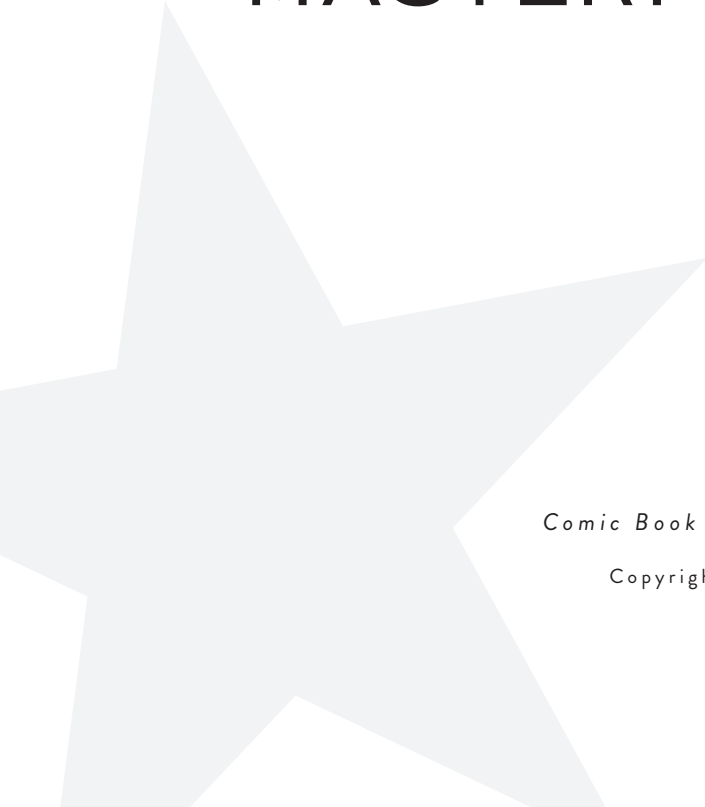


# TOM HANKS

THE MAKING OF  
ANOTHER MAJOR  
MOTION PICTURE  
MASTERPIECE

*Comic Book Illustrations by R. Sikoryak*

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DIAMOND-CLUB  
COMICS OF  
AMERICA

STORIES OF THE MEN WHO WON THE WAR!

10¢  
PDC

No. 19

# HEROES UNDER FIRE

COME ON,  
YOU LUGS!  
WE'VE GOT A  
JOB TO DO!



In this issue: I WAS A FLAMETHROWER • MY HALF  
HOUR OF TERROR • I WAS ALONE ON DOG WATCH

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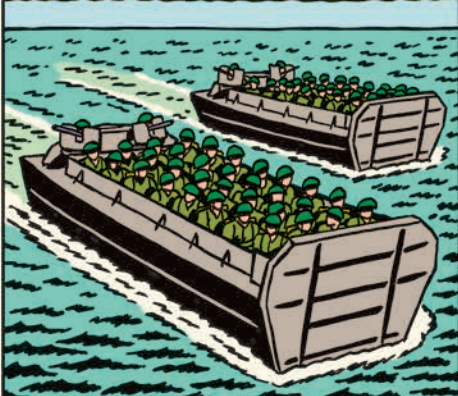


MY NAME IS **BOB LATHAM**. I WAS A **MARINE**. YES, I WAS PROUD, BUT SOMETIMES I WAS ALSO SCARED. LIKE IN OUR **FIRST BATTLE**, LANDING ON AN ISLAND FULL OF **J---** THAT WE HAD TO CLEAR OUT. TURNS OUT, I WAS A SPECIAL GUY IN MY SQUAD, I SAW A LOT OF ACTION BECAUSE I HAD A SPECIAL WAY OF KILLING THE ENEMY. YOU SEE...

