

10¢  
D.D.C.

# CONTACT

MARCH

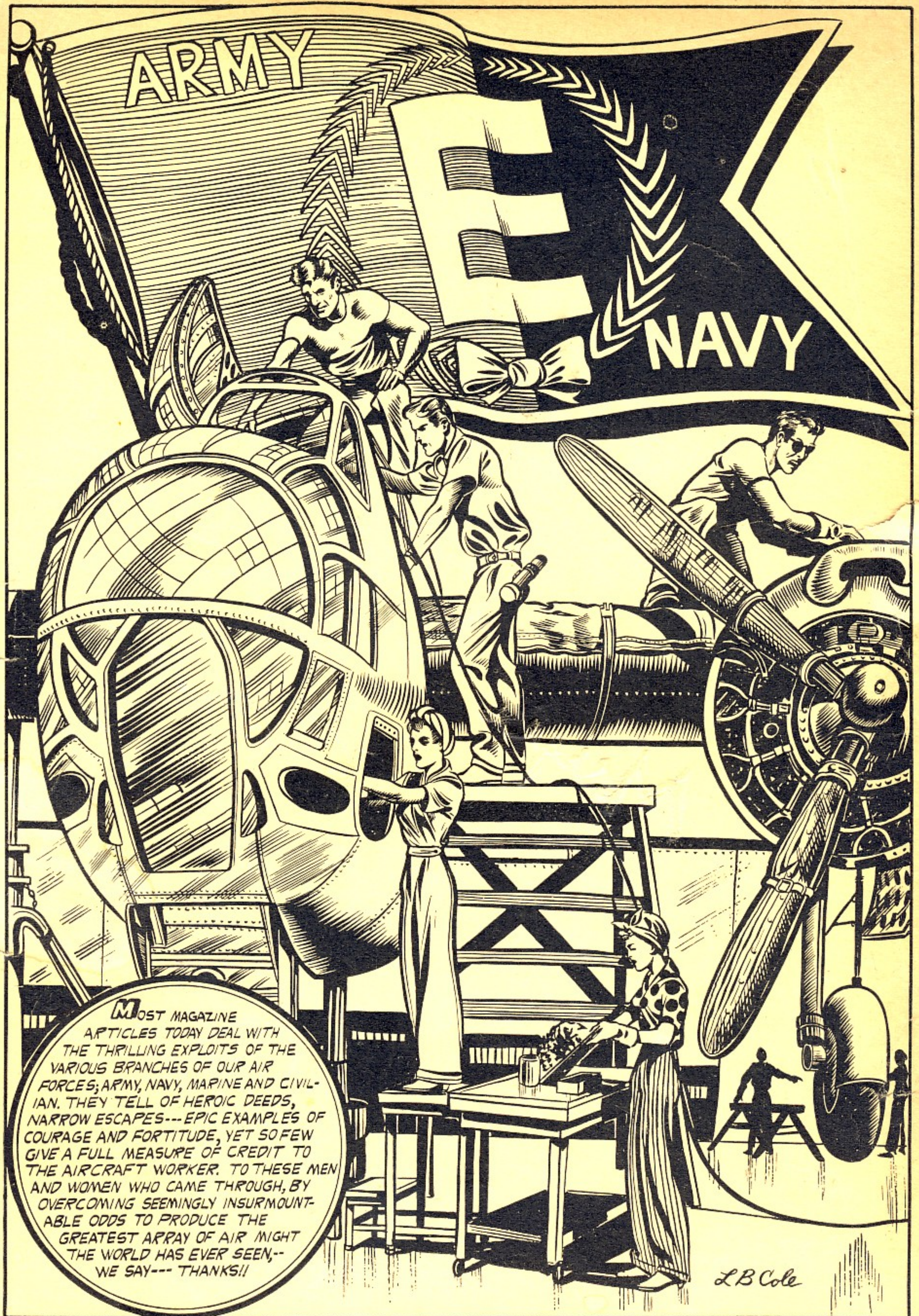
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COMICS...



LBCole





**M**OST MAGAZINE ARTICLES TODAY DEAL WITH THE THRILLING EXPLOITS OF THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF OUR AIR FORCES; ARMY, NAVY, MARINE AND CIVILIAN. THEY TELL OF HEROIC DEEDS, NARROW ESCAPES---EPIC EXAMPLES OF COURAGE AND FORTITUDE, YET SO FEW GIVE A FULL MEASURE OF CREDIT TO THE AIRCRAFT WORKER. TO THESE MEN AND WOMEN WHO CAME THROUGH, BY OVERCOMING SEEMINGLY INSURMOUNTABLE ODDS TO PRODUCE THE GREATEST ARRAY OF AIR MIGHT THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN,-- WE SAY--- THANKS!!

L.B. Cole



# THE GOLDEN EAGLE

EERIE MENACE HUNG OVER  
 THE FIGHTING FRONTS OF  
 CHINA! THE SKIES GROANED  
 AND SHRIEKED WITH TWISTING  
 PLANES AND EXPLODING  
 METAL AND NO MAN KNEW  
 WHENCE CAME THE MONSTROUS  
 HORROR THAT DECREED  
 DEATH FOR OUR VALIANT  
 AIRMEN! ONLY A MADMAN  
 BABBLED OF AN ISLAND THAT  
 MOVED... A LOST LAND IN THE  
 SKY!... AND THE **GOLDEN  
 EAGLE** TAKING THE DANGEROUS  
 TRAIL OF MYSTERY, FOUND AN  
 ANSWER THAT SHOOK MEN'S  
 SOULS WITH DISBELIEF!



# CONTACT COMICS



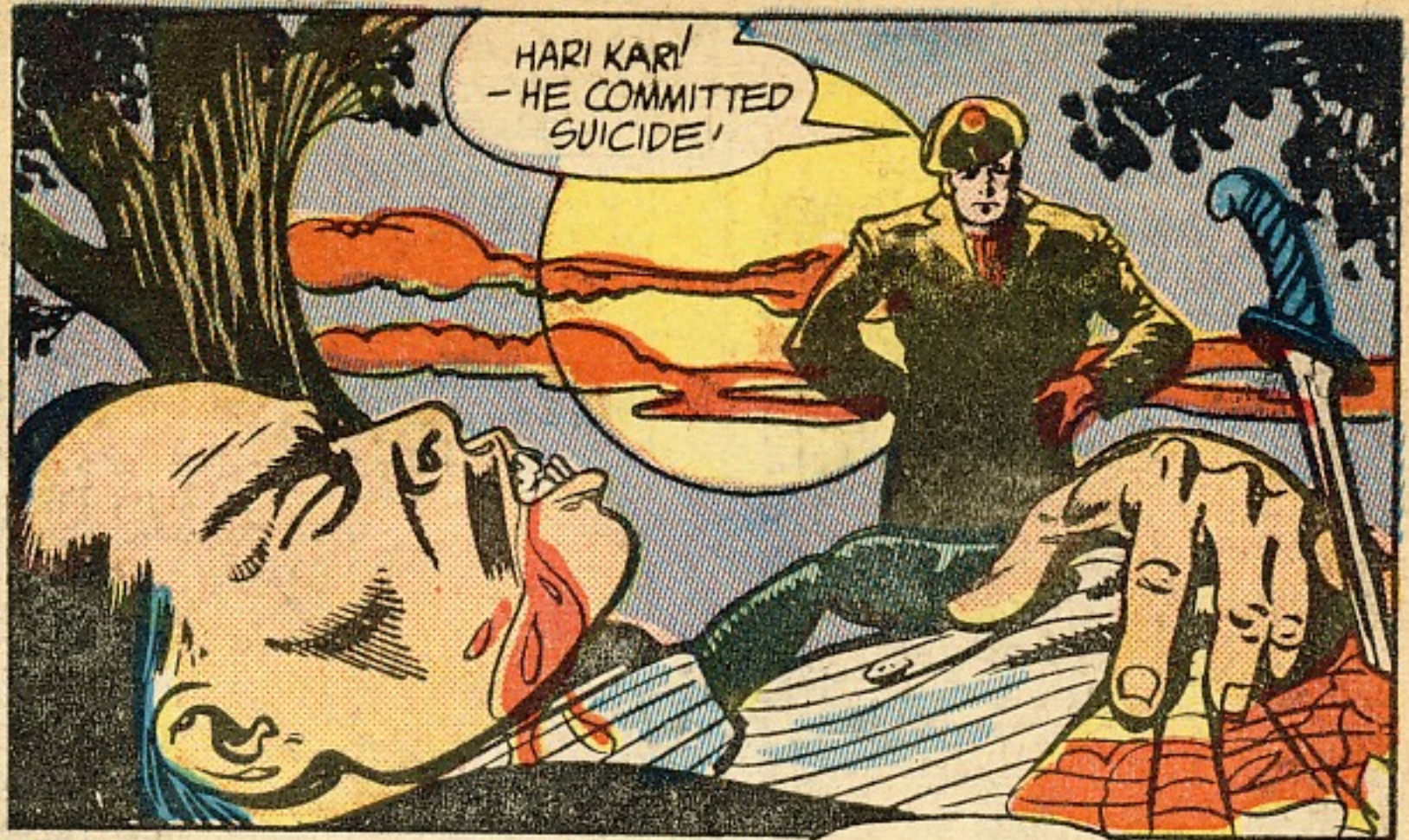
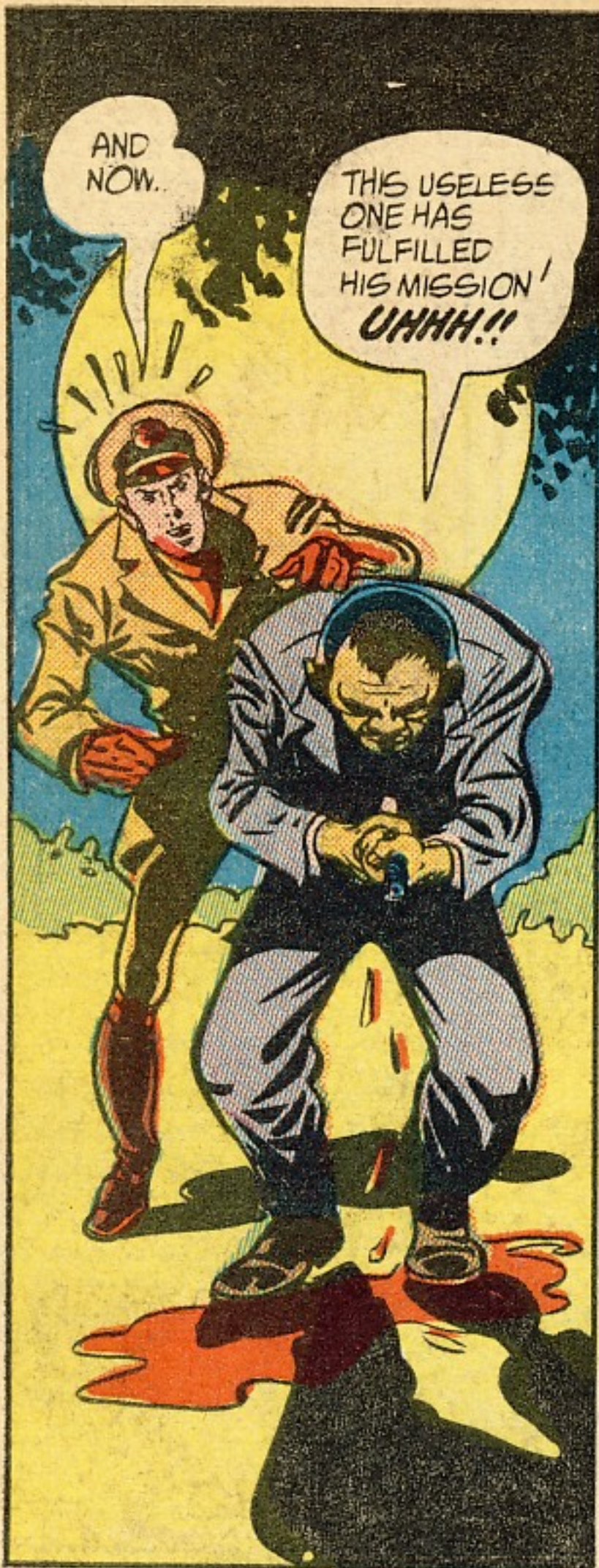


# CONTACT COMICS





**CONTACT COMICS**



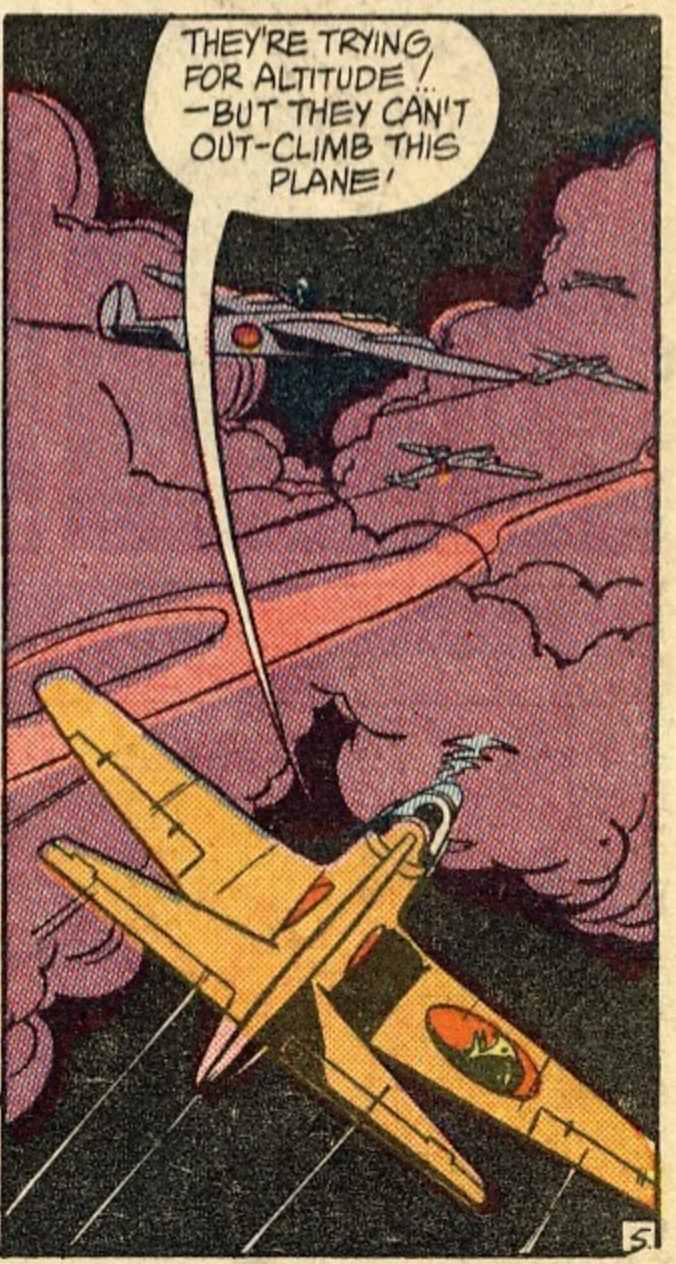
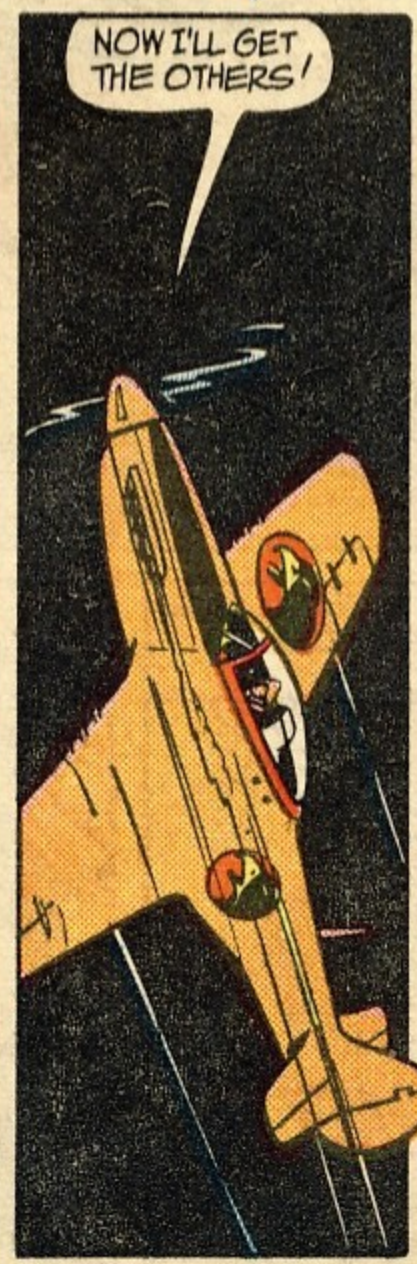
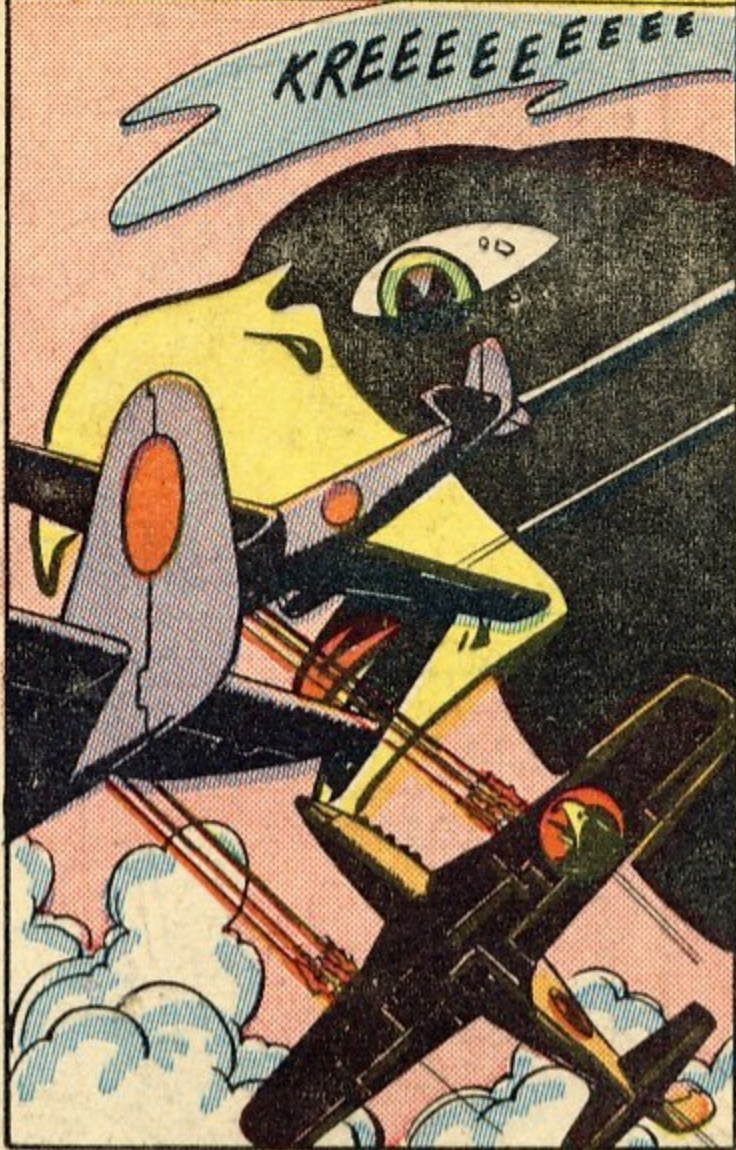


# CONTACT COMICS

AS THE NAVAL BASE AT PARENTO REELS UNDER THE JAP AERIAL BARRAGE, A FLEET GOLDEN PLANE DIVES INTO BATTLE!



FLASHING LIKE A METEOR, THE GOLDEN EAGLE BATTLES SAVAGELY AT THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF THE BOMBERS!





# CONTACT COMICS

**BUT AS THE GOLDEN EAGLE EMERGES FROM THE CLOUD BANK!**

WHAT TH...! I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



BUT I NEVER SAW A NIGHTMARE EQUIPPED WITH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS! THEY'RE USING ME FOR A CLAY PIGEON!



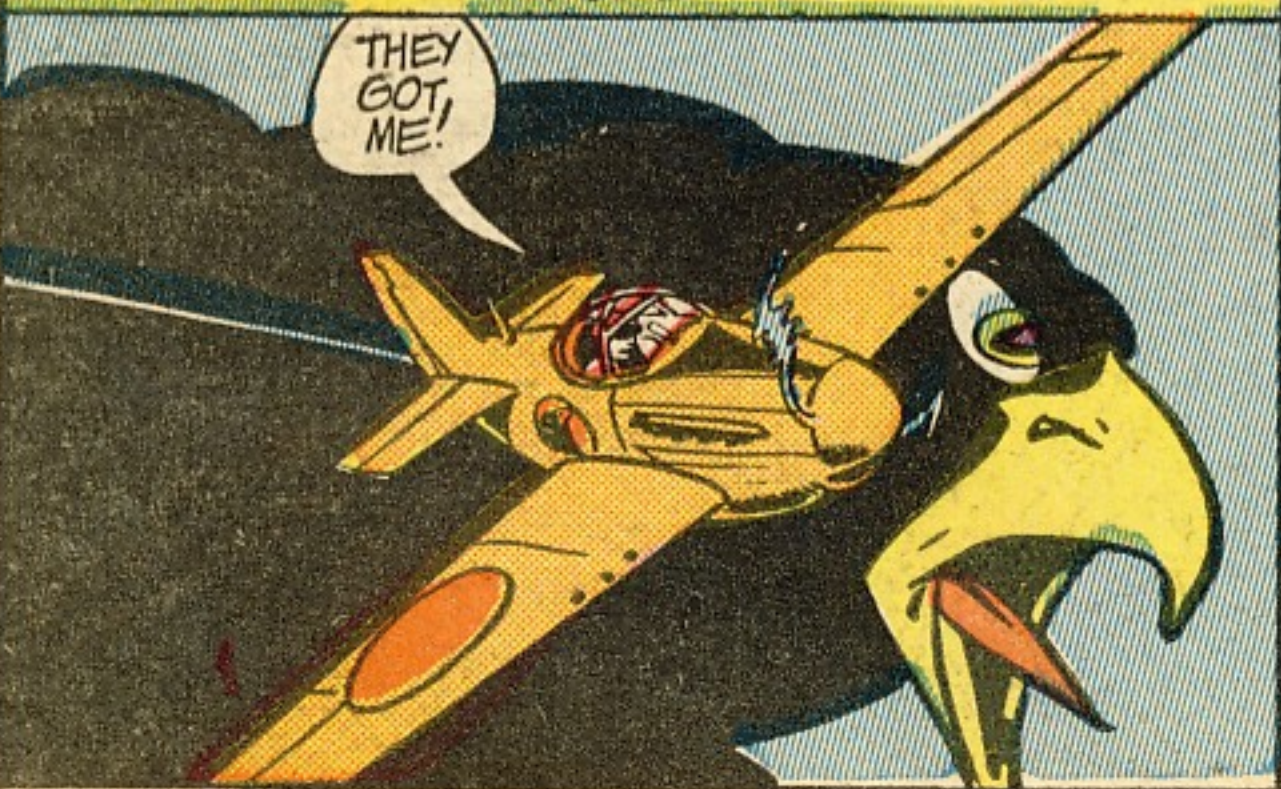
**MILES ABOVE THE EARTH FLOATS AN ISLAND SUPPORTED BY HUGE DIRIGIBLES! A GIGANTIC LAND MASS FLOATING FREE IN THE WIDE IMMENSITY OF THE SKY!**

EEEOW!  
I'M HAVING A NIGHTMARE!



**TWISTING AND TURNING TO AVOID THE TERRIFIC MASSES FIRE OF THE ISLAND'S GUNS, THE GOLDEN EAGLE CANNOT ESCAPE!**

THEY GOT ME!



ENOUGH SHRAPNEL HIT THIS CRATE TO START A SCRAP SALVAGE DRIVE! ONLY ONE THING TO DO!...





# CONTACT COMICS

*The GOLDEN EAGLE SETS HIS WOUNDED PLANE DOWN ON THE ISLAND AIR DROME!*

I WONDER HOW I'D LIKE BEING A PRISONER OF WAR!



YOUR PLANE WILL BE REPAIRED, GOLDEN EAGLE! YOU SHALL BRING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER TO YOUR DEFEATED COUNTRYMEN! - THEY WILL LISTEN TO YOU WHEN YOU TELL THEM RESISTANCE IS USELESS! - OR THEY WILL DIE!



*The GOLDEN EAGLE IS TAKEN BEFORE THE ISLAND COMMANDER IN HIS HEADQUARTERS!*

THIS IS MOST FORTUNATE! YOU SHALL WITNESS OUR FINAL CRUSHING OFFENSIVE! TONIGHT, THIS ISLAND WILL LAUNCH A THOUSAND PLANES AGAINST YOUR NAVAL BASES AND AIR FIELDS! - THEY SHALL BE WIPED FROM THE EARTH!

WHY TELL ME THIS?



*The GOLDEN EAGLE IS IMPRISONED IN THE BARRACKS ROOM!*

THEIR SCHEME IS CRAZY ENOUGH TO WORK! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM BEFORE THE ATTACK BEGINS! - IF ONLY THIS FLOOR BOARD WILL TEAR LOOSE!



WHAT'S?

A SHOT! - HE HAS KILLED HIMSELF!



I THOUGHT THAT RIPPED PLANK WOULD SOUND LIKE A SHOT!

AYA!



NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND MY PLANE! - I HOPE THOSE JAP MECHANICS DID A GOOD JOB!





# CONTACT COMICS

THE GOLDEN EAGLE REACHES HIS PLANE AS IT ZOOMS UP FROM THE DROME! THE JAPANESE DISCOVER HIS ESCAPE!

THEY REPAIRED THIS CRATE!  
NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO  
BLOW IT APART AGAIN!



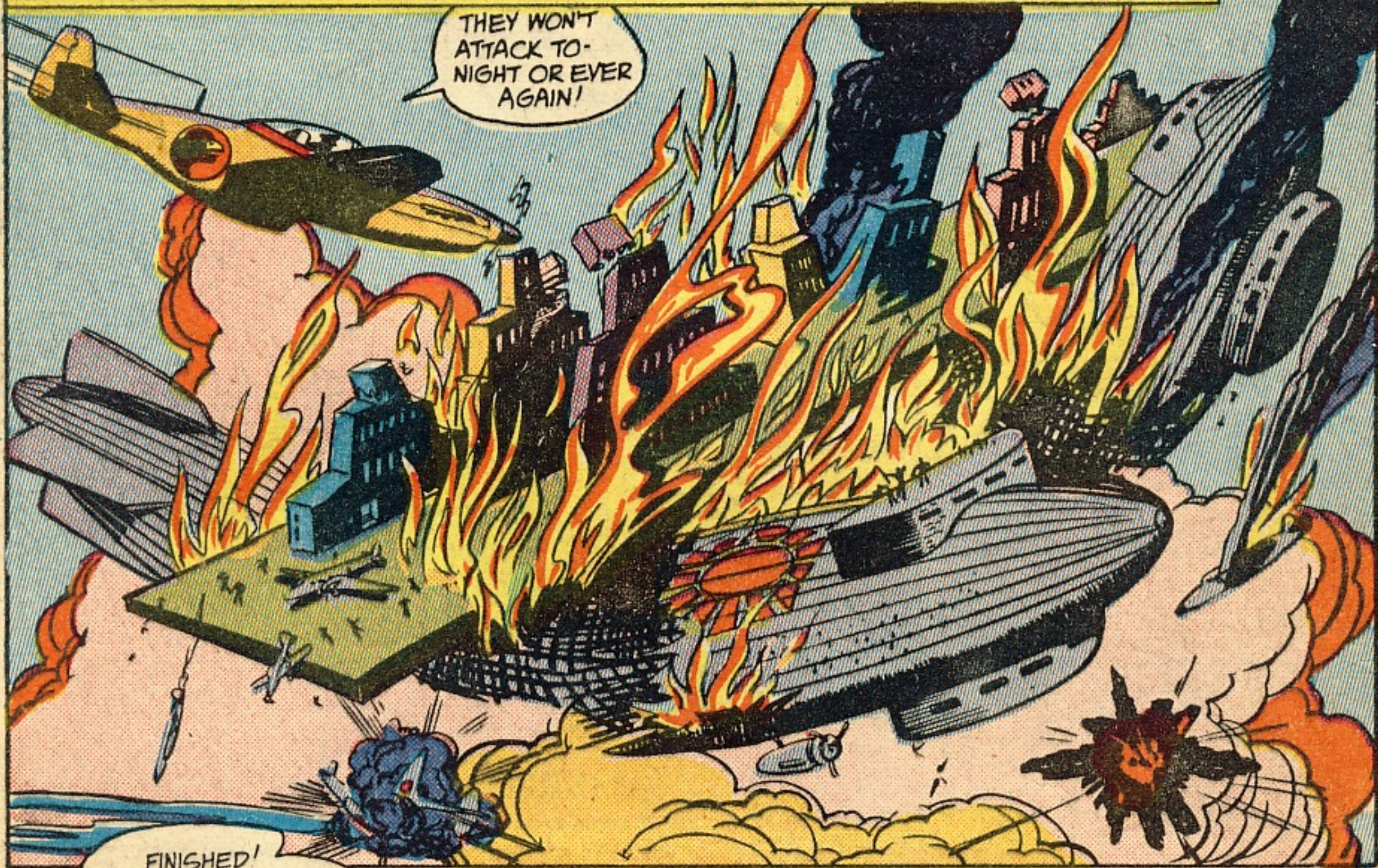
THROUGH A HURRICANE OF TRACERS AND THUDDING SHELLS, THE GOLDEN EAGLE PLUNGES TO THE ATTACK!

THE DIRIGIBLE  
SUPPORTS!... THAT'S  
THE ISLANDS WEAK  
POINTS!



WITH A HUGE SHUDDERING ROAR, THE FLOATING ISLAND BEGINS ITS FLAMING DEATH PLUNGE!

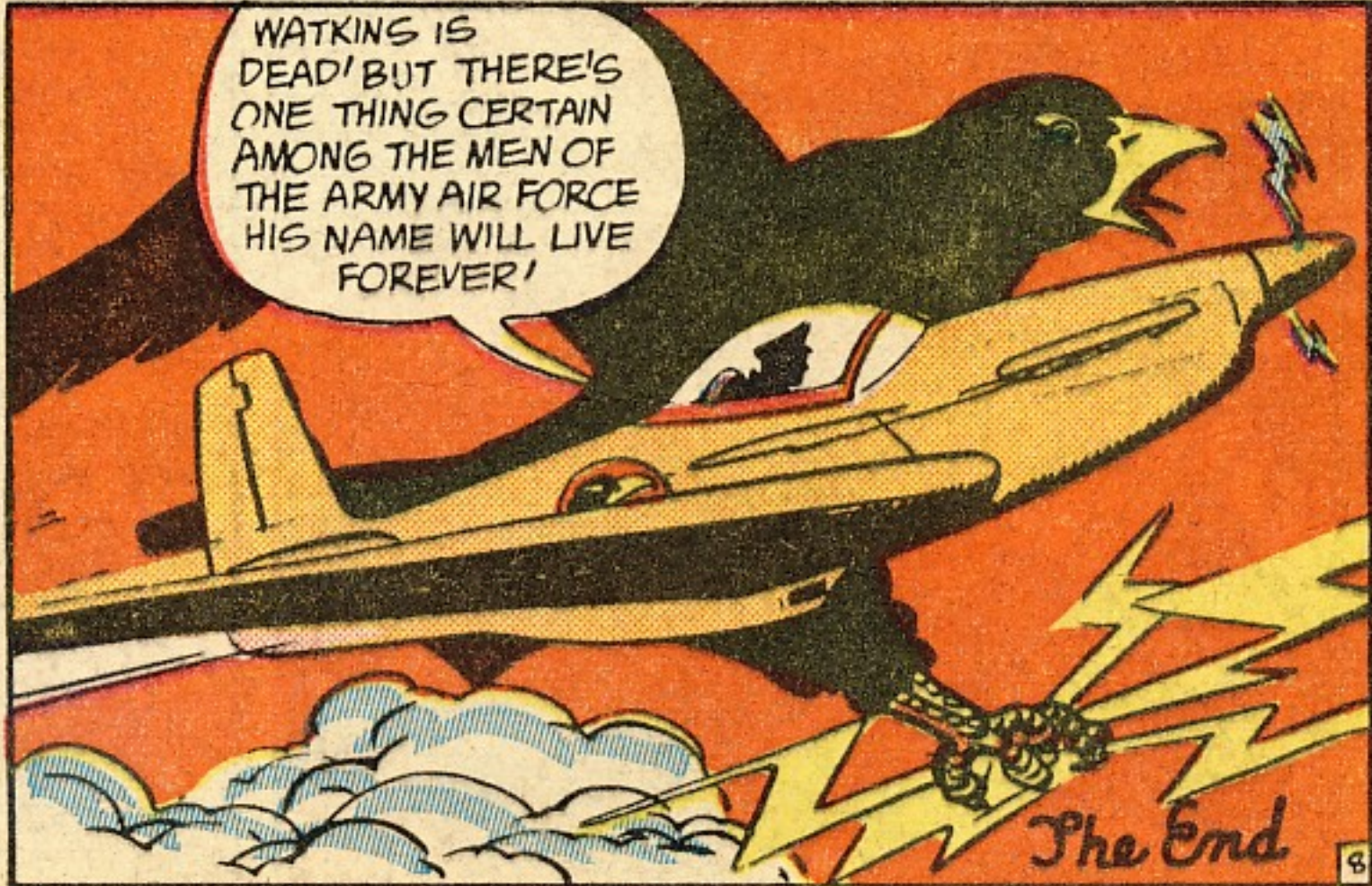
THEY WON'T  
ATTACK TO-  
NIGHT OR EVER  
AGAIN!



FINISHED!  
BUT THERE'S STILL  
A DEBT TO PAY TO THE  
MEMORY OF LIEUTENANT  
WATKINS WHO FIRST SAW  
THE FLOATING  
ISLAND!



WATKINS IS  
DEAD! BUT THERE'S  
ONE THING CERTAIN  
AMONG THE MEN OF  
THE ARMY AIR FORCE  
HIS NAME WILL LIVE  
FOREVER!





# BLACK VENUS



Nina Albright

BLACK VENUS IS ABOUT TO TAKE OFF ON ONE OF HER MOST DARING AND IMPORTANT ADVENTURES. AWARE OF CERTAIN DANGERS THAT CONFRONT HER, SHE HAS YET TO LEARN OF THE GREAT PERIL IN THE SHADOWS OF THE JAP-INFESTED ISLAND WHERE HER MISSION TAKES HER.

IN THEIR HIDEOUT ON A JAP-HELD ISLAND, THREE AMERICAN ACES STRUGGLE IN VAIN WITH THEIR RADIO SENDING SET.



IT'S NO USE - I'VE DONE ALL I CAN.

WELL I GUESS THE GAME IS UP.

WE STILL HAVE ENOUGH SUPPLIES FOR ONE MORE DAY, IF WE'RE CAREFUL!



CAPTAIN OWENS WON'T LET US DOWN IF HE CAN HELP IT.



# CONTACT COMICS

**A**T HOME BASE, CAPT. OWENS HAS A SECRET TALK WITH MARY LA ROCHE, KNOWN TO FEW AS- THE **BLACK VENUS**.

WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM THOSE BOYS IN OVER EIGHTEEN HOURS! I'M AFRAID THE ONLY ONE THAT CAN HELP US THIS TIME IS THE **BLACK VENUS**!

WHAT'S THE SET-UP CAPTAIN OWENS?

SOMEONE WILL HAVE TO DROP THEM SUPPLIES, AND FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS. WE CAN'T USE ANY OF OUR PLANES NOW, BECAUSE IT WOULD ENDANGER OUR PLANS FOR AN IMPORTANT OFFENSIVE.



THIS DOES SOUND LIKE A JOB FOR BLACK VENUS!

ASIDE FROM THE DANGER OF FLYING OVER THAT TERRITORY, THE BAROMETER SHOWS A STORM...MAYBE A TYPHOON COMING TOWARD THAT AREA.



**A**FTER PORING OVER MAPS AND RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

THINK IT OVER, MARY-- REMEMBER, THE RISK IS GREAT!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME CAPTAIN OWENS.



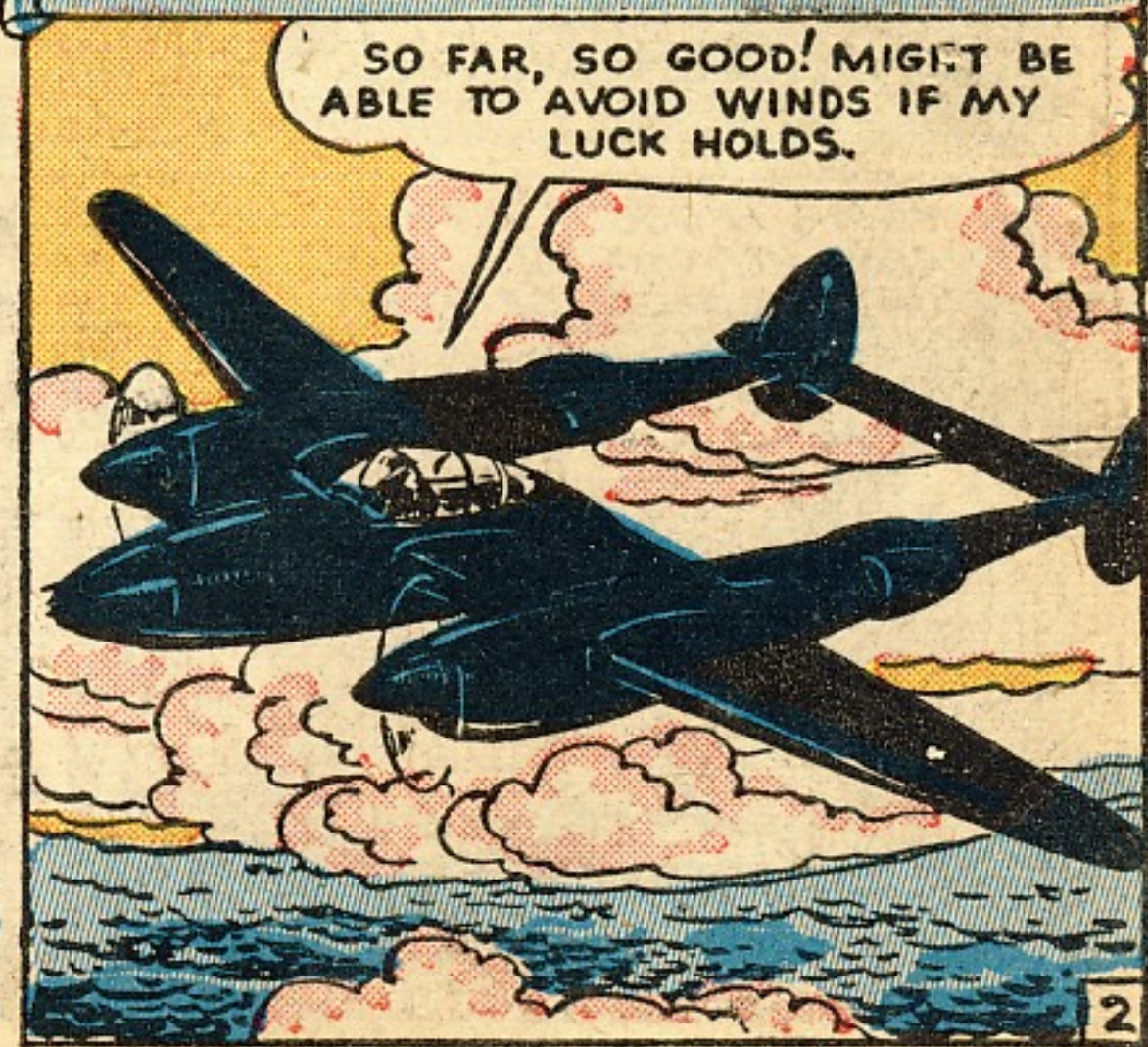
YES CAPTAIN OWENS, I JUST HEARD THE WEATHER REPORT. THE TYPHOON IS DEFINITELY GOING TO HIT THAT ISLAND, BUT IT'S STILL HOURS AWAY. THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO GET AN EARLY START.

IF I CAN'T PERSUADE YOU NOT TO GO, KEEP LISTENING FOR WEATHER REPORTS, I'LL TRY TO GIVE YOU ALL THE HELP I CAN.



**A** HALF HOUR LATER, BLACK VENUS IS WINGING HER WAY TOWARD HER DESTINATION.

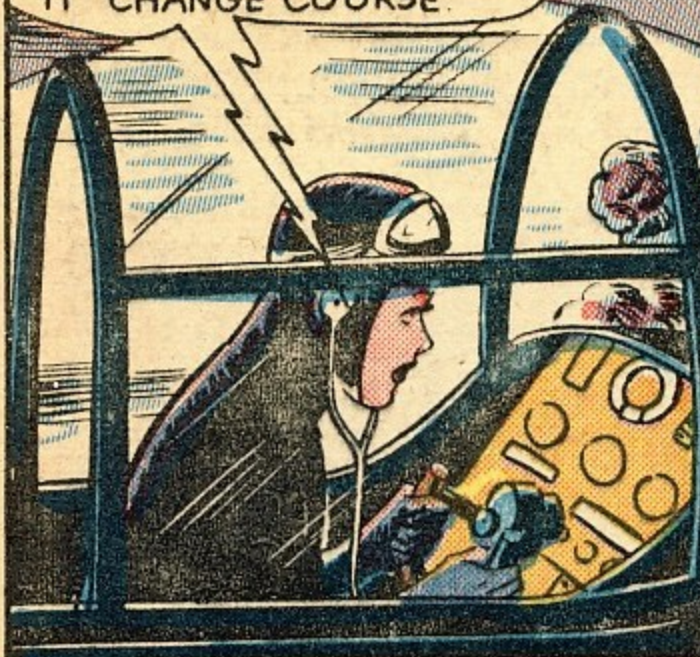
SO FAR, SO GOOD! MIGHT BE ABLE TO AVOID WINDS IF MY LUCK HOLDS.





# CONTACT COMICS

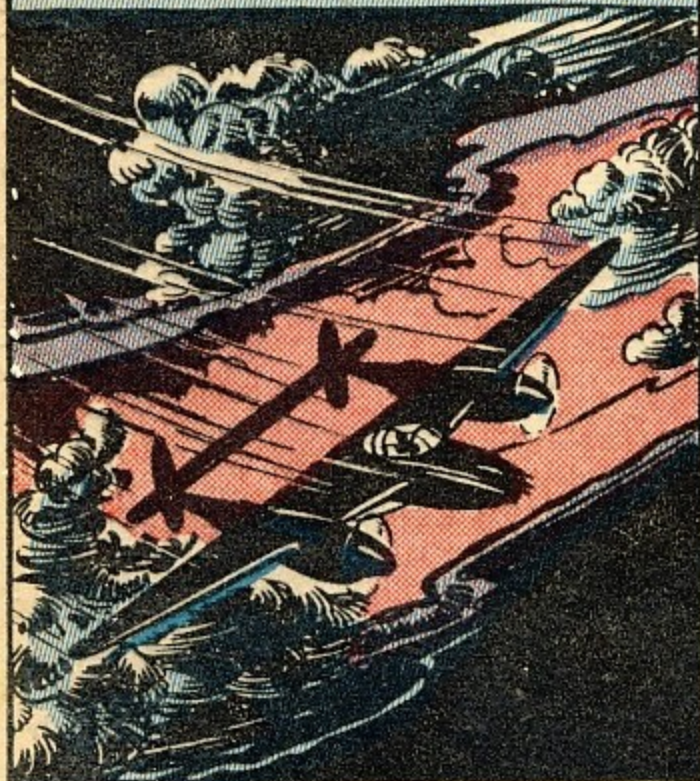
CAPTAIN OWENS SPEAKING:  
YOU'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR  
IT CHANGE COURSE.



