

GOLD
KEY

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

12c

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.*

Kid commandos wage a fun
war—with April Dancer
DEAD ON TARGET!



© 1967, METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER INC.

THE GIRL FROM
U.N.C.L.E.

*
UNITED
NETWORK
COMMAND
FOR LAW AND
ENFORCEMENT

The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.

A GIRL AND HER GADGETS

Her cigarette lighter doubles as a cutting torch, her lipstick injects knockout drops or truth serum and her perfume atomizer sprays tear gas. Her fountain pen is really a radio she uses to talk to U.N.C.L.E. Chief Alexander Waverly. Her innocent looking parasol is a long range listening device. No wonder April Dancer, The Girl From U.N.C.L.E. is five feet, five inches of gorgeous danger!



THE GIRL FROM



AS A PLEASURE BOAT
CRUISES DOWN THE
HUDSON, CLOSE TO ITS
TOWERING CLIFFS,
THERE IS A WHIRRING
SOUND IN THE AIR
AND SUDDENLY...

THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.

THE KID COMMANDOS' CAPER

PART 1

The **WARNING MESSAGE**

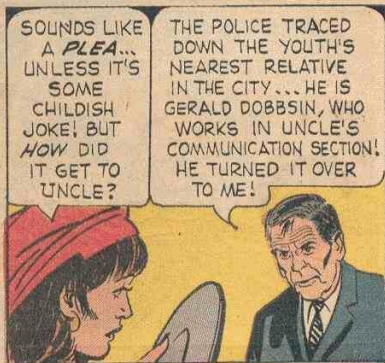
W-WHAT
WAS
THAT?

THUMP!

GREAT SCOTT! IT'S A **DISCUS!**
MUST'VE BEEN HEAVED FROM THE
CLIFF UP THERE!... SAY! THERE'S
A **MESSAGE** CARVED ON IT!

A MESSAGE!
WHAT DOES
IT SAY?

HEAD FOR THE
YACHT BASIN!
THIS MESSAGE
IS FOR THE
POLICE!







SHORTLY AFTER...

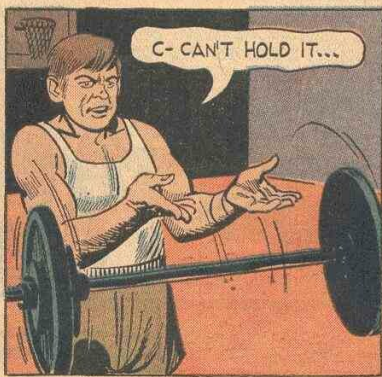


MISS
DRAKE, HOW
FORTUNATE
HE JUST
MISSED!

FORTUNATE NOTHING!
IF 'UNCLE HADN'T
SHARPENED MY
REACTION RATE, I'D
HAVE HAD TWO FEET
GOING THROUGH
MY SKULL!



C- CAN'T HOLD IT...





LUCKILY, MR. WAVERLY
TOLD ME TO BE ON
MY GUARD HERE!

THWACK!



TWO CLOSE
CALLS! WE'D
BETTER GET
YOU *OUT*
OF HERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT I'LL
BE AROUND SATURDAY
TO COVER YOUR MEET
AGAINST THE AIR FORCE
TRACK TEAM AT THE
MISSILE BASE!



IF YOU'D LIKE
TO FINISH THE
INTERVIEW—

COME ON, DOBBIN,
CUT THE STAR
TREATMENT!

RIGHT! WE NEED
YOU TO HELP
MARK THE DISC
THROWS! LET'S
GO!



LATER...

I DID DETECT *FEAR* IN PETER'S
MANNER, BUT I COULDN'T SPEAK
TO HIM LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN
WHAT HE FEARS!

PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE
THAT OPPORTUNITY AT
THE TRACK MEET!

