

Pin-up 1

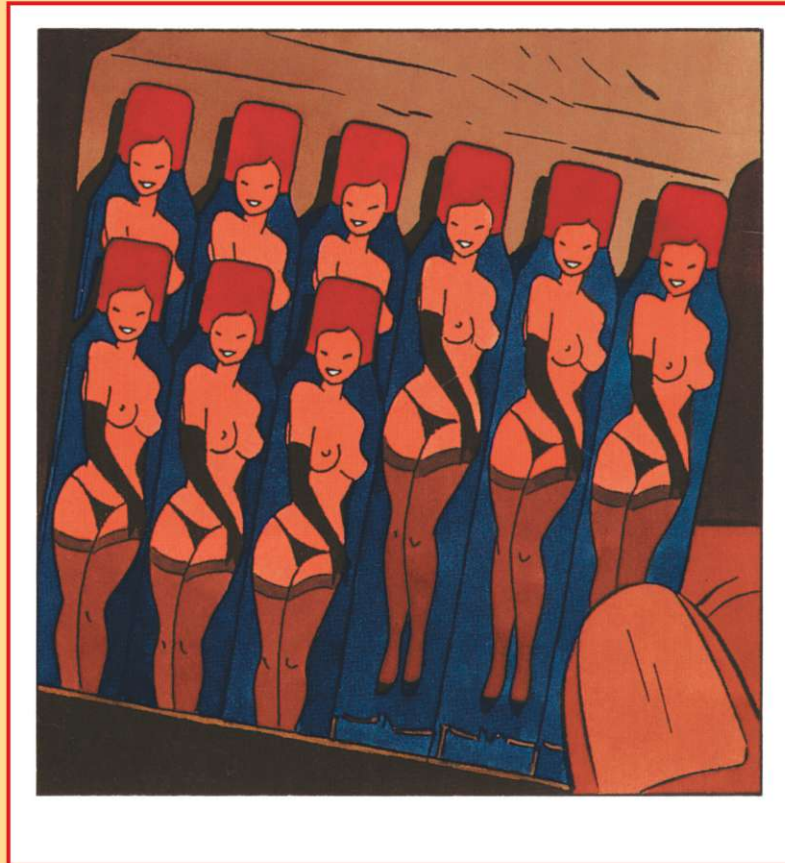
BERTHET
YANN

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR



euRoPe
COMICS

Pin-up

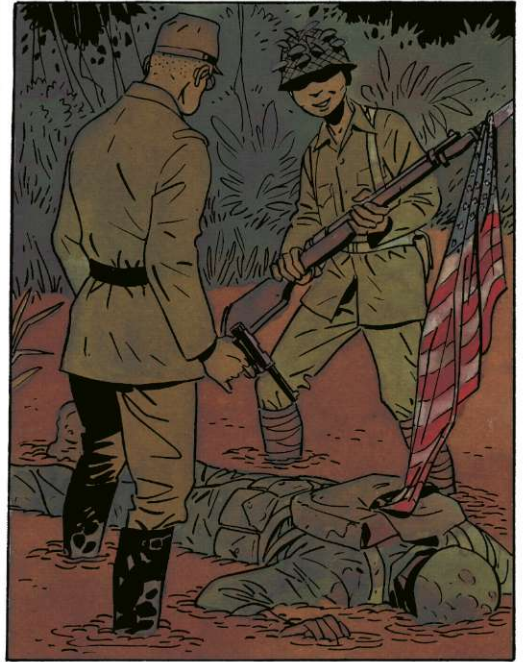


Writer
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LATE AGAIN, HONEY... THE MOVIE STARTED...

...THEY'RE ALREADY AT THE KISS SCENE.



I'M SORRY, JOE. I HURRIED OVER!

SERIOUSLY, DOTTIE...



AND YOU COULD'VE DOLLED YOURSELF UP TO WAVE ME OFF!

I'M SORRY... THE LAST SHOW FINISHED LATER THAN PLANNED. I DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO CHANGE.



TIME TO GO, JOE.

Let's fight for VICTORY

SORRY, MISS. HE'LL WRITE YOU FROM TOKYO.



YOU... YOU'LL WRITE ME, JOE? PROMISE ME!



OK! OK!... IF THE WAR ISN'T OVER BEFORE THEY COLLECT THE MORNING MAIL.

WE'RE GONNA CRUSH THOSE UGLY YELLOW SHANT-EYES IN NO TIME FLAT!



BE CAREFUL, JOE! SWEAR TO ME YOU WON'T TAKE ANY UNNECESSARY RISKS!

HEY MISS! MAYBE YOU'LL SEE YOUR BIG HERO ON THE NEWSREELS BEFORE THE FEATURE MOVIE!



YOU FORGOT TO TAKE A PICTURE OF ME FOR GOOD LUCK... WAIT, I HAVE ONE AT THE BOTTOM OF MY PURSE.

SPEAKING OF FORGETTING-- TAKE A LOOK...



R.P.H. WHAT'S THAT?



I GOT A FRIEND TO DO IT YESTERDAY... "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR"--SO WE NEVER FORGET THOSE LEMONHEADS' TREACHEROUS ATTACK!

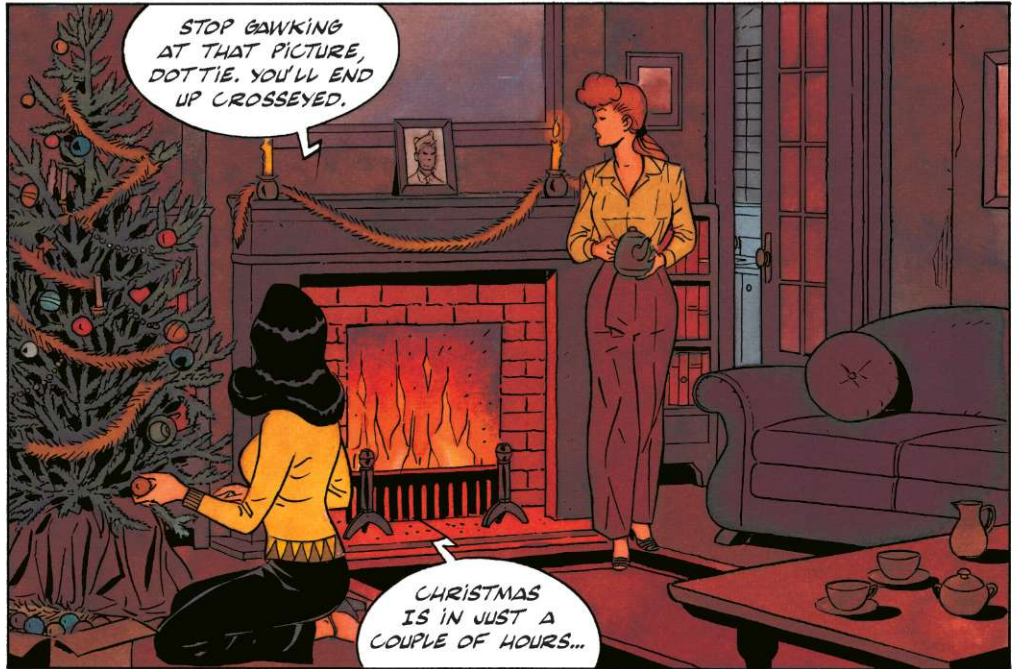


HURRY UP AND GIVE YOUR GIRL A BIG WET SMOOCH! HIROHITO'S WAITING!

MOVE IT, JOE!







STOP GAWKING AT THAT PICTURE, DOTTIE. YOU'LL END UP CROSSEYED.

CHRISTMAS IS IN JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS...



...SO, WHILE WE WAIT FOR YOUR HERO TO RETURN DECORATED IN MEDALS, LET'S GET STARTED DECORATING THIS TREE.



HERE, HELP ME HANG UP THESE BALLS... AND TRY TO FORGET HIS. HA! HA! HA!

PLEASE, TALULLAH! DON'T BE VULGAR!



WHY? ALL MEN ARE THE SAME... WHICH IS TO SAY, NOT MUCH BETTER THAN THEIR ESTIMATION OF US.

JOE'S DIFFERENT.



COME ON, DOTTIE--YOU WANT TO BE AN USHER YOUR WHOLE LIFE? AND IF HE DOESN'T COME BACK, YOU--

DON'T SAY THAT! I WON'T LE--

WATCH OUT!



SORRY... GIVE ME YOUR BLOUSE. I'LL RUN IT UNDER COLD WATER.

LEAVE IT!



OH, COME ON! DON'T BE CHILDISH. WAIT! WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR SHOULDER?

NOTHING! LEAVE ME ALONE, TALULLAH!



WHY... IT'S A TATTOO!
R.P.H... WHAT'S IT STAND
FOR, DOTTIE? DO YOU
HAVE THREE SECRET
LOVERS?

DON'T
TOUCH ME!



TSSS... I'D
BET TWENTY
BUCKS DARLING
JOE IS BEHIND THIS!

I... I DID
IT TO PROVE
MY LOVE...



BUT DAMAGING YOUR OWN
SKIN FOR SOME GUY...
YOU'VE GOT TO BE
NUTS, DOTTIE!

OF COURSE
YOU WOULDN'T
UNDERSTAND...



I SAW A SHOW
ABOUT THE YEARLY
"ROUND-UP" IN TEXAS.
ABOUT HOW EACH
RANCH BRANDS ITS
INITIALS ONTO ITS
CALVES WITH RED-
HOT IRONS...

POOR
ANIMALS!



