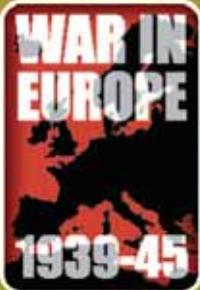


COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No.4719
£2

Commando

THE HOME OF HEROES



**TWO MEN
WENT TO WAR...**



COMMANDO - BY SPECIAL REQUEST

Title

TWO MEN WENT TO WAR...

Subject

There's something about the name Kennedy that has a special appeal to Commando readers; which is why there were so many requests to see this book (and some of its brothers) one more time. In this case the Kennedy is Cam who was displaying his own brand of linework behind one of Jordi Penalva's typically all-guns-blazing covers. Cam's line, movement and characterisation are all here — qualities that would make him one of the best comics artists ever.

But an artist is nothing without a script and Allan's gives plenty of scope for illustration. If you want to compare this with Commando No 4720 — another espionage story — you'll see how two writers can take the same theme...but make it different.
Go on, buy them both!

Calum Laird, Commando Editor

Issue Number

Two Men went To War, originally Commando No 556
(June 1971)

STORY
A.C. ALLAN

ART
CAM KENNEDY

COVER
JORDI
PENALVA

First Published
1971
No 556



TWO MEN WENT TO WAR...



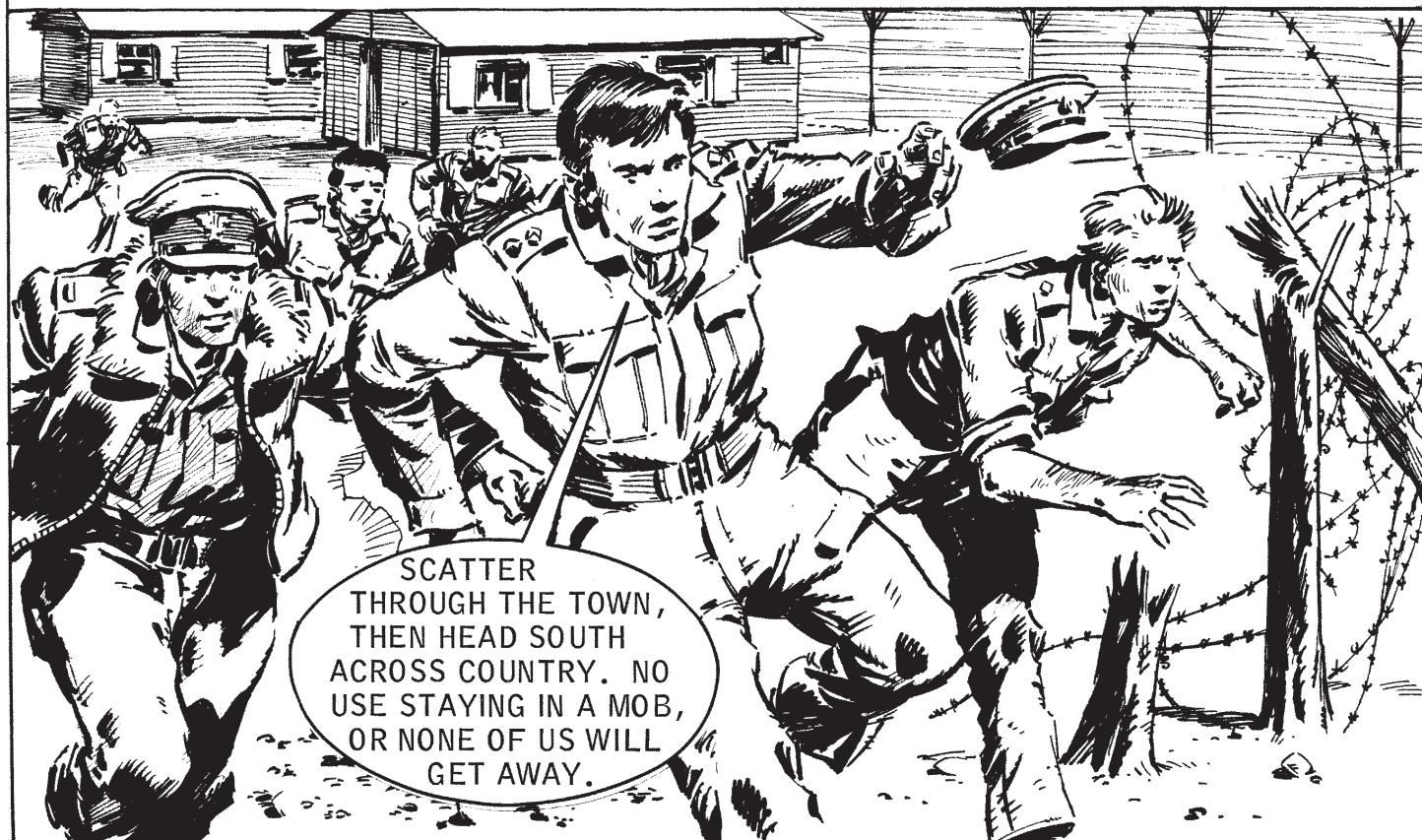
SOME CLOT
OF A PILOT MUST
HAVE TAKEN THIS CAMP
FOR A WEHRMACHT
BARRACKS!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH A U.S. ARMY AIR FORCE RAID ON THE GERMAN-HELD ITALIAN TOWN OF FASANA IN 1944, AND A BOMB WHICH COULD HAVE COST VALUABLE BRITISH AND ALLIED LIVES IN A PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP. YET THAT BOMB WAS A GOD-SEND, AS EVENTS TURNED OUT.

ONE OF THE PRISONERS WAS LIEUTENANT DOUG LENNOX OF THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT, AND HE WAS THE FIRST TO REALISE THAT THE BOMB-BLAST COULD BE VERY USEFUL.



YOUNG DOUG DASHED FOR THE GAP, AND IT WAS A CASE OF FOLLOW-MY-LEADER AS OTHER PRISONERS HARED AFTER HIM.



THE RAID WAS STILL GOING ON WHEN DOUG REACHED THE NEARBY TOWN OF FASANA.

"LUCKY" LENNOX IS WHAT SOME CALL ME. ALL RIGHT, HERE'S WHERE I LIVE UP TO MY NICKNAME. MY HUNCH IS THEY'D NEVER SEARCH A TOWN FOR ESCAPED PRISONERS.



THE RAID WAS A HIT-AND-RUN AFFAIR. SIRENS SOUNDED THE ALL CLEAR AS DOUG WAS SCRAMBLING OVER RUBBLE.

PRETTY SOON JERRY IS GOING TO FIND A LOT OF PRISONERS MISSING. I'D BETTER LOOK FOR SOME PLACE TO HIDE.

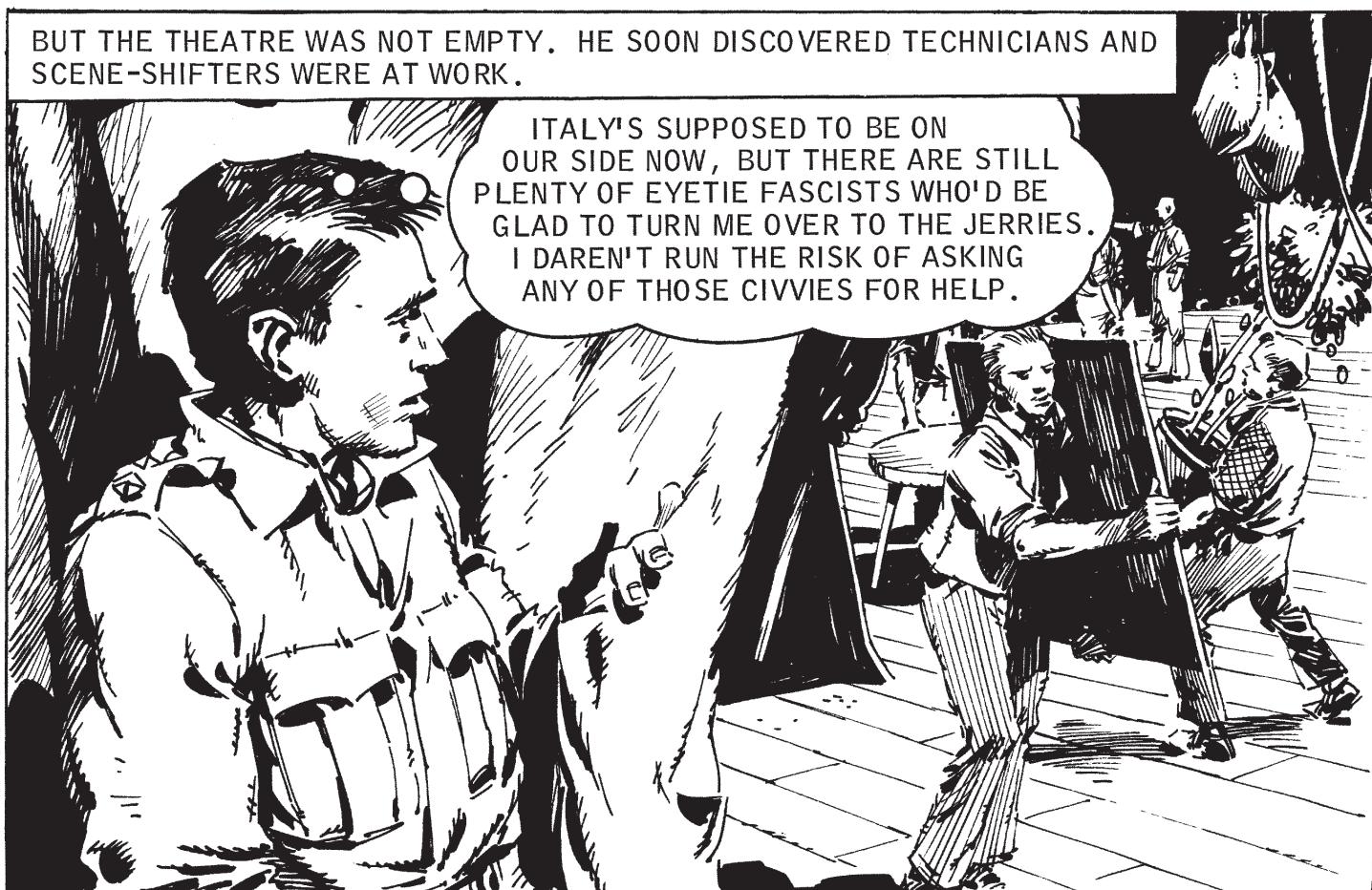
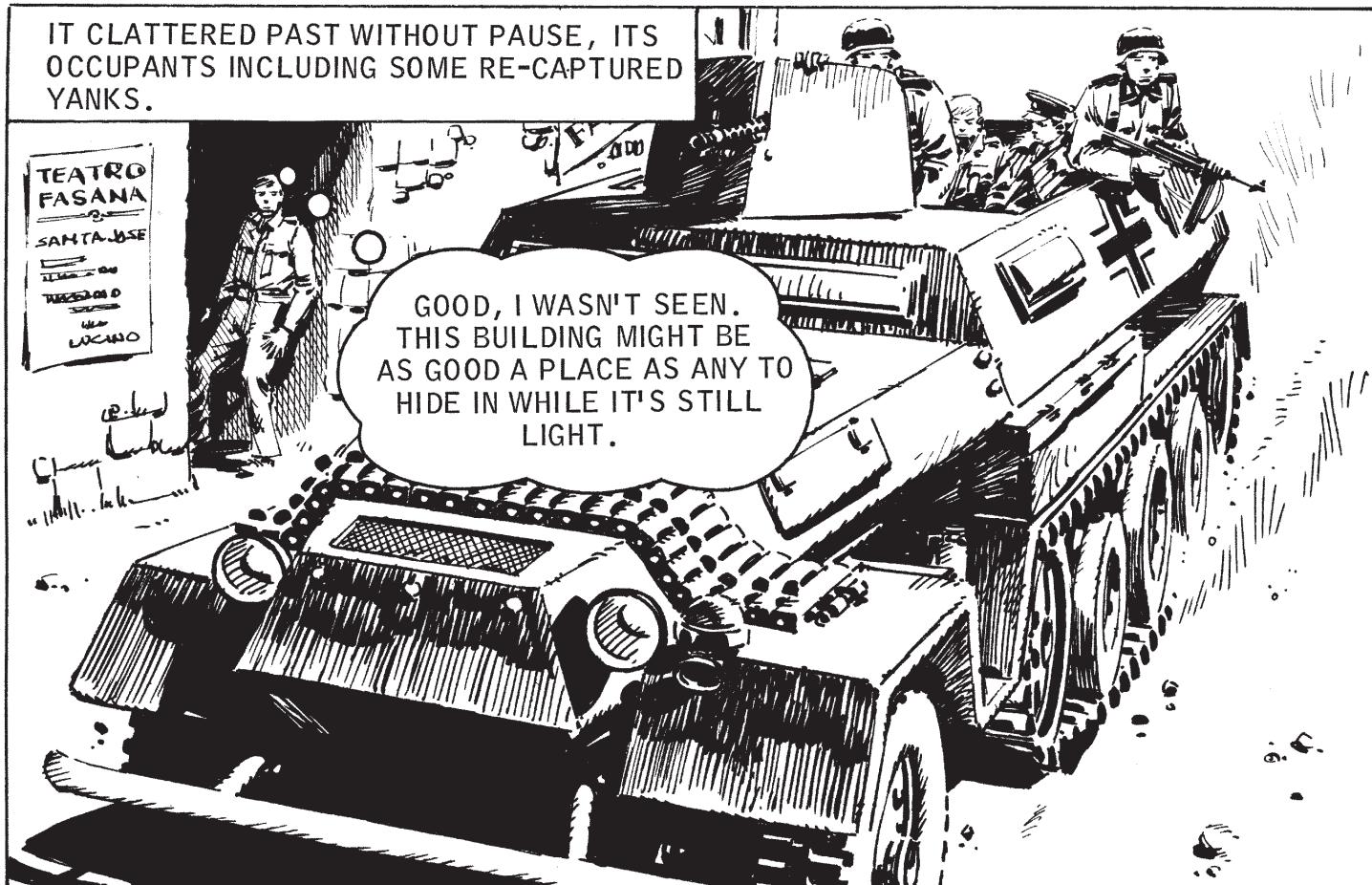


NEAR THE TOWN CENTRE HE HAD TO DUCK INTO THE SIDE DOOR OF THE LOCAL THEATRE TO AVOID RECAPTURE AS A WEHRMACHT HALF-TRACK RATTLED INTO VIEW.

**TEATRO
FASANA**
SANTA JOSE
WOOORLSA.
DUO
4000 DISCO.
DOLCE
Dances:
LUCINO

A JERRY
HALF-TRACK. I
HOPE THEY DIDN'T
SPOT ME.





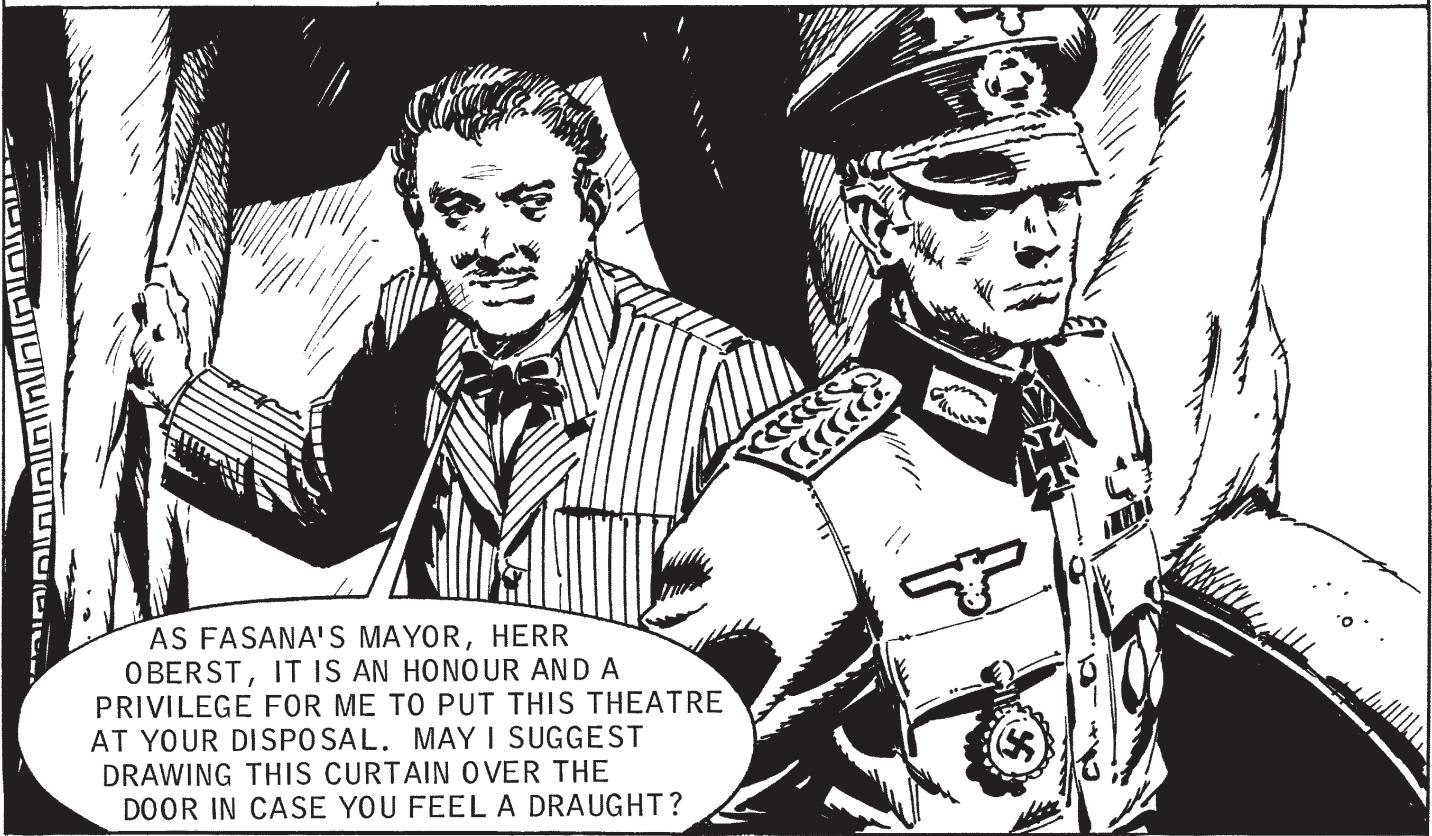
HE HAD A HARD TIME AVOIDING DETECTION AND FINALLY TOOK REFUGE IN A BOX – FROM WHICH, TO HIS DISMAY, HE SAW THE THEATRE BEGINNING TO FILL UP.



GERMANS – HUNDREDS OF 'EM. A SHOW MUST'VE BEEN ARRANGED FOR THEIR BENEFIT. YE GODS, I'LL BE PROPERLY IN THE CART IF THIS BOX HAS BEEN RESERVED FOR SOME NAZI BIG WIG.

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT HE HEARD APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. SWIFTLY HE DIVED FOR COVER BEHIND THE THICK VELVET CURTAINS DECORATING THE BOX.

A GERMAN COLONEL CAME INTO THE BOX WITH AN ITALIAN. THE ONLY LANGUAGE THEY HAD IN COMMON WAS ENGLISH.



AS FASANA'S MAYOR, HERR OBERST, IT IS AN HONOUR AND A PRIVILEGE FOR ME TO PUT THIS THEATRE AT YOUR DISPOSAL. MAY I SUGGEST DRAWING THIS CURTAIN OVER THE DOOR IN CASE YOU FEEL A DRAUGHT?

DOUG'S HEART MISSED A BEAT AS THE MAYOR REACHED FOR THE CURTAIN.



A FEW MONTHS BEFORE THERE HAD BEEN A MASS ESCAPE BY R.A.F. OFFICERS FROM A PRISON CAMP IN GERMANY. THE RECAPTURED OFFICERS HAD ALL BEEN SHOT.

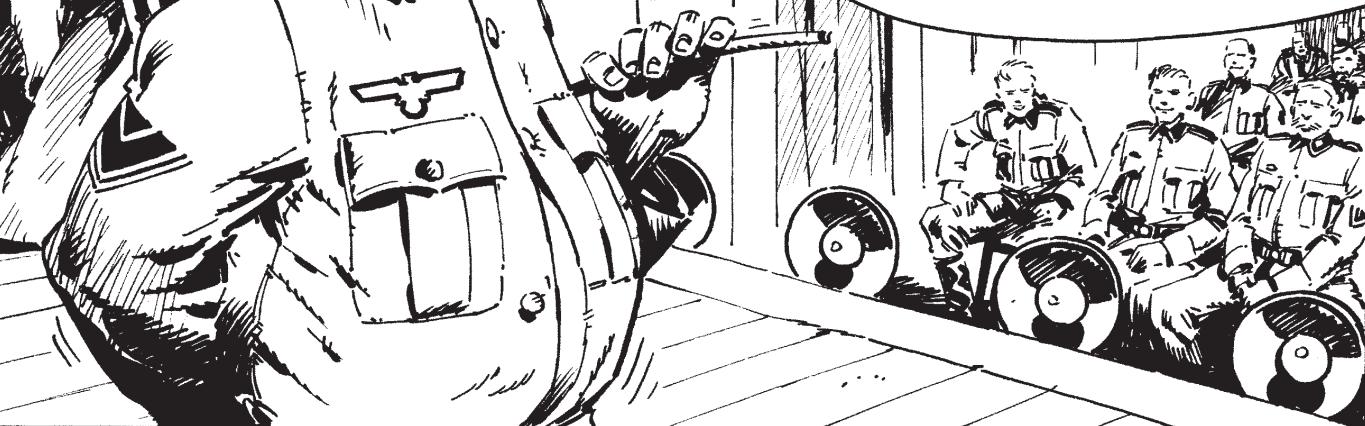
BUT NEXT INSTANT HE HAD GOOD REASON TO HEAVE A SIGH OF RELIEF.



THE CONCERT STARTED. DOUG DIDN'T DARE TAKE SO MUCH A PEEK BUT GATHERED THE FIRST TURN WAS AN IMPERSONATOR.

ACHTUNG –
RECHTSUM!
MARSCH! LINKS
SCHWENKT!

THAT'S OSCAR, MY BATMAN.
HE'S TAKING OFF THE REGIMENTAL
SERGEANT MAJOR. LOOKS JUST LIKE
HIM WITH THAT FALSE MOUSTACHE
AND MAKE-UP, AND HIS VOICE IS
AN EXACT IMITATION.



THE OBERST WENT ON TO CLAIM THERE WERE MANY TALENTED ENTERTAINERS IN HIS REGIMENT, BUT OSCAR WAS OUTSTANDING.

HE WAS A PRE-WAR PROFESSIONAL,
ONE OF A PAIR OF TWINS IN A DOUBLE-ACT
BILLED AS "THE ZEROS – IMPERSONATORS
EXTRAORDINARY." THE BROTHER WAS EVERY BIT
AS GOOD AS OSCAR, BUT THEY SPLIT UP WHEN
THE BROTHER EMIGRATED. ACH, DRAW THAT
CURTAIN AFTER ALL. I DO FEEL A
DRAUGHT.



EAGER TO PLEASE, THE MAYOR JUMPED UP AND TURNED TO OBEY. HIS HAND TOUCHED DOUG'S FACE. STARTLED, HE SWEPT THE CURTAIN ASIDE.

MAMA MIA!



DOUG WENT INTO LIGHTNING ACTION.

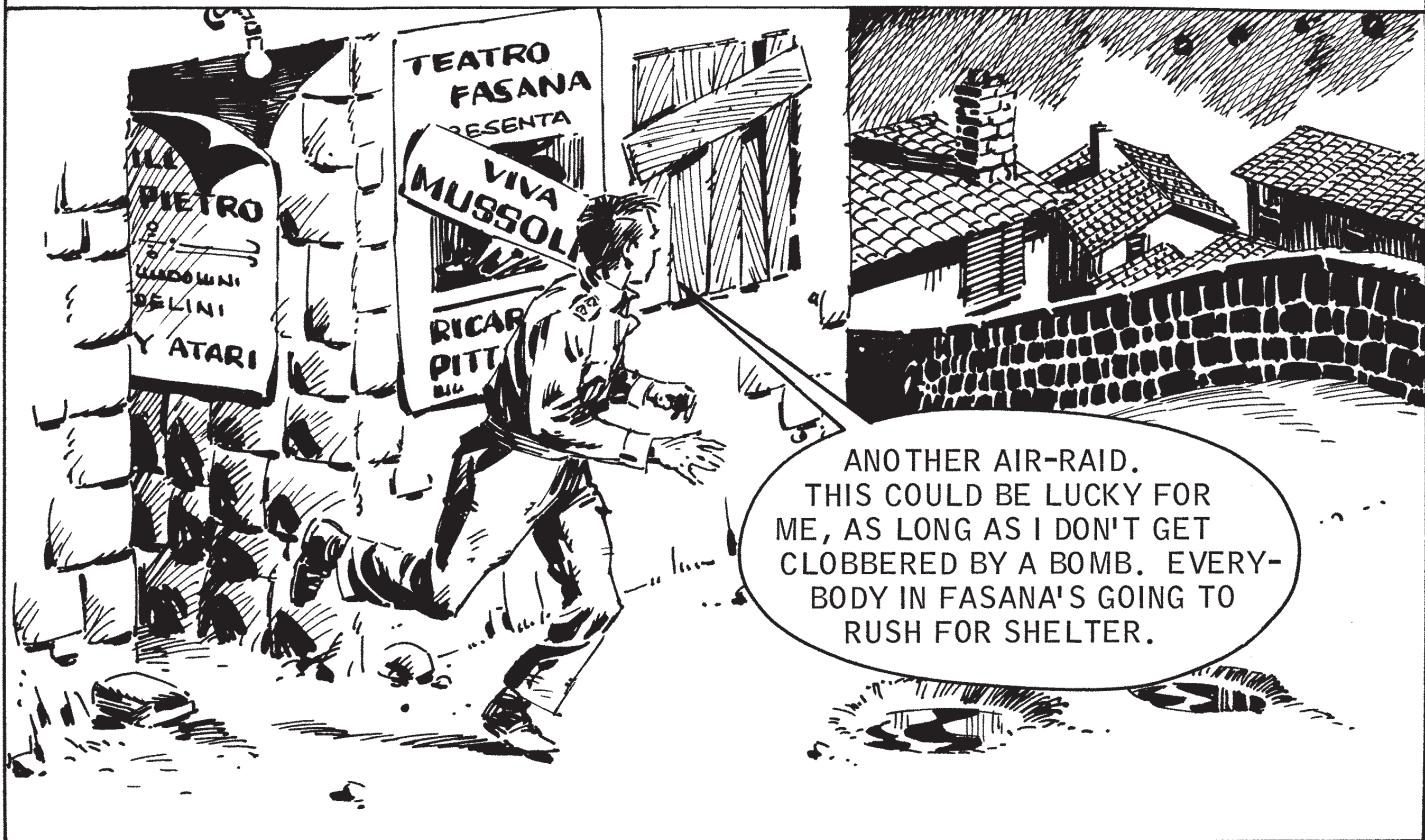
SORRY
TO BREAK
UP THE SHOW,
GENTS!

