



THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN
ALAN HEBDEN ★ CARLOS EZQUERRA

WRITER
Alan Hebden

ARTIST
Carlos Ezquerra



Creative Director and CEO: Jason Kingsley

Chief Technical Officer: Chris Kingsley

Head of Books & Comics: Ben Smith

Publishing Manager: Beth Lewis

2000 AD Editor in Chief: Matt Smith

Senior Graphic Novel Editor: Keith Richardson

Graphic Novel Editors: Oliver Pickles & Olivia Hicks

Publishing Coordinator: Owen Johnson

Archivist: Charlene Taylor

Graphic Design: Oz Osborne, Sam Gretton & Gemma Sheldrake

Reprographics: Joseph Morgan, Emma Denton & Richard Tustian

PR: Michael Molcher

ISBN: 9-781-78108-981-1

Published by Rebellion, Riverside House,

Osney Mead, Oxford, UK. OX2 0ES

www.rebellion.co.uk

Originally serialised in **Battle Picture Weekly** from 10th January 1976 - 22nd January 1977. Copyright © 1976, 1977 & 2021 Rebellion Publishing IP Ltd. All Rights Reserved. *Major Eazy* and all related characters, their distinctive likenesses and related elements featured in this publication are trademarks of Rebellion Publishing IP Ltd. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional.

No portion of this book may be reproduced without the express permission of the publisher.

Printed in Malta by Gutenberg Press

Manufactured in the EU by Stanton Book Services,
Wellingborough, NN8 3PJ, UK.

1st Printing: March 2021

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed on FSC Accredited Paper.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available
from the British Library.

For more information on Treasury of British Comics graphic novels, please
email: books@2000AD.com

To find out more, visit treasuryofbritishcomics.com

MAJOR EAZY

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

LET'S SEE HOW THEY
LIKE SOME FRESH
BULLETS —



CREATED BY
ALAN HEBDEN
CARLOS EZQUERRA

CREATING A MAJOR CHARACTER

"I'm thinking perhaps an unconventional character, an officer maybe, one who doesn't play by the rules but always gets the job done."

"A scruffy, insubordinate type, you mean? But a guy who knows how to kill?"

"Yeah, that sounds about right. Reckon you can come up with something along those lines?"

"I'll give it a go. Did you say something about going for lunch?"

Thus went the conversation between **Battle Weekly** editor Dave Hunt and myself back in the autumn of 1975, and so was born one of the comic's most iconic characters, the uber-cool Major Eazy.



He came into the world pretty much fully-formed, Bentley sports tourer and all. Only a suitably iconic name was missing, for which his legion of fans can thank the then deputy editor Steve MacManus. It was a completely crazy name when you think about it, but so was the character.

Dave had an artist lined up, some Spanish guy called Carlos Ezquerro who'd been poached from D.C.Thomson. His take on Eazy seemed to border on insanity; an unkempt version of James Coburn on a bad day whose only nod to a uniform was an Afrika Korps forage cap and a leather flying jacket. He was also armed to the teeth and always smoking a cheroot, the most unlikely British officer you would ever hope to meet, but then so was Lawrence of Arabia.

It was love at first sight!

Between us, Carlos and I created this death-dealing whirlwind that tore through Italy and, in subsequent series, through North Africa, Greece, Crete and back to North Africa again, He rarely lost his fabled cool, but on the few occasions that he did, those responsible invariably paid the price.

We shan't see his like again, more's the pity, but hopefully he'll keep popping up when you least expect him.

ALAN HEBDEN

**AND THAT'S GONNA BE THE LAST TIME
YA DO, BUD. NOBODY THAT PLAYS
FAIR WINS AS MANY TIMES AS YOU !**

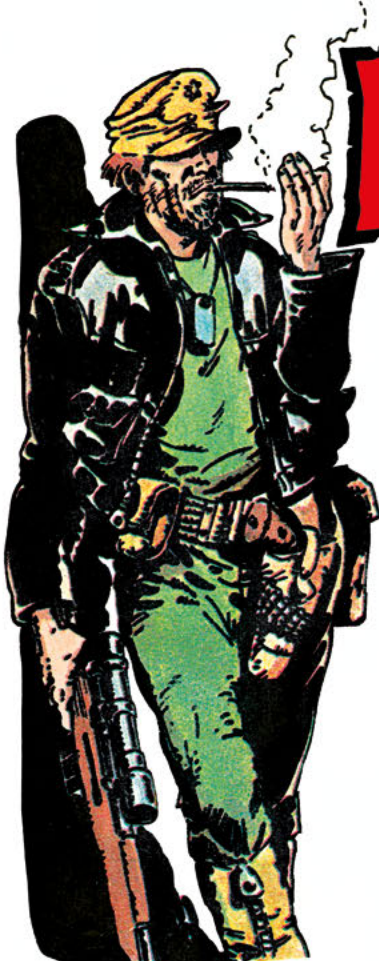


STARTS TODAY! HE'S TOUGH... HE'S COOL... HE'S MAJOR EAZY!

10TH JULY, 1943 — AND BRITISH TROOPS SET FOOT ON THE CONTINENT AGAIN AFTER THREE LONG YEARS. THE INVASION OF SICILY HAS BEGUN!



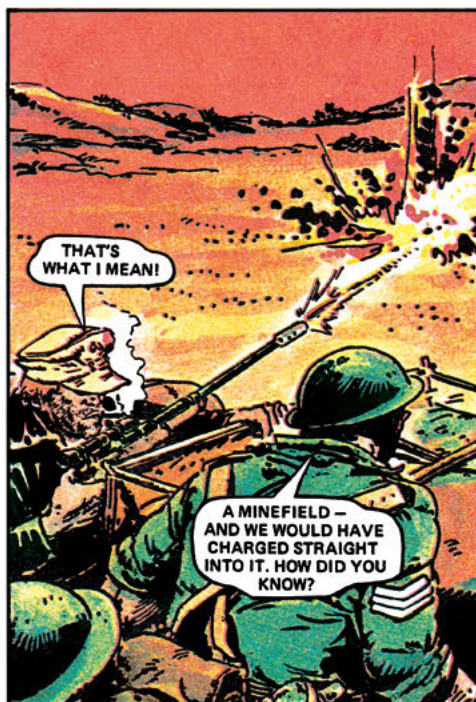
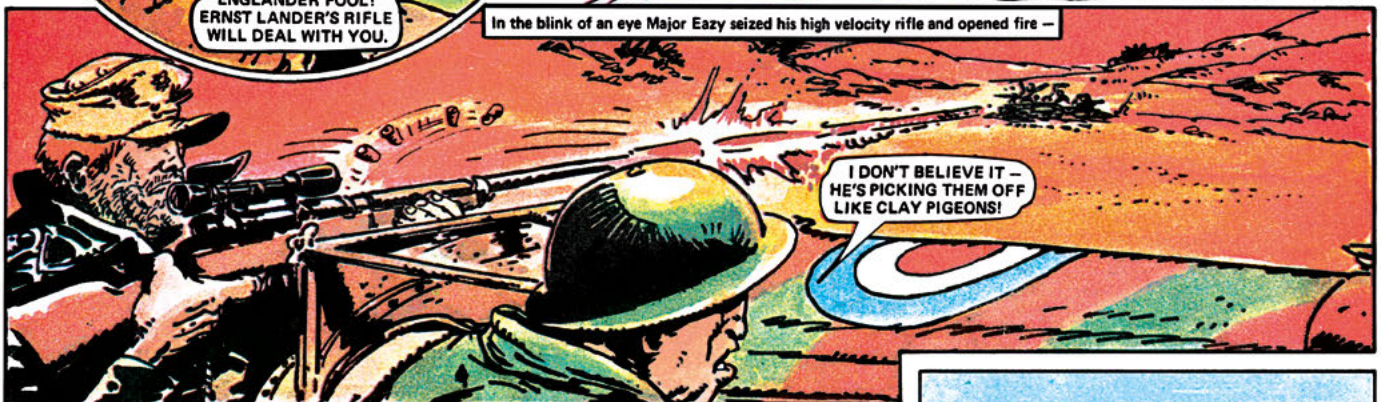
It was the worst possible beginning for Sergeant Bert Daly and his men—



MAJOR EAZY

Suddenly —





"YOU'RE CRAZY! ONE MAN AGAINST A KING TIGER —"

An hour later —

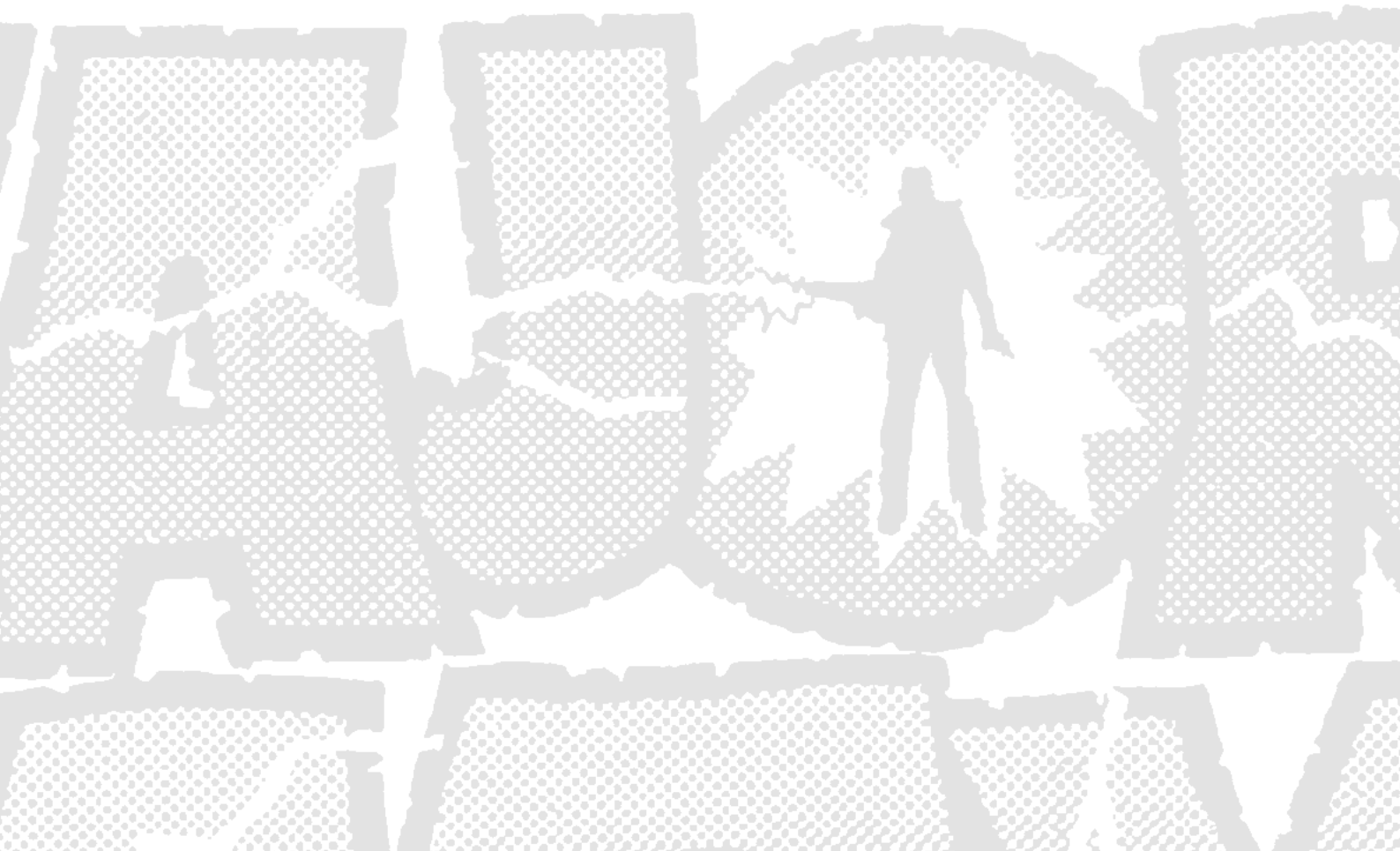


But —





NEXT WEEK — EAZY HAS A 'CLOSE SHAVE' WITH DEATH!



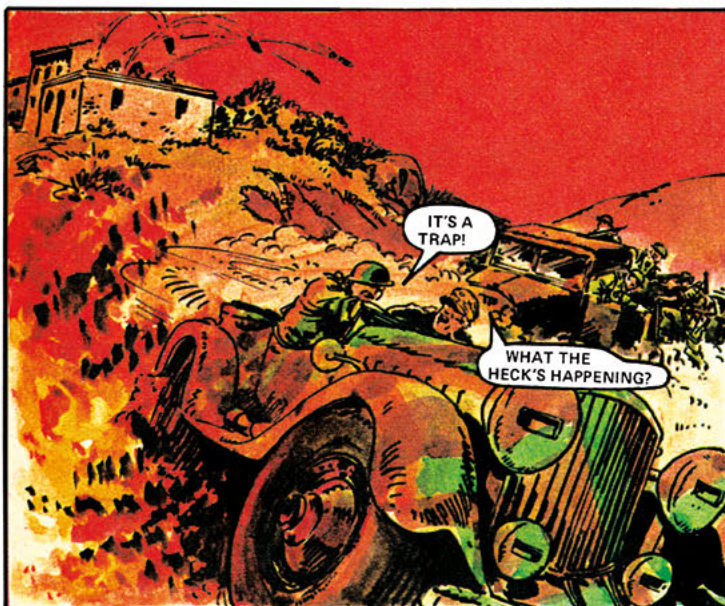
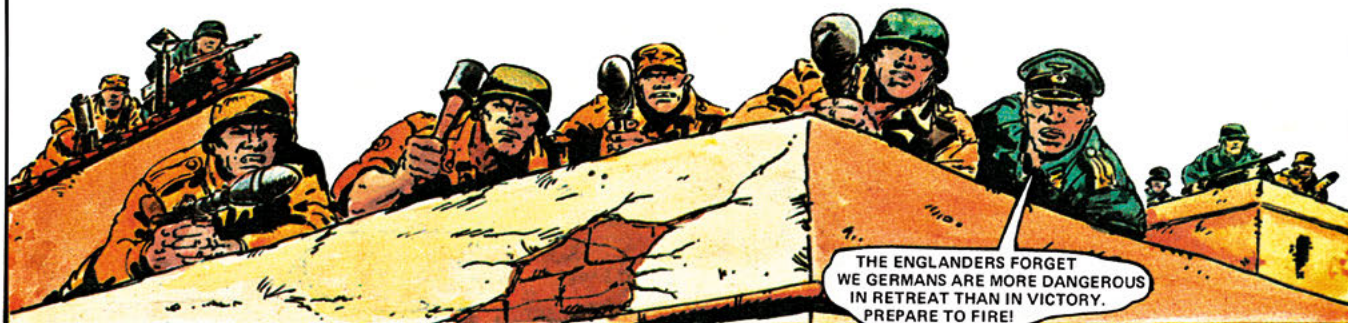


MAJOR EAZY

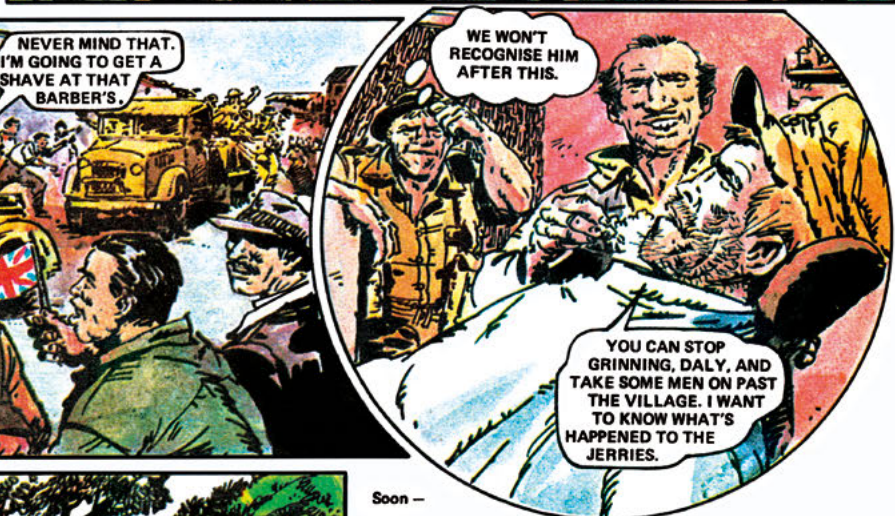
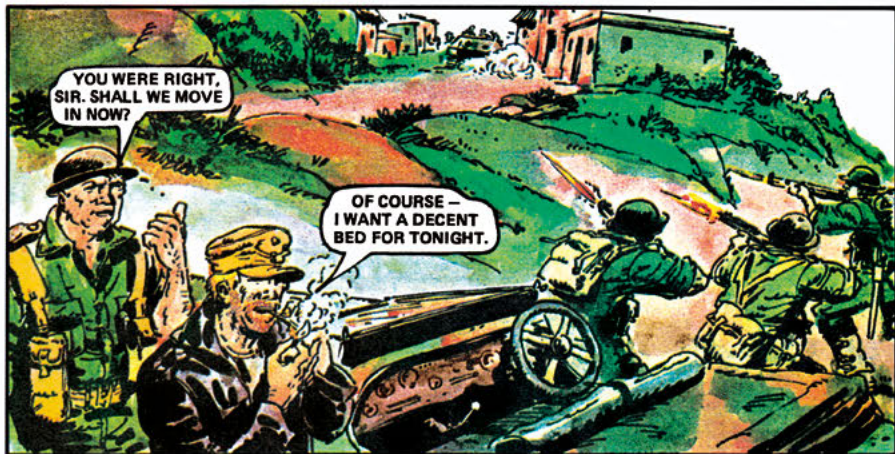
1943. During the invasion of Sicily, Sergeant Daly and his men have found themselves with a remarkable new officer. Major Eazy, an ex-LRDG man, who goes to war in his own car with his own weapons. The strangest officer they've ever known — and the most deadly.



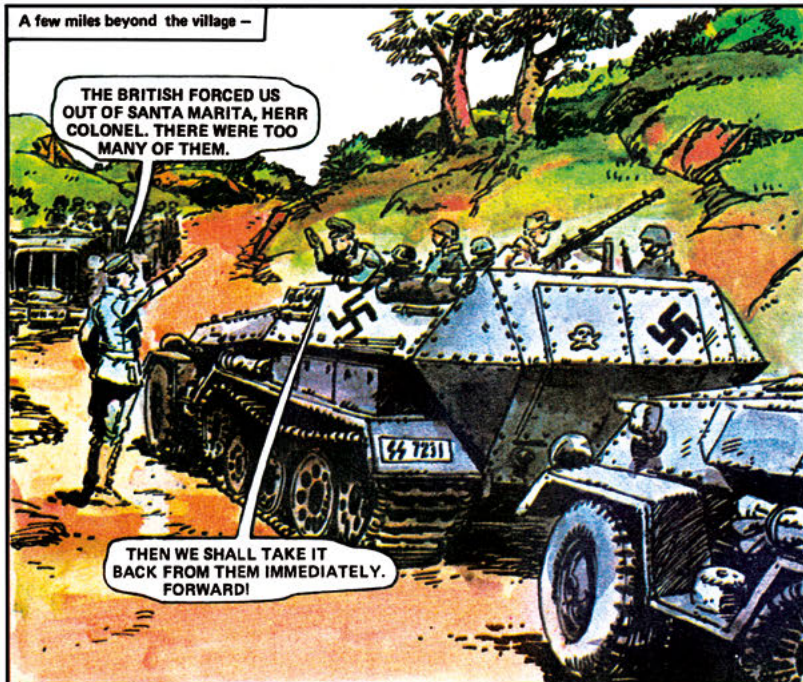
But —



"LET THE SCHWEINHUNDS HAVE THIS ACCURSED VILLAGE!"



A few miles beyond the village -

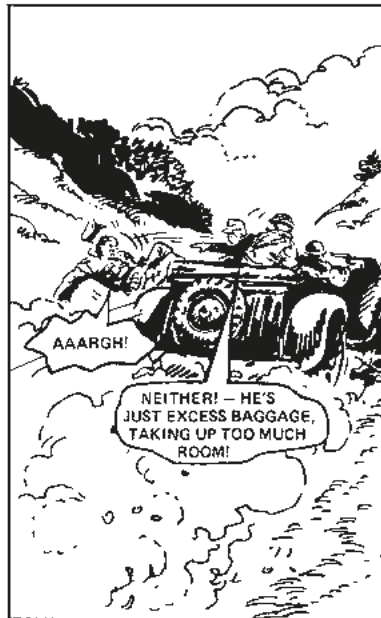


Soon -



"— STRAIGHT INTO A HERD OF JERRIES!"





NEXT WEEK — MAJOR EAZY RIDDLES MILITARY POLICE WITH LEAD!

ACTION WITH THE BRITISH OFFICER UNLIKE ANY OTHER!

MAJOR EAZY



Sicily, 1943. The vital port of Palermo has just fallen into Allied hands, and Major Eazy, who goes to war in his own car with his own weapons, is one of the first to sample some of its comforts after several weeks' fighting. But the peace doesn't last for long —



WHAT THE DEVIL'S AN OFFICER DOING DRESSED UP LIKE A BANDIT? I'M SPEAKING TO YOU, MAJOR... DON'T YOU NORMALLY STAND TO ATTENTION WHEN A SENIOR OFFICER ADDRESSES YOU?

GO TO HELL!



I'M A COMBAT SOLDIER, COLONEL, NOT ONE OF YOUR PARADE GROUND DUMMIES. I DO MY JOB WELL AND I DON'T LIKE JUMPED UP BRASSHATS STICKING THEIR NOSES IN WHERE THEY DON'T BELONG.

EAZY'S REALLY FLIPPED THIS TIME.



HEY, YOU MP'S, OVER HERE! I'M HAVING YOU ARRESTED FOR THREATENING A SENIOR OFFICER AND INSUBORDINATION, MAJOR EAZY!

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER APOLOGISE, SIR. YOU'VE ALMOST GIVEN THE COLONEL HEART FAILURE ALREADY.

WE'LL SEE, SERGEANT DALY!



HEAD DOWN, COLONEL! THERE'S GOING TO BE SOME SHOOTING!

OOOF!

"THE MAN'S A MANIAC!"



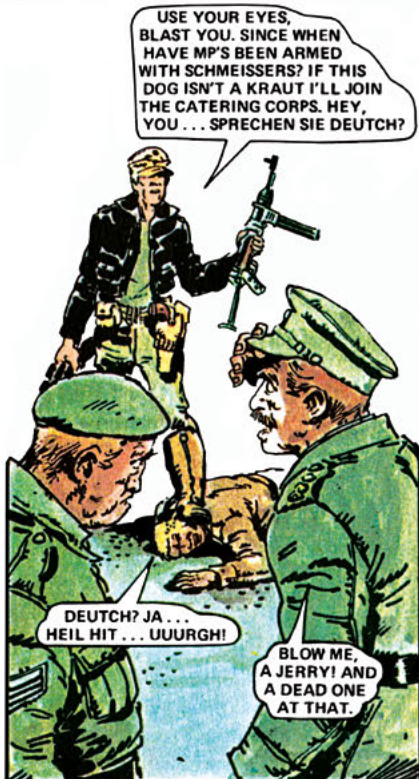
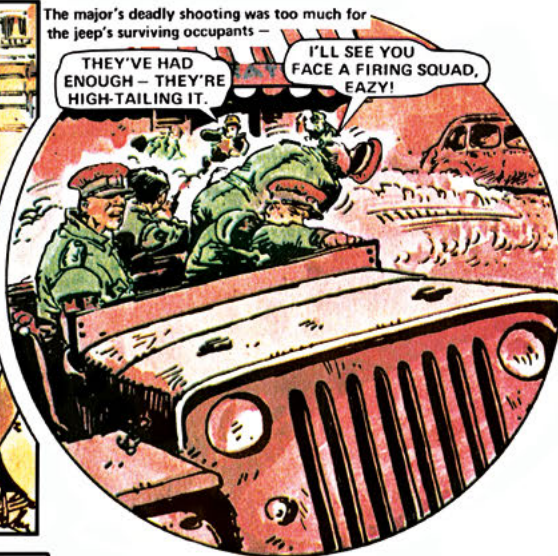
YOU'RE SHOOTING AT MILITARY POLICE, SIR! THEY'LL STRING YOU UP FOR THIS!

GREAT SCOTT! THE MAN'S A MANIAC!

The major's deadly shooting was too much for the jeep's surviving occupants -

THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH - THEY'RE HIGH-TAILING IT.

I'LL SEE YOU FACE A FIRING SQUAD, EAZY!



USE YOUR EYES, BLAST YOU. SINCE WHEN HAVE MP'S BEEN ARMED WITH SCHMEISSERS? IF THIS DOG ISN'T A KRAUT I'LL JOIN THE CATERING CORPS. HEY, YOU... SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH?

DEUTSCH? JA... HEIL HIT... UUUURGH!

BLOW ME, A JERRY! AND A DEAD ONE AT THAT.



Easy moved swiftly and ruthlessly.

THE BENTLEY'S TYRES HAVE BEEN BLOWN OUT BY STRAY BULLETS, SIR.

NEVER MIND, WE'LL TAKE THE STAFF CAR AND SEE WHAT THOSE KRAUTS HAVE BEEN UP TO. OUT YOU GET, FELLER. THIS WON'T BE A JOYRIDE!

WAIT FOR ME!



I MAY LOOK LIKE A BRASSHAT BUT I STILL PREFER ACTIVE SERVICE, MAJOR. HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE WEAPON?

YOU MAY AS WELL USE ONE OF THE SCHMEISSERS... AND GLAD TO HAVE YOU ALONG, COLONEL.



The chase carried them out of Palermo towards the front line -

FLAMIN' MP'S... THINK THEY OWN THE ROAD.

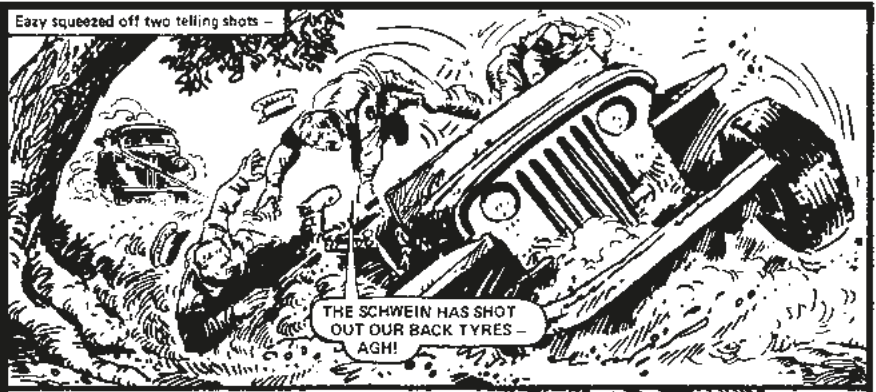
STOP THAT JEEP!



THEY'VE LEFT THE ROAD. WE'LL NEVER KEEP UP WITH THEM ACROSS COUNTRY.

THEN WE'LL HAVE TO STOP THEM. TAKE THE WHEEL, COLONEL... TAKE IT!

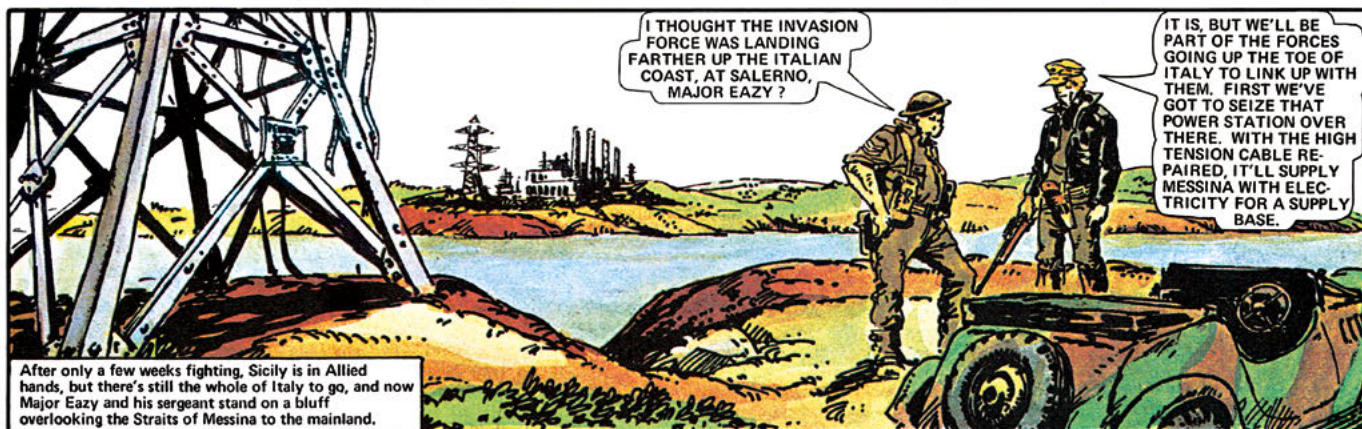
"IT'LL BE TOO LATE FOR YOU IF YOU DON'T START SINGING, FRITZ."





NEXT WEEK — EAZY LEADS A MOONLIGHT RAID AGAINST THE GERMANS!

THE COOLEST SOLDIER OF THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN!



