

NO.
17

10¢

CAPTAIN AMERICA

AUGUST

COMICS



ERE
IES
BUCKY
URIED
ALIVE

TIMELY COMICS

CAPTAIN AMERICA

NEW! DIFFERENT! EXCITING!

Stan Lee,
Managing Editor

Number 17

Al Avison,
Associate Editor



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HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW
"KRAZY KOMICS"?

TAKE **CAPTAIN AMERICA**
AND **BUCKY'S** WORD FOR IT
— **IT'S SENSATIONAL!**

GET YOUR COPY OF "KRAZY
KOMICS" TODAY! AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS — ONLY 10c!



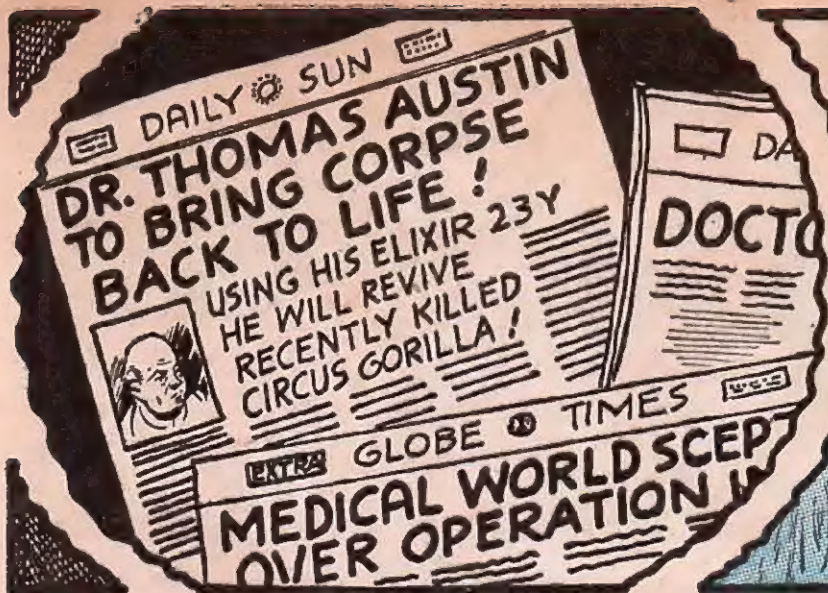
CASE
N94472-F

THE
MONSTER
FROM
THE
MORGUE

Drawn by
AL AVISON

COULD NOTHING STOP THE
MONSTER WITH THE
HUMAN BRAIN?

CAPTAIN AMERICA



SOUNDS AS IF THE DOC HAS BEEN SEEING TOO MANY FRANKENSTEIN MOVIES!

YEAH... BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME CAPTAIN AMERICA BETTER BE ON HAND!



AT THE HARKNESS MEDICAL COLLEGE, DR. JASON WEIRDLER, DR. AUSTIN'S COLLEAGUE IS MAD WITH JEALOUSY!

SO AUSTIN THINKS HE'S GOING TO HOG THE LIMELIGHT. I'LL FIX HIM!

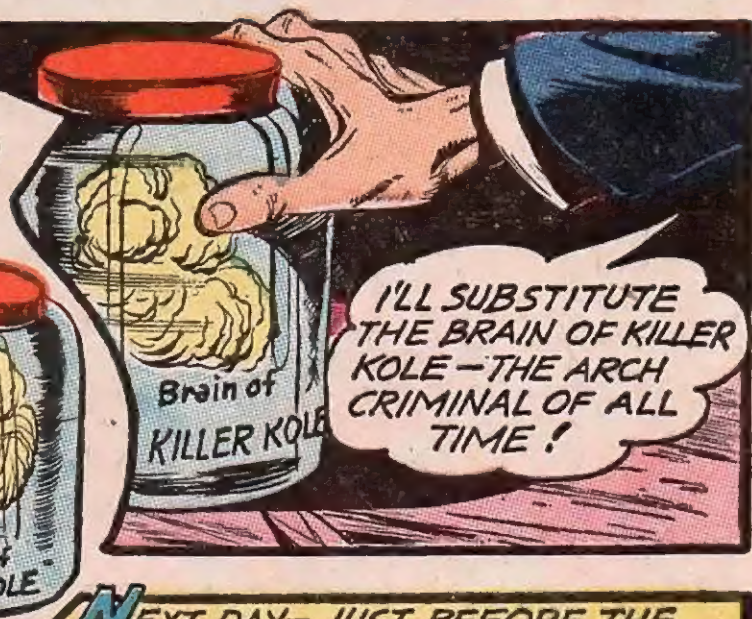


THAT NIGHT DR. WEIRDLER STEALS INTO THE HOSPITAL MORGUE...

FIRST TO FIND THE GORILLA'S BODY! AH-HH-THERE IT IS!



WITH DIABOLICAL SWIFTNESS THE JEALOUS DOCTOR REMOVES THE BRAIN OF THE DEAD GORILLA-AND...



I'LL SUBSTITUTE THE BRAIN OF KILLER KOLE - THE ARCH CRIMINAL OF ALL TIME!

HIS EVIL WORK DONE, THE DOCTOR GLOATS -

NOW - EVEN IF HIS ELIXIR WORKS - DR. AUSTIN WILL CREATE A MONSTER A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE THAN FRANKENSTEIN'S BEAST!



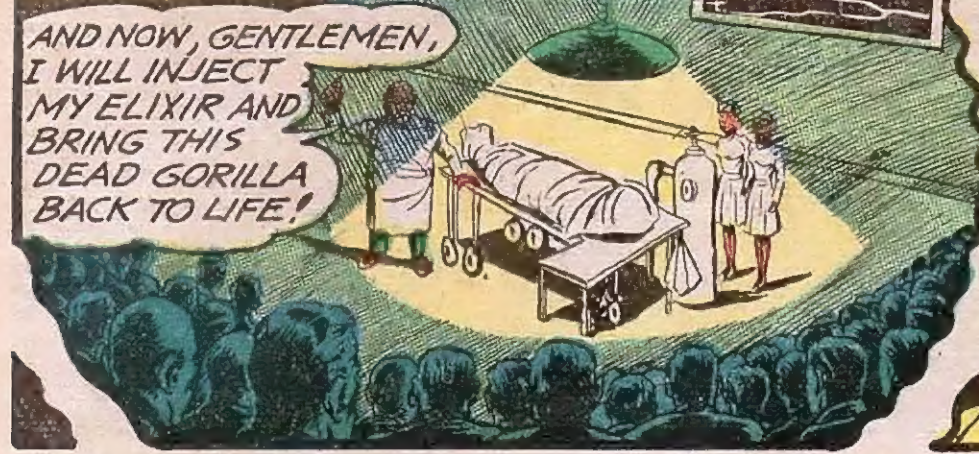
NEXT DAY - JUST BEFORE THE EXPERIMENT...

DR. AUSTIN, I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MY BEING PRESENT AT YOUR EXPERIMENT?

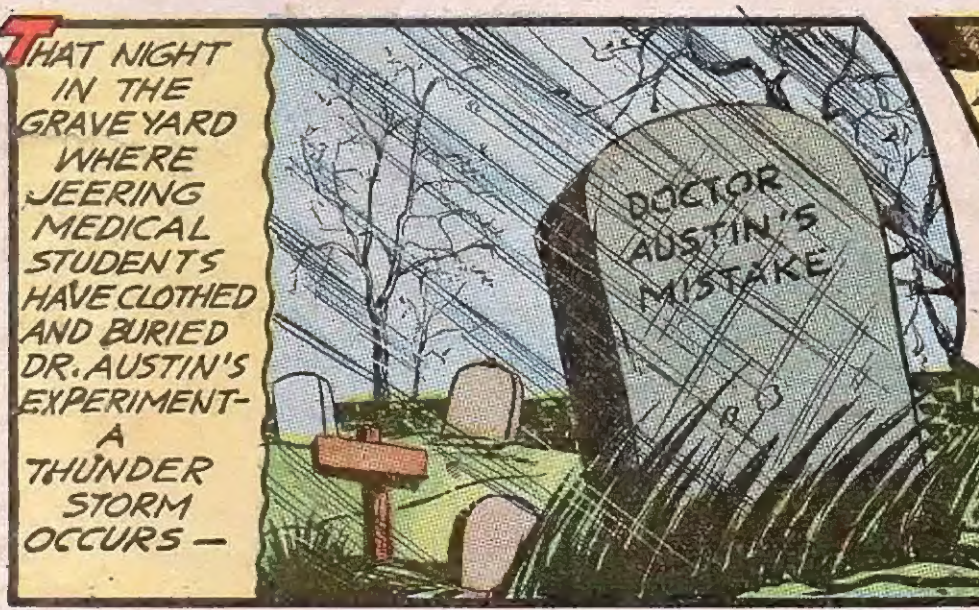
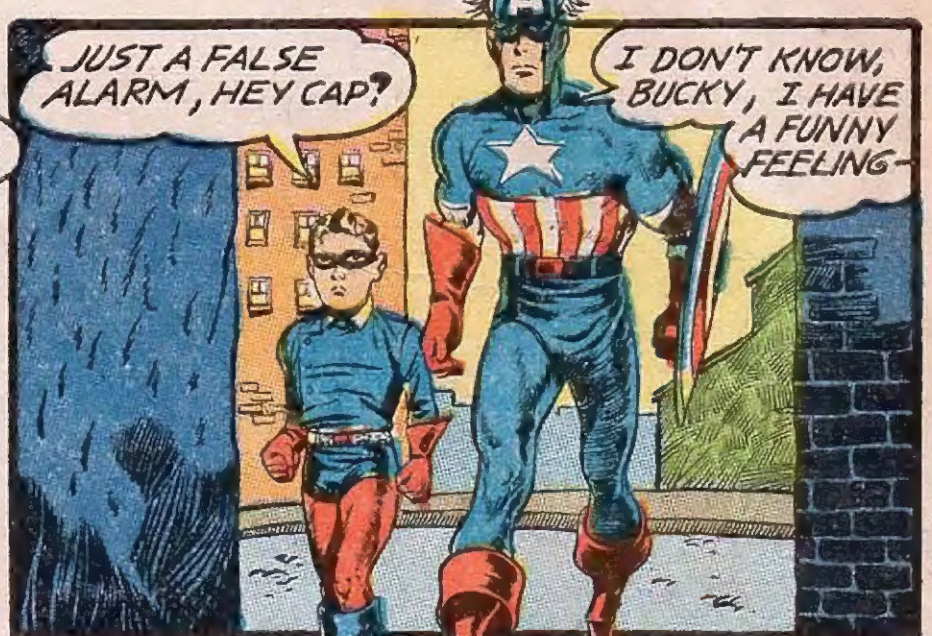
CAPTAIN AMERICA, SIR, IT'S A PLEASURE AND AN HONOR!

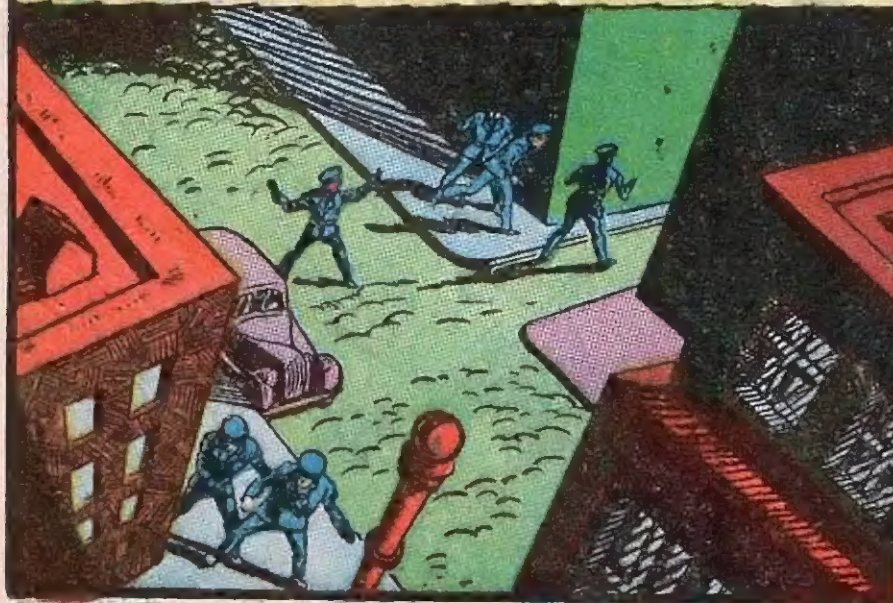
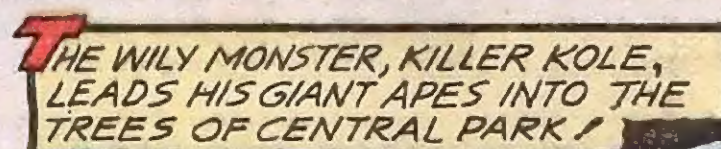
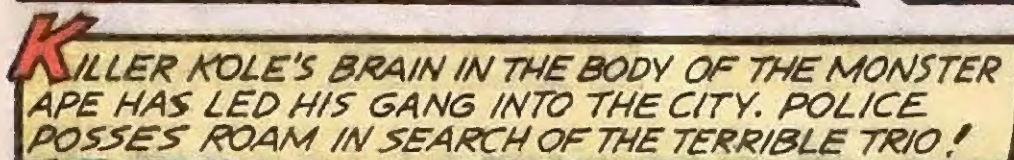
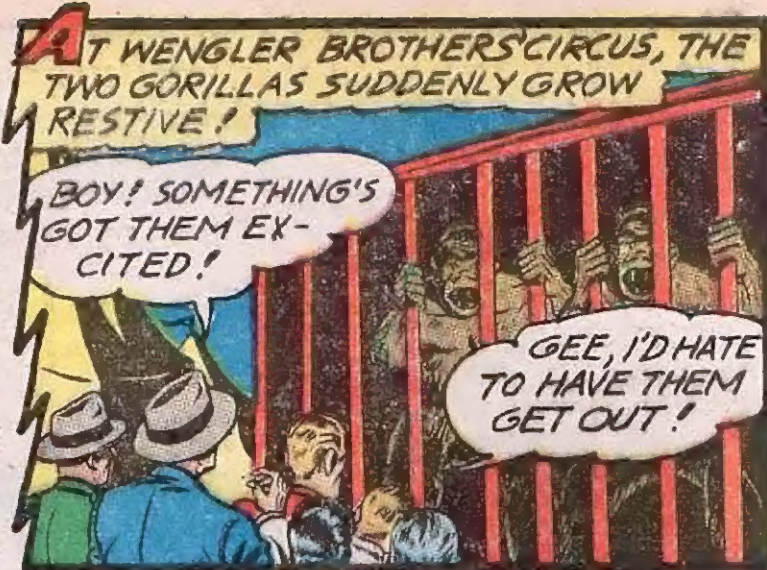


3.
BEFORE A CRITICAL AUDIENCE DR. AUSTIN IS ABOUT TO INJECT HIS ELIXIR Z 3 Y... BUT...



NOTHING HAPPENS! THE EXPERIMENT IS A FAILURE!





SOME HIDDEN SENSE DIRECTS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY TO DR. AUSTIN!

BUT IT COULDN'T BE! THE MEDICAL STUDENTS BURIED THE THING!

YEAH? LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GRAVE!

AT THE OPEN GRAVE THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER IN HORROR!

COULD IT POSSIBLY BE?

I'M AFRAID SO. YOU'VE UNLEASHED SOME KIND OF A MONSTER ON THE PUBLIC!

C'MON BUCKY, BACK TO THE CITY! WE'LL LOOK THROUGH THE PARKS... THEY'RE MOST LIKELY HANGING OUT THERE!

CAUTIOUSLY CAP AND BUCKY ENTER CENTRAL PARK...

EASY, BUCKY, EASY!

LIKE A THUNDER-BOLT THE ATTACK BEGINS!

EAAAAA! MOP DEM UP!

THESE APES ARE TOUGH BOYS!

I REMEMBER YOU CAPTAIN AMERKA, BEFORE DEY BURNED ME ON DE HOT SEAT!

WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT?

FINALLY, THE LAST OF THE APES IS SUB-
DUED, EXCEPT THE VICIOUS KILLER KOLE!

NOW TO GET
YOUR LEADER!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE
KILLER KOLE
ALIVE!



THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE WHOLE CITY HUNTS
THE MONSTER... AT THE HOME OF JUDGE
HUDSON...

I SWORE WHEN HE SENTENCED
ME I'D GET HIM
AND NOW —



THAT WUZ JUST A LOVE TAP, BUDDY!

LOOK OUT KID!

NO ONE CAN STOP KILLER KOLE!

WOAH!

WITH AN APE'S AMAZING SKILL THE MONSTER LEAPS TO THE TELEPHONE POLE AND ESCAPES!

I'M ONE OF THE THREE JUDGES WHO SENTENCED KILLER KOLE... WARN THE OTHERS - A-A-A-AH-

MEANWHILE... DR. WEIRDLER REPENTS HIS TERRIBLE DEED...

I NEVER DREAMED THIS WOULD HAPPEN... I MUST SEE CAPTAIN AMERKA!

I'M THE GUILTY ONE! I SUBSTITUTED THE BRAIN OF KILLER KOLE FOR THE GORILLA'S BRAIN!

SO THAT'S IT! QUICK! GET THE NEWSPAPER FILES ON THE TRIAL!

THE OLD NEWSPAPER PICTURE TELLS THE AWFUL TRUTH...

THE STAR

KILLER KOLE SWEARS HE'LL KILL ALL THREE JUDGES WHO SENTENCED HIM TO DEATH!

SOCIETY

MRS. J.C. TOWN

U.S. AIRPL. RAID

WHEN KILLER KOLE DIED THAT WAS THE LAST THOUGHT IN HIS BRAIN - AND NOW ALL THAT EVIL IS ALIVE AGAIN... WE'VE GOT TO SAVE THE OTHER TWO JUDGES!

IN DR. WEIRDLER'S HOME...



I'M GOING TO HELP CAPTAIN AMERICA! MAYBE I CAN ATONE FOR MY CRIME!

JUDGE BASSET HOLDS COURT IN GENERAL SESSIONS...



CASE OF WILCOX VERSUS MUSSER!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A TERRIFIC CRASH!



REMEMBER ME, JUDGE? KILLER KOLE?



B-BUT HE'S D-DEAD!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



IT'S THE MONSTER!

HELP!

THERE MAY STILL BE TIME, BUCKY!

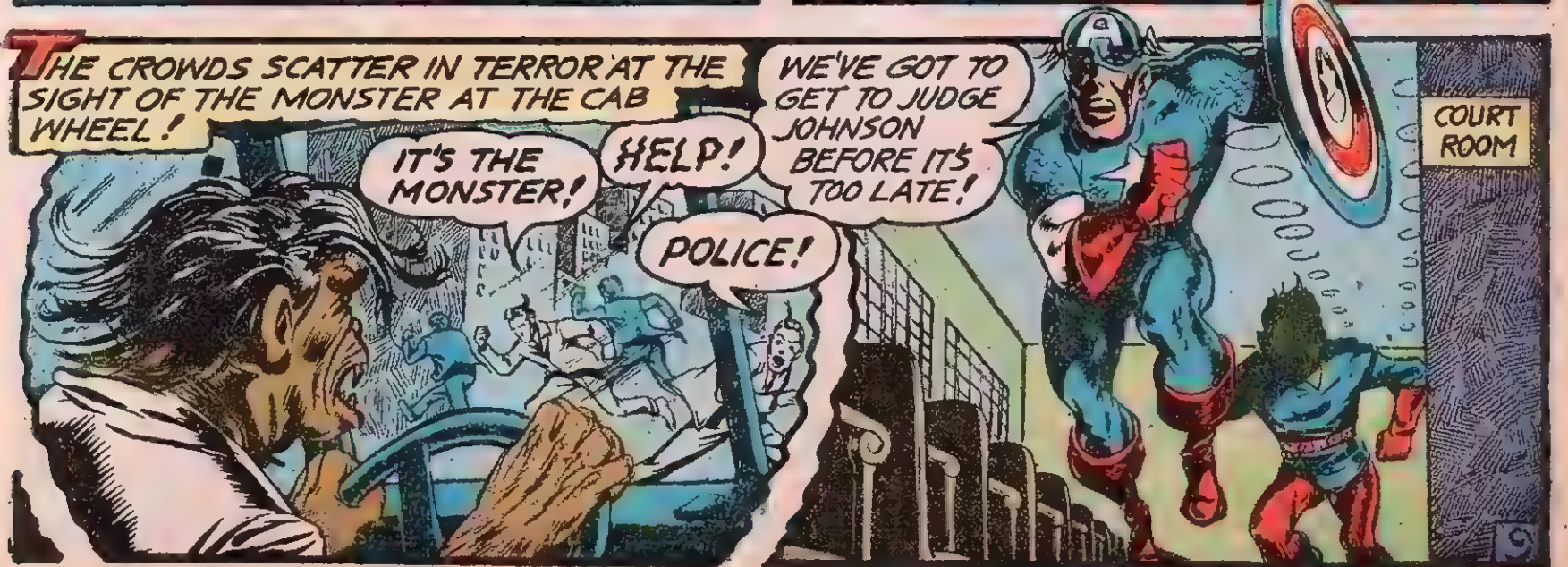
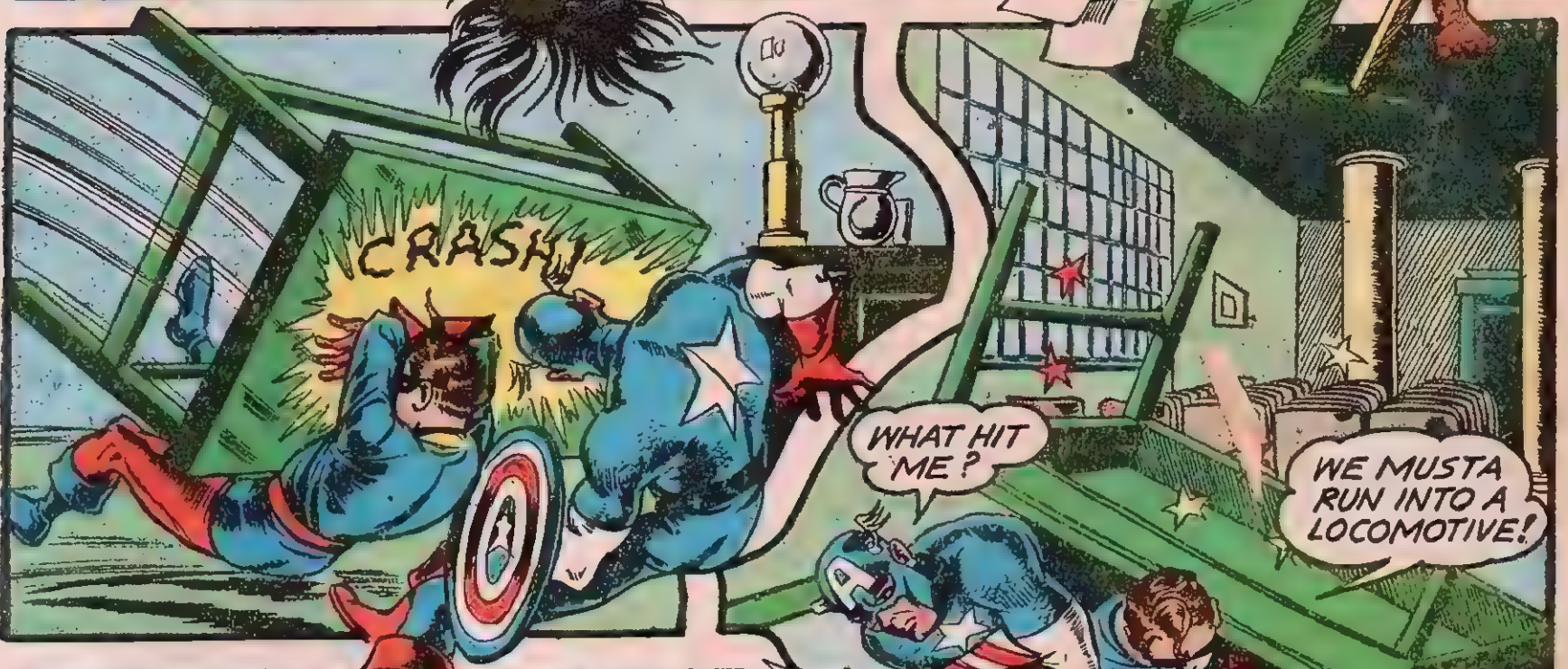


SO YOU'RE STICKING YOUR NOSE IN AGAIN!

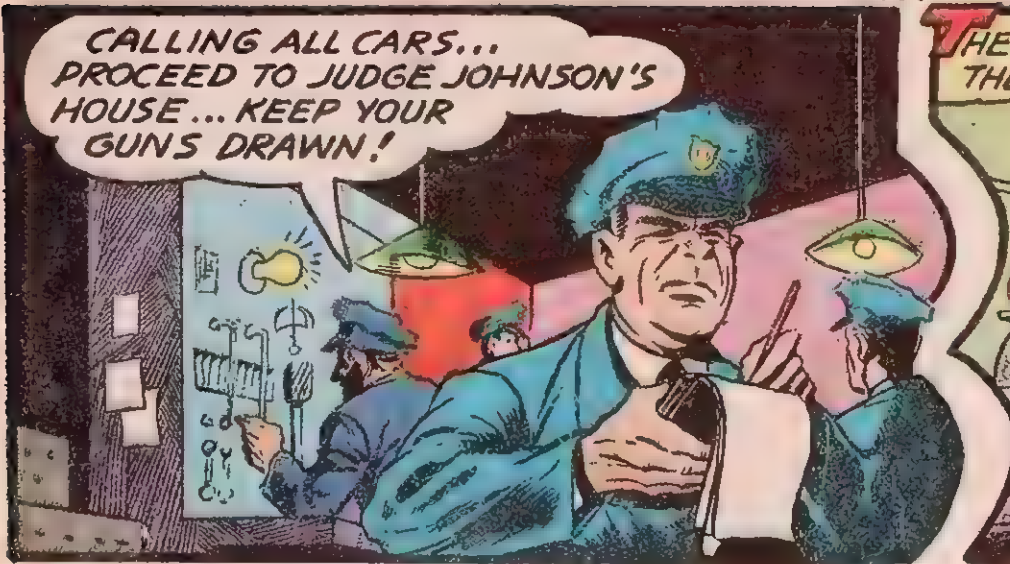


YEAH! SO WHAT?

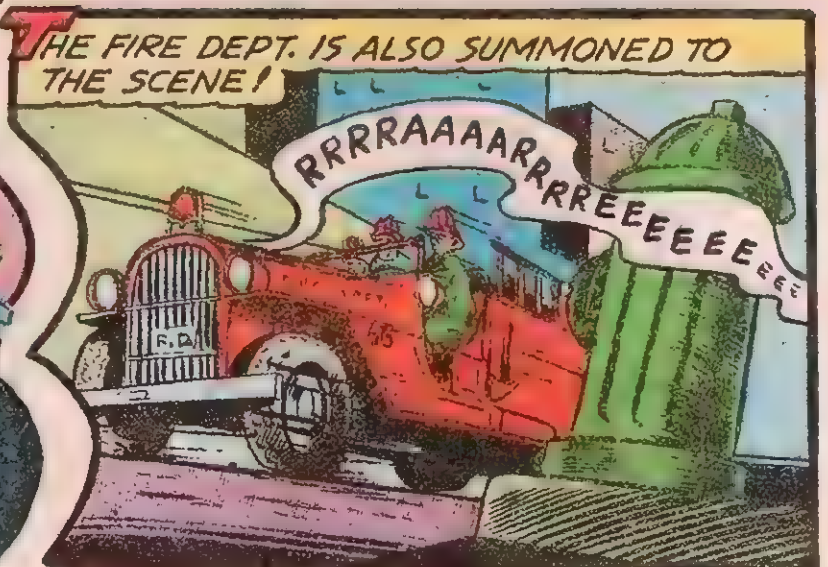
BALL ONE!



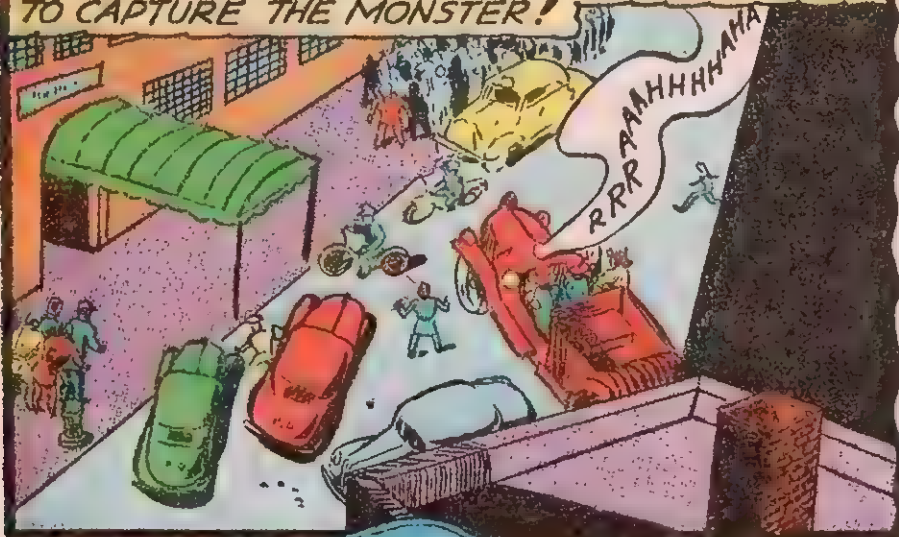
CALLING ALL CARS...
PROCEED TO JUDGE JOHNSON'S
HOUSE... KEEP YOUR
GUNS DRAWN!



THE FIRE DEPT. IS ALSO SUMMONED TO
THE SCENE!



POLICE, FIREMEN AND FEARFUL CITIZENS GATHER
TO CAPTURE THE MONSTER!



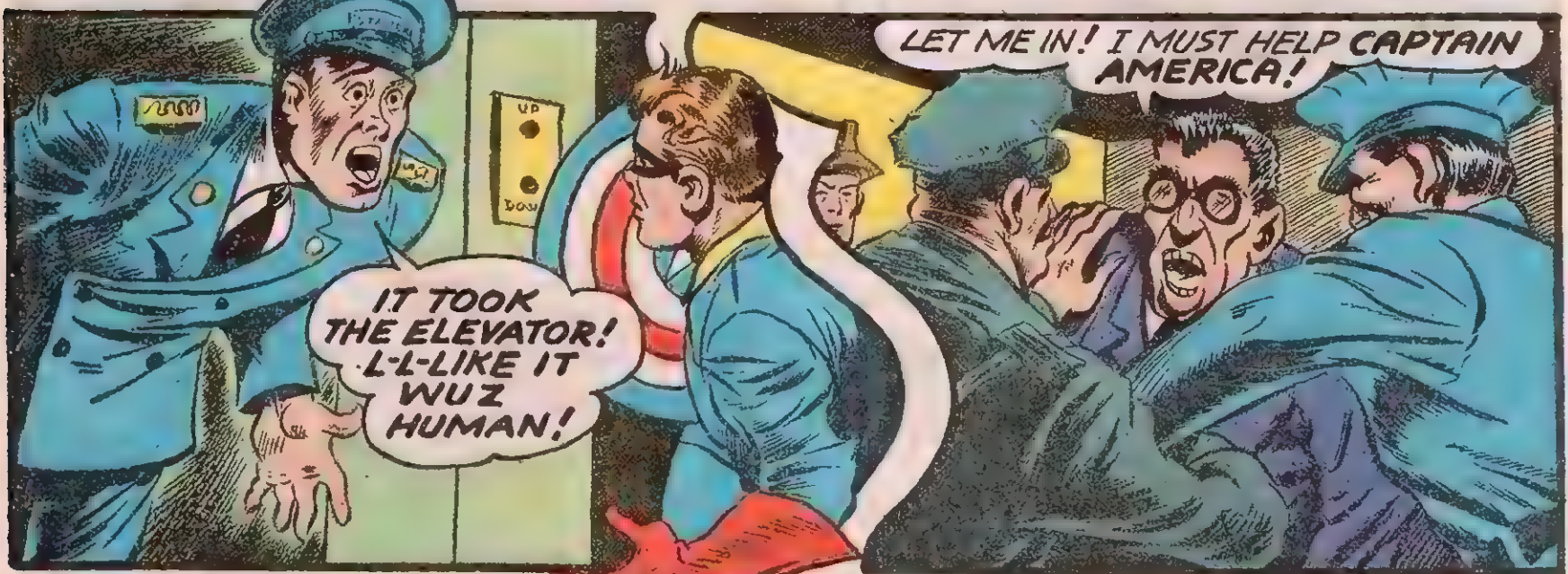
GANGWAY FOLKS - WE'LL
HANDLE THIS BABY!

YEAH! CAPTAIN
AMERICA!



LET ME IN! I MUST HELP CAPTAIN
AMERICA!

IT TOOK
THE ELEVATOR!
L-L-LIKE IT
WUZ
HUMAN!



HURRY, KID!

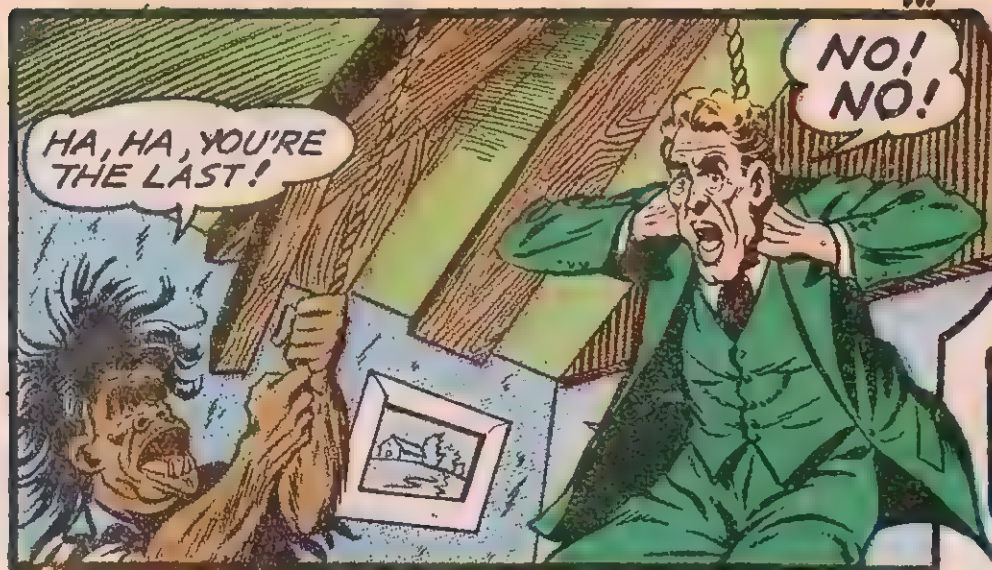
HELP!
MURDER!



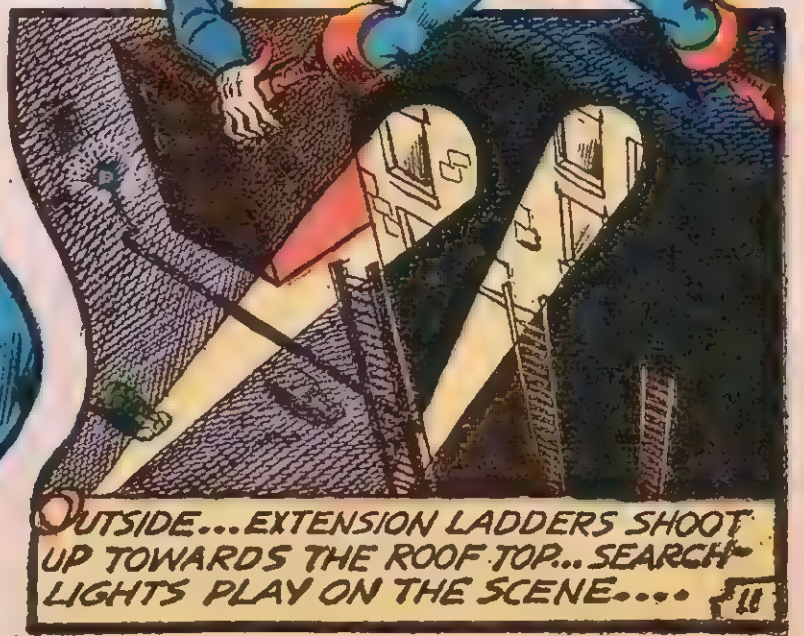
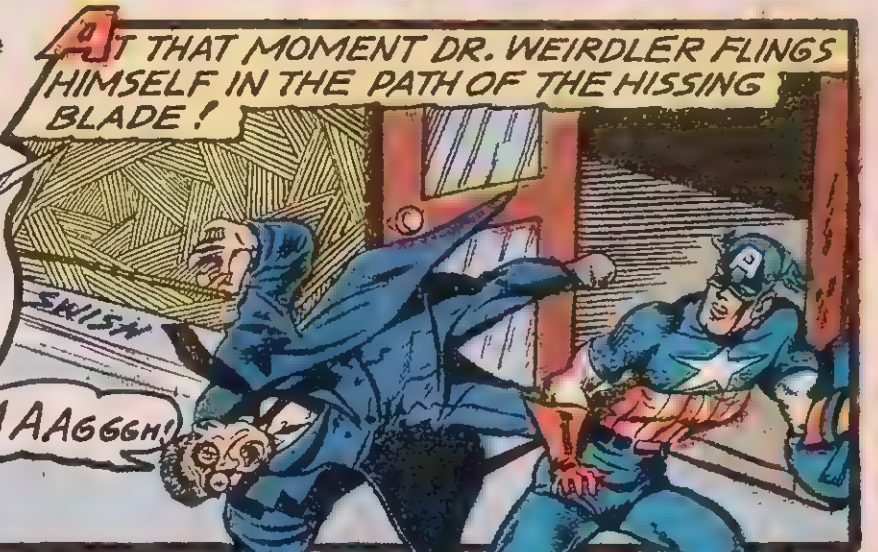
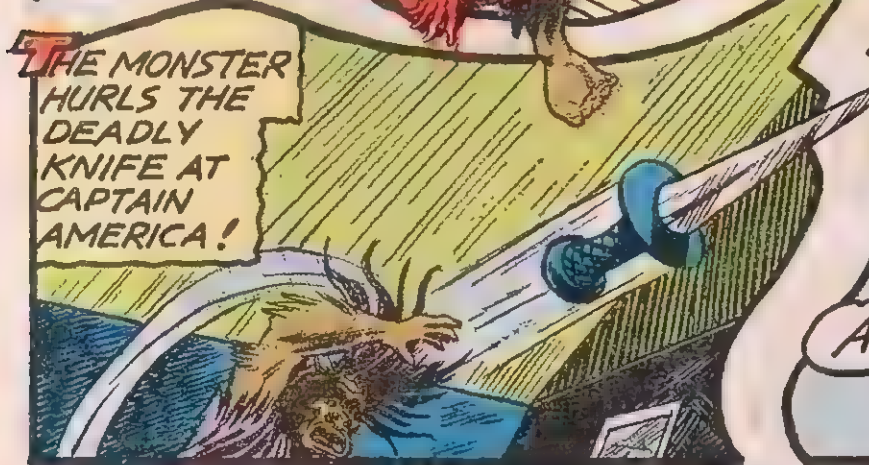
NO TIME FOR
KNOCKING!