...IF YOU GOT A TATTOO
WITH THE INITIALS OF ALL YOUR LOVERS,
IT'D COVER YOUR ENTIRE BACK,
FROM YOUR SHOULDERS RIGHT
DOWN TO YOUR REAR
END!

POOR
DOTTIE! LOVE'S
LIKE A BATTLEFIELD.
YOU NEED A PLAN
OF ATTACK.



TAKE ME, FOR EXAMPLE,
I HAVE MY BASES COVERED.
IF HOWARD THE SAILOR,
FOERSTER THE PILOT AND
BEN THE ARTILLERYMAN
DON'T RETURN, THERE'S
ALWAYS MY TWO SIGNALLERS,
PHILIP AND
DAVID...

ENOUGH!



GO, TALULLAH! I WANT
TO BE ALONE. THANKS
FOR THE TREE.

OK!
OK!



ON THE SUBJECT
OF TREES... YOU KNOW
PINE'S THE WOOD THEY
USE TO MAKE COFFINS,
RIGHT?

MERRY
CHRISTMAS!

GET
OUT!





HEE!

YOU BLOATED LITTLE SOLDIER, LIKE GOATSKIN FULL OF WATER... YOU AFRAID?

ME NO "BUKA DOG"... OTHERWISE YOU ALREADY DEAD.

HEE!
HEE!

"BUKA DOG"?

"BLACK DOGS"... NATIVES WHO WORK FOR JAPANESE... KILL MISSIONARIES TWO DAYS AGO.

ME... UH... I'M LOOKING FOR FERDINAND.

FERDINAND?

ME KNOW CORNELIUS. HIM ONLY WHITE MAN ALIVE ON ISLAND.

THAT'S HIM... CORNELIUS LYONS PAGE! TAKE ME...

AH!



HEE! HEE! HEE!
YOU GET KNOW
"WORM OF NEW
GUINEA." NO BIG
DEAL.

GOOD LORD!
THIS ITCHING IS
ATROCIOUS!



**DAMNED
TOP BRASS!!**
MAY THEIR BUNGHOLES
BE EATEN BY
LEPROSY!



WHEN HIM
TIRED AND
NO MORE
HUNGRY, HIM
FALL OFF...
DON'T
WORRY.
FOLLOW
ME.



CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?
HERE WE ARE GETTING OUR
THROATS SLIT WITH BAYONETS,
WHILE ALL NICE AND COZY AT
THE REAR, SOME OFFICER IS
SENDING ME AN OFFICIAL
REPRIMAND FOR FAILURE
TO FOLLOW
DIRECTIVES!



ALL BECAUSE I
USED THE TERM
"JAP" INSTEAD
OF "NIPPONESE"
TO DESCRIBE
FORMATIONS FLYING
OVER THE ISLAND.



ARE YOU HERE
ALONE? WHERE ARE
THE OTHERS? D'YOU
HAVE THE NEW CODES?
AND REPLACEMENT
TUBES FOR THE
RADIO?

THEY'RE
ALL DEAD... AN
AMBUSH NEAR THE
SEPIK RIVER. SORRY
ABOUT YOUR CODES.
THE SERGEANT HAD--



ALL THE
OTHER "FERDINAND"
TRANSMITTERS HAVE
GONE SILENT... THE BLACK
DOGS GOT 'EM ONE AFTER
ANOTHER. LUCKILY, I HAVE
ANSIN BULU HERE TO
SPOT THEM AND
WARN ME.

IS
SHE SENDING
A SIGNAL?



NEGATIVE... IT'S
LUNCHTIME, IS ALL.
I'M AFRAID I'M TOO
OLD NOW TO MONKEY
AROUND CLIMBING
AFTER COCONUTS.

WHAT'S
YOUR NAME,
BY THE WAY?

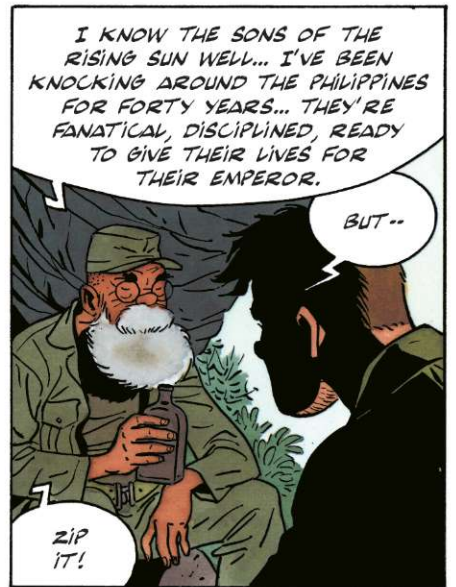


JUST BETWEEN US, JOE... DON'T REPEAT THIS, BUT I THINK THE JAPANESE ARE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR.

WHAT?



DON'T MISUNDERSTAND ME, SOLDIER! I'LL FIGHT THEM TO MY LAST BREATH. BUT IT'S HOPELESS.



I KNOW THE SONS OF THE RISING SUN WELL... I'VE BEEN KNOCKING AROUND THE PHILIPPINES FOR FORTY YEARS... THEY'RE FANATICAL, DISCIPLINED, READY TO GIVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR EMPEROR.

BUT...

ZIP IT!



ON OUR SIDE, WHO DO WE HAVE? DEGENERATE, HOMOSEXUAL ENGLISHMEN, ALCOHOLIC AUSTRALIANS, AND THE AMERICANS... WHOSE MOST BURNING DESIRE IS TO TRADE IN THEIR OLD BUICK FOR AN EVEN BIGGER NEW ONE WITH MORE CHROME ON THE BUMPER!

I DON'T...

IT'S HOPELESS.



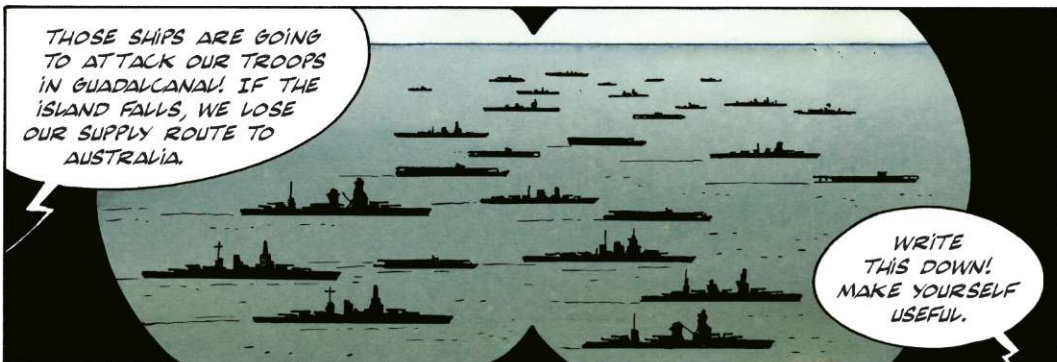
WHAT IS IT? MY GOD! I WAS ABOUT TO FORGET "THE TOKYO EXPRESS"!

COME.



THE SWISS AND THE JAPANESE HAVE ONE THING IN COMMON... PUNCTUALITY. THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ALLIES.

HAR! HAR!



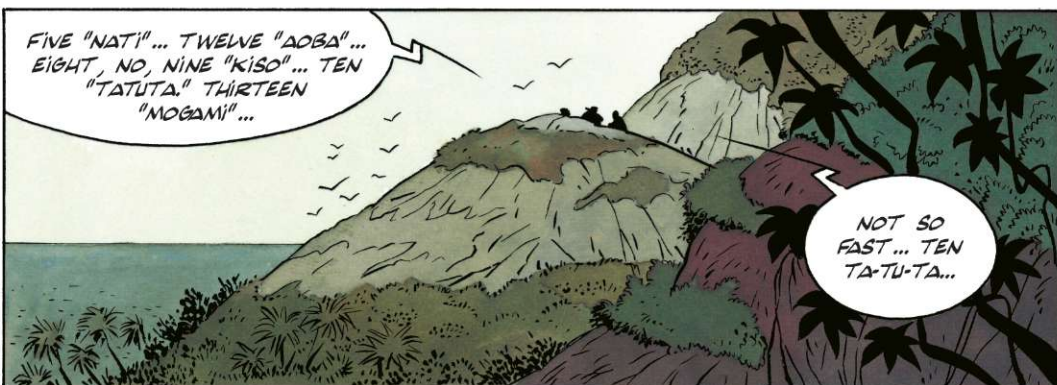
THOSE SHIPS ARE GOING TO ATTACK OUR TROOPS IN GUADALCANAL! IF THE ISLAND FALLS, WE LOSE OUR SUPPLY ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA.

WRITE THIS DOWN! MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL.



BY GENERAL MACARTHUR'S TESTS! THEY PULLED OUT ALL THE STOPS. OUR BOYS ARE GONNA GET HIT HARD!

QUICK! TO THE TRANSMITTER.



FIVE "NATI"... TWELVE "AOBA"... EIGHT, NO, NINE "KISO"... TEN "TATUTA." THIRTEEN "MOGAMI"...

NOT SO FAST... TEN TA-TU-TA...



OUR BRAVE TROOPS ARE HOLDING OUT AT BAATAN DESPITE THE RELENTLESS BOMBARDMENTS FROM THE JAPANESE FLEET IN THE PHILIPPINES.



THE ISLAND FORTRESS OF CORREGIDOR, WHERE OUR BEST UNITS HAVE TAKEN REFUGE, IS BEING SHOWERED DAY AND NIGHT WITH IRON AND FIRE...