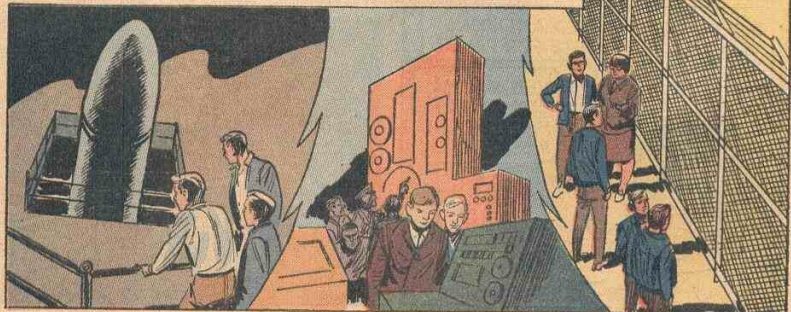
*SATURDAY MORNING BEFORE THE
MEET, THE BOYS ARE TAKEN ON A
GUIDED TOUR OF THE MISSILE BASE...*



WE'LL GO DOWN INTO ONE OF THE SILOS
NOW AND SHOW YOU THE BIG BIRD!

LOOK AND LISTEN,
BOYS! THIS IS PART
OF YOUR EDUCATION,
YOU KNOW!

QUICKLY, THEY ARE SHOWN THE MISSILE, ITS CONTROLS
AND THE BASE'S SECURITY MEASURES...



THAT AFTERNOON...

THIS IS THE FOURTH RACE THE KIDS
HAVE WON! THE OAAAL CERTAINLY
DOES PRODUCE WINNERS! BUT **WHY**
DOES PETER WANT OUT?



HI, PETER! AFTER YOU FINISH YOUR
EVENT MAYBE WE CAN CHAT!

LET'S MAKE IT NOW!



YOU KNOW THE
RULES, DOBBSIN,
**NO TALKING TO
OUTSIDERS!**

MAYBE A THOUSAND
FINGERTIP PUSH-
UPS WOULD WISE
YOU UP!



SOON...

SOMETHING STRANGE **IS** GOING
ON! IT'S OBVIOUS THE OLDER BOYS
ARE KEEPING US APART! **BIG
BROTHER** IS WATCHING PETER!

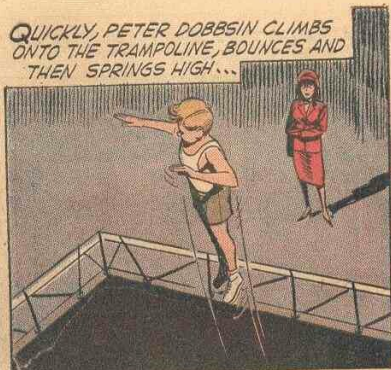


AFTER PETER DOBBSIN WINS HIS DISCUS EVENT...

PETER, LARRY PULLED A TENDON! **YOU** WILL SUBSTITUTE FOR HIM ON THE TRAMPOLINE!

YES, MA'AM! BUT IT ISN'T MY BEST EVENT, MISS HARSHLY!

QUICKLY, PETER DOBBSIN CLIMBS ONTO THE TRAMPOLINE, BOUNCES AND THEN SPRINGS HIGH...



WATCH OUT!



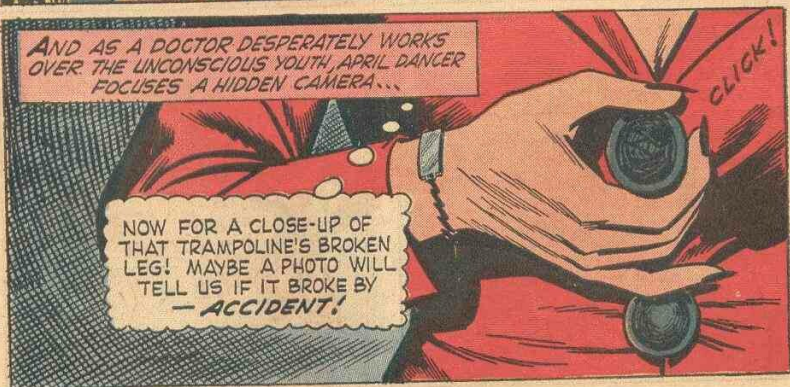
HIS NECK! GET A DOCTOR!

OWWWW!



AND AS A DOCTOR DESPERATELY WORKS OVER THE UNCONSCIOUS YOUTH, APRIL DANCER FOCUSES A HIDDEN CAMERA...

NOW FOR A CLOSE-UP OF THAT TRAMPOLINE'S BROKEN LEG! MAYBE A PHOTO WILL TELL US IF IT BROKE BY — **ACCIDENT!**



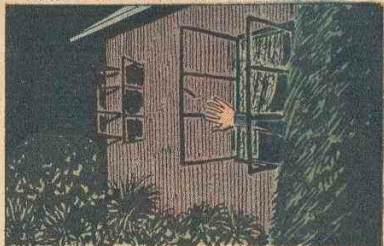
LATER, AT THE HOSPITAL...

