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OUT OF THE HOLOCAUST THAT IS KOREA... TORN FROM THE BLEEDING HEART OF A COUNTRY AT WAR... STRAIGHT FROM THE FIGHTING MEN WHO ARE YOUR BROTHERS, SONS AND SWEETHEARTS, THE EDITORS OF BATTLEFRONT PROUDLY PRESENT...

OPERATION KILLER

PHASE ONE

LOOK CLOSELY AT THIS FACE! IT IS THE FACE OF WAR... THE FACE OF AN AMERICAN FIGHTING FOR OUR PEACE! THROUGH HIS EYES YOU WILL SEE THAT FIGHT... THE FIGHT THAT HAD TO BE WON!

HELLO, AMERICA, THIS IS MÉL THOMPSON, REPORTING FROM TOKYO! TODAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1950, IS A RED-LETTER DAY IN THE UNITED NATIONS POLICE ACTION IN KOREA! WELL-TRAINED TROOPS, FRESH REPLACEMENTS, ARE BEING MOVED UP AT THIS VERY MOMENT TO JOIN THE VETERANS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY OF PYONGYANG...

WHERE THESE MEN ARE GOING, THE SKY IS NOT WITH THE DEADLY FIRE OF MODERN WARFARE! IT IS A SHOW, AMERICA... A BIG SHOW!

WHO CAN TELL WHAT IS IN THE MINDS OF THESE MEN, NO MORE THAN BOYS, AS THEY FACE AN UNCERTAIN FUTURE?

ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.
WHATSA MATTER, PAUL? WHY SO QUIET? YOU BEEN BEEFIN' AN' GRIPIN' SINCE TRAININ' CAMP! THIS TOO MUCH FOR YA!

I DON'T SEE YOU LAUGHIN' OUT LOUD. HAPPY!

ME? I ALWAYS LAUGH... ESPECIALLY WHEN I'M NERVOUS! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME "HAPPY"! WHEN I LAUGH, I AIN'T NO HERO! I'M SCARED, BOY, SCARED! ANY SECOND NOW I'M GONNA LAUGH FIT TO BUST MY RIBS! BUT FOR A GUY WHO BOUNDED OFF SO MUCH, YOU'RE SURE CLAMMED UP!

OH, YEAH? I STILL SAY WE DON'T BELONG HERE! WHAT KINDA GUYS WE GOT HERE ANYHOW THAT CAN'T MOP UP THESE COMMIES IN A WEEK?

YOU CAN SHOW 'EM, HUH?

I CAN TRY, BROTHER! LOOK, WE'RE THE BIGGEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, AIN'T WE? WE GOT THE MOST DOUGH... THE BEST MANPOWER... THE BEST EQUIPMENT... WHAT ARE WE Doin' HERE GETTIN' BEAT BY A BUNCH OF VOGELS WITHOUT MUTHIN'?

AW, DRY UP! WE'VE HEARD IT ALL BEFORE!

WELL, I'M JUST SAYIN' THAT'S ALL! I GOT A RIGHT TO TALK, AIN'T I?

Yeah, but you abuse the privilege! Dry up, will ya?

"SO FRESH TROOPS MOVE UP..."

...AND GUNS! 155 HOWITZERS, RECOILLESS RIFLES, SHERMAN TANKS, ALL GRINDING FORWARD TO THE TASK AHEAD!

...AND WHAT LIES AHEAD? AT THIS MOMENT, WE DON'T KNOW! WE, BEHIND THE LINE, CAN ONLY WAIT... AND HOPE...

PILE OUT! PILE OUT FAST! GET THE LEAD OUT! MOVE! MOVE!
Big Wheel to Charley Tom-Tom! Here are your orders, Major! Eighth Army is on the move! Flank their columns with your men and cover them! Looks like smooth sailing! Good luck, Kenny! Over and out!

Five! Five, ya luugs! Five yards apart! Whaddya want to be...blown up all together if a shell hits?

Yeah! Whatta they gonna hit us with? Fire-crackers?

Glad to see ya, all feelin' so chipper today, Goils! Reg'lar little tea party. Ain't it? All prettied up, ain't we? Shaved up, pressed pants, and what not? You look cute and you act cute...but ya ain't soldiers yet! It takes combat to do that! I'm goin' easy on ya 'cause yer all green...but do like I say, or, so help me Hannon, I'll ram yer teeth down yer throat personal! Five yards apart!

Now if this wuz the last war I'd say, okay! That was a war! We had our hands full with the Germans and the Fascists and all! But what are these Chinese Reds? I ask you, what are they? Nuthin'! That's what...nuthin'!

Maybe we will be home for Christmas, huh? GEE, it'd be nice!

Ahnh! Oh! Oh! Oooodddnnn!
SARGE! SARGE! THE BOMBS! EASY, TIM! IT'S OKAY! THEY'RE OUR GUNS! THEY JUST MISCALCULATED A LITTLE BIT! THEY'VE GOT THE RIGHT RANGE NOW!

HOLY GEE! WHAT A BONER!

