

# BATTLE STORIES

MAY NO. 3





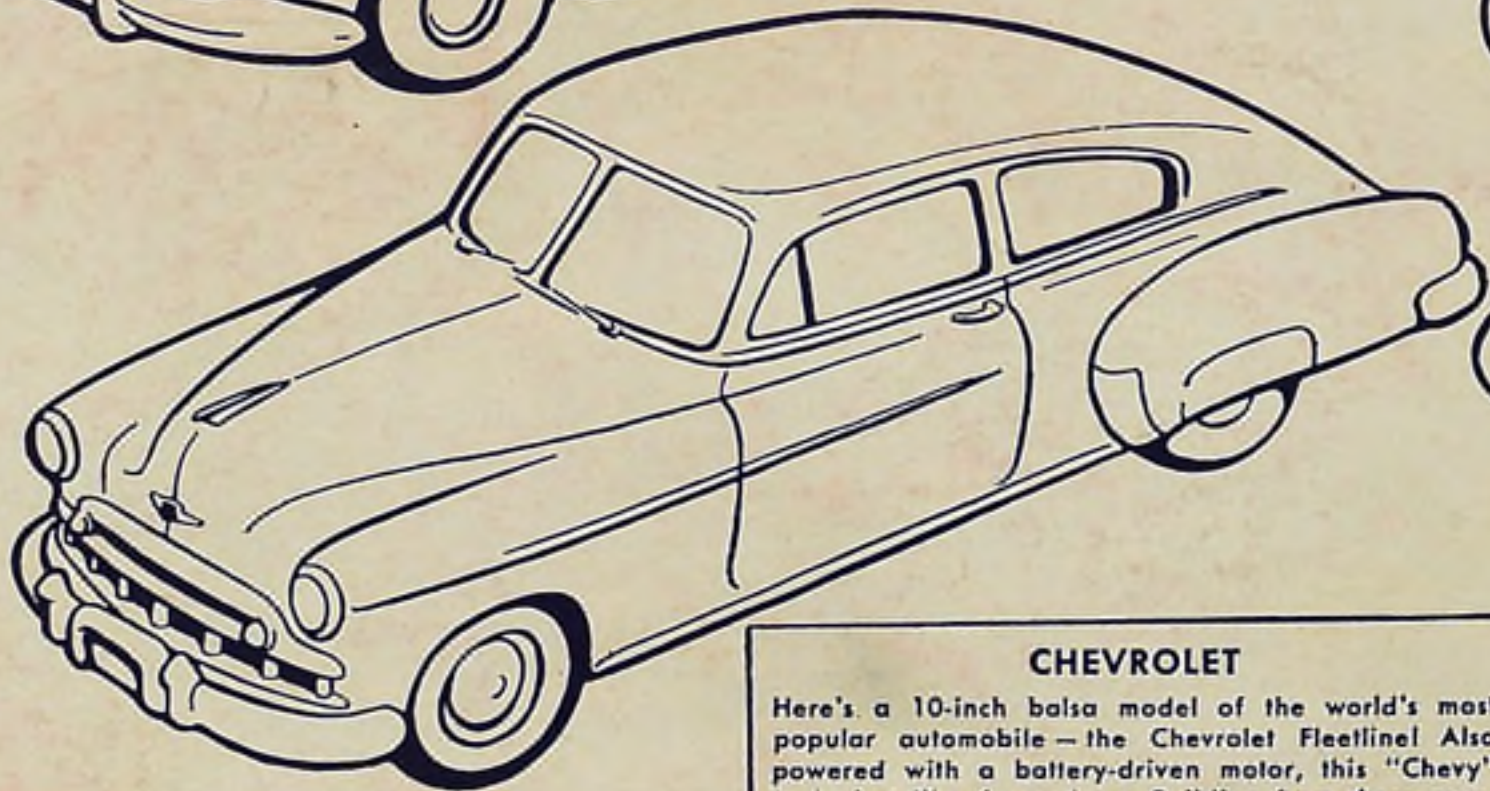
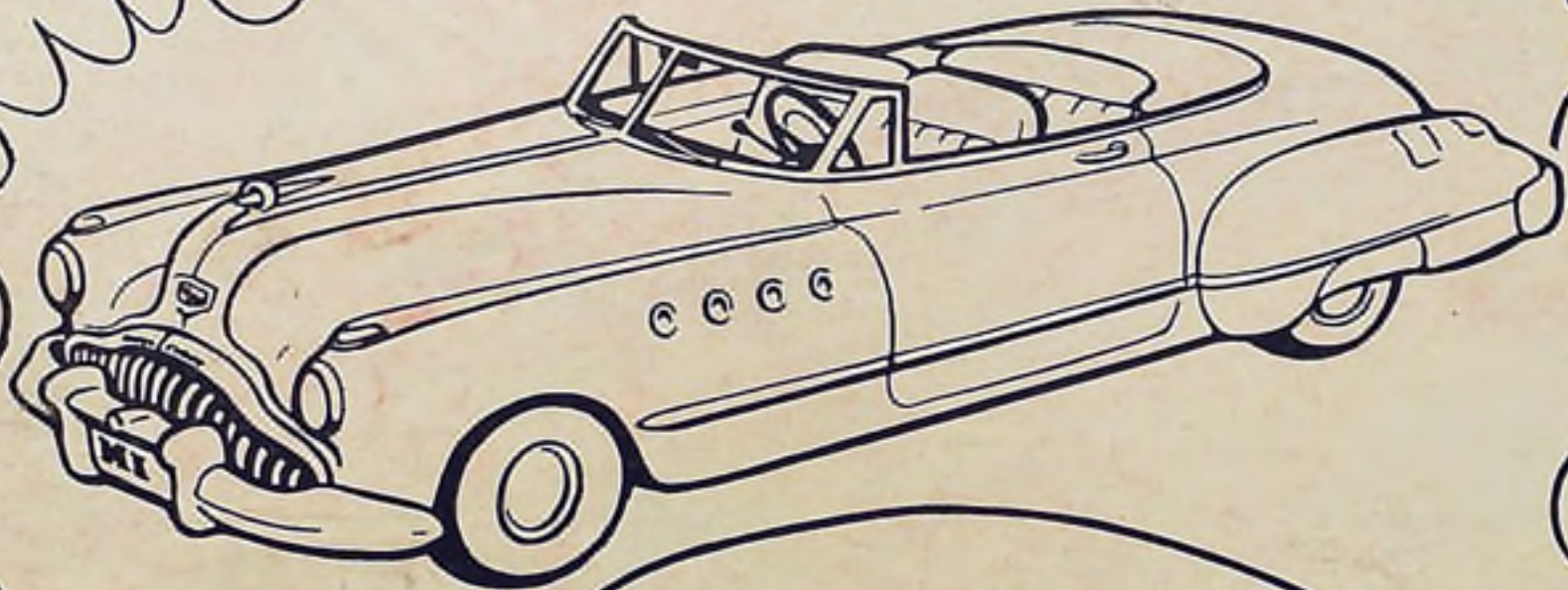
**HEY GANG!**

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**C**ertain pages in the book of our military history are brilliantly illuminated by the names of guerrilla campaigners — "Swamp Fox" Marion, Roger's Rangers, Carlson's Raiders, Moseby, Merrill's Marauders — men whose daring, mobility and surprise compensated for their lack of numbers!

**K**orea adds another bright page to the book. The name: Captain Michael J. **MAD MIKE** Desmond, and

## **DESMOND'S DESPERADOES!**







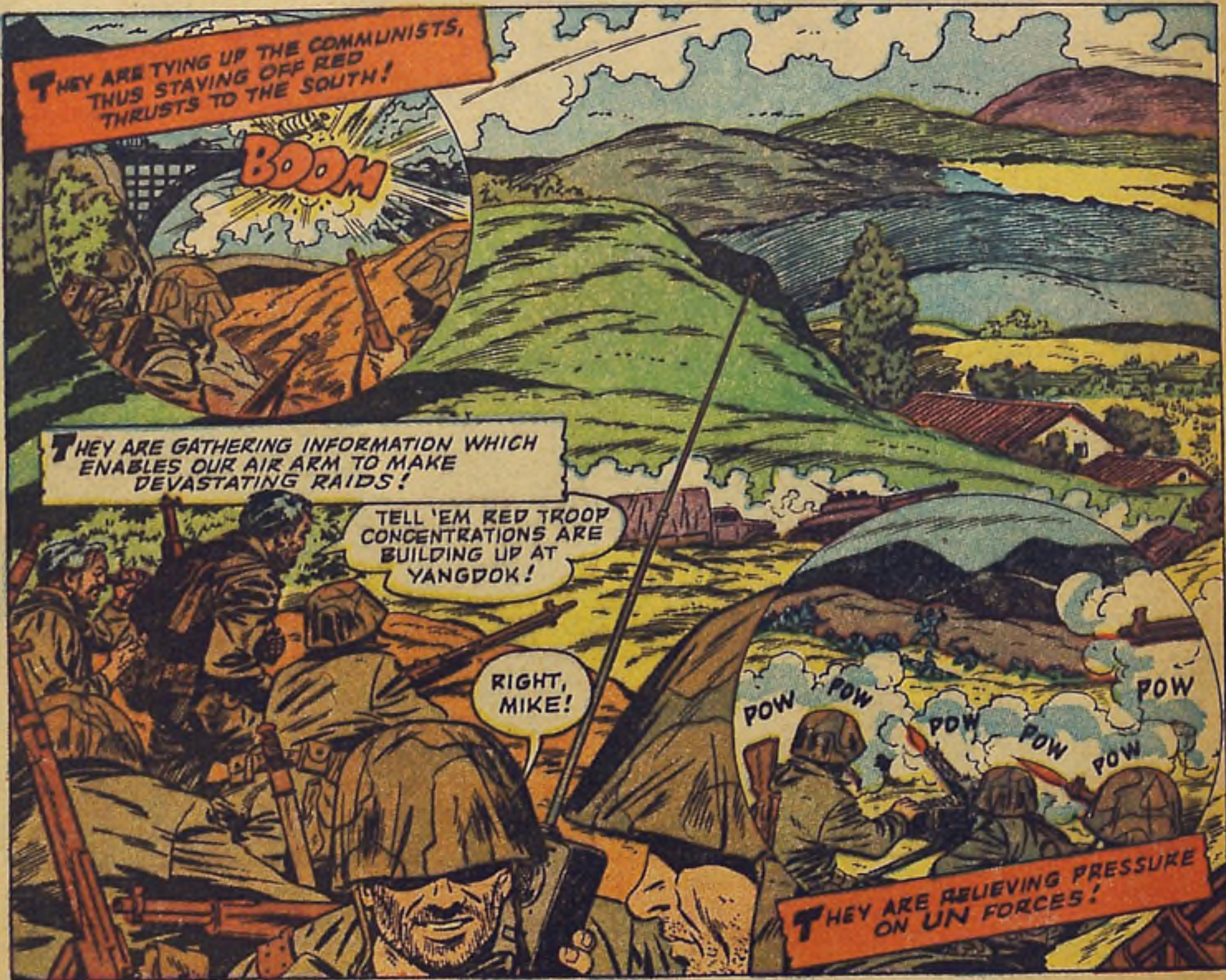
THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING! LET'S GET LOST, MEN!