...TAKEN FROM THE REAR, THE CITADEL OF SINGAPORE--PRIDE OF THE BRITISH CROWN-- WAS FORCED TO MAKE ITS SURRENDER. SIR PERCIVAL...



UH, MISS!

EXIT



LEAVE ME ALONE!

BUT... I'D LIKE A TICKET!



CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY? BUZZ OFF!

BUT I... OK.



JOE!

AHEM!



WILL YOU GET LOS... OH!

THAT'S QUITE ENOUGH, DOTTIE! THIS IS THE FIFTH COMPLAINT THIS WEEK!

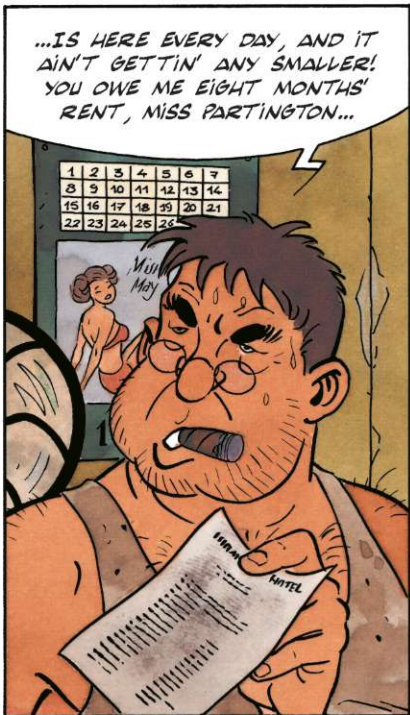
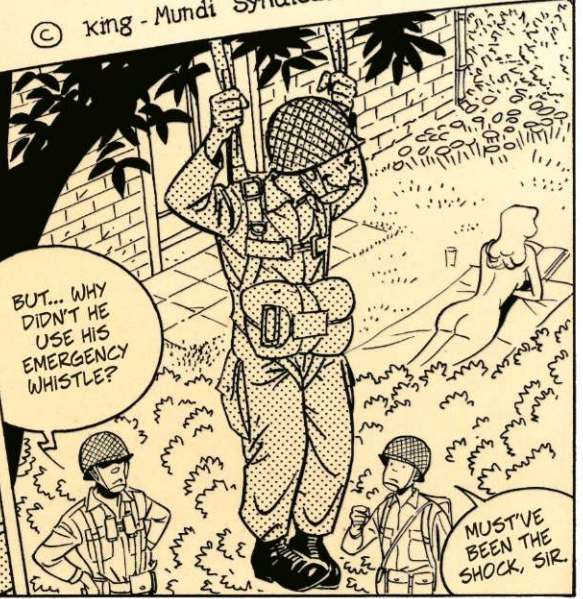
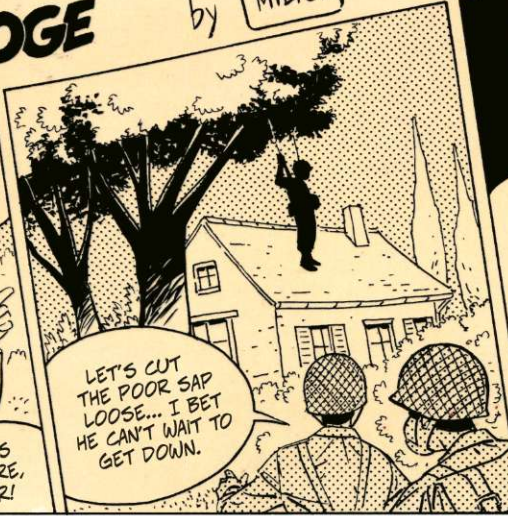
YOU'RE FIRED!



JOE! LORD, DON'T LET ANYTHING HAPPEN TO HIM.

MAD SCROOGE

by MILTON





EXCUSE ME FOR INTERRUPTING, BUT--

GET LOST, I'M BUSY! AND WE'RE FULL, ANYWAY.



I INSIST!



YOOWWW!! ARE YOU NUTS? YOU BURNED THROUGH THE SKIN!

TALULLAH!

YOU'RE RIGHT, IT STINKS LIKE CHARRED PIG!



THIS BROAD OWES ME TEN MONTHS' RENT!

LIAR! EIGHT!

I WONDER... GIVEN YOUR AGE, HOW COME YOU HAVEN'T BEEN CONSCRIPTED, FATTY?



I... I WAS EXEMPTED... A HEART CONDITION.

MORE LIKE A FAT CONDITION, LARD ASS.

THOUGH YOU SEEM STRONG ENOUGH.



AT SOME POINT I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A WORD WITH COLONEL BORZAGE, A FRIEND OF MINE. THE ARMY NEEDS EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN... EVEN FATTIES.



IF NOTHING ELSE, THERE ARE ALWAYS LATRINES TO SCRUB FOR THE WAR EFFORT!

PACK YOUR BAGS, DOTTIE, AND SAY SO LONG TO PORKY PIG.



YOU CAN'T KEEP LIVING HERE... COME STAY WITH ME FOR A WHILE.

THANKS, TALULLAH. YOU'RE TOPS.

BUT... HOW 'BOUT MY RENT?



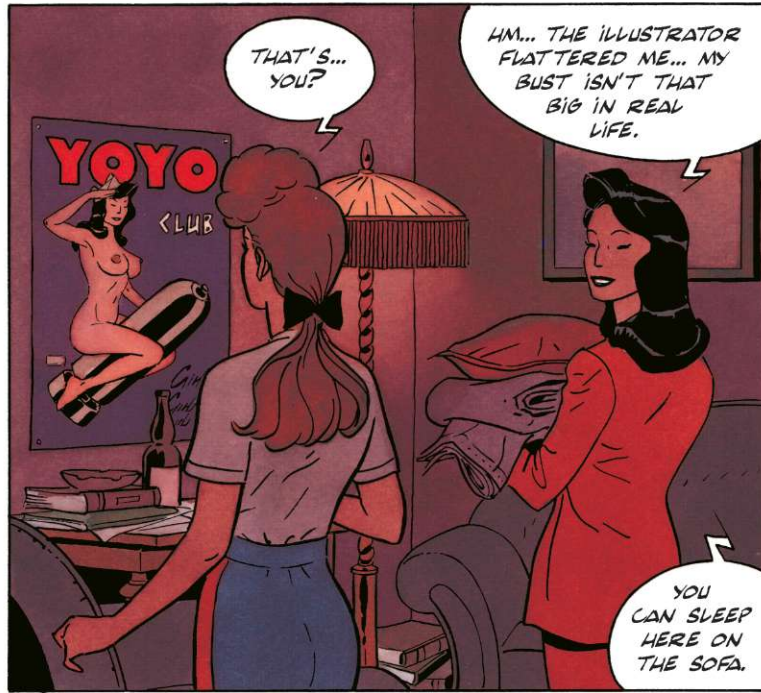
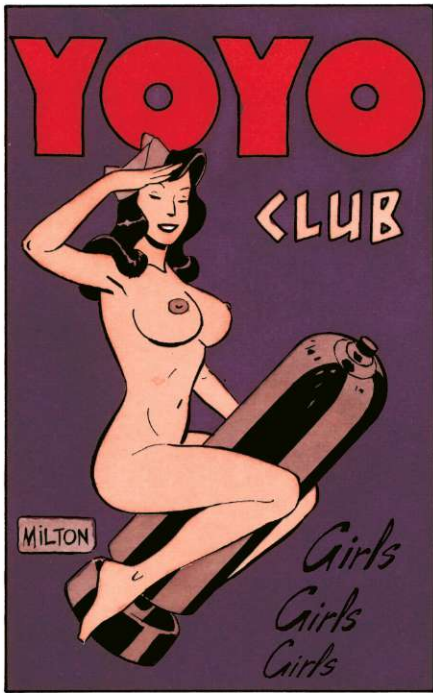
JOE HASN'T WRITTEN IN MONTHS... I'M SURE HE DOESN'T LOVE ME ANYMORE.

DON'T BE SILLY, DOTTIE. MAYBE HE'S JUST DEAD.



TALULLAH! PLEASE.

I'M KIDDING, HONEY! I'M SURE JOE JUST HAS BIGGER JAPS TO FRY.





"WOMAN
ORDNANCE WORKER."
WHILE THEIR MEN PLAY
SOLDIER, OUR GIRLS GO TO
WORK IN THE MUNITIONS
FACTORIES.

DISGRACEFUL!



JUST NEAR HERE, THE MITCHELL
FACTORY IS RECRUITING VOLUNTEERS
TO BUILD B-17 FLYING
FORTRESSES.

MITCHELL.
HOW
IRONIC...



THEN THERE'S ALWAYS THE
RED CROSS. WITH ANY LUCK,
YOUR G.I. WILL TURN UP WITH A
FEW AMPUTATIONS HERE AND
THERE, AND YOU CAN PLAY
DRESS-UP WITH A REAL
LIVE DOLL...

SHUT
UP!

YOU'RE
HORRIBLE!



WELL, BETTER RUN.
I'M EXPECTED AT
THE CABARET.

I HAVE
SOLDIER
MORALE TO
BOOST TOO,
Y'KNOW.



...SEEING
AS HOW YOUR
LOVER BOY'S "GONE
WITH THE WIND"!



IF YOU DECIDE YOU
WANT THE JOB, THE
ADDRESS IS ON THE
MATCHBOOK...

BUT... I
DON'T...

