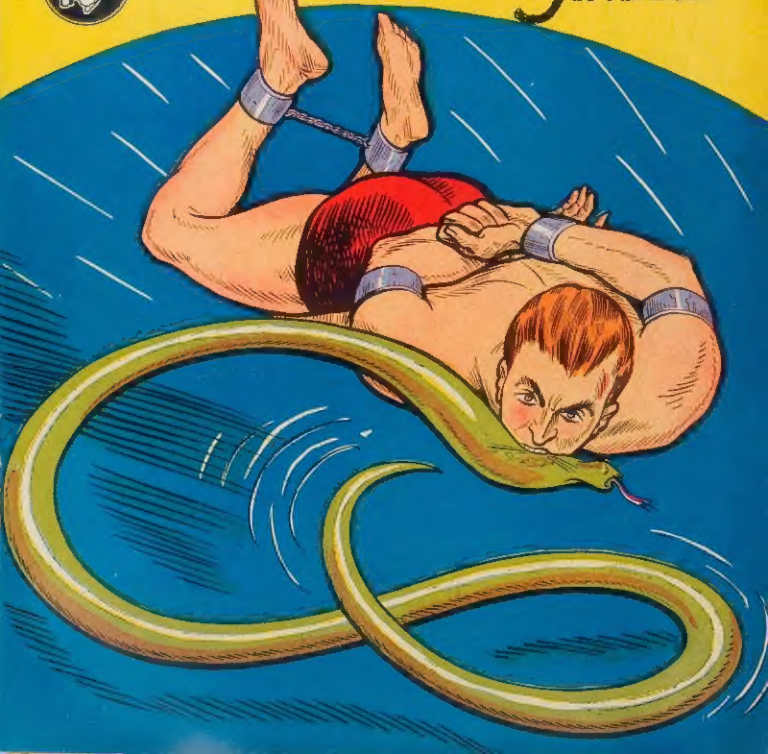


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THE AMAZING-MAN



By
abeverett



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...

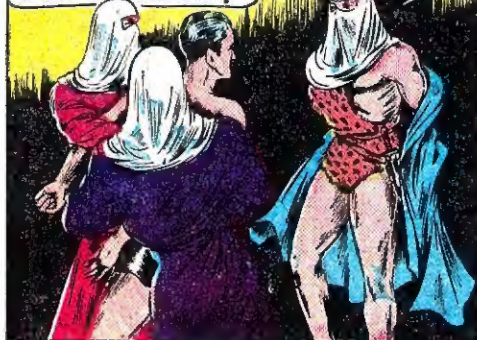


GENTLEMEN!

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!



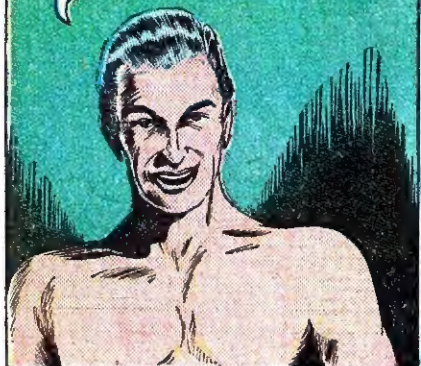
I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH—YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!



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

THE FIRST TEST!

THANK YOU, SIRES—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



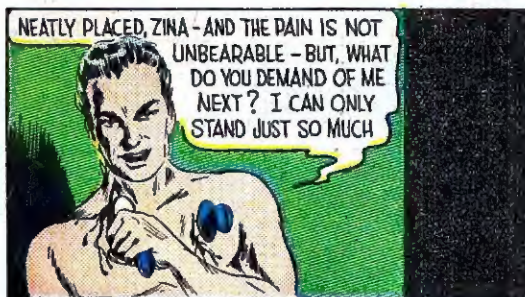
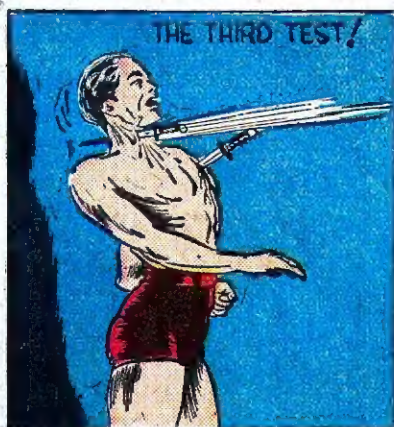
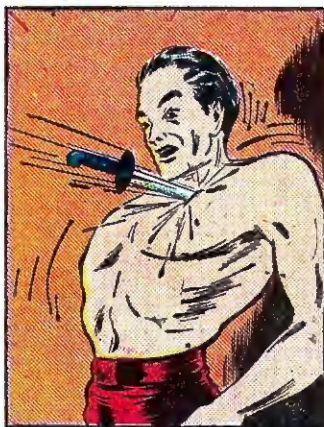
THE SECOND TEST!