UGH!

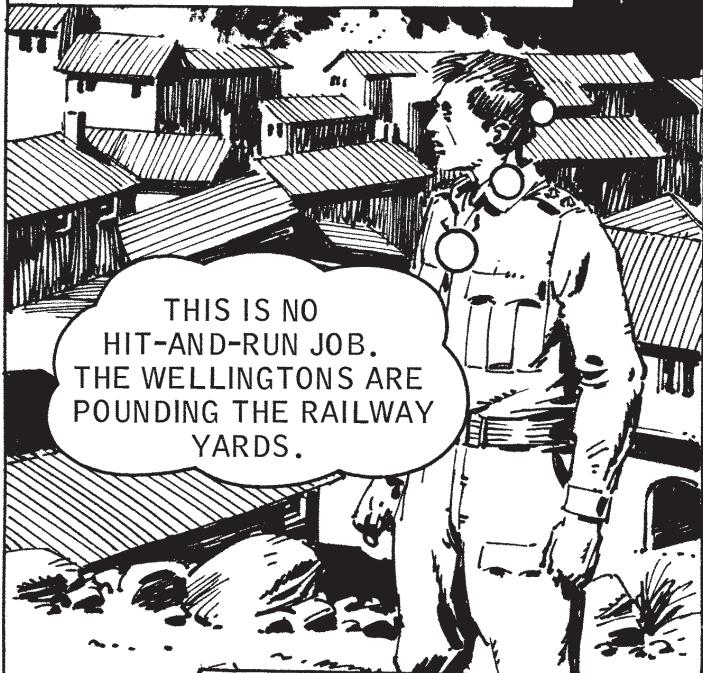


HE NIPPED FROM THE BOX AND RAN FOR THE NEAREST EXIT. AS HE EMERGED INTO GATHERING DUSK HE HEARD GUNFIRE.

ANOTHER AIR-RAID.
THIS COULD BE LUCKY FOR
ME, AS LONG AS I DON'T GET
CLOBBERED BY A BOMB. EVERY-
BODY IN FASANA'S GOING TO
RUSH FOR SHELTER.



HE WAS RIGHT. HE HURRIED THROUGH DESERTED STREETS, AND THE RAID WAS STILL ON WHEN HE REACHED THE SOUTH ROAD.



THE GERMANS WOULD BE TOO BUSY TO BOTHER ABOUT DOUG.

HE PRESSSED ON, AND KEPT GOING ALL NIGHT. AT DAYBREAK DARKNESS GAVE PLACE TO A THICK HAZE.

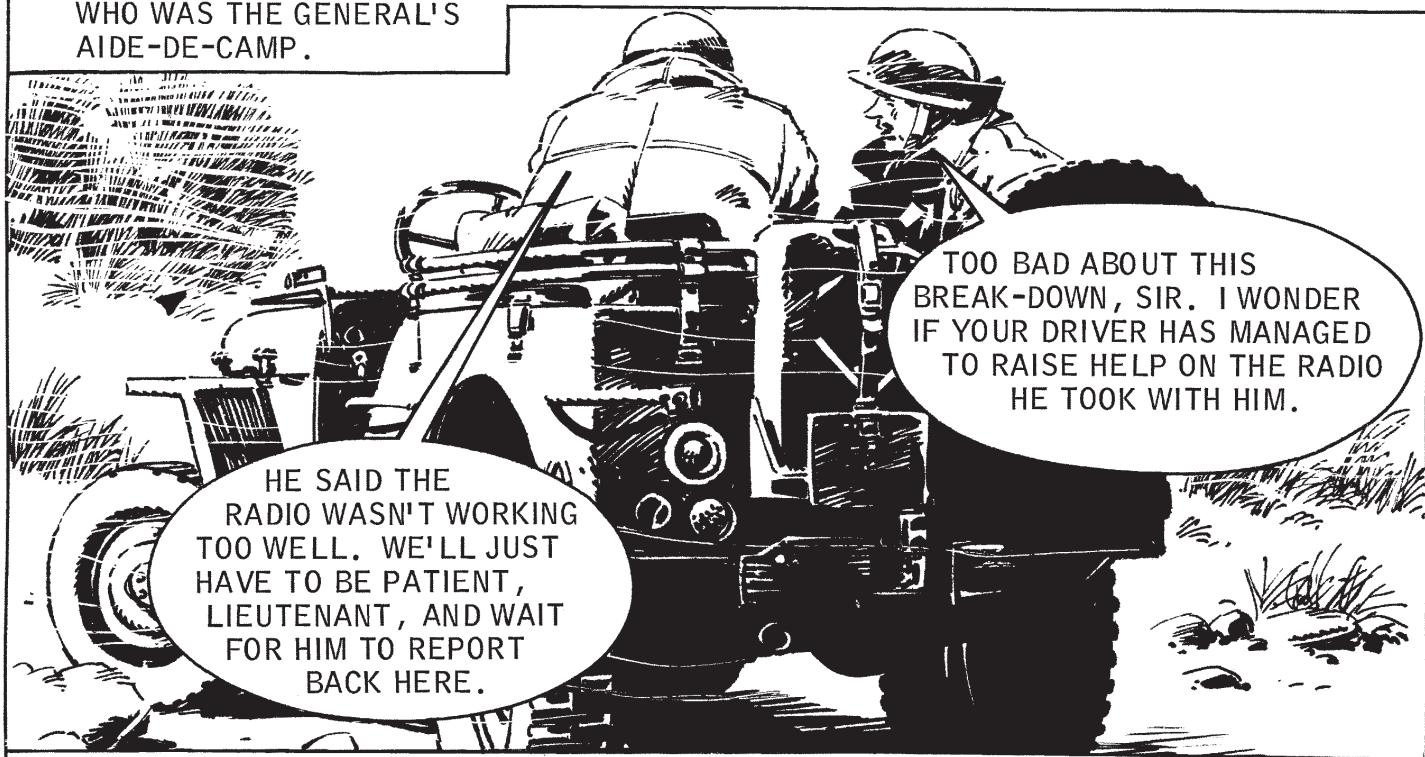


THE MIST WAS A BOON. IT ENABLED HIM TO STEAL THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES UNSEEN. WITHOUT REALISING IT, HE PASSED UNDETECTED THROUGH THE BRITISH LINES AS WELL.

THAT'S A JEEP OVER THERE, BUT IT DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN I'M AMONG FRIENDS. THE GERMANS ARE USING A LOT OF CAPTURED STUFF.



THOUGH THE MIST WAS THINNING, DOUG WAS AS YET UNABLE TO SEE THE JEEP WAS OCCUPIED BY AN AMERICAN GENERAL AND A BRITISH LIEUTENANT CALLED BARCLAY WHO WAS THE GENERAL'S AIDE-DE-CAMP.



THE GENERAL WAS CUT SHORT BY THE THUD OF A DISTANT GUN AND A SOUND LIKE A GATHERING SCREAM.

TO PRACTISED EARS THAT SCREAM HERALDED A SHELL'S APPROACH. IT BURST CLOSE BY.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER A WHOLE SALVO CRASHED DOWN. A NEAR-MISS HURLED THE JEEP INTO THE RIVER.



THE TWO MEN WERE SPILLED FROM THE JEEP AND CAUGHT IN THE FIERCE CURRENT. LUCKILY DOUG HAD COME FORWARD TO INVESTIGATE –



DOUG TOOK A HEADER INTO THE RIVER.

I'D BETTER MAKE FOR THE YANK, THE LIEUTENANT LOOKS AS IF HE MIGHT MANAGE TO GET TO THE BANK UNDER HIS OWN STEAM.



HE REACHED THE LIMP AMERICAN AND BORE HIM TO THE FAR BANK JUST AFTER BARCLAY DRAGGED HIMSELF ONTO IT.

IF YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION, GET BUSY. THAT'S BUTCH HARMON.

GENERAL BUTCH HARMON? WOW!



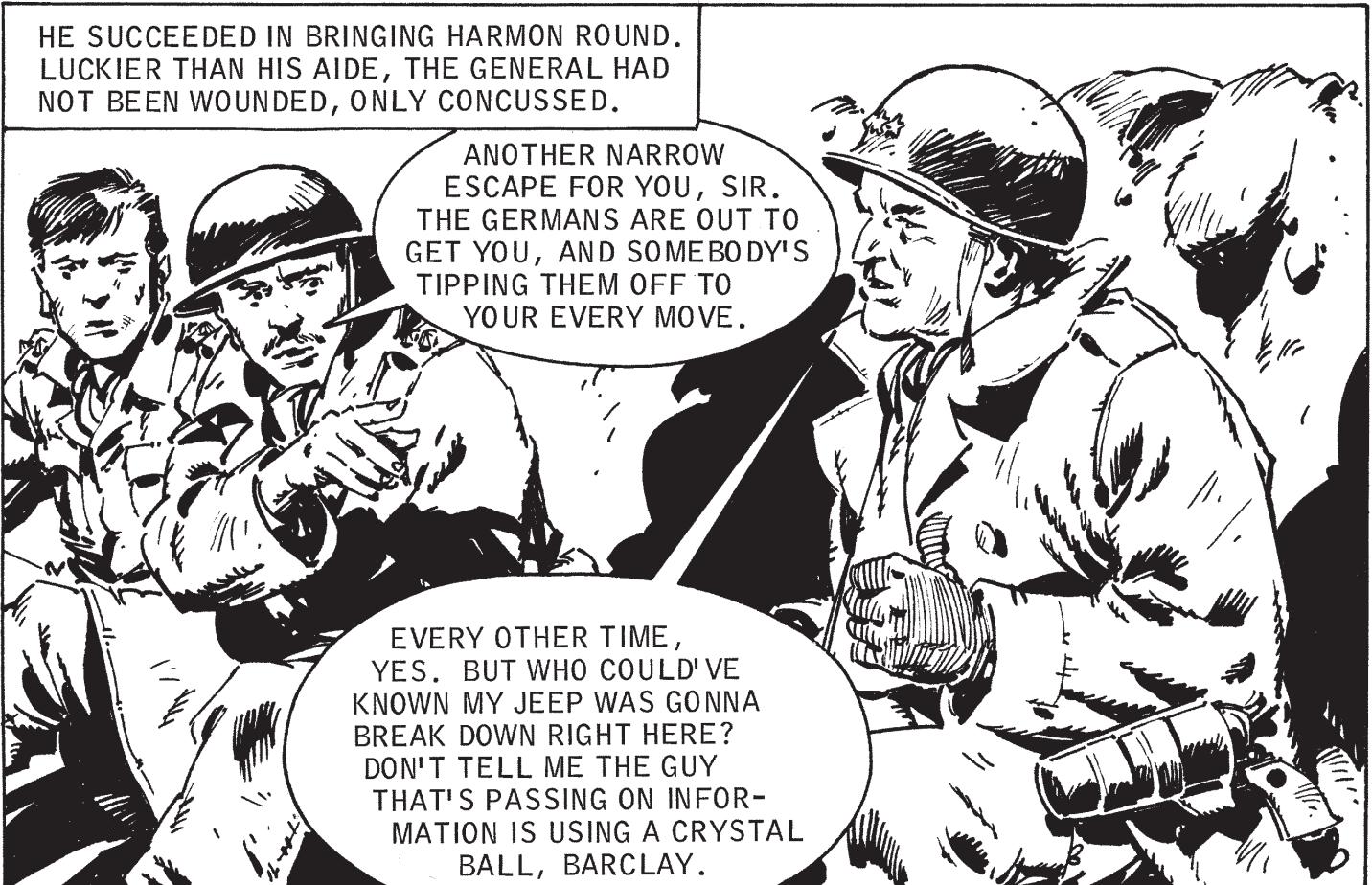
PISTOL-PACKING BUTCH HARMON WAS ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS SOLDIERS, AT PRESENT IN COMMAND OF A MIXED FORMATION OF BRITISH AND U.S. DIVISIONS.

DOUG WENT TO WORK, WATCHED BY BARCLAY WHO'D BEEN HIT BY SHRAPNEL.



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY
AN IDEAL SPOT TO TRY
REVIVING A HALF-DROWNED
MAN, BUT I HAD TO PULL
HIM OUT AS QUICK AS I
COULD, OR HE WOULD
HAVE BEEN PAST
SAVING.

HE SUCCEEDED IN BRINGING HARMON ROUND.
LUCKIER THAN HIS AIDE, THE GENERAL HAD
NOT BEEN WOUNDED, ONLY CONCUSSSED.



ANOTHER NARROW
ESCAPE FOR YOU, SIR.
THE GERMANS ARE OUT TO
GET YOU, AND SOMEBODY'S
TIPPING THEM OFF TO
YOUR EVERY MOVE.

EVERY OTHER TIME,
YES. BUT WHO COULD'VE
KNOWN MY JEEP WAS GONNA
BREAK DOWN RIGHT HERE?
DON'T TELL ME THE GUY
THAT'S PASSING ON INFOR-
MATION IS USING A CRYSTAL
BALL, BARCLAY.

AFTER THANKING DOUG, HARMON WENT ON TALKING TO BARCLAY WHILE THE LATTER WAS RECEIVING FIRST AID.



FROM WHAT THEY WERE SAYING IT WAS CLEAR THAT GENERAL BUTCH HAD A TRAITOR ON HIS STAFF. SINCE HARMON WAS RECOGNISED AS A BRILLIANT SOLDIER, AND IT WAS COMMON KNOWLEDGE THE NAZIS FEARED HIM, THEY WOULD OBVIOUSLY LIKE TO BE RID OF HIM.

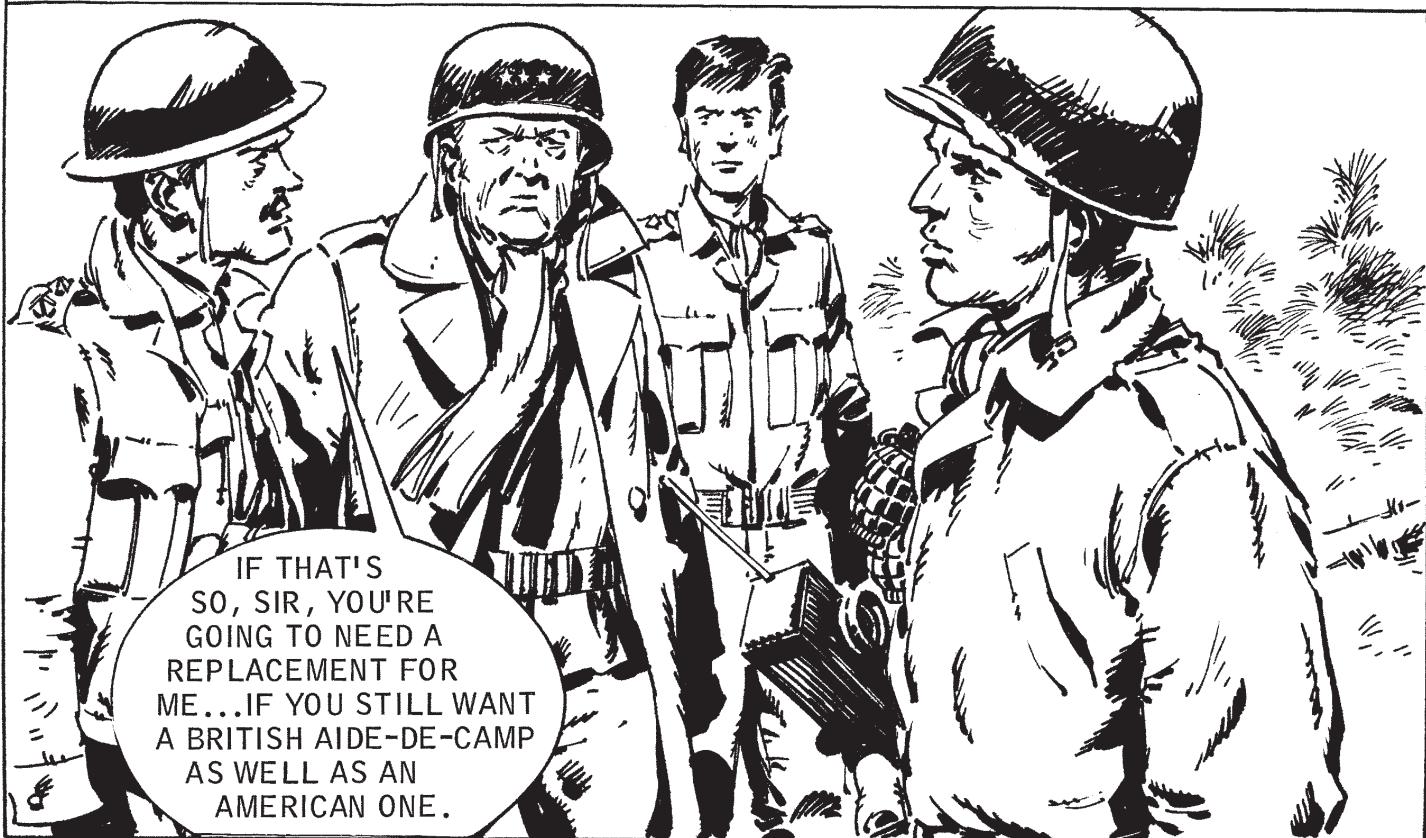
DOUG GATHERED THAT MONITOR RADIOS HAD PICKED UP A VOICE TRANSMITTING MESSAGES IN SOME SORT OF WORD-CODE.



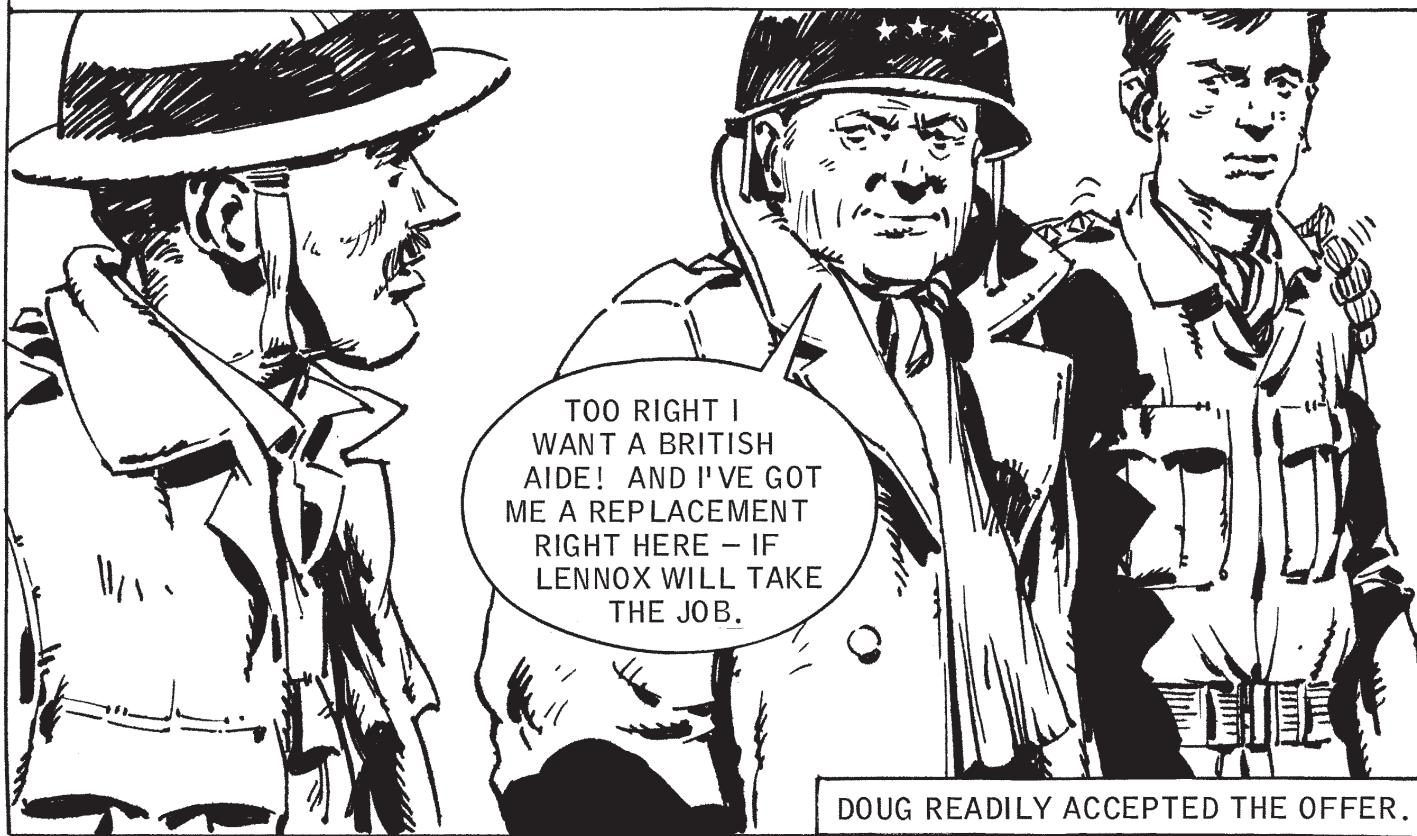
THE SHELLING HAD CEASED WHEN TWO YANKS SHOWED UP IN A TRUCK, ONE THE SOLDIER IN CHARGE OF IT, THE OTHER HARMON'S DRIVER – PRIVATE LAWRENCE.



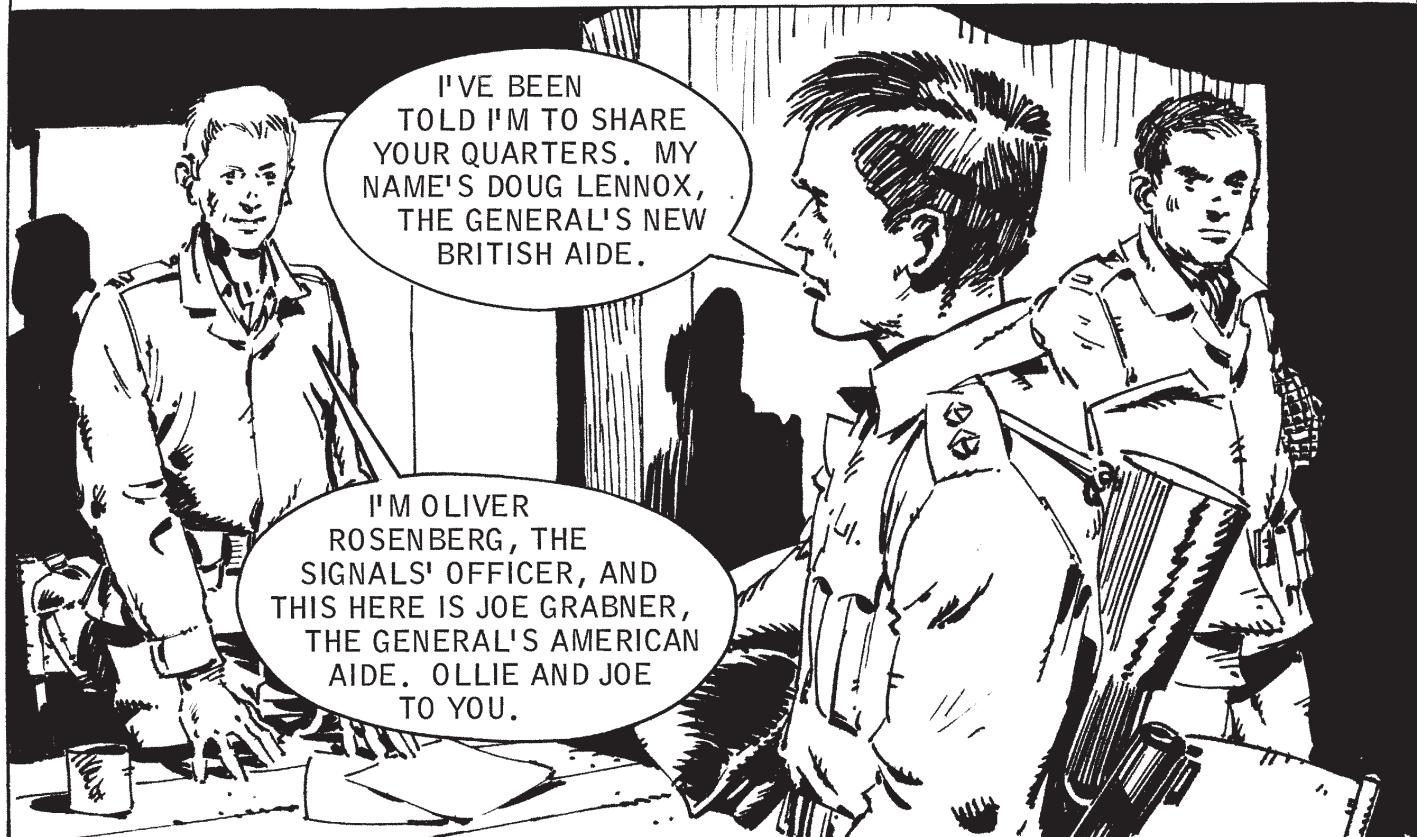
BARCLAY SPOKE IN A VOICE THAT HAD BECOME UNSTEADY WITH THE INCREASING PAIN OF HIS WOUND.



THE GENIAL AMERICAN GENERAL CLAPPED A HAND ON DOUG'S SHOULDER AS HE ANSWERED BARCLAY.



