



CAPTAIN GALLANT

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Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

A CHALTON PUBLICATION

starring
BUSTER CRABBE
and his son
CUFFY

10¢



CAPTAIN GALLANT

Published bimonthly by Charlton Comics Group, Executive offices and office of publication, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn. Copyright 1965 by Charlton Comics Group, All Rights Reserved. Executive Editor

January, 1966

Printed in U.S.A.

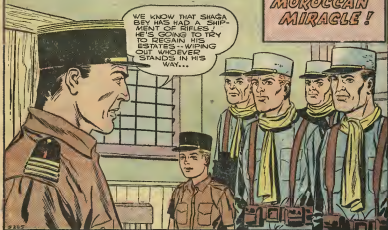


Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion

SOUTH OF TAGHIER, ON THE NORTHWEST COAST OF AFRICA, THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION IS CHARGED WITH KEEPING PEACE OVER THOUSANDS OF SCAMPERING MILES OF SCAMMING DESERT--SCAMING TRIBES OF CAMEL-MOUNTED REBELS, MARAUDING BANDS OUT FOR LOOT, MAKE THEIR TASK SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE, YET, THE LEGIONNAIRES, LED BY CAPTAIN GALLANT, MANAGE TO GET IT DONE... WITH THE HELP OF A...

**MOROCCAN
MIRACLE!**



WE KNOW THAT SHAGA BEY HAS HAD A SHIPMENT OF RIFLES! HE'S GOING TO TRY TO REGAIN HIS ESTATES--WIPING OUT WHOEVER STANDS IN HIS WAY...



... WE'RE GOING TO STOP HIM--IF WE HAVE TO RIDE DAY AND NIGHT! THAT'S ALL MEN, CLEAN YOUR WEAPONS TODAY--TOMORROW WE START THE SEARCH, CUFFY, FRONT AND CENTER!

YES, SIR!



I HAVE SOME PAPER WORK TO TAKE CARE OF BEFORE WE GO FOR OUR RIDE! YOU FIND ABDOULLAH AND START--I'LL MEET YOU AT THE OASIS!

YES SIR! THE DETAIL WILL BE THERE AS ORDERED, SIR!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE SEIZING CALDRON OF NORTH AFRICA BRED PLOT AND COUNTER - PLOT ! SPIES HIRED OUT TO BOTH SIDES AND CAPTAIN GALLANT NEVER KNEW IF HIS HIRED INFORMERS WERE LOYAL TO HIM OR THE ENEMY...

THE SHAGA BEY RECEIVED THE GUN, GREAT ONE ! THEY ARE BURIED IN TRACK-LESS SAND ! NOT EVEN SHAGA BEY CAN FIND THEM WITHOUT HIS GUIDER !

IF HE FINDS THEM WE'LL BLOW NORTH AFRICA OFF THE MAP !



KEEP AFTER THE INFORMATION, AHMED ! REPORT IF YOU LEARN ANYTHING !

I COMPLY, CAPTAIN ! HIS BAND OF CUT-THROATS IS NOT F 2 FROM HERE !



I'M RIDING OUT TO THE OASIS TO MEET CUFFY, FUZZY ! TELL SERGEANT BRODSKY TO FINISH THE REST OF THE PAPER WORK ! WE MARCH TOMORROW !

YES SIR ! I'VE GOT TO RUB DOWN JOSEPHINE, MY CAMEL, AFTER THAT !



THE NEAREST OASIS WAS SIX MILES OUTSIDE OF CAMP, CAPTAIN GALLANT'S FEET ARABIAN STALLION CARRIED HIM THERE QUICKLY -- HE WAS WORRIED...

AHMED SAID SHAGA BEY'S GANG WAS NEAR HERE ! I HOPE CUFFY'S OKAY !



ABDULLAH ! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS !



WHERE'S CUFFY ? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?

THE SHAGA BEY ! HE WAS HERE IN THE OASIS ! I WAS PULLED FROM MY HORSE BEFORE I KNEW WE WERE NOT ALONE !



CAPTAIN GALLANT

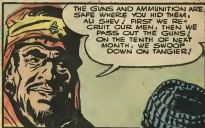


CAPTAIN GALLANT



LET HIM THINK AND ACQUIRE FEAR IN THE NIGHT. ALI SHEV! TIE HIM IN THE SUPPLY TENT!

AT THE FIRES OUTSIDE, THE BORDER GUERRILLAS TALKED OF THEIR PLANS FOR A VAST UPRISING, THE SMUGGLED ARMS THE KEY TO SUCCESS...



THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION ARE SAFE WHERE YOU HID THEM, ALI SHEV! FIRST WE RECRUIT OUR MEN, THEN WE PASS OUT THE GUNS! ON THE TENTH OF NEXT MONTH, WE SWOOP DOWN ON TANGIER!



THE TRIBES WILL RISE AND FOLLOW ME! I SHALL BE SULTAN OF ALL MOROCCO!

DESPITE HIS BRAVADO, CUFFY, THE LEGION MASCOT, WAS A LITTLE FRIGHTENED; HE JUMPED WHEN HE HEARD...



CUFFY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT!

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THERE IN A MINUTE, CUFFY!



