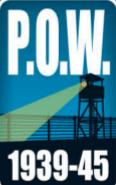


COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No.4792

Commando

THE GOLD COLLECTION



CALL HIM HERO

HE HAD TO LAND TWENTY FEET
DOWN IN A GERMAN RIVER

COMMANDO - GOLD COLLECTION

Title

CALL HIM HERO

Subject

POW stories have always been a bit problematic in Commando. We've always tried to have lots of action in our stories so the static setting of a Stalag doesn't really work. The other thing that's difficult is having a lone character featuring throughout the tale. Endless pictures of a thoughtful hero can get a bit wearing. And yet, Mr Tyson has used both these themes and made a Commando tale that works very well.

With Medrano's inside art and Ken Barr's slightly misleading cover, this is a rare classic seeing the light of day for the first time in 40 years.

Calum Laird, Commando Editor

Issue Number

Call Him Hero originally Commando No 186 (October 1965),
re-issued as No 815 (February 1974)

STORY
TYSON

ART
MEDRANO

COVER
KEN BARR

First Published
1965
No 186



CALL HIM HERO



THIS IS A STORY OF A MAN, A BOMBER PILOT. ALTHOUGH WHEN THE STORY BEGINS HE WAS JUST A BOY...

HIS NAME WAS JACK SHERWOOD, AND IN THE SUMMER OF 1939 HIS THOUGHTS WERE FAR FROM WARFARE. HE HAD NO IDEA OF THE TERRIBLE TASK THAT WAS LATER TO FACE HIM. ALL THAT CONCERNED HIM THEN WAS WINNING HIS RACES AT THE SCHOOL SPORTS.

WHEN THE EVENTS WERE COMPLETED, THE HEADMASTER PRESENTED THE PRIZES — THREE OF WHICH HAD GONE TO JACK SHERWOOD.



ALTHOUGH ONLY EIGHTEEN, JACK WON THE BRITISH 3 MILES CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE WHITE CITY. HOWEVER, IN SEPTEMBER, WAR WAS DECLARED AGAINST NAZI GERMANY, AND BIG-TIME ATHLETIC MEETINGS, AT LEAST FOR THE TIME BEING, WERE FORGOTTEN.



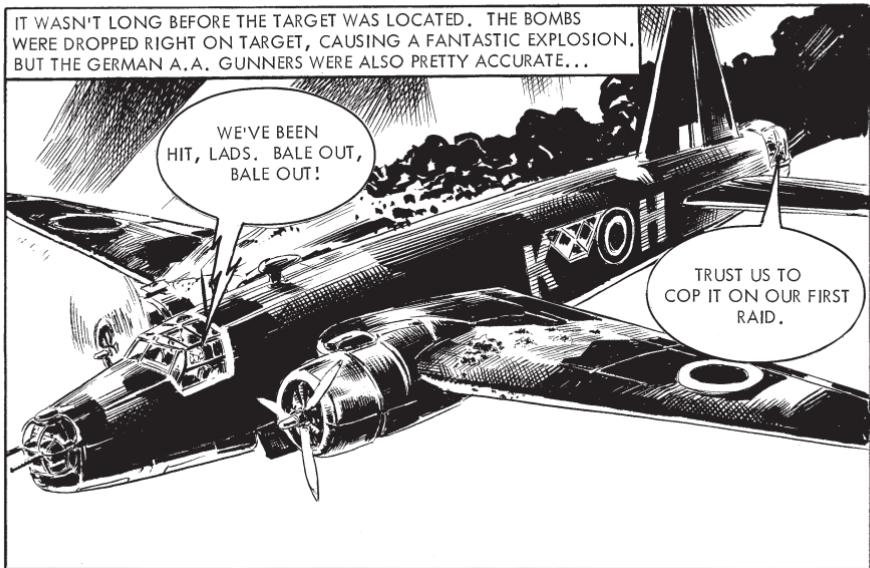
JACK HAD ALWAYS BEEN KEEN ON AIRCRAFT, SO HE VOLUNTEERED AND BECAME A SERGEANT-PILOT IN THE R.A.F.



ON HIS NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY, JACK WAS BRIEFED TO ATTACK THE GERMAN OIL STORAGE TANKS ON THE BANK OF THE DAUREL RIVER.



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE TARGET WAS LOCATED. THE BOMBS WERE DROPPED RIGHT ON TARGET, CAUSING A FANTASTIC EXPLOSION. BUT THE GERMAN A.A. GUNNERS WERE ALSO PRETTY ACCURATE...



THE CREW MANAGED TO JUMP, BUT BY THEN THE 'PLANE WAS TOO LOW FOR JACK TO FOLLOW.



THE WELLINGTON CRASHED INTO THE HOLOCAUST BELOW, CLEARING A SECTION OF BURNING OIL FOR ITSELF.



...BUT SO BADLY DAMAGED WAS THE AIRCRAFT THAT IT SANK IMMEDIATELY. DESPITE HIS LACK OF EXPERIENCE, JACK WAS ABLE TO KEEP HIS WITS ABOUT HIM. HE REACHED UP AND BROKE THE PERSPEX CANOPY.

THE OXYGEN IS COMING THROUGH. I CAN STILL BREATHE.



THE AIRCRAFT CAME TO REST ON THE RIVER BED. JACK STOOD ON HIS SEAT, AND PREPARED TO ESCAPE. ONLY ABOUT TWENTY FEET ABOVE, THE INFERNO WAS RAGING EVEN MORE FURIOUSLY.

THIS OXYGEN MAY
FAIL AT ANY MOMENT, THEN
I'LL BE BREATHING WATER. ONE
LAST BREATH THEN I MUST
BE AWAY.

DRAGGING OFF HIS FLYING JACKET AND HELMET,
JACK GOT READY TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE.

THEN HE TOOK ONE LAST GREAT GASP OF OXYGEN
AND PUSHED HIMSELF OUT OF THE COCKPIT.

I CAN'T SURFACE
IN THAT BLAZE.

JACK WAS ALMOST DONE FOR. THE AMOUNT OF OXYGEN HE HAD LEFT IN HIS LUNGS WOULD HARDLY HAVE FILLED AN ASPIRIN BOTTLE. BUT ONLY TEN YARDS AWAY THE WATER WAS CLEAR.



WITH HIS CHEST JUST ABOUT CAVING IN, JACK SURFACED.



THE WORST WAS OVER, BUT IT WAS STILL ABOUT THIRTY YARDS TO THE SIDE AND THE FLAMES WERE SPREADING FAST.



JACK ALMOST FAINTED WITH RELIEF WHEN HE REACHED THE RIVER BANK.

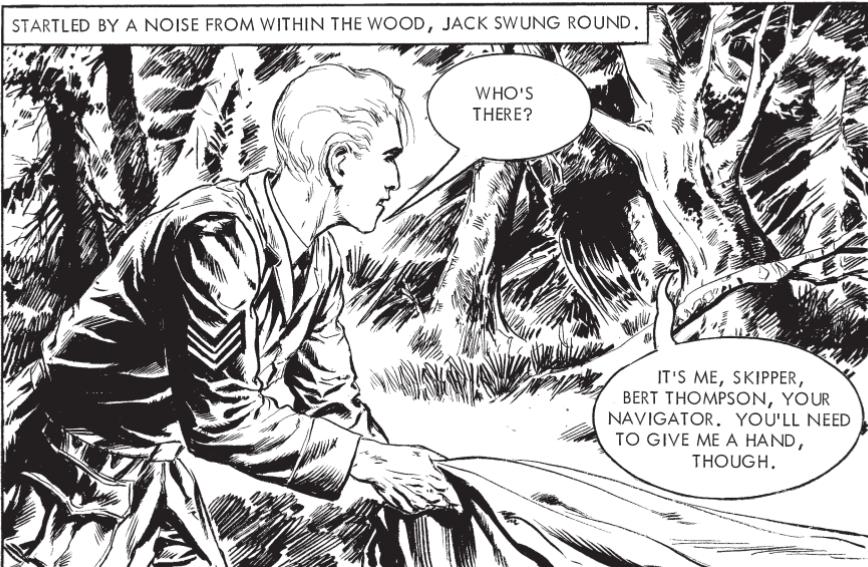


FIND
MORE
FREE
MAGAZINES

FREEMAGS.CC

HE HADN'T A CLUE WHERE HE WAS RUNNING TO, BUT HE CARRIED ON ANYWAY.

