

NO.  
51

# DEEP COMICS

DEC.  
10¢



*Starring* ARCHIE ANDREWS!



# SHIELD G-MAN CLUB

## BULLETIN NO. 29

HIYA, GANG:

Here's a real sockeroo of an idea that was submitted by one of you Shield G Man members, and Dusty and I like it so much that we're going to put it into operation right now. We're going to give all you members of the Shield G Man Club a chance to show what kind of detectives you are, and reward you for your brains at the same time. But win or lose, you'll all have a lot of fun with this game. Here is a tricky little mystery that Dusty and I had to solve. We did. Can you?

Dusty and I walked into Tom Jenks' apartment. Jenks was streiched out on the floor. Dead. A bullet hole, round and clean in his right temple. Not a mark on his placid face that looked as though it were in a peaceful sleep. There was a note on his desk, typed out. It was a suicide note. In Jenks' lapel pocket, there was a fountain pen. And on his right wrist, a wrist watch, smashed. The homicide squad, headed by Captain Timmons, was already gathered there. "Well, Shield, what do you make of it?" Dusty and I looked at each other knowingly. It was plain that we both agreed as to what had happened. I spoke for both of us.

"Captain! Jenks did not commit suicide. *He was murdered!*"

Now, you Junior G Man detectives, can you see what Dusty and I saw? How did we know it was murder almost as soon as we looked at the corpse? Pick out the right solution from among the following:

- 1) Jenks wouldn't have typed out the note if he had a fountain pen in his pocket.
- 2) The wrist watch on his right hand showed that he was left handed, and he therefore would have used his *left hand* to shoot himself in the *left temple*.
- 3) The fact that his face was calm and unmarked shows that he was taken by surprise and never knew what happened!
- 4) If he had killed himself, there would have been powder burns from the pistol on his temple.
- 5) It was suicide, not murder.

Now to those who send in the right solution, we will send a large, suitable for framing certificate promoting you to the rank of *special investigator* in our Shield G Man Club, and your names will be printed on this page announcing your promotions. The proper solution will be given in the next Shield G Man Bulletin.

This contest is open *only to members of the Shield G Man Club, or those sending in for membership along with their answers.*

Get going, pals, and good luck.

*Sincerely*  
Joe Higgins

## USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

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

Joe Higgins  
Room 603  
241 Church 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.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

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

# HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension" That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 259-M, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 259-M, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

THE ORIGINAL  
**SHIELD**  
AND  
**DUSTY**  
*the* BOY DETECTIVE



IN  
**ORPHANS**  
OF  
**DEATH**

ONE DAY AS JOE HIGGINS OF THE FBI WANTS FOR A BUS --



WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING MY BABY FOR A MOMENT SO THAT I MAY BE ABLE TO GET MY FARE?

WHY NO! I'D BE GLAD TO!



YOU'VE GOT A REAL CUTE BABY HERE, LADY!



SOMETIMES I WISH I HAD A - HEY! NOW WHERE DID SHE GO TO?

SIR?



GOOD HEAVENS MAN, MY BABY! THAT'S NO WAY TO HOLD YOUR BABY! ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS ISN'T MY CHILD LADY! YOU SEE --



DENYING YOUR OWN CHILD! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

GULP! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!



-BUT IT'S A CINC H THAT I CAN'T TRAVEL HOME BY BUS! I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET A CAB!

MEANWHILE, LET'S TURN TO DUSTY-

LA DE DUM! I'D BETTER PICK OUT THE RECORDS I WANT FOR TOMORROW'S JIVE PARTY!



MAIRZY-DOTES 'N' DOEZ-E-DOES 'N- OH, OH! THERE GOES THE DOOR BELL! WHO IS IT?



IT'S ME, -JOE! OPEN THE DOOR!

I CAN'T- I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL!



SO HAVE I! I'VE GOT A BABY IN MY ARMS!

OH A BABY! THAT'S DIFFERENT!



A BABY!



I WASN'T KIDDING!

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT FROM?

A LADY ASKED ME TO HOLD HER BABY AND WHEN I TURNED AROUND, SHE DISAPPEARED!

HE'S A CUTE KID, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH HIM?



BAW!  
WAAH!  
WHAM!  
WA W!

THE FIRST THING WE HAVE  
TO DO IS TO STOP HIM FROM  
CRYING! HERE'S A RATTLE  
THAT WAS TIED TO HIS HAND!



KITCHY KOO!  
KITCHY KOO!  
WOOK AT THE PRETTY  
WATT WE!

JUST THEN AT  
F.B.I. HDQRTS

I HAVE JUST  
THE MAN FOR YOU  
INSPECTOR MCGREGOR!

GOOD! LET'S  
GO TO HIM NOW!



THIS MAN I HAVE IN  
MIND IS THE FAMOUS  
JOE HIGGINS - A MAN  
WITHOUT NERVES OR  
FEELINGS - A HARD  
MAN!

THE HARDER  
THE BETTER!



HELLO! WHAT'S  
THIS?

KITCHY KOO!  
KITCHY KOO!  
DON'T CRY - BE A  
GOOD-ON-ER-  
HELLO CHIEF!

OOOPS!

A HARD MAN, EH!  
SEEMS VERY  
MATERNAL TO ME!

WHERE'D  
YOU GET  
THE CHILD  
FROM JOE?

NEVER MIND  
NOW, CHIEF! HERE  
DUSTY, TAKE HIM



WHAT'S UP  
CHIEF?

THIS IS INSPECTOR  
MCGREGOR OF THE CITY  
POLICE, LET HIM TELL  
HIS STORY!





YOU MAY HAVE HEARD OF JOHN PETERS. A BRILLIANT YOUNG CHEMIST. VERY RECENTLY HE TURNED OVER A DEADLY NEW EXPLOSIVE. HE HAD PERFECTED, TO THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES. THIS MORNING, PETER'S BODY WAS FOUND IN HIS APARTMENT - **MURDERED!**

HIS WIFE, WHO HELPED HIM WITH THE EXPERIMENT WAS GONE AS WAS HER BABY...IT MIGHT HAVE FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MURDERERS. THEY WILL NO DOUBT TRY TO GET HER TO DISCLOSE THE FORMULA!

I SEE! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE BODY!



LEAVING THE CHILD IN DUSTY'S CARE, THE THREE MEN LEAVE FOR THE APARTMENT-



LATER--

CHOKED TO DEATH BY A MAN OF UNUSUAL STRENGTH!



ANY CLUES?

NOT ONE. THIS JOB WAS DONE BY A VERY SLICK OPERATOR!



SAY- IT'S SIX-THIRTY- I WONDER IF DUSTY WILL REMEMBER TO FEED THE CHILD-



EXCUSE ME WHILE I CALL HIM!

A HARD MAN- EH? HA' HA!





BOY, THIS BUSINESS OF BEING A MOTHER IS TOUGH!



HELLO, JOE, YEAH I'M HEATING-THE CEREAL NOW-DON'T WORRY- I'M-



WHA- UGH!



HELLO! HELLO DUSTY!

WHAT'S WRONG?



SOMETHING'S HAPPENED- I'M BEATING IT BACK TO MY APARTMENT, PRONTO!



THIS MAY BE A JOB FOR THE SHIELD!



WHILE AT JOE'S APARTMENT-

QUICK! GET THE BABY, FISHFACE..I HAVE SOME **PRESSING** BUSINESS WITH THIS BRAT!