SIR--I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, BUT I HEARD THEIR PLANS! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK TANGIER ON THE TENTH OF NEXT MONTH! I COULD LEARN MORE...

...IF I STAY TILL TOMORROW NIGHT! THEY'RE RESTING THE CAMELS HERE TOMORROW! IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE LEGIONNAIRE'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO SUIT THE TENT, THEN GET CUFFY FREE -- THEN HE REALIZED WHAT WAS AT STAKE! MOROCCO, POSSIBLY ALL OF NORTH AFRICA...

I'LL BE CLOSE BY WHEN YOU NEED ME! KEEP YOUR EARS OPEN AND, CUFFY, THE TROOP IS COMING!



SHAGA BEY AND HIS MEN RESTED AT THE WATERHOLE ALL THAT DAY... WHILE CAPTAIN GALLANT WATCHED THE BACK TRAIL FOR HIS MEN...



THE SWIFT DESERT NIGHT FELL WITH NO SIGN OF THE LEGIONNAIRES! AND THEN CAPTAIN GALLANT SAW SOMETHING THAT MADE HIM PALE...

MAKE NO TROUBLE, SMALL ONE. OR RETRIBUTION WILL BE SWIFT! WE GO TO GET MEN AND GUNS!



GUNS CACHED NEAR HERE, SHAGA BEY. I'LL GO AHEAD!



WHILE THE ARABS HALF DOZED IN THEIR SADDLES, CUFFY HAD SPOTTED CAPTAIN GALLANT RIDING IN THE REAR! HE SUDDENLY WRENCHED THE REINS FREE FROM THE ARAB AND...



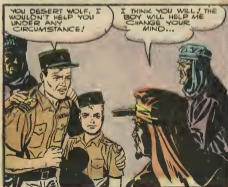
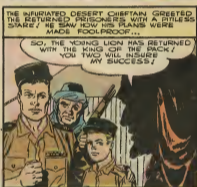
RIDE, CUFFY! I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



MOUNTED ON INFERIOR STEEDS, THE PURSUERS DROPPED BACK... AND THE TWO LEGIONNAIRES WERE SAFE UNTIL THEY TOPPED A DUNE AND...



CAPTAIN GALLANT



YOU FILTHY BEAST...

...HE'LL GROW WEAKER AND... **KEEP HIM AWAY!!**

THROUGH THE RED MIST OF RAGE, CAPTAIN GALLANT FELT HIMSELF BEING DRAGGED AWAY FROM THE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN! THEN...



YOU WILL SUFFER TWICE AS MUCH, FOREIGN DEVIL! TAKE THEM AWAY!

WORD CAME IN FROM OUTLYING TRIBES -- THEY WOULD RIDE IF THE SHAGA BEY SUPPLIED GOLD AND ARMS -- AND HE HAD BOTH...

ARE THE GUNS STILL THERE! HAVE THEY BEEN DISTURBED?

THE DESERT IS HUGE AND ONLY A MIRACLE COULD LEAD AN UNKNOWN ONE TO THE CACHE -- BUT IF IT CAME TO PASS, THE AREA IS MINED!



NOW, FOR YOUR PUNISHMENT, CAPTAIN, YOU AND THE BOY!



I WISH I HAD TIME TO DO IT PROPERLY, FOREIGNERS! BUT I AM TOO BUSY TO SEE YOUR... WHAT IS IT?

MANY MEN ON HORSES COME, OH CHIEF!

THEN CAPTAIN GALLANT CAUGHT THE MUFFLED CADENCE OF MOVES IN SAND! THE FOREIGN LEGION HAD ARRIVED...



LEGIONNAIRES, CHAA-AARGE!

CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE TERRIFIED WOLVES OF THE DESERT COULDN'T FACE THE TERRIBLE CHARGE OF THE HARD-BITTEN LEGIONNAIRES! THEY TURNED AND RAN FOR SAFETY... BUT NOT FAST ENOUGH...



RESIST THEM! FIGHT THEM! DO NOT...

YOU HAD THIS COMING, MISTER!



LET THE FOOLS BE PUNISHED! A WISE MAN KNOWS WHEN TO DEPART!



SIR, THE LEADER IS GETTING AWAY!

HE'S GOT A FRESH HORSE, TOO! GET ME A HORSE! I'LL TRY TO RUN HIM DOWN!



YOU'RE TRYING, HORSE, BUT YOU'RE TIRED! LOOKS LIKE THAT WOULD-BE SHAGA HITLER IS GETTING AWAY!

SHAGA BEY HAD THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF UNMAPPED DESERT AHEAD AND A FAST HORSE UNDER HIM! -- THEN THE MIRACLE HAPPENED...



LATER, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, SERGEANT BROOSKY STILL COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO SHAGA BEY...

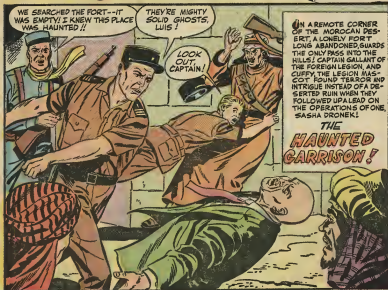
YOU MEAN HE ROSE OVER THE CACHED AMMO, SIR? AND THE ARAB WHO RID IT HAD IT MINED?