DREADFUL!
POOR PETER...IS
DEAD! WHAT A
WRETCHED
ACCIDENT!

I HOPE MY
PHOTOS WILL SHOW
WHETHER IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT OR
MURDER!



THAT EVENING, AS APRIL DANGER
DRIVES BACK TO UNCLE TO PROCESS
HER FILM, AT THE MOTEL WHERE
THE Qaal TEAM IS STAYING, THE
BACK WINDOWS OPEN SILENTLY...



ASSEMBLE! CHECK YOUR ATHLETIC
EQUIPMENT AND THEN MOVE TO THE
TARGET AREA...THE **MISSILE BASE!**



ONCE AT THE OUTER FENCE OF THE BASE,
THE HAMMER THROWER STEPS FORWARD...

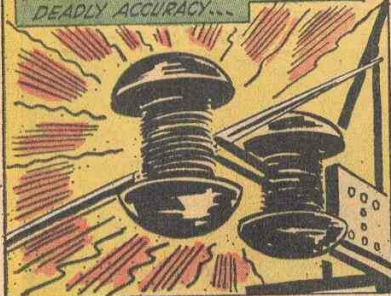


ROPE
SECURE!

THE SERGEANT SAID WEIGHT
WOULD SET OFF THEIR
ELECTRIC ALARM SYSTEM!
WAIT TILL I **SHORT** THE
BASE'S POWER SYSTEM!



THE YOUTHFUL JAVELIN HURLER
AIMS AND THE SHAFT SPEEDS WITH
DEADLY ACCURACY...



DID YOU SEE THE
LIGHTS GO OUT?



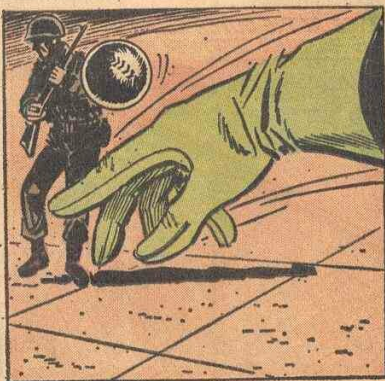
DON'T STAND
SIGHT-SEEING...
UP AND OVER!
WE GOT A JOB
TO DO!

THE NEAREST SILO IS NUMBER
SEVEN TO OUR LEFT!

ONCE WE'RE THERE LEAVE
THE GUARD TO ME!



AS SIRENS SCREAM ACROSS THE
BLACKED-OUT BASE, THE BOYS
STEALTHILY ADVANCE...







HERE GOES THE
EMERGENCY
POWER LINE!



I JUST HOPE MISS HARSHLY
CHECKED OUT THE RUBBER
HANDLE ON THIS SCYTHE!

SNAPPP!



THE LINES ARE COMING
DOWN—WATCH IT!



YEEOOWWW!!

AND AS PANDEMONIUM SPREADS
ACROSS THE NOW COMPLETELY
BLACKED OUT BASE...



MAKE SURE YOU DIDN'T
LEAVE ANYTHING BEHIND!

A FLAWLESS
OPERATION!
WE SHOULD
GET A
**PERFECT
SCORE** ON
THIS CAPER!

NEXT MORNING, AS WORD SPREADS OF THE STARTLING RAID, THE LOCAL RESIDENTS ANGRILY ASSEMBLE...



REMEMBER THIS, BOYS, IT'S PART OF YOUR TRAINING! IT TAKES EXTREME **AUDACITY** AND **IRON DISCIPLINE** TO MAKE A CHAMPION!

I GUESS WE **PROVED** WE HAVE THE STUFF! THEY'LL NEVER FIND OUT **WE** DID IT!



MEANWHILE, AT UNCLE'S SECRET HEADQUARTERS, A BLOW-UP OF A PHOTO APRIL DANCER TOOK IS PROJECTED...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, THAT TRAMPOLINE LEG WAS **CUT** DELIBERATELY!



YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. WAVERLY! BUT **WHY?**

APPARENTLY PETER DOBBSIN WAS MORE THAN HOMESICK! HE WAS DANGEROUS! BUT TO WHOM?



PLACE YOUR STORY OF THEIR DEFEATING THE AIR FORCE TRACK TEAM AND COVER THEIR NEXT MEET!

