

Fun, Thrills, Adventure in the Comics

SCORCHY SMITH

Grab Bag!

TO STOP NARAK FROM COMPLETING HIS WORLD-SHATTERING MACHINE, SCORCHY AND LARN DECIDE TO WRECK IT. UNKNOWN TO THEM, LERA WARNS NARAK AND...

BLAST THEM!!

DON'T SHOOT! PULL THOSE TRIGGERS AND ITS GUNNERS FOR ALL OF US! THIS IS PURE ATOMITIS!

SUDDENLY...

GIVE ME THAT!

AREN'T WE THE GREEDY ONE?

HOLD IT! HE'LL BLAST US TO SMITHERS!

HEY!

NOW DON'T GO ALL TO PIECES, NARAK!

AS NARAK WRESTLES WITH THE DANGEROUS PACKAGE OF EXPLOSIVES, SCORCHY SEES HIS CHANCE...

DUCK, LARN!

STOP THEM! PUT THE LIGHTS ON!

COME ON, LARN! LET'S MAKE TRACKS!

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON...

UP THE RAMP, LARN! MAYBE WE CAN REACH THAT DOORWAY!

THERE THEY ARE! AFTER THEM!

BLAST THEM! BACK!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

BROTHER, YOU SAID IT! WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR NOWHERE!

OKAY, NARAK!

OAKY DOAKS

Earnest Egbert

MAJESTY, CORNY IS READY TO GIVE SIR ROBERT EGGBERT, M.A., B.A., AND PH.D., A CHANCE TO TRY OUT FOR A JOB AS KNIGHT...

HE KNOCKED ME FLATTER'N A PANCAKE, YOUR MAJESTY!

IT WAS EASY! I SIMPLY USED BRAINS AS WELL AS BRAWN!

I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME LEFT, SIR EGGBERT!

THE DUCHESS OF DEEDLE-DUM IS BOTHERED BY A DRAGON, AND I'LL EXTERMINATE IT AND I'LL MAKE YOU SAID-THAN DONE! A KNIGHT!

I'LL BE A KNIGHT BY NIGHT!

OAKY, TAKE SIR EGGBERT TO THE ARMORY AND GET HIM A SUITABLE OUTFIT FOR DRAGON HUNTING.

YES, YOUR MAJESTY!

ALL I NEED IS SOME ARMOR, A SPEAR—AND MAYBE A HORSE.

MY BRAINS AND BRAWN WILL DO THE REST!

OAKY, WILL YOU PLEASE GET HIM OUTA MY THRONE ROOM??

BUT, SIR EGGBERT, THAT ARMOR IS TOO HEAVY FOR DRAGON WORK!

HEAVY ARMOR IS BEST FOR EVERYTHING, DOAKS!

HOW I NEED A NAG.

THAT HORSE LOOKS TOO TIRED TO RUN!

WHY SHOULD I WANT HIM TO RUN? I'M IN NO HURRY!

DICKIE DARE

Keep Fighting!

DICKIE—THE SOUND OF A CAR WENT OFF!

MUST BE PRINCESS LINTOY'S GANG AFTER US!

IT'S OUR CUE TO SCRAM INTO THE JUNGLE, HUCK!

MIGHT BE SOME STUFF IN THIS CAR WE COULD USE...

FOUND SOME TOOLS—BALLO TWINE—RUBBER TARPULIN—

BUNBLE 'EM UP BUT FAST, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE TIME!

CAN'T MAKE TIME IN THIS JUNGLE, AND TO USE THE ATOMIC RIFLE...

...WOULD JUST GIVE US AWAY! MGOOSH—IS THERE ANY ANSWER?

RUMBO, YOU'RE AN EX HEAD-HUNTER—USE YOUR TALENT TRACKING DOWN THOSE BOYS!

RUMBO CATCH BOY FELLERS—SEE THEIR CAR!

BOYS GO INTO JUNGLE—WE THINK THEM COME TO TRAIL!

US CIRCLE AHEAD ON OTHER TRAIL—TAKE COVER, PICK OFF BOY FELLERS WHEN COME!

I THOUGHT SO—HEAD HUNTERS DO HUNT WITH THEIR HEADS!

TAKE COVER, EVERYONE! GUNS READY! SHOOT TO KILL!

PLENTY SOON BOY FELLERS COME DOWN THIS TRAIL!

HEY, HUCK—DON'T GIVE UP—WE WON'T HAVE TO FIGHT THIS FLYPAPER ANY MORE!

HERE'S A GOOD CLEAR JUNGLE TRAIL!

WHAT A RELIEF—NOW WE'LL SEE ACTION!