THAT'S RIGHT, SERGEANT! SHAGA BEY WOULD BE FREE RIGHT NOW TO CONTINUE HIS DEVILISH WORK IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A MIRACLE!



THE END

Captain GALLANT



WE SEARCHED THE FORT--IT WAS EMPTY! I KNEW THIS PLACE WAS HAUNTED!!

THEY'RE MIGHTY SOLID GHOSTS, LUIS!

LOOK OUT, CAPTAIN!

IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE MOROCCAN DESERT, A LONELY FORT LONG ABANDONED, GUARDS THE ONLY PASS INTO THE HILLS! CAPTAIN GALLANT OF THE FOREIGN LEGION, AND CUFFY THE LEGION MASCOT FOUND TERROR AND INTRIGUE INSTEAD OF A DESERTED RUIN WHEN THEY FOLLOWED UP A LEAD ON THE OPERATIONS OF ONE, SASHA DRONEK!

THE HAUNTED GARRISON!

THE AFFAIR STARTED THREE DAYS BEFORE ... CAPTAIN GALLANT AND CUFFY WERE OFF-POST FOR A HOLIDAY ...

LOOK, CAPTAIN--THERE'S ONE OF THE MEN WHOSE PICTURE YOU HAVE IN YOUR OFFICE!

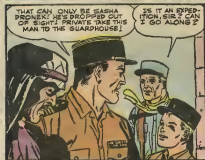
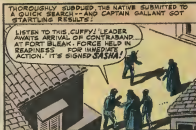
YOU'VE GOT GOOD EYES, CUFFY! HE'S WANTED FOR SABOTAGE BY THE FOREIGN LEGION!

JUST A MINUTE, FRIEND! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

FOREIGN DOG! WE WILL SOON BE RID OF YOU!



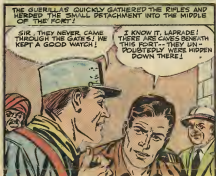
CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT



THE END

FOUR WINDOWS TO FREEDOM

It was the typical spring day about which poets like to write. And would-be artists find ideal as inspiration for their paint sets. To Professor John Symmonds it meant a chance to be alone and walk. He had told his secretary he would be away for only an hour. But being typically absent-minded, he had kept on walking. His car was parked at the end of the road. Suddenly, he became aware of the presence of five uniformed soldiers. Each was armed.

"You are entering the forbidden zone," said the junior officer in his "book English." "In the name of our Party I arrest you."

"What kind of nonsense is this?" demanded the professor. "I was just taking a walk. I am on our side of the frontier. You just go ahead with your business and I shall return home."

"You come with us to the colonel," shouted the junior officer. "If you run away we will shoot!"

The soldiers loaded into a truck the unhappy specialist who was well versed in weather. They drove for an hour then stopped before a large stone building. Five minutes later the professor faced the colonel.

"We are glad you came over to our side," began the Senior Officer in charge of Zone K, "and I wish to compliment you. Your knowledge of weather conditions will be a great asset to us, Professor Symmonds. We shall do everything in our power to provide you with the finest scientific instruments you need for your work."

The professor was absent-minded, but he wasn't crazy. He had enough sense to know the enemy had planned this for a long time. They might have even moved the frontier markers away, so as to fool him. He would make one outward attempt to demand his release. If this failed, he would figure out some way to get back to the land of freedom.

"I do not wish to notify my government. I am at present working for the United States Navy. Unless you release me at once there will be

diplomatic consequences of the highest nature."

"You have a remarkable flow of language," snapped back the colonel. "Later you will be able to communicate with your family and notify them you are alive. Relax and don't overtax your heart. We know all about your physical condition. You mustn't get excited. It could be fatal."

The weather specialist shrugged his shoulders. No use getting high blood pressure and dropping dead on the uncomfortable carpet. He would stall for more time.

"I assume that, since you know so much about me, colonel, you will be the officer in charge of my well-being and of my scientific activity. At the moment I am hungry. I want a two pound sirloin steak smothered in onions. French-fried potatoes not too well done. Then apple pie and coffee."

"Such a meal is fit for men of your rank and mine," replied the Senior Officer. "I shall join you."

Mrs. Jean Symmonds had been notified of the disappearance of her husband. The twins, James and Herbert, were a bit too young to be told the sad news. However, Commander Franklin D. Meadows, of Naval Intelligence, had a bit of cheerful news for Mrs. Symmonds.

"In his spare time, your husband was working with some of our code experts. He had several sound theories about developing new type codes. Eventually, if he is alive, he will communicate with you. Save that message and notify us at once. Our experts will break it down and find any hidden message your husband can get past the enemy censors."

For two months the professor had been assembling scientific equipment at Secret Station 2PQ. But as yet he had done nothing about weather conditions.

"I will be able to assemble the weather data you need shortly," he informed his constant guard and companion, the colonel. "But not until all this equipment has been tested. I want to write a letter to my wife."

"Not yet," replied the colonel. "Perhaps in a month or so."

