MOREA

BATTLE FOR WORJE

Across the treacherous frozen countryside the American Second Division and battalions of French and Dutch infantry fight its way to counter-attack near Wenja. Their job is to hold the Reds in the centre so that other United Matiens units can withdraw down both coasts to a permanent line in the South. Up with the troops, with General Almond goes General McClure (since replaced as Second Division Commander) to direct the attack - and that's a measure of its impertance.

Even Generals earry rifles on this front.

For the wounded it's a long bitter trip back to the nearest hospitals. First along narrow mountain trails, with Rods sniping from the heights, then over isy roads. But there's a different spirit new in Kerea. They expect it tough. Bearly they bought the lessen, but the price they will exact from the Rods. But for the weak and helpless there is still the great pity of the hard-pressed G.Is. Even as they fall back, they fly the pitiful little orphans of wer to an island rafuge where they'll be cared for, nameless little unknowns, most of them, found in the wake of refugee hordes.

But the business of war is killing, and now the world's fastest jets - Sabres - are in the battle. Gunsight cameras pick up a Russian-built M.I.G. as the Sabre opens fire.

The M.I.Gs hit and burtles down in flames. But for complete mastery in the air United Nations forces in Korea would be in deadly peril.