

No. 30

# PEEP COMICS



The SHIELD

10¢

AUGUST





## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10¢ TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.



**Joe Higgins**  
**Room 315**  
**60 Hudson St.**  
**New York City**

DEAR JOE:

Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB**. I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

EXACT COPY OF BADGE  
IN THREE COLORS  
RED—WHITE—BLUE

CUT ON THIS LINE

### BULLETIN No. 10

**G**OOD grief! Talk about finding danger where you least expect it! When Dusty and I stepped up to the office this afternoon, we thought we'd have a peaceful few hours—but what actually happened is that we came pretty close to being trampled to death. The place is a madhouse!

Golly, I guessed from the enthusiastic way you fellows and girls greeted some of the other characters when they first joined the gang that you'd go for Pokey Oakey in a big way, but I didn't expect anything like this. Soon as Dusty and I walked in, Black Hood and Kardak and one or two others of the **TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMIC** gang grabbed us and took us over to congratulate Pokey, who was sitting with a grin a mile wide on his face and digging thru a pile of letters as tall as he is. Postmen were rushing in and out, desks were piled higher and higher with letters . . . one desk even caved in. All I can is, again—golly!!

But there's some official business to take care of, and I'd better get right to it. To Pal Weimer. That's a swell idea, your cub troop having a show, with one fellow playing Dusty, and another pretending to be me, and so on. Who would you pick to play Captain Swastika, Pal? And I want to say hello to Tito Torralba and J. Eisenberg, both of whom write top notch letters from far off places: Tito from Baguio, Philippines, and J. Eisenberg (say, what does the "J" stand for? Joe? Jack? Jimmy?) all the way from Aberdeen, Cape Province, South Africa.

New outstanding members of the Shield G Man Club this month are:

**WILLIAM MCLEID**  
442 E. Jefferson St.  
Louisville, Ky

**ANN CARPENTER**  
929 East Washington  
Louisville, Ky.

**HAROLD MARCUS**  
202 East 18th Street  
New York, N. Y.

**DELMER DOWDA**  
Warrior, Alabama

**LECESTER WARREN**  
Covington, Va.

**BRUCE PETRIE**  
Black River

**A. ALTSULE**  
4 Dayview Avenue  
Port Elizabeth

**JAMES HOTCHKISS**  
54 Domingo  
Berkeley, California

**DOROTHY HICKEY**  
Box 134  
San Miguel

*Joe Higgins (The Shield)*



# STATION D-E-A-T-H BROADCASTING

## A HANGMAN STORY

THELMA'S voice stopped suddenly, and Bob Dickering smiled with amusement. He had watched hundreds of radio broadcasts in the past and he had long ago lost the excitement which fills you when the "ON THE AIR" sign flashes its red gleam across the stage. But this was Thelma's first visit, and she was greatly impressed.

And then, suddenly, Bob stopped smiling and his lean face took on an appearance of grim interest. Something was terribly wrong.

Up on the stage, Michael Lord, popular singer, had been going thru his famous routine . . . clutching the microphone in his peculiar fashion and warbling a love song. But now the words caught in his throat, and he clutched the microphone even tighter. Then he slumped forward, his face hideous.

Bob stared at the face and knew its meaning. It was the look of death!

A great sound of terror welled through the crowd. Even as Jackson Bass, the show's engineer and Lord's best friend, rushed out of his booth and screamed, "Is a doctor present?" a man pushed up on the stage and announced that he was a medico. Bob walked right behind him, his grim eyes examining Lord's inert form closely.

A moment later the doctor had completed the examination. "I'm sorry, he told Bass, "Michael Lord is dead."

Bass groaned, and covered his rather plump face with his hands. "How—how did he die?" he asked.

"Heart attack, I should say," replied the doctor. "There are no visible marks on him, and no symptoms such as would be produced by poison."

Bass turned and looked at the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen, Lord was my friend, and I—I—" His voice broke. "The program has naturally been cut off the air. Will you all please leave!"

He turned on his heels, and walked into his office back of the stage. Loudly the door slammed and there was a click of a lock.

As Bob and Thelma walked out of the side entrance of the studio, Bob's face was set, certain. "Thel, that doctor was wrong," Bob said. "There was a mark on Lord . . . a small electrical burn on his hand, so small that the doctor probably missed it."

Thelma said, excitedly, "What does it mean?"

"That's what I'm going to find out," Bob said, grimly. "Lord didn't die of heart failure—I was with him when he was examined at my gym last week, and his heart was perfect. Thelma, I think this is a case for the Hangman!"

The studio theatre was cold and black as the hooded figure of the Hangman dropped from an open window and moved silently up the empty aisles. Suddenly he stopped, stood rigid.

Someone was playing a flashlight onto the stage; centering a finger of light on the microphone!

The Hangman stepped closer, and saw, to his amazement, that it was Jackson Bass, the engineer. Bass' hands, swathed in a pair of rubber gloves, were working a pair of cutting pliers, easily and familiarly clipping wires from around the microphone.

The Hangman leaped onto the stage, so that the beam of the flashlight played on his figure. "What are you doing?" he asked.

Bass was startled into conversation. "Ch-checking up," he mumbled. "I'm trying to see if I can find some clue to help me discover who killed my best friend." He paused, abruptly. "Who are you?"

"I am the Hangman! Look—behind you!"

Bass swerved, and his face contorted with horror. "The shadow of a noose!" he whispered.

"It is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman, his voice cold, steel-like. "You kill-

ed your best friend! As the engineer, you were the only one who had the opportunity. You knew Lord's habit of clutching the microphone and you wired the mike—so that when he clutched it tonight you sent a burst of electricity through and killed him!"

Bass, his lips white, said nothing.

"The noose is the symbol of your doom," said the Hangman again. "You shall walk up thirteen steps to the coil of rope waiting to break your neck. A black hood shall fit over your face, blotting out your eyes—the rope tightens, tighter, tighter . . ."

Bass shrieked, a horrible sound which echoed and reverberated through the place. He stepped back, wildly. "Sure I did it," he said. "Lord caught me stealing the producer's blank checks to pay off gambling debts, and he threatened to tell." Bass moved to the edge of the stage, and flicked a switch. "This is the switch that turned on the juice."

Sure I did it, but you'll never tell!" He clawed into his pocket, pulled out a revolver and fired.

Catlike, the Hangman dropped to the side. The bullet bit into the wall. Then he leaped and caught Bass' gun hand.

For minutes, the two fought for possession of the gun; finally it dropped to the floor. Hangman leaped forward and hit Bass twice, hard.

Bass gave up the fight. He darted past the Hangman and started to leap off the stage . . . when his foot collided with the revolver on the floor.

His eyes bulged with terror as he slid, and he opened his mouth to scream, but no sound came out. Then he crashed against the microphone and stiffened as thousands of volts of electricity shot through his body.

Jackson Bass, murderer, had died in the trap he himself had devised!



THESE ARE THE BOYS WHO ARE GIVING THEIR ALL TO KEEP THE AMERICAN STORY FROM BECOMING A LEGEND... KEEPING IT ETERNALLY ALIVE.... THE AMERICAN SOLDIER ON THE FIGHTING FRONT!

AND THIS IS THE WAY YOU CAN KEEP IT ALIVE. JOIN THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" ON THE HOME FRONT. KEEP THIS BOOK FILLED. DO IT NOW!



U.S. POST OFFICE

Become "**A YOUNG SOLDIER OF AMERICA**"

BUY WAR STAMPS. THEN FILL OUT THE PLEDGE BELOW AND MAIL IT TO **PEP comics** - % THE SHIELD AND DUSTY - 60 HUDSON ST. (RM. 315) N.Y.C. - WE WILL PRINT YOUR NAME ON "THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" PAGE.... EVERY ISSUE OF **PEP comics** FROM NOW ON WILL HAVE A PAGE DEVOTED TO THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA"....

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

NAME (IN FULL)  
ADDRESS

STREET  
CITY

STATE

YOU MAY COPY THIS PLEDGE ON A POSTCARD AND MAIL THAT INSTEAD.



# GOD'S WRIST WATCH

## A SERGEANT BOYLE STORY

IT WAS only an hour since they'd started out, but it felt like a month. Every ten minutes Boyle looked at his watch, then at Twerp's watch, and then he cursed because only ten minutes had passed since the last time he'd looked at the watches. It was still so blasted long till night-fall.

They were on a reconnoitering tour, just looking around, and with the sun blasting down and cooking them, the cool night seemed to be the only thing worth looking for.

Boyle was about to look at his watch again, and curse again, when he saw the river. It was one of those fast-running streams which end in falls, the kind you come across deep in the jungles of Africa. He clutched Twerp's shoulder and did a half-dance.

"Off with your clothes, old boy," he shouted. "There's the answer to our prayers."

Within a minute, their clothes were lying back of the river, their watches were in a hollow tree, safe from the trample of the numerous small animals which lived in the neighborhood, and they were swimming happily in the cool water. They were so pleased with their new-found coolness that they didn't notice an extra-large wave pick up their clothes and carry it thru the river over the falls.

Two hours later, Boyle suddenly shouted, "Okay, Twerp! Fun's fun, but we've got serious work to finish. Let's go."

They swam onto the shore and walked back to where they'd left their uniforms. That was when they discovered that their clothes were gone with the wave.

Boyle retrieved the watches from the hollow tree and groaned. "Look, Twerp," he said. "These jungles seem pretty much deserted, but you never can tell. We can't walk around like this. Take a gander and see if you can find some big shrub leaves."

Almost immediately, Twerp was back, whooping wildly. "A man with my brains doesn't need shrub

leaves," he said, boastfully. "Look what I found!" He was clutching two long green robes, made of a material which was fine and faintly silky.

Boyle stared with interest at the costumes. "Where did you get these?" he asked.

Twerp blinked his eyelids innocently. "Oh, I just came across an empty hut a few feet into the forest. These were in there, so I just—sort of—did some swiping."

Boyle leaped at him, and spun him about face. "You just bring these back where you got them from. These are ceremonial gowns, and we'll have a tribe on our necks in a minute. . . ." He stopped. "What's the matter?"

Twerp's eyes had grown large as saucers and his face was faintly blue.

"B-Boyle," said Twerp, quaking. "Look behind you."

Boyle wheeled. Approximately three hundred savages, well painted, were standing in back of him. Their spears were upraised, and they were obviously not in a good humor.

One savage, even more painted up than the others, said then, "Give back gowns." He said it in a back-jungle African dialect with which Boyle was well familiar.

Boyle smiled in an attempt at friendliness while the savage stared woodenly at him. "Sure," said Boyle, "sure. No harm intended." He handed back the gowns.

The savage snatched the gowns, clutched them to him. "You will now die. No man outside the tribe doctors may touch these." He turned his head back to the 299 other savages to issue the order.

"W-wait," said Twerp, who also understood the dialect. "I'm too young to die."

The savage smiled mirthlessly. He raised his hand to give the signal.

Boyle had been thinking fast. "STOP!" he said, in a voice of

thunder. "We are gods! Would you kill your gods?"

"Why fear?" said the savage, cunningly. "Gods cannot die of a spear wound."

"You are wrong," said Boyle. "We have taken human form to visit you, and so we can die. Cannot you see that we are gods? We are not your color, not one of you, and yet we understand your language. How could we do this if we are not gods?"

Puzzlement spread over the savage's face. "It may be so," he said. A smile worked onto his features. "It must be so. The smile broadened. "It is so. Come, we will have great feasting."

Boyle thought fast again. He had to get away. These savages might change their minds again suddenly, and he wasn't willing to take the chance. He would try one last trick.

"No," he said. "We were called back by the higher gods just as we reached earth. The time to visit you is not yet."

The savage's smile turned into a frown. "You lie," he said. "There are no higher and no lower gods in our religion; all are alike. You are a mortal."

Sweat stood out on Boyle's forehead. "We must go. I shall prove to you that we are gods, and then you must let us go. Observe. We are alive, is it not so?"

"It is so."

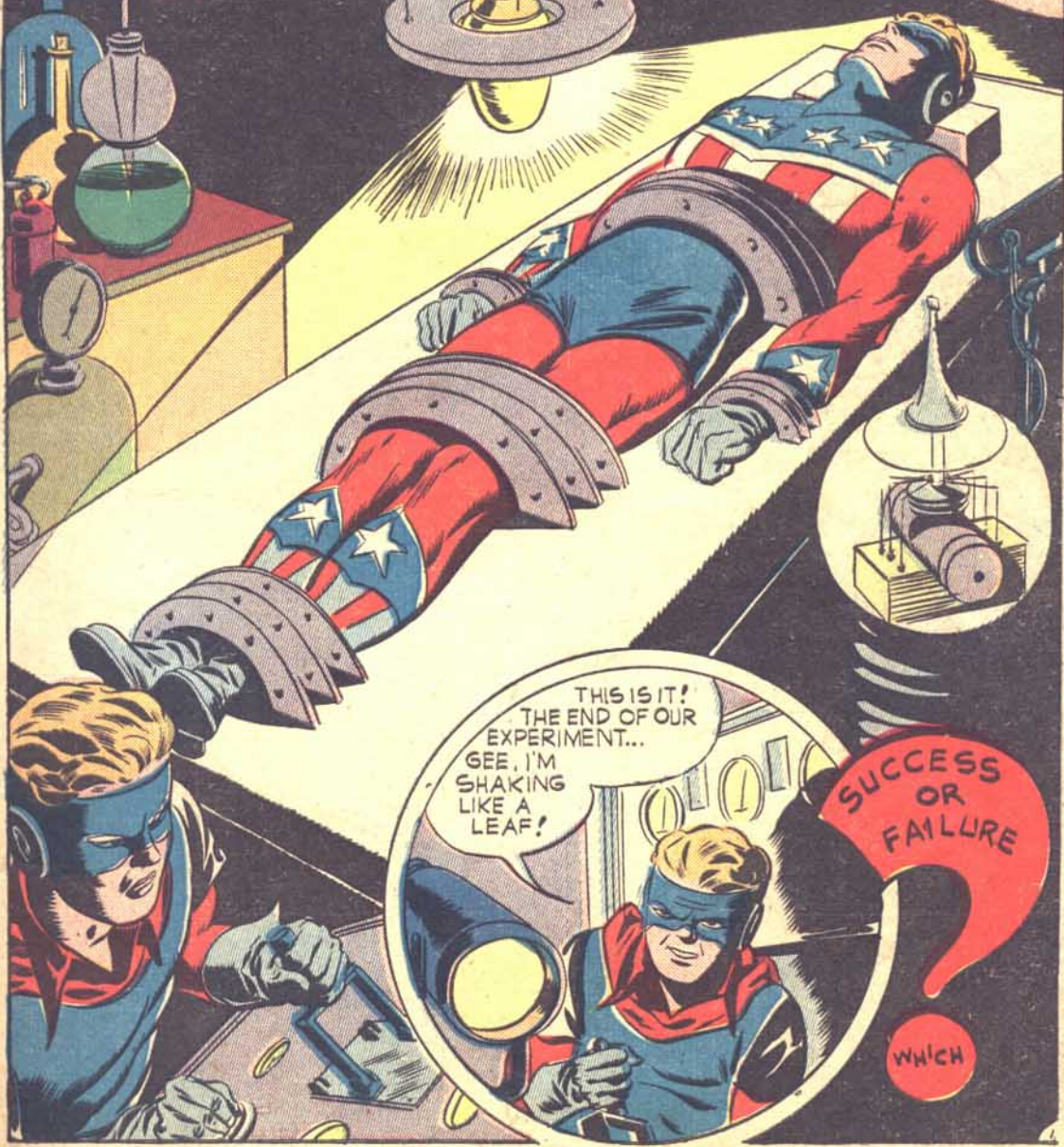
"You hear my heart beat, and you know that I am alive. Now I must have my heart, for in my human form I cannot live otherwise. But you are my people and to prove my godhood . . . I will leave you the beat of my heart!"

