

CAPTAIN AMERICA & BUCKY! THE SUB-MARINER! THE ORIGINAL HUMAN TORCH & TORO!
During the darkest hours of World War Two, these five heroes have banded together as THE INVADERS—
to battle the Axis Powers to the death, in the name of freedom!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

THE INVADERS™

CALLING... THE CRUSADERS!

"IS LONDON BURNING?"

THAT'S THE QUESTION THE GRIM INVADERS ASK THEMSELVES, AS THEY RETURN FROM THEIR MERCY MISSION TO WARSAW--AND SEE THE GRIM PYRES OF WAR RISING INTO THE NIGHT SKIES ABOVE THE RIVER THAMES.

BUT, FOR THE NEXT SECOND THEY MUST SURRELVE SUCH QUERIES FOR THE MOMENT--AS THEY FIND THEMSELVES IN THE MIST OF THE TAIL-END OF A HEATED DOGFIGHT!

HOLY COW!

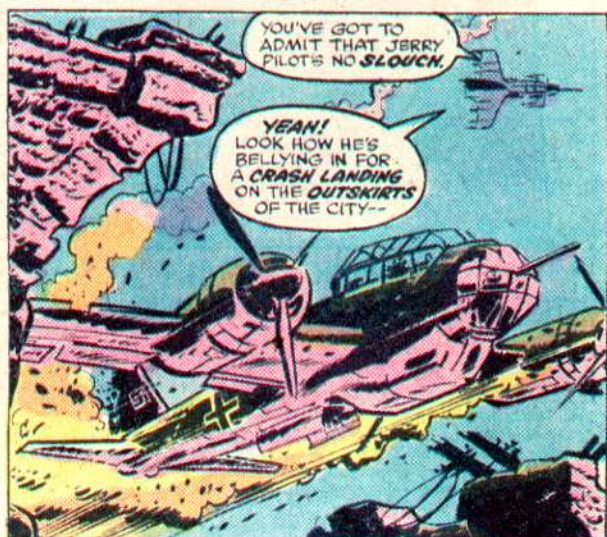
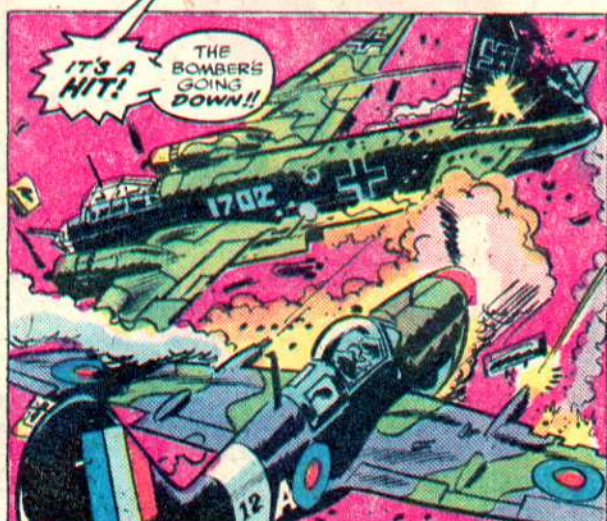
BRITISH SPIT-FIRES AGAINST NAZI JUNKERS JUBB'S, WITH THEIR CARGO OF DEATH--!

ROY THOMAS * FRANK ROBBINS * FRANK SPRINGER

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... AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA MAKE IT!

SKRUTCHHH

BLIMEY!



EXCELLENT, HAUPTMANN SCHMIDT! I THOUGHT WE WERE ALL DEAD MEN.

WE VERY WELL MAY BE, MY FRIEND. LOOK!

HIMMEL!



MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH HOME GUARD! THEY MUST HAVE BEEN COMING FOR THE RUINS FOR BOMB VICTIMS WHEN WE FELL.

THEY WILL SURELY KILL US IF THEY GET THEIR HANDS ON US!

EQUIVALENT TO U.S. CIVIL DEFENSE. --ROY.



THEN, THEY SHALL NOT GET THEIR HANDS ON US!!