"Now," contradicted the professor with evident determination in his voice. "Your country regards me as the top expert in my field. If I get excited and drop dead, what will happen to you? Bet they either execute you or send you to a labor camp. I want to send a simple letter to my wife. We are going to build a summer home in Center Moriches, Long Island."

The colonel realized the professor held the whip hand. So he gave him paper and a pen.

"Go ahead and write your message. But don't try to tell your wife where you are," he warned.

Professor Symmonds wrote the message briefly. Yet he had spent all his spare time figuring it out. The colonel took the sheet of paper and read:

"Jean Dearest:

I am treated well and like the people. Will probably be here the rest of my life. There is sufficient money for you and the twins in the trust account. You can start building the summer home at Center Moriches. It will be pleasant to face the South Bay. The way Long Island runs, it would be ideal to have a house with all the windows and all rooms facing South. Then neither you, the twins, nor your parents, will argue about having the choice room. Don't spend more than eighteen thousand dollars for the house. Notify me two weeks from today on Radio Station PQ5A that you have my message. I have a short-wave set and will listen.

Love to all,
Your affectionate husband,
John."

Three censors and two code experts gave their opinion to the colonel. They had studied the message carefully.

"Your agents in America have checked that he has this piece of property and was going to build a house. No code concealed. Send it."

When Mrs. Symmonds received the message, she contacted Commander Franklyn D. Meadows at once. He read the letter through twice and smiled.

"I know where your husband is being held. We will send four of our planes disguised to look like the enemies. We will pick a group of men who speak the enemy's language. Don't worry, we'll have your husband back soon."

One look at Mrs. Symmonds face and you could see the word "Surprise" written all over it.

"May I look at that message again," she half pleaded. "All I can get out of it is the fact that he wants me to go ahead and build our dream house. I see no reason why I should not call up Harrington & Blake, the builders, and tell them to start at once.

Commander Meadows laughed, for he knew the letter was not an order to Mrs. Symmonds to build the house.

"Your husband once remarked that the greatest adventure of all was the challenge of the human mind. He matched his ability with the enemies censors who read his message and then passed it. However, I am going to check with Mr. Perlman, head of our Code Division to see if he agrees with my conclusion. You will forgive me if I do not tell you where your husband is just yet."

Walter Perlman read the message but twice and then handed it back to the commander.

"I agree with your conclusion," he remarked. "Go ahead with your operation to rescue the professor. I would like to keep this letter and frame it. I shall call your rescue operations Four Windows To Freedom."

It was a cold clear day. Two large American transport planes landed with a tough group of commando soldiers under direction of Commander Meadows. There was a slight show of resistance but the enemy surrendered at once. Professor Symmonds merely remarked to his rescuers.

"I see that my message was properly interpreted. Believe me, I'll be glad to put my two feet on American soil again."

The colonel pleaded to be taken back to America and for good reason.

"They will kill me for my stupidity. Take me with you and I will give you a lot of useful information."

So they took the colonel with them. Later in America he asked the commander the sixty-four dollar question.

"How did you figure out that we were holding the professor at the North Pole?"

"The key was in the words: ' . . . to have a house with all windows and rooms facing South.' " explained the commander. "There is only one place in the world where such a house actually can be built. It is at the North Pole! There every window and every room must face South."

The End

Captain GALLANT *in* JOSEPHINE'S RIVAL

IN THE HISTORY OF THE FOREIGN LEGION, THERE WAS NEVER A ROMANCE TO EQUAL THE ONE BETWEEN FUZZY AND JOSEPHINE -- THE FIRST A LEGIONNAIRE, THE SECOND HIS EVER LOVIN' CAMEL! BUT THERE WAS TROUBLE IN PARADISE WHEN A GLOE-EYED BELLE CAME BETWEEN FUZZY AND HIS DESERT 'SWEETHEART!'

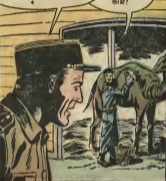
YOU GOT THE SWEETEST EYES, HONEYBEE! AND YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON THE DESERT... WHAT'S THE MATTER? DID I SAY SOMETHIN' WRONG?

STOP! THAT.... MONSTER IS BACK AGAIN!

FUZZY'S AFFAIRS OF THE HEART BECAME ENTANGLED A WEEK PRIOR TO THE TOUCHING SCENE ABOVE... WHEN FUZZY CAME UNDER THE STERN EYE OF CAPTAIN GALLANT!

FUZZY! YOU MISSED MUSTER AT ONE O'CLOCK! REPORT TO THE OFFICE!

YES, SIR, CAPTAIN, RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



SEE? YOU GOT ME IN TROUBLE, JOSEPHINE! NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF 'TILL I GET BACK!



CAPTAIN GALLANT



YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT PUNISHMENT COMING, FUZZY -- BUT IT AIN'T BE EXTRA DUTY OR THE GUARD-HOUSE IT'LL BE SOMETHING ELSE...

YOU KNOW YOU'VE GOT PUNISHMENT COMING, FUZZY -- BUT IT AIN'T BE EXTRA DUTY OR THE GUARD-HOUSE IT'LL BE SOMETHING ELSE...



