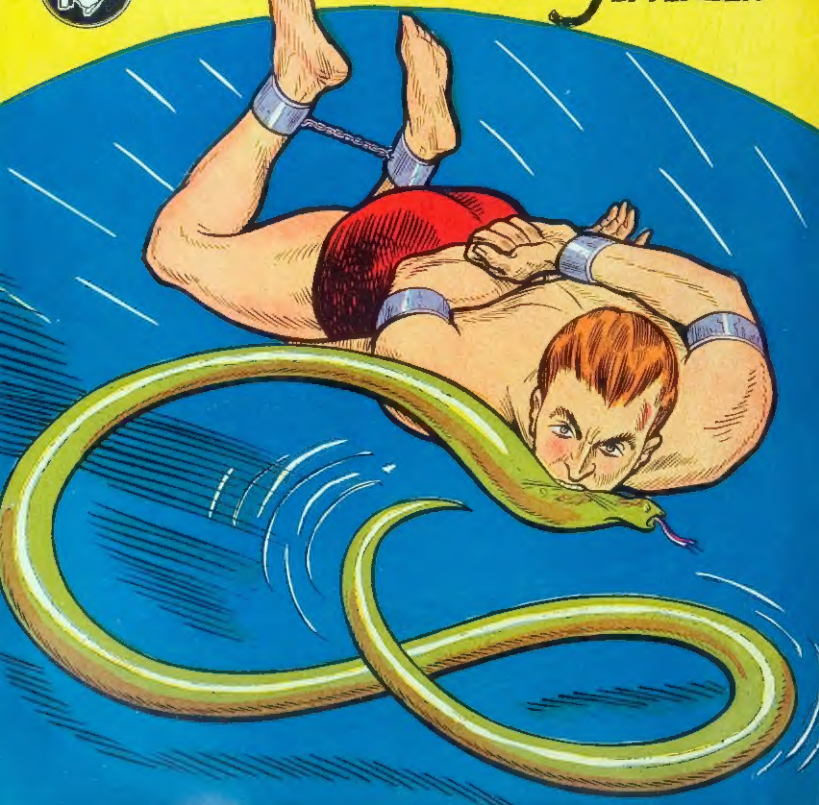


AMAZING-MAN COMICS

10¢

SEPTEMBER





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THE AMAZING-MAN

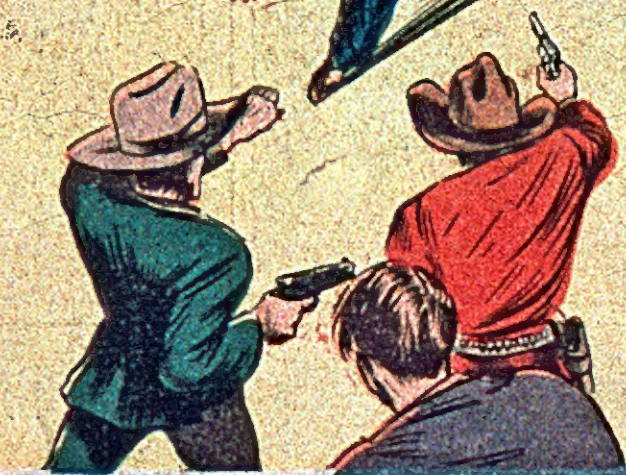


AMAN, KNOWN TO HIS ENEMIES BY MANY ALIASES, THE MOST TERRIFYING OF WHICH IS "THE GREEN MIST".....

25 YEARS AGO, IN THE DISMAL COUNTRY OF TIBET, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN CHOSE AN ORPHAN OF SUPERB PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AND EACH DID HIS PART TO DEVELOP IN THIS CHILD ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MAN WHO WOULD DOMINATE THE WORLD OF MEN BY HIS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND COURAGE.

MATURE NOW, THE AMAZING MAN, AMAN, SITS CHAINED BEFORE THE COUNCIL, WAITING FOR HIS FINAL TESTS, BEFORE SETTING FORTH INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

SIX OF THE COUNCIL HAVE ENDOWED HIM WITH THE BENEFITS OF KINDNESS AND TOLERANCE AND BRAVERY, BUT A SEVENTH, "THE GREAT QUESTION," COVETS PLANS OF DIRE EVIL FOR THE PERFECT BOY....



IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, A SLEEP-RAY HOLDS THE LAD MOTIONLESS....

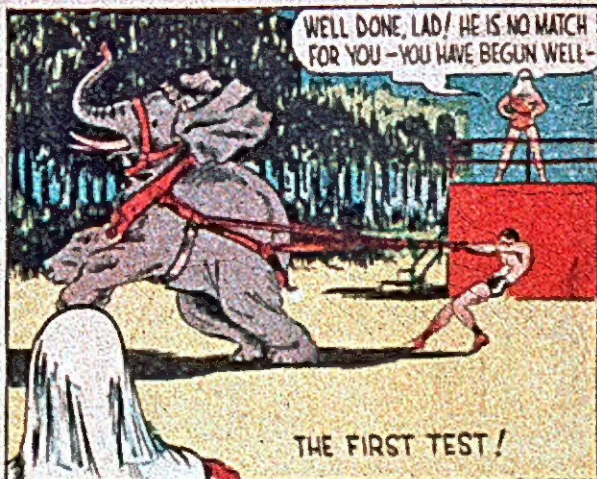


GENTLEMEN!

THE TIME HAS AT LAST ARRIVED WHEN WE MUST QUALIFY OUR EFFORTS OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY.... OUR CHILD PRODIGY SHALL NOW PROVE HIS STATION AS AN AMAZING SPECIMEN OF ULTRA-MANHOOD. PREPARE HIM FOR THE FIRST TEST!



I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH—YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



WELL DONE, LAD! HE IS NO MATCH FOR YOU—YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL—

THE FIRST TEST!

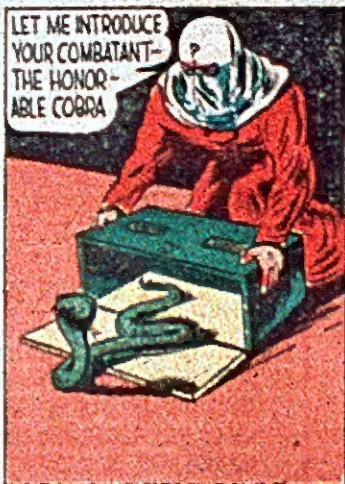
THANK YOU, SIRS—IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT. I AM READY FOR THE NEXT TEST—



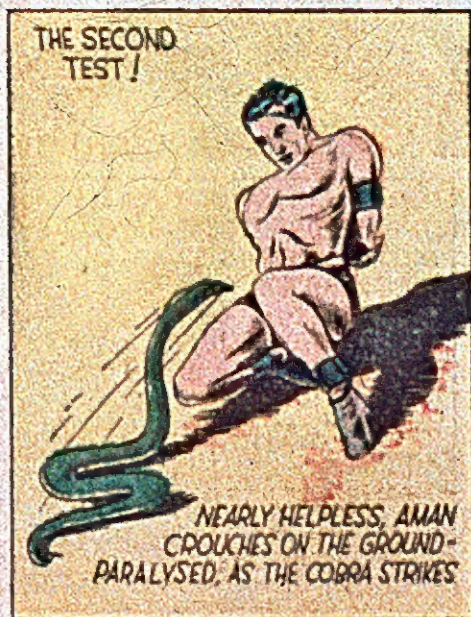
THE NEXT, AMAN, IS NOT SO EASY. YOU ARE TO BE CHAINED, HAND AND FOOT, AND MUST FIGHT A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE DEADLIEST OF OUR ENEMIES—



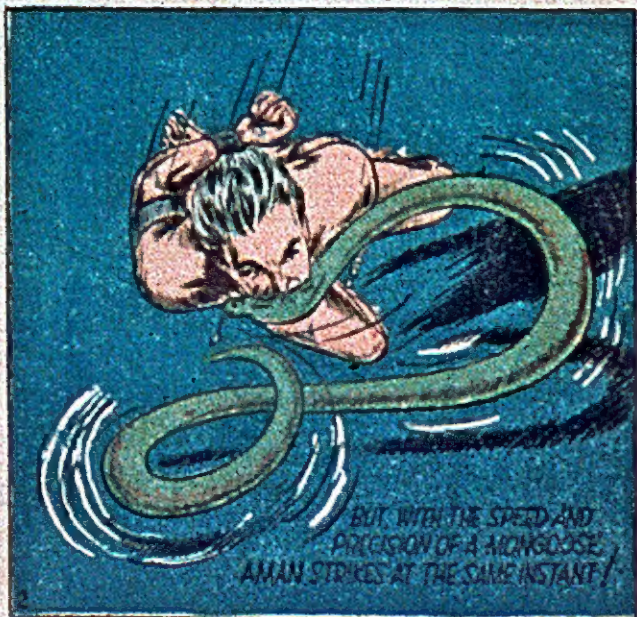
LET ME INTRODUCE YOUR COMBATANT—THE HONORABLE COBRA



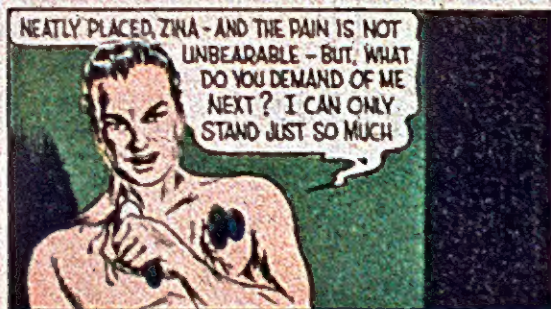
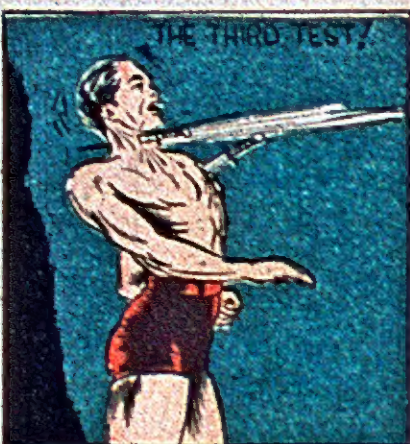
THE SECOND TEST!

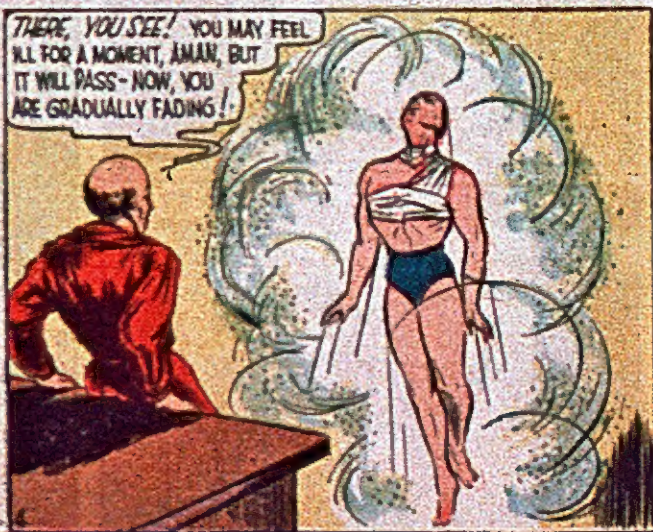
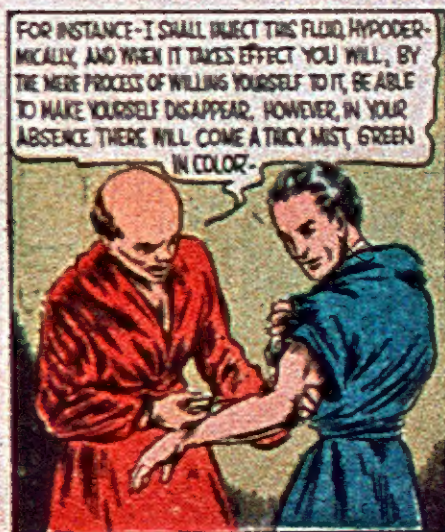
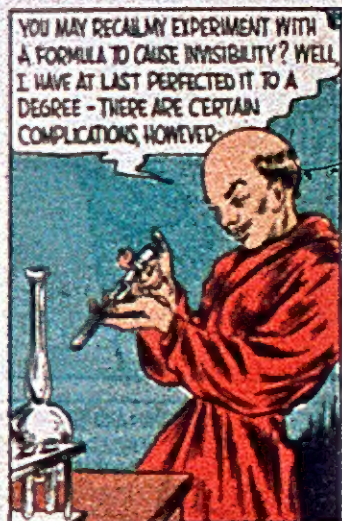


NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND—PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



BUT, WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A HEDGEHOG, AMAN STRIKES AT THE SAME INSTANT!





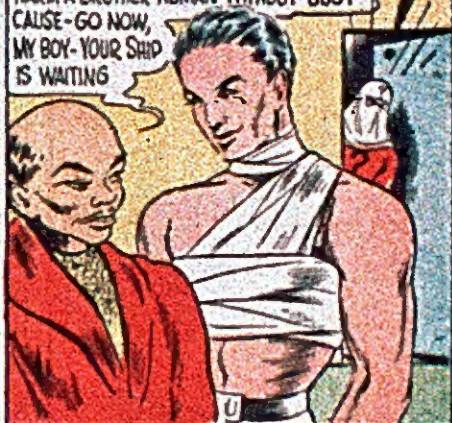
EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



GOOD, MY BOY - I WILL GIVE YOU A VIAL OF THIS FLUID, WHICH YOU MUST TAKE FAITHFULLY ONCE EVERY WEEK - NEVER FORGET - AND THERE IS ONE MORE THING...



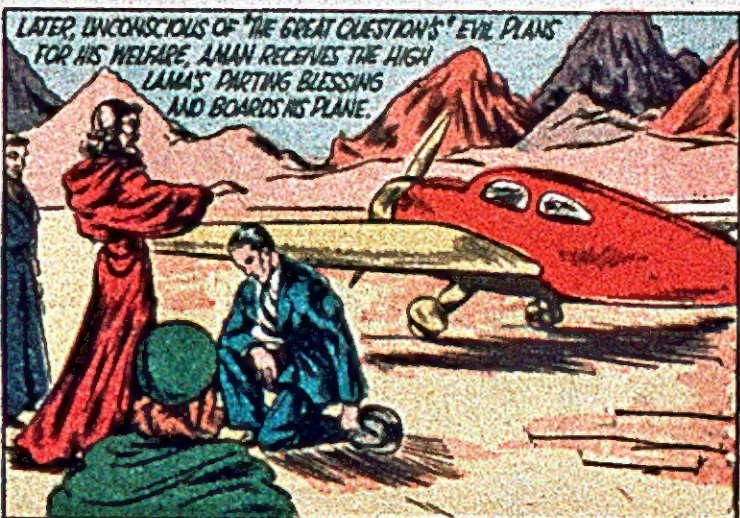
YOU MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME - TO ALWAYS DO GOOD, AND NEVER MALICIOUSLY HARM A BROTHER HUMAN WITHOUT JUST CAUSE - GO NOW, MY BOY - YOUR SHIP IS WAITING



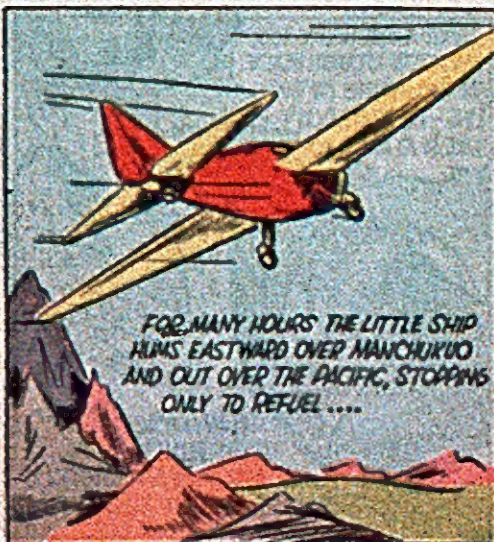
SO! WKA HAS MADE HIM PROMISE TO "DO GOOD," AS HE SO QUAINLY PUTS IT! WELL - I SHALL CORRECT THAT. AMAN SHALL DO ALWAYS AS I COMMAND HIM - HE CANNOT ESCAPE MY TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE!!



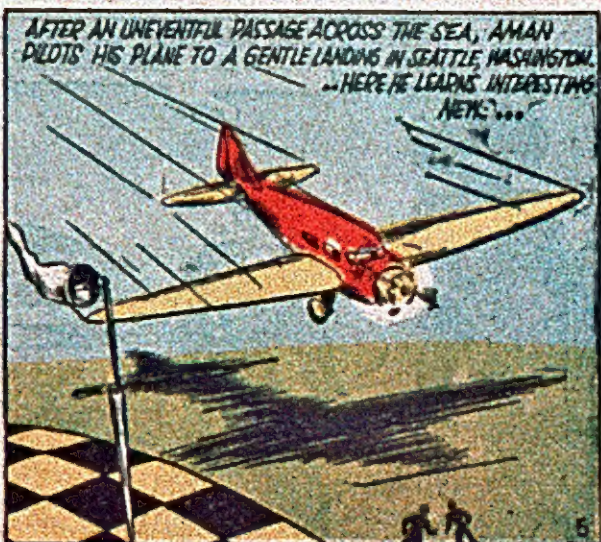
LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION'S" EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.



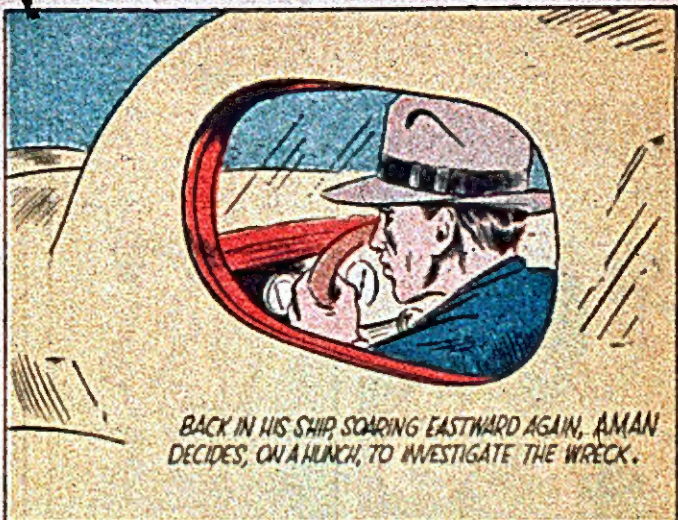
FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HIMS EASTWARD OVER MANCHUKUO AND OUT OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL



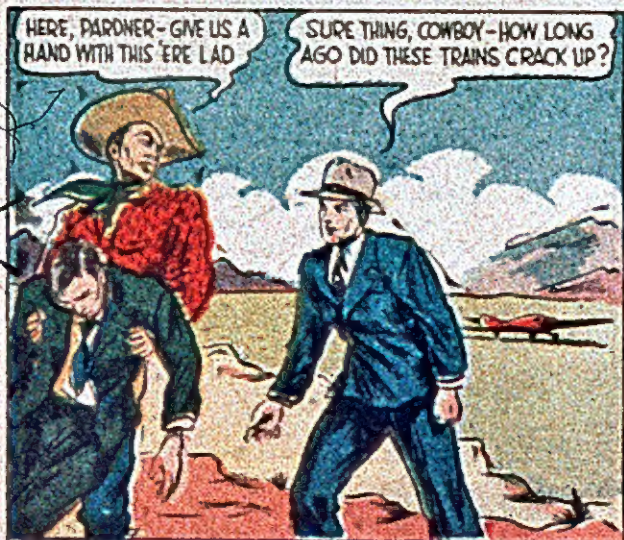
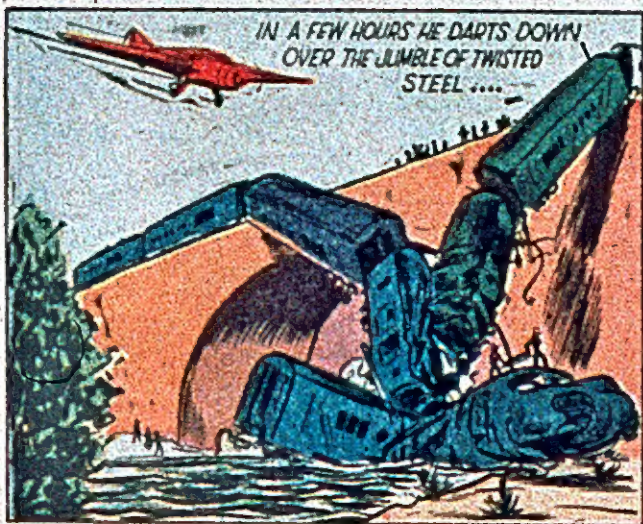
AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE SEA, AMAN PILOTS HIS PLANE TO A GENTLE LANDING IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. ... HERE HE LEARNS INTERESTING NEWS...



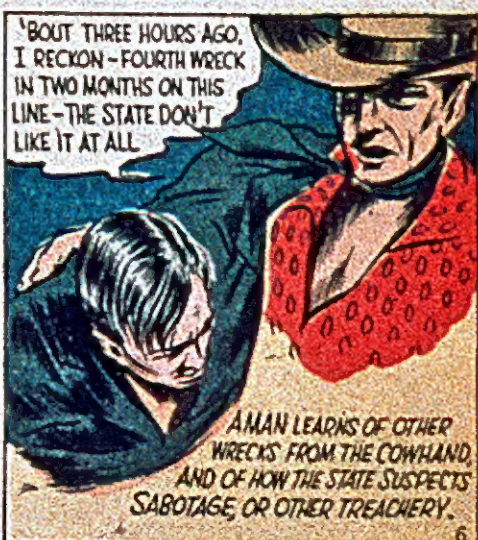
JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T
HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT
WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER
JUST CRACKED UP NEAR
SHERIDAN, WYOMING!



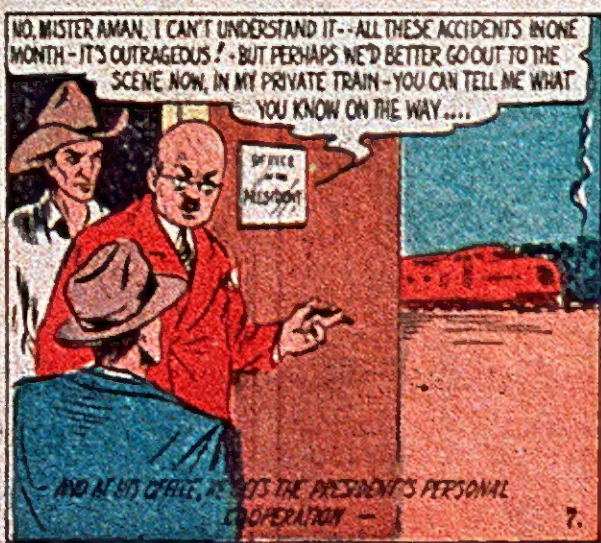
BACK IN HIS SHIP, SOARING EASTWARD AGAIN, AMAN
DECIDES, ON A HUNCH, TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECK.

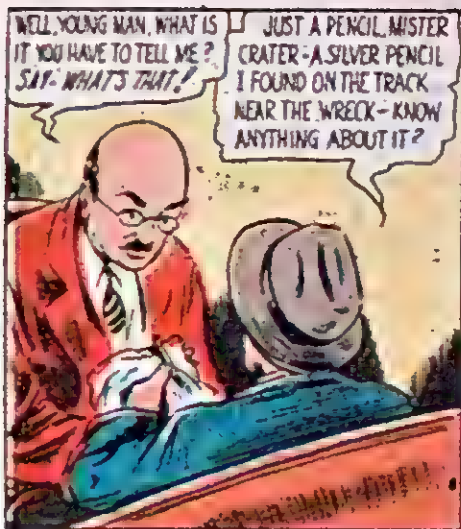


SURE THING, COWBOY - HOW LONG
AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?



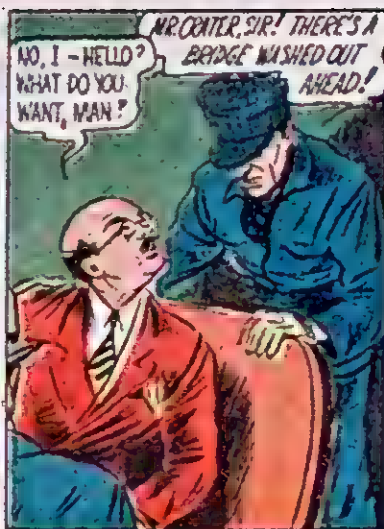
AMAN LEARNS OF OTHER
WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND,
AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS
SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.





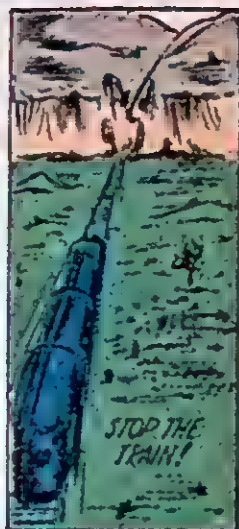
WELL, YOUNG MAN, WHAT IS IT YOU HAVE TO TELL ME? SAY- WHAT'S THAT?

JUST A PENCIL, MISTER CRATER-A SILVER PENCIL I FOUND ON THE TRACK NEAR THE WRECK-KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?



NO, I - HELLO? WHAT DO YOU WANT, MAN?

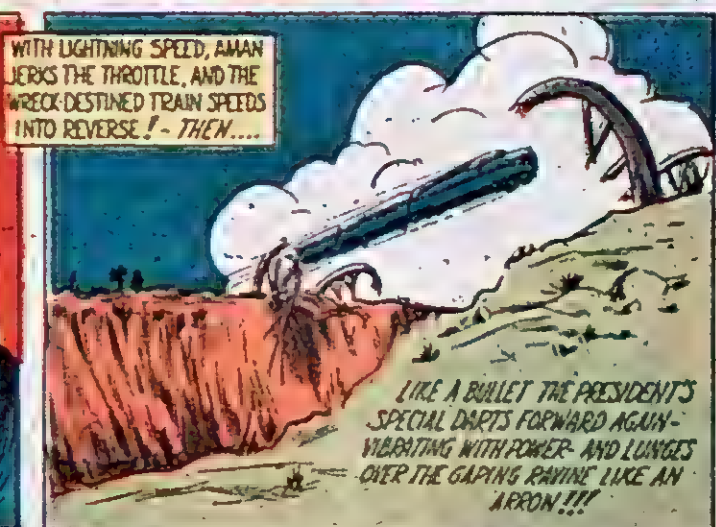
MR. CRATER, SIR! THERE'S A BRIDGE WASHED OUT AHEAD!



STOP THE TRAIN!



STOP! ENGINEER-LET ME HAVE THOSE CONTROLS! I'LL FIX THIS WRECK!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, AMAN JERKS THE THROTTLE, AND THE WRECK-DESTINED TRAIN SPEEDS INTO REVERSE! - THEN....

LIKE A BULLET THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL DARTS FORWARD AGAIN-VIBRATING WITH POWER-AND LUNGES OVER THE GAPING RAVINE LIKE AN ARRON!!!



MIRACULOUSLY IT SHOOT'S DOWN ON THE FAR SIDE, HITTING THE RAILS WHEEL FOR WHEEL!

