

COMPLETE 63-PAGE ACTION STORY

No.4752

£2

Commando

THE GOLD COLLECTION



COLONEL

SCARFACE



COMMANDO - GOLD COLLECTION

Title

COLONEL SCARFACE

Subject

Despite what Ken Barr's magnificently menacing cover might make you think, this story isn't all about the nefarious Colonel Scarface. It's more the story of Lieutenant Rick Matthews, Commando. What's more, it's also a French Resistance story, a type that's very difficult to make successful as there's often not a lot of action to play with. The script neatly avoids tense, cliff-hanging moments by being filled with the crash and thunder of battle. All very well drafted by Gonzales.

Lastly, watch out for the comedy moment on page 55. You have been warned.

Calum Laird, Commando Editor

Issue Number

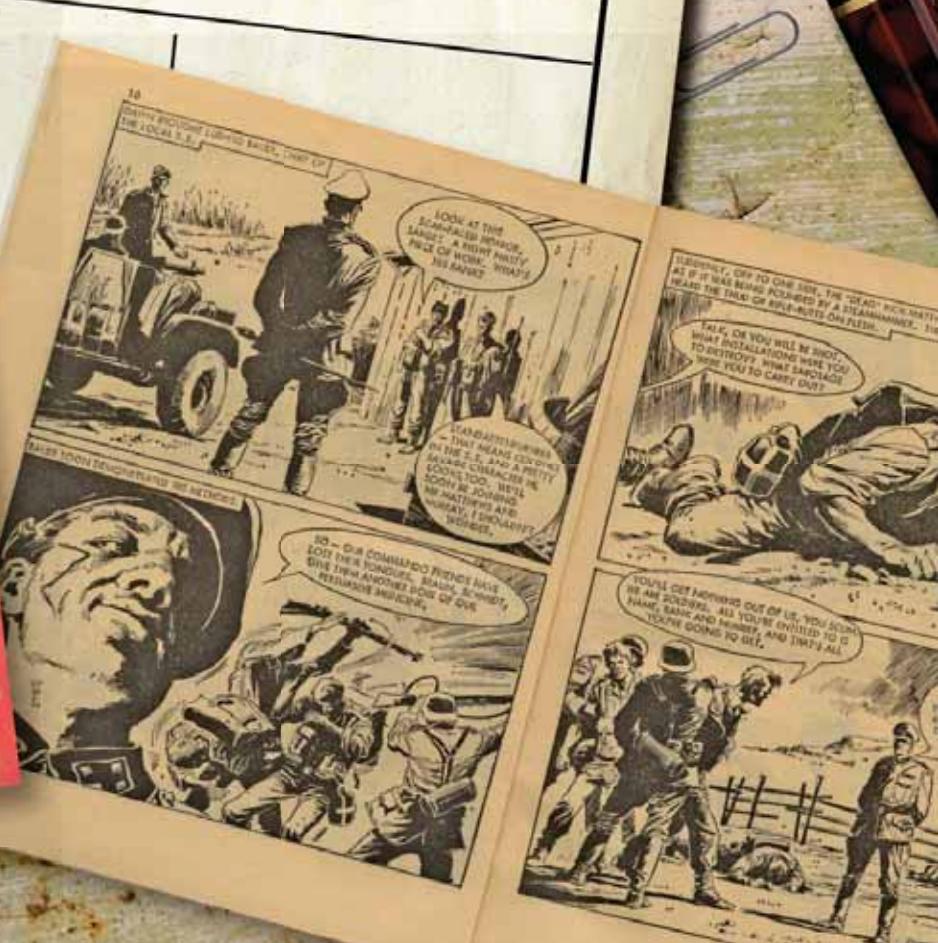
Colonel Scarface, originally Commando No 135 (October 1964), re-issued as No 699 (December 1972)

STORY
MEPHAM

ART
GONZALES

COVER
KEN BARR

First Published
1964
No 135



Colonel SCARFACE

THE NAZIS SCORNED THE BRITISH SOLDIER FOR FIGHTING THE WAR BY CIVILISED RULES. BUT WHEN THEY THEMSELVES KEPT ON BREAKING THOSE RULES OF FAIR PLAY AND MERCY, THEY SUDDENLY FOUND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST SUPERBLY-TRAINED, RUTHLESS FIGHTING MEN WITH VENGEANCE IN THEIR HEARTS. THOSE MEN WERE THE FIRST COMMANDOS — AND THERE WAS NO STOPPING THEM.



UNTIL THIS TIME, THE GERMANS HAD FELT COMPARATIVELY SAFE IN THE OCCUPIED COUNTRIES OF EUROPE. BUT NOW, WHEN DARKNESS FELL, EVERY NAZI SENTRY BEGAN TO BE SCARED OF HIS OWN SHADOW. WAS IT JUST A SHADOW, OR WAS IT ONE OF THE PHANTOM KILLERS OF THE NIGHT...THE BRITISH COMMANDOS?

BEFORE D-DAY, MANY SORTIES WERE CARRIED OUT BY COMMANDOS TO TEST NAZI STRENGTH ON THE PROPOSED INVASION BEACHES. THIS WAS A TASK LIEUTENANT RICK MATTHEWS, SGT. BILL KEEFE, AND PRIVATES WATERS AND MURRAY WERE EXPERT AT. BUT ON THIS LAST SORTIE THEIR LUCK HAD NEARLY RUN OUT...







THEY DIDN'T STAND A CHANCE. SIGNALMAN MURRAY WAS THE FIRST TO GO.
THEN RICK'S LUCK RAN OUT —

QUICK!
LET'S — AAGH...



MR MATTHEWS,
SIR!... YE GODS,
WE'VE HAD IT
NOW!

HE CRASHED TO THE SAND.



THE NAZIS CHARGED DOWN UPON THE ONE COMMANDO STILL ON HIS FEET.

DON'T KILL HIM!
I WANT A PRISONER!

C'MON THEN, NAZIS,
LET'S SEE HOW YOU FIGHT!



UGH!



SUCH A FIGHT COULD ONLY END ONE WAY. SGT. KEEFE WAS SUBDUED, AND THE WOUNDED PTE. WATERS HAULED TO HIS FEET.

THE OFFICER AND THE SIGNALMAN ARE DEAD, SIR. MAY I HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF...ER...QUESTIONING THE PRISONERS?





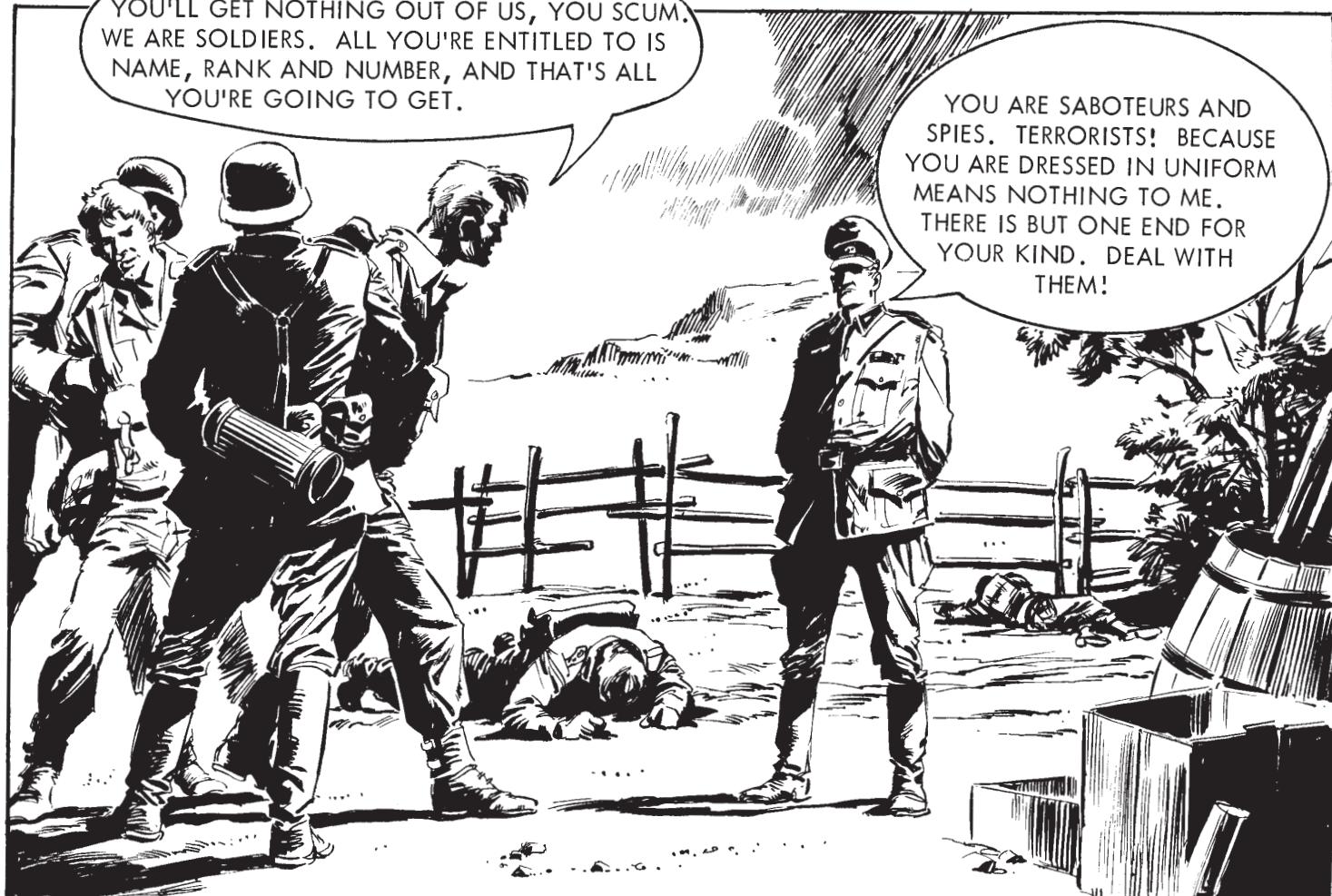
SUDDENLY, OFF TO ONE SIDE, THE "DEAD" RICK MATTHEWS DAZEDLY OPENED HIS EYES. HIS HEAD FELT AS IF IT WAS BEING POUNDED BY A STEAMHAMMER. THE GROUND SEEMED TO SWAY UNDER HIM AS HE HEARD THE THUD OF RIFLE-BUTTS ON FLESH.

TALK, OR YOU WILL BE SHOT.
WHAT INSTALLATIONS WERE YOU
TO DESTROY? WHAT SABOTAGE
WERE YOU TO CARRY OUT?



YOU'LL GET NOTHING OUT OF US, YOU SCUM.
WE ARE SOLDIERS. ALL YOU'RE ENTITLED TO IS
NAME, RANK AND NUMBER, AND THAT'S ALL
YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

YOU ARE SABOTEURS AND
SPIES. TERRORISTS! BECAUSE
YOU ARE DRESSED IN UNIFORM
MEANS NOTHING TO ME.
THERE IS BUT ONE END FOR
YOUR KIND. DEAL WITH
THEM!



THE S.S. COLONEL TURNED AWAY AND STAMPED OVER TO THE BODIES OF THE TWO DEAD. ALTHOUGH SLUMPED HALF-CONSCIOUS AGAIN, RICK SENSED THAT BAUER WAS STANDING OVER HIM, BUT HE WAS PAST CARING.

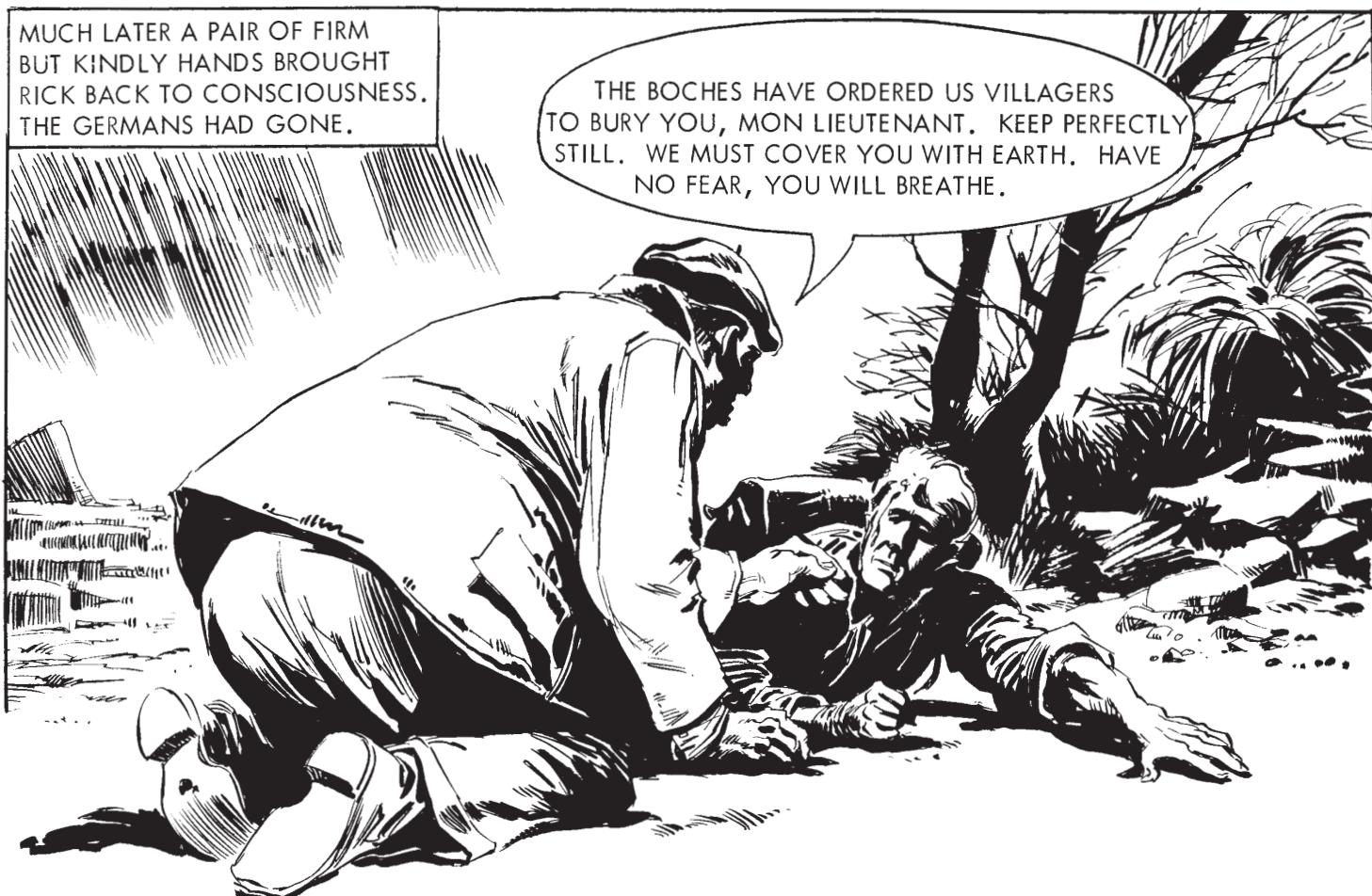
AND AS FOR THE OFFICER,
IT IS A PITY THAT HE WAS KILLED.
I WOULD HAVE ENJOYED
DEALING WITH HIM
— SCHWEIN!



THE VICIOUS KICK SENT A WAVE OF BLACKNESS OVER RICK AND ANY MOVE HE MIGHT HAVE MADE PASSED UNNOTICED.

MUCH LATER A PAIR OF FIRM BUT KINDLY HANDS BROUGHT RICK BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS. THE GERMANS HAD GONE.