And before the savage's startled eyes, he produced his watch and held it so that the loud tick-tock hit steadily against the savage's ear. Then, pausing only to select six large leaves from a nearby shrub, he took Twerp's arm and walked blithely away.



THE ONE AND ONLY  
**SHIELD**  
WITH **DUSTY**  
THE BOY DETECTIVE

WILL THE SHIELD REGAIN HIS SUPER-POWERS? THE MOMENTS TICK BY - BREATHLESS, ALMOST UNENDURABLE MOMENTS - WITH THE GREAT QUESTION ALMOST AT HAND. THEN DUSTY, IN AN AGONY OF SUSPENSE, THROWS THE SWITCH, THE RAYS WHICH ONCE BEFORE ENDOWED THE SHIELD WITH HIS SUPER-POWERS, POUR AGAIN OVER HIS OUTSTRETCHED GIANT FRAME, AND...



THIS IS IT!  
THE END OF OUR  
EXPERIMENT...  
GEE, I'M  
SHAKING  
LIKE A  
LEAF!

SUCCESS  
OR  
FAILURE

WHICH





HOW DO YOU FEEL, SHIELD?

CAN'T TELL YET, LAD!

ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, AND THAT'S BY TESTING MY STRENGTH. THAT IRON BAR SHOULD DO IT!



IT'S SOLID ENOUGH. IF I CAN BEND IT, I'LL KNOW... AGH!

I-I CAN'T DO IT, DUSTY! I CAN'T EVEN BEND IT!

GEE, SHIELD!



WELL, THERE'S OUR ANSWER, DUSTY!

SO WHAT? WERE NOT LICKED - NOT BY A LONG SHOT, PAL!

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT JUST MEANS OUR FIGHT'S GOING TO BE TOUGHER, BUT WE'LL FIGHT WHILE THERE'S A BREATH IN US!

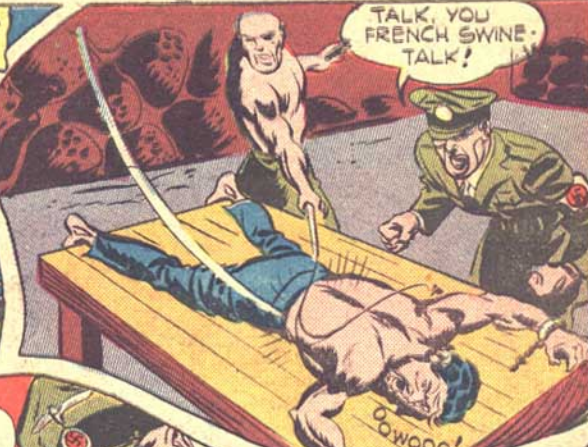
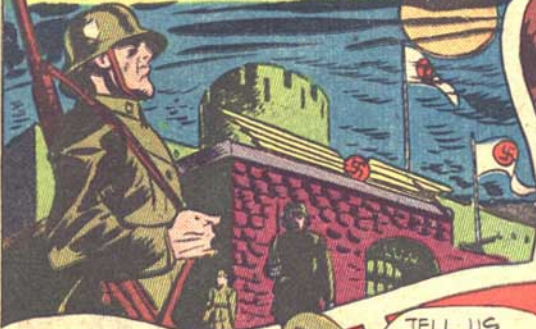
AND FOR THE SAME REASONS, DUSTY... UNCLE SAM!

YOU SAID IT... I DIDN'T WANT TO TELL YOU BEFORE, SHIELD - BUT I'M JUST AS GLAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT YOUR SUPER-POWERS BACK! NOW WE CAN WORK TOGETHER MORE LIKE EQUALS!

SHAKE ON IT!



MEANWHILE, THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY IN A GESTAPO JAIL IN BERLIN - A SCENE UNFOLDS THAT IS DESTINED TO GIVE THE SHIELD HIS FIRST GREAT TEST...



TELL US DER TRUTH, SCUM OF A FRENCHMAN!



NON! NON!





MY LATEST CREATION!  
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT  
HERR KAPITAN?



OH--ER, YES! VE  
CALLED YOU IN TO  
MAKE DIS SCUM  
TALK, HERR  
STRANGLER!



I'LL TALK! I'LL TALK!  
THE MAN WHO HAS  
BEEN GIVING AWAY  
YOUR SECRET PLANS  
TO WASHINGTON IS  
MONSIEUR BERGERE,  
THE VICHY CONSUL  
IN WASHINGTON!  
AH-AH--UNH!

SO YOUR GUEST DOES  
NOT FEEL IN A  
CHATTING MOOD...  
ACH... DOT IS  
BAD! ...

...FOR HIM! HAF YOU  
SOMETHING PRESSING  
ON YOUR MIND?  
DEN SPEAK!



AUF VIEDERSEHN -  
I MUST HURRY BACK TO MY  
PAINTING... PLEASE DO NOT  
DISTURB ME!



THE NEXT DAY...  
VE HAF DISCOVERED  
DOT DER VICHY CON-  
SUL IN VASHINGTON  
IS DISCLOSING OUR  
PLANS TO THE  
UNITED STATES!

JA? VE  
SHALL  
TAKE  
CARE  
OF HIM!

SEND DER STRANGLER  
TO AMERIKA TO GET RID  
OF DIS VICHY PIG! GIF  
HIM FORGED PAPERS  
UND TELL HIM TO  
GO RIGHT AWAY!





SEVERAL EVENINGS LATER IN WASHINGTON JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY TAKE IN AN OPERA...

JUST WAIT'LL YOU SEE HER JOE!

BOY, THAT JUVENILE STAR'S REALLY GOT DUSTY GOING. JUST LOOK AT THAT DOPEY EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

OPERA PROGRAM A FARTS WITH WIMPY PERFORMERS

YEAH, YEAH... 2-2-2-2-2

WHAT A VOICE! WHAT A FIGURE... WHAT CLASS!

THAT'S THE END OF THE OPERA... BOY, SHE'S WONDERFUL!

HEY WAKE UP JOE! IT'S ALL OVER!

NEW OPERA IRVING NOVICK

COME ON WITH ME! I'M GONNA MEET THAT GIRL OR BUST A BLOOD VESSEL!

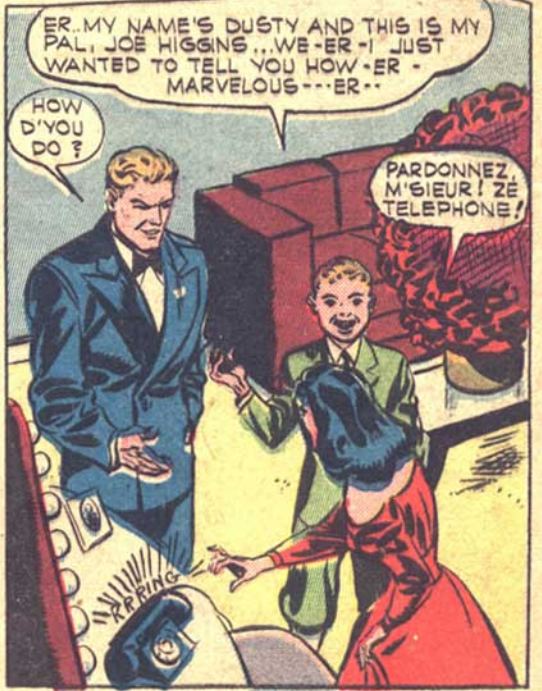
SUITS ME! NOW MAYBE WE'LL STOP COMING HERE - WE'VE ALREADY SEEN THE SHOW FIVE TIMES!

OH, GO ON - THIS IS HER DOOR!

ER... MY NAME'S DUSTY AND THIS IS MY PAL, JOE HIGGINS... WE-ER-'I' JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU HOW-ER - MARVELOUS... ER...

HOW D'YOU DO?

PARDONNEZ, M'GIEUR! ZE TELEPHONE!



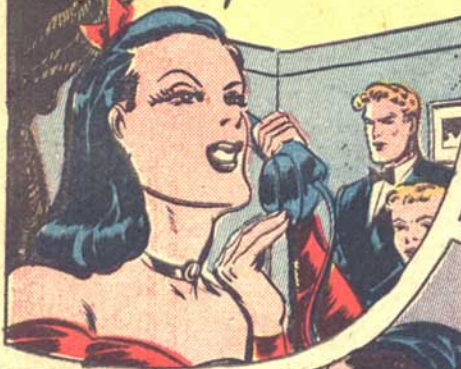


HALLO? YES, PA-PA, EET'S ME, YVONNE! I WEEESH YOU COULD HAVE SEEN ME TONIGHT!

I HEARD YOU, OVER THE RADIO MA THERE... YOU SOUNDED MARVELOUS!

SUDDENLY, A TERRIFYING FORM ENTERS THE ROOM...

W-WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT OF MY OFFICE!



YOU ARE MISTAKEN, HERR BERGERE -- DIS IS DER STRANGLERS OFFICE NOW!

YOUR COLLABORATION MIT AMERIKA IS OVER!

THE STRANGLER'S MASSIVE FINGERS REACH FORWARD... FORWARD...



I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I HEAR THE SOUND OF STRUGGLING - AND THEN ALL EES QUIET!

SO LONG, YVONNE, AND DON'T WORRY!

PAPA... SPEAK TO ME... MON DIEU... SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!

WHAT'S YOUR FATHERS NAME AND ADDRESS? WE'LL HURRY DOWN THERE!

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON, ANYWAY?

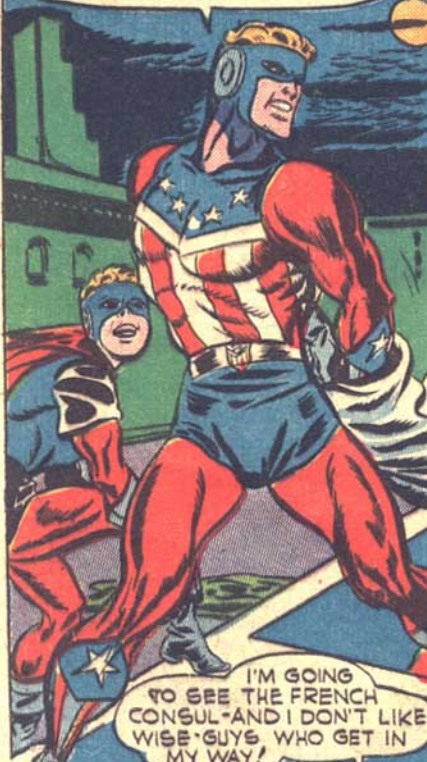




SHE HEARD THE NAME 'STRANGLER,' SHE SAID. AND HER DAD'S ONE OF THE FRENCH LEGATION...THAT ADDS UP TO TROUBLE!

LOOKS LIKE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

HOPE THEY'RE READY TO RECEIVE MY FIST!



VELL? WHERE ARE YOU HEADING, STRIPE SUIT?

YOUR JAW, TOUGH GUY!

I'M GOING TO SEE THE FRENCH CONSUL-AND I DON'T LIKE WISE-GUYS WHO GET IN MY WAY!



WHAM



VOT'S ALL DIS DIS ROUGH-HOUSE? DID I HEAR SOME-YUN ASK FOR DER CONSUL?

I DID! THIS GARBAGE WAS IN MY WAY!



BONG



I'M SORRY DIS TRASH ANNOYED YOU! STEP INSIDE, GENTLEMEN, WHERE THERE IS PEACE UND QUIET!

I DONT GET THIS! WHO'RE YOU... AND WHERE'S MR BERGERE, THE VICHY CONSUL?

BERGERE? OH, YOU MEAN THE FORMER CONSUL...

...VHY - ER - HE VAS SUDDENLY CALLED BACK TO FRANCE!

HMM... WHY'S THAT RUG BEING ROLLED UP? GIVING A DANCE?

ACH! NO! IT OFFENDED MY ARTISTIC SENSE OF COLOR! I'M HAVING IT CHANGED!

SOME - THING'S PHONY ABOUT THAT CARPET!

A FLASH OF UNDERSTANDING PASSES BETWEEN DUSTY AND THE SHIELD...

NOT AT ALL! I HAF BEEN ADMIRING DER BEAUTIFUL SKY-SCRAPERS AND HAF NOT YET BEEN TO DER AMBASSADOR! LET US GO TOGETHER TO HIM!