FIRE!

BLAM!



WUNDERBAR! (WE CAUGHT SEVERAL OF THEM BEFORE THEY COULD FIRE!)

(THEY'LL NOT TEAR US LIMB FROM LIMB, AS I'VE HEARD THEY'VE DONE TO OTHERS!)

STOP YOU FOOLS! I'M A DOCTOR!

I ONLY WANT TO--
ARRRH--!!

UHHN--!!

BRAKKA
BRAKKA

BRAX

THE BLOODY MURDERERS!



THIS IS MADNESS SUCH AS NONE BUT YOU SURFACE-DWELLERS COULD CONCEIVE!

NEITHER SIDE CAN GAIN FROM FIGHTING NOW-- YET THEY FIGHT ON.

HURRY, TORCHES!

WE'RE HURRYING, PAL!



OLD MEN!

BLAM!

SLAM!

WHY DO THEY SEND OLD MEN AGAINST US WITH GUNS??



THEY ARE NO MATCH FOR US-- BUT WHERE ARE WE GOING, HERR HAUPTMANN??

THOSE RUINS! IF WE CAN REACH THEM, WE CAN STAND THEM OFF--

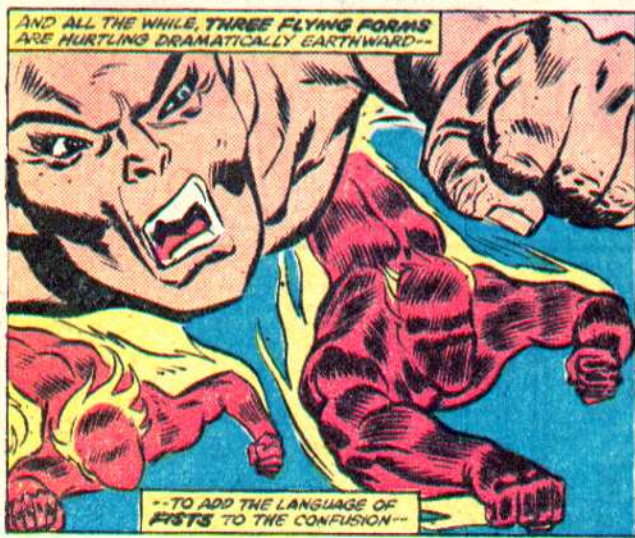
TILL WE CAN SURRENDER TO THE PROPER MILITARY--

PAKKA PAKKA

BRAM

AND BE CERTAIN OF MEDICAL CARE!

AND SO THE LANGUAGE OF GUNS TAKES OVER-- WHEN THE LANGUAGE OF TONGUES FAILS.



AND ALL THE WHILE, THREE FLYING FORMS ARE HURTLING DRAMATICALLY EARTHWARD--

TO ADD THE LANGUAGE OF FISTS TO THE CONFUSION--



WHEN SUDDENLY AS THE DOWNED CREWMEN NEAR THE RUINS--

VAS--?

LIEBER GOTT!



YOU'RE IN JOLLY OLD ENGLAND NOW, JERRIES!

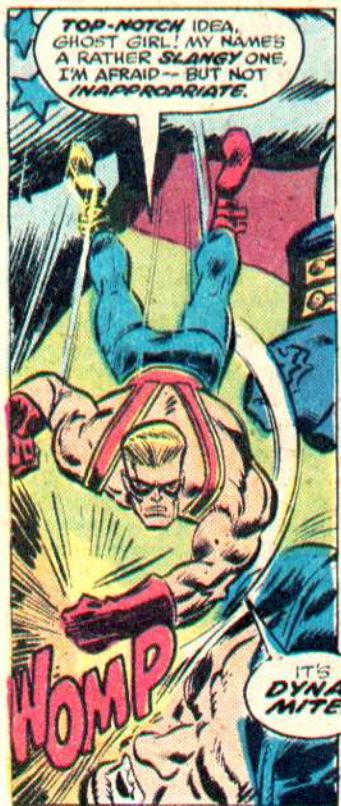
'BOUT TIME YOU CLOWNS STARTED TALKING ENGLISH!