I THOUGHT THE INVASION FORCE WAS LANDING FARTHER UP THE ITALIAN COAST, AT SALERNO, MAJOR EAZY?

IT IS, BUT WE'LL BE PART OF THE FORCES GOING UP THE TOE OF ITALY TO LINK UP WITH THEM. FIRST WE'VE GOT TO SEIZE THAT POWER STATION OVER THERE. WITH THE HIGH TENSION CABLE REPAIRED, IT'LL SUPPLY MESSINA WITH ELECTRICITY FOR A SUPPLY BASE.

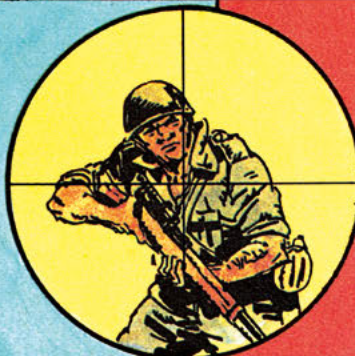
After only a few weeks fighting, Sicily is in Allied hands, but there's still the whole of Italy to go, and now Major Eazy and his sergeant stand on a bluff overlooking the Straits of Messina to the mainland.

MAJOR EAZY



Suddenly —

A SNIPER SHOOTING FROM THE OTHER SIDE!



...AND THIS IS IT!

AAAARGH!

YOU MUST BE A REAL AMATEUR, PAL. RULE ONE FOR SNIPERS... NEVER SHOW YOURSELF. RULE TWO... THERE'S ONLY ONE PENALTY FOR BREAKING RULE ONE.



SAPRISTI! TAKE COVER!



THOSE SNIPERS MEAN THEY MUST BE GETTING READY TO DEMOLISH THE POWER STATION. WITH THE SALERNO LANDINGS DUE TOMORROW, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO MOVE IN ON IT FAST, SIR!

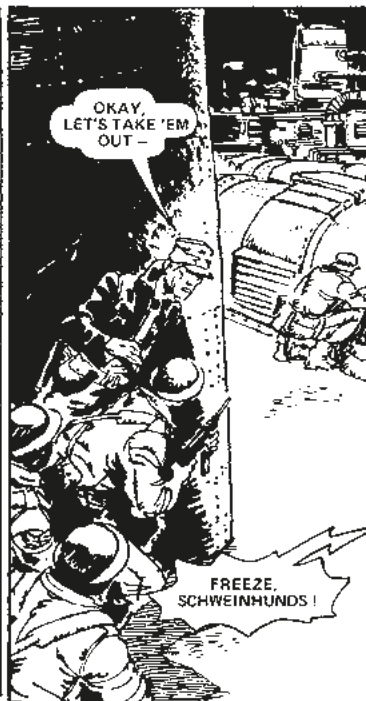


MY EXACT THOUGHTS, DALY.



"HE'S LIKE A FLY GOING UP A WALL!"



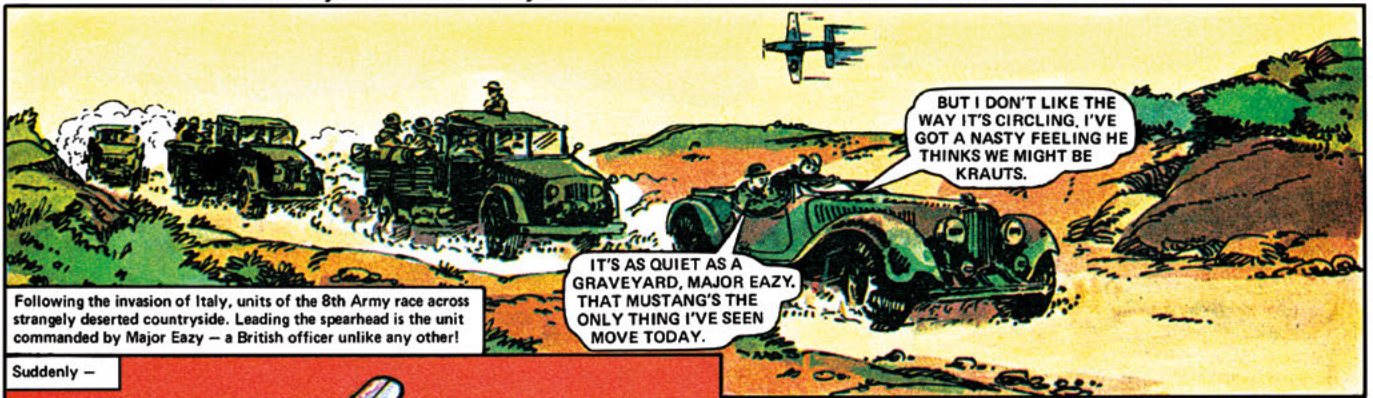


Eazy moved like lightning -

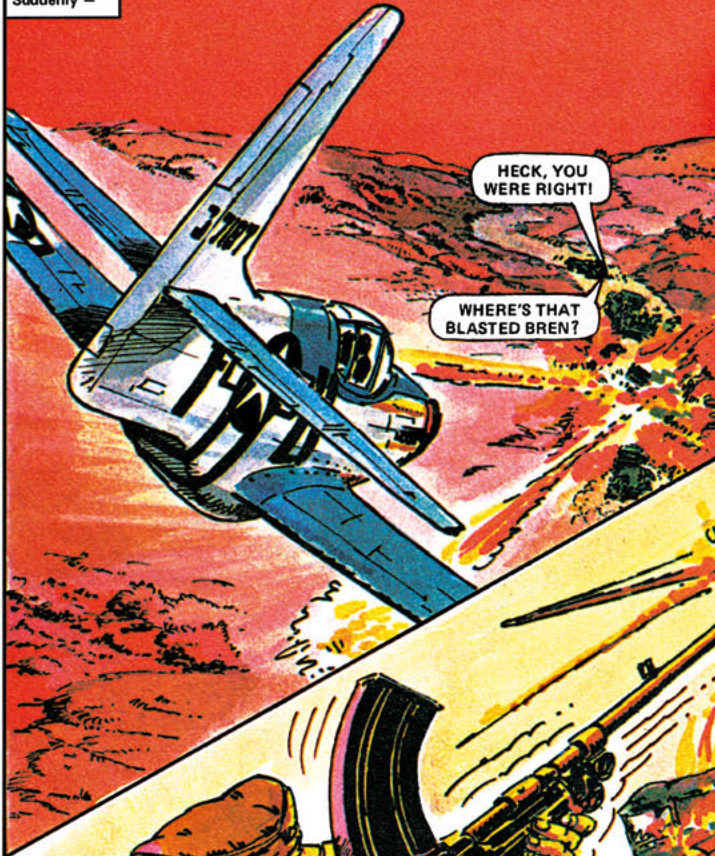


A REALLY GREAT 'MYSTERY EXTRA' NEXT WEEK! DON'T MISS IT!

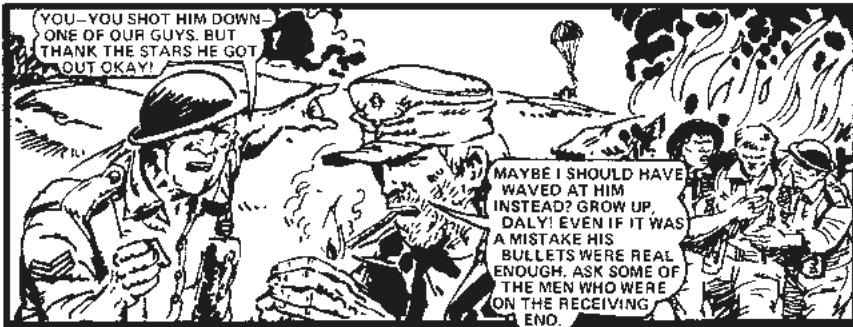
LIKE HIM, HATE HIM, YOU CAN'T IGNORE THIS SOLDIER!



Suddenly —



"IT WAS ATTEMPTED MURDER!"





I WOULDN'T STAND THERE STARING YOU LOT! I'D JUST SPOTTED A GERMAN COLUMN HEADING THIS WAY WHEN YOUR FOOL OFFICER DECIDED TO PLAY KING. THEY'LL BE HERE IN TWO MINUTES!



TAKE UP POSITIONS EITHER SIDE OF THE ROAD! MOVE! YOU CAN COME WITH ME, YANK! IT'S TIME YOU HAD A LESSON ABOUT WHICH ARMY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FIGHTING!



LET ME GO, YA NUT! THE KRAUTS'LL SEE US IF WE STAY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD!

WHAT'S THAT LUNATIC COMMANDER OF YOURS TRYING TO DO?

I DON'T KNOW, I'VE GIVEN UP ASKING!



As the Germans arrived -

IT'S TIME SOMEBODY KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO YOUR THICK SKULL, YANK!

HIMMEL... WHAT ARE THOSE MADMEN PLAYING AT?



The Germans were too amazed to do anything.

WHY, YOU CRAZY LIMEY - I'M GONNA BUST YOU OPEN!

JUST YOU TRY!

WUNDERBAR... THE ALLIES ARE FIGHTING EACH OTHER!

THE SCRUFFY SOLDIER HAS WON!

THANKS, FRITZ. MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN IN THE CELEBRATIONS?



GRENADES - NEIN!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING?

I KNEW THEY'D STOP AND LOOK AT US FIGHTING - BUT THEY FORGOT WE'RE FIGHTING THEM TOO. NOW BRITISH AND YANK SOLDIERS ARE MOPPING 'EM UP - TOGETHER.



It was soon over.

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE, IF EAZY SAYS HE SHOT DOWN THAT PLANE IN SELF-DEFENCE, I BELIEVE HIM. I'D BELIEVE ANYTHING ABOUT HIM - ANYTHING!

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH, MAJOR. I'M SURE GLAD WE GOT A GUY LIKE THAT ON OUR SIDE!

NEXT WEEK—EAZY'S MEN ARE CAPTURED BY THE S.S.!

INTO ACTION WITH THE WAR'S STRANGEST FIGHTING SOLDIER!

Ever since Sergeant Bert Daly and his men were joined by Major Eazy, their new commander, the long battle against the Germans from Sicily and now into Italy has been full of surprises. For Eazy is no ordinary officer. He fights a dirty war, uses a marksman's rifle to pick off his enemies, and coolly grabs sleep when other men would be awake with fear. Now, on a wet night –



MAJOR EAZY



"HE'S A DIRTY KILLER!"

Dawn came, but still no sign of the priest —

WHAT DO YOU RECKON'S HAPPENED TO HIM?

DUNNO. THAT'S TERMOLI ALL RIGHT, BUT IT LOOKS DESERTED. C'MON, DALY — WE'LL CHECK IT OUT.



And —

I'VE KNOWN NOISIER GRAVEYARDS.



VARIATION ON A THEME, DALY. THE GRAVEYARDS YOU KNOW HAVE BODIES UNDERGROUND, BUT HERE — WELL, LOOK FOR YOURSELF.



POOR MAN, SO THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM.

CUT HIM DOWN, AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR ANY SPARE KRAUTS.

I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE OTHER KIDS HE WAS TALKING ABOUT? I'LL TAKE A LOOK UP THE TOWER.



KRAUTS — AND THEY'RE USING THE KIDS AS SHIELDS. WELL, SCHECKER, YOU NAZI BUTCHER, I CAN SEE YOU AND I WILL GET ON FAMOUSLY.



DROP YOUR WEAPONS! ANY SHOOTING AND I ASSURE YOU THE CHILDREN WILL DIE FIRST.



DO AS HE SAYS, MEN. HE'S A DIRTY KILLER!

AND PRAY THAT EAZY CAN DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MESS.

GET OVER THERE, VERMIN! I'VE STILL GOT TO DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU.

WHY NOT PUNISH US FOR DISOBEDIENCE LIKE YOU DID THE PRIEST?

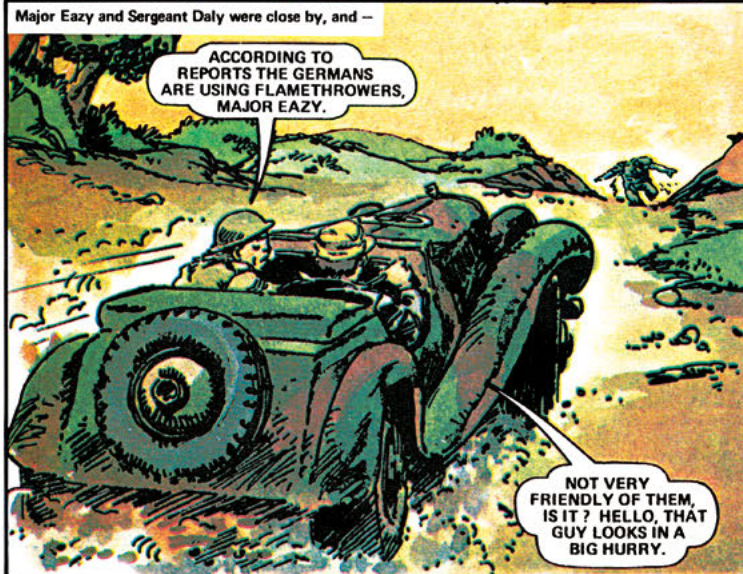


SILENCE!

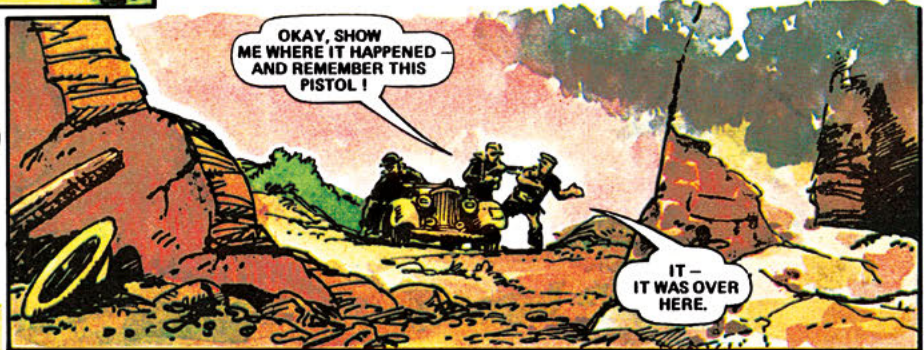
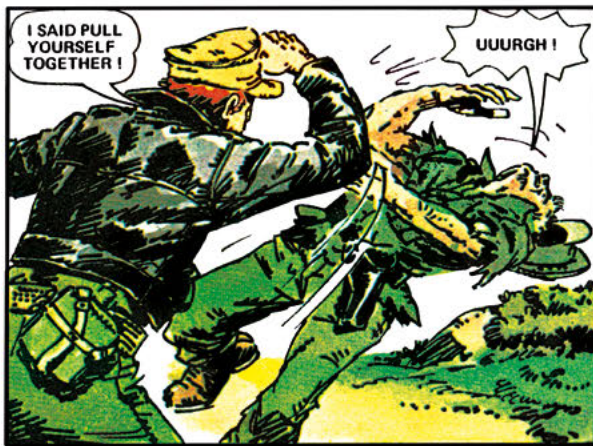


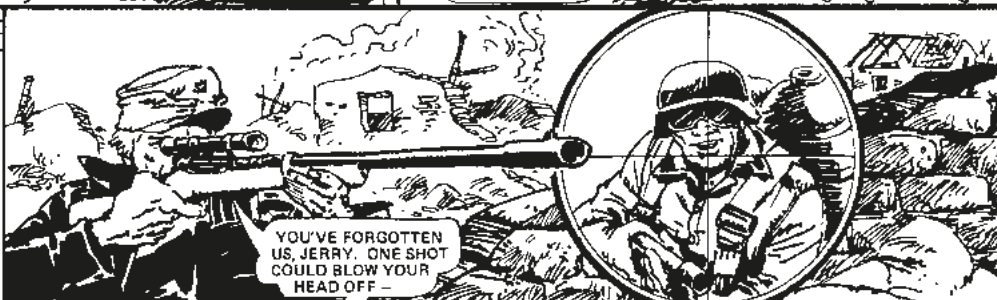
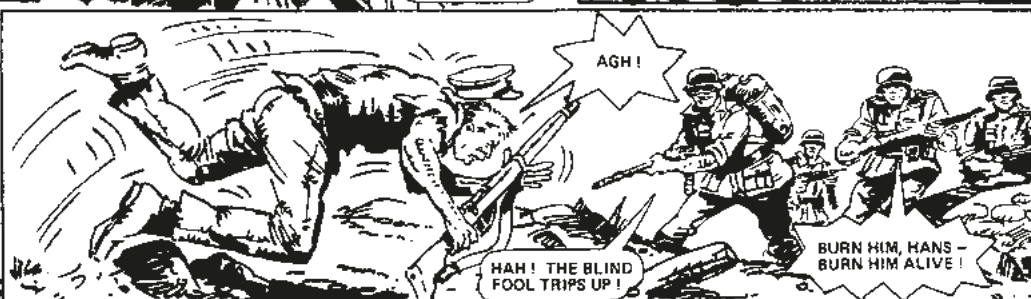
NEXT WEEK — EAZY TEACHES A GREEN OFFICER THE FACTS OF WAR!

BLASTING BATTLE-ACTION WITH THE WAR'S COOLEST SOLDIER!



"YOU NEARLY KNOCKED HIS HEAD OFF."



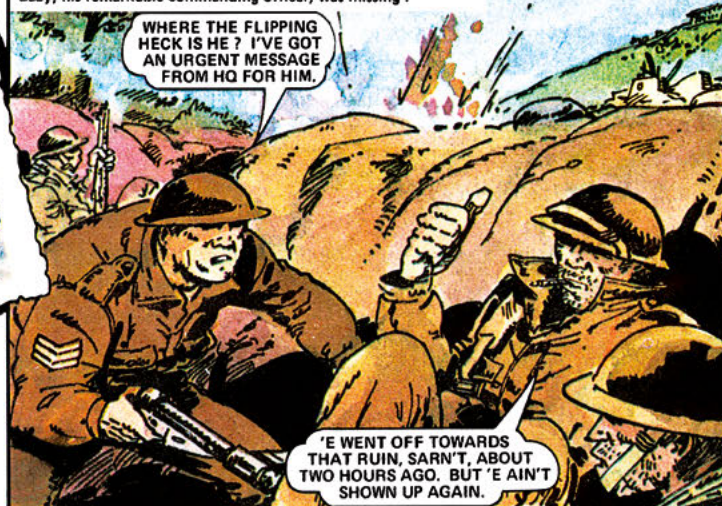


BULLETS FLY FAST WHEN YOU READ "BATTLE" - KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

MONTE CASSINO, 1943 - THE NEAREST THING TO THE HORRORS OF THE SOMME AND VERDUN OF WORLD WAR ONE. TWO ARMIES LOCKED IN A VICIOUS STALEMATE SITUATION - AND THE FATE OF CENTRAL ITALY HANGING IN THE BALANCE.



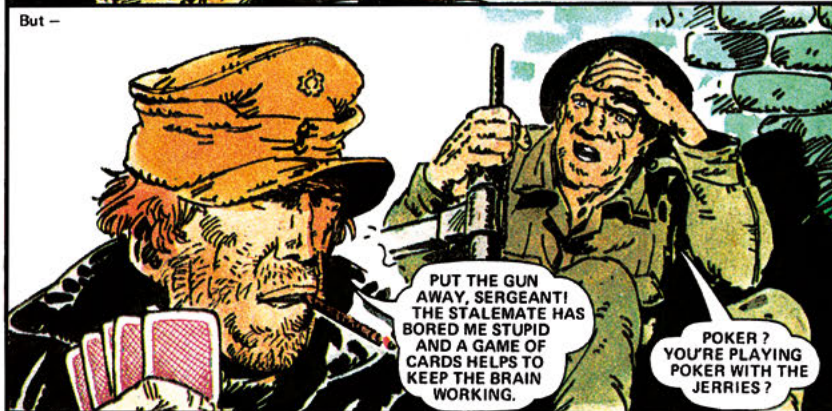
But for Sergeant Daly, the battle wasn't his only problem. Major Eazy, his remarkable commanding officer, was missing.



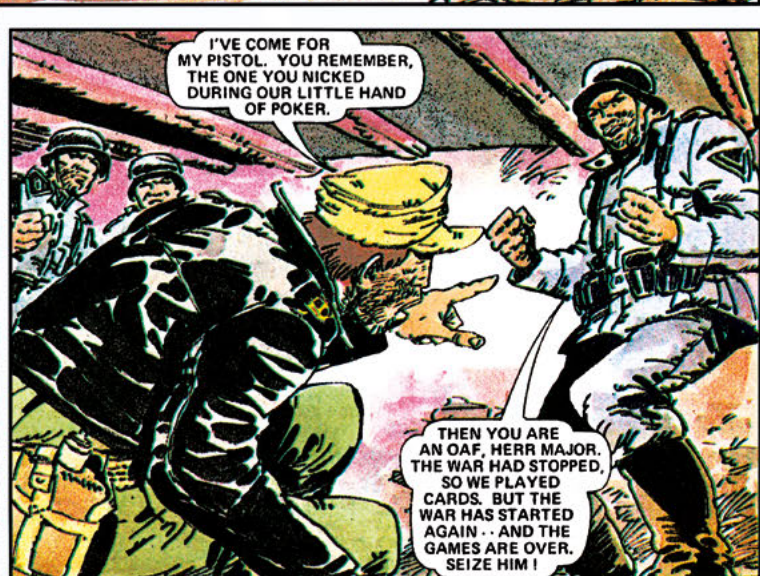
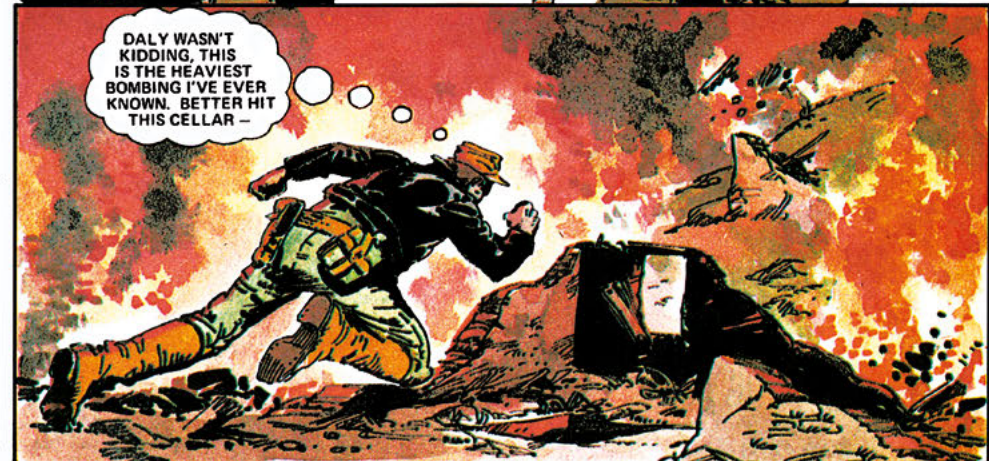
Daly set off on the short dangerous trip -



But -



MAJOR EAZY





YOU WERE A FOOL
TO COME BACK HERE.
HERR MAJOR - AND
NOW YOU'LL BE
TREATED LIKE ONE!

AARRRGH!



Soon -

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS AT
LAST, BUT I'VE NEVER
SEEN A MAN TAKE SO
MUCH PUNISHMENT.

PAH, HE THOUGHT HE WAS
THE HARD MAN. THROW
THE CARCASS OUTSIDE -
HIS OWN BOMBS CAN
FINISH HIM OFF!



AUF WEIDERSEHN,
ENGLANDER. YOU'LL
NEVER MAKE THE
MISTAKE OF
CONFUSING WAR AND
PLAY AGAIN.



WRONG AGAIN, FRITZ, I NEVER CONFUSE
WAR WITH ANYTHING - AND YOU'RE
GOING TO REGRET NOT PUTTING A
BULLET IN MY BRAINS WHILE YOU HAD
THE CHANCE.



An hour later -

THE BOMBING HAS STOPPED
AT LAST. I WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE STUPID
ENGLANDER. HIS BODY'S
PROBABLY BEEN BLOWN
INTO A THOUSAND PIECES
BY NOW.

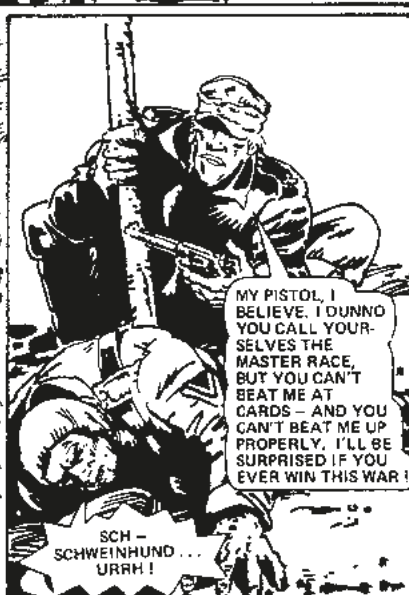


PITY FOR
YOU IT WASN'T,
KRAUT!

YAAGHH!

URRGH!

YOU BOYS ARE
AMATEURS WHEN IT
COMES TO BEATING
PEOPLE UP. LUCKY
FOR YOU I GIVE
FREE LESSONS!



MY PISTOL, I
BELIEVE. I DUNNO
YOU CALL YOUR-
SELVES THE
MASTER RACE,
BUT YOU CAN'T
BEAT ME AT
CARDS - AND YOU
CAN'T BEAT ME UP
PROPERLY. I'LL BE
SURPRISED IF YOU
EVER WIN THIS WAR!

SCH -
SCHWEINHUND...
URRH!

EAZY HAS MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT NEXT WEEK!

IT AIN'T EASY TRYING TO ORDER 'YOU-KNOW-WHO' AROUND!

San Leonardo in the Appenine mountains of Italy. A spectacular medieval fortress once again under siege . . . but this time in 1943!

HURL THEM BACK!
WE SHALL FIGHT TO
THE LAST MAN FOR
THE GLORY OF THE
FUHRER!

ACH, THESE NAZI
FANATICS TURN MY
STOMACH. IF THE BRITISH
WANT THIS PLACE THEY'LL
TAKE IT - AND ADOLF
WOULDN'T SHED A TEAR!

Major Eazy's platoon had come forward
to help the British attack -

WHY NOT JUST BOMB
HELL OUT OF THE PLACE?
ENOUGH LIVES HAVE BEEN
LOST ALREADY TRYING
TO STORM IT.

YOU'RE AN INSOLENT
SCRUFFY SWINE, EAZY. THE
CASTLE'S UNIQUE AND IS NOT
TO BE BOMBED. YOU'LL LEAD
THE NEXT ASSAULT ON IT.

HOW DARE
YOU!

I'LL NOT SEE ANY LIVES
THROWN AWAY FOR A FEW
BLOCKS OF STONE! THERE'S
MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN
A CAT - AND I'M GOING TO
TRY SOME OF THOSE FIRST!

MAJOR EAZY

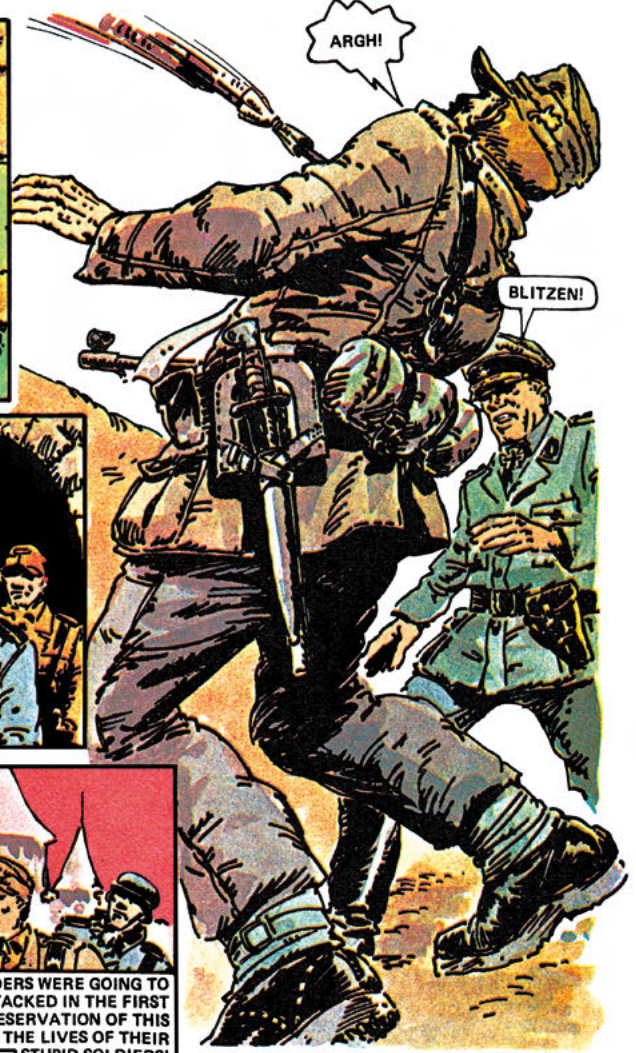
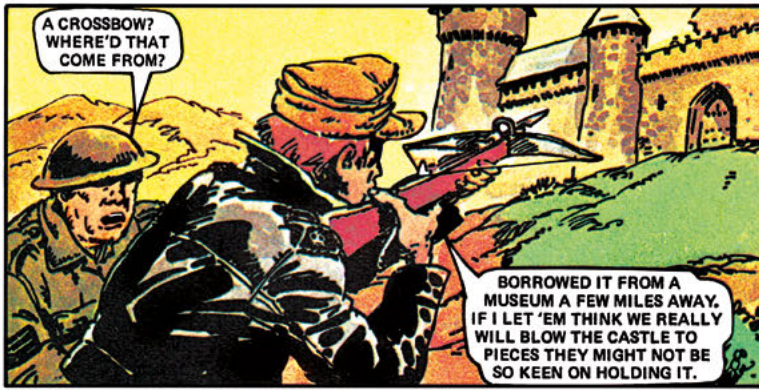


THAT BRIGADIER'S
NUTS INSISTING ON AN
ASSAULT ON THAT PLACE

WAR ISN'T WAGED BY SANE
MEN, SERGEANT DALY. INTERESTING
IT LOOKS AS IF ONLY THE GERMAN
COMMANDER UP THERE IS AN SS
MAN. THE GUYS UNDER HIM
PROBABLY AREN'T TOO KEEN
TO DIE FOR THE CAUSE. THINK
I'LL SEND 'EM A NOTE.



