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MARCH - APRIL NO. 13  
ICC

# REAL HEROES

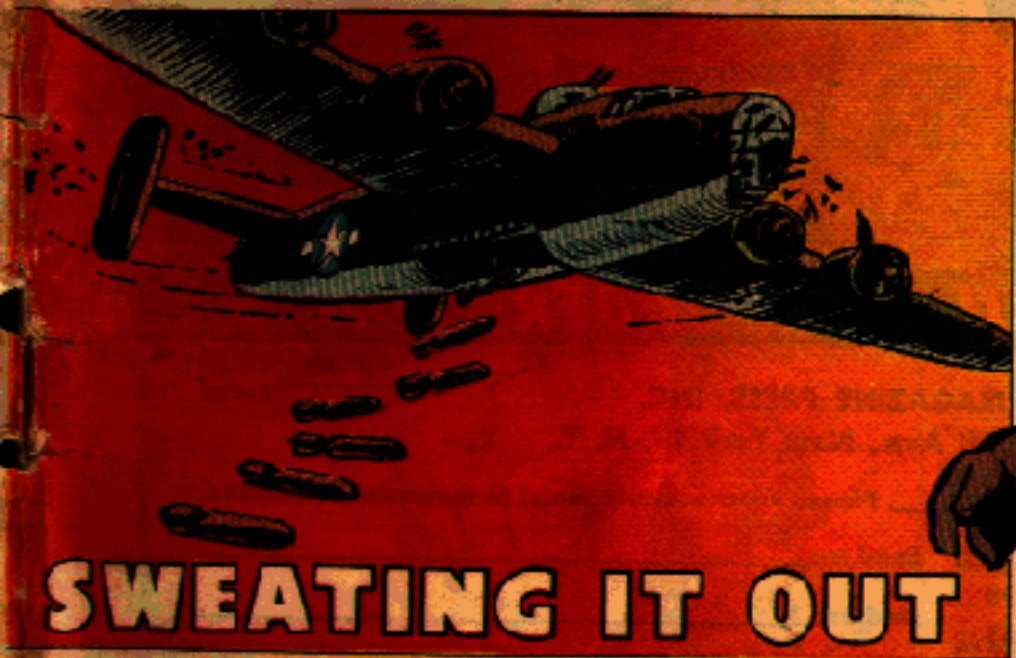
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**VICTORY AT CLIMBACH**



**DANGER IN THE DEEP**



**SWEATING IT OUT**



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# VICTORY OF FAITH

IN ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC DEEDS OF THE WAR, FOUR ARMY CHAPLAINS DEMONSTRATED THEIR FAITH IN THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL MEN.

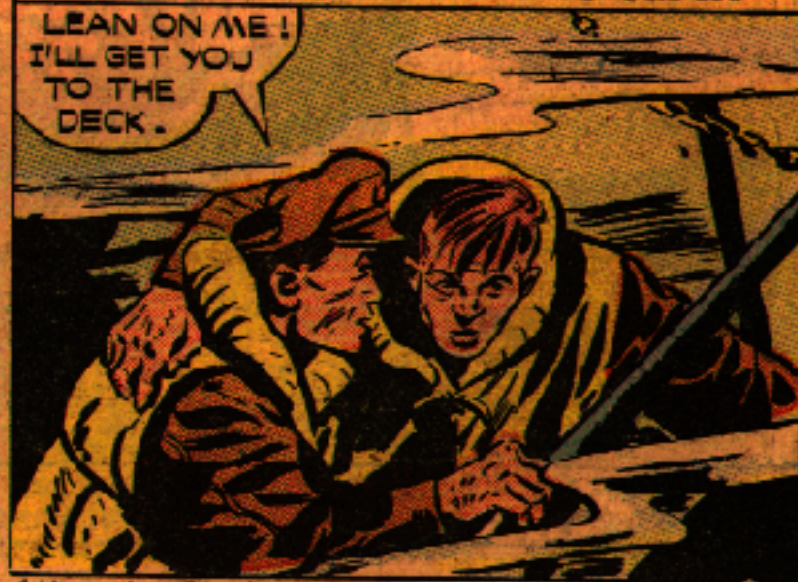


IN FEBRUARY 1943, A TORPEDO SMASHED INTO THE TRANSPORT "DORCHESTER" OFF GREENLAND.

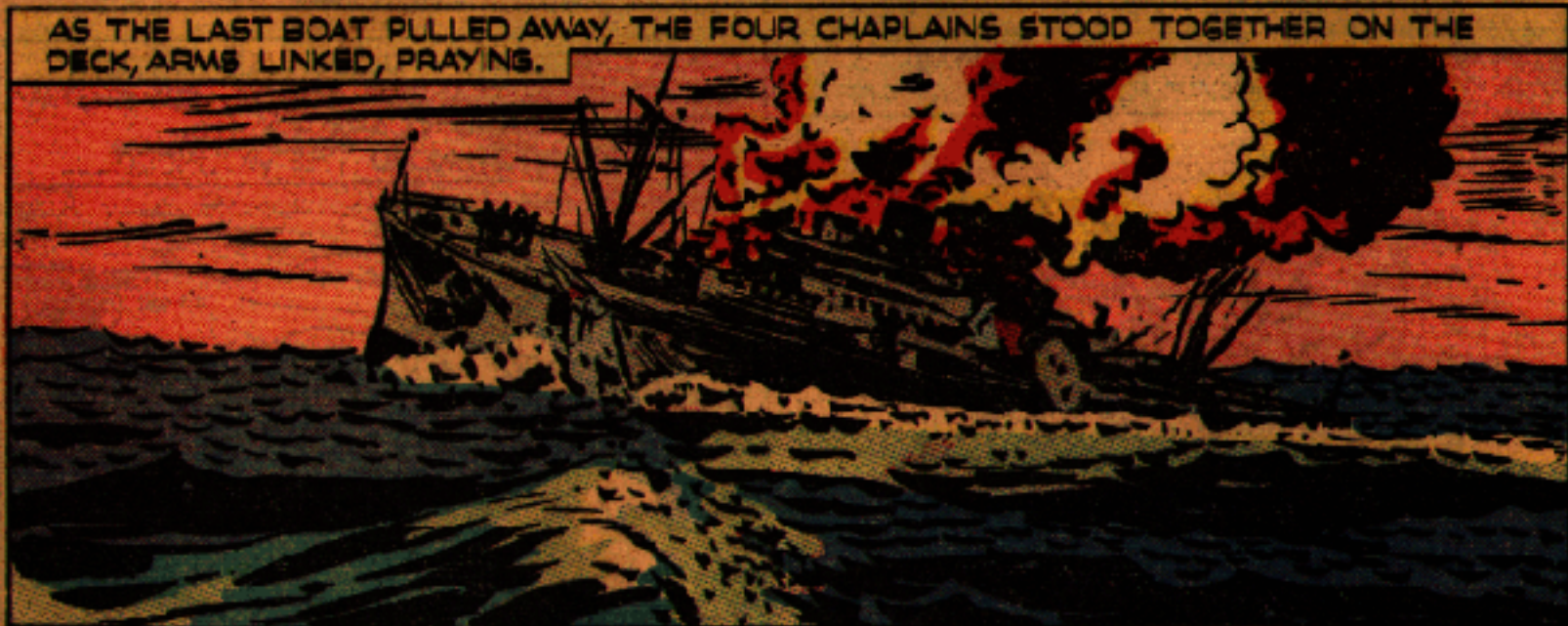


FOUR CHAPLAINS - JOHN WASHINGTON, CATHOLIC; ALEXANDER GOODE, JEWISH; GEORGE FOX AND CLARK POLING, PROTESTANTS - AIDED THE WOUNDED ...

LEAN ON ME!  
I'LL GET YOU  
TO THE  
DECK.



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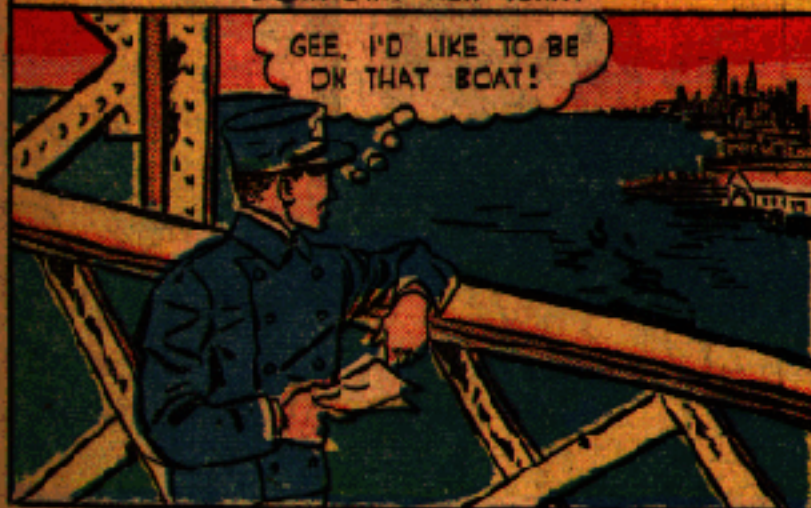
"MEN OF ALL FAITHS CAN BE PROUD THAT THESE MEN OF DIFFERENT FAITHS DIED TOGETHER." - - MAJ. GEN. WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, CHIEF OF CHAPLAINS.

# 24,000 MILES TO FIND HIS MAN



FEARLESS YOUNG JIMMIE SMITH CROSSED CONTINENTS AND OCEANS TO FIND A MAN ON A BATTLEFIELD IN DARKEST AFRICA

JIMMIE LIVED IN BROOKLYN AND WORKED IN DOWNTOWN NEW YORK.



AFTER A BUSY DAY AT THE WESTERN UNION OFFICE..



IN 1900, MESSENGERS GOT MODEST THRILLS FROM THEIR JOB.

BUT A SURPRISE WAS IN STORE FOR JIMMIE.

I HAD A TOUGH ONE YESTERDAY—WRONG ADDRESS—MAN MOVED—BUT I FOUND HIM ALL RIGHT.

IF YOU WANT A REAL PUZZLE, TRY TO DELIVER A MESSAGE IN CHINATOWN.

SAY, JIMMIE, THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU.

ME! ARE YOU SURE HE SAID JIMMIE SMITH?



THE BIG NEWS OF THE DAY WAS THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA WHERE "OOM PAUL" KRUGER AND HIS BOER ARMY OPPOSED THE BRITISH.

THERE WAS GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEN JIMMIE BROUGHT HOME THE NEWS OF HIS TRIP.

JIMMIE, THIS IS MR. RAYENS. HE HAS AN IMPORTANT JOB FOR SOMEONE.

JIMMIE, WILL YOU CARRY A MESSAGE TO PRESIDENT KRUGER IN SOUTH AFRICA?

WHEN DO I START, SIR?

CAN I GO, MOTHER? THE JOB IS MINE IF I SAY SO!

BUT, JIMMIE, IT'S SO FAR TO TRAVEL ALL ALONE, YOU'RE SO YOUNG!

WELL, WELL, I DECLARE, SURE! SURE! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT! I'M PROUD THEY PICKED MY SON FOR THE JOB.



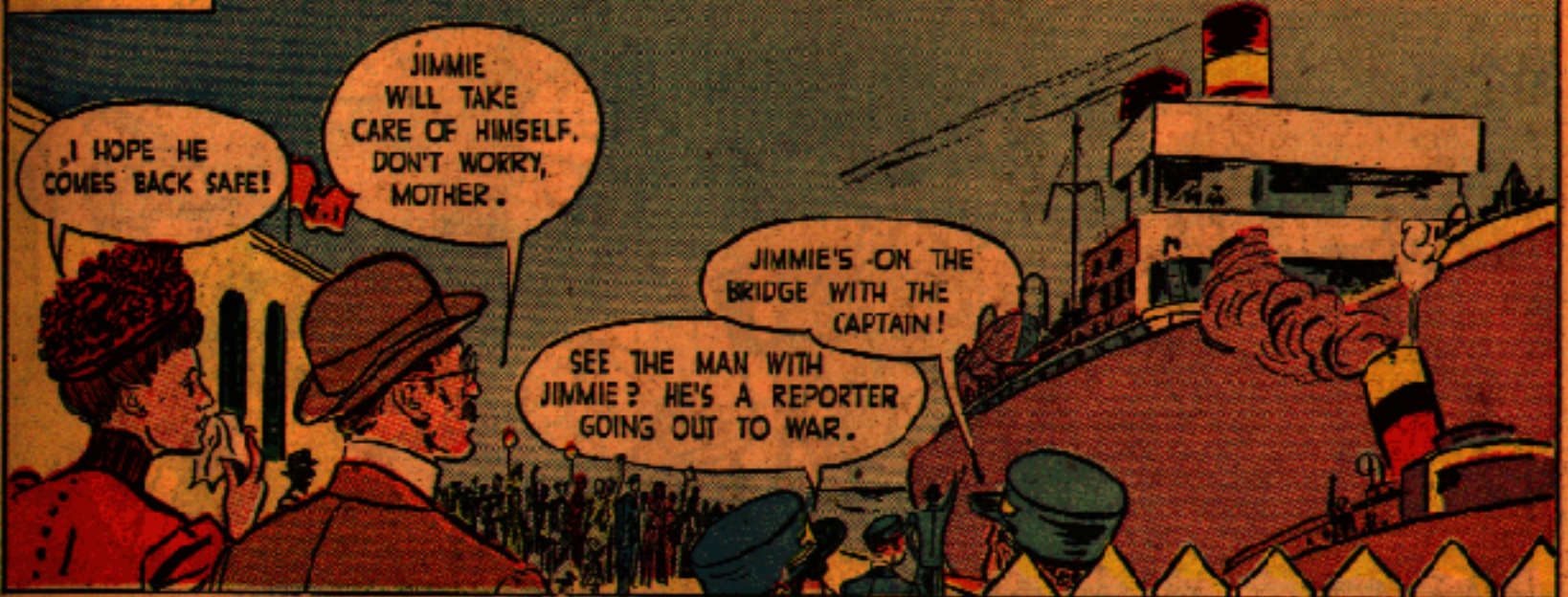
THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE BUSY ONES FOR JIMMIE AS HE PREPARED TO GO ON HIS LONG TRIP.

JIMMIE BECAME AN OVERNIGHT HERO! PARADES WERE HELD IN HIS HONOR.

WAIT 'TIL THE FELLOWS SEE MY NEW UNIFORM.



JIMMIE WAS OFF AT LAST, TO DELIVER A MESSAGE OF GOOD WILL TO PRESIDENT KRUGER FROM 21,645 AMERICAN SCHOOLBOYS.



I HOPE HE COMES BACK SAFE!

JIMMIE WILL TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF. DON'T WORRY, MOTHER.

JIMMIE'S ON THE BRIDGE WITH THE CAPTAIN!

SEE THE MAN WITH JIMMIE? HE'S A REPORTER GOING OUT TO WAR.

THE GREYHOUND OF THE SEA MADE A SPEEDY CROSSING.



SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND, WAS THE FIRST STOP.



THE ENGLISH CHANNEL STEAMER HAD A ROUGH PASSAGE.



JIMMIE SPED BY TRAIN FROM HAYRE TO PARIS...



...THROUGH FRANCE TO MARSEILLES, WHERE HE AGAIN BOARDED A STEAMER.



THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL...



ALONG THE COAST OF AFRICA.

HIS ROUTE TOOK HIM DOWN THE COAST TO MADAGASCAR.



AND THEN A TRAIN RIDE TO PRETORIA SOUTH AFRICA.



PRETORIA, SOUTH AFRICA, AT LAST! JIMMIE WAS MET BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, A FAMOUS WAR CORRESPONDENT.

WELL, JIMMIE, THE BRITISH ARE GETTING CLOSER. THE PEOPLE ARE FLEEING TO THE HILLS! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND PRESIDENT KRUGER.

I SURE WOULD LIKE TO DELIVER THIS AS SOON AS I CAN.



DAVIS AND JIMMIE FOUND PRESIDENT KRUGER JUST AS HE WAS LEAVING A STAFF CONFERENCE WITH HIS GENERALS.

MR. PRESIDENT, LET ME PRESENT JIMMIE SMITH.

MR. PRESIDENT, I HAVE BEEN CHARGED TO DELIVER THIS MESSAGE BY 21,845 SCHOOL BOYS OF AMERICA WHO WISH YOU GOOD LUCK.

I APPRECIATE THE SPIRIT THAT PROMPTED THIS MESSAGE.



THE MESSAGE WAS DELIVERED NOT A DAY TOO SOON, FOR...

THE NEXT DAY, THE BRITISH ENTERED THE DESERTED CITY TO FIND A SIXTEEN YEAR-OLD BOY THE SOLE OCCUPANT! EVEN THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS HAD GONE TO COVER A DISTANT BATTLE.

WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I AM JAMES FRANCIS SMITH, SIR, AN AMERICAN MESSENGER. I HAVE FINISHED MY JOB AND WISH TO RETURN TO MY COUNTRY.



THE BRITISH, AT FIRST SUSPICIOUS AND RESENTFUL OF JIMMIE, SOON MADE FRIENDS WITH HIM. IT WAS SIX WEEKS BEFORE THE BRITISH OFFICERS THOUGHT IT SAFE FOR HIM TO START FOR HOME.

OH, I SAY, JIMMIE, WHEN YOU GO BACK, CAN'T YOU STOP OFF IN ENGLAND AND GIVE MY FOLKS A BIT OF A GREETING?

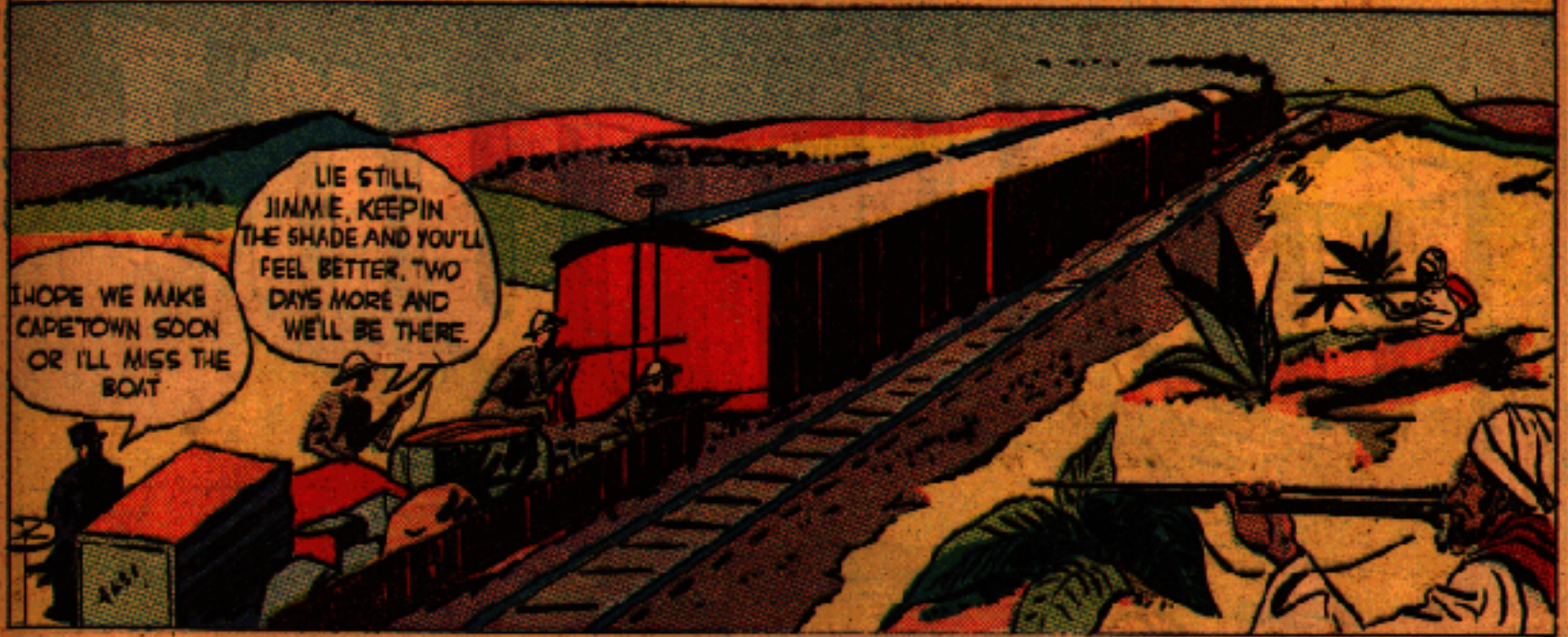
WHY GO BACK, JIMMIE? JOIN UP WITH US AND BE OUR MASCOT

THANK YOU, SIR, BUT THE CAPTAIN SAYS I CAN GET A SHIP AT CAPETOWN DIRECT TO NEW YORK. I MUST GO BACK.





EIGHT DAYS OF TRAVELING IN SWELTERING HEAT, SURVIVING MANY ATTACKS, JIMMIE, TIRED AND SICK, CARRIED ON!



FINALLY, JIMMIE REACHED THE COAST AND BOARDED THE STEAMER FOR THE LONG TRIP HOME.



BACK FROM HIS WORLD TRIP - 24,000 MILES ACROSS TWO OCEANS AND THREE CONTINENTS...



JIMMIE LATER BECAME A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE FORCE. HE SERVED WITH THE 304TH TANK CORPS IN WORLD WAR I. RETURNING TO THE POLICE FORCE, HE ROSE TO THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT OF DETECTIVES, AND FOR 35 YEARS PERFORMED HIS JOB WITH THE SAME LOYALTY AND COURAGE THAT HAD CARRIED HIM FROM THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK TO THE BATTLEFRONTS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

# MAN HUNT

A GERMAN GENERAL WILL NEVER FORGET THE NIGHT OF APRIL 25, 1944, WHEN HE HAD THE BAD FORTUNE TO MEET SOME BRITISH COMMANDOS.



IN A BRITISH RAIDING BOAT JUST OFF GERMAN-OCCUPIED CRETE...

WE'RE HUNTING BIG GAME TONIGHT.



WHEN OUR HEADQUARTERS WANTS A NAZI GENERAL, WE BRING 'EM A NAZI GENERAL!



THE COMMANDOS SLIPPED ASHORE NEAR THE GERMAN-HELD TOWN OF HERAKLEION.



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE COMES THE CAR! KEEP SWINGING THAT LANTERN TO FLAG HIM DOWN. IN THE DARK, HE MAY NOT SUSPECT WE'RE BRITISH.



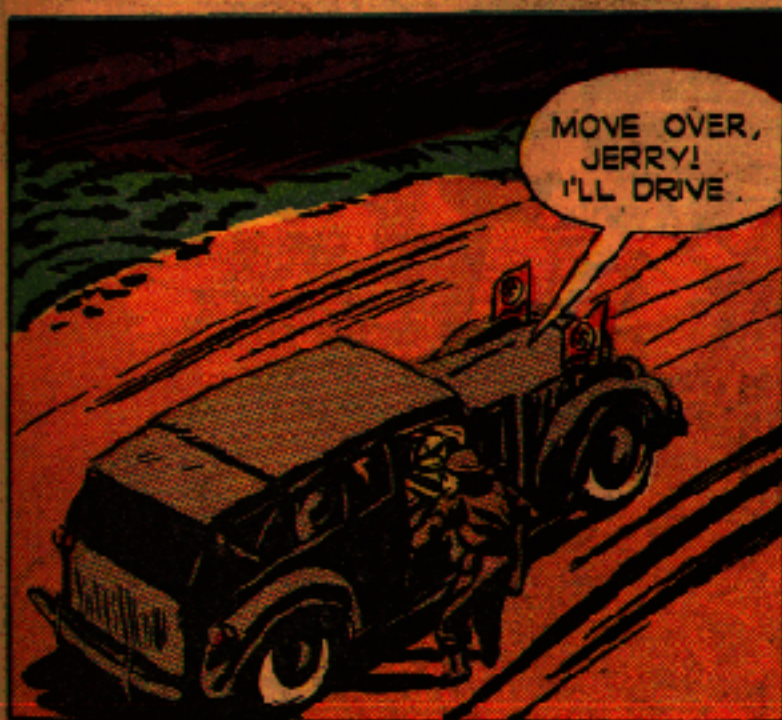
THE RUSE WORKED. THE CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP.



YOU'RE NOW A BRITISH PRISONER OF WAR, GENERAL KREIPE!



MOVE OVER, JERRY! I'LL DRIVE.



KEEP GOING, EVEN WHEN YOU COME TO ENEMY CONTROL POSTS. THE SENTRIES WON'T STOP AN OFFICIAL GERMAN CAR.



UNCHALLENGED, THE COMMANDOS ROARED THROUGH TWENTY-TWO NAZI CONTROL STATIONS.



FINALLY, THEY REACHED THE COAST.



END OF THE LINE. EVERYBODY OUT!



THAT WAS A SWELL RIDE. THE GERMANS GIVE THEIR GENERALS MIGHTY FINE CARS.

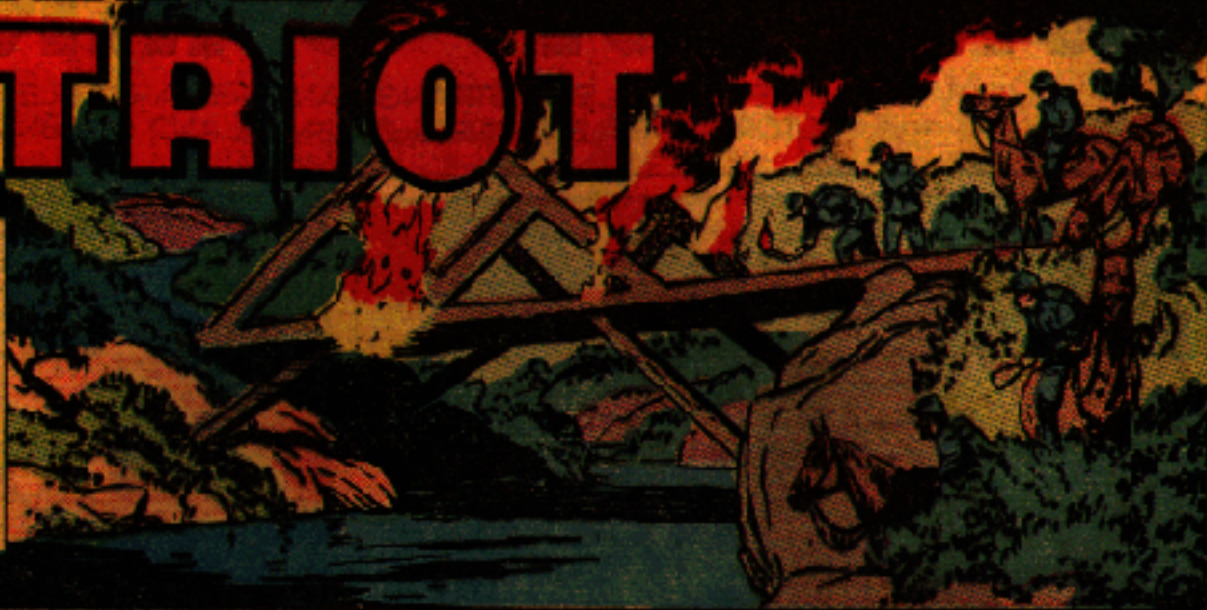


I'LL ADD A POSTSCRIPT ON THIS NOTE I'M LEAVING FOR THE NAZIS... "WE ARE VERY SORRY TO LEAVE THIS MOTOR CAR BEHIND."



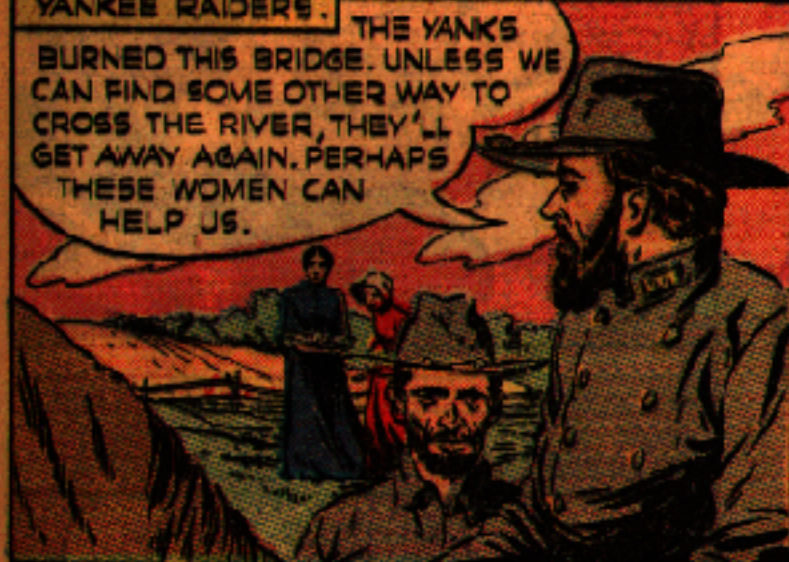
# CONFEDERATE PATRIOT

FLYING BULLETS DID NOT DAUNT YOUNG EMMA SANSOM WHEN THE CHANCE CAME TO HELP SOME CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS PROTECT HER NATIVE STATE OF ALABAMA.



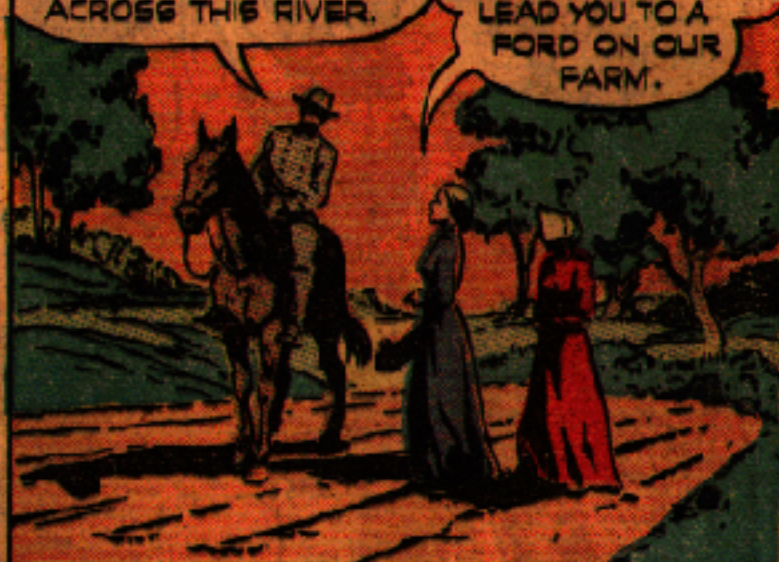
IN 1863, A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS WERE RIDING IN PURSUIT OF SOME WILY YANKEE RAIDERS.

THE YANKS BURNED THIS BRIDGE. UNLESS WE CAN FIND SOME OTHER WAY TO CROSS THE RIVER, THEY'LL GET AWAY AGAIN. PERHAPS THESE WOMEN CAN HELP US.



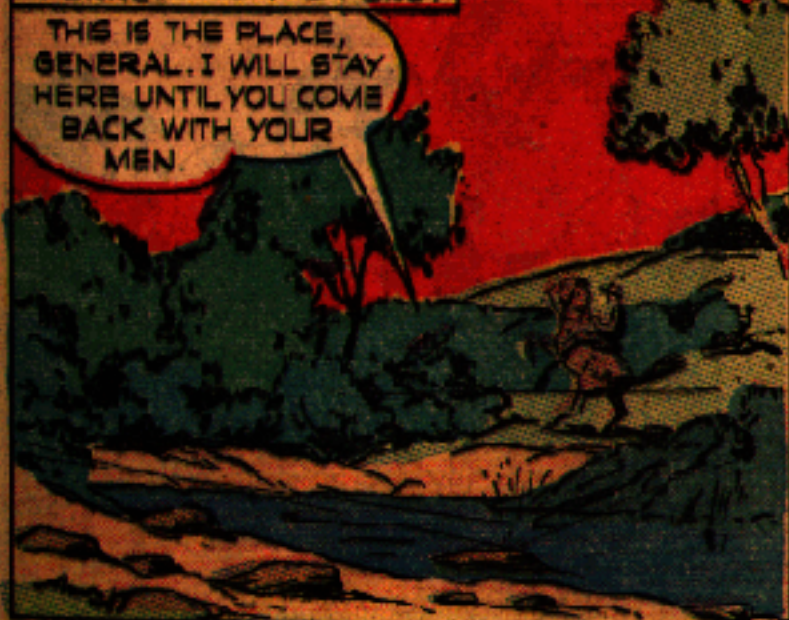
I'M GENERAL FORREST. MY MEN AND I MUST GET ACROSS THIS RIVER.

TAKE ME ON YOUR HORSE, SIR, AND I'LL LEAD YOU TO A FORD ON OUR FARM.



IGNORING UNON FIRE, EMMA SANSOM LED FORREST TO THE FORD.

THIS IS THE PLACE, GENERAL. I WILL STAY HERE UNTIL YOU COME BACK WITH YOUR MEN.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, FORREST RETURNED.

GOOD-BY, EMMA, YOU HAVE DONE US A GREAT SERVICE.