YUH OKAY NOW, TIM? YEAH...GEE, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE A KID!

IF YER THIS SCARED OF OUR GUNS, WHAT'YA GONNA DO WHEN THE REDS OPEN UP ON US? NOW KEEP MOVIN'! REMEMBER, NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS, KEEP MOVIN'!

LISSEN! OUR OWN GUNS! LIKE MUSIC, AIN'T IT? NICE TO KNOW THEY'RE ON OUR SIDE!

YOU BET! THE REDS AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' LIKE THAT.

ON THE DOUBLE! HUP! HUP! GET IT MOVIN'

WHAT'S UP?

WHO KNOWS? GUESS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SCARE 'EM TO DEATH!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS! YA BEEN ITCHIN' FOR A FIGHT... FIGHT!

BE ALL RIGHT IF YA COULD SEE WHAT YER FIGHTIN' ALL THIS LOUSY SMOKE... CAN'T SEE A THING!

THEY'RE OUT THERE! KEEP YER TRIGGER WORKIN' AND KEEP GOIN'! THIS WAY WE GET 'EM BUFFALED!

"WORD HAS JUST REACHED US THAT THE REPLACEMENTS HAVE REACHED THEIR DESTINATION! THERE ISN'T ANY MORE TO REPORT AS FURTHER NEWS FROM THE FRONT IS RESTRICTED AT THIS TIME. THIS IS MEL THOMPSON RETURNING YOU TO NEW YORK!"
WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY, CENTRAL KOREA, OCT. 6, 1950. FLASH!
MAIN BODY ADVANCING SWIFTLY AGAINST ONLY TOKEN RESISTANCE!
SPASMODIC LIGHT FIRING FAILS TO HALT THE ONWARD DRIVE OF UN FORCES HERE!
ENEMY SEEMS TO BE EITHER FALLING BACK, OR WAITING TO ATTACK AT HIS OWN DISCRETION.
HARD TO TELL.
RIGHT NOW: EIGHTH HAS MOVED UP PAST SINANJU!
NEXT STOP... THE YALI RIVER!
IT'S GETTING COL'!
OCTOBER IN KOREA IS TOUGH!

WHAT THE HECK?
THIS IS COLDER 'N MONTANA!

I DONT FEEL NUTHIN'!' I'M LUCKY!', I'M ALL NUMB!

LET'S GIVE THE COUNTRY TO WHOEVER WANTS IT AND GO HOME,
HOMIE!

THE GREEN TROOPS WHO ARRIVED A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO HAVE CHANGED
A GREAT DEAL. ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE NOT YET FACED HEAVY COMBAT, THEIR
FACES ALREADY SHOW THE SIGNS OF THE VETERAN...!

YUK GOT SOAP, TAI? SOAP?
YUK GOTT A SHOBY!

IF MY HANDS WEREN'T PREOSEN, TO SHAVE... IF I COULD MELT BLOOD...

HAMLXON I PAUL!
HAMLXON! HOW TO IT? YOU'RE ON DUTY!

SO LONG, BUDDY!
KEEP THE HOME PAPERS BURNIN'!

"BUT, IN SPITE OF THE BITTER COLD AND THE MONO-
TONOUS WAITING, THESE MEN DO THEIR JOB WELL.
TOMORROW MAY BE DIFFERENT, BUT TONIGHT ALL IS
QUIET ON THE FROZEN WASTES OF KOREA..."

PHOOEY! NUTHIN' BUT A WASTE
SENDIN' US UP HERE! ALL WE
GOTTA DO IS CATCH UP TO THE
REDS AND WIP'E 'EM OUT!
CA-RIPES! IT'S COL'!

"AND WHO KNOWS WHAT THE COMMUNISTS
ARE UP TO?"
SOMETHIN'S MOVIN' UP BEHIND ME / I CAN HEAR THE SNOW CRACKLE... EASY, GUY, EASY / WAIT TILL THEY GET CLOSER... TAKE YOUR TIME... TAKE YOUR TIME... READY...

I GOT 'EM... I KILLED 'EM... I KILLED HUMAN BEINGS... MY FIRST!

RED SCOUTS: THE ENEMY IS NEAR / WE'RE MOVING UP!

PAUL! HOLE SMOKE!

YUN DIRT!

GEE, IT WUZ LIKE YUH SAID, PAUL! IT'S EASY KNOCKIN' THESE GUYS OFF / LOOKIT THAT... THREE AGAINST ONE... AND YUH KNOCKED 'EM OFF LIKE THEY WAS NUTHIN'!

Yeah, nuthin'!

SO ENDED PHASE ONE OF "OPERATION KILLER"! GREEN TROOPS HAD SEEN DEATH AT FIRST HAND FOR THE FIRST TIME / IT HAD COME CLOSE... VERY CLOSE! BUT OPERATION KILLER HAD JUST BEGUN! PHASE TWO WAS COMING UP... THE PART WE CALL...
Hey fellows!

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...PHASE TWO OF "OPERATION KILLER!"