YAHOO!





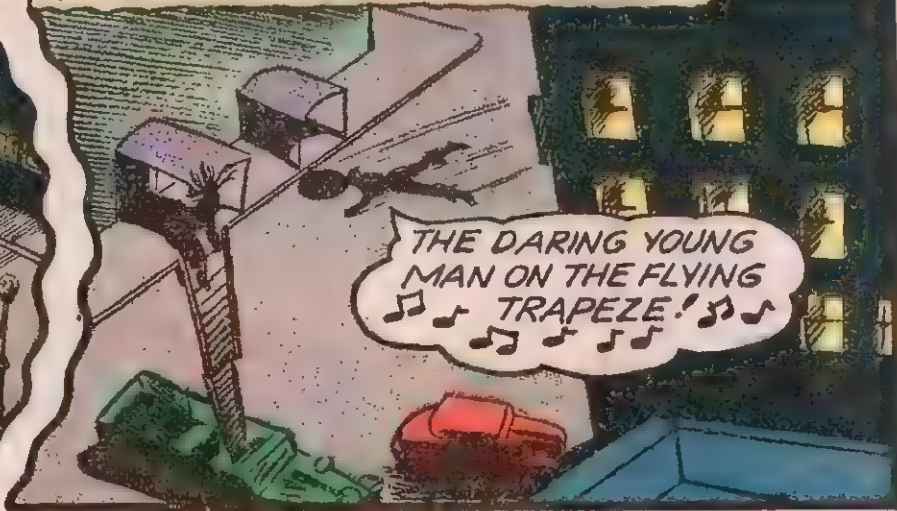
JUDGE JOHNSON IS RELEASED! WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH THE MONSTER FLINGS CAP AND BUCKY FROM HIM....



WITH A ROAR OF RAGE THE MONSTER LEAPS TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER...



IN AN INSTANT THERE IS A FLASH OF BLUE AND CAPTAIN AMERICA APPEARS!



THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE!

THE MONSTER, TRAPPED, MAKES A LAST DESPERATE FIGHT!

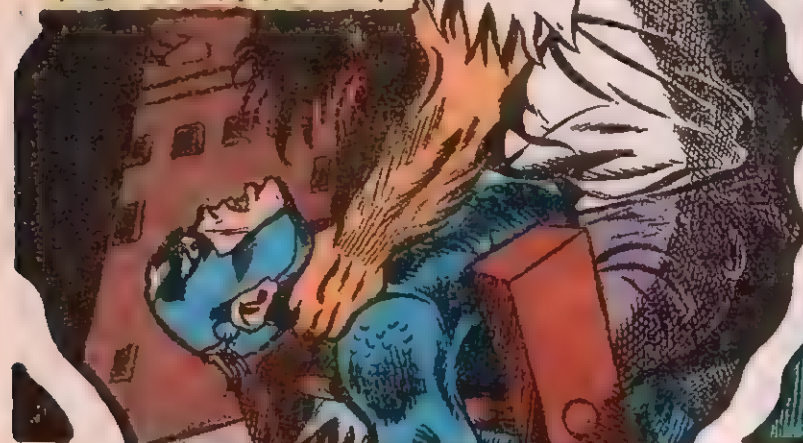
I'LL DIE... BUT YOU'LL DIE WITH ME!



LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THIS, HEH-HEH!



WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH CAPTAIN AMERICA DRAWS BACK HIS FIST FOR A K.O.!



A SECOND MORE AND HE'D HAVE HAD ME!



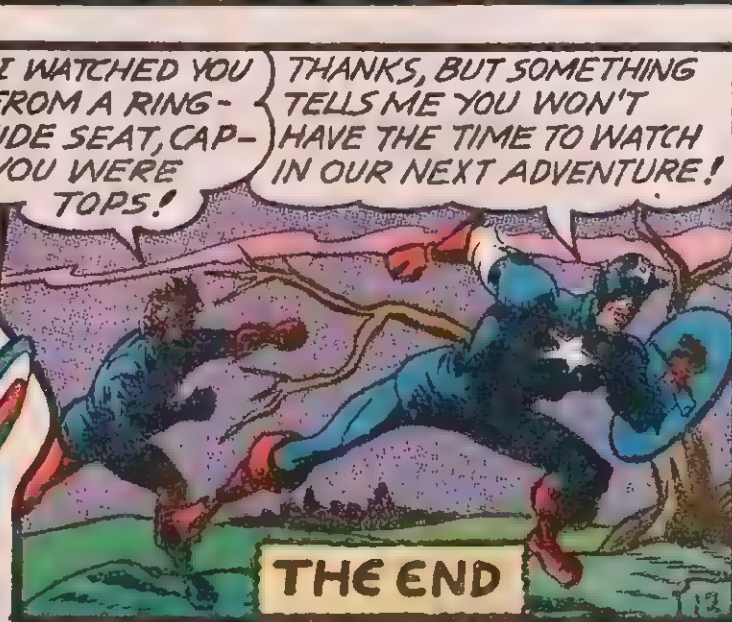
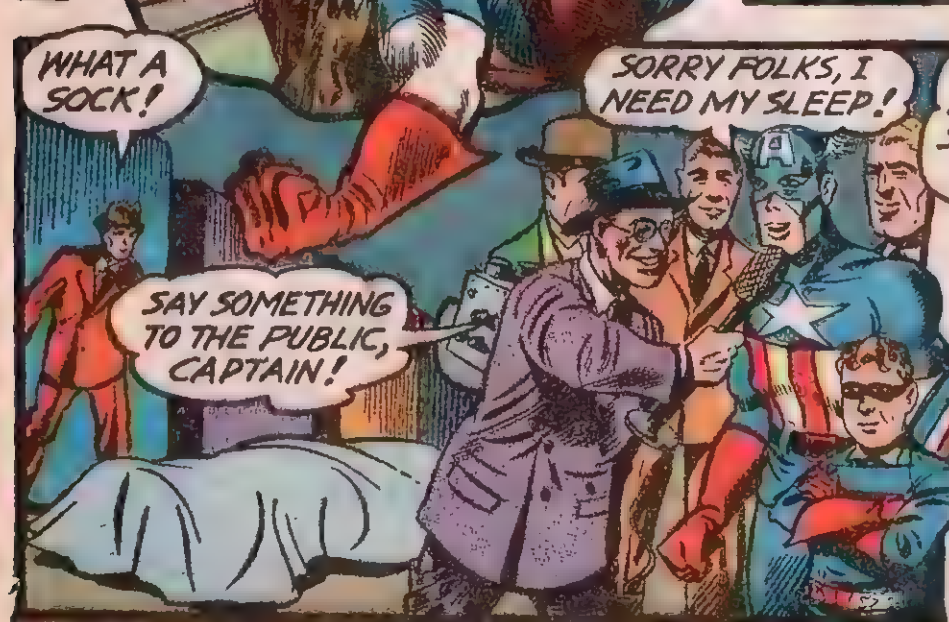
WHAT A SOCK!

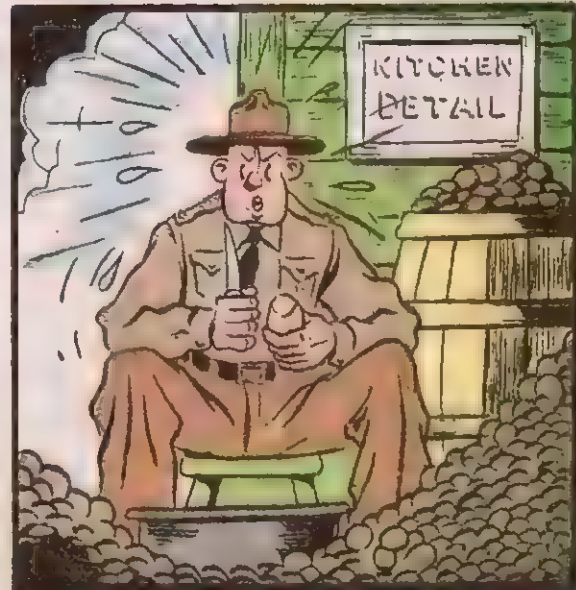
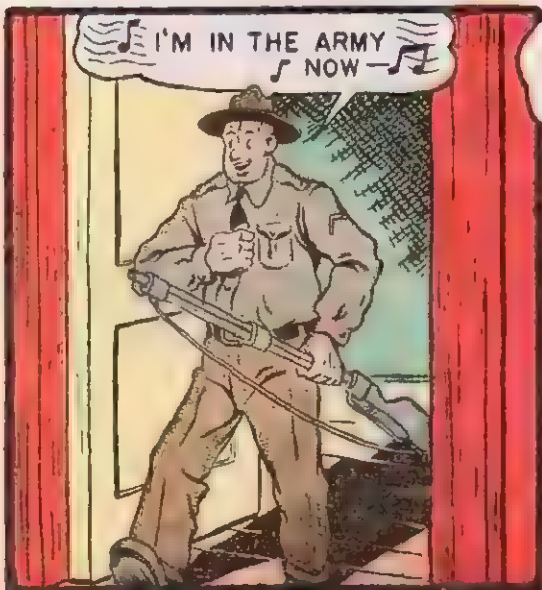
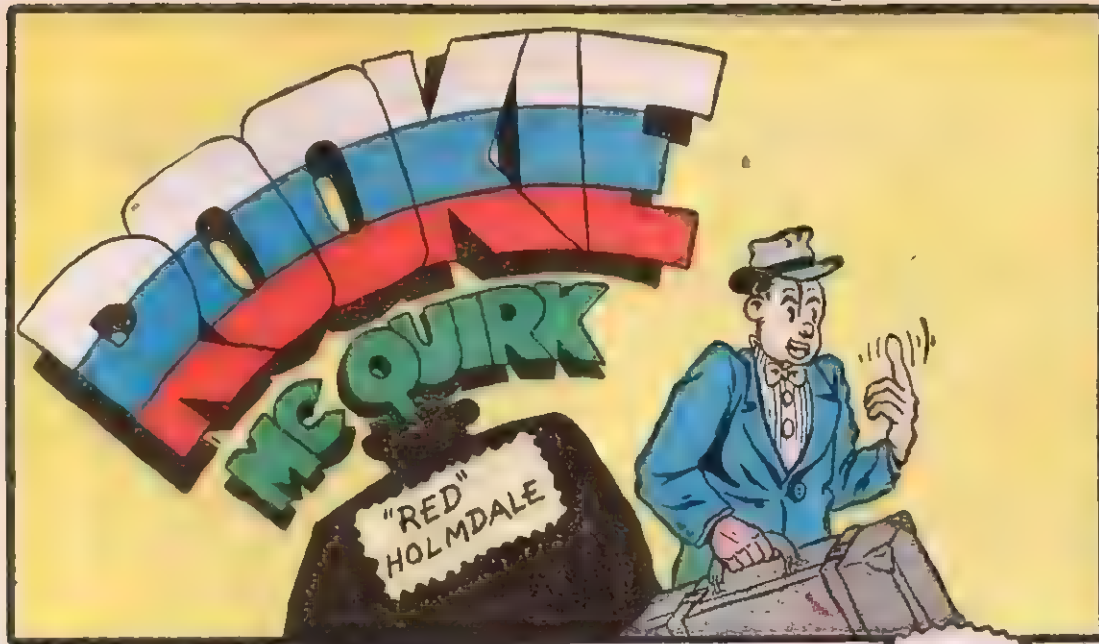
SORRY FOLKS, I NEED MY SLEEP!

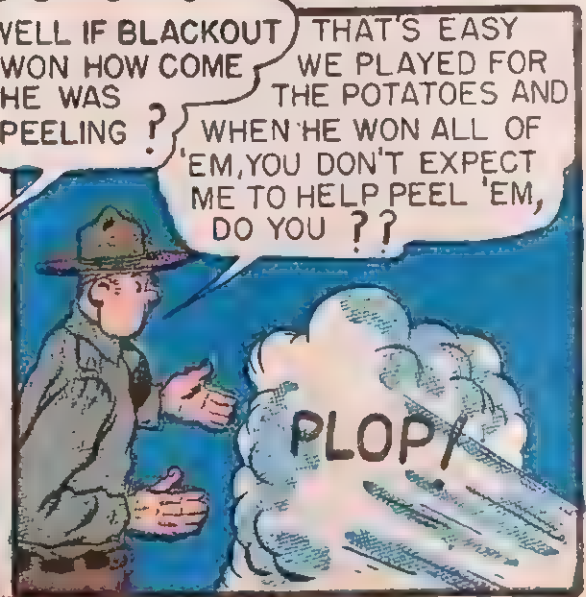
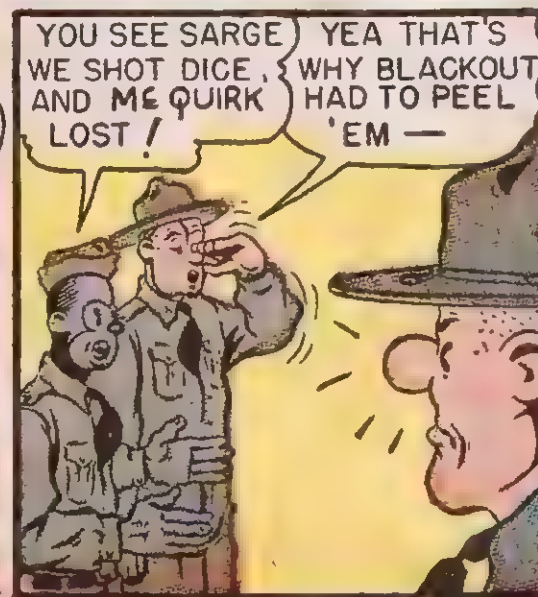
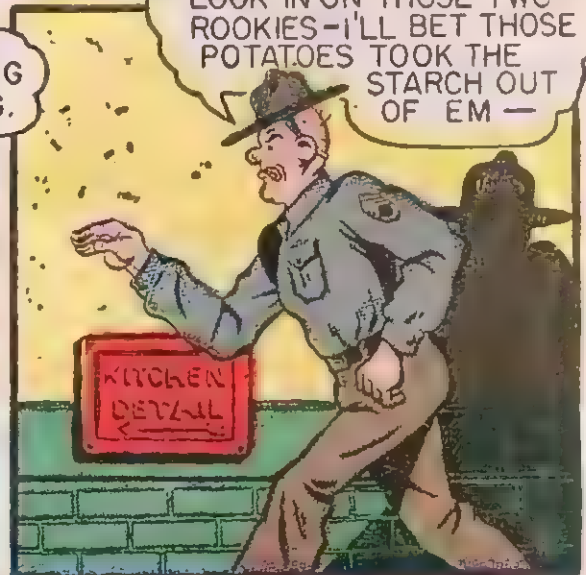
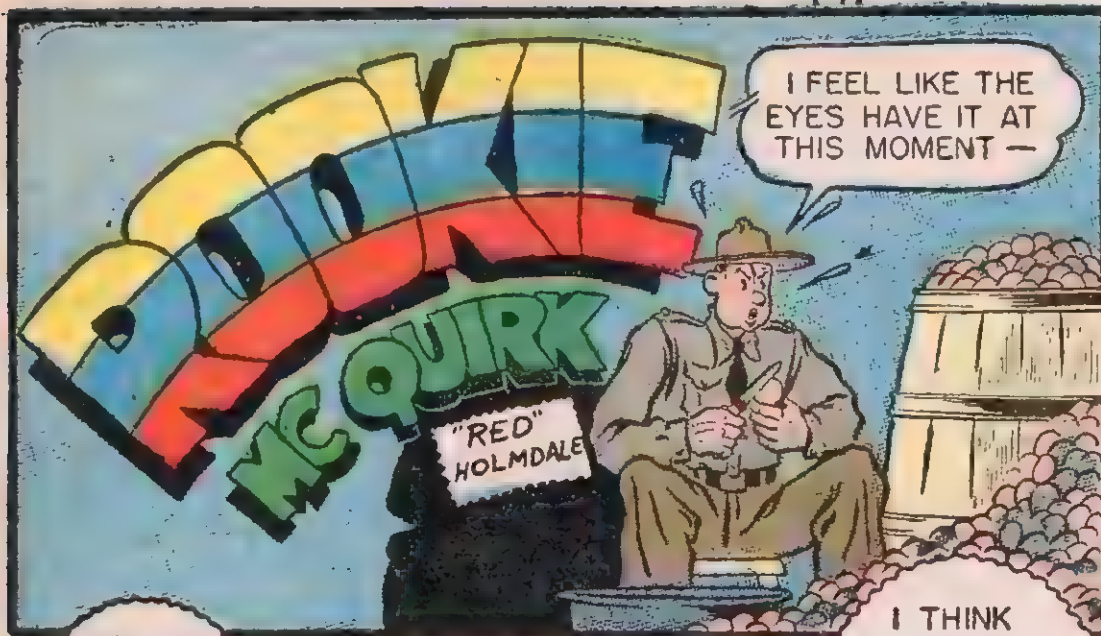
I WATCHED YOU FROM A RING-SIDE SEAT, CAP- YOU WERE TOPS!

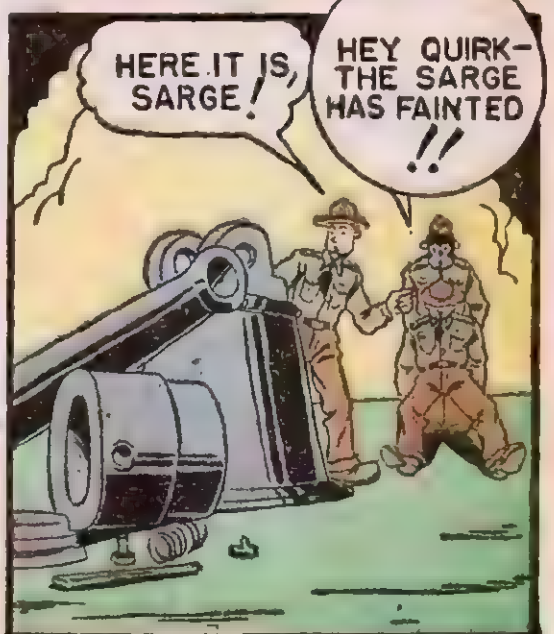
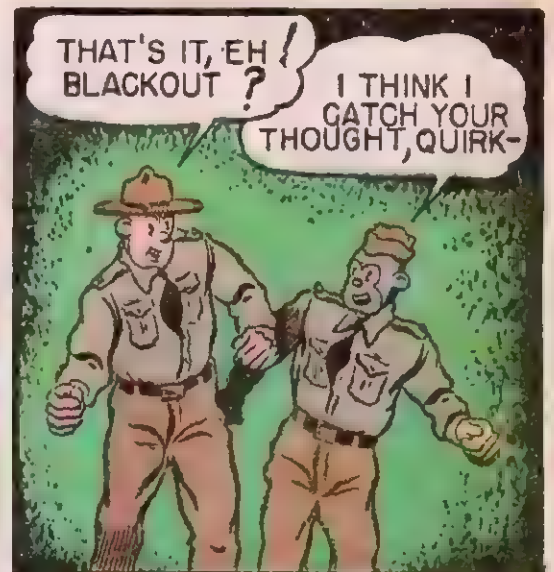
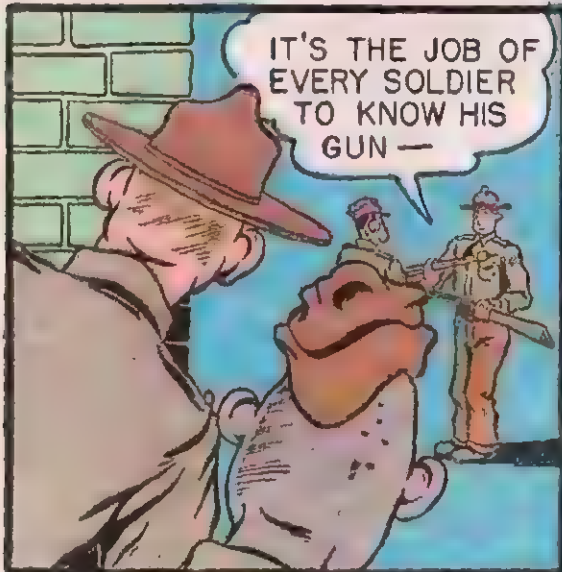
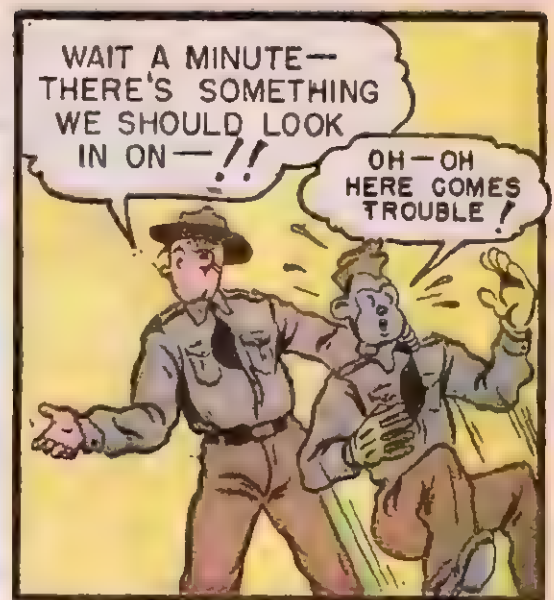
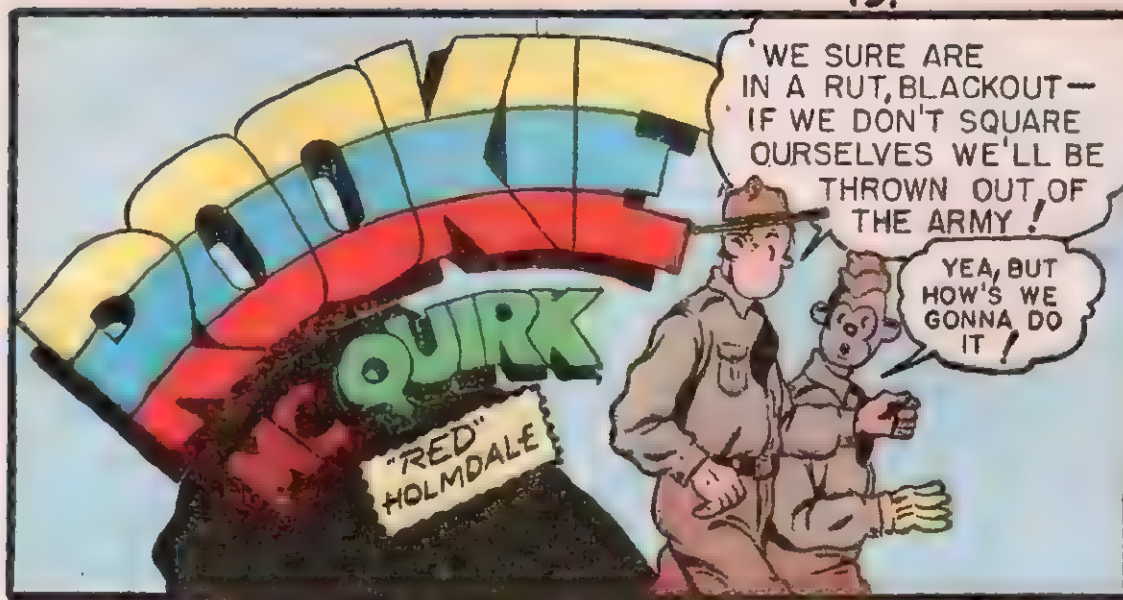
THANKS, BUT SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU WON'T HAVE THE TIME TO WATCH IN OUR NEXT ADVENTURE!

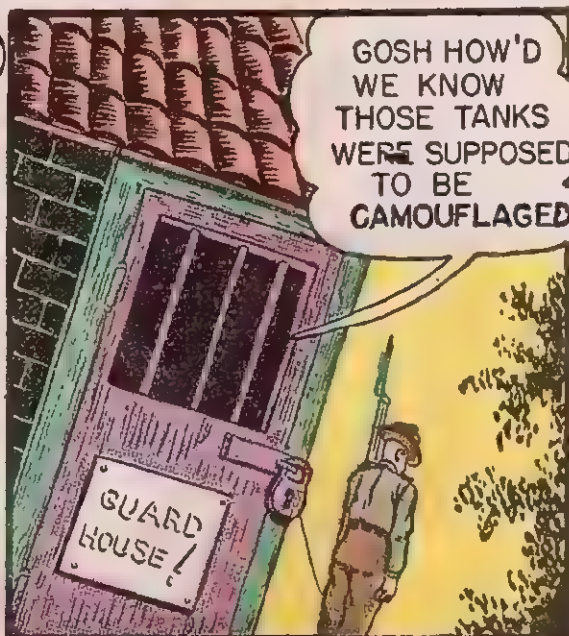
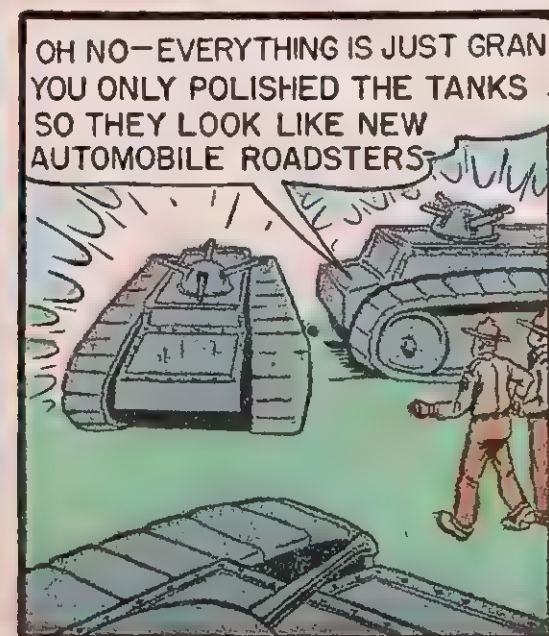
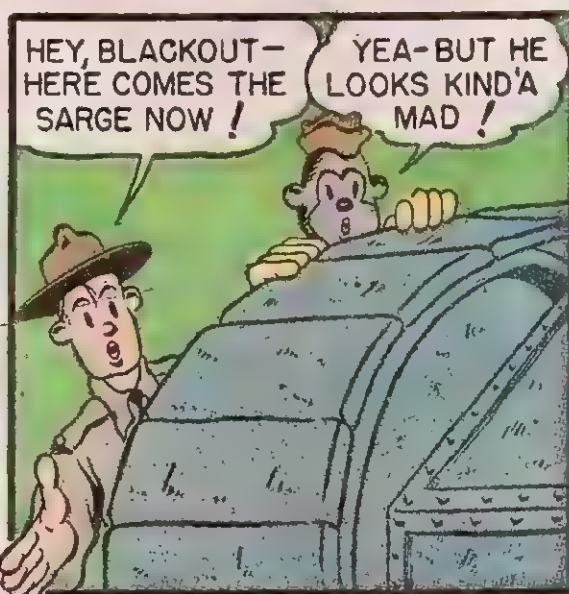
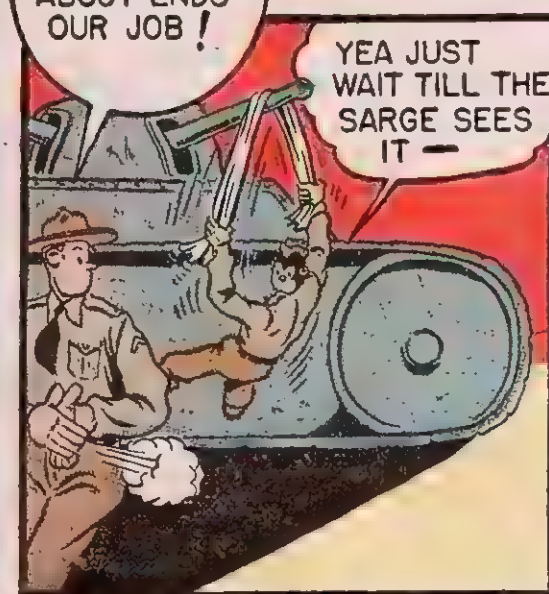
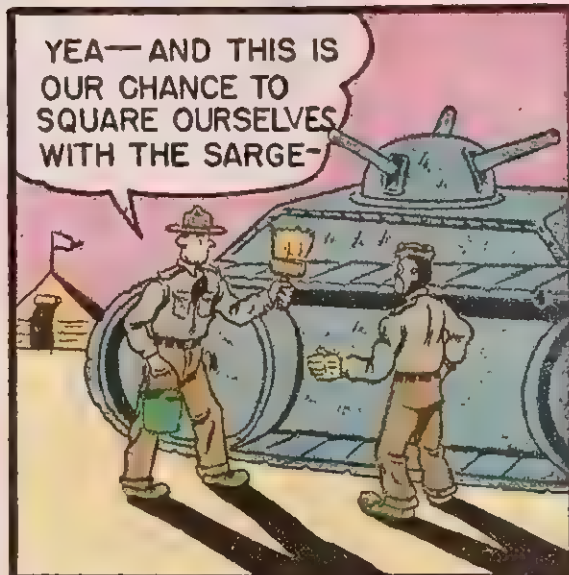
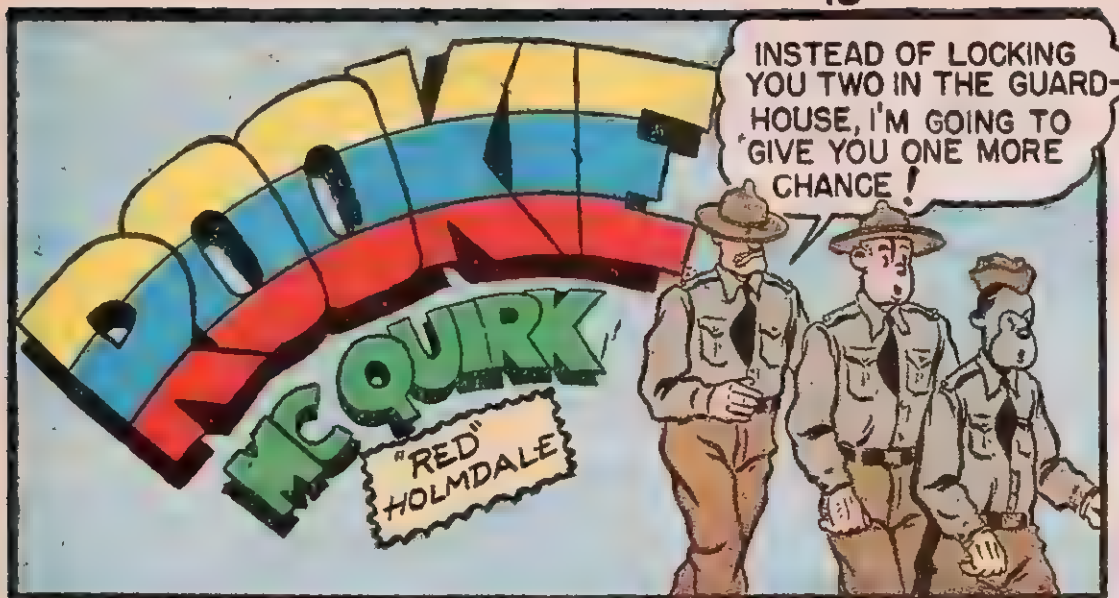
SAY SOMETHING TO THE PUBLIC, CAPTAIN!

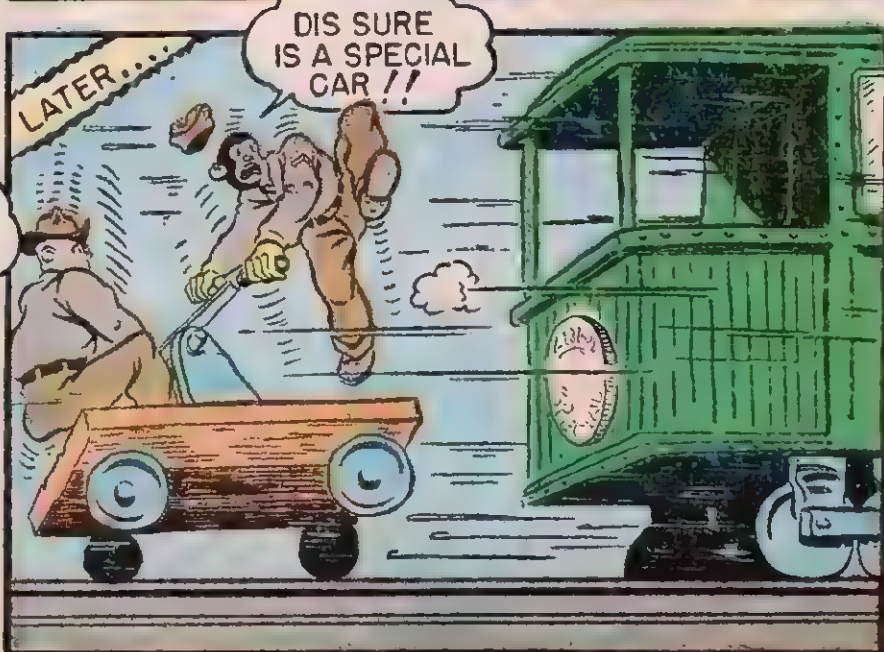
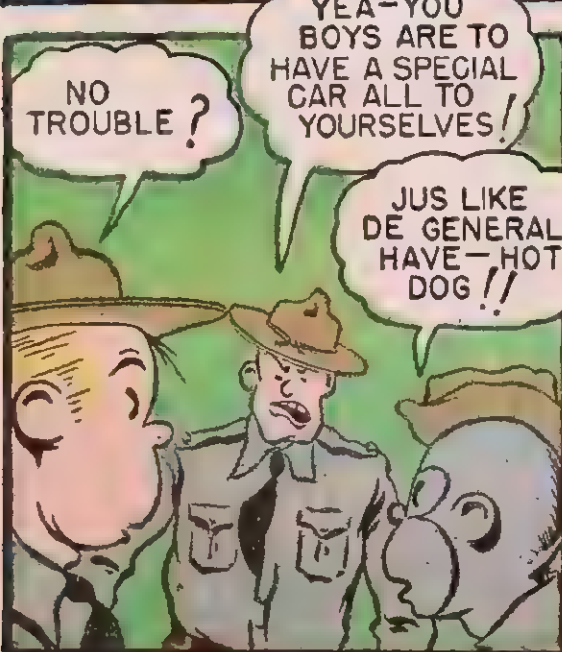
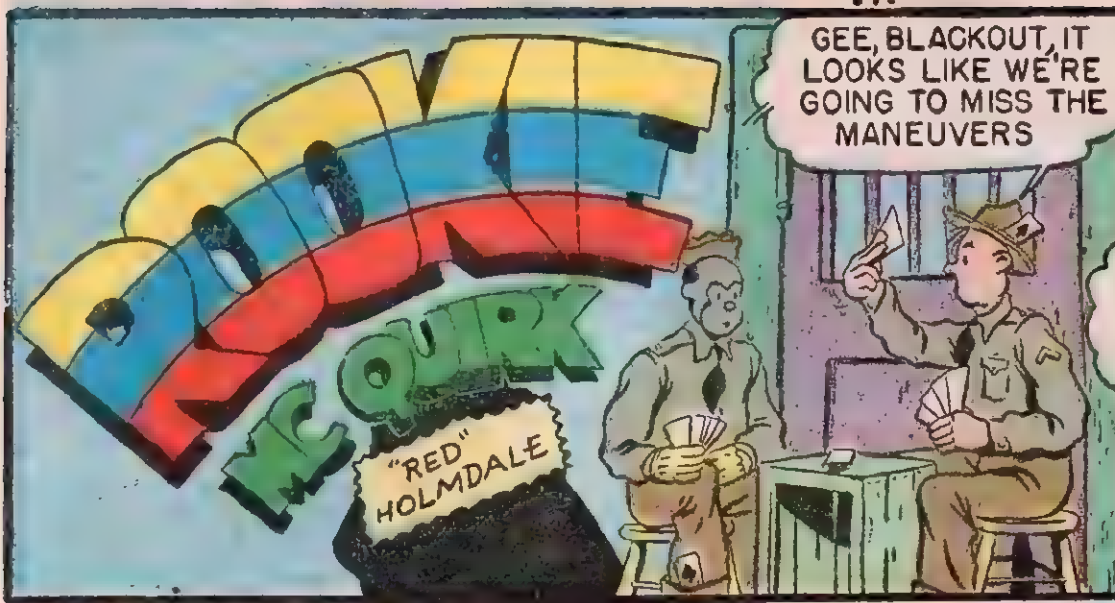












THE END

SUB-EARTHMEN'S REVENGE!