GOT 'IM FIVE BY FIVE!

UGH- AGHH

YOU DID AN EXCELLENT  
JOB TRAILING THE BABY,  
FISHFACE! EXCELLENT!

YEAH! BUT I  
AIN'T SO GOOD WIT'  
BABIES! HOW DO I  
KEEP DIS ONE FROM  
BAWLIN'?

HERE'S A RATTLE FISH-  
FACE, MAYBE  
IT'LL SHUT  
HIM UP!

LOOK FIVE BY  
FIVE! HE'S SMILIN'  
IT DID THE TRICK!

GOOD! LET'S  
GO!

A FEW MINUTES AFTER THEY DEPART  
DUSTY STIRS-THEN RISES GROGGILY

OH - MY  
NECK

BOY THAT FAT BABY SURE  
HAD POWERFUL HANDS!  
WONDER WHY THEY WANTED  
THE KID?

SWIFTLY SLIPPING INTO HIS  
UNIFORM, DUSTY BECOMES  
THE BOY DETECTIVE -

I'LL HAVE TO HURRY IF  
I WANT TO FIND OUT - BUT  
I'VE GOT TO LET JOE GOING  
SOMEHOW!

I KNOW, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL  
WITH THIS CAN OF  
CEREAL!

THERE THEY GO INTO THAT CAR— I'D BETTER STEP ON IT!



MADE IT!



THERE'S NO SIGN OF DUSTY OR THE KID! WHAT'S THIS ON THE FLOOR?



CEREAL— AND THERE SEEMS TO BE A TRAIL OF IT!



BY GEORGE! I GET IT! DUSTY LEFT THIS AS A TRAIL FOR ME TO FOLLOW!



GOOD BOY DUSTY! THIS TRAIL IS AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON MY FACE!



MEANWHILE, THE CAR PULLS UP BEFORE AN OLD ABANDONED WAREHOUSE!



NOW, MRS. PETERS, I THINK YOU WILL GIVE ME THE INFORMATION I WANT!

MY-- MY BABY!

YES MY DEAR! ALIVE NOW BUT NOT FOR LONG-- UNLESS--

NO! NO! I'LL TELL! IT'S IN--

HOLD EVERYTHING!

HUH? WHO--



MY INNINGS NOW, FATTY!



I'LL MAKE SURE OF YOU THIS TIME YOU IMP!

AAARGHH

JUST THEN--

WAHOODOO!



UP AND AT 'EM DUSTY!

I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SHIELD!

UNNOTICED IN THE MELEE, FIVE BY FIVE AND FISHFACE MAKE THEIR ESCAPE!

HURRY TO THE CAR, FISHFACE! HE WHO FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY-- LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!





THEY'RE GETTING AWAY IN THE CAR!



FRIGHTENED BY HIS MOTHER'S SHOUTS THE CHILD DROPS HIS RATTLE—



WHICH HURTLES TOWARD THE KILLERS' CAR—



AS IT STRIKES THE AUTO, A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION OCCURS—



LATER ... AND SO, INSPECTOR MCGREGOR, THE CASE IS COMPLETELY CLEANED!

I STILL DON'T GET IT, JOE!



IT'S VERY SIMPLE! FIVE BY FIVE KNEW HE COULDN'T GET THE FORMULA. HOWEVER, A SAMPLE OF THE EXPLOSIVE WOULD BE JUST AS GOOD. BUT MRS. PETERS HID THAT BEFORE SHE FLED!



FIVE BY FIVE CAUGHT HER—BUT HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW THE ONLY WAY HE COULD GET HER TO TALK WAS THROUGH HER BABY—WHICH BY A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE, SHE TURNED OVER TO ME WHILE FLEEING!



—IT ALMOST WORKED EXCEPT THAT DUSTY SPOILED THE SHOW—YOU SEE, THE EXPLOSIVE WAS IN THE BABY'S RATTLE ALL THE TIME!

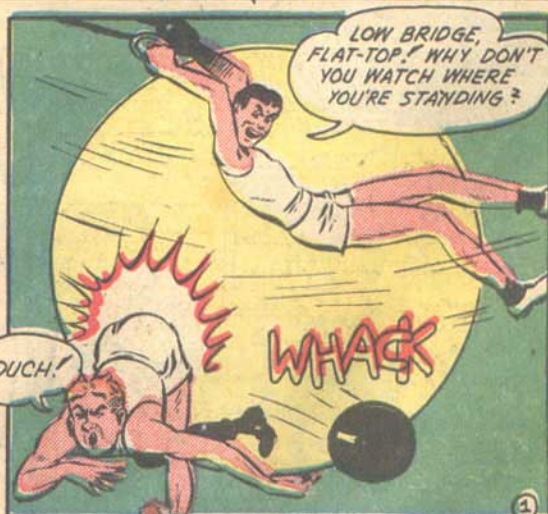
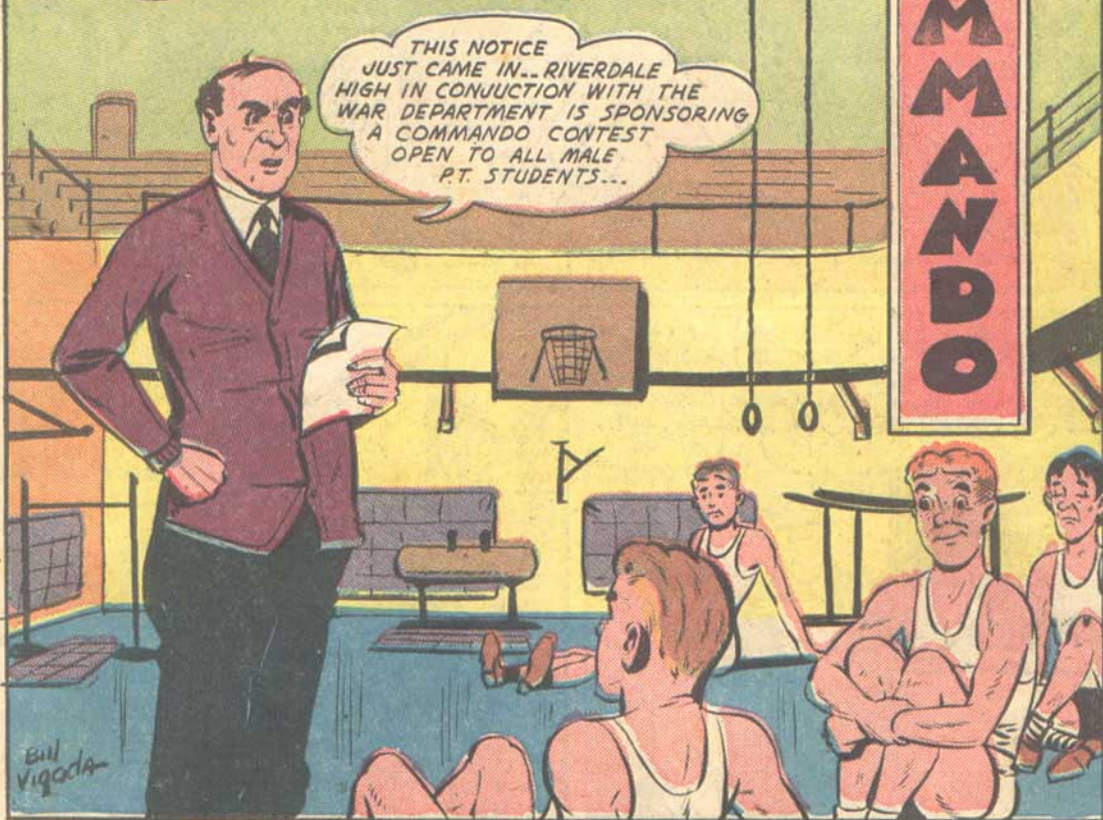
WHAT! AND WE WERE JIGGLING THAT RATTLE ALL OVER THE PLACE. WE COULD HAVE BEEN BLOWN SKY-HIGH!