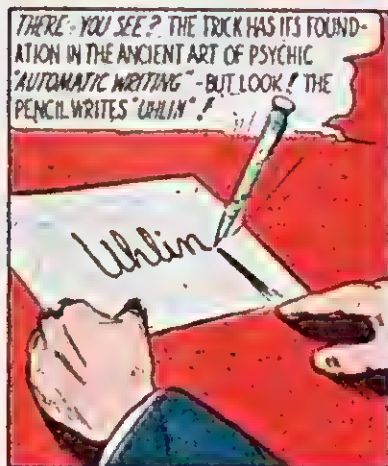
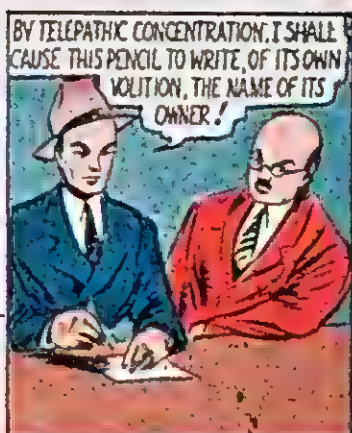


GOOD GRIEF, SIR! HOW DID YOU DO THAT?

JUST A LITTLE SONG MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME, MR. CRATER! SHE CALLED ME THE "AMAZING MAN!"



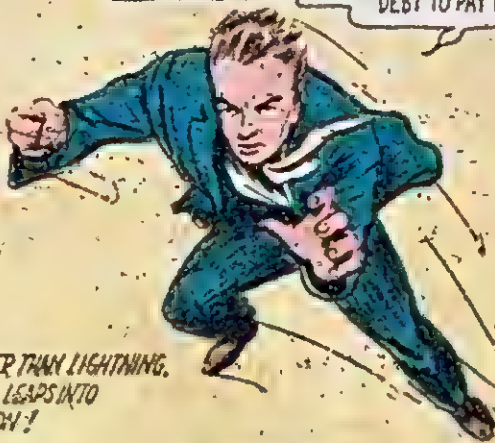
AND IN TOTAL IGNORANCE OF THE TRUE SIGNIFICANCE OF AMAN'S LAUGHING PERHAPS THE PRESIDENT ORDERS HIS PRIVATE TRAIN TO A STOP NEAR THE WRECKED STREAM-LINER...



OH, IT WON'T, EH? WELL, MR. AMAN, THE RAILROAD DOESN'T NEED THE LIVES OF YOU BUTTING INTO ITS AFFAIRS! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MR. AMAN!!!



OH NO - WE'RE NOT SAYING GOODBYE YET! - YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY FIRST!



FASTER THAN LIGHTNING, AMAN LEAPS INTO ACTION!

AND WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, SENDS THE CRIMINAL PRESIDENT SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR!



YES, UH-LIN - BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE, YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN TO A JURY JUST WHY YOU WRECKED YOUR OWN TRAINS! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE INSURANCE MONEY?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW, SHERLOCK!

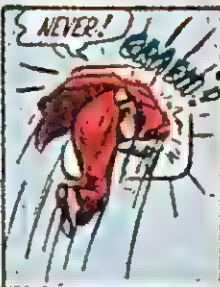


PARDON ME WHILE I FADE OUT, UH-LIN! TELL THESE LADS ABOUT IT!

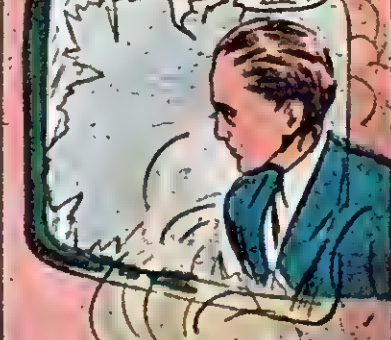
ALL RIGHT, CRATER - WE HEARD YOU! WILL YOU COME PEACEFULLY?



NEVER!



TOO BAD, OLD BOY - WELL, THAT FINISHES THAT!



AND SO - AMAN HAS STARTED HIS WORLD-WIDE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME - BUT WHAT OF THE "GREAT QUESTION"? WILL HIS INFLUENCE DOMINATE AMAN IN THE NEXT ADVENTURE? WATCH FOR IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING-MAN COMICS"!

The CAT MAN

BY TRAPPE MILLS

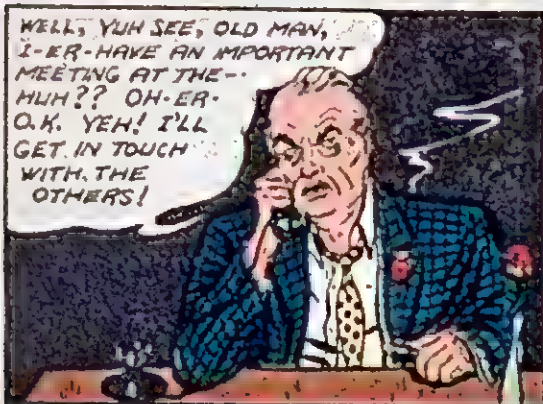


IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICE OF STEVE HARRIGAN, BOSS POLITICIAN --

WHA--WHO? BARTON STONE?
WELL--THIS IS A
SURPRISE! WHERE
HAVE-ER-WHEN
DID YOU GET OUT?



WELL, YUH SEE, OLD MAN,
I-ER-HAVE AN IMPORTANT
MEETING AT THE--
HUH?? OH-ER-
O.K. YEH! I'LL
GET IN TOUCH
WITH THE
OTHERS!



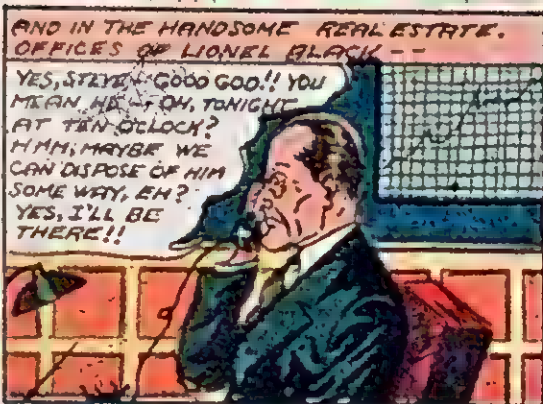
AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER--

OH, HELLO, STEVE, WHAT??
I THOUGHT HE DIED
IN--EH? CRAPES!
TONIGHT AT TEN
O'CLOCK? RIGHTO--
SEE YOU
THERE!



AND IN THE HANDSOME REAL ESTATE
OFFICES OF LIONEL BLACK--

YES, STEVE--GOOD GOOD!! YOU
MEAN HE--OH, TONIGHT
AT TEN O'CLOCK?
HMM, MAYBE WE
CAN DISPOSE OF HIM
SOME WAY, EH?
YES, I'LL BE
THERE!!



NOW LOOK, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE
SCARED ABOUT. WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS SHARE
OF THE DOUGH AND MESSE A LITTLE
EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT
IF HIS --



-- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET--

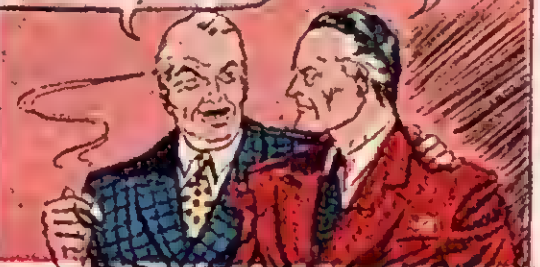
GOOD EVENING,
GENTLEMEN! WELL--
YOU DONT SEEM VERY
ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT
SEEING ME AFTER
ALL THESE TWENTY
LONG YEARS!!



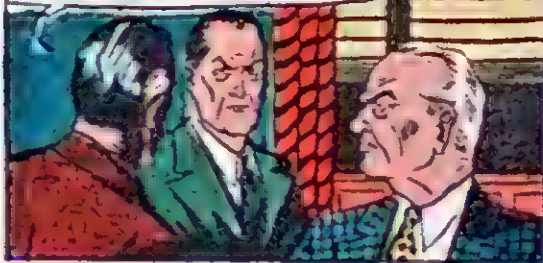
----A 'STRANGER' CALLED--

WHY, BART, OLD BOY,
SURE, WE'RE GLAD TO
SEE YUH, TIKLED
T'DEATH! IT'S
JUST THAT-ER--

THAT YOU DONT
EXPECT TO
SEE ME
ALIVE!



WELL-- A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE. SINCE YOU WERE CALLED 'CHUCK' HARRIGAN-- AND OUR OLD FRIEND, 'BLACKIE', BIG REAL ESTATE MAN. NOW, EH?

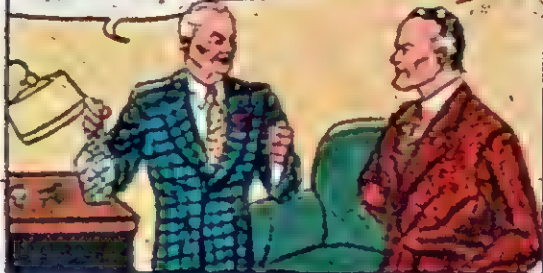


AND OF COURSE-- 'SLICK' HARRISON! MY, MY-- YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY MADE PROGRESS DURING THESE PAST TWENTY YEARS!!



HERE, LET ME GIVE Y'N A SWIG A THIS, BART-- SAY NOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION, WADDAH SAY, FELLERS?

SORT OF A COMING-OUT PARTY, EH?

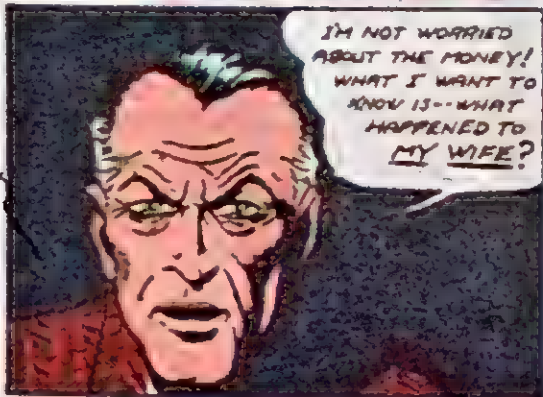


BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CELEBRATIONS, I'M INTERESTED IN--

YEH! YEH! Y'N GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, BART. WE KEPT YOUR DOUGH FOR Y'N! A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG-- THAT'S BEEN COLLECTIN' INTEREST, EVER SINCE Y'N--

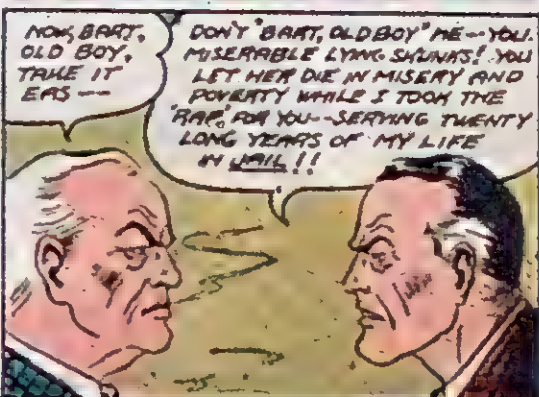


I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS-- WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE?



NOW, BART, OLD BOY, TAKE IT EASY--

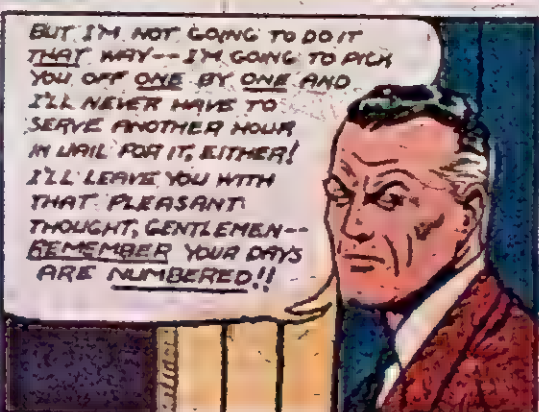
DON'T 'BART, OLD BOY' ME-- YOU. MISERABLE LYING SHUNKS! YOU LET HER DIE IN MISERY AND POVERTY WHILE I TOOK THE 'RAP' FOR YOU-- SERVING TWENTY LONG YEARS OF MY LIFE IN JAIL!!

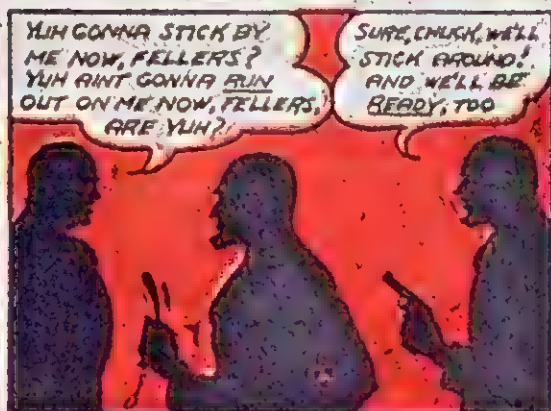
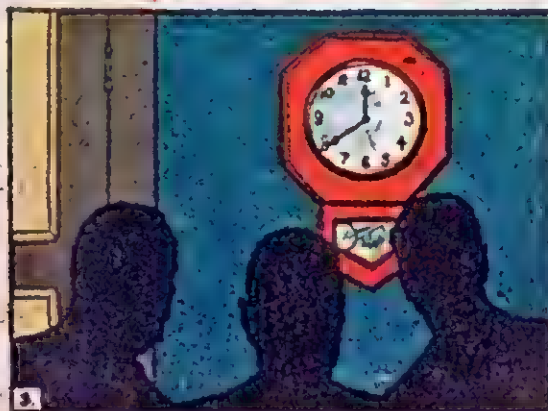
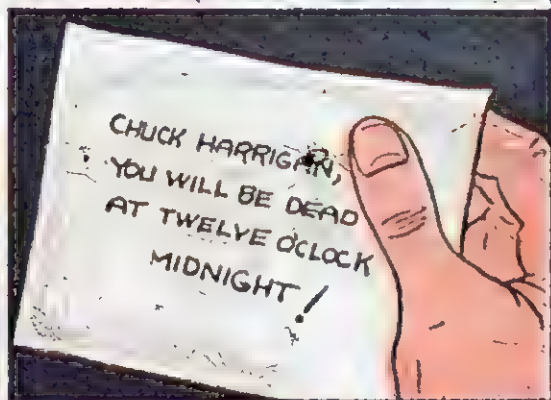
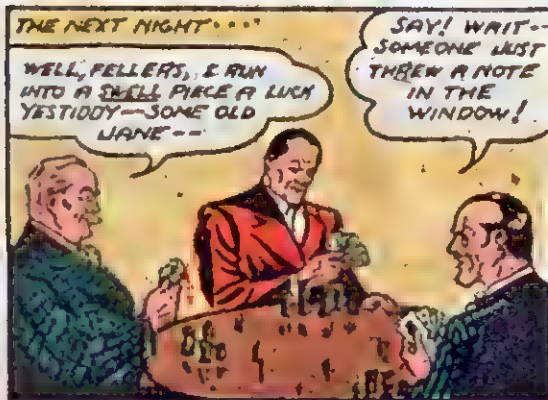
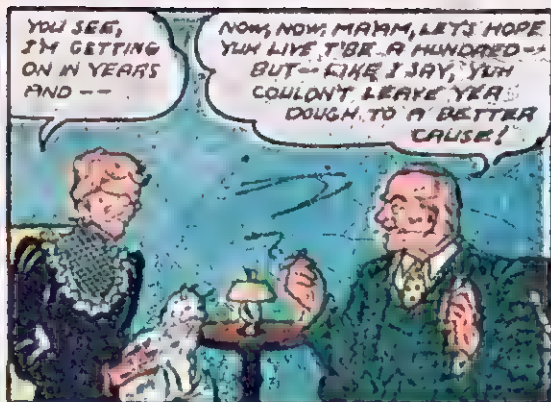
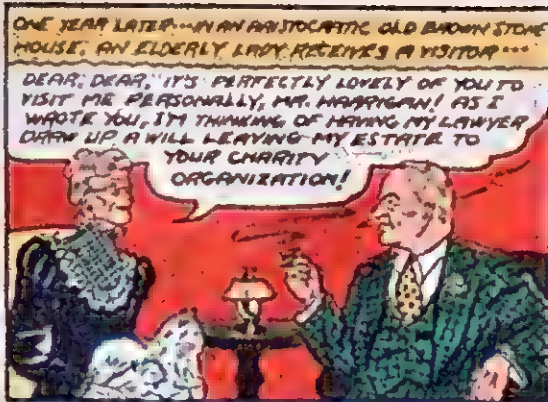


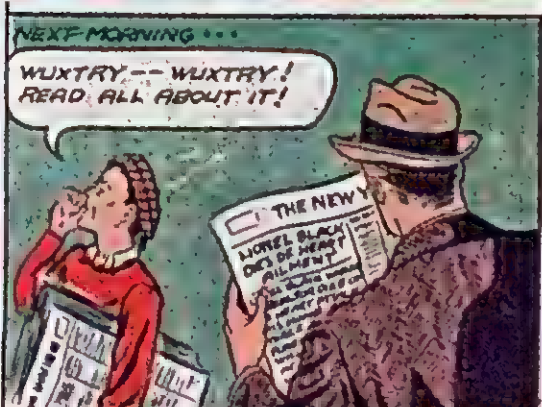
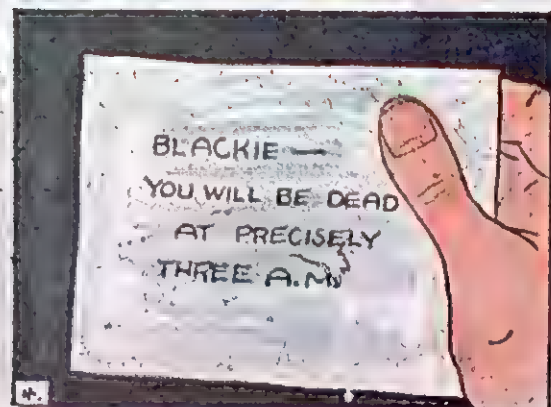
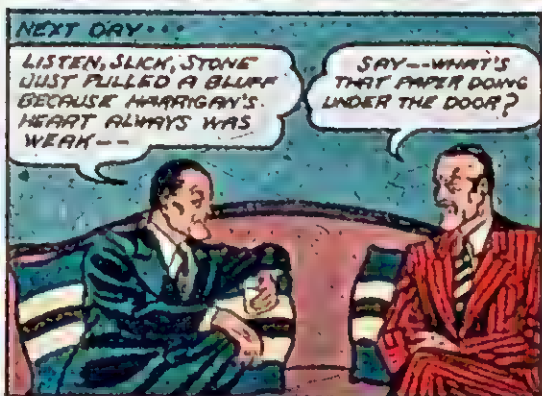
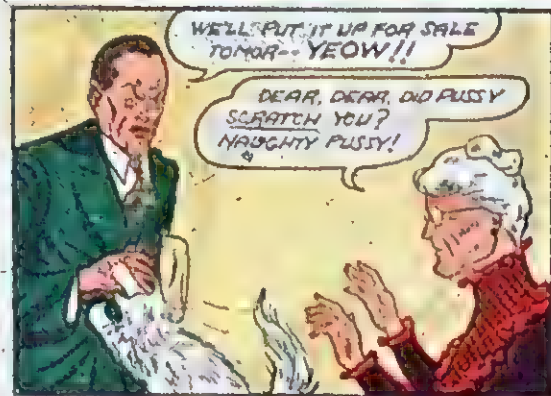
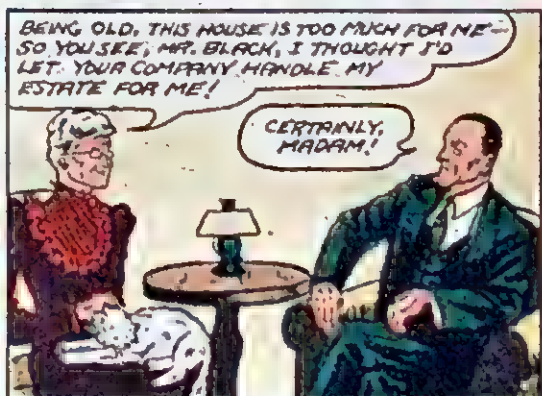
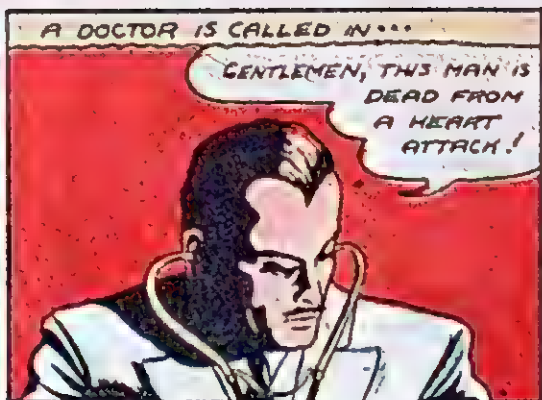
PUT UP THE HARDWARE, 'SLICK', DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET IN MY POCKET THAT WILL BLOW EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YOU TO ETERNITY!



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT THAT WAY-- I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF ONE BY ONE AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SERVE ANOTHER HOUR IN JAIL FOR IT, EITHER! I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THAT PLEASANT THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN-- REMEMBER YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!!







MEANWHILE--ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, IS
FLEEING ON A POST BOAT TO EUROPE...

I'LL FOX THAT GUY--HE'LL
NEVER FIND ME!!

WILL YOU HELP ME TO
MY STATE ROOM, SIR,
I FEEL FAINT?

DON'T BOTHER M--
OH, ALL RIGHT!

AND THANK YOU AGAIN,
SIR--OH DEAR, DID
HE SCRATCH YOU?
NAUGHTY PUSSY!!

IF I HAD A
CAT LIKE THAT--
I'D POISON IT!!

NEXT AFTERNOON--IN THE
SHIP'S LOUNGE...

WHAT TH--I DIDNT
SEE THIS HERE
A MINUTE
AGO

ONE HOUR LATER...

DEAR, DEAR, IS IT TRUE,
CAPTAIN, THAT ONE OF THE
PASSENGERS PASSED
AWAY?

YES, MOST
UNFORTUNATE!
CHAP HAD A
HEART ATTACK
IN THE SHIP'S
LOUNGE!

'SLICK' HAMMOND--
YOU WILL BE DEAD
WITHIN
THE NEXT
THIRTY
MINUTES.

WELL, THOSE ARE THREE SCOUNDRELS THE
WORLD WILL NEVER
MISS! TEK-HEE--
NAUGHTY PUSSY!

MEOW-W-W

THE END.

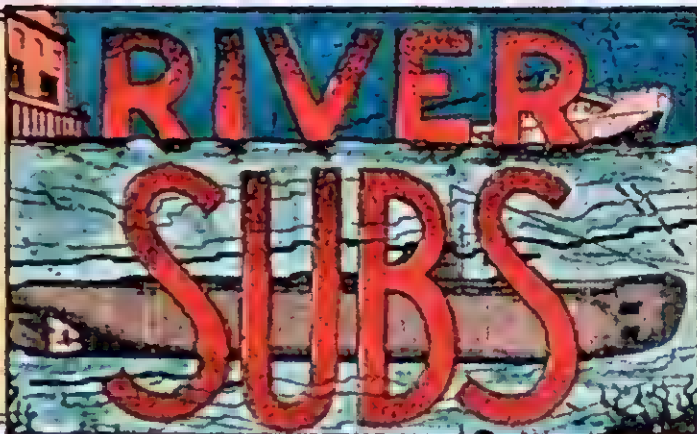
CAN THE CAT MAN
ESCAPE JUSTICE??

WATCH FOR THE
EXCITING
SEQUEL...

THE RETURN
OF THE
CAT MAN

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

a
COMPLETE
STORY



Featuring
Jack
Rhodes
by
RILEY



THE CUSTOM-JUMPERS RECEIVE
THEIR CARGO OUTSIDE THE
12 MILE LIMIT



WASHINGTON REPORTS THAT THERE ARE NO
NAVY-SUBMARINES IN THAT VICINITY-THEREFORE,
I WANT YOU TO GO AT ONCE AND
INVESTIGATE THE CASE



-AT HIS DESTINATION
RHODES LOSES NO TIME...

HELLO RHODES I RECEIVED
YOUR WIRE THAT YOU
WERE COMING.