B-BUT...?? ... MAD MIKE'S HEADING DEEPER INTO COMMIE TERRITORY!

BUBBER, THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM MAD! HE'S MAD LIKE A FOX!

SURE, BUBBER! AFTER THAT TRAIN-- THE REDS WOULD LOOK FOR US TO MAKE FOR OUR OWN LINES!

**D**O NOT GET THE IDEA THAT DESMOND'S DESPERADOES ARE MERELY A GROUP OF SINGULARLY BRAVE AND FOOLISH YOUNG MEN HEADED BY A SINGULARLY BRAVE AND FOOLISH LEADER. MAD MIKE'S MEN ARE TODAY PERFORMING A VITAL FUNCTION IN KOREA!



THEY ARE TYING UP THE COMMUNISTS, THUS STAVING OFF RED THRUSTS TO THE SOUTH!

BOOM

THEY ARE GATHERING INFORMATION WHICH ENABLES OUR AIR ARM TO MAKE DEVASTATING RAIDS!

TELL 'EM RED TROOP CONCENTRATIONS ARE BUILDING UP AT YANGDOK!

RIGHT, MIKE!

POW POW POW POW POW POW

THEY ARE RELIEVING PRESSURE ON UN FORCES!



WE BEEN ON THIS RAID OVER A MONTH, MEN! IT'S BEEN RUGGED, BUT WE'VE ACCOMPLISHED EVERYTHING WE SET OUT TO DO! WE GOT A PERFECT RIGHT TO GO HOME NOW!

GLORY BE! JUST LEAD ME TO THAT HOT BATH!



LIKE I SAY, WE GOT A RIGHT TO GO HOME! AFTER ALL, NOBODY ORDERED US TO BLOW UP THE RED AMMUNITION DUMP AT SING-YE!

OH-DH! I JUST GOT A FEELING WE AIN'T HEADIN' HOME AT ALL!

BUBBER, YOU ARE SO RIGHT! SING-YE, HERE WE COME!

I THOUGHT YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY! THANKS, MEN!

OH, WELL, WHO NEEDS A BATH? SO I'LL SMELL A LITTLE STRONGER A LITTLE LONGER!

OUT O' SHEER GRATITUDE, BUBBER, I'M EVEN GONNA SEE YOU GET THAT BATH YOU WANTED!

???



SEE WHAT I MEAN, BUBBER?

BRRRRR! YOU M-MISUNDERSTOOD ME, M-MIKE! I S-SAID A H-HOT BATH!







I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MIKE!  
WE ARE ABOUT TO BE  
ALL CAUGHT UP!

YEAH! IT DOES LOOK LIKE WE'RE  
THE TARGET FOR TONIGHT!



MILT, TAKE  
THREE GUYS  
WITH YOU,  
DOUBLE BACK,  
AND HACK OUT  
A FALSE TRAIL!  
LEAD THOSE REDS  
OFF YOUR  
NECK!

RIGHT,  
MIKE!



MILT, REJOIN US  
OUTSIDE SING-YE AT  
POINT X ON YOUR MAP!  
THE REST OF YOU --  
LET'S VAMOOSE!

CHECK!  
SEE YOU  
AROUND,  
MIKE!



OUCH!  
I DON'T MIND  
MOSQUITOES  
SLEEPING  
IN MY BEARD,  
BUT THIS  
RAIN MAKES  
'EM ACTIVE!

GROAN!  
ME, TOO!  
ALAS,  
DESMOND'S  
DESPERADOES  
AIN'T  
ALLOWED  
TO SHAVE!



YEAH! MAD MIKE  
STARTED THAT  
NO-SHAVING DEAL  
WHEN HE WAS  
TRAINING US!  
SAID IT WASTED  
TEN MINUTES A DAY!  
SAY --- YOU REMEMBER  
THAT TRAINING,  
BUBBER?

YOU KIDDIN'?  
DO I REMEMBER  
IT? I'LL CARRY  
THE MEMORY  
TO MY  
GRAVE!



"REMEMBER THE TRAINING?" MUSES BUBBER. "HOW CAN I FORGET THEM MURDEROUS MONTHS MAD MIKE PUT US THROUGH? THE KILLING COLD AND THE BROILING HEAT, THE RIVER CROSSINGS, THE INFILTRATION TACTICS ..."

... THE TONS OF EQUIPMENT I PACKED, THE FORTY-MILE HIKES THROUGH THEM CRUMMY KOREAN MONSOONS ...

BUBBER, YOU'RE TALKIN' TO YOURSELF! YOU CRACKIN' UP, BOY?



CRACKIN' UP? NO, SIR, MAD MIKE, MERELY THINKIN'! AFTER THAT TRAINING YOU PUT US THROUGH, THESE RAIDS THEMSELVES ARE A LARK!



DESMOND'S DESPERADOES TREK NORTHWARD TOWARD SING-YE...



...EVER NORTHWARD...



BY DAY, THEY RIDE, AND RADIO INFORMATION BACK! BY NIGHT, THEY LESSEN THE DISTANCE TO THE SING-YE AMMO DUMP -- WEARY, WET, AND FINALLY ...



...HUNGRY!

WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR RATIONS!

WE GOT TO GET TO SING-YE, AND THEN WE GOT TO GET ALL THE WAY BACK! AND ALREADY WE'RE OUT OF CHOW!

WHAT AM I LEADING, A BUNCH O' DAINTY YOUNG LADIES? WHAT'LL WE EAT? WHY, THERE'S ENOUGH SNAKES AND VULTURES AND GRASS HERE TO FEED EVERY MAN!



MAD MIKE, FROM HERE OUT-- JUST WHAT ARE WE GONNA EAT?







BUBBER, SAY I SHOOT ME A VULTURE -- WOULDST JOIN ME IN A VULTURE SANDWICH?

I WOULDST BE DELIGHTED! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, PASS ME THE SNAKE!

THUS MILE AFTER MILE, MAD MIKE PUSHES HIS MEN-- LIVING OFF THE LAND TO AVOID DYING ON IT. THEN...



THERE SHE LAYS, MEN --- SING-YE! WE'LL SKIRT THE CITY AND HIT THE AMMO DUMP FROM THE OTHER SIDE!



I EXPECT THE DUMP'LL BE LIGHTLY GUARDED! THE REDS DON'T EXPECT COMPANY THIS FAR NORTH!

POW POW! POW POK POK POK HIT THE DIRT!



IT'S A RED BUNKER! GIMME THAT FLAME-THROWER!

PAN PAN POW POW POW

**MAD MIKE LETS NO ONE BUT MAD MIKE HANDLE A JOB LIKE THIS! QUICKLY A GI CRAWLS FORWARD WITH A FLAME-THROWER! QUICKLY IT IS STRAPPED ONTO DESMOND'S BACK!**



STICK CLOSE TO ME, MEN, BUT KEEP UNDER COVER!

POK POK SPANGGG POW POW





GOOD WORK, MIKE! I...

GET BACK!



YOU WANT TO GET SHOT BY A DEAD RED?

..?? ... HEY! YOU SNAPPIN' YOUR CAP, MIKE? SHOT? BY A DEAD RED?



THAT'S WHAT I SAID, BUBBER! THE HEAT THAT FRIED THEM SETS OFF THE CARTRIDGES IN THEIR BELTS!











# There's **ONE** IN EVERY **OUTFIT!**

## "SALUTIN' SAMMIE"

THERE'S THE ONLY CHARACTER WITHIN THE CONTINENTAL LIMITS WHO'D RUN CLEAR ACROSS THE COMPANY AREA JUST TO TOSS OUT A HIGHBALL!

HE SALUTED THE CHAIRMAN OF HIS DRAFT BOARD THE DAY THEY FIRST CALLED HIM, AND HE AIN'T QUIT SINCE!

I SEEN HIM LAST NIGHT-- THE CLOWN EVEN **SLEEPS** WITH HIS FINGERS EXTENDED AND JOINED AND HIS RIGHT FORE-ARM AT A 45 DEGREE ANGLE!

HE'S GOT TWO LEFT FEET-- BUT I'M LAYIN' EVEN MONEY HE MAKES P.F.C. BEFORE THE REST OF US WORTHIES!

HE CAN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A BARN WITH HIS RIFLE! IF HE EVER GETS OVERSEAS, HE AIMS TO **SALUTE** THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THE ENEMY!



THANKS TO CORPORAL RICHARD B. CAMP LEJEUNE, NORTH CAROLINA

THE BOOK SAYS IT'S AN HONOR AND A PRIVILEGE TO EXCHANGE SALUTES WITH AN OFFICER--AND THERE'S ALWAYS THE GUY WHO GETS CARRIED AWAY.





**DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM BLOWS BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES!**

