

No.4756  
£2

COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

# Commando

THE GOLD COLLECTION



# DEAD OF NIGHT

A RUDE AWAKENING  
FOR A NAZI OFFICER

# COMMANDO - GOLD COLLECTION

Title

## DEAD OF NIGHT

Subject

In case you hadn't noticed, both our classic re-issues this time come from the pen of Gordon Livingstone, a staff artist who could turn out a complete Commando in four weeks. If that doesn't sound impressive, you're probably not an illustrator.

Compare this 1964 book with No 4758 — To The Death! — and you'll see how the style was refined over 25 years without losing its quality core. It's a style distinct to one artist only.

Style is little without substance and Brunt's script provides that in spades with several plot strands spun together in a fabric of conflict and distrust. It's a very successful partnership I'm sure you'll agree.

Calum Laird, Commando Editor

Issue Number

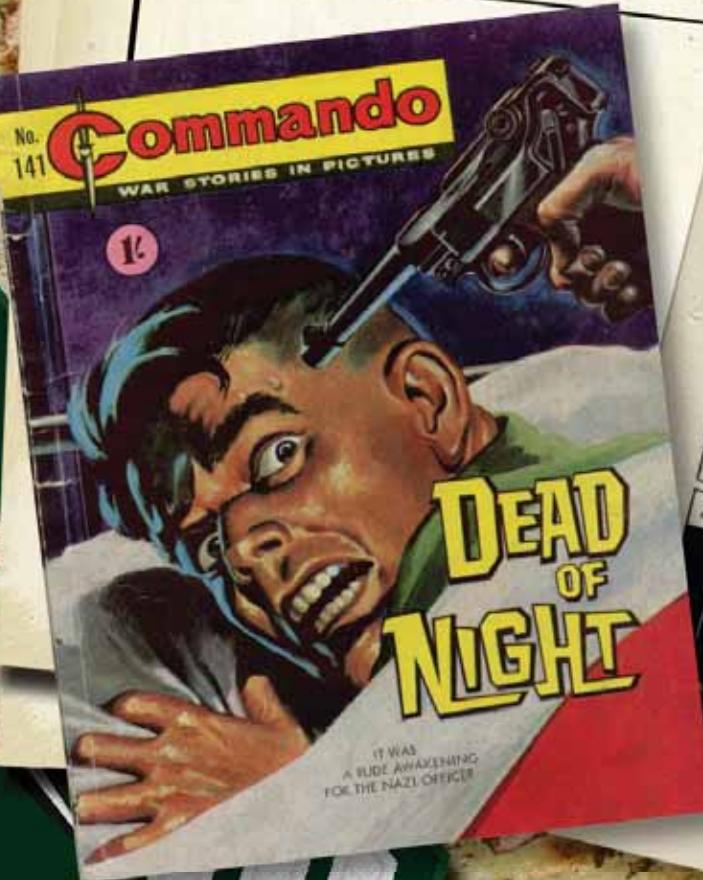
Dead of Night, originally Commando No 141  
(November 1964), re-issued as No 727 (March 1973)

STORY  
BRUNT

ART  
GORDON  
LIVINGSTONE

COVER  
KEN BARR

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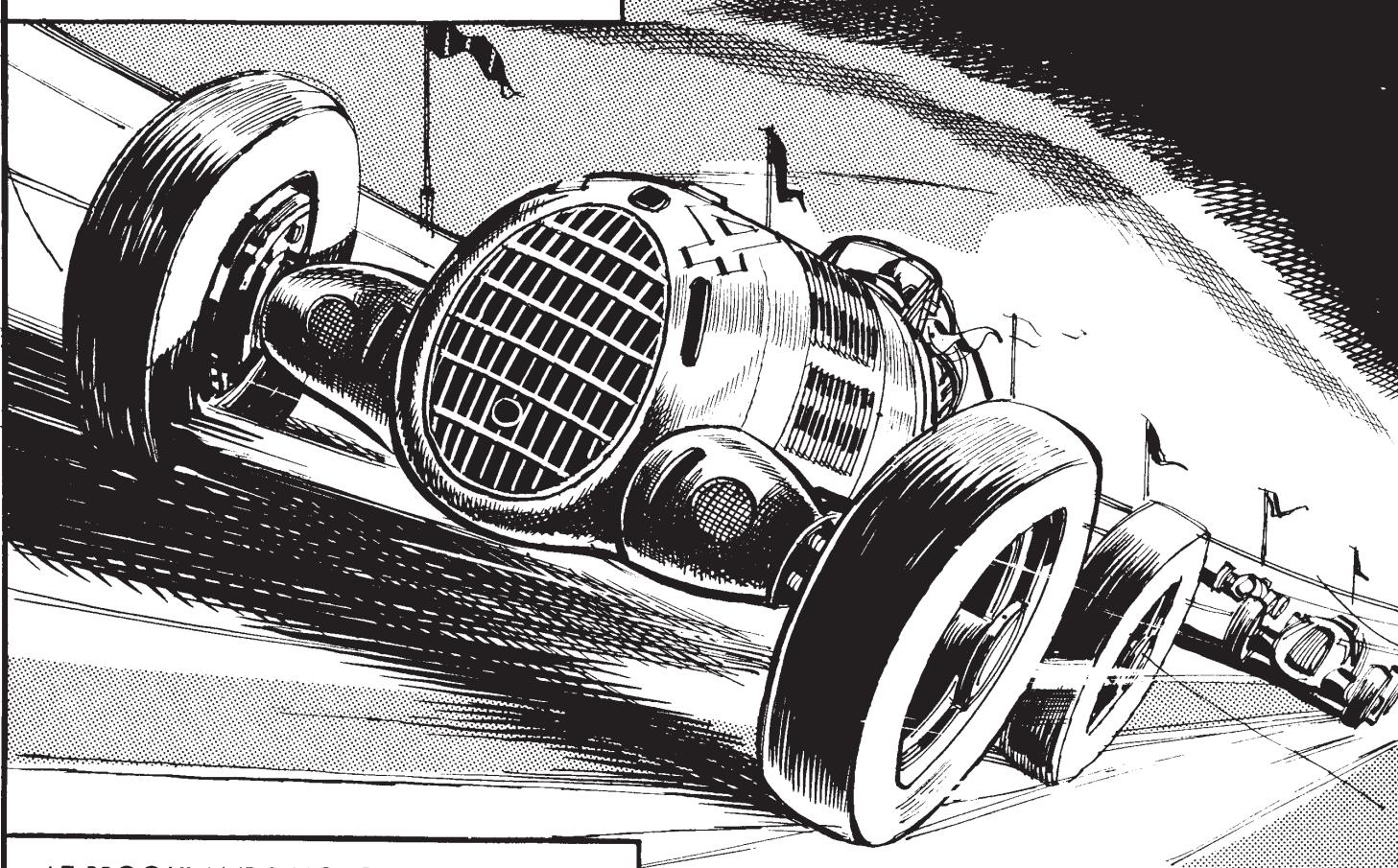
# DEAD OF NIGHT

"IT IS THE DUTY OF EVERY PRISONER OF WAR TO ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE AND RETURN TO HIS UNIT" . . . SO GOES THE OLD SAYING. BUT IN MODERN WAR A MAN, PARTICULARLY IF HE IS AN AIRMAN, MAY FIND HIMSELF IN ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY, WITH MANY MILES AND OFTEN AN OCEAN BETWEEN HIM AND HIS BASE.



IN OCCUPIED EUROPE DURING WORLD WAR TWO, ESCAPERS COULD BE SURE OF THE HELP OF THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENTS, DESPITE SAVAGE GERMAN REPRISALS ON THE LOCAL POPULATION. THANKS TO THESE FREEDOM FIGHTERS, MANY ALLIED FLYERS GOT BACK TO ENGLAND TO CONTINUE THE STRUGGLE. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE MAN'S ESCAPE FROM THE ENEMY — AND FROM HIMSELF...

JULY 1939 WAS THE LAST SUMMER OF PEACE. WAR NOW SEEMED INEVITABLE, BUT THE BRITISH PEOPLE, MAD ON SPORT AS ALWAYS, WERE MAKING THE MOST OF THE LAST HOURS BEFORE THE STORM BROKE.



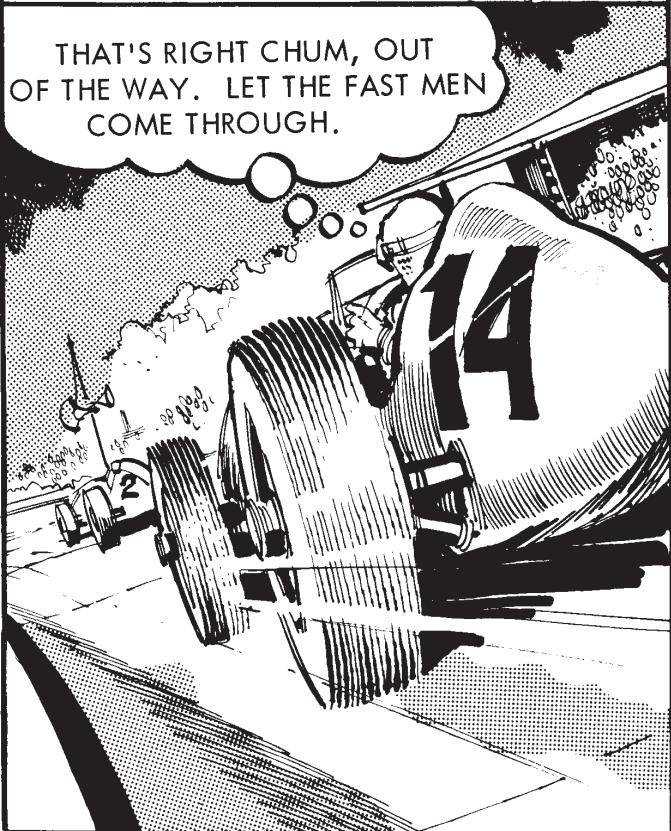
AT BROOKLANDS MOTOR RACE TRACK  
THE CROWDS CHEERED AS THE CARS HURLED ROUND THE BANKINGS. ALL EYES WERE ON THE  
LEADING MACHINE AND ITS ACE DRIVER, TIM "WHIRLWIND" WADE.

TIM WADE WAS AT THE PEAK OF HIS FAME.  
FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS HE HAD WORKED  
HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF HIS PROFESSION  
BY SUPERB DRIVING SKILL, DETERMINATION  
AND GUTS.

TIM DROVE ALWAYS TO WIN. NOTHING  
ELSE MATTERED. SPEED WAS HIS LIFE. THE  
FEROCIOUS WAY HE HURLED HIS BELLOWING  
MOUNT THROUGH THE BENDS BROUGHT THE  
CROWD TO THEIR FEET, CHEERING WILDLY.

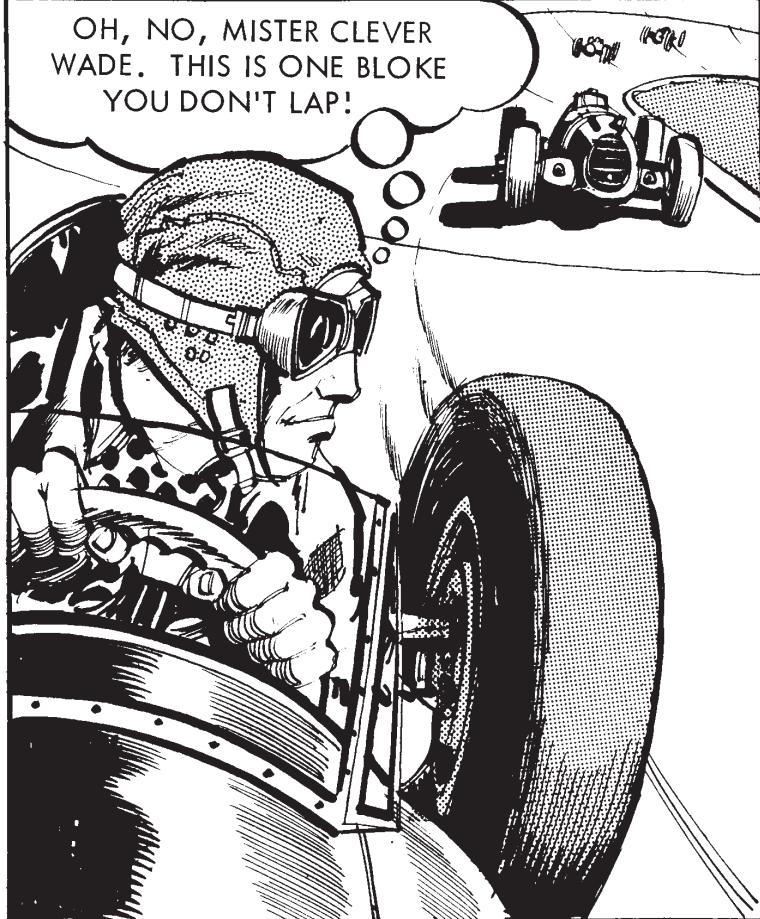
DOWN FROM THE HIGH BANKING TIM SWOOPED, AND SCREAMED ALONG THE STRAIGHT TO START HIS LAST LAP. SUCH WAS THE LEAD HE HAD BUILT UP THAT HE WAS CATCHING THE TAIL END OF THE FIELD.

THAT'S RIGHT CHUM, OUT OF THE WAY. LET THE FAST MEN COME THROUGH.



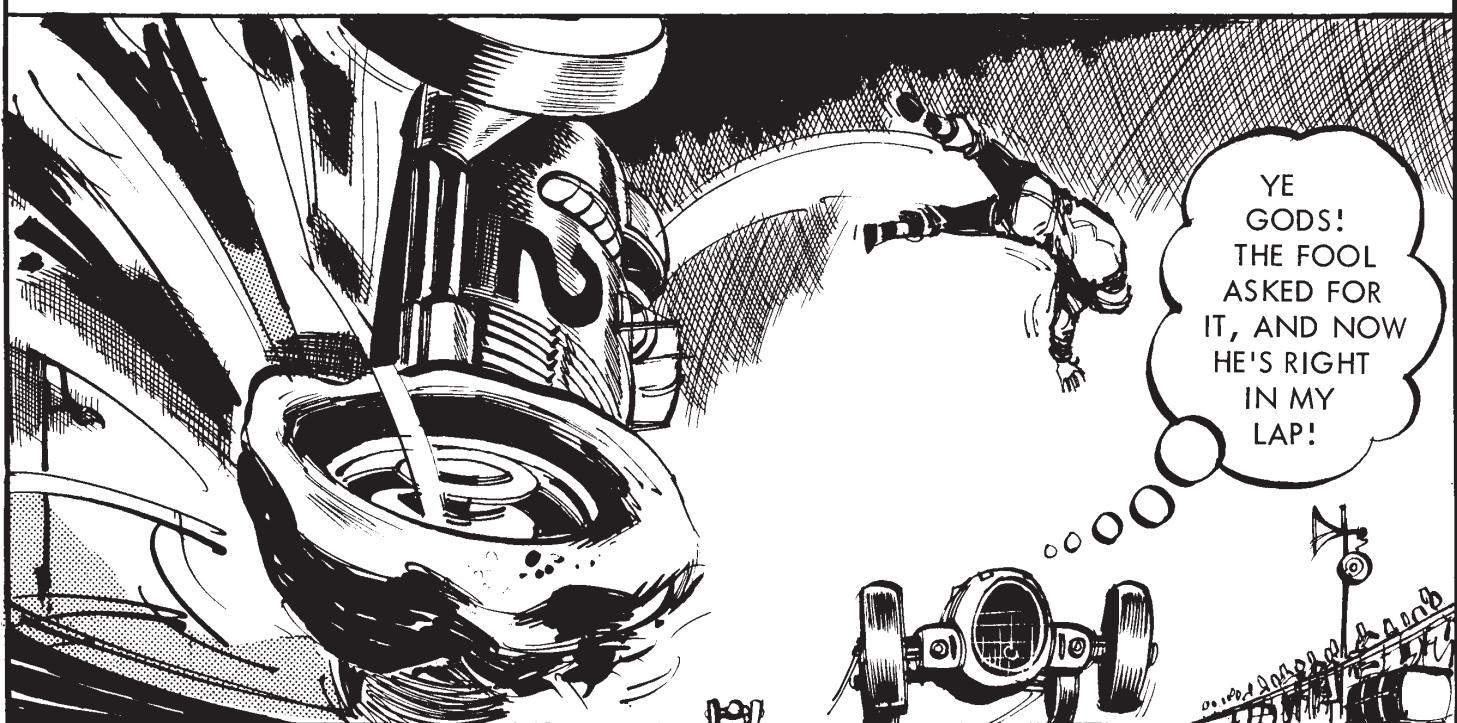
NEVER ONCE LETTING UP, TIM TORE PAST THE SLOWER CARS. THE RACE WAS IN HIS POCKET. NOTHING COULD CATCH HIM NOW. BUT —

OH, NO, MISTER CLEVER WADE. THIS IS ONE BLOKE YOU DON'T LAP!

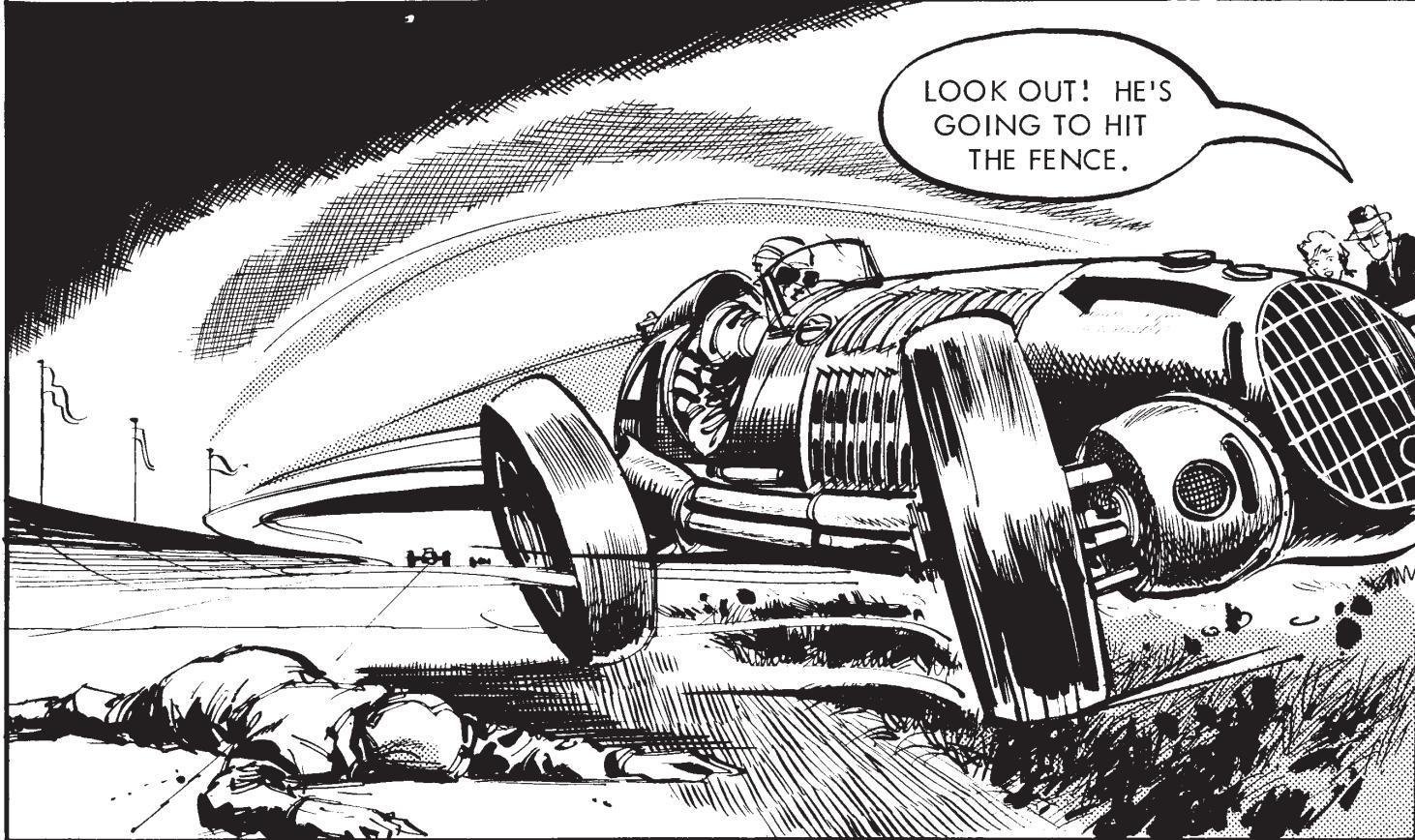


WITH MORE COURAGE THAN SKILL, THE YOUNG DRIVER STROVE TO STAY AHEAD OF THE BIG GREEN RACER SNARLING UP BEHIND HIM. RECKLESSLY HE FLUNG HIS CAR INTO THE BEND. THEN WITH A REPORT LIKE A PISTOL, AN OVERTAXED TYRE BLEW OUT.

YE GODS!  
THE FOOL  
ASKED FOR  
IT, AND NOW  
HE'S RIGHT  
IN MY LAP!



IN ANOTHER SECOND THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN WOULD BE SMASHED UNDER THUNDERING WHEELS. WITH LIGHTNING REACTION TIM SWUNG OVER THE STEERING WHEEL. OUT OF CONTROL, HIS CAR WENT INTO A SHRIEKING SPIN.



IN A CRESCENDO OF TORTURED RUBBER, SPLINTERING WOOD AND RIVEN METAL, TIM'S CAR TORE THROUGH THE SAFETY BARRIER AND OVERTURNED. AN OMINOUS TONGUE OF FLAME LEAPED FROM THE ENGINE.



REFUSING TO PANIC, TIM'S RESCUER DRAGGED HIM AS GENTLY AS POSSIBLE CLEAR OF THE NOW BLAZING WRECK. AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. SECONDS LATER, THE HUNGRY FLAMES REACHED THE PETROL TANK.

THAT WAS CLOSE.  
HOW IS HE?

BURNED ABOUT  
THE LEGS, AND SOME BROKEN  
BONES I SHOULD THINK. THE  
AMBULANCE WILL BE HERE IN  
A MINUTE, THOUGH.



EXTINGUISHERS SOON DOUSED THE FLAMES. TIM WAS LIFTED ON TO A STRETCHER AND HURRIED TO THE AMBULANCE, WHICH HEADED FULL SPEED FOR THE NEAREST HOSPITAL.

WE'RE MISTER WADE'S PIT MECHANICS, DOCTOR. HOW IS HE?

PRETTY BAD, I'M AFRAID. SEVERE BURNS, ONE ARM BROKEN IN TWO PLACES, BROKEN RIBS AND CONCUSSION. HE'LL BE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR SOME TIME.



SUMMER PASSED INTO AUTUMN, AND THE FLAMES OF WAR ENGULFED EUROPE. STILL IN HOSPITAL, TIM WADE FRETTED AT HIS INACTIVITY AT SUCH A TIME.

HITLER AND HIS MOB TRAMPING ALL OVER EUROPE, AIR RAIDS EVERY NIGHT, AND ALL I CAN DO IS LIE IN BED!



NOW DON'T START THAT AGAIN, MR WADE. YOU'RE NICELY ON THE MEND. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET INTO THE FIGHT BEFORE IT'S OVER, DON'T WORRY.

BUT THE WAR WAS NEARLY A YEAR OLD BEFORE TIM FINALLY LEFT HOSPITAL, AND HE WAS STILL WEAK FROM HIS INJURIES.



DON'T GO RUSHING OFF  
TRYING TO JOIN UP NOW, TIM.  
YOU'LL BE TURNED DOWN, I CAN  
ASSURE YOU. TAKE THINGS EASY  
AND GET PROPERLY FIT.

I'LL REMEMBER,  
DOC. CHEERIO AND  
THANKS A MILLION  
FOR EVERYTHING —  
YOU, TOO, NURSE.

THE TAXI SET OFF LIKE A FUNERAL PROCESSION, ANNOYING TIM, WHO WAS SO USED TO TRAVELLING AT SPEED.



CAN'T YOU MAKE  
THIS HEAP GO  
ANY FASTER?

OK. SHE'S NO RACER,  
MISTER WADE — BUT  
HOLD TIGHT!

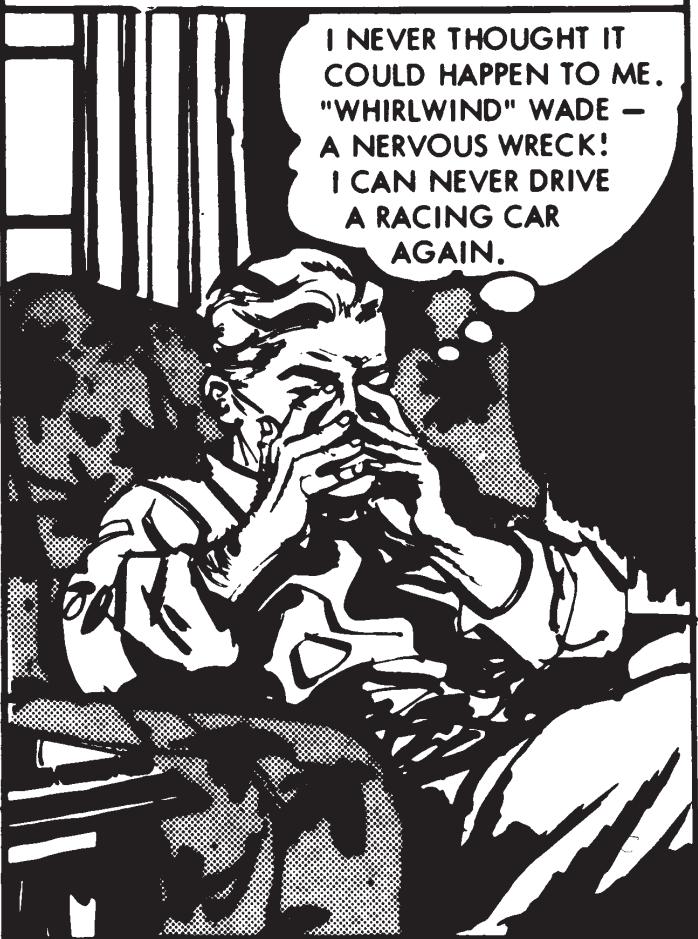
GRINNING, THE DRIVER PUT THE FOOT DOWN AND THE ROAD BEGAN TO FLASH PAST. THEN, TO TIM'S HORROR, AS THE SPEED BUILT UP, IT SEEMED HE WAS BACK IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT AT BROOKLANDS.



AMAZED AT THIS OUTBURST, THE DRIVER BRAKED HARD. AS THE CAR SKIDDED TO A HALT, HE TURNED TO STARE CURIOUSLY AT THE SWEATING, TREMBLING MAN IN THE BACK SEAT.



HOME AT LAST, TIM FLOPPED INTO A CHAIR AND FACED THE TERRIBLE TRUTH... HIS NERVE HAD GONE.



I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD HAPPEN TO ME. "WHIRLWIND" WADE — A NERVOUS WRECK! I CAN NEVER DRIVE A RACING CAR AGAIN.