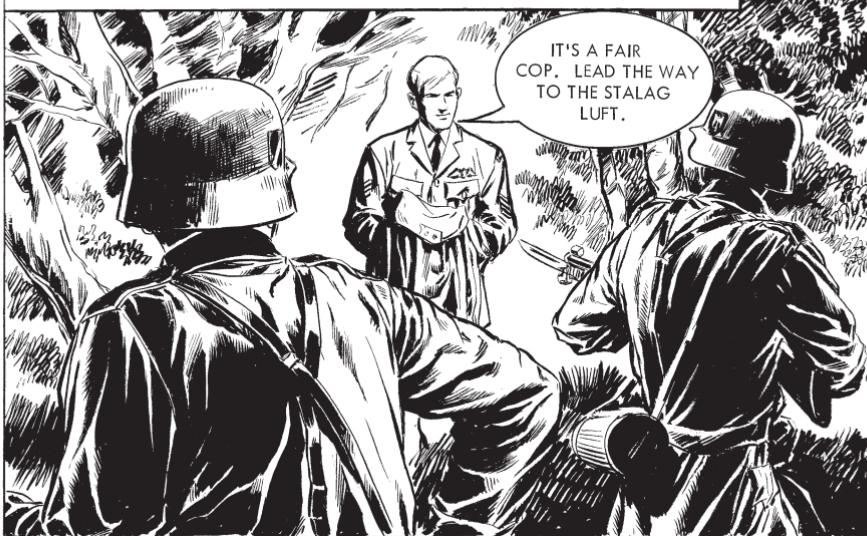
I'LL BET THAT'S ONE
OF OUR BOYS' 'CHUTES. I'D
BETTER HIDE IT BEFORE THE
GERMANS SEE IT.



WHEN THEY SAW THE PLANE COME DOWN, THE GERMANS HAD WASTED NO TIME IN FORMING A SEARCH-PARTY TO LOOK FOR SURVIVORS.



JACK GRABBED THE PARACHUTE AND JUMPED OUT IN FULL VIEW OF THE GERMANS.



ALL THE WHILE THE OIL TANKS WERE BLAZING FURIOUSLY IN THE BACKGROUND.



ONE OF THE GERMANS SEIZED JACK AND KNOCKED HIM TO THE GROUND.



JACK ROLLED OVER ON HIS BACK TO AVOID THE BAYONET, BUT THE GERMAN WASN'T JOKING. THEN...



AS THE GERMANS ARGUED JACK DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT.



FIRING RAPIDLY, THE GERMANS SCORED TWO LUCKY HITS.



THE PAIN NUMBED HIS SENSES AND HE COULDN'T GO ANY FURTHER.



ATTRACTED BY THE RIFLE SHOTS, ANOTHER SEARCH PARTY OF GERMAN SOLDIERS JOINED THE HUNT.



BECAUSE OF HIS CONDITION, JACK MISSED THE INTERROGATION AND WAS RUSHED TO THE DREADED STALAG LUFT 9 — THE INFAMOUS GERMAN PRISON-OF-WAR CAMP FOR BRITISH AIRMEN. HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE HOSPITAL THERE.



THEN JACK FELT HIS BLOOD FREEZE IN HIS VEINS AS A BLACK-CLAD FIGURE APPEARED AT THE BOTTOM OF HIS BED. IT WAS COLONEL WILLI STEINER, DREADED COMMANDANT OF STALAG LUFT 9.



FOUR WEEKS LATER JACK WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE PRISON HOSPITAL. IN THE COMPOUND HE MET BERT THOMPSON, HIS NAVIGATOR AND STAN TODD, HIS TAIL-GUNNER. BOTH HAD BEEN PICKED UP BY GERMAN PATROLS SHORTLY AFTER HIM.



WING COMMANDER BLYTHE ESCORTED JACK TO A BARE BARRACK HUT. STAN TODD DROPPED OFF INTO HIS OWN HUT ON THE WAY.





WING COMMANDER BLYTHE WENT OFF, LEAVING JACK AND BERT ALONE. JACK REACHED FOR HIS CRUTCHES AND BEGAN TO HOBBLE OUTSIDE, FOLLOWED BY BERT.





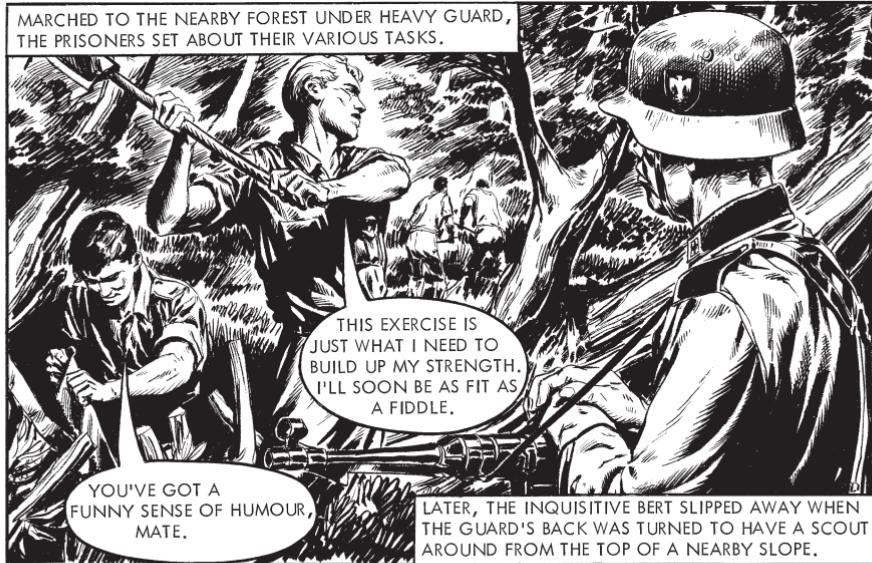
AND SO DAY AFTER DAY JACK HOBBLED AROUND THE COMPOUND IN AN EFFORT TO REGAIN FITNESS.



LITTLE BY LITTLE, JACK FELT THE STRENGTH FLOW BACK INTO HIS MUSCLES. UNFORTUNATELY THE GERMANS HAD ALSO NOTICED JACK'S PROGRESS AND LOST NO TIME IN DETAILING HIM FOR THE WORK PARTY WHICH LEFT THE CAMP EVERY MORNING TO WORK IN THE NEARBY FOREST.



MARCHED TO THE NEARBY FOREST UNDER HEAVY GUARD, THE PRISONERS SET ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS TASKS.



