Let us PACK YOUR BODY with the MUSCLE POWER you've always wanted!

says Mickey Mantle

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Get Started NOW for just 10¢

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Yes, these champions want to help you to be a real athlete and look the part! They'll gladly share all their secrets with boys who seriously want to improve. Right at home they'll help you develop a body that ripples with all the power you'll ever need—iron muscles, strong shoulders, tireless legs and wind. They'll build up your speed and timing. Buck up your confidence, personality and popularity. What's more, you don't need any special weights, bar bells or other expensive equipment to follow their exciting program.

Start Now! You can start by sending 10¢ for their Championship Training Book right now! In it, Mickey Mantle shows you how to stop up your batting average... Doak Walker gives you some great passing tips... Bob Cousy tells you how to handle a basketball like a pro... Joe Louis shows you how to fight a guy who's bigger than you. You get all this and much much more for only 10¢. And with this little book we'll send you all the details of a low-cost Program these great athletes have developed to train you to become a CHAMP!

Well, how about it? Mickey, Joe and all the rest of the champions are waiting to help you—and they'll never let you down. One thing the champions will tell you, though. "Never put off something important!" So fill in the coupon at the right and mail it with your dime, today!

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"My efforts with your Course were rewarded when out of 1700 boys at my school, I scored highest in our annual physical education tests."

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THE NATIONAL SPORTS COUNCIL

33 West 46th Street, New York 36, New York Dept.
BREAKTHROUGH!

ON THE DOUBLE! ONE HUNDRED YARDS DOWN AND THEN DISPERSE FOR FLANKING FIRE!

PLACE: A SMALL, NAMELESS ISLAND IN THE WAR TORN PACIFIC!
TIME: SEPTEMBER, 1944!
POES: A HANDFUL OF U.S. MARINES VS. THE FANATICAL HORDS OF THE EMPEROR!

NO MATTER WHAT THE GYRENES DID, THE BATTLE LOOKED HOPELESS! THEY WERE ON ENEMY GROUND, SHORT OF SUPPLIES, AND DANGEROUSLY OUTNUMBERED! BUT THIS ONE UNSUNG BATTLE WAS TYPICAL OF THE ENTIRE WAR IN THE PACIFIC... AND THE OUTCOME FURNISHED A DRAMATIC CLUE TO THE RESULT OF THE WAR ITSELF!! READ IT, AS IT HAPPENED...

THE ISLAND WAS LONG AND NARROW! THERE WAS LITTLE ROOM LEFT FOR THE JAPS TO MANEUVER IN...
CRISSEACK CROSS THE AUTOMATIC FIRE LEFT AND RIGHT OF THE TRAIL! JOHNSON, GET UP A TREE AND SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT THE ENEMY POSITIONS...

JOHNSON OBEYED, AND MOMENTS LATER...
LEFT OF TRAIL... ABOUT THIRTY DEGREES! I'LL CALL YOUR SHOTS! RANGE... THREE-ZERO-ZERO!!
Once again, consternation and disorder broke out in the Jap ranks...

Rally the forces! There must be no further withdrawal!

We are losing too many vehicles, Excellency! The supplies cannot be salvaged!

The mortars added their muffled roars to the staccato bark of the machine guns...

Throw 'em out long and then start bringing them in close!

Yessir!

Back to the line and fight! Leave the trucks and stand fast!

Suddenly...

Lieutenant Harlan: Withdraw from this position! Lead the men toward the valley!

Meanwhile...

They're pulling out, sir. They left most of their gear on the trail!

Good! Send a patrol ahead to scout the area! We'll move in as soon as they give us the "all clear"!

Half an hour later...

Do you want us to wreck this gear, Captain Chaney?

No! I've got a hunch they'll be back to salvage some of it... and we'll be waiting!

That night, as a full moon sifted through the jungles...

Hurry! Make no noise when you remove the supplies!
SUDDENLY...

DAWN BROKE OVER THE JAP POSITIONS FILLED WITH GLOOM AND DESPAIR...

IF OUR MEN COULD HAVE BUT ONE VICTORY, ALL WOULD BE WELL! THEY WOULD ONCE AGAIN BE FILLED WITH THE EMPEROR'S GLORIOUS COURAGE!

IT IS NOT THAT THEY DO NOT WISH TO FIGHT, SIR! WE HAVE LOST MUCH FACE! WE HAVE SUFFERED ONE DEFEAT AFTER ANOTHER!

ONE VICTORY, EH? THEY SHALL HAVE THAT VICTORY!

ALL THAT DAY, COLONEL MASU SATU PLANNED HIS STRATEGY...

RIGHT HERE OUR PATROLS REPORT WEAKNESS IN THE AMERICAN FLANKS!

GOOD! WE WILL STRIKE AT DAWN TO EXPLOIT THE WEAK SPOTS! IT MUST BE AN ENCIRCLEMENT!

AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY...

ZERO MINUS FIVE! PREPARE TO ADVANCE ALL UNITS!

YES, EXCELLENCY!

ZERO HOUR STRUCK AND THE JAPS SLASHED FORWARD...
THE JAP THRUST STRUCK DEEP AND HARD ON BEACON RED'S FLANKS...

DAWSON! GET TO THE C.O. AND TELL HIM WE NEED HELP TO HOLD THIS FLANK! THEY'RE PUSHING HARD!

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THE CENTER! TELL THE FLANK FORCES TO CONSOLIDATE AND PULL BACK TOWARD US SLOWLY!