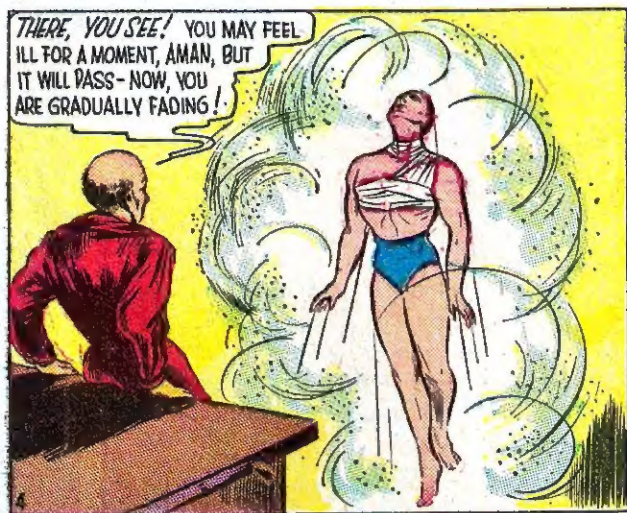
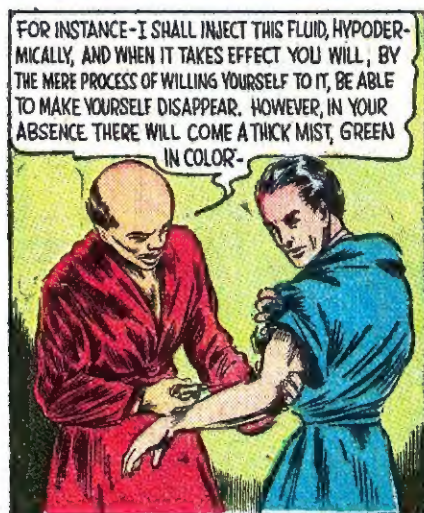
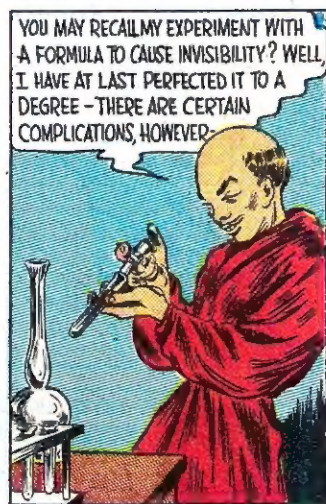


NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND—PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



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





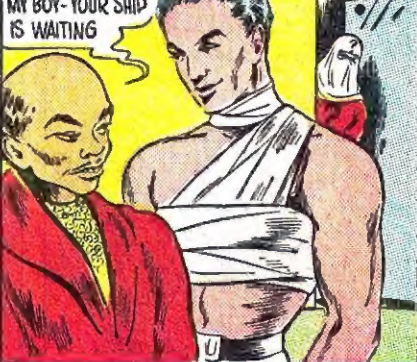
EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



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! NIKA 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!!

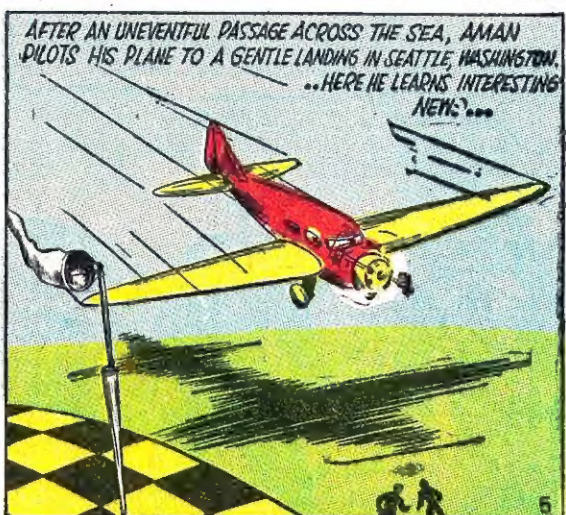


LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION'S" EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.

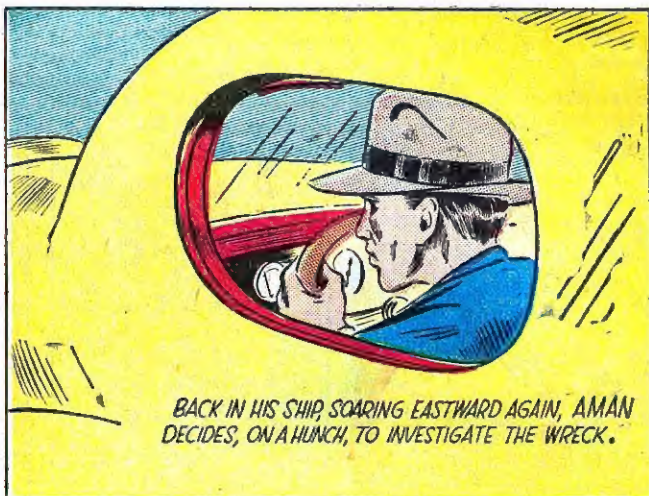


FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HUMS EASTWARD OVER MANCHUKUO AND OUT OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL

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

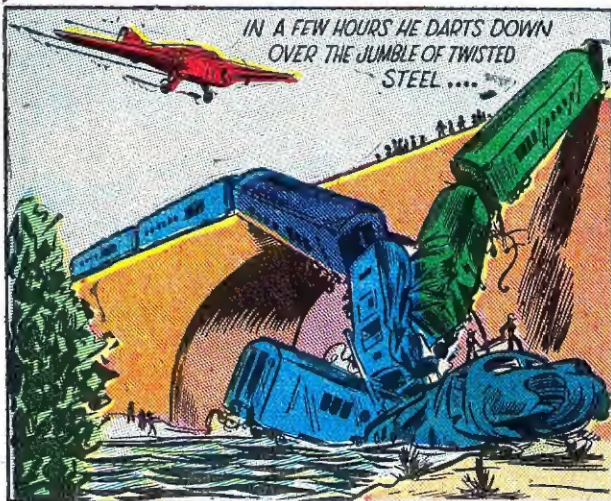


"JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER JUST CRACKED UP NEAR SHERIDAN, WYOMING!"