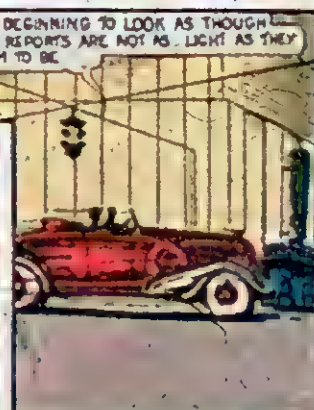
HELLO INSPECTOR



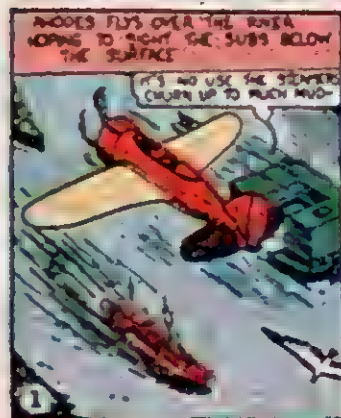
FIRST I WANT TO QUESTION THOSE
WHO HAVE SEEN THESE TWO BOATS



YES SIR I SAW A SUB A FEW
TIMES BUT I THOUGHT
IT WAS A NAVY CRAFT



IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK AS THOUGH
THESE REPORTS ARE NOT AS LIGHT AS THEY
SEEM TO BE

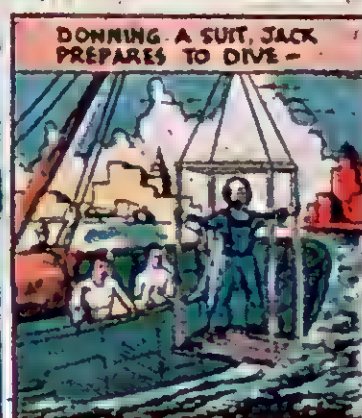


RHODES FLIES OVER THE RIVER
HOPING TO SIGHT THE SUBS BELOW
THE SURFACE

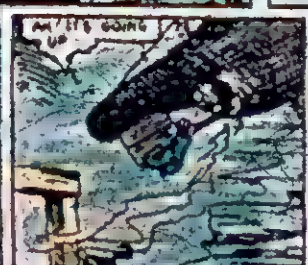
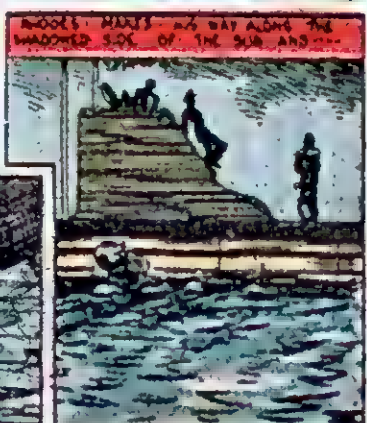
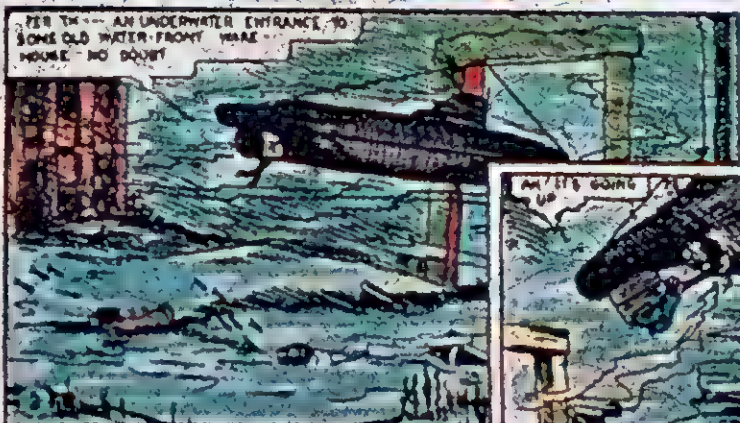
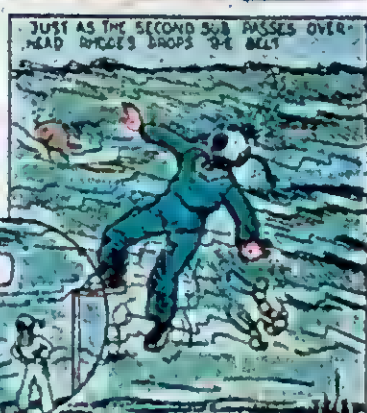
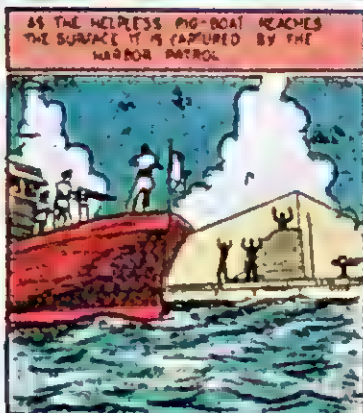
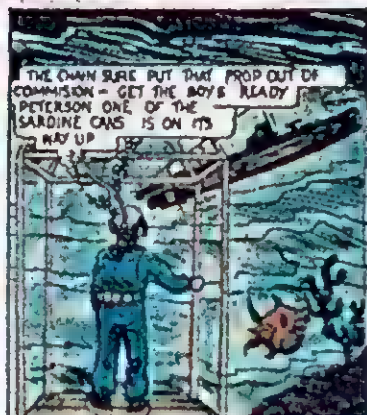
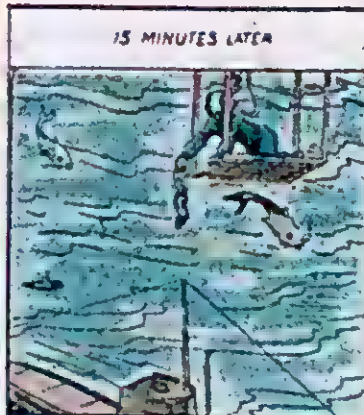
IT'S NO USE THE SEARCHER
CHURN UP TOO MUCH MUD-



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND
OUT THAT IS TO GO DOWN AFTER
THEM IN A DIVING SUIT



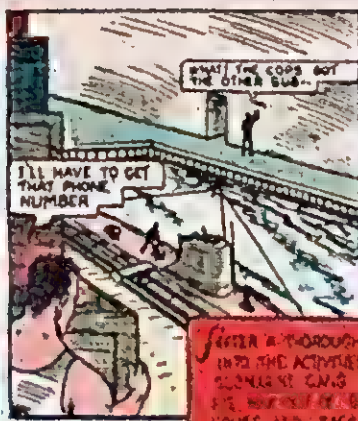
DONNING A SUIT, JACK
PREPARES TO DIVE -





CLIMB UP ON THE DOCK AT THE FURTHER END OF THE DOCK

HOW TO GET RID OF THESE POMPEYS



WHAT THE COPS BUY THE OTHER BUS--

I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT PHONE NUMBER



WELL O INSPECTOR WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

WHY HAVE THEY BEEN DRAGGING THE RIVER FOR YOU FOR THE PAST TWO HOURS THEY SAID THE SECOND SUB MUST HAVE RUN YOU DOWN



THINGS LOOK PROMISING SO HAVE YOUR FASTEST PATROL BOAT AND BEST MARSHMEN READY FOR IMMEDIATE CALL

YES, BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THEY AGAINST A SUBMARINE?

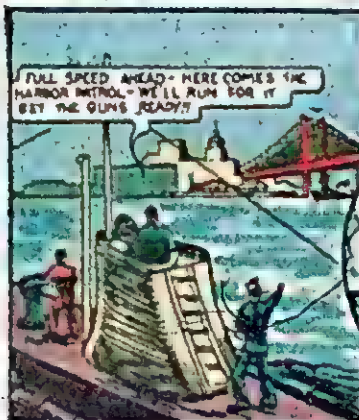


MAY I USE YOUR PHONE, INSPECTOR A

CERTAINLY?



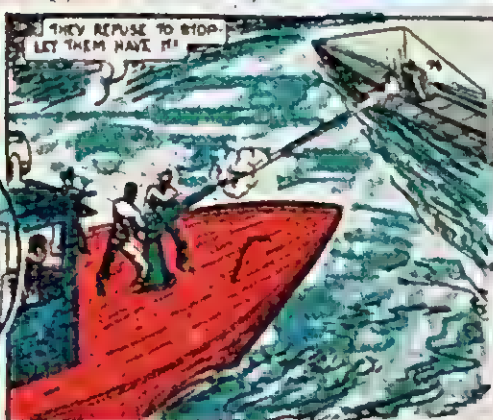
HURRY UP - HERE SHE COMES!



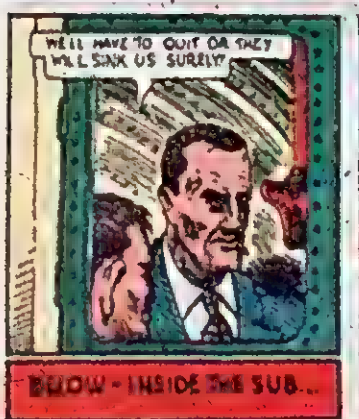
FULL SPEED AHEAD - HERE COMES THE HARBOR PATROL - WE'LL RUN FOR IT GET THE GUNS READY!



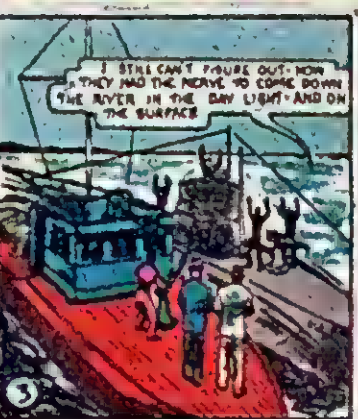
FIRE ACROSS THEIR BOW FIRST!



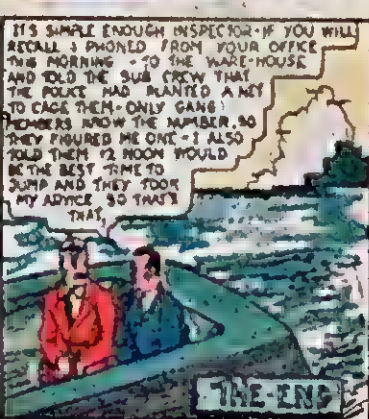
THEY REFUSE TO STOP - LET THEM HAVE IT!



WE'LL HAVE TO QUIT OR THEY WILL SINK US SURELY!



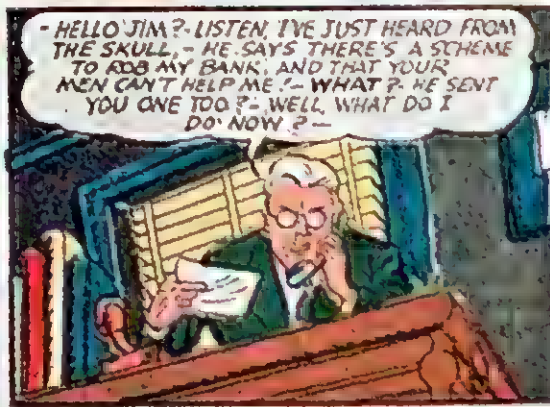
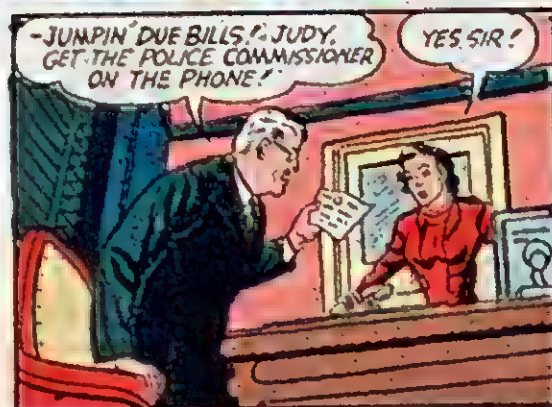
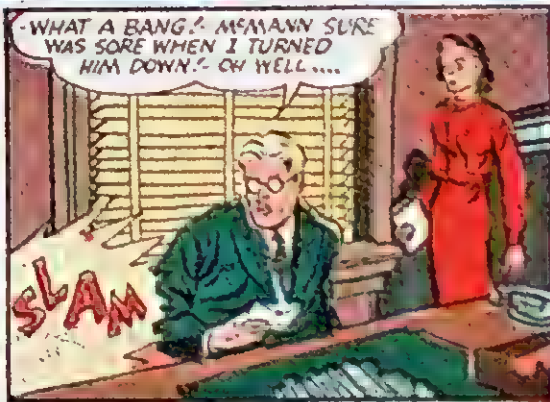
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE OUT - NOW THEY HAD THE NERVE TO COME DOWN THE RIVER IN THE DAY LIGHT - AND ON THE SURFACE



IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH INSPECTOR - IF YOU WILL RECALL I PHONED FROM YOUR OFFICE THIS MORNING - TO THE WARE-HOUSE AND TOLD THE SUB CREW THAT THE POLICE HAD PLANTED A NET TO CAGE THEM - ONLY GANG MEMBERS KNEW THE NUMBER, SO THEY PHONED ME ONE - I ALSO TOLD THEM 12 NOON WOULD BE THE BEST TIME TO JUMP AND THEY TOOK MY ADVICE, SO THAT'S THAT

BELOW - INSIDE THE SUB...

THE END



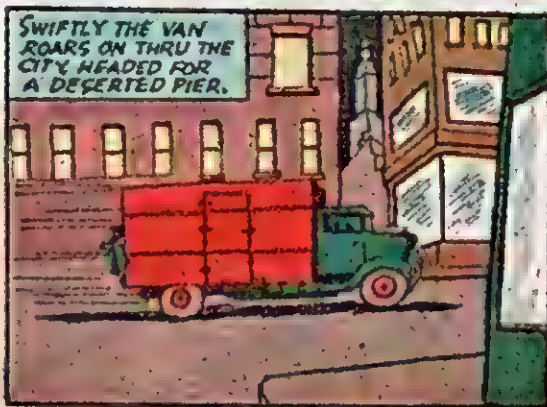
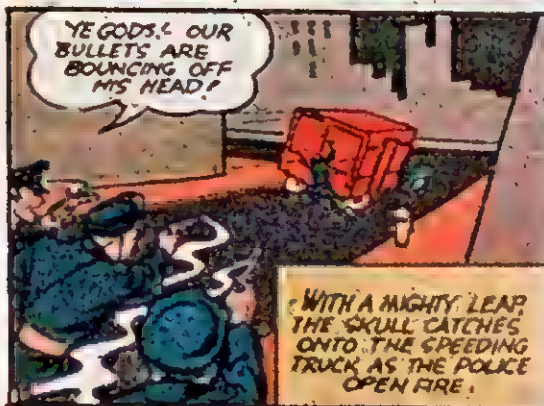
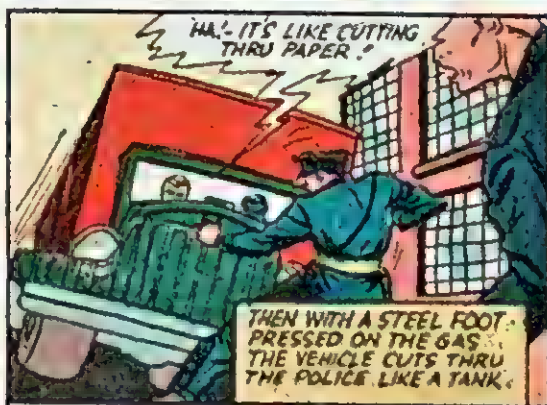
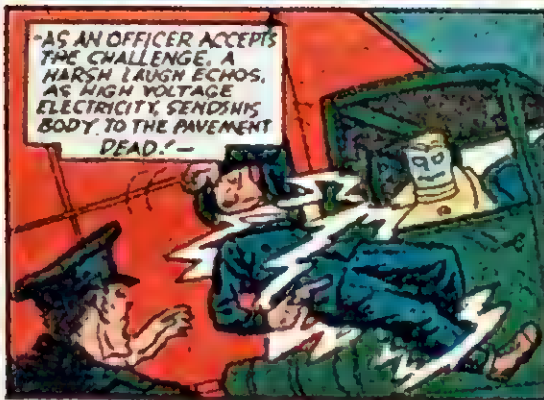
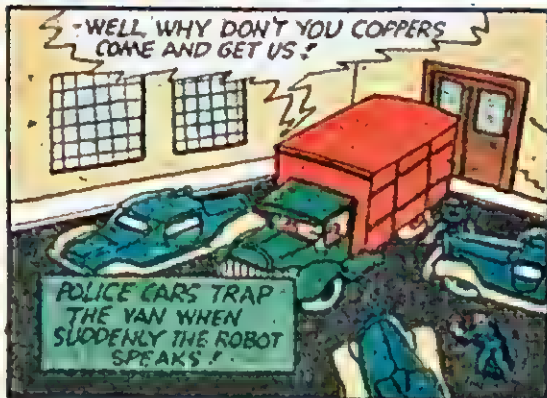
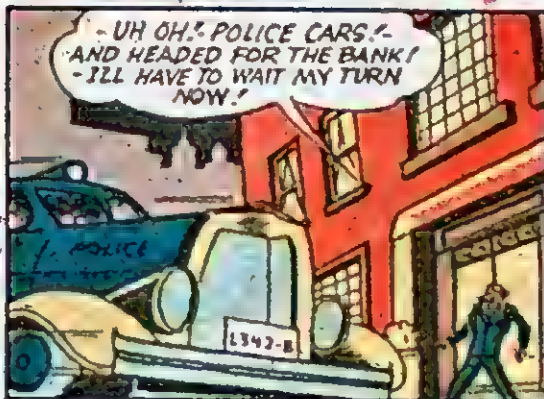
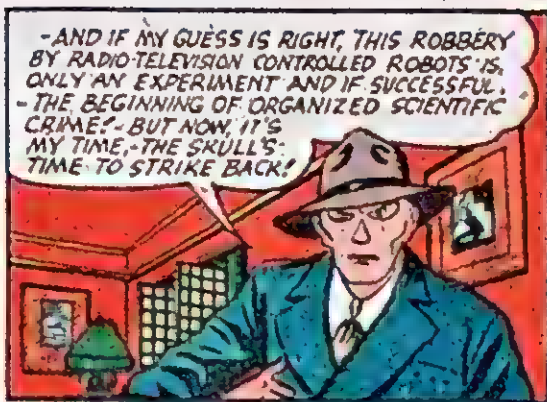
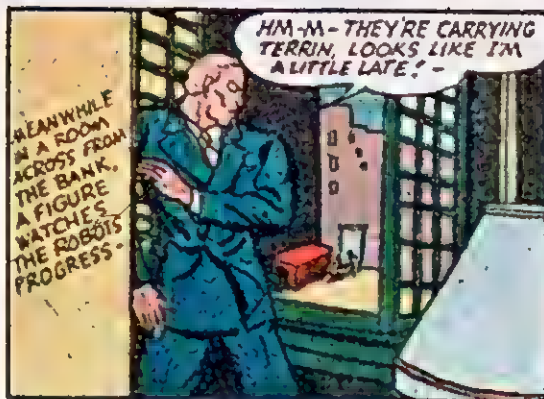
As the guard at the service entrance turns, one of the figures lets loose a spurt of high voltage electricity.

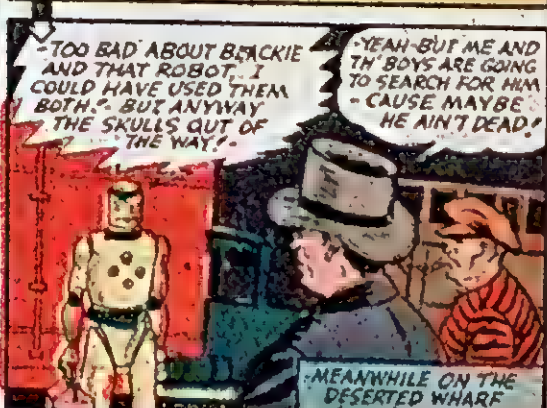
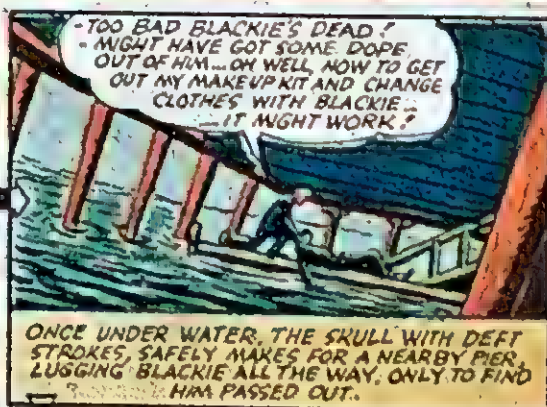
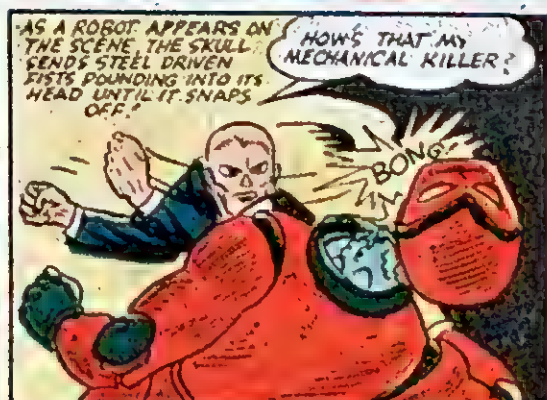
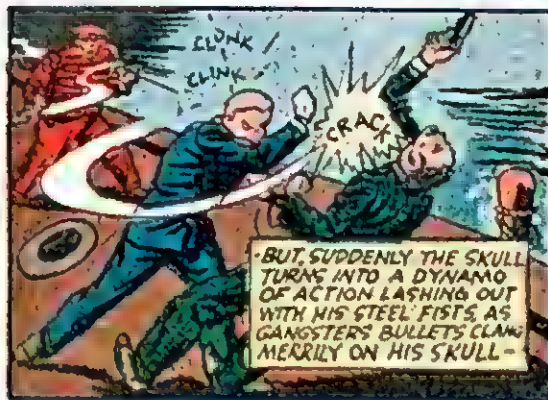
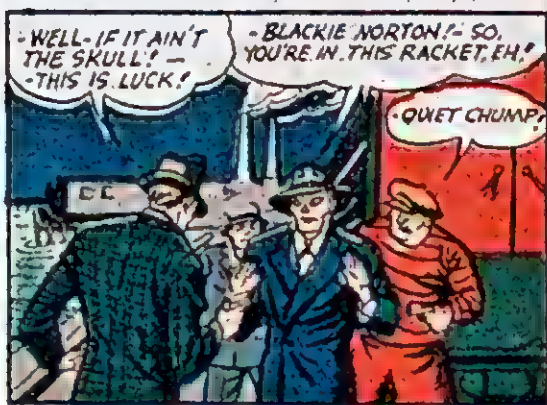
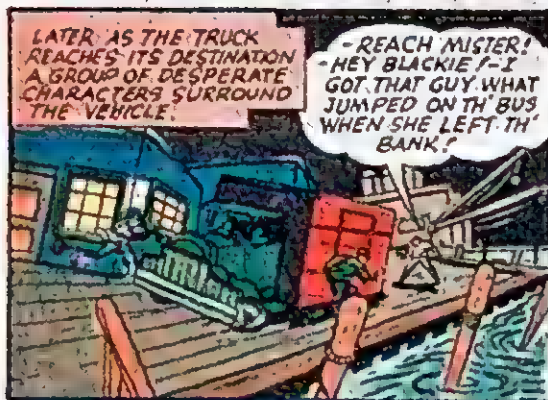
THEY MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER THE BANK PROPER, AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST HORRIBLE END.

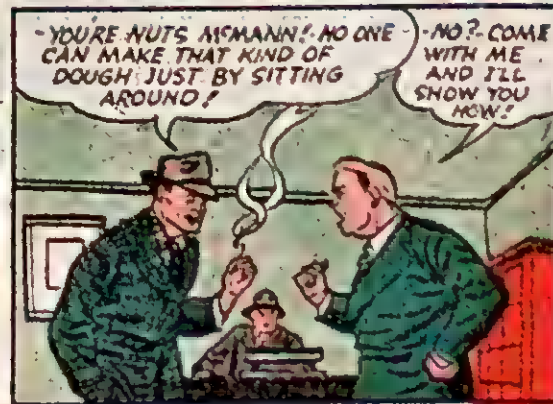
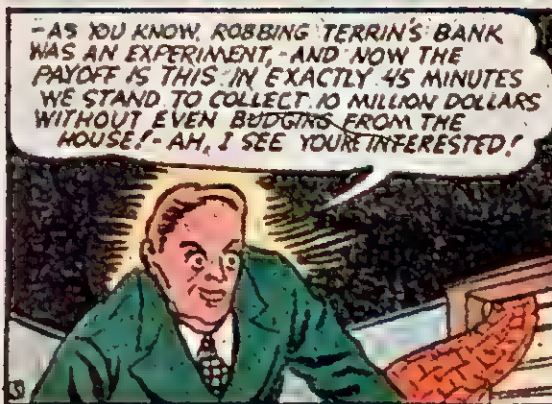
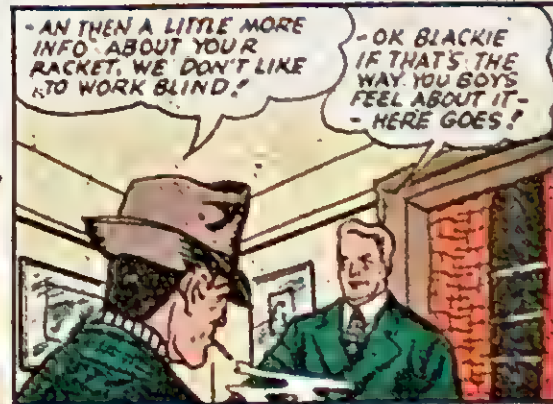
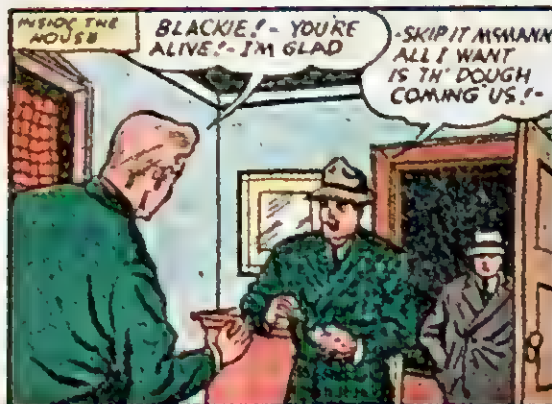
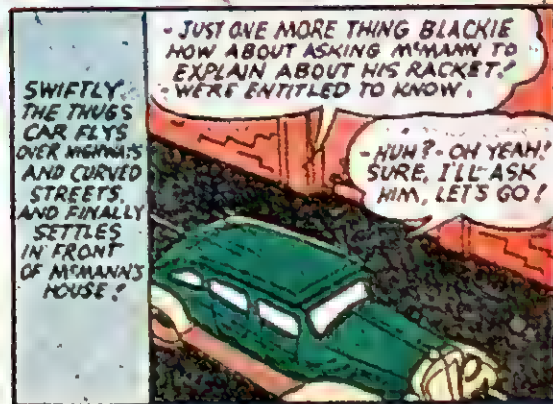
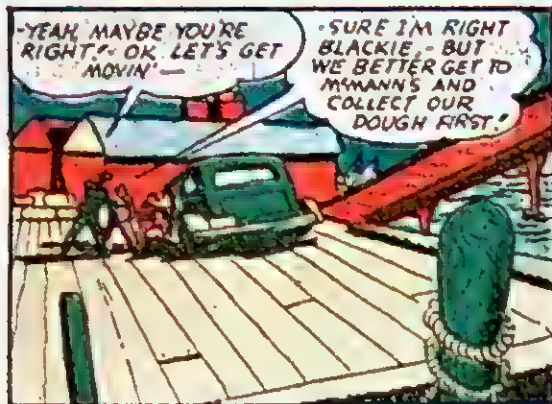
INSIDE TERRY'S OFFICE.

H-M-M-M... I WONDER WHAT ALL THAT COMAMOTTON OUTSIDE IS ABOUT.

A comic book illustration showing a man in a blue suit running away from two large, red, muscular figures. A speech bubble above the man says "GAS! GA-". The scene is set in a room with a window in the background.

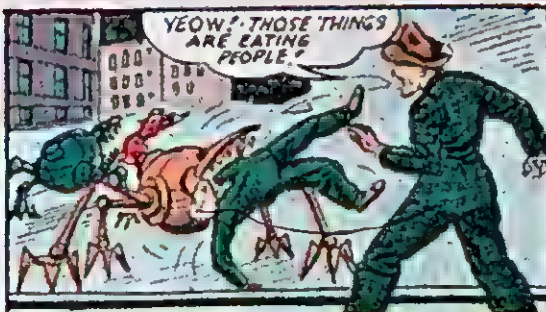




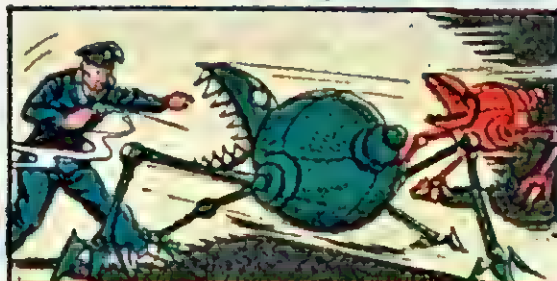


McMANN LEADS
BLACKIE
THRU A SERIES
OF DOORS
DOWN STEPS
AND FINALLY
INTO A HUGE
SCIENTIFICALLY
EQUIPPED ROOM
WHERE
MACHINERY
BURSTS INTO
ACTION!

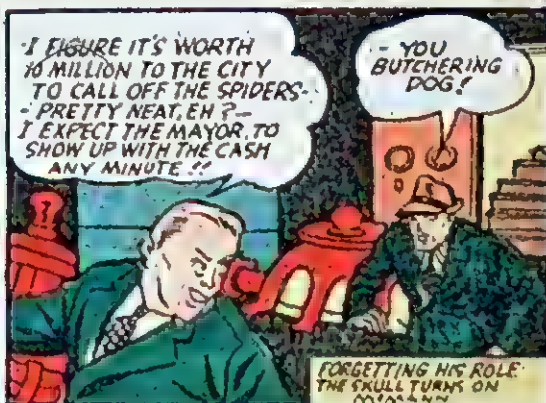
-YOU SEE BLACKIE, THOSE MECH
SPIDERS YOUR MEN SPREAD
THROUGHOUT THE CITY'S
SEWER SYSTEM, ARE NOW
COMING TO LIFE!
-WATCH THE TELEVISION
SCREEN, WHILE I CONTROL
THEM!