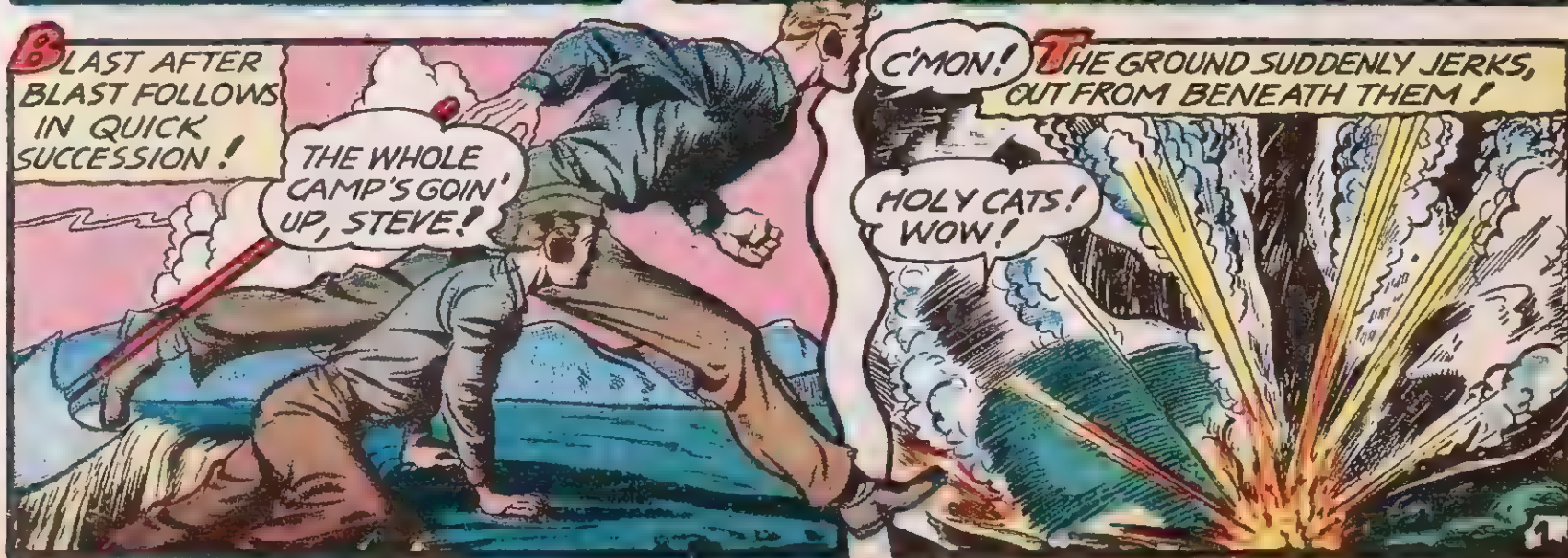


Drawn by
AL AVISON

CAPTAIN

AMERICA

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE
EARTH THEY CAME, THE
SUB-EARTHMEN, AND
DEATH AND HORROR FOLLOWED
IN THEIR WAKE!



THE WORLD'S
COMING TO
AN END!

IT'S DIRTY WORK,
BUCKY! THIS IS
FOR CAPTAIN
AMERICA TO
LOOK INTO!
LET'S GO!

SECONDS LATER, CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND BUCKY ARE READY FOR ACTION!

WHO EVER CAUSED
THIS CAN'T BE FAR
AWAY!

THERE IS
GREAT
CONFUSION
AS THE MEN
TRY TO
FIGHT THE
FLAMES!

ANGER
AMMUNITION

AND NEARBY, THREE
FIGURES RUSH AWAY...

AHA! THERE
ARE THE BOYS
WE'RE AFTER!

LET'S GET
THOSE
MONKEYS!

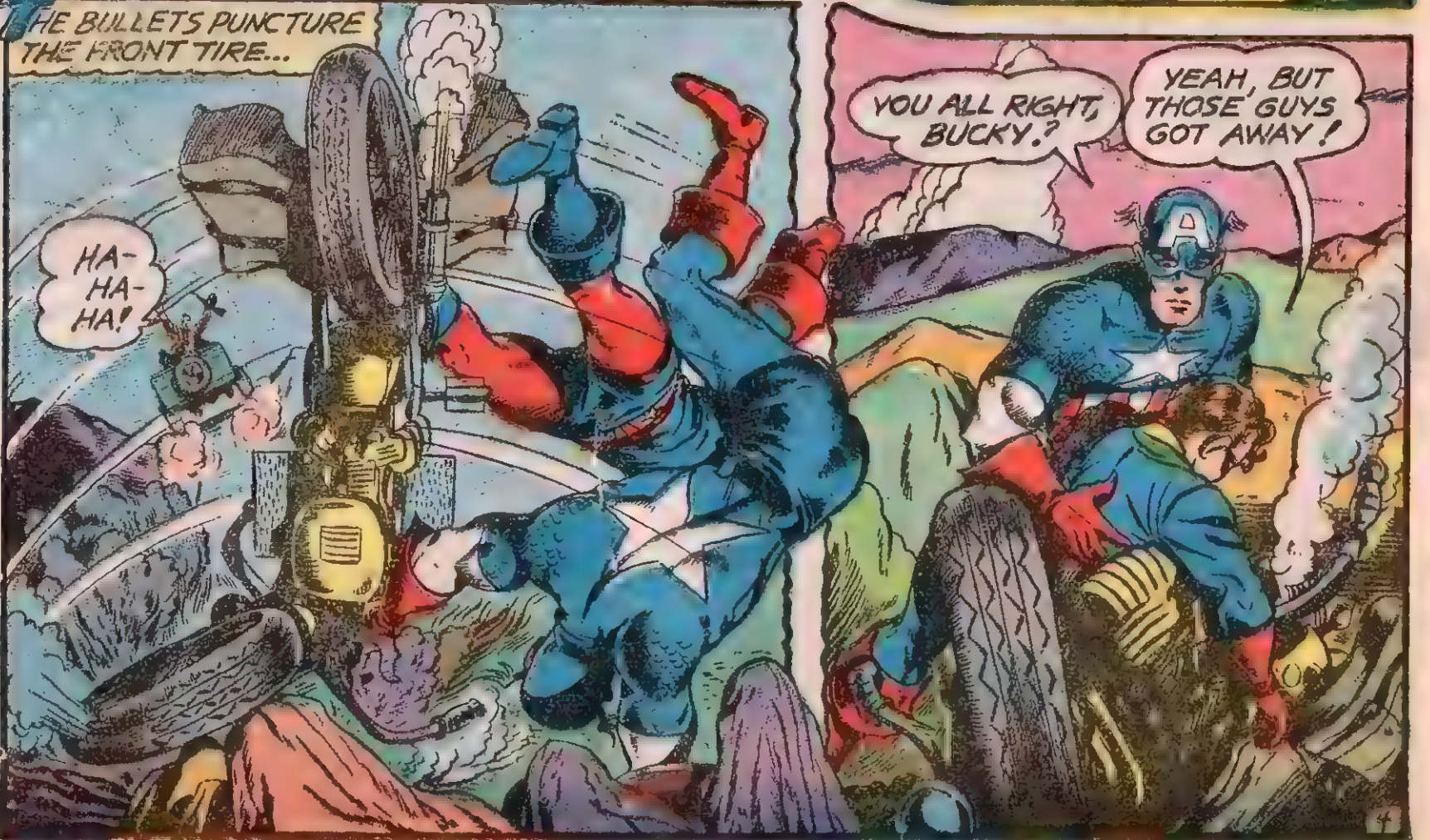
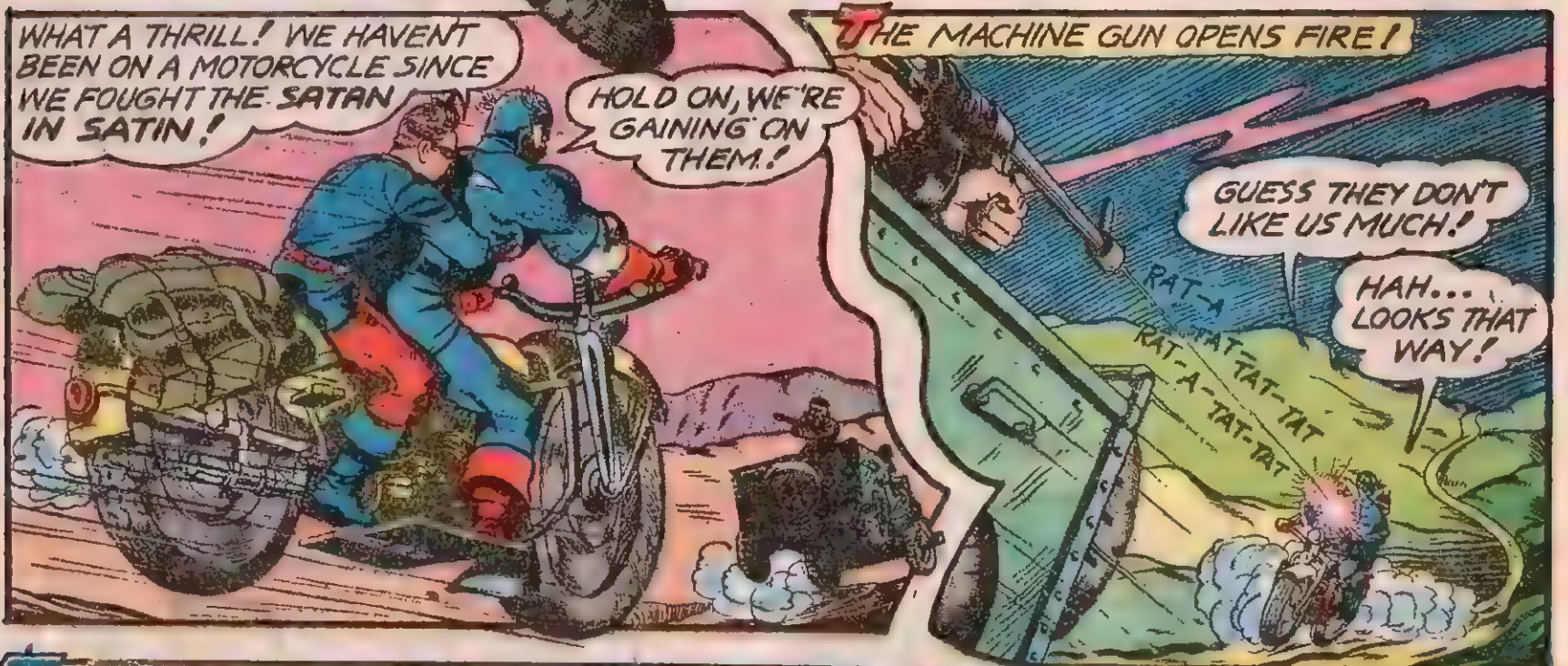
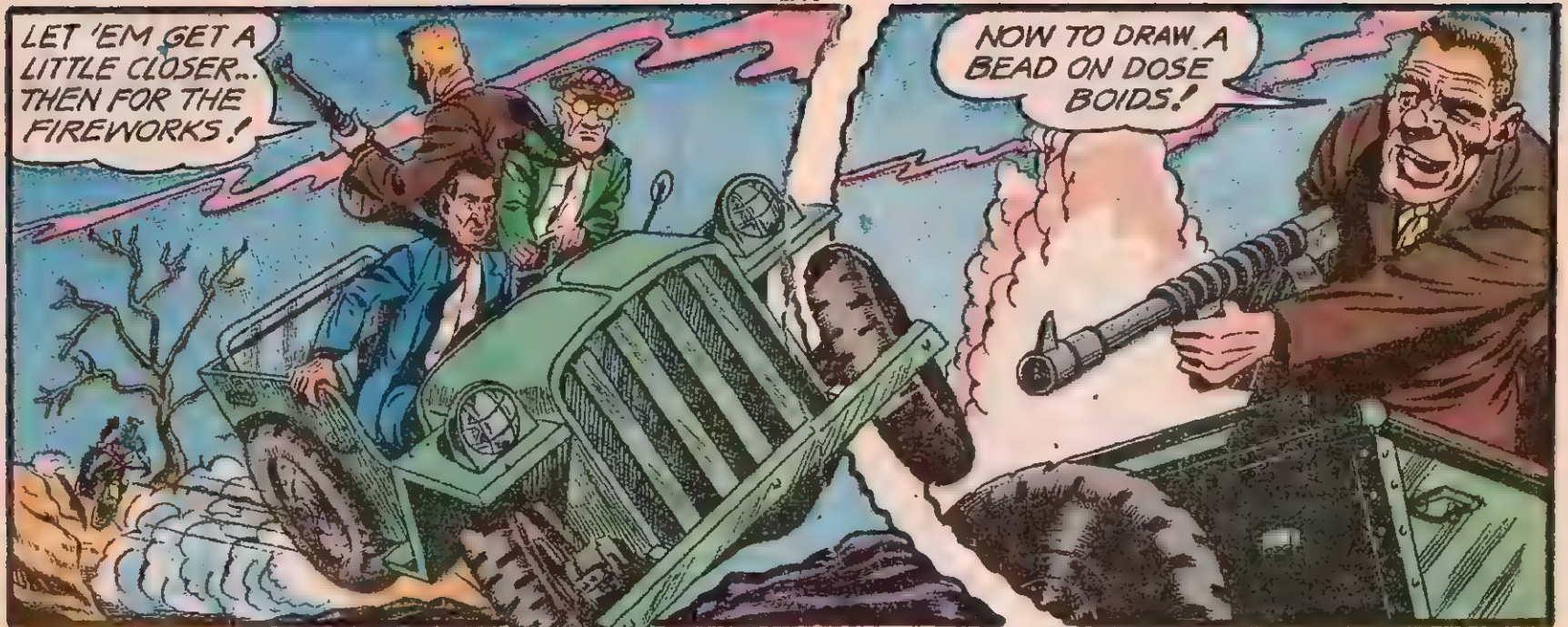
WE'VE
BEEN
SPOTTED.
MEN!
SCRAM!

YAHOO!

NO TIME FOR
FORMALITIES,
DOUGHBOY!

HEY! UGH!

THEY'VE HI-JACKED
A JEEP CAR!
OVER THERE,
CAP! A
MOTORCYCLE!



WELL, NO USE
CRYING OVER
SPILT MILK...
LET'S GET
BACK TO CAMP!

RIGHT,
CAP!

AFTER A QUICK CHANGE, PRIVATE ROGERS
AND BUCKY BARNES JOIN THE OTHER SOLDIERS...

HEY, SARGE -
ANYONE GET
HURT?

NAW... BUT THE TENTS
AND SUPPLY TRUCKS
ARE WRECKED!

TSK-TSK!
TOO BAD!

LATER...

WHOEVER
WRECKED
THE CAMP
MAY TRY
IT AGAIN!

I OUGHTA PUTCHA
IN THE GUARDHOUSE
FOR NOT BEING
AROUND TO HELP
PUT OUT THE FIRES!
BUT THE GUARD-
HOUSE IS BACK
AT CAMP
LEHIGH!

MEANWHILE,
THE REPER-
CUSSIONS OF
THE CAMP
EXPLOSIONS
ARE FELT
BELOW THE
TREMBLING
SURFACE, AS
CATASTROPHE
BEFALLS A
STRANGE UN-
KNOWN PEOPLE,
THE SUB-
EARTH MEN!

AIEEE!

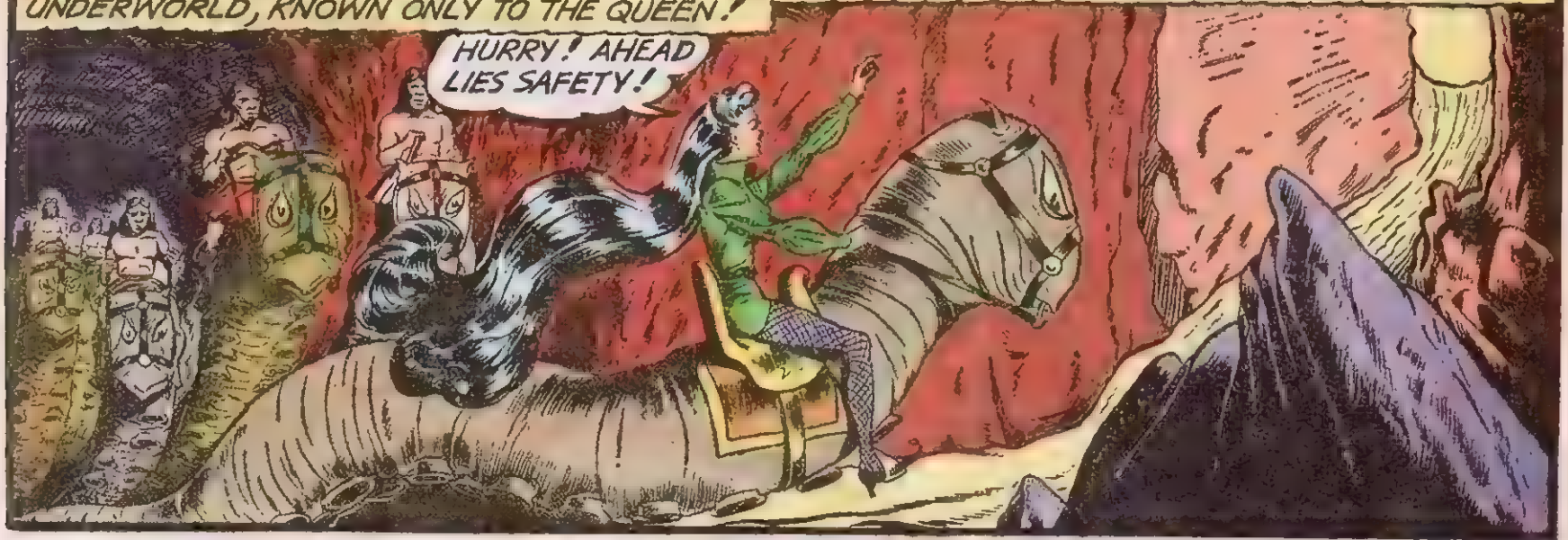
THE PANICKY
MEN BEG
THEIR QUEEN
FOR DELIVER-
ANCE...

SAVE US, GOOD
QUEEN MEDUSA!
WE SHALL DIE
HERE!

SILENCE! BE CALM,
MY PEOPLE! I
SHALL LEAD
YOU THRU
THE SECRET
SHAFT TO
THE TOP
WORLD!

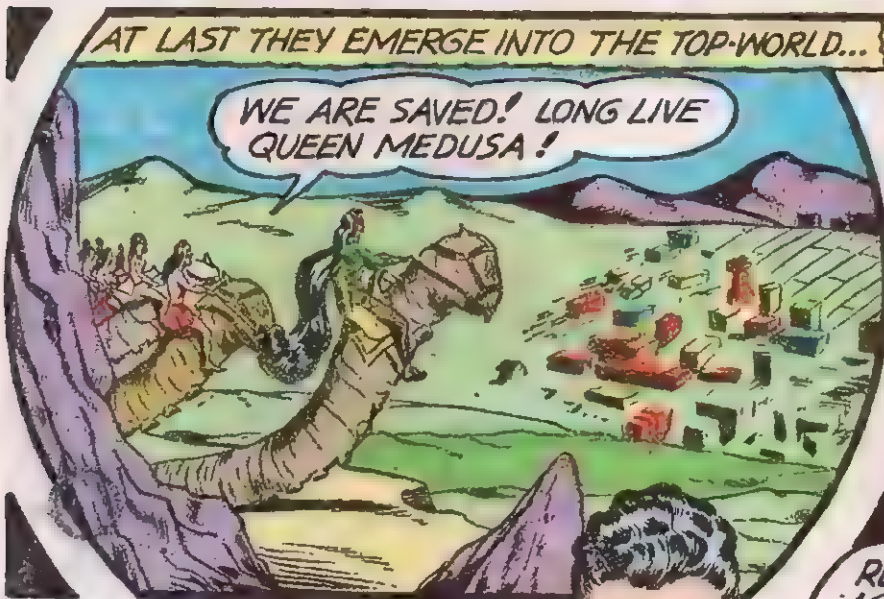
THE SUB-EARTHMEN FOLLOW AS THEIR RULER LEADS THE WAY THRU THE SECRET EXIT OF THE UNDERWORLD, KNOWN ONLY TO THE QUEEN!

HURRY! AHEAD
LIES SAFETY!



AT LAST THEY EMERGE INTO THE TOP-WORLD...

WE ARE SAVED! LONG LIVE
QUEEN MEDUSA!



SUDDENLY THE EARTH ERUPTS, CAUSING
A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WITHIN THE
CAVERNOUS DEPTHS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

BOOM



THE SECRET SHAFT
IS SEALED! WE
ARE DOOMED!

WE CAN NEVER
RETURN TO THE
UNDERWORLD!



REMAIN CALM... LONG
AGO MY FATHER TOLD
US OF MEN WHO DWELL
HERE IN THE TOP-WORLD...
ONE OF THEM ONCE CAME
AMONG US AND TOLD US
OF HIS STRANGE WORLD!
HE TAUGHT MY FATHER
HIS SPEECH, WHICH I
IN TURN LEARNED!
WHEN HE DIED, NO
OTHER TOP WORLD
MAN HAS COME
AMONG US!



LET US NOW SEEK OUT
ONE OF THE TOP-
WORLD MEN,
QUEEN!

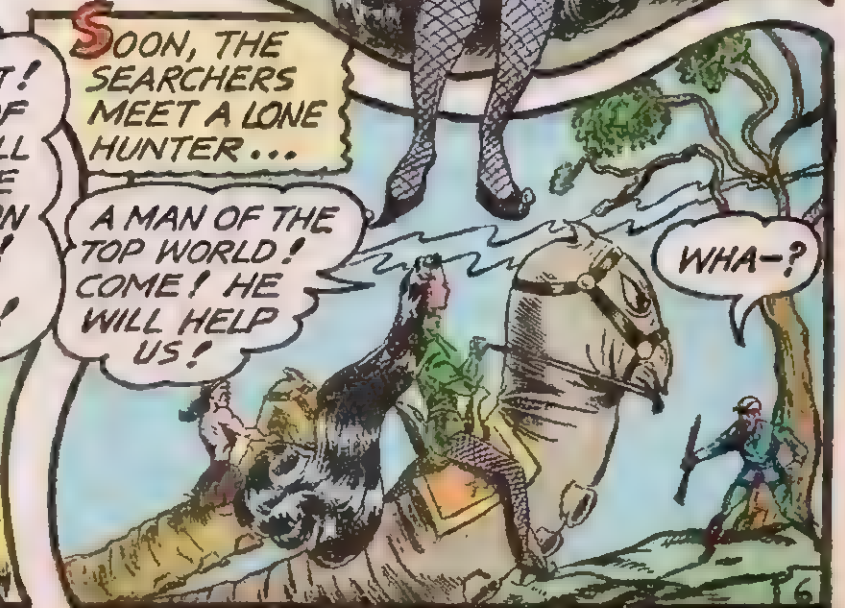
SO BE IT!
FIVE OF
YOU WILL
EXPLORE
THIS REGION
WITH ME!
I HAVE
SPOKEN!

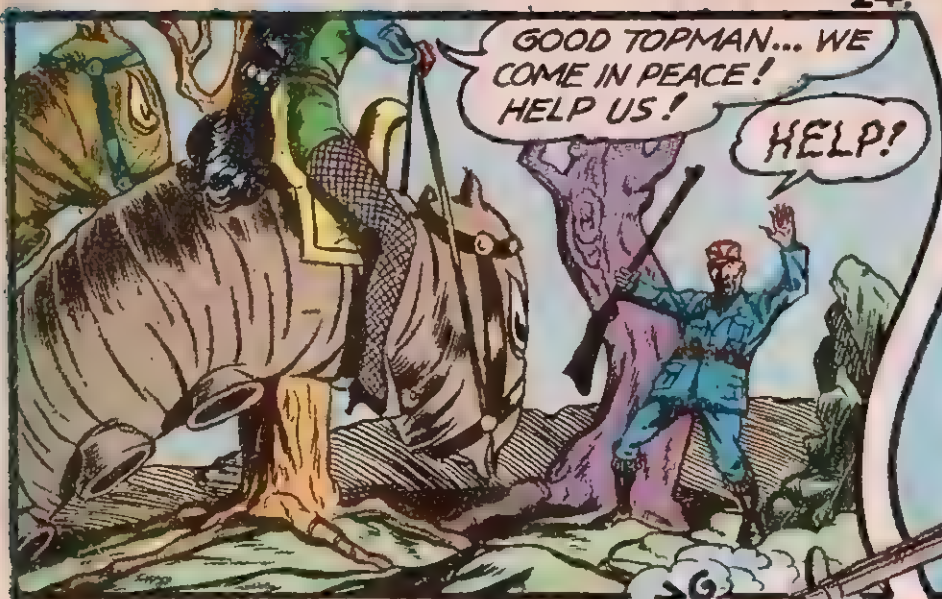


SOON, THE
SEARCHERS
MEET A LONE
HUNTER...

A MAN OF THE
TOP WORLD!
COME! HE
WILL HELP
US!

WHA-?

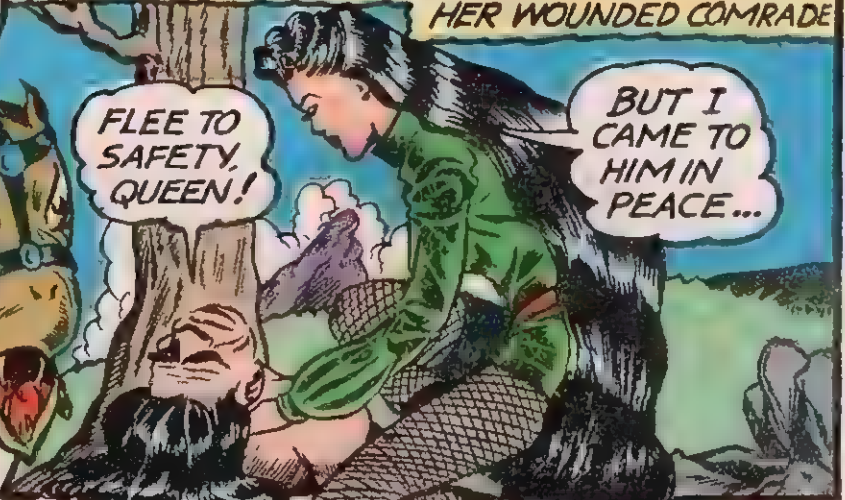
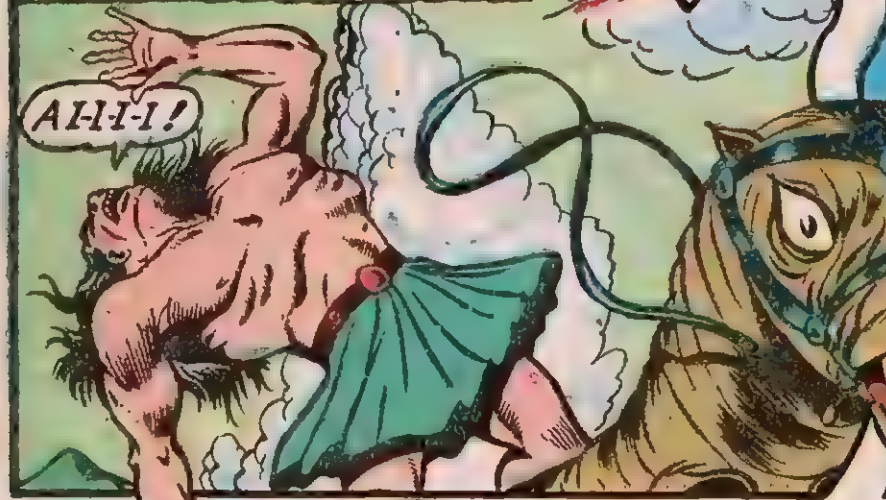




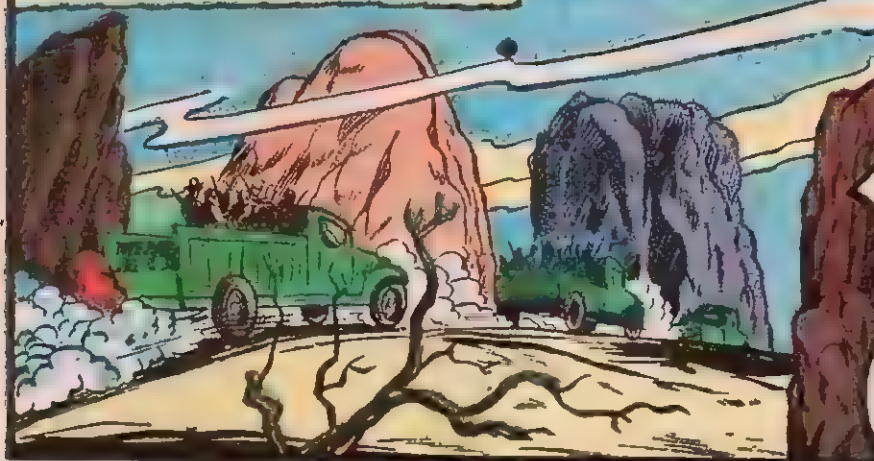
A SUB-EARTH MAN IS HIT!

BANG
BANG

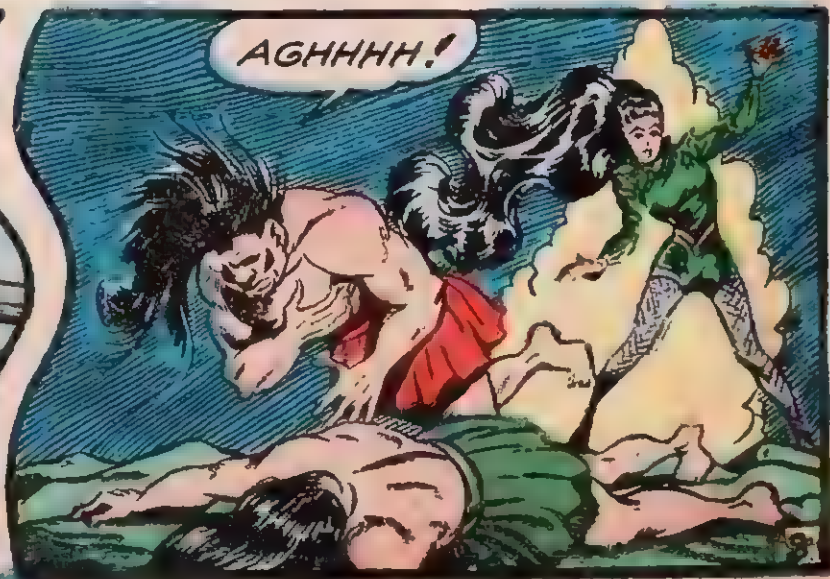
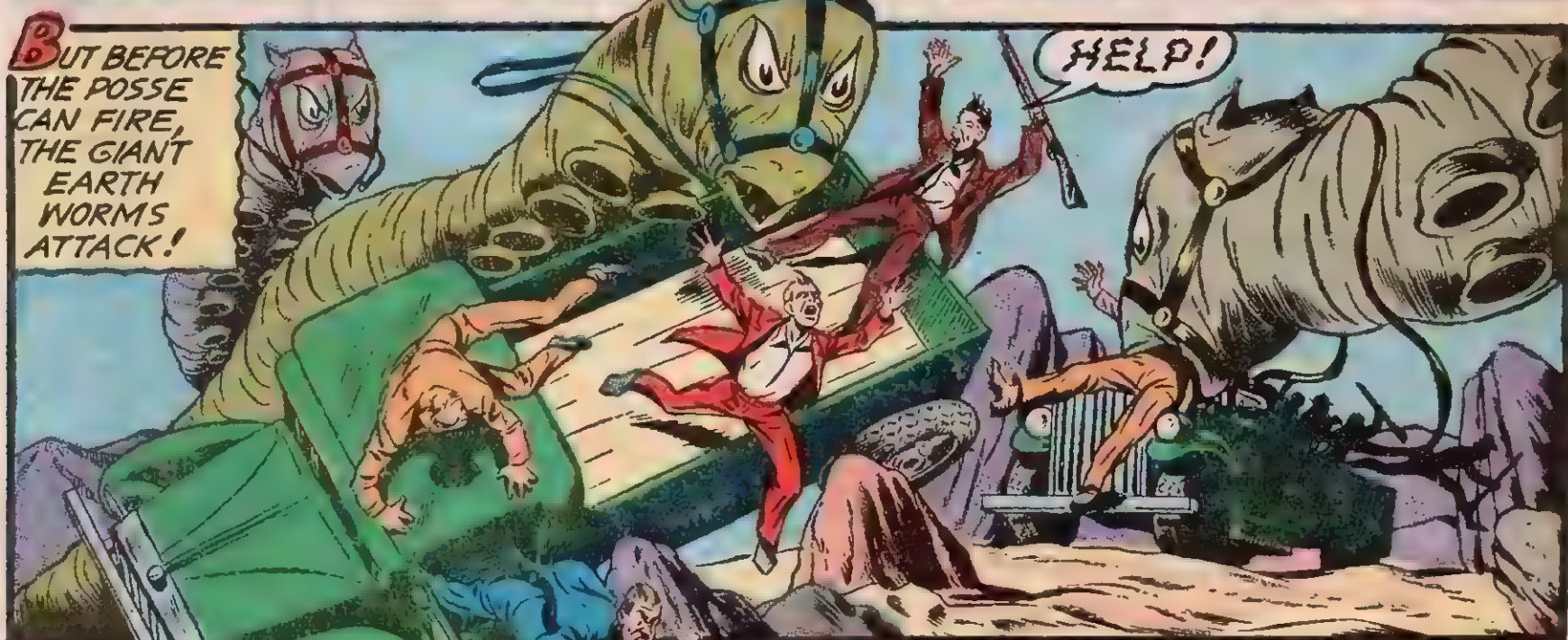
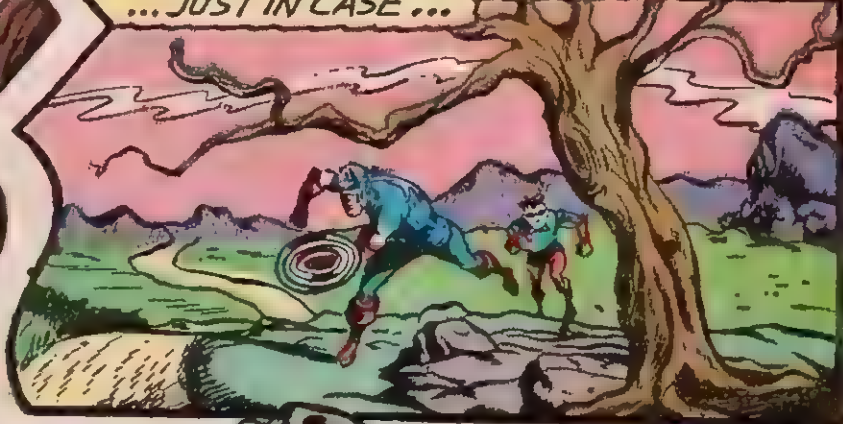
THE HUNTER FLEES AS QUEEN MEDUSA AIDS HER WOUNDED COMRADE



SOON THE SHERIFF AND A POSSE, RUSH IN SEARCH OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN!



... AND FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND ARE STEVE AND BUCKY TRANSFORMED TO CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS FIGHTING COMPANION ... JUST IN CASE ...



DO NOT SLAY US!
MY PEOPLE COME
IN PEACE! I AM
QUEEN MEDUSA!

NEARBY, CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY LOOK UPON
THE SCENE...

HEY... SHE SPEAKS OUR
LANGUAGE... WE'RE
GONNA SAVE HER BE-
FORE THE POSSE
SHOOTS HER!

LET'S
GO,
BUCKY!

STICK BY
US, QUEEN,
THEY WON'T
HARM YOU!

REACHING QUEEN MEDUSA,
CAP AND BUCKY STAND AT
HER SIDE!

SHE'S NOT AN EARTHWOMAN,
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'M ARRESTING HER FOR
QUESTIONING!