**I WAS A FLAME THROWER!**



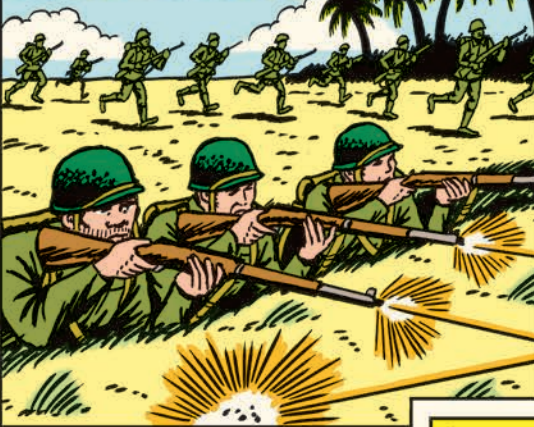
"NONE OF US HAD SLEPT, KNOWING WHAT WAS AHEAD FOR US..."



"THEY COULDN'T KEEP US FROM TAKING THE BEACH..."



"THE FRONT LINE WAS JUST UP AHEAD BEYOND THE TREE LINE..."



"I WAS NERVOUS, AND LIT UP SOME OF THE JUNGLE JUST TO LET THE BAD GUYS KNOW I WAS THERE..."



LATHAM! MAKE A HOLE AND BE READY! WE'LL NEED YOU SOON!



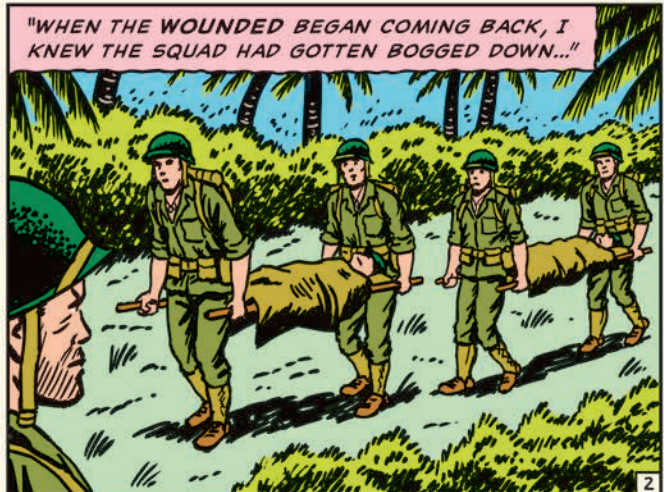
"I WAITED BEHIND A TREE TRUNK AS THE BATTLE RAGED AROUND ME..."



"ALL I COULD DO WAS FLICK MY IGNITER..."



"WHEN THE WOUNDED BEGAN COMING BACK, I KNEW THE SQUAD HAD GOTTEN BOGGED DOWN..."

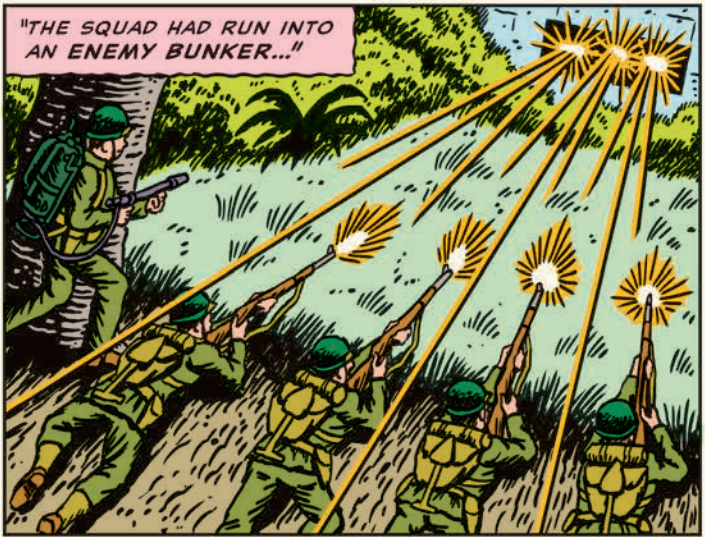


"I WAS FULLY LOADED, WAITING FOR THE CALL TO MOVE UP, WHEN I HEARD THE ORDER..."

WE NEED A FLAMETHROWER UP HERE, NOW!



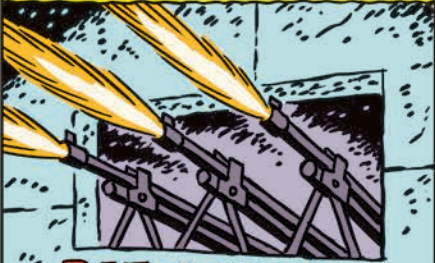
"THE SQUAD HAD RUN INTO AN ENEMY BUNKER..."