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

IN A FEW HOURS HE DARTS DOWN OVER THE JUMBLE OF TWISTED STEEL

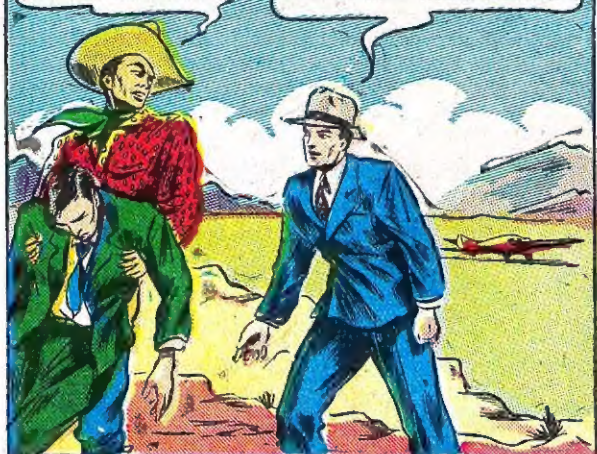


AND SETTLES THE LITTLE PLANE ON AN ADJACENT CLEARING

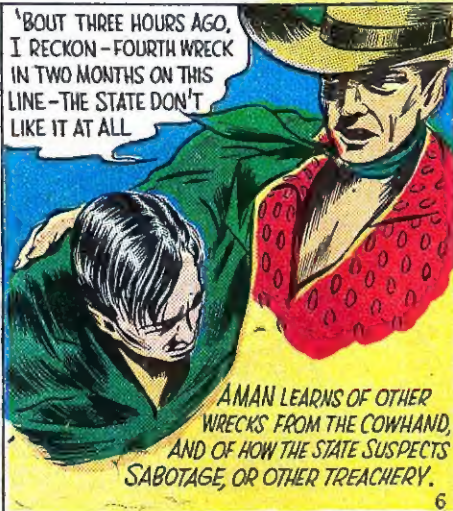


HERE, PARTNER - GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS 'ERE LAD

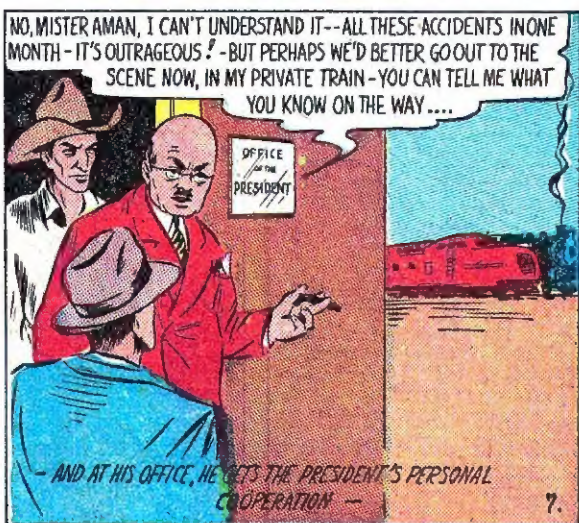
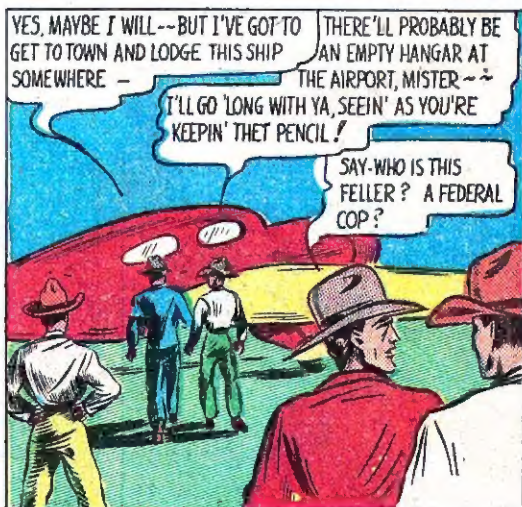
SURE THING, COWBOY - HOW LONG AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?

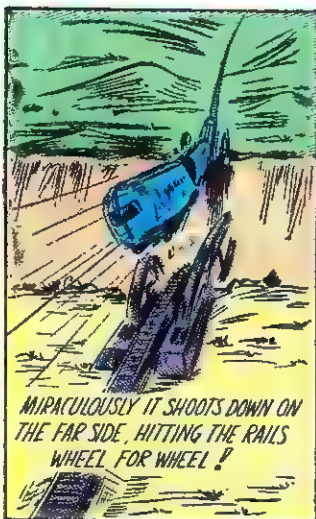
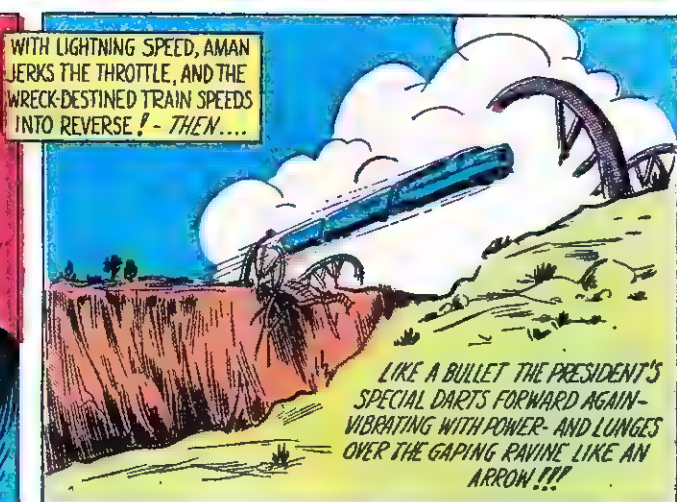
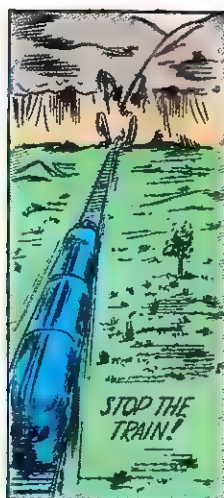
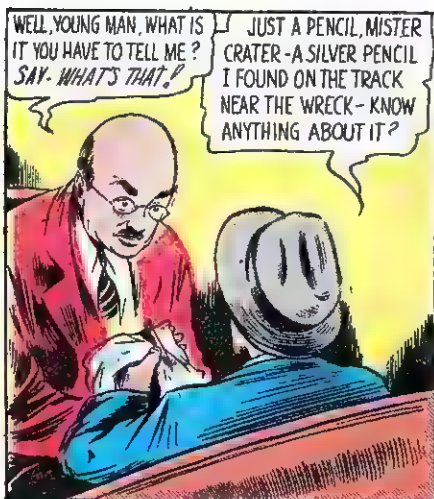