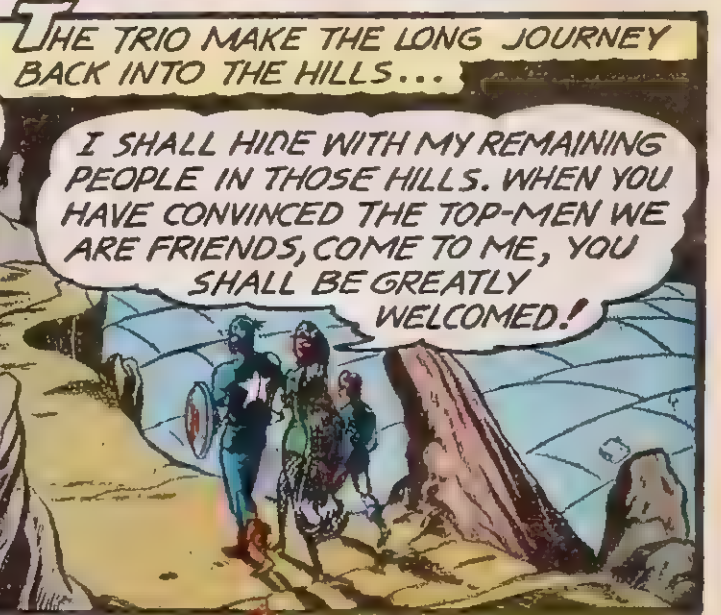
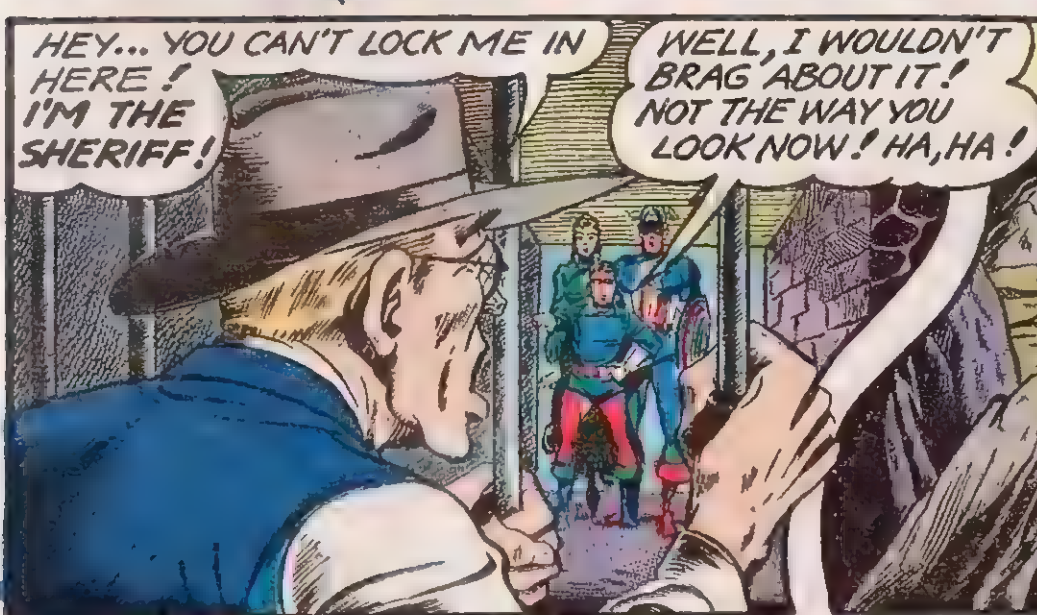
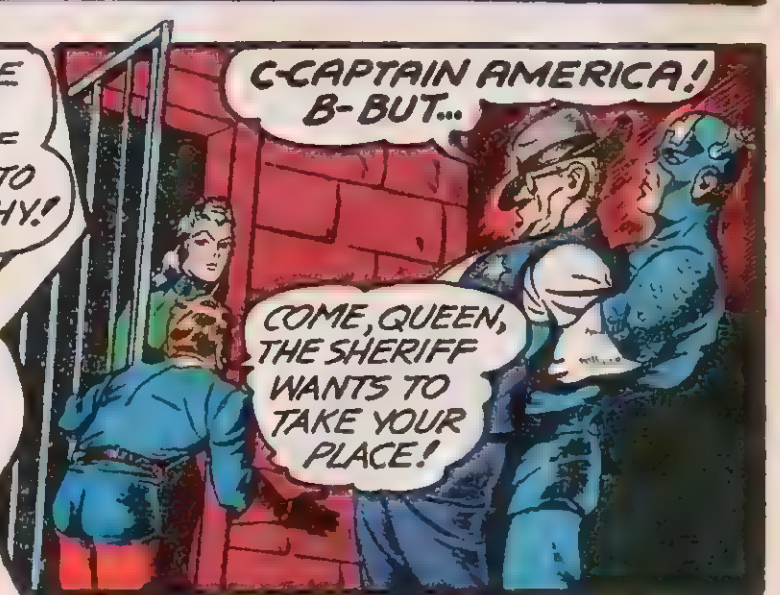
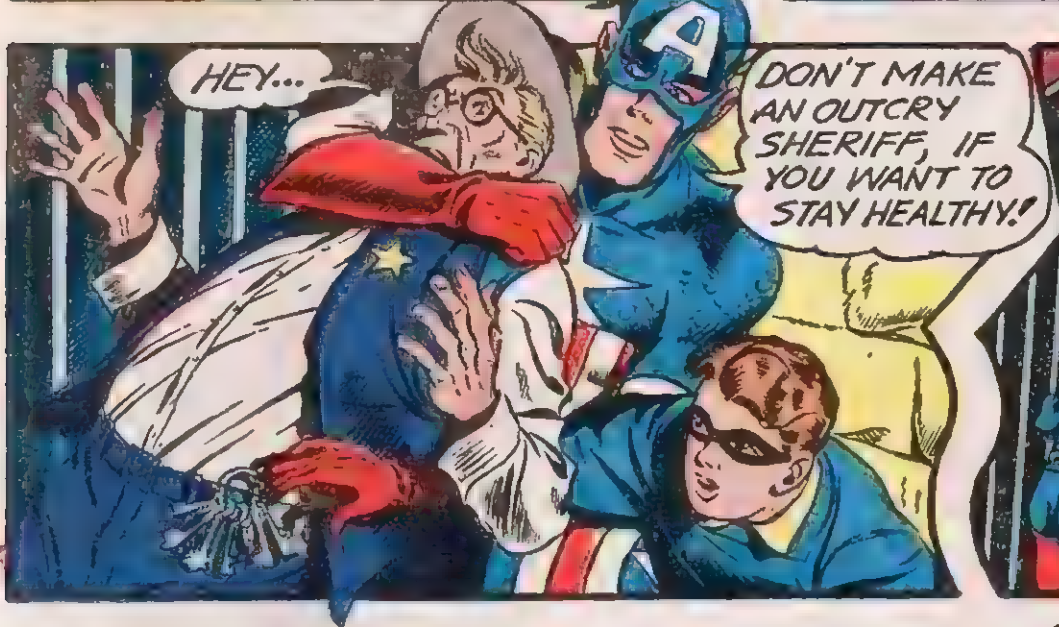
GO WITH HIM, QUEEN MEDUSA!
NO HARM WILL COME TO YOU!

THE POSSE HURRIES BACK TO TOWN WITH QUEEN
MEDUSA AS THEIR PRISONER!

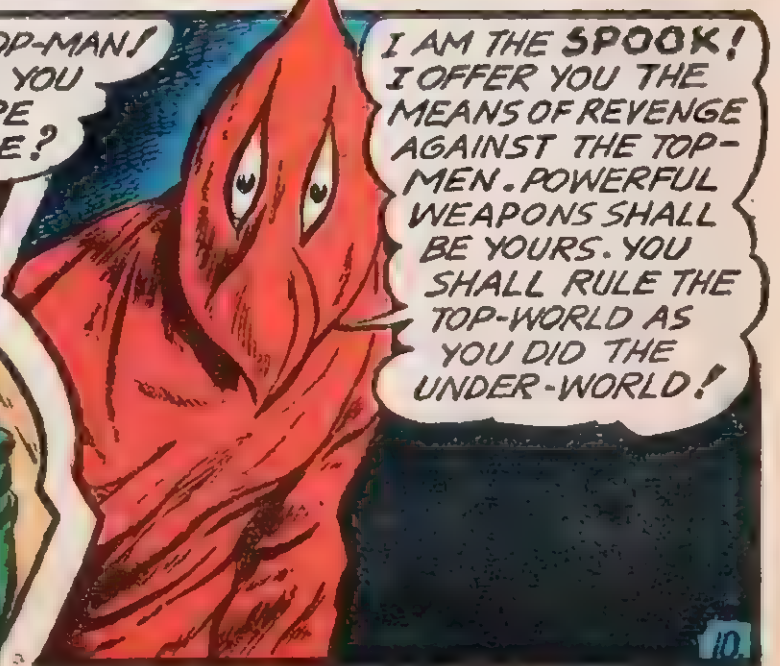
WITH
QUEEN
MEDUSA
LOCKED
UP IN
TOWN,
STEVE
AND
BUCKY
ROAM
THE
CAMP
GROUNDS

I FEEL SORRY
FOR THE
QUEEN!
CAN'T TELL
WHAT THE
PEOPLE WILL
DO WITH
HER!

THERE MUST BE
MORE OF HER
PEOPLE UP IN THE
HILLS! WE OUGHT
TO HELP, STEVE!



A FEW DAYS AFTER QUEEN MEDUSA HAS RETURNED TO HER PEOPLE, TWO SUB-EARTH MEN DRAG A FIGURE TOWARD HER!



THE INSTIGATOR OF THE HORRIBLE WAR GLOATS OVER THE DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.....

THE SMALL TOWN RADIO STATION SENDS OUT A CALL FOR HELP!

HA, HA! THE FUEHRER WILL YET CONQUER AMERICA WITH TERRORIZATION! AND THESE STUPID SUB-EARTHMEN WILL SERVE THE PURPOSE PERFECTLY!

S.O.S. MILLBROOK UNDER SEIGE BY SUB-EARTH-MEN! SEND HELP AT ONCE! S.O.S.!

THE S.O.S. IS PICKED UP AT THE ARMY ENCAMPMENT A FEW MILES AWAY!

S.O.S. FROM MILLBROOK, GENERAL KELLER! ATTACKED BY SUB-EARTHMEN!

WHAT! HAVE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SOUNDED!

HELLO, CAPTAIN BROOKS! HAVE TANKS, AMMUNITION, GUNS.... EVERYTHING, READY FOR ACTION!

MEN, WE STOP MANEUVERS IMMEDIATELY! PREPARE TO MOVE AGAINST SUB-EARTHMEN! WE MARCH IMMEDIATELY!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, BUCKY! THE SUB-EARTH-MEN ARE WAGING WAR AGAINST US!

QUEEN MEDUSA WENT BACK ON HER PROMISE!

AS THE SOLDIERS PREPARE FOR THE ATTACK, STEVE AND MASCOT BARNES HAVE OTHER PLANS!

HOPE THEY DON'T NOTICE OUR ABSENCE IN THE FIELD IN OUR OTHER ROLES!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY! YAHOO!

LET'S GET TO THOSE SUB-EARTH-MEN BEFORE THE ARMY ATTACKS! THERE ARE A FEW MATTERS TO CLEAR UP!

SUCH AS, WHO IS BEHIND THE WAR OF THE SUB-EARTH-MEN, EH?

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GLOOMY CAVE...



CAP! I HEAR VOICES
IN THIS CAVE! MUST
BE THE SUB-EARTH-
MEN!

ONE MORE ATTACK, AND THE TOP-MEN OF
THIS TOWN WILL BE DESTROYED!
THEN WE INVADE OTHER TOWNS!

MEDUSA IS A FOOL NOT TO
JOIN US! WE SHALL BE
MASTERS OF THIS
UPPER-WORLD!



THERE THEY ARE, BUCKY!
AND THERE SURE ARE
PLENTY OF THEM!

WHERE'D THEY
GET THOSE
SPOOKY ROBES?

SUDDENLY, QUEEN MEDUSA MAKES
A SURPRISE APPEARANCE!

MEDUSA!
DID YOU COME
TO JOIN US
IN OUR WAR?

NO!



I COME TO PLEAD
ONCE MORE THAT
YOU CEASE THIS MAD
WAR! SEEK PEACE
WITH THE TOP-MEN,
AND THEY SHALL
BE OUR FRIENDS!

DID YOU
HEAR THAT,
BUCKY!
MEDUSA
HAD NOTHING
TO DO WITH
THE WAR!

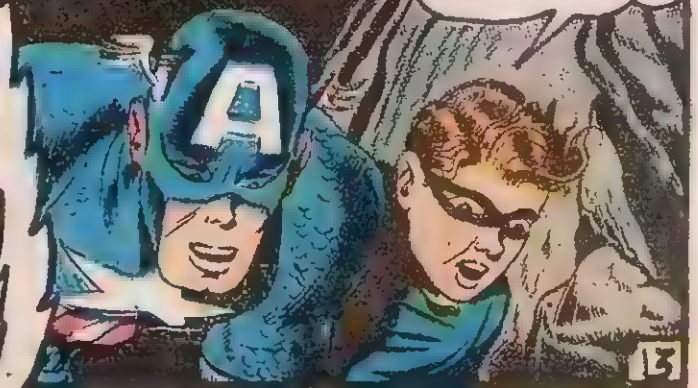
CAP! THEY'RE
STONING HER!

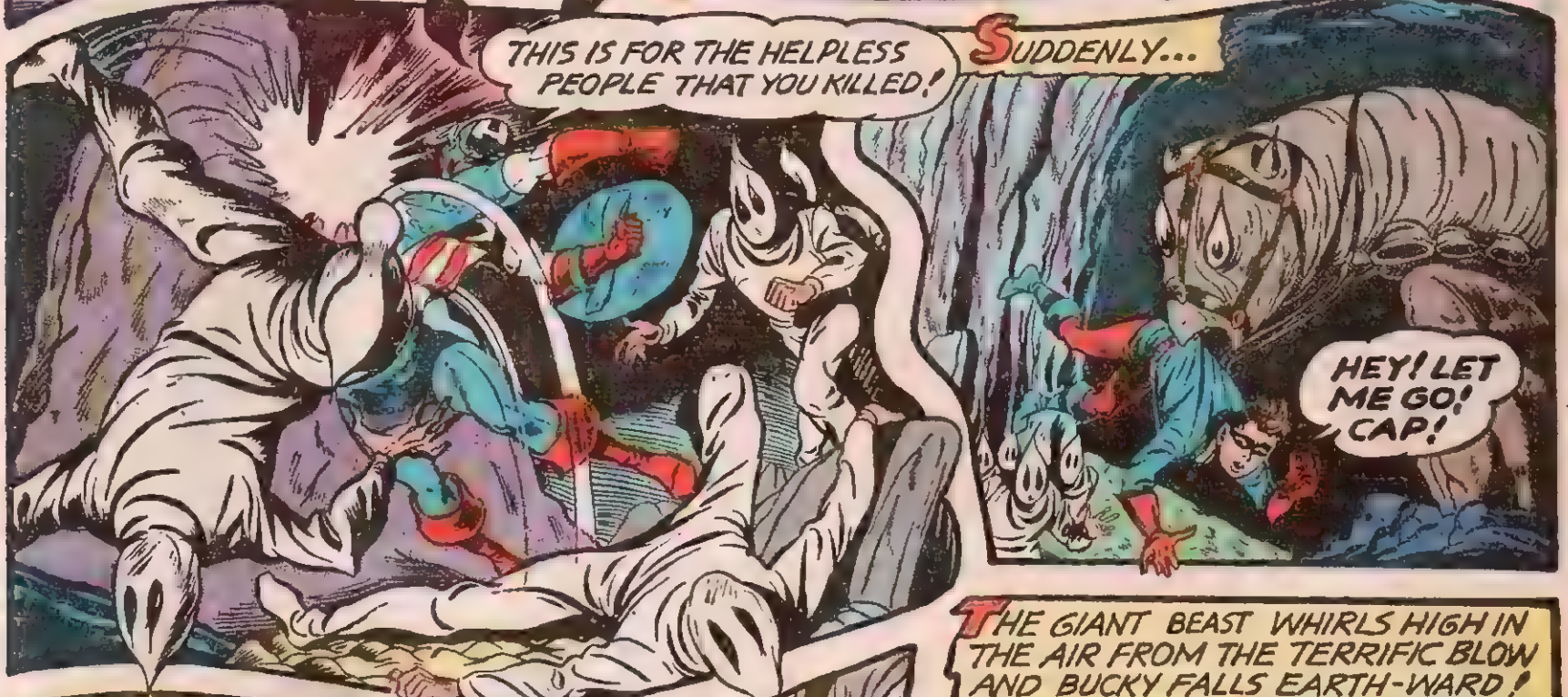


STONE HER!
SHE IS A TRAITOR
TO OUR CAUSE!
KILL THE
QUEEN!

LET'S PUT A STOP
TO THIS, BUCKY!

YAHOO!





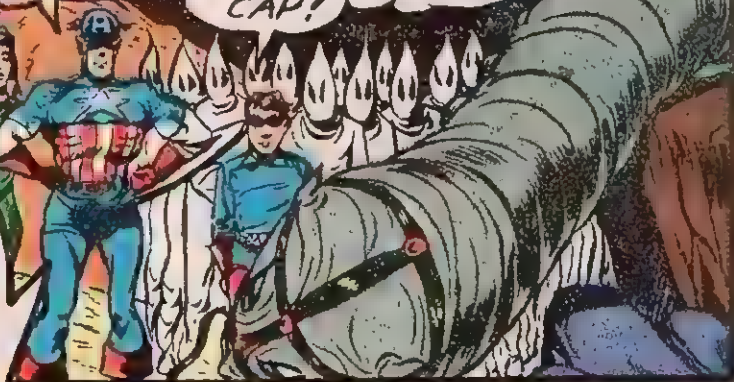
IF YOU HAD A
BRAIN IN THERE
YOU HAVEN'T
NOW!



THE BEAST CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND AS
THE SUB-EARTHMEN LOOK ON IN AWE!

I GUESS THAT
DID IT!

A JOB WELL DONE,
CAP!



NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOU
KILLERS! WILL YOU BLAME
ALL TOP-MEN BECAUSE A
FEW LOST THEIR HEADS
AND MURDERED YOUR
PEOPLE ON THE PLAINS?
YOU WANT PEACE AND
FRIENDSHIP!
SO DO WE!



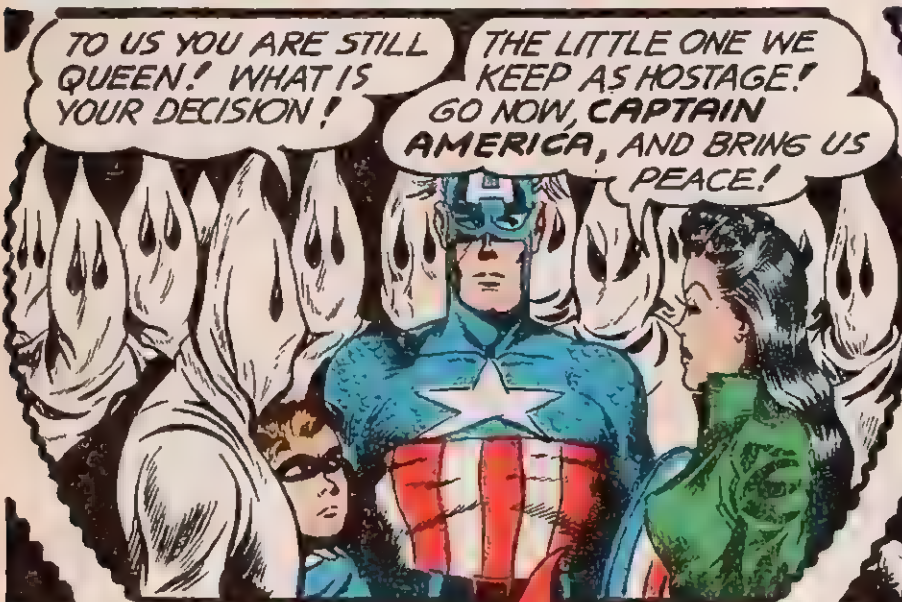
WHAT DO YOU
PROPOSE TO DO?

AN ARMY OF TOP-MEN IS
ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK
YOU! BUT I WILL TRY TO
STOP THEM! I
WILL PROVE I'M
YOUR FRIEND!



TO US YOU ARE STILL
QUEEN! WHAT IS
YOUR DECISION!

THE LITTLE ONE WE
KEEP AS HOSTAGE!
GO NOW, CAPTAIN
AMERICA, AND BRING US
PEACE!



I'LL BE BACK! CHIN UP,
BUCKY!

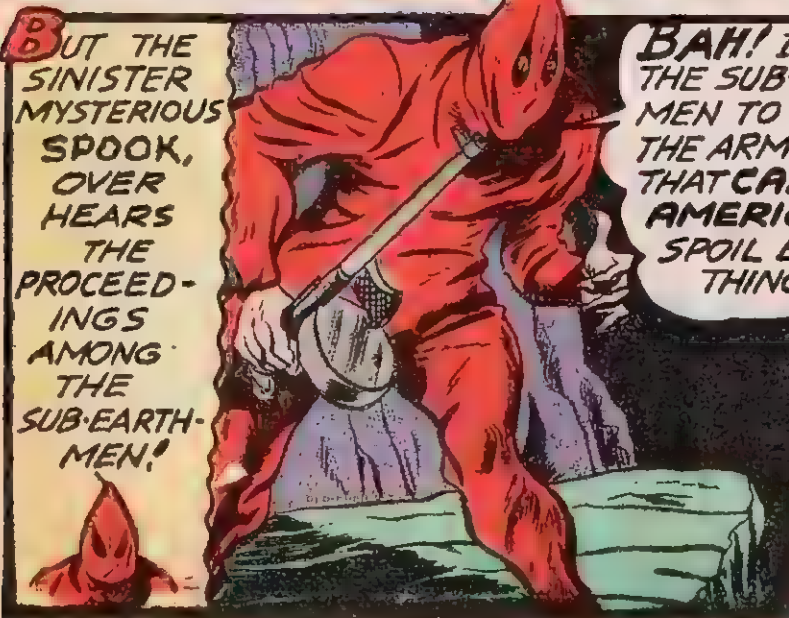
GEE, CAP!
AWW... OKAY!

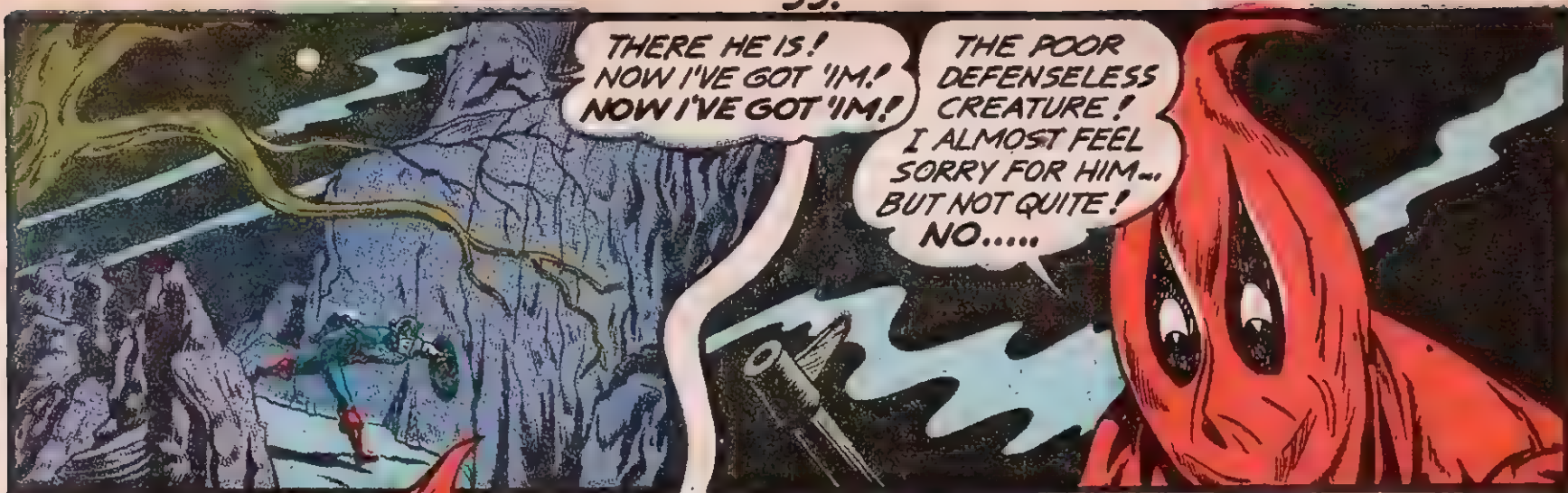


BUT THE
SINISTER
MYSTERIOUS
SPOOK,
OVER
HEARS
THE PROCEED-
INGS
AMONG
THE
SUB-EARTH-
MEN!

BAH! I WANTED
THE SUB-EARTH-
MEN TO DESTROY
THE ARMY! NOW
THAT CAPTAIN
AMERICA WILL
SPOIL EVERY-
THING!

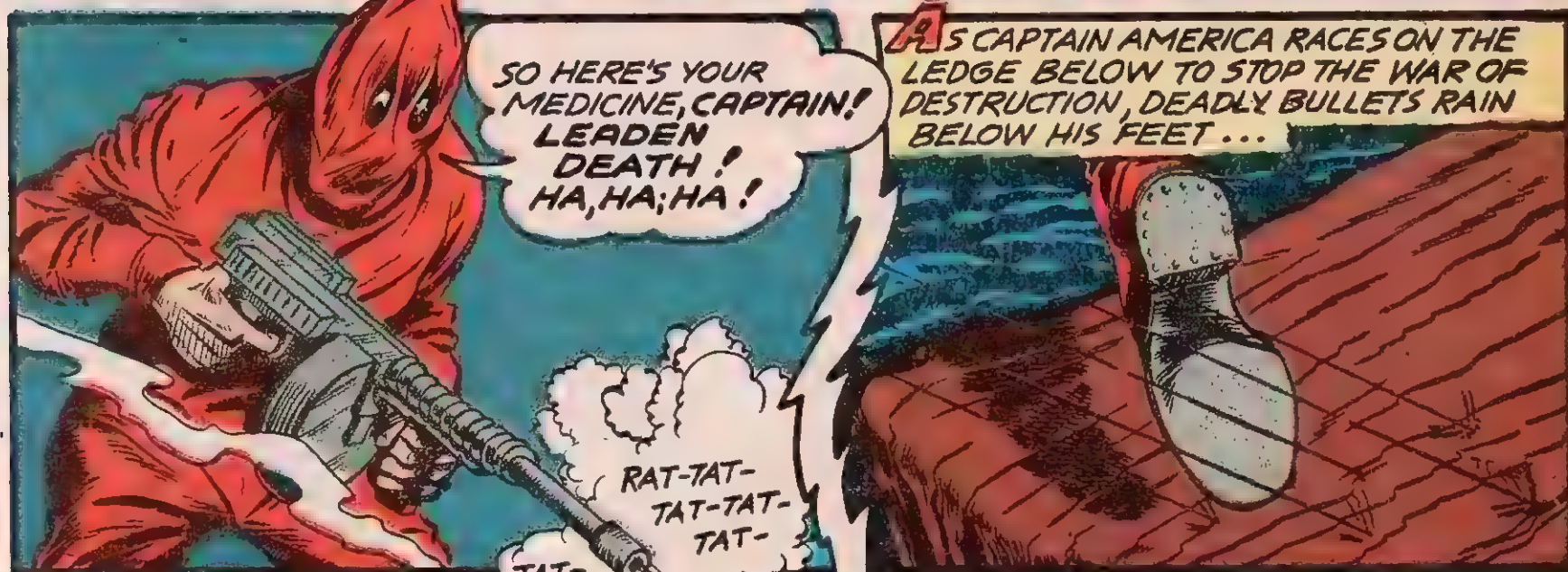
BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA WILL NEVER
GET BACK TO THE ARMY TO
DELIVER HIS MESSAGE OF
PEACE! HA, HA!





THERE HE IS!
NOW I'VE GOT 'IM!
NOW I'VE GOT 'IM!

THE POOR
DEFENSELESS
CREATURE!
I ALMOST FEEL
SORRY FOR HIM...
BUT NOT QUITE!
NO.....



SO HERE'S YOUR
MEDICINE, CAPTAIN!
LEADEN
DEATH!
HA, HA, HA!

AS CAPTAIN AMERICA RACES ON THE
LEDGE BELOW TO STOP THE WAR OF
DESTRUCTION, DEADLY BULLETS RAIN
BELOW HIS FEET...

RAT-TAT-
TAT-TAT-
TAT-

TAT-
TAT-
TAT-

IMMEDIATELY, OUR DARING
HERO WHIRLS AND HOT
BULLETS POUND INTO
HIS SHIELD....

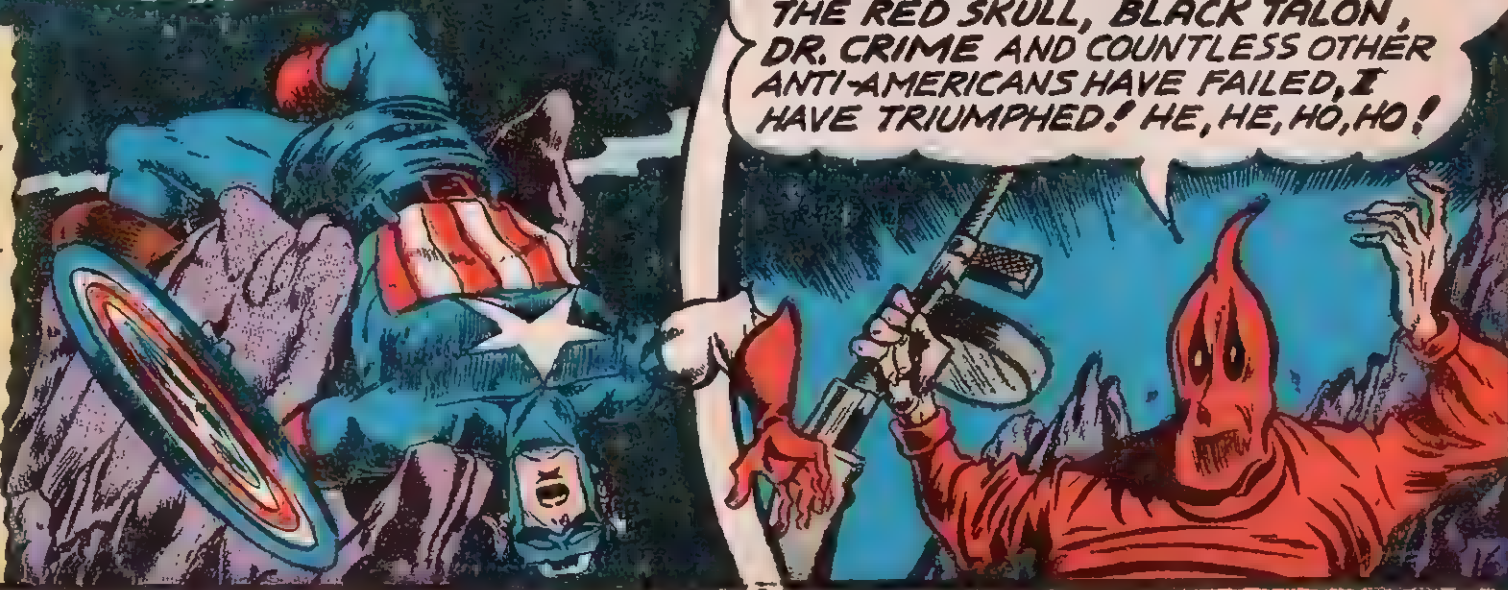
CAP LOSES HIS BALANCE AND TOPPLES FROM
THE NARROW LEDGE!

HA, HA!
FALL, CAPTAIN
AMERICA! FALL!
HA, HA, HA!

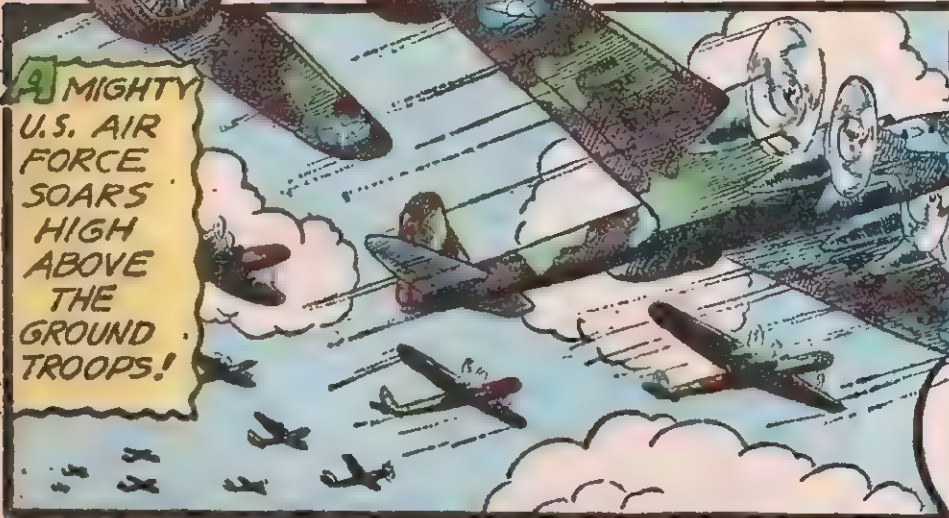
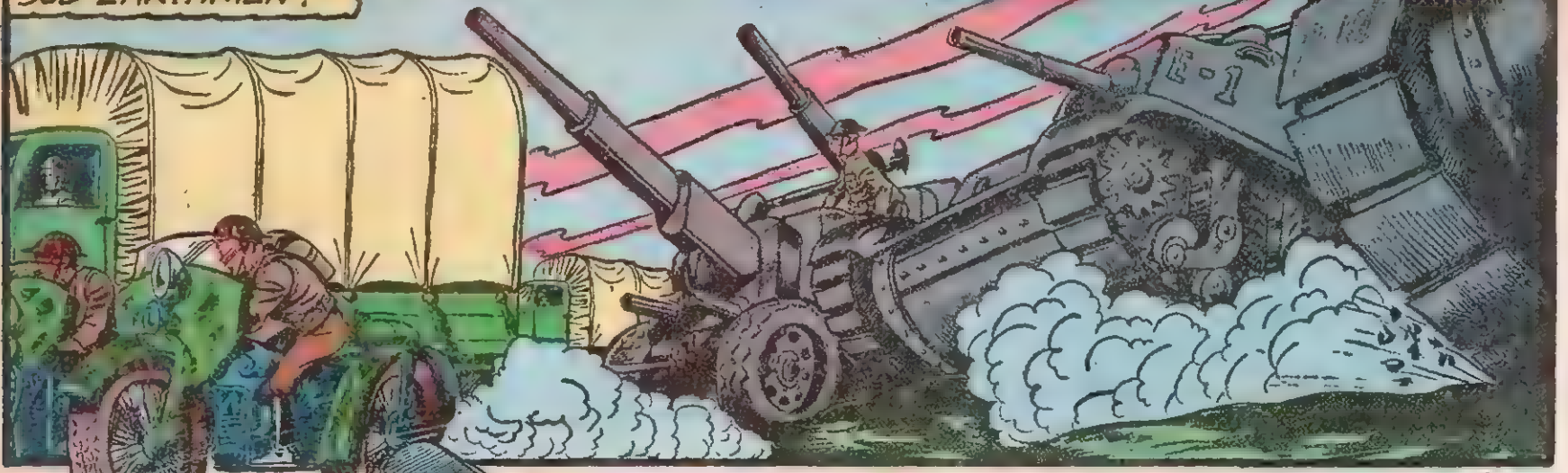


SECONDS
LATER...
CAPTAIN
AMERICA'S
BODY
LIES
MOTIONLESS
ON A
JAGGED
PROMON-
TORY
BELOW!

HE'S DONE FOR! HA, HA, HA, HA! WHERE
THE RED SKULL, BLACK TALON,
DR. CRIME AND COUNTLESS OTHER
ANTI-AMERICANS HAVE FAILED, I
HAVE TRIUMPHED! HE, HE, HO, HO!



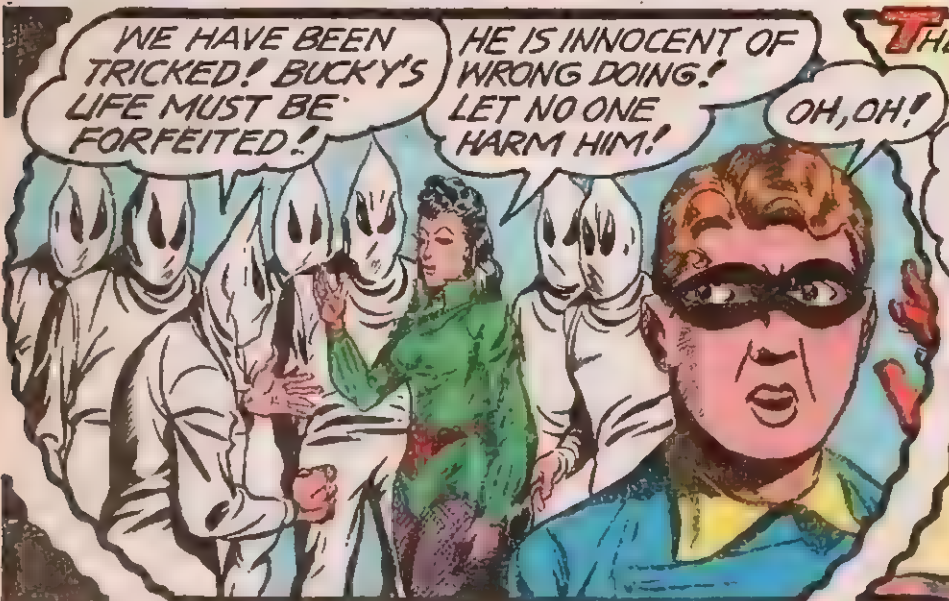
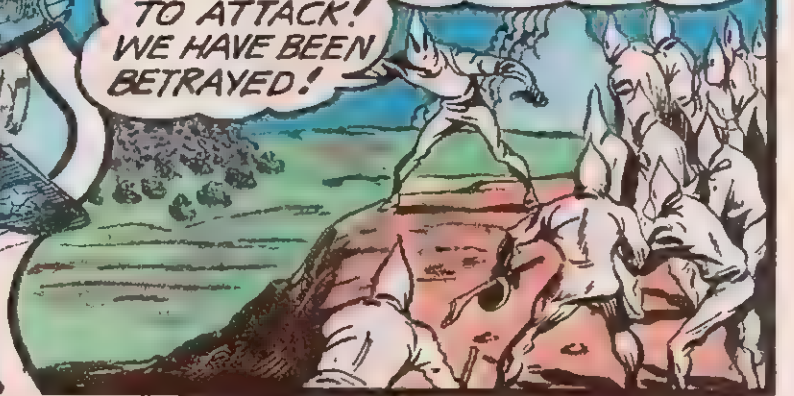
SO, THE STRONG DIVISION OF THE U.S. ARMY MOVES ACROSS THE PLAINS TO MEET THE HORDE OF SUB-EARTHMEN!



A MIGHTY U.S. AIR FORCE SOARS HIGH ABOVE THE GROUND TROOPS!

THE APPROACH OF THE LARGE FORCE IS SPOTTED BY THE SUB-EARTHMEN...

LOOK! AN ARMED FORCE COMES TO ATTACK! WE HAVE BEEN BETRAYED!



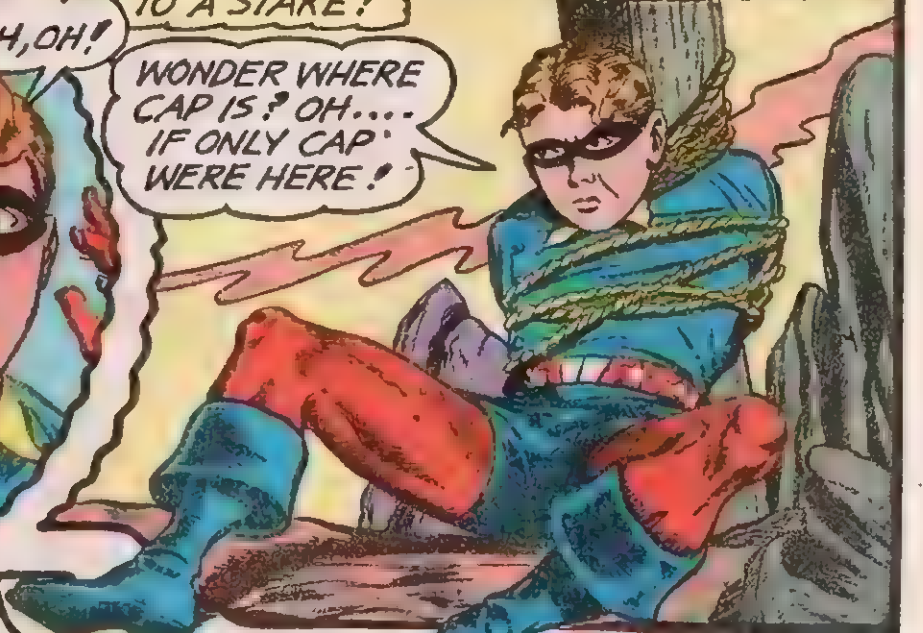
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED! BUCKY'S LIFE MUST BE FORFEITED!

