

60¢

11
MAY

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



© 1983 MARVEL
COMICS GROUP



GI JOE™

A REAL AMERICAN HERO!™



INSIDE A G.I. JOE HELICOPTER
SKIMMING LOW OVER THE ALASKAN
TUNDRA...

SEE THAT COLUMN OF BLACK SMOKE
NEXT TO THE OIL PIPELINE? THAT'S YER
NEW UNIT, THE G.I. JOE TEAM, RIGHT
IN THE THICK OF IT AS USUAL!

LOOKS LIKE COBRA KNOCKED
OUT THE MOBAY AND THE LASER
CANNON! OUR BOYS MUST BE PINNED
DOWN IN THAT DEPRESSION BY
COBRA INFANTRY...

BOY HOWDY! LOOKIT THEM TWO
REMAININ' COBRA TANKS TURN
TAIL AND HEAD FOR THE HIGH-
COUNTRY! MUST THINK I'M PACKIN'
AIR-TO-GROUND MISSILES INSTEAD
O' REPLACEMENTS!

I READ YOU,
WILD BILL! YOU WANT IT, YOU
GOT IT!

THIS IS
WILD BILL
CALLING G.I.
JOE TEAM
LEADER, CLEAR
ME AN LZ
AND POP ME
SOME RECOG-
NITION SMOKE,
AND GIVE ME
SOME HEAVY
FIRE-SUPPRESSION,
I DON'T WANT MY
TAIL ROTOR SHOT
OFF...
OVER.

THE PIPELINE PLOY!

LARRY HAMA • MIKE VOSBURG • JON D'AGOSTINO • RICK PARKER • CHRISTIE SCHEELE • DENNIS O'NEIL • JIM SHOOTER
SCRIPTER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR ED-IN-CHIEF

G.I. JOE® A REAL AMERICAN HERO™ Vol. 1, No. 11, May, 1983. Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galt, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production, OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. Application for mail at second class postage rates is pending at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. G.I. JOE, HAWK, SCARLETT, SNAKE-EYES, ZAP, BREAKER, ROCK 'N' ROLL, SHORT-FUSE, WILD BILL, SNOW JOB, GUNG HO, DOC, STEELER, GRAND SLAM, AIRBORNE, COBRA COMMANDER, COBRA TROOPER are trademarks of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. and the likenesses of the characters to which those names are applied are the property of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC., and the trademarks and likenesses are used with permission of HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. G.I. JOE® copyright © 1983 by HASBRO INDUSTRIES, INC. All rights reserved. All other material copyright © 1983 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and 70¢ in Canada. Subscription rate \$7.20 for 12 issues. Canada and Foreign, \$9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10018.



YOU HEARD THE MAN! KEEP THOSE COBRAS' HEADS DOWN!

BREAKER! TELL THAT CRAZY COWBOY TO PUT HIS SLICK* DOWN DOWN BEHIND OUR POSITION!

YOU GOT IT, HAWK!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

VIP!

*HELICOPTER.



BZZZZT!
:ADD!
I SEE GREEN SMOKE. IS THAT CORRECT? OVER.

GREEN IS CORRECT. BE PREPARED TO ONLOAD THREE STRETCHER CASES AND ONE WALKING WOUNDED AS SOON AS YOU OFF-LOAD THE SUPPLIES AND NEW BULLET-STOPPERS--UH... I MEAN REPLACEMENTS! OVER.



ROGER THAT. I'M DOWN AND COMMENCING OFF-LOADING!



MOVE IT! GET THAT BATTLE BEAR SNOWMOBILE UNDER COVER AND HUSTLE WITH THOSE STRETCHERS!



I HOPE WILD BILL BROUGHT PLENTY OF AMMO, 'CAUSE I'M DOWN TO MY LAST BELT.

RATATATATATATA!



C'MON, LET'S GET WOUNDED ABOARD SO I CAN GET OUT OF HERE!



SHORT-FUSE, YOU AND GRAND-SLAM AND STEELER ARE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. I'LL SEE YOU LATER AFTER WE CLEAN UP THIS MESS OUT HERE...

THANKS, DOC.



“SNAKE-EYES! ROCK'N ROLL!
PULL BACK FOR RESUPPLY
AND CHOW!”

“GUNG-HO, SNOW JOB
AND DOC ARE RELIEVING
YOU ON THE LINE!”



“YUCK. C-
RATS! ALL HAM
AND LIMA BEANS!
HQ SENDS US THE
WORST. WE ASK
FOR REPLACEMENTS
AND THEY SEND US
A FOUR-EYED MEDIC,
A SKI-BUM AND
A MARINE.”



“HAWK, IT'S FIVE BELOW
ZERO AND THAT MANIAC
GYRENE IS RUNNIN' BARE-
CHESTED JUST SO WE
WON'T MISS HIS CORPUS
TATTOO.”

“DON'T TALK
WITH YOUR MOUTH
FULL, ROCK'N ROLL,
IT'S DISGUSTING.”



“SNOW JOB, GUNG-
HO AND DOC... KEEP
UP YOUR FIRE--”

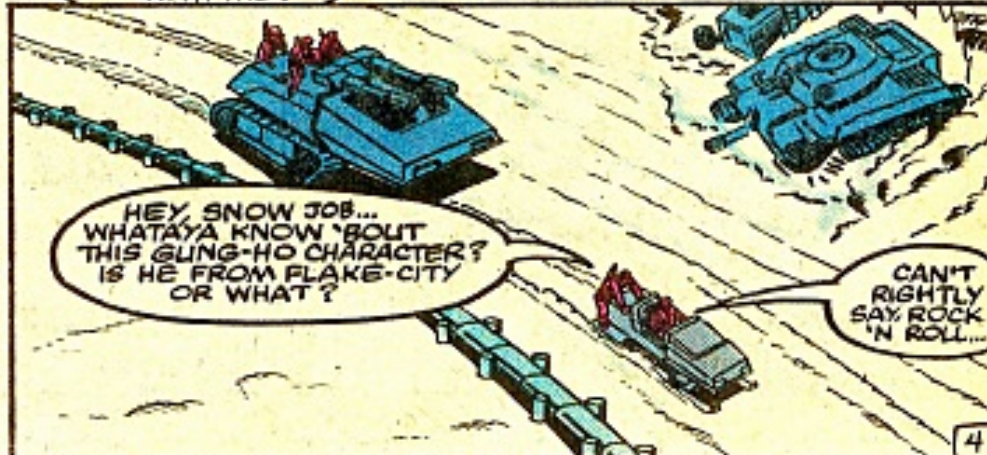
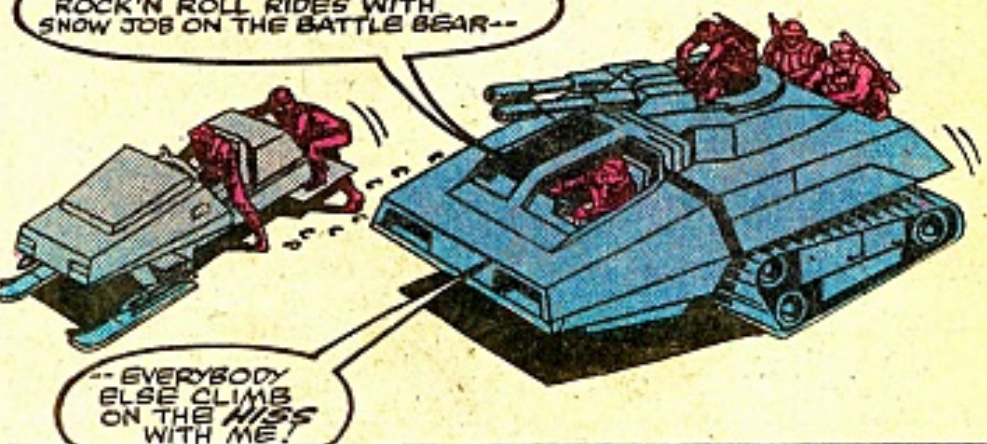
“--I'LL BRIEF
YOU AT
YOUR POSTS.”