GET THAT EXPRESSION OFF YOUR SILLY FACE! NOT YOU, FUZZY -- THAT CAMEL OF YOURS! WHICH BRINGS ME TO THE SUBJECT YOU'RE A GREAT LADY'S MAN -- AT LEAST JOSEPHINE THINKS SO!



SOMEONE IS REPORTING EVERY MOVE WE MAKE! I HAVE AN IDEA IT'S ONE OF THE WOMEN WHO DO THE LAUNDRY! HER NAME IS CARLA -- LOOK HER UP AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!

CARLA? I THINK I KNOW THE ONE YOU MEAN, JONDA PLUMLIKE!

THE ASSIGNMENT MEANT THAT HE'D BE AWAY FROM JOSEPHINE FOR AWHILE ... BUT FUZZY COULD TAKE IT!

HONEST, JOSEPHINE, I CAN'T HELP IT! YOU HEARD THE CAPTAIN GIVE ME THE ORDER YOURSELF! IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



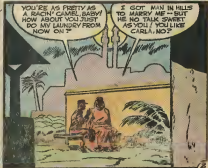
HELLO, BEAUTIFUL! HERE LET ME HELP YOU WITH THAT!

'ALLO, AND SOME! SURE THING!



YOU'RE AS PRETTY AS A RACH' CAMEL, BABY! HOW ABOUT YOU JUST DO MY LAUNDRY FROM NOW ON?

I GOT MAN IN HILLS TO MARRY ME -- BUT HE NO TALK SWEET AS YOU! YOU LIKE CARLA, NO?



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

FUZZY'S CAMPAIGN TO CATCH THE DUSKY SPY WAS RENEWED AGAIN THE NEXT EVENING... THIS TIME WITH BETTER CHANCES FOR SUCCESS!

CAPTAIN GALLANT WAS RIGHT- I'M JUST THE MAN FOR THIS JOB! WHEN IT COMES TO THE FAIR SEX, I'M A WHIZ-- WOMEN OR CAMELS!



'ALLO, FUZZY! THAT BEAST NOT WEETH YOU THIS TIME ?

NAW, JOSEPHINE'S TIED UP! LET'S SIT BY THE SPRING, HUH? IT'S KINDA ROMANTIC THERE!



SO YOU FORGET THIS GUY IN THE HILLS, SIB ? DOES HE COME AROUND MUCH? ASK QUESTIONS ABOUT THE FOREIGN LEGION ?

ALL TIME ASK QUESTION! I TELL HEEM, NO? WHY HE ASK, I NOT KNOW!



FUZZY'S EFFORTS WERE TAVING OFF.... BUT IN THE DENSE GROWTH NEAR THE SPRING, A SINISTER NATIVE LURKED LISTENING

LEGIONNAIRE FUZZY MUCH BETTER SWEETHEART! CARLA FOR-GET OTHER MAN, HOKAY ?

GEE HONEY, YOU SURE HAVE PRETTY LIPS!



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KISS, BABY ?

HOKAY, 'ANDSOME / CLOSE YOUR EYES FIRST, HAH ?



CAN I OPEN 'EM YET, HONEY ?

NO! EEF YOU DO-- YOU WON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE!

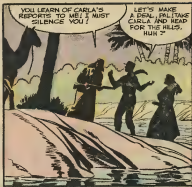


CAPTAIN GALLANT



LOWLY DOG STEALS MY BROTHERED! NOW, YOU PAY!

HEY, POINT THAT SOMEWHERE ELSE! I WAS JUST KIDDIN', HONEST!



YOU LEARN OF CARLA'S REPORTS TO ME! I MUST SILENCE YOU!

LET'S MAKE A DEAL, PAL! TAKE CARLA AND HEAD FOR THE HILLS. HUH?



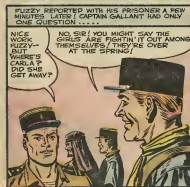
IT LOOKED BAD FOR THE HOME TEAM -- BUT JOSEPHINE WAS AMONG THOSE PRESENT AGAIN ... HER TIE ROPE CHEWED IN HALF!

JOSEPHINE! YOU ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME!



SON OF A SON! WHAT ... ?

WE'LL PLAY TWENTY QUESTIONS LATER, BUSTER!



FUZZY REPORTED WITH HIS PRISONER A FEW MINUTES LATER! CAPTAIN GALLANT HAD ONLY ONE QUESTION ...

NICE WORK FUZZY-- BUT WHERE'S CARLA? DID SHE GET AWAY?

NO, SIR! YOU MIGHT SAY THE GIRLS ARE FIGHTIN' IT OUT AMONG THEMSELVES! THEY'RE OVER AT THE SPRING!



'EV, LET ME DOWN! ... GLUG ... I'M SORRY, JOSEPHINE!

SEE? JOSEPHINE GETS A MITE JEALOUS ONCE IN A WHILE!

The SEVEN CITIES of CIBOLA

IN 1540 SPAIN WAS THE MASTER OF THE NEW WORLD. MEXICO HAD BEEN CONQUERED AND LOOTED, BUT WILD TALES OF WEALTH AND SPLENDOR STILL DRIFTED BACK TO SPAIN ABOUT THE UNEXPLORED LANDS TO THE NORTH WHERE LAY THE FABLED SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA. FRANCISCO VASQUES DE CORONADO, A WEALTHY NOBLEMAN, INSPIRED BY THE LEGENDS, FITTED OUT ONE OF THE LARGEST EXPEDITIONS OF THE ERA...