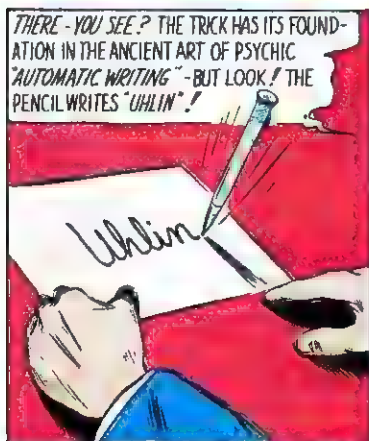
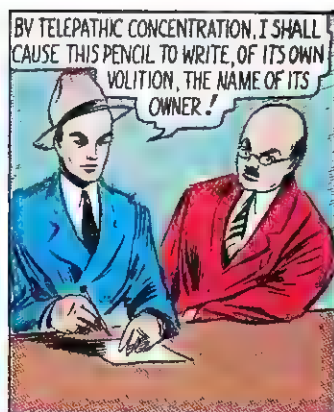
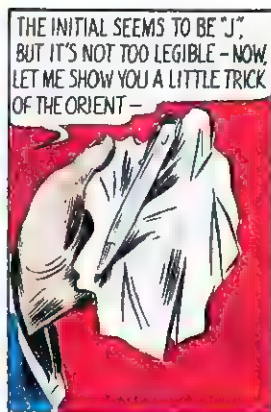
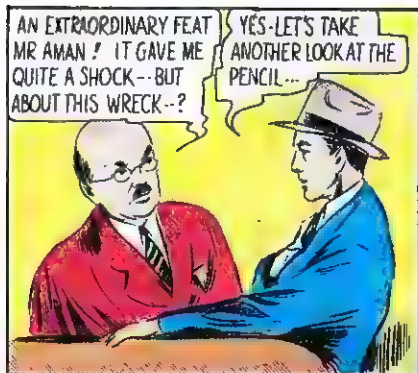
'BOUT THREE HOURS AGO, I RECKON - FOURTH WRECK IN TWO MONTHS ON THIS LINE - THE STATE DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL

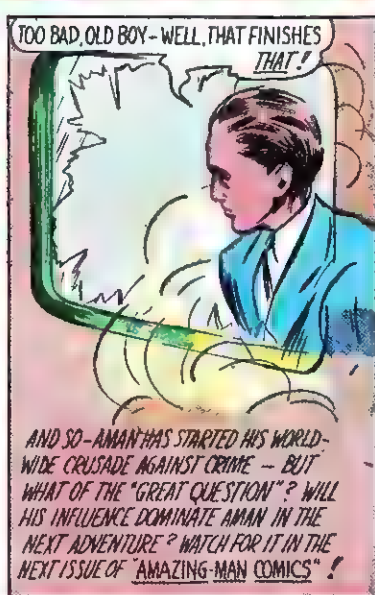
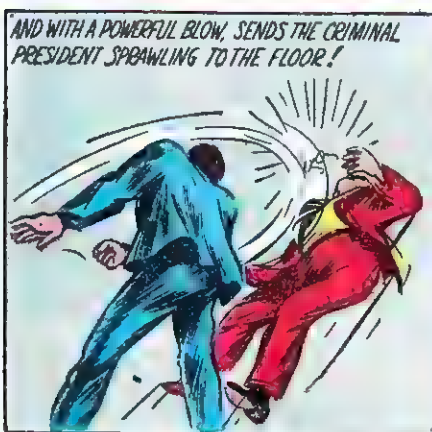


AMAN LEARNS OF OTHER WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND, AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.









The CAT MAN

BY TARPE MILLS



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



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?



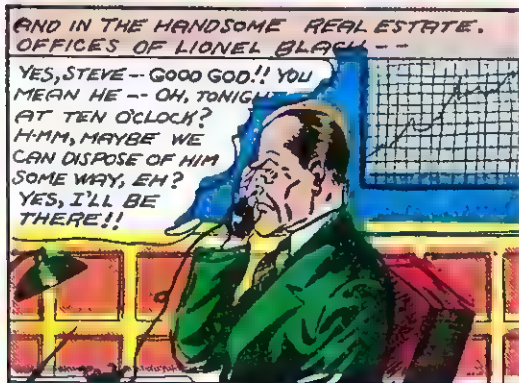
AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER --

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

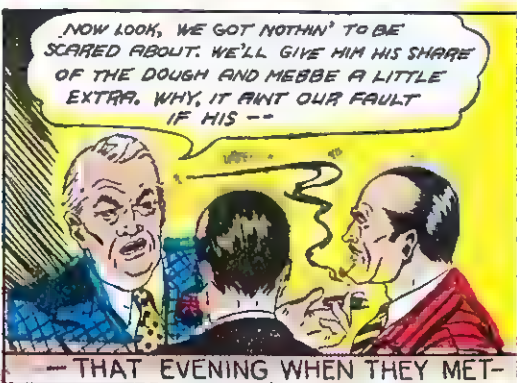


AND IN THE HANDSOME REALESTATE OFFICES OF LIONEL BLACK --

YES, STEVE-- GOOD GOD!! YOU MEAN HE -- OH, TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK?
H-MM, 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 MEBBE A LITTLE EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT IF HIS --



-- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET--

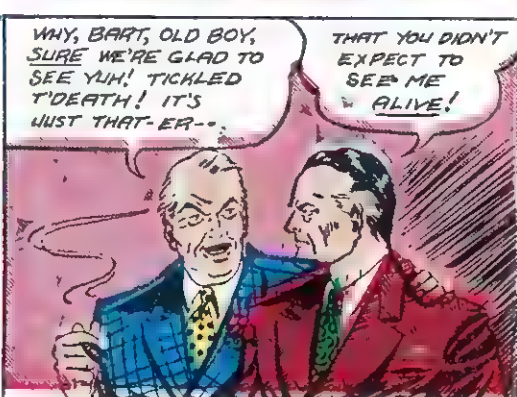
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! WELL-- YOU DON'T SEEM VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT SEEING ME AFTER 1 ALL THESE TWENTY LONG YEARS!!