OR AT LEAST SOMETHING WHICH APPROXIMATES IT-- LIKE MY GOOD COLONIAL FRIEND HERE.

THEY SEEM A WEE BIT STARTLED, LADDIES...

<WHO IN THE NAME OF--??>

PERHAPS WE'D BEST BE INTRODUCING OURSELVES, EH?



TOP-NOTCH IDEA, GHOST GIRL! MY NAME'S A RATHER SLANGY ONE, I'M AFRAID-- BUT NOT INAPPROPRIATE.

WOMP

IT'S DYNA-MITE!



MY MONICKER'S A LOT MORE DIGNIFIED! THEY CALL ME THE SPIRIT OF '76!

AND DON'T WASTE YOUR LEAD FRITZ! MY CLOAK'S BULLET-PROOF.

BLAM!

OOOF!

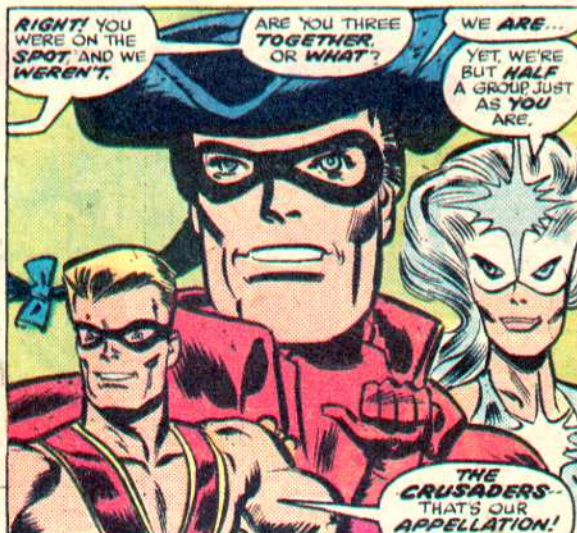


<WH-WHAT KIND OF FIENDS HAVE WE STUMBLER ONTO??>

POKKA POKKA

I'M GHOST GIRL, AS THE LAD SAID.

AND TRUE IT IS THAT BULLETS SEEM TO PASS RIGHT THRU ME...



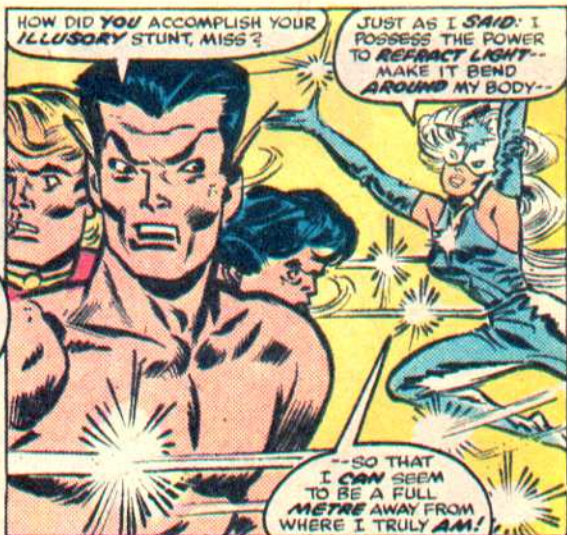


STRANGE THAT WE NEVER HEARD OF YOU BEFORE! WHERE DID YOU--?

MY NAME'S DYNA-MITE. IN CASE YOU MISSED MY EARLIER INTRODUCTION.

WE DID.

ONLY A DOZEN CENTIMETRES OR SO-- BUT STRONG AS A FULL-GROWN MAN!



HOW DID YOU ACCOMPLISH YOUR ILLUSORY STUNT, MISS?

JUST AS I SAID: I POSSESS THE POWER TO REFRACT LIGHT-- MAKE IT BEND AROUND MY BODY--

--SO THAT I CAN SEEM TO BE A FULL METRE AWAY FROM WHERE I TRULY AM!