PING!



"THEY WERE SAFE BEHIND A WALL OF CONCRETE, ABLE TO FIRE ON US AT WILL..."

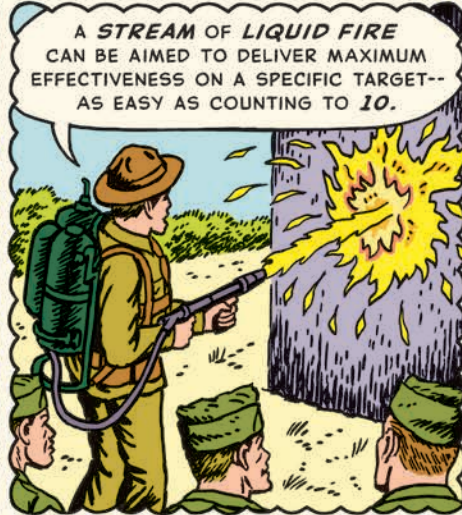
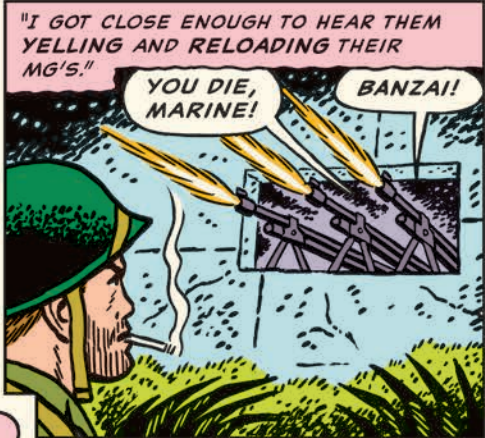


RAT-A-TAT!  
RAT-A-TAT!

WE'RE PINNED DOWN, LATHAM. GET AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN AND LIGHT 'EM UP!

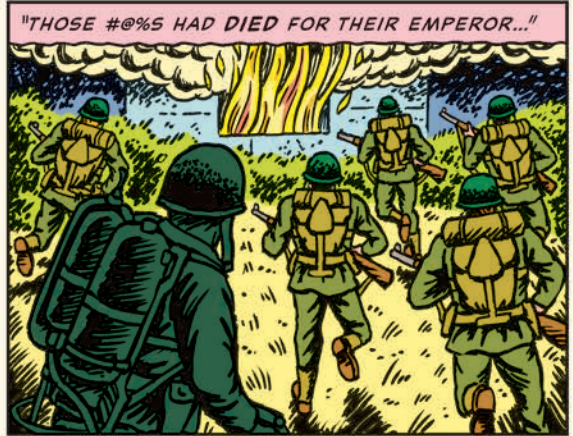
OKAY, SARGE...











"THOSE #@%S HAD DIED FOR THEIR EMPEROR..."



"I WAS CALLED ON MANY TIMES IN THE WEEKS TO COME..."



"THE ENEMY WAS HIDING ALL OVER THAT ISLAND."

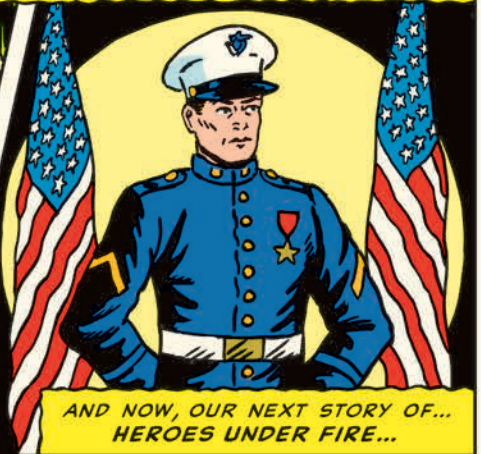


"BUT I FOUND THEM WITH MY FLAME..."



"THAT WAS MY JOB. I WAS A FLAME-THROWER..."

PFC ROBERT LATHAM, U.S.M.C., WAS AWARDED THE BRONZE STAR FOR HIS BRAVERY.



