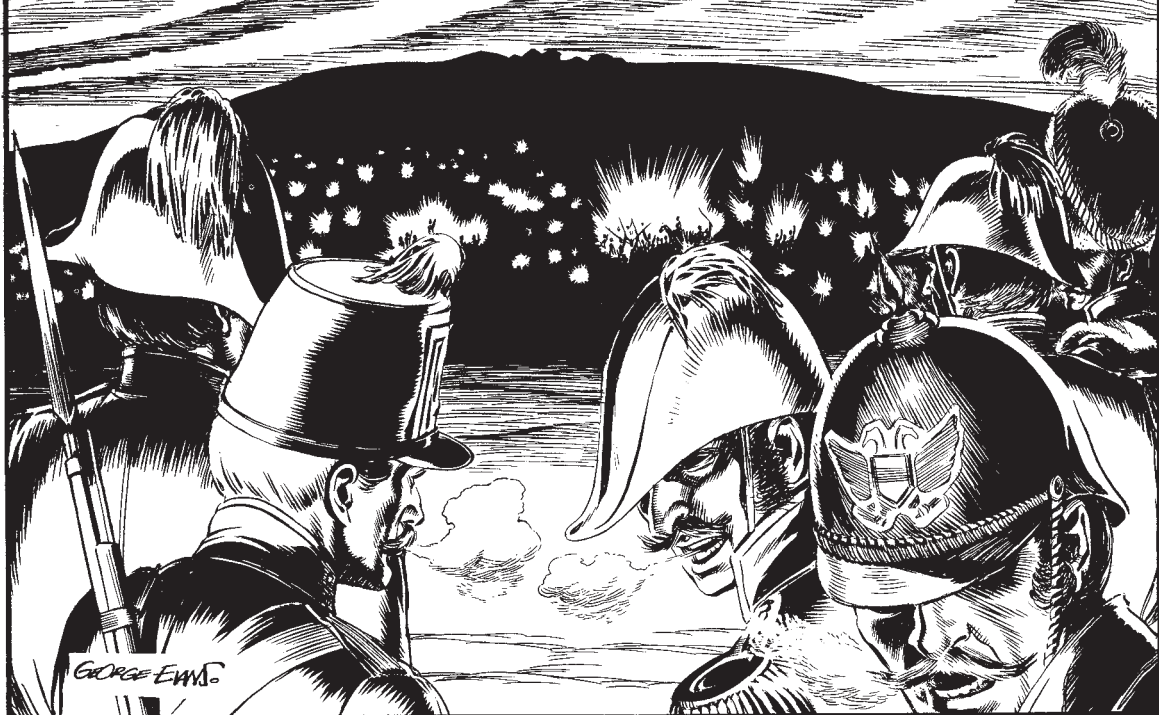


ACES HIGH



A COLD DECEMBER NIGHT IN 1805! THE RUSSIAN ARMY HAS GATHERED TO BATTLE THE FRENCH BEFORE AUSTERLITZ! AND THEIR STRAINING EYES SEE THOUSANDS OF TORCHES LIT IN THE FRENCH CAMP... AND THEIR STRAINING EARS CATCH THE SHOUTS FROM A THOUSAND FRENCH THROATS! 'VIVE L'EMPEREUR! VIVE...

NAPOLEON!



AN OLD OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GRENADIERS FROWNS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHAT DOES THIS TRICKSTER, **NAPOLEON**, HAVE UP HIS SLEEVE?

A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE ROYAL RUSSIAN HUSSARS GRINS HAPPILY! 'THE FRENCH ARE TRYING TO HIDE THE FACT THAT THEY ARE **RETREATING!**



HERE ARE A PAIR OF VERY DRY "E.C. QUICKIES"!
THE FIRST ONE IS CALLED:
WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE



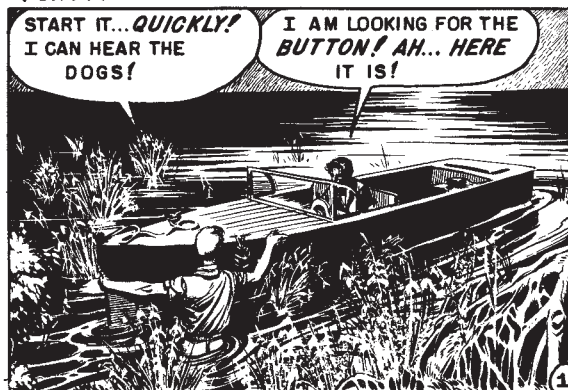
IN THIS FIRST 'E.C. QUICKIE,' YOUR NAME IS *LOUIS DUVAL*! YOU ARE *FRENCH*! FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS, YOU HAVE BEEN AN *INMATE* OF A TINY *ISLAND PRISON* OFF THE COAST OF *SOUTH AMERICA*! BUT *NOW*... AFTER TEN LONG YEARS OF BONDAGE...YOU ARE *FREE*...

YES, LOUIS! YOU ARE *FREE*! YOU HAVE *ESCAPED*! YOU AND YOUR CELL-MATE, HENRI *POUSSAN*, HAVE JUST MADE A *MAD DASH* THROUGH THE JUNGLE SURROUNDING THE PRISON STOCKADE TO THE *BEACH* WHERE THE BOAT AWAITS... THE BOAT THAT YOU *BRIBED A GUARD* FOR...



THE *BOAT*! THERE IT IS...JUST AS HE *PROMISED*!

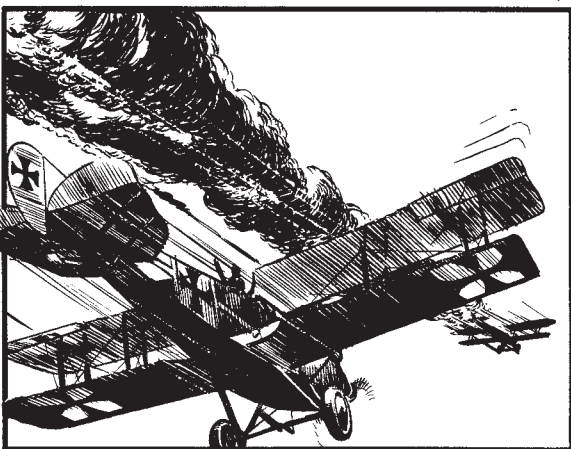
HURRY, LOUIS! THE *GUARDS* WITH THEIR HOWLING *BLOOD-HOUNDS* ARE NOT FAR BEHIND US!



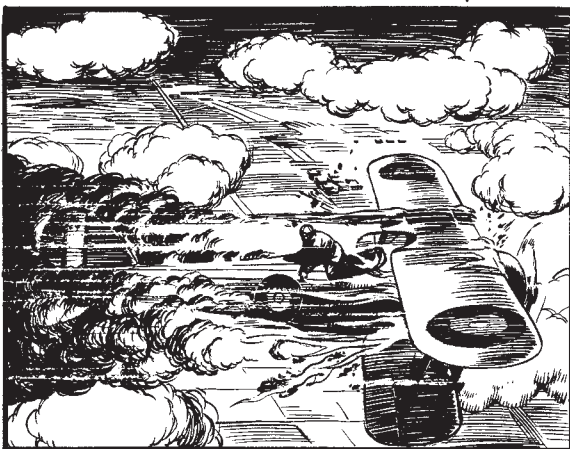
START IT...*QUICKLY*! I CAN HEAR THE *DOGS*!

I AM LOOKING FOR THE *BUTTON*! AH... *HERE* IT IS!

FOR A WHILE, LUF' FLEW ON A STRAIGHT COURSE TRAILING THICK OIL SMOKE! PERHAPS HE WAS TRYING TO FAN THE FLAMES AWAY FROM THE COCKPIT!

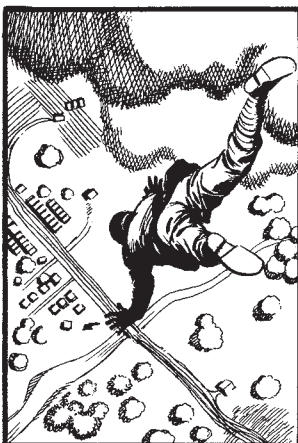


THEN WE WATCHED IN HORROR AS A TINY FIGURE CLIMBED TEDIOUSLY OUT OF THE COCKPIT, AND LAUNCHED ITSELF INTO THE AIR ABOVE!