**HAVE FUN WITH US WITH FLEER'S!**

**FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS IN EVERY WRAPPER!**

**SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD!**

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# WHIPPERSNAPPERS

**MILITARY RANK!**





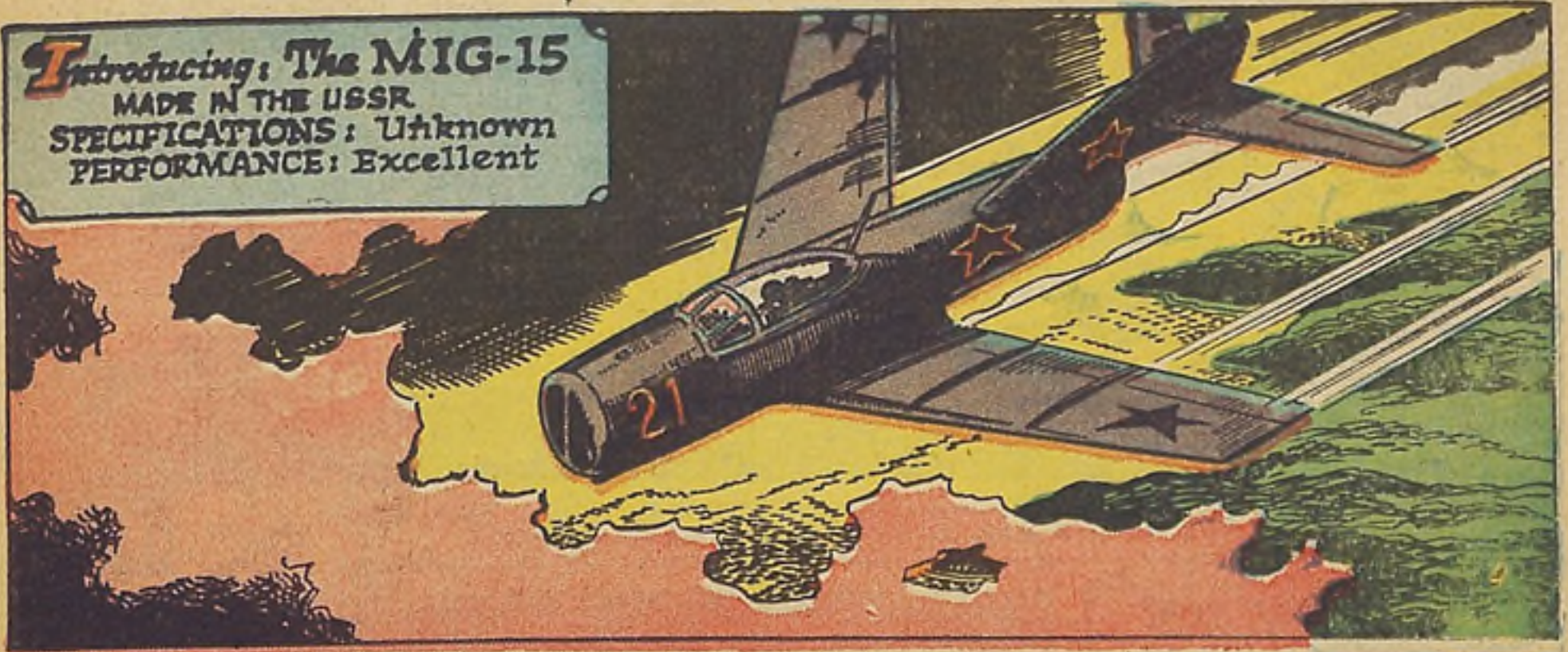
# WANTED: One MIG-15



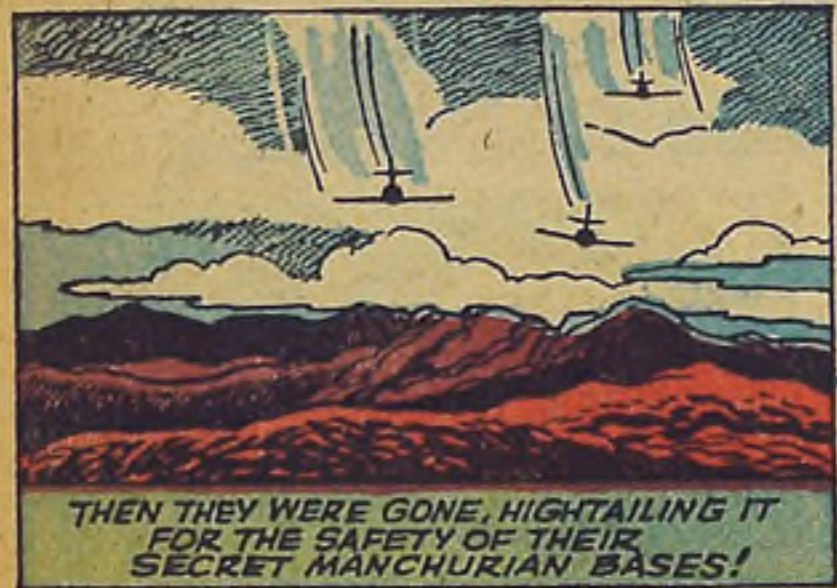
**S**CREAMING THROUGH KOREAN SKIES, RUSSIAN-BUILT **MIG-15** JET FIGHTERS WERE UNLEASHED AGAINST OUR PLANES, ANOTHER SURPRISE WEAPON FROM THE SOVIET ARSENAL OF AUTOCRACY! EXPERTS WILL TELL YOU THAT THE **MIG-15 IS GOOD!** IT IS **FAST!** IT IS **TOUGH!** IT CAN PACK A **SUNDAY PUNCH** WHEN FLOWN BY A COMPETENT PILOT. WHAT WERE THE SECRETS BEHIND THE BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE OF THIS ELUSIVE RED PLANE? IT WAS VITAL TO THE **UN** CAUSE THAT WE OBTAIN AN UNDAMAGED **MIG-15**, ONE THAT COULD BE FLOWN AND TESTED BY OUR PILOTS, AND STUDIED BY OUR ENGINEERS SO THAT WITH THE KNOWLEDGE LEARNED WE COULD COUNTER ITS MENACE!



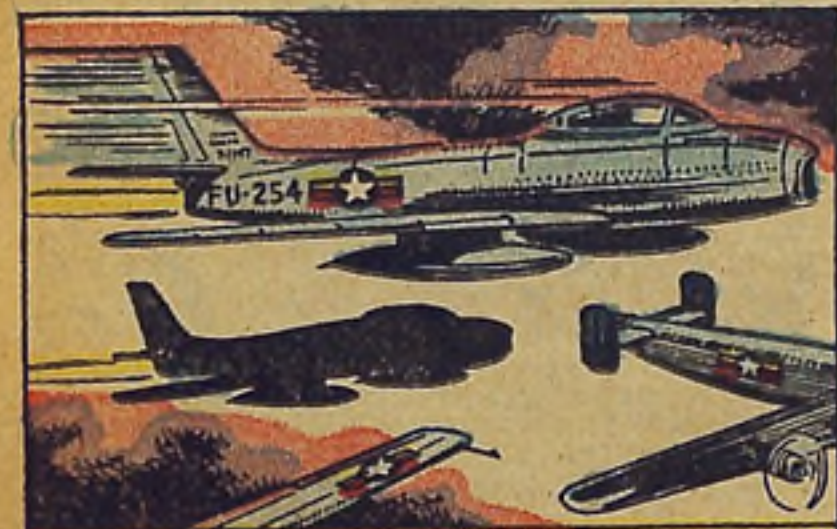
**Introducing: The MIG-15**  
MADE IN THE USSR  
SPECIFICATIONS: Unknown  
PERFORMANCE: Excellent



**SOME OF OUR BOMBERS WERE ON A MILK RUN OVER A NORTH KOREAN BASE WHEN THE FIRST MIG'S APPEARED. WITH A BLOWTORCH ROAR THAT SEARED THE SKIES, THE RUSSIAN-BUILT FIGHTERS DELIVERED A VICIOUS BLAST OF CANNON FIRE!**



**THEN THEY WERE GONE, HIGHTAILING IT FOR THE SAFETY OF THEIR SECRET MANCHURIAN BASES!**



**THE NEXT TIME, HOWEVER, OUR OWN JET FIGHTERS WERE WAITING FOR THEM!**



**HERE THEY COME! SCRAMBLE!**







AFTER A SHORT, SAVAGE 600-MILE-AN-HOUR FIGHT --- THE MIG'S WERE FORCED TO BREAK OFF AND SCOOT FOR MANCHURIA!

BUT THE AMERICANS WERE POWERLESS TO FOLLOW UP THEIR ADVANTAGE, FOR THE WAR IN KOREA IS A LIMITED WAR!

THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO, BOYS!



AND A LIMITED WAR IS ONE OF THE REASONS THAT SOME GENERALS DON'T GET MUCH SLEEP.

WE'VE KNOWN ABOUT THE MIG-15 FOR SOME TIME, BUT THIS IS THE FIRST WE'VE SEEN OF THEM! HOW ARE THEY?

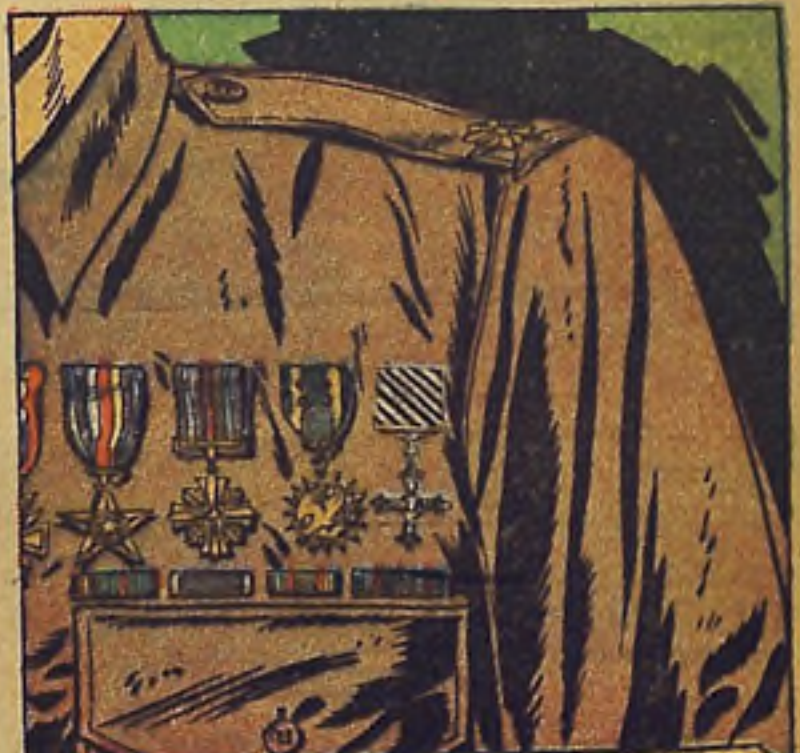
ROUGH, SIR! THOSE RED SHIPS MOVE... BUT FAST! AND THEY PACK A MEAN WALLOP!



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING MORE DEFINITE THAN THAT! WHAT WE NEED IS A LIVE SPECIMEN OF AN MIG-15, ONE THAT WE CAN TEST AND FLY AND TURN INSIDE OUT!

THEY DON'T SHOOT DOWN EASY, SIR! AND WE CAN'T GO INTO MANCHURIA AFTER THEM! HOW CAN WE GET ONE?

THAT PROBLEM WILL BE UP TO MAJOR GENE WARNER OF G-2!



WHO IS GENE WARNER? WELL, THE FRUIT SALAD ON HIS CHEST -- THE SILVER STAR, DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, AIR MEDAL WITH ALL THE CLUSTERS IT CAN HAVE, THE BRITISH RAF D.F.C., THE CROIS DE GUERRE --- ALL THAT WILL TELL YOU A LOT ABOUT THE MAN!