THE YANKS GAVE GROUND SLOWLY AS THEIR FLANKS FOLDED INWARD...

COVER THE RIGHT! THEY'RE TRYING TO CROWD THROUGH!

I SEE 'EM! THIS BURST WILL HOLD 'EM A WHILE!

TWO HOURS LATER, THE YANK FORCES WERE FIGHTING IN A TIGHT PERIMETER...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! BEAR DOWN HARD! WE'VE GOT TO HOLD THEM!

VICTORY IS NOW IN SIGHT! THE AMERICAN FORCES ARE CONCENTRATED IN A CIRCLE. WE NEED ONLY APPLY PRESSURE TO SQUEEZE THEM!

BUT THE MEN OF BEACON RED WERE FAR FROM BEATEN...

HERE'S HOW WE WORK THIS! WE LEAVE A SMALL DEFENDING FORCE HERE WHILE THE REST OF US SNEAK DOWN TO THE RIVER!

WE'RE READY WHENEVER YOU SAY THE WORD, SIR!

DUSK FELL, BUT JAP EYES DID NOT SEE THE FLIB OF YANK'S FLITTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE...
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
ALL RIGHT, BOYS... START BRINGING DOWN TREES! WE'LL NEED AT LEAST THIRTY LOGS FLOATING IN THE CREEK!

WITHIN A SHORT TIME...
HOW MUCH LONGER WILL IT TAKE?
ALL FINISHED NOW, SIR! THE REAR GUARD CAN START FILTERING DOWN!

AND WHILE COLONEL SATU'S FORCES Poured FIRE INTO A VOID...

THE JAP TROOPS PAID NO ATTENTION TO THE DRIFTING LOGS...

HALF A MILE DOWNSTREAM...
OKAY, MEN! SET UP IN A SEMI-CIRCLE BEHIND THE JAP LINES! TIME CHECK... ZERO MINUS TEN!

AND WHEN ZERO HOUR STRUCK...

THERE WAS NO MORE FACE TO SAVE FOR COLONEL SATU! THE YANK BREAKTHROUGH SPELLED DEFEAT!

IT IS ALL OVER... FINISHED! VICTORY CAN NEVER BE OURS NOW!

THE END
THE enemy was a good fifteen hundred yards away. His lines extended beyond the ravines, on the other side of the small stream, and up in the thickets that overlooked the settlements surrounding the town. The night before, an ominous quiet had settled down over the space between the two armies. Not even campfires had shone for long after dark; the voices of the sentries were muffled, and even the sunset gun had been stillled.

The sergeant put his head up cautiously beyond the parapet of the trench and inspected what he could see of the enemy lines. He itched for action. Somewhere behind him, along the narrow, level road that led to the supply depots miles in the rear, a rooster crowed. To the east the sun was coming up; the false dawn had already come and faded away. Out of the darkness, light was gathering. An instant later a tiny rim of red showed over the distant mountain top.

A gun spoke, an enemy gun. The sound was indecisive, like a false step in a vast emptiness.

The sergeant shifted at his post as the lieutenant on duty came up. The sergeant looked at him without expression. He never judged a man until he had seen him under fire. And the lieutenant had joined the company only the day before. He saluted the officer.

"It's starting, sergeant," the lieutenant said. His voice seemed tense, full of concern.

"That's right, sir."

Behind them a bugle blast split the air.

Another enemy gun spoke from further up the line. A shell screamed overhead and burst. The sergeant frowned.

"They'll get the range in a few minutes," he said.

The lieutenant seemed to shiver.

"We never expected them to start so soon."

The sergeant smiled.

"That's as might be, sir, but the General will know what to do."

The officer said nothing, but took his field glasses and surveyed the distant enemy lines. He looked left and right and then ahead.

"We're safe, for the moment," he said. "The last line is always safe." Again he peered at the enemy lines through the slowly lightening dawn.

"What difference does it make, sir?" the sergeant asked respectfully.

"The last line must hold, sergeant," the lieutenant said.

"We've got to hold if the other lines give."

"But they won't give, sir!" the sergeant said. He cocked an ear. "That's funny, sir, none of our guns are firing!"

A third gun fired. The enemy's again. The lieutenant bit his lip. A fourth, a fifth, a sixth went off. Then the artillery barrage was on like a rolling of drums.

"They'll fire," the lieutenant said, uncertainly. "Our guns will fire."

Down to the left, six hundred yards away, as if to answer him, their own cannon began to speak hesitantly. The sergeant listened for a few moments, and a cold chill crept down his back.

"They sound like they're firing without plan, sir," he stammered. "But the General . . . ?"

"The General isn't here. He's back at a staff meeting twenty miles away, and he won't be back before dark!" the lieutenant said. Abruptly he put away his field glasses. Then both men ducked as a high whine sounded from down the valley. A shell screamed overhead and burst a hundred feet back in a clump of pines. Both men rose to their feet. The lieutenant pointed.

"Look . . . they've turned the first line! They're advancing!"

The sergeant gripped his gun tightly. It was true. Out from the enemy's line crept masses of men, the barrage creeping before them. And their own lines, the strongly fortified first line, was cracking before the fury of the onslaught. The sergeant turned. He gasped. The lieutenant was running toward his horse, tethered about thirty feet behind the trench.

"Sir!" the sergeant yelled. "Sir . . . come back!"

