAY...

NOW HOLD ON, CHRIS. YOU'LL GET US ALL EXPELLED.



THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE. THERE ARE ENOUGH OF US TO MAKE UP A TEAM. MAYBE WE COULD EVEN CHALLENGE THE WROCKWARDINE LOCALS.



WE'RE WITH YOU CHRIS.

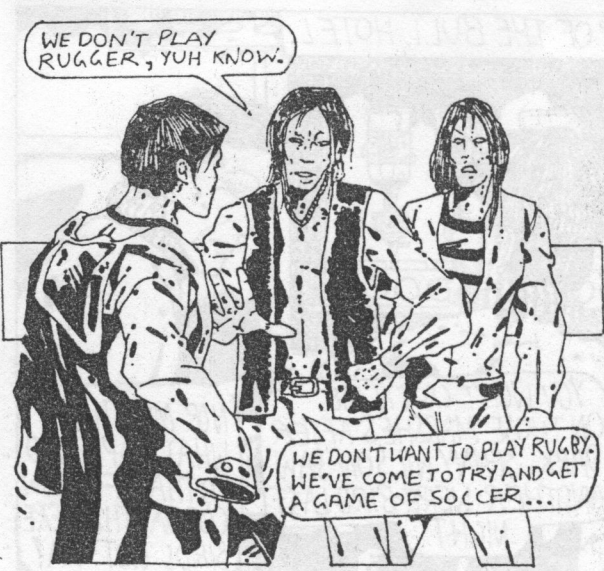
COUNT ME IN.



THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY AFTERNOON ELEVEN BOYS FROM WORTHINGTON TURNED UP AT THE WROCKWARDINE PLAYING FIELD, BRINGING WITH THEM THEIR RUGGER KITS.

BLIMEY, SOME OF THOSE STUCK-UP WORTHINGTON FELLERS HAVE COME FOR A GAME. LET'S GET 'EM.

HOLD IT. WHY DON'T WE GIVE 'EM A GAME, EH, SHOW 'EM WHAT'S WHAT?



WE DON'T PLAY RUGGER, YUH KNOW.

WE DON'T WANT TO PLAY RUGBY. WE'VE COME TO TRY AND GET A GAME OF SOCCER...

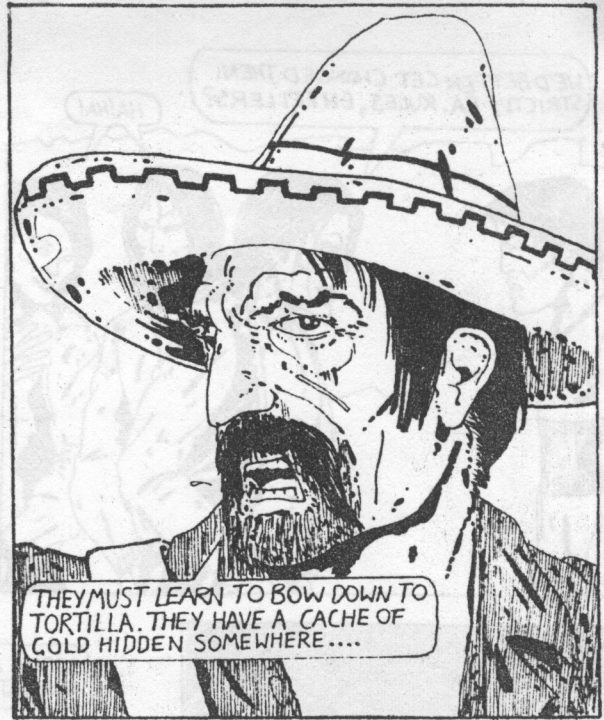




NEXT WEEK: THE SOCCER RIOT.

