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ATOMIC

WAR!

ACE







"The bonds we bought for our country's defense bought and helped equip our farm!"

MR. AND MRS. CHARLEY L. WHATLEY OF CUTHBERT, GA.  
CAN TELL YOU—IT'S PRACTICAL AS WELL AS  
PATRIOTIC TO BUY BONDS FOR DEFENSE

*Mr. Whatley inspects a beehive on his 202-acre Georgia farm. "My wife and I wouldn't own a farm, clear, today," he says, "if it weren't for U.S. Savings Bonds. They're the best way to save."*



Charley Whatley says, "Mrs. Whatley and I joined the Payroll Savings Plan in 1943. Our pay averaged about \$40 a week apiece and we put about a quarter of it into bonds. We had saved \$6,925 by 1950."



"\$4,000 in bonds bought us our farm and house, more bonds went for a new truck, refrigerator and electric range. We're still holding about \$1,800 in bonds. Everybody should buy U.S. Savings Bonds!"

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BUY THEM REGULARLY!**

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ONLY A STRONG AMERICA  
CAN AVERT WORLD WAR III!

# The SNEAK ATTACK

IT WAS SPRING IN THE YEAR 1960... GREAT HOPE SURGED THROUGH THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD, AS THE EARTH RENEWED ITS BLOOM AND THE SUN FLOODED GREEN FIELDS. A MILLENNIUM OF PEACE SEEMED ASSURED AS THE RUSSIANS ENTERED THE NINTH MONTH OF SMILING CONCILIATION AND ENTHUSIASTIC EFFORTS FOR PEACE. THE WESTERN POWERS WERE OVERJOYED. SO POSITIVE WAS THE UNITED STATES OF RUSSIA'S SINCERITY, THAT A HALT HAD BEEN CALLED MONTHS AGO TO THE BUILDING OF FURTHER A-BOMBS. AND NOW, IN PARIS, AT A FINAL MEETING OF THE BIG FOUR IN THEIR PEACE DRIVE CONFERENCE, RUSSIA AGAIN DELIVERED ITS MESSAGE OF PEACE... NOTHING BUT PEACE, ON A FATEFUL SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN MAY...

RUSSIA STANDS FOR PEACE! WE HOLD OUT OUR HAND IN FRIENDSHIP, AND WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT OUR TWO SYSTEMS CAN LIVE SIDE BY SIDE, UNTIL THE DAY WHEN WEAPONS AND ARMIES SHALL VANISH FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!

PEACE IN OUR TIME



THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE GREETED THE RUSSIAN'S CONCLUDING WORDS...

HEAR!  
HEAR!

WE FACE A NEW FUTURE!  
THE RUSSIANS REALLY  
MEAN IT THIS TIME! THERE  
ISN'T A DOUBT IN MY  
MIND!

A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION SPED AWAY FROM THE CONFERENCE HALL...

ALL OUR DOCUMENTS  
MUST BE BURNED BY  
MIDNIGHT! THE ORDERS  
HAVE ARRIVED FROM  
MOSCOW!

I HAVE  
WAITED FOR  
THIS FOR  
MONTHS! THE  
WESTERN FOOLS  
DO NOT SUSPECT  
A THING!



ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, EVENING CAME TO THE EMPIRE CITY. NEW YORKERS WERE HURRYING HOME TO DINNER. . .



LOOKS LIKE A PERFECT DAY TOMORROW FOR THAT DOUBLE HEADER AT EBBETS FIELD!

AAAAH, DEM BUMS WILL GET SLAUGHTERED AGAIN!

IN DETROIT, THE INDUSTRIAL GIANT, A FEW HOURS' RIDE AWAY. . .



WITH ALL THIS TALK ABOUT PEACE, MIKE, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE GONNA CLOSE DOWN HALF OF THE PLANE FACTORIES!

IT DON'T BOTHER ME NONE! I'D RATHER PUT AUTOS TOGETHER ANY DAY!

IN CHICAGO, BUTCHER TO THE WORLD. . .



GET ALONG THERE, YOU FOUR-FOOTED STEAKS! WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD, CHARLIE?

GOT A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER JIM IN GERMANY! SAYS HE EXPECTS TO BE HOME IN TWO WEEKS! THEY'RE DIS-BANDING HIS OUTFIT!

ABOUT THE SAME TIME, IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL. . .



CAN YOU GIVE US A LINE ON YOUR TALK WITH THE PRESIDENT, SENATOR?

IT'S ALL GOOD NEWS, MEN! WE'VE ENTERED A NEW ERA! REPORTS FROM PARIS SHOW THE BIG FOUR CONFERENCE TO BE A COMPLETE SUCCESS!

MORNING CAME TO UPPER MANHATTAN ON SUNDAY. HIGH ABOVE THE GLEAMING TOWERS, IN THE MAIN AIR DEFENSE HEADQUARTERS. . .



HO HUM! IT'S THE QUIETEST SHIFT WE'VE HAD! NOT EVEN ONE UNSCHEDULED FLIGHT TO REPORT!

AFTER SIX MONTHS AT THIS RELAY PANEL, IT DOES GET MONOTONOUS! NOTHING SINCE A D.C-6 CRASHED IN MAINE LAST WEEK!

KLEMENT, YOU'RE CERTAINLY CONSCIENTIOUS! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU MOVE FROM THAT BOARD IN SIX HOURS! YOU CAN TAKE A BREAK WHEN-EVER YOU WANT!



IF YOU DON'T MIND, COLONEL, I'LL STICK THROUGH THE REST OF THE SHIFT! I LIKE MY WORK!



**A HALF HOUR LATER...**

THERE'S A STRANGE REPORT FROM CANADA--QUEBEC PROVINCE! SOUND OF UNIDENTIFIED PLANES FLYING HIGH ABOVE CLOUD BANK! FLIGHT IS UNSCHEDULED!

PROBABLY A CANADIAN AIR FORCE UNIT THEY FORGOT ABOUT! KEEP A LINE OPEN THOUGH, JERSON!



**ANOTHER HALF HOUR PASSED...**

WHAT ABOUT THOSE REPORTS FROM CANADA? ANYTHING NEW IN THE LAST HALF HOUR?

NOTHING SO FAR, COLONEL WINTERS! SAME STORY OVER MAINE! UNIDENTIFIED PLANES AT FORTY-THOUSAND FEET! AIR SPEED SHOWS THEY'RE JETS! THEY'VE SENT UP INTERCEPTORS FROM BOSTON TO CHECK!



**MOMENTS LATER...**

WHA...? COLONEL--GET THIS FROM BOSTON! PLANES POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED AS MKV-4's, RUSSIAN HEAVY JET BOMBERS, HEADED THIS WAY!

KLEMENT--PLOT THAT! SEND THE RED FLASH TO ALL INTERCEPTOR UNITS AT ONCE! I'M GOING TO WATCH OUR RADAR SCREEN!



WHAT? TEN OF OUR FIGHTERS SHOT DOWN! THREE RUSSIAN BOMBERS KNOCKED OUT! THEY'RE STILL COMING... FORTY OF THEM!

KLEMENT, DID THOSE PLANES GET OFF THE GROUND?



ALL INTERCEPTORS LEFT THEIR FIELDS TWENTY MINUTES AGO, COLONEL! I'M CHECKING THEIR PROGRESS NOW!



**THE ROOM VIBRATED WITH TENSION AS MOMENTS WENT BY...**

COLONEL, THE REDS ARE REPORTED OVER SCHENECTADY! IT CAN'T BE! WHERE ARE THOSE JET INTERCEPTORS?

KLEMENT, WHAT'S HAPPENING? LET ME SEE THAT PLOTTING BOARD!



