

# Transgenerational Trauma

Encoding War Experience in American Comic Books



## DAY 1 SOURCES

Corporal Collins, "Infantryman" (*Blue Ribbon Comics* #2, December 1939)

Alone! (*War Comics* #7, December 1951)

Scott McCloud, *Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art*, 1993.

-selections

## Blue Ribbon Comics #2

### Archie, 1939 Series

**Volume:** 1 **Price:** 0.10 USD **Pages:** 68 **On-sale Date:** 1939-10-20

**Editing:** Louis H. Silberkleit ? (editor); Harry "A" Chesler ? (editor); Abner J. Sundell ? (editor)



### Featuring Rang-A-Tang

Rang-A-Tang / cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Edd Ashe ?

**Inks:** Edd Ashe ?

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

**Genre:** animal

**Characters:**

Rang-a-Tang



[Reprints \(1\)](#)

### Indexer Notes

Formerly credited to Norman Danberg, but Danberg was a w

### [The Coming of Corporal Collins]

Corporal Collins / comic story / 5 pages

**Script:** Abner J. Sundell ?

**Pencils:** Charles Biro ?

**Inks:** Charles Biro ?

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

FEATURING **RANG-A-TANG** "THE WONDER-DOG"

# BLUE RIBBON COMICS

DEC.  
10c

**ACTION  
MYSTERY  
THRILLS**

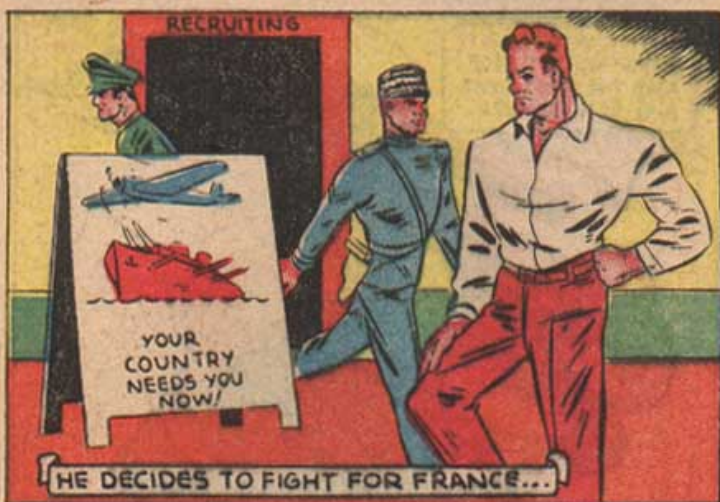
**64  
PAGES  
No. 2**

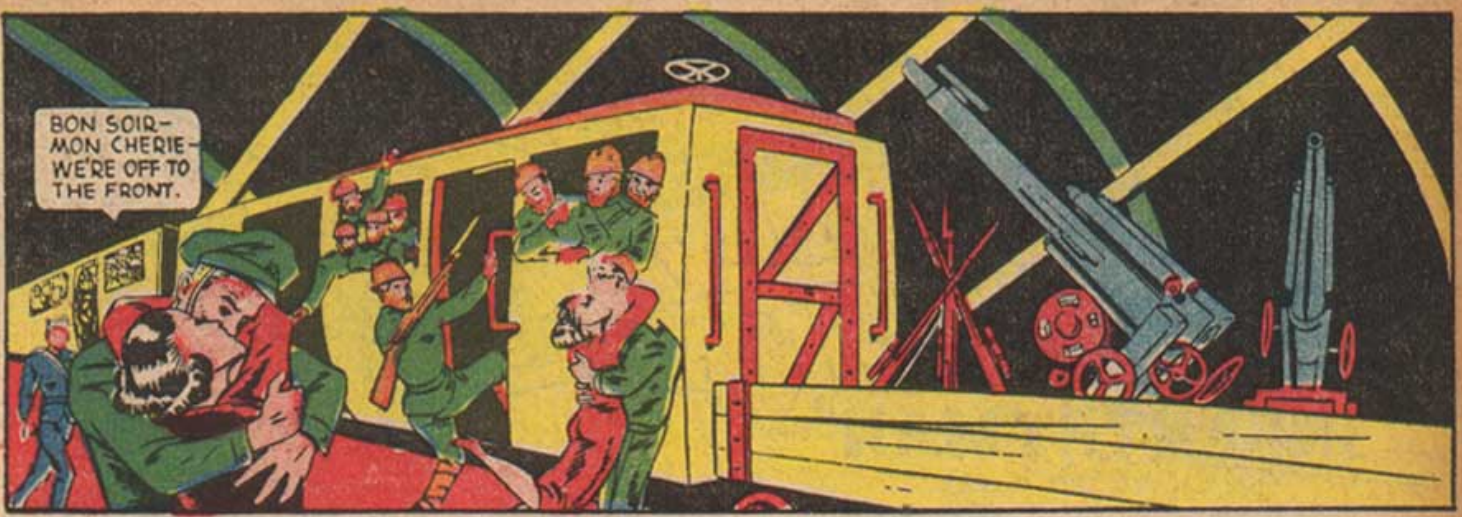


**DAN HASTINGS...SCOOP CODY...SILVER FOX  
BOB PHANTOM...DEVILS OF THE DEEP  
SECRET ASSIGNMENTS**

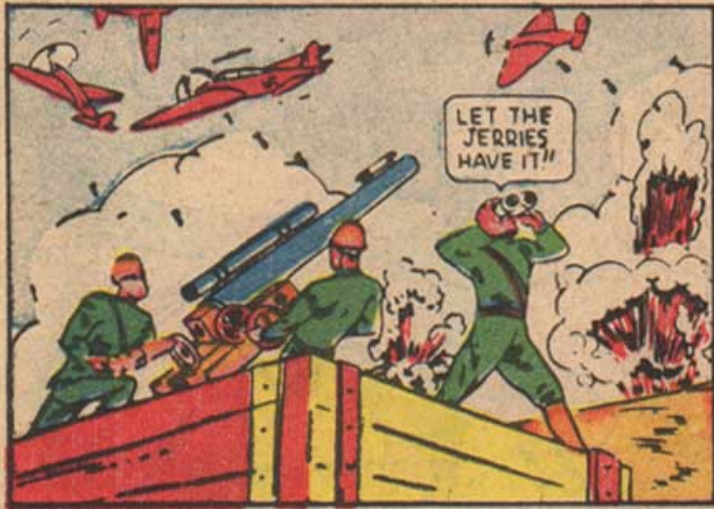
# CORPORAL COLLINS

## "INFANTRYMAN"





BON SOIR—  
MON CHERIE—  
WE'RE OFF TO  
THE FRONT.



LET THE  
JERRIES  
HAVE IT!!



THEY CAN'T TAKE IT,  
BOYS! WE HIT ONE  
AND THE REST TAKE  
A QUICK POWDER.

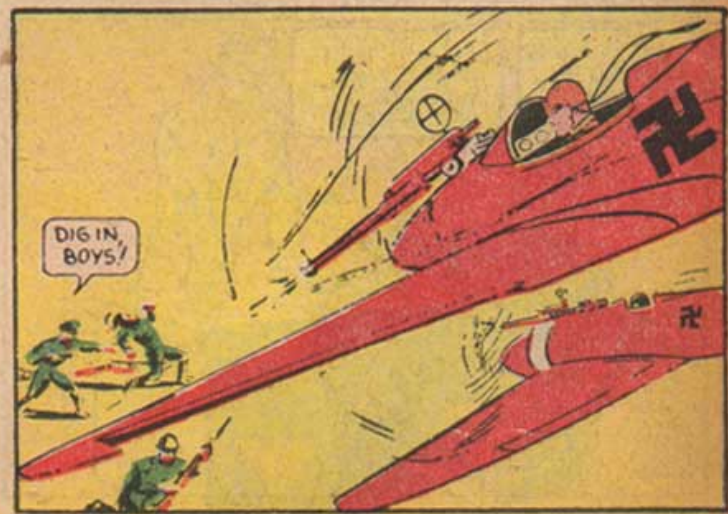


HEAR THAT, BOYS!  
SOUNDS LIKE MORE  
FOKKERS TO ME!

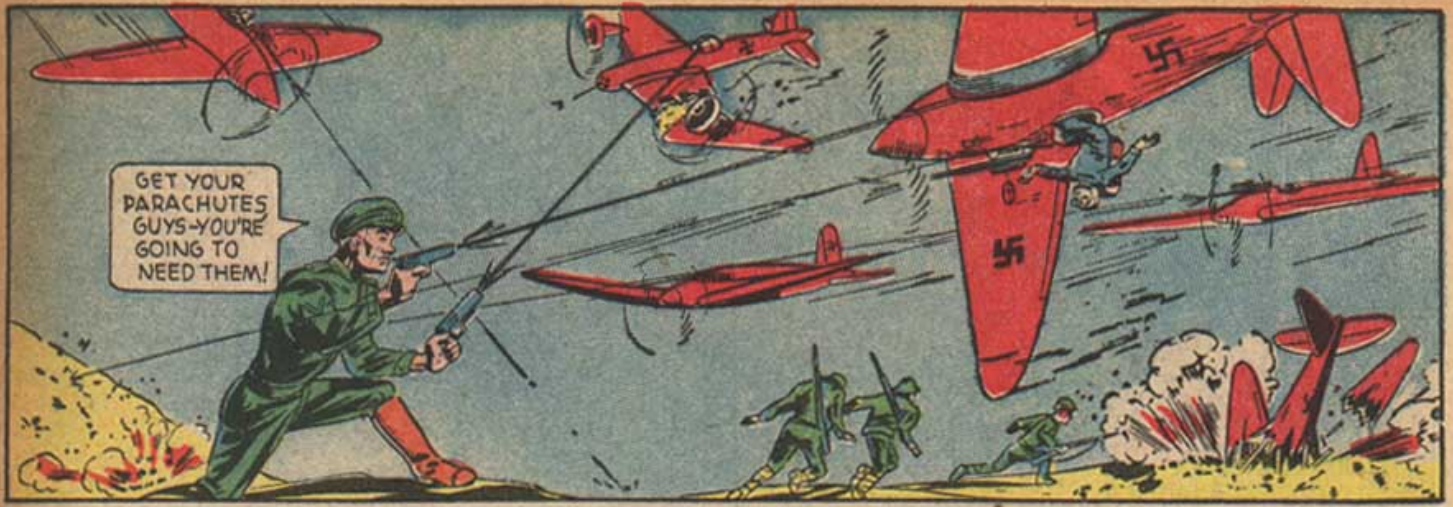
NO, M'SIEUR—  
IT IS YOUR  
IMAGINATION.



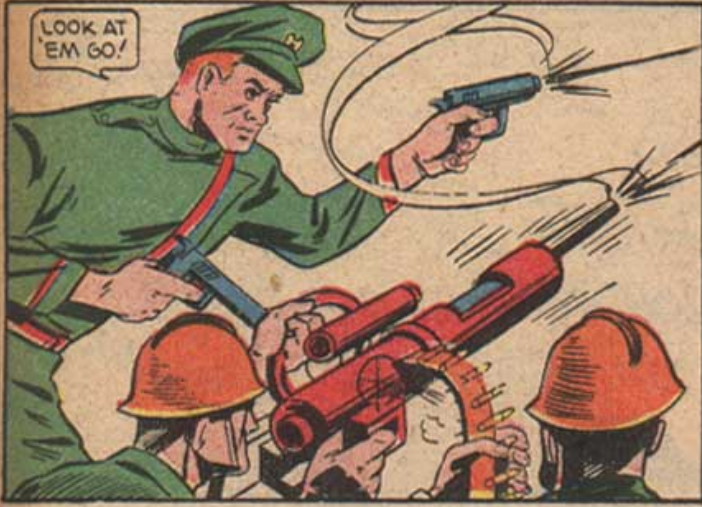
IT'S MY IMAGINATION, EH!  
THOSE OTHER GUYS WENT  
HOME AND GOT THEIR BIG  
BROTHERS!



DIG IN,  
BOYS!



GET YOUR PARACHUTES GUYS-YOU'RE GOING TO NEED THEM!



LOOK AT 'EM GO!



HERE WE ARE BOYS-THE FRONT LINE!



YOU HAVE AN ADMIRABLE RECORD CORPORAL.... I HAVE CALLED YOU HERE BECAUSE OF IT. WE NEED MEN OF YOUR EXPERIENCE

LATER-IN THE DUGOUT...



WE START AN OFFENSIVE AT DAWN-I WANT YOU TO LEAD OUR TROOPS OVER THE TOP.

AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!



GET READY! ONE MINUTE TO ZERO-

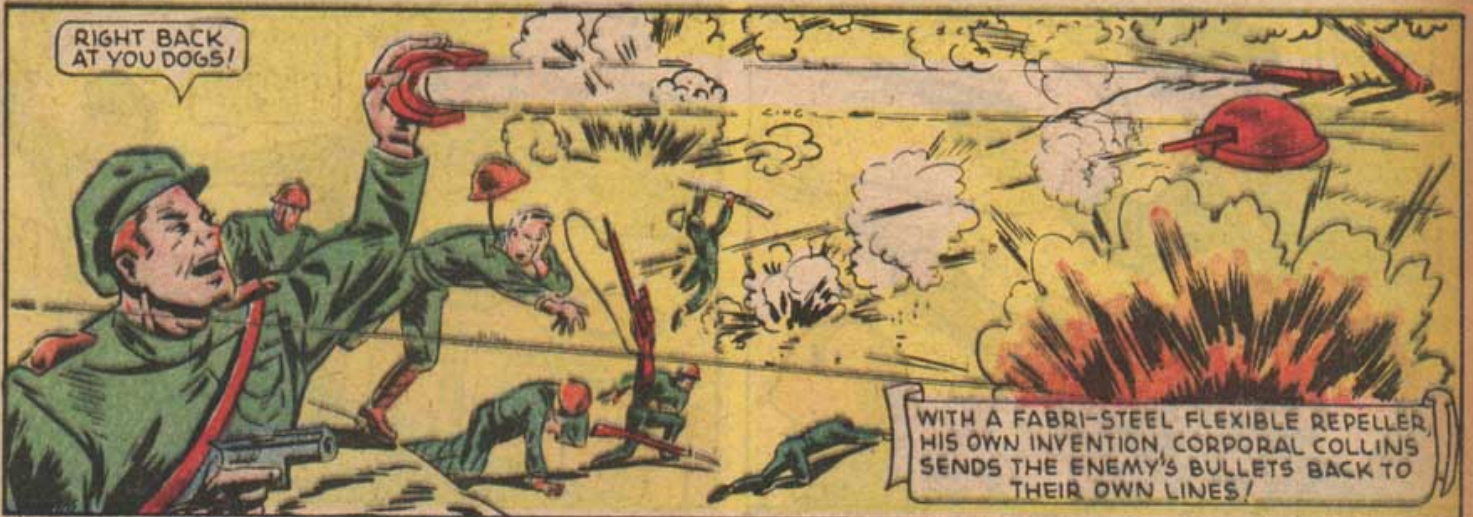


LET'S GET 'EM BOYS!

HERE WE COME!



POSSESSING A SIXTH-SENSE WHICH WARNS HIM OF DANGER, COLLINS CAN MOVE OUT OF A BULLET'S PATH...



RIGHT BACK AT YOU DOGS!

WITH A FABRI-STEEL FLEXIBLE REPELLER, HIS OWN INVENTION, CORPORAL COLLINS SENDS THE ENEMY'S BULLETS BACK TO THEIR OWN LINES!



EIN, ZWEI, DREI.

TEN YARDS AWAY A FIGURE SNEAKS TOWARD THE CORPORAL.



LEAPING HIGH IN THE AIR, LIKE HE USED TO DO WHEN HE PLAYED FIRST BASE FOR MINNESOTA, COLLINS CATCHES THE GRENADE...



HAVE A DOSE OF YOU OWN MEDICINE!



ACH!



## War Comics #7

Marvel, 1950 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Stan Lee (editor)



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

Script: ?

Pencils: Sol Brodsky ?

Inks: ?

Colors: Stan Goldberg

Letters: ?

Genre: war

> Reprints (1)

### Indexer Notes

Colors: Goldberg credited by himself.

### Alone!

comic story / 6 pages

Script: ?

Pencils: Russ Heath (signed)

Inks: Russ Heath (signed)

Colors: ?

Letters: ?

TALES OF VALOR ON FAR-FLUNG BATTLEFIELDS!

WAR

# WAR

DEC. No. 7

ATLAS

10¢

COMICS

DON'T MISS

THE SMASHING TWO-PART ACCOUNT OF A G.I. WHO WAS ALONE UNDER FIRE!

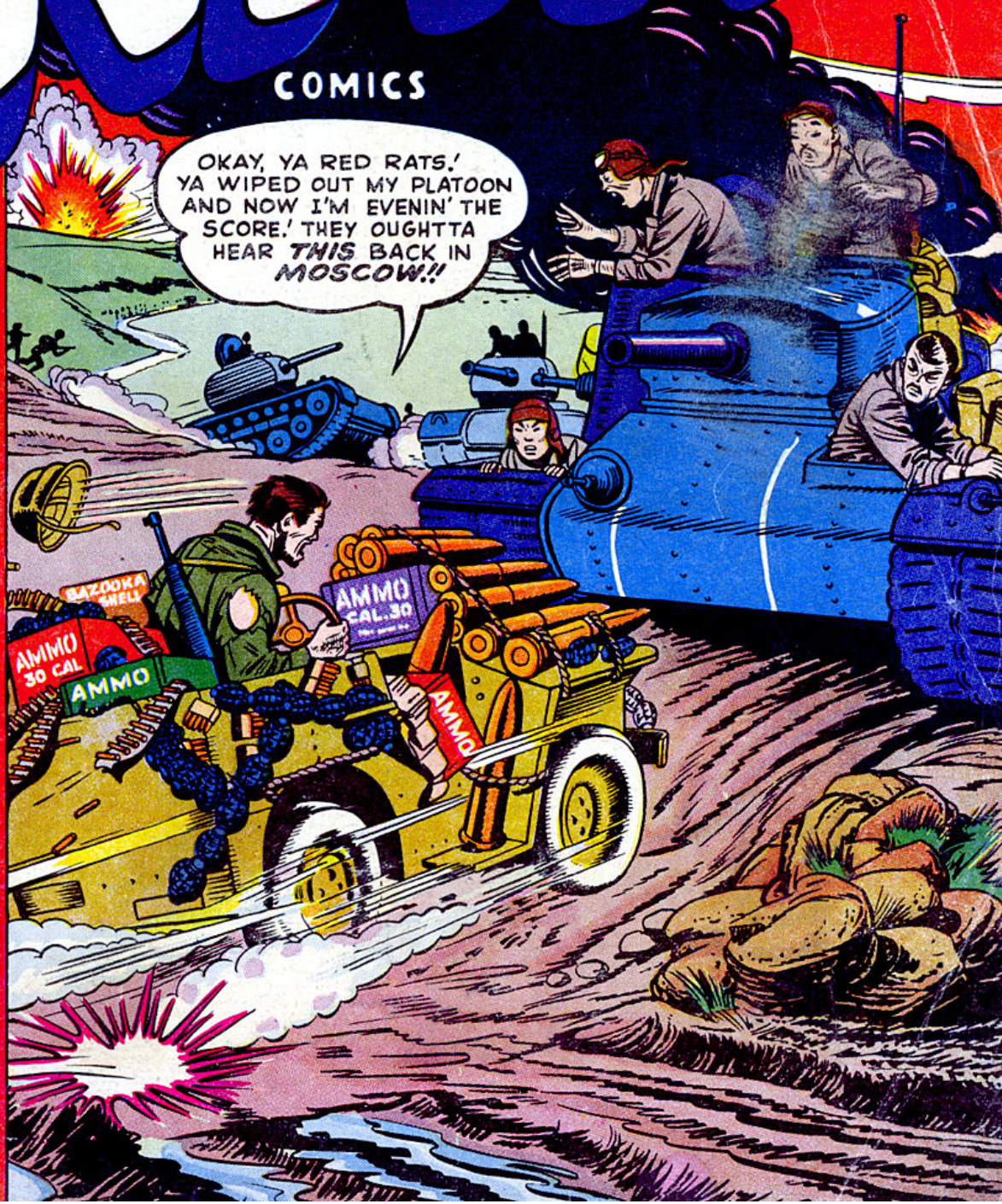


IN THE BLACK OF NIGHT IT CAN MEAN LIFE OR DEATH TO HEAR: "WHO GOES THERE!"



AND MANY MORE BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES!

OKAY, YA RED RATS! YA WIPED OUT MY PLATOON AND NOW I'M EVENIN' THE SCORE! THEY OUGHTTA HEAR THIS BACK IN MOSCOW!!



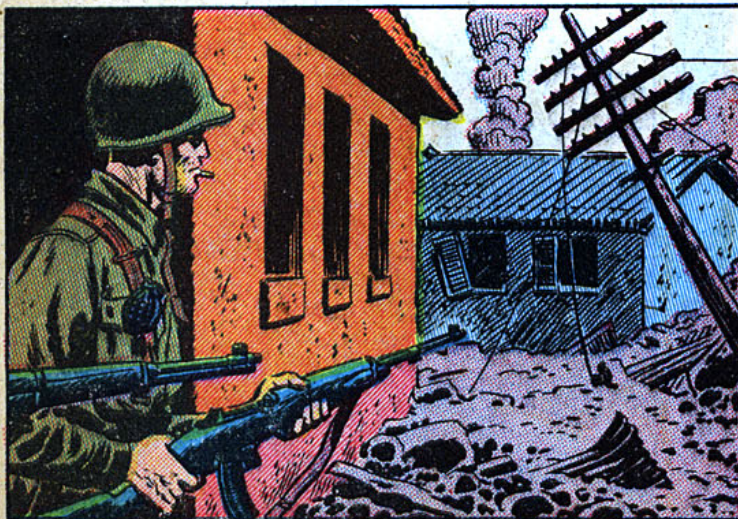
FIGHTING A WAR WITH A BUNCH OF BUDDIES AT YOUR SIDE IS ONE THING... BUT IT'S SOMETHING ELSE WHEN YOU HAVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER KIND OF WAR... A WAR AGAINST THE COWARD THAT LURKS IN ALL OF US...AND YOU'RE...

# ALONE!



WAR IS A GRIM BUSINESS, WHETHER A SOLDIER SERVES BEHIND A DESK OR ON THE FIGHTING FRONT, HE IS PART OF A VAST MACHINE... A MACHINE OF MAN MADE DEVASTATION WITH ONE GOAL... VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY... THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE SMALL COG IN THAT GIANT MACHINE... PRIVATE BILL DELANEY!

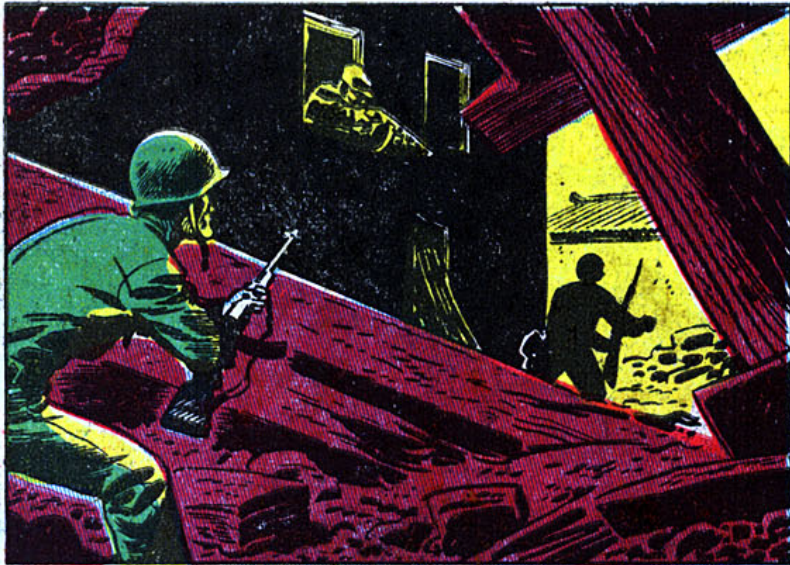
HE KNEW NO VICTORY MARCHES, NO TICKER-TAPE PARADES, HE KNEW ONE THING ONLY... THAT FOR WHICH HE HAD BEEN TRAINED!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

**HIS JOB? ONE OF THE DIRTIEST AND ROUGHEST IN ALL THE KOREAN CAMPAIGN... BILL DELANEY WAS ASSIGNED TO A MOPPING-UP SQUAD... THE BOYS WHO CAME IN AFTER THE BIG BATTLES WERE OVER AND CLEANED OUT THE STRAGGLERS!**

**THIS WAS TENSION AND NERVE-CRACKING STRAIN! DEATH COULD STRIKE IN THE MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES... AND DID!**



**THE MORTALITY RATE IN BILL'S OUTFIT WAS HIGH!**

**BUT...SO FAR...BILL HAD BEEN LUCKY... LUCKIER THAN SOME OF HIS BUDDIES!**



**DEAD AS A BOMBED TOWN MAY HAVE SEEMED... IT COULD HOLD SUDDEN DEATH! THE HIDDEN ENEMY COULD BE ANY PLACE! EACH STEP COULD HAVE BEEN BILL'S LAST... EACH BREATH HE DREW, HIS FINAL SPARK OF LIFE!**

**THIS WAS THE FACE OF BILL DELANEY, HAUNTED BY FEAR, BROKEN BY STRAIN AND TENSION, LINED WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT DEATH AND LIFE WERE CHEAP... AS CHEAP AS THE PRESSURE OF A FINGER ON A TRIGGER!**



THE MEN OF BILL'S OUTFIT WEREN'T GIVEN MUCH TO TALK. WORDS WERE USELESS! THEIR THOUGHTS WERE TOO BIG TO EXPRESS, TOO GREAT TO SHARE...AND BILL TALKED LEAST OF ALL ...

BUT IF YOU COULD LOOK INTO HIS MIND YOU'D LEARN PLENTY! YOU'D LEARN HIS SECRET HOPES...AND HIS SECRET FEARS...



"WHAT AM I DOING HERE? I'M NOT A SOLDIER! WHY AM I HERE? HERE... IN THIS STRANGE LAND... KILLING ..."

"THEY CALLED ME AWAY FROM MY JOB AND MY FAMILY AND CHANGED ME FROM JUST AN ORDINARY GUY... INTO WHAT...? SOMETHING I'M NOT AND NEVER CAN BE...A KILLER!"



"THEY TOOK ME AND SPENT MONTHS TRAINING ME TO SHOOT AND BE SHOT AT! IT'S A WASTE OF TIME! I'M NOT A SOLDIER AND THEY CAN'T MAKE ME ONE!"

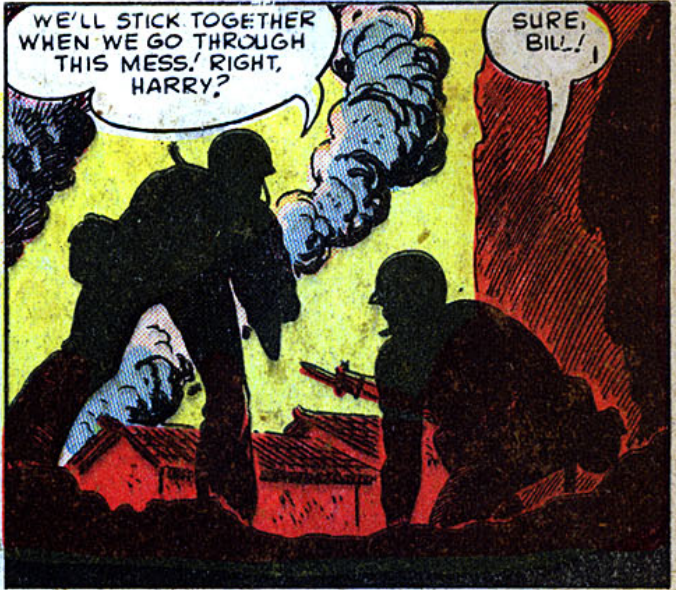
"EVEN NOW...AFTER I'VE KILLED MANY MEN, I'M STILL AFRAID...AFRAID OF WHAT I'LL DO IF I'M ALONE! I'LL CRACKUP! I KNOW IT! I'M NO GOOD! THEY CAN'T MAKE A GOOD SOLDIER OUT OF ME! ...I'M AFRAID!"



"THEY PUT ME THROUGH EVERYTHING, TRAINED ME PERFECTLY, BUT THEY COULDN'T TRAIN MY HEART! I'M A COWARD! A COWARD! WITHOUT THESE GUYS NEAR ME, I'D... I'D QUIT!"

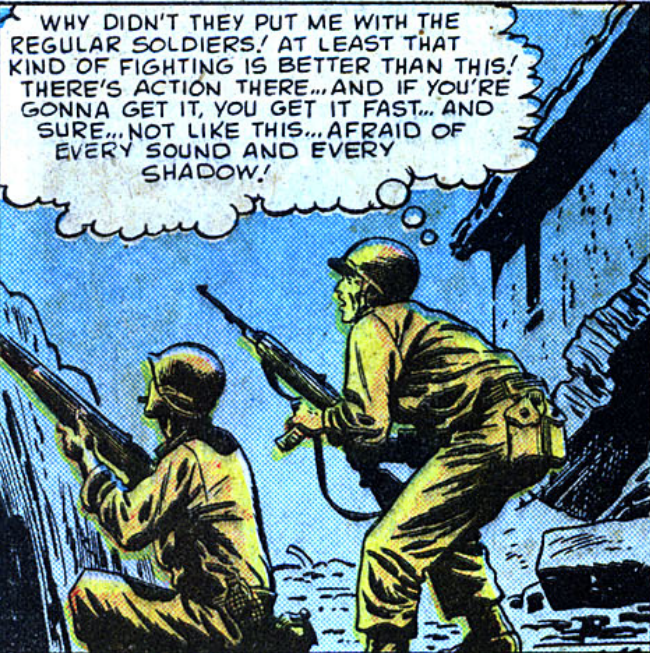


YES, THESE WERE THE THOUGHTS AND FEARS OF BILL DELANEY! YET, IN SPITE OF THEM, HE KEPT ON, GRATEFUL IN KNOWING HE WAS NOT ALONE...



WE'LL STICK TOGETHER WHEN WE GO THROUGH THIS MESS! RIGHT, HARRY?

SURE, BILL!



WHY DIDN'T THEY PUT ME WITH THE REGULAR SOLDIERS! AT LEAST THAT KIND OF FIGHTING IS BETTER THAN THIS! THERE'S ACTION THERE... AND IF YOU'RE GONNA GET IT, YOU GET IT FAST... AND SURE... NOT LIKE THIS... AFRAID OF EVERY SOUND AND EVERY SHADOW!



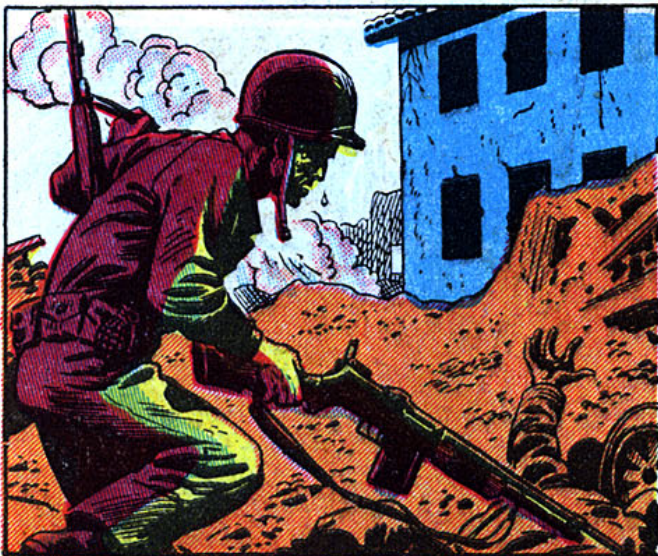
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILL? YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF! FEEL SICK?

HUH...? NO... I'M ALL RIGHT! FORGET IT!

C'MON, GUYS! WE GOT A JOB HERE! BILL, TAKE OVER THAT BUILDING! HARRY, COME WITH ME!

THE MEN SCATTERED, EACH TO HIS DUTY! BILL GRIPPED HIS GUN TIGHTLY, TRYING TO KEEP HIS HANDS FROM SHAKING! HE WAS GOING INTO A BOMBED ENEMY BUILDING... ALONE!

THERE WAS NO TURNING BACK! AN INNER FORCE, BORN OF MONTHS OF TRAINING AND PRACTICE, MOVED HIM THROUGH THE RUINS, ALTHOUGH A SMALL VOICE INSIDE HIM TOLD HIM TO RUN! RUN!



GOTTA GET HOLD OF MYSELF! MAYBE I'LL BE ALL RIGHT! MAYBE THERE'S NOBODY IN HERE!

BESIDES THE HEAVY BEATING OF HIS HEART, THERE WASN'T ANOTHER SOUND! CAREFULLY, HE EDGED HIS WAY INTO THE RUINS, EYES ALERT, GUN SET FOR FAST ACTION!



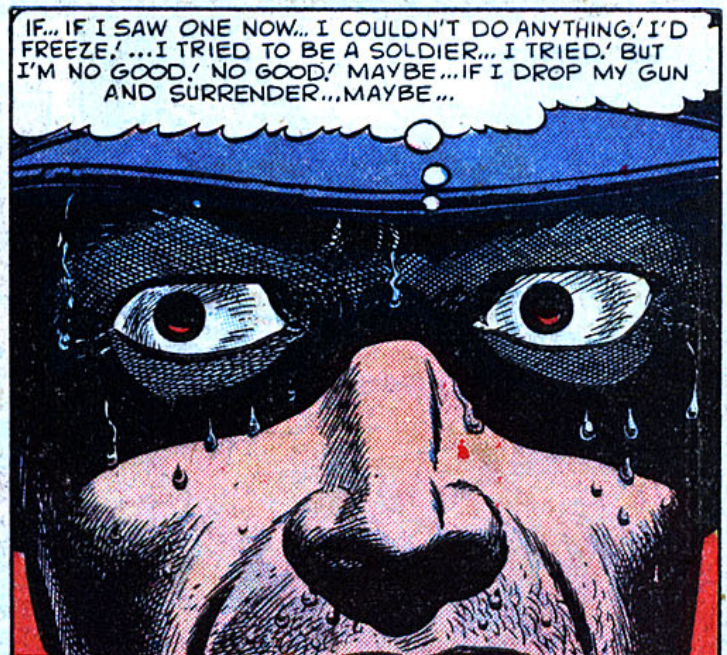
THIS IS NO WAY FOR ME TO LIVE... OR DIE! IF THEY JUMP ME NOW... WHAT'LL I DO?



IF I'M LUCKY THEY'LL SHOOT ME QUICK... AND GET IT OVER WITH FAST... IF I'M LUCKY!



BUT THEY COULD CAPTURE ME... TORTURE ME... CRIPPLE ME! THEY'VE DONE IT TO PLENTY OF OUR GUYS!



IF... IF I SAW ONE NOW... I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING! I'D FREEZE! ...I TRIED TO BE A SOLDIER... I TRIED! BUT I'M NO GOOD! NO GOOD! MAYBE... IF I DROP MY GUN AND SURRENDER... MAYBE...

A SOUND... A SMALL SOUND... BUT TO THE OVERWROUGHT NERVES OF BILL DELANEY, IT WAS LIKE THE CLAP OF THUNDER!



WH... WHAT'S THAT...?



WHAT WENT THROUGH HIS MIND AT THAT MOMENT? ALL THE THINGS HE FEARED WERE NOW BEFORE HIM... HIS WORST NIGHTMARES WERE NOW ALIVE! DEATH GRINNED AT HIM IN THOSE FACES DURING THAT FLEETING INSTANT WHEN TIME STOOD STILL!



THEN... A FINGER TIGHTENED AGAINST A TRIGGER...



AND ALL HAVOC BROKE LOOSE!



GONE WERE ALL THOUGHTS OF FEAR AND DEATH! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THOUGHT IN BILL'S MIND... FIGHT! KILL THE ENEMY!



BILL! GREAT DAY IN THE MORN!

I GOT 'EM, SARGE... I GOT 'EM ALL!



WHEW! I'LL SAY YOU DID!

YEP... YOU KNOW, SARGE, UNTIL A GUY'S ACTUALLY HAD THIS KIND OF A THING HAPPEN TO HIM, HE ISN'T SURE JUST WHAT HE'D DO IF IT DID! NOW I FOUND OUT ABOUT MYSELF! NEXT TIME I'LL BE SURE OF MYSELF!

THE END

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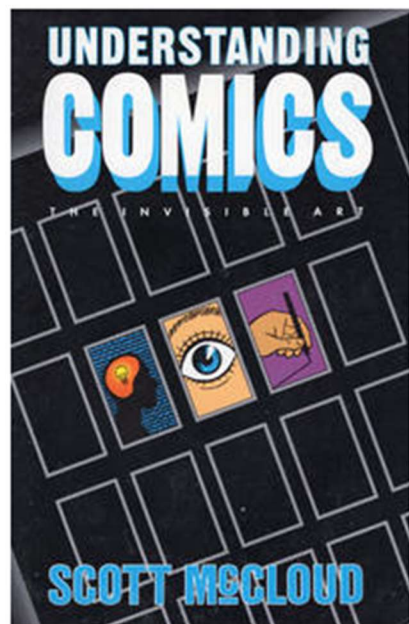
WAR COMICS, SUITE 1404  
350 5<sup>TH</sup> AVE. NEW YORK CITY 100

# Understanding Comics: The Invisible Art

Kitchen Sink Press, 1993 Series

**Price:** 19.95 USD; 24.95 CAD **Pages:** 228

**Editing:** [Mark Martin](#) (credited) (editor)



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Scott McCloud

**Inks:** Scott McCloud

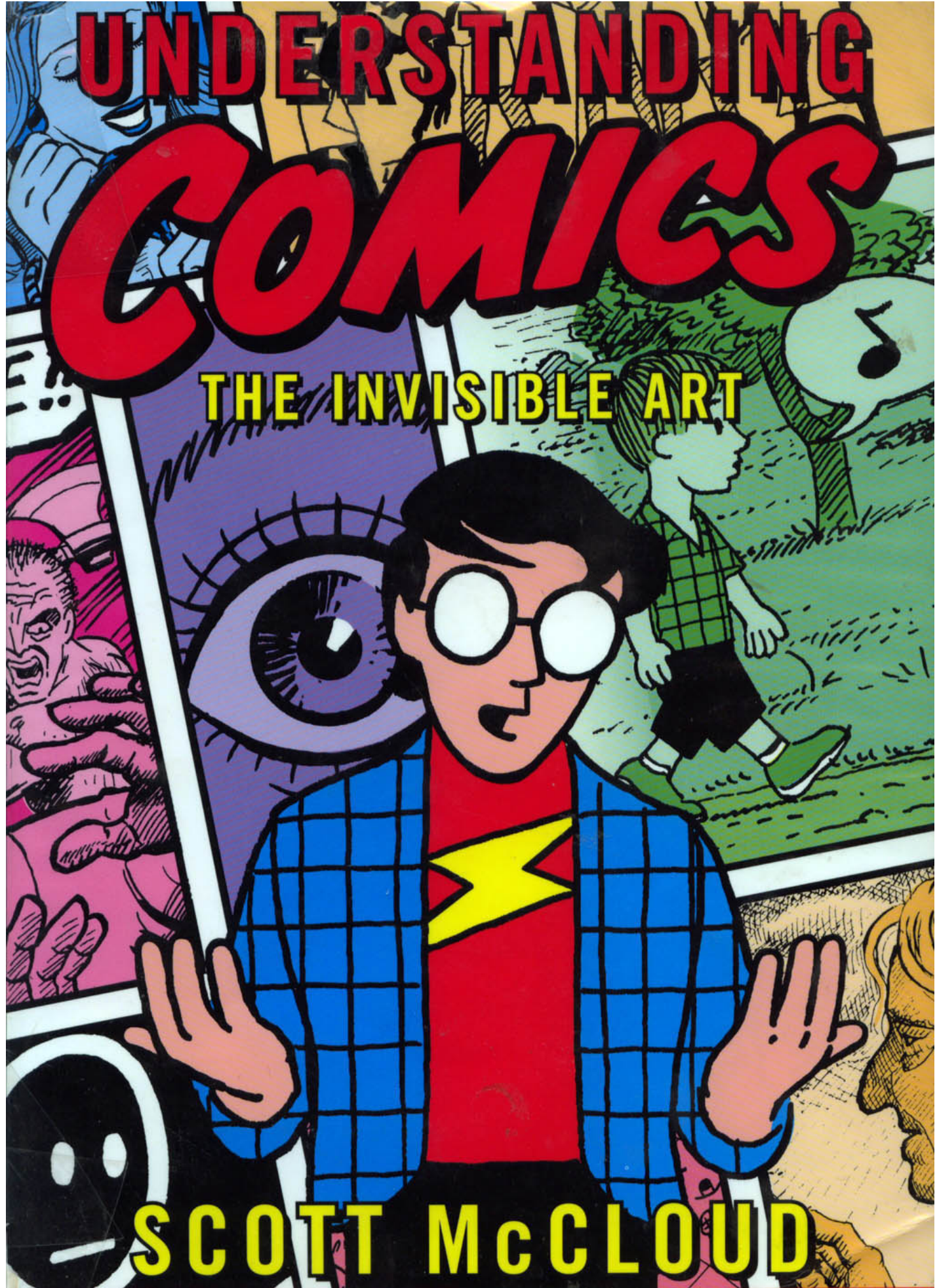
**Colors:** Scott McCloud

**Letters:** typeset

**UNDERSTANDING**

# **COMICS**

**THE INVISIBLE ART**



**SCOTT MCCLOUD**

**"A REMARKABLE NEW BAEDEKER OF THE TOONS."  
—GARRY TRUDEAU, NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW**



BY DE-EMPHASIZING THE *APPEARANCE* OF THE *PHYSICAL* WORLD IN FAVOR OF THE *IDEA* OF FORM, THE CARTOON PLACES ITSELF IN THE WORLD OF *CONCEPTS*.