THE NEXT DAY, FORREST CAUGHT UP WITH THE NORTHERN RAIDERS AND CAPTURED THEM.

# CONQUEST *of* DARKNESS

HELEN KELLER'S STRANGE AND REMARKABLE VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS, DEAFNESS AND DUMBNESS.

HELEN E. KELLER WAS BORN ON JUNE 27, 1880, IN TUSCUMBIA, ALABAMA—PLUMP, PRETTY, AND NORMAL IN EVERY RESPECT—THE PRIDE OF HER ENTIRE FAMILY.

ON HER FIRST BIRTHDAY, BABY HELEN WALKED FOR THE FIRST TIME, ATTRACTED BY THE FLICKERING SHADOWS OF LEAVES ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR.



TRAGEDY DESCENDED ON THE KELLER HOUSEHOLD. AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN MONTHS, HELEN WAS STRICKEN WITH SCARLET FEVER.



BUT HELEN AMAZED EVERYONE BY STAGING A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY!

OH, HELEN, HOW AWKWARD YOU ARE!

IT'S ONLY BECAUSE SHE'S STILL WEAK!

COME, HELEN, COME! IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH!

SHE DOESN'T SEEM TO HEAR... AND SHE NEVER TALKS ANY MORE! I'M WORRIED ABOUT HER!

AT THE AGE OF SIX, HELEN WAS EXAMINED BY AN EMINENT BALTIMORE SPECIALIST.

I'M SORRY, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO FOR HELEN. SHE IS COMPLETELY BLIND AND DEAF! I'M AFRAID SHE'LL NEVER SPEAK AGAIN!

DR. ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL BECAME INTERESTED IN HELEN.

THIS CHILD SHOULD HAVE A SPECIAL TEACHER. WRITE TO DR. ANAGNOS, DIRECTOR OF THE PERKINS INSTITUTE, IN BOSTON! HE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!

HELEN BECAME UNMANAGEABLE AND HIGHLY JEALOUS OF HER BABY SISTER, MILDRED!

STOP, HELEN! STOP!

OH, HELEN! WHATEVER SHALL WE DO WITH YOU?

THEN, ON MARCH 3, 1887, HELEN'S  
TEACHER, ANNE MANSFIELD SULLIVAN,  
ARRIVED IN TUSCUMBIA.



MISS SULLIVAN BEGAN TO TEACH HELEN THE MEANING  
OF WORDS BY SHAPING THE LETTERS ON HER HAND.



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS AT  
AN OLD WATER WELL...



THE LIGHT OF UNDERSTANDING  
APPEARED ON HELEN'S FACE.



YOU WANT TO  
KNOW WHO I AM?  
I'M YOUR TEACHER,  
DEAR! YOUR  
-T-E-A-C-H-E-R...  
AND YOUR FRIEND!



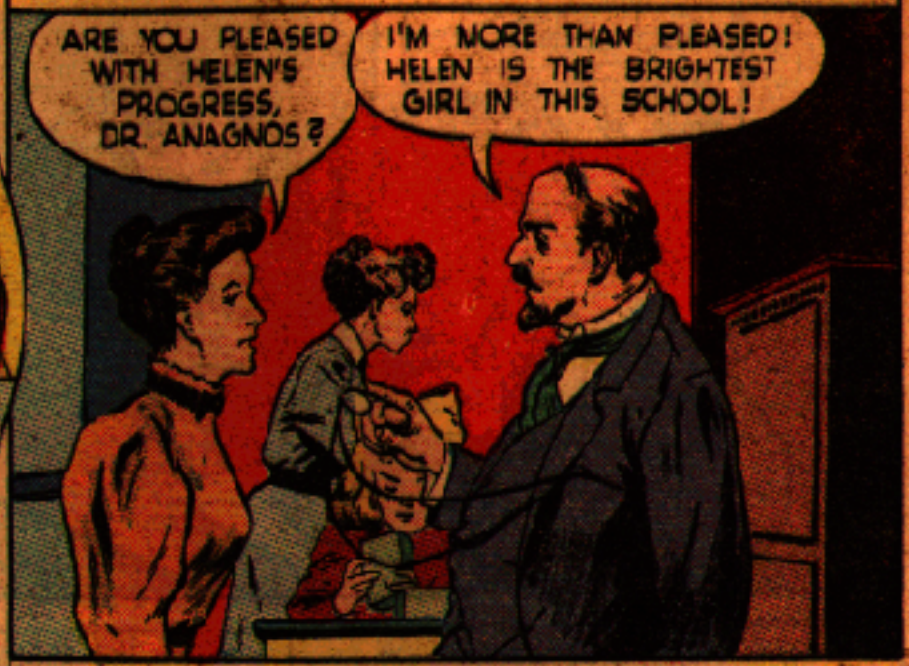


HELEN LEARNED TO READ BRAILLE, A METHOD OF PRINTING BY RAISED LETTERS.



HELEN IS PROGRESSING SPLENDIDLY, MRS. KELLER! FAR BETTER THAN I HAD HOPED.

HELEN WAS ENROLLED AT PERKINS INSTITUTE, A BOSTON SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND.



ARE YOU PLEASED WITH HELEN'S PROGRESS, DR. ANAGNOS?

I'M MORE THAN PLEASED! HELEN IS THE BRIGHTEST GIRL IN THIS SCHOOL!

IN THE SPRING OF 1890...



SO YOU WANT TO LEARN TO SPEAK? WELL, HELEN, PERHAPS YOU CAN DO THAT, TOO!

APRIL 1890  
2 9 16 23  
3 10 17 24  
4 11 18 25  
5 12 19 26  
6 13 20 27  
7 14 21 28  
8 15 22 29  
9 16 23 30  
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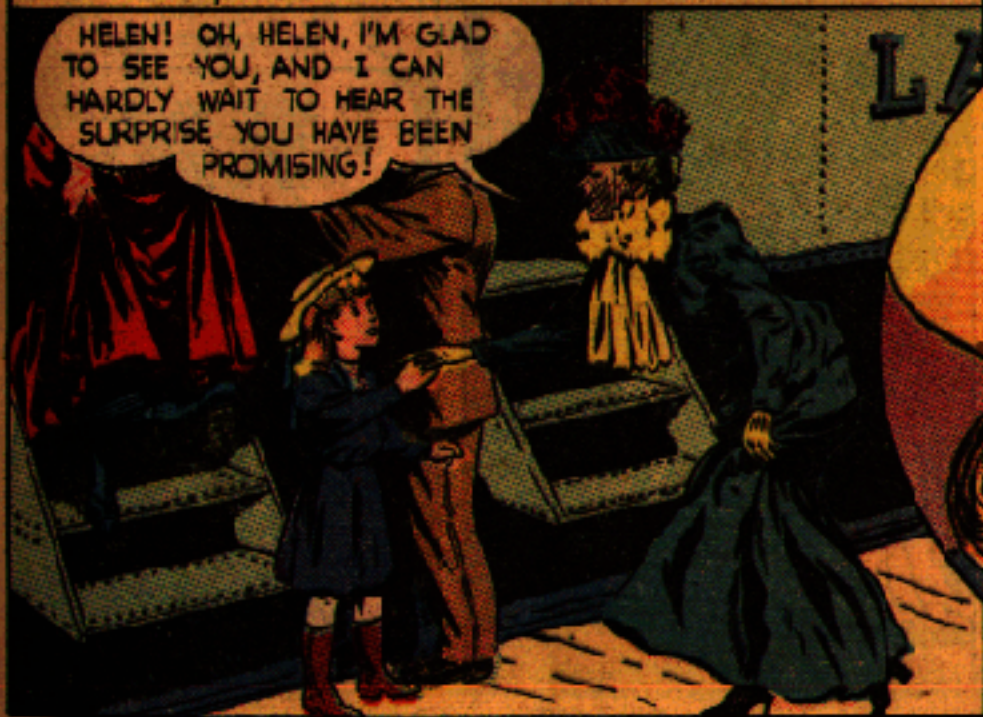
MISS SARAH FULLER, OF THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL, VOLUNTEERED TO HELP HELEN.



HELEN, SAY N--M--M--M!

OOM--  
OOM--  
OMMM!

MONTHS LATER, HELEN AND HER TEACHER, RETURNED TO TUSCUMBIA.



HELEN! OH, HELEN, I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, AND I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR THE SURPRISE YOU HAVE BEEN PROMISING!



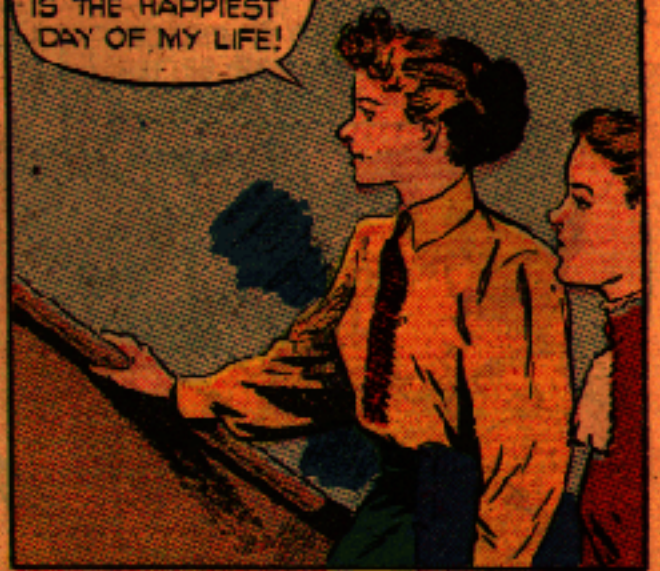
I... I...  
I AM NOT...  
DUMB,  
NOW!

BATTLING ALMOST INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS, AND AGAINST THE ADVICE OF MANY AUTHORITIES, HELEN TOOK THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS FOR RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.



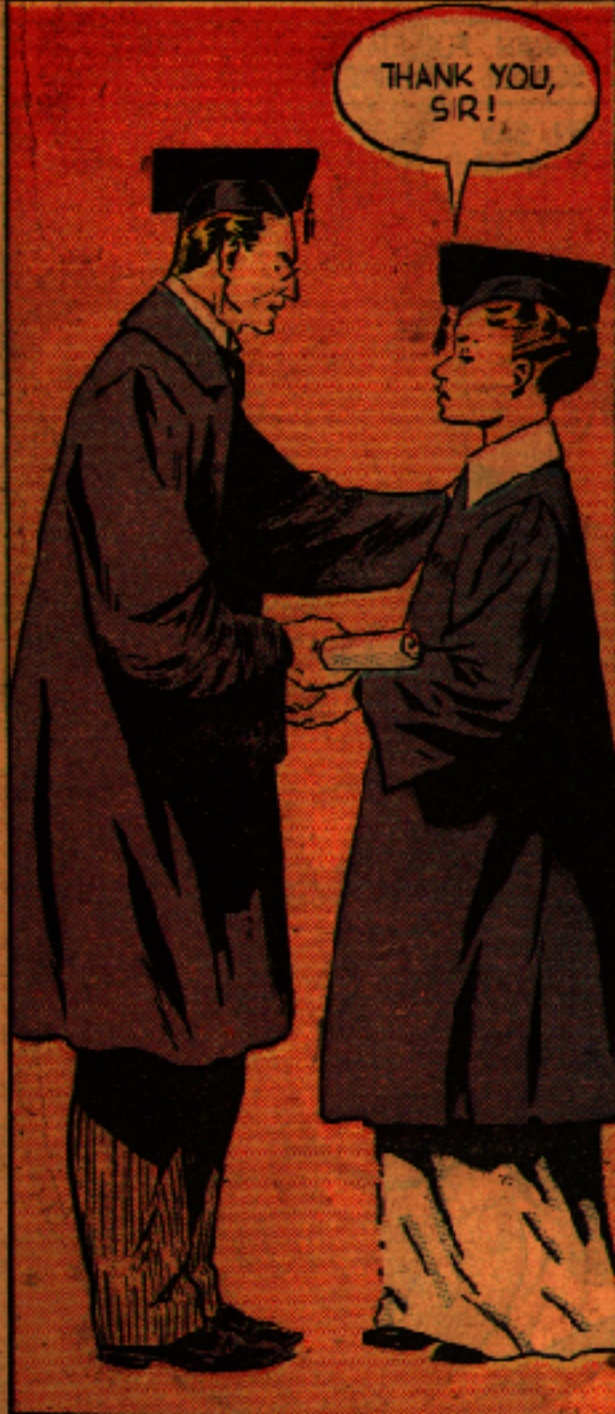
IN THE FALL OF 1900...

MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE. THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE!



COMMENCEMENT DAY—JUNE, 1904.

THANK YOU, SIR!



AFTER THE CEREMONY, HELEN WAS INTERVIEWED BY THE PRESS.

MISS KELLER, WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO NOW?

I SHALL SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE HELPING THE BLIND AND THE DEAF!



ON MAY 2, 1905, MISS SULLIVAN MARRIED JOHN MACY, A RADCLIFFE PROFESSOR, WHO HAD BEEN OF INVALUABLE AID TO HELEN.

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF PROFESSOR MACY, HELEN COMPLETED TWO BOOKS, "THE WORLD I LIVE IN," AND "THE SONG OF THE STONE WALL."



YOUR BOOKS ARE GREAT SUCCESSSES, MISS KELLER!



TO AROUSE INTEREST IN THE BLIND AND DEAF, HELEN EMBARKED ON A LECTURE TOUR, DURING WHICH SHE MET AND BECAME FRIENDS WITH MANY NOTABLES, INCLUDING CHARLES CHAPLIN, MARK TWAIN AND ANDREW CARNEGIE.



THEN, HELEN MADE A MOVIE AND APPEARED IN VAUDEVILLE.



IT SEEMED THAT HELEN'S HAPPINESS WAS COMPLETE WHEN SUDDENLY TRAGEDY STRUCK HER OLD FRIEND AND TEACHER, MRS. MACY.

I CAN HARDLY SEE, HELEN. I'M GOING BLIND!

WE'LL GET ALONG! IT IS MY TURN TO TAKE CARE OF YOU!



ON OCTOBER 29, 1936, ANNE SULLIVAN MACY PASSED AWAY. HELEN'S FRIEND, POLLY THOMPSON, TRIED TO COMFORT HER.

I HAVE LOST MY DEAREST FRIEND!  
HELEN, WON'T YOU PLEASE LET ME TRY TO TAKE HER PLACE?



AT THE OUTBREAK OF WORLD WAR II, THE STATE OF CONNECTICUT PLACED HELEN IN CHARGE OF DEVISING PROPER PROTECTION METHODS AND EDUCATION OF THE BLIND FOR SAFE CONDUCT IN EVENT OF AIR RAIDS.



MEANWHILE, HELEN KELLER CONTINUES TO HELP THE DEAF AND BLIND.

WHEN I GROW UP, MISS KELLER, I HOPE I'LL BE AS HAPPY AS YOU!

MY LIFE HAS BEEN HAPPY BECAUSE I HAVE HAD SUCH WONDERFUL FRIENDS AND PLENTY OF INTERESTING WORK! YOUR LIFE CAN BE JUST AS HAPPY!



# PAUL REVERE



ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 18, 1775 WARNING SHOUTS BROKE THE NEW ENGLAND QUIET. IT WAS PATRIOT PAUL REVERE, RIDING TO TELL THE PEOPLE OF CONCORD THAT THE BRITISH WERE MARCHING AGAINST THEM. THUS FOREWARNED, THE COLONISTS WERE PREPARED FOR THE BATTLE OF CONCORD, THE FIRST BATTLE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

AS A BOY IN BOSTON, PAUL REVERE LEARNED HIS FATHER'S TRADE.

SOME DAY YOU MAY BE A FAMOUS GOLDSMITH AND ENGRAVER, SON



WHEN HE GREW OLDER, HE MADE EXCELLENT ENGRAVINGS, MANY OF WHICH ARE TREASURED TODAY.



HE WAS NOT ONLY AN ENGRAVER AND GOLDSMITH, BUT A BOOKPLATE MAKER, A MASTER MECHANIC, AND A DENTIST.



WHEN WAR CAME, HE SERVED AS A LIEUTENANT COLONEL IN THE ARTILLERY. BUT HE IS BEST KNOWN, OF COURSE, FOR HIS FAMOUS MIDNIGHT RIDE.



# DANGER IN THE DEEP

GROPING ALONG ON THE MURKY OCEAN BOTTOM, SEAMAN "AB" HANLEY KNEW THAT EACH STEP MIGHT BE HIS LAST.



ONE DAY IN JUNE, 1944, THE MEN ON A CANADIAN DESTROYER FOUND THEMSELVES IN A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

A DEPTH CHARGE AND TWO DEPTH CHARGE PISTOLS CAME LOOSE AND FELL OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!