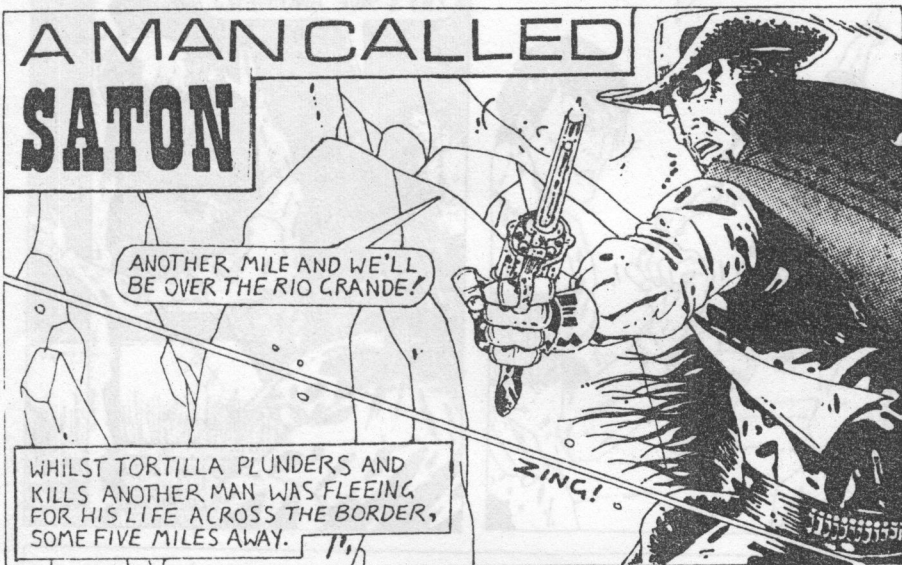


FOR ALMOST A YEAR THE NOTORIOUS TORTILLA HAD TERRORISED THE MEXICAN PEASANTS, RIDING DOWN FROM HIS MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD, RAIDING AND PLUNDERING...



THEY MUST LEARN TO BOW DOWN TO TORTILLA. THEY HAVE A CACHE OF GOLD HIDDEN SOMEWHERE....

# A MAN CALLED SATON



ANOTHER MILE AND WE'LL BE OVER THE RIO GRANDE!

WHILST TORTILLA PLUNDERS AND KILLS ANOTHER MAN WAS FLEEING FOR HIS LIFE ACROSS THE BORDER, SOME FIVE MILES AWAY.

ZING!



MADE IT.

THEY DON'T CATCH JOSEPH SATON THAT EASILY. I'LL HAVE TO STOP THIS SIDE OF THE BORDER FOR A WHILE YET THOUGH...

NIGHTFALL.



THERE'S SOMEBODY SKULKING IN THE BRUSH.



COME ON OUT THERE... WITH YER HANDS UP!





SENOR, WE COME IN PEACE.

DO NOT SHOOT SENOR. WE COME TO ASK FOR YOUR HELP...



JOSEPH SATON HELPS NOBODY... UNLESS THEY GOT GOLD TO PAY FOR IT.



SENOR, WE CAN FIND GOLD TO PAY YOU. WE HAVE HIDDEN IT FROM TORTILLA AND HIS MEN. WE WANT YOU TO KILL TORTILLA FOR US. WE BEG YOU...



LATER THAT NIGHT AT THE MEXICAN VILLAGE.

SENOR, WE WILL PAY YOU MUCH GOLD TO KILL THIS MAN. WITHOUT THEIR LEADER THE BANDIDOS WILL NOT TROUBLE US.

IT WILL NOT BE EASY. WE WILL NOT INSIST IF YOU ARE AFRAID...

AFRAID. JOSEPH SATON'S AFRAID O' NOBODY. GET YER GOLD READY...



SENOR, TORTILLA COMES AGAIN. ONLY YESTERDAY HE SLEW OUR MENFOLK IN THE FIELDS. NOW MORE WILL DIE... UNLESS WE GIVE HIM OUR HIDDEN GOLD!



WAL, I GUESS THIS FELLER HAS SAVED ME THE TROUBLE O' SCOURING THE MOUNTAINS FOR HIM. I GOTTA BULLET RIGHT HERE WITH THE NAME TORTILLA ON IT!

NEXT WEEK: SATON VERSUS TORTILLA.



PROFESSOR WAPPEN HAD BEEN ENGAGED UPON A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS IN HIS LABORATORY FOR WEEKS.

SUCCESS AT LAST, AFTER ALL THIS I HAVE TRANSPLANTED HUMAN BRAIN CELLS INTO A RAT!



LATER, HAVING SLEPT AFTER WEEKS OF FATIGUE, THE PROFESSOR RETURNS TO HIS LABORATORY.

WHAT...? THE CAGE IS EMPTY, THE GIANT RAT IS GONE!