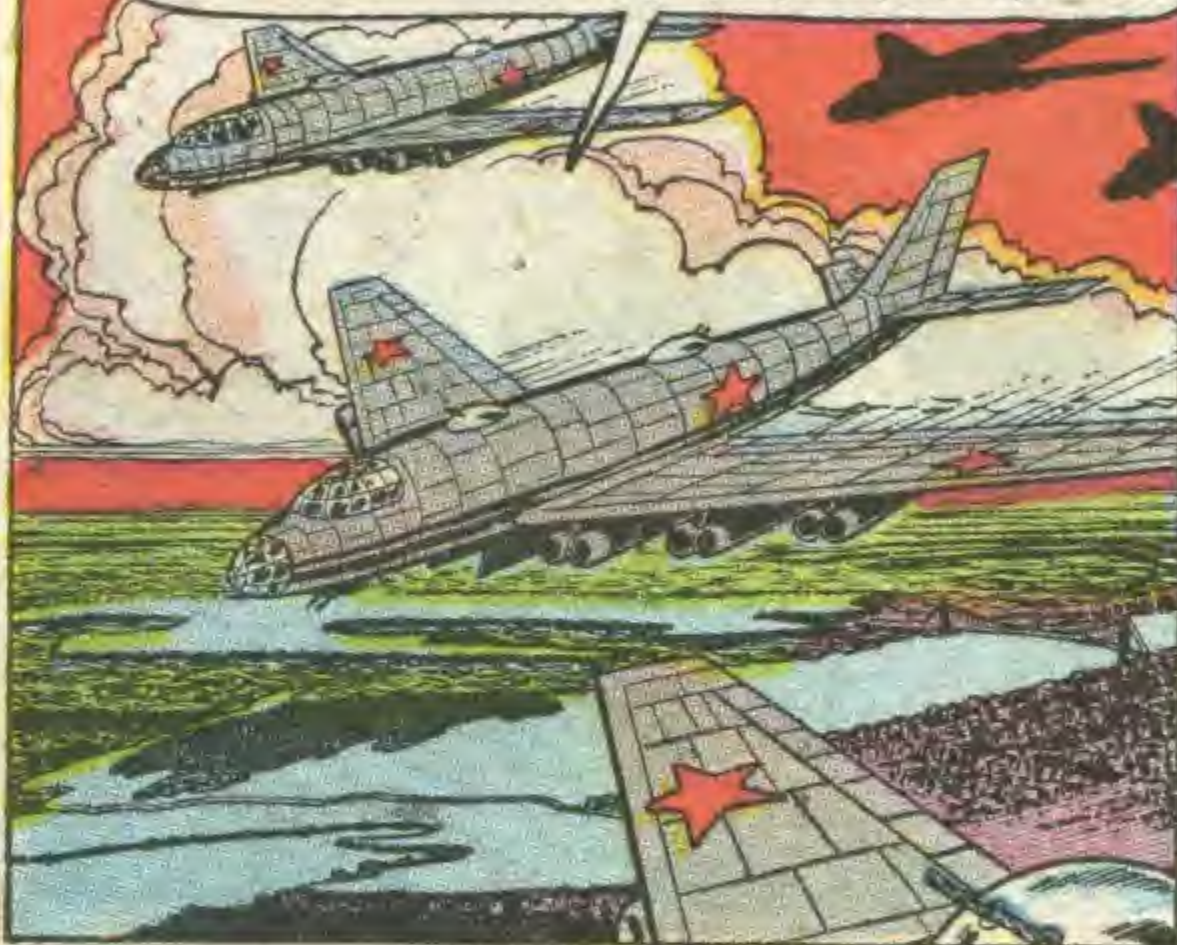






**FORTY THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE PANICKED METROPOLIS...**

**BOMBARDIER TO COMRADE PILOT!  
ON TARGET! GET READY! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR...**



**DOWN, DOWN, ITS PIERCING SCREAM BLENDING WITH THE WAIL OF SIRENS, RUSHED THE A-BOMB, THE GREATEST DESTRUCTIVE FORCE EVER DEvised BY THE HAND OF MAN!**



**SECONDS LATER, THE BOMB STRUCK, AND NEW YORK BECAME A RAGING INFERNO!**



**BROKEN MOLTEN BRIDGES CRASHED INTO THE EAST RIVER, AND THE VERY WATER SEEMED ON FIRE!**



**THE PONDEROUS QUEEN MARY HAD JUST PASSED THE STATUE OF LIBERTY WHEN THE CATASTROPHE STRUCK!**





MOMENTS AFTER THE BLAST, A HUGE TIDAL WAVE GATHERED MOMENTUM IN LOWER NEW YORK HARBOR!



LIKE A HUGE BATTERING RAM, IT SWEEPED OVER LOWER MANHATTAN!



THE SHELTERS BECAME POOLS OF DEATH WHERE THOUSANDS DROWNED!



SHEETS OF FLAME ROARED ABOVE THE GAS WORKS ON THE EAST RIVER DRIVE!



IN THE LABYRINTHINE CELLARS BENEATH, PANKED WORKERS RUSHED TO SHUT OFF THE HUGE RESERVOIR TANKS BURIED DEEP IN THE EARTH...

SHUT OFF THESE GAS RESERVOIRS! HURRY! THE FIRES ARE GETTING CLOSER!

IF THEY BLOW, EVERYTHING WILL GO A MILE IN THE AIR!



TOO LATE! THE GAS MAINS EXPLODED WITH THE IMPACT OF AN EARTHQUAKE!





THE INDEPENDENT SUBWAY HAD JUST DRAWN INTO THE WEST FIFTIETH STREET STATION WHEN THE CRUSHING BLOW FELL!



WHEN THE STUNNED SURVIVORS EMERGED...

WH WHAT HAPPENED?  
IT LOOKS LIKE THE  
WORLD'S COMING TO  
AN END!

WE'RE TRAPPED!  
TRAPPED! WE'LL  
NEVER GET OUT  
ALIVE! AAAIII!



THE JEWEL OF NEW YORK'S PARKS, CENTRAL PARK, WAS INUNDATED BY ITS OWN RESERVOIR!



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE SNAPPED ITS CABLES AND COLLAPSED!



IN THE LINCOLN TUNNEL, HUNDREDS OF FEET BENEATH THE HUDSON, AT THE MOMENT OF THE BOMB'S IMPACT...

WE'RE CAUGHT IN AN EARTHQUAKE!

THE TUNNEL'S ROOF IS GIVING WAY!



A MOMENT LATER...





A SKELETON CIVIL DEFENSE FORCE IN UPPER MANHATTAN RUSHED FROM ITS SHELTER TO LEND AID.

WHAT A BLAST!  
IT SOUNDED LIKE A VOLCANO  
TORE LOOSE!

I WONDER HOW  
MANY BLOCKS WERE  
HIT? WE'RE LUCKY WE  
WERE SO DEEP BELOW  
THE SURFACE!



THEY EMERGED TO FIND DEATH WAITING AMID THE FLAMES AND LETHAL RADIATION!

(COUGH) (CHOKE) THE  
WHOLE CITY IS GONE!  
ARRRRGHH!

WE CAME UP TOO  
FAST! MY LUNGS  
THEY'RE BURNING UP!  
OHHH!



THIS WAS MANHATTAN FIVE MINUTES  
AFTER A SINGLE A-BOMB FELL, A  
HEAP OF TWISTED, BROKEN RUBBLE!  
BUT WAS THE EMPIRE CITY THE ONLY  
TARGET THAT "PEACEFUL" MAY MORNING?

NO! FOR WITHIN THE SAME HOUR, CHICAGO SUFFERED A SIMILAR MURDEROUS ATTACK FROM OTHER RED BOMBERS!

CRAZED CATTLE RAN FROM THE BURNING PENS INTO THE GUTTED CITY!





OUR DEFENSE HUB, DETROIT, WAS A SHAMBLES OF TWISTED STEEL AND BLASTED FACTORIES IN THIRTY SECONDS!



THIS WAS A STORAGE DEPOT FOR FIVE THOUSAND NEW AUTOMOBILES!



THIS WAS A RESERVOIR THIRTY FEET DEEP, ONE MILE AWAY FROM THE BLAST CENTER!



THIS WAS A DEFENSE HOUSING UNIT, WHERE TWENTY-THOUSAND FAMILIES ONCE LIVED!



LAKE ERIE, WITH DEVASTATING FINALITY, ROSE LIKE A HUGE WATERSPOUT, FLINGING ITS MASSIVE STRENGTH UP THE DETROIT RIVER TO ENGULF THE STRICKEN CITY!





LEAVING STRICKEN NEW YORK, THE RUSSIAN FLEET DRONED ON TOWARD THE SOUTH...

A DIRECT HIT, COMRADE BOMBARDIER! WE HAVE WIPED OUT NEW YORK!

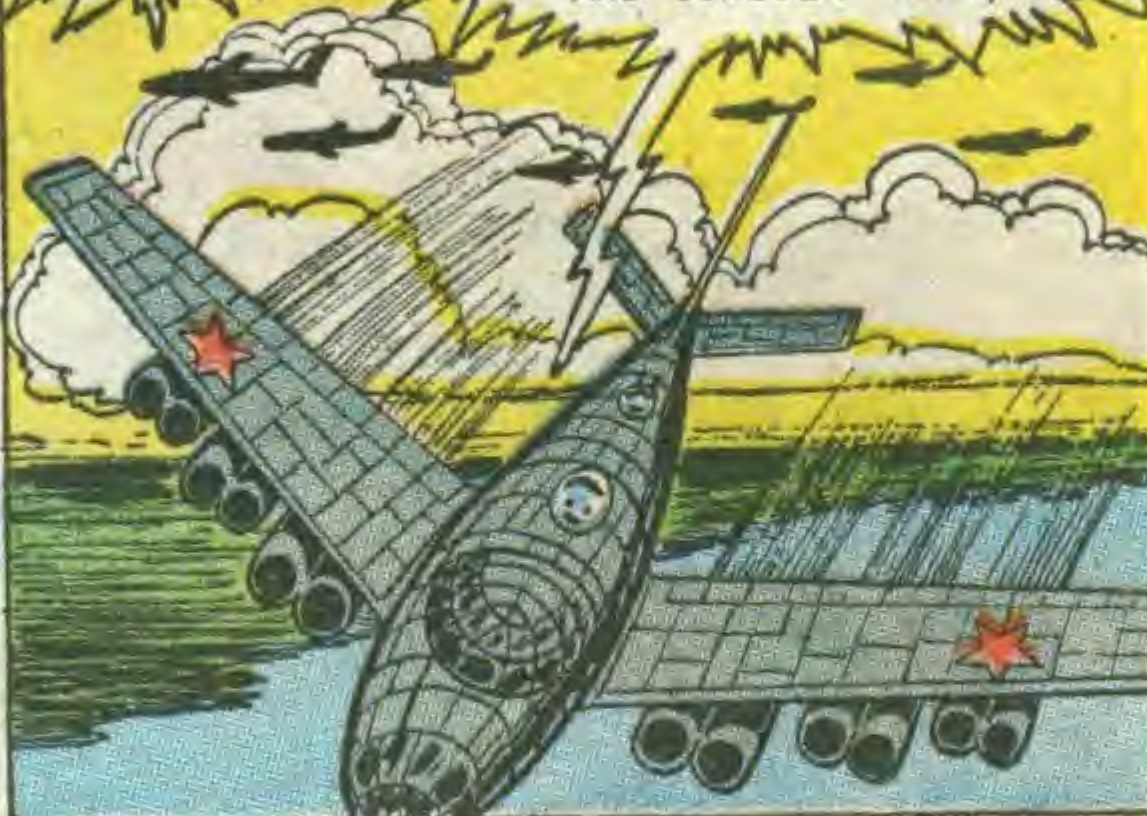
DA! NOW WE FINISH OUR MISSION WITH A STRIKE AGAINST THE CAPITALIST CENTER OF THE WORLD! ON TO WASHINGTON!