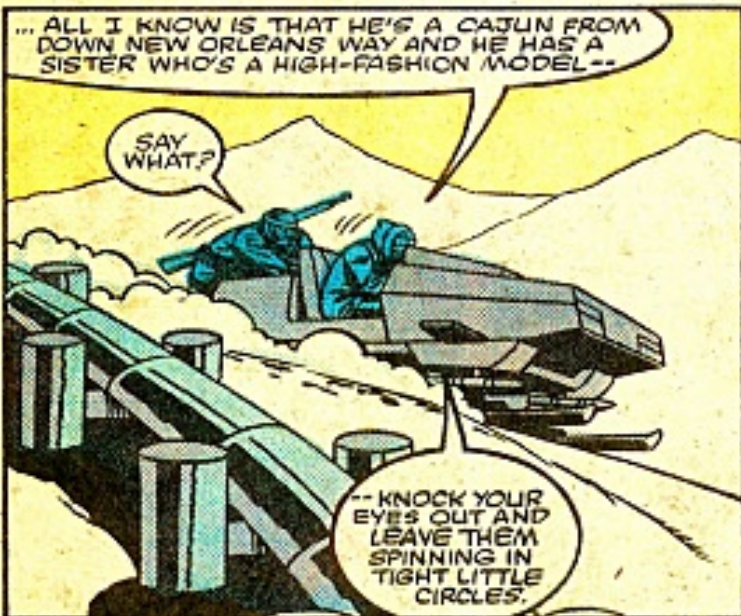


“WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE
FOR A WEEK INVESTI-
GATING REPORTS OF
COBRA ACTIVITY ALL
AROUND THE ALASKAN
OIL PIPELINE.”



“... WE AMBUSHED A COLUMN OF COBRA TANKS
AND INFANTRY FOLLOWING THE PIPELINE
SOUTH-- WE MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT ALL
BUT TWO OF THE COBRA TANKS BEFORE THEY
ZAPPED OUR HEAVY STUFF...”





MANY LEVELS BENEATH THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD IN COBRA HEADQUARTERS...

G.I. JOE HAS STUMBLERD ON OUR PIPELINE OPERATION SOONER THAN ANTICIPATED. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW, BARONESS? HMMM?



THEY WILL SOON BE NEAR THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT. WE COULD ARRANGE AN "ACCIDENT" THAT COULD COVER OUR TRACKS AND ELIMINATE--

TOO DRASTIC. TOO MUCH REAL ESTATE LEFT GLOWING IN THE DARK. NO, THIS CALLS FOR A SUBTLER HAND.

SUBTLER?

YES A SPECIALIST...



A MAN WITH INFINITE FINESSE AND A CLEAR TACTICAL MIND. IF I AM THE COUNTERPART OF G.I. JOE'S GENERAL FLAGG, THEN THIS MAN IS THE COUNTERPART OF HAWK. HE SHALL BE MY SURROGATE COMMANDER IN THE FIELD.

BZZZZT



BARONESS, MAY I INTRODUCE--

WE'VE ALREADY MET, COBRA COMMANDER.



I HAVE RECEIVED MY ORDERS AND MY PLANE IS FUELED AND READY.



YOU KNOW HIM? HOW? WHEN?

TUT TUT, COMMANDER... I THOUGHT YOU KNEW EVERYTHING...



...IF I MAINTAIN A CONSTANT SPEED OF MACH-2, I SHOULD REACH OUR STAGING AREA IN LESS THAN THREE HOURS. I SHALL REPORT IN AS SOON AS I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND.



FOUR HOURS LATER, IN ALASKA...

WHAT IS IT, SNOW JOB?

THEY'VE STOPPED. GROUP OF INDUSTRIAL-LOOKING BUILDINGS RIGHT NEXT TO THE PIPELINE. CAN'T TELL WHAT--

"--MUST BE A PUMPING STATION. THEY BUILT ONE EVERY FIFTY MILES OR SO TO MAINTAIN THE PRESSURE AND PROVIDE CUTOFF POINTS IN CASE OF LEAKS..."

"WHAT COULD COBRA WANT WITH A PUMPING STATION?"

PUMPING STATION # 1

BETTER TELL HAWK TO GET UP HERE. SOMETHING'S GOING ON...

I HEAR YOU.

WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE UNLOADING CARGO FROM ONE OF THE TANKS.

MIGHTY STRANGE CARGO, TOO.

"...JUST WHAT IS IT YOU CARRY AROUND IN DOUBLE-WALLED STAINLESS STEEL CANISTERS?"

"LOOK! THE SECOND TANK'S MOVING OUT WITH MOST OF THE INFANTRY!"



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, ROCK'N ROLL?

I THINK WE SHOULD SPLIT UP AND SEND THE STRONGER FORCE AFTER THE TANK AND INFANTRY...

... SINCE IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE MAIN OBJECTIVE AND THE SMALL PARTY IN THE PUMPING STATION IS JUST A REAR-GUARD.

SPLIT UP? NOT SO GOOD. I THINK BETTER TO TAKE OUT STATION FIRST, CAPTURE TANK AND THEN GO AFTER MAIN BODY. NO?

