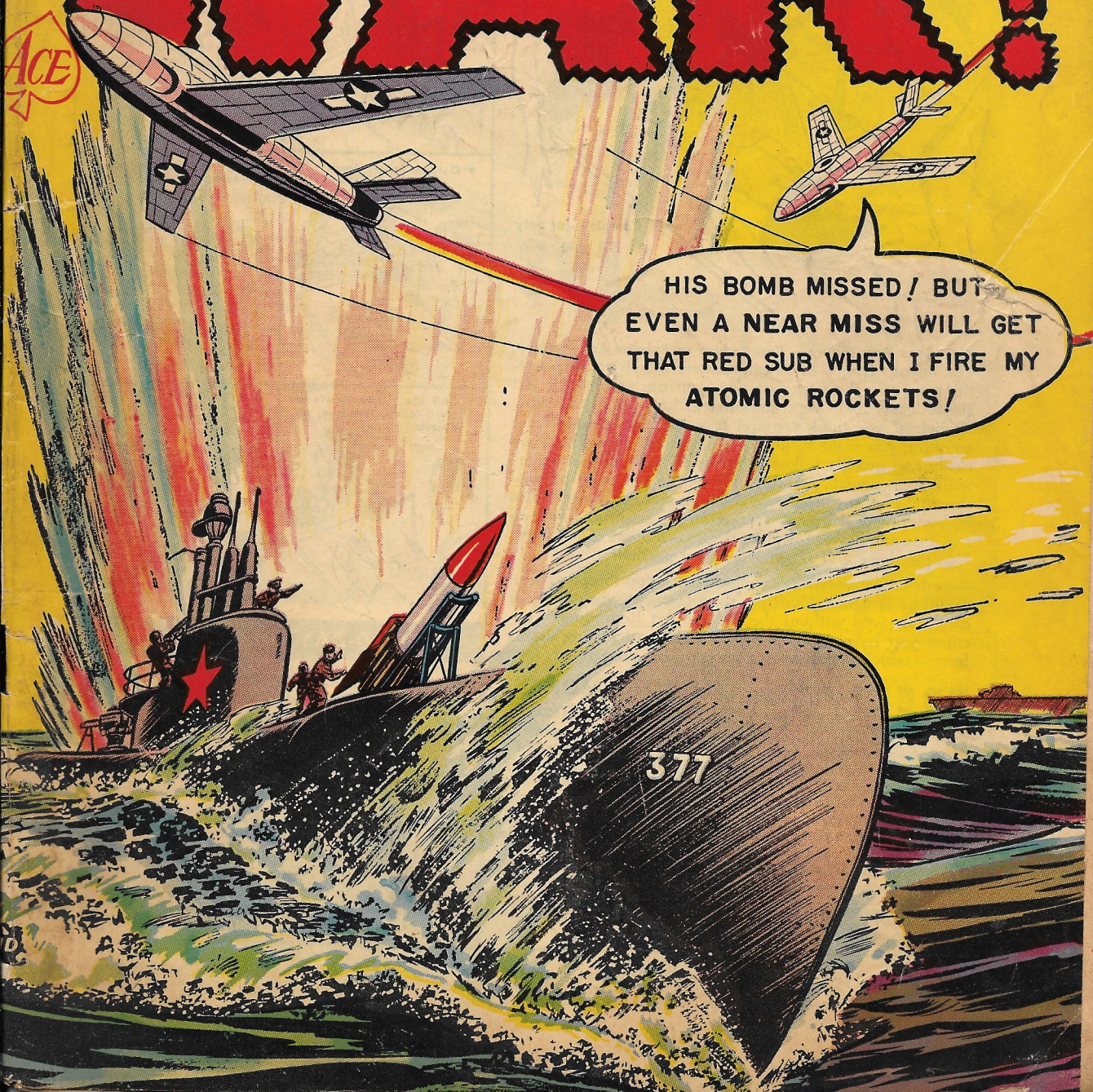


ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT

DEC.  
10c

# ATOMIC WAR!

ACE



HIS BOMB MISSED! BUT  
EVEN A NEAR MISS WILL GET  
THAT RED SUB WHEN I FIRE MY  
ATOMIC ROCKETS!

377

An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

# DRAW The First Day

NO LESSONS!  
NO TALENT!

You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—  
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THIS IS THE SECOND ISSUE OF ATOMIC WAR. THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK IS CLEAR. WE WANT EVERYONE--FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE--TO KNOW THE UTTER DEVASTATION THAT ANOTHER WAR WILL BRING TO ALL, THE JUST AS WELL AS THE UNJUST. WE HOPE THAT ALL WHO READ THIS MAGAZINE WILL THINK ABOUT THIS--AND PRAY THAT WHAT YOU SEE HERE WILL NEVER HAPPEN.

THE EDITORS

OPERATION

# VENGEANCE

HIGH ABOVE THE FROZEN, DESOLATE WASTES OF GREENLAND, A MIGHTY CRESCENDO OF SCREAMING JET ENGINES FUSED WITH THE ARCTIC BLASTS AS THE 619th HEAVY BOMBER GROUP SWEEPED TOWARD ITS RENDEZVOUS OVER CAPE JESSUP. THE ANSWER TO THE WANTON, DEVASTATING A-BOMB ATTACKS ON NEW YORK, DETROIT AND CHICAGO WAS UNDER WAY, A MISSION OF UNPARALLELED DANGER IN THE HISTORY OF AIR WARFARE, SO DARING IN SCOPE AS TO LABEL IT SUICIDAL. YET EVERY MAN, FROM PILOT TO GUNNER, HAD VOLUNTEERED IN FULL KNOWLEDGE THAT HE WAS GAMBLING HIS LIFE IN A TREMENDOUS GAME OF CHANCE. AND NO ONE KNEW THIS BETTER THAN COLONEL STEVE RANSHAW, THE GROUP COMMANDER, ABOARD THE LEAD BOMBER...

SLOANE, PARIS-- TIGHTEN YOUR FORMATIONS! WE'LL FLY CLOSE ALL THE WAY! AIR SPEED FOUR SEVENTY-FIVE UNTIL WE RENDEZVOUS!

ROGER, COLONEL! PULL 'EM IN, BOYS!

CAPTAIN SLOANE TO "C" SQUADRON/GET THOSE WINGTIPS PRACTICALLY SCRAPING!

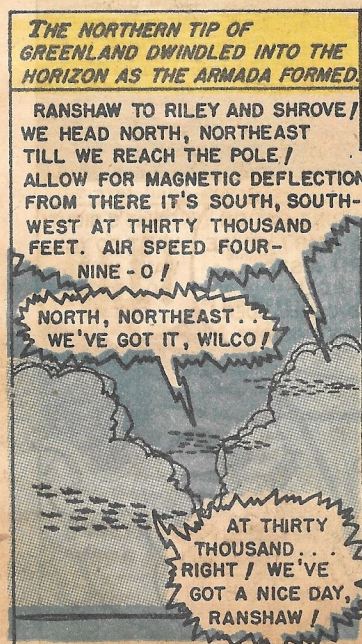
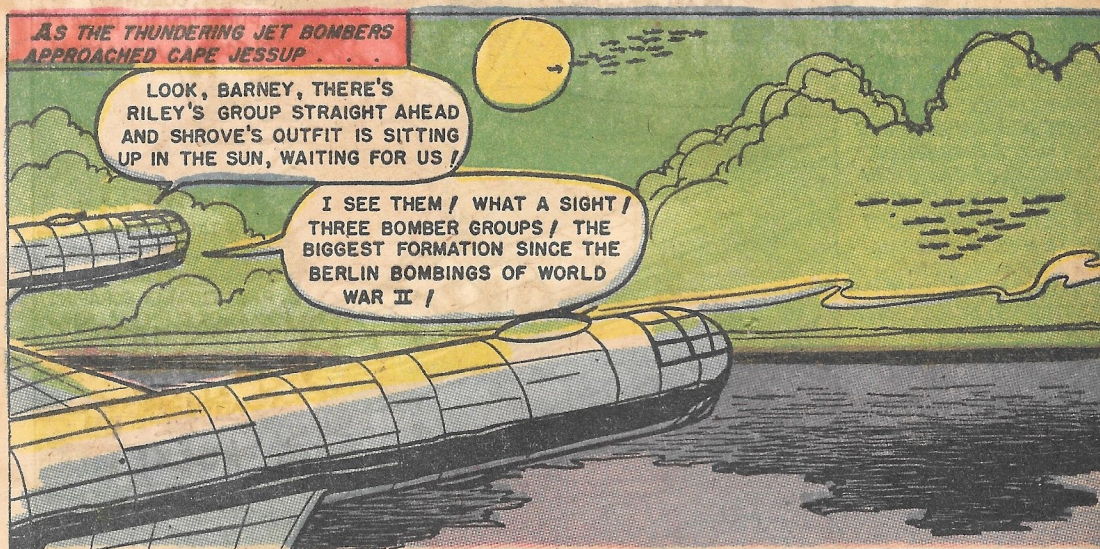
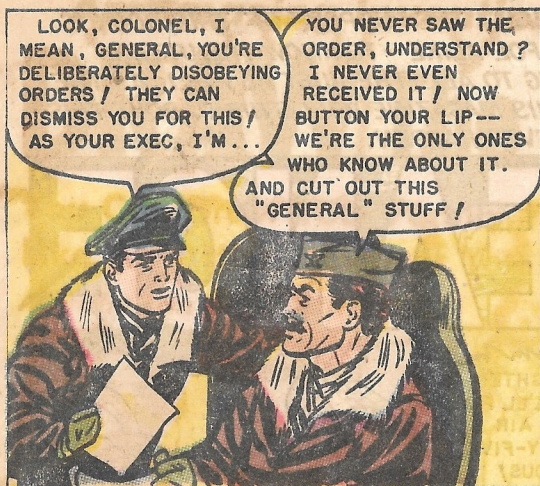
IN COLONEL RANSHAW'S PLANE, "THE 16LOO"...

YOU MISSED THIS, LOU! IT CAME IN TWO HOURS AGO BY COURIER!

LOOKS LIKE PENTAGON STUFF! ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

HEY, YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME! THEY GAVE YOU A STAR! YOU'RE A GENERAL NOW! WAIT A SEC... IT SAYS HERE YOU'VE BEEN DESIGNATED AS FIELD COMMANDER! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BE ON THIS MISSION!

THAT'S RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, BAIL OUT?



WHEN THE REDS OVERRAN  
POLAND IN 1945, THEY PUT  
MY WHOLE FAMILY AGAINST  
THE WALL AND KILLED 'EM.  
MY MOTHER AND I WERE  
THE ONLY ONES TO  
ESCAPE!