A SINGLE PLANE SUDDENLY DETACHED ITSELF FROM THE FLEET AND SPED OUT TO SEA...

GOOD LUCK, COMMANDER VASSILY!

KEEP FORMATION! FROM NOW ON MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE! YOU MUST MEET THE INTERCEPTORS AND CONQUER THEM!



ABOARD THE LONE A-BOMB CARRIER PLANE...

WE HAVE STRUCK A GREAT BLOW FOR THE SOVIET UNION! THE NEWS WILL ROCK THE WORLD!

WE ARE A HUNDRED MILES AT SEA! THE INTERCEPTORS HAVE BEEN FOOLED! GOOD! NOW CHANGE COURSE AND FLY SOUTH! WE SHALL APPROACH WASHINGTON FROM THE WATER!



EVERY AVAILABLE PLANE TOOK TO THE AIR FROM WASHINGTON, THE MOMENT THE NEW YORK DISASTER WAS FLASHED TO THE CAPITAL...

LAST REPORT WAS FROM PHILADELPHIA! ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE OF THEM, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR WASHINGTON!

FOUR HUNDRED JETS'LL MEET THEM IN TWENTY MINUTES! THEY WON'T GET A SINGLE PLANE THROUGH! GOOD HUNTING, JOE!



AS THE LAST FIGHTER JETS LEFT THE FIELD.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? WHAT'S HOLDING ME UP?

WE'RE DOING ALL WE CAN, SIR! BUT YOUR PLANE HAS A FUEL-LINE LEAK! YOU CAN'T TAKE IT OFF THE GROUND!



DON'T TELL ME I'M GONNA BE STRANDED HERE! GET ME ANOTHER PLANE!

THEY'RE ALL GONE, SIR! THERE AREN'T ANY MORE PLANES AVAILABLE!





I FEEL LIKE A CLIPPED CHICKEN !  
TWO YEARS OF COMBAT IN KOREA, WITH  
NEVER A DAY LOST, AND NOW THIS  
HAPPENS TO ME ! THERE MUST BE  
**SOMETHING I CAN DO !** MAYBE  
"OPERATIONS" CAN GET ME  
A PLANE !



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, TEN MILES NORTH OF BALTIMORE,  
THE RUSSIAN DECOY BOMBERS MET A WALL OF DESTRUCTIVE  
FIRE !



THE AMERIKANSKIS FLY LIKE WINGED  
DEMONS ! THERE IS NO  
ESCAPING THEM !



AAAAA!!!  
THE OIL LINES ARE  
HIT ! WE ARE BURNING !

SO VIRILE WAS THE DEFENSE, THAT NOT A SINGLE RUSSIAN  
BOMBER ESCAPED DESTRUCTION ! BUT FROM THE  
BATTERED HULK OF ONE PLANE . . .

THE LAST COMMIE PLANE'S  
BEEN BLASTED ! BUT LOOK,  
TERRY-- THEY'RE BAILING  
OUT OF ONE !



DON'T WORRY !  
THEY'RE RIGHT OVER  
THE ABERDEEN PROVING  
GROUNDS ! THEY HAVEN'T  
GOT A CHANCE !

FROM ABERDEEN, FLYING SQUADS OF AMERICAN  
SOLDIERS CONVERGED ON THE REDS . . .



TRY TO TAKE  
THEM ALIVE !

LET'S FINISH THE DIRTY  
KILLERS ! WHY SHOULD  
THEY LIVE AFTER WHAT  
THEY DID ?



GET BACK ! I  
DON'T LOVE THEM  
ANY MORE THAN YOU  
DO, BUT THEY'RE  
NEEDED FOR  
QUESTIONING !



JUST THEN, HEADQUARTERS STAFF ARRIVED...

THIS IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE THEY CAN UNDERSTAND / I'LL...

PUT THAT RIFLE DOWN, SOLDIER! THESE RUSSIANS ARE MORE VALUABLE TO US ALIVE RIGHT NOW!



AFTER PROLONGED QUESTIONING...

BUT WHY WAS THIS ATTACK MADE AFTER YOUR COUNTRY PLEDGED ITSELF TO PEACE? WHY?

OUR HIGH COMMAND TELL US THEY CAPTURE U.S. PLANS! PLANS - SHOW OUR COUNTRY TO BE ATTACKED THIS WEEK BY ATOM BOMB! WE MUST ATTACK FIRST! THAT IS ALL I KNOW!



TAKE THEM AWAY FOR STRATEGIC INTERROGATION! FIND OUT WHERE THOSE PLANES CAME FROM AND WHERE THE BOMBS WERE LOADED! CHECK POSSIBILITY OF FURTHER ATTACKS!

YES, SIR-- AT ONCE!



BACK AT WASHINGTON, RUSS FOUGHT FOR ANOTHER PLANE...

SORRY, LIEUTENANT, THERE ISN'T A SINGLE PLANE IN WASHINGTON! THEY'RE ALL OUT, RED-HUNTING!

IT ISN'T RIGHT! I DESERVE A CRACK AT THEM TOO!



SLOWLY THE SENSITIVE RADAR SCANNER TURNED ON ITS AXIS AS THE SKIES WERE SEARCHED. THEN IT STOPPED...



THERE'S A PLANE COMING THIS WAY FROM THE EAST / FROM THE SEA / COULD IT BE ONE OF OURS?

NO! WE DON'T HAVE ANY OUT THERE! ALL OUR PLANES ARE HEADED NORTH TO INTERCEPT THE REDS! IT MUST BE A RED PLANE! LIEUTENANT, CHECK YOUR SHIP AGAIN! MAYBE YOU CAN GET IT OFF THE GROUND!



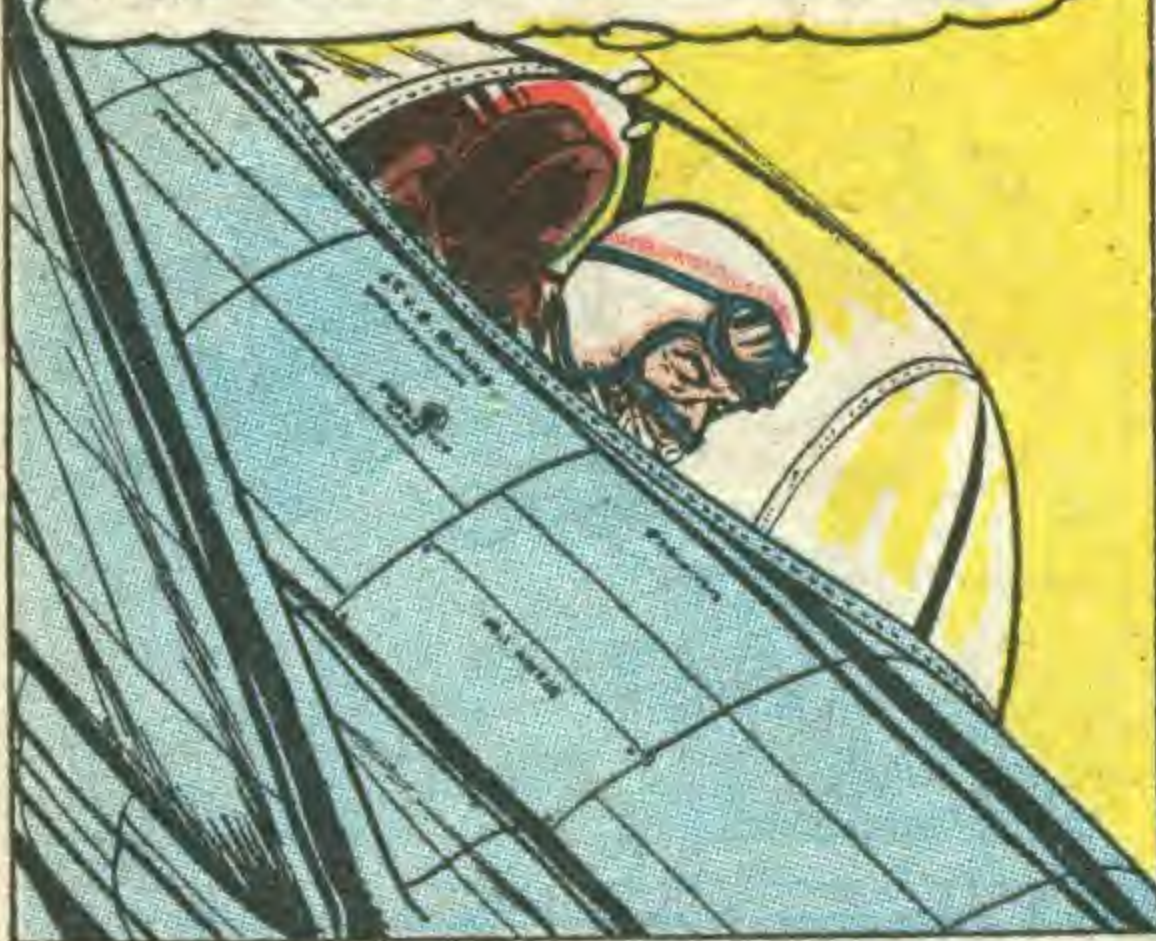






RUSS SENT HIS JET INTO A STRAIGHT POWER-DIVE, WITH MOTORS WIDE OPEN AT SUPERSONIC SPEED / HIS COURSE WAS SET-- HE HAD TO INTERCEPT THAT BOMB!

THIRTY-SEVEN, THIRTY-SIX, THIRTY-FIVE! I MUST KEEP CONSCIOUS AND HANG ON!



AT THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND FEET, THE JET FIGHTER CROSSED THE HELL-BOMB'S PATH!