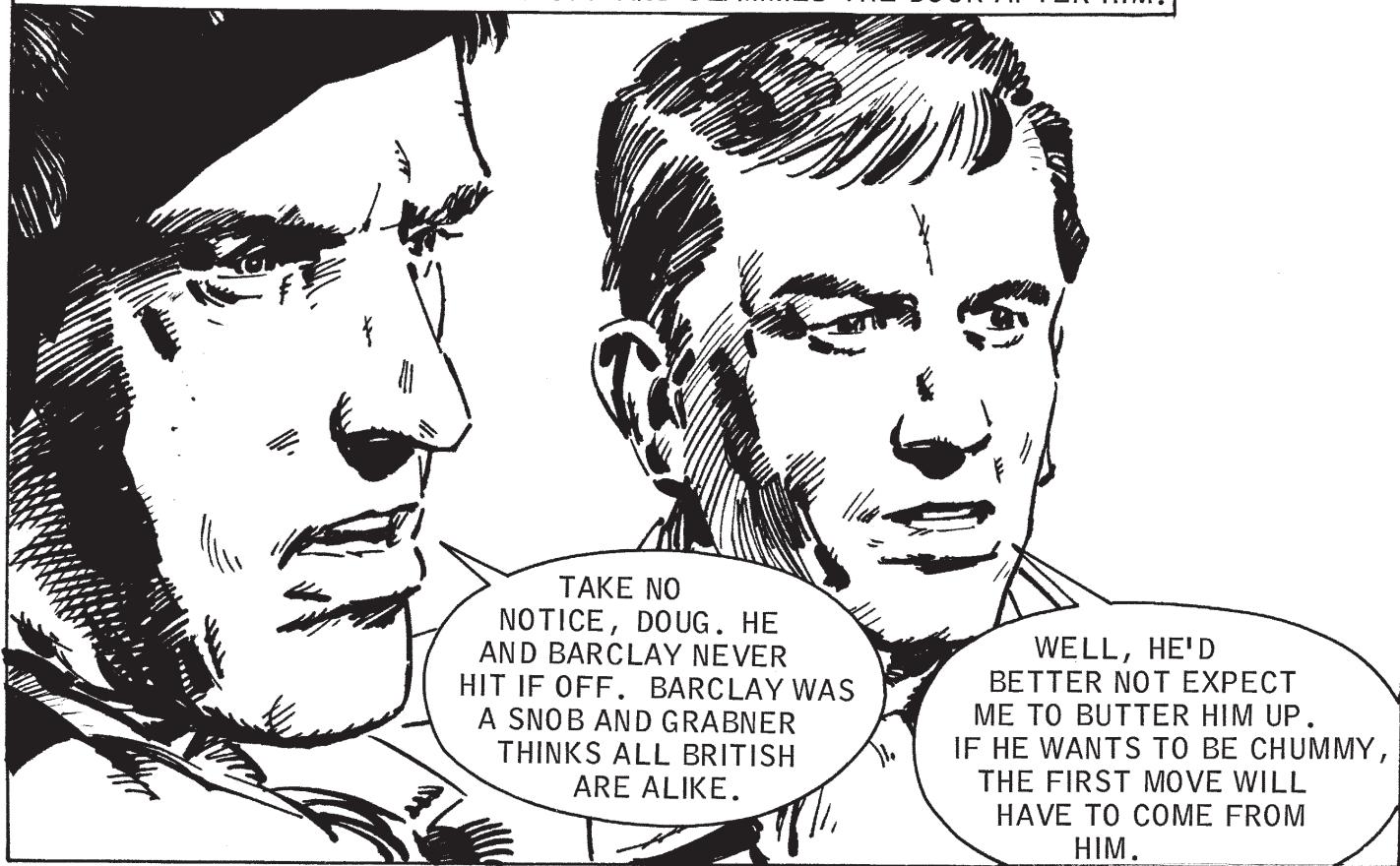
AFTER BARCLAY HAD BEEN TAKEN TO A FIELD HOSPITAL, DOUG WAS BILLETED IN A NISSEN HUT AT HARMON'S H.Q.



CAPTAIN OLLIE ROSENBERG SHOOK HANDS WARMLY, BUT LIEUTENANT JOE GRABNER WAS ANYTHING BUT FRIENDLY.



WITH THAT JOE GRABNER STALKED OFF AND SLAMMED THE DOOR AFTER HIM.



NEXT DAY DOUG HAD TO ACCOMPANY HARMON ON A VISIT TO A NEWLY-ARRIVED BRITISH DIVISION.

JOSEPH KARL GRABNER – THE NAME HAS A GERMAN RING TO IT, BUT I'VE NO RIGHT TO QUESTION HIS LOYALTY BECAUSE OF HIS BEHAVIOUR. ROSENBERG'S A GERMAN NAME, TOO, BUT OLLIE'S A GREAT BLOKE.



GENERAL BUTCH'S DESTINATION WAS SAN GIOVANNI'S TOWN HALL, WHICH WAS NOW BRITISH H.Q.

LAWRENCE,
I WON'T NEED YOU
FOR AN HOUR. HAVE A
LOOK ROUND THE TOWN,
BUT BE BACK HERE
BY NOON.

OK, GENERAL.



HARMON AND DOUG WENT INTO THE TOWN HALL. LAWRENCE DROVE OFF, AND IT WAS LUCKY FOR HIM HE WASN'T THERE FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER WHEN A SHELL LANDED.

AAGH!



THAT SINGLE SHELL HERALDED THE BEGINNING OF A BOMBARDMENT THAT SWELLED TO A SHATTERING CRESCENDO.



THE BOMBARDMENT LASTED AN HOUR, ALMOST FLATTENING THE TOWN CENTRE AND CAUSING MANY CASUALTIES.



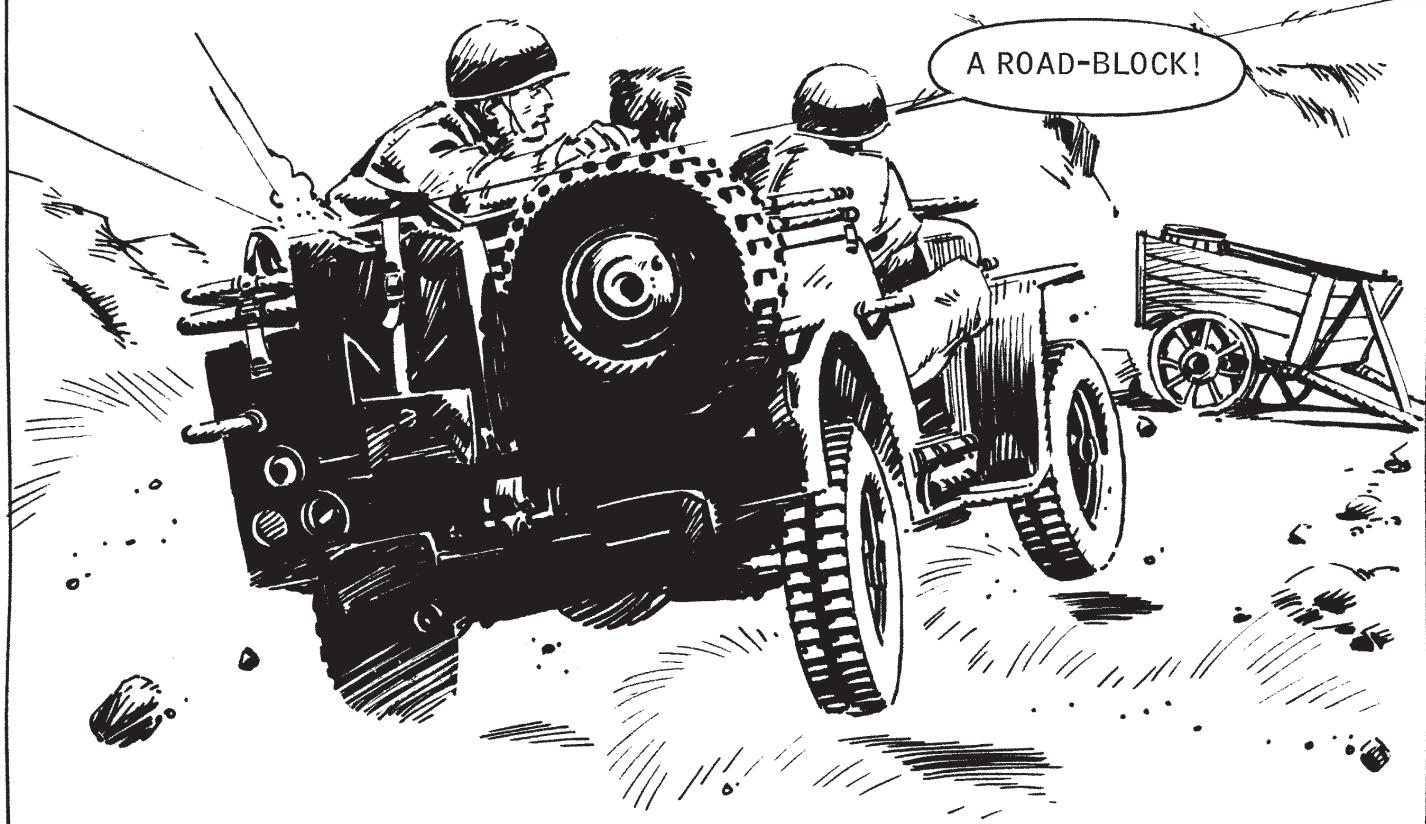
IT HAD SEEMED ONE MORE INSTANCE OF THE ENEMY'S KNOWLEDGE OF GENERAL BUTCH'S MOVEMENTS. FROM DAY TO DAY THERE WERE OTHER INSTANCES.



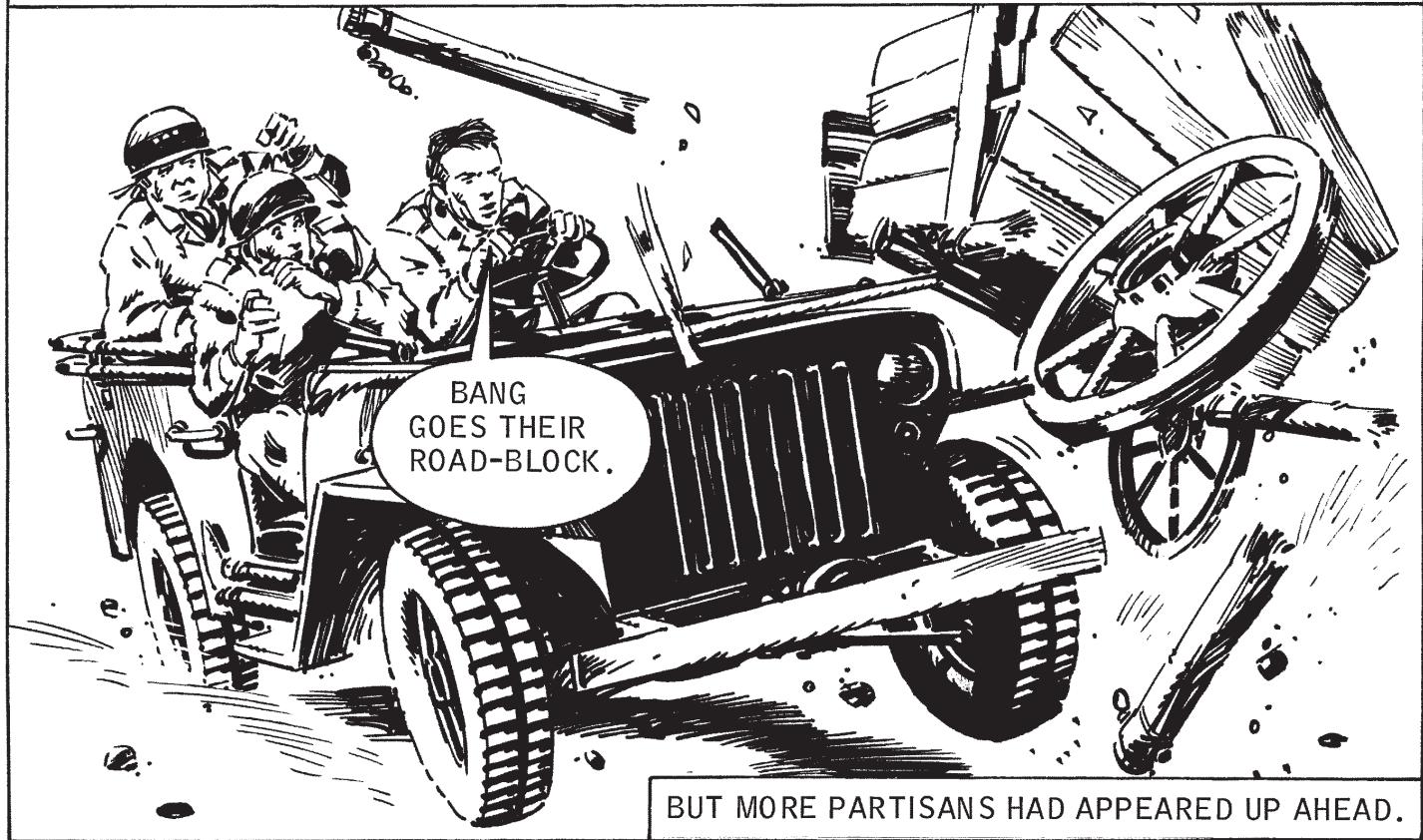
THERE CAME A SPATTER OF RIFLE-FIRE AND LAWRENCE BRAKED.



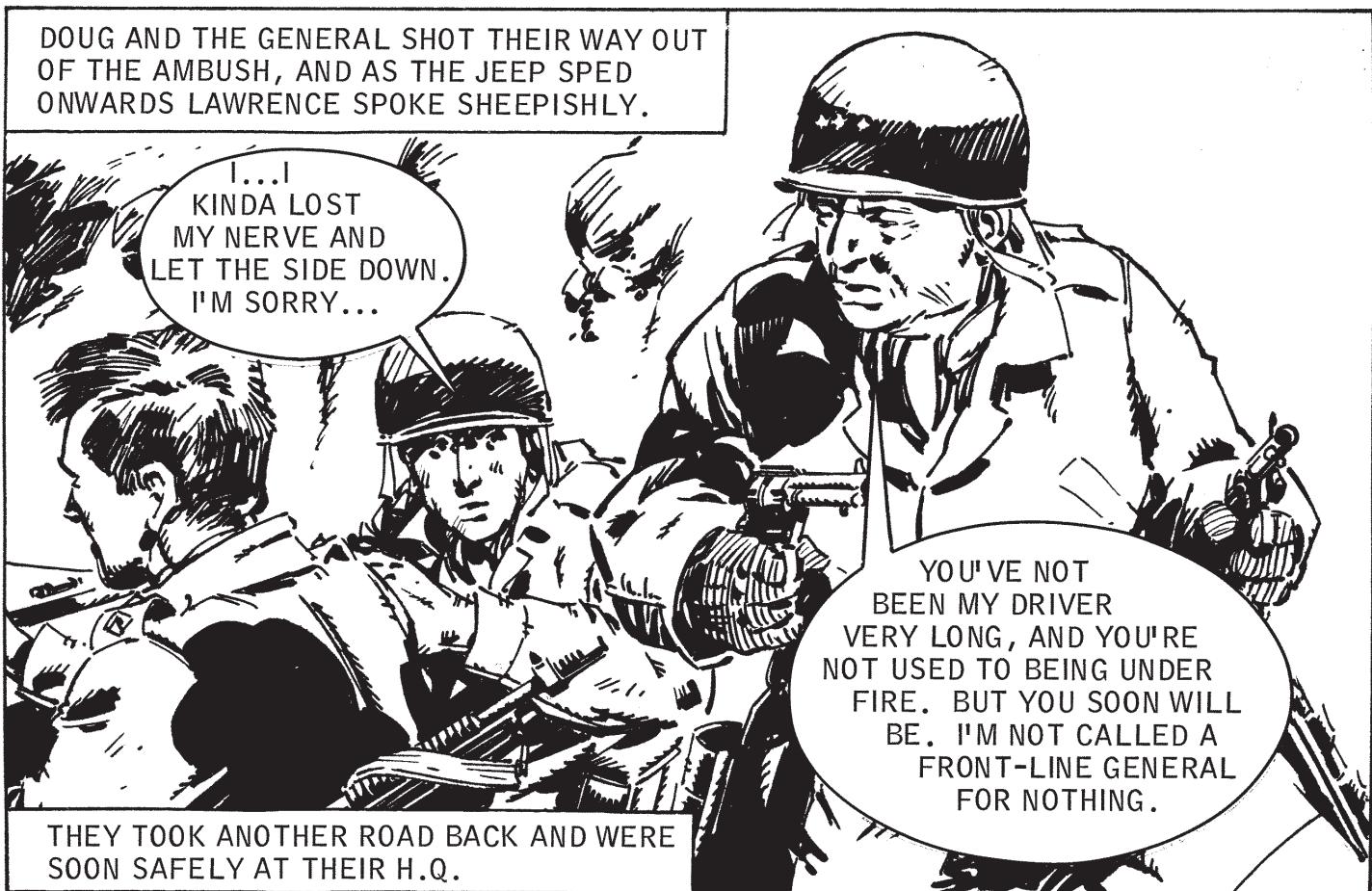
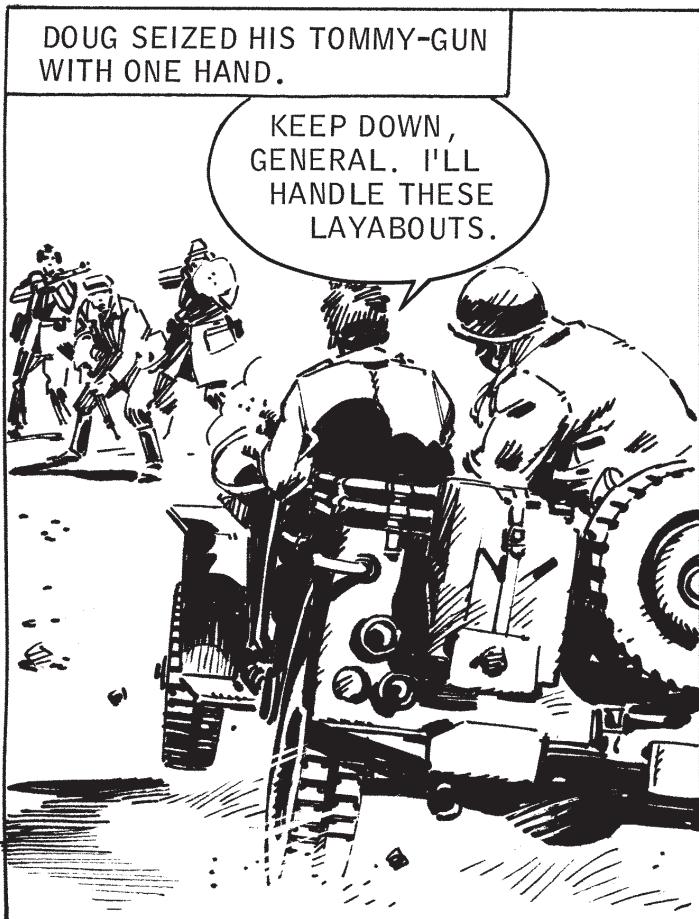
DOUG SWEPT LAWRENCE ASIDE, SCRAMBLED OVER INTO HIS PLACE AND DROVE ON, SWINGING THE JEEP ROUND A CURVE.



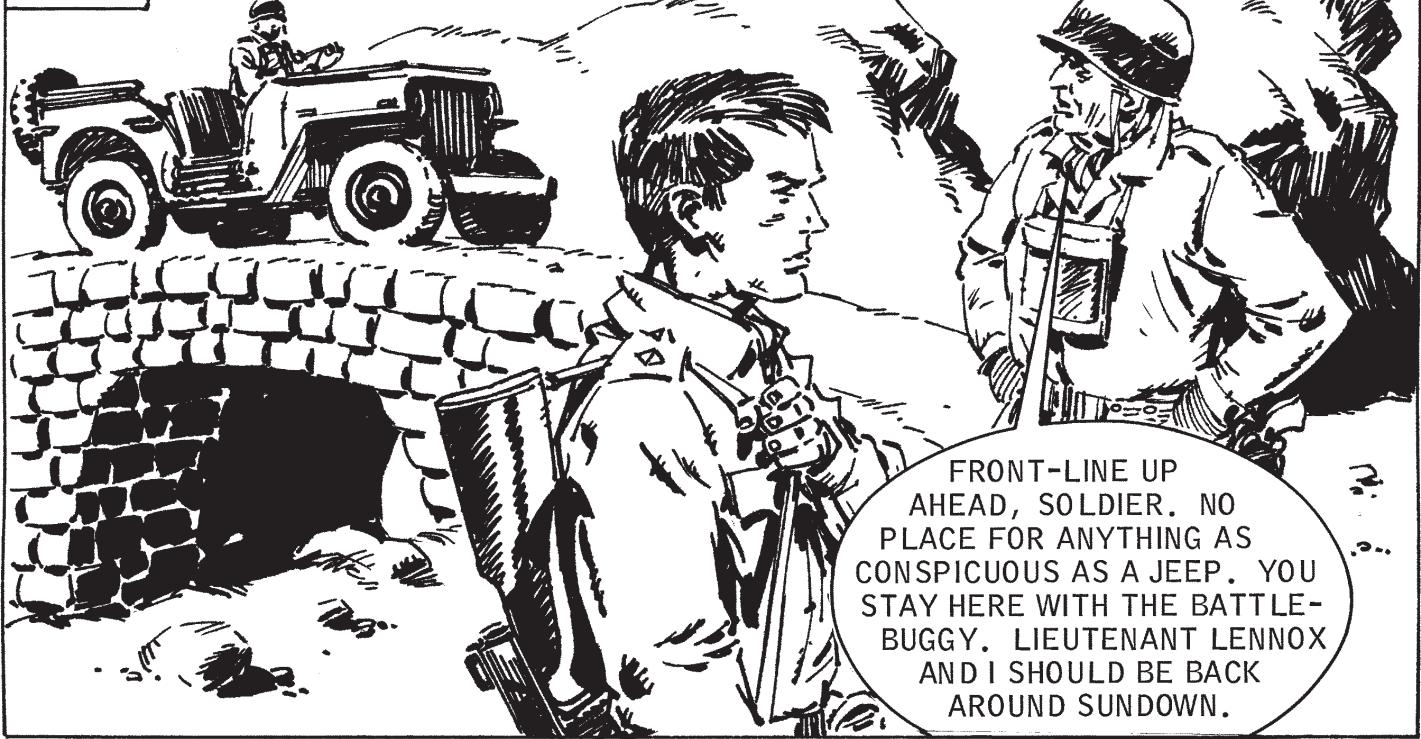
DOUG'S ONLY ANSWER WAS TO KEEP HIS FOOT RAMMED DOWN ON THE ACCELERATOR, AND DRIVE STRAIGHT AT THE OBSTRUCTION.



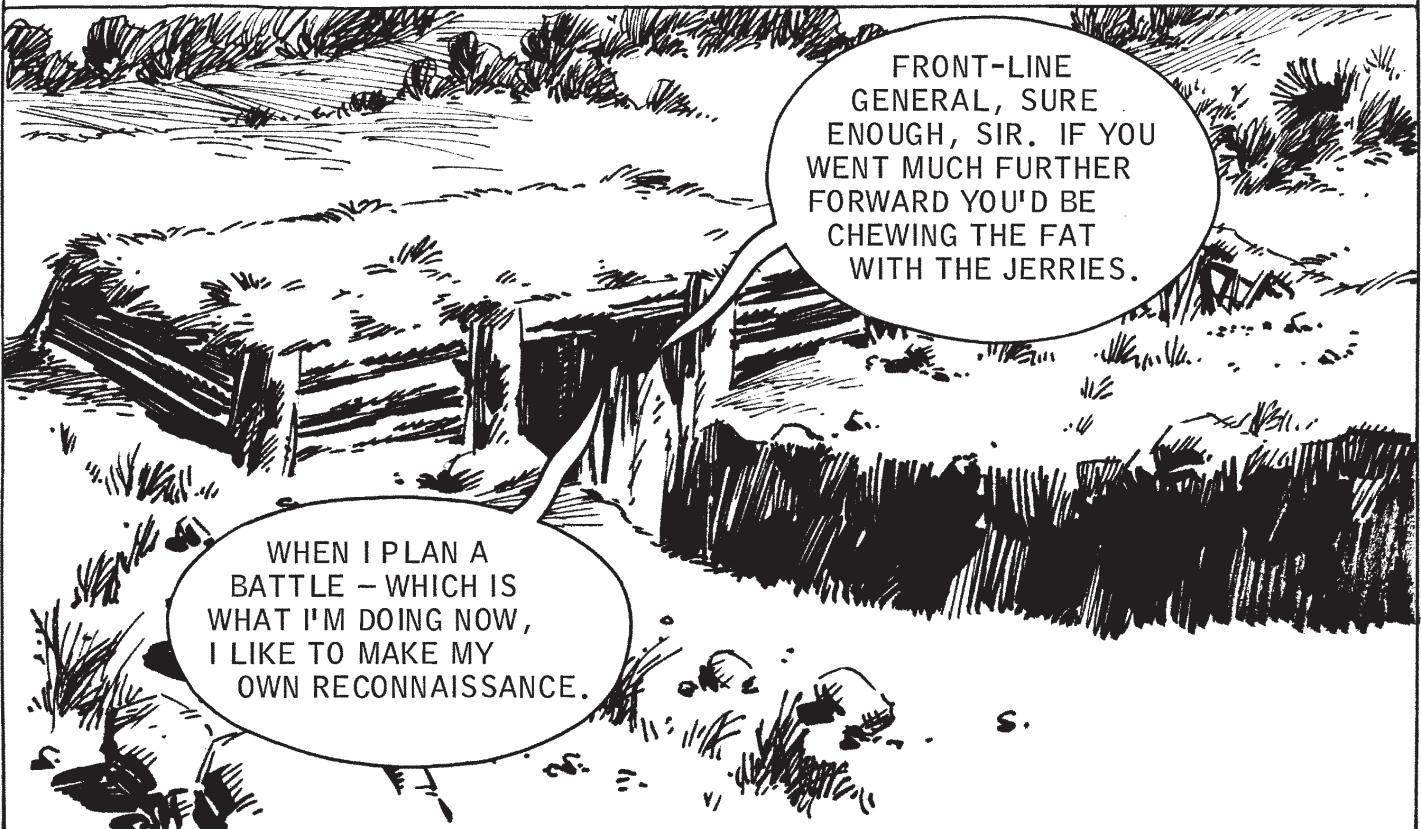
BUT MORE PARTISANS HAD APPEARED UP AHEAD.



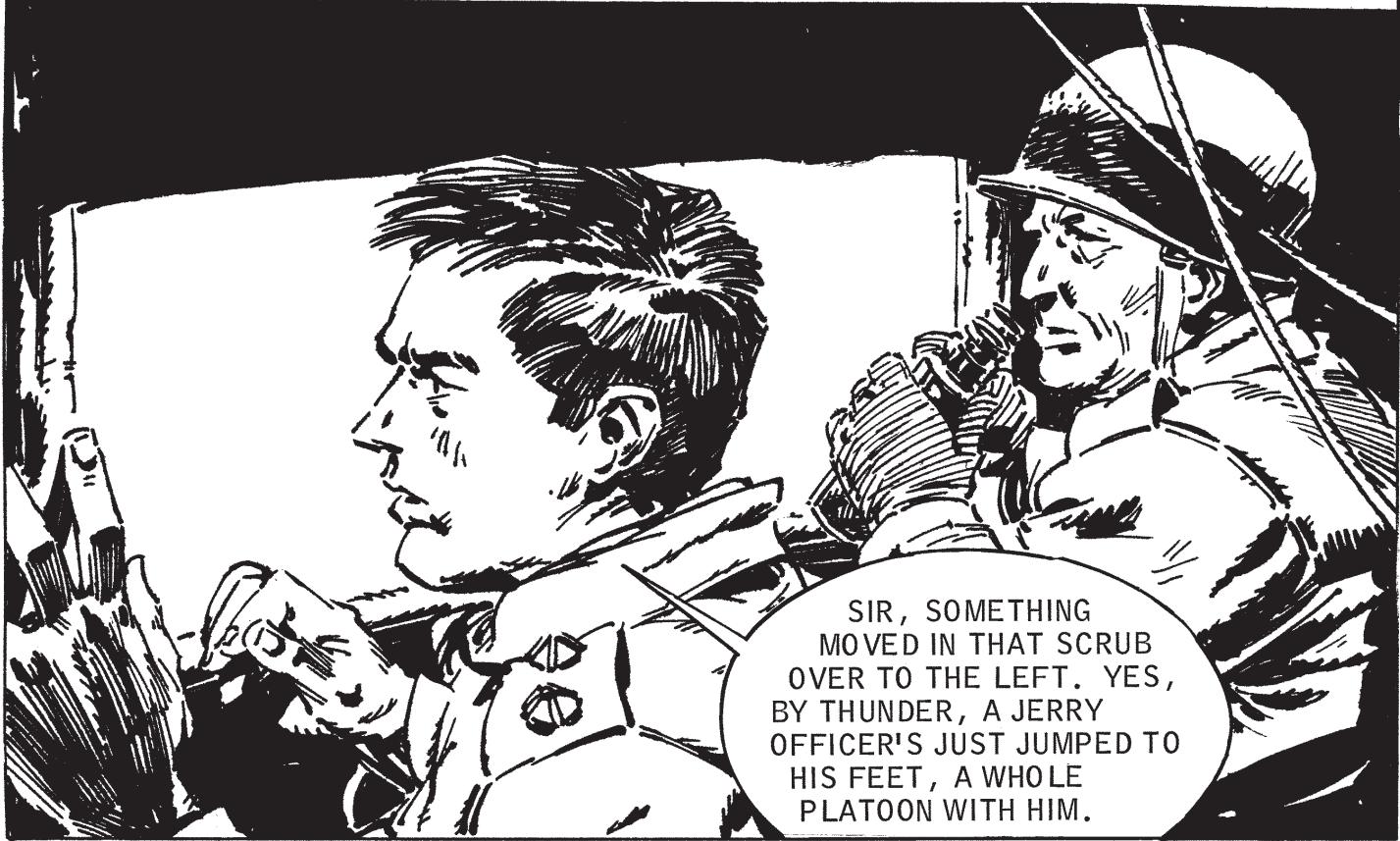
IN ANOTHER TWENTY-FOUR HOURS BUTCH HARMON WAS OUT ON ANOTHER MISSION AND LIVING UP TO HIS REPUTATION AGAIN.