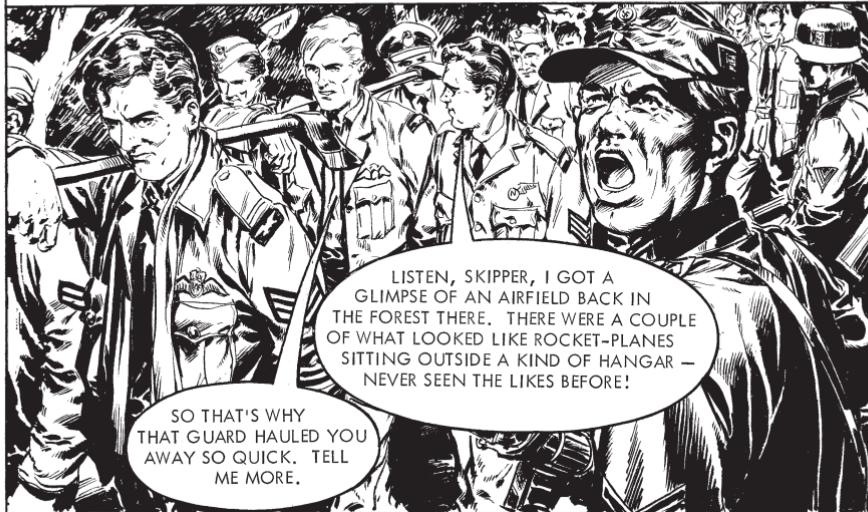
BERT'S EYES WIDENED IN AMAZEMENT AT WHAT HE SAW IN THE VALLEY BEYOND. NEXT SECOND THE RAGING GUARD WAS ON HIM.



AND BEFORE BERT COULD SEE MORE, A HEFTY SWIPE FROM THE GUARD SLAMMED HIM TO THE GROUND.



THAT EVENING THE PRISONERS WERE MARCHED BACK TO CAMP HALF AN HOUR EARLIER THAN USUAL.



BUT BACK AT CAMP, BEFORE BERT COULD TELL JACK ANY MORE —



IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE HE REALISED.



BERT WAS MARCHED OUT OF SIGHT BEHIND THE COMMANDANT'S H.Q. BRIEF COMMANDS, AND A VOLLEY OF SIX RIFLE SHOTS RANG OUT.



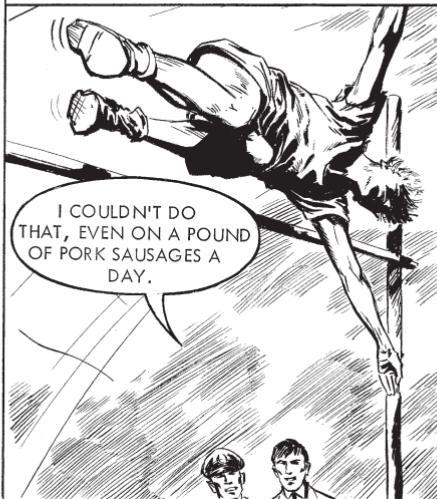
AS FROM TODAY, ALL WORK ON THE FOREST ROAD IS CANCELLED. YOU WILL AMUSE YOURSELF IN THE COMPOUND. BUT LET ME WARN YOU, IF YOU PLAN ANY TROUBLE IN YOUR IDLENESS, YOU WILL BE SEVERELY PUNISHED.



AND SO, NOW FREE FROM THE WORKING PARTY, JACK FOUND MORE TIME TO PRACTISE HIS EXERCISES. LIFTING HEAVY SLABS OF CEMENT WAS GOOD FOR THE BICEPS. HIS THOUGHTS, HOWEVER, KEPT WANDERING TO THAT ROCKET-BASE JUST OVER THE HILL IN THE FOREST.

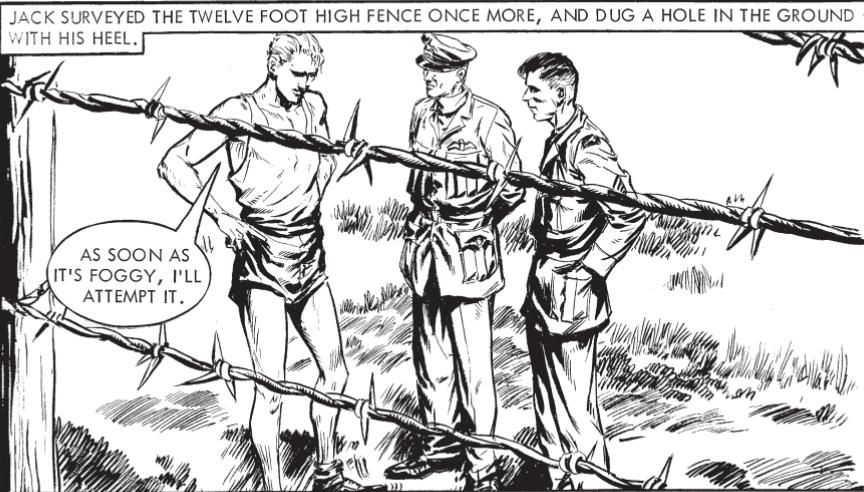


THE PRISONERS RIGGED UP A HIGH-JUMP AND SET THE BAR AT SIX FEET. JACK SPRANG FORWARD, LEAPTED UP AND OVER.



WING COMMANDER BLYTHE AND STAN TODD WENT ROUND TO SPEAK TO JACK AS HE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE SANDPIT.





THE WING COMMANDER REMAINED SILENT. STAN SHRUGGED HIS SHOULDERS. THEY KNEW IT WOULD BE FUTILE TO TRY TO MAKE JACK CHANGE HIS MIND. THEY ALSO KNEW THAT ANY ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE WAS SUICIDAL.



FORTUNATELY THE GERMAN GUARDS DID NOT DISCOVER JACK'S POLE. THEN A WEEK AFTER BERT WAS SHOT, A THICK BLANKET OF FOG ROLLED DOWN THE FOREST SLOPES INTO THE CAMP.



AND SO THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN. WITH HIS MIND IN A WHIRL, HIS STOMACH KNOTTED WITH FEAR, AND HIS LEGS ALMOST VISIBLY TREMBLING, JACK RACED OUT INTO THE FOGGY NIGHT.



TERRIFYING THOUGHTS RACED THROUGH HIS HEAD. THE POLE WAS TOO HEAVY. HE HADN'T VAULTED FOR OVER TWO YEARS. THE TENSION WAS DRAINING THE STRENGTH FROM HIS BAD ARM AND LEG, AND TO CROWN ALL, HE COULDN'T EVEN SEE THE HOLE WHICH WAS TO BE HIS TAKE OFF POINT.

BUT FORTUNATELY HE DID
MANAGE TO SEE IT. HE
PLUNGED THE POLE IN.
UP AND UP HE WENT, BUT
THEN THE GUARDS'
SEARCHLIGHT CAUGHT
HIM IN ITS BEAM AND
THE MACHINE GUN
OPENED UP.



CURSE MY
WEAK LEG!

...THE POLE BROKE AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT, AND JACK MADE A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SWING
HIMSELF OVER THE WIRE.



YE GODS —
NOT NOW!

THE SIRENS WAILED AS JACK CLEARED THE FENCE. WITHIN SECONDS THE PATROLS WOULD BE OUT AFTER HIM.

IT'S GETTING
TOO HOT ROUND
HERE.