AND NOW, OUR NEXT STORY OF... HEROES UNDER FIRE...



KOOL KATZ KOMIX & TREV-VORR'S

50¢  
ADULTS  
ONLY!

# THE LEGEND OF FIREFALL



COLONEL  
THUNDERBUTT



SKIPPER



THE V.C.



DOWN THROUGH AMERICAN HISTORY, MANY A BOY HAS  
BEEN SHAPED BY THE FUN AND EXCITEMENT OF... **WAR!**  
READ ALL ABOUT IT, RIGHT HERE IN OUR OWN  
K.K.KOMIX'S **THE LEGEND OF FIREFALL!**

# THE LEGEND OF FIREFALL

WAY ACROSS THE OCEAN, IN A LITTLE SLIVER OF A RAIN-Forest NATION, ATOP A MOUNTAIN CALLED HILL 163, SOME AMERICAN BOYS ARE IN A PICKLE.

THE G%##S ARE EVERYWHERE, SKIPPER! WE CAN'T HOLD OUT HERE MUCH LONGER!

WRAP THOSE TREES IN DET-CORD\* AND BLOW US AN LZ\*\*!



TANGO FOXTROT HOTEL MIKE! UNIT BRAVO X-RAY REQUEST EVAC FROM 1-6-3! HOT LZ! SAY AGAIN! HOT LZ!

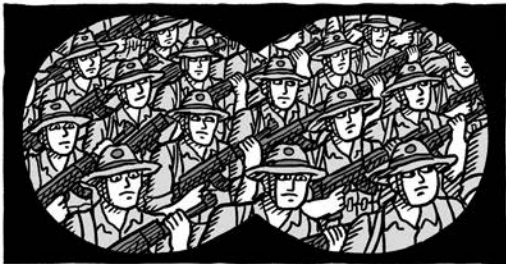
WE COPY BRAVO X-RAY... HUEY'S INBOUND.

\*DET-CORD: EXPLOSIVE DETONATION CORDAGE.  
 \*\*LZ: LANDING ZONE FOR CHOPPERS.\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*CHOPPERS: HELICOPTERS.  
 DUH! FIGURE THIS STUFF OUT YOURSELF!



FUCKIN' CHARLIE HAS ARTILLERY, SIR! AM I GOING TO DIE HERE, SIR?

I CAN SEE HUNDREDS OF 'EM, SKIPPER! THEY'RE ASSEMBLING TO ASSAULT OUR POSITION!



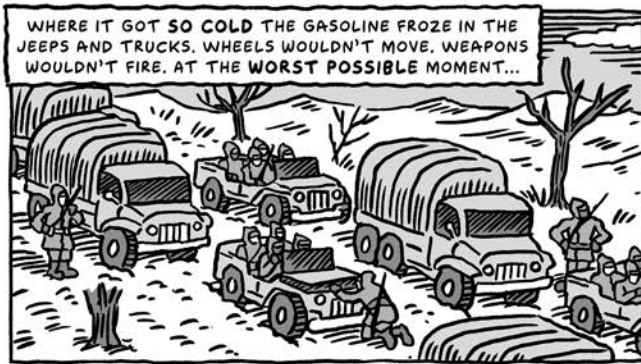
HERE COMES OUR EVAC! POUR YOUR FIRE ON 'EM, BOYS!

I'M OUT OF AMMO!



THEY CAN'T LAND! THE LZ IS TOO HOT!





WHERE IT GOT SO COLD THE GASOLINE FROZE IN THE JEEPS AND TRUCKS. WHEELS WOULDN'T MOVE. WEAPONS WOULDN'T FIRE. AT THE WORST POSSIBLE MOMENT...



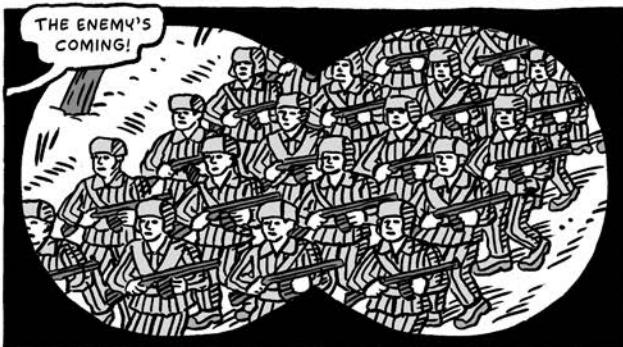
THE CHI-COMS ARE COMING AT US, CAP!