October 28, 1950
Somewhere in Korea

Dear Harry,

Well, big brother of mine, you need to get a
let about what you went through in Normandy,
and now it's time for me to sound off! I hope
what I write gets past the censors, at least
enough to give you an idea of what we went
through.

Anyway, it's all over now and I've
got a chance to write you about it. I always
figured it'd be bad, but never thought it
would be like this! So get set and I hope
I can write this plain enough so you get
the whole picture—or my part of it anyway.
I already wrote you about some of the guys
in my outfit! Good guys... first...

FIRST THERE'S THE MAJOR! KENNETH DWYER! THAT'S ONE GUY THAT KNOWS HIS STUFF... I CHARLEY TOM-TOM TO BIG WHEEL! WE ARE NOT AFTER 'EM AND WE WON'T STOP TILL WE CHASE 'EM OVER THE Yalu OVER AND OUT!

OUR TOP KICK IS HANK BAYNE! USED TO BE A SCHOOLTEACHER, BUT YOU'D NEVER THINK IT! MOVE, GOILS, MOVE! THE TEA PARTY'S ALL OVER YER EATIN' LEAD FROM HERE ON!

"HAPPY MANIZONE IS A FUNNY NAME FOR A GUY WHO NEVER SMILES UNLESS HE'S SCARED! I NEVER SAW HIM SMILE YET THOUGH..."

"ALL I WANT IS ME PIPE AND SLIPPERS BY ME FIREPLACE! THAT'S ALL!"

"AND PAUL HAMMOND! A GOOD GUY BUT THE LAWYER OF THE OUTFIT, FOREVER SOUNDING OFF..."

"WE SHOULD BE OUTTA HERE IN TWO WEEKS OR WE AIN'T WORTH TOTIN' A GUN!"
"That's some of the Joes, Harry! Anyways, we were going along nice and quiet-like, not running into anything, and hoping we wouldn't..."

"All of a sudden, for no reason, I got a funny feeling in my belly. It was like when we was kids and I got sick while we were hunting in the woods at night..."

"The next minute I didn't have time to be sick or anything! The roof fell in!"

"KAPOW"

"I didn't need any orders to tell me what to do. I hit the dirt fast!"

"I was scared! We all were, I guess. I thought I couldn't move anymore, but before I knew it, I was on my feet, running through that fire and shooting ahead. The rest of them were doing the same thing...those who were still alive!"

"Then we saw what was causing all that rhubarb. Tanks. Red tanks. T-84's!"

"They're comin' straight at us!"

"Nail 'em! Nail 'em!"

"We saved those bazookas!"
“Good old Paul, even then he kept up his line of argument.”

“Spread out and keep movin’, you guys! Ten feet spread!”

“Tatata tatata!”

“Funny, though, even when you’re scared stiff, you keep fighting, getting madder and madder.”

“Just like I told the guys… killing off these Reds is gonna be easy. A week of this and the Commies will start yellin’ quits!”

“Charley tontom! Center field! We need air support and the big Berthas! Are we gettin’ ‘em or what? Over!”

“Center field to Charley tontom! You’re gettin’ ‘em! You’re gettin’ ‘em over and out!”

“They came in, brother! Even from here we could hear the deep growling roar of the big 155’s!”

“Ba-bara-boom!”
WHAT'S HOLDING THE UP SERGEANT? THE REST OF THE OUTFITS ARE going through to... OH, SO THAT'S IT!

YES, SIR! THAT'S IT! THEY'RE REALLY LAYING IT DOWN!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS/ YOU HAD ALL THIS IN TRAINING/ YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! ONE AT A TIME... ZIZ-ZAG THROUGH THAT FIRE! KEEP GOING! DON'T STOP AND WE'LL BE OKAY! I'LL GO FIRST TO SHOW YOU IT CAN BE DONE/ SERGEANT, YOU STAY TO MAKE SURE THE OTHERS FOLLOW!

YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT COULD BE SNEE... BUT THE MAJOR DID IT!

I WAS NEXT, AND IF I THOUGHT I'D ALREADY HAD MY SHARE OF BEING SCARED, I FOUND OUT I COULD EVEN BE MORE SCARED! ONLY THIS TIME I WAS TOO SCARED TO STOP!

I MADE IT ALL RIGHT, AND SO DID MOST OF THE OTHERS... EXCEPT BILL LEAHY/ HE GOT IT ONLY A STEP AWAY FROM SAFETY!

BILL'S GONE...

BUT DO YOU SEE NOW EASY THE REST OF US GOT THROUGH? THIS IS STILL NO REAL WAR!

PAUL SPOUTED A LOT, BUT HE WAS RIGHT/ WE POURED THROUGH THEIR LINES LIKE WATER THROUGH A SIEVE/ AND WE KEPT ON POURING! NOTHING STOPPED US!