I HOPE WE MAY RETURN WITH GLORY, MY FRIEND, FRANCISCO! OURS IS THE GREATEST EXPEDITION EVER TO LEAVE SPAIN... A THOUSAND MEN, AND EACH A MEMBER OF A NOBLE HOUSE!

WHEN WE RETURN THE KING HIMSELF WILL GREET US! I HAVE FAITH, CARDENAS! I SOLD MY HOUSE AND MY LAND, AND I'VE MORTGAGED MY REPUTATION TO UNDERTAKE THIS VOYAGE! THE WEALTH OF CIBOLA SHALL BE OURS!



THE STOUT SHIPS SET SAIL. DURING THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, VICIOUS STORMS ENDANGERED THE EXPEDITION...

AT LAST THE SHIPS DOCKED IN MEXICO, AND THE LONG SEA VOYAGE WAS OVER...

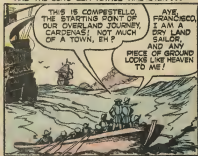
WE ARE ROUNDING THE DREAD CAPE OF STORMS NOW, GENERAL CORONADO! BUT WITH GOD'S HELP, THE REST OF THE JOURNEY WILL BE PEACEFUL!

AYE! WITH GOD'S HELP!



THIS IS COMPESTELLO, THE STARTING POINT OF OUR OVERLAND JOURNEY, CARDENAS! NOT MUCH OF A TOWN, EH?

AYE, FRANCISCO, I AM A DRY LAND SAILOR, AND ANY PIECE OF GROUND LOCKS LIKE HEAVEN TO ME!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

CORONADO'S ARMY BEGAN THE MARCH TO NORTHERN MEXICO...

THIS IS POOR LAND, FATHER! THE INDIANS BARELY SCRATCH A LIVING FROM THE LAND, BUT WHEN WE REACH CIBOLA, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT!

WE HOPE YOUR DREAMS WILL BE FULFILLED, MY SON! HO, HERE COMES CARZENAS!



FRANCISCO! THERE IS SICKNESS AMONG THE SOLDIERS! THEY HAVE BROKEN THE RANKS AND ARE THROWING AWAY THEIR PACKS!



IS THIS THE FINEST BLOOD OF SPAIN? HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO REACH CIBOLA? FORM YOUR RANKS!

MY LORD, WE ARE SICK WITH FEVER! FIVE MEN ARE ALREADY DEAD! WE CANNOT GO ON!



WE CANNOT LEAVE THEM TO DIE, BUT HOW CAN WE REMAIN IN THIS WILDERNESS?

THE GARRISON OF CARAZONE IS ONE DAY'S MARCH, CARZENAS! LEAD OUR ARMY THERE! I WILL CHOOSE FIFTY OF OUR BEST HORSEMEN AND RIDE TO CIBOLA! WHEN THE MEN HAVE RESTED YOU WILL JOIN ME!



GO ON TO THE NEW COUNTRY ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE AND TO FABLED CIBOLA...

GENERAL, THE GUIDE REPORTS THAT THIS DINGY TOWN BEFORE US IS CIBOLA!

WHAT? IMPOSSIBLE! CIBOLA HAS GREAT DWELLINGS! HER ROOFS ARE LINED WITH GOLD! WHY, THIS IS NOTHING BUT A PIGSTY! ASK ONE OF THE NATIVES WHAT THE TOWN IS CALLED!



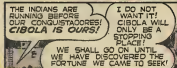
THE INDIANS WHO ARE ZUNI, SAY THAT THIS IS CIBOLA! THERE ARE SIX MORE OF THESE DWELLINGS WHICH ARE CONNECTED BY TUNNELS THROUGH THE HILLSIDE!

THE SEVEN CITIES OF CIBOLA! FOR THIS FILTHY HAMLET I LED A THOUSAND MEN FROM SPAIN AND SPENT MY ENTIRE FORTUNE!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

SUDDENLY THE ZUNI ATTACKED...



SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, WHITE MEN LOOKED UPON ONE OF THE GREAT WONDERS OF THE WORLD, THE GRAND CANYON...



WHEN GENERAL CARDENAS JOINED HIM WITH THE ENTIRE ARMY, CORONADO PUSHED NORTHWARD THROUGH ARIZONA...



CAPTAIN GALLANT

WEARILY CORONADO'S ARMY FLOODED ON TO TIGUEZ, WHERE THE FIRST BUFFALO WERE SEEN...

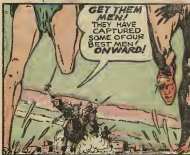


THESE ARE STRANGE COWS! THEY HAVE BEARDS AND THEIR SKINS ARE AS STRONG AS ARMOR!

THE NATIVES MAKE CLOTHING FROM THEIR HIDES! OUR TROOPS MUST HAVE NEW UNIFORMS. LET US COMMAND THE NATIVES OF TIGUEZ TO SEW FOR US!