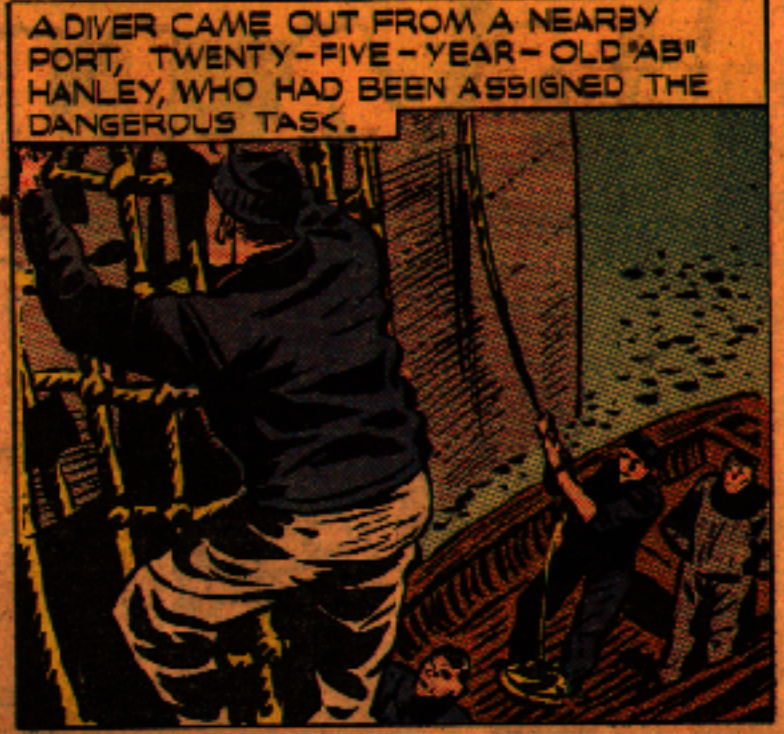
IF THEY WERE PRIMED TO EXPLODE, WE MAY HAVE FIREWORKS ANY MINUTE.

WE CAN'T LEAVE THEM THERE. TOO MANY OF OUR SHIPS PASS OVER THIS SPOT.





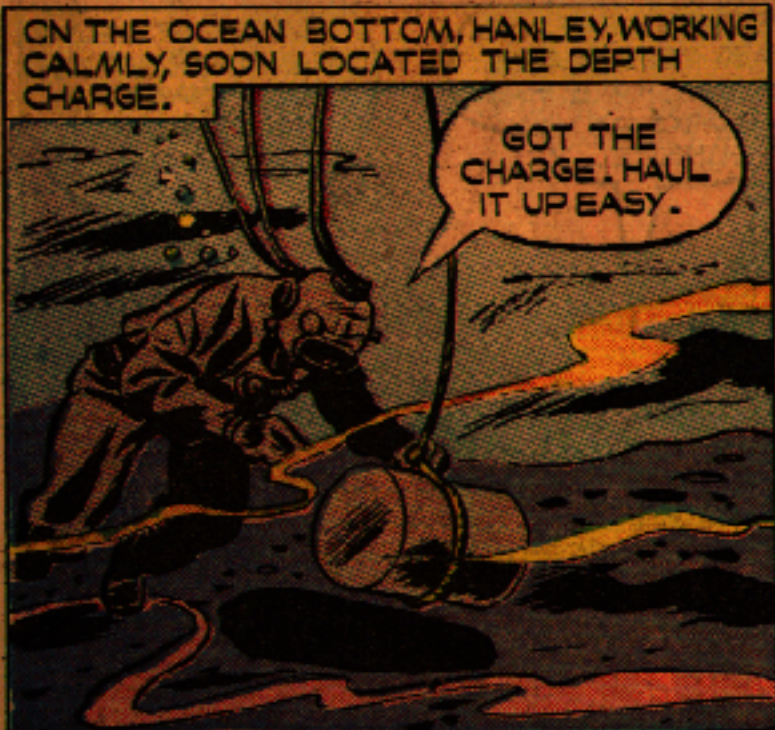
WE'LL HAVE TO SEND A DIVER DOWN TO RECOVER THEM. BUT IT'S RISKY BUSINESS.



A DIVER CAME OUT FROM A NEARBY PORT, TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD "AB" HANLEY, WHO HAD BEEN ASSIGNED THE DANGEROUS TASK.



WATCH OUT THAT YOU DON'T STEP ON ONE OF THE PISTOLS WITH THOSE HEAVY BOOTS, HANLEY. THE LEAST PRESSURE MAY SET THEM OFF. GOOD LUCK!



ON THE OCEAN BOTTOM, HANLEY, WORKING CALMLY, SOON LOCATED THE DEPTH CHARGE.

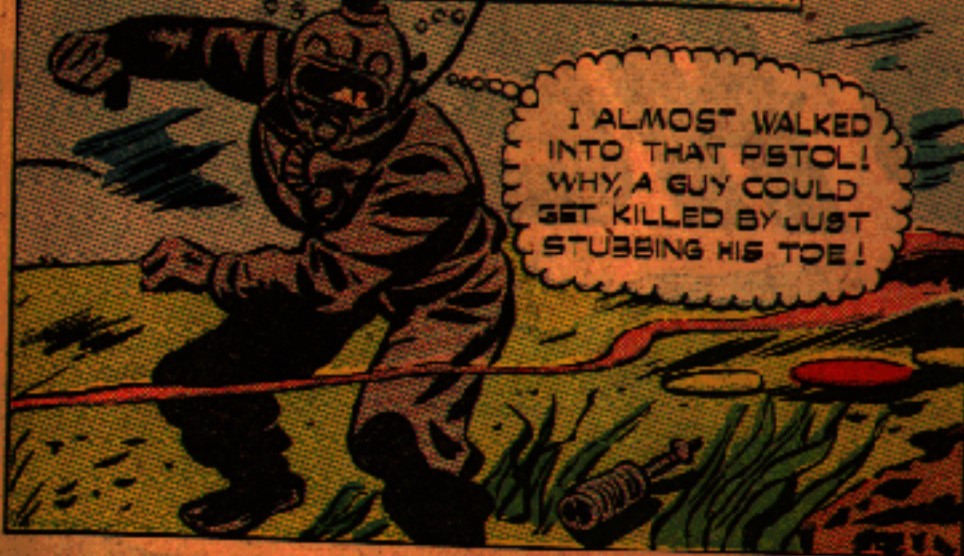
GOT THE CHARGE. HAUL IT UP EASY.



THIS CAN IS ALL PRIMED AND READY. KIND OF MAKES A FELLOW NERVOUS.

HANLEY WILL HAVE A TOUGHER TIME GETTING THE PISTOLS.

FIFTEEN TENSE MINUTES PASSED. THEN...



I ALMOST WALKED INTO THAT PISTOL! WHY, A GUY COULD GET KILLED BY JUST STUBBING HIS TOE!

AFTER AN HOUR OF CAUTIOUS GROPING, HANLEY FOUND THE SECOND PISTOL AND GENT IT UP.



OKAY! PULL ME UP!

BACK ON THE SHIP...

YOUR COOLNESS IS REMARKABLE, HANLEY.



WELL, I DON'T KNOW, SIR. THE BUBBLES THAT CAME UP AFTER I'D GOT THAT LAST PISTOL WERE JUST PLAIN GURGLES OF RELIEF.

Advertisement

ROY RIDES THE GYPSY TRAIL  
Roy Rogers - Trigger  
KING OF THE COWBOYS IN THE SMARTEST HORSE IN THE MOVIES

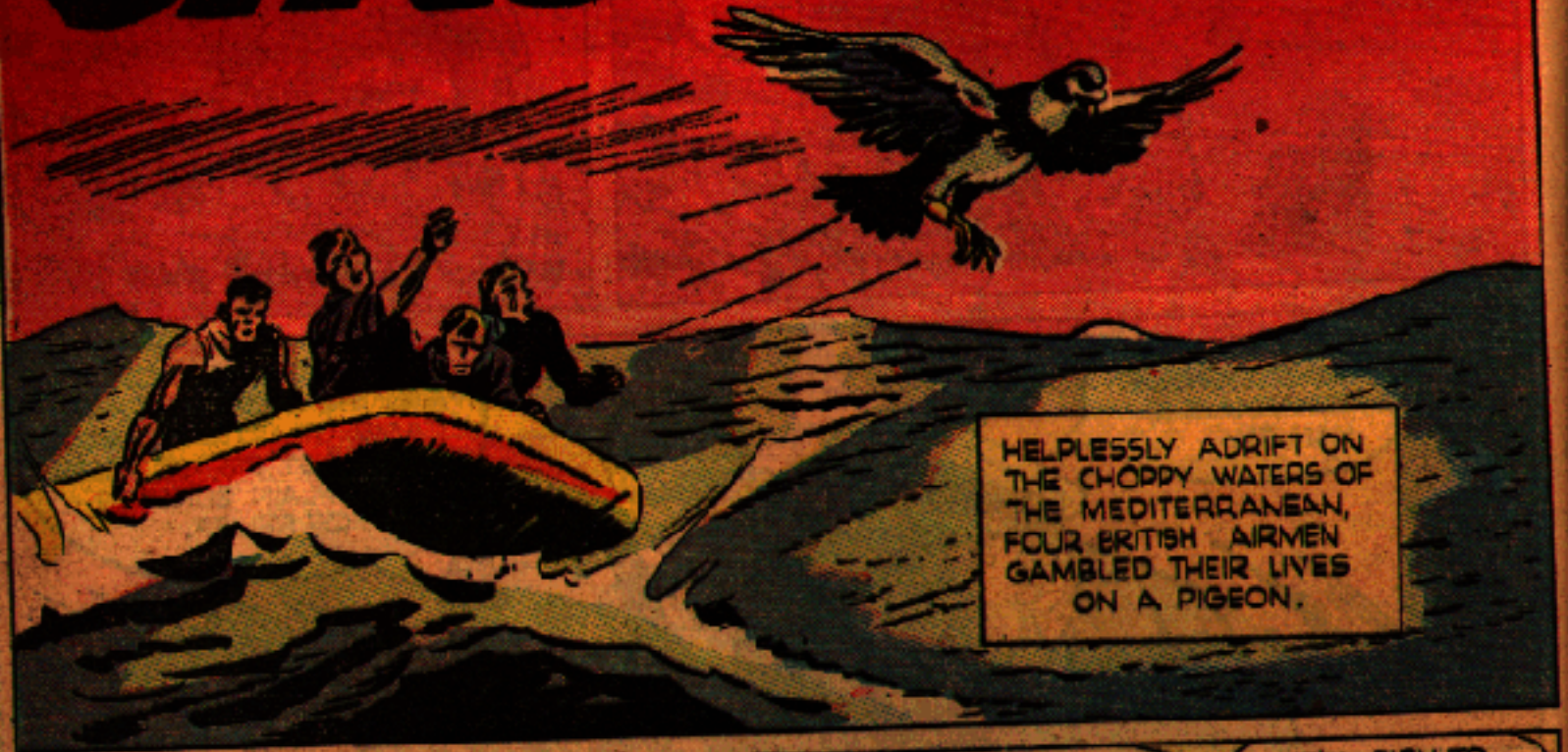
ALONG THE NAVAJO TRAIL

Featuring GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES  
and DALE EVANS with ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ  
and DOUGLAS FOWLEY - NESTOR PAIVA  
and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS  
A REPUBLIC PICTURE



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# BIRD HERO



HELPLESSLY ADRIPT ON THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN, FOUR BRITISH AIRMEN GAMBLED THEIR LIVES ON A PIGEON.

IN EARLY 1939...

LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER WAR, JOE. I JUST HAD TO REGISTER THIS PIGEON LOFT WITH THE ARMY.

YOU AND 70,000 OTHER BRITISH PIGEON FANCIERS, JOHN. I'VE ALREADY LOANED THE ROYAL SIGNAL CORPS THE BEST OF MY BIRDS FOR BREEDING PURPOSES.

WE'LL TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION, BUT WE CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OF YOUR BIRDS.

WE'LL SIGN TO THAT, SIR. IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO!

SINCE THEN, CARRIER PIGEONS PLAYED A VITAL PART IN THE WAR. ONCE, WITH THE R.A.F.

IT'S ONE OF OUR BOMBERS, SIR, CRASHED IN THE SEA NORTH OF BENGAZI... THE MEN ARE TAKING TO THE DINGHY...

FOUR IN THE CREW, LIEUTENANT... THEY'RE FLOATING IN A DINGHY! HERE'S THEIR POSITION! GOOD LUCK!

YES, SIR, WE'LL FIND 'EM!



FOR HOURS, THE RESCUE PLANE SEARCHED THE AREA.

SEE ANYTHING, SERGEANT?

NO, SIR. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THIS IS THE POSITION THEY GAVE US!



POOR CHAPS! I HOPE JERRY DIDN'T SPOT 'EM BEFORE WE CAME!

WE'D BETTER GO IN AND REPORT! IT'S GETTING TOO DARK TO SEE ANYTHING!



NOT A SIGN OF THEM, SIR. WE SCOURED THE AREA!

TOO BAD! WELL, WE'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW MORNING!



AT DAWN...

LOOK! ONE OF OUR PIGEONS!

SHE MIGHT BE FROM THE LOST PLANE! LET'S GO!



YOU WERE RIGHT! WE'D BETTER GET THIS TO THE COMMANDANT RIGHT AWAY!



THERE YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT!

RIGHTO, SIR, WE CAN'T MISS THIS TIME!



IN A FEW MINUTES... THEY'VE LOCATED THE DINGHY, SIR! HERE'S THE POSITION...

GOOD! WE'LL GET A RESCUE LANCH OUT THERE RIGHT AWAY!



WE'D BE STILL LOOKING FOR YOU IF YOUR PIGEON HADN'T BROUGHT THE NEWS YOU HAD DRIFTED THIRTY MILES FROM YOUR ORIGINAL POSITION!

GOOD OLD BETSY! I KNEW SHE'D MAKE IT!



PIGEONS BECAME STANDARD EQUIPMENT IN MOST UNITED NATIONS AIRCRAFT, CARRYING VITAL MESSAGES WHEN RADIO SILENCE WAS ESSENTIAL, AND HELPING TO SAVE MANY LIVES.

# "REAL HEROES" QUIZ

by NATALIE PURVIN PRAGER  
 ORIGINATOR OF THE  
 GAME PARADE RADIO QUIZ  
 ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON "HALL OF FAME" PAGE



IN 1839, AN AMERICAN ARTIST CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF TRANSMITTING MESSAGES BY ELECTRICITY.

THESE ARE SKETCHES FOR THE APPARATUS.



FIVE YEARS LATER...

I'VE FINISHED THE RECEPTION MACHINE. NOW IF CONGRESS WILL GRANT MONEY FOR A TELEGRAPH LINE.



BUT...

THAT INVENTOR'S IDEA IS PROPOSTICULOUS! MESSAGES CAN'T BE SENT THROUGH WIRES!



HOWEVER, ON MARCH 3, 1843, THE "TELEGRAPH" BILL WAS PASSED, AND A LINE FROM BALTIMORE TO WASHINGTON WAS SET UP. THEN, ON MAY 24, 1844...

I AM SENDING THE FIRST MESSAGE TO MY ASSISTANT IN BALTIMORE.

WELL, THAT'S A GOOD START WITHOUT A DOUBT.

WHO INVENTED THE TELEGRAPH?



THE WOMAN PLAYED A BALLANT PART AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

HERE'S SOME WATER FOR YOU.



GET BACK! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A WOMAN!

NO, I CAN HELP YOU.



THEN SHE SAW HER HUSBAND FALL BESIDE HIS CANNON.

I'LL TAKE YOUR PLACE.



DRAVELY, SHE FIRED THE GUN, SAVING IT FROM FALLING INTO BRITISH HANDS.

WHO WAS THE HEROINE?



IN 1492, A PORTUGUESE NAVIGATOR OFFERED HIS SERVICES TO CHARLES II OF SPAIN.

I KNOW THERE MUST BE A WESTERN ROUTE TO INDIA AND THE EAST, BUT I NEED YOUR MAJESTY'S HELP.



GRANTED FIVE VESSELS, THE EXPLORER LEFT SEVILLE ON AUGUST 10, 1492, AFTER SAILING ALONG THE COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA FOR MANY MONTHS...

BUT THERE MUST BE A PASSAGE BETWEEN THE TWO OCEANS.

THIS IS A FOOLHARDY VOYAGE. WE WILL NEVER REACH THE EAST BY GOING WEST.



IN SPITE OF STAYATON AND MUTINY, THE NAVIGATOR PRESSED ON. AT LAST, ON OCTOBER 3, 1492...