WHAT? WHAT? YALU RIVER LOUDER! I CAN'T HEAR YOU! FIVE MILES YOU'VE ALREADY GONE! KEEP PRESSING, YOU'RE ALMOST THERE! GOOD LUCK: OVER AND OUT!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S SNOWING, PAUL/ IF WE'RE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS LIKE YUN SAY, IT'LL BE A WHITE ONE!
Five miles from the valley, home for Christmas; all of that seemed so easy when we'd been charging forward as fast as we could travel! We had everything, confidence, courage, the will to win... and all of a sudden the roof fell in...

There was more noise than I ever thought possible! Craters opened right next to us! I saw guys hit and die all around me and then...

I saw and understood.

Bo, Long, Soldier!

Outside the dugout the battle raged in all its fury! The Eighth Army had been lured into a trap, ending Phase Two... followed by Phase Three...
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[Request form for walkie talkies with options for purchase and delivery]
SERGEANT Aaron Applegate was a good soldier. He was even well-liked by the men who fought under him. And his officers considered him highly competent. Which was how all the trouble began.

It started when the Sergeant’s outfit was relieved at the front and sent to a rest camp. Sergeant Applegate was stringing around playing cards with some of the boys, when a Corporal showed up from Division Headquarters.

"Sergeant Applegate?" he said, "the Colonel wants to see you."

" Wants to see me? What did I do?"

"You’ll have to come along with me, Sergeant," the Corporal told him.

The Sergeant shrugged, and turned to his friends. "You guys will have to get along without me. Apparently, they want me up at headquarters."

"Hope there’s nothing wrong, Sarge!" Private Farrell called after him. He turned his attention back to the game. "There goes a good guy," he told the other soldiers. They nodded enthusiastic agreement.

Sergeant Aaron Applegate stood stiffly at attention in the Colonel’s office.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked.

"Yes, Sergeant," the Colonel told him. "We’ve been looking over your record, and frankly, Sergeant, we’re proud of you."

Sergeant Applegate breathed a sigh of relief. At least, he wasn’t in for punishment.

"Yes," the Colonel went on, "we’ve decided to offer you a field commission. If you want it, you can walk out of here a Second Lieutenant. What do you say?"

Sergeant Applegate found his knees growing weak. A commission!

"Why, sir, I never expected anything like that," he stammered.

"Well, do you want it?"

"Oh, certainly I want it! I mean, thank you, sir!"

The Colonel smiled. "Not at all. If anyone deserves it, Lieutenant Applegate, that man is you."

There were various formalities to go through, but Lt. Aaron Applegate barely noticed them. A few moments later, he staggered out of the headquarters tent, the new gold bars on his shoulders seemingly weighing ten pounds apiece.

In a blue fog, he wandered back to his own outfit. Private Farrell stood up to greet him. "Hi, Sarge! What did they do to you—"

His voice broke off. He had become aware of the gold bars.

"Look, fellows," he said. "The Sergeant’s gone and become a Lieutenant." His voice was flat.

Lieutenant Applegate’s back stiffened. "What’s that?" he demanded.

"Nothing, sir," Private Farrell answered carefully, "but I suppose you won’t be bunking with us anymore, will you, sir?"

Lieutenant Applegate hadn’t considered that before.

"I guess not," he said. "I’ll have to move into officer’s headquarters. But—"

"But nothing!" Private Farrell interrupted angrily. "I’ve got nothing against most officers, but I never did like the ones who come up from the ranks. They get de-CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE..."
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lusions of grandeur, start lording it over their old buddies. First thing you know—”

“Private Farrell!” Lieutenant Applegate snapped, suddenly aware of the dignity of his new office. “If you continue to speak that way, I shall have to put you on report!”

“Yes, sir. Sorry, sir,” said Private Farrell, and there was silence as Lieutenant Applegate collected his things and left the tent.

“You know,” said Private Farrell, as they watched his retreating figure, “I never really liked that guy. Too stiff-necked.”

The other soldiers slowly nodded agreement.

It didn’t help matters much, two days later, when Lieutenant Applegate did put Private Farrell on report, for wearing a sloppy uniform. Actually, it wasn’t Lieutenant Applegate’s fault. He’d been with a major who’d noticed Private Farrell, and had insisted that the young Lieutenant take the improperly-dressed soldier’s name.

The men in Lieutenant Applegate’s outfit merely took it as another example of an easy-going sergeant turned into a discipline-conscious officer.

The day before Lieutenant Applegate and his men were to report back to the front, the colonel was surprised to receive a visit from the young officer.

“I’d like to request a transfer to another outfit, Colonel,” Lieutenant Applegate said miserably.

“Why?” the colonel wanted to know.

Lieutenant Applegate told him the story, finishing with: “So the men no longer respect me, sir. I think it might be better if I started fresh—”

“I don’t!” the colonel snapped. “You belong with your present men. If you’re the officer you’re supposed to be, you’ll work things out. If not…”

The colonel sat smiling at the door, after the young lieutenant had departed. He was remembering the problems he had had, when he had received his commission from the ranks…

They arrived back in the front lines during a day of heavy fighting. Private Farrell was muttering darkly to a few of his friends.