AND YOU, WHO ARE OBVIOUSLY AMERICAN, FROM YOUR SPEECH--

--HAVE YOU SOME SORT OF SUPER-POWER, LIKE YOUR FRIENDS?

I DON'T NEED ANYTHING BUT MY GOOD AMERICAN FISTS, BUDDY!

NOW, NOW YANK-- YOUR BULLETPROOF CLOAK HELPED YOU A LITTLE, YOU KNOW!



WITH OR WITHOUT IT, I COULD HAVE TAKEN THESE DOPES!

THEY WERE JUST AS SCARED OF THE HOME GUARD AS THE OLD MEN WERE OF THEM-- JUST BETTER ARMED.

WELL, WE'VE GOTTA GO! WE ASK YOU INVADERS, NOT TO TRY TO FOLLOW US.

THEN WE WON'T! GOOD LUCK!

CHEERIO, LADS!



THEY'RE GONE!

AMAZING! WE WERE GONE FROM BRITAIN LESS THAN 48 HOURS--

AND A BRAND NEW SUPER-GROUPS ALL BUT REPLACED US!

THAT'S NOT WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY, TORO-- BUT YOU MAY JUST HAVE A POINT THERE...!



WHILE, ABOVE...

CAP-- LOOK!

I SAW IT! THE HOME GUARDS HAVE SQUELCHED MOST OF THE FIRES--

BUT NOT THAT ONE!

HANG ON! I'M TAKIN' ER DOWN.



DON'T LOOK NOW INVADERS--

BUT YOU'RE A FEW VITAL SECONDS TOO LATE--

WHAT IN THE--?

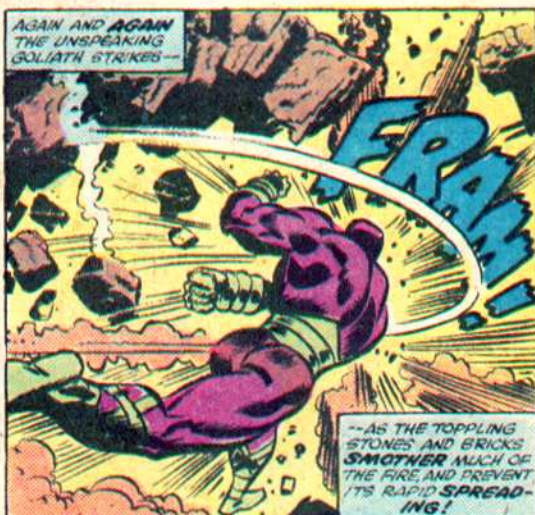
--TO BE FIRST ON THE SCENE TO HELP THE VALIANTLY STRUGGLING ENGLISH SOLDIERS DOUBLING AS FIREMEN!



IT IS A MASSIVE LY-BUILT TITAN WHO REACHES THE RUINS SOONEST.

BOOM!

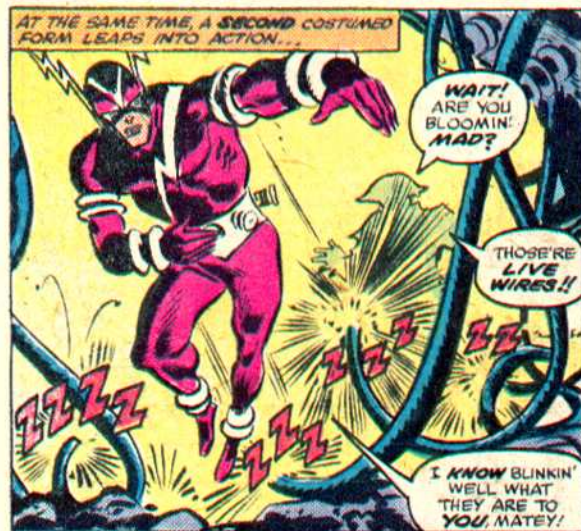
--HIS GREAT GLOVED FIST FLAMMING INTO THE FIRE-SHOT RUBBLE WITH THUNDEROUS IMPACT--!



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE UNSPEAKING GOLIATH STRIKES--

FRAM!

