

They Were Expendable

By W. L. White

By W. L. WHITE
American Reporter Crashes
Bailing preparations and becoming
Candidates for "Stow-away."
Lieutenant Kelly's
Phone "Firewall" to Peggy,
Generals, Admirals and Officers
of Lesser Rank All Same
in Funeral Exodus from Cor-
corator, Bulkeley, Peas, and
Thrilling Run Past Jap Strong-
holds and Dangers Ahead.

"We didn't tell the men what we were up to or where we were leaving Corregidor," continued Lieutenant Kelly, but they got their orders to dump that landing-force equipment, to load all spare parts on the boats, move the crew's mess gear back into the ship's galley, and pile the decks with drums of gas.

"And while we were doing it, who should walk in but Nat! Nat of the New York Times, exactly the last guy in the world we wanted to see. Sure, we liked him. He said he'd been up to the lines with the army, and then on a hunch, no particular reason, thought he'd come down to see if he had any news. There he is, kind of glanced around, what were those planks he got stuck for? And all that gasoline on the what? Somehow the place looked a little torn up. What did we do? Well, he didn't say. But about seven the phone at this end would ring, and some vice-squad would come again. I almost thought it was someone else, her voice was so changed. "Where are you going?" she asked, very low. "Can you tell me?"

"No," I said. "I can't tell you that."

"Then I guess it's really good-bye," she said, and her voice sounded fat and long way off. "But it's been awfully nice, hasn't it?"

"Listen, Peggy, I've written you a letter—only just then I heard the connection break. It seemed a couple of generals wanted to talk to each other. It was quite a while before I got it back again, and they told me she had waited fifteen minutes and had then gone. I've always hoped what the general had to say to each other was important."

"Of course we weren't engaged. I didn't have a picture of her in fact, the only thing I had was a few lines she'd scribbled on a piece of paper a few weeks before. We'd been lively talking about how we hoped to get out of the islands and agreed, half in joke that which ever of us got out first would write the half of it."

"So I sat down and tried to write it in a letter, which I could leave at Corregidor on my way out, and which she would get when she got back from duty in the lines, and then at least would understand."

"I had just finished it about 2:30 and put it in my pocket when she came paging me for a telephone call on that signpost phone. It was Peggy—here, and she was crying. The change, and she was afraid if she waited until seven to call I might be out on patrol, and she might miss me. She just wanted to let me she'd been able to fix everything for our date on the fifteenth, and was that date all right with me, could I make it?"

"No," I said. The phone was on the wall in the Philippines army shack, and the shack was crowded with soldiers—in addition to all the guys probably listening in on the line.

"Well," she said, "maybe she could change it for the sixteenth, if that would be better for me?"

"It wouldn't be any better," I said. "Nothing would be any better."

"Well," she said, and she sounded a little mad, "what is your guess it's good-bye, Peggy, I said."

"Then there was a long silence, and when she spoke again I almost thought it was someone else, her voice was so changed. "Where are you going?" she asked, very low. "Can you tell me?"

"No," I said. "I can't tell you that."

"Then I guess it's really good-bye," she said, and her voice sounded fat and long way off. "But it's been awfully nice, hasn't it?"

"Listen, Peggy, I've written you a letter—only just then I heard the connection break. It seemed a couple of generals wanted to talk to each other. It was quite a while before I got it back again, and they told me she had waited fifteen minutes and had then gone. I've always hoped what the general had to say to each other was important."

"Of course we weren't engaged. I didn't have a picture of her in fact, the only thing I had was a few lines she'd scribbled on a piece of paper a few weeks before. We'd been lively talking about how we hoped to get out of the islands and agreed, half in joke that which ever of us got out first would write the half of it."

BLONDIE
By CHIC YOUNG
L'L ABNER
FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN MADLY IN LOVE WITH LORD SICKLIP...
BUT SICKLIP'S NEVER ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, BECAUSE HE NEVER RECKONS WITH HIS SOCIAL POSITION...
THIS WILL CLINCH IT!—THE FACT THAT I HAVE BEEN SELECTED TO INTRODUCE THE SOCIALLY PROBABLY EXCLUSIVE, SEBASTIAN CARAMEL, BACK FROM OLD VIRGINIA TO NEW YORK SOCIETY...
I'LL WRITE HIM AN INVITATION IMMEDIATELY!

THE NEXT DAY—
THIS CLINGS TO ME! SHE'S SOCIALLY STRONG ENOUGH TO SPOONFEED THAT DEBUTANTE THE DEBUTANTE...
YEAH—AND NOW THERE'S FOUR MORE! I AM—I ME!

By AL CAPP

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES
LAWDY, MISS COZZA, COME TO MESS PUG BRUNG HOME!
GOODNIFE! THAT ANFUL!
THIS YOU GOTTA BELIEVE!
MAY THE SAINTS SAVE US—
GUINEA PIGS
YEAH—AND NOW THERE'S FOUR MORE! I AM—I ME!