"I WON'T LEAD AN ASSAULT ON THAT CASTLE, SIR."





NEXT WEEK — EAZY TELLS A WAR CORRESPONDENT HE'S GOING TO DIE!

BATTLE-ACTION IN ITALY WITH THE WAR'S COOLEST SOLDIER!

In the forefront of the Allied advance into central Italy is the platoon led by Major Eazy, a remarkable officer who wages war in his own dirty style. But the Germans are fighting hard to stem the relentless advance —



MAJOR EAZY

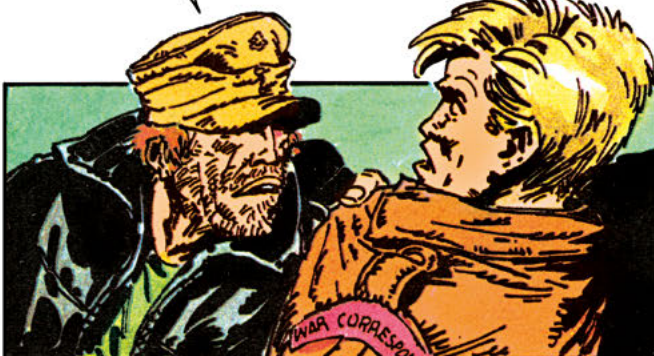


" — THIS AIN'T NO FILM SET WITH FAKE BULLETS! "



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT? LISTEN, SONNY, YOUR FRIENDLY R.A.F. BOYS TEND TO GET CARRIED AWAY SOMETIMES AND IF I KNOW THEM THEY'LL BLAST THE WHOLE AREA INCLUDING US, JUST TO MAKE SURE!

OH!





NEXT WEEK — MAJOR EAZY... TIGER TANK FIGHTER!

BATTLE-ACTION ON THE ROAD TO ROME WITH MAJOR EAZY!

At the forefront of the Allied push against the Germans in Italy is Major Eazy — a cool, deadly fighting officer. Now, in the Appenine mountains, he and Sergeant Daly view the scene of an accident --



WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

SOMEBODY FORGETTING TO USE THEIR BRAKES BY THE LOOKS OF IT. IT'S A YANK GENERAL'S CAR.



HEY, YOU GUYS — I'M GENERAL HOFFMEYER AN' I NEED TRANSPORT FAST TO REACH THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE LITTORI GORGE. IF THE KRAUTS BLOW IT THEY'LL STOP THE ADVANCE OF A WHOLE DIVISION. WILL YA HELP ME?

SURE. OUT YOU GET FOR THE THREE-STAR GENERAL, DALY — I'LL PICK YOU UP LATER.

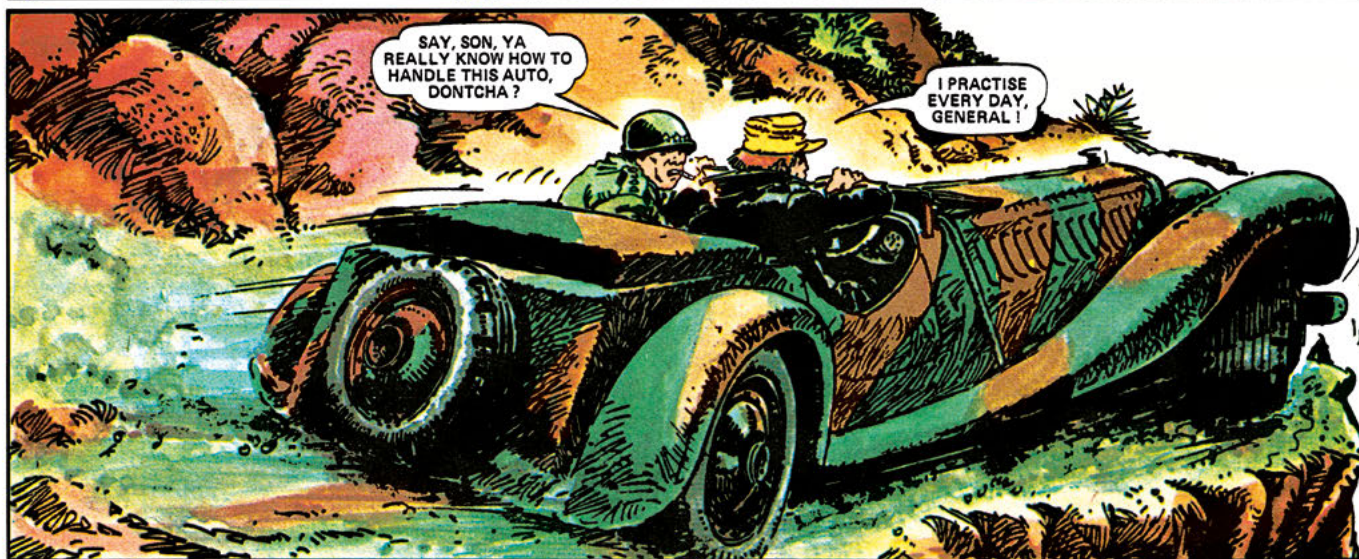
THANKS.

MAJOR EAZY



I THOUGHT THAT BRIDGE HAD ALREADY BEEN DESTROYED.

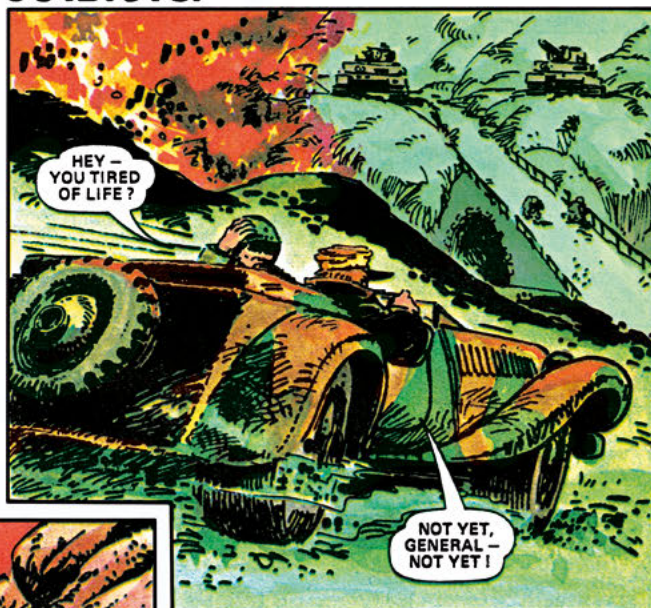
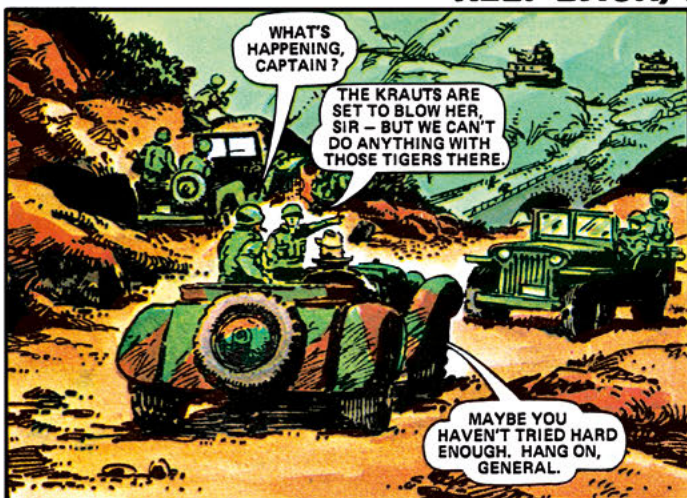
SO DID WE, BUT INTELLIGENCE REPORTED IT STANDING AN HOUR AGO, AN' I GOTTA MAKE SURE!



SAY, SON, YA REALLY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THIS AUTO, DONTCHA?

I PRACTISE EVERY DAY, GENERAL!

"KEEP BACK, YOU IDIOTS!"





CRUSH THEM...
AAARGH!

VANDALS! PUTTING
BULLET HOLES IN
MY CAR.

I HATE TO MENTION
THIS, SON — BUT IF WE
STAY HERE MUCH LONGER
YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE
A CAR LEFT TO PUT
BULLET HOLES IN.



ANOTHER THING,
SON — YA LEAKING
GAS, ONE HECK OF
A LOT!

BEST NEWS I'VE
HAD TODAY, GENERAL.
YOU'LL FIND A FLARE GUN
IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT.
MAYBE YOU'D CARE TO
TAKE IT OUT.



DO YA WANT ME
TO DO WHAT I THINK
YA WANT ME TO DO
WITH THIS THING?

BE MY
GUEST.

WOWEE!

BLITZEN,
FIRE!



DON'T LOOK NOW,
BUT I THINK WE'RE
BEING FOLLOWED!

IF IT GETS
TOO CLOSE
JUMP FOR IT!



HOWDYA LIKE
THAT? YA JUST RAN
OUTTA GAS!

WHICH IS MORE
THAN THOSE KRAUTS
HAVE DONE.



Then —

YOU DROPPED THIS,
MR. EAZY — THOUGHT I'D
BRING IT FORWARD MYSELF
IN CASE YOU NEEDED IT.

GOOD MAN,
OALY — IT'LL
FINISH THE JOB
I'VE STARTED



Seconds later —

YOUR MAJOR
ALWAYS ACT LIKE
THIS, SERGEANT?

WOULD YOU
BELIEVE IT IF
I SAID YES?



IF YA DON'T
BLOW 'EM UP YA
SHOOT 'EM DOWN,
HUH, MAJOR?

DEAD RIGHT,
GENERAL. I THINK
THE BRIDGE SHOULD
BE OKAY FOR THE
MOMENT.



Later —

ROME NEXT STOP. I
GUESS YOU'D BE KINDA
INSULTED IF I WAS TO
RECOMMEND YA FOR A
MEDAL. THAT RIGHT,
MAJOR?

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, GENERAL.

AND I GUESS HE'D
CLOBBER YOU IF YOU
TRIED, GENERAL!

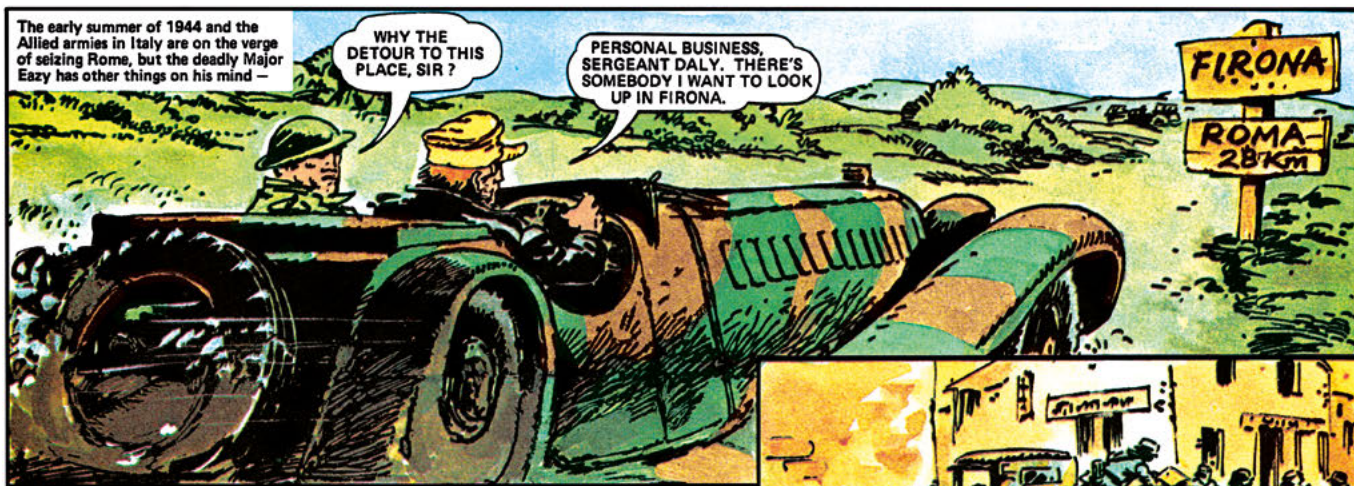
THERE'S GREAT NEWS NEXT WEEK — DON'T MISS YOUR ISSUE!

ACTION ALL THE WAY INTO ROME WITH DEADLY MAJOR EAZY!

The early summer of 1944 and the Allied armies in Italy are on the verge of seizing Rome, but the deadly Major Eazy has other things on his mind —

WHY THE
DETOUR TO THIS
PLACE, SIR?

PERSONAL BUSINESS,
SERGEANT DALY. THERE'S
SOMEBODY I WANT TO LOOK
UP IN FIRONA.



MAJOR EAZY

JERRIES!

THEY'RE LOOTING LIKE A
BUNCH OF VULTURES RIPPING OFF
THE CARCASS. WELL, THEY'VE LEFT
THIS ONE TOO LATE!



WHO'S FORGOTTEN
THEIR ROAD
DRILL, THEN?

NEIN...
YEEAAGH!



Minutes later —

WHERE
IS UMBERTO
RICCI?

THE NAZIS HAVE TAKEN
HIM, SIGNOR... LESS THAN
AN HOUR AGO WITH
OTHER YOUNG MEN FROM
THE VILLAGE. THEY WENT
NORTH TOWARDS ROMA,
BUT NO-ONE KNOWS WHAT
IS TO BECOME OF THEM.





ALL RIGHT, FRITZ — MAYBE YOU CAN TELL ME WHERE THEY'VE BEEN TAKEN?

NEVER!



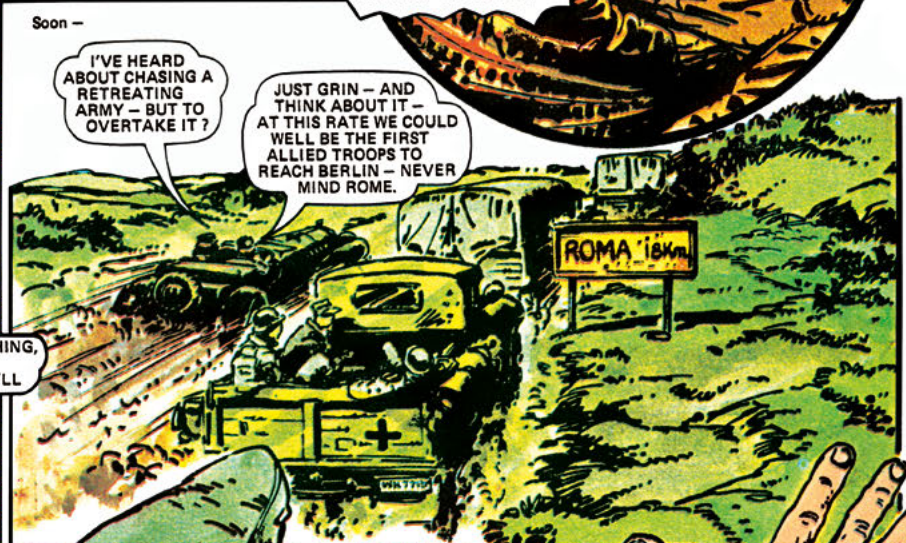
WRONG ANSWER — TRY AGAIN!

GOOF! THE THE GESTAPO HAVE TAKEN THEM TO BE SHOT JUST OUTSIDE ROME AS A WARNING TO OTHERS WHO PLOT AGAINST THE REICH!



I KNOW I SHOULD BE USED TO THIS SORT OF THING BY NOW, BUT WHY ARE YOU GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE FOR SOME EYTIE?

BECAUSE I OWE HIM SOMETHING, DALY. AS SOON AS THE CROSSES ARE FINISHED WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.



I'VE HEARD ABOUT CHASING A RETREATING ARMY — BUT TO OVERTAKE IT?

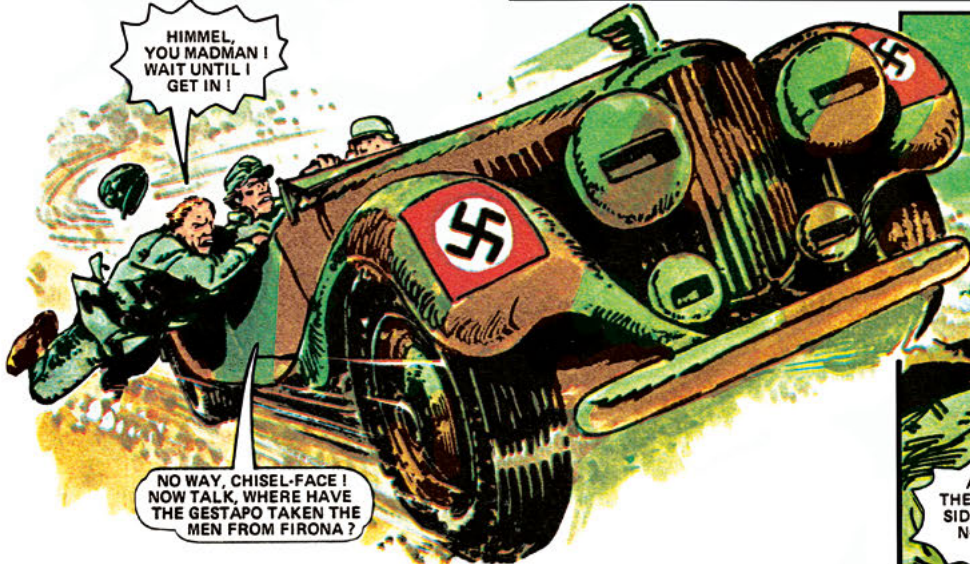
JUST GRIN — AND THINK ABOUT IT — AT THIS RATE WE COULD WELL BE THE FIRST ALLIED TROOPS TO REACH BERLIN — NEVER MIND ROME.



HALT! I AM COMMANDEERING YOUR CAR IN THE NAME OF GENERAL KESSELRING!

LIKE HELL! THE SS AREN'T UNDER KESSELRING. THIS BLOKE JUST WANTS A FAST CAR TO SCARPER IN!

As the colonel stood on the running board —



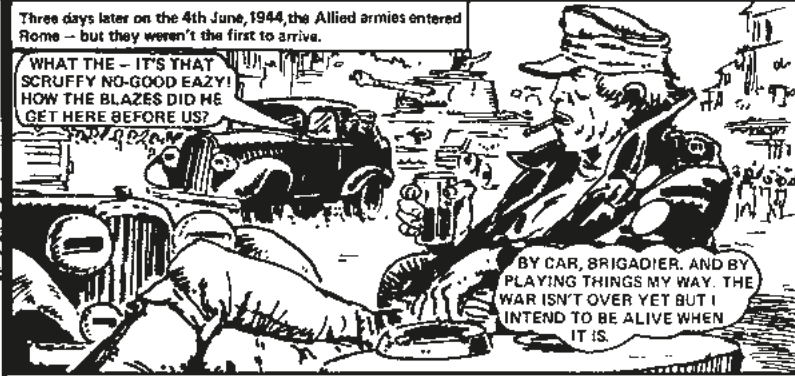
HIMMEL, YOU MADMAN! WAIT UNTIL I GET IN!

NO WAY, CHISEL-FACE! NOW TALK, WHERE HAVE THE GESTAPO TAKEN THE MEN FROM FIRONA?



DON'T WANT TO SPEAK TO ME, EH? H'M, TIME TO LIGHT UP ANOTHER CIGAR!

AEEERGH! AT THE RACECOURSE, THIS SIDE OF THE CITY! NOW PLEASE, LET ME IN!



MAJOR EAZY WILL BE BACK WITH MORE GREAT ACTION IN A FEW WEEKS' TIME - DON'T MISS HIM!

START COLLECTING YOUR FILE ON THE COMMANDOS NEXT WEEK!

HOLD ON TO YOUR HELMETS ! THE WAR'S DEADLIEST SOLDIER IS BACK IN ACTION !

He's called Major Eazy, an ex-long range desert group man who now commands a British platoon in Italy. He's a man who goes to war in his own car with his own deadly weapons. He's an officer unlike any other, because if the fightin' gets dirty — he fights dirty ! Now Major Eazy is in Rome, 1944, where the Allied armies are enjoying a welcome break before the next grim stages of the invasion of Italy —

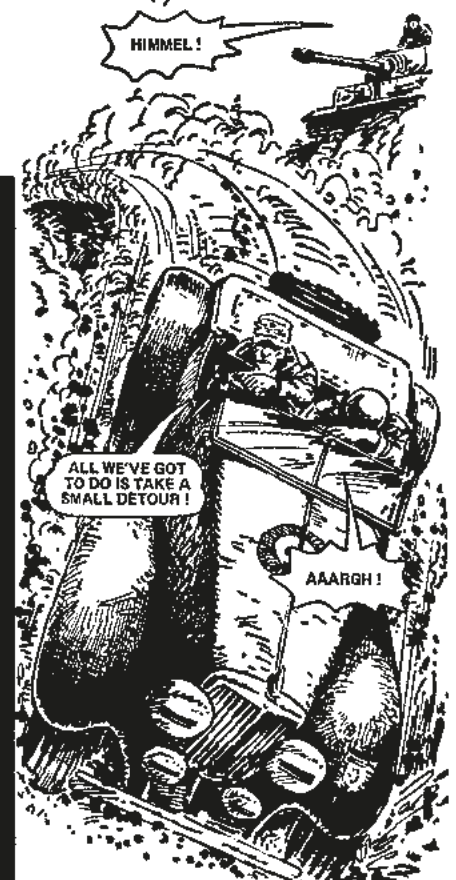
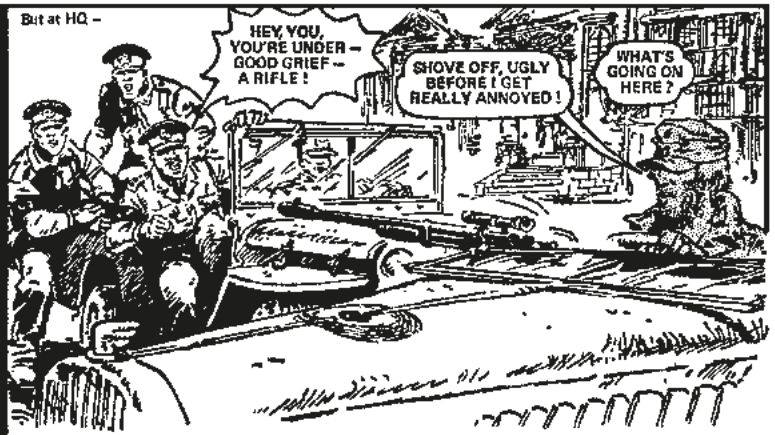


Soon —



MAJOR EAZY







SHOCKS NEXT WEEK WHEN EAZY REFUSES THE VICTORIA CROSS !

BLAZING BATTLE ACTION WITH THE WAR'S COOLEST SOLDIER !

Major Eazy — cool, calculating, deadly, Major Eazy — at the forefront of the Allied advance north of Rome in 1944. But it is an advance that is now slowing to a crawl...



MAJOR EAZY





Just behind the battle --



Later, after the RAF had been called
to deal with the town --



DID I HEAR RIGHT, DALY?
DID THAT POMPOUS IDIOT
ACTUALLY SAY HE WAS
RECOMMENDING ME
FOR A VC?





JOIN MAJOR EAZY IN ANOTHER DEADLY ADVENTURE NEXT WEEK !

TROUBLE FOR EAZY WHEN AN S.S. GENERAL DECIDES TO HANG HIM !

Italy, 1944. In the Appennine mountains north of Rome the Allied invasion force comes up against stubborn German resistance along the Gothic line. As one British officer, the deadly Major Eazy, finds out almost at the cost of his life!



Meanwhile, in San Luis—



MAJOR EAZY





LIKE HELL YOU ARE, SERGEANT! GET GOING BEFORE I PLUG YOU MYSELF. THE KRAUTS ARE TOO CLOSE!

HANG ON, MR. EAZY! I'M COMING!



SO HELP ME, IF THE MAJOR'S KILLED, THAT MONOCLED CREEP HAD BETTER GO AND SHOOT HIMSELF, BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T I'LL DO IT FOR HIM!

Back at the village --



SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR FUN WITH HELPLESS CIVILIANS -- AGH!

SCHWEINHUND! I HAVE A WAY TO MAKE YOU EAT YOUR WORDS. PREPARE THE GALLOW!



AS YOUR ARMS WEAKEN YOU'LL FEEL THE ROPE BITE DEEP INTO YOUR NECK. AMUSING, DON'T YOU THINK?

SURE, PAL, SURE, BUT DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU, I'LL BE ABLE TO HANG AROUND FOR QUITE A WHILE YET.

But an hour later --



DONNERWETTER, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? CUT THAT MAN DOWN, SOMEBODY!

HERR... HERR GENERAL VON KESSELRING! I... I WAS NOT EXPECTING YOU!



I SEND YOU HERE TO BREACH A GAP IN OUR DEFENCES AND INSTEAD YOU INDULGE YOUR PERVERTED VIOLENCE! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND PACK YOUR BAGS... THEY'LL WELCOME YOUR TALENTS ON THE EASTERN FRONT!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, GENERAL. HE WAS UPSET BECAUSE I SPOILT HIS FUN WITH THE CIVILIANS, CHEROOT?



SO, THE SCRUFFY OFFICER IN A FLYING JACKET, I'VE HEARD MANY TALES OF YOU. A REMARKABLE MAN BY ALL ACCOUNTS.



Meanwhile --

BUT IF MR. EAZY'S STILL ALIVE THIS BOMBARDMENT COULD WELL FINISH HIM OFF, SIR!

MY HANDS ARE TIED, SERGEANT. IF THE JERRIES ARE STILL CONSTRUCTING DEFENCES AT SAN LUIS THIS IS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPLOIT THEIR WEAKNESS THERE. BESIDES, IT WILL SERVE THE INSOLENT SWINE RIGHT!

And ...



MEIN GOTT!



Suddenly the SS Colonel appeared -



Later, as British troops entered the deserted village -



MORE HARD-HITTING ACTION WITH MAJOR EAZY IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE !

A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT IS ON – BUT MAJOR EAZY SLEEPS THROUGH IT ALL !



NEVER WAKE A PROFESSIONAL SUDDENLY, ESPECIALLY IF HIS NAME IS...

MAJOR EAZY







A GIRL TRIES TO BLOW UP MAJOR EAZY NEXT WEEK ! DON'T MISS IT !

A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS HAS THE SMELL OF DEATH – AND EAZY'S THE TARGET !





BLIMEY, A BOOBYTRAP DISGUISED AS A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS! HOW DID YOU SPOT IT, MR. EAZY?

I DIDN'T—I SMELT IT! IT WAS AN ACID FUSE AND I CAUGHT A WHIFF OF THE FUMES. COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THAT LADY BEFORE SHE HANDS OUT ANY MORE LITTLE SURPRISES LIKE THAT.



PARDON US, SIGNOR—IT'S ONLY YOUR ROOF I WANT TO GET TO.

SÌ? ALORA, VA BENE, INGLESÈ—

WHAT'S HE UP TO NOW?



HEY, HONEY—ARE THOSE FOR US?

FREEZE, LADY! YOU'VE JUST RUN OUT OF LUCK!



WHAT'S THAT NUT PLAYING AT?

IF YOU DON'T STOP YOU'RE DEAD—BELIEVE ME!



SHE'S GONE, SIR. YOU'LL NEVER FIND HER NOW.

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT. I'VE A STRONG AVERSION TO BEING BLOWN UP—AND I MEAN TO FIND HER!



JACKPOT! AND SHE'S JUST ABOUT TO LAY OUT SOME MORE OF THOSE FUN FLOWERS OF HERS—



GOOD GRIEF!

SHE KNEW THE SCORE, DALY! LET'S GET DOWN THERE.



A doctor was at the scene—

SHE IS DEAD, YOU KILLED HER!

MURDERIN' SWINE! YOU OUGHTA BE STRUNG UP, BUD!



TAKE A LOOK AT THE FLOWERS SHE WAS GOING TO GIVE YOU, BUD! YOU SHOULD FIND ABOUT FIVE POUNDS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE IN THEM!



NO—NOTHING! BOY, ARE YOU IN BIG TROUBLE NOW, PAL!