THROUGH TRADITIONAL *REALISM*, THE COMICS ARTIST CAN PORTRAY THE WORLD *WITHOUT--*



--AND THROUGH THE *CARTOON*, THE WORLD *WITHIN*.



WHEN *CARTOONS* ARE USED *THROUGHOUT* A STORY, THE *WORLD* OF THAT STORY MAY SEEM TO *PULSE WITH LIFE*.



INANIMATE OBJECTS MAY SEEM TO POSSESS *SEPARATE IDENTITIES* SO THAT IF ONE *JUMPED UP* AND STARTED *SINGING* IT WOULDN'T FEEL OUT OF PLACE.



BUT IN EMPHASIZING THE *CONCEPTS* OF OBJECTS OVER THEIR *PHYSICAL APPEARANCE*, MUCH HAS TO BE *OMITTED*.



IF AN ARTIST WANTS TO PORTRAY THE BEAUTY AND COMPLEXITY OF THE *PHYSICAL WORLD--*



--*REALISM* OF *SOME SORT* IS GOING TO PLAY A PART.



WHEN DRAWING THE FACE AND FIGURE, NEARLY *ALL* COMICS ARTISTS APPLY AT LEAST *SOME* SMALL MEASURE OF CARTOONING. EVEN THE MORE REALISTIC *ADVENTURE* ARTISTS--

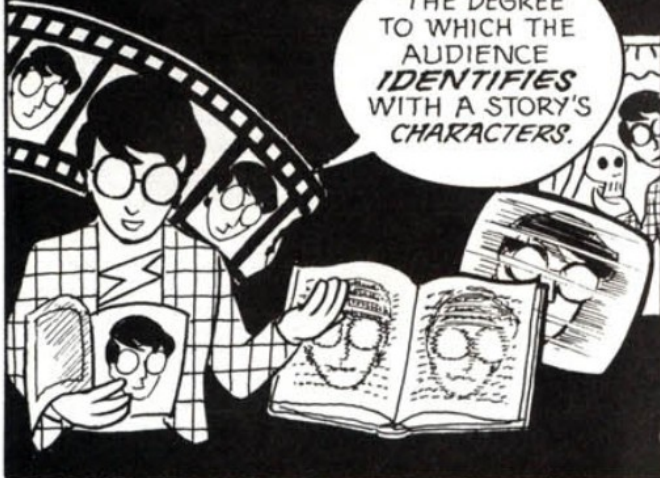


--ARE A *FAR CRY* FROM *PHOTO-REALISTS!*



STORYTELLERS IN *ALL* MEDIA KNOW THAT A SURE INDICATOR OF *AUDIENCE INVOLVEMENT--*

-- IS THE DEGREE TO WHICH THE AUDIENCE *IDENTIFIES* WITH A STORY'S *CHARACTERS*.



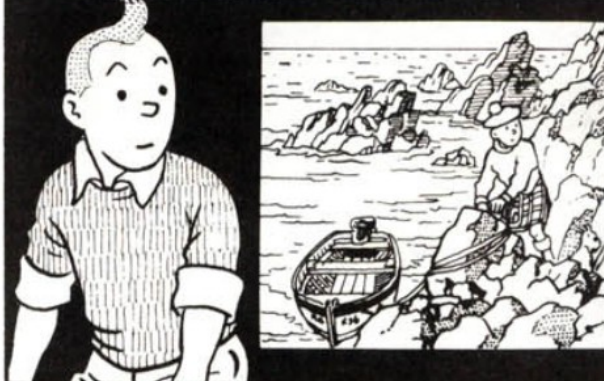
AND SINCE *VIEWER-IDENTIFICATION* IS A *SPECIALTY* OF CARTOONING, CARTOONS HAVE HISTORICALLY HELD AN *ADVANTAGE* IN *BREAKING INTO* *WORLD POPULAR CULTURE*.



ON THE OTHER HAND, NO ONE EXPECTS AUDIENCES TO IDENTIFY WITH *BRICK WALLS* OR *LANDSCAPES* AND *INDEED*, *BACKGROUNDS* TEND TO BE *SLIGHTLY MORE REALISTIC*.



IN *SOME* COMICS, THIS SPLIT IS FAR MORE *PRONOUNCED*. THE BELGIAN "*CLEAR-LINE*" STYLE OF HERGÉ'S *TINTIN* COMBINES VERY *ICONIC* CHARACTERS WITH *UNUSUALLY REALISTIC* BACKGROUNDS.





NOTHING IS *SEEN* BETWEEN THE TWO PANELS, BUT *EXPERIENCE* TELLS YOU SOMETHING *MUST* BE THERE!



COMICS PANELS *FRACTURE* BOTH *TIME* AND *SPACE*, OFFERING A *JAGGED, STACCATO RHYTHM* OF *UNCONNECTED MOMENTS*.



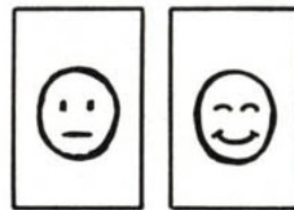
BUT CLOSURE ALLOWS US TO *CONNECT* THESE MOMENTS AND *MENTALLY CONSTRUCT* A *CONTINUOUS, UNIFIED REALITY*.

IF *VISUAL ICONOGRAPHY* IS THE *VOCABULARY* OF COMICS, *CLOSURE* IS ITS *GRAMMAR*.

AND SINCE OUR *DEFINITION* OF COMICS HINGES ON THE *ARRANGEMENT* OF ELEMENTS--



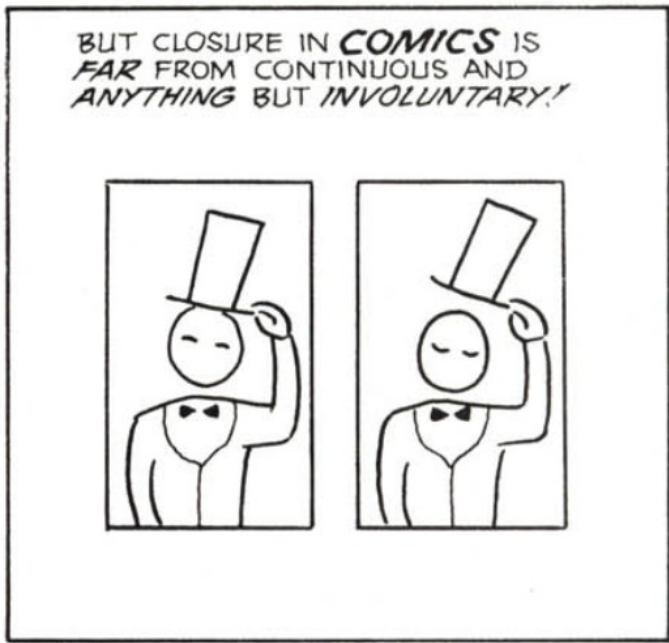
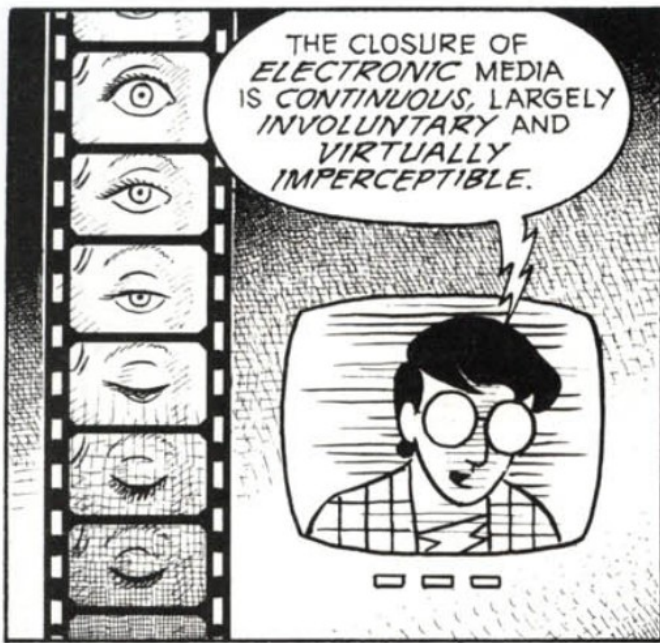
ICONOGRAPHY



CLOSURE

-- THEN, IN A VERY REAL SENSE, *COMICS IS CLOSURE!*





I MAY HAVE DRAWN AN *AXE* BEING *RAISED* IN THIS EXAMPLE, BUT I'M NOT THE ONE WHO LET IT *DROP* OR DECIDED HOW *HARD* THE BLOW, OR *WHO* SCREAMED, OR *WHY*.



THAT, DEAR READER, WAS YOUR *SPECIAL CRIME*, EACH OF YOU COMMITTING IT IN YOUR OWN *STYLE*.



TO KILL A MAN  
BETWEEN PANELS  
IS TO CONDEMN  
HIM TO A  
THOUSAND  
DEATHS.



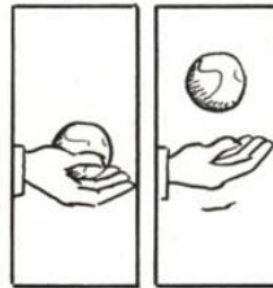
**PARTICIPATION**  
IS A **POWERFUL FORCE**  
IN **ANY MEDIUM.**  
FILMMAKERS **LONG AGO**  
REALIZED THE IMPORTANCE  
OF ALLOWING VIEWERS  
TO USE THEIR  
**IMAGINATIONS.**



BUT WHILE **FILM** MAKES  
USE OF AUDIENCES' IMAGINATIONS  
FOR **OCCASIONAL EFFECTS,**  
**COMICS** MUST USE IT  
FAR MORE **OFTEN!**



FROM THE **TOSSING OF A BASEBALL**  
TO THE **DEATH OF A PLANET,** THE  
READER'S **DELIBERATE, VOLUNTARY**  
**CLOSURE** IS COMICS' **PRIMARY** MEANS  
OF SIMULATING **TIME AND MOTION.**



**CLOSURE**  
IN COMICS FOSTERS  
AN INTIMACY SURPASSED  
ONLY BY THE **WRITTEN**  
**WORD, A SILENT, SECRET**  
**CONTRACT** BETWEEN  
**CREATOR** AND  
**AUDIENCE.**

HOW THE CREATOR  
**HONORS** THAT CONTRACT  
IS A MATTER OF BOTH  
**ART** AND **CRAFT.**



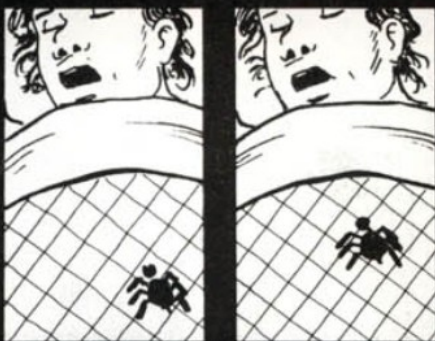
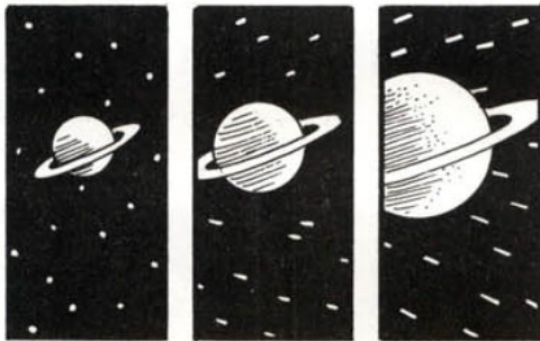
LET'S  
TAKE A LOOK  
AT THE  
**CRAFT.**



MOST **PANEL-TO-PANEL** TRANSITIONS IN COMICS CAN BE PLACED IN ONE OF SEVERAL DISTINCT CATEGORIES. THE **FIRST** CATEGORY-- WHICH WE'LL CALL **MOMENT-TO-MOMENT**--REQUIRES VERY **LITTLE** CLOSURE.



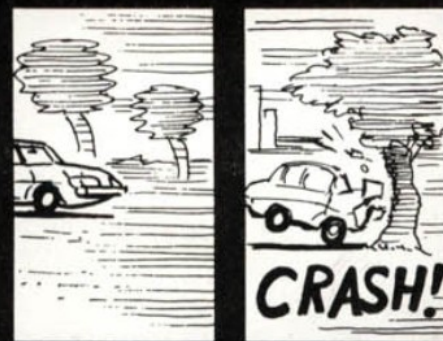
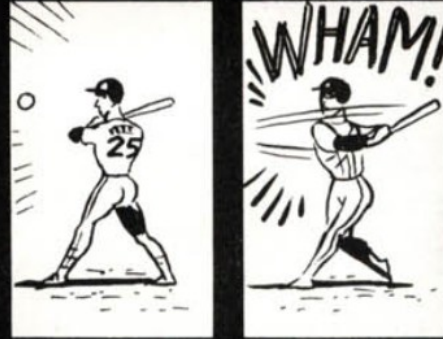
1.



**NEXT** ARE THOSE TRANSITIONS FEATURING A SINGLE **SUBJECT** IN DISTINCT **ACTION-TO-ACTION** PROGRESSIONS.



2.



THE *NEXT* TYPE TAKES US FROM **SUBJECT-TO-SUBJECT** WHILE STAYING WITHIN A SCENE OR IDEA. NOTE THE DEGREE OF **READER INVOLVEMENT** NECESSARY TO RENDER THESE TRANSITIONS **MEANINGFUL**.



3.



**DEDUCTIVE REASONING** IS OFTEN REQUIRED IN READING COMICS SUCH AS IN THESE **SCENE-TO-SCENE** TRANSITIONS, WHICH TRANSPORT US ACROSS **SIGNIFICANT DISTANCES OF TIME AND SPACE**.



4.



A *FIFTH* TYPE OF TRANSITION, WHICH WE'LL CALL *ASPECT-TO-ASPECT*, BYPASSES *TIME* FOR THE MOST PART AND SETS A *WANDERING EYE* ON DIFFERENT *ASPECTS* OF A PLACE, IDEA OR MOOD.



5.



AND FINALLY, THERE'S THE *NON-SEQUITUR*, WHICH OFFERS NO LOGICAL RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN PANELS *WHATSOEVER!*



6.



THIS *LAST* CATEGORY SUGGESTS AN INTERESTING QUESTION. IS IT POSSIBLE FOR ANY SEQUENCE OF PANELS TO BE *TOTALLY UNRELATED* TO EACH OTHER?



PERSONALLY, I DON'T *THINK* SO.

NO MATTER HOW *DISSIMILAR* ONE IMAGE MAY BE TO ANOTHER, THERE IS A KIND OF--



--*ALCHEMY* AT WORK IN THE SPACE BETWEEN PANELS WHICH CAN HELP US FIND *MEANING* OR *RESONANCE* IN EVEN THE MOST *JARRING* OF COMBINATIONS.



SUCH TRANSITIONS MAY NOT MAKE "*SENSE*" IN ANY TRADITIONAL WAY, BUT STILL A RELATIONSHIP OF *SOME* SORT WILL INEVITABLY *DEVELOP*.



BY CREATING A *SEQUENCE* WITH TWO OR MORE IMAGES, WE ARE *ENDOWING* THEM WITH A *SINGLE*--



--*OVERRIDING IDENTITY*, AND *FORCING* THE VIEWER TO CONSIDER THEM AS A *WHOLE*.

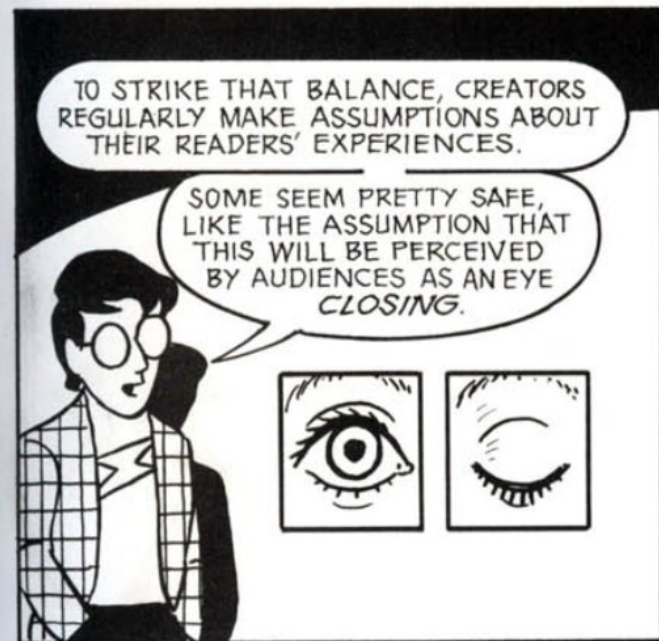


HOWEVER *DIFFERENT* THEY HAD BEEN, THEY NOW BELONG TO A *SINGLE ORGANISM*.



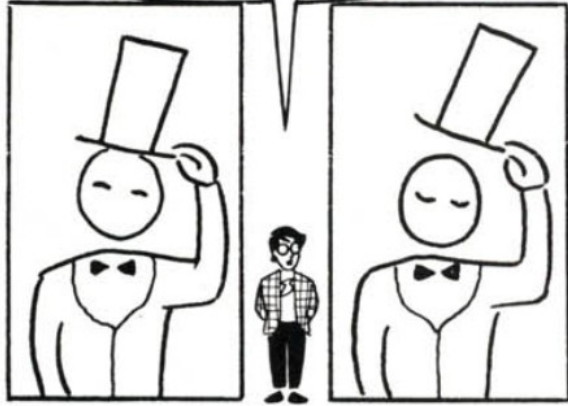


\* "BRUM" APPEARS COURTESY OF M. FEAZELL





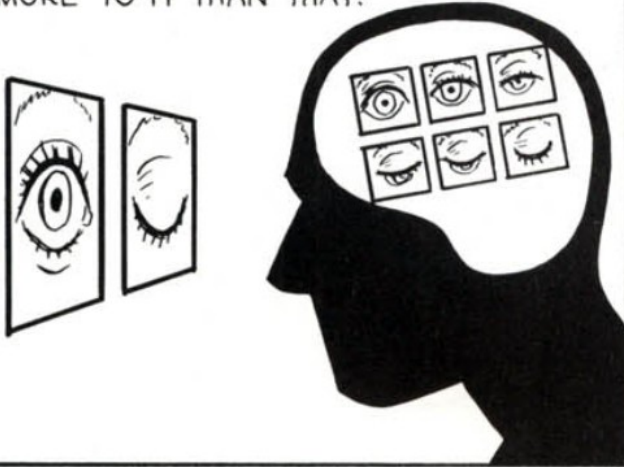
WHATEVER THE MYSTERIES *WITHIN* EACH PANEL, IT'S THE POWER OF CLOSURE *BETWEEN* PANELS THAT I FIND THE MOST INTERESTING.



THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE AND WONDERFUL THAT HAPPENS IN THIS BLANK RIBBON OF PAPER.

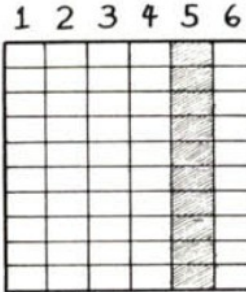


WE ALREADY KNOW THAT COMICS ASKS THE MIND TO WORK AS A SORT OF *IN-BETWEENER* -- FILLING IN THE GAPS BETWEEN PANELS AS AN *ANIMATOR* MIGHT-- BUT I BELIEVE THERE'S STILL MORE TO IT THAN THAT.



LET'S TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE *FIFTH* TYPE OF TRANSITION, THE ONE SO POPULAR IN JAPAN.

HERE'S A FOUR-PANEL ESTABLISHING SHOT OF AN OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN SCENE.



NOW, MOST OF YOU SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE **PERCEIVING** THAT YOU'RE IN A KITCHEN FROM THOSE FOUR PANELS **ALONE**.



WITH A **HIGH DEGREE OF CLOSURE**, YOUR MIND IS TAKING FOUR PICTURE **FRAGMENTS** AND CONSTRUCTING AN ENTIRE SCENE **OUT OF THOSE FRAGMENTS**.



BUT THE SCENE YOUR MIND CONSTRUCTS FROM THOSE **FOUR** PANELS IS A VERY **DIFFERENT PLACE** FROM THE SCENE CONSTRUCTED FROM OUR TRADITIONAL **ONE-PANEL** ESTABLISHING SHOT!



LOOK AGAIN.

YOU'VE BEEN IN KITCHENS BEFORE, YOU KNOW WHAT A POT ON THE BOIL SOUNDS LIKE; DO YOU ONLY HEAR IT IN THAT **FIRST** PANEL?



AND WHAT ABOUT THE **CHOPPING** SOUND? DOES THAT ONLY LAST A **PANEL** OR DOES IT **PERSIST**? CAN YOU **SMELL** THIS KITCHEN? **FEEL** IT? **TASTE** IT?



COMICS IS A **MONO-SENSORY** MEDIUM. IT RELIES ON ONLY **ONE** OF THE SENSES TO CONVEY A **WORLD** OF EXPERIENCE.



BUT WHAT OF THE OTHER **FOUR**?

WE REPRESENT **SOUND** THROUGH DEVICES SUCH AS **WORD BALLOONS**.



WE REPRESENT **SOUND** THROUGH DEVICES SUCH AS **WORD BALLOONS**.



BUT ALL IN ALL, IT IS AN **EXCLUSIVELY VISUAL** REPRESENTATION.

**WITHIN** THESE PANELS, WE CAN ONLY CONVEY INFORMATION **VISUALLY**.



BUT **BETWEEN** PANELS, NONE OF OUR SENSES ARE REQUIRED AT ALL.



WHICH IS WHY **ALL** OF OUR SENSES ARE ENGAGED!



SEVERAL TIMES ON EVERY PAGE THE READER IS RELEASED--LIKE A TRAPEZE ARTIST-- INTO THE OPEN AIR OF IMAGINATION...



...THEN CAUGHT BY THE OUTSTRETCHED ARMS OF THE EVER-PRESENT NEXT PANEL!



CAUGHT QUICKLY SO AS NOT TO LET THE READER FALL INTO CONFUSION OR BOREDOM.



BUT IS IT POSSIBLE THAT CLOSURE CAN BE SO MANAGED IN SOME CASES--



--THAT THE READER MIGHT LEARN TO FLY?



IN CHAPTER TWO, WE DISCUSSED VARIOUS TYPES OF ICONIC AND NON-ICONIC DRAWING STYLES.



DO THESE AFFECT CLOSURE??

I THINK THE ANSWER IS YES.



SINCE CARTOONS ALREADY EXIST AS CONCEPTS FOR THE READER, THEY TEND TO FLOW EASILY THROUGH THE CONCEPTUAL TERRITORY BETWEEN PANELS.



IDEAS FLOWING INTO ONE ANOTHER SEAMLESSLY.

BUT *REALISTIC* IMAGES HAVE A BUMPIER RIDE. THEIRS IS A PRIMARILY *VISUAL* EXISTENCE WHICH DOESN'T PASS EASILY INTO THE REALM OF IDEAS.

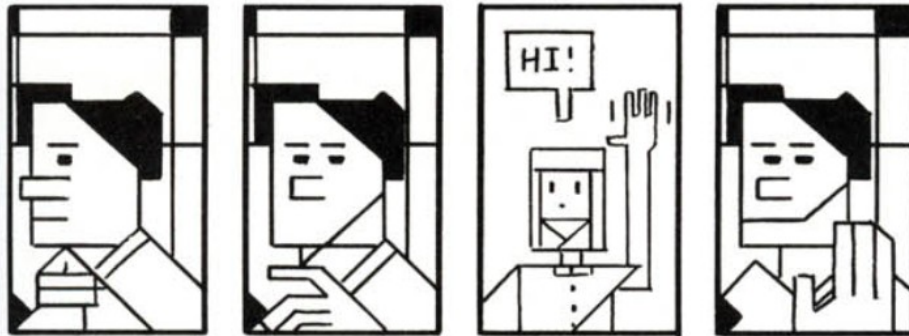


AND SO, WHAT SEEMED LIKE A CONTINUOUS SERIES OF MOMENTS IN THE LAST EXAMPLE, HERE LOOKS A LITTLE MORE LIKE A SERIES OF *STILL PICTURES*...

...TO *ME* ANYWAY. THESE THINGS ARE ALL *SUBJECTIVE!*



SIMILARLY, I THINK WHEN COMICS ART VEERS CLOSER TO CONCERNS OF THE *PICTURE PLANE*, CLOSURE CAN BE MORE DIFFICULT TO ACHIEVE, THOUGH FOR DIFFERENT REASONS.



NOW IT'S THE *UNIFYING PROPERTIES* OF *DESIGN* THAT MAKE US MORE AWARE OF THE PAGE AS A *WHOLE*, RATHER THAN ITS INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS, THE *PANELS*.

A GOOD RULE OF THUMB IS THAT IF READERS ARE PARTICULARLY *AWARE* OF THE ART IN A GIVEN STORY--



--THEN CLOSURE IS PROBABLY NOT HAPPENING WITHOUT SOME *EFFORT*.



OF COURSE, MAKING THE READER *WORK* A LITTLE MAY BE JUST WHAT THE ARTIST IS *TRYING* TO DO. ONCE AGAIN, IT'S ALL A MATTER OF *PERSONAL TASTE*.



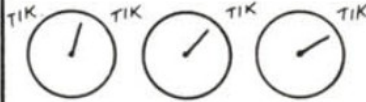
# CHAPTER FOUR

## TIME FRAMES.

SO! LET'S SEE:  
EACH PANEL OF A  
COMIC SHOWS A  
SINGLE MOMENT  
IN TIME.



AND *BETWEEN*  
THOSE FROZEN  
MOMENTS -- BETWEEN  
THE PANELS -- OUR  
MINDS FILL IN THE  
*INTERVENING MOMENTS*,  
CREATING THE ILLUSION  
OF *TIME AND MOTION*.



LIKE A LINE DRAWN  
BETWEEN TWO POINTS.

RIGHT?



CLIK



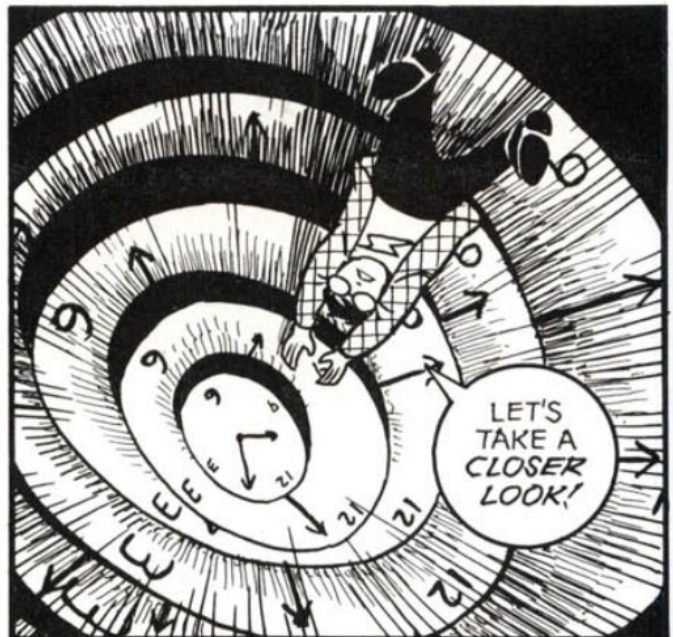
NAAH!  
OF COURSE  
NOT!

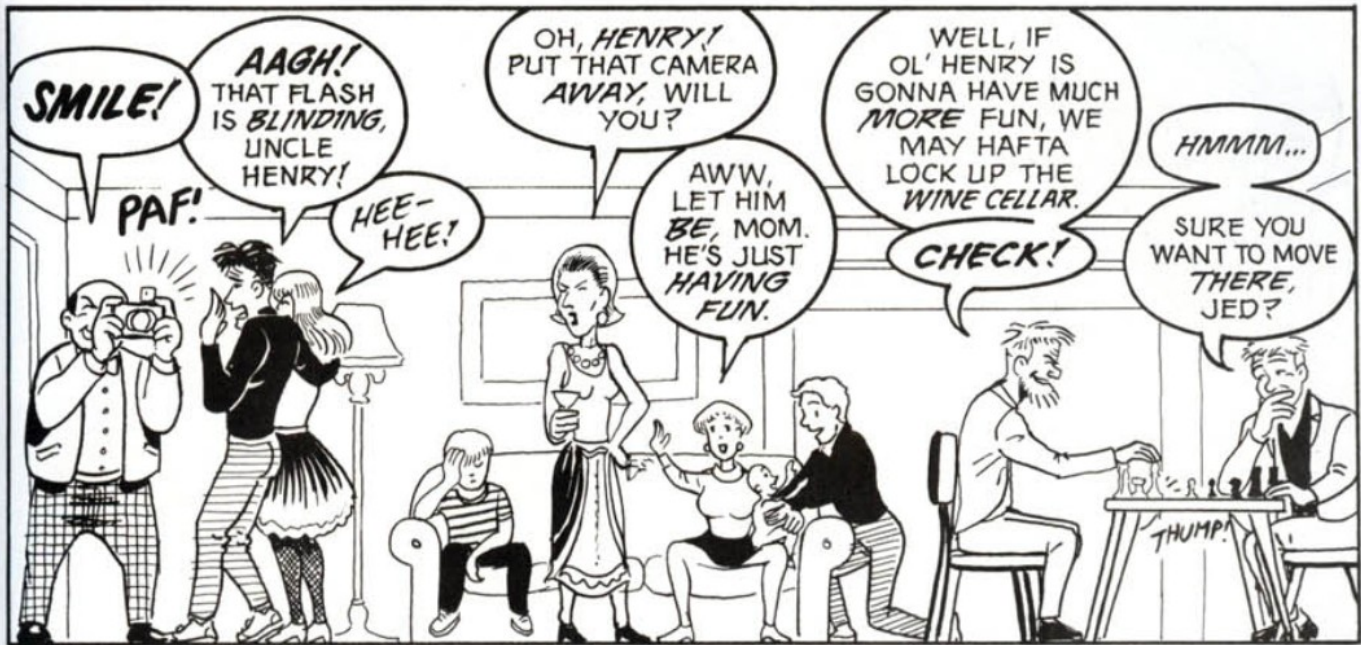


TIME IN COMICS  
IS *INFINITELY*  
WEIRDER THAN  
*THAT!*

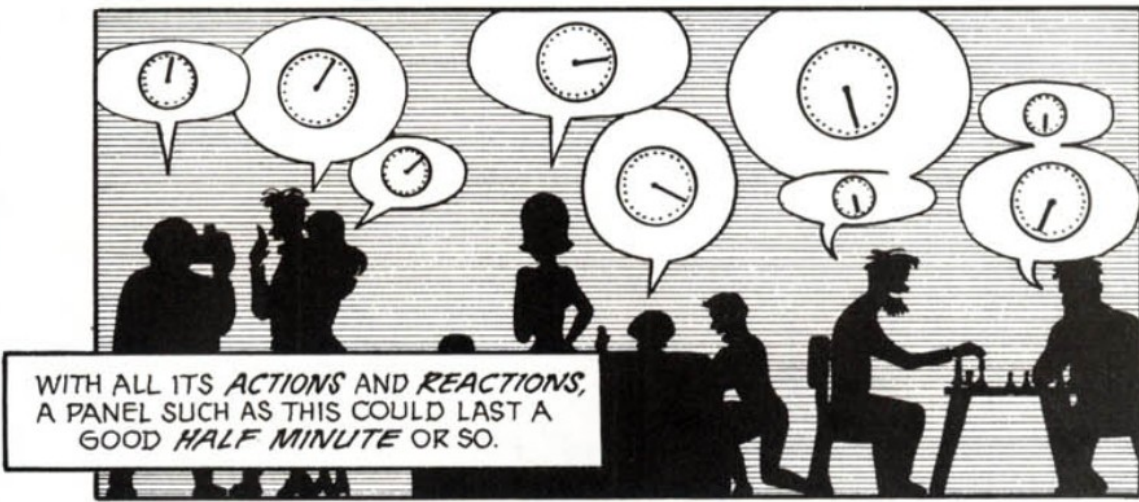


LET'S  
TAKE A  
CLOSER  
LOOK!





JUST AS PICTURES AND THE INTERVALS *BETWEEN* THEM CREATE THE ILLUSION OF TIME THROUGH *CLOSURE*, *WORDS* INTRODUCE TIME BY REPRESENTING THAT WHICH CAN ONLY EXIST *IN TIME* -- *SOUND*.





*BUT HOW COULD THIS BE ANYTHING BUT A SINGLE MOMENT? OUR EYES HAVE BEEN WELL-TRAINED BY THE PHOTOGRAPH AND BY REPRESENTATIONAL ART TO SEE ANY SINGLE CONTINUOUS IMAGE AS A SINGLE INSTANT IN TIME.*



*BUT THE ACTIONS THAT WE SEE OCCURRING SEEMINGLY AT THE SAME TIME OBVIOUSLY CAN'T BE!*



*ANOTHER WAY TO LOOK AT IT: LET'S THINK OF TIME AS A ROPE.*



*EACH INCH REPRESENTS A SECOND.*



*SUCH A ROPE MIGHT BE SAID TO WIND SOMETHING LIKE THIS THROUGH OUR PANEL.*

*SIMPLIFIED OF COURSE, SINCE EACH BALLOON HAS ITS OWN TWISTS AND TURNS.*



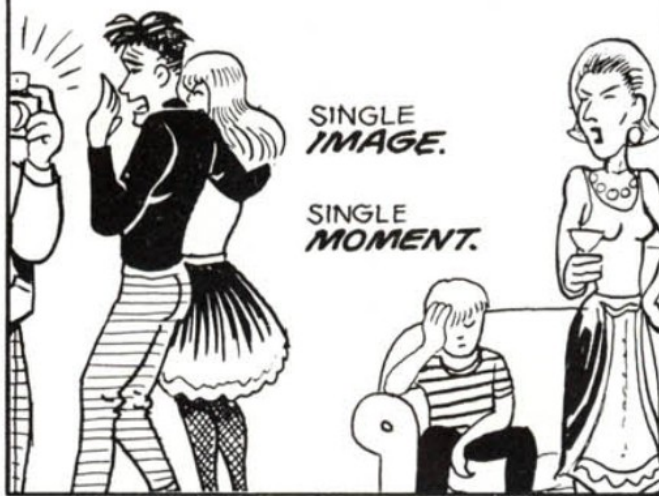
*AND SINCE EACH FACE AND FIGURE IS DRAWN TO MATCH HIS/HER OWN WORDS--*

*SMILE!*  
*PAF!*  
*AAGH! THAT FLASH IS BLINDING, UNCLE HENRY!*  
*HEE-HEE*

--THOSE FIGURES, FACES AND WORDS ARE MATCHED IN *TIME* AS WELL.



THE PROPERTIES OF THE SINGLE CONTINUOUS *IMAGE*, MEANWHILE, TEND TO MATCH EACH FIGURE WITH EVERY *OTHER* FIGURE.



PORTRAYING TIME ON A LINE MOVING *LEFT TO RIGHT*, THIS PUTS ALL THE *IMAGES* ON THE SAME VERTICAL AXIS.



AND *TANGLES UP TIME* BEYOND ALL RECOGNITION!



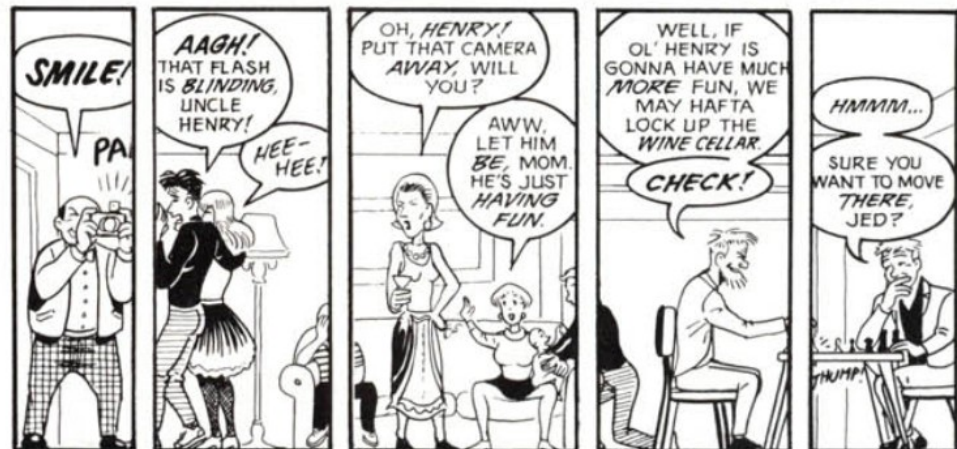
PERHAPS WE'VE BEEN TOO CONDITIONED BY PHOTOGRAPHY TO PERCEIVE SINGLE IMAGES AS *SINGLE MOMENTS*. AFTER ALL, IT DOES TAKE AN EYE *TIME* TO MOVE ACROSS SCENES IN *REAL LIFE*!



EACH FIGURE IS ARRANGED FROM *LEFT TO RIGHT* IN THE SEQUENCE WE WILL "*READ*" THEM, EACH OCCUPYING A DISTINCT *TIME* SLOT.



IN SOME RESPECTS THIS PANEL BY ITSELF ACTUALLY *FITS* OUR *DEFINITION* OF COMICS! ALL IT NEEDS IS A FEW *GUTTERS* THROWN IN TO *CLARIFY* THE SEQUENCE.

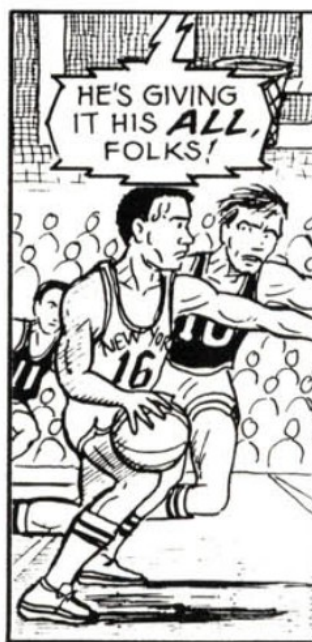


*ONE* PANEL, OPERATING AS *SEVERAL* PANELS.



NOT *ALL* PANELS ARE LIKE THAT, OF COURSE.

A SILENT PANEL SUCH AS THIS COULD *INDEED* BE SAID TO DEPICT A *SINGLE MOMENT!*



IF *SOUND* IS INTRODUCED, THIS CEASES TO BE TRUE--



--*BUT*, IN AN OTHERWISE SILENT CAPTIONED PANEL, THE SINGLE MOMENT CAN ACTUALLY BE *HELD*.



THESE VARIOUS SHAPES WE CALL *PANELS* HOLD IN THEIR BORDERS ALL OF THE *ICONS* THAT ADD UP TO THE *VOCABULARY OF COMICS*.



ALL EXCEPT *ONE*.



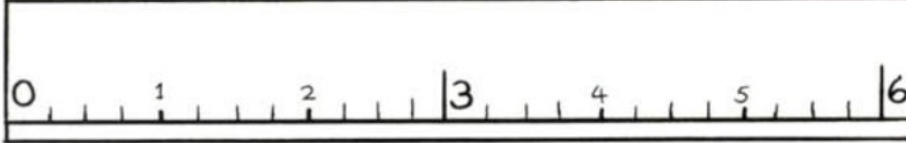
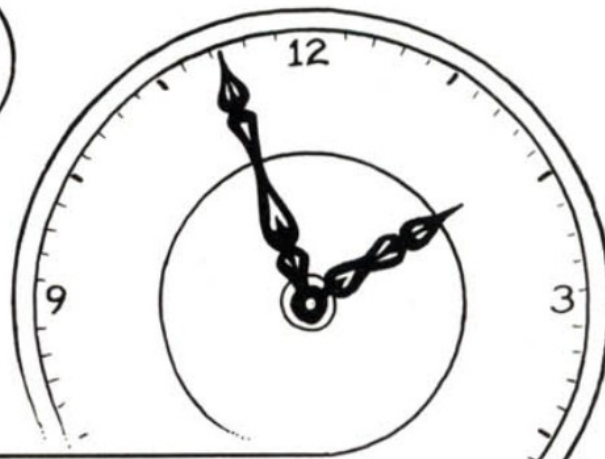
FOR JUST AS THE BODY'S LARGEST ORGAN -- OUR *SKIN*-- IS SELDOM *THOUGHT OF* AS AN ORGAN--



-- SO TOO IS THE PANEL *ITSELF* OVERLOOKED AS COMICS' MOST IMPORTANT *ICON!*



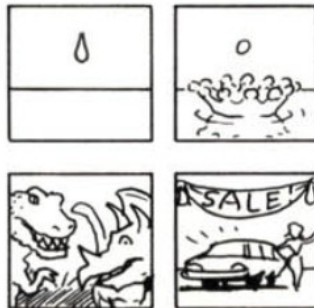
IN LEARNING TO READ COMICS WE ALL LEARNED TO PERCEIVE TIME **SPATIALLY**, FOR IN THE WORLD OF COMICS, **TIME AND SPACE ARE ONE AND THE SAME.**



THE PROBLEM IS **THERE'S NO CONVERSION CHART!**



THE FEW CENTIMETERS WHICH TRANSPORT US FROM **SECOND TO SECOND** IN ONE SEQUENCE COULD TAKE US A **HUNDRED MILLION YEARS** IN ANOTHER.