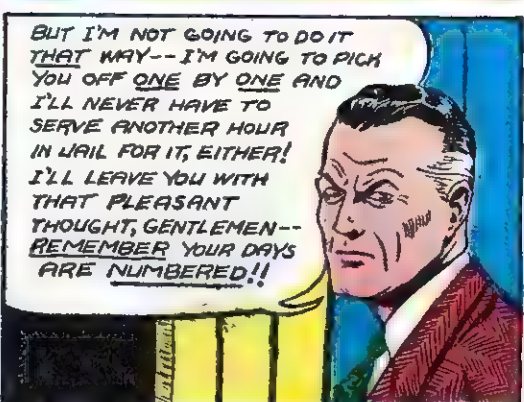
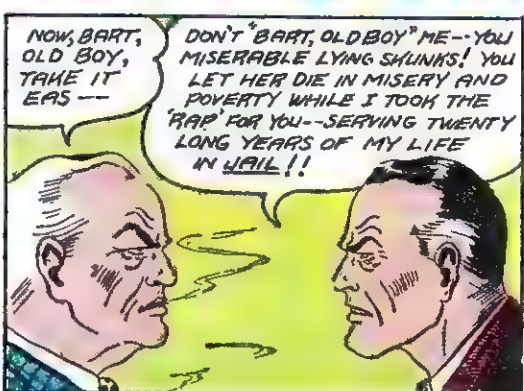
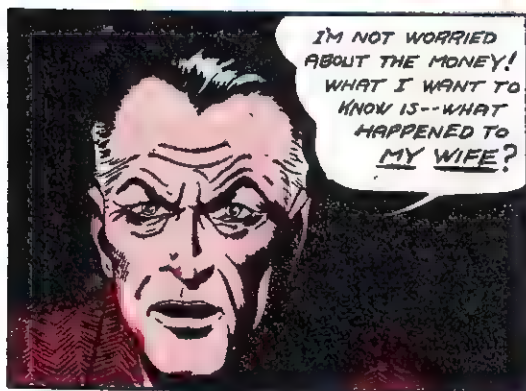
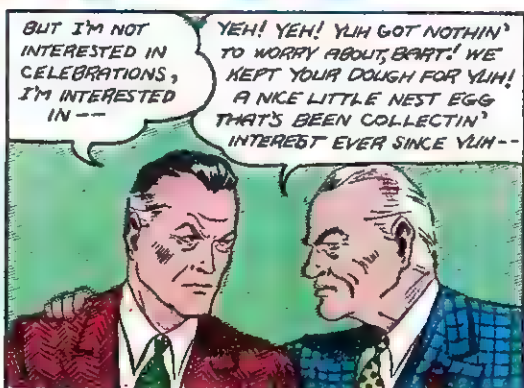
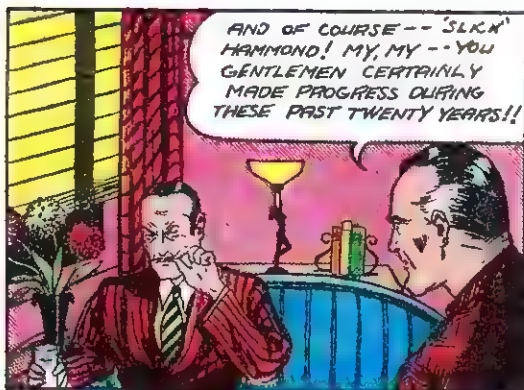


---A "STRANGER" CALLED---

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

THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME ALIVE!





ONE YEAR LATER...IN AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD BROWN STONE HOUSE, AN ELDERLY LADY RECEIVES A VISITOR...

DEAR, DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU TO VISIT ME PERSONALLY, MR. HARRIGAN! AS I WROTE YOU, I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY LAWYER DRAW UP A WILL LEAVING MY ESTATE TO YOUR CHARITY ORGANIZATION!



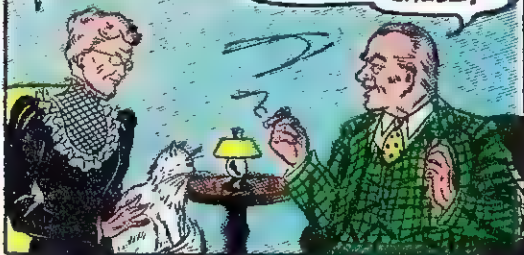
WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, MA'AM, AN IF YUH NEED A LAWYER--OWWW, LEGGO!

MERCY! DID HE SCRATCH YOU? DEAR, DEAR--NAUGHTY PUSSY!



YOU SEE, I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS AND --

NOW, NOW, MA'AM, LET'S HOPE YUH LIVE T'BE A HUNDRED-- BUT-- LIKE I SAY, YUH COULDN'T LEAVE YER DOUGH TO A BETTER CAUSE!