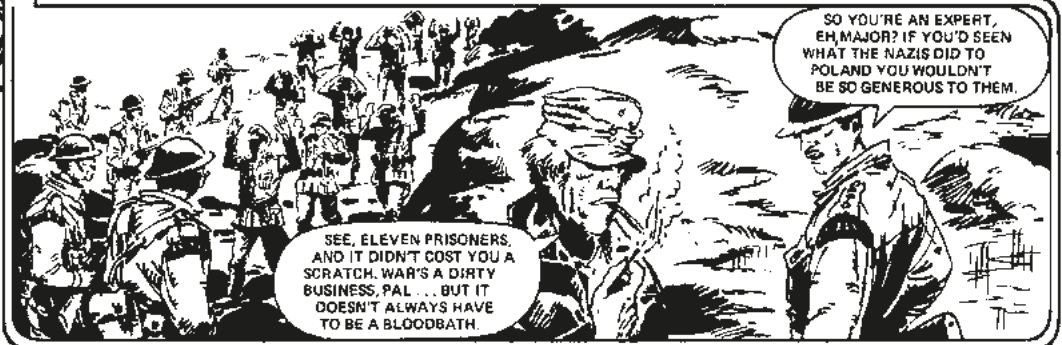
YE GODS, HE'S GUNNED DOWN AN INNOCENT GIRL. THE YANK'S RIGHT, MAJOR EAZY'S IN BIG, BIG TROUBLE THIS TIME AND NO MISTAKE!



MORE DEADLY ACTION WITH THE WAR'S TOUGHEST SOLDIER NEXT WEEK !

WHEN MAJOR EAZY SHOTS TO KILL — HE KILLS !

Autumn, 1944. The Allied offensive in Italy has ground to a halt against the hard fighting Germans. But the killing still goes on. As the deadly Major Eazy finds out as he comes across Polish troops fighting against particularly heavy resistance.



The Polish captain took charge of the prisoners, and later, in a recently liberated village —



MR. EAZY! WE'VE GOT A SUICIDAL JERRY UP THE ROAD!

REFUSING TO SURRENDER, EH? OKAY, JUST LET ME FINISH MY DRINK WILL YOU?

Soon —



I'VE TRIED WARNING THE KRAUT HE'S A DEAD MAN IF HE CARRIES ON, BUT HE WON'T LISTEN.

HMM, JUST KEEP DRAWING HIS FIRE, HE'LL SOON BE OUT OF AMMO, THEN WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S PROMPTED ALL THIS.

A few minutes later —



THAT'S IT! LET'S PICK HIM UP!



SCHWEIN. ... I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!

WATCH IT, MAJOR ... HE'S GOT A GRENADE!



HOLD IT, BOYO ... YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE AS IT IS. HELL, IT'S THE OFFICER WHO SURRENDERED EARLIER! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WAITING TO DIE, LIKE THE REST OF MY MEN! NOW SHOOT ME, AND GET IT OVER WITH!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND, WHY BOTHER TO TREAT MY WOUNDS IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME THE WAY YOU KILLED MY MEN?

CALM DOWN, PAL, NO ONE'S GOING TO HURT YOU NOW. I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED AFTER I HANDED YOU OVER TO THOSE POLISH TROOPS.



The German took them to a place nearby.

THERE! THE MEN YOU PROMISED LIFE TO, HERR MAJOR — ALL DEAD! GUNNED DOWN BY THE POLES! I PRETENDED TO BE DEAD AND CRAWLED OUT AFTER THEY HAD GONE.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AFTER MEETING THAT POLISH CAPTAIN I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE. ESCORT THE CAPTAIN BACK TO BASE, DALY ... I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO DO!

And, at the Polish base a few miles away —



HALT, MAJOR, YOU CANNOT ...

IT'S NOT YOU I'M HERE TO SEE ... SO GET OUT OF MY WAY!



MY, MY ... YOUR OWN PERSONAL CONCENTRATION CAMP, EH, CAPTAIN?

TOTAL WAR, MAJOR ... NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS!



YEEAAGH!

YOU'RE A SADIST, MISTER, AS BAD AS THE WORST NAZI! GET GOING! YOU'RE COMING BACK TO HQ WITH ME TO ANSWER SEVERAL CHARGES OF MURDER!



EVER WANTED TO OWN A 'SPITFIRE'? SEE BATTLE STATIONS FOR DETAILS!

THE BATTLE ACTION STARTS HERE ! GET INTO GEAR WITH MAJOR EAZY !

Once an LRDG man, and now commanding troops in the Appenine mountains of Northern Italy, Major Eazy is the British Officer unlike any other. He fights with his own weapons, drives his own car and is fast becoming a legendary figure with both sides of the campaign.



GOOD NEWS, MAJOR EAZY, WE'RE TO BE RELIEVED DURING THE NIGHT!

ABOUT FLAMING TIME TOO. THE KRAUTS HAVE HAD IT IN FOR US HERE SINCE WE TOOK THIS POSITION THREE DAYS AGO.

That night -



SLIMEY, WHO ARE THAT LOT TAKING OVER OUR POSITION?

BRAZILIANS, DALY. THEY JOINED THE ALLIES LAST YEAR, BUT THESE ARE THE FIRST OF THEIR TROOPS I'VE SEEN. BEST OF LUCK TO 'EM, I SAY.

But -



SO, NOW THERE'S A BRAZILIAN FLAG FLYING IN THE ENEMY POSITION. PREPARE TO ATTACK IMMEDIATELY. WE'LL HIT THEM BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING!

JAWOHL, HERR OBERST! NEW MEN CAN BE FRIGHTENED EASILY!

And -



CARAMBA... AAARGH!

DRIVE THEM BACK! TAKE NO PRISONERS!

MAJOR EAZY



CRIPES! WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE?

I'D GUESS OUR FRIENDLY PRUSSIAN COLONEL HAS CLICKED TO THE FACT THAT FRESH TROOPS HAVE TAKEN OVER. I HAD A FEELING THAT FLAG WAS A MISTAKE, YOU NEVER WANT TO ADVERTISE A CHANGEOVER TILL YOU'RE PROPERLY SETTLED IN.



As Eazy arrived -

AAAAEIII! NOTHING CAN STOP THE GERMANS!

BY THE LOOKS OF THIS SHAMBLES I CAN WELL BELIEVE IT.



YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STOP THIS ALONE, ARE YOU?

ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE THESE GUYS SOME COVER - I DON'T THINK A PEP TALK'S GOING TO BE MUCH USE AT THE MOMENT.



RUN, YOU DOGS! RUN!

OKAY, WE'VE DONE OUR JOB. BESIDES, THERE'S A TIME TO FIGHT AND A TIME TO RUN... AND RIGHT NOW I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO RUN.



Meanwhile —

BLEEDING USELESS SHOWER YOU LOT TURNED OUT TO BE! THREE FLAMIN' DAYS WE HELD THAT POSITION, AND YOU MANAGE TO LOSE IT IN TEN MINUTES!

YEAH, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO BRAZIL AND GROW NUTS! YOU'RE NO FLIPPIN' SOLDIERS!



TELL 'EM WHAT YOU THINK OF 'EM, SIR...

NO, I'LL SAY WHAT I THINK OF YOU LOT INSTEAD! DON'T EVER FORGET WHAT IT WAS LIKE THE FIRST TIME YOU FACED THE KRAUTS — JUST AS BAD. NOW GET OUTTA HERE AND KEEP YOUR BLASTED OPINIONS TO YOURSELVES!

The next day —



MAJOR EAZY? I AM COLONEL MARINA DA COSTA OF THE BRAZILIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN ITALY. ER... DO YOU NOT USUALLY STAND UP WHEN ADDRESSED BY A SENIOR OFFICER?

NOPE!



IN THAT CASE I WILL COME TO YOU. FIRSTLY I WISH TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE FOR THE WAY YOU COVERED MY MEN LAST NIGHT AND PREVENTED WHAT COULD HAVE VERY EASILY BECOME A MASSACRE...

...AND SECONDLY?



AND SECONDLY I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD CARE TO ACCOMPANY US IN AN ATTEMPT TO RETAKE THE POSITION THAT WAS LOST. MY MEN ARE NOT COWARDS, BUT THEY LACK EXPERIENCE.

I KNOW THAT, COLONEL. HERE, HAVE SOME WINE WHILE WE DISCUSS HOW WE'RE GOING TO GO ABOUT THIS.

An hour later —



RIGHT, YOU LOT, YOU LOST THAT POSITION SO YOU CAN FLAMIN' WELL WIN IT BACK! CHARGE!

HA, IT'S THOSE COWARDLY BRAZILIANS AGAIN. AND THE INFAMOUS ENGLANDER IN THE FLYING JACKET TRYING TO MAKE THEM FIGHT. HE'S CALLED EAZY AND WE'LL MAKE SURE HE DIES THAT WAY!

NON, WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!



BLAST YOU! KEEP GOING!

THEY FIGHT WORSE THAN THE ITALIANS... I WOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE.



RUN, RUN!

LOUSY STINKING CHICKENS! I'LL MAKE YOU FIGHT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO.

HO, HO... IMPOSSIBLE, ENGLANDER, QUITE IMPOSSIBLE!

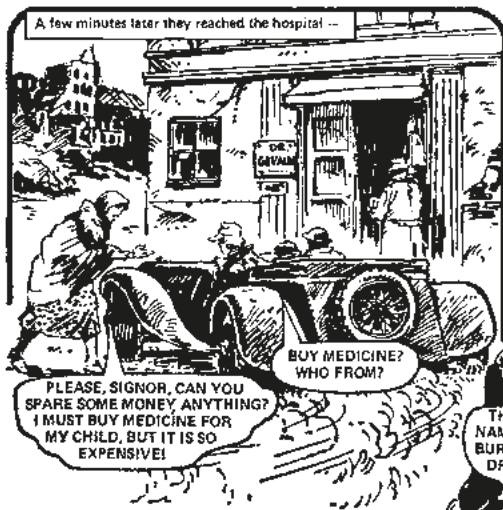


MAJOR EAZY RETURNS WITH MORE KILL-OR-BE-KILLED ACTION NEXT WEEK !

SOME MEN GET RICH WHILE THEIR MATES DIE HORRIBLY IN THE FRONTLINE !

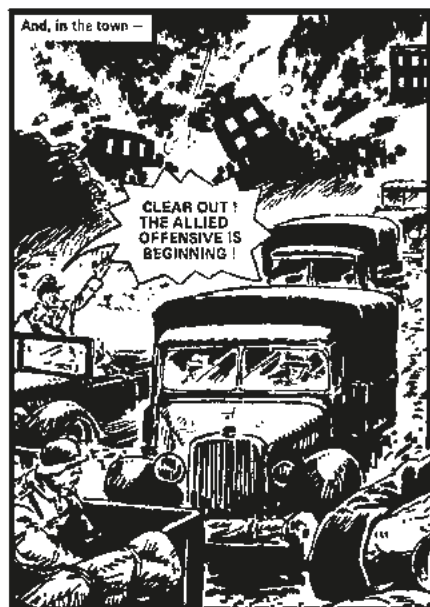




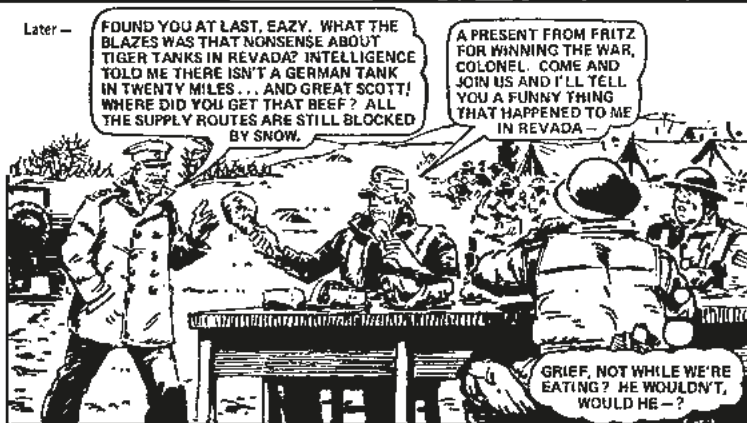


NEXT WEEK -- THE KILLING COMES EASY WHEN EAZY'S AMBUSHED IN A SLAUGHTERHOUSE !

A BLOODY BATTLE ENSUES WHEN EAZY IS CORNERED IN A SLAUGHTERHOUSE !







NEXT WEEK - SOMEONE IS OUT TO KILL EAZY - AND IT COULD BE ANY OF A HUNDRED OLD ENEMIES!

EAZY HAS TO FIND AN OLD ENEMY FAST – BEFORE HE FINDS HIM – WITH A BULLET!

The Allied Armies are preparing for the final onslaught in Northern Italy. With them is Major Eazy – cool, calculating, deadly – a British soldier unlike any other!

RE-INFORCEMENTS, MAJOR. LOOKS LIKE WE'LL BE ON THE MOVE AGAIN SOON.

ABOUT FLAMIN' TIME, TOO, SERGEANT DALY.

HEY, LOOK WHO IT AIN'T! MUST BE MY LUCKY DAY!

HEY, WHAT THE HELL!

HAW, HAW! HOWDY, MAJOR!

WE'RE CAMPED A COUPLA MILES UP THE HIGHWAY. BE SEEN' YA, MUDBALL!

I'M AMAZED YOU HAVEN'T BLASTED HIS HEAD OFF, MR. EAZY.

WELL, WELL – IT ISN'T THE LOUDMOUTHED COWBOY FROM ROME.

AND I AIN'T FORGOTTEN THE BEATING YA GAVE ME THERE, LIMEY. I STILL OWE YA GOOD FOR THAT!

HE'S JUST A SORE LOSER, DALY – ALWAYS WAS. NOT WORTH BOTHERING ABOUT.

MAJOR EAZY

Next day –

HEAD FOR THE PRENT! PASS, SERGEANT. I WANT TO SEE WHAT THE KRAUTS ARE DOING BEFORE THE OFFENSIVE BEGINS.

OOOOF. WHAT –

OUT OF THE WAY, SOLDIER! SOMETHING'S SITTING ON THAT ENGINE –

HIT THE DIRT!

HOLY MOSES! A GRENADE!

BUT THAT WAS A YANK GRENADE, SIR.

RIGHT – AND WHOEVER LEFT THE PRESENT ALSO DROPPED SOME CIGAR ASH. I'M OFF TO SEE LOUDMOUTH UP THE ROAD.

WE WON'T BE GOING ANYWHERE FOR THE MOMENT, SIR. SEEMS LIKE THE BATTERY'S DISCONNECTED. I'LL TAKE A LOOK UNDER THE BONNET.





JOIN THE WAR'S TOUGHEST FIGHTING SOLDIER FOR MORE TOUGH ACTION NEXT WEEK !

THE RACKET IS PROTECTION ! THE MAN OUT TO BUST IT IS MAJOR EAZY !

As the Allied offensive in Northern Italy gets under way a great many Germans surrender. But not all — as the deadly Major Eazy is about to find out.

NICE AND EASY, KRAUTS. THE WAR'S OVER FOR YOU.

AND FOR YOU, TOO, ENGLANDER—PERMANENTLY!

AAAARGH!

MAJOR EAZY!

AAAARGH!

YOU STINKIN' RAT! MEDICS! GET UP HERE, FAST!

Sergeant Daly watched as Eazy was taken away—

AT LEAST HE'S STILL ALIVE. I'LL GET ALONG TO THE BASE HOSPITAL AS SOON AS I CAN.

MAJOR EAZY

And later —

YOU'VE BEEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE FOR THREE YEARS WITHOUT A BREAK, EAZY! I'M ORDERING YOU BACK TO BRITAIN FOR HOME LEAVE!

YOU CAN ORDER TILL YOU'RE BLUE IN THE FACE, DOC! I AIN'T GOIN'! I LIKE IT HERE!

WHOOPS, WHAT A ROW!

OKAY, IF I CAN'T MAKE YOU GO HOME I'LL MAKE SURE YOU GET A REST. TAKE FIVE DAYS LEAVE IN NAPLES—AND THAT'S A MEDICAL ORDER!

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A BAD DEAL, SIR.

NAPLES, EH? FAIR ENOUGH. I CAN LOOK UP AN OLD FRIEND THERE.

Next day

THE OLD TOWN LOOKS A BIT WORSE FOR WEAR. AT LEAST OLD CARLO'S BAR'S STILL STANDING.

OLD CARLO'S

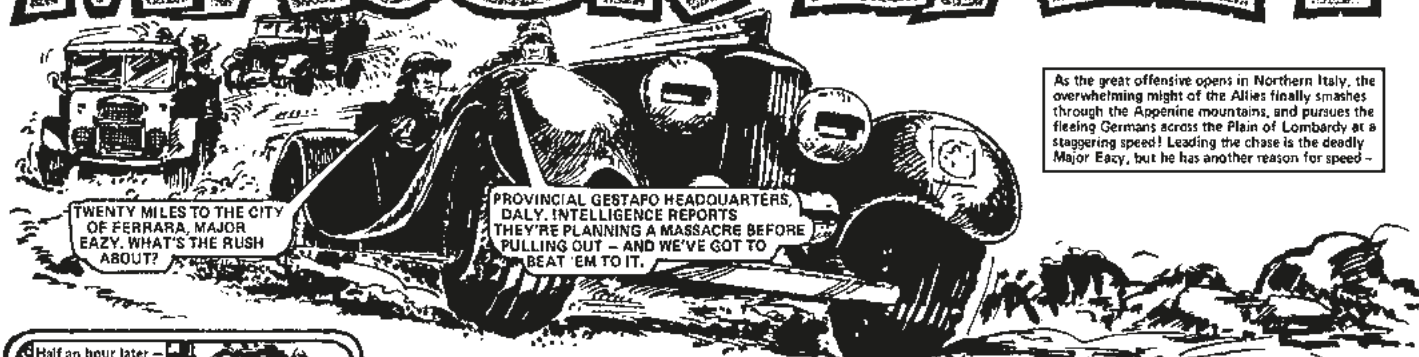




A HAIR-RAISING CHASE IN A HEARSE FOR MAJOR EAZY NEXT WEEK !

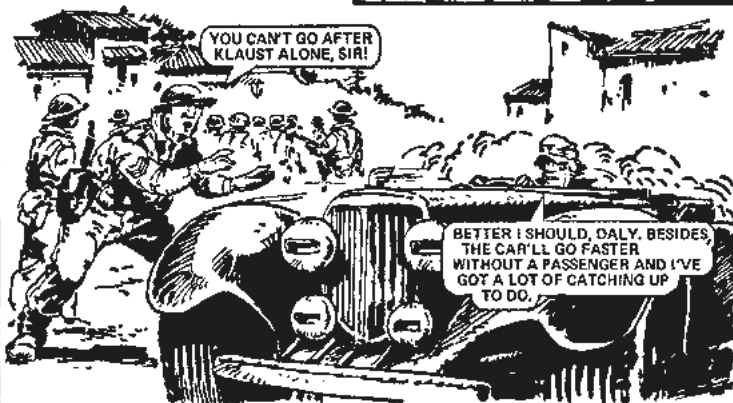
THE BATTLE-ACTION STARTS HERE ! HIT THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN WITH MAJOR EAZY !

MAJOR EAZY



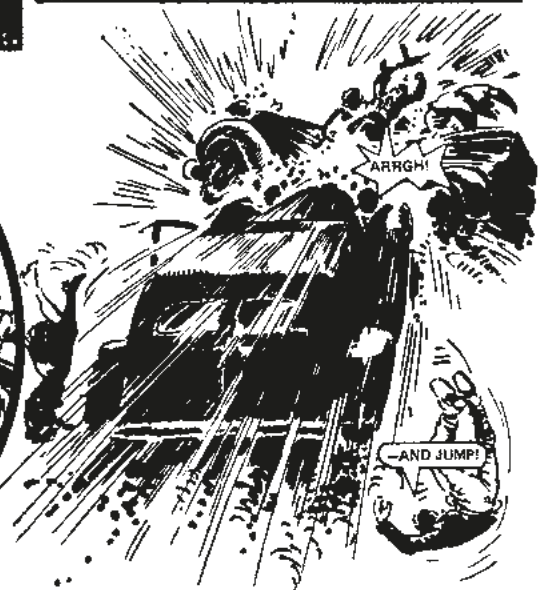
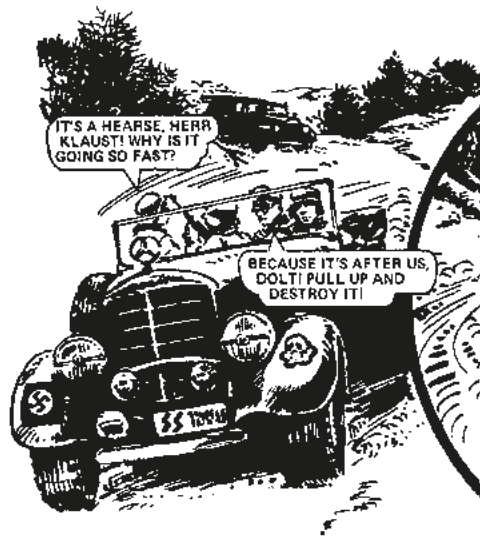
As the great offensive opens in Northern Italy, the overwhelming might of the Allies finally smashes through the Appennine mountains, and pursues the fleeing Germans across the Plain of Lombardy at a staggering speed! Leading the chase is the deadly Major Eazy, but he has another reason for speed -





The miles flashed by, until—





STAND READY FOR GREAT NEWS IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE, LADS!

HE'S COOL ! HE'S RUTHLESS ! HE'S DEADLY ! HE'S MAJOR EAZY !

In Italy the Allied armies have reached the River Po, the next barrier north of the Appennine mountains. Watching a vital bridge is the deadly Major Eazy, a soldier unlike any other.

JERRY'S LAID EXPLOSIVE AT THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE, MR. EAZY, BUT HE CAN'T DETONATE THEM BECAUSE OF OUR BOMBARDMENT... AND OUR TANKS'LL SOON BE ACROSS.

DON'T CROW TOO SOON, DALY...

A COUPLE OF KRAUTS ARE TRYING TO GET THROUGH - AND THE WAY THEY'RE GOING THEY DESERVE TO MAKE IT.

THIS IS MADNESS, MAJOR LEICHT... WE'LL NEVER REACH THE BRIDGE ALIVE!

HAVE FAITH IN ME, FELDWEBEL HARTZ. IF THE BRITISH TANKS CROSS THE BRIDGE TODAY WE WON'T STOP RUNNING TILL THE BRENNER PASS.

MAJOR EAZY

WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO THE EXPLOSIVES, DALY. THE TANKS ARE TOO SLOW!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

HE'S GOT A CHARMED LIFE!

AND A PANZERFAUST! HANG ON WHILE I TAKE EVASIVE ACTION -

HEY, WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?

HERR LEICHT LOOK!

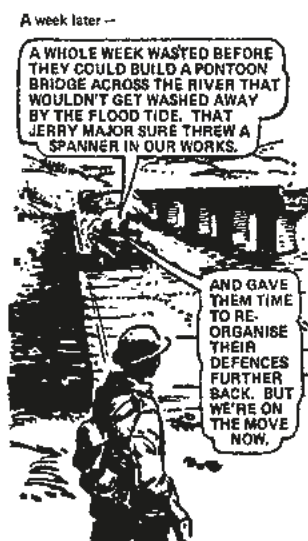
TRYING TO SAVE YOUR SARDINE TIN... AND YOUR OWN THICK HIDE!

LEAVE THEM TO ME, FELDWEBEL. PRIME THE DETONATORS!

A WISE MOVE, ENGLANDER. HAD YOU NOT STOPPED THAT SHELL WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU.

THE DETONATORS ARE PRIMED, HERR MAJOR!

FINISHED





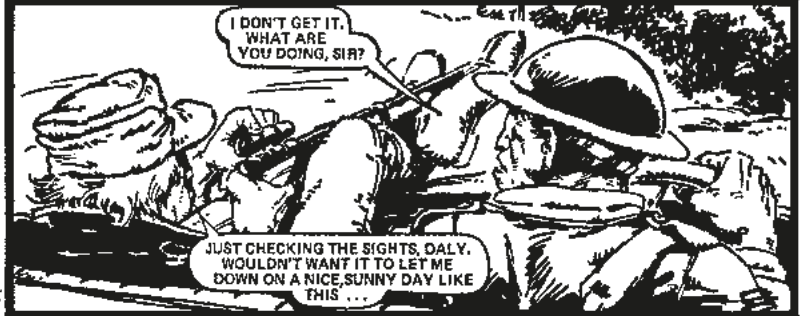
FOUR NEW STORIES START IN NEXT WEEK'S SPECIAL ISSUE — DON'T MISS IT!

ACTION IN ITALY WITH COOL, CRACKSHOT MAJOR EAZY !

Early 1945. The Allies are moving swiftly into Northern Italy. For Sergeant Daly it is a pleasant day, but for his deadly efficient commanding officer, Major Eazy, who travels in his own car with his own weapons, it is a day in wartime... just like any other.

FIRST TIME THE SUN'S BEEN OUT FOR WEEKS, MAJOR EAZY.

YEAH, USEFUL THING THE SUN, PASS ME MY RIFLE, WILL YOU.



— ESPECIALLY WITH A COUPLE OF KRAUT SNIPERS WAITING TO BLOW OUR HEADS OFF!

AAARRGH!

HOW ON EARTH DID YOU KNOW THEY WERE THERE?

MAJOR EAZY

BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE SUN'S BEEN SHINING, THEY FORGOT TO BLACKEN THEIR BADGES, TO STOP THEM GLARING. HMM, THEY'RE NOT KRAUTS. THEY'RE UKRAINIAN RECRUITS FOR THE WAFEN.S.S. BETTER GET READY FOR SOME STIFF RESISTANCE UP AHEAD.

Eazy was right. A few miles further on —

THE ENEMY ARE COMING. PREPARE THE MEN.

DA, COMRADE COLONEL.

And —

AAAGH!

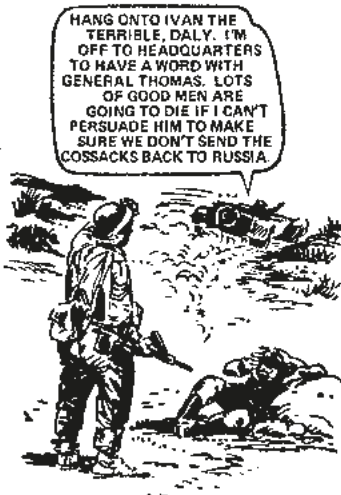
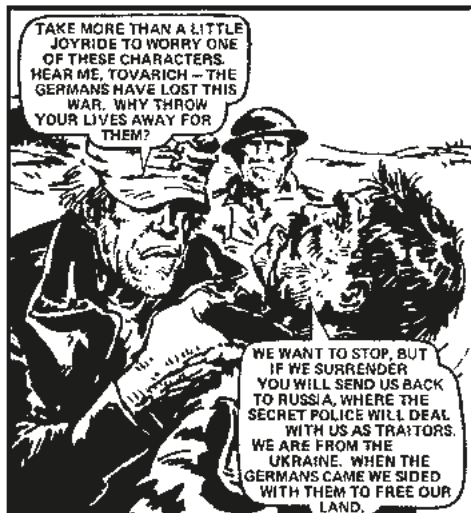
THIS IS IT! EVERYBODY UNDER COVER!

BLIMEY, THESE BLOKES'LL BE THROWING THE KITCHEN SINK AT US NEXT.

WHAT BOTHERS ME IS WHY THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THE GERMANS. THEY MUST KNOW IT'S A LOST CAUSE.







RIVERS OF BLOOD WHEN EAZY VISITS VENICE NEXT WEEK !

NO CITY IS EVER QUITE THE SAME AFTER MAJOR EAZY'S PAID A VISIT !

At a recently liberated town on the Adriatic coast, the deadly Major Eazy is relaxing with a couple of American officers in a game of poker before the next advance, when they are suddenly interrupted —



MAJOR EAZY

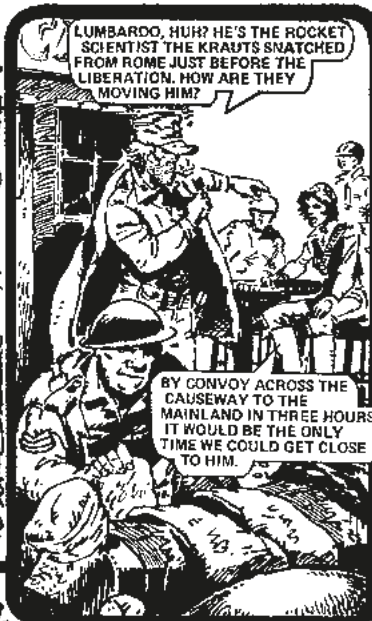




YOU'RE... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

VERY OBSERVANT, SERGEANT! NOW WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT LADY?

THE GERMAN PIGS ARE TAKING MY FATHER, PROFESSOR LUMBARDO, FROM VENICE TO BERLIN TODAY. IF WE ACT IMMEDIATELY WE CAN RESCUE HIM.



LUMBARDO, HUH? HE'S THE ROCKET SCIENTIST THE KRAUTS SNATCHED FROM ROME JUST BEFORE THE LIBERATION. HOW ARE THEY MOVING HIM?

BY CONVOY ACROSS THE CAUSEWAY TO THE MAINLAND IN THREE HOURS. IT WOULD BE THE ONLY TIME WE COULD GET CLOSE TO HIM.