“It ain’t gonna be the same thing with him as an officer. We’ll all have to be so polite and all, we’ll probably get shot while we’re trying to remember to say, ‘sir’—”

At that moment, an attack broke out. In what seemed like a few seconds, Lieutenant Applegate’s unit was cut off and completely surrounded by the enemy.

Lieutenant Applegate called a council of war. “Listen, men,” he said, “somebody has to crawl through the enemy lines and inform the rest of the Army as to our whereabouts. It’s a dangerous job, and I’m going myself. But I’ll need another man. Who’s coming with me?”

There was a moment’s silence, then Private Farrell stepped forward.

“I’ll go, Sarge — I mean, sir, uh, Lieutenant…”

“Call me ‘Sarge’, or ‘hey you’, if it makes it easier for you,” the Lieutenant snapped, “but come on! Tim’ snapped, “but come on! Time’s a-wasting!”

That night, safe in their own lines, Private Farrell talked things over with some of his friends.

“You should have seen the slick way he got both of us through the enemy lines,” he told them. “You know, I could have been wrong about that guy. Officer or not, Lieutenant Applegate is still one swell fellow.”

The other soldiers nodded, enthusiastically.

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Weather Wizards. □ Send C.O.D.

Name: 
Address: 

City Zone State
HEMMED IN ON ALL SIDES BY THE COUNTER-ATTACKING CHINESE COMMUNISTS, THE EIGHTH ARMY FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF ITS LIFE AS IT RETREATED...

SOUTH TO THE 38TH

...IN PHASE THREE OF "OPERATION KILLER!"

MANCHURIA
WANGPAO
YALU RIVER
CHOSAN
HYESANJIN
CHANGJIN RESERVOIR
ANTUNG
ONJONG
SINANJU
PYONGYANG
KAESONG
SEOUL
SEA OF JAPAN

BIG WHEEL TO CHARLEY TOM-TOM!
WHAT'S THE STORY? CAN YOU GIVE IT TO ME?
OVER!

CHARLEY TOM-TOM TO BIG WHEEL! YES, AND YOU CAN HAVE IT! WE'RE GETTING BEAT BAD AND WHERE THE HECK IS OUR SUPPORT?

DON'T ANSWER THAT! I'LL TRY TO REPORT AS MUCH AS I CAN! THESE CONDITIONS AREN'T EXACTLY THE BEST FOR A BLOW-BY-BLOW ACCOUNT OF WHAT'S GOING ON.

NOVEMBER WAS ROUGH, BUT I NEVER SAW A MONTH ROUGHER THAN DECEMBER. WE'VE NOT ONLY THE REDS TO FIGHT... BUT THE ICE AND COLD AND SNOW!
We were stopped cold by the Reds just at the Yalu River.

They threw everything at us and we had to stand there and take it! Sure we fought back.

One week... two... three! Our men changed a lot in that time...

Okay, Paul! But what happened to all yer swell ideas?

How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?

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How ya doin', Happy?

How ya doin', Happy?
They came at us from all sides! They hit our advance units, cut us off in the center, cut us up piece-meal!

Dirty! Dirty! Dirty!

Companies trying to retreat ran into waiting ambushes!

But a lot of us got through only to run into another enemy.

We need that gun, Sarge!

Leave it! Leave it! Keep goin'!

The guns and supplies were not all we lost to the cold.

We made it to Shangri-La, but trying to get through to Guangkou, the Reds came at us from the rear and our flanks!

We had to fight a slipping battle there, trying to make 'em pay for every inch of ground they took.

How do they keep coming? We had 'em beat all the way!

No, we didn't, Paul! We thought we did! They let us keep coming... and then hit us! It's their tactic!
Hey, Lieutenant, look! Help bring those men in!

Yes, sir! We broke out of an ambush a week ago! Think we lost our major? Anyway, we been comin' through, hidin' in the day, travellin' at night. Thought we was lost till we ran into you! Are we far from the 38th?

You passed it! We're near Kaseong, but in just as much Dutch!

Maybe you can answer a question for me, Lieutenant? How come we're havin' it so tough with these crumbs? I always figured they'd be duck soup for our guys and here they're makin' us look like patsys!

That's simple, soldier! It's because a lot of people back home feel the way you do... that this is no war... only a picnic? They won't give us the support we need!

Yeah! Yeah! I see what you mean, sir!

Right! Let's go, guys!

Ready to push on, Lieutenant!

So, with the shambles of the attack and the retreat behind them, the Eighth Army pulled out of the lost ground, grim bitter men... angry men...

From all points of North and Central Korea they came, the living, the wounded, the maimed! A vast retreating army, evacuating by land, sea and air! December, 1950, was a dark day for the Yanks in Korea...

Phase three ended with the retreat! Now began phase four of "Operation Killer". Spring is coming... and with it, the story of...
You Can Be a Bombshell
In Any Tough Spot!