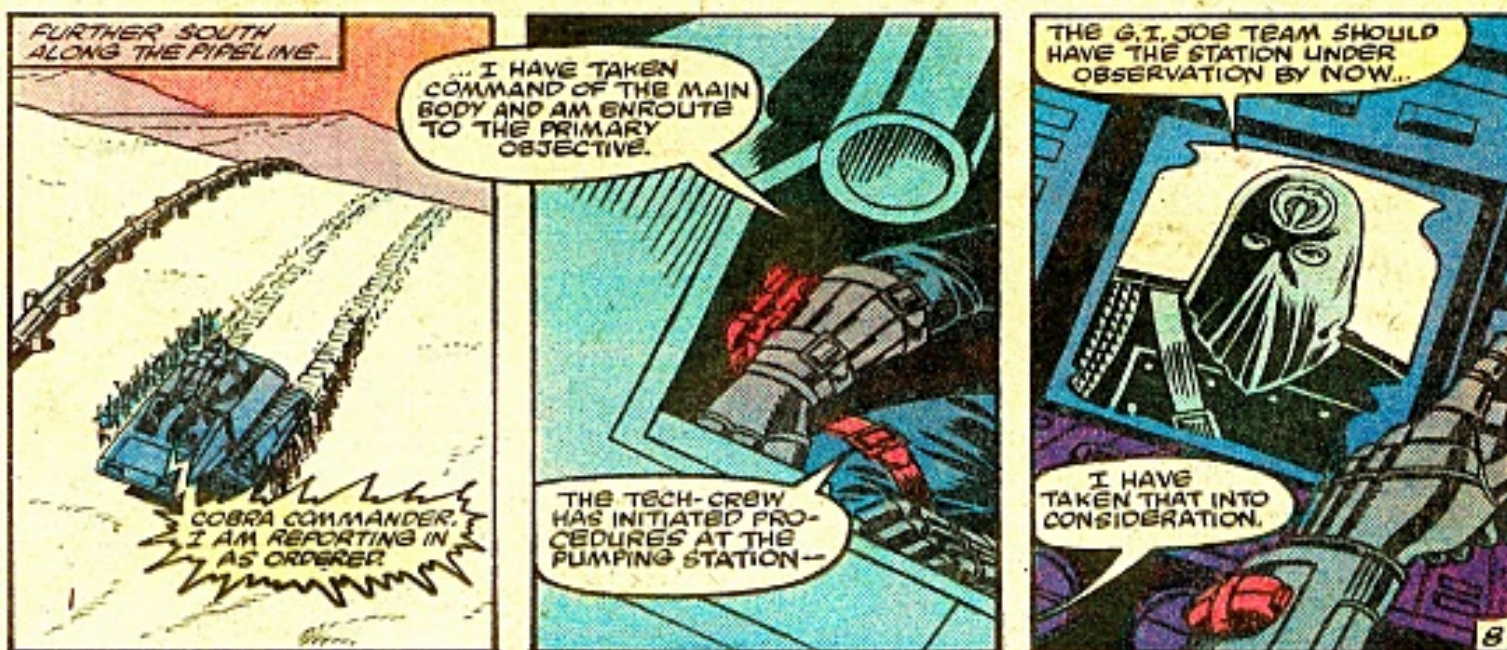
I THINK MAYBE THAT SNAKE-EYES HE AGREE WITH ME, HE NODDING LIKE HUNGRY 'GATOR...

SO DO I. BESIDES, I'M REAL CURIOUS ABOUT THOSE CANISTERS.



THAT GUNG-HO IS MAKING IT REAL DIFFICULT FOR ME TO LIKE HIM. YOU SURE ABOUT THAT SISTER OF HIS?

WOULD I LIE TO YOU?



FURTHER SOUTH ALONG THE PIPELINE...

... I HAVE TAKEN COMMAND OF THE MAIN BODY AND AM ENROUTE TO THE PRIMARY OBJECTIVE.

THE G.I. JOE TEAM SHOULD HAVE THE STATION UNDER OBSERVATION BY NOW...

COBRA COMMANDER, I AM REPORTING IN AS ORDERED

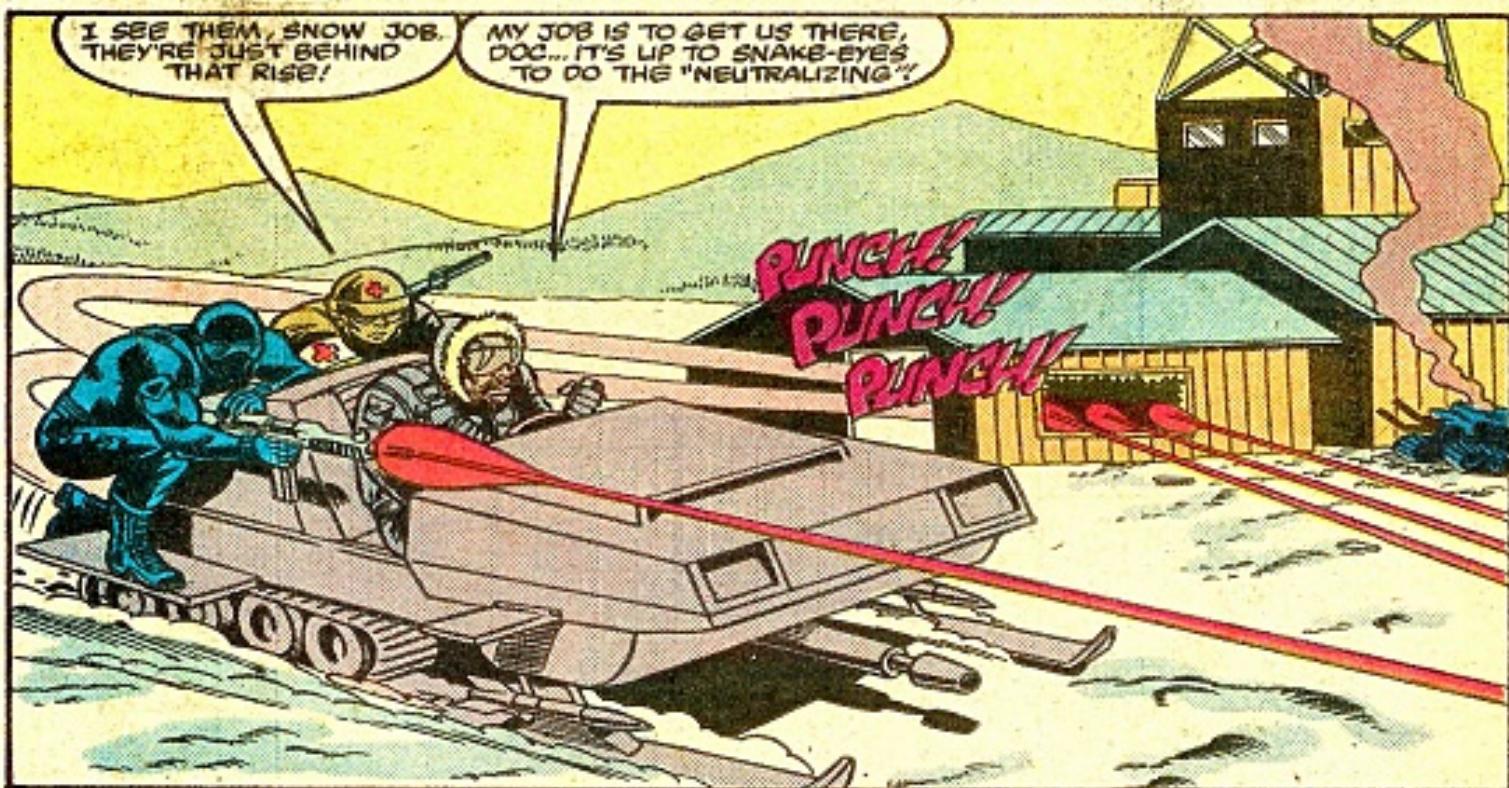
THE TECH-CREW HAS INITIATED PROCEDURES AT THE PUMPING STATION--