--AS THE TOPPLING STONES AND BRICKS SMOTHER MARCH OF THE FIRE AND PREVENT ITS RAPID SPREADING!



AT THE SAME TIME, A SECOND COSTUMED FORM LEAPS INTO ACTION...

WAIT! ARE YOU BLOOMIN' MAD?

THOSE'RE LIVE WIRES!!

I KNOW BLINKIN' WELL WHAT THEY ARE TO YOU, MATEY!



BUT ME I'LL BE AVIN' ME EVENIN' MEAL OFF 'EM, AN' THANKIN' YOU KINDLY!

ZZZZ

ELECTRICITY LEAPS FROM THE DEADLY WIRES, TO FLOW THRU FINGERTIPS INTO A POWER-CHARGED BODY--

--TILL THE WIRES ARE LIMP AND HARMLESS.

JUST THEN, THE THIRD AND FINAL MEMBER OF THE WISARD TRIO SWOOPS TOWARD THE FLAME-LICKED RUINS.



THE SOLDIER SHOUTING AT HIM TO HALT HAS NOT SEEN WHAT HE HAS SEEN...

...OR HEARD THE HALF-CHOKED CRIES FOR HELP!

BLESS YOU, SON! BLESS YOU!

EASY NOW! YOU'LL BOTH BE ALL RIGHT.

A FLYING MAN!

NOT QUITE FLYING, LITTLE MISS...



MY THANKS, MISS! I NEEDED THAT.

IF I COULD TRULY FLY, NOT JUST GLIDE, I WOULDN'T!



...BUT AT LEAST I HOPE TO MIDDLE THRU THIS WAY!

WELL! IT CERTAINLY SEEMS WE'VE BEEN UPSTAGED BY SOME UPSTARTS DOESN'T IT, CAPTAIN AMERICA?

AS LONG AS THOSE PEOPLE ARE SAFE!

THEY SHALL BE FAR SAFER...



...WHEN I'VE CREATED A WINDBREAK IN THE PATH OF MY WINGED COUNTRYMAN.



STILL, PERHAPS WE'D BEST INTRODUCE OURSELVES FIRST.

CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE YOUNG LAD BUCKY WE KNOW FROM THE FILMS. BUT THE LADY-?

WELL, MY NAME IS CAPTAIN WINGS!

THEY CALL ME TOMMY LIGHTNIN'!

I'M THUNDER-FIST.

AND THE LADY IS SPIT-FIRE.

YOU WORK AS A TEAM, DO YOU?

NOT JUST ANY TEAM, CAP'N...





RIGHT! WE CALL OURSELVES THE **CRUSADERS!**

A NAME WITH AN **HONORED HERITAGE**, YOU MUST ADMIT, MY FELLOW CAPTAIN.

NO CONTEST! BUT-- THESE **STRANGE POWERS** OF YOURS-- **NOW** DID YOU--?

THE STAR-SPANGLED AMERICAN'S QUESTION SERVES ALMOST AS A CUE...



...FOR RECENT HISTORY TO **REPEAT ITSELF!**

WELL...



MY CREW! WE SEE YOU MET THREE **MORE** OF THE **CRUSADERS!**

YOU MEAN THERE ARE **OTHERS?**

WE'LL HAVE TO **WAIT** A FEW MOMENTS TO **LEARN**, SPITFIRE--



"RIGHT NOW, THE **TORCHES** ARE GOING TO BE A **LITTLE BUSY**."

"--FLYING THRU THE **RUINS**, GATHERING THE REMAINING **FLAMES** TO THEMSELVES."

"IT'S ONE OF THEIR MORE **USEFUL TALENTS**."



I **SAY**, CAPTAIN AMERICA-- DO YOU HAVE ANY **COMMENT** ON THESE NEW **BRIGHTERS** WHO'VE **SHOWN** YOU UP?

NONE-- EXCEPT TO SAY THAT THEY **DIDN'T** "SHOW US UP" AND I DON'T THINK THEY WERE **TRYING** TO.