I'M ALMOST THERE...IF I CHANGE MY COURSE,  
I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO COMPLETE MY  
MISSION, I MIGHT EVEN BE TOO LATE !!



**B**LACK VENUS USES ALL HER  
SKILL IN TRYING TO MANEUVER HER  
PLANE AS THE TYPHOON SWEEPS  
DOWN UPON HER



**M**EANWHILE ON THE ISLAND THAT THE BLACK  
VENUS IS HEADING FOR...

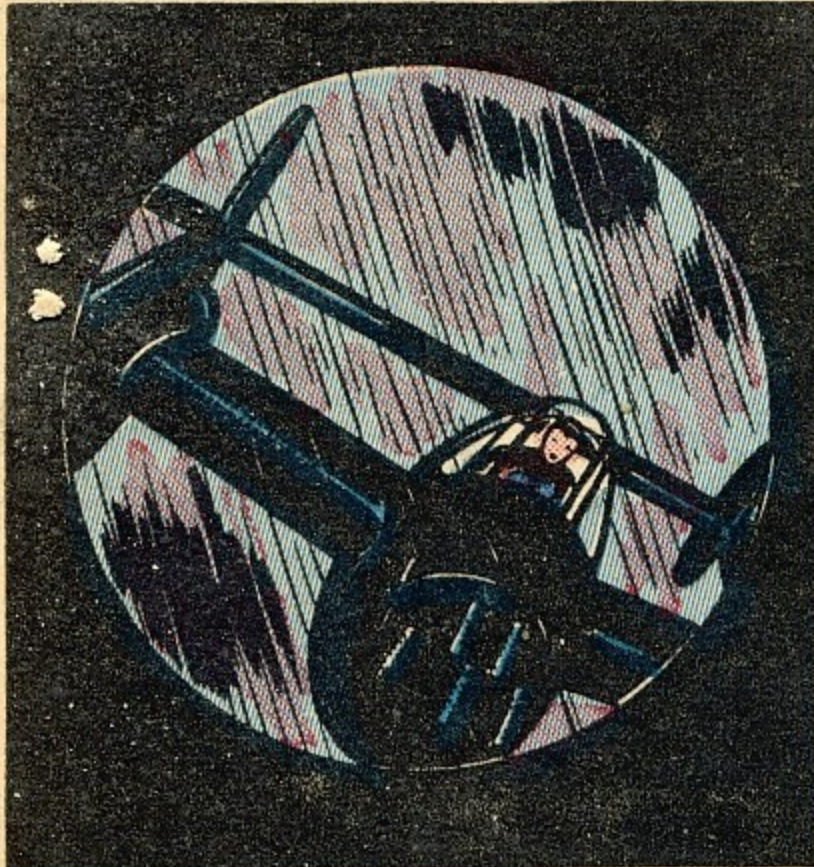
AGAIN YOU HAVE FAILED TO DISCOVER WHEREABOUTS  
OF DOGS OF ENEMY THAT SEND OUT INFORMATION  
OF OUR MOVEMENTS.

LOOK THROUGH THESE, HON-  
ORABLE NIJO - THIS MIGHT  
BE AN ANSWER FROM THE GODS.



**B**LACK VENUS TRIES VALIANTLY TO BATTLE THE  
STORM, BUT IS LOSING ALTITUDE FAST

I'LL HAVE TO  
MAKE A FORCED  
LANDING.





# CONTACT COMICS



SHALL WE GO TO MEET MOST WELCOME GUEST?

I SHOULD APPRECIATE HONOR OF ACCOMPANYING MOST HIGHLY ESTEEMED NIJO.

AND AFTER LANDING HER PLANE WITH MUCH DIFFICULTY, BLACK VENUS FINDS HERSELF SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF LEERING JAP FACES.

WE GLADLY OFFER YOU PROTECTION OF OUR UNDERGROUND HEAD-QUARTERS.

I'D SOONER COMBAT THE ELEMENTS THAN ACCEPT "PROTECTION" FROM YOU.



HOURS OF ENDLESS QUESTIONING GO BY...

SO FAR, YOU HAVE NOT BEEN VERY CO-OPERATIVE! YOU FORCE ME TO USE MORE DRASTIC MEASURES

NOTHING YOU DO CAN MAKE ME TALK!



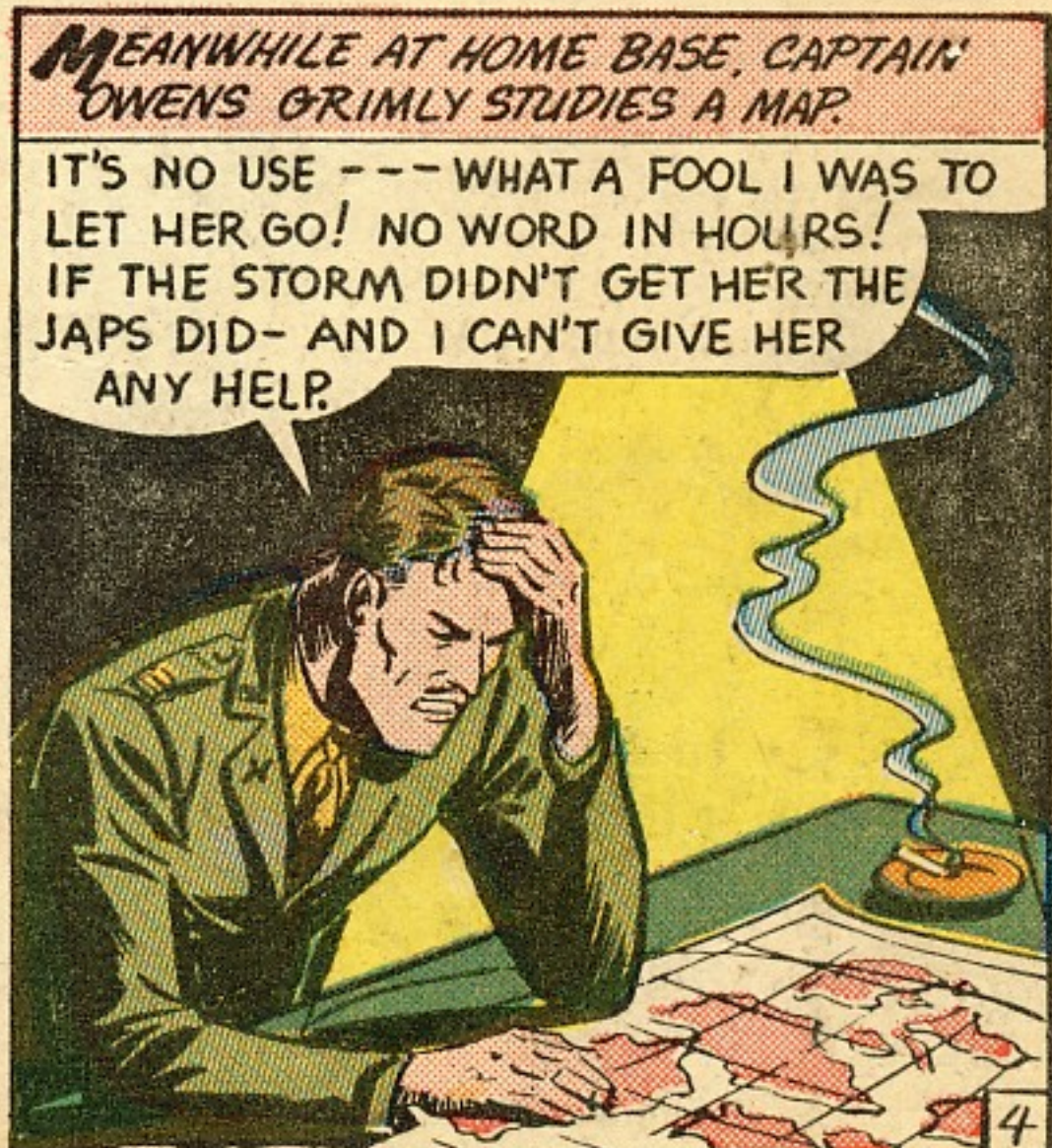
NIJO'S HENCHMEN PROCEED TO APPLY SEVERE PRESSURE ON BLACK VENUS.

DRAW HER TO MY SPECIAL DUNGEON. WE HAVE OTHER WAYS OF LOOSENING LAZY TONGUES.



YOU MAY GO. LEAVE ME ALONE WITH SILENT ONE.

AS YOU WISH HONORED SUPERIOR!



MEANWHILE AT HOME BASE, CAPTAIN OWENS GRIMLY STUDIES A MAP.

IT'S NO USE --- WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO LET HER GO! NO WORD IN HOURS! IF THE STORM DIDN'T GET HER THE JAPS DID- AND I CAN'T GIVE HER ANY HELP.



CONTACT COMICS

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME! NOTHING YOU DO CAN PERSUADE ME TO GIVE YOU INFORMATION! I'D RATHER DIE!

IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT YOU ARE A DANGEROUS ENEMY, I MUST ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE! YOU WOULD BE **MOST VALUABLE** WORKING FOR OUR EMPEROR.



KNOWING THAT SHE WILL BE KILLED, BLACK VENUS DECIDES TO MAKE A DARING ATTEMPT FOR FREEDOM!

WHAT COULD YOUR EMPEROR OFFER ME?



NOW YOU ARE BEING REASONABLE! I SEE WHERE YOUR BEAUTY IS EXCEEDED BY YOUR CLEVERNESS..I KNOW WE CAN COME TO TERMS.

I MIGHT CONSIDER A CHANGE IF IT WERE WORTH WHILE BUT I COULD THINK MUCH BETTER WITHOUT THESE CHAINS.



BLACK VENUS HAS NIJO BELIEVING SHE WILL WORK FOR THE JAP GOVERNMENT!

AND WHAT WILL MY DUTIES BE?

THE SAME AS YOU ARE ENGAGED IN NOW, WITH THE EXCEPTION THAT YOU WILL BE WORKING FOR THE SON OF HEAVEN!!

- AND TO PROVE YOUR GOOD FAITH, THE FIRST ASSIGNMENT WILL BE TO TELL ME THE WHEREABOUTS OF A CERTAIN SENDING SET, BEING OPERATED FROM THIS ISLAND!

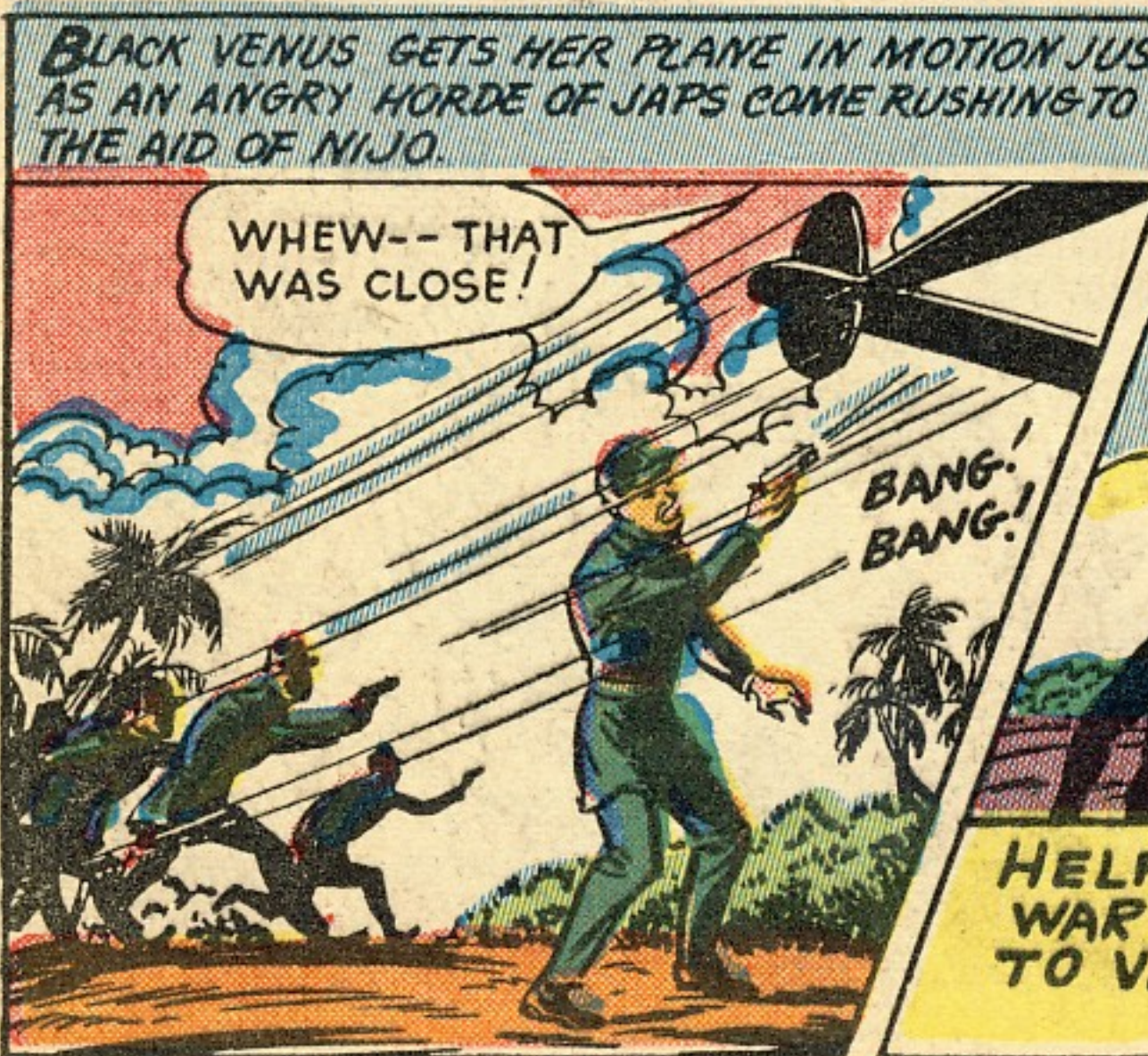
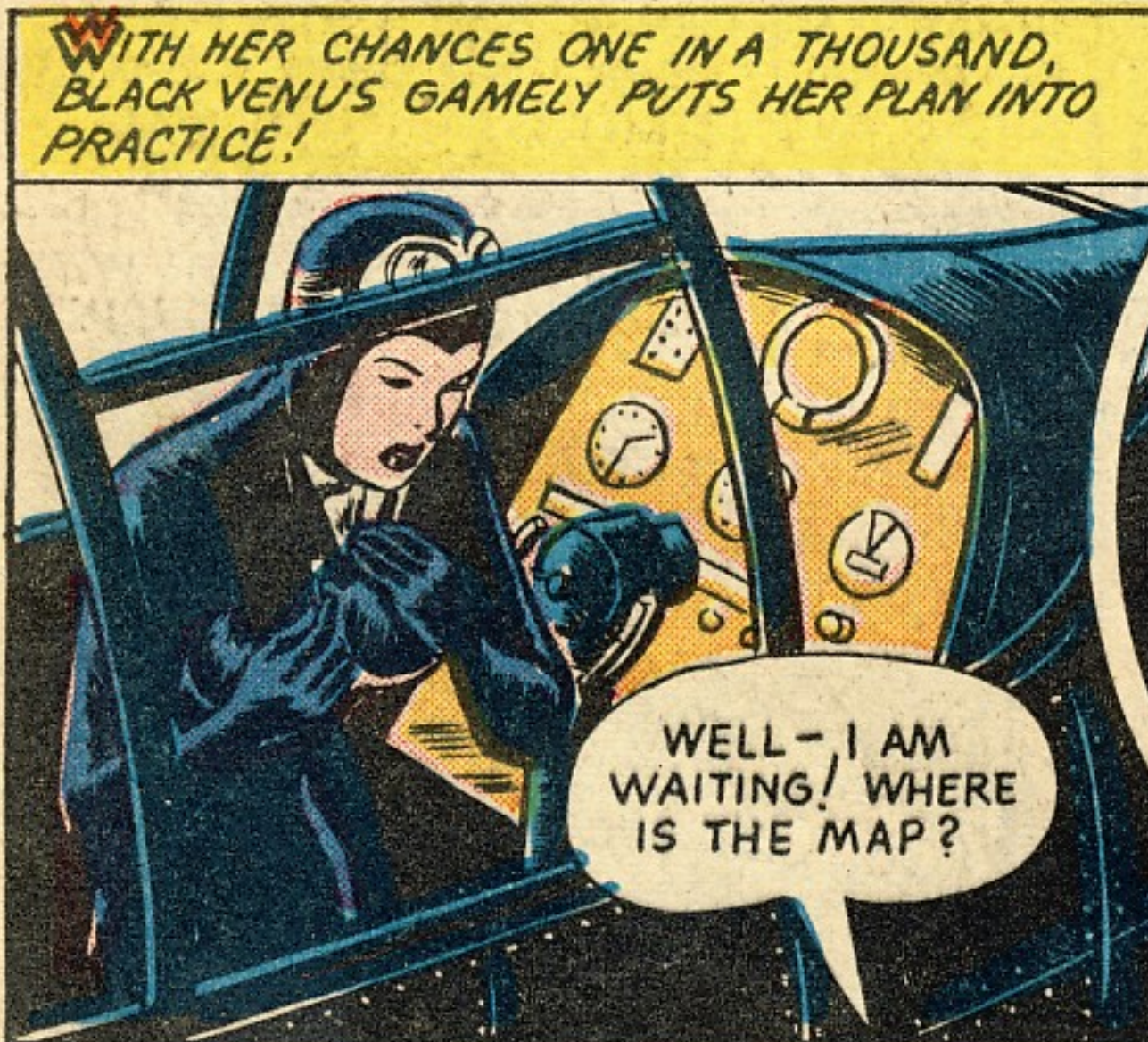
I CANNOT TELL YOU, BUT I CAN SHOW YOU ON CERTAIN MAPS I HAVE HIDDEN IN A SECRET PANEL OF MY PLANE!

VERY WELL, MY CHARMING PRISONER, WE WILL SEE NOW IF THIS IS A TRICK.





# CONTACT COMICS





# FIGHTERS IN THE NIGHT



**N**IGHT FIGHTING IS THE PARTICULAR PET OF NAVAL AVIATION--AND WHILE FULL DETAILS OF THIS NEW AND DARING KIND OF AERIAL WARFARE ARE STILL SECRETS--ENOUGH CAN BE REVEALED TO PROVE THAT THIS AMAZING NEW DEVELOPMENT IS ALREADY HELPING TO SHORTEN THE WAR!

**T**WO DECADES AGO NIGHT FIGHTING HAD ITS GENESIS IN THE ELECTRONIC LABORATORIES OF THE MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY, REACHING A CLIMAX IN THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN!

**I**NTRODUCING TWIN ENGED PLANES FOR NIGHT FIGHTER WORK, THE R.A.F. MADE NIGHT BOMBING SO COSTLY, THE NAZIS HAD TO GIVE IT UP!

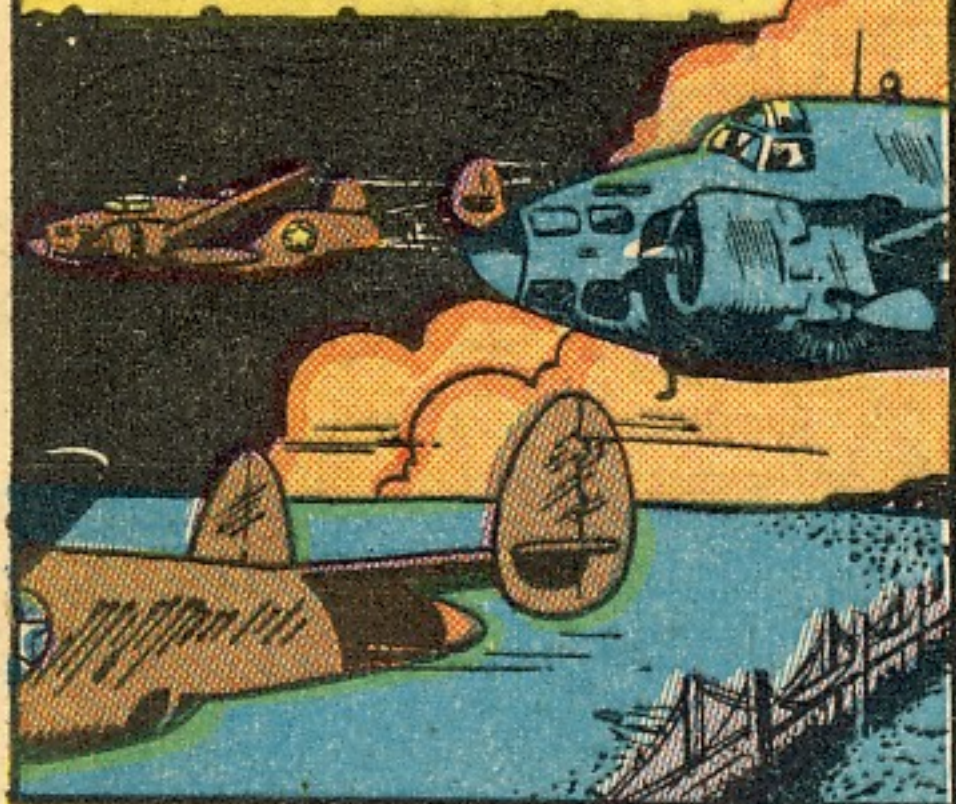
WHITMAN — JACKSON



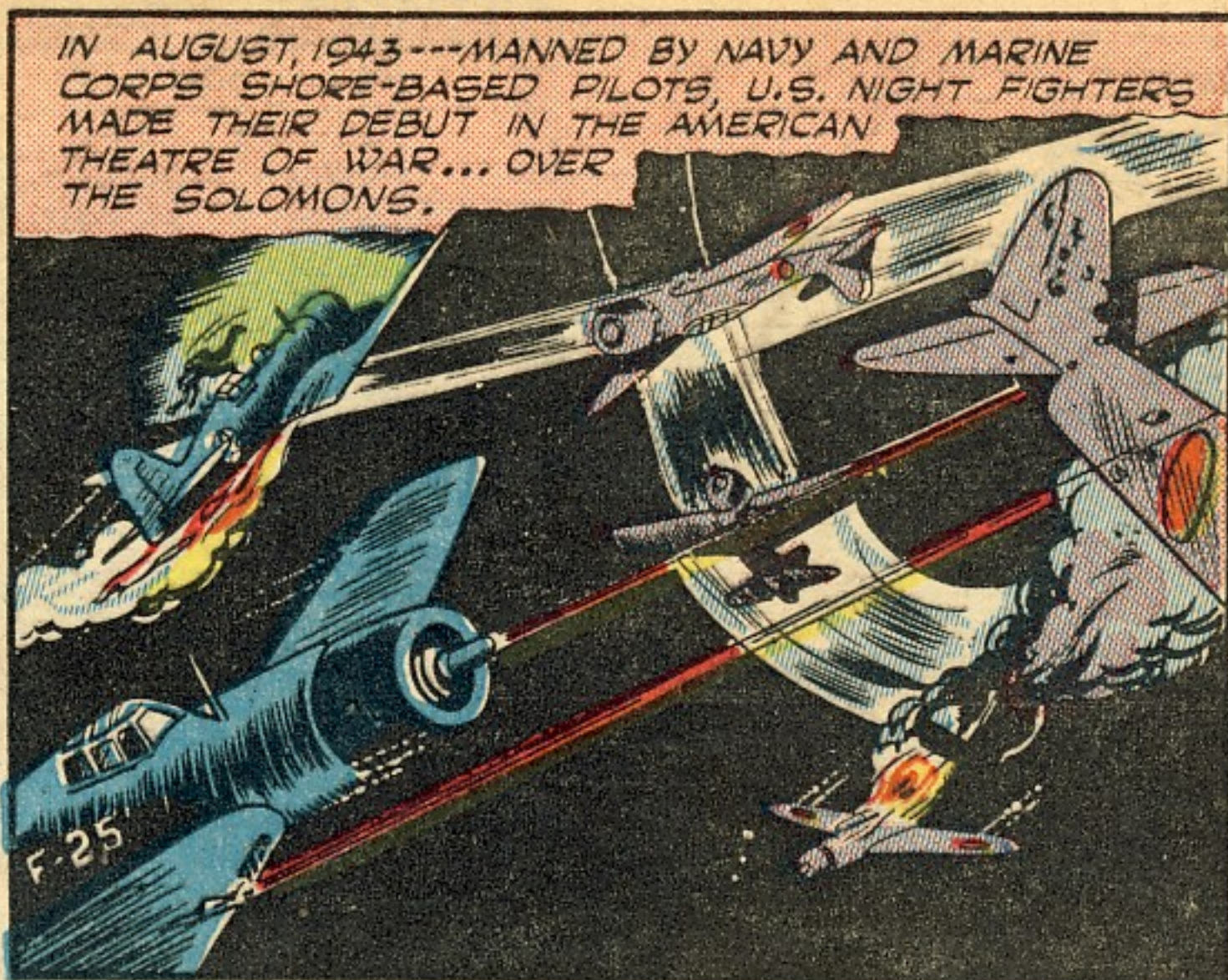


# CONTACT COMICS

**A**FTER VISITING ENGLAND TO STUDY BRITISH TECHNIQUE, COL. FRANK SCHWABLE RETURNS TO THE U.S. IN NOVEMBER, 1942, TO ORGANIZE THE FIRST MARINE CORPS NIGHT FIGHTER SQUADRON.



IN AUGUST, 1943---MANNED BY NAVY AND MARINE CORPS SHORE-BASED PILOTS, U.S. NIGHT FIGHTERS MADE THEIR DEBUT IN THE AMERICAN THEATRE OF WAR... OVER THE SOLOMONS.



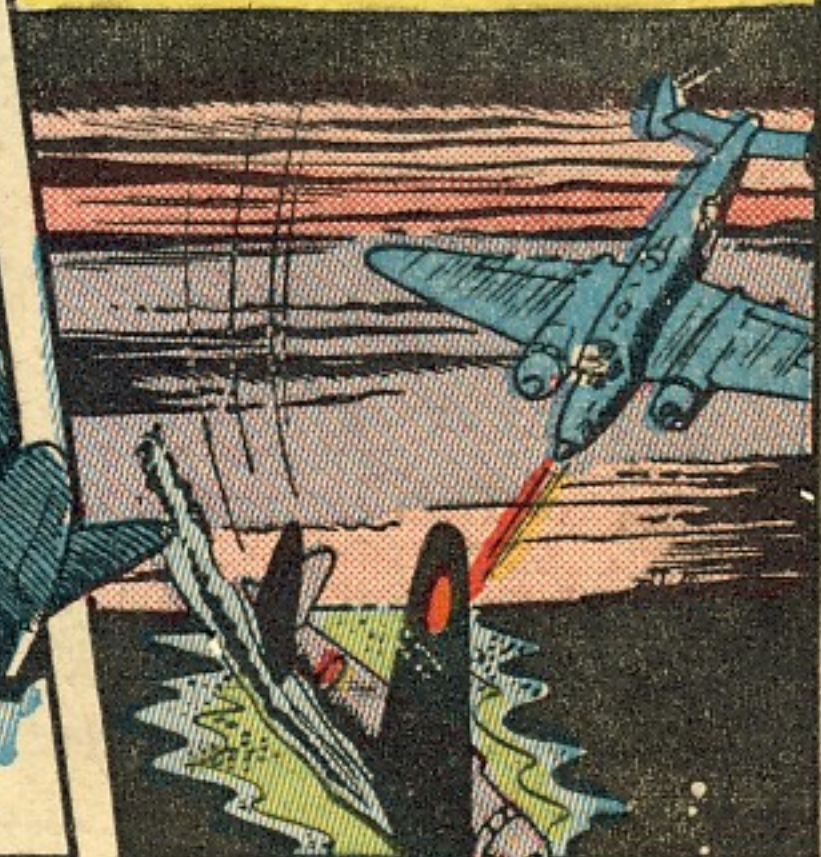
OF TREMENDOUS HELP AT FIRST, ARE ARMY "LIGHTNING" PLANES EQUIPPED WITH SEARCHLIGHTS.



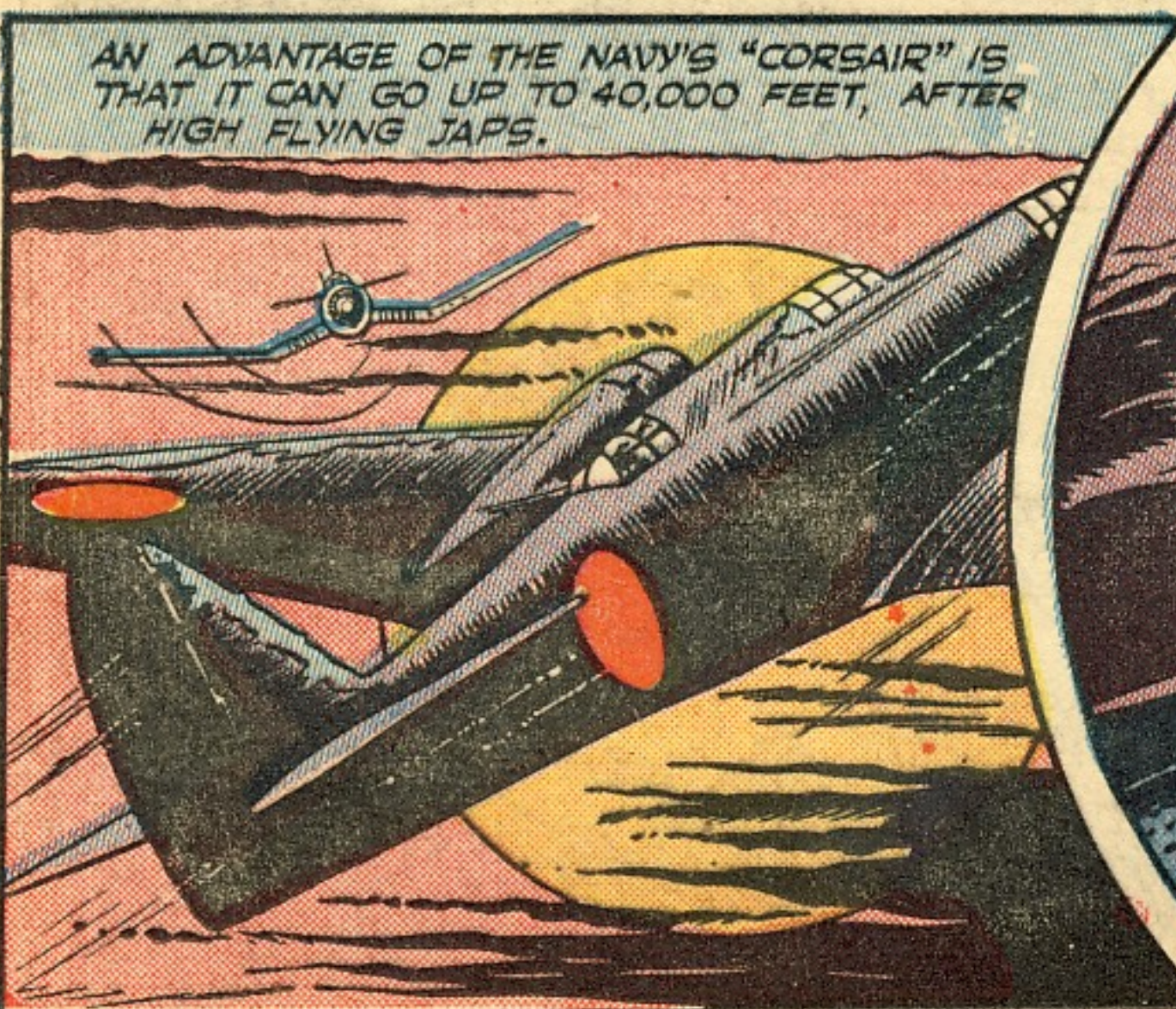
**U**NDER THE DIRECTION OF COMM. "GUS" WINDHELM, THE NAVY INTRODUCED "CORSAIRS" INTO THE BATTLE OF THE NIGHT....



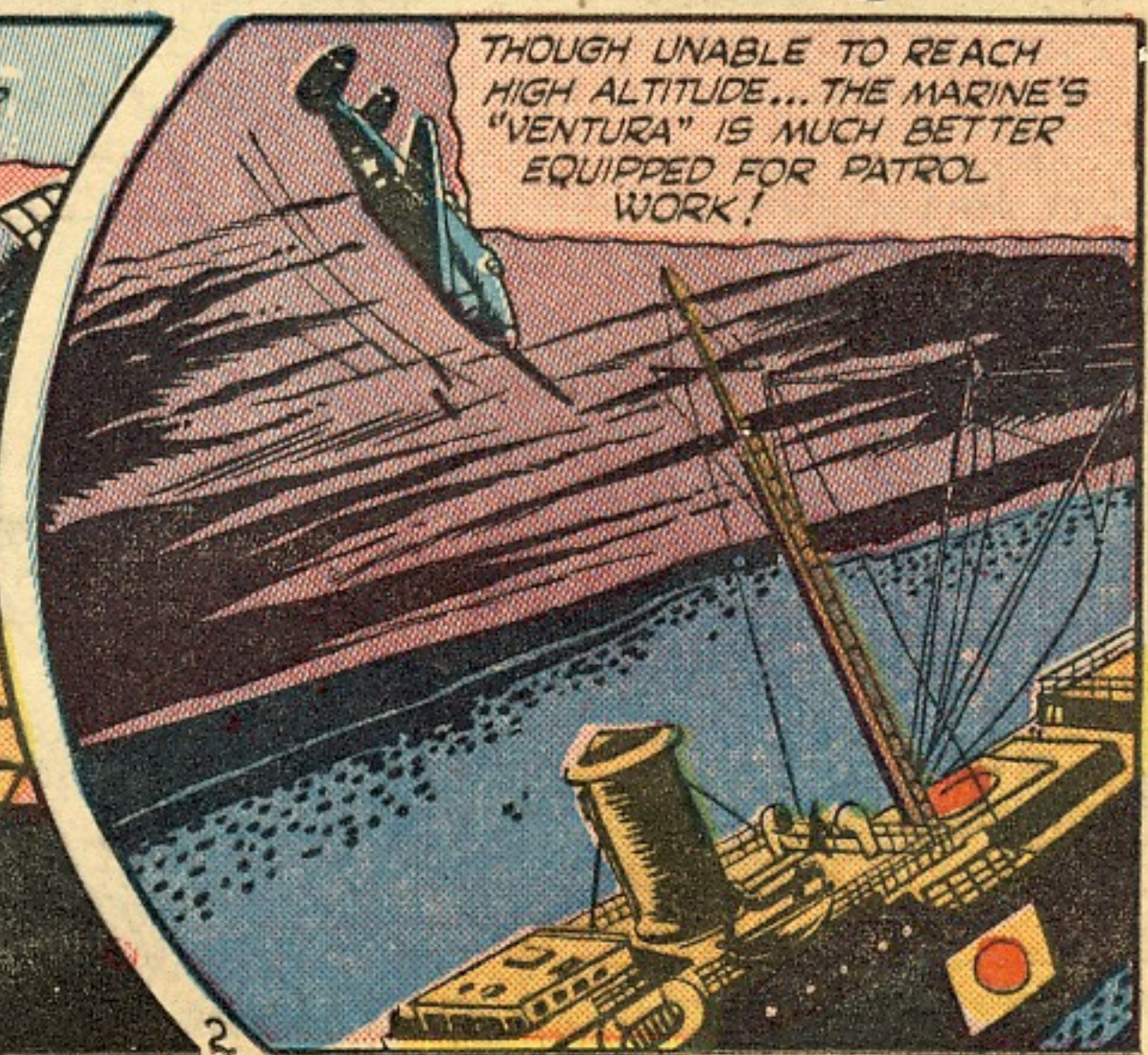
**M**EANWHILE.... USING TWIN-ENGINE "VENTURAS" THE MARINES PATROL THE SKY OVER MUNDA.... BAGGING SCORES OF JAP PLANES....



AN ADVANTAGE OF THE NAVY'S "CORSAIR" IS THAT IT CAN GO UP TO 40,000 FEET, AFTER HIGH FLYING JAPS.



THOUGH UNABLE TO REACH HIGH ALTITUDE... THE MARINE'S "VENTURA" IS MUCH BETTER EQUIPPED FOR PATROL WORK!





# CONTACT COMICS

**I**N FEBRUARY, 1944... AFTER THE INITIAL RAID ON TRUK... THE PACIFIC FLEET STEAMS AWAY.



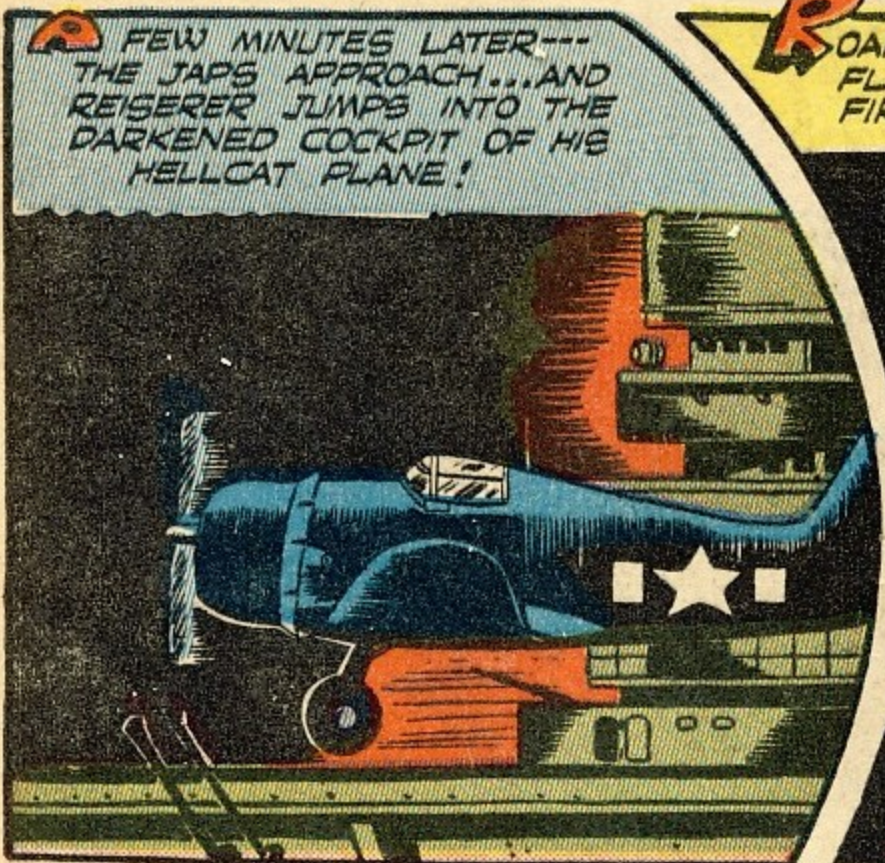
**B**OARD A BLACKED OUT CARRIER... LT. R. L. REISERER, EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF A NIGHT FIGHTING SQUADRON, STAND BESIDE A HELLCAT PLANE.

STRANGE HOW THE NIPS HAVEN'T SHOWED UP YET, ISN'T IT, LIEUTENANT?

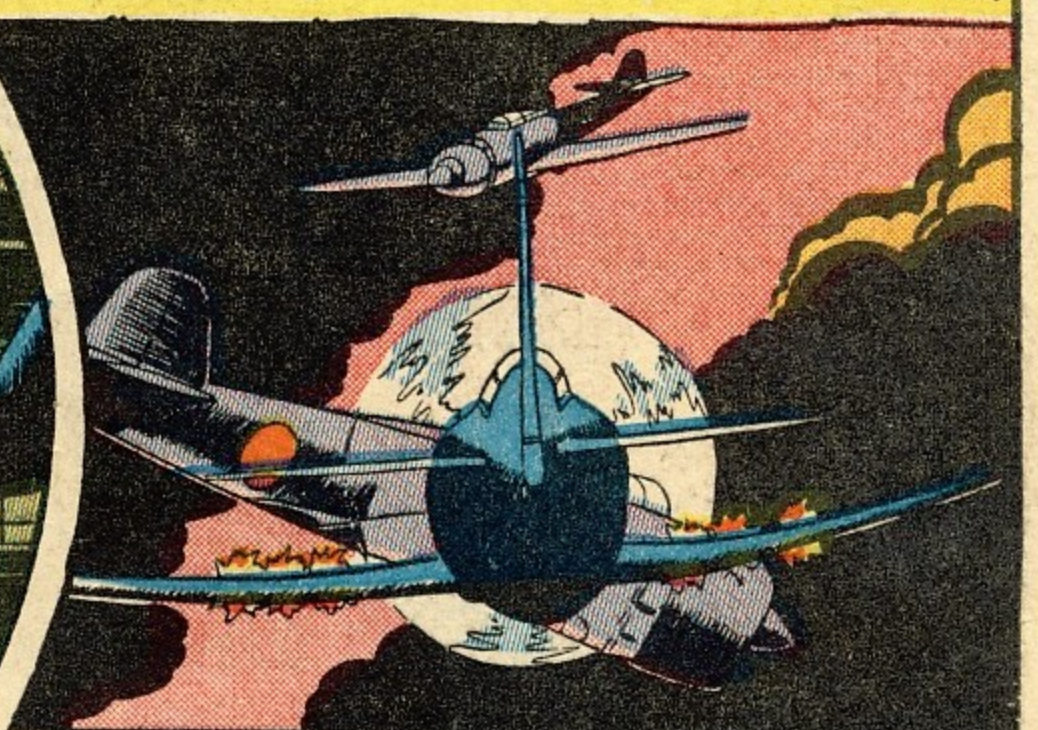
YEP... BUT THEY'LL COME, NEVER FEAR!



**A** FEW MINUTES LATER--- THE JAPS APPROACH... AND REISERER JUMPS INTO THE DARKENED COCKPIT OF HIS HELLCAT PLANE!



**R**OARING OUT INTO THE BLACK NIGHT, REISERER FLIES OUT TO INTERCEPT THE JAPS... THE FIRST TIME SUCH A FEAT WAS EVER ATTEMPTED!



**A**FTER THE FIGHT WAS OVER... REISERER RINGS UP ANOTHER "FIRST" BY MAKING A LANDING ABOARD THE CARRIER IN COMPLETE DARKNESS, WITHOUT ANY LIGHTS TO GUIDE HIM!