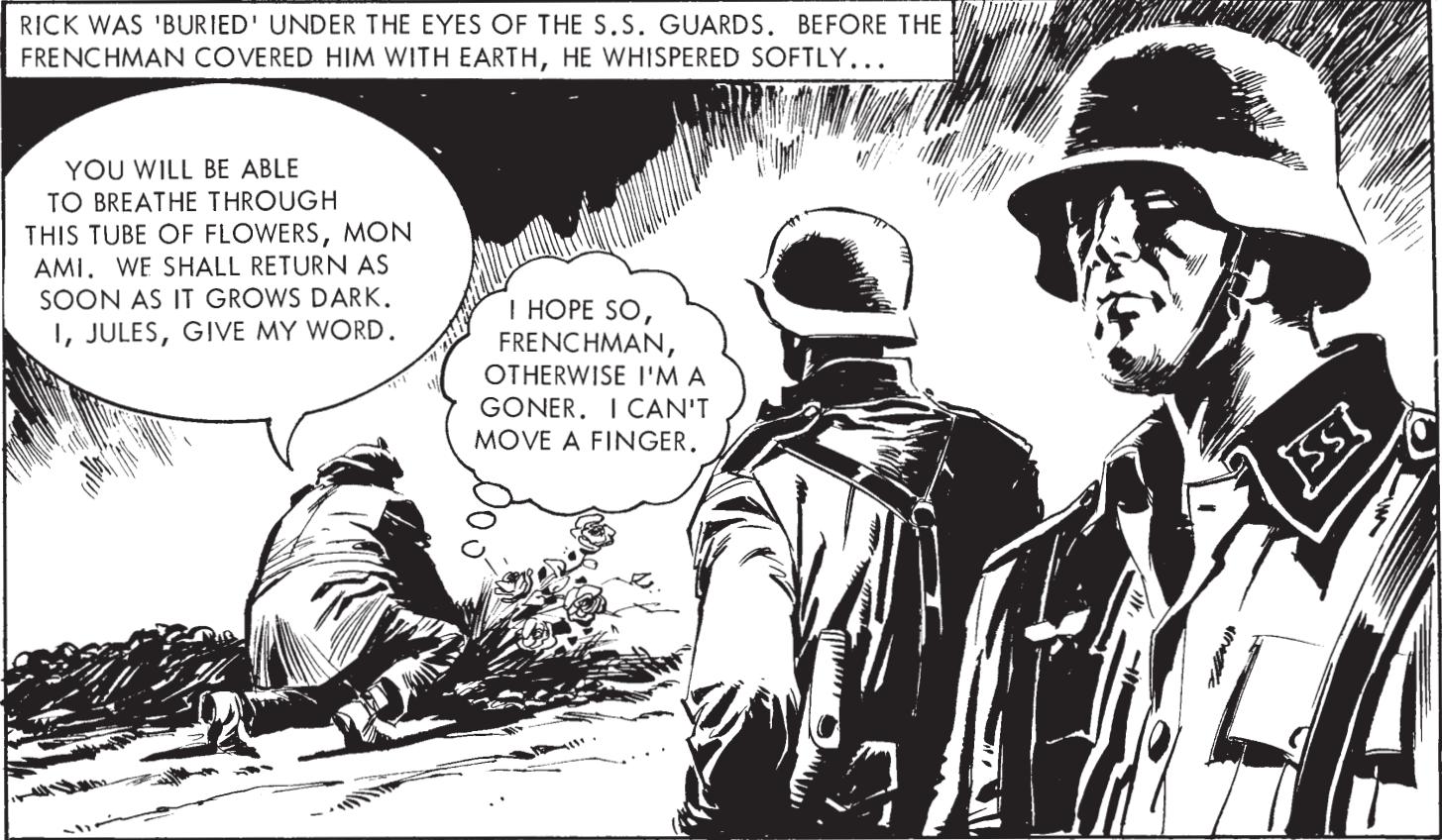
THE BOCHES HAVE ORDERED US VILLAGERS TO BURY YOU, MON LIEUTENANT. KEEP PERFECTLY STILL. WE MUST COVER YOU WITH EARTH. HAVE NO FEAR, YOU WILL BREATHE.



RICK WAS 'BURIED' UNDER THE EYES OF THE S.S. GUARDS. BEFORE THE FRENCHMAN COVERED HIM WITH EARTH, HE WHISPERED SOFTLY...

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO BREATHE THROUGH THIS TUBE OF FLOWERS, MON AMI. WE SHALL RETURN AS SOON AS IT GROWS DARK. I, JULES, GIVE MY WORD.

I HOPE SO, FRENCHMAN, OTHERWISE I'M A GONER. I CAN'T MOVE A FINGER.



RICK HOVERED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH UNTIL THE VILLAGERS TOOK HIM FROM HIS 'GRAVE'. HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS IN A CLEAN WHITE BED...

TRES BIEN! YOU HAVE COME BACK TO US, MY SON.

AH! YOU SPEAK FRENCH. GOOD, THIS IS MY SON, HENRI, AND THIS IS THE GOOD DOCTOR. BUT FOR THEM WE COULD NOT HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE. THEY HAVE NEVER LEFT YOUR SIDE.

I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT, MON VIEUX!

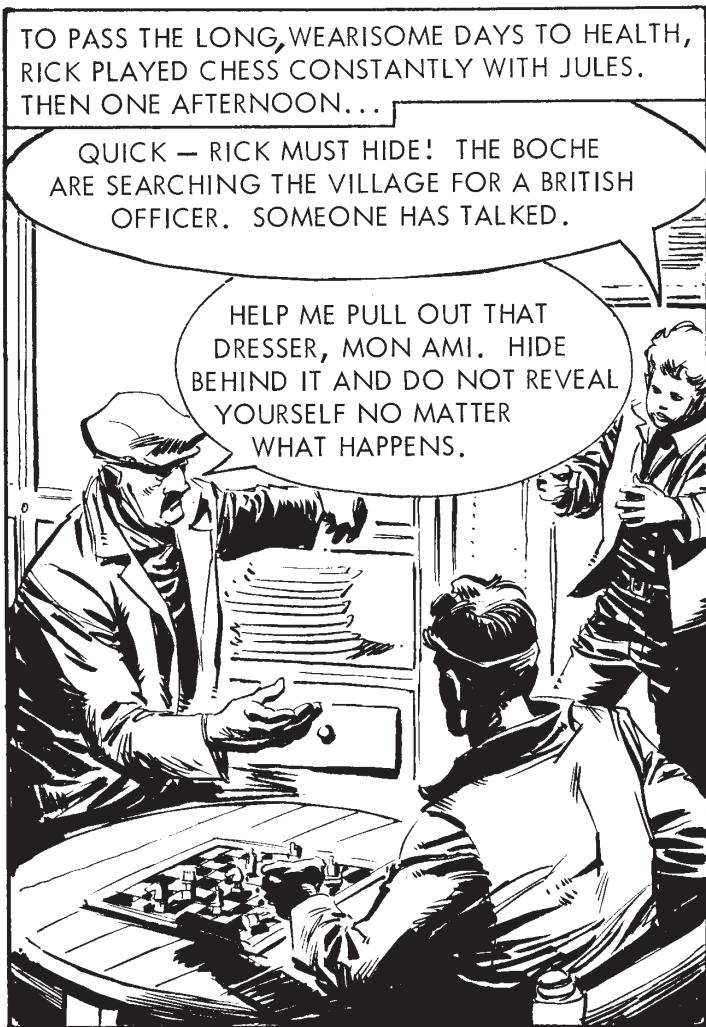






JULES AND HENRI WITHDREW, LEAVING RICK ALONE WITH HIS THOUGHTS.

WAR'S BAD ENOUGH, BUT WHEN SOLDIERS IN UNIFORM ARE SHOT DOWN LIKE DOGS — SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE.



TO PASS THE LONG, WEARISOME DAYS TO HEALTH, RICK PLAYED CHESS CONSTANTLY WITH JULES. THEN ONE AFTERNOON...

QUICK — RICK MUST HIDE! THE BOCHE ARE SEARCHING THE VILLAGE FOR A BRITISH OFFICER. SOMEONE HAS TALKED.

HELP ME PULL OUT THAT DRESSER, MON AMI. HIDE BEHIND IT AND DO NOT REVEAL YOURSELF NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS.

RICK SLIPPED INTO A RECESS HOLLOWED OUT OF THE THICK STONE WALL. JULES AND HENRI BEGAN TO PUSH THE HEAVY DRESSER BACK INTO PLACE.



THEY FINISHED JUST IN TIME. THE DOOR BURST OPEN UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE WOLF'S MEN...

YOU HAVE AN ENGLANDER HIDDEN HERE. IT IS USELESS TO LIE! BRING HIM OUT! SEARCH THE PLACE, MEN.

YOU ARE MISTAKEN, MON CAPITaine. MY FATHER AND I LIVE ALONE.

THE S.S. MEN WERE THOROUGH, BUT FOUND NOTHING — UNTIL THE CAPTAIN SAW THE CHESS GAME SET UP — AND SMILED CRUELLY.

NEXT MINUTE THE LISTENING RICK WAS CURSING HIS STUPIDITY...

YOU PLAY CHESS ALONE THEN, YOU FRENCH DOG?

YOU WERE SEEN COMING IN HERE, BOY, SO WHO PLAYS THE CHESS GAME WITH YOUR FATHER? WHAT IS THE NEXT MOVE, I WONDER?



BEFORE HENRI COULD BE QUESTIONED FURTHER,
THE WOLF HIMSELF APPEARED AT THE DOOR.



IT TOOK ALL RICK'S SELF CONTROL TO LISTEN TO THE BOY TAKING A BEATING WHILE HE HID SAFELY.



NOT A WORD PASSED YOUNG HENRI'S LIPS AS HE WAS BEATEN UNTIL, MERCIFULLY, HE FAINTED.

NO ENGLANDER CAN BE HERE. COME, WE WILL SEARCH ELSEWHERE.



AS SOON AS THE GERMANS LEFT —

I'M SORRY, JULES. HOW IS HE? I SWEAR I'LL TEAR THAT NAZI'S BLACK HEART OUT!

HE WILL RECOVER. BUT NOW YOU FEEL AS A FRENCHMAN, MONSIEUR. HAVE PITY NOT FOR US, BUT FOR THE BOCHES. THEIR TIME OF RECKONING WILL COME — AND COMPARED TO THAT, OUR SUFFERINGS WILL BE NOTHING!



THAT NIGHT, FRANCOIS SLIPPED IN AFTER CURFEW.

THE WOLF AND HIS MEN WILL BE BACK.
THEY KNOW YOU ARE IN THIS AREA. THE
ESCAPE ROUTE IS READY. YOU LEAVE
TONIGHT.



BUT WHAT CAN YOU DO? WE
CANNOT GIVE YOU WEAPONS. WE
HAVE ALMOST NOTHING SINCE WE
WERE RAIDED BY THE S.S.

BOTH YOU AND THE GERMANS
OVERLOOKED THIS KNIFE, SEWN
INTO THE LEG OF MY TROUSERS.
I'M A TRAINED COMMANDO. I
CAN DO MORE DAMAGE WITH
THIS KNIFE THAN BAUER EVER
DREAMED OF.



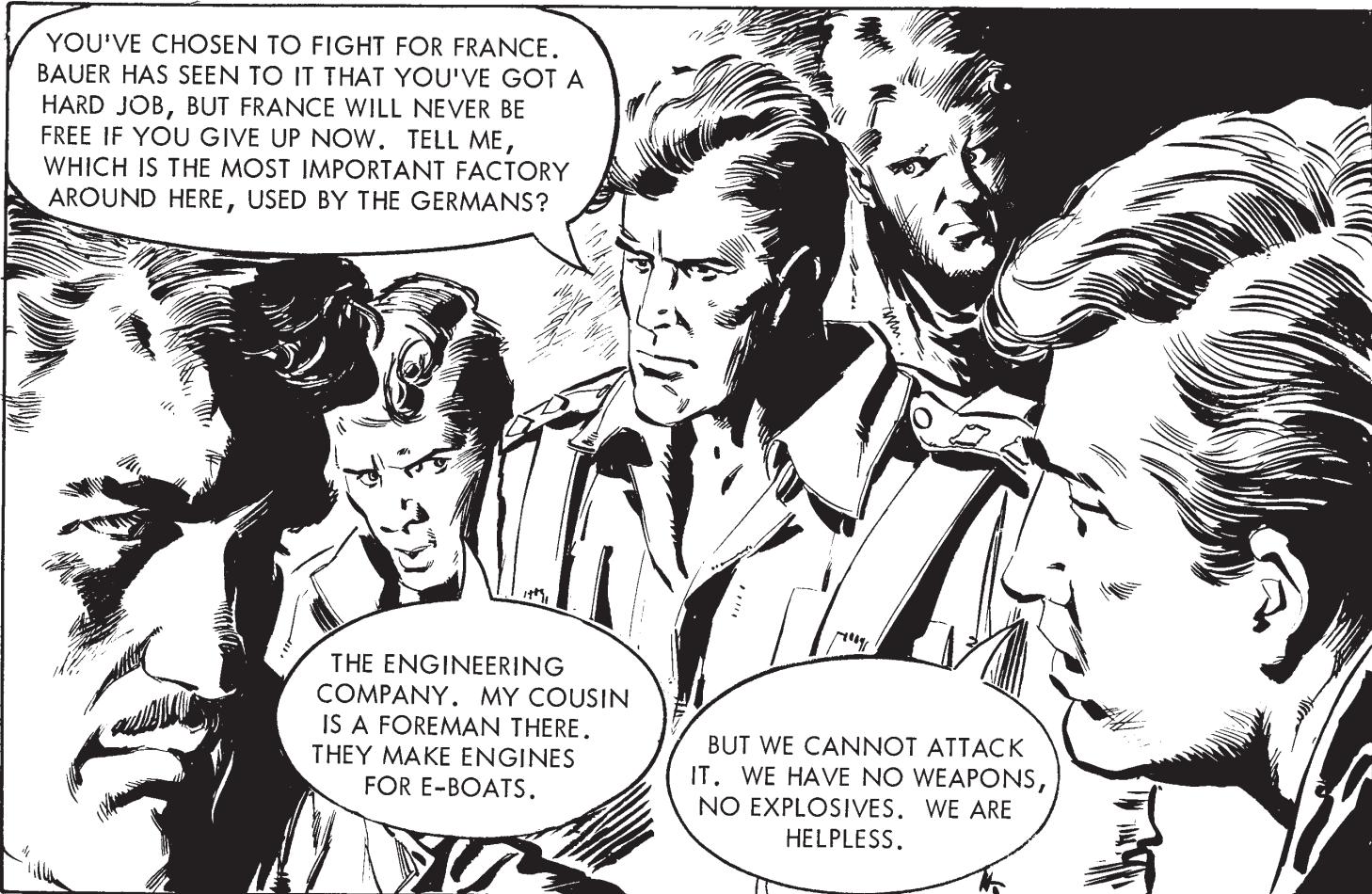
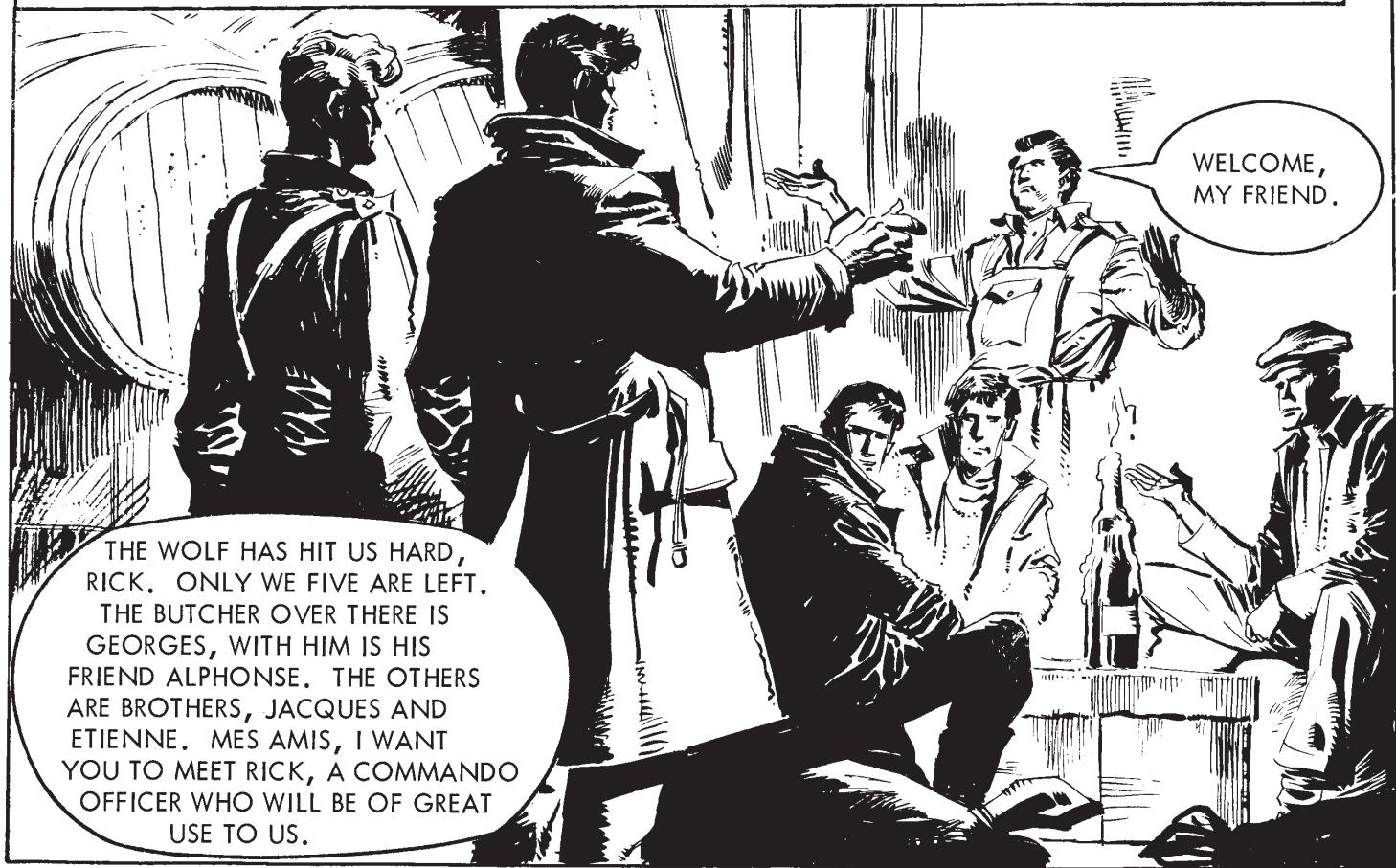
RICK PERSUADED
FRANCOIS TO LET
HIM JOIN HIS
RESISTANCE GROUP.
BUT BEFORE HE
LEFT, RICK HAD TO
VISIT A FAITHFUL
FRIEND.