ON YOUR FEET, MEN! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE WALKING OUT OF HERE.



THEY JUST CUT OFF THE PASS! WE'RE SUR-ROUNDED!

IF YOU CAN'T DIG A HOLE, FIND A ROCK TO HIDE BEHIND! WE AIN'T GOING TO SURRENDER TO NO CHI-COMS!



THE ENEMY'S COMING!



IF WE COULD ONLY CLEAR THAT ROAD!

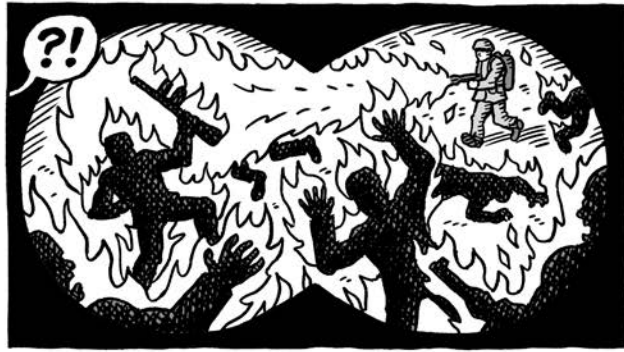


RRROAR! RRROAR!



WHAT? ONE OF OUR SABRE-JETS JUST DROP AN INCENDIARY?

NO SIR! LOOK!



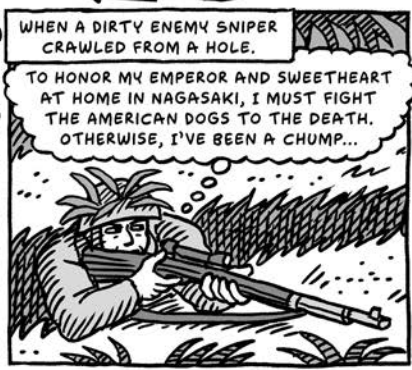
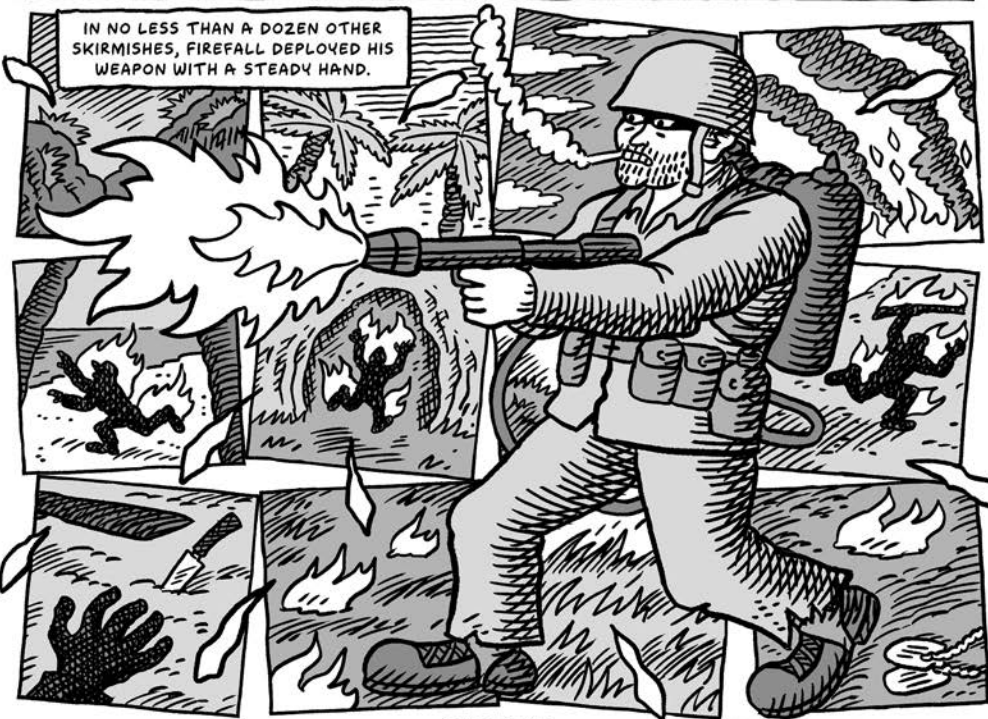
!?