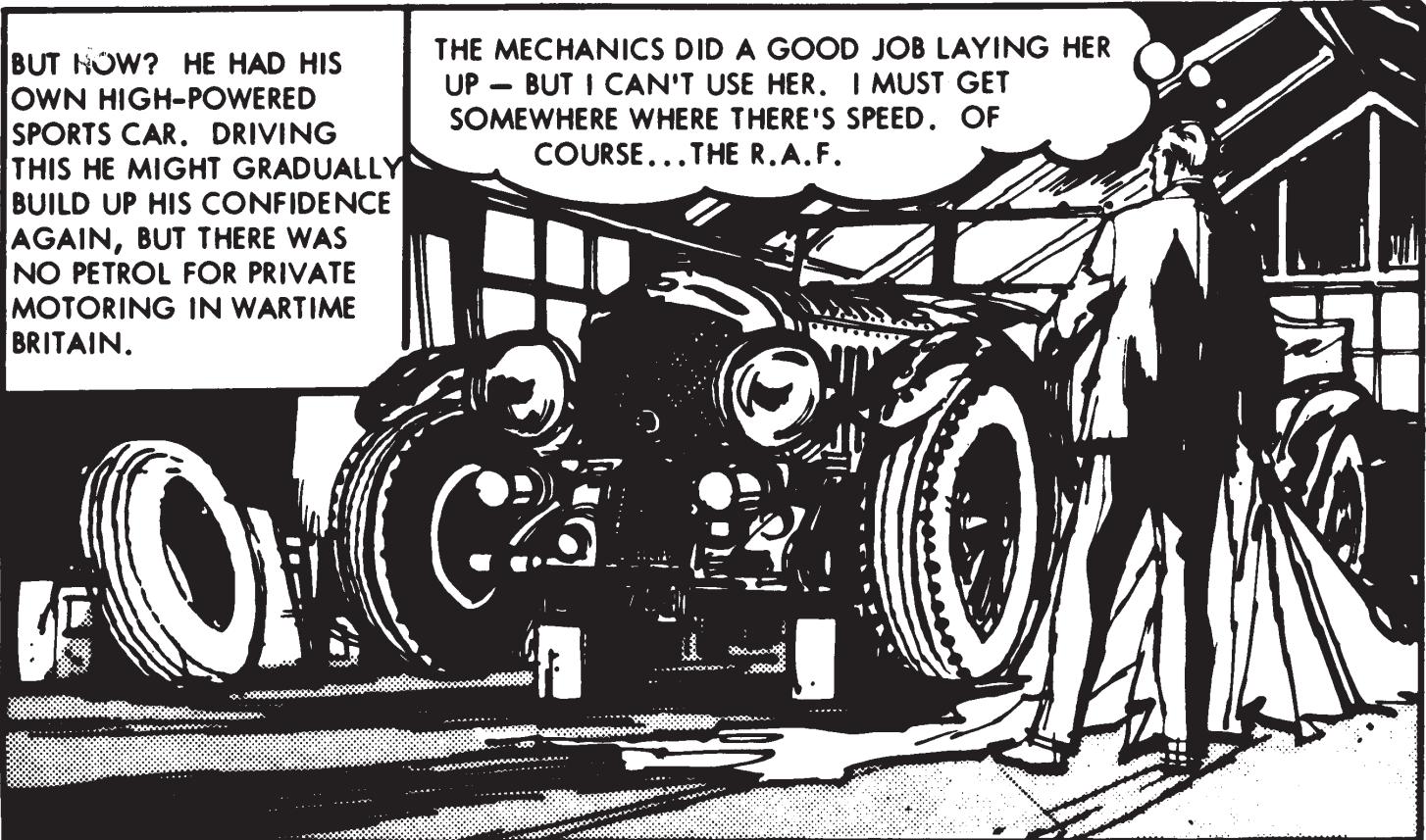
BUT WHEN THE FIRST SHOCK PASSED, TIM STRAIGHTENED UP. HE HAD NEVER RUN FROM ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE, AND HE DIDN'T INTEND TO START NOW.



I WON'T GIVE IN!  
I'LL GET MY NERVE BACK IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

BUT HOW? HE HAD HIS OWN HIGH-POWERED SPORTS CAR. DRIVING THIS HE MIGHT GRADUALLY BUILD UP HIS CONFIDENCE AGAIN, BUT THERE WAS NO PETROL FOR PRIVATE MOTORING IN WARTIME BRITAIN.

THE MECHANICS DID A GOOD JOB LAYING HER UP — BUT I CAN'T USE HER. I MUST GET SOMEWHERE WHERE THERE'S SPEED. OF COURSE... THE R.A.F.



AS SOON AS HE WAS FIT, WADE PRESENTED HIMSELF AT AN R.A.F. RECRUITING OFFICE, AND AFTER THOROUGH TESTING, WHICH HE PASSED EASILY, WAS ACCEPTED FOR AIRCREW.

I SEE YOU'VE PUT DOWN FOR AIR GUNNER. I'D HAVE THOUGHT PILOT WOULD BE MORE IN YOUR LINE, WADE.



NO THANKS. ANYTHING I DRIVE HAS TO HAVE A GOOD GRIP OF THE GROUND!

THERE WAS SOUND REASONING BEHIND TIM'S CHOICE. AS A PILOT HE MIGHT ENDANGER OTHER MEN'S LIVES IF HE PANICKED AT THE CONTROLS. AS A GUNNER HE COULD MASTER HIS FEAR OF SPEED GRADUALLY, HE HOPED. HE PASSED HIS TRAINING WITH FLYING COLOURS.

YOU'VE OBTAINED THE HIGHEST ALL ROUND MARKS AND BEST SCORES FOR SHOOTING WE'VE EVER HAD, WADE. CONGRATULATIONS. I'M SENDING YOU TO A LIGHT BOMBER SQUADRON.

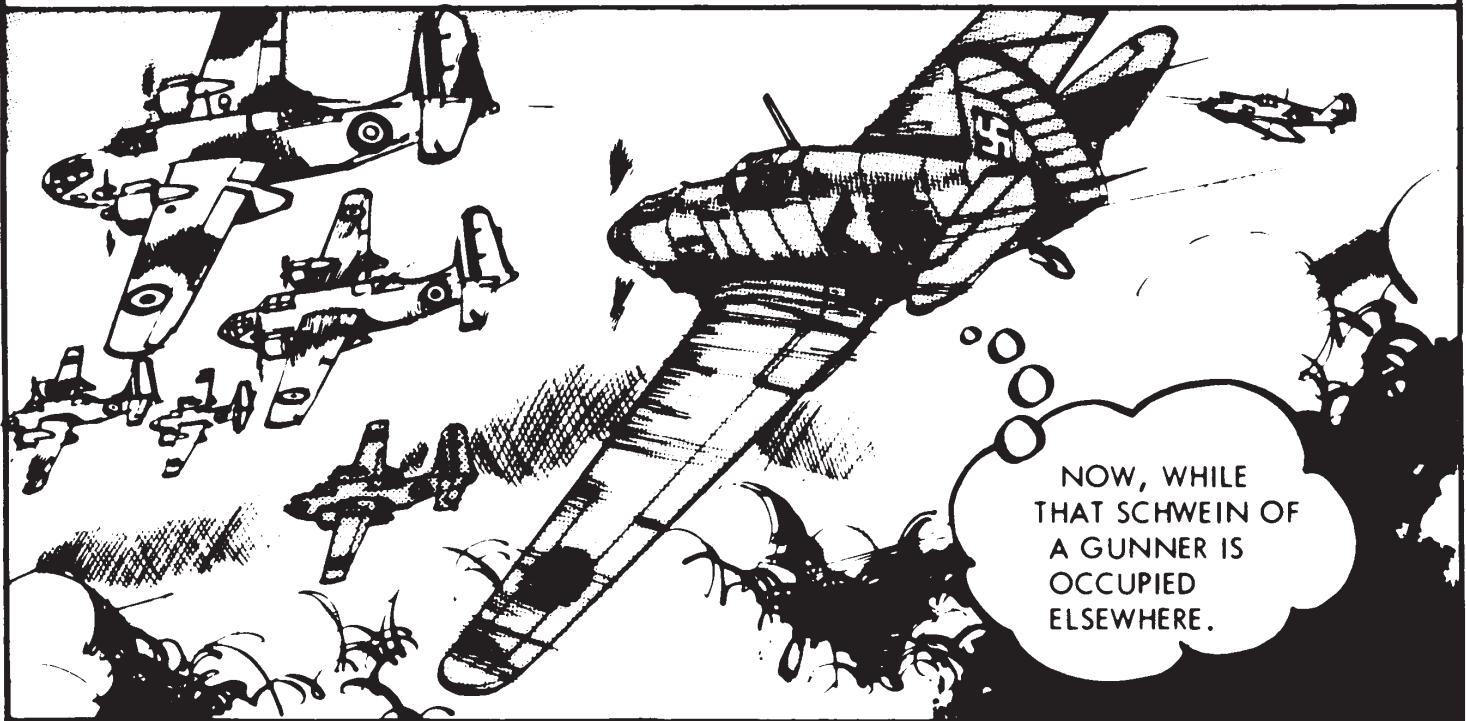
THEY MUST HAVE THE BEST FOR THEIR DAYLIGHT RAIDS.



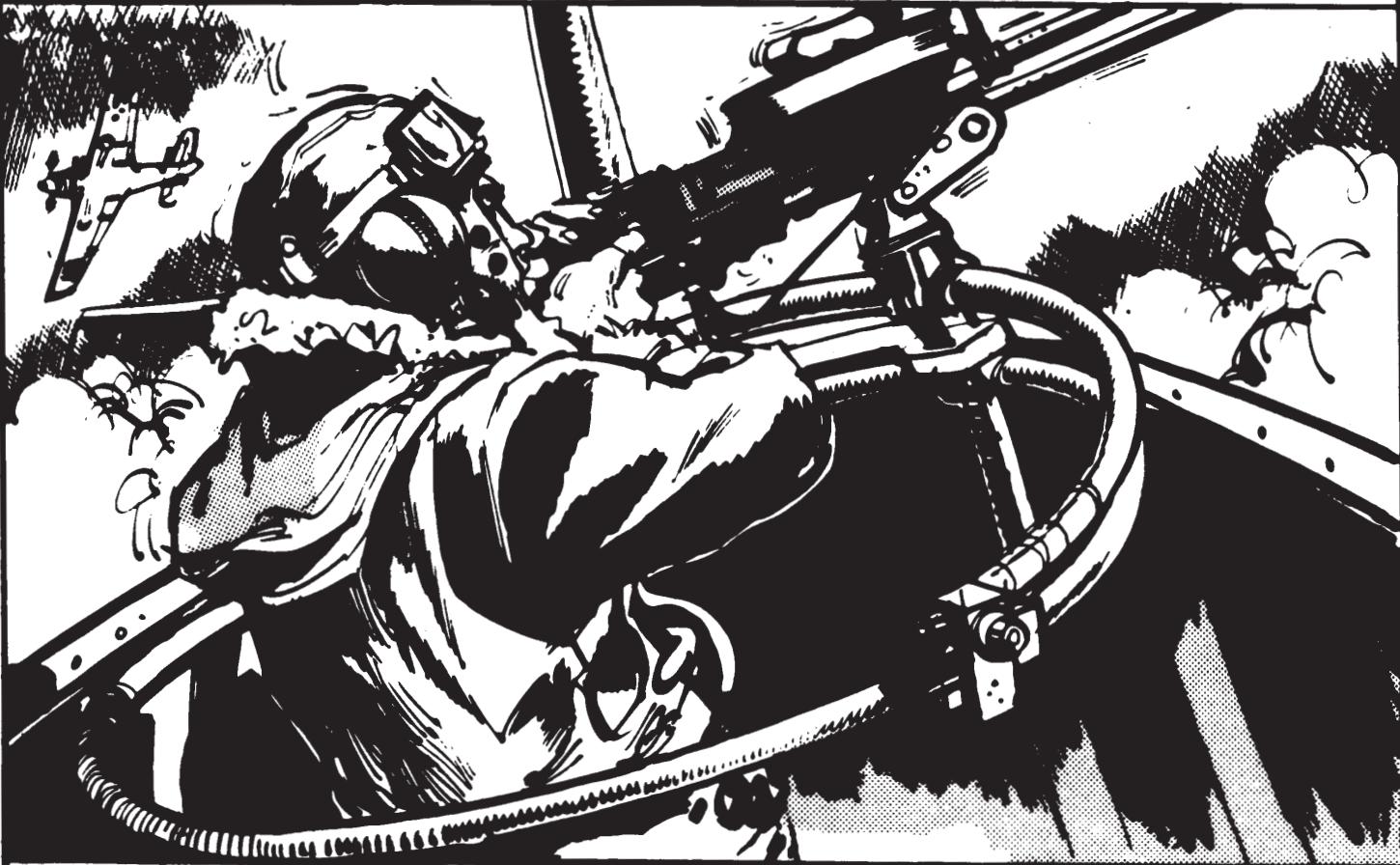
THANK YOU, SIR.

THE KEEN EYE AND LIGHTNING REFLEXES DEVELOPED ON THE RACE TRACK, THAT HAD CARRIED HIM EASILY THROUGH HIS TRAINING, NOW STOOD HIM IN GOOD STEAD IN ACTION. HIS SQUADRON MADE MANY DARING RAIDS INTO ENEMY TERRITORY.

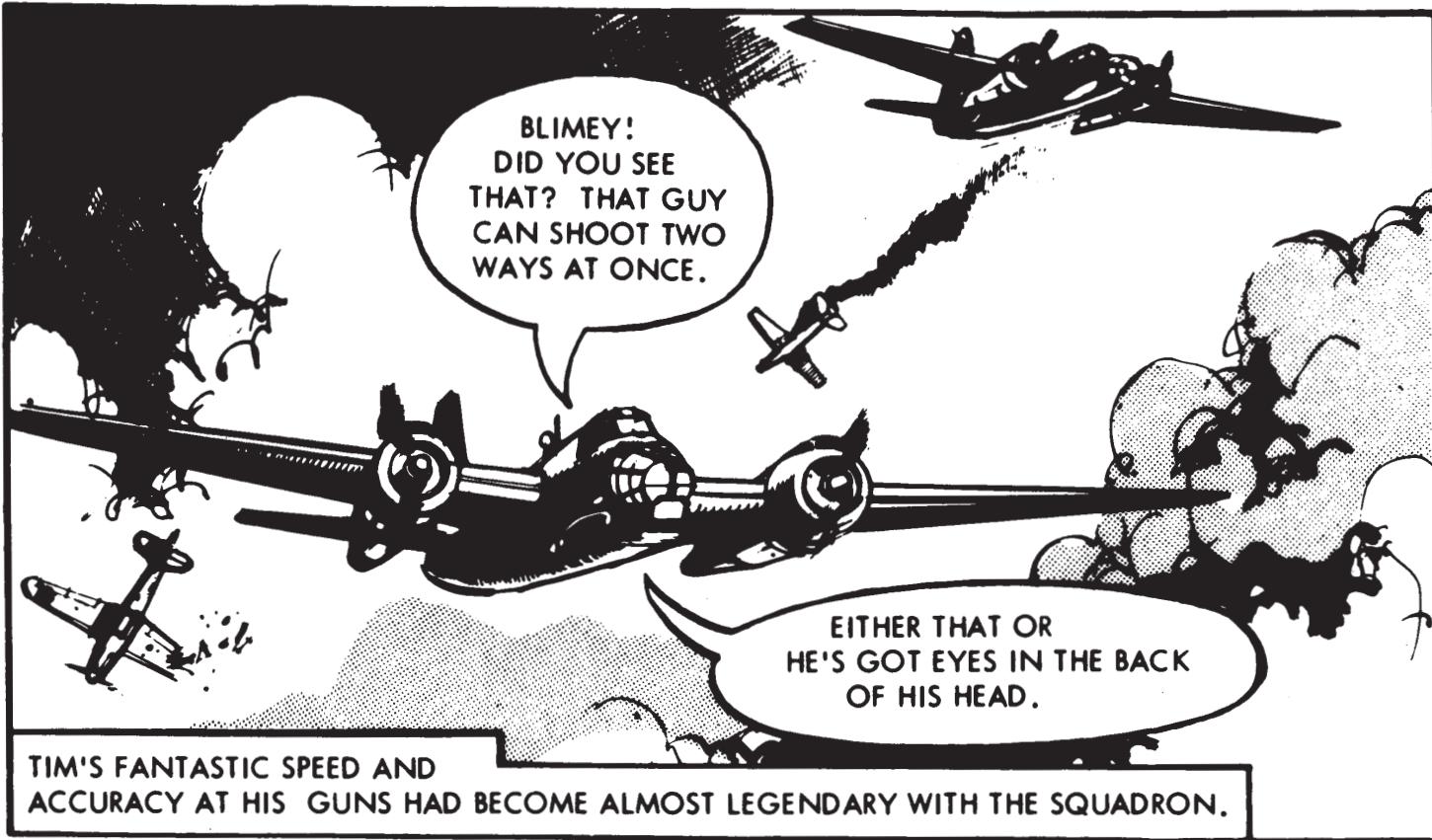
NOW, WHILE THAT SCHWEIN OF A GUNNER IS OCCUPIED ELSEWHERE.



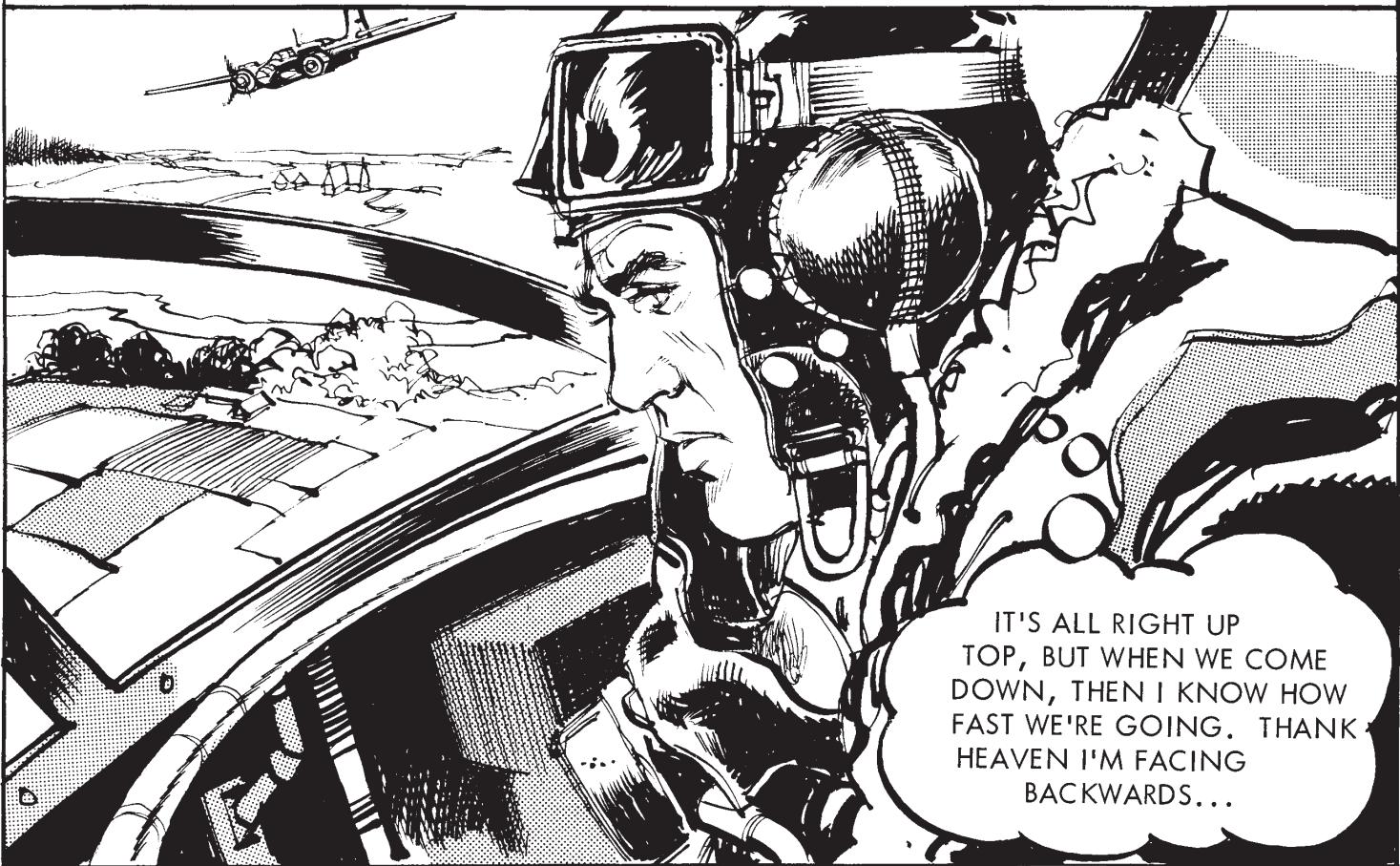
AS HIS WELL-PLACED BURST SLASHED THE FIRST MESSERCHMITT'S WING TO RIBBONS, OUT OF THE TAIL OF HIS EYE TIM SPOTTED THE SECOND FIGHTER BORING IN TO CATCH HIM UNAWARES.



IN A BLUR OF SPEED, HE WHIRLED HIS GUNS ROUND AND LET DRIVE AT THE SECOND ATTACKER, SMASHING ITS ENGINE TO USELESS SCRAP.



BEATING OFF THE LAST OF THE MESSERSCHMITTS, THE SPEEDY BOSTONS FLASHED ACROSS THE CHANNEL AND MADE FOR THEIR HOME AIRFIELD. NOW CAME THE PART TIM DREADED.



EVERY TAKE OFF AND LANDING WAS AN ORDEAL FOR TIM. AS HE SAW THE RUNWAY WHIRLING PAST, THE OLD FEAR ALWAYS CAME BACK TO CLUTCH AT HIS VITALS. THANKFULLY, FOR HIS EYES WERE TIGHTLY CLOSED, WADE HEARD THE HISS OF THE WHEELS ON THE ASPHALT AT LAST...



TIM, THE GUNNER, JOHNNY DOBSON THE PILOT, AND DON FENTON THE NAVIGATOR MADE A FIRST CLASS TEAM, AND SOON BECAME CLOSE FRIENDS.

NEVER MISS  
YOUR RACING  
CARS, TIM?

WELL...YES  
AND NO, JOHNNY.  
THIS FLYING'S  
QUITE A LARK.

WHY DON'T YOU PUT  
IN FOR PILOT TRAINING? WITH  
YOUR BACKGROUND YOU'RE A  
NATURAL.

AS USUAL, TIM LAUGHINGLY BRUSHED THE SUGGESTION ASIDE. DEEP DOWN, HE KNEW HE STILL HAD TO CONQUER HIS HORROR OF SPEED, WHICH STILL CLUNG TO HIM, EVEN AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

NOT FOR ME. I'D  
RATHER SIT BACK  
THERE AND ADMIRE  
THE SCENERY WHILE  
YOU TWO DO  
ALL THE WORK.

WELL, IT'S NICE TO  
KNOW YOU'RE COVERING  
OUR TAIL WHEN THE  
109'S PILE IN.

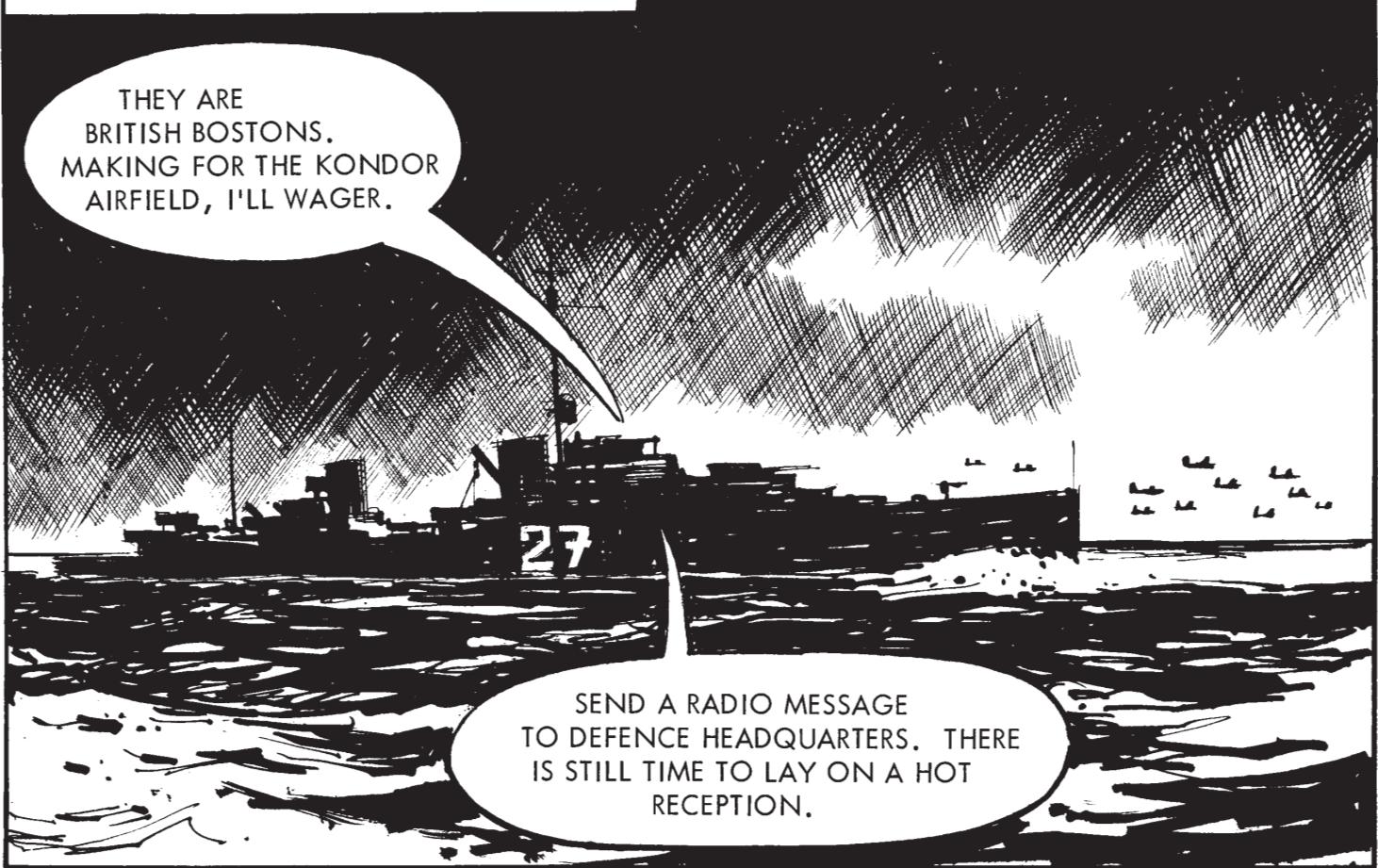
A FEW DAYS LATER, TOGETHER WITH OTHER UNITS, TIM'S SQUADRON WAS ORDERED NORTH TO A BLEAK AIRFIELD IN SCOTLAND. THE REASON WAS SOON MADE CLEAR.



AT FIRST LIGHT THE NEXT MORNING, THE BOSTONS TOOK OFF AND HEADED ACROSS THE NORTH SEA, SKIMMING THE WAVES TO AVOID DETECTION BY RADAR. THE TRIP WAS TORTURE FOR TIM.