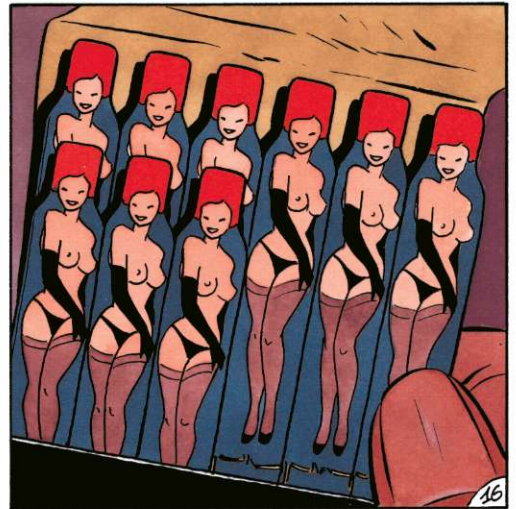


...AS FOR THE MITCHELL
FACTORY, YOU CAN
CHECK THE PHONE
BOOK!

BYE!



YOYO
CLUB
Girls
Girls
Girls
CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING





23... NO, 24 "BETTY" BOMBERS. POSITIONS, QUICK!



YOU'RE SENDING UNENCRYPTED SIGNALS ON FREQUENCY X...??

C.I.P. CALLING PORT MORESBY... RABAUV... TULAGI...



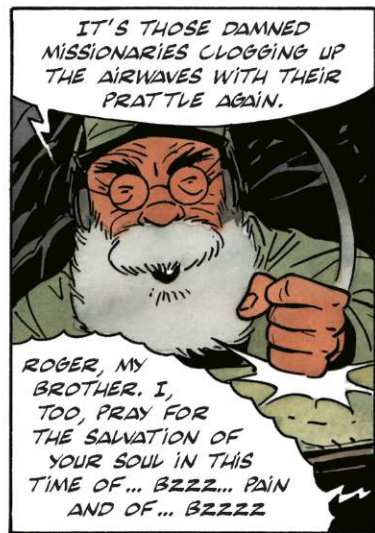
TAKES TOO LONG TO CODE. WHEN IT COMES TO PLANES, EVERY SECOND COUNTS! OUR UNITS NEED TO ALREADY BE IN THE AIR TO INTERCEPT THEM.

NOW A BIT OF QUIET AND QUIT PESTERING ME!



BY ALL THE GHOSTS OF THE GLEN CARRIG!

...BLESS YOU, MY SON. MAY THE PEACE OF CHRIST BE WITH YOU...



IT'S THOSE DAMNED MISSIONARIES CLOGGING UP THE AIRWAVES WITH THEIR PRATTLE AGAIN.

ROGER, MY BROTHER. I, TOO, PRAY FOR THE SALVATION OF YOUR SOUL IN THIS TIME OF... BZZZ... PAIN AND OF... BZZZZ



...THANK YOU, MY BROTHER, I PRAY FOR YOU AS WELL.

LET ME HAVE THE LINE FOR GOD'S SAKE, AND I SWEAR I'LL PRAY FOR YOU BOTH!



PORT MORESBY? C.I.P. HERE... 24 FIGHTER-BOMBERS ARE HEADED SOUTH-EAST... I REPEAT...



THEY GOT THE MESSAGE! WE GOTTA MOVE FAST. THE JAPS WILL HAVE PINPOINTED OUR CALL.

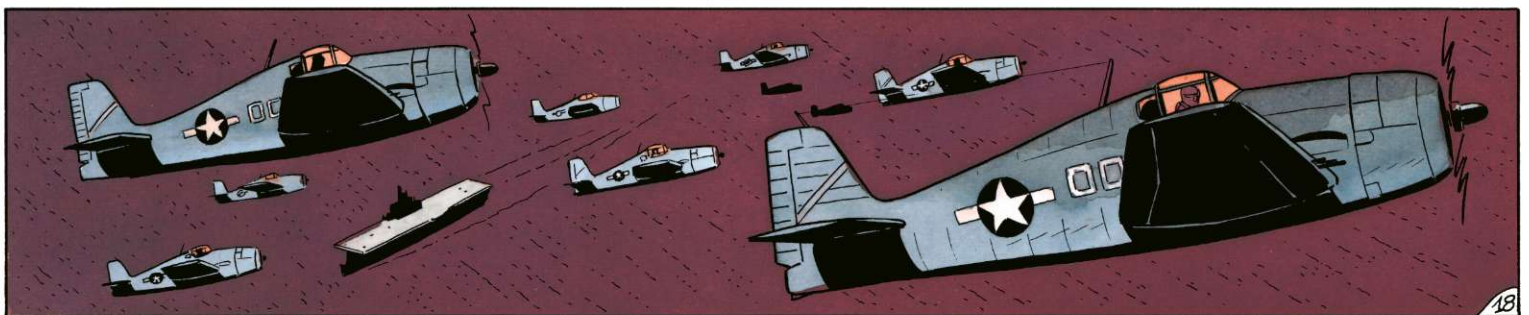


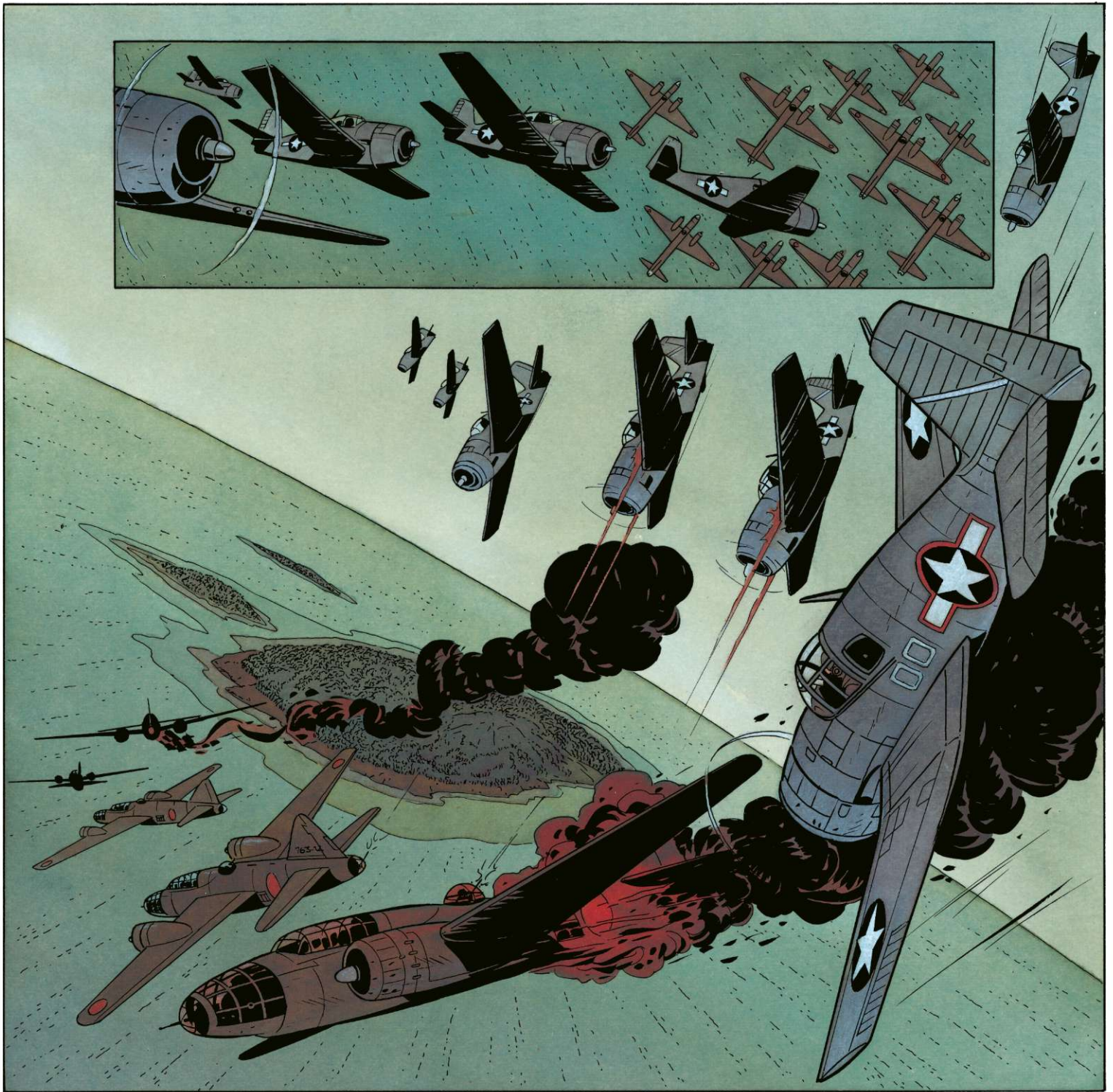
TURNS OUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE A BIG HELP, JOE. I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS PACK MULE STUFF.

GOOD LORD! THIS THING WEIGHS A TON!



DAMN HOLY WATER-BATHING PANTYWAISTS! SOMETIMES I WISH THE JAPANESE WOULD SHUT ALL THOSE GABBY MISSIONARIES UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!