SO, AS READERS, WE'RE LEFT WITH ONLY A **VAGUE SENSE** THAT AS OUR EYES ARE MOVING THROUGH **SPACE**, THEY'RE ALSO MOVING THROUGH **TIME**-- WE JUST DON'T KNOW BY **HOW MUCH!**



IN MOST CASES IT'S NOT HARD TO MAKE AN EDUCATED GUESS AS TO THE DURATION OF A GIVEN SEQUENCE, SO LONG AS THE **ELEMENTS** OF THAT SEQUENCE ARE **FAMILIAR** TO US.



I ALWAYS FIGURED MARY-ANNE WOULD GO FOR GILLIGAN.



I GUESS.



FROM A **LIFETIME OF CONVERSATIONS**, WE CAN BE SURE THAT A "PAUSE" PANEL LIKE THIS LASTS FOR NO MORE THAN **SEVERAL SECONDS.**





BUT IF THE CREATOR OF THIS SCENE WANTED TO *LENGTHEN* THAT PAUSE, HOW COULD HE OR SHE DO SO? ONE OBVIOUS SOLUTION WOULD BE TO ADD MORE PANELS, BUT IS THAT THE ONLY WAY?



IS THERE ANY WAY TO MAKE A SINGLE SILENT PANEL LIKE THIS ONE SEEM *LONGER*? HOW ABOUT WIDENING THE SPACE *BETWEEN* PANELS? ANY *DIFFERENCE*?




WE'VE SEEN HOW TIME CAN BE CONTROLLED THROUGH THE *CONTENT* OF PANELS, THE *NUMBER* OF PANELS AND CLOSURE *BETWEEN* PANELS, BUT THERE'S STILL *ONE MORE*.



AS UNLIKELY AS IT SOUNDS, THE PANEL *SHAPE* CAN ACTUALLY MAKE A *DIFFERENCE* IN OUR *PERCEPTION* OF TIME. EVEN THOUGH THIS LONG PANEL HAS THE SAME BASIC "MEANING" AS ITS SHORTER VERSIONS, STILL IT HAS THE *FEELING* OF GREATER LENGTH!







EVER NOTICED HOW THE WORDS "SHORT" OR "LONG" CAN REFER EITHER TO THE **FIRST** DIMENSION OR TO THE **FOURTH**?

IN A MEDIUM WHERE TIME AND SPACE *MERGE* SO COMPLETELY, THE DISTINCTION OFTEN *VANISHES!*

THE **PANEL BORDER** IS OUR *GUIDE* THROUGH **TIME AND SPACE**, BUT IT WILL ONLY *GUIDE* US SO FAR.



AS MENTIONED, PANELS COME IN MANY SHAPES AND SIZES, THOUGH THE **CLASSIC RECTANGLE** IS USED MOST OFTEN.



MOST OF US ARE SO USED TO THE STANDARD **RECTANGULAR** FORMAT THAT A "**BORDERLESS**" PANEL SUCH AS THIS CAN TAKE ON A **TIMELESS** QUALITY.

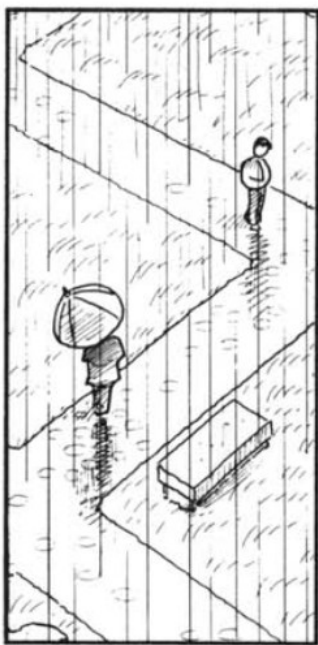



HEY, ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?!




I GUESS.

WHEN THE **CONTENT** OF A SILENT PANEL OFFERS NO CLUES AS TO ITS **DURATION**, IT CAN ALSO PRODUCE A SENSE OF **TIMELESSNESS**.

BECAUSE OF ITS **UNRESOLVED NATURE**, SUCH A PANEL MAY **LINGER** IN THE READER'S MIND.

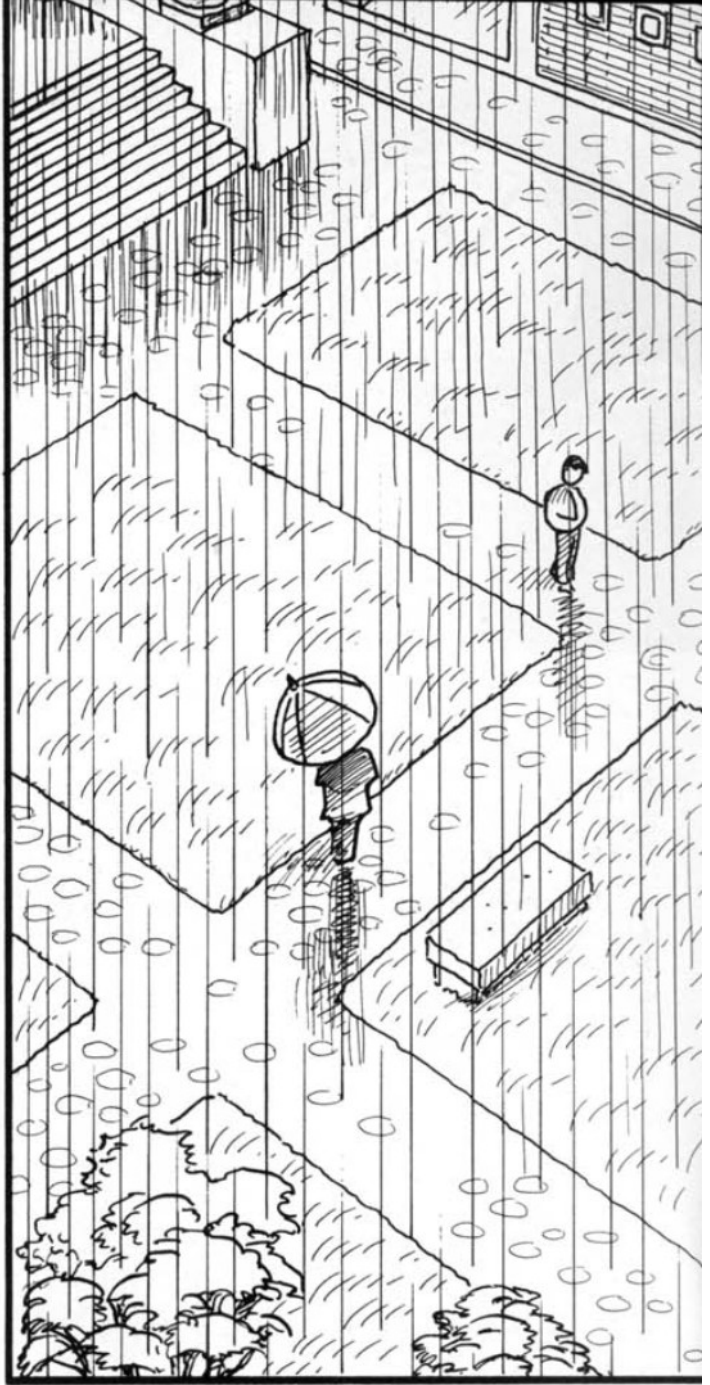


AND ITS PRESENCE MAY BE FELT IN THE PANELS WHICH **FOLLOW** IT.

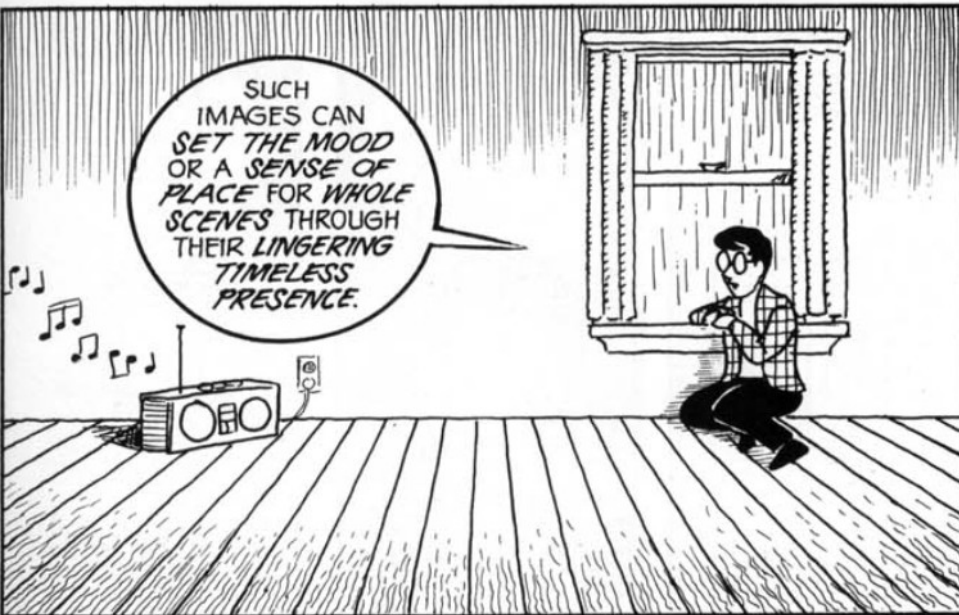


WHEN "BLEEDS" ARE USED -- I.E., WHEN A PANEL RUNS OFF THE EDGE OF THE PAGE -- THIS EFFECT IS COMPOUNDED.

TIME IS NO LONGER CONTAINED BY THE FAMILIAR ICON OF THE CLOSED PANEL, BUT INSTEAD HEMORRHAGES AND ESCAPES INTO TIMELESS SPACE.



SUCH IMAGES CAN SET THE MOOD OR A SENSE OF PLACE FOR WHOLE SCENES THROUGH THEIR LINGERING TIMELESS PRESENCE.



ONCE AGAIN, THIS IS A TECHNIQUE USED MOST OFTEN IN JAPAN AND ONLY RECENTLY ADOPTED HERE IN THE WEST.





IN COMICS, AS IN *FILM*, *TELEVISION* AND "*REAL LIFE*," IT IS ALWAYS **NOW**.

**THIS** PANEL AND **THIS** PANEL **ALONE** REPRESENTS THE **PRESENT**.

ANY PANEL **BEFORE** THIS-- THAT **LAST** ONE, FOR INSTANCE-- REPRESENTS THE **PAST**.



LIKEWISE, ALL PANELS **STILL TO COME**--THIS **NEXT** PANEL, FOR INSTANCE-- REPRESENT THE **FUTURE**.



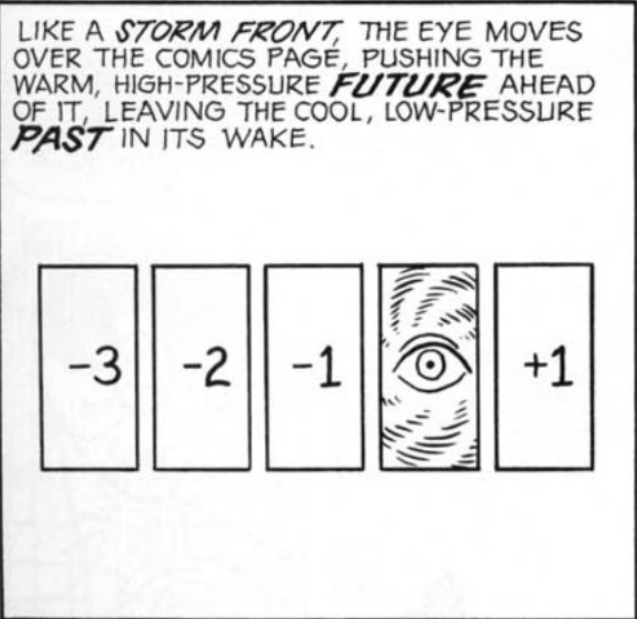
BUT **UNLIKE** OTHER MEDIA, IN COMICS, THE PAST IS MORE THAN JUST **MEMORIES** FOR THE AUDIENCE AND THE FUTURE IS MORE THAN JUST **POSSIBILITIES!**



BOTH **PAST** AND **FUTURE** ARE **REAL** AND **VISIBLE** AND **ALL AROUND US!**



WHEREVER YOUR EYES ARE FOCUSED, THAT'S **NOW**. BUT AT THE SAME TIME YOUR EYES TAKE IN THE **SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE** OF **PAST** AND **FUTURE!**



LIKE A **STORM FRONT**, THE EYE MOVES OVER THE COMICS PAGE, PUSHING THE WARM, HIGH-PRESSURE **FUTURE** AHEAD OF IT, LEAVING THE COOL, LOW-PRESSURE **PAST** IN ITS WAKE.



WHEREVER THE EYE HITS **LAND**, WE EXPECT IT TO BEGIN MOVING **FORWARD**.



BUT **EYES**, LIKE **STORMS**, CAN **CHANGE DIRECTION!**



YET WE SELDOM DO CHANGE DIRECTION, EXCEPT TO RE-READ OR REVIEW PASSAGES. IT'S LEFT-TO-RIGHT, UP-TO-DOWN, PAGE AFTER PAGE.



THE IDEA THAT THE READER MIGHT CHOOSE A DIRECTION IS STILL CONSIDERED EXOTIC.



THIS MAY, IN PART, BE THE INFLUENCE OF OTHER MEDIA LIKE FILM AND TELEVISION WHERE VIEWER CHOICE HAS NOT GENERALLY BEEN FEASIBLE.



CONDITIONED AS WE ARE TO READ LEFT-TO-RIGHT AND UP-TO-DOWN, A MISCHIEVOUS CARTOONIST CAN PLAY ANY NUMBER OF TRICKS ON US.

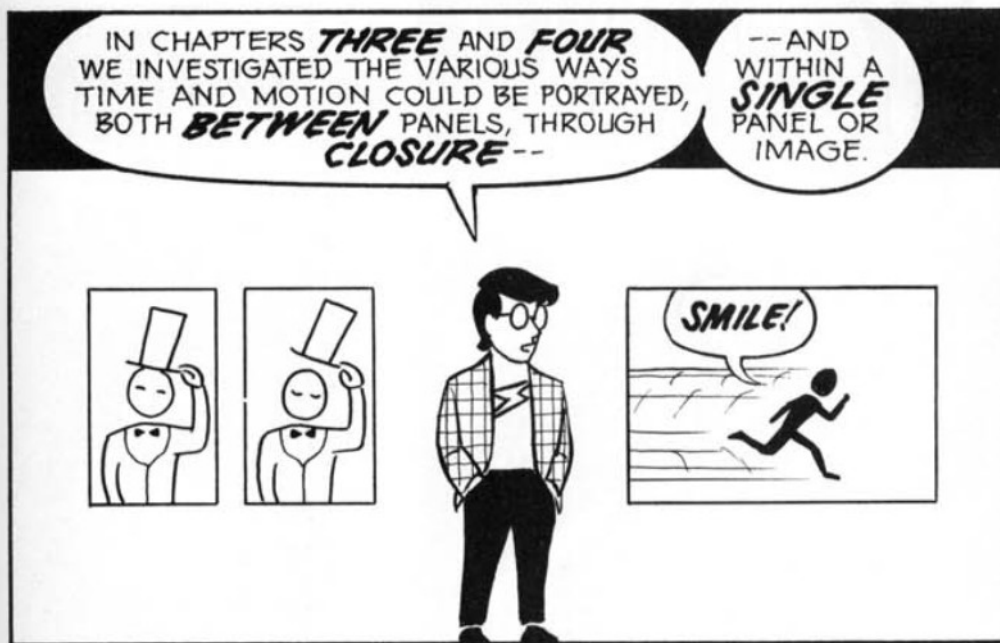




THE IDEA THAT A PICTURE CAN EVOKE AN *EMOTIONAL* OR *SENSUAL* RESPONSE IN THE VIEWER IS VITAL TO THE ART OF COMICS.



SOME IMAGES INSPIRED BY THE PAINTINGS OF ADAM PHILIPS.



IN CHAPTERS *THREE* AND *FOUR* WE INVESTIGATED THE VARIOUS WAYS TIME AND MOTION COULD BE PORTRAYED, BOTH *BETWEEN* PANELS, THROUGH *CLOSURE* --

--AND WITHIN A *SINGLE* PANEL OR IMAGE.



THE INVISIBLE WORLD OF SENSES AND EMOTIONS CAN *ALSO* BE PORTRAYED EITHER *BETWEEN* OR *WITHIN* PANELS.



WE'VE TOUCHED UPON THE *FORMER* CATEGORY IN CHAPTER *THREE*, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *LATTER*?



HOW CAN A *SINGLE IMAGE* REPRESENT THE *SENSES* AND *EMOTIONS* AND HOW DOES THIS IDEA APPLY TO *COMICS*?



ONCE AGAIN WE CAN TURN TO THE WORLD OF "*FINE ARTS*" FOR SOME IDEAS.

IN SURVEYING A *CENTURY* OF COMICS, ONE FINDS CREATORS LIKE THE UNDERGROUND'S *RORY HAYES*, WHO ARE *BLATANTLY EXPRESSIONISTIC*, BUT SUCH ARTISTS ARE *FEW AND FAR BETWEEN*.



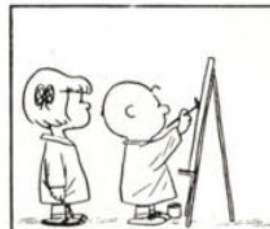
MOST HAVE WORKED IN A FAIRLY *STRAIGHTFORWARD STYLE*. *ICONIC*, MAYBE, BUT NOT FILLED WITH THE EXPRESSIVE LINES OF A *MUNCH* OR THE COLORS OF A *VAN GOGH*.



CAN WE SAY, THEREFORE, THAT ONE OF THESE TWO CREATORS IS EXPRESSING MOOD AND EMOTION AND THE OTHER IS *NOT*? OR DOES THE DIFFERENCE LIE IN *WHAT* IS BEING EXPRESSED?



PEANUTS



CHARLES SCHULZ



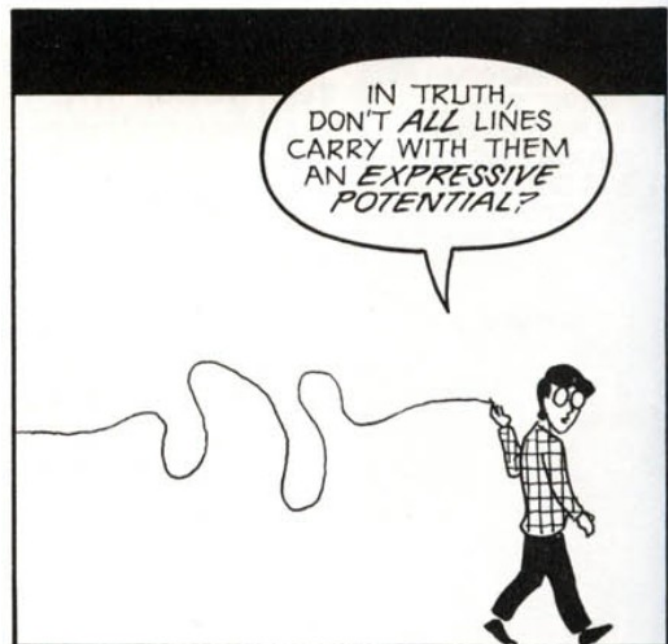
IF *THESE* LINES ARE EXPRESSIVE OF *FEAR, ANXIETY* AND *MADNESS*--



--THEN COULDN'T *THESE* LINES BE SAID TO PORTRAY *CALM, REASON* AND *INTROSPECTION*?

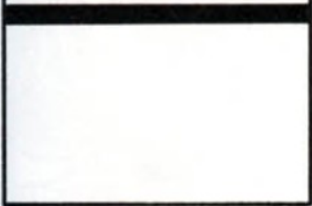


IN TRUTH, DON'T *ALL* LINES CARRY WITH THEM AN *EXPRESSIVE POTENTIAL*?

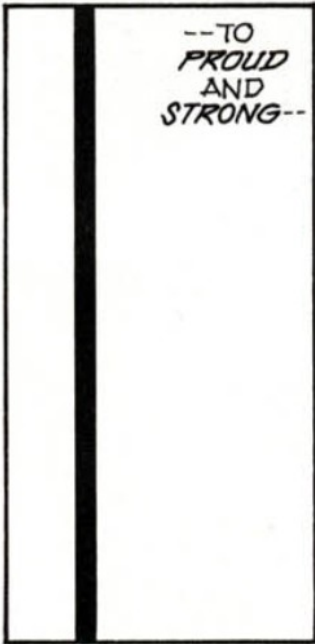


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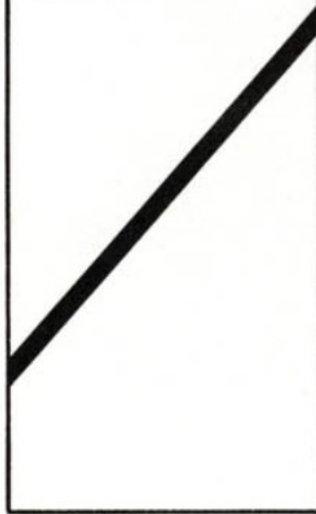
BY DIRECTION ALONE, A LINE MAY GO FROM PASSIVE AND TIMELESS--



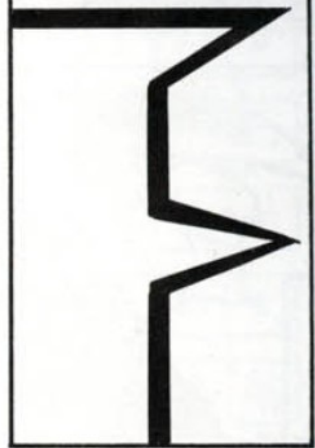
--TO PROUD AND STRONG--



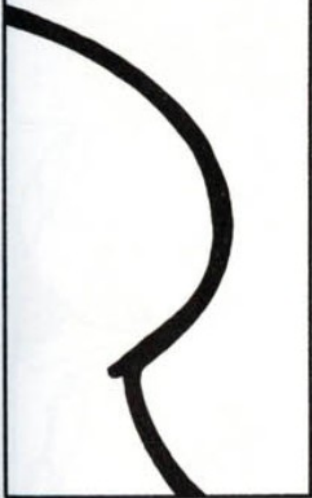
--TO DYNAMIC AND CHANGING!



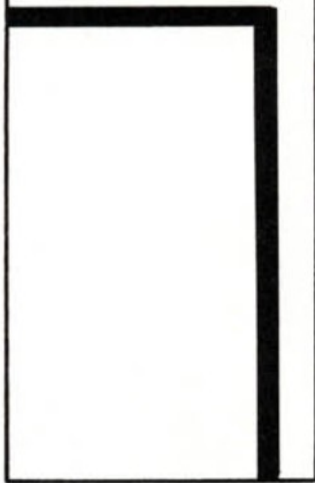
BY ITS SHAPE, IT CAN BE UNWELCOMING AND SEVERE--



--OR WARM AND GENTLE--



--OR RATIONAL AND CONSERVATIVE.



BY ITS CHARACTER IT MAY SEEM SAVAGE AND DEADLY--



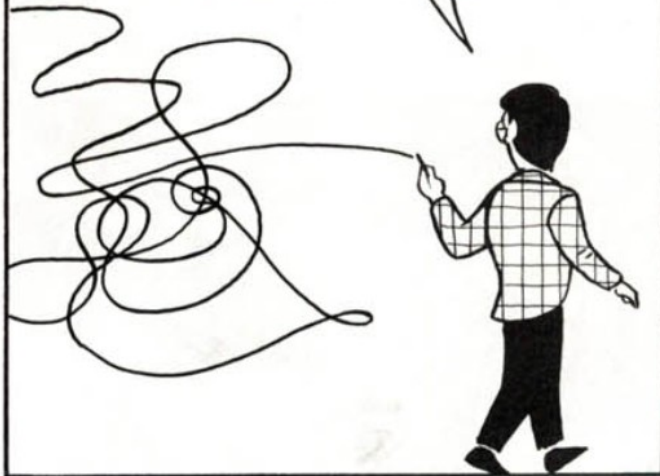
--OR WEAK AND UNSTABLE--



--OR HONEST AND DIRECT.



THE MOST BLAND "EXPRESSIONLESS" LINES ON EARTH CAN'T HELP BUT CHARACTERIZE THEIR SUBJECT IN SOME WAY.



AND WHILE FEW COMIC ARTISTS MAY CONSIDER THEMSELVES EXPRESSIONISTS, THAT DOESN'T MEAN THAT THEY CAN'T TELL ONE LINE FROM ANOTHER!



IN *DICK TRACY*, FOR EXAMPLE, CHESTER GOULD USED **BOLD LINES, OBTUSE ANGLES AND HEAVY BLACKS** TO SUGGEST THE MOOD OF A *GRIM, DEADLY* WORLD OF *ADULTS*--



-- WHILE THE *GENTLE CURVES* AND *OPEN LINES* OF *CARL BARKS' UNCLE SCROOGE* CONVEY A FEELING OF *WHIMSY, YOUTH* AND *INNOCENCE*.



IN *R. CRUMB'S* WORLD, THE *CURVES* OF *INNOCENCE* ARE **BETRAYED** BY THE *NEUROTIC QUILL-LINES* OF *MODERN ADULTHOOD*, AND LEFT *PAINFULLY* OUT OF *PLACE*--



-- WHILE IN *KRYSTINE KRYTTRE'S* ART, THE *CURVES* OF *CHILDHOOD* AND THE *MAD LINES* OF A *MUNCH* CREATE A *CRAZY TODDLER* LOOK.



IN THE *MID-1960s* WHEN THE *AVERAGE MARVEL READER* WAS *PRE-ADOLESCENT*, POPULAR *INKERS* USED *DYNAMIC* BUT *FRIENDLY* LINES A LA *KIRBY/SINNOTT*.



BUT WHEN *MARVEL'S* READER BASE *GREW* INTO THE *ANXIETIES* OF *ADOLESCENCE*, THE *HOSTILE, JAGGED* LINES OF A *ROB LIEFELD* STRUCK A MORE *RESPONSIVE CHORD*.



FOR *DECADES* OF *COLOR* COMIC BOOKS, THE *SIGNATURE* STYLES OF *INDIVIDUAL* ARTISTS LIKE *NICK CARDY* HAVE *INFUSED* *PERSONAL* *EXPRESSION* INTO *EVERY* *STORY*--



-- WHILE *JULES FEIFFER'S* *UNEVEN* LINES DID **BATTLE** WITH THEMSELVES IN A *PANTOMIME* OF THE *INNER* *STRUGGLES* OF *MODERN* *LIFE*.



IN *JOSÉ MUNOZ'S* WORK, *DENSE* *PUDDLES* OF *INK* AND *FRAYING* *LINework* COMBINE TO *EVOKE* A WORLD OF *DEPRAVITY* AND *MORBID* *DECAY*--



-- WHILE *JOOST SWARTE'S* *CRISP* *ELEGANT* LINES AND *JAZZY* *DESIGNS* SPEAK OF *COOL* *SOPHISTICATION* AND *IRONY*.



IN *SPIEGELMAN'S* "*PRISONER ON THE HELL PLANET*," *DELIBERATELY* *EXPRESSIONISTIC* LINES *DEPICT* A *TRUE-LIFE* *HORROR* *STORY*.



AND IN *EISNER'S* *MODERN* *WORK* A **FULL** *RANGE* OF *LINE* *STYLES* *CAPTURE* A *FULL* *RANGE* OF *MOODS* AND *EMOTIONS*.



SEE PAGE 216 FOR COPYRIGHT INFORMATION.

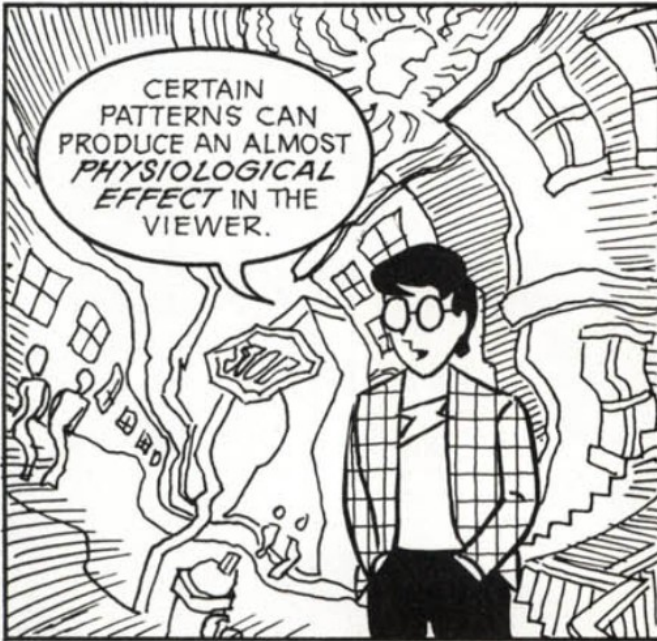
**BACKGROUNDS** CAN BE ANOTHER VALUABLE TOOL FOR INDICATING *INVISIBLE IDEAS*... PARTICULARLY THE WORLD OF *EMOTIONS*.



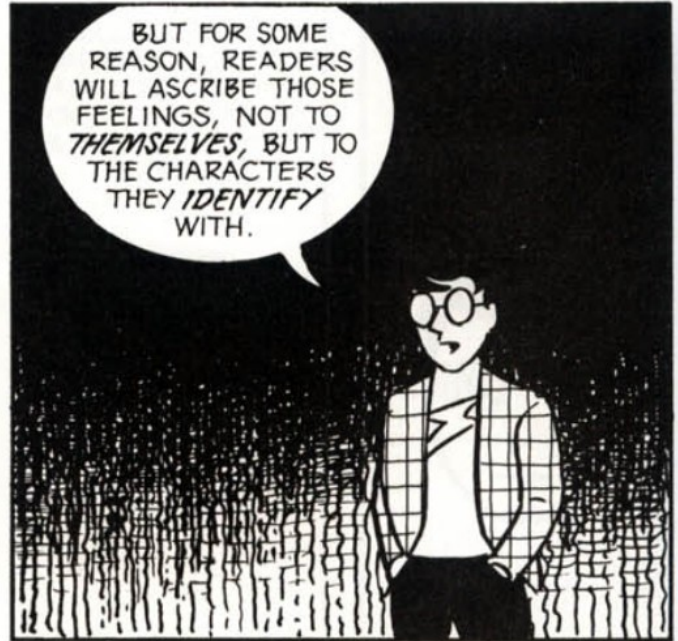
EVEN WHEN THERE IS LITTLE OR NO DISTORTION OF THE *CHARACTERS* IN A GIVEN SCENE, A DISTORTED OR EXPRESSIONISTIC *BACKGROUND* WILL USUALLY AFFECT OUR "READING" OF *CHARACTERS' INNER STATES*.



CERTAIN PATTERNS CAN PRODUCE AN ALMOST *PHYSIOLOGICAL EFFECT* IN THE VIEWER.



BUT FOR SOME REASON, READERS WILL ASCRIBE THOSE FEELINGS, NOT TO *THEMSELVES*, BUT TO THE *CHARACTERS* THEY *IDENTIFY* WITH.

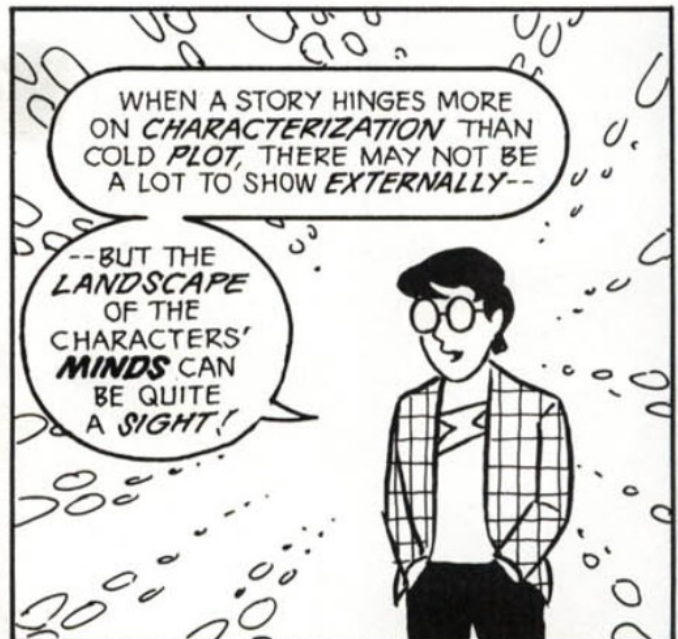


SUCH *INTERNAL EFFECTS* ARE, OF COURSE, BEST SUITED TO STORIES ABOUT *INTERNAL MATTERS*.



WHEN A STORY HINGES MORE ON *CHARACTERIZATION* THAN COLD *PLOT*, THERE MAY NOT BE A LOT TO SHOW *EXTERNALLY*--

-- BUT THE *LANDSCAPE* OF THE *CHARACTERS' MINDS* CAN BE QUITE A *SIGHT!*



THIS PRINCIPLE IS EVIDENT IN MANY *EUROPEAN COLOR COMICS* AND IN *JAPANESE ROMANCE COMICS* WHERE EXPRESSIONISTIC EFFECTS HAVE BEEN DEvised FOR ALMOST ANY EMOTION *IMAGINABLE!*



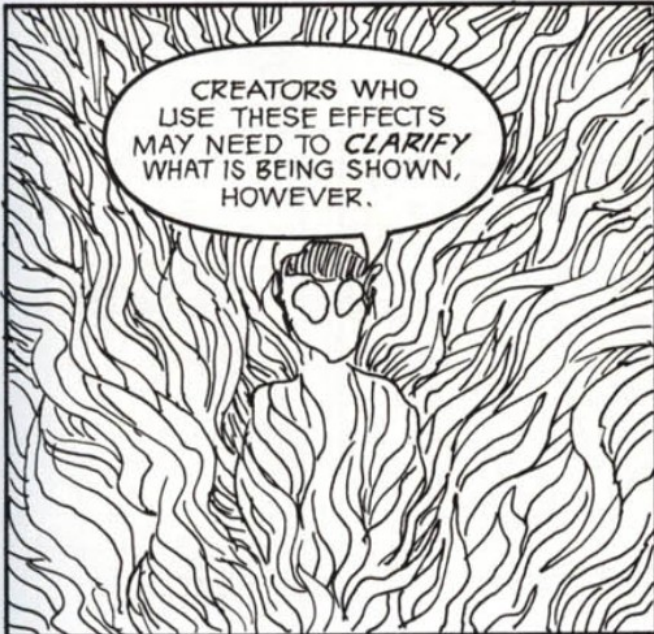
EXPRESSIONISM AND SYNAESTHETICS ARE *DISTORTIVE* BY THEIR *NATURE*. IF STRONG ENOUGH, THEIR EFFECTS CAN *OBSCURE* THEIR SUBJECTS.



BUT A LACK OF CLARITY CAN ALSO FOSTER GREATER *PARTICIPATION* BY THE READER AND A SENSE OF *INVOLVEMENT* WHICH MANY WRITERS AND ARTISTS *PREFER*.



CREATORS WHO USE THESE EFFECTS MAY NEED TO *CLARIFY* WHAT IS BEING SHOWN, HOWEVER.



EITHER THROUGH THE *CONTENT* OF *SURROUNDING SCENES* OR, OF COURSE, THROUGH *WORDS*.



SEE PAGE 216 FOR COPYRIGHT INFORMATION.

WORDS AND PICTURES IN COMBINATION MAY NOT BE MY *DEFINITION* OF COMICS, BUT THE COMBINATION HAS HAD *TREMENDOUS INFLUENCE* ON ITS *GROWTH*.

**com-ics** (kom'iks)n. pl. a form, used with a singular, of a picture and text. Juxtaposed pictorial and other images in deliberate sequence, intended to convey information and/or to produce an emotional response in the viewer. **2:** Superheroes in costumes, fighting villains who work in the world, in violent settings.



A HUGE RANGE OF HUMAN EXPERIENCES CAN BE *PORTRAYED* IN COMICS THROUGH EITHER WORDS OR PICTURES.



AS A RESULT--AND DESPITE ITS MANY *OTHER* POTENTIAL USES -- COMICS HAVE BECOME *FIRMLY IDENTIFIED* WITH THE ART OF *STORYTELLING*.



AND *INDEED*, WORDS AND PICTURES HAVE *GREAT* POWERS TO TELL STORIES WHEN CREATORS FULLY EXPLOIT THEM *BOTH*.



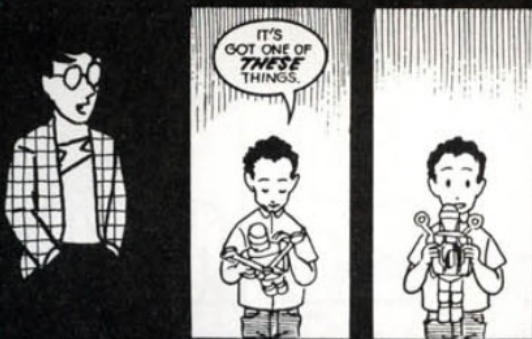
- BIOGRAPHY
- ROMANCE
- BLANK VERSE
- EPIC POETRY
- SOCIAL ALLEGORY
- ADAPTATIONS
- STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS
- SATIRE
- DADA
- HORROR
- SURREALISM
- HISTORICAL FICTION
- FOLK TALES
- EROTICA
- MYSTERY
- RELIGIOUS TOPICS



AND SO FAR, WE'VE ONLY SEEN THE *TIP OF THE ICEBERG!*



AS CHILDREN, WE "SHOW AND TELL" *INTERCHANGEABLY*, WORDS AND IMAGES COMBINING TO TRANSMIT A *CONNECTED SERIES OF IDEAS*.



THE DIFFERENT WAYS IN WHICH WORDS AND PICTURES CAN *COMBINE* IN COMICS IS VIRTUALLY *UNLIMITED*.



BUT LET'S TRY TO BREAK IT DOWN INTO SOME DISTINCT *CATEGORIES*.



FIRST, WE HAVE THE **WORD SPECIFIC** COMBINATIONS, WHERE PICTURES **ILLUSTRATE**, BUT DON'T SIGNIFICANTLY **ADD** TO A LARGELY **COMPLETE** TEXT.



WE STUMBLED BACK TO THE APARTMENT SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN, **VOMITING** EVERY 20 YARDS.



JUDY GAVE ME HER KEYS AND SMILED.



THE **UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION** WAS ADOPTED BY THE **SECOND CONTINENTAL CONGRESS** IN 1787 AND PUT INTO EFFECT IN 1789.



THEN THERE ARE **PICTURE SPECIFIC** COMBINATIONS WHERE WORDS DO LITTLE MORE THAN ADD A **SOUNDTRACK** TO A VISUALLY TOLD SEQUENCE.



AND, OF COURSE, **DUO-SPECIFIC** PANELS IN WHICH BOTH WORDS AND PICTURES SEND ESSENTIALLY THE **SAME MESSAGE**.



**GRIM-FACED**, GEORGE LIFTED HIS LOLLYPOP.



**BUT** THE CAPTAIN'S MIGHTY BLOW **MISSES** ITS INTENDED TARGET!

**BLAST!** HE DODGED MY PUNCH AND I STRUCK THIS **BRICK WALL!**



**HA!** I DODGED YOU.

I FEEL SO SAD!



...THOUGHT AMY.

ANOTHER TYPE IS THE **ADDITIVE** COMBINATION WHERE WORDS **AMPLIFY** OR **ELABORATE** ON AN IMAGE OR **VICE VERSA**.



MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A **SMASHED PUMPKIN!**



HOW D'YA LIKE MY **NEW THREADS, BABE?**



IS THIS THE SAME **JUPITER** OF MY YOUTH?



IN **PARALLEL** COMBINATIONS, WORDS AND PICTURES SEEM TO FOLLOW VERY DIFFERENT COURSES--WITHOUT **INTERSECTING**.



"TALKED TO **BILL** YET?" "SALLY DID. **WHY?**" "THE **TEST RESULTS** CAME BACK. ALL **NEGATIVE**." "REALLY? THAT'S **GREAT!**" WELL...

PEPPER. MILK. BUTTER. CEREAL. LIGHT BULBS.

STILL ANOTHER OPTION IS THE **MONTAGE** WHERE WORDS ARE TREATED AS INTEGRAL PARTS OF THE PICTURE.



CASH FLOW PUBL... BOTTOM LINE ANNUAL REPORT

**HAPPY!**

Business: Her offic... object... any with... tems and... med to be c... kept the... superser... appeari... had bind... ceived by... after bill is... not l... ed... by v... he... t... got... r...

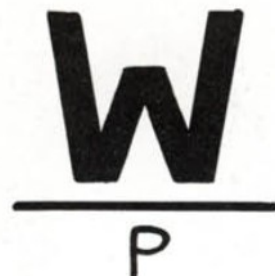
PERHAPS THE MOST COMMON TYPE OF WORD/PICTURE COMBINATION IS THE **INTER-DEPENDENT**, WHERE WORDS AND PICTURES GO **HAND IN HAND** TO CONVEY AN IDEA THAT NEITHER COULD CONVEY **ALONE**.



INTERDEPENDENT COMBINATIONS AREN'T ALWAYS AN **EQUAL BALANCE** THOUGH AND MAY FALL **ANYWHERE** ON A SCALE BETWEEN TYPES ONE AND TWO.



GENERALLY SPEAKING, THE MORE IS SAID WITH **WORDS**, THE MORE THE PICTURES CAN BE FREED TO GO EXPLORING AND **VICE VERSA**.