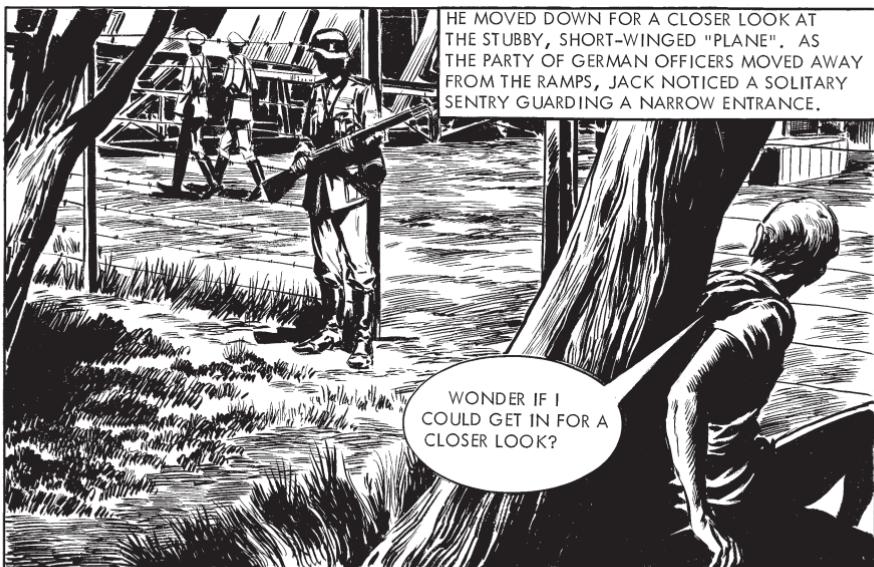
LOCATING THE FOREST ROAD HE KNEW SO WELL FROM HIS WORKING PARTY DAYS, ONCE OUT OF THE FOG, JACK SPUNTED TO OUT-DISTANCE THE PURSUIT.



HE COULD HAVE CRIED WITH JOY. ALL THOSE WEEKS OF GRAFT HAD NOT BEEN IN VAIN. BUT JACK KNEW THIS WAS FOR REAL. HE WOULD BE IN DEEP TROUBLE IF HE WERE CAUGHT.



JACK MADE HIS WAY SWIFTLY TO THE WOODED RIDGE FROM WHERE BERT HAD SEEN HIS "AIRFIELD" — AND GAPED IN AMAZEMENT.



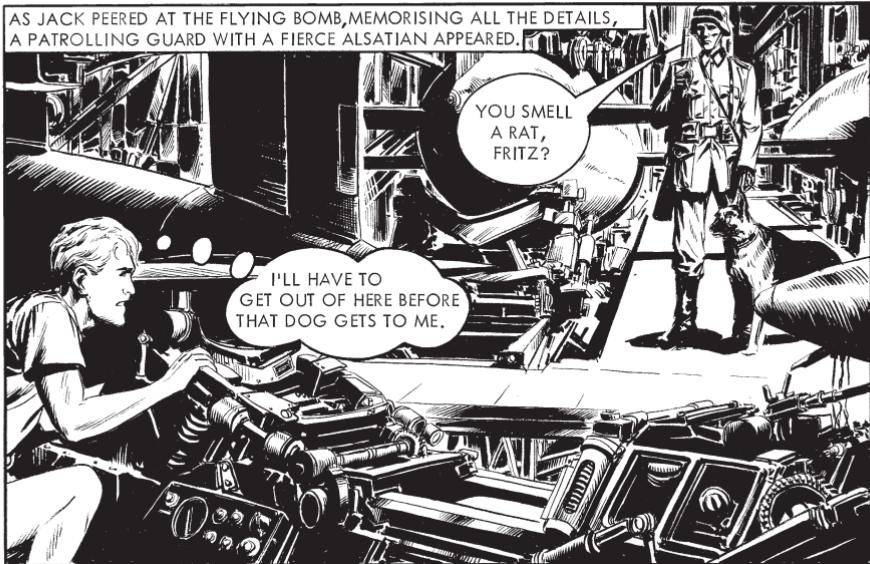


BEFORE THE GUARD COULD RAISE THE ALARM, JACK DODGED THE LUNGING BAYONET, GRABBED HIM BY THE THROAT AND THREW HIM TO THE GROUND.

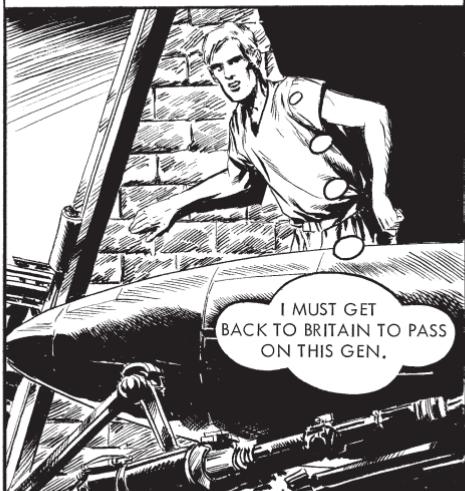




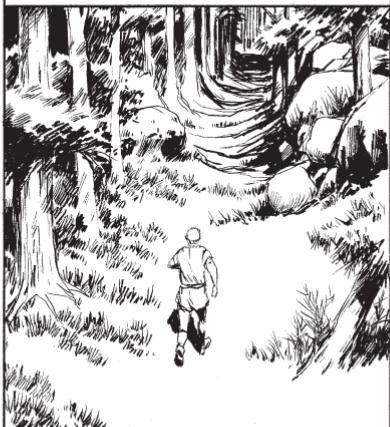
AS JACK PEERED AT THE FLYING BOMB, MEMORISING ALL THE DETAILS, A PATROLLING GUARD WITH A FIERCE ALSATIAN APPEARED.



JACK LOST NO TIME SLIPPING AWAY, RUNNING DOWNWIND SO THAT THE DOG WOULD NOT GET HIS SCENT.



AS JACK RAN, HE REVIEWED HIS PLAN OF ESCAPE. THE COAST WAS FORTY-FIVE MILES TO THE NORTH AND HE HAD NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO GO IT ON FOOT, EXPOSED TO EVERY DANGER THAT THE ENEMY COULD OFFER.



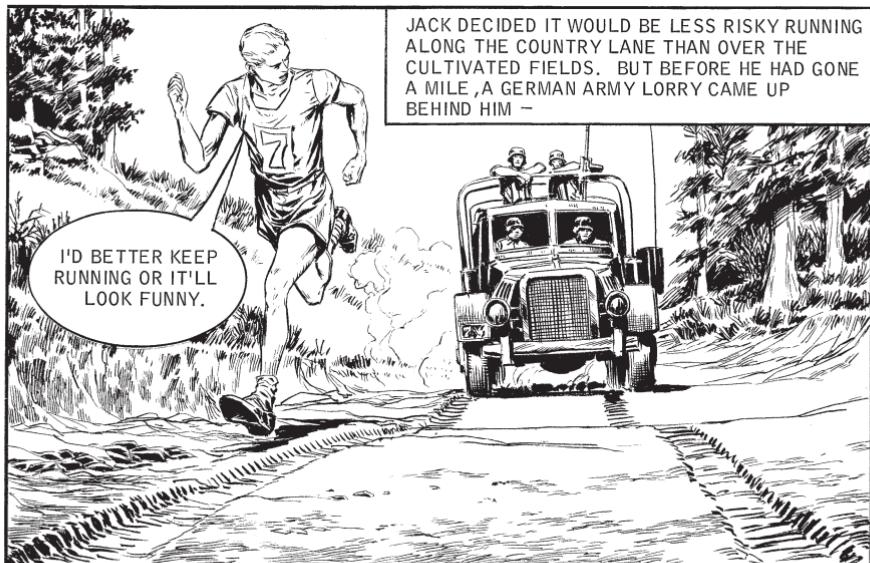
JACK COVERED TEN MILES THAT NIGHT, TAKING HIS BEARINGS FROM THE STARS, AND WHEN DAWN BROKE HE SLEPT FOR SIX HOURS IN THE BUSHES. ON WAKING, HE BATHED AND DRANK FROM THE STREAM AND BREAKFASTED ON HALF A BAR OF CHOCOLATE.