I MUST GO, HENRI. IT IS UNSAFE
FOR ANY OF US IF I STAY. THANKS FOR
NOT GIVING ME AWAY. I'LL PAY HIM
BACK FOR YOU — IN BLOOD!

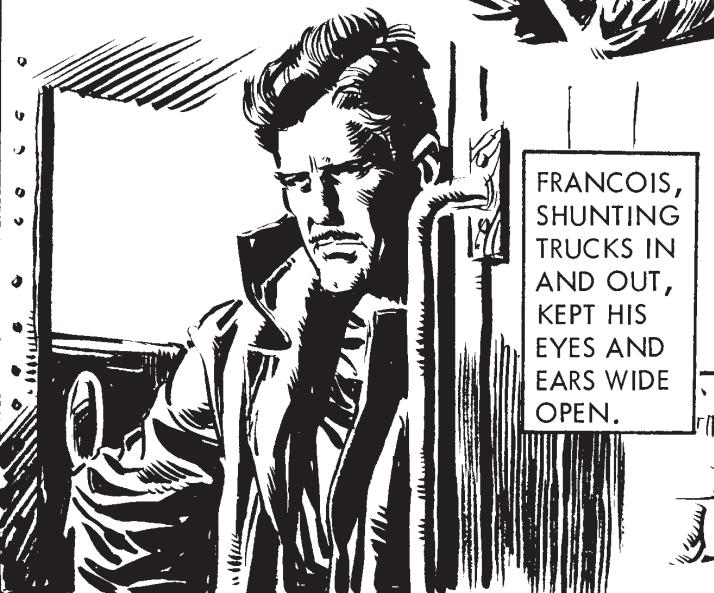
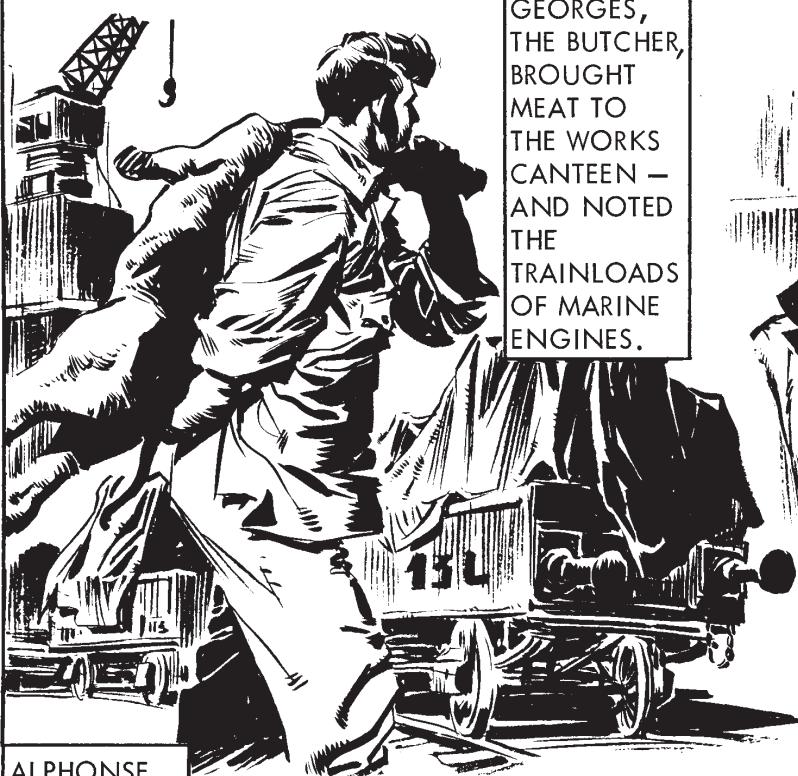
YES, YOU WILL, RICK. OTHERS
WAIT TO PAY HIM BACK, BUT NONE
HAVE THE HATRED YOU HAVE.
GOOD LUCK.



AFTER PUTTING HIS UNIFORM BACK ON, SO THAT HE WOULD FIGHT AS A SOLDIER AND NOT A SPY, RICK WAS TAKEN BY FRANCOIS TO A WINE CELLAR, WHERE HE MET WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE RESISTANCE.



BUT RICK SEEMED TO HAVE NO NEED FOR WEAPONS. ALTHOUGH THEY THOUGHT HIM MAD, IN THE NEXT TWO DAYS THE GROUP COLLECTED EVERY SCRAP OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE ENGINEERING WORKS THAT THEY COULD.



RICK LOST NO TIME. EVERY MINUTE COUNTED.

FROM WHAT JACQUES' COUSIN TELLS US THERE ARE TWO MAIN OBJECTIVES. THE MACHINE SHOP AND THE TEST-BED SHOP. WE STRIKE TONIGHT. MEET HERE AT 2300 HOURS.

BUT I HAVE TOLD YOU. WE HAVE NO EXPLOSIVES, NO WEAPONS. HOW CAN WE HOPE TO DESTROY THEM?

I'VE TO GET SEVERAL TINS OF GREASE. PERHAPS WE HELP LUBRICATE THE E-BOAT ENGINES?

AND I HAVE TO BRING LITTLE BAGS OF SAND. WE MAKE THE CASTLES IN THE SAND, YES?

LET US NOT MOCK HIM. I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE IS ABOUT.

RICK DID KNOW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT. THAT NIGHT HE LED THE MEN TO THE FACTORY. THE FENCE ROUND IT WAS NOT WIRED WITH ALARMS AND PRESENTED NO PROBLEM.

QUIET! YOU'RE MAKING ENOUGH NOISE FOR A HERD OF ELEPHANTS!

THE ROUTE TAKEN BY THE SENTRY HAD ALREADY BEEN NOTED.

THERE HE IS.
I'LL GET HIM.

NOT LIKELY, THIS
ONE'S MINE!



THE SENTRY DID NOT KNOW IT,
BUT HE WAS THE FIRST OF MANY
TO FALL IN THE VENGEANCE
TRAIL OF RICK MATTHEWS.

IN SECONDS THE WAY WAS
CLEAR. ARMED NOW WITH
THE MAN'S SCHMEISSER,
THEY PRESS ON TO THEIR
OBJECTIVES.

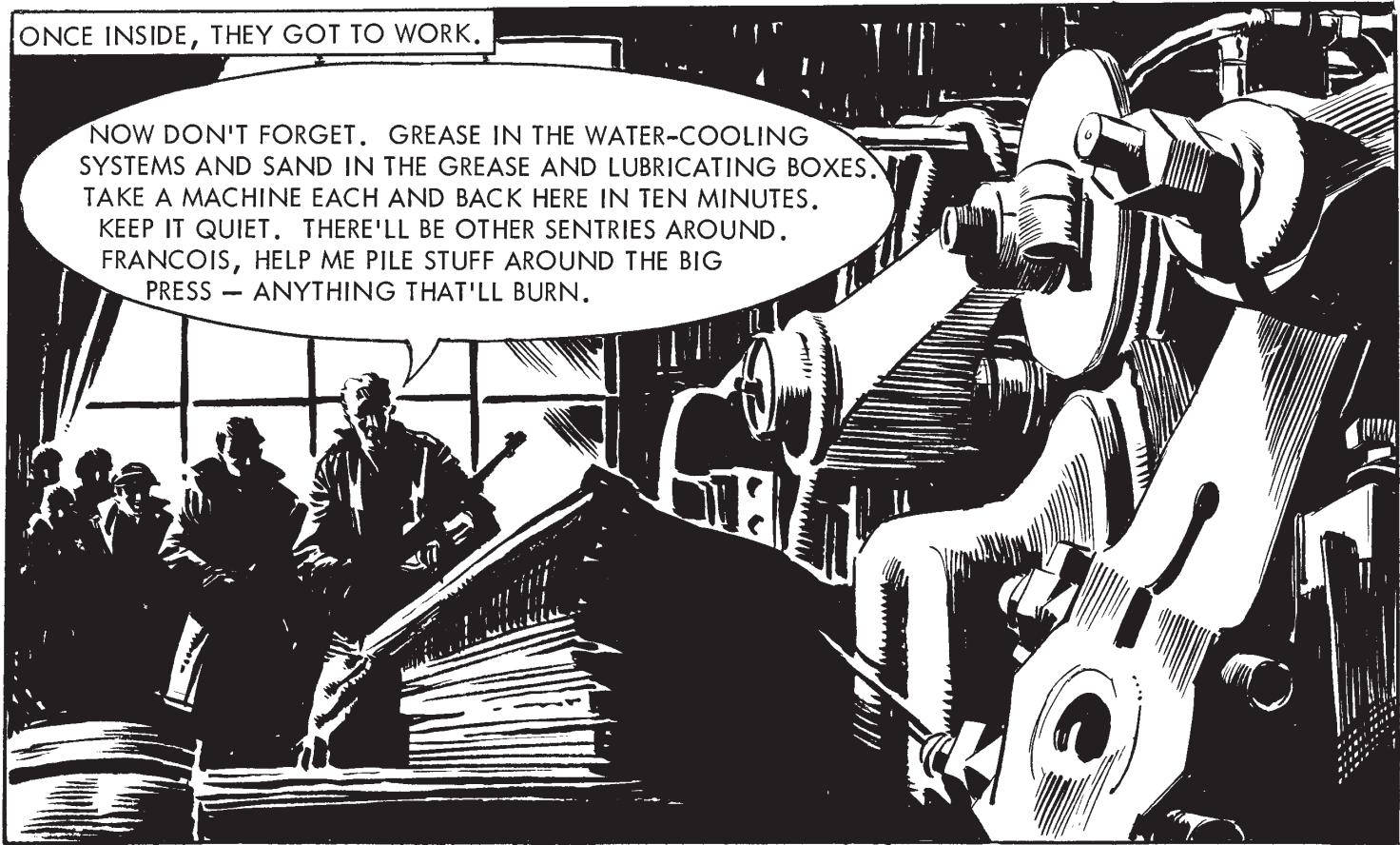


**FIND
MORE
FREE
MAGAZINES**

FREEMAGS.CC

ONCE INSIDE, THEY GOT TO WORK.

NOW DON'T FORGET. GREASE IN THE WATER-COOLING SYSTEMS AND SAND IN THE GREASE AND LUBRICATING BOXES. TAKE A MACHINE EACH AND BACK HERE IN TEN MINUTES. KEEP IT QUIET. THERE'LL BE OTHER SENTRY'S AROUND. FRANCOIS, HELP ME PILE STUFF AROUND THE BIG PRESS — ANYTHING THAT'LL BURN.



THEY WORKED WITH FRANTIC SPEED, PAUSING ONLY WHEN THEY HEARD THE OCCASIONAL FOOTSTEPS OF PATROLLING SENTRIES.



AT LAST ALL WAS READY.

THE MACHINES ARE SET TO START — AND GRIND THEMSELVES TO BITS! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO PULL THIS MAIN SWITCH. GEORGES, YOU STAY HERE. ALPHONSE WILL TELL YOU WHEN TO START UP.

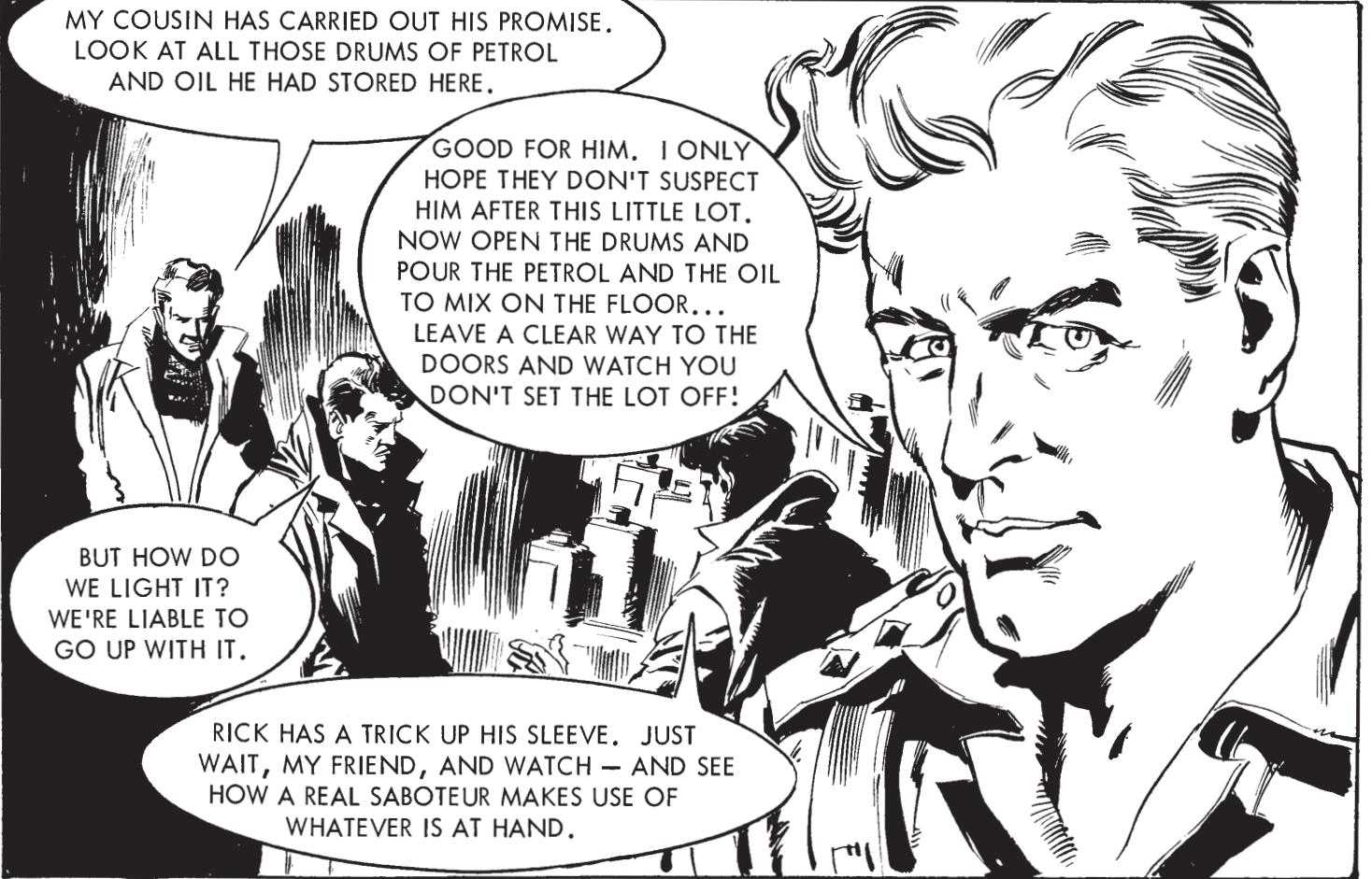


UNDERSTOOD. I SHALL AWAIT THE SIGNAL.

THEY PRESSED ON TO REACH THEIR NEXT OBJECTIVE — THE TEST-BED SHOP.



THOSE ELECTRIC TROLLEYS WILL
COME IN HANDY. NOW IF JACQUES'
COUSIN, THE FOREMAN, HAS DONE HIS
JOB, WE'RE IN BUSINESS. COME
ON, GIVE ME A HAND WITH
THESE DOORS...



MY COUSIN HAS CARRIED OUT HIS PROMISE.
LOOK AT ALL THOSE DRUMS OF PETROL
AND OIL HE HAD STORED HERE.