THIS MUST BE THE STRAIT!

THIRTY-EIGHT DAYS LATER, THEY CAME OUT INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN.



ON MARCH 5, THE NAVIGATOR DISCOVERED THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, BUT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, HE WAS KILLED BY THE NATIVES.



IN 1492, ONLY ONE VESSEL SET SAIL TO SPAIN, BUT THE EXPLORER HAD PROVED THAT THE WORLD WAS ROUND.

WHO WAS THE EXPLORER?

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WHO WAS THE EXPLORER?

# SPY CATCHER

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR OF HIS FATHER'S HOTEL ONE MORNING IN NOVEMBER, 1942, STARTED AN EXCITING ADVENTURE FOR EARLE J. ANNETT OF NEW CARLISLE, QUEBEC.



CAN I HAVE A ROOM?

SURE, FOLLOW ME.



LATER THAT DAY...

LOOK AT THE STRANGE MONEY THE NEW MAN PAID HIS BILL WITH, DAD.

HMM! THE GOVERNMENT WITHDREW THESE BILLS FROM CIRCULATION MANY YEARS AGO.



AND ANOTHER QUEER THING—THE BUS HE SAID HE CAME HERE ON HASN'T BEEN RUNNING FOR TWO WEEKS.

I'M GOING TO FIND OUT MORE ABOUT THIS FELLOW.



EARLE BEGAN TALKING TO THE MAN.

YOU SAY YOU'RE FRENCH?

YES, BUT I'VE BEEN IN CANADA SINCE 1921.



EARLE NOTICED THE MATCHBOX WHICH THE STRANGER HAD CARELESSLY THROWN TO THE FLOOR. WHEN THE MAN LEFT...

IT SAYS "MADE IN BELGIUM"! BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE, UNLESS...



EARLE TRAILED THE STRANGER.

IT ALL ADDS UP—THE MONEY, THE BUS, AND THE FOREIGN MATCHBOX. I MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STOP THE MONTREAL TRAIN AT THE NEXT STATION! THERE'S A NAZI SPY ON BOARD!



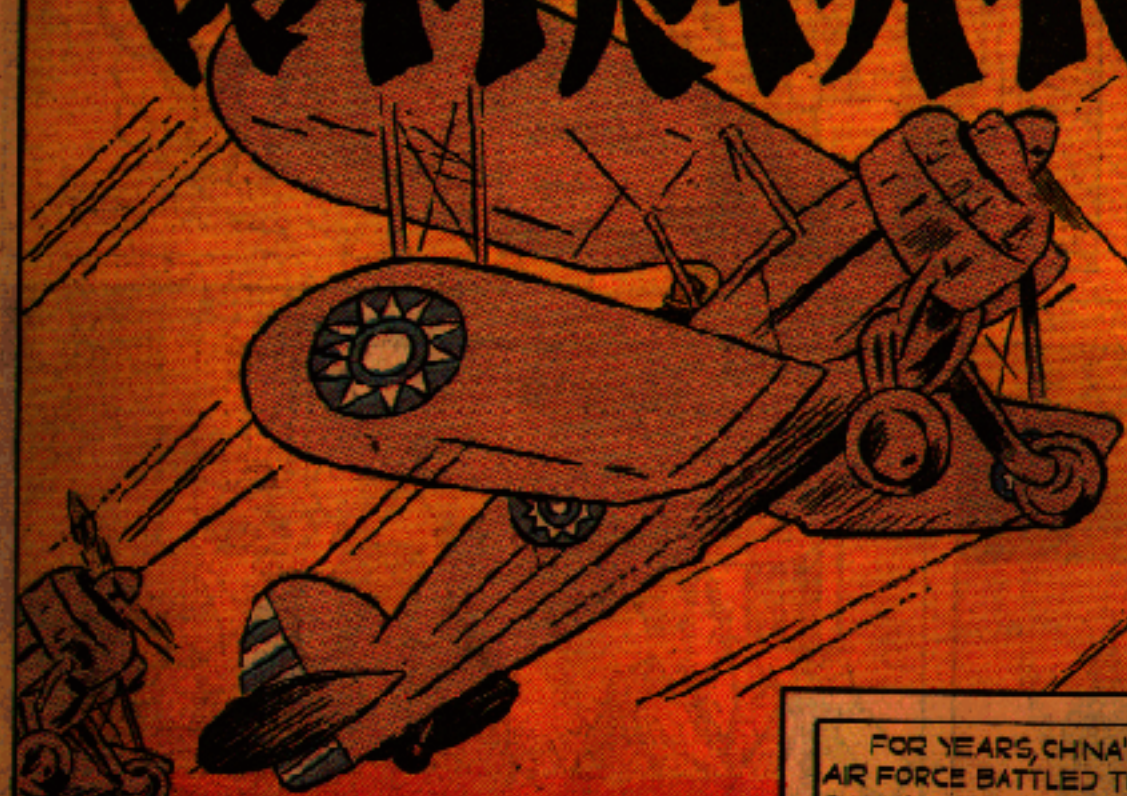
SOON... HE'S A SPY, ALL RIGHT. HE'S GOT A RADIO SENDER AND A GERMAN PISTOL IN HIS BAG.

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



THANKS TO EARLE ANNETT'S ALERTNESS, THE SPY WAS CAUGHT ONLY TEN HOURS AFTER HE HAD LANDED FROM A GERMAN SUBMARINE ON CANADIAN SOIL.

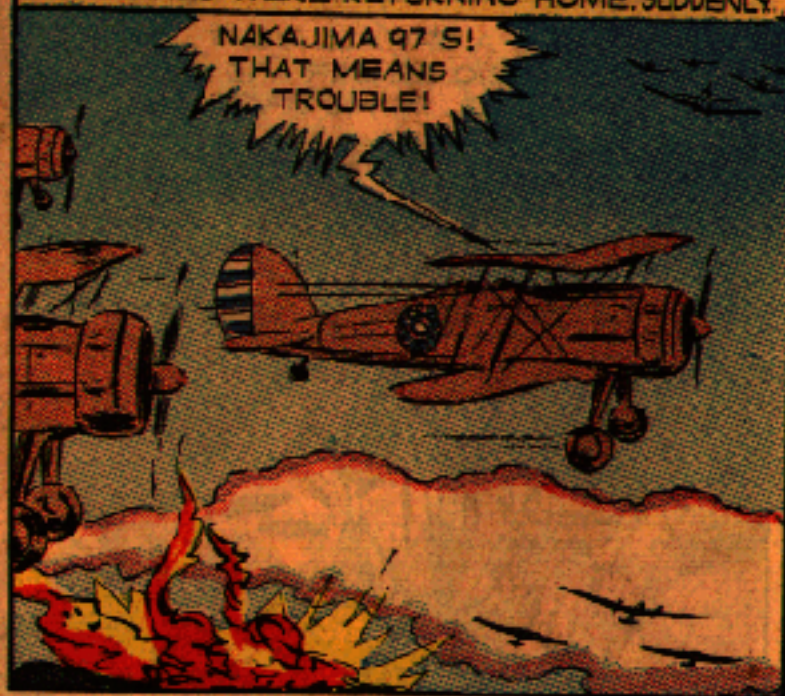
# CHINA'S WARHAWK



MAJOR ARTHUR CHAN

FOR YEARS, CHINA'S GALLANT BUT OUTNUMBERED AIR FORCE BATTLED THE JAPS ALONE. TYPICAL OF CHINA'S HEROIC PLOTS IS AMERICAN-BORN MAJOR ARTHUR CHAN, OF CHINESE AND PERUVIAN DESCENT.

LATE IN 1940, WHEN THE CHINESE AIR FORCE CONSISTED OF ONLY A FEW ANCIENT SHIPS, CHAN'S PURSUIT PLANES WERE ESCORTING THREE BOMBERS. THEIR MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, THE PLANES WERE RETURNING HOME. SUDDENLY,

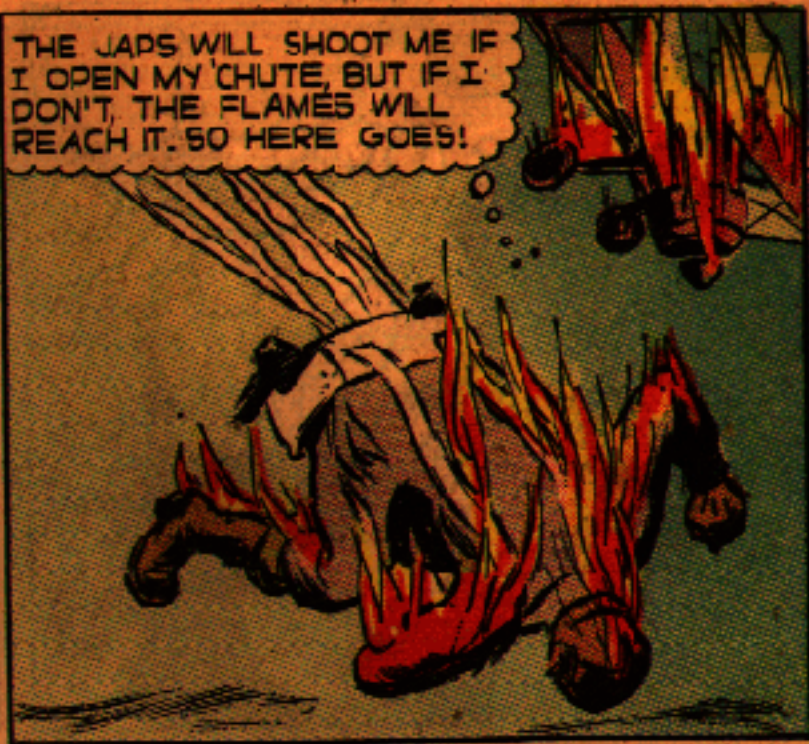


NAKAJIMA Q7 S!  
THAT MEANS  
TROUBLE!

THE JAPS CONCENTRATED ON CHAN'S PLANE.



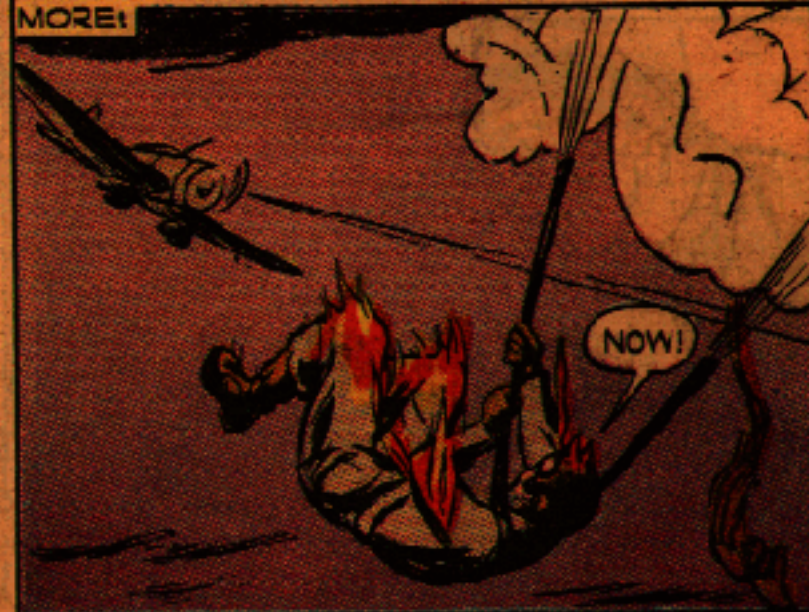
THE JAPS WILL SHOOT ME IF I OPEN MY 'CHUTE, BUT IF I DON'T, THE FLAMES WILL REACH IT. SO HERE GOES!



AS THE 'CHUTE OPENED, A MURDEROUS JAP TURNED HIS GUNS ON THE DANGLING MAN. QUICKLY, CHAN DEFLATED HIS 'CHUTE TO DROP BELOW THE JAPS LINE OF FIRE.



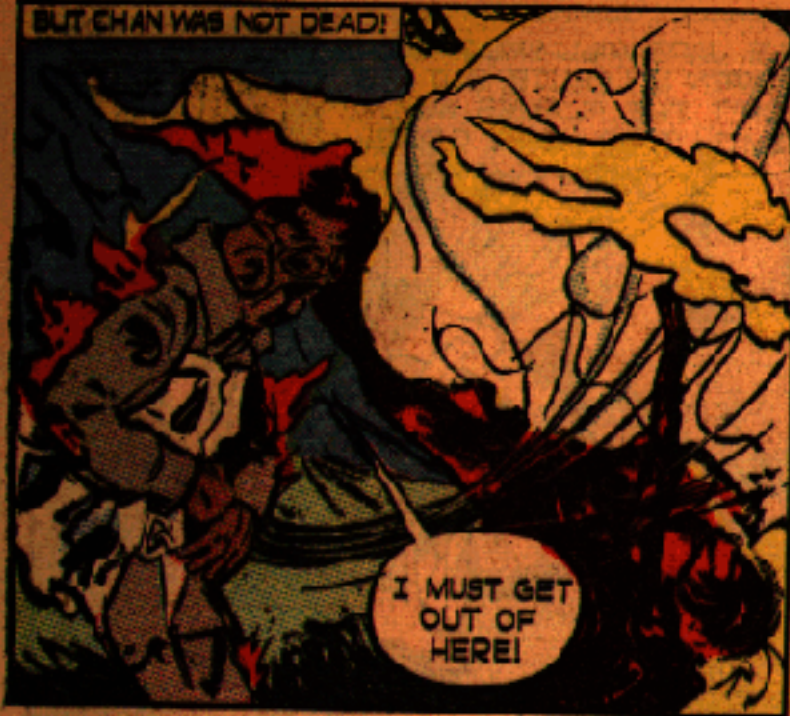
AGAIN THE JAP TURNED HIS GUNS ON THE HALF-BLINDED PILOT WHO WAITED UNTIL THE LAST SECOND BEFORE DEFLATING HIS 'CHUTE ONCE MORE!



THE DOG HANGS LIMP. ANOTHER CHINESE BANDIT MEETS HIS EVIL ANCESTORS.



BUT CHAN WAS NOT DEAD!



I MUST GET OUT OF HERE!

HE STAGGERED ALONG UNTIL HE MET SOME CHINESE VILLAGERS WHO COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIS DIALECT.



JAP MURDERER!

I, TELL YOU I'M A CHINESE AVIATOR A FRIEND!

FINALLY A VILLAGER WHO UNDERSTOOD CHAN'S DIALECT CAME AND GUIDED HIM TO A CHINESE ARMY CAMP IN THE VALLEY BELOW.



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY YOU BY LITTER TO THE NEAREST DRESSING STATION—TEN MILES AWAY.

AT THE DRESSING STATION...

WE HAVE NO MEDICINES HERE. YOU MUST GO TO LIUCHOW. A TRUCK CAN GET YOU THERE IN TWO DAYS.

ANYTHING—JUST SO I CAN GET BACK IN THE FIGHT.



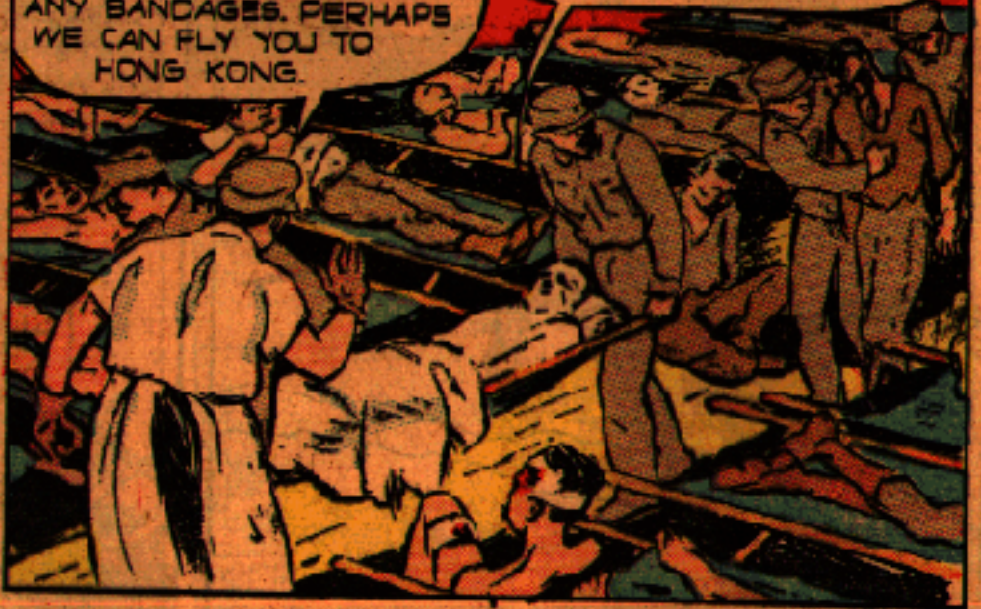
CHAN LAY ON THE WOODEN FLOOR OF A RICKETY TRUCK FOR TWO AGONIZING NIGHTS AND DAYS.