THEY STILL ARE  
KILLING PEOPLE, OR  
SENDING THEM TO  
CONCENTRATION  
CAMPS! DON'T WORRY,  
POVACK, YOU'LL GET  
YOUR CHANCE!



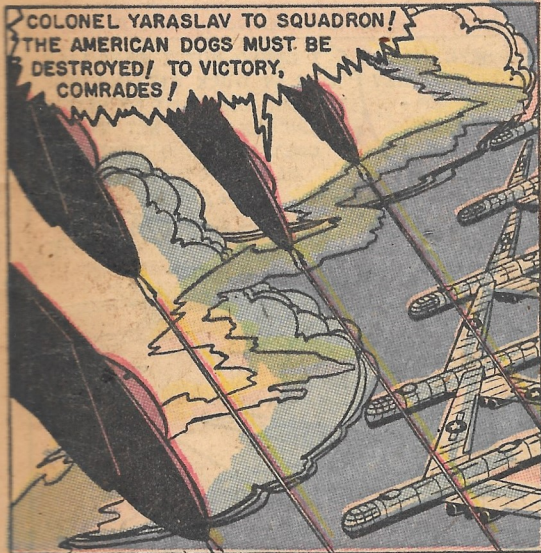
MOMENTS LATER, AS THE URALS CAME IN SIGHT...

ENEMY FIGHTERS  
COMING IN FAST  
AT TWELVE  
O'CLOCK!

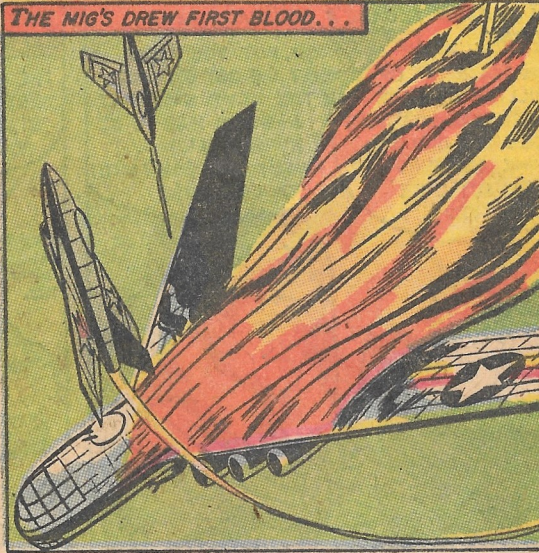
ATTENTION ALL GROUPS!  
TIGHTEN YOUR FORMATIONS!  
WE'VE MADE CONTACT WITH  
THE ENEMY!



COLONEL YARASLAV TO SQUADRON!  
THE AMERICAN DOGS MUST BE  
DESTROYED! TO VICTORY,  
COMRADES!



THE MIG'S DREW FIRST BLOOD...



GOOD WORK, PETROV! WE  
WILL TEACH THE SWINE  
A LESSON!

DA, NOW WE ATTACK  
THE SQUADRON  
LEADERS!

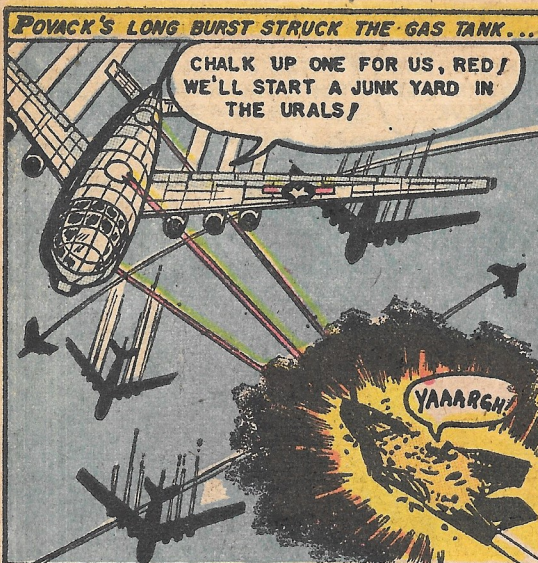


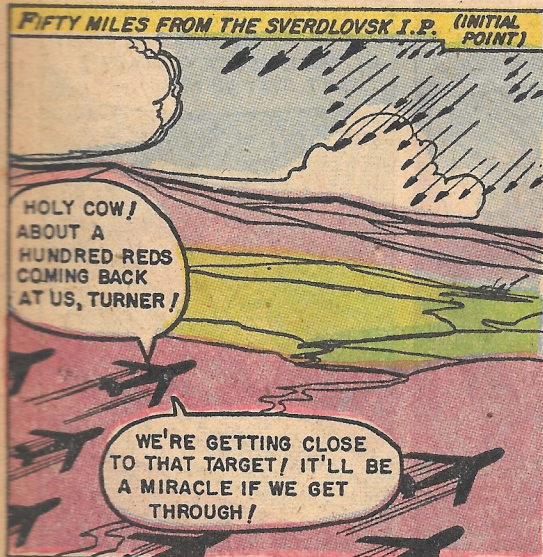
RANSHAW'S SHIP, THE IGLOO, WAS SAVAGELY  
ATTACKED...

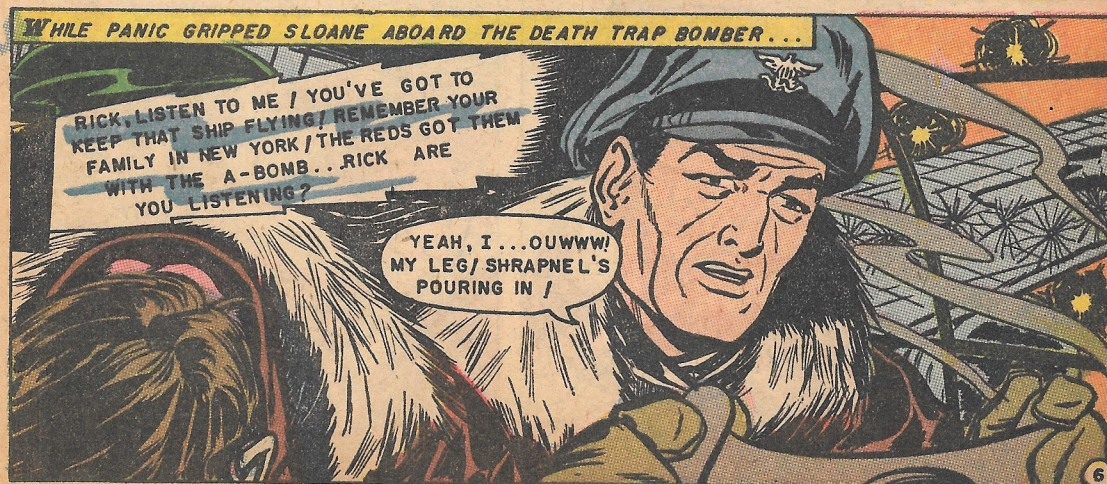
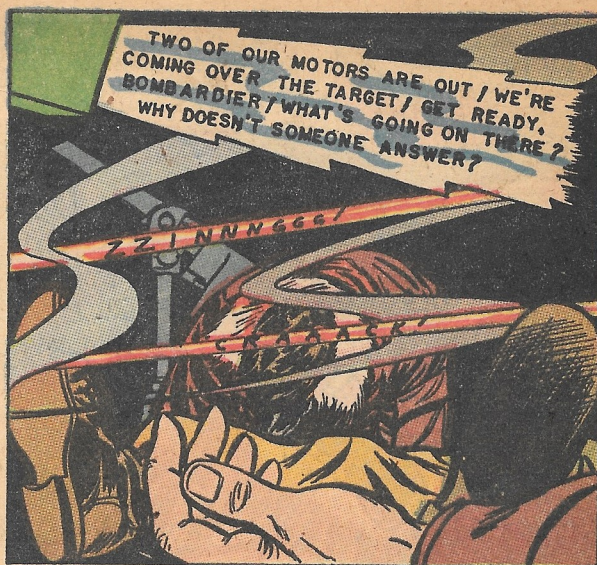
WOW, THEY'RE  
GIVING US THE  
BUSINESS!

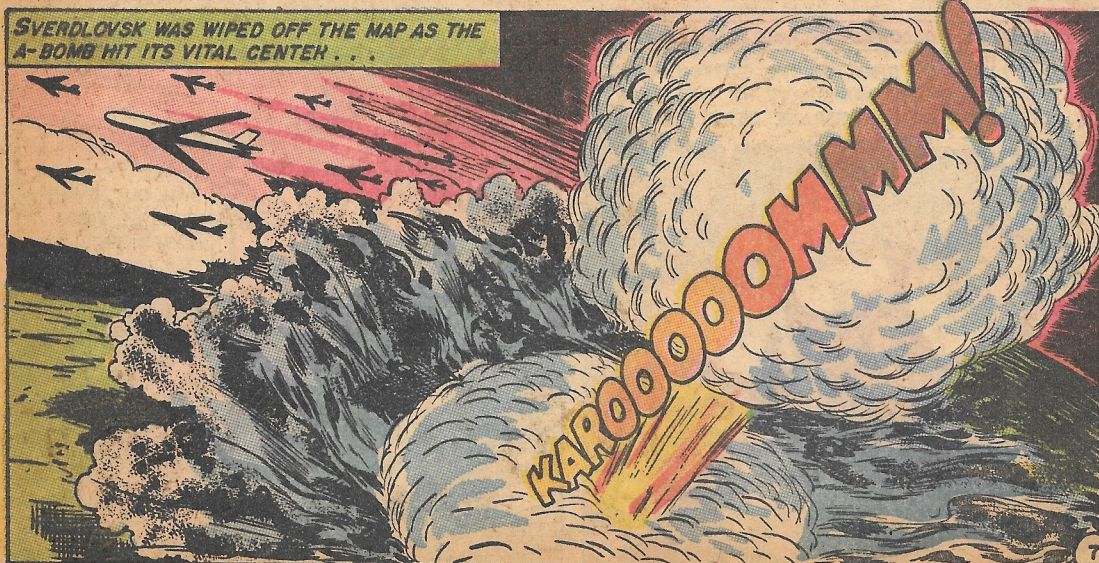
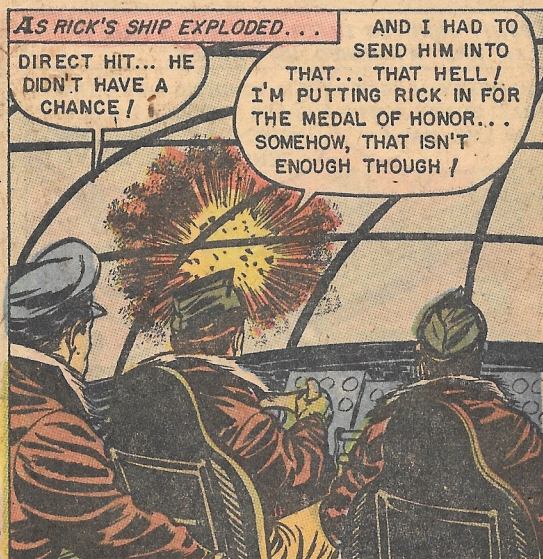
I'VE GOT ONE IN MY SIGHTS!  
HE'S HEADED RIGHT THIS WAY!