THUS THE FIRST GREAT HERO OF WORLD WAR III DIED! THE BLAST, THIRTY-TWO THOUSAND FEET ABOVE WASHINGTON, ATOMIZED RUSS DENNIS' FRAIL BODY, BUT THE CAPITAL WAS SAVED!

**BAROOM!**

ONE HOUR LATER, THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ADDRESSED THE STRICKEN COUNTRY...

I CANNOT FIND WORDS TO EXPRESS MY UNDYING GRATITUDE TO THE YOUNG EAGLE WHO GAVE HIS LIFE, THAT WE HERE MIGHT LIVE



THE PRESIDENT RALLIED THE NATION WITH HIS FINAL WORDS...

THE WAR WE DID NOT WANT HAS COME! WE HAVE BEEN CAUGHT OFF GUARD, BUT WE SHALL RETURN BLOW FOR BLOW, UNTIL TYRANNY HAS VANISHED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



LOOK UPON THE PICTURES OF OUR GIANT CITIES HUNDREDS OF YEARS IN THE BUILDING, SMASHED BY THE ATOM-BOMB, AND SAY: THIS SHALL NOT COME TO PASS! MORE THAN EVER TODAY, ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT THIS FROM BECOMING A REALITY!



# BERLIN POWDERKEG

A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE RAIN OF DEATH DESCENDED UPON THE AMERICAN CITIES, BERLIN LAY ASLEEP, LULLED IN A FALSE SECURITY, LIKE THE REST OF THE WORLD, MORE THAN WILLING TO BELIEVE THE GREAT PEACE MYTH WHICH THE MOSCOW SALESMEN WERE PEDDLING ON AN INTERNATIONAL SCALE. FOR BERLIN WAS A LIVING TESTAMENT, OF THE DESTRUCTION A MODERN CITY CAN EXPECT, TO THE SURVIVORS OF WORLD WAR II. THE DEBRIS OF THE TERRIBLE BLASTING IT HAD EXPERIENCED THEN HAD NOT YET BEEN CARTED AWAY. NOT EVERYBODY WAS ASLEEP. IN A SMALL CAFE, WELL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, SERGEANT JEFF RAINSFORD AND HIS SQUAD WERE CELEBRATING THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE STATES ON THE FOLLOWING DAY...





"SONNY" ROSS WAS WRITING HIS FINAL LETTER...

"...IT'S AWFULLY QUIET IN BERLIN. EVEN THE RUSSKIES HAVE BEEN REAL FRIENDLY! BUT IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO BE BACK HOME IN DETROIT AND SEE AN UNDAMAGED CITY AGAIN!"



JEFF CALLED THE GROUP TOGETHER.

IT'S TIME TO CALL IT A DAY, FELLERS! WE'VE GOT TO BE UP AT 0600 TO CATCH THAT FURLOUGH TRAIN! EVERYBODY GRAB A LAST STEIN. WE'LL SING "AULD LANG SYNE"!



THE LAST LINES DIED ON THEIR LIPS, AS SUDDENLY...



LOOK! THEY'RE HITTING WEST BERLIN! OUR ZONE! I'VE NEVER SEEN SHELLS BURST LIKE THAT BEFORE!

IT SOUNDS LIKE ATOMIC ARTILLERY! THE RUSSKIES SURE MEAN BUSINESS! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO OUR COMPANY!



BUT AS THEY RACED THROUGH THE SUBURBS TO GET TO THEIR OUTFIT.

WILLIE, DOUSE YOUR LIGHTS! LOOK AT THAT COLUMN OF RUSSIAN HEAVIES COMING OVER!

THAT CUTS OFF OUR ENTRANCE TO THE CITY! WHO KNOWS IF WE GOT AN OUTFIT LEFT ANYHOW!





WEST BERLIN WAS IN FLAMES! THE BOMBED OUT RUINS FROM THE PREVIOUS WAR COLLAPSED BENEATH THE ATOMIC BLASTS...



ELSA, I LIVED THROUGH THE ENTIRE BOMBING DURING THE LAST WAR, BUT NEVER HAVE I SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS!

THERE IS NO ESCAPE! BERLIN IS COMPLETELY SURROUNDED! WHAT SHALL WE DO, HANS?

IN THE STEEL AND CONCRETE SHELTER OF ALLIED MILITARY HEADQUARTERS

WHAT ABOUT THE FIFTH WING? CAN'T YOU GET ME THROUGH TO THEM? WHAT? THE FIELDS HAVE BEEN OVERRUN?

THEY'VE CLOSED ALL THE HIGHWAYS/TEMPELHOF AIRDROME HAS BEEN TAKEN/ALL BRIDGES ACROSS THE SPREE ARE IN THEIR HANDS!



AS THE COMMANDING GENERAL ENTERED THE ROOM...

LATEST REPORT, SIR! THE EIGHTEENTH REGIMENT IS WIPE OUT OR CAPTURED! NO SURVIVORS REPORTED BACK!

GENTLEMEN, PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A GREAT SHOCK! THE ATTACK ON BERLIN IS NOT AN ISOLATED INCIDENT



HIS WORLD STRUCK LIKE AN EXPLODING BOMB! I'VE JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND DETROIT HAVE BEEN ATOM-BOMBED!



MEANWHILE, THE RUSSIANS WERE DRIVING THROUGH FROM ALL SIDES. JEFF DECIDED TO ABANDON THE JEEP.

C'MON, GUYS, WE CAN'T STAY IN THE JEEP! WE'D BE DUCK SOUP FOR A COMMIE SHELL! WE'LL HAVE TO LEG IT!



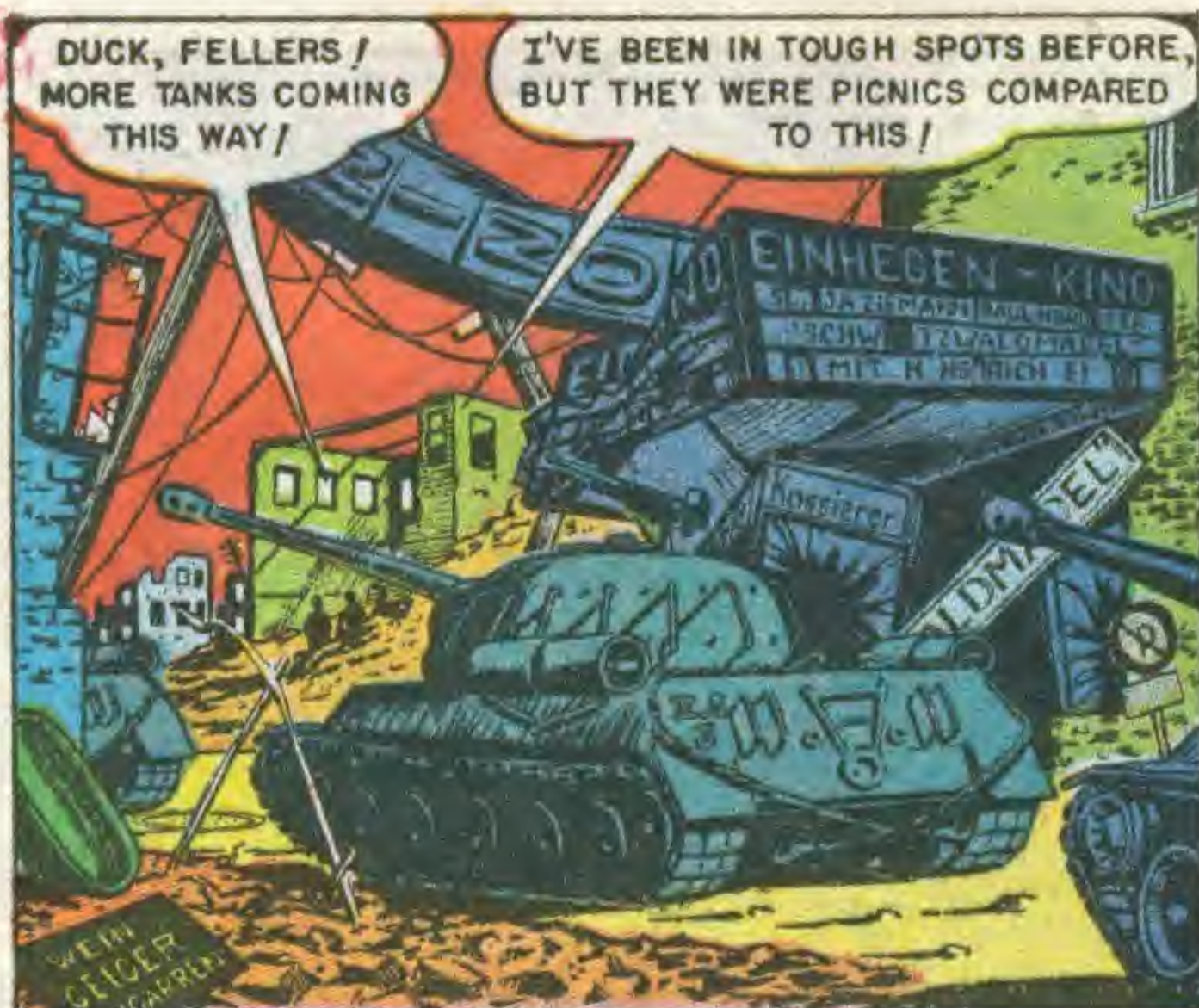
RUNNING DOWN ALLEYWAYS AND DARKENED STREETS, THEY FINALLY DREW NEAR THE CITY.

THEY SURE DID A COMPLETE JOB ON BERLIN!

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE, SARGE? WE'RE CUT OFF, SURROUNDED!







IN A FEW MINUTES, THE DARING PLAN WENT INTO OPERATION. IVAN CALLED TO THE RUSSIANS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE...