**T**HE SENSATIONAL FEAT CREATES A STIR AT NAVAL HEADQUARTERS.

GENTLEMEN, REISERER'S ACHIEVEMENT PROVES THAT FIGHTER PLANES CAN OPERATE EFFICIENTLY WITHOUT COMPROMISING THE SECURITY OF OUR SHIPS!

FURTHER EXPERIMENTS MUST BE MADE AT ONCE!



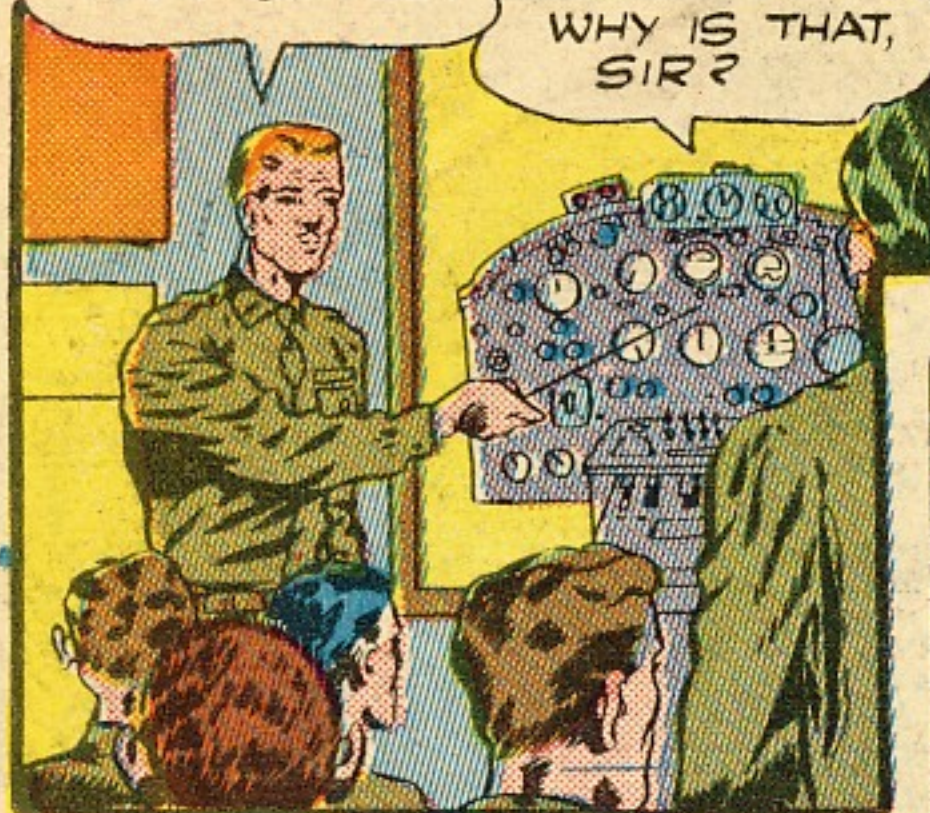


# CONTACT COMICS

HUNDREDS OF FIGHTER PILOTS ARE GIVEN SPECIALIZED INSTRUCTION IN NIGHT FLYING

THE FIRST THING YOU MUST LEARN IS TO TRUST YOUR INSTRUMENTS, AND NOT YOUR SENSE!

WHY IS THAT, SIR?



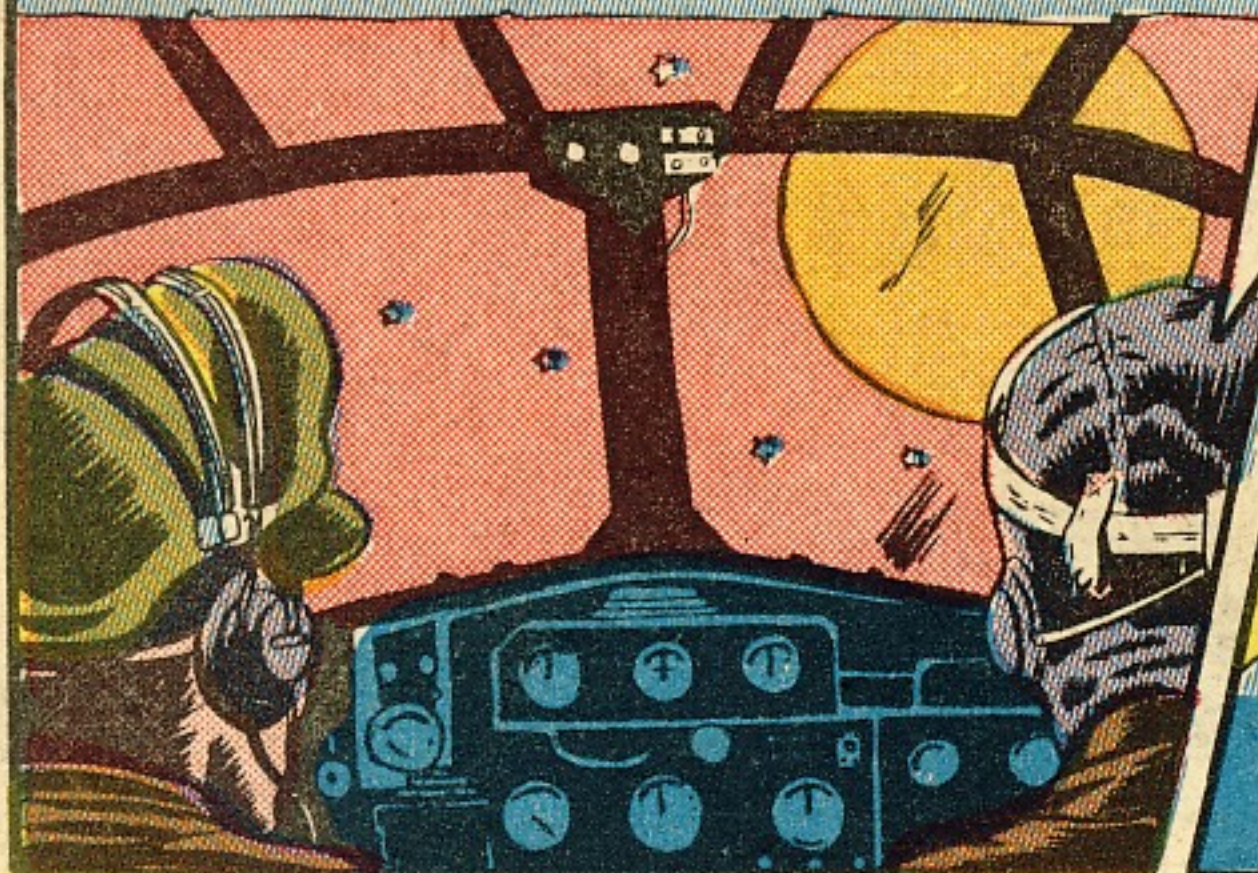
YOUR SENSE AND YOUR INSTRUMENTS OFTEN DISAGREE, AND YOU CAN'T FLY PARTLY BY INSTRUMENTS AND PARTLY BY CONTACT. YOU **MUST** FOLLOW YOUR INSTRUMENTS. ....THEY DON'T HAVE SENSATIONS IN THE SEAT OF THEIR PANTS!



THE NIGHT FIGHTER IS TRAINED TO BE AS MUCH AT HOME IN NIGHT OR CLOUD-ZERO CONDITIONS...RELYING COMPLETELY ON HIS INSTRUMENTS.



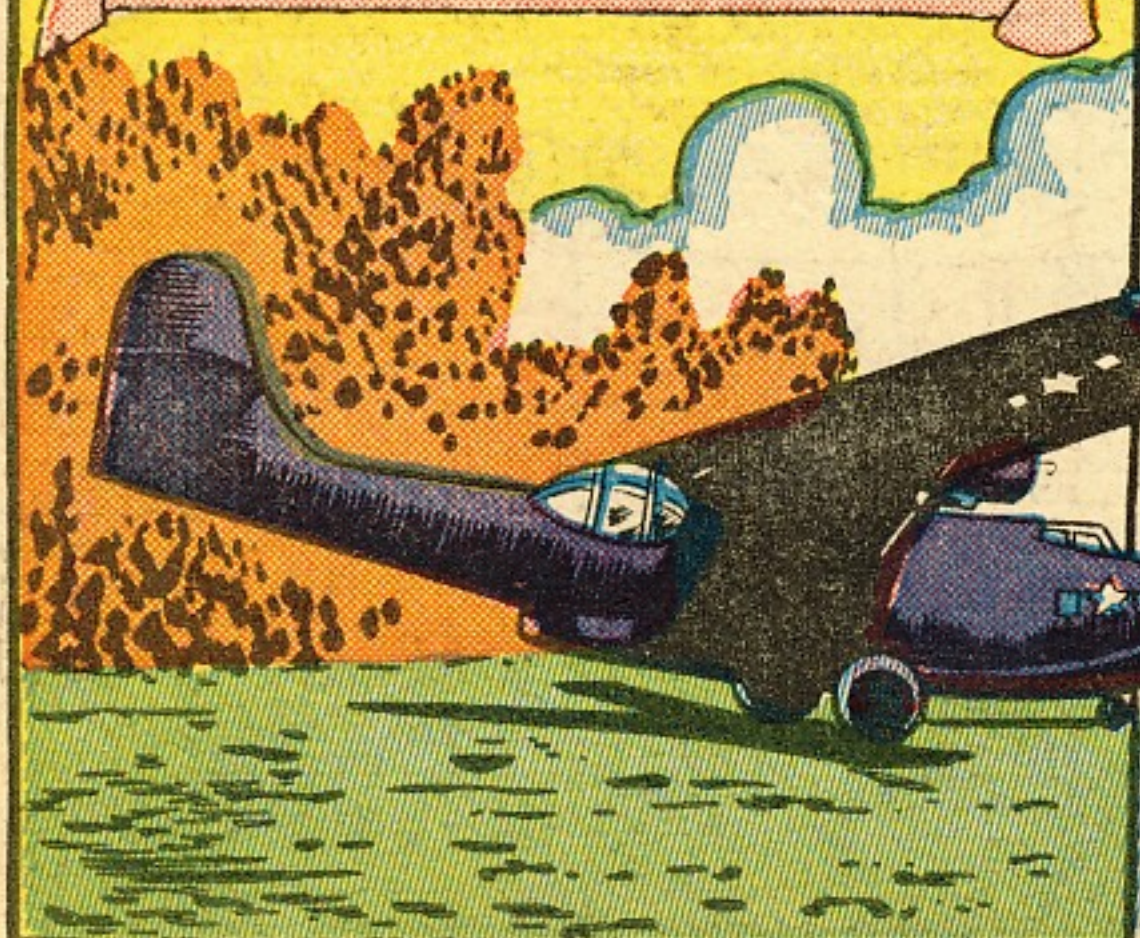
SO WELL TRAINED IS THE NIGHT FIGHTER THAT A SINGLE STAR AT NIGHT MAKES HIM FEEL WELL SUPPLIED WITH NAVIGATIONAL AIDS --- AND THE MOON ALMOST OVERWHELMS HIM!



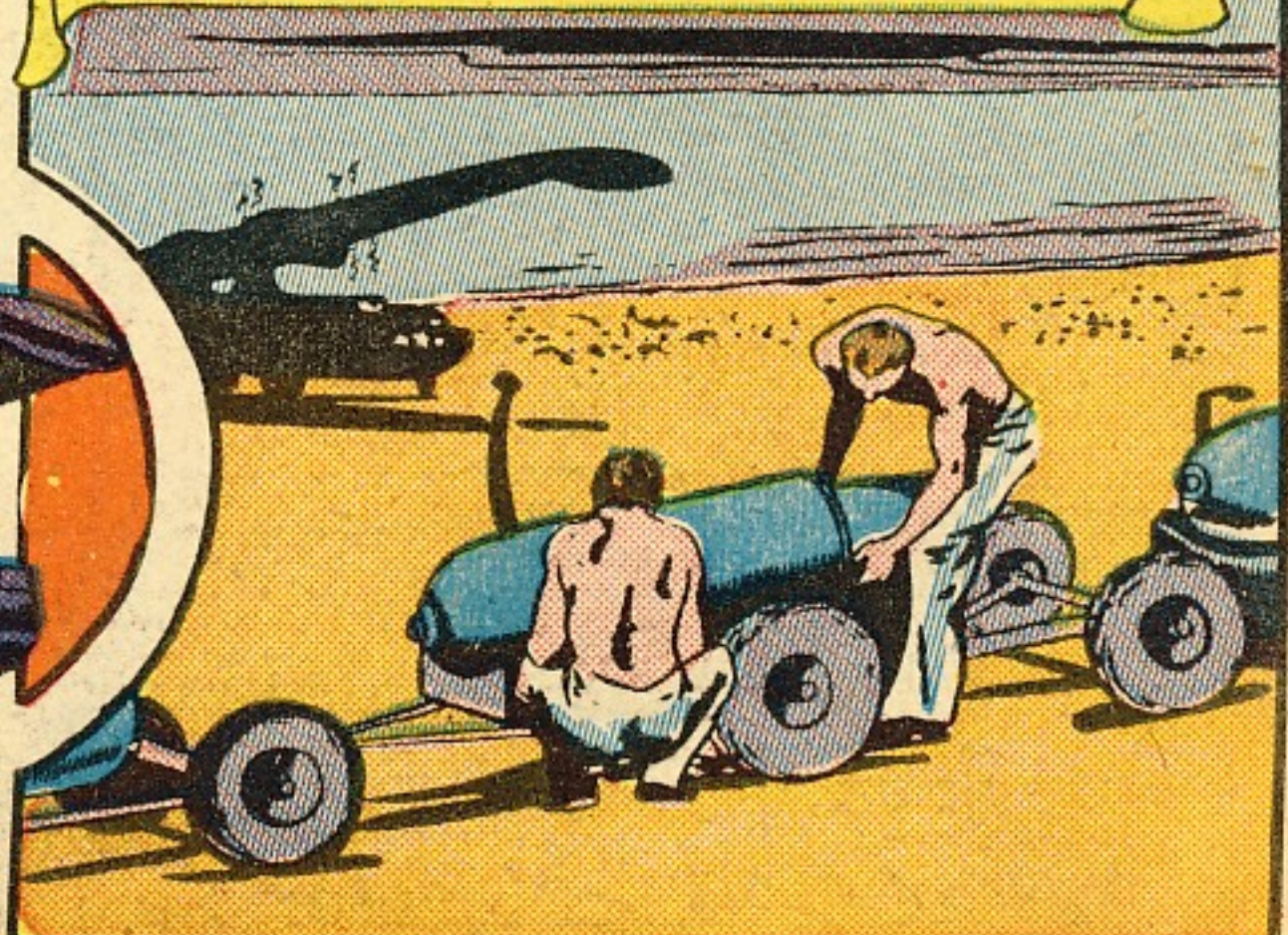
AND NOW... THE NAVY HAS INTRODUCED THE **BLACK CAT**-FAMOUS CATALINA PLANE WHICH HUNTS DOWN AND DESTROYS NIGHT-CREEPING JAP PLANES.



PAINTED DARK FOR NIGHT WORK, THESE GIANT AMPHIBIOUS SHIPS ARE PROVING THE SCOURGE OF JAP SHIPPING IN THE PACIFIC.

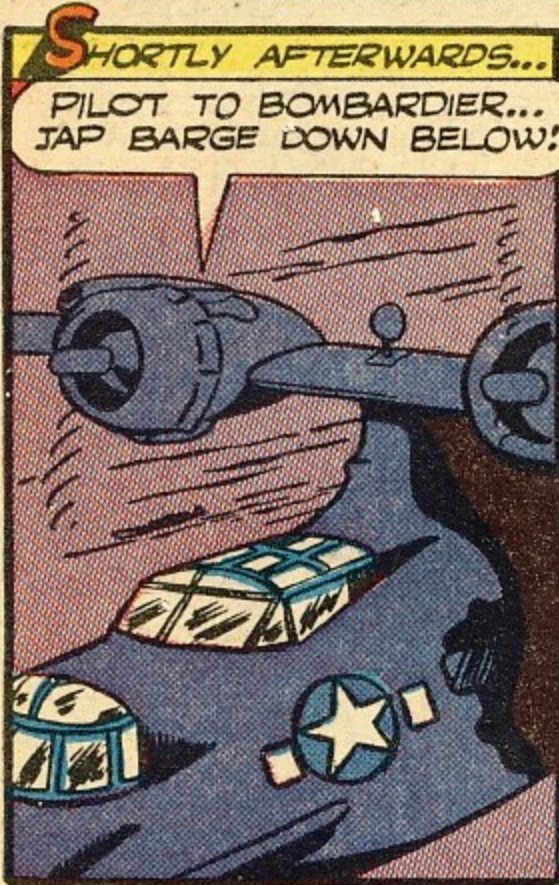
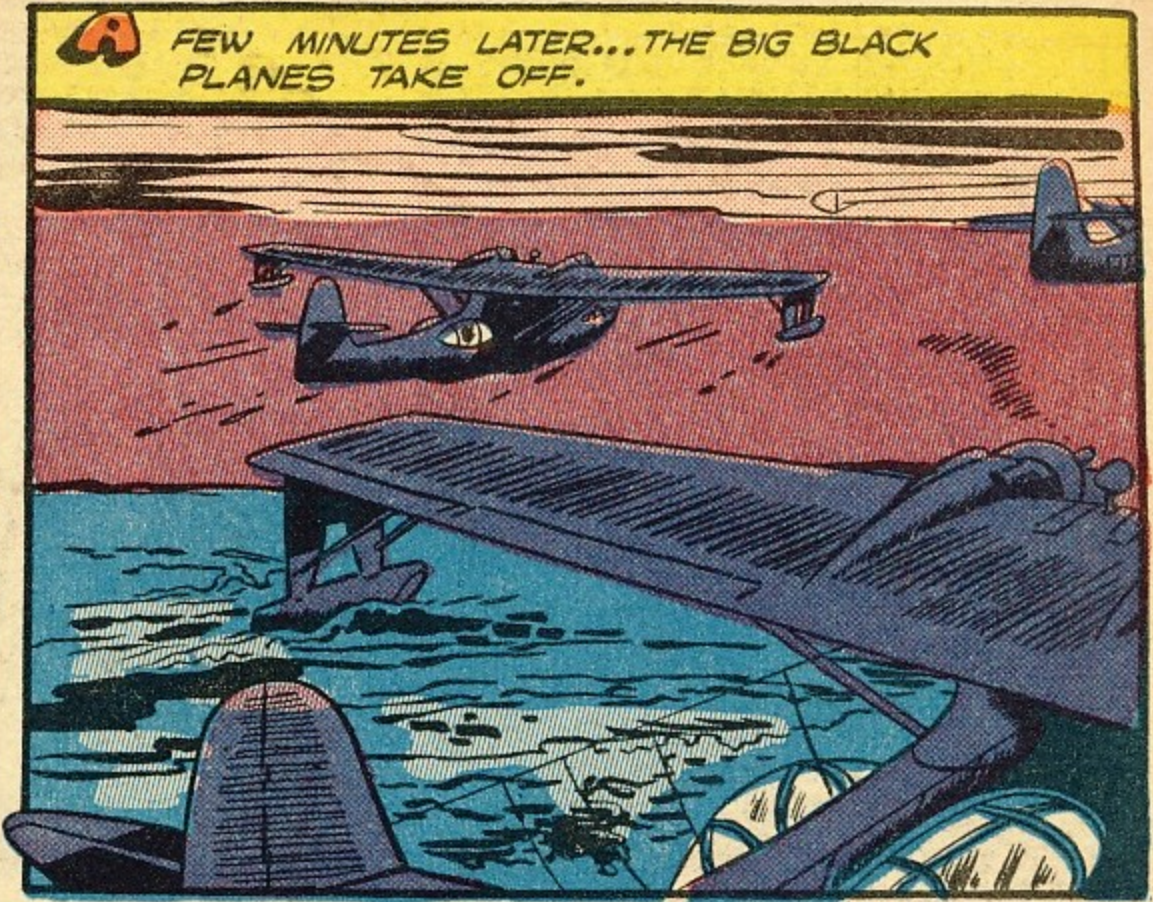


AS THE BLACK AIR MONSTER WARMS UP IN THE BROILING SUN....NAVY MEN LOAD BOMBS ON CARTS....LATER TO BE TRANSPORTED TO THE CATS!





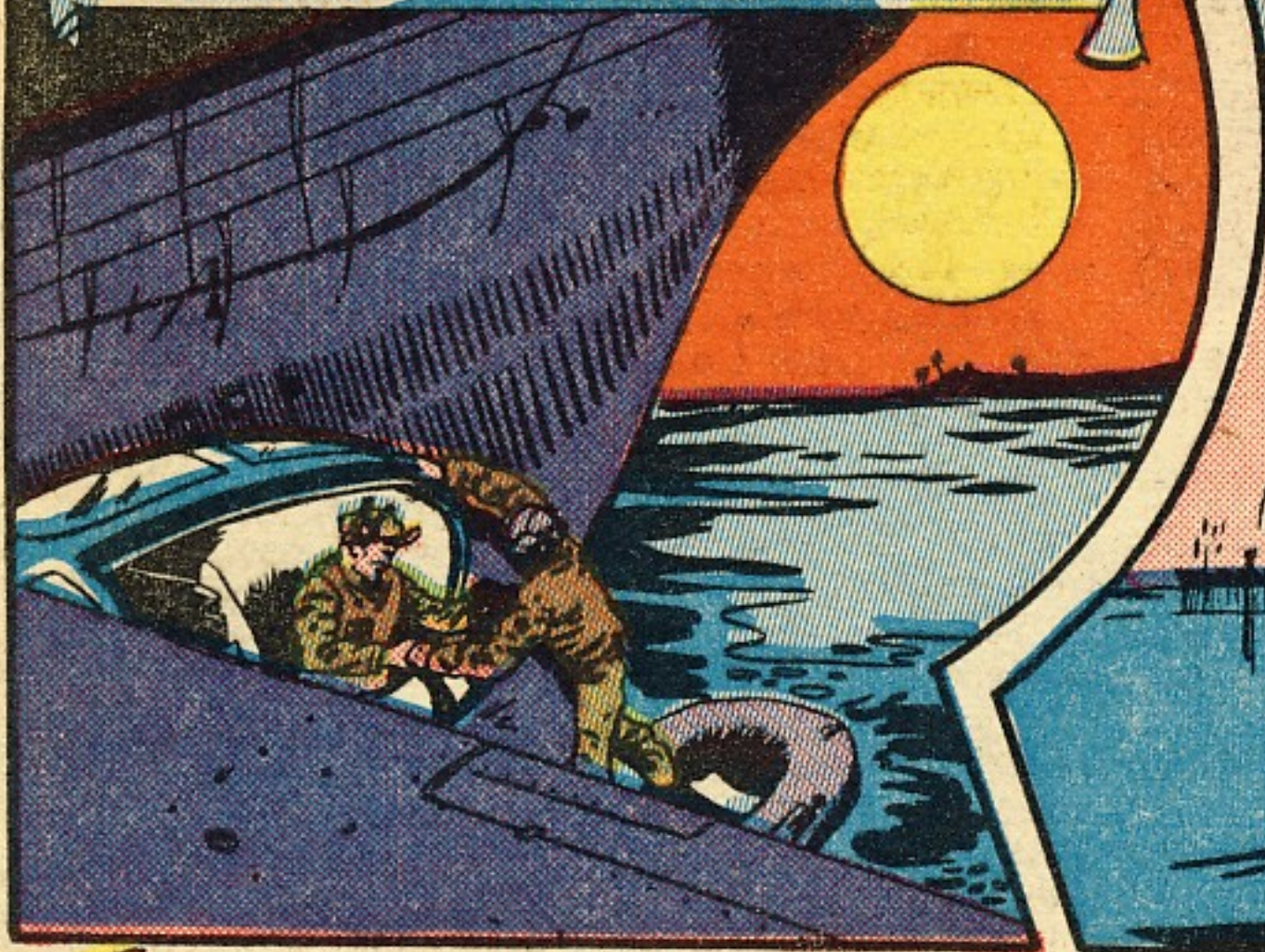
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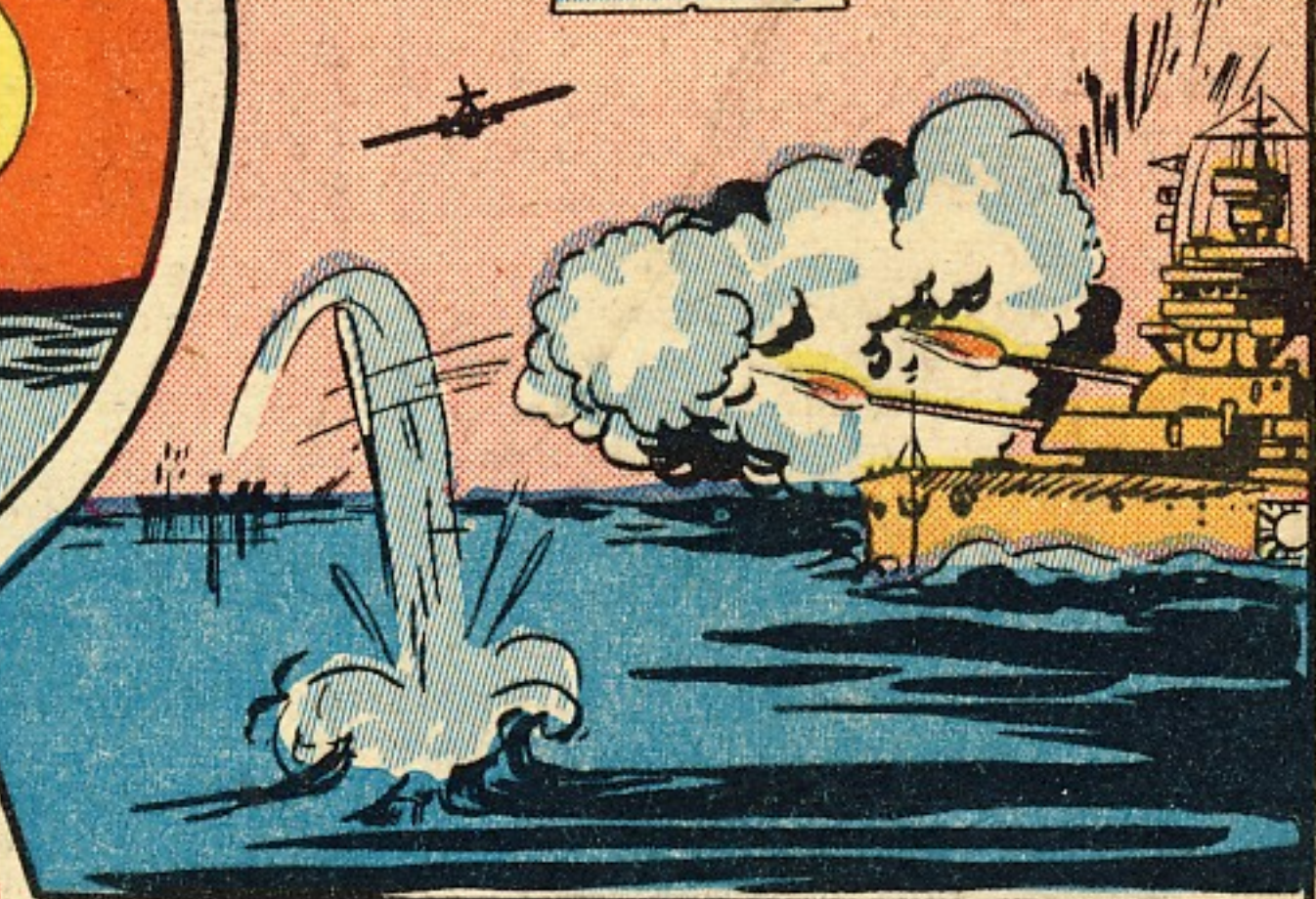


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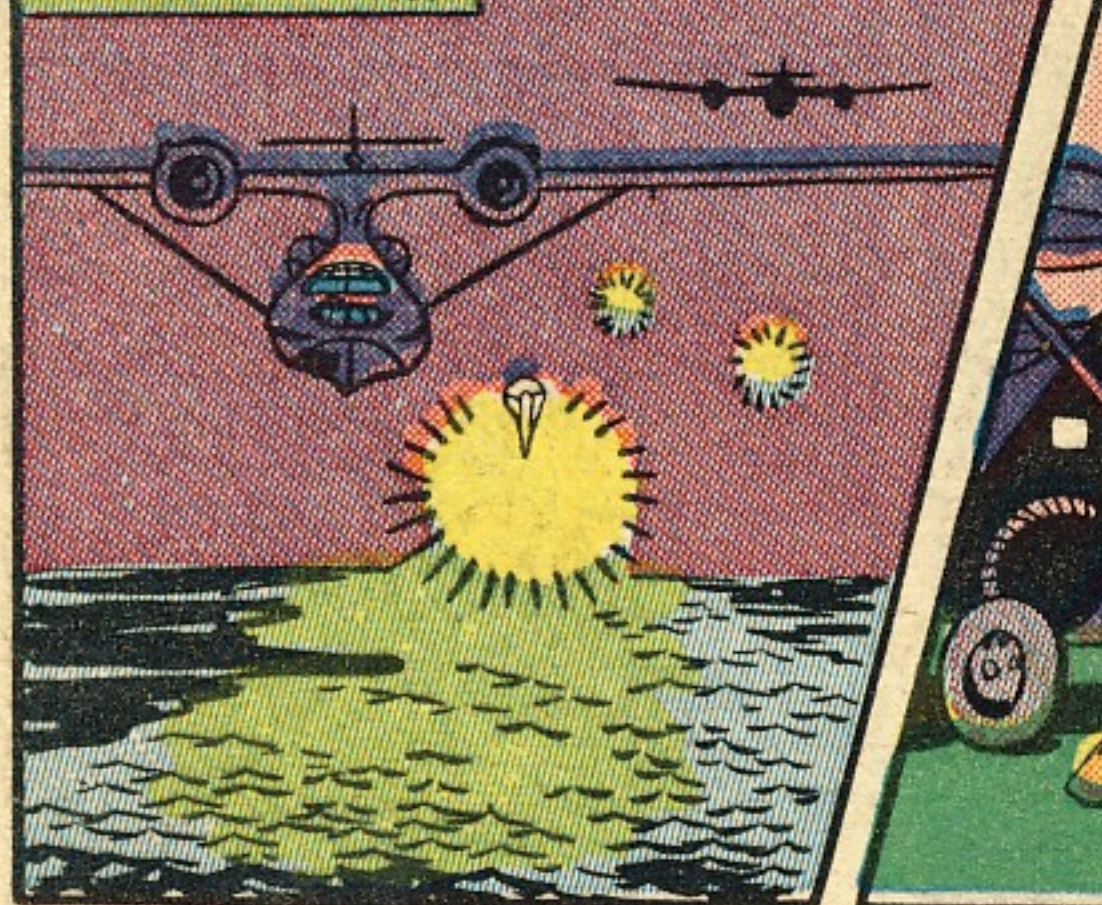
**T**HE CATS REGULARLY STAGE SPECTACULAR RESCUES BOTH ON LAND AND IN WATER.



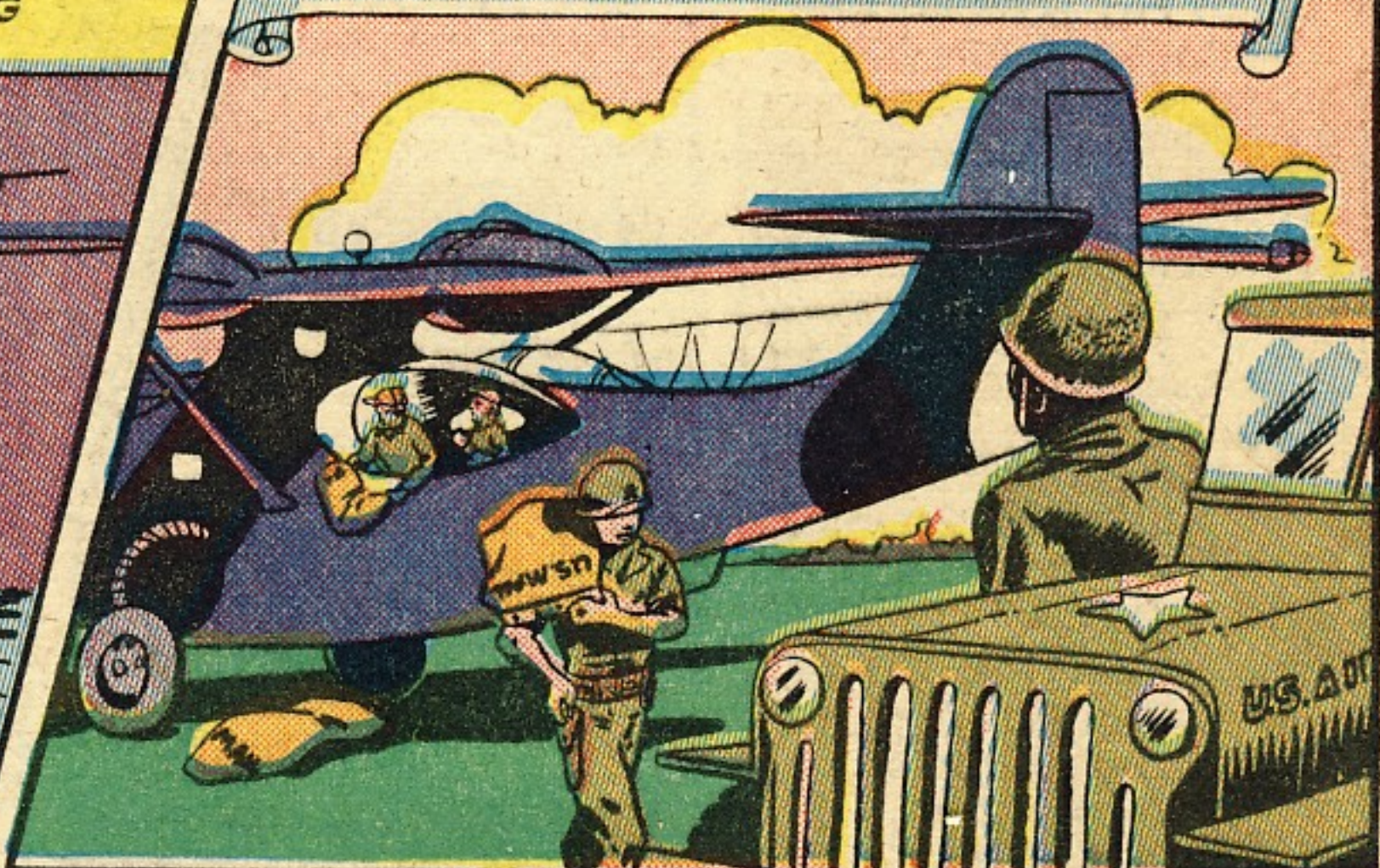
THEY HAVE ALSO BEEN BROUGHT INTO USE AS SPOTTERS FOR ARTILLERY FIRE... TELLING SHIPS WHAT EFFECT THEIR FIRING IS HAVING!



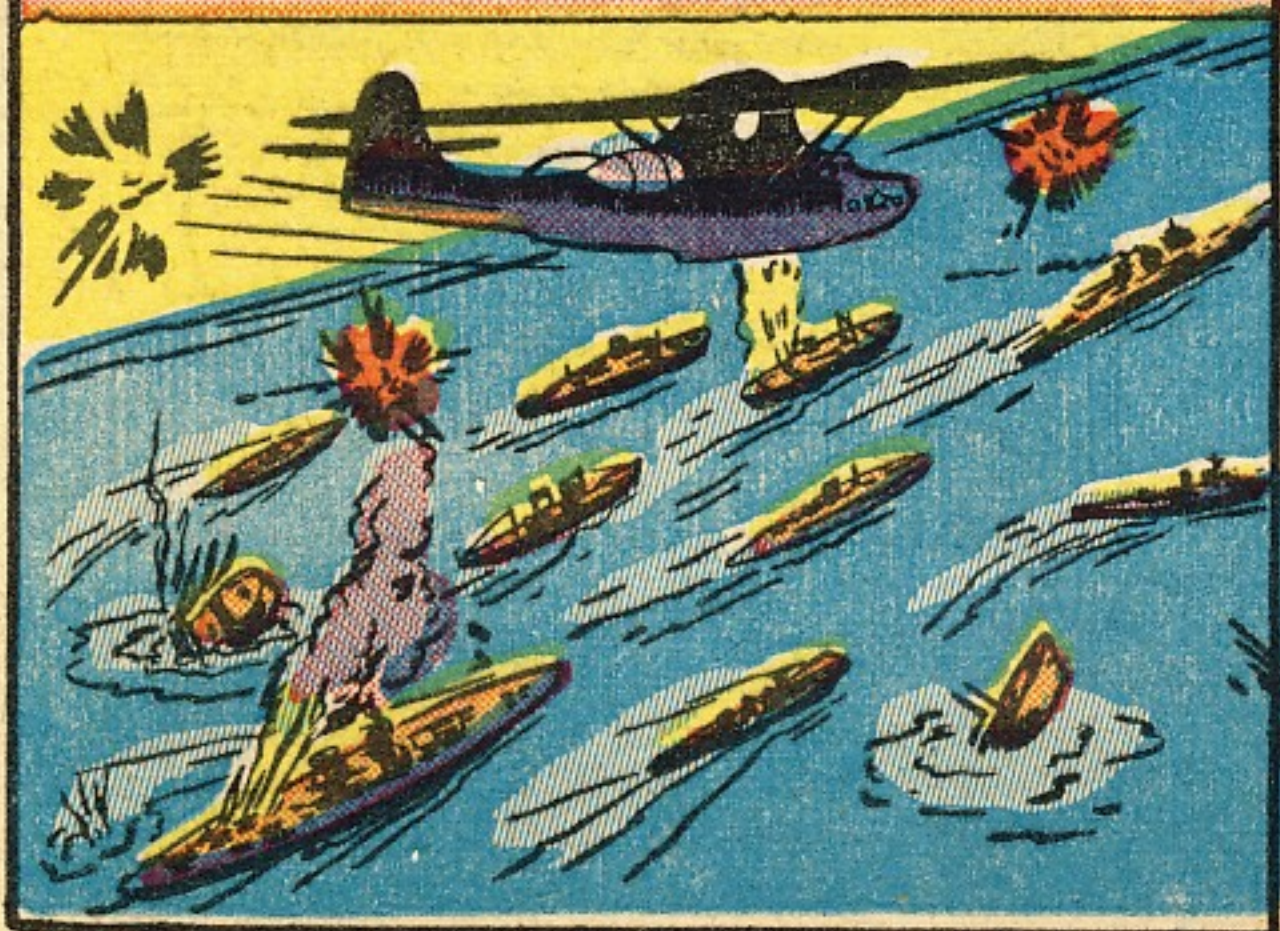
**F**REQUENTLY BLACK CATS ACT AS GUIDES FOR LOST PLANES... LIGHTING THE WAY HOME BY DROPPING FLARES AT THREE MINUTE INTERVALS....



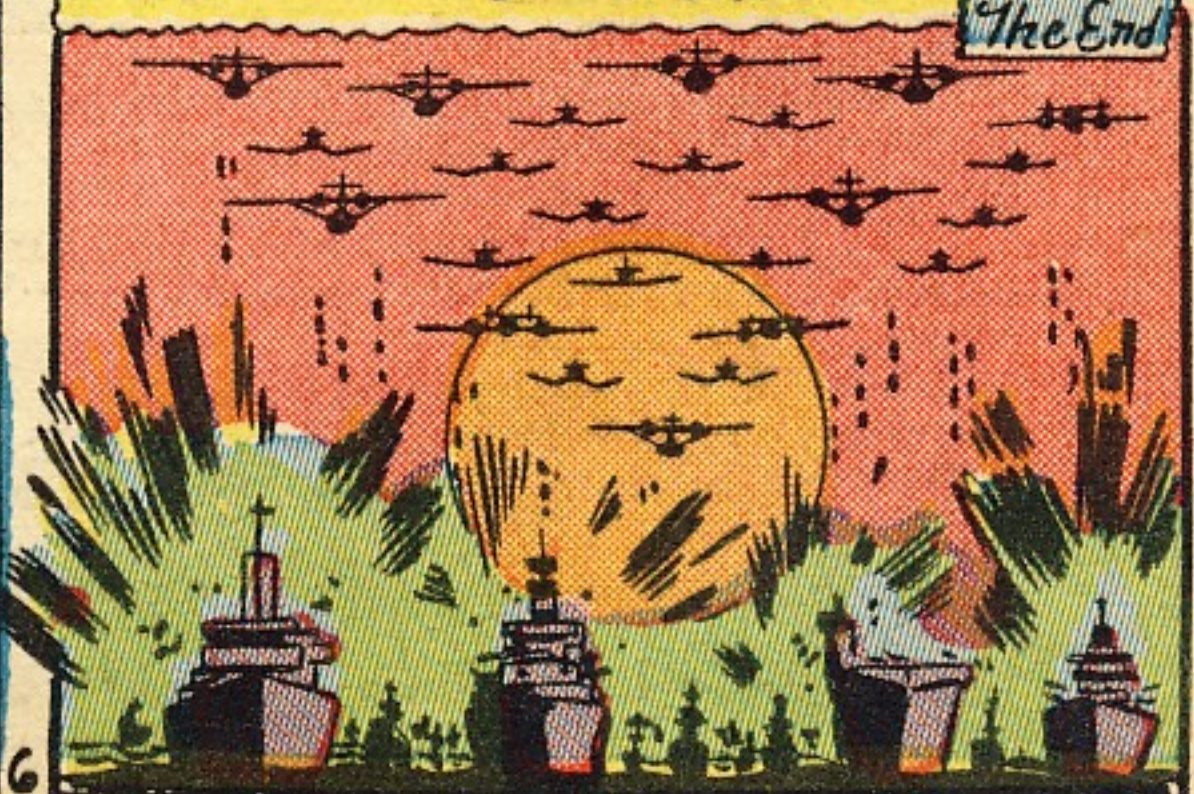
NOT THE LEAST USEFUL TASK OF THE "CAT" IS THE JOB OF FLYING MAIL MAN!



**T**HE LATEST FEAT OF THE BLACK CATS IS ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE... A LONE PLANE ATTACKED AND HIT A JAP TASK FORCE OF A HEAVY CRUISER TWO LIGHT CRUISERS, FIVE DESTROYERS AND THREE TRANSPORTS!



**S**PECTACULAR AS ARE THE EXPLOITS OF THE NIGHT FIGHTERS TODAY... SECRET NAVY RESEARCH MAY PRODUCE SUCH SENSATIONAL DEVELOPMENTS THAT IN THE NEAR FUTURE... THESE FIGHTERS OF THE NIGHT MIGHT WELL TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE INTO VICTORY!



The End



# "Ack-Ack"

More than anything else, Jack Kennedy wanted to be an aerial gunner . . . that's why he enlisted as soon as war broke out.

During basic training his nose was constantly stuck in army manuals, because Jack knew it takes everything a fellow has to get in the Army Air Forces. Being naturally bright, Jack got along famously, and after six weeks was enrolled as an Aviation Cadet.

That's when he got the nickname of "Ack-Ack"!

At night, when the fellows sat around chewing the fat, Jack could talk about nothing except how eager he was to get in a plane and shoot it out with the Nips.