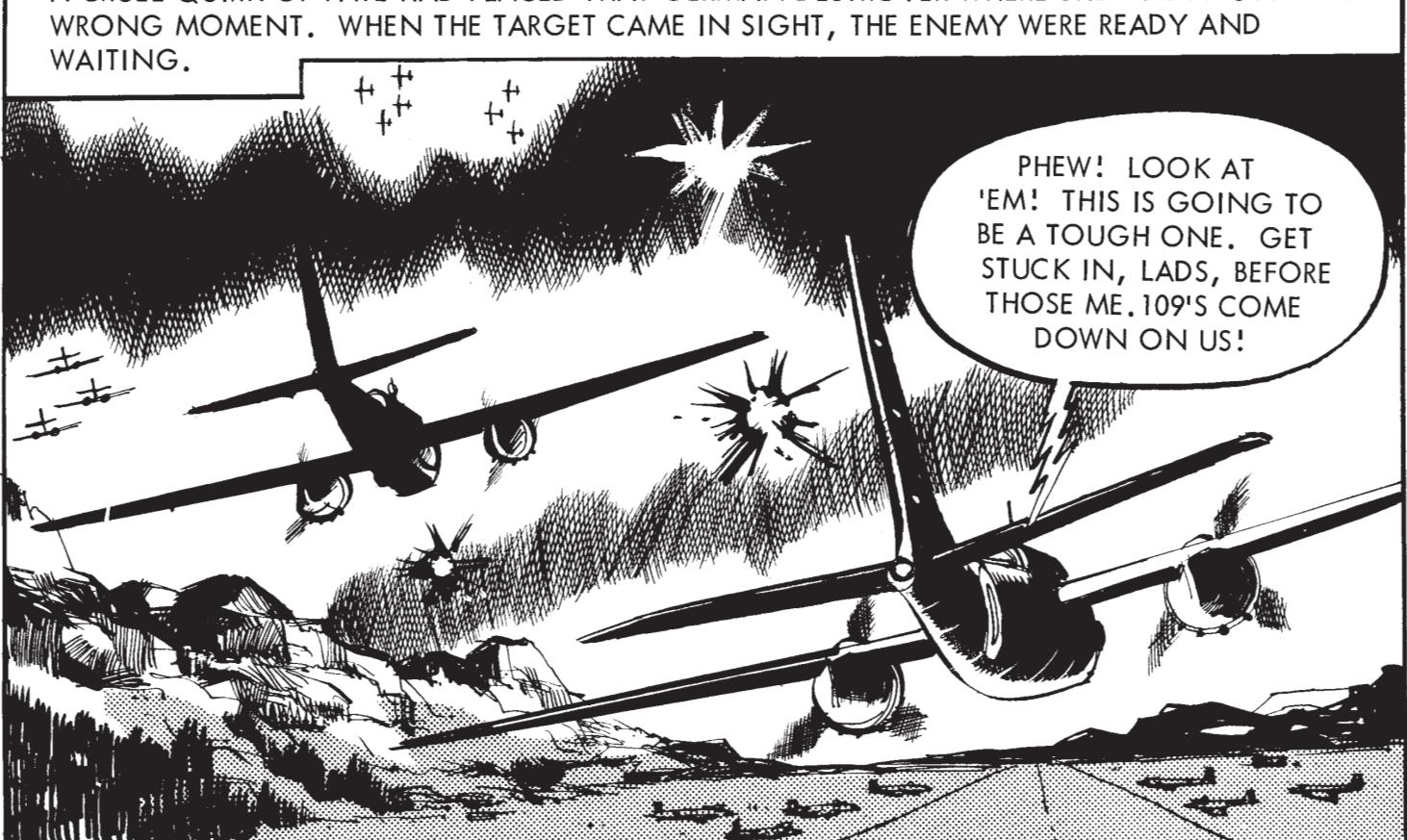
THE BOSTONS HOPED TO APPROACH UNSEEN, AND MAKE THEIR STRIKE BEFORE THE DEFENCES GOT ORGANISED. BUT THEIR LUCK WAS OUT...



THEY ARE  
BRITISH BOSTONS.  
MAKING FOR THE KONDOR  
AIRFIELD, I'LL WAGER.

SEND A RADIO MESSAGE  
TO DEFENCE HEADQUARTERS. THERE  
IS STILL TIME TO LAY ON A HOT  
RECEPTION.

A CRUEL QUIRK OF FATE HAD PLACED THAT GERMAN DESTROYER WHERE SHE WAS AT JUST THE WRONG MOMENT. WHEN THE TARGET CAME IN SIGHT, THE ENEMY WERE READY AND WAITING.



PHEW! LOOK AT  
'EM! THIS IS GOING TO  
BE A TOUGH ONE. GET  
STUCK IN, LADS, BEFORE  
THOSE ME.109'S COME  
DOWN ON US!

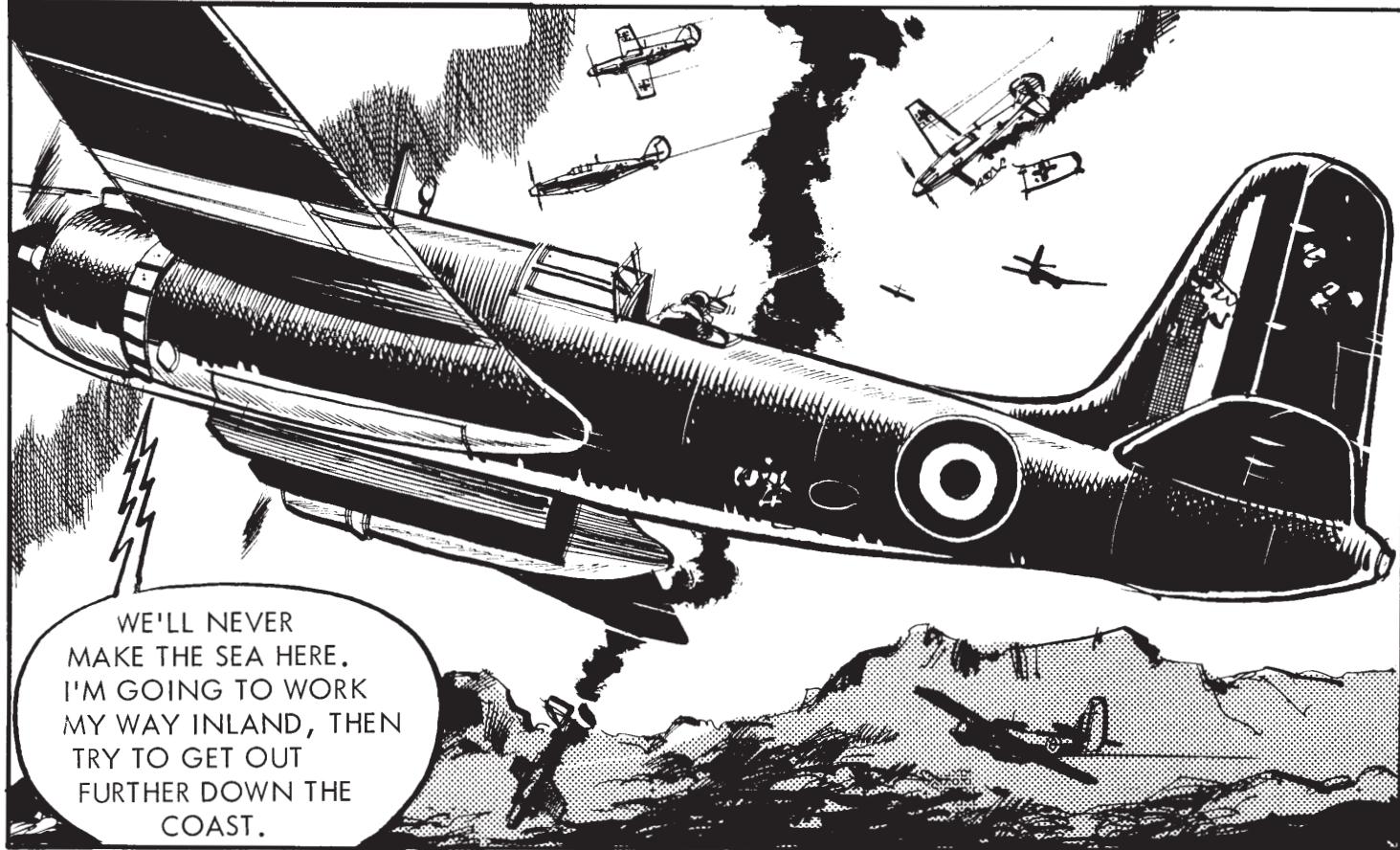
IGNORING THE STORM OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE HURLED UP AT THEM, THE BOSTONS ROARED IN TO THE ATTACK, BOMBS SHOWERING DOWN ON THE GIANT FOCKE-WULF KONDORS SQUATTING ON THE AIRFIELDS.



IN MINUTES THE AIRFIELDS WERE A SHAMBLES OF BURNING AND BLASTED KONDORS, BUT THE FLAK HAD TAKEN ITS DEADLY TOLL. BOSTONS TOO, LAY SHATTERED AMID THE INFERNO. AND NOW THE SLEEK, DEADLY MESSERSCHMITT 109'S CAME SWEEPING IN...

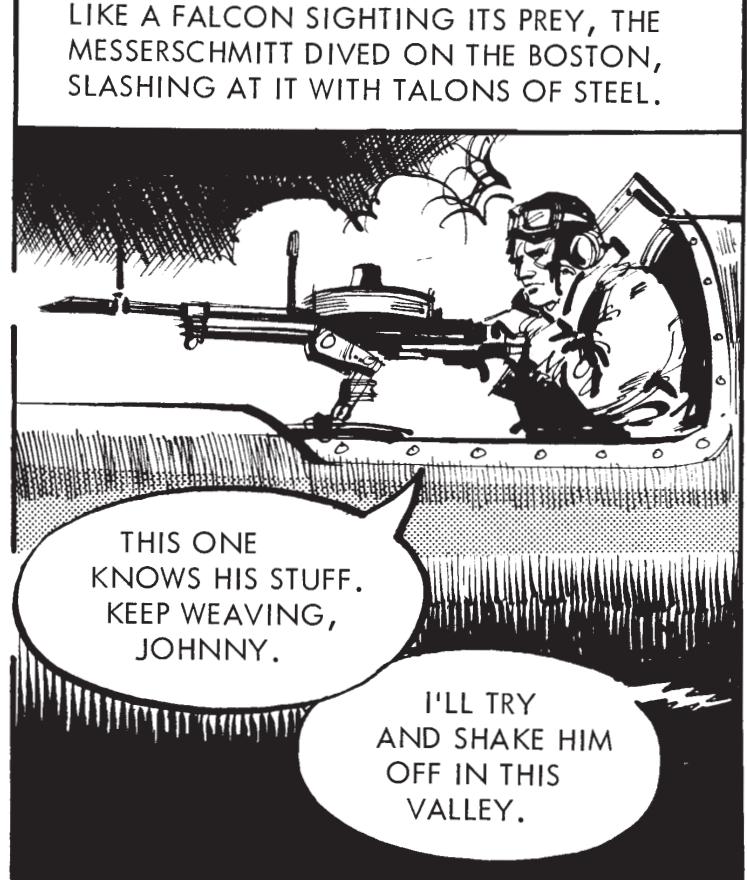
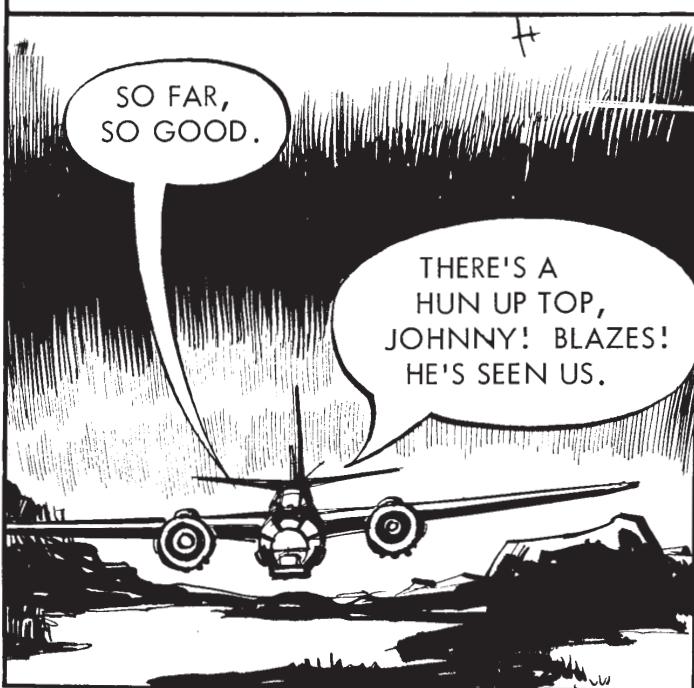


DESPERATELY THE BOSTONS TRIED TO BREAK THROUGH THE PHALANX OF BLAZING CANNON, BUT THE GERMAN PILOTS WERE EXPERTS. SYSTEMATICALLY THEY CUT THE BOMBER FORMATION TO PIECES. BETWEEN BURSTS TIM HEARD JOHNNY DOBSON'S VOICE ON THE INTER-COM.

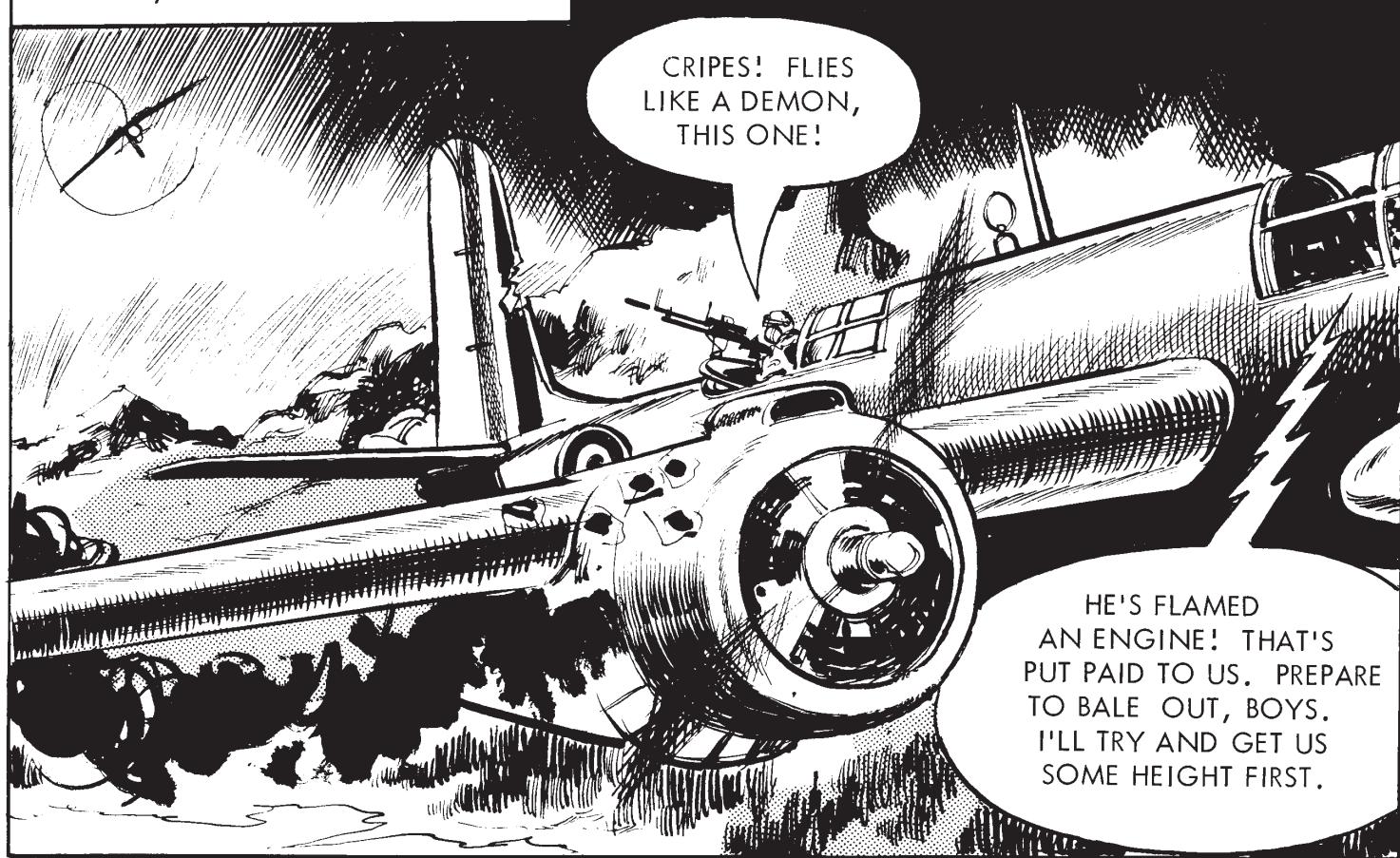


WEAVING AND DODGING BETWEEN BLACK SHELL BURSTS AND STREAMS OF TRACER, DOBSON WON CLEAR OF THE AIRFIELDS. KEEPING LOW, HE TURNED SOUTH. THEN TIM SHOUTED A WARNING.

LIKE A FALCON SIGHTING ITS PREY, THE MESSERSCHMITT DIVED ON THE BOSTON, SLASHING AT IT WITH TALONS OF STEEL.



BUT THE FIGHTER CLUNG LIKE A LEECH, DEFTLY AVOIDING TIM'S FIRE, AND SNAPPING OFF SHORT, DAMAGING BURSTS.



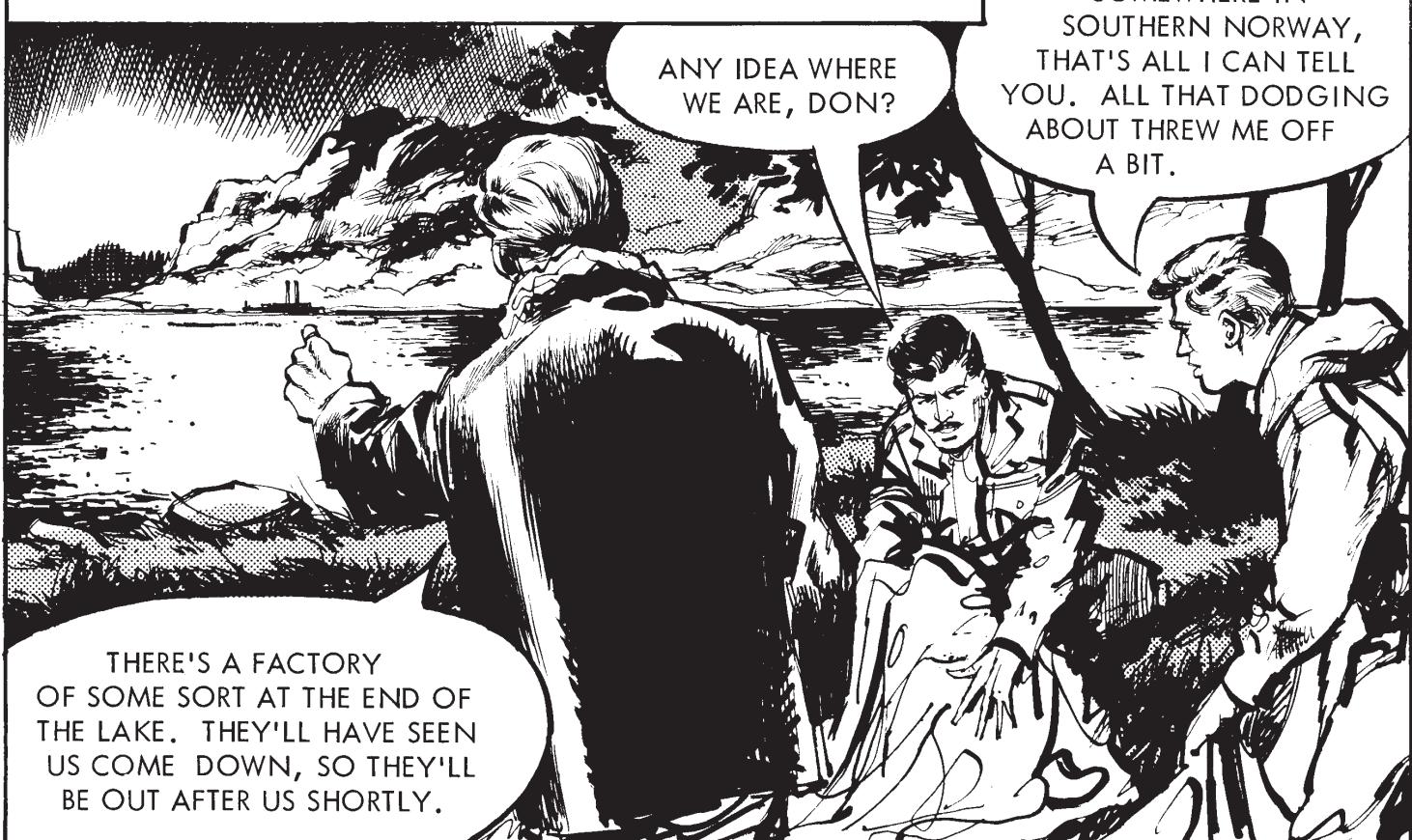
THE FLAMES TOOK HOLD, SPREADING HUNGRILY ALONG THE WING. AT DOBSON'S ORDER, TIM AND FENTON TOOK TO THEIR PARACHUTES. THEN AND ONLY THEN DID HE SAVE HIMSELF.



THE BOSTON, NOW A FLAMING TORCH, PLUMMETED DOWN TO CRASH INTO THE LAKE THAT FILLED MOST OF THE VALLEY. TIM JUST AVOIDED JOINING IT IN THE WATER.



BURYING THEIR CHUTES, THE THREE AIRMEN TOOK STOCK.



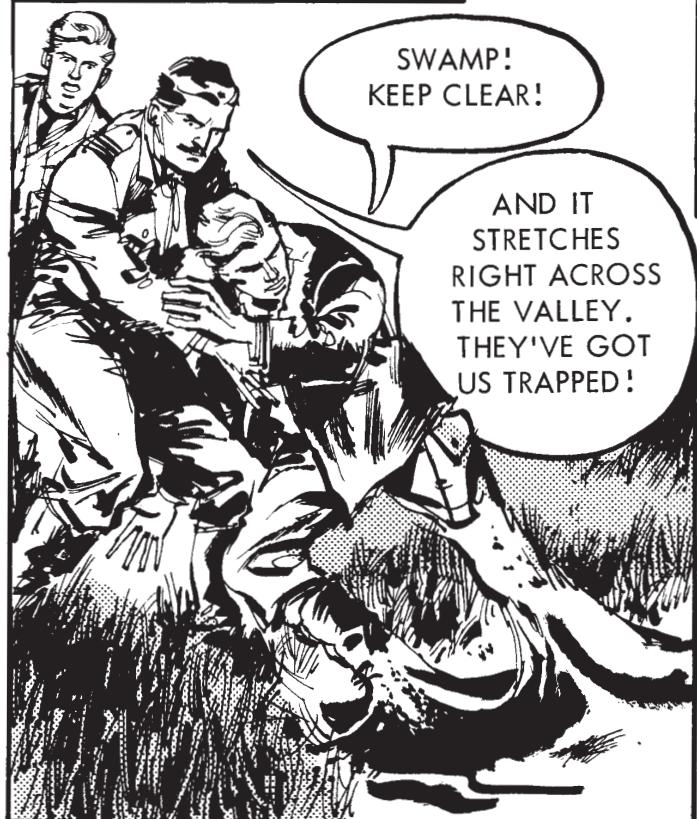


BUT ALREADY GERMAN SOLDIERS, APPARENTLY FROM THE FACTORY, HAD CORDONED OFF BOTH SIDES OF THE VALLEY, AND WERE COMBING EVERY INCH OF GROUND.

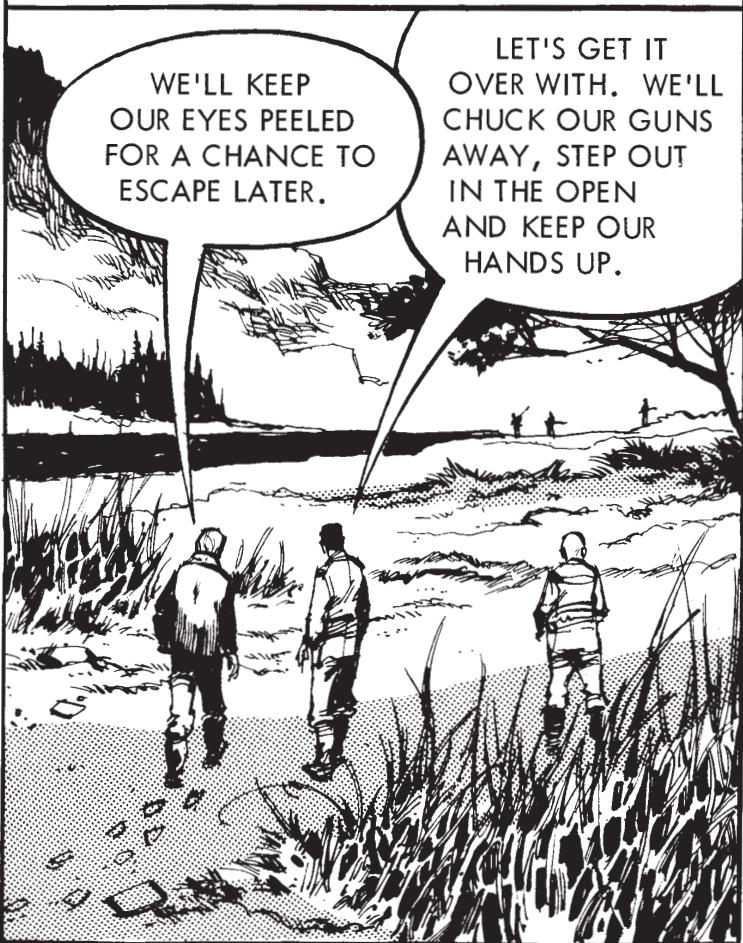


THERE AGAIN THEY RAN INTO A SOLID LINE OF FIELD GREY UNIFORMS. PUZZLED BY THE SIZE OF THE GERMAN GARRISON IN SUCH A REMOTE PLACE, THEY DECIDED TO GO BACK AND TRY THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY.

STEALTHILY THEY RETREATED. BUT AT THE END OF THE VALLEY, WHEN TIM TOOK A TENTATIVE STEP ON THE LUSH-LOOKING GRASS, AT ONCE HIS FOOT SANK IN, AND WAS GRIPPED BY SLIMY, TREACHEROUS MUD.



THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT BUT SURRENDER. SICK AT HEART, THEY TURNED BACK TOWARDS THE HUNTERS.



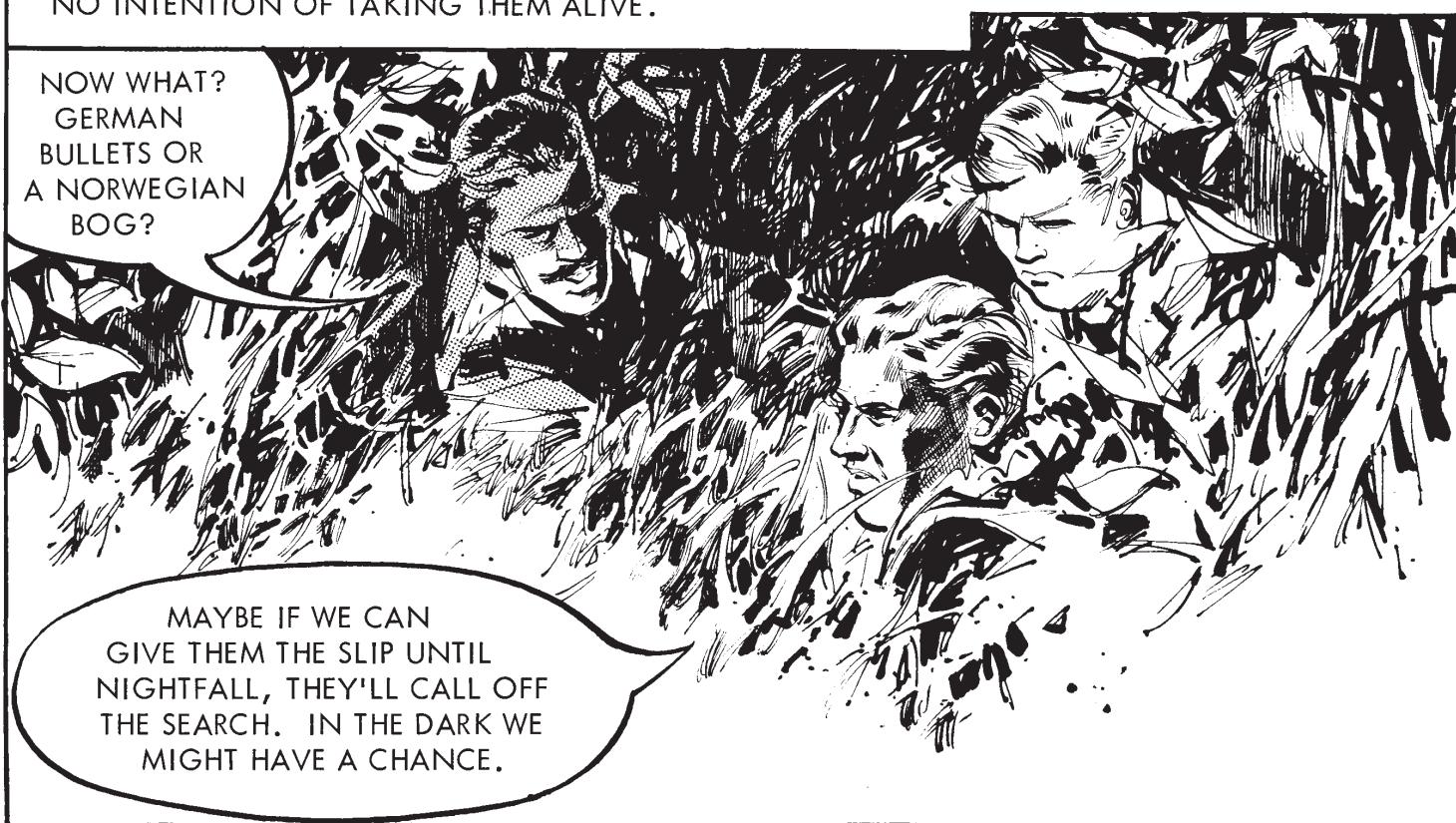
THIS THEY DID. BUT THE GERMANS' REACTION TO THE FIRST SIGHT OF THEM, DESPITE THEIR RAISED HANDS, WAS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED.