THEN HE PINNED A NUMBER ON TO HIS SHIRT.



HE KNEW THE GERMAN ARMY ENCOURAGED THEIR SOLDIERS TO DO CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING TO KEEP FIT, AND SO HOPED TO PASS AS AN ARMY ATHLETE IN TRAINING.

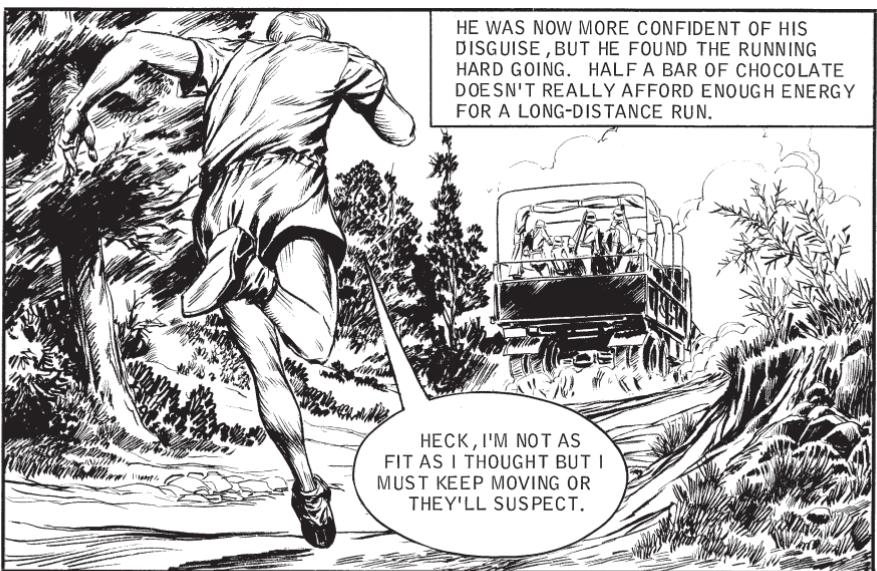


FEARFULLY JACK HEARD THE LORRY COME NEARER AND NEARER. THEN IT WAS PAST HIM, SOLDIERS LEANING OUT THE BACK AND JEERING AT HIM.



HE WAS NOW MORE CONFIDENT OF HIS DISGUISE, BUT HE FOUND THE RUNNING HARD GOING. HALF A BAR OF CHOCOLATE DOESN'T REALLY AFFORD ENOUGH ENERGY FOR A LONG-DISTANCE RUN.

HECK, I'M NOT AS FIT AS I THOUGHT BUT I MUST KEEP MOVING OR THEY'LL SUSPECT.



JACK HAD SEEN THE LORRY TURN OFF THE ROAD, BUT HAD THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT UNTIL HE FOUND HIMSELF RUNNING PAST A GERMAN ARMY CAMP.



IT WAS A NERVE-RACKING EXPERIENCE TO RUN PAST THE GERMAN SOLDIERS.

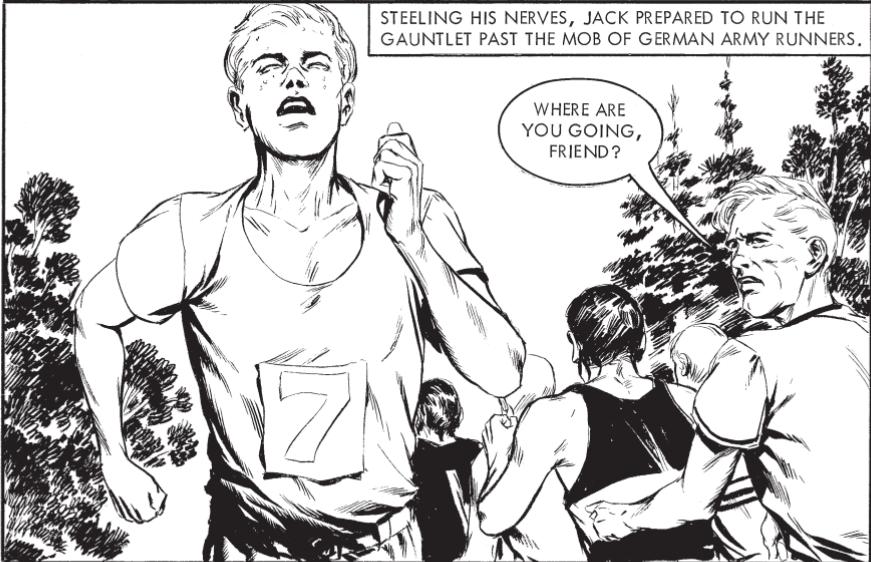


FORCING HIMSELF TO THE UTMOST, JACK RACED ON.
JUST AS HE BEGAN TO SLACKEN HIS PACE AGAIN...



STEELING HIS NERVES, JACK PREPARED TO RUN THE
GAUNTLET PAST THE MOB OF GERMAN ARMY RUNNERS.

WHERE ARE
YOU GOING,
FRIEND?



JACK MADE IT PAST THE MAIN GROUP WITHOUT INCIDENT, BUT THEN HE RAN INTO A BUNCH OF STRAGGLERS BEING HERDED ALONG BY A GERMAN SERGEANT ON A BICYCLE.



IN ORDER TO AVOID QUESTIONING BY THE GERMAN N.C.O., JACK TURNED AROUND AND RAN WITH THE RUNNERS.



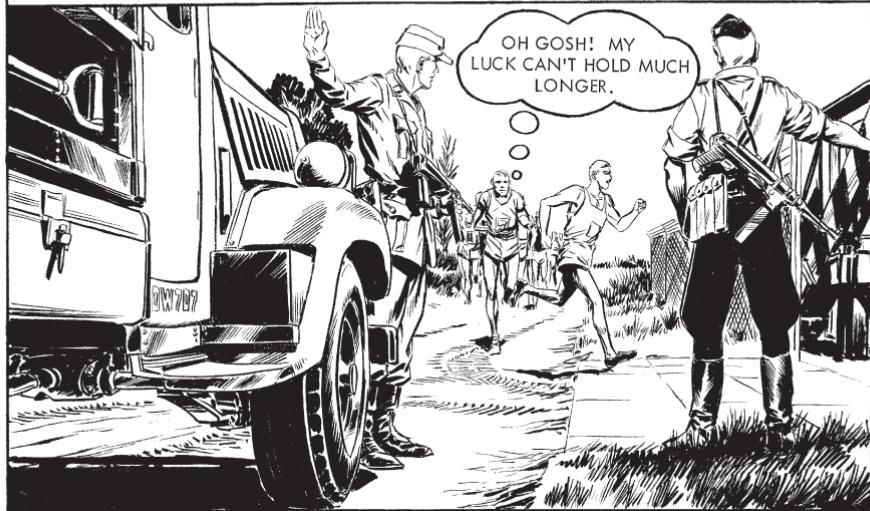
HE FOUND HIMSELF WITH THE SERGEANT BEHIND AND THE ARMY CAMP IN FRONT. HE REALISED THAT UNLESS HE CLEARED THE FIELD, HE'D BE HERDED WITH THE OTHER RUNNERS INTO THE ARMY CAMP.



FEARING CAPTURE AND EXECUTION, JACK PUT EVERY OUNCE OF ENERGY HE HAD INTO RUNNING, BUT THE LEADING GERMAN WAS MUCH FRESHER AND WAS NOT GOING TO BE BEATEN.