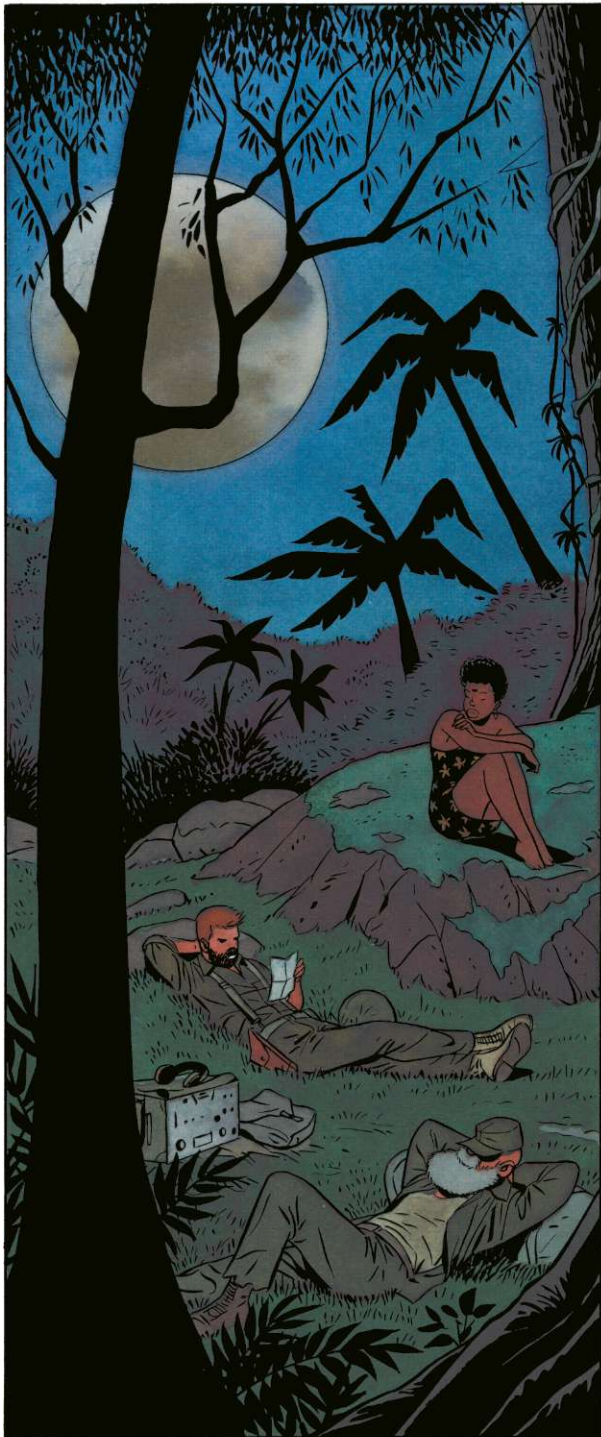




WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS! THE JAPS ARE FALLING LIKE FLIES! ONE... TWO... THREE... I SEE EIGHT HITTING THE WATER. GOOD GOD, IT'S A MASSACRE!

OLD CORNELIUS RED LIKE MUKUMUKU-NUKUNUKU BEET... HIM VERY PROUD!







FOR THE LAST TIME--LEAVE ME ALONE, EARL!



DOTTIE... I JUST WANTED TO INVITE YOU TO A JAZZ PARTY AT RICK'S TONIGHT. THE BAND'S SAX IS REAL HOT.

WHAT FOR, EARL? I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING THE WRONG IDEA.



BECAUSE OF HIM...? SPEAKING OF WHOM, ANY NEWS FROM DARLING JOE?



I HAVE TO WORK, EARL...

DOTTIE, WAIT!



TSK, TSK, EARL! YOU SMOKE TOO MUCH! IT'S BAD FOR YOUR LIL' OL' LUNGS. AND FOR YOUR HEART.



DON'T COUNT ON IT, EARL!

I GOTTA GO... DOTTIE, SEE YOU TONIGHT AT RICK'S.



THEY COMMISSIONED MILTON TO DECORATE THE FUSELAGES OF ALL THEIR FLYING TIN CANS WITH PIN-UPS.

BUT INSTEAD OF THE USUAL HOLLYWOOD STARLETS, THEY ASKED HIM TO USE US YOYO CLUB GIRLS AS MODELS... YOU INCLUDED! WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WHAT A PEST THAT GUY IS! DOTTIE, I WANTED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MILTON!... Y'KNOW, THE ILLUSTRATOR I'VE TOLD YOU SO MUCH ABOUT!



DELIGHTED, MISS... I...

FOR ONCE THOSE LUNKHEADED AVIATORS HAVE COME UP WITH A MARVELOUS IDEA.







HMM... LOOKS LIKE THERE'S SOME POOR SOULS IN NEED OF OUR HELP.



THIS STINKS OF A JAPANESE TRAP!

ERONI NO "BUKA DOG"!!



IT'S GENUINE ALL RIGHT... I RECEIVED A CODED MESSAGE ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF AN AMERICAN PATROL BOAT IN THIS AREA CARRYING TWELVE MEN... WE HAVE TO HELP THEM.

WHAT?



BUT... GO DOWN TO THE COAST? WE'LL BE EXPOSED! YOU SAID WE HAD TO STAY HIDDEN IN THE JUNGLE AT ALL COSTS!



ARE YOU AFRAID, JOE?

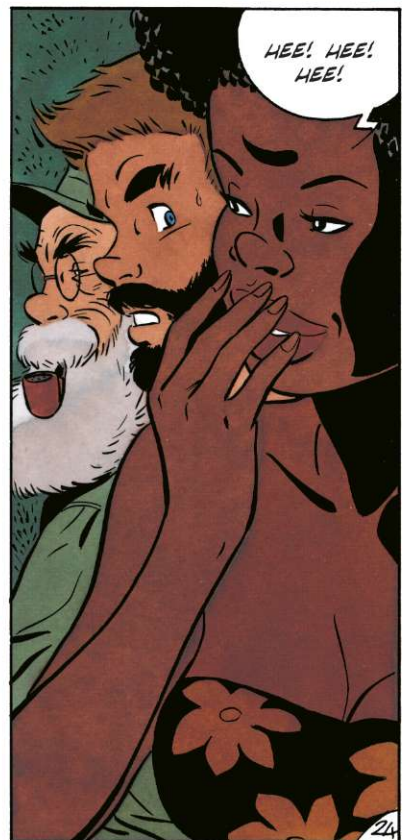


I... YES, I'M AFRAID.

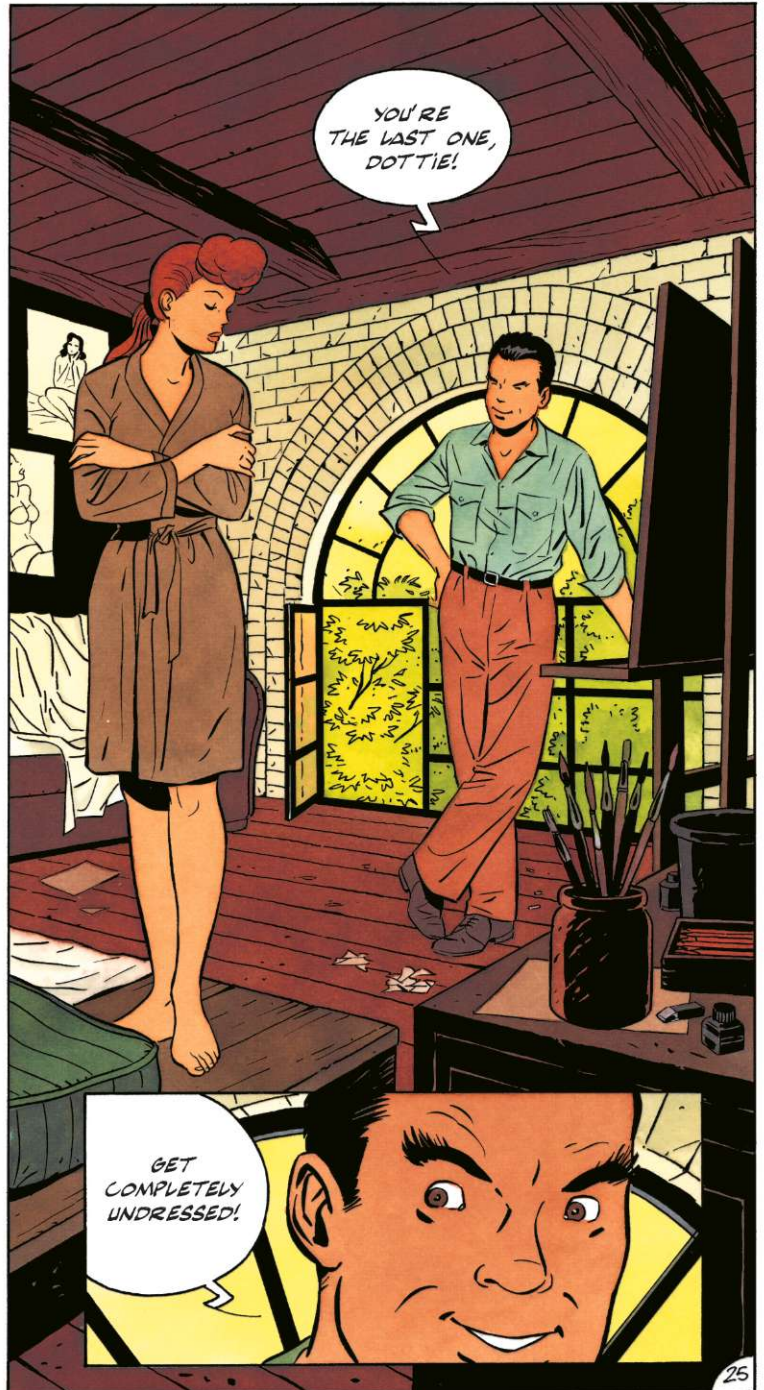
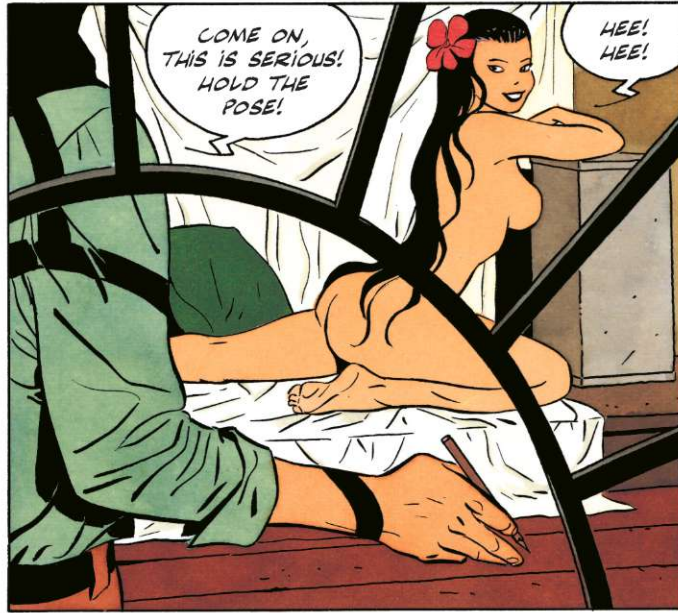
PERFECT! THAT MEANS YOU'LL BE CAREFUL. I HATE TOUGH GUYS WHO TAKE DUMB RISKS. EVEN SO...