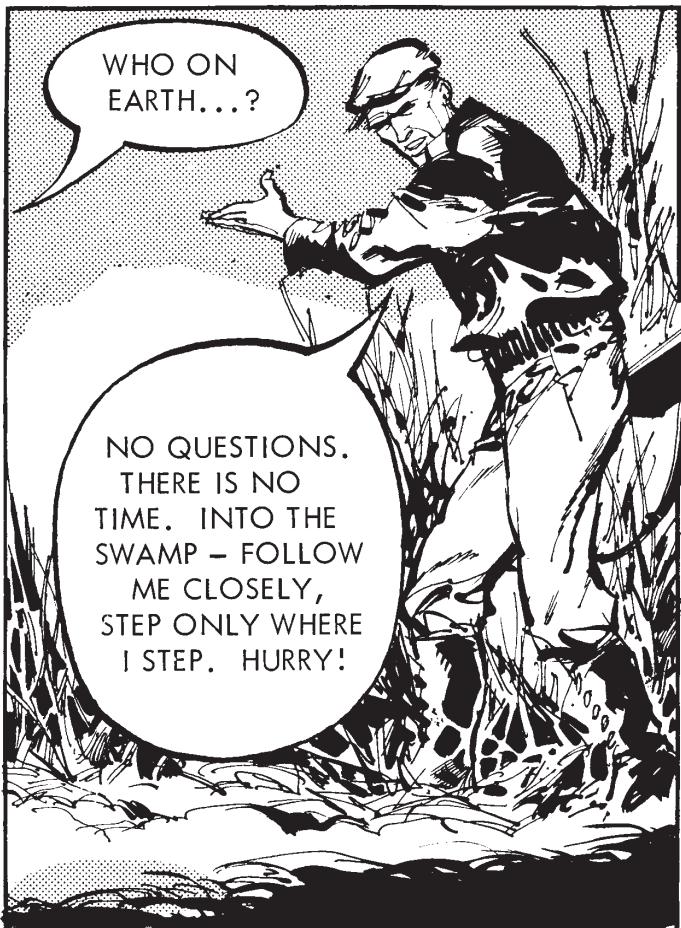
FRANTICALLY THEY DIVED FOR COVER FROM THE STORM OF LEAD WHIPPING ABOUT THEM.



THEY SPRIENTED DEEPER INTO THE FOREST AND HID. BUT SHOTS CONTINUED TO SNARL ROUND THEM. THEY WERE FORCED TO ONLY ONE HORRIFYING CONCLUSION — THE GERMANS HAD NO INTENTION OF TAKING THEM ALIVE.

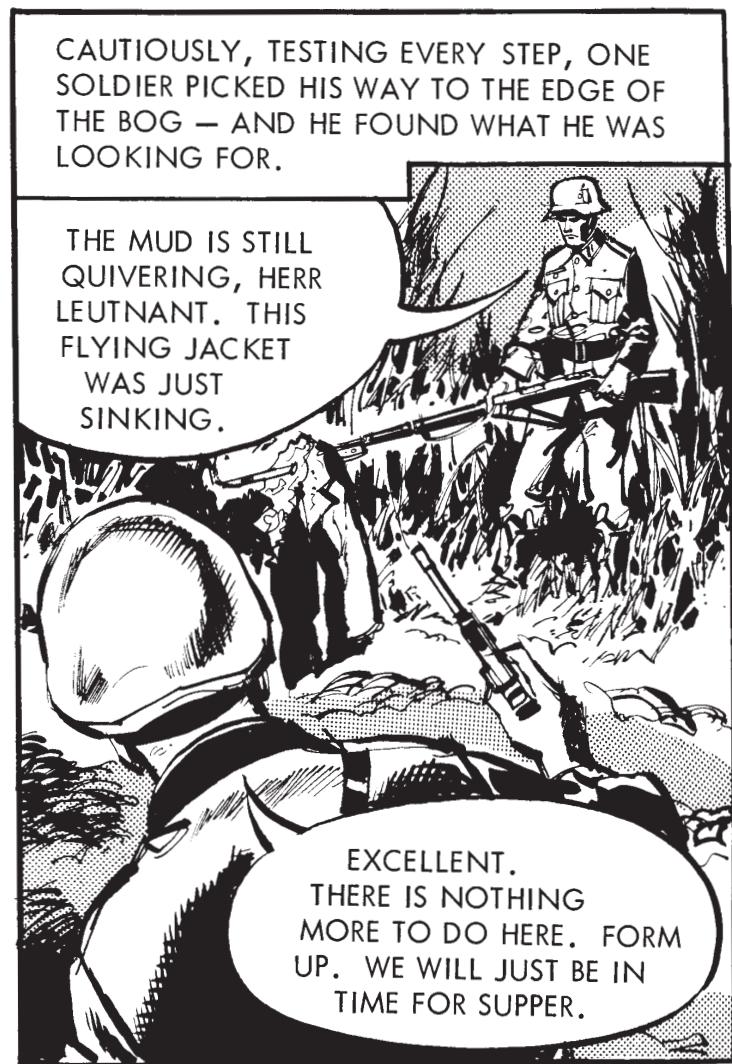


BUT BEATING THROUGH THE TREES, THE HUNTERS ADVANCED SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, REMORSELESSLY DRIVING THEIR QUARRY UP THE VALLEY TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE DEADLY BOG.



INSTINCTIVELY TRUSTING THEIR NEW ALLY, TIM, DOBSON AND FENTON FOLLOWED THE SHADOWY FIGURE WHO SET OFF CONFIDENTLY INTO THE SWAMP.





IN THE HEART OF THE BUSHES WAS A CAMOUFLAGED SQUARE OPENING, AND A LADDER LEADING DOWN. MYSTIFIED, THE AIRMEN DESCENDED INTO AN INKY BLACK UNDERGROUND ROOM. AT A WORD FROM THEIR RESCUER A MATCH FLARED...



ROLF, AS THEIR RESCUER WAS CALLED, EXPLAINED THAT ALL THE MEN WERE NATIVES OF THE DISTRICT. AS CHILDREN, THEY HAD FOUND A WAY INTO THE BOG, IT HAD BEEN THEIR "SECRET PLACE". WHEN THE GERMANS MARCHED IN, THE RESISTANCE MOVEMENT HAD A SAFE, READY-MADE HEADQUARTERS.



ROLF TOLD THEM THAT THE DUGOUT WAS USED PURELY AS A BASE FOR OPERATIONS. HERE THEY COULD LEAVE ARMS AND EXPLOSIVES, WHICH IF DISCOVERED IN THEIR HOMES WOULD MEAN INSTANT DEATH.

WE ASSEMBLE HERE TO PLAN AND MAKE READY FOR SABOTAGE AND NUISANCE RAIDS. THE GERMANS HAVE TRIED EVERYTHING TO WINKLE US OUT, EVEN TO SENDING AEROPLANES TO BLANKET-BOMB THE WHOLE SWAMP.

BUT YOU HEARD THEM COMING AND HOPPED IT, I'LL BET. AND THIS PLACE, BEING UNDERGROUND, SURVIVED.

YES. IT IS VERY STRONG.

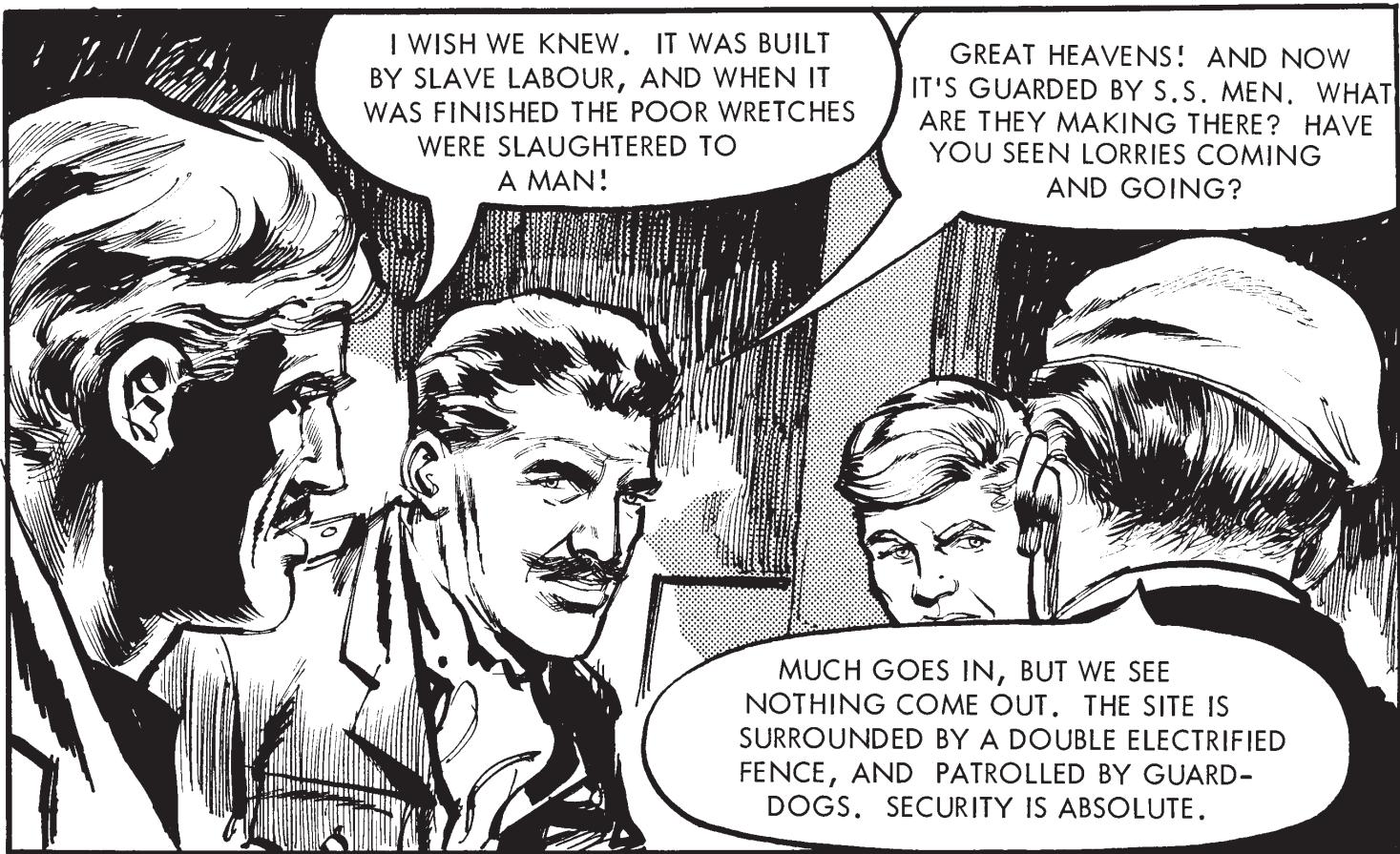
THE HIDE-AWAY HAD BEEN DUG OVER MANY NIGHTS AND HEAVILY SHORED WITH TIMBER, MAKING IT STURDY AND DRY. ONLY THEN HAD THE RESISTANCE GROUP STARTED HARRYING THEIR CONQUERORS.

WE SAW YOU COME DOWN. KNOWING THAT THE GERMANS WOULD HUNT YOU WITHOUT MERCY, I CAME TO RESCUE YOU.

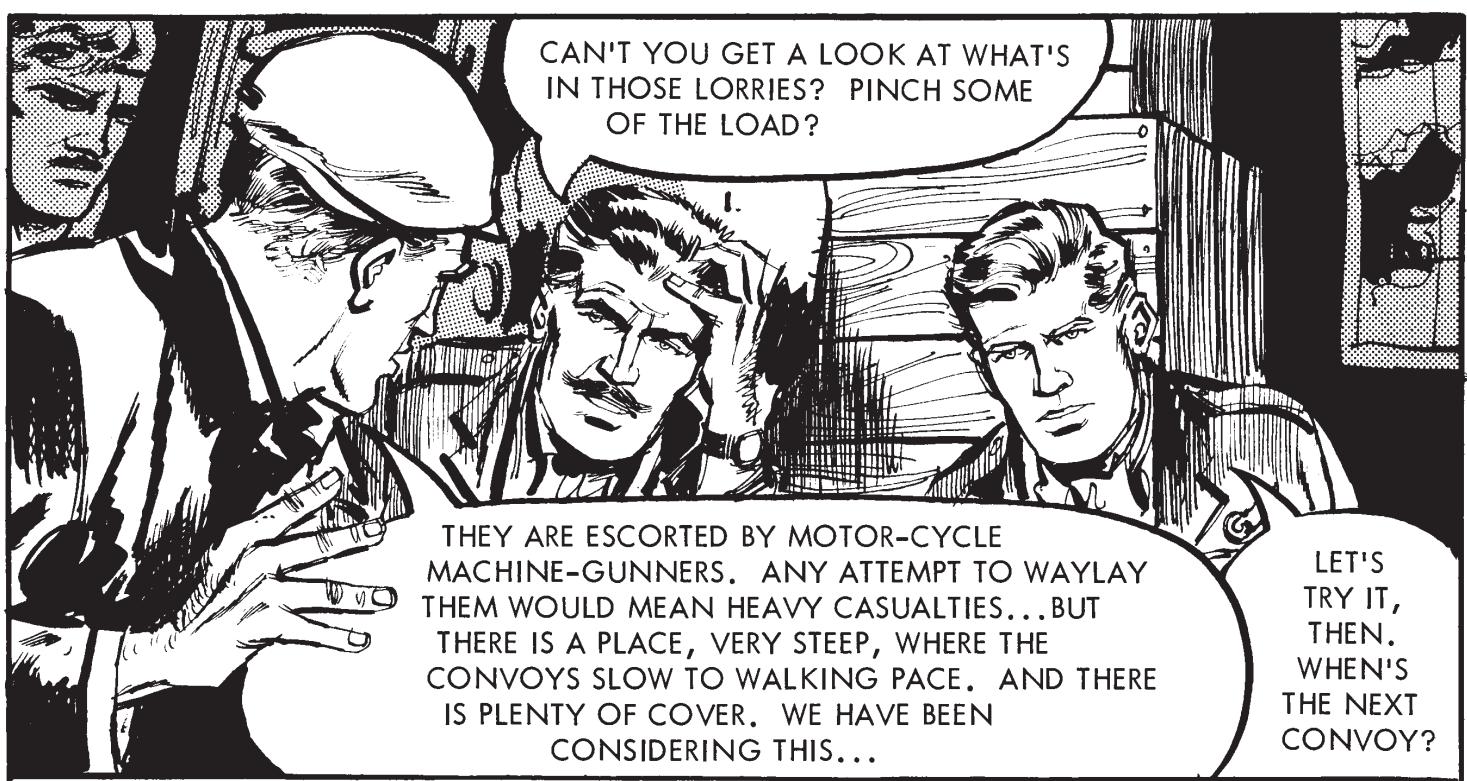
THAT'S WHAT'S BOthering me. WHY DIDN'T THEY ACCEPT OUR SURRENDER? WE HAVE OUR RIGHTS AS PRISONERS OF WAR.

THE MEN WHO SEARCHED FOR YOU ARE THE GUARDS AT THE FACTORY — PICKED S.S. TROOPS, UTTERLY RUTHLESS. YOU SAW THE FACTORY, SO YOU MUST DIE. IT'S AS SIMPLE AS THAT.

WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT THAT PLACE, THEN?



CONVOYS OF LORRIES, HEAVILY LANDED, ARRIVED PERIODICALLY, THEIR DRIVERS WAITING OUTSIDE WHILE S.S. MEN TOOK THE VEHICLES IN AND UNLOADED THEM. CLEARLY THE GERMANS WERE AT GREAT PAINS TO CONCEAL WHAT WENT ON AT THE FACTORY.



ALL THREE AIRMEN KNEW THEIR DUTY WAS TO GET BACK TO BRITAIN AS FAST AS POSSIBLE. BUT FOR THE MOMENT THEY WERE TRAPPED IN THIS VALLEY, AND HAD STUMBLED ON WHAT SEEMED A MYSTERIOUS BIG NAZI SECRET — NO DOUBT HARMFUL TO THE ALLIES.

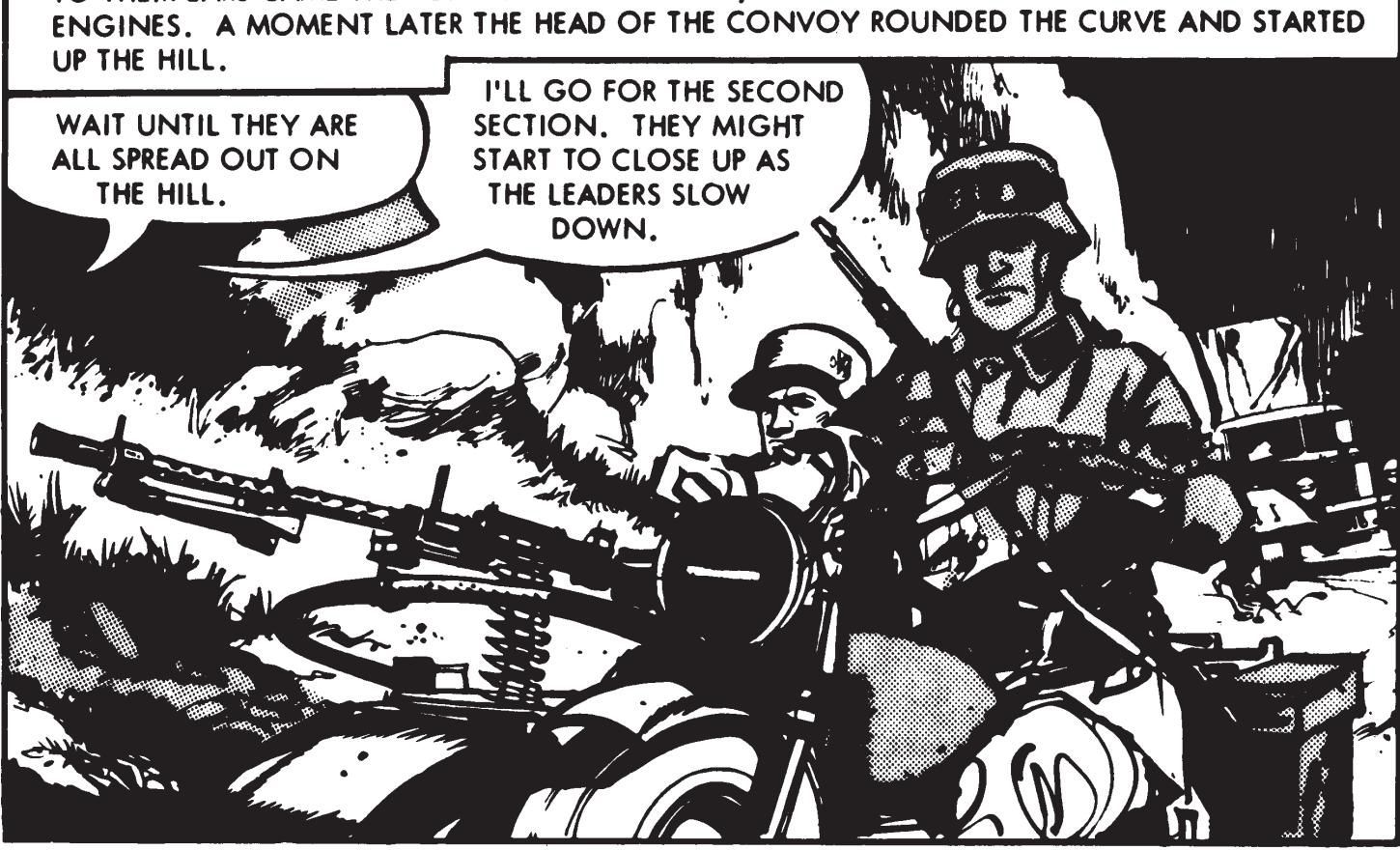
TWO NIGHTS LATER WADE AND ROLF LEFT THE HIDEOUT. THEY TRAVELED ACROSS COUNTRY TO THE SPOT CHOSEN FOR THE ATTEMPT AT A "LOOK-SEE".



WE ARE IN GOOD TIME. THERE IS A MOTOR-CYCLE AND SIDECAR PATROL WITH EVERY THIRD LORRY, SO GO FOR THE MIDDLE LORRY OF A SECTION.

RIGHT. WE'LL SOON KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. LISTEN, HERE THEY COME...

TO THEIR EARS CAME THE ROAR OF MOTOR-BIKES, BACKED BY THE DEEP GROWL OF LORRY ENGINES. A MOMENT LATER THE HEAD OF THE CONVOY ROUNDED THE CURVE AND STARTED UP THE HILL.



WAIT UNTIL THEY ARE ALL SPREAD OUT ON THE HILL.

I'LL GO FOR THE SECOND SECTION. THEY MIGHT START TO CLOSE UP AS THE LEADERS SLOW DOWN.

WADE WATCHED THE LEADING TRUCKS GRIND PAST IN LOW GEAR. THEN, SILENT AS A SHADOW, HE VAULTED ON TO THE CENTRE LORRY OF A SECTION.



GRABBING A HANDFUL OF THE MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE AND CRAMMING IT IN HIS POCKET, WADE DROPPED FROM THE TRUCK AND CRESTED AWAY. SECONDS LATER —



THE STRANGE CARGO CARRIED BY THE HEAVILY GUARDED LORRIES ONLY DEEPENED THE MYSTERY OF THE FACTORY.

SO WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED. WHAT NOW?

THE FEEL OF THIS STUFF STRIKES A CHORD, SOMEWHERE. I KNOW I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE. JUST A MINUTE, IT'S ALL COMING BACK.



BEFORE THE WAR, DOBSON HAD BEEN STUDYING PHYSICS AT UNIVERSITY. HE HAD OFTEN GIVEN PART-TIME HELP TO SCIENTISTS ON RESEARCH PROJECTS.

OF COURSE — IT'S URANIUM ORE!

THAT MEANS PRECISELY NOTHING TO US SIMPLE PEASANTS. TELL US MORE, PROFESSOR DOBSON.

WHEN THE ATOM WAS SPLIT BACK IN 1932 IT WAS FOUND THAT ENERGY WAS RELEASED — ENERGY OUT OF ALL PROPORTION TO ITS SIZE. IMAGINE ONE GALLON OF OIL BEING ABLE TO DRIVE THE "QUEEN MARY" ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. THAT'LL GIVE YOU SOME IDEA.



URANIUM WAS FOUND TO BE THE SUBSTANCE WHOSE ATOMS WERE EASIEST TO SPLIT, BUT THIS SUBSTANCE ONLY EXISTED IN VERY SMALL QUANTITIES IN ITS NATURAL ORE AND IMMENSE POWER WAS NEEDED FOR THE REFINING PROCESS.

I WAS HELPING IN ONE OF THE RESEARCH LABS. SUDDENLY WE WERE TOLD THE GOVERNMENT WAS TAKING OVER, WERE WARNED TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT ALL WE HAD SEEN, AND THEN THE WHOLE PROJECT WENT UNDER SECURITY WRAPS.

YES, I'M SURE OF IT — FOR BOMBS! LET LOOSE, ITS DESTRUCTIVE POWER WOULD BE FANTASTIC. WHOLE CITIES COULD BE WIPE OUT IN SECONDS.

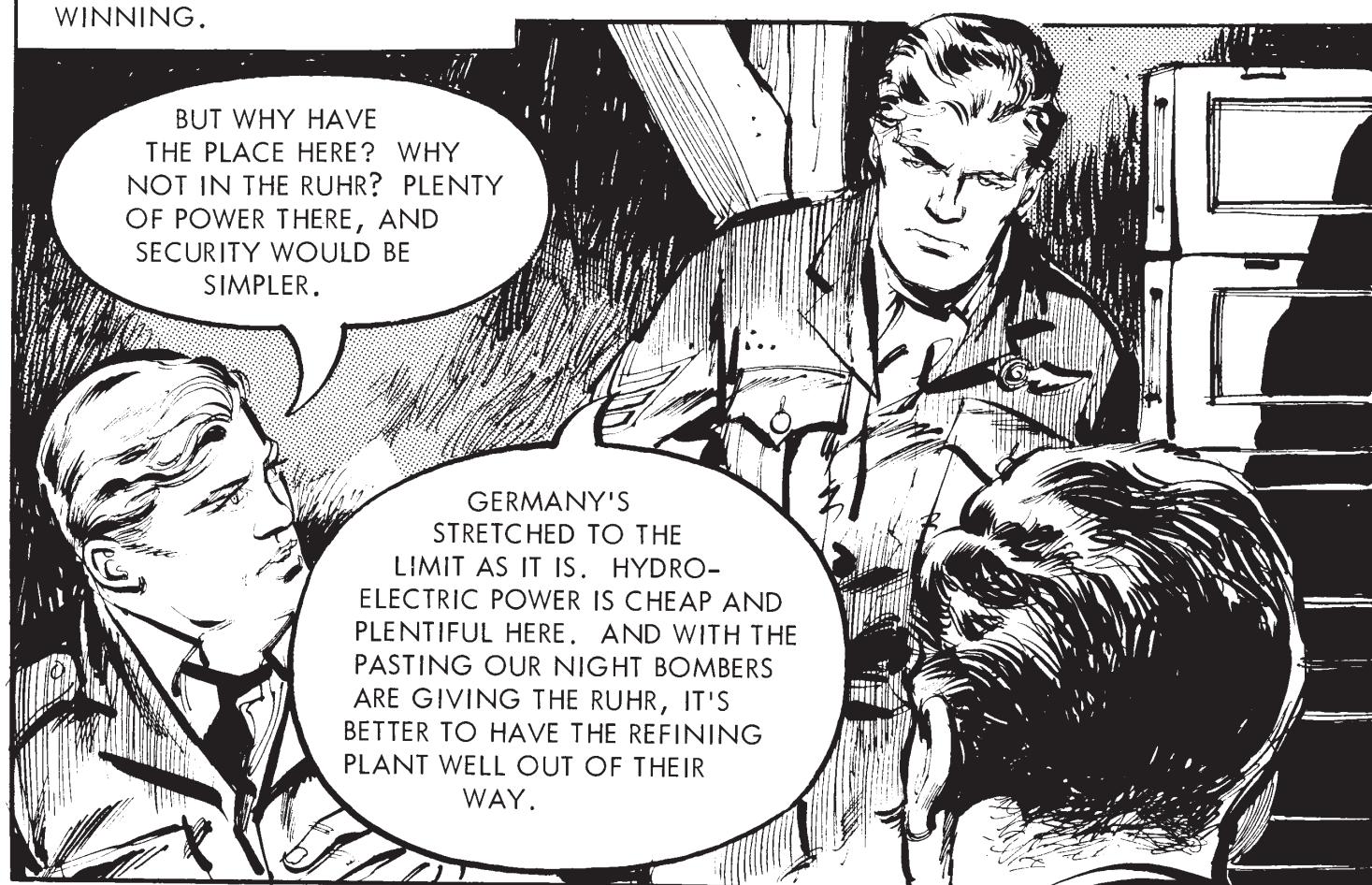


THEN THIS POWER BOTTLED UP IN THE ATOM COULD BE USED FOR WAR PURPOSES? IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE GETTING AT?



AND I'LL BET MY LIFE THAT'S JUST HOW THE GERMANS ARE PLANNING TO USE IT. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO ADD UP.