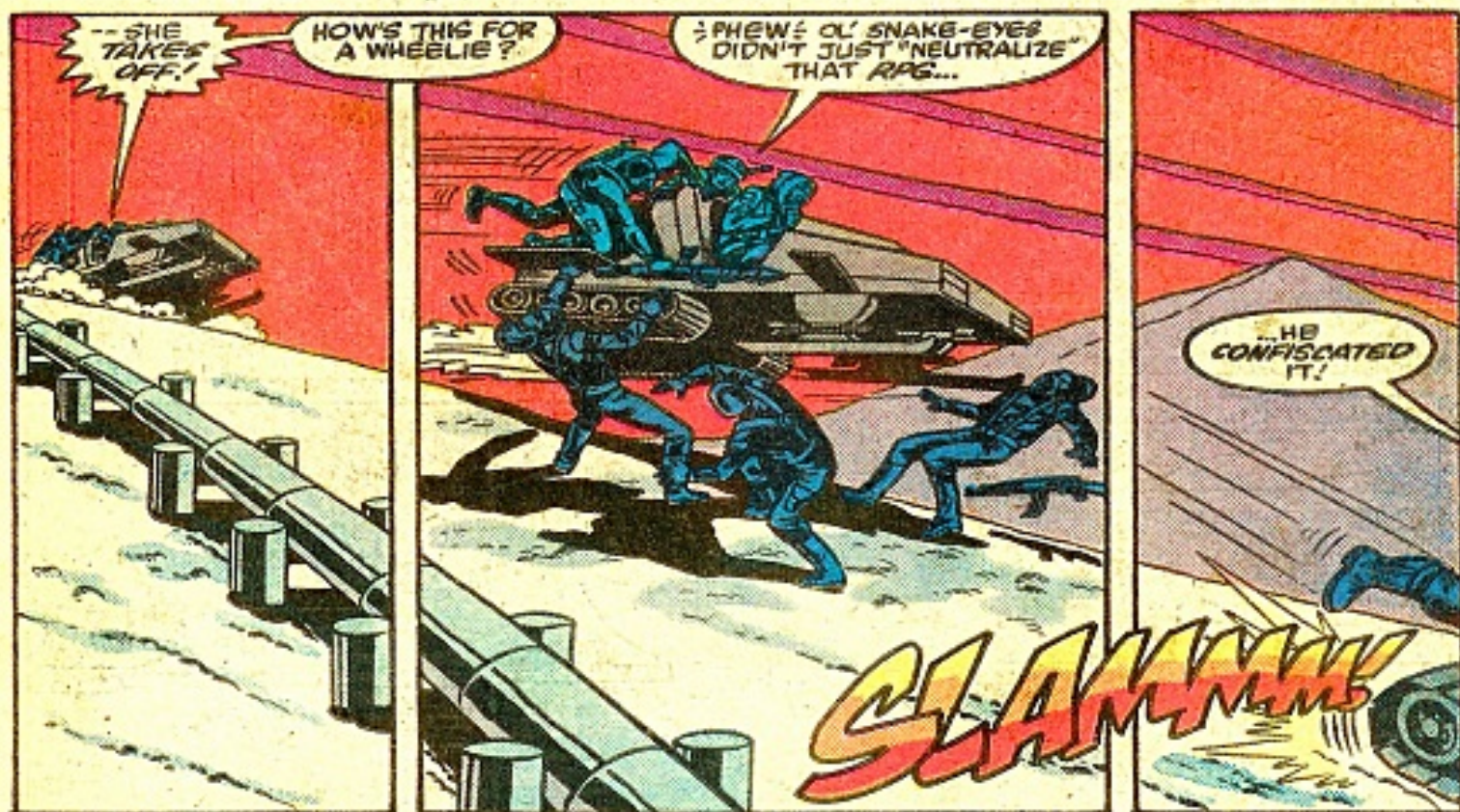
I HAVE TAKEN THAT INTO CONSIDERATION.











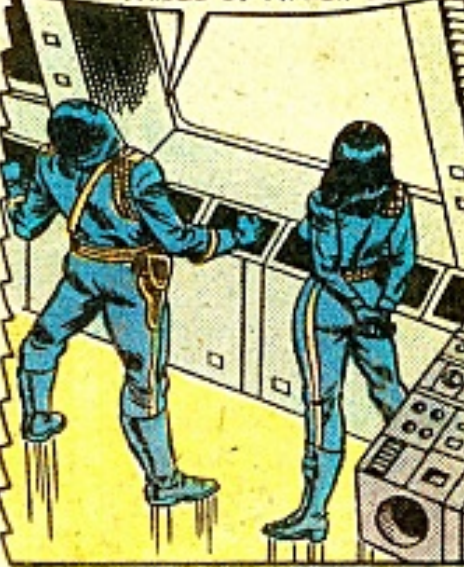
...GENERAL FLAGG? THIS IS *BREAKER* AT FIELD HQ... WE ARE REQUESTING IMMEDIATE REINFORCEMENTS FOR HAWK'S TEAM AT THE FIRST PUMPING STATION AND ABSOLUTE QUARANTINE AND CONTAINMENT FOR THE NEXT TWO PUMPING STATIONS AND ALL THE PIPELINE BETWEEN THEM-- OVER.



FLAGG HERE, THAT'S A POSITIVE ON THE REINFORCEMENTS AND A QUALIFIED NEGATIVE ON THE QUARANTINE... WE HAVE BARELY ENOUGH PERSONNEL IN THE AREA TO COVER OTHER KEY STRATEGIC SITES, BUT I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU. OUT.



HA HA HA HA! *EAVESDROPPING* HAS BECOME CHILD'S PLAY SINCE WE STOLE THE PROGRAM FOR THE G.I. JOB CRYPTO-SCRAMBLER! SOON ALL THE SECURITY FORCES IN THE REGION WILL BE SPREAD OUT OVER 50 MILES OF PIPELINE!



BACK IN ALASKA...

I DON'T LIKE IT, DOC... THESE COBRA TANK TRACKS LEAD STRAIGHT TO THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT!

AND I'LL BET THEY GO RIGHT THROUGH IT AND OUT AGAIN, THAT SMOKE'S NOT RISING FROM WOOD STOVES--THOSE ARE SHELL CRATERS!



SHORTLY...

--THEY JUST PLOWED THROUGH SO FAST... WE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!--THE *PLUTONIUM!* THEY HAULED AWAY ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO START WW III!