The lieutenant did not pause. A leap and he was seated in the saddle. Off came his cap and down it swept across the horse's flanks. The animal jumped forward to a quick gallop. Then all the sergeant saw was the officer's back, growing smaller and smaller as he dashed off down the road.

A corporal came up.

"Where did he go, sergeant?" he asked, puzzled.

"I don't know," the sergeant continued.
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IF THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN TOMORROW FOR WAR TO BEGIN--A GREAT, SLEEK FORM WILL MOVE LIKE A SHADOW--IN A DEEP PLACE HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF ITS INTENDED VICTIM--NO ONE WILL KNOW IT'S THERE--NOT THE PROBING RADAR--NOT THE HUNTING JETS--NOT THE NAVAL WATCHDOGS PATROLLING THE COASTS PICKED FOR DEATH... NO--THE KILLER WILL BE WHERE NONE OF THESE CAN FIND IT.

THEN THE WORLD'S MOST FEARFUL WEAPON WILL LAUNCH AN ATOMIC MISSILE AND

A CITY WILL DIE!

IF MAN'S FEAR OF MAN WILL DESTROY HIM FOR ALL TIME... THIS WILL DO THE FINAL JOB-- THIS CREATION MADE GLAMOROUS IN THE HISTORY OF WARFARE-- THE STEEL MENACE CALLED A

SUBMARINE

Even this very minute the stalk has begun-- and eyes watch-- and ears are alert-- waiting-- waiting for the signal...

This is how it may end... but what of the beginning? Where did it all start? Perhaps, there were other eyes--watching--watching the rolling sea...
The idea of a submarine must have been a tantalizing vision to barbaric sea captains since time immemorial! A ship which could sail beneath the surface of the sea—and rise to fight with deadly effect!

This was not yet to be! Ships fought and died—but only those who died went beneath the sea—in no condition to ever rise again!!!

But this notion evidently persisted... as far back as the year 1680 A.D., a man named Borelli recorded his idea for history...

In that same century, a Frenchman named De Son, had another version of what a submarine should look like! Whether this idea went beyond the drawing stage is not known...

It wasn't until the American Revolution that the submarine went from the drawing board and into action... It was little more than a submersible barrel from which a man bored a hole in a British warship—and sank it!

When its succeeding exploits ended disastrously, the submarine was dropped as a practical weapon of war... That is, until Fort Sumter found itself firing the first shots of the Civil War upon a strange Confederate vessel!

Incredible! It looks like a log floating in water! Open fire on it!


THE SUBMARINE BECAME IMPORTANT TO THE CONFEDERACY AS THE UNION BLOCKADE OF ITS SHIPPING BEGAN TO STRANGLE ITS COMMERCE. THE FRENCH OFFERED A NEW DESIGN--A SUBMERSIBLE WHICH CARRIED A SPECIES OF MORTAR LIKE A GIANTIC PIPE-BOWL PROTRUDING FROM THE BOW... TO FIRE UPWARD IN THE HULL OF ITS FOE!!

BY THE LATE 1800'S, THE SUBMARINE, ALTHOUGH NOT HAVING PROVED ITSELF THE DECIDING FACTOR IN NAVAL WARFARE, WAS ACCEPTED AS A VESSEL WITH POTENTIALITIES!! THE GERMANS WERE AWARE OF IT, TOO... THIS WAS A MODEL BUILT BY WILHELM BAUER DURING THIS PERIOD...

AND THERE WAS THE "INTELLIGENT WHALE" 16 FEET LONG, 2 FEET DEEP AND 20 INCHES WIDE--PROBABLY THE SMALLEST SUBMARINE EVER CONSTRUCTED!! THE TWO-MAN CREW HAD TO WEAR DIVING DRESS AND DRAW AIR FROM RESERVOIRS AT EITHER END OF THE VESSEL!!

IT WAS A FAR CRY FROM THE FEARSOME SHADOWS THAT LURKED IN THE FUTURE... BUT NEW DESIGNS WERE POURING FORTH NOW... THE TREND WAS TOWARD SMALL CRAFT LIKE THE "AQUAREDE" OF 1896... WORKED WITH BICYCLE PEDALS BY A MAN IN A DIVER'S SUIT...
THE SUBMARINE WAS SAILING HEADLONG INTO UNCERTAIN PEACETIME CHANNELS—UNTIL WORLD WAR II EXPLODED ACROSS THE HORIZON!—AND A SINISTER NAME WAS ENTERED IN THE LOG OF NAVAL HISTORY—"U-BOAT!"

BEAR LEFT TWO DEGREES! LOAD TORPEDOES!

THE RECORD OF THE U-BOAT WAS WRITTEN IN FRIGHTFUL FIGURES OF SUNKEN TONNAGE, LOSS OF LIFE AND THE STRANGLING OF SUPPLY LINES ON AN UNHEARD OF SCALE!

ANOTHER SCORE FOR THE FATHERLAND!

EVEN AS THE WORLD RECOILED AND ARMED ITSELF AGAINST THIS NEW THREAT, THE U-BOAT WAS RAPIDLY MULTIPLYING IN NUMBERS; AND IN GROUPS THEY PROWLED THE SEAS IN SEARCH OF PREY—INTRODUCING THE ERA OF THE WOLF PACK!