THEY WERE **BRITISHERS**, JUST LIKE YOU-- AND THEY HAD JUST **ONE PURPOSE**.

IN CASE YOU'VE **FORGOTTEN**, FRIEND--



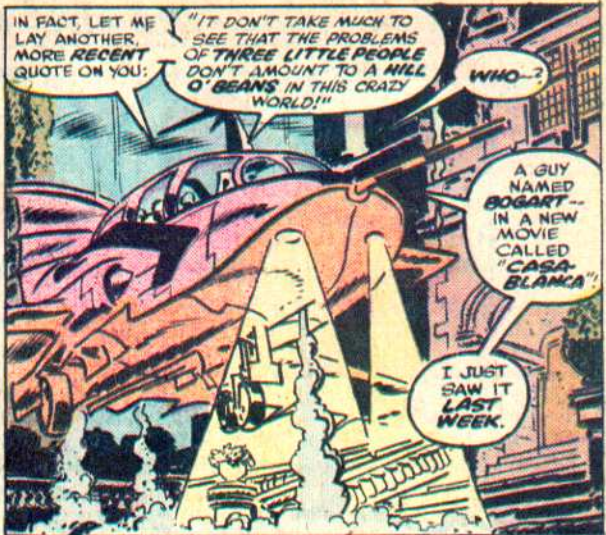
--WE'VE **ALL GOT** A **WAR** TO WIN!



FINE WORDS! BUT THE CAPTAIN DOTH PROTEST TOO MUCH METHINKS.

SHAKESPEARE SAID THAT...

WHAT I SAID STILL GOES, JACQUELINE...



IN FACT, LET ME LAY ANOTHER, MORE RECENT QUOTE ON YOU:

"IT DON'T TAKE MUCH TO SEE THAT THE PROBLEMS OF THREE LITTLE PEOPLE DON'T AMOUNT TO A HILL O' BEANS IN THIS CRAZY WORLD!"

WHO?

A GUY NAMED BOGART-- IN A NEW MOVIE CALLED "CASA-BLANCA"

I JUST SAW IT LAST WEEK.



GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE UP LORD FALSWORTH.

HE'S SCARCELY SLEPT SIR, SINCE YOU ALL LEFT FOR WARSAW.

HOW COULD I--

--WITH MY FAVORITE DAUGHTER OUT ON HER FIRST SUPER-HEROINE JAUNT?

FATHER--!



OH, FATHER-- IT WAS-- IT WAS WONDERFUL!

YES, I REMEMBER.



HEY! THAT REMINDS ME, GROWN-UPS-- WE HAVEN'T FORMALLY VOTED THE LADY INTO THE INVADERS YET. SO--

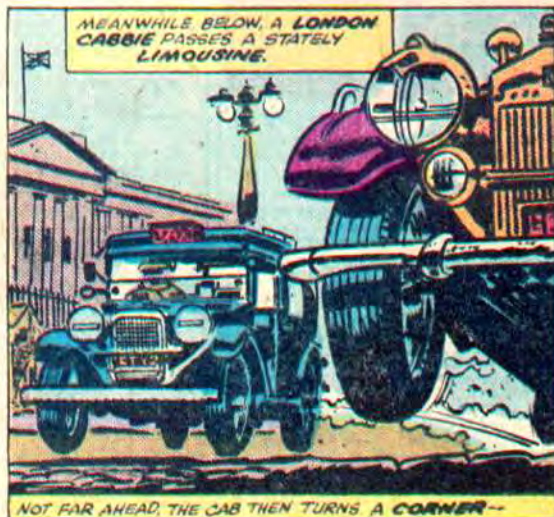
ALL RIGHT, JACQUELINE-- JOIN US IN OUR WAR CRY--!



OKAY, AXIS, HERE WE COME!

THIS IS-- THE HAPPIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!







LUCKILY WE'RE A FEW MINUTES EARLY FOR OUR OTHER APPOINTMENTS, SO WE CAN SPARE THE TIME TO INVESTIGATE.

IT LOOKED AS IF A BOMB HAD SUDDENLY GONE OFF!