BUT AT LIUCHOW...

SORRY, MAJOR. WE HAVE NO MEDICINE AND HARDLY ANY BANDAGES. PERHAPS WE CAN FLY YOU TO HONG KONG.

SINCE MY HOME IS IN LIUCHOW, I'LL STAY HERE TILL I HEAR FROM YOU.

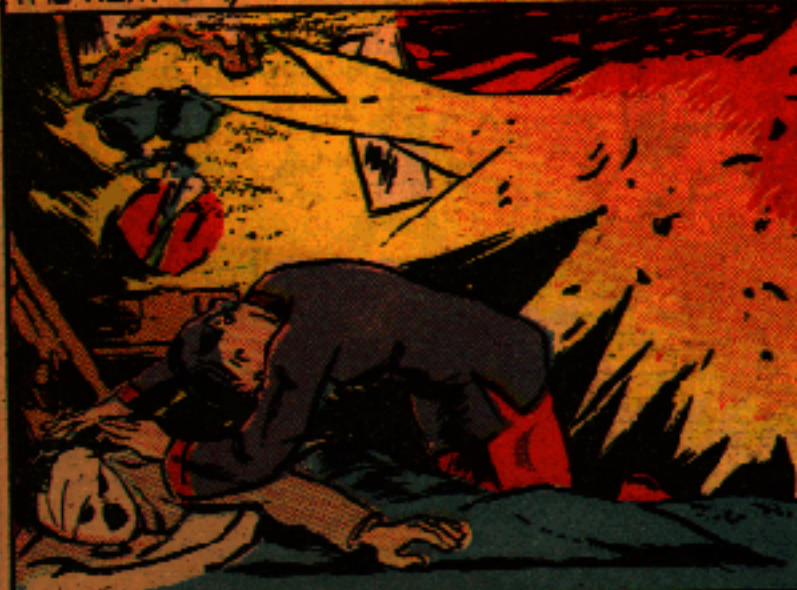




MEDICAL ORDERLIES HELPED HIM HOME.



THE NEXT DAY, THE JAPS STRUCK AT LIUCHOW.



WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED, CHAN DISCOVERED THAT HIS WIFE HAD BEEN KILLED BY A PIECE OF JAP SHRAPNEL. HIS SONS WERE UNHURT.

THE FOLLOWING DAY, CHAN AND HIS SONS LEFT FOR HONG KONG WHERE MODERN MEDICAL AID COULD HELP THE FLYER TO RECOVER.



SIX MONTHS LATER, HIS OLD FRIEND GENERAL CHENNAULT VISITED HIM.



IT TOOK MONTHS TO ARRANGE THE TRIP. BUT FINALLY EVERYTHING WAS READY.



DEC. 6, 1941

BUT THE NEXT DAY, THE JAPS ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR AND ALSO HONG KONG. ON CHRISTMAS DAY, CHAN AND HIS BOYS FLED.



IF ONLY THE JAPS DON'T STOP AND QUESTION US, WE'LL GET OUT OF HONG KONG.

THEY GOT THROUGH SAFELY, THEN FOLLOWED A THIRTY-MILE WALK TO THE RIVER PORT OF YEI CHOW.



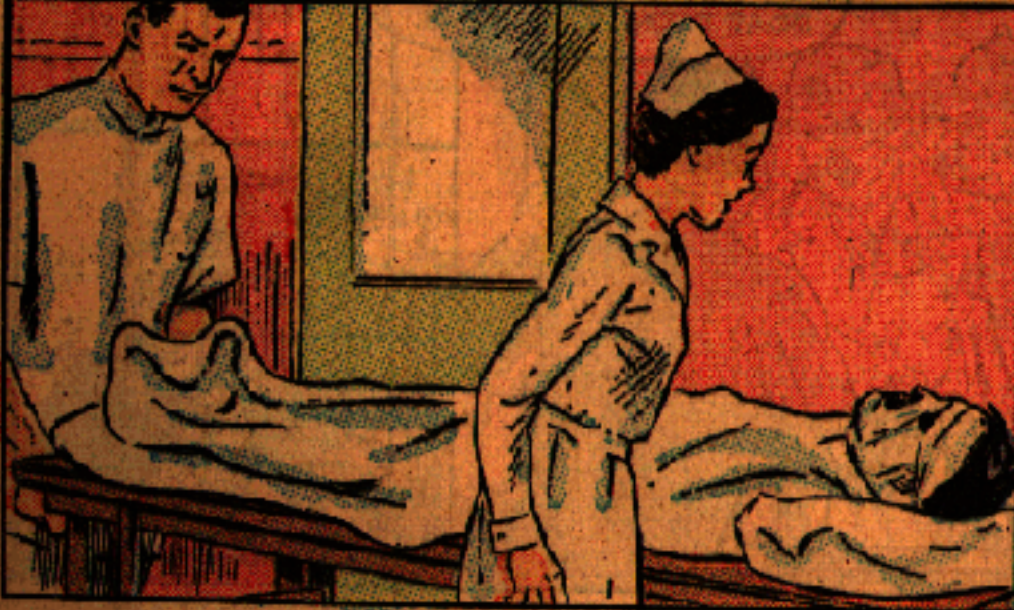
WE'LL BE KILLED IF THE JAPS GET HERE BEFORE A RESCUE BOAT ARRIVES.

A SALT BOAT BEAT THE JAPS BY A FEW HOURS, BUT ENEMY PURSUIT PLANES OVERTOOK IT.



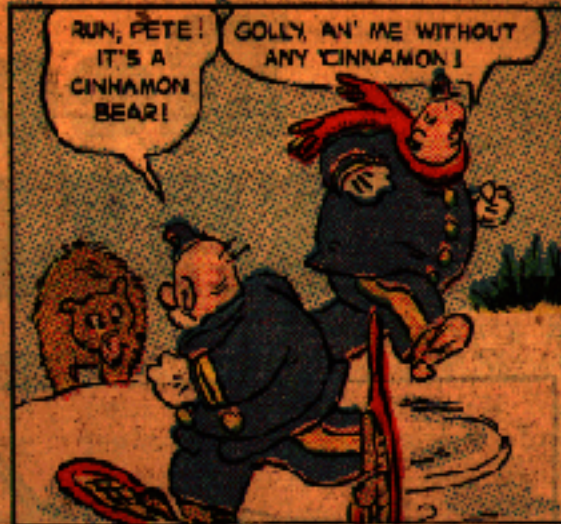
JAP PLANES! DIVE UNDER THOSE MATS! THE BOAT WILL LOOK DESERTED!

THE RUSE WORKED, AND THE BOAT CONTINUED ON ITS WAY. AT LAST CHAN REACHED NEW YORK, WHERE DOCTORS STARTED TO REBUILD HIS BURNED BODY.



MAJOR CHAN RECOVERED, AND TODAY HE IS ONCE MORE IN CHINA, HELPING TO ORGANIZE HER CIVILIAN AVIATION.

# "PEPSI" THE PEPSI- COLA COP



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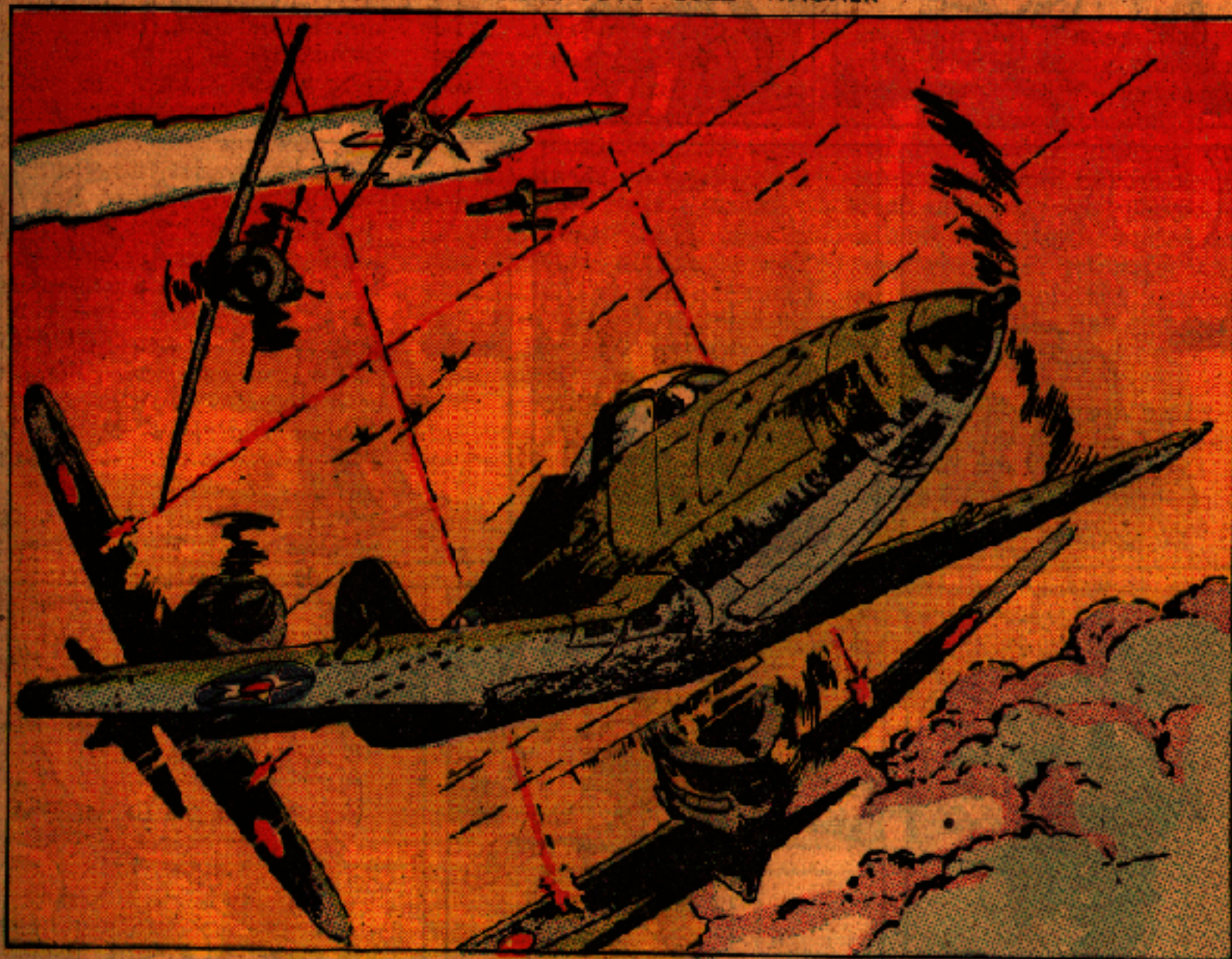


## PEPSI SEZ:

TRY PEPSI-COLA IT'S A BEAK FOR FLAVOR!

# Real Heroes' HALL of FAME

Lieutenant Colonel BOYD "BUZZ" WAGNER



Buzz Wagner knew that the chances of a single plane against a sky-full of fast enemy fighters were pretty slim.

The future looked dark for the United States in the months immediately following Pearl Harbor. Only a few ill-equipped men were faced with the gigantic task of holding back the Japanese tide which was sweeping over the Pacific Islands. One of these valiant men was "Buzz" Wagner, ace of Bataan.

**I**T is hard to remember, in these days of newly-won peace, that only a short time ago we fought with our backs to the wall. And even harder

to remember than those perilous times are the names of men who were heard of briefly for some heroic deed before they went on to death or capture. This is especially true of the early air heroes. There were no high scorers in those days, only a handful of flyers with inferior planes who fought valiantly but in vain against the horde of invading Japanese.

Yet those troubled days gave America one of her greatest

airmen—Lieutenant Boyd David Wagner.

When "Buzz" Wagner was sent to the Philippines in the fall of 1940, he was two years out of Randolph Field, an experienced pilot with a reputation as a precision flyer. He was well-knit, tough, with calm, interested blue eyes.

War came while he was stationed with a P-39 squadron at Nichols Field, near Manila. On December 10, he and his

boys escorted bombers to meet an enemy fleet. Three packed transports were sunk.

Two days later, he got another assignment. The enemy was reported landing in force at Aparr on northern Luzon. The High Command sent Buzz Wagner, the cool precisionist, to investigate and report.

All alone in his Airacobra, he went across the Luzon hills. He came out of the cloud cover right over Jap warships and saw puffs of anti-aircraft fire break around him. Then, more ominously, there were the floating balls of tracer fire. Behind him were Jap fighter planes, two on his tail with others hurrying to catch up.

It was typical of Buzz Wagner that he never thought of running away. He flew directly into the sun, knowing as he did so that the chances of a single plane against a sky-full of fast enemy fighters were pretty slim.

The brilliant sun blinded him, brought tears to his eyes, but it did the same for the Japs following him. Buzz poured the coal to his P-39 and rocketed up in a half-loop, rolled out at the top and came down—a perfect Immelman that caught the Japs fat-footed. When he pulled out, they were in front of him, close together.

Buzz Wagner saw the two Zeros blow apart under the terrible impact of his six converged machine guns and felt awe at the power under his hand.

But enemy planes or not, he still had a job. He looked the situation over, then headed home, strafing a Jap airfield on the way. He left five planes burning on the ground before the enemy fighters caught up with him. Then he went low, hedge-hopping among the trees where the Japs didn't dare to fly. After he had lost them, he went home to report.

In the days that followed, he

flew both with his squadron and alone. The foot soldiers, retreating to their last lines on Bataan, began to know of him and to boast to each other of his prowess in the air. He became an ace, the first of the war.

The dark days of the fight for the Philippines set in, and the ground crews had to "cannibalize" wrecked aircraft to get parts for those that still flew. Soon no bombers were left, and only Buzz Wagner's fighters served America in the skies.

There were bombs left, though, that the bombers hadn't used. Buzz and his boys took to the air with fifty-pounders in their laps and dropped them on the enemy lines. When the fifties were gone, they rigged bomb racks on the fighters and rolled heavier bombs "off the wings" on Jap invasion ships.

When the bombs ran out, Buzz led the fighters in low-level sorties over Jap positions. They strafed. They fired pistols. They even threw grenades.

On one flight, a Jap shell cracked Wagner's windshield and a piece of glass ground in to one eye. He flew again, though, in spite of orders not to. He knew that the end was in sight but only fought harder.

Then General MacArthur sent his fighter pilots to Australia, to get more planes. Buzz and his men never returned to the Philippines, because there were no planes to be spared from the defense of Australia. The fighter pilots had to sit in comparative safety while Bataan and Corregidor fell. They didn't like it: they felt they should have stayed to the end.

But Buzz Wagner, now a Lieutenant Colonel, kept busy. He started a school for new fighter pilots fresh from the States. There began the "tail chases" so many army pilots remember. They were sky games of follow-the-leader with

Buzz doing the leading—going through every maneuver he knew and a few he invented. He was a great teacher, and he insisted on perfection. He got it, because he was Buzz Wagner, H.P.—Hot Pilot. His boys gave him that honorary title.

Then came a day when he took off with a squadron of new men at his back, men he had trained. He took them to Lae, New Guinea, and led them down to a Jap airfield. When they climbed away, the air was filled with smoke columns from burning enemy planes. But the air was also filled with Jap Zeros, madder than hornets.

"It was the most marvelous bunch of dogfights I ever saw," Buzz reported later. His new pilots had put their Wagner teachings to the high test of combat and found them good. They were anxious to go back and do it again.

