HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE
Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 307.

CHEVROLET
Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this “Chevy” looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER: Send 25 cents for each plan to MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Plans Service, Fow- cett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number...
Certain 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, Mosby, Merrill's Marauders—men whose daring, mobility and surprise compensated for their lack of numbers.

Korea adds another bright page to the book. The name:

Captain Michael J. Mad Mike Desmond, and

DESMOND'S DESPERADOES!

SOMEBODY DEEP WITHIN RED-HELD TERRITORY...

SCRATCH ONE RED SUPPLY TRAIN!

GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, MAD MIKE! YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO PLANT EXPLOSIVES!

AIN'T GONNA BE A PIECE LEFT BIGGERN A DIME!

BARDOOM
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.

Do 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!

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!

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-OH! 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!

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

SEE WHAT I MEAN, BUBBER?

???
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!

Milt, rejoin us outside Sing-ye at point X on your map! The rest of you... let's vamoose!

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?

Right, Mike!

You kiddin'? Do I remember it? I'll carry the memory to my grave!

Check! See you around, Mike!

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

"ESMOND'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' DANDY 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 WOULDN'T BE DELIGHTED, BUT IN THE MEANTIME, PASS ME THE SNAKE!

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

THERE SHE LAYS, MEN --
SING-HEE! 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!

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

POW POW POW POW POW

POW

HIT THE DIRT!

POW

PAN PAN PAN PON 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!
BATTLE STORIES

SSSSWOOOODDSSSSHH

TAC-TAC-TAC-TAC-TAC

YOW! THAT SNICKED 'EM OUT!

WHOOOSH

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!

GOOD WORK, MIKE! I...

KAPOW

POW

BAM

BLAM

BAM

POW

PANG

PANG
GET THE LEAD OUT! EVERYTHING MOVES FAST FROM HERE ON IN!

THE FUSE ON THESE EXPLOSIVE BLOCKS GIVE US EIGHT MINUTES TO GET IN AND OUT! LET’S GO!

CRACK FOK FOK FOK

SCATTER THE EXPLOSIVES, MEN! THEY’LL FIND SOME OF IT IN TIME, BUT THEY WON’T FIND ALL OF IT!

NOW, LET’S VAMOOSE! PRONTO!
MEN, AFTER THAT JOB, WE GOT A PERFECT RIGHT TO HEAD FOR HOME! BUT.....

OH-OH! HERE WE GO AGAIN! MAD MIKE PROBABLY REMEMBERED AN AIRFIELD WE OVERLOOKED!

WHOMP RUMBLE BAROOOM

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

NAW, MAD MIKE... I'M WORRIED! WHAT'LL WE DO FOR CHOW WHEN WE RUN OUT OF VULTURES?

THIS THE HEROIC SAGA OF DESMOND'S DESPERADOES DOES NOT END! NOR CAN IT END UNTIL THEIR ULTIMATE AIM... VICTORY ITSELF... IS ACHIEVED!
"Saluting 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 forearm at a 45 degree angle!

He's got two left feet— but I'm layin' even money he makes Pfc. 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 daylight out of the enemy!

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.
GOLLY, HE'S GOOD! WISH I COULD DO THAT! YEP! HE'S OKAY.

HAS HE GOT MUSCLES? WHAT MAN! I WISH I COULD DO THAT.

DEMONSTRATION GLASS BLOWING LOOK WHAT HE'S MAKING.

THIS IS DIFFERENT! LET'S ASK HOW HE DOES IT.

SO THAT'S THE SECRET! HE TRAINS ON DUBLLE BUBBLE GUM. I CAN DO THAT!

DUBLLE BUBBLE GUM BLOWS BIGGER BETTER BUBBLES!

HAVE FUN WITH US WITH FLEER'S!

FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS IN EVERY WRAPPER!

DUBLLE BUBBLE GUM

SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHIPPERSNAPPERS

MILITARY RANK!

SAY PARKS, YOU'RE GETTING CORPULENT!

CORPULENT, HECK... I'M ALREADY A SERGEANT!

YOU SAY THE GENERAL HAS 4,001 MEDALS. WHAT'S THE EXTRA ONE FOR?

THE EXTRA MEDAL'S FOR WEARING THE OTHER 4,000!

WERE YOU DECORATED IN THE LAST WAR?

YEAH, I GOT THREE OAK CLUSTERS... AN OAK TREE FELL ON ME!

I LIKE BEING A PRIVATE! IN FACT, I TURNED DOWN A CHANCE TO BE A GENERAL! I DON'T WANT A JOB WHERE THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR IMPROVEMENT!