A BOMB, NAMOR-- IN DAYTIME WITH NO NAZI PLANES AROUND?



IF NOT A BOMB TORO, THEN THE REMAINS OF THAT AUTOMOBILE WERE STRUCK BY AN INVISIBLE THUNDERBOLT!

LET'S ASK THAT CABBIE WHAT HAPPENED--

--IF HE'S NOT IN A STATE OF SHOCK!



LET ALFIE TELL YER, HIT WAS AWFUL, GUV'NOR!

A BLOOMIN' ANAR-CHIST. IT MUST'VE BEEN-- THREW A BLEEDIN' BOMB RIGHT INTER THE CAR HE DID!

--RIGHT 'ERE IN THE SHADOW O' BUCKIN'HAM PALACE!

WHERE DID HE GO?

THERE! INTER THE PARK!



YER CAN STILL CATCH 'IM, IF YER HURRY!

COME ON, INVADERS!

ST. JAMES PARK



MEANWHILE, THE DARK LIMOUSINE NEARS ITS OWN DESTINATION...

...ITS LIVERIED CHAUFFEUR ROLLING ALONG AS IF HE HASN'T A WORRY IN THE WORLD.



HE IS WRONG.



WHO THE DEUCE--?

DEATH TO ALL TYRANTS!



AND YOU, GEORGE VI-- KING OF ENGLAND-- YOU ARE MOST DEFINITELY A TYRANT AMONG TYRANTS!

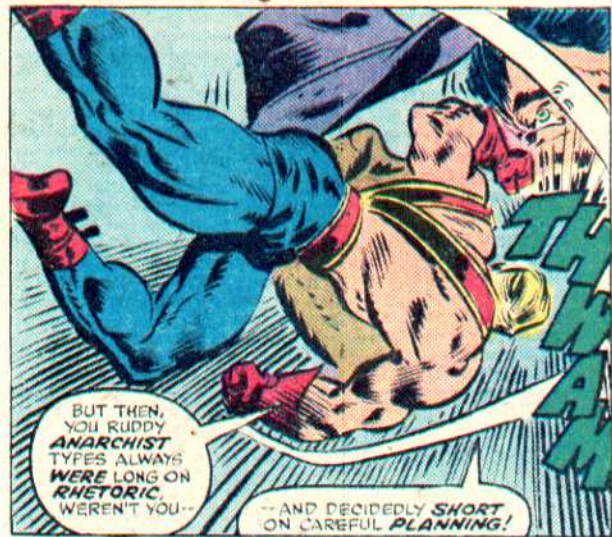
PREPARE TO DIE!



--RATHER THAN EXPENDING YOUR TIME SPOUTING OFF HIS MAJESTY'S LINEAGE!

YOU'D HAVE DONE BETTER TO FIRE, MATE--

OWWW



BUT THEN, YOU RUDDY ANARCHIST TYPES ALWAYS WERE LONG ON RHETORIC, WEREN'T YOU--

-- AND DECIDEDLY SHORT ON CAREFUL PLANNING!