QUICKLY THEY STRIPPED THE ENEMY OF THEIR UNIFORMS.

NOW, LET'S GET THAT TANK ROLLING! WILLIE, YOU'VE HANDLED A TANK BEFORE! YOU'LL DRIVE! SONNY AND JIMMY HANDLE THE GUNS! IVAN, YOU'RE OUR LOOK-OUT MAN, JUST IN CASE WE'RE STOPPED AND QUESTIONED!



WITH A ROAR, THE PONDEROUS RUSSIAN TANK STARTED AWAY FROM THE BATTERED, ENCIRCLED CITY...



AND LATER...

ACCORDING TO THIS ARMY PAY BOOK WE'RE PART OF THE THIRTEENTH ARMORED GUARDS DIVISION, AND I'M SERGEI GREGOROVITCH, COMRADE SERGEANT IN CHARGE!

WELL, COMRADE TANK COMMANDER, WILL YOU FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS MESS AND GET US BACK TO OUR OWN LINES?



TWO HOURS LATER, JEFF'S SQUAD APPROACHED HELMSTEDT, FROM WHICH THE ALLIES HAD JUST RETREATED...

THERE'S TROUBLE UP AHEAD! WE'RE RUNNING INTO A RUSSIAN CHECK POINT!

IVAN, GET READY TO ANSWER QUESTIONS! WE MAY BE ABLE TO BLUFF OUR WAY THROUGH!



AS THE TANK WAS HALTED...

SERGEANT SERGEI GREGOROVITCH, THIRTEENTH ARMORED GUARDS!

WHAT? THE THIRTEENTH ARMORED GUARDS ARE DETAILED FOR HAMBURG! THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG HERE! PULL OVER TO THE SIDE AND ORDER YOUR MEN OUT!



THE AMERICAN SQUAD'S ANSWER WAS A FUSILLADE OF FIRE...

TAKE OFF, WILLIE! BLAST THOSE TANKS! THEY'RE WISE TO US!

AMERICANS! STOP THEM! DESTROY THE TANK!



TWO BULL'S EYES! SWELL SHOOTING, JIMMY! HEAD ACROSS THAT FIELD!

OH, BROTHER, NOW WE'RE GONNA HAVE THE WHOLE RUSSIAN ARMY AFTER US!







THERE'S A WHOLE TANK COMPANY HEADED TOWARD US, JEFF! WE CAN'T FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS!

SWING AROUND/RACE FOR THAT FOREST/FULL SPEED!



AS SOON AS WE GET A LITTLE DEEPER INTO THE WOODS, WE'LL PILE OUT! THIS TANK'S JUST A NATURAL TARGET FOR THE REDS!

YEOW, THOSE SHELLS ARE GETTING MIGHTY CLOSE!



SECONDS AFTER THE SQUAD RACED FROM THE CAPTURED TANK...

JUST IN TIME! KEEP RUNNING! THEY'RE NOT FAR BEHIND US!

WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY! WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE WE'RE GOING!

KAROOM



THEY'RE NOT FOLLOWING US. THEY SEEM TO THINK THAT WE ALL GOT TRAPPED IN THE TANK!

GOOD! NOW STRIP OFF THESE RED UNIFORMS! WE'RE HEADING FOR OUR OWN LINES! THEY SHOULDN'T BE FAR FROM HERE!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHEN THE SQUAD ENTERED A DESERTED TOWN...

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE NINETY-SEVENTH. DO YOU HAVE AN IDEA WHERE THE LINES ARE, SARGE?

THERE AIN'T ANY LINES! YOU'RE THE LAST STRAGGLERS! EVERYBODY'S RUNNING LIKE MAD! C'MON, PILE IN!

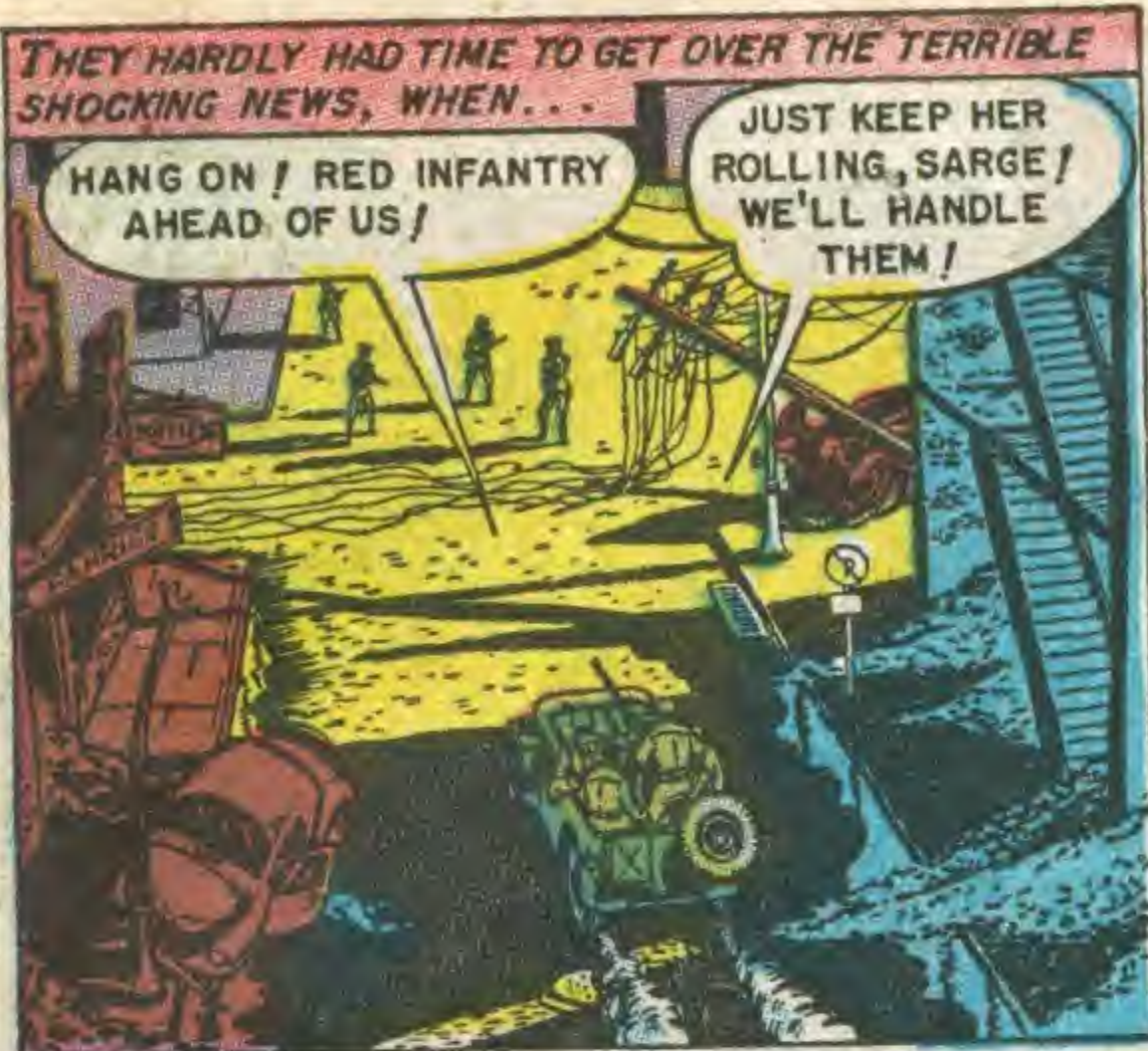


I HATE TO BREAK THIS NEWS, FELLERS, BUT NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND DETROIT WERE HIT BY A-BOMBS ABOUT FOURTEEN HOURS AGO!

NOT DETROIT! OH, NO!

I-I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT!











HURRY / OUR GUYS ARE GOING TO BLOW THE BRIDGE / WE CAN'T LET A SINGLE TANK GET ACROSS /



JUMP, YOU GUYS / WE HAVE TO BLAST IT!



AS JEFF AND HIS BUDDIES DOVE INTO THE RHINE...



EASY, SOLDIER, I STOPPED A RED BULLET WITH MY SHOULDER / HELP THE KID OUT FIRST!

I NEVER THOUGHT YOU GUYS WOULD MAKE IT / WHAT A BATTLE YOU PUT UP ON THAT HILL / IT ALLOWED ALL OUR TROOPS TO GET ACROSS SAFELY!



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER JEFF'S SHOULDER WAS BANDAGED...

TAKE COVER / PLANES COMING OVER!

NO, THEY'RE OURS / HEADING EAST / THE FIRST AIR COUNTERATTACK / IT'S ABOUT TIME!



IT WAS ONLY A FEW SQUADRONS, AND THEREFORE ONLY A TOKEN. BUT IT WAS SOMETHING—SOMETHING TO SHOW THE REDS THAT NO MATTER WHAT THEY DID, WE'D COME BACK, NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS!



THAT'S-A-BOY / GIVE IT TO THEM!

THIS MEANS WE'RE NOT GOING BACK ANYMORE / ONLY FORWARD / AND THIS TIME MAYBE WE'RE NOT STOPPING AT BERLIN / I WANNA BE ABLE TO TAKE MY SHOES OFF IN WHAT'S LEFT OF THE KREMLIN!



# OPERATION HAYSTACK

Lieutenant Edwards led his patrol down the hot, dusty Italian road. It would be getting dark soon, and they were due back at First Army Field Headquarters. As far as he was concerned, it had been an uneventful foray. Except for a skirmish with some Russian soldiers who had wandered off to search for loot, they'd seen nothing to indicate the Russians considered this region of strategic importance.