GOOD FOR HIM. I ONLY
HOPE THEY DON'T SUSPECT
HIM AFTER THIS LITTLE LOT.
NOW OPEN THE DRUMS AND
POUR THE PETROL AND THE OIL
TO MIX ON THE FLOOR...
LEAVE A CLEAR WAY TO THE
DOORS AND WATCH YOU
DON'T SET THE LOT OFF!

BUT HOW DO
WE LIGHT IT?
WE'RE LIABLE TO
GO UP WITH IT.

RICK HAS A TRICK UP HIS SLEEVE. JUST
WAIT, MY FRIEND, AND WATCH — AND SEE
HOW A REAL SABOTEUR MAKES USE OF
WHATEVER IS AT HAND.



RICK GAVE ALPHONSE TWO MINUTES BEFORE STARTING UP THE TROLLEY. THEN, WITH A SAVAGE GRIN, HE DROVE STRAIGHT FOR THE OPEN DOOR.



WAITING TILL THE LAST MOMENT, RICK JUMPED.



RICK HAD HAD A FAIR IDEA OF WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN, BUT EVEN AT THAT HE WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE SIZE OF THE EXPLOSION. HE FELT THE SHOCK WAVE SEARING INTO HIS BACK AS HIS MIGHTY PETROL BOMB WENT UP.



AS THE CRASH OF THE EXPLOSION REVERBERATED AROUND THE WORKS, MACHINE AFTER MACHINE BURST INTO FLAME FROM OVERHEATED BEARINGS, OR BURST APART UNDER GREAT PRESSURES.

COME ON! THIS LOT WILL
BRING THE BOCHES AROUND OUR
EARS QUICKER THAN BEES
FROM AN OVERTURNED
HIVE!



ALPHONSE WAS RIGHT. THE GERMAN GUARD RACED INTO ACTION, THIRSTING FOR THE BLOOD OF THE TERRORISTS.

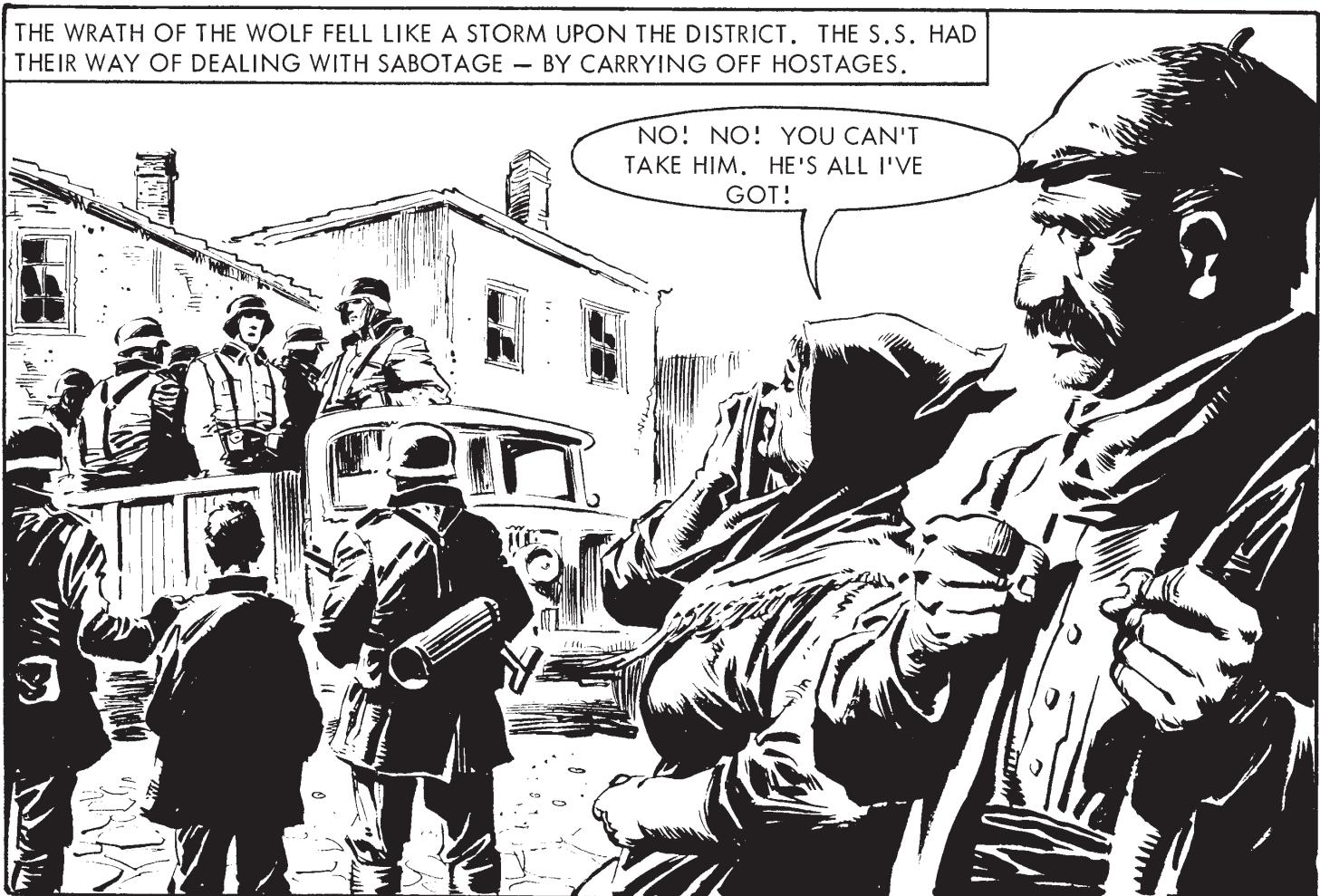
RAUS! AT THE DOUBLE, YOU SCUM! I WANT THOSE FRENCHMEN HUNTED DOWN LIKE RATS!



BUT THE SABOTEURS HAD VANISHED. THE TRIGGER-HAPPY GUARDS BLASTED AT ANYTHING THAT MOVED — AND EVEN HIT ONE ANOTHER.

CEASE FIRE!
WE SHOOT AT
OURSELVES!





THE WOLF DROVE HIS MEN
RELENTLESSLY IN LUST FOR
VENGEANCE.

LET IT BE KNOWN EVERYWHERE THAT
I WILL KILL EVERY HOSTAGE I HOLD IF
THE TERRORISTS ARE NOT DELIVERED TO
ME WITHIN TWO DAYS!



RICK WANTED TO SURRENDER AT ONCE.

LET ME GO! IF THEY
HAVE ME THEY WILL RELEASE
THOSE INNOCENT
PEOPLE.

DO NOT DESPAIR. WE HAVE WAYS TO
FOIL THE BOCHE. NOW IT IS OUR TURN TO
TEACH YOU TO FIGHT WITHOUT RULES. WE
HAVE TWO DAYS. COME, THERE IS MUCH
TO BE DONE.

YOU DO NOT KNOW THE BOCHE
AS I DO. THEY WOULD NOT BE
SATISFIED WITH YOU. LISTEN, ANY
ONE OF MY PEOPLE COULD HAVE
BETRAYED YOU, BUT THEY WOULD
NOT. NOW YOU MUST KEEP
FAITH WITH THEM.

THAT NIGHT THEY SLIPPED THROUGH THE GERMAN PATROLS AND MADE THEIR WAY TO THE FARM OF PIERRE LANGLOIS. THEY WERE FOLLOWED BY MANY GRIM-FACED FRENCHMEN, GLIDING LIKE WRAITHS THROUGH THE DARKENED COUNTRYSIDE.



THANK YOU FOR LETTING US COME HERE, PIERRE. I HAVE SENT WORD FOR ALL ABLE-BODIED PATRIOTS TO JOIN ME. THIS IS RICK, AN ENGLISH OFFICER. HE FIGHTS WITH US.

YOU ARE MORE THAN WELCOME, M'SIEUR.

YOU ALL HAVE RELATIVES AMONG THE MEN TAKEN. WE ARE HERE TO GET THEM BACK — ALIVE, AND READY TO FORM A MAQUIS. THE DAYS OF THE WOLF GROW SHORT. I NEED YOUR HELP TO END THEM FOR EVER. WILL YOU FIGHT?



I CAME WITH A LOADED SHOTGUN. I DON'T GO HOME TILL IT'S EMPTY.

AND THAT WAS THE FEELING OF EVERY MAN THERE. A NEW COMPANY OF MAQUISARDS HAD BEEN BORN.

THE TEUTONIC RIGIDITY OF PLANNING ENABLED THE FRENCHMEN TO FORETELL EVERY GERMAN MOVE — THE EXACT TIMING AND ROUTE OF THE CONVOY CARRYING THE HOSTAGES AWAY.



THEY ARE BOUND TO USE THE ROUTE THROUGH LA VALLEE DU DIABLE. THIS TIME IT WILL INDEED BE THE VALLEY OF THE DEVIL FOR THEM! WE WILL HAVE THREE PARTIES FOR THE AMBUSH. PIERRE AT THE HEAD OF THE CONVOY, RICK IN THE CENTRE, AND I WILL CLOSE THE TRAP AT THE TAIL. SIX MEN TO EACH PARTY. THE TIMING WILL BE LIKE THIS...

THE FOLLOWING MORNING FOUND EVERY MAN AT HIS POST.



THIS WILL BE THE LAST JOURNEY THOSE DOGS WILL MAKE!

TRAPS HAD BEEN PREPARED. THE FIRST WAS A TREE, SAWN NEARLY THROUGH, AND KEPT FROM FALLING ACROSS THE ROAD BY A ROPE. GEORGES STOOD READY WITH AN AXE. WHEN THE TRUCKS PASSED —



AND THE SECOND TRAP WAS LARGE BOULDERS PUSHED DOWN THE HILL AND ON TO THE ROAD IN FRONT OF THE CONVOY.



TO THE RINGING BARK OF RIFLES AND SCHMEISSERS, AND THE CRASHING ROAR OF SHOTGUNS, RICK AND HIS MEN CAME HURTLING DOWN THE HILLSIDE LIKE AVENGING ANGELS.

NOW, MEN –
SHOOT TO KILL!



BATTLE WAS JOINED. THE SHOTGUNS IN THE DEADLY HANDS OF THE EMBITTERED FRENCHMEN WERE MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THE SCHMEISSERS.

A BAS LES BOCHES!

AAAGH!

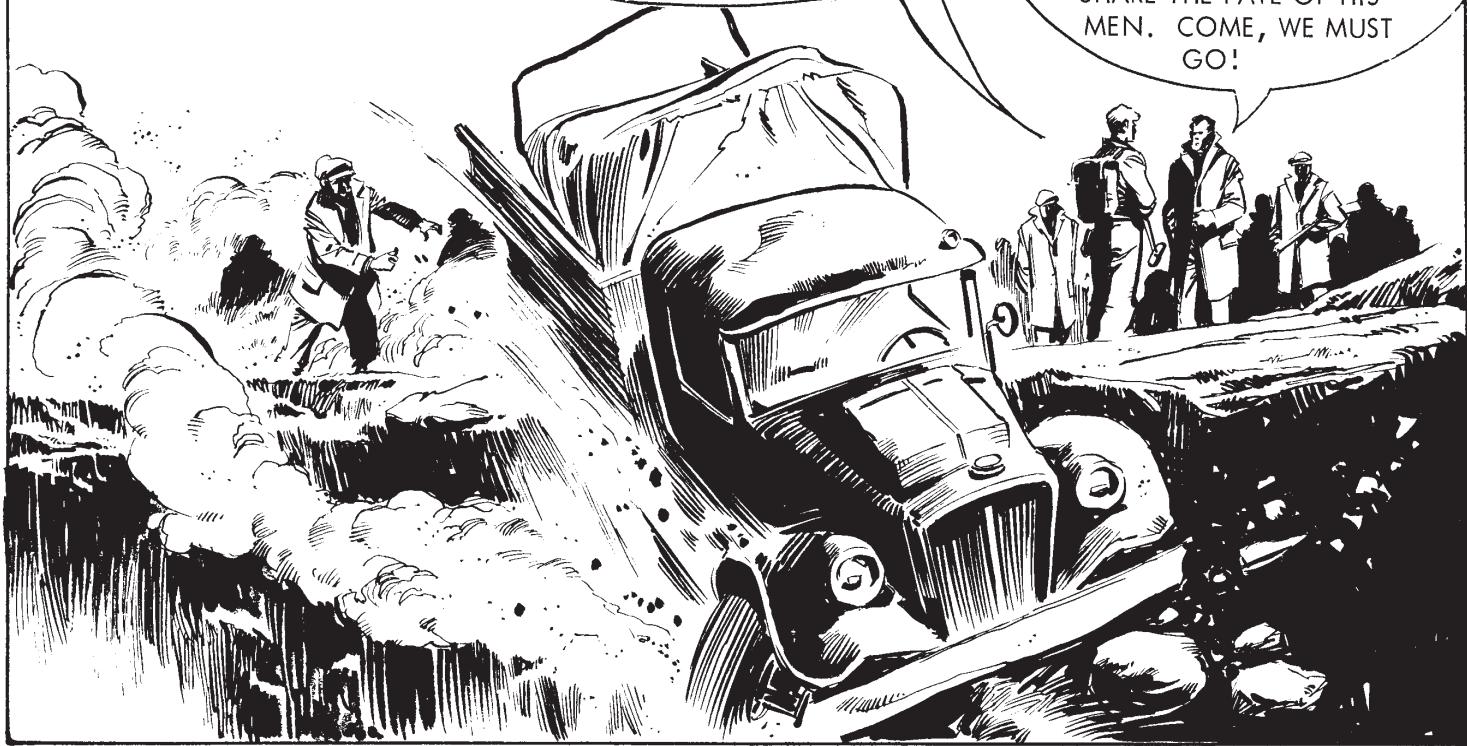




THE S.S. GUARDS WERE WIPEP OUT. BUT THE FRENCHMEN TOO, HAD THEIR LOSSES.

WE HAVE DONE IT, BUT WE'VE PAID DEARLY. GEORGES, ALPHONSE AND ETIENNE ARE DEAD. JACQUES IS WOUNDED. MANY OF THE HOSTAGES DIED FIGHTING, TOO.

THEY DIED FIGHTING FOR FRANCE. NOT ONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE WISHED IT OTHERWISE. IT'S A PITY THE WOLF WASN'T HERE TO SHARE THE FATE OF HIS MEN. COME, WE MUST GO!



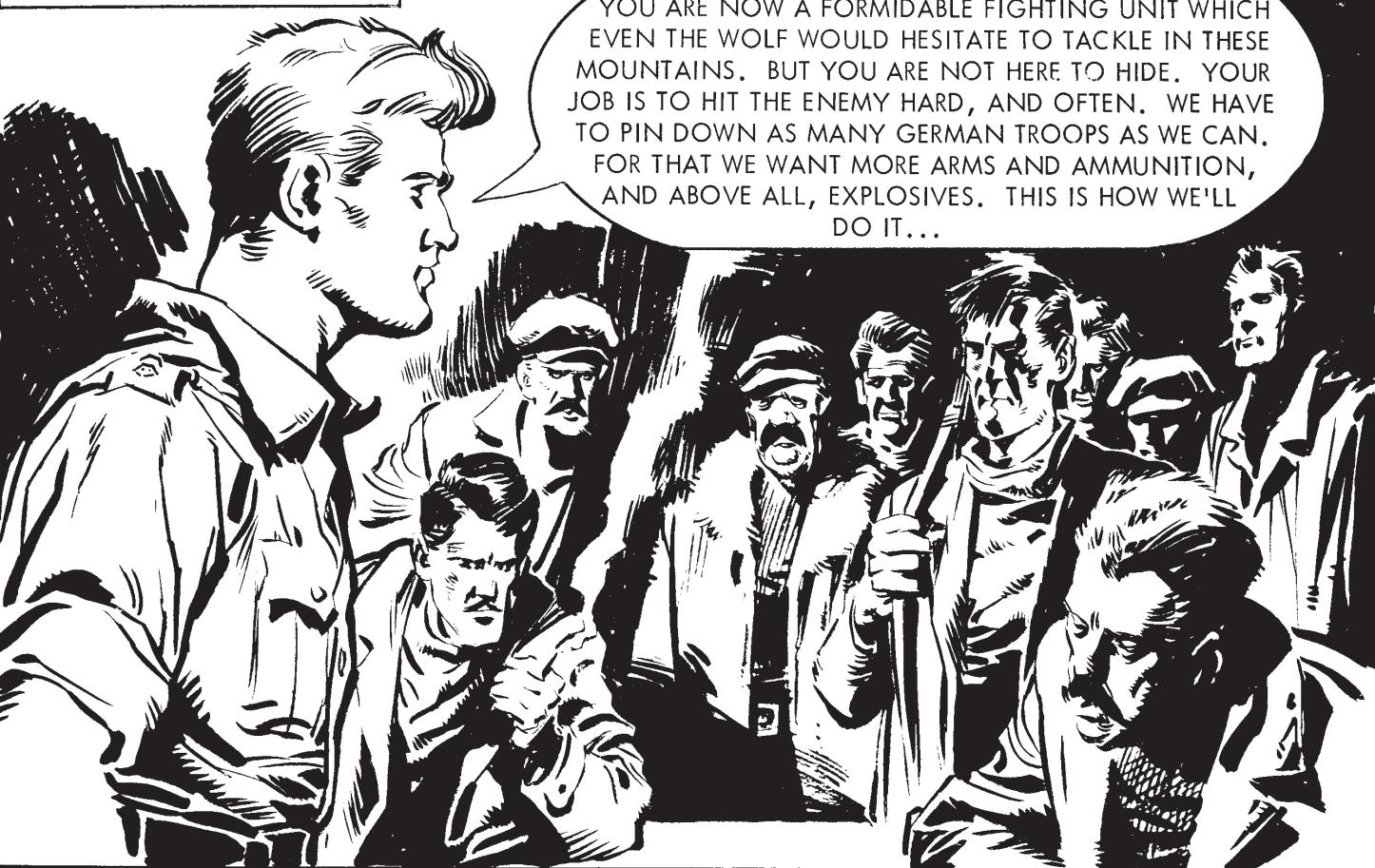
THE RESISTANCE MEN KEPT TWO OF THE LORRIES FOR THEIR OWN USE. THEY TIPPED THE OTHERS INTO THE RAVINE, AND THEN TOOK TO THE SECURITY OF THE MOUNTAINS.