THE PASS IS CLEAR!

LET'S MOVE, MEN!





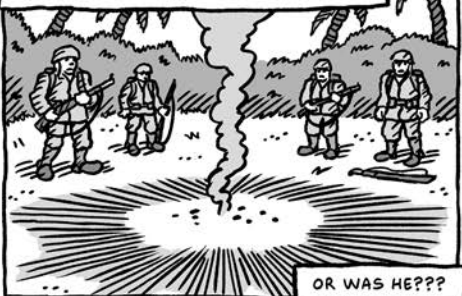
HIS CROSSHAIRS FOUND FIREFALL,  
HIS TANKS, HIS HOSES...



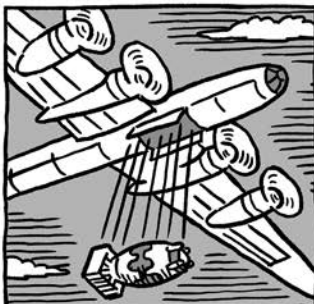
THE SNIPERS BULLET HIT THE ONE  
MOST VULNERABLE SPOT ON THE  
M2-2 PORTABLE FLAME THROWER.



AND THUS IT WAS, AT THE MOMENT OF  
TRIUMPH, CORPORAL FALLSGOOD WAS  
EVAPORATED INTO NOTHINGNESS.



A PLANE IN THE SKY...  
AUGUST 9, 1945



IN A RICE PAPER HOUSE, A JAPANESE GIRL, HOLDS  
A PHOTO OF HER SWEETHEART SOLDIER...

I DO HOPE ITO  
HAS SURVIVED,  
THERE ON NO-  
BIKINI-ATOLL. I  
MISS HIM SO...



OH! WHAT IS THAT  
BRIGHT LIGHT?

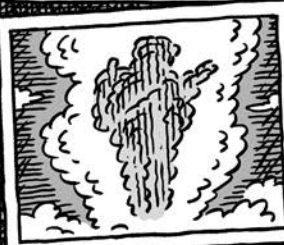
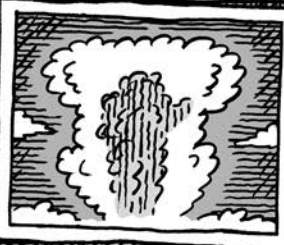




THE JAPANESE CITY OF NAGASAKI MET THE SAME FATE AS HIROSHIMA JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE.



WOW! LOOK AT THAT MUSHROOM CLOUD! WE JUST KILLED A LOT OF J%\$#S!



WE ARE NOT SURE WHERE FIREFALL WILL APPEAR NEXT-- MAYBE IN BERLIN, OR MOSCOW, OR A COLLEGE CAMPUS NEAR YOU... BUT WHEN FATE HAS OUR BOYS TRAPPED AND ALL SEEMS LOST -- HAVE FAITH... IN FIREFALL!



BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE GOOD FOLKS AT DO-NOT-POUT CORPORATION--

**DO NOT POUT**

BETTER LIVING THROUGH FLESH BURNING CHEMICALS!

BASED ON THE DYNAMO FILM BY BILL JOHNSON

# KNIGHTSHADE

THE LATHE OF FIREFALL



**DYNAMIO**  
SPECIAL  
EDITION

v. LATHE: To cut or shape on a machine with a sharp tool.

Iron Bluff, CA.



It is *expletive* hot.



Eve Knight--  
AKA  
Knightshade.



She stands  
in the middle  
of the street.

No cars.

No citizens.

Blistering heat.



Her eyes are flickering like  
she is in a deep REM sleep.



The woman is sensing--  
feeling-- something.



Old man Clark.



Her eyes are fluttering...



She balls her fists...



Her face grimaces...



Her feet... slowly rise.



She is floating above the searing pavement.

Her eyes clinched tight.



Her body spasms...

In the distance... A heat mirage rising...



