

Disaster looms when a German pilot knocks out
three British planes—without knowing about it!

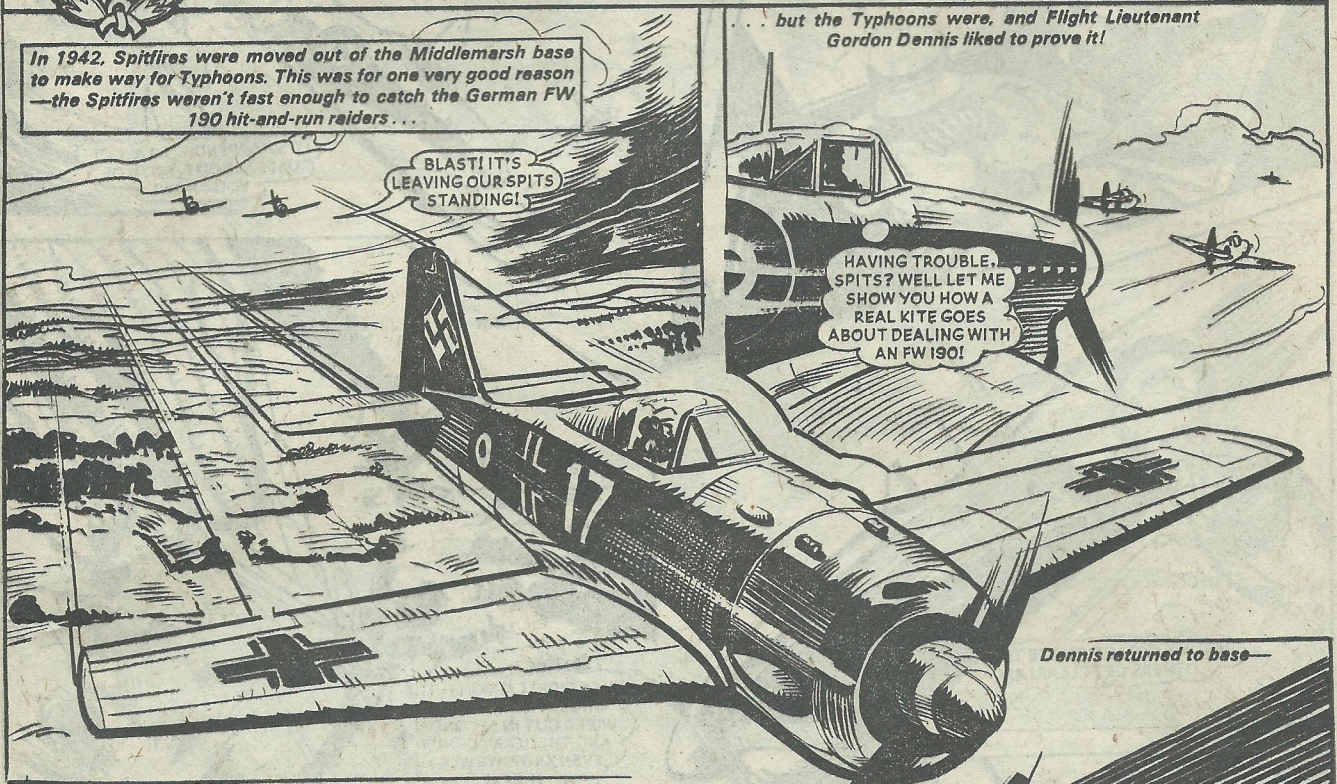
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MIDDLEMARSH

In 1942, Spitfires were moved out of the Middlemarsh base to make way for Typhoons. This was for one very good reason—the Spitfires weren't fast enough to catch the German FW 190 hit-and-run raiders...

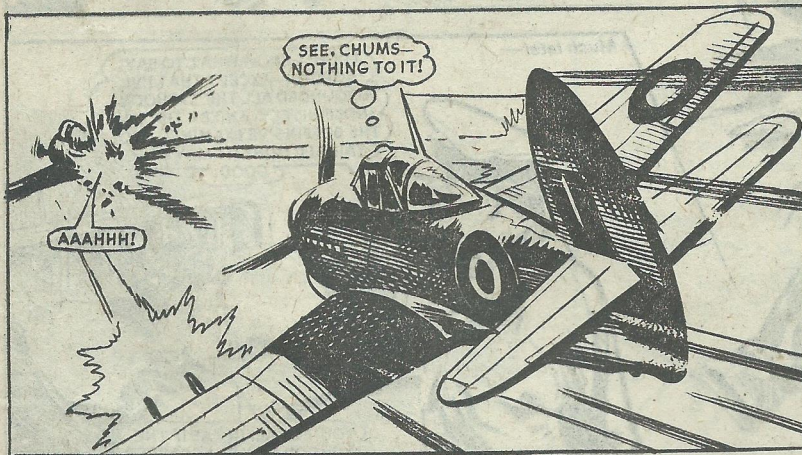
... but the Typhoons were, and Flight Lieutenant Gordon Dennis liked to prove it!



BLAST! IT'S
LEAVING OUR SPITS
STANDING!

HAVING TROUBLE,
SPITS? WELL LET ME
SHOW YOU HOW A
REAL KITE GOES
ABOUT DEALING WITH
AN FW 190!

Dennis returned to base—



SEE, CHUMS—
NOTHING TO IT!

AAAHHH!



ANOTHER ONE, EH,
GORDON? THAT MAKES
FOUR 190'S THE
SQUADRON'S BAGGED
SO FAR THIS WEEK!

FANTASTIC, ISN'T IT, SIR? ESPECIALLY WHEN
YOU THINK HOW THEY RUSHED THE TYPHOONS
INTO PRODUCTION TO COUNTER THE 190'S—AND
THEN TOOK THE CHANCE OF DELIVERING THE
KITES TO US BEFORE THEY'D BEEN FULLY
TESTED.



YES, THEY'RE DOING SO WELL THAT I'VE GOT
PERMISSION FOR YOUR FLIGHT TO TAKE PART IN
SOMETHING SPECIAL NEXT WEEK.

SOUNDS INTERESTING.
WHAT IS IT, SIR?



THERE'S TO BE A COMMANDO RAID ON THE
FRENCH TOWN OF LILAS. AND IN ADDITION
TO THE USUAL SPITS BEING ALONG FOR AIR
COVER, THERE'LL BE YOUR TYPHOONS AS
WELL.

THAT'S GREAT, SIR. MAYBE WE CAN DO SOME
LOW ALTITUDE WORK? BECAUSE THE WAY WE
TAKE OUT THE 190'S LOW DOWN MAKES ME
THINK THAT MIGHT BE OUR BEST
OPERATIONAL HEIGHT!



Next day, on patrol near
Middlemarsh—

FW 190 RIGHT BELOW
US! LET'S GO GET HIM,
BOYS!

VIC 3.7.82—1