!!!
Screaming 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 MIGs appeared. With a blowtorch roar that seared the skies, the Russian-built fighters delivered a vicious blast of cannon fire!

Here they come! Scramble!

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!
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!

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!

NOW MEET THE MAN HIMSELF—MAJOR GENE WARNER, U.S.A.F., AIR COMBAT INTELLIGENCE OFFICER ATTACHED TO HEADQUARTERS, GENERAL COMMANDING AIR FORCES IN KOREA!

YOU'VE BEEN BRIEFED, MAJOR! NOW GET THAT MIG!

ROGER, SIR!

OH, HO, HO! IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET AN MIG-15 AWAY FROM ME THIS WAY YOU SWIPED THAT NAZI JET BACK IN '45, YOU HAVE ANOTHER GUESS COMING!

I CARRY A TEN-DOLLAR CONFEDERATE BANK NOTE FOR GOOD LUCK AND I'M BETTING IT THAT THE NAVY GETS THEMSELVES AN MIG-15 BEFORE YOU DO!

MAYOR 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!

THEN COMES THE WORD HE'S WAITING FOR!

THE REPORT SAYS THE PLANE IS IN GOOD SHAPE, SIR, BUT SHE'S DOWN NEAR HOSUNG! THAT'S DEEP IN GUERRILLA TERRITORY!

HOW YOU GONNA BRING HER OUT?

EVER HEARD OF YANKEE INGENUITY?

JACK MAKIN! WHAT'S A SEA BIRD LIKE YOU DOING IN AIRFORCE TERRITORY?

HUNTING, GENE! FRANK BUCK MAKIN'S AFTER A LIVE MIG-15!

YOU'RE ON, MAKIN! THIS YANKEE SHIN-PLASTER WILL MATCH IT.

MR. HARROP, HERE, WILL HOLD IT FOR US. FIRST MAN IN WITH AN MIG, COPS THE LOOT!

SOON...

ALL MEN HAVE BEEN ISSUED EXTRA ROUNDS OF AMMO AND GRENADES, SIR!

OKAY! LET'S ROLL! WE GOT TO GET THAT MIG BEFORE THE REDS DESTROY IT!
AMBUSH! HIT THE GAS!

KASSSS!

FIRE FOR'

PULL HER UP

BLAM BLAM BLAM

THAT'S THE END OF THAT!

THEN SOON... STEP ON IT, MAN! WE'VE GOT TO STAKE OUR CLAIM BEFORE COMMANDER MAKIN SHOWS UP!

CORPORAL! DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TO THAT PLANE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR! NOBODY'S AROUND!

CORPORAL! DON'T TOUCH THAT PLANE!
BATTLE STORIES

BOBBY TRAPPED! I TRIED TO Warn HIM!

THE NAVY OUTFIT HAS ARRIVED, SIR!

A ROTTEN BREAK, GENE. LOOK, MAKIN' OURSELVES OUT WITH THIS FOOL COMPETING FOR THE FIRST MIG? WHY NOT POOL OUR RESOURCES?

OKAY BY ME!

GOOD! WELL GET OUR MIG YET!

AND SO WHEELS ARE SET IN MOTION FOR OPERATION KIDNAP!

GENERAL ORDER 

21ST COMBAT ENGINEERS

QUARTERMASTER CORPS

SPECIAL REQUISITION

Special Aircraft Salvage Unit under command of Captain E. W. WAGNER, U.S.A.F. Shall proceed detached, shall proceed to:

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

H. H. 2ND CD ENGINEERS

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

NAVY DEPARTMENT

BUREAU OF NAVIGATION

To Admiral commanding Korean waters. Special Sailing are following surface task force.

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

TRANSPORT PLANE TOWING DUMMY GLIDER WILL TAKE OFF AT 0800, COURSE DUE NORTH...

OPERATION KIDNAP:

WE'RE ALL LINNED UP AND READY TO GO!

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

SPECIAL ORDER

WEAPONS POOL...
SOON A TOP-SECRET GLIDER TOW WITH SPECIAL MUSTANG ESCORT TAKES OFF AND A MAJOR WARNER PLAN TO DECOY THE REBS INTO MAKING A SORTIE WITH THEIR MIG-15'S IS UNDER WAY!

THE GLIDER IS A JUNK-LADEN DUMMY, BAIT FOR THE HUNGRY MIG'S! THE AIR CONVOY FLIES SLOWLY TOWARD MIG ALLEY, WHERE...

...MAJOR WARNER AND COMMANDER MAKIN HAVE A SURPRISE WAITING FOR THE RED PLANES AT 30,000 FEET!