THAT'S AGAINST A PRISON TEAM THIS FRIDAY! AND IF WE CAN **PROVE** THEY MURDERED PETER, THAT'S WHERE SOME OF THEM MAY END UP!



AFTER BEING TAKEN ON A TOUR OF THE PRISON, THE O'AL TEAM STARTS COMPETING WITH THE OLDER PRISON TEAM IN A GRUELING MEET...



YOUR BOY WON THE HALF MILE, MISS HARSHLY! QUITE A PERFORMANCE FOR SUCH A YOUNG FELLOW!

AH, YOU WOULDN'T IMAGINE HOW SPLENDIDLY THESE BOYS CAN PERFORM ... WITH A LITTLE DIRECTION!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE NEARBY MOTEL WHERE APRIL AND THE TEAM ARE STAYING, A FURTIVE, BLACK-GARBED FIGURE CAREFULLY COVERS OVER THE AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT OF HER ROOM...

THERE! NO FRESH AIR CAN GO IN! THE REST IS UP TO LARRY!



WHILE AT APRIL'S ROOM DOOR...

SOON AS THAT GAS CAPSULE LANDS, IT'LL BREAK! ONE MINUTE OF BREATHING THIS STUFF... AND IT'LL BE HER **LAST** MINUTE!



WHAT WAS THAT? SOMETHING... SMELLS FUNNY... FEEL... DIZZY...



The GIRL From U.N.C.L.E.
PART TWO

THE GIRL FROM



**THE
FINAL
ATTACK**

*WEAK AND DIZZY, APRIL DANGER
SINKS TO THE MOTEL FLOOR, AS
WITH A FINAL DESPERATE EFFORT,
SHE HURLS HER SHOE...*



*AS THE TINKLING GLASS FALLS,
SHE LIES MOTIONLESS...*



**MEANWHILE, BACK
AT THE PRISON...**



OWWW!



**HERE! CLIMB UP FAST BEFORE
THE SPOTLIGHT SWINGS
BACK THIS WAY!**



QUICKLY, THE ATHLETIC YOUTHS CLIMB
ONTO THE UNGUARDED WALL...



THIS WILL TAKE
CARE OF THAT
SPOTLIGHT...



W-WHAT
HIT IT?!

HAVING PLOTTED EVERY MOVE
FROM THEIR SEEMINGLY
INNOCENT TOUR OF THE
PRISON, THE BOYS MOVE OFF
TO THEIR ASSIGNMENTS...

THAT FIXES
ALL THE PRISON
LIGHTS!



LOOK! SOMEONE IS
MOVING THERE!



GRAB THE
CELL KEYS
AND HIS
TEAR GAS
GRENADE!

YEOWW!

WHILE THE GUARDS RACE ABOUT PURPOSELESSLY IN THE DARK CONFUSION, THE HIGHLY ORGANIZED YOUNG ATHLETES CARRY OUT THEIR MISSIONS...

IT'S OPEN! MAKE FOR THE SOUTH WALL! LADDERS ARE THERE! OUTSIDE, A TRUCK'S WAITING!



PRISON BREAK!!
STOP THEM!

HERE! THIS IS
YOURS! CATCH!



T-TEAR
GAS...

MY EYES...



ALL
CELLS
EMPTY!

CLIMB FASTER!
THOSE GUARDS
WON'T REMAIN
CONFUSED MUCH
LONGER!



AND ON THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE PRISON WALL...

INTO THE TRUCK! ONE OF
YOU CONS GRAB THE WHEEL!
FROM HERE ON...YOU'RE
ON YOUR OWN!

THANKS, BUSTER!
IF YOU'RE EVER
IN TROUBLE,
LOOK US UP!



SOON AFTER, APRIL IS ROUSED BY INSISTENT KNOCKING ON HER MOTEL DOOR...

MISS DRAKE, THIS IS THE MANAGER! OPEN UP! URGENT!

Y-YES?

LOCK YOUR DOOR AND WINDOW! LET NO ONE IN! THERE'S BEEN A PRISON BREAK!

A JAIL BREAK! WOW! SOUNDS KEEN!

INTO YOUR ROOMS! SECURE YOUR DOORS! THOSE DREADFUL MEN AREN'T GOING TO HARM MY ATHLETES!

NEXT DAY...