Her suspended body shifts left and right.

A Dust-Devil forms.



It becomes a mini-twister...



Gathering up dirt, paper, and trash, whirling up and around and faster and faster.

*Knightshade* senses the disturbance behind her.

Her body slowly pivots...



Her eyes now wide open!

The *Dust-Devil* is growing in size and speed - and color...

It's no longer a funnel of dirt, but of... smoke.

What... the... expletive?

The column begins to alter...

Where there is smoke there is... *fire*.

The Devil becomes a tower of *flame*.



A pillar of *fire* from a temple in *Hell*.

That Satanic Blast...

A *figure* forms...

A human of some kind...

A mis-shaped bulk...

Made of flame and flesh...

Who is it?  
*Who?*



*Firefall!*



She somehow muscles-- no, she wills--



-- her eyes into focus, blinking, searching, straining to see...



***Knight house.***

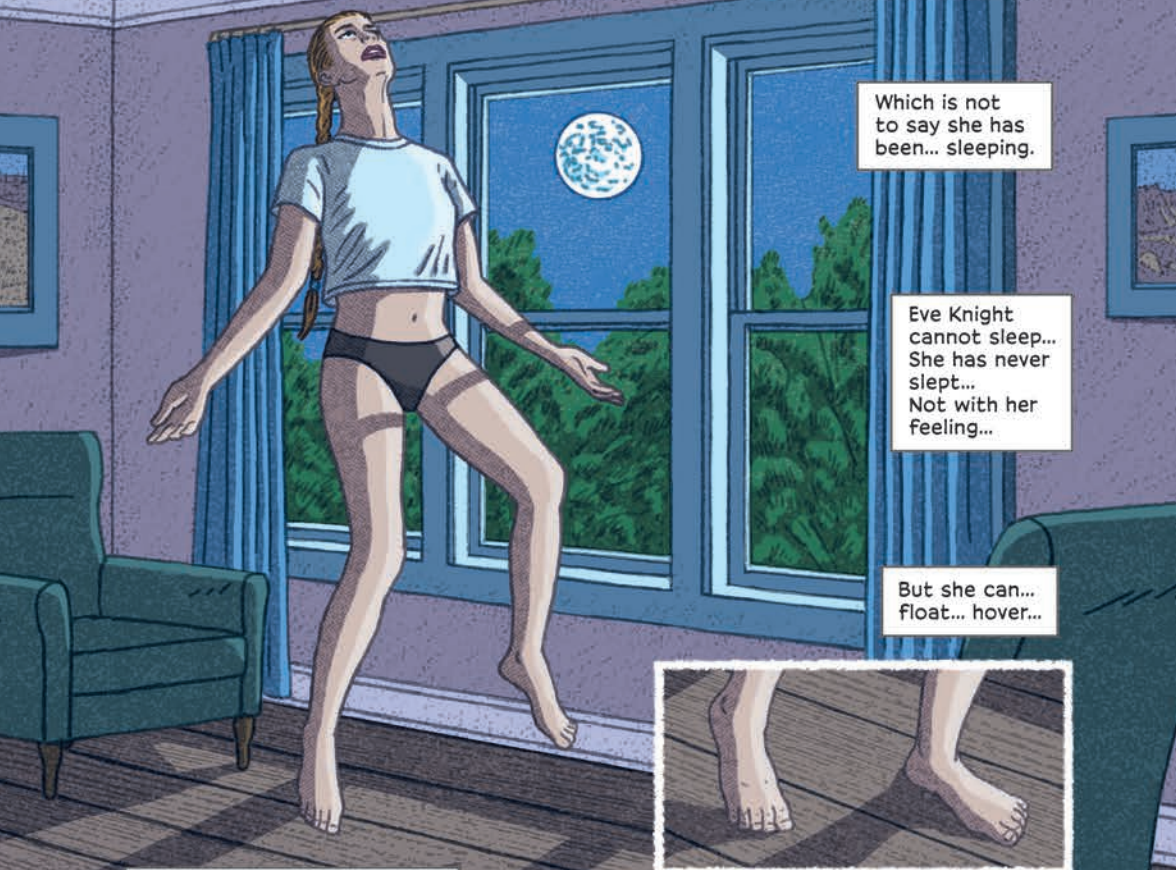
Eve Knight is still floating.