IT WAS CLEAR THAT SCIENTISTS ON BOTH SIDES WERE RACING AGAINST TIME TO UNLOCK THE SECRET OF THE ATOM, AND THE GERMANS, WITH THEIR RUTHLESS METHODS, SEEMED TO BE WINNING.



BUT WHY HAVE THE PLACE HERE? WHY NOT IN THE RUHR? PLENTY OF POWER THERE, AND SECURITY WOULD BE SIMPLER.

GERMANY'S STRETCHED TO THE LIMIT AS IT IS. HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER IS CHEAP AND PLENTIFUL HERE. AND WITH THE PASTING OUR NIGHT BOMBERS ARE GIVING THE RUHR, IT'S BETTER TO HAVE THE REFINING PLANT WELL OUT OF THEIR WAY.

SO THE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS FACTORY WAS OUT. THIS INFORMATION WAS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE. IT MUST BE COMMUNICATED TO ENGLAND AT ONCE, AND THE INSTALLATION DESTROYED.



YOU'RE IN RADIO CONTACT WITH ENGLAND. WE MUST SEND OFF A MESSAGE ABOUT THIS RIGHT NOW.

WE COULD, BUT WE THINK THE GERMANS HAVE BROKEN OUR CODE. THEY WOULD CERTAINLY PICK UP THE MESSAGE, AND THEN ATTACK WOULD BE SUICIDAL.



THE FACTORY WAS ALMOST INVULNERABLE FROM THE AIR, PROTECTED BY THE OVERHANGING CLIFFS. ONCE THE GERMANS KNEW THEIR SECRET WAS OUT, EVERY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AND FIGHTER PLANE THEY COULD MUSTER WOULD BE MOVED IN.

...SUICIDAL, YES, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN. WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM UNPREPARED. OK, WE MUST GO BACK TO ENGLAND AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND TAKE THE NEWS OURSELVES.



BUT YOU KNOW THAT THIS WILL TAKE WEEKS, POSSIBLY MONTHS, BY THE USUAL CHANNELS. ALREADY ARRANGEMENTS ARE BEING MADE. BUT WAIT! THERE IS ONE CHANCE...

ROLF TOLD HOW ONCE A MONTH, A SEAPLANE LANDED ON THE LAKE, BRINGING HIGH OFFICIALS FROM GERMANY TO CHECK ON THE PROGRESS OF WORK AT THE FACTORY. IT WAS DUE THE NEXT DAY.

THE PEOPLE FROM GERMANY ALWAYS STAY OVERNIGHT. THE AEROPLANE IS MOORED ON THE LAKE. PERHAPS YOU COULD STEAL IT.

BY THUNDER, WE'LL HAVE A BLOOMING GOOD TRY. WHAT DO YOU SAY, CHAPS?

DEFINITELY!  
COUNT DON AND ME IN.

NEXT MORNING THEY WAITED ANXIOUSLY FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE SEAPLANE. NOT UNTIL NEARLY NOON DID THEY HEAR THE DRONE OF ENGINES.

THERE IT IS. THEY MOOR IT AT THE JETTY BELOW THE FACTORY. CAN YOU REACH ENGLAND IN IT?

EASILY. I'VE NEVER FLOWN A SEAPLANE, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT CHANCE. ONCE WE'RE AIRBORNE IT'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE.

AFTER DARK THAT NIGHT, THE THREE AIRMEN AND A COUPLE OF THE NORWEGIANS MADE THEIR WAY TO THE LITTLE JETTY BELOW THE FACTORY.



SILENT AS A GHOST, THE NORWEGIAN GLIDED ALONG THE JETTY, STALKING THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY. STEEL FLASHED IN THE MOONLIGHT, AND THE S.S. MAN CRUMPLED WITHOUT A MURMUR.



THE BRAVE NORWEGIANS CAST OFF THE MOORING LINES, THEN FADED INTO THE DARKNESS, WHILE DOBSON EXAMINED THE HEINKEL'S CONTROLS.



MUCH THE SAME AS OURS. CAN'T SEE VERY WELL PAST THE NOSE. IF I REMEMBER RIGHTLY, A SEAPLANE SITS BACK ON HER FLOATS UNTIL SHE PICKS UP SPEED. TIM, YOU'VE GOT THE BEST EYES. GO UP FRONT AND WATCH FOR SURFACE OBSTRUCTIONS.

EH?  
BUT...  
OH, ALL  
RIGHT. ON  
MY WAY.

TIM'S NERVOUS HESITATION PASSED UNNOTICED IN THE TENSION. HE MOVED UP INTO THE NOSE. DOBSON PRESSED THE STARTERS. FIRST ONE, THEN BOTH ENGINES WOKE TO LIFE WITH A COUGHING ROAR.

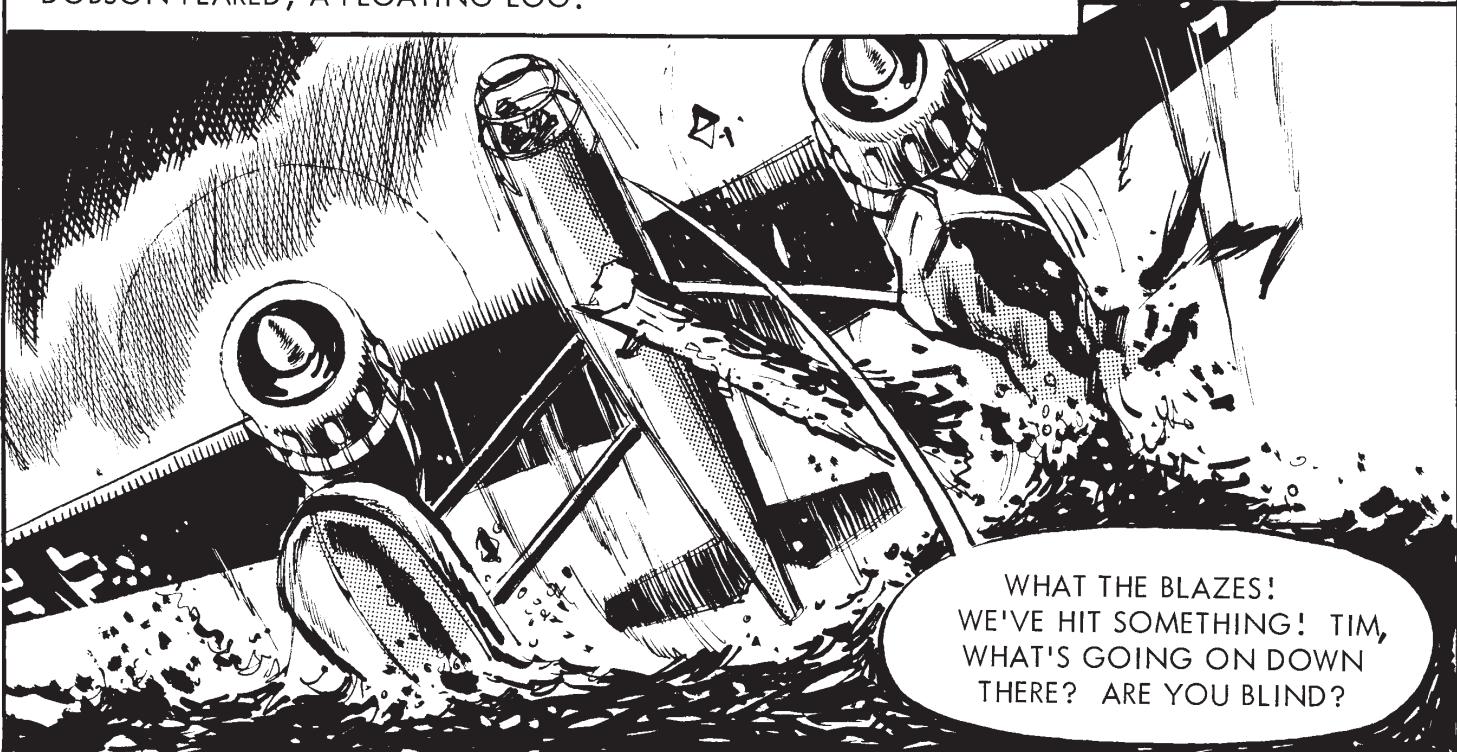
THIS RACKET WILL  
WAKE EVERY HUN FOR MILES.  
HERE WE GO. KEEP YOUR EYES  
SKINNED, TIM. THERE MAY  
BE LOGS FLOATING ABOUT.



DOWN IN THE NOSE, TIM FOUGHT TO STEEL HIMSELF AGAINST THE TERRIBLE TREMBLING AND TWITCHING OF HIS FACE AND LIMBS AS THE HEINKEL BEGAN TO PLOUGH THROUGH THE WATER. FASTER AND FASTER THE GLITTERING SURFACE OF THE LAKE RUSHED PAST.



PETRIFIED WITH FEAR AS THE SEAPLANE REACHED THE TAKE-OFF SPEED, TIM HAD TO TURN AWAY, COVERING HIS EYES TO SHUT OUT THE SPEEDING SURFACE. A SECOND LATER CAME A JARRING THUD, AND THE SEAPLANE SLEwed WILDLY ROUND. ONE FLOAT HAD STRUCK THE VERY THING DOBSON FEARED, A FLOATING LOG.



ONE PONTOON SMASHED, THE HEINKEL KEELED OVER SHARPLY, SPUN IN A CIRCLE AND STOPPED. BY NOW THE SHORE WAS A HOWLING BEDLAM AS THE GUARDS WERE ROUSED OUT.



DESPERATELY THE AIRMEN PLUNGED INTO THE WATER AND TRIED TO SWIM TO SHORE, HOPING TO REJOIN THE PARTISANS, BUT THE POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT ON THE LAUNCH STABBED OUT, AND FOUND THEM.

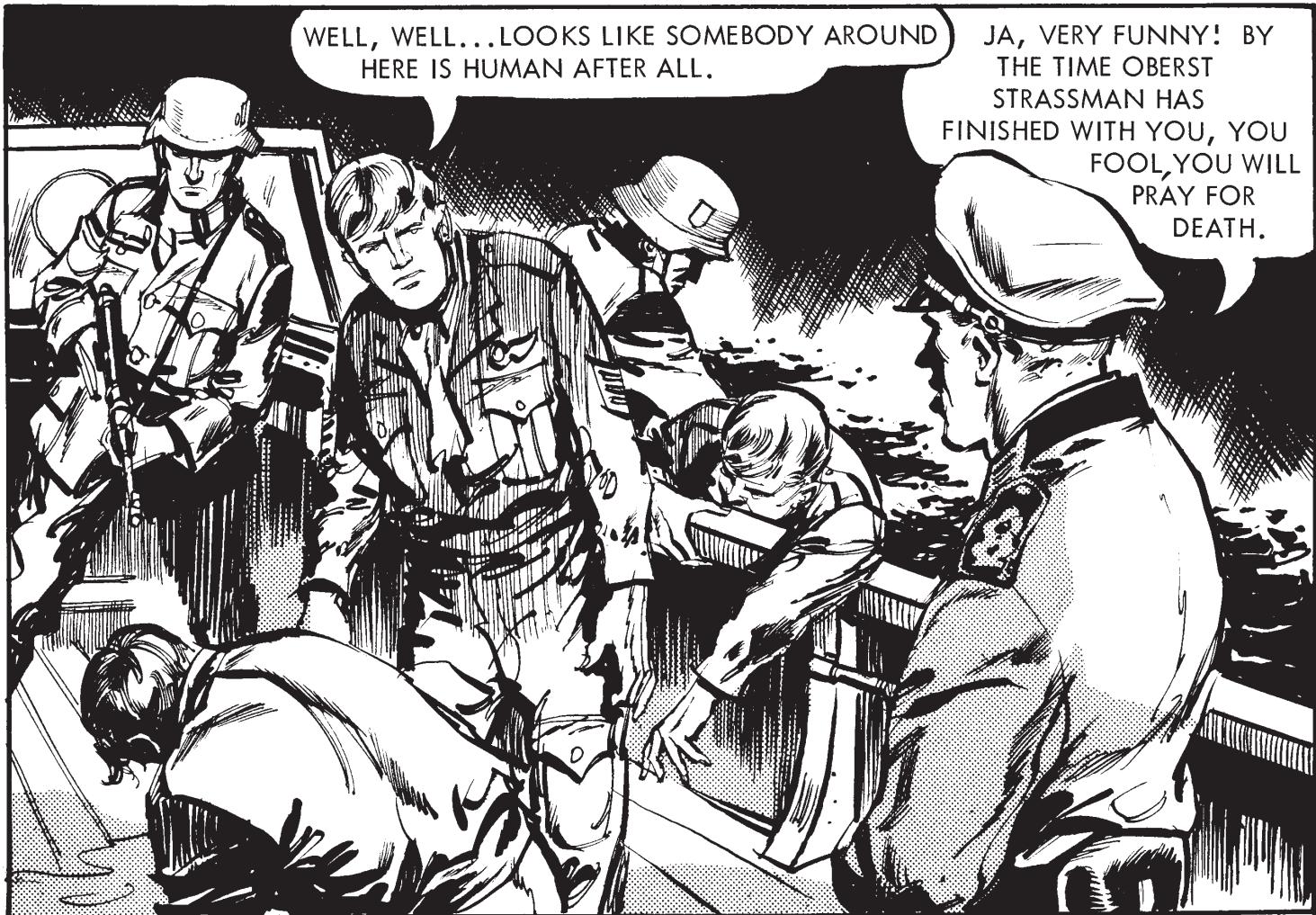


TRAPPED IN THE BLINDING BEAM OF LIGHT, THE AIRMEN WERE SITTING TARGETS. BULLETS LASHED THE WATER ROUND THEM INTO FOAM, AND ONE FOUND ITS MARK.



DEATH SEEMED INEVITABLE. THEN FROM THE SHORE A HARSH, COMMANDING VOICE CALLED.





WITH THESE OMINOUS WORDS IN THEIR EARS, TIM AND FENTON, SUPPORTING THE GROANING DOBSON, WERE BUNDLED ASHORE, TO MEET S.S. COLONEL STRASSMAN, KNOWN AS "THE BUTCHER".



STRASSMAN HAD PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER. ONLY TRAINED FLYERS WOULD ATTEMPT TO MAKE OFF WITH AN AIRCRAFT. THREE SUCH MEN HAD COME DOWN NEARBY, EVEN THOUGH THEY HAD BEEN REPORTED KILLED BY THE SWAMP.

NEIN! DO NOT TRY TO FOOL ME. YOU WERE RESCUED BY THOSE ACCURSED NORWEGIANS, SKULKING IN THEIR MUD-HOLE. THEREFORE YOU MUST KNOW HOW TO GET IN AND OUT.



INDEED? WE HAVE OUR METHODS OF LOOSENING TONGUES. WE WILL START WITH YOUR WOUNDED FRIEND. YOU TWO SHALL WATCH. IT WILL NOT BE A PRETTY SIGHT, THAT I PROMISE YOU! PUT THEM IN THE CAR.



THE THREE PRISONERS WERE HUSTLED INTO THE CAR AND DRIVEN TO THE COMMANDANT'S QUARTERS, A HOUSE JUST INSIDE THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE THAT SURROUNDED THE FACTORY, AND THROWN INTO A CELLAR.



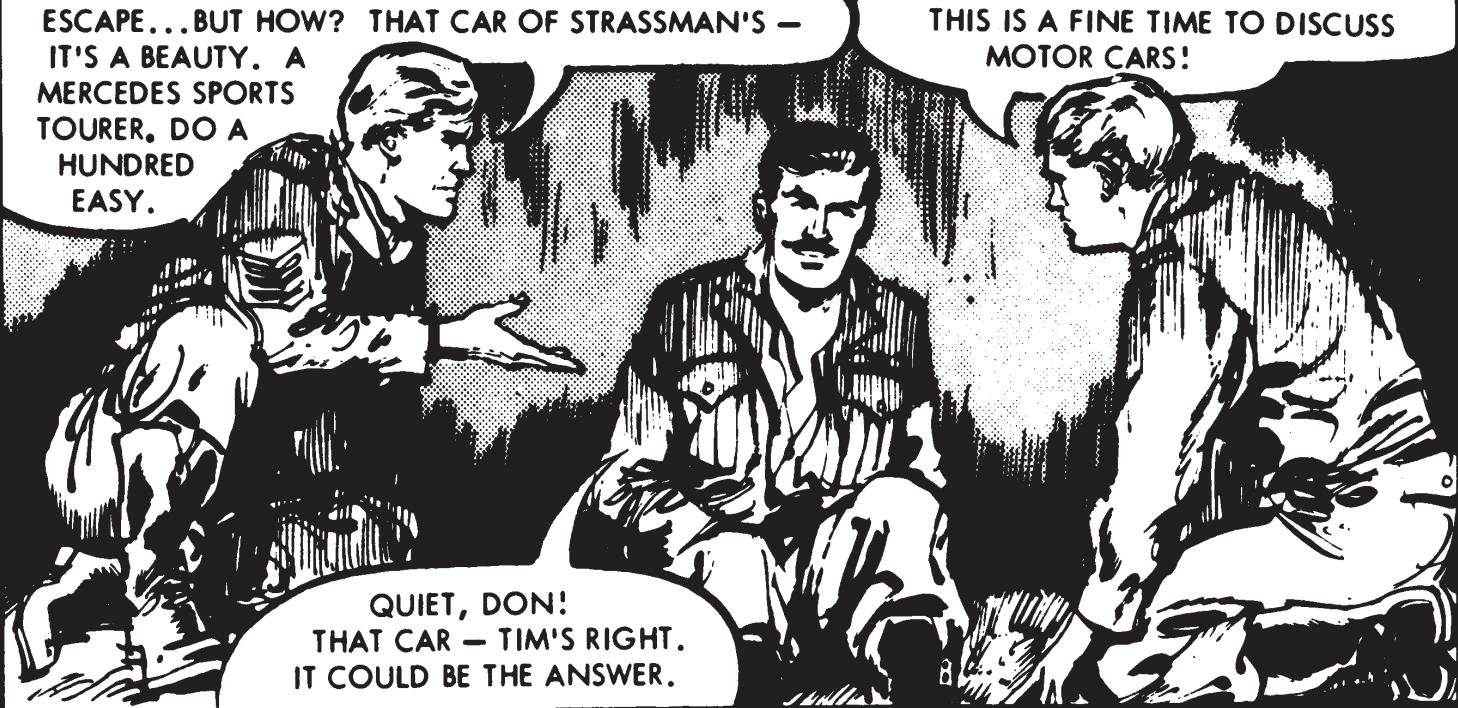
THE DOOR SLAMMED SHUT, THE KEY GRATED IN THE LOCK. LEFT ALONE, TIM AND FENTON DID WHAT THEY COULD TO MAKE DOBSON COMFORTABLE, BINDING HIS WOUND WITH STRIPS TORN FROM THEIR SHIRTS.



THE WORDS HIT WADE LIKE A BLOW IN THE FACE. IT WAS HIS FAULT. ALL BECAUSE HE HAD NOT MASTERED HIS TERROR OF SPEED, DOBSON WAS WOUNDED, THEY WERE AT THE MERCY OF THE BRUTAL STRASSMAN, AND THE TERRIBLE SECRET THEY HAD DISCOVERED WAS STILL UNKNOWN TO THE ALLIES.



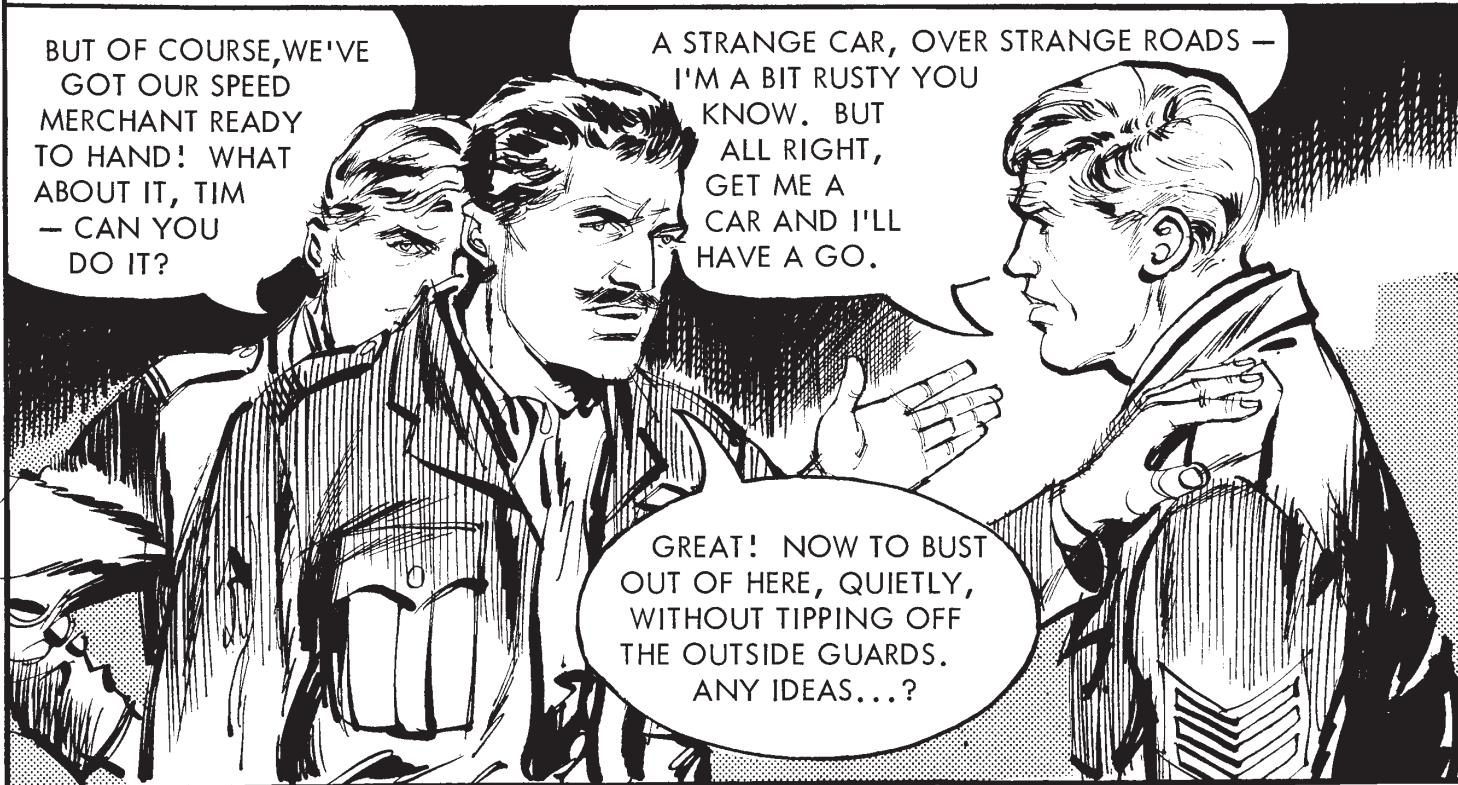
BROUGHT TO THEIR SENSES BY THEIR RECOVERED SKIPPER'S CALM SUGGESTION, TIM AND FENTON REALISED THAT ESCAPE, BY ANY MEANS, WAS ESSENTIAL. THE FATE OF BRITAIN, MAYBE EVEN OF THE WHOLE WORLD, MIGHT DEPEND ON THEM.



A PLAN WAS FORMING IN DOBSON'S MIND. NORWAY WAS A SMALL COUNTRY. NEUTRAL SWEDEN LAY ONLY A HUNDRED OR SO MILES AWAY. A DISTANCE THAT THE POWERFUL MERCEDES COULD COVER IN LESS THAN A COUPLE OF HOURS WITH A GOOD DRIVER—AND THEY HAD A GOOD DRIVER—THE BEST IN BRITAIN.



IF HE, THE FAMOUS "WHIRLWIND" WADE, COULD NOT HANDLE THE BIG MERCEDES IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHO COULD? TIM FELT THEIR EYES UPON HIM, EAGER, HOPEFUL...



SOMEHOW TIM FORCED A GRIN. NOW THE WHOLE RESPONSIBILITY FOR GETTING THE VITAL INFORMATION THROUGH WAS HIS. HIS HANDS ON THE WHEEL OF A SPEEDING CAR WOULD DECIDE THEIR FATE... HIS TREMBLING HANDS...

FOR AN HOUR THEY TALKED AND ARGUED. SCHEMES WERE PUT FORWARD, DISCUSSED, REJECTED. FINALLY THEY HAMMERED OUT WHAT SEEMED A WORKABLE PLAN, WITH A FAIR CHANCE OF SUCCESS.

OK, THEN. WE WAIT UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN, SO THAT WE DO THE RUN IN DAYLIGHT. BE CAREFUL IN THE ROUGH-HOUSE, TIM. IF YOU GET CROCKED, WE'VE HAD IT. DON CAN'T DRIVE, AND WITH THIS HOLE IN MY SHOULDER I'M OUT OF IT. YOU'RE OUR KEY MAN.

THESE WORDS ONLY INCREASED TIM'S FEAR — HIS FEAR OF BEING AFRAID, OF LETTING THEM DOWN. COULD HE DO IT? HE MUST. HE DARE NOT FAIL. SOON IT WAS TIME...



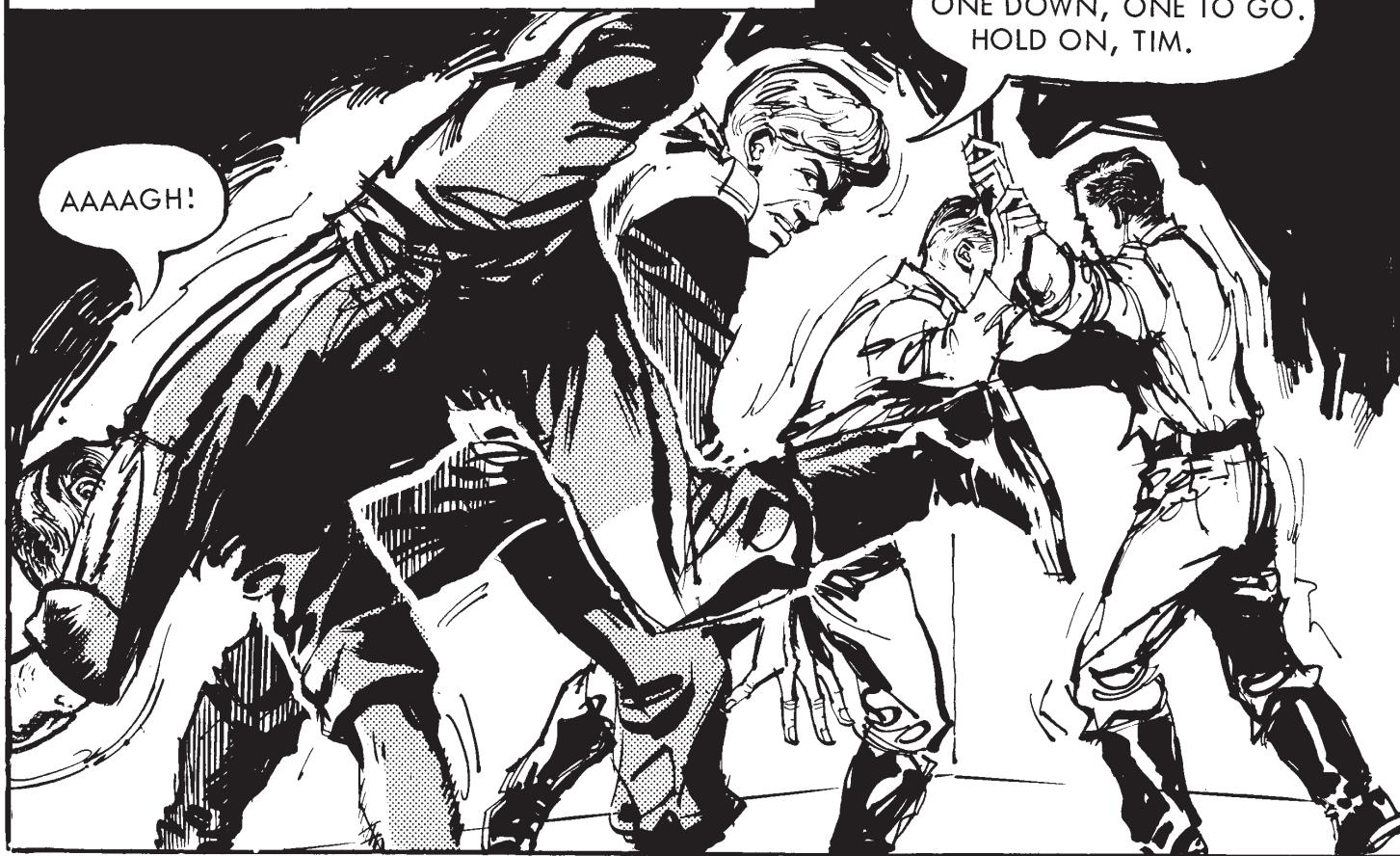
THIS THEY DID WITH A VENGEANCE. THEY SHOUTED, YELLED, KICKED AND POUNDED ON THE DOOR, SHOUTING THAT THEIR COMRADE WAS DYING. THE DIN SOON HAD THE DESIRED EFFECT.