NO DUSTY, IT HAD TO DROP ON SOMETHING TO DETONATE THE CHARGE—THE BABY DID THAT, AND UNKNOWINGLY, AVENGED HIS FATHER'S DEATH!

# Archie

## the **COMMANDO**





REGGIE MANTLE, YOU SNAKE IN THE GRASS!! YOU PURPOSELY DID THAT!! @#!@

SOME DAY I'M GOING TO FLATTEN THAT GUY, ARCH. SO HELP ME!

YOU'RE JUST A BAG OF WIND!! I BET YOU'RE TOO SCARED TO ENTER THAT COMMANDO CONTEST!

LISTEN, REGGIE!! YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE CAN MAKE ME ENTER THAT CONTEST!! BESIDES I'M TOO BUSY!



LUNCH HOUR ANNOUNCEMENT

BOY THEY'RE SURE SERIOUS ABOUT THAT CONTEST, ARCH. MAYBE YOU OUGHTA--

I SAID NO, JUG- AND THAT'S THAT C'MON, LET'S EAT. I'M HUNGRY!



MENU APPLES VEGETABLES

GOSH! THE LINE HAS NEVER BEEN AS LONG AS THIS BEFORE!!



20 minutes later!

HEY, JERRY! WHAT'S HOLDING THIS LINE? I'M STARVED!!

HOLD YOUR HORSES! IT'LL BE OVER BEFORE YOU KNOW IT!



WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT CRACK?!

NAME?

DO YOU HAVE TO GIVE YOUR NAME NOW FOR A HAM SANDWICH?



WE CAN DO WITHOUT THE CLOWNING! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!

ER... ARCHIE ANDREWS...



ALL RIGHT, ANDREWS, REPORT AT JOHNSON'S MEADOW NEXT WEEK FOR THE COMMANDO CONTEST!!



C-C-C-COMMANDO CONTEST?! U-D-!!

JUGHEAD JONES!

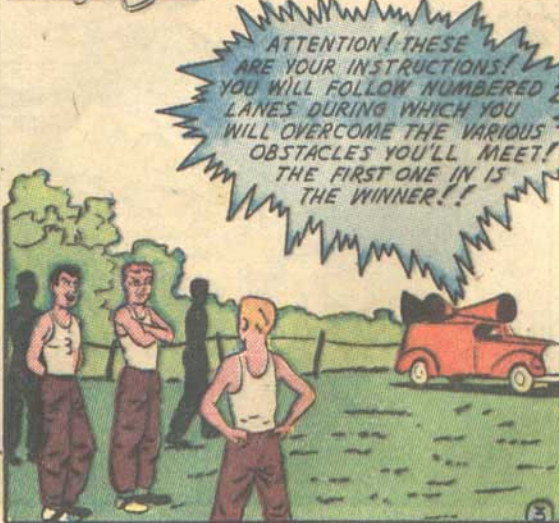


next week

WELL WELL!! IF IT ISN'T OL' PINHEAD HIMSELF!! SO YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND! GOOD LUCK! YOU'LL NEED IT!!



ATTENTION! THESE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! YOU WILL FOLLOW NUMBERED LANES DURING WHICH YOU WILL OVERCOME THE VARIOUS OBSTACLES YOU'LL MEET! THE FIRST ONE IN IS THE WINNER!!





**THEY'RE OFF!**



WHAT'S HOLDING YOU?  
C'MON!!

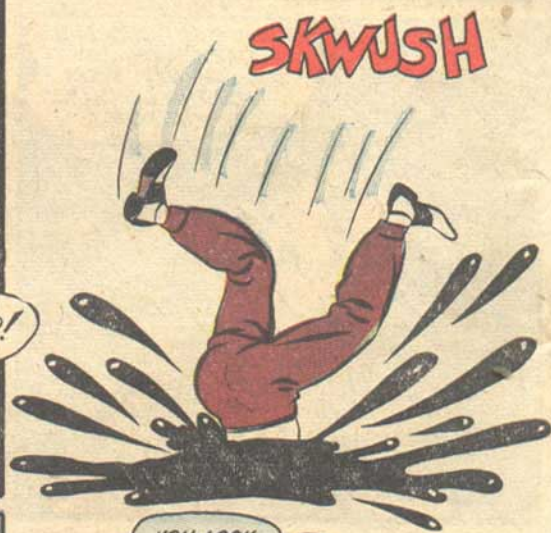


HAVE A NICE TRIP!  
HAW! AIN'T I FUNNY!!



HELP!

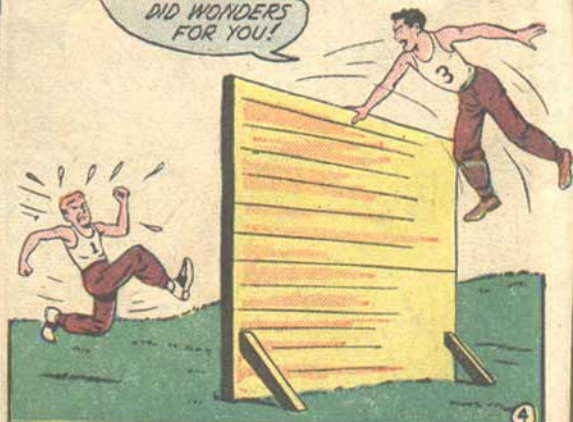
**SKWUSH**



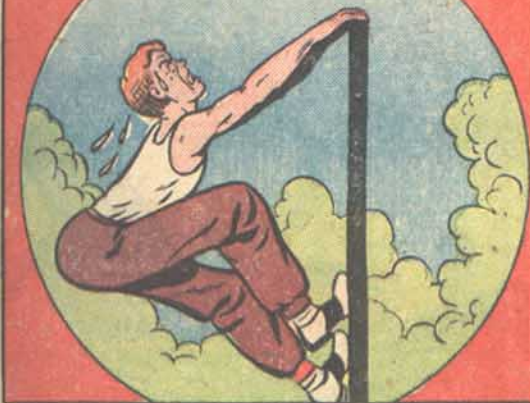
YOU LOOK BETTER ALREADY!  
THAT MUD BATH DID WONDERS FOR YOU!



DARN THAT REGGIE!  
I'LL GET HIM YET!



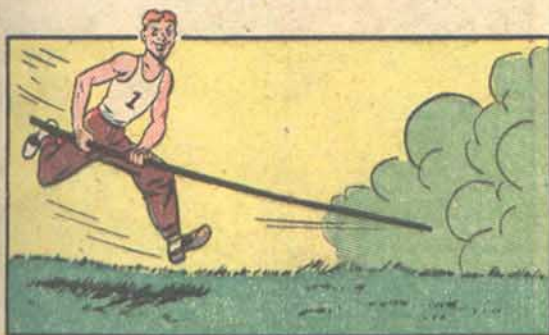
UGH! THIS ISN'T  
EASY AS I THOUGHT!!  
UGH!! UMPH!