THE LEADING GERMAN WAS A SUPERB RUNNER. JACK BECAME SO ENGROSSED IN HIS DUEL WITH HIM THAT HE FORGOT ABOUT THE GERMAN CAMP UNTIL HE WAS ALMOST IN THE GATE.



TO AVOID SUSPICION, JACK RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWED THE LEADING GERMAN ATHLETE INTO THE CAMP OF THE 117 ARTILLERY BRIGADE.



THE GERMAN LED THE WAY PAST THE BARRACK SQUARE...



...AND INTO AN ARMY HUT.



JACK FOLLOWED THE GERMAN, WHO WAS IN FACT A BATTALION CHAMPION, THROUGH THE BARRACKS INTO THE SHOWERS.



JACK WRAPPED A TOWEL ROUND HIS SHOULDERS AND WENT ALONG THE STEAMY AISLE BETWEEN THE SHOWER CUBICLES AS THE OTHER RUNNERS STARTED TO COME IN.



FORTUNATELY THERE WAS A WINDOW AT THE END OF THE HUT.



ONCE OUTSIDE, JACK CLAMBERED OVER THE WIRE FENCE BETWEEN HIM AND FREEDOM.



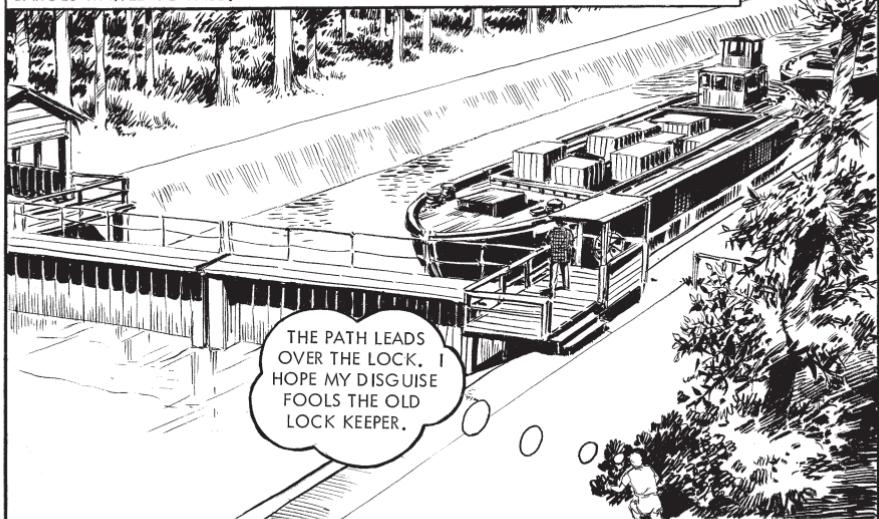
JACK WAS NOT FOLLOWED AS HE TROTTED DEEP INTO THE FOREST. HE REALISED THAT LUCK WOULD NOT ALWAYS BE ON HIS SIDE.



FIVE HOURS LATER, JACK CAME OUT OF THE FOREST ON TO THE BANKS OF A CANAL.



RUNNING ALONG THE TOWPATH, JACK CAME UPON A LOCK WHERE A STRING OF BARGES WAITED TO PASS.



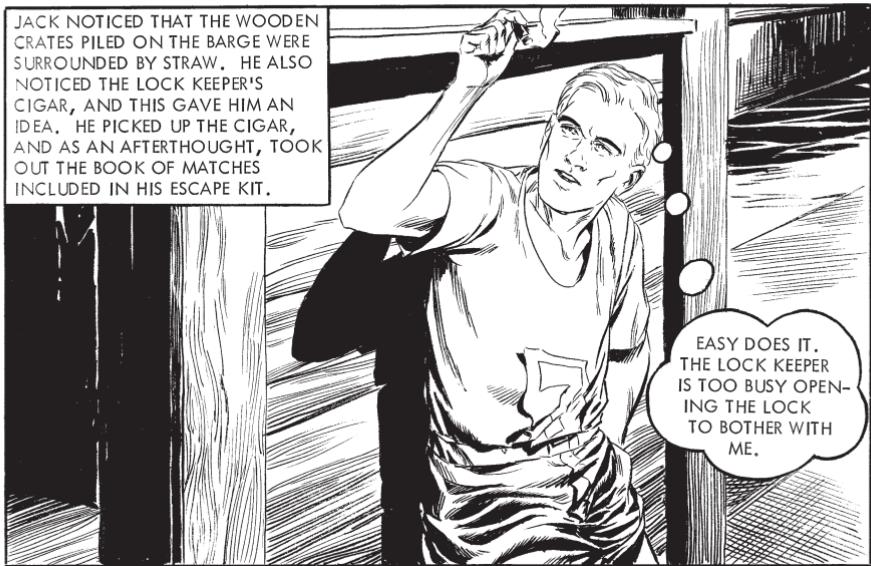
HE APPROACHED THE LOCK JUST AS THE OLD KEEPER PREPARED TO OPEN IT.



SLOWLY THE BARGES CHUGGED PAST THROUGH THE LOCK. JACK'S EYE WAS ATTRACTED BY THE PILES OF BOXES IN THE持S OF THE BARGES.



JACK NOTICED THAT THE WOODEN CRATES PILED ON THE BARGE WERE SURROUNDED BY STRAW. HE ALSO NOTICED THE LOCK KEEPER'S CIGAR, AND THIS GAVE HIM AN IDEA. HE PICKED UP THE CIGAR, AND AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT, TOOK OUT THE BOOK OF MATCHES INCLUDED IN HIS ESCAPE KIT.



TURNING HIS BACK ON THE BARGES TO SHIELD HIS ACTION, JACK SLIPPED THE LIGHTED CIGAR IN BETWEEN THE MATCHES.



IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER FOR JACK TO FLING HIS HOME-MADE TIME FUSE INTO THE HOLD OF THE LAST BARGE AS IT PASSED.



FRETTING IMPATIENTLY, JACK AT LAST MANAGED TO CROSS THE CANAL WHEN THE LOCK GATES WERE SHUT AGAIN.



BEFORE THE LOCK KEEPER COULD PONDER ANY LONGER, THE LAST BARGE EXPLODED IN A GIGANTIC GOUT OF WATER, SPREADING FIRE TO THE OTHER BARGES.



AS THERE WAS NO ONE IN SIGHT, JACK SLIPPED ABOARD, CAST OFF THE MOORING ROPES AND SILENTLY PUSHED THE BOAT INTO THE CENTRE OF THE CANAL.

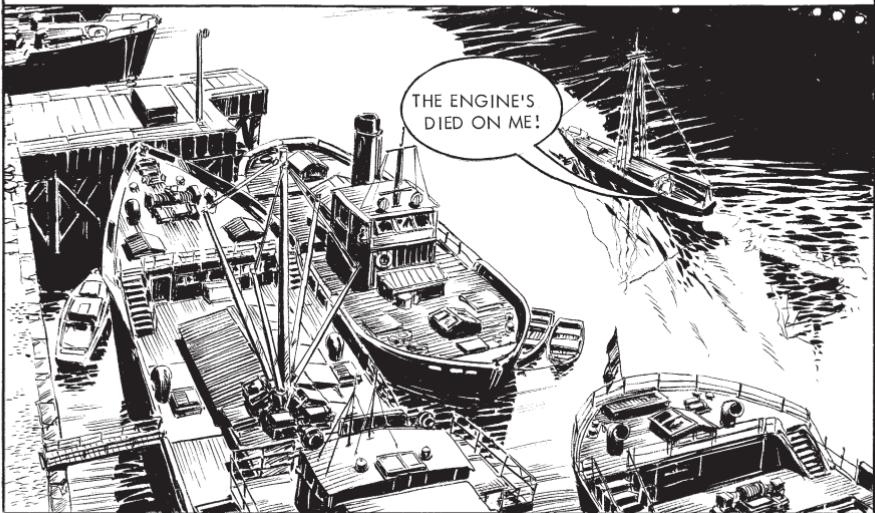


THE CURRENT'S
QUITE FAST. THE
SEA CAN'T BE FAR
OFF.