SOME TIME AFTERWARDS HARMON AND DOUG WERE IN AN OBSERVATION POST – WELL BEYOND THE ALLIED POSITIONS.



GENERAL BUTCH WAS SCANNING THE TERRAIN WHEN DOUG GAVE A SUDDEN EXCLAMATION.

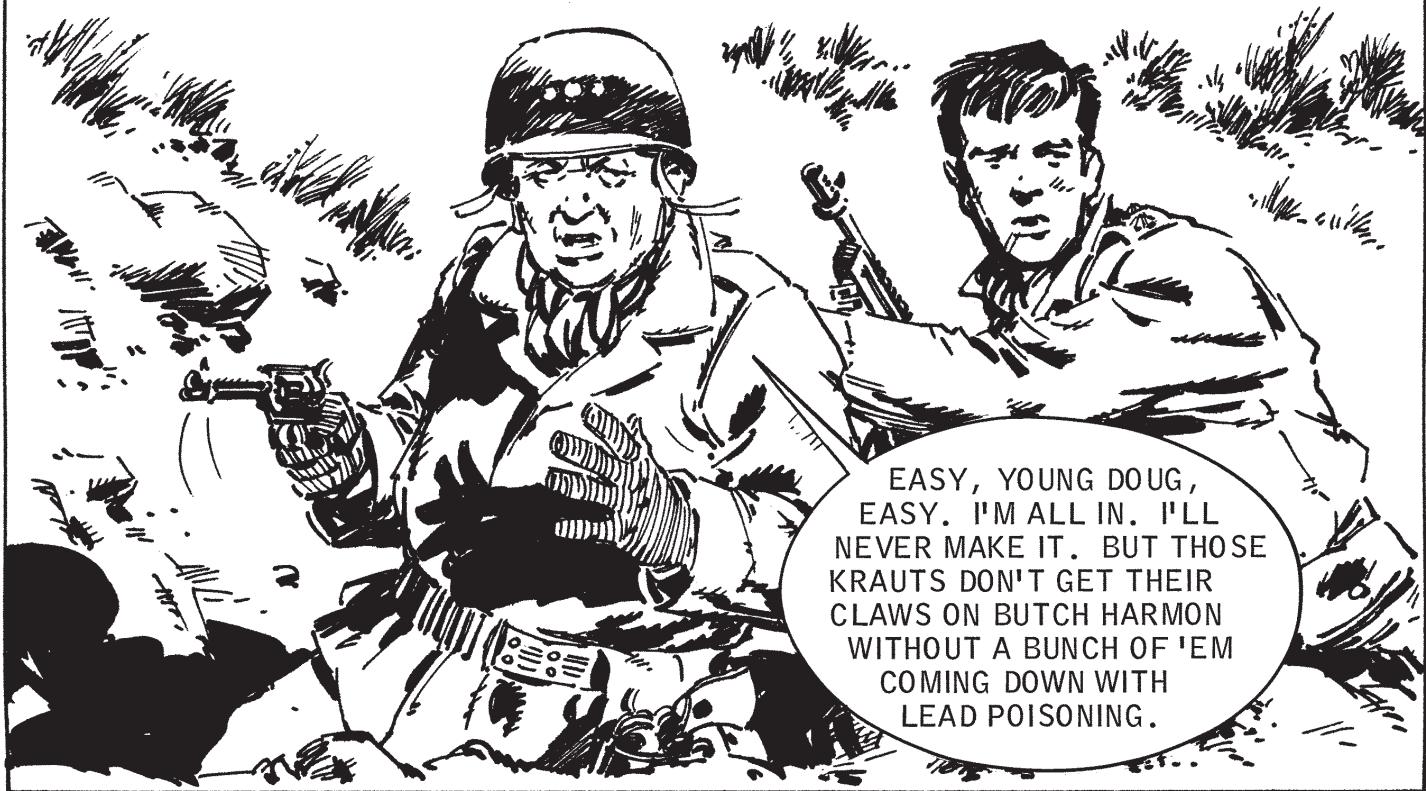


DOUG AND GENERAL BUTCH BEAT A HASTY RETREAT.

FASTER,
SIR, OR THEY'LL
CUT US OFF.



YET ALTHOUGH THE GENERAL WAS SUPERBLY FIT FOR HIS AGE, HE WAS FIFTY AND NO OLYMPIC SPRINTER.



DOUG AND HARMON HALTED AND STOOD FIRM. TOMMY-GUN
AND FORTY-FIVES DROPPED THE LEADING NAZIS.



LEADERLESS, THE SURVIVING NAZIS FLATTENED OUT. WHEN THEY SCREWED UP THE NERVE TO MOVE AGAIN, IT WAS TOO LATE.

BRITISH INFANTRY! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE THAT PATROL.

AND JERRIES RUNNING LIKE MAD FOR THEIR OWN LINES.

DOUG AND HARMON RETURNED TO H.Q. WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT.

IT'S NO EASY TARGET, SIR. BESIDES A BOMBARDMENT MIGHT COST THEM THEIR CONTACT'S LIFE. THEY WOULDN'T WANT THAT. HE'S TOO VALUABLE.

I BET THOSE KRAUTS ACTED ON ANOTHER TIP-OFF. YOU KNOW, I WONDER WHY G.H.Q. HASN'T BEEN SHELLLED OR BOMBED TO RUINS.

LAWRENCE DROPPED THE GENERAL AT HIS OFFICE, THEN DROVE DOUG TO HIS HUT WHERE GRABNER WAS LEAVING.



ORDINARILY DOUG WOULD HAVE BEEN QUICK TO APOLOGISE, BUT HE FAIRLY BRISTLED AT GRABNER'S TONE.



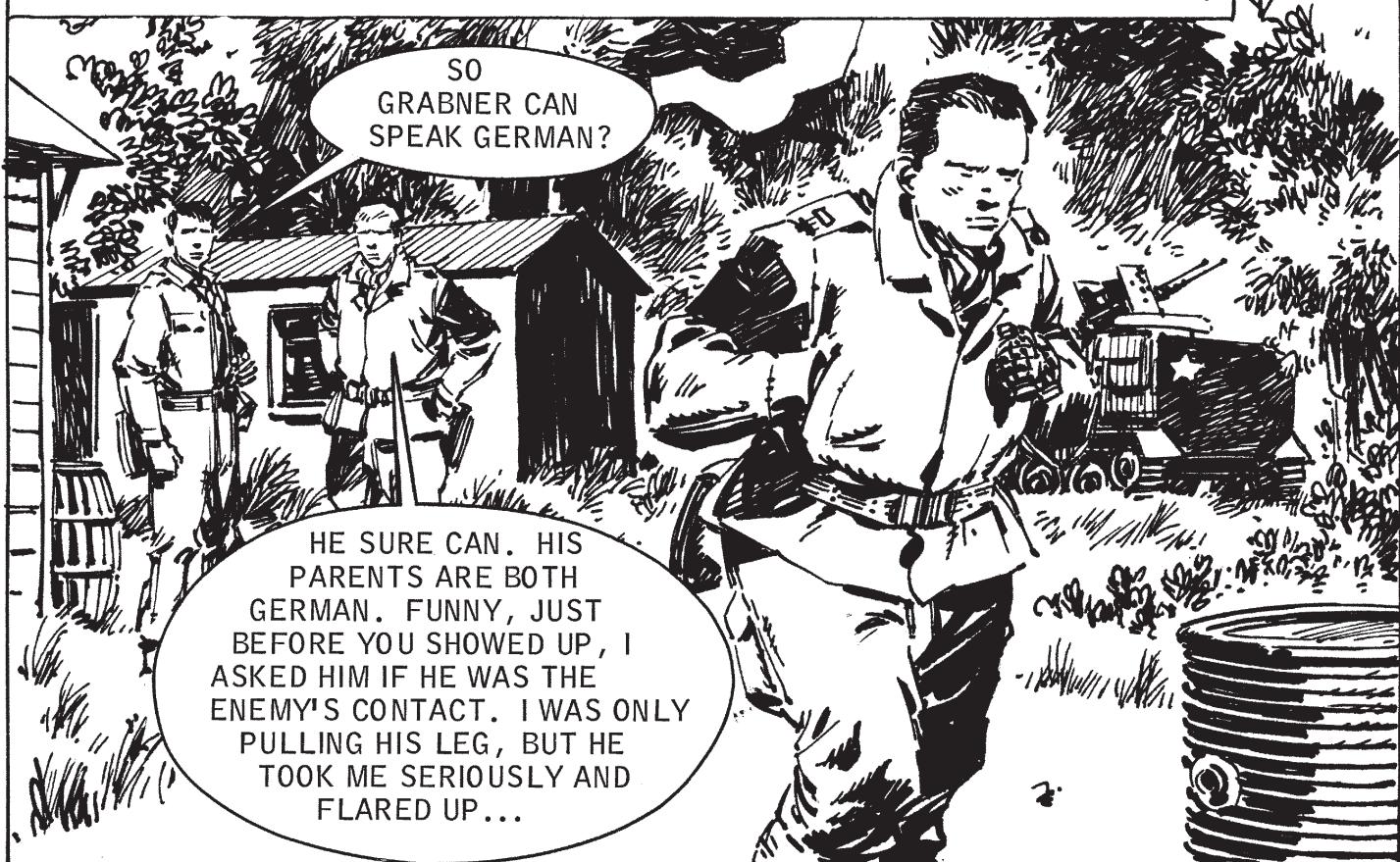
ANOTHER MOMENT AND THEY WOULD HAVE COME TO BLOWS, BUT OLLIE ROSENBERG DARTED FROM THE HUT AND SEPARATED THEM AS SOME NAZI PRISONERS WERE LED PAST.



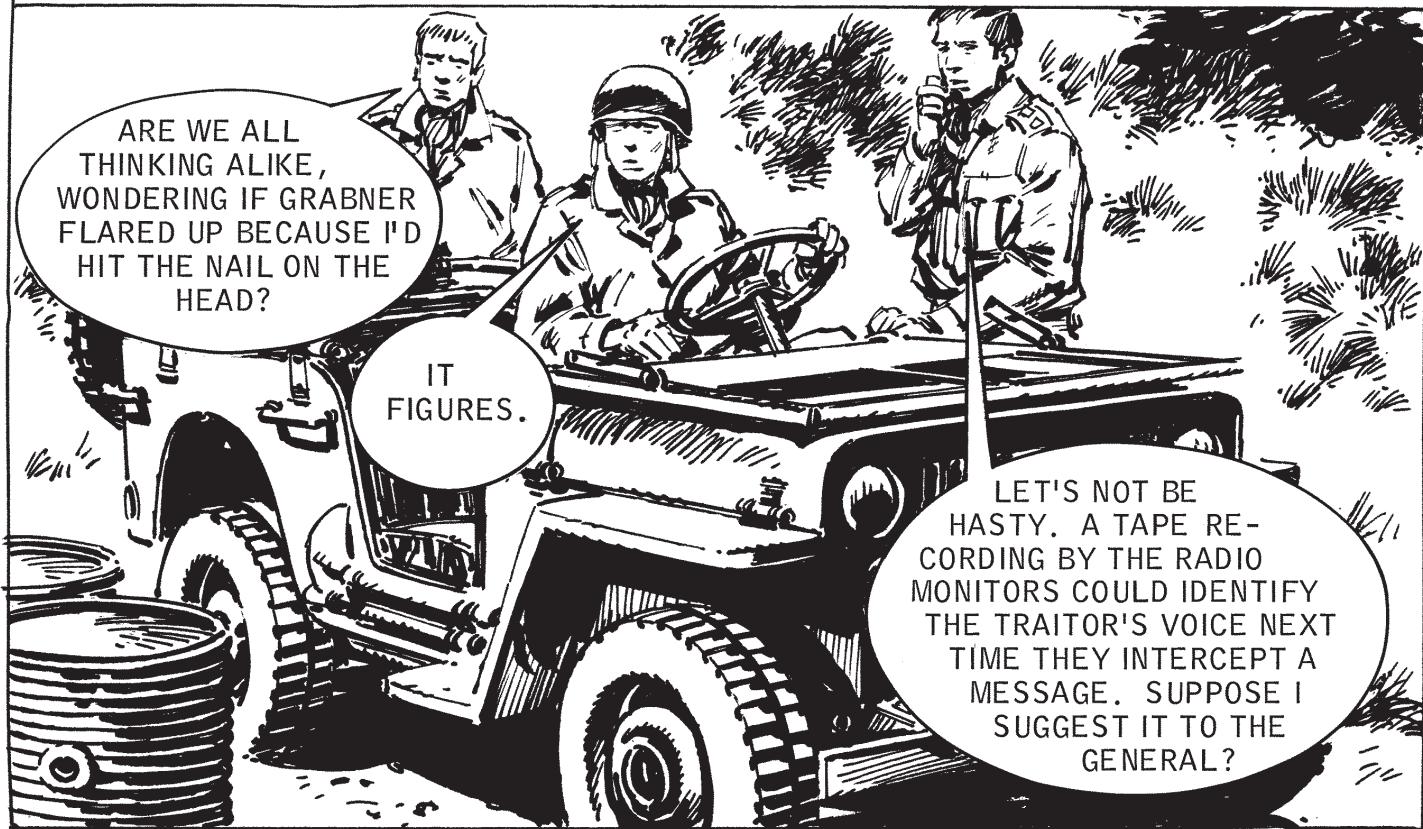
DOUG COOLED DOWN. SO DID GRABNER, BUT NOT FOR LONG. A PRISONER'S SNEERING REMARK INCENSED THE AMERICAN AIDE.



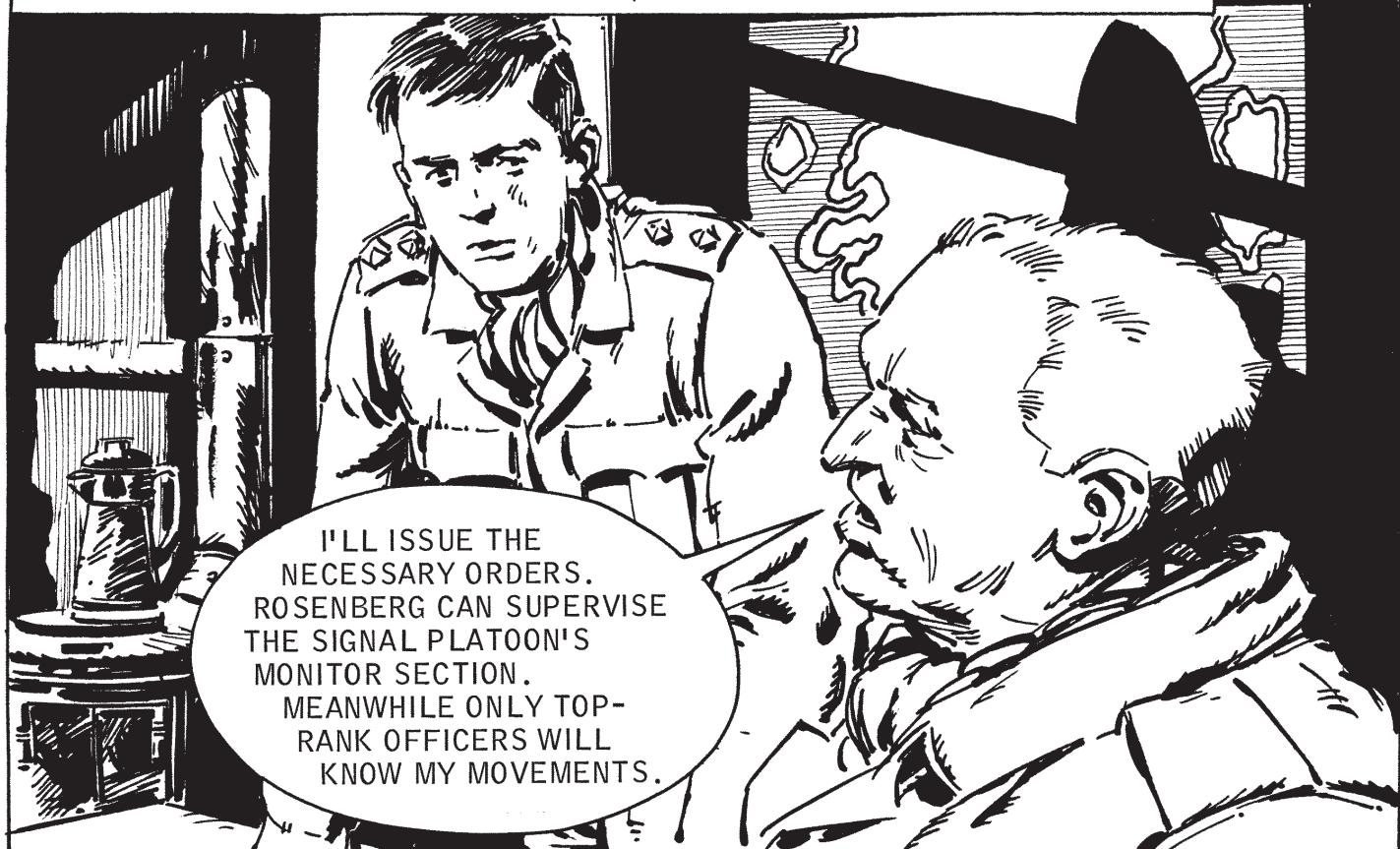
PRIONERS AND ESCORT PASSED BY. GLOWERING JOE GRABNER STRODE AWAY.



ROSENBERG SUDDENLY PAUSED, AND EXCHANGED A MEANINGFUL GLANCE WITH DOUG – THEN WITH OTTO LAWRENCE WHO HAD RETURNED AFTER GRABNER LEFT.



DOUG SUGGESTED THE PLAN TO HARMON, AND THE PROPOSAL WAS APPROVED.

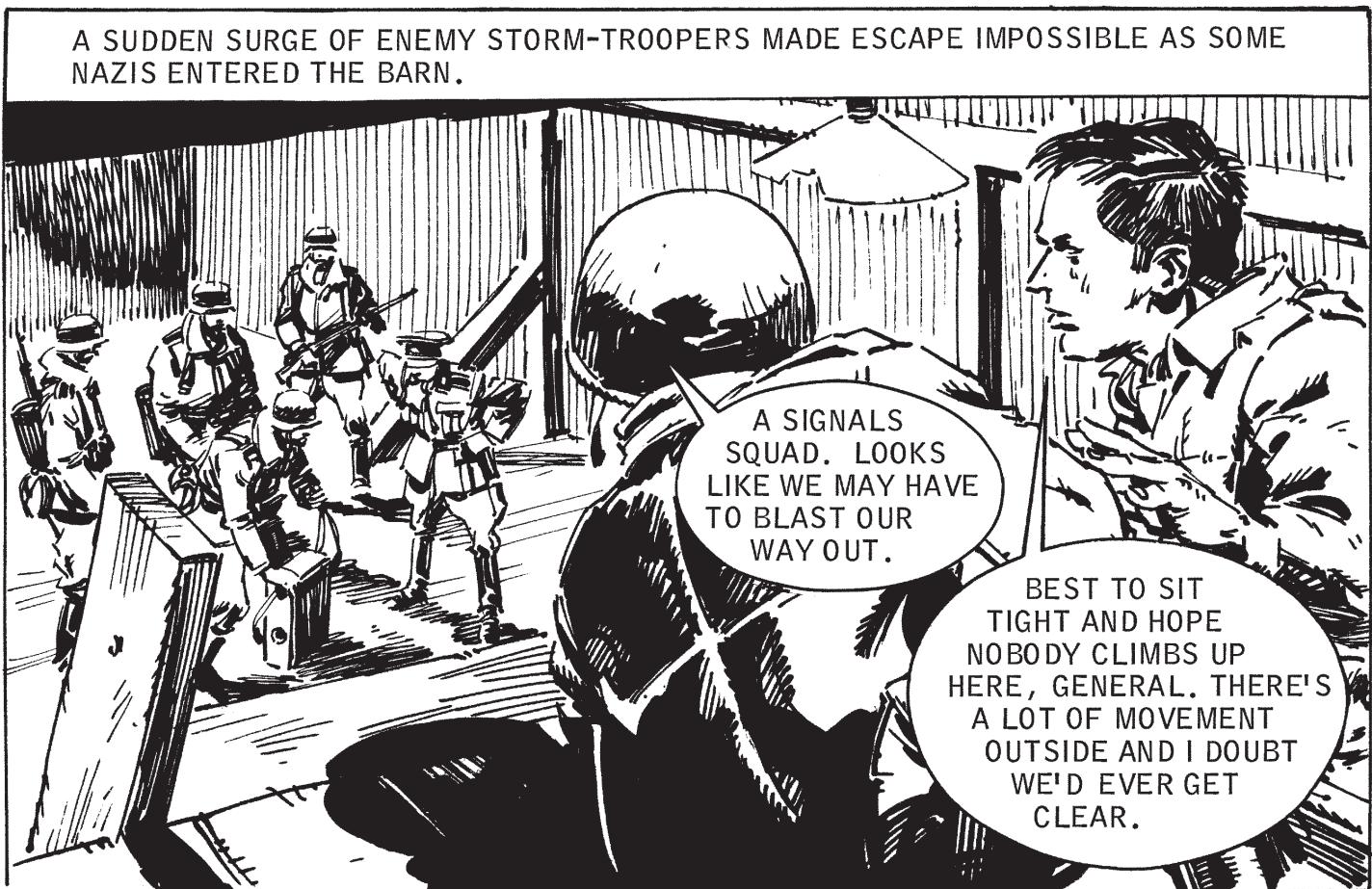


A WEEK PASSED. THEN, ONE FATEFUL MORNING, HARMON AND DOUG ARRIVED UNHEARDED IN A FRONT-LINE POSITION.



DOUG WAS ALONE FOR ONLY FIVE MINUTES WHEN RETREATING YANKS STREAMED PAST.





**FIND
MORE
FREE
MAGAZINES**

FREEMAGS.CC

THEY WAITED, AND WAITED. SUDDENLY THE GERMANS BELOW BECAME STRANGELY EXCITED.



UP IN THE HAYLOFT DOUG WHISPERED TO GENERAL BUTCH.



AS THEY LISTENED THEY HEARD THE OFFICER IN CHARGE ORDER ONE OF HIS MEN TO TAKE THE MESSAGE TO OBERST WEINGARTEN.

HARMON DREW BACK ALL AT ONCE, PULLING DOUG WITH HIM.

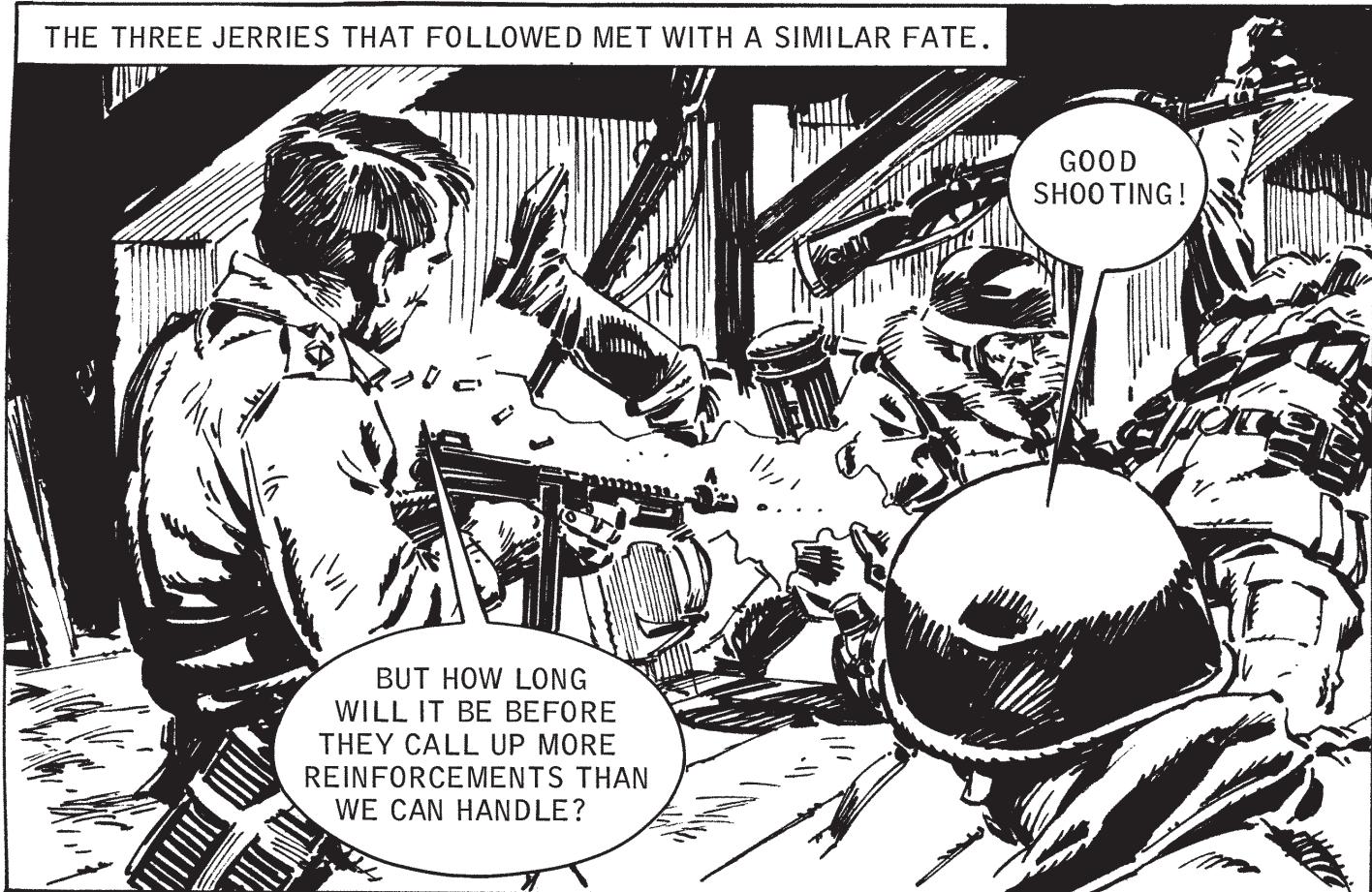


JACKBOOTS CLATTERED UP THE LADDER AS THE GERMAN OFFICER SCRAMBLED INTO VIEW.