I CAN'T MAKE  
IT!! IF I  
COULD GET A  
BOOST! SAY THAT  
POLE!!

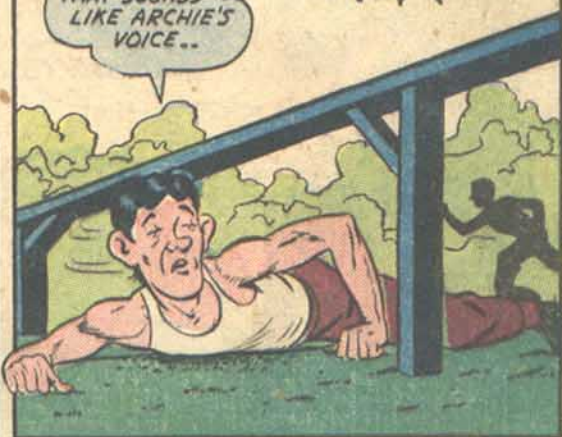


BOY! TALK  
ABOUT COMMANDO  
TRICKS. REGGIE  
SHOULD SEE  
THIS ONE!



WHAT TH...  
THAT SOUNDS  
LIKE ARCHIE'S  
VOICE...

**HALP!**



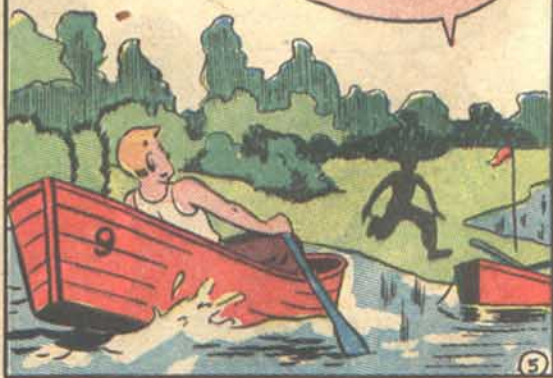
WHAT'RE  
YOU DOING  
UP THERE  
ARCH?!

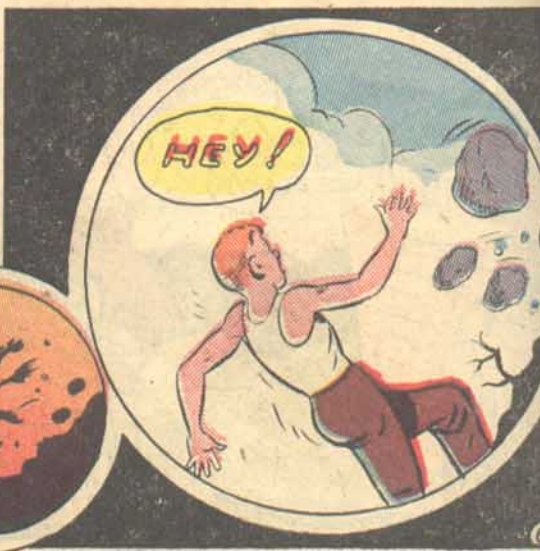
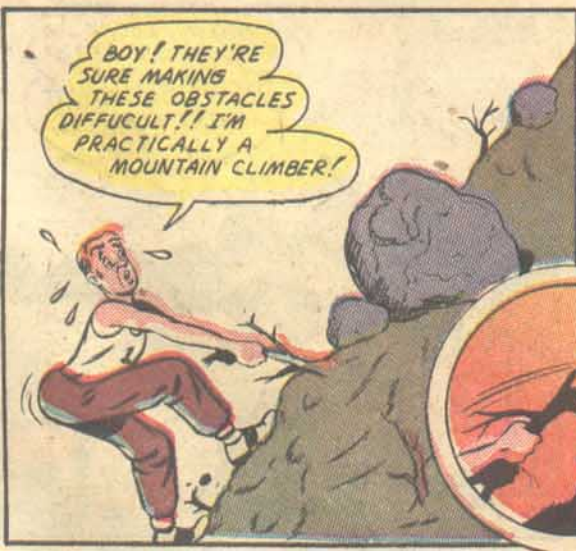
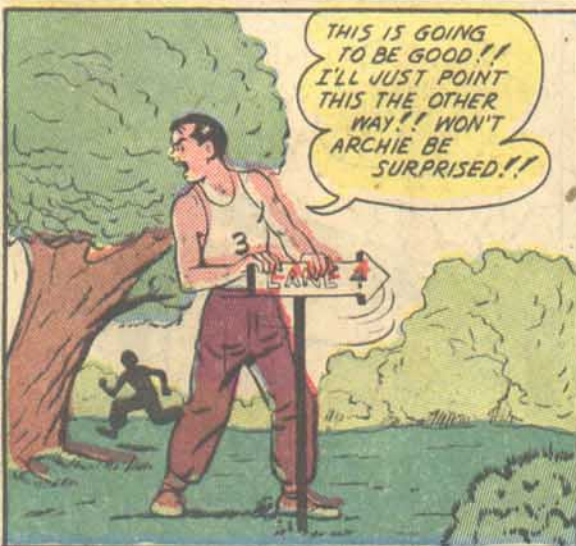
STOP  
TALKING!  
AND GET  
ME DOWN!!



later...

WHEW!! LUCKY  
ONLY JUGHEAD HEARD  
ME... HEY... THIS  
LOOKS EASY... JUST  
ROW ACROSS!





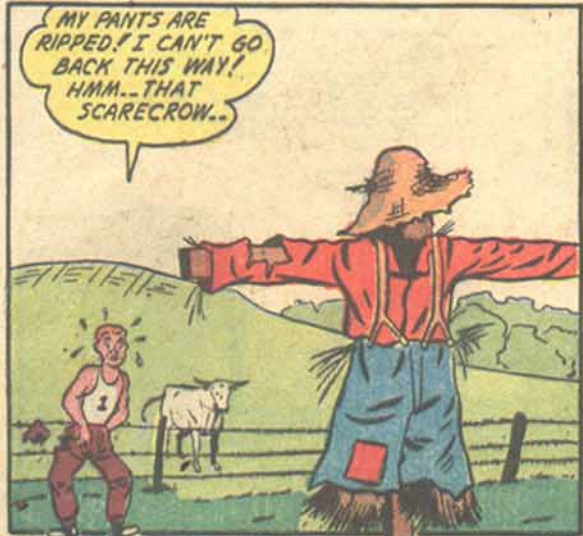




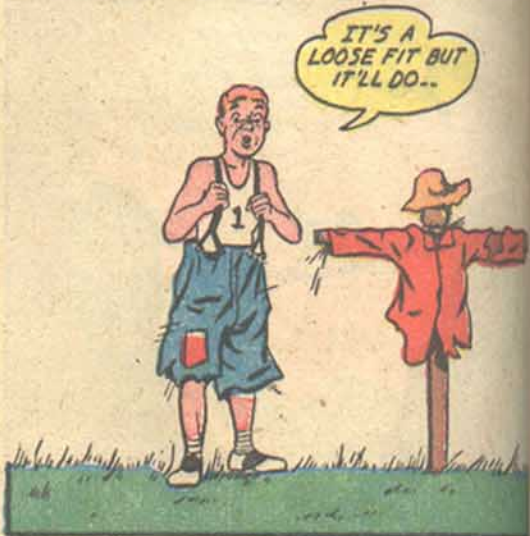
IT'S A BULL!  
HELP! HELP!  
SAVE ME!!