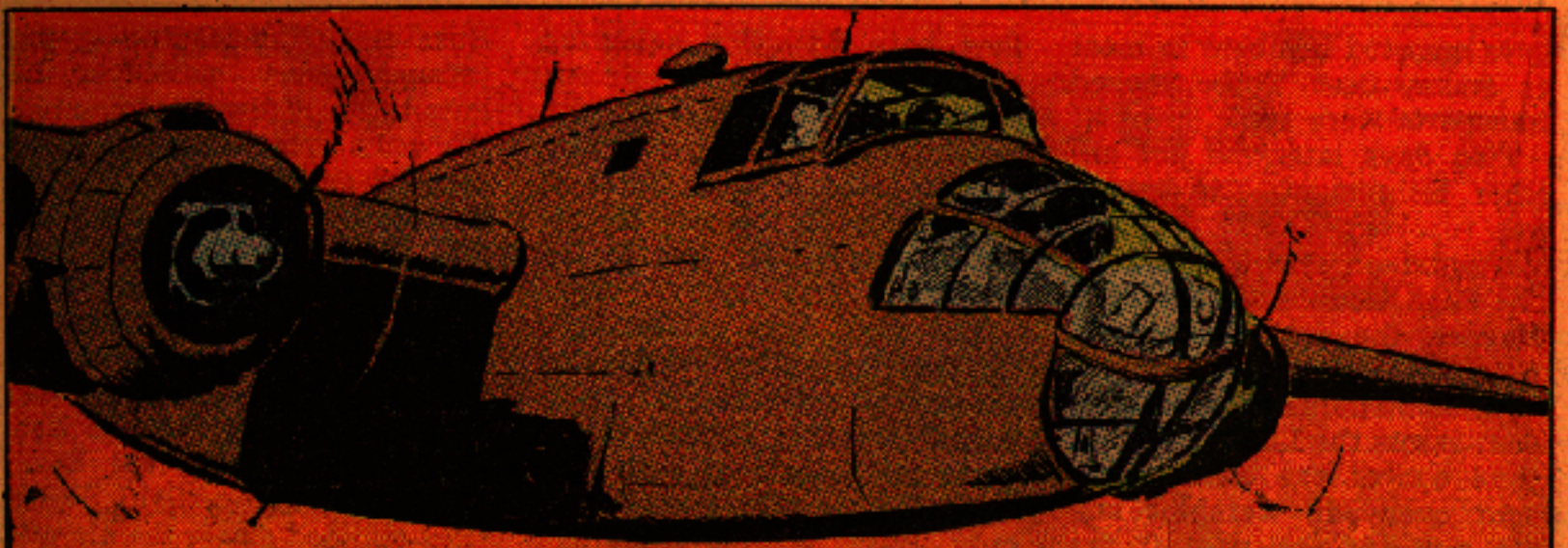
That was Buzz Wagner's last combat flight. He returned to the United States to get treatment for his old eye wound, on the condition that he would be permitted to get back overseas as soon as possible.

He never went back. Buzz Wagner died, ironically, in a routine cross-country flight while back in the United States, far from the enemy skies where he had fought so well.

Since then, the names of other great flyers have taken the headlines. Buzz Wagner has been almost forgotten. Yet he is one of the truly great flyers of the war—a magnificent airman, an outstanding teacher, a man to be remembered.

#### ANSWERS TO THE REAL HEROES QUIZ

1. Samuel F. B. Morse
2. Mary McCauley, known as Molly Pitcher
3. Ferdinand Magellan



# KISKA SURPRISE



ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM A BOMBING MISSION LIEUTENANTS STUMPY BAKER AND BILL CANDY, U.S. ARMY PILOTS, THOUGHT UP A SWELL AIR STUNT - BUT THE JAPS DIDN'T ENJOY IT ONE BIT!



LOOK - JAP CONCENTRATIONS! BOY WE'VE GOT THEM BY SURPRISE. SEE IF YOU CAN GET THE BOMBS AWAY STUMP.

THE BOMBS ARE STUCK THIS WOULD HAPPEN TO US!



THIS GAVE THEM AN IDEA FOR A TALK WITH CAPTAIN HUDELSON, THEIR COMMANDING OFFICER.

YOU SEE, SIR, IF WE WENT PAST KISKA, AS THOUGH WE WERE GOING TO BOMB ATTU, AND THEN TURNED BACK, WE COULD SURPRISE THEM THE SAME WAY.

WE'D LIKE TO HAVE SIX PLANES, ALL VOLUNTEERS, AND NO ONE ABOVE THE RANK OF LIEUTENANT.

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. IT SOUNDS GOOD, BUT I'LL HAVE TO THINK IT OVER.



I HEARD YOUR PLAN, LIEUTENANT, AND I LIKE IT. LET THEM TRY IT, CAPTAIN.

THANKS, COLONEL DE FORD. I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU FOR PERMISSION.



WHEN THE MEN HAD VOLUNTEERED...

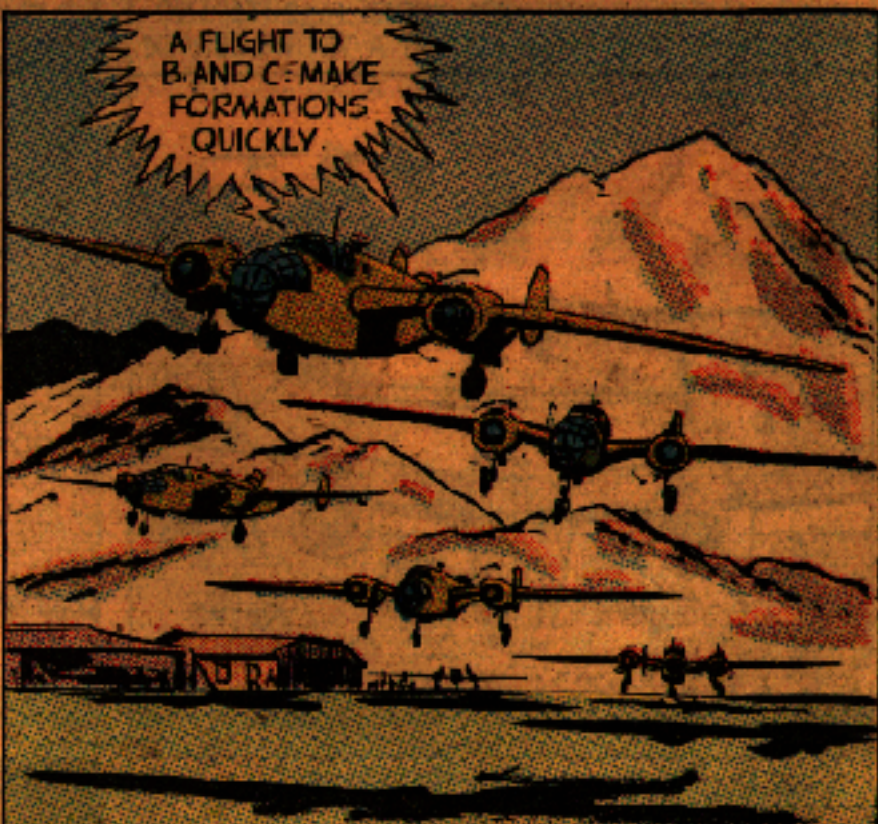
HERE'S THE IDEA. WE'LL COME IN OVER THIS CLIFF AT ABOUT FIFTY FEET WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO PLENTY OF DAMAGE.

WITH A LITTLE LUCK, WE'LL WIPE 'EM OUT. IT'S A HONEY.



AT LAST CAME THE BIG DAY.

LET'S GO NOW. EVERYBODY REMEMBER HIS ASSIGNMENT.



A FLIGHT TO B. AND C-MAKE FORMATIONS QUICKLY.

THE DAY WAS PERFECT FOR A RAID AND THE PLANES FLEW THROUGH CLOUDED SKIES, WINGING LOW OVER STEEL GREY WATER



LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DAY FOR IT, BILL. HOPE WE'RE LUCKY

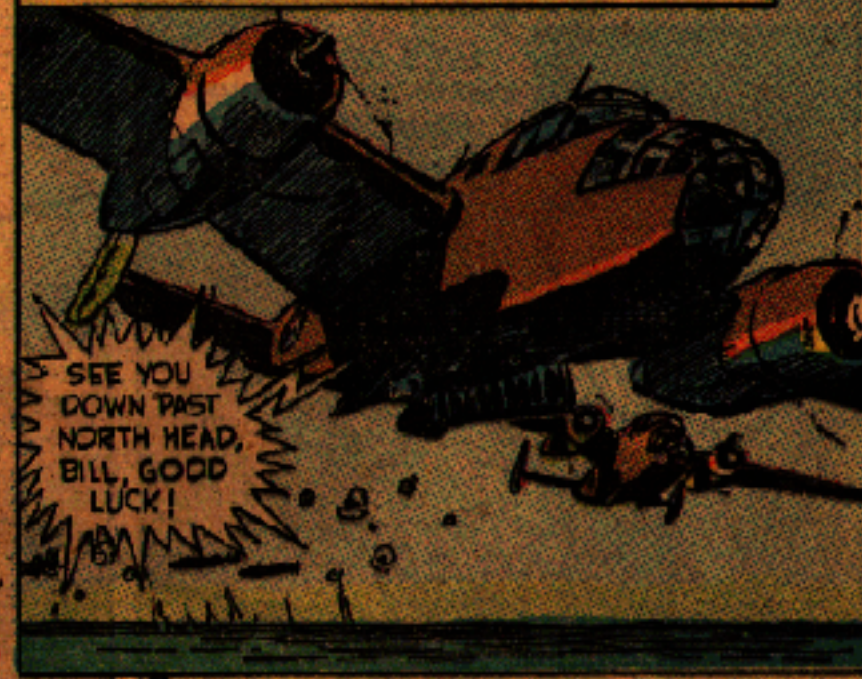
THE FORMATION THUNDERED PAST KISKA, 'ON THE WAY TO ATTU'!



THE PLANES BROKE INTO THREE FLIGHTS AND  
FOLLOWED THE PLAN, FLIGHT A TO THE CENTER.



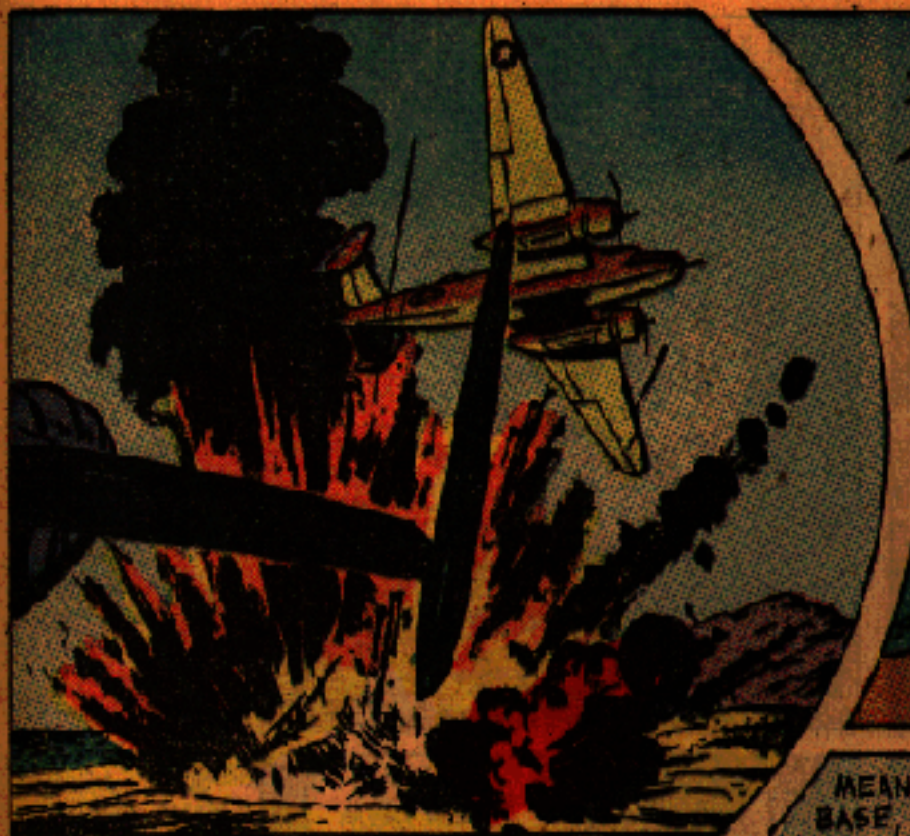
B FLIGHT TOOK THE LEFT SIDE OF THE ISLAND..



..WHILE FLIGHT C WENT TO THE RIGHT.

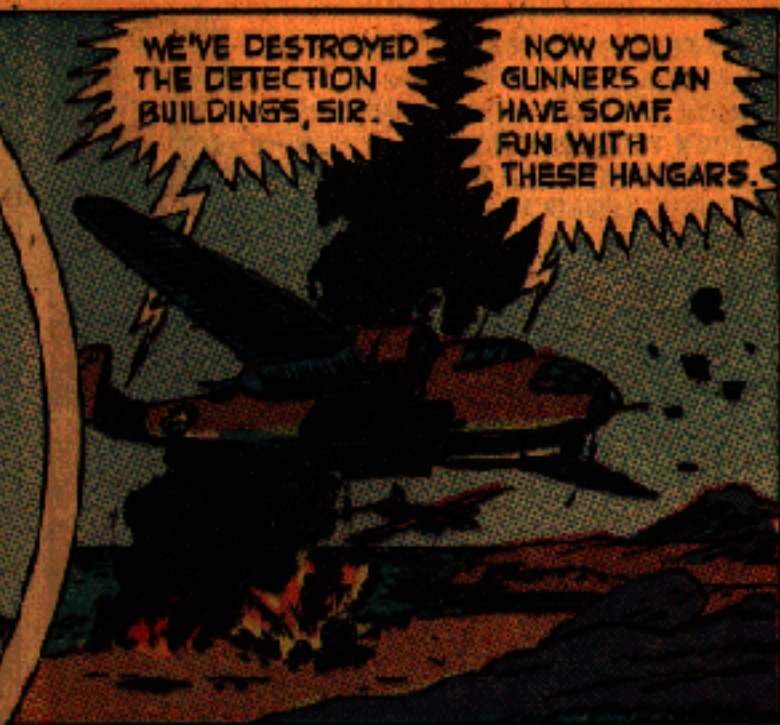






WE'VE DESTROYED  
THE DETECTION  
BUILDINGS, SIR.

NOW YOU  
GUNNERS CAN  
HAVE SOME  
FUN WITH  
THESE HANGARS.



MEANWHILE, C FLIGHT WENT AFTER THE SUBMARINE  
BASE, THE LEAD PLANE DROPPING 500 LB. BOMBS.

FLIGHT A REACHED NORTH HEAD FIRST.

WE'LL KNOCK  
THESE GUNS OUT  
SO THAT THE OTHER  
BOYS WON'T HAVE  
SO MUCH TROUBLE.



THAT DIRECT HIT  
ALMOST GOT US,  
TOO. SEE IF YOU  
CAN LAY OUR EGGS  
THAT WELL, HAHN.





I'D FEEL BETTER ABOUT THIS IF WE WERE A FIGHTER PLANE. I'LL HAVE TO DO A QUICK BANK AND TURN TO KEEP FROM SMASHING INTO THOSE CLIFFS AHEAD WHEN I LET THE BOMBS GO.

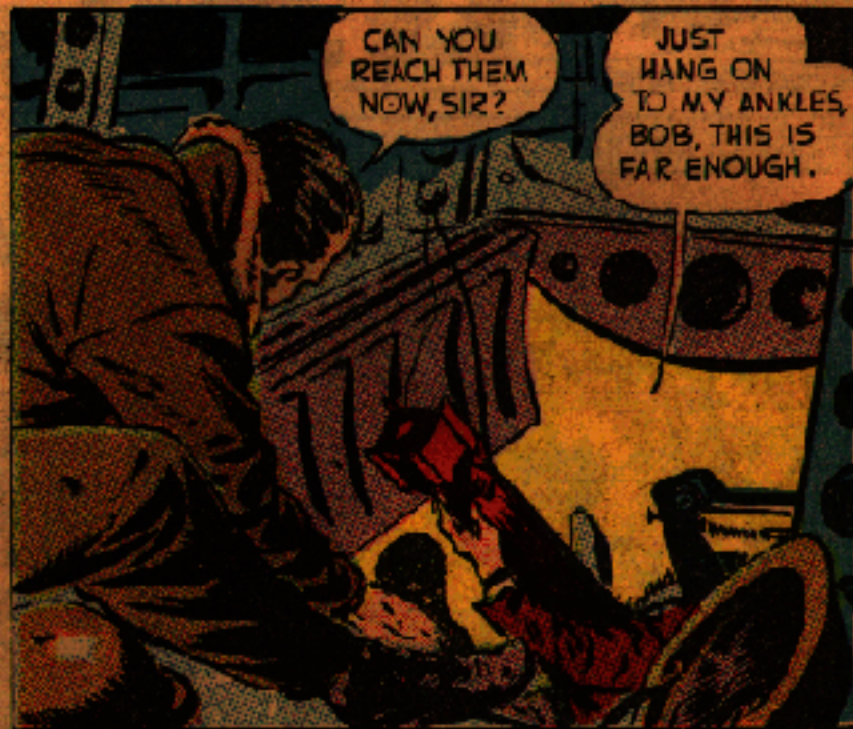


BOMBS AWAY, BUT TWO ARE HUNG ON THE BOMB BAY DOORS. STRAIGHTEN OUT SO THAT I CAN INVESTIGATE.



I CAN'T BRING THE DOORS UP, BOB, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO LOWER ME AND I'LL GET RID OF THE BOMBS.