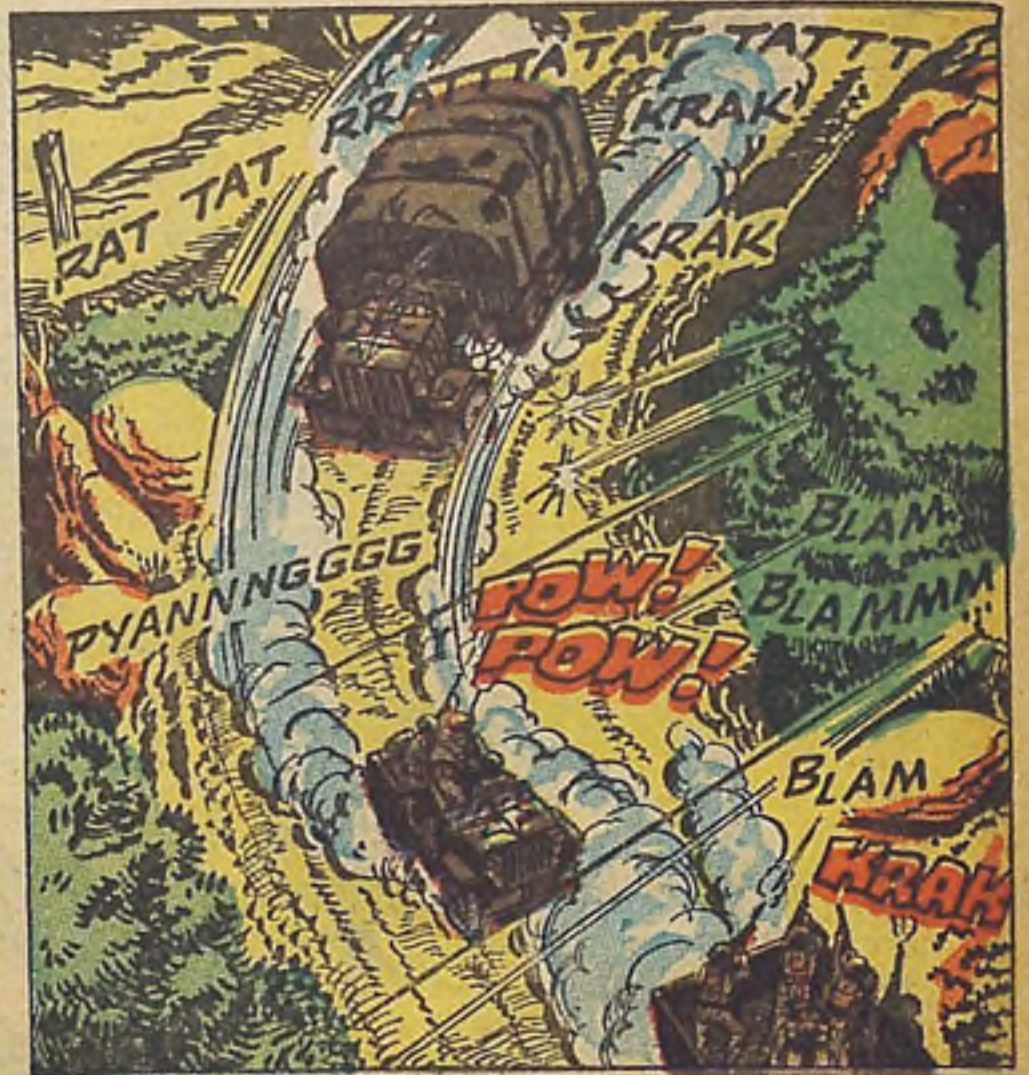




**M**AJOR WARNER LOSES NO TIME! A CREW OF EXPERTS AND A CONVOY OF SALVAGE EQUIPMENT... A SIX-WHEEL-DRIVE PRIME MOVER, AN AIRCRAFT RESCUE TRAILER, A MOBILE CRANE, EVERYTHING THAT IS NEEDED --- ARE SOON ALERTED!











BOBBY TRAPPED!  
I TRIED TO  
WARN HIM!

THE NAVY OUTFIT  
HAS ARRIVED,  
SIR!

A ROTTEN  
BREAK,  
GENE.

LOOK, MAKIN--  
WHY KNOCK  
OURSELVES OUT  
WITH THIS FOOL  
COMPETING FOR THE  
FIRST MIG? WHY NOT  
POOL OUR  
RESOURCES?

OKAY  
BY ME!

GOOD! WE'LL  
GET OUR  
MIG YET!



AND SO WHEELS ARE SET IN MOTION FOR OPERATION KIDNAP!



TRANSPORT PLANE  
TOWING DUMMY GLIDER  
WILL TAKE OFF AT  
0600, COURSE  
DUE NORTH...

OPERATION KIDNAP

WE'RE ALL  
LINED UP  
AND READY  
TO GO!

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION  
To Admiral commanding,  
Korean waters,  
Special sailing order  
Following surface  
task surface...

DETAIL  
TO FALL IN  
AT 0800 FOR  
SUPPORT OF  
SALVAGE  
PARTY.

CARRIER REPRISAL WILL  
STAND OFF SHORE AT 0930  
READY TO LAUNCH  
AIR COVER.

GENERAL ORDER  
#34  
The Commanding General  
of the "X" Airforce to  
this area:  
Every cooperation  
shall be given to  
Major Eugene War...

2nd COMBAT  
ENGINEERS  
QUARTERMASTER  
CORPS  
Special Requisition  
Special Aircraft Salvage  
Unit under command of  
E. WARNER, U.S.A.F.  
Detached, shall proceed

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT  
20th...  
HQ. 2nd C...  
ENGINEER

YES, MAJOR,  
WE'LL HAVE THAT  
BULLDOZER READY  
BY 0800.

SPECIAL ORDER  
CAR POOL

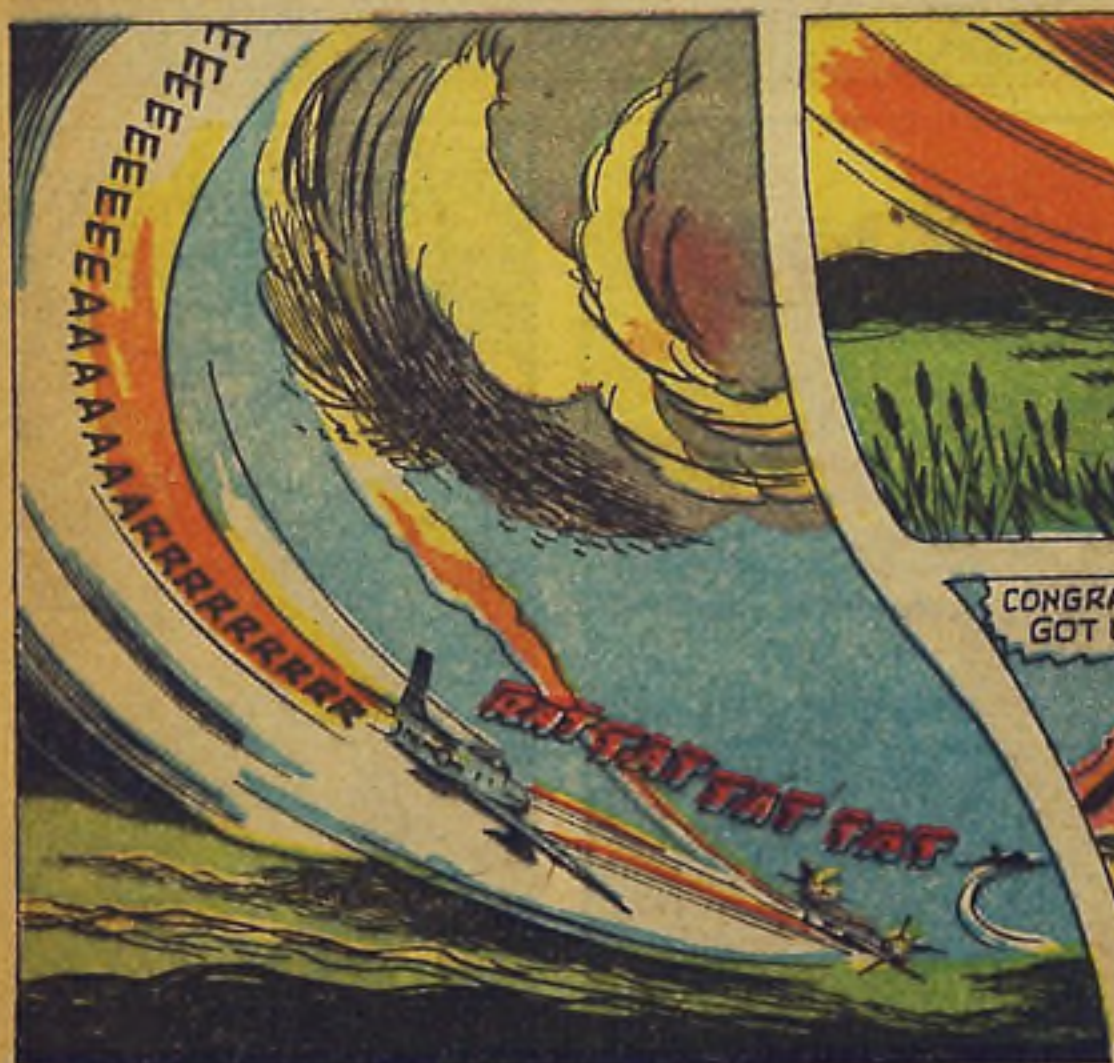
QUESTIONS  
LT. COLONEL, HON. MARCH  
UNIT - CAR POOL WATER

OPERATION KIDNAP  
We're all lined up and ready to go!











BATTLE STORIES

WE STILL HAVE TO GET THE THING OUT OF THAT SWAMP WHICH IS DEEP INSIDE RED TERRITORY! AND THE REDS SURE AREN'T GOING TO HELP US!

BUT THE NAVY IS READY TO HELP! AN LST PICKS UP WARNER AND MAKIN AND BEACHES THEM NEAR THE SWAMP WHERE THE MIG IS DOWNED!

OFF SHORE A CARRIER STANDS BY TO OFFER AIR COVER FROM HER FIGHTERS AND BOMBERS!

THINGS GO SMOOTHLY AT FIRST! THEN ...

REDS!

BLAM BLAM

PEEYOOOOWWWW

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

BRAK BLAM

PYANNNNNNNNGG!

BLAM BAM BAM

SHE'S READY TO ROLL, SIR!

HAUL HER DOWN TO THE BEACH! WE'LL STAY BEHIND AND COVER YOU!

BLAM

BLAM





THEY BROUGHT UP ARTILLERY! CALL YOUR FLY BOYS ON THE CARRIER!

BEACH GREEN TO SUNDAY PUNCH! SEND OVER A SPECIAL DELIVERY AIR MAIL! PINPOINT AT BAKER X-RAY, COORDINATE FIVE-ZERO-ZERO-SIX!



WE CAN FALL BACK NOW. THE 'DOZER HAS HIT THE BEACH!



GUESS YOU BOTH GET YOUR LUCKY BILLS BACK, BOYS! IT TOOK BOTH OF YOU TO GET THAT MIG!

AND WHEN YOU WRITE IT UP, HARROD, DON'T FORGET THE REST OF THE GUYS IT TOOK!



WHAT WERE THE RESULTS OF OPERATION KIDNAP? JUST LOOK AT THE PAPERS AND ALMOST ANY DAY YOU'LL READ SOMETHING LIKE THIS ...