She has been seeing. Feeling...

Which is not to say she has been... sleeping.

Eve Knight cannot sleep... She has never slept... Not with her feeling...

But she can... float... hover...



She is conscious now. But she has had a vision. She has seen the Future. Her Future.



She moves through this small house...



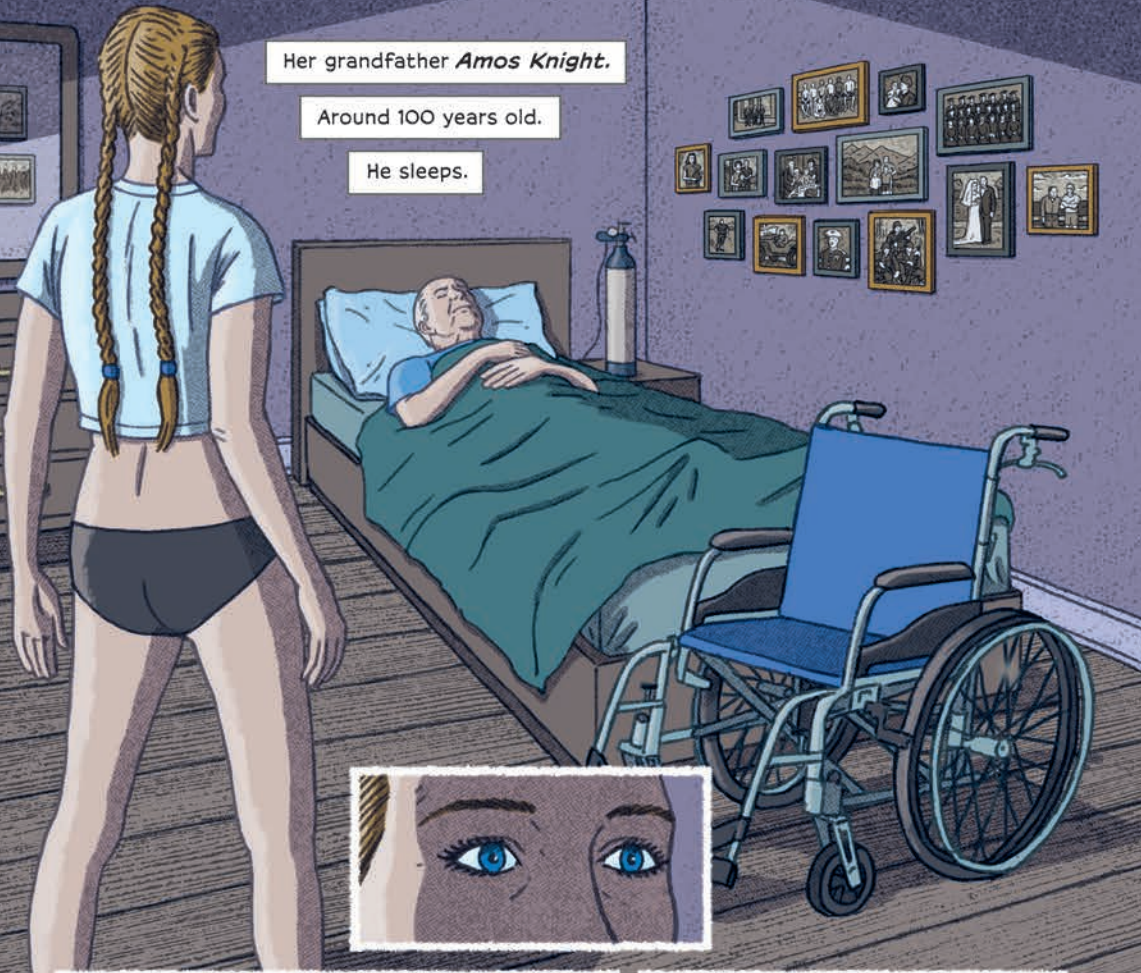
Checking on...



Her grandfather *Amos Knight*.

Around 100 years old.

He sleeps.



On his walls - photos of Amos of long ago.



**To Be Continued.**

*Knightshade:*  
*The Lathe of Firefall*

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