THE SIEGE LASTED FIFTY DAYS! FINALLY, WHEN THE INDIANS ATTEMPTED TO ESCAPE...

BUT THE INDIANS WERE HOSTILE AND CORONADO WAS FORCED TO BESIEGE THE TOWN...



GET THEM MEN! THEY HAVE CAPTURED SOME OF OUR BEST MEN! ONWARD!

BUT STILL NO GOLD! AND YET ANOTHER MYTHICAL TREASURE LAND LURED CORONADO; THIS TIME TO QUIVIRA...



YOU DOG! YOU HAVE LED US ASTRAY! THIS JOURNEY HAS ALREADY TAKEN HALF A YEAR! WHERE IS QUIVIRA?

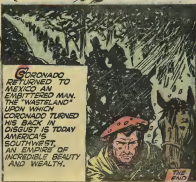
AAAAH! STOP! I WILL TELL THE TRUTH! YES, I HAVE MISLEAD YOU FOR MY PEOPLE'S SAKE! QUIVIRA LIES NORTH OF HERE!

WHEN QUIVIRA, NEAR THE SITE OF PRESENT-DAY WICHITA, WAS REACHED...



IT IS A FAIR COUNTRY... BUT WHERE IS THE GOLD WE SEEK?

LET US RETURN, MY LORD! EVERY TRAIL WE'VE FOLLOWED HAS BEEN FALSE! LET US NOT DIE IN A STRANGE LAND!



CORONADO RETURNED TO MEXICO AN EMBITTERED MAN. THE "WASTELAND" UPON WHICH CORONADO TURNED HIS BACK IN DISGUST IS TODAY AMERICA'S SOUTHWEST, AN EMPIRE OF INCREDIBLE BEAUTY AND WEALTH.

THE END

CAPTAIN GALLANT

HOW TO FIGHT A FLITTING SHADOW, HOW TO TRAP AN INVINCIBLE ENEMY, THAT WAS THE MISSION OF SERGEANT JEAN LECLERC -- UNTIL A FORCE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANGER AND HATE GAVE HIM THE ANSWER FOR ---

AN EYE FOR AN EYE



CAPTAIN GALLANT



CAPTAIN GALLANT

MORNING FOUND JEAN RECOVERED, BUT AS HE LOOKED AROUND THE HUGE TENT...

GOOD MORNING, LEGIONNAIRE. YOU SLEPT A DEEP SLEEP!

YOU! -- THEN YOU'RE --



YES-- I AM THE ONE WHO TALKED TO YOU LAST NIGHT. I AM SILVANA, DAUGHTER OF SHEIKH MABDOUL! BUT DRINK THIS!

YOU'RE FAR FROM YOUR OWN PEOPLE -- OUT HERE. AND THANK GOD FOR IT!



YES.. I WOULD NOT STAY TO WATCH A TRAITOR USURP THE RULE OF MY FATHER! I WOULD RATHER ROAM THE DESERT WITH MY SOLDIERS THAN BOW TO THE ALLEGIANCE OF MOFRAD HASSIN!

MOFRAD HASSIN -- THE SWAHILLI CHEFTAN!



HE HAS CONSOLIDATED MANY OF THE NOMAD TRIBES OF THIS REGION. HE IS AN ANIMAL -- BENT ON IMPOSSIBLE CONQUEST!

I KNOW. HE AND HIS BAND ATTACKED MY COMPANY FOUR DAYS AGO. I'M THE ONLY SURVIVOR.



SILVANA -- WILL YOU GIVE ME A SWIFT STALLION AND SAFE CONDUCT TO MY FORT? WE MIGHT STILL BE ABLE TO STOP MOFRAD!

YES -- ANYTHING TO BE FREE OF HIS YOKES!



THEN I MUST START IMMEDIATELY. WE CAN SEND A COLUMN TO HEAD HIM OFF AT THE DARJIA PASS. THAT IS WHERE WE KNOW HE'S TO MEET HIS ALLIES!

THEN I WILL SEE TO IT YOUR WISHES ARE GRANTED!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

RIDING
BURIOUSLY,
THE 83RD
LEGIONNAIRE
SOON
REACHED
THE FORT...



YOUR FACE IS FILLED WITH COURAGE! ONLY A MAN OF GREAT STRENGTH WAS ABLE TO REACH THE OASIS OF KORAM. PERHAPS WE SHALL MEET AGAIN!



AND MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE FORT...

-- AND NOW YOU KNOW EVERYTHING, MON COMMANDANT! LE DIEU SPAIRED ME!

WE WILL START OUT AT ONCE! KOFRAD WILL RECEIVE A GREAT SHOCK!



BUT AS THE LEGION COLUMN STARTS OUT, HOSTILE EYES WATCH ITS PROGRESS...



...AND REPORT TO THEIR MASTER...



I PREFER DEATH TO THE DISHONOR OF YOUR GREASY PRESENCE!



YOU WILL REGRET YOUR IMPERTINENCE! I WILL CRUSH THESE INFIDELS AS I CRUSHED THE WOMANLY RESISTANCE OF YOUR DODDERING FATHER! HOLD HER UNTIL MY RETURN!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

BUT UNKNOWN TO KOFRAD, HASSIN, JEAN LECLERC HAS ASKED FOR SCOUT DUTY, AND...