"The lad's plain ack-ack happy!" declared red headed Bill Brandon.

From that moment on Jack was "Ack-Ack" to his most intimate friends!

After the aptitude tests, Jack was in, and as a Cadet was close to realizing his greatest ambition.

Finally it was time for actual gunnery practice, but then something suddenly went wrong—decidedly wrong!

Try as he might, Jack was unable to fire accurately and it puzzled his instructors. They spent a great deal of time with him, showing him all the tricks, but that didn't seem to help at all.

"Maybe you're trying too hard," an instructor decided. "When you're at your gun, you've got to relax and concentrate on the job at hand. Shall we try again, Kennedy?"

But it was no use. Jack became rattled, and he didn't seem able to co-ordinate. Finally, he was washed out of gunnery.

Jack took it pretty hard. His friends were afraid he was going to crack up.

"Take it easy," urged Bill Brandon. "You're still in the Air Forces, Ack-Ack!"

Without warning, angry blue-red flashes of anger flickered before Jack's dark brown eyes. That nickname, conceived in friendliness, was hateful and cruel now.

Temporarily he became a wild man, and without realizing what he was doing, Jack strode up to Bill and let go with a terrific smash to the jaw.

As Bill crashed to the floor, Jack wheeled about on the amazed airmen, screaming, "Don't ever call me Ack-Ack again—any of you!"

Without another word Jack fled from the room, raced to the empty barracks and flung himself on his cot.

Then he blubbered like a baby.

A moment later, Jack felt a tap on his shoulder.

"Beat it!" he cried. "Go away and leave me alone!"

"I want to talk to you, Jack," a calm voice stated.

Jack jumped to his feet and found himself face

to face with Bill Brandon!

Angrily Jack shouted, "If you've come to torment me again, I . . ."

"Keep your shirt on, fellow," interrupted Bill. "I only want to apologize. I guess I was stupidly thoughtless—but I didn't mean to hurt you!"

Jack bent his face down, as he fought back the tears. Then, he got a hold on himself.

Smiling, Jack held out his hand to Bill, as he said, "I'm sorry I made a fool of myself, Bill. Why don't you sock me. . . I've got it coming to me!"

"Forget it," grinned Bill as he and Jack sat on the cot. "I'm your friend, pal. And I know just what you're going through!"

"You couldn't know," protested Jack. "Nobody knows!"

"You're wrong about that," laughed Bill. "You see I had my heart set on being a pilot . . . and what am I? A static bender—but what the deuce? Radio operators are important in this man's war, too. I'm doing the best I can!"

Jack was silent a moment, as he thought, biting his lips as shame overtook him.

Then, his face reddened as he blurted out, "Go on—say it—I'm a poor sport!"

"Who am I to criticize you, Jack?" replied Bill. "When I washed out I was even worse than you. I wouldn't speak to the gang for two weeks. Honestly, Ack-Ack, I don't know why they didn't kick me out!"

There was that nickname again, but this time it didn't make Jack angry. Instead, he laughed.

"O.K. Bill!" declared Jack. "I was a bad boy I'm sorry, and I'll do anything I can to get this big blow over in a hurry!"

The following day, Jack was his usual gay self, and when they told him he was to be a pencil pusher, he vowed to himself that he'd be the best blamed navigator in the air forces!

There was no more trouble after that. When the course was over, and Jack received his silver wings, he had one of the best records in the unit.

That night, he and Bill Brandon went out to celebrate what might be their last evening together.

But the next day when they received their orders, he and Bill were assigned to the same squadron, and a few days later, they shoved off for the Pacific.

Soon Ack-Ack and Bill landed at their destination, an idyllic island in mid-ocean, that at first, seemed far removed from war.

But shortly afterwards Bill and Jack received their baptism of fire, and it was a thrilling, engrossing experience in which their Flying Fort came off victoriously . . . the Fort gunners knocking off three Japanese planes.

Later, as one of the men placed three crosses on the fuselage of the ship, Bill declared they ought to give the Fort a name.

"Any suggestions?" grinned lanky George Higgins, a lad from Alabama.

"Let's call her 'Ack-Ack,'" suggested Bill, "in honor of our expert navigator!"

"Aw cut it out, Bill!" cried Jack, greatly embarrassed.

But the name caught on like wild fire, and thereafter the "Ack-Ack" distinguished herself on numerous missions, coming through with not



so much as a scratch on her beautiful silver body.

Six months later, Jack got a 10 day leave, and caught an army plane to Australia, where he did things up brown. The night before he was to return, he bumped into some fellows from Elmira, and they sat up until the gray of dawn, talking about the old home town.

Jack grabbed a few hours sleep on the plane, but when he reached the base, he was pretty groggy.

When he and Bill greeted each other, a few minutes later, Bill whispered, "You're just in time. There's a rumor floating around that something big is up!"

At sundown nobody was surprised when they were called to the briefing room at communications. After they settled down, the commanding officer arose and began to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are undertaking what will probably be our most important mission tonight. We shall make a thousand plane raid on Formosa!"

Later, as they walked towards the hangar, Bill said to Jack, "You ought to stay home. You haven't had much sleep. You'll never be able to navigate the plane!"

Jack was cold steel and determination again . . . as that old fire returned in his eyes.

"Don't worry about me, my friend," he declared. "I can take care of myself!"

As the first luminous star appeared in the blue Pacific sky, the initial plane roared down the runway. Finally, they were all in the sky, zooming towards their objective.

Bill and Jack expected, and were prepared, for tough opposition, but as they droned over island after island in Jap held territory, not a Nip plane did they see.

At last they were over Formosa, and as the big Forts blasted the island with everything they had, fires and explosions raged down below. But the Japs were caught completely off guard, and the anti-aircraft fire was so slight as to be completely ineffectual.

Soon, the Yanks started for home.

"This turned out to be a milk run," hooted Jack. "I expected a hot time on this mission!"

Then, it happened!

The "Ack-Ack" ran into a veritable hotbox of Japanese fighter planes, as a punishing flak barrage burst about the ship!

Before the crew of the "Ack-Ack" had time to get going, a fighter cannon shell ripped through the fortress. Then, there was another . . . and still another!

Two crew members were badly wounded, and the oxygen system had been ripped out and several vital control cables, severed.

Fires broke out in the waist and radio section.

Jack left his compartment to see what he could do. When he reached the radio room, Bill was sprawled on the floor, gasping with pain.

"They . . . they got me in the arm. Ack-Ack!" moaned Bill.

When Jack got below with Bill, he took a look at Bill's arm. It was pretty bad, but before he did anything else he sprinkled some sulfa powder on the wound and bound it up.

Just then, the pilot's voice came through on

the inter-com.

"Bail out men—the crate's a wreck!"

Two of the crew men obeyed orders, and jumped out into the comparative safety of the ocean.

"Go ahead and jump, Jack," Bill urged.

"Are you crazy?" shouted Jack. "We've got to save this ship!"

Then, Jack sprang into action.

He raced into the main cabin to fight the fire, as the pilot attempted to keep the plane aloft. He batted out some of the flames with his jacket, but noticing that the tail gunner was wounded, he quickly applied first aid.

Suddenly, a group of Jap planes ganged up on the "Ack-Ack," and fighting mad Jack ran to the waist gun.

Thinking the Fort was on its last legs, the Japs zoomed in for the kill. But they didn't reckon with Jack.

Pressing his finger on the trigger, Jack started firing with such deadly accuracy that a Nip plane crashed into the sea a moment later. Then, a second followed suit, and just afterwards the third exploded and went into a spin, black smoke streaming from its exhaust.

The Japs did not continue the argument. Instead, they turned tail and fled.

By this time, though, the escaping oxygen had fanned the flames to such intense heat that the radio, gun mount and the camera melted as though they were celluloid.

Without warning, the ammunition in the fuselage began to explode. Disregarding almost certain death, Jack tossed the ammunition overboard, and on the way down, the shells exploded like firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

Jack realized that he had to work quickly, but he also realized it was impossible to combat the fire without protection. Thinking fast, he wrapped himself in cloth and batted out the fire with his hands.

A few minutes later the plane landed on the home field, with Jack still fighting flames. Then, the ground crew pitched in and shortly afterwards the fire was extinguished.

They insisted on taking Jack to the hospital, but he was soon released, as fit as a fiddle.

Then, Jack went to visit Bill.

"How are you, old man?" boomed Jack.

"O.K., thanks to you," gratefully replied Bill. "The doc said your treatment was perfect!"

Jack was about to turn away when Bill called him back.

"Say, Ack-Ack," beamed Bill, "You turned out to be a pretty slick gunner after all!"

Jack was pretty much the hero that night, wherever he went. And the next morning he had an interview with the commanding officer.

"Lt. Kennedy," began the Commander. "I'd like to personally reward you for holding the Fort so heroically. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Why . . . yes," Jack began, hesitantly, "yes sir . . . there really is!"

"Well, out with it, man!" commanded the officer.

"Golly, sir," exclaimed Jack. "Would you let me have another shot at gunnery school?"

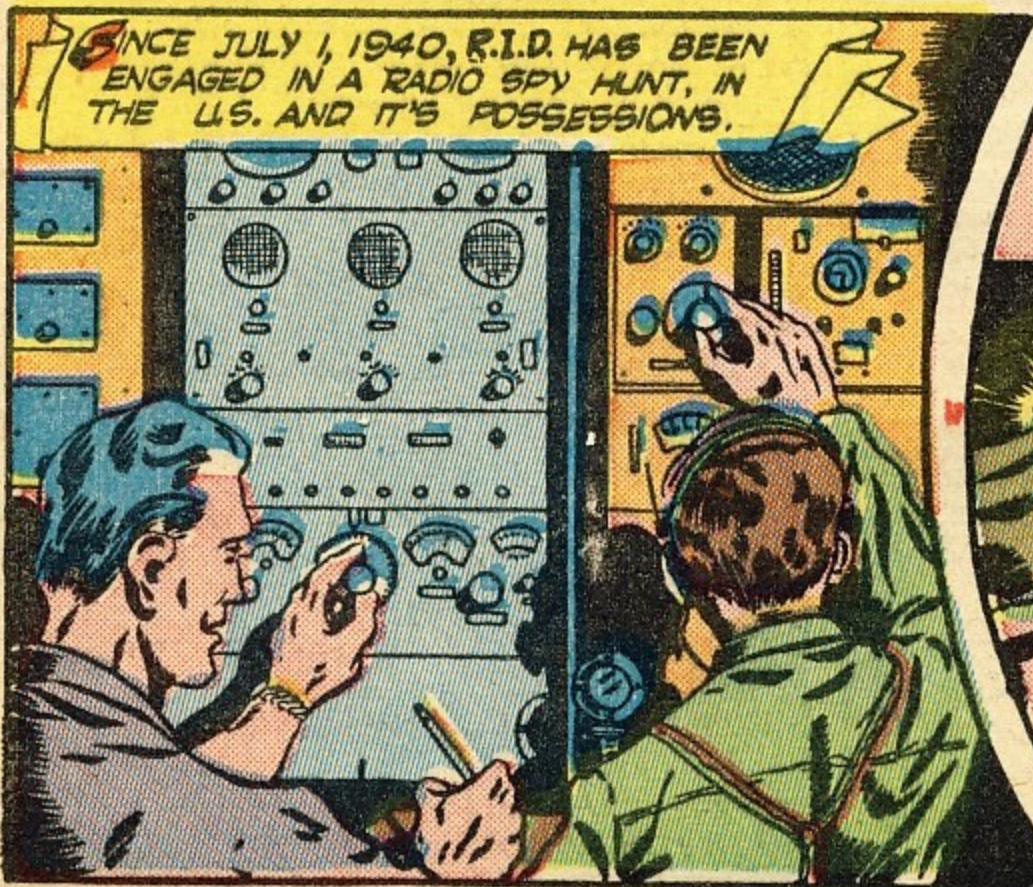


# RADIO PLANE SAVER



**F**ROM A HUMBLE BEGINNING IN 1940—THE FEDERAL COMMUNICATIONS COMMISSION RADIO INTELLIGENCE DIVISION HAS BECOME A VITAL INSTRUMENT OF MILITARY AND COMMERCIAL AVIATION, DAILY EFFECTING DRAMATIC RESCUES THAT A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLY IMPOSSIBLE!

**S**INCE JULY 1, 1940, R.I.D. HAS BEEN ENGAGED IN A RADIO SPY HUNT, IN THE U.S. AND ITS POSSESSIONS.

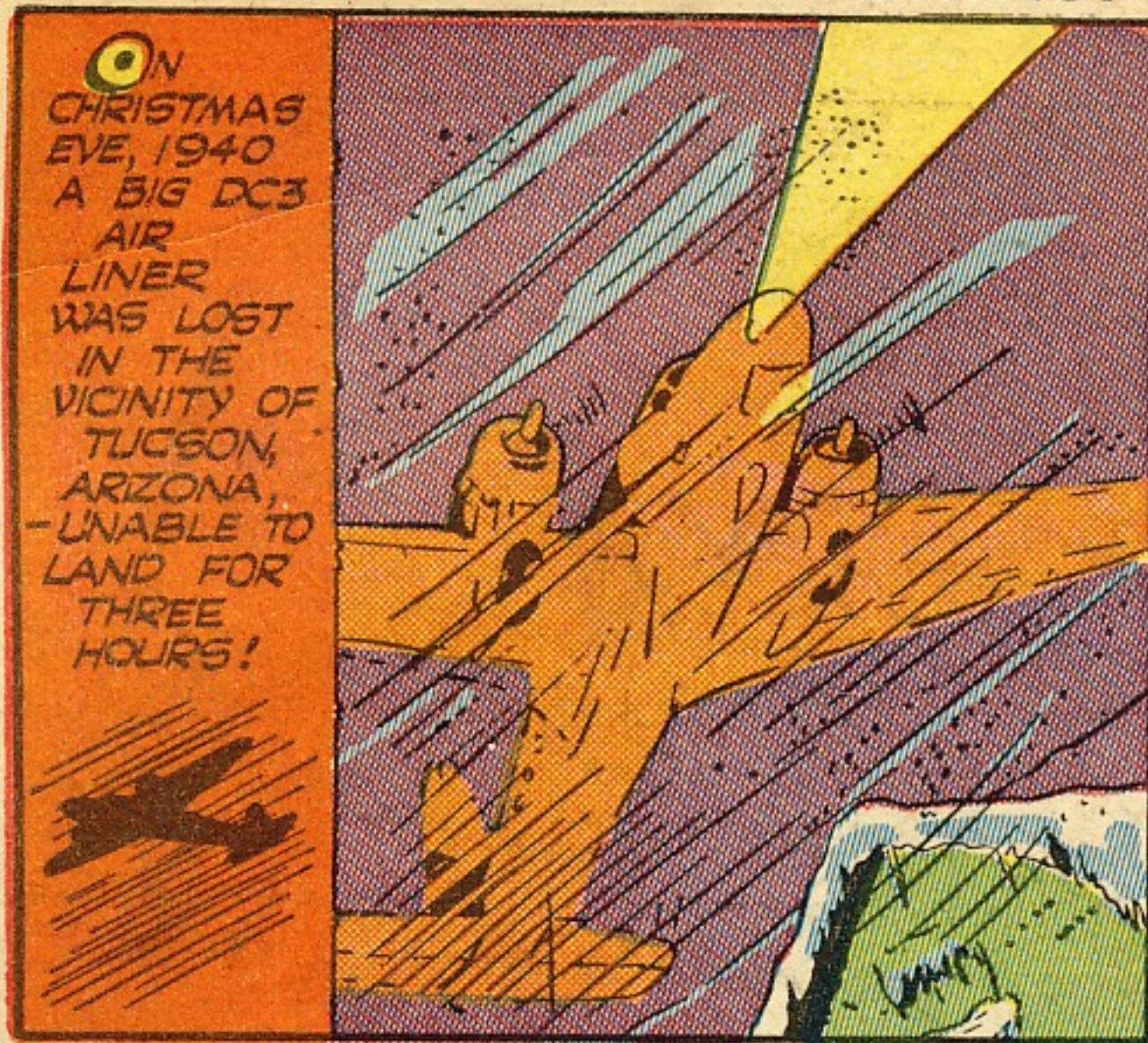


**D**UE TO R.I.D. EFFORTS F.B.I. AGENTS HAVE TRACED DOWN 400 ILLEGAL TRANSMITTERS...AND HAVE CAPTURED MORE THAN 200 AXIS SPIES!





# CONTACT COMICS



**ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1940 A BIG DC3 AIR LINER WAS LOST IN THE VICINITY OF TUCSON, ARIZONA, -UNABLE TO LAND FOR THREE HOURS!**



**FEW DAYS LATER... AT THE OFFICE OF THE RADIO INTELLIGENCE DIVISION...**

THE AIR LINES HAVE DISCUSSED THE POSSIBILITY OF USING R.I.D. AS AN AID TO LOST PLANES. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE IDEA?

WHY--YES-- I THINK IT CAN BE OF REAL HELP!



**AT SUNDOWN-- IN A R.I.D. MONITORING UNIT AT TUCSON....**

THAT WAS C.A.A.! THEY SAY A PLANE IS LOST NORTHEAST OF EL PASO. THEY WANT US TO TAKE BEARINGS!



**AFTER BEARINGS WERE TAKEN ON FIVE AND TEN SECOND TRANSMISSION WITH THE ADCOCK DIRECTION FINDER--**

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT PLANE IS SOUTH OF DOUGLAS, ARIZONA.

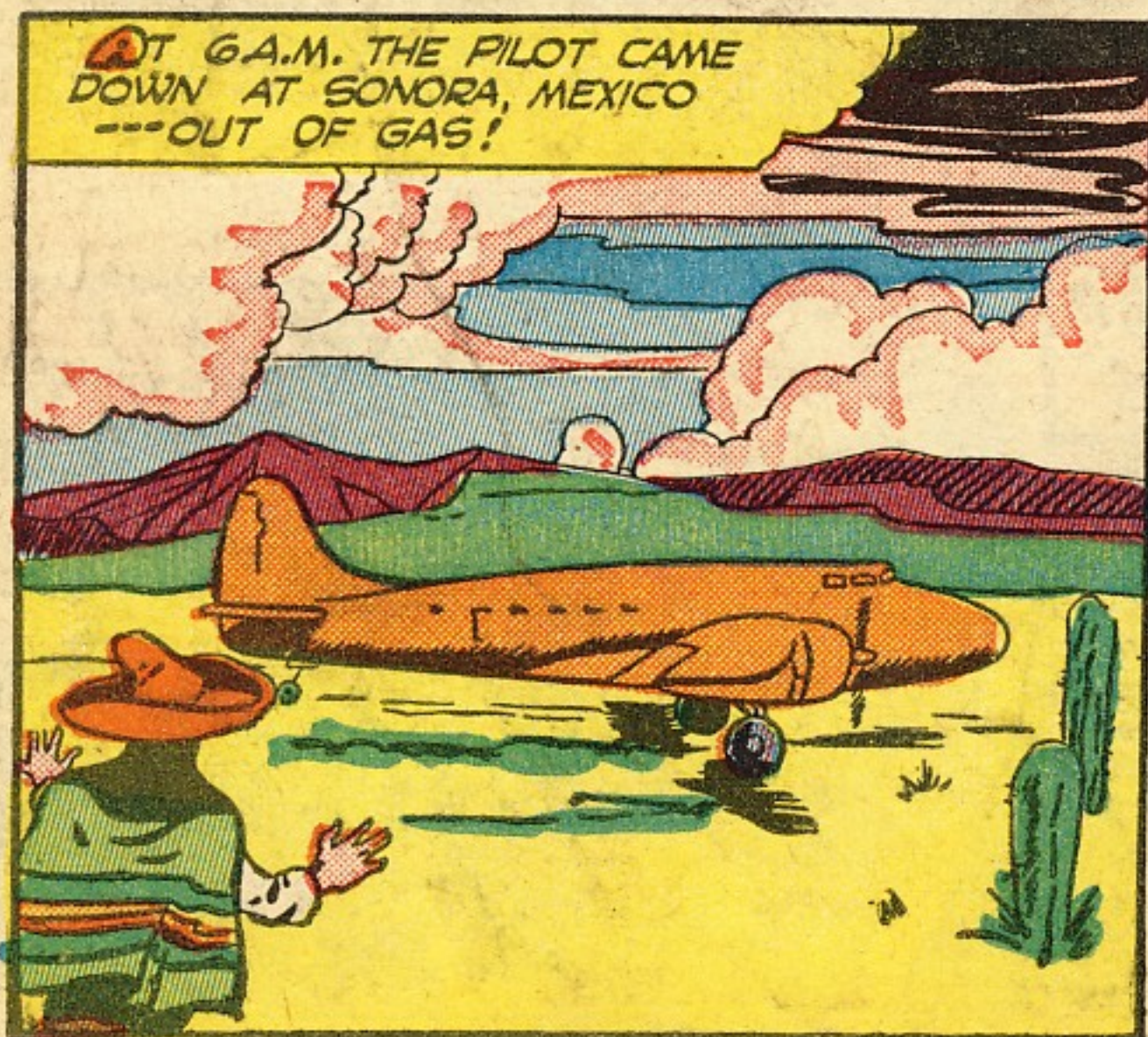
SOME-THING'S WRONG!



**SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...**

THE PILOT IS DISREGARDING OUR FINDINGS. HE SAYS WE'RE ALL WET!

PERHAPS IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND!



**AT 6 A.M. THE PILOT CAME DOWN AT SONORA, MEXICO --- OUT OF GAS!**



**LATER... AFTER R.I.D. MEN PLOT THE POSITION ON A MAP...**

WE GAVE THE PLANE A BEARING--GOOD TO BETTER THAN TWO DEGREES!

YEAH-- IF THE PILOT HAD FOLLOWED OUR INFORMATION, HE COULD'VE LANDED EITHER AT TUCSON OR DOUGLAS!



# CONTACT COMICS

SO IMPRESSED BY THIS FEAT -- ARE AIR LINE EXECUTIVES... THEY REQUEST THE FCC. TO PERMIT "R.I.D." TO FURNISH EMERGENCY BEARINGS ON ALL LOST SHIPS!

WH-WHAT-YA-KNOW! R.I.D.'S GONNA HELP OUR LOST BUNNIES FROM NOW ON!



WHENEVER A PLANE IS LOST.. OR IN TROUBLE.. THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS!

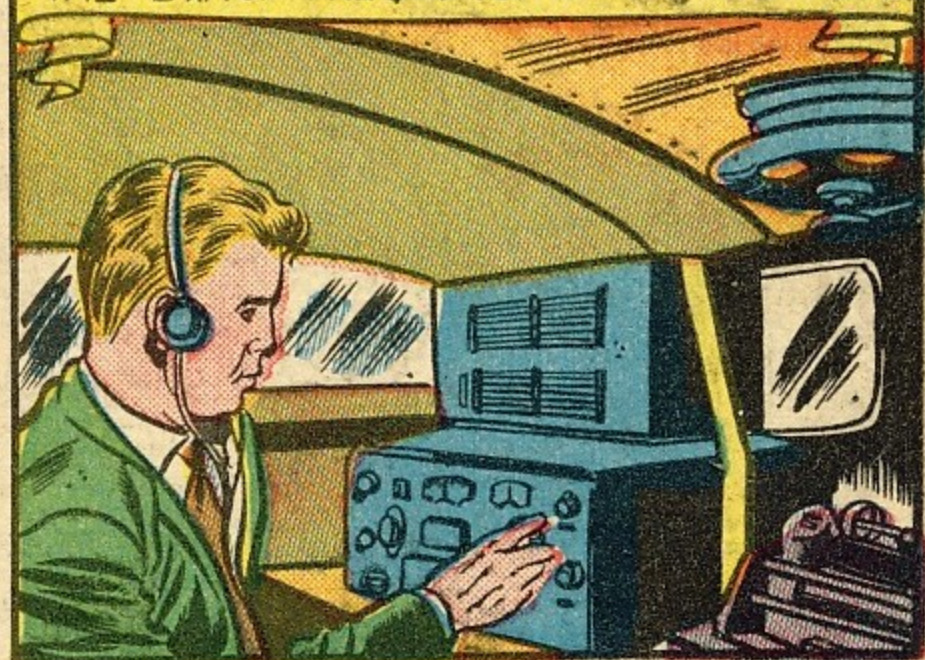
R.I.D. EASTERN INTELLIGENCE CENTER.. WASHINGTON... YOU'RE REPORT?



THE CRYPTIC 'LOP' --- EMERGENCY ALERT SIGNAL IS SENT OUT ON THE TELETYPE AT ONCE!



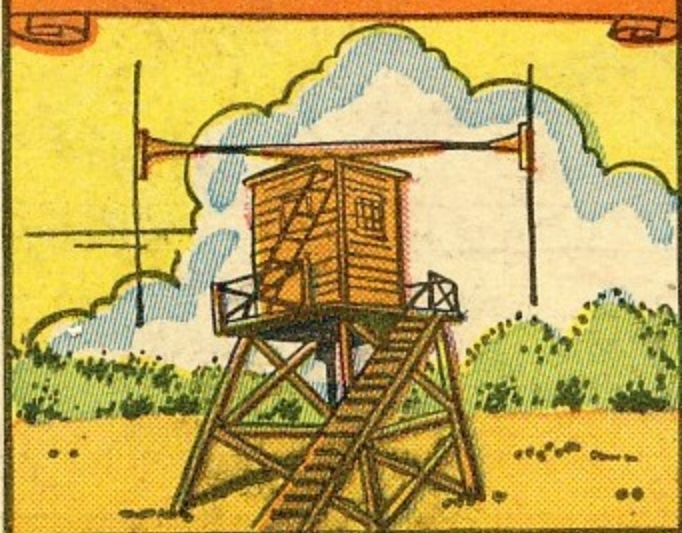
THE MESSAGE APPEARS SIMULTANEOUSLY ON THE TELETYPE AT OTHER PRIMARY MONITORING STATIONS WHERE OPERATORS IMMEDIATELY TUNE THEIR RECEIVERS TO THE EXACT FREQUENCY OF THE LOST PLANE.



THE PLANE IS THEN INSTRUCTED TO SEND A SERIES OF MO'S -- CONSISTING MOSTLY OF DASHES!



THIS CODE PERMITS EASY RECEPTION TO THE OPERATORS ON DUTY AT THE ADCOCK LONG-RANGE DIRECTION FINDERS -- WHO ARE ALERTED OVER AN INTER-COM SYSTEM CONNECTING TO THE CRUISING ROOM IN THE MAIN BUILDING OF THE STATION...



THE OPERATOR TAKES A LONG BEARING, WHICH IS SENT TO THE EASTERN INTELLIGENCE CENTER OVER THE TELETYPE NET WORK.



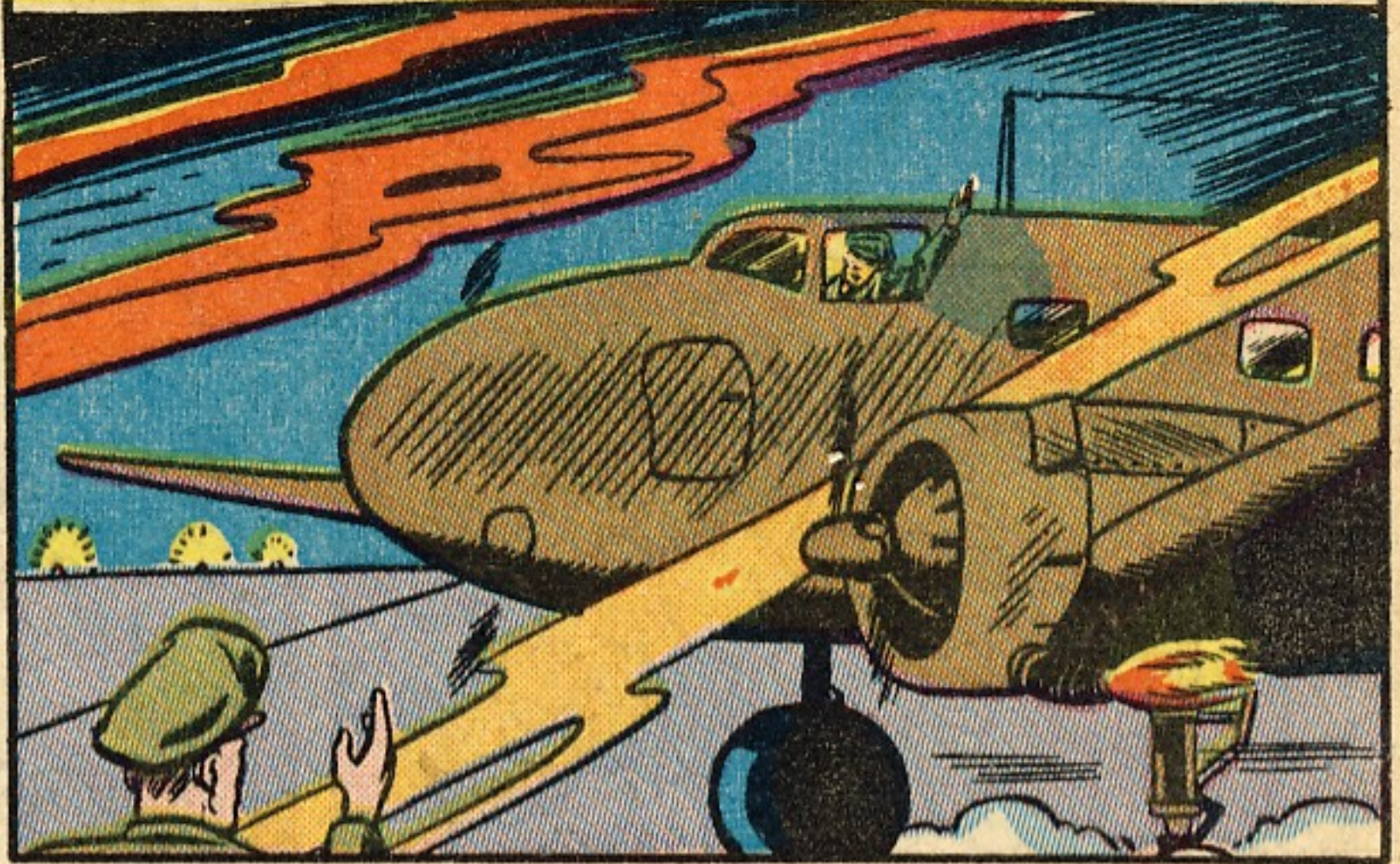


# CONTACT COMICS

OTHER OPERATORS TAKE SIMILAR BEARING AT THE SAME MOMENT-- THEIR FINDINGS ARE ALSO SENT TO WASHINGTON WHERE A "FIX" IS ESTABLISHED... AFTER WHICH THE C.A.A. CONTROLLER TRANSMITS IT BY RADIO TO THE LOST PLANE.



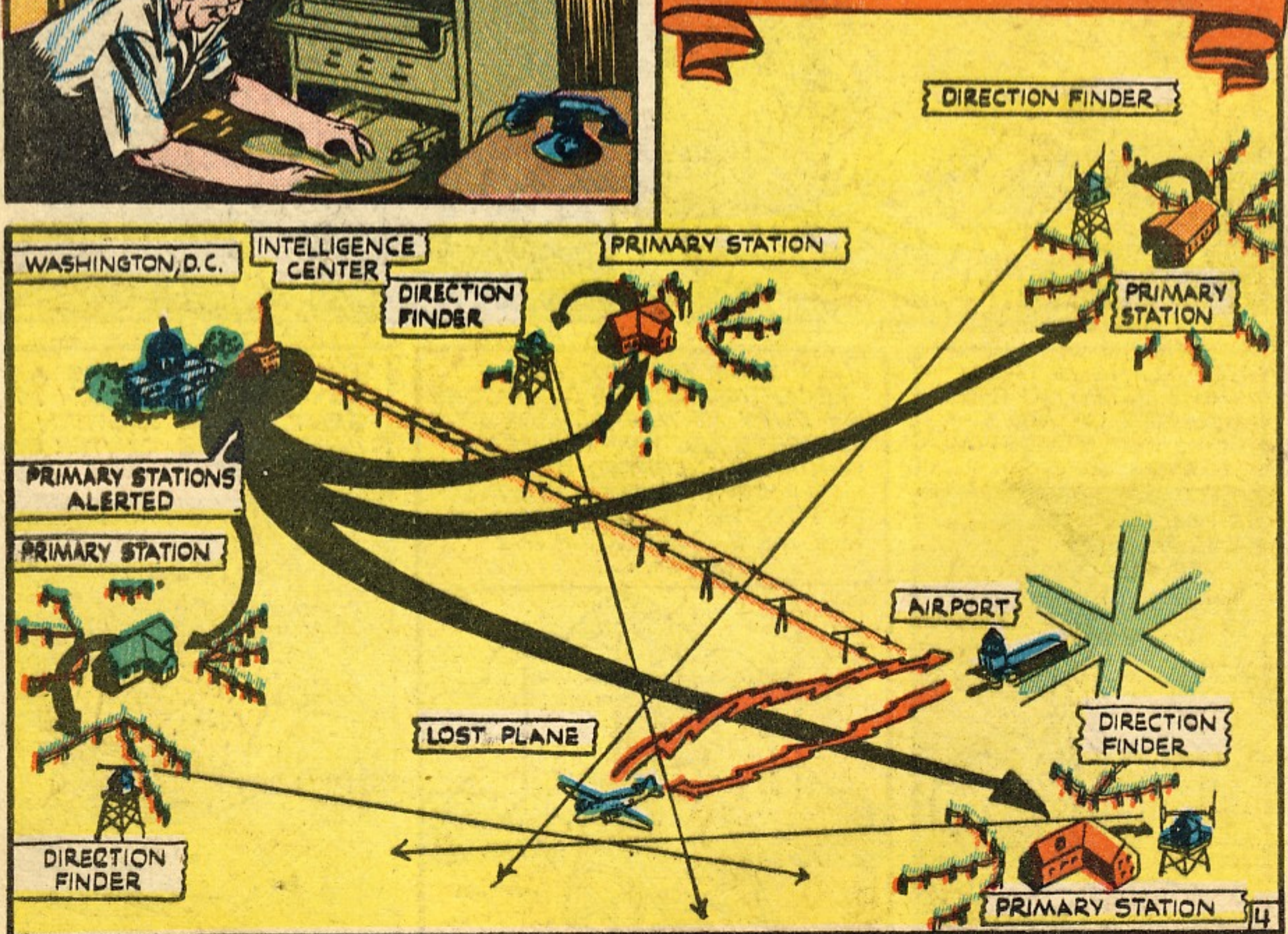
A FEW MINUTES LATER... THE PLANE MAKES A SAFE LANDING WITH A VALUABLE CARGO OF HUMAN LIVES!



RECORDS OF ALL OPERATIONS ARE KEPT ON FLEXIBLE DISCS WHICH CAN HOLD OVER AN HOUR'S MESSAGE ON EACH SIDE!



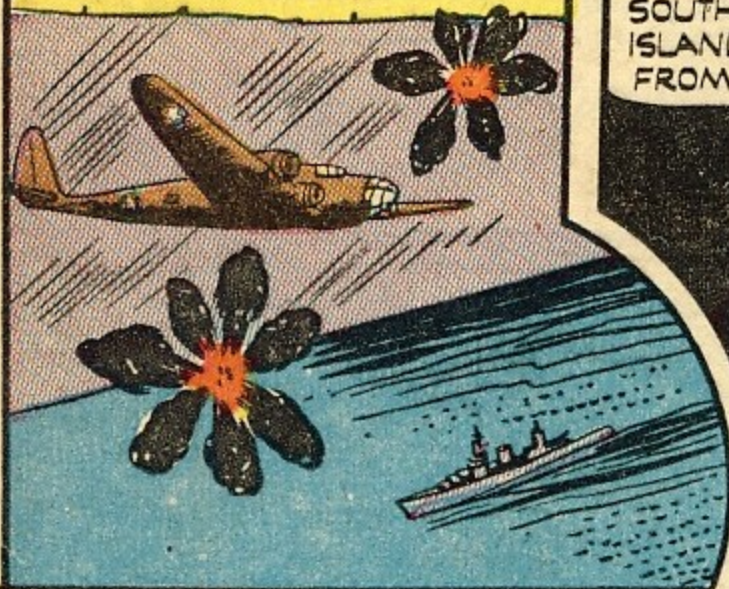
HERE IS AN EASY-TO-UNDERSTAND DIAGRAM OF HOW THE RADIO INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM OPERATES! A LOST PLANE CONTACTS AIRPORT, WHICH TRANSMITS PLANE'S FLIGHT, CALL LETTERS AND FREQUENCY TO INTELLIGENCE CENTER. "RID" STATIONS ARE ALERTED, AFTER "FIX" IS ESTABLISHED BY DIRECTION FINDERS -- AIRPORT GETS PLANE'S LOCATION - AND RADIOS INSTRUCTIONS FOR LANDING TO PLANE!





# CONTACT COMICS

**W**HEN WAR BREAKS OUT "R.I.D." SERVICE IS MADE AVAILABLE TO THE ENTIRE ARMY AIR FORCES AND WITHIN A FEW DAYS AFTER PEARL HARBOR, 12 LOST PLANES ARE RESCUED!



**T**HEN ON APRIL 9, 1943 - WHILE "R.I.D." MONITORS CRUISE THE SPECTRUM FOR ILLEGAL TRANSMISSIONS!

SOS.. SOS.. SOS!  
LANDING AT SEA!  
SOUTHEAST OF  
ISLAND - WIND 25  
FROM WEST!

JEEPERS!  
HE IS IN  
TROUBLE!



**T**HE ANTI-SUBMARINE COMMAND IS NOTIFIED ON A PRIVATE TIE-LINE!

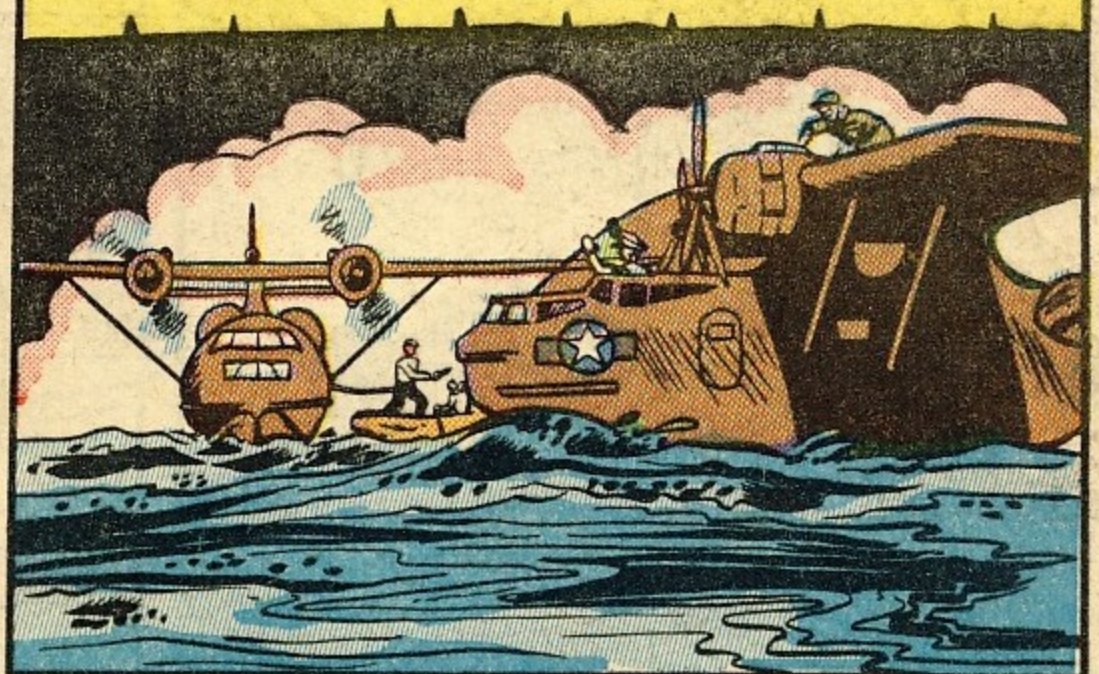
WE'VE CHECKED WITH THE CONTROLLERS AND THEY'RE UNABLE TO IDENTIFY THE CALL - IF YOU GET A "FIX," LET US KNOW!



LOOKS AS THOUGH LOST PLANE IS NAVY AIR CRAFT!



**T**EN F.C.C. STATIONS TAKE BEARINGS, DISCOVERING THAT PLANE IS ACTUALLY 250 MILES EAST BY NORTH OF BERMUDA ... AND LATER THE CATALINA PROCEEDS TO IT'S BASE!

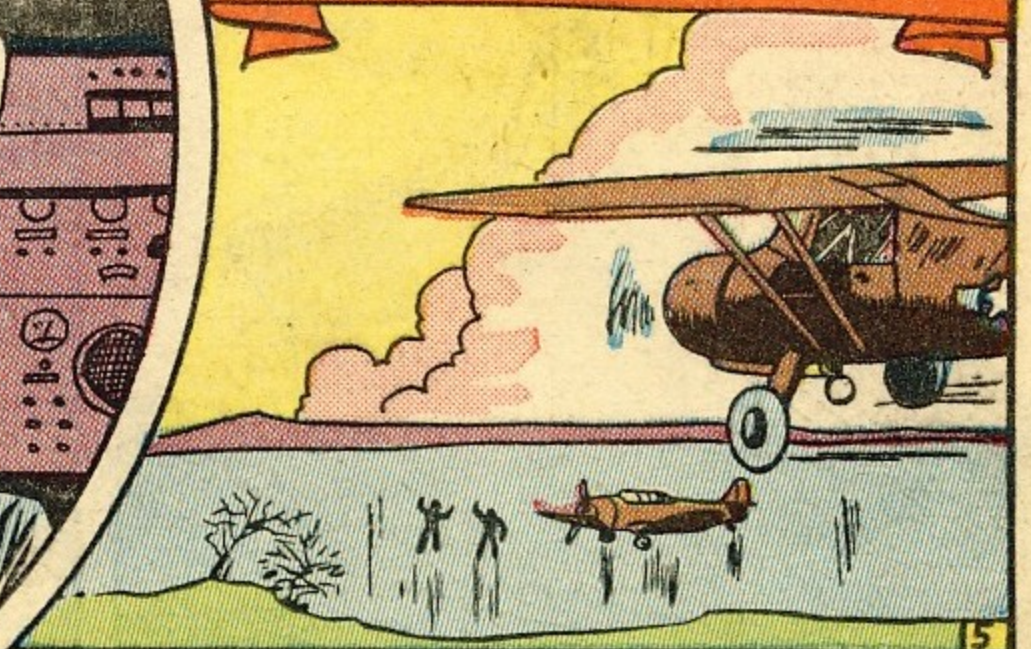


**I**N ITS ROLE AS LIFE SAVER - THE "R.I.D." IS EQUALLY EFFICIENT. AS EVIDENCE IN A TYPICAL INCIDENT AT THE SEARSPORT, ME. SECONDARY STATION ON FEB. 6, 1943.

THE ARMY AT PRESQUE ISLE JUST REPORTED THAT ONE OF ITS PLANES HAD MADE A FORCED LANDING AT AN UNKNOWN LOCATION, SEARCH PLANES ARE ALREADY OUT!