By MARTIN

WASH TUBS
NEXT DAY, MENLAND!
EACH OF YOU WILL RECEIVE A SET OF CLEAN UNIFORMS AND A BERTARD UNIFORM. WELL, USE NOTHING BUT GERMAN CIGARETTES, ANYTHING IDENTIFYING YOU AS AN AMERICAN MUST BE LEFT BEHIND!
THAT'S ALL AND, ZERO O'CLOCK, YOU MAY SEND THE WRITING LETTERS HOME IF YOU LIKE, BUT NO TELEPHONE CALLS, NO CORRESPONDENCE WITH ANY ONE OUTSIDE OUR GROUP!
HOT DOGS! COULD HAVE ANY PICTURE IN THIS OUTFIT?
BOY, WOULDNT MY GIRL BE SURPRISED!
WELL, THESE HERE CIGARETTES ARE ANFUL!

By ROY CRANE

THIMBLE THEATER
DIONNE IS MERELY DOING HIS DUTY, ALAS, I TOO, OXAS, I HAD A MOTHER!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, OGDAR?
HAW HAW!
LOOK! ROUGH-HOUSE IS GRIVING!
HAW! HAW! SNIFF!
SNIFF!
CAN'T I PEEL ONIONS WITHOUT YOU?
MEANWHILE
POPPA TOLD ME THAT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WITH MY HEARS, MUCH LIKE ME, MOMMA, I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WITH MY HUSK AT NOW, WHO'S A JOKE?

'STARRING POPEYE
I'LL GAY!

By FRED HARMAN
RED RYDER
WE LOST ME NUNGRY, SICK, FEELING PLENTY RIDER!
AND I'M BLINDED FROM BEE STINGS AND MILES FROM HOME!
HE COLD, DON'T GET UP, DARK!
GUESS I'LL TRY HELP YOU MAKE CAMP AND ME, EAT UP SOME LITTLE DEANERY!
WELL—WE DIDNT TELL YOU BACKHORSERIDING WAS A REGULAR BUSINESS FOR THESE LITTLE BEANERS!

By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
SUPERMAN
DO YOU REALIZE THIS PUTS ME IN MY OWN CUMBERSOME ACTION AS SUPERMAN!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!

By FRANK KING
GASOLINE ALLEY
LOOK! PRESENT, BLONDIE! THERE'S EVERYBODY ELSE ON DESERT!
ALL SAY: WELL, OODS BEHIND THE LITTLE RED AN EYE WHO THEY ARE!
WHAT DO YOU DO YOU WALLEY!
DID SAID DEUSHT: MER, MER, MER!
GET DOWN, YOU LUG, OR I'LL BACK THAT THE ON OF YOUR DOWN INTO YOUR LO, IF ANY!

By MILTON CANIFF
TERRY AND THE PIRATES
I'VE CAPTAIN COCKLE IS SURE THAT A SPECIAL ENCLOSED!
OH, NO, YOU'VE THE BEST LITTLE SILENCE I'VE EVER SEEN!
DID A BATH AND GAVE ALWAYS LEAVE THE GARDEN!
SHEEN, AND A WOULD MAKE THE KNIFE YOU USED AS A RAZOR!
I'VE LEARNED OF THE DEWER WERE BY THE WOMAN TO OBTAIN THE KNIFE YOU USED AS A RAZOR!
WELL...
HER ONLY HOLD ON ME WAS KNOWING SPOON ENGLISH, SINCE IT'S NO LONGER A SECRET, IT WOULD SIMPLY MATTER IF SHE WERE ENLIGHTENED FROM MY PLANS!

WISHING WELL
Registered U. S. Patent Office.

4	7	2	5	3	7	8	2	8	4	3	7	6
A	B	3	5	7	F	E	R	A	R	H	O	H
6	3	5	7	F	E	R	A	R	H	O	H	8
O	R	T	I	U	E	I	N	L	T	F	L	I
5	4	7	2	5	3	7	8	2	8	4	3	7
U	D	G	M	T	E	L	U	I	P	H	O	5
2	8	3	5	7	F	E	R	A	R	H	O	8
F	P	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U	U
6	2	5	4	8	3	7	8	2	8	4	3	7
N	U	S	P	M	T	E	L	U	I	P	H	O
5	4	7	2	5	3	7	8	2	8	4	3	7
S	V	F	S	V	E	L	U	N	E	E	E	N

HERE is a pleasant little game that will give you a message every day. It is a numerical puzzle designed to spell out your fortune. Count the letters in your first name. If the number of letters is six or more, subtract four. If the number is less than six, add three. The result is your key number. Start at the upper left-hand corner of the rectangle and check every one of your key numbers, left to right. Then read the message the letters under the checked figures give you.

OUT OUR WAY
GUESS I SHOULD A WENT AN HELPED YOU HOME, BUT I WAS AFRAID SHED PUT ME TO WORK, TOO! WAIT, I'LL HELP YOU UP TH' STEPS—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT TO GET OUR SUPPER, TOO? WATCH—DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR CANE!