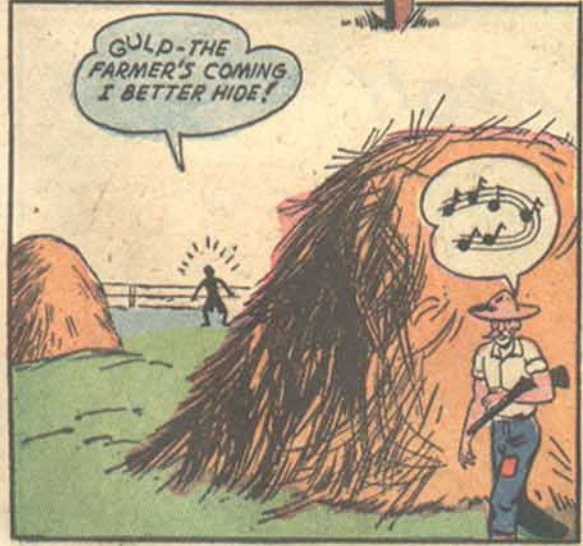
MADE IT!!  
ULP..WHAT'S  
THAT??



MY PANTS ARE  
RIPPED! I CAN'T GO  
BACK THIS WAY!  
HMM...THAT  
SCARECROW..



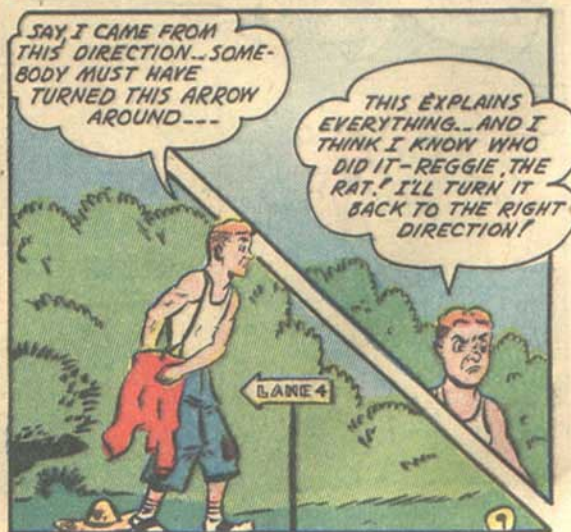
IT'S A  
LOOSE FIT BUT  
IT'LL DO..



GULP-THE  
FARMER'S COMING  
I BETTER HIDE!



DAGNABBIT! THOSE  
CROWS ARE HERE  
AGAIN!! THAT  
SCARECROW DON'T  
SEEM TO DO ANY  
GOOD!!



MEANWHILE, WHAT OF REGGIE

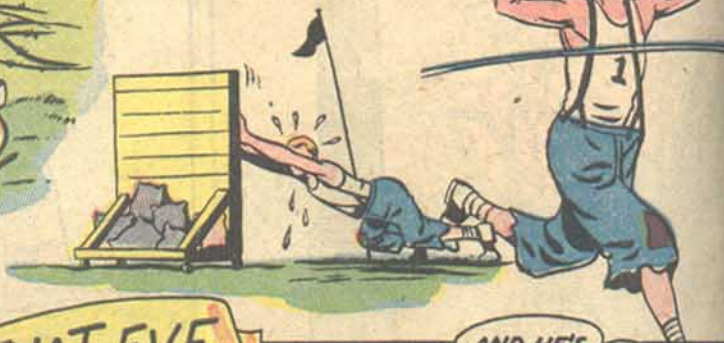
WHEW...THEY CERTAINLY MADE THIS A LONG LANE-HOLY MACKEREL...LANE 4 AGAIN. I MUST'VE BEEN WALKING IN CIRCLES!



I SWITCHED THIS ARROW AROUND, SO I'LL GO IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION...OF COURSE! BOY, DID I MAKE SUCKER OUT OF THE REST OF THE CROWD!



...AND SO ARCHIE RESUMES THE COMMANDO RACE - COMPLETELY ALONE, FOR EVERY OTHER CONTESTANT WAS FOOLED BY REGGIE'S TRICK - INCLUDING REGGIE HIMSELF.



I MADE IT!  
I WIN!!

IT WAS IN THE BAG ALL THE TIME, VERONICA. I COULDN'T LOSE!

ARCHIE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL. YOU DESERVE SOMETHING FOR THIS!

THAT EVE..



BUY  
WAR  
BONDS

AND HE'S GONNA GET IT! HEAR THAT! HE COULDN'T LOSE! I KNEW HE WAS THE GUY WHO CHANGED THAT MARKER!

I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT THE CRANK HANDLE AFTER ALL THIS OF THIS SMALL...



# The Black HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE? IT COULDN'T HAPPEN IN THIS DAY AND AGE YOU SAY? THEN THE STORY YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ WILL APPEAR FANTASTIC, UNBELIEVABLE, EVEN THE BLACK HOOD WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT-IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED TO HIM !!



NIGHT... AND FROM THE FOG SHROUDED WATERS THERE LOOMS THE PROW OF A STRANGE SHIP-



A BOAT IS LOWERED OVERSIDE STRONG ARMS ROW A FLAT BOTTOMED CRAFT NOISELESSLY OVER THE DARK, CRESTING WAVES-



AND MEN IN PIRATE GARB, ARMED TO THE TEETH, SWARM LIKE MONKEYS OVER THE SLOPING SIDES OF A PEACEFUL CRAFT-



QUIET, MEN! WE DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN THEM! NOT UNTIL WE'RE READY!



AVAST YE HEATHEN! SLIT THEIR GULLETS, IF NEED BE!

A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK, ME HEARTIES! WE'LL SLEEP ON STACKS OF GOLD WHEN THIS JOB IS DONE! YE CAN TAKE BLACK-BEARD'S WORD ON THAT!



NEXT MORNING AT PRECINCT 71-

DAGNABBIT! BLACKBEARD'S MAKING A FOOL OF THE WHOLE POLICE DEPARTMENT! HE'S ROBBED 3 SHIPS ALREADY! WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT?



WHY ME? BLACK-BEARD ISN'T MY ASSIGNMENT!

STARTING TWO MINUTES AGO, HE IS! I'M PUTTING YOU ON THE WATERFRONT! YOUR ORDERS ARE TO BRING IN BLACKBEARD!



THAT NIGHT, KID BURLAND PATROLS A CURIOUS BEAT-IN THE GAME ROOM OF JACKSON CARR'S PALATIAL YACHT RIDING AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY

JACKSON CARR'S GUESTS HAVE THEIR OWN IDEAS OF 'FUN'...

AT LAST THE FROG LEAPS INTO ONE OF THE WHIRLING DISKS. THERE IS A BLAZE OF ELECTRICITY-

ENJOYING YOURSELF?

JUST DOING MY JOB, MR CARR! I WON'T INTERFERE WITH YOUR FUN!

SEE THAT DEVIL JUMP!

HE HOPPED RIGHT PAST MY NUMBER!

NUMBER FOURTEEN WINS!

AN INTERESTING GAME, DON'T YOU THINK? THE FROG IS ELECTROCUTED WHEN HE LANDS ON A NUMBER!