YOU'RE INSANE! VENICE IS CRAWLING WITH KRAUTS. IT'S THEIR ADRIATIC HQ.

AND YOU OWE ME MORE DOLLARS THAN I CAN COUNT. I'LL FORGET ABOUT IT IF YOU GIVE ME A HAND. COMING, DALY?

FOR THIS LITTLE LADY I'D DO ANYTHING, SIR!



THERE'S THE CONVOY!

YOU CAN ALWAYS RELY ON THEM KRAUTS TO RUN DEAD ON SCHEDULE! HAND ME THE GRENADE LAUNCHER, DALY.

The professor was safely snatched, but...



GOTT IN HIMMEL!

HANDY THINGS, THESE LAUNCHERS. THAT'S THEIR ARMOUR KAPUT...



AND NOW A QUICK JUMP TO HIT THE STAFF CAR. SEND THE BILL TO ALLIED HQ, KRAUT!

AAAARGH!



ON SECOND THOUGHTS DON'T BOTHER. PROFESSOR LUMBARDO? YOU'RE COMING WITH US!



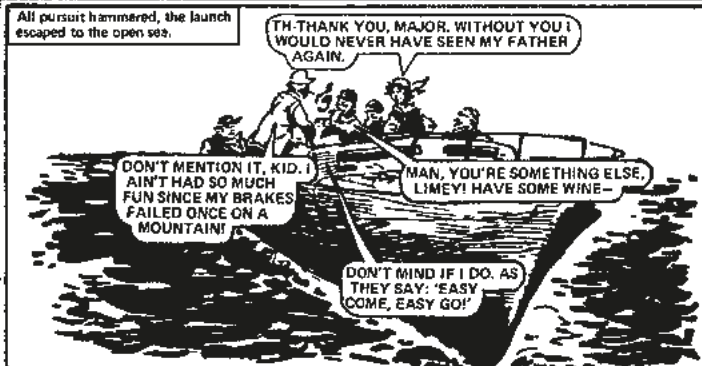
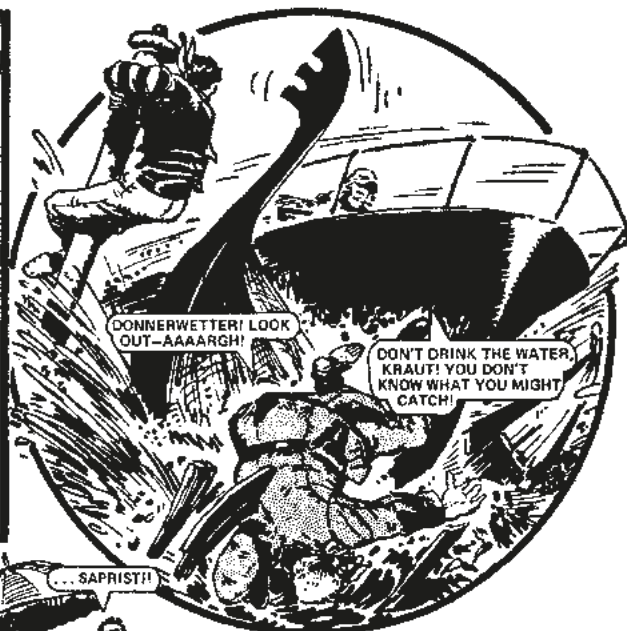
ANOTHER E-BOAT! OUR ESCAPE ROUTE IS CUT!

NOT IF WE GO THROUGH THE CITY ALONG THE CANALS. GIVE ME THE WHEEL!



YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW THEM INTO THE CANALS, HERR KAPITAN?

YOU'LL FOLLOW THEM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH IF I TELL YOU, SCHWEINHUND!

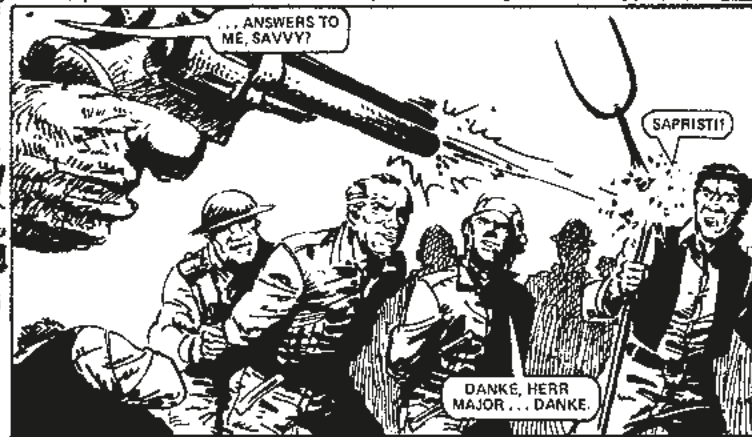


FIND OUT WHY EAZY SAVES GERMANS FROM HANGING NEXT WEEK !

THINK YOU'VE SEEN IT ALL? PLUG INTO MAJOR EAZY FOR A REAL SHOCK!



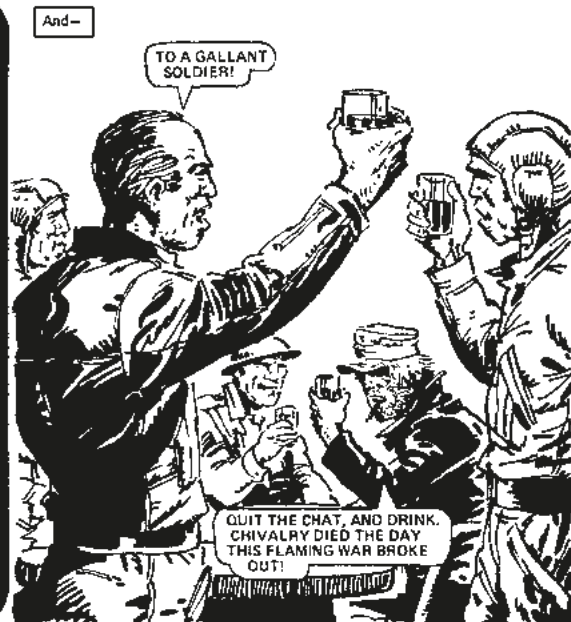
MAJOR EAZY

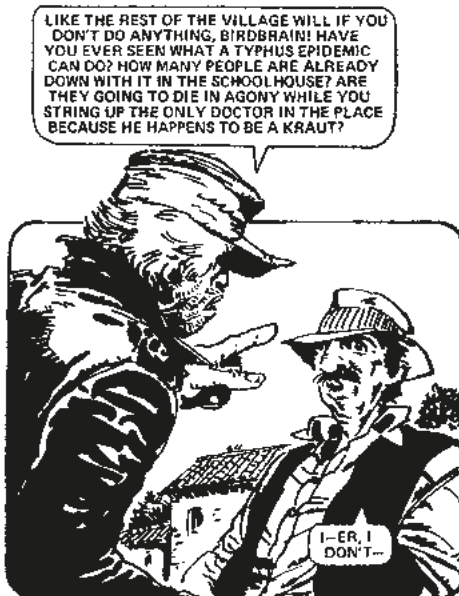
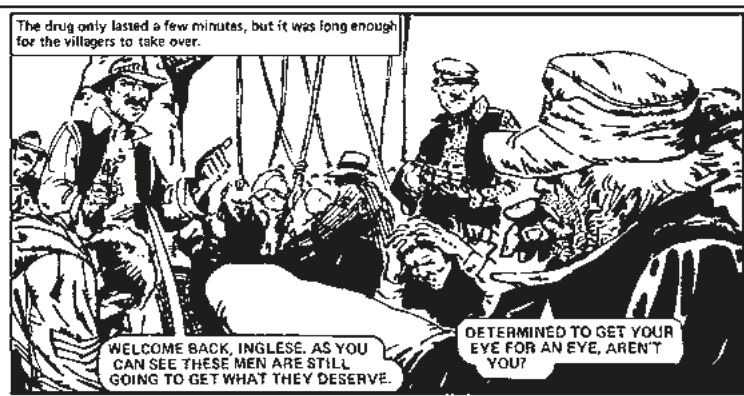


Easy radioed for a truck to take the prisoners back with him, and soon—



At the bridge they had crossed earlier—



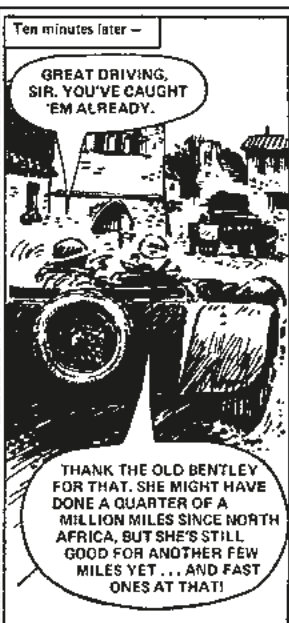


THE FINAL PART OF YOUR DEADLY MACHINE GUN POSTER NEXT ISSUE !

ACTION WITH THE DEADLY MAJOR EAZY – THE EFFECT IS SHATTERING !

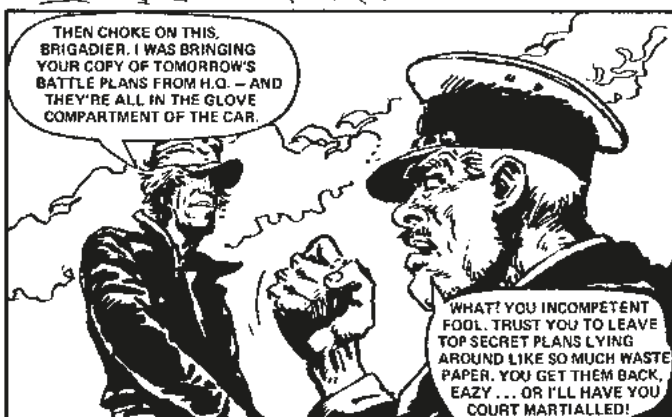
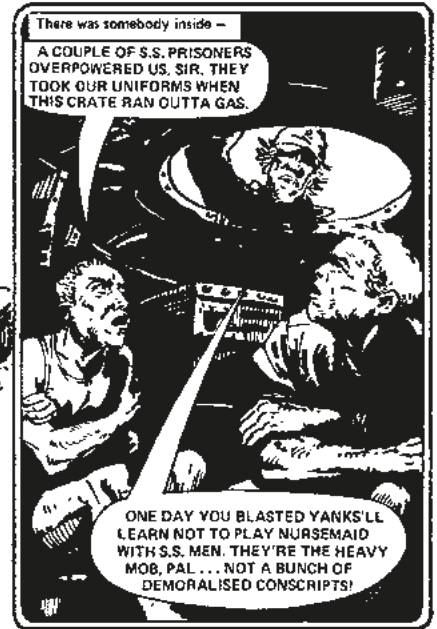
The signs of impending doom for the once mighty Wehrmacht are becoming common in Northern Italy at the beginning of 1945, as the cool, deadly, Major Eazy isn't slow to point out –

MUST HAVE PASSED AN ENTIRE DIVISION IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES, DALY. LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY'S WALKING INTO CAPTIVITY. I'VE GOT A SNEAKING FEELING THAT THE THOUSAND YEAR REICH ISN'T QUITE GOING TO MAKE IT.





Soon —



THE GREAT CHASE IS ON — EAZY STYLE — NEXT WEEK !

EAZY'S AT THE WHEEL – THE GREAT CHASE IS ON WITH A VENGEANCE !



MAJOR EAZY





The General and Easy had met before—

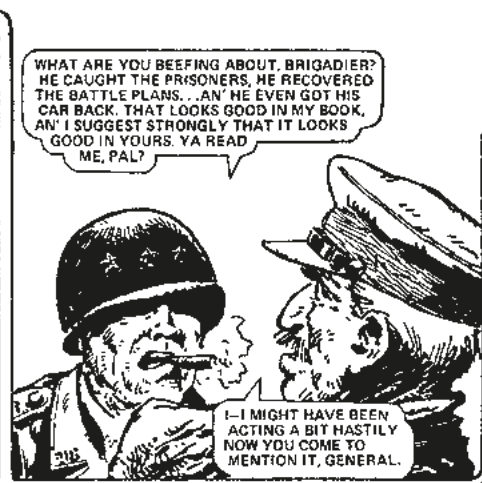
HOLY TOLEDO, IF IT AIN'T THE CRAZY LIMEY THAT CHEWS UP KRAUTS FOR BREAKFAST! IF YA RIPPED THIS TRAIN OFF YA MUST HAVE A REASON, AND WHATEVER IT IS I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY, SO... JEST GIVE ME THE WORD!

THANKS—I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET ME DOWN. SEE THAT CAR UP AHEAD ON THE ROAD? WELL, IT'S LIKE THIS—



A few miles further on—





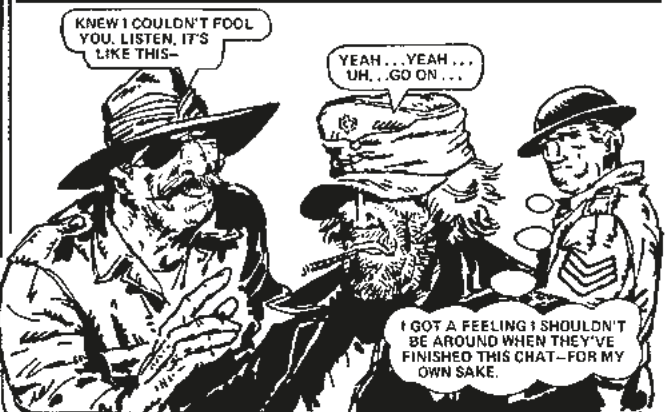
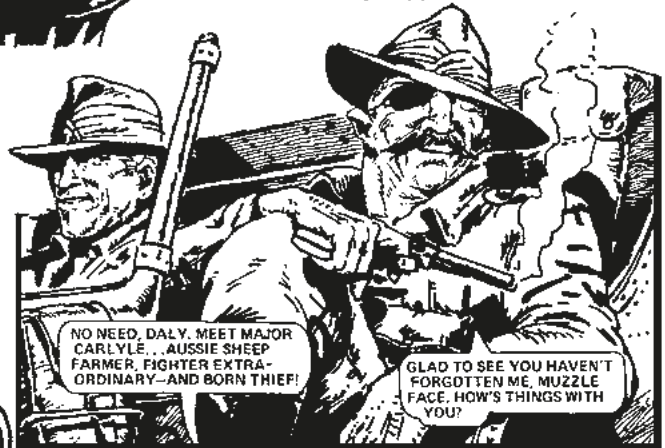
SPARKS FLY WHEN EAZY MEETS AN OLD MATE FROM THE L.R.D.G. NEXT WEEK !

SCRUFFY, INSUBORDINATE – BUT ONE HELL OF A SOLDIER !

Northern Italy, in the Italian Campaign. With a lull in the fighting settling over the front, two British soldiers have a welcome drink at a lonely roadside cafe. One is Sergeant Bert Daly, the other is a man who has become a legend with both sides—cool, deadly Major Eazy!



MAJOR EAZY



Soon, on a hillside overlooking an Italian castle—

THAT'S THE PLACE, COBBERS. THE KRAUTS ARE ALREADY MOVING OUT IN THEIR RETREAT—BUT IF WE CAN GET IN QUICK WE CAN SNATCH GENERAL VON GALLEHEIM IN THE CONFUSION.

ALL WE NEED ARE A FEW OF FRITZ'S UNIFORMS.

I DON'T GET IT. WHY SHOULD THESE TWO GO OUT OF THEIR WAY TO SNATCH A GERMAN GENERAL ON THEIR OWN INITIATIVE?

A couple of minutes later—

LUCKY THERE WERE SOME SPARE OFFICER'S UNIFORMS IN THE TRUCK. YOU TAKE THE WAGON, CARLYLE.

RIGHT ON.

I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON.

And—

GOING MY WAY, FRITZ?

GOTT IN HIMMEL... EIN ENGLANDER!

HITCHING A RIDE FROM US! IF THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS... STRAIGHT TO A P.O.W. CAGE!

CLIMB ABOARD, ENGLANDER FOOL!

YOU'RE THE FOOLS, COBBERS—DROP YOUR GUNS...

DONNERWETTER!

At the castle—

NO ONE SUSPECTS, BUT HOW DO WE GET THIS GENERAL OUT?

LEAVE IT TO ME, DALY. THERE'S OUR PIGEON NOW.

HERR GENERAL? I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED BY HQ TO TAKE YOU IN THIS CAR INSTEAD.

WHERE IS YOUR AUTHORITY?

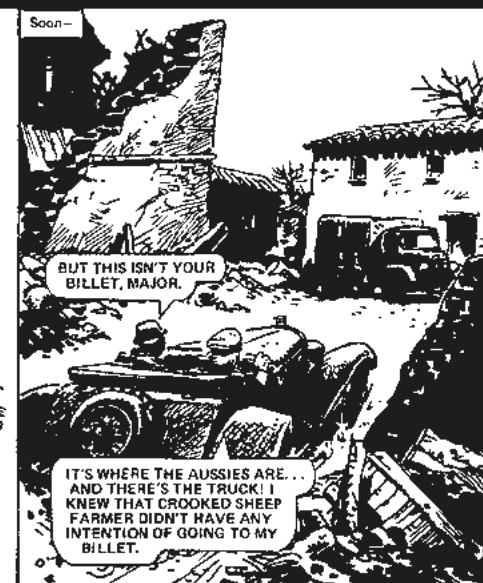
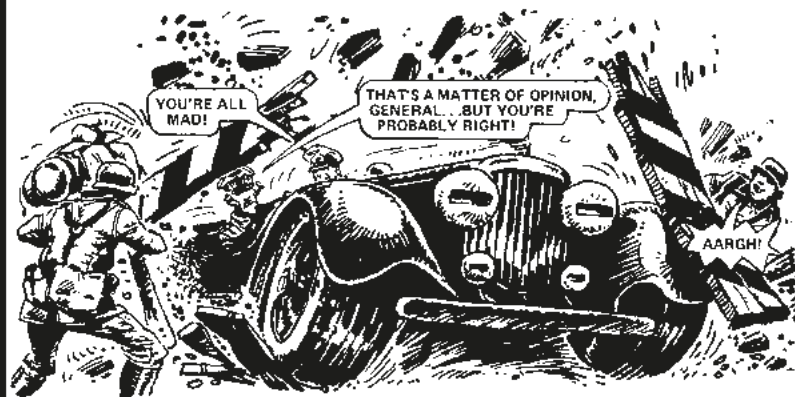
IT'S WRITTEN ON LEAD SIX TIMES, HERR GENERAL. UNDERSTAND?

JA, JA! I WILL COME QUIETLY.

PUT THE GENERAL'S SUPPLIES ON BOARD THAT TRUCK.

JAWOHL, MEIN HERR.

THAT'S ME BOY, EAZY. I KNEW I COULD RELY ON YOU.



JOIN THE WAR'S DEADLIEST SOLDIER FOR MORE ACTION NEXT WEEK !

THE YANKS RECKON MAJOR EAZY AIN'T AS TOUGH AS HE SEEMS !

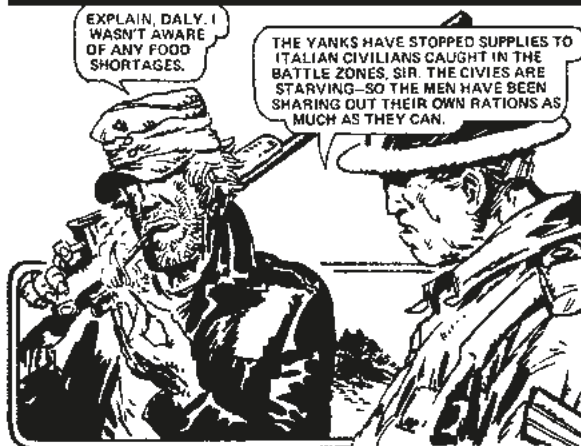
Under the relentless pressure of the Allied advance the stubborn rearguard action of the Wehrmacht in Italy is beginning to crumble—especially when the British officer called Major Eazy is around!

But—



WHAT THE HELL'S WRONG WITH YOU? THE KRAUTS ARE GETTING AWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE MOVING SLOWER THAN A BUNCH OF PENSIONERS!

DON'T BLAME THE MEN, MR. EAZY. NONE OF 'EM HAVE HAD ENOUGH TO EAT IN THE PAST FEW DAYS.



Back at base—



MAJOR EAZY

And—



I WANT TO SEE THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THIS PLACE, SOLDIER.

THE COLONEL SEES NO-ONE, BUD, NOW GET LOST, YOU'RE TAKING UP MY OXYGEN...

YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ANY AIR IF YOU DON'T CALL HIM RIGHT NOW, AND WHILE YOU'RE ABOUT IT, YOU CAN SALUTE AN OFFICER AND ADDRESS HIM PROPERLY—BUD!

YES—YESSIR!

And...

IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, MAJOR—SOME OF THE CIVILIANS' SUPPLIES ARE FINDING THEIR WAY INTO GERMAN HANDS, AND WE AIN'T IN BUSINESS TO FEED THE KRAUTS. NO SUPPLIES TO THE CIVILIANS SO NO SUPPLIES GET TO THE KRAUTS. SIMPLE... HUH?

PLAIN SUICIDAL, COLONEL! THE CIVILIANS'LL STARVE LONG BEFORE THE KRAUTS—IF THEY DON'T TURN AGAINST US FIRST.

THAT'S TOUGH! SERVE 'EM RIGHT FOR PASSING THE GOODS ON TO THE ENEMY IN THE FIRST PLACE.

THIS'LL MEAN BIG TROUBLE FOR ALL OF US, COLONEL!

IT'LL MEAN BIG TROUBLE FOR YOU IF YOU AIN'T GONE FROM HERE IN TEN SECONDS—SIR!

I'VE HAD ALL THE LIP I'M GONNA TAKE FROM YOU. TURN THE CAR ROUND, DALY—AND LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE—PRONTO!

YUURGH!

The following morning the British captured a small town from the Germans—

JUST THIS BLOKE INSIDE, SIR. OH, AND A WHOLE LOT OF UNIFORMS. MUST HAVE BEEN A CLOTHING STORE.

UNIFORMS, EH? THAT COULD BE INTERESTING. SPEAK ENGLISH, FRITZ?

A LITTLE, ENGLANDER—BUT YOU WILL LEARN NOTHING FROM ME.

DON'T BLOW A FUSE, FRIEND. THE ONLY INFORMATION I WANT FROM YOU IS TO KNOW IF YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN A LITTLE PROPOSITION I'VE GOT IN MIND.

TELL ME MORE, ENGLANDER.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. WHAT'S THE MAJOR UP TO NOW?

I DON'T GET IT, MR. EAZY. WHAT ARE WE ALL CHANGING INTO JERRY UNIFORMS FOR?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, SERGEANT. LET'S JUST SAY THAT A CERTAIN STUBBORN YANK COLONEL'S IN FOR A NASTY SHOCK.

Back at the American supply depot—

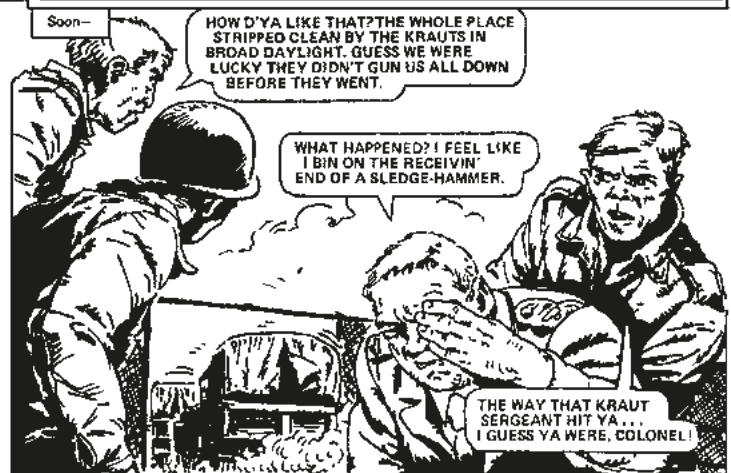
OKAY, FRITZ, YOU'RE IN CHARGE FROM HERE ON. DO WHAT WE AGREED AND I'LL KEEP MY PART OF THE BARGAIN.

I BELIEVE YOU WILL, HERR EAZY. LEAVE IT TO ME—I SHALL ENJOY THIS.

OKAY, WHAT'S YA—HOLY DODGERS, KRAUTS!

PRECISELY, AMERIKANER SCUM. KINDLY STEP ON TO THE RUNNING BOARD AND REMAIN QUITE SILENT—

NICELY SAID, FRITZ!



A CRACK GERMAN SNIPER IS ORDERED TO RUB OUT EAZY NEXT WEEK !

A HIGH-POWERED RIFLE TAKES AIM! THE TARGET – MAJOR EAZY!

The savage battle for Italy has its sadder moments, but one particular German colonel is in no mood to appreciate the concern shown for his wounded men by the deadly British officer – Major Eazy.



TREAT 'EM WELL. THEY FOUGHT BRAVELY, AND THEY DESERVE THE BEST CARE WE CAN GIVE 'EM.



YOU ARE A CONSIDERATE MAN, HERR MAJOR – BUT THE WEHRMACHT CAN NO LONGER AFFORD TO HAVE YOU AROUND. I HAVE ORDERS THAT YOU MUST BE REMOVED PERMANENTLY FROM THIS BATTLE FRONT!

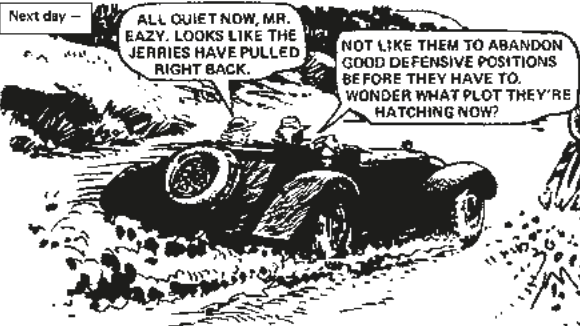
Soon –



I'VE BEEN TOLD THAT YOU NEVER MISS, REITER. THERE IS A CERTAIN ENGLANDER CALLED EAZY –

THERE WAS AN ENGLANDER CALLED EAZY, HERR OBERST. I KNEW OF HIM, AND HIS DEATH WILL BE MARKED BY A SPECIAL NOTCH ON MY TRUSTED RIFLE.

Next day –



ALL QUIET NOW, MR. EAZY. LOOKS LIKE THE JERRIES HAVE PULLED RIGHT BACK.

NOT LIKE THEM TO ABANDON GOOD DEFENSIVE POSITIONS BEFORE THEY HAVE TO. WONDER WHAT PLOT THEY'RE HATCHING NOW?

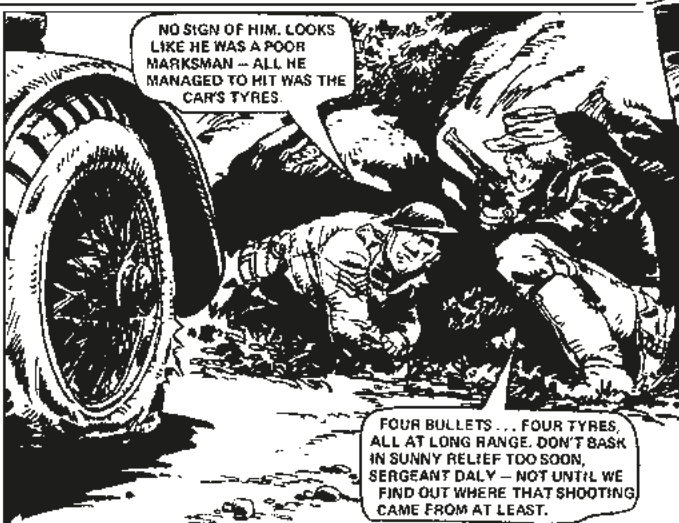
MAJOR EAZY

Suddenly!



SNIPER!

TYPICAL! STAY AWAY FROM THE WAR FOR ONE DAY AND IT COMES LOOKING FOR YOU INSTEAD.



NO SIGN OF HIM. LOOKS LIKE HE WAS A POOR MARKSMAN – ALL HE MANAGED TO HIT WAS THE CAR'S TYRES.

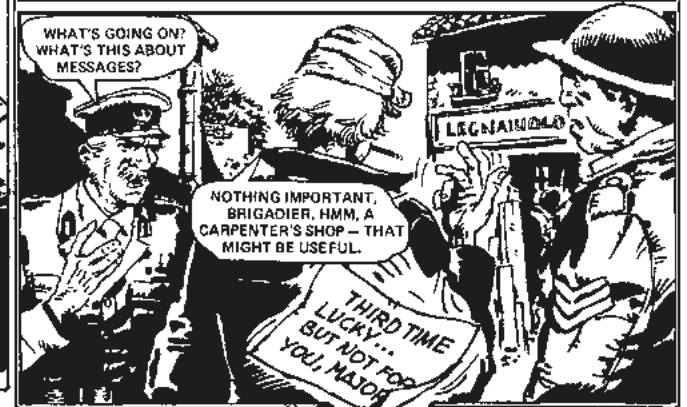
FOUR BULLETS... FOUR TYRES, ALL AT LONG RANGE. DON'T BASK IN SUNNY RELIEF TOO SOON, SERGEANT DALY – NOT UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHERE THAT SHOOTING CAME FROM AT LEAST.