THIS IS NOT A CAME, SMARTY! IT'S AN LIMB-BRELLA I LOANED SISTER, AND I'LL ADMIT I HELP HER A LITTLE, BUT YOU'RE ENTIRELY TOO SMART!

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE
NOM! MISSUS HOOPLE AIN'T HOME! SHE GONE TO TH' HOUSEHOPITAL TO NUSS SICK FOLKES! THASS A SPANKIN', FINE BEBBY YOU GOT, MRS. LATCHBERRY!
OH, DEAR! MARTHA SAID SHE'D TAKE CARE OF LITTLE LEO ANY TIME I NEEDED HELP! WELL, I'VE BEEN CALLED AWAY TO MY SICK SISTERS, SO I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM WITH YOU UNTIL MRS. HOOPLE GETS HOME! SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT HIS FEEDING!

THE MAJOR IS AT HOME, HOWEVER

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUT OUR WAY
GUESS I SHOULD A WENT AN HELPED YOU HOME, BUT I WAS AFRAID SHED PUT ME TO WORK, TOO! WAIT, I'LL HELP YOU UP TH' STEPS—ARE YOU ALL RIGHT TO GET OUR SUPPER, TOO? WATCH—DON'T TRIP OVER YOUR CANE!

THIS IS NOT A CAME, SMARTY! IT'S AN LIMB-BRELLA I LOANED SISTER, AND I'LL ADMIT I HELP HER A LITTLE, BUT YOU'RE ENTIRELY TOO SMART!

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With MAJOR HOOPLE
NOM! MISSUS HOOPLE AIN'T HOME! SHE GONE TO TH' HOUSEHOPITAL TO NUSS SICK FOLKES! THASS A SPANKIN', FINE BEBBY YOU GOT, MRS. LATCHBERRY!
OH, DEAR! MARTHA SAID SHE'D TAKE CARE OF LITTLE LEO ANY TIME I NEEDED HELP! WELL, I'VE BEEN CALLED AWAY TO MY SICK SISTERS, SO I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HIM WITH YOU UNTIL MRS. HOOPLE GETS HOME! SHE KNOWS ALL ABOUT HIS FEEDING!

THE MAJOR IS AT HOME, HOWEVER

By J. R. WILLIAMS

THIMBLE THEATER
DIONNE IS MERELY DOING HIS DUTY, ALAS, I TOO, OXAS, I HAD A MOTHER!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY, OGDAR?
HAW HAW!
LOOK! ROUGH-HOUSE IS GRIVING!
HAW! HAW! SNIFF!
SNIFF!
CAN'T I PEEL ONIONS WITHOUT YOU?
MEANWHILE
POPPA TOLD ME THAT I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WITH MY HEARS, MUCH LIKE ME, MOMMA, I'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL WITH MY HUSK AT NOW, WHO'S A JOKE?

'STARRING POPEYE
I'LL GAY!

By FRED HARMAN
RED RYDER
WE LOST ME NUNGRY, SICK, FEELING PLENTY RIDER!
AND I'M BLINDED FROM BEE STINGS AND MILES FROM HOME!
HE COLD, DON'T GET UP, DARK!
GUESS I'LL TRY HELP YOU MAKE CAMP AND ME, EAT UP SOME LITTLE DEANERY!
WELL—WE DIDNT TELL YOU BACKHORSERIDING WAS A REGULAR BUSINESS FOR THESE LITTLE BEANERS!

By JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER
SUPERMAN
DO YOU REALIZE THIS PUTS ME IN MY OWN CUMBERSOME ACTION AS SUPERMAN!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!
I CAN'T SHWART A POKER!

By FRANK KING
GASOLINE ALLEY
LOOK! PRESENT, BLONDIE! THERE'S EVERYBODY ELSE ON DESERT!
ALL SAY: WELL, OODS BEHIND THE LITTLE RED AN EYE WHO THEY ARE!
WHAT DO YOU DO YOU WALLEY!
DID SAID DEUSHT: MER, MER, MER!
GET DOWN, YOU LUG, OR I'LL BACK THAT THE ON OF YOUR DOWN INTO YOUR LO, IF ANY!

By MILTON CANIFF
TERRY AND THE PIRATES
I'VE CAPTAIN COCKLE IS SURE THAT A SPECIAL ENCLOSED!
OH, NO, YOU'VE THE BEST LITTLE SILENCE I'VE EVER SEEN!
DID A BATH AND GAVE ALWAYS LEAVE THE GARDEN!
SHEEN, AND A WOULD MAKE THE KNIFE YOU USED AS A RAZOR!
I'VE LEARNED OF THE DEWER WERE BY THE WOMAN TO OBTAIN THE KNIFE YOU USED AS A RAZOR!
WELL...
HER ONLY HOLD ON ME WAS KNOWING SPOON ENGLISH, SINCE IT'S NO LONGER A SECRET, IT WOULD SIMPLY MATTER IF SHE WERE ENLIGHTENED FROM MY PLANS!