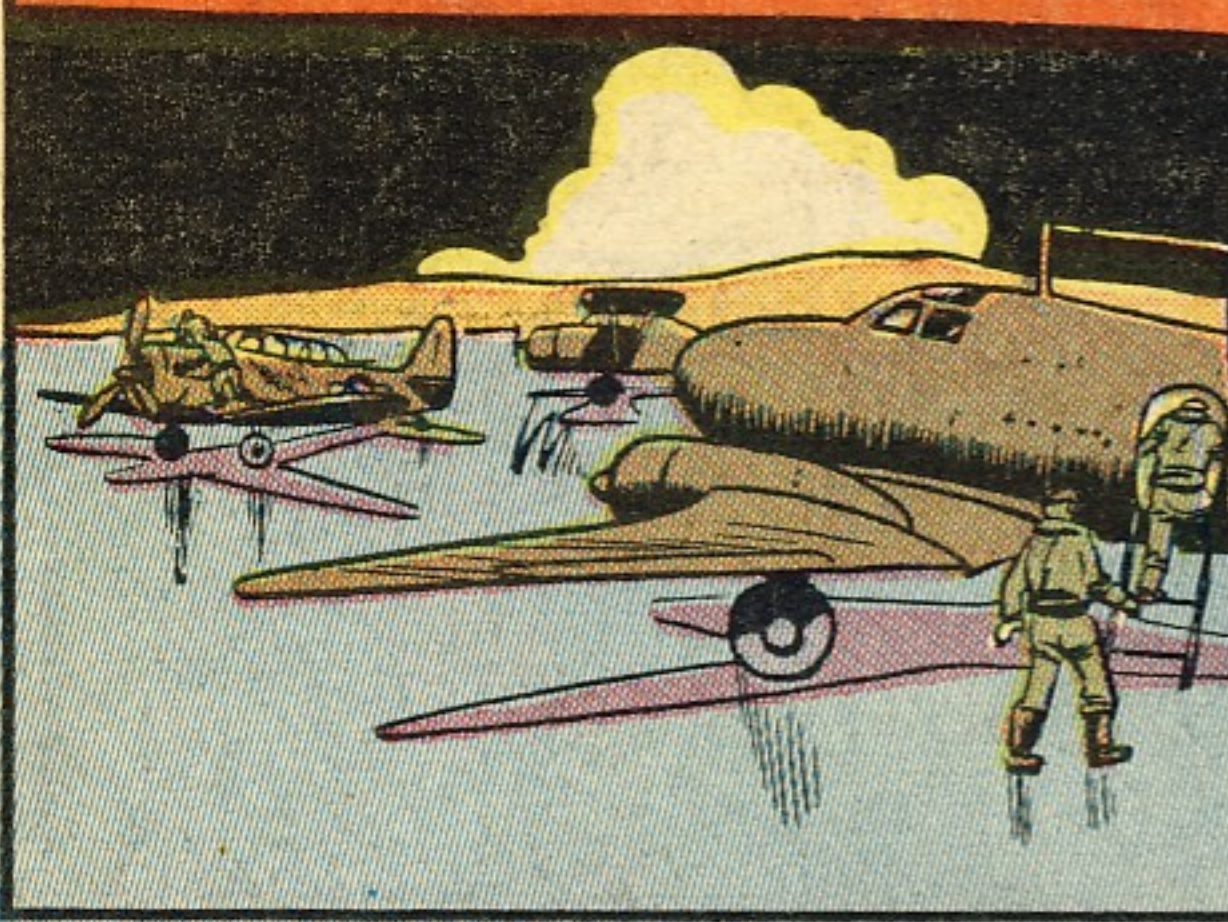
**F**INALLY, ONE OF THE SEARCH PLANES LOCATES THE LOST SHIP -- AND CIRCLES OVERHEAD, TRANSMITTING CONSTANTLY SO "R.I.D." CAN OBTAIN AN ACCURATE "FIX"...





# CONTACT COMICS

WITH ACCURATE BEARINGS PROVIDED BY 'R.I.D.' ARMY PLANES NOT ONLY RESCUE THE STRANDED FLYERS BUT ALSO RECLAIM THEIR PLANES



R.I.D. PLAYS STILL ANOTHER VITAL ROLE - THAT OF HELPING TO RESCUE SHIPWRECKED MERCHANT SEAMEN

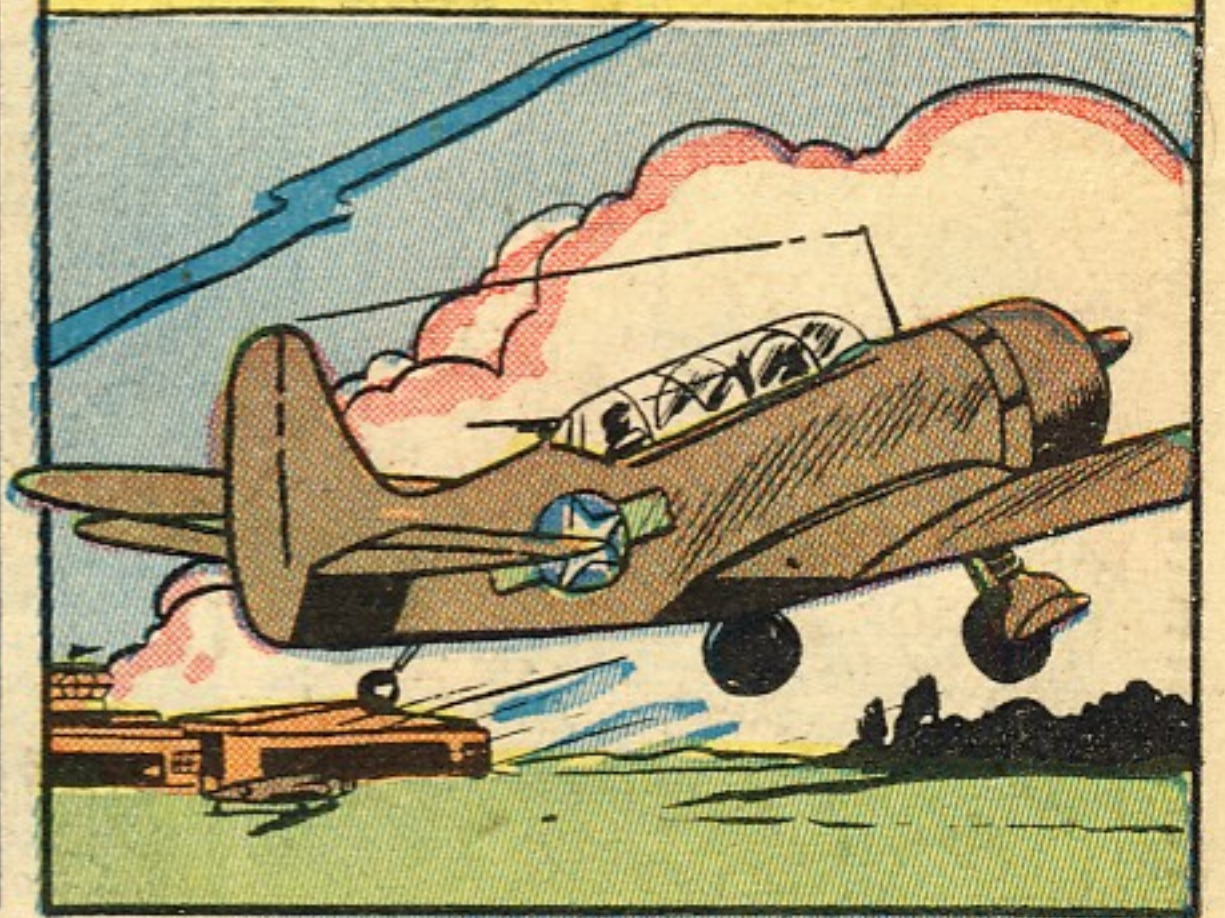
LT THOMAS SMITH TO FIRST BOMBER COMMAND - HAVE SPOTTED LIFEBOAT CARRYING 31 SURVIVORS FROM TORPEDOED FREIGHTERS!



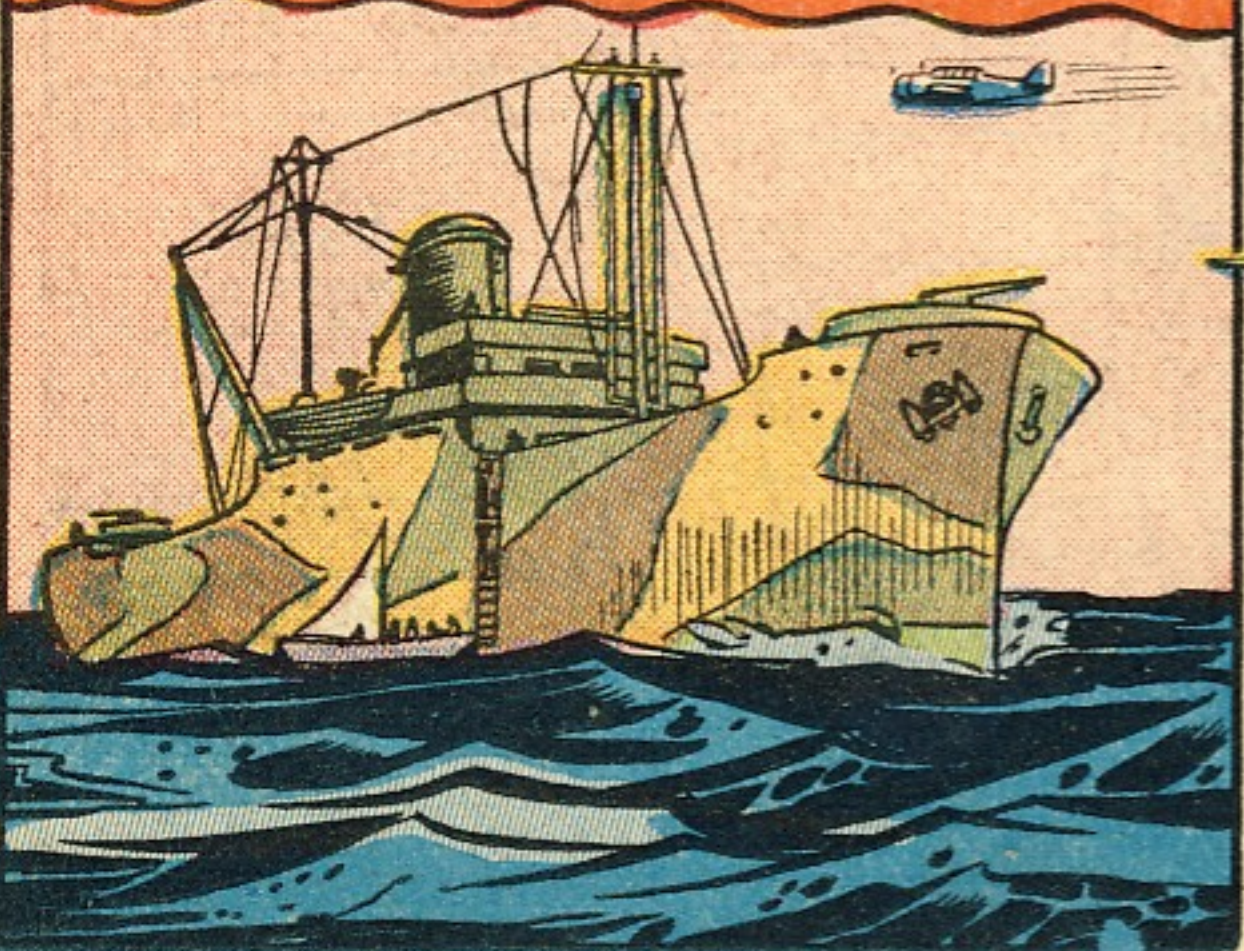
THOUGH LOW ON GASOLINE THE PILOT CIRCLES THE LIFEBOAT UNTILL 'R.I.D.' CAN OBTAIN A 'FIX'



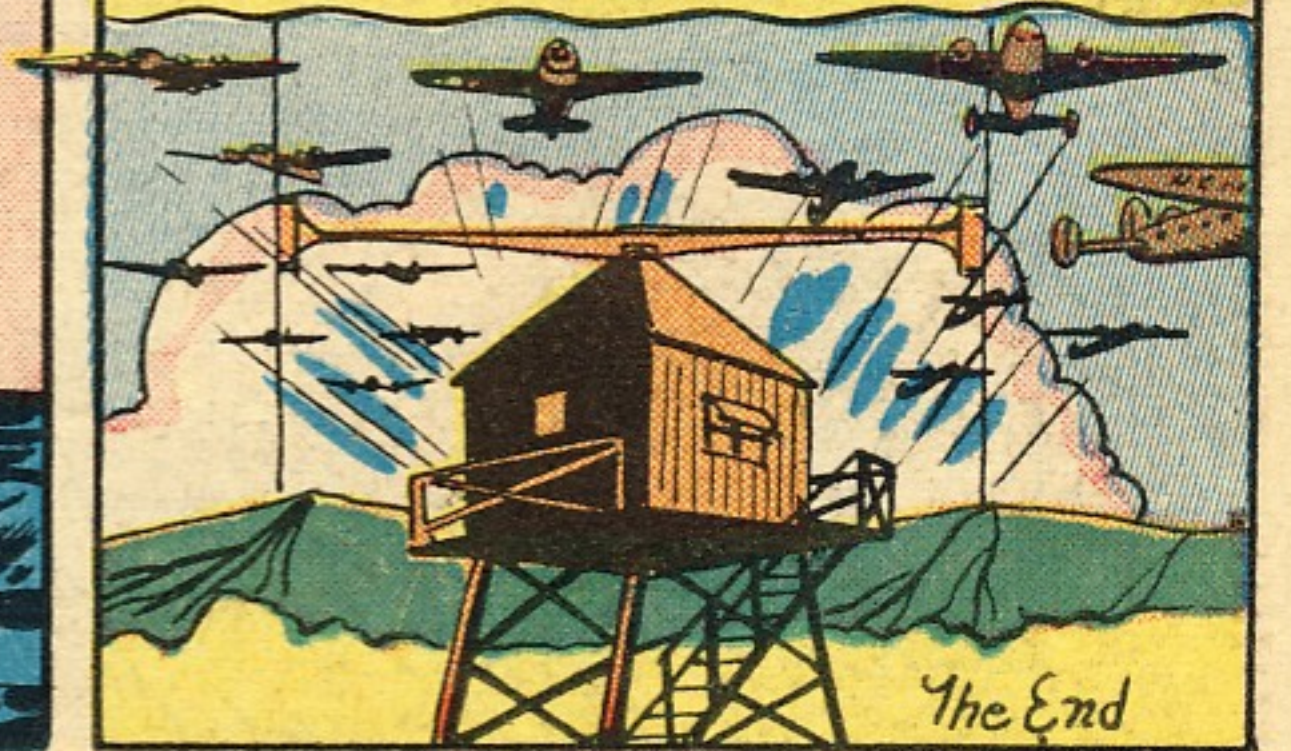
A FEW MINUTES LATER - WITH BEARINGS OF THE LIFEBOAT - ANOTHER PLANE TAKES OFF FROM A NEAR BY ARMY BASE



AFTER LOCATING THE CREW - THE ARMY PLANE CONTACTS ANOTHER FREIGHTER - WHICH RESCUES THE 31 MEN



WITH A STARTLING RECORD OF 600 RESCUED PLANES TO ITS CREDIT - THE RADIO INTELLIGENCE DIVISION IS TODAY SERVING BOTH COMMERCIAL AND MILITARY AVIATION AND AFTER THE WAR IT WILL PLAY AN EVEN GREATER ROLE WITH EFFICIENCY AND SAFETY ITS MOTTO!



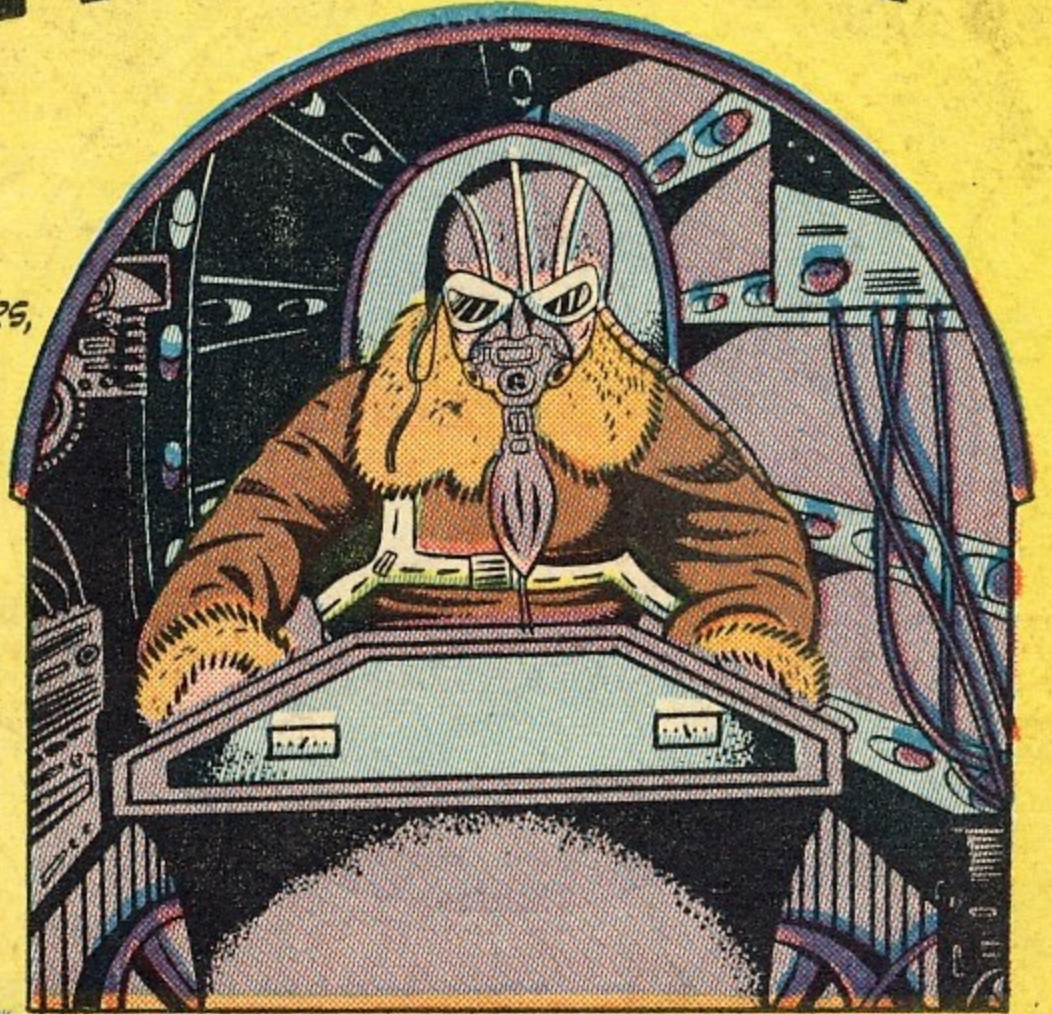
The End



# EYES IN THE SKY

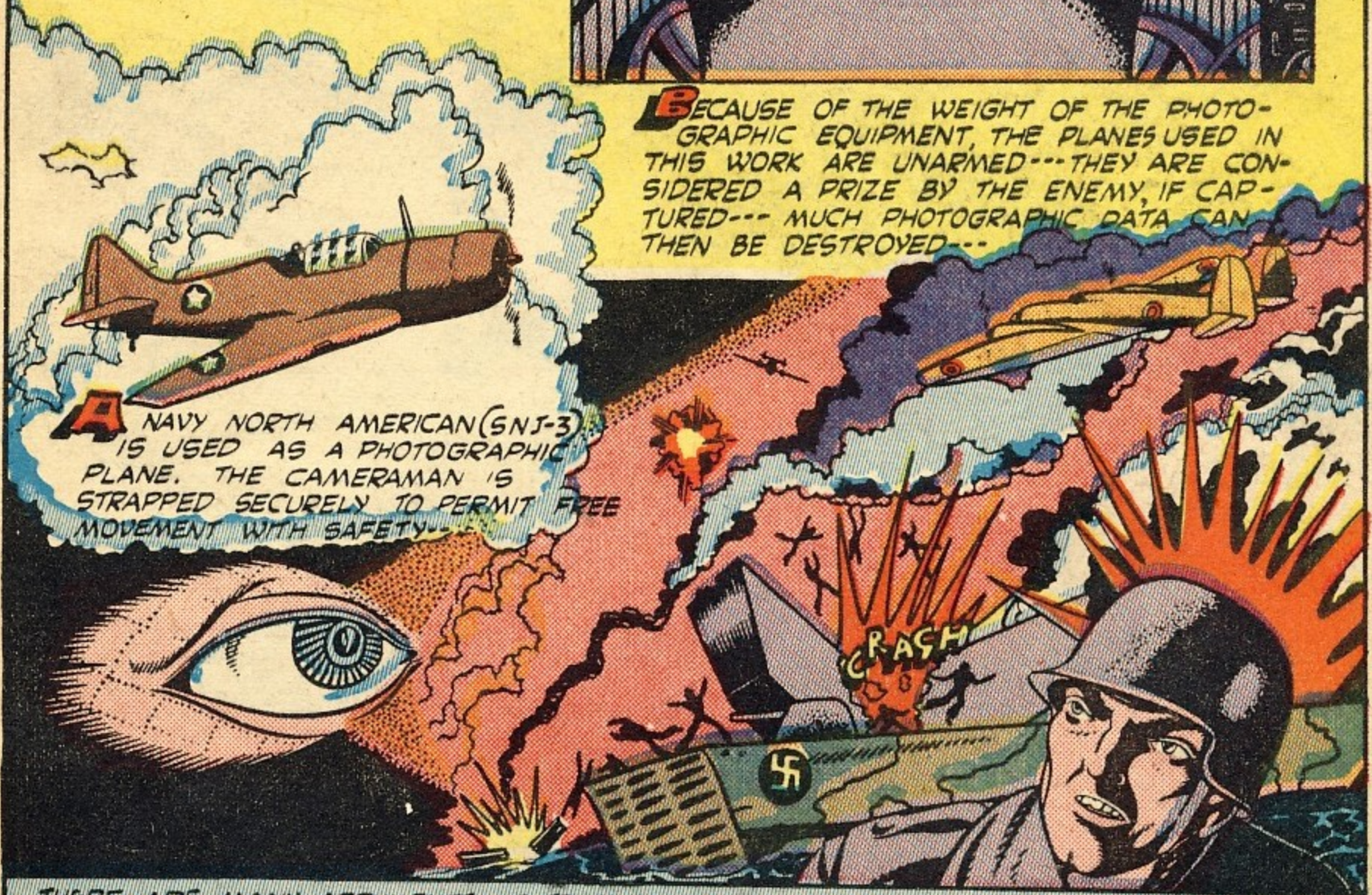
**T**HE STRANGELY DRESSED CREATURE SHOWN HERE IS NOT A CREATURE FROM MARS, OR THE OCCUPANT OF ANOTHER PLANET--- HE IS AN **AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHER** --- AND IN HIS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FLYING SUIT, FOR HIGH ALTITUDES ....

**F**LYING, HE SCANS THE EARTH BELOW WITH HIS CAMERA, READY TO PHOTOGRAPH ANY NAVAL OR MILITARY OBJECT FOR THE PURPOSE OF LOCATING IT ON THE WAR MAP--



**B**ECAUSE OF THE WEIGHT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT, THE PLANES USED IN THIS WORK ARE UNARMED---THEY ARE CONSIDERED A PRIZE BY THE ENEMY, IF CAPTURED--- MUCH PHOTOGRAPHIC DATA CAN THEN BE DESTROYED---

**A** NAVY NORTH AMERICAN (SNJ-3) IS USED AS A PHOTOGRAPHIC PLANE. THE CAMERAMAN IS STRAPPED SECURELY TO PERMIT FREE MOVEMENT WITH SAFETY--



THERE ARE MANY ARGUMENTS AS TO WHAT MADE HITLER POSTPONE THE INVASION OF ENGLAND; BUT WE OWE THANKS TO THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE RAF. FOR SPOTTING THE ARMADA OF LANDING BARGES ASSEMBLED ACROSS THE CHANNEL... HITLER'S TROOPS GOT NO FURTHER THAN THEIR DE-EMBARKATION POINT WHEN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT BOMBERS LAUNCHED THEIR ASSAULT, AND HUNDREDS OF NAZI "INVADERS" WERE KILLED, AND THEIR SHIPS SUNK!



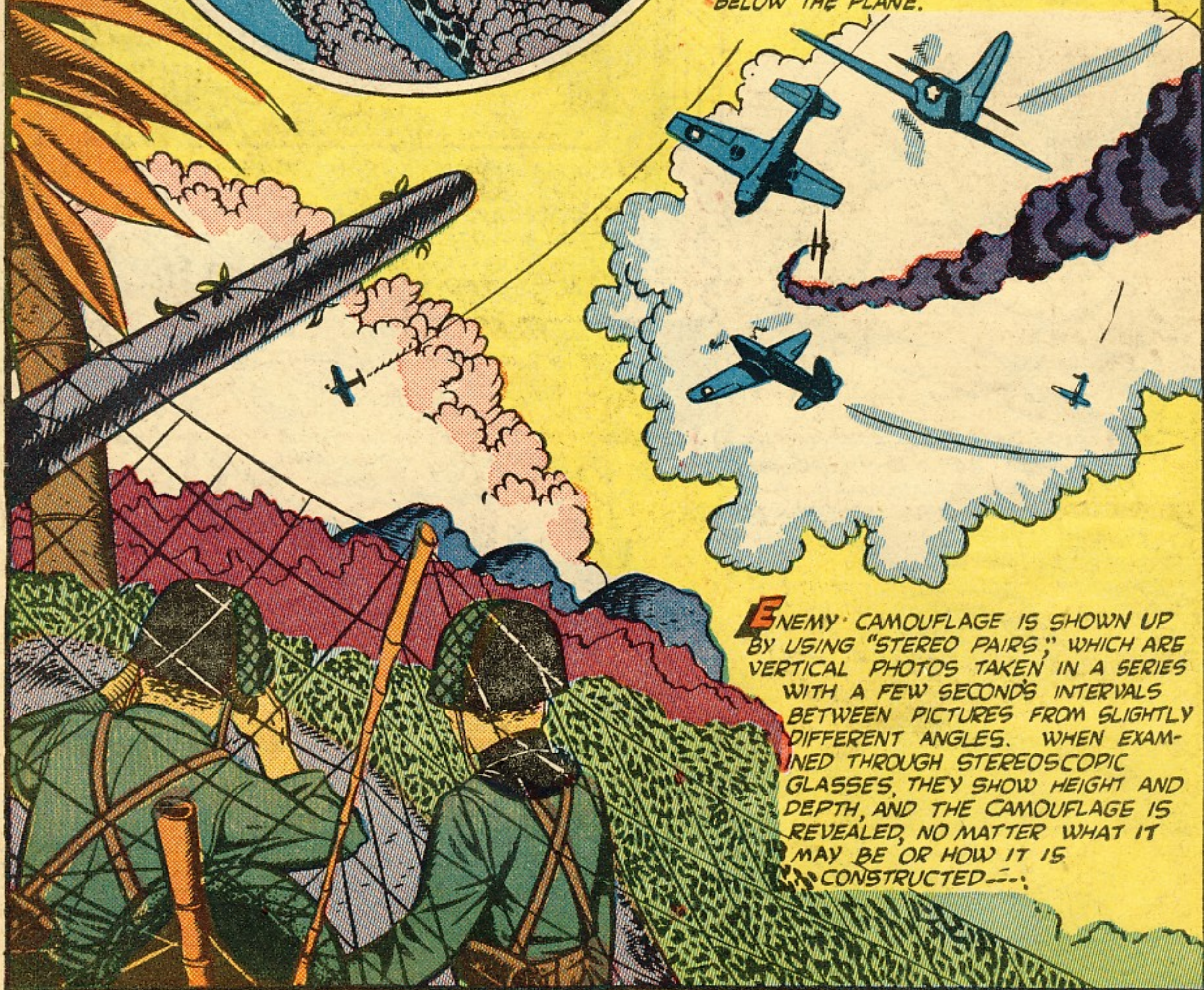
# ...The Story of Aerial Photography



**T**HE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT IN WAR HAS BEEN SO MODERNIZED THAT A PLANE CAN TAKE PHOTOGRAPHS AT A SPEED OF 300 M.P.H.

**I**F A PHOTOGRAPHIC PLANE BRINGS BACK A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN ENEMY SHIP, THE PHOTOGRAPHIC OFFICERS CAN IMMEDIATELY DETERMINE THE SPEED OF THE SHIP, AND THE COURSE IT IS TAKING!

**F**IGHTER PLANES NOW VERY COMMONLY RECORD THEIR AIR BATTLES WITH CAMERAS THAT ARE SET TO FOCUS ON SKY BATTLES THE PLANE HAS HAD. THERE ALSO IS A SHUTTERLESS CAMERA IN WHICH A STRIP OF FILM TRAVELS OVER AN EXPOSURE POINT, TAKING CONTINUOUS PICTURES OF WHAT IS PASSING BELOW THE PLANE.

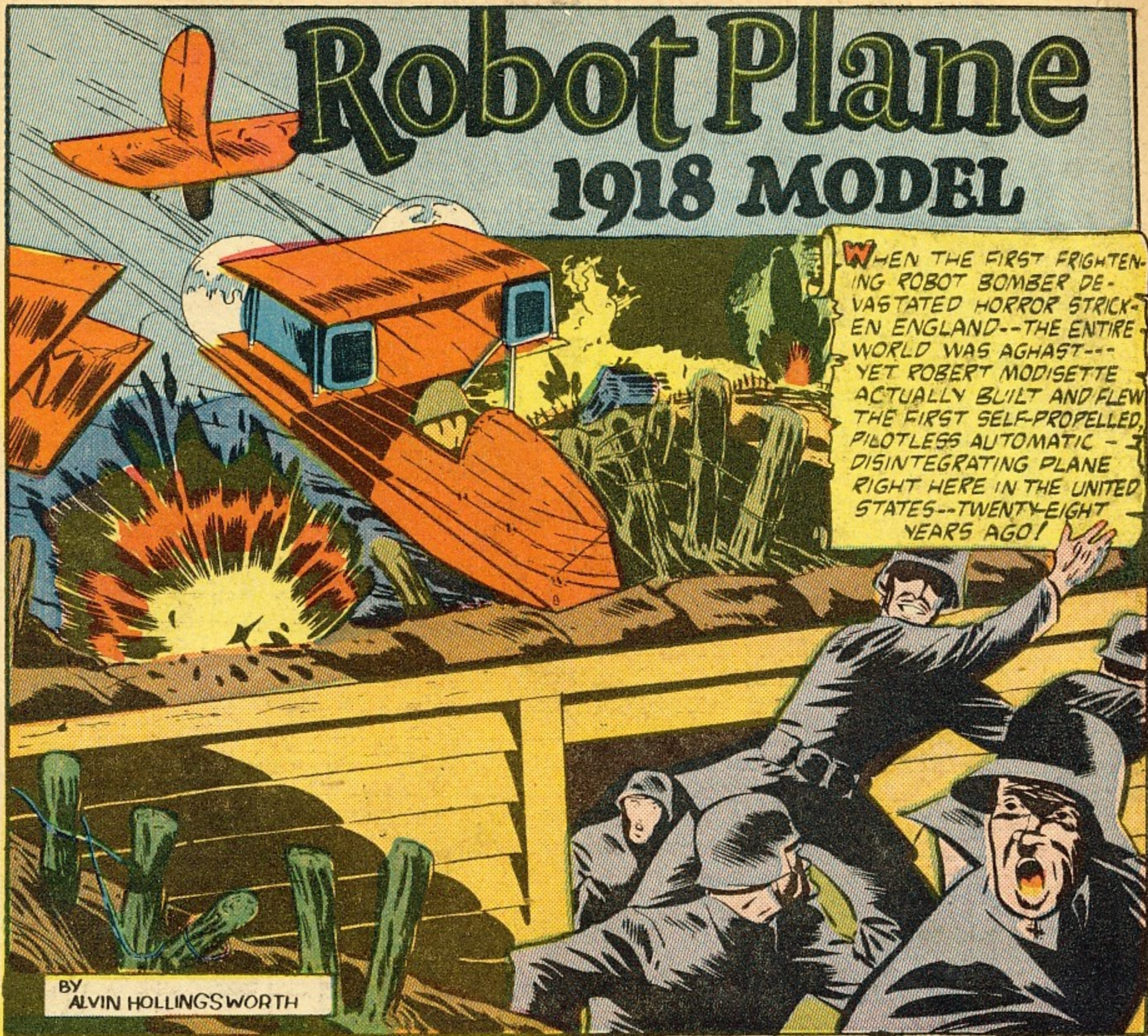


**E**NEMY CAMOUFLAGE IS SHOWN UP BY USING "STEREO PAIRS," WHICH ARE VERTICAL PHOTOS TAKEN IN A SERIES WITH A FEW SECONDS INTERVALS BETWEEN PICTURES FROM SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT ANGLES. WHEN EXAMINED THROUGH STEREOSCOPIC GLASSES, THEY SHOW HEIGHT AND DEPTH, AND THE CAMOUFLAGE IS REVEALED, NO MATTER WHAT IT MAY BE OR HOW IT IS CONSTRUCTED---



# Robot Plane

## 1918 MODEL



WHEN THE FIRST FRIGHTENING ROBOT BOMBER DEVASTATED HORROR STRICKEN ENGLAND--THE ENTIRE WORLD WAS AGHAST--- YET ROBERT MODISETTE ACTUALLY BUILT AND FLEW THE FIRST SELF-PROPELLED, PILOTLESS AUTOMATIC - DISINTEGRATING PLANE RIGHT HERE IN THE UNITED STATES--TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO!

BY ALVIN HOLLINGSWORTH

IN 1916, MODISETTE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF A MANUFACTURING FIRM BUILDING PARTS FOR TRUCK AND AUTOMOBILE BODIES, BOATS AND AIRPLANE PARTS --- HAS A REVOLUTIONARY NEW IDEA!

WE HAVE NOTHING BUT FINISHED COMBAT PLANES TODAY--I SHOULD LIKE TO PRODUCE A TRAINING PLANE FOR FUTURE PILOTS!

MODISETTE-- IT'S JUST WHAT WE NEED! HOW SOON CAN WE HAVE SUCH PLANES?



MODISETTE CREATES A TRAINING AID RESEMBLING THE MODERN LINK TRAINER --- NEXT AN ADVANCED SHIP THAT RISES BUT SIX FEET FROM THE GROUND --- AND FINALLY A FULL SIZED, TWO ENGINE BI-PLANE CAPABLE OF CRUISING FOR MILES!

I WONDER---I WONDER IF A SELF-PROPELLED BOMBER WOULD WORK?





# CONTACT COMICS

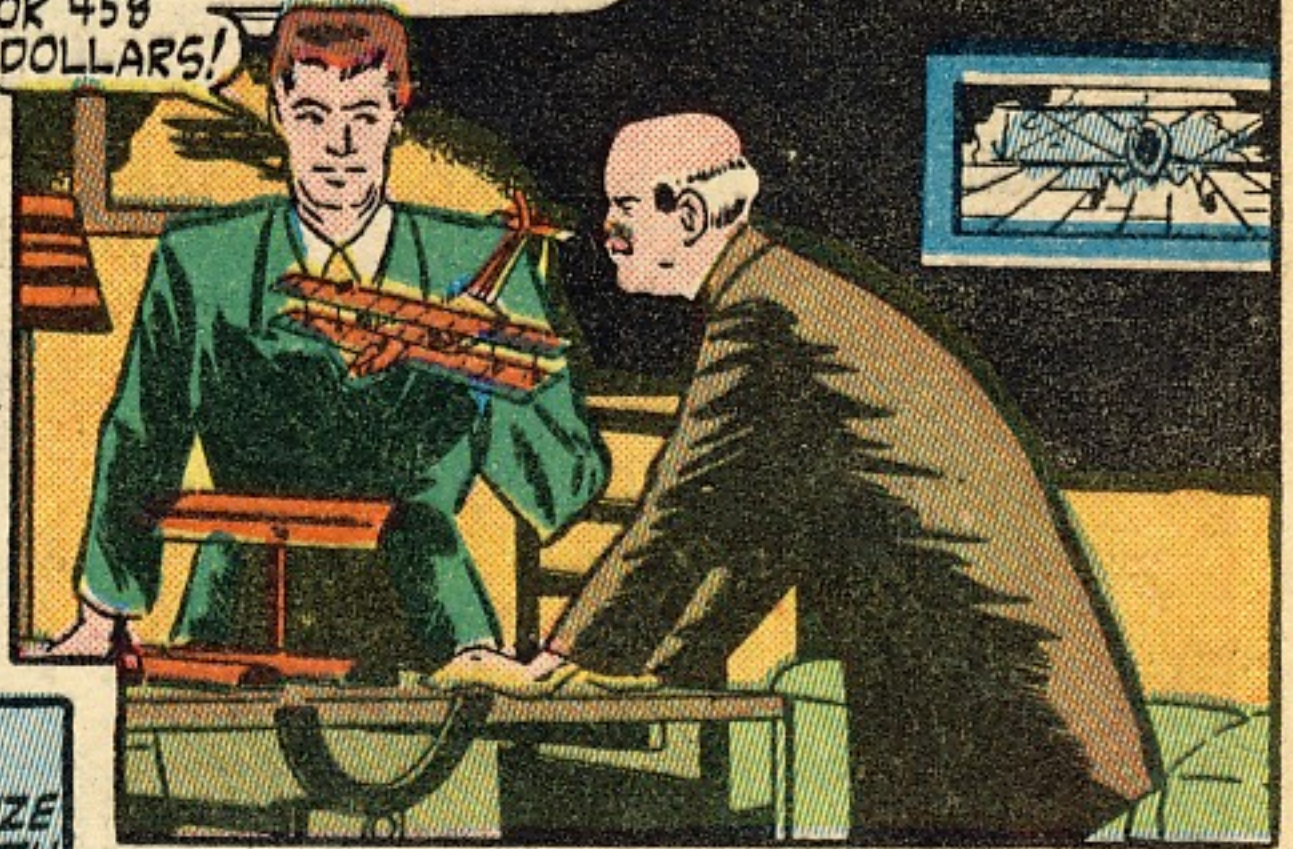
**M**ODISETTE IMMEDIATELY DRAFTS PLANS FOR THE NEW SENSATIONAL PLANE!



**F**INALLY, MODISETTE CREATES A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED PLANE!

VERY, VERY INTERESTING MR. MODISETTE -- BUT WONT THE COST BE PROHIBITIVE?

ON THE CONTRARY MR. SECRETARY, I CAN PRODUCE A PLANE FOR 458 DOLLARS!



BUT HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE -- YOUR TRAINER COST 2,450 DOLLARS TO BUILD TWO YEARS AGO!

OH, WE'LL USE SCRAP SPRUCE, REJECTED AIRPLANE CLOTH AND DOPE -- IT'LL BE EASY



**T**O FAMILIARIZE HIMSELF WITH EVERY ANGLE OF AVIATION --- MODISETTE BECOMES A NAVY FLYER!



**W**ORK PROGRESSES RAPIDLY ON THE NEW ROBOT PLANF --- WHICH IS DUBBED -- "THE HOT SHOT"!

IT'S PRETTY IMPRESSIVE LOOKING, MODISETTE -- WHAT'S THE WING SPREAD?

FORTY-SIX FEET -- AND SHE MEASURES NINE FEET EIGHT INCHES FROM NOSE TO TAIL!

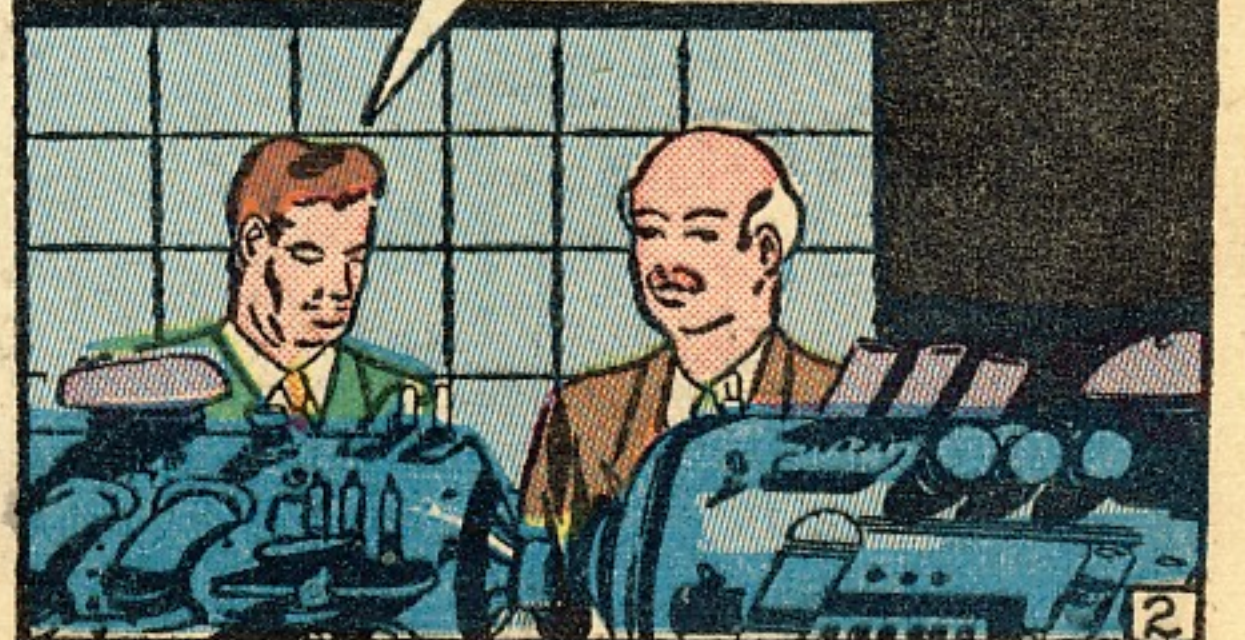


UNLOADED -- THE PLANE WEIGHS 1,790 POUNDS, AND SHE CARRIES THREE BOMBS -- WHICH FIT IN HERE. EACH BOMB WEIGHS SIXTY-FIVE POUNDS!

I SEE --- BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ENGINE?

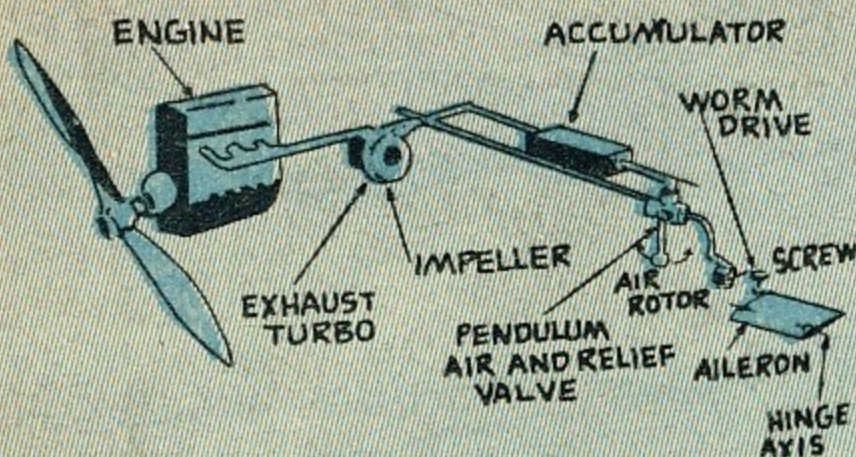


THE PLANE IS POWERED BY FORD AUTOMOBILE ENGINES, WHICH OUR MECHANICS HAVE HOPPED UP --- THEY GIVE THE PLANE A MAXIMUM SPEED OF 72 M.P.H. AT A CEILING OF 1,500 FEET --- AND ITS CRUISING RANGE IS 160 MILES!