There was a farmhouse up the road, and just to take precautions, Lieutenant Edwards ordered his men to scatter off the road. In a moment he realized they'd been lucky. Someone had come out of the farmhouse, and Edwards sighted him with his field glasses. Then a tremor of excitement ran through him as he handed the glasses to Sergeant Jones. Unless his eyes were mistaken, he'd seen a Russian colonel come out of the farmhouse.

As the sergeant confirmed his judgment, Edwards pondered the puzzle. What would a high-ranking officer be doing along this supposedly unimportant road? Something important must be brewing.

It didn't take long for Lieutenant Edwards to make up his mind. In another hour it would be dark. He knew he wasn't going to leave that farmhouse until he found out what was happening there.

Quickly he outlined his plans to Sergeant Jones. "If there's really something important going on up there," he explained, "the place will be well defended. Twenty men would be a handful against what we can expect. Best thing is for me to creep up and reconnoiter. If I'm not back in an hour, go on to field headquarters and report what we've seen."

As soon as darkness enveloped the countryside, Lieutenant Edwards took off. As he approached the farmhouse, he lay flat on the ground, squirming ahead on his stomach, and lifting his rifle slightly to keep it out of the mud. Ahead was only darkness and quiet. It was still; there was something ominous about it, as if unseen eyes were watching his every move. He heard the whir of planes overhead. U. S. reconnaissance, he knew by the sound of the engines, out to try to locate that munitions dump intelligence knew was in the area.

There was just this hill to get over, and he'd be approaching the rear of the farmhouse. It was almost too simple. Down on his stomach, Edwards squirmed down the hill. Still there wasn't a sound. Was it possible that the Russians had left this side unguarded? There was no sound of life around the place. He began to wonder if his eyes had been playing tricks on him before.

He'd made it down the hill, and he paused for a

moment, crouched in the shelter of the stacked hay near the barn. From this vantage point he could see a thin sliver of light seeping out from the shuttered back windows of the farmhouse.

The point of the bayonet at his back was sharp! He didn't dare turn around as a guttural voice rapped out what was obviously a command in Russian. Then the guard repeated it, and there was the sound of running feet as someone else came up. The second Russian soldier fronted him, and Edwards saw the blue color of the private's uniform. There was a wicked-looking Russian snub-nosed revolver in the other's hand.

For a moment Edwards wondered if they were going to shoot him right there. But then the soldier was motioning with his gun for Edwards to rise, and slowly he got to his feet, keeping his hands carefully above his head. He felt the bayonet still at his back as he stumbled toward the farmhouse.

After the darkness outside, the light of the room hit him like a shock. But then his surprise widened as he saw the place had been set up as a field office! It was humming with activity. The colonel he'd seen earlier was seated behind the desk, and suddenly Edwards was convinced he'd stumbled onto the location of the munitions dump First Army Field Headquarters had been searching for so desperately. But, Edwards thought, there was little he could do about it now!

He didn't have time to ponder it further. The guard who'd discovered him said something in Russian, and the colonel nodded. He eyed Edwards speculatively, and then he said in perfect English, "Sit down." He motioned toward the chair alongside him.

Edwards stumbled toward the chair after a final thrust from his guard. He warily watched the Russian colonel. The guard had emptied Edwards' pockets, and now the colonel thumbed swiftly through the assortment on his desk. There was nothing there.

Suddenly the colonel spoke to him. "What are you doing here?" he rapped. "Who sent you? How many men are with you?" He fired the questions one after the other.

Edwards was silent. The colonel waited, and when he saw Edwards didn't intend to answer he said, "Bah! You intend to play the brave soldier, eh? We'll see how easily you'll break down!"

The questioning went on and on. Hour after hour the colonel hurled questions at him. The light hurt Edwards' eyes. The colonel looked disheveled, but somehow he didn't let up for a moment.



Edwards didn't remember when the first blow landed. It came suddenly from the huge, meaty Russian who had captured him and had stood motionless by his side throughout the interrogation. But now Edwards' head snapped back under the impact of the blow. He felt blood running down his split lip. He tried to rise, and he felt someone grip his arms from behind him. The blows continued, and in between each blow the questions were hurled at him. Crazily he thought that even if he had wanted to say something, the words would never come out from between his smashed lips.

Then dimly he heard the colonel say, "Take him away. Let him have time to think what it will be like to have to return to my questioning. Bring him back in two hours."

Edwards felt himself yanked to his feet. The soldier who had been smashing his mouth helped him out. Slowly they stumbled through the dark around the farmhouse. As Edwards' eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he made out the haystack. He became aware of the activity around him. Why, he realized, he was standing right in the middle of the munitions dump! The Russians had burrowed a huge cavern in the earth in back of the farmhouse. Since the top shrubbery hadn't been disturbed, there would be no evidence of the dump from the air. No wonder recon hadn't been able to spot it! But now men were running back and forth, wheeling out barrows stacked with rifles and cartridges. These were being loaded into a truck which stood camouflaged alongside the entrance.

He felt the guard nudge him, and he trudged along with the man. Finally they came to what had been the barn. Obviously no provision had been made for holding anyone captive here. The Russian guard shoved Edwards inside, and then Edwards heard the bolt being slid outside.

There was nothing in the barn that could be used as a weapon, Edwards saw quickly. The place had been stripped bare. There wasn't even a window. He'd hardly finished his examination when he heard the bolt being slipped back again. He tensed with alarm as the door creaked open slightly.

It was the second soldier that had helped capture him. The fellow came softly into the room. In one hand he was holding his cocked revolver, and in the ~~other~~, Edwards saw with amazement, that the fellow carried the field glasses Edwards had dropped when the guard had apprehended him. The Russian soldier approached him with a crafty smile. When he came up close to Edwards, he motioned to the field glasses, waved the gun, and said something in Russian.

Gradually, Edwards came to realize what the soldier wanted. He'd found the glasses, and obviously he believed Edwards had hidden some of his possessions before he'd been captured. The Russian soldier

motioned to his wrist significantly. Edwards hadn't been wearing a wristwatch. He'd broken it and it was back at headquarters awaiting a replacement. The soldier obviously wanted to know where Edwards had hidden the watch. These men in the Russian Army were ill-equipped, and they were starved for American luxuries. They'd do anything for a watch, Edwards realized incredulously, even endanger their army.

As if to ingratiate himself, the Russian offered him a cigarette. Edwards took it, lit it, and puffed slowly, stalling for time. What should he do next, he wondered. He looked longingly out the partially opened barn door. He'd like to run for it, he thought, but there was no chance of making it. His eyes lit on the haystack near where the Russian had found the field glasses. Overhead his ears picked up the delicate throb of U. S. recon planes approaching on their way back to base.

Suddenly, as if he'd come to a decision, Edwards made a motion to the ground as if he'd toss down the cigarette. But before he ground the heel of his shoe over the butt, he'd quickly snapped in two the stiff Russian cigarette. He shoved his hands into his pockets, palming the burning butt, and motioned to the Russian with his head.

Together they left the barn, and Edwards led the way back to the haystack. The sound of the approaching planes was louder now. His timing had to be right! Just as the recon swarmed overhead, Edwards tossed the lighted butt atop the dry hay.

The Russian uttered an oath. He came at Edwards, cocking his gun, and Edwards desperately plowed into him, deflecting his aim. He heard the crackle of burning hay. If only, he thought desperately, recon would know what it meant—if only the blaze would spread and outline the activity on the ground!

As he struggled with the Russian, he heard the sweetest sound of his career. The slow whine of the dive bombers, and then the crashing thunder as the released bombs hit their mark. Flaming debris fell, and suddenly he heard another sound—the high-pitched yell of Sergeant Jones. Gunfire rattled as Jones

The Russian twisted free and tried to run. Edwards saw the gun in Jones' hand aimed, and the Russian toppled. Then Edwards felt Jones' pounding on his back.

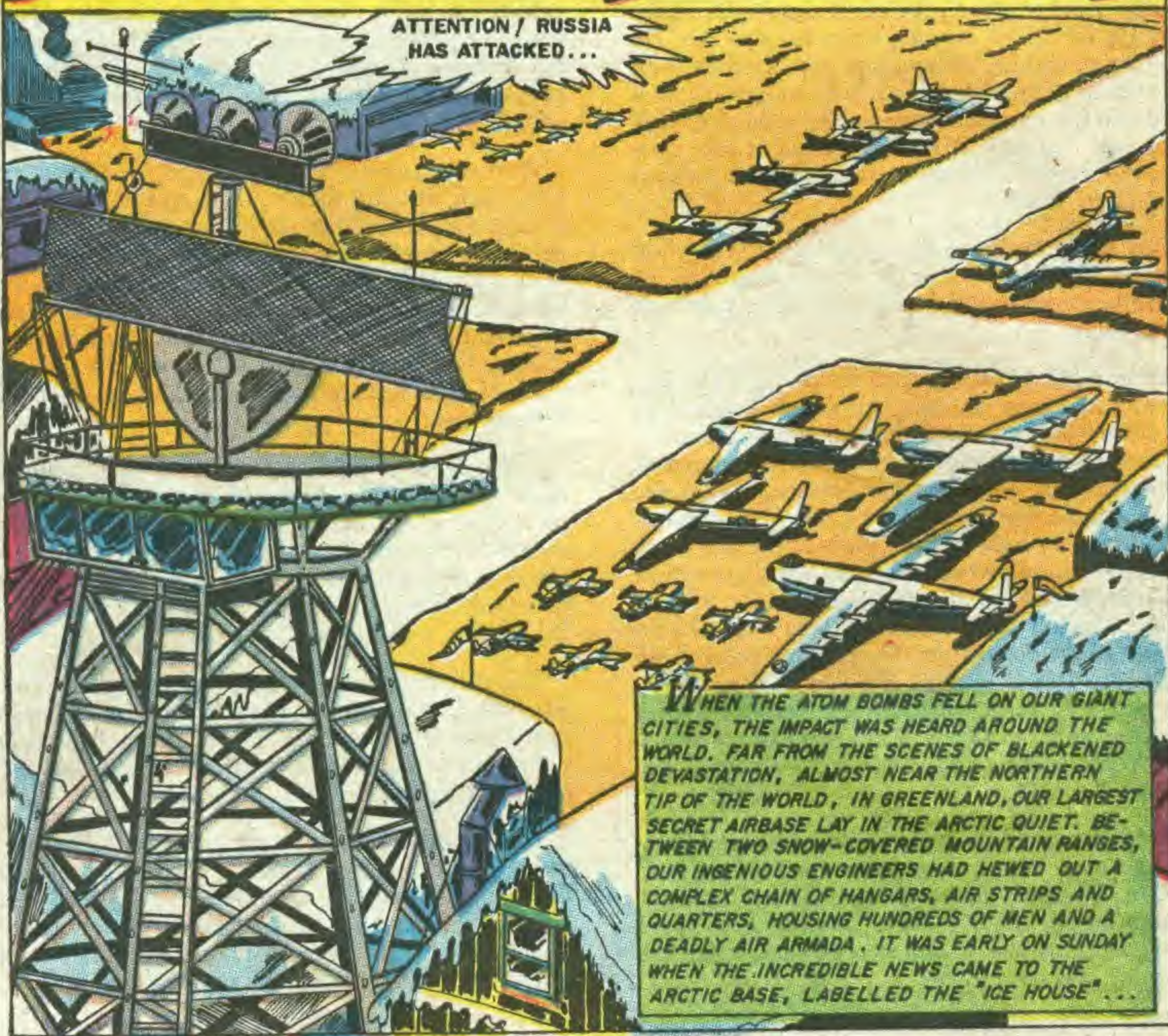
Later he listened to Jones apologize for going against orders. When Edwards hadn't returned, the men had itched to go trouble-shooting. "Heck, Lieutenant," Jones drawled, "We ain't one of those sissy record-keeping patrols. The only kind of report we turn in is 'mission accomplished!' "