AT THE ESTIMATED CONTACT POINT, THE 'MIG'S SCREAM IN TO TAKE THE BAIT!

THE DECOY PLANE SWERVES FOR THE COASTAL SWAMPLAND, WHERE, IF MAJOR WARNER'S PLAN WORKS, A SHOT-DOWN MIG MIGHT LAND UNDAMAGED!

THE PROP-DRIVEN ESCORT VALIANTLY JOINS BATTLE WITH THE RED JETS AND THE GOING IS TOUGH UNTIL...

BAM! BAM! BAM!

THE SABREJETS JOIN IN TO EQUALIZE THE ODDS AS THE BATTLE MOVES OUT OVER THE SWAMPLAND!
No score as yet! I'm going to try something! Tail anything that follows me down!

Pretending to be disabled, Major Warner releases a smoke signal through an opening in the cockpit of his jet!

Roger!

Quickly, an MiG leaps at the lure as Warner dives toward the ground!

Get him, Navy!

Wumph!

Eeeeeeeaaaamrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

Congrats, Major! We got us an MiG!

Not yet! We only just started!
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...

Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam

Reds!

Peeeyoooooowww

Brak Blam Pyanknnnnngg!

She's ready to roll, Sir! Haul her down to the beach! We'll stay behind and cover you!

Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam Blam
**BATTLE STORIES**

**WHAM!**

They brought up artillery! Call your fly boys on the carrier!

**BOOM**

Beach Green to Sunday Punch! Send over a special delivery air mail! Pinpoint at Baker X-Ray, coordinate five-zero-zero-six.

**WHAM!**

We can fall back now. The dozer has hit the beach!

**KAT RAT KAT RAT**

Blat Blat Blat

**AS THE LST HEADS FOR HOME...**

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...

The fighting is over! The job is done! An Mig is finally secured for the Allied cause!
"Get lost, kiddo! Blow! I don't know from guns!"

"Seaweed instead of flowers they bring! And still they get 'em!"

"Works every time! Now she'll say, 'You're not required to salute a sergeant' and the ice is broken, and..."

"I'm married some other Joe! I suppose I oughta break our engagement!"

" Officers' quarters"

"I been in 20 months. It's the longest I ever held a job."
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
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, lunkshead!" Rory said, stepping over the fallen body of the guard he had just knocked out. "Come on, we've got to scram 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.

"S ATURATION 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 . . . blowie!"

THE END
IT 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!

KA-WHUUU-DUMP

KLANG

KA-TOONK

KULLANG

THREE HOURS OF THIS!
THREE HOURS
THREE HOURS
THREE HOURS...

THREE HOURS TO MOONSET!

KA-TOOM

ZLoom

KA-TOOM

KA-TOOM

KA-TOOM

KA-TOOM

BEEEEEE

AAAANG

THE PIGBOAT LURCHES VIOLENTLY. WITHIN, SEAMAN WADE COVERS HIS EARS ... AS IF THAT WOULD SHUT OUT THE VIBRATIONS!
THE 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 IT'S SOURCE!

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

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

Y'HEAR THAT, WADE? UNDERWATER REEFS!

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-THERR! 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!

WE MADE IT, SIR! WE'RE CLEAR! WE'RE IN THE GULF!
NOW, LET'S AVOID THOSE DESTROYERS! TAKE HER DOWN!

LIEUTENANT SAYLOR! 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!
WHOOOOOAAARRRRR!

MISCALCULATION! THOSE RED TRANSPORTS ARE SHALLOW-DRAFT VESSELS!

SET THOSE TORPS HIGHER!

FIRE ONE!

SLOOOO OOSH

HE'S TRYING NOT TO WASTE ANY!

FIRE TWO!

SROOOO OOSH

VROOOOO UUMM

FIRE THREE!

KAH-BLAM

FIRE FOUR!

KA-BLOOOMMM
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS ON THE BOTTOM! WE'VE GOT TO LAY DOGGO!

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

FLOOD THE AUXILIARY TANKS!

IT'S THREE HOURS TO MOONSET! TILL THEN, ALL WE CAN DO, MEN, IS SIT HERE! IN THREE HOURS, IT'LL BE DARK!

THREE HOURS TO MOONSET! THREE HOURS!

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

UP 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!

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

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

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

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

...YOU DON'T DROWN, YOU SMOOTHER, 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!

THIS IS IT, MEN! THIS IS MOONSET! LET'S MAKE OUR MOVE!

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

THE 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!

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

YEAH! BUT IN CASE ANYONE ASKS YOU, MATE --- I'M STILL SWEATING!
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