THE SHRUNKEN ARMADA ROARED ON TOWARD THE NEXT TARGET, CHELYABINSK, ANOTHER RED A-BOMB STORAGE DEPOT...

WE'VE LOST HALF OUR PLANES, STEVE, AND THE MIGS ARE COMING UP AGAIN!

WE CAN'T TURN AROUND AND GO HOME NOW / RANSHAW TO PARIS / YOUR TARGET COMES UP IN TWENTY MINUTES / GET SET!



ABOARD CAPTAIN SAM PARIS' PLANE...

THAT RANSHAW MUST BE A COLD-BLOODED FISH, SENDING US IN LIKE THIS WITHOUT COVER / WHEN I THINK OF RICK SLOANE...  
BRRRR!

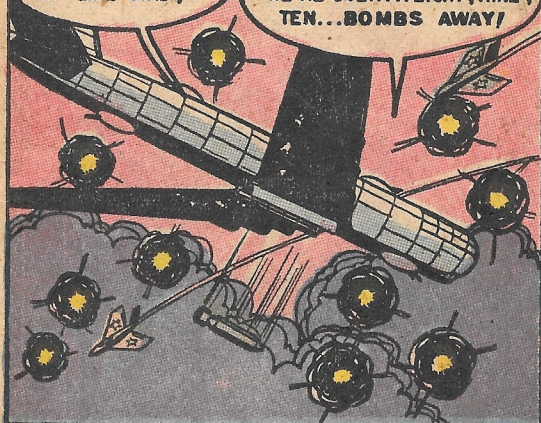
SHUT UP AND SET THAT AUTO-PILOT / RANSHAW'S DOING A JOB / HE CAN'T AFFORD TO GET SENTIMENTAL!



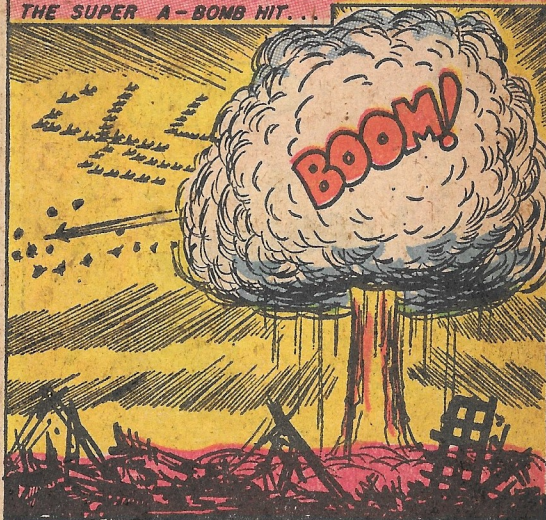
TWENTY MINUTES LATER... AFTER A HAIL OF FLAK AND A HUNDRED MIG PASSES...

YOU READY, HIGGINS? THAT FLAK'S COMING UP LIKE MAD!

I'M COUNTING NOW... TRYING TO SEE THROUGH THE FLAK... WE'RE OVER... EIGHT, NINE, TEN... BOMBS AWAY!



CHELYABINSK WAS LEFT A MOLTEN INFERNO AS THE SUPER A-BOMB HIT...



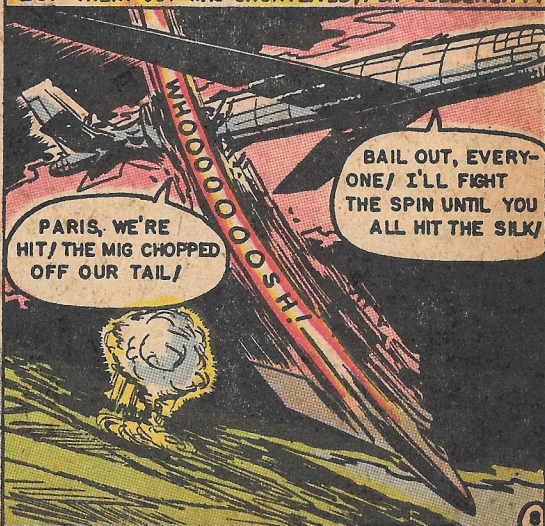
WILD ELATION FOLLOWED ABOARD PARIS' BOMBER...

WE DID IT / WE DID IT / WE REALLY CLOBBERED THEM!

RIGHT ON THE BUTTON, HIGGINS / WE MUST HAVE HIT THE MAIN STORAGE DEPOT!



BUT THEIR JOY WAS SHORTLIVED, FOR SUDDENLY...



PARIS, WE'RE HIT / THE MIG CHOPPED OFF OUR TAIL!

BAIL OUT, EVERYONE / I'LL FIGHT THE SPIN UNTIL YOU ALL HIT THE SILK!



**MIXED FEELINGS GREETED RANSHAW'S ANNOUNCEMENT...**

I THINK THE OLD MAN'S GONE NUTS / HOW CAN WE HOPE TO REACH MOSCOW WITH ONLY FIVE BOMBERS, HUH?

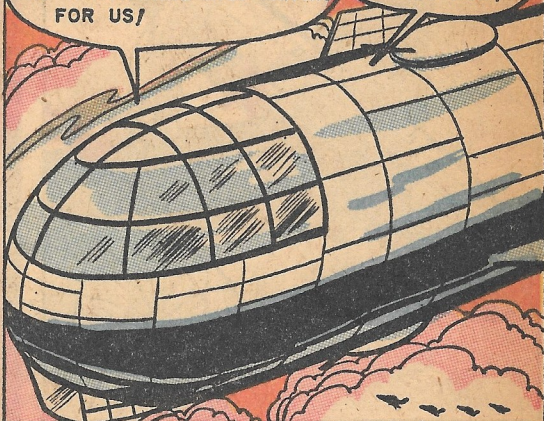
I DUNNO. IT SURE SOUNDS SCREWY, BUT SOMETIMES THE NERVIEST PLANS WORK OUT WHEN THE CAREFUL ONES FAIL!



**ON BOARD COLONEL RILEY'S SHIP, HOURS LATER...**

OF ALL THE HARE-BRAINED MISSIONS... MOSCOW / THEY MUST HAVE TEN THOUSAND GUNS AND A THOUSAND MIGS WAITING FOR US!

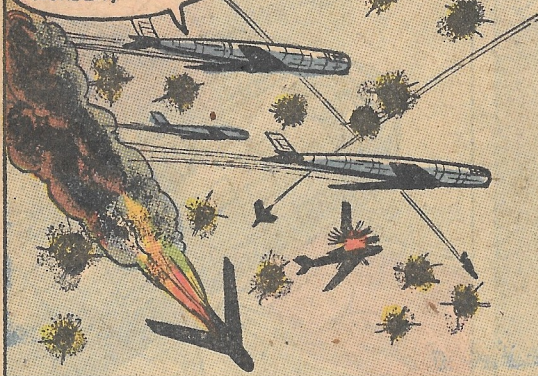
WE'RE AN HOUR AWAY / OH...OH... HERE COME THE MIGS NOW!



**A STORM OF CANNON AND ROCKET FIRE BURST OVER THE FIVE PLANES...**

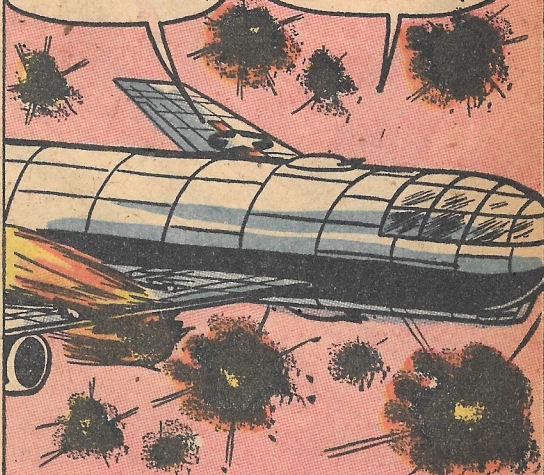
RILEY'S GOING DOWN IN FLAMES / THEY'VE RIPPED SHROVE'S WING OFF...IT'S PURE MURDER!

WE'RE ON THE I.P. / JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, HANG ON!



A ROCKET HIT ONE OF OUR MOTORS / WHY DON'T WE BAIL OUT!

LOFT...GET AWAY FROM THE CONTROLS / WE'RE GOING THROUGH!



I DON'T WANT TO DIE / WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT / I... OUWWWW!



WE'RE CARRYING THE BIGGEST PAYLOAD OF ALL / WE'LL HIT MOSCOW IF I HAVE TO-SIT ON THAT BOMB AND FLY IT DOWN MYSELF!

**RANSHAW PUT THE GIANT BOMBER INTO A SCREAMING DIVE...**

BOMBS AWAY!



SECONDS AFTER THE HUGE BOMB STRUCK THE  
CAPITAL CITY OF THE COMMUNIST WORLD...



WHAT KIND OF DEVILISH  
THING WERE WE  
CARRYING, RANSHAW?  
THAT WASN'T AN  
A-BOMB! IT... IT'S  
A HUNDRED TIMES  
MORE POWERFUL!

NO, IT WASN'T AN  
A-BOMB. WE DROPPED  
THE FIRST HYDROGEN  
BOMB EVER USED! THAT'S  
WHY THIS PLANE HAD TO  
GET THROUGH! NOW WE'RE  
HEADED FOR TURKEY  
AND SAFETY!