WHM! JACKSON CARR'S FRIENDS ARE WILLING TO TRY ANYTHING FOR A THRILL!

NO THANKS!

THIS IS MY OWN IDEA! THESE PIRANHA FISH WILL TEAR EACH OTHER LIMB FROM LIMB! WOULD YOU CARE TO PLACE A BET?

SAY! THAT SHIP'S OFFICER LOOKS FAMILIAR!

I'LL SWEAR HE WAS HOOK MARTIN! WANTED BY THE POLICE OF A DOZEN STATES! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT HE'S DOING ABOARD THIS YACHT!

SECONDS LATER....

I JUST  
DROPPED IN  
FOR A TALK!

THE  
BLACK  
HOOD!

BUT I CAN  
SEE YOU'RE IN  
NO MOOD  
FOR TALKING!

OWWW!

I'M ALWAYS  
WILLING TO  
OBLIGE!

YOU BOYS CAN  
FIGHT THIS OUT  
TOGETHER!

I'LL JUST ADD A  
FINISHING TOUCH!

OH HH!  
YOU CALL  
THAT A TOUCH!

OH HHH!

PAINFUL MINUTES LATER—

THEY'VE GONE! I'LL TELL  
JACKSON CARR HE'S HIRED A  
CREW OF CRIMINALS! THEY  
WON'T GET OFF THE SHIP!





LOCKED IN!



MAYBE I CAN SQUEEZE THROUGH HERE!



IF I CAN ONLY HOOK MY LEGS IN THAT LEDGE ABOVE!



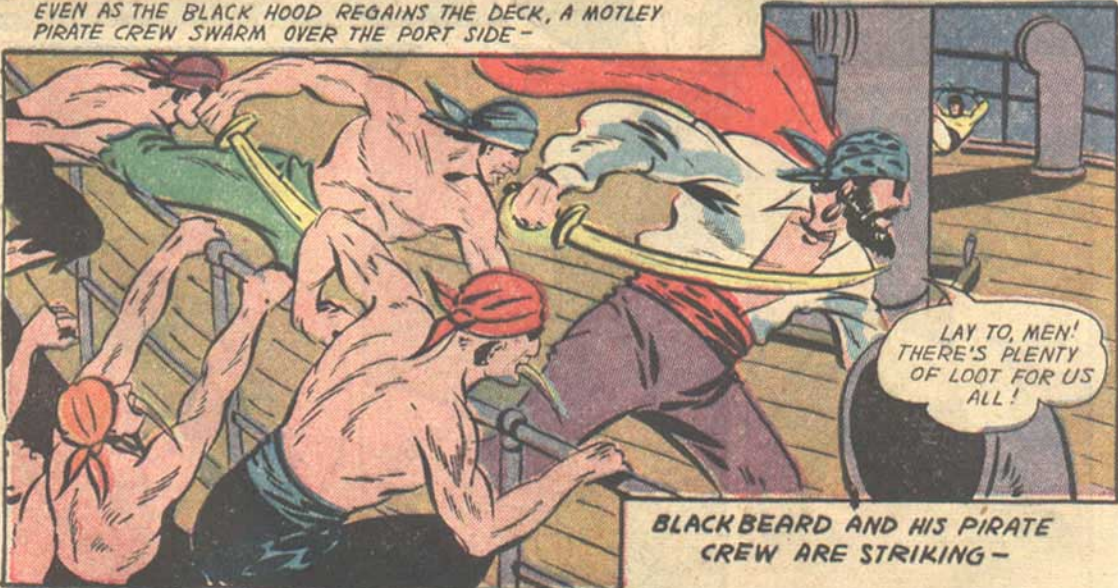
WHEW! NOW COMES THE HARDEST PART!



MADE IT! BUT IT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT!



EVEN AS THE BLACK HOOD REGAINS THE DECK, A MOTLEY PIRATE CREW SWARM OVER THE PORT SIDE -



LAY TO, MEN! THERE'S PLENTY OF LOOT FOR US ALL!

BLACKBEARD AND HIS PIRATE CREW ARE STRIKING -



DON'T BE SHY! GIVE WILLINGLY... OR WE'LL TAKE IT FROM YOU WITH A SWORD'S EDGE FROM YOUR THROATS!

THEN A CAPED FIGURE CRASHES INTO THE GAME SALON—



I HOPE I'M INTERRUPTING SOMETHING!



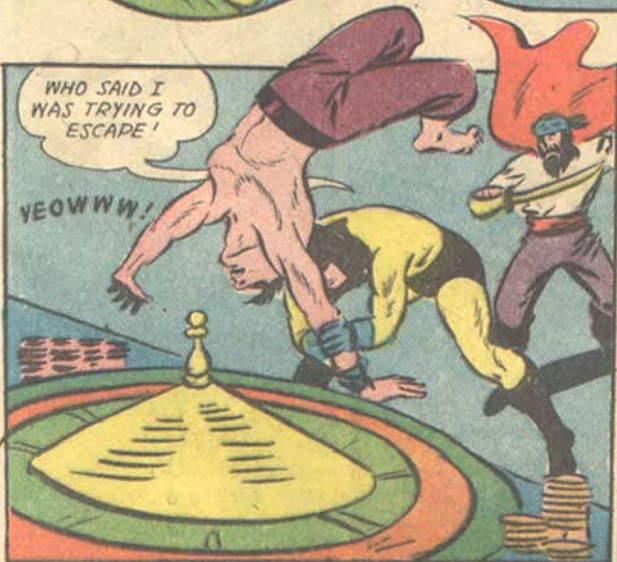
SORRY! BUT I DON'T GET THE POINT!



YOU GET THIS?



YE ROGUES! DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



WHO SAID I WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE!

YEOWWW!



HALP! GET ME OFF THIS WHEEL! I'M DIZZY!

BLACKBEARD FIGHTS BACK LIKE A SAVAGE ANIMAL—



MOMENTARILY BLINDED, THE BLACK HOOD FALLS VICTIM TO A VICIOUS THRUST—



LATER THE BLACK HOOD WAKENS TO FIND A NEW PERIL—



DOWN THROUGH THE COLD GREEN DEPTHS THE BLACK HOOD PLUNGES TOWARD THE OCEAN BOTTOM—



A DESPERATE RACE AGAINST TIME... WHILE BREATH BURSTS IN HIS LUNGS, AND THE TERRIBLE PRESSURE HOLDS HIS BODY IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP...





AT LAST! NOW  
TO GET RID OF  
THESE WEIGHTS!

THE LONG FIGHT UPWARD  
BEGINS -



FRESH AIR! IT  
CERTAINLY SMELLS  
GOOD!



MEANWHILE WE'LL BE LEAVING  
NOW! IF ANY MAN  
JACK O' YOU STICKS  
OUT HIS HEAD UNTIL  
WE'RE CLEAR UNTIL  
I'LL CHOP IT OFF  
WITH MY SABRE  
EDGE! YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
ME!



THANK YE ALL FOR A  
PLEASANT EVENING!  
AND A GOOD NIGHT  
TO YOU... FROM  
BLACK BEARD!  
HA HA HA!



BLACK BEARD  
MUST HAVE GONE!  
I DON'T SEE HIS  
SHIP ANYWHERE!



IT WAS A NEAT  
HAUL TONIGHT! I'LL  
BET THOSE FOOLS ARE  
STILL AFRAID TO  
LEAVE THE GAMING  
ROOM

WELL, I'LL BE! HOOK  
MARTIN AND HIS  
GANG ARE THE  
PIRATES!