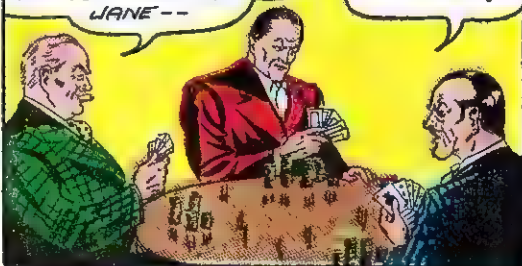
H-MM! I'D BETTER WASH YOUR CLAWS! TEE-HEE! NAUGHTY PUSSY!!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

WELL, FELLERS, I RUN INTO A SWELL PIECE A LUCK YESTIDY--SOME OLD LANE--

SAY! WAIT-- SOMEONE JUST THREW A NOTE IN THE WINDOW!

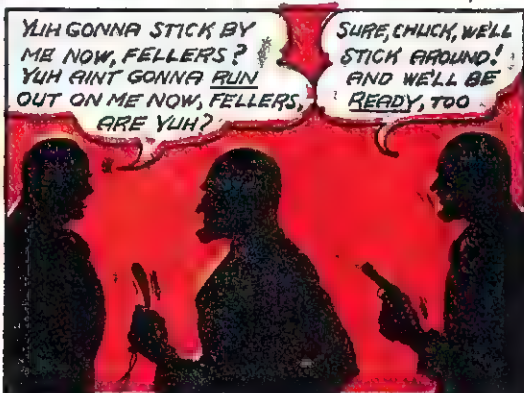
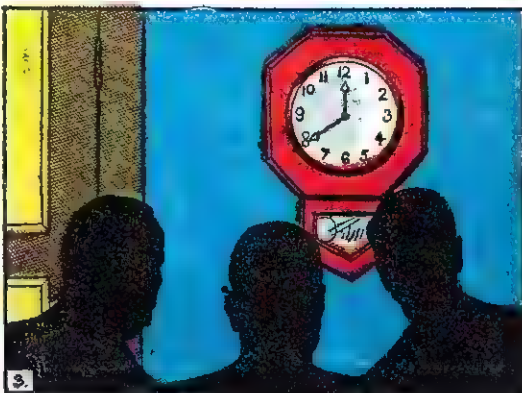


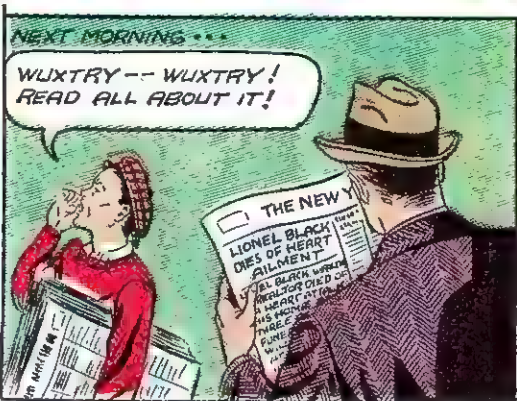
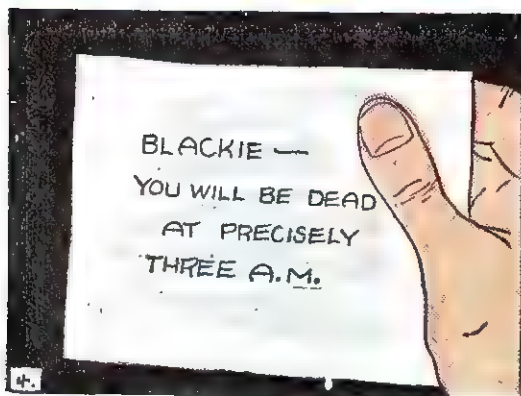
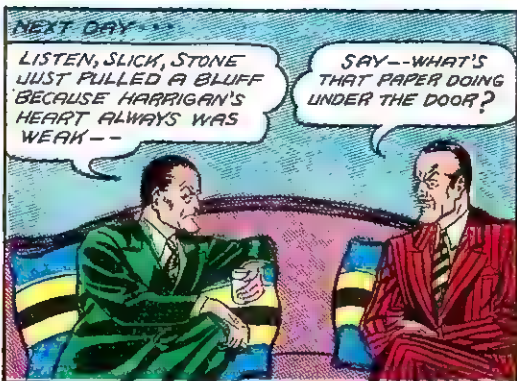
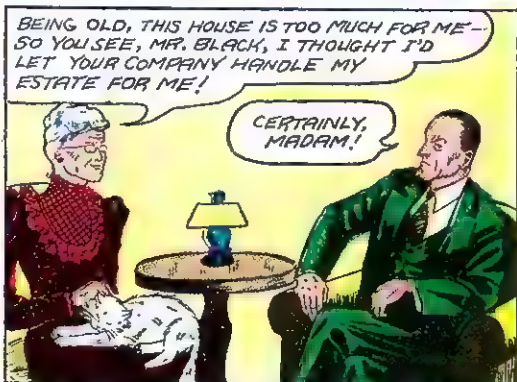
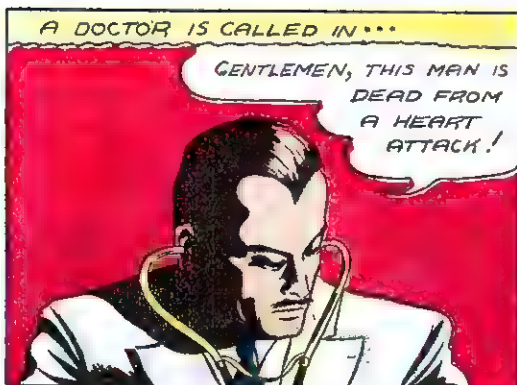
CHUCK HARRIGAN,
YOU WILL BE DEAD
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK
MIDNIGHT!