SUDDENLY...

OOH, MY STOMACH... MUST HAVE BEEN THAT APPLE I ATE!

DO YOU MIND SHOWING ME YOUR CREDENTIALS AS THE NEW CONSUL?



OWOO! MY STUMMICK'S WORSE! I'M GOING TO BEAT IT, SHIELD!

SURE, KID! I'LL RUN ALONG WITH THE NEW CONSUL TO THE AMBASSADOR'S!

DUSTY RACES OUTSIDE JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE MOVING VAN PULLING AWAY...

BLOOD!

BOY! THE SHIELD HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!

I'M STICKING WITH THESE GUYS!

CITY INCINERATION PLANT

THE CITY DUMP!

THAT CLINCHES IT-YVONNE'S DAD IS IN THAT RUG!

HURRY MIT DIS RUG! VE BURN THE BODY QUICK!

NOT SO FAST, BUMS! I DON'T LIKE YOUR NAZI ACCENT...



I'M GOING TO KEEP THESE STREETS CLEAN IF I HAVE TO...

SPLAT!

...DUMP ALL YOU RATS WHERE YOU BELONG!

I'VE GOT THE EVIDENCE NOW! HERE WE COME, SHIELD!

SUCH A LUFFLY COLOR SCHEME DER AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE HAS, NEIN? COME, LET'S GO, SHIELD!

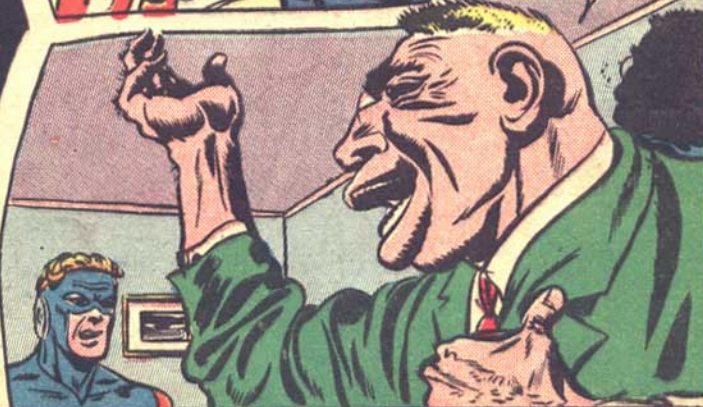
CITY INCINERATION PLANT

HERE ARE MY CREDENTIALS, YOUR EXCELLENCY. I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL IN ORDER!

THEY CERTAINLY ARE! NOTHING WRONG HE MUST BE THE NEW VICHY CONSUL!

ARE THEY, AMBASSADOR?

I MUST GO NOW, MY FRIEND. DO COME AND SEE ME IF YOU ARE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD - I SHOULD LOVE TO SHOW YOU MY PAINTINGS!





AT THAT MOMENT  
DUSTY APPEARS...

HOLD EVERY-  
THING! DON'T  
LET BIG-HANDS  
GET AWAY!

LOOK, SHIELD,  
THE REAL CONSUL-  
MURDERED!

GET YVONNE OVER HERE  
TO IDENTIFY  
HIM!



HELLO? GET  
ME THE OPERA  
HOUSE RIGHT  
AWAY!

SO THERE'S  
A SWASTIKA  
UNDER YOUR  
COAT, EH?

JA! NO YUN  
ESCAPES DER  
STRANGLER! YOU  
INCLUDED!

SO YOU  
DONT WANT  
TO FIGHT?  
WELL, I  
DO!

TAKE YOUR  
CLUMSY HANDS  
OFF ME! I DON'T  
LIKE IT!

LIKE THIS  
ANY BETTER,  
STRANGLER?



WHAM!



SUDDENLY YVONNE RUSHES IN...

I GOT DUSTY'S PHONE CALL... MON PERE - FATHER - WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HEEM?

NOW STEADY, KID - STEADY! I'VE GOT BAD NEWS...

PLEASE, M'SIEUR SHIELD, TELL ME... HE HE EES ALL RIGHT... MAIS NON?

I'M SORRY, KID! HE'S DEAD! MURDERED BY THE RUTHLESS NAZIS!

PA-PA!  
PA-PA!

WELL, WELL, LEAVING SO SOON, STRANGLER!

I LIKE YOU STRANGLER! WHY DON'T YOU STICK AROUND A WHILE?

HANG ONTO HIM, DUSTY, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A JIFFY!

OKAY, DUSTY! THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND!

GET THE POLICE, DUSTY!

YOU'LL HAVE A NICE LONG TIME TO PERFECT YOUR ARTISTIC TALENTS - STRANGLER!

WELL, THAT'S ROUND ONE OF MY BATTLE WITH OUT MY SUPER-POWERS..... THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN, SHIELD. YOU'VE GOT A NEW, MORE THRILLING FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS IN EVERY ISSUE OF PEP and SHIELD WIZARD Comics THAN EVER BEFORE



# The HANGMAN

NURSERY RHYMES  
THESE TINKLING LITTLE COUPLETS  
THAT ONCE MEANT LAUGHTER AND AMUSE.  
STRANGE AND HORRIBLE NOW, BY A  
FATE - BECAME... TWIST OF  
INVITATIONS TO RHYMED DEATH!



READ ON (IF YOU DARE) AND FOLLOW THE JUGGERNAUT FORM OF THE HANGMAN--AS HE RIPS THROUGH THE MOCKING PAGES OF "MOTHER GOOSE TALES" IN THE MOST EERIE AND SINISTER ADVENTURE OF HIS CAREER...



HIGH ABOVE MANHATTAN IN THE FASHIONABLE PENTHOUSE OF SIMON DICKERSON, A BUTLER ENTERS...



WHAT IS IT, MASON?

A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU, SIR!

HMM! THAT'S STRANGE..A NURSERY RHYME ABOUT SIMPLE SIMON AND...



TELLING ME TO GO TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT? WONDER WHO COULD HAVE SENT THIS TO ME?



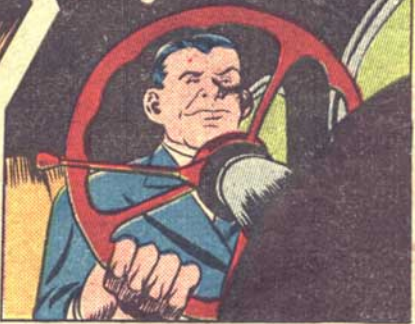
HURRIEDLY, SIMON MAKES FOR HIS SLEEK CAR...



SIMPLE SIMON MET A PIEMAN GOING TO THE FAIR SAID SIMPLE SIMON TO THE PIEMAN, "MAY I TASTE YOUR WARE?"

MY DEAR SIMON... COME TO CRADLE ISLAND TONIGHT, BUT BE SURE TO TELL NO ONE. YOU ARE THE FAVORITE AND CHOSEN SON. YOUR MOTHER'S WISH IS THAT YOU INHERIT THE ENTIRE FORTUNE!

SO MOTHER FINALLY FORGAVE ME FOR NEGLECTING HER! I KNEW ALL ALONG I WAS HER FAVORITE SON!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY, BOB DICKERING FINDS A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER AMONGST HIS MAIL



WHAT TH...? WHO'S SENDING ME MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES ABOUT COCK ROBIN? SOMETHING'S SCREWY!





WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?  
SAID THE SPARROW  
WITH MY BOW AND ARROW  
I KILLED COCK ROBIN!  
MY DEAR ROBIN  
COME TO CRADLE  
ISLAND TONIGHT BUT  
BE SURE TO TELL NO  
ONE YOU ARE THE  
FAVORITE AND CHOSEN  
SON YOUR MOTHER'S  
WISH IS THAT YOU  
INHERIT THE ENTIRE  
FORTUNE!

OH, THIS IS  
ADDRESSED TO ROBIN  
DICKSON, NOT ROBERT  
DICKERING -- I'LL SEE  
HE GETS IT MYSELF!

...THE ADDRESS  
IS JUST UP THE  
STREET... DICKSON  
OUGHT TO BE HAPPY  
TO GET THIS  
LETTER!

I'M SORRY, MR. DICKSON,  
I GOT YOUR LETTER AND  
OPENED IT BY MISTAKE!

YOU CERTAINLY HAD  
SOME NERVE READING  
MY MAIL! PEOPLE LIKE  
YOU OUGHT TO BE  
LOCKED UP IN JAIL...  
GET OUT!

WELL, I'LL  
BE DARNED...  
**SLAM**

A FEW MINUTES LATER...  
THAT'S QUEER  
ALL RIGHT BOB!  
DICKSON SHOULD  
HAVE BEEN  
HAPPY TO  
GET THAT  
LETTER!

THE DICKSON  
FAMILY SOUNDS  
STRANGELY  
FAMILIAR  
TO ME!

YOU'RE RIGHT - I  
REMEMBER NOW - MRS.  
DICKSON HAD THREE  
SONS WHO DESERTED  
HER! A VERY PECULIAR  
FAMILY!





THIS BEARS LOOKING INTO, LET'S GET UP TO CRADLE ISLAND RIGHT AWAY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE GARISH YELLOW LIGHT OF A FULL MOON STANDS THE FORBIDDING CASTLE OF CRADLE ISLAND...



AND INSIDE, A STORMY SCENE AMONGST THE BROTHERS, AS THEIR UNCLE JOHN WATCHES SILENTLY...

A FINE BROTHER YOU TURNED OUT TO BE - YOU AND YOUR PRETENSE OF BEING AN ENGLISHMAN - WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

YES. WHAT?



I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER TO YOU, SIMON, OR TO ROBIN EITHER! IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHY I'M HERE!



ANY MORE OF YOUR INSULTS AND I'LL KILL YOU - SO HELP ME, I'LL KILL YOU!



SUDDENLY SIMON RISES...

THAT THE PIE! I'VE BEEN POISONED!



H-HELP! I---I'M CHOKING!



GASPING FRANTICALLY, SIMON STAGGERS TO HIS ROOM...

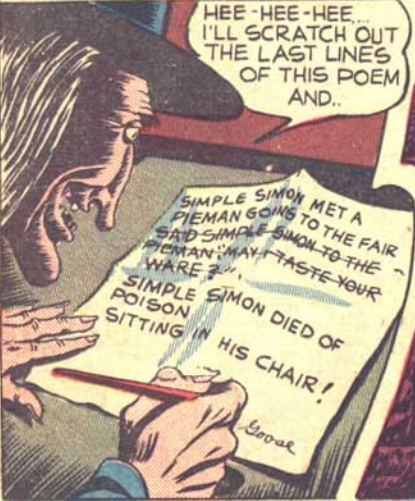


INSIDE, A HORRIBLE FIGURE GLOATS FIENDISHLY OVER THE DYING MAN...

H-HELP! I---UGH-GLUG!



HEE-HEE-HEE... I'LL SCRATCH OUT THE LAST LINES OF THIS POEM AND...



MEANWHILE IN THE LOWER HALL...

W-WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

GORRY TO TROUBLE YOU BUT WE'VE RUN OUT OF GAS... I WONDER...



SUDDENLY, LOUD MOCKING LAUGHTER PIERCES THE AIR...

THAT CAME FROM UP STAIRS!



AS DICKERING RUSHES UPSTAIRS HE FINDS...



HMM! A NOTE ON HIS CHEST!



DICKERING WHIPS DOWNSTAIRS

DON'T THROW AWAY THAT PIE!



HMM. JUST AS I THOUGHT!



THIS PIE'S BEEN DOSED WITH CYANIDE, A DEADLY POISON!

WHAT!





WHILE TERROR STRIKES CONFUSION AMONG ALL BOB DICKERING STEPS OUT AND RETURNS AS THE HANGMAN!

P-POISONED! GOOD LORD! I SEE IT ALL NOW. OUR MOTHER NEVER WROTE THOSE NOTES TO US!

WE WERE LURED DOWN HERE TO BE KILLED...I'M LEAVING!

GETTING PANICKY NOW WON'T HELP MATTERS. GO TO YOUR ROOMS AND TRUST ME TO LOOK AFTER YOU!

ALL RIGHT!

TO MAKE SURE THAT THE "MOTHER GOOSE" KILLER COMMITS NO FURTHER ATROCITIES THE HANGMAN VIGILANTLY KEEPS GUARD

GOOD! ROBIN DICKSON SEEMS SAFE ENOUGH!

NOW TO SEE HOW THE ENGLISHMAN'S GETTING ALONG!


BUT THE INSTANT THE HANGMAN IS GONE...

M-MOTHER GOOSE! NO! NO! DON'T!











THAT MAD MURDERER OUTWITTED ME, ALL RIGHT-BUT I'LL CATCH UP WITH HIM YET!



AND HE'S LIABLE TO STRIKE AT THE THIRD BROTHER, THE ENGLISHMAN, AT ANY MOMENT!




OH, THERE YOU ARE!... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

OUT OF THIS HOUSE! I'M NOT GOING TO STAY AROUND AND BE KILLED!




HMM, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU BUT I THINK YOU'RE SAFE IN HERE!

I TELL YOU I'M LEAVING NOW!




AND IF ANYBODY TRIES TO STOP ME, THIS LITTLE REVOLVER WILL DO MY TALKING FOR ME!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FLICKERING LIGHT WITHIN A SECRET GABLE, "MOTHER GOOSE" SITS AND...

SO THE HANGMAN IS TRYING TO INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS, EH?



I'LL MAKE HIM REGRET HIS INTRUSION...FIRST I MUST GET RID OF THE ENGLISHMAN!

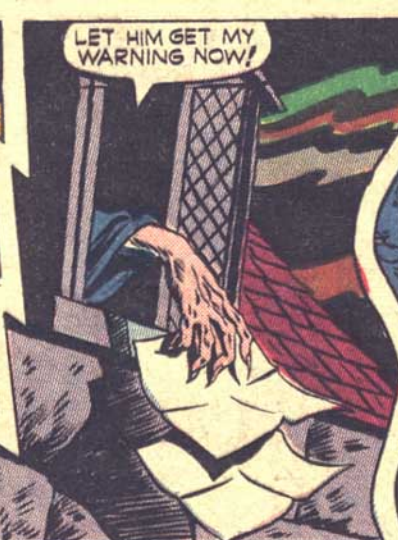


LET ME SEE. A NICE LITTLE NURSERY RHYME TO FIT THE END I HAVE IN MIND FOR THE HANGMAN!