WE ARE NO LONGER HOSTAGES, BUT MAQUISARDS. I SAY WE CALL OURSELVES THE MAQUIS FRANCOIS.

AGREED? GOOD. THE MAQUIS FRANCOIS WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN.

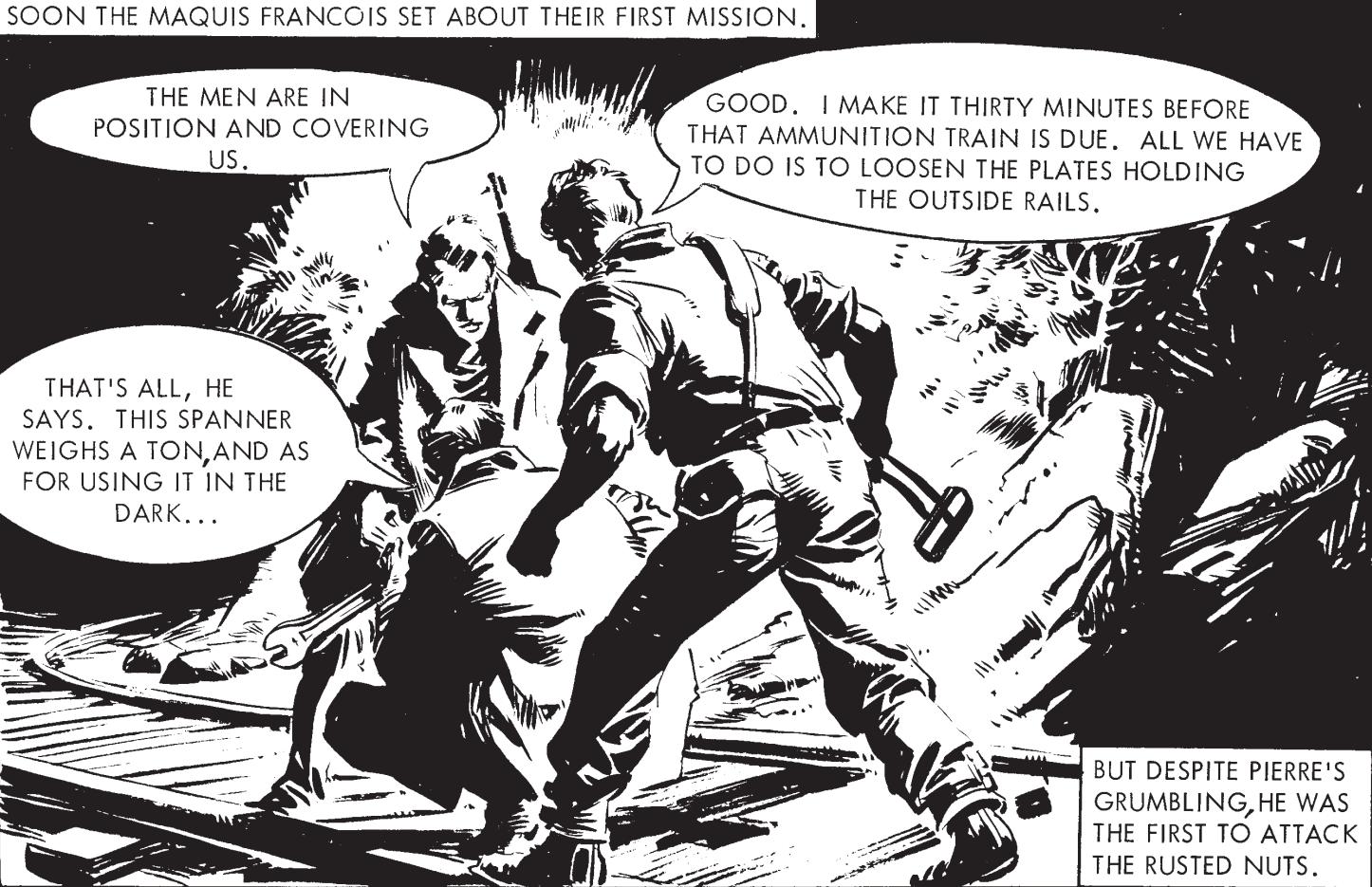


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THEIR MOUNTAIN RETREAT, THE NEWLY FORMED MAQUIS FRANCOIS WAS BEING GIVEN THE FINAL BRIEFING.



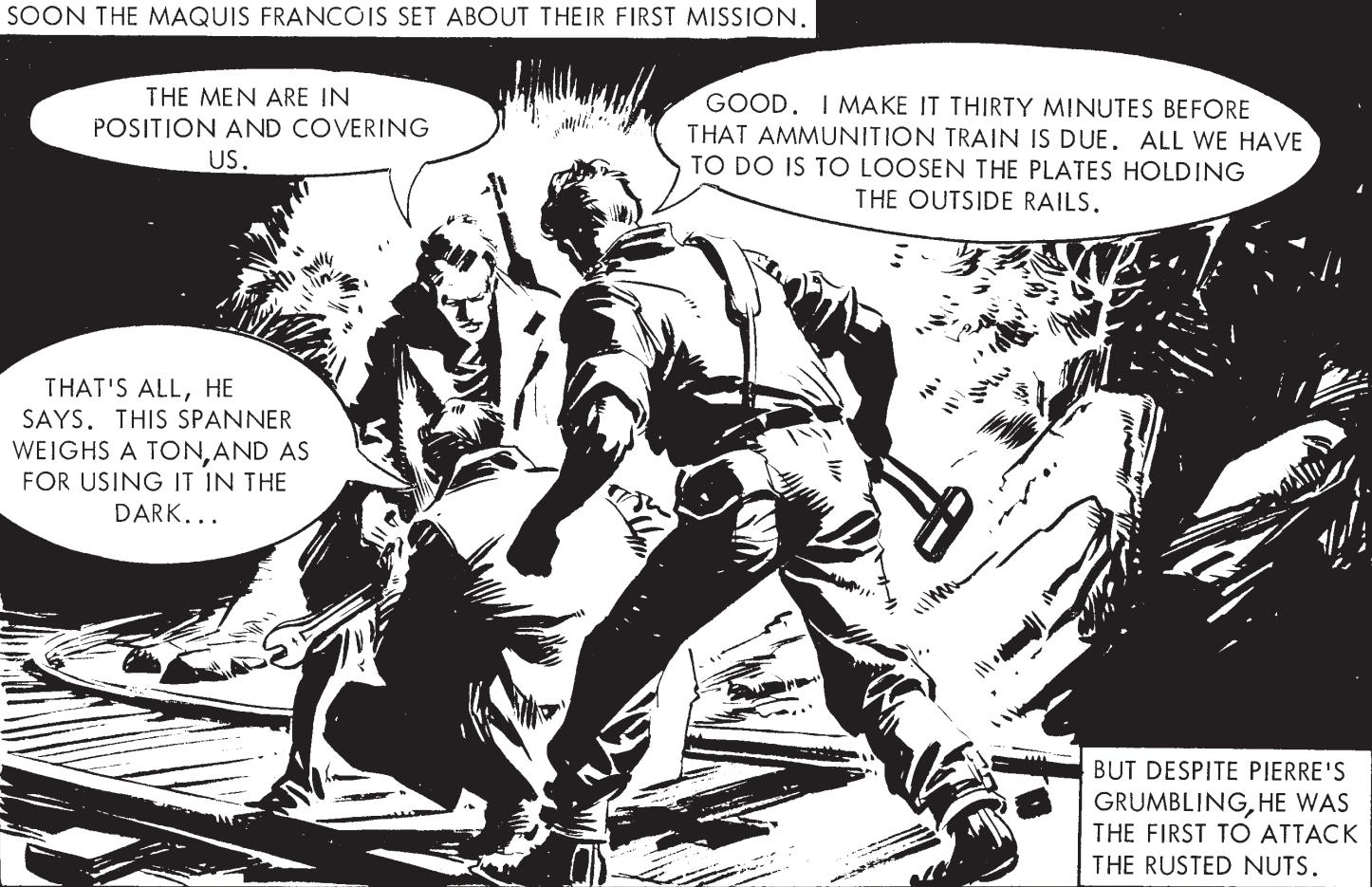
YOU ARE NOW A FORMIDABLE FIGHTING UNIT WHICH EVEN THE WOLF WOULD HESITATE TO TACKLE IN THESE MOUNTAINS. BUT YOU ARE NOT HERE TO HIDE. YOUR JOB IS TO HIT THE ENEMY HARD, AND OFTEN. WE HAVE TO PIN DOWN AS MANY GERMAN TROOPS AS WE CAN. FOR THAT WE WANT MORE ARMS AND AMMUNITION, AND ABOVE ALL, EXPLOSIVES. THIS IS HOW WE'LL DO IT...

SOON THE MAQUIS FRANCOIS SET ABOUT THEIR FIRST MISSION.

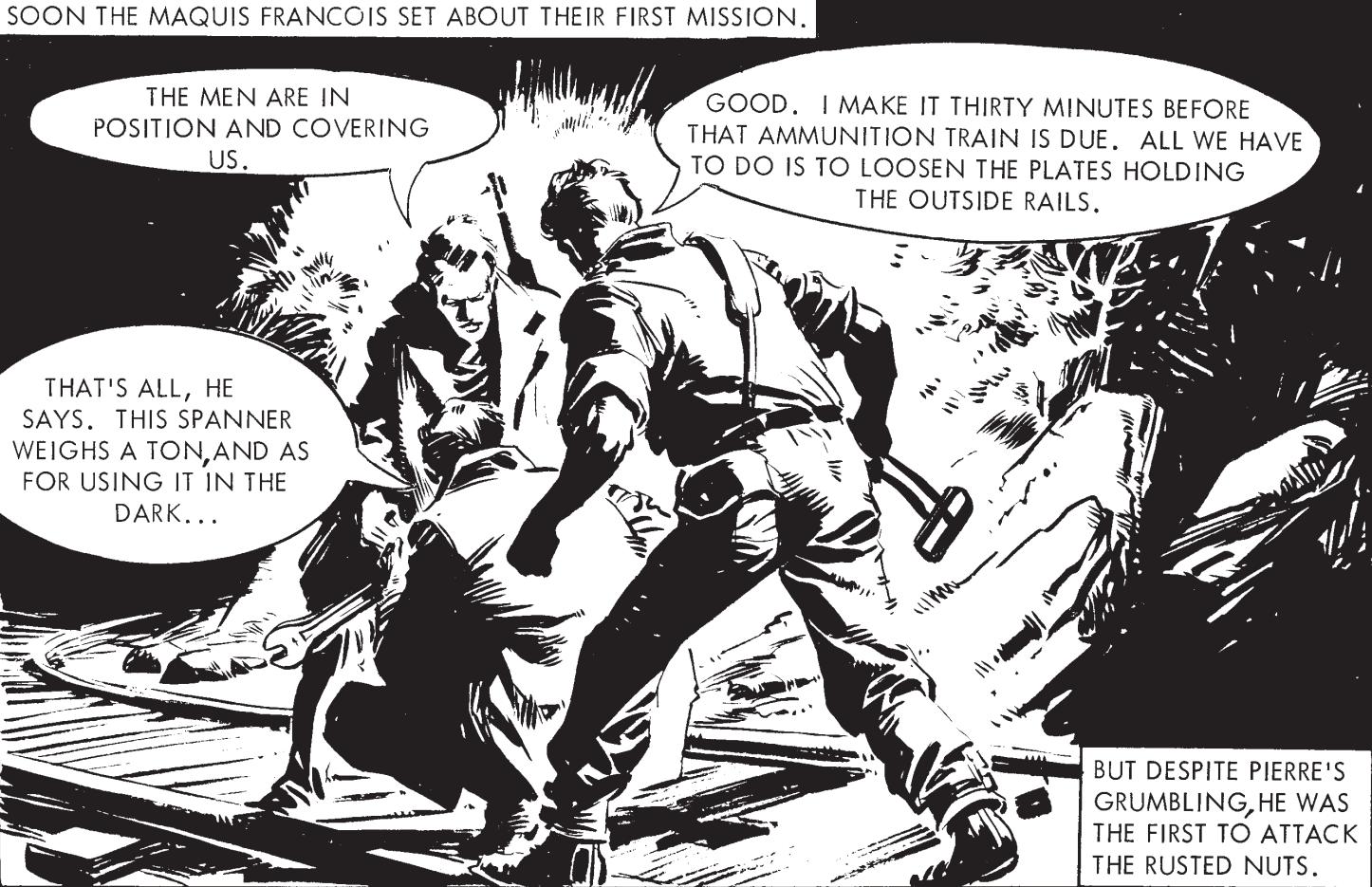


THE MEN ARE IN POSITION AND COVERING US.

GOOD. I MAKE IT THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE THAT AMMUNITION TRAIN IS DUE. ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TO LOOSEN THE PLATES HOLDING THE OUTSIDE RAILS.



THAT'S ALL, HE SAYS. THIS SPANNER WEIGHS A TON, AND AS FOR USING IT IN THE DARK...



BUT DESPITE PIERRE'S GRUMBLING, HE WAS THE FIRST TO ATTACK THE RUSTED NUTS.

THE NUTS YIELDED WITH MANY A HEART-STOPPING CREAK WHICH SEEMED TO CARRY FOR MILES OVER THE STILL COUNTRYSIDE. THOSE THAT DIDN'T WERE RIPPED OFF BY BRUTE FORCE.

I ONLY HOPE THE JERRY PATROLS DON'T HEAR THIS ROW.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HURRY! SOMEONE COMES!



A GERMAN PATROL. HAD THEY BEEN ALERTED BY THE MOVING OF THE RAIL?

PASS THE WORD — NO FIRING UNLESS I FIRE FIRST.



THE TWO GUARDS STOPPED. RICK'S FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER. AROUND HIM HE COULD FEEL THE MAQUIS TENSE...