-AS THE SKULL, DISGUISED AS BLACKIE, PEERS
INTO THE SCREEN, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREETES
HIS EYES AS HE NOTES HUGE SPIDER MECHS.
POURING FROM THE CITY'S SEWERS -



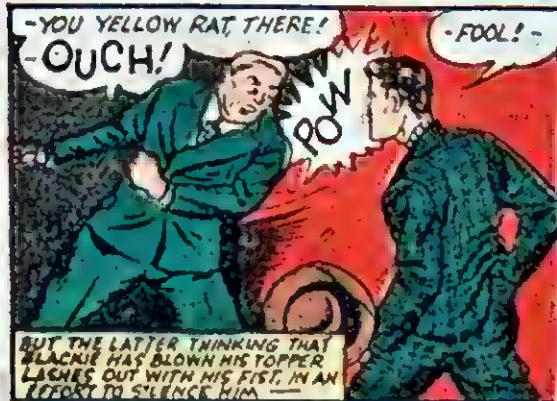
AN OFFICER ATTRACTED BY THE MONSTERS
EMPTYING HIS SERVICE GUN AT THEM, ONLY TO
BE DEVOURER IN A SHORT WHILE! - THEN -
McMANN EXPLAINING THAT THROUGH THESE SPIDER
THE CITY SHALL PAY FULL WELL, TO STOP THE
WAVE OF TERROR -



-I FIGURE IT'S WORTH
10 MILLION TO THE CITY
TO CALL OFF THE SPIDERS -
PRETTY NEAT, EH? -
I EXPECT THE MAYOR, TO
SHOW UP WITH THE CASH
ANY MINUTE! -

- YOU
BUTCHERING
DOG!

FORGETTING HIS ROLE,
THE SKULL TURNS ON
McMANN



-YOU YELLOW RAT THERE!
-OUCH!

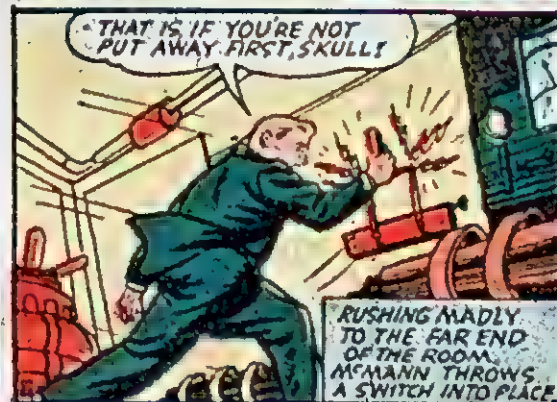
-FOOL! -

BUT THE LATTER THINKING THAT
BLACKIE HAS BLOWN HIS TOPPER
LASHES OUT WITH HIS FIST, IN AN
EFFORT TO SILENCE HIM -



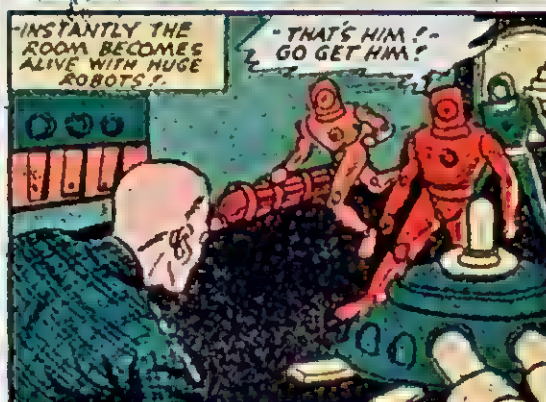
-YOU BUSTED YOUR HAND ON MY JAW!
-BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT YOUR
OUTFIT WILL BE WHEN I'M THRU! -

-WHIPPING OUT A
HANDKERCHIEF, THE
SKULL REMOVES HIS
MASQUERADE!



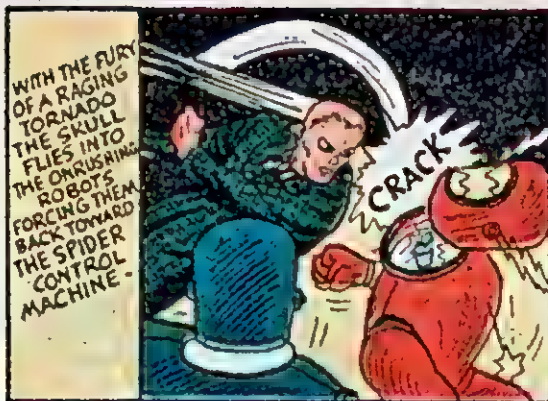
-THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT
PUT AWAY FIRST, SKULL!

RUSHING MADLY
TO THE FAR END
OF THE ROOM,
McMANN THROWS
A SWITCH INTO PLACE



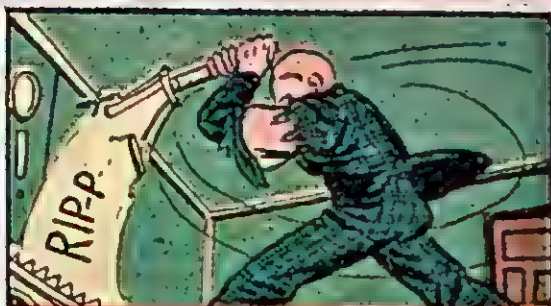
-INSTANTLY THE
ROOM BECOMES
ALIVE WITH HUGE
ROBOTS! -

-THAT'S HIM! -
GO GET HIM!



WITH THE FURY OF A RAGING TORNADO THE SKULL FLIES INTO THE ONRUSHING ROBOTS FORCING THEM BACK TOWARD THE SPIDER CONTROL MACHINE.

CRACK

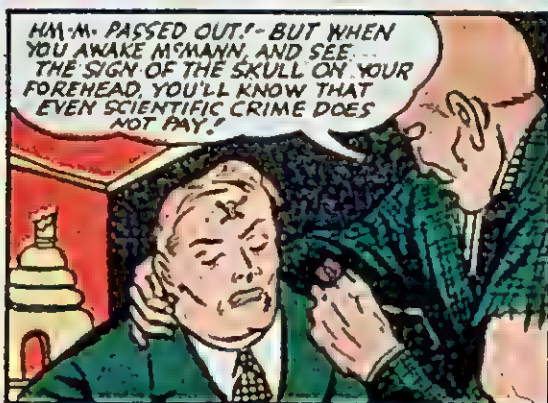


LIKE A ONE MAN ARMY TANK THE SKULL SMASHES THRU THE STEEL CORDON UNTIL HE REACHES THE CONTROLLING APPARATUS. THEN HE PULLS THE SWITCH FROM PLACE.

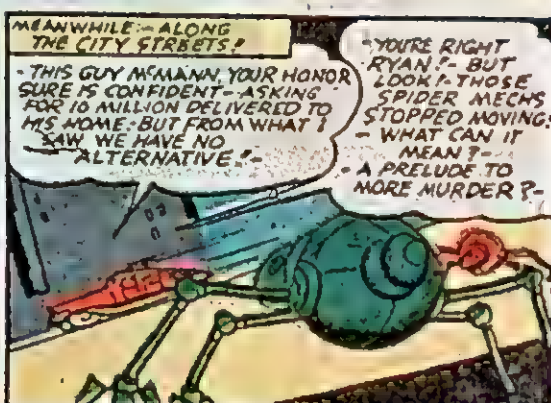
-AND THEN TURNING BACK TO THE ROBOTS, HE CUTS LOOSE WITH A COMPACT ANYOD COMPOD MACHINE CONCEALED UP HIS SLEEVE. THE RESULTS ARE IMMEDIATE, AS THE ELECTRONIC RAYS PENETRATE THE MECHS STEEL PLATES WRECKING THE INSIDE MECHANISMS.



-MCMANN SEEING THIS LOSES HIS REASONING POWER. AS HE RUSHES THE SKULL, A STEEL FIST CRACKS HIS JAW!



HM-M. PASSED OUT!- BUT WHEN YOU AWAKE MCMANN, AND SEE THE SIGN OF THE SKULL ON YOUR FOREHEAD, YOU'LL KNOW THAT EVEN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DOES NOT PAY.



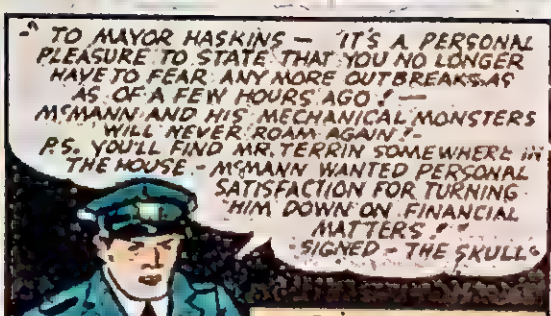
MEANWHILE- ALONG THE CITY STREETS!

- THIS GUY MCMANN, YOUR HONOR SURE IS CONFIDENT- ASKING FOR 10 MILLION DELIVERED TO HIS HOME- BUT FROM WHAT? SAW WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE.

- YOU'RE RIGHT RYAN!- BUT LOOK!- THOSE SPIDER MECHS STOPPED MOVING. - WHAT CAN IT MEAN? - A PRELUDE TO MORE MURDER?-



- HERE HE IS RYAN!- - WHAT TH- HE'S CHAINED TO A TANK- LOOK THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST!



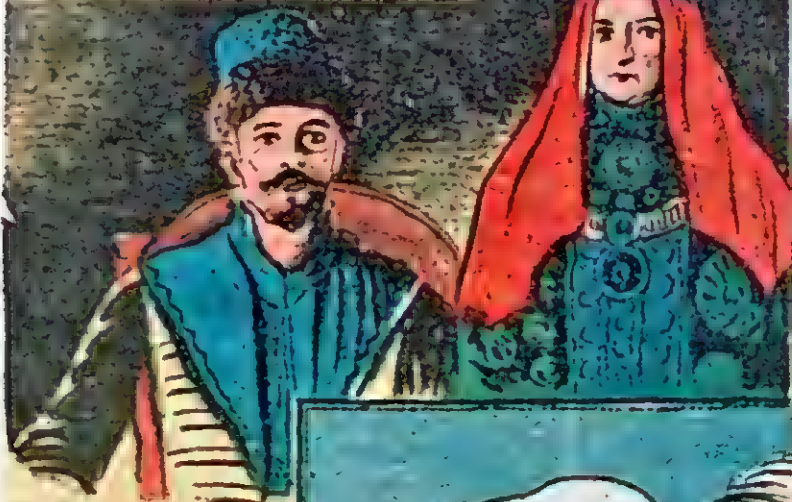
- TO MAYOR HASKINS - IT'S A PERSONAL PLEASURE TO STATE THAT YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO FEAR ANY MORE OUTBREAKS AS OF A FEW HOURS AGO! - MCMANN AND HIS MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL NEVER ROAM AGAIN! - P.S. YOU'LL FIND MR. TERRIN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE - MCMANN WANTED PERSONAL SATISFACTION FOR TURNING HIM DOWN ON FINANCIAL MATTERS! - SIGNED - THE SKULL.

LATER AS THE MAYOR REACHES MCMANN'S HOUSE, HE'S SURPRISED TO FIND IT EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THE LAB.

NEXT MONTH ANOTHER COMPLETE "IRON SKULL" PICTURE STORY!

STRANGER THAN FICTION

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA STILL DO NOT KNOW THAT CZARIST RULE HAS ENDED...



ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STROKEN; RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.



THE LADY WHO HAS PLAYED CROQUET EVERY DAY FOR 32 YEARS--
MRS. JAMES GREER,
WIFE OF THE
MAYOR OF GREENPORT,
MISSISSIPPI...



HENRY LEWIS OF
SAVONILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL
FLOWER-GROWER, GROWN A
ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR--1924.



SKIS--1,000 YEARS OLD
HE FIRST FOUND IN THE
SWEDISH MOUNTAINS...

THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH
THE HEAD WHILE MAKING A SPEECH
(THE BULLET ENTERED JUST ABOVE
HIS RIGHT EYE, CAME OUT
BACK OF HIS LEFT EAR) AND
WENT ON SPEAKING, NEVER
SUFFERED ANY PAIN OR ILL
EFFECTS... JOSEPH FRANKLIN
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1875.



OLIVER
WENDELL
HOLMES

JOCKEY...



THE TIGER WHICH
IS KNOWN TO
HAVE KILLED
122 PERSONS--
BORMANT, INDIA,
1891-96.

The tiger was in the habit of mauling small animals, killing and carrying off women and children.
Lords asked his den with dirt planted wood, culled trees within four months by forcing. He still
has three of the trees preserved in a tank.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE CAT WHICH SUCKLED
SIX RATS--ON HENRY
MORTONSON'S FARM IN
SALT VALLEY, IDAHO

!!



THE MINISTER
WHO RETIRED
AT THE AGE
OF 73 TO
BECOME A
VETERINARIAN--
THE REV. MARTIN
BLUE, KINDERHOOK,
NEW YORK, 1906...



BLUEHOSE.
IS THE ONLY TOWN
IN KANSAS WHICH
VOTED AGAINST
PROHIBITION IN THE
1914 STATE
REFERENDUM!



HENRY RAVIGOTTI
REMARIED HIS
"WIDOW" 22 YEARS
AFTER HIS OWN
"DEATH". ROME, ITALY.
1920...



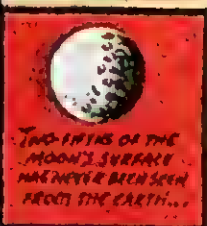
THERE ARE
STILL 2,400
COWS WITHIN THE
LIMITS OF
NEW YORK CITY



GEORGE
DUDLEY
OF OTTAWA,
SERVED IN
FRANCE WITH
THE CANADIAN
ARMY FOR SEVEN
MONTHS BEFORE
AUTHORITIES DISCOVERED THAT
HE WAS ONLY 13 YEARS OLD--
AND SENT HIM HOME. (1915-16)



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 13 HOURS
AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON,
D.C., JUNE 4, 1911--PREACHED BY THE
REV. G. B. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION
BAPTIST CHURCH--HE SAID 88,714
WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD
RECORD. (THANKS--DONALD CARTER)



TWO-THIRDS OF THE
MOON'S SURFACE
HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN
FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CARLISSA BONTILA
OF NAPLES, ITALY,
HAD THREE SETS
OF TWINS IN
25 MONTHS--1931-33.

NO HUMAN HAND MAY
TOUCH THE EMPEROR OF
JAPAN...WHICH MAKES
IT HARD FOR DENTISTS,
DOCTORS AND BARBERS.
TAILORS MUST MEASURE
SUITS BY GUESSING!



Young Dudley saw more than a month of prison, would have been decorated for heroism had he
remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was not
large for his age, looked like a boy of 12.

THE TRAGIC NOTE

An Amazing Man Story

What Can You Do With a Powerful Voice? Aman Was Given The Test That Stilled a Life . . .

By Matty Point



"**A**MAN", the beautiful creature asked the Amazing Man, "won't you please sing for us that Cantata Unica?"

Ordinarily, it would have been difficult to deny a girl such as this one the simple favor of singing a beautiful song, and we all expected Aman to begin.

"I don't think I can oblige you," replied Aman to the girl.

"Why, Aman!" the girl was plainly disappointed.

"Forgive me, but I cannot sing the Cantata. It is too awful . . ." explained Aman.

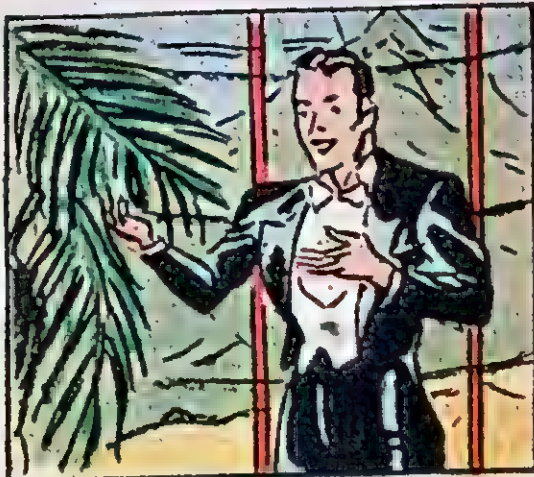
"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"I will explain," returned Aman, in his precise, musical voice.

Of course, we were all disappointed that Aman would not sing. The Amazing Man was gifted with a musical voice beyond the ordinary. Powerful, yet controlled, his voice would vibrate like an organ, or a fine violin. The Cantata Unica, which he had been asked to sing to us, he sung rarely, we all knew. That is why he was asked. It was the best of his songs, when he sang years back.

"**I** WILL explain," Aman had said. We all settled back, and listened. We were his guests, in the huge princely residence that was his retreat in the highest Himalayas. The air was crystal, and the beauty of the surrounding country, crowded with mountains higher than the Rockies, filled us with wonder and amazement.

We were on the large crystal-enclosed veranda, overlooking the huge Star Valley.



Aman had his back to it, and faced us. His tall, handsome silhouette was outlined against a sky of pure blue metal. It was a tense moment as he began:

"**W**HEN I was still a student in Tibetland, I was required, as part of my extraordinary education, to learn the art of music. Perhaps it would be best to call it singing.

"My teachers, who were the wise men of the lofty mountains of Central Asia, taught me that the real music was everywhere in nature. My real teachers were the birds in the deep forests. There are no greater natural musicians than the birds.

"After that preliminary work, I was required to study the theory of music, its mathematics, and its special force and value in this world. That all came at once, and within a very short time, I had to cram a great deal of information.

"My teachers then had me pass a very strenuous test. There were five men who had to pass upon my qualifications as a musician, and I had to see each one separately, though they lived journeys apart.

"The first examiner satisfied himself that there wasn't a single bird note, or call that I didn't know, and that there didn't exist a musical sound, emitted by an animal, which I couldn't at once identify, in a musical way. I passed this first test.

The second examiner was interested in how much theory I had absorbed. We went over endless matters of scales, rhythm, transpositions, composition, trills, and what-nots. This test, too, I passed.

The third examiner wanted to be sure of my memory. He tried me with everything, I guess, that has ever been written in music. That was an easy test.

The fourth examiner desired to try my ability in creating music. That is, how well could I play a given instrument, or sing. How easily could I write original music, and play it? That one, too, was an easy test for me.

I hardly knew what the fifth test was going to be. It seemed to everything that could be desired had been asked of a musician! But I wearily trudged on to the fifth examiner, who lived in a retiring, distant place—so bleak and desolate that I wondered whether this test was one of courage, rather than music

“WHEN I entered the large room where my fifth examiner was awaiting, I found a meeting was in progress. At least it seemed that way, for along the far end of the room, a long table, like a judge's bench was surrounded by a group of men. There was a larger, stronger man presiding. And all of them wore long robes, and buried their heads deep in their bonneted capes.

“They seemed to be waiting for me, and only the larger man spoke. His voice was deep, unearthly:

“We are pleased Aman has come,” announced the Voice. “We are ready for the last test!”

“Then, it was explained to me that here would be tested my Power — that is, the strength of my voice. An unusual test, about which I wondered.

“Deep in the shadows, to the left, I could dimly see a cowed figure. It was a frightened human being, of the type I had seen in the plains, during my journeys. He was strapped in what appeared to be a crude chair. There were wires, probably electric wires, connecting with the back and the arms. It was quite weird, and dim . . .

“Begin singing!” the Voice commanded. “Sing, the Cantata Unica, Aman!”

“Slowly, I began the beautiful notes of the Cantata. In the still, confined space, like a cavern, where this group sat as though in judgment, my voice at first sounded thin, empty, and almost inadequate.”

“I suppose that I gathered strength as I sang, for soon, the notes welled from my throat in full tones, and the cavern was filled with harmony.

“I couldn't help, somehow, watching the figure crouching in the chair, back in the dim corner to the left. Every one of my beautiful notes caused him an increased terror, and I wondered, for my sense of mind-reading hadn't yet been developed. In a way, I felt that man's life was dependent upon my singing, my voice . . .

“I sang on . . . Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the beauty of the song, by the weirdness of the place, and by the severity of the courtroom like place. I sang with thunderous force, until it seemed that the very stones of the cavern would vibrate . . .

“Then, on a vigorous note, in the twelfth series of the cantabile, on notes 4, 193, 4, 194, and 4, 193 (for I was required to give complete choral effects by splitting my voice in parts, in this singing), the thing happened . . .

“As my voice lifted up higher, and higher and its power was shaking the very roof of the cavern, the helpless being in the chair began to twist and squirm, glaring at me with eyes appealing, and when I reached the peak, he slumped down, vanquished.

“I hurriedly finished the Cantata, and stood still awhile, not daring to look up. I was shaken, not with the effort which I had put into my singing, but by the tragedy which I knew I had precipitated, there, in the corner.”

THE group around Aman was listening breathlessly.

“But tell us, Aman,” insisted the girl who had first asked for the Cantata. “Why don't you want to sing the song for us today? All those things happened long ago . . .

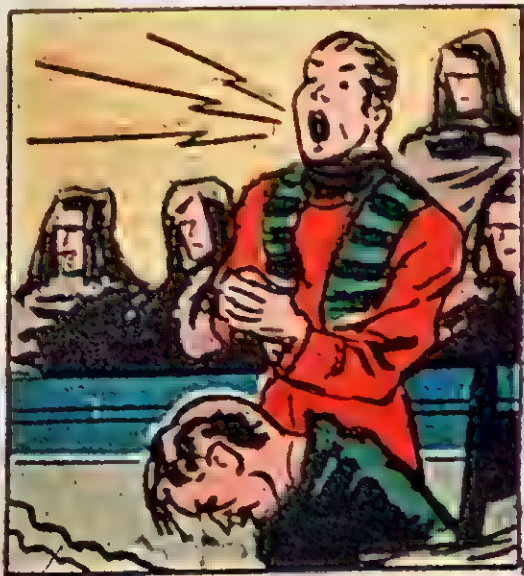
Aman, the Amazing Man, looked through all of us for a few moments. He was trying to tell us, by thought transference, what had happened in that cavern test, years back. For no mere words could convey exactly what he felt. It was *feeling-words* he wanted us to receive.

“My thought is telling you all . . .” Aman said. With his arms crossed on his chest, he stood there, still as the sky in back of him.

What we all saw, in our mind's eye, was Aman as he sang. Then the high notes, and the man in the corner . . . Then the tragic notes, and we felt the electric current as it surged through the unfortunate's body. And we knew that by some electric means, as Aman's voice reached a certain force, and a certain pitch, an electric relay switch was released. The very force of the voice did it. And the current flowed, to kill the crouching figure . . .

“Now,” Aman said, “You all know why I shall never again sing the Cantata Unica . . . It was the fifth, and the fearful test!”

The End



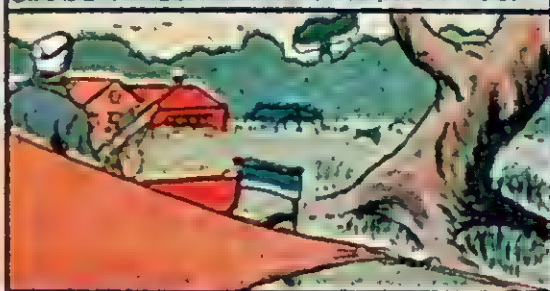


THUNDERING BEATS OF THE GIANT WAR DRUM SENT A TERRIFYING MESSAGE THROUGH THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE . . . A MESSAGE THAT A BRAVE

WHITE MAN HEARD—AND BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE!

A Thrilling Adventure Illustrated by Paul Gustavson—Episode 1.

AT THE OUTPOST OF THE CONGO PATROL, LABU, SERVANT OF SANDY THORNE, THE MOST FEARED-OF MAN IN THE PATROL BY THE NATIVES, STANDS TENSELY IN FRONT OF THE OUTPOST



THE JUNGLE IS MUCH TOO SILENT—TROUBLE BREWING! I DO NOT LIKE IT, TUAN.

LABU—LISTEN! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE EAST! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT DISTINCTLY, SOON.



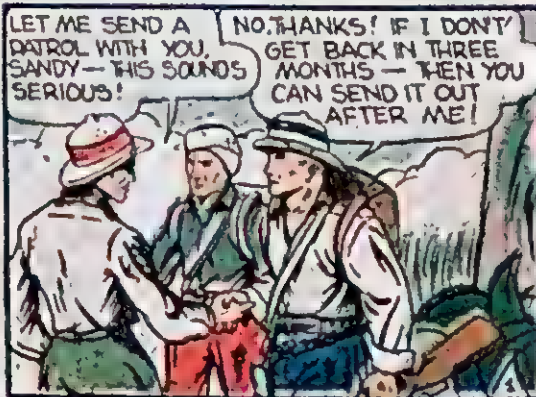
YOU KNOW, TUAN—?