FOR THE HANGMAN!

FOR THE ENGLISHMAN







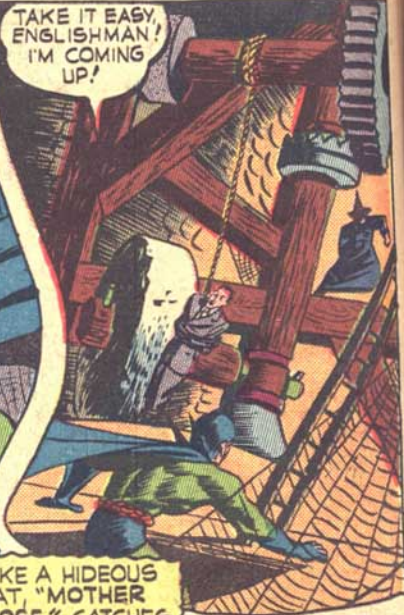


AAAAAAAAAAAA

THAT CAME FROM UP THERE!



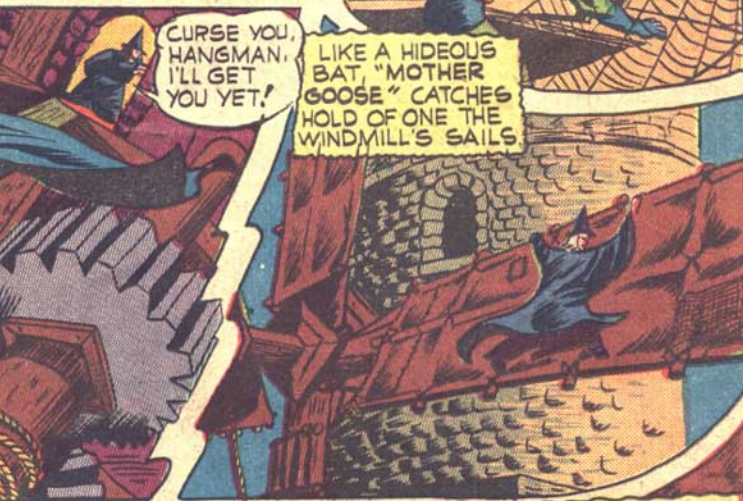
TAKE IT EASY ENGLISHMAN! I'M COMING UP!



JUST IN TIME AND I DON'T MEAN MAYBE!

CURSE YOU, HANGMAN, I'LL GET YOU YET!

LIKE A HIDEOUS BAT "MOTHER GOOSE" CATCHES HOLD OF ONE THE WINDMILL'S SAILS



AND THE GEARS TURN...

I'M CAUGHT! MY CLOAK'S PULLING ME!



DROGGED OFF BALANCE THE HANGMAN IS SUDDENLY PLUMMETED EARTHWARD...



OUTSIDE "MOTHER GOOSE" REACHES THE GROUND IN ANOTHER FASHION...



SHE RUSHES BACK INTO THE MILL...

THE HANGMAN, HE'S FALLEN!



HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT WONDERFUL LUCK - HE, HE, HE!



COME WITH ME, MY LITTLE HANGMAN...WHAT A BEAUTIFUL CORPSE YOU WILL MAKE!



WITH SURPRISING STRENGTH, "MOTHER GOOSE" HEAVES THE LIMP BODY OF THE HANGMAN INTO THE WELL ...



HE-HE-HE - DING DONG BELL, THE HANGMAN'S GONE TO ... WELL!



THE ICY SHOCK SUDDENLY REVIVES THE HANGMAN...



... AND VAINLY HIS FINGERS CLAW FOR SAFETY...



IT'S TOO SLIPPERY - I CAN'T MAKE IT!





THE SCENE SHIFTS WHERE WE SEE **THELMA** WHO FINDS...

A NOTE!  
WONDER  
WHAT IT  
IS?



DING DONG BELL  
HANGMAN'S IN THE  
WELL... THE  
WELL!



AS THE EMBODIMENT OF EVIL, "**MOTHER GOOSE**" OPENS THE RUSTY DOOR TO THE FAMILY CRYPT...



AH, BACK AT  
LONG LAST!

THE MASK IS REMOVED, REVEALING THAT THE PERPETRATOR OF HORROR IS **UNCLE JOHN!**



MY MISSION IS ALMOST  
ACCOMPLISHED. TWO OF  
THE SONS ARE DEAD!

YOU NURSED THOSE SCOUNDRELS TO MANHOOD... NURSED THEM WITH ALL THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SOUL, CROONED THEM TO SLEEP WITH THE MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES YOU LOVED SO WELL. AND THEY REPAID YOU BY LEAVING YOU WHEN YOU NEEDED THEM MOST!



DEAR SISTER, THE OATH I SWORE TO YOU ON YOUR DEATH-BED WILL YET BE FULFILLED. THE MEMORY OF YOUR SUFFERING GIVES ME STRENGTH!



**UNCLE JOHN** MAKES A FERVENT VOW OVER THE COFFIN OF HIS DEAD SISTER!

ON THE NIGHT YOU DIED... I REMEMBER ONLY TOO WELL HOW YOU CRIED FOR THE CHILDREN WHO DESERTED YOU!



WHERE ARE MY SONS? WHERE'S SIMON, AND ROBIN, AND...



OH, MY DARLING! I'LL MAKE THOSE HEARTLESS SONS OF YOURS PAY FOR THIS!

AND NOW TO KILL THE REMAINING SON- AND MY VENGEANCE IS COMPLETE!

SUDDENLY THE SELF-APPOINTED AVENGER TURNS TO FIND...

TH-THE HANGMAN!

WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT - UNCLE JOHN REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, AND...

I OVERHEARD YOU! THAT STORY WILL SEND YOU TO THE GALLOWES!

GOOD LORD! HE'S POISONED HIMSELF! WELL, HE ESCAPED THE HANGMAN ALL RIGHT! BUT HE DIDN'T ESCAPE JUSTICE!

I WAS PREPARED FOR THIS EMERGENCY TOO, HANG-MAN!

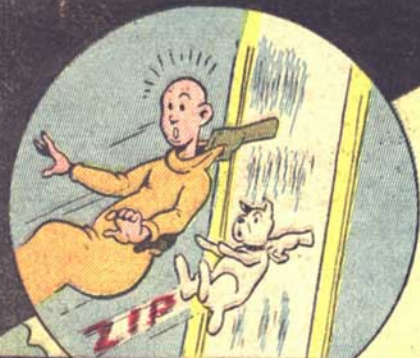
DEAD! AND HIS LAST RHYME MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN, "MOTHER GOOSE TOOK TO CRIME... AND SEALED HER DOOM WITH HER OWN RHYME!"

WELL, THAT CLOSES THE DOOR ON THE MOST GRUE-SOME AND BIZARRE CASE THE HANGMAN HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED!



# DANNY

## IN WONDER- LAND



ON THE LAST ISSUE, DANNY AND HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND ALICE, WERE KIDNAPPED FROM WONDERLAND TO THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES. KUPPIE AND SNAPPER IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWED!

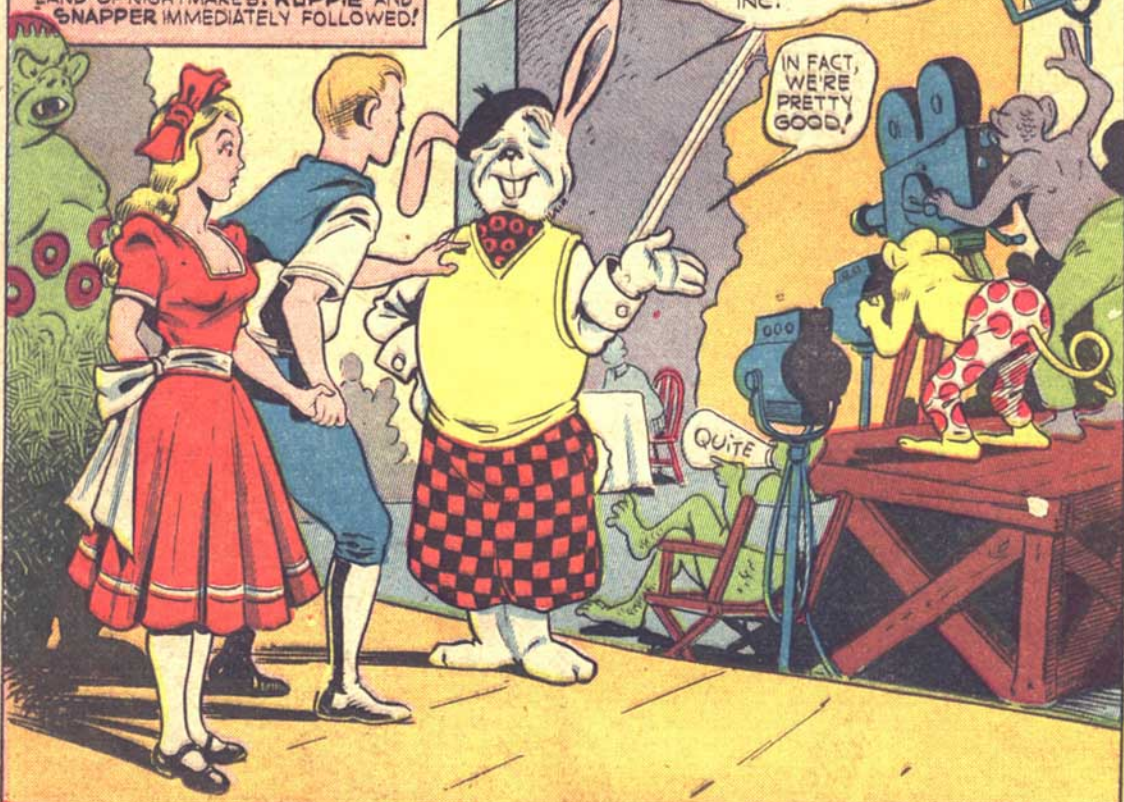
WHO ARE YOU AND WHY DID YOU BRING US HERE?

SOUND STAGE  
2

I AM WELSH RABBIT, DIRECTOR EXTRAORDINARY OF THE STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, GIGANTIC PRODUCTIONS OF NIGHTMARES, INC.

IN FACT, WE'RE PRETTY GOOD!

QUITE





YOU CAME AT A VERY FORTUNATE TIME. WE'RE IN THE PROCESS OF SHOOTING THE MOST SPECTACULAR EXTRAVAGANZA OF THE CENTURY!



LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!



AH... THAT WAS THE MOST DELICIOUS WELSH RABBIT I'VE EVER TASTED.. HOW HUM! GETTIN' KINDA SLEEPY!

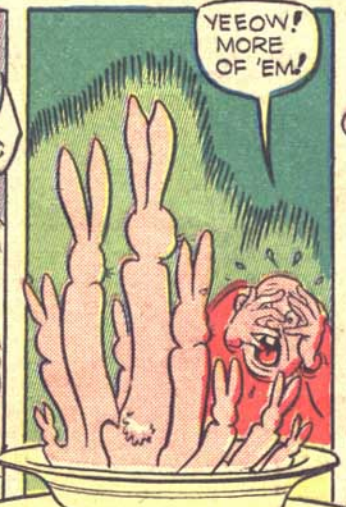


(GULP) WHASSAT?

HIYA, BUD!!



YEEOW! MORE OF 'EM!



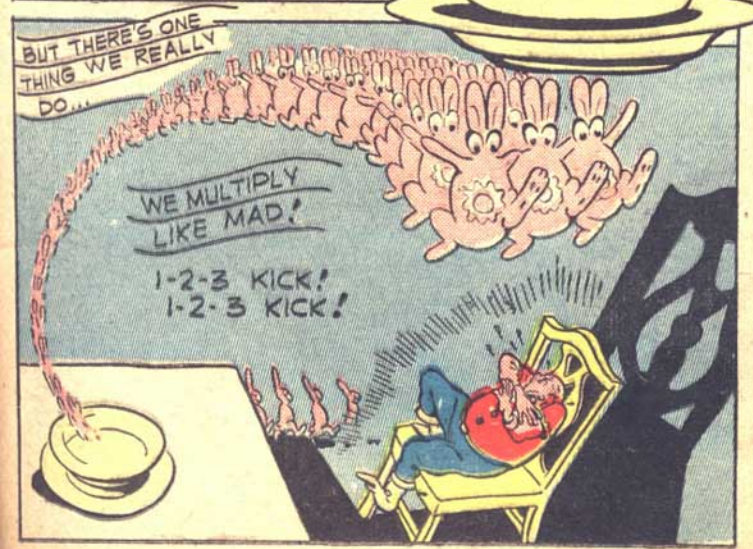
OH, WE'RE SUCH STUPID RABBITS AND WE CAN'T SUBTRACT OR ADD...



BUT THERE'S ONE THING WE REALLY DO...

WE MULTIPLY LIKE MAD!

1-2-3 KICK!  
1-2-3 KICK!



HALP! I'M GOING CRAZY! TAKE 'EM AWAY!





SO, YOU LOVE TO EAT US WELSH RABBIT BITS, EH? WELL, IT'S OUR TURN NOW... WATCH ME NOW... WATCH ME GROW!

AND GROW! AND GROW! I'M GOING TO EAT YOU NOW. HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!

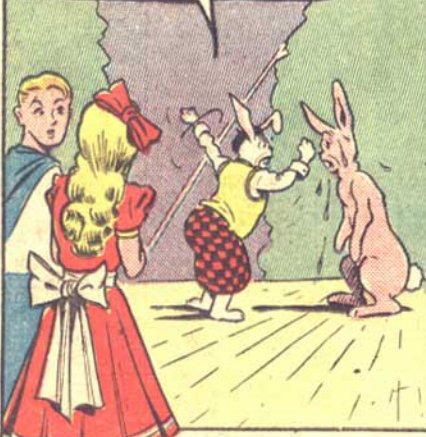
CUT!

