

Bill clobbers the wrong man—who turns out to be the right man!

BILL BENTON and his pal, Shorty Ford, had joined the newly-formed Pennine Fusiliers for the invasion of France in 1944, in World War II. Bill's boasting was always getting himself and Shorty into trouble and had earned Bill the nickname of Blowhard. Bill and Shorty had actually seen a lot of active service in North Africa and were first-class fighting men. Now the regiment was well into France.

THE TALL TALES OF

BLOWHARD THE BRAVE

LOOK! FIELD SECURITY POLICE! THEY'RE AFTER A GERMAN SPY WORKING IN THIS AREA.

WE CAPTURED A GERMAN SPY WHEN WE WERE IN THE DESERT, DIDN'T WE, SHORTY?

YES, BILL, THAT'S RIGHT IF YOU SAY SO.

MEN, I WANT TWO VOLUNTEERS FOR A SECURITY JOB.

ME AND FORD WILL VOLUNTEER, SIR. WE'VE DONE SECURITY WORK BEFORE.

THERE GOES BILL—OPENING HIS BIG MOUTH AGAIN!

RIGHT! YOU WILL GO BACK TO BAISTOGNE AND PICK UP A MAN CALLED PAXTON. HE'S RETURNING TO DUTY FROM A DETENTION BARRACKS. THE TRANSPORT SERGEANT WILL LET YOU HAVE A JEEP.

YES, SIR.

WHAT DID YOU GO AND VOLUNTEER FOR, BILL?

IT'S A NICE CUSHY JOB, THAT'S WHY! NOW STOP GRUMBLING AND LET'S COLLECT THE JEEP.

YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE HANDCUFFS, BENTON. PAXTON IS A NASTY TYPE.

DON'T WORRY, WE'LL HANDLE HIM, SARGE!

Later.

WE'VE BURST A TYRE, SHORTY.

YOU AND YOUR CUSHY JOB! HURRY UP AND CHANGE THAT WHEEL OR WE'LL MISS THAT BLOKE, PAXTON.

I'M BEING AS QUICK AS I CAN, AIN'T I?

At Baistogne station, Paxton had already arrived.

BAISTOGNE

START WALKING, SOLDIER. IT'S ONLY ABOUT TEN MILES—THAT WAY!

I'M FOR THE 1ST BATTALION OF THE PENNINES. THERE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A TRUCK HERE TO MEET ME.

Major von Reiter, the German spy, ran into Paxton not far from the station.

I AM NEEDING YOUR UNIFORM, ENGLAND, SO—

AARGH!

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