കൊല്ലൂ!  
THE BLACK HOOD!  
GRAB HIM!

DON'T BE IN  
SUCH A HURRY!



I'LL FIX THE  
HOOD! HE  
WON'T LEAVE  
THIS ROOM!



I'LL TAKE THE  
KEYS TO THE  
DOOR!

UGHHH!



THAT DOES IT!  
HOOK MARTIN  
AND HIS PIRATES  
WILL STAY IN  
THERE UNTIL I  
COME BACK FOR  
THEM!

LET ME  
OUT!



A SKELETON KEY  
ADMITS THE HOOD TO THE  
SUPPLY ROOM -

PIRATE COSTUMES!  
THAT FLAG WITH ITS  
SKULL AND CROSS BONES  
NOW I UNDERSTAND!



SO YOU KNOW MY SECRET!  
BUT IT WILL DIE WITH  
YOU!

BLACK-  
BEARD!



A QUICK LEAP, AND THE BLACK  
HOOD SNATCHES A WEAPON -

WE'LL FIGHT  
ON EVEN  
TERMS!





YOU DEVIL!  
I'M NO MATCH  
FOR YOU!



BUT YOU'LL  
NEVER GET  
ME!



THE MAD DUEL  
CONTINUES  
THROUGHOUT  
THE DECK...

I'LL KILL  
YOU!



AAAAHHHH



SECONDS LATER-

JACKSON CARR! YOUR HOST  
WAS BLACKBEARD HIM-  
SELF! HE PRETENDED TO  
ROB HIS OWN SHIP!

WHY... WHY  
HE'S...



LATER, AT PRECINCT 71

JACKSON CARR SPENT ALL  
HIS MONEY HUNTING  
THRILLS HE WENT  
BROKE AND TURNED  
TO CRIME AS AN  
EXCITING WAY OF  
RECOUPING HIS  
FORTUNE!

YEAH-  
BUT WHAT  
ABOUT  
THE  
BLACK  
HOOD?



I'M SURE HE WUZ  
INVOLVED IN IT,  
SOMEHOW, KIP!  
I WANT YOU TO  
**BRING HIM IN!**  
THAT'S AN ORDER!

CONSIDER  
IT DONE,  
SARGE. ER  
I MEAN  
I'LL TRY  
MY BEST!

# CAPTAIN COMMANDO

and the  
BOY  
SOLDIERS

## COMMUNIQUE # 17

TO ALL COMMANDO UNITS.  
IN THE ACTION ON ARUNDO,  
FOLLOW THE SOUND OF  
SANDY MACGOWN'S BAGPIPES.  
THEY WILL BE LEADING THE  
WAY TO VICTORY....

*Captain Commando*



OVER THE BLOODY BATTLEGROUND OF FUYARU  
THERE MOVES A SOLITARY, SEARCHING FIGURE—

EH, MAN, BUT IT IS  
SURE TO BE SOME-  
WHERE ABOUT!

'T WAS IN THE  
FIGHTING AROUND  
THE RIDGE THAT I  
'MAUN HAE LOST IT!  
I REMEMBER IT  
CLEAR!

SUDDENLY A HALF BURIED OBJECT  
CATCHES SANDY MACGOWN'S EYE—

EH, MAN! THERE  
SHE IS! THERE  
IS ME LITTLE  
BEAUTY!

AN' I THOUGHT  
I LOST YE!  
ME OWN BAG-  
PIPES! OH, BUT  
IT WOULD  
HAE BEEN A  
HARD DAY  
IF I DINAE  
FIND YE  
HERE!

SO SANDY MACGOWN AND  
HIS BAGPIPE WERE RE-  
UNITED, ON A BATTLEFIELD  
STREWEN WITH SCOTTISH DEAD.  
FOR THE ACTION AT FUYARU  
WAS HARD AND COSTLY, AND  
FEW WERE LEFT TO CELE-  
BRATE THE VICTORY—

WE ARE ASSIGNING THE  
VETERANS OF FUYARU TO  
A COMMANDO BATTALION!  
YOUR BATTLE EXPERIENCE  
WILL PROVE HELPFUL IN  
FUTURE OPERATIONS!

A YE, BUT  
I HOPE  
THEY WILL  
NAE OB-  
JECT TO ME  
BAGPIPES!

YOUR BAGPIPES!  
YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THEM!

THEN I CANNA  
GO EITHER! FOR  
'ME AN' THE  
PIPES GO  
TOGETHER!

AFTER TWO HOURS OF FRUITLESS ARGUMENT...

VERY WELL! YOU CAN TAKE YOUR BAGPIPES! BUT I'VE NO IDEA WHAT THE COMMANDOS WILL THINK!

I AM SURE THEY ARE MOST REASONABLE MEN! AN' IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO KNOW THEM!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER—A SHIP'S DOCK—

WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, CAPTAIN?

WAITING FOR SOMEONE! AND HERE COMES NOW!



SANDY MACGOWN IS HIS NAME! AND THOSE KILTS ARE THE REGULAR SCOTTISH UNIFORM!

HEY! YOU DON'T MEAN DAT GUY IN SKOITS!



GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, MACGOWN!

BEGORRA! AN' IT'S GLAD I AM TO BE HERE!



SKOITS! AND A GUY WHAT NEVER LOINED TO TALK ENGLISH WIT' OUT AN ACCENT! WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT?



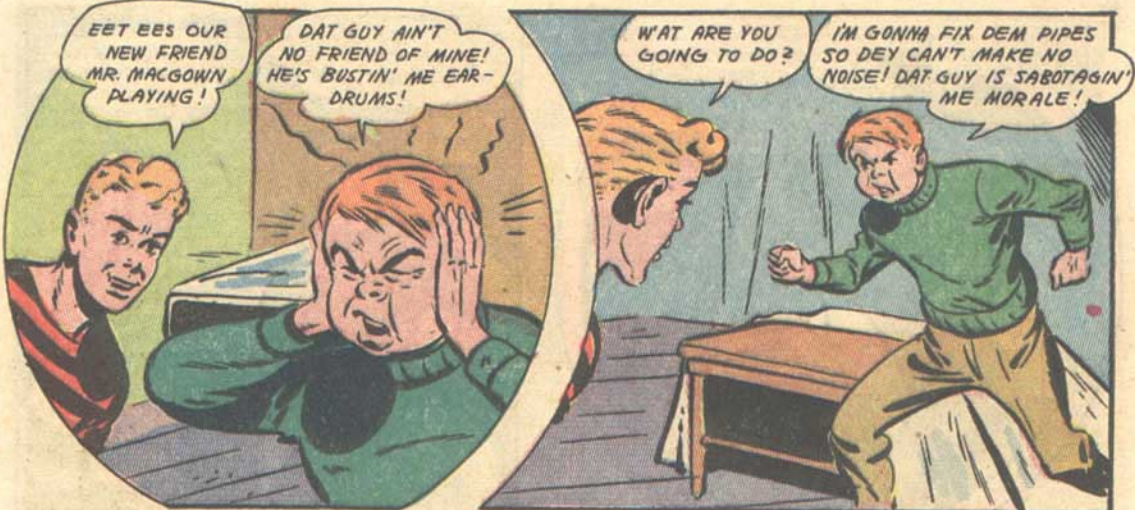
THE ANSWER TO BROOKLYN'S QUESTION IS SOON FORTHCOMING. THAT NIGHT, THE PEACE AND QUIET OF THE SLEEPING CAMP IS RUDELY INTERRUPTED—