WHAT KIND OF ACTING DO YOU CALL THAT? YOU COULDN'T SCARE SHIRLEY TEMPLE WITH THAT FACE. NO FEELING! NO DRAMA!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE HIGHEST PAID NIGHTMARE IN THE BUSINESS. WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN' TO DO - SABOTAGE ME? I'LL FARM YOU OUT TO SWEET DREAMS, INC. - SO HELP ME!

OKAY, FOLKS, NOW FOLLOW ME. YOU'RE GOING TO SEE ANOTHER PRODUCTION IN THE MAKING!

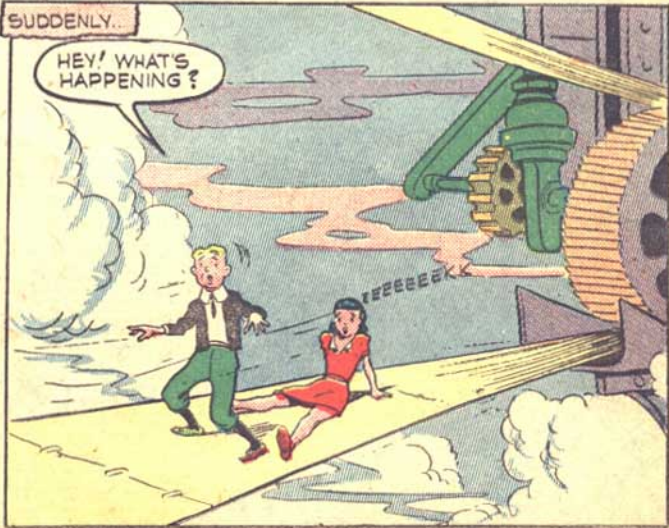
MY ASSOCIATE DIRECTORS... DILL PICKLE AND I, SCREAM COHEN!



YUM, YUM! ICE CREAM CONES AND DILL PICKLES. BOY, I COULD EAT 'EM ALL DAY!

GOODY! ME, TOO!

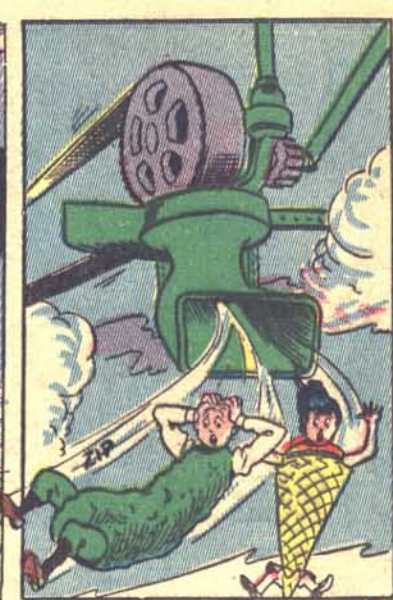
OKAY! SIT DOWN AND BE QUIET - A SHOW'S GOING ON!... ACTION!



SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

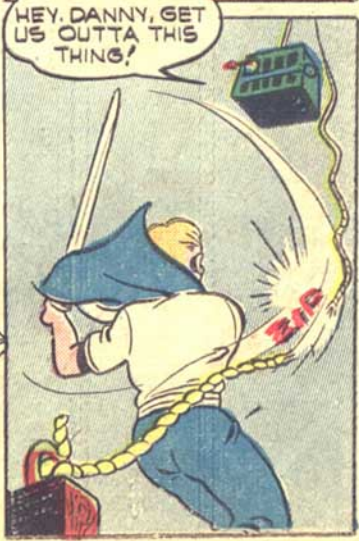
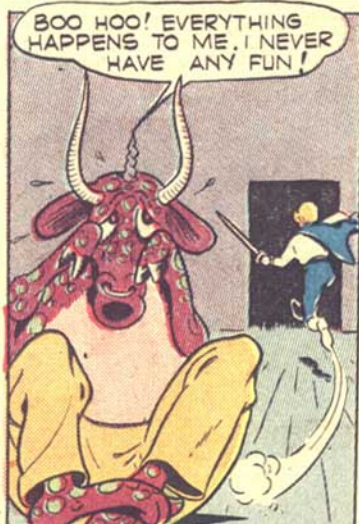














CRASH



COME ON! RUIN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

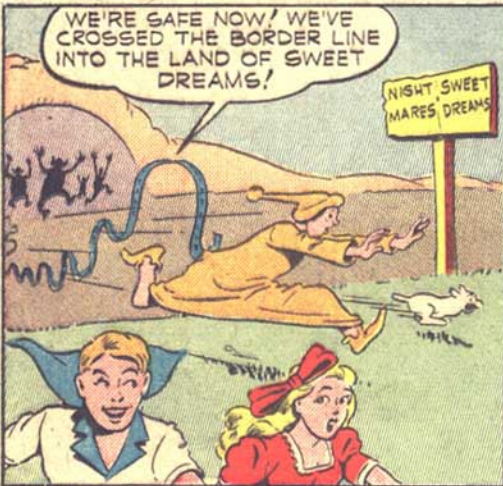


OOOPS! THE FILM'S CAUGHT ON ME.... CAN'T STOP TO FIX IT NOW!



WE'RE SAFE NOW! WE'VE CROSSED THE BORDER LINE INTO THE LAND OF SWEET DREAMS!

NIGHT SWEET MARES' DREAMS



YAH! THOUGHT YOU COULD CATCH US YOU DOPE!

HEY! THAT FILM GIVES ME AN IDEA!



I'LL PUT A MATCH TO IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



SHADES OF CAESAR! STOP THAT FIRE... IF IT EVER HITS ALL THAT FILM LYING AROUND IN OUR STUDIOS, IT'LL...



OH, DANNY, I'M SO GLAD, MY ADVENTURES WON'T GIVE ANYBODY ANY MORE NIGHTMARES!

SIGH

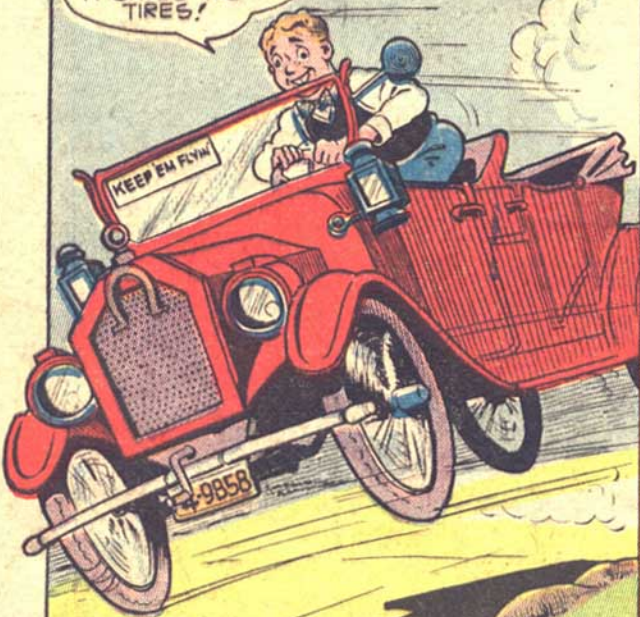




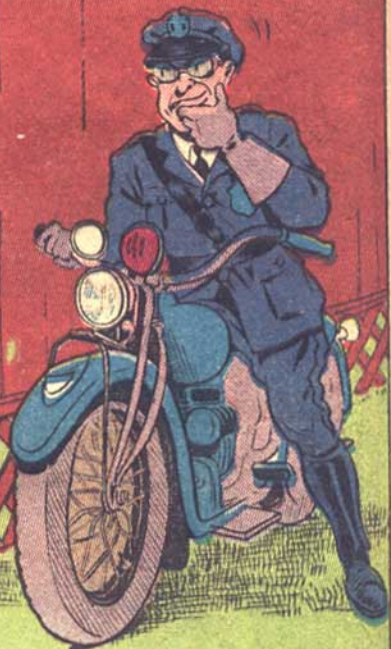
# Archie

by  
MONTANA

GEE WHIZ!  
THIS IS GREAT!  
IF I GO FAST ENOUGH  
THE WHEELS DON'T  
EVEN TOUCH... AN  
IT SAVES THE  
TIRES!



?



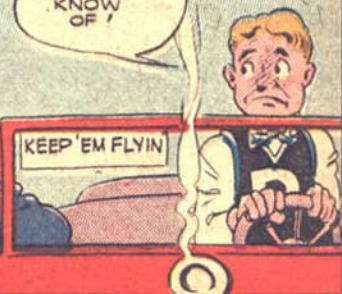
THAT GUY MUST  
THINK HE'S DRIVING  
THE B-19... I'LL CLIP  
HIS WINGS IN A  
HURRY!



I KNOW THIS  
IS CORNY... BUT  
WHERE'S THE  
FIRE, BUDDY?



FIRE?  
FIRE?... NO FIRE  
... ER, THAT IS  
(GPUTTER)  
THAT I  
KNOW  
OF!







BUT DAD! IF I DON'T PAY THIS TEN DOLLAR FINE, WHY THEY'RE LIABLE TO THROW ME IN JAIL!

GOOD! IT'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON NOT TO DRIVE SO FAST. NO, ARCHIE! THIS TIME YOU'LL PAY THAT FINE YOURSELF!



Later  
GOLLY, BETTY! WHERE AM I GONNA GET \$10? IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMETHING I COULD SELL OR SOME BUSINESS I HAVEN'T TRIED IN RIVERDALE!

I WISH I COULD HELP YOU, ARCHIE! I'VE GOT 25¢ IN WAR STAMPS!



SMART COP! SAID I WAS GOING SIXTY-WHY THAT CRATE NEVER DID OVER FORTY-TWO ON A... HEY, AM I TALKING TO MYSELF?

H'LO, BETTY!



HIYA, BETTY! SAY, WATCHA DOIN' TONIGHT? WANNA TAKE IN A SHOW?

NO THANKS! NOT TONIGHT, FREDDIE!

GEE WHIZ! BETTY SURE IS POPULAR SINCE SHE STARTED WEARING GLACKS!



AND AFTER THE GAME WE'RE HAV-ING A DANCE AND-

I'M SORRY, GOODY... BUT I'M GOING WITH ARCHIE THURSDAY NIGHT!

HMMM! SOME CRUST THAT GUY HAS! CAN'T HE SEE I'M HERE OR DO I LOOK LIKE PART OF THIS TREE?



BOY! YOU OUGHT TO OPEN AN ESCORT AGENCY WITH ALL THE DATES THESE WOLVES THROW AT YOU!

ESCORT AGENCY? YOU MEAN WHERE YOU PAY SO MUCH AND THE AGENCY SUPPLIES YOU WITH A PARTNER?



HEY! THAT'S IT! I'LL START AN ESCORT AGENCY!

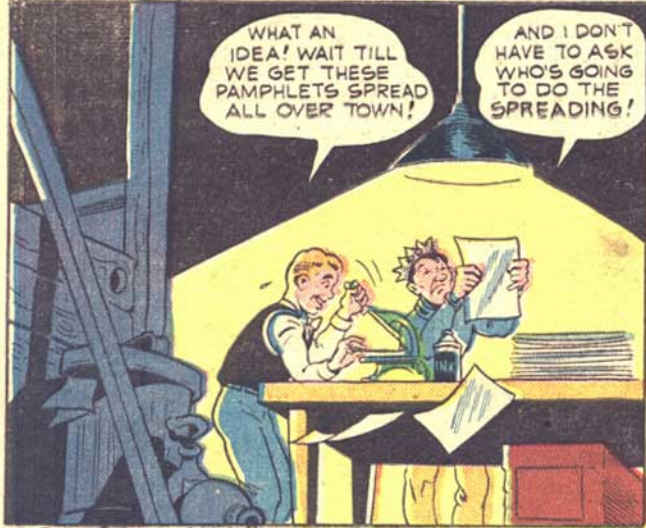
SNAP



WHAT AN IDEA! WAIT TILL WE GET THESE PAMPHLETS SPREAD ALL OVER TOWN!

AND DON'T HAVE TO ASK WHO'S GOING TO DO THE SPREADING!

DARN FUNNY HOW ALL ARCHIE'S IDEAS DEVELOP INTO A FULL-TIME JOB FOR ME!



UNTHINKINGLY JUG SLIPS ONE UNDER A CERTAIN TEACHER'S DOOR



WELL!

HUH! MISS GRUNDY! I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS YOUR DOOR!



JUGHEAD! WHAT IS THIS-A JOKE?... HMMPH!... ESCORTS! HOW SILLY!

OH! IT'S NO JOKE, MISS GRUNDY! "HEART'S DESIRE" IS AN OLD ESTABLISHED FIRM!

WHY, THEY'VE BEEN FURNISHING RIVERDALE'S FAIRER SEX WITH THE CREAM OF THE ELIGIBLE BACHELOR CROP FOR... FOR... SOME TIME!



WELL, I GOT OUT OF THAT... THE ONLY DATE THAT OLD GOON EVER HAD HAD A PIT IN IT!



next morning

HERE'S A LETTER FOR "HEART'S DESIRE" MR. ANDREWS!

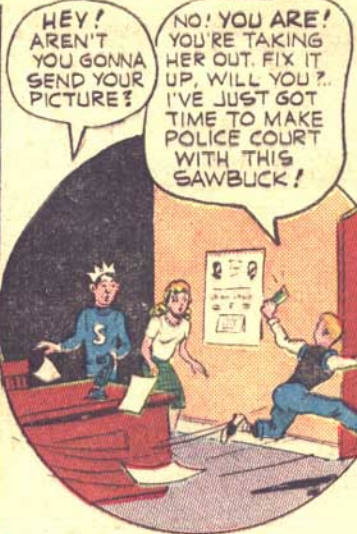
MORNING, BET... ER, MISS COOPER!