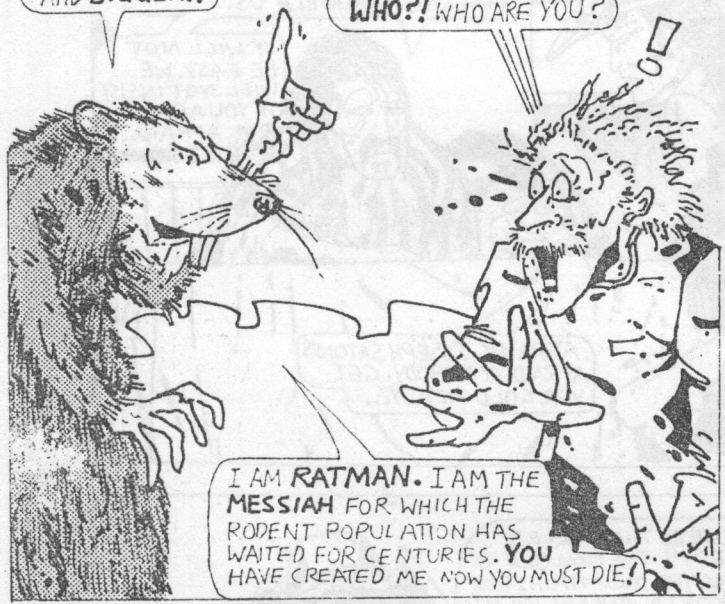
# RAT MANIA



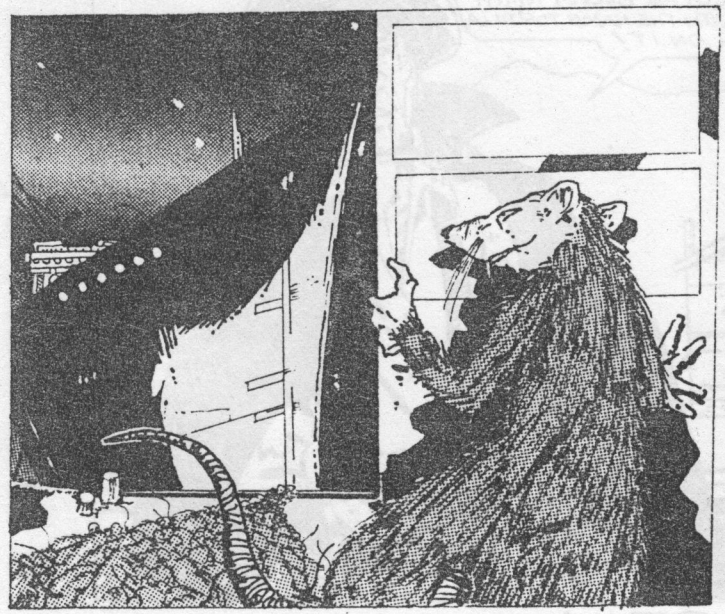
AND BIGGER!!

WHO?! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM RATMAN. I AM THE MESSIAH FOR WHICH THE RODENT POPULATION HAS WAITED FOR CENTURIES. YOU HAVE CREATED ME NOW YOU MUST DIE!



NOW MY WORK CAN BEGIN. RATS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD MUST ARISE AND OVERTHROW MANKIND!





THIS CAT BORN YOU, SOLOMON, A STATE OF EMERGENCY HAS BEEN DECLARED IN MOST COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD. THIS MAN RAT MUST BE FOUND AND DESTROYED AT ALL COSTS. YOUR CODE NAME WILL BE RATMASTER.

I'LL GET STARTED RIGHTAWAY.



THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN HELP ME, TOM KATT.



I NEED YOUR HELP, TOM.

AYE, I THOUGHT MEBBE SOMEBODY WOULD COME TO OLD TOM BEFORE LONG. WELL, MY ARMY IS GATHERED. EVERY STRAY CAT IN LONDON IS AWAITING THE CALL TO ARMS AGAINST THE RAT MENACE.



RATMAN'S HIDEOUT IS ON A YACHT MOORED ON THE THAMES. HE KNOWS THAT HE'S SAFE FROM THE CATS THERE. YOU CAN'T MISS IT. IT'S CALLED 'THE SCOURGE'.

LEND ME HALF A DOZEN OF YOU BEST CATS, TOM, AND I'LL TRY AND ROW OUT TO IT UNDERCOVER OF DARKNESS.



SOLOMON, THE RATMASTER WILL BE HERE ACCORDING TO THE INFORMATION I HAVE RECEIVED. ARE WE PREPARED FOR HIS ARRIVAL, RODEN?



AYE, THAT WE ARE. THE RATS HAVE BEEN BRIEFED. ONCE HE SETS FOOT ON 'THE SCOURGE' HE'S AS GOOD AS DEAD.

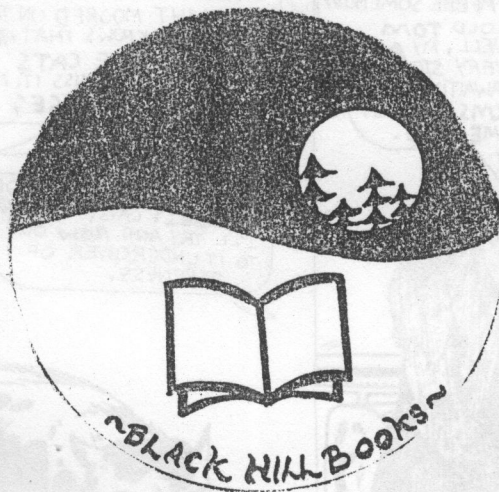
WHAT'S THAT? IT SOUNDS LIKE A ROWING BOAT BUMPING AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE YACHT.



HE'S HERE. A HUNDRED RATS ARE WAITING TO PONCE ONCE HE CLAMBERS ABOARD. HE WON'T BE SUSPECTING A TRAP, MASTER. HE'S AS GOOD AS FINISHED!

NEXT WEEK: RATMAN VERSUS RATMASTER!





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