Eazy soon found the spot.

TAKE CARE, MAJOR. HE MIGHT STILL BE AROUND

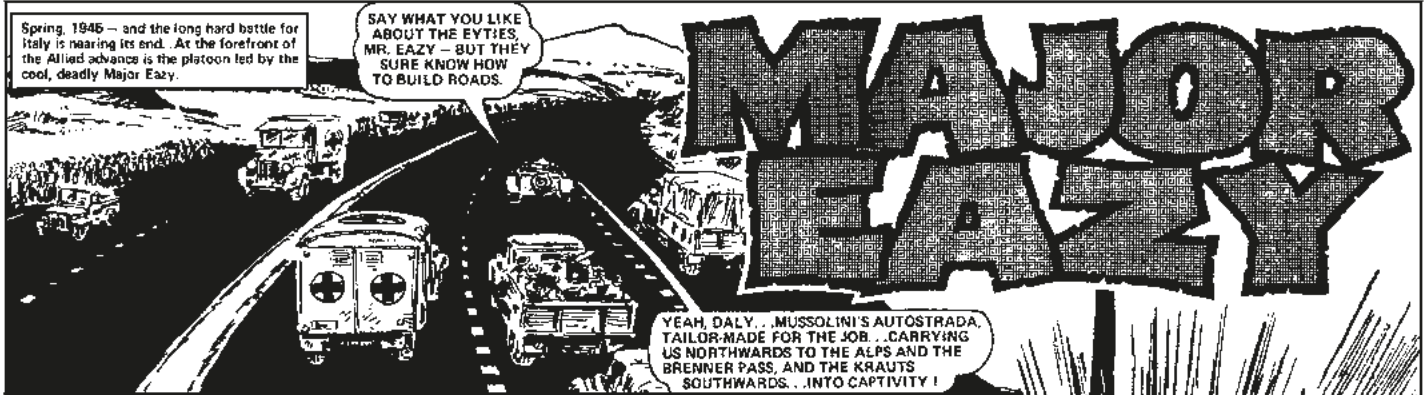
I DON'T THINK SO SOMEHOW. COME AND HAVE A LOOK AT THIS.



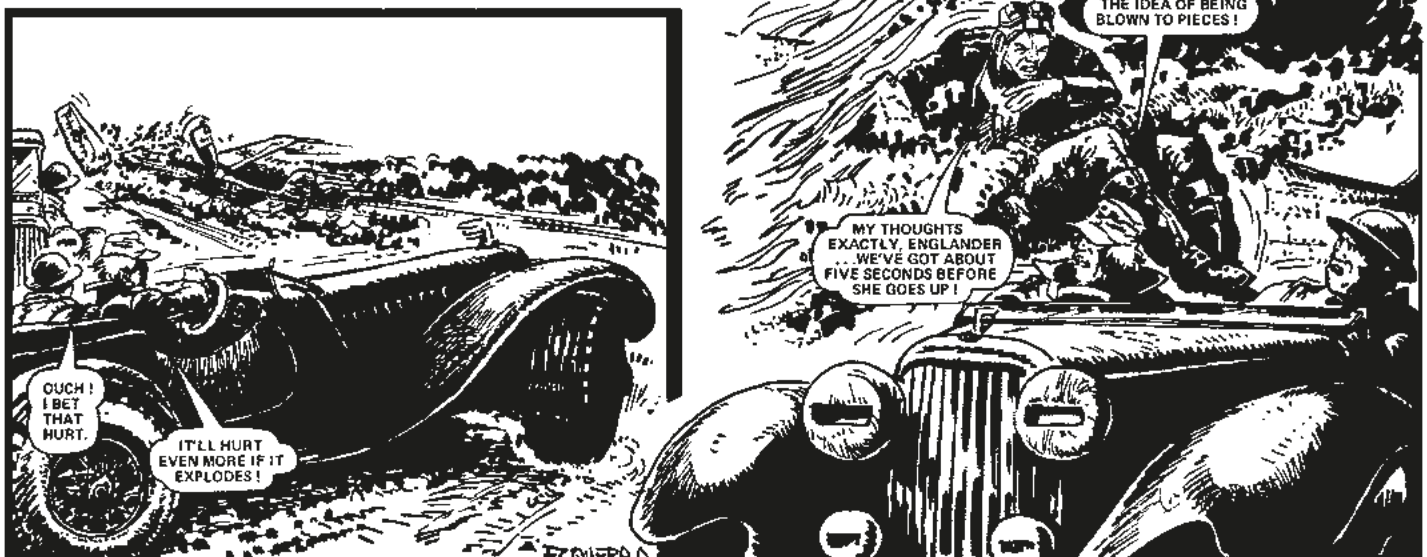


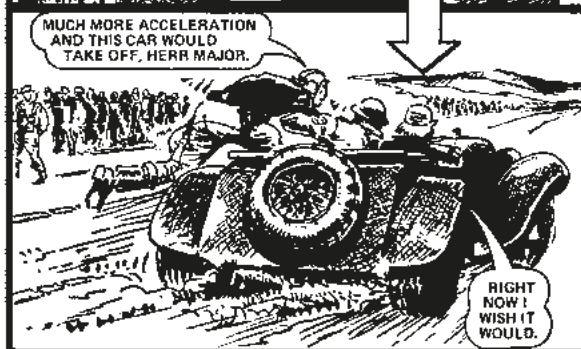
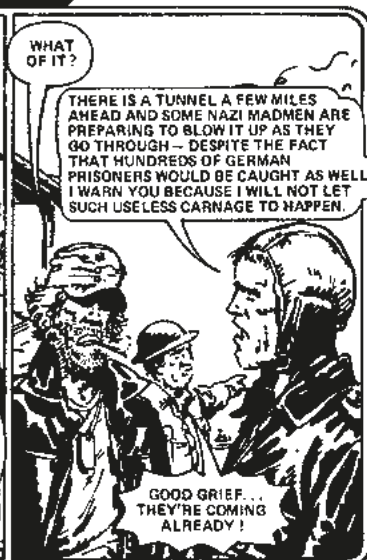
NEXT WEEK — A RACE TO SAVE LIVES IN A TUNNEL OF DEATH !

LIKE HIM – HATE HIM ! YOU CAN'T IGNORE MAJOR EAZY !



Suddenly –







BECAUSE THEY'RE STOPPING WHETHER THEY LIKE IT OR NOT!

GOOD LORD!

BLIMEY! WHAT'S HIS GAME?



TAKE THIS AND KEEP 'EM BUSY. DO IT, MAN... THEY'VE GOT ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE UP THERE TO BRING THIS MOUNTAIN DOWN ON TOP OF US!

JA! BE SWIFT, MY LUGER'S RUNNING OUT!

OKAY - I MAY SEEM A BORN IDIOT TO BOTH OF YOU -



TELL THAT LOT TO GET OUTTA HERE, PRONTO!

SCHNELL! SCHNELL! CLEAR THIS TUNNEL... IT COULD BE BLOWN UP!

YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME, EAZY! STOP, I SAY! COME BACK!



Suddenly -

UP THERE! THE VENTILATION SHAFT!

I SEE IT!

SHOOTING! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!



- BUT! CAN STILL PULL A TRIGGER WITH THE BEST OF THEM!

YEEAAAARGH!

I NEVER DOUBTED YOU FOR A MOMENT JUST DON'T PEPPER ME BY MISTAKE!



PARTY'S OVER, PAL! I'M AFRAID THE GUESTS OF HONOUR CAN'T MAKE IT THIS TIME.

SCHWEINHUND! I'LL TAKE ALL OF YOU WITH ME!



SOME OTHER TIME PERHAPS... LIKE I SAID, THE PARTY'S OVER!



IT SEEMS YOU'VE DONE US ANOTHER GREAT SERVICE, MAJOR.

I'M JUST THE INSTRUMENT OF DEATH, GENERAL. WITHOUT A GERMAN PILOT WHO WANTED TO SAVE HIS COUNTRYMEN AND A STIFF-NECKED BRASS-HAT WHO HANDED A RIFLE LIKE HE'D NEVER BEEN OUT OF THE FRONT LINE, I'D HAVE BEEN USELESS!

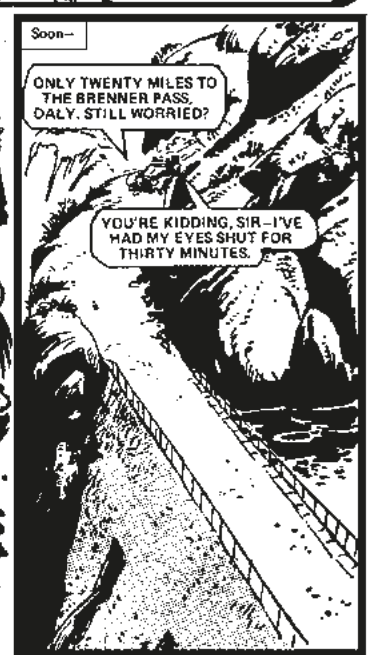
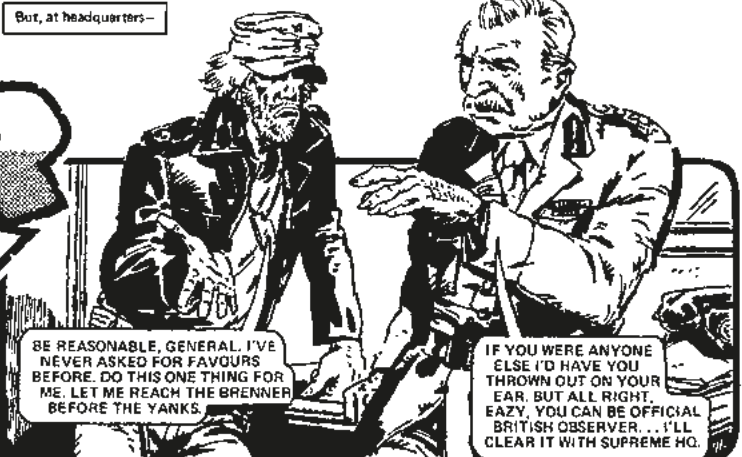
THE NEWS IS BIG IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE! DON'T MISS IT!

THE ALAMO MIGHT NEVER HAVE FALLEN IF EAZY HAD BEEN THERE !

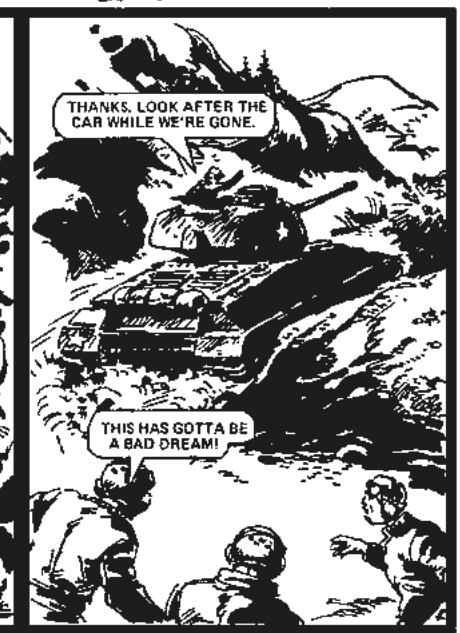
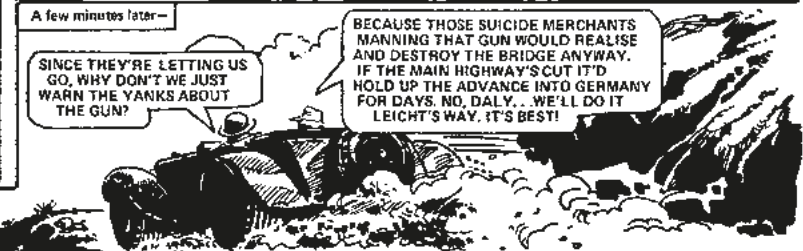
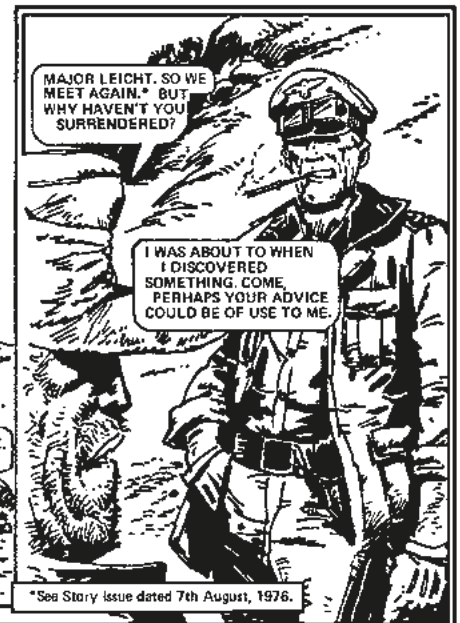


But, at headquarters—

MAJOR EAZY



EZQUERRA





HE'S COOL AND DEADLY ! THE NAME'S EAZY – MAJOR EAZY !

July, 1941. High summer in the Libyan Desert as troops of Rommel's Afrika Korps shelter from the heat of the day just beyond the heavily guarded perimeter of the besieged port of Tobruk.

WHEN WILL THESE ACCURSED BRITISH AND AUSTRALIANS GIVE UP? TOBRUK IS LOST TO THEM ... ANY FOOL CAN SEE THAT.

BUT AT LEAST THIS HEAT WILL KEEP THEM QUIET. WHAT IS IT THEY SAY? ONLY MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN GO OUT IN THE MIDDAY SUN.

It was Major Eazy, coolest and deadliest member of the 8th Army's Long Range Desert Group and his murderous Bedouin guide, Tewfik.

NEXT STOP TOBRUK AND A LONG COOL DRINK!

AN OASIS INDEED AFTER THREE DAYS' DRIVING THROUGH THE DESERT.

Suddenly, a powerful car roared out of the desert!

TOBRUK 10 m/s

DEAD RIGHT, FRITZ! I'M THE ENGLISHMAN, AND THIS IS MY MAD DOG! SHOW 'EM YOUR TEETH, TEWFIK!

A PLEASURE, EL EAZY!

GRENADES!

MAJOR EAZY

But --

SOMETHING COMING, SIR.

CAN'T MAKE IT OUT PROPERLY. NONE OF OUR BLOKES WOULD TRY BREAKING THROUGH ENEMY LINES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT SO IT MUST BE A JERRY. LET HIM HAVE IT!

BLASTED AUSSIE SWAGMEN! SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN GET THROUGH SOMEPLACE ELSE.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE. YOU'LL NEED A TANK TO CROSS THAT WIRE.

GREAT IDEA! NOW WHERE CAN WE GET OUR HANDS ON A TANK?



Meanwhile, back at the devastated German position —

FOOLS! IMBECILES! YOU LET YOURSELVES BE SURPRISED LIKE A TROOP OF HITLER YOUTH CAMPING IN THE BLACK FOREST.

BUT, HERR KAPITAN, THE CRAZY ENGLANDER SWEEPED THROUGH HERE LIKE A DEMON FROM HELL.



YOU BET, FRITZ! US DEMONS ARE USED TO THIS HEAT!

GOTT IN HIMMEL!

THE TANK! I MUST REACH THE TANK!

TRYING TO PLAY THE HERO'S GOING TO GIVE YOU A PERMANENT SWASTIKA TO TAKE TO HELL WITH YOU.

NEIN... NEIN, ENGLANDER! I'VE NO WISH TO BE A DEAD HERO.



A few minutes later —

FOLLOW ME TO THE PERIMETER WIRE AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE TO CROSS. DON'T HANG ABOUT, OR THE AUSSIES WILL HAVE GOBBLED THE LATEST BEER SHIPMENT BEFORE I GET ANY.

JA, JA, ANYTHING.



THERE YOU GO... FULL SPEED AHEAD. I'M GETTING REAL THIRSTY.

BLOW ME! THAT JERRY SARDINE TIN'S REALLY ASKING FOR IT. LET'S PEEL IT OPEN!



RIGHT — THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, COBBER.

YEEEAARH, WHERE'D HE SPRING FROM?

FROM THE DESERT. PAL! YOU'RE NOT HAVING ALL MY BEER!



Soon —

IS THIS TRUE? YOU DID ALL THIS JUST TO GET HOLD OF SOME BEER?

'FRAID SO, COLONEL. I HAVEN'T GOT ANY EARTH-SHATTERING INFORMATION FOR YOU. AT LEAST, I DIDN'T THINK I HAD. WHY ARE YOU SUDDENLY LOOKING SO WORRIED, FRITZ?

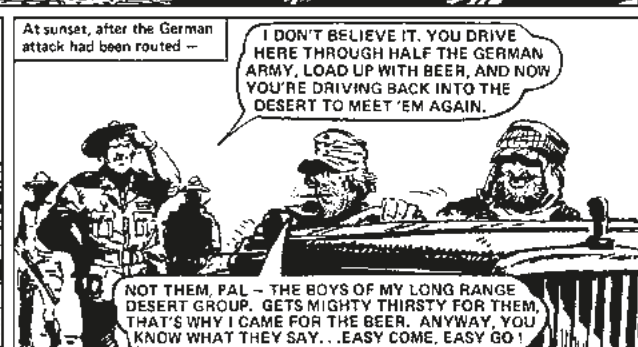
WORRIED? WHO'S WORRIED?



YOU ARE, PAL! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN OOOZING TERROR. WHY? TALK, PAL — FAST!

AN ATTACK... AGAINST THIS SECTOR IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. PLEASE, TAKE THAT THING AWAY NOW.

STACK ME! NO WONDER HE WAS SO SCARED.



EAZY DISCOVERS A SECRET GERMAN AIRBASE NEXT WEEK !

DESERT ACTION WITH A TOUGH DESERT RAIDER – MAJOR EAZY !

Deep in the Libyan Desert a Long Range Desert patrol has run into a problem... but this patrol is commanded by the desert's coolest customer, Major Eazy -

THE WELL HAS BEEN POISONED, EL EAZY. THE THIRD IN A ROW WE'VE FOUND LIKE THIS. WE SHALL HAVE TO TURN BACK WHILE WE CAN.

NO CHANCE, TEWFIK. THREE POISONED WELLS ISN'T A COINCIDENCE. WE'LL CARRY ON.

MAJOR EAZY

BUT THERE AIN'T NO MORE WATER FOR A HUNDRED MILES, MAJOR. IT'D BE SUICIDE TO GO ON.

THAT'S WHAT THE KRAUTS WANT YOU TO THINK. BY SPIKING THE AVAILABLE WATER THEY'VE TRIED TO SET UP A NO-GO ZONE, WHICH MEANS THEY'RE UP TO SOME THING OUT THERE. I'LL SCOUT AHEAD WITH TEWFIK.

And -

OVER THERE... I SEE SOMETHING.

CATERPILLAR TRACKS COVERED WITH SAND. SOMEBODY DOESN'T WANT US TO KNOW THEY'VE BEEN HERE.

GET IN THE CAR, TEWFIK. I'VE GOT A FEELING THEY'RE NOT FAR AWAY.

THE DUNE IS TOO STEEP, EL EAZY.

GOTT IN HIMMEL!

NO NEED TO BE SHY, FRITZ! ALWAYS GLAD TO MEET COMPANY OUT HERE!

NEIN..!

HOLD ON - I'VE GOT A HUNDRED CAMEL POWER UNDER THIS BONNET.

HASN'T ANYBODY EVER TOLD YOU NOT TO DRIVE SIDEWAYS ON A SAND DUNE?



NOT BAD. WITH A BASE DOWN THERE THE LUFTWAFFE COULD REACH CAIRO. I THINK WE OUGHT TO GO ALONG FOR TONIGHT'S OPENING CEREMONY, DON'T YOU?

But before Eazy could reply —

BLIMEY, 'E'S DONE IT AGAIN. I DON'T KNOW WHY 'E DOESN'T JUST FIGHT THIS FLIPPIN'-WAR ON 'IS OWN. 'E SURE DON'T NEED US.

WHAT ABOUT TELLING ME WHERE YOUR BASE IS? AS A FAVOUR TO ME.

THE AFRIKA KORPS DOES FAVOURS FOR NO MAN!



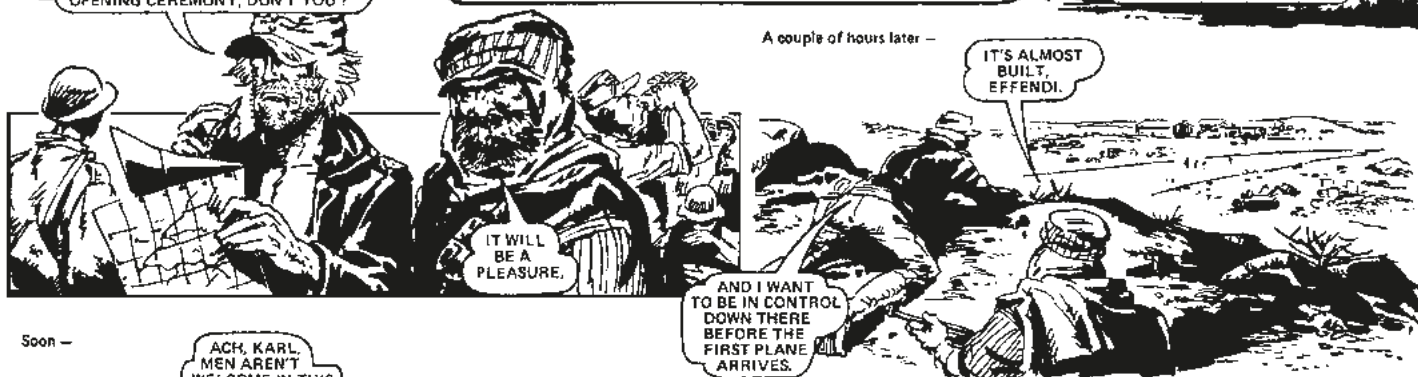
A few minutes later —



An hour later —



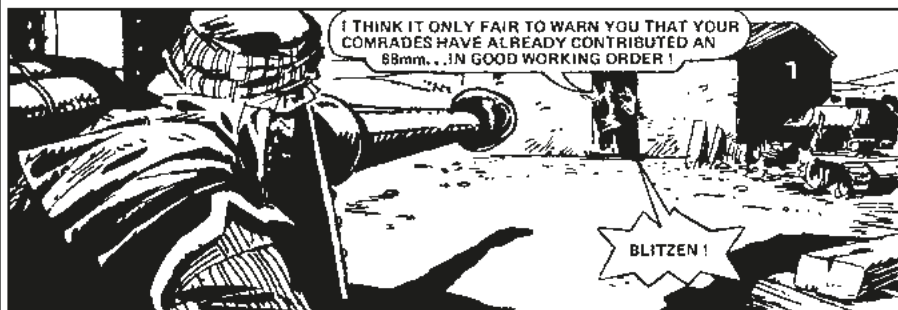
A couple of hours later —



Soon —



Soon —



EAZY RUMBLES A GERMAN AGENT OPERATING IN THE DESERT NEXT WEEK!

For the battle-weary men of the 8th Army in N. Africa any form of entertainment is welcome, though Major Easy, deadliest man in the Long Range Desert Group, is unimpressed.

THANK YOU, THANK YOU. FOR
MY NEXT FEAT OF MEMORY...

SO MUCH FOR THE WEEK I APPLIED
FOR MIRACLE I GOT THIS I
SUPPOSE. SEE YA IN A COUPLE OF
DAYS, TEWFIK.

IS HE NOT INCREDIBLE,
EFFENDI? HE HAS
ONLY TO GLANCE AT
A BOOK TO REMEMBER
ITS EVERY WORD.

SURE, TEWFIK, SURE.
PITY HE CAN'T
CONJURE UP MY
LEAVE PASS TO
ALEXANDRIA.
WHAT THE HELL'S
HAPPENED TO IT?

The title 'MAJOR EAZY' is rendered in a large, bold, blocky font. The letters are filled with a halftone dot pattern. The letter 'O' in 'MAJOR' is replaced by a circular emblem containing a silhouette of a person standing with arms outstretched, set against a starburst background. White lightning bolt graphics are superimposed over the letters.

DO YOU USUALLY DRIVE
AS FAST AS THIS, MAJOR?

ONLY WHEN SOME PENPUSHER GIVES
ME JUST TWO DAYS' LEAVE. WHAT
ABOUT YOURSELF, MARVO? DON'T
TELL ME THAT ACT WAS FOR REAL?

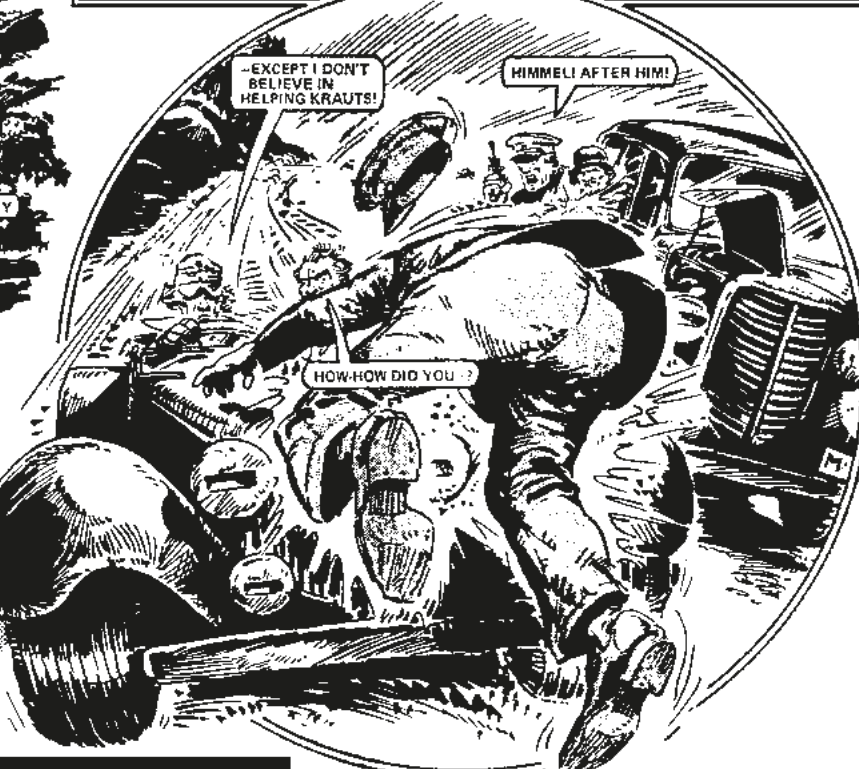
MY NAME'S MARVIN GOODMAN,
MAJOR, AND THE ACT IS FOR
REAL. MY PHOTOGRAPHIC
MEMORY MEANS I NEVER
FORGET ANYTHING!

**THEN YOU WON'T HAVE
ANY TROUBLE
REMEMBERING WHAT
THOSE ARE IN THE
REAR VIEW MIRROR!**

GOOD GRIEF, ME 109s
AREN'T YOU GOING
TO STOP?

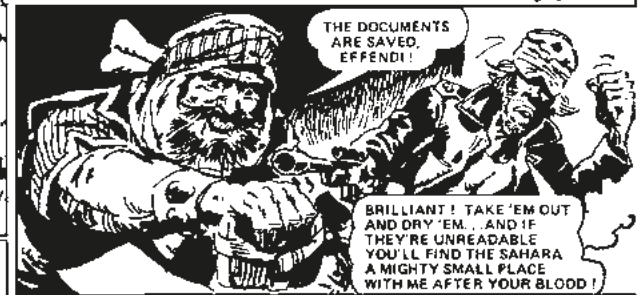
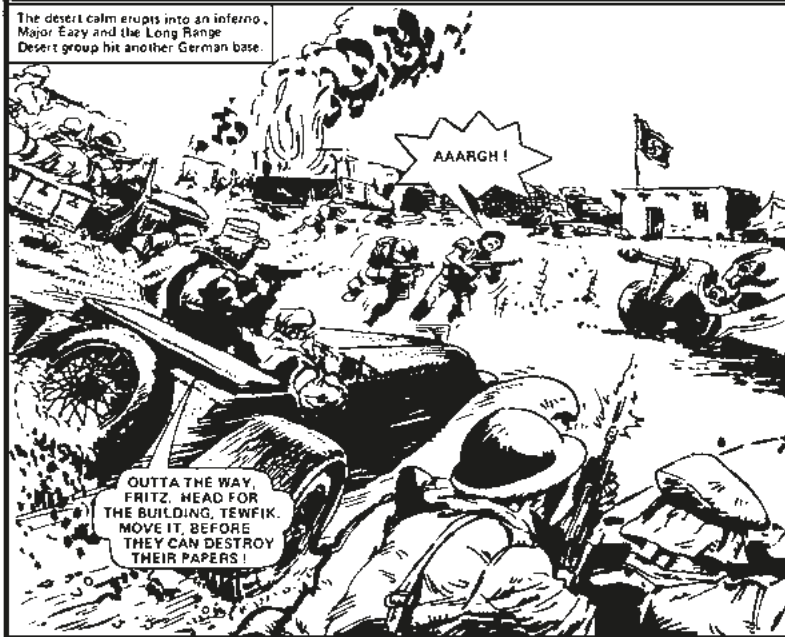
AND WASTE PRECIOUS TIME?
YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING!