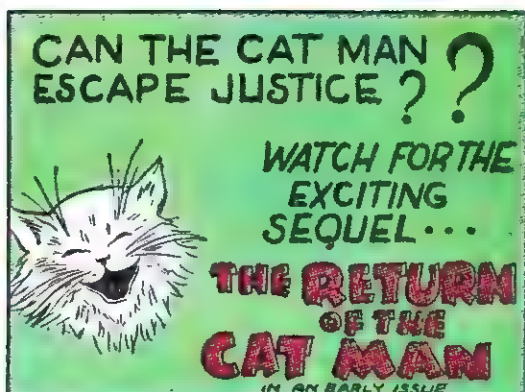
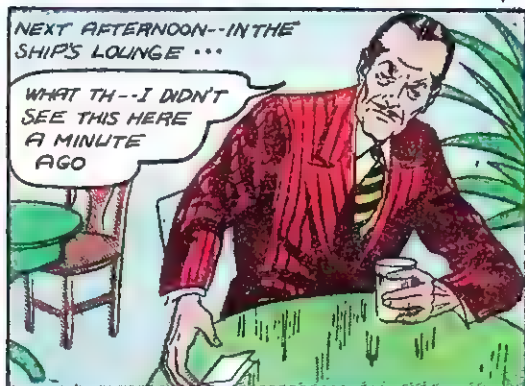
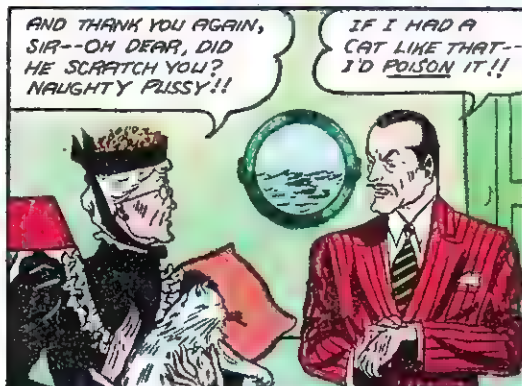
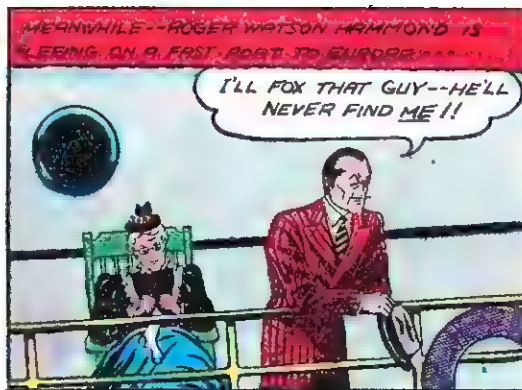


YUH GONNA STICK BY ME NOW, FELLERS? YUH AINT GONNA RUN OUT ON ME NOW, FELLERS, ARE YUH?

SURE, CHUCK, WE'LL STICK AROUND! AND WE'LL BE READY, TOO



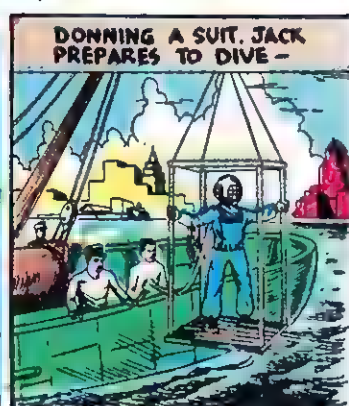
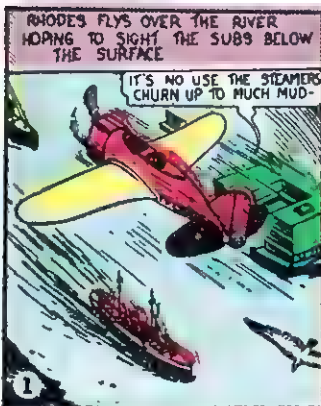
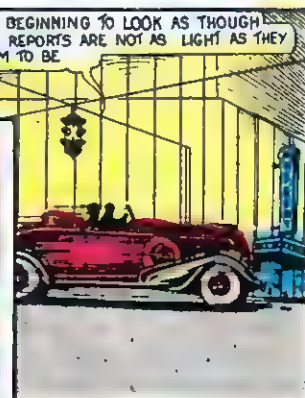
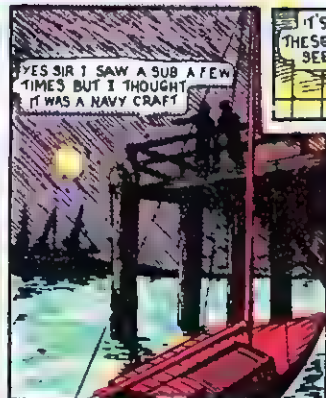