KOFRAD'S ARMY—CIRCLING AROUND DARJA PASS INSTEAD OF HEADING INTO IT! HE'S BEEN WARNED!



LOSING NO TIME THE GRIM LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS WAY TOWARDS HIS COLUMN, BUT NO SOONER HAD HE REACHED HALF-WAY...

HOLD, LEGIONNAIRE! MY CHEFTANESS HAS BEEN CAPTURED BY KOFRAD!

WHERE IS SHE—QUICK!



NORTH OF HERE—AT THE LASRIN OASIS, ONLY I... ESCAPED! THE REST... WERE CAPTURED!

LISTEN TO ME! I WANT YOU TO WARN MY COMMANDANT THAT KOFRAD IS PLANNING A RUSE AT THE PASS—THAT HE KNOWS OUR PLANS—TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED SO THAT HE'LL BELIEVE YOU!



WHAT OF MY CHIEFTANESS?

I'M GOING TO HER, NOW, TELL MY COMMANDANT TO ATTACK KOFRAD AT THE PASS AS SOON AS HE HEARS THREE SHOTS!



KNOWING THAT KOFRAD'S MEN LEFT BEHIND WOULD NOT EXPECT STRANGE VISITORS, THE PLUCKY LEGIONNAIRE SOON MADE HIS ENTRY INTO KOFRAD'S TENT...

JEAN...! NOW...?

ONE OF YOUR MEN FOUND ME! THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE!—ARE YOUR MEN WILLING TO FIGHT FOR YOU?



...TO THE DEATH! WHY?

I'LL TELL YOU ON THE WAY! RIGHT NOW WE HAVE TO FREE THEM AND OVERPOWER KOFRAD'S MEN!



CAPTAIN GALLANT

THE FIGHT WAS FURIOUS AND SHORT-LIVED, MINUTES LATER, AS THEY RACED TOWARDS THE PASS ...

IT IS WELL TO APPROACH MOFRAD FROM HIS LEFT FLANK! HE WILL NOT BE EXPECTING ATTACK FROM THIS DIRECTION!



GIVING HIS SIGNAL, JEAN LECLERC AND HIS SMALL BAND OF FIGHTERS CHARGED!

THAT ACCURSED SHE-DEVIL! GO BE IT!



NOW CAME A BATTLE-TO-DEATH!

SO—AN INFIDEL LEADS YOU, SILVANA? I WILL SOON PUT AN END TO HIM!

YOUR DAYS OF TYRANNY ARE OVER!



HE IS FINISHED, SILVANA!

AND LOOK! YOUR LEGION APPROACHES!



AND AFTERWARDS ...

WILL YOU NOT COME WITH ME, JEAN? I WILL MAKE YOU GENERAL OF MY ARMIES—AND GUARDIAN OF MY HEART!

I CAN'T SILVANA. MY DUTY IS HERE! BUT PERHAPS SOME DAY!



THEN I SHALL BE WAITING, MY BRAVE ONE! FAREWELL!

FAREWELL, SILVANA. SOME DAY, PERHAPS, WHO KNOWS? IT'S THE WILL OF THE LEGION!



THE END.

CAPTAIN GALLANT

Captain GALLANT

of the Foreign Legion


BUSTER
CRABBE

CUFFY

HI! KIDS... SEE
US IN ACTION
EVERY WEEK ON
TELEVISION!



CAMELS AND CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THEM



THE SINGLE-HUMPED CAMEL KNOWN AS THE DROMEDARY MAKES ITS HOME IN AFRICA. THE HUMP ON ITS BACK IS A BIG FATTY MASS OF FLESH USED AS A FOOD RESERVOIR FROM WHICH THE CAMEL CAN DRAW FOOD WHEN IT IS NECESSARY. THEIR LONG SLIT-LIKE NOSTRILS CAN BE CLOSED IN TIMES OF PENE-TRATING SANDSTORMS. ITS GREAT PADDED FEET KEEP IT FROM SINKING INTO THE SOFT SAND AND ALSO GIVE IT A FIRM FOOTHOLD ON ROUGH STONY LAND!

THE TWO HUMPED SPECIES KNOWN AS BACTRIAN CAMEL, IS FOUND IN EASTERN ASIA. THE MONGOLS HIGHLY PRIZE THE WOOL OR HAIR OF THE CAMEL. IN WINTER, THE ANIMAL IS COVERED BY A BROWNISH HAIR. SUMMER FINDS IT SHEDDING MOST OF IT, AND THE ANIMAL HAS JUST PATCHES OF HAIR REMAINING WHICH GIVE IT AN UNKEPT APPEARANCE!

THE LLAMA OF SOUTH AMERICA IS A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE CAMEL, ALTHOUGH IT HAS NO HUMP. THE LLAMA IS SMALL IN SIZE AND INCAPABLE OF TRANS-PORTING HEAVY LOADS. THE NATIVES USE THE VALUABLE WOOL OF THE LLAMA TO WEAVE CLOTH!