300-Pound Italian Plays Comic Roles of Operas

By W. G. ROBERTS
Associated Press Arts Editor
New York (AP)—The biggest man in opera and the happiest is Salvatore Baccaloni.

Biggest? He weighs 300 pounds. It's also true that there's no one quite like this famous basso buffo, master of a score of imitable comic masks, who by pointing just one pudgy finger can split sides as surely as if all his fingers were working on your ribbed ribs.

Happiest? He quotes an Italian dramatic artist: "To make an audience happy, you must be happy yourself."

A couple of hours' talk with him will double you up with laughter as quickly as a couple of hours spent watching him at the Metropolitan—that venerable opera house whose sobersides reputation Baccaloni wrecks season after season with hilarious performances as Bartolo, Don Pasquale, Giampa Schicchi, Sulpic, Melitone, Leporello, Dulcamara.

He reminds you of that character in Washington Irving who was 5 feet 6 high and 6 feet 5 around. He has a sign language, for though he speaks English, signs help. When he wants to say or



Baccaloni as Dr. Bartolo in "The Barber of Seville."

chestra, he saws the air as if playing a violin.

Did it take long to get started in his career? To tell you he made the circuit of Italian opera houses before reaching La Scala, one arm does a wide, circular sweep from floor to high over head.

To show he hopes you don't believe all you hear, he peers quizzically over the tops of his dark-rimmed glasses.

To show he means me, Salvatore, he brushes aside the lapels of his scarlet dressing gown and with a big thumb thumps the brown shirt over his broad chest.

It was Toscanini who advised him to concentrate on comic roles. There had always been the comic spirit in him, as well as the spirit of music, he recalls. He was a boy soprano. He also was the young son ordered by the fond father to entertain company with his humorous imitations.

But the father, substantial businessman, tried to stop it there. He wanted the future singer to be an architect, and Baccaloni got his degree in Rome.

But opera won him away. He is not only a laugher but also a worker. He did Don Pasquale at 19. When in his early twenties he made his La Scala debut, he already knew 56 roles. First heard in this country in 1930, he appeared at the Met in 1940. Knighted in Italy in 1931, he became an American citizen two

Marines Hit Upon Luminous Vest to Aid in Rescues

By Pfc. J. E. ALLEN
Cherry Point—The noncommissioned officers in charge of the Marine Corps Air Station Crash Crew and the Off-Station Salvage Crew here have come up with the simple solution to an old problem. The solution is a "fluorescent" vest.

Their brains-work may well pay big dividends by saving the lives of injured pilots or crewmen, down in a crashed plane, and will certainly save time in getting ground crews to the scene of a crash.

When a plane is down in a remote area and there are injured men to be rescued and taken to expert medical attention, time is often the difference between life and death.

Since the development of the helicopter, this versatile craft is usually the first to locate a downed plane, or at least is utilized to find medical aid and fly out the injured because of its ability to land and take off straight up and down.

Salvage Difficult
But even then, the problem of salvage of the aircraft remains. In this operation, the copter pilot and the ground party work in close cooperation.

The ground salvage crew often brings in heavy equipment which cannot be transported by air.

The helicopter usually circles the crash scene, then flies out in a direct line to where the ground party is leaving the highway to make its way through swamp or undergrowth to the scene.

Pilot Directs
The pilot hovers above and directs them toward the spot. Here arises one of the major difficulties in this type of operation. Because of trees and dense undergrowth, the pilot frequently loses sight of those on the ground.

M/Sgt. G. A. Walter and T/Sgt. H. G. Gray, who have often experienced this situation, developed the solution to it.

Noting the current fad for fluorescent cloth jackets among the school-agers, they thought that a vest of this luminous material would reflect sufficient light, especially when the sun shone on it, for a pilot to be able to see it, even through the trees.

They procured some of this cloth, of the brightest yellow they could find, shaped it into a vest, and wore it through a heavily wooded area in a recent test. It was a success.

It was just like watching a moving light bulb," the helicopter pilot who took part in the test reported.

The vest, which can be snapped to a parka or heavy jacket worn for warmth, is adjustable and fits tight so as not to catch on branches or underbrush. The bright yellow vest is also equipped with three pockets for carrying flares.

A few yards of fluorescent cloth, a few snaps and a needle and thread—these may well be the means of getting anyone's ground crew to the scene of a crash in time to save suffering and even the lives of downed airmen.

Men of the State Highway Patrol spent almost two million hours on duty patrolling the highways of North Carolina in 1953.

State Highway Patrolmen inspected 1,043,961 drivers' licenses during 1953.

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