

Incredible
story behind
the U. S.'s
deadliest
cold war
operation



*For \$25,000,
plus the burning
desire to beat
the Commies
at their own
bloody game,
these flying
commandos
will jockey
agents and
supplies
anywhere in
the world.*

AIR AMERICA - THE CIA'S SECRET AIR FORCE

CPYRGHT

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by ED HYDE

FLAK from the ground burst around the twin-engine B-26. Blonde husky, six feet one inch Allen Lawrence Pope gripped the throttles and gunned the engines, trying to milk as much power as possible from the straining props. Shrapnel slammed into the obsolete aircraft. Pope swore. The gunners on the ground were getting the range.

An explosion under his right wing rocked the aircraft and tipped it dangerously to the left. Pope jockeyed the yoke and gently pressured the rudder pedals. But it was too late. His right wing tip was a mass of flame and black smoke trailed behind. He had to bail out and fast. He reached for the hatch overhead. Already, the B-26 was reacting sluggishly. He pulled himself through the cockpit hatch, locked his hands on his chest and plunged into nothingness. Below was Indonesia.

He yanked the ripcord on his chest and moments later the canopy cracked open and a shower of bullets rained down on him. Tracers from the ground sizzled in his direction. Pope grasped the risers and began swinging like a pendulum in an effort to spoil the aim of the