**THE END**



# COUNTERATTACK!

ATTENTION / RUSSIA  
HAS ATTACKED...



WHEN THE ATOM BOMBS FELL ON OUR GIANT CITIES, THE IMPACT WAS HEARD AROUND THE WORLD. FAR FROM THE SCENES OF BLACKENED DEVASTATION, ALMOST NEAR THE NORTHERN TIP OF THE WORLD, IN GREENLAND, OUR LARGEST SECRET AIRBASE LAY IN THE ARCTIC QUIET. BETWEEN TWO SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAIN RANGES, OUR INGENIOUS ENGINEERS HAD HEWED OUT A COMPLEX CHAIN OF HANGARS, AIR STRIPS AND QUARTERS, HOUSING HUNDREDS OF MEN AND A DEADLY AIR ARMADA. IT WAS EARLY ON SUNDAY WHEN THE INCREDIBLE NEWS CAME TO THE ARCTIC BASE, LABELLED THE "ICE HOUSE"...

THE NEWS BURST LIKE A BOMBSHELL AT BREAKFAST TIME...

...AND LEFT NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND DETROIT IN RUINS! ALL PERSONNEL ASSEMBLE IN THE BRIEFING ARENA AT ONCE!

MIKE...IT'S COME AT LAST! AND WE THOUGHT THERE'D BE PEACE! THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT CLOSING DOWN THE "ICE HOUSE" ONLY YESTERDAY!

I FEEL WEAK IN THE KNEES! MY FAMILY LIVES IN CHICAGO!



IN THE BRIEFING ARENA...

A STATE OF WAR EXISTS! ALL LEAVES ARE CANCELLED, AND WE MUST STAND BY ON THE ALERT FOR ANY MISSION WHICH MAY BE ENTRUSTED TO US!





IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, ALL PLANES WERE OVERHAULED AND CHECKED FOR FIGHTING CONDITION...

I JUST SPOKE TO THE OLD MAN, MIKE! THINGS ARE BUZZING! ANY DAY NOW WE CAN EXPECT A BIG STRIKE!

WE'RE READY FOR ANYTHING! MECHANICS ARE DOUBLE-CHECKING EACH SQUADRON!



THE NEXT DAY, AT NOON...

HERE COMES THE COURIER PLANE FROM WASHINGTON, MIKE! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S IN STORE FOR US!

THE GUYS ARE ALL KEYED UP! I HOPE IT HAPPENS SOON!



THE MEN WAITED NERVOUSLY FOR THE CONFERENCE WITH THE WASHINGTON COURIER TO END...

THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE FOR THREE HOURS! WHAT THE DEVIL CAN IT BE?

IT MUST BE IMPORTANT! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A LONG BRIEFING!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AFTER OUR RENDEZVOUS WITH THE REST OF THE FORCE OFF CAPE JESSUP WE HEAD FOR THE URALS! WITHOUT US, THIS MISSION IS IMPOSSIBLE! I WANT YOU FLIGHT COMMANDERS TO HAVE YOUR PLANES IN A-1 SHAPE! ZERO HOUR IS 0400 TOMORROW!

TOMORROW? THAT MEANS WE HAVE 12 HOURS! ALL RIGHT, SIR, WE'LL BRIEF OUR MEN!



NIGHT FELL, AND FINAL CHECKS HAD BEEN MADE...

EVERYTHING'S SET, MIKE! C'MON, WE'D BETTER HIT THE SACK!

I DON'T THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO SHUT MY EYES TONIGHT! TOO MUCH TENSION IN THE AIR! I'LL FEEL ALL RIGHT ONCE WE TAKE OFF!



SUDDENLY

SAM, WHAT'S THAT FLARING DOWN AT THE "A" HANGARS? IT LOOKS LIKE

FIRE! SOUND THE ALARM, MIKE!





IN A FEW MOMENTS THE SKY WAS ABLAZE WITH LIGHT FROM THE BURNING HANGAR . . .

SPREAD OUT /  
ATTACK IT FROM  
ALL SIDES !

THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE  
IT STARTED BY ITSELF !  
IT'S BURNING TOO QUICKLY !



WHILE THE ENTIRE COMPLEMENT FOUGHT THE SUDDEN BLAZE . . .

I HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO WORK !  
IT WILL TAKE THEM HOURS TO PUT OUT  
THAT BLAZE I STARTED !



MOVING STEALTHILY FROM HANGAR TO HANGAR,  
THE SABOTEUR PICKED PLANES AT RANDOM . . .

THERE WILL BE NO RENDEZVOUS TOMORROW !  
ONE THIRD OF THESE PLANES WILL BE FLAMING  
COFFINS ! THE AMERICAN IDIOTS ARE SO  
CONFIDENT . . . THEY TRUST EVERYONE !



HOURS LATER, THE BLAZE WAS UNDER CONTROL . . .

WHEW, THIS BLAZE  
IS LICKED, SIR, BUT  
IT TOOK A LONG TIME !  
THIS WAS OUTRIGHT  
SABOTAGE ! I'D  
SWEAR TO IT !

BUT WHO COULD BE  
RESPONSIBLE ? EVERYONE  
AT THIS BASE WAS  
CAREFULLY SCREENED  
AND CHECKED BEFORE HE  
WAS SENT HERE !



A CAREFUL CHECK WAS MADE OF EACH MAN'S  
WHEREABOUTS AT THE TIME OF THE BLAZE . . .

WE'VE COUNTERCHECKED  
EACH MAN'S MOVEMENTS  
TONIGHT ! EVERY PERSON  
HAS BEEN ACCOUNTED  
FOR !

IT'S TOO LATE  
TO DO ANYTHING ELSE,  
SIR ! WE'VE ONLY GOT  
TWO HOURS TILL  
ZERO ! LUCKILY,  
ONLY SIX PLANES  
WERE DESTROYED !



AN HOUR LATER . . .

WHERE ARE YOU GOING,  
JIMMY ? I THOUGHT MY  
PLANE WAS IN TIPTOP  
SHAPE ?

I'M SURE OF IT,  
CAPTAIN, BUT I JUST  
WANT TO GIVE IT  
ONE FINAL CHECK !





AS THE MECHANIC CHECKED THE ENGINE...

WHAT THE... I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BEFORE!  
IT WAS STUCK TO THE ENGINE! I BETTER REPORT  
IT TO THE CHIEF!



BUT AS JIMMY WALKED TOWARD THE EXIT...

YOU FOOL! YOU'LL  
NEVER REPORT THAT!



WHAT  
WAS  
THAT?

SOUNDED LIKE A FALL! JIMMY  
WAS IN THERE! LET'S TAKE A  
LOOK!



IT'S JIMMY!  
LOOKS LIKE HE  
WAS KNOCKED  
COLD!

SOMETHING SMELLS ROTTEN  
AROUND HERE! LET'S GET HIM  
TO THE INFIRMARY QUICK!



AND SOON...

OWWWW, MY HEAD! I... I'M ALL  
RIGHT NOW! SOMEBODY CONKED ME  
WHEN I WAS LEAVING THE HANGAR!  
I FOUND SOMETHING IN YOUR  
PLANE, CAPTAIN!

WHAT  
WAS  
IT,  
JIMMY?



IT... IT'S GONE! I  
PUT IT IN MY POCKET!  
IT LOOKED LIKE A  
THIN GLASS TUBE WITH  
SOME WAX AT THE END!

WHOEVER SLUGGED  
YOU, TOOK IT WITH HIM!  
C'MON, MIKE, THERE'S NO  
TIME TO LOSE! IT'S  
0300 ALREADY!





THEY RUSHED TO ANOTHER HANGAR AND QUICKLY CHECKED SEVERAL PLANES . . .