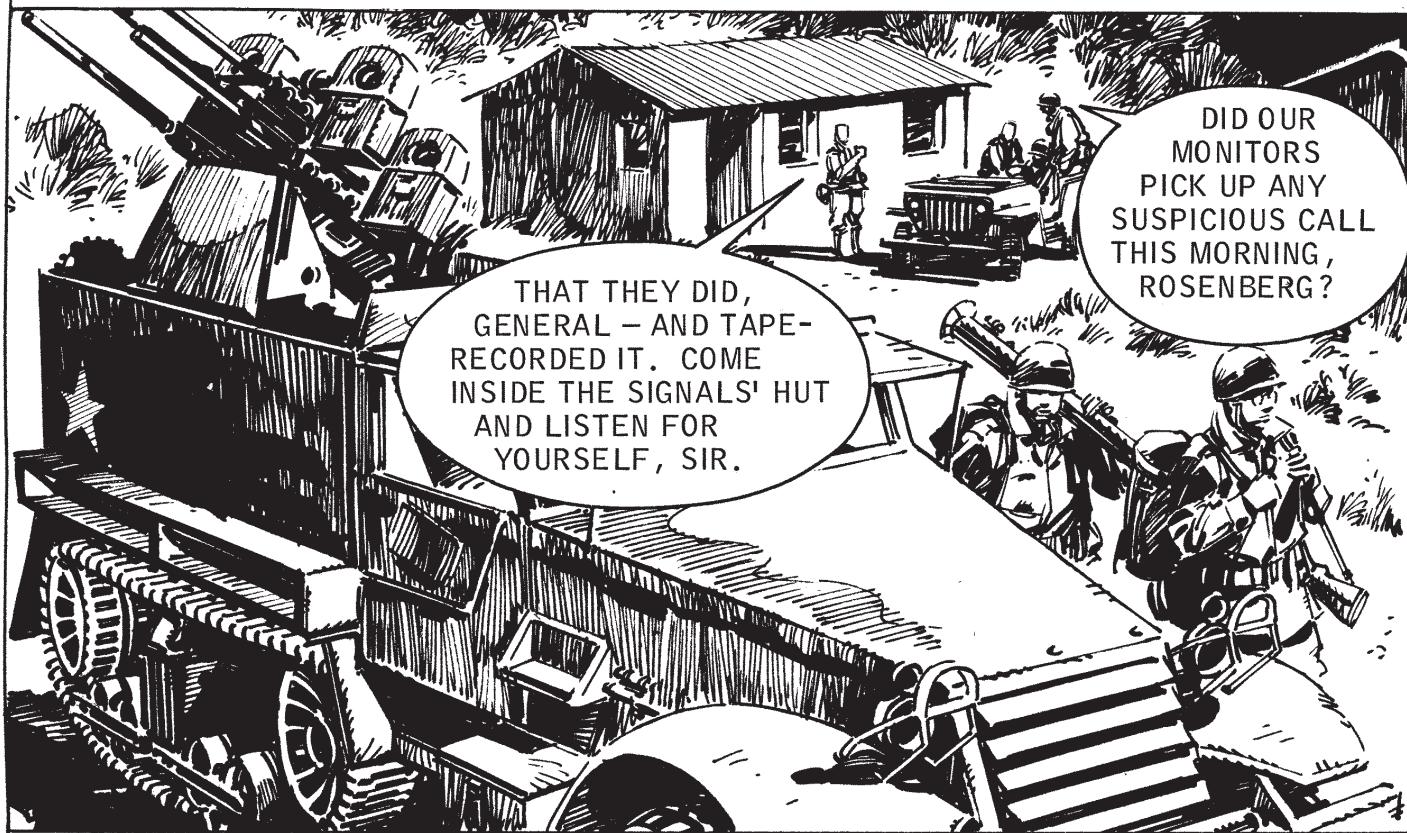


AT THAT RANGE BUTCH COULDN'T MISS.

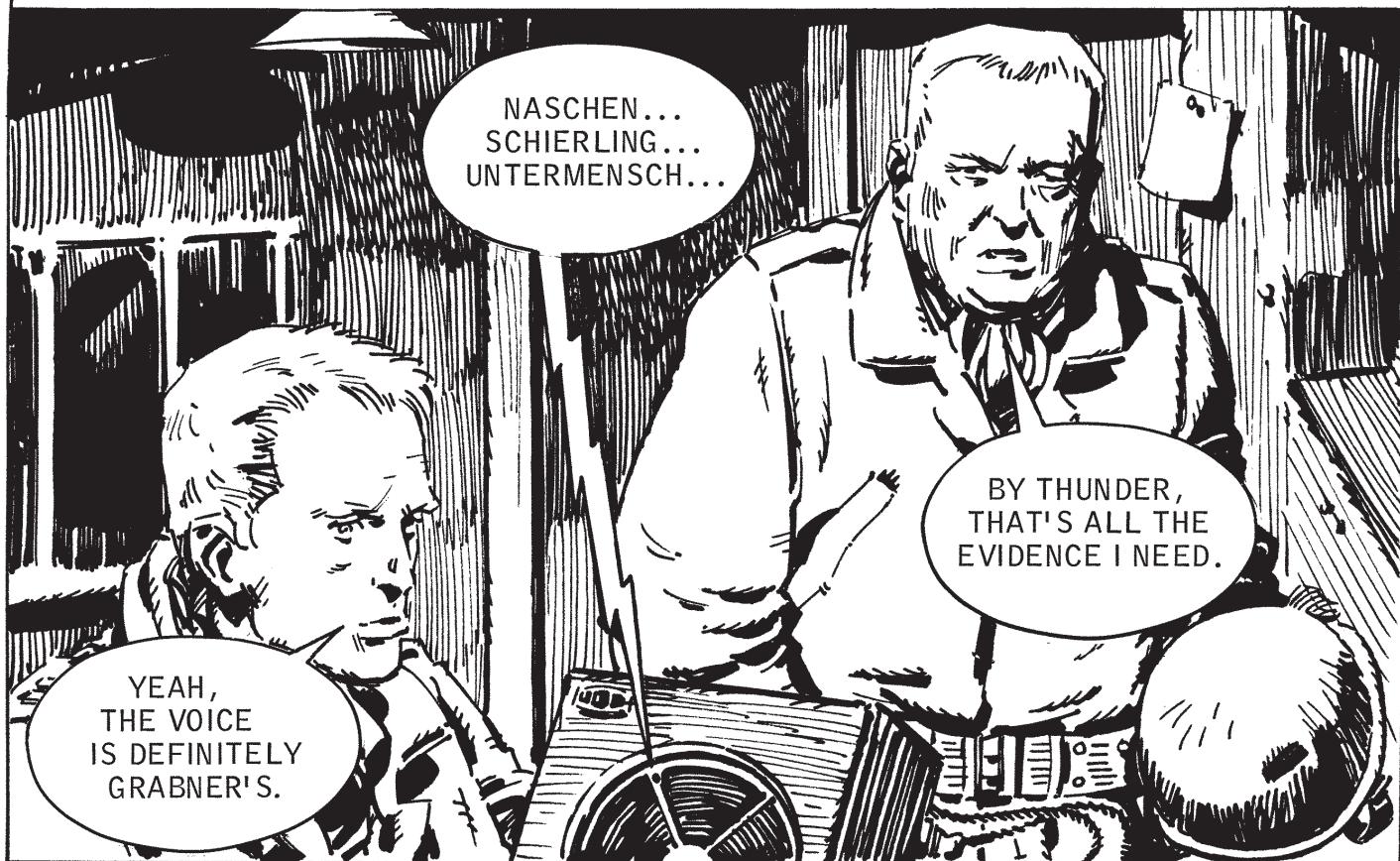




IT HAD BEEN YET ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE FOR HARMON, BUT THIS TIME ON HIS RETURN TO BASE HE HAD A VITAL QUESTION TO ASK.



THE RECORDED WORDS CONVEYED NOTHING BUT THE VOICE TOLD THE GENERAL ALL HE NEEDED TO KNOW.



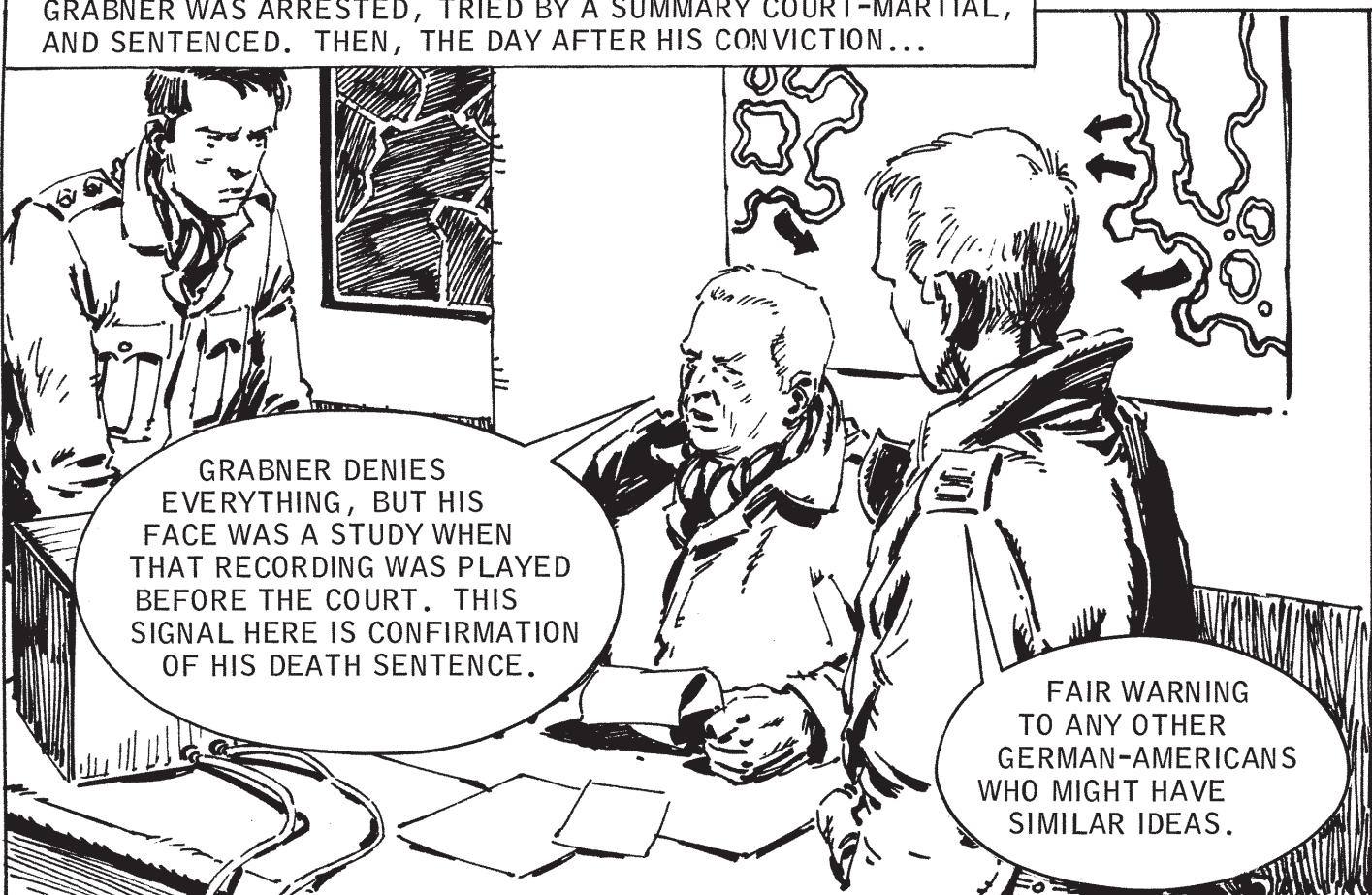
GENERAL HARMON AND ROSENBERG STEPPED OUTSIDE AGAIN.



SO
GRABNER'S
OUR MAN.

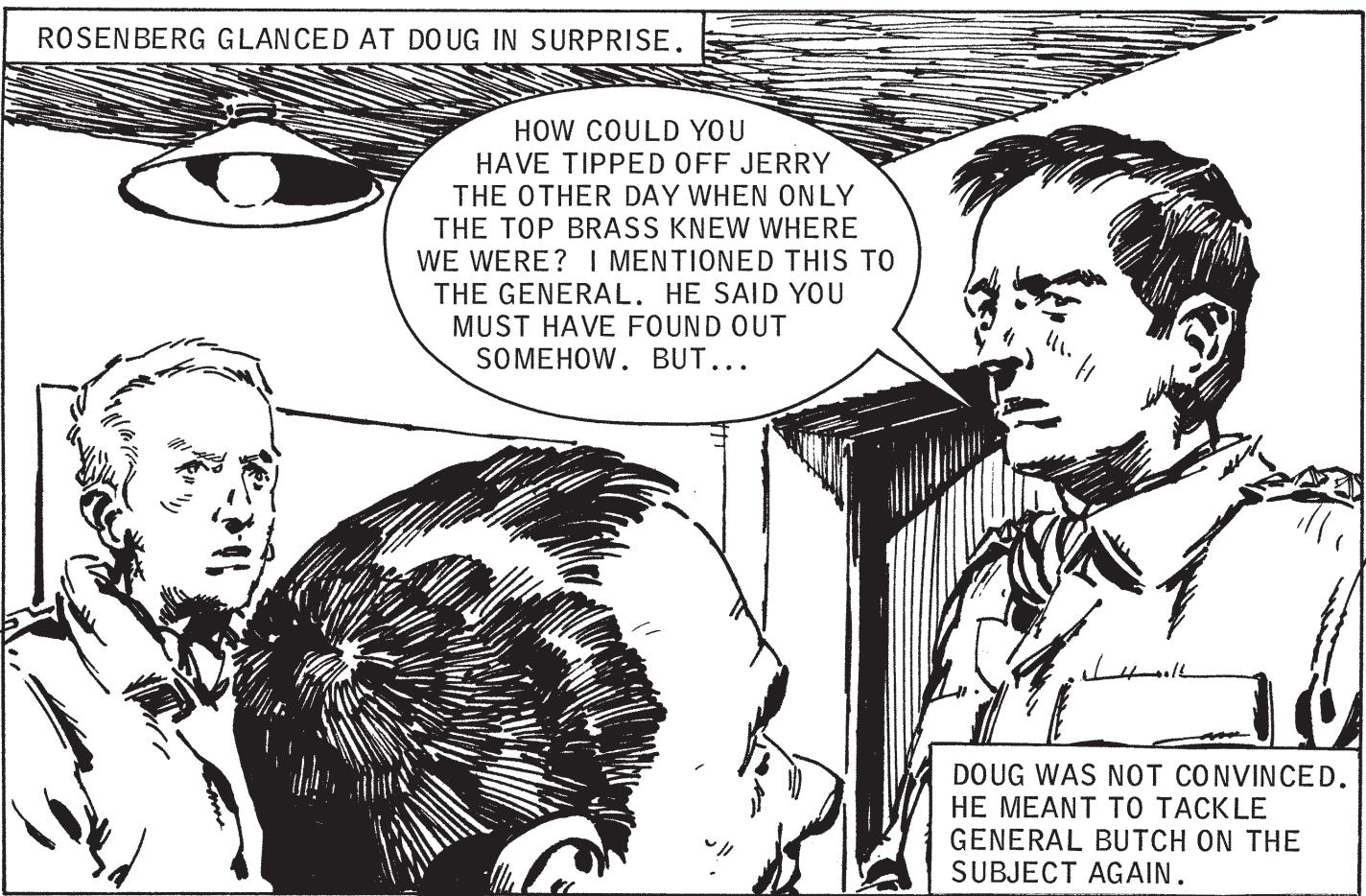
I WONDERED IF
IT WAS JUST COINCIDENCE
THAT HE WAS NEVER WITH THE
GENERAL AT THE CRITICAL
TIMES. NOW WE KNOW WHY
THINGS ONLY WENT WRONG
WHEN SOMEBODY ELSE
WAS ON DUTY.

GRABNER WAS ARRESTED, TRIED BY A SUMMARY COURT-MARTIAL,
AND SENTENCED. THEN, THE DAY AFTER HIS CONVICTION...



GRABNER DENIES
EVERYTHING, BUT HIS
FACE WAS A STUDY WHEN
THAT RECORDING WAS PLAYED
BEFORE THE COURT. THIS
SIGNAL HERE IS CONFIRMATION
OF HIS DEATH SENTENCE.

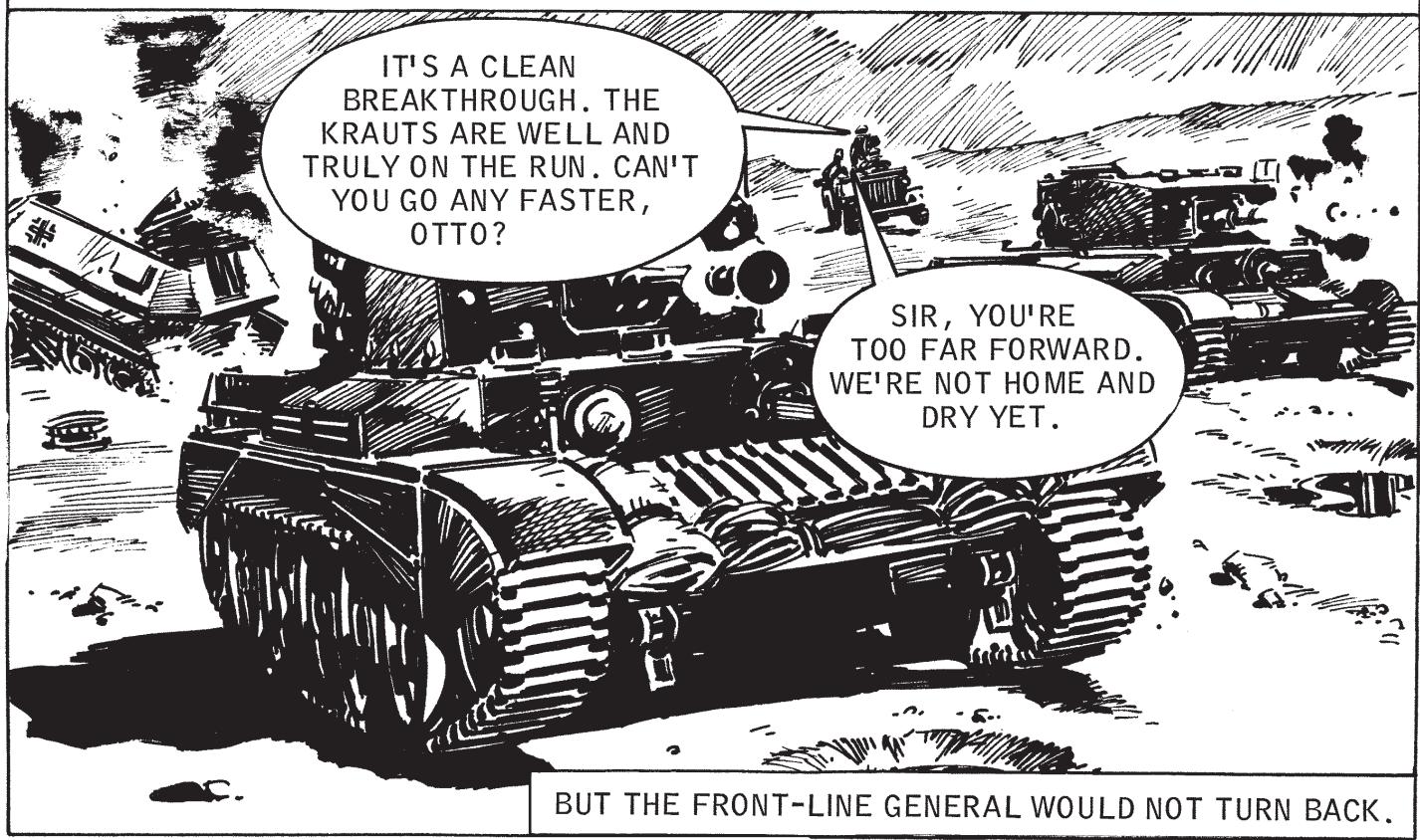
FAIR WARNING
TO ANY OTHER
GERMAN-AMERICANS
WHO MIGHT HAVE
SIMILAR IDEAS.



HE TRIED TO BRING UP THE QUESTION THAT NIGHT AS THE GENERAL'S JEEP WAS SPEEDING TOWARDS THE BATTLE-FRONT.



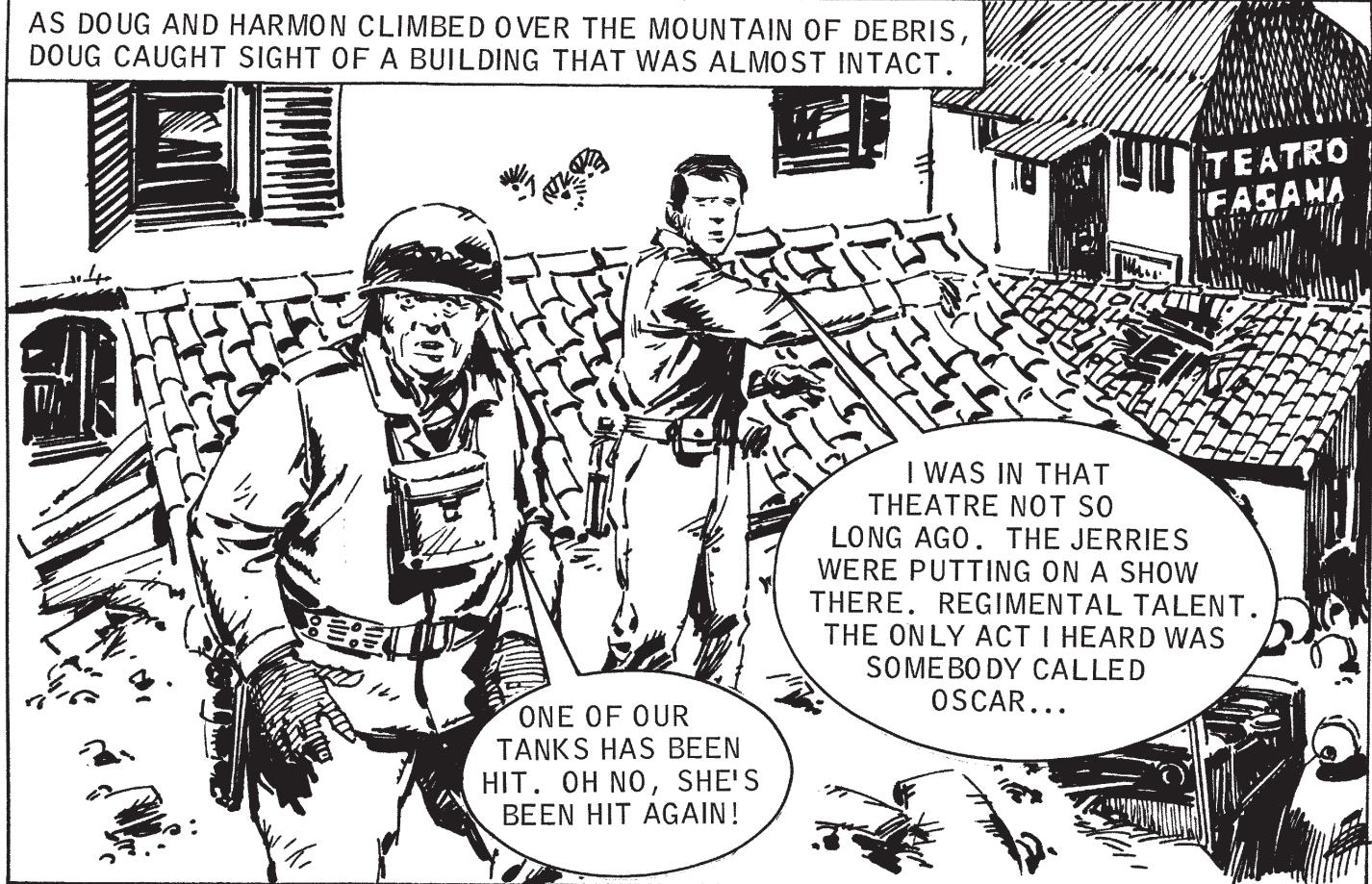
THE FRONT-LINE GENERAL WAS LIVING UP TO HIS NAME. HE BADGERED OTTO UNTIL THE JEEP WAS WITH THE LEADING TANKS IN AN ALL-OUT ALLIED ADVANCE.