WELL, THE POLICE HAVE ROUNDED UP ALMOST ALL OF THE ESCAPEES!

IF I HADN'T SEEN THOSE *GAAL* KIDS IN THEIR PAJAMAS, I'D HAVE SUSPECTED THAT *THEY* DUMPED THE *GAS* PELLET INTO MY ROOM AND HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE PRISON BREAK!

I *STILL* DO! AND I EXPECT THINGS TO GET STICKIER! MISS DANCER, WEAR THIS RING AT THEIR NEXT ATHLETIC MEET! IF YOU FLIP OUT THE PEARL, IT SETS UP A *DIRECTIONAL ALARM BEAM* WHICH MR. SLATE CAN HOME IN ON! YOU MAY BE NEEDING HELP!

A WEEK LATER, AS THE OAAAL BOYS TAKE ON EASTERN COLLEGE TRACK STARS AT RANDALL'S ISLAND, APRIL POSES AGAIN AS A REPORTER AND WATCHES...



WELL, MY BOYS HAVE DONE WELL TODAY! THEY'LL BE GLAD TO GET BACK TO THAT YACHT THAT WAS SO KINDLY LOANED TO US SO THEY CAN REST UP FOR TOMORROW'S FINAL EVENTS!



I THINK I'LL DROP ABOARD THEIR YACHT... UNINVITED!

THAT NIGHT...

CLOSE ENOUGH, MARK!

REMEMBER—IF YOU NEED HELP, USE THE RING!



I MAY BE IN LUCK! NO ONE'S OUT ON DECK TO SPOT ME!



WE'LL SET THAT OIL TANKER ON FIRE, MISS HARSHLY... BUT WHY?



BECAUSE ONCE YOU CUT ITS ANCHOR CHAIN, IT WILL DRIFT TOWARD THE SHORE OF THE EAST SIDE! SOMEWHERE THERE IS **UNCLE'S HEADQUARTERS!**







THE TANKER'S CREW BEATEN DOWN AND SET ADRIPT IN A LIFEBOAT, APRIL IS BROUGHT ON BOARD AND THEN...



THE ANCHOR CHAIN CUT, THE YOUTHS SCURRY FROM THE SHIP, AS APRIL KEEPS TRYING TO KNOCK THE PEARL FROM HER RING...



MINUTES LATER, DEEP INSIDE THE SHIP, AN EXPLOSIVE CHARGE SETS THE FUEL ABLAZE...



WE'RE DRIFTING TOWARD THE SHORE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE SHIP REACHES IT—AND THOSE FLAMES REACH **ME!**



THEN SUDDENLY, A 'COPTER HOVERS ABOVE...

LUCKY THAT RING WORKS!



QUICKLY, MARK SLATE FREES APRIL...

THEY HOPE TO SET THE WHOLE EAST SIDE ON FIRE AND BURN DOWN UNCLE HEADQUARTERS WITH THE REST!

MAYBE I CAN **SLOW** THIS SHIP BY OPENING HER SEA COCKS!



DURING THE HEAT OF THE DEADLY INFERNO, MARK RACES DOWN INTO THE TANKER...

THERE! IF ENOUGH **WATER** STARTS FILLING HER, IT WILL **SLOW** HER DOWN! THAT MIGHT GIVE THE FIREBOATS ENOUGH TIME TO HEAD HER OFF FROM THE SHORE!



TWO FIGURES CLING TO THE 'COPTER'S SLING, AS IT SWINGS THEM ALOFT...

THEY SURE GOT THERE FAST!

THE EAST SIDE IS SAFE, BUT NOTHING ELSE IS...NOT WHILE THOSE KID COMMANDOS ARE ROAMING FREE!



CHECKING THE BORROWED YACHT AND FINDING IT ABANDONED AND WITHOUT ANY SIGNIFICANT MATERIAL LEFT BEHIND, THEY FLY ON TO THE SCHOOL...



S-SHE ESCAPED! BOYS, YOU FAILED ONCE—*DON'T* FAIL THIS TIME!

QUICK, MARK! THE SAFE WE WANT TO OPEN IS IN THE LIBRARY!



THIS WAY...

THOSE KIDS ARE *TOO* FAST FOR US! THEY'RE *GAINING!*



USE THEIR SPEED TO BEAT THEM, MARK!

H-Hey!



TWO DOWN... BUT TOO MANY TO GO!

PILE ON THEM!







The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.