HE IS INNOCENT OF WRONG DOING! LET NO ONE HARM HIM!

OH, OH!

THE OVER-POWERED BUCKY IS LEFT BOUND TO A STAKE!

WONDER WHERE CAP IS? OH.... IF ONLY CAP WERE HERE!



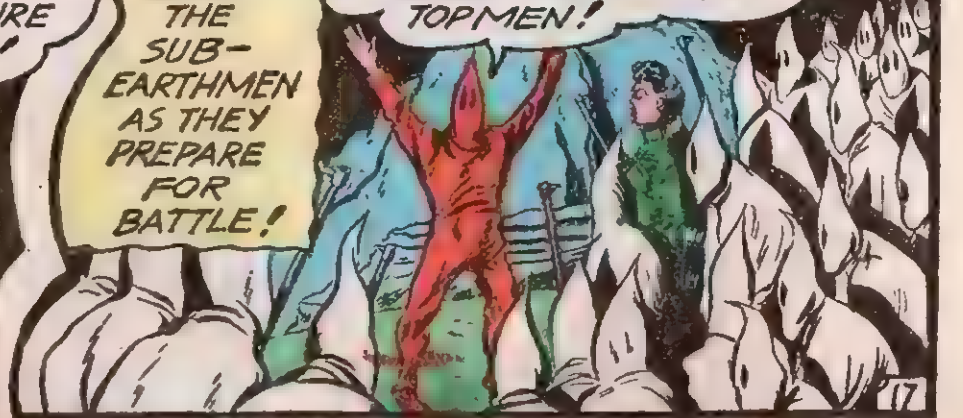
A SUB-EARTHMAN SPEAKS...

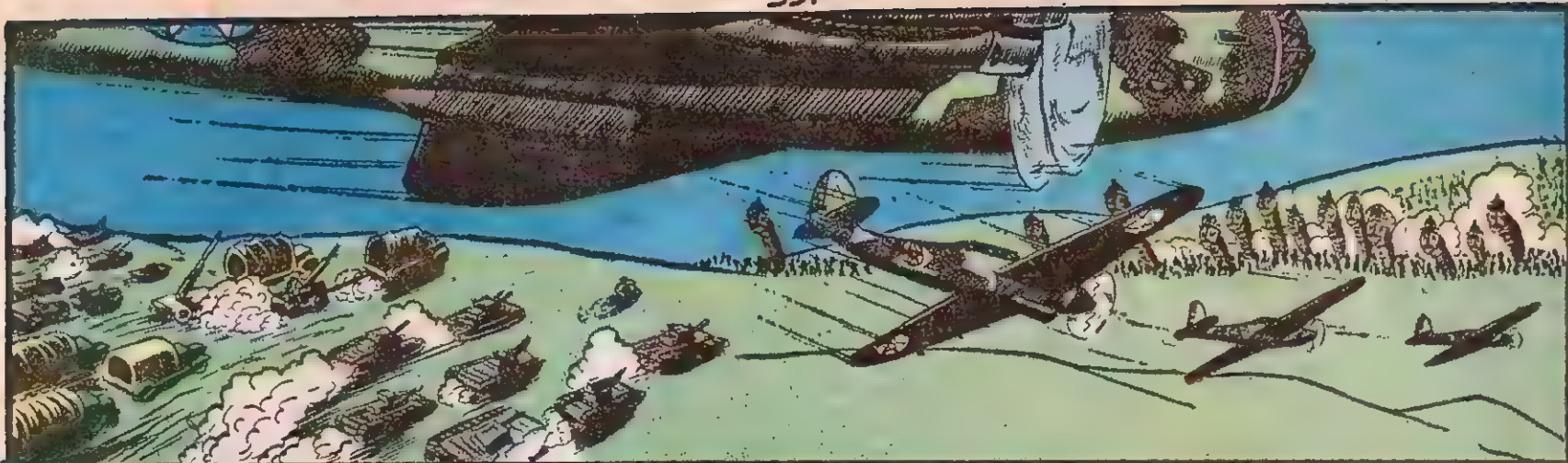


FIRST, WE DO BATTLE WITH THE TOPMEN! THE BOY'S DEATH WILL BE RESERVED AS A FINAL GESTURE OF REVENGE!

THE HOODED LEADER JOINS THE SUB-EARTHMEN AS THEY PREPARE FOR BATTLE!

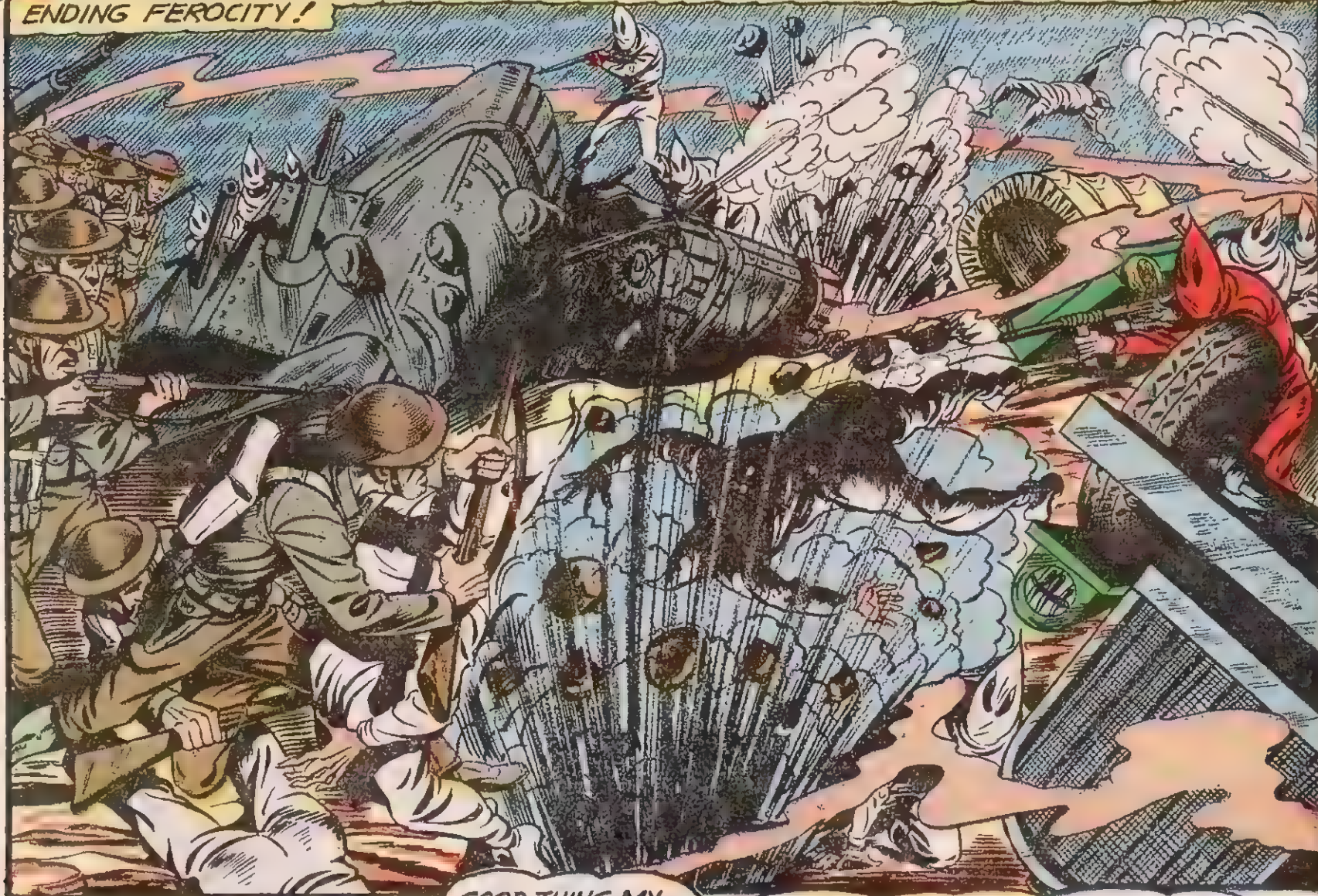
GATHER THE WEAPONS I GAVE YOU! I MYSELF WILL LEAD YOU IN COMBAT AGAINST THE TOPMEN!





THE TWO GREAT FORCES RACE ACROSS THE PLAINS, READY TO START A DEVASTATING BATTLE TO DEATH...

AN UPROARIOUS WAR CRY RESOUNDS OVER THE LAND AS THE ENEMY FORCES CLASH WITH WORLD-ENDING FEROCITY!



BUT AS THE NOISE OF BATTLE SHRIEKS THRU THE NIGHT AIR... A LONELY FIGURE PAINFULLY RISES FROM HIS DANGEROUS PERCH!

GOOD THING MY SHIELD BROKE MY FALL! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON THE GUY WHO... SAY! WHAT'S THAT SHOOTING?

I'M TOO LATE! THE BATTLE'S STARTED! POOR BUCKY! I MUST SAVE HIM!



MEANWHILE, AT THE CAMP OF THE SUB-EARTH MEN!

THE BATTLE GOES
BADLY FOR
US!

BAH! I GAVE YOU WEAPONS
TO DESTROY THE AMERICAN
ARMY, AND YOU HAVE
BUNGLED THE JOB!

BUT
CAPTAIN
AMERICA'S
FRIEND MUST
DIE ANYWAY...
NOW!

AND I HAVE
THE PLEASURE
OF KILLING
YOU....
MYSELF!

IF I WEREN'T
TIED UP,
YOU NAZI
STOOGES, I'D...

NO! NO!
HE'S INNOCENT!
STOP!

JUST THEN...

CAP!

YOU!

LEAVE
THAT
KID
ALONE!

SUB-EARTH MEN ATTACK AS THE LEADER
RECOVERS AND SLINKS AWAY!

HE LIED TO
US! SLAY
HIM!

I WILL RELEASE YOU, BRAVE ONE!

THANKS, QUEEN!

POW!

BUCKY JOINS THE FIGHT!

THE LAST ONE, CAP!

AIPE!

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY DASH INTO THE MIDST OF THE RAGING BATTLE!

YOUR HOODED LEADER MUST HAVE BEEN THE ONE WHO KNOCKED ME OUT BEFORE I COULD BRING YOUR PLEDGE OF PEACE TO THE TOPMEN'S ARMY! BUT I WILL SEE THEM NOW, AND STOP THE USELESS SLAUGHTER!

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO GENERAL HAYWOOD AND STOP THE BATTLE!

PEACE IS DECLARED! THE STORY IS GIVEN TO THE NEWS REPORTERS!

WELL, IF THEY WANT PEACE, I'LL DECLARE A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES!

ARMISTICE HAS BEEN DECLARED, GENTLEMEN!

THE U.S. ARMY DIDN'T MAKE A VERY GOOD SHOWING, DID IT, GENERAL?

I'D RECOGNIZE THAT VOICE ANYWHERE!—THE HOODED LEADER!

AND THESE SUB-EARTHMEN WERE MISLED BY SOME NAZI FIFTH COLUMNIST WHO GAVE THEM WEAPONS TO DESTROY US!

HAN'S KNUTE, REPORTER AND NAZI AGENT, EH?

WHY-ER, WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

MAYBE THIS WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY!

WHAM!

HE'S THROUGH, CAP!

ACCEPT THE GRATITUDE OF THE SUB-EARTHMEN CAPTAIN AMERICA, FOR SHOWING THEM THE WAY TO PEACE!

NO MORE! I'M GUILTY!

THE END

SITUATION WANTED

I Got an Action Story

by MORTIMER BREEN

LOOK, I got a story to write—lemme alone. Where'd I get the plot? Okay, I'll tell y' if you go away and let me write.

An hour ago I'm stuck, see? The chief says "I need a story—lots of action, up-to-the-minute stuff!"

"What about?" I ask.

"Oh, about two-thousand words," he wisecracks. I never did like his type of unfunniness so I walk out, see? Well, anyway, I'm sitting here tearing up a lot of war-precious paper and running pipe-cleaners thru my hod—and listening to the pencil-pushers in the next office—a bunch of artists. Theirs is an unsurpassable brand of conversation ranging from Greek Art to poker-hands and girls. None of this gives me the idea I'm hung up for. And the bickering of those pulp-paper Michaelangelos gets to be too much. Lordy. How can I snag an idea for an action story in a place where all the adventure comes on Friday night signing for the pay-envelopes. No flash-bang; no nothing!

So I leave. Okay, so the boss blows the ceiling—all he can do is get mad. He can't fire me; if he does, who'll he have to blow off steam at? I ask you.

I'm leaning on the west side of a malted-milk (with chocolate ice-cream) and saying about the Dodgers having a good chance this year and Wilbur, the soda-perk saying counterwise. He's a Giant man. A half-ton of muscle maneuvers to the next stool, plants an elbow or two on the counter and scratches—with potato-grater soundeffects—a two-day mat of whisker. In my book

he registers strictly a non-ice-cream soda drinker. But then, I've been wrong before like when I thought I could rig 2,000 words worth of slam-bang action.

This beef monopoly stares up and down the FOUNTAIN SUGGESTION pasted on the mirror just as if he can read, and mumbles something about a "parfait." Yeah, you heard me—a "parfait." And Wilbur gives—as curious as I am and the lug starts plowing it—sure as shooting. Yeah, that's just what I mean—shooting—because that's when it begins!

Wha-a-ango! The tall parfait glass levels down to table-top height with a squidge of ice-cream and clatter of glass. Accompanying noises include a "pinggg-eeee" of a .38 slug bouncing off a fresh knick in the fountain, a falsetto "Yipe!" from Wilbur and a thud from my left shoulder as the footrail impedes my sudden impulse to hug the floor . . .

There I am, making like a disappearing act—and mad! Sure, mad. I try to spend a half-hour forgetting the action-story idea I never have anyway and get upset by a bullet from some guy I probably never even met.

I'm curled against the counter in such a way as to get a full view of the swinging doors—which aren't swinging at this time. So I figure nobody's gone out . . . like the parfait-eating bruiser, than whom nobody else would be subject to the lethal attentions of the .38. Having the logical mind of a literary person, I soon figure the lug

must still be in the store, so I creep along the counter and look around the end. And come knee-level of Wilbur's very trembly trousers. Getting up, I ask the conventional "What happened?"

"Search me," is Wilbur's neat retort. "All I know's a parfait glass is busted an' I'll git docked fer it." (That gives you the picture in re the sort of action I find around this morgue.)

Looking about, I tally a few changes in the place, item: one V-shaped gouge in the fountain-top; item: one parfait glass highly segmented; item: one hole in platglass front ornamented with a star-shaped crack effect all around; item: no Beefy Boy. And I note, also, the alleyway door is still bolted from the inside. Beefy Boy didn't go out and he doesn't stay in . . . a mystery I refrain from discussing with any Giant fan.

Two policemen come in about the time they are sure it's safe. They have notebooks and a set of "answer-me-yes-or-no" questions—and me worrying about the answer to the 2,000 word whizzer hanging over my head. They look around and dig the .38 slug from the prescription-department screen, leaving a hole that might have been made by a French .75. And they go away.

I'm sipping a "coke" on the house—Wilbur says it'll steady my nerves as if I have any. And I'm trying to get an angle on Beefy Boy's evanishment and my whing-ding saga at the same time. And I'm fending off Wilbur's attempts to pick up the

Dodgers - vs - Giants argument from where it had been literally shot to pieces. Then—YOW!

A heavy thump—a glass shatter-noise as of considerable breakage—and a bass-note mutter emit from the prescription department. My nerves try blowing me skyward but my mind—which is fast getting lost—says “hit the deck!” My knees are weak and offer no resistance to said course of action.

Wilbur obviously reacts similarly for when I crawl to the back end of the fountain I meet him, also on all fours, looking as if he never expects to see another opening game (which is tomorrow) in his life. We tool around the drug counter and find a hefty crate of pharmaceuticals—pills, powders, lotions, and the like—smashed wide open, spilling every which way. Fearing the glass fragments, we take our hands and knees from the floor, of necessity resorting to a standing posture—which is our fatal mistake!

No sooner does Wilbur's face overreach the stack of newly-delivered drug goods than a meaty fist threshes from behind the carton barrier. Wilbur has very little to say on the way back to the floor. I'm no hero but I figure what the deuce! and start pulling the cartons aside, which Beefy Boy is also doing. And we collide—in a way—his first and my left eye. Fortunately, I am backing away slightly as is my habit in such encounters so I sort of ride with the blow . . .

Big Stuff lashes out in neat fashion, weaving back as I duck his left and come in elbows high to push his face. I'm counting on Wilbur to get up and be of use—I always am an optimist. Beefy Boy takes the head stuff like candy. Then he delivers me over the drug-counter and thru the screen with somersault trimming which lands me on one

foot and one knee. I don't like this, especially as I don't know the guy and I still got that action-story assignment nagging at me. Beefy, trumpeting like a bull-elephant, comes my way, hurdling the counter in athletic form. Retreat for reinforcements is suggested by the situation. I run to the show window and grab the best ammunition in reach which is the seven-gallon glass jar of emerald-green water that mates up with a red one on the other side.

Beefy figures my purpose and tries to make the leeward side of the fountain. He hips hard into a stool and takes the floor full on—a perfect target for my weapon. Now, I never hit a man when he's down—if I'm sure he'll go his share and stay that way. But Beefy Boy gave no such signs. So I removed my left from the glass globe and set for a neat shovel-pass to his face when—

. . . K-kr-eee-ack! The thing falls apart in my mit . . . with noises unpleasantly like the demolition of one parfait glass, since departed.

I'm rooted on the spot. In fact, very afraid. Next thing I know the two quizz-program cops give me the arm-lock business and a short, tab-collared, shoulder-padded sharpie under a pork-pie hat is dancing about pointing wildly at me and then at Beefy Boy and chattering a hundred to the square-foot!

For a minute it looks like an assault-and-battery charge against me. But Sharpie backs down when I say something about being a newspaper man—which I AM NOT! This shuts him up. And I finally get the history of this screwy business, (that is—after the cops leave and Wilbur recovers to pump us cherry cokes and we're palsy.)

You see, Beefy Boy's really “Thunder” Wenczikowski, the coming light-heavy for East Jer-

sey. He can't keep his weight in line on account of being a fiend about desserts of all kinds, sizes and quantities. And the little Sharpie's his manager and trying to stop this threat to a glorious career. He's given up the idea of doing it the easy way — just doesn't work. The mgr. has no stature but plenty acumen. He carries a rod wherewith he is a genius—a veritable .38 Robin Hood. The procedure is to tail the big lug and, from a distance, relieve him of his adipose-adding foodstuffs. This gives him—the squirt—a running lead, a vital consideration in that “Thunder” objects to losing his desserts.

Also, the little man objects to losing his champ — hence his blocking my shovel-pass. All of which is reasonable enough.

They get up to go, the sharpie dropping a C-note on the counter for damages. Then I remember! Having a greater urge to factual statement than to delicacy, I blurt: “Wenczikowski? Yeah, now I remember! You're the boy that ‘Irish’ Farbstein mopped up Hartford arena with two years ago, aren't y'?”

Every gun on the North Carolina explodes in my face!

When I come to—courtesy of a water-pail and Wilbur's kind offices, the box-fight guys are gone. I sit up, leaning against the magazine rack. As I ease my way up to standing I spot a month-old copy of DARING DEEDS, a pulp magazine that's been trying to buck our own books. I get an idea!

DARING DEEDS has some good stuff in it so why not swipe a story?—a little change here and there on an airplane story—you know. . . . Of course it goes against the grain to steal plots *all* the time but what's a guy going to do when there's no action around the place to pick up from, huh?

Now go away and let me write, will y'?

The FIGHTING YANK



THE CHINA ROAD

• LIFELINE TO STRUGGLING CHINA. DESPERATELY, THE TREACHEROUS JAPANESE TRY AGAIN AND AGAIN TO SHUT OFF THIS TWISTING, TORTUROUS HIGHWAY AND NOW WHEN THEY HAVE ALMOST SUCCEEDED THEY MEET THEIR GREATEST THREAT... SWORN TO THE CAUSE OF EMBATTLED DEMOCRACY!

THE FIGHTING YANK

DEEP IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA
BILL PRINCE RECEIVES HIS ORDERS...

THESE NATIVES HAVE DONE
A LOT OF BUNGLING, BILL. THEY'VE
FALLEN FOR EVERY TRAP THE
JAPS HAVE SET. I'M DEPENDING
ON YOU TO GET THE
CONVOY THROUGH!

I WON'T
LET YOU
DOWN,
SIR.

NOW WHERE'S
THAT AH KEE.
HOW'M I GOING
TO TELL THESE BOYS
WHAT TO DO WITHOUT
AN INTERPRETER?

AH KEE WILL TELL
YOU ANYTHING YOU
DON'T KNOW, BILL.
GOOD LUCK!

SO
LONG!

HAVE YOU
CONTACTED
THEM?

YES, THEY
ARE READY TO
LISTEN!

WHILE OUTSIDE,
BILL'S AIDE IS BENT
ON DIRTY WORK!

THIS IS XS CALLING
B 7. THE CONVOY LEAVES IN
FIVE MINUTES. IT SHOULD
BE AT WIN WEH PASS AT
ABOUT ONE FORTY.
BANZAI.

LIKE A TWISTING
SNAKE, THE LINE
OF TRUCKS BEGIN
THE LONG
JOURNEY.

IT'S ABOUT
TIME!!

SO SORRY. HAVE
TO SAY GOODBYE
TO HONORABLE
COUSIN.

WELL,
NONE OF
THEM HAVE
FALLEN OFF
YET!

LATER - HIGH IN
THE MOUNTAINS....

SUDDENLY, A SHOT RINGS OUT AND THEN ANOTHER AND ANOTHER!

OH, OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE!

MAYBE TRUCK BACK FIRE

BACK FIRE MY EYE. IT'S JAPS ALL RIGHT!

NO TIME TO LOSE. TAKE COVER, MEN!

WE ORDER YOU TO SURRENDER!

SOON A FIERCE BATTLE RAGES!

HERE'S WHERE YOU SKUNKS TAKE A LOT OF PUNISHMENT!

TARGET PRACTICE, EH?

?

NO SHOOTING FOR YOU FOR AWHILE!

THE DARING YANK SNATCHES A MACHINE GUN
BEHIND THE JAPS AND GOES TO TOWN!

TAKE THAT,
YOU RATS!

RUN! RUN! SOME TRAITOR
HAS TURNED ON OUR BACKS!

RAT-TAT-TAT

RUN AND DON'T
COME BACK!

IF AMERICAN FOOL DECIDE
TO HAVE TRUCKS MAKE RUN FOR
IT, THIS WILL PREVENT HIM!

IN THE MEANTIME, AU KEE
DOES HIS PART!

SILENTLY, THE
FIGHTING YANK
APPEARS.

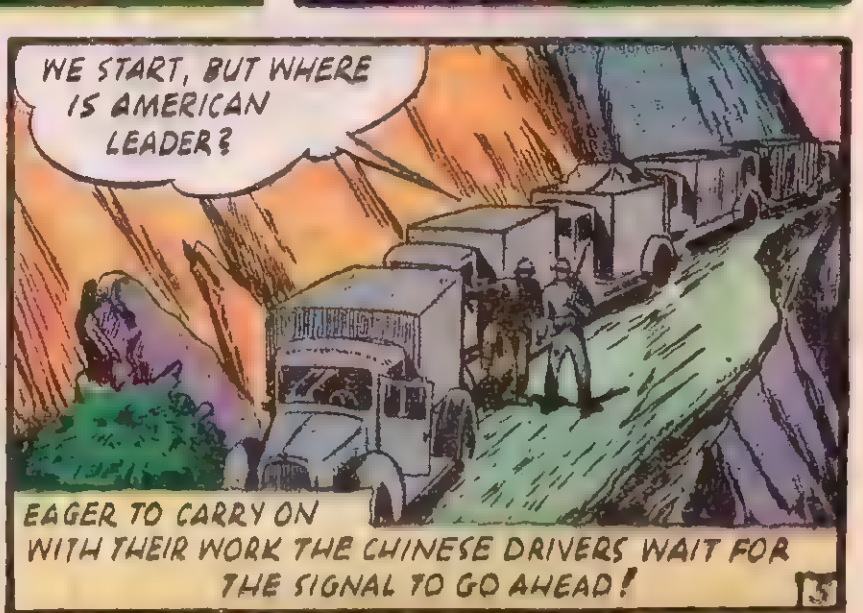
WHAT'S HE
DOING?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING
TO THAT ENGINE?

OH!
EH-AH--

HEAR STRANGE
NOISE IN MOTOR.
TRY TO FIX

YOU WERE FIXING
IT ALL RIGHT,
YOU DOUBLE
CROSSING---



THE JAP LEADER GETS
AH KEE'S SIGNAL!

TO THE ATTACK MEN. AND
THIS TIME WE DO NOT
FAIL!

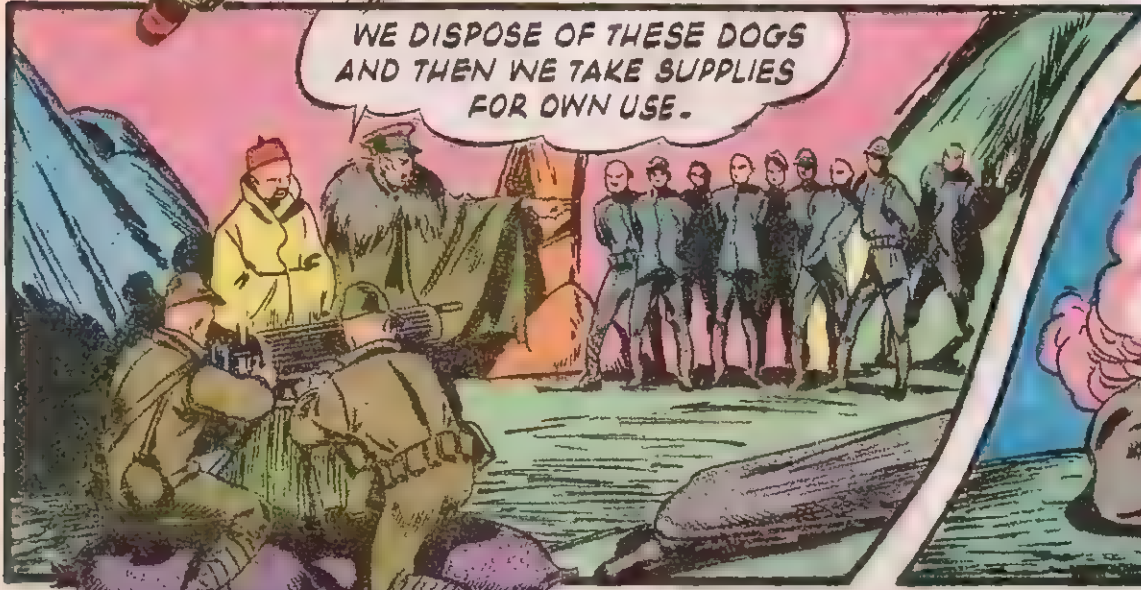


CAUGHT OFF GUARD THE DRIVERS ARE SUR-
PRISED IN THEIR TRUCKS!

CHINESE DOGS!
GET OUT!

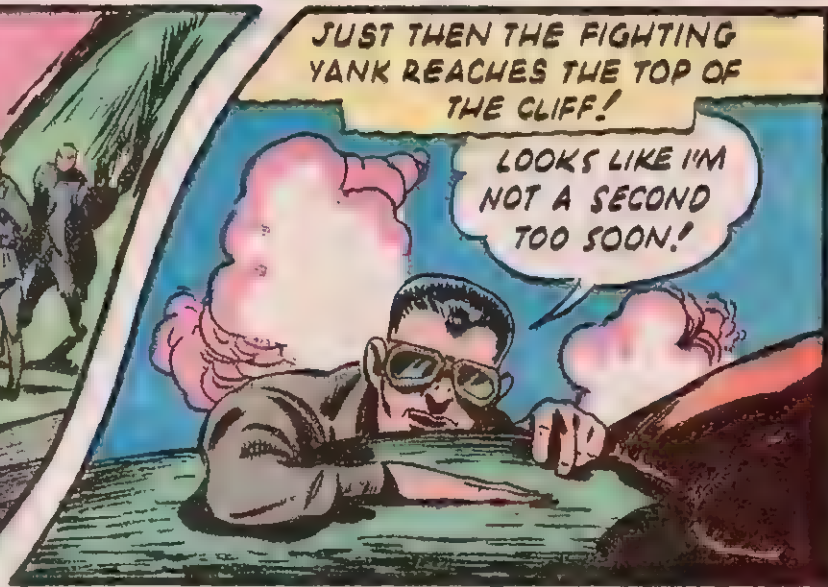


WE DISPOSE OF THESE DOGS
AND THEN WE TAKE SUPPLIES
FOR OWN USE.



JUST THEN THE FIGHTING
YANK REACHES THE TOP OF
THE CLIFF!

LOOKS LIKE I'M
NOT A SECOND
TOO SOON!

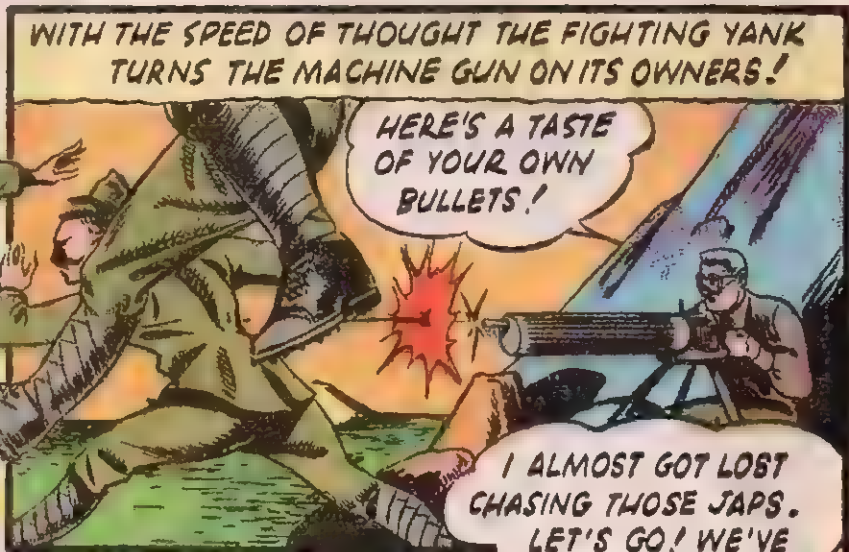


I'LL
TAKE THIS
GUN!



WITH THE SPEED OF THOUGHT THE FIGHTING YANK
TURNS THE MACHINE GUN ON ITS OWNERS!

HERE'S A TASTE
OF YOUR OWN
BULLETS!



I ALMOST GOT LOST
CHASING THOSE JAPS.
LET'S GO! WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE
UP FOR THE
TIME WE'VE LOST
HERE!

I HAVE SOMETHING
TO SAY TO YOU,
TRAITOR!

WE COMMITTED HARI KIRI. HE
IS REALLY A JAP WHO
LOOKED CHINESE
AND FOOLED
US ALL!



BUT THE COWARDLY TRAITOR
BEATS THE FIGHTING YANK TO IT!



WHERE WERE
YOU, MR.
PRINCE?



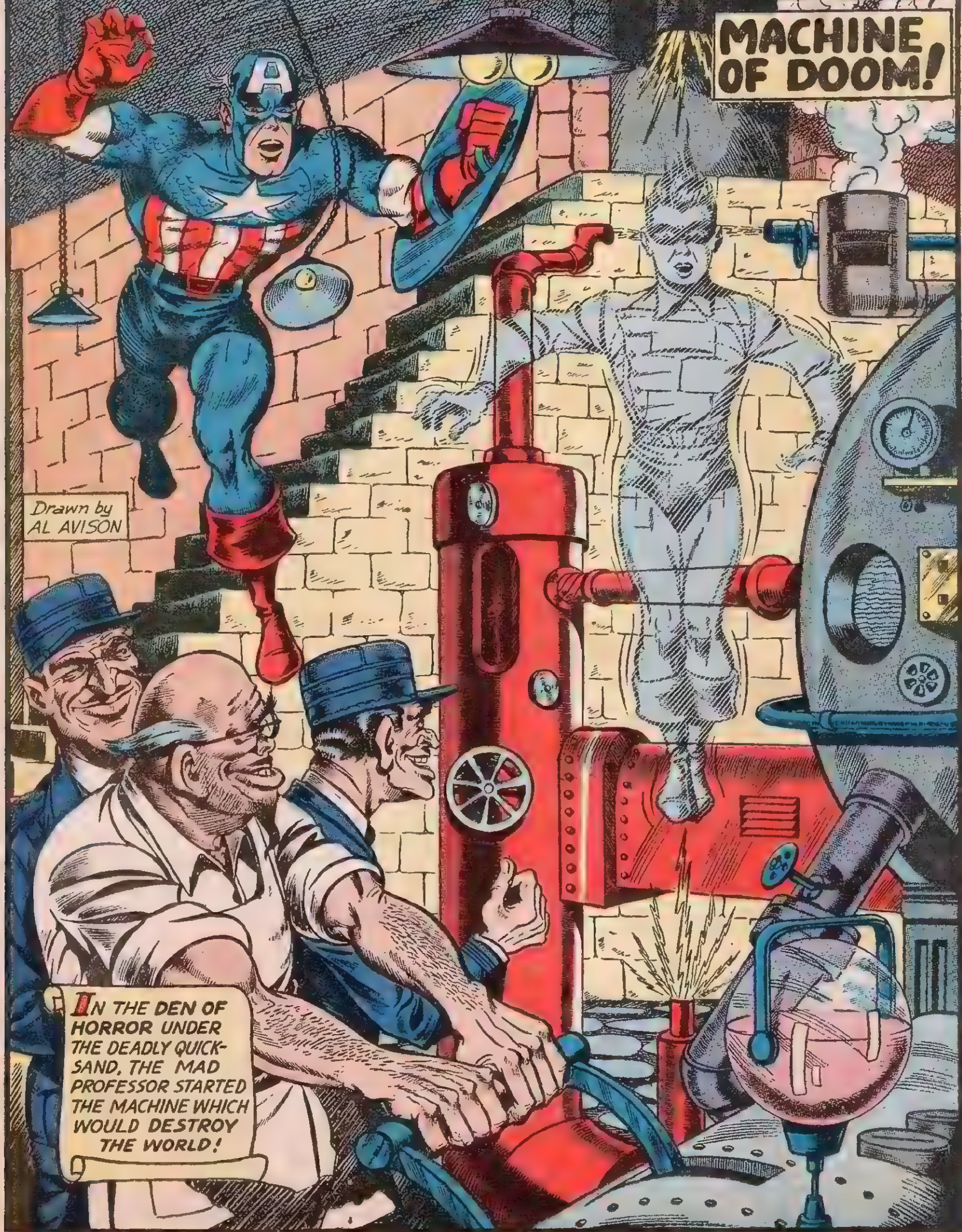
THE END!

CAPTAIN AMERICA

**MACHINE
OF DOOM!**

Drawn by
AL AVISON

IN THE DEN OF
HORROR UNDER
THE DEADLY QUICK-
SAND, THE MAD
PROFESSOR STARTED
THE MACHINE WHICH
WOULD DESTROY
THE WORLD!



CAMP LEHIGH...PRIVATE STEVE ROGERS AND HIS YOUNG PAL BUCKY RETURN FROM LEAVE...

H'YA SARGE, DID Y'MISS YOUR TWO PETS!

SARGE, YOU SHOULDA BEEN WITH US! WE PAINTED THE TOWN RED!

THEN YOU LOAFERS ARE IN GOOD PRACTICE... Y'KIN START PAINTING THESE BARRACKS GREY! HOP TO IT!

BUT LET US TURN TO A LABORATORY ON AN ISLAND IN MURKY SWAMP WHERE THE EMINENT SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR MOTT, IS DISTURBED....

I CAN'T STAND IT!

LOOK AT THIS! JUST LOOK...!