STILL BLEARY WITH SLEEP, AND HOPPING MAD AT BEING AWAKENED AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR, STRASSMAN'S TWO THUGS CAME CHARGING INTO THE CELLAR, WHIRLING TRUNCHEONS.



NOW FENTON REVEALED AN UNEXPECTED ACCOMPLISHMENT...JUDO. AVOIDING THE VICIOUS SWIPE, HE GRABBED THE HULKING NAZI, AND WITH NO APPARENT EFFORT, HURLED HIM AWAY LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES.



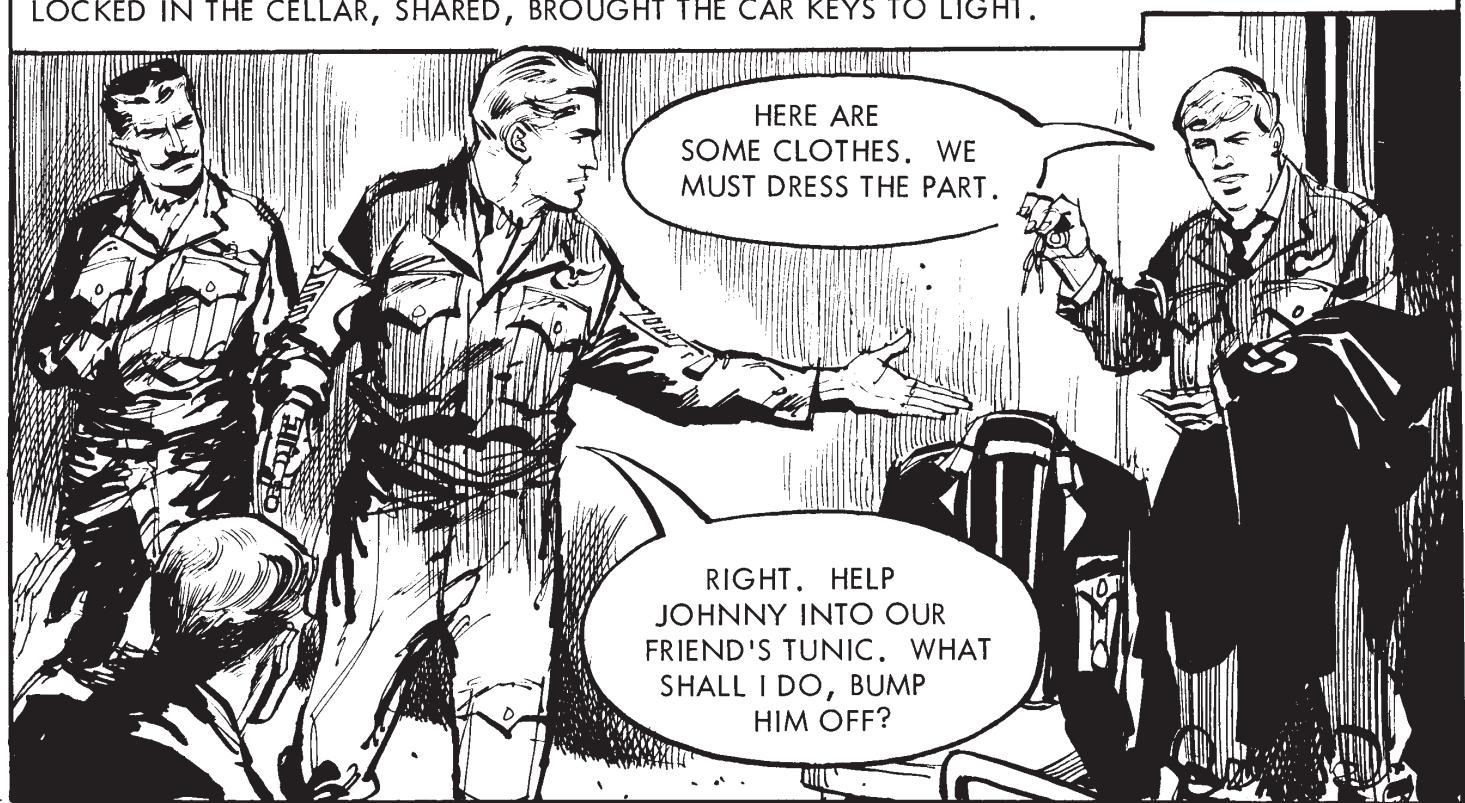
SWINGING HIS HAND LIKE AN AXE, TIM DEALT THE SECOND GERMAN A VICIOUS, CHOPPING BLOW BEHIND THE LEFT EAR. THE S.S. MAN CRUMPLED SENSELESS.



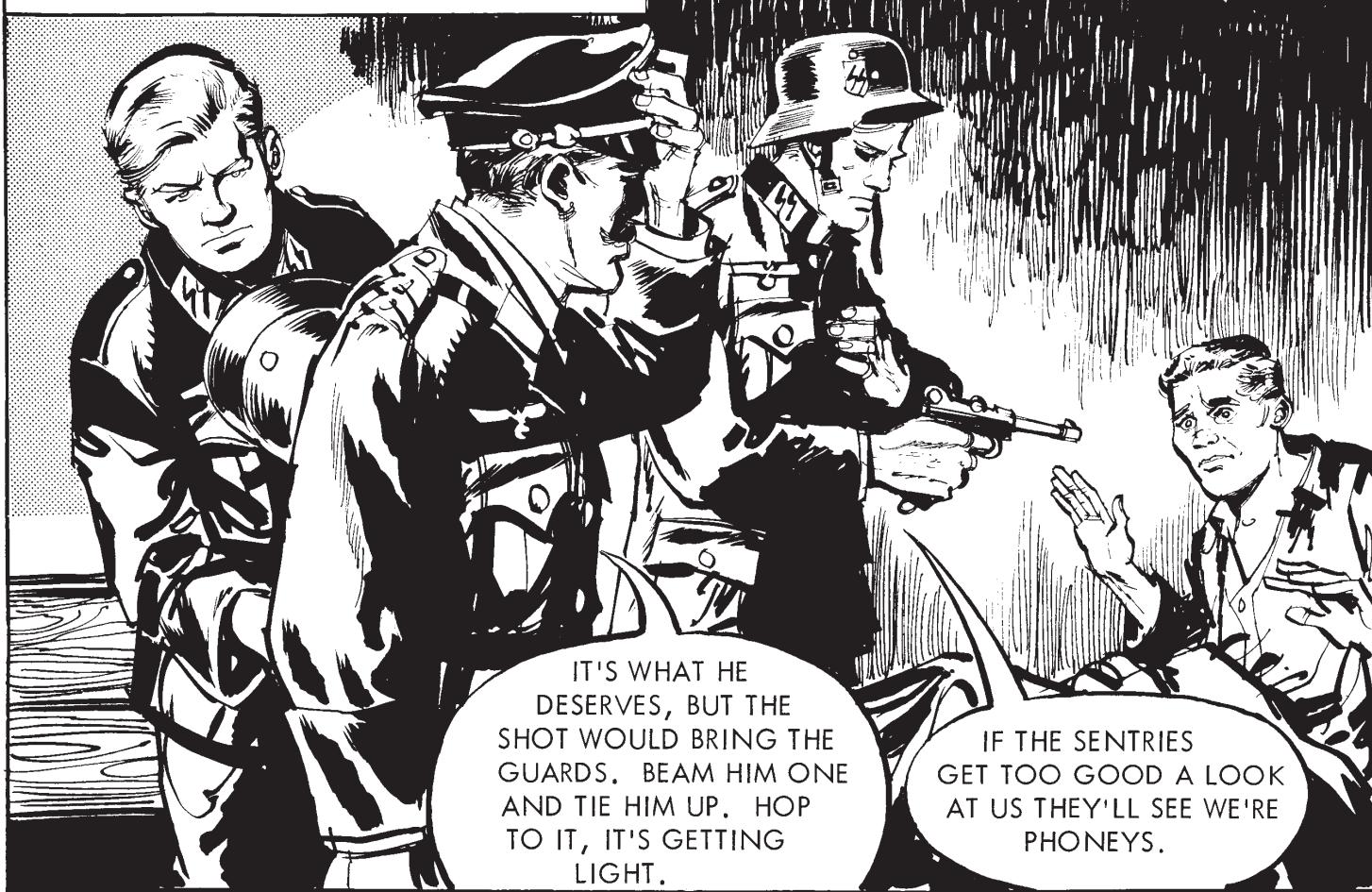
HEARING THE SCUFFLE, CRIES, THEN SILENCE, STRASSMAN ASSUMED HIS BULLIES HAD BEATEN THE PRISONERS INTO SUBMISSION, AND SETTLED DOWN AGAIN. BUT A HAND SHOOK HIM ROUGHLY AWAKE. HE OPENED HIS EYES TO STARE INTO THE MUZZLE OF HIS OWN AUTOMATIC.



WHEN THE TABLES WERE TURNED, THE ARROGANT STRASSMAN SHOWED THAT HE WAS A COWARD, LIKE MOST OF HIS FOUL BREED. A SEARCH OF THE NEXT ROOM, WHICH THE TWO THUGS, NOW LOCKED IN THE CELLAR, SHARED, BROUGHT THE CAR KEYS TO LIGHT.

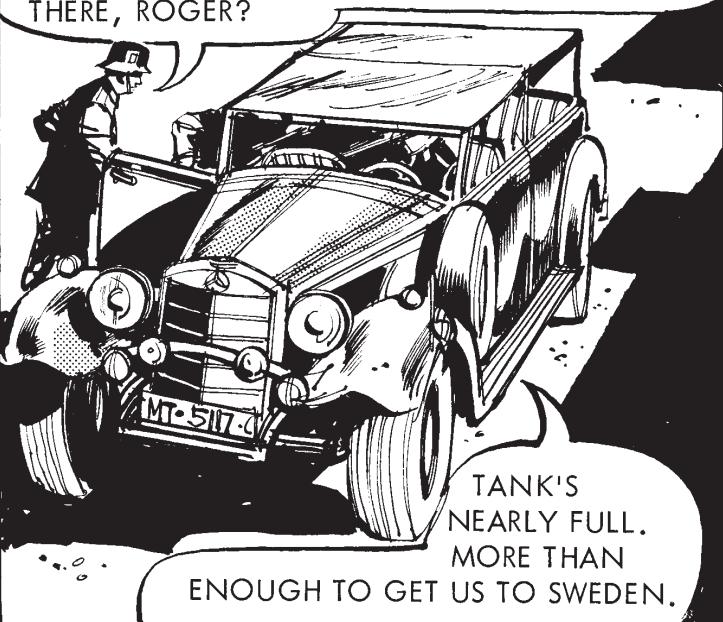


THIS SUGGESTION BROUGHT FRESH WHIMPERINGS FROM THE QUIVERING WRETCH ON THE BED. FENTON EYED HIM WITH OPEN DISGUST.



STRASSMAN WAS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS AND BOUND WITH HIS OWN BELT AND BRACES. LUCKILY THE MERCEDES WAS PARKED BEHIND THE HOUSE, AWAY FROM THE FENCE, AND THE EYES OF THE GUARDS.

IN YOU GO, JOHNNY. HOW MUCH PETROL IS THERE, ROGER?

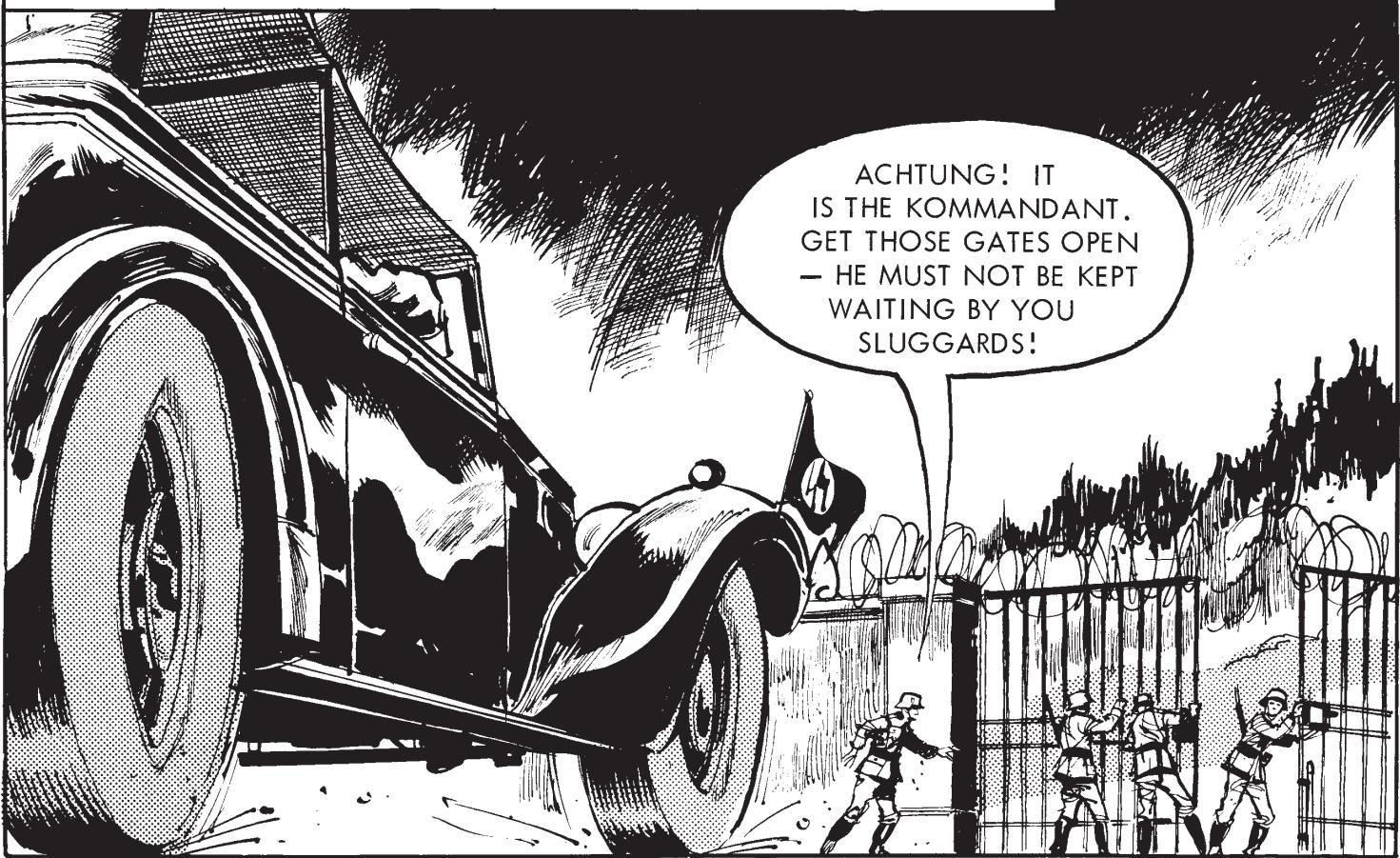


FIGHTING DOWN HIS MISGIVINGS, TIM PRESSED THE STARTER. THE TWELVE CYLINDER ENGINE CAME TO LIFE AT ONCE. DESPITE HIS FEAR, WADE COULD NOT SUPPRESS A THRILL AT FEELING THE CAR WAKE TO THROBBING LIFE UNDER HIS HANDS.

SO FAR, SO GOOD. HERE WE GO. WEAR YOUR BEST SNEERS AND SNARLS, EVERYBODY. REMEMBER, WE'RE DREADED S.S. MEN.



AS THE SUN PEEPED OVER THE HORIZON, THE LEAN MERCEDES PURRED OUT FROM BEHIND THE HOUSE AND HEADED FOR THE FORMIDABLE DOUBLE GATES.

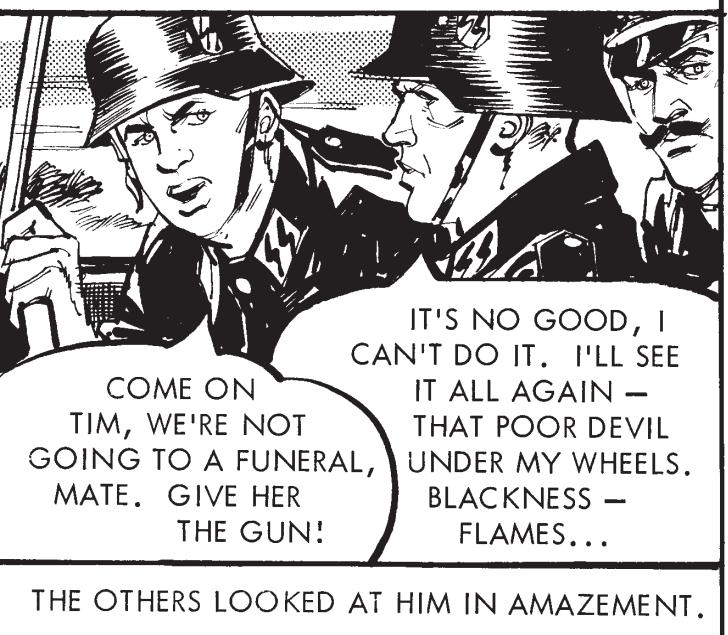


TO CRASHING SALUTES, THE BLACK CAR SWEPT BY THE RIGID LINE OF GUARDS AND HEADED OFF DOWN THE ROAD.

THEY WOULDN'T STAND THERE LIKE A LOT OF TAILOR'S DUMMIES IF THEY KNEW WHO THEY WERE SALUTING.



BUT OUTSIDE THE GATES, TRY AS HE MIGHT, TIM COULD NOT PRESS FULLY DOWN THE ACCELERATOR THAT WOULD SEND THE BIG CAR BOUNDING FORWARD. HE FEARED THAT THE VISION OF THAT TERRIBLE DAY, SO LONG AGO, WOULD AGAIN CONJURE ITSELF BEFORE HIS EYES. THE THREAT OF BREAKDOWN AND BLACKOUT HAUNTED HIM...



AND AT LAST THE STORY TIM HAD KEPT TO HIMSELF SO LONG, BURST OUT. DOBSON LISTENED SYMPATHETICALLY, BUT FENTON SEEMED UNIMPRESSED. HE REACHED OVER AND YANKED ON THE HANDBRAKE, BRINGING THE CAR TO A JOLTING STOP.



AND THERE AND THEN TIM FOUGHT WITH ALL THE POWER OF AN IRON WILL TO CONVINCE HIMSELF HE WAS OK, HIS HANDS STILL HAD THEIR SKILL, HIS NERVES WERE OF ICE AGAIN. HE FOUGHT THAT BATTLE ALONE, IN SILENCE, AND THE OTHERS WATCHED, AND MARVELLED AS THE SWEAT BROKE OUT ON TIM'S WHITE FACE, AND HIS POWERFUL HANDS CLENCHED AND UNCLENCHED...

AT LAST IT WAS OVER. FENTON'S HARSH WORDS HAD HELPED. LIMP AS A RAG, SHAKING, WITHOUT A WORD TIM GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SLAMMED THE CAR IN GEAR. THE BIG ENGINE BELLOWED ITS SONG OF POWER, AND THE MERCEDES LEAPED AWAY LIKE A GREYHOUND UNLEASHED.

OK, BOYS, HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS. "WHIRLWIND" WADE'S BACK IN BUSINESS.

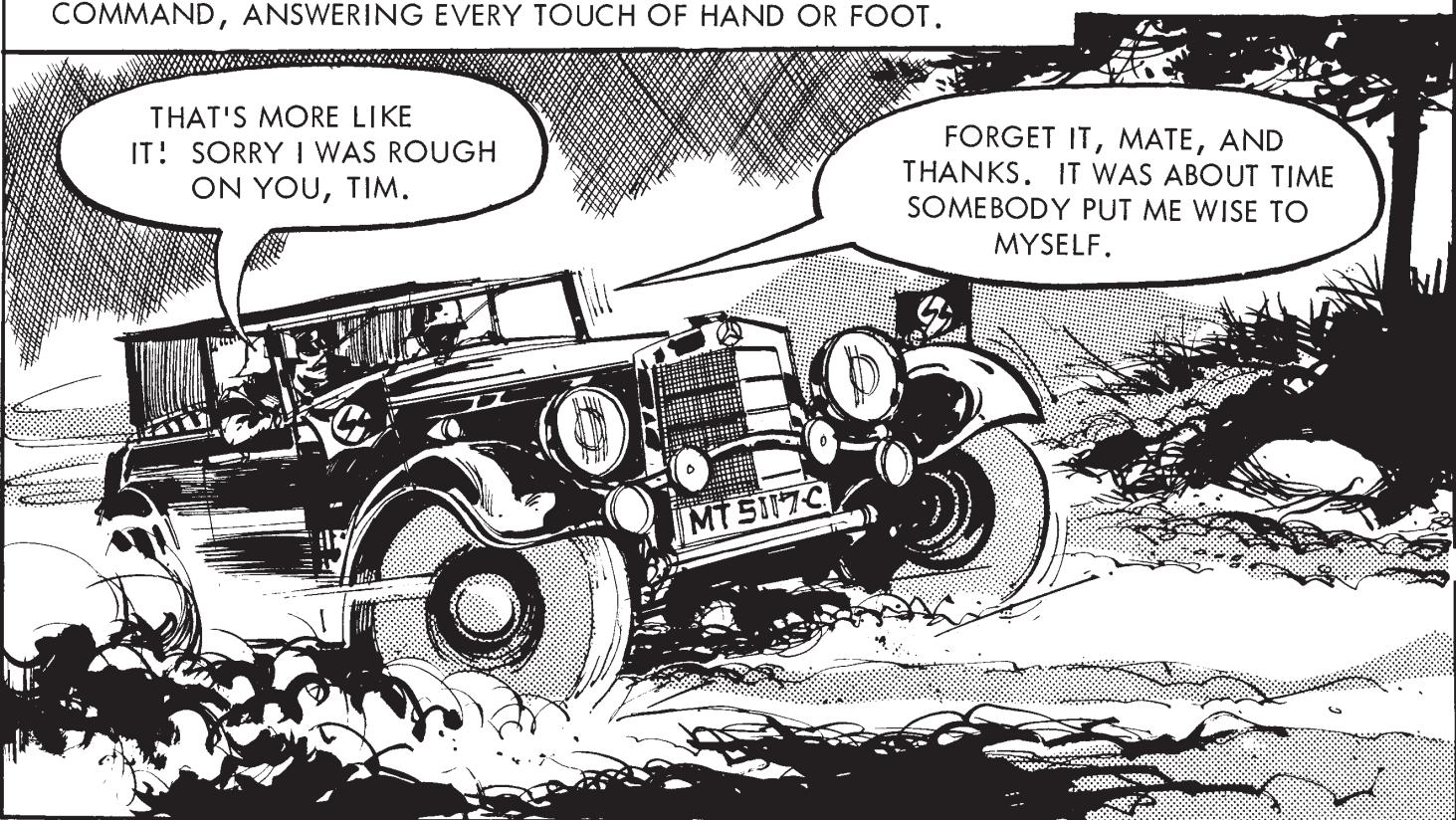


AS THE SPEEDO NEEDLE CREPT ROUND THE DIAL, TIM STILL WAITED FOR THE AWFUL MEMORY TO FLOOD BACK — BUT IT DIDN'T. HE'D BROKEN FREE OF THE FIENDISH FEAR THAT HAUNTED HIM FOR SO LONG — BECAUSE OTHER LIVES DEPENDED ON HIM, BECAUSE HE DIDN'T MATTER ANY MORE...

ALL THE OLD THRILL CAME SURGING BACK. THE JOY OF HAVING A SUPERB MACHINE AT HIS COMMAND, ANSWERING EVERY TOUCH OF HAND OR FOOT.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! SORRY I WAS ROUGH ON YOU, TIM.

FORGET IT, MATE, AND THANKS. IT WAS ABOUT TIME SOMEBODY PUT ME WISE TO MYSELF.



**FIND  
MORE  
FREE  
MAGAZINES**

**FREEMAGS.CC**

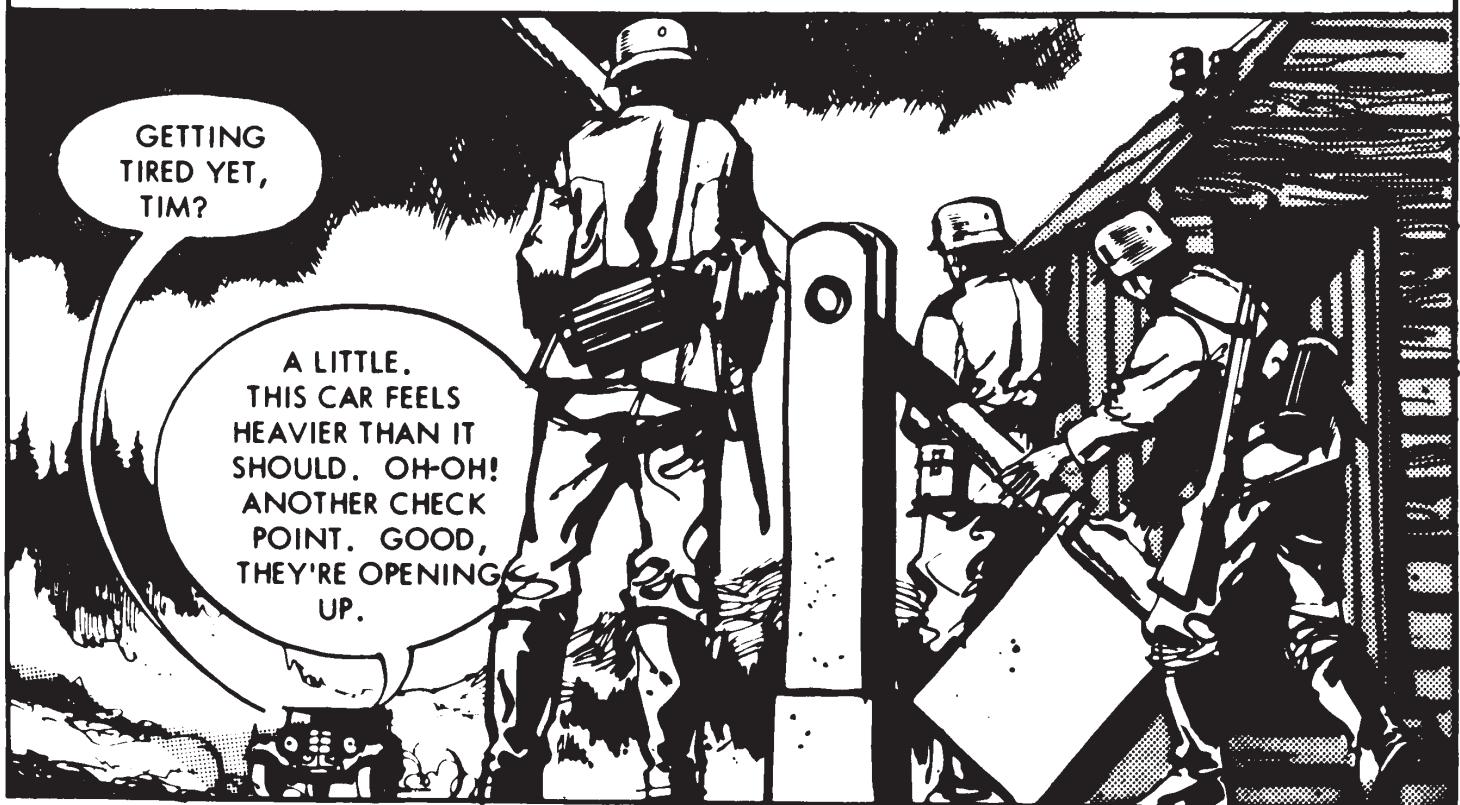
THE MILES WHIRLED PAST. EVERY BEAT OF THE ENGINE CARRIED THEM NEARER FREEDOM. THEN, FAR AHEAD, LOOMED A CHECK POINT...