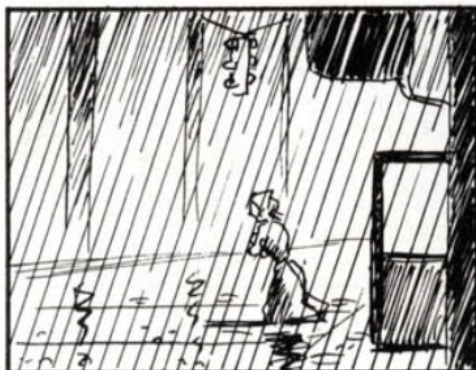
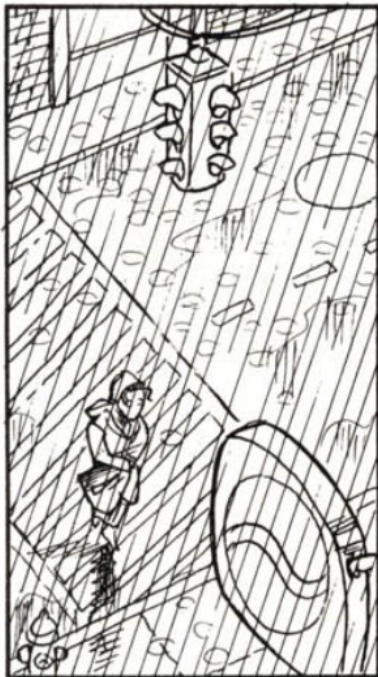


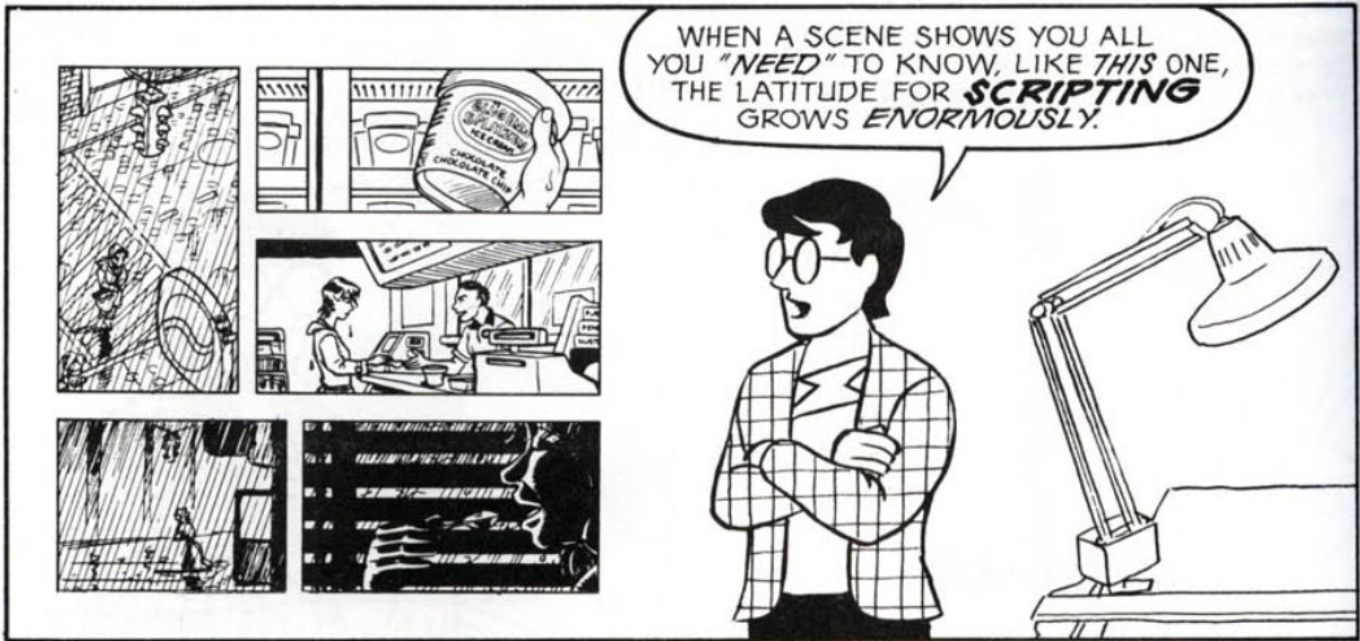
WHEN **PICTURES** CARRY THE WEIGHT OF CLARITY IN A SCENE, THEY FREE WORDS TO EXPLORE A WIDER AREA.



LET'S SAY I SHOW YOU A WOMAN WALKING ACROSS THE STREET IN THE RAIN, BUYING A PINT OF ICE CREAM AND EATING IT IN HER APARTMENT--

--ALL IN PICTURES.





I MAY BE ALONE LIKE THIS FOR A VERY LONG TIME.

IT COULD BECOME AN *INTERNAL MONOLOGUE.*

(INTERDEPENDENT)

PERHAPS SOMETHING WILDLY *INCONGRUOUS*

"MISSION CONTROL, MISSION CONTROL, DO YOU READ ME?"

(PARALLEL)

MAYBE IT'S ALL JUST A BIG *ADVERTISEMENT!*

(INTERDEPENDENT)

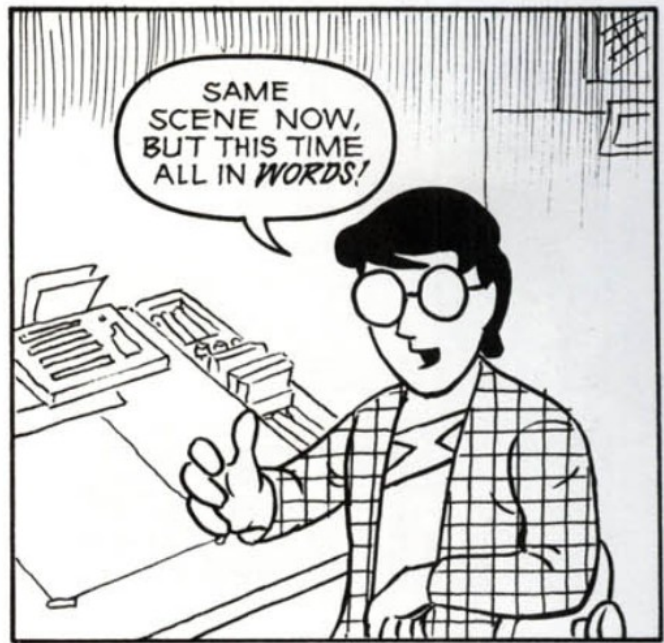
OR A CHANCE TO RUMINATE ON *BROADER TOPICS.*

THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS...

THIS IS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS...

(INTERDEPENDENT)

ON THE *OTHER* HAND, IF THE **WORDS** LOCK IN THE "MEANING" OF A SEQUENCE, THEN THE *PICTURES* CAN REALLY TAKE OFF.



I CROSSED THE STREET TO THE CONVENIENCE STORE. THE RAIN SOAKED INTO MY BOOTS.

I FOUND THE LAST PINT OF CHOCOLATE CHOCOLATE CHIP IN THE FREEZER.

THE CLERK TRIED TO PICK ME UP. I SAID *NO THANKS*. HE GAVE ME THIS CREEPY LOOK...

I WENT BACK TO THE APARTMENT--

--AND FINISHED IT ALL IN AN HOUR.

ALONE AT LAST.

I CROSSED THE STREET TO THE CONVENIENCE STORE. THE RAIN SOAKED INTO MY BOOTS.

I FOUND THE LAST PINT OF CHOCOLATE CHIP IN THE FREEZER.

THE CLERK TRIED TO PICK ME UP. I SAID *NO THANKS*. HE GAVE ME THIS CREEPY LOOK.

I WENT BACK TO THE APARTMENT--

-- AND FINISHED IT ALL IN AN HOUR.

ALONE AT LAST.

NOW, ONE COULD JUST *COMBINE* THE PICTURES FROM PAGE 157 WITH THE WORDS FROM PAGE 159 --

-- BUT WHAT ARE SOME *OTHER* OPTIONS ?

I CROSSED THE STREET TO THE CONVENIENCE STORE. THE RAIN SOAKED INTO MY BOOTS.

IF THE ARTIST WANTS TO, HE/SHE CAN NOW SHOW ONLY *FRAGMENTS* OF A SCENE.

( WORD SPECIFIC )

OR MOVE TOWARD GREATER LEVELS OF *ABSTRACTION* OR *EXPRESSION*.

THE CLERK TRIED TO PICK ME UP. I SAID *NO THANKS*. HE GAVE ME THIS CREEPY LOOK...

( AMPLIFICATION )

PERHAPS THE ARTIST CAN GIVE US SOME IMPORTANT *EMOTIONAL* INFORMATION.

I WENT BACK TO THE APARTMENT--

( INTERDEPENDENT )

OR SHIFT AHEAD OR BACKWARDS IN TIME.

-- AND FINISHED IT ALL IN AN HOUR.

ALONE AT LAST.

( WORD SPECIFIC )

## **GROUP WORK SOURCES – DAY 2**

### **Group 1**

Combat Medic! (*Frontline Combat* #4, January-February 1952)

Bouncing Betsys (*Man Comics* #14, May, 1952)

A Day at the Beach (*Foxhole* #1, October 1954)

### **Group 2**

The Big “If”! (*Frontline Combat* #5, March-April 1952)

5 Hours ‘Til Dawn! (*Battlefield* #1, April 1952)

Booby Trap (*Foxhole* #2, December 1954)

### **Group 3**

Rookie! (*Battlefield* #2, June 1952)

Mopping Up! (*Frontline Combat* #7, July-August 1952)

Office Upstairs (*Foxhole* #3, February, 1955)

### **Group 4**

Corpse on the Imjin! (*Two-Fisted Tales* #25, January-February 1952)

Rain! (*War Action* #1, April 1952)

Lucky Stiff (*Foxhole* #5, July 1955)

## Frontline Combat #4

EC, 1951 Series

**Volume:** 1 **Price:** 0.10 USD **Pages:** 36 **On-sale Date:** 1951-08-30

**Editing:** Harvey Kurtzman (credited) (editor); Bill Gaines (credited as William M. Gaines) (managing editor)



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Harvey Kurtzman (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda

**Genre:** war

**First Line of Dialogue or Text:** I'll bet they never suspected we'd get a cannon up here!

**Keywords:** [bazookas](#); [rocket launchers](#)

> [Reprints \(5\)](#)

**Indexer Notes**

According to Marie Severin (1995), "[Harvey] Kurtzman colored his own art, especially on

## Combat Medic!

comic story / 8 pages

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Jack Davis (signed)

**Inks:** Jack Davis (signed)

**Colors:** ? (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

# FRONTLINE



No. 4.  
JAN.-FEB.

LN 10

AUTHORIZED  
A C M P



10¢

# COMBAT

I'LL  
BET THEY  
NEVER  
SUSPECTED  
WE'D GET  
A CANNON  
UP HERE!

THEY  
DIDN'T RECKON  
ON OUR  
*RECOILLESS*  
CANNON!



KOREA... APRIL 22, 1951! THE CHINESE HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR LONG EXPECTED ATTACK ACROSS THE IMJIN RIVER! AN ENGLISHMAN... A ROSE IN HIS BERET AND SHRAPNEL IN HIS STOMACH... TWISTS AND SCREAMS IN THE DUST... SCREAMS FOR THE MAN ARMED WITH MORPHINE AND SULPHA POWDER... THE...

# COMBAT MEDIC!



IT'S ONE OF THEM BRITISH NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS!

HOLD HIM DOWN, HIGGINS! HE'S BEEN HIT IN THE STOMACH!



CAREFUL, CUTTING AWAY THAT BELT!

LOOK! SHRAPNEL WOUND! THE GUT'S STICKING OUT! PUSH IT BACK!



THAT SULPHA AND METHIOLATE'LL HOLD IT! I'D BETTER GIVE HIM A GOOD SHOT OF MORPHINE!

LET'S SEE... SHRAPNEL WOUND IN STOMACH... SULPHA POWDER... METHIOLATE... MORPHINE... GAUZE PAD...



HEY, YOU MEN! LOAD THAT SOLDIER ON THE AMBULANCE DOUBLE TIME! WE JUST GOT ORDERS TO BUG OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE DIVISION'S PULLING OUT... **RIGHT NOW!**

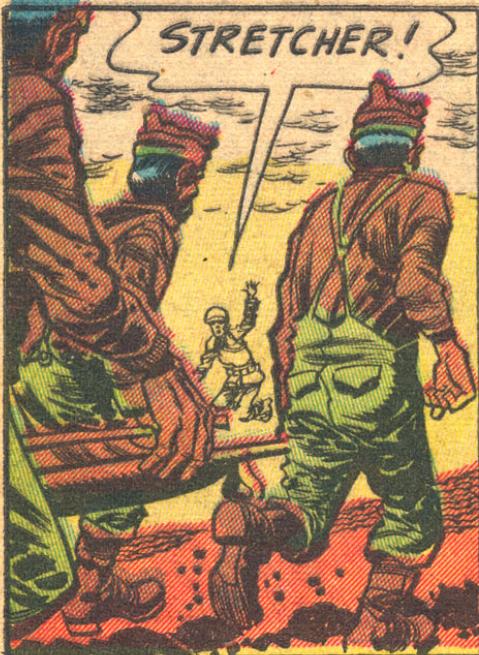


GO AHEAD, CAPTAIN! AFTER WE GET THIS ENGLISHMAN PATCHED UP, WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU IN THAT AMBULANCE!

WHERE'S THAT STRETCHER?  
**HEY... STRETCHER!**



**STRETCHER!**



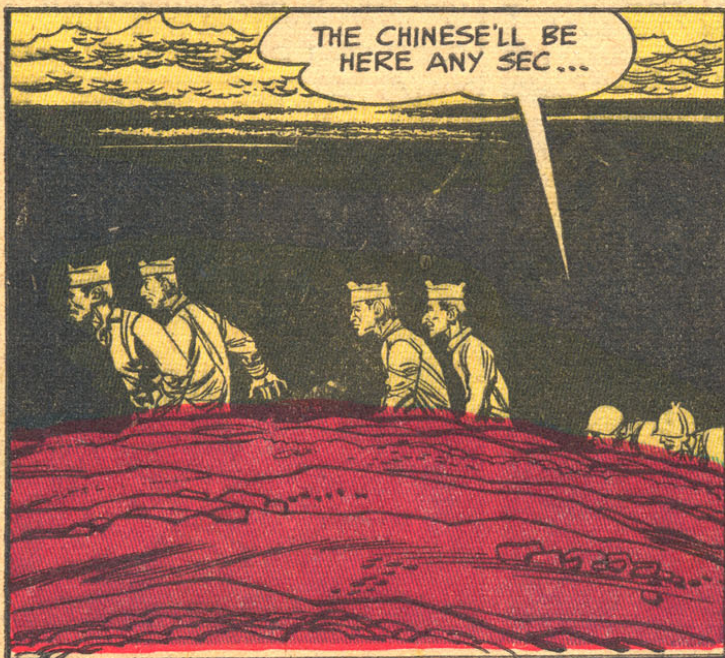
HOLY COW! INDIAN STRETCHER BEARERS! MUST BE THAT INDIAN AMBULANCE UNIT! WHAT A WAR!

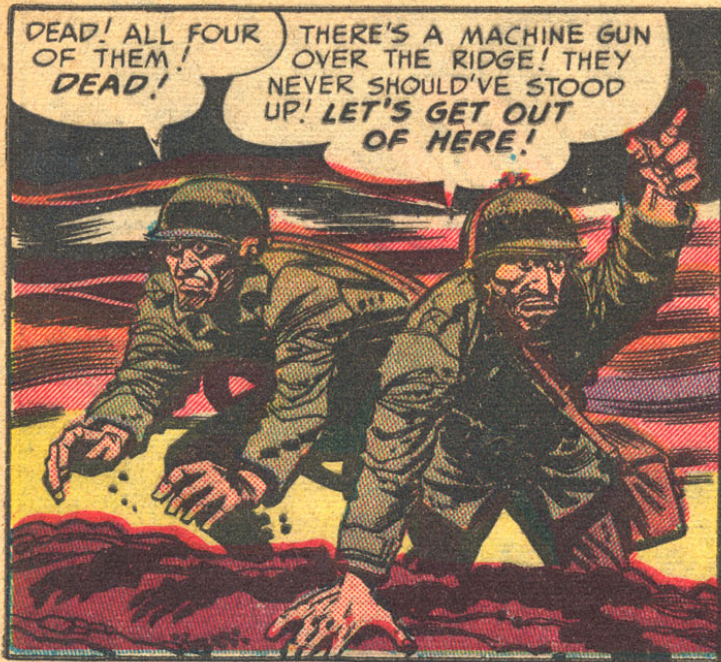


O.K.! TAKE HIM AWAY! AND KEEP YOUR HEADS LOW!



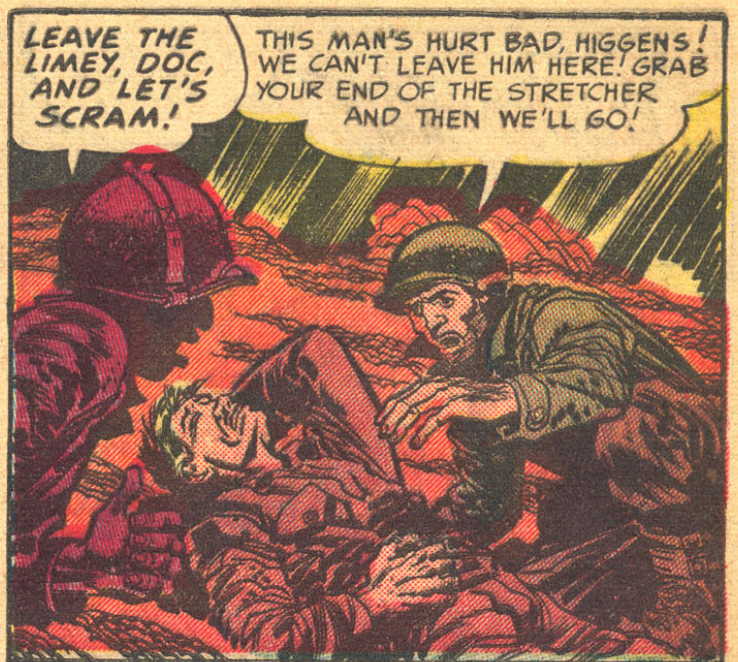
THE CHINESE'LL BE HERE ANY SEC...





DEAD! ALL FOUR OF THEM!  
DEAD!

THERE'S A MACHINE GUN OVER THE RIDGE! THEY NEVER SHOULD'VE STOOD UP! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



LEAVE THE LIMEY, DOC, AND LET'S SCRAM!

THIS MAN'S HURT BAD, HIGGENS! WE CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE! GRAB YOUR END OF THE STRETCHER AND THEN WE'LL GO!



YOU CAN RUN AHEAD, HIGGENS! CRAWL AHEAD OF ME WITH THE STRETCHER! YOU'LL BE OUT OF RANGE DOWN THE HILL!



I'LL DRAG THE ENGLISHMAN! YOU JUST GO AHEAD!

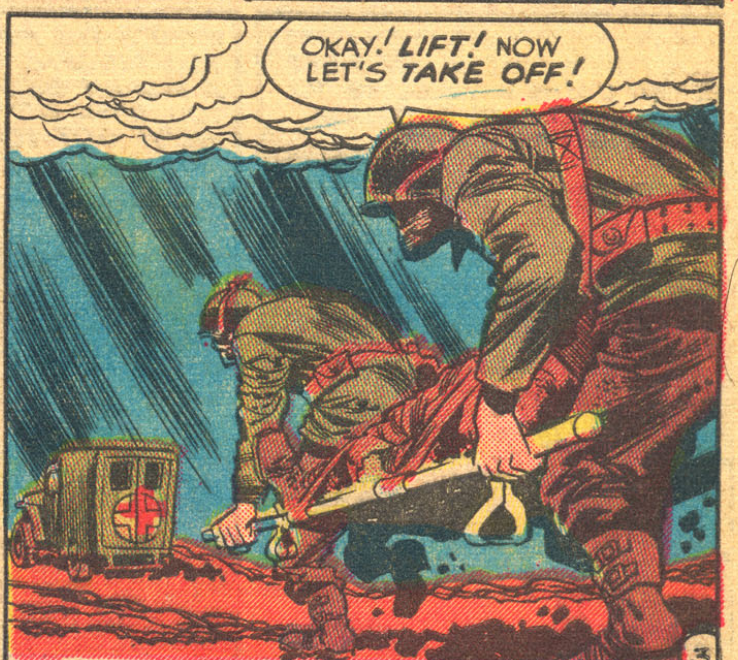


YOU CAN *STAND UP* THERE, HIGGENS! THAT MACHINE GUN CAN'T THROW CURVES! NOW HELP ME GET HIM ON THE LITTER!

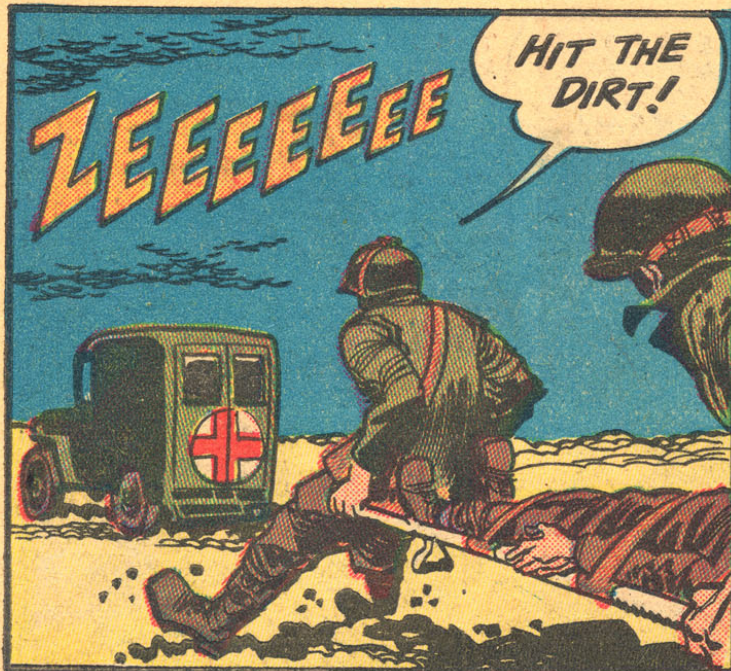


I THINK HE'S STILL BLEEDING, DOC!

COME ON, HIGGENS! LET'S STRAP HIM IN AND WE'LL GET HIM TO THE AMBULANCE!



OKAY! *LIFT!* NOW LET'S TAKE OFF!

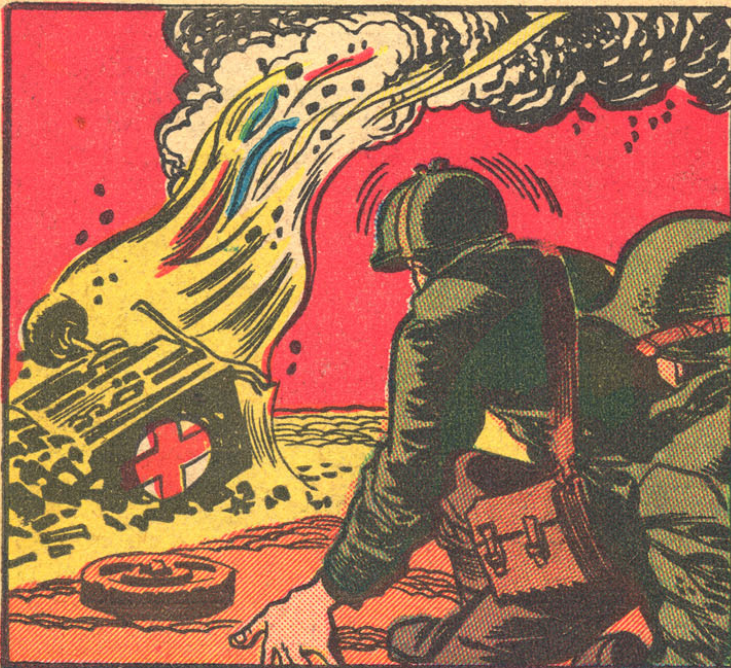


**ZEEEEEEEEE**

HIT THE DIRT!



**BUUM!!**



THE AMBULANCE! BLOWN TO BITS! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WE'VE GOT OUR FEET, HAVEN'T WE? WE PICK UP THAT STRETCHER, HIGGINS, AND WE WALK!



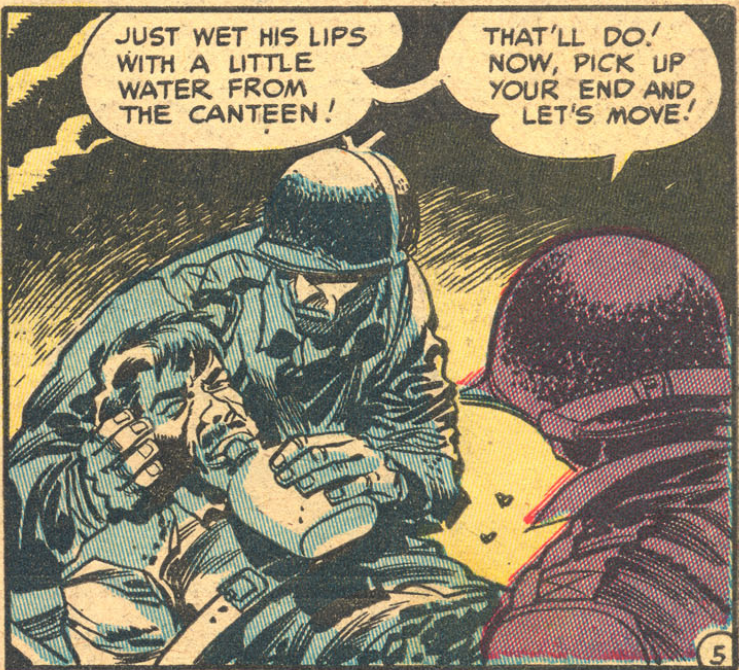
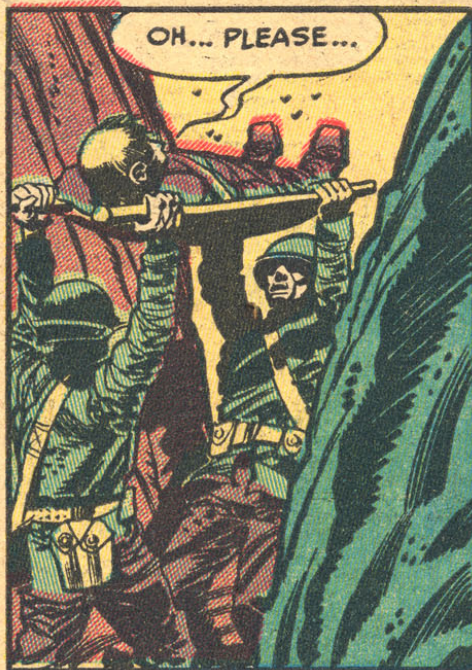
WITH THE STRETCHER? YOU CRAZY, DOC? THEM CHINESE ARE RIGHT BEHIND US! HOW WE GOING TO CATCH UP WITH THE BATTALION CARRYING THIS LIMEY?

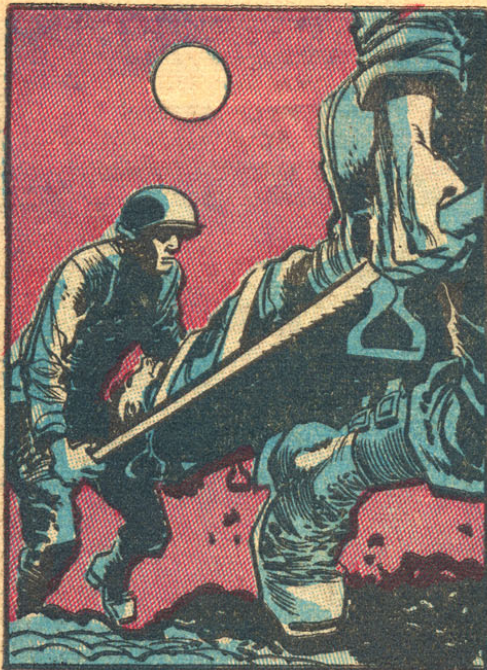


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, HIGGINS? THIS MAN'S A HUMAN BEING! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE'RE HERE FOR? WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIS LIFE!



WE'LL MAKE IT BACK! DON'T WORRY! COME ON! GRAB THE STRETCHER! LET'S GO!





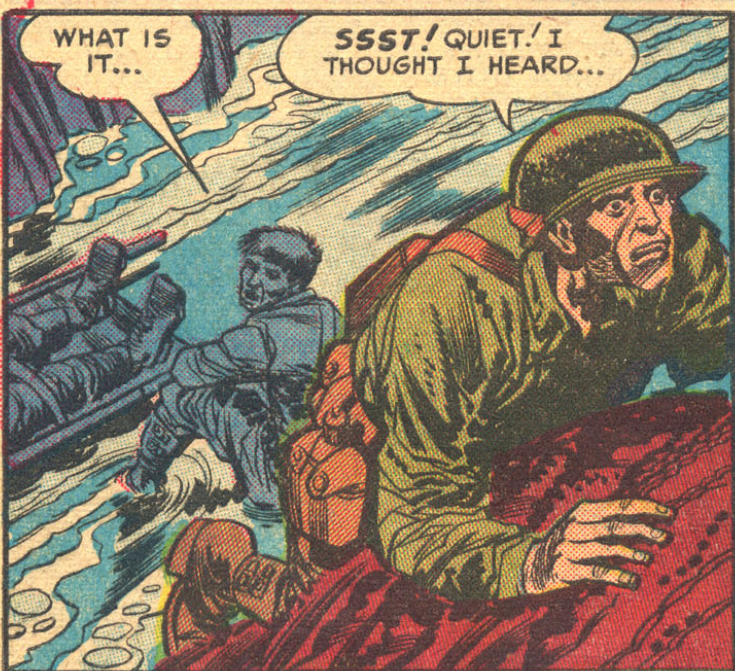
WAIT, DOC! (GASP)  
WAIT!



LET'S... LET'S PUT DOWN THE  
STRETCHER A MINUTE (GASP)!  
I NEED A BREAK! (GASP)  
I CAN'T GO ON!



GET UP! (GASP) HIGGENS!  
(GASP) CHINESE (GASP)  
RIGHT BEHIND US...  
LISTEN!



WHAT IS  
IT...

SSST! QUIET! I  
THOUGHT I HEARD...



YES... OVER THE RIVER BANK! (GASP)  
VOICES! CHINESE OR KOREAN! (GASP)  
LAY STILL! THEY'RE COMING CLOSER!

JANEKAM JÖ-AHREH-KAHNG-EHSO  
MOO-ÖT-SHI UMJIK-INUN SORIRUL  
TUL-ÖTTAN-MAHL-INKA ÖTEH  
SALPYÖ-POSEH.



NAH-NUN AHMO-SORA-DO MOT-  
TUTKET-NUN-TAEH? AHMAH  
TARUN KÖT-AHNYKO  
MOOL-J'WE-YÖTTUN  
KEHJI.



JWAH-OOKAHN SALPYÖ-  
POSEH. AHMAH TARUN-  
KÖT-AHNYKO JANEH  
CHONGUL SON-KAT-KAHP-  
KEH PATCHAHK-TULKO  
ITSURANUN KÖJI.



HSST, DOC! DOC! HAVE  
THEY GONE YET, DOC?  
THINK WE CAN GET  
MOVING?

WE DON'T HAVE  
MUCH CHOICE  
NOW, HIGGENS!



KOREANS! THEY MUST BE NORTH  
KOREANS! WE'RE PRISONERS!  
I KNEW THIS'D HAPPEN!



WRONG, HIGGENS! THEY'RE 'ROK'S!  
SOUTH KOREANS! IT'S OUR  
SIDE! WE MADE IT!





THE SOUND OF LAUGHTER ON THE IMJIN FRONT IS A VERY UNNATURAL SOUND INDEED! FEW MEN BOTHER TO SMILE, MUCH LESS LAUGH, IN COMBAT!

EVENING IS SETTLING ON THE IMJIN FRONT! THE FIFTEEN INCH LONG-TOMS ARE BOOMING OVER THE HILL! THE LAUGHTER HAS DIED DOWN TO QUIET SOBBING!

## Man Comics #14

Marvel, 1949 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Stan Lee (credited) (editor); Martin Goodman (credited) (managing editor)



### No Prisoners!

cover / 1 page

Pencils: Carl Burgos

Inks: Carl Burgos

Colors: Stan Goldberg

Letters: typeset

Genre: war

### Indexer Notes

Burgos credit per Jim Vadeboncoeur, Jr. via atlastales.com.

Colors: Goldberg credited by himself.

## Bouncing Betsys

comic story / 5 pages

Script: Hank Chapman (signed)

Pencils: Jerry Robinson (signed)

Inks: Jerry Robinson ? Bob Forgione ?

Colors: ?

Letters: ?

DANGEROUS BATTLES... BREATHLESS SUSPENSE!



MEN AT WAR

# MAN

MAY No. 14

COMICS

YOU GOTTA DIE FIGHTING  
WHEN YOU KNOW THE ENEMY  
HAS SWORN TO TAKE  
**"NO PRISONERS!"**

10c



AUTHORIZED  
ATLANTIC CITY  
CONFIRMS  
THE  
COMICS  
CODE

"SCREAMING MEEMIES!"

"A SPOT FOR NICK!"

"GOING HOME!"

MEN AT WAR!



AN ARTILLERY SHELL  
SCREAMS LIKE A LOCO-  
MOTIVE WHEN IT'S ON  
ITS WAY...



EEEEEEEEEROOM

AND IT GIVES THE DOG-  
FACE A CHANCE TO HIT  
THE DIRT...



EVEN A MORTAR WITH ITS  
BLOOD-FREEZING WHINE  
GIVES THE G. I. A BREAK...



WA-A-AAAAA WHOMP

BEFORE IT STARTS TO  
FLOW UP THE GROUND...



BUT THE DOGGIE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE WHEN HE'S UP AGAINST  
THE SILENT, GUT-RIPPING...

# BOUNCING BETSYS



9982

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS  
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL

FOUR MEN LIE DEAD...



THEIR BODIES STILL...



THEIR FLESH TORN ...



THEIR BATTLE DONE...



HOLY SMOKES, SARGE! WHERE'D THAT SHELL HIT FROM? I DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHIN' COMIN'!

NAW... BUT HEAR THIS, YOU DOGGIES! FREEZE! DON'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP!



WE'RE STANDIN' IN A MINE FIELD!

AW, YA GOT MESS KITS FOR BRAINS, BAXTER! EVEN AN AIR FORCE JOKER KNOWS THAT WHEN A GUY STEPS ON A MINE HE GETS HIS LEGS BLOWN OFF!



AN' THOSE GUYS STILL HAVE THEIR PINS ATTACHED TO THEIR BODIES... BUT NOT THEIR GUTS! NO MINE COULDA DONE THAT UNLESS THEY WERE BELLY-CRAWLIN'!

STILL THE WISE-GUY, AIN'TCHA, FULLER? ALWAYS RUNNIN' OFF AT THE MOUTH! I TELL YA, THIS'S A MINE FIELD...



YEAH...AN' I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOIN' TO TELL ME THAT A MINE JUMPED OUTTA THE GROUND AN' KILLED THESE GUYS!

BINGO, HELMET-HEAD... THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED! THEY STEPPED ON A BOUNCING BETSY MINE!



A BOUNCING BETSY MINE IS EQUIPPED WITH A POWERFUL SPRING...



IT'S PUT INTO THE GROUND AND IS SENSITIVE TO PRESSURE FROM ABOVE...



THE PRESSURE RELEASES ITS SPRING AND FORCES THE MINE TO "BOUNCE" OUT OF THE GROUND...



IT EXPLODES AT A HEIGHT OF THREE FEET TO RIP INTO THE VITAL AREAS OF A SOLDIER'S BODY...



NOW GET ON THAT TALKIE, FULLER! AN' GIVE LT. PATTERSON AT PLATOON HEADQUARTERS THE POSITION OF THIS MINE TRAP! ASK HIM IF HE WANTS US TO STAKE IT OUT OR GO AHEAD WITH THE MISSION!

WHAT? I AIN'T DOIN' NEITHER... I AIN'T GONNA PLAY AROUND THIS BOOBY-LAND AN' GET MY GUTS SPILLED BY ONE OF THEM BOUNCIN' BETSYS!



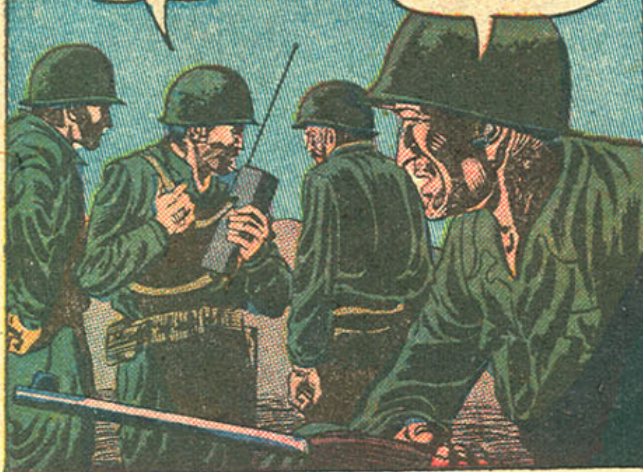
YOU MUST BE GETTIN' BATTLE-BATTY OR ELSE YOU'RE BUCKIN' FOR TECH SERGEANT! I'M GONNA TELL THE LOOIE WE'RE COMIN' BACK AN'...  
**OWW!**

GIMME THAT TALKIE, YOU SIG-MOUTHED PHCNY! YOU'RE ALWAYS THINKN' OF YOUR OWN HIDE!



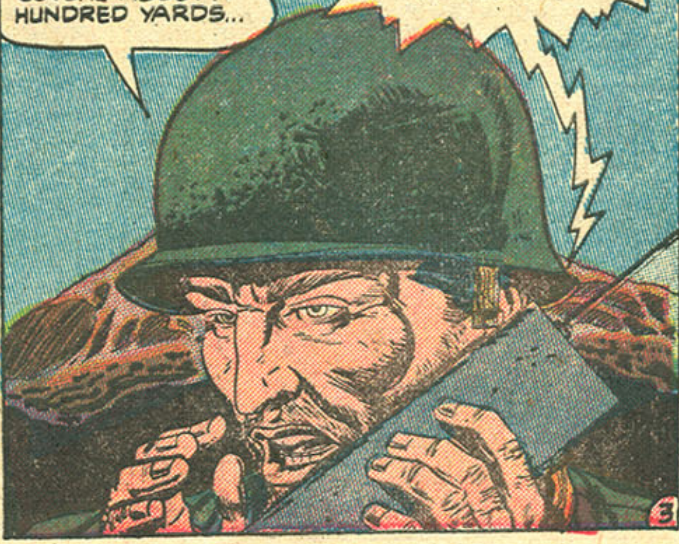
YA AIN'T NEVER DONE ANYTHIN' FOR ANYBODY ELSE! OUR GUYS'LL BE COMIN' THIS WAY SOON AN' IF THEY RUN INTO THIS BOOBY'D-UP GROUND IT'LL BE THE BLOODIEST SLAUGHTER SINCE HEARTBREAK RIDGE!

WE'RE WITH YA, SARGE! BUZZ THE LOOIE!

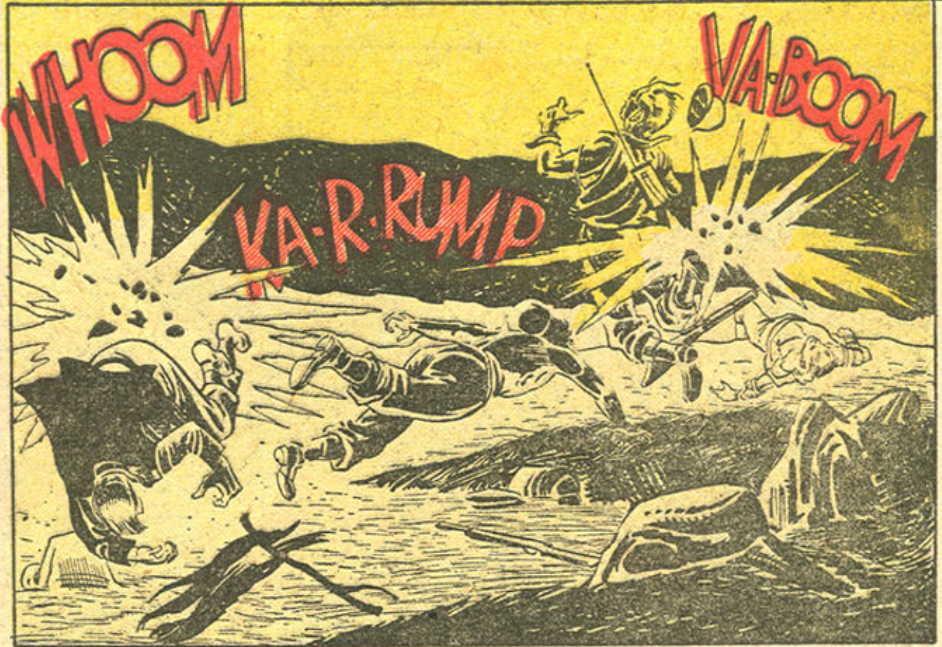
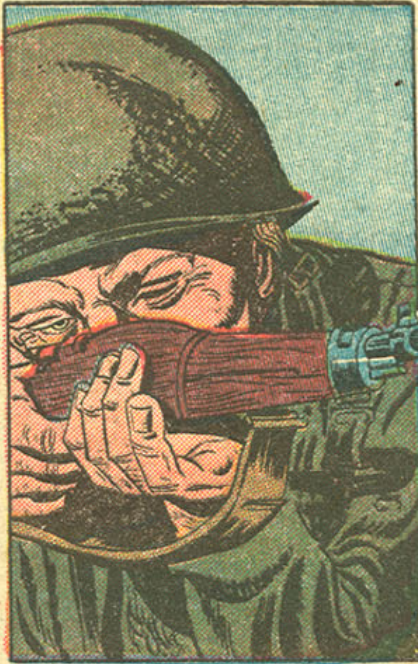


YEAH, LT. PATTERSON, AN' FROM THE WAY THE GROUND IS DUG UP I'D SAY THE MINE FIELD COVERS ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS...