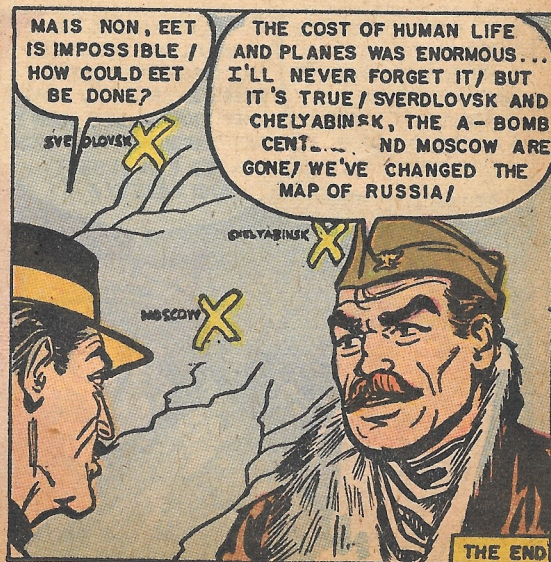
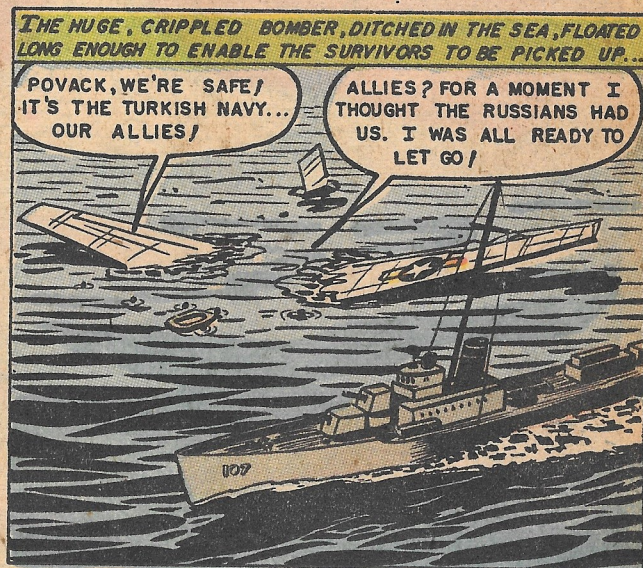
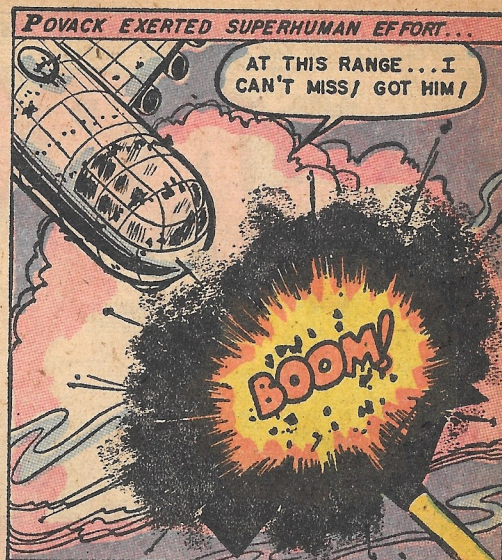


AS THE LONE BOMBER LIMPED TOWARD TURKEY...

EVERYTHING IS  
SMASHED BACK  
THERE, SIR! MY  
GUNS ARE OUT!  
IS THERE ANY WAY  
I CAN HELP?

OUR FRONT TURRET IS  
RIPPED OPEN AND THE GUNNER  
IS DEAD. SEE WHAT YOU CAN  
DO UP THERE! ONE MIG IS  
STILL TRYING TO MAKE  
A KILL!

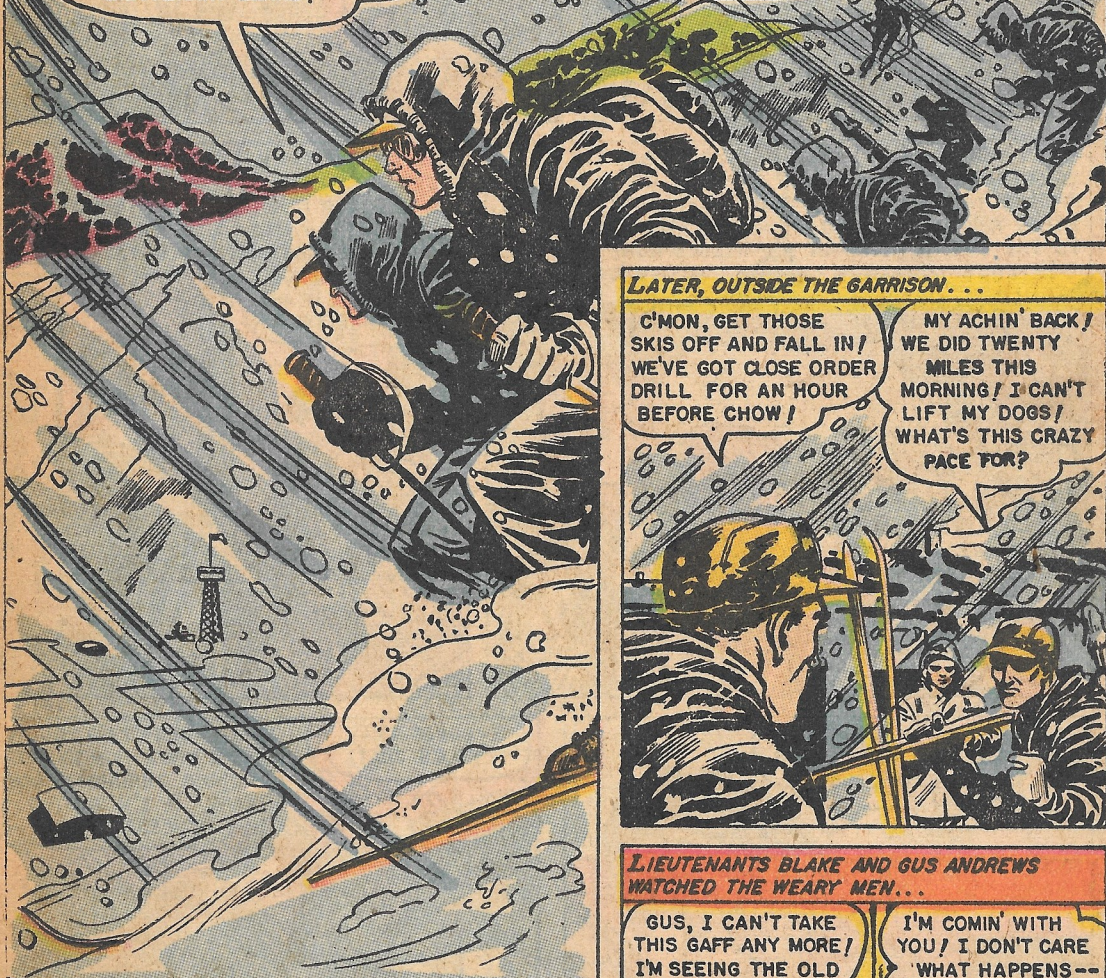




# The ICE-BOX INVASION

EVERY DAY FOR THREE WEEKS NOW WE'VE BEEN MUSHING THROUGH THESE BLIZZARDS! THE MEN ARE CRACKING UNDER THE STRAIN! WHAT'S COLONEL MCCOBB DRIVING US SO HARD FOR, LIEUTENANT BLAKE?

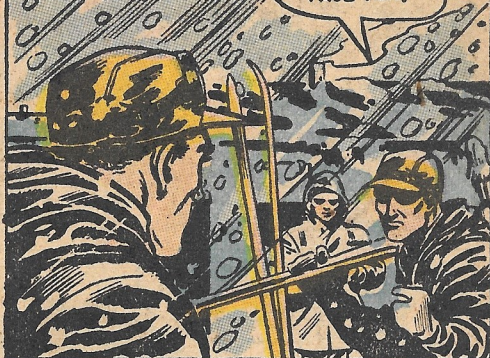
I DUNNO, SERGEANT. HE SAYS HE'S TOUGHENING US UP! BUT I'M GOOD AND FED UP! I WANNA GET OUT OF THIS ICEBOX BEFORE I LOSE MY MIND!



LATER, OUTSIDE THE GARRISON...

C'MON, GET THOSE SKIS OFF AND FALL IN! WE'VE GOT CLOSE ORDER DRILL FOR AN HOUR BEFORE CHOW!

MY ACHIN' BACK! WE DID TWENTY MILES THIS MORNING! I CAN'T LIFT MY DOGS! WHAT'S THIS CRAZY PACE FOR?



LIEUTENANTS BLAKE AND GUS ANDREWS WATCHED THE WEARY MEN...

GUS, I CAN'T TAKE THIS GAFF ANY MORE! I'M SEEING THE OLD MAN ABOUT A TRANSFER!

I'M COMIN' WITH YOU! I DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS-- ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS DEEP FREEZE!



OF ALL THE FAR-FLUNG OUTPOSTS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES, ALASKA WAS THE ROUGHEST. BLEAK, LONELY, RIPPED BY BLIZZARDS AND FROZEN BY SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURES, ITS NICKNAME--"THE ICEBOX"--GIVEN IT BY THE G. I.'S STATIONED THERE, WAS WELL DESERVED. AT A STRATEGIC ARMY BASE AND JET FIGHTER FIELD NEAR SEWARD, THE SEVENTY-THIRD MOUNTAIN REGIMENT WAS ON A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ALERT SINCE THE SNEAK ATTACK ON AMERICAN CITIES. COLONEL PAUL MCCOBB PUSHED HIS MEN TO THE LIMIT, READYING THEM FOR ANY EMERGENCY.

AT HEADQUARTERS. ...  
YEAH, WHAT'S IT NOW?  
MORE FROZEN FEET AND  
COLDS? I TOLD YOU,  
NOBODY'S EXCUSED!



NOT THIS TIME,  
COLONEL! WE CAME  
TO REQUEST  
TRANSFERS!

YEAH? GO ON, I'M  
LISTENING-- WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
'EM FOR?

WE WANT TO GET OFF THE ICE!  
WE'VE BEEN IN DEEP FREEZE  
FOR TWENTY-TWO MONTHS.  
WE DON'T FEEL HUMAN  
ANYMORE!



DON'T YOU REALIZE HOW  
IMPORTANT THIS OUTPOST  
IS? IT'S THE KEY TO THE  
ALCAN HIGHWAY AND VITAL  
TO THE ENTIRE ALASKAN  
DEFENSE COMMAND!



I DON'T BELIEVE THE  
RUSSIANS WOULD WASTE A  
MAN TAKING IT! WE'D LIKE  
TO GO WHERE WE'D BE  
NEEDED MORE, TO A MORE  
ACTIVE OUTFIT!

HOW DO YOU THINK  
I FEEL? I'VE HAD  
THIS COMMAND FOR  
THREE YEARS--JUST  
WAITING FOR SOMETHING  
TO HAPPEN. DO YOU  
THINK I LIKE IT ANY  
MORE THAN YOU!



WE'LL GO ANYWHERE,  
COLONEL! WE'RE NOT  
TRYING TO DUCK ACTION.  
WE JUST WANT  
OUT!



NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU'LL  
STAY HERE JUST AS LONG AS  
THIS OUTFIT DOES! NOW  
GET OUT!