NOW . . . A Rugged Fighting-Man Shows You How To
Explode Your Hidden-Powers in Self-Defense

He's a true American; you're a tough guy! But YOU, and every
red-blooded man and boy wants to be always ready and able
to get out of any tough spot, no matter how the odds. You
want to have the real know-how of skillfully defending yourself
. . . of fearlessly protecting your property, or your dear ones . . .
against Bullies, Headlocks, Roughnecks and the like. And, if in
service, or on guard, you've got to be ready to fight rough and
tough, for your very life may depend on it in hand-to-hand combat.

Here's where a rugged, two-fisted fighting-man tells you . . . and
shows you . . . the secrets of using every power-packed trick in
the book. You get it straight from "Barney" Conneely, in AMERICAN
COMBAT JUDO . . . training manual for Toughies, Police, Boxers,
Wrestlers, Commandos, Rangers, and Armed Forces. What a man!
He's dynamite from head to toe! Twice he was Big 10 Wrestling
Champion, and during World War II was Personal Combat Instructor
to the U. S. Coast Guard. "Barney" has devoted most of his life
to developing, perfecting, teaching rough, tough fighting tactics.
He Covers YOU all the angles in easy-to-follow steps. Mastery
of his skills and tactics will give even a little guy the blistering-power
of a bombshell . . . to know it, to use it, to put it in the heart of a bruised
in his face.

"Barney" keeps no secrets in AMERICAN COMBAT JUDO! He tells
all . . . shows all! He gives you the real lowdown on when and
how to use each power-packed Blow, Hold, Knock-Out, Throw,
which will make YOU the "Boss" in any tough spot. You'll be
thrilled and amazed when you see what YOU can do with your
bare hands . . . even if you are light and small. Fox, the local secret
of "Barney"s super-tactics is in using the other fellow's muscle
and bone against him . . . as if it were your own.

FREE 7-DAY TRIAL! Mail Coupon

WHAT A BOOK!

4 DYNAMIC-ACTION BOOKS IN 1

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Gentlemen:
Yes, I want something! Send me my copy of AMERICAN COMBAT JUDO on 7 Days' Free Trial. I have checked how I am ordering:

[ ] Send me my $1.00 in push-money order check or money-order Postpaid.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
ZONE
STATE

WARNING! If you are a Marshal, Guard, Tax-Driver, Trucker, Farmer, Cashier, Gas-Station Operator, Serviceman, Nightworker, or in some other occupation where, due to location or circumstances, you are often alone or go through dark, lonely places, AMERICAN COMBAT JUDO is a must for you. Women and girls, too, should know how to defend and protect themselves when alone or unescorted. MAIL IT TODAY!
O.K.

...Phase Four of "Operation Killer"!

January, February, March, 1951! You, PFC. Paul Hamond, U.S. Army, were one of the thousands of United Nations soldiers who poured into Seoul with the Chinese Communists hot on your heels! You knew that a few short miles away, north of the 38th Parallel, the enemy had stopped to regroup in a build-up area to prepare for the big and final attack against the besieged city! What was on your mind then, Paul Hamond? What were you thinking?

Your outfit, General Walton Walker's Eighth Army, had rolled out! Wheels had saved them as they fled south in jeeps, trucks and tanks!

General Edward Almond's 10th Corps had escaped by air! Big C-47's came in right under the Chinese guns to pick up the trapped soldiers and lumbered off to safety.
Many like yourself, Paul Hammond, had been isolated from their outfits and straggled in on their own...

But no matter how they came in, they were all grim... quiet... mad!

Because they knew one thing... they had been beaten... badly beaten!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

A lot of men you knew had been killed! Tim... Kelly... happy... the major all were out there somewhere in that holocaust you left behind...

But you, at least, were still alive... you, Sgt. Hank Blayne, Mel Stewart, Sam Erwin... the only survivors from your squad...

What's gonna happen now, Sarge?

Wish I knew, Paul!

The Reds are massin' up... gettin' ready to let us have it good! What are we gonna do? Sit here an' take it?

What else? We can't fight 'em with what we got!

You know, a long time ago... a million years ago... I used to have ideas about this kind of thing!

I remember, Paul!

I used to think it was a picnic... that all we had to do was yell "Boo!" and the Reds'd run away!

We're moving into town!

Now we'll just wait here to die!

Not if our heavy guns get here first! We can fight 'em then!

Who said they're coming? It's just another lousy rumor!
What's the matter, Paul? Sore at yourself for what you once thought...that this was an easy war?

That's it, Sarge! I'm sore at a lot of other guys too...the ones back home.

The ones who don't think this is a big enough fuss to get excited about...who don't think this is worth sendin' big guns and ammo to fight with!

Not to fight with...just to live by...that's all...

Hey, kid! Watch out! Come back! Don't be scared of me! I won't hurt you!

Hey, kid! I saw him! I stopped!

It's all right! I imagine...that kid...he's scared of me...

Imagine...to him you're just another soldier...Paul...a killer...

Night...the time when the Reds open up with their big guns...and you had to take it, Paul! Would they attack tonight? Would this be the end...?
IF YOU COULD SEE THROUGH THE DARK, PAUL, THIS IS WHAT YOU'D SEE: THE COMING OF THE CHINESE ARMIES, STRIKING FRONTALLY!