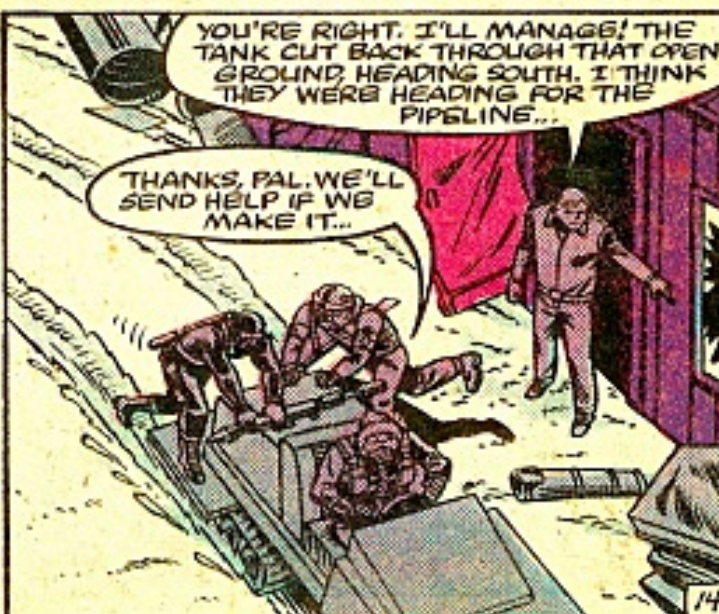
TAKE IT EASY FELLA WE'LL FIX YOU UP.

HE CAN FIX HIMSELF UP! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP TO THAT TANK!

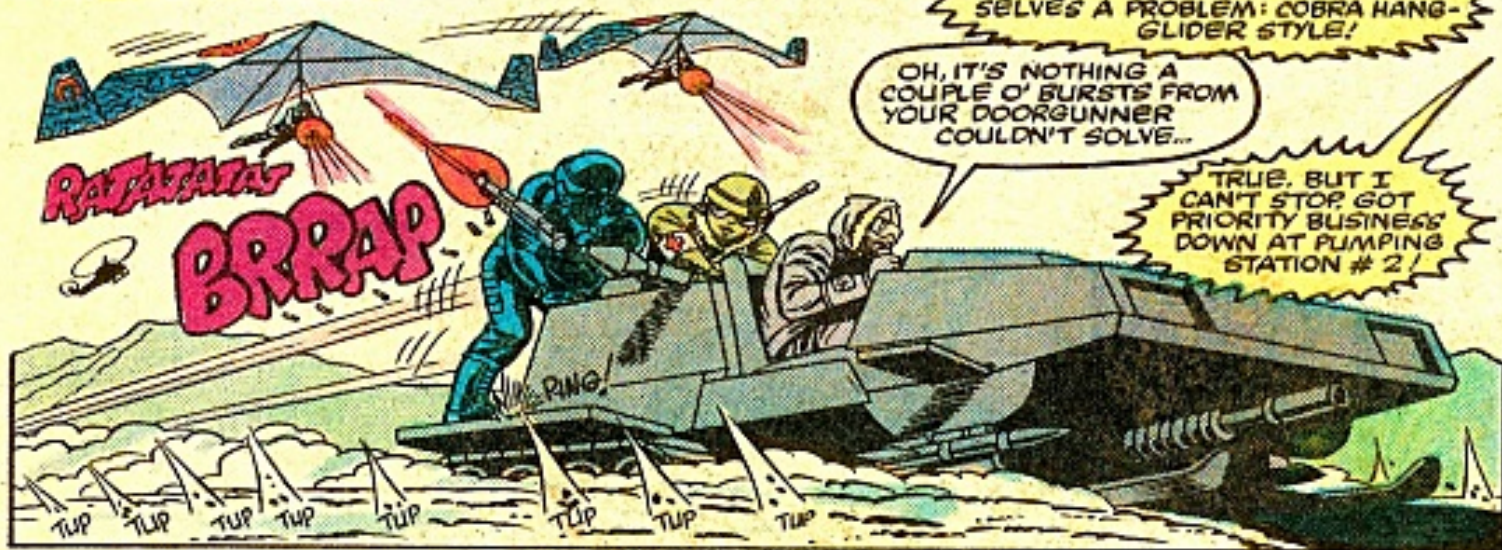


YOU'RE RIGHT, I'LL MANAGE! THE TANK CUT BACK THROUGH THAT OPEN GROUND, HEADING SOUTH. I THINK THEY WERE HEADING FOR THE PIPELINE...

THANKS, PAL. WE'LL SEND HELP IF WE MAKE IT...



MINUTES LATER...

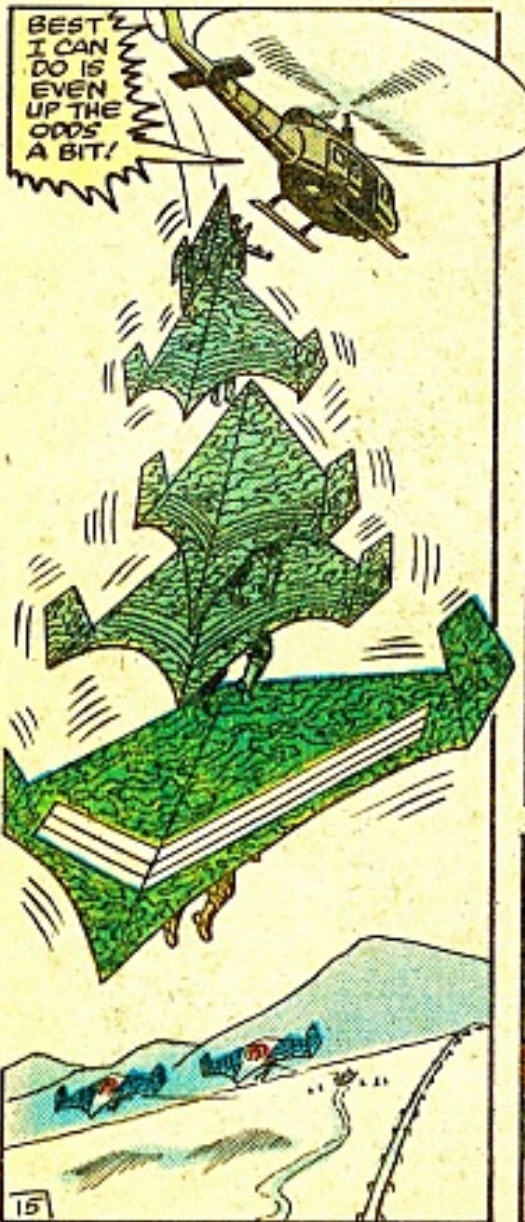


RATATAT
BRRAP

OH, IT'S NOTHING A COUPLE O' BURSTS FROM YOUR DOORGUNNER COULDN'T SOLVE...

TRUE, BUT I CAN'T STOP GOT PRIORITY BUSINESS DOWN AT PUMPING STATION # 2!

TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP TUP

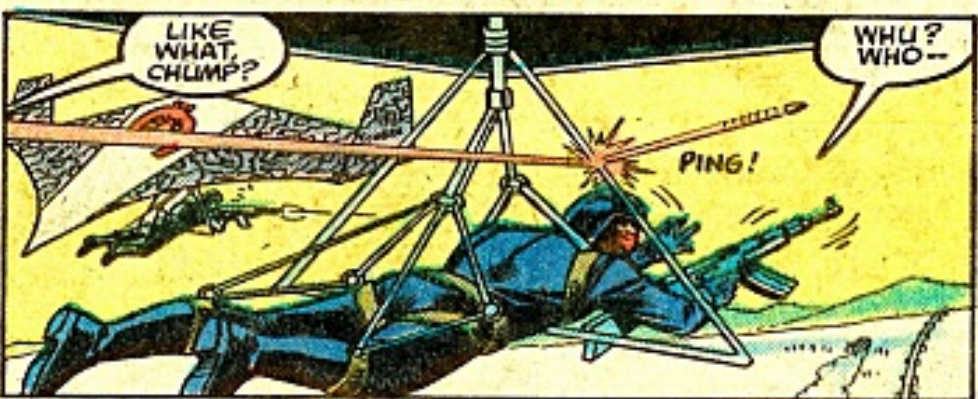


BEST I CAN DO IS EVEN UP THE ODDS A BIT!