**Twenty SABREJETS engaged thirty-two MIG-15's over Korea. Five MIG's shot down. Several more damaged. Our planes returned safely...**





# HITS OR MISSES



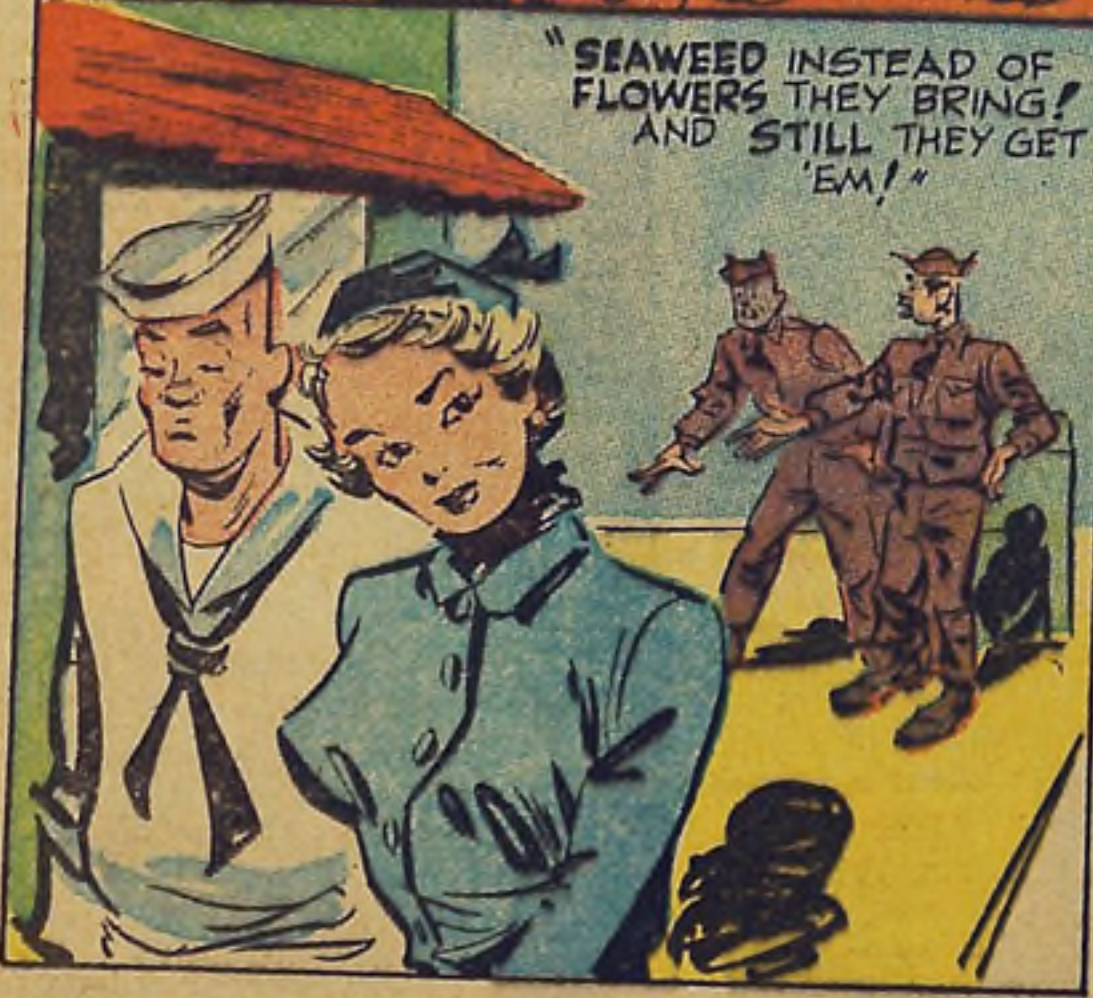
"GET LOST, KIDDO! BLOW! I DON'T KNOW FROM GUNS!"



"WORKS EVERY TIME! NOW SHE'LL SAY, 'YOU'RE NOT REQUIRED TO SALUTE A SERGEANT' AND THE ICE IS BROKEN, AND..."



"MAE MARRIED SOME OTHER JOE! I SUPPOSE I OUGHTA BREAK OUR ENGAGEMENT!"



"SEAWEED INSTEAD OF FLOWERS THEY BRING! AND STILL THEY GET 'EM!"



"I BEEN IN 20 MONTHS. IT'S THE LONGEST I EVER HELD A JOB."





# KOREAN HOT ROD

By John Martin

THE jeep swerved wildly on the road north of Kinsang, trying to escape the brackets of mortar shells. Private Rory "Hot Rod" Keck tried to keep the steering wheel steady, but all he could do was bounce from shell hole to shell hole. His buddy, Dan Renny, held on to a sub-machine gun with one hand and a door post with the other.

"Here we go!" Rory yelled despairingly as the front wheels hit the vicious edges of a wide hole in front of them. "Hold on to your helmet!"

The jeep seemed to take off and fly. Then it dropped, half on its side. Rory went one way and Dan the other. When the jeep hit it disintegrated.

Rubbing himself where it hurt, Rory got to his feet and helped Dan out of a ditch.

"Some driver," Dan grumbled. "Thought you were a hot rod fan back in the States."

"I was," Rory admitted, adjusting his helmet. "That's why I kept us going as long as I did."

"Well, we're stuck now," Dan said. He peered across the jumbled terrain toward the chemical plant toward which they'd been heading. "And if we can't deliver Colonel Wharton's message to the boys in the plant . . ."

Rory nodded glumly. That morning, the commie forces north of Kinsang had struck, their objective being the big chemical plant outside the city. Colonel Wharton had been forced to throw in everything he had to hold them—leaving only a few men to guard the plant. Now, with the commies forcing their way past UN defenses by overwhelming numbers, Wharton realized it was necessary to warn the plant, to make it ready for defense so that the retreating UN force could hole up there until General Simm's division twenty miles to the east could come up.

Rory and Dan plodded on toward the distant plant, dejected, leaving the wreck of their jeep behind.

Whump! Whump! Whump!

"Duck!" Rory yelled, shoving himself on top of Dan. When they looked up the dust of the three nearby mortar explosions was settling.

"Where the heck did they come from?" Dan demanded. He peered round the horizon, seeing nothing in motion.

"You don't suppose . . ." Rory began.

"Naw!" Dan said disgustedly. "Not the plant. There isn't a commie in sight. Come on!"

Dodging the falling shells, they slung close to the ground and ran up toward the plant. Five minutes later they were slogging through the open gates.

"Pretty quiet," Rory commented. "They should have guards out, of course, but . . ."

"What guards?" Dan demanded. "Wharton only left six men at the place!"

"Hold it!" Rory said suddenly. "They stopped those mortars the minute we got through the gate. That can only mean . . ."

"Commie guerrillas!" Dan shouted, whirling as the heavy gates swung shut behind them. He sprang for the first of the North Korean irregulars who dodged from behind the thick concrete gate posts.

"Get 'em, Rory boy!" he shouted, lunging. The butt of the machine gun connected and the enemy guerrilla went back. Then another recklessly flung himself on Dan, then another. He went to the ground clawing, weaponless now. From under the heap he saw Rory's gun knocked from his hand by a guerrilla. Rory paused, teetering on his heels, uncertain whether to brave the blast of a burp gun or cautiously retreat.

"Beat it, Rory!" Dan yelled in a muffled voice. "Beat it while you have the chance. They'll cut your throat!"

Rory beat it, dodging back toward the plant itself. He disappeared suddenly as if swallowed up by the earth.

Danny, exhausted, was dragged to his feet and taken into the plant. In the main office sat a sneering guerrilla commander. "You are surprised to find us in control, eh?" the commie asked.

Dan shrugged. He wasn't telling anybody anything.

"It was very simple," the commander said, chuckling. "When we learned your Colonel had left only six men to guard the plant, we decided to seize it. Our troops, when they get here, will be happy to find we are already in control."

"Yeah?" Danny asked.

"Quite so," the guerrilla commander sneered. "Your own troops will be surprised when they



## BATTLE STORIES

fall back on the plant expecting to find a haven—and find it a trap, instead. Come here!”

He gestured Dan toward the window with a gun. In the rear yard, facing north, were a dozen jeeps heavily armed.

“We stole those jeeps from your forces and equipped them,” the commander said. “When your beaten men retreat upon this plant they will be met by a moving wall of steel and utterly crushed!” The guerrilla commander paused and glanced keenly at Dan. “Entertain no hopes of escape—especially for your friend who slipped away. We shall find him in time to make you both witness the annihilation of your troops!”

Dan was taken to a room in the basement. He wondered, through the night, what was going on up beyond the factory. And he wondered where Rory was. Plainly enough the UN forces were at least holding on or retreating slowly—otherwise he’d have heard gunfire above ground. At dawn he heard stealthy footsteps approaching down the corridor. Then the door to his cell swung open.

“Rory!” Dan cried, jumping up. “Where the devil . . . !”

“Quiet, lunkhead!” Rory said, stepping over the fallen body of the guard he had just knocked out. “Come on, we’ve got to scam out of here. Colonel Wharton’s retreating on the plant!”

They scurried up the stairs, finding the first floor of the plant deserted. Rory led Dan to the east exit. A jeep stood outside, unguarded.

“This belongs to the guerrilla chief,” Rory said. “I found it out last night when I was crawling around in the dark. It won’t be used in the attack. Get aboard!”

“Where you going?” Dan asked, jumping in, while Rory started the motor.

“The outfit’s only a mile north of here by now,” Rory said as the jeep leaped forward. “We’ve got to warn them they’re running into a steel trap. Besides, the guerrillas are starting their offensive right now!” He pointed off to one side as they roared through the gate. A dozen jeeps were being revved up. Shots whistled over their heads as commie guns flashed up.

“Duck!” Rory cried. “I’ll make it to the Colonel in ten minutes no matter what’s in the way!”

Mortar fire again bracketed them as they

roared back. The jeep skidded around shell holes, dodged obstacles in the road, flew off the road and back again. Nine minutes later, Rory brought the car shrieking to a halt before a UN command car. Colonel Wharton jumped out.

“They’re bringing up stolen armored jeeps in our rear, sir!” Rory said, saluting. He explained what had happened.

“Then, it’s a trap,” the Colonel said. “But you claimed they wouldn’t be able to spring it, private. Why?”

Rory whirled, pointed to the distant, oncoming wall of armor, bouncing across the wide battlefield. Suddenly the Colonel jumped. Dan’s eyes bugged out.

“Holy cow!” Dan cried. “They’re going nuts. They—they’re out of control!”

Abruptly, with the suddenness of a lightning flash, the formidable, motorized juggernaut dissolved. Jeep after jeep shot forward, out of control, tossing its driver high into the air. At incredible speeds the machines roared into one another, shattering their armor. One by one they crashed, exploded and burned. Behind them the advancing line of guerrillas stood for just one panicked moment, then broke and ran.

“SATURATION mortar fire!” The Colonel yelled into his walkie-talkie. “Wipe ‘em out before they reach the plant. We’re going to need it until Simm’s division comes up.” He turned to Rory as a battery of UN mortars uncorked themselves at the enemy. “I don’t know how you did it, son,” the Colonel said, smiling, “but you’ve saved Kinsang!”

“It wasn’t hard, sir,” Rory said. “I knew they must be planning to use those stolen jeeps, so I remembered something from my hot rod days. We used to put a few drops of picric acid into the gas tank to pep up the engine. One or two drops is enough—but too much will make a bullet out of a car, kill its driver and tear the engine to pieces. Well, it was a chemical plant and there was plenty of picric acid around in glass jugs. So during the night I poured about a gallon of it into each of the gas tanks of those jeeps. They worked okay for a few minutes, but after that . . .”