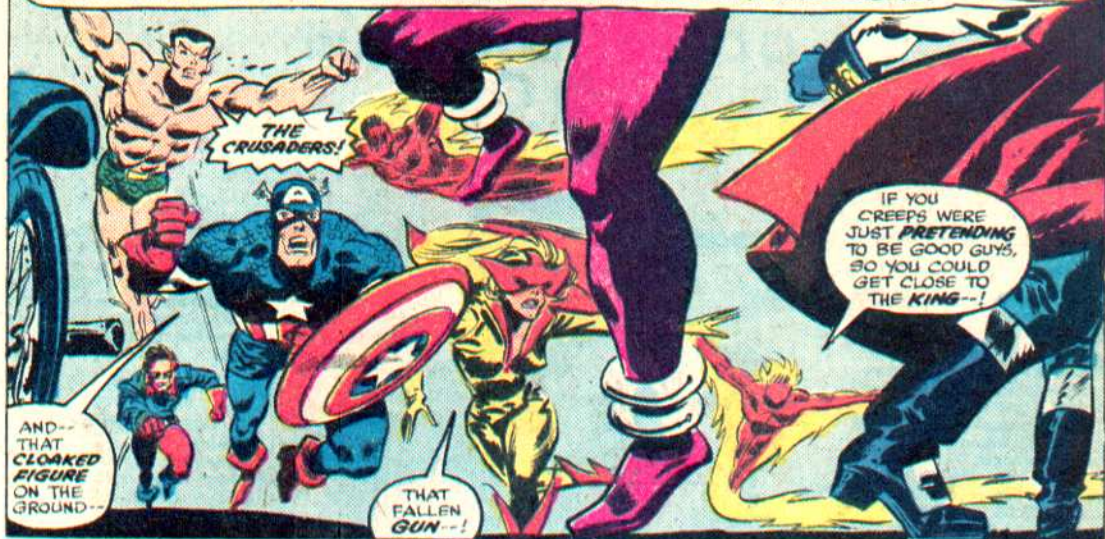
NOBODY HERE IN THE PARK!

THAT CABBIE MUST HAVE BEEN MISTAKEN.

I HOPE THAT'S ALL HE WAS, BUCKY.



AND HERE ARE A FEW OF MY FELLOW AMERICANS THAT MIGHT BE JUST A MITE JEALOUS!

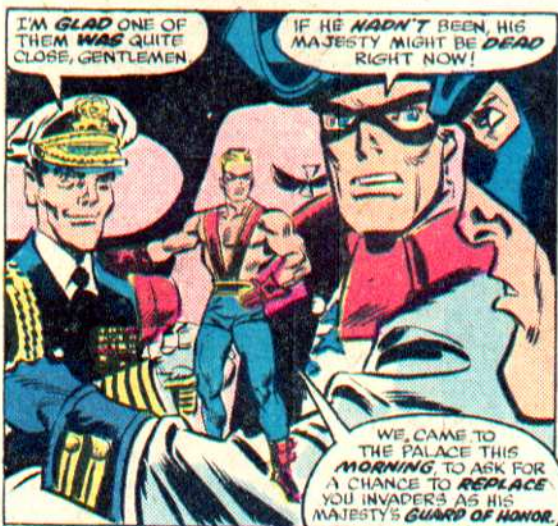


THE CRUSADERS!

IF YOU CREEPS WERE JUST PRETENDING TO BE GOOD GUYS, SO YOU COULD GET CLOSE TO THE KING--!

AND-- THAT CLOAKED FIGURE ON THE GROUND--

THAT FALLEN GUN--!



I'M GLAD ONE OF THEM WAS QUITE CLOSE, GENTLEMEN

IF HE HADN'T BEEN, HIS MAJESTY MIGHT BE DEAD RIGHT NOW!

WE CAME TO THE PALACE THIS MORNING TO ASK FOR A CHANCE TO REPLACE YOU INVADERS AS HIS MAJESTY'S GUARD OF HONOR.



YEP-- AND THIS PROVED WE CAN!

REPLACE US?

BUT, NO ONE CAN--

WAIT INVADERS! I'M ONE OF YOU-- YET, CAN'T YOU SEE HOW MUCH MORE FITTING IT IS FOR BRITISH HEROES TO GUARD BRITAIN'S KING?

I GUESS... WE CAN'T ARGUE WITH THAT.

YOU WIN, CRUSADERS-- FOR NOW!



...THIS, IT WAS OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCED ONLY MOMENTS AGO...



...THAT HIS MAJESTY'S GUARD OF HONOR AT TOMORROW'S DEDICATION OF THE BATTLESHIP HORN-BLOWER WILL NOT BE THE ORIGINALLY-SCHEDULED AMERICAN HEROES...



...BUT AN EQUALLY POWERFUL NEW GROUP OF BRITISH STALWARTS... THE CRUSADERS!

NEXT ISSUE: **WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, ALFIE?**

TILL THEN, REMEMBER-- A SLIP OF THE LIP CAN SINK A SHIP!