HEH-HEH-HEH! COBRA AIR SUPERIORITY WILL CRUSH THESE INSUFFERABLE G.I. JOES LIKE--

POKKAPOKKA **POKKAPOK**



LIKE WHAT, CHUMP?

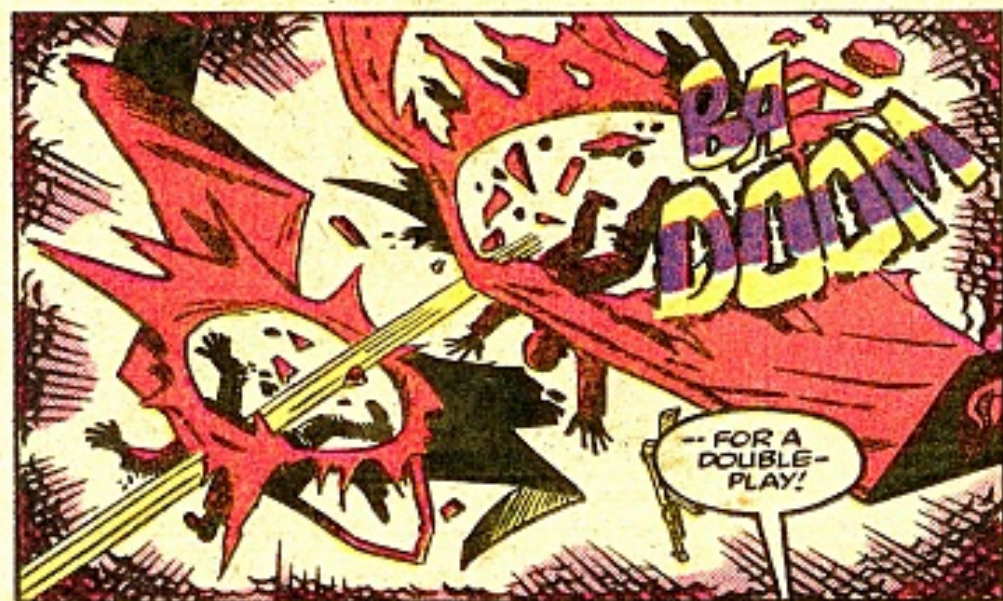
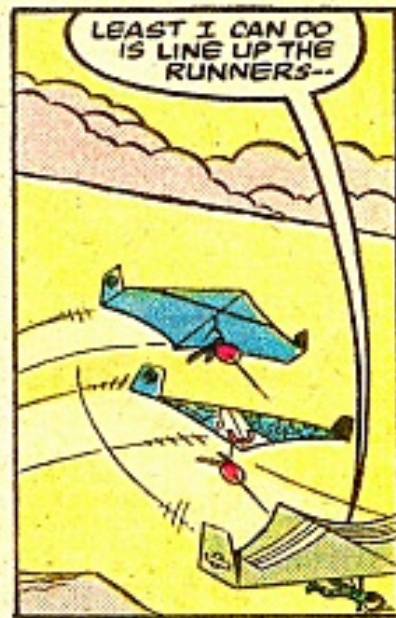
WHU? WHO--

PING!

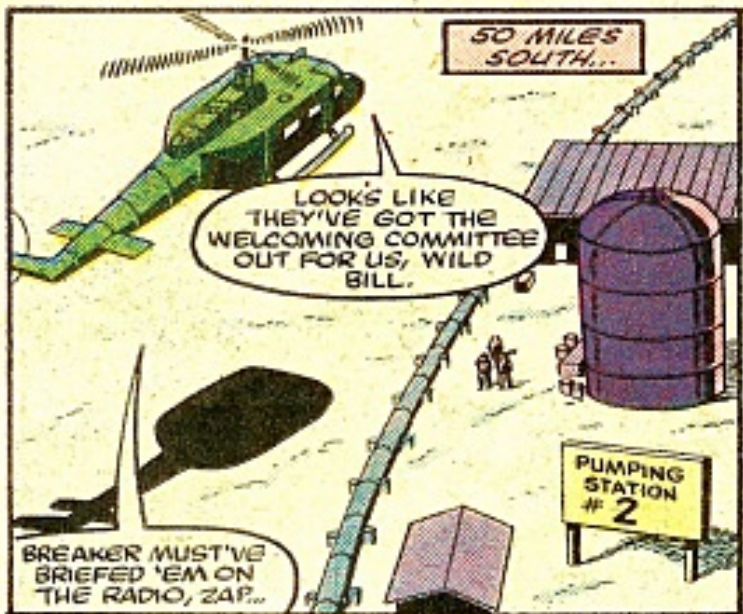


THE NAME'S AIRBORNE, AND I'M THE NEW JOB IN TOWN!

PUNCH PUNCH PUNCH







BACK AT PUMPING STATION #1 THE G.I. JOE REINFORCEMENTS HAVE LANDED SAFELY AND FORCED THE SURRENDER OF THE COBRA INFANTRY ELEMENT...



ALL RIGHT, YOU SORRY LOSERS... KEEP THOSE MEAT-HOOKS IN THE STRATOSPHERE OR I'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN THERE AND BREATHE PLAGUE GERMS ALL OVER YOU.

AND YOU'RE NOT WEARING CBR* GEAR LIKE OUR REINFORCEMENTS HERE!

*CHEMICAL - BIOLOGICAL - RADIOLOGICAL

THAT WAS REALLY SOME-THING, GUNG-HO-- THE WAY YOU ACED OUT THAT COBRA ROCKET TEAM... NOT BAD, FOR A MARINE!

SAY, IF SNAKE-EYES GETS BACK IN TIME WITH THE ANTIDOTE AND WE DON'T DROP DEAD OF THE PLAGUE, HOWSABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION? YOU, ME AND YOUR SISTER?