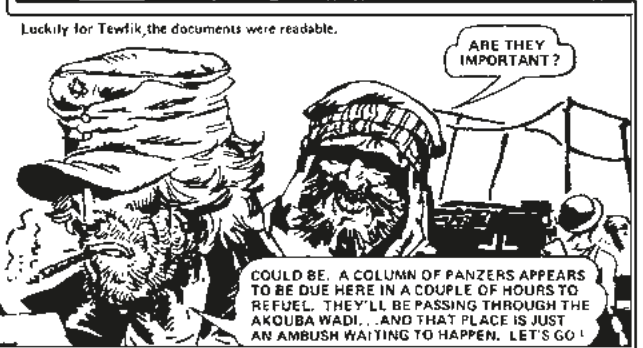
NEXT WEEK -- MASSACRE IN THE DESERT !

STARTS TODAY ! A GREAT THREE-PART ADVENTURE WITH MAJOR EAZY !



MAJOR EAZY

Luckily for Tewfik, the documents were readable.



Six hours later at the Akouba Wadi -





SO WHAT HAPPENED?

WE WERE AMBUSHED BY FIENDS—
BLOOD-CRAZED WARRIORS OUT OF THE
DEEP DESERT ARMED WITH MODERN
WEAPONS. THEY CAPTURED SOME
TANKS— BUTCHERED THE SURVIVORS.



Soon—

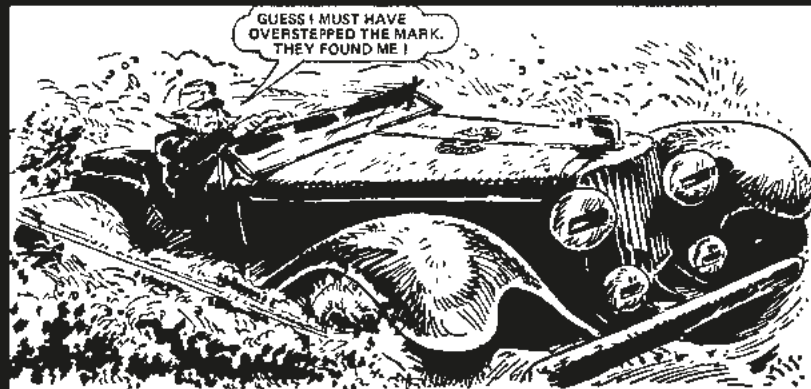
I'M GOING TO FOLLOW THE TANK TRACKS FOR A WHILE.
SEE IF I CAN GET A ROUGH FIX ON THEIR CAMP SO THE
RAF CAN FOLLOW IT UP. THIS LOT SOUND VERY NASTY
TO BE PLAYING AROUND WITH PANZERS.

TAKE CARE, EL EAZY.
THOSE MEN FROM THE DEEP
DESERT ARE DEVILS!

The miles were eaten up.



DUE SOUTH ALL THE
TIME... BUT TO WHERE?
THERE ISN'T AN
OASIS MARKED ON
THE MAP BETWEEN
HERE AND TIMBUKTU.



GUESS I MUST HAVE
OVERSTEPPED THE MARK.
THEY FOUND ME!



AAAIEEE! TURN
BACK! HE SHOOTS LIKE
A DEMON!



HEAR ME, INFIDEL!
SURRENDER AND YOU WILL
BE SPARED. REFUSE AND
WE SHALL LEAVE THE
DESERT TO DEAL WITH
YOU IN ITS OWN TIME.



YOU'VE CONVINCED ME,
PAL. YOU SHOULD HAVE
TRIED SELLING ENCYCLO-
PAEDIAS. YOU'D HAVE
MADE A FORTUNE.

Soon—

IF YOU JUST CHANGED
THE TYRE YOU WOULDN'T
HAVE TO FLOG THOSE
CAMELS TO DEATH
PULLING THE CAR.

SILENCE, DOG.
YOUR CAR WILL BE A
PRESENT FOR OUR
BELOVED SHEIK.



SO THIS IS HOME, EH? A SECRET
OASIS. QUITE A COLLECTION OF ODDS
AND ENDS YOU'VE PICKED UP. NICE
TO SEE THEY'RE NOT ALL GERMAN.

BE SILENT!



Soon, miles into the desert—



CAN EAZY SURVIVE? DON'T MISS PART TWO OF THIS GREAT STORY!

LEFT TO DIE IN THE DESERT, EAZY IS A MAN FIGHTING FOR SURVIVAL !

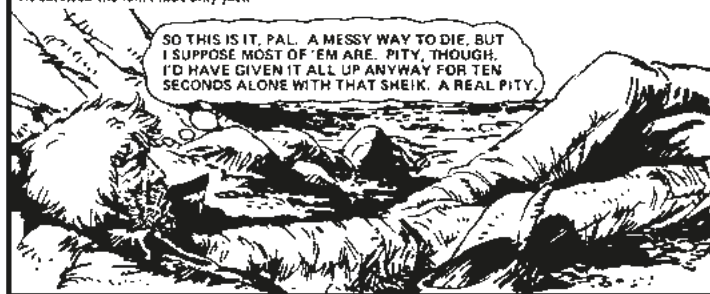
Cast loose in the desert by a fanatical sheik without water, Major Eazy of the Long Range Desert Group is closer to death than he has ever been after miles of walking under the pitiless sun.



Eazy never saw the steeply sloping hillside.



He survived the fall... but only just.



Hours passed then, suddenly, the blazing sun was blotted from his view —



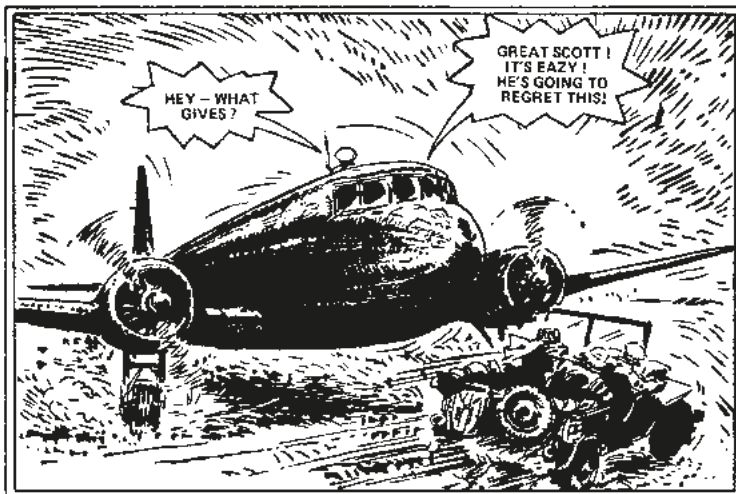
MAJOR EAZY

Two weeks later —

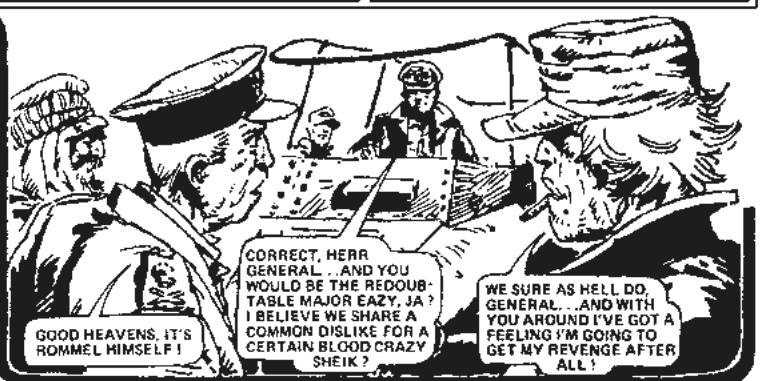
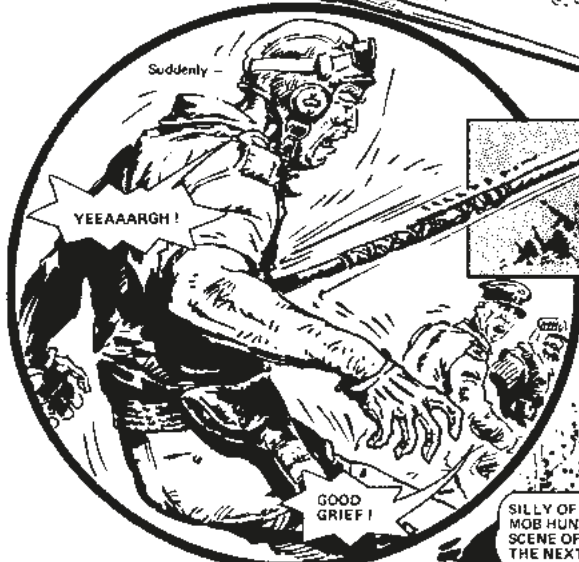




At the airport -

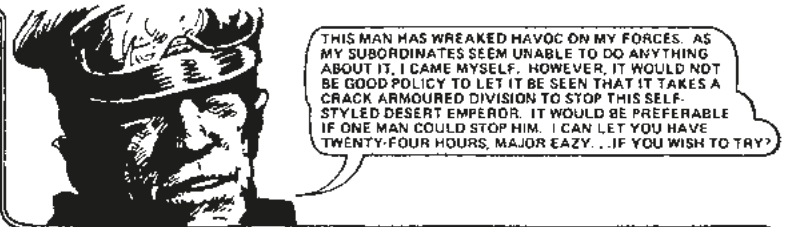
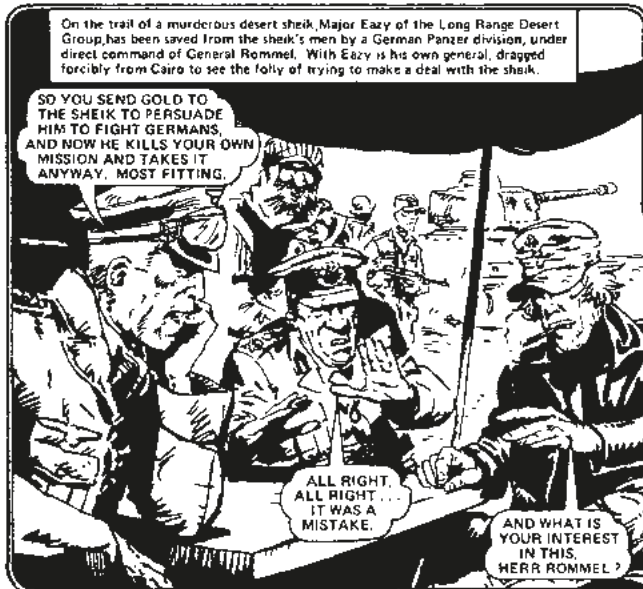


Two hours later—



EAZY AND ROMMEL COOK UP A PLAN TO DEAL WITH THE SHEIK NEXT WEEK!

EAZY IS GIVEN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO TRACK DOWN A MURDEROUS SHEIK !



MAJOR EAZY







JOIN THE DESERT WAR'S COOLEST SOLDIER FOR MORE ACTION NEXT WEEK !

BLAZING ACTION WITH MAJOR EAZY – THE DESERT WAR'S COOLEST CUSTOMER !

Far into the Libyan desert the deadly Major Eazy of the Long Range Desert Group and his Bedouin guide Tewfik witness a puzzling sight.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, EFFENDI! YOU TELL ME THAT YOUR AIR FORCE HAS VIRTUALLY CUT OFF THE GERMANS' FUEL SUPPLIES, BUT THE GERMANS AT THAT BASE HAVE AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT.

BEATS ME, TEWFIK. WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS SUPPLY DEPOT FOR THREE DAYS AND THEY'VE BEEN DISHING OUT THOUSANDS OF GALLONS, BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE THE STORAGE CAPACITY SO WHERE'S IT COMING FROM?

Suddenly -

ACHTUNG! SPIES!

RUBBISH... BELIEVE IT OR NOT WE'RE IN UNIFORM!

THE FOOLS RUN, BUT THEY'VE TRAPPED THEMSELVES. WIPE THEM OUT!

MAJOR EAZY

YEEAAAAARGH!

AS IF WE'D LET OURSELVES BE TRAPPED! DO YOU THINK WE WALKED HERE, FRITZ?

A few miles away -

THE MAJOR'S BACK!

NOT FOR LONG! GET ROLLING, THE KRAUTS ARE ON THE WARPATH!

HIT 'EM HARD, TEWFIK!

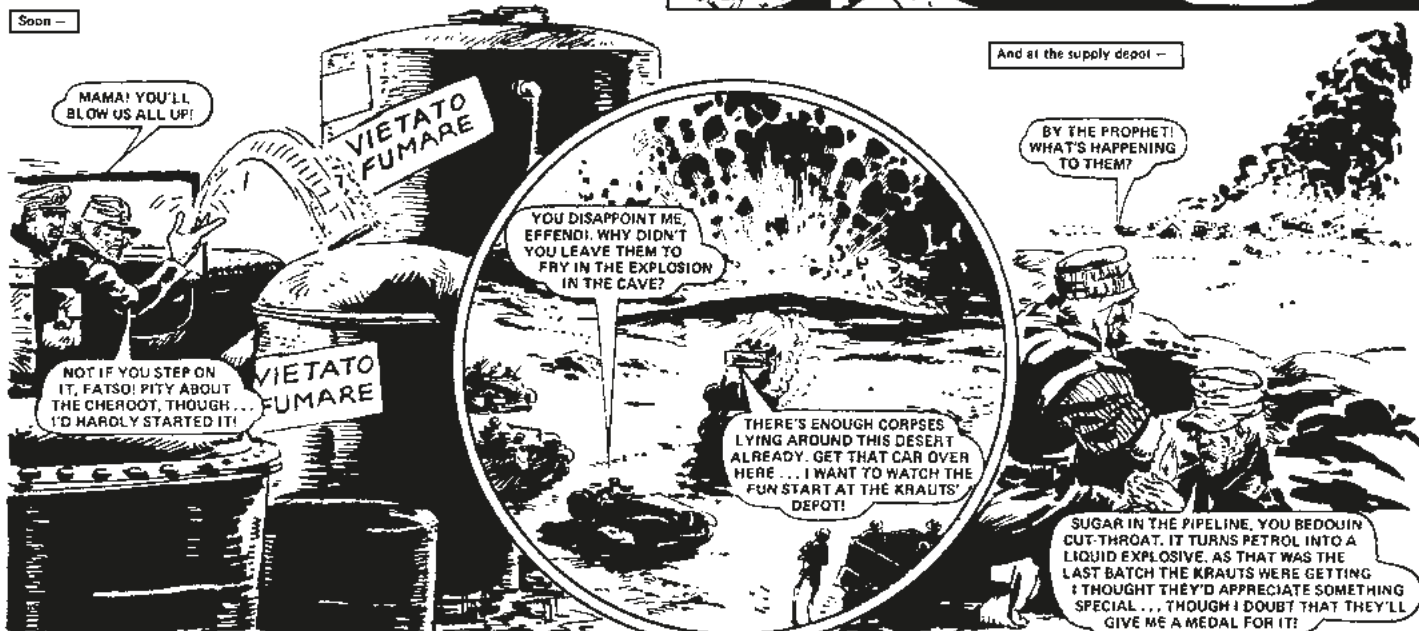
WITH JOY, EL EAZY SURELY THESE GRENADE LAUNCHERS WERE SENT FROM HEAVEN TO BURY THE SIGN OF THE SWASTIKA IN THE DESERT SANDS.

WHERE TO, MAJOR?

LET'S GO HOME! WE'RE SHORT OF FUEL... AND WONDERING WHERE THE KRAUTS ARE GETTING THEIRS FROM HAS GIVEN ME A HEADACHE

But an hour later -

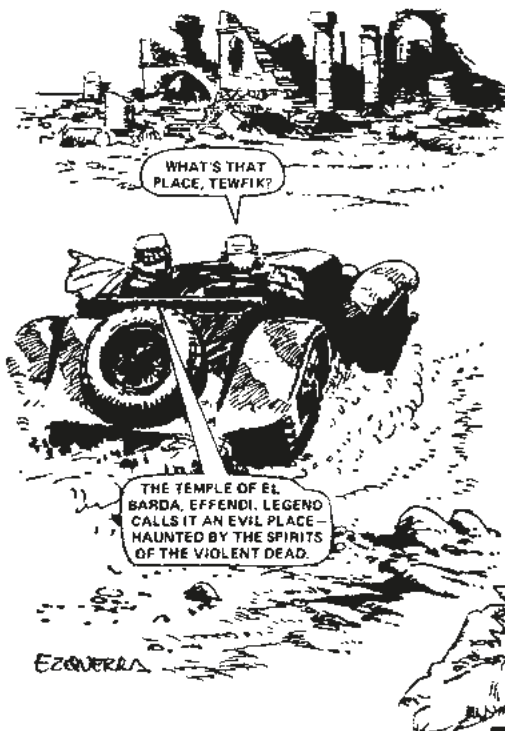




BUT EVEN EAZY CAN BE SHOCKED — SEE NEXT WEEK !

COOL, CALCULATING WAR ACTION WITH THE INCREDIBLE MAJOR EAZY!

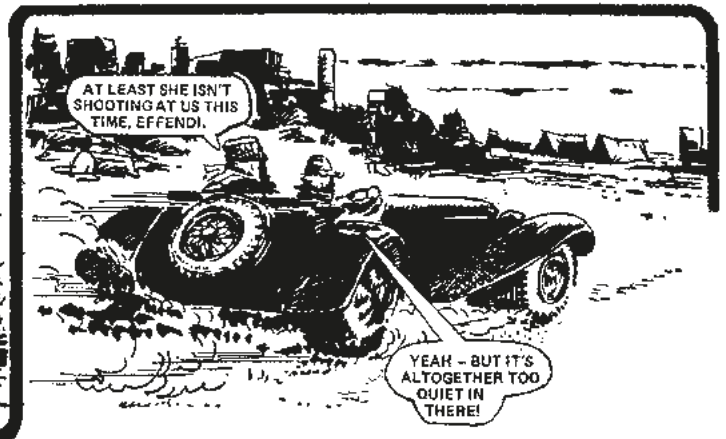
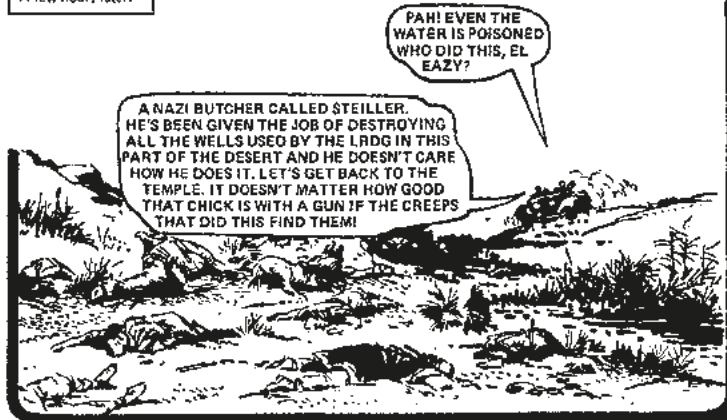
Far to the south of the main fighting in North Africa the deadly Major Eazy and his Bedouin sidekick Tewfik are on a long distance recon for the LRDG.

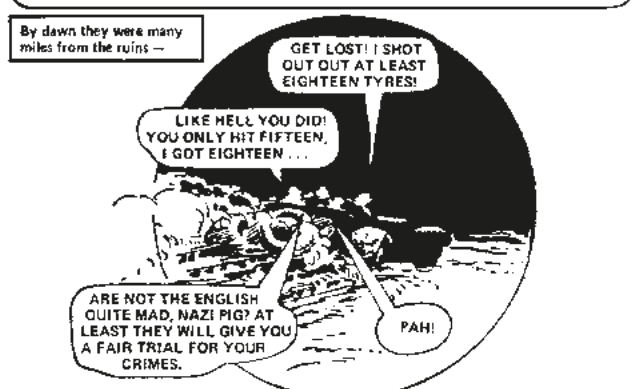
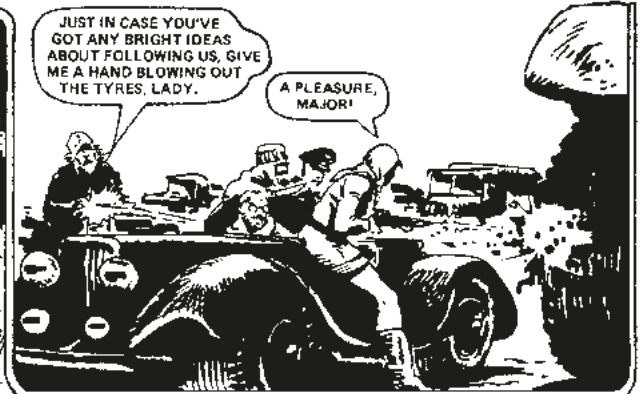


MAJOR EAZY



A few hours later.





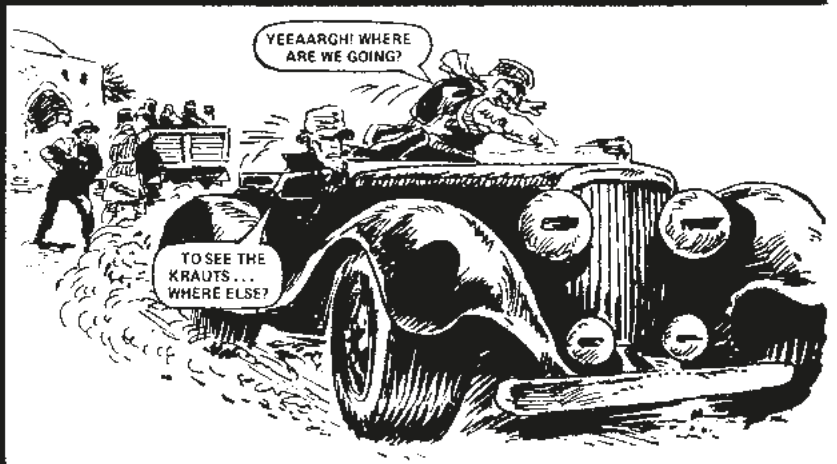
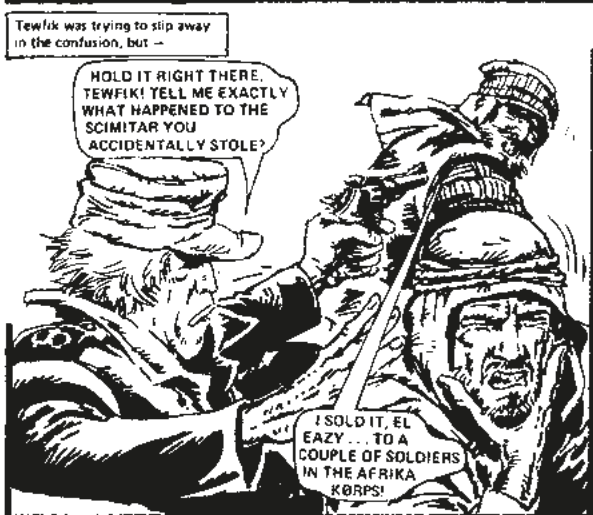
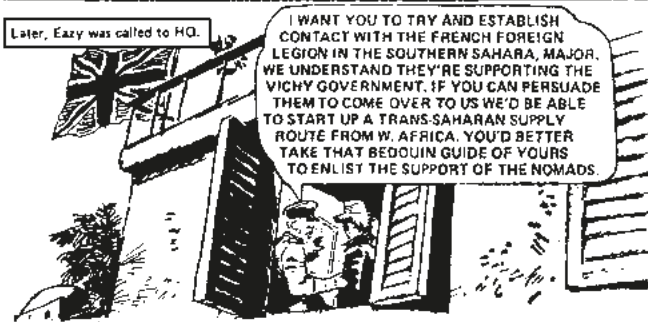
JOIN MAJOR EAZY FOR MORE SHOCKS AND SURPRISES NEXT WEEK !

COOL 'N' EAZY – THAT'S THE WAY THIS DEADLY BRITISH MAJOR FIGHTS !



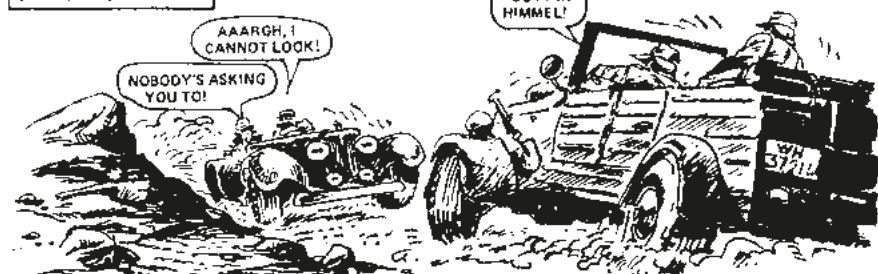
MAJOR EAZY







They soon met the advancing Germany Army.



They were soon hurtling back to the front line -



Later -



TRouble for Eazy when he meets the Foreign Legion next week!

EAZY'S NO GENTLEMAN – AND HIS SIDEKICK'S CERTAINLY NO VALET !

Major Eazy of the Long Range Desert Group and his Bedouin guide, Tewfik, have driven a thousand miles across the Sahara. Their mission: to persuade a garrison of the French Foreign Legion not to support the Vichy Government in France.

THIS IS MADNESS, EL EAZY. IF THE FOREIGN LEGION ARE OUR ENEMY, WHY NOT SEND MANY MEN AND GUNS TO SUBDUDE THEM?

COME NO FURTHER, ANGLAIS! YOU ARE NOT WELCOME HERE!

SO IT SEEMS. LET ME SPEAK WITH YOUR COMMANDER.

I'VE BEEN AUTHORISED BY BRITISH HIGH COMMAND TO ASK YOU TO BRING YOUR GARRISON OVER TO THE ALLIED SIDE, COLONEL.

BECAUSE REPORTS SAY THAT THE FRENCH COMMANDER HERE ISN'T TOO FOND OF THE VICHY HIMSELF.

The Vichy Government was neutral—but in reality pro-German.

THE ALLIES ARE LOSING, MONSIEUR. I REJECT THE OFFER. BEGONE, BEFORE I ORDER YOUR ARREST.

SO MUCH FOR THE INTELLIGENCE REPORTS, EFFENDI!

As they drove away—

ARRETE! STOP THAT MAN!

SEEMS LIKE SOMEBODY DOESN'T AGREE WITH THE COLONEL! LET'S GET HIM!

MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YA, MAJOR.

BLOW ME, A YANK!

THAT'S RIGHT. I ENLISTED IN THE FOREIGN LEGION BEFORE THE WAR, AN' I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET OUT EVER SINCE IT STARTED. THERE'S SOMMAT YA OUGHTA KNOW.

GLORIOUSLY, EFFENDI! COMPARED TO THE GERMANS THESE DOGS ARE RABBLE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU OUGHTA KNOW... THE KRAUTS ARE SENDING TROOPS HERE!

NOW YOU TELL ME! RIGHT, WE HEAD FOR TOWN AND DISCUSS NEW TACTICS!

KEEP IT TILL WE'RE CLEAR OF YOUR FORMER EMPLOYERS. HOW GOES IT, TEWFIK?

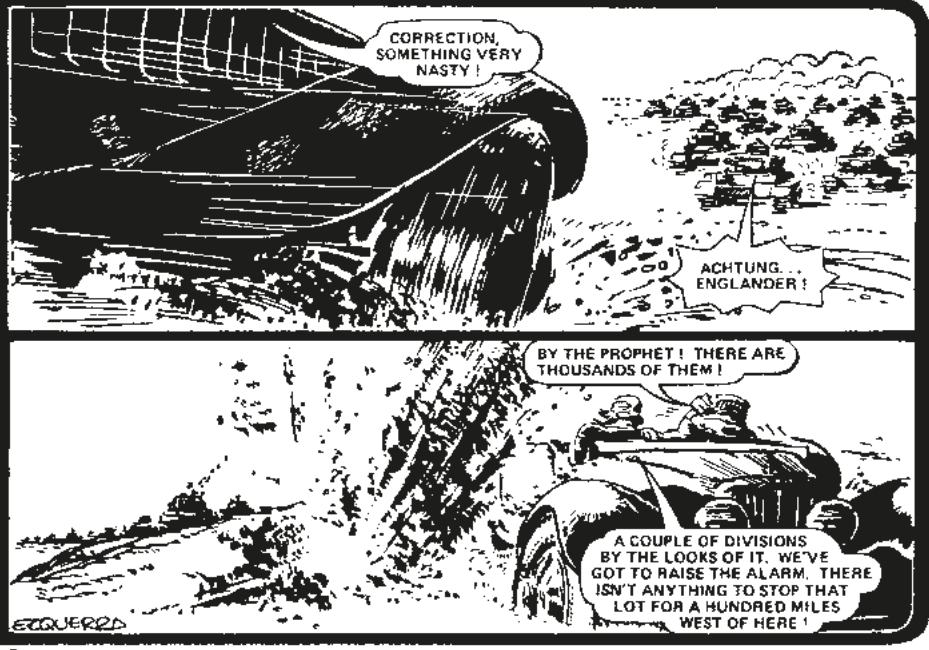
MAJOR EAZY



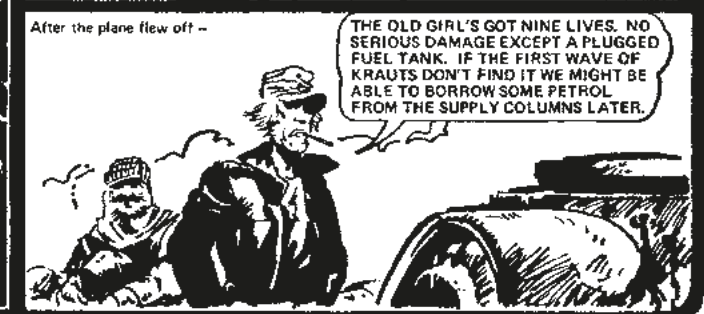
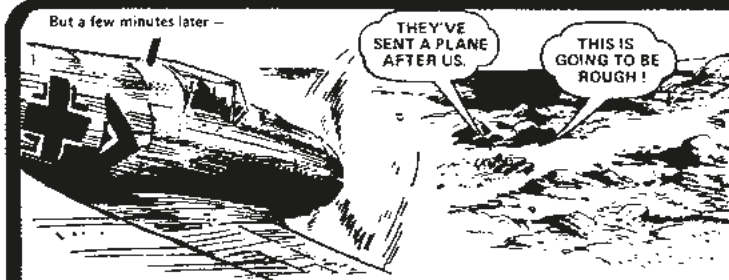


MORE ACTION YOU NEVER EVEN DREAMED OF NEXT WEEK !