SURE ENOUGH, AS SOON AS THE GUARDS RECOGNISED THE GREAT BLACK MERCEDES THEY OPENED THE BARRIER, AND THE ESCAPERS WERE THROUGH.



SEVERAL MORE CHECK POINTS WERE PASSED WITHOUT DIFFICULTY. WADE HAD GOT THE FEEL OF THE MERCEDES NOW, AND WAS TOUCHING NINETY ON THE OPEN STRETCHES OF ROAD.



BUT AS THEY DREW NEAR, A FIGURE APPEARED FROM THE HUT AT THE CHECK POINT, SHOUTING SOMETHING. AT ONCE THE BARRIER WAS SLAMMED DOWN AGAIN, AND THE GUARDS UNSLUNG THEIR RIFLES.

THEY'VE TWIGGED OUR LITTLE GAME. MUST HAVE HAD A PHONE MESSAGE TO STOP US. STREWTH! THEY'RE SHOOTING.

HANG ON TO YOUR HATS. I'M GOING THROUGH!

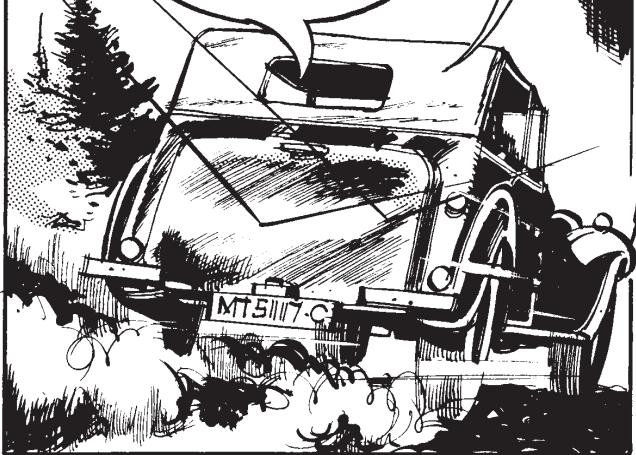
AT CLOSE ON A HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, WADE CHARGED THE FLIMSY BARRIER. THE GERMAN GUARDS LEAPED FOR THEIR LIVES AS THE ROARING MONSTER BORE DOWN ON THEM.

MT 5117 C

AS THE CAR THUNDERED AWAY, THE GUARDS PUMPED SHOT AFTER SHOT AT ITS RECEDING TAIL. WADE FEARED THAT THE FUEL TANK WOULD BE PUNCTURED. THEN CAME A CRY FROM DOBSON.

GOOD GRIEF. THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF!

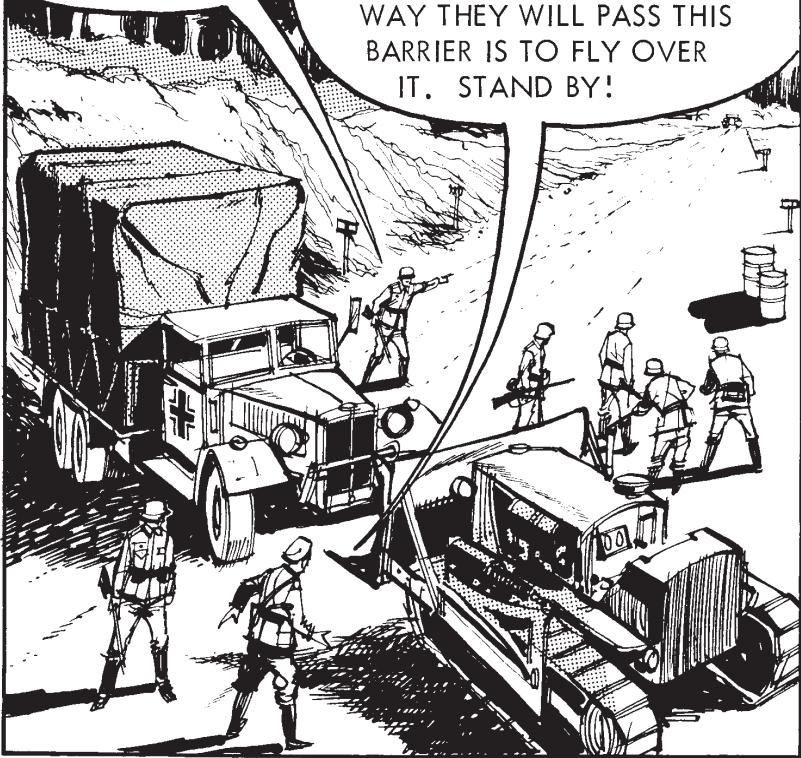
SO THAT'S WHY SHE'S SO HEAVY. SHE'S ARMOUR PLATED!



A USEFUL DISCOVERY, BUT THE GREATEST TRIALS WERE YET TO COME. PHONE LINES HUMMED, AND A ROAD BLOCK WAS SET UP.

THE CAR IS COMING, HERR HAUPTMANN.

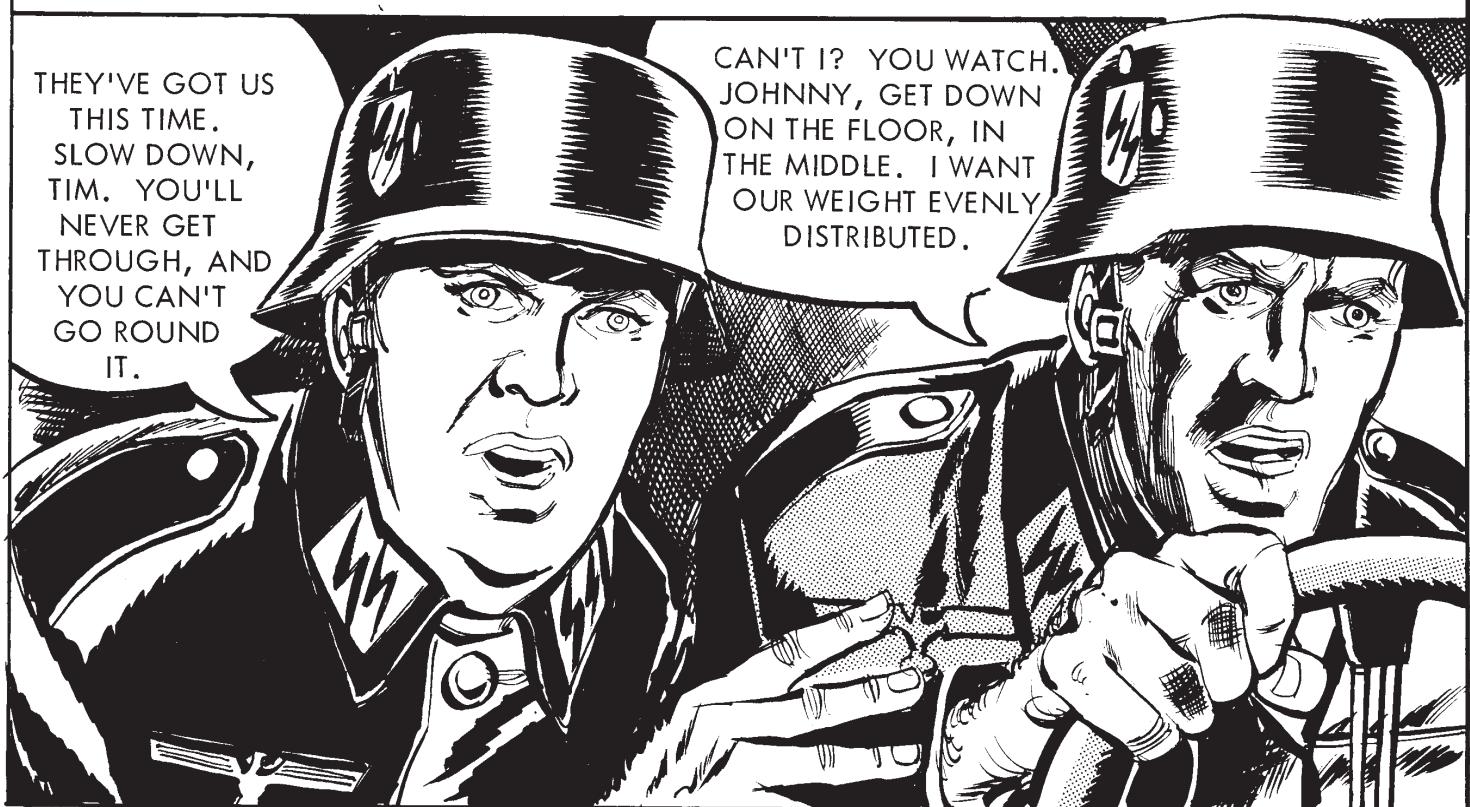
GOOD. LUCKY THIS ROAD WIDENING SCHEME WAS IN PROGRESS HERE. THE ONLY WAY THEY WILL PASS THIS BARRIER IS TO FLY OVER IT. STAND BY!



IN THE SPEEDING CAR, THE FUGITIVES SAW THE FORMIDABLE BARRIER MADE BY THE EXCAVATOR AND THE LORRY. YET TIM DID NOT FALTER, BUT URGED THE MERCEDES EVEN FASTER.

THEY'VE GOT US THIS TIME. SLOW DOWN, TIM. YOU'LL NEVER GET THROUGH, AND YOU CAN'T GO ROUND IT.

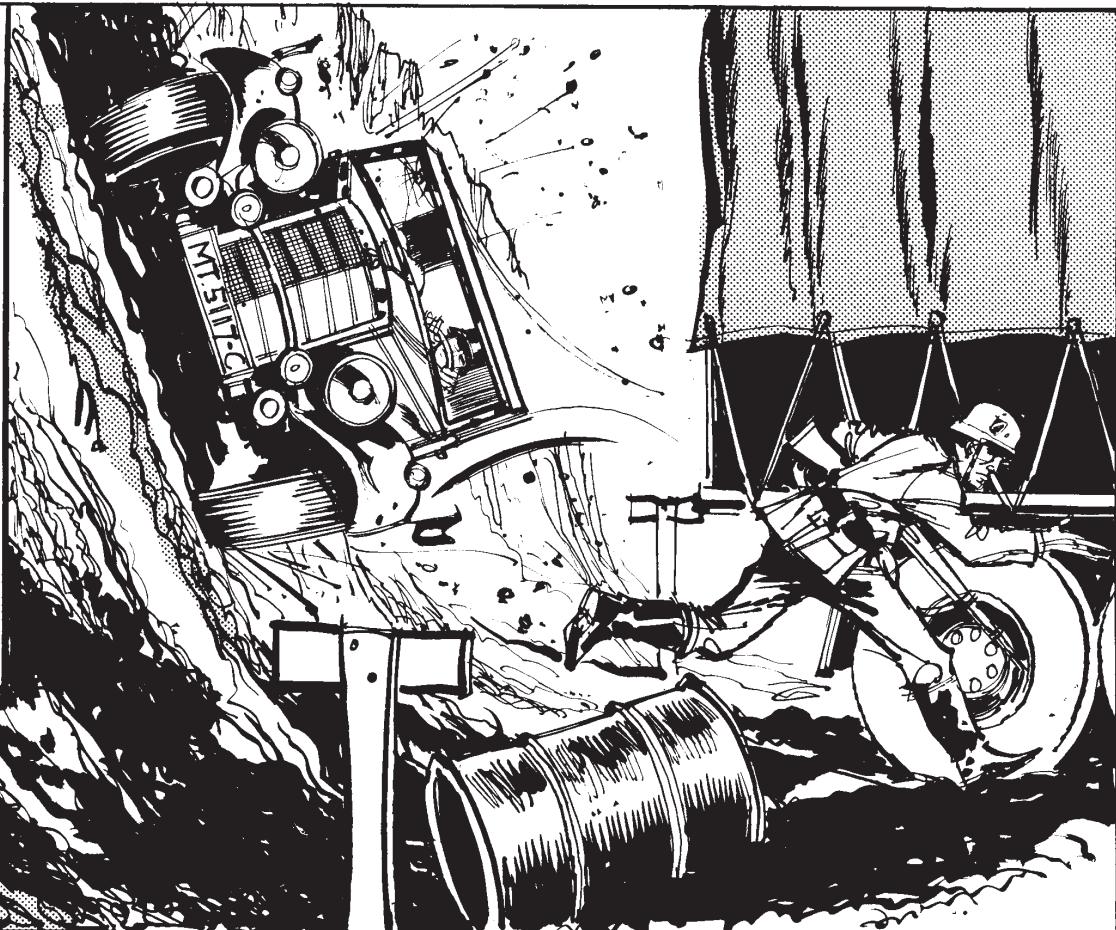
CAN'T I? YOU WATCH. JOHNNY, GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR, IN THE MIDDLE. I WANT OUR WEIGHT EVENLY DISTRIBUTED.



NONPLUSSED, DOBSON OBEYED. FENTON BRACED HIMSELF FOR THE CRASH WHICH SEEMED INEVITABLE. THE GERMANS TOO, WAITED CONFIDENTLY FOR THE ONRUSHING CAR TO STOP, BUT IT CAME RIGHT ON, NEVER SLACKENING ITS TERRIBLE PACE.



BUT TIM KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS ABOUT. HE KNEW THAT AT HIGH SPEED, ON A CURVE, CENTRIFUGAL FORCE WOULD HOLD A CAR TO THE STEEPEST OF SLOPES. LIKE A GIANT BEETLE SCUTTLING ALONG A WALL, THE MERCEDES THUNDERED PAST THE FLABBERGASTED GERMANS.



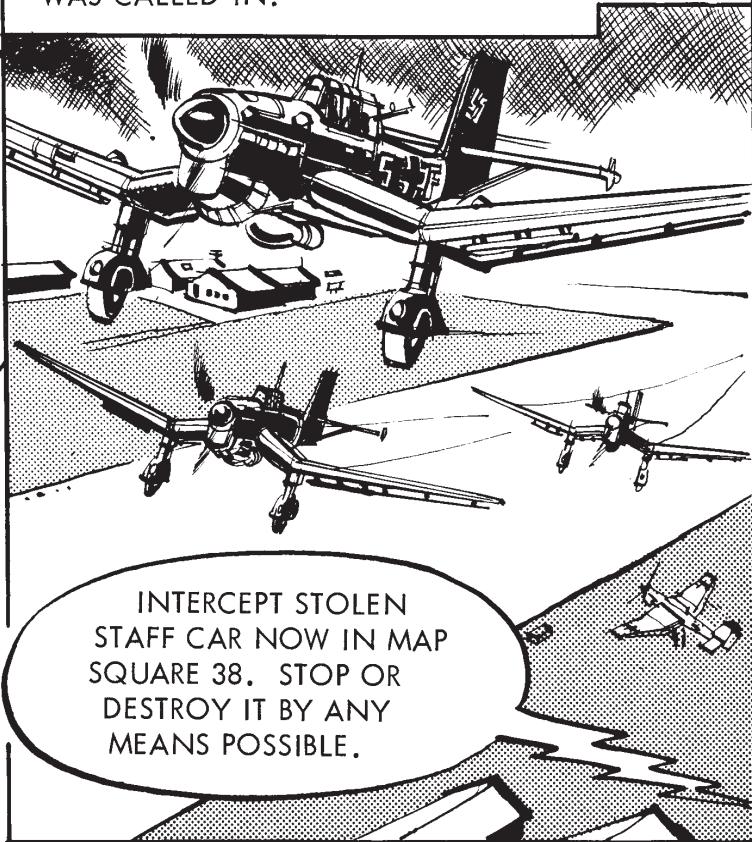
DEFTLY TIM FOUGHT THE BUCKING CAR BACK ON TO THE ROAD. BEFORE THE GERMANS COULD COLLECT THEIR WITS, THE MERCEDES WAS ROUND THE CURVE AND AWAY.

PHEW! THAT TOOK TWO YEARS OFF MY LIFE.

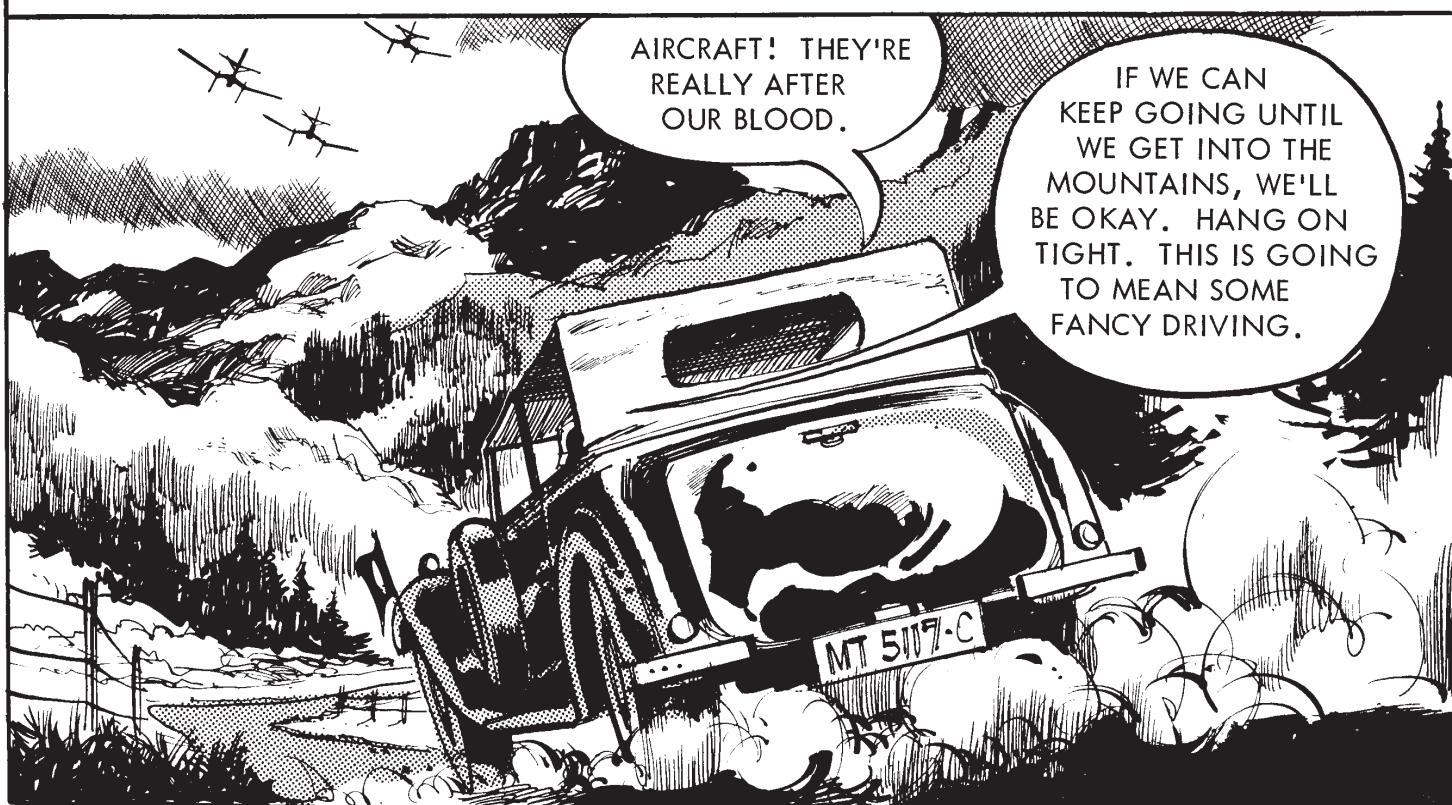
I'VE DONE IT HUNDREDS OF TIMES AT BROOKLANDS. NOT QUITE SO STEEP A SLOPE, MIND. WHAT SAY WE STOP AND GET RID OF THESE JERRY UNIFORMS? THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG ANYWAY, MIGHT AS WELL SAIL UNDER OUR TRUE COLOURS.



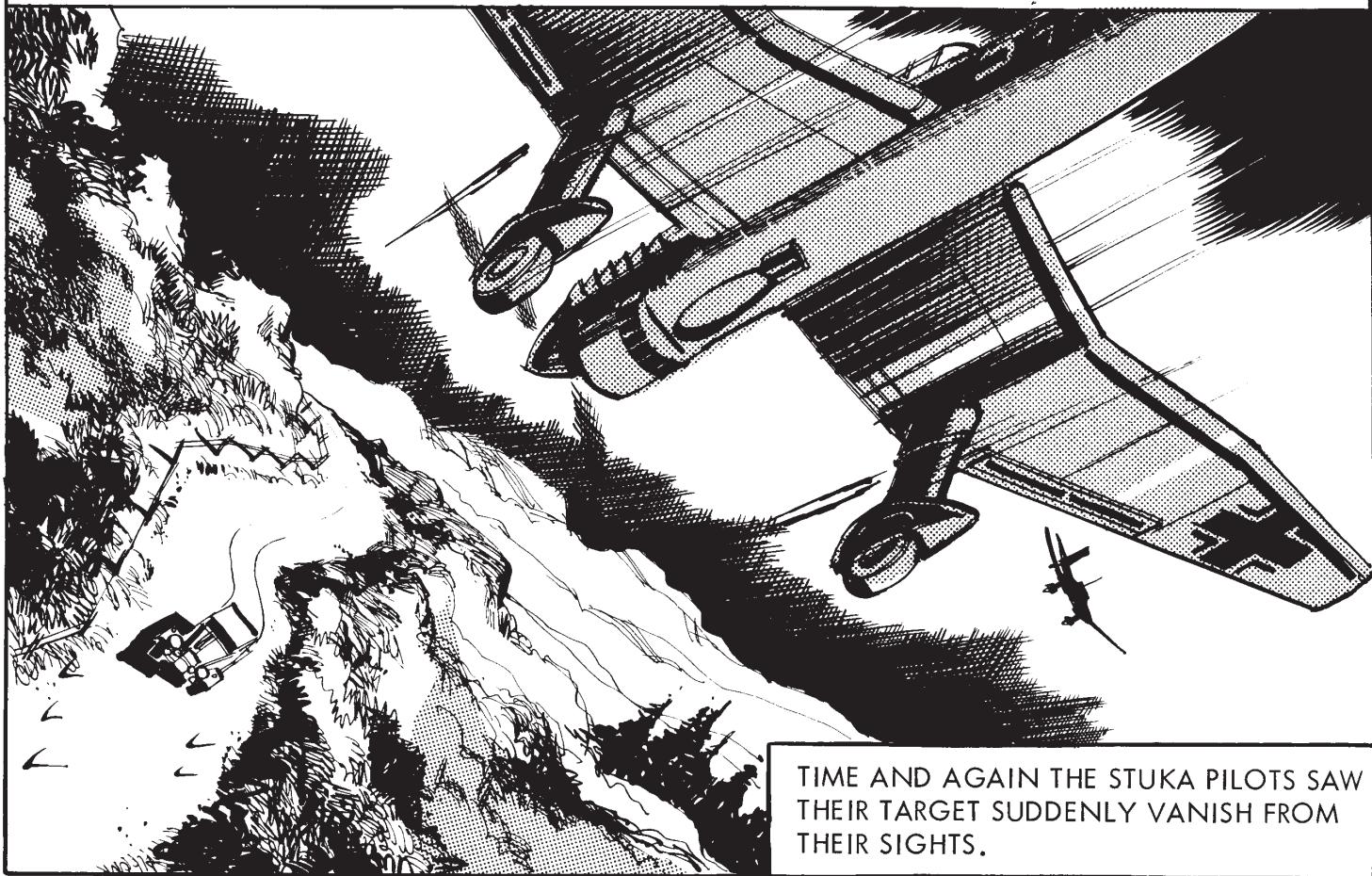
NOW THE HUNT WAS UP WITH A VENGEANCE. ONLY THIRTY MILES LAY BETWEEN THE ESCAPERS AND THE BORDER, A DISTANCE THE MERCEDES COULD COVER IN MINUTES. THE LUFTWAFFE WAS CALLED IN.



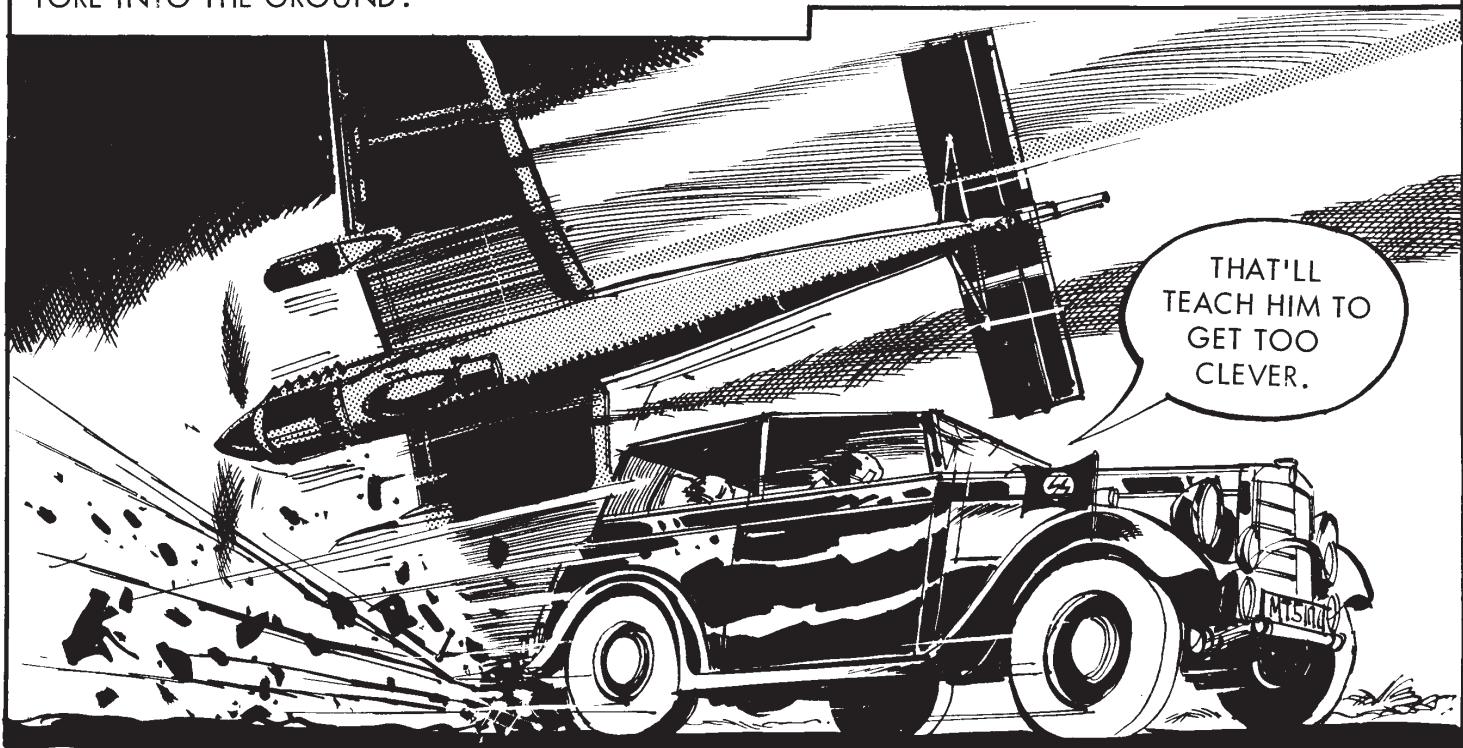
AIRCRAFT DESIGNED FOR, AND CREWS TRAINED IN, GROUND ATTACK—FENTON'S HEART SANK AS HE SAW THE UGLY STUKAS SWOOPING DOWN ON THE FLEEING CAR.