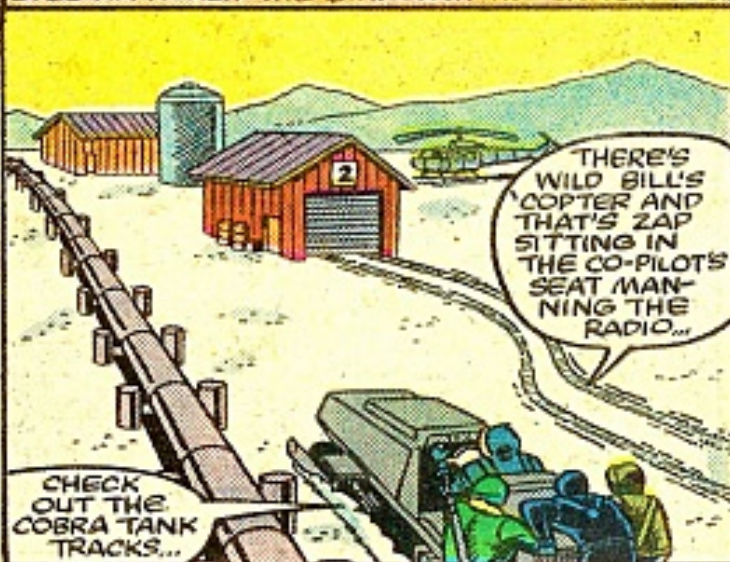
I THINK MAYBE I BREAK YOUR FACE-- MY SISTER SHE BE NINE YEARS OLD!

AT PUMPING STATION #2, THE "PROBE" IS INSERTED INTO THE PIPELINE...



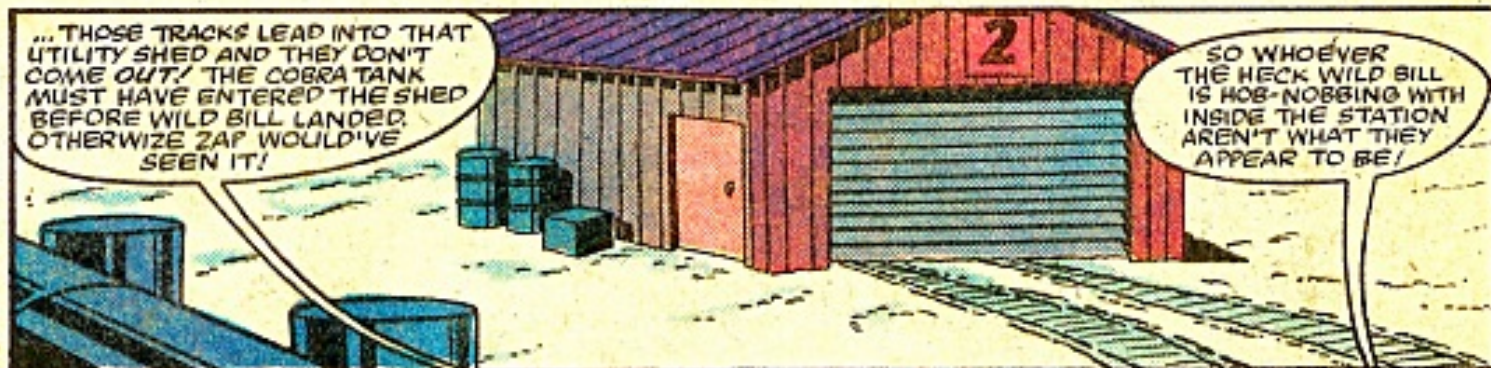
THE PROBE CONTAINS A SMALL RADIOACTIVE ELEMENT TO AID IN TRACKING--IT'S ACTUALLY VERY SAFE. THESE SUITS ARE SIMPLY TO SATISFY COMPANY SAFETY REGULATIONS...

OUTSIDE, SNOW JOB, DOC, AIRBORNE AND SNAKE-EYES APPROACH THE STATION IN THE BATTLE BURN



THERE'S WILD BILL'S COPTER AND THAT'S ZAP SITTING IN THE CO-PILOT'S SEAT MANNING THE RADIO...

CHECK OUT THE COBRA TANK TRACKS...



... THOSE TRACKS LEAD INTO THAT UTILITY SHED AND THEY DON'T COME OUT! THE COBRA TANK MUST HAVE ENTERED THE SHED BEFORE WILD BILL LANDED. OTHERWISE ZAP WOULD'VE SEEN IT!

SO WHOEVER THE HECK WILD BILL IS HOB-NOBGING WITH INSIDE THE STATION AREN'T WHAT THEY APPEAR TO BE!



COBRA! THEY'VE BEEN ONE JUMP AHEAD OF US FROM THE START!

ZAP, THIS IS SNOW JOB. WE'RE NEXT TO THE PIPELINE APPROACHING THE UTILITY SHED. THERE'S A COBRA TANK IN THE SHED--



--AND IT'S CARRYING A LOAD OF PLUTONIUM STOLEN FROM THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANT! IT'S A GOOD BET THE STATION CREW IS PURE COBRA!

IT'S ALSO A GOOD BET THAT THE PLUTONIUM IS INSIDE A DUMMY "PROBE" HEADING FURTHER DOWN THE PIPELINE!

I'M GOING IN FOR WILD BILL. BACK ME UP!



SNAKE-EYES IS GOING AFTER THE COBRA TANK BY HIMSELF?

IT'S ONLY ONE TANK, RIGHT?



ZAP, WHAT THE--

HA! YOU'RE BOTH DEAD MEN--

TAKE 'EM OUT WILD BILL! THEY'RE COBRA!

SIAM!



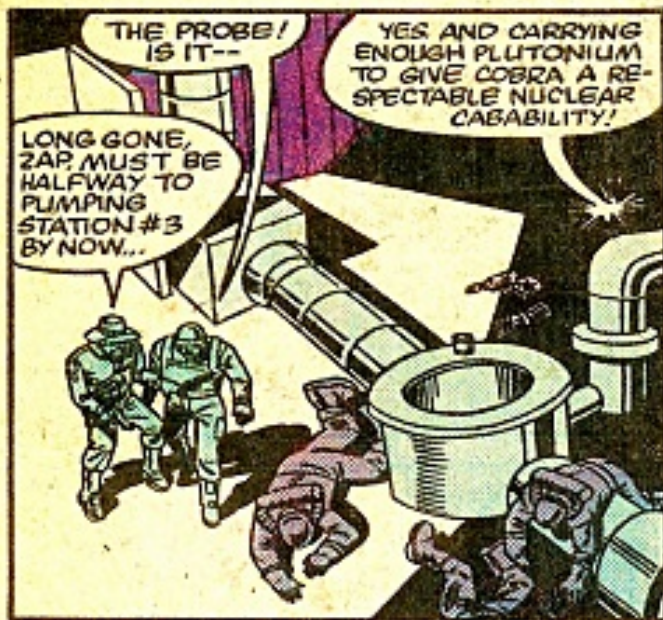
--WE'VE ALREADY BEATEN YOU TO THE DRAW!

KA POW



THAT'LL BE THE DAY!

BLAM! BLAM!



THE PROBE!
IS IT--

LONG GONE,
ZAP, MUST BE
HALFWAY TO
PUMPING
STATION #3
BY NOW...

YES AND CARRYING
ENOUGH PLUTONIUM
TO GIVE COBRA A RE-
SPECTABLE NUCLEAR
CAPABILITY!



YOU SEE,
THE PLAGUE
TOXIN WAS
A RUSE TO
DRAW AT-
TENTION
AWAY FROM
THE NUCLE-
AR PLANT.