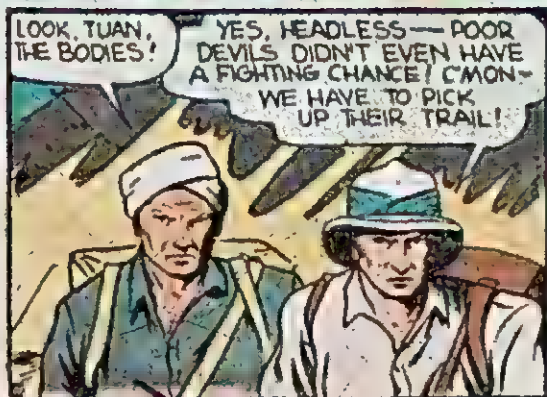
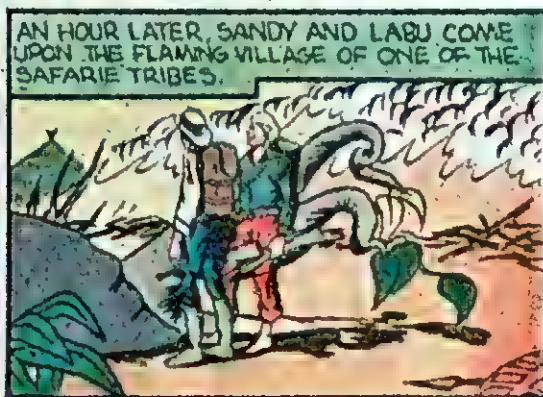
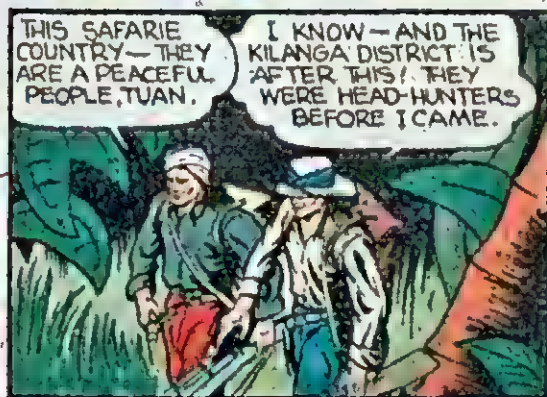
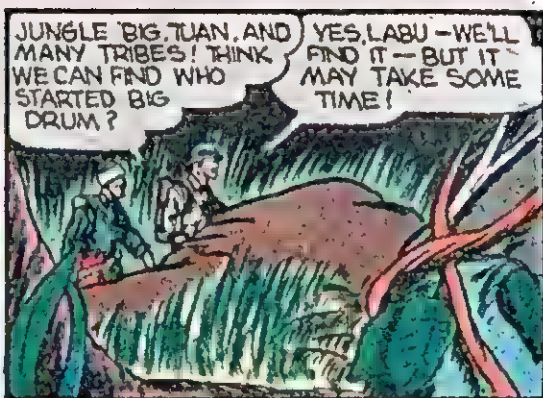
YES—THE CONGO WAR DRUM! THAT HASN'T BEEN SOUNDED IN ALMOST FIVE YEARS! PACK OUR THINGS, LABU, WE'RE GOING INLAND

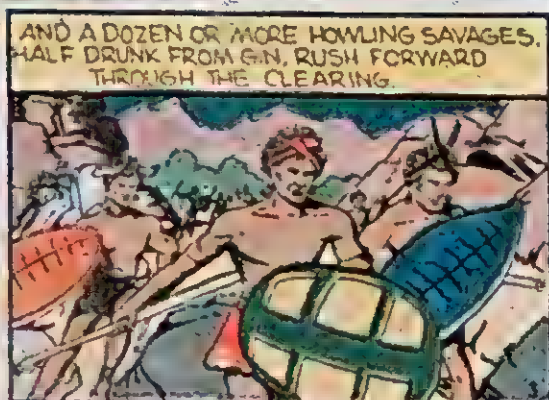
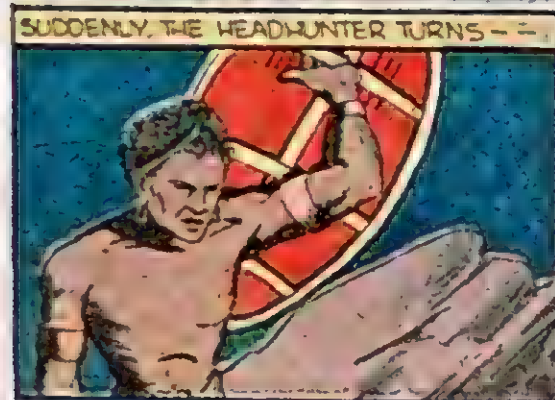
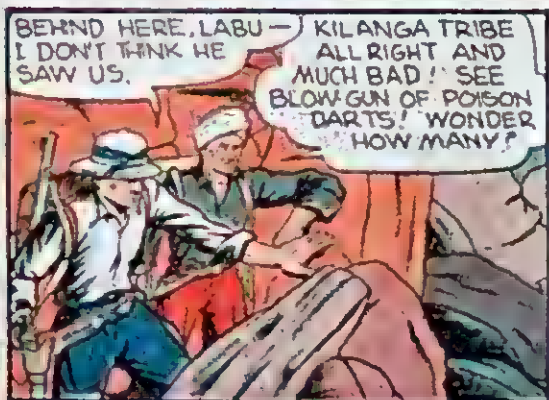
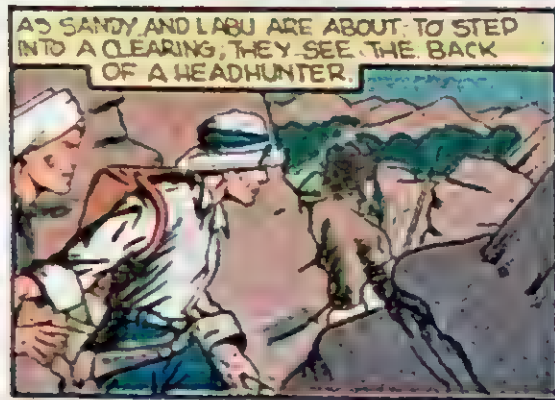
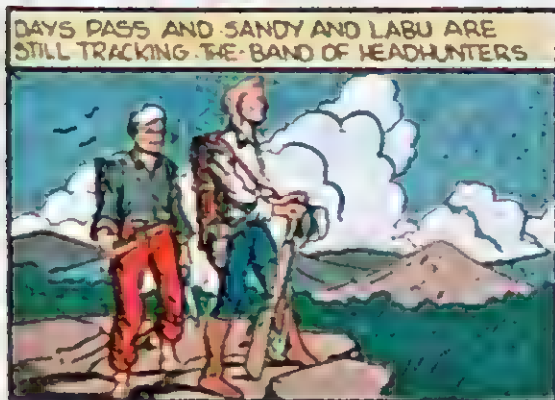
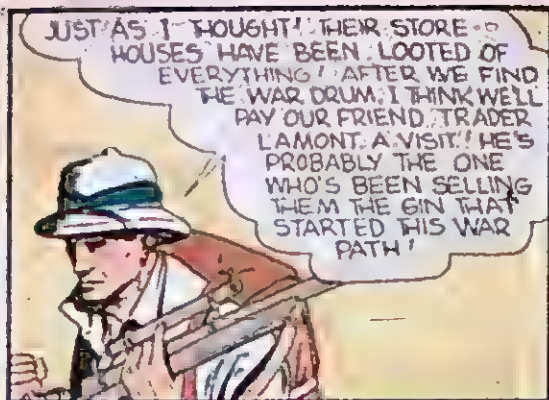
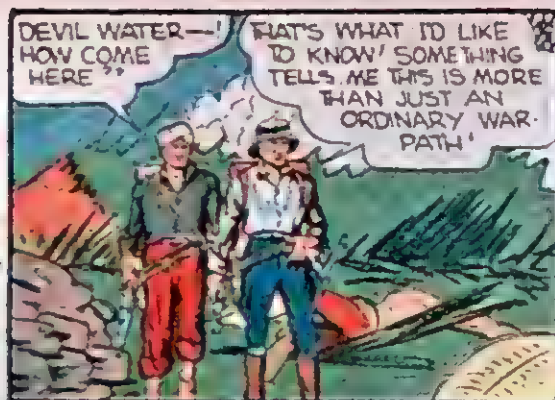


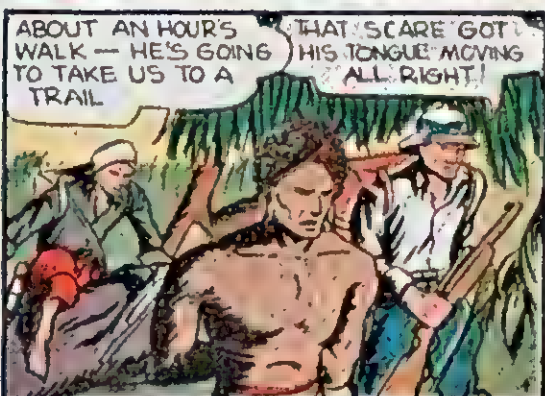
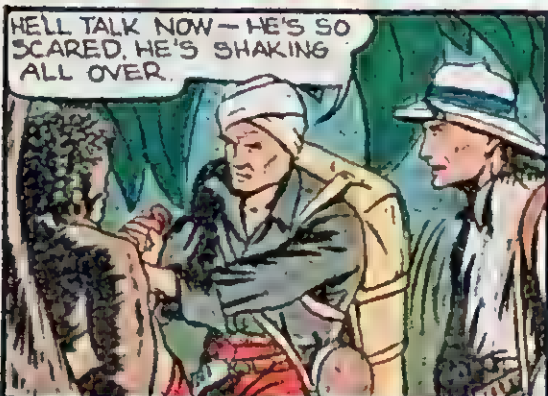
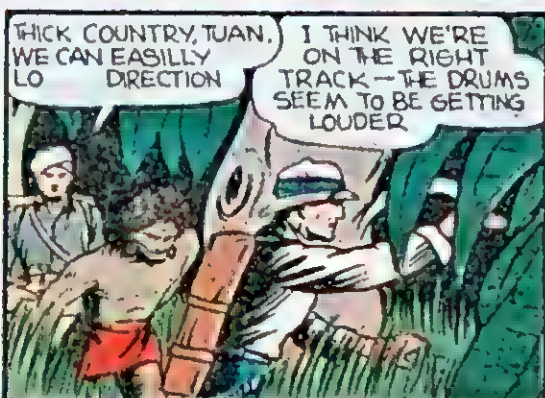
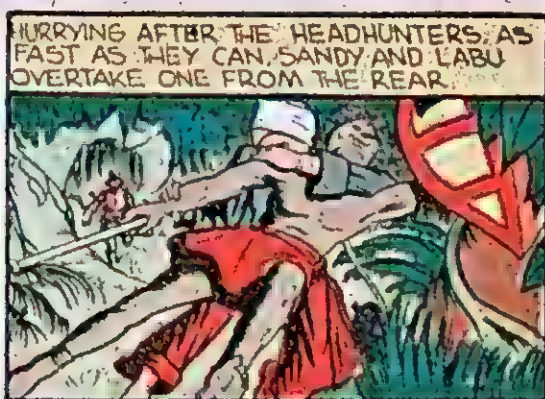
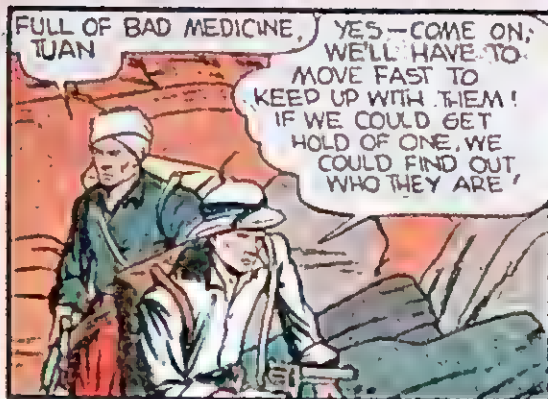
LET ME SEND A PATROL WITH YOU, SANDY—THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

NO, THANKS! IF I DON'T GET BACK IN THREE MONTHS—THEN YOU CAN SEND IT OUT AFTER ME!









IT'S A LOT EASIER WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH!

WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON, TUAN.



LABU — CAN YOU SEE THE FLAMES THROUGH THE TREES —! THEY MUST HAVE CAPTURED SOMEONE AND ARE HAVING A FIRE DANCE!



AS THEY DRAW NEADER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE.



A FEW FEET FROM THE FIRE ARE THREE CAPTIVES TIED TO STAKES — ALL WHITE.



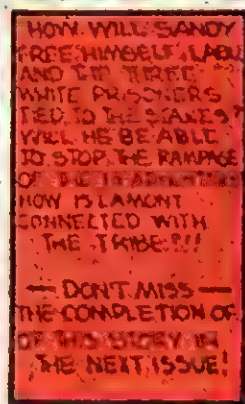
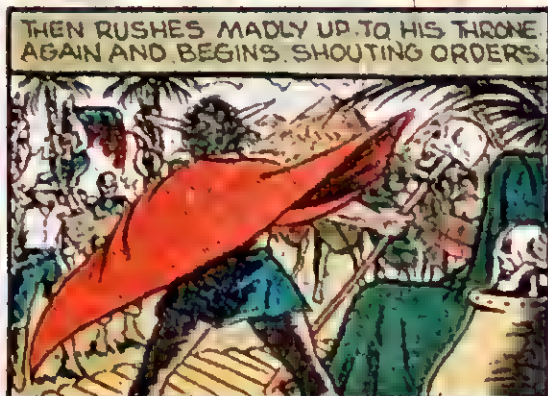
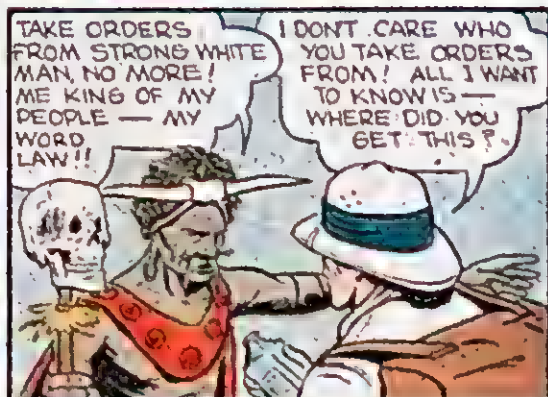
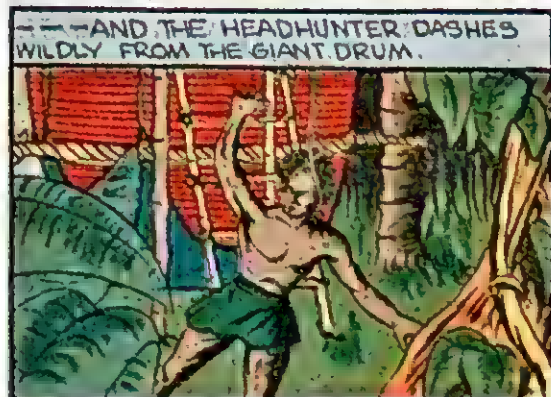
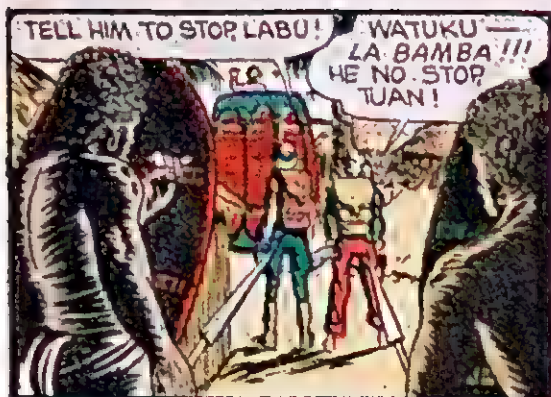
THEY'RE WHITE PEOPLE, TUAN!!

YES — AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THEY'LL BE BURNT ALIVE! COME ON, LABU — WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS PARTY!!



AT THE SIGHT OF SANDY THE HEADHUNTER AT THE DRUM, SLOWS HIS BEAT AND A COLD SWEAT ROLLS DOWN HIS BROW.

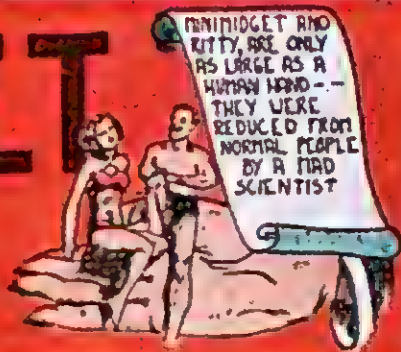




MINIMIDGET

THE MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. KOLD



SO MY DEAR BROTHER WON'T LET ME HAVE MORE MONEY--HA-HA--WITH MY LITTLE PLAYMATE'S TO DEAL WITH HIM, AT MY COMMAND THEY WILL STRIKE, THEN-- HIS MONEY WILL BE MINE.



YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU, THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE, AS I PLEASE.



COME MY PET'S, DANCE MAKE MERRY HERE YOU GO TO WORK--HEH--HEH-- WITH YOUR POISONED SWORD.



THAT NIGHT BARMELL STARTS FOR HIS BROTHER'S MANSION--



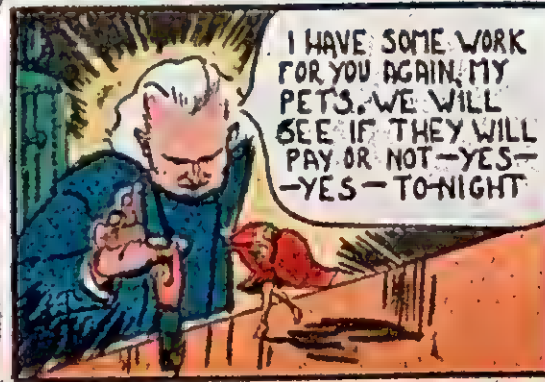
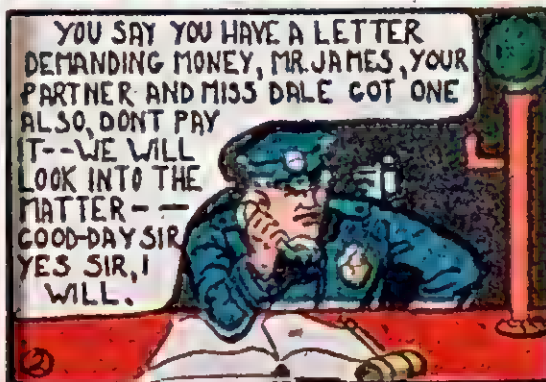
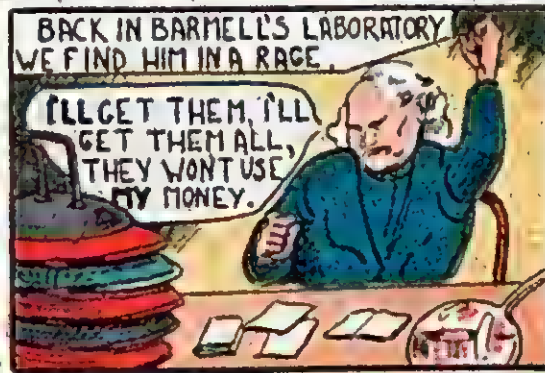
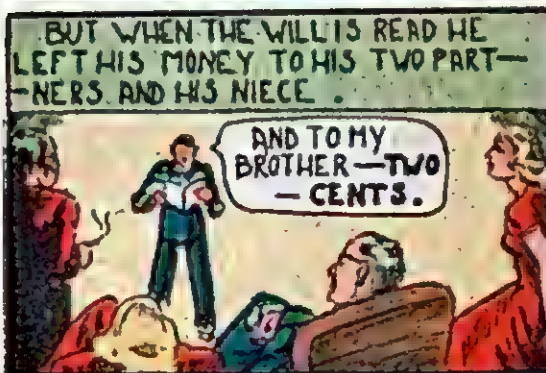
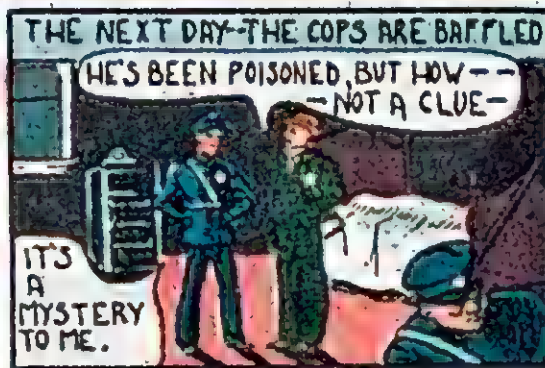
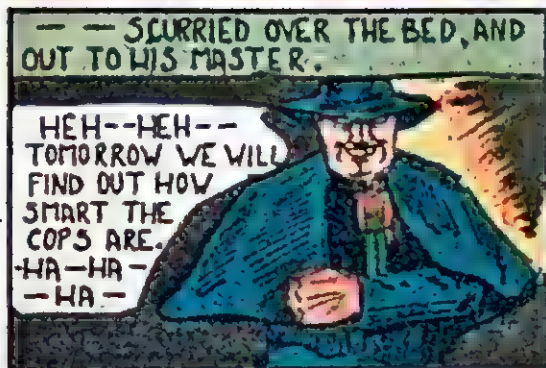
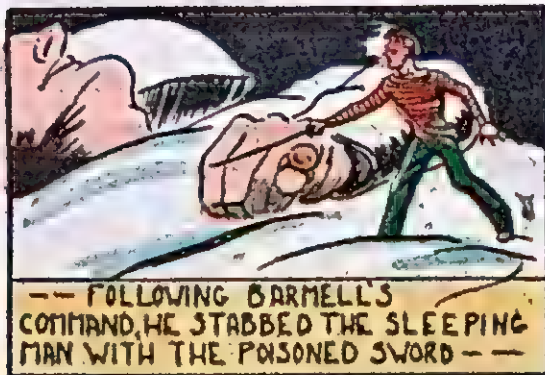
UNDER THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW, HE LIFTS UP HIS BRANCHILD, A HUMAN MAN, REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF HIS HAND



REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU MY PET.

ACROSS THE SILL, OVER THE DRESSER TO THE FLOOR, WENT THE SUPERMIDGET.





THAT NIGHT POLICE CARS GO ROARING UP TO MR. JAMES' HOUSE. MR. JAMES WAS DEAD--KILLED--WITNESSED BY THE MAID.



I WAS STANDING BY HIM--AND THE OTHER MAID ALSO--I NOTICED HE RUBBED HIS LEG, THEN HE FELL

AND YOU SAW NOTHING ELSE



MUST BE A SPOOK

YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED; BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DEAD--POISONED--

LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS MEANT

WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS

NOW MEN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A SERIOUS CASE ON OUR HANDS. JIM--YOU GUARD MR. JAMES' PARTNER, AND BOB--YOU WATCH MISS DALE. AND NO ROMANTIC STUFF, THIS IS DARNED SERIOUS.



MEANWHILE BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY

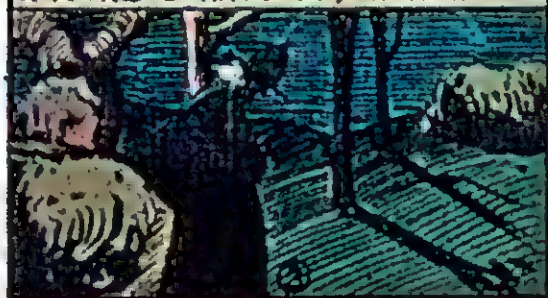
ME A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS SWEET--I SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE. WHILE THEY LIVE IN HIGH STYLE, ON MY MONEY.



MY PET'S WILL HELP ME. I'LL SHOW THEM



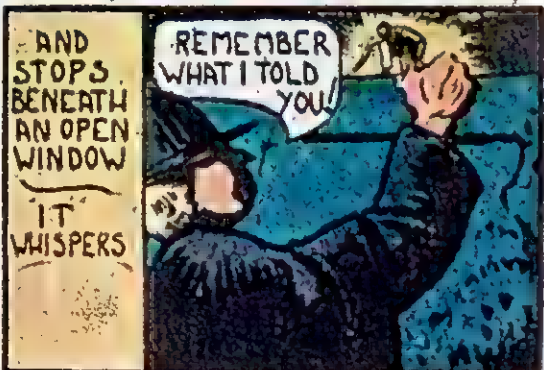
THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN.



AND STOPS BENEATH AN OPEN WINDOW

IT WHISPERS

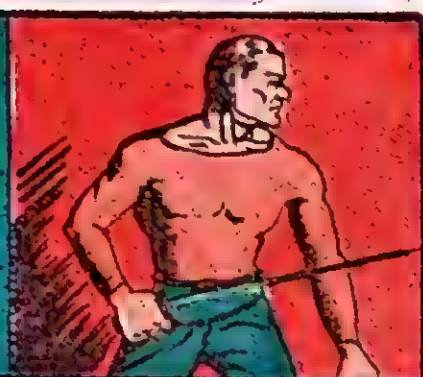
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!



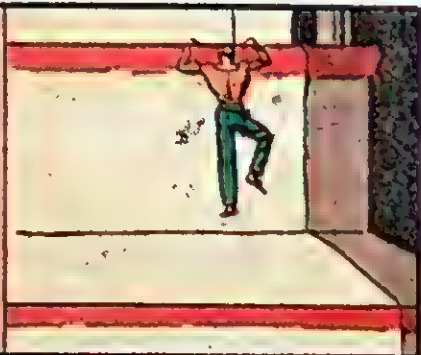
ACROSS
THE ROOM
TO THE
OPEN DOOR
WENT THE
SUPERMIDGET



OUT
INTO
THE
HALL
ALONG
THE
SIDEWALL



UP THE
STAIRS



TO THE
SECOND
FLOOR



SHARP EYES THAT PIERCED THE
GLOOM OF THE HALL WATCHED HIM. HE
TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A CAT READY
TO SPRING ON HIM.



AS THE CAT LEAPED, HE STEPPED
ASIDE AND STABBED HIM IN THE
NECK.

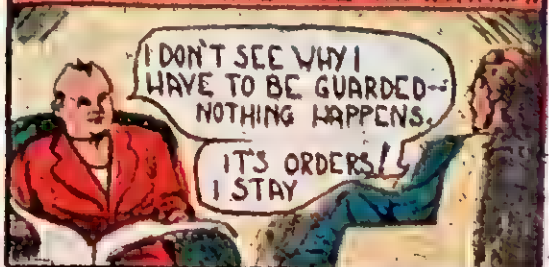


THE POISON TOOK EFFECT AT ONCE
ON THE CAT—HE LAY TWITCHING,
THEN WAS QUIET—DEAD—

THAT
DANGER
OVER—HE
CONTINUED
DOWN THE
HALL TO AN
OPEN DOOR
—LIGHT
COMING
FROM IT—



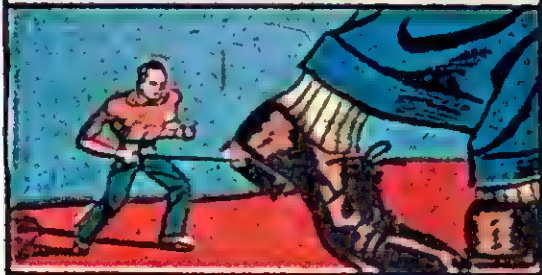
STEALING HIS WAY AROUND THE ROOM
HE CROPT BEHIND THE MAN HE WAS
TO KILL. A DETECTIVE WAS WITH HIM.



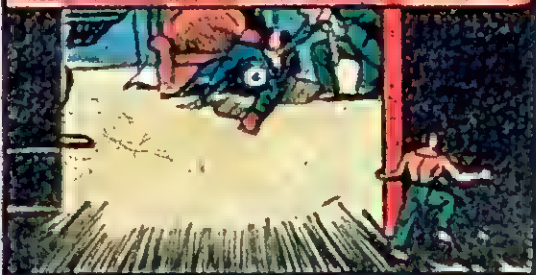
I DON'T SEE WHY I
HAVE TO BE GUARDED—
NOTHING HAPPENS.

IT'S ORDERS!
I STAY

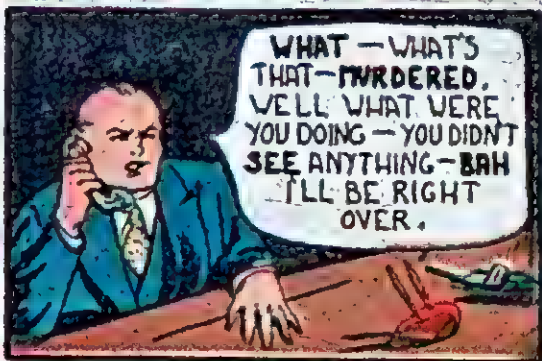
UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET-- SWORD
IN HAND.



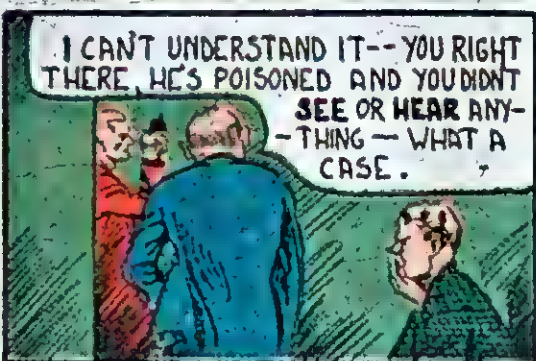
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL--
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR.



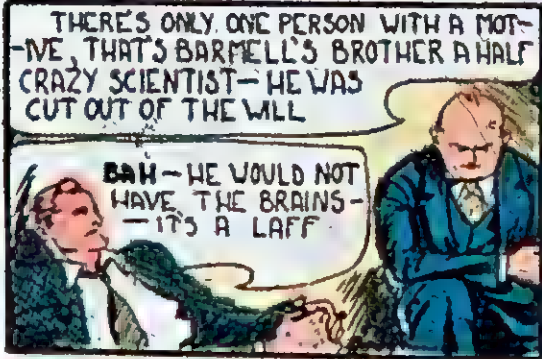
WHAT--WHAT'S
THAT--MURDERED.
WELL WHAT WERE
YOU DOING--YOU DIDNT
SEE ANYTHING--BAH
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER.