CONVOYS ON THEIR WAY TO BELEAGUERED AREAS WERE HUNTED AND HARRIED AND CUT TO PIECES IN STORMY SEAS; THE SUBMARINE HAD NOW COME INTO ITS OWN—A WEAPON OF POWER—A WEAPON THAT COULD DECIDE THE OUTCOME OF A WAR!

BUT THE ALLIES KNEW FULL WELL WHAT THEY WERE UP AGAINST AND THREW EVERY TYPE OF COUNTER-WEAPON AGAINST THE UNDERSEA RAIDERS!

SIGHTED U-BOAT! SANK SAME!
But at the war’s end, the arrival of the missile and the atomic bomb on the world scene made it certain that the submarine was not the ultimate weapon... it would be the atomic missile that would decide victory or defeat in the next conflict!!!

How would this missile be delivered to the enemy? Would it leap across the planet through the thin air of the stratosphere? Intercontinental ballistic missiles were still not operational...

The bombers of the strategic air command were the most capable of getting the job done if the terrible moment came... they would retaliate with atomic fury if the West was attacked!

When the atomic submarine came into existence, it was the most formidable form of undersea craft ever designed!! It could stay under water for longer periods... its cruising range was lengthened phenomenally... it could fire the atomic Polaris missile!!!

It has a long shadow, this new killer of the deep and it moves under the endless miles of ocean—but never out of range of its target—always watching—waiting for the signal—

It could be the signal for the end of the world as we know it! Or it may be a signal that may never come! At any rate, no matter how the aggressor may strut and bluster, he knows he does so under the watching eyes that peer through a periscope hundreds of miles away in a distance seconds away in time! And the aggressor has not yet dared to move!!
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THE MAN WITH THE BEARD!

This is Fidel Castro, the man with the beard, leader of "Los Barbudos". The bearded rebel army that has taken Cuba in a much-publicized war! This is the man Cuba hails as hero and liberator! This is the man... and this was his war... and both are inseparable.

What manner of man is this bearded one who now controls Cuba? What was he fighting for when he led his rebels against a trained and well-equipped army?
The boy, Fidel Castro, was born in Oriente Province, the son of a well-to-do planter. He loved guns and hunting.

As he grew older he attended college in Havana and became interested in politics. I realize our country could be politically much better off! But, what can we do? We need a cause...

He joined 1100 Caribbean revolutionaries sailing in ships from Cuba to invade dictator Trujillo's Dominican Republic.

You ask me why I am here? This is a cause for all right-thinking men! In Oriente Province where I was born, we hate dictators!

Cuban gunboats sank the ship and Fidel Castro swam three miles to shore with his Tommy-gun still strapped to his back!

Castro returned to Havana and became a lawyer then, inevitably, drifted into politics and became a candidate for Congress when, March 10, 1952, Batista seized the country by an armed coup and cancelled all candidates!
Fidel Castro had at last found his cause. He sold everything he owned, raised $20,000, and then, with his brother Raúl and 150 friends, formed his People’s Army.

It is but the beginning! Cuba must be free from the tyrant’s heel!

At dawn, July 26, 1953, Castro led a column of 13 cars in a surprise attack on Santiago’s Moncada barracks where Batista troops lay sleeping! But, a jeep patrol became suspicious and...

Halt! Who goes there?

The attack was stopped cold!

Castro was tried and, in his own defense, spoke for three hours, a rousing rebel speech!

We were born in a free country and we will not consent to be slaves! I do not fear imprisonment! Condemn me! It does not matter! History will absolve me!

Castro was sentenced to 15 years imprisonment! But in 1955 Batista released all political prisoners! Castro was free and immediately went to Mexico to recruit men and money for a new rebel army!

Colonel Bayo, I need you to teach my men guerilla tactics! I will teach them all the arts of war!

Castro’s forces, in the wilderness hills of the Sierra Maestra, grew. Beards became their trademarks! Sympathy for his cause also grew and money and arms poured to them.

I hear more American newspapermen are coming to interview Fidel!

61! They can share our bountiful dinner... of wild plaintains and mangoes!
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$1 ONLY
FOR TWO YEARS CASTRO PERCHED ON THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN RANGE IN CUBA, GATHERING MEN AND SYMPATHY AND PROVING THAT BATISTA AND HIS ARMY COULD BE FLOUTED!

THEN, TOWARD THE END OF 1958, THE REBEL ARMY BEGAN TO MOVE! THEY ADVANCED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FIGHTING SKIRMISHES WITH THE ARMY!

THEN THEY MARCHED ON AND TOOK SANTA CLARA!

FORWARD! FORWARD, LOS BARBUDOS!

MONCADA BARRACKS SURRENDERED AND A WEEK LATER BATISTA FLED AND HIS ARMY SURRENDERED! CASTRO BEGAN A TRIUMPHANT WESTWARD SWEET! THE WAR HAD BEEN WON!

VIVA CASTRO!

IN THIS MUCH-PUBLICIZED WAR THE REBEL CASUALTIES HAD BEEN A MERE 250 MEN, THE ENEMY CASUALTIES, ABOUT 400! CASTRO THE CONQUERER, BRAVE, SHERWD, CONFIDENT, IDEALISTIC, GENEROUS AND... LUCKY IS NOW THE LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE!

WE WILL BUILD A PEOPLE'S ARMY WITH LOS BARBUDOS AS ITS CORPS! THERE WILL BE GREAT REFORMS... GREAT GOOD FOR THE PEOPLE...


