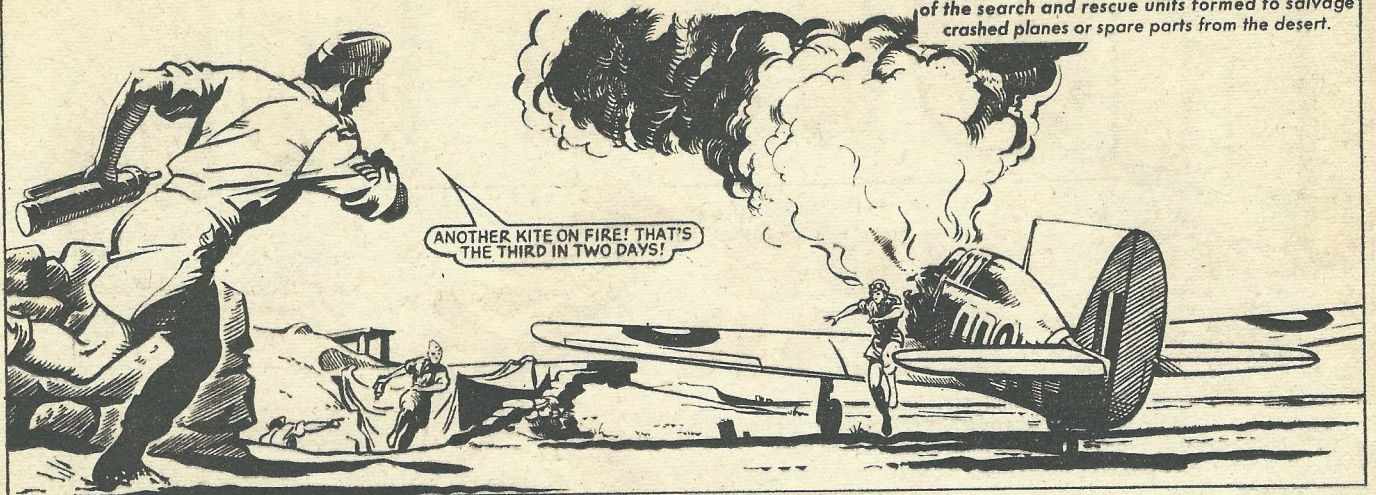


The problem planes that were wrecked before they left the ground!

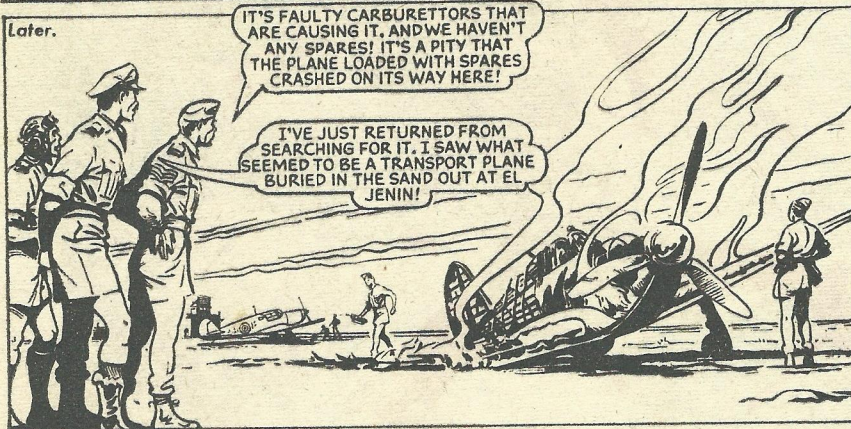
LOST PLANES FOUND

SERGEANT JAKE dashed towards a blazing Hurricane fighter on an R.A.F. airfield in the North African desert. It was 1942, in World War II, and the British desert air force was desperately short of planes to fight the Germans and Italians. Jake was the leader of X Squad, the most successful of the search and rescue units formed to salvage crashed planes or spare parts from the desert.



ANOTHER KITE ON FIRE! THAT'S THE THIRD IN TWO DAYS!

Later.