EAZY HELPS AN ALLIED AGENT ESCAPE FROM A GERMAN DRAGNET !



MAJOR EAZY





The Germans moved on —



A few minutes later —



Soon —



VERY CUNNING. YOU WILL TAKE THE TRUCK THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES THEN USE THE CAR AGAIN.





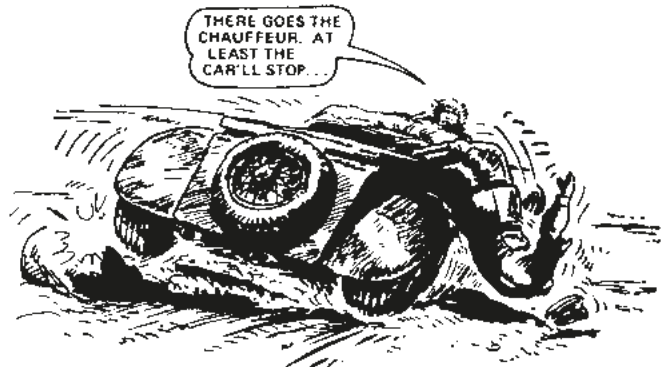
IS THIS THE END FOR EAZY? FIND OUT NEXT ISSUE!

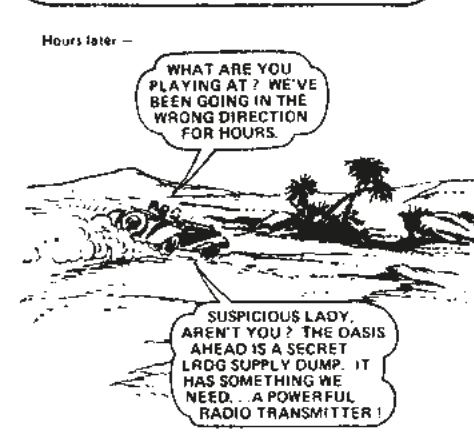
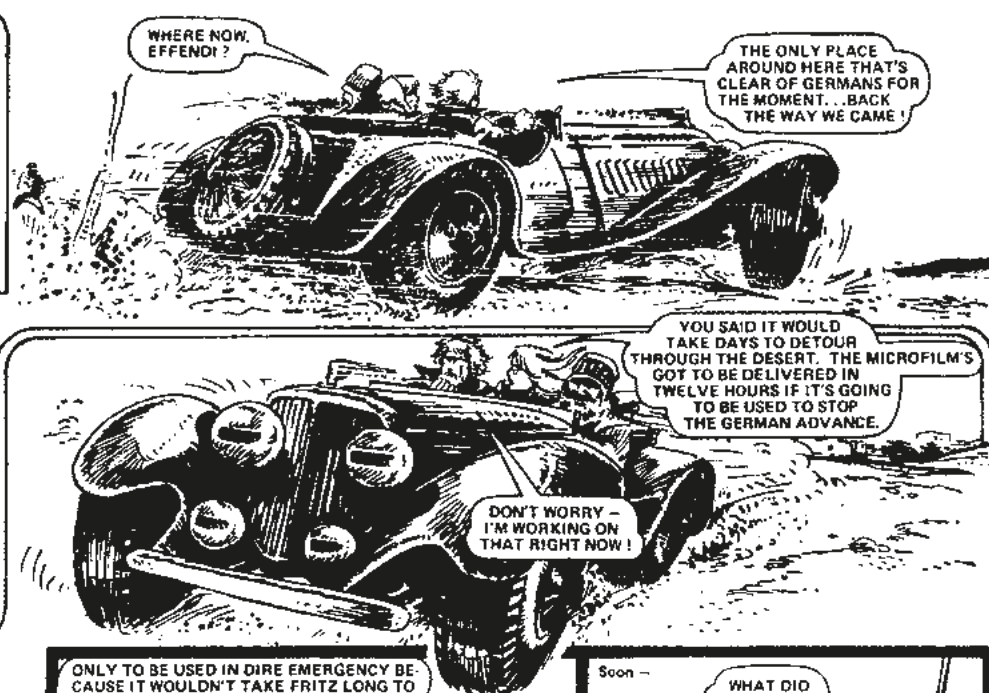
A BULLET FROM NOWHERE SAVES EAZY'S LIFE !

Trapped behind the advancing Afrika Korps, Major Eazy of the Long Range Desert Group faces a bizarre death at the hands of the field police for refusing to reveal the whereabouts of a woman agent carrying microfilm of the Germans' future plans.



MAJOR EAZY







NEXT WEEK — EAZY IS FORCED TO TAKE ON A DESK JOB !

IF EAZY WAS YOUR TEACHER YOU'D HAVE A WHALE OF A TIME !

At the beginning of the N. African campaign it was anybody's battle ... and frequently it was the Germans doing the advancing. Men like Major Eazy of the Long Range Desert Group were there to try and stop the advance.



IT'S NO USE - OUR BULLETS CAN'T HALT THOSE PANZERS. EVERYBODY GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

IT IS BETTER TO DIE GLORIOUSLY THAN RETREAT SHAMEFULLY. MAJOR EAZY.



NOT UNDER MY COMMAND IT AIN'T, TEWFIK. YOU WANT TO DIE ... YOU DO IT USEFULLY. NOW GET IN THE BLASTED CAR BEFORE THE NEXT TANK GETS INTO RANGE!

YOU ARE A HARD MASTER, EFFENDI ... BUT PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT.



SUCH DRIVING, EL EAZY.

SO HELP ME, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOU FOR THE PANZERS TO MAKE GLORIOUS MINCEMEAT OUT OF!

The retreating troops were met by a despatch rider -



GENERAL BOLSOVER WANTS TO SEE YOU AT ONCE, MAJOR EAZY.

SOUNDS OMINOUS.

MAJOR EAZY



I'M A COMBAT SOLDIER, GENERAL ... NOT A FLAMING SCHOOL TEACHER!

NO USE ARGUING, EAZY. THE POWERS THAT BE WANT YOU AS A TEMPORARY INSTRUCTOR IN DESERT WARFARE AT A NEW OFFICER TRAINING CENTRE OUTSIDE CAIRO. YOU'RE TO LEAVE AT ONCE.

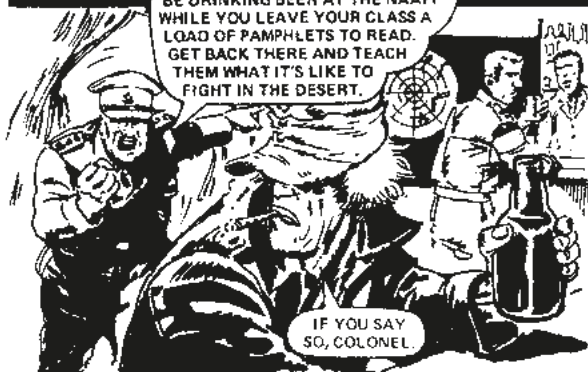
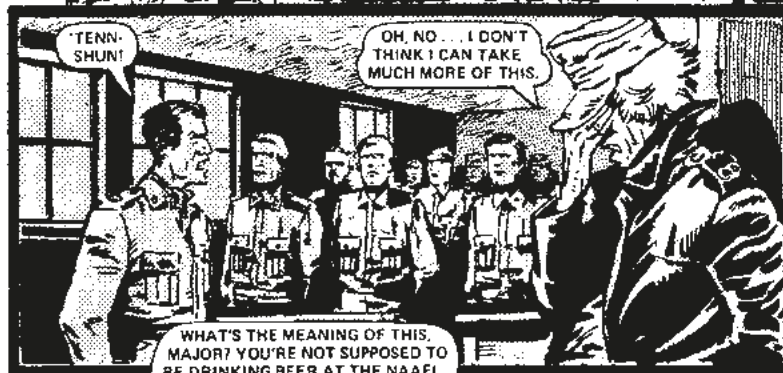


EL EAZY, WHAT ... ?

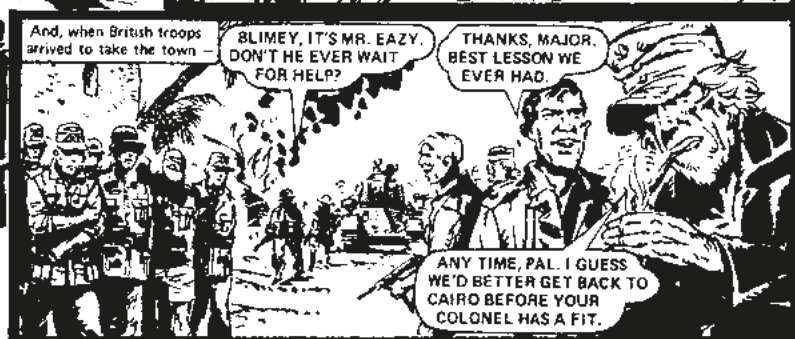
GO AND TAKE A HOLIDAY, TEWFIK. I'VE JUST JOINED THE ACADEMIC WORLD!

HMM, I WONDER IF THE POWERS THAT BE KNOW WHAT THEY'RE LETTING THEMSELVES IN FOR.

Next day, outside Cairo -



Hours later —



JOIN EAZY FOR MORE DEVASTATING ACTION NEXT ISSUE !

EAZY'S CRACKSHOT SHOOTING HELPS CAPTURE AN ENEMY GARRISON !

During a break in the N. African campaign, the deadly Major Easy of the Long Range Desert Group, is hailed to one of his Bedouin guide's favourite restaurants in a small town in Libya.



MAJOR EAZY

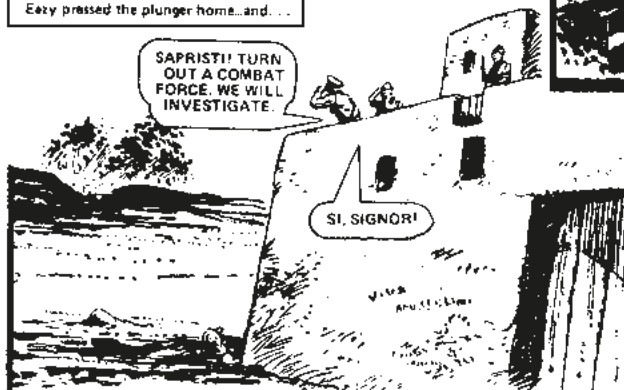




TRUTH OF IT IS, MUZZLE-FACE, ME AND THE LAOS ARE JUST A BUNCH OF THIRSTY SHEEP FARMERS FROM QUEENSLAND, AN' THERE'S JUST NEVER ENOUGH REFRESHMENT IN THIS WILDERNESS.

THAT'S BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED IN THE RIGHT PLACES. TAKE A TRIP INTO THE DESERT WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU A REGULAR GOLDMINE.

Easy pressed the plunger home... and...



SAPRISTI! TURN OUT A COMBAT FORCE. WE WILL INVESTIGATE.

SI, SIGNORI!



And-

OKAY, FALL BACK, YOU LOT.

CRUSH THEM!



A few hours later-

WHAT'S YOUR GAME, EAZY? THERE'S A CRACK ITALIAN ALPINE REGIMENT HOLDIN' THAT FORT!

EXACTLY, AND YOU CAN BET THEY'VE GOT THE BEST WINE AVAILABLE. HO'LL BE MORE THAN HAPPY IF WE TAKE THE PLACE, AND WE'LL BE HAPPY TAKING THE WINE.



Soon-

THOSE EYTIES OUTNUMBER US TEN TO ONE... AN' THEY'RE A MEAN BUNCH.

HAVE FAITH, SWAGMAN. ONCE WE DRAW THEM OUT OF THEIR BOLTHOLE WE'RE IN WITH A CHANCE. BUT WE'LL GIVE 'EM A FREE FIREWORK DISPLAY FIRST.



GOOD MORNING, GENTLEMEN. THIS IS AN AMBUSH - EAZY STYLE!

MIO DIO! CALL OUT THE REST OF THE FORT!



SEE YA, SALAMI CHOPS!

YOU CROW TOO SOON, MY FRIEND. YOUR VEHICLES ARE FASTER, BUT WE HAVE MORE PETROL. WE WILL CATCH YOU.



Half an hour later-

THIS IS FAR ENOUGH. WE'VE GOT ABOUT TEN MINUTES BEFORE THE EYTIES GET HERE.

RIGHT, YOU MOB, GET OUT THE EXPLOSIVES AND THE PALM BRANCHES.



BLIMEY! MATCHSTICKS RECKON YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE 'EM FROM THE HILL?

NEAR ENOUGH TO HIT THE BURIED EXPLOSIVE PACKS. JUST MAKE SURE YOUR GUYS WIPE CLEAN ALL OUR TRACKS.

Ten minutes later -

HERE THEY COME...
POOR SUCKERS.

WHERE HAVE THE TRACKS
GONE?

I'D HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LUIGI.
YOU'RE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE
OF A MINEFIELD LAID LAST
WEEK! MIRACLE YOU HAVEN'T
BLOWN UP ALREADY.

YOU LIE, INGLESE.
THERE IS NO MINEFIELD
HERE. YOU HAVE TEN
SECONDS TO SURRENDER.

TEN SECONDS, EH?
THAT SHOULD
BE ENOUGH TIME
TO PROVE MY
POINT.

YAARH, HE'S
RIGHT!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T
LEAVE US HERE
HOW CAN WE GET
OUT?

I DOUBT IF YOU CAN.
JUST SIT TIGHT
AND I'LL SEND SOME
BODY ALONG FOR
YOU.

The skeleton garrison left at
the fort offered no resistance.

NICE GOING, OLD MATE.
FOOL THE ITALIANS
THAT THEY'RE SITTING
IN THE MIDDLE OF A
NON-EXISTENT MINE-
FIELD AND TAKE OVER
THE FORT IN THE MEAN
TIME. RIGHT, LADS,
BRING OUT THE WINE.

THIS IS ALL THERE
IS. TWO FLAMIN'
CRATES.

TWO CRATES? ALL THAT SWEAT
FOR TWO LOUSY CRATES!

COOL IT, CARLYLE, DON'T
YOU KNOW TOO MUCH
ALCOHOL'S BAD FOR YOU?
LEAVE ONE CRATE FOR
MY MEN AND DRINK THE
OTHER ONE SLOWLY-THAT
WAY YOU MIGHT LIVE TO
SEE ME AGAIN!

WE'LL MEET AGAIN,
EAZY... YOU DOUBLE
CROSSIN' RAT!

WE DID AS WELL, IN ITALY LATER
ON. HE CALLED ME A RAT. I MAY
BE A LOT OF THINGS, BUT I DON'T
RECKON I'M THAT. BUT THERE
WAS A TIME IN ITALY WHEN I
RAN INTO SOME REAL RATS... SO
HANG TIGHT, AND I MIGHT SHOW
YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

MERCY, MERCY!

GALLERY

NON! YOU WILL NOT KILL HIM!



NEW STORY **IRON CROSS of COURAGE**  **STARTS INSIDE**

BATTLE^{7p}

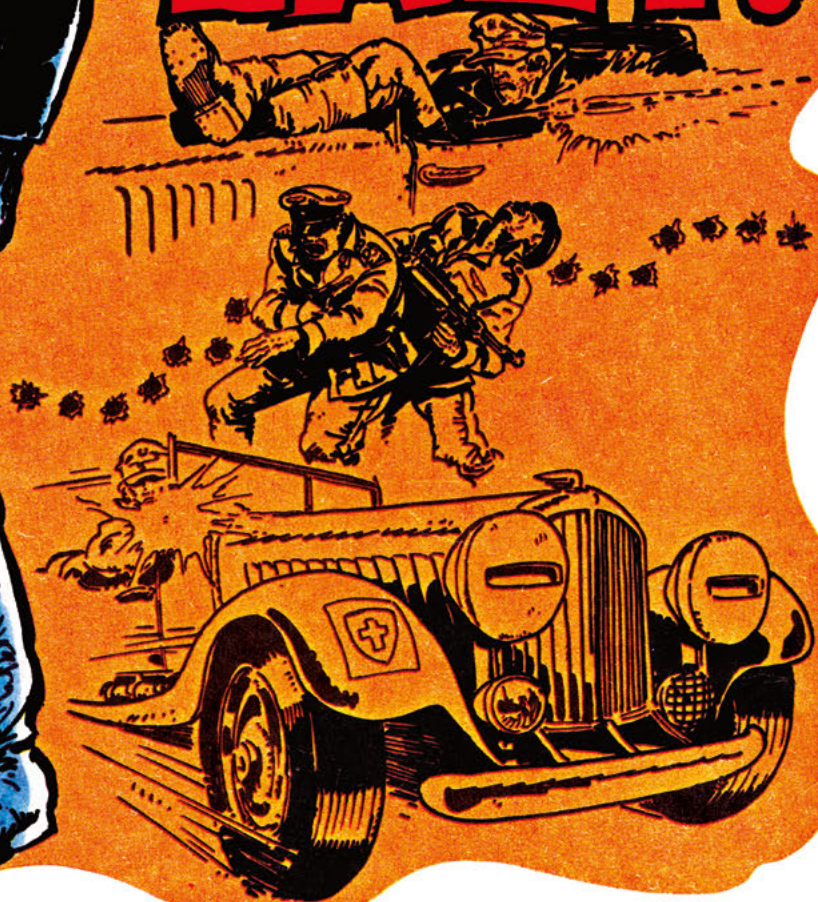
PICTURE WEEKLY

10 JANUARY,
1976
EVERY
THURSDAY

NEW STORY

**LIKE HIM - HATE HIM!
YOU CAN'T IGNORE...**

MAJOR EAZY!



THE PAPER WITH ALL-ACTION WAR STORIES

BATTLE

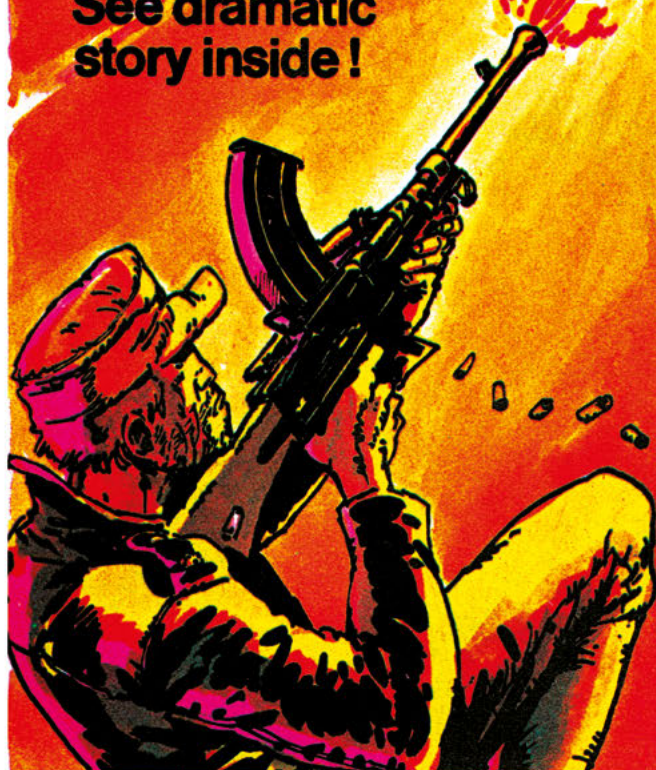
7p

7 FEBRUARY, 1976 EVERY THURSDAY

PICTURE WEEKLY

**EASY
BLASTS A
YANK
PLANE!**

See dramatic
story inside!



SPY THRILLS with
MIKE NELSON

ANOTHER EXCITING MYSTERY EXTRA IN THIS ISSUE!

THE BIG WAR ADVENTURE PAPER

BATTLE

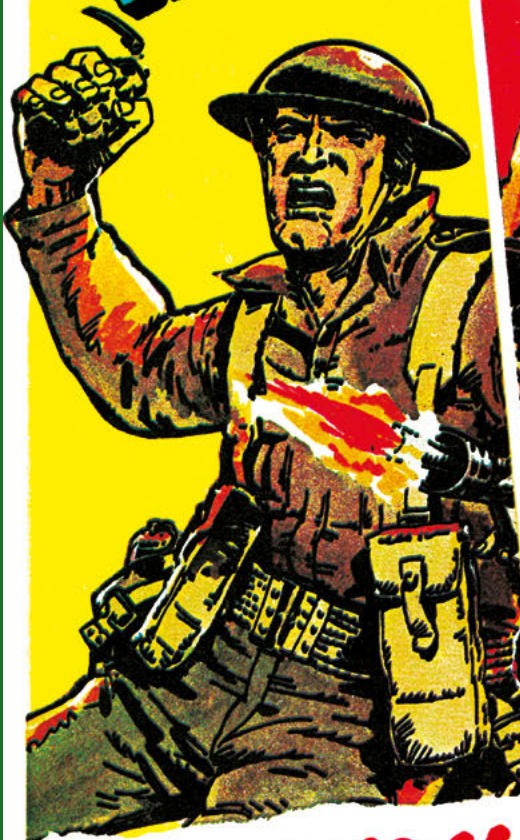
7p

6 MARCH, 1976

EVERY THURSDAY

PICTURE WEEKLY

**D-DAY
DAWSON**



**MAJOR
EAZY**



**BOOTNECK
BOY**



**THE ACTION IS TOUGH WITH THESE
FRONT-LINE FIGHTERS!**

7p

PICTURE WEEKLY

A comic book illustration featuring a central character, a man with a beard and a red bandana, wearing a red jacket and holding two pistols. He is surrounded by smaller panels showing various scenes of action and dialogue. The text "HE'S BACK!!" is written in large, bold, red letters at the top, and "MAJOR EAZY" is written in large, bold, red letters at the bottom. The background is yellow with black outlines. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

D-DAY! 'BATTLE DIARY' COVERS THIS HISTORIC EVENT INSIDE!

BATTLE

PICTURE
WEEKLY

EVERY THURSDAY
5 JUNE, 1976

7p

THE LAST SHOOT OUT?

one slip,
one bullet
can kill
Major Easy!
SEE INSIDE!



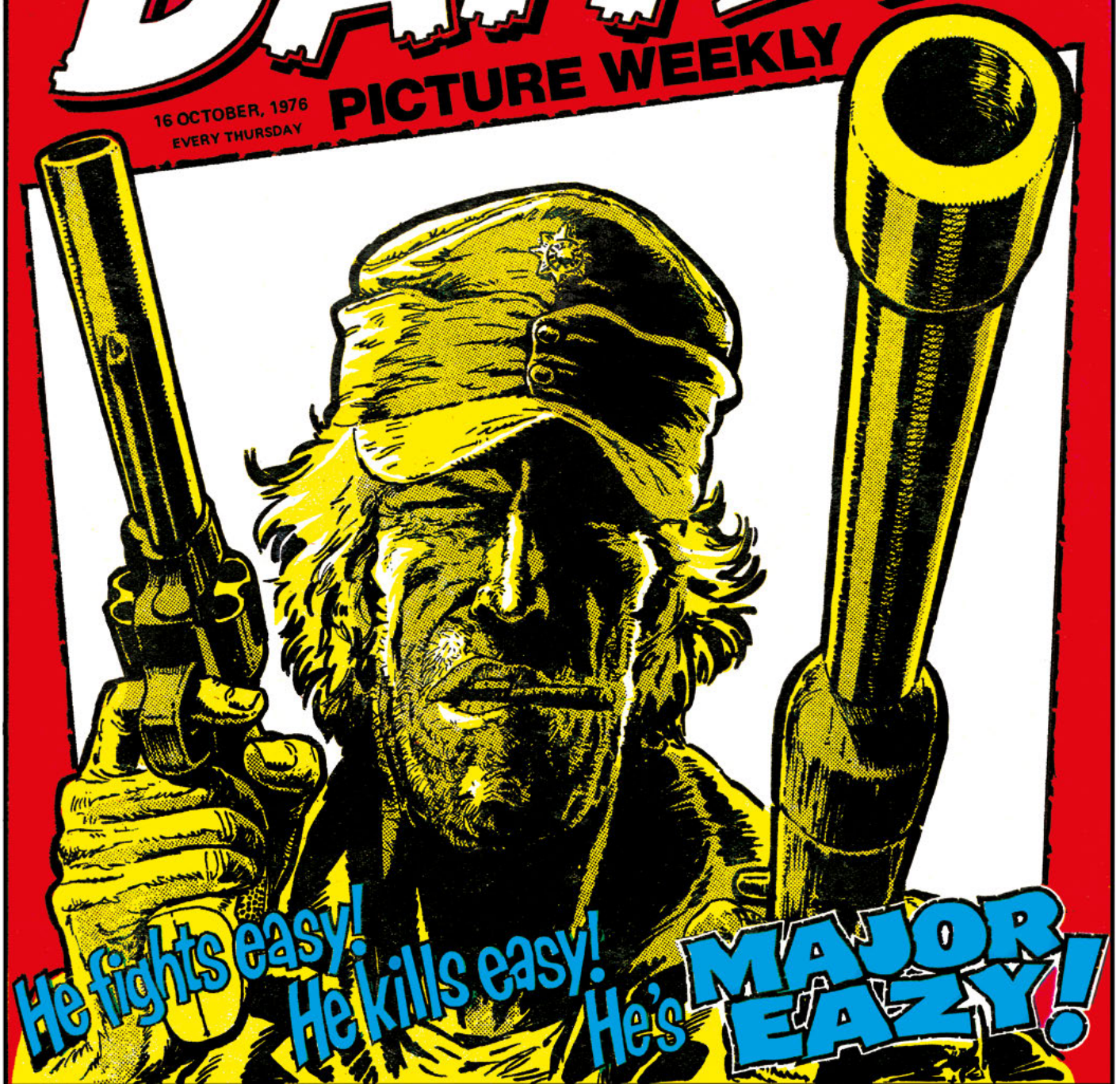
The issue with **EXPLOSIVE NEWS** for every reader!

BATTLE

7p

16 OCTOBER, 1976
EVERY THURSDAY

PICTURE WEEKLY



BATTLE

PICTURE
WEEKLY

7p

and VALIANT

4 DECEMBER, 1976
EVERY THURSDAY

JERRY
FIGHTER

JAP
TANK



ALAN HEBDEN

Alan Hebden scripted a number of comics in the late 1970s and early 1980s, including strips for **Battle** such as *The Rat Pack* with artists Carlos Ezquerra, Massimo Belardinelli and Eric Bradbury, *Major Eazy* with Carlos Ezquerra, *War Dog* and *Fighting Mann* with Cam Kennedy and both *Death Squad* and *Crazy Keller* with Eric Bradbury. For **Starlord** he wrote *Mind Wars* which featured the art of Jesus Redondo, and he scripted the majority of *Planet of the Damned* (it's opening having been scripted by Pat Mills). His prolific work for **2000 AD** included *Meltdown Man* and the sequel to *Harlem Heroes* with Massimo Bellardinelli. He also scripted *Death Planet* which featured the first female lead in a **2000 AD** strip. Alan is still working in the industry today, writing various war stories for DC Thomson's **Commando**. He recently returned to *El Mestizo* (another strip co-created with Carlos Ezquerra), contributing a brand-new story to the 2020 **Battle** special.

CARLOS EZQUERRA

Carlos Ezquerra was the co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Rat Pack*, *Major Eazy* and many other fan favourite characters, he designed the classic original Dredd costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. In addition to these credits he also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many other stories. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra illustrated the first *Third World War* episodes in **Crisis** magazine, and become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on **Adventures in the Rifle Brigade**, **Bloody Mary**, **Just a Pilgrim**, **Condors**, **The Magnificent Kevin** and two special **Preacher** episodes. He died in 2018 but his profound influence on the world of comic art cannot be overstated.

FROM THE PAGES OF
BATTLE

HE'S TOUGH ... HE'S COOL ... HE'S CRAZY!

10TH July 1943, Sicily. British troops have just landed to take part in the invasion when their commanding officer is killed. Enter Major Eazy – a scruffy, laid-back maverick with no respect for authority. The top brass may find him unconventional, but they are able to overlook the Major's eccentricities because when it comes to warfare he makes it look...easy!

Co-created by **2000 AD** legend Carlos Ezquerra and **Battle** stalwart Alan Hebden, this action-packed collection follows Major Eazy's exploits through Italy during the final years of WWII.



REBELLION

TREASURY
OF BRITISH
COMICS

RATED TEEN
WAR/ ACTION/ ADVENTURE

ISBN 978-1-78108-981-1



9 781781 089811

£14.99