“I see what you mean, son,” Colonel Wharton said. “After that . . . *blooie!*”

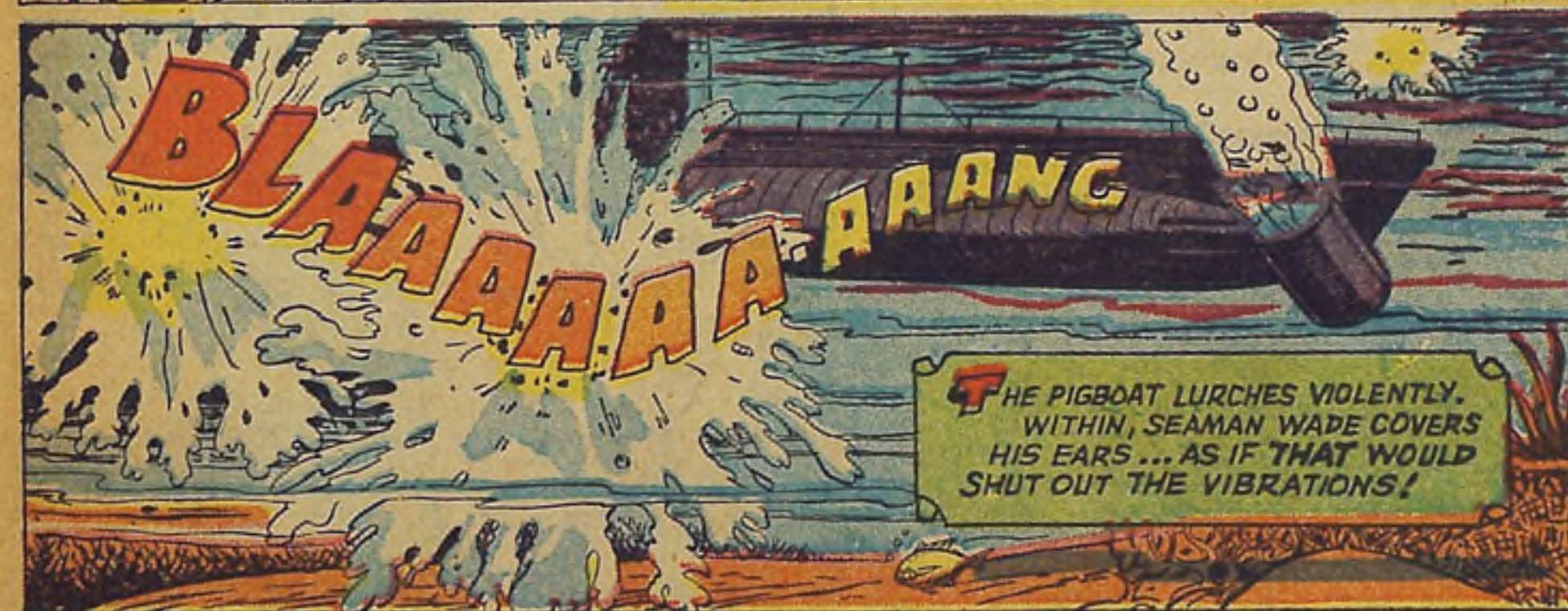
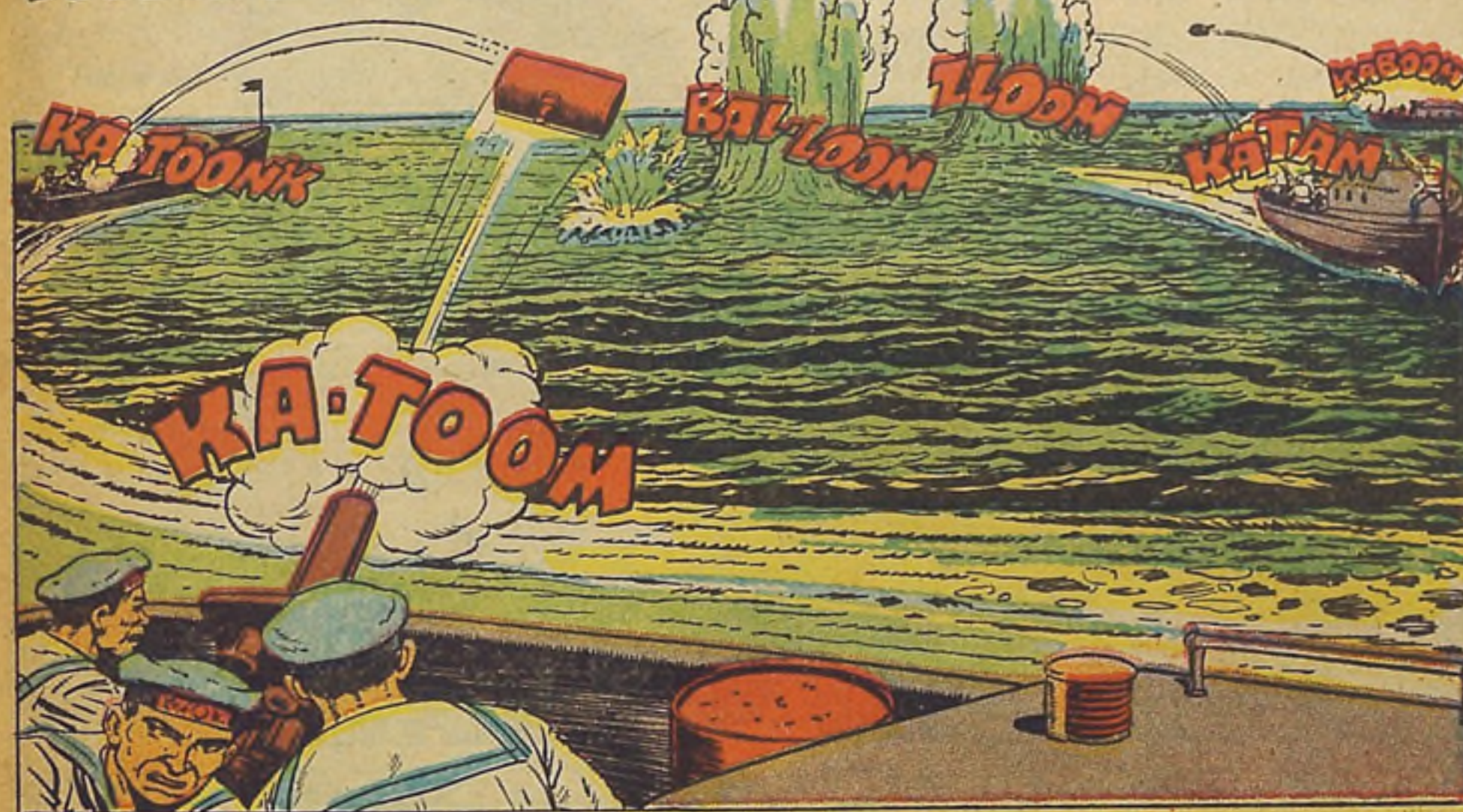
THE END



**I**T WAS NOT EXACTLY A SUICIDE MISSION, BUT EVERY SUBMARINER ON THE U.S. CRAFT FROM THE COMMANDER DOWN TO SEAMAN WADE KNEW, AT THIS MOMENT, THAT NOBODY IN HIS RIGHT MIND WOULD SELL THEM A NICKEL'S WORTH OF LIFE INSURANCE!