WE DIDN'T WEAR 'CHUTES IN THOSE DAYS AND POOR LUF' FELL LIKE A ROCK...

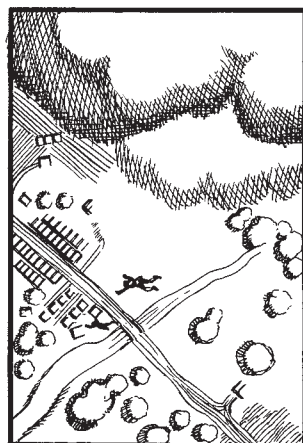
DOWN...



DOWN...



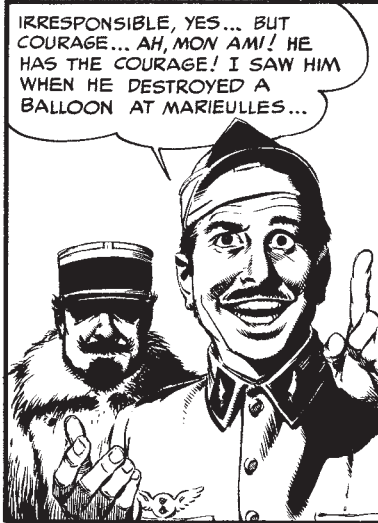
DOWN...



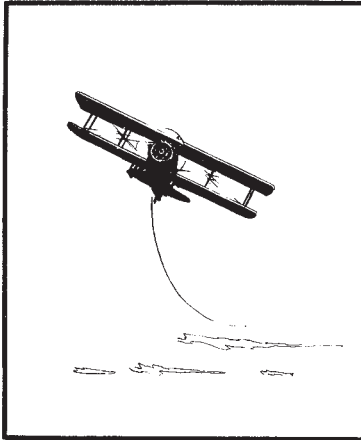
SOME SAY LUF', IN DESPERATION, AIMED HIS BODY AT A LITTLE STREAM NEARBY! IN ANY CASE, HE FELL INTO A PEASANT WOMAN'S ROSE GARDEN!

...FOR **RAOUL LUFBERY** CHOSE DEATH BY FALLING... OVER DEATH BY FIRE! AFTER ALL, IT WAS LIKE LUF' SAID... 'YOU COULDN'T BE NO WOISE OFF'!

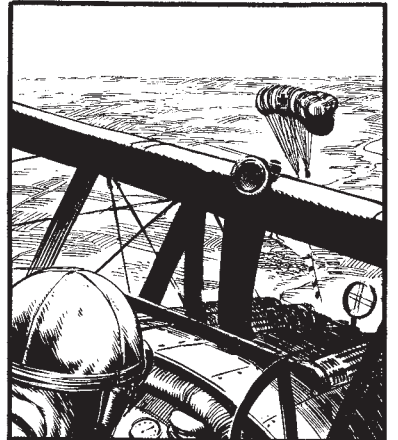




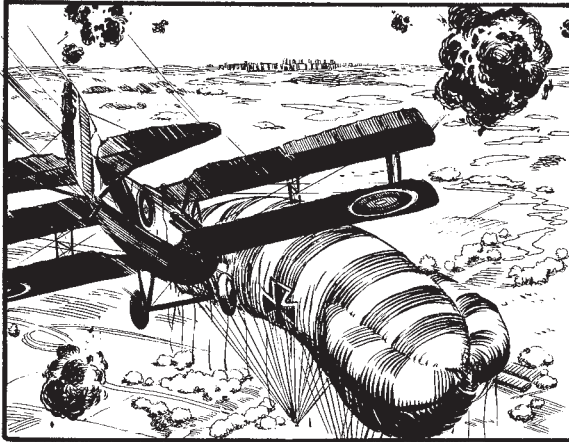
IF ONE IS ORDERED TO STRAFE A BALLOON...ONE STRAFES IT! BUT TO CRUISE THE CLOUDS **SEEKING** THEM...