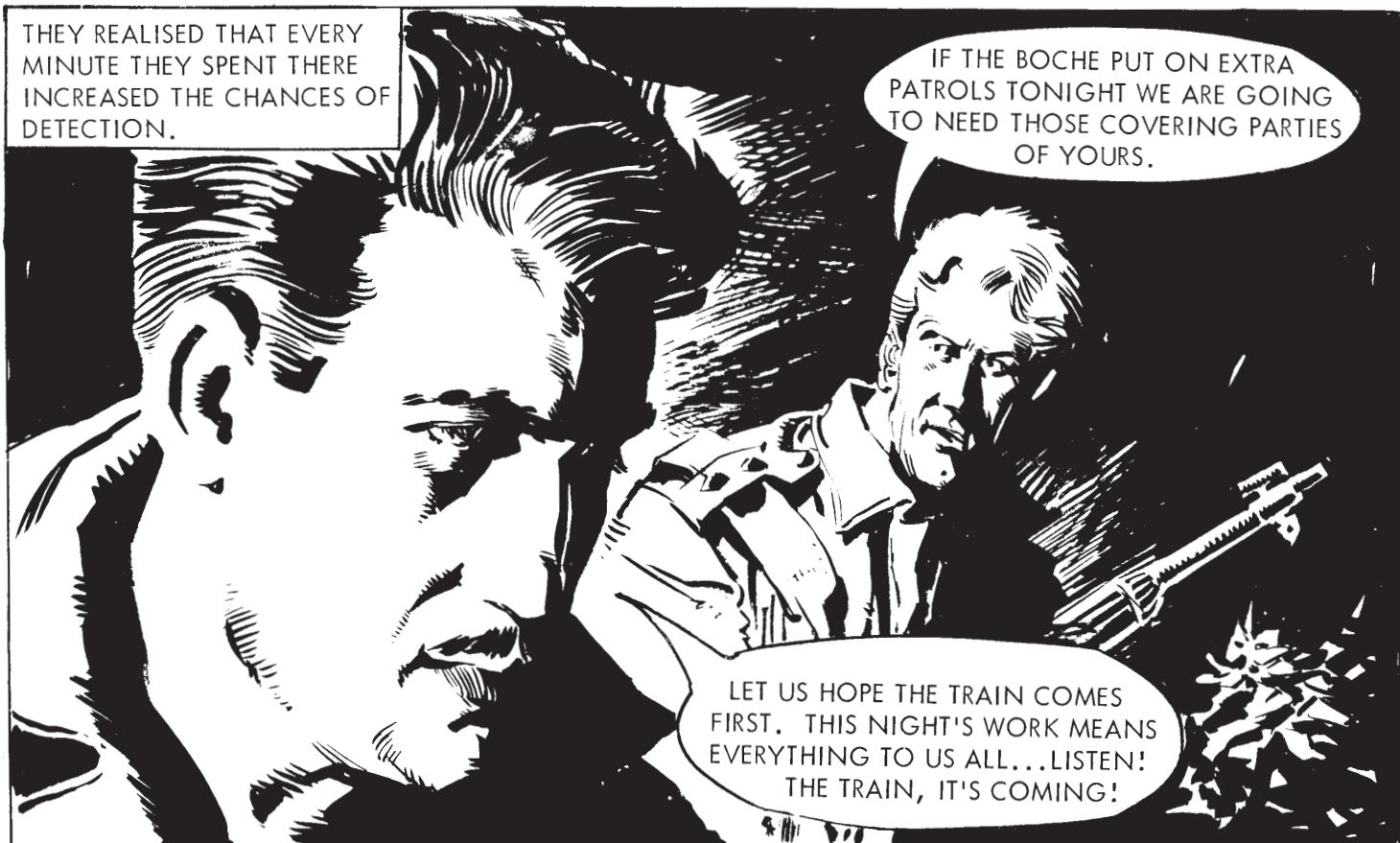
COME ON, KARL. THERE'S NO ONE HERE. OUR SERGEANT HAS SABOTAGE ON THE BRAIN.

THE GERMANS MOVED ON, LITTLE KNOWING HOW CLOSE TO DEATH THEY HAD BEEN.



I MAKE IT FIVE MINUTES.

THEY REALISED THAT EVERY MINUTE THEY SPENT THERE INCREASED THE CHANCES OF DETECTION.



IF THE BOCHE PUT ON EXTRA PATROLS TONIGHT WE ARE GOING TO NEED THOSE COVERING PARTIES OF YOURS.

LET US HOPE THE TRAIN COMES FIRST. THIS NIGHT'S WORK MEANS EVERYTHING TO US ALL...LISTEN! THE TRAIN, IT'S COMING!

THE HEAVILY GUARDED AMMUNITION TRAIN THUNDERED DOWN UPON THE AMBUSHERS. AS USUAL, IT HAD THREE EMPTY TRUCKS IN FRONT TO DETONATE MINES. THE GERMANS WERE NO FOOLS...

DON'T SLOW DOWN.
THIS IS AMBUSH COUNTRY.

JAWOHL,
HERR HAUPTMANN!



THE THREE LEADING TRUCKS PASSED OVER THE LOOSENERED RAIL, BUT THE WEIGHT OF THE ENGINE PUSHED IT ASIDE AND THE TRAIN CRASHED IN A ROAR OF ESCAPING STEAM AND THE SHRIEK OF TORTURED METAL.

GOTT IN
HIMMEL — WE
ARE CRASHING!



THE GUARDS WERE NOT ALLOWED TO RECOVER. A HAIL OF STEEL CUT DOWN THOSE WHO SOUGHT TO FIGHT BACK.



THEY SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE CLOSED TRUCKS.
THE CONTENTS OF THE FIRST DELIGHTED RICK.

MACHINE GUNS — JUST THE JOB!
I'LL LOOK AFTER THIS LOT. YOU
FIND THE AMMO FOR THEM,
FRANCOIS.

OK. COME,
JACQUES, FERDINAND,
JULES.



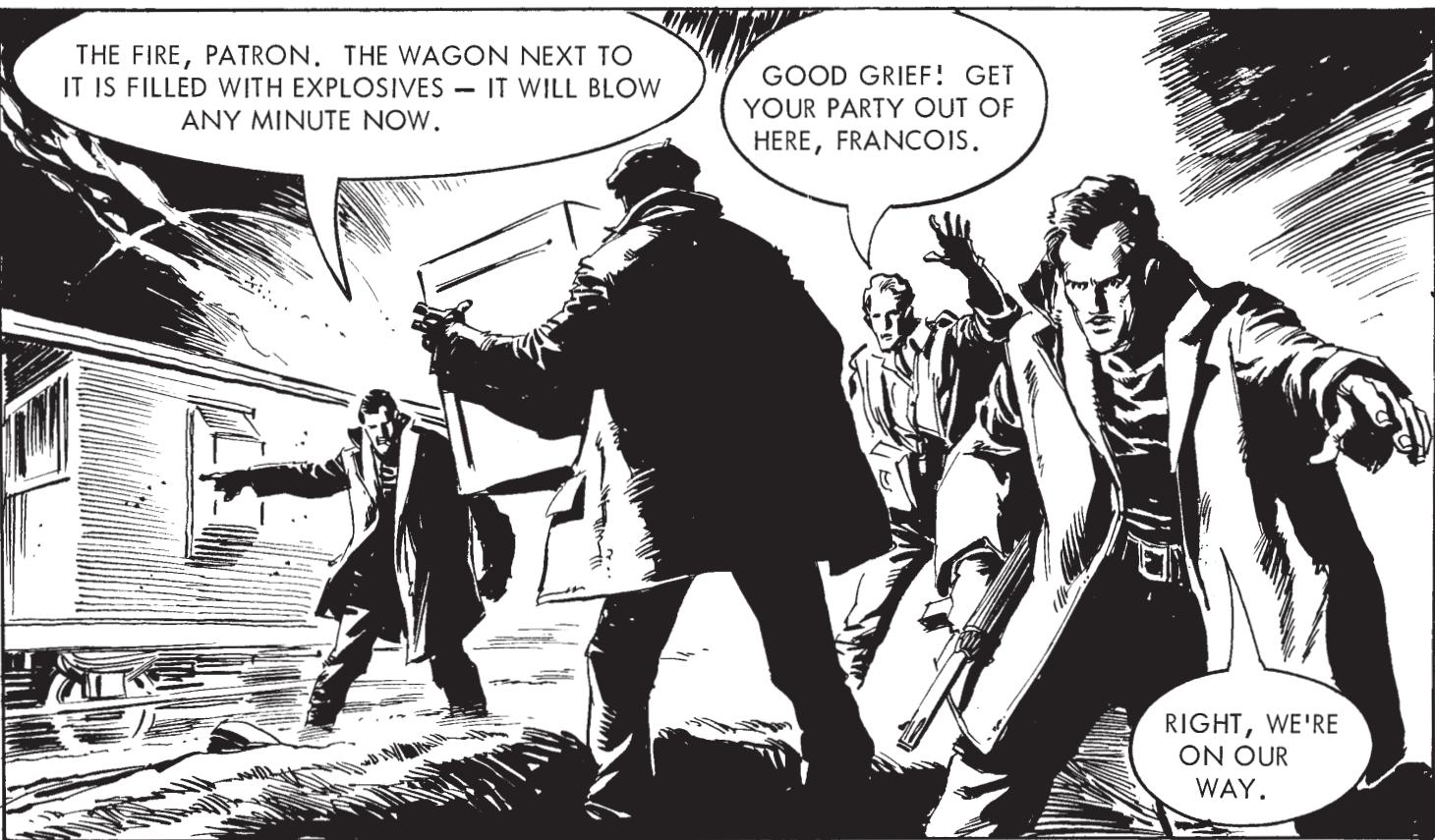
THEY WORKED WITH FEVERISH HASTE, FOR ANY GERMAN PATROLS IN THE DISTRICT MUST ALREADY HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSIONS AND SEEN THE SMOKE OF THE BLAZING TRAIN, AND BE SUMMONING HELP.



THE MAQUIS WERE NOW HUNTED.

THE FIRE, PATRON. THE WAGON NEXT TO IT IS FILLED WITH EXPLOSIVES — IT WILL BLOW ANY MINUTE NOW.

GOOD GRIEF! GET YOUR PARTY OUT OF HERE, FRANCOIS.



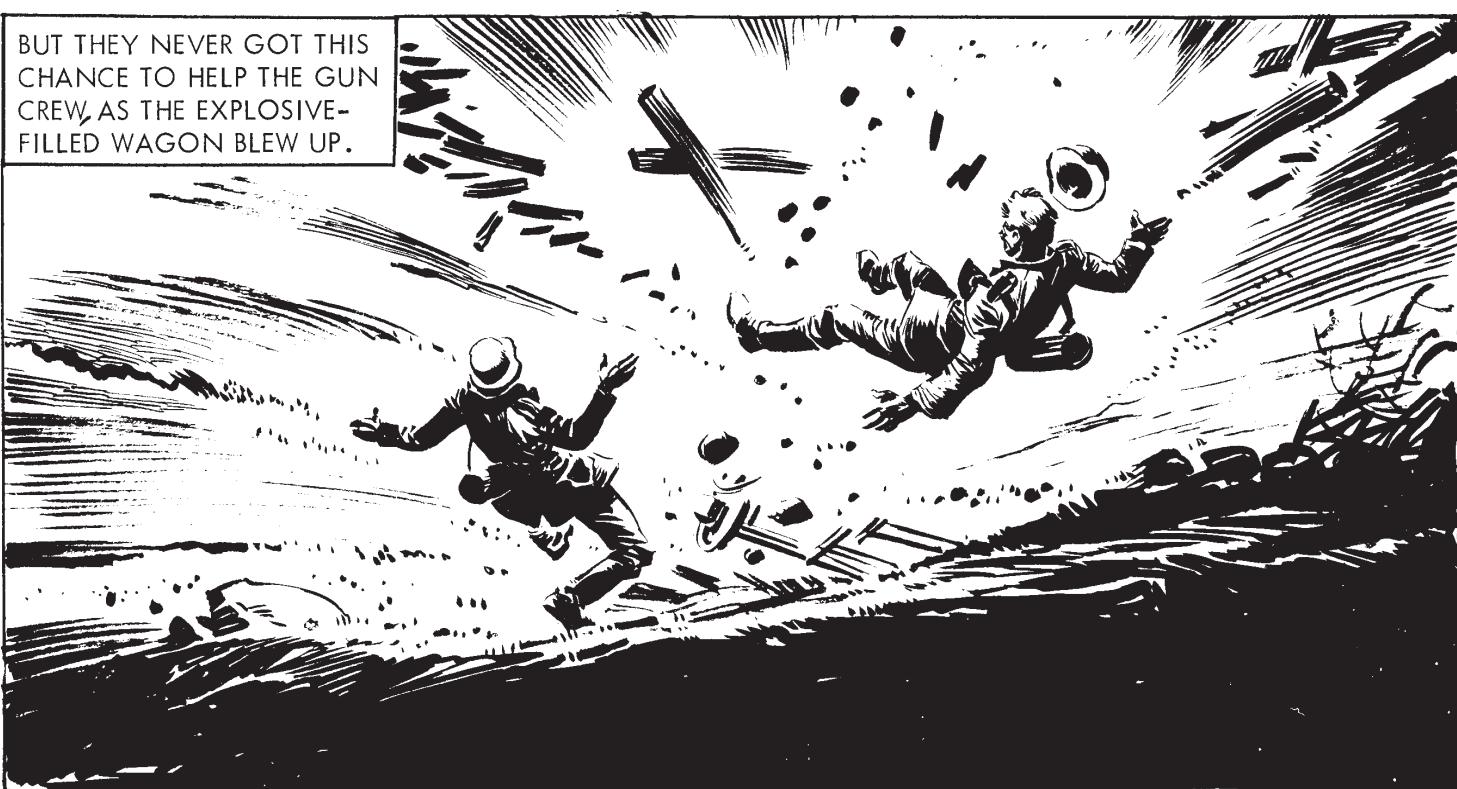
THE MAQUIS MELTED AWAY INTO THE WOODS...



BUT AS THE FIRST PATROL CAME RUNNING UP.



BUT THEY NEVER GOT THIS CHANCE TO HELP THE GUN CREW, AS THE EXPLOSIVE-FILLED WAGON BLEW UP.



SAFELY BACK IN THE MOUNTAINS, THEY STORED THEIR HAUL OF MACHINE-GUNS, AMMUNITION AND EVEN MORTARS.

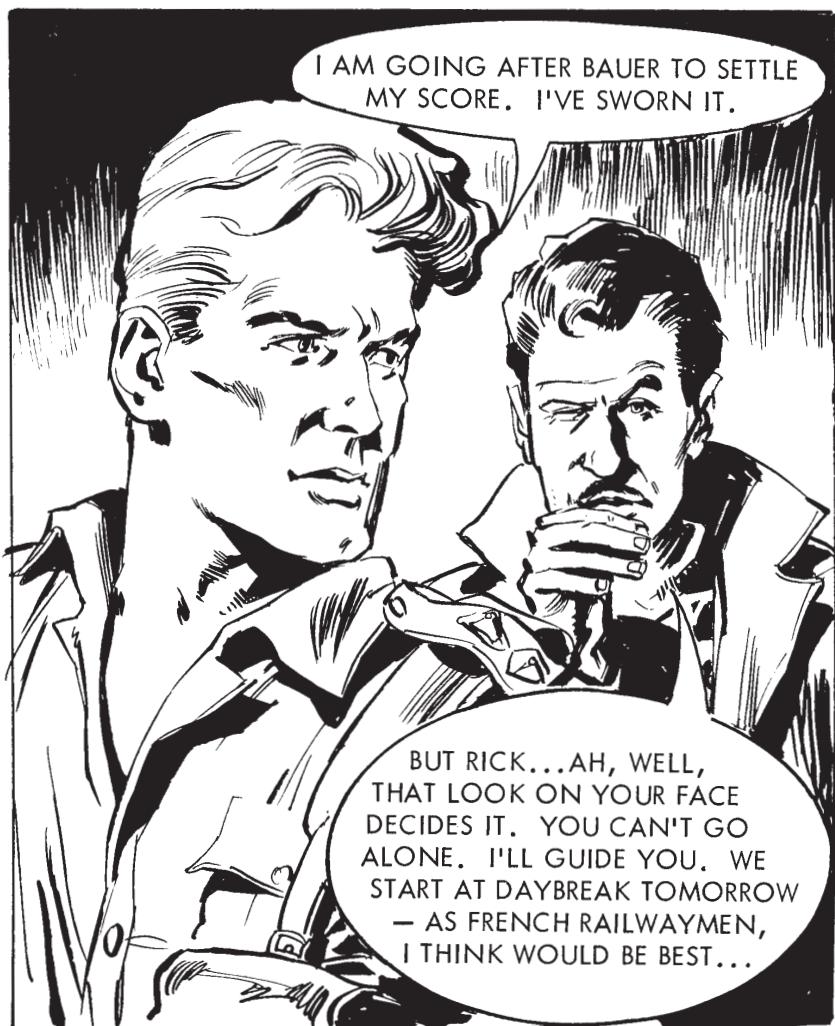
THE WOLF WILL BE RAVING MAD AT THIS NIGHT'S WORK.

WE USED TO DO FINE WITH SHOT-GUNS. NOW WE'RE A MATCH FOR ANY ARMY.



IT'S JULIAN, MY RUNNER FROM THE VILLAGE. IT MUST BE IMPORTANT TO BRING HIM HERE WITH THE BOCHE SCOURING THE COUNTRYSIDE.