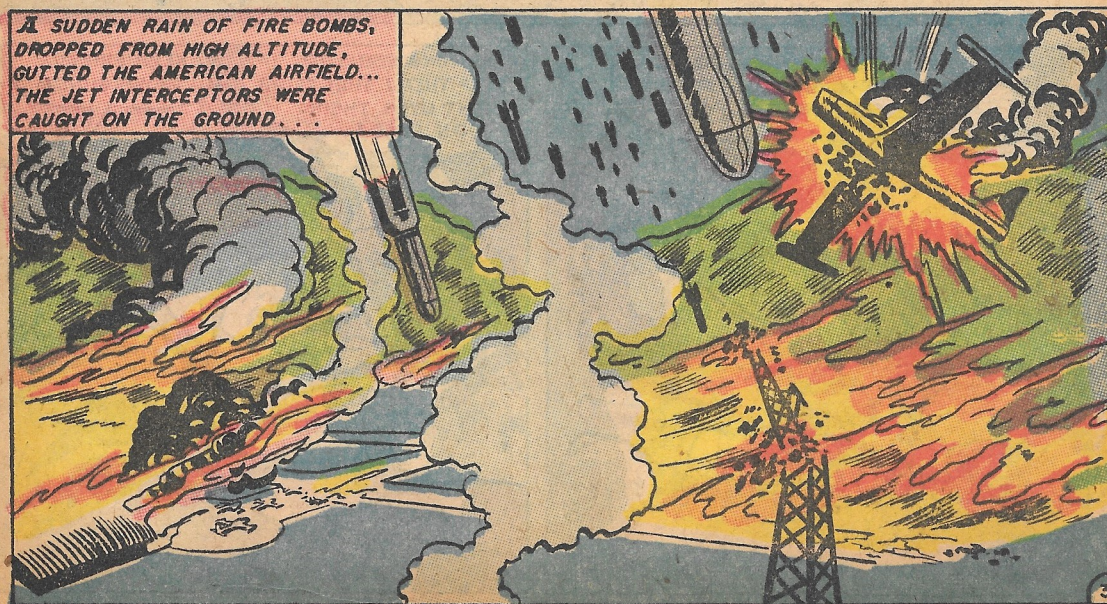
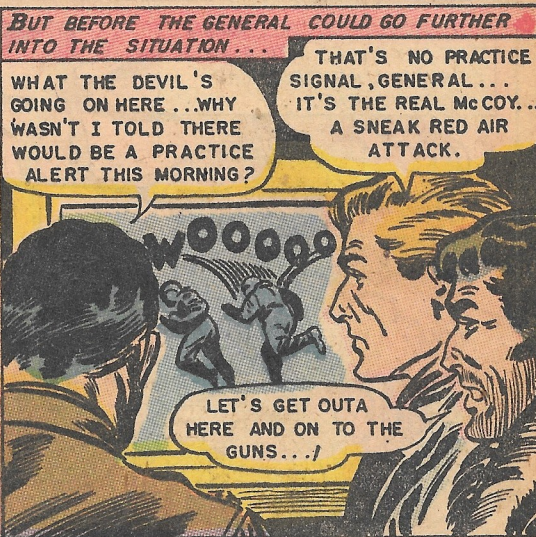
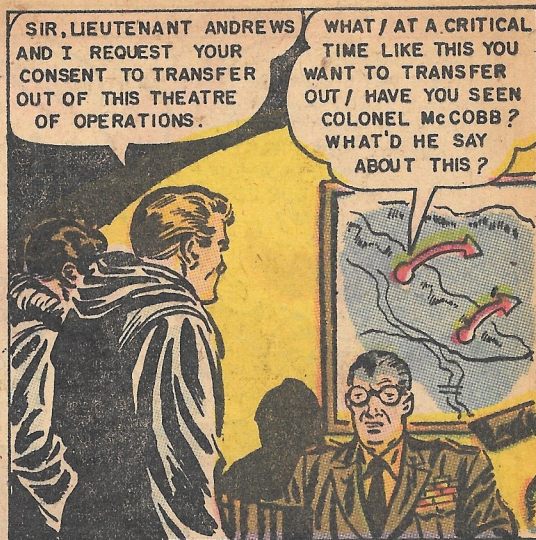
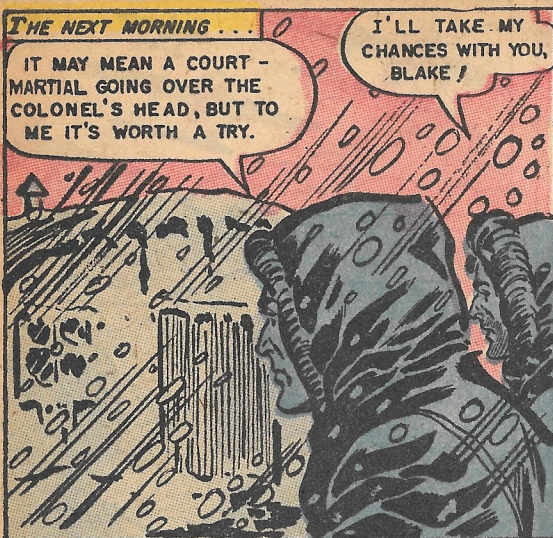


I GUESS THAT  
SETTLES THAT!



NO IT DOESN'T! IF YOU'RE  
GAME, I KNOW HOW TO SEE  
THIS THING THROUGH! I DON'T  
CARE IF I'M BUSTED.  
NOW LISTEN ...





MOMENTS AFTER THE INITIAL RAID...

KEEP BLASTING!  
THERE'S MORE COMING...  
A WHOLE FLEET  
OF 'EM!

THE FIELD'S  
A COMPLETE WRECK!  
NONE OF OUR JETS  
GOT OFF!

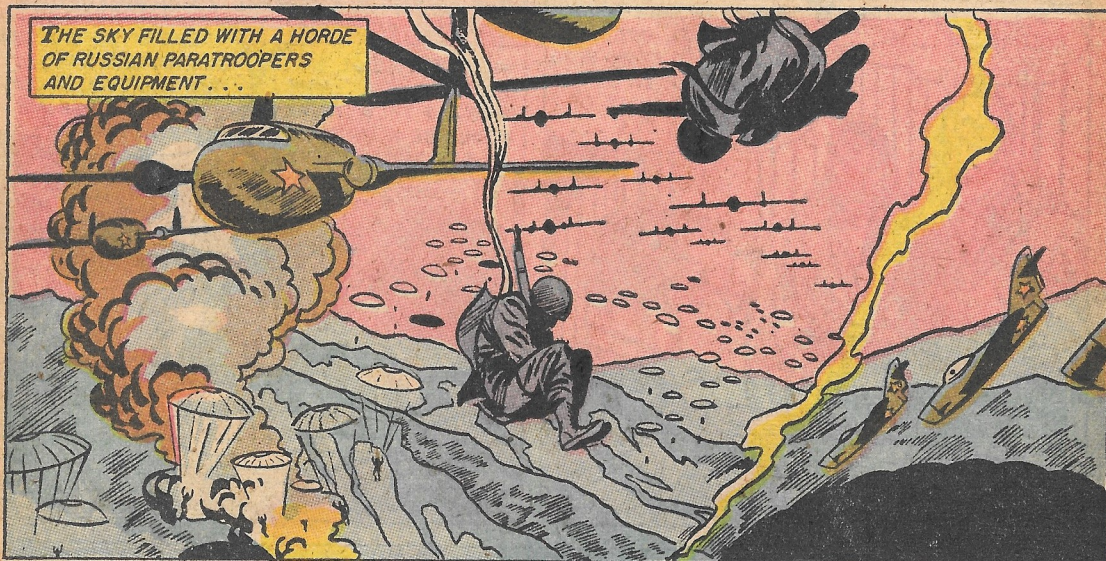
WHAM!



THOSE BIG PLANES  
AREN'T BOMBERS!

THEY'RE TROOP  
CARRIERS!

THE SKY FILLED WITH A HORDE  
OF RUSSIAN PARATROOPERS  
AND EQUIPMENT...



FIRE POINT BLANK--RANGE ZERO/  
LOAD ATOMIC SHELLS! NOTHIN'  
ELSE'LL HOLD 'EM OFF!



NOTHING SEEMS TO  
STOP THEM! THEY CLIMB  
RIGHT OVER THEIR  
OWN DEAD!

KEEP FIRING  
THOSE GUNS!



**SUDDENLY, A FLIGHT OF RED JET FIGHTERS FLASHED DOWN AND STRAFED THE BATTERIES.**



BLAKE -- THEY  
WIPED OUT MY ENTIRE  
BATTERY! WE'RE THE  
ONLY TWO THAT  
GOT AWAY!

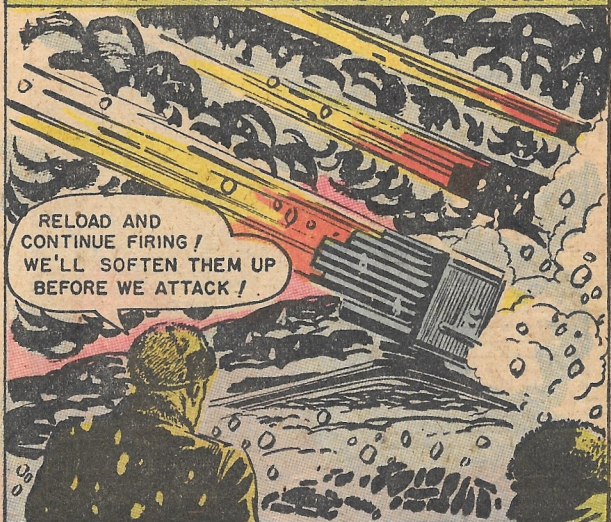
C'MON WITH ME!  
WE'LL TRY TO STOP  
THEM FROM HERE!