MR. ANDREWS





HOT DOG! HERE'S OUR FIRST CUSTOMER WITH TEN BUCKS... LISTEN... "DEAR HEART'S DESIRE, I AM A LONELY LITTLE GIRL AND WOULD LIKE A HANDSOME ESCORT FOR THURSDAY NIGHT AT 7 P.M. P.S. PLEASE SEND ME HIS PICTURE... IMPATIENTLY, mimiL



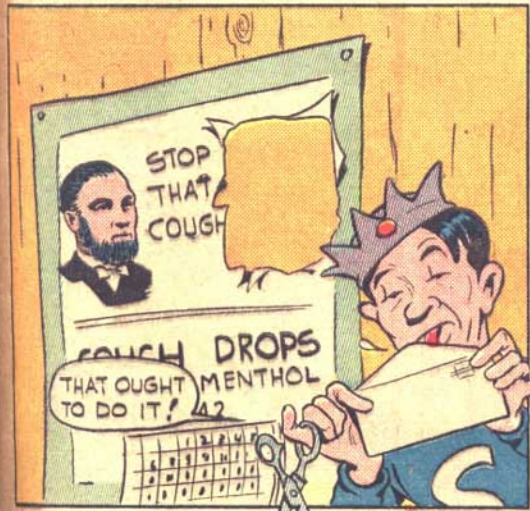
HEY! AREN'T YOU GONNA SEND YOUR PICTURE?

NO! YOU ARE! YOU'RE TAKING HER OUT. FIX IT UP, WILL YOU? I'VE JUST GOT TIME TO MAKE POLICE COURT WITH THIS SAWBUCK!



SHUX! I HAVEN'T GOT A PICTURE OF MYSELF! MAYBE I OUGHT TO SEND SOMETHIN' SO'S WHEN SHE SEES ME IT'LL BE A PLEASANT SURPRISE!

STOP THAT COUGH  
COUGH DROPS  
BLACK OR MENTHOL  
5¢  
1942



STOP THAT COUGH

COUGH DROPS  
THAT OUGHT MENTHOL TO DO IT! 42



next evening

LISSEN, JUGHEAD! I SEE WHAT PICTURE YOU SENT! YEAH! RIGHT OFF THE WALL! AND WHY AREN'T YOU DOWN HERE? DO YOU REALIZE YOU HAVE TO TAKE THIS MIMI OUT IN AN HOUR? HUH?



WHAT!



"WHAT IS IT, JUGHEAD? YOU HAVE THE MUMPS? OH, YOU POOR BOY!"



DARN CONVENIENT GETTING THE MUMPS RIGHT NOW... TOO DARN CONVENIENT!

BUT, ARCHIE, YOU WENT OVER THERE AND SAW THE QUARANTINE SIGN YOURSELF!

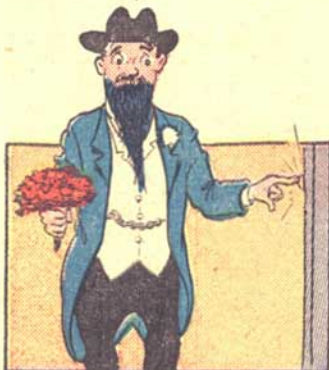


HOPE I CAN GET THIS LAMP-BLACK OUT OF MY HAIR! WHAT A DUMB TRICK SENDING THAT PICTURE! HOW DO I LOOK, BETTY?

LIKE A VICTIM OF THE RAZOR BLADE SHORTAGE!



WONDER WHAT THIS MIMI IS LIKE? I'LL PROBABLY LOOK LIKE HER FATHER! THAT JERK JUSHEAD!



OH! THERE YOU ARE!

(GULP)

MISS GRUNDY!  
MY HISTORY  
TEACHER!



NOW YOU WAIT  
RIGHT THERE  
WHILE I GET  
DRESSED...  
MR....MR....

ER-AH-  
MR. SMITH!

NIX, POOCH!  
BEAT IT!  
SCRAM!



TEE HEE!  
YOU SAY THE  
SWEETEST THINGS,  
MR. SMITH!



OH, WHAT A  
CHARMING PLACE.  
MR. SMITH!.....  
SOOOOOOO  
ROMANTIC!

YOU'RE  
PAYING FOR  
IT, SISTER!  
...WOW!...  
WHAT A  
PUSS!



TELL ME, MIMI...  
WHAT DOES A  
DELICATE LITTLE  
GIRL LIKE YOU  
DO WITH HERSELF?



I'M JUST A  
POOR, LITTLE  
DEFENSELESS  
SCHOOL TEACHER!

ULP! IS  
THAT SO? AH,  
THAT MUST BE  
AN INTRIGUING  
PROFESSION!

YES... I LIKE  
IT... EXCEPT  
FOR A LITTLE  
SNIP NAMED  
ARCHIE....  
BUT LET'S  
NOT TALK  
ABOUT  
THAT!

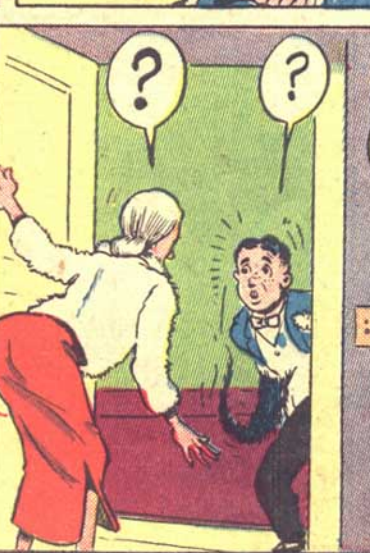
YES, LET'S  
NOT TALK  
ABOUT ME  
...OOP... ER...  
I MEAN...  
LET'S TALK  
ABOUT YOU!  
DO YOU  
CONGA?



OH! I'D  
LOVE TO!









# bentley

## OF SCOTLAND YARD

Paul Reinman

MY BROTHER, DON, HERE, AND I COULD TELL YOU MANY SUCH STORIES OF MY DISCOVERY OF ANTARTICA IN THE SOUTH POLE! YOU SEE, BENTLEY— "OH, WAGN'T THAT THE FRONT DOORBELL?"

WHAT WAS THE ECHO OF THE FROZEN NORTH THAT STABBED WITH ICY FINGERS INTO THE VERY HEART OF LONDON? HOW DID SUB-ZERO DEATH CHILL THE MARROW OF THE PRETENDING INNOCENT? READ ON—AND DISCOVER FOR YOURSELF HOW BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD INGENUOUSLY SOLVED THE MOST BAFFLING CASE IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME!





RIGHT IN HERE, BOYS!  
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING  
THIS PACKAGE!

A FELLOW EXPLORER  
OF MINE PROMISED TO  
SEND ME SOME POLAR  
RELICS, AND I  
BELIEVE...

SUDDENLY MAJOR GRAYSON  
STARTS UP  
IN HORROR...

THE UNWRAPPED  
PARCEL REVEALS A GRIM,  
FROZEN JEST-A CORPSE  
ENTOMBED IN ICE...

GREAT GUNG! IT'S DR.  
SLADE WHO ACCOMPAN-  
IED ME ON MY  
LAST EXPED-  
ITION!

THERE'S ONLY ONE  
PLACE IN LONDON WHERE  
THIS CRIME COULD HAVE  
BEEN COMMITTED!

WHERE,  
BENTLEY?

AT THE HIGHGATE  
ICE PLANT! COME  
ALONG!

THE FIRST THING WE'LL  
DO IS EXAMINE THE  
FREEZING VATS!

HIGHGATE  
ICE PLANT

GB. X124012



THE FOREMAN GREETS THEM

WELL, IF IT ISN'T MAJOR GRAYSON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DO YOU KNOW THE MAJOR FOREMAN?

I SURE DO! I WAS THE FIRST MATE ON HIS LAST TRIP AND HE CHEATED ME OUT OF THREE MONTHS' PAY!

I DID NOT, WALTERS! YOU WERE INSUBORDINATE!

THESE ARE THE VATS YOU ASKED TO SEE, BENTLEY. ALL THE ICE-CAKES ARE MADE HERE!

... AND WHEN THEY'RE FROZEN THEY DESCEND THROUGH THOSE CHUTES!

DO YOU KNOW ANY REASON WHY DR SLADE SHOULD BE MURDERED?

SUDDENLY...

HELP! I'M FALLING!

OH, MAJOR! COME HERE A MINUTE!

AND THE MAJOR TUMBLES INTO THE FREEZING VATS AS HIS BROTHER DON TRIES TO SAVE HIM...

HURRY UP, WALTERS, SHUT OFF THE FREEZING CONTROL!





BENTLEY RUSHES TO THE CONTROL ROOM...

HOW TERRIBLE! BROTHER (SOB-SOB)!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE! ANOTHER LIFE IS SNUFFED OUT BY THE SUB-ZERO DEATH...



WITH INCREDIBLE SWIFTNES BENTLEY REACHES THE UPPER TIER...

HEY, YOU! SHUT OFF THE CONTROLS!



WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

JULIAN THOMAS. SO WHAT?



MAJOR GRAYSON'S BEEN KILLED OWING TO YOUR CARELESSNESS... WHY DIDN'T YOU SHUT THIS OFF WHEN I SHOUTED TO YOU!

I-ER DIDN'T HEAR YOU!



GRAYSON! THAT FOURFLUGHER! MY ASSISTANT, JOE, HERE, AND I HAVE HATED HIM EVER SINCE THAT LAST EXPEDITION!



SEEM TO BE A LOT OF CHAPS HERE WHO KNOW GRAYSON... VERY STRANGE!

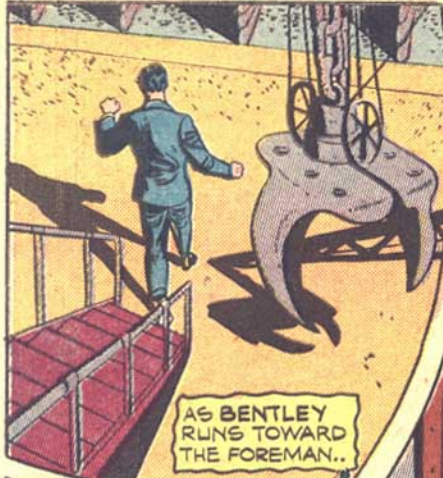
HEY, BENTLEY COME HERE A MINUTE!



AND AS BENTLEY LEAVES...

WHAT THAT SCOTLAND YARD GUY DOESN'T KNOW WOULD FILL A BOOK!



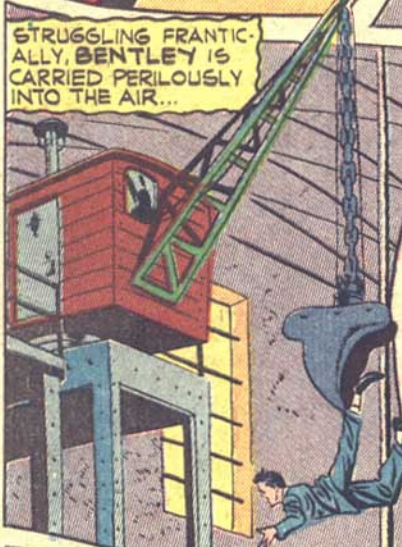


AS BENTLEY RUNS TOWARD THE FOREMAN...



GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THIS?

THE ENORMOUS TONGS THAT TRANSPORT ICE-CAKES SNAP AT BENTLEY'S LEGS!



STRUGGLING FRANTICALLY, BENTLEY IS CARRIED PERILOUSLY INTO THE AIR...



IF I DON'T MAKE THIS ILL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!

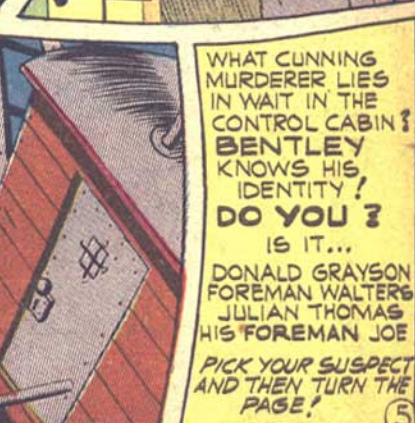
AHH! THANK HEAVEN!



WRENCHING HIS FOOT FREE OF THE IRON JAWS, BENTLEY SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET...



INSIDE THAT DOOR IS THE MURDERER OF SLADE AND GRAYSON ... AND I KNOW WHO HE IS!



WHAT CUNNING MURDERER LIES IN WAIT IN THE CONTROL CABIN? BENTLEY KNOWS HIS IDENTITY! DO YOU?

IS IT...

DONALD GRAYSON FOREMAN WALTER & JULIAN THOMAS HIS FOREMAN JOE

PICK YOUR SUSPECT AND THEN TURN THE PAGE!



DONALD GRAYSON!  
JUST AS I SUB-  
PECTED!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THOSE CRANE  
CONTROLS, GRAYSON. YOU'VE COMMITTED  
ENOUGH MURDERS WITHOUT TRYING TO  
ADD MINE TO YOUR LIST!

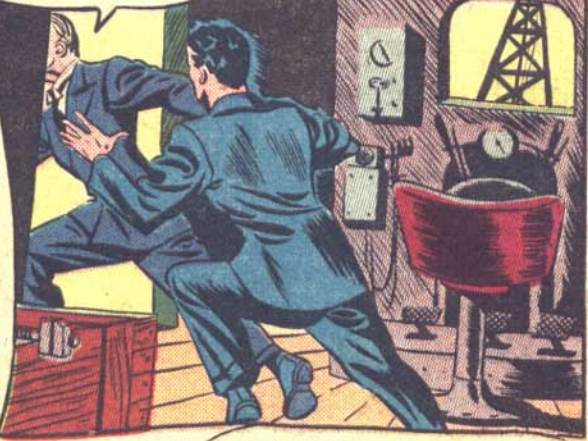


YOU'RE RIGHT!  
I KILLED MY BROTHER AND  
BLADE, AND I'M NOT SORRY. THEY BECAME  
FAMOUS FOR THE DISCOVERY OF ANTART-  
ICA! I NEVER GOT ANY OF THE CREDIT SO  
I GOT MY REVENGE! NOW GET OUT OF MY  
WAY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL!