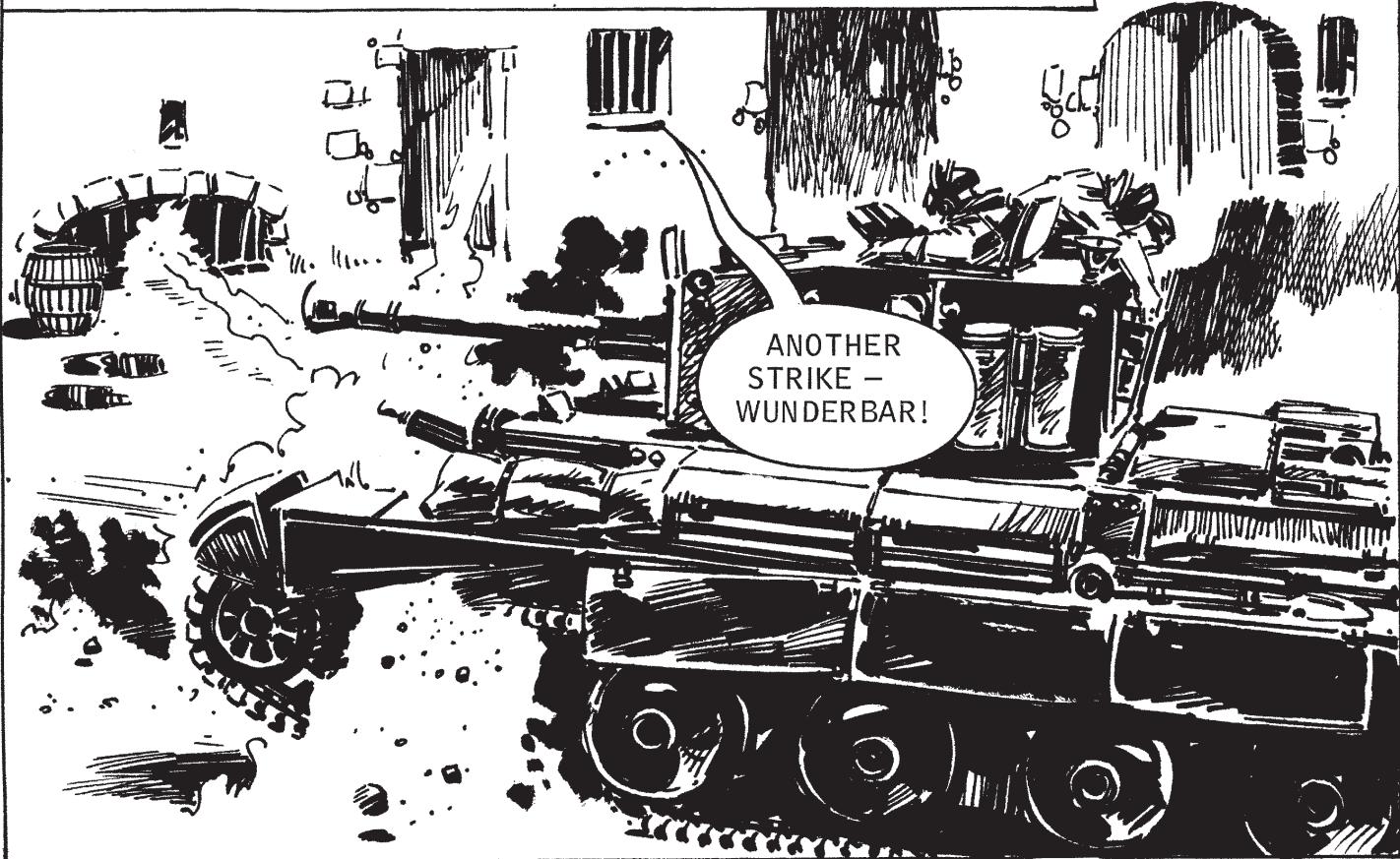
THE JEEP FOLLOWED A SPEARHEAD OF BRITISH TANKS INTO THE RUINS OF THE TOWN OF FASANA.



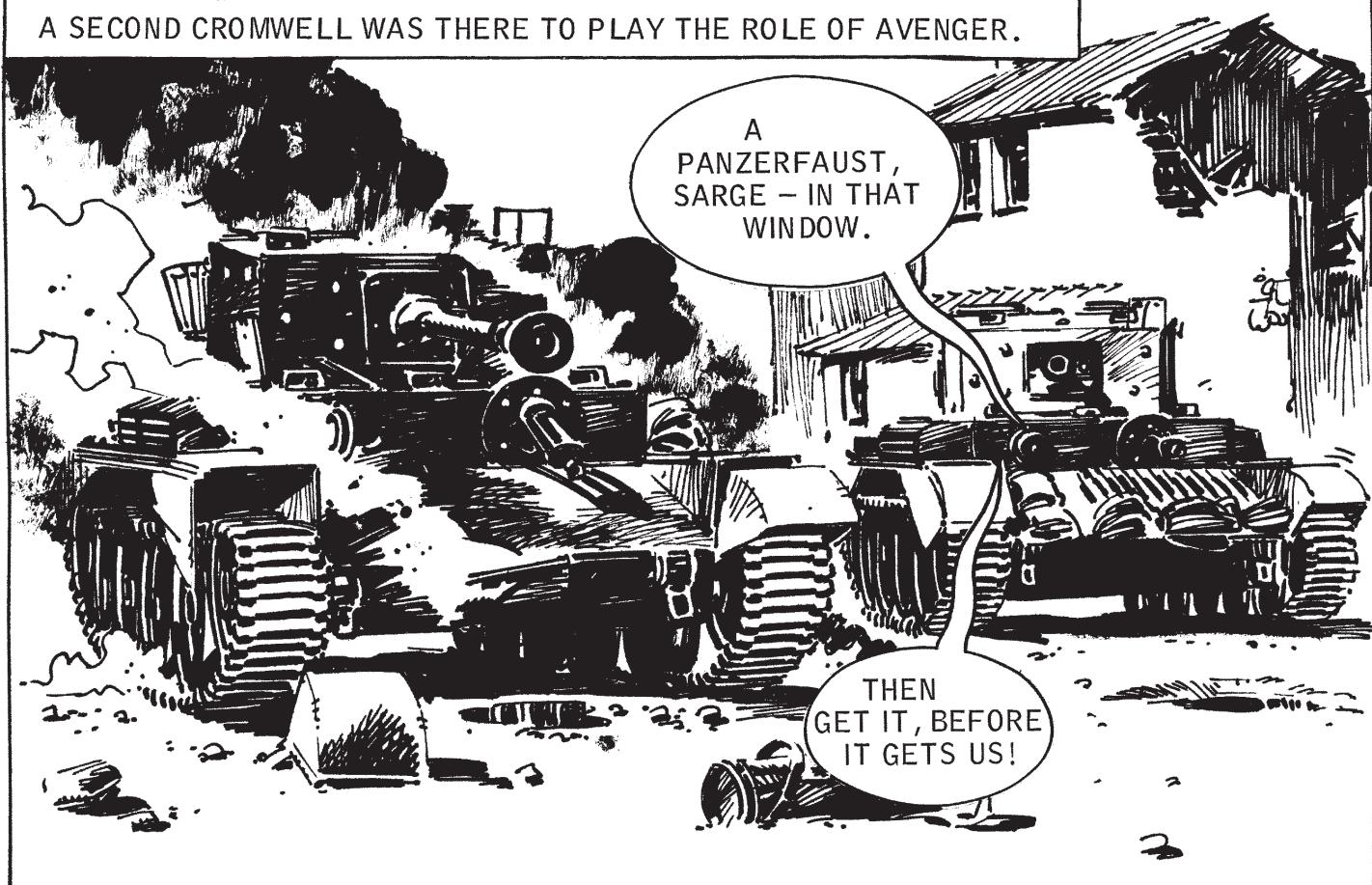
AS DOUG AND HARMON CLIMBED OVER THE MOUNTAIN OF DEBRIS, DOUG CAUGHT SIGHT OF A BUILDING THAT WAS ALMOST INTACT.



A BRITISH CROMWELL HAD BECOME A TARGET FOR A PANZERFAUST.



A SECOND CROMWELL WAS THERE TO PLAY THE ROLE OF AVENGER.



DOUG AND GENERAL BUTCH HAD A GRANDSTAND VIEW.



SPOT-ON. ONE
LESS PANZERFAUST
AND ITS CREW TO
WORRY ABOUT.

BUT THERE WAS ONE SURVIVOR FROM THE GERMAN ANTI-TANK SQUAD.



KAMERAD,
KAMERAD! I AM
JUST A COLONEL'S
BATMAN. I WAS ONLY
CARRYING AMMUNITION,
NOT FIGHTING!

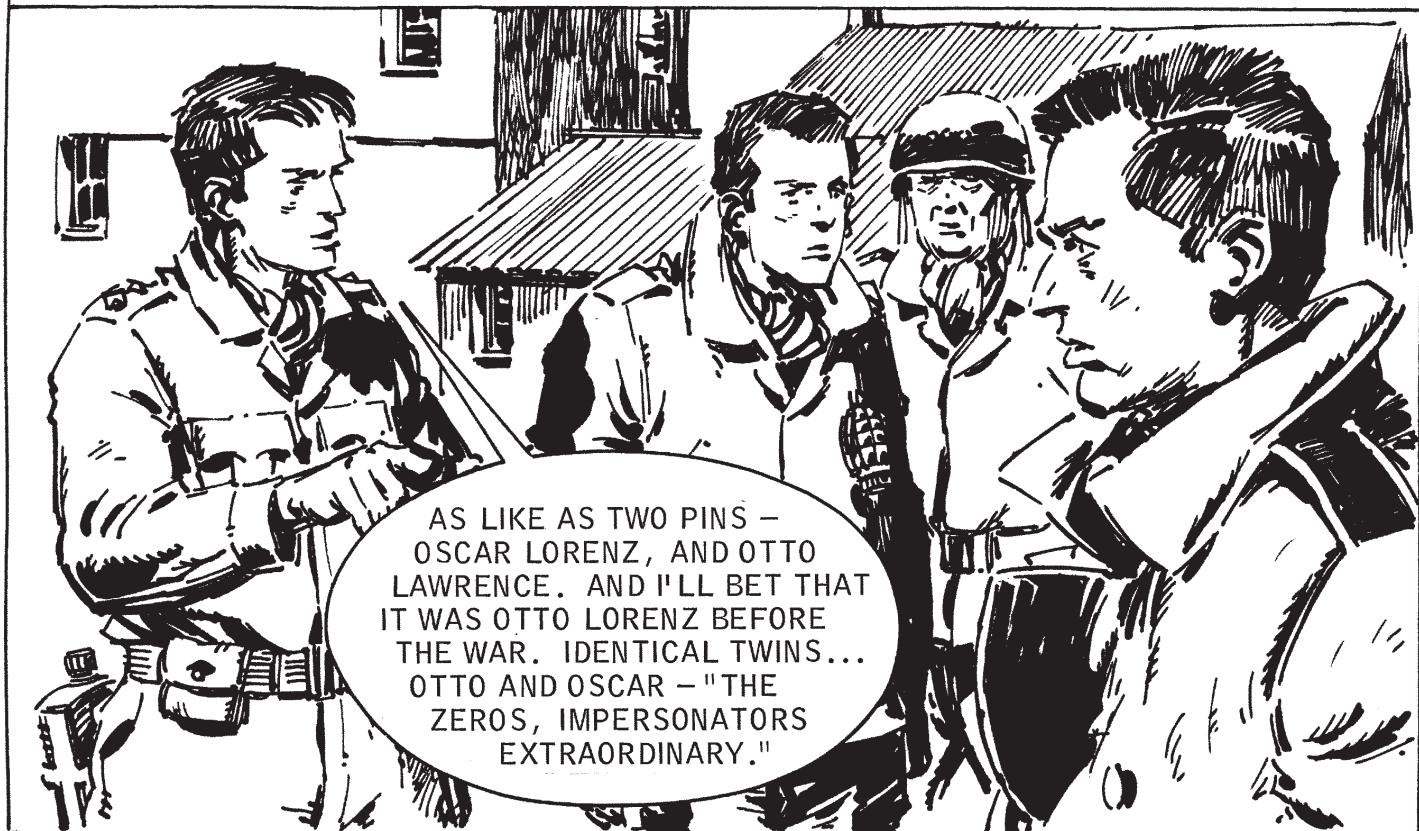
DOUG REACHED THE NAZI AND HIS CAPTORS. HE GLANCED CASUALLY AT THE MAN, THEN STIFFENED.



BUTCH HARMON JOINED DOUG. HE FIXED HIS EYES ON THE PRISONER'S FACE AND HIS MOUTH FELL OPEN IN AMAZEMENT.



DOUG DIDN'T WAIT TO HEAR MORE. HE SPED OFF, TO RETURN A FEW MOMENTS LATER WITH THE GENERAL'S DRIVER.



OTTO'S ANSWER WAS TO TEAR FREE AND RUN. IN THE SAME INSTANT THE SCREAM OF AN INCOMING SHELL SCATTERED THE GROUP.



OSCAR LORENZ AND THE TANK COMMANDER AND ONE OF THE CREW LAY DEAD. HARMON AND OTTO LORENZ, ALIAS LAWRENCE, LAY WOUNDED – THE LATTER MORTALLY.

CURSE YOU
AND ALL YOUR
KIND, ENGLANDER!

TO THINK WHAT JOE
GRABNER'S BEEN GOING
THROUGH BECAUSE OF
YOU. AND I PUT THE IDEA
INTO YOUR HEAD OF
DISGUIsing YOUR OWN
VOICE BY IMITATING
HIS, EH?

THE TRAITOR NODDED – AND DIED. DOUG THEN KNELT BESIDE HARMON WHO WAS IN PAIN BUT NOT SERIOUSLY HURT.

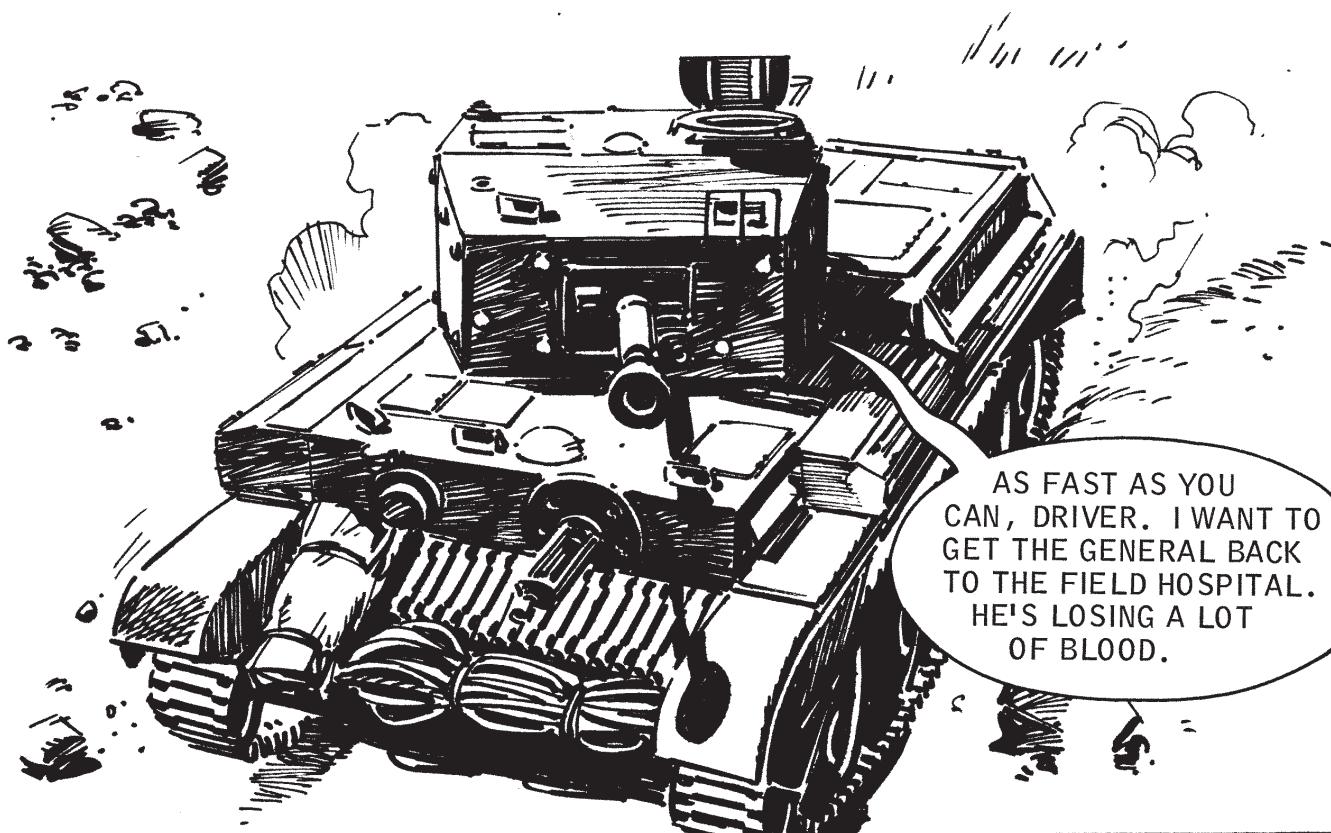


HARMON WAS LIFTED UP INTO THE CROMWELL, DOUG SHARING THE TURRET WITH HIM. MORE SHELLS WERE HAMMERING DOWN.



DOUG HAD ASSUMED COMMAND AND THE TANK CREW WERE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO OBEY.

THE TANK WAS ABOUT-TURNED.



YET IT WAS NOT ONLY OF GENERAL BUTCH THAT DOUG WAS THINKING. HE RADIOED BASE -



THE ENEMY ARTILLERY FIRE CEASED ABRUPTLY, BUT A NEW AND MORE DEADLY THREAT ADDED TO DOUG'S ANXIETY.



PANZERS... MOVING
IN THE MINUTE THE
LONG-RANGE BARRAGE
LIFTS. IT'S THE COUNTER-
ATTACK STARTING!

A PANZER'S CANNON BLURRED SAVAGELY.



A SHADE
HIGHER IN THE
AIM AND WE'D HAVE
COPPED IT. DRIVER,
KEEP YOUR FOOT
HARD DOWN.

GOING FLAT-OUT, THE CROMWELL REACHED FASANA'S SOUTHERN OUTSKIRTS WHERE IT MET WITH TWO MORE TANKS.



CAN YOU
CONTACT H.Q.
ON YOUR R/T?

NO, AND
FASANA'S
SURROUNDED
BY PANZERS!

IT WAS DESPERATE NEWS AND IT SHOOK DOUG TO THE CORE – BUT NOT FOR LONG.

PANZERS
EVERYWHERE,
EH? WE'VE NO
CHOICE, DRIVER.
BASH ON REGARD-
LESS.

WILCO,
SIR.

THE CROMWELL CLANKED ON THROUGH THE SMOKE AND DUST. SUDDENLY A NAZI ASSAULT GUN APPEARED –

WE'VE HAD IT
IF WE DON'T LAND
THE FIRST PUNCH.
DRIVER, START ZIG-
ZAGGING.

THE TANK SLEwed TO ONE SIDE AS A NAZI SHELL BURST CLOSE.

BUT A MISS
IT WAS. NOW
EVERYBODY PRAY
THAT I HIT THE
TARGET.

PHEW,
TALK ABOUT
A NEAR-MISS.

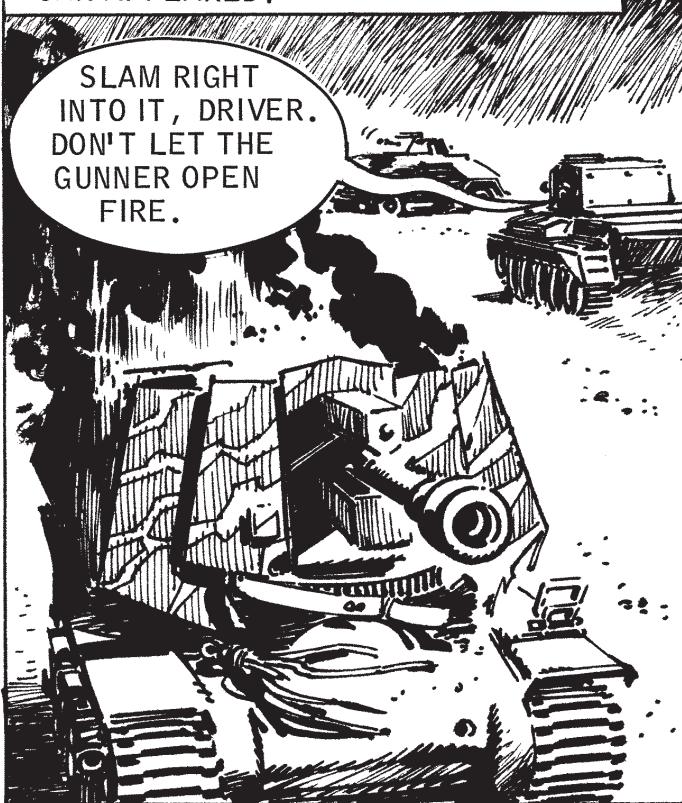
THE CROMWELL'S CANNON
BELLOWED DEAFENINGLY.



HOWZAT?

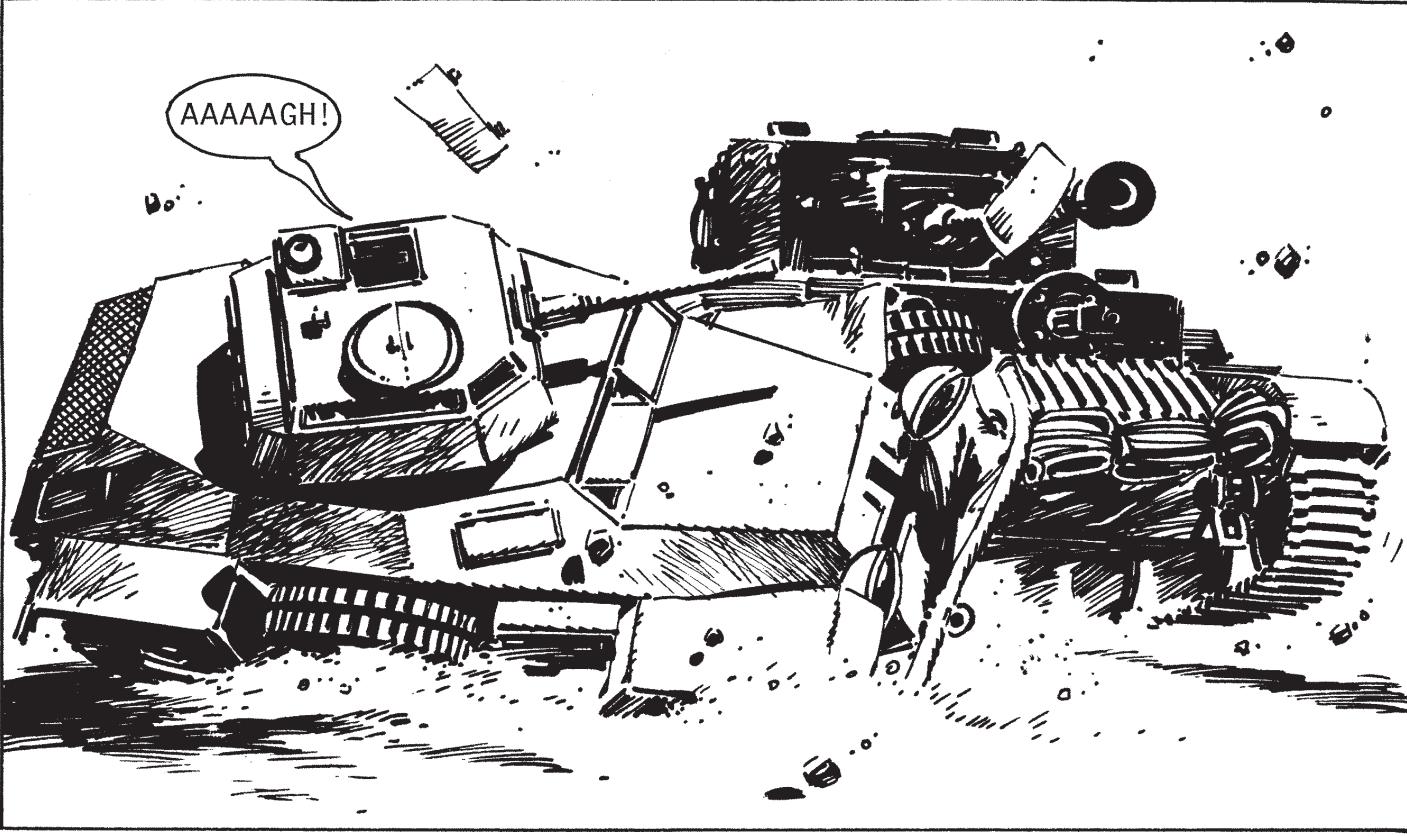
CLEAN
BOWLED, SIR.
— OUT FOR A
DUCK.

AS THE CROMWELL SWEEPED PAST THE
DISABLED WRECK, A NAZI ARMOURED
CAR APPEARED.



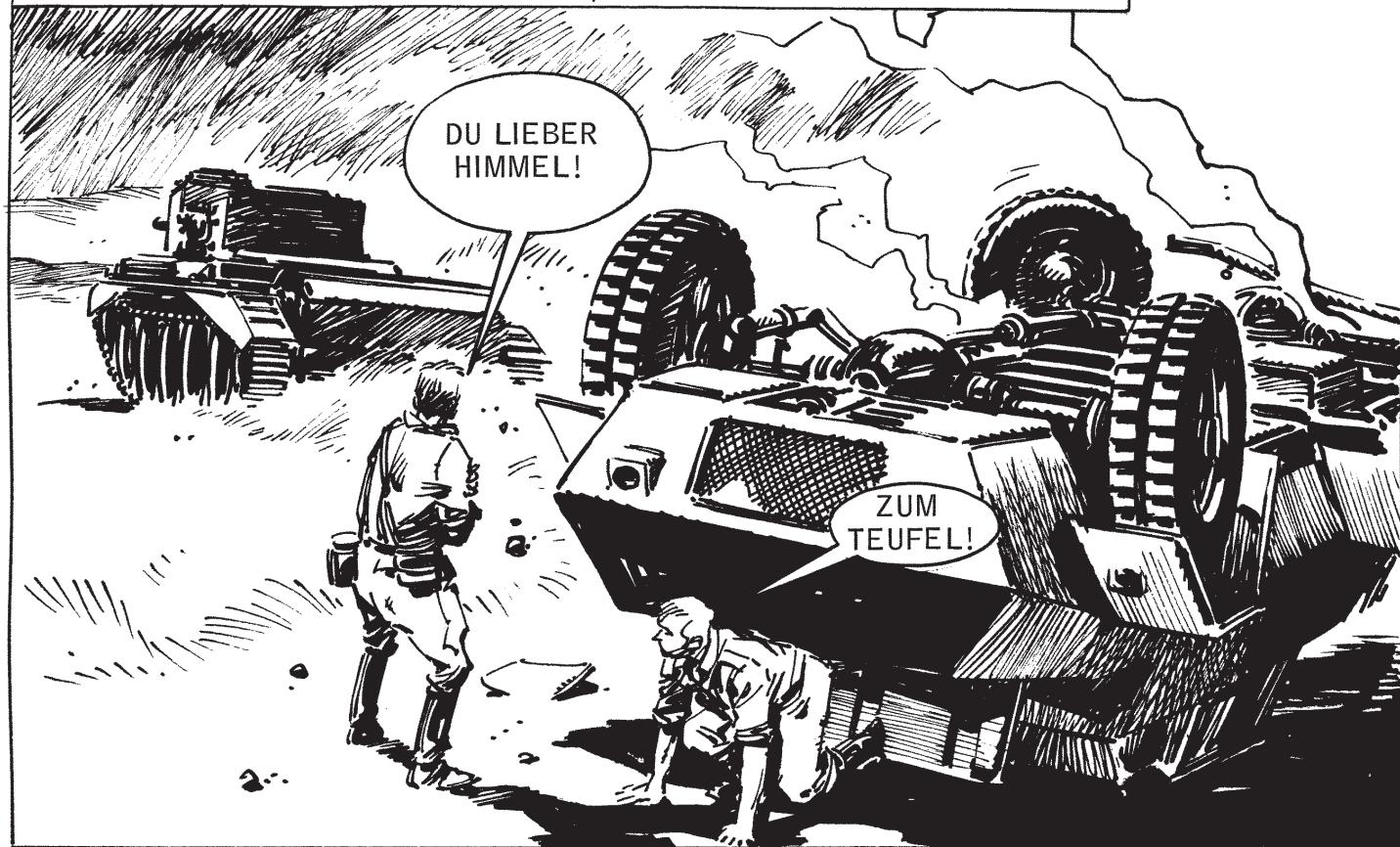
SLAM RIGHT
INTO IT, DRIVER.
DON'T LET THE
GUNNER OPEN
FIRE.