**THE REDS SWUNG MULTIPLE ROCKET  
LAUNCHERS INTO ACTION.**



**A HUNDRED ROCKETS SPLIT THE AIR IN A SINGLE ROAR.**



**IN THE DEFENSE DUGOUT, AS THE ROCKETS  
SCREAMED OVER.**

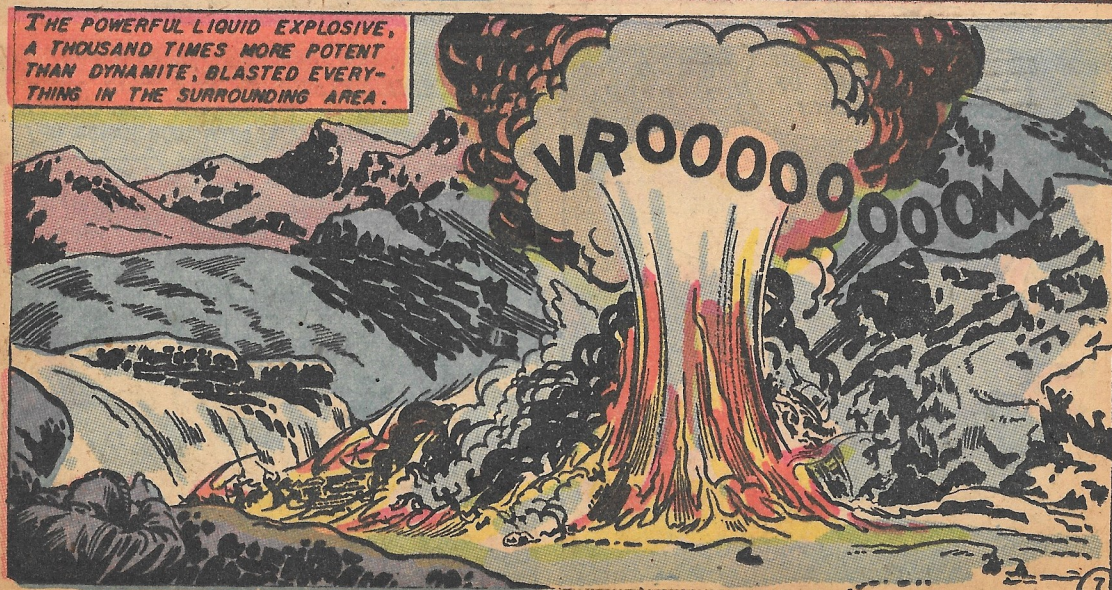


COLONEL!  
WHAT'RE YOU DOING  
UP FRONT HERE?

I CAME FORWARD TO  
GET A QUICK LOOK-SEE  
ON OUR DEFENSES!  
YOU GUYS WANNA  
COMPLAIN ABOUT LACK  
OF ACTION NOW?









A FEW MINUTES LATER... WITH COLONEL McCOBB...

O.K., THEY'RE MY MEN! BLAKE, MY FIELDGLASSES AREN'T LYING, ARE THEY? I SAW A WHOLE DIVISION ON THE MOVE!

AND THEN SOME! HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO HOLD THE ROAD AGAINST THAT? WHEN ARE THOSE \*1800 REINFORCEMENTS GETTING HERE!



FEAST YOUR EYES ON THAT STUFF COMING THIS WAY! IT'S THE ALCAN ARMORED!

WOW! AM I GLAD TO SEE THEM!



SUDDENLY...

OH, NO! THOSE DIRTY COMMIES! THEY'RE GOING TO CLOBBER THE RELIEF COLUMN!

TAKE IT EASY, BLAKE, WE HAVE A LITTLE AIR POWER TOO!



MOMENTS LATER...

HERE COME OUR FLY BOYS! LOOK AT 'EM DRIVE THOSE COMMIES BACK TO SIBERIA!

YEOWW! THEY KNOW WHEN THEY ARE BEATEN!



WE'RE GOING BACK NOW! WE'RE GONNA DUMP THOSE REDS RIGHT INTO THE ARCTIC OCEAN!

YEAH, WHEN THEY RAIDED OUR ICEBOX, THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT HAD A BEAR TRAP IN IT!



YOU FELLOWS DID A GREAT JOB! NOW, HOW ABOUT THOSE TRANSFERS TO AN ACTIVE OUTFIT?

WHY... I... COLONEL, THOSE TRANSFERS SURE CAME THROUGH MIGHTY FAST!



THE END

# THE SPY FROM CONEY ISLAND!

"This is it!" Murphy yelled. There had been a loud crack, and flames spurted along the wings of our Atomizer, the first atom-power plane to be flown in the 3rd World War.

Below there was a vast expanse of snow, desolate and deserted, as only Russian Siberia can be. At least we thought it was deserted, as we made our routine flight, patrolling from Alaska to the very northern tip of Russia.

There were two men in the plane beside myself—Murphy and Jones. The three of us ran toward the plane door and pushed the lever, the door swung open, we leaped into the frigid air. It wasn't a moment too soon. The ship exploded and fell past us in tiny fragments. Despite the cold, I was drenched in sweat.

Directly below us were a clump of trees. They were our only hope. Somewhere in this lost world was a sniper, just waiting for us to fall at his feet.

Thank God for the new parachutes that could be directed in all weathers and atmospheres, in icy, northern blasts or tropical, windless heat. We landed almost on top of one another, and spurted for the trees. A bullet struck my helmet with a *poing*, and with such force that I almost fell to my knees as the helmet fell off and rolled before me.

The other men's helmets joined mine. The astonishment on our faces might have been funny, if the situation hadn't been so serious. We dove simultaneously into the same clump of prickly bushes.

For a moment all we could do was lie in the snow and gasp. I closed my eyes to overcome the dizziness. When I opened them again, I almost believed that I was dead. I saw two shapely legs, and as I followed them upwards, a woman's figure, and then what I thought was the most beautiful face I had ever seen! Under the fur-lined parka, black hair encircled a perfect face. Black eyes, cold and calculating, stared back at me, but what I didn't like was the gun she held in her steady hands.

"Americans?" The tone was crisp.

It was obvious, I thought, that we were. We wore the regulation green jet suits of the U. S. Airforce.

Our captor's English was almost perfect, except for the trace of an accent. Somewhere I had heard that accent before. But *where*?

"Get up and follow me." Two rough looking Russian soldiers joined her. She waved the gun imperiously.

We tramped through the snow, toward a small ice-covered chateau. We saw the long barrels of huge, atom-powered guns glinting behind the balustrade. I shivered—as I thought of what a nervous trigger finger could do with those guns.

I was glad when we finally entered single file through the gate and into the building itself. I can't say we were exactly ushered into a large drawing room. Rather, we were pushed with the muzzles of the Russians' jet guns. We did not argue with them.

We entered a room of the period of 1940 or '50. Tall, stolid Russians stood all around it, protecting a man who sat at a long refractory table.

"Here they are, comrade. Spies, caught flying over Russian territory, trying to learn the secrets of the Soviet." The girl's voice still held that familiar accent.

"They will never do that again, I'm afraid." The stolid Russian behind the desk, smiled slightly, but the smile made me feel cold in the pit of my stomach. "Let us find out what they wanted to see. Perhaps we can give them a sight-seeing tour. You've done well, Comrade. The Kremlin will be very happy."

My blood began to roar in my ears. This was the enemy. I hated them with the same ferocity that I knew the other two men did. But we wouldn't let them try anything without a good old Irish fight.

I began to hum. It was a signal to Murphy and Jones. Simultaneously, we separated, swinging around to face the guards. It was an old football trick, but it worked. Our tackles knocked down three of the Russians before they could get out their guns.

I let out a whoop and swung. I didn't have time to see what was happening to my buddies. All I wanted suddenly was to strike at that face across the desk. That face! Where had I seen it before? The fury at being unable to remember aroused such power in my swing that with one blow I sent the Russian spinning to the floor. Blood flowed from his mouth.

Then, stars fled across my eyes and blackness crushed down on me. I heard Murphy give a yell, before I went out. . .

It was someplace very dark where I awoke. Beside me, on the cold stone floor, sprawled Murphy and Jones. They grinned at me sheepishly.

"This is one heck of a show, ain't it?" Murphy croaked. "A dame gets hold of us, and here we are in a Russian clink. Tomorrow it's probably the firing squad."

"Yeah! Finnigan, what's the score now?" Jones groaned as he held his aching head.

I didn't know what the score was. But I did know it wasn't good. Meanwhile there was something bothering me in the back of my addled head.

Suddenly, there was a sound outside the iron door. A key scraped in the lock. A tall figure, clothed in

the inevitable parka of the frozen Siberian wastes, appeared and beckoned.

"Come. The master wants to see you."

"Nuts to your master. If he wants us, tell him to come and get us!" Murphy's brogue was becoming stronger. I could tell that he was *really* mad.

Three guards answered the piercing whistle. Strong, ironlike fingers gripped our arms and we left the floor abruptly, not through our own will. We were marched roughly through what seemed like miles of cold stone corridors. Then, abruptly, we were out in the bitter icy winds. It was pitch black outside. My teeth began to chatter.

Murphy and Jones limped beside me. "They don't even wait until morning to shoot you!"

Then, only the single tall figure remained. The three guards had left, but I knew they were lurking somewhere nearby, ready to clout us if we tried anything.

We were led into a small hut. Two people stood talking before the fire. Both of them carried guns. I stared. One of them was the girl. She was still beautiful to me, even though she was the enemy. The man I had hit was beside her. A beauty of a mouse had puffed up his eye. I'd done *that*, at least!

The two of them waved simultaneously to the tall figure, indicating that he should leave and wait outside.

"Now, sirs, I'm afraid this will be a most unpleasant duty. Of course, you know, we'll have to kill you. Spies . . . what unpleasant people to deal with . . . so very tricky. You there, with the red hair. You recognized me, didn't you?"

I snarled a "yes" back at this arrogant Russian. As for the girl . . . she just laughed. That laugh! That did it. I lunged once again toward the man. The girl I wouldn't touch, but that man!

The gun came up in his hands and I felt the sharp twing of pain as the bullet grazed my arm. I stepped back under the impact dizzily.

"Stop it, Finnigan. It won't do any good. Don't worry, it may be taps for us, but don't forget that these two . . . two so-and-sos will get theirs too." Murphy spoke quietly.

Then we heard the sound of a plane landing outside. It was coming in on the snow in the field alongside the hut. Moments later, the rapping of knuckles sounded on the door.

"Come in, comrade."

A tall, burly-looking man entered. He was the plane's pilot.

The Russian kept on speaking. "Here are the three men you are to take in the plane. You know where to go." He turned toward us, bowing. "You see, gentlemen, we have no facilities for taking care of spies here. You will be sent elsewhere. This place is an administrative post, not a firing squad. You will go with him."

He turned to the pilot again. "Thank you, comrade for this help."

The pilot only grunted. He waved his gun in our direction. We knew that outside the three guards were waiting. We hesitated no longer. My head still ached from their agile blackjacks.

We followed the pilot out the door. A long, sleek plane sat on a runway of ice in the snow. The official who had questioned us followed, and as we boarded the plane he handed the pilot a long envelope.

"Here are your orders, Comrade. Be sure to follow them carefully."

There were two guards inside the plane, which was a transport ship for carrying troops. They also carried guns. The guard on my left took the envelope from the pilot and nodded to him.

"We'll handle these kids okay, Butch!"

Murphy, Jones and I stared. That was *American* gab!

As the plane took off and turned north, an envelope was handed to me, a long fat envelope. I tore it open. Inside was another envelope and various papers. On the other envelope was scribbled, "For the tough red-headed guy."