IT'S FAULTY CARBURETTORS THAT ARE CAUSING IT, AND WE HAVEN'T ANY SPARES! IT'S A PITY THAT THE PLANE LOADED WITH SPARES CRASHED ON ITS WAY HERE!

I'VE JUST RETURNED FROM SEARCHING FOR IT. I SAW WHAT SEEMED TO BE A TRANSPORT PLANE BURIED IN THE SAND OUT AT EL JENIN!



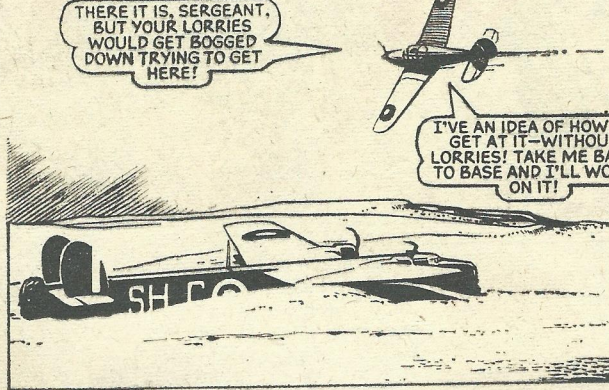
COULD YOU TAKE ME OUT TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT? THAT PLANE'S CARGO IS VALUABLE!

SURE, SERGEANT, BUT THE COUNTRY ROUND THAT PLANE IS SUCH THAT YOU'LL NEVER GET NEAR IT! IT'S SURROUNDED BY MILES OF SOFT SAND!

Sergeant Jake was soon airborne—

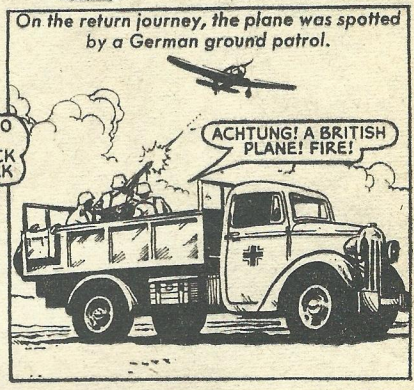


I RECOGNISE THESE SAND DUNES. THE PLANE ISN'T FAR FROM HERE!



THERE IT IS, SERGEANT, BUT YOUR LORRIES WOULD GET BOGGED DOWN TRYING TO GET HERE!

I'VE AN IDEA OF HOW TO GET AT IT—WITHOUT LORRIES! TAKE ME BACK TO BASE AND I'LL WORK ON IT!



On the return journey, the plane was spotted by a German ground patrol.

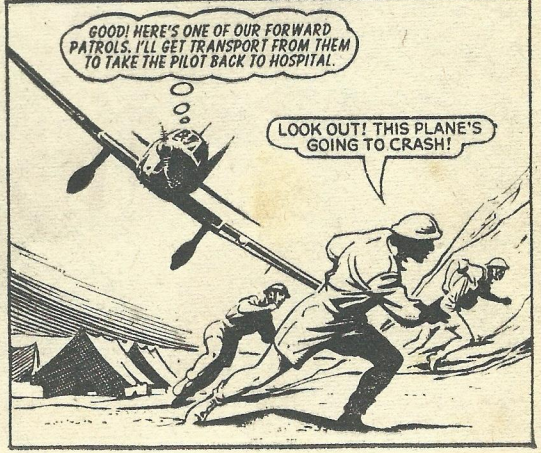
ACHTUNG! A BRITISH PLANE! FIRE!



WE'RE HIT! WE'RE LOSING HEIGHT AND THE PILOT IS BADLY WOUNDED. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER!



WE'RE OUT OF FUEL! THAT GUNFIRE MUST HAVE BURST THE FUEL TANK. I'LL HAVE TO CRASH LAND!



GOOD! HERE'S ONE OF OUR FORWARD PATROLS. I'LL GET TRANSPORT FROM THEM TO TAKE THE PILOT BACK TO HOSPITAL.

LOOK OUT! THIS PLANE'S GOING TO CRASH!