...IT
ALSO FORCED
YOU TO SHUT
DOWN THE
PIPELINE--



PROVIDING AN EXCUSE FOR
THE PROBE TO CARRY THE
PLUTONIUM DOWN THE
PIPELINE...

...TO STATION #3
WHERE A COBRA
HELICOPTER CREW IS
WAITING TO FLY IT OUT
OF THE COUNTRY!



YOU MEAN THE
PLAGUE TOXIN
IS A FAKE?
THOSE JOES
WHO WERE AT
STATION #1
AREN'T IN-
FECTED?

OH, THE TOXIN
IS QUITE
REAL! IT HAD
TO BE, TO BE
CONVINCING!



IN FACT, I'M
HOLDING THE
ONLY SUPPLY OF
ANTIDOTE FOR
THAT PARTICULAR
STRAIN--



THE GENEVA CONVENTION
SAYS I CAN'T FIRE A WEAPON
BUT IT DON'T SAY A THING
ABOUT SNOWBALLS!



--OR
TACKLING!

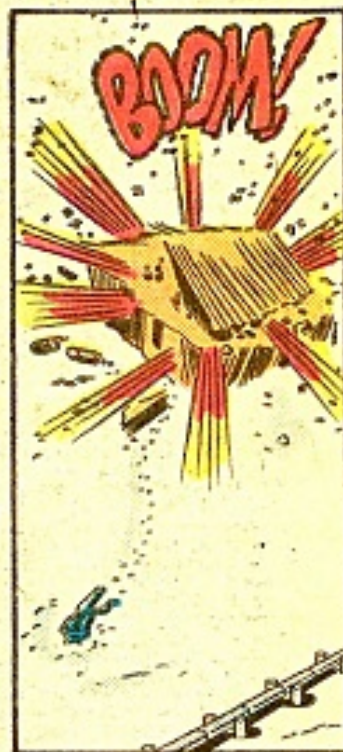
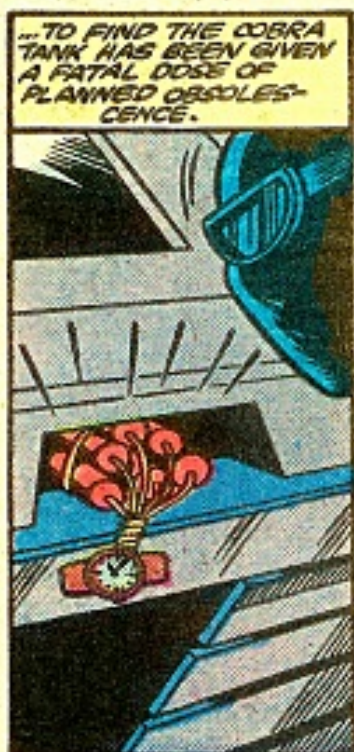


HOLD YOUR
FIRE! THEY'RE
BOTH IN THE
SHADOWS!



YOU DARE TO LAY YOUR
FILTHY HANDS ON ME?

DOC'S
CLEAR--





QUICK! GET IN THE HELICOPTER! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE ONLY ANTIDOTE AND TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

NO! WE HAVE TO STOP THE PLUTONIUM FIRST!

AND BESIDES, I MANAGED TO GRAB THE ANTIDOTE WHILE I WAS BEATING THAT COBRA BUM MERCILESSLY ABOUT THE SOLES OF HIS BOOTS WITH MY FACE!



TWENTY-FIVE MILES SOUTH AT STATION #3...

A G.I. JOE HELICOPTER! SHALL WE--

NO. THAT COBRA SPECIAL-IST MIGHT HAVE CAPTURED IT. BESIDES, WE OUTGUN THEM.



IT'S ALL OVER, GUYS, WE CAPTURED STATION #2 AND REINSTATED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW. YOU'RE ALL INFECTED AND HAVE SIX HOURS TO LIVE.



WE'RE WILLING TO MAKE A TRADE. THE PLUTONIUM FOR THE ANTIDOTE. BETTER MAKE UP YOUR MINDS BEFORE YOUR SIX HOURS ARE UP.



MINUTES LATER...

MADE THEIR MINDS UP RIGHT QUICK, DIDN'T THEY, PARD?

THEY MAY BE EVIL, BUT THEY'RE NOT STUPID.

BACK AT THE G.I. JOE BASE CAMP...

LET'S GET EVERYBODY LINED UP SO I CAN INJECT YOU WITH THE REAL ANTIDOTE!



SO WHAT WAS IN THAT BOTTLE YOU TRADED TO THE COBRAS FOR THE PLUTONIUM?

TETANUS BOOSTER FROM MY FIELD KIT. THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT STEPPING ON RUSTY NAILS FOR TWENTY YEARS!

BUT WON'T THEY CARRY THE FLAGLE TO--

NOPE. WE NEVER REALLY TURNED THE CONTAMINATED OIL FLOW BACK ON, WE JUST SAID WE DID...

... I MUST ADMIT IT WAS QUESTIONABLE MEDICAL PRACTICE. LYING TO A PATIENT IS SUCH A NO-NO...

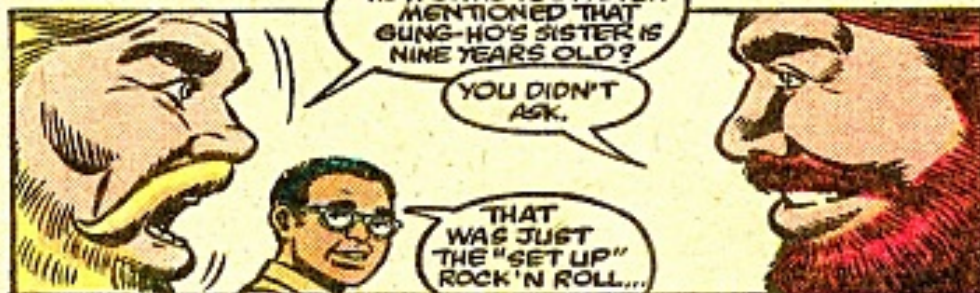


TALKIN' ABOUT LYNN! I GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH THIS SKUNK ON SKIS OVER THERE--



-HOW COME YOU NEVER MENTIONED THAT GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS NINE YEARS OLD?

YOU DIDN'T ASK.



THAT WAS JUST THE "SET UP" ROCK 'N ROLL...

... NEXT, HE WAS GOING TO HIT YOU UP FOR TWENTY BUCKS TO SET UP THE "DATE". BUT ACTUALLY, HE NEVER REALLY LIED TO YOU. GUNG-HO'S SISTER IS A CHILD MODEL AND SHE'S QUITE BEAUTIFUL...

...AND SHE PROBABLY WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE OF HER BIG BROTHER'S PALS TAKE HER TO THE FOUNTAIN FOR A DOUBLE-DIP ICE-CREAM SODA!

THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "SNOW JOB"!



THREE STRIKES FOR SNAKE-EYES!



DARTH_SCANNER
DARTH_SCANNER



LIKE IT? BUY IT!

**SUPPORT THE
COMICS INDUSTRY
AND YOUR LOCAL
COMICS SHOP!
BUY COMICS!**

**DIGITAL COMICS
PRESERVATION**