I started to read it aloud. "To three Americans: Please deliver these papers to the Pentagon in Washington. I know you're puzzled, but you'll understand why this is all so secretive. You are being flown to Washington, D. C. right now. These papers contain valuable bombing military secrets. Do not read them, just follow the man who'll meet you at the plane. And, incidentally, red-head, my father and I want you to stop off when you get back to New York and go to Coney Island. That accent you heard when I was talking was just pure Brooklynese. When you get to Coney Island you'll meet people who'll explain all this to you."

The note was signed, "Brooklyn and her Dad."

An icy chill ran up and down my spine. I didn't have to go to Coney Island. I remembered the man now. He was a valuable American spy. We had been briefed to help him. And his daughter . . . she and her dad had run a shooting gallery on the boardwalk. No wonder our helmets flew off when she toted that gun!

Murphy and Jones looked limp. I put my head on my hand. I'd be at Coney Island all right. I'd wait there forever. The pilot looked back and grinned at me.

"It's okay now, boys. We're over the Bering Straights. When I leave you off at Washington, I'm coming back for the prof and his gal. She'll be in Washington before you know it."

I looked out the window and waved my hand toward the south.

"So long, Brooklyn. I'll be waiting for you at the ferris wheel!"

# Mission DEMOLITION

IN EUROPE, THE RED ARMIES HAD ROLLED TO THE RHINE, SWEEPING BEFORE THEM A WEAK, DISORGANIZED UN. FORCE. ALL THAT STOOD BETWEEN THEM AND THE DRIVE TO THE ATLANTIC WAS THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER. A FEW DAYS LATER, THE RUSSIAN FORCES MOMENTARILY STOPPED, THEN REGROUPED AND RENEUED THE ASSAULT, ATTEMPTING TO GAIN A TOEHOLD IN WESTERN EUROPE AND BEGIN THE FINAL MARCH TO THE SEA...

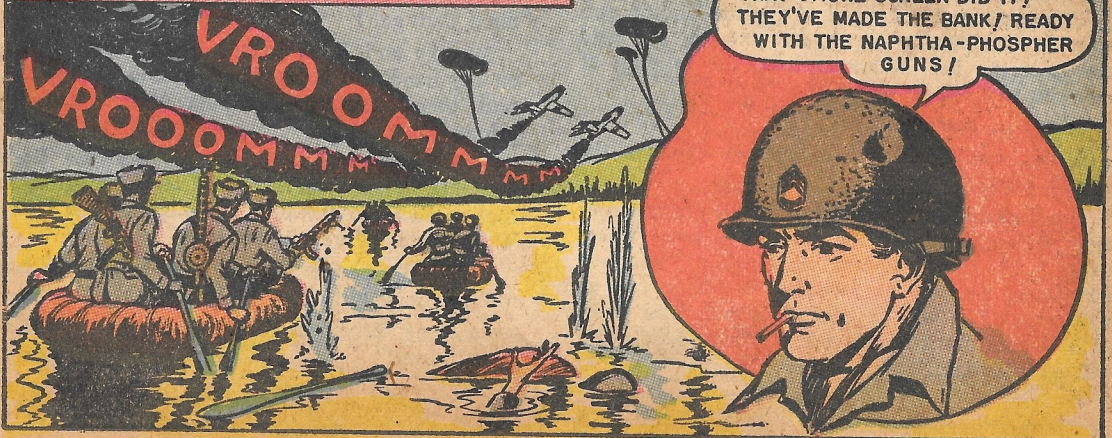
JEFF, 'WE'VE GOT A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE REDS' NEW PUSH! THEY'RE THROWING EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT INTO THIS!

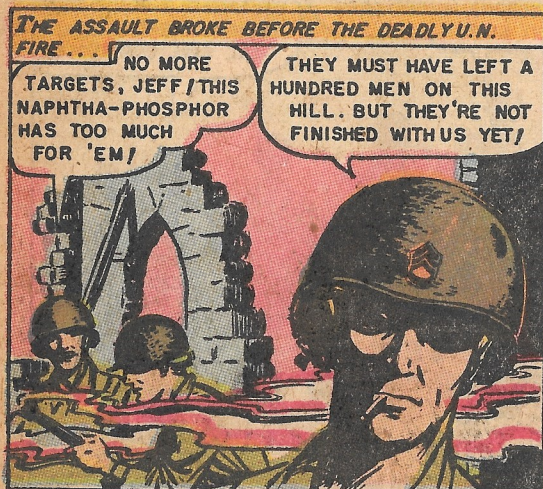
IF THEY MAKE THE BANK, THEY'LL HAVE BRIDGES ACROSS IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM ESTABLISHING A BRIDGEHEAD ON THIS SIDE!



UNDER COVER OF AN IMMENSE, BLACK SMOKE SCREEN...

THAT SMOKE SCREEN DID IT! THEY'VE MADE THE BANK! READY WITH THE NAPHTHA-PHOSPHER GUNS!





DESPITE THE BLASTING FIRE, THE REDS SENSED THE WEAKNESS OF THE U.N. POSITION AND ATTACKED THE CASTLE AGAIN.



WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN SHOOTERS AGAINST THE STUFF THEY'VE GOT / KISS THIS PLACE GOOD-BYE.

WE CAN'T-- THEY'RE COMING FROM ALL SIDES! GOTTA STAY DUG IN!



AS THE REDS BROKE THROUGH, THE CASTLE'S DEFENDERS CREPT DEEPER INTO THE RUINS...



THIS LOOKS LIKE AN OLD DUNGEON / WHERE DOES IT GO?

STOPS RIGHT AT THIS WALL / BUT I FOUND SOMETHING YESTERDAY THAT WILL SAVE OUR NECKS!



WOW, LOOKS LIKE AN EDGAR ALLAN POE STORYSCENE / WHERE'S THIS PASSAGE LEAD TO?

GOES ABOUT A MILE WEST--LEADS TOWARDS OUR OWN LINES. LET'S BLOW / I CAN HEAR THOSE RUSSKY BOOTS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS!



JUST A LITTLE FURTHER AND WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE!

I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BEHIND US. GUESS THE REDS HAVEN'T FOUND THE SECRET DOOR.



OKAY, IVAN / SMOOTH THAT GRASS OUT / WE'LL TAKE TEN AND THEN HEAD FOR THE DIVISION C.P.

THAT CRUMBLY PASSAGE SAVED OUR LIVES / I WONDER HOW MANY OTHER GUYS MADE OUT AS WELL?



**THE G. I.'S REACHED THE  
COMMAND POST...**

I THOUGHT I WAS  
SEEING GHOSTS /  
HOW THE DEVIL  
DID YOU GET  
OUT OF THAT  
CASTLE,  
RAINSFORD?

WE PULLED  
A FAST SNEAK,  
SIR / HOW'S  
THE SITUATION,  
CAPTAIN?



BAD / IT COULDN'T BE WORSE /  
THE REDS ARE WORKING LIKE  
BEAVERS PUTTING BRIDGES ACROSS.  
IF WE DON'T STOP THEM NOW, IT'LL  
BE ANOTHER DUNKIRK /



GENERAL BANKS SAID HE  
NEEDED YOU MEN DESPERATELY  
...IF YOU WERE STILL ALIVE.  
SOMETHING BIG IS COOKING /



WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE  
YOU, SERGEANT / WE ALMOST  
GAVE UP HOPE FOR YOU  
AND YOUR SQUAD!

WE'VE HAD LUCK,  
GENERAL, BUT IT'S  
BEGINNING TO RUN THIN!



**GENERAL BANKS QUICKLY OUTLINED THE MISSION...**

MAJOR DORP AND LT. WEXLER  
ARE MEMBERS OF THE O.S.S.  
THEY MUST GET ACROSS THE  
RHINE TOMORROW NIGHT!

OUR CONTACTS ON THE  
OTHER SIDE CAN HELP  
CRIPPLE THE RUSSIAN  
OFFENSIVE. WE ALSO  
HAVE A PLAN OF OUR  
OWN.

YOUR SQUAD WAS THE  
LAST ONE TO LEAVE RED  
TERRITORY. YOU KNOW  
THE TERRAIN WELL / WILL  
YOU ACT AS SCOUTS?

YES, SIR /  
JUST TELL US  
WHERE YOU  
WANT TO GO!





THE NEXT EVENING, THE PATROL LEFT THE C.P...



THE CASTLE WAS REACHED WITHOUT INCIDENT...



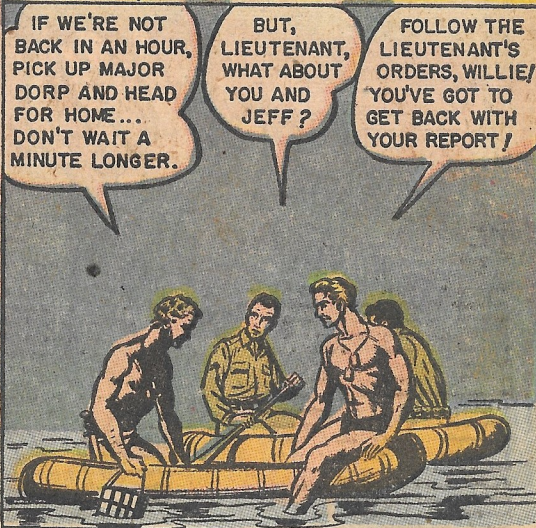
**R.S.S. MAJOR DORP, IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO THE NEAREST TOWN.**



**MOMENTS LATER, IN AN ABANDONED SCHOOL CELLAR.**

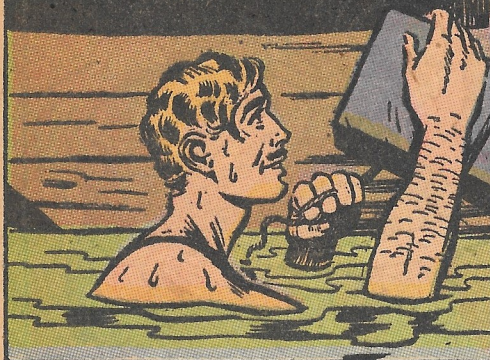


**MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RHINE...**



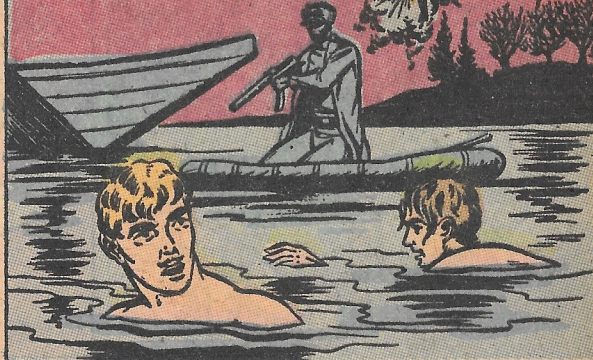
AT THE SECOND BRIDGE . . .