THE INBOARD DIESEL ROARED THROUGH THE SUMMER NIGHT AIR WHEN JACK PRESSED THE STARTER BUTTON. HE OPENED THE THROTTLE AND SAILED DOWNSTREAM AT SIX KNOTS.



JACK'S LUCK RAN OUT WITH THE DIESEL FUEL, JUST AS THE CANAL OPENED OUT INTO A WIDE ESTUARY WITH SHIPYARDS ON EITHER SIDE.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO DISCOVER THE TROUBLE.



JACK WENT FORAGING FORWARD IN SEARCH OF SAILS.

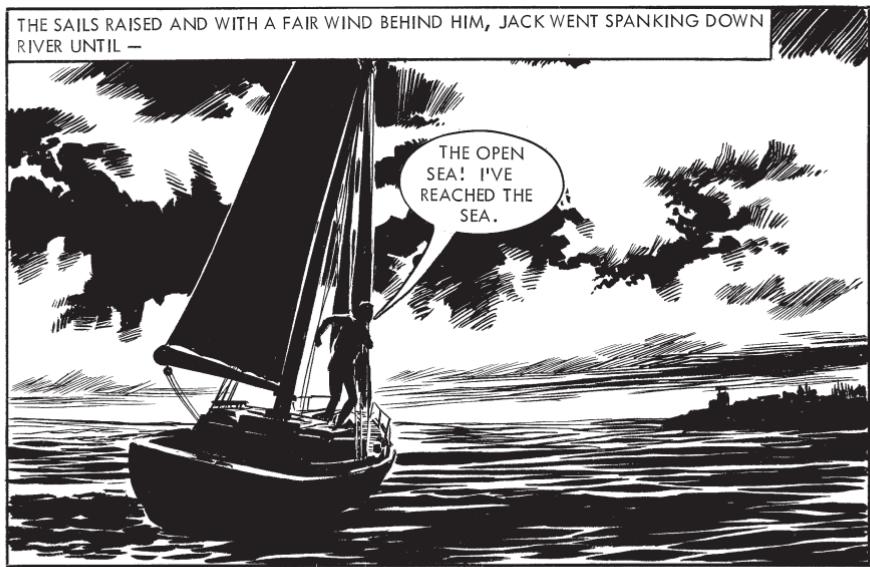


SOMEHOW JACK MANAGED TO RIG UP SOME SAILS.



UP SHE GOES.
IT'S A GOOD JOB
I ONCE TOOK AN
INTEREST IN
YACHTING.

THE SAILS RAISED AND WITH A FAIR WIND BEHIND HIM, JACK WENT SPANKING DOWN RIVER UNTIL —



THE OPEN
SEA! I'VE
REACHED THE
SEA.

NO VOICE ROSE TO CHALLENGE HIM AS HE SLIPPED FROM THE QUIET HARBOUR INTO THE ROUGH SURGE OF THE NORTH SEA.



THE DARKNESS WAS TO JACK'S ADVANTAGE. THE BRISK WIND PUSHED THE SMACK THROUGH THE WATER AT A LIVELY PACE.



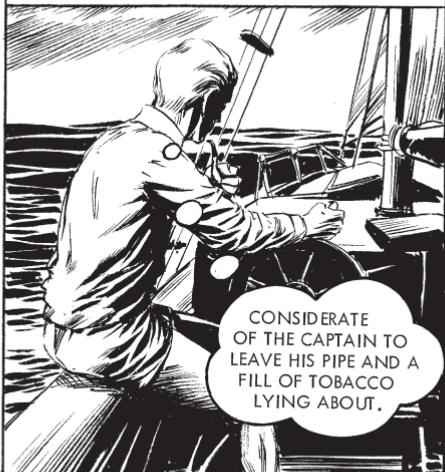
BUT THE COLD SEA AIR GNAWED AT JACK'S BONES. HE HOVED TO AND SEARCHED OUT A GRUBBY WHITE JERSEY.



JACK WAS LUCKY IN HIS SEARCH FOR FOOD.



JACK COOKED HIMSELF A HUGE MEAL, AND DINED LIKE A LORD FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR SIX MONTHS BEFORE RETURNING BACK ON DECK AND HEADING FOR ENGLAND.



BUT JACK'S LUCK COULDN'T LAST FOREVER. THE FISHING SMACK HAD BEEN REPORTED AS STOLEN AND NOW E-BOATS SEARCHED THE SEA FOR IT, KNOWING THERE WAS PROBABLY AN ESCAPED BRITISH PRISONER ON IT.



THE SLEEK E-BOAT SOON CAUGHT UP WITH JACK. HE HAD HEARD THE THROB OF THEIR MOTORS AND WAS CROUCHING IN THE COVER OF THE CABIN WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT PICKED OUT THE SEEMINGLY DESERTED SMACK.



UNABLE TO FACE CAPTURE AFTER SO MUCH HARDSHIP, JACK SLIPPED OVER THE SIDE, PREFERRING TO BE TAKEN BY THE SEA THAN BY HIS ENEMIES.



THE E-BOAT CAME ALONGSIDE THE SMACK AND AN ARMED PARTY SWARMED ABOARD.

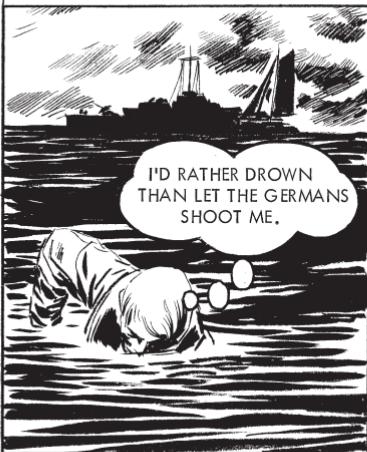
COME OUT AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF.



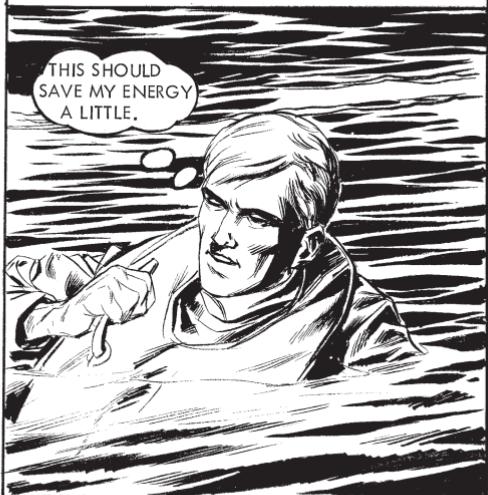
JACK WAS SPOTTED BY THE GERMAN SAILORS JUST AS HE BEGAN TO SWIM CLEAR. A HAIL OF BULLETS PLUCKED THE WATER ABOUT HIM.