JUST REMEMBER--TRY NOT TO GO IN YOUR PANTS. JAPANESE DOGS HAVE AN EXCELLENT SENSE OF SMELL.



HEE! HEE! HEE!







A TATTOO?

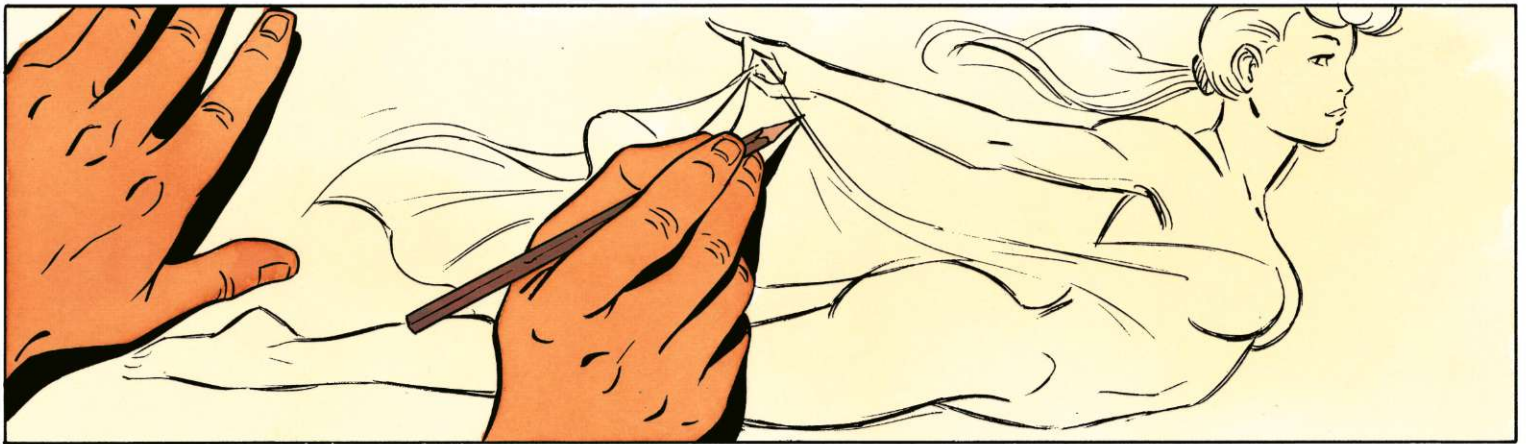


WHY R.P.H.?



NOT ONLY DO YOU SKETCH FAST, YOU'RE QUICK ON THE UPTAKE TOO... OF COURSE IT'S A TATTOO!

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! HURRY UP AND FINISH THE STUPID SKETCH--I HAVE WORK AT THE CABARET. WITH WHAT THEY PAY ME, I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE TIME ON THIS NONSENSE.



AHH... AHA!



THE MISSING PIECE!



IT'S YOU!



YOU'RE POISON IVY!



YOU'VE LOST IT!

ON THE CONTRARY! YOU KNOW HOW I ILLUSTRATE COMICS FOR THE PAPERS? WELL, THE ARMY COMMISSIONED A NEW STRIP STARRING A HEROINE TO CHEER UP THE TROOPS AT THE FRONT.



SHE HAS TO BE BEAUTIFUL, MESMERIZING, MYSTERIOUS. IN SHORT, A VAMP WHO'LL MAKE THE SOLDIERS FORGET THEIR GIRLFRIENDS, WIVES, SISTERS, AND MOTHERS BACK HOME.



THAT'S IT! I'M LEAVING!

I JUST NEEDED THE IDEA... THAT BRILLIANT, ENIGMATIC LITTLE SOMETHING TO MAKE MY PIN-UP STAND OUT FROM THE REST AND EXCITE THE BOYS' CURIOSITY!... YOUR TATTOO!



MY TATTOO?

R.P.H... WHAT MYSTERY LURKS BEHIND THOSE LETTERS? ARE THEY THE INITIALS OF THREE VANISHED LOVERS? IN MEMORY OF HER DADDY, OR HER HOMETOWN? A PUNISHMENT METED OUT BY A JEALOUS BRUTE? IT'LL KEEP THE WHOLE ARMED FORCES GUESSING! HA! HA!



BUT... THE TATTOO... IT STANDS FOR--

I DON'T CARE A WHIT! THAT'S YOUR SECRET... AND NOW IT'LL BE "POISON IVY'S"! YOU'RE HIRED! YOU'LL POSE FOR ME! I'LL TRIPLE YOUR YOYO CLUB SALARY.



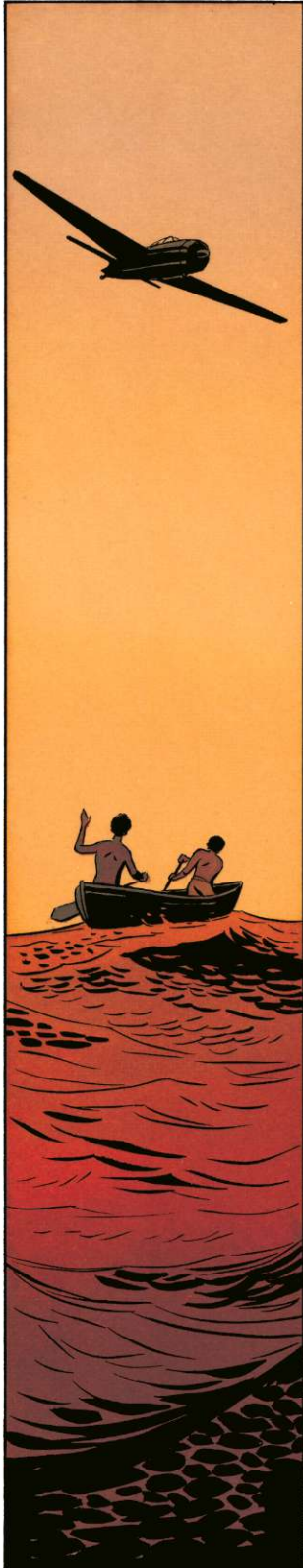
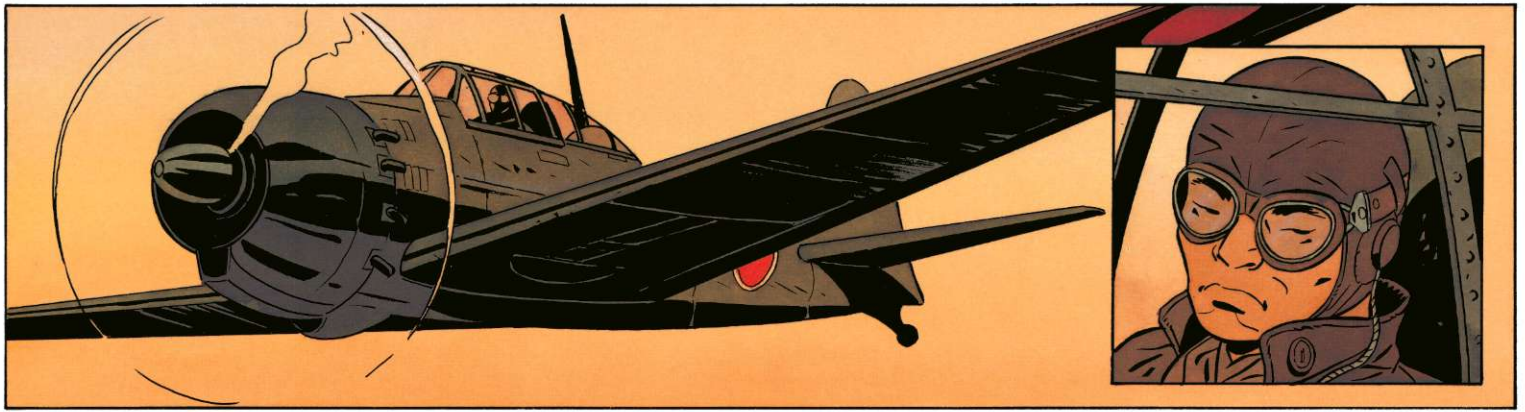
YOU AND I ARE GONNA HAVE THE TROOPS STANDING AT ATTENTION! HA! HA!