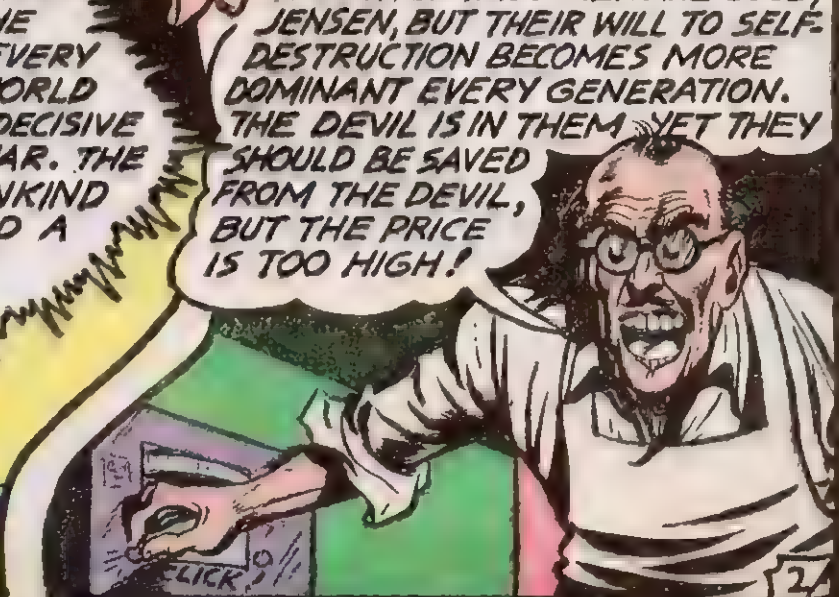
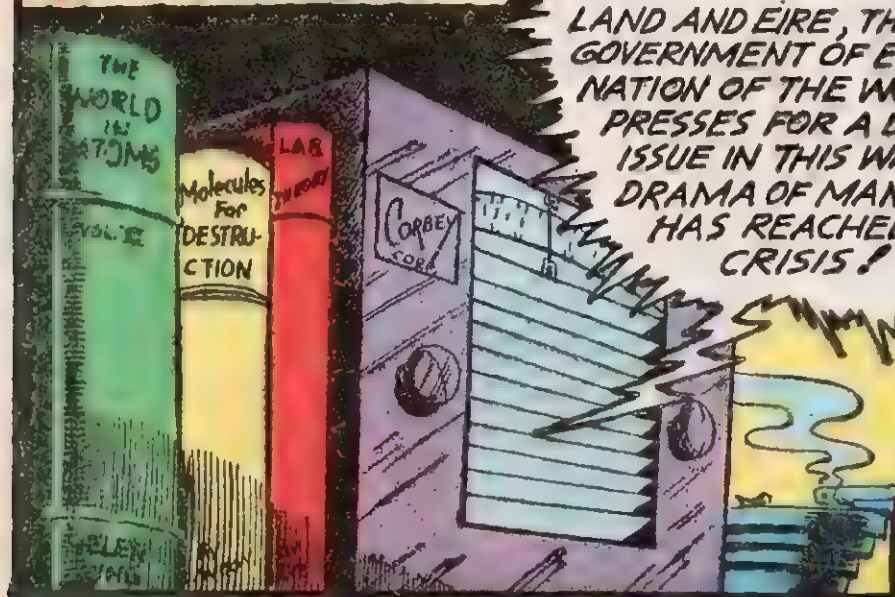
MURDER! DESECRATION! RUIN! AH, JENSEN, THE PITY OF IT!

A PITY, SIR!

MOTT'S RADIO BLASTS...

EXCEPT FOR SWITZERLAND AND EIRE, THE GOVERNMENT OF EVERY NATION OF THE WORLD PRESSES FOR A DECISIVE ISSUE IN THIS WAR. THE DRAMA OF MANKIND HAS REACHED A CRISIS!

ENOUGH OF THIS! MEN ARE GOOD, JENSEN, BUT THEIR WILL TO SELF-DESTRUCTION BECOMES MORE DOMINANT EVERY GENERATION. THE DEVIL IS IN THEM YET THEY SHOULD BE SAVED FROM THE DEVIL, BUT THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH!



BUT WHAT'S THERE
TO DO, SIR?

THAT'S THE HORROR OF IT,
JENSEN... WE SCIENTISTS HAVE
INCALCULABLE KNOWLEDGE...

YET ARE
HELPLESS
TO BRING
HUMANITY
TO ITS SENSES!
THE DEVIL
RULES!

I LOVE THE WORLD - THE WORLD IS
GOING MAD! AND SO AM I!

YES, MAD! THE GREAT CLEMENT MOTT,
WILL STOP THIS WAR THE ONLY POSSIBLE
WAY!

BY DESTROYING
THE WORLD!

NO! NO!
DON'T TOUCH
THAT LEVER!

H-HOW,
SIR!

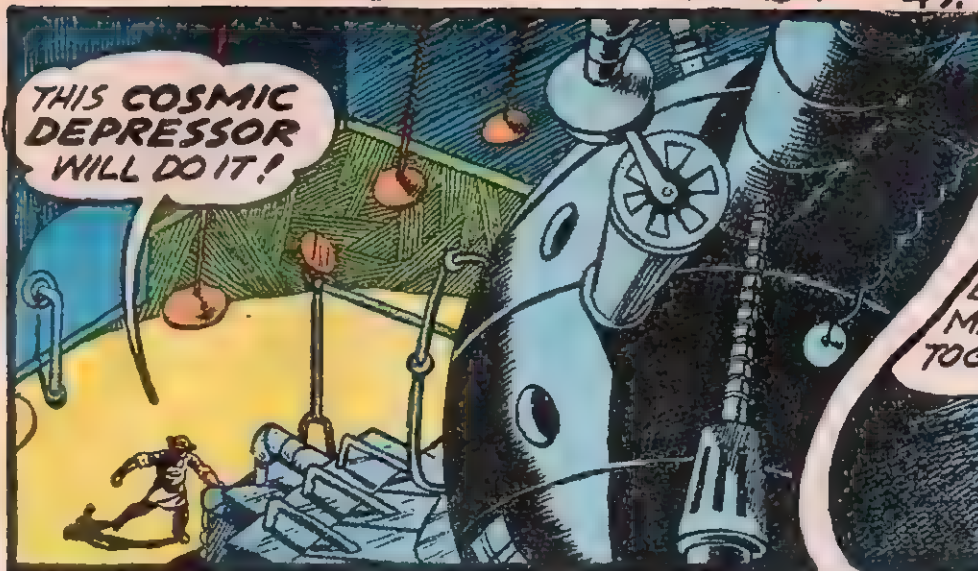
NO MAN WILL STOP ME
FROM MY MISSION!
I MUST SAVE MAN-
KIND... I AM
DESTINY!

JENSEN'S UNCONSCIOUS FORM IS
CARRIED INTO THE SWAMP!

NONE SHALL STOP ME!
MAN MUST BE SAVED!

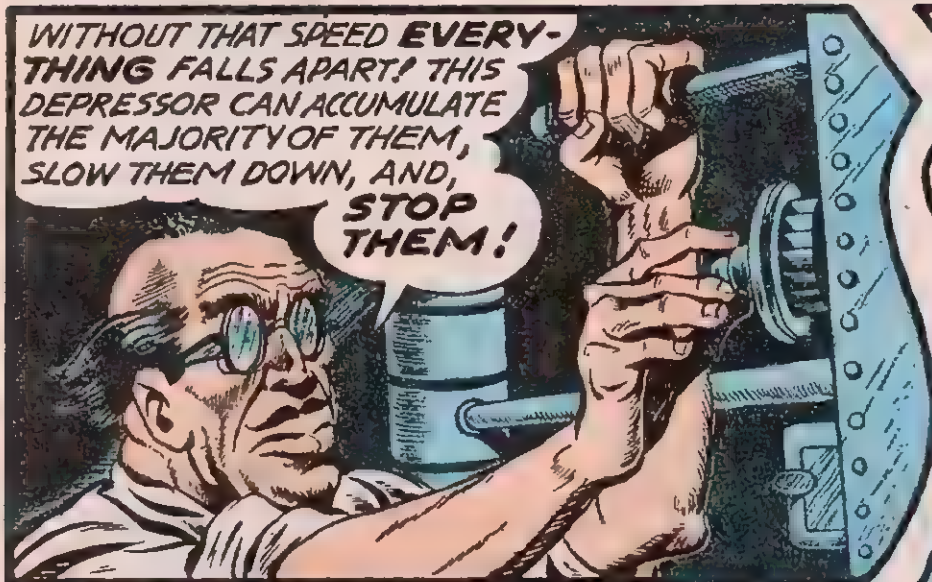
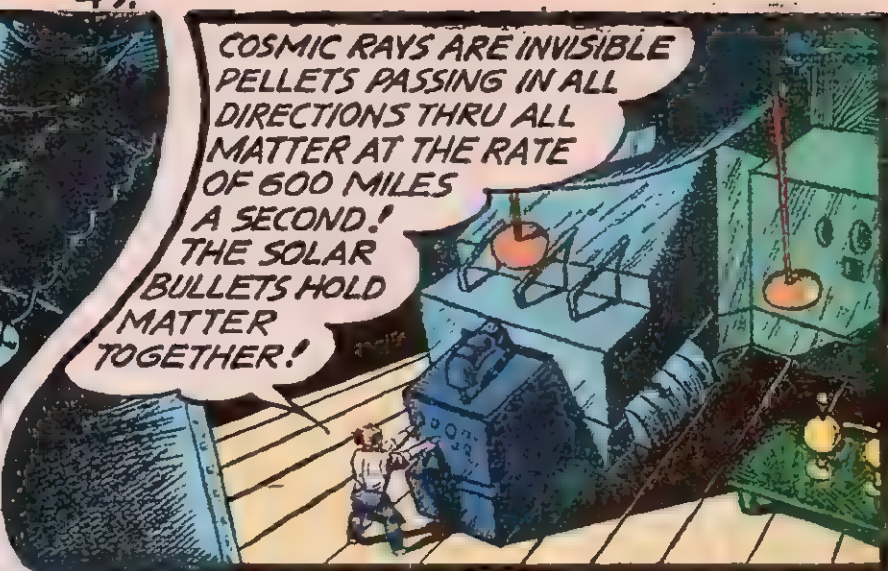
HE WAS A GOOD
MAN - BUT HE
DIDN'T UNDER-
STAND....

THIS SWAMP WILL
PROTECT ME FROM
THOSE WHO WOULD
INTERFERE - I ALONE
KNOW THE PASSAGE
THRU THE
QUICKSAND!



THIS COSMIC DEPRESSOR WILL DO IT!

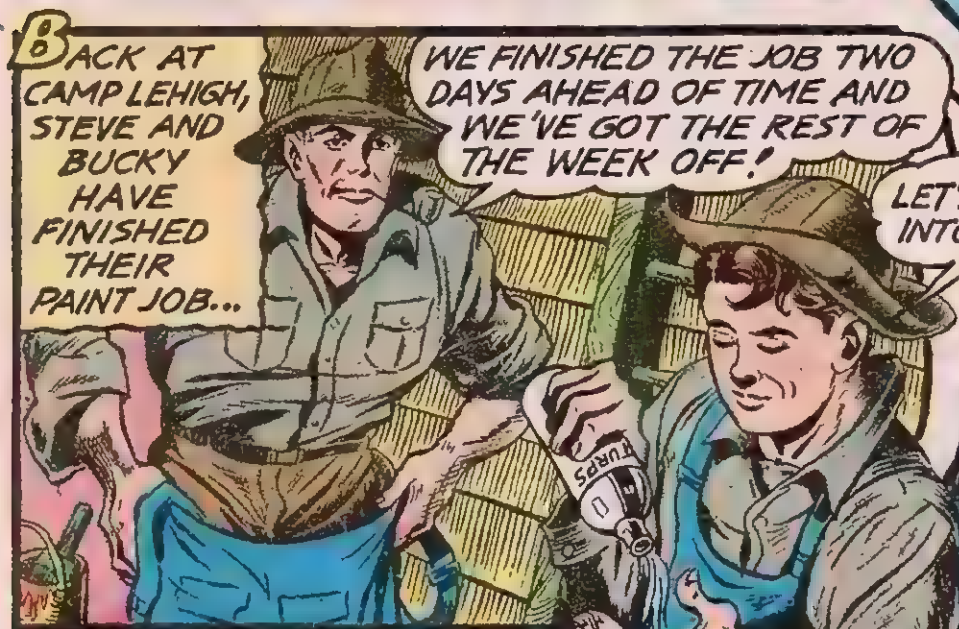
COSMIC RAYS ARE INVISIBLE PELLETS PASSING IN ALL DIRECTIONS THRU ALL MATTER AT THE RATE OF 600 MILES A SECOND! THE SOLAR BULLETS HOLD MATTER TOGETHER!



WITHOUT THAT SPEED EVERYTHING FALLS APART! THIS DEPRESSOR CAN ACCUMULATE THE MAJORITY OF THEM, SLOW THEM DOWN, AND, STOP THEM!



IT IS DONE - MANKIND IS SAVED! IN 48 HOURS ALL MATTER WILL DISINTEGRATE... ALL WILL BE DUST FLOATING IN SPACE!

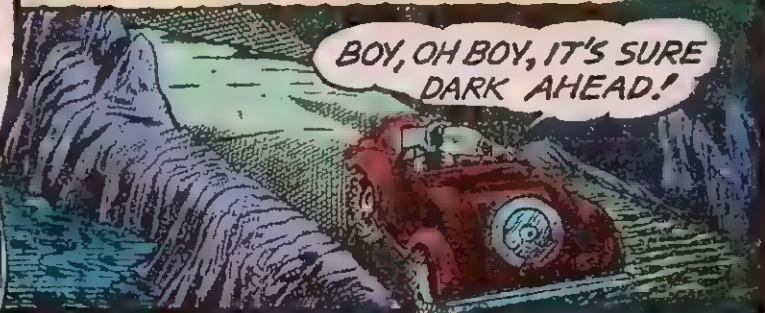


BACK AT CAMP LEHIGH, STEVE AND BUCKY HAVE FINISHED THEIR PAINT JOB...

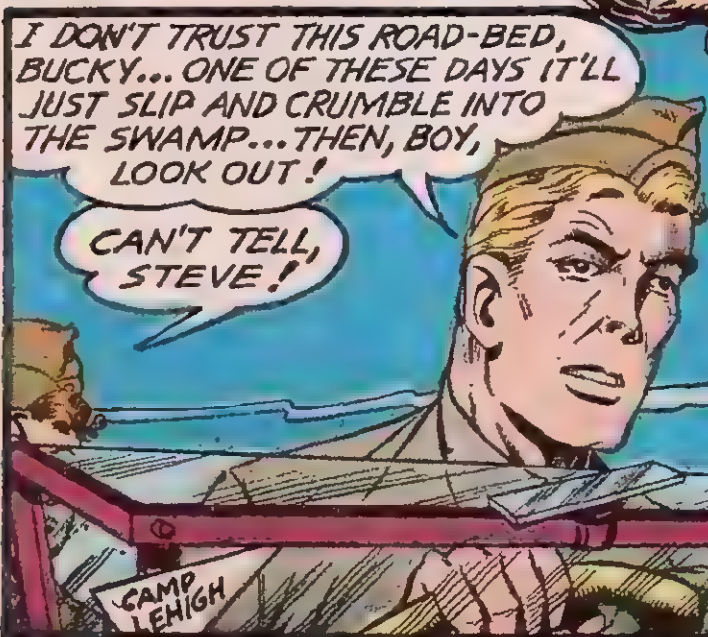
WE FINISHED THE JOB TWO DAYS AHEAD OF TIME AND WE'VE GOT THE REST OF THE WEEK OFF!

LET'S DRIVE INTO TOWN!

WHICH THEY DO, TAKING THE ROAD AROUND "MURKY SWAMP"! LITTLE REALIZING THE MENACE AHEAD!



BOY, OH BOY, IT'S SURE DARK AHEAD!



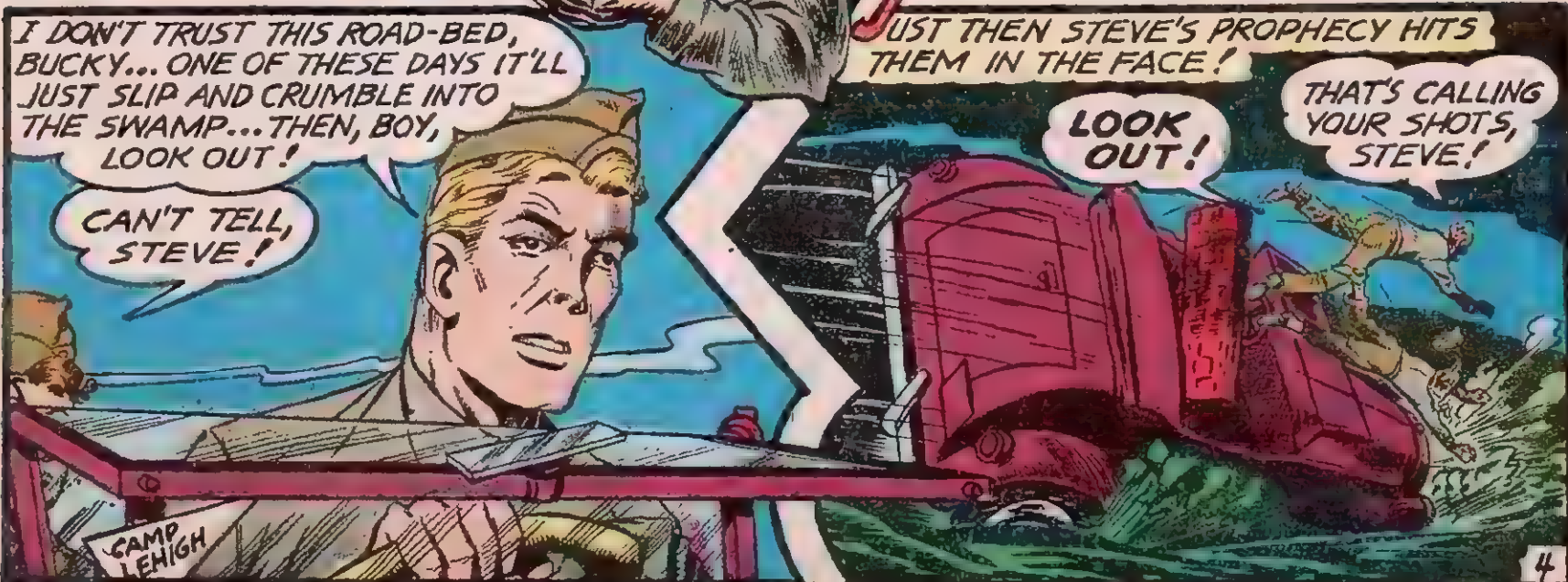
I DON'T TRUST THIS ROAD-BED, BUCKY... ONE OF THESE DAYS IT'LL JUST SLIP AND CRUMBLE INTO THE SWAMP... THEN, BOY, LOOK OUT!

CAN'T TELL, STEVE!

JUST THEN STEVE'S PROPHECY HITS THEM IN THE FACE!

LOOK OUT!

THAT'S CALLING YOUR SHOTS, STEVE!



CAMP LEHIGH

BUCKY SINKS INTO THE SANDS WITH AN ANGUISHED CRY... AS THE LAD REALIZES THAT HE'S CAUGHT IN A DEADLY TRAP!

BUCKY!

IT'S QUICKSAND!
I'M SINKING! STEVE!
HELP! STEVE! OHHHHHH...

B-B-BUCKY!...
OOHHH, T-T-THE
P-P-POOR K-K-KID!

IT-IT HAPPENED SO QUICK!
BUT I GUESS THAT'S THE
WAY IT IS WHEN IT COMES!
FAST! I'LL MISS YA KID....
I-I-I'LL MISS YA!

BUT LET US TURN TO VICHY, FRANCE,
FIVE DAYS EARLIER!

LE BULL, MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH
ACADEMY HAVE INFORMATION ON THE
FAMOUS AMERICAN'S DESTRUCTIVE
MACHINE. ITS
USES CAN BE
LOCALIZED... OUR
NAZI FRIENDS
CAN USE IT,
COMPRENEZ-VOUS?

OUI, MON ADMIRAL!

THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE
CAN BE OBLITERATED! YOU
WILL MAKE YOUR WAY BY
U-BOAT TO MARTINIQUE... AN
AIR-CLIPPER WILL RELAY YOU
TO FLORIDA... YOU WILL PARA-
JUMP INTO MURKY SWAMP!

MON CHEF, LE BULL
NEVER FAILS!

BACK TO THE HARROWING PRE-
SENT... GRIEF-STRIKEN STEVE
ROGERS STAGGERS DEEP INTO
MURKY SWAMP!

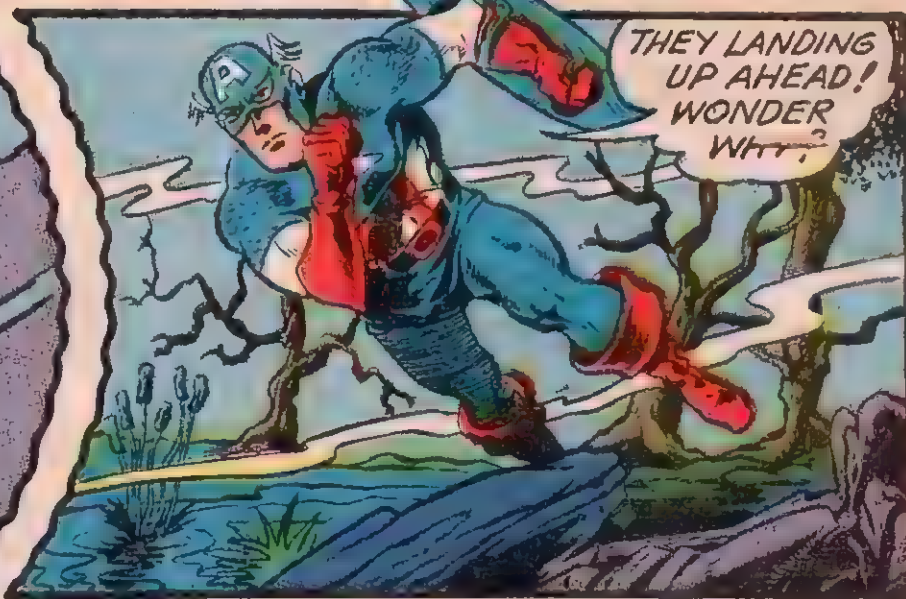
SUDDENLY, STEVE SEE SEES A QUEER SIGHT ABOVE...



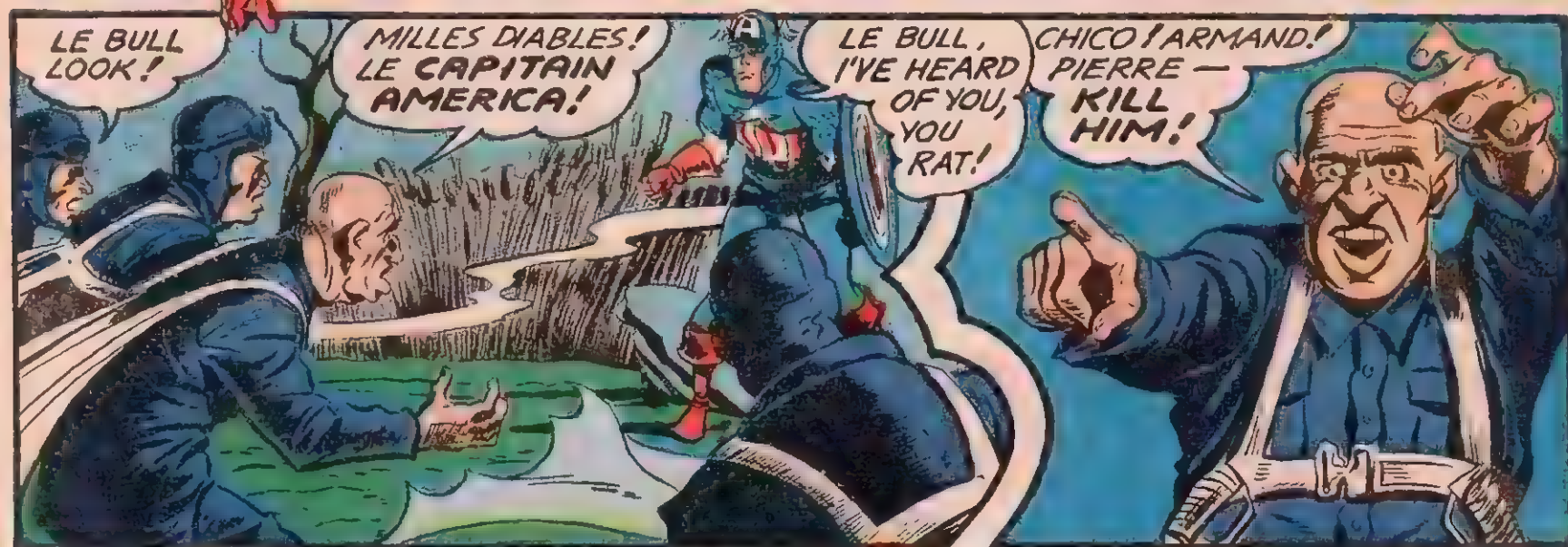
W-W-WHAT
THE...



THAT PLANE
HASN'T ENGINE
TROUBLE! THOSE
PARAJUMPERS
ARE UP TO
NO GOOD!
HERE'S WHERE
I START ACTING
A DIFFERENT
ROLE!



THEY LANDING
UP AHEAD!
WONDER
WHY?

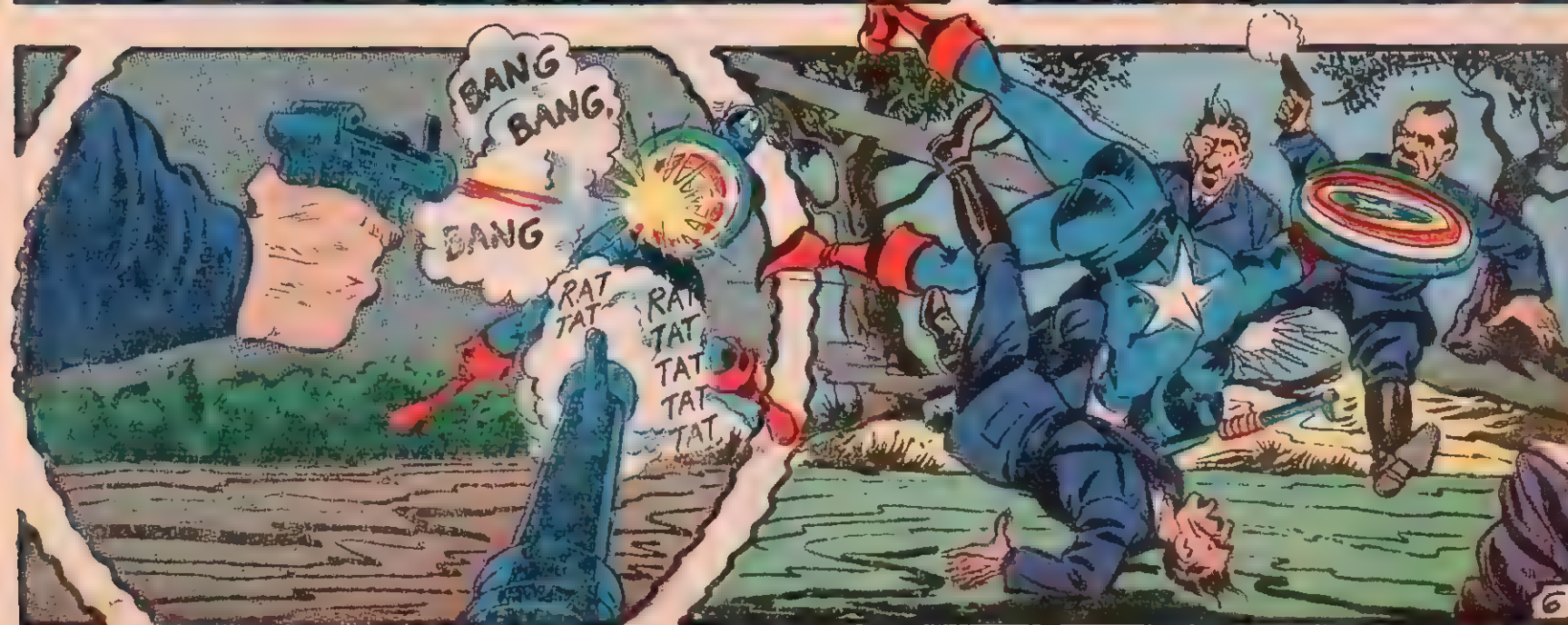


LE BULL
LOOK!

MILLES DIABLES!
LE CAPITAIN
AMERICA!

LE BULL,
I'VE HEARD
OF YOU,
YOU
RAT!

CHICO! ARMAND!
PIERRE —
KILL
HIM!



BANG
BANG.

BANG

RAT
TAT

RAT
TAT
TAT
TAT

SO YOU'RE
STICKING
YOUR NECK
OUT FOR
VICHY
FRANCE,
EH?

YOUR LEADER LE BULL AND HIS
MEN HAVE SKIPPED OUT ON YOU!
WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? SPEAK UP,
NAZI LOVER, BEFORE I CHOKE IT
OUT OF YOU!

...AND LE BULL
WILL DISCOVER
IT'S PRINCIPLE OF
OPERATION AND
MONSIEUR THE ADMIRAL
WILL PRESENT BERLIN
WITH A NEW AND
TERRIBLE WEAPON...
I KNOW
NO MORE!

THAT'S
ENOUGH!

A BATTERED
VICHY MAN
TELLS WHAT
HE KNOWS
OF MOTT'S
COSMIC
DEPRESSOR
AND LE BULL'S
MISSION...

QUICKSAND!

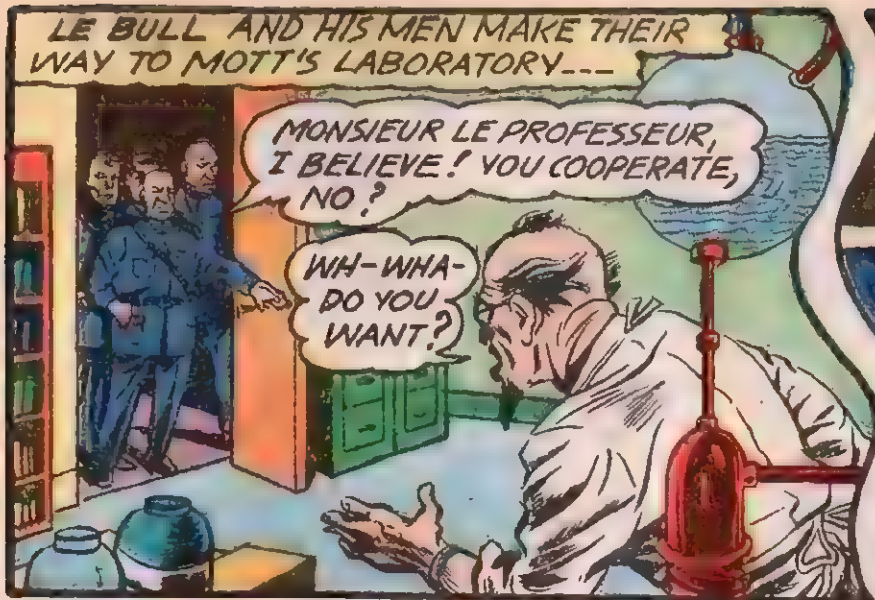
BUT AMERICA'S PRIME
DEFENDER SUDDENLY
FALLS INTO THE SAME
SWAMP TRAP THAT
CLAIMED BUCKY FOR
ITS VICTIM!

I MUST WIN THRU-
I MUST!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF DEATH-
BUT I WON'T DIE IN
VAIN!

UGH!

LE BULL AND HIS MEN MAKE THEIR WAY TO MOTT'S LABORATORY---



MONSIEUR LE PROFESSEUR, I BELIEVE! YOU COOPERATE, NO?

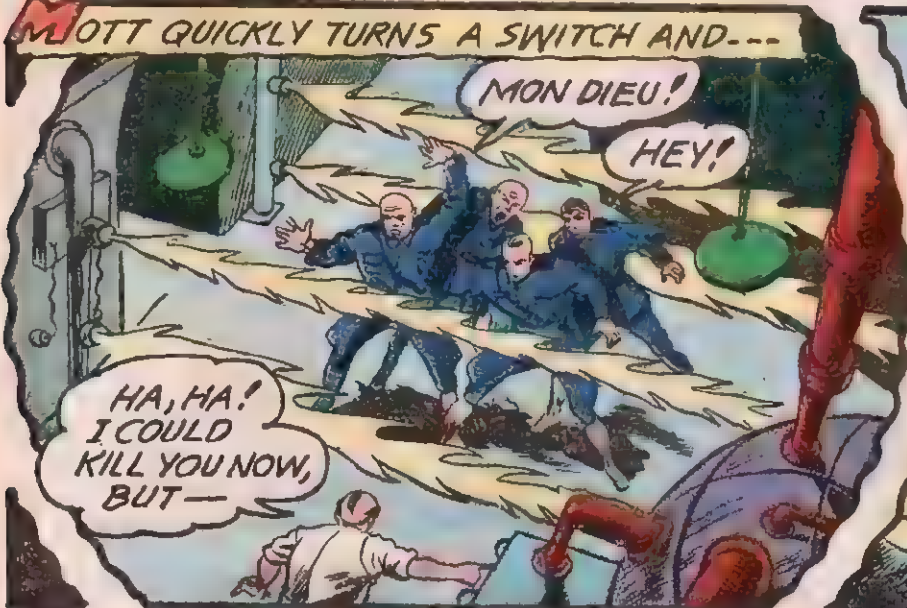
WH-WHA-DO YOU WANT?

THE COSMIC DEPRESSOR, NATURELLEMENT! GET HIM, MES AMIS!



NO! NO!

MOTT QUICKLY TURNS A SWITCH AND---



MON DIEU!

HEY!

HA, HA! I COULD KILL YOU NOW, BUT—

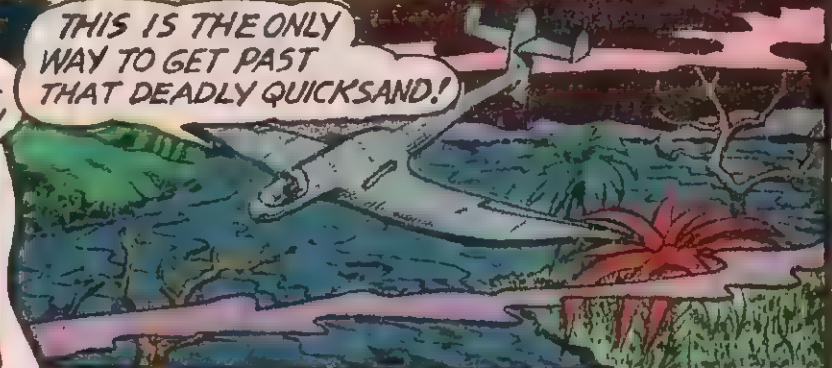
I WILL GIVE YOU THE HONOR OF DYING WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD!



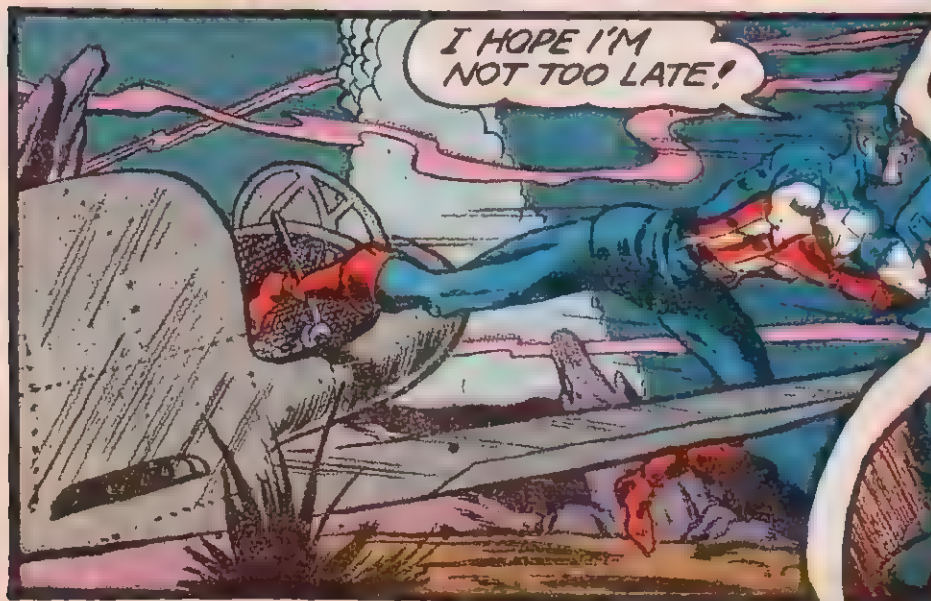
TWO DAYS PASS, AND A GLIDER APPEARS OVER THE SWAMP!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO GET PAST THAT DEADLY QUICKSAND!

IN JUST TWO DAYS, SEVEN HOURS, AND EIGHTEEN MINUTES, YOU ARE ALL DOOMED!