THIS IS THE NEW EXPLOSIVE, POLYTOMIC.  
NEXT TO AN ATOM BOMB,  
THERE'S NOTHING  
MORE POWERFUL !



SUDDENLY . . .

LOOK OUT!  
RED SENTRY !



LIEUTENANT : . . HOW BAD  
DID HE GET YOU.  
NEED HELP ?

NO, ONE BULLET  
ONLY STUNNED ME !  
I JUST HAVE A SLIGHT  
FLESH WOUND / C'MON,  
LET'S GET THAT LAST  
BRIDGE WIRED !



THE TWO MEN MOVED TO THE LAST BRIDGE, FIXED THE EXPLOSIVES, AND BEGAN TO MOVE AWAY...

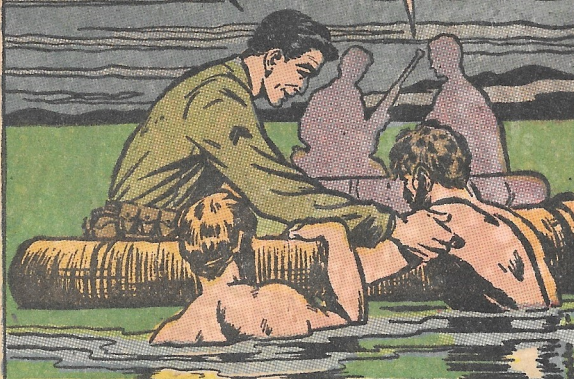
JUST IN TIME! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO ROLL HEAVY STUFF ACROSS. THEY NEARLY GOT US.

DIVE FOR THE BOTTOM! IF THAT BEAM FINDS US, WE'RE DEAD FISH!



WE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER WHEN THAT GUY OPENED UP.

START PADDLING, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO PICK UP MAJOR DORP!



SUDDENLY GIGANTIC BLASTS ECHOED FROM THE DISTANCE...

MAJOR DORP'S LATE... SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

THE UNDERGROUND AT WORK. MAJOR DORP DELIVERED THE EXPLOSIVES! HE'S DUE AT RENDEZVOUS SPOT IN TWENTY MINUTES!



THE MINUTES WENT BY...

THOSE BRIDGES'LL GO UP ANY MINUTE NOW!

HERE'S THE MEETING POINT... AND THERE'S DORP... OVER ON THE BANK.



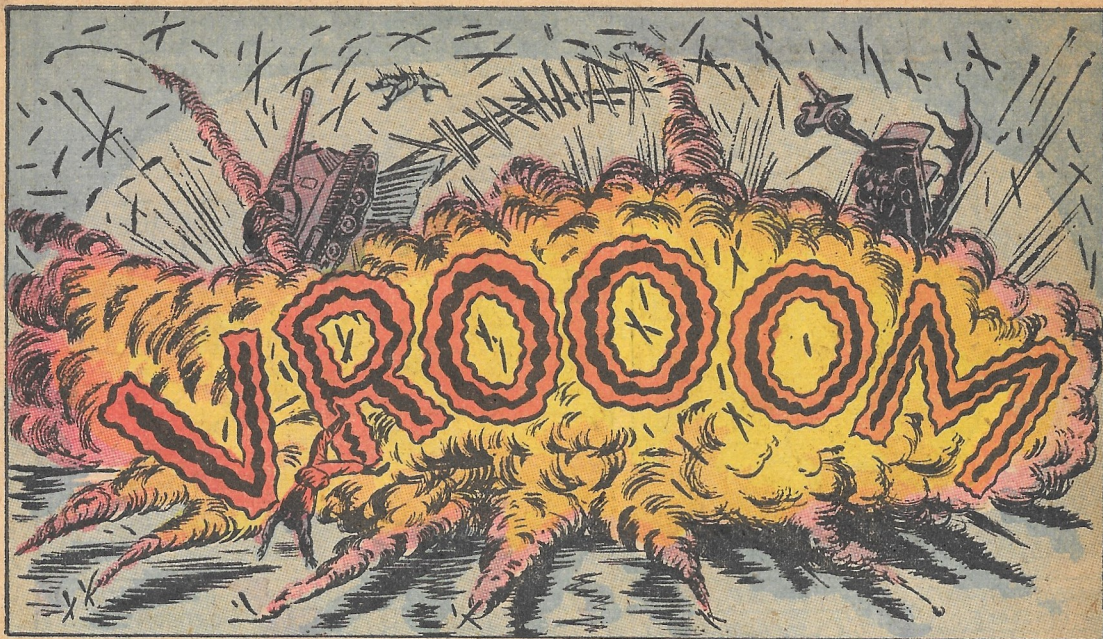
GREAT SHOW! WHEN'RE THE BRIDGES BLASTING?

WE'RE WAITING FOR THE BRIDGE TO BE FILLED WITH HEAVY STUFF. AS LONG AS WE'RE BLOWING IT UP, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEND SOME RUSSKY MEN AND TANKS UP WITH IT!



ANOTHER MINUTE NOW, MEN -- AND BAM!





**AS THE DEBRIS SETTLED . . .**

WHAT A BLAST ! AND LOOK — THE REDS ON THIS SIDE ARE PANICKED AND THEIR ESCAPE IS CUT OFF !

GOOD . . .  
NOW LET'S GET  
OUTTA HERE !



**THE DEMOLITION CREW REACHED THE HEIGHTS OF THE CASTLE AGAIN . . .**

THE REDS'RE TRAPPED LIKE RATS ! THAT'S OUR ATOMIC ARTILLERY FINISHING THE JOB !

AND THE END  
OF THAT RED  
OFFENSIVE .



**BACK AT HEADQUARTERS . . .**

A MAGNIFICENT JOB, WORTHY OF COMMENDATION FROM SUPREME U. N. HEADQUARTERS. YOU MEN HAVE DESERVED THE HIGHEST HONORS THAT CAN BE BESTOWED.

LANGENFELDBACH  
KREIS KASSEL



**THE NEXT MORNING . . .**

HERE WE ARE BACK AT THE OLD CASTLE. IT'S SURE QUIET AND PEACEFUL TODAY.

WE STOPPED THEM THIS TIME.  
HOW LONG BEFORE THE  
NEXT MOVE ? AND WHEN DO  
WE START THE OFFENSIVE ?



THE END

# BLACKHEADS "PET HATE"

## Say Men, Girls in Choosing Date

What a "black mark" is the blackhead . . . according to men and girls popular enough to be choosy about dates!

"Nobody's dreamboat!" "Nobody's date bait!" And that's not all that's said of those who are careless about blackheads. But blackheads ARE ugly! Blackheads ARE grimy! And they DON'T look good in close-ups!

So can you blame the fellow who says, "Sure, I meet lots of girls who look cute at first glance. But if, on that second glance, I see dingy blackheads, it's *good night!*"

Or can you blame the girl who confesses, "I hate to go out with a fellow who has blackheads. If he's careless about that you're sure he'll embarrass you in other ways, too!"

But you — are YOUR ears burning? Well, you've company and, sad to say, good company. There are lots of otherwise attractive fellows and girls who could date anyone they like if they'd only realize how offensive blackheads are . . . and how easily and quickly they could get rid of them . . . if they *want to!*

## "He-Man" Often Guilty of Blackhead Crime

Take your "he-man" . . . super at track, games, sports of all kinds . . . who thinks that after just a shower he's ready to go anywhere! And won't the girls all admire his muscles!

Sure they would! But not many dance floors are set up for hurdle races! You can't show off your snappy left hook when only cokes are in the ring. The "he-man" who's also clean-cut, will get the breaks wherever he is.

## Even Cute Girls Become Careless

Easy, too easy, for a girl to think that if she has the latest in clothes and hair-do she needn't bother about blackheads. A little more make-up, she guesses, will take care of that. BUT MAKE-UP WON'T HIDE BLACKHEADS! Not unless it's plaster of paris, maybe! And even good make-up "slips" at a dance! So don't take chances, cute though you may be!

### TAKE THESE TIPS TO BANISH BLACKHEADS

Keep skin clean by washing morning and night with warm, almost hot, water. Use good soap and plenty of it. And finish with cool water.

Extract every blackhead as soon as you see it—with a SAFE extractor. Don't use finger nails. Don't squeeze. That may mean infection, injured tissues, a marred skin.

*Just be clean! Be quick! And be safe! That's easy! And that's ALL!*

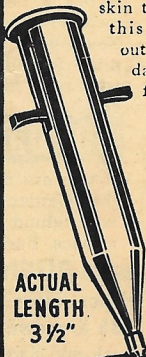


FELLOWS! GIRLS!  
Keep Skin Clear and Clean!

# UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT in Seconds with VACUTEX

## NEW! SCIENTIFIC! VACUUM ACTION!

Amazing new VACUTEX is painless . . . safe . . . fast! In seconds you are rid of those ugly blackheads that clog the pores . . . make your skin look grimy and dingy . . . give others such a wrong impression of you. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum pressure around the blackhead and extracts it—quickly!—without injury to tender skin tissues. Keep skin always clear this new scientific way. Without painful squeezing! Without dangerous infection from germ fingers! Just place VACUTEX over blackhead and draw back extractor. Blackhead's out! Simple! But you'll be delighted by your instantly improved appearance. Others will notice your clearer, cleaner skin! Try VACUTEX—now!



No Squeezing  
No Infection  
No Injury  
to Skin  
Tissues!

Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—  
release extractor—and blackhead's out!



Just place VACUTEX over blackhead—  
release extractor—and blackhead's out!

10 DAY  
TRIAL OFFER

Don't send a penny. Mail coupon and pay postman only \$1.00 plus postage.

Or save all postage by enclosing \$1.00 with guarantee coupon. If not thrilled to be rid of embarrassing hated blackheads this new quick way—just return VACUTEX in 10 days and get \$1 back. Order today!

### 10 DAY TRIAL GUARANTEE

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 23

19 West 44th St., New York 36, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00. Send me VACUTEX postpaid.

☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage.

My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

SORRY NO C.O.D. OUTSIDE OF U.S.A.

# Magic Dutch Rock Garden

## Grows in 4 DAYS



only  
**\$1.00**

**Grows  
in 4 Days  
Lasts for months  
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,  
Spring or Fall  
Grow grasses green  
and flowers tall.**

Boys & girls, here's exciting news. News about something entirely different! Now, you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

### EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items—you don't need anything else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl . . . American Flag . . . Parasol that opens and closes . . . simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog . . . Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful, healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardener, cutting the grass, watering the plants, and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

Over a hundred square inches of garden — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

### For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

### 10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

### RUSH COUPON NOW!

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836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.