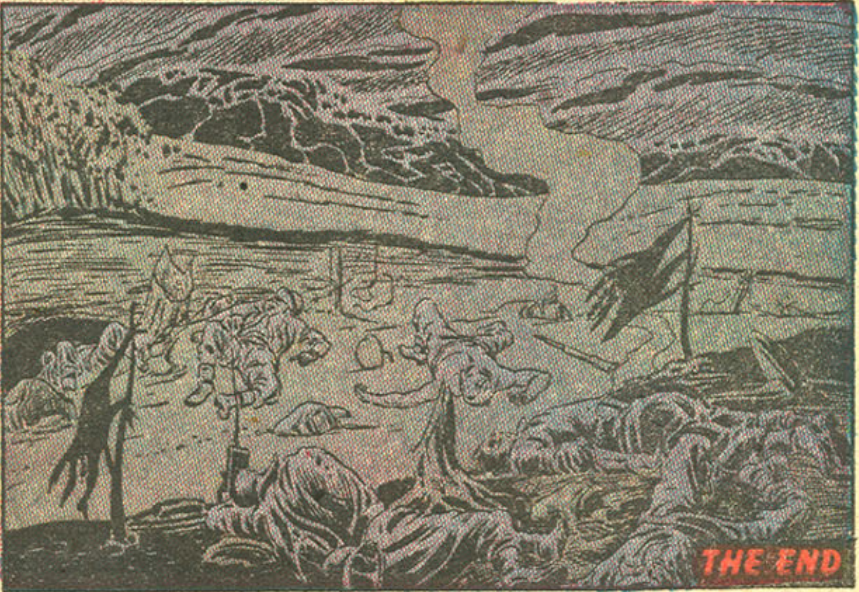
GET IT STAKED OUT AT ONCE, SAXTER... THE WHOLE COMPANY IS MOVIN' UP THAT WAY IN AN HOUR!







**YES, THE FIELD IS CLEARED OF BOUNCING BETSYS... NOW ONLY DEAD JOES AND JOHNNYS LITTER THE GROUND!**

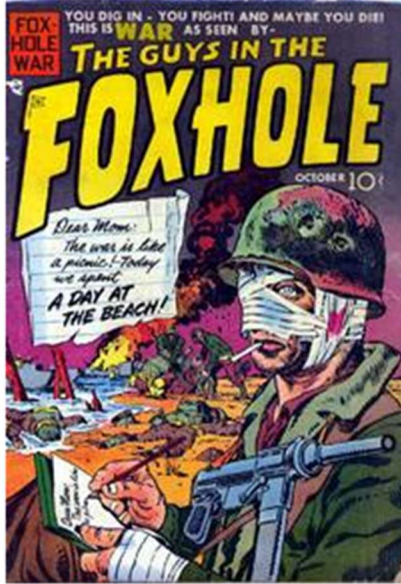


# Foxhole #1

Mainline, 1954 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Joe Simon (editor); Jack Kirby (editor)



## A Day at the Beach

cover / 1 page

**Script:** ?

**Pencils:** Jack Kirby

**Inks:** Jack Kirby

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** Ben Oda ?

**Genre:** war

> [Reprints \(1\)](#)

## Indexer Notes

The injured soldier is a reworking of

## A Day at the Beach

(Table of Contents: 3)

comic story / 4 pages

**Script:** ?

**Pencils:** ?

**Inks:** ?

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** Ben Oda

**Genre:** war

**FOX-  
HOLE  
WAR**

YOU DIG IN - YOU FIGHT! AND MAYBE YOU DIE!  
THIS IS **WAR** AS SEEN BY-

**THE GUYS IN THE**

10

LNK

# FOXHOLE

OCTOBER 10¢

*Dear Mom:*

*The war is like  
a picnic!--Today  
we spent  
**A DAY AT  
THE BEACH!***

*Dear Mom:  
The war is like  
a picnic*



JOSEPH PETERS, STAFF SGT., 3297754  
A.P.O. 61, POSTMASTER, N.Y.C.

DEAR MOM:

I'VE JUST BEEN  
READING YOUR LATEST  
LETTER, AND MOM, YOU'RE  
WRONG. I'M NOT IN ANY  
DANGER. HONEST! IN  
FACT, TODAY WE ALL  
SPENT...

# A DAY at the BEACH

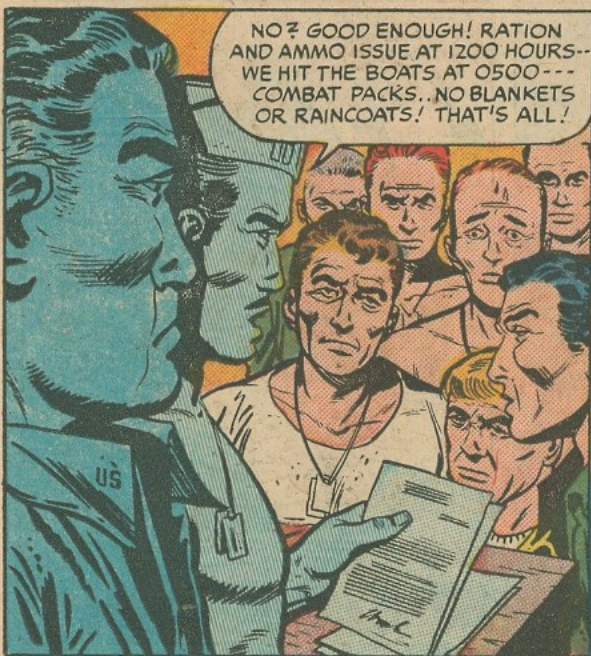


SO, YOU SEE, MOM,  
YOU MUSTN'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
ME. TAKE YESTER-  
DAY, FOR INSTANCE,  
THERE WE WERE  
SUNBATHING... AND  
THE C.O. TOLD US  
ABOUT IT. THE  
ARMY HAD A REAL  
HOLIDAY PLANNED  
FOR US...

OKAY! I GUESS THAT'S  
IT! THERE'LL BE FIRE-  
WORKS. LOTS OF 'EM--  
BUT WE'VE DONE  
THIS BEFORE!  
**KEEP YOUR  
TAILS DOWN  
AND YOUR EYES  
ON YOUR  
PLATOON  
LEADERS!**  
ANY QUESTIONS?



NO? GOOD ENOUGH! RATION  
AND AMMO ISSUE AT 1200 HOURS--  
WE HIT THE BOATS AT 0500---  
COMBAT PACKS..NO BLANKETS  
OR RAINCOATS! THAT'S ALL!



...ALL OF US  
TOOK ALONG  
A LUNCH.  
YOU SHOULD  
HAVE SEEN  
THE GUYS,  
AFTER LAUGH-  
ING AND  
CRACKING  
JOKES, WHEN  
WE LINED  
UP TO  
GET THE  
STUFF  
WE'D NEED...  
THE ARMY  
FURNISHED  
EVERY-  
THING !!

GRENADES, AMMO,  
RATIONS— CHECK!  
NEXT MAN--





WHAT'S THE MATTER, SPENCE? YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD! SICK?

NO-- SCARED --JUST SCARED!

... SOME OF THE MEN, LIKE SPENCE, WEREN'T ANXIOUS TO GO WITH US ... SO LATER I TALKED TO SPENCE.. BUT HE'S A PRETTY HARD GUY TO CONVINCE...



I-I CAN'T! JOE, I CAN'T GO! THEY CAN'T MAKE ME!

YOU GO WHERE THE SQUAD GOES! THEY'LL COURT MARTIAL YOU, SPENCE.. YOU KNOW THAT! THIS WAY -- AT LEAST YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE! DON'T BE A FOOL!



YOU'RE THE FOOLS! ALL OF YOU! YOU KNOW WHAT'S WAITING FOR US! I DON'T CARE IF THEY DO COURT MARTIAL ME! I'LL BE ALIVE -- OOW--



COMING, SPENCE?

YEAH, YEAH. I'M COMING!

... IT TOOK SOME DOING, BUT SPENCE FINALLY SAW THINGS MY WAYS. WE ALL WENT TOGETHER.. IT WAS STILL PRETTY EARLY, BUT WE WERE NEAR THE BEACH BY THEN.. I GUESS THAT'S WHY THE FLIES WERE SO THICK...



... A COUPLE OF THE BOYS GOT PRETTY BADLY BITTEN, BUT OTHERWISE IT WAS A NICE RIDE TO THE BEACH.. YOU NEVER SAW SO MANY COLORS! THAT WAS HOW THE NATIVES WELCOMED US-- LIKE THE OLD MAN SAID-- WITH FIREWORKS!



...IT WAS JUST LIKE A GAME.. YOU KNOW-- LAST ONE OUT IS A ROTTEN EGG! NONE OF US WANTED TO BE THE ROTTEN EGG.. SO WE MOVED FAST! WE MUST HAVE LOOKED PRETTY FUNNY TO THE NATIVES--



...EXCEPT THAT IT WAS SO HOT, IT WAS A NICE BEACH... WE TOOK OVER QUITE A HUNK OF IT FOR OUR OWN USE, BUT AFTER A WHILE IT JUST GOT TOO HOT, SO WE TOOK A BIT OF A REST WHILE THE NAVY BOYS HAD THEIR FUN...



...IT'S A FUNNY THING, BUT JUST ABOUT THEN, I LOST TRACK OF TIME! I WAS A LITTLE TIRED FROM ALL THE EXCITEMENT, SO I CLOSED MY EYES.. AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW, IT WAS NIGHT TIME...



OKAY, GUY, RELAX! YOU CAME OUT OF IT, SUDDEN. YOU'LL BE OKAY! YOU GOT OFF EASY...BURNS AND A COUPLE OF CUTS!

SPENCE WAS RIGHT NEXT TO ME..HE WAS SLEEPING, TOO.. BUT HE LOOKED SO PEACEFUL I DIDN'T TRY TO WAKE HIM... INSTEAD I WENT LOOKING FOR THE GANG.. THEY'D LEFT ME BEHIND! HOW ABOUT THAT?



JOE! WE FIGURED YOU'D STOPPED ONE! I'M ALL RIGHT! WHAT GIVES? DO WE PARK HERE?



UH-UH. THE "OLD MAN" WAS JUST BY.. THE FLY BOYS ARE STILL CLOBBERING 'EM UP AHEAD... BUT THEY'VE ASKED FOR DOUGHFEET TO MOVE IN... WE'RE TAKING A WALK-- THATAWAY!



I DON'T SUPPOSE THEY PLANNED ON IT, BUT SOME OF THE BOYS WILL BE STAYING NEAR THE BEACH... AS FOR THE REST OF US, WE'RE GOING ON... OH, WELL, AT LEAST I'VE GOT A NICE TAN NOW...



...AND THAT ABOUT COVERS THE DAY... SO YOU SEE, MOM, IT'S SO SILLY FOR YOU TO WORRY. THIS IS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, AND I FIGURE TO SEE A LOT OF IT. I'M FINE, MA... JUST FINE!  
LOVE, JOE

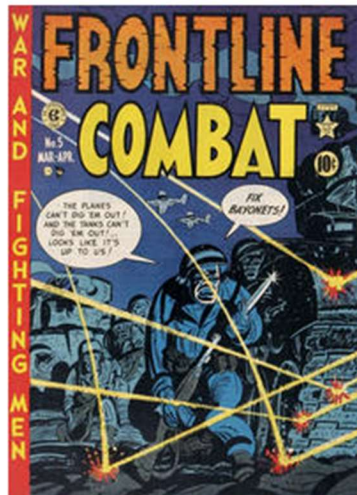


## Frontline Combat #5

EC, 1951 Series

**Volume:** 1 **Price:** 0.10 USD **Pages:** 36 **On-sale Date:** 1951-10-31

**Editing:** Harvey Kurtzman (credited) (editor); Bill Gaines (credited as William M. Gaines) (managing editor)



[no title indexed]

Frontline Combat / cover / 1 page

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Harvey Kurtzman (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda

**Genre:** war

**First Line of Dialogue or Text:** The planes can't dig 'em out!

> [Reprints \(6\)](#)

**Indexer Notes**

### Big 'If!

comic story / 7 pages

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Marie Severin ? Harvey Kurtzman ?

**Letters:** Ben Oda

WAR AND FIGHTING MEN

# FRONTLINE

# COMBAT



No. 5  
MAR.-APR.

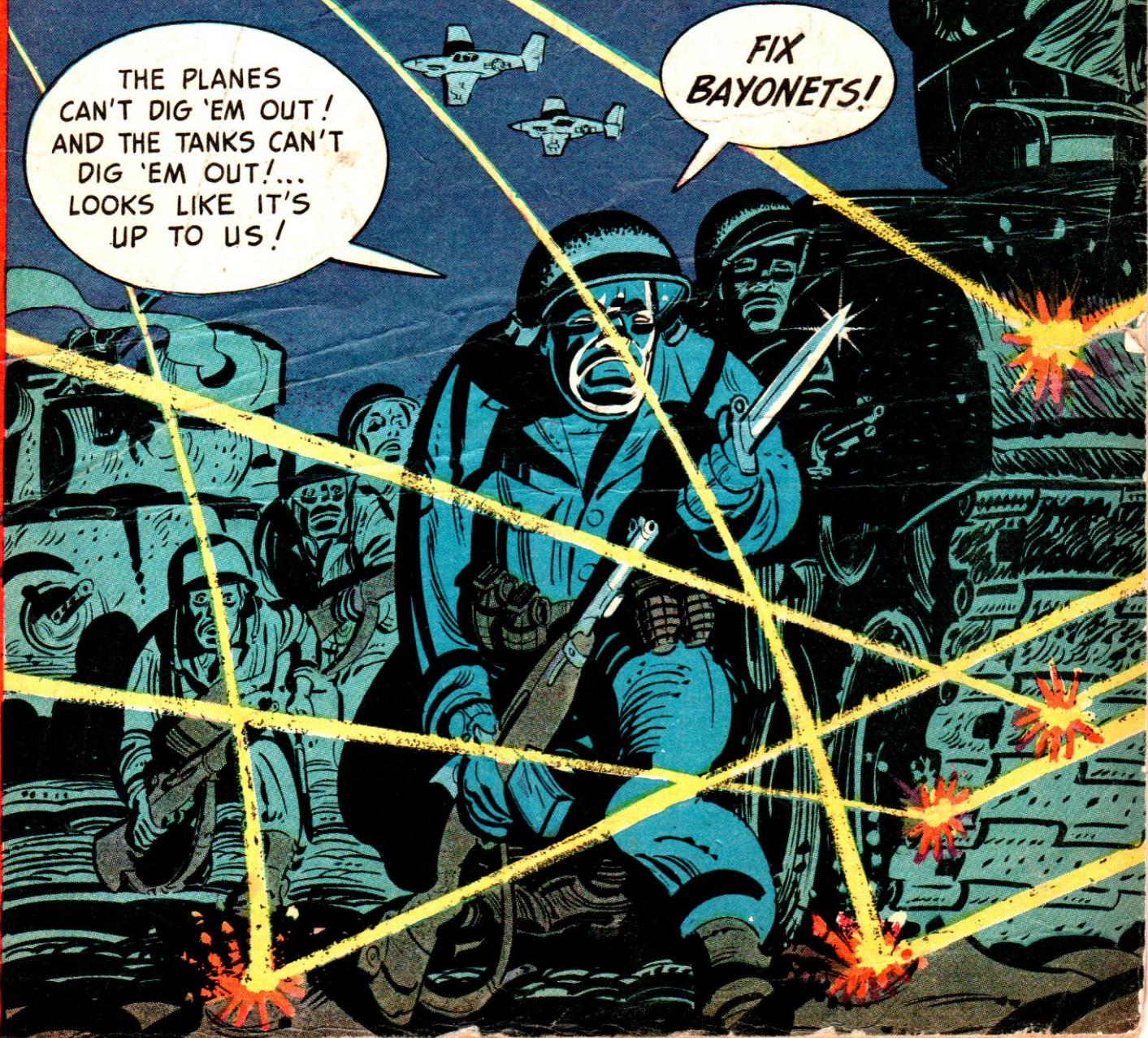
LN 10



10¢

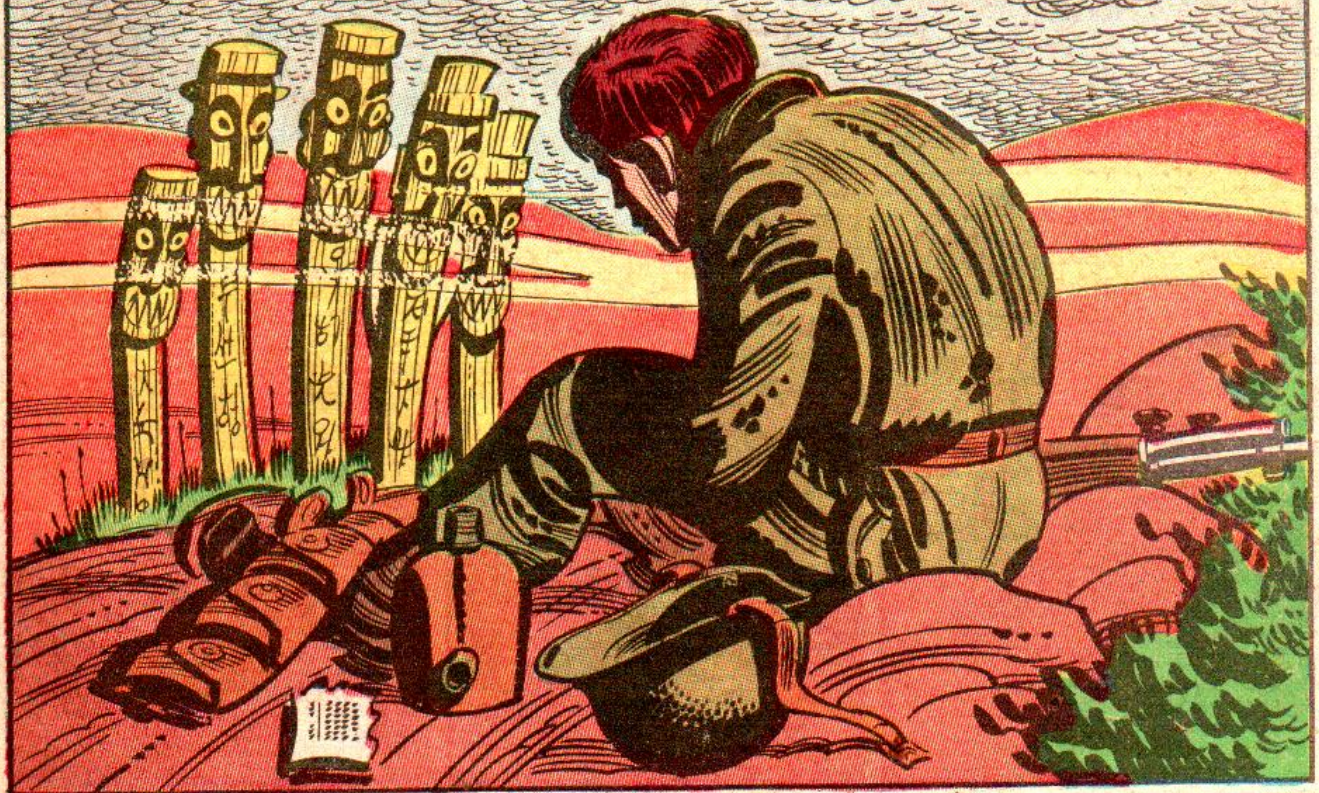
THE PLANES  
CAN'T DIG 'EM OUT!  
AND THE TANKS CAN'T  
DIG 'EM OUT!...  
LOOKS LIKE IT'S  
UP TO US!

FIX  
BAYONETS!

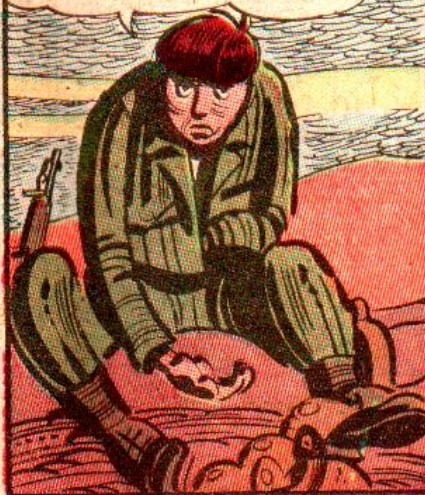


BEFORE THE TOWN OF X — IN KOREA, A G. I. SITS THINKING IN FRONT OF A ROW OF ANCIENT KOREAN DEVIL POSTS! AND, AS IF TO MOCK HIS THOUGHTS, THE DEVIL POSTS GRIN DOWN AT HIM... JAGGED WOODEN GRINS FROM EAR TO EAR... AS IF THEY KNOW HE'S THINKING OF THE BIG...

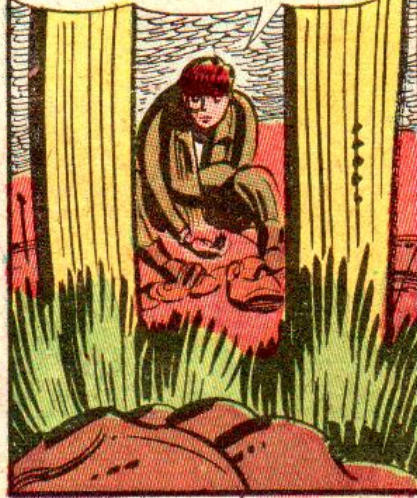
# BIG 'IF'!



YEAH... 'IF'... 'IF'! NOT MUCH OF A WORD! A LITTLE WORD! BUT LOTS OF MEANING!

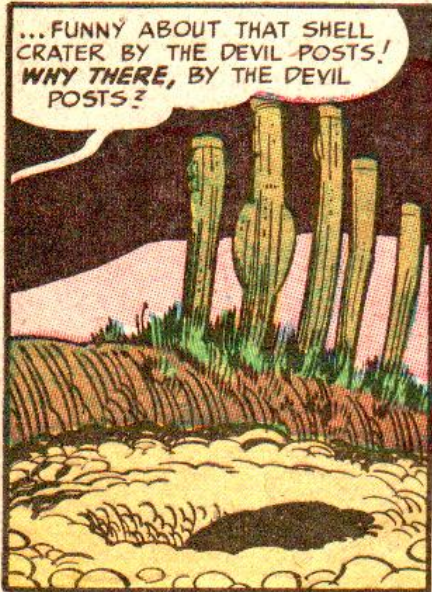


LIKE... IF THOSE DEVIL POSTS HAD ONLY BEEN A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD!



OR... IF THAT SHELL CRATER WAS ONLY A HUNDRED FEET FURTHER AWAY! YEAH...





...FUNNY ABOUT THAT SHELL CRATER BY THE DEVIL POSTS! WHY THERE, BY THE DEVIL POSTS?



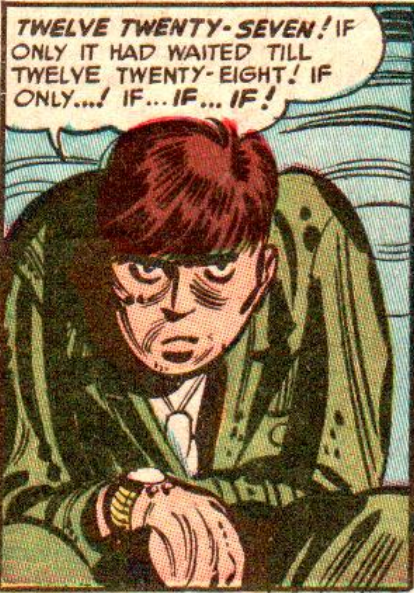
CRATER NOT MORE'N THREE FEET DEEP! COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BIGGER THAN AN EIGHTY MILLIMETER SHELL!



AN ODD SHOT, TOO! MISSED TARGET BY A MILE! HAD TO LAND HERE! A MILLION CRATERS IN KOREA! AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS ONE!



THAT CRATER WAS MADE HALF AN HOUR AGO... NO... JUST TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES AGO! TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN TO BE EXACT!



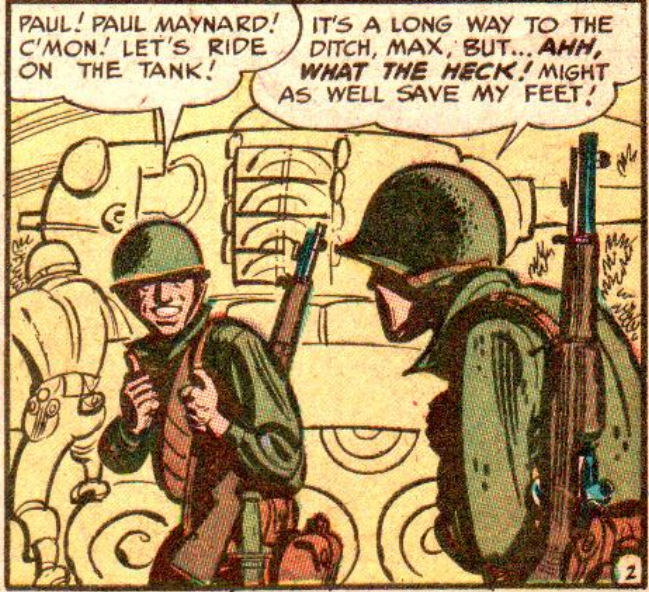
TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN! IF ONLY IT HAD WAITED TILL TWELVE TWENTY-EIGHT! IF ONLY...! IF... IF... IF!



YAAAH... WHAT'S THE USE OF SAYIN' 'IF'? THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN IF'S, IF THE OLD MAN HADN'T DECIDED WE SHOULD GO ON RECONNAISSANCE THIS MORNING... AT OH-NINE-HUNDRED!



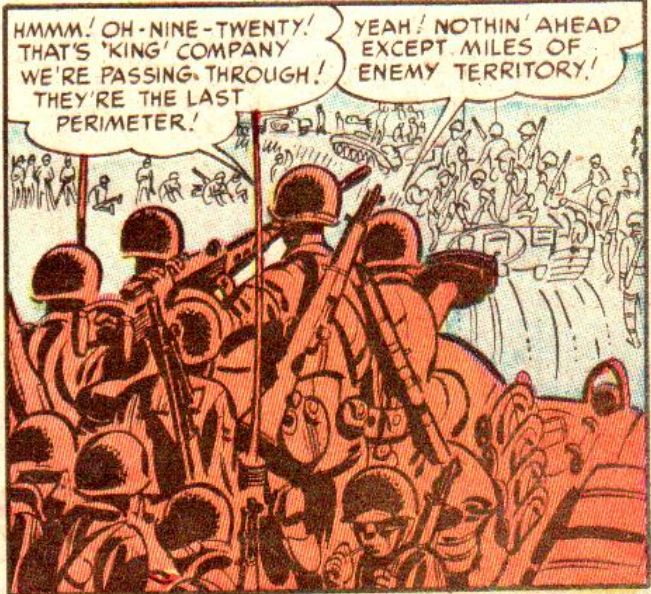
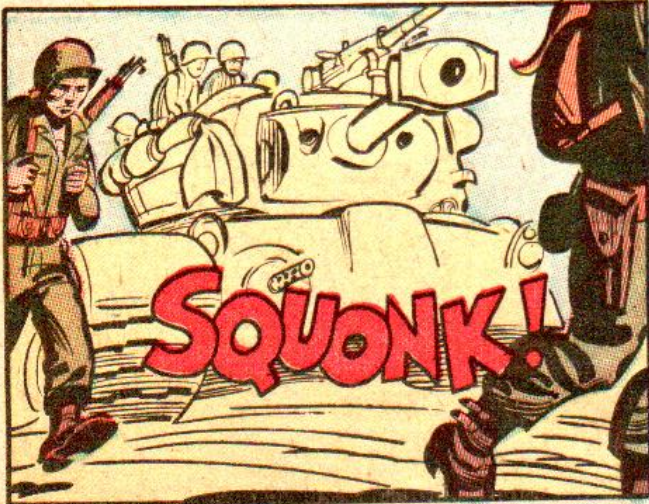
OH-NINE-HUNDRED, MEN! LET'S GET MOVIN'! THEM THAT WANTS TO RIDE ON THE TANKS, HOP ABOARD! THEM THAT WANTS TO WALK, STAY CLOSE TO THE TANKS!



PAUL! PAUL MAYNARD! C'MON! LET'S RIDE ON THE TANK!

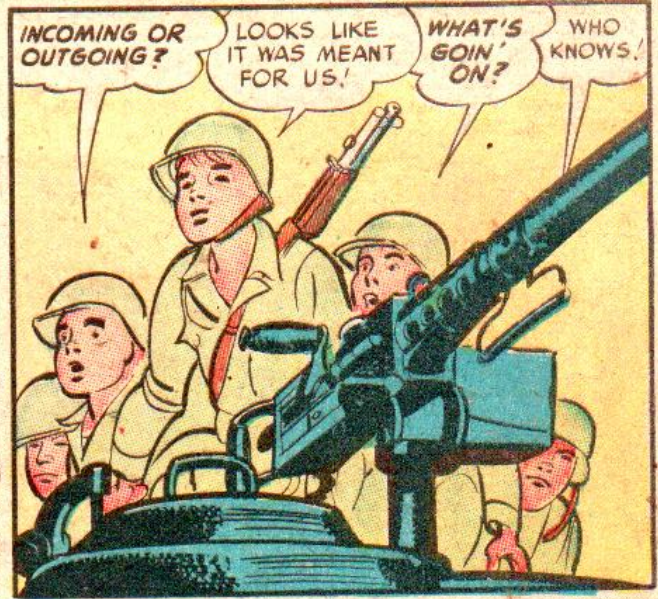
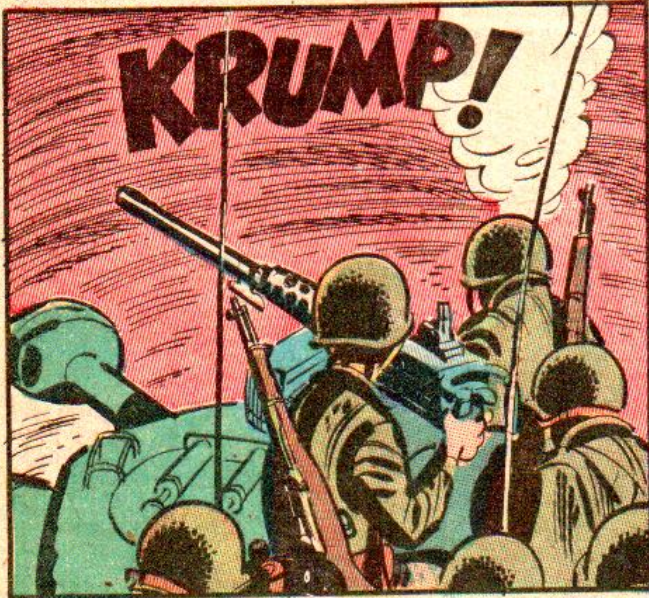
IT'S A LONG WAY TO THE DITCH, MAX, BUT... AHH, WHAT THE HECK! MIGHT AS WELL SAVE MY FEET!

**IF! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T LISTENED TO MAX! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HAD STAYED ON THE ROAD! BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THE TANKS HAD STARTED!**



HMMM! OH-NINE-TWENTY! THAT'S 'KING' COMPANY WE'RE PASSING THROUGH! THEY'RE THE LAST PERIMETER!

YEAH! NOTHIN' AHEAD EXCEPT MILES OF ENEMY TERRITORY!



INCOMING OR OUTGOING?

LOOKS LIKE IT WAS MEANT FOR US!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

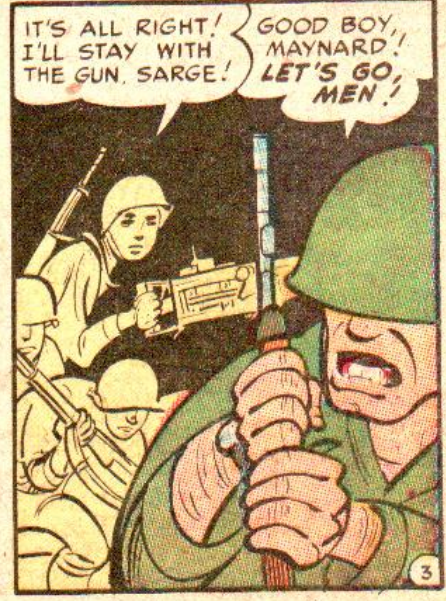
WHO KNOWS!



O.K., YOU EIGHT BALLS! OFF-THE TANK AND INTO THE RICE PADDIES! WE'VE GOTTA DEPLOY TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT!



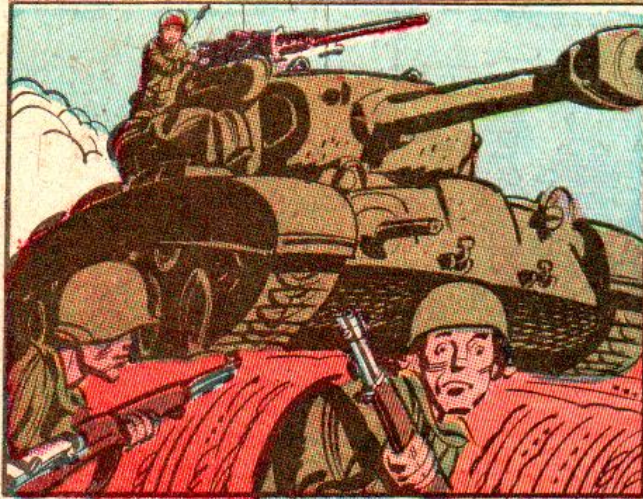
I WANT A VOLUNTEER TO STAY WITH THE FIFTY CALIBER M.G. UP HERE! O.K.! DO I HAVE TO PICK A VOLUNTEER?



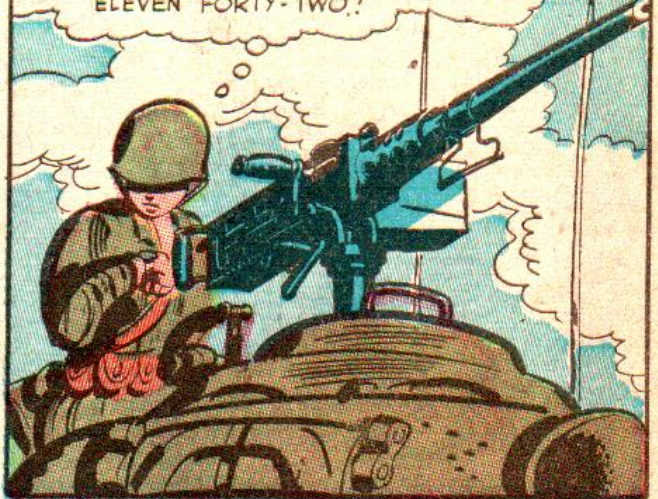
IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'LL STAY WITH THE GUN, SARGE!

GOOD BOY, MAYNARD! LET'S GO, MEN!

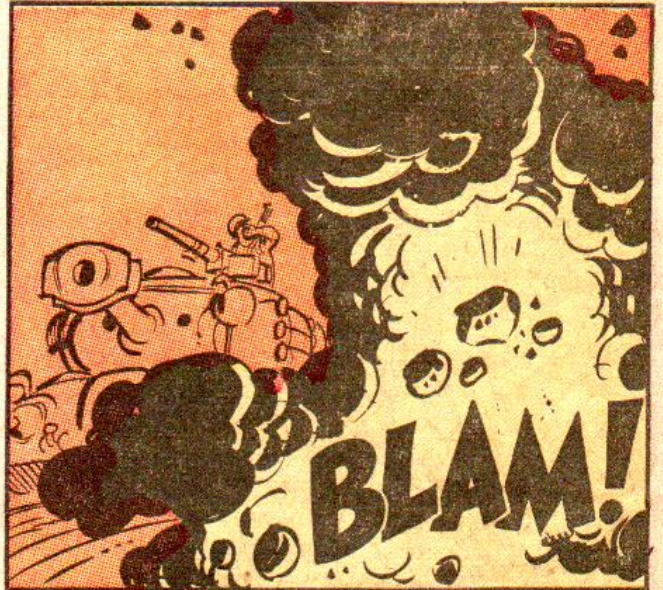
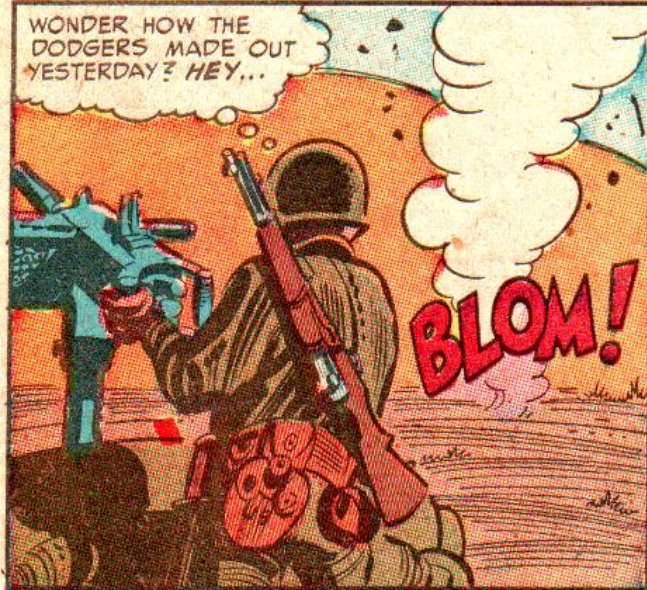
IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T VOLUNTEERED!  
BUT PAUL MAYNARD WOULDN'T HAVE VOLUNTEERED  
IF HE HADN'T BEEN STANDING BY THAT MACHINE GUN!



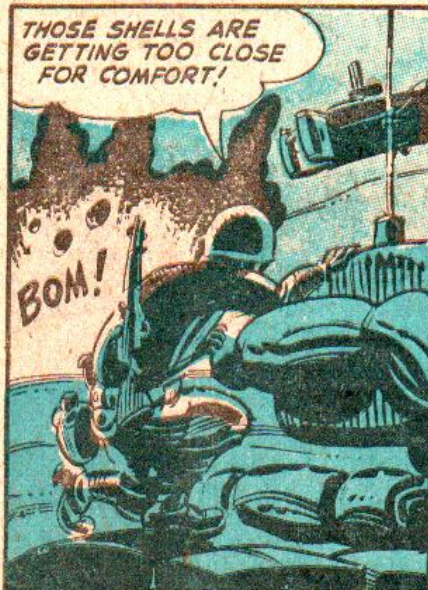
WHAT AM I DOING UP HERE? I'VE LEFT MY  
SQUAD FAR BEHIND! I SHOULD HAVE HOPPED  
OFF EARLIER! WHAT TIME IS IT? HMM...  
ELEVEN FORTY-TWO!



WONDER HOW THE  
DODGERS MADE OUT  
YESTERDAY? HEY...



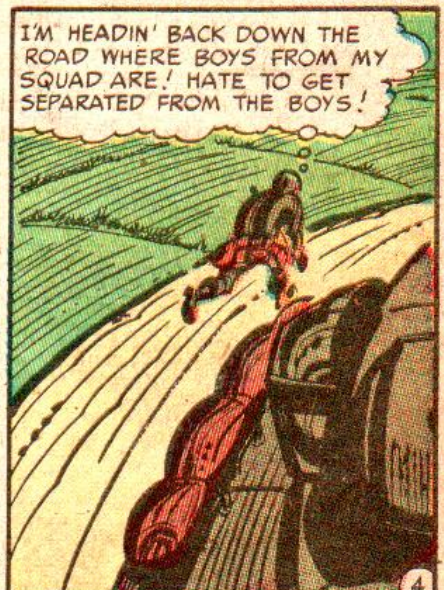
THOSE SHELLS ARE  
GETTING TOO CLOSE  
FOR COMFORT!



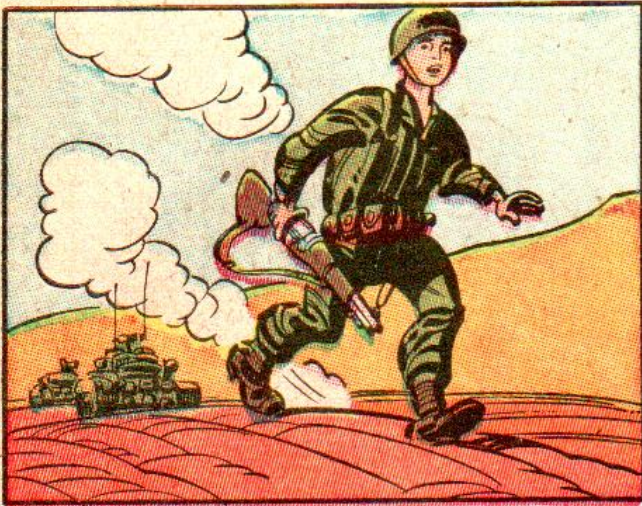
THAT MACHINE GUN'S  
GONNA HAVE TO SHOOT  
BY ITSELF FOR A WHILE!



I'M HEADIN' BACK DOWN THE  
ROAD WHERE BOYS FROM MY  
SQUAD ARE! HATE TO GET  
SEPARATED FROM THE BOYS!



IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HAD STUCK WITH THE TANK!  
IF ONLY HE HADN'T GONE DOWN THE ROAD...  
DOWN A ROAD WHERE FIVE DEVIL POSTS SAT WAITING!