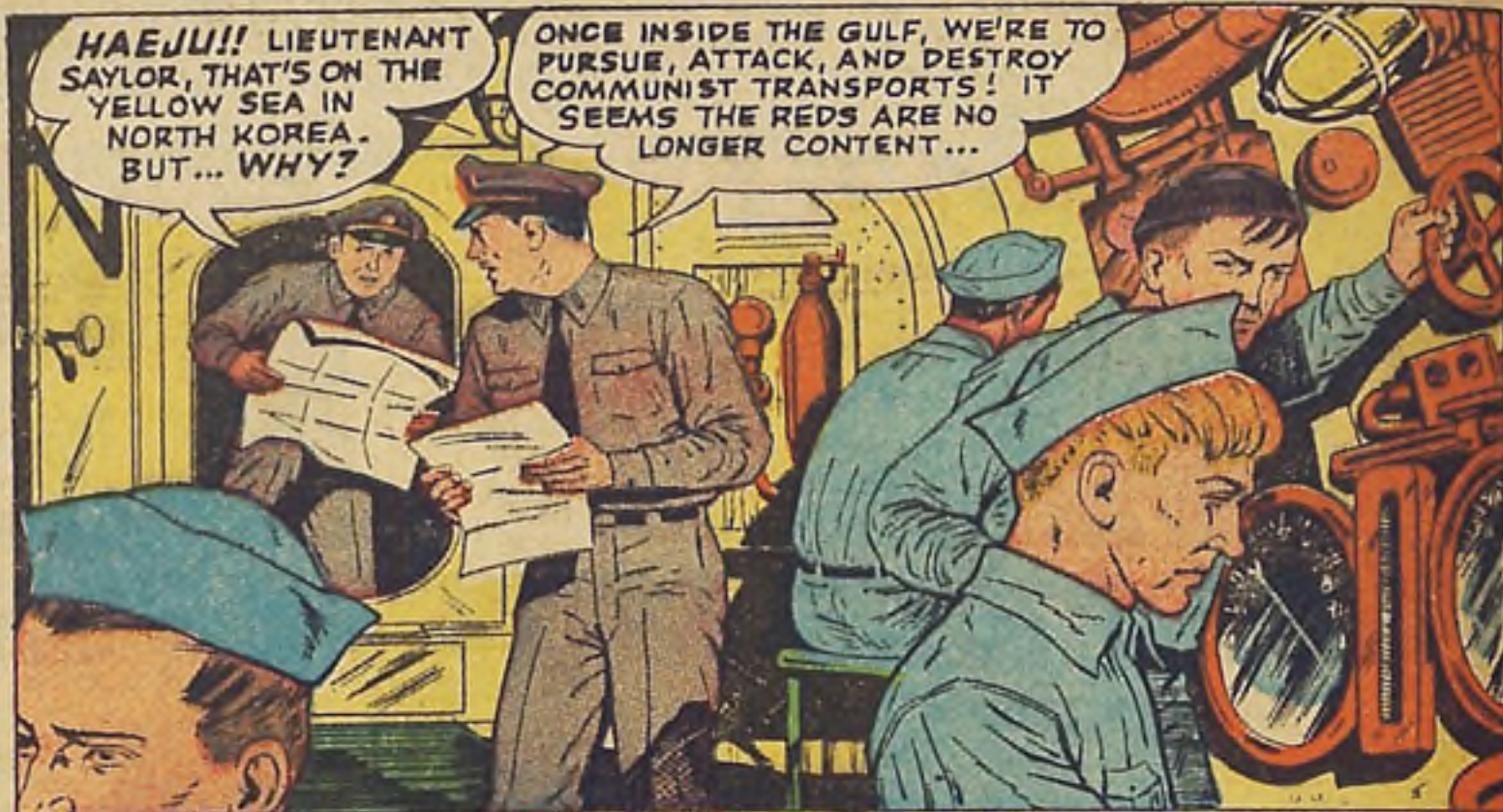


# THREE HOURS TO MOONSET!



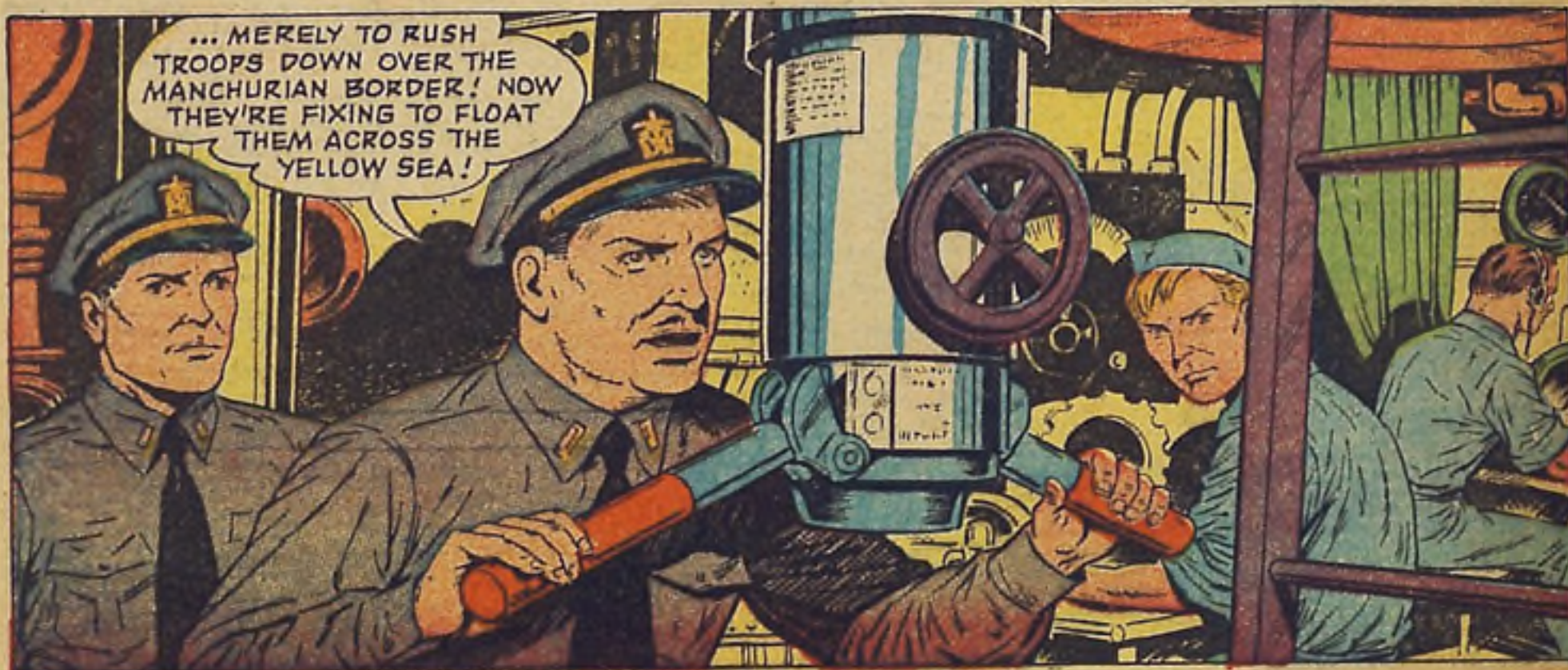


**T**HE ORDERS HAD BEEN EXPLICIT. THE ORDERS HAD SAID THAT LIEUTENANT SAYLOR WOULD TAKE HIS SUB AND HIS REMAINING TORPEDOES INTO THE HAEJU GULF!



**HAEJU!!** LIEUTENANT SAYLOR, THAT'S ON THE YELLOW SEA IN NORTH KOREA. BUT... WHY?

ONCE INSIDE THE GULF, WE'RE TO PURSUE, ATTACK, AND DESTROY COMMUNIST TRANSPORTS! IT SEEMS THE REDS ARE NO LONGER CONTENT...



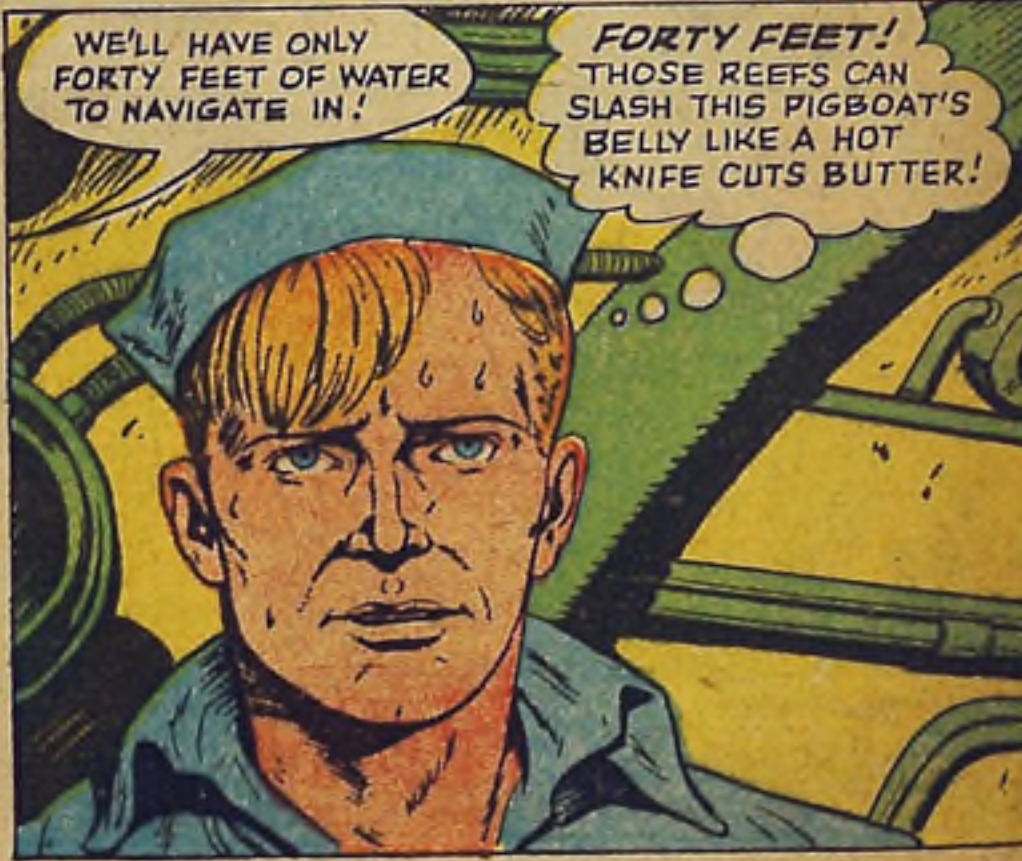
... MERELY TO RUSH TROOPS DOWN OVER THE MANCHURIAN BORDER! NOW THEY'RE FIXING TO FLOAT THEM ACROSS THE YELLOW SEA!



SO WE'RE TO HIT THIS NEW MENACE AT ITS SOURCE!

HMMM! WE GOTTA CUT IT PRETTY THIN! THIS GULF MOUTH IS PROTECTED BY REEFS LIKE SHARKS' TEETH!

Y'HEAR THAT, WADE? UNDERWATER REEFS!



WE'LL HAVE ONLY FORTY FEET OF WATER TO NAVIGATE IN!

**FORTY FEET!** THOSE REEFS CAN SLASH THIS PIGBOAT'S BELLY LIKE A HOT KNIFE CUTS BUTTER!





I AIN'T **BETTING**, WADE — BUT LET'S SAY WE **MAKE IT IN!** LET'S SAY WE BLOW SOME RED TRANSPORTS OUT OF THE WATER! THEN WHAT?

THEN ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DODGE THE RED DESTROYERS AND MAKE IT **OUT AGAIN!**



**DESTROYERS, NO LESS! BRO-THEEEE!** MY NEXT HITCH IS GONNA BE IN THE INFANTRY!

GET HIM! HIS NEXT HITCH, HE SAYS!

WADE, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'LL SURVIVE THIS ONE?



SO FAR, SO GOOD... STEADY NOW... STEADY AS SHE GOES... THE NEXT COUPLE OF MINUTES WILL TELL THE STORY!



**PUT-TUT PUT-TUT PUT-TUT**

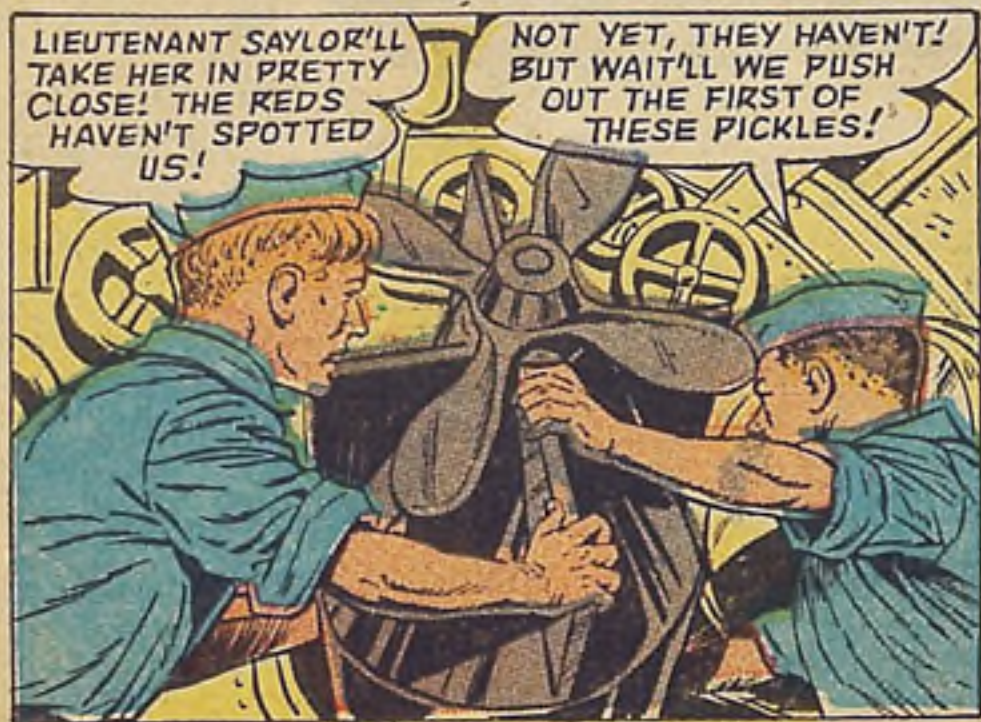


WE MADE IT, SIR! WE'RE CLEAR! WE'RE IN THE GULF!