I CANT UNDERSTAND IT-- YOU RIGHT
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDNT
SEE OR HEAR ANY--
THING-- WHAT A
CASE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF
CRAZY SCIENTIST-- HE WAS
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



BAH-- HE WOULD NOT
HAVE THE BRAINS--
--IT'S A LAFF



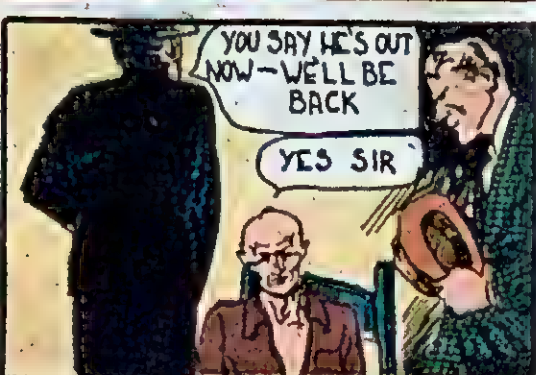
O.K. I'LL GO

HE LIVES IN THE
CELLAR OF THAT
HOUSE-- WE'LL
QUESTION THE
JANITOR, FIRST



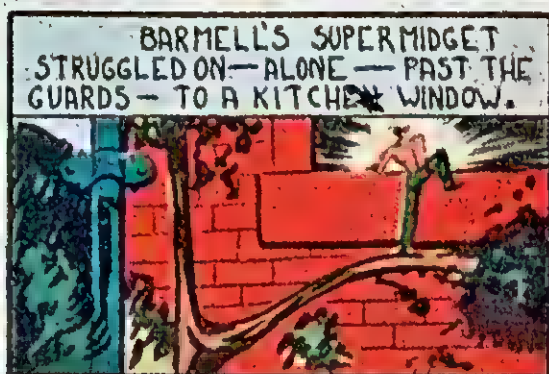
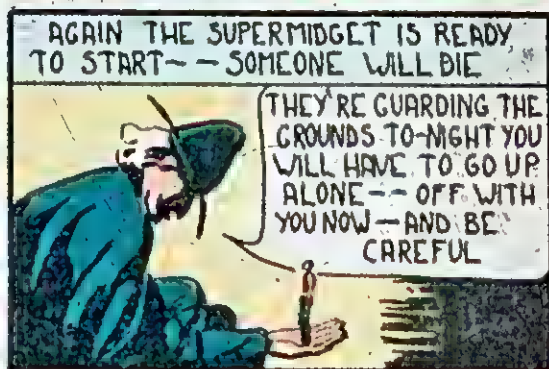
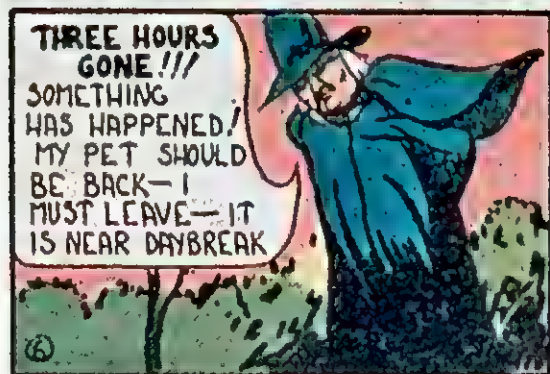
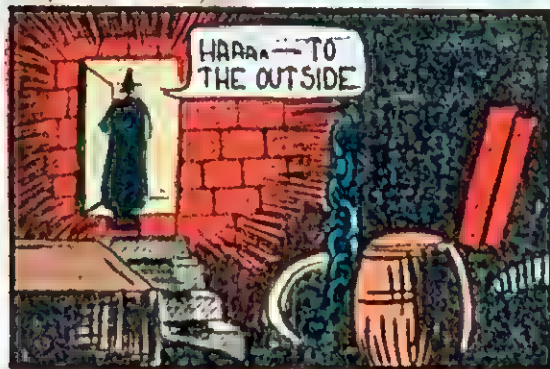
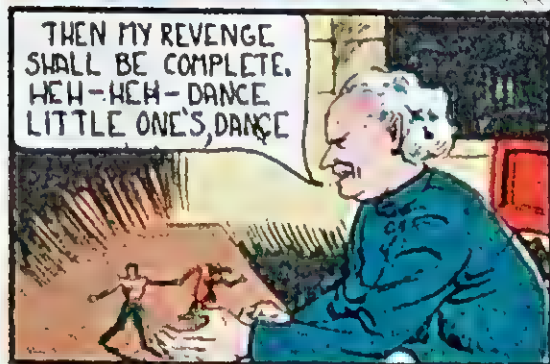
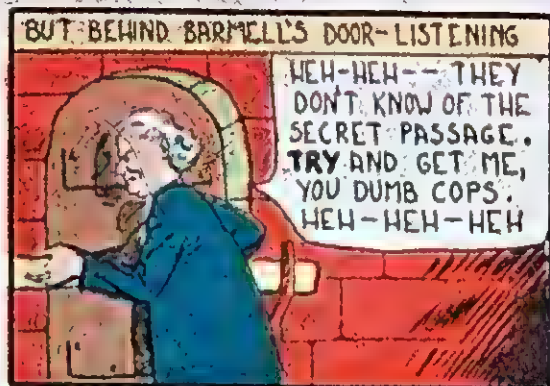
YOU SAY BAR--
--HELL DIDNT
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

NO SIR, THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY--
THAT'S
PAST
ME

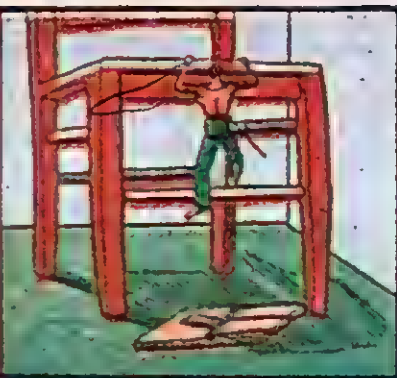


YOU SAY HE'S OUT
NOW-- WE'LL BE
BACK

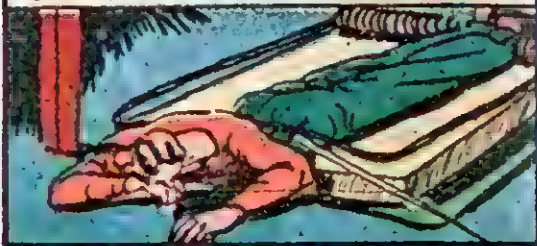
YES SIR



IN THE
WINDOW
—DOWN
A CHAIR
TO HIS
DOOM



THERE IS A SHARP CLICK / — A SHRILL
SCREAM / THEN SILENCE. THE COOK,
SEEKING TO CATCH A RAT, HAD
CAUGHT A MURDERER.



IN THE
MORNING
THE COOK
PICKED
UP THE
TRAP—
GASPED—
THEN
YELLED

QUICK/GET
THE POLICE
LOOK WHAT I
CAUGHT IT IS
HORRIBLE.



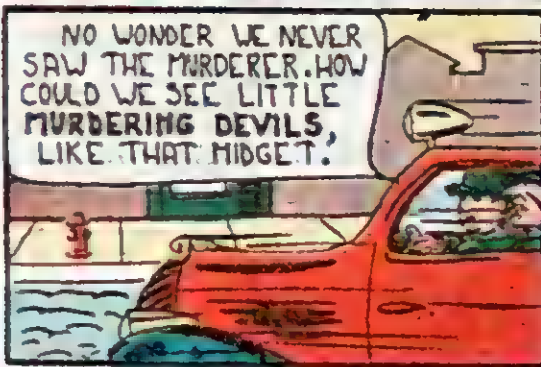
WHY—THAT'S WHAT
MY UNCLE WANTED
MONEY FOR, TO CREATE
SUPERTHUGGETS

YES—AND
THAT'S WHY HE
KILLED HIS
BROTHER— HE
WOULDN'T GIVE
HIM ANY

LET'S GO
GET
HIM



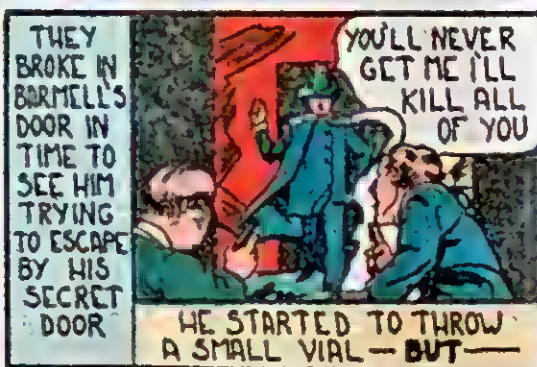
NO WONDER WE NEVER
SAW THE MURDERER. HOW
COULD WE SEE LITTLE
MURDERING DEVILS,
LIKE THAT HUGGET.



THEY
BROKE IN
BARMELL'S
DOOR IN
TIME TO
SEE HIM
TRYING
TO ESCAPE
BY HIS
SECRET
DOOR

YOU'LL NEVER
GET ME I'LL
KILL ALL
OF YOU

HE STARTED TO THROW
A SMALL VIAL — BUT —



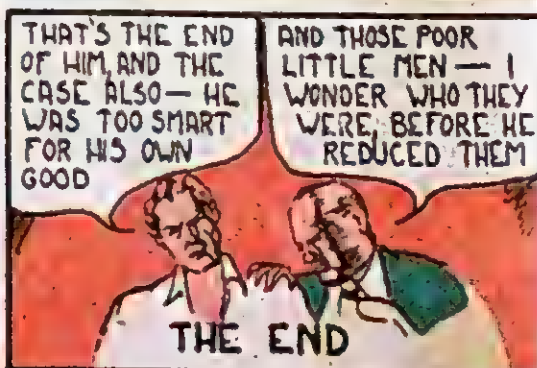
SQUEEZED
IT TOO
TIGHT IT
EXPLODED
AND BLEW
BARMELL
INTO A
MASS OF
FLAMES



THAT'S THE END
OF HIM, AND THE
CASE ALSO — HE
WAS TOO SMART
FOR HIS OWN
GOOD

AND THOSE POOR
LITTLE MEN — I
WONDER WHO THEY
WERE, BEFORE HE
REDUCED THEM

THE END



CHUCK NARDY

THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA

by Franklin Thomas



THE SMALL YAWL 'RESEARCH' COMES TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHUITA, ONE OF THE MARQUESEAN GROUP, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

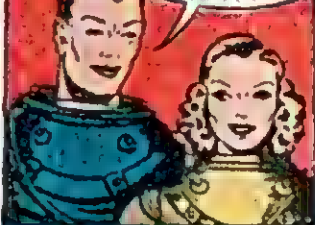


CHUCK, YOU AND MISS PETERSON CAN'T FAIL US TODAY... WE MUST HAVE SOME SPECIMENS

-HEAR THAT CHUCK?

ABOARD THE VESSEL, A SMALL PARTY OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS, HEADED BY PROFESSOR KINGOLEY, OF PORTSMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS

OH YEAH? IF I DON'T DO BETTER THAN YOU DID YESTERDAY, I'LL STAY UNDER... YOU WERE DOWN AN HOUR AND ALL YOU BROUGHT UP WAS SEAWEED! WATCH ME TODAY, JERRY, AND LEARN!



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW THAT HELMET IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE, CHUCK!

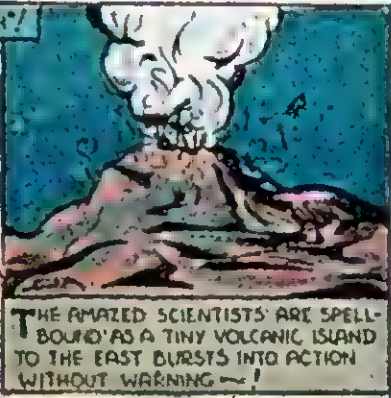


EQUIPMENT ADJUSTED, JERRY AND CHUCK DESCEND TO THE BLUE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE 'RESEARCH'!

LOOK- PROFESSOR! VOLCANO!

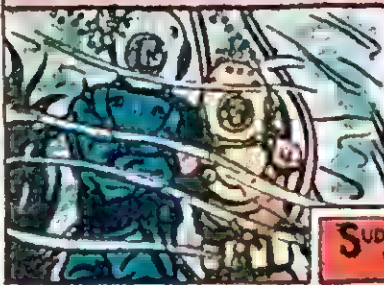


THE AMAZED SCIENTISTS ARE SPELL-BOUND AS A TINY VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE EAST BURSTS INTO ACTION WITHOUT WARNING

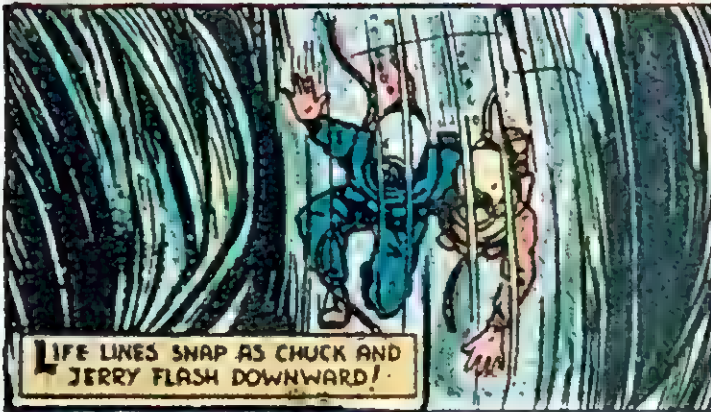
WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!! GET JERRY AND CHUCK UP ON BOARD! **HURRY!!** THIS WATER WILL BE BOILING HOT IN JUST A FEW MINUTES! IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE WE'LL ALL BE COOKED!



BUT TOO LATE!—UNDERSEA, THE TWO EXPLORERS CLING TO EACH OTHER AS CURRENTS SWIRL AND THE OCEAN BOTTOM TREMBLES!

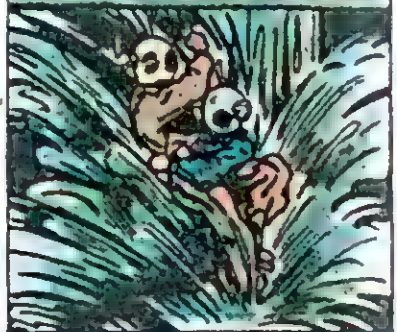


SUDDENLY THE OCEAN FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET!!



LIFE LINES SNAP AS CHUCK AND JERRY FLASH DOWNWARD!

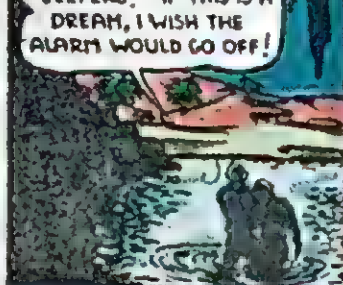
THERE IS A DISTANT RUMBLE, AS OF THUNDER... THE FALL OF WATER, WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO, ENDS ABRUPTLY!



JERRY'S UNCONSCIOUS!— IF I'M NOT SEEING THINGS, THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD! MUST HURRY! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL WEAK AND SHAKY!



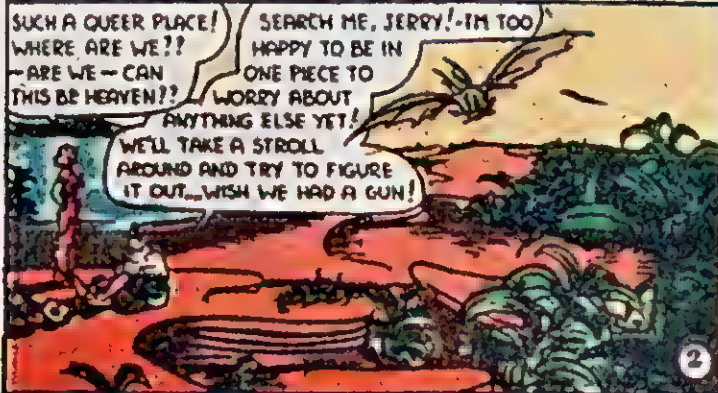
GUESS WE'LL MAKE IT! YOU'RE A HEFTY DRAG IN THAT OUTFIT, PARTNER! —JEEPERS!—IF THIS IS A DREAM, I WISH THE ALARM WOULD GO OFF!



WHAT'S HAPPENED??? —WHERE AM I?? **CHUCK!** OOH!!—LET ME TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET!!



SUCH A QUEER PLACE! WHERE ARE WE?? —ARE WE— CAN THIS BE HEAVEN?? SEARCH ME, JERRY!—I'M TOO HAPPY TO BE IN ONE PIECE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE YET! WE'LL TAKE A STROLL AROUND AND TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT...WISH WE HAD A GUN!



LOOK OUT CHUCK!!— —BEHIND YOU!!





FROM THE FOULAGE STEPS FORTH A BAND OF WARRIORS AS WEIRD AND UNREAL AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS!



GREETINGS GENTS! —WELL? SPEAK UP!! —WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT—

HUSH CHUCK!! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND! ACT FRIENDLY!



THE LEADER SUDDENLY POINTS EXCITEDLY AND SCREAMS A COMMAND!



PANIC BREAKS OUT AS A DREADED SALAMANDRON APPROACHES!!



BELLOWING IN RAGE, THE BEAST CHARGES!



RUN FOR A TREE JERRY!!



LOOK! —THAT POOR DEVIL FELL! —HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A VINE!



CHUCK!



SURPRISED BY CHUCK'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE, THE SALAMANDRON HESITATES AND EYES HIS NEW FOE...



THE BEAST SMILES SLOWLY... THE ART
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!



—GUESS WE'VE
FOUND A PAL, JERRY—

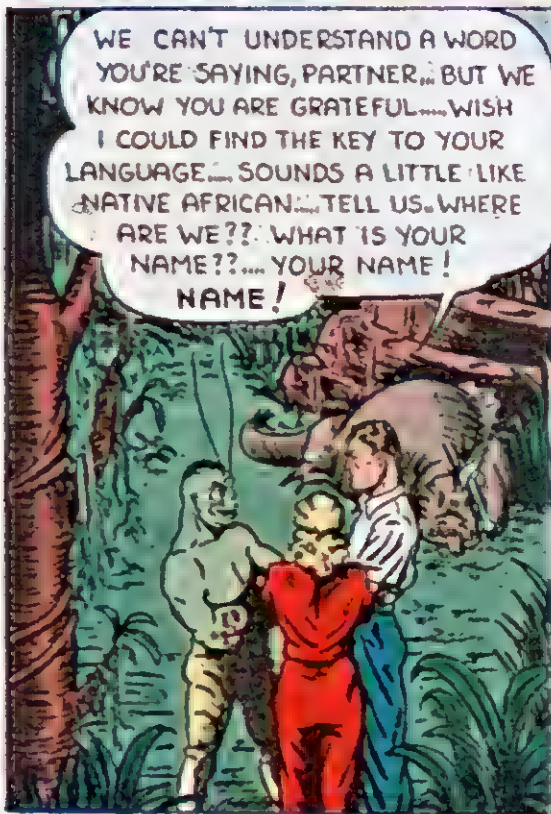


THE RESCUED WARRIOR
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!

BY SAVING HIM FROM THAT BEAST
WE'VE MADE ONE FRIEND... I HOPE
THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD
YOU'RE SAYING, PARTNER... BUT WE
KNOW YOU ARE GRATEFUL... WISH
I COULD FIND THE KEY TO YOUR
LANGUAGE... SOUNDS A LITTLE LIKE
NATIVE AFRICAN... TELL US WHERE
ARE WE?? WHAT IS YOUR
NAME?? YOUR NAME!
NAME!



2

CHUCK!... JERRY!...
WHO ARE YOU??



CHUCK POINTS FIRST TO HIMSELF,
...THEN JERRY, SPEAKING THEIR NAMES

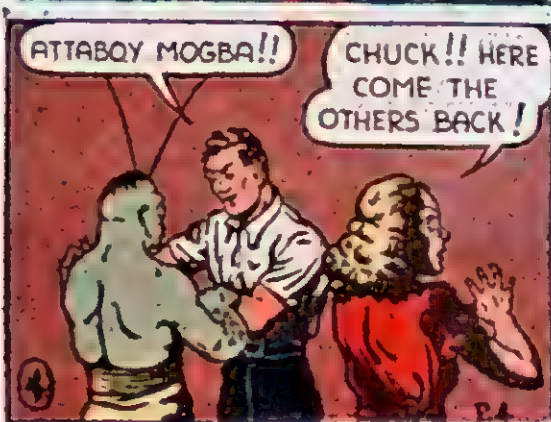
MOGBA!
MOGBA!



UNDERSTANDING LIGHTS HIS FEATURES!

ATTABOY MOGBA!!

CHUCK!! HERE
COME THE
OTHERS BACK!



GO AHEAD MOGBA!...
...SPEAK YOUR PIECE!
TELL THEM WHAT
GRAND FOLKS WE ARE!



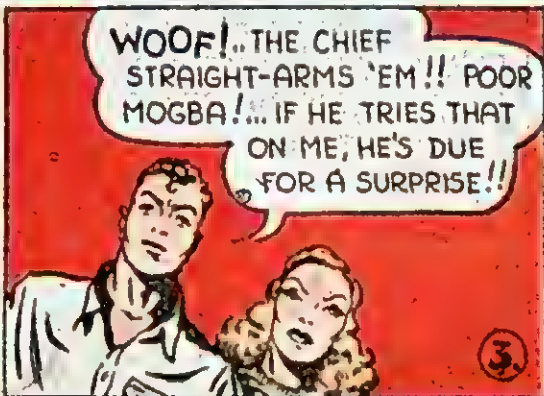
MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!



2.



**WOOF!...THE CHIEF
STRAIGHT-ARMS 'EM!! POOR
MOGBA!... IF HE TRIES THAT
ON ME, HE'S DUE
FOR A SURPRISE!!**



**— BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND
TRESSSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!**

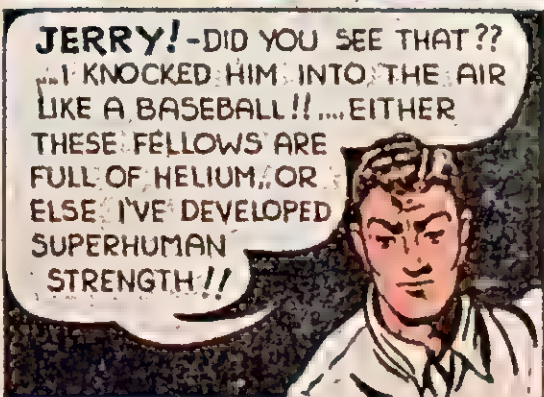
HEY!



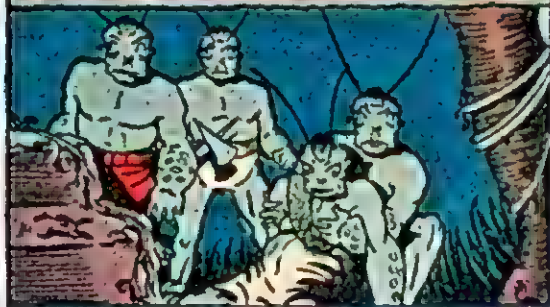
**HANDS OFF -
YOU GORILLA!**



**JERRY! -DID YOU SEE THAT??
...I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE AIR
LIKE A BASEBALL!! EITHER
THESE FELLOWS ARE
FULL OF HELIUM, OR
ELSE I'VE DEVELOPED
SUPERHUMAN
STRENGTH!!**



THE WARRIORS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY CHUCK'S EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH!!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!—WHILE THEY'RE THINKING THAT ONE OVER!!—C'MON, JERRY, LET'S BEAT IT!!

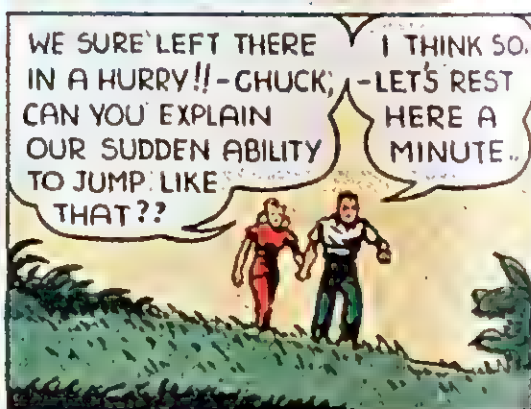


TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT, CHUCK AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR EFFORTS CARRY THEM THROUGH THE AIR IN HUGE BOUNDS!!



WE SURE LEFT THERE IN A HURRY!!—CHUCK, CAN YOU EXPLAIN OUR SUDDEN ABILITY TO JUMP LIKE THAT??

I THINK SO, —LET'S REST HERE A MINUTE..



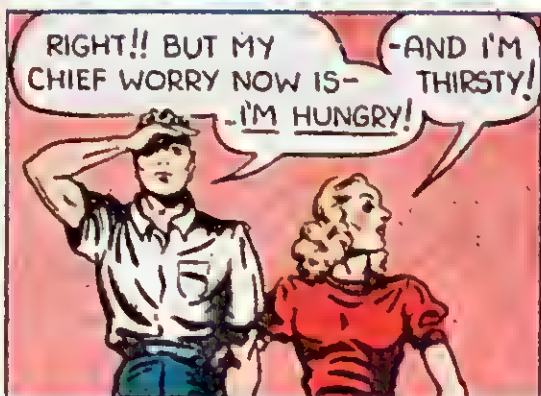
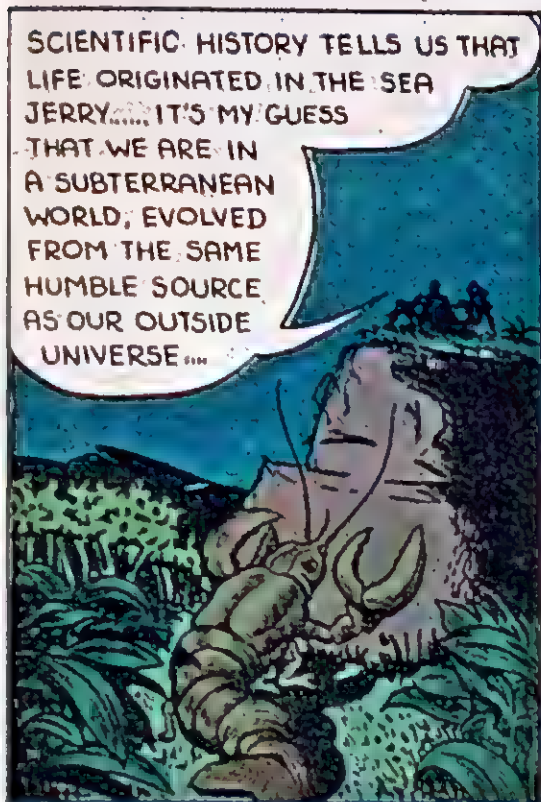
—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE US.... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR EXISTENCE IN EARTH SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED DOWN HERE!!



THEN WE'RE BENEATH EARTH SURFACE??

YES—BENEATH THE SEA... I THINK AN EARTHQUAKE OPENED THE SEA FLOOR...OUR DIVING SUITS EASED OUR FALL..