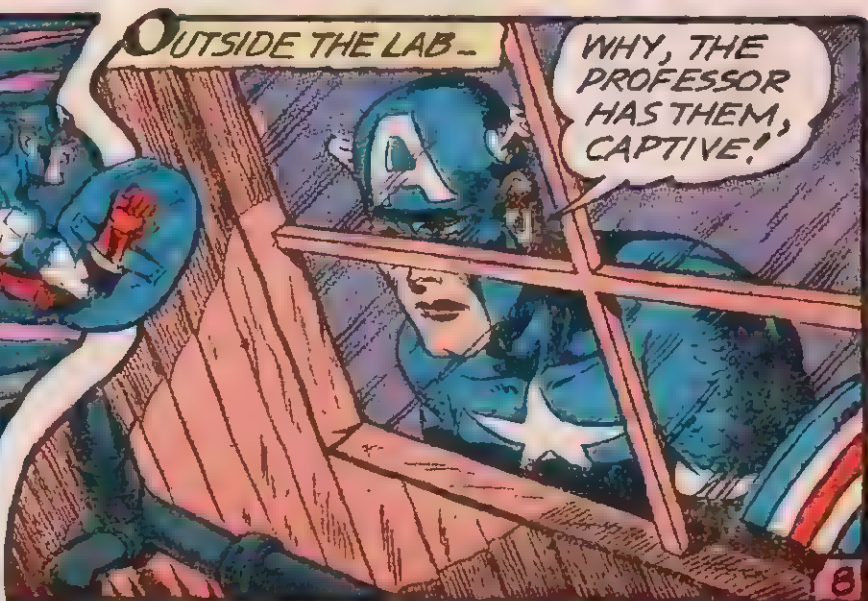


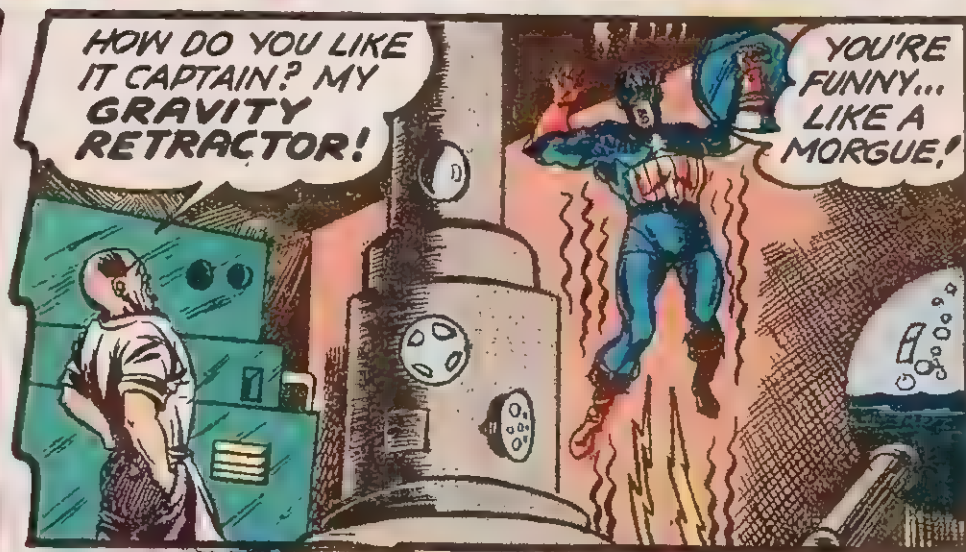
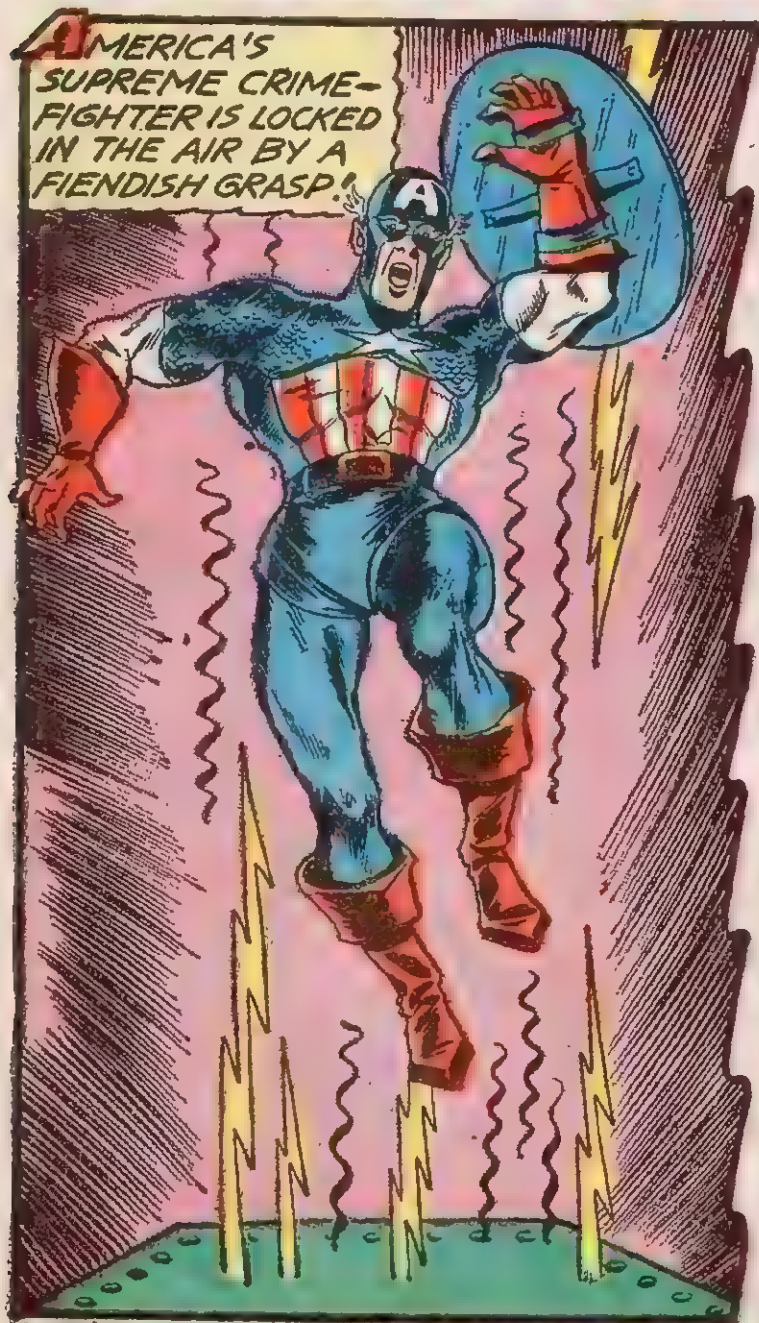
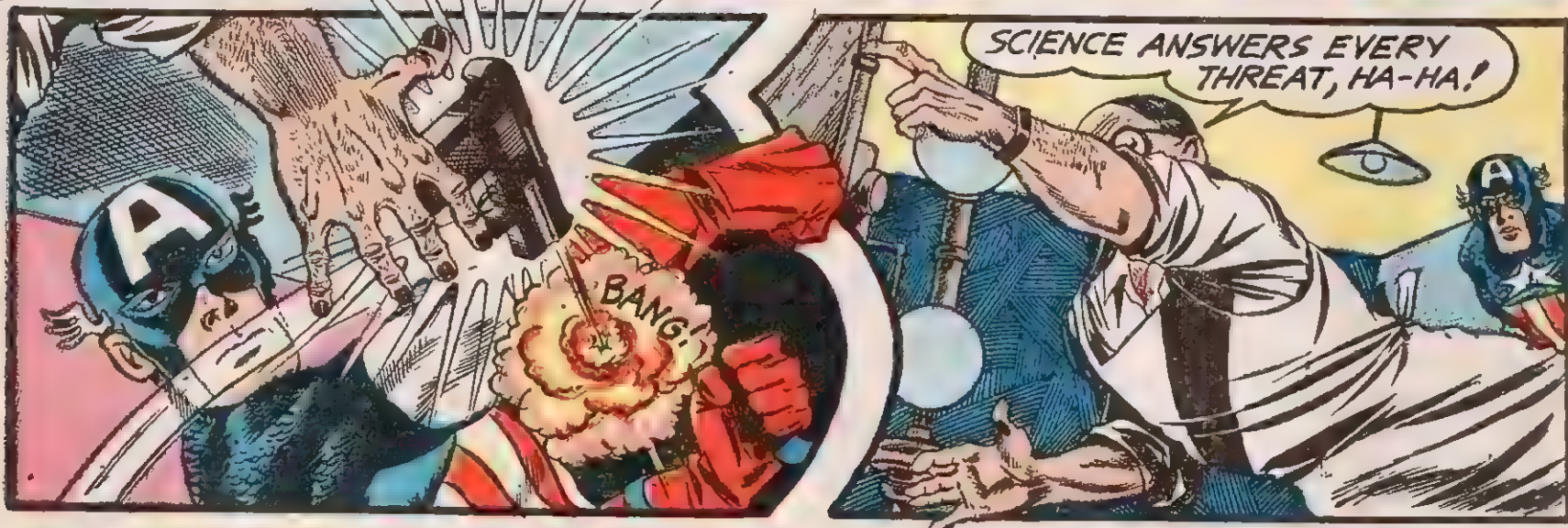
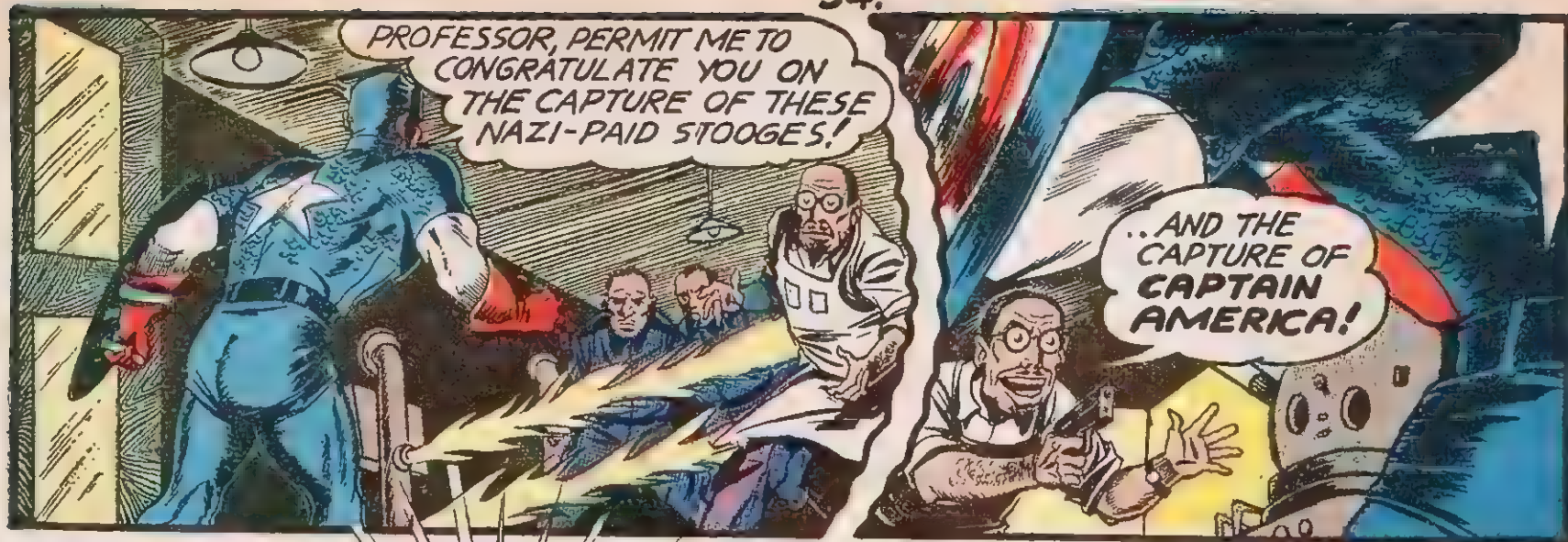
I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



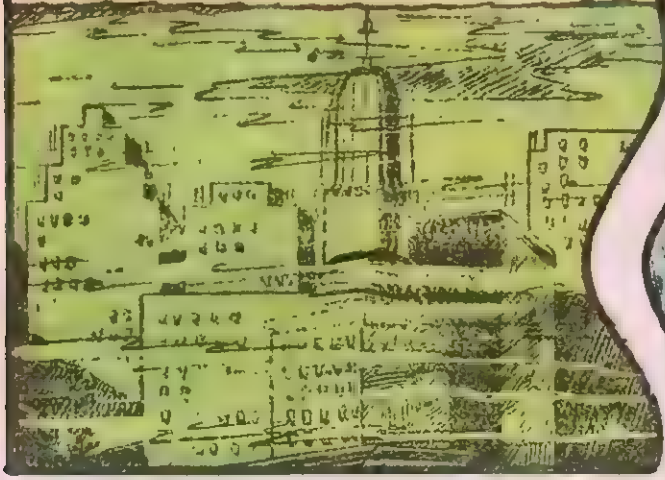
OUTSIDE THE LAB--

WHY, THE PROFESSOR HAS THEM, CAPTIVE!





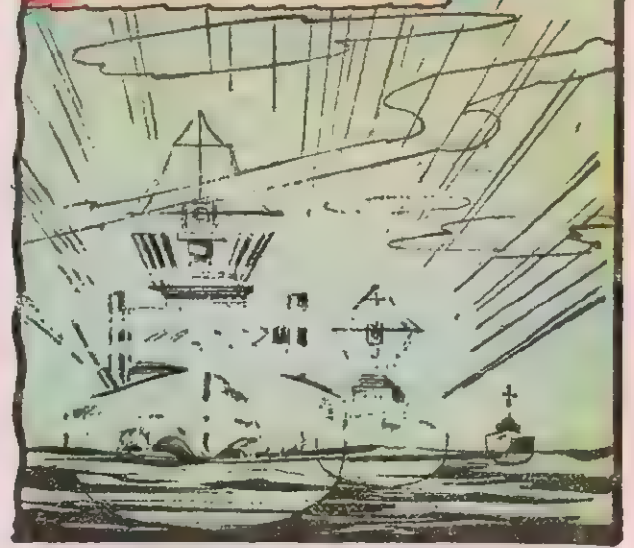
THE HORRIBLE MACHINE BEGINS ITS WORK! MATTER BEGINS TO FALL APART! IN NEW YORK —



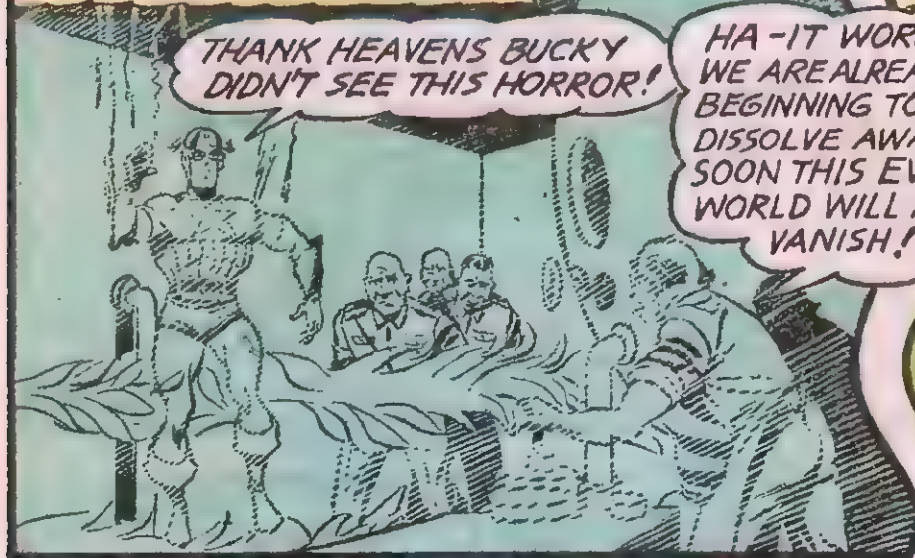
ON THE VITAL BURMA ROAD —



ON THE HIGH SEAS —



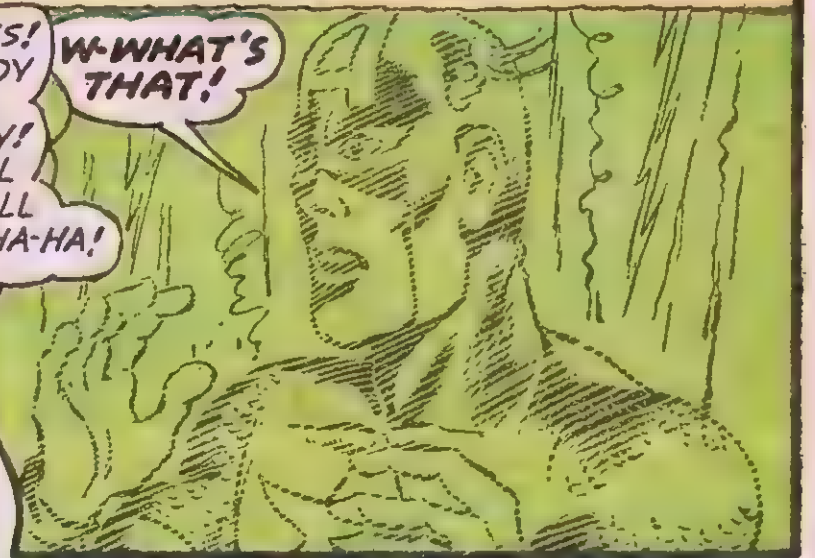
BACK IN MURKY SWAMP!



THANK HEAVENS BUCKY DIDN'T SEE THIS HORROR!

HA - IT WORKS! WE ARE ALREADY BEGINNING TO DISSOLVE AWAY! SOON THIS EVIL WORLD WILL ALL VANISH! HA-HA!

AT THAT MOMENT CAP NOTICES SOMETHING!

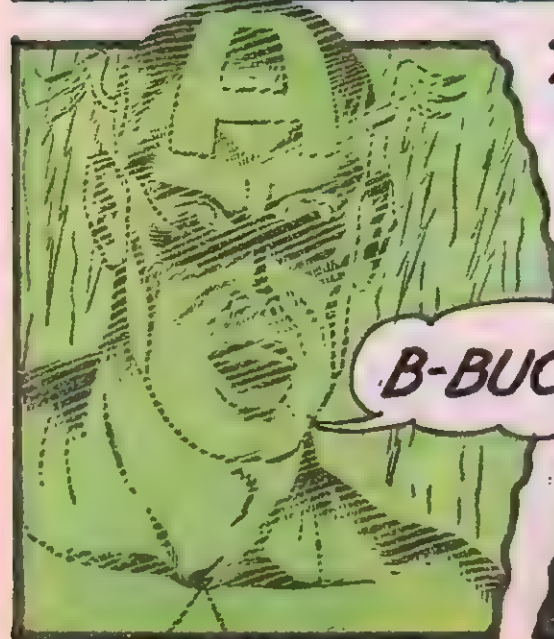


W-WHAT'S THAT!

ANOTHER PRESENCE INVADERS MOTT'S DEN OF HORROR!



HERE'S ONE FOR MANKIND, PROFESSOR!



THE HALF-DISINTEGRATED INVENTOR TURNS TO POWDER UNDER BUCKY'S TERRIFIC BLOWS!

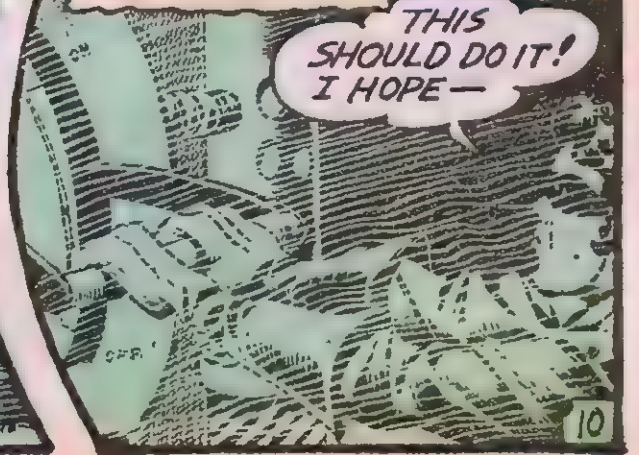
GOOD SLUGGIN' KID!

DUST TO DUST, EH, CAP?

B-BUCKY!

IN A BREATHLESS, WORLD-SAVING MOMENT, BUCKY REVERSES THE MATTER-SMASHER...

THIS SHOULD DO IT! I HOPE —



MATTER SLOWLY PULLS TO-GETHER AND BUCKY TRIES TO PULL THE GRAVITY RETRACTOR SWITCH!

I'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A SEC!

BUCKY! THAT'S THE WRONG SWITCH!

WE'RE FREE!

WOW!

LE BULL AND HIS MEN ARE FREED WHEN BUCKY PULLS THE WRONG SWITCH...

A THOUSAND THANKS, MON ENFANT! NOW I REPAY YOU—HA!

IN THE USUAL AXIS MANNER!

SOME MORE LIGHTNING FOR YA, BUDDY!

THE ENFANT, HE WANT TO PLAY, NON?

U-U-GHH!

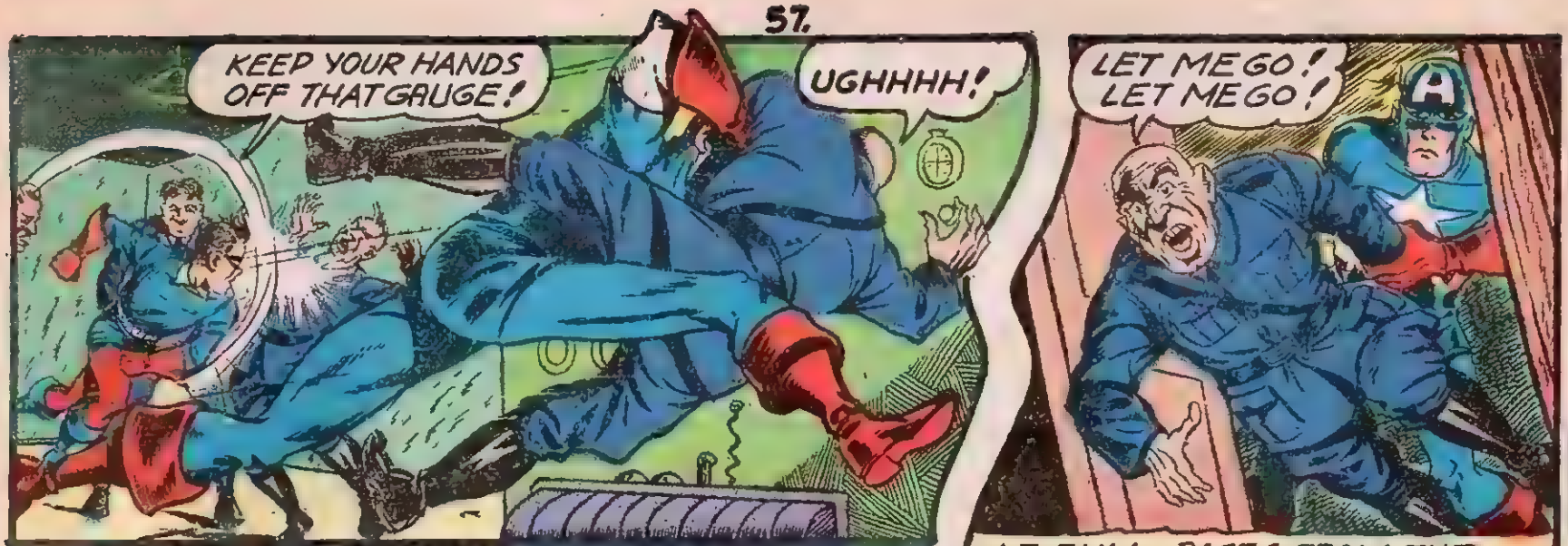
GET 'EM ON THE BOUNCE!

OOOOO—FFFF!

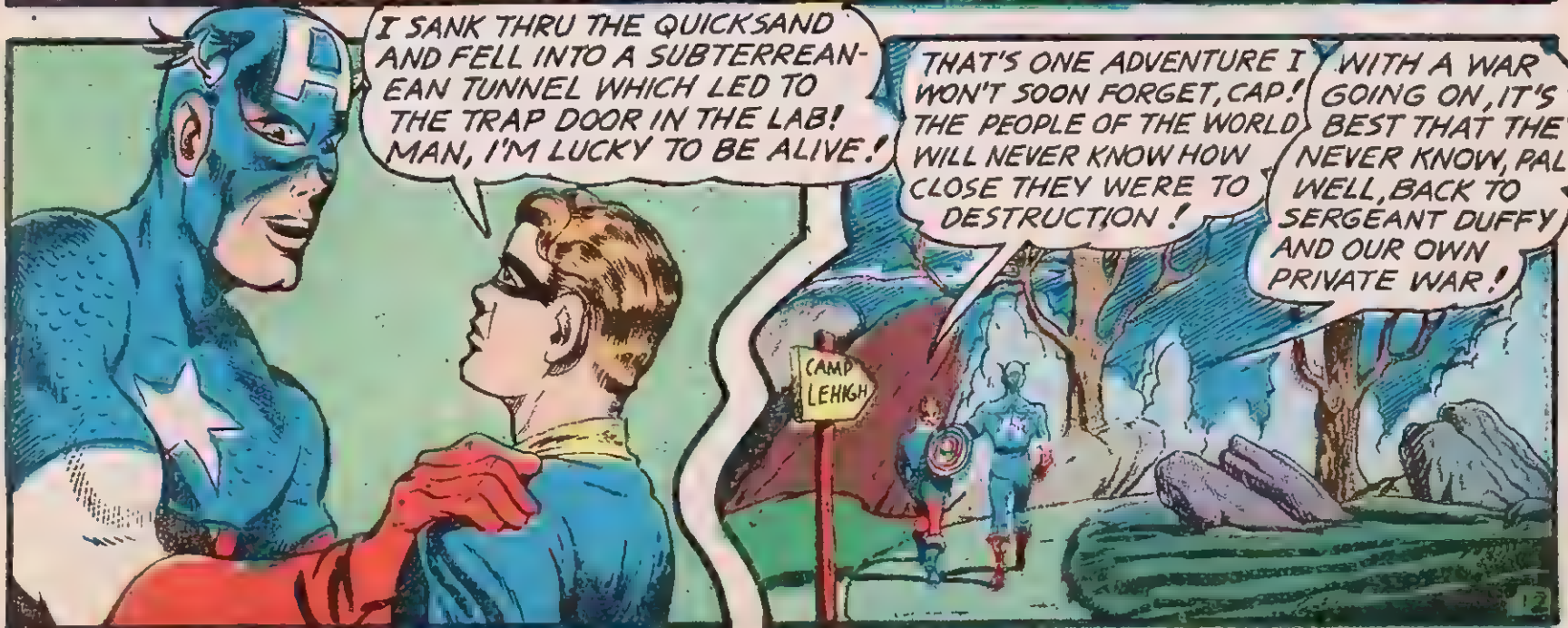
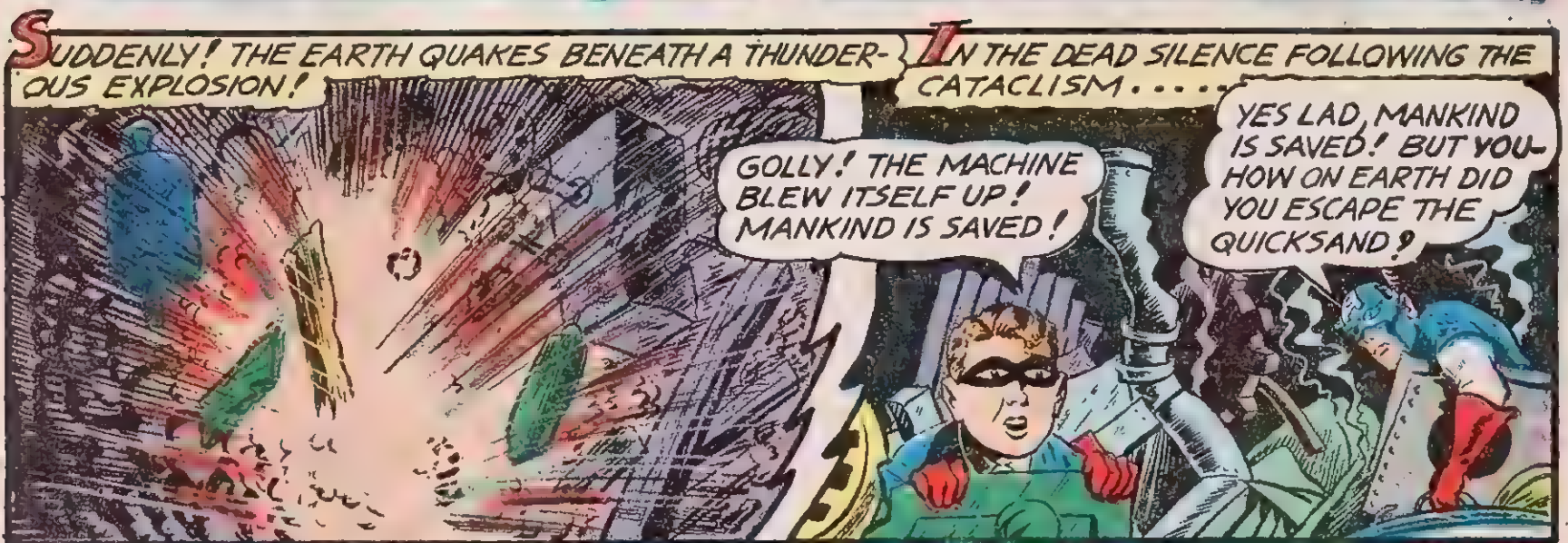
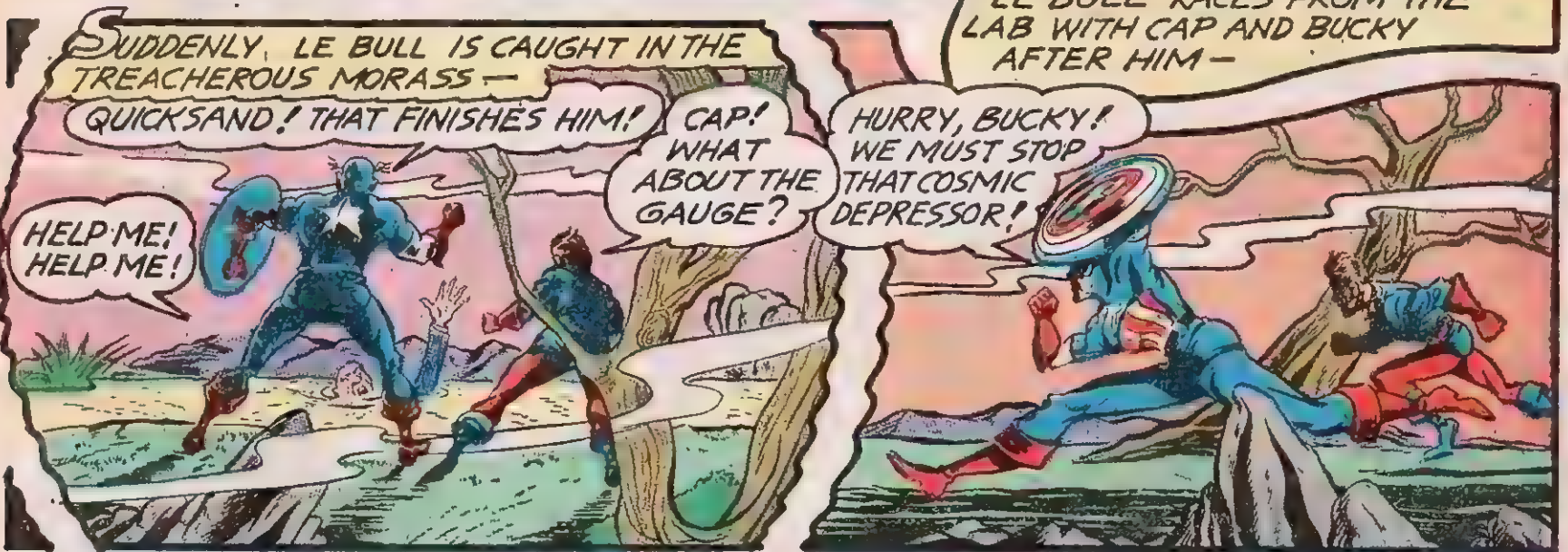
LE BULL STAGGERS BACKWARD, CRASHING INTO THE MACHINE AND CLOSING THE GRAVITY-RETRACTOR SWITCH!

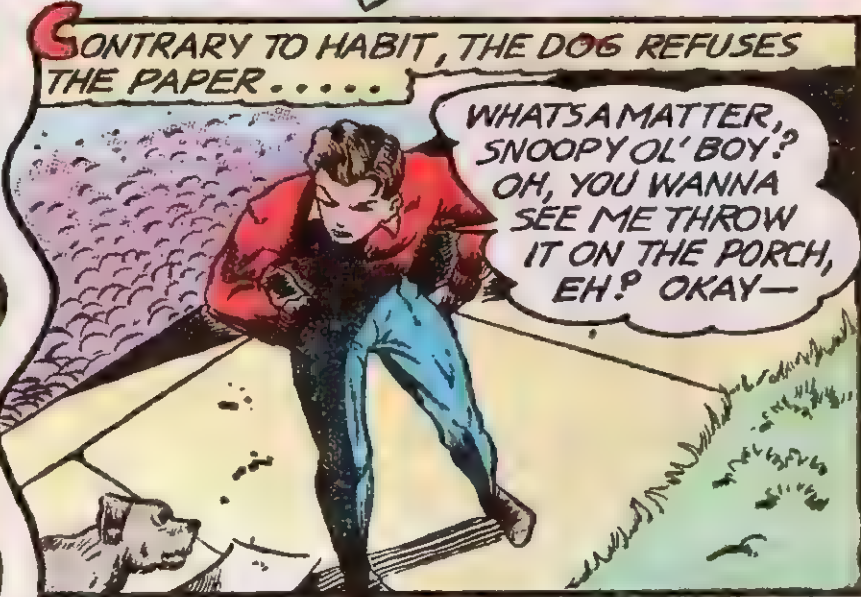
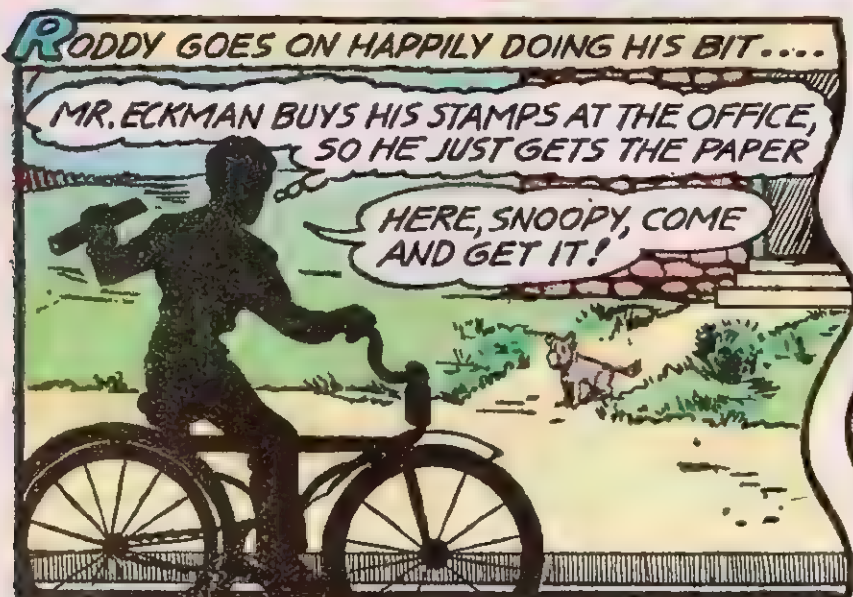
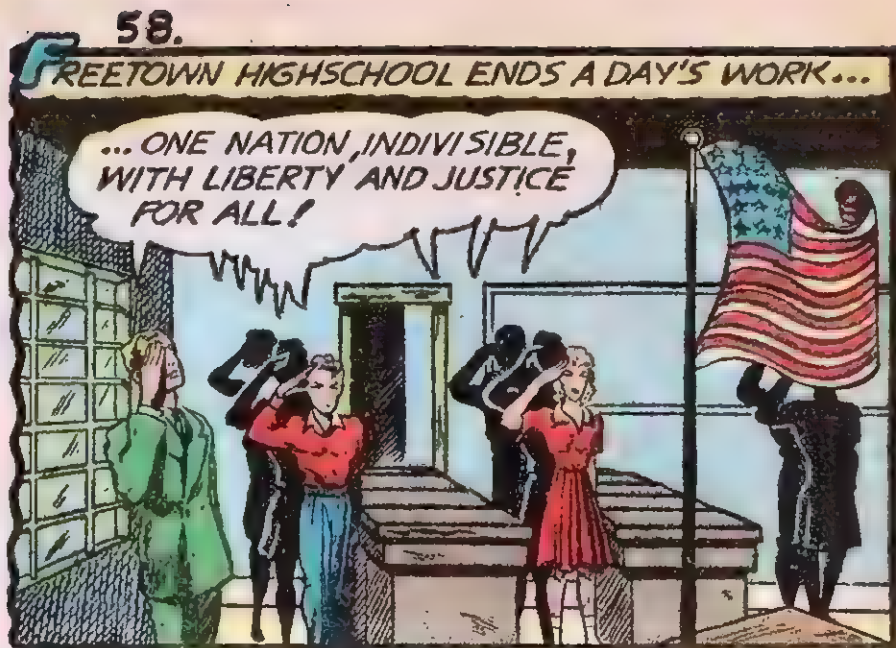
AND CAPTAIN AMERICA IS FREE!

LE BULL, YOU'RE IN FOR A SPRING CLEANING!