THE END
On June 25, 1950, troops of Communist North Korea, supported by tanks and artillery, crossed the 38th parallel, dividing line between Communist-rulled and free Korea. Each side claimed they ruled Korea. The North Koreans invaded to enforce their claim and gain control of the whole peninsula, thus the flames of war flickered once again upon the earth, threatening to become a conflagration that would engulf the world.

The United Nations Security Council voted 9 to 0 to adopt a U.S. resolution calling for immediate cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of red troops from South Korea.

The Soviet government declared the resolution illegal. Meanwhile, North Korean troops, backed by Communistic power, captured Seoul, capital of Korea.
IN THE FACE OF THIS DEFANCE, PRESIDENT TRUMAN ORDERED U.S. PLANES AND WARSHIPS TO SUPPORT THE SOUTH KOREANS IN THEIR BATTLE FOR FREEDOM!

ON JULY 1, 1950, A BATTALION OF THE U.S. 24TH INFANTRY DIVISION LANDED AT BUSAN AND MOVED TO BATTLE POSITIONS NORTH OF TAEJON AND ABOUT 75 MILES FROM SEOUL.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR WAS NAMED SUPREME COMMANDER OF THE U.N. FORCES IN THE FAR EAST. RED TROOPS KEPT PURGING IN AND UNITS OF TWO OTHER DIVISIONS WERE SENT TO AID THE BADLY OUTNUMBERED 24TH!

HEY, HERE COME SOME NEW BOYS! BROTHER, CAN WE USE THEM?

WE COULD NOT GET MEN AND SUPPLIES TO KOREA FAST ENOUGH! RED TROOPS POURING IN SEEMED INEXHAUSTIBLE! IN BITTER FIGHTING TAEJON FELL INTO COMMIE HANDS!

BY JULY 30TH, THE SITUATION OF THE U.N. FORCES WAS CRITICAL! LIEUT. GENERAL WALKER SENT GRIM ORDERS TO ALL ELEMENTS OF THE EIGHTH ARMY!

THEY Fought AGAINST GREAT ODDS OF BOTH MEN AND EQUIPMENT, IN THE TERRIBLE TROPICAL HEAT THEY Fought AND HELD!

WE WILL DIG IN! THEY MUST BE HELD! THESE ARE MY ORDERS TO THE EIGHTH ARMY...STAND AND FIGHT...AT ANY COST!
THEN, ON AUGUST 24th, AMERICAN AND SOUTH KOREAN FORCES WERE WITHDRAWN TO THE PUSAN PERIMETER!

The Defense of the Pusan Perimeter is considered one of the greatest military feats of all time! Troops were shuttle from one position to another...

Quiet! The enemy isn't supposed to know that we're moving men around like checkers.

These tactics made the Red forces think the Allied force was much stronger than it was. Delay was the purpose, for delay meant that more men and material would have time to move in.

Keep pouring it in!

Then, under General MacArthur, the U.S. 10th Corps made a surprise, amphibious landing at Inchon!

In a tremendous drive on Seoul, U.S. troops, for the first time, crossed north of the 38th Parallel.

It looked as though the end was in sight! But nothing could be further than the truth. On Oct. 31st, Red Chinese troops poured in from Manchuria in hordes, joining the North Koreans!
The war seesawed back and forth! Nov. 26th, in the bitter, biting cold, four commie armies were hurled against U.N. forces and the allies were forced, in bitter fighting, to withdraw along the whole front.

Then, on Dec. 8th, U.S. marines and infantrymen, surrounded and badly outnumbered by hordes of screaming Chinese Reds, began the historic drive from Changjin reservoir toward Haungnam.

Ridgeway was given command of the U.N. forces. The Reds said they would push the Americans into the sea! The U.N. forces dug in 25 miles from Seoul and awaited the next all-out enemy drive.

Sir, the commies have begun their assault. We must hold! We must not be pushed further and as for the enemy, no matter what it takes... they shall not pass!

The red offensive smashed itself upon our determination! By the summer of 1951 our forces were driving forward! The closing chapter of the war had begun.

Truce talks began and continued after many disagreements! But the Reds were licked and they knew it! On July 27th, a treaty was signed at Panmunjon! The war was over.

The octopus of communism will again and again attempt to squeeze the life of freedom from small countries all over the world! But, wherever freedom, loving peoples cry for aid, there aid will be sent for freedom is the right of all men and freedom is America's heritage!
EXPLODING
ARMY HAND
GRENADE
EXACT REPLICA
only $1.00

Here's real battle authenticity. This menacing hand grenade looks and works just like a real one. All you do is pull the pin, wait 4 seconds, throw the grenade, and watch the fun as it explodes automatically. It's completely harmless, but the explosion it makes can be heard for a block. Really scatters the gang when you throw this baby in their midst. It sure looks and sounds real. Can't break. Can be exploded over and over again. Heavy gauge steel firing mechanism. Only $1 plus 25¢ shipping charges Uses standard cap.

10 DAY FREE TRIAL
Don't delay! Order now! If not 100% delighted simply return for prompt refund of full purchase price.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP
DEPT HG 74
LYNCH, NEW YORK

Rush me my exploding Hand Grenade at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return after 10 Day Free Trial for prompt refund of purchase price.

☐ I enclosed $1 plus 25¢ shipping charges.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postage on delivery C.O.D. & Shipping.