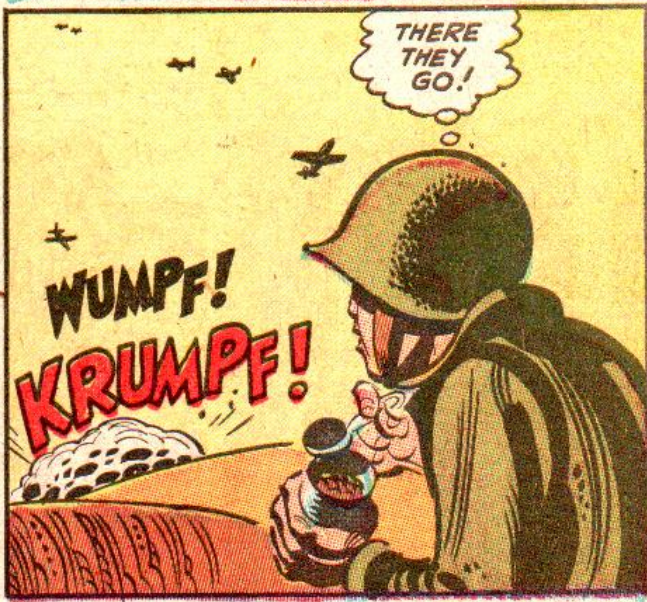
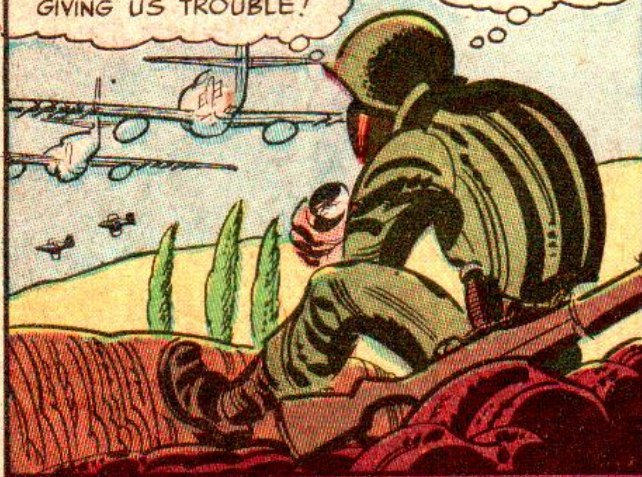
THERE GOES THE AIR-FORCE!  
P-51'S!  
SOMEONE'S GONNA  
GET IT! WONDER  
WHAT TIME IT IS?

HMM! JUST TWELVE-  
HUNDRED! THINK I'LL  
HAVE CHOW AND  
WATCH THE SHOW!



THEY'RE CIRCLING OVER THE  
TOWN OUT THERE! PROBABLY  
GOING TO BLAST THAT  
ARTILLERY THAT'S BEEN  
GIVING US TROUBLE!

WISH I HAD  
TIME TO HEAT  
THESE  
C-RATIONS!



THERE  
THEY  
GO!

WUMPF!  
KRUMPF!

THE PLANES ARE HEADING  
BACK, AND I'D BETTER DO  
THE SAME BEFORE THINGS  
START POPPING AROUND  
HERE!



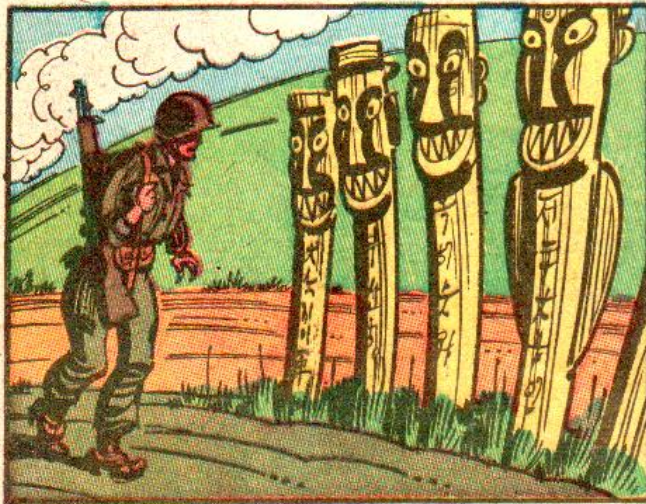
LEMME SEE TIME! IT'S  
AFTER TWELVE! TWELVE-  
TWENTY! WONDER IF THE  
OUTFIT'S PULLED BACK!



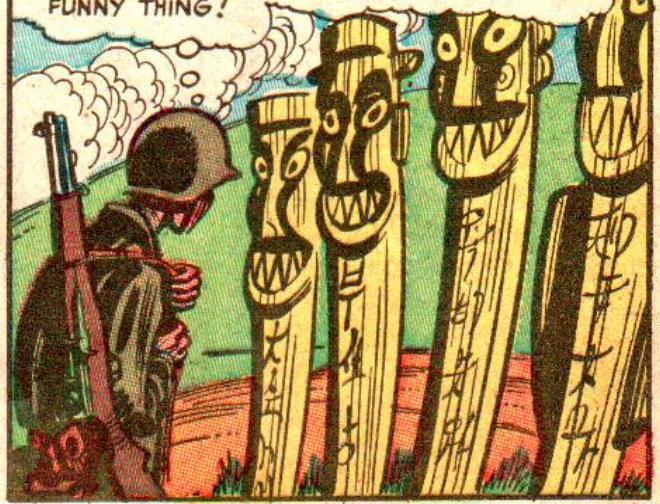
NO... I CAN STILL SEE 'EM A-WAY  
DOWN THE ROAD! HEY... WHAT'S  
THAT UP AHEAD? KOREAN  
DEVIL POSTS ON THE  
ROAD!



IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO WATCH THE PLANES! IF ONLY PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED FOR CHOW! OH, GOD... IF...



FUNNY LOOKING DEVIL POSTS! THEY SAY IF YOU OFFER A PRAYER TO THE DEVIL POSTS, YOU'LL WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS! SUPERSTITION IS A FUNNY THING!



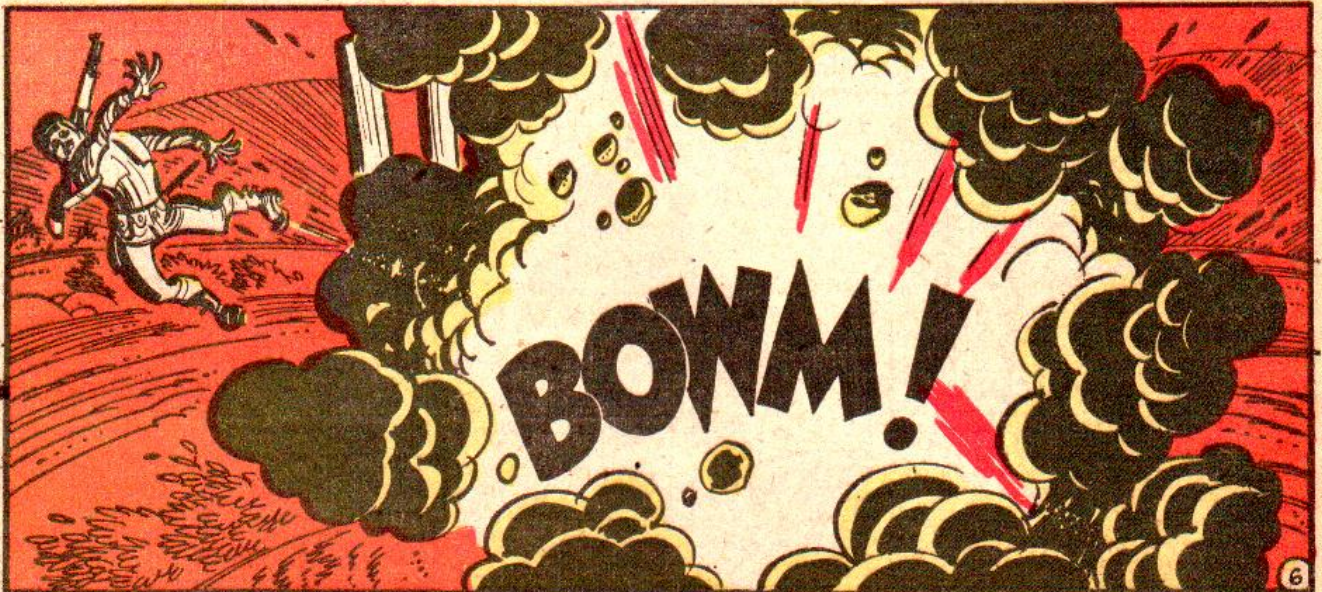
THE BUCKLE ON MY COMBAT BOOT'S COMING LOOSE! I'LL STOP A MINUTE TO FIX IT!



THERE! THAT DOES IT! SURE WISH WE WERE BACK AT THE BIVOUAC AREA!... LEMME SEE TIME!



I'D BETTER GET GOING! IT'S TWELVE TWENTY-SEVEN AND I'VE... WHUZZAT...



IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO BUCKLE THE COMBAT BOOT!... COULD'VE WALKED FIFTY MORE FEET IN THE TIME IT TOOK TO BUCKLE THAT BOOT!

IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T STOPPED TO LOOK AT HIS WATCH!... COULD'VE WALKED TWENTY-FIVE FEET IN THE TIME IT TOOK TO LOOK AT WATCH!

IF PAUL MAYNARD WALKED FASTER...OR SLOWER... OR DIDN'T WALK AT ALL! OH, LORD...

IT WAS ONLY A STRAY MORTAR SHELL! COULD HAVE LANDED ANYWHERE! IF ONLY THAT SHELL SPLINTER HAD GONE FIVE MORE INCHES TO THE RIGHT...

OR IF PAUL MAYNARD'S HEART HAD ONLY BEEN FIVE MORE INCHES TO THE LEFT... OR IF PAUL MAYNARD HADN'T EVEN BEEN BORN!

IF... IF... IF... (SOB)  
... IF ... IF ...

BEFORE THE TOWN OF X — IN KOREA, A ROW OF ANCIENT WOODEN DEVIL POSTS GRIN DOWN!...WOODEN GRINS FROM ONE WOODEN EAR TO THE OTHER... GRIN DOWN UPON THE BODY OF PRIVATE PAUL MAYNARD, KILLED IN ACTION! AND MAN'S DESTINY GOES MARCHING ON!

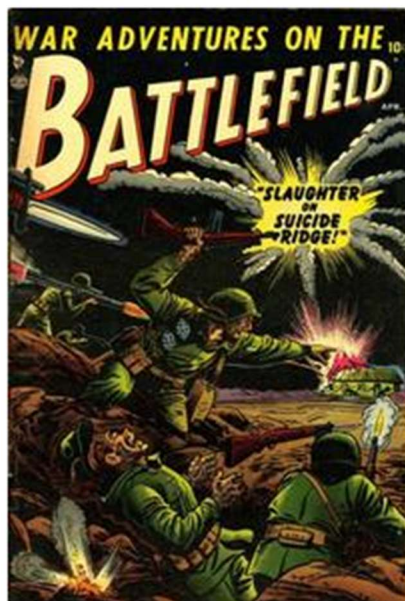
END

## Battlefield #1

Marvel, 1952 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Stan Lee (editor)



### Slaughter on Suicide Ridge!

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Carl Burgos ?

**Inks:** Carl Burgos ?

**Colors:** Stan Goldberg

**Letters:** ?

**Genre:** war

**Keywords:** Korean War

> [Reprints \(1\)](#)

### Indexer Notes

Coloring credit per Stan Goldberg.

### 5 Hours 'Til Dawn!

comic story / 5 pages

**Script:** Don Rico

**Pencils:** Russ Heath (signed)

**Inks:** Russ Heath (signed)

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

WAR ADVENTURES ON THE

# BATTLEFIELD

APR.

**"SLAUGHTER  
ON  
SUICIDE  
RIDGE!"**



IT'S FIVE HOURS TILL THE END OF TIME FOR THESE MEN TRAPPED ON A PIECE OF EARTH FAR FROM HOME... FIVE HOURS TILL OBLIVION... FIVE HOURS TILL DEATH...

# 5 HOURS 'TIL DAWN!



YUH SEE SUMPIN', GILHOOLEY?

NUTHIN'! IT'S AS DARK OUT THERE AS THE BLACK HOLE O' CALCUTTA... BUT THEY'RE OUT THERE... I KNOW IT... I KIN FEEL IT!

THIS IS WHAT THE POETS CALL THE VEIL OF NIGHT... COVERING MANY THINGS, HIDING JOYS AND SORROWS...

BUT IF YOU PEER CLOSER YOUR EYES CAN GET USED TO THE DARKNESS AND YOU CAN MAKE OUT OBJECTS...

OBJECTS THAT DON'T MOVE... THAT DON'T DARE TO STIR!

LOOK STILL CLOSER AND YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THEM AS... MEN...



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



FOUR OF US LEFT!  
ONLY FOUR... TO  
HOLD OUT AGAINST  
AN ARMY OF  
COMMIES!

IF THEY KNEW... THEY'D COME IN AND  
WIPE US OUT! BUT THEY DON'T  
KNOW! THEY THINK WE'RE A  
BUNCH!

HOPE THEY KEEP  
THINKIN' THAT...



YEAH... WITH LUCK, WE CAN  
FOOL 'EM... BUT AS SOON AS  
IT GETS LIGHT... AND THEY  
SEE US... WE'RE SUNK...

JIMMY!  
THAT WAY!  
SWING 'ER  
THAT WAY!



AND SO IT GOES THRU THE LONG MOMENTS IN THE  
NIGHT AS THESE FOUR FIGHT THE UNSEEN ENEMY!

THEN COMES A LULL AS THE ENEMY PAUSES...



ONE-  
THIRTY,  
GUYS...

ONE-THIRTY!  
HOW DO WE STAND,  
WHITEY?

A FEW GRENADES  
... NOT MUCH  
FOR THE M I'S...  
MORE FOR OL'  
BESSIE!



STRECH THE STUFF OUT  
ALL YOU CAN! GOTTA  
MAKE IT ALL COUNT...  
EVERY SHOT!

... IN THE DARK?  
YOU ASKIN' FOR  
MIRACLES, GILHOOLEY?  
WE'RE DEAD DUCKS  
AS OF RIGHT NOW!

YOU AIN'T TELLIN' ME  
NOTHIN' NEW, BROTHER!  
BUT LET'S TRY TO TAKE  
ENOUGH OF 'EM ALONG  
WITH US TO MAKE THIS  
WORTH-WHILE...

YUH GET  
YER WISH, GIL!  
HERE THEY  
COME!





BROTHER!  
HOW LUCKY  
CAN YUH  
GET ?



THEY'RE COMIN'  
UP THIS SIDE TOO!  
CAN YOU HOLD YER  
OWN, WHITEY ?

CAN THE  
GAB AN' GET  
TO WORK !

AK-A  
K-AKAK-AK-K



SHE QUIT ON  
US! QUIT LIKE  
A BLIND  
DATE!

KLAKA-POW  
-KLAKA-  
S-S-S-S-S-S-S-S

CLEC  
CLAC



YEAH THEY STOPPED  
AGAIN! WE GET A  
BREATHER,  
ANYHOW!

HOLD  
IT!

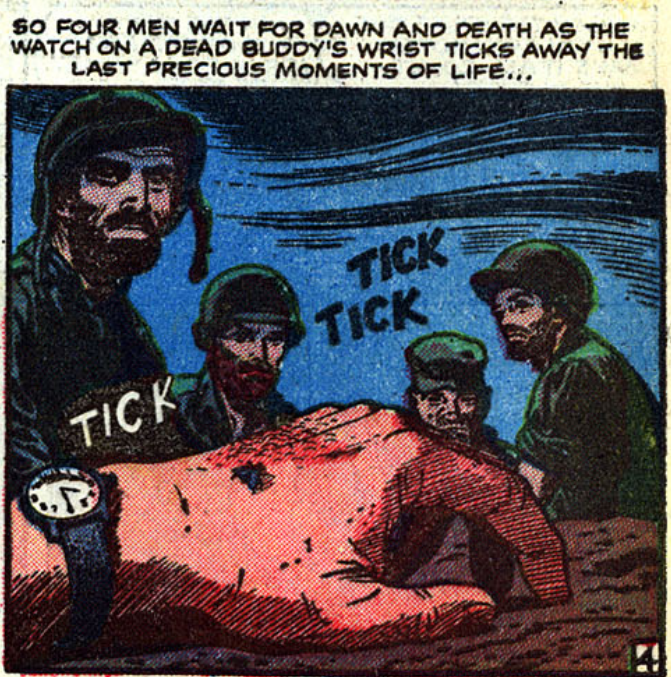


WHAT'S THE DIFF IF THEY GET  
US NOW OR LATER ? IT'S  
ALMOST FOUR! ANOTHER HOUR  
AN' WE WON'T BE FOOLIN'  
ANYBODY BUT OURSELVES!



WHEN I WAS A KID I  
USETA GET A KICK OUTTA  
SEEN' THE SUN COME  
UP... BUT THIS TIME...  
THIS TIME...

IT DOESN'T  
DO ANY GOOD  
TO THINK ABOUT  
IT, WHITEY!

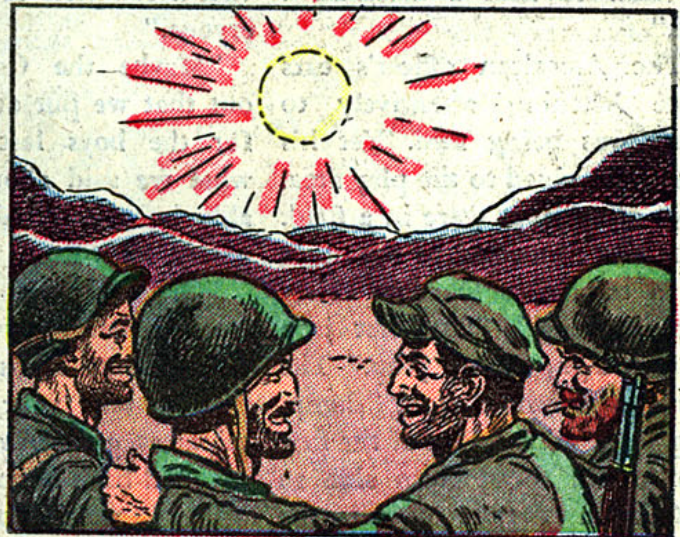


SO FOUR MEN WAIT FOR DAWN AND DEATH AS THE  
WATCH ON A DEAD BUDDY'S WRIST TICKS AWAY THE  
LAST PRECIOUS MOMENTS OF LIFE...

TICK  
TICK  
TICK



WEARY, DEAD-TIRED AND SCARED, THE FOUR DRAW ON A LAST BIT OF RESERVE STRENGTH TO PULL THEMSELVES UP AND PLUNGE FORWARD, SHOOTING!



FIVE HOURS TILL DAWN... THE DAWN THAT REVEALS THE TRUTH TO FOUR SURVIVORS OF A PLATOON... THE TRUTH THAT THE COMMUNISTS WERE THE ONES WHO HAD NO DAWN TO SEE...

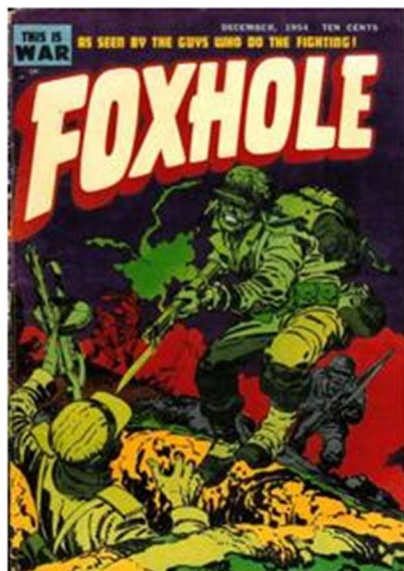
**THE END**

## Foxhole #2

Mainline, 1954 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Joe Simon (editor); Jack Kirby (editor)



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Jack Kirby

**Inks:** Jack Kirby ?

**Colors:** Jack Kirby ?

**Genre:** war

## Booby Trap

comic story / 6 pages

**Script:** Jack Kirby ?

**Pencils:** Jack Kirby

**Inks:** Jack Kirby ?

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

DECEMBER, 1954 TEN CENTS

**THIS IS  
WAR**

**AS SEEN BY THE GUYS WHO DO THE FIGHTING!**

LN  
10

# FOXHOLE

9  
2  
W





"RIGHT FROM THE START, I DIDN'T LIKE THIS PATROL... FIRST, BECAUSE IT WAS A COMBAT PATROL... SECOND, JAKE LOOMIS WAS ALONG... HE MADE TROUBLE A CERTAINTY!"

OKAY, LOOMIS.. WE TRAVEL LIGHT, REMEMBER? NOW, DITCH IT!

DITCH WHAT, SARGE? I DON'T GET IT!



GIMME THAT CANTEEN! YOUR DOGTAGS HIT IT- SOME REDS HEAR IT, AND WE'RE ALL DEAD! AND GET THOSE DOGTAGS TAPED SO THEY DON'T JINGLE TOO!

SURE, SARGE, SURE... BUT A GUY GETS THIRSTY ON A HOT NIGHT LIKE THIS!.. HAVE A HEART!





I'VE GOT A HEART! AND I FIGURE TO KEEP IT INTACT! YOU'LL TAKE THE "POINT" WITH ME... OUT FRONT, WHERE I CAN WATCH YOU! LET'S GO!

"THIS LOOMIS WAS STRICTLY AN ULCER... THE KIND OF CARELESS, WISE GUY WHO COULD GUM UP THE WORKS WHEN THINGS HAD TO GO SMOOTHLY - OR ELSE! KOREA IN '52 WAS NO PLACE TO GET CARELESS... YOU JUST HAD TO LOOK AROUND TO SEE THAT!"



"SOMEWHERE UP AHEAD WERE THE COMMIES... SO I MOVED SLOW AND EASY! IT WAS A ROTTEN NIGHT FOR A PATROL--TOO MUCH MOON, I GUESS... THAT WAS HOW COME LOOMIS SPOTTED THE PISTOL!"



HEY! LOOKIT THIS! WHAT A HONEY OF A SOUVENIR!



A COMMIE PISTOL! LEAVE IT ALONE, YOU SAP!



WHY, YOU... I SAW IT FIRST! IT'S MINE!

DON'T BE A JERK! THAT THING'S GOT BOOBY TRAP WRITTEN ALL OVER IT! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WON'T BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF?



HOW DO I KNOW IT WILL!

YOU DON'T! AFTER ALL THE LECTURES YOU'VE HAD ABOUT BOOBY TRAPS, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE BRAINS ENOUGH TO BE CAUTIOUS! THE REDS WILL BOOBY TRAP ANYTHING! I SAY THAT PISTOL STAYS WHERE IT IS!



"THAT FOUL BALL," I COULD HEAR HIM, AFTER, CUSSING ME UNDER HIS BREATH.. BUT HE OBEYED MY ORDER, AND WE MOVED ON! LATER, WE SPOTTED THE FARMHOUSE...

WHAT DO YOU THINK, SARGE?

HARD TO SAY WHO'S IN THERE! THE REDS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE PULLED BACK FROM THIS AREA! BUT THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO FIND OUT!

"WE MOVED DOWN FROM THE HILL AND STOPPED AT THE FOREST'S EDGE... EYEING CAREFULLY, THE HUNDRED YARDS OF OPEN FIELD WHICH LED TO THE FARMHOUSE..."



B.A.R. MAN WILL STAY HERE AND GIVE US COVER! THE REST OF YOU SPREAD OUT... FOLLOW LOOMIS AND ME HALF WAY... THEN, LIE LOW AND GET SET FOR ANYTHING!

THEN, WE LAMMED OUT INTO THE OPEN!



LOOMIS, THE EAGER BEAVER, GOT TO THE FARMHOUSE BEFORE I DID!



"WE WAITED -FOR THE SOUND OF VOICES... OF MOVEMENT... BUT HEARD NOTHING! STILL, WE HAD TO BE SURE ABOUT THE PLACE! BUT, THAT'S WHAT GRENADES WERE FOR... TO HELP MAKE SURE!



DON'T PULL THE PIN ON THAT GRENADE, SARGE!

LOOMIS, ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD?



A DAME! FIRST DAME I SEEN IN MONTHS... AND NOT BAD!

SO WHAT! SO WHAT! YOU'VE GOT NO TIME TO ASK HER FOR THE NEXT WALTZ! WE'RE GONNA GIVE THIS PLACE A FAST SHUFFLE!





RELAX, SARGE... HEY! IMAGINE THOSE REDS CLEARING OUT AND LEAVING HER BEHIND!

NUTS! WHEN THEY RUN, THEY LEAVE NOTHING BEHIND THAT'S ALIVE!



SOMETHING ABOUT THIS SETUP HAD A STRONG SMELL OF FISH.. BARRACUDA! THEN, I HAD IT!

SHE COULD BE WORKING FOR 'EM, LOOMIS.. AND WE'RE NOT STAYING TO FIND OUT WHY!

STOP PLAYIN' THAT RECORD, AND TAKE IT EASY, SARGE!

IT LOOKED LIKE A SNAKE, RISING BEHIND LOOMIS' HEAD.. A SNAKE WITH ONE GLEAMING, DEADLY FANG!



I'M SICK OF THIS 'CHICKEN BUSINESS' YOU'VE BEEN HANDING OUT! IF YOU WANNA BUCK FOR ANOTHER STRI--

DEATH CAME SO FAST TO LOOMIS, I DOUBT IF HE HEARD ME YELL!



LOOMIS!

I MANAGED TO SQUEEZE OFF A SHOT BEFORE I WENT DOWN IN A SCRIMMAGE THEY DIDN'T INVENT AT NOTRE DAME!



THE FLOOR! I FORGOT THE FLOOR! THAT'S WHERE THEY CAME SWARMIN' OUT OF! KOREAN FARMERS HEAT THEIR HOUSES BY LIGHTING FIRES IN SPACES BENEATH THE FLOORS! NOW, THE CHINESE REDS HAD USED IT, TO HIDE AND WAIT AND RUSH OUT TO KILL!



I REMBER USING MY GUN, MY HANDS, MY FEET, MY TEETH! I WAS AN ANIMAL, FIGHTING TO STAY ALIVE!



"WHAT I DON'T REMEMBER IS HOW I GOT OUTSIDE! THERE WAS THE OPEN FIELD, AND THE FIRING AND THE YELLING! I JUST RAN AND STUMBLERD AND KEPT ON RUNNING!



"THE REDS WERE CROPPING UP EVERYWHERE WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE... AND THE PATROL WAS CATCHING IT! I PASSED THE BODIES OF TARTINO AND GILMAN... I DIDN'T SEE THE OTHERS... BUT THE FIRING FROM THE WOODS AHEAD TOLD ME THEY WERE SLUGGING IT OUT!



"I DROPPED LIKE A STONE WHEN I GOT TO THE WOODS... THREE RED TOMMY GUNNERS CRASHED BY ME IN THE DEEP THICKETS, JABBERING LIKE MONKEYS! I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY MISSED STEPPING ON MY HEAD!



"MY CHANCES OF WINDING UP DEAD, LOOKED SO GOOD, I SHOOK LIKE A LEAF IN A TORNADO! I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER TO STAY PUT OR TRY MOVING ON! THEN I HEARD THE VOICE CALLING MY NAME! AND I INCHED AHEAD IN ITS DIRECTION! UNDER A PILE OF DEAD REDS, I FOUND MY B.A.R. MAN, HARRY POST!



"HARRY HAD FINISHED OFF THE FIRST BUNCH THAT RUSHED HIM... AND PLAYED DEAD WHEN THE OTHERS CAME UP... WE FOUND STEVENS WHERE HE HAD FALLEN, ABOUT TWENTY YARDS IN THE REAR! HIS AMMO MAN HAD MADE A RUN FOR IT!



"THE FIRING WAS STILL GOING ON! I COULDN'T TELL WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE PATROL... BUT THERE MUST HAVE STILL BEEN ENOUGH AROUND TO BE PUTTING UP A FIGHT! HARRY AND I CAUGHT A RED AND MADE SHORT WORK OF HIM...



"THE RED HAD A PAL, TOO!  
I USED HIS TOMMY GUN ON HIM!"



"THEN HARRY AND I GOT OUT  
OF THERE, NOT KNOWING  
WHAT WE WERE GOING TO  
RUN INTO NEXT--HOPING  
THIS CRAZY LUCK WOULD  
HOLD OUT!"



"SOMEHOW, WE LOST ALL TRACK  
OF TIME! WE JUST KEPT RUNNING  
UNTIL WE DROPPED.. THEN, WE  
RESTED, GOT UP, AND RAN SOME  
MORE! THAT'S HOW WE PICKED UP  
HOROWITZ.. HE WAS BUSHED AND  
BLOODY AND READY TO KICK OFF.

HOROWITZ!  
CAN YOU  
HEAR ME,  
FELLA?

SARGE...THE REDS..  
THEY JUMPED US FROM  
ALL SIDES..I SAW  
THEM GET  
TULLY! I-I'M  
HIT- CHEST..  
RIBS..



"WE MADE IT BACK TO THE OUTFIT..THE  
THREE OF US--THREE GUYS OUT OF A  
TWELVE MAN PATROL! THE GUYS AT THE  
OBSERVATION POST SPOTTED US AND RAN  
OUT TO GIVE US A HAND WITH HOROWITZ..

HI YA, BULLINGER!  
I NEVER THOUGHT  
I'D BE SO GLAD  
TO SEE THIS  
RAT HOLE!

ONLY THREE OF YOU LEFT!  
CRIPES! WE GOT COFFEE  
IN THERE, SARGE..  
HELP YOURSELF  
WHILE I CALL FOR  
A MEDIC



"LATER, I GAVE THE STORY TO CAPTAIN  
M'READY AT THE C.P. [ COMMAND POST ]

THAT'S IT, HUH...WELL,  
MAYBE THERE'S *STILL*  
A CHANCE THAT SOME  
OF THE OTHERS MAY  
COME  
IN!

MAYBE, SIR..I-I  
HOPE SO.. IT  
WAS A ROUGH DEAL!  
THOSE REDS WERE  
REAL KILL-HAPPY!



YEAH, I CAN GUESS!  
GET SOME REST, SERGEANT!  
WE MAY HAVE TO MOVE OUT  
SOON.. *IT'S GOING TO BE  
A LONG  
RUN  
AHEAD!*

PROBABLY  
BAITED AND  
WIRED  
ALL THE  
WAY!



"THAT NIGHT, I THOUGHT OF THE ROAD  
AHEAD.. AND HOW THE REDS WOULD LITTER IT  
WITH A THOUSAND DIFFERENT FORMS OF  
DEATH! I SUPPOSE I COULDN'T HELP THINK-  
ING OF THAT KOREAN DISH AT THE FARM-  
HOUSE.. AND JAKE LOOMIS.. AND WHISPER-  
ING OVER AND OVER TO MYSELF!"



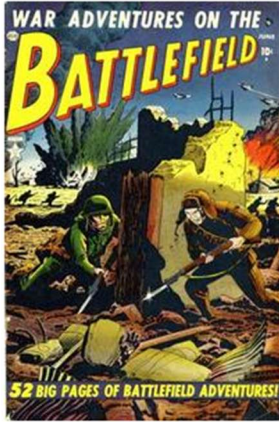
THE  
END

## Battlefield #2

Marvel, 1952 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 52 On-sale Date: 1952

Editing: ?



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Russ Heath (signed)

**Inks:** Russ Heath (signed)

**Colors:** Stan Goldberg

**Letters:** ?

**Genre:** war

**Keywords:** Korean War

> [Reprints \(1\)](#)

### Indexer Notes

Pencils/inks: Information from Tom Lammers and Ger Apeldoorn via the Atlas-Timely discussion group.

Colors: Goldberg credited by himself.

## Rookie!

comic story / 4 pages

**Script:** ?

**Pencils:** Joe Maneely (signed as Joe Maneely)

**Inks:** Joe Maneely (signed as Joe Maneely)

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

WAR ADVENTURES ON THE

10

ATLAS

JUNE

10¢  
K

# BATTLEFIELD

CONTAINS  
A



**52 BIG PAGES OF BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES!**

BEFORE A MAN CAN BECOME A SOLDIER, HE MUST FIRST SUFFER THE MISERY OF BEING A...

# ROOKIE!



IT WASN'T MUCH OF AN ACTION, AS SUCH THINGS GO... IT DIDN'T MEAN TOO MUCH TO THE GENERAL STRATEGY OF THE KOREAN WAR! IT WAS IMPORTANT ONLY TO THOSE INVOLVED, THE FIGHTING MEN OF "C" COMPANY... AND TO THEM, IT WAS LIFE OR DEATH...

FIGHT! WHAT THE HECK ELSE ARE THEY HERE FOR? SHOOT... AND KEEP SHOOTIN' UNTIL THERE AIN'T ANYTHING ELSE TO DO!



A Marble River Scan

LOOK CLOSELY AT THESE FACES... ONE OF THEM MAY BELONG TO A BOY FROM YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD...OR YOUR OWN FAMILY! THEY WERE SCARED... AND WHO WOULDN'T BE? UNDER THE RUTHLESS BARRAGE OF THEIR FIRST BATTLE!

BUT THEY FACED THEIR ORDEAL WITH EVERY OUNCE OF COURAGE IN THEIR MAKE-UP... EVEN THOSE WHO FOUND TIME TO GRIPE... LIKE PRIVATE WILLIAMS, ONE OF THE NEW MEN...



PILE INTO 'EM! THE REDS ARE BEGINNIN' TO MOVE BACK! GO ON...LET 'EM HAVE IT!

PWHING KA POK



WHO'S HE THINK HE'S TALKING TO... A BUNCH OF CATTLE? HE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE'S GOT THE BRAINS OF A MORON!

GEE! I'M... I'M SCARED! I NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE LIKE THIS!

KA CHUM



SURE, YOU'RE SCARED, AND IT'S THAT STUPID SERGEANT WHO'S MAKING YOU SCARED... YELLING LIKE A BANSHEE! I'D HANDLE IT DIFFERENTLY! I STUDIED THINGS LIKE THAT!

I'M STILL SCARED!

TAK TAK



THEN WHEN IT SEEMED THAT A MAN COULD TAKE NO MORE, THE HEAVY BOMBARDMENT FROM THE RED LINES CEASED!

GOOD WORK, SERGEANT! COMPANY "A" WILL TAKE IT FROM HERE! YOU TAKE A BREAK!

THANKS, MAJOR... THE MEN COULD USE IT!



BATTLE-WEARY AND EXHAUSTED, THE VETERANS SLEPT WHERE THEY FELL!



WHAT A MESS! NO WONDER WE'RE HAVING A TOUGH JOB BEATING THESE REDS... LOOK AT THOSE MEN! DO YOU CALL THEM SOLDIERS? IF I WERE A NON-COM, I'D KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT... A NON-COM? I SHOULD BE AN OFFICER! I'M BETTER EDUCATED THAN ALL OF THOSE GUYS!

YEAH... ONE THING ABOUT YOU, RALPH, YOU CAN SURE TALK A LOT! YUH ALWAYS COULD!



LOOK AT THAT GUY FOR INSTANCE! HOW DID HE PASS HIS I.Q. ANYWAY? HE'S DIRTY... SLEEPY-LOOKING, SLOPPY! I TELL YOU, PETE, THIS IS ALL WRONG... ME A PRIVATE, WHEN THE ARMY NEEDS SMART OFFICERS!

YEAH... YEAH... ZZZZZ

WELL, THAT'S A PICTURE OF ONE MAN! THEY SAY A SOLDIER WHO BEEFS IS A HEALTHY SOLDIER! IF THAT'S SO, THEN RALPH WILLIAMS WAS THE HEALTHIEST G.I. IN ALL THE ARMY...

MOPPING UP! THE MOST DANGEROUS WORK OF ALL, ADVANCING SLOWLY THRU MINE INFESTED TERRITORY RECENTLY EVACUATED BY THE ENEMY... WITH SNIPERS HIDDEN AT EVERY POINT, READY TO DIE AND TAKE YOU WITH THEM...



ALRIGHT, SLEEPING BEAUTIES! UP AN AT 'EM! WE'RE MOPPIN' UP!

I HOPE THAT GUY KNOWS WHAT HE'S LEADING US INTO! IT SCARES ME TO THINK OUR LIVES ARE IN HIS HANDS! NOW, ME... I'D MAKE SURE I'D...

YUH MIND, RALPH? I GOT AN EARACHE!



HOLY SMOKE! WILL YUH LOOK AT THAT GUY? HE'S TOO STUPID TO KNOW HE'S GOING AHEAD ALL BY HIMSELF! IF I WAS THE SARGE I'D CALL HIM BACK AND ORDER HIM TO BRING UP THE REAR... THAT'S WHAT I'D DO!

UH-HUH!



ALL OF 'EM! THE SAME WAY... NO LIFE IN THEIR FACES... NOTHING! WHY, WE'LL ALL BE SITTING DUCKS IF THE REOS PILE UP ON US!

CHANGE THE RECORD, WILL YUH, RALPH?



DUCK, SOLDIER! DUCK!

BLAM  
BLAM



OKAY... LET'S KEEP GOIN'!

KA POW



HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? WHAT A LUCKY STIFF, KNOCKING OFF A RED LIKE THAT! I BET HE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING! JUST A REFLEX ACTION, THAT'S ALL!

LOOK OUT, FELLA! STOP! STOP!



HEY! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, YOU DUMB OX!

GET BACK, SON... IT'S A...



BOOM



HOLY COW! WHA... WHAT HAPPENED?

LAND MINE...



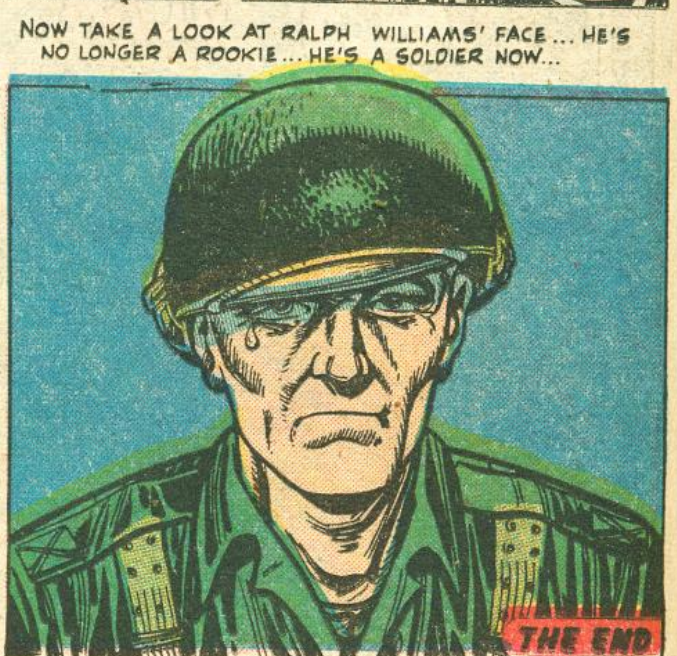
LAND MINE? AND HE'S DEAD... HE SAVED MY LIFE!

YEAH... THE MAJOR WAS ALWAYS DOING THINGS LIKE THAT!



THE... THE MAJOR!?

YEAH! GOOD GUY! REGULAR JOE!. ALRIGHT, GUYS... KEEP GOIN'... OUR WORK AIN'T DONE YET!



NOW TAKE A LOOK AT RALPH WILLIAMS' FACE... HE'S NO LONGER A ROOKIE... HE'S A SOLDIER NOW...

THE END

## Frontline Combat #7

EC, 1951 Series

**Volume:** 1 **Price:** 0.10 USD **Pages:** 36 **On-sale Date:** 1952-02-28

**Editing:** Harvey Kurtzman (credited) (editor); Bill Gaines (credited as William M. Gaines) (managing editor)



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Harvey Kurtzman (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda

**Genre:** historical; war

**First Line of Dialogue or Text:** If ever there was a true hell on earth, it was here... here on Iwo Jima!

**Keywords:** Battle of Iwo Jima; United States Marines; World War II

> [Reprints \(5\)](#)

## Mopping Up!

comic story / 7 pages

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Jack Davis (signed)

**Inks:** Jack Davis (signed)

**Colors:** Marie Severin

**Letters:** Ben Oda

WAR AND FIGHTING

# FRONTLINE



No. 7  
JUL-AUG.

LN 10



10¢

# COMBAT

IF THERE EVER WAS A TRUE HELL ON EARTH, IT WAS HERE... HERE ON **IWO JIMA!**

**SPECIAL ISSUE** • A DOCUMENT OF THE ACTION AT IWO JIMA



CHAPTER IV : THE BATTLE ON IWO JIMA DIDN'T END SUDDENLY! IT SLOWLY PETERED OUT! AFTER D+19, THE JAPANESE WERE DISORGANIZED AND WITHOUT HEAVY GUNS! NEVERTHELESS, THEY FOUGHT ON TO THE LAST MAN! WITH SOME STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, YOU MIGHT CALL THIS LAST PHASE OF THE CAMPAIGN...

# MOPPING UP!



MAN! AH  
CAIN'T  
FIGGUH  
HOW THEM  
JAPANESE  
MINDS WORK!

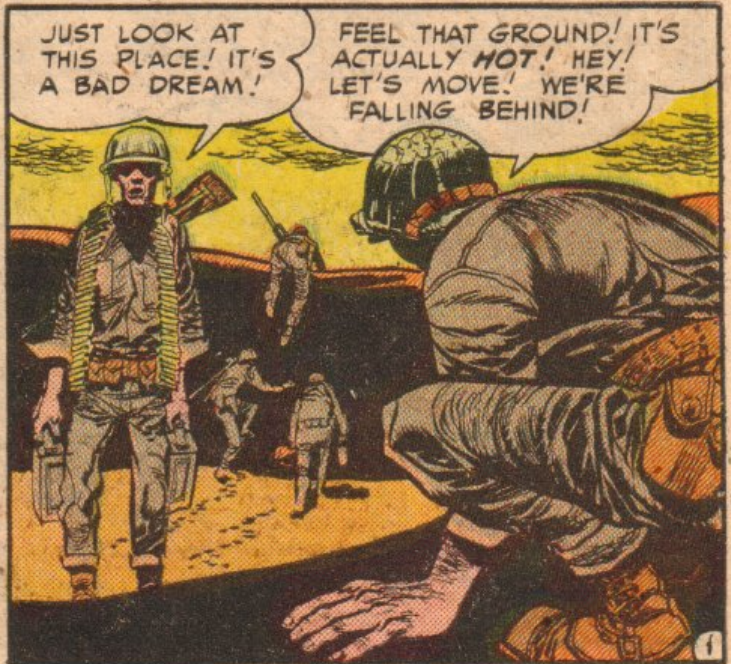
HE  
SURE  
WALKED  
INTO THEM  
BULLETS!