THE BRITISH TANK CRASHED INTO THE ARMOURED CAR WITH ONLY A SPLIT-SECOND TO SPARE.

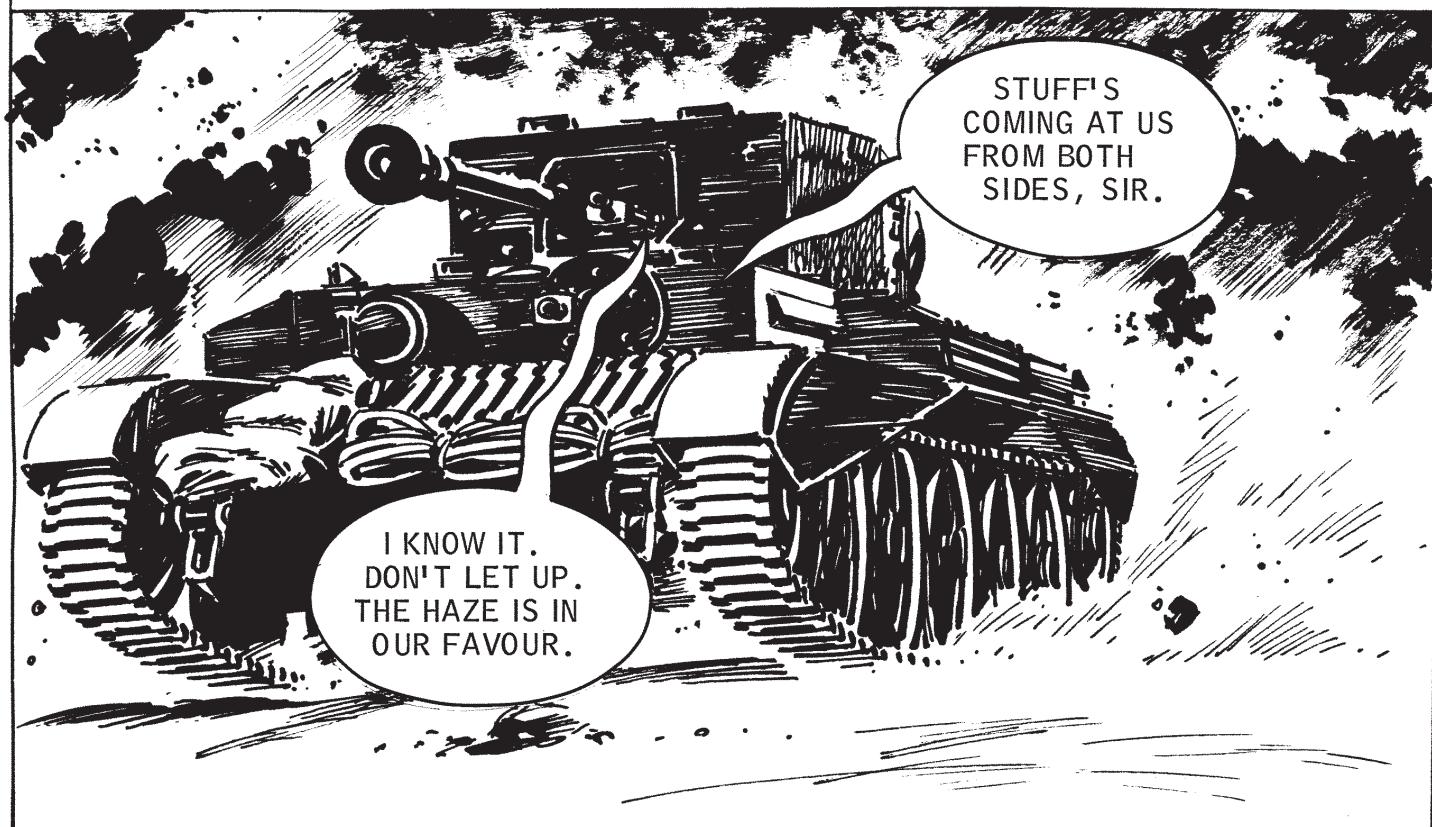


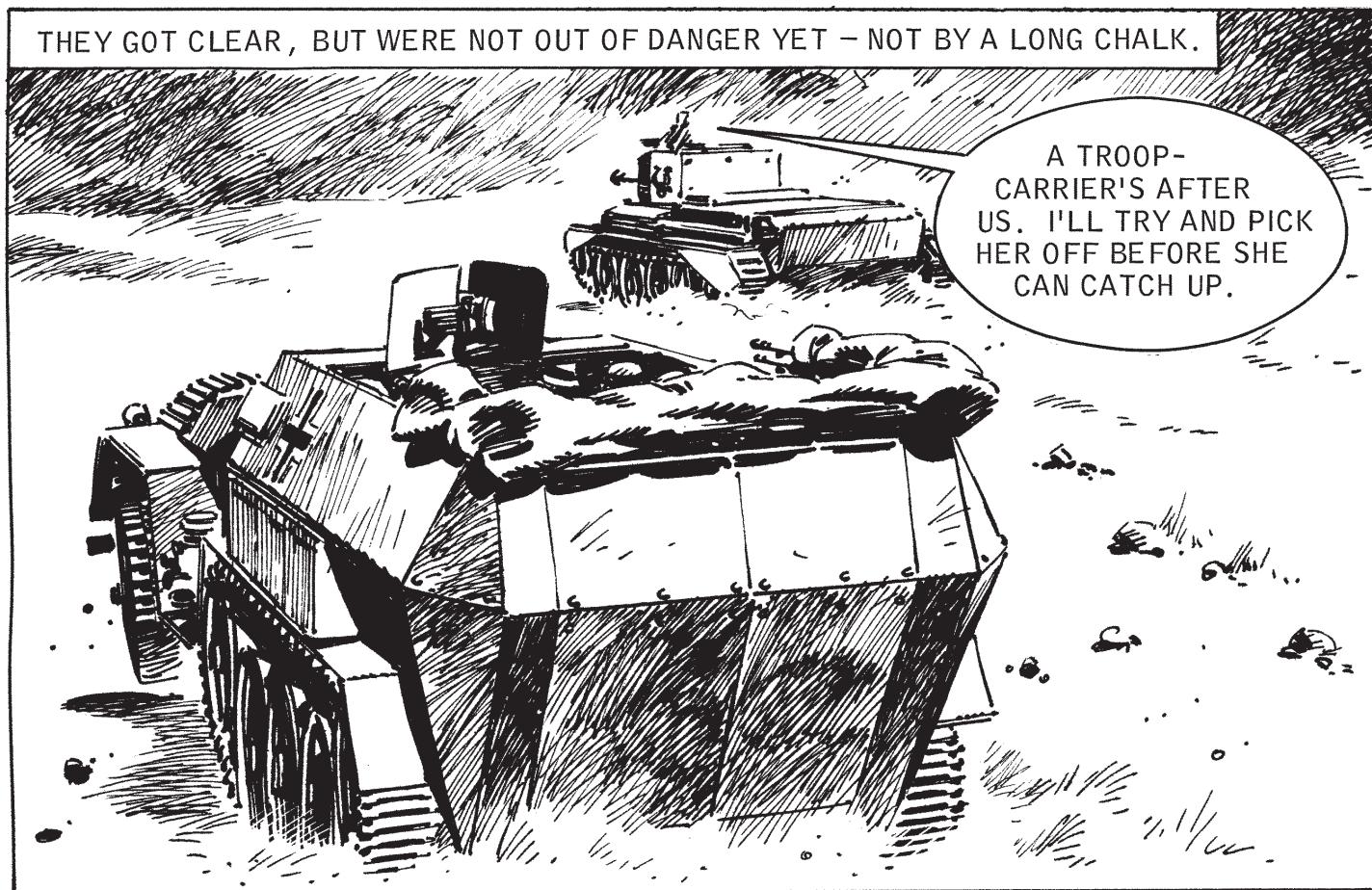
AAAAAGH!

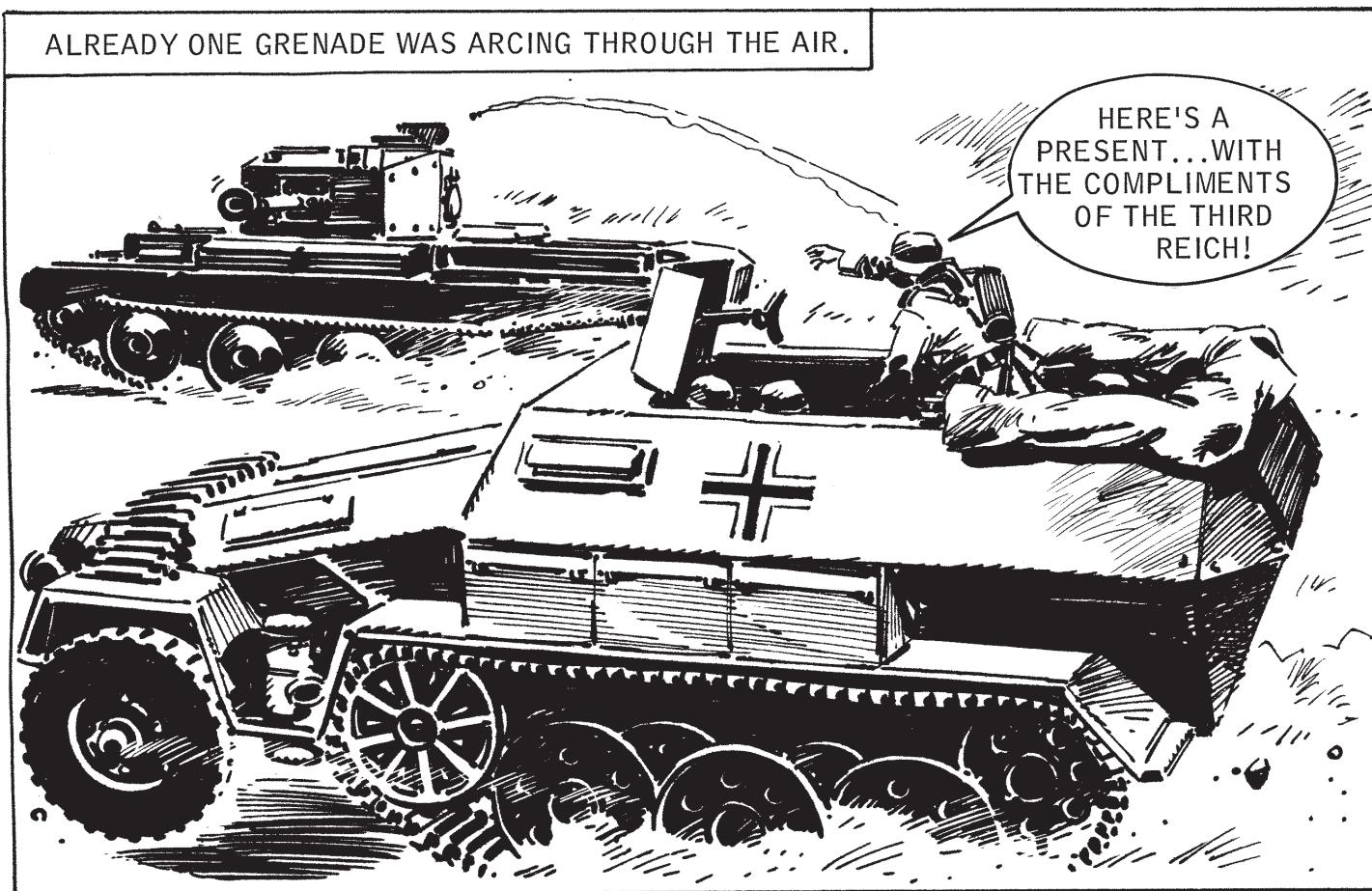
THE LIGHTER VEHICLE TOPPLED OVER, AND THE CROMWELL RACED ON.



MEANWHILE THE JERRIES WERE TIGHTENING THE RING OF STEEL THEY HAD THROWN AROUND RUINED FASANA.

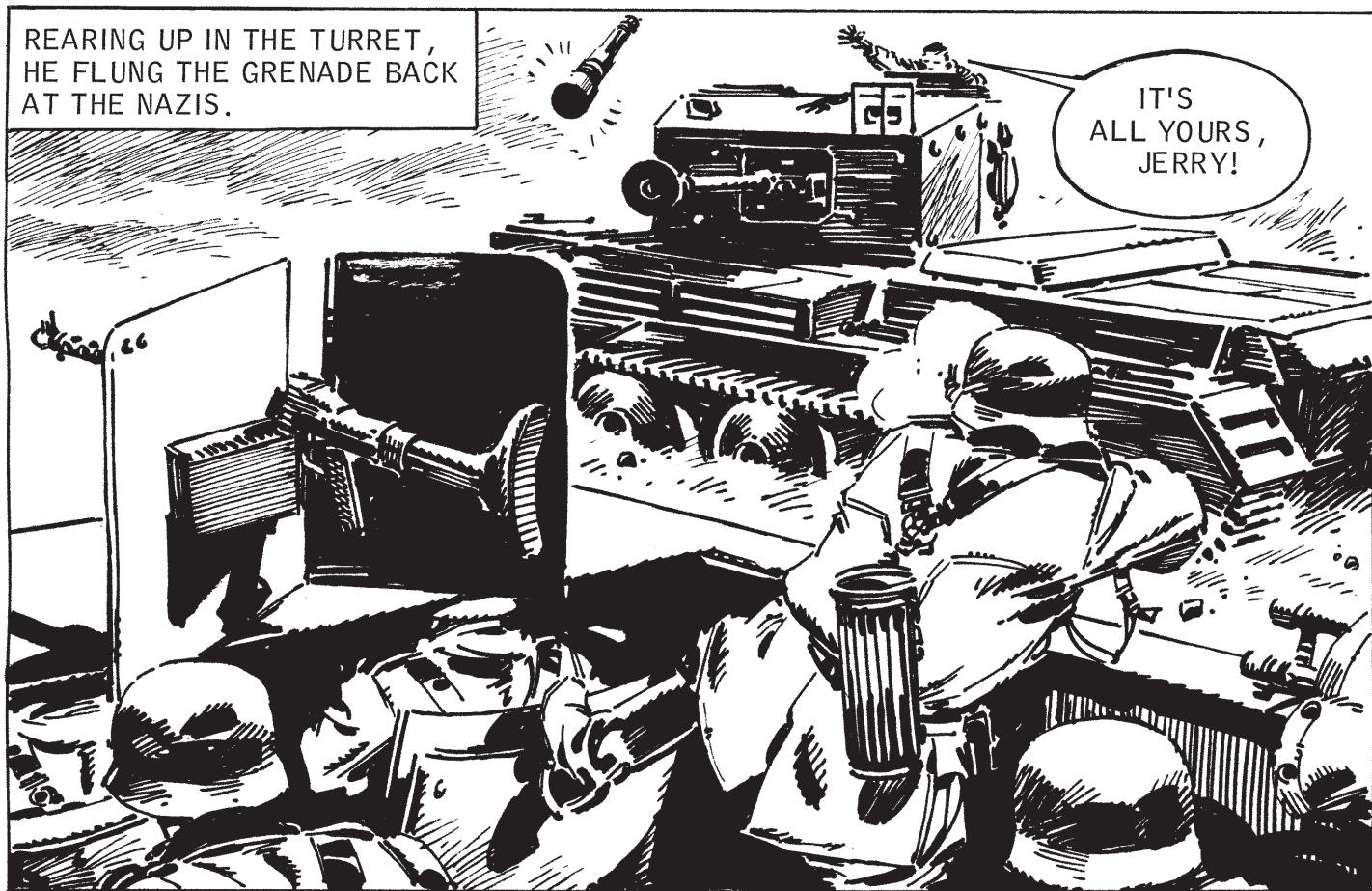






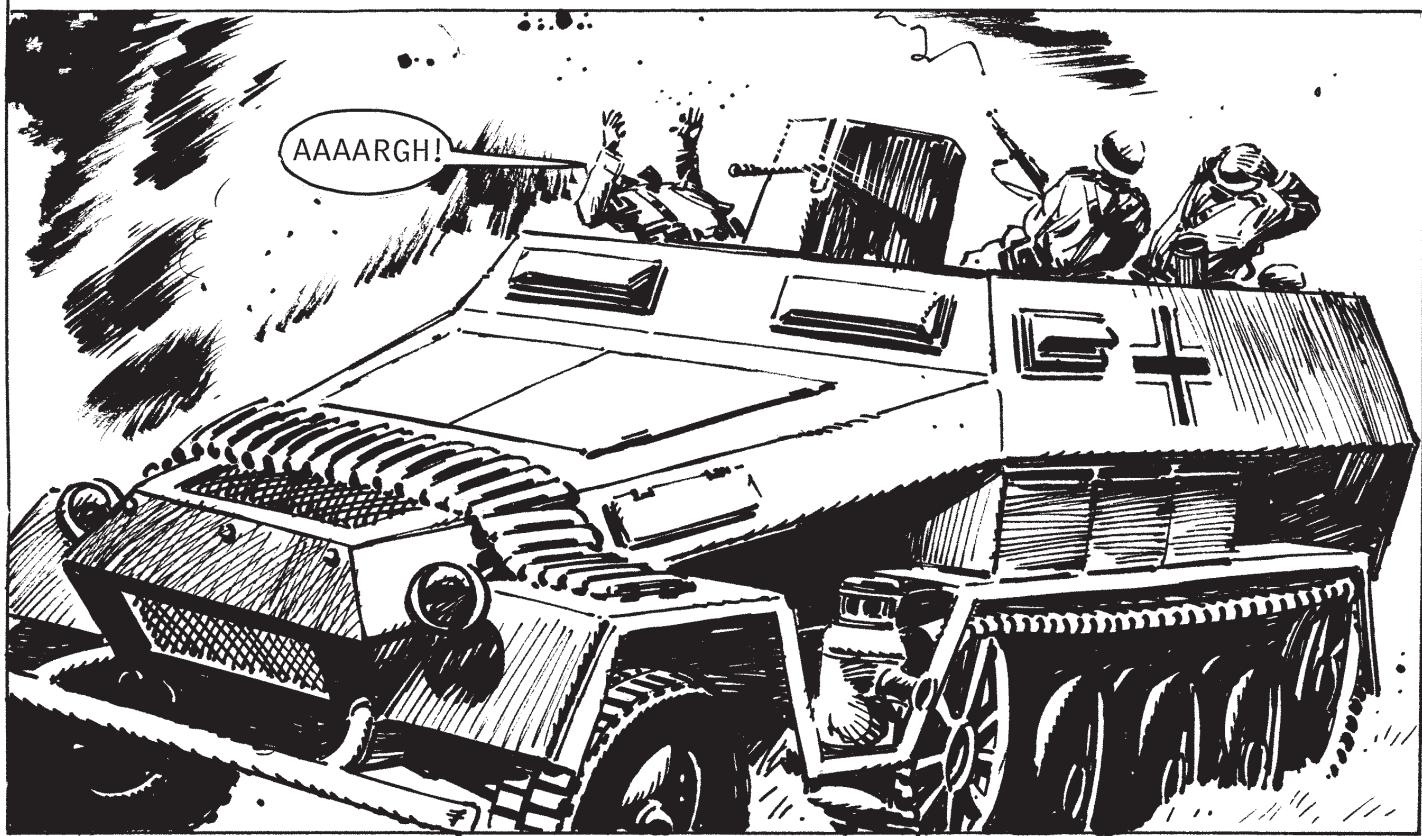
REARING UP IN THE TURRET,
HE FLUNG THE GRENADE BACK
AT THE NAZIS.

IT'S
ALL YOURS,
JERRY!

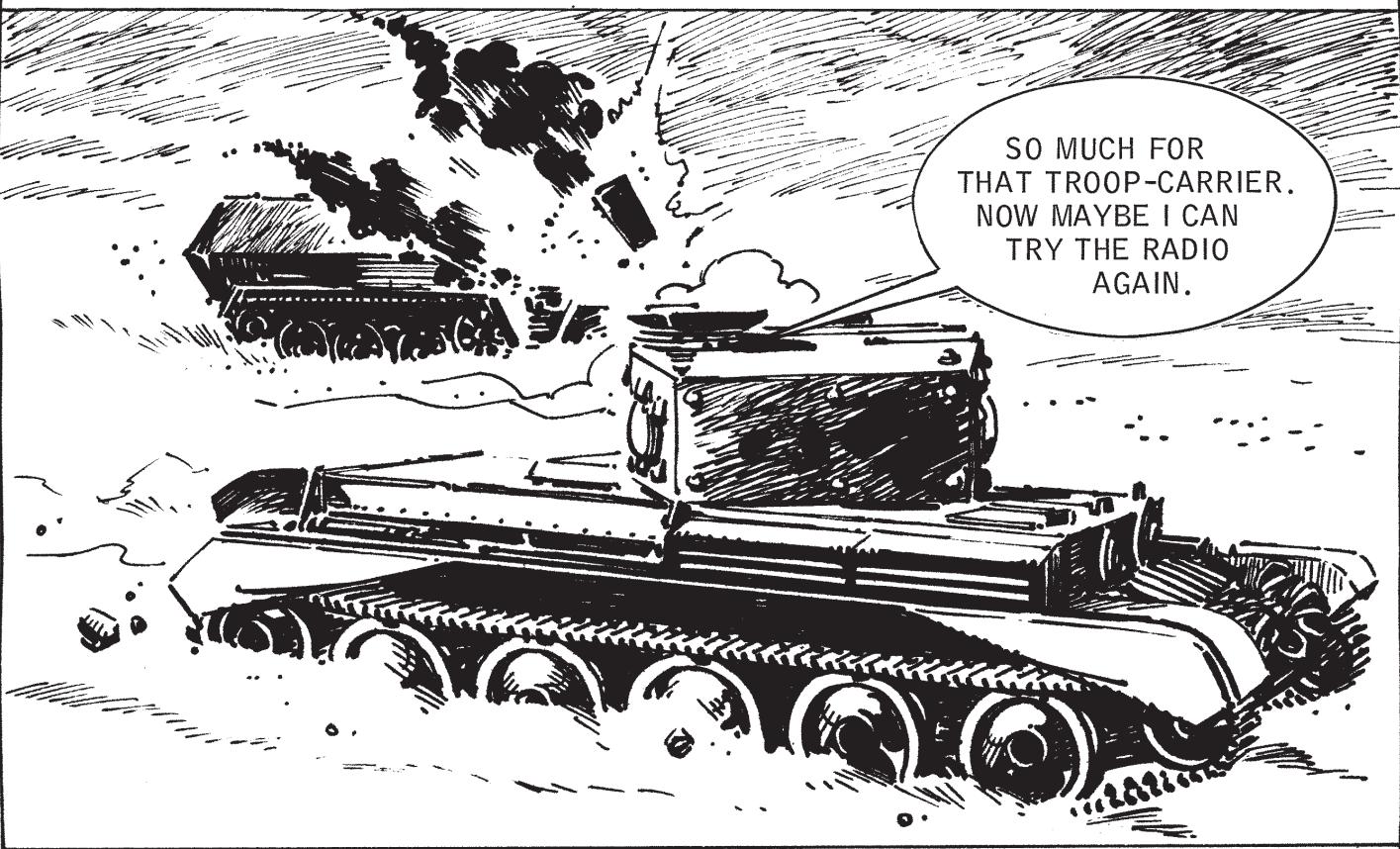


THE GRENADE BURST WITH MAXIMUM EFFECT, KILLING OR STUNNING THE MEN IN THE
HALF-TRACK.

AAAARGH!



NOW DOUG HAD TIME TO LINE UP THE TANK'S CANNON AND MAKE SURE OF HIS TARGET.



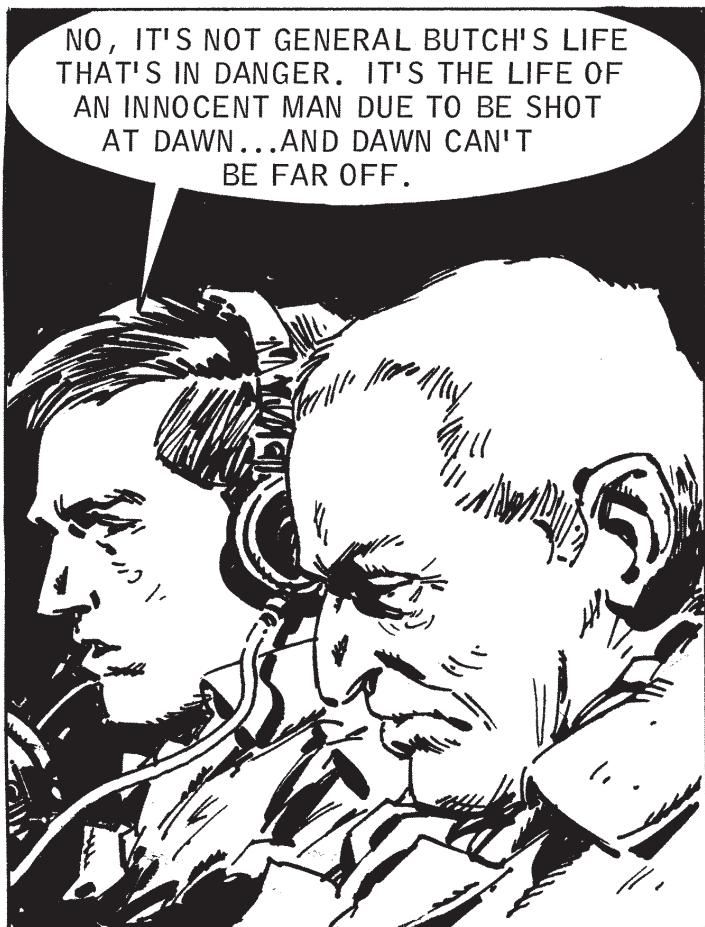
SO MUCH FOR
THAT TROOP-CARRIER.
NOW MAYBE I CAN
TRY THE RADIO
AGAIN.

RADIO COMMUNICATION WAS STILL IMPOSSIBLE BECAUSE OF JAMMING. DOUG SWITCHED TO INTERCOM AS HE REALISED THE TANK'S SPEED WAS SLACKENING.