When April Dancer and Mark Slate

swing into action, you can be sure

THRUSH will make things hot for them.

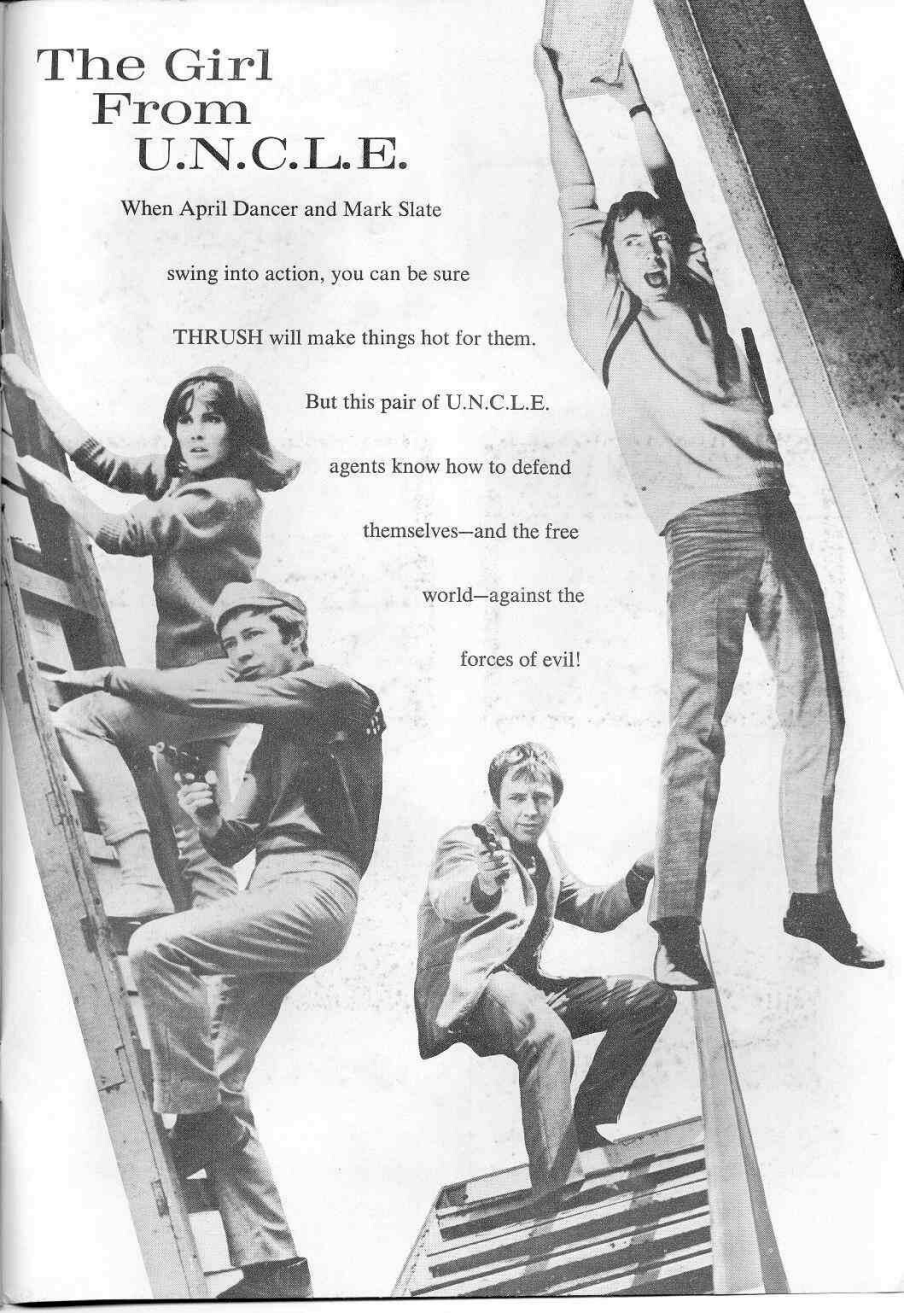
But this pair of U.N.C.L.E.

agents know how to defend

themselves—and the free

world—against the

forces of evil!





THE GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E. PIN-UP



Enjoy another classic from the Yootha Archive

Discover more amazing collections in our **eBay shop**

<http://stores.ebay.co.uk/Yootha-Archive-of-Vintage-and-Retro>

or at **www.yootha.com**