Name
Address

MEN...IMMEDIATE TRAINING AS
HEAVY EQUIPMENT OPERATORS

EXCELLENT
ADVANCEMENT
OPPORTUNITIES

EXPERIENCE
UNNECESSARY

You will be trained thoroughly for modern heavy equipment operation. 600,000 new trainee operators needed to meet public and private construction goals projected for next two years. Federal, State, and local highway, road, street, bridge, dam and other projects already approved with billions of dollars additional ready for legislatures' approval.

WAGE RATES ABOVE AVERAGE
Operators, with time off for winter, have been earning up to $7,000 to $10,000. Foremen earn up to $12,000 to $18,000. Trainees master heavy equipment operation, including: tractors, scrapers, graders, rollers, ditchers, shovels, bulldozers. Engineering fundamentals...blueprint reading...operating controls...equipment operation...highway construction, etc.

APPLY NOW
Nationwide placement service available upon completion. We help you with financing. Training starts at home. If age 17 to 45, signify interest at once. Mail coupon below.
said. “Reckon the bursting shell frightened him.” He glanced at the corporal.

“You’re in command now, sergeant,” the corporal said, saluting.

“We’ll await orders,” the sergeant said. He looked at his watch. “Provided there are any.” He listened to the artillery barrage. Still their own guns were ragged, firing uncertainly without the guiding brain of the General. A glance down at the fighting line showed only confusion. What was certain was that the first line of defense had collapsed. The enemy was pouring through great gaps in the line and now the second defense positions were on the point of being engaged.

A few minutes later the corporal came hurrying up with a folded slip of paper.

“Orders for retreat, sergeant,” he said. “Just came in from the staff post.”

Retreat. The sergeant shuddered. It was a word he hadn’t heard for a year now, not with the General’s forces. And retreat was now the order of the day.

“All right,” he said. “You know what to do. Take out the stores first, then the men.” He glanced around, up and down the fortified line. Masses of men were stirring. Horses sauntered out of the surrounding woods, bearing officers in charge of evacuating supplies. Already wagons loaded with ammunition were tearing past them down the road, as company after company joined the general orders.

He had thought an early retreat would be orderly, especially one in which the front lines were holding here and there before the enemy’s powerful attack. An hour passed, then two.

They began to give back, more and more. Already large numbers of men from the third defense lines were coming down the main road toward the rear. The bugles blew, trying to rally the troops into some kind of order. On every side, the sergeant heard officers shouting themselves hoarse. As the morning progressed, the rout grew and spread. Ammunition wagons choked the road, their horses urged on by frantic drivers eager to get the war materiel out of enemy range.

From his last vantage point,

A silence fell. The enemy, noticing the last withdrawal of the gun emplacements, was sparing its fire. From here on, the battle would be fought with rifles and bayonets. At the vantage post, the sergeant saw the last stragglers pass; then he too went. Ahead of him was the road his army had once ridden down in triumph. It would be bitter, he knew, to retrace it, defeated.

Suddenly, he paused. Ahead of him he heard a sound, a shouting, and then voices. Voices singing, singing the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The ground shook with the thunder of tramping feet. The sergeant glanced back. In the rear was the enemy, coming up. He glanced ahead and his heart leaped. Ahead on the road a great black horse came pounding along, its rider waving his hat and shouting, “Huzza, boys! We’ll beat them yet!”

The sergeant stared, his eyes flashing. He knew the man on the great black horse... it was General Philip Sheridan. And behind him rode the sergeant’s own lieutenant who had bravely ridden twenty miles to warn the General that the battle at Winchester was on once more. Cannon opened up all along the front, Union cannon screaming their shells overhead toward the enemy. Together with the rolling battle hymn, the sound grew to a crashing crescendo, as the army... the defeated Union army... turned as one man at the summons of its leader whose fierce courage had rallied them and swept back along the road of defeat. Turning, gripping his gun, the sergeant joined the shouting, singing, surging masses of men who were following Sheridan to victory!

THE END G-674
ENEMY ACTION!

The Germans will run once I go into action! A real scrapper, that's me! That's what I joined the army for, so I could get into a good scrap without the Bobbies breakin' it up!

Aw knock it off, Freddy! Hear you tell it, you'll win the war all by yourself!

War makes strange companions! Men from all districts and all walks of life came to France in those grim days of World War I! Men from London and from Wales, from the farm country and from the alleys of England! Private Freddy Morse was one of those who came from the gutters of London, a scrapper, a conniver, a trouble maker! But war has a way of changing a man... sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse!

All out, Chaps! Shank's mare from now on!

Listen, Limey, I don't like the way you talk, see!

We're sick an' tired of hearin' your boasts, Freddy! An' seein' you get out of doin' your share...
LISTEN, YOU, I'M GOIN' TO TEACH YOU AN' THE REST OF THESE...

THAT'LL BE ENOUGH OF THAT, MORSE! YOU'VE BEEN A TROUBLEMAKER EVER SINCE WE LEFT ENGLAND. NOW MOVE ALONG! ANY FIGHTIN' WE'LL BE DOWN, WILL BE WITH THE GERMANS!

IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THOSE STRIPES ON YOUR SLEEVE, I'D TEACH YOU A LESSON, TOO! ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'LL CATCH YOU WITHOUT THOSE STRIPES...

IT'S A DAY I'LL LOOK FORWARD TO!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SERGEANT?

IT'S THAT FREDDY MORSE AGAIN, MAJOR! DURING TRAINING, HE SPENT MORE TIME IN THE GUARDHOUSE THAN IN BARRACKS! HE'S A WILD ONE! ALWAYS SCRAPING!