NO ONE WILL PUT  
ME BEHIND BARS!  
I'LL SEE TO THAT!

COME BACK  
HERE, GRAYSON!



BUT BEFORE  
BENTLEY  
CAN REACH  
THE MURDER-  
ER, HE PLUM-  
METS OVER  
THE EDGE  
TO CERTAIN  
DEATH  
BELOW...



HE'S  
DEAD,  
ALL RIGHT!

JUST AS  
WELL! HIS  
SELF-INFLICTED  
DEATH WILL  
SAVE THE GOV-  
ERNMENT THE  
EXPENSE OF  
HANGING HIM!

NO MAN HAS THE RIGHT TO TAKE  
THE LAW IN HIS OWN HANDS! NO  
MATTER HOW JUSTIFIED DONALD  
GRAYSON BELIEVED HIMSELF TO  
BE - HE WAS A MURDERER!  
HE MET THE DEATH HE  
METED OUT TO OTHERS!





# SERGEANT BOYLE

HURRY, TWERP, OR WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE RAJAH'S BANQUET!



IN BADAL, SERGEANT BOYLE AND CAPTAIN TWERP ATTEND A DINNER GIVEN THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATS BY THE LOCAL RULER...

AND NOW, GENTS, BEFORE I MAKE A VERY INTERESTING SPEECH, I PROPOSE A TOAST! TO ME... THE MOST ENLIGHTENED, MOST PROGRESSIVE... MOST CULTURED... ETC...



IMAGINE TOASTING YOURSELF! THE CRUST OF THE GUY!

SHHH, QUIET!



HOURS LATER! AND I HAVE ALWAYS HAD A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART FOR THE ENGLISH EVER SINCE I WAS EXPELLED FROM OXFORD... AND FURTHERMORE, BLA, BLA, BLA... I THANK YOU! APPLAUSE, PLEASE.



BOY, TALK ABOUT THE BIG WIND! I THOUGHT THAT JERK'D NEVER STOP TALKING! HEY, TWERP, YOU CAN WAKE UP NOW! IT'S ALL OVER!



AND NOW, THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN! WE WILL HAVE OUR DAILY CONFERENCE!

(GROAN) THIS CHAP CAN EVEN OUT-TALK US DIPLOMATS!

YES, RAJAH! SEE YOU LATER, SERGEANT!





PHOOEY! WE WOULD GET STUCK ESCORTING AN ENGLISH DIPLOMAT...NOTHING TO DO BUT LISTEN TO A JERKY RAJAH AND EAT BAD FOOD!



EVEN THIS LAYOUT IS SCREWY! AN ENGLISH CASTLE STUCK HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE!



YEAH. BUT THIS RAJAH MUST SWING A LOT O' WEIGHT WITH THE MOSLEMS!



MAYBE! THEY'RE GURE KOWTOWING TO HIM PLENTY... SAY! WHAT'S THAT?



I COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMEBODY SKULK INTO THE CASTLE!



YOU'VE BEEN SEEN! NOTHING BUT JAP SPIES SINCE WE'VE BEEN HERE!



RELAX, WILL YA, BOYLE? YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF NERVES! HERE, I'LL PLAY YOU SOME SOOTHING MUSIC ON MY JEW'S-HARP!



HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?

MAWA NEHRU!



COME BACK WITH MY HARD YOU BRAT!





NOW, WHERE'D HE GO? OH, OH! HE'S BEHIND THAT SHRUBBERY!

PLINK PLINK



HEY! WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU, NIPPIE?



SO BOYLE WAS RIGHT. THERE ARE JAP SPIES AROUND HERE... SCRAM, KID. I'LL FIX 'EM!



BOYLE! OH, BOYLE!

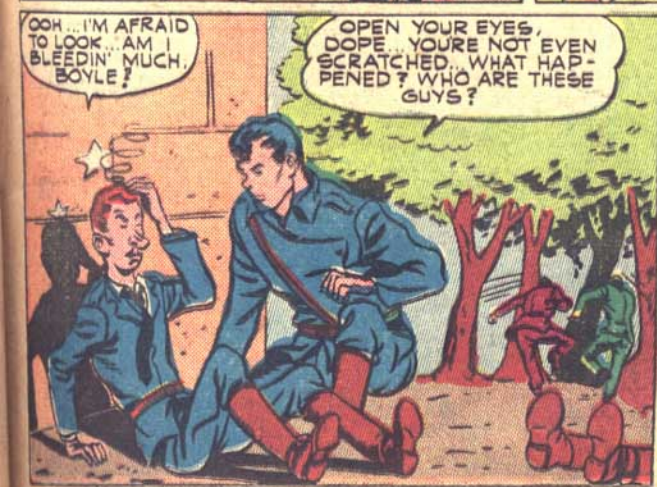
TWERP'S VOICE! WHAT'S HE GOTTEN INTO NOW?



EA, EASY WITH THAT KNIFE, MISTER? Y-YOU'LL HURT SOMEBODY!



HERE'S A HUBBELL SPECIAL FOR YOU, NIPPIE!



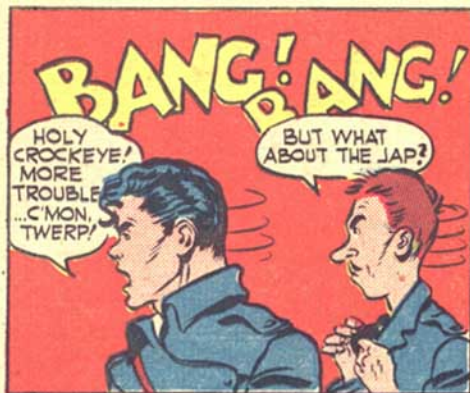
OOH... I'M AFRAID TO LOOK... AM I BLEEDIN' MUCH, BOYLE?

OPEN YOUR EYES, DOPE. YOU'RE NOT EVEN SCRATCHED... WHAT HAPPENED? WHO ARE THESE GUYS?

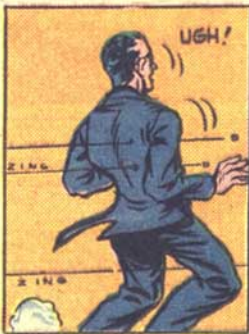


SO... NO JAPS AROUND HERE, HUH? I SUPPOSE THIS IS GENERAL MACARTHUR!













OKAY, SONNY, WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE. YOU CAN GO ON BACK HOME IF YOU WANT!



NOT BEFORE I GET MY HARP BACK FROM THE LITTLE CROOK!  
MALA!



QUIET, BOTH OF YOU. SOMEONE'S COMING... DUCK INTO THE UNDERBRUSH -- AND PRONTO!



I'LL BE... JAP TROOPS. WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN THESE FORESTS?

MPPFF



ARE WE IN FOR IT NOW! MOSLEMS BEHIND US AND JAPS IN FRONT OF US... HEY! THAT HOLLOW LOG... THAT MIGHT BE OUR OUT!



THIS IS AN OLD INDIAN TRICK. THE CURRENT'LL CARRY US RIGHT PAST 'EM. KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



AMERICANS MUST FOLLOW RIVER TO ESCAPE. WE CATCH BOY SOON... AND AMERICAN PIGS WITH HIM!

YES, EXCELLENCY. THEY CAN'T ESCAPE US!



CUT OUT TICKLING ME. YOU LITTLE RUNT! I'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!

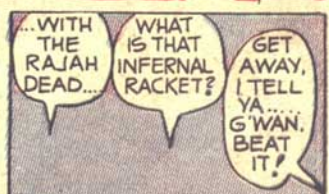


G...GULP! IT... IT'S AN ALLIGATOR!





GUIDED BY THE YOUNGSTER, THE TRIO AT LAST, AFTER LONG, WEARY MARCHING, LOCATE THE ENGLISH GARRISON...



AND SO, SIR, OUR MISSION TO LINE THE MOSLEMS UP ON OUR SIDE IN EVENT OF INVASION, SEEMS TO HAVE COLLAPSED! THE JAPS ARE ALREADY THERE IN FULL FORCE, AND...





HAVEN'T YOU GIVEN ME TROUBLE ENOUGH ALREADY? NOW STOP FOLLOWIN' ME AROUND! G'WAN, LOSE YOUR SELF!



GREAT GLORY, BOYLE! THAT BOY OUT THERE... IS HE THE ONE YOU WERE TELLIN' ME ABOUT?



EGAD, MAN, YOU'VE BROUGHT BACK THE RAJAH'S SON!



GREETINGS, OH GREAT AND NOBLE RULER! MAY I OFFER MY SYMPATHIES ON YOUR FATHER'S UNTIMELY END?



AT LAST THERE IS ONE WHO CAN SPEAK MY LANGUAGE! I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL MY AMERICAN FRIENDS WHO I AM AND WHY I ESCAPED WITH THEM! I KNEW THE JAPANESE WOULD HAVE KILLED ME IF I STAYED... JUST AS THEY DID MY FATHER!



OF COURSE! AND YOU MAY DEPEND ON HIS MAJESTY'S FULLEST PROTECTION! WE SHALL ESCORT YOU BACK TO YOUR TRIBE IMMEDIATELY!



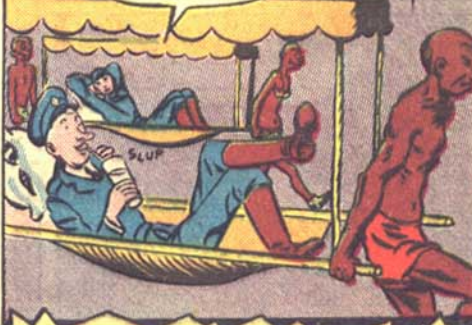
THANK YOU... AND, GENERAL... PSSST, PSSST... OH, HE DID, DID HE?



ABOUT THAT JEW'S-HARP, GENERAL... THE KID... ER... THE RAJAH... CONGRATULATIONS, TWERP... THE RAJAH TOLD ME ABOUT YOUR CARRYING HIM!



NEXT DAY... SURE, I KNEW WHO HE WUZ! THAT'S WHY I CARRIED HIM!



NEXT MONTH SERGEANT BOYLE GETS HIS FIRST FURLOUGH OF THE WAR AND MEETS AN OLD SIDEKICK! MAYBE YOU CAN GUESS WHO! OR CAN'T YOU? ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN... BETTER NOT MISS IT!



# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

AND THE  
BOY SOLDIERS

ON TO  
VICTORY  
AND  
FREEDOM!

I'M BILLY  
GRAYSON,  
AMERICAN!

MY NAME IS  
GERALD SYKES...  
AND ENGLAND  
IS MY HOME!

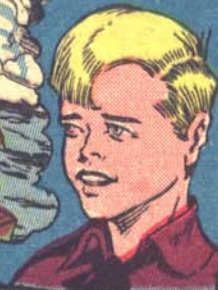
ARMAND  
DE LATOUR,  
A FREE  
FRENCHMAN!

A YE! BAN  
CALLED ERIK  
JANSEN! A YE  
BAN FROM  
NORWAY, BY  
GAR!

THIS IS A TALE  
OF FOUR AVERAGE  
BOYS-LIKE YOU OR YOU OR  
YOU-SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND.  
ALTHOUGH THEY COME FROM  
MANY LANDS, THEY ARE UNITED  
IN THEIR LOVE OF FREEDOM!  
AND THEIR HERO IS FREEDOM'S  
FOREMOST CHAMPION, THE  
WORLD RENOWNED FIGHTER  
AGAINST TYRANNY  
**CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO!**

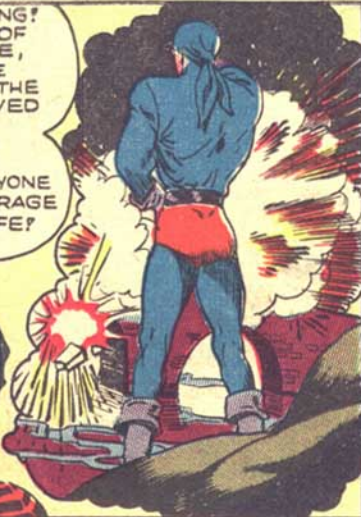
GOSH! CAPTAIN  
COMMANDO IS  
PLANNING ANOTHER  
EXPEDITION! THE NAZIS  
ARE DOUBLING THEIR  
GARRISONS ALL ALONG  
THE COAST!

BLIMEY! IT MUST BE  
FINE TO FIGHT UNDER  
A MAN LIKE THAT! HE  
HELD OFF THOSE NAZIS  
AT DUNKIRK! THEY  
SAY HE FOUGHT LIKE  
A WILD MAN!





ZAT EES NATHING!  
AT ZE BATTLE OF  
SAINT NAZAIRE,  
HE WES ZE ONE  
WHO BLEW UP THE  
BRIDGE ZAT SAVED  
MY FATHER'S  
REGIMENT? MY  
FATHER SAY HE  
NEVER SAW ANYONE  
WITH SUCH COURAGE  
IN ALL HEES LIFE!



ERIK, THE NORWEGIAN BOY,  
SPEAKS UP.

AYE BAN WISHING  
WE COULD SERVE WITH  
DOSE COMMANDOS IN  
NORWAY, IN MY COUNTRY,  
THERE ARE MANY MEN  
WHO WOULD GIVE DERE  
LIVES TO FIGHT FOR  
CAPTAIN COMMANDO!

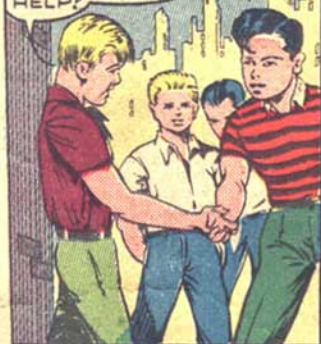


SAY THAT'S  
A JOOLY IDEA!  
MAYBE WE  
COULD JOIN  
UP? THERE  
MUST BE SOME  
WAY WE COULD  
HELP!