"SLIM" BRADLEY

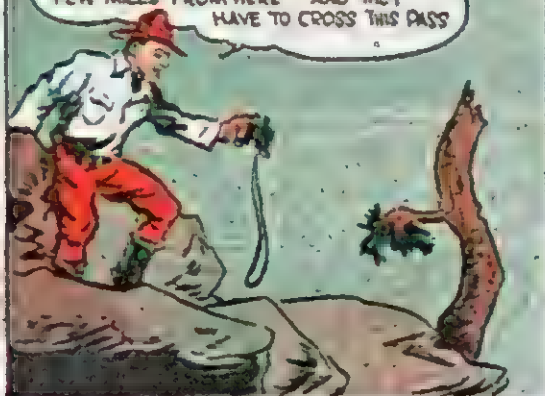
FOREST RANGER

By
DICK HAYES

THRILLING
ADVENTURE

MYSTERY OF
THE KIDNAPPED
HEIR

I'VE WATCHED THIS PASS ALL DAY AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM. MORE'N LIKELY THOSE FELLOWS THAT TOOK THE KID WILL TRY AND SNEAK ACROSS THE CANADIAN BORDER, AS ITS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE -- AND THEY HAVE TO CROSS THIS PASS



I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KIDNAPPERS JUST ONCE --- THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF 'EM TO BAIT A WEASEL TRAP!!



LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN, 10 YEAR OLD SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE A.K. STILLMAN, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED! BROUGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SPEARHEAD NATIONAL FOREST TO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON A FISHING TRIP. THE BOY WAS STOLEN FROM CAMP AT NIGHT WHILE HIS FATHER AND THEIR GUIDE SLEPT CLOSE BY.

"SLIM" HAS GONE TO CLOUDY PASS TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING HEIR.

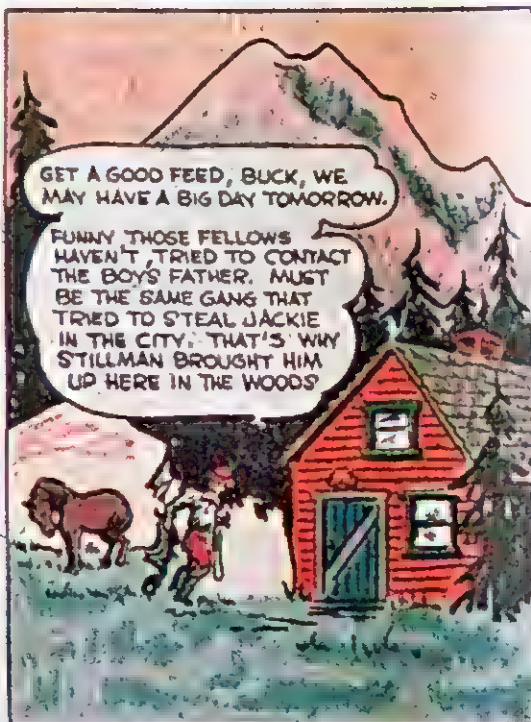


BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE RANGER STATION BEFORE DARK -- IF ANYBODY'S ON THE TRAIL NOW I'LL MEET 'EM



GET A GOOD FEED, BUCK, WE MAY HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.

FUNNY THOSE FELLOWS HAVEN'T TRIED TO CONTACT THE BOYS FATHER. MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT TRIED TO STEAL JACKIE IN THE CITY. THAT'S WHY STILLMAN BROUGHT HIM UP HERE IN THE WOODS



THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR WAKES 'SLIM'

COME IN!



OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY. HEADN' UP TO YOUR MINE 'KINDA' LATE TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

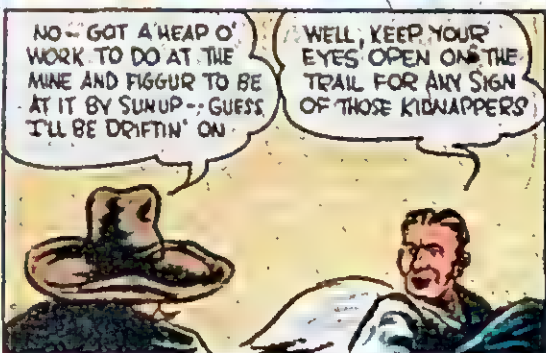


BETTER STAY HERE WITH ME TONIGHT AND GO UP IN THE MORNING. THERE'S ANOTHER BUNK UPSTAIRS AND PLENTY OF BLANKETS

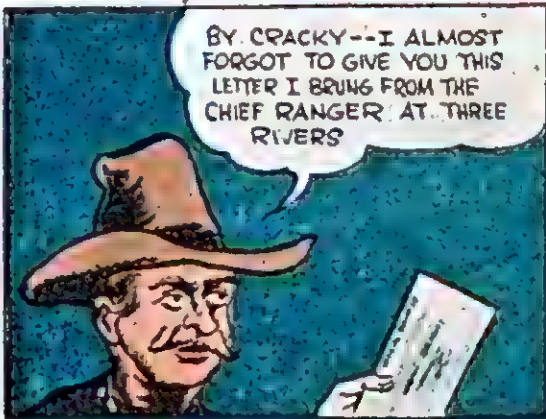


NO - GOT A HEAD O' WORK TO DO AT THE MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE AT IT BY SUNUP - GUESS I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

WELL, KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN ON THE TRAIL FOR ANY SIGN OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS!

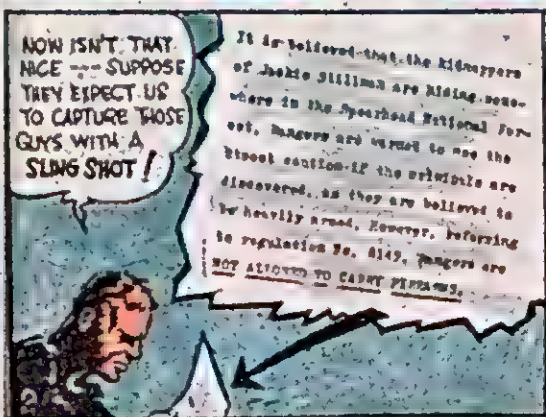


BY CRACKY--I ALMOST FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE CHIEF RANGER AT THREE RIVERS

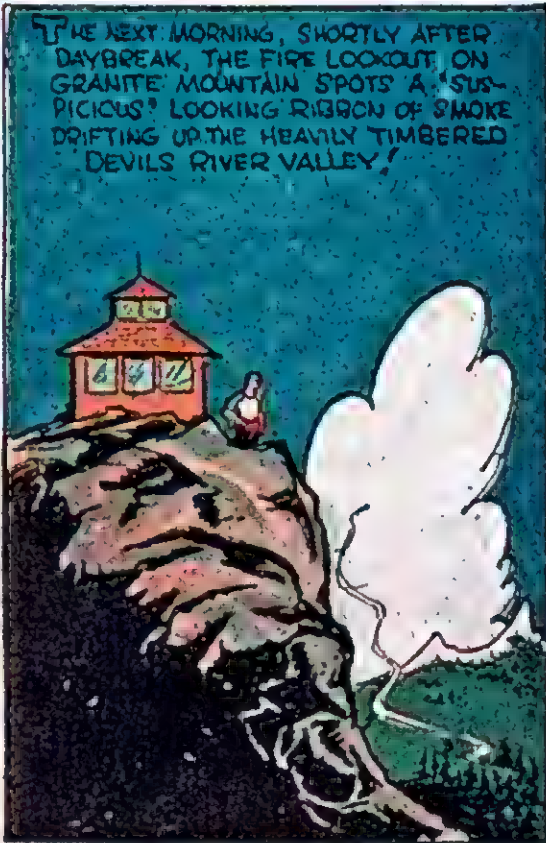


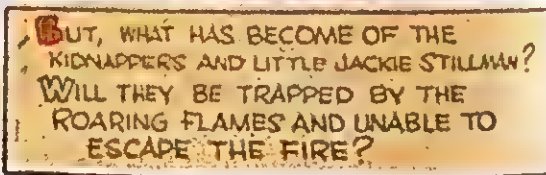
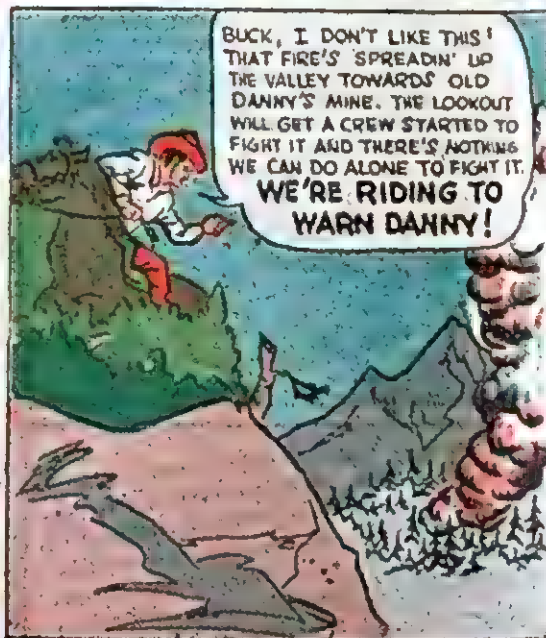
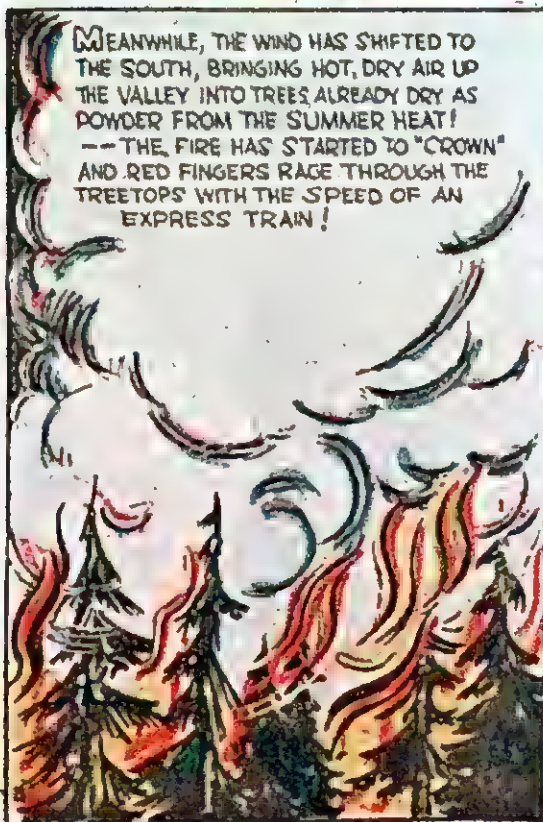
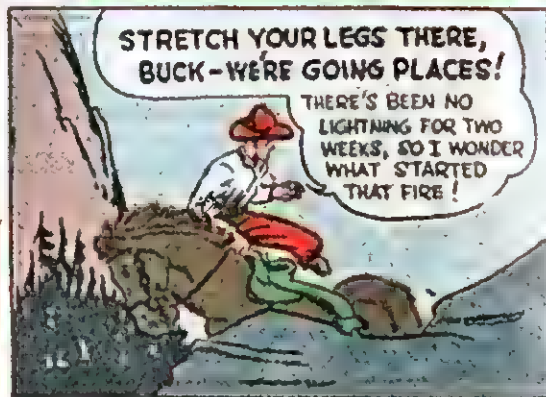
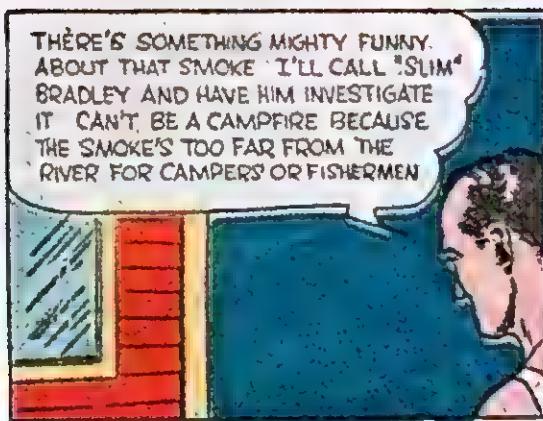
NOW ISN'T THAT NICE --- SUPPOSE THEY EXPECT US TO CAPTURE THOSE GUYS WITH A SLING SHOT!

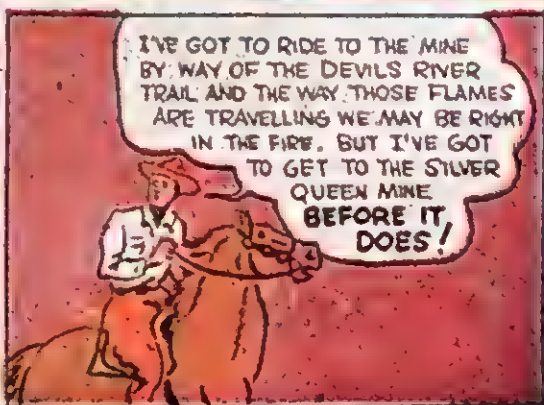
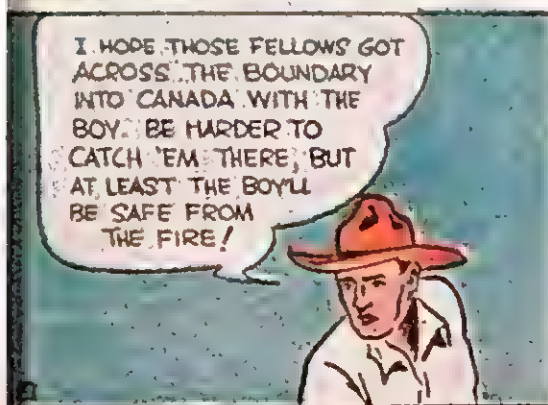
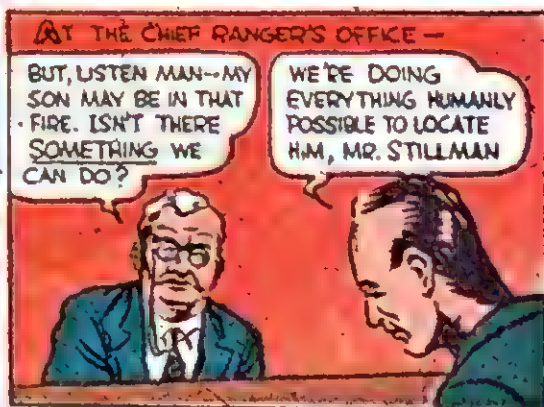
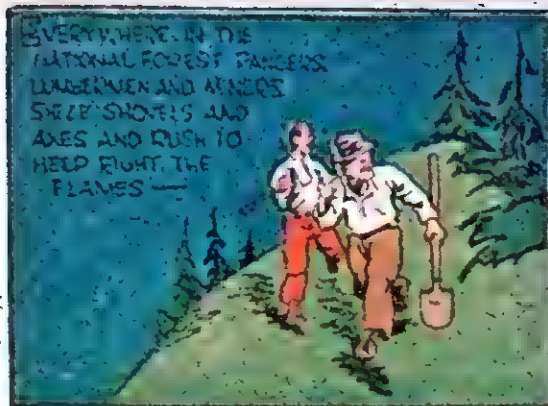
It is believed that the kidnapers of Jackie Gillman are hiding somewhere in the Spearhead National Forest. Rangers are warned to use the utmost caution if the criminals are discovered, as they are believed to be heavily armed. However, referring to regulation No. 4149, rangers are NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY PERMITS.

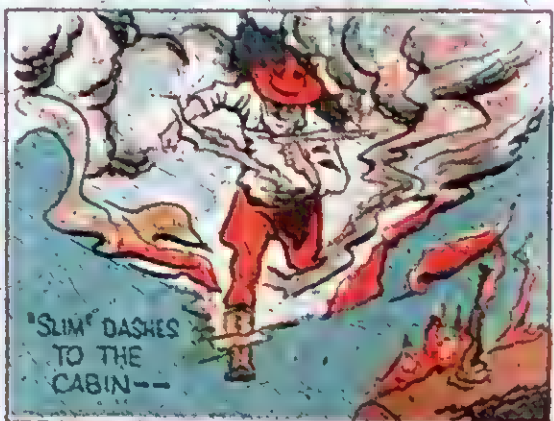
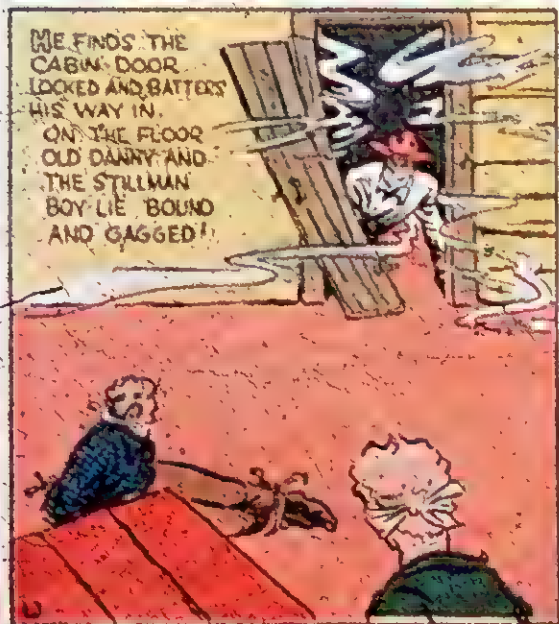
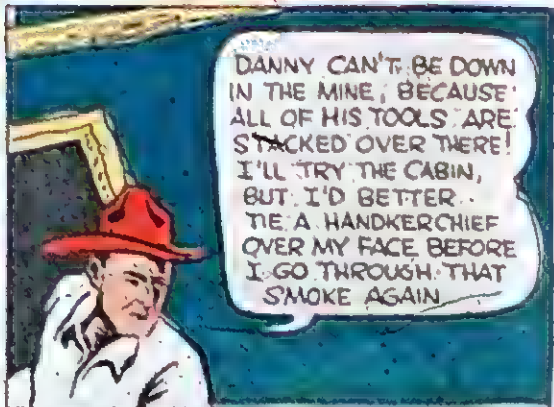
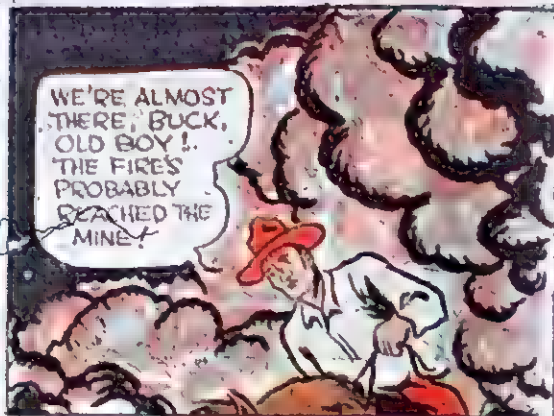


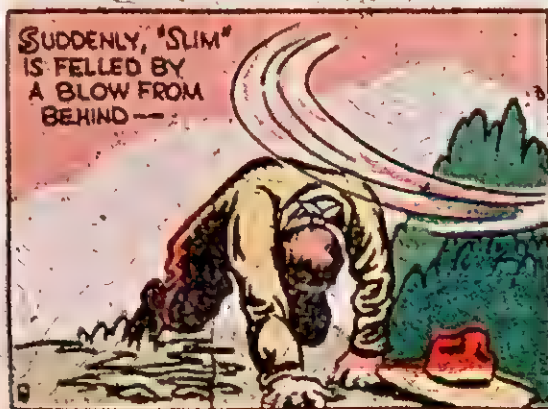
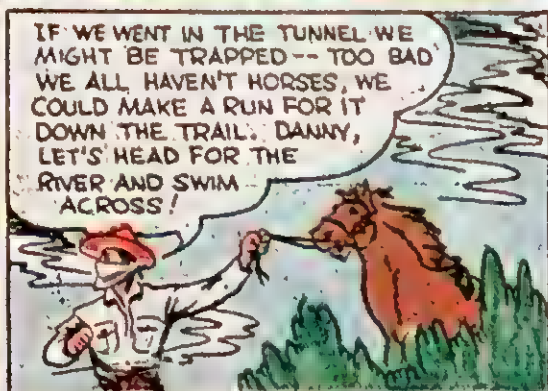
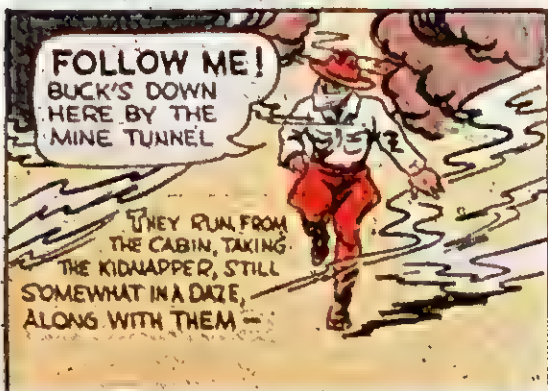
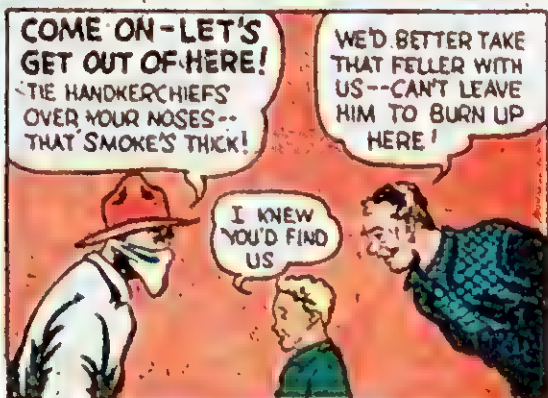
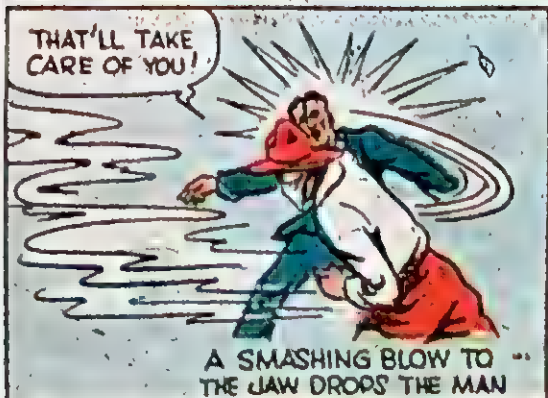
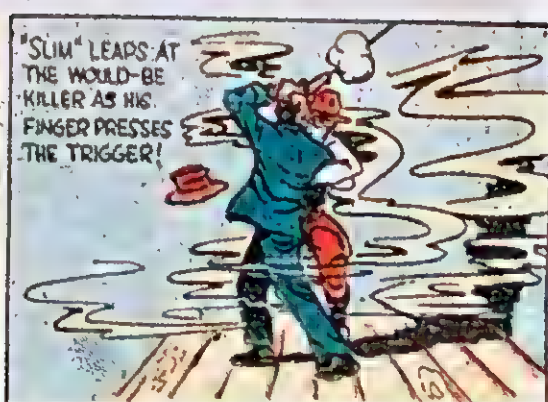
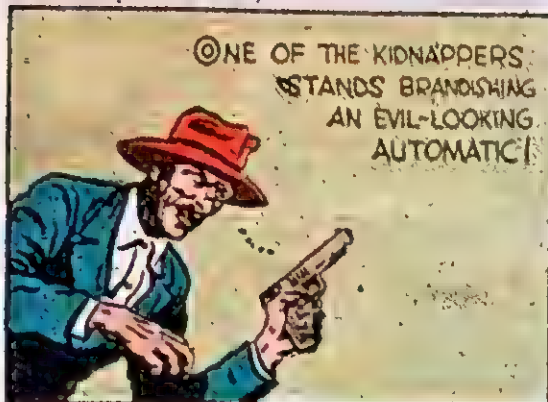
THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A 'SUSPICIOUS' LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!

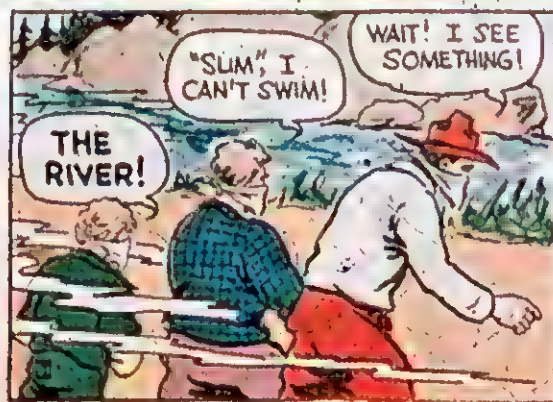
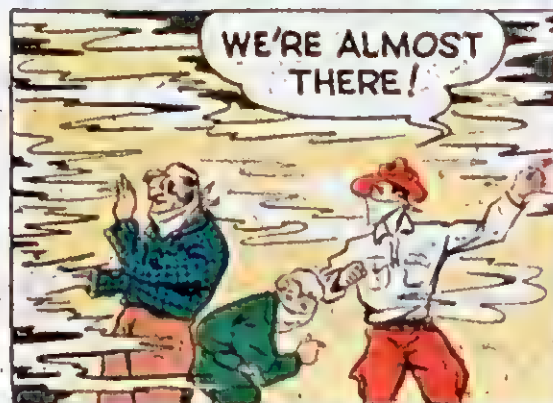
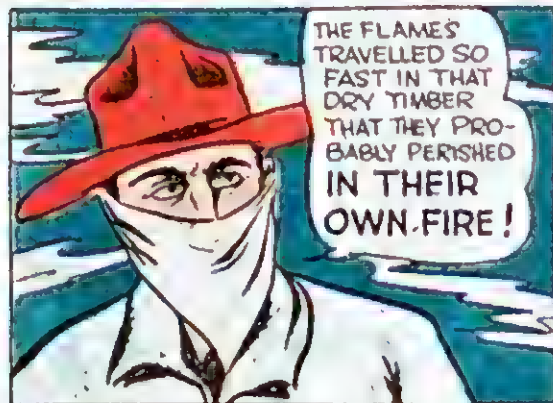
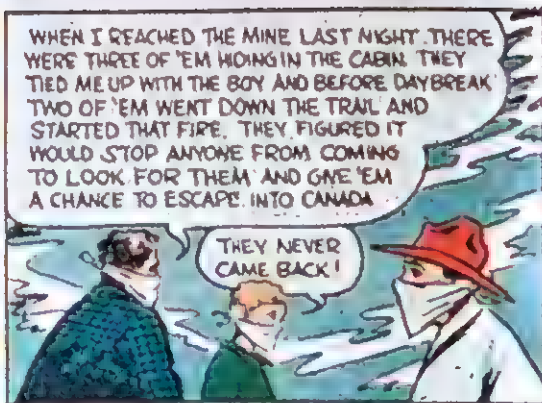
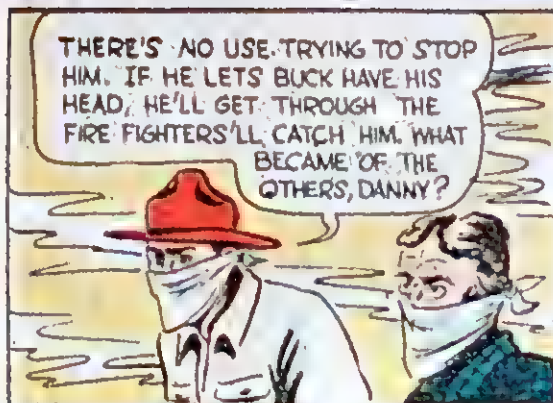


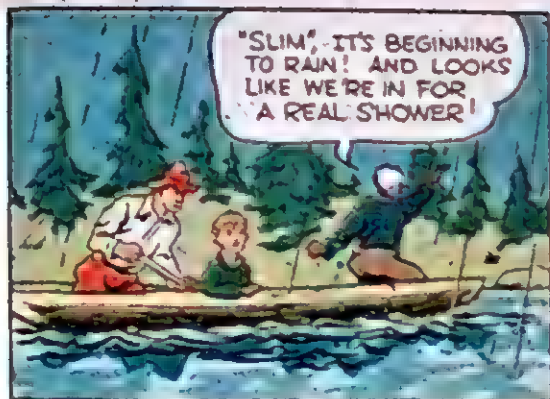












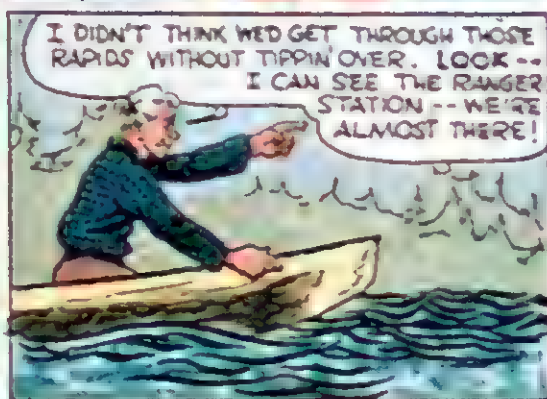
"SLIM," IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN! AND LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL SHOWER!