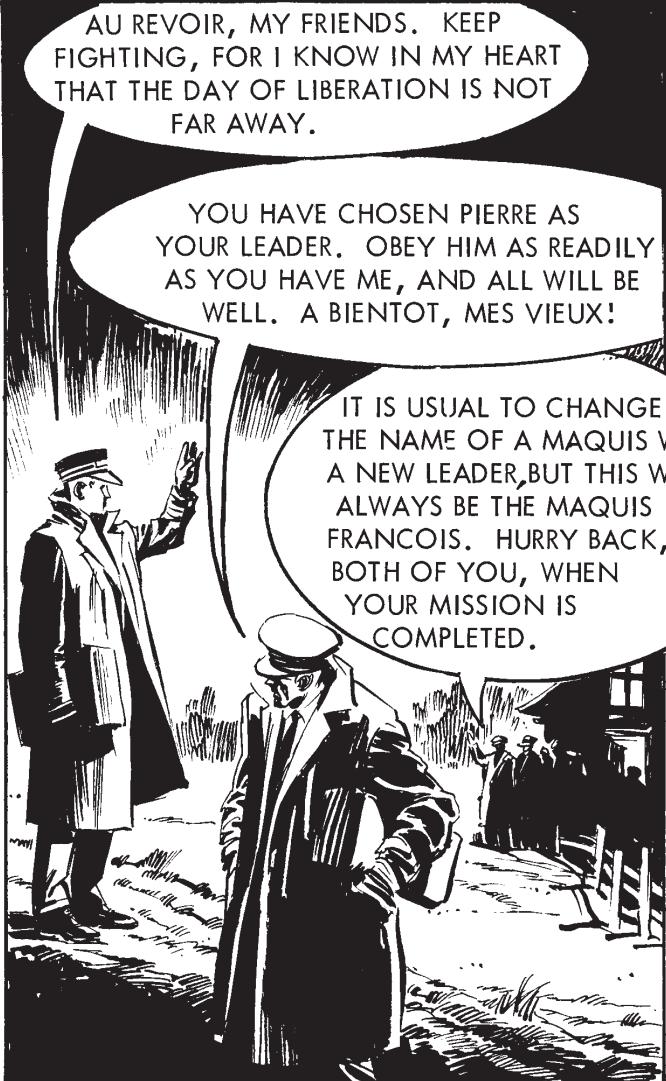


AU REVOIR, MY FRIENDS. KEEP FIGHTING, FOR I KNOW IN MY HEART THAT THE DAY OF LIBERATION IS NOT FAR AWAY.

YOU HAVE CHOSEN PIERRE AS YOUR LEADER. OBEY HIM AS READILY AS YOU HAVE ME, AND ALL WILL BE WELL. A BIENTOT, MES VIEUX!

IT IS USUAL TO CHANGE THE NAME OF A MAQUIS WITH A NEW LEADER, BUT THIS WILL ALWAYS BE THE MAQUIS FRANCOIS. HURRY BACK, BOTH OF YOU, WHEN YOUR MISSION IS COMPLETED.

RICK AND FRANCOIS TRAVELED TO NORMANDY, SECURE IN THEIR DISGUISE AS MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH STATE RAILWAYS — EVEN WITH AN S.S. MAN SITTING OPPOSITE.



THEIR JOURNEY FINISHED IN A SMALL NORMANDY STATION, WHERE AN OFFICIAL CURTLY ORDERED THEM OUT. RICK LOOKED ANXIOUSLY AT FRANCOIS, BUT IN FRONT OF THE GERMAN HE COULD ASK NOTHING.



THEY WERE TAKEN TO THE STATION-MASTER'S OFFICE.

WE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR THESE PASSES. HERE ARE THE MEN YOU WISHED TO SEE, M'SIEUR.

WELL DONE, PAUL. WELCOME, MES AMIS. WE HAD WORD FROM PARIS THAT YOU WERE COMING. FROM THE MAQUIS FRANCOIS, YES? YOU LOOK FOR THE MAN YOU CALL THE WOLF. HE IS HERE AND ALREADY WE HAVE FELT HIS FANGS.



RICK SANK DOWN ON A CHAIR WITH A GASP OF RELIEF.

ALL RIGHT, GRIN AWAY. YOU MAY BE USED TO THIS SORT OF THING BUT I AM NOT. I WAS GETTING READY TO FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF HERE!

PARDON, M'SIEUR, BUT IT WAS NECESSARY. BAUER AND HIS MEN ARE EVERYWHERE. HE HAS THE AREA COVERED WITH AGENTS. WE HAVE LOST TWO GOOD MEN TO HIM ALREADY. A TRAIN WILL DROP YOU WITHIN THE SECRET WEAPONS' SITE HE'S NOW IN CHARGE OF. AFTER THAT YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.





THERE WAS THE MAN THEY SOUGHT. COLONEL LUDWIG BAUER — THE WOLF.



UNCONSCIOUSLY RICK'S HAND STOLE TO THE COMMANDO KNIFE IN ITS SHEATH.

THEY WRIGGLED FORWARD, AND THE WOLF'S SECRET WEAPON SITE WAS LAID BELOW THEM LIKE A SAND-TABLE MODEL.

WHAT ON EARTH CAN THAT LOT BE?
WHAT'S UNDER THE NETTING?

IT MUST BE PRETTY VITAL TO HAVE BAUER IN CHARGE.

SUDDENLY A TREMENDOUS ROAR AND WHOOSH. SOUNDED FROM UNDER THE NETTING BEHIND THE RAMPS BELOW...

AS THEY WATCHED, SOMETHING LIKE A FLYING BOMB BLASTED UP THE RAMP AND HEADED OUT TOWARDS THE SHIP.

WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT?

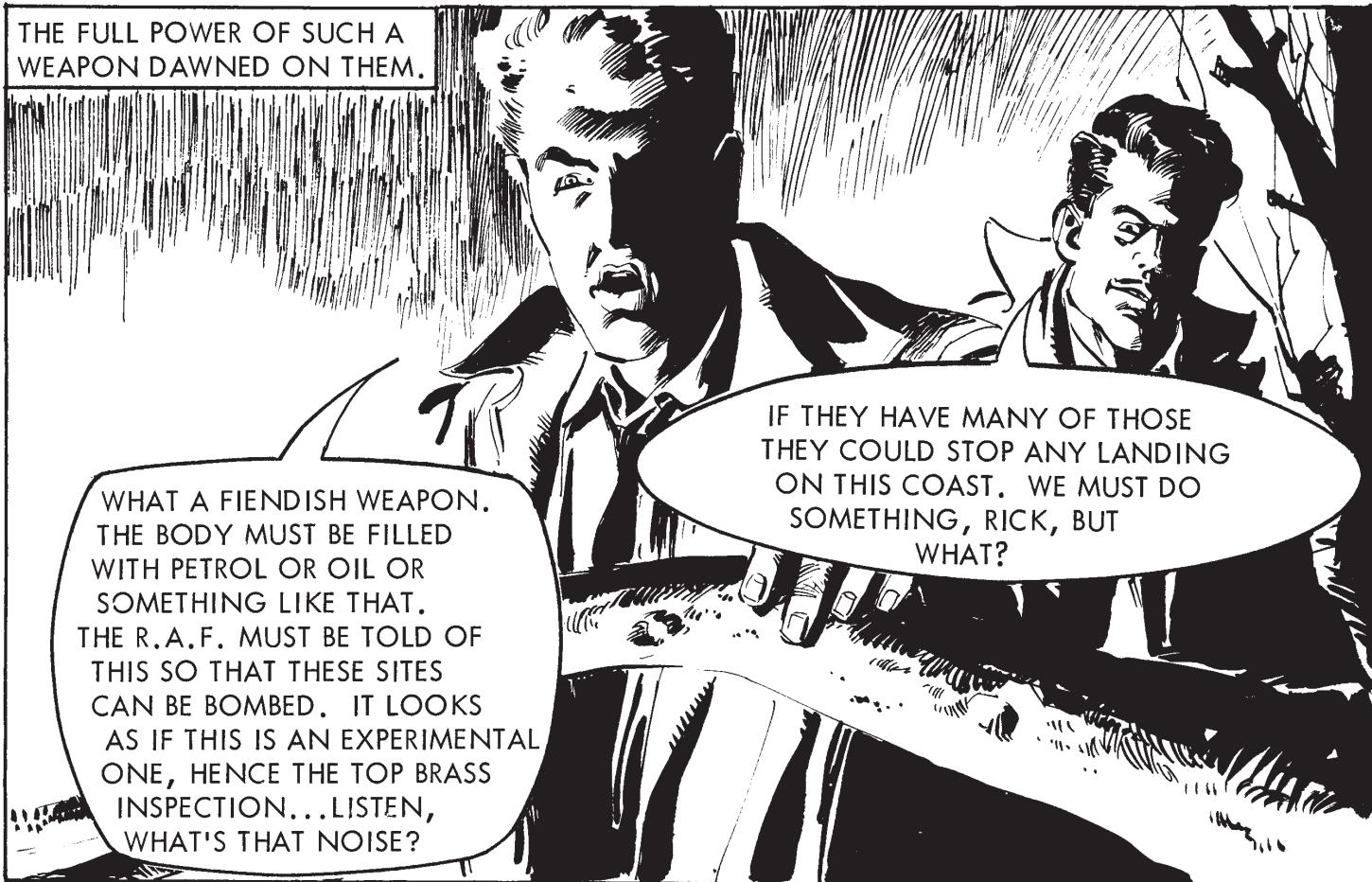
IT LOOKS LIKE A SELF-PROPELLED ROCKET BOMB. THEY USED TO FIRE THEM FROM AIRCRAFT BUT THEY'RE NOT MUCH GOOD.



AS THE ROCKET HIT THE SEA, IT EXPLODED IN A VAST SHEET OF FLAME THAT ENGULFED THE SMALL SHIP AND COVERED A LARGE AREA OF SEA.

MA FOIS!
THE SEA IS ON FIRE!





THE CRACK OF A BULLET ABOVE THEM LENT
WINGS TO THEIR FEET.

QUICK, MAKE FOR
THESE TREES.
RUN!



IT'S OPEN COUNTRY AHEAD,
FRANCOIS. THEY WOULD CATCH US
IN A MINUTE. THERE'S ONLY
ONE THING FOR IT!

OH NC!

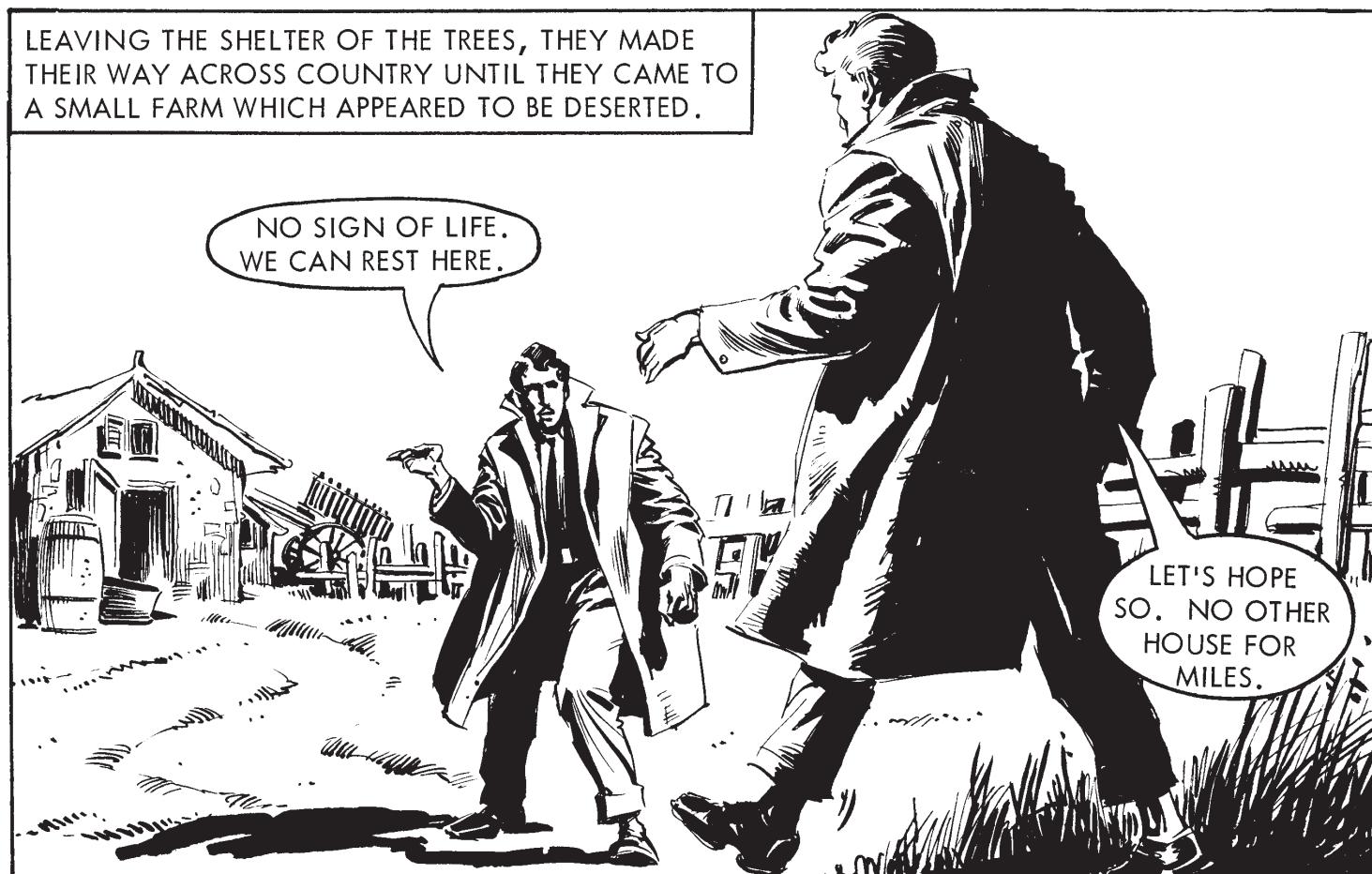


A GRUESOME, SMELLY HIDING PLACE THE
SCUMMY POND PROVED TO BE — BUT
BECAUSE OF THAT — A SAFE ONE.

BUT THEY MUST
BE HERE. LOOK AT
THE DOG.

ACH, HIM! ALL HE
KNOWS IS HOW TO EAT.
SEE FOR YOURSELF —
THERE'S NO ONE HERE.

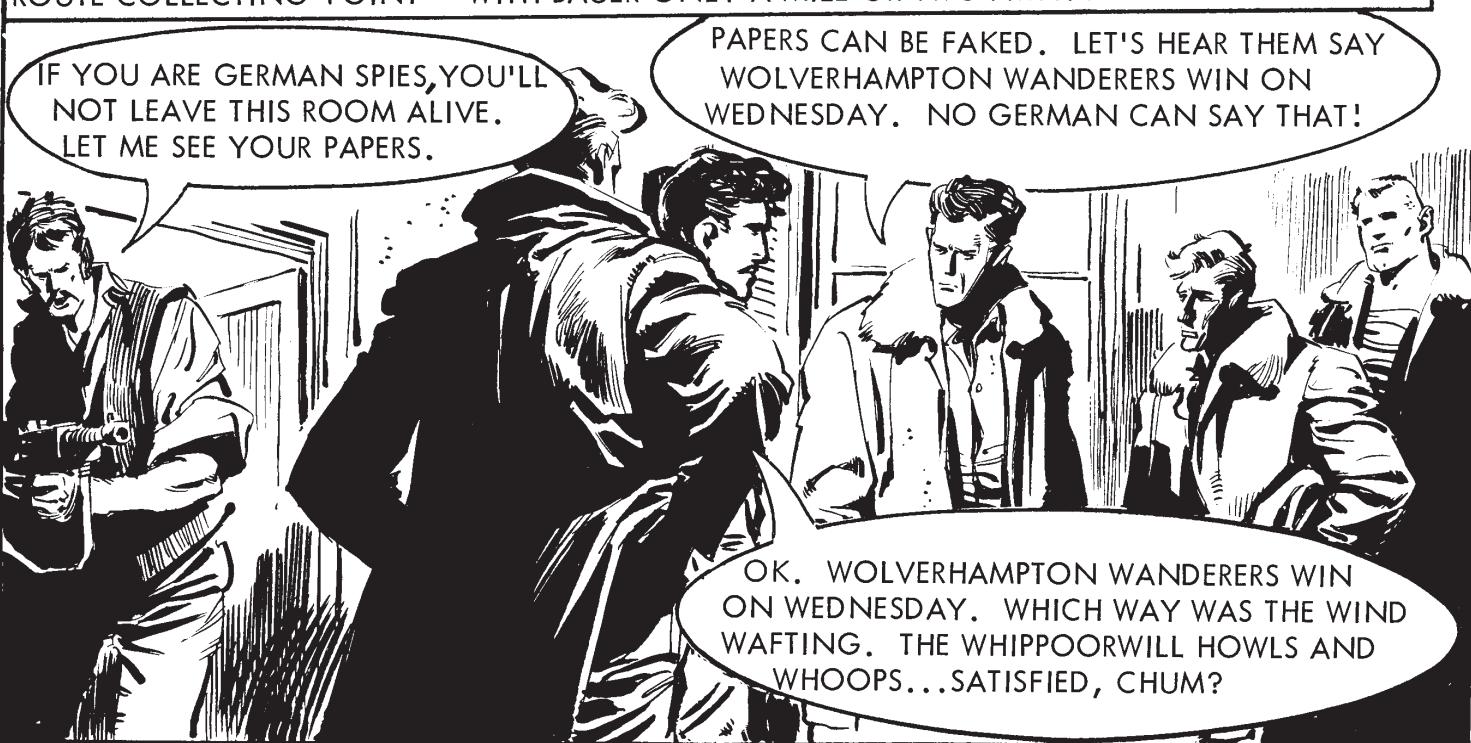




THEN —



THEIR EYES BULGED AS THEY SAW THE THREE MEN IN THE FARM KITCHEN. THIS WAS AN ESCAPE ROUTE COLLECTING-POINT — WITH BAUER ONLY A MILE OR TWO AWAY.