AS YOU  
ENGLISH  
SAY, EET  
EES WORTH  
A TRY!

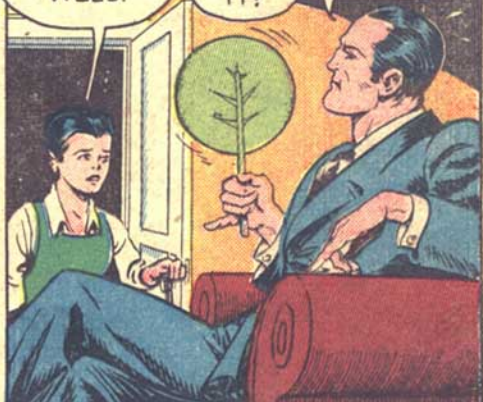
SO THE FOUR AVERAGE  
BOYS WANT TO "JOIN  
UP"; BUT AS BILLY  
GRAYSON GOES HOME,  
HE IS WORRIED ABOUT  
SOMETHING HE COULD  
NOT TELL HIS FRIENDS.

GEE! I WONDER  
WHAT DAD IS  
GOING TO SAY!



WHAT'S  
THE MATTER,  
DAD? DON'T  
YOU FEEL  
WELL?

IT'S THIS PERFECTLY  
HORRID WEATHER!  
REALLY, I DON'T SEE  
HOW YOU CAN STAND  
IT?



ER, DAD, THERE'S  
SOMETHING IMPORTANT  
I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU!  
IT'S ABOUT JOINING  
UP WITH THE  
COMMANDOS!

I WON'T  
HAVE IT!  
I'VE TOLD  
YOU  
BEFORE  
WHAT I THINK  
ABOUT  
FIGHTING!

AND ESPECIALLY  
WITH MEN LIKE THE  
COMMANDOS,  
MADMEN? NO  
REGARD FOR  
HUMAN LIFE!

THE CRAZY LITTLE  
FOOL? HE'S  
ASHAMED  
OF ME? NO  
MATTER WHAT  
THE COST, I  
WON'T LET  
HIM DO  
IT!





SOME DAY, HE'LL KNOW THE TRUTH! THEN MAYBE HE'LL UNDERSTAND!



BUT IT'S HARD! HIS CONTEMPT FOR ME.. SOMETIMES I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'S TOO MUCH TO ASK OF ANY MAN!



DAD SAYS I CAN'T GO! BUT I'M GOING ANYWAY! I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY SAYS!



THAT'S THE SPIRIT, BILLY!

AT THE COMMANDO HEADQUARTERS, THE FOUR YOUNG ADVENTURERS MEET WITH A REBUFF.

WE CAN USE A NORWEGIAN BOY AS GUIDE. BUT THE REST OF YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY PLACE IN A COMMANDO OUTFIT!

SAY, FELLAS, I'VE GOT A PLAN! ONCE ERIK FINDS OUT WHERE THE BOAT IS LEAVING, HE CAN HELP SMUGGLE THE REST OF US ABOARD! HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

RISKY... BUT WE'LL TRY IT!



THAT NIGHT, THE BOYS SLIP ABOARD A SLOOP RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR.

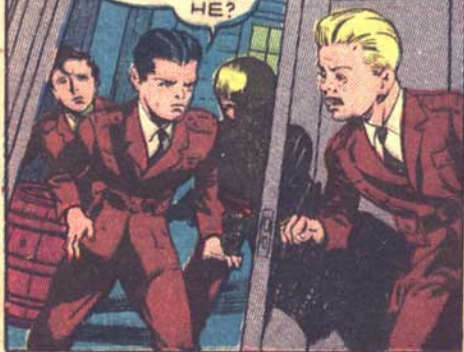
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! STAY IN HIDING UNTIL AFTER WE'RE IN THE CHANNEL!



LATER..

HAVE YOU SEEN CAPT. COMMANDO? WHERE IS HE?

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! BUT KEEP QUIET!



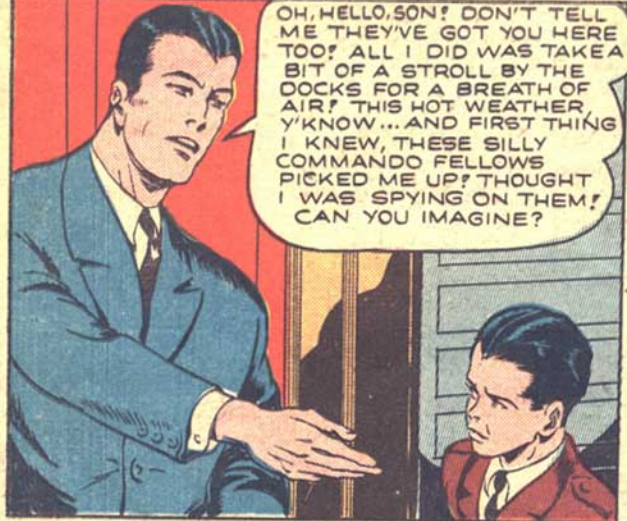
I THOUGHT I HEARD VOICES! COME OUT OF THERE, YOU BRATS!











OH, HELLO, SON? DON'T TELL ME THEY'VE GOT YOU HERE TOO! ALL I DID WAS TAKE A BIT OF A STROLL BY THE DOCKS FOR A BREATH OF AIR! THIS HOT WEATHER, Y'KNOW... AND FIRST THING I KNEW, THESE SILLY COMMANDO FELLOWS PICKED ME UP? THOUGHT I WAS SPYING ON THEM! CAN YOU IMAGINE?



MAYBE YOU ARE WHAT YOU SAY? I DIDN'T THINK THERE WERE ANY MEN LEFT WHO WEREN'T IN UNIFORM.

POOR BILLY! IMAGINE HAVING A FATHER LIKE THAT!



I HATED TO DO IT! YOUR OWN SON? HE THINKS THAT YOU...!

NEVER MIND THAT! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! IMPORTANT!



BILLY, YOU CAN TAKE THIS TOO HARD!

CHEER UP, LADDIE!



CAPTAIN, YOU'VE EVEN MORE COURAGE THAN I THOUGHT YOU HAD... WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?



WE'LL LAND HERE! OUR OBJECTIVES ARE TO RELEASE PRISONERS AND DESTROY OIL WELLS! ORDERS ARE THE SAME AS ALWAYS.. FIGHT TO THE DEATH!



SO, IN A BLEAK DAWN, SOMEWHERE ON THE ROCKY COAST OF NORWAY, AN INTREPID BAND OF COMMANDOS COMES ASHORE! THEY SEPARATE INTO TWO GROUPS AND GRIMLY GO ABOUT PREPARING TO INVADE A CONTINENT.



INTO THEIR MIDST SPRINGS THE MASKED FIGURE OF THEIR LEADER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO.

FORWARD, MEN! LET THIS BE A DAY THE HUNS WILL NEVER FORGET!

OVERWHELMING THE GUARDS, ONE FORCE SWEEPS ON TOWARD THE CITY...

WHILE THE MAIN BODY POURS DOWN UPON THE NAZI HORDES DEFENDING THE PRECIOUS OIL WELLS.

THIS WAY, SIR? I' BAN SHOW YOU VERE DOSE GERMANNS KEEP PRISONERS!

STAY HERE, CHAPPIE! I'LL TAKE CARE O' THIS SQUAREHEAD!

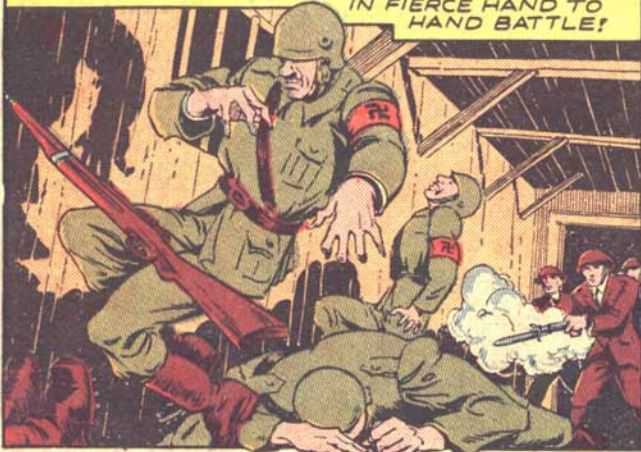
GOT HIM? GO GET THE REST, LADS!

GOTT IN HIMM...!

OUTSIDE, THE SENTRY ON GUARD IS DROPPED IN HIS TRACKS! THE COMMANDOS STORM INTO THE PRISON.



THEY SWOOP IN ON THE FLANK OF THE NAZIS TRYING TO HOLD OFF THE ATTACKERS' OTHER TROOPS. OTHER TROOPS COME UP QUICKLY TO MEET THE COMMANDOS IN FIERCE HAND TO HAND BATTLE!



THE FIGHTING RAGES BACK AND FORTH. THE COMMANDOS SLOWLY GAIN THE UPPER HAND, AND THEN..

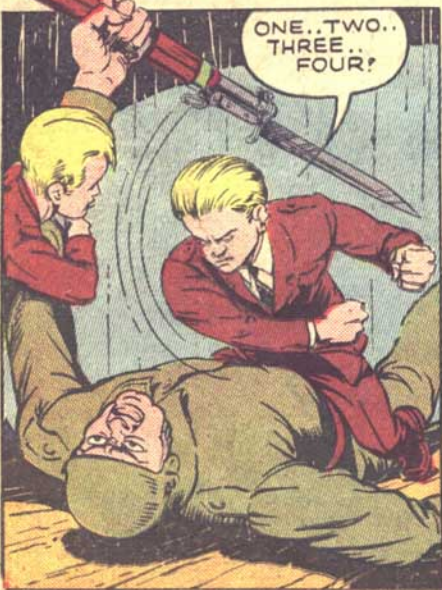


THE BOY SOLDIERS ENTER THE FRAY.



YANKEE DOG?.. OOPS!

EEN MY COUNTRY, THEY CALL THEES "LA SAVATE"! I HOPE YOU LIKE EET!



ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. FOUR!

THANKS OLD CHAP!



YOU'RE FREE NOW!

OUTSIDE A NAZI OFFICER HEARS THE SOUND OF FIGHTING.

ACHTUNG! DESTROY THE COMMANDOS!!





HUNS? A WHOLE ARMY OF 'EM?



GUARD THE WINDOWS, MEN! MAKE EVERY SHOT COUNT!



A WAVE OF FIRE CUTS DOWN THE GERMANS AS THEY APPROACH...



BUT IT SOON BECOMES APPARENT THAT THE UNEQUAL BATTLE CANNOT LAST.



WE HAVEN'T AMMUNITION ENOUGH TO HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

IT'S UP TO YOU, MEN! DO YOU WANT US TO SURRENDER?



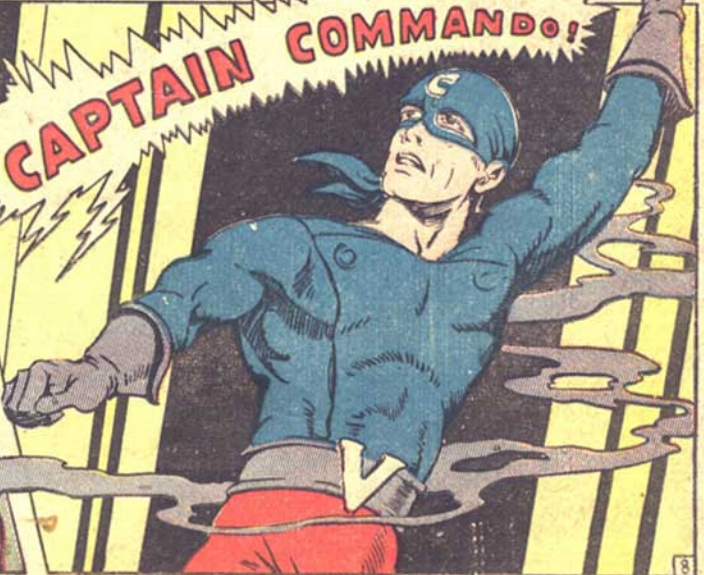
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WE CAN DO... IF ONLY CAPTAIN COMMANDO WOULD SHOW UP NOW!



AS THOUGH IN ANSWER TO HIS WORDS, THERE IS A SUDDEN TUMULT OF FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE PRISON? A SUDDEN YELL RISES.



**CAPTAIN COMMANDO!**





CAPTAIN COMMANDO'S DARING ASSAULT WITH THE MAIN BODY OF TROOPS SENDS THE NAZIS ROLLING BACK, CARRYING THEIR WOUNDED, THE COMMANDOS RETREAT TOWARD THE BEACH.....



WE'RE SAFE NOW! AND OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED!

THANKS TO YOU, CAPTAIN COMMANDO!



BY GAW! I SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO CAPTAIN COMMANDO IS?

EXCUSE ME, FELLOWS, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



OH, ER, CAPTAIN COMMANDO, COULD I TALK TO YOU A MINUTE?

I'M PRETTY BUSY!



TOO BUSY EVEN TO TALK TO ME, DAD?



YOU KNOW WHO I AM?

DID YOU THINK I COULDN'T TELL MY OWN FATHER? I'D KNOW YOU IN ANY KIND OF DISGUISE!



SON, I HAD TO KEEP IT A SECRET! AND NOW YOU MUST HELP BY NEVER

TELLING ANYONE WHAT YOU KNOW!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, DAD!



THERE'S A LONG HARD FIGHT AHEAD OF US! WE MUST NEVER LET OUR ENEMIES KNOW ANY MORE THAN WE CAN HELP!

GOLLY! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU I WISH THE WHOLE WORLD KNEW YOU'RE MY DAD!



AND SO, REUNITED AGAIN, FATHER AND SON WATCH THE LAND FADE AWAY IN THE DISTANCE BEHIND THEM, AS THE SLOOP SETS ITS COURSE TO THE WEST... AND ENGLAND....



HAVE YOU JOINED THE BOY SOLDIERS OF AMERICA, YET? LOOK FOR THE COUPON IN THIS BOOK AND FILL IT OUT AT ONCE!