BRRRAAAMMM

THEN... ACROSS THE FROZEN MAN RIVER, WHICH IS THE MAN'S LAND BETWEEN YOUR FORCES AND THE REDS... FLARE LIGHTS UP THE SKY?

WHITE PHOSPHOROUS SMOKE SHELLS BURST ACROSS THE RIVER, DEAD CENTER OF THE CONCENTRATED REDS.


LIFT UP YOUR HEAD, PAUL HAMMOND. THIS IS UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU EVER HEARD BEFORE. THIS IS MUSIC TO YOUR EARS. THIS IS HOPE. THIS IS A CHANCE TO LIVE AGAIN... A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK!

D'YA HEAR THAT? GREAT DAY! WE'RE FIGHTIN' BACK!

IT'S MORE THAN THAT. SOLDIER, WE'RE ATTACKING!

OPERATION KILLER IN FULL FORCE. GENERAL!

GIVE 'EM EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT. COLONEL, WE'RE THROUGH PLAYING!
WHAT'S ALL THE RATTIN' FOR DO YOU THINK I'M NOT IN IT?

GET BACK IN THERE, BOY! YOUR TURN WILL COME. WE'LL SOFTEN 'EM UP FOR YOU FIRST!

WAAAA!

CRIPES! THAT KID AGAIN!

GEE, HE AIN'T SCARED OF ME! NOW I GUESSED EVEN I'M BETTER THAN ALL THIS RACKET!

CRIPES, SONNY!

WHAT'SA SCARED STIFF? SEE, WHatta PLACE FOR A LITTLE FELLA TO HAVE TO BE!

WHATCHA GOT THERE, PAUL?

JUST A KID... SCARED STIFF! SEE, WHatta PLACE FOR A LITTLE FELLA TO HAVE TO BE!

LISTEN, KIDOOL THAT NOISE OUT THERE... IT'S GOOD NEWS!

SEE, IT'S ALL ON YOUR BIDS...

LOOKIT THAT... JUST AS IF HE KNOVES WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN!

WE AIN'T HERE TO HURT YER PEOPLE, KID! WHY, WE GOT KIDS AT HOME JUST LIKE YOU... AND WE WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO HURT THEM, NO SUREE! SO JUST TAKE IT EASY AND...

HE'S ASLEEP, PAUL...

STRANGE LULLABY FOR A CHILD... ISN'T IT? BOMBS! HE'S HAPPY AND CONTENTED NOW... AND SO ARE YOU, BECAUSE HE NO LONGER THINKS OF YOU AS AN ENEMY!
Outside, the conflagration lights of the bombing blends with the glow of dawn. But cold gun crews are still at their positions on an around-the-clock firing. 155 mm. Howitzers blast the enemy across the land!

BRAAM

KAPOW KAPOW

Sherman tanks rumble up, exploding their 76 mm. destruction at enemy positions!

And still the Chinese Reds keep coming, screaming their battle cries as they hurtle their bodies at the perimeter!

...only to be stopped at the very edge of the infantrymen's foxholes!

...and the perimeter is held!

Still the heavy bombardment goes on... night after night, day after day...

Looks like somebody in America caught on and did something about this mess, just in time!

Yeah... and how! Hey, yuh got some grub for the kid? He's hungry!

Just like my kid... always 'appin' for chow!
Okay! Okay! Get up offa it! We’re movin’ up!

Whew! It’s about time! C’mon, guys!

Paul... the kid!

Holy smoke! I forgot all about him! Go ahead, guys! I’ll catch up with yuh!

Waaah!

Listen, kiddo, you don’t savvy American. But I gotta tell you this... I gotta tell somebody! I don’t know if I’ll be back so I wanna leave something behind... and mebbe you’ll catch on! Ready?

It ain’t much! All I want to say is, “Wake up, America! This is a war we’re fightin’, a real war... a big war... don’t quit on us... don’t forget us.” You got that, kid? You sure look like you understand!

I gotta go now! We’re chasin’ the reds back to where they came from and this time we’re gonna keep ‘em there! Operation Killer is on its way! Oh yeah... just one more thing... and I hope you savvy me, kid... the initials for Operation Killer are... OKU!

The end.
MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR
PIMPLES
Acne, Blackheads, and
other externally caused Skin Blemishes

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES
BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY
RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE
OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!

DO YOU feel your skin is holding
back your chances for popularity... for success? Are you
afraid people whom you'd like to
know will reject you? Thousands of
people who felt the same as you—
now have clear attractive complexions.
They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit
from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLIGENT
CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES
Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell
us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on
through adulthood. Adolescents often
carry these scars throughout their life.
Many women suffer the humiliation of
"blemishes" and are always conscious of
their appearance and complexion.
Permanently scarred "bad skin" sometimes continues on through adulthood. In this stage of
life, the responsibility of earning a
living and meeting people are essential if
you are to climb the ladder of success in
your job. It is doubly important to give
your skin problems immediate attention.
Physicians state that to neglect your skin may
prolong your skin troubles and make it
more difficult to clear up. And, there is
no faster way to get pimples under control
than now!