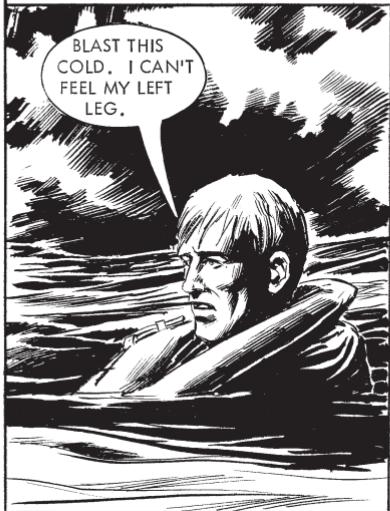
THE DARK AND THE HEAVY SWELL SOON HID JACK FROM THE GERMANS. THEY GAVE UP AND TOOK THE SMACK IN TOW, CONFIDENT THE SEA WOULD CLAIM YET ANOTHER VICTIM,



ONCE CLEAR OF THE GERMAN E-BOAT, JACK INFLATED THE LIFEBELT HE HAD FOUND ON THE SMACK.



JACK FLOUNDERED THROUGH THE COLD SEA ALL NIGHT.



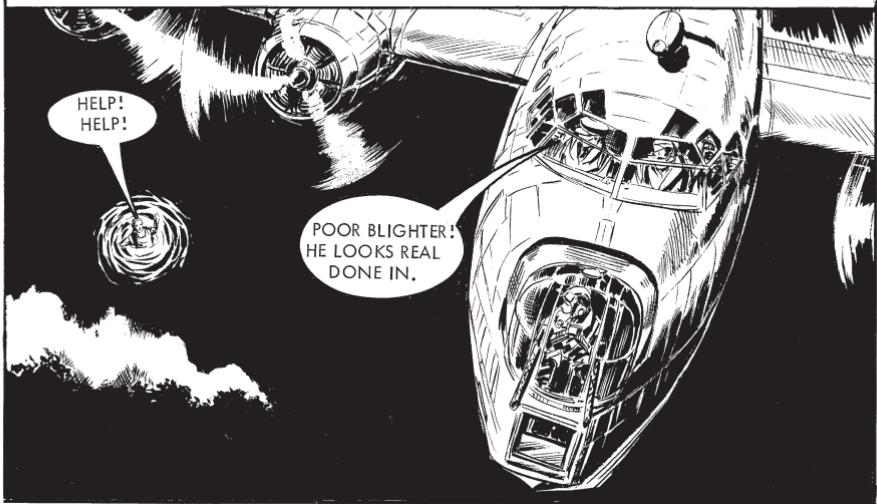
WHEN DAWN BROKE, JACK FOUND HIMSELF ALL ALONE IN THE EMPTY SEA.



AFTER ELEVEN HOURS IN THE WATER, JACK HEARD THE DRONE OF AIRCRAFT ENGINES. HE PEERED SKYWARDS, THROUGH HIS SALT-CAKED EYELIDS TO SEE A LARGE SUNDERLAND DRONE BY.



THE SUNDERLAND HAD SEEN HIM, BANKING ROUND, IT CAME BACK OVER HIM AGAIN AND DROPPED A SMOKE-FLOAT TO MARK HIS POSITION.



THE SUNDERLAND CIRCLED THEN TOUCHED DOWN ON THE SEA BESIDE THE SMOKE MARKER, SLOWLY TAXIING TOWARDS JACK.



THE SUNDERLAND CAME ALONGSIDE JACK. STRONG HANDS LIFTED HIM ABOARD, LEADING HIM TO THE CREW ACCOMODATION.



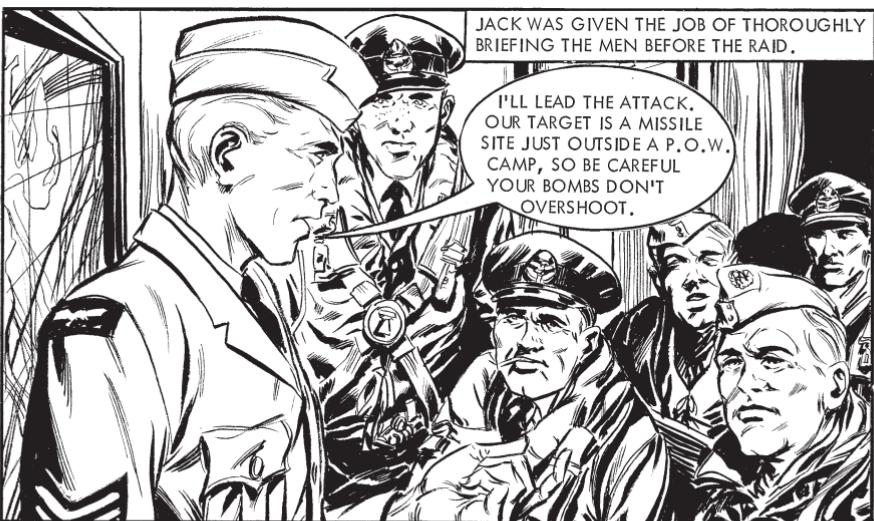
ONLY GIVEN TIME FOR A QUICK CLEAN UP, JACK WAS RUSHED TO LONDON TO BE QUIZZED BY THE BIG BRASS OF AIR FORCE INTELLIGENCE.



TAKING ONLY A WEEK'S LEAVE TO REST, JACK REPORTED BACK TO HIS OLD SQUADRON WHERE HIS APPEARANCE CAUSED QUITE A STIR.



JACK WAS GIVEN THE JOB OF THOROUGHLY BRIEFING THE MEN BEFORE THE RAID.



A FEELING OF ELECTRIC TENSION FILLED THE AIR. THE BOMBER CREWS COULD SENSE THE IMPORTANCE OF THEIR MISSION.

HIS NEW CREW WERE WAITING BY THE WELLINGTON WHEN JACK WALKED UP, A BIG BOX IN HIS ARMS.



THE FLIGHT WAS UNEVENTFUL UNTIL THEY CROSSED OVER THE ENEMY-HELD COAST. SEARCHLIGHTS AND ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE STABBED UP TO MEET THEM.



DAWN WAS JUST BREAKING WHEN THEY REACHED THE MISSILE SITE. SNAPPING CURT ORDERS INTO THE RADIO, JACK BELIED HIS WELLINGTON IN AT NOUGHT FEET.



JACK'S BOMBS HIT FAIR AND SQUARE. THE WHOLE HANGAR ERUPTED IN A SHEET OF FLAME AS THE STACKED FLYING BOMBS EXPLODED VIOLENTLY.



WHILE THE OTHER WELLINGTONS SYSTEMATICALLY BLASTED THE FIRING RAMPS SET IN THE HILL-SIDE, JACK TURNED HIS WELLINGTON AND HEADED TOWARDS THE PRISON CAMP.

ONE MORE JOB
FOR ME, BOYS, THEN
WE CAN HEAD HOME.

THE PRISONERS IN THE NEARBY CAMP HAD BEEN IN AN UPROAR SINCE THEY HAD FIRST HEARD THE BOMBER ENGINES, BUT IT WAS NOTHING TO THE CHAOS WHEN JACK FLEW OVERHEAD, DROPPING PORK SAUSAGES FROM HIS LOW-FLYING WELLINGTON.

PORK SAUSAGES!
IT MUST BE JACK
SHERWOOD. HE MUST
HAVE MADE IT.

BANGERS FOR
BREAKFAST!

WITH THE MISSILE SITE A BURNING WASTE AND HIS SAUSAGES DELIVERED, JACK TURNED FOR HOME. MIRACULOUSLY, NOT ONE PLANE HAD BEEN LOST.



JACK SMILED TO HIMSELF. HE WAS HEADING FOR HOME AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME HE WOULD N'T TAKE SO LONG. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY.

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