THEN MODISETTE PROCURES THIS DIAGRAM --- SHOWING THE SIMPLE OPERATION OF THE FORCED AIR SYSTEM WHICH CONTROLS THE AILERONS AND KEEPS THE BOMBER IN LEVEL FLIGHT. TIMING GEAR CAUSES ELEVATORS TO LEVEL PLANE OFF AT DESIRED ALTITUDE.



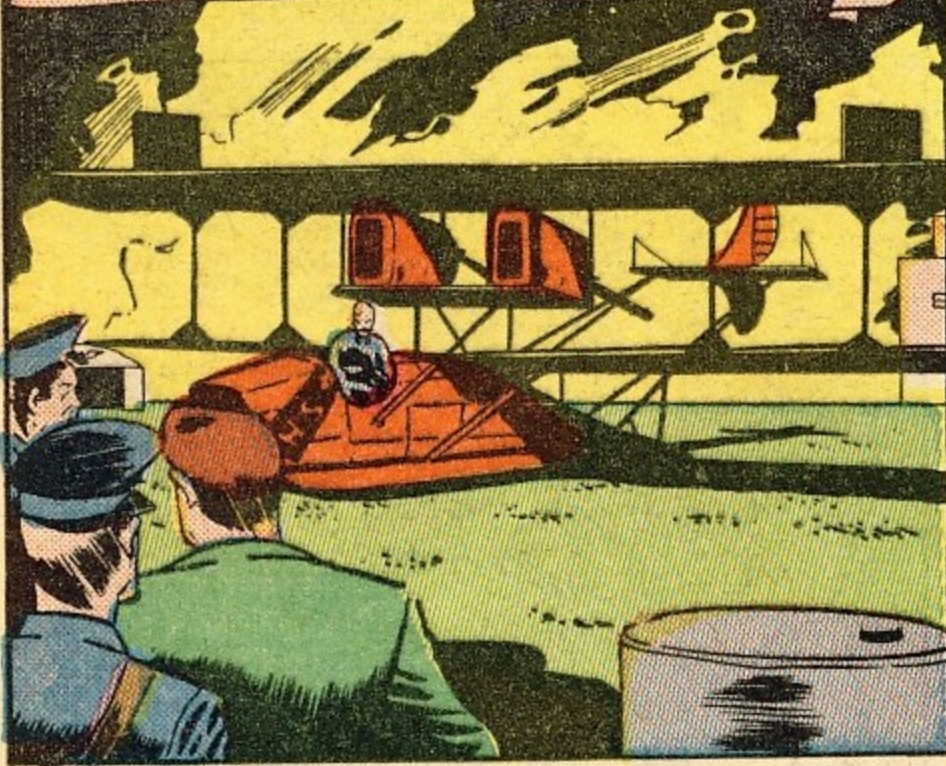
AS THE TWO MEN LEAVE THE WORK SHOP---

ISN'T THE TIMING MECHANISM PRETTY INTRICATE?

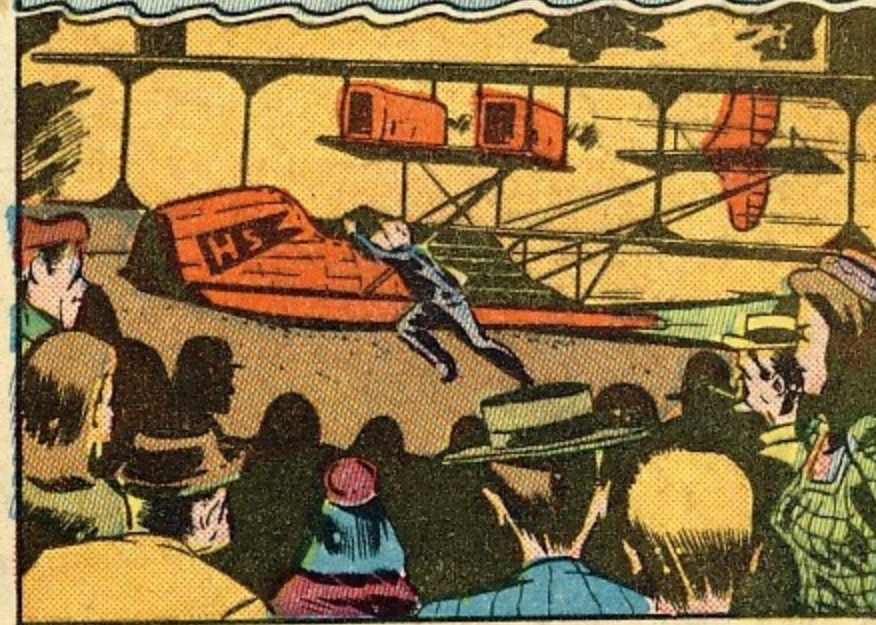
ON THE CONTRARY-- IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN AN ACCURATE CLOCK-- WITH A FEW IMPROVISATIONS!



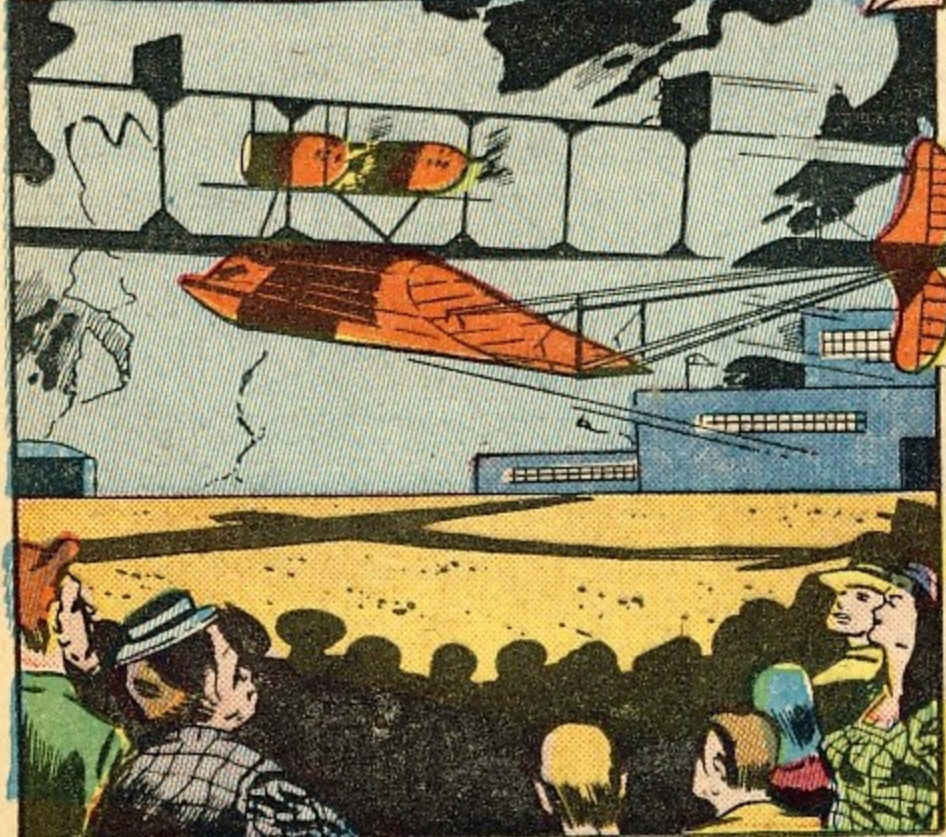
ON THE DAY OF THE FIRST TEST IN 1917-- THE CLOCK IS SET FOR A 90 MILE FLIGHT AND THE MOTOR IS STARTED!



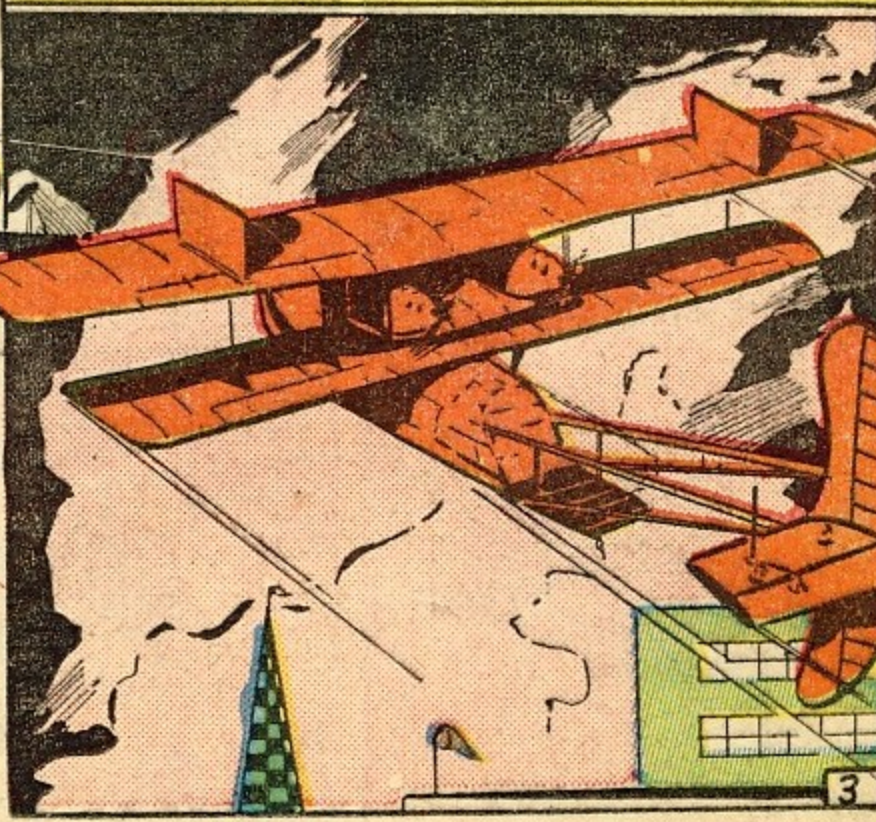
AFTER SETTING AND LOCKING THE ELEVATOR, SO THAT THE PLANE WOULD REACH THE DESIRED ALTITUDE-- THE MECHANIC JUMPS FROM THE SHIP.



SUDDENLY--- THE ROBOT PLANE TAKES OFF-- AS THE CROWD CHEERS WILDLY!



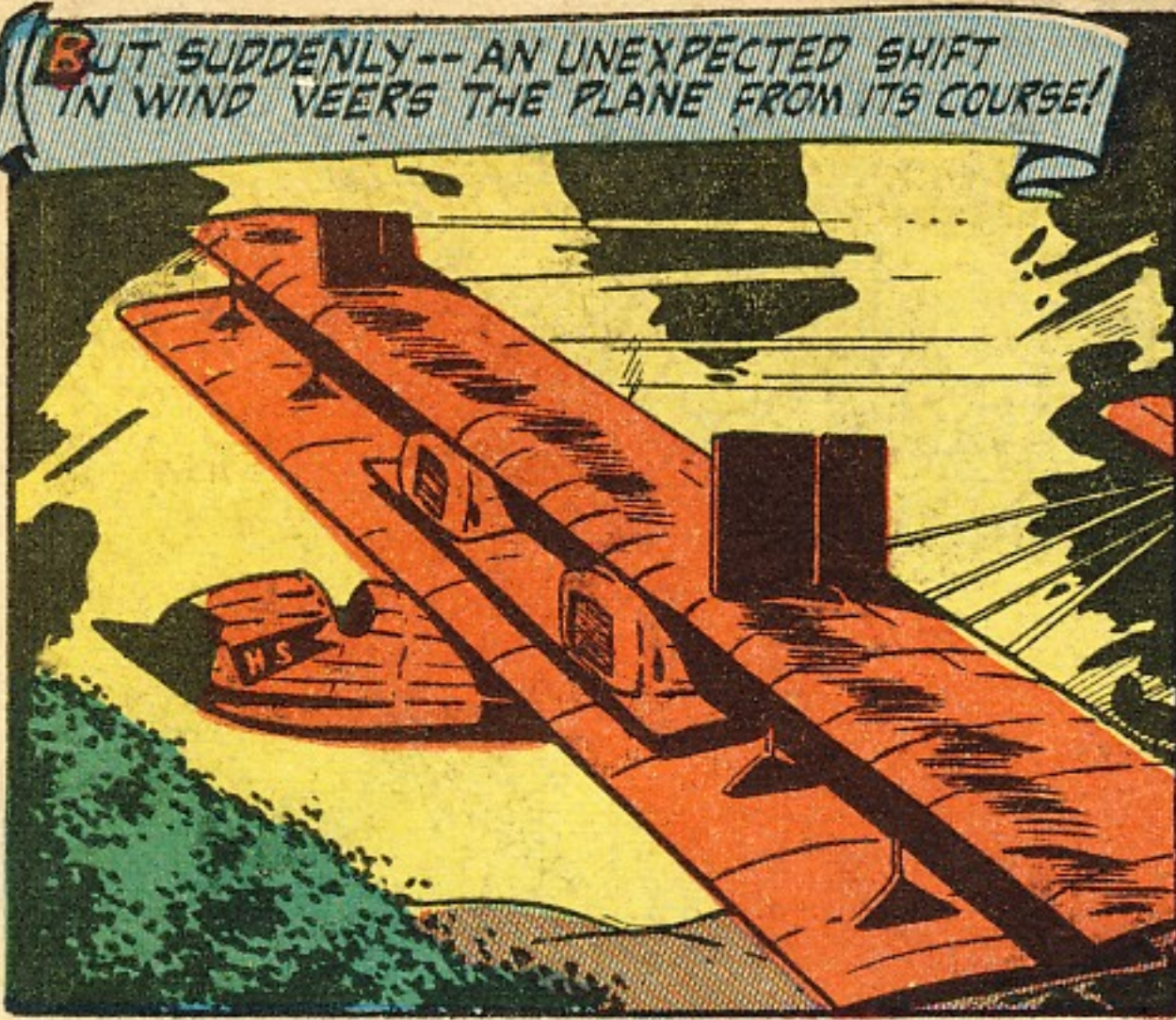
AFTER GAINING ALTITUDE-- THE AMAZING PLANE HEADS STRAIGHT FOR ITS TARGET!



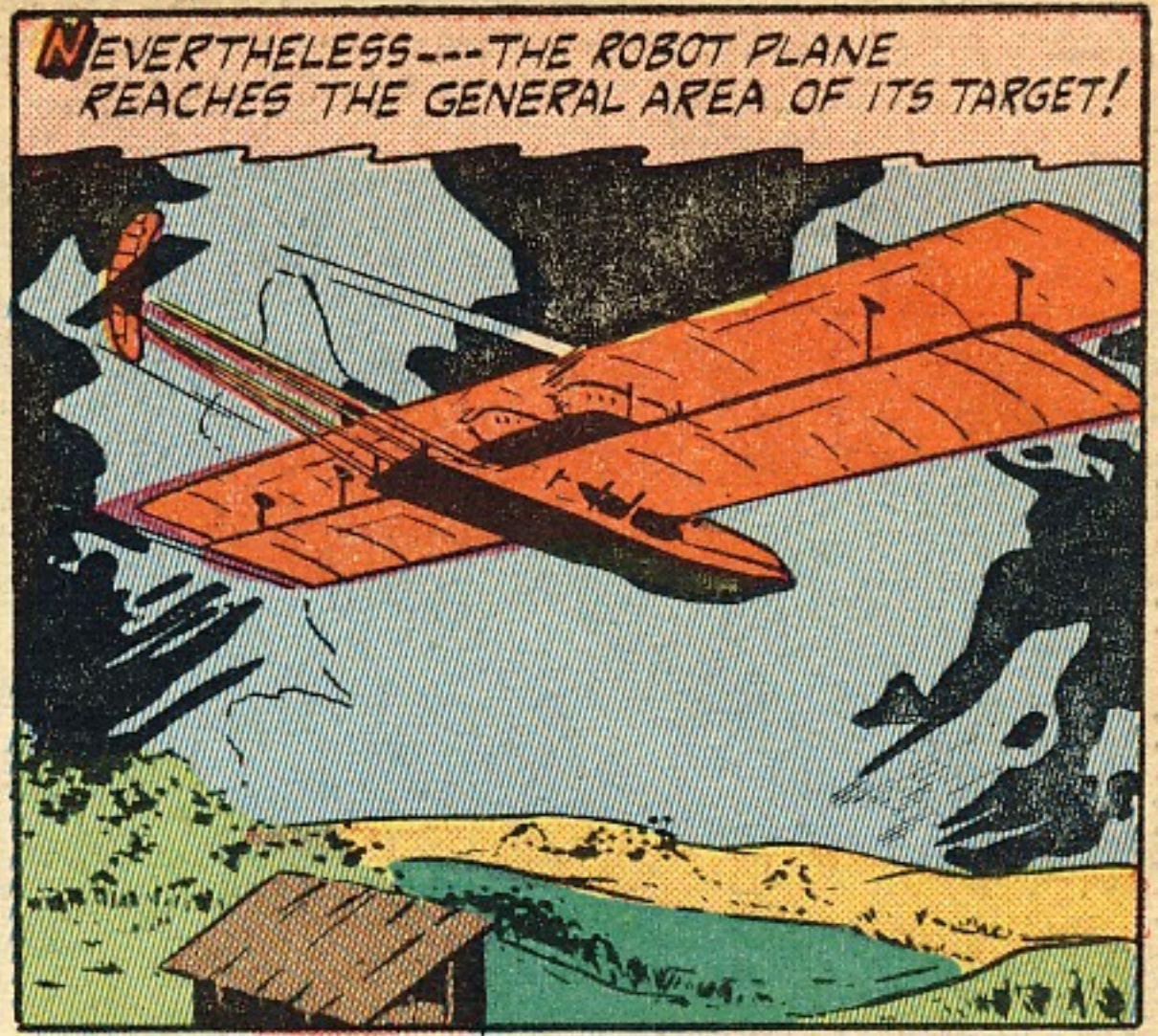


# CONTACT COMICS

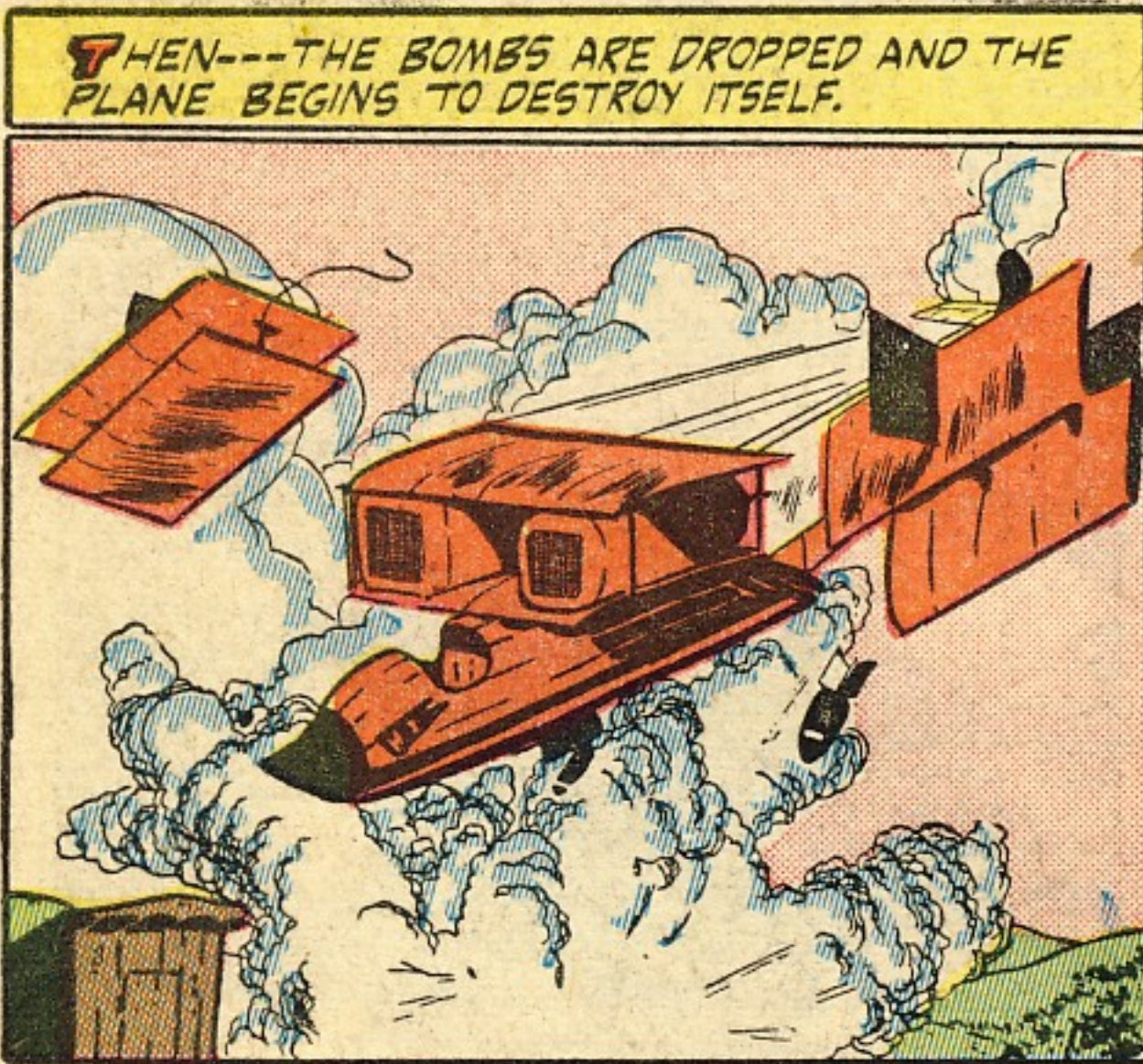
**B**UT SUDDENLY-- AN UNEXPECTED SHIFT IN WIND VEERS THE PLANE FROM ITS COURSE!



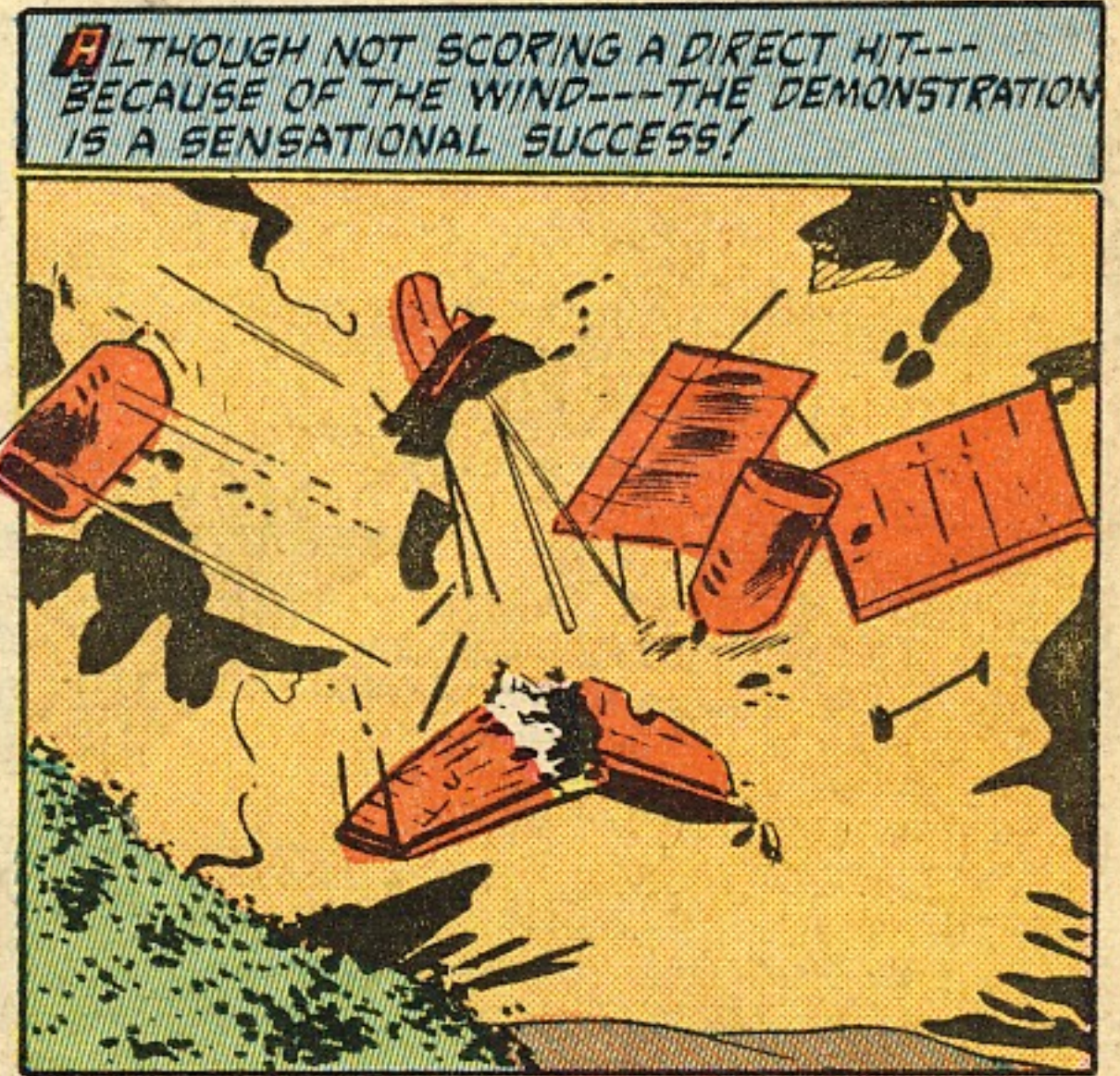
**N**EVERTHELESS---THE ROBOT PLANE REACHES THE GENERAL AREA OF ITS TARGET!



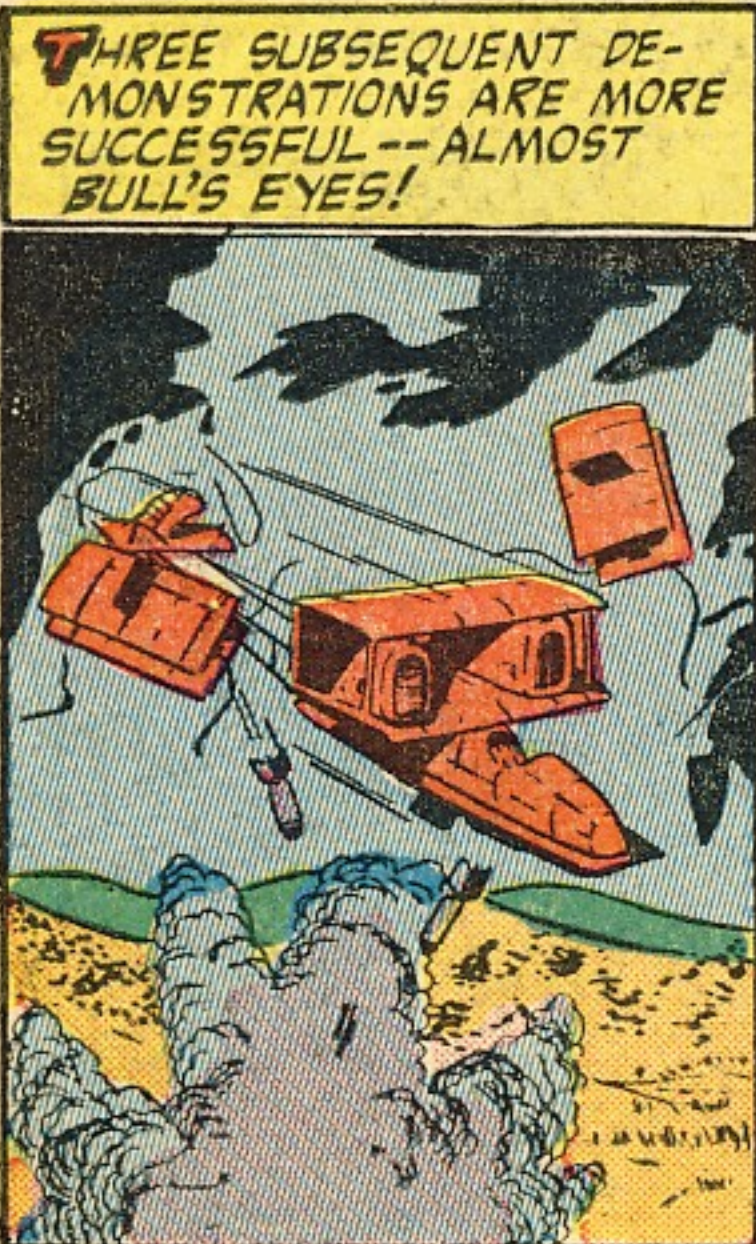
**T**HEN---THE BOMBS ARE DROPPED AND THE PLANE BEGINS TO DESTROY ITSELF.



**A**LTHOUGH NOT SCORING A DIRECT HIT--- BECAUSE OF THE WIND---THE DEMONSTRATION IS A SENSATIONAL SUCCESS!



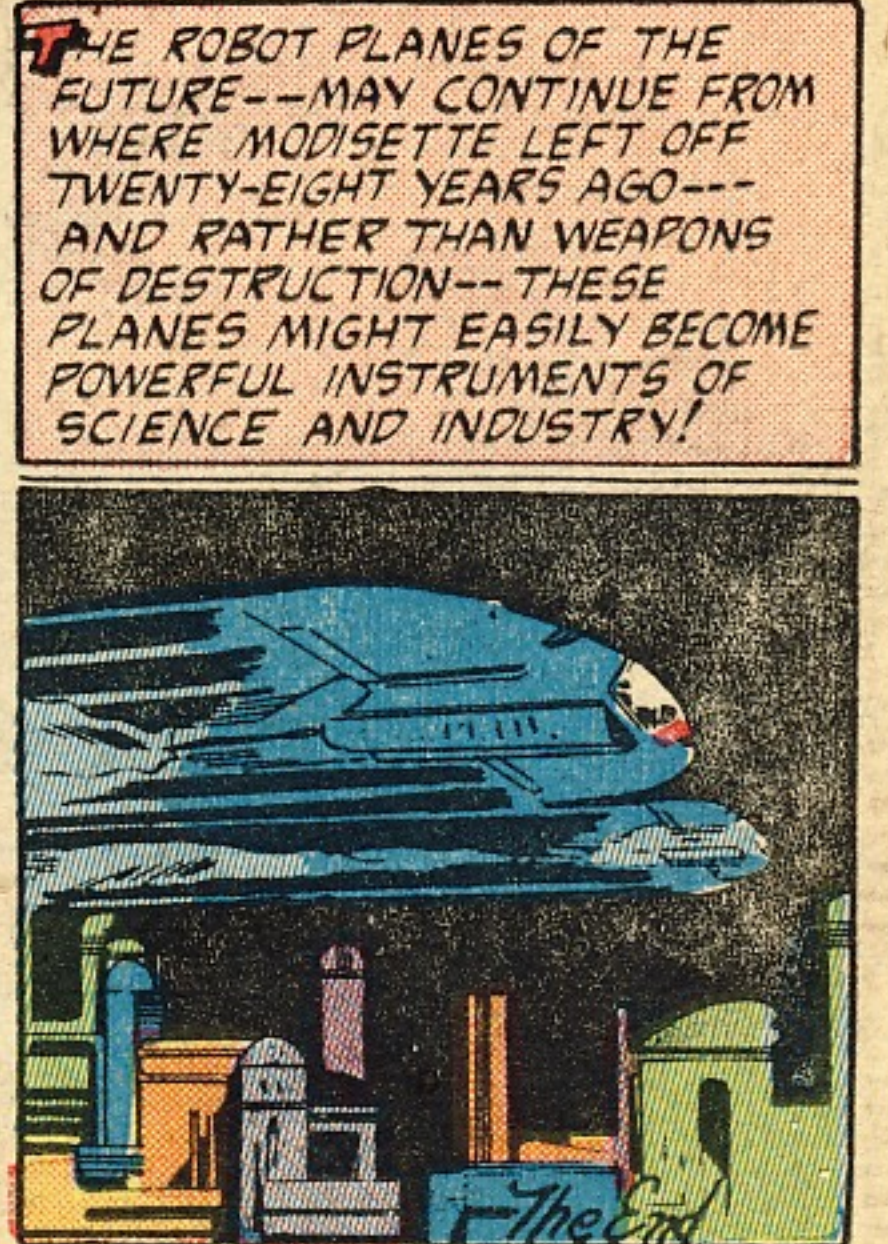
**T**HREE SUBSEQUENT DEMONSTRATIONS ARE MORE SUCCESSFUL-- ALMOST BULL'S EYES!



**T**HE NAVY MAKES PRELIMINARY PLANS FOR MASS PRODUCTION OF ROBOT BOMBERS-- BUT THE ARMISTICE PUTS A HALT TO THE PROJECT!

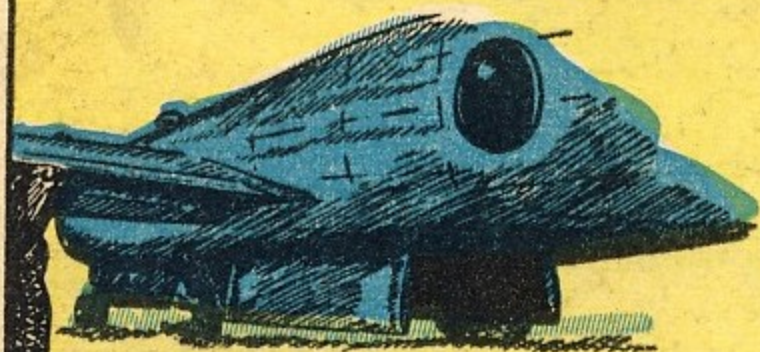


**T**HE ROBOT PLANES OF THE FUTURE-- MAY CONTINUE FROM WHERE MODISSETTE LEFT OFF TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO--- AND RATHER THAN WEAPONS OF DESTRUCTION-- THESE PLANES MIGHT EASILY BECOME POWERFUL INSTRUMENTS OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY!

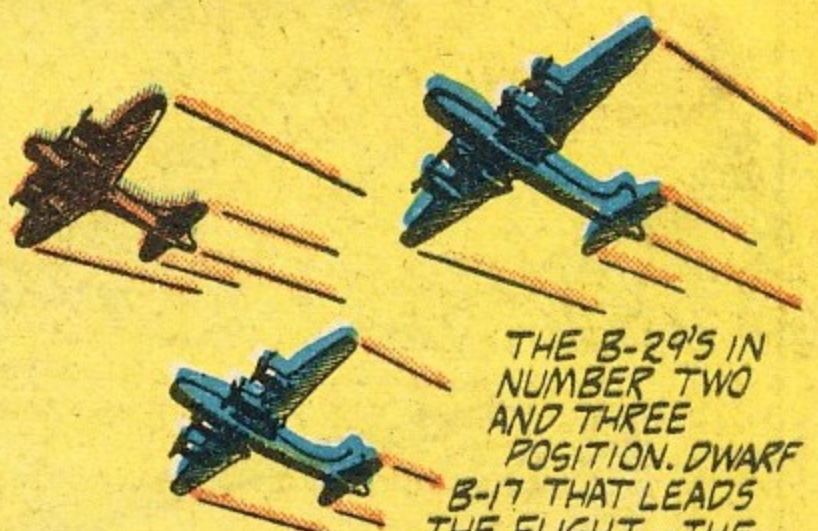




# The B-29

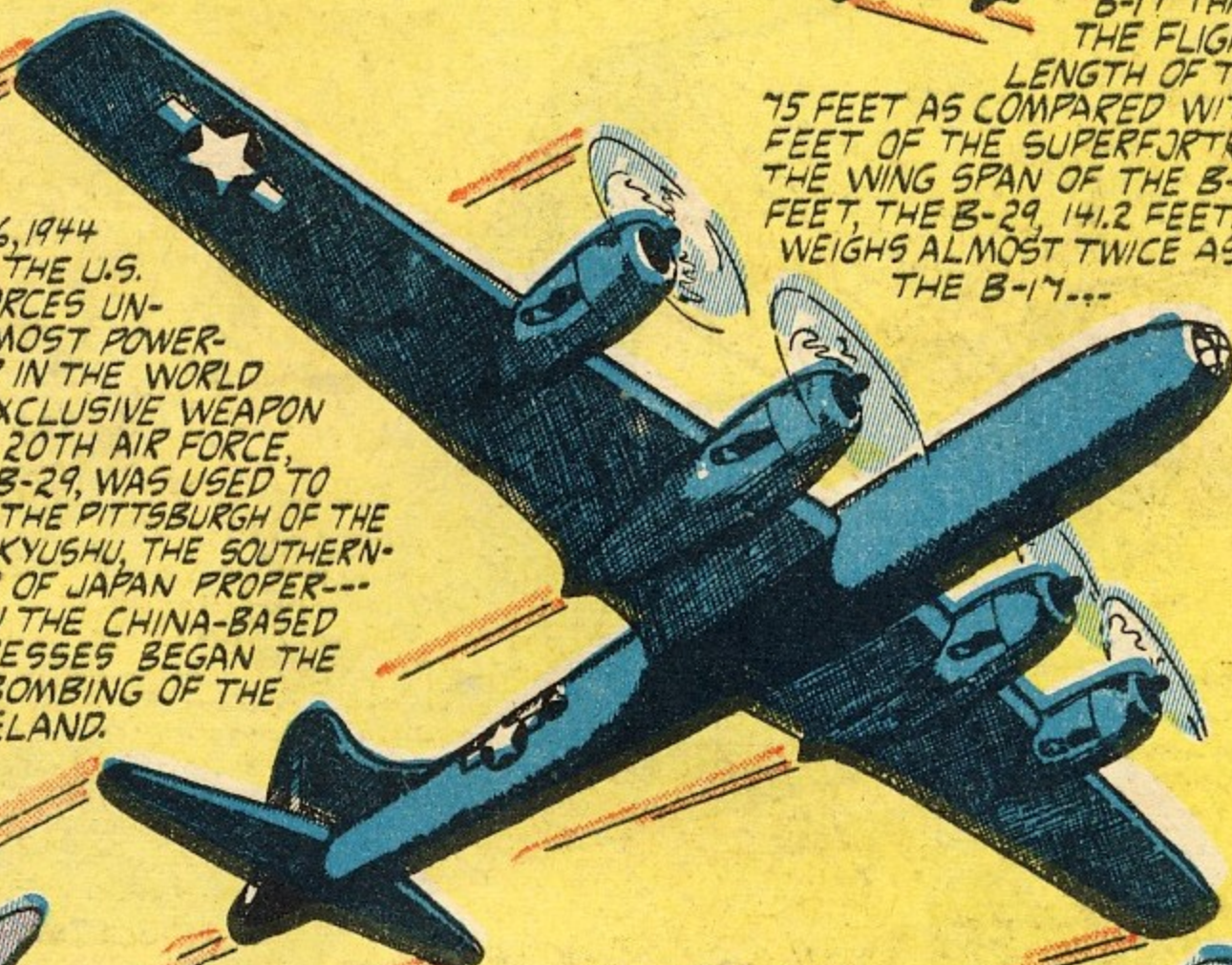


DOUBLE BOMB BAYS PERMIT THE B-29 TO CARRY A GREATER BOMB LOAD THAN ANY OTHER HEAVY BOMBER KNOWN---

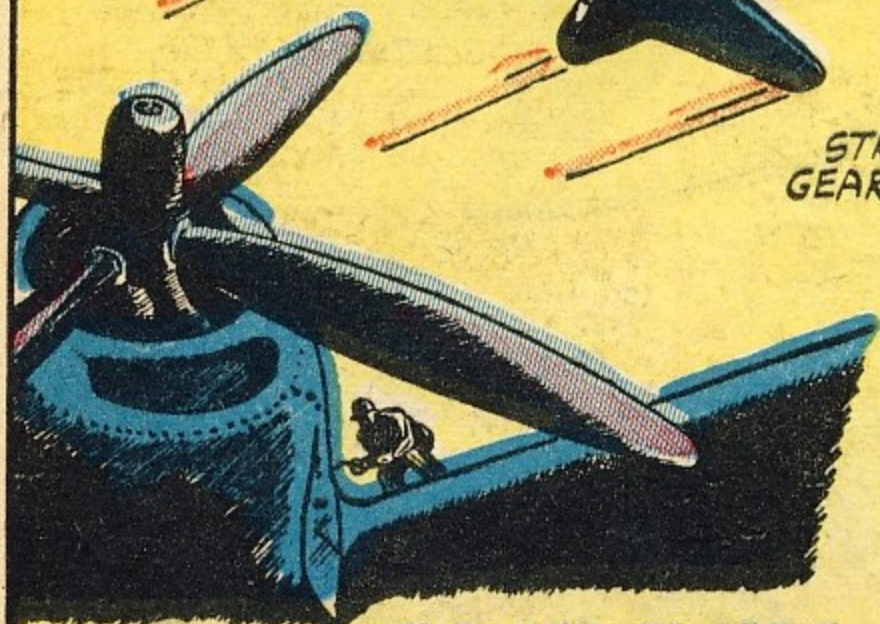


THE B-29'S IN NUMBER TWO AND THREE POSITION. DWARF B-17 THAT LEADS THE FLIGHT--THE LENGTH OF THE B-17 IS 75 FEET AS COMPARED WITH THE 98 FEET OF THE SUPERFORTRESS--- THE WING SPAN OF THE B-17 IS 103 FEET, THE B-29, 141.2 FEET. THE B-29 WEIGHS ALMOST TWICE AS MUCH AS THE B-17---

ON JUNE 16, 1944 (TOKYO TIME), THE U.S. ARMY AIR FORCES UNVEILED THE MOST POWERFUL BOMBER IN THE WORLD WHEN THE EXCLUSIVE WEAPON OF THE NEW 20TH AIR FORCE, THE BOEING B-29, WAS USED TO RAID YAWATA, THE PITTSBURGH OF THE FAR EAST, ON KYUSHU, THE SOUTHERN-MOST ISLAND OF JAPAN PROPER--- THIS RAID BY THE CHINA-BASED SUPERFORTRESSES BEGAN THE STRATEGIC BOMBING OF THE NIPPON HOMELAND.



THE B-29 IS SO STREAMLINED THAT LOWERED GEAR INCREASES DRAG 100 PER CENT--



THE NACELLES OF THE B-29 ARE THE MOST STREAMLINED OF ANY BOMBER---THEY CARRY 2200 H.P. ENGINES. RETRACTED LANDING GEAR, 16 FEET, 7 INCH PROPS..