BUT... UH...



THEY'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT THEIR BROADS BACK HOME! HA! HA! IF THEY MAKE IT HOME!





THAT DAMNED ZIPPERHEAD HAS TO LEAVE EVENTUALLY!

YOU NO MOVE! STAY HIDDEN!

IS THAT CURSED YELLOW DEVIL EVER GONNA CLEAR OUT!?

WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT NOW. NOT WHEN THEY'RE SO CLOSE!

HIM LEAVING.

WHEW!

AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

CUP OF TEA?

I HATE GUYS LIKE HIM. OFFICERS WHO STRUT AROUND ON THEIR TORPEDO BOATS... RICH KIDS LIVING OFF DADDY'S MONEY WITH A GIRL ON EACH ARM.

HIM HANDSOME!

I WAS ABLE TO REACH MUNDA... THEY'RE SENDING A PATROL TO GET YOU TOMORROW NIGHT. LIEUTENANT LIEBONOW'S PT-167 WILL PICK UP YOUR EIGHT COMPANIONS FROM PLUM PUDDING ISLAND, AND--

CANDY STICK?

WHERE'D YOU GET THAT?
IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE
I'VE HAD ANY CANDY.

FUNNY STORY... WE'D
HAD NOTHING BUT COCONUTS
TO EAT FOR WEEKS, AND THEN ONE
DAY A WRECK WASHED ASHORE... ON
BOARD, WE FOUND A CRATE FULL
OF CANDY STICKS! HA! HA! HA!

BUT ALL JOKING ASIDE, I
HOPE THEY'RE UP TO THE
TASK! I HAVE A BADLY
WOUNDED MAN WHO NEEDS
CARE. I ALREADY LOST
THREE MEN WHEN THAT
DAMNED JAP DESTROYER
CUT THE PATROL BOAT
IN HALF, AND--

AAARK!

WHAT'S
WRONG?

MY TEETH!!
YOOOWWW!

CHEWING BETEL
RUINED MY TEETH!...
THEY CAN'T HANDLE THE
SUGAR... YOWW! OOOHHH!



SO IT'S ALL SET, JOE?
YOU'RE LEAVING WITH
THE PATROL BOAT?
WE'LL MISS YOU!

"THERE'S
A WAR ON"! I
HAVE A JOB TO
DO AND I'M OF
NO USE HERE...
UH... WHERE'S
ANSIN BULU?

NOT FAR, YOU CAN
BE SURE OF THAT!
SHE'S NOT MUCH FOR
GOODBYES... IT'S
BETTER THIS
WAY.

LET'S GO! THE
JAPANESE COULD
SPOT THE PATROL
BOAT ANY
MINUTE.

GOOD LUCK!... BY THE WAY,
I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR
NAME, LIEUTENANT.

KENNEDY!
JOHN F. KENNEDY.

WHEN YOU'RE IN
MUNDA, ASK THEM
TO PARACHUTE SOME
TUBES DOWN FOR MY
TRANSMITTER, AND...
A TOOTHBRUSH!







CONGRATULATIONS, SERGEANT WILLYS!

TO JOE, FAMED HERO OF PLUM PUDDING ISLAND! HA! HA! HA!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT. ALL ALONE WITH A CRAZY OLD COOT, HUNTED NIGHT AND DAY BY YELLOW DEVILS IN MOSQUITO-INFESTED JUNGLE.

STOP THE VIOLINS. I'M GONNA CRY, JOE.

ADMIT IT... IF YOU HADN'T SAVED THAT DADDY'S BOY KENNEDY, YOU'D STILL BE ROTTING ON YOUR ATOLL.

DADDY'S BOY... WHAT D'YOU MEAN, HOMER?

WHAT ELSE DO YOU CALL A PRETTY LITTLE RICH KID WHO GETS A MILLION DOLLARS FROM DADDY ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY?

I'M TELLIN' YOU, I KNOW THE BROAD! THE ONE THAT INSPIRED HER. AND SHE HAD THAT TATTOO DONE FOR ME!

TAKE IT BACK RIGHT NOW YOU LITTLE...

A MILLION DOLLARS! KNOW HOW MANY NIGHTS THAT'D GET ME WITH THE 10-DOLLAR GIRLS AT THE "RED SPUR"?

HELL! WHEN I TURNED TWENTY-ONE, MY OLD MAN KICKED MY ASS THE ENTIRE WAY TO THE ARMY RECRUITMENT OFFICE!

GODDAMNIT! TO THINK I DIDN'T BOTHER TAKING DOWN THAT SON OF A GUN'S ADDRESS! THAT COULD HAVE COME IN HANDY AFTER THE WAR!



POISON IVY by MILTON

NYLON ATTACK © King-Mundi Syndicate

WE'RE GONNA NEED ONE OF THOSE PLANES IF WE WANT TO GET OUT OF THIS HELLHOLE!

WHAT ABOUT THE GUARD?

WATCH AND LEARN, BOYS!

NOW'S NOT THE TIME FOR A STRIP-TEASE, MISS IVY...

WELL PLAYED, POISON IVY! BUT... WHAT DO THOSE LETTERS MEAN?

THEY'RE MY CALLING CARD.

POISON IVY by MILTON

ONLY SUCKERS WEAR PARACHUTES © King-Mundi Syndicate

FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY, MISS IVY!

THANKS, PRIVATE, BUT IT'S IN THREE MONTHS... WELL OK, LEMME SEE!

GEE! SILK DRAWERS! THESE ARE IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND. HOW'D YOU DO IT?

TOP SECRET, MISS IVY. CAN I COME IN?

DAMNED JAP!

POISON IVY by MILTON

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MIKADO © King-Mundi Syndicate

NOTHING DOING! HE WON'T TALK!

WE MUST HAVE THAT SECRET CODE--THE WAR DEPENDS ON IT!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT, GENTLEMEN!

POISON IVY! BUT--

LET HER TRY. SHE COULD MAKE MOUNT RUSHMORE TALK!

EVERYONE OUT!

HERE: 04/20/01... THE MIKADO'S BIRTHDAY. I THOUGHT AS MUCH, BUT I WANTED TO BE SURE.

BUT... HE'S DEAD! WHY DID YOU...?

I COULDN'T HAVE HIM GIVING AWAY ALL MY SECRETS FOR MAKING LITTLE BOYS TALK.

POISON IVY!
HOT DAMN!
I NEED ALL THE PAPERS!
EVERY ONE!

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NO! NO AND NO! IT'S ABSURD!



NO ONE WILL BELIEVE FOR A SECOND THAT HE SPENT FIFTEEN DAYS IN THE HELLHOLE THAT IS GUADALCANAL! HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE PART IN THE WEST POINT PARADE!



THAT'S 'CAUSE I JUST CAME FROM WEST POINT!

COURSE YOU DID! IN WHICH CASE, WHY AREN'T YOU AT THE FRONT?



IT'S JUST THAT... I... HAVE PHLEBITIS AND... UH... DADDY THINKS...



ENOUGH, DOTTIE! WHAT ELSE WILL YOU FIND TO CRITICIZE ABOUT POOR GLOVER'S UNIFORM? NOTHING AUTHENTIC IS MISSING AS FAR AS I CAN TELL!



THE ESSENCE IS MISSING! THE MUD, THE SWEAT, THE DARK CIRCLES UNDER HIS EYES, THE FEAR ACROSS HIS FACE... YOU SAY YOU WANT TO BOOST SOLDIER MORALE? THEN GIVE THEM MORE TO IDENTIFY WITH THAN THIS BRYLCREEMED STOREFRONT DUMMY, WHO ISN'T GOING TO REASSURE ANYONE BUT GRANNIES AND LITTLE GIRLS!



OK, GLOVER, WE'LL START BACK WITH THE POSING TOMORROW. I HAVE ENOUGH SKETCHES FOR THIS COMIC STRIP, AND IT'S GETTING LATE.

THAT'S TRUE, IT'S GETTING DARK OUT AND HIS MOMMY MIGHT WORRY.



DOTTIE... THIS HAS TO STOP! YOU AND I HAVE TO TALK.

I'M LISTENING... I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND IF I TAKE OFF MY SOLDIER-MORALE-BOOSTING GET-UP SINCE I'M NO LONGER ON DUTY...?





WHAT DO YOU... KOFF... TEUH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MILTON?

DON'T BE NAÏVE, DOTTIE. JOE'S MY RIVAL IN A WAY, AND I'D BE HAPPY TO USE ANY INFORMATION I MIGHT DISCOVER AGAINST HIM, IF IT HELPED BANISH HIM FROM YOUR HEART.



YOU'RE STARTING TO BE UNKIND. I'M GOING HOME.

STAY! OH NO, THAT WOULD BE TOO EASY!



YOU'RE HURTING ME!

I KNOW... BUT YOU'RE GOING TO HEAR ME OUT THIS TIME, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BREAK YOUR WRIST.



I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE CRAZY, MILTON.

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, MY DEAR-- CRAZY ABOUT YOU!



THAT'S IRONY FOR YOU! WHEN YOU'RE A FAMOUS ARTIST LIKE ME, YOU'RE ALWAYS MEETING SILLY LITTLE GIRLS WHO'D DO ANYTHING TO POSE FOR THE GREAT MILTON. HA! HA! HA! BUT PYGMALION HAD TO FALL FOR HIS CREATION! OR RATHER, FOR HIS MODEL!

