FIXIT WRIGHT

BOY, MY ARM IS FRACTURED! THERE MUST BE A BETTER WAY TO LAUNCH THAN THIS!— HOW ABOUT ANOTHER SESSION TOMORROW WITH NO HOLDS BARRED?

NO HOLDS BARRED? OH MAN, YOU'RE SKUNKED ALREADY!

FIXIT, THE DOPE, DIDN'T STIPULATE ANY RULES FOR THIS SKIRMISH, BUNNY, SO I'M GOING TO CATAPULT!

WELL, HOW DO YOU KNOW *HE* HASN'T AN ANGLE, TOO?

SIS MAY BE RIGHT— THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE CELLAR-WINDOW ESPIONAGE!

HOLY COW, THE DIRTY SPY!

HEY, PHIL, WAS TAILSKID IN HERE TONIGHT?

YES, FIXIT, HE BOUGHT SOME RUBBER AND PELLETS JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!

SO NOW, IN ADDITION TO SWIPING MY IDEA, HE'S GOING TO CATAPULT TOO! I'LL FIX THE OLD FUZZ-FACE!

SINCE I'M NOT GOING TO CATAPULT, I CAN MAKE MY WING OUT OF 1/20" SHEET AND CUT MY WEIGHT TO A QUARTER OF TAILSKID'S JOB. WAIT'LL HE SEES THIS!

AND NOW TO REALLY CLINCH IT! WHEN I LIGHT THIS 15 SECOND CORD FUSE, THE WHOLE POWER UNIT WILL DROP CLEAR AND COME DOWN ON THE CHUTE. THIS SHOULD AT LEAST DOUBLE MY FLIGHT TIME!

THE NEXT MORNING-

HOLY MACKEREL. WHAT A LAUNCH — AND THAT UNIT'S JUST BEGINNING TO KICK IN!

BUT FIXIT'S FIRST FLIGHT WAS SPECTACULAR TOO— AT 400 FEET THE LIGHTWEIGHT GLIDER WAS ON ITS OWN.

HEY, THAT AIN'T LEGAL!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

HI, FELLOWS! I'M GULLIBLE JONES. BOY, THOSE SURE ARE KEEN AIRPLANES. WHATCHA TRYING TO DO WITH 'EM?

OH, WE'RE JUST HAVING A LITTLE CONTEST.

WOULD YOU FELLOWS LET ME FLY MINE?

SURE, WHY NOT? HEY, BUNNY, LOOK HERE— WE'VE GOT A NEW RECRUIT. TIME HIM ON THE WATCH.

WELL, YOU FELLOWS ASKED FOR IT! GULLIBLE'S BEEN UP THERE FOR SEVEN MINUTES NOW, AND IT'S STILL IN SIGHT! THOUGHT YOU WERE EXPERTS!

AW PIPE DOWN, BUNNY— STOP RUBBING IT IN!

I QUIT!!