OH, YES, I REMEMBER HIM! A PRODUCT OF LONDON'S LIMEHOUSE DISTRICT! NOT VERY POPULAR WITH THE MEN... OR THE OFFICERS! HATES TO SUBMIT TO AUTHORITY! HE'LL BE A PROBLEM I'M AFRAID, SERGEANT!

THEY MOVED INTO THE FRONT LINE TRENCHES, RELIEVING THE WEARY FRENCH FORCES!

HEY, FRENCHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER... CAN'T YOU FIGHT YOUR OWN BATTLES? WELL, NEVER MIND, FREDDY MORSE'S HERE NOW!

SHUT UP, MORSE! THESE MEN HAVE BEEN UP HERE FOR MONTHS! I GET SO SICK OF YOUR BIG MOUTH...
SERGEANT, POSITION YOUR MEN, BUT NO FIRING UNLESS ATTACKED! THE ENEMY HAVEN'T THE EXACT LOCATION OF THESE TRENCHES YET TO ZERO IN THEIR ARTILLERY ON US!

YES, SIR!

YOU HEARD THE MAJOR, CHAPS! NO FIRING UNLESS WE'RE ATTACKED! TAKE YOUR POSTS!

NO FIRIN? WHAT DID WE COME HERE FOR, TO PLAY GAMES? I CAME TO FIGHT!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM COMIN' NOW! I'D GIVE IT TO THEM LIKE THEY NEVER HAD IT, ME AN' MY FRIEND HERE!

REMEMBER, NO FIRING! ANY SHELL HITS MADE ON US ARE ONLY CHANCE HITS! YOU'LL ALL GET YOUR CHANCE TO FIGHT BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH!

SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKNESS, A SHELL CAME...

IT CAME OUT OF THE DARK! POOR CHAPS DIDN'T EVEN SEE WHERE IT CAME FROM... DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING!

I'LL SHOW THEM!

STOP THAT, YOU FOOL!

NOW YOU'VE DONE IT! HAUL HIM BACK!

BRATTA-TAT!

TATTA-TAT-TAT!
IT WAS ALL THE ENEMY FORCES NEEDED, THOSE STREAKS FROM THE MACHINE GUN TO USE AS A MARK FOR THEIR ARTILLERY!

SERGEANT, PULL THOSE MEN BACK! WE'LL HAVE TO EVACUATE THIS SECTION! ON THE DOUBLE NOW!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS! THIS ISN'T MY KIND OF SCRAPPING! A CHAP SHOULD BE ABLE TO SEE WHO HE'S FIGHTIN'... BE ABLE TO HIT BACK AT SOMETHIN' HE CAN SEE!

MORSE, STOP THAT MUMBLING! Patrol THIS SECTION! ONE MORE MISTAKE, AN' YOU'LL REGRET IT!

FREDDY PATROLLED HIS POST! HE WAS JITTERY, HIS NERVE WAS BREAKING...

NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE AFRAID OF ANYTHING! BUT THIS IS DIFFERENT! IF A CHAP COULD SEE WHAT HE'S FIGHTIN'...

NO! NO!

MORSE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AWAY FROM YOUR POST? WHERE'S YOUR RIFLE?

LET ME GO! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!

SERGEANT, PUT THAT MAN UNDER ARREST AND SEND HIM TO THAT TOWN IN THE REAR! HE'S ENDANGERED THE LIFE OF EVERY MAN IN THIS COMPANY BY DESERTING THIS POST!

UNDER GUARD, FREDDY MORSE WAS TAKEN TO CHATELAINE AND JAILED TO AWAITS COURT MARTIAL!

WHAT'S THAT? TOWN BEIN' SHELLED! LET ME OUT OF HERE! I CAN'T STAND IT!

GOT TO GET OUT! LOSE MYSELF IN THE COUNTRYSIDE! I'LL GET RID OF THIS UNIFORM, I CAN HIDE... GET AWAY WHERE THERE'S NO SHELLS...

WAM-WAM!
FALL BACK! THE GERMANS HAVE COME IN BEHIND... FLANKING OUR FORCES AHEAD! MUST GET WORD TO THEM AHEAD OR THEY'LL BE SMASHED! ABANDON THE TOWN!

THERE THEY ARE, THE ONES WHO SEND THE SHELLS AND THE BULLETS OUT OF NOWHERE! NOW I CAN SEE THEM... MEN, NO DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN...

THIS WAS THE ENEMY WHICH HAD TURNED HIM INTO A COWARD! SUDDENLY HIS FEAR WAS GONE AND HE WAS FILLED WITH FURY AND A TOWERING ANGER!

MAKE A SNIVELIN' COWARD OUT OF FREDDY MORSE, EH? I'LL FIX YOU FOR DOIN' THAT TO ME! YOU'RE ONLY ORDINARY MEN... LIKE ME, LIKE THE OTHER CHAPS!

HOW LONG HE KEPT POURING THAT SPRAY OF STEEL HE NEVER KNEW? TO HIM IT WAS A SECOND AND AN ETERNITY! THEN HE HEARD SHOUTS...

BRATTA-TATTA-TATTA!

IT'S FREDDY MORSE, SIR!

WE'LL FORGET ABOUT HIS ARREST, SERGEANT! SEE THAT HE'S SENT BACK AND WELL TAKEN CARE OF! WE HAVE A LOT TO THANK HIM FOR!