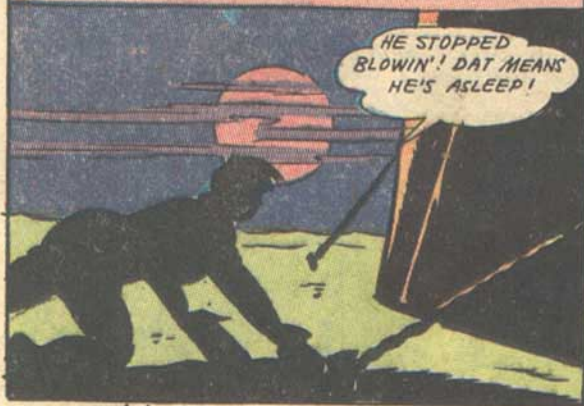
'CRIPES! WHAT'S COMING OFF AROUND HERE? I NEVER HOID SUCH NOISE IN ALL ME LIFE!

I RECOGNIZE EET! EET IS THE SOUND OF BAGPIPES!





WITH THE CATLIKE SILENCE OF A COMMANDO, BROOKLYN MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD MACGOWN'S TENT-



SO! YOU WERE TRYING TO STEAL MY PIPES, EH LAD?



YOU'RE A HARD LAD! IT'LL TAKE A MITE O' SPANKIN' TO SET YOU STRAIGHT ABOUT THINGS LIKE STEALIN'!



PAINFUL MINUTES LATER BROOKLYN RETURNS TO HIS TENT-

DEED YOU FEEX HIS BAGPIPE SO IT WEEEL NOT PLAY?

SHADDUP!

DON'T NEVER MENTION NO BAGPIPES TO ME! YE UNNERSTAN'?

EES SOMETHEENG HURTING YOU?

Ooooh!

NAH! AN' DON'T AST ME WHY I'M SLEEPIN' ON ME STOMACH EITHER! ME DAT'S JUST CUZ I LIKE IT, SEE?

OUI! EEF YOU SAY SO BROOK-LYN!

BUT MORNING BRINGS NEW TOLERANCE TO BROOKLYN'S SOUL, AND RELIEF TO ANOTHER PORTION OF HIS ANATOMY-

HOOT AWDD! ME PIPES AND I WILL BE READY!

WE'RE MOVING ON, ARUNDA, MEN! OUR JOB IS TO SECURE THE BEACH SO THE MARINES AND OTHER REGULAR ARMY UNITS CAN MOVE IN!

IS IT NECESSARY TO TAKE THE BAGPIPE TOO, MAC-GOWN?

I'VE ME OWN REASONS, SIR! I PROMISE YE THERE WILL BE NARY A DEEP OUT OF THEM UNTIL THE TIME COMES!

ALL RIGHT THEN! THIS WON'T BE A PUSHOVER! THE JAPS WILL DEFEND ARUNDA TO THE LAST MAN... WE LEAVE AT MIDNIGHT! UNTIL THEN, GOOD LUCK!

PROMPTLY TO THE APPOINTED HOUR THE LANDING BARGES BEGIN AN EXPEDITION INTO PERIL... CARRYING THE GRIM COMMANDOS TO AN UNKNOWN FATE-





WE SHOULD BE NEARING THE BEACH!

I DINNA LIKE IT! THE JAPS ARE A WILY SORT AND THEY HAVE SEEN US 'ERE THIS!



SILENTLY THE FLAT-BOTTOMED BARGE GLIDES IN TO THE BEACH -

NO SIGN OF ANYONE ABOUT!

THEY'RE HERE-- WE MAY LAY TO THAT!



WE'LL HAVE TO RISK IT! COME ON, MEN!



HARDLY ARE ALL THE COMMANDOS ASHORE WHEN A WITHERING CROSSFIRE BLASTS THEM DOWN-



THE DEVILS ARE LYIN' BEHIND THE KNOLL!

WE'RE TRAPPED! BACK TO THE BOATS!



FROM THE SCANTY SHELTER OFFERED BY THE LANDING BARGES, THE COMMANDOS WAGE A VALIANT BUT HOPELESS BATTLE AGAINST ODDS -

WE CAN'T LAST LONG AT THIS RATE! WE'VE GOT TO CHARGE THOSE GUNS!



BUT EVEN THE STOUT HEARTS OF THE COMMANDOS QUAIL AT THE THOUGHT OF THE TASK BEFORE THEM -

IT IS SURE DEATH TO GO OUT THERE!

SACRE NOM! I AM A COWARD! I CANNOT DO EET!

IT'D BE DULL TO LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE! NOW I DON'T HAFTA FIND OUT!

AND WHILE THE COMMANDOS HESITATE, A LONE  
FIGURE STRIDES BOLDLY OUT OF CONCEALMENT-

MACGDOWN!  
COME BACK  
HERE, YOU FOOL!



COME ON, YOU FOOL!  
MACGDOWN IS SHOWING  
US THE WAY!



UP THE STEEP SLOPE IN THE FACE  
OF MURDEROUS FIRE, THE  
COMMANDOS BLAST THEIR  
WAY FORWARD -



DOWN INTO THE JAP MACHINE GUN  
NESTS WITH GLEAMING BAYONET-



HERE'S A LITTLE  
PINEAPPLE TO  
ADD TO YOUR  
DIET!



AFTER SWIFT DEADLY SECONDS OF MERCILESS  
FIRE -

WE'VE WON  
THE BEACH! WHERE  
IS MACGDOWN?

THERE  
HE IS, CAP!







YOU'RE BADLY HURT!

'TIS NO MATTER ABOUT ME! BUT I COULD HAE... WISHED ...TO LIVE LONGER TO PLAY...THE PIPES... FOR THE SCOTS WHO DIED AT FUYARU!



I PROMISED THIM... I WOULD PLAY... A LAST VICTORY TUNE WHEN I'D MADE THE JAPS PAY.

MACGOWN!

THAT DAY THE AMERICAN SHOCK TROOPS SWEEP ON TO A SMASHING TRIUMPH ON THE BLOODY ATOLL OF ARUNDA-



HE'S GONE! SO THAT'S WHY HE BROUGHT HIS BAG PIPES! HE WANTED HIS OLD BRIGADE TO SHARE IN THE LAST VICTORY!

ONLY HE NEVER LIVED TO PLAY DEIR SONG!

AND THE WHEEZY STRAINS OF A BAGPIPE PLAY THE SCOTTISH HYMN OF VICTORY AS WELL AS THE EXPERT HANDS CAN MANAGE!



MAYBE DERE IS STILL SOMETHING WE CAN DO ABOUT DAT!



NICE GOING BROOKLYN! YOU DON'T SOUND HALF BAD!

E-E-E-E-E-



LATER, BESIDE AN OPEN GRAVE-- YOU CARRIED THE BAGPIPE WITH YOU 'IN LIFE, SANDY! IT BELONGS TO YOU IN DEATH!



I HOPE HE DIDN'T MIND ME BLOWING HIS PIPE!



WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! CHARGE!



HE UNDERSTOOD BROOKLYN! I'M SURE SANDY MACGOWN AND HIS BRAVE SCOTS WERE LISTENING! AND THEY WERE PROUD!