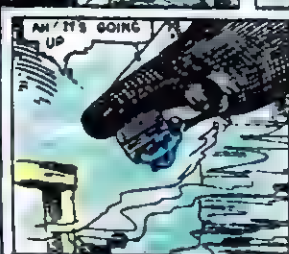
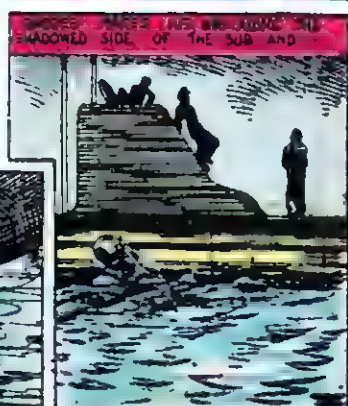
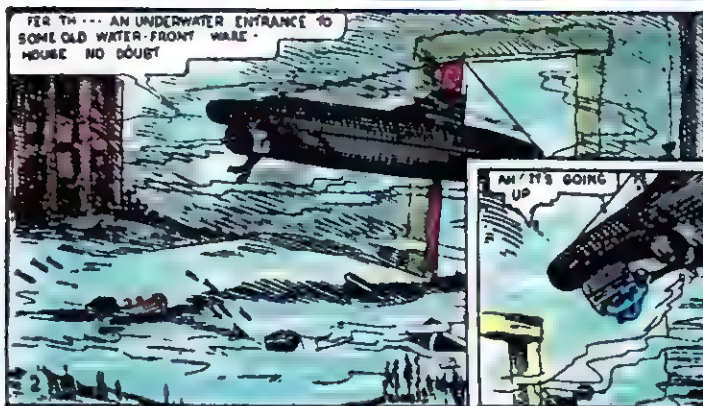
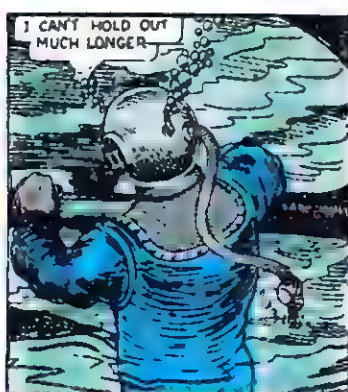
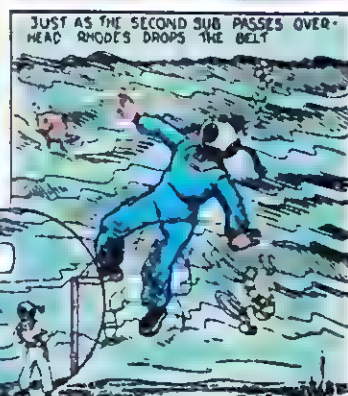
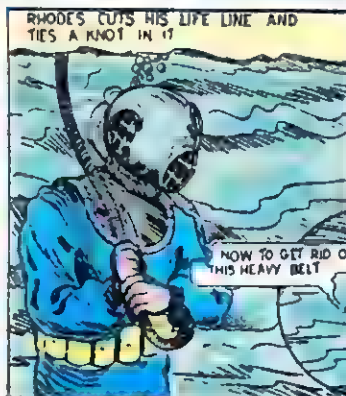
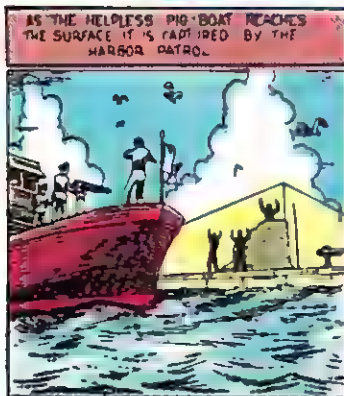
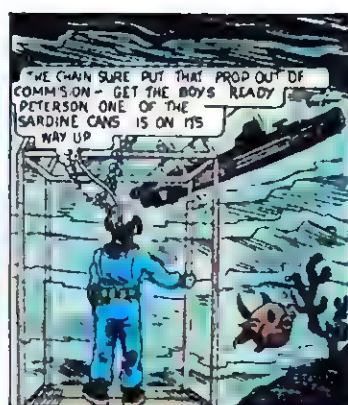
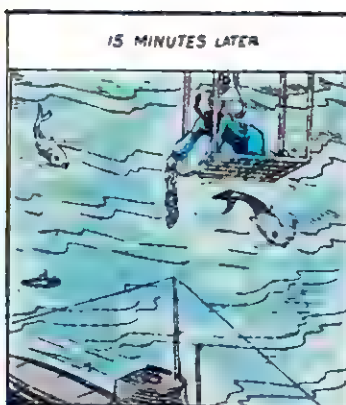


a
COMPLETE
STORY



Featuring
Jack Rhodes
by
RILEY

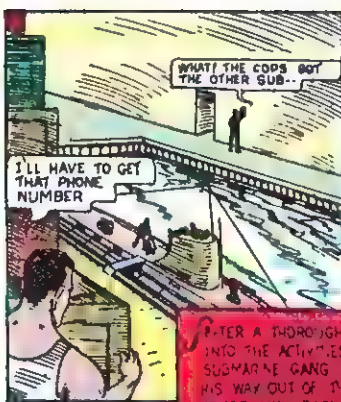






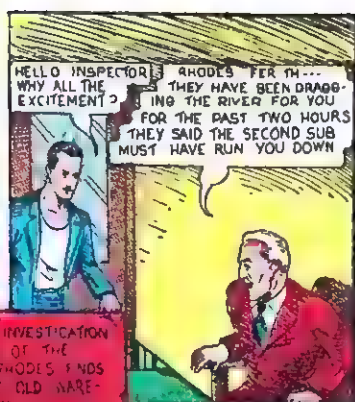
TRIPED UP ON THE DOCK AT THE FURTHER END OF THE POOL

HOW TO GET RID OF THESE ROMPERS



WHAT! THE COPS GOT THE OTHER SUB--

I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT PHONE NUMBER



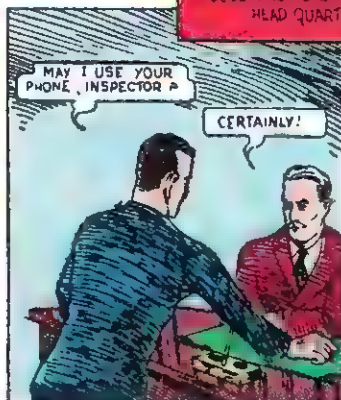
HELLO INSPECTOR! WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

RHODES FER TH... THEY HAVE 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 MARKSMEN READY FOR IMMEDIATE CALL

YES, BUT WHAT GOOD ARE THEY AGAINST A SUBMARINE?

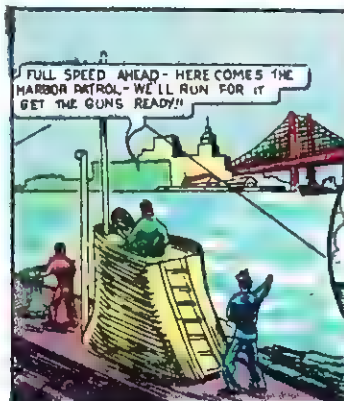


MAY I USE YOUR PHONE, INSPECTOR?