NOW, LET'S AVOID THOSE DESTROYERS! TAKE HER DOWN!



LIEUTENANT SAYLOR'LL TAKE HER IN PRETTY CLOSE! THE REDS HAVEN'T SPOTTED US!

NOT YET, THEY HAVEN'T! BUT WAIT'LL WE PUSH OUT THE FIRST OF THESE PICKLES!



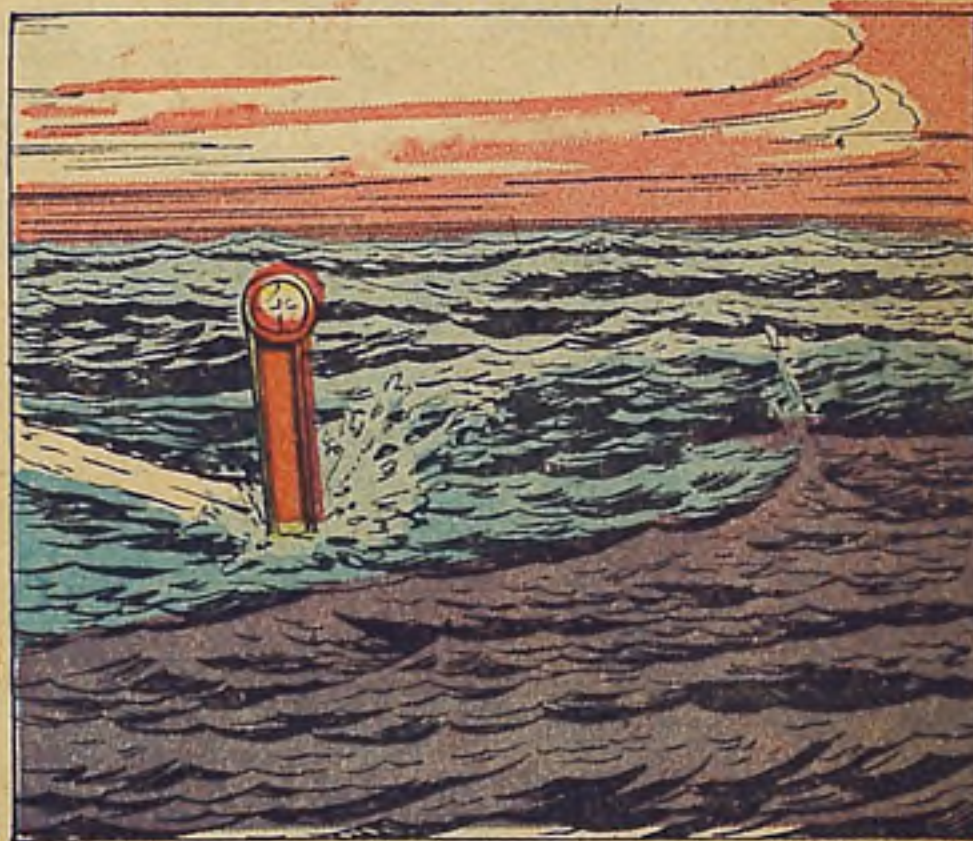
THOSE REDS'LL BE THROWING EVERY ASHCAN THEY GOT AT US! THEY'LL TEAR THE OCEAN APART!

AND WE AIN'T GOT WHAT YOU'D CALL DIVING DEPTH!



LONG MOMENTS PASS! THEN...

ALL RIGHT! BRING HER UP TO PERISCOPE DEPTH!



LIEUTENANT SAYLOR, HOW'S IT LOOK OUT THERE? THOSE RED TRANSPORTS A HAPPY SIGHT?

THEY SURE ARE! BUT ---THERE'S SOMETHING THAT'S NOT SO HAPPY... MOTOR LAUNCHES!

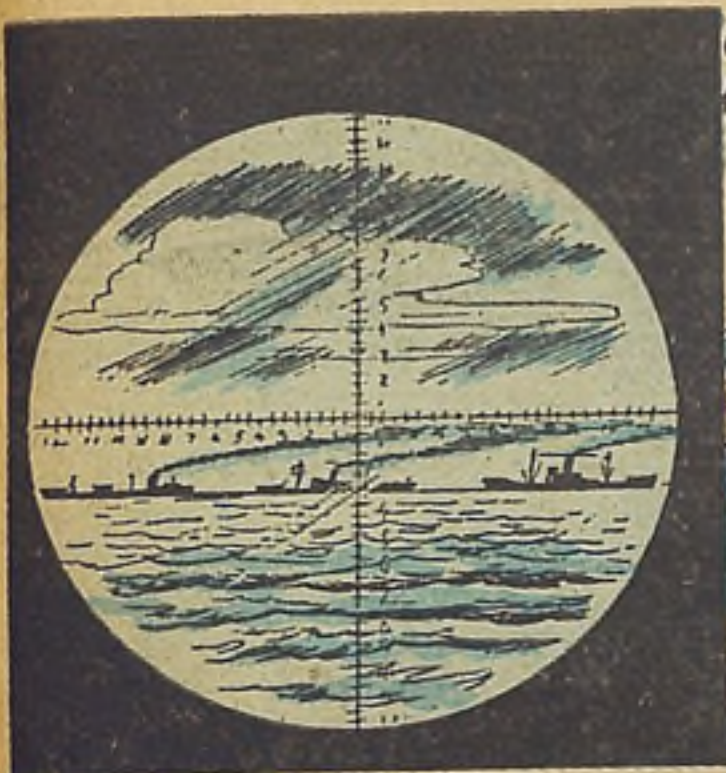
WE'VE GOT TO PLAY HIT AN' RUN!



IT'S LIKE I SAID, WADE --- MOTOR LAUNCHES! AND MOTOR LAUNCHES MEAN ASHCANS!

ASHCANS! UGH --- HOW I HATE THOSE ASHCANS!





WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR? LET'S FIRE THOSE FOUR TORPS AND GET OUT OF HERE!

HE'S TRYING NOT TO WASTE ANY!



FIRE ONE!

SLOOOO WHRRRRR



MISCALCULATION! THOSE RED TRANSPORTS ARE SHALLOW-DRAFT VESSELS!

SET THOSE TORPS HIGHER!



FIRE TWO!

JROOOOOSH VROOOUUMM



FIRE THREE!

KA-BLAM

FIRE FOUR!

KA-BLODDMM

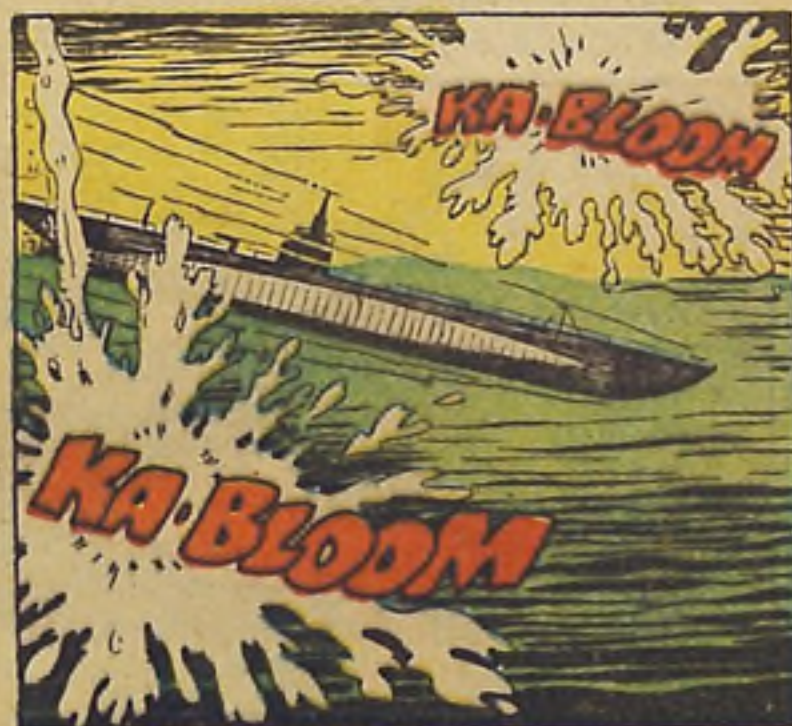








THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER IN THE AUXILIARIES TAKES THE CRAFT TO THE BOTTOM!



LIKE MONSTROUS WATER BUGS, THE REDS DASH MADLY ABOUT, FIRING ASHCANS EVERYWHERE... ANYWHERE... FIRING BLINDLY... HOPING FOR A HIT... HOPING FOR REVENGE!



BATTLE STORIES

**U**P OVERHEAD, AND NOT VERY FAR OVERHEAD, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR YOU — THE RED LAUNCHES. BETWEEN EXPLOSIONS, YOU CAN ACTUALLY HEAR THEIR PROPELLERS... AND TIME TURTLES ON!

**Y**OU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE IN A PIGBOAT WHEN THEY'RE LOBBING DEPTH CHARGES DOWN AT YOU?

**KABLANNG**



IT'S LIKE YOU WERE SEALED UP IN AN IRON BOILER AND SOME GUY THAT HATES YOU A LOT IS OUTSIDE, SLAMMING THE THING AT INTERVALS WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER!

**BLAAANG**



**Y**OU SHAKE AND SHUDDER AND IT SEEMS TO YOU YOU'RE VIBRATING LIKE A TUNING FORK, AND...

**BRAAANG**



... YOU WONDER IF THE NEXT ASHCAN WILL BLOW YOU OPEN, OR SPRING A PLATE, OR WASH OUT YOUR BATTERIES, SO THAT IF.....

**BULLAANG**



... YOU DON'T DROWN, YOU SMOTHER. AND ALL YOU CAN DO IS PRAY, AND PRAY, AND PRAY, AND NO THREE HOURS SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN EVER TOOK THIS LONG TO GO BY... BUT FINALLY.....

**YEARS LATER...**

HEY! THE ASHCANS SEEM FARTHER OFF, AND NOT SO FREQUENT!

**T**HIS IS IT, MEN! THIS IS MOONSET! LET'S MAKE OUR MOVE!



LOOSE MORE OXYGEN, CHIEF! I WANT THE MEN ALERT!

YES, SIR!



**T**HE SHIP PUMPS CLEAR THE FLOODED AUXILIARIES AND TUGS FREE OF THE SAND! SHE RISES. SOON SHE'LL BREAK SURFACE, POKE HER NOSE INTO THE NIGHT!



THOSE REDS MUST HAVE FIGURED THEY GOT US! NOW, IF WE CAN ONLY GET OVER THOSE REEFS!

WE'RE RUNNING SURFACE! THERE'S PLENTY OF CLEARANCE! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT!

**L**ATER --- THIS IS OPEN WATER, WADE--- WE'RE OUT OF THE GULF! WE SWEATED IT OUT!

**Y**EAH! BUT IN CASE ANYONE ASKS YOU, MATE --- I'M STILL SWEATING!





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