GUNS BLAZING, THE DIVE-BOMBERS ATTACKED. BUT TIM PULLED EVERY TRICK HE KNEW, SWERVING, BRAKING AND ACCELERATING SUDDENLY, TO THROW THE PILOTS OFF THEIR AIM.



ONE, MORE DARING THAN THE REST, ATTEMPTED A HEAD ON ATTACK, BRINGING HIS MACHINE DOWN UNTIL ITS WHEELS PRACTICALLY SKIMMED THE ROAD. TIM DODGED TO ONE SIDE. INSTINCTIVELY THE GERMAN TOUCHED HIS RUDDER TO RE-ALIGN HIS SIGHTS, AND HIS WINGTIP TORE INTO THE GROUND.



BUT THE GERMANS WERE NOT FINISHED YET. THE SECOND STUKA FLEW ON AHEAD, ITS PILOT SEARCHING THE ROAD. HE FOUND A SPOT THAT SUITED HIS PURPOSE.



AIMING CAREFULLY, THE PILOT SKILFULLY PLANTED HIS BOMB ON THE ROAD, BLASTING A WIDE CRATER. NOW, WITH A BANK ON ONE SIDE AND A STRONG STONE WALL ON THE OTHER, THE ROAD WAS ABSOLUTELY IMPASSABLE.



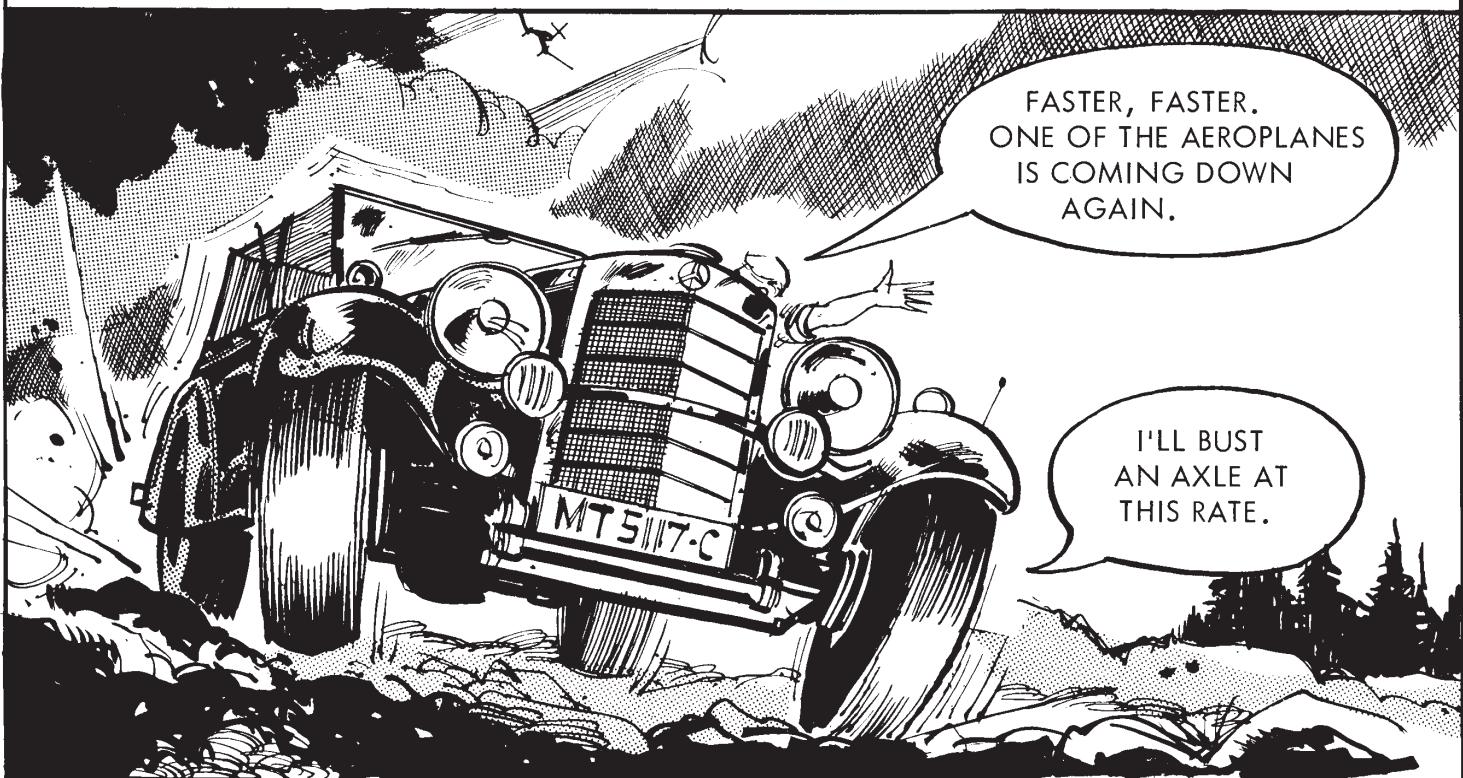
THE NORWEGIAN FARMER WATCHED THE RUNNING BATTLE, MARVELLING AT THE SKILL WITH WHICH THE MERCEDES EVADED ITS TORMENTORS. NOW HE WAS TO SAVE THE DAY.



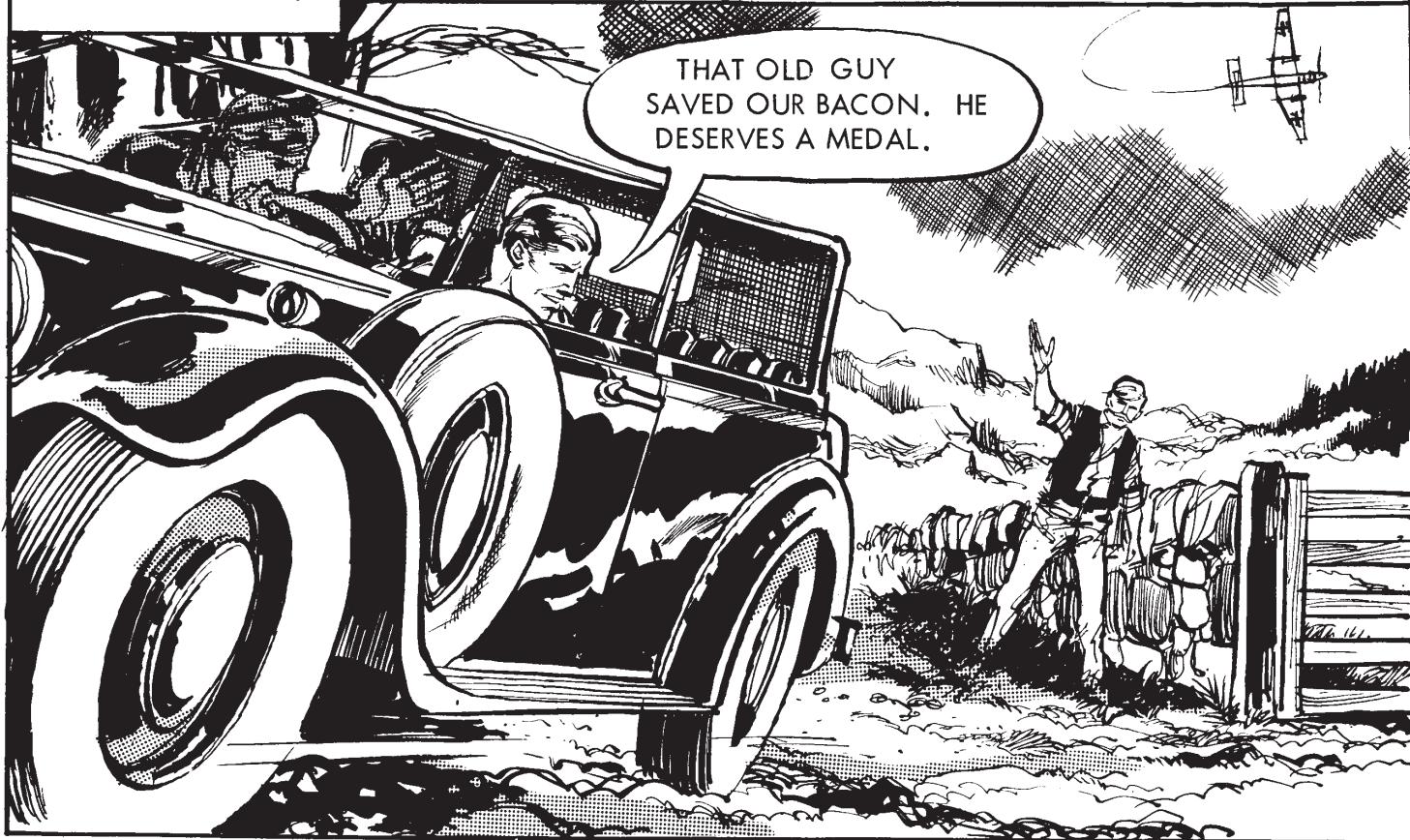
BRAKING SAVAGELY, TIM SPUN THE WHEEL. TYRES SCREAMING, THE MERCEDES FLASHED THROUGH THE GATE. NIMBLY THE BRAVE FARMER LEAPED ON TO THE RUNNING BOARD.



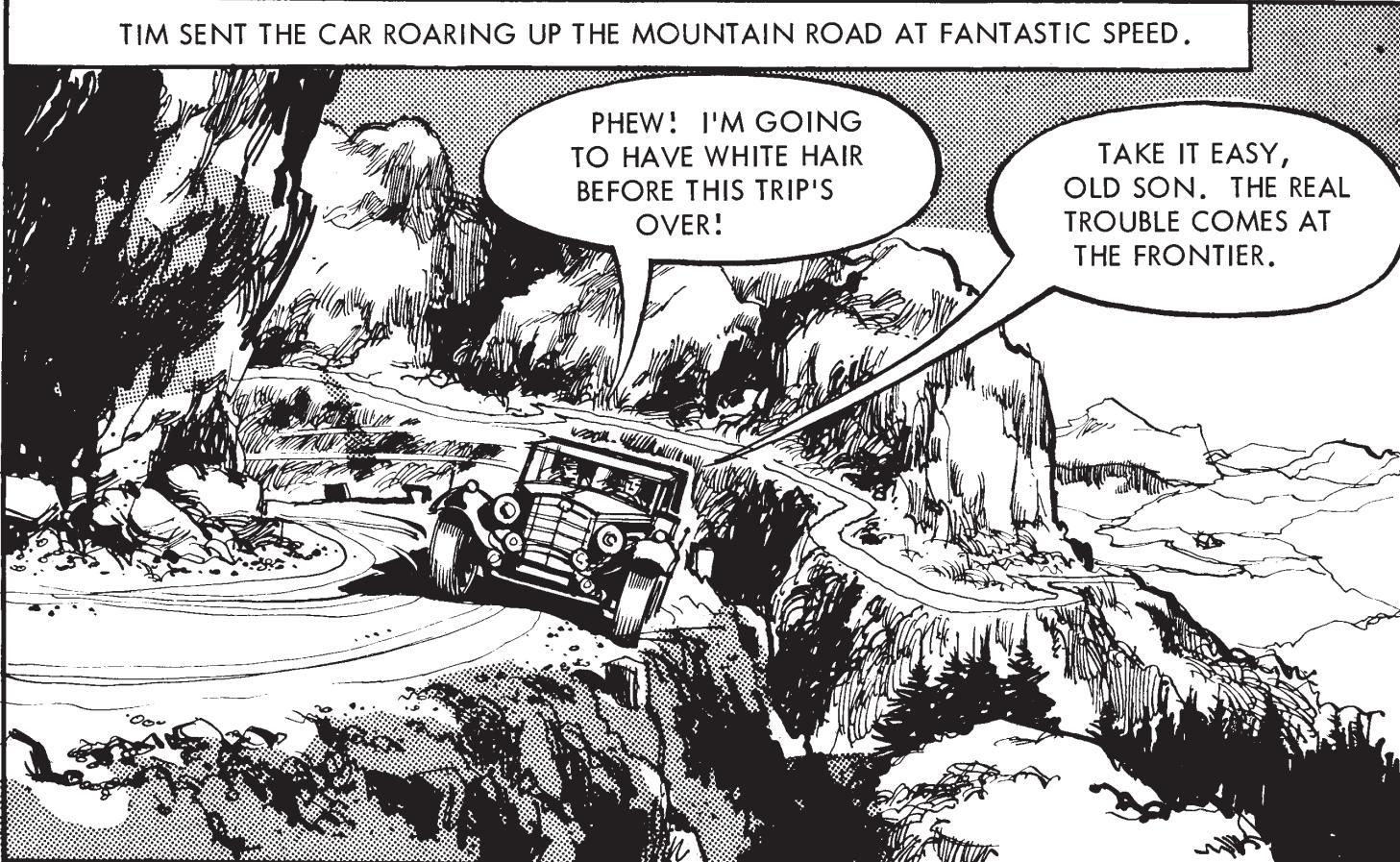
THE FARMER FLUNG THE GATE OPEN. THEN THEY WERE BUMPING AND LURCHING OVER THE UNEVEN TURF, THE NORWEGIAN STILL HANGING ON GRIMLY.



THE HOWL OF THE STUKA'S ENGINE GROWING EVER LOUDER, THE MERCEDES POUNDED UP TO THE GATE. ONCE MORE THE FARMER FLUNG HIMSELF OFF THE RUNNING BOARD AND OPENED IT. WITH A TRIUMPHANT ROAR, THE CAR TORE THROUGH AND AWAY FOR THE SAFETY OF THE NARROW MOUNTAIN ROADS.



TIM SENT THE CAR ROARING UP THE MOUNTAIN ROAD AT FANTASTIC SPEED.



THE ROAD WAS TRICKY, CLINGING PRECARIOUSLY TO THE LIPS OF MIGHTY CHASMS, BUT TIM NEVER TURNED A HAIR. PREPARATIONS HAD BEEN MADE TO STOP THE MERCEDES ONCE AND FOR ALL.



HERE THEY COME. IF THEY DO NOT STOP, SHOOT FOR THE TYRES.  
SEND THEM OVER THE EDGE, BUT  
STOP THEM.



THIS TIME THEY'VE  
REALLY GOT US.

YOU'VE BEEN  
SAYING THAT EVER  
SINCE WE STARTED. WE'LL  
MAKE IT. LISTEN CAREFULLY...

TENSELY THE BORDER GUARDS WATCHED AS THE MERCEDES VANISHED BEHIND THE CLIFF. THE MACHINE GUNNER COCKED HIS WEAPON, SQUINTED THROUGH HIS SIGHTS. A MOMENT LATER THE CAR APPEARED, STILL GOING FLAT OUT.

THEY MUST BE RAVING MANIACS.  
THEY CANNOT POSSIBLY GET PAST.  
IF THEY WISH TO DIE, WE WILL  
OBLIGE THEM!



FRONT TYRES SHOT TO RIBBONS, THE BELLOWING JUGGERNAUT SWERVED, SLAMMED INTO THE ROCK WALL, CANNONED OFF AND SMASHED DOWN ON THE BARRICADE.



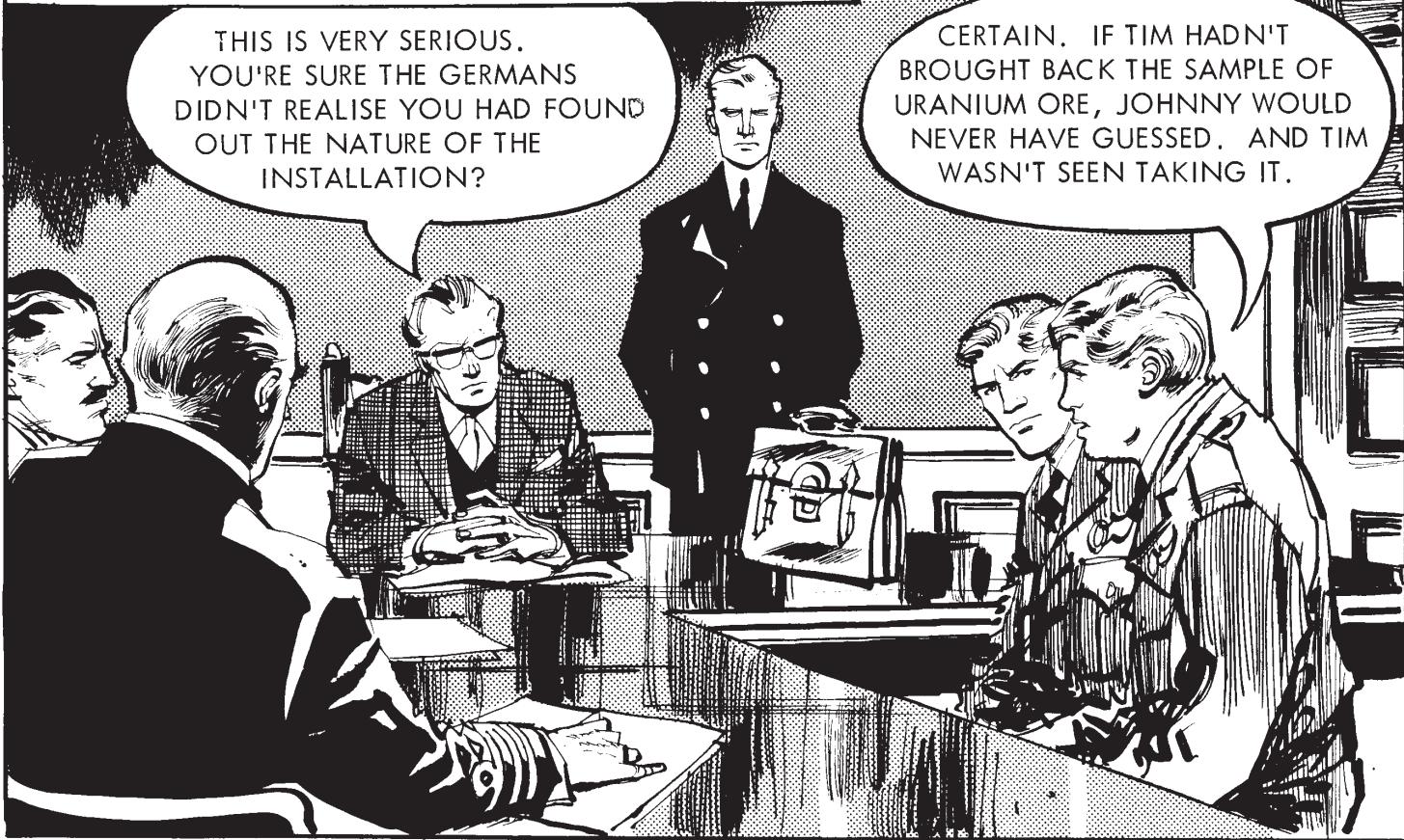
PANDEMONIUM REIGNED. PETROL FROM THE RIVEN TANK GUSHED OUT, AND A SECOND LATER CAR, BARRICADE AND SENTRY POST WERE ENGULFED IN ROARING FLAME.



IN THE CONFUSION, NOBODY SAW TWO FIGURES, HALF-CARRYING A THIRD, SLIP THROUGH THE SHATTERED BARRIER AND HEAD FOR SWEDEN, ONLY YARDS AWAY, AND THE FRIENDLY SWEDISH FRONTIER GUARDS.

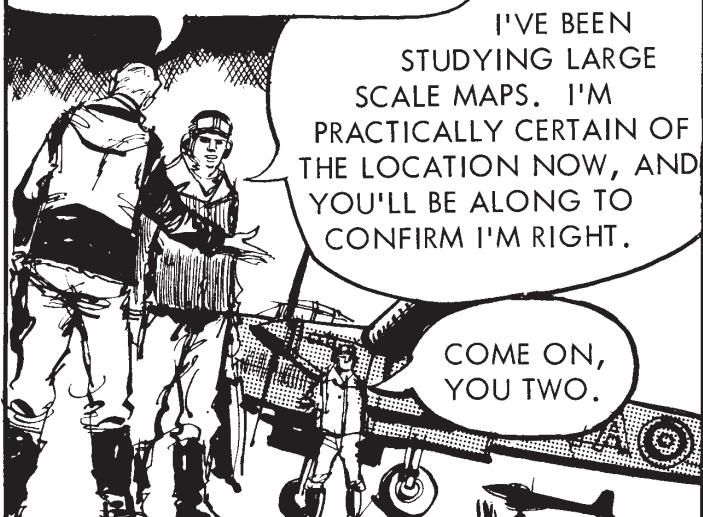


ONE VEILED HINT OVER THE PHONE TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR WAS ENOUGH. THE THREE WERE HURRIED TO STOCKHOLM TO TELL THEIR STORY IN FULL. WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS THEY WERE FLOWN HOME TO ENGLAND. DOBSON WAS TAKEN TO HOSPITAL — THE OTHER TWO TO THE WAR OFFICE.



ONCE THE FACTS WERE ESTABLISHED, THE HIGH COMMAND WASTED NO TIME. A RAID WAS PLANNED, USING BRITAIN'S NEWEST, FASTEST AND DEADLIEST DAY BOMBER, THE DE HAVILLAND "MOSQUITO".

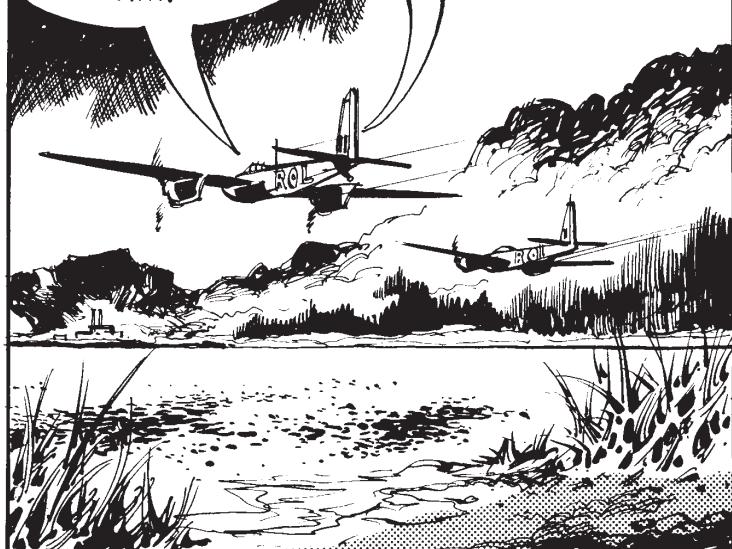
PITY JOHNNY COULDN'T COME ALONG, BET HE'S FUMING IN HOSPITAL. CAN YOU FIND THIS PLACE AGAIN? YOU WEREN'T TOO SURE WHEN WE BALED OUT THERE.



THEY COULD NOT KNOW, BUT THE GERMANS THOUGHT THE THREE AIRMEN HAD DIED IN THE TERRIBLE CRASH AT THE FRONTIER, SO NO EXTRA DEFENCE MEASURES HAD BEEN TAKEN AT THE ATOM PLANT.

THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT! CHECK,  
TIM?

CHECK. LET'S BLAST THAT PLACE OFF THE MAP.



AT FOUR HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR, ONLY FEET FROM THE LAKE SURFACE, THE MOSQUITOS SCREAMED IN TO THE ATTACK. SITTING BESIDE THE LEADING PILOT, NOT TURNING A HAIR AS THE COUNTRYSIDE HURTLED PAST, WAS TIM WADE.

ANY MINUTE NOW.  
BOMB DOORS OPEN!

A WEEK AGO I'D  
HAVE BEEN PETRIFIED  
AND HIDING MY EYES.  
I'M FREE AT LAST.

THEN THE THOUSAND-POUND BOMBS RAINED DOWN, REDUCING THE FACTORY AND THE DREADFUL SECRET IT HELD TO SMOULDERING RUBBLE.

THAT'S  
THAT, THEN,  
TIM.

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHUM.  
THAT IS DEFINITELY THAT. I  
WAS IN AT THE START OF THE  
WHOLE CAPER — BUT I NEVER  
DREAMED THE END WOULD BE  
QUITE AS "SMASHING" AS  
THIS!

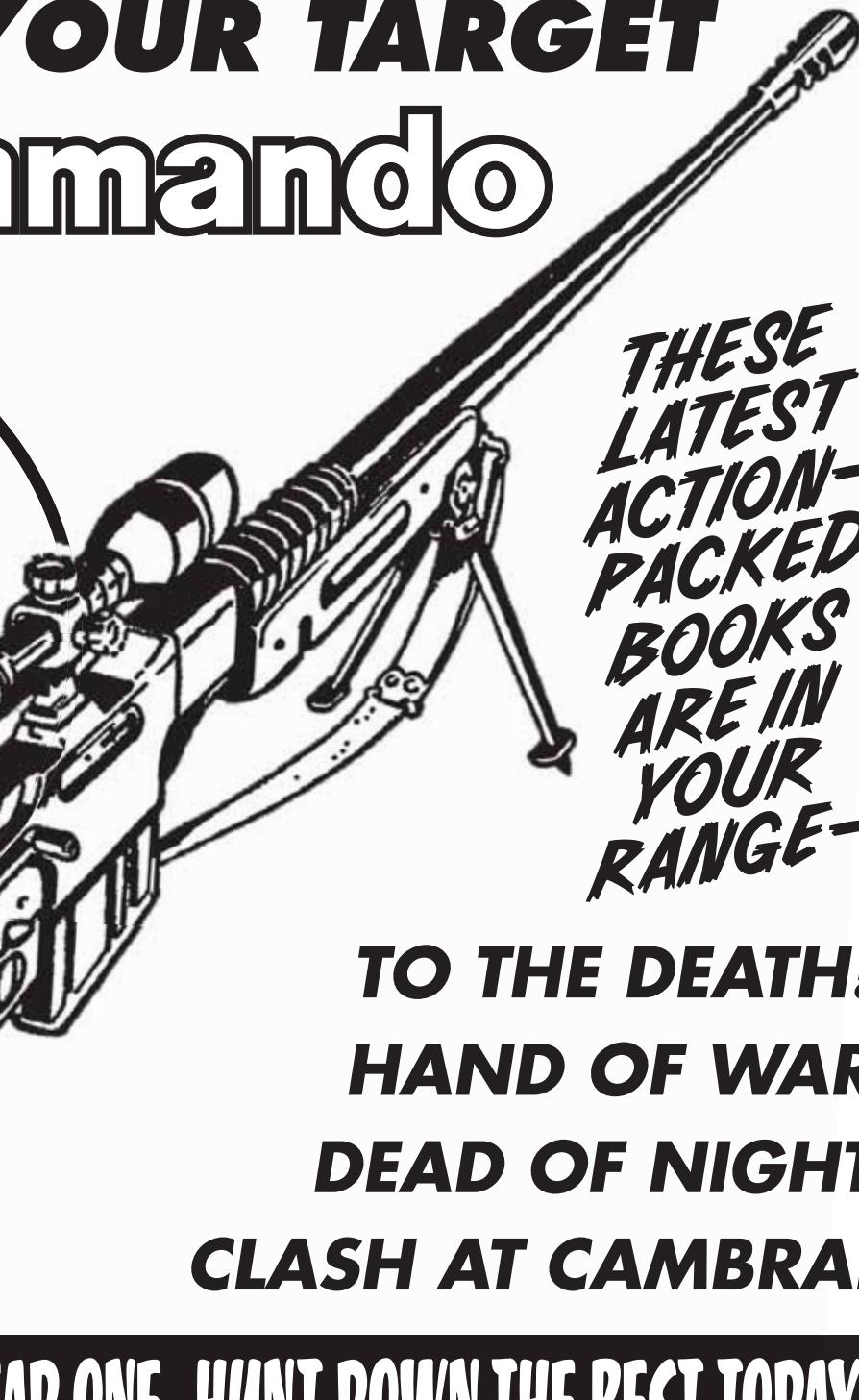
**Commando**  
**THE END**

# MAKE YOUR TARGET

# Commando



YOU'VE READ ONE, HUNT DOWN THE REST TODAY!



THESE  
LATEST  
ACTION-  
PACKED  
BOOKS  
ARE IN  
YOUR  
RANGE-

**TO THE DEATH!  
HAND OF WAR  
DEAD OF NIGHT  
CLASH AT CAMBRAI**

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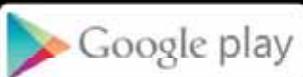
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