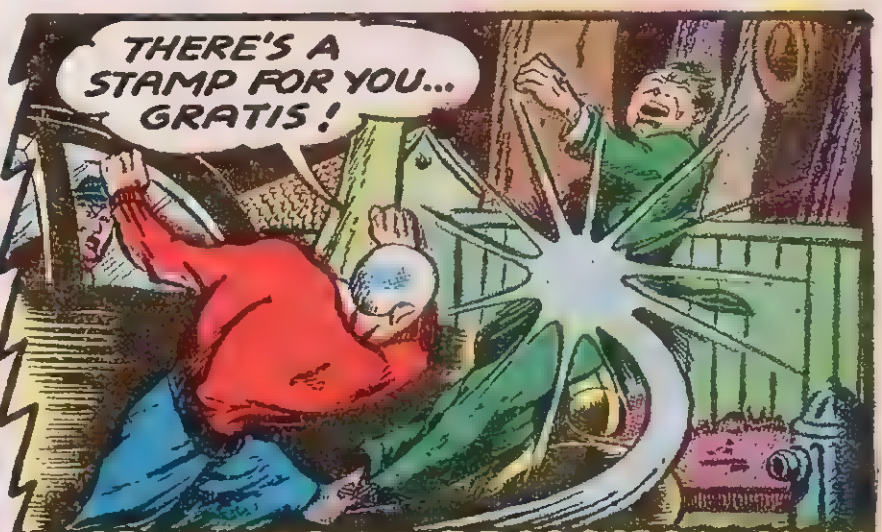
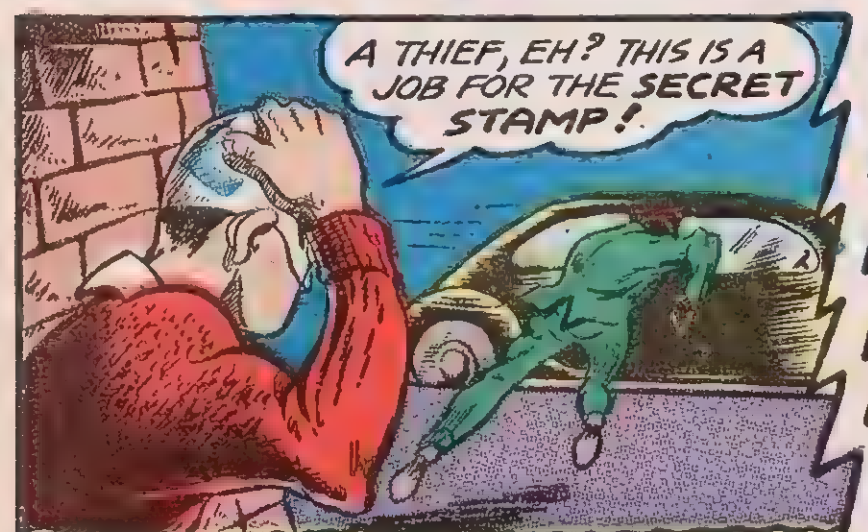
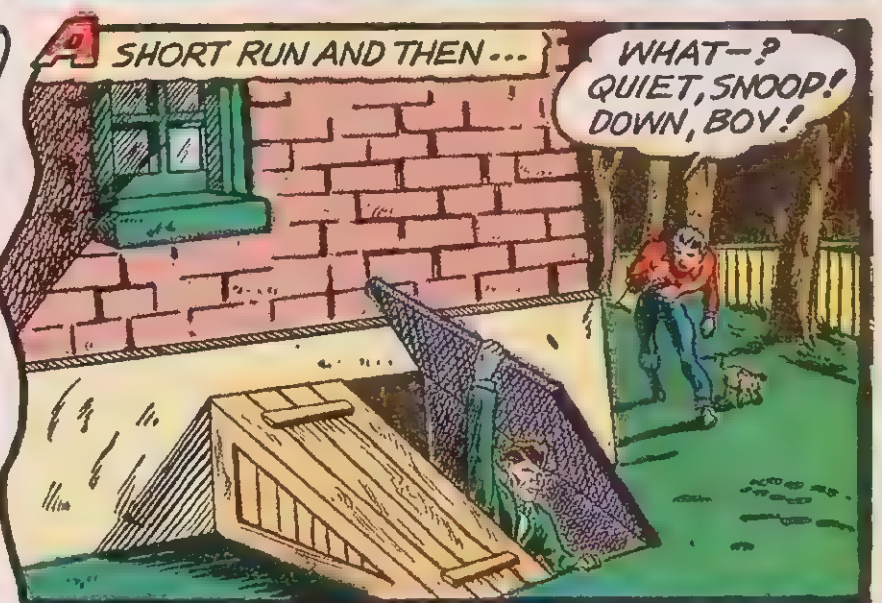
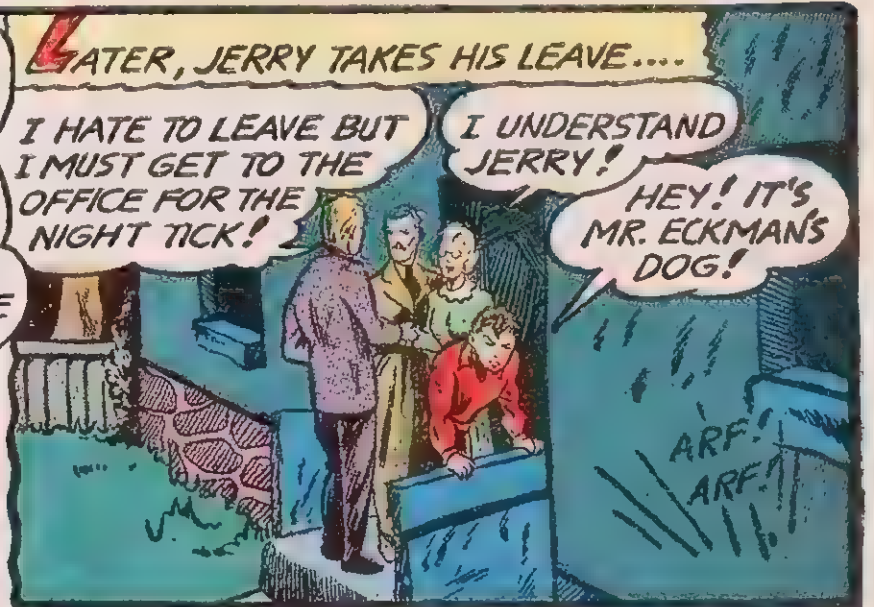
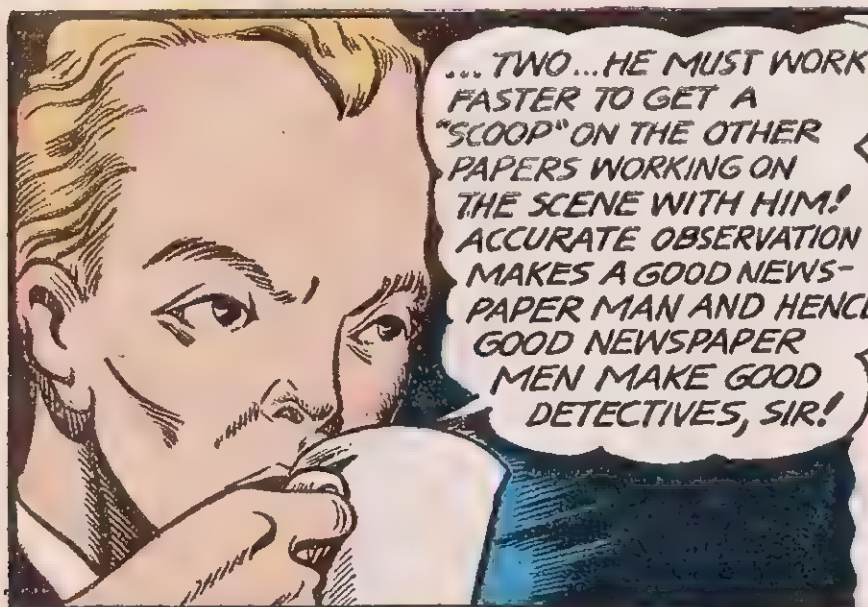
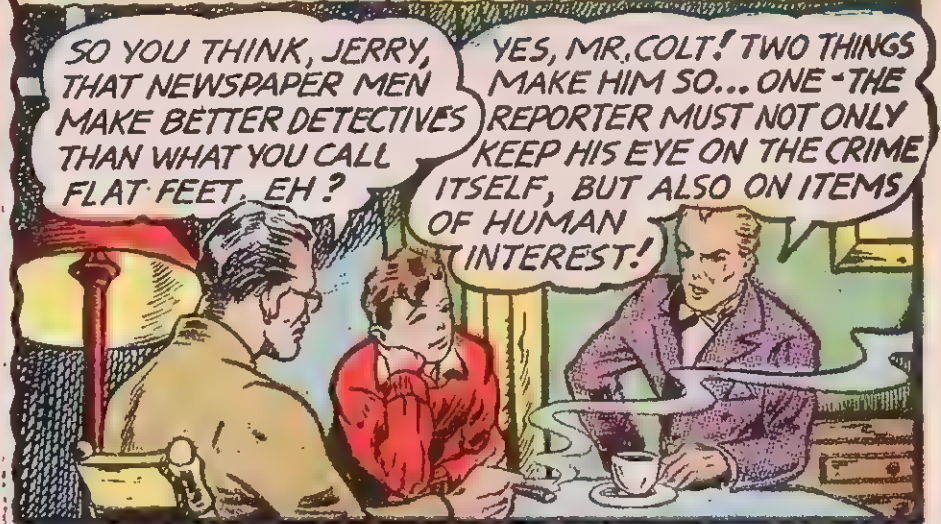
LE BULL RACES FROM THE LAB WITH CAP AND BUCKY AFTER HIM —





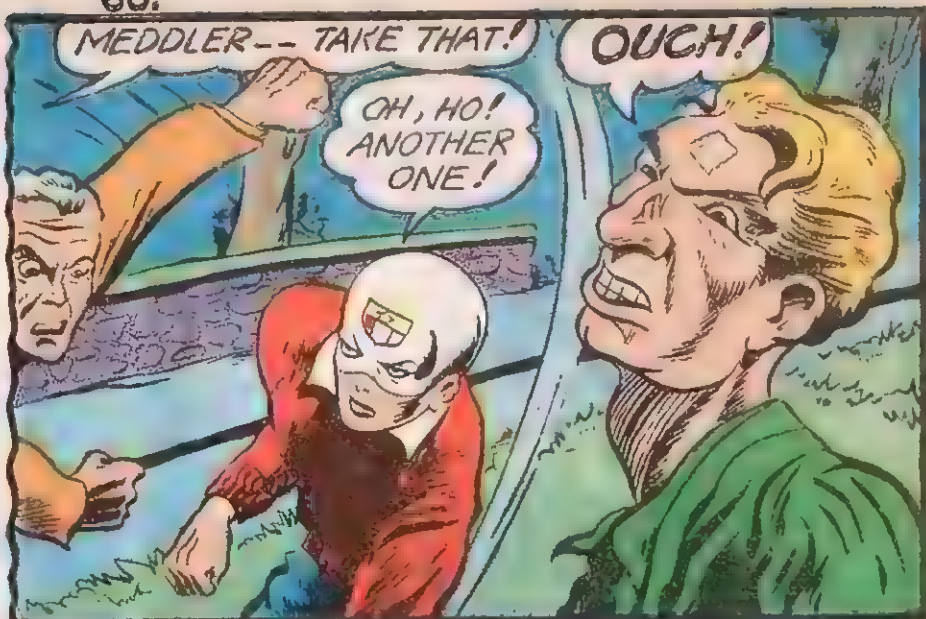
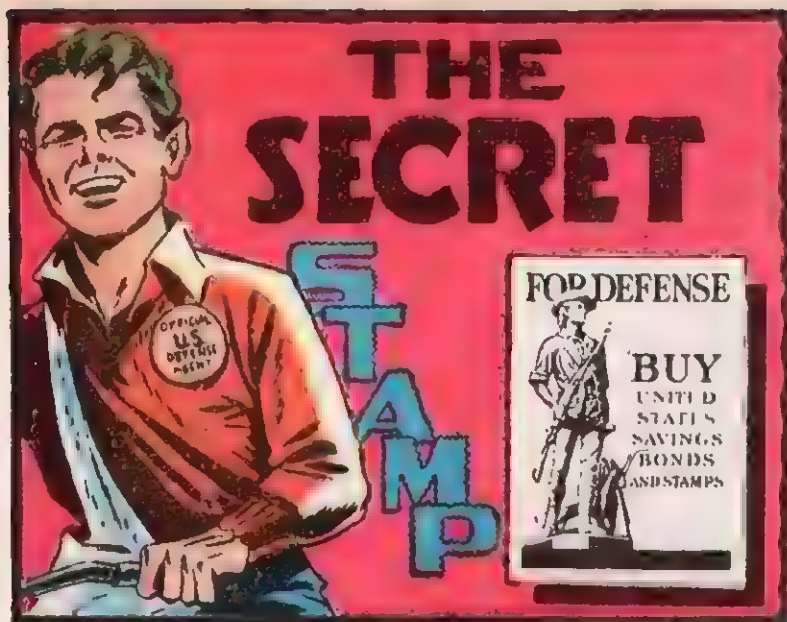


JERRY DASH, THE STAR'S ACE REPORTER, ENJOYS MRS. COLT'S EXCELLENT HOME COOKED DINNER...



SEEING A THIEF RUN FROM MR. ECKMAN'S HOUSE, RODDY COLT WHIPS OUT HIS MASK, AND...

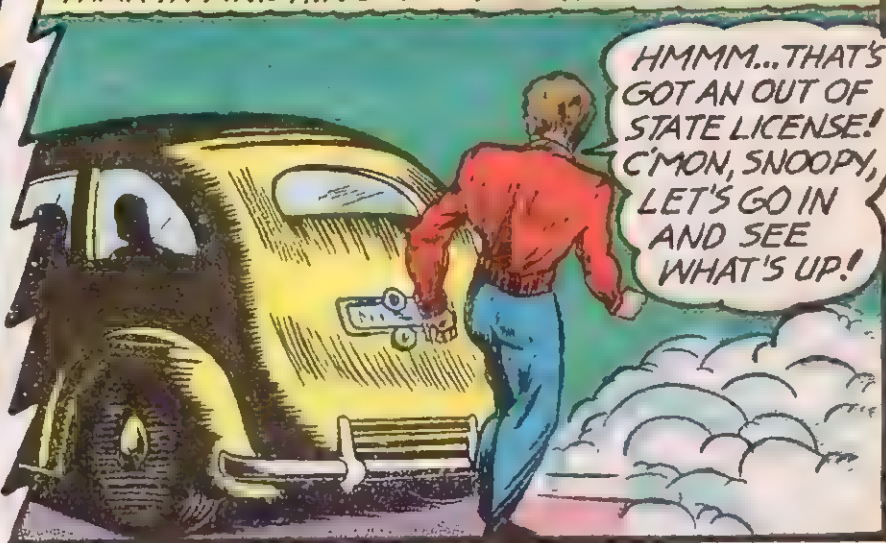
...THE SECRET STAMP GOES INTO ACTION JUST AS THE THIEF REACHES HIS WAITING CAR!



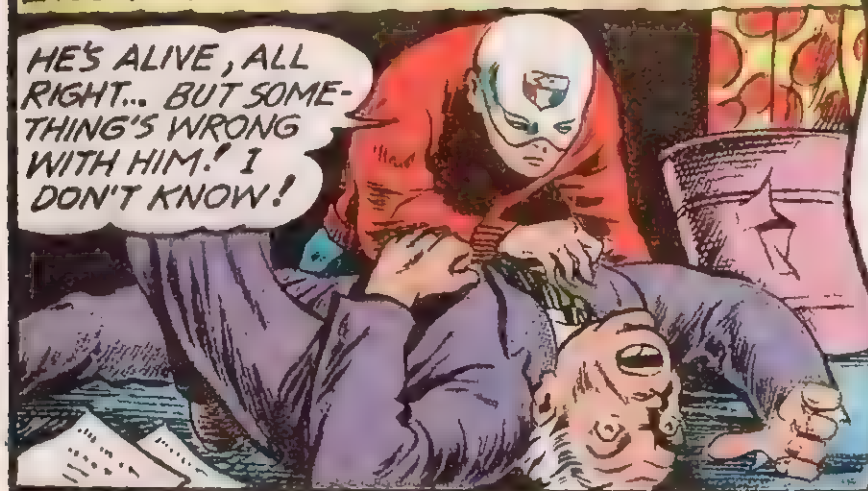
THE SECRET STAMP DUCKS... AND...



THE MEN FLEE, MORE INTERESTED IN ESCAPE THAN IN FINISHING OFF THEIR ASSAILANT....



A GRUESOME DISCOVERY MEETS THE STAMP'S EYES AS HE ENTERS MR. ECKMAN'S STUDY...



THE SECRET STAMP LOOKS AROUND AND FINDS...

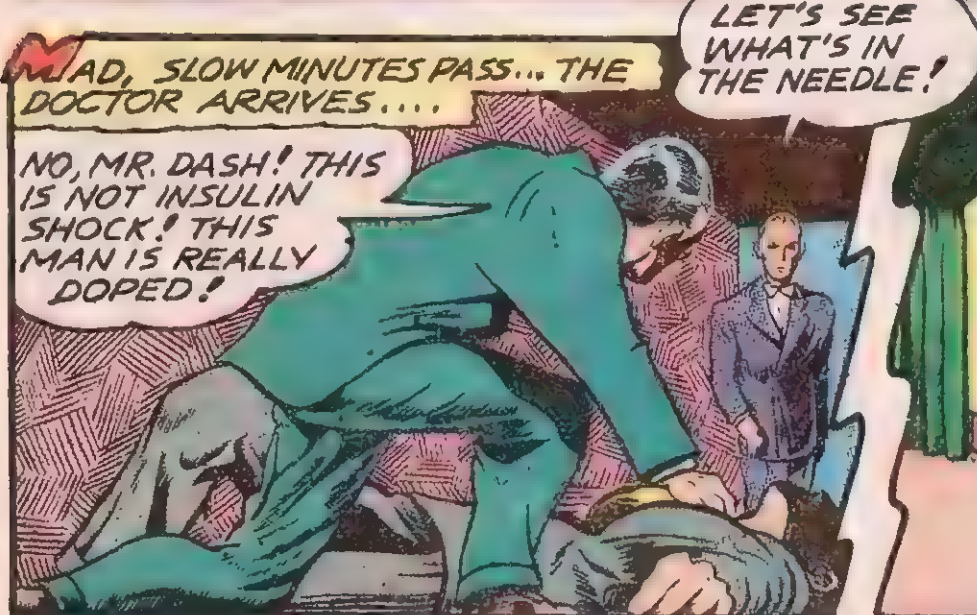
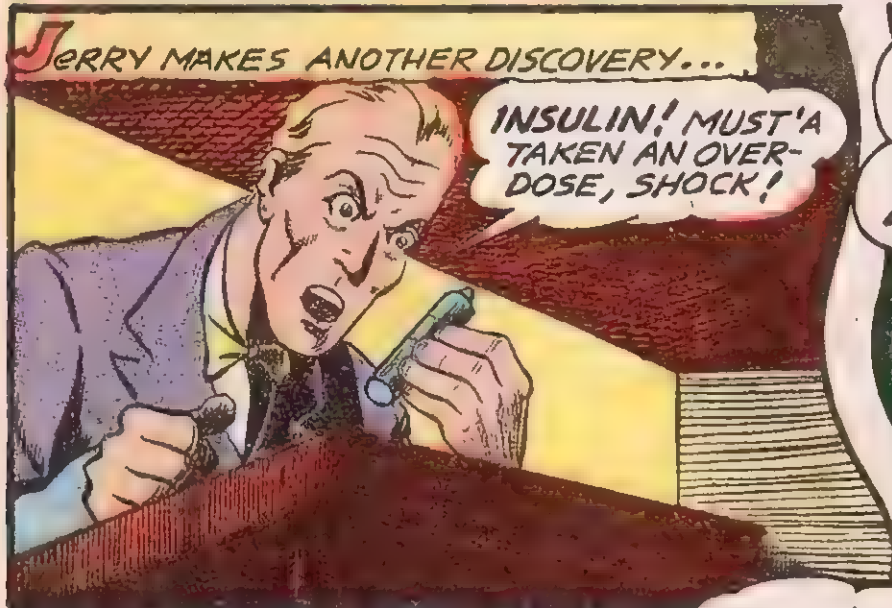
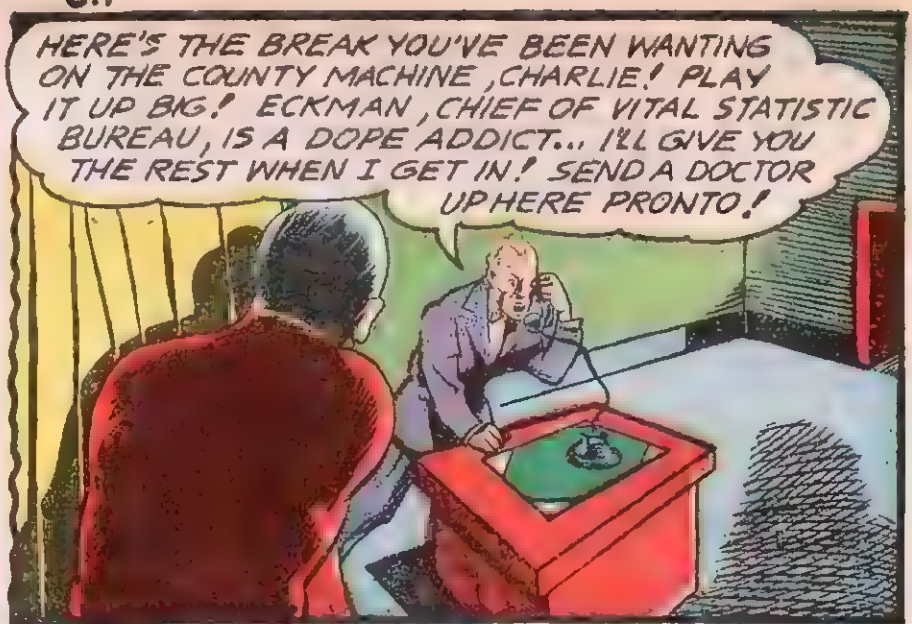


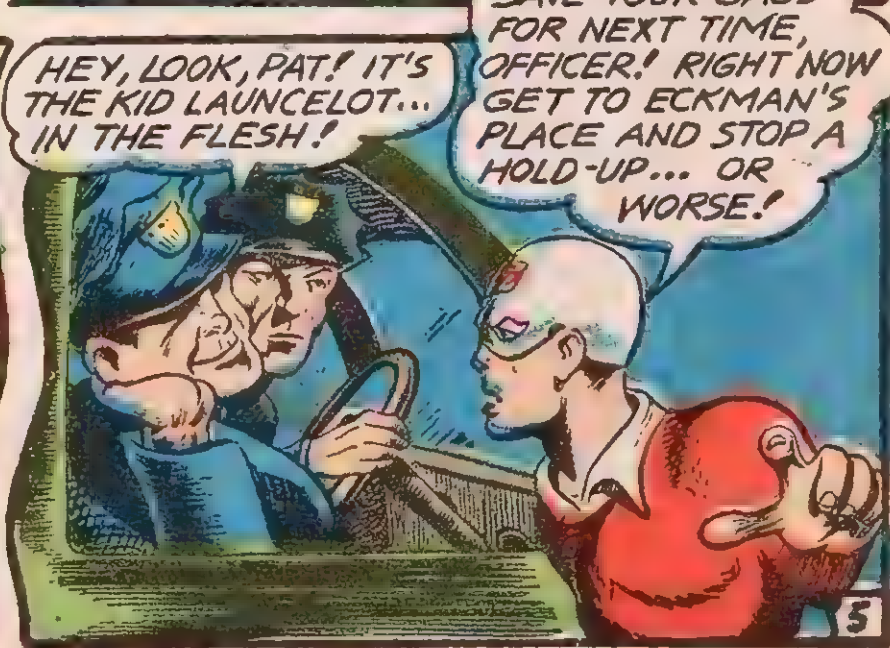
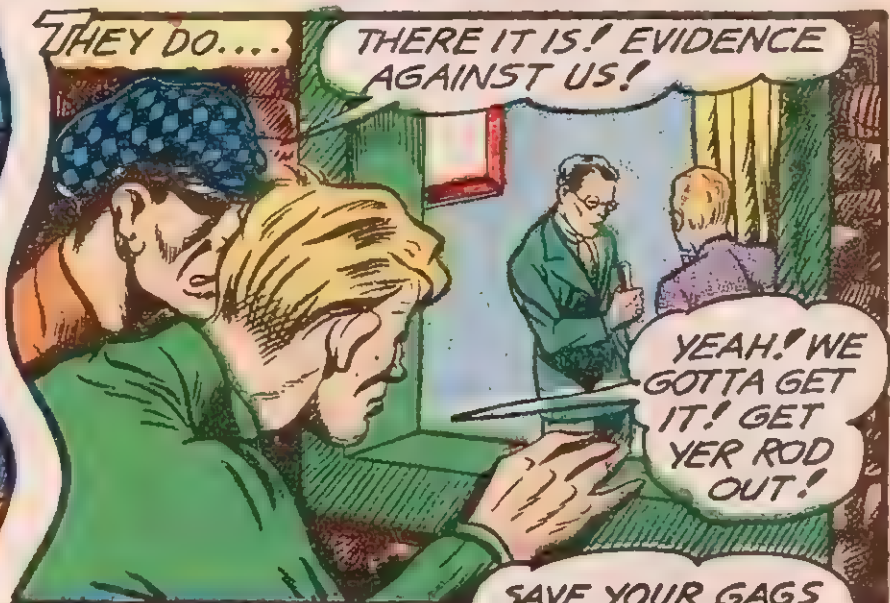
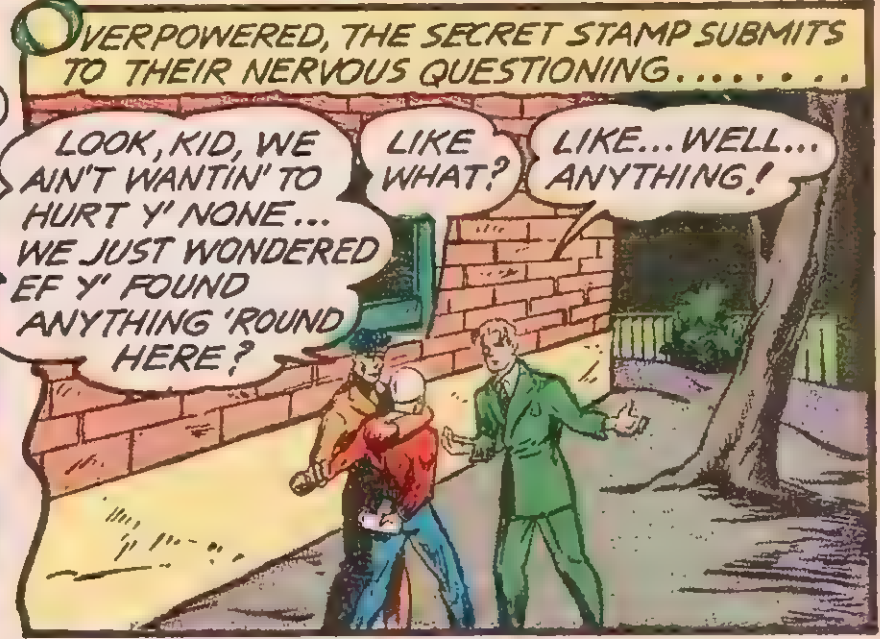
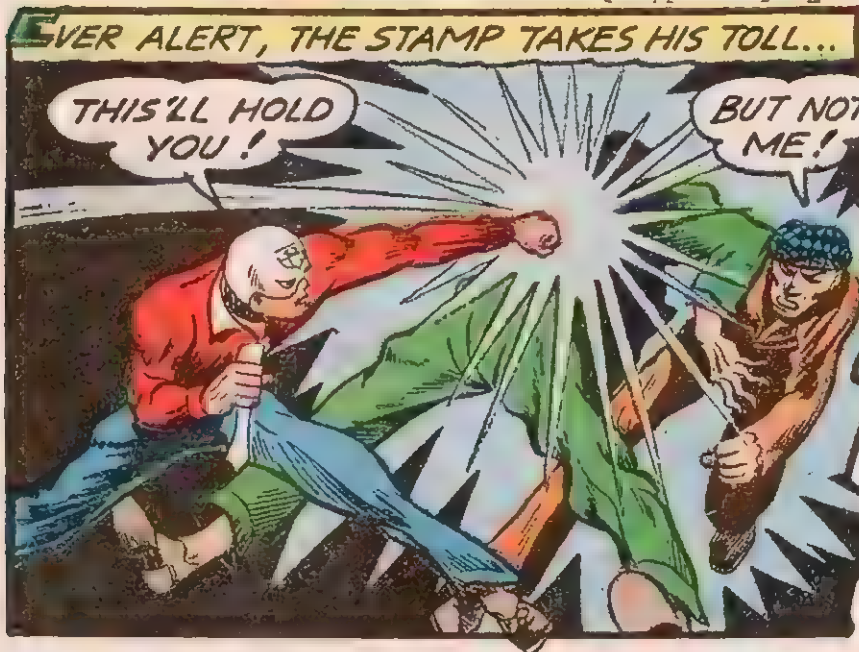
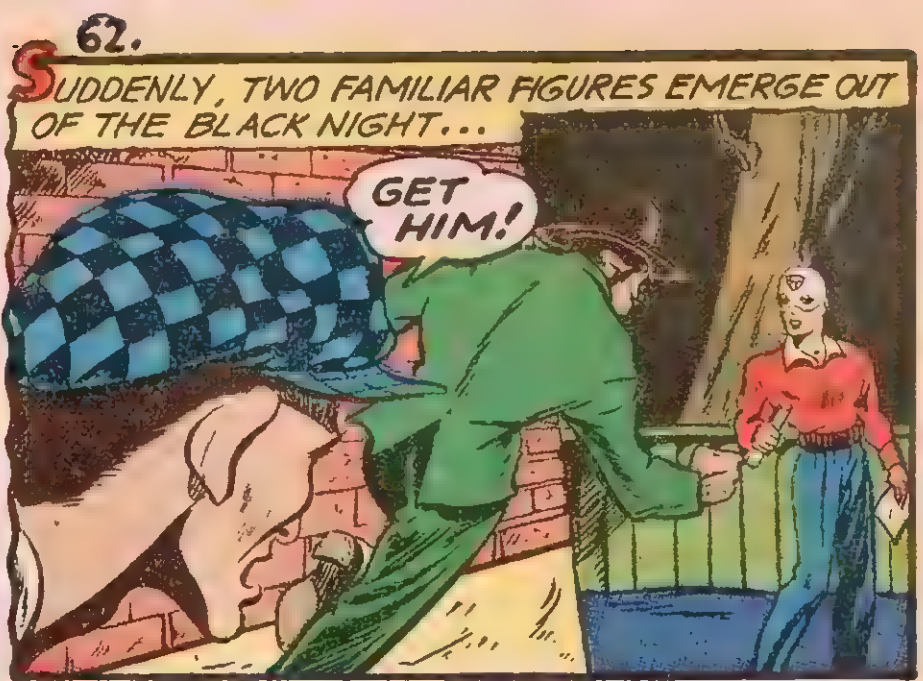
MEANTIME, JERRY DASH, THE EVER-CURIOUS REPORTER, HAS FOLLOWED RODDY....



JERRY HURRIES IN AND MAKES A FIND OF HIS OWN...









THE SECRET STAMP



FOR DEFENSE

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

ASSURED OF JERRY'S SAFETY THE STAMP HURRIES HOME, DETERMINED TO FOLLOW HIS OWN LEAD ON THE MYSTERY OF THE DOPED MR. ECKMAN...

THE NEXT MORNING....

WOW... ONLY 7 O'CLOCK... GIVES ME TIME TO GET TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S HOME BEFORE SCHOOL!



ARE YOU ILL, SON? WHEN YOU WAKE UP EARLY ENOUGH TO MAKE THE FIRST BELL I START WORRYING!

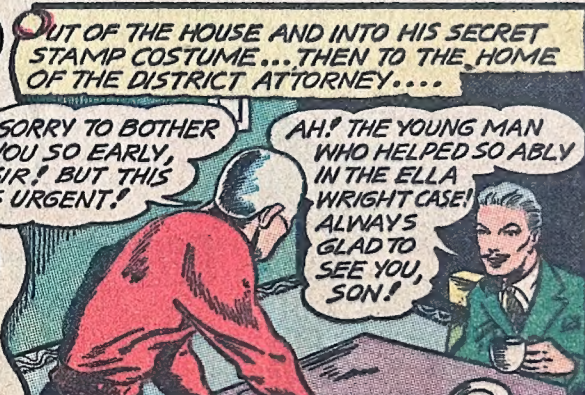
AW, GEE WHIZZ, MOM! STOP RAZZIN' ME! JUST BECAUSE A GUY LIKES A HEALTHY SLEEP!



OUT OF THE HOUSE AND INTO HIS SECRET STAMP COSTUME... THEN TO THE HOME OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY....

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU SO EARLY, SIR! BUT THIS IS URGENT!

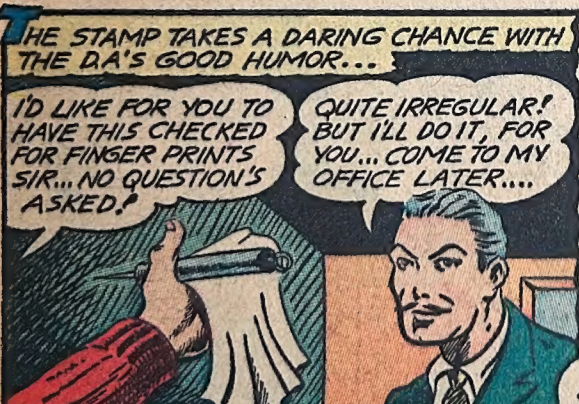
AH! THE YOUNG MAN WHO HELPED SO ABLY IN THE ELLA WRIGHT CASE! ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU, SON!



THE STAMP TAKES A DARING CHANCE WITH THE D.A.'S GOOD HUMOR...

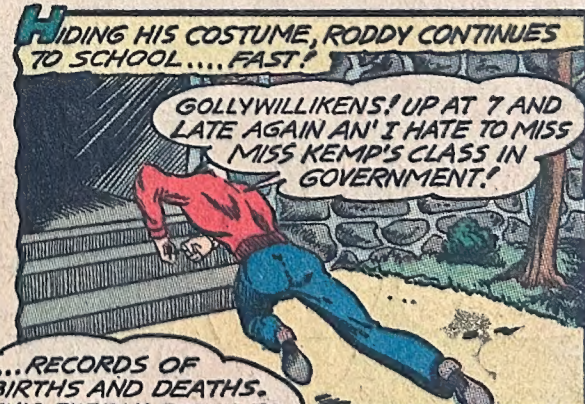
I'D LIKE FOR YOU TO HAVE THIS CHECKED FOR FINGER PRINTS SIR... NO QUESTION'S ASKED!

QUITE IRREGULAR! BUT I'LL DO IT, FOR YOU... COME TO MY OFFICE LATER....



HIDING HIS COSTUME, RODDY CONTINUES TO SCHOOL.... FAST!

GOLLYWILLIKENS! UP AT 7 AND LATE AGAIN AN' I HATE TO MISS MISS KEMP'S CLASS IN GOVERNMENT!

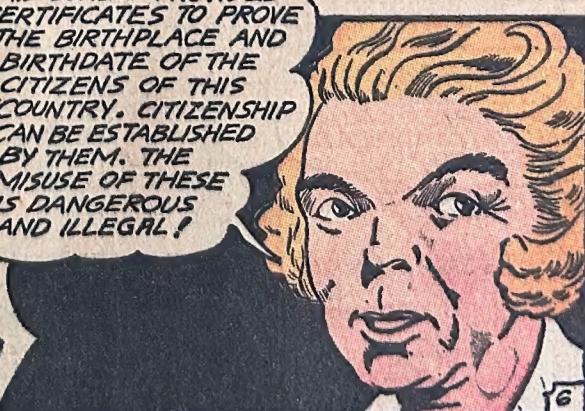
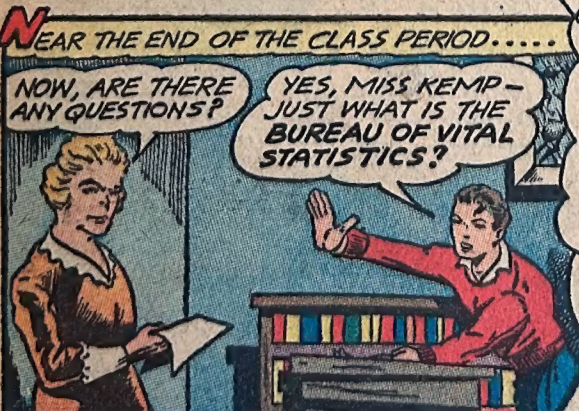


NEAR THE END OF THE CLASS PERIOD.....

NOW, ARE THERE ANY QUESTIONS?

YES, MISS KEMP - JUST WHAT IS THE BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS?

...RECORDS OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS. THIS BUREAU PROVIDES CERTIFICATES TO PROVE THE BIRTHPLACE AND BIRTHDATE OF THE CITIZENS OF THIS COUNTRY. CITIZENSHIP CAN BE ESTABLISHED BY THEM. THE MISUSE OF THESE IS DANGEROUS AND ILLEGAL!



THE SECRET STAMP

FOR DEFENSE

BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

64.

THERE IS AN UNDERSTANDING CLICK IN RODDY'S MIND....

BIRTH CERTIFICATES! EXCUSE ME!

OH!

QUICK CHANGE AND THE SECRET STAMP RUSHES TO THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING.

I HOPE THE D.A. HAS SOME DOPE ON THAT NEEDLE!

IN THE POLICE LABORATORY...

AND THE PRINTS ON THE HYPO-NEEDLE CHECK WITH THOSE OF A MUCH HUNTED ENEMY ALIEN! WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM!

I THINK YOU GOT HIM AND HIS PAL, PICKED UP AT ECKMAN'S LAST NIGHT!

THE STAMP RELATES THE NOCTURNAL ADVENTURE

AND SO THESE FELLAS WERE GETTING BIRTH CERTIFICATES FOR THEIR GANG SO THEY COULD GET INTO DEFENSE PLANTS FOR SABOTAGE!

AND A GOOD GUESS IT IS, SON!

CHIEF... TURN THOSE TWO MEN FROM THE ECKMAN CASE OVER TO THE F.B.I.!

WHAT? YES, THE SECRET STAMP DID A FINE JOB ON THIS THING!

WHAT AFTERNOON....

SO... YOU PROVED WHAT A GREAT DETECTIVE A REPORTER CAN BE ON THAT CERTIFICATE CASE, EH?

YEP, I FEEL GOOD! IT WAS A NICE PIECE OF DEDUCTION!

IF YOU BUY A BUCK'S WORTH OF DEFENSE STAMPS I WON'T TELL ANYBODY WHAT I KNOW ABOUT.....INSULIN!

WH-WHAT? IT'S BLACK-MAIL! BUT FOR A WORTHY CAUSE, GIMME A DOLLAR'S WORTH!

THE END



SENTINELS OF LIBERTY SECRET CLUB NEWS

A WORD FROM CAPTAIN AMERICA...



A **AMERICAN** youth stands today as the Shock Troops of the Home Front! Your country needs your enthusiasm and energy . . . and your cooperation in all things. I am happy to see so many of you keeping up with the exciting events in my life and Bucky's as we fight the enemies of our Democracy. . . . Feeling that you are with us every smashing step of the way makes us feel good — strong! We'll be looking for you on our next round of adventures.

HI PALS!

BUCKY says:



Ya-Hoo, Pals! Right now I'm plumb tuckered from chasing SUB-EARTHMEN, and smashing DOOM-MACHINES with Cap! But I feel good — a coupla jobs well done, y'know. Now look, Sentinels — here's a super-secret for you club members. Next issue Cap and I tangle with a mile-high Jap cannon, and also save a troop convoy in the tropical Pacific, and do a few other hair-raising jobs. It'll be fine knowing you're with us again!

Now here are your code passwords for this month:

To enter club-room—MQZ AYRPKYCC

To leave club-room — OIMKN XZ, WYNYYZ

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YOUR EYES IN
GLORIOUS COLOR
AS YOU FOLLOW THE
ADVENTURES OF—

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- POSTY PELICAN •
- SNAPPY TURTLE •
- DINGALING •
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