JACK  
DAVIS



WE'D BETTER  
GET GOING,  
WOODROW!

HEY! LET'S GO, SQUAD!  
THEY'RE CALLING FOR AN  
M.G. UP AHEAD!



JUST LOOK AT  
THIS PLACE! IT'S  
A BAD DREAM!

FEEL THAT GROUND! IT'S  
ACTUALLY HOT! HEY!  
LET'S MOVE! WE'RE  
FALLING BEHIND!



KEEP LOW, WOODROW!  
I'M GOING TO RUN FOR  
THAT SHELL-HOLE!

SHO' NUFF,  
CO'PRAL  
RALPH!



LET'S GO,  
WOOD!

WHERE THE  
HECK'S THE  
REST OF THE  
CREW?



THEAH  
A-COMIN',  
CO'PRAL  
RALPH!

LET'S GO  
YOU GUYS!  
ON THE...



WONK!

...MORTAR!



WHUMP!



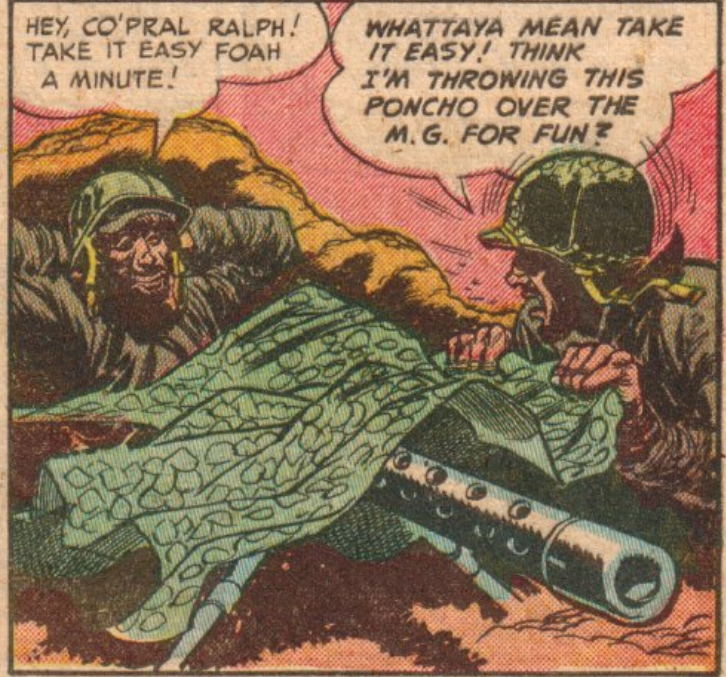
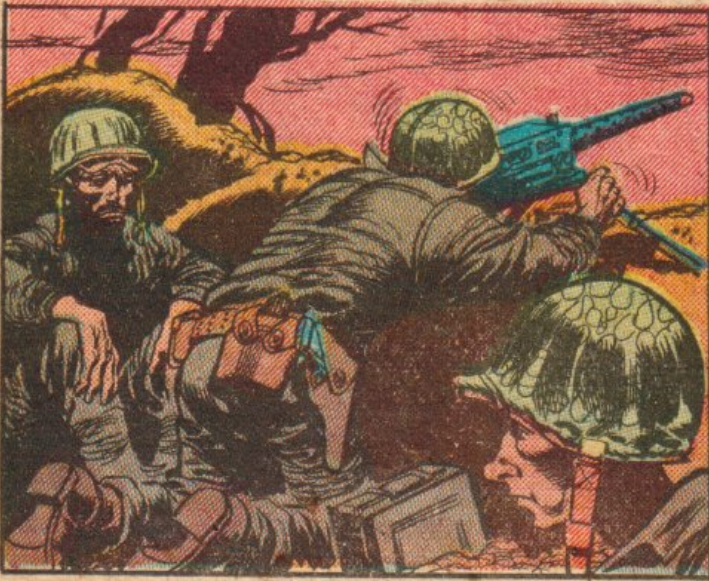
LAWD-A  
MERCY!

DROPPED RIGHT ON  
OUR CREW! A DEAD  
CENTER HIT!



THIS ROCK! THIS @\*!m\*  
# ORL 7#00 ☆ STINKING  
ROCK! I'M SICK TO DEATH  
OF SMELLING IT!

D-DAY PLUS 21! BY D PLUS 21, THE JAPANESE HELD TWO LAST POCKETS OF RESISTANCE! AND THE JAPANESE BULLETS WERE STILL AS DEADLY AS EVER!



HEY, CO'PRAL RALPH! TAKE IT EASY FOAH A MINUTE!

WHATTAYA MEAN TAKE IT EASY! THINK I'M THROWING THIS PONCHO OVER THE M.G. FOR FUN?



AWW! C'MON, SEDDOWN AN' RELAX, CO'PRAL RALPH!

(SIGH)... GUESS I'M GETTING KIND OF NERVOUS, WOODROW!



IFFEN WE ALL STAY ON THE LINE, MUCH LONGUH, WE ALL GONNA BLOW QUAH TOPS!

YEAH... I DON'T CARRY A RABBIT'S FOOT! SOONER OR LATER, MY NUMBER'S GONNA BE UP!



PSHAW, MAN! WE ALL GOIN' TUH GET OUTTA HEAH, ALL RIGHT! DON'T YOU FRET!

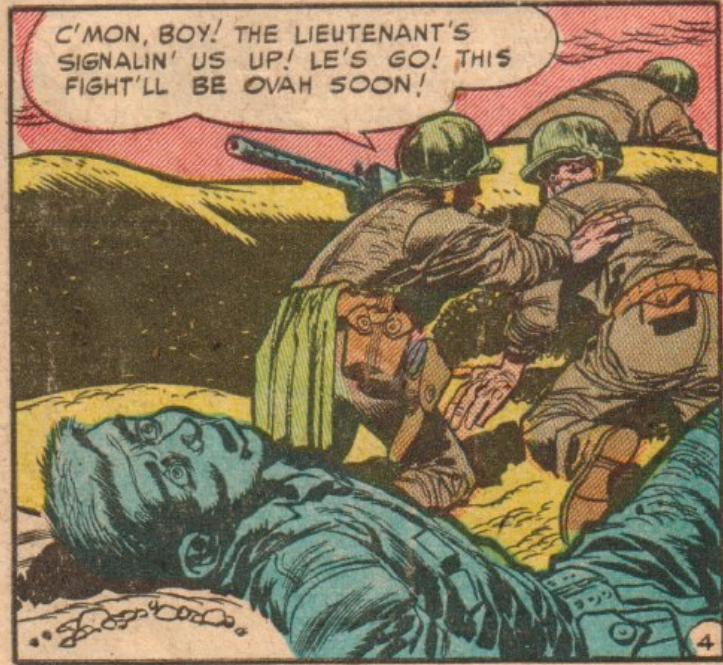
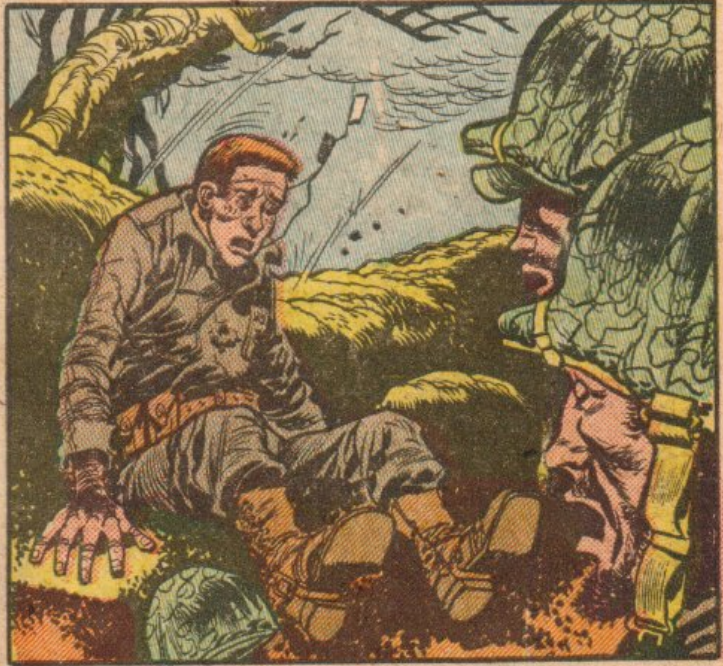
HEY, WOODROW! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT HERE!



THEY BROUGHT IT OVER TODAY! A LETTER FROM MY KID BROTHER, SEE? HE SENT ME A PHOTO! GET A LOAD OF THIS!



THE KID'S A LIEUTENANT! HE'S A BOMBARDIER ON A B-29! I HAVE TO SALUTE HIM! HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT, WOODROW?



D-DAY PLUS 25! BY D PLUS 25, ADMIRAL NIMITZ ANNOUNCED THAT ORGANIZED RESISTANCE ON IWO JIMA HAD ENDED! NEVERTHELESS THE BLOODSHED HAD NOT!



WHAT'S RALPH YELLIN' AT US FOR, WOOD? IS HE GETTING CHICKEN?

AWW, GO EASY ON HIM, BOY! HE BEEN IN THE LINE LONGUH'N THE REST O' US! IT BEGINS TA WEAH YOU DOWN! ...HEY! CO'PRAL RALPH!



WEAH, COMIN' ON THE DOUB...

**WOODROW!**



WOODROW! STEPPED ON A MINE!



**NO! NO!  
NO! NO!**



WHY AM I HERE?  
WHY? WHY?



WHAT DO I WANT WITH THIS CRUMMY STINKING VOLCANO? WHY ARE WE DYING FOR IT?





THE PLATOON IS WAITING FOR US TO COME UP, CORPORAL RALPH! ARE YOU COMING?

CORPORAL RALPH?



HE'S FINISHED!

YEAH! COMBAT FATIGUE!

WELL! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

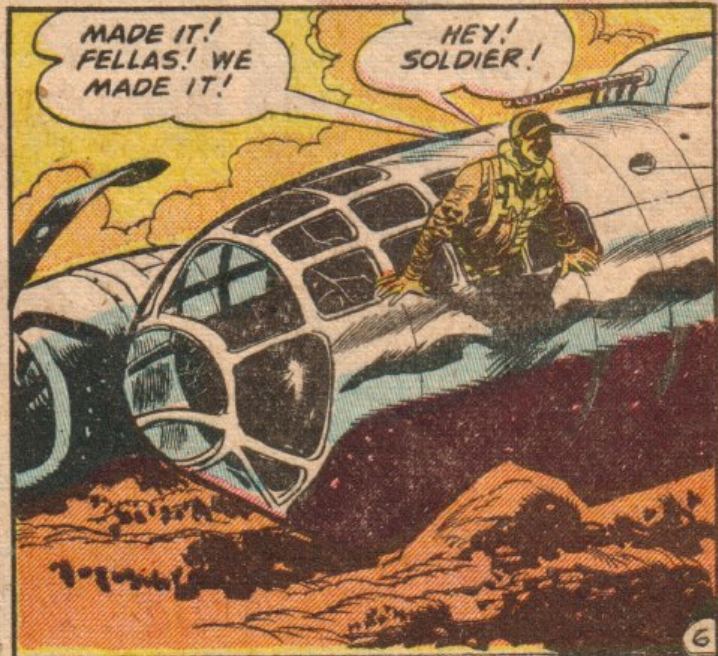


HEY! ISN'T THAT B-29 COMING IN AWFUL LOW?

COME ON WITH THAT AMMUNITION!



SCREEEBAWM



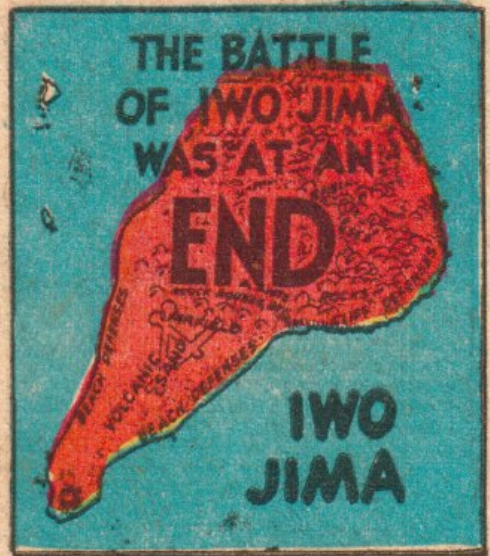
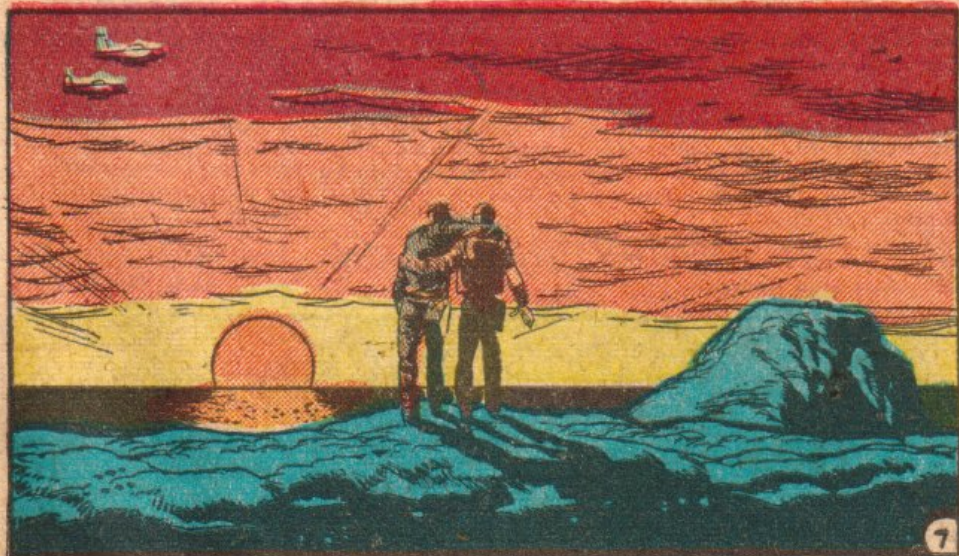
MADE IT! FELLAS! WE MADE IT!

HEY! SOLDIER!



AND SO THE BATTLE CLOSED, AND THIS WAS THE SCORE! MARINES KILLED: 4,907! JAPANESE KILLED: 21,449! IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, AN ESTIMATED 9,000 AIRMEN WERE SAVED BY EMERGENCY LANDING ON IWO!

BY D PLUS 44: ALL THE MARINES SAILED AWAY LEAVING THE ARMY AND AIR CORPS IN CONTROL!

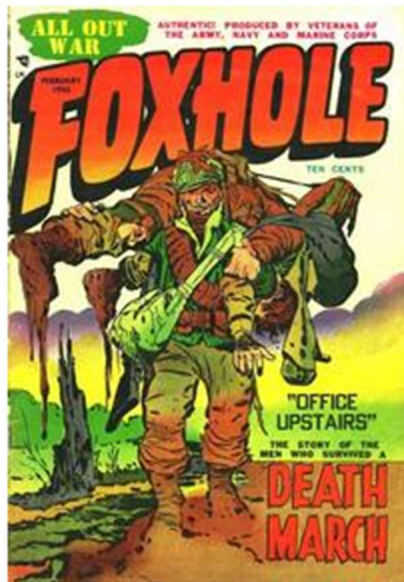


## Foxhole #3

Mainline, 1954 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Joe Simon (editor); Jack Kirby (editor)



### Office Upstairs

cover / 1 page

Script: ?

Pencils: Jack Kirby

Inks: Jack Kirby

Colors: ?

Letters: ? typeset

Genre: war

### Office Upstairs

comic story / 6 pages

Script: Jack Oleck

Pencils: Bob McCarthy (signed)

Inks: Bob McCarthy (signed)

Colors: ?

Letters: Howard Ferguson

**ALL OUT  
WAR**

**AUTHENTIC! PRODUCED BY VETERANS OF  
THE ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS**



LN

FEBRUARY  
1955

# FOXHOLE

TEN CENTS



**"OFFICE  
UPSTAIRS"**

THE STORY OF THE  
MEN WHO SURVIVED A

**DEATH  
MARCH**

YOU MEET A MAN LIKE THE MAJOR AND YOU NEVER REALLY SEE HIM... THEN THE JAPS HIT AND YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND THE GENTLE LITTLE MAN WITH THE...

# OFFICE UPSTAIRS

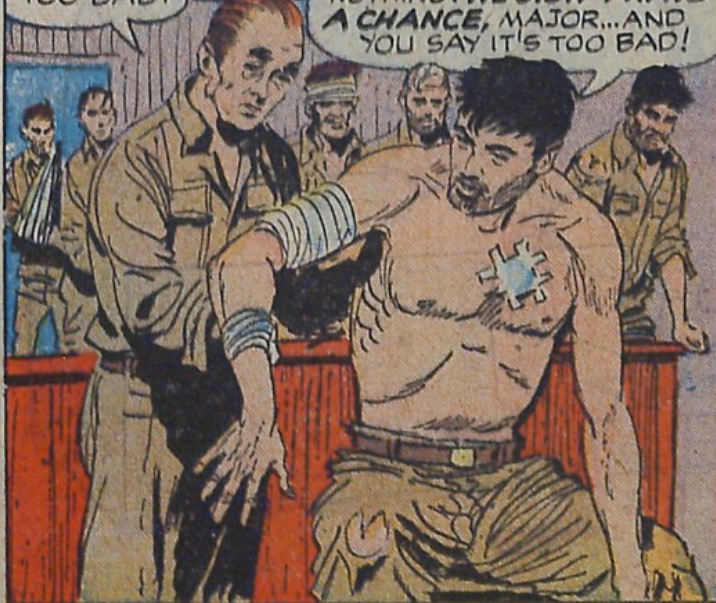
BY SGT. JACK OLECK  
1ST DIV. 1ST ARMY  
1943-'45



YOU GOT YOURS ON BATAAN. SHRAPNEL. BUT THIS IS JUST AFTER PEARL HARBOR. THE CAMPS AND BARRACKS STILL STAND... AND YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER... YOU AREN'T DOWN, YOU'RE JUST MAD... BITTER...

YOUR ENTIRE PLATOON, LIEUTENANT? THAT'S TOO BAD!

WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH AMMO! NO AIR COVER--- NOTHING! WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE, MAJOR... AND YOU SAY IT'S TOO BAD!



YOU *HAVEN'T* SEEN MEN DIE! MEN WHO TRUSTED YOU--WHO THOUGHT YOU'D GET THEM THROUGH!

I'VE SEEN MEN DIE, LIEUTENANT! THE JAPS ARE ONLY TWO MILES AWAY! BUT THE MEN I SAW DIE DIDN'T GO IN A BLAZE OF GLORY... THEY DIED SLOWLY... PAINFULLY!



THE MAJOR SAYS IT AS IF THE WORDS THEMSELVES HURT... AND YOU DON'T GET HIM. THESE **NON-COMBATANTS**... THEY'RE ALL **SOFT**! HE PATCHES YOU UP... AND AFTERWARD, YOU JUST CATCH GLIMPSES OF HIM WHILE THE JAPS COME CLOSER...



IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG. THE JAPS HAVE THE AIR POWER, THE SEA POWER, THE ARTILLERY. THEY MOVE IN, TAKE OVER... AND THERE YOU ARE---A **PRISONER!**

SOFT TO THE END, EH? WE'RE BEING MOVED OUT. A FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT SIGN WILL DO YOU NOW! **SENTIMENTAL, MAJOR?**

NO, NOT SENTIMENT, LIEUTENANT! WE ALL HAVE OUR SYMBOLS. I GUESS THIS SIGN IS MINE... IT'S A **PART OF ME**... I THINK I'LL KEEP IT!



SOFT, SOFT, SOFT! THAT'S WHAT WAS WRONG FROM THE START! AMERICA WAS TOO **SOFT**! YOU KEEP THINKING THAT... ON THE **DEATH MARCH!** WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY, THIRSTY, IN PAIN, THE MAJOR IS A FOOL---



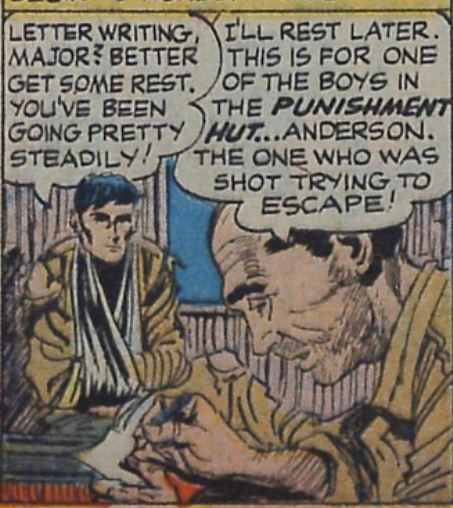
'AREN'T YOU BEING JUST A LITTLE TOO NOBLE, MAJOR? THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER WATER RATION UNTIL TOMORROW!

I'LL MANAGE. HE NEEDS IT MORE THAN I DO!

THE MAN IS DYING. WATER WON'T HELP HIM. BUT THE MAJOR IS LIKE AN OLD WOMAN, YOU... YOU'RE DIFFERENT... YOU WANT TO LIVE... TO FIGHT AGAIN! AT THE PRISON CAMP, AFTER, YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND...



SOMEHOW, THE MAJOR WANGLES DRUGS AND SUPPLIES OUT OF THE JAPS. YOU DON'T KNOW HOW. BUT, HE DOES A JOB. HE WORKS TWENTY FOUR HOURS A DAY... AND YOU BEGIN TO WONDER ABOUT HIM...



LETTER WRITING, MAJOR? BETTER GET SOME REST. YOU'VE BEEN GOING PRETTY STEADILY!

I'LL REST LATER. THIS IS FOR ONE OF THE BOYS IN THE **PUNISHMENT HUT**... ANDERSON. THE ONE WHO WAS SHOT TRYING TO ESCAPE!



THEY WOULDN'T LET ME TREAT HIM. THIS IS THE LEAST I CAN DO---

HE'S GOING TO NEED A LOT MORE THAN LETTER-WRITING... LOOK OUT **THERE!**



HOW CAN YOU REACH HIM? THE JAPS HAVE THE WEAPONS. IT'S ALL OVER IN MINUTES...

SO... YOU OBJECT TO OUR DISCIPLINE, EH? THEN PERHAPS YOU MUST BE TAUGHT BETTER! PICK UP YOUR WOUNDED!



THERE WILL BE NO FOOD OR WATER FOR THREE DAYS! AND YOU WILL REMAIN IN YOUR QUARTERS! ANY MAN WHO STEPS INTO THE OPEN WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT! AS FOR THE RING LEADERS--- I HAVE OTHER PLANS!



THOSE PLANS---WELL, THEY AREN'T PLEASANT! YOU CAN SEE THE MAJOR LATER, THE MAJOR AND THE G. I. S WHO LED THE FIGHT---



TWELVE HOURS IN THE SUN, HANGING BY THE THUMBS. YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE DETAIL THAT CUTS THEM DOWN WHEN THE TWELVE HOURS ARE UP. AT FIRST YOU THINK THE MAJOR IS DELIRIOUS...



MAJOR! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

YOU KNOW THE ORDERS, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR QUARTERS. YOU'LL BE SHOT!



THOSE MEN WHO WERE HURT IN THE FIGHT NEED HELP! I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET IT! I HAVEN'T GOT THE SUPPLIES I'LL NEED...

COLONEL--I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU... I'VE GOT TO!

IS SO? YOU ARE AN IDIOT, MAJOR..



OR, PERHAPS, A BRAVE MAN! VERY WELL, I SHALL LISTEN!



THE JAPS---THEY'RE CRUEL BUT THEY ADMIRE NERVE. IT'S PART OF THEIR CODE. AND THE MAJOR'S GOT NERVE... LOTS OF IT. YOU DON'T GET TO HEAR THE REST. BUT YOU SEE THE RESULTS, A WEEK LATER...

LIEUTENANT MORSE WILL BE YOUR ASSISTANT, MAJOR. I HAVE HAD HER TRANSFERRED HERE. AFTER ALL, HEALTHY PRISONERS ARE EASIER TO HANDLE THAN INVALIDS! YOU ARE HAPPY?

VERY HAPPY! I HADN'T HOPED FOR A NURSE. THANK YOU!



AND NOW IF YOU WILL EXCUSE US... WE WILL GET TO WORK!

OF COURSE... GOOD DAY! AND MAY I SAY IT IS A PLEASURE TO HAVE SUCH A CHARMING PRISONER OF WAR IN MY CAMP, LIEUTENANT. I TRUST THAT WE SHALL SEE MORE OF EACH OTHER!



THE NURSE IS A POW, TOO. AND SHE'S A RAY OF SUNSHINE. AFTER THAT, THE MEN GET TO LOVE HER. BUT IT ISN'T HARD TO SEE WHAT'S COMING. YOU ALL NOTICE THE SIGNS DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS...

YOU SEE THE WAY THE COMMANDANT LOOKS AT HER... AND YOU CURSE YOUR OWN HELPLESSNESS, BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHAT'S SURE TO HAPPEN. AND IT DOES...



MAJOR---DON'T! IT'S SUICIDE TO---



NURSE MORSE SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO RETURN TO HER QUARTERS, SHOULD SHE NOT, COLONEL? THE MEN WOULD NOT TAKE KINDLY TO ANYTHING ELSE... AND ANOTHER RIOT WOULD NOT LOOK GOOD ON

YOUR RECORD, WOULD IT?

NO, MAJOR, IT WOULDN'T! BUT I WAS RIGHT ABOUT YOU... YOU ARE AN IDIOT!



IT ISN'T VERY DRAMATIC. THEY TAKE THE MAJOR AWAY, AND NEXT MORNING THEY LINE UP EVERY MAN WHO CAN STAND... TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO A PRISONER WHO DARES STRIKE AN OFFICER OF THE IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY!



IT'S SUCH A SMALL CORPSE THAT SOME OF THE MEN CARRY TO THE PRISON BURIAL GROUND LATER, AND YOU'RE THINKING... **SOFT?** WELL, YES... THE MAJOR WAS SOFT IN HIS WAY... **THE AMERICAN WAY... THE SOFTNESS OF TEMPERED STEEL!**



YOU SALUTE. THAT'S YOUR APOLOGY. BUT IT DOESN'T TELL HOW YOU REALLY FEEL...



SO LATER, YOU FIND A MARKER FOR THE MAJOR'S GRAVE. THE JAPS DON'T CARE. BUT, THEN, THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND. BUT YOU DO --- NOW!

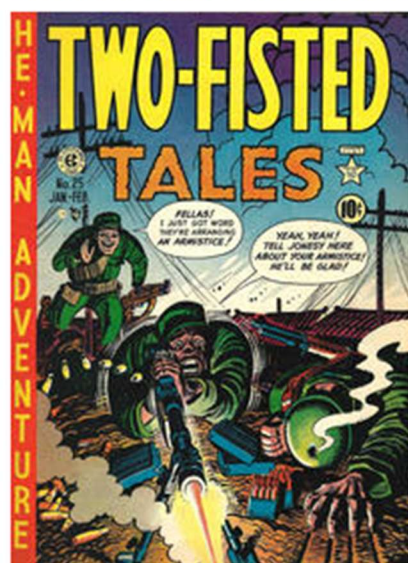


## Two-Fisted Tales #25

EC, 1950 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Harvey Kurtzman (editor); Bill Gaines (credited as William M. Gaines) (managing e



[no title indexed]

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Harvey Kurtzman (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda ?

**Genre:** war

**Keywords:** machine guns; rifles; United States Army

**Characters:**

Jonesy

> [Reprints \(8\)](#)

### Corpse on the Imjin!

comic story / 6 pages

**Script:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Pencils:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Inks:** Harvey Kurtzman

**Colors:** Harvey Kurtzman ? (see notes)

**Letters:** Ben Oda

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# TWO-FISTED TALES



No. 25  
JAN.-FEB.

LN

AUTHORIZED  
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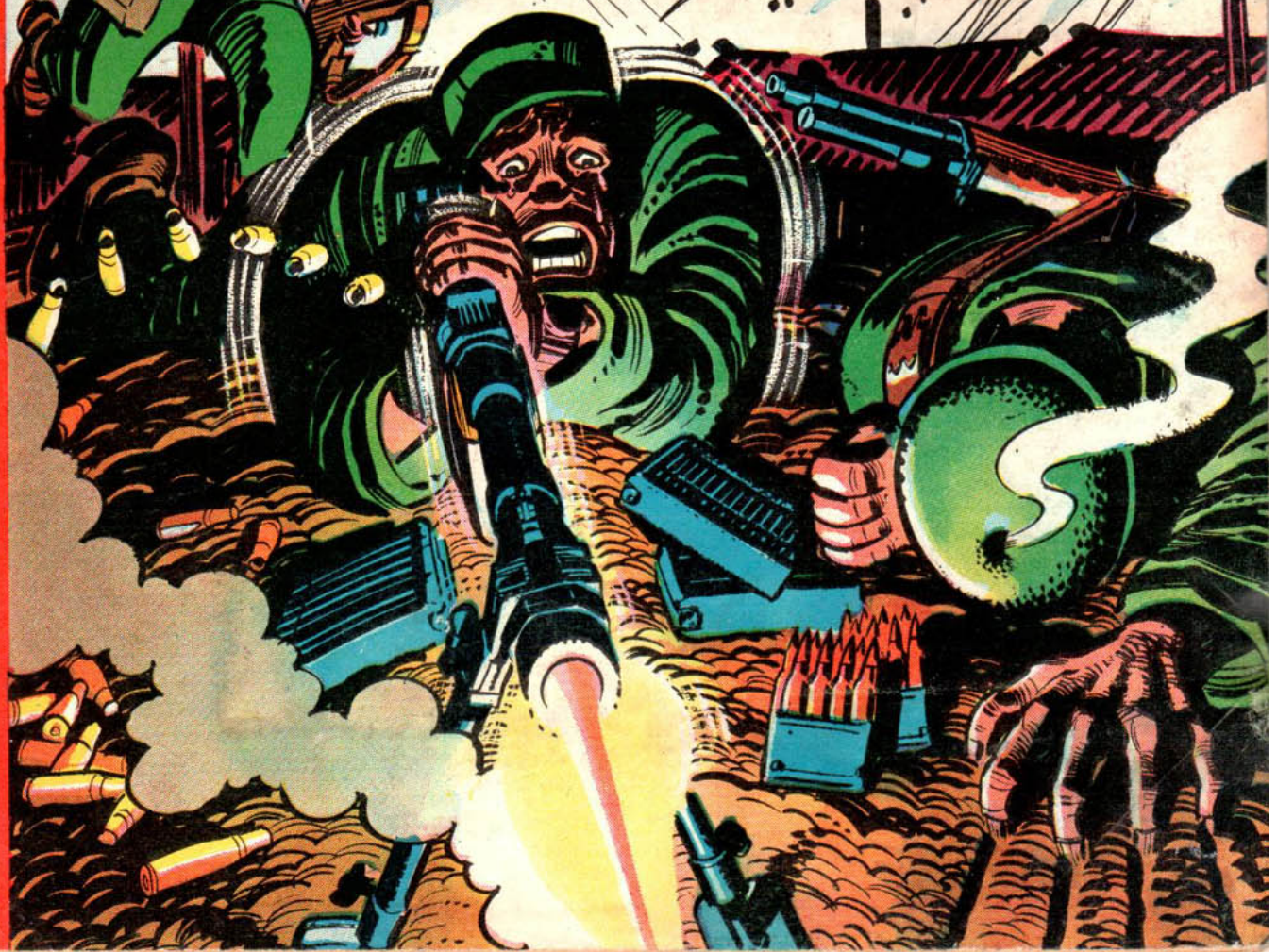


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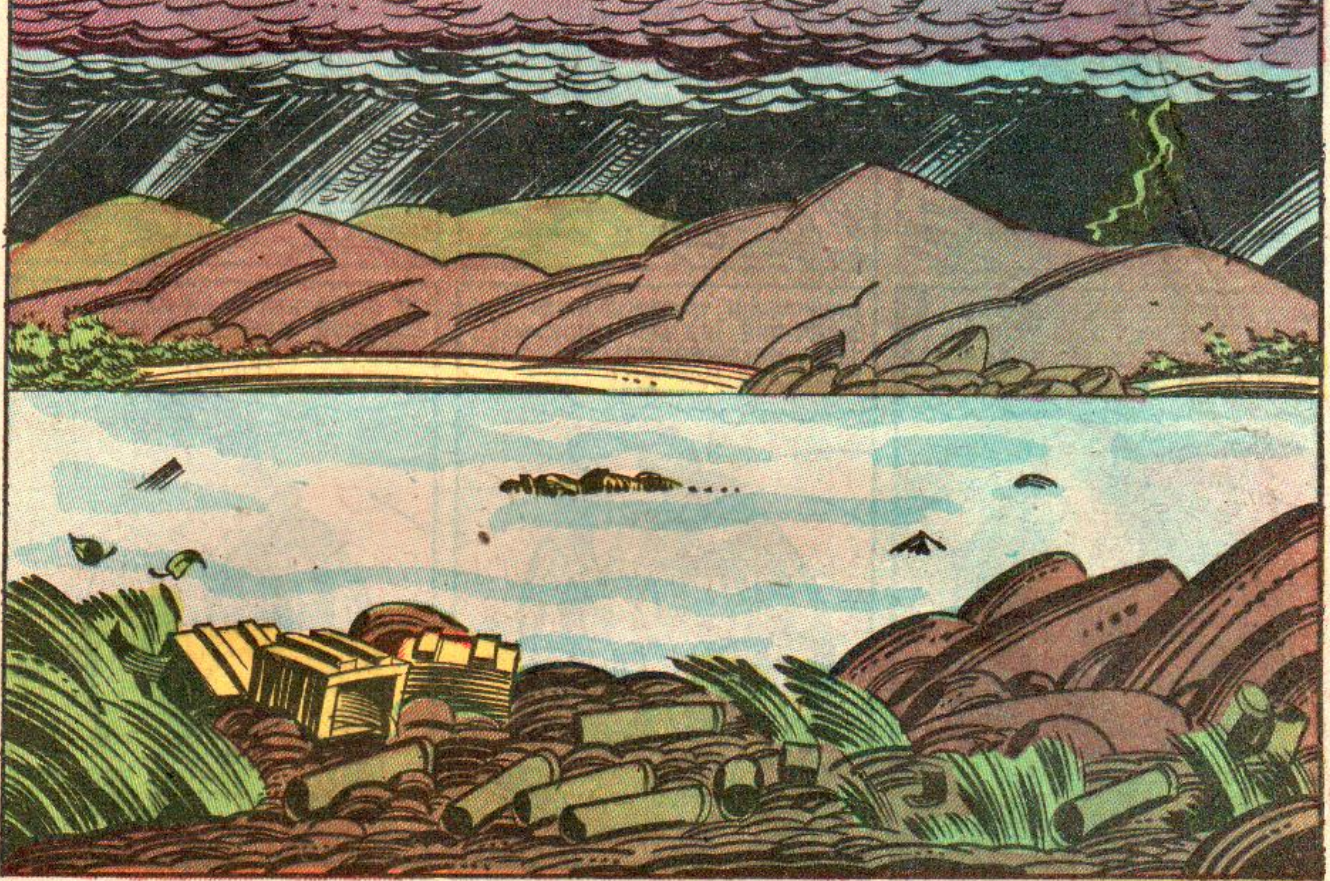
**FELLAS!**  
I JUST GOT WORD  
THEY'RE ARRANGING  
AN ARMISTICE!

**YEAH, YEAH!**  
TELL JONESY HERE  
ABOUT YOUR ARMISTICE!  
HE'LL BE GLAD!



IT IS A DARK DAY IN MAY! LIGHTNING FLICKERS IN THE SOUTH KOREAN HILLS, AND A STORM WIND ROARS OVER THE IMJIN RIVER! OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RAIN SWOLLEN IMJIN, A LONELY CORPSE FLOATS WITH THE RUBBLE DOWN TO THE SEA! FOR THIS IS WHAT OUR STORY IS ABOUT! A...

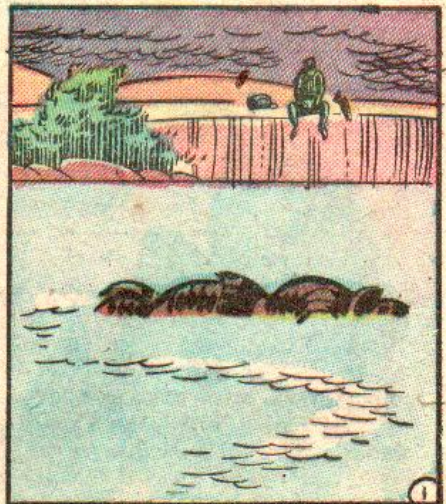
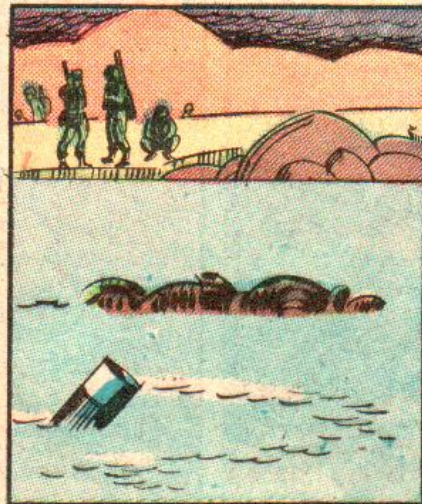
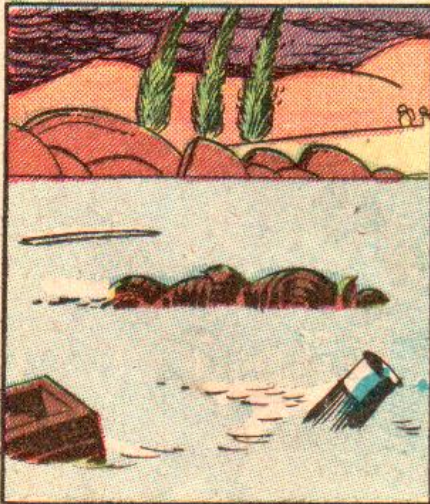
# CORPSE ON THE IMJIN!



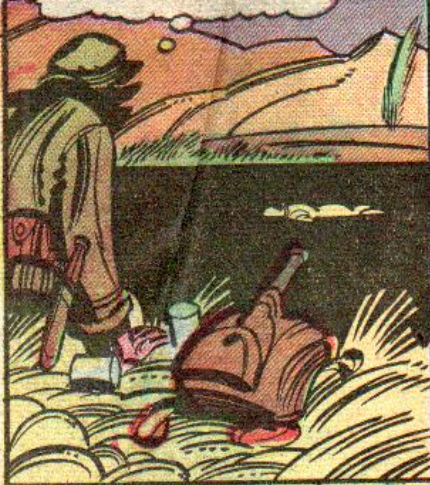
BUT MANY THINGS FLOAT ON THE IMJIN! DRIFTWOOD, AMMUNITION BOXES, RATION CASES, SHELL TUBES!

...WE IGNORE THE FLOATING RUBBLE! WHY THEN, DO WE FASTEN OUR EYES ON A LIFELESS CORPSE?

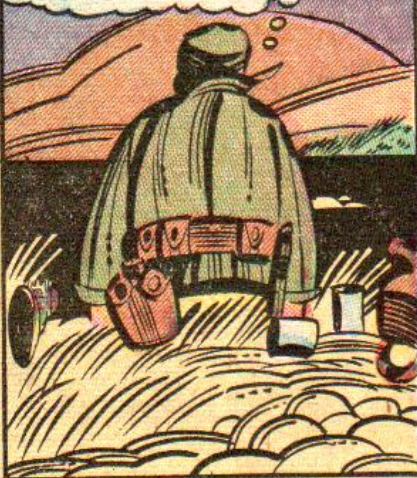
...THOUGH WE SOMETIMES FORGET IT, LIFE IS PRECIOUS, AND DEATH IS UGLY AND NEVER PASSES UNNOTICED!



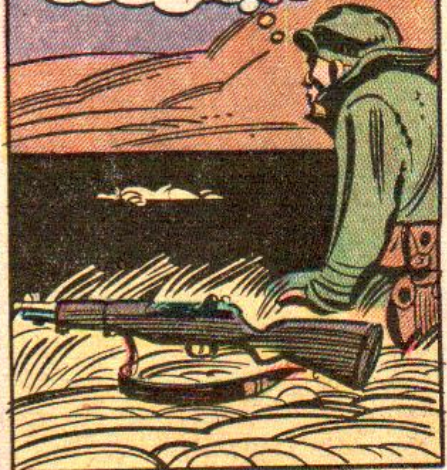
THERE GOES ANOTHER ONE!  
THAT'S THE THIRD IN THE LAST  
HALF HOUR... FLOATING THERE  
LIKE A DEAD FISH!



GEE! WE MUST HAVE KILLED  
THOUSANDS OF THEM IN THIS  
OFFENSIVE! WONDER HOW  
THAT ONE GOT IT?