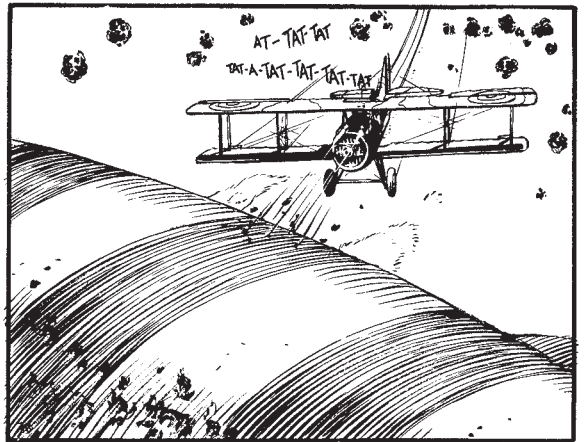
...THIS TAKES **COURAGE!** ENFIN... I SAW THIS LUKE DISCOVER A BOCHE BALLOON OVER MARIEULLES!



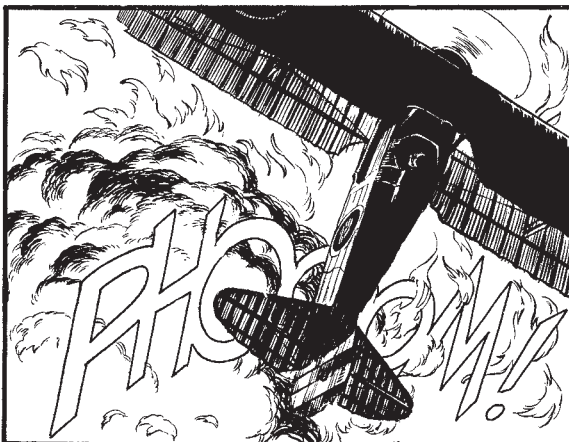
EVEN THOUGH THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS WERE BURSTING ALL ABOUT HIM... HE DID NOT HESITATE FOR A MOMENT! IN AN INSTANT, HIS SPAD WAS DIVING!



THE OBSERVERS JUMPED...THE CREWS ON THE GROUND WORKED FRANTICALLY AT THE WINCH! MAIS, RIEN À FAIRE! LUKE RETURNED AGAIN AND AGAIN!

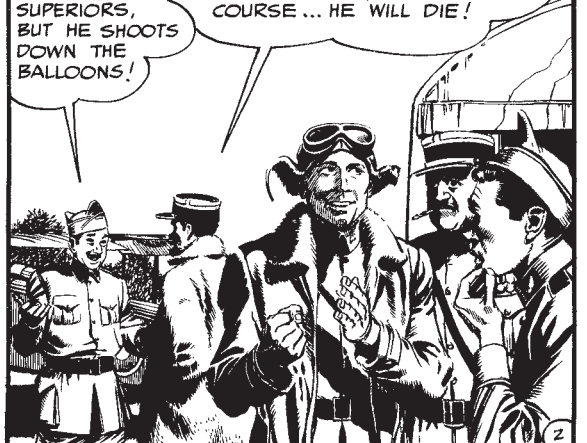


...AND THEN THE BIG SAUSAGE ERUPTED **AVEC UNE BRILLIANT FLAMME!** AND THIS LUKE WAS SO CLOSE, THE HOT AIR LIFTED HIS MACHINE LIKE A GIANT HAND!



AH OUI!... THIS LUKE DISOBEYS THE SUPERIORS, BUT HE SHOOTS DOWN THE BALLOONS!

...ET APRÈS TOUT... THAT IS THE IMPORTANT THING! HE IS A PRECIOUS ONE, THIS LUKE! OF COURSE... HE WILL DIE!



THIS IS A STORY OF MIRACLES! FOR HOW ELSE COULD YOU EXPLAIN THE STRANGE CAREER OF THIS CONSUMPTIVE YOUNG MAN, TWICE REJECTED FROM THE ARMY... WHO ROSE TO BE ONE OF FRANCE'S GREATEST ACES OF WORLD WAR I! WHAT ELSE BUT A MIRACLE WAS THE LIFE OF **GEORGES**...

GUYNEMER!



SHALL WE TELL OF THE MIRACLES OF HIS **VICTORIES**? THERE WERE SO MANY IT WOULD BE TOO DULL! WE SHALL TELL OF THE MIRACLES OF HIS **ESCAPES**!

LIKE THE TIME GEORGES GUYNEMER WAS IN COMBAT WITH 7 ENEMY PLANES FAR INSIDE THE GERMAN LINES AND A BULLET STOPPED HIS MOTOR COLD!