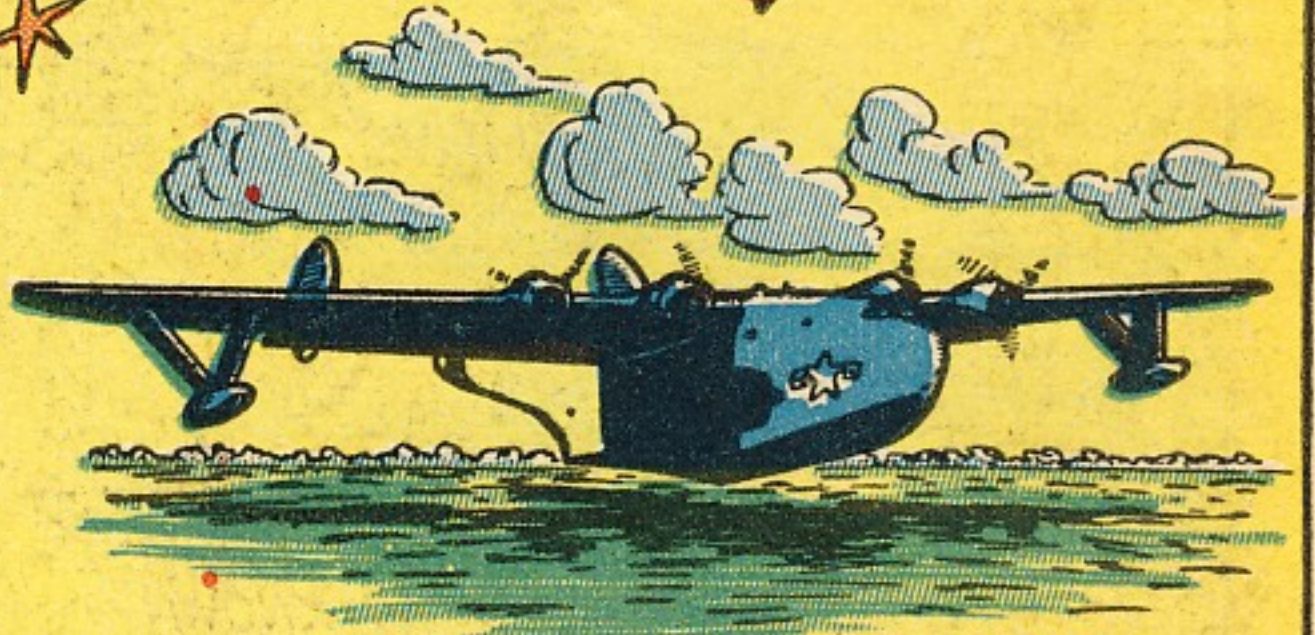
THE TAIL REACHES 27 FEET INTO THE AIR---NOTE SIZE IN CONTRAST TO CULVER PLANE---

By PAUL PARKER

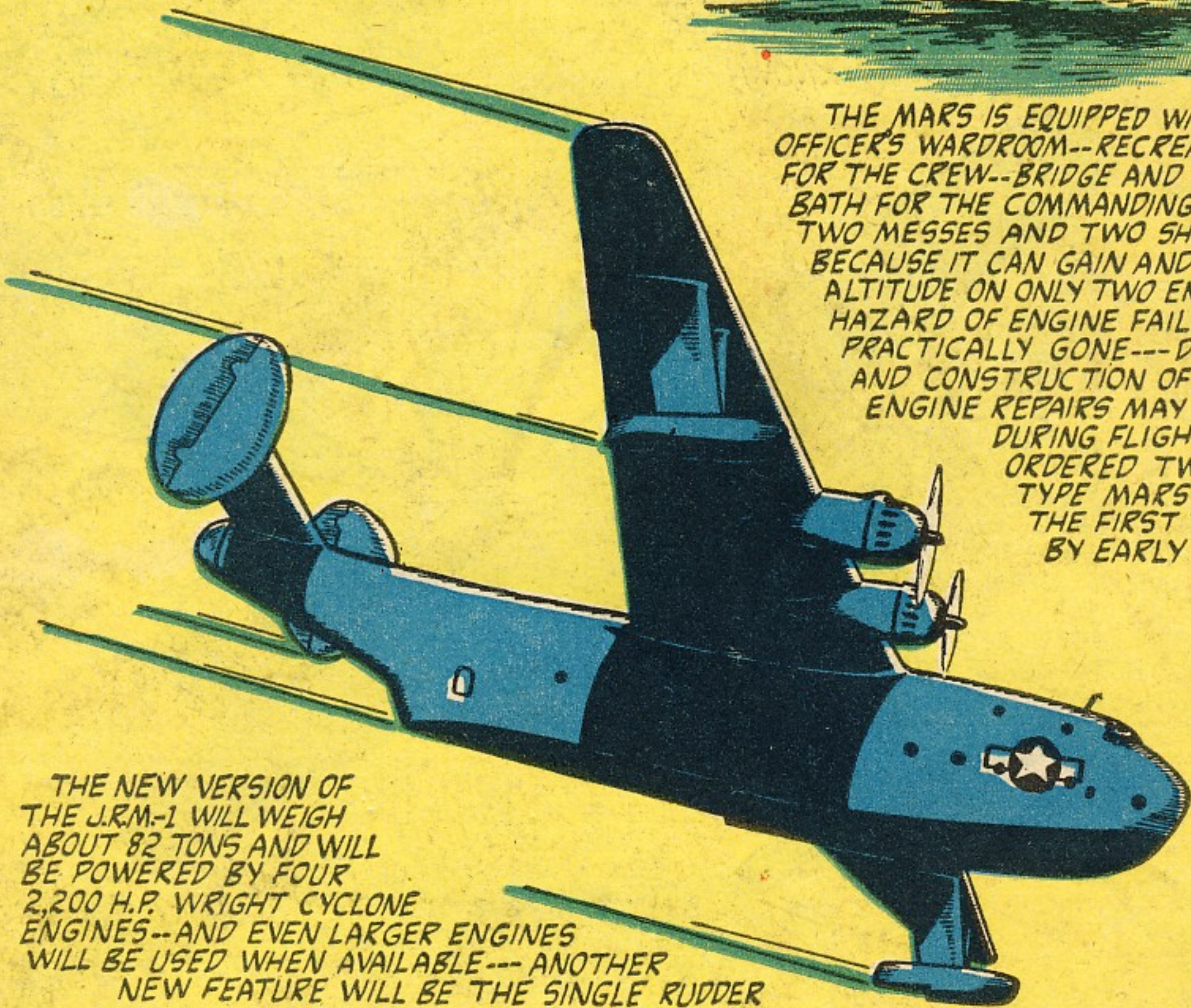


# THE MARS

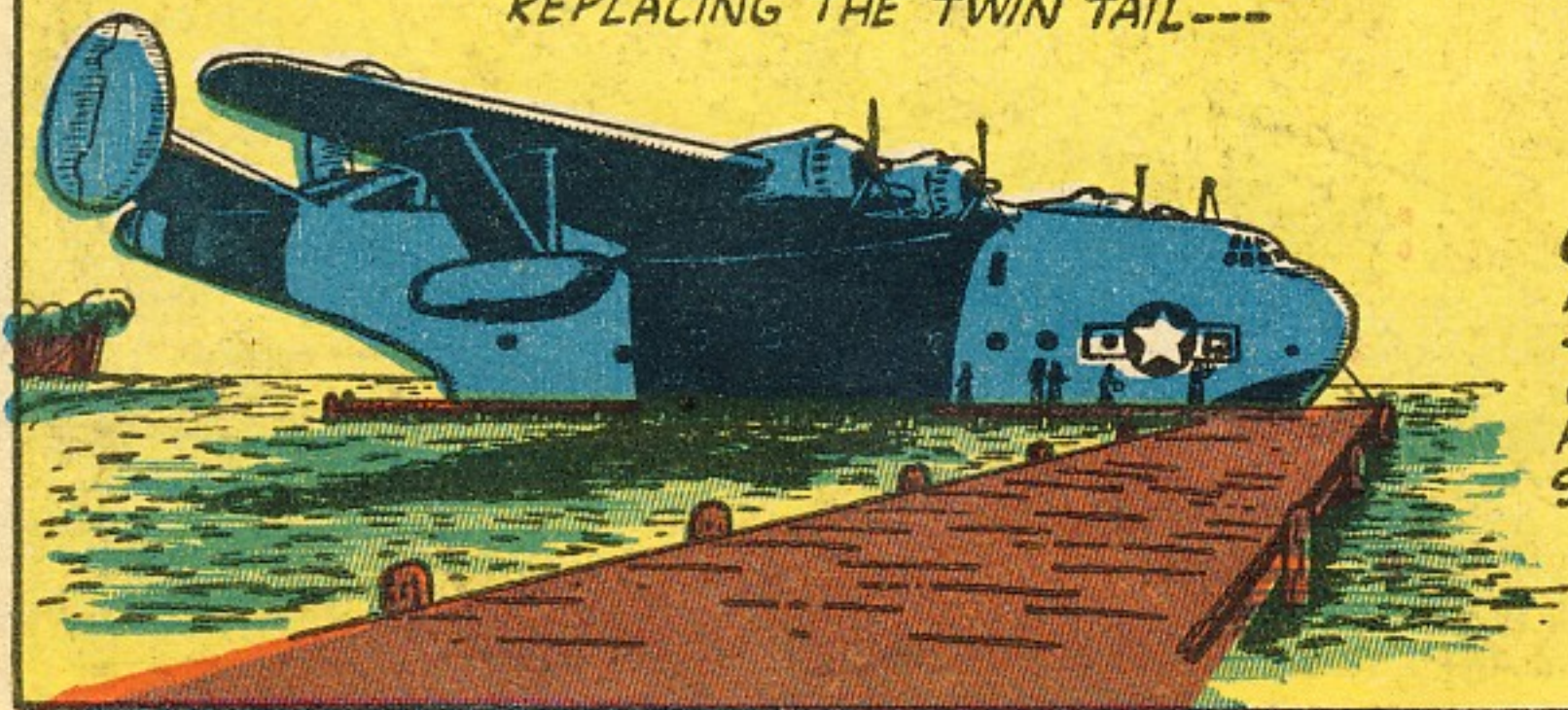
THE MARTIN J.R.M.-1 MARS, NOW BEING USED AS A NAVY TRANSPORT, IS THE LARGEST FLYING BOAT IN THE WORLD-- THE PRESENT-DAY MARS WEIGHS ABOUT 72 TONS-- IS 117 FEET 3 INCHES LONG, AND HAS A WING SPAN OF 200 FEET--- ITS CUBIC CONTENT IS EQUAL TO THAT OF A FOURTEEN ROOM HOUSE---



THE MARS IS EQUIPPED WITH AN OFFICER'S WARDROOM--RECREATION SPACE FOR THE CREW--BRIDGE AND PRIVATE BATH FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER-- TWO MESSES AND TWO SHOWER BATHS-- BECAUSE IT CAN GAIN AND MAINTAIN ALTITUDE ON ONLY TWO ENGINES, THE HAZARD OF ENGINE FAILURE WILL BE PRACTICALLY GONE--- DUE TO SIZE AND CONSTRUCTION OF THE WINGS, ENGINE REPAIRS MAY BE MADE DURING FLIGHT--THE NAVY ORDERED TWENTY NEW TYPE MARS FLYING BOATS-- THE FIRST TO BE FINISHED BY EARLY 1945---



THE NEW VERSION OF THE J.R.M.-1 WILL WEIGH ABOUT 82 TONS AND WILL BE POWERED BY FOUR 2,200 H.P. WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES--AND EVEN LARGER ENGINES WILL BE USED WHEN AVAILABLE--- ANOTHER NEW FEATURE WILL BE THE SINGLE RUDDER REPLACING THE TWIN TAIL---



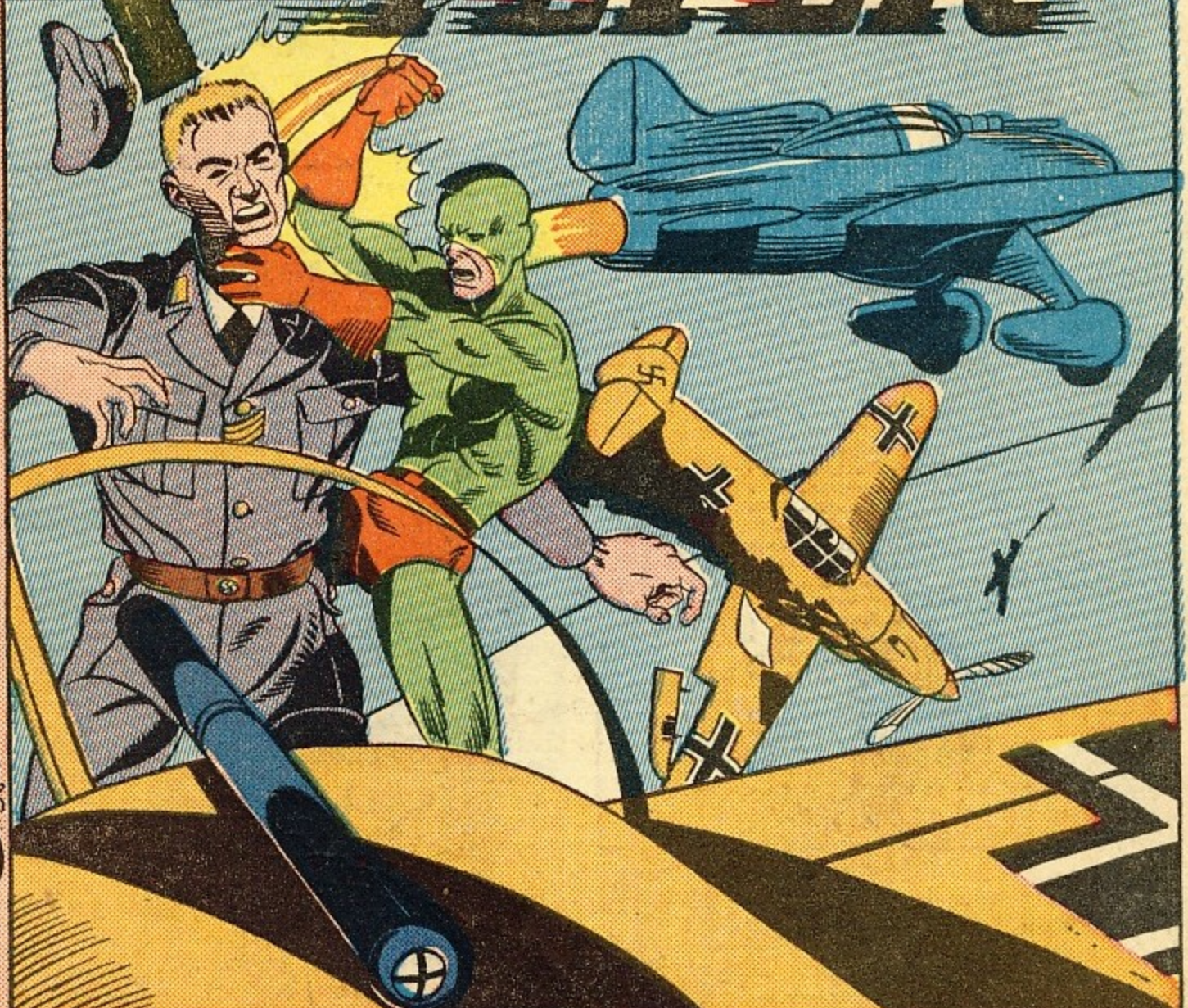
THE MARS RECENTLY CARRIED 25,000 POUNDS OF MAIL FROM HAWAII TO CALIFORNIA --- AFTER THE WAR, IT WILL BE CONVERTED TO A COMMERCIAL PASSENGER CARRIER FOR NON-STOP OCEAN FLIGHTS---





# Phantom FLYER

OUTFOUGHT BY YANKEE TROOPS. OUTFLOWN BY YANKEE AIRMEN, THE CUNNING AND TREACHEROUS MIND OF THE NAZI SPEWS FORTH A TERRIFYING INVENTION IN AN EFFORT TO STAVE OFF THE FAST APPROACHING DAY OF RECKONING! BUT THE FLYING PHANTOM AND KENNY, HIS WARD PROVE STILL NO MATCH. —FOR WE HAD A MORE POTENT WEAPON!..A WEAPON BORN AND BRED IN EVERY AMERICAN! —A WEAPON CALLED **COURAGE!**



IN THE PRIVATE OFFICES OF DER FEUHRER!!!!

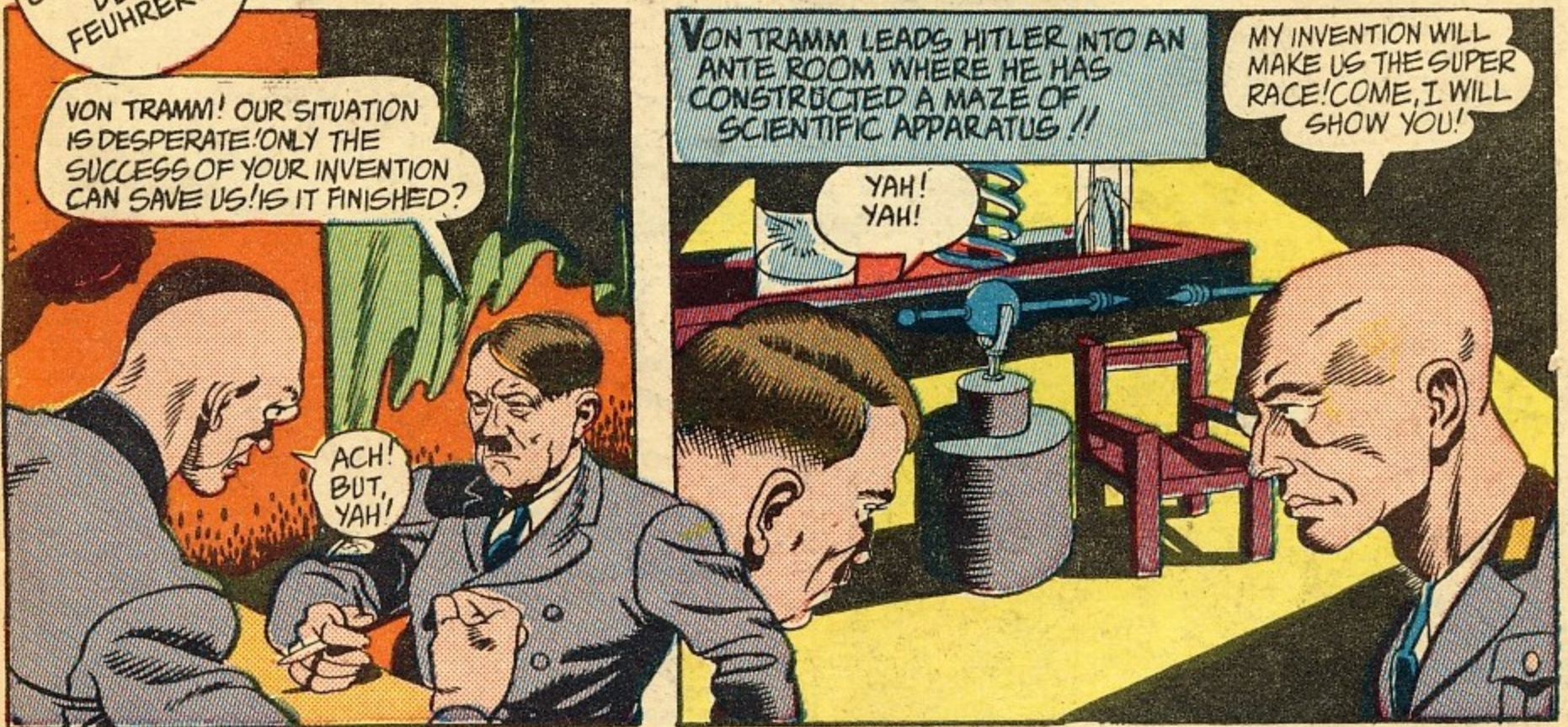
VON TRAMM! OUR SITUATION IS DESPERATE. ONLY THE SUCCESS OF YOUR INVENTION CAN SAVE US! IS IT FINISHED?

ACH! BUT, YAH!

VON TRAMM LEADS HITLER INTO AN ANTE ROOM WHERE HE HAS CONSTRUCTED A MAZE OF SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS !!

YAH! YAH!

MY INVENTION WILL MAKE US THE SUPER RACE! COME, I WILL SHOW YOU!





# CONTACT COMICS

HANS, DER SHORTEST MAN IN DER REICH HAS VOLUNTEERED FOR DER EXPERIMENT!

HEIL HITLER!

HANS IS SEATED BETWEEN TWO HUGE ELECTRODES, THE JUICE IS TURNED ON AND A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE!

THE MIDGET BECOMES A TWELVE FOOT GIANT! VUNDERBAR! WITH SUCH AS HE I WILL TURN DEFEAT TO GLORIOUS VICTORY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER AT AN AIR COMMAND POST, AN EXCITED OFFICER BURSTS IN!

SIR, OBSERVATION REPORTS A FLIGHT OF ME'S APPROACHING! THEIR PILOTS ARE GIANTS!

GET INTO THE AIR IMMEDIATELY!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE AIR, THE NAZIS ARE SIGHTED!

SQUADRON ATTENTION, BANDITS AT THREE O'CLOCK! BREAK FORMATION!

UNABLE TO COPE WITH THE NAZI GIANTS, THE AMERICANS RADIO THE FIELD FOR HELP!

GIANTS TOO MUCH FOR US! SEND HELP!

OUTSIDE HEADQUARTERS, KENNY HEARS THE AERIAL S.O.S.

WITH THIS INFORMATION KENNY RACES TO AN OLD DESERTED HOUSE!

THIS SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FLYING PHANTOM!

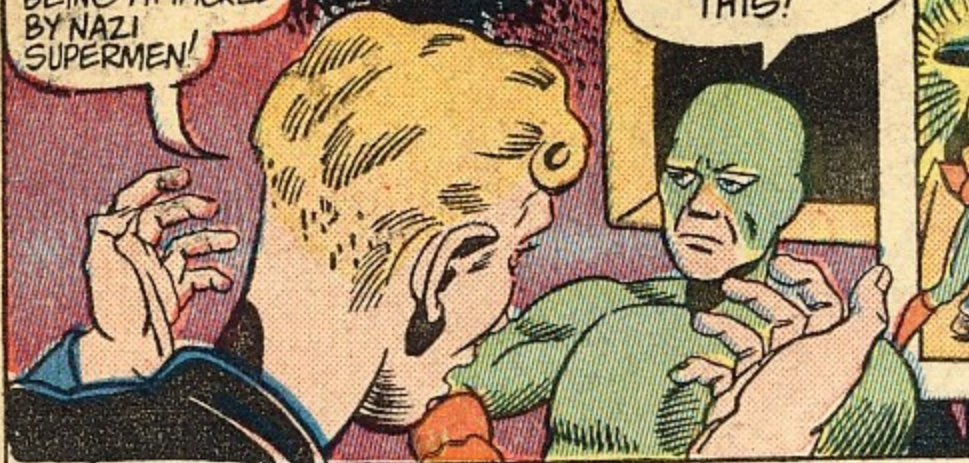


# CONTACT COMICS

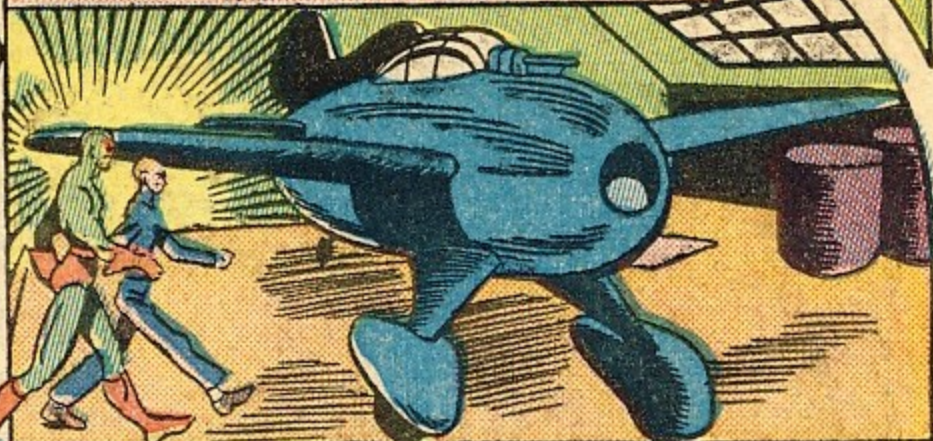
AT THE HOUSE, KENNY FINDS COL. CARYER U.S.A. RETIRED! THE MYSTERIOUS FLYING PHANTOM WHOSE REAL IDENTITY KENNY ALONE KNOWS!

AND THE SQUADRON'S BEING ATTACKED BY NAZI SUPERMEN!

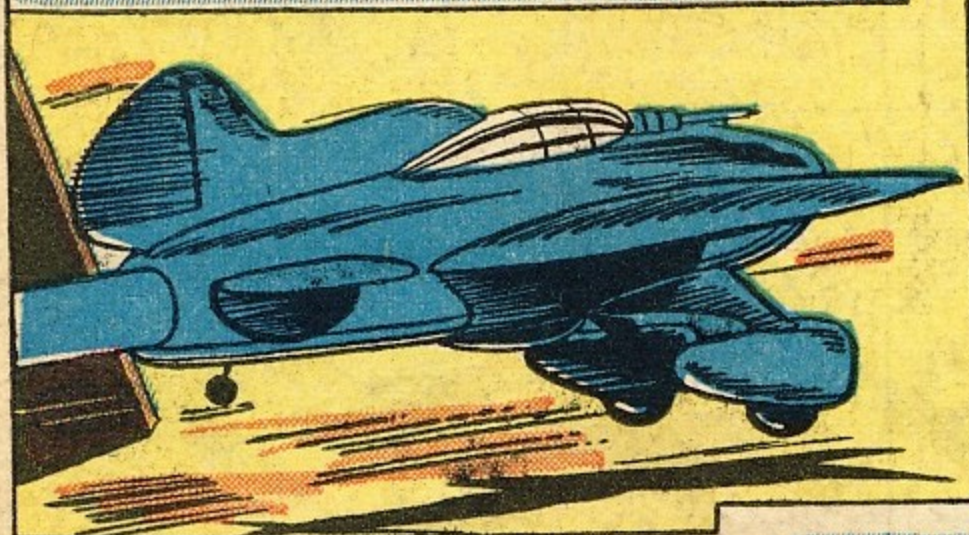
I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS!



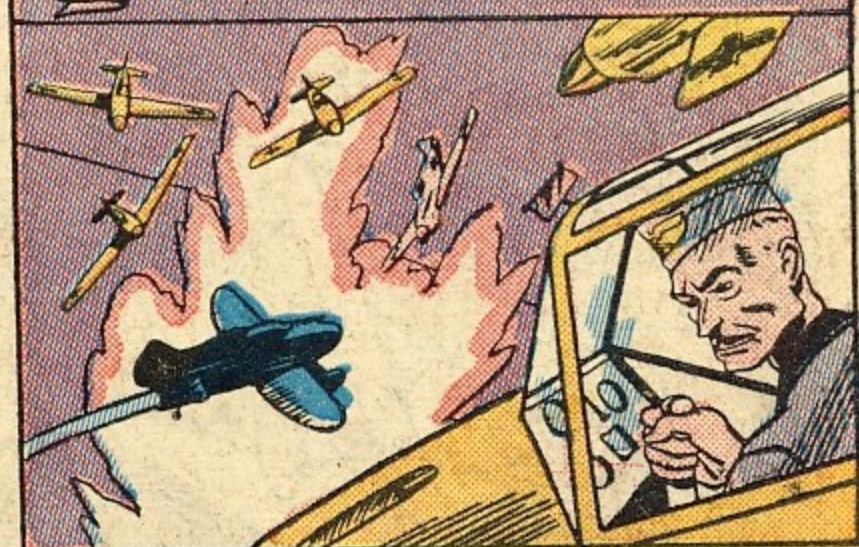
DESCENDING TO AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR, THEY CLIMB INTO THE SHARKPLANE!



OUT OF A SECRET PANEL IN THE BUILDING ZOOMS THE SHARK PLANE!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE SHARK PLANE IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A DOG FIGHT!



TAKE OVER, KENNY! I'M GOING TO TANGLE WITH THESE GUYS MAN TO MAN!

OKAY, PHANTOM!



The FLYING PHANTOM LEAPS!

LET'S SEE HOW TOUGH YOU REALLY ARE?



STEEL-LIKE FINGERS STAB THRU THE NAZI'S FUSELAGE!

The FLYING PHANTOM BATTLES WITH HIS GIANT ADVERSARY!

IF I CAN LICK THEM PHYSICALLY, I CAN OUTFLY THEM!

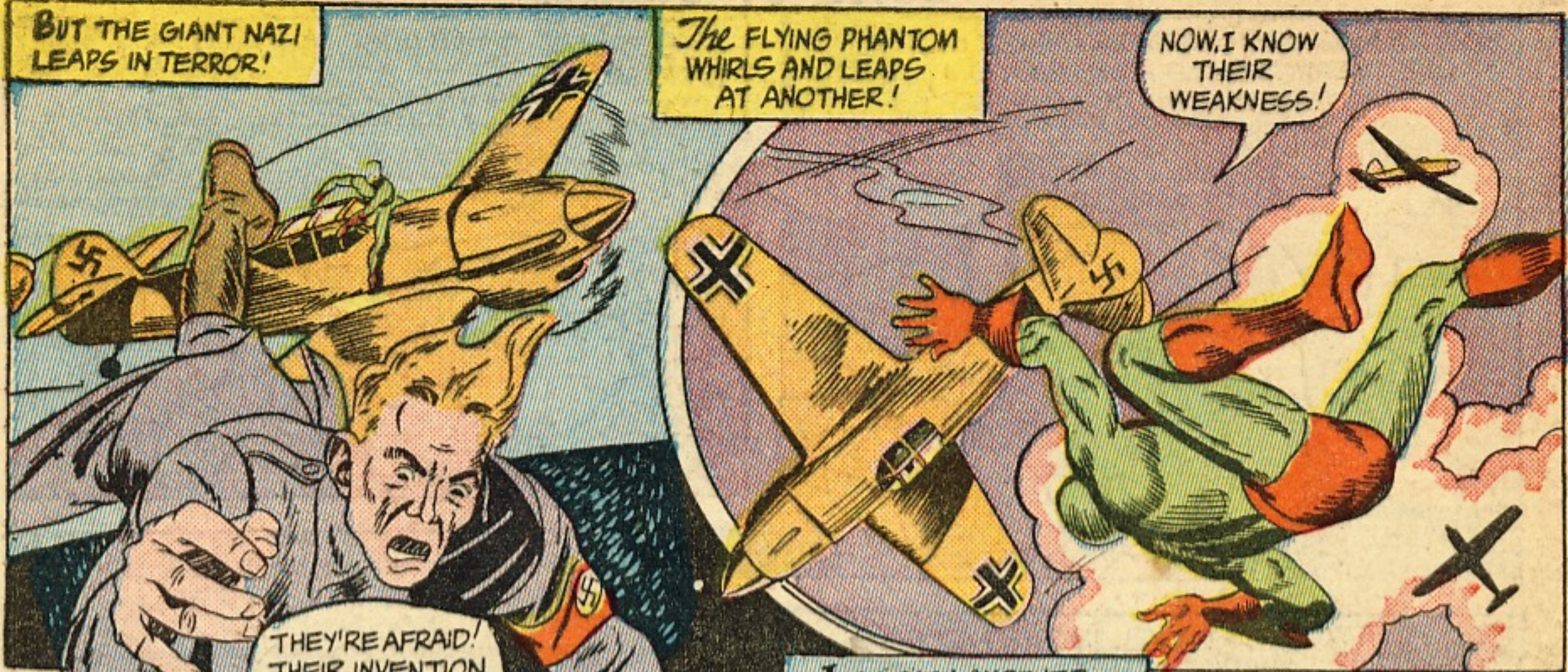




BUT THE GIANT NAZI  
LEAPS IN TERROR!

The FLYING PHANTOM  
WHIRLS AND LEAPS  
AT ANOTHER!

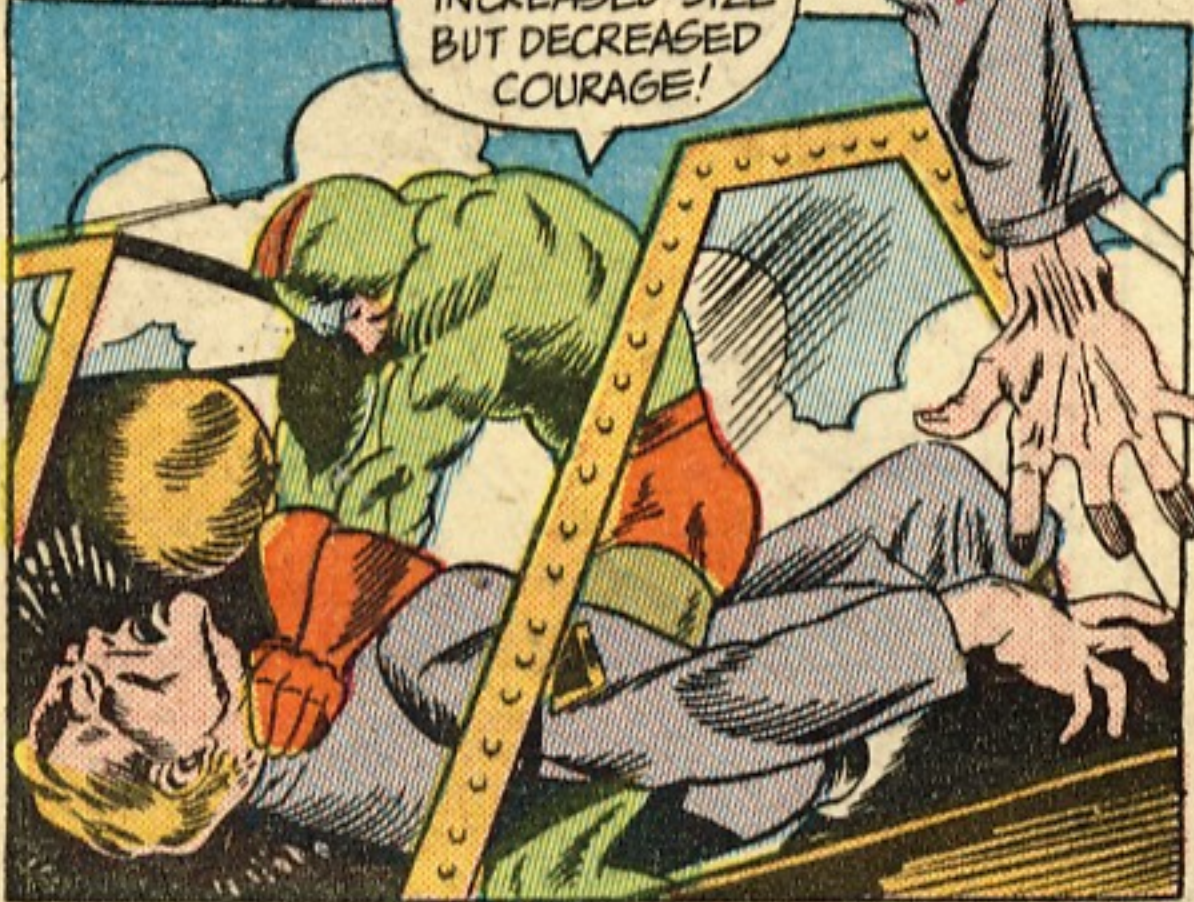
NOW, I KNOW  
THEIR  
WEAKNESS!



THEY'RE AFRAID!  
THEIR INVENTION  
INCREASED SIZE  
BUT DECREASED  
COURAGE!

JUST THEN ANOTHER  
PLANE JOINS THE  
FIGHT AS VON TRAMM  
RALLIES HIS CRAVEN  
GIANTS TO THE ATTACK!

GO GET  
'EM, BOYS!  
I'LL TAKE  
VON TRAMM!



MEANWHILE, THE FLYING PHANTOM  
LEAPS ON VON TRAMM'S PLANE!

KENNY, IN THE SHARK  
PLANE DIVES IN AND  
BLASTS THE NAZIS  
WITH A ROCKET CANNON!

NOW IT IS  
YOUR TURN!  
WHY DON'T  
YOU FLEE  
TOO?



UNLIKE MY CREATIONS,  
I'VE GOT COURAGE AND  
BRAINS! SEE WHAT  
I MEAN!

OOF!





CONTACT COMICS

WITH THE UNCONSCIOUS FLYING PHANTOM VON TRAMM, LANDS AT HIS AIRDROME!



AT LAST I HAVE A SPECIMEN WORTHY OF MY INVENTION! I WILL MAKE HIM A GIANT AMONG GIANTS!



UNLIKE THE OTHERS, HOWEVER, HIS COURAGE IS TOO GREAT TO BE AFFECTED BY THE ELECTRORODS! HE WILL DO MY SLIGHTEST BIDDING! WITH THE FLYING PHANTOM ON OUR SIDE, OUR VICTORY IS ASSURED!

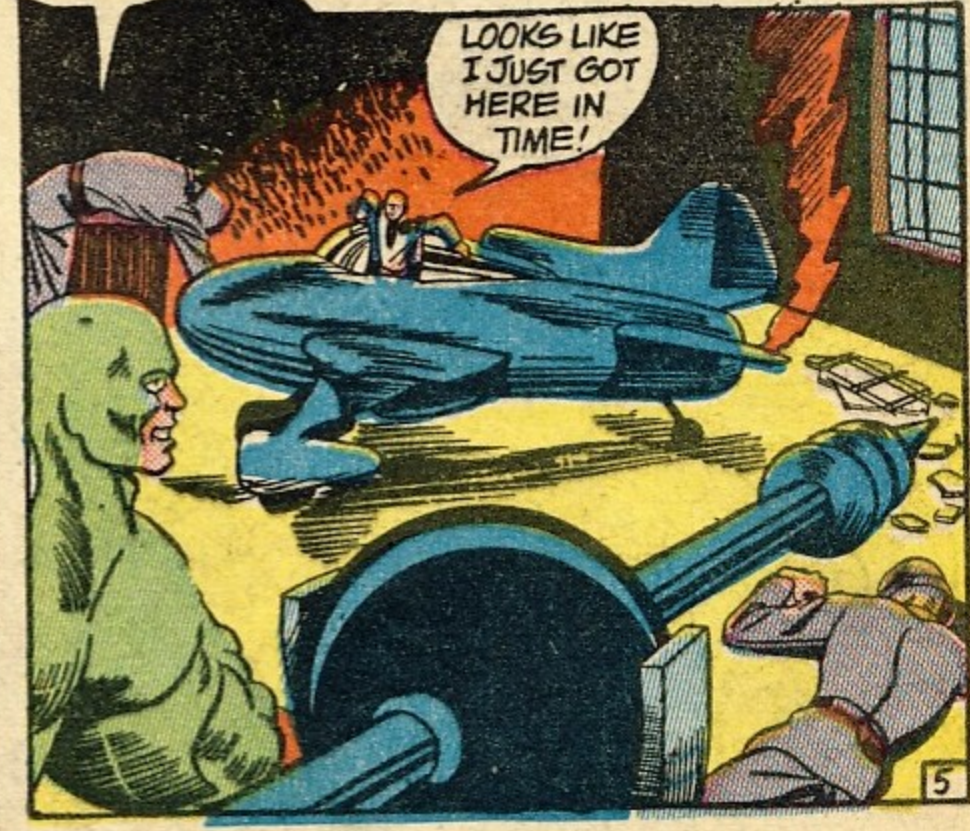


IN A MINUTE MY BRAIN CELLS WILL BE DESTROYED! I WILL BE UNABLE TO RESIST THEIR WILL!



BUT SUDDENLY!

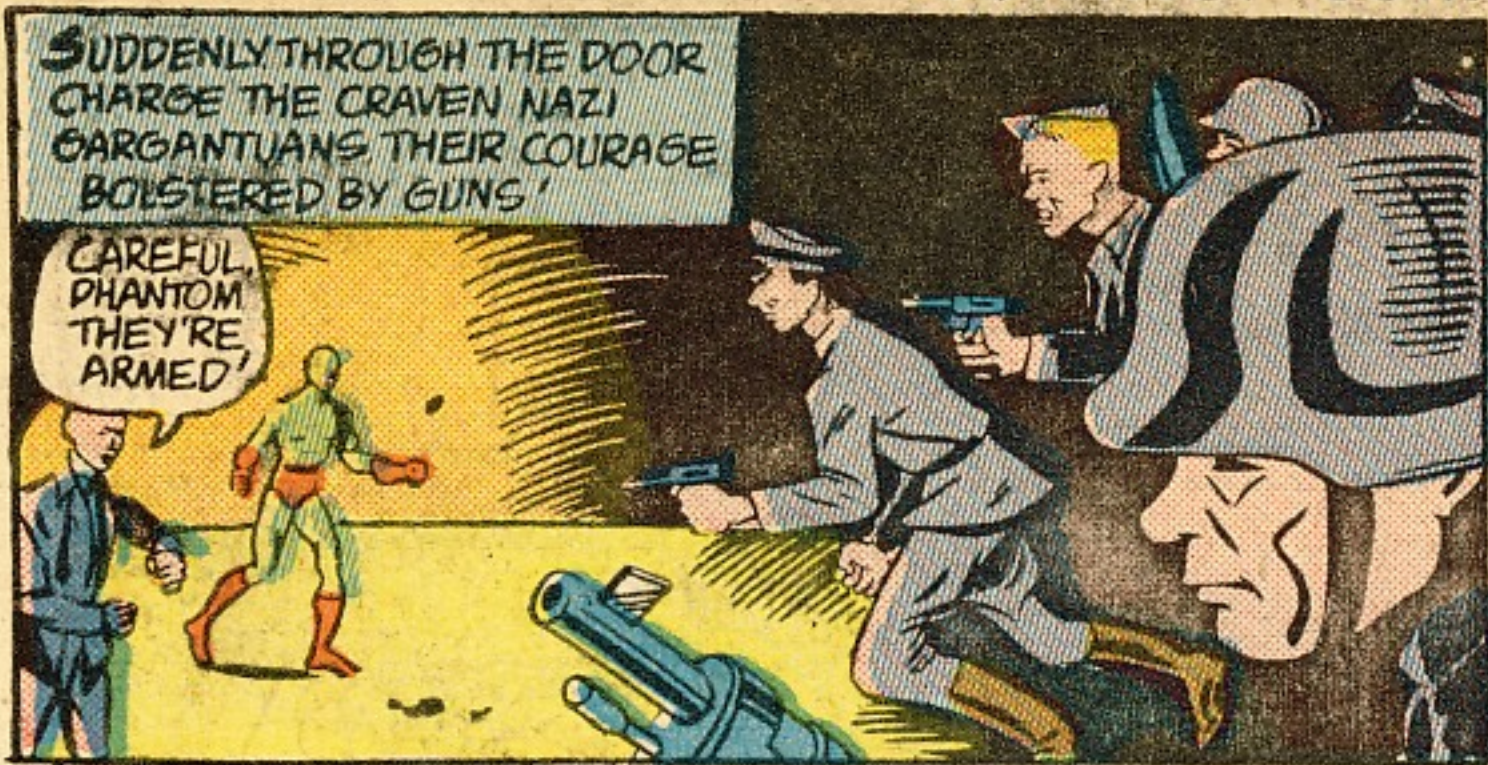
KENNY, I KNEW YOU'D COME!