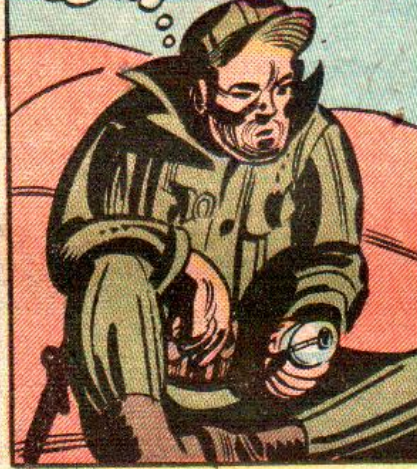
PROBABLY GOT HIT BY THE  
BOMBERS WHEN HE WAS  
TRYING TO CROSS FARTHER  
UPSTREAM THERE!



MAYBE IT WAS THE F-51'S! I  
SURE WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE  
CAUGHT SITTING BY F-51'S...  
WITH THEM 5 INCH ROCKETS!



THEN AGAIN, IT COULD HAVE  
BEEN THE 155 MM CANNONS!  
THEM SELF-PROPELLED 'LONG  
TOMS' ARE MURDER!



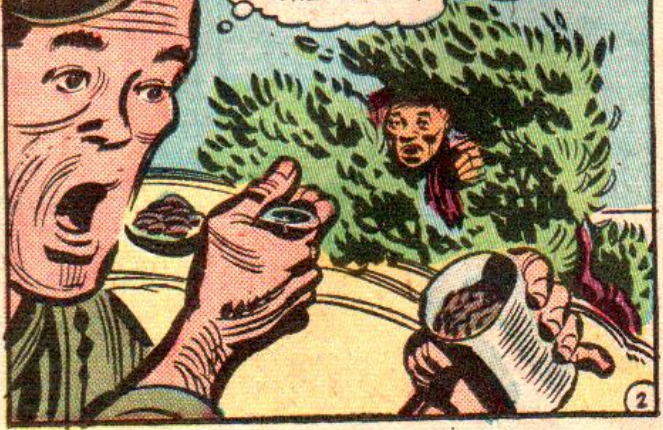
OR DID A RIFELMAN CATCH HIM?  
COULD'VE BEEN A SHARP  
SHOOTER WITH A TELESCOPIC  
SIGHT SPRINGFIELD!



COULD'VE EVEN BEEN HAND TO HAND COMBAT...  
ALTHOUGH I DOUBT IT! THE WAY THEY TALK ABOUT  
HAND TO HAND COMBAT, YOU'D THINK IT HAPPENS  
ALL THE TIME, AND YET I'VE NEVER HEARD OF  
ANYONE WHO GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO THE  
ENEMY TO USE A BAYONET!

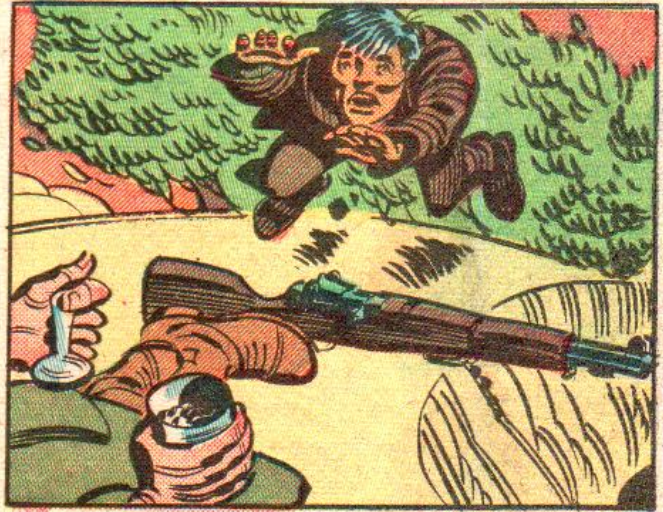
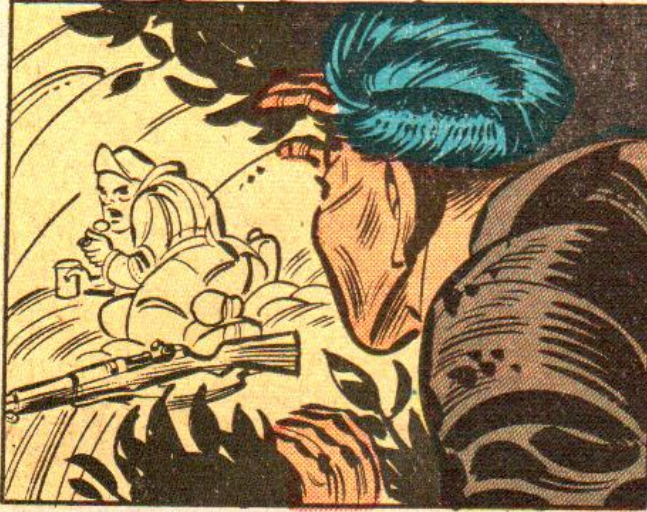


I GUESS HAND TO HAND COMBAT WAS STRICTLY  
FOR THE OLDEN DAYS WHEN EVERYONE FOUGHT  
WITH SWORDS AND KNIVES! NOW WITH ALL THE  
LONG RANGE WEAPONS, WE CAN KILL PRETTY  
GOOD BY REMOTE CONTROL! AND WE NEVER  
GET CLOSER 'N A MILE TO  
THE ENEMY!



**CORRECTION, SOLDIER! NOT CLOSER THAN FIFTEEN FEET... FOR THE ENEMY IS WATCHING YOU EAT YOUR C-RATIONS NOT FIFTEEN FEET FROM YOUR RIFLE!**

**HE IS WET AND SCARED AND HUNGRY, AND HIS EYES GO FROM YOUR GRATION CAN TO YOUR RIFLE! THE WIND HIDES ALL SOUND AS HE SPRINGS!**



**YOU SEE HIM OUT OF THE CORNER OF YOUR EYE AND YOU KICK OUT WITH BOTH YOUR FEET!**

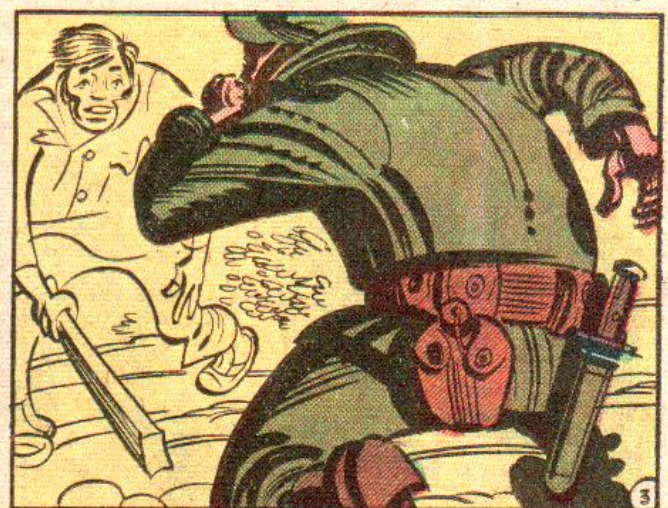
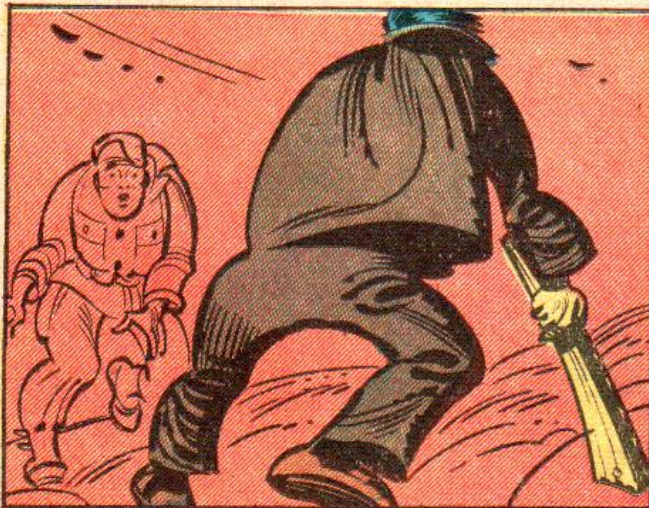
**YOU KICK CLUMSILY AT YOUR RIFLE, BECAUSE THAT IS ALL YOU CAN DO TO GET IT OUT OF HIS REACH!**

**THE RIFLE TUMBLES OVER THE BANK AND INTO THE IMJIN RIVER! AND THEN THERE'S JUST THE SOUND OF THE WIND!**



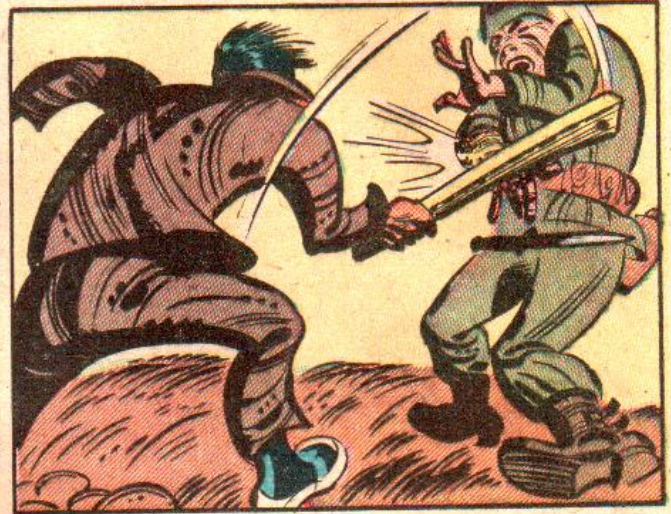
**WHERE ARE THE WISECRACKS YOU READ IN THE COMIC BOOKS? WHERE ARE THE FANCY RIGHT HOOKS YOU SEE IN THE MOVIES? HE PICKS UP A BROKEN STICK!**

**HE'S A LITTLE FELLOW AND HE GRINS AS HE CIRCLES YOU WITH HIS STICK! YOU WIPE AT YOUR NOSE, AND THEN YOU REMEMBER YOUR BAYONET!**



YOU GRIP YOUR BAYONET TIGHT... **TIGHT!** DEEP INSIDE, YOU DON'T **REALLY** BELIEVE YOU CAN STICK A KNIFE INTO A HUMAN BEING! IT'S ALMOST SILLY...

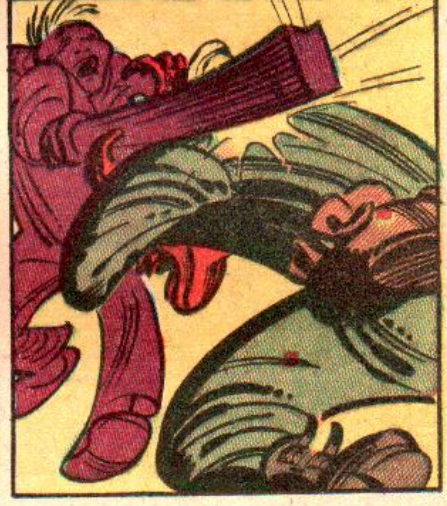
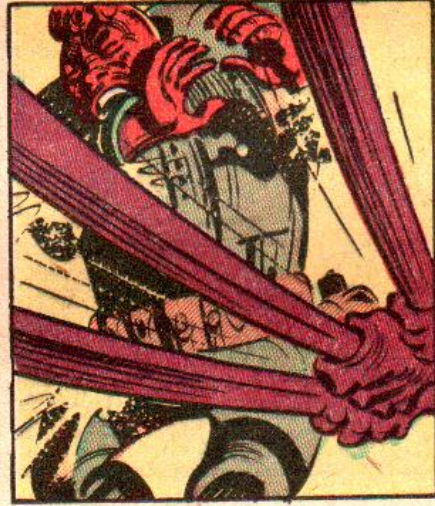
THEY SAY THE MAN WHO MOVES FIRST HAS WON HALF THE BATTLE, AND THE LITTLE GUY STRIKES OUT AT YOU WITH THE STICK... **CRACKS YOUR FINGERS!**



YOU'VE LOST THE BAYONET AND NOW YOU'RE HURT! HE CLUBS YOU ON THE ARMS, THE SHOULDERS...

BUT THE PAIN MAKES YOU REACT... YOU FEEL A SURGE OF FEAR... HATE... ENERGY... TINGLING IN YOUR MUSCLES...

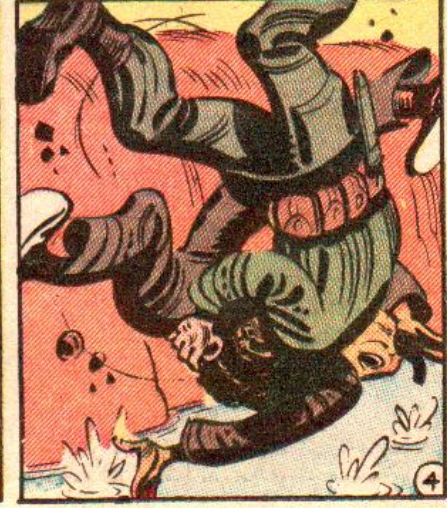
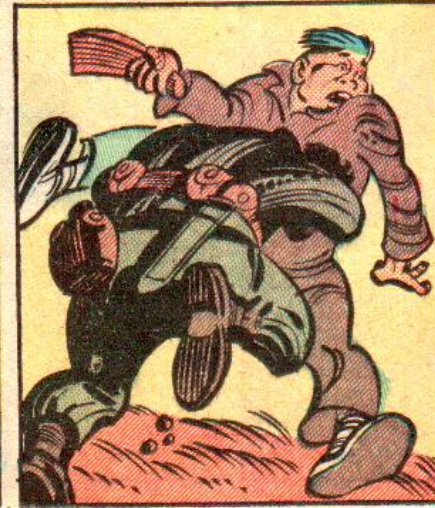
YOU SHRIEK AND CHARGE LIKE A CRAZY BULL TO ESCAPE THE STINGING CLUB! YOU CLUTCH AT HIM!



HE'S REALLY HURT YOU AND YOUR LEGS ARE WOBBLY AND HE STRIKES AND STRIKES AND STRIKES!

YOU OUTWEIGH HIM THOUGH, AND WITH ALL THE STRENGTH YOU CAN MUSTER, YOU PUSH HIM TO THE RIVER...

...AND YOU BOTH FALL! YOU RELAX AND YOU FALL! YOU NEVER KNEW FALLING COULD BE SO PLEASANT!



HE KICKS TO STAY UP, BUT YOU ARE HEAVIER AND YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

IT REMINDS YOU OF SOMETHING...AND YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

LIKE DUNKING, WHEN YOU WENT SWIMMING! YOU PRESS HIM UNDER!

YES... YES... LIKE DUNKING AT THE SWIMMING HOLE... YOU DUNK...DUNK...DUNK...



HIS HANDS HAVE STOPPED CLAWING AT THE AIR...HIS FEET HAVE STOPPED THRASHING...

...BLOOD AND BUBBLES ARE COMING TO THE SURFACE AND THE MAN YOU ARE HOLDING RELAXES!

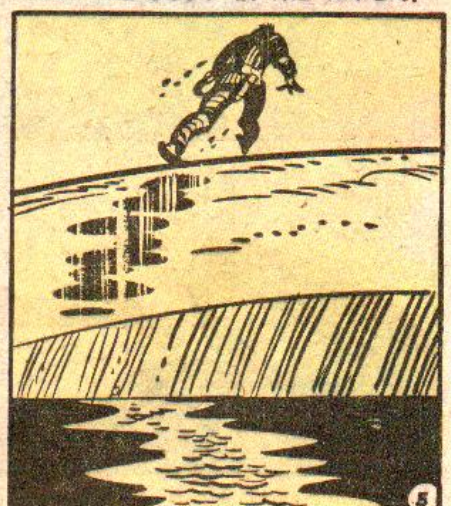
IT SEEMS LIKE HOURS HAVE GONE BY! THE BUBBLES ARE BARELY TRICKLING UP AND ALL IS STILL!



SUDDENLY, YOUR MIND IS QUIET, AND YOUR RAGE COLLAPSES! THE WATER IS VERY COLD!

YOU'RE TIRED... YOUR BODY IS GASPING AND SHAKING WEAK... AND YOU'RE ASHAMED!

YOU STUMBLE AND SLOSH OUT OF THE RIVER AND RUN...RUN AWAY FROM THE BODY IN THE WATER!



THE WIND IS RUSHING FITFULLY OVER THE IMJIN! IT STIRS THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF THE DEAD MAN'S HEAD!



THE WATER RIPPLES BEFORE THE WIND... LAPS AT THE SHORE...SWAYS THE BODY FROM SIDE TO SIDE!



THE FLOWING RIVER GENTLY SWINGS THE BODY OUT, AWAY FROM THE BANK AND INTO THE CURRENT!



AND NOW THE CURRENT, WEAK NEAR THE SHORE, SLOWLY TURNS THE BODY AROUND AND AROUND...



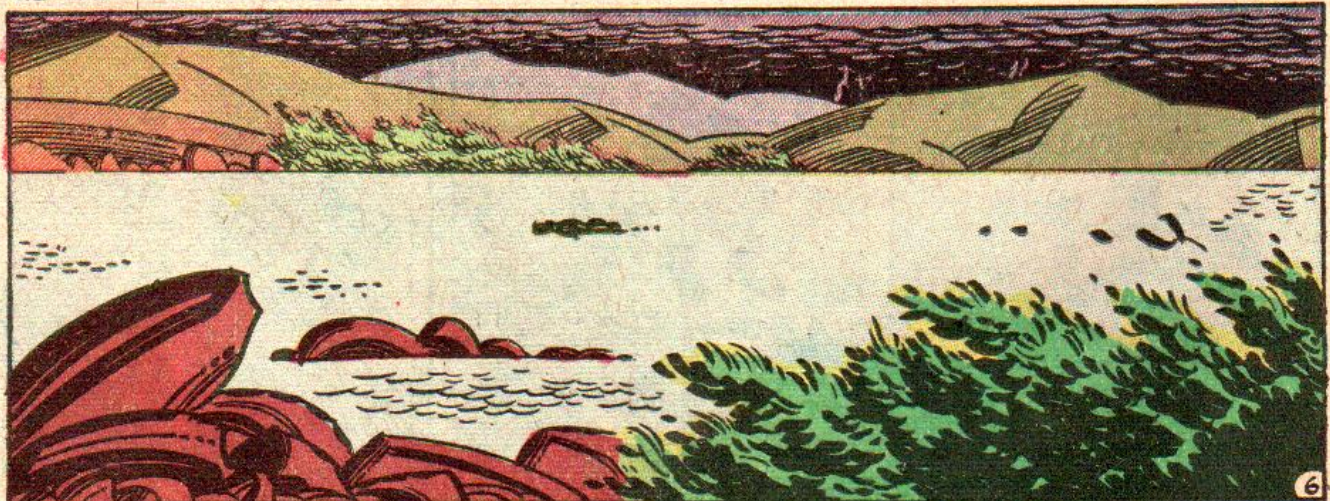
...AND IT IS AS IF NATURE IS TAKING BACK WHAT IT HAS GIVEN! HAVE PITY! HAVE PITY FOR A DEAD MAN!



FOR HE IS NOW NOT RICH OR POOR, RIGHT OR WRONG, BAD OR GOOD! DON'T HATE HIM! HAVE PITY...



... FOR HE HAS LOST THAT MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION THAT WE ALL TREASURE ABOVE EVERYTHING... HE HAS LOST HIS **LIFE!**



LIGHTNING FLASHES IN THE KOREAN HILLS, AND ON THE RAIN-SWOLLEN IMJIN, A CORPSE FLOATS OUT TO SEA.

## War Action #1

Marvel, 1952 Series

Volume: 1 Price: 0.10 USD Pages: 36

Editing: Stan Lee



### Six Dead Men!

cover / 1 page

**Pencils:** Sol Brodsky

**Inks:** Sol Brodsky ?

**Colors:** Stan Goldberg

**Letters:** typeset

**Genre:** war

### Indexer Notes

Brodsky credit per Jim Vadeboncoeur Jr via atlastales.com.

Colors: Goldberg credited by himself.

### Rain!

comic story / 6 pages

**Script:** ?

**Pencils:** Joe Maneely (signed)

**Inks:** Joe Maneely (signed)

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** ?

**WAR  
ACTION**

**WAR  
ACTION**

# WAR ACTION

APRIL

ATLAS

10¢

**KOREA'S  
MOST DEADLY  
KILLER...  
"THE BUTCHER  
IN BLACK!"**

THE BATTLE TALE OF  
**"SIX DEAD  
MEN!"**



**ON SALE EVERY MONTH!**

...IT'S MAY IN KOREA, 1951! THE CHINESE RED TROOPS HAVE LAUNCHED THEIR SPRING OFFENSIVE! IT'S RAINING...IT'S BEEN RAINING FOR DAYS...FOR WEEKS! ALL OF KOREA IS A SEA OF MUD THRU WHICH BATTLE-WEARY G.I.'S SLOWLY RETREAT! AND ALWAYS THERE'S THE DRIPPING, PUDDLING, MONOTONOUS RAIN, RAIN...

# RAIN!



YOU MOVE BACK WITH THE REST OF YOUR COMPANY... TOWARD THE RIVER...



YOU REACH THE RIVER! IT'S SWOLLEN INTO A TORRENT BY THE RAIN! THE BRIDGE IS GONE... WASHED AWAY! YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES ARE TRAPPED BY THE LOUSY RAIN!



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS  
 ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



THAT DOES IT!

WHAT WILL WE DO, LIEUTENANT?

BOOM



FIGHT! THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO! WE CAN'T RETREAT ANY FARTHER!

FIGHT? THESE POOR JOES CAN HARDLY LIFT THEIR ARMS... THEY'RE SO POOPED!



WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO? I'M FAGGED TOO! I DIDN'T ORDER THIS STINKIN' RAIN!



O.K. MEN... YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED! WE CAN'T CROSS THE RIVER! SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STAND HERE! FIND COVER AND LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

YOU LAY DOWN BEHIND SOME ROCKS, YOUR BACK TO THE RIVER! YOU CHECK YOUR B A R CLIPS... YOUR GRENADES! THIS IS IT!



YOU'RE TIRED... SO TIRED THAT YOU ALMOST DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS NEXT! IF IT WOULD ONLY STOP RAINING!

YOU WIPE YOUR EYES... PEER THROUGH THE TREES! YOU'RE SOAKED! IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SOAKED! IF IT WOULD ONLY STOP RAINING!

IT'S WARM, BUT THE CONSTANT SOAKING GNaws AT YOUR BONES NOW THAT YOU'RE STILL...



HEY, DUNC... SNAP OUT OF IT! LOOK ALIVE... THE REDS ARE COMIN' UP AGAIN!



CRIPES... IF IT WOULD ONLY STOP RAINING!

HERE THEY COME!

YOU SEE THEM COMING AT YOU THROUGH THE RAIN...  
THE ENEMY...



YOUR BAR JERKS AND CRACKS A SPUTTERING ROAR!  
IT'S YOU AND YOUR BUDDIES...THOSE THAT ARE LEFT...  
AGAINST WHAT SEEMS LIKE A MILLION REDS...



THE FIRST RED WAVE IS REPULSED...  
MELTING BACK INTO THE RAIN! YOU  
TURN YOUR HEAD TO LOOK AT THE  
MEN NEAR YOU! EACH G.I. LIFE  
IS PRECIOUS NOW...



HEY, SMITTY...  
YOU ALL  
RIGHT? \*

YEAH! SO'S MARTY  
AND BEN! I THINK  
WE'RE LUCKY THIS  
TIME...JUST A  
FEW WOUNDED!

YOU HEAR SOUNDS IN THE DISTANCE,  
FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE  
RIVER...



LISTEN... LONG TOMS!

YOU LOOK UP INTO THE RAIN...  
HEARING THE 155'S SWOOSH  
CLOSE BY OVERHEAD...



HOT DOG! THEY'RE  
BLASTIN' THOSE  
LOUSY RATS!

LISTEN...

THEY'RE LAYIN' IT  
RIGHT INTO THEM!



IT'S GETTING DARK! YOU LIE THERE IN THE MUD,  
WATCHING FLASHES AS THE SHELLS SMASH IN! THE LONG  
TOMS KEEP PLASTERING THE REDS FOR AN HOUR!





MEN, THE 17TH DIVISION'S CROSSED THE RIVER UP FARTHER AND MOVIN' IN ON THE REDS! WE'RE ESTABLISHING A COMMAND POST HERE AND SITTIN' TIGHT!



MADISON, JALOWSKY, STERN... PREPARE TO SCOUT AHEAD AND SEE WHAT THE LONG TOMS LEFT OF THOSE REDS ABOVE... IF ANYTHING! YOU'LL LEAVE IN TWENTY MINUTES!

YES, SIR!



DUNCAN, TAKE A MACHINE GUN AND SET IT UP ABOUT 50 YARDS NORTH... IN THAT BUNCH OF TREES! YOU'VE GOT THE FIRST WATCH, 'TIL TWELVE!

O.K., LIEUTENANT!



YOU DRAG THE .50 CALIBRE STUTTER GUN TO THE STAND OF TREES...



YOU SET IT UP FACING NORTH!

THEN YOU SINK DOWN BEHIND IT, INTO THE MUD, YOUR BACK IS AGAINST A TREE, YOUR SHOULDERS HUNCHED AGAINST THE RAIN...



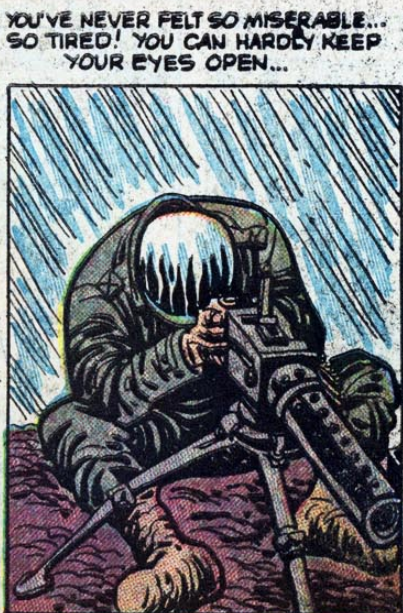
CRIPES, I'M TIRED!



WHAT A MISERABLE COUNTRY... RAIN, RAIN, RAIN... ALL THE TIME! AND MUD... LOUSY, STINKIN' MUD... ALL'OVER!



WHY DON'T YOU STOP? WHY DON'T YOU STOP RAININ'...



THE RAIN AND THE DARK CLOSE IN ON YOU...YOUR HEAVY EYELIDS SAG...



SUDDENLY YOUR HEAD JERKS UP! YOU'VE BEEN ASLEEP HOW LONG? WHAT WOKE YOU...WHAT?



VAGUE SHAPES IN THE RAIN COMING TOWARD YOU! YOUR FINGERS FIND THE TRIGGER OF THE MACHINE GUN...



THE FIGURES MELT INTO THE RAIN...



**BRAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT**

THEY'RE GONE! YOU'VE SHOT THEM DOWN! YOU RUB YOUR HANDS ACROSS YOUR EYES...NOW YOU'RE FULLY AWAKE AND YOU REMEMBER...



THE PATROL... MADISON, JALOWSKY, STERN! MAYBE THAT'S WHAT WOKE ME UP... THEM YELLIN' THE PASSWORD!

YOU'RE AFRAID TO LOOK...TO CRAWL OUT AND SEE... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO...YOU'VE GOT TO...



STERN! JALOWSKY! MADISON! ANSWER ME! YOU'RE NOT HURT... LISTEN, I DIDN'T MEAN TO SHOOT! ANSWER ME, WILL YUH? SAY SOMETHING!

THERE ARE BODIES IN THE MUD... SHADOWS ON THE DARK EARTH... YOU CRAWL CLOSER! HESITANTLY YOU REACH OUT YOUR HAND...



REDS! HA! HA! A RED PATROL... SNEAKIN' UP! HA! HA! HA! I KILLED 'EM! HA! HA! HA! IT WASN'T THE GUYS...HA! HA! HA! IT WASN'T THEM...HA! HA! HA!

YOU SIT THERE IN THE RAIN AND YOU LAUGH...LAUGH LIKE MAD...LAUGH LIKE YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO STOP LAUGHING...



YOU THROW YOUR HEAD BACK, LAUGHING TO THE RAIN...AND THE RAIN FEELS GOOD ON YOUR FACE!



**HA HA HA HA HA**

**HA HA HA HA HA**

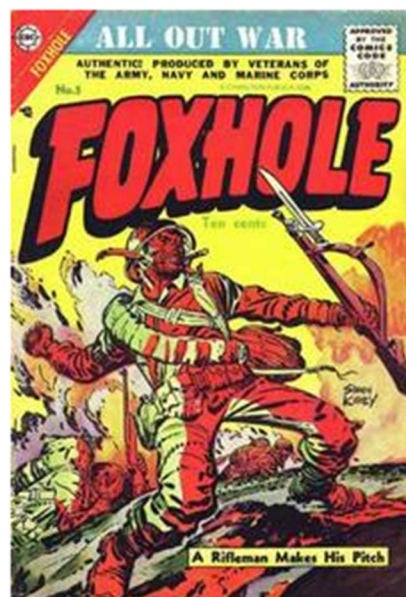
**THE END**

## Fox Hole #5

Charlton, 1955 Series

**Volume:** 1 **Price:** 0.10 USD **Pages:** 36 **On-sale Date:** 1955

**Editing:** Joe Simon (editor); Jack Kirby (editor)



### A Rifleman Makes His Pitch

cover / 1 page

**Script:** ?

**Pencils:** Jack Kirby (credited as Simon Kirby)

**Inks:** Jack Kirby (credited as Simon Kirby)

**Colors:** Jack Kirby ?

**Letters:** typeset

**Genre:** war

## Lucky Stiff

comic story / 6 pages

**Script:** Carl Wessler (sourced)

**Pencils:** Jo Albistur

**Inks:** Jo Albistur

**Colors:** ?

**Letters:** Howard Ferguson ?



**FOXHOLE**

# ALL OUT WAR

**AUTHENTIC! PRODUCED BY VETERANS OF THE ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS**

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



**No.5**

10

# FOXHOLE

Ten cents



SIMON KIRBY

**A Rifleman Makes His Pitch**

mycomicshop

WHETHER YOU'RE HOLDING THE GRIP OF A MACHINE GUN IN AN M-3 TANK, OR CARDS IN A GAME OF STUD, YOU HAVE THE TOP HAND WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, BECAUSE YOU'RE JUST ONE...

# LUCKY STIFF



BEIN' BEHIND A TANK WITH **WALLY LEWIS** IS PRACTICALLY AS SAFE AS BEIN' HOME IN BED!

BROTHER, YOU'RE NOT JUST BEATIN' YOUR GUMS! THAT MAN'S JUST PLAIN CRAWLIN' WITH **LUCK!**

by P.F.C. JACK KIRBY  
5th DIVISION - 3rd ARMY  
1942-1944

LUCK... **BOY!** ASK ANY OF THOSE G.I.'S IN THE FIGHTING FIRST ABOUT LUCK, AND THEY'LL SAY YOU'VE GOT IT ALL, **WALLY LEWIS** --- IN A GAME OF GALLOPING DOMINOES---

FOUR'S MY POINT, FELLAS!

A BUCK HE MAKES IT--- NO TAKERS?

**NUTS!**



**FOUR** IT IS--- AND THE **HARD** WAY!

IT AIN'T HUMAN--IT'S **PHENOM-INAL!**



---OR AT A FEW ROUNDS OF **STUD POKER**---

I'M SITTIN' HERE WITH **THREE KINGS** SHOWIN' AGAINST HIS THREE DEUCES, BETTIN' MY HEAD OFF HE'S BLUFFIN'--AND DOGGONE IF HE DON'T HAVE THE **FOURTH** DEUCE IN THE HOLE--**I QUIT!**



# FOX HOLE

---OR THE TOSS OF A COIN!  
YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES  
TO WIN, WALLY LEWIS---

TAILS YOU CALLED... **TAILS IT IS!** WALLY, IF THIS WASN'T MY OWN FOUR-BIT PIECE, I'D SWEAR IT HAD **TWO TAILS!**



YES, EVEN IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE ON THE HOTTEST SPOT OF THE KOREAN FRONT, LUCK STAYS WITH YOU, WALLY---



**LOOK OUT!** OH--THEY GOT IT, TED!

HARRY DID, AND JOE--- BUT WALLY LOOKS OKAY!



BUT GAMBLING OR FIGHTING, YOU ASK NO QUARTER-- YOU GIVE NONE. YOU PLAY THE GAME SQUARE... YOU PLAY IT ALL THE WAY---

YOU'VE GOT IT GOOD ALL AROUND, WALLY! NO WORRIES... NO RESPONSIBILITIES! TAKE ME AND THE OTHER BOYS-- WE GOT FAMILIES WORRYIN' ABOUT US, SO WE WORRY ABOUT THEM WORRYIN'-- KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

SOME-TIMES IT'S LONELY THIS WAY, BARNEY! MAYBE IT'S GOOD HAVING PEOPLE HOME THINKING ABOUT YOU--- CARING... WRITING...



YEAH, IT'S GOOD... **THAT** PART OF IT! ESPECIALLY ON HOLIDAYS. IT'LL BE CHRISTMAS IN TWO MONTHS, AND THERE WILL BE PACKAGES FROM HOME---

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, BARNEY! PEOPLE REMEMBERING YOU-- AND YOU HAVING SOMEBODY TO SEND THINGS TO! I'VE GOT **NOBODY!**



I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS A **BIG** CHRISTMAS FOR ADDIE AND THE KIDS! GOT TWO HUNDRED BUCKS SAVED FOR IT!

**TWO HUNDRED!** WHY NOT MAKE IT **REAL BIG, BARNEY!** I GOT A DECK OF CARDS--

AW, LAY OFF, HARPER!



WHY NOT, WALLY? YOUR LUCK CAN'T STAY GOOD FOREVER--- MAYBE THIS IS YOUR BAD DAY, HUH? MAYBE BARNEY AND ME AND THE OTHER BOYS'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO GET BACK SOME OF OUR DOUGH FROM YOU!

BOY, WOULDN'T IT BE SOMETHING. IF I COULD SEND ADDIE A COUPLE OF HUNDRED BUCKS EXTRA! COME ON, WALLY--WE'VE GOT IT COMIN'!



# FOX HOLE

YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR THIS, WALLY... BUT YOU PLAY---

CARDS, I LOVE YOU-- BE GOOD TO ME!

COME ON, BARNEY--- DEAL 'EM!

YOU PLAY TO WIN---

CAN ANYBODY BEAT A FULL HOUSE?

IT'S THE SAME, HAND AFTER HAND!

I GOT IT THIS TIME, BOYS-- A STRAIGHT-- UP TO THE ACE!

SORRY, KID-- I'VE GOT A STRAIGHT, TOO-- UP TO THE SEVEN-- BUT ALL SPADES!

WALLY'S GOT A STRAIGHT FLUSH!

IF THIS IS YOUR BAD DAY, WALLY... IT HASN'T REVEALED ITSELF IN THE CARDS---

FOUR ACES!

I'M CLEANED OUT!

--- LOST THE WHOLE TWO HUNDRED--- EVERY CENT!

I'M SORRY, BARNEY---

IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.. YOU DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY--- WE PUSHED YOU INTO IT! NOW I GOT NOTHIN' FOR CHRISTMAS... NOTHIN' FOR ADDIE AND THE KIDS---

SURE, WALLY, YOU'RE SORRY... BUT YOU DON'T OFFER BARNEY BENTON HIS MONEY BACK! PLAY FOR KEEPS, YOU TAKE YOUR LUCK AS IT COMES, AND IF SOMETIME THE BREAKS GO AGAINST YOU-- WELL, THAT'S PART OF THE GAME---

LOOK ALIVE, YOU BIRDS--- WE'RE MOVIN' UP!

UH-OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

GAMBLING OR FIGHTING, YOU PLAY THE GAME LIKE A MAN---

GOOD LUCK, BARNEY!

ARE YOU KIDDING?

# FOXHOLE

**T**HIS IS KOREA, WALLY LEWIS--THIS IS THE BIGGEST GAMBLE OF THEM ALL FOR YOU, FOR BARNEY, FOR ALL THE BOYS! AND YOU KNOW, WALLY, THAT SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS ARE GOING TO LOSE **HERE**, WHERE THE STAKES ARE THE HIGHEST A MAN CAN BET--- **HIS LIFE!**



YOU'VE STOPPED COUNTING THE TIMES THE ODDS WERE AGAINST YOU IN BATTLE, 'CAUSE YOU WON EACH TIME! BUT EVERY THUNDERING SHELLBURST IS ANOTHER BET THAT YOU WON'T WIN **THIS TIME**, IN A GAME WHERE YOU CAN LOSE JUST **ONCE...**

THEN IT COMES, WALLY--THERE'S SOMETHING DIFFERENT IN THE WHINE OF **THIS SHELL**. AND IT HITS, WALLY---A DIRECT HIT ON YOUR **M-3 TANK!**



SO, IT IS YOUR **BAD DAY**, AFTER ALL, WALLY, BUT YOU'RE STILL NOT OUT OF THE GAME...

LT. JIM HAINES GETS YOU OUT OF THAT TANK, AND LIFTS YOU GENTLY TO THE GROUND, BESIDE ANOTHER WOUNDED COMRADE---

THE LIEUTENANT GOES OFF TO FIGHT SOME MORE, AND YOU WAIT, WALLY... YOU WAIT FOR HELP TO COME---



**MEDIC!  
MEDIC!  
OVER  
HERE!**

**BARNEY!**

**YEAH,  
I GOT  
IT... WALLY...  
PRETTY BAD...**

**PHEW!**

# FOX HOLE

THE MEDIC LOOKS YOU BOTH OVER---  
MAKES HIS DECISION QUICKLY!

THE TWO OF YOU ARE BLEEDING PRETTY  
BAD... MY PARTNER'S PINNED DOWN IN A  
HOLE ABOUT TWENTY YARDS  
AWAY--- AND HE'S GOT  
THE PLASMA!

RILEY, HEY, RILEY!  
OVER THIS WAY... I  
NEED PLASMA HERE!

YOU HEAR THE OTHER MEDIC'S  
VOICE FAINTLY OVER THE  
CLATTER AND ROAR OF  
BATTLE---

HERE I COME,  
HANSEN!

RILEY, THE OTHER  
MEDIC, JUST MAKES  
IT OUT IN TIME---

THEN YOU HEAR MORE, WALLY--

RILEY! I'M NOT TOO BAD,  
HANSEN... BUT OUR  
SUPPLIES ARE GONE--  
BLOWN TO BITS!  
I'VE GOT JUST  
ONE BOTTLE OF  
PLASMA LEFT!

YOU HEARD THAT, KID--  
**ONE BOTTLE!** BET  
IT'S A **SPLIT** BOTTLE  
AT THAT! TELL YOU  
WHAT--- I'LL **TOSS**  
YOU FOR IT---

SURE, TOSS! RIGHT  
NOW IT LOOKS--  
LIKE YOUR LUCK'S  
NO BETTER  
THAN MINE!

YOU FISH IN YOUR POCKET AND PULL  
OUT A QUARTER, YOU TOSS THE COIN,  
WALLY, AND YOU LET BARNEY BENTON  
CALL IT---

NAH...YOUR LUCK  
HASN'T CHANGED,  
WALLY--YOU  
WIN AGAIN!

YEAH--  
GUESS  
I DO...

# FOX HOLE

YOU LOOK AT BARNEY, AND YOU THINK YOU THINK ABOUT A GIRL AND KIDS YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW, AND ABOUT HOW THEIR CHRISTMAS WOULD BE IF THEY WERE TOLD HE WAS NEVER COMING BACK TO THEM...



THEN YOU DIVE YOUR HAND INTO YOUR POCKET AGAIN AND PULL OUT A ROLL OF BILLS BIG ENOUGH TO CHOKE A HORSE---

WALLY, THEY'LL BE SENDIN' YOU... BACK TO THE STATES... WOULD YOU DO ME A... FAVOR... SOMETIME? WOULD... YOU LOOK IN ON... (CHOKE)... THE FAMILY... IF YOU... GET TO BRIDGEPORT... TELL 'EM YOURSELF, BARNEY!



THERE MUST BE A COUPLE OF THOUSAND BUCKS, WALLY... YOU STUFF THE WHOLE ROLL INTO BARNEY BENTON'S POCKET...

WHAT'S THE IDEA?

AW... WHAT GOOD'S MONEY TO ME, KID... I'VE GOT NOBODY TO BUY ANYTHING FOR---



YOU ROLL AWAY FROM BARNEY... ROLL ONTO YOUR STOMACH---

WAIT, WALLY--- THE PLASMA!

TELL-- TELL 'EM I GOT TIRED --OF WAITING---



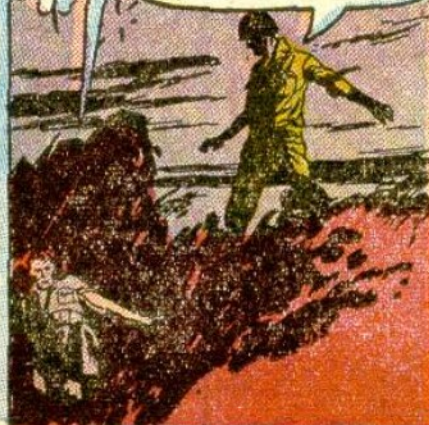
TELL ADDIE AND YOUR KIDS... I WISH 'EM... A MERRY CHRISTMAS.



YOU MAKE IT TO THE RIM OF THE SHELL HOLE BEFORE YOU LOOK BACK...

WALLY-- DON'T!

DON'T WORRY... ABOUT ME... BARNEY. LISTEN, WITH MY LUCK...



... I CAN'T... LOSE---



THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS "LUCKY" WALLY LEWIS EVER SPOKE---

THE END.