Laboratory analysis using special microscopes gives us the scientific facts regarding
those unsightly pimples. High-powere
d lenses show your skin consists of several
outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis are hair, the ducts of the sweat
and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep
tissue soft and pliable. Skin specialists
will tell you that many skin eruptions can
be traced to an over-secretion of oil from
the sebaceous glands. As a result of
this over-secretion, more oil than is
naturally required by the skin is deposited on
the outside of the skin. Unless special care
is taken, this excessive oil forms a yellow
coating which is a catch-all for all foreign
matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint,
etc. become embedded into the tiny skin
openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and
therefore more susceptible to additional
twists and dust. These enlarged
blocked up pores may form blackheads as
soon as they become infected and bring
the worry, despair, embarrassment and
humiliation of pimples, blackheads and
other externally caused blemishes.

COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES
WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK
To remove the immediate embarrassment
of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin
Formula helps conceal while it medicates.
Unlike many other skin preparations,
Scope Formula has a pleasant fragrance!
Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can
instantly face the immediate pressure with
greater confidence in your appearance. At
the same time, you are sure that the
medication is acting to remove externally
caused blemishes and helping to prevent
new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you
peace of mind. No longer need you
suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make your first
step in the direction of a clear complexion
and skin that's lovely to look at and luminous.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
ON YOUR MONEY BACK
We make this claim and offer backing on
many uses of Scope Medicated Skin
Formula written as testimonials by people who have relied on our
products to clear up their complexions. We
want you to try Scope Medicated Skin
Formula today. If you are not delighted with
your results each day you must return your
unsold portion and we will refund the price
paid and double your money back! You have nothing to lose...
and we take all the risk! We want all
teenagers, men and women of all ages to
gain a fresh, new glowing outlook on life.
We want you to be the inviting social
personality you might be and to help you
reach highest success possible in business.
Now you can give yourself new hope and
begin back that happy joyous feeling of
confidence, poise and popularity!

HOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE
1-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND
PREVENTED MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT
IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!
Just send your name and address to
SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 154 P
1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be
sure to print clearly. By return mail we
will ship the Scope treatment to you in
a plain package. When postman delivers the
package, pay only $1.98 plus postage. Or
send $2.00 now and we pay postage.
No matter which way you order, you have a
DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE.
Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action... today! Story no Canadians or
foreign COD.T.

Illustrated is a micrograph representation of a healthy skin.
The sebaceous glands are shown as they project through the
many layers of skin. In a normal skin, the openings of the
sebaceous glands are not clogged and permit natural
secretions to emerge at the outside of the skin.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT
Physicians report two important ways to
control this condition: First, they prescribe
clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive
oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two
conditions, Scope Products' research makes
available two scientifically-tuned formulas that contain clinically proven ingredients.
The first formula contains special cleansing preparations found in comedy
cold cream or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removes
dirt, oil and sebum from the skin. The second formula acts to reduce
the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients
also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally
cauh pimpls, blackheads and blemishes.

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION
BY SQUEEZING
PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS
Clinical reports state that many people squeeze out pimples
and blackheads with their fingers. This is unsanitary and may
lead to the spread of the infection. This abuse may also
injure your skin and leave red welts and ugly
looking blotches and bumps. At a result your face may
be covered with pimples and blemishes. Soon you'll be
sorry you ever squeezed or picked at your skin by using
this unsanitary method to get rid of skin eruptions.
HERE'S PROOF...
How This Amazing New Scientific Formula Called Comate May Help You

Save Your Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, dry, itchy scalp, and the like, you may find the answer to these problems in the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula. This formula is the result of years of research and experimentation by scientists. It is designed to stimulate hair growth and to provide relief from scalp irritations and sensations.

PROOF 1
Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus album, pyogenes ovale, and corynebacterium sarcinae—in 60 seconds! (Complete report on file, copy on request)

PROOF 2
Comate Medicinal Formula applied directly to scalp of men and women, killed 88.4% of all scalp bacteria, after 25 minutes application. Report #26635. (Complete report on file, copy on request)

PROOF 3
Letters of gratitude to Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests—the PROOF from the scalp tests—the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles. Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles—so DON'T DELAY—fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker, stronger, healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.
I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindle-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man! FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 60U, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Charles Atlas, Dept. 60U,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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Reducing Specialist Says:  
LOSE WEIGHT
Where It Shows Most REDUCE
MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

Electric Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

For greatest benefit in reducing by massage use Spot Reducer with or without electricity—also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.

Underwriters Laboratory Approved

Take off Excess Weight!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

Like a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steamaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the Spot Reducer you can now enjoy the benefits of relaxing, soothing massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down fatty tissues, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more graceful figure!

Your Own Private Masseur at Home

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tense nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handcrafted of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

Try the Spot Reducer 10 Days Free in Your Own Home!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

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