SIR, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D RATHER BE WITH MY OUTFIT! I'VE JUST CAUGHT A COUPLE OF SCRATCHES! I PROMISE I'LL BE NO TROUBLE ANY MORE!

SEEMS LIKE YOU HAVE, MORSE! PROUD TO HAVE YOU WITH US! SERGEANT, GIVE THIS MAN A GUN...

FREDDY MORSE MOVED UP WITH HIS OUTFIT! HE WAS NO LONGER AFRAID, OR COCKY OR LOUD-MOUTHED! HE MOVED WITH A QUIET SURENESS, FOR IN BATTLE, ALONE AGAINST THE ENEMY, FACING DEATH, HE HAD FOUND A NEW WAY OF LIFE!

THE END
DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?
Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE.
Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 85¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP $2.50
IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP $3.00
IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP $4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE DETAILS TO

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES
Dept. RD  P. O. Box 1004
Nashville, Tennessee
Skinny

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

GAIN MORE WEIGHT
IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. Guaranteed to give you up to an extra pound a day! Or your money back! Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're underweight*... or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can put on up to a pound a day of attractive weight without exercise... dangerous drugs... or special diet... and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible... with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days' supply... for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves... and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are unconditionally guaranteed to put on weight... or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a delicious, full strength, 4-way tablet... that combines not just one... or two... but 4 of the most amazing aids for gaining weight... known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid... not a powder. It is the amazing red vitamin doctors give many underweight patients in hospitals... It contains iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-12... and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into whole rounded flesh instead of being wasted. That's the secret of putting on weight. Now, you can help your body to add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs, and legs. Now you don't have to be skinny... or afraid to be seen socially and he ashamed of your figure! You must achieve the figure you want... or don't pay anything. Act now!

SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing MORE-WATE tablet plan for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have gained weight and look better you pay nothing!

MAIL THIS NO RISK TRIAL COUPON NOW!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. M-239
403 Market Street, Newark, N. J.
Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money order. You will receive a 10 day supply of MORE-WATE tablets and plan, postage prepaid.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY
STATE

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

□ Send me 30 day supply plus an extra 10 day supply (that's a 40 day supply) for $19.8. I understand that if I am not delighted with MORE-WATE tablets and plan, I can return the 30 day supply in 10 days for full purchase price refund, and keep the 10 day supply without charge.

We don't want Skinny on our team!

No Skinny Scare-Crow for me!

Dangerous drugs... you eat it like candy! Yet... If you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain 4-way MORE-WATE tablets... a full 10 days' supply... for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS... and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose... and weight to gain! Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves... and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! Gain more weight!

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My name is Charles Atlas. Of course, I can't promise that you'll win the title of "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," as I did. But I do say that I believe I can make a mighty powerful He-Man out of you — in a very short time. In fact, you can prove it to yourself in 7 days. At my risk, of course. And I have good reason for believing I can do it. Because during the last 30 years I have turned many thousands of weaklings — fellows who were ashamed of their bodies — into beautifully-proportioned human dynamos of strength, energy, and timeless endurance ... with the kind of muscular development that needn't take "back talk" from any one. My big free book will tell you how my secret of Dynamic Tension may be able to do such a job for you. Where shall I send your copy? There's not a bit of cost or obligation on your part. So mail the coupon now.

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Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy of my valuable 32-page book. Also check the kind of body you want right in the coupon. My book tells how you can get it fast. See how I can give you "Stand-Out" muscles where you want them; add inches to your chest and shoulders; make your legs and arms bulge with power. Read how "Dynamic Tension" can make you a new man — confident popular, successful. See pages of actual photos of men who have become "Atlas Champions" my way. Read the answers to vital questions about your health ... your personality ... your future — WHAT I can do for you and HOW I do it. Rush the coupon to me personally:

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 60 H
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

- More Weight — Solid in the Right Places
- Slimmer Waist and Hips
- Broader Chest and Shoulders
- More Powerful Legs
- More Powerful Arms and Grip
- Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man, 22 pages graced with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name
Age
Address
City State

[Note: The coupon contains various checkable boxes for different body types and physical traits, as well as space for the sender to provide their name, address, and other details.]
LOOK! Thousands Who Never Thought They Could—NOW MAKING $50 to $500 in Spare Time...

...Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors with World-Famous Wallace Brown CHRISTMAS CARDS

WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START FREE!

There's no trick to making extra money. Thousands of Boys, Girls, Men, Women who never earned any extra money before are now enjoying $30 to $500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! It's simple—everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy their cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to $50 on each one. Could anything be simpler? We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. See without risking a penny how much fun making extra money can be. Just mail coupon. TODAY! You'll be glad you did!

76 BIG MONEY MAKERS—Send Coupon Below
Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy extra money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get sample of 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assort. on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers ... more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to start making money at once—we show you how. Just mail the coupon TODAY!

FREE Samples of Popular-Priced Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell just by being shown. It's so easy, too, because we ship direct to your customers and we pay postage. You have no bother, no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-selling cards.

Wallace Brown, Inc.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 11 East 26th St., Dept. V-134 New York 10, New York

Send 21-card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

ORGANIZATIONS:
Churches, clubs, etc. can add hundreds of dollars to treasuries with these fast sellers. Give organization name on coupon.

Name:

Address:

City & Zone State

If writing for an organization, give its name.