THE ESCAPEES — AN AMERICAN FLIER, BUD, AND TWO R.A.F. PILOTS, ACCEPTED THE NEWCOMERS — BUT NOT THE SMELL OF THEIR CLOTHES. AFTER A WASH AND CHANGE...

I AM LEONE. THIS PARTICULAR ESCAPE IS ARRANGED FOR MIDNIGHT. RICK AND FRANCOIS, YOU HAD BETTER COME WITH US. SUCH NEWS AS YOURS IS VITAL.



HEY, IT'S GETTING TIME FOR THE B.B.C. NEWS. I'LL GET THE SET OUT...

"...THE CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST"...

DID YOU HEAR THAT MESSAGE? IT MEANS THAT THE INVASION HAS STARTED! WE RESISTANCE MEN HAVE TO CUT ALL THE ROADS AND BRIDGES LEADING TO THE BEACHES. I HAVE TO GO TO MY POST.

BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO? IF THAT ROCKET SITE IS NOT DESTROYED THERE'LL BE NO LANDINGS. THOUSANDS WILL DIE.

IF YOU GO, LEON, THERE WILL BE ONLY RICK AND ME. TWO OF US WILL STAND NO CHANCE AT ALL!

BUD LAUNCHED A YANKEE BROADSIDE...

WHADDYA MEAN, "TWO OF YOU"? YOU TWO FIGHTING THE WAR ON YOUR OWN? IT'S ALL OF US OR NONE AT ALL!

THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ARGUMENT, NO TIME FOR ANYTHING AT ALL — EXCEPT ACTION.

THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE R.A.F.'S ATTACK ON THE BEACHES FILLED THEIR EARS AS THEY STRODE TOWARDS THE GUNFIRE, FIVE MEN WITH ONLY ONE OBJECT IN MIND — STOP THE ROCKETS.

WE'VE GOT TO GET TRANSPORT SOMEHOW OR WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT IN TIME...

BUT LUCK WAS WITH THEM THAT NIGHT.

THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN. I'LL TAKE THE LAST ONE... HERE IT COMES... NOW!



IT TOOK ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO BIND AND GAG THE DRIVER AFTER REMOVING HIS HELMET AND TUNIC, WHICH RICK QUICKLY DONNED. RICK'S PARTY WAS NOW MECHANISED.



AIDED BY THE CONFUSION CAUSED BY THE BOMBING, THE PARTY WAS WAVED THROUGH CHECK-POINT AFTER CHECK-POINT, UNTIL THEY HIT THE SECTOR COMMANDED BY THE WOLF. THERE WAS NO CONFUSION HERE, ONLY A DEADLY ALERTNESS — EVIDENCE OF THE QUALITY OF THE WOLF'S MEN.



THE FLAT BARK OF THEIR GUNS BLENDED.
AS THE GUARDS FELL, RICK SLAMMED
DOWN THE ACCELERATOR.



THE HEAVY TRUCK LEAPED AT THE BARRIER. THERE WAS A SPLINTERING CRASH, AND THEY WERE CHARGING INTO THE HEART OF BAUER'S ROOST.



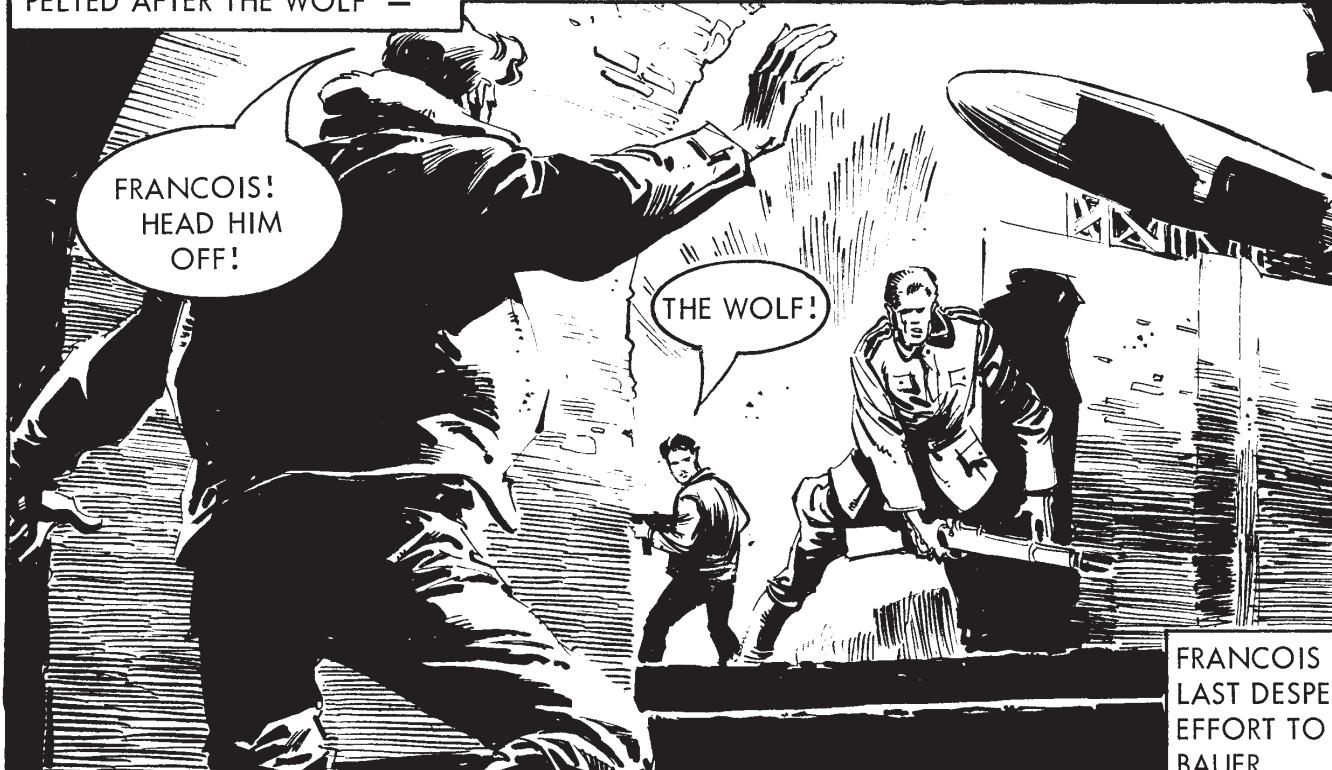
THE TRUCK SCREAMED TO A STOP OUTSIDE A CONCRETE CONTROL BUNKER AND THE GANG RACED INTO ACTION.



ALTHOUGH SURPRISED, BAUER'S REACTIONS WERE VIPER-SWIFT. BUT THE BULLET FROM RICK'S GUN WAS EVEN SWIFTER.



FORGETTING TO PICK UP HIS GUN AGAIN IN HIS RAGE, RICK SHOOK HIS DAZED HEAD AND PELTED AFTER THE WOLF —



FRANCOIS!
HEAD HIM
OFF!

THE WOLF!

FRANCOIS MADE A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO STOP BAUER.

BUT BAUER HAD SNATCHED UP A RIFLE AND —



RICK PELTED INTO THE TUNNEL MOUTH AFTER HIS QUARRY, BUT BAUER WAS WAITING FOR HIM.



AAAAGH!

RICK FELT AS IF HIS HEAD WAS ONE THROBBING BRUISE. HE COULD SEE BAUER'S GLOATING FACE AS IF THROUGH A RED MIST. THE STRENGTH WAS SLIPPING AWAY FROM HIM AND HE KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP THE WOLF — WITH COLD STEEL.



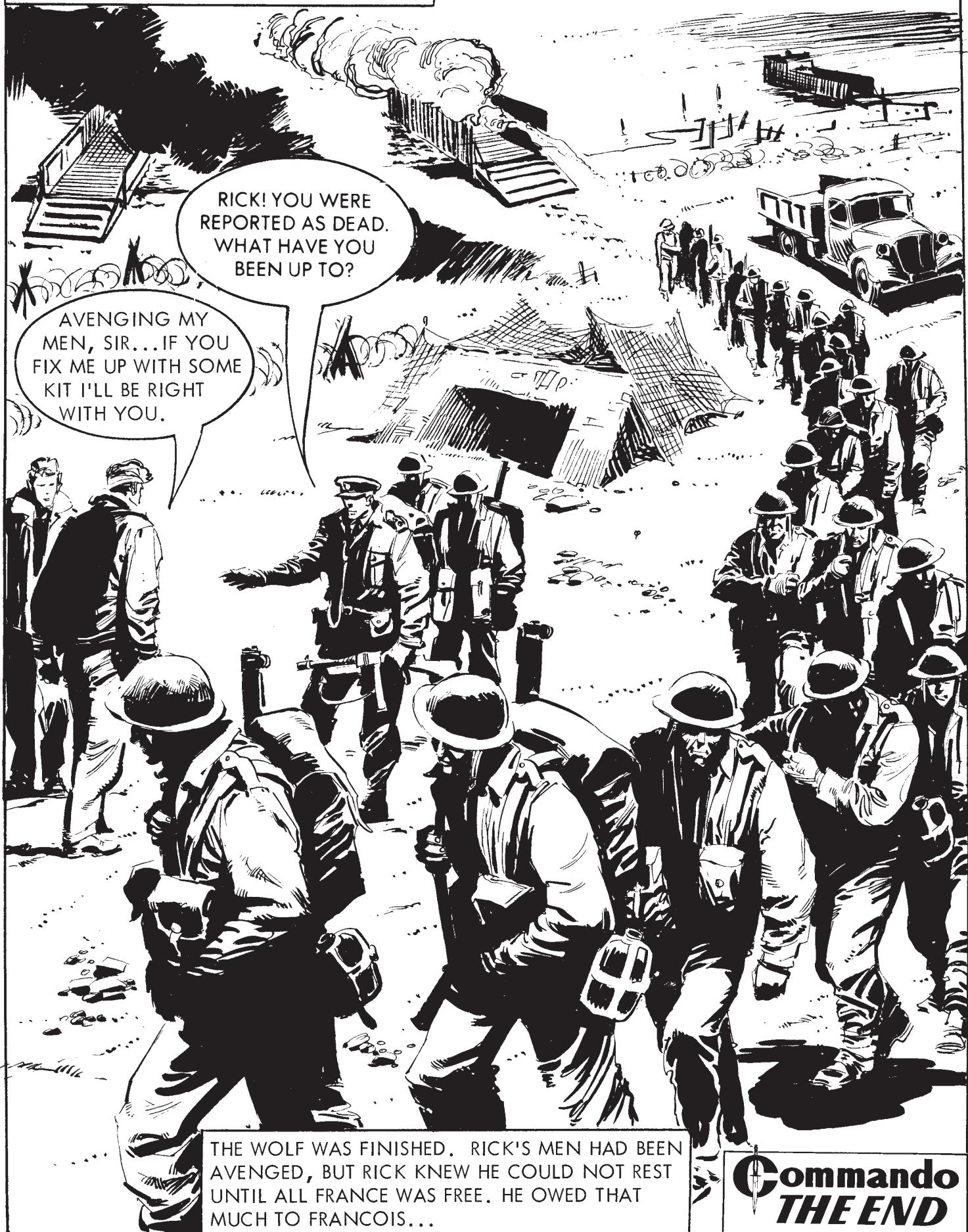
BUT OUTSIDE THE BUNKER, A DYING FRENCHMAN GATHERED THE REMNANTS OF HIS STRENGTH, AND THREW HIMSELF FORWARD.



THE ROCKET DEALT FRANCOIS A DEATH-BLOW, BUT HIS BODY DEFLECTED IT ENOUGH TO MAKE IT ZOOM AROUND CRAZILY AND EXPLODE IN A FIELD.



IT WAS A SHORT TIME LATER WHEN A PARTY FROM THE INVASION FORCE FOUND THEM. IN THE LEAD WAS RICK'S COMMANDING OFFICER.



Commando
THE END

IT'S FULL SPEED INTO ACTION WITH Commando!

Don't miss any of the excitement in these four great books:-

**COLONEL SCARFACE
NIGHT OF FEAR
ROYLE'S MARINES
SAXON EAGLES**

**GO GET 'EM
RIGHT NOW!**

www.commandocomics.com

CONTACT DETAILS By post: Commando, D.C. Thomson & Co., Ltd, 80 Kingsway East, Dundee DD4 8SL

● email: editor@commandomag.com ● phone: 01382 223131

PROMOTIONS

promotions@dcthomson.co.uk

SUBSCRIPTIONS

shop@dcthomson.co.uk

SYNDICATION

syndication@dcthomson.co.uk

CIRCULATION

circulation@dcthomson.co.uk

COMPETITION RULES

Employees of D.C Thomson and their families are not eligible for prizes.

The Editor's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

For advertising please contact:

Bryn Piper 020 7400 1069 bpiper@dcthomson.co.uk

Amy-Louise Reeves 020 7400 1047 areeves@dcthomson.co.uk

Licensing:

start.licensing@btinternet.com

Distributed by Marketforce, Blue Fin Building,
110 Southwark Street, London, SE1 0SU.

Tel: +44 (0) 20 3148 3300
Fax: +44 (0) 203 148 8108
Website: www.marketforce.co.uk



**Published in Great Britain by D.C. Thomson & Co., Ltd.,
80 Kingsway East, Dundee DD4 8SL. © D.C. Thomson & Co., Ltd., 2014**



When you have finished with
this magazine please recycle it.

ENLIST WITH Commando®

YOU
SAVE OVER
£100
off shop price

24 issues for ONLY £25*
PLUS A FREE GIFT

SHOP
PRICE
£2.00
PER ISSUE

OUR
PRICE
94p
PER ISSUE

CHOOSE A WWII SPITFIRE MK V
OR A EUROFIGHTER TYPHOON



Revell model kits
are available from
all good toy and
model stores.
For details visit
www.revell.de/en

Situation Report:

- Get all 4 issues every 2 weeks!
- Don't miss a single copy, ever!
- Delivered direct to your HQ!
- Miles cheaper than the shops!



Order online www.Commandocomics.com

Call **0800 318 846** (Freephone from UK landlines, 8am-9pm, 7 days)

Please quote: **COMSF** for Spitfire or **COMET** for Eurofighter Typhoon

*Direct Debit offer. Saving shown based on yearly retail price of £208 compared to Direct debit price of £100. One year non-direct price: £150. Six months non direct debit price: £63.75. Direct Debit available for UK bank accounts only. Overseas customers please call +441382 575580. Offer ends 31st January 2015.



Available at
amazon

Available on the
App Store

Buy
**Digital
Subscription**

GET IT ON
Google play

COLONEL SCARFACE

All occupied France went in fear and trembling of him — ruthless SS Colonel Ludwig Bauer — a monster in the guise of a man.

But one day Bauer went too far with a young Commando lieutenant, Rick Matthews. And Rick stayed behind after a raid in France to teach Colonel Scarface, step by blood-stained step, what it was to be afraid...



Commando
THE GOLD COLLECTION



UK Recall Date: R45 - 06-Nov-14 £2.00



< 9772049436010

NZ \$6.00, AU \$4.65

43 >
25-Oct-14
DC Thomson

www.commandocomics.com

Competitions open to UK residents only, unless otherwise stated.