GOOD! THAT'LL STOP THE FIRE AND SAVE THOUSANDS OF TREES!



LOOK OUT, "SLIM" IT'S DEVILS RIVER RAPIDS

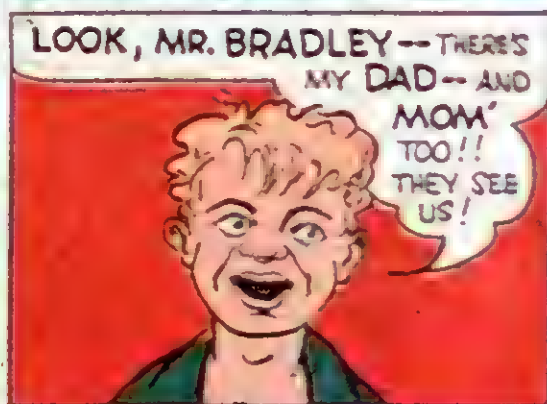


I DIDN'T THINK WED GET THROUGH THOSE RAPIDS WITHOUT TIPPIN' OVER. LOOK -- I CAN SEE THE RANGER STATION -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

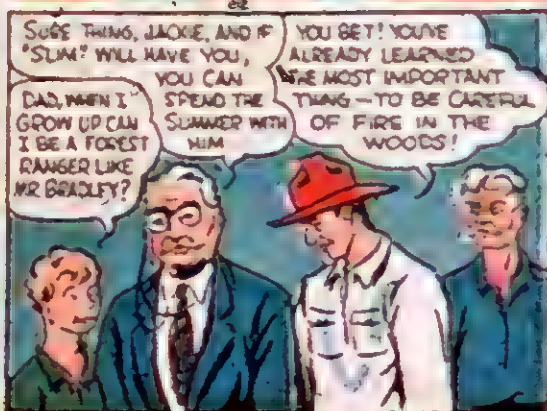


"SLIM," THANKS TO YOU, WE HAVE THE BOY BACK SAFE AND SOUND. TWO OF THE KIDNAPPERS WERE FOUND BURNED TO DEATH--BUCK BROUGHT THE THIRD ONE IN AND THIS RAINSTORM COMING UP WILL PUT AN END TO THE FIRE.

IT'S ALSO THE END OF MR. STILLMAN'S KIDNAPPING WORRIES! CHIEF



LOOK, MR. BRADLEY--THERE'S MY DAD-- AND MOM TOO!! THEY SEE US!



SURE THING, JACKIE, AND IF "SLIM" WILL HAVE YOU, YOU CAN SPEND THE SUMMER WITH HIM

DAD, WHEN I GROW UP CAN I BE A FOREST RANGER LIKE MR. BRADLEY?

YOU BET! YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT THING--TO BE CAREFUL OF FIRE IN THE WOODS!

MIGHTY MAN

A PAUL BUNYAN CHARACTER
OUT OF THE GREAT WESTERN
COUNTRY, COME TO LIFE!

BY

W. R. BLOOM

ANOTHER PROSPECTOR!
WON'T THEY EVER
GIVE UP?

ONE OF THESE
DAYS SOMEONE
WILL FIND THE
PHANTOM MINE!

DON'T TELL ME
YOU BELIEVE
THAT IT REALLY
EXISTS?

YUP! AND
I'M JUST WAITING
FOR SOME OLD
SOURDOUGH TO DISCOVER
IT!

HE WON'T HAVE
IT LONG! I'M
BOSS IN THIS
TOWN. I'LL GET
IT BY HOOK
OR CROOK!

A
CLAIM
JUMPER
EH?

EVERY OTHER MAN IN
THIS TOWN IS ON MY
RAY ROLL - IF THEY
HEAR ANYTHING
I'LL SOON KNOW
IT - TEX THAT
MINE IS AS GOOD
AS MINE.

IF AND
WHEN
DISCOVERED

THEY HEAD
FOR THEIR
OFFICE

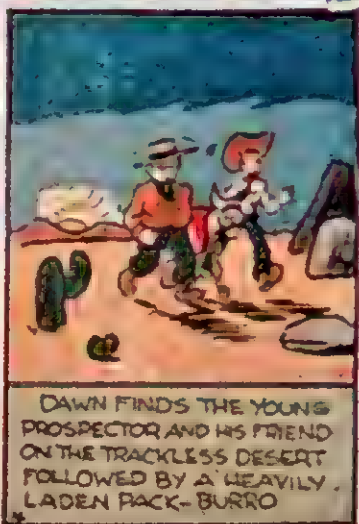
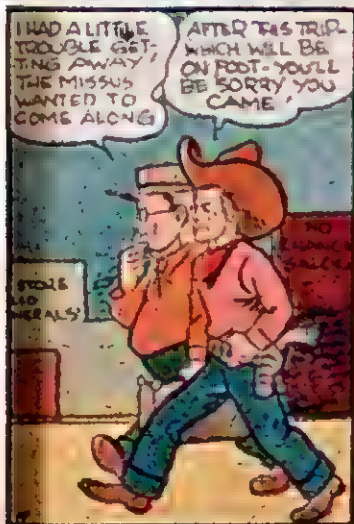
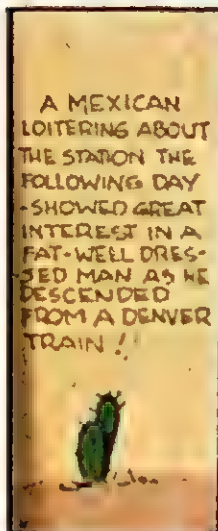
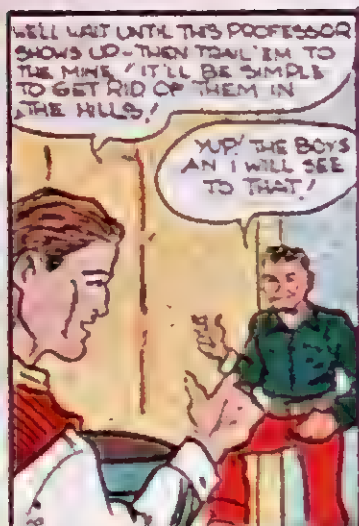
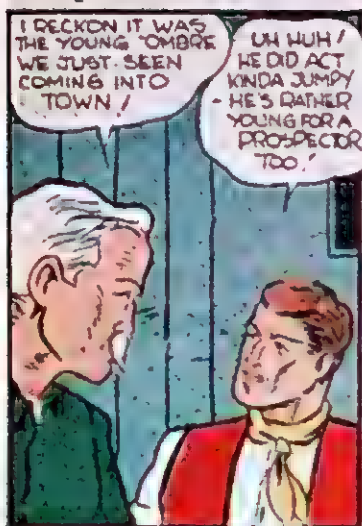
OFFICE -
BUCK
LONG

BOSS! I GOT
SOME NEWS!

A PROSPECTOR JUST SENT A
TELEGRAM TO A PROFESSOR
IN DENVER - SAYING - COME AT
ONCE! I FOUND IT - DOES
THAT MEAN ANYTHING
TO YOU?

- AND
HOW!

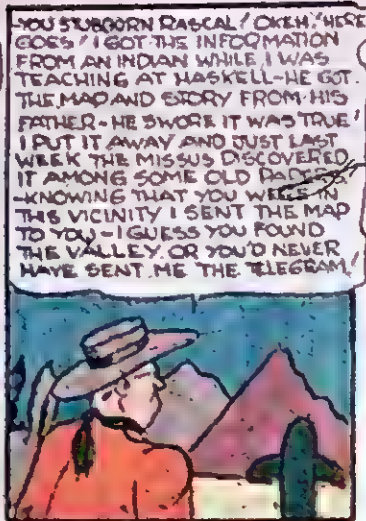
SOME TIME LATER, A MESSENGER
RUSHES BREATHELESSLY TO THE
OFFICE OF THE TWO TOWN POWERS





COME / COME /
SONNY / LET ME
HEAD IT - WHAT
DID YOU FIND
IN THE VALLEY
?

JUST ABOUT EVERY
-THING YOUR LETTER
SAID WOULD BE THERE
-BUT FIRST TELL ME
WHERE YOU GOT
THE MAP - AND
HOW YOU CAME
TO SEND IT TO
ME /



YOU STUBBORN RASCAL / OKAY / HERE
GOES / I GOT THE INFORMATION
FROM AN INDIAN WHILE I WAS
TEACHING AT HASKELL - HE GOT
THE MAP AND STORY FROM HIS
FATHER - HE SWORE IT WAS TRUE /
I PUT IT AWAY AND JUST LAST
WEEK THE MISSUS DISCOVERED
IT AMONG SOME OLD PAPERS -
KNOWING THAT YOU WERE IN
THIS VICINITY I SENT THE MAP
TO YOU - I GUESS YOU FOUND
THE VALLEY OR YOU'D NEVER
HAVE SENT ME THE TELEGRAM /

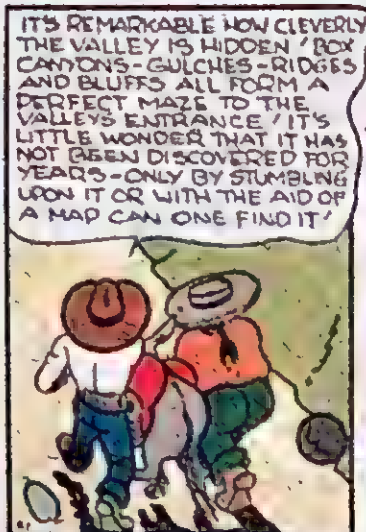


WHAT DID YOU
FIND THERE -
LARGE TREES.
BIRDS - ANIMALS
AND PEOPLE /
ALL TWICE THE
AVERAGE SIZE
?

I FOUND EVERY
-THING BUT THE
GIANTS / OUT
I DID FIND A
LITTLE SIGN /
-SOME HUMAN
IS LIVING IN
THE VALLEY /
IF HE OR SHE
IS STILL ALIVE
WE'LL FIND
OUT /



THE TREES ARE SEQUOIA /
BUT I CAN'T ACCOUNT FOR
THE SIZE OF THE ANIMALS
AND BIRDS /



IT'S REMARKABLE HOW CLEVERLY
THE VALLEY IS HIDDEN / BOX
CANYONS - GULCHES - RIDGES
AND BLUFFS ALL FORM A
PERFECT MAZE TO THE
VALLEY'S ENTRANCE / IT'S
LITTLE WONDER THAT IT HAS
NOT BEEN DISCOVERED FOR
YEARS - ONLY BY STUMBLING
UPON IT OR WITH THE AID OF
A MAP CAN ONE FIND IT /



-OR BY
FOLLOWING
SOMEONE THAT
KNEW THE
WAY /

THANK GOODNESS
WE HAVE NO CASE
FOR WORTHY - BUT
IF I HAD FOUND
THE MYTHICAL
PHANTOM MINE
INSTEAD, THEN
PERHAPS SOME
ONE WOULD
FOLLOW US /



BUCK / A BLIND
MAN COULD
FOLLOW THIS
TRAIL /

YEAH / THEY DON'T
SUSPECT A THING /

BUT LITTLE DID SUNNY REALIZE
HOW WRONG HE WAS FOR ONE
OF THE TOUGHEST OUTLAW
GANGS IN THE WEST WAS
ON THEIR TRAIL /



KINDA FUNNY /
RELEVANT CARRYIN'
MUCH GRUB /

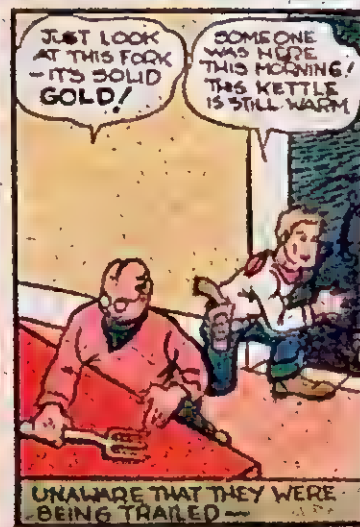
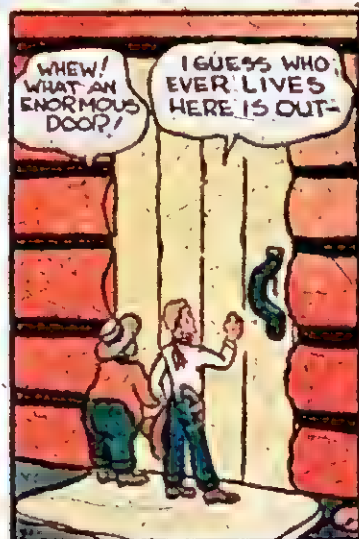
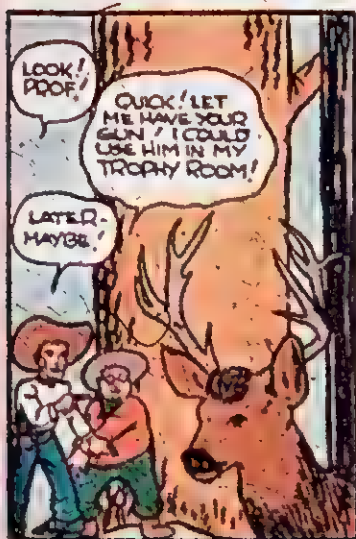
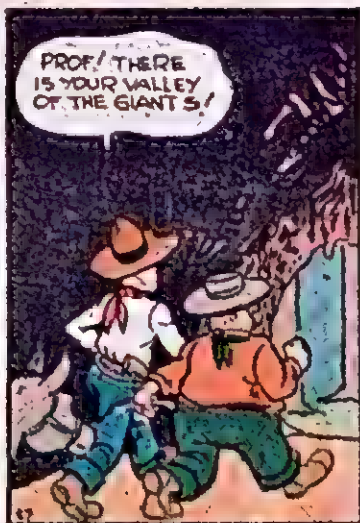
PROBABLY JUST
GONNA GOIN' TO LOOK THE
MINE OVER - THE
PROFESSOR GONNA
MUST BE AN
ASSAYER - HE'S
KINDA PLUMP FOR
A SCHOOL
TEACHER /

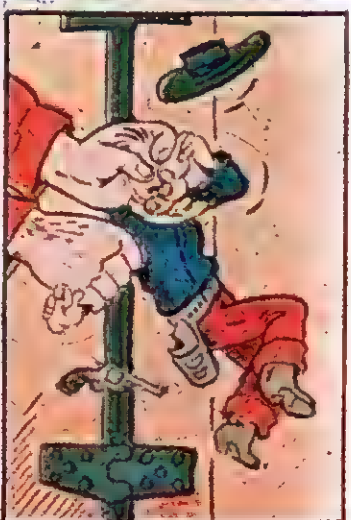
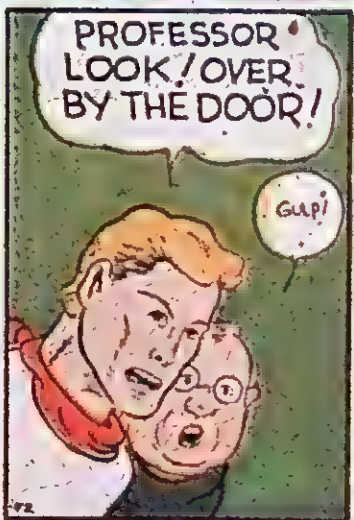
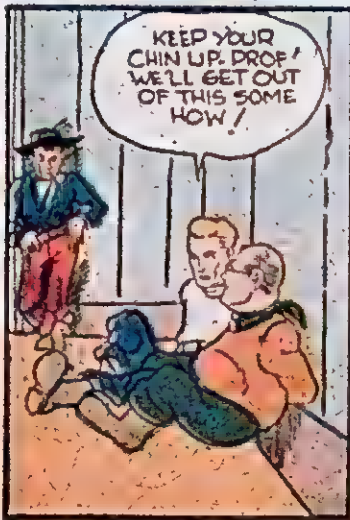
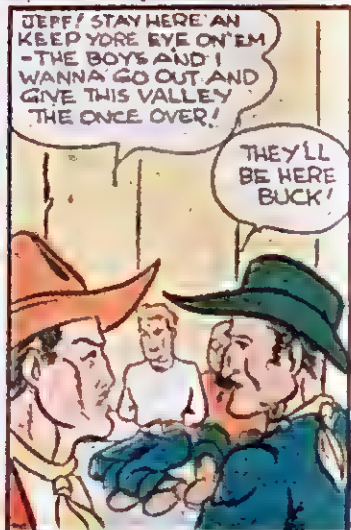
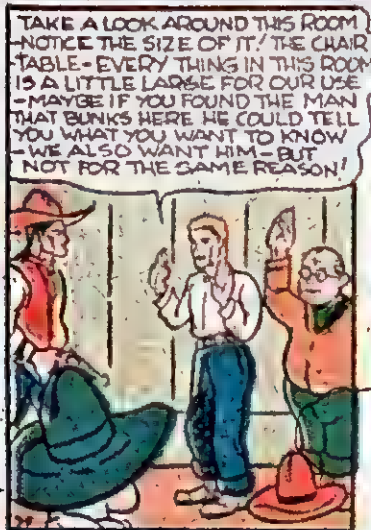
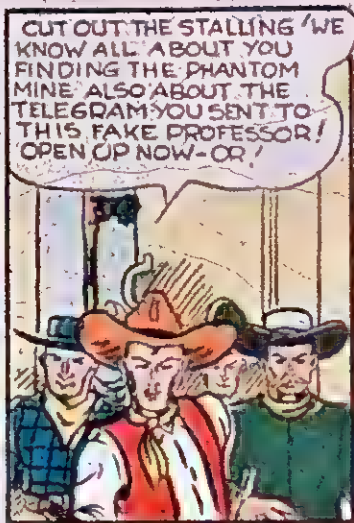


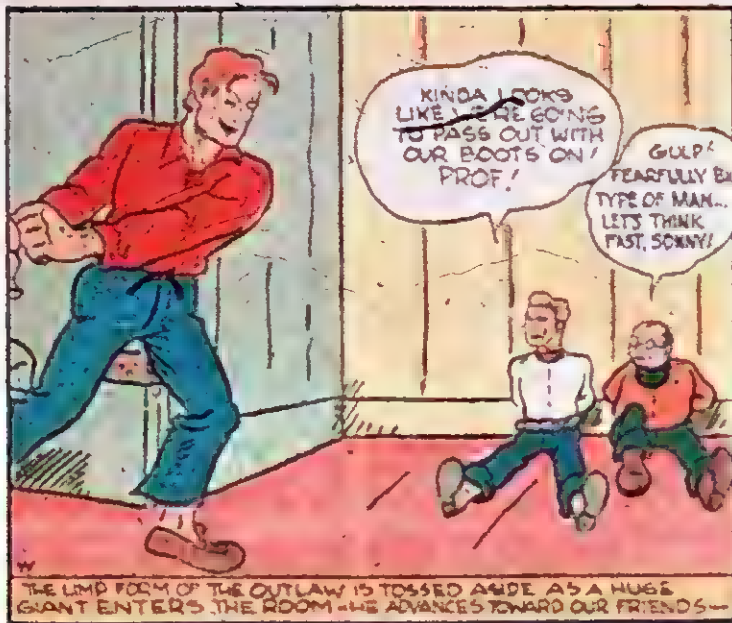
SAY / WE'RE
LOST - WE CAN'T
GO ANY
FARTHER /

HA / THAT'S
WHAT I THOUGHT
I CAME HERE /

-AFTER MILES OF TWISTING AND
TURNING - OUR FRIENDS CAME
TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A
BOX CANYON /



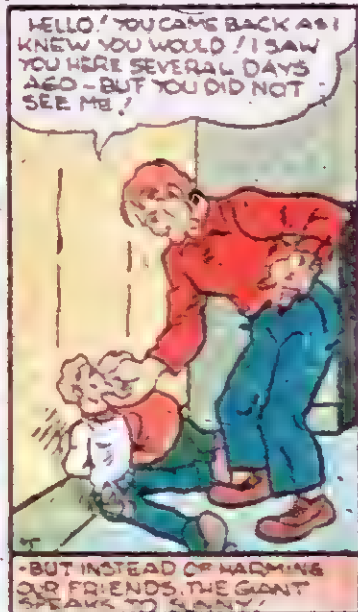




KINDA LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO PASS OUT WITH OUR BOOTS ON! PROF!

GULP! FEARFULLY BIG TYPE OF MAN... LET'S THINK FAST, SONNY!

THE LIMP FORM OF THE OUTLAW IS TOSSED ASIDE AS A HUGE GIANT ENTERS THE ROOM - HE ADVANCES TOWARD OUR FRIENDS -

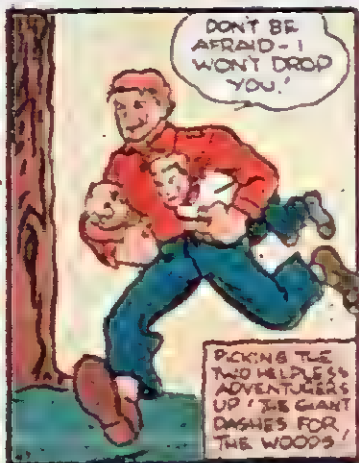


HELLO! YOU CAME BACK AS I KNEW YOU WOULD! I SAW YOU HERE SEVERAL DAYS AGO - BUT YOU DID NOT SEE ME!

-BUT INSTEAD OF HARMING OUR FRIENDS, THE GIANT SPEAKS TO SONNY!



I WOULD LIKE TO TALK TO YOU - BUT FIRST WE MUST GO WHERE WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!



DON'T BE AFRAID - I WON'T DROP YOU!

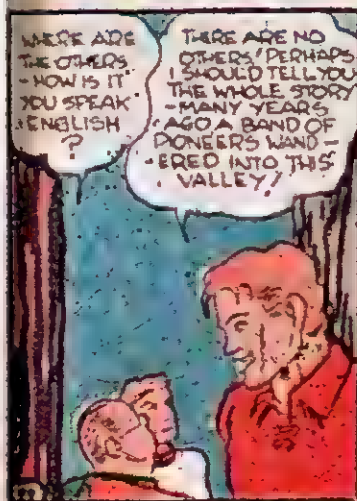
PICKING THE TWO HELPLESS ADVENTURERS UP, THE GIANT DASHES FOR THE WOODS!



-AND YOU MEN ACTUALLY CAME HERE LOOKING FOR ME, AND NOT FOR THIS METAL CALLED GOLD?

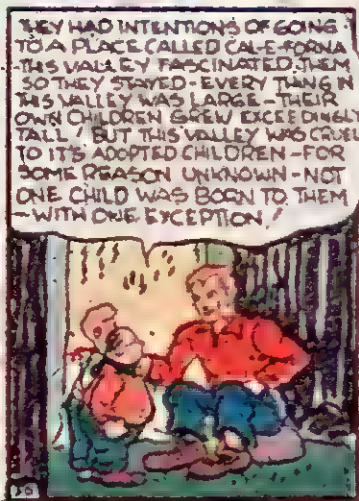
YES! WE WANTED TO FIND OUT IF THERE WAS ANY TRUTH IN THE INDIAN'S STORY!

THEY TELL THEIR STORY!



WHERE ARE THE OTHERS - NOW IS IT YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

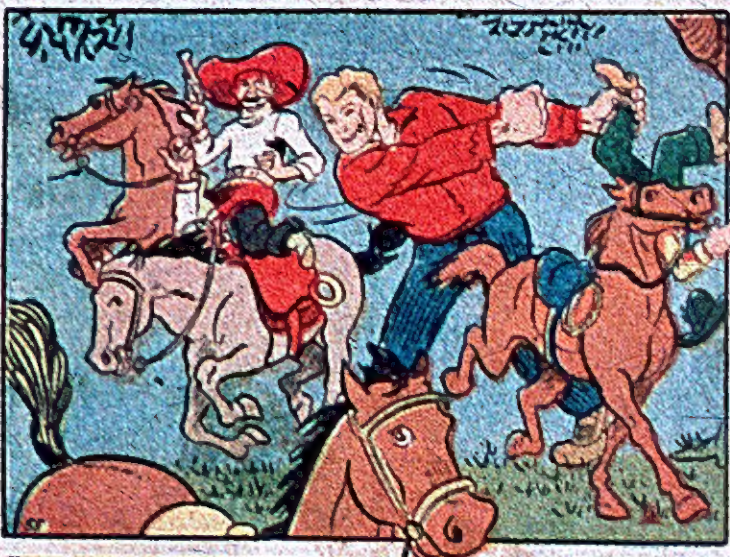
THERE ARE NO OTHERS! PERHAPS I SHOULD TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY - MANY YEARS AGO A BAND OF PIONEERS WANDERED INTO THIS VALLEY!



THEY HAD INTENTIONS OF GOING TO A PLACE CALLED CALIFORNIA - THIS VALLEY FASCINATED THEM SO THEY STAYED - EVERY THING IN THIS VALLEY WAS LARGE - THEIR OWN CHILDREN GREW EXCEEDINGLY TALL! BUT THIS VALLEY WAS CRUEL TO ITS ADOPTED CHILDREN - FOR SOME REASON UNKNOWN - NOT ONE CHILD WAS BORN TO THEM - WITH ONE EXCEPTION!



I WAS BORN ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO, SOME YEARS LATER I WAS LEFT ALONE - THE OTHERS DIED OFF - SOME MEN LOOKING FOR GOLD HAVE BEEN HERE - BUT THEY EITHER GO MAD - OR JUST FAIL TO RETURN - SEVERAL TIMES I WANTED TO LEAVE, BUT I HAVE NO FRIENDS OUT THERE IN YOUR COUNTRY - ALL THAT I HAVE SEEN ARE MAD - CRUEL AND GREEDY!



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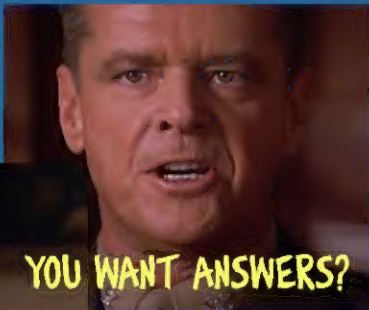
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