PYGMALION?



YES... THE SCULPTOR FROM ANTIQUITY WHO FELL IN LOVE WITH HIS OWN STATUE, GALATEA. HE BEGGED APHRODITE TO BRING HER TO LIFE... HE'D FALLEN MADLY IN LOVE WITH HIS CREATION, YOU SEE.



WELL, MY CREATION IS POISON IVY. BUT I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THAT VAMP FROM THE GLOSSY PAGES! I WANT THE FLESH AND BLOOD VERSION! AND I'LL HAVE YOU!



DERANGED MEGALOMANIAC! DIME STORE HITLER! GO AHEAD AND TRY!



I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!... MY GOD, DOTTIE, YOU'RE REALLY CHANGED! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN EATING YOUR WHEATIES!



THAT'S RIGHT, MILTON... AND IF I HAVE TO, I'LL EAT PYGMALION TOO!

POISON IVY by MILTON

LEMON TONIC © King-Mundi Syndicate

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO COME AND KEEP US COMPANY AT THE FRONT, MISS IVY.

TRY THIS... IT'S A SPECIAL TONIC OF MY OWN INVENTION.

PERI! I KILL YOU, WICKED EATERS OF CHEWING GUM!

PAW PAW

THAT'S WHAT WAS MISSING... A LITTLE LEMON IN YOUR TONIC, BOYS!

POISON IVY by MILTON

A LASTING SOUVENIR © King-Mundi Syndicate

NOOOO! NOT THAT!

NOO! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!

WHAT'S GOING ON, SERGEANT?

THAT LUNATIC O'BANNON HAS REFUSED TO WASH SINCE POISON IVY PLANTED A LIPSTICK KISS ON HIS CHEEK SIX MONTHS AGO! YOU CAN IMAGINE HOW MUCH THE BARRACKS STINK!

WHAT A MILKSUCKER! I ASKED MISS IVY FOR SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T WASH OFF!

POISON IVY by MILTON

YELLOW TARGET © King-Mundi Syndicate

SAY GOODBYE TO YOUR BELOVED MIKADO!

!!??

YOU'RE GETTING OLD, GIRL!

!!!??

PAW PAW PAW PAW

I WAS GONNA SAY...

YANK

FIRST ISSUE





EVERY TIME YOU GET A LETTER, YOU PULL A HANGDOG FACE SADDER THAN WHEN WE LOST CORREGIDOR, BATAAN, AND ALL THE MARIANA ISLANDS!

YOU'LL MOVE ON... HER TOO! THAT'S WAR, JOE! SHE'LL MARRY SOME CROSSEYED, 4-F ACCOUNTANT, AND EVERY SATURDAY SHE'LL SHUT HER EYES AND PICTURE HER DREAMY G.I. WHILE HER HUSBAND PERFORMS HIS MARITAL DUTY IN THE DARK...



PFFF!

SEND HER PACKING, JOE!



IT'S... MY FIANCEE'S WRITING ME... IT'S ONLY NATURAL.



HMM, WHO'S THAT?

YOUR GIRL QUIT WASTING BOTH YOUR TIME!



YOU'RE DRUNK, HOMER...

SO ARE YOU. THAT'S WHY I'M TELLIN' YOU WHAT I THINK, JOE!

HEY, GUYS! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



WHAT IS THAT THING?

IS IT... JAPANESE?



ONE HUNDRED PERCENT LEMON-YELLOW!... IT'S HARD TO TELL, OBVIOUSLY, SEEING AS HOW THE FLESH HAS BEEN BOILED OFF.



THAT OLD JOKESTER FOESTER'S THE ONE DOIN' IT. WHAT A GREAT SOUVENIR TO SEND MY FOLKS BACK IN THE STATES!



THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA... FOR A PRANK! YOU'RE DRUNK, JOE.



THIS TIME I'VE HAD IT!



I CAN'T! I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO DRAW WITHOUT A MODEL! IT'S ALL WRONG!



I NEED DOTTIE! WHY DOESN'T THAT LITTLE BITCH COME POSE ANYMORE?! I'M WAY BEHIND NOW THANKS TO HER!



I CAN POSE FOR YOU IF YOU WANT... JUST GIVE ME A MINUTE TO PUT ON POISON IVY'S COSTUME AND--



OOPS!



OH! IS THAT YOU, COLONEL EIGRUTEL? I THOUGHT... I THOUGHT IT...



IS THAT YOU, POISON IVY?... UH... DOTTIE?! MY GOD! WHERE HAVE YOU BE--



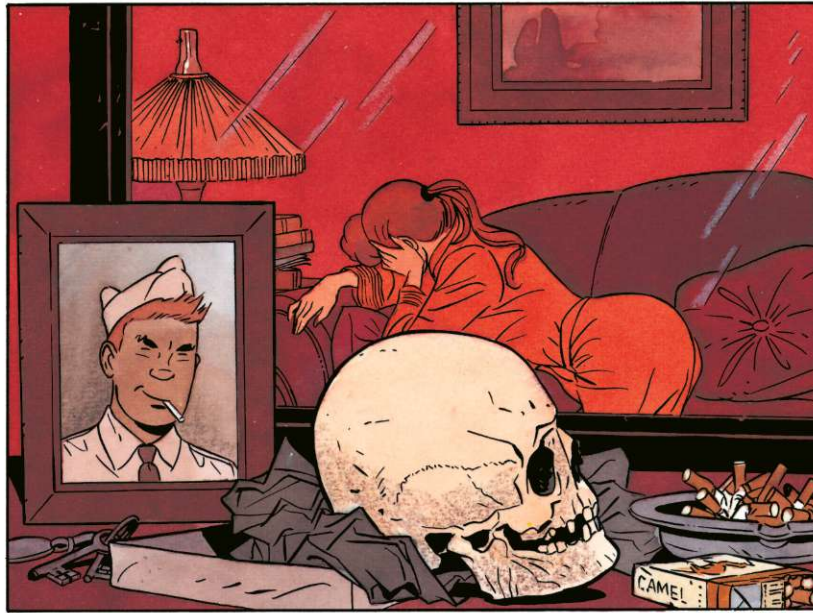
THAT'S THE LAST STRAW! THAT DOLT OF AN OFFICER IS THREATENING TO BRING ME BEFORE HIS COMMITTEE IF THE NEXT POISON IVY STRIP ISN'T READY TO BE PUBLISHED IN HIS MILITARY RAG BY TOMORROW!!



ENOUGH MISTER NICE GUY! IF I LOSE THE MILITARY AS CLIENTS AND COLONEL EIGRUTEL'S PROTECTION, I COULD FIND MYSELF IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE...



...OR EVEN CONSCRIPTED!... BRRR... I'D RATHER BE DEAD!



KNOCK KNOCK!
DOTTIE! OPEN UP OR I'M
BREAKING DOWN THIS
DOOR!



WHAT'S GOING ON,
DOTTIE? WHY ARE YOU
AVOIDING ME? THE ARMY'S
WAITING FOR THE NEXT
INSTALLMENT OF
POISON IVY.



I WON'T POSE
FOR YOU ANYMORE,
MILTON. EVER!

WHAT?
WHY THE HELL
NOT?



WHAT
IS THAT
THING?



BECAUSE
OF
THIS!



A GIFT OF EXQUISITE TACT FROM JOE!
ACCOMPANIED BY AN UNEQUIVOICAL
BREAK-UP LETTER...

BUT... AND
POISON IVY?



I QUIT! I'VE HAD IT
ANYWAY! YOU MIGHT AS
WELL ASK TALULLAH TO
MODEL FOR YOUR SILLY
STRIP... SHE'LL SAY YES--
SHE'S DYING TO
DO IT!



ABSOLUTELY NOT!
TALULLAH LOOKS
NOTHING LIKE
YOU! AND--

THERE'S NO
POINT ARGUING--
MY DECISION
IS FINAL!
GOODBYE,
MILTON!



TAKE A HIKE! THOSE TINY ROSES DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

WHAT?

KNOCK! KNOCK!

MY COMPLIMENTS, MISS IVY! I'VE BROUGHT YOU FLOWERS AS YELLOW AS THOSE LEMONHEADS, ALL FRESHLY DECAPITATED JUST FOR YOU! HAR! HAR! HAR!

SORRY, OFFICER, BUT DARLING JOE GAVE ME THE ONLY PATRIOTIC BOUQUET THAT CAN MELT MY 100% AMERICAN HEART!

I MEAN THE FLOWERS, OF COURSE. HAR! HAR! HAR!

JOE!

DID YOU SEE THE LATEST POISON IVY STRIP?! CRAZY! IT'S LIKE THAT MILTON GUY HAS ANTENNAE!

DID YOU NOTICE? THE GUY WITH POISON IVY IS CALLED JOE, AND HE LOOKS LIKE YO--

LEAVE ME BE! GET OUT!

GET OUT, HOMER! I WANT TO BE ALONE!

OK! OK! I DIDN'T REALIZE IT WAS THAT TIME OF THE MONTH FOR HIS LORDSHIP!

DAMN HARDHEAD! CAN'T STAND US TALKING ABOUT HIS BELOVED PIN-UP... STILL, IT'S A FUNNY COINCIDENCE...

BRING ON THE NEXT INSTALLMENT! I CAN'T WAIT TO READ WHAT MILTON COMES UP WITH NEXT!



END OF CHAPTER ONE



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