THIS IS THE FOURTH ONE WE CHECKED / SEE ANYTHING, JIMMY ?

YEAH . . . HERE, I GOT ONE, STUCK IN THE SAME PLACE, NEXT TO THE ENGINE !



SUDDENLY . . .

GET YOUR HANDS UP, QUICKLY ! YOU, GET DOWN FROM THAT PLANE !

WHAAA . . . IT'S THE COURIER PILOT ! THE ONLY ONE WE DIDN'T CHECK !



I'M COMING DOWN . . . TO GET YOU !

LET'S HIT HIM, MIKE !



I OUGHT TO STRANGLE YOU RIGHT HERE, BUT THERE ARE A COUPLE OF THINGS I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT FIRST !

I . . . I'VE GOT THE TUBE, CAPTAIN !



WHAT'S IN THE GLASS TUBE, RAT ?

FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF ! YOU WILL LEARN NOTHING FROM ME !



AS SOON AS SAM BROKE THE NEWS, AN ANNOUNCEMENT WENT OUT . . .

ATTENTION ! ATTENTION ! DON'T START ANY PLANE ENGINE ! SABOTAGE HAS BEEN DISCOVERED !

BUT CAN'T WE RADIO THE OTHER PLANES AND DELAY THINGS ?

NO ! WE HAVE TO MAINTAIN RADIO SILENCE ! THE MISSION MUSTN'T LEAK OUT ! WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING, FAST !





YOU'RE TAKING AN AWFUL CHANCE, CAPTAIN / YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS /

I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THAT GAMBLE / STAND BACK WHILE I REMOVE THIS PARAFFIN SEAL / I WANT TO SEE WHAT THIS LIQUID IS /



IT BURSTS INTO FLAMES... WHAT A DEVILISH PLOT / WHAT IS THAT STUFF, CAPTAIN?

YEEOW / I RECOGNIZE THIS STUFF / IT'S A HYDROGEN-PHOSPHORUS COMPOUND / IT BURNS ON CONTACT WITH OXYGEN / I UNDERSTAND THE WHOLE THING NOW /



SO THAT'S HOW IT WORKS / WHEN THE MOTORS HEAT UP, THE WAX MELTS, AND THE SOLUTION LEAKS OUT AND FIRES THE PLANE / BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO CHECK HOW MANY PLANES HAVE BEEN DOCTORED?

THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT / MIKE, HAND ME THAT PISTOL / WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR FORMALITIES /



NO...DON'T SHOOT...I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING / I PLANTED A HUNDRED OF THEM...THAT'S ALL I HAD... ALL OF THEM IN THE SAME PLACE... IT WAS FASTER THAT WAY /

YOU'D BETTER BE SURE / IF THERE'S JUST ONE MORE, WE'LL SEND YOU UP IN THAT PLANE /



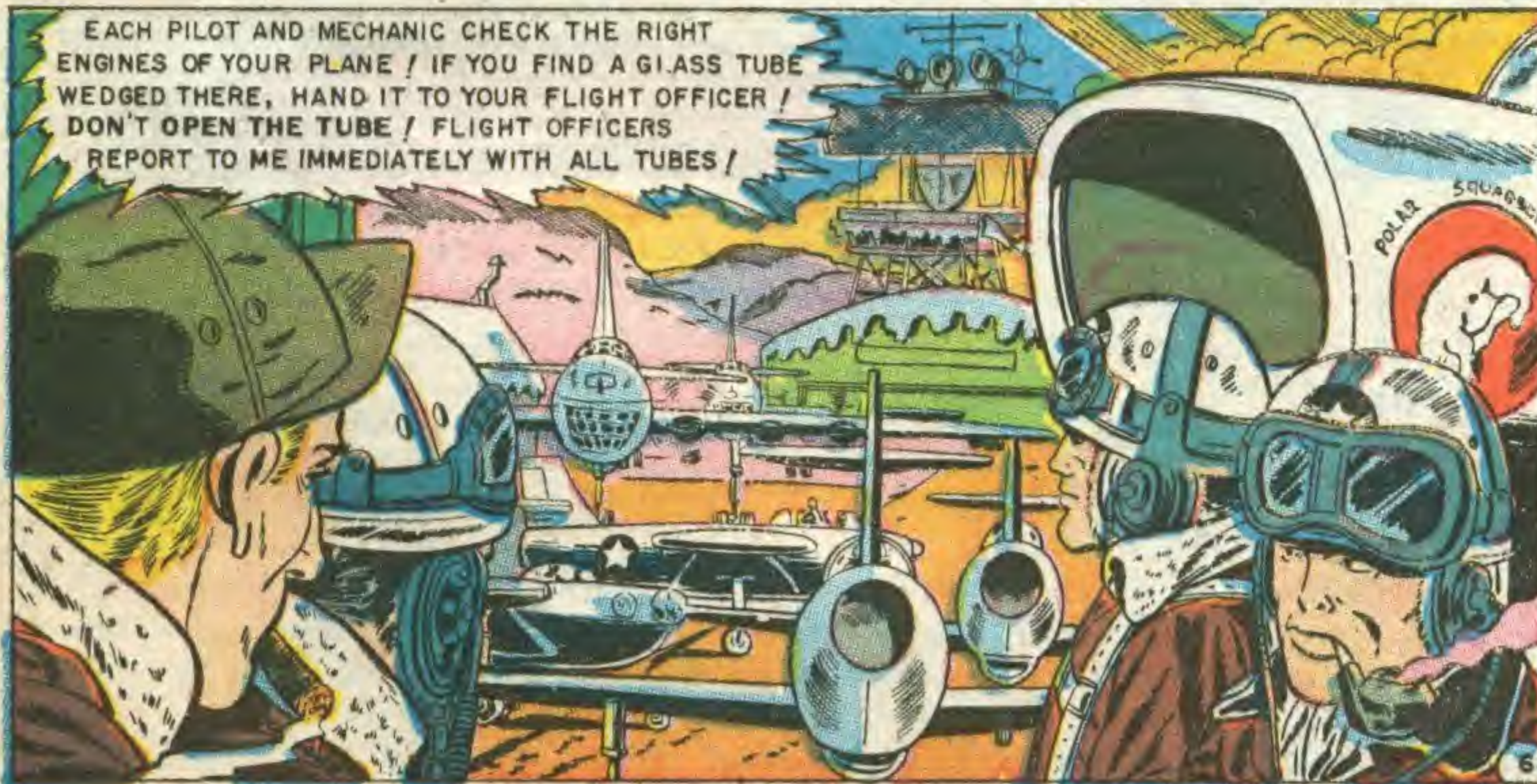
MOMENTS LATER...

THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY MINUTES LEFT, CAPTAIN / IS IT POSSIBLE TO REMOVE ALL THESE INCENDIARIES BY THAT TIME /

WE CAN TRY, SIR / LET ME TAKE OVER THE FIELD'S PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM /



EACH PILOT AND MECHANIC CHECK THE RIGHT ENGINES OF YOUR PLANE / IF YOU FIND A GLASS TUBE WEDGED THERE, HAND IT TO YOUR FLIGHT OFFICER / DON'T OPEN THE TUBE / FLIGHT OFFICERS REPORT TO ME IMMEDIATELY WITH ALL TUBES /







HIGH ABOVE  
CAPE JESSUP  
THE MIGHTY  
ARMADA  
DIPPED ITS  
WINGS TO  
GREET THE  
ESCORT FROM  
THE "ICE  
HOUSE". THE  
RENDEZVOUS  
HAD BEEN  
MADE!  
TURNING  
NORTHWARD,  
THE GIANT  
FORMATIONS  
ROARED TOWARD  
THEIR TARGETS.  
RUSSIA AND  
THE A-BOMB  
CENTERS IN  
THE URALS!



## WIN CASH PRIZES!

*This magazine was meant to shock you-- to wake up Americans to the dangers, the horror and utter futility of WAR! Write us--tell us how well we've succeeded, and the best letters will win valuable cash prizes!*



|                     |         |
|---------------------|---------|
| 1st PRIZE . . . . . | \$15.00 |
| 2nd PRIZE . . . . . | 5.00    |
| 3rd PRIZE . . . . . | 3.00    |
| 4th PRIZE . . . . . | 2.00    |



Follow these rules carefully! Letters to be no longer than 150 words; give your name, address, and age; tell us what other magazines you read regularly. The judges' decision will be final. Duplicate awards will be made in case of ties. All entries must be postmarked no later than November 1, 1952.

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"The bonds William and I bought for our country's defense helped build a house for us!"

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For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's  
who want to

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and  
FEEL YOUNGER**



**DOES** a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

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**POSTURE BAD?  
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN  
who can  
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**

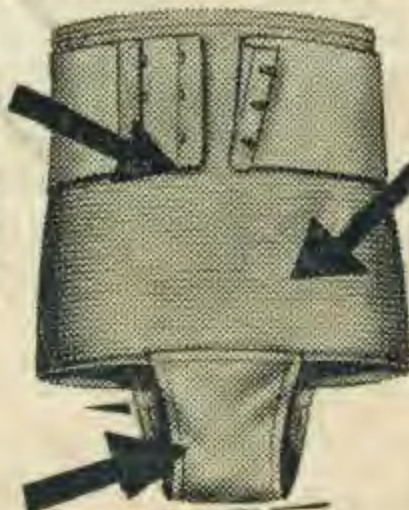
and then he got a  
"CHEVALIER"...



**YOU NEED A  
"CHEVALIER"!**

#### FRONT ADJUSTMENT

Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



#### TWO-WAY S-T-R-E-T-C-H WONDER CLOTH

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen; yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

#### DETACHABLE POUCH

Air-cooled! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!



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**FITS SNUG AT  
SMALL OF BACK**  
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**FREE** Extra Pouch. The Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

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**1.** You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



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(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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