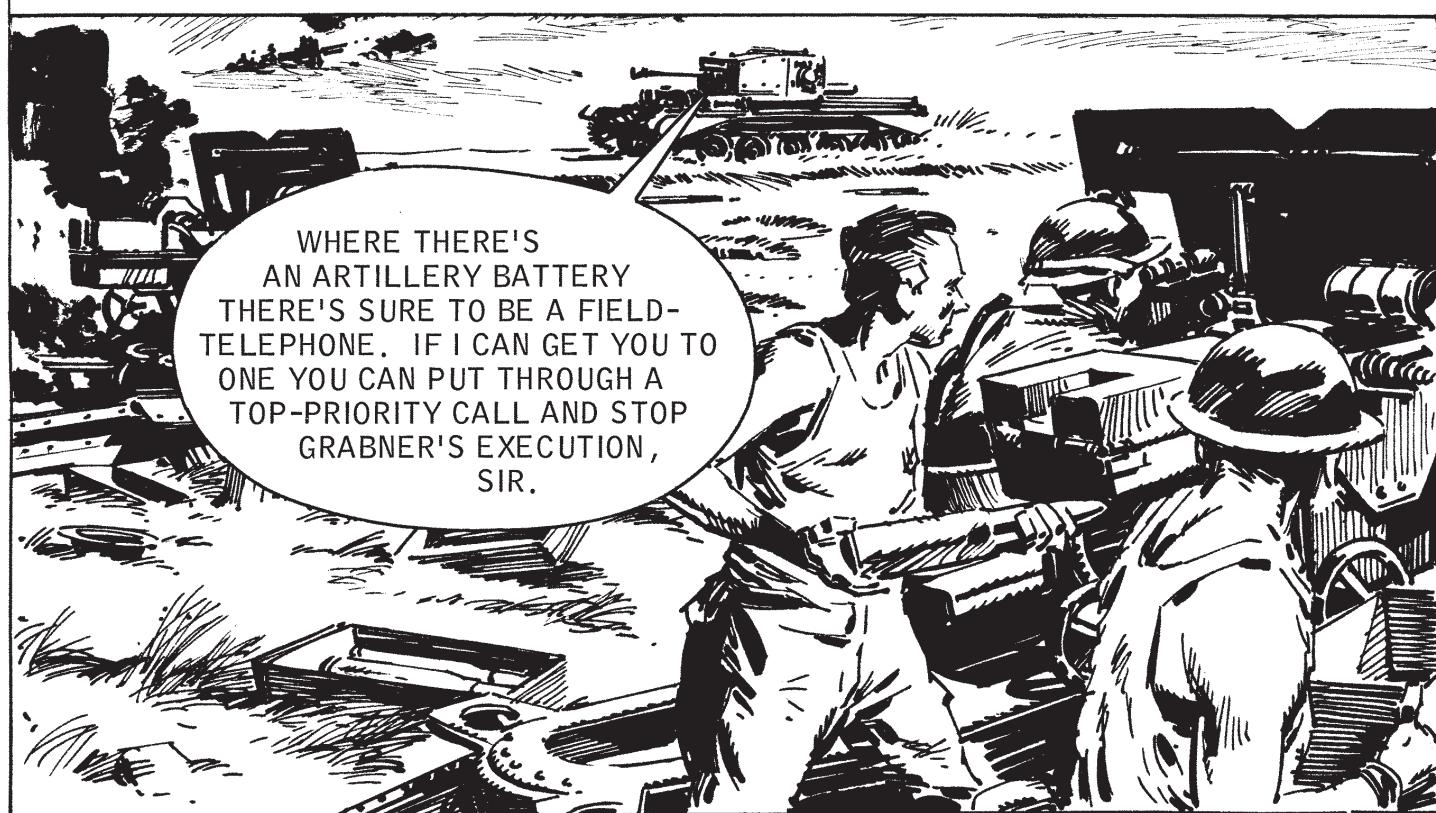


DRIVER, DON'T
EASE UP. A MAN'S
LIFE DEPENDS ON
HOW FAST WE
CAN TRAVEL.

IS GENERAL
BUTCH THAT BADLY
HURT, SIR?



GENERAL BUTCH STRUGGLED TO STAY CONSCIOUS AS THE CROMWELL RATTLED ON THROUGH COUNTRY AS CRATERED AS THE MOON. AT LAST THEY REACHED A BRITISH GUN POSITION –



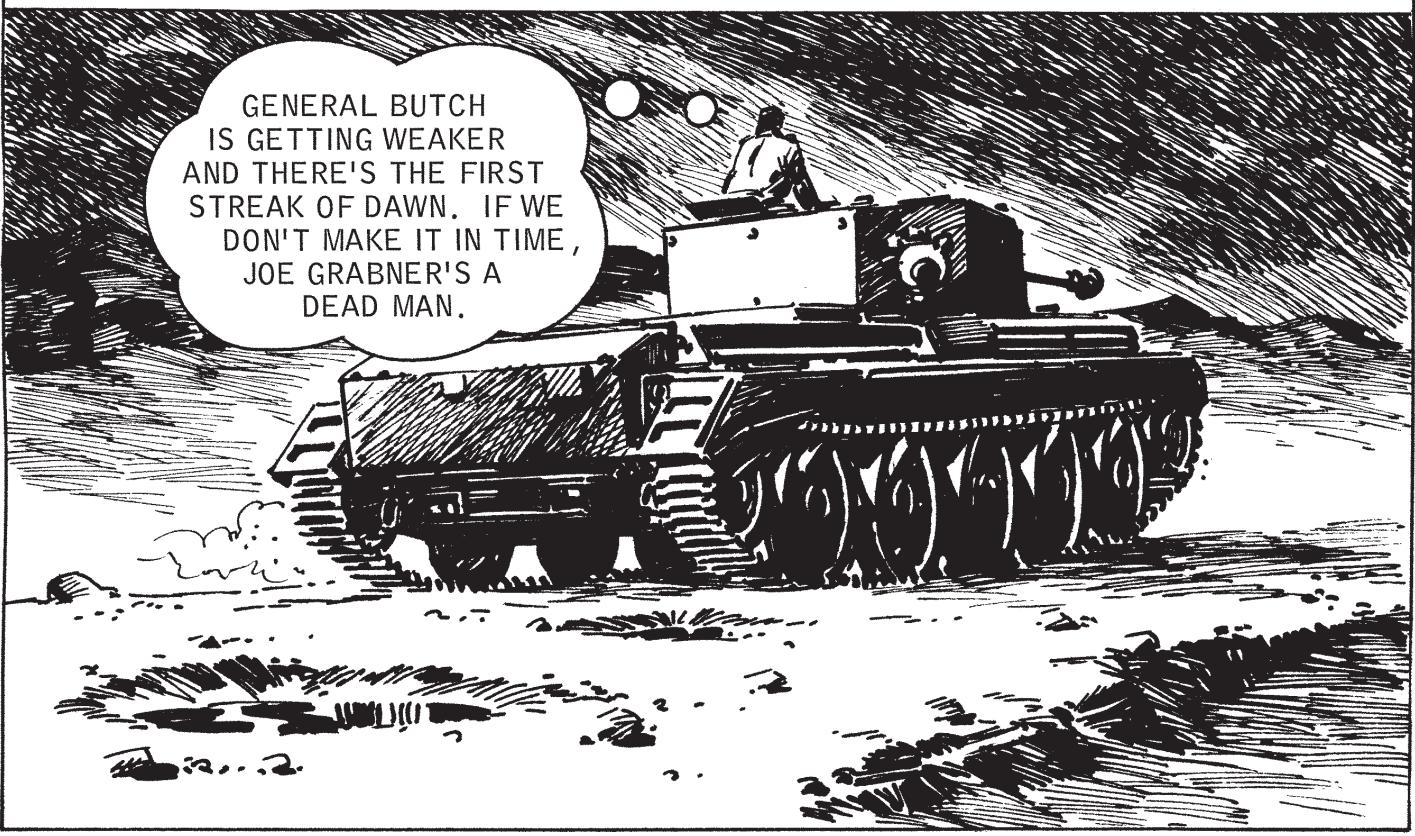
DOUG SPOTTED A DUG-OUT, CALLED A HALT AND SHOUTED TO AN ARTILLERY OFFICER WHO STEPPED FROM THE SHELTER.



WE WANT TO
GET H.Q. ON THE
BLOWER.

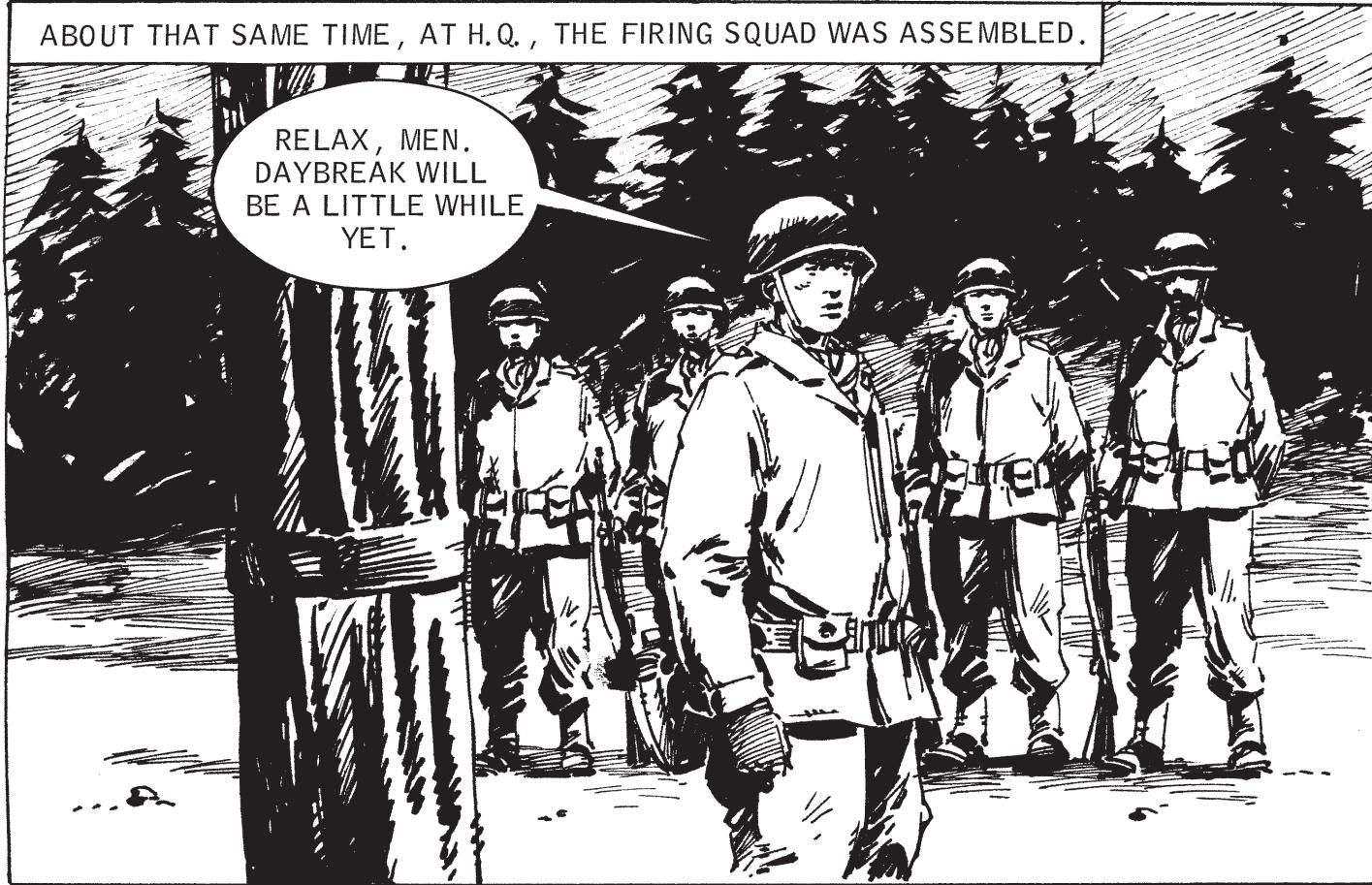
YOU'LL BE
LUCKY. JERRY SHELLS
HAVE RIPPED OUR LAND LINES
TO BITS, AND OUR RADIO'S
BUZZING AND CRACKLING
WITH STATIC AND GERMAN
JAMMING. WE'VE LOST
TOUCH WITH EVERY-
BODY.

THERE WAS NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO PUSH ON, WITH DOUG IN A SWEAT OF AGITATION
AND HIS HEART POUNDING LIKE A STEAM-HAMMER.



GENERAL BUTCH
IS GETTING WEAKER
AND THERE'S THE FIRST
STREAK OF DAWN. IF WE
DON'T MAKE IT IN TIME,
JOE GRABNER'S A
DEAD MAN.

ABOUT THAT SAME TIME, AT H.Q., THE FIRING SQUAD WAS ASSEMBLED.



RELAX, MEN.
DAYBREAK WILL
BE A LITTLE WHILE
YET.

AND JOE GRABNER WAS BEING MARCHED OUT TO FACE DEATH -



I'M INNOCENT,
PADRE. LET IT GO
ON RECORD THAT I KEPT
ON DENYING I WAS A
TRAITOR RIGHT UP TO
THE VERY LAST.

IT SHALL
BE SO RECORD-
ED, MY SON.

THE CONDEMNED MAN WAS TAKEN TO A STAKE AND HIS HANDS WERE BOUND BEHIND IT.



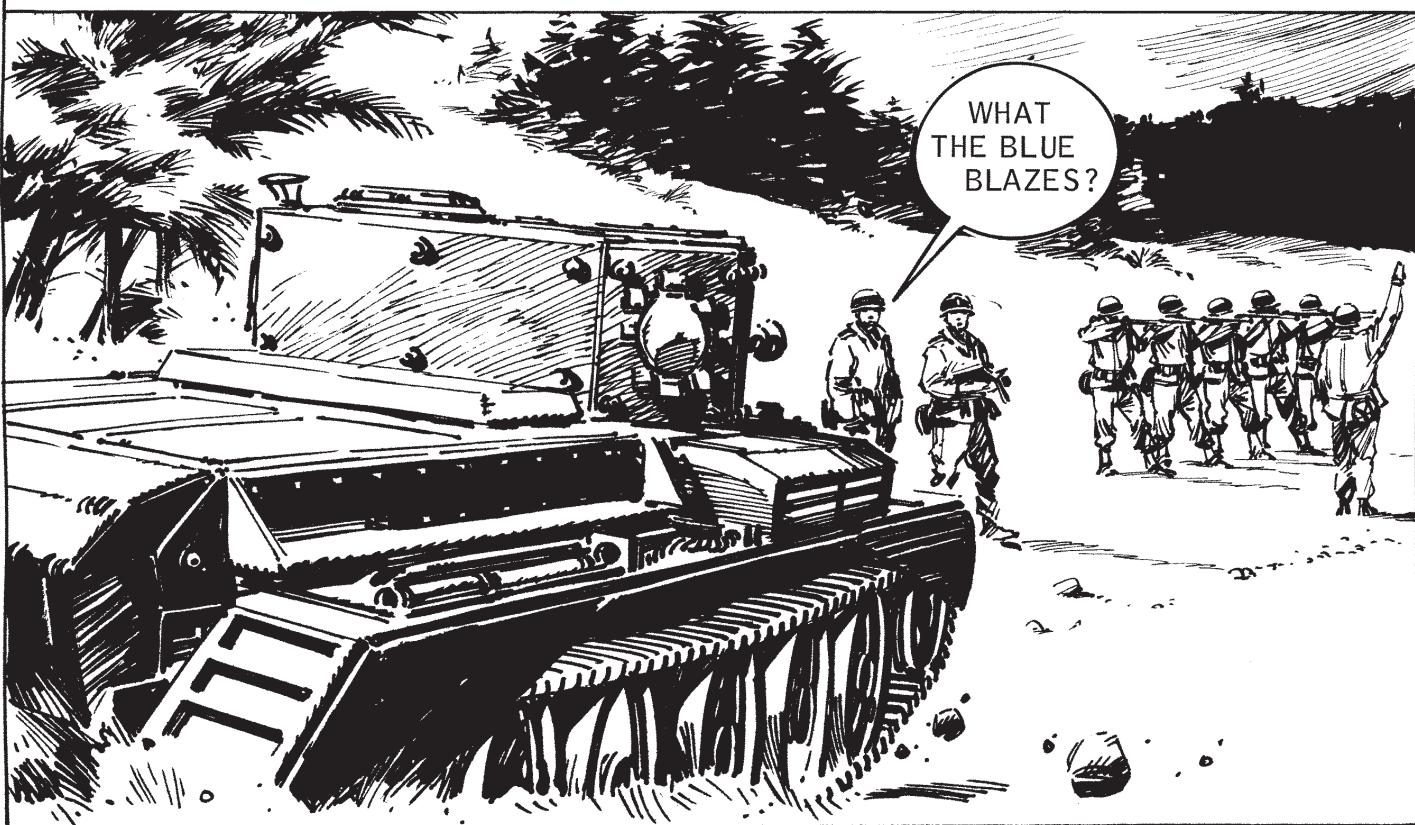
THEN THE BLACK COWL WAS DRAWN OVER GRABNER'S HEAD.



SECONDS LATER THE DREAD ORDER RANG OUT -



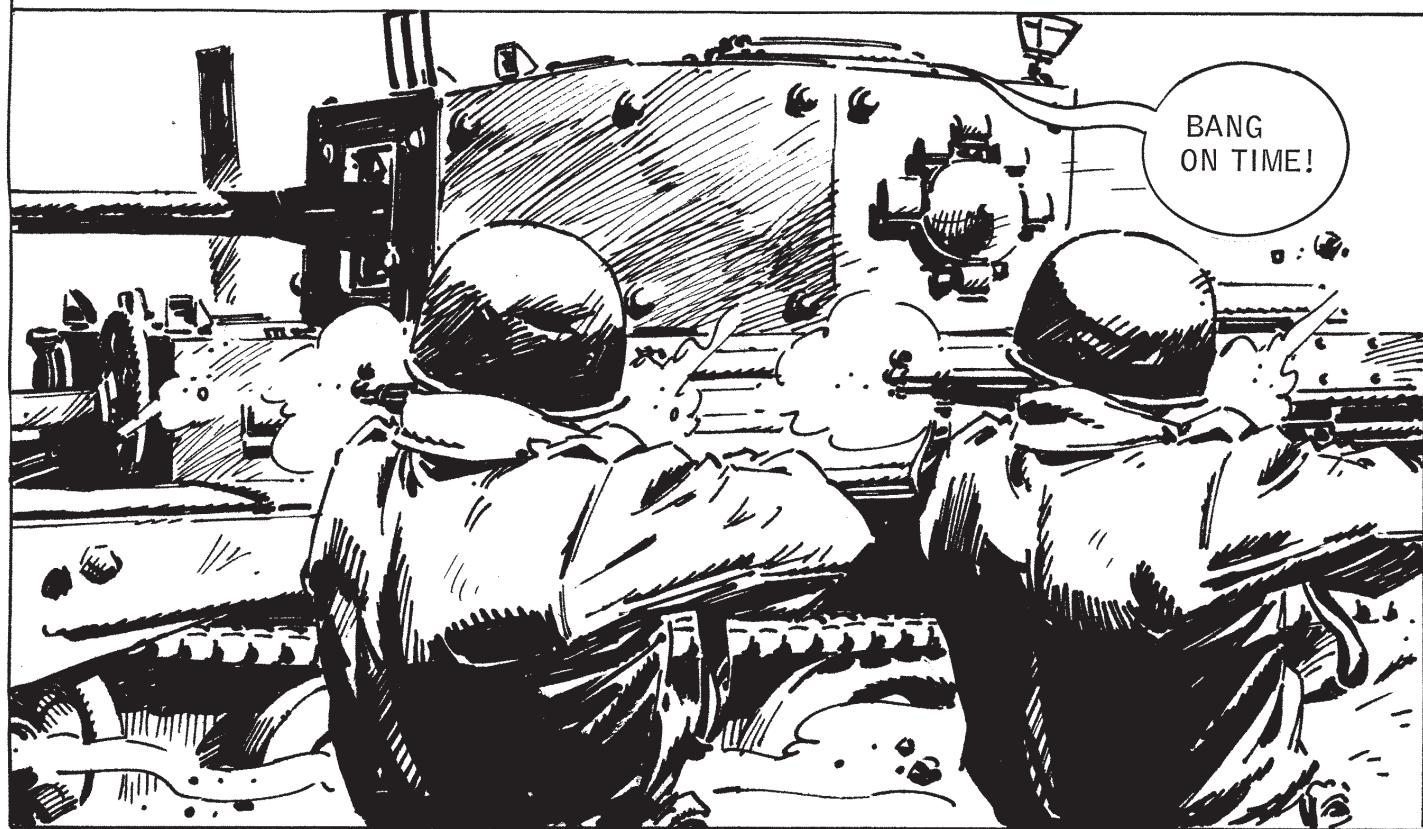
RIFLES WERE LEVELLED AND FINGERS TOOK THE FIRST PRESSURES ON THE TRIGGERS – JUST AS THE CROMWELL RATTLED UP.



A ROARING SEEMED TO FILL JOE GRABNER'S EARS – A ROARING THAT NEARLY DROWNED THE FINAL AND FATAL WORD OF COMMAND.



A VOLLEY CRASHED OUT. THE STRIKE OF BULLETS WAS HEARD – BUT ON ARMOUR-PLATE, NOT FLESH AND BONE.



QUICK AS A FLASH, DOUG WAS OUT OF THE TANK.

OH, NO!
WE WERE TOO LATE
TO GET BETWEEN
HIM AND SOME
OF THE SHOTS.

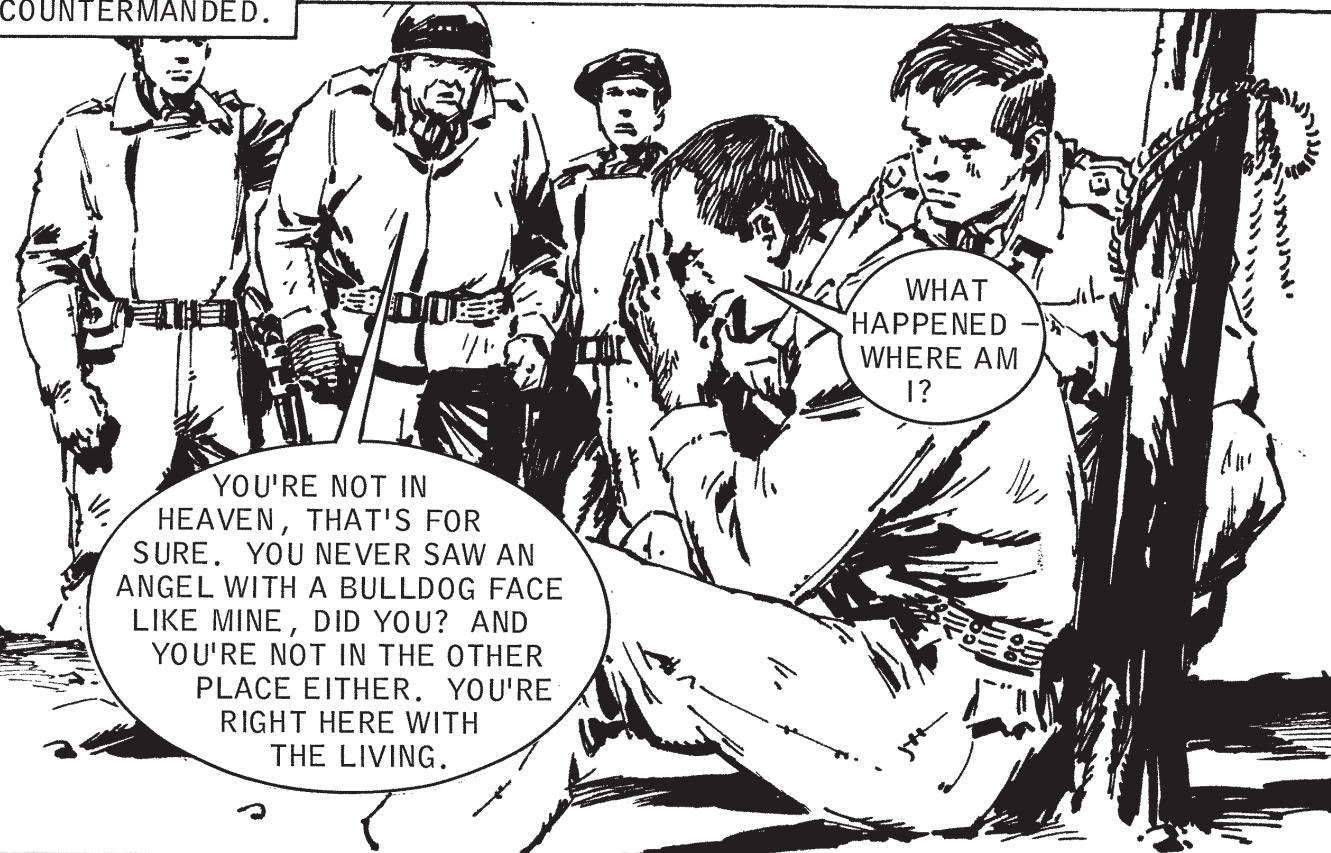


HE RAN TO GRABNER, TOOK OFF THE SINISTER BLACK HOOD AND THRUST A HAND OVER THE YANK'S HEART.

GLORY BE!
HIS TICKER'S STILL
GOING STRONG. HE HASN'T
BEEN HIT AT ALL. HE'S
JUST FAINTED – AND
NO BLINKING WONDER!



BY THE TIME JOE HAD BEEN BROUGHT ROUND, THE ORDER FOR HIS EXECUTION HAD BEEN COUNTERMANDED.



GENERAL BUTCH OUTLINED WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE, AND ON LEARNING HE HAD BEEN REPRIEVED JOE SPOKE GRATEFULLY.



DOUG STARTED TO PROTEST, BUT QUICKLY REALISED THE GENERAL WAS JOKING.



NO, OF COURSE
NOT. YOU DID ALL
YOU COULD TO STOP ME
LOSING BLOOD. NOW GET
ME OVER TO THE FIELD HOS-
PITAL, SO I CAN HAVE MY
WOUND PATCHED UP AND
GET ON WITH THIS
FLAMING WAR.

YOU KNOW
THAT ISN'T TRUE,
SIR -

GENERAL BUTCH WAS HELPED INTO THE TURRET AGAIN. AS THE CROMWELL RUMBLED AWAY HE GLANCED BACK TO SEE JOE AND DOUG SHAKE.



LIEUTENANT, I
WANT TO APOLOGISE
FOR MY BAD MANNERS
IN THE PAST. AS OF NOW,
I AIM TO LOOK ON EVERY
BRITISH SOLDIER AS
MY BUDDY.

WE'LL SHAKE
ON THAT. AND LET'S
START BY USING
FIRST NAMES - JOE.
MINE'S DOUG.

HARMON WAS STILL IN SOME PAIN, BUT HE SMILED.



GENERAL BUTCH WAS RIGHT. WHEN THE NAZI COUNTER-ATTACK AT FASANA WAS BROKEN AND HE WAS ABLE TO GET ON WITH THE WAR, HE HAD TWO AIDES TO HELP HIM RUN THE NAZIS RAGGED.



Commando
THE END



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**MATILDA ON THE MARCH
TWO MEN WENT TO WAR
BLOOD RED DAWN
SKY SHARK**

**GO GET 'EM
RIGHT NOW!**

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TWO MEN WENT TO WAR...

At an Allied HQ in Italy, an American officer was being held under guard. He had been tried and found guilty of treason and at dawn he would face the firing squad.

Miles away the only two men who knew he was innocent were charging through the night to his rescue, shooting their way through the Nazi lines in a Cromwell tank.

And soon the sun would rise...



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