OKAY, LIEUTENANT. JUST MAKE IT FAST! I'M KIND OF NERVOUS UP HERE.



CAN YOU REACH THEM NOW, SIR?

JUST HANG ON TO MY ANKLES, BOB, THIS IS FAR ENOUGH.



AFTER HE HAD PUT THE NEW FUSE PINS IN, LT. HAHN UNSCREWED THE DETONATORS.

NOW THAT THESE ARE OUT, I CAN KICK THE BOMBS AWAY WITHOUT ANY WORRY.



OKAY, BOB. BOMBS AWAY!

BOY, AM I GLAD YOU'RE UP. IN ANOTHER THIRTY SECONDS, WE'D BOTH HAVE TUMBLED THROUGH THAT BOMB BAY. MY ARMS ARE NUMB.

MEANWHILE, A FLIGHT, CARRYING OUT ITS MISSION, BOMBED THE RADIO STATION AT NORTH HEAD AND RAN INTO HEAVY FIRE FROM A GUN BATTERY. THE FIRST PLANE PASSED THROUGH THE FLAK, BUT...



INSIDE THE SECOND PLANE, LT. GEYSER HAD HIS TROUBLES.



THAT BURST REALLY CAUGHT US.

I HOPE WE CAN KEEP GOING.

WELL, SHE'LL FLY, BUT I CAN'T CONTROL THE NUMBER TWO MOTOR AND THE HYDRAULIC SYSTEM IS OUT OF ORDER. TELL THE BOMBARDIER TO CHECK ON BOMBS IN THE BOMB BAY.



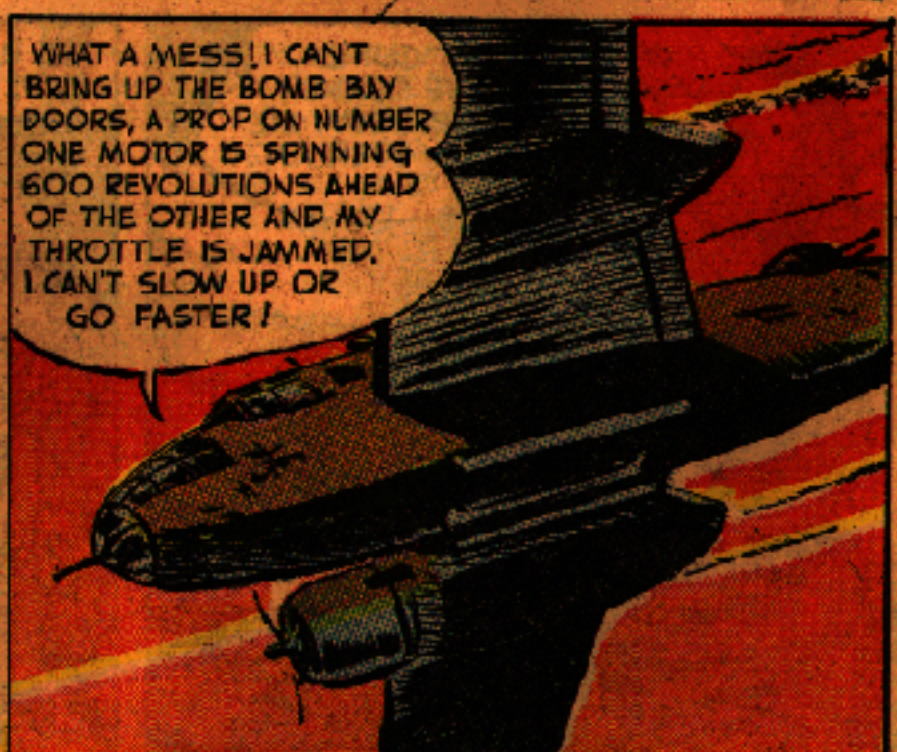
HOLD HER STEADY, BILL. THE BOMBS ARE CAUGHT BELOW THE BELLY OF THE PLANE. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KICK THEM OUT.



THEY'RE GONE. NOW TO GET BACK!



WHAT A MESS! I CAN'T BRING UP THE BOMB BAY DOORS, A PROP ON NUMBER ONE MOTOR IS SPINNING 600 REVOLUTIONS AHEAD OF THE OTHER AND MY THROTTLE IS JAMMED. I CAN'T SLOW UP OR GO FASTER!



GEYSER TO C.O. - PLANE IN TROUBLE, HYDRAULIC SYSTEM OUT, THROTTLES JAMMED, NUMBER ONE ENGINE RACING, SPEED OF 207 MILES PER HOUR IS CONSTANT, CANNOT CONTROL IT.

CANDY TO GEYSER: MESSAGE RECEIVED! WILL MAKE FOR OUT-POST BASE. YOU GO IN FIRST.



THE OUTPOST LANDING FIELD WAS NOTIFIED OF POSSIBLE TROUBLE.

HERE THEY COME IN NOW. I HOPE THE DAMAGED PLANE CUTS ITS MOTORS.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THOSE BOYS. THEY KNOW THEIR BUSINESS.



THE OTHER PLANES CIRCLED WHILE GEYSER PREPARED TO LAND ON HIS BELLY.

THIS MUST BE THE CRIPPLED SHIP. I WISH HE COULD GET HIS BOMB BAY DOORS OUT OF THE WAY.

THANK HEAVEN HE CUT HIS SWITCHES.



AS THE PLANE SETTLED DOWN, THE BOMB BAY DOORS CAUGHT ON THE RUNWAY, SWINGING THE PLANE AROUND AND...



GET OUT OF HERE QUICKLY, EVERYBODY. SHE MAY BURN YET.



THE LUCK HELD OUT. ALTHOUGH TWO MORE PLANES MADE CRASH LANDINGS, ALL THE MEN WERE SAFE.





WELL, THREE OF US MADE IT ALL RIGHT. COME UP TO THE CO.'S HUT WITH ME. WE'VE STILL GOT THINGS TO DO.



WE'VE GOT THREE GOOD PLANES LEFT AND SOME BOMBS. I THINK WE COULD FINISH UP THE JOB, WHAT DO YOU SAY?

SURE, LET'S GO BACK TOMORROW. WHY NOT?



BUT THE NEXT MORNING...

I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT A DAY. WE'D HAVE NO LUCK IN THIS FOG.



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

MESSAGE FROM YOUR HOME BASE, SIR. THEY WANT YOU TO REPORT BACK WITH YOUR REMAINING AIRCRAFT.

I KNOW WE COULD WIPE THEM OUT IF I ONLY HAD THE ORDERS.



THE TRIP TO THE HOME BASE WAS WITHOUT INCIDENT.

THE COLONEL WANTS YOU GENTLEMEN AT HIS OFFICE IMMEDIATELY, SIR.

OKAY. TO THE COLONEL'S OFFICE, MEN, ON THE DOUBLE.



GENTLEMEN, IT WAS A GREAT SHOW. I AM RECOMMENDING THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS FOR LT. BARVER, DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSSES FOR LT. CANDY AND A FEW OTHERS, AND MEDALS AND CITATIONS FOR THE REST OF YOU. IF WE KEEP THIS UP, WE'LL DRIVE THE JAPS BACK HOME IN NO TIME!

AND BECAUSE YANK AIRMEN "KEPT IT UP", THE DEGENERATE BOMB-WEARY JAPS QUIT THE ALEUTIANS ON AUGUST 15, 1943, BRINGING AMERICAN BOMBERS ONE STEP NEARER TO TOKYO.

# VICTORY AT CLIMBACH

A HAIL OF GERMAN BULLETS ON A FIRE-SWEPT HILLTOP COULDN'T STOP LT. CHARLES THOMAS AND THE MEN OF THE 614<sup>TH</sup> TANK DESTROYER BATTALION.



IN DECEMBER, 1944, THE AMERICAN PUSH THROUGH ALSACE WAS HALTED OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE OF CLIMBACH.

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT TOWN! IT'S FULL OF GERMAN SUPPLY TRUCKS.



THOMAS TOOK THE LEAD.

UP THAT HILL, MEN!



BUT AS THEY REACHED THE TOP...



I'LL COVER YOU.  
GET BACK OFF  
THE ROAD!



THE MEN RAN  
FOR SHELTER  
IN A NEARBY  
THICKET.  
LT. THOMAS,  
ALTHOUGH  
WOUNDED,  
HELD OFF THE  
GERMANS  
UNTIL...

WE'RE ALL  
HERE. COME ON,  
LIEUTENANT!



AS THOMAS FINALLY RAN  
FOR COVER...

HE'S HIT  
AGAIN—THIS  
TIME BADLY!



LET US  
TAKE YOU TO  
THE REAR.

NOT UNTIL THE  
GERMANS ARE BLASTED  
OUT! GET THOSE TANK  
DESTROYERS INTO  
POSITION AND USE  
EVERY GUN WE'VE  
GOT.



THOMAS STAYED ON TO ENCOURAGE AND  
DIRECT HIS MEN UNTIL THE CAPTURE OF  
STRATEGIC CLIMBACH WAS ASSURED.

WEEKS LATER...

HOW DOES IT  
FEEL TO BE A  
HERO, CAPTAIN?



FOR HIS HEROISM, CAPTAIN CHARLES  
THOMAS RECEIVED THE DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE CROSS—THE FIRST LIVING NEGRO  
TO BE THUS HONORED IN WORLD WAR II.

# 'SWEATING IT OUT'



NEAR AN AIRFIELD TARGET IN NORTHERN FRANCE  
IN MAY, 1944....



THIS FLAK IS  
LIKE A STEEL  
CURTAIN.

A YANKEE BOMBER WAS NAMED  
'SWEATING IT OUT,' BUT ONLY  
ITS BOMBARDIER, LIEUTENANT  
EDWARD GIBBONS, REALIZED  
THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF  
THE NAME.



ALL FOUR ENGINES  
HAVE BEEN HIT! WE'LL  
HAVE TO TURN BACK.



THE PLANE SWUNG OUT OF THE WITHERING FLAK, BUT BOMBARDEER GIBBONS' TROUBLES WERE JUST BEGINNING.



WE CAN'T MAKE A CRASH LANDING WITH THESE BOMBS STILL IN THE RACK. WE'LL HAVE TO DROP THEM IN THE CHANNEL.



THE HYDRAULIC SYSTEM ISN'T WORKING, AND THE BOMBS WON'T DROP. WE'RE STUCK WITH ENOUGH DYNAMITE TO SCATTER US ALL OVER ENGLAND WHEN WE LAND.



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! HACK THEM OUT BY HAND WITH THE AX!



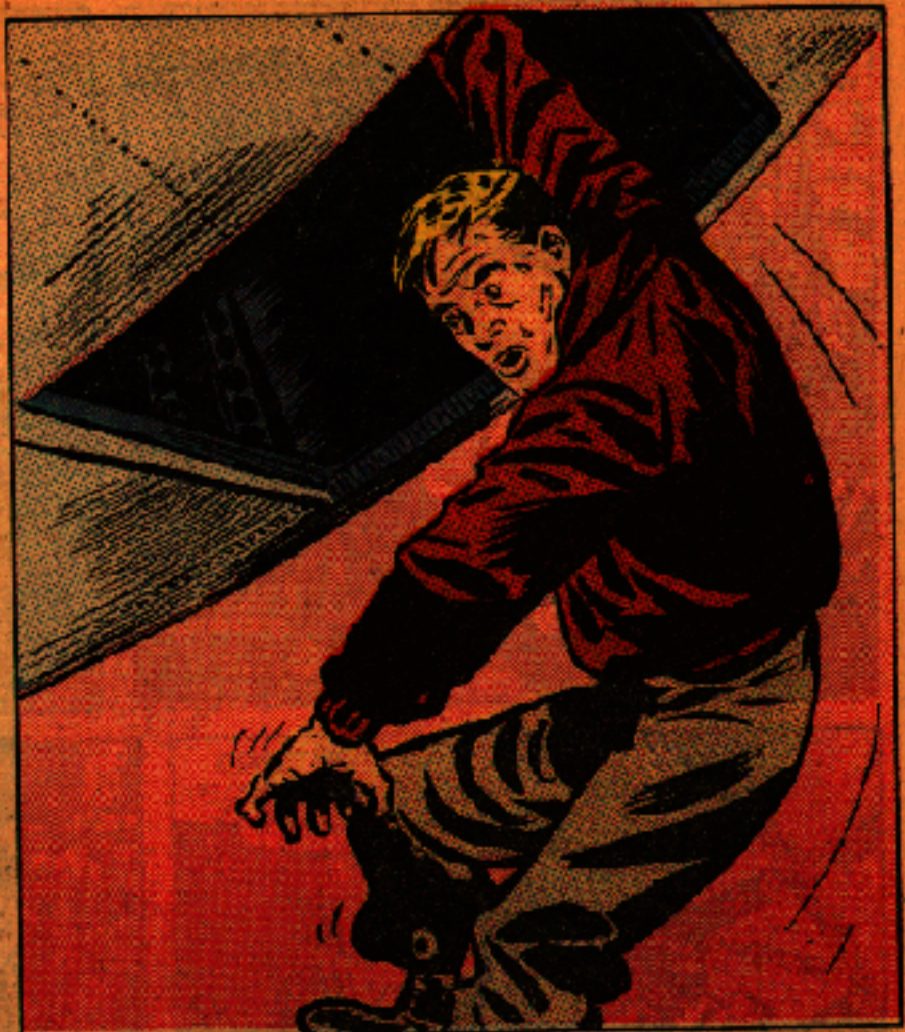
THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROOM FOR BOTH ME AND THE PARACHUTE, SO...

OUT ON THE NARROW LEDGE BETWEEN THE BOMB RACKS...

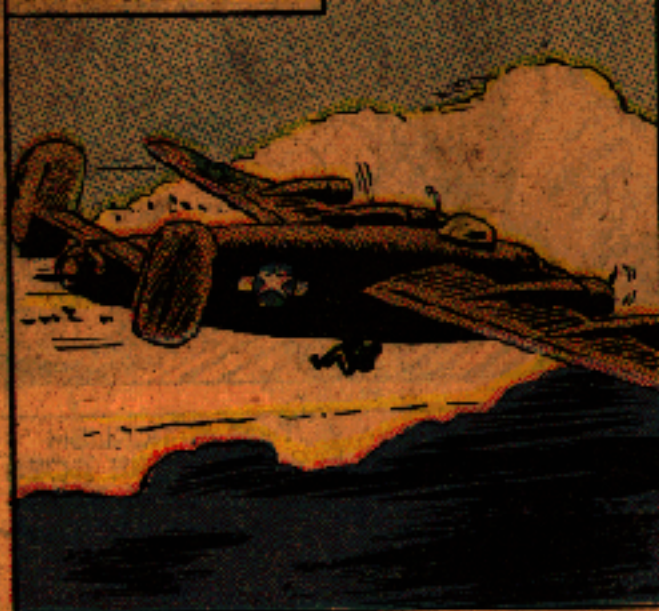


THIS IS TICKLISH WORK. HERE GOES THE LAST BOMB!

SUDDENLY GIBBONS LOST HIS BALANCE.



PAINFULLY, HE PULLED HIMSELF BACK INTO THE PLANE.



FREE OF THE DANGEROUS BOMBS, THE PLANE LANDED SAFELY IN ENGLAND.



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Our Kid

LOST AND FOUND

BUY  
U. S. WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS



... it was a package of  
**Cookies**  
made with

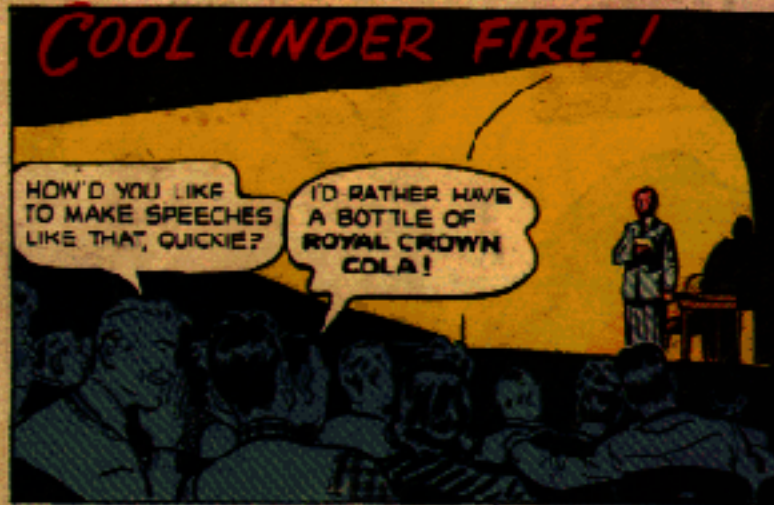


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# ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE



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