LOOKS LIKE I JUST GOT HERE IN TIME!



CONTACT COMICS

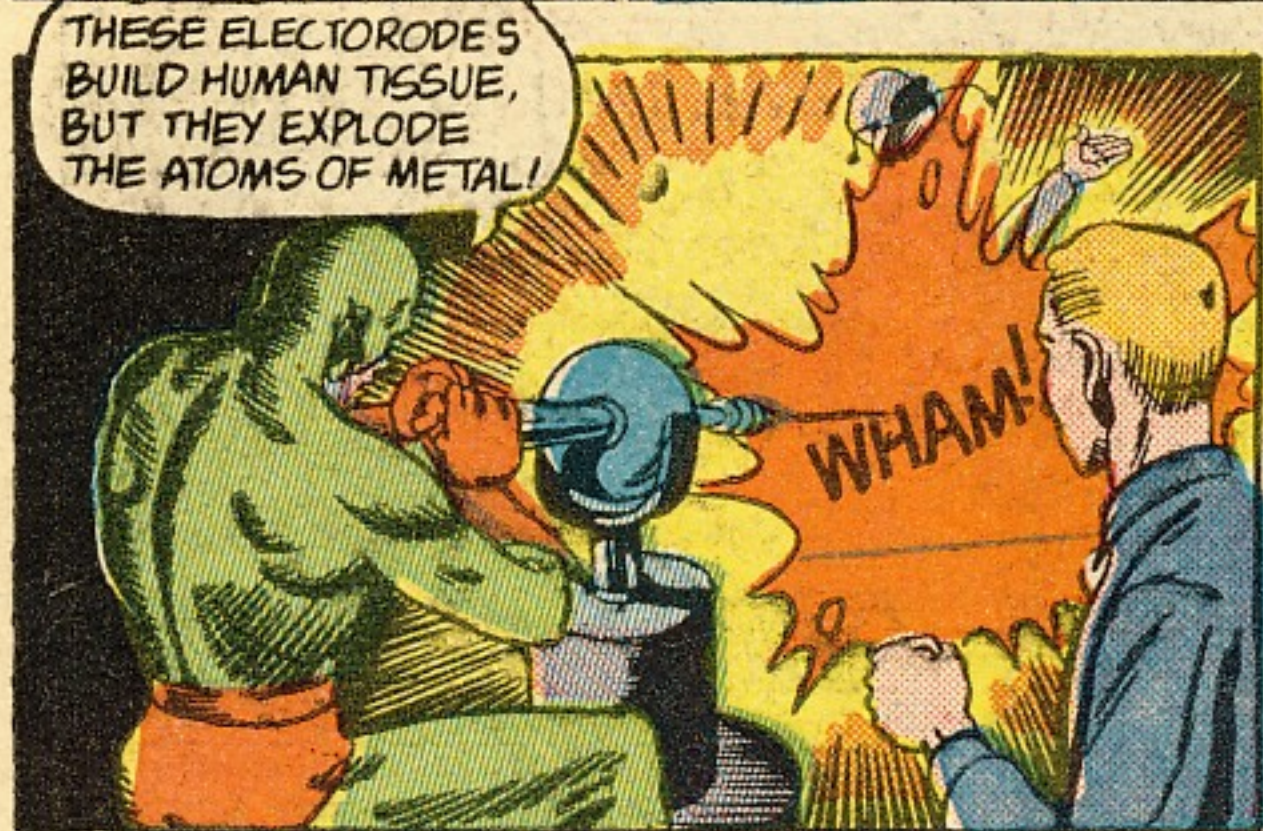


SUDDENLY THROUGH THE DOOR CHARGE THE CRAVEN NAZI GARGANTUANS THEIR COURAGE BOLSTERED BY GUNS!

CAREFUL PHANTOM THEY'RE ARMED!

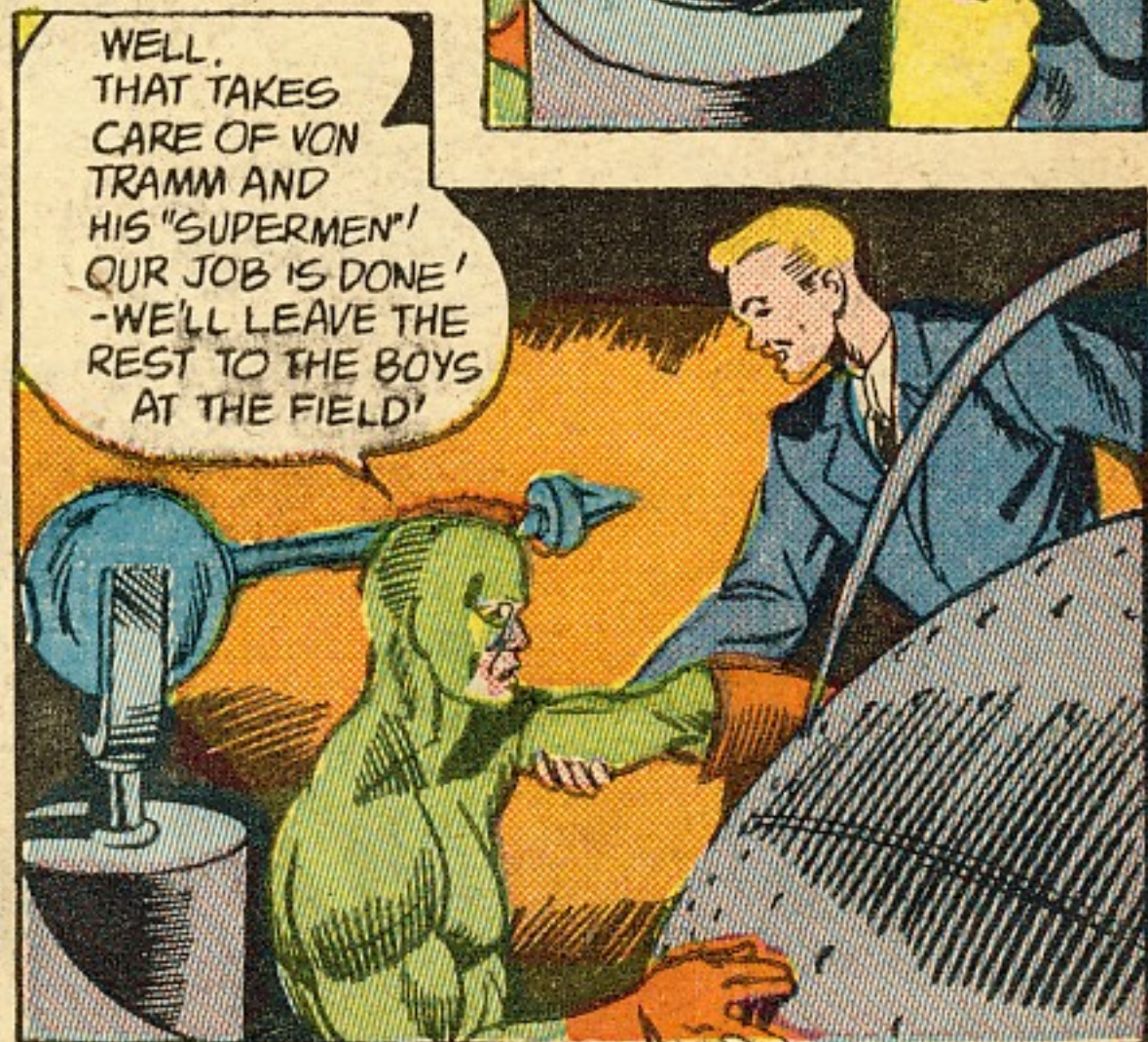


THOSE VERY GUNS WILL PROVE THEIR DOOM!

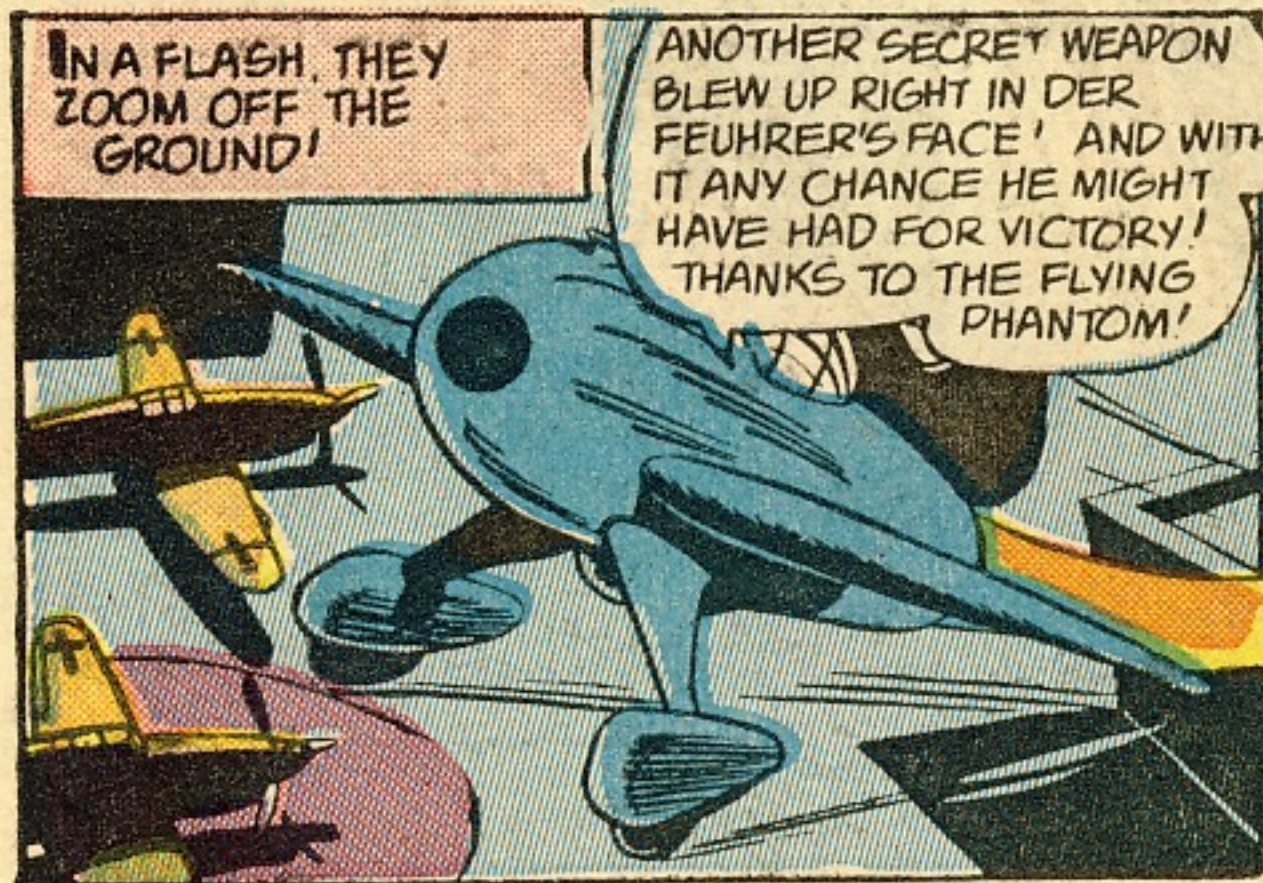


THESE ELECTRODES BUILD HUMAN TISSUE, BUT THEY EXPLODE THE ATOMS OF METAL!

WHAM!



WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF VON TRAMM AND HIS "SUPERMEN"! OUR JOB IS DONE! -WE'LL LEAVE THE REST TO THE BOYS AT THE FIELD!



IN A FLASH, THEY ZOOM OFF THE GROUND!

ANOTHER SECRET WEAPON BLEW UP RIGHT IN DER FEUHRER'S FACE! AND WITH IT ANY CHANCE HE MIGHT HAVE HAD FOR VICTORY! THANKS TO THE FLYING PHANTOM!



FLYING PHANTOM CALLING EIGHTEENTH BOMBING SQUADRON! COME IN, EIGHTEENTH!

EIGHTEENTH BOMBING! -COME IN FLYING PHANTOM!



ALL OPPOSITION ELIMINATED! TELL MAJOR PATTERSON TO GET OUT THERE AND BLOW THE INSTALLATIONS OFF THE FACE OF THE MAD 'GOOD HUNTING MAJOR'!

OKAY PHANTOM. -I'LL TELL HIM!



BUT THE MAJOR HAS ALREADY HEARD THE MESSAGE AND A PUZZLED LOOK ENVELOPES HIS FACE!

HMM...IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT WAS THE FLYING PHANTOM, I'D SWEAR THAT WAS COL. CARVER'S VOICE!

The End



# Tommy Tomahawk



TOMMY

TOMAHAWK

RED WING

STRIKING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF AMERICA'S ENEMIES IS THE FERCE WAR CRY OF THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON --- CHEROKEE-EE! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A DEADLY ALIEN SOUND LURES OUR PLANES TO MYSTERIOUS, TERRIBLE DEATH? CAN EVEN THE MIGHTY SQUAD MEET THIS GRIM CHALLENGE??

ONE NIGHT--AS TOMMY TOMAHAWK AND RED WING ARE ASLEEP---

THERE IT IS AGAIN! I CAN HEAR IT!

TOMMY, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



THAT NOISE! IT'S IN MY HEAD ALL THE TIME! IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY!

I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING





# CONTACT COMICS

THEN IT'S HAPPENED TO ME!  
I'M CRACKING UP! HEARING  
THINGS THAT DON'T EXIST!



YOU'VE BEEN FLYING  
TWENTY HOURS A  
DAY! NOBODY CAN  
KEEP THAT UP!

LATER--- I'M WRITING A  
REQUEST FOR GROUND DUTY!  
I-I SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED  
TO FLY A PLANE!



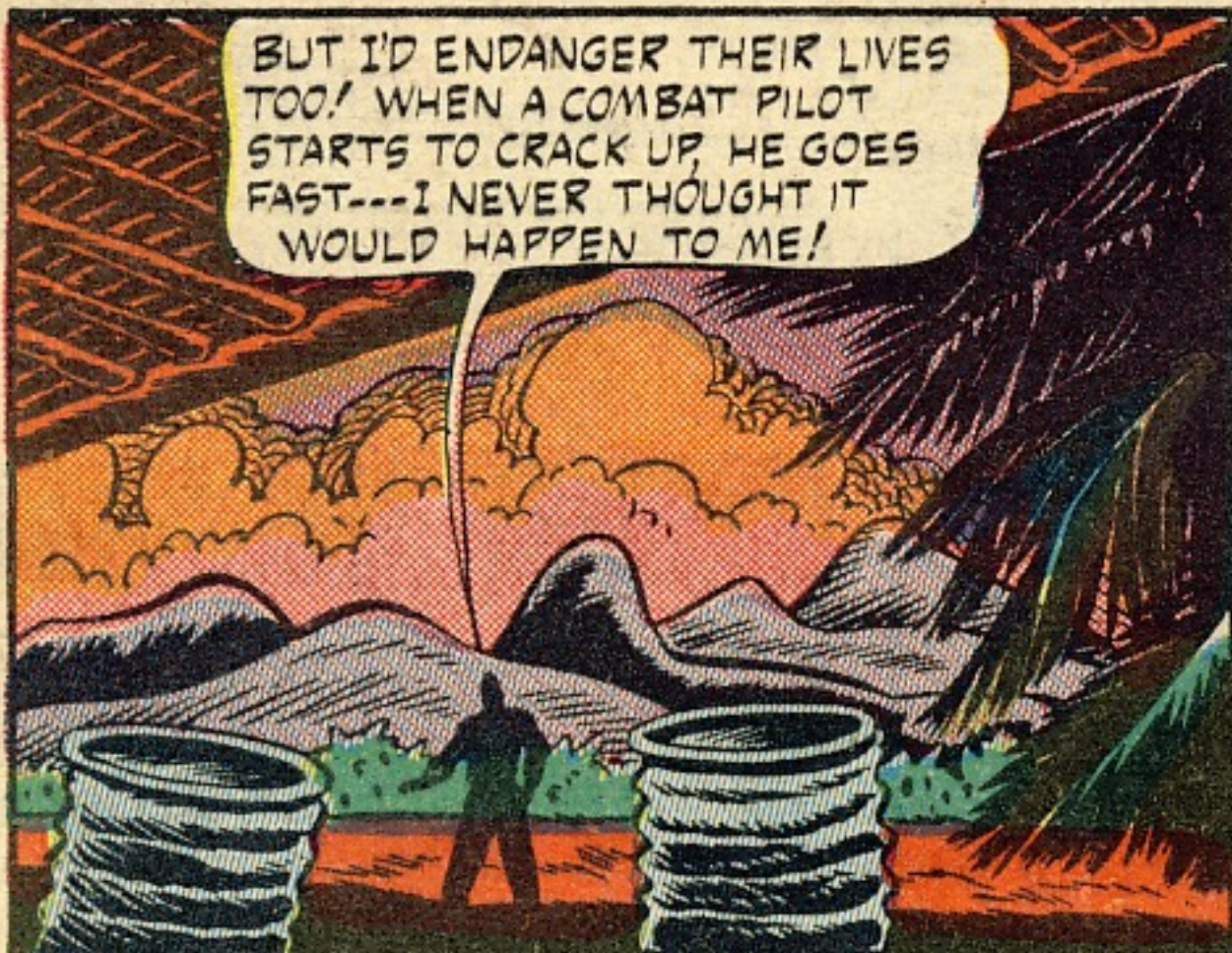
YOU'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT, TOMMY!  
YOU JUST  
NEED A GOOD  
REST!

DAWN PATROL. FOR THE FIRST TIME,  
TOMMY TOMAHAWK WATCHES HIS COM-  
RADES TAKE OFF WITHOUT HIM---

I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO  
BE GOING WITH THEM!



BUT I'D ENDANGER THEIR LIVES  
TOO! WHEN A COMBAT PILOT  
STARTS TO CRACK UP, HE GOES  
FAST---I NEVER THOUGHT IT  
WOULD HAPPEN TO ME!



SUDDENLY---

THAT NOISE!  
IT'S STARTED  
AGAIN! MY  
GOD, I MUST  
BE GOING  
MAD!!



THEN ABOVE THE STRANGE PULSING SOUND IN  
TOMMY TOMAHAWK'S EARS, COMES THE LABORED  
LUNGING OF A CRIPPLED FOUR MOTORED BOMBER TRYING  
TO MAKE THE FIELD----



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER WITH THAT  
PILOT? PULL UP THAT  
WING! YOU'LL  
CRASH!







TOO LATE!



RECKLESSLY, TOMMY TOMAHAWK PLUNGES INTO AN INFERNO OF FLAMING WRECKAGE!

GOT TO GET HIM OUT!



HE'S BADLY HURT!

THE SOUND-- I COULDN'T KEEP AWAKE-- I-- AHHHH!



HE'S DEAD! BUT HE MENTIONED A SOUND! WHAT DEVILISH TRICK CAN THE JAPS BE TRYING NOW?



IT COULD BE THE SAME SOUND I HEARD! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT



FLYING INTO THE SUN, TOMMY TOMAHAWK FLIES ALONE ON THE TRAIL OF MYSTERY---



AFTER A WEARY HOUR OF LOW LEVEL PATROL---

JUMPIN' JONAH! I'VE PICKED UP A FAINT SOUND! IT SEEMS TO BE GETTING STRONGER!



I'M PROBABLY CHASING A RAINBOW! BUT IF THERE'S A CHANCE, I-- WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?



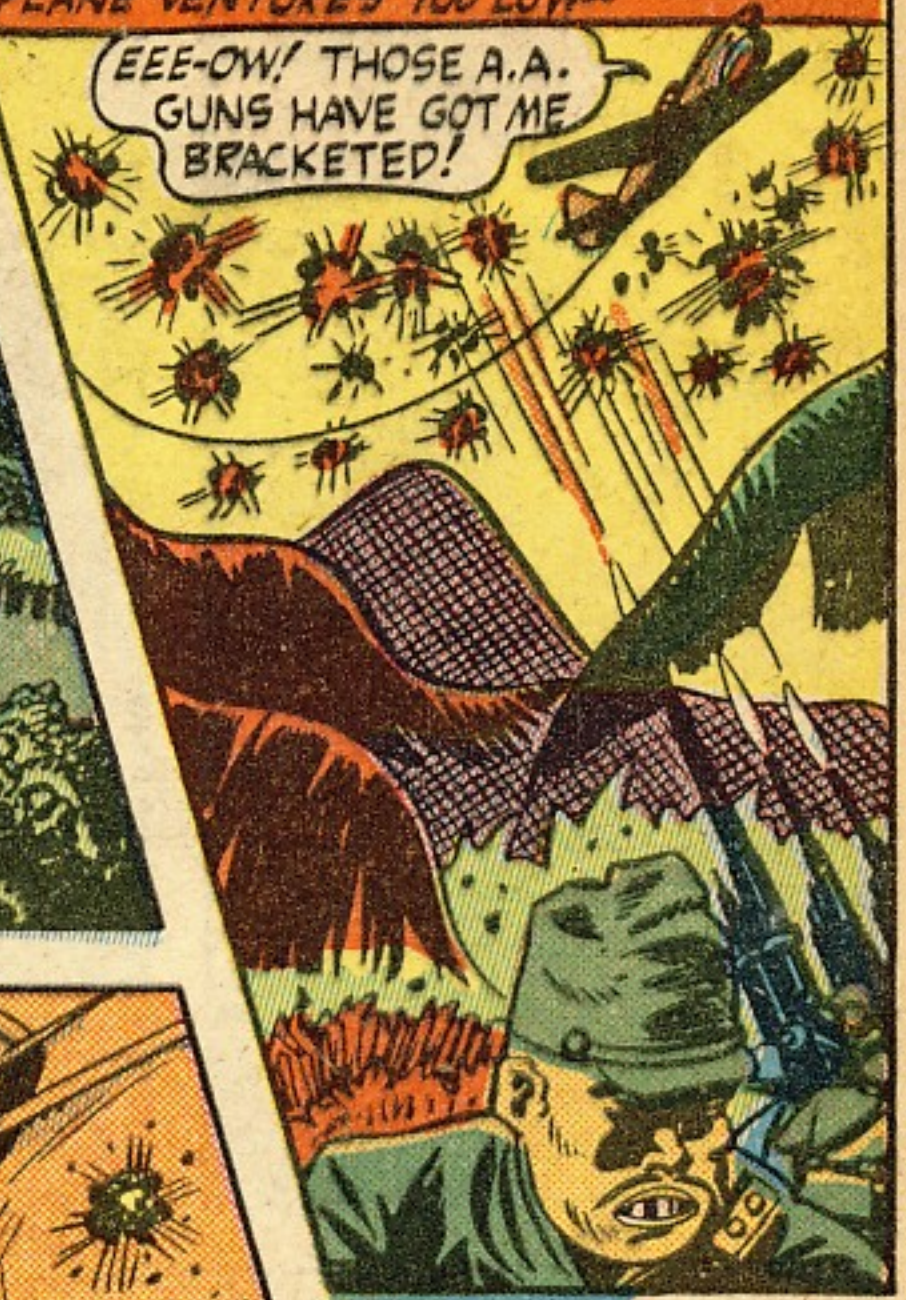
KEEN EYES REVEAL CAMOUFLAGED GENERATORS IN A TINY WOODED VALLEY---

WELL I'LL BE---! GUESS WE'VE BEEN FLYING TOO HIGH TO NOTICE THESE!



CONCEALED GUN BATTERIES HURL UP A CONCENTRATED FIRE AS THE TOMAHAWK PLANE VENTURES TOO LOW--

EEE-OH! THOSE A.A. GUNS HAVE GOT ME BRACKETED!



I CAN'T CLIMB, OR THEY'D POT ME LIKE A CLAY PIGEON! I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN!



HERE I COME!



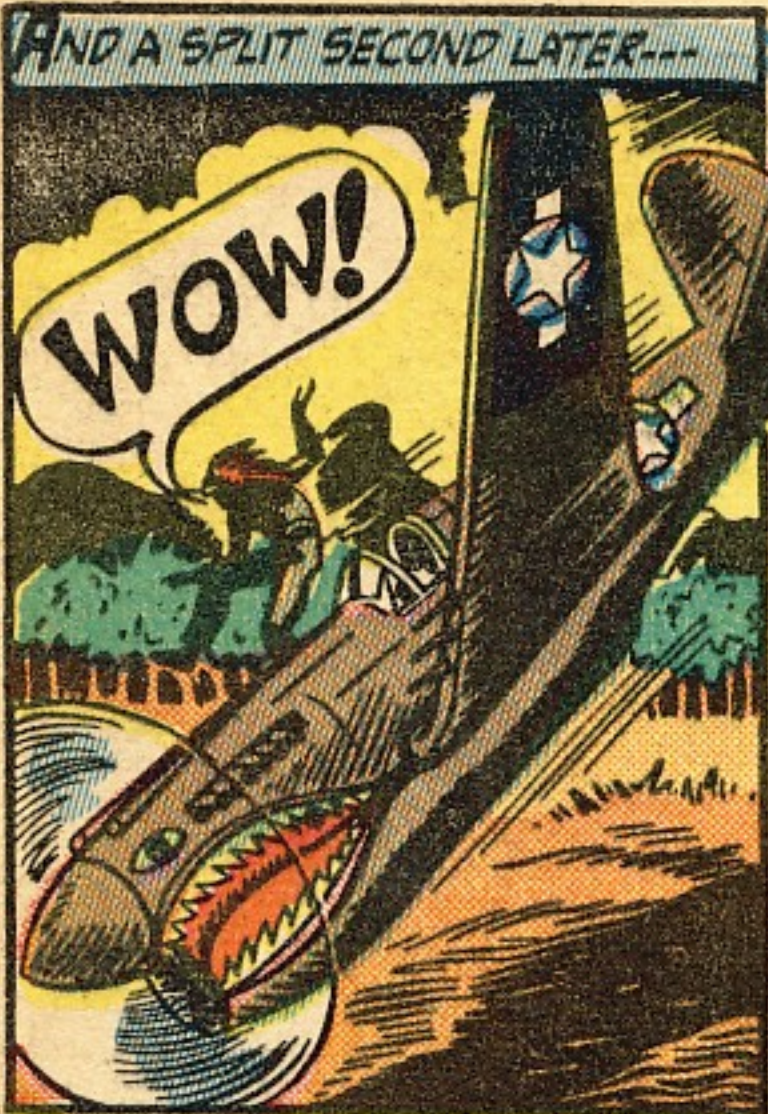
AIEEEEE!



BUT A WING TIP CATCHES IN A TREE TOP AS TOMMY TOMAHAWK ATTEMPTS TO PULL UP---







AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER--



LUCKY I JUMPED CLEAR IN TIME! BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO TRY THAT AGAIN!



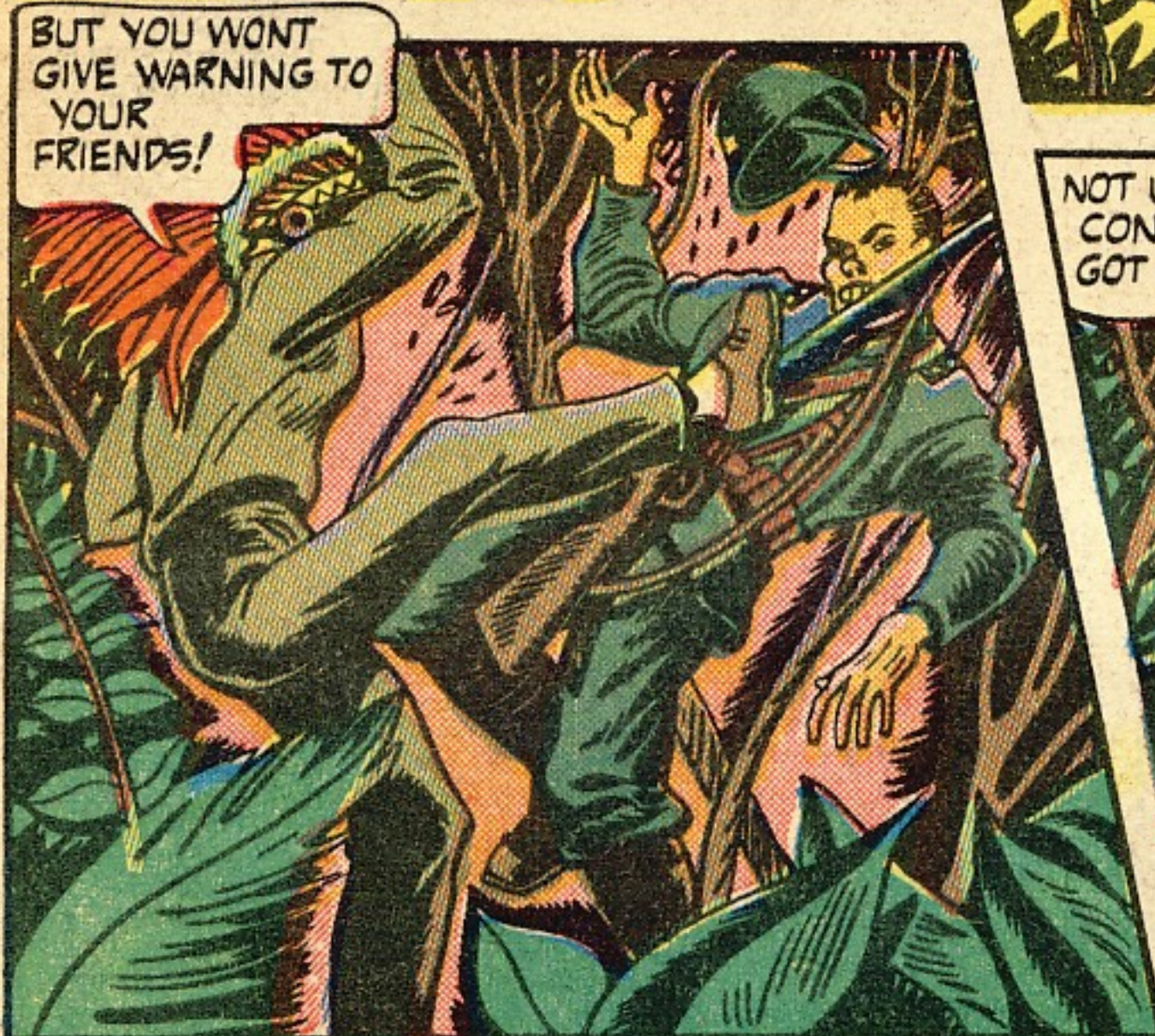
THOSE GENERATORS CAN CREATE SOUND PULSATIONS JUST BEYOND THE RANGE OF HUMAN HEARING! BUT THE SOUND CAN BE HEARD BY PILOTS WEARING EAR-PHONES!



BY PLAYING THE RIGHT SONIC WAVES THEY COULD INDUCE A HYPNOTIC TRANCE! DOCTORS SOMETIME USE THE SAME METHOD—NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT BOMBER PILOT!



OH-OH! THE JAPS FINALLY FOUND ME!



BUT YOU WONT GIVE WARNING TO YOUR FRIENDS!



NOT UNTIL I REACH THE CONTROL ROOM! I'VE GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA!



MOMENTS LATER, TOMMY TOMAHAWK CRASHES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE HUGE TOWER--



OUT OF THE WAY, SMALL FRY!

I'VE GOT TO SEND AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE!



THE TOMAHAWK SQUADRON PICKS UP A STRANGE SIGNAL--



IT'S TOMMY! HE'S IN TROUBLE! LET'S GO, GANG!

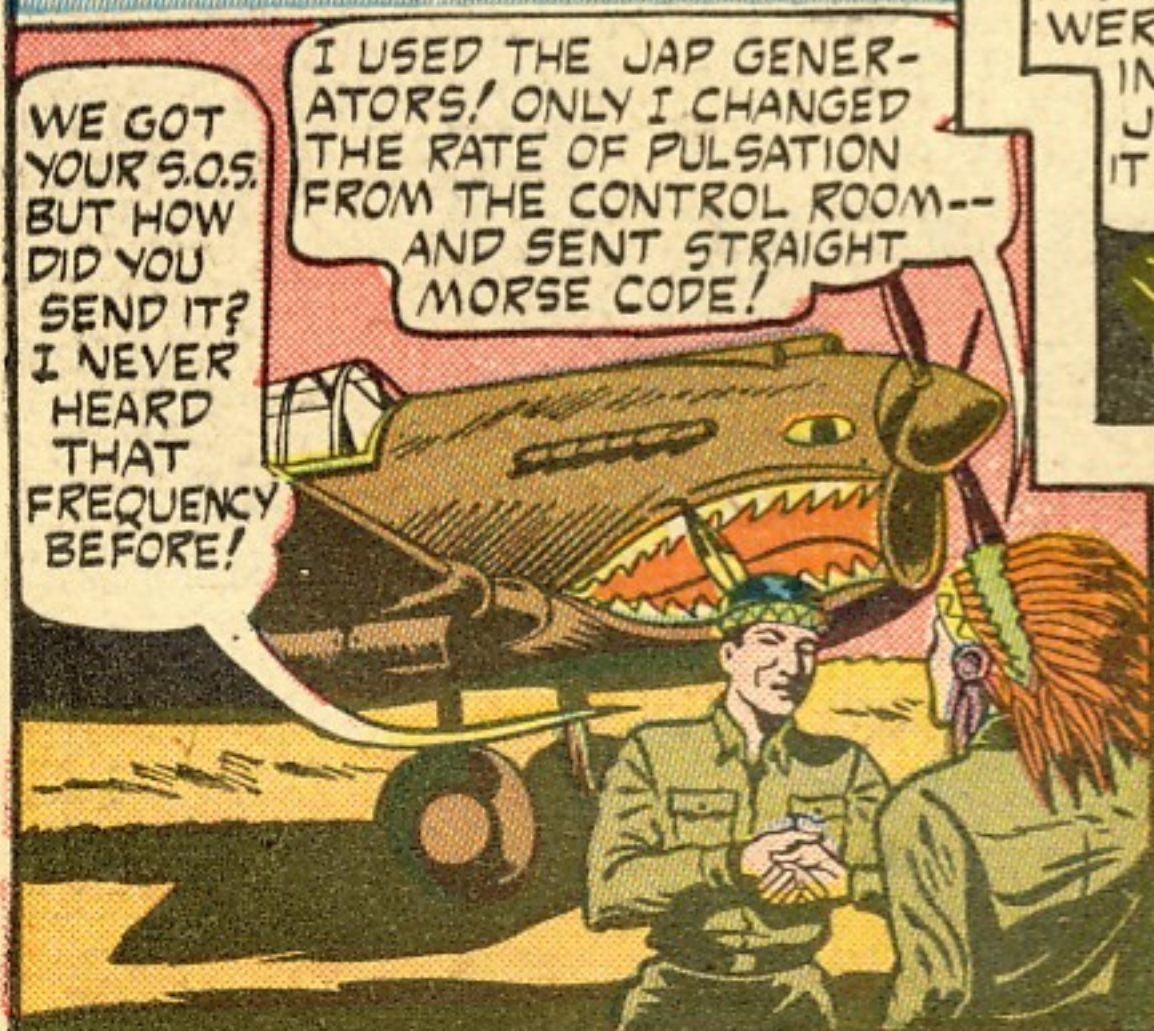


SCREAMING DOWN TO THE ATTACK, THE TOMAHAWK PLANES UNLOAD THEIR BOMBS SQUARELY ON THE TARGET--



GOSH! I HOPE TOMMY GOT AWAY IN TIME!

AS THE PLANES LAND, TOMMY TOMAHAWK IS WAITING TO GREET THEM---



WE GOT YOUR S.O.S. BUT HOW DID YOU SEND IT? I NEVER HEARD THAT FREQUENCY BEFORE!

I USED THE JAP GENERATORS! ONLY I CHANGED THE RATE OF PULSATION FROM THE CONTROL ROOM-- AND SENT STRAIGHT MORSE CODE!

THEN THERE WAS A SOUND! YOU WEREN'T CRACKING UP! YOUR HEARING WAS JUST GOOD ENOUGH TO PICK IT UP WITHOUT EARPHONES!

RIGHT! AND THAT MEANS I CAN FLY AGAIN! I HOPE THE JAPS WILL BE SORRY TO HEAR THAT!



FOLLOW THE FURTHER EXPLOITS OF TOMMY TOMAHAWK IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CONTACT COMICS!



# SMASHING BOOK OFFER

YOUR CHOICE OF ANY OF THESE EDUCATIONAL BOOKS FREE WITH YOUR ORDER!

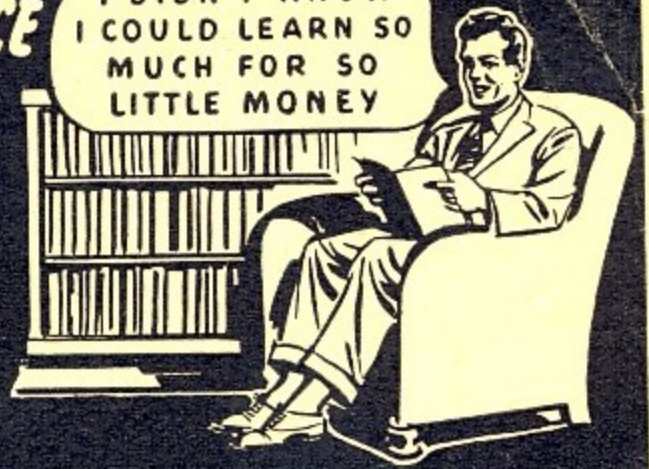


YOUR CHOICE

50¢ EA.

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I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD LEARN SO MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY



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HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!

THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH



LISTEN HERE. I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.

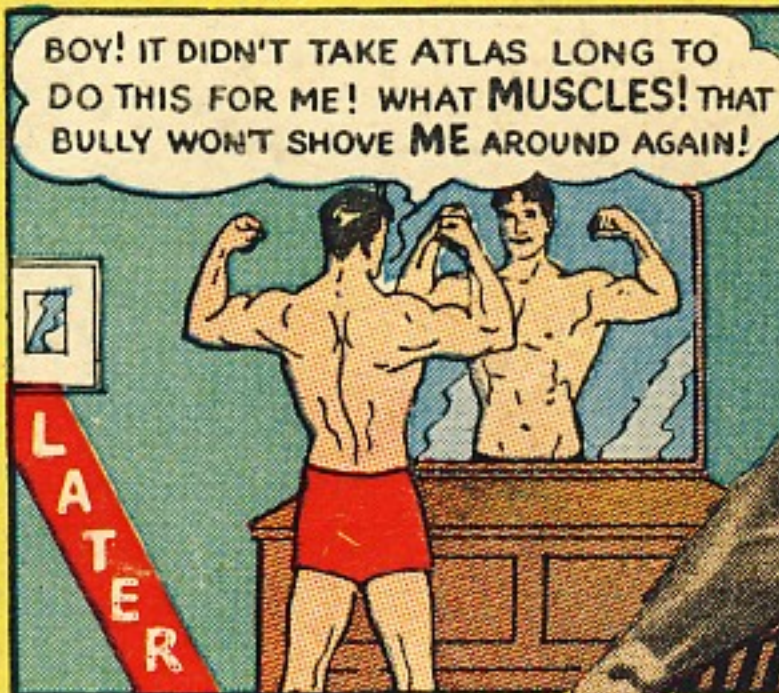


THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY!



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!



OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

**HERO OF THE BEACH**

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!

## 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."

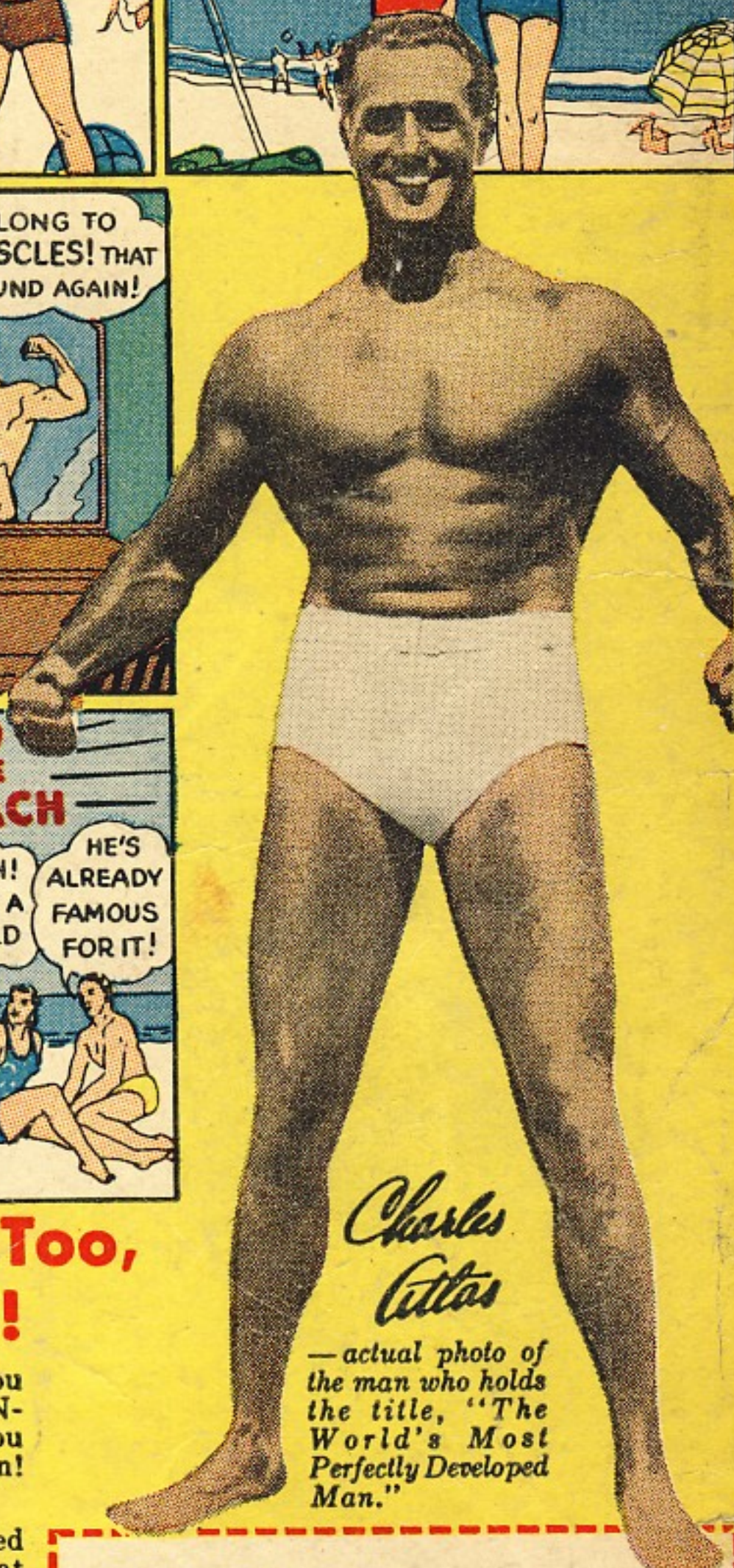
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Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of 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. 174, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles Atlas*

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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