

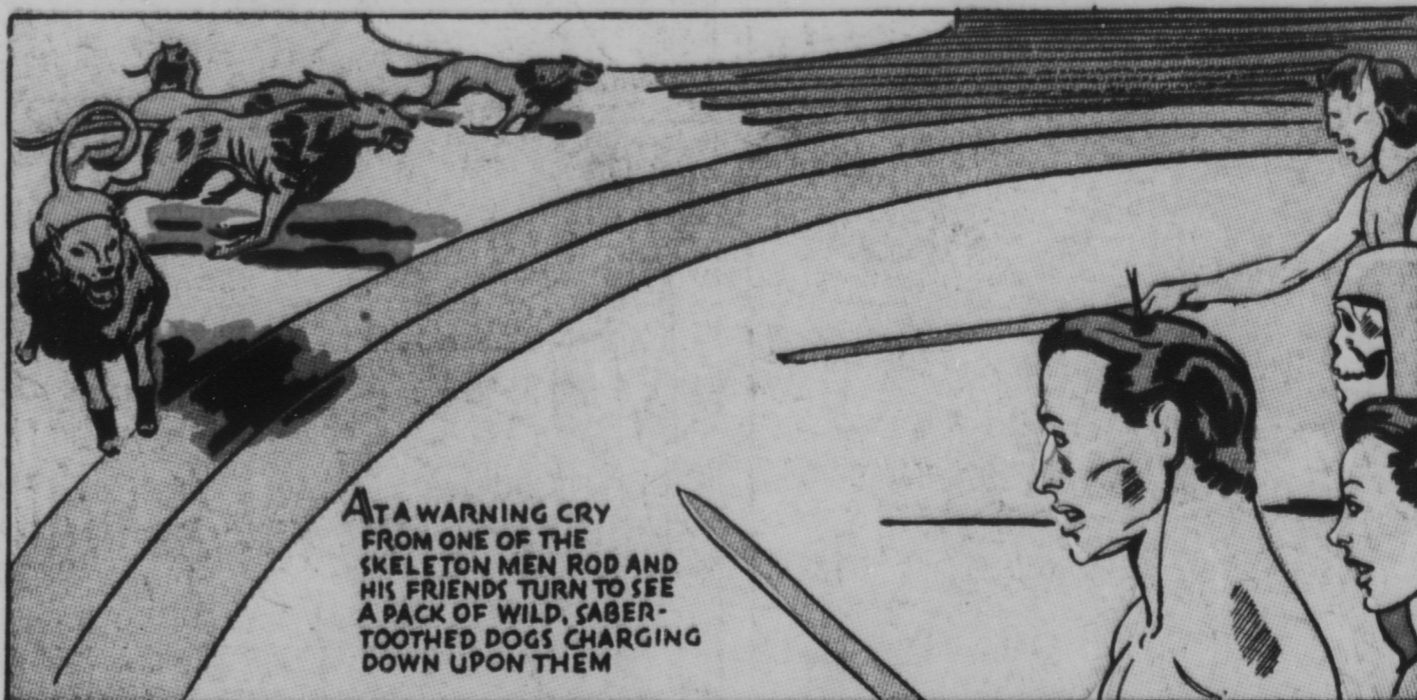
THE ZEBULON RECORD



WEEK—AUGUST 29, 1937

ROD IRIAN OF THE SKY POLICE

Paul H. Johnson



AT A WARNING CRY FROM ONE OF THE SKELETON MEN ROD AND HIS FRIENDS TURN TO SEE A PACK OF WILD, SABER-TOOTHED DOGS CHARGING DOWN UPON THEM



THE LEADER SPRINGS UPON ROD, WHO HAS NO CHANCE TO USE HIS SWORD



"THERE, I GUESS THAT SETTLES YOU." AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ROD DOWNS THE BEAST WITH A GRIP OF STEEL

HIS NEWLY FOUND ALLIES WHEEL OUT A HUGE GONG. THEY STRIKE IT



THE BEDLAM OF NOISE SENDS THE DOGS SCURRYING AWAY.



"SAY, ANDRES, I JUST HIT ON AN IDEA! IF I TRAIL THE DOGS I CAN FIND THEIR WATER HOLE. IT MUST BE PURE WATER SINCE IT HAS NO INVISIBILITY EFFECT UPON THEM."

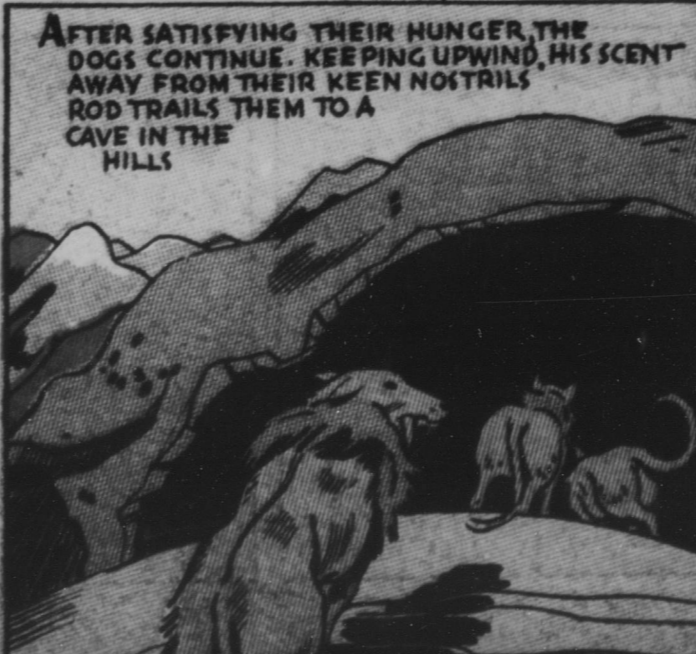
"EXCELLENT! ROD. WE'LL STAY HERE AND I'LL TALK THESE SKELETON MEN INTO NOT DRINKING THIS OTHER WATER. BY THE TIME YOU RETURN, I'LL HAVE THEM OFF THE WATER WAGON AND OUR EXPERIMENT WILL BE WELL UNDER WAY."



ROD QUICKLY SETS OUT AFTER THE DOG PACK



"THEY SEEM TO BE HEADING FOR THOSE HILLS IN THE DISTANCE."



AFTER SATISFYING THEIR HUNGER, THE DOGS CONTINUE, KEEPING UPWIND, HIS SCENT AWAY FROM THEIR KEEN NOSTRILS ROD TRAILS THEM TO A CAVE IN THE HILLS



"WELL, THAT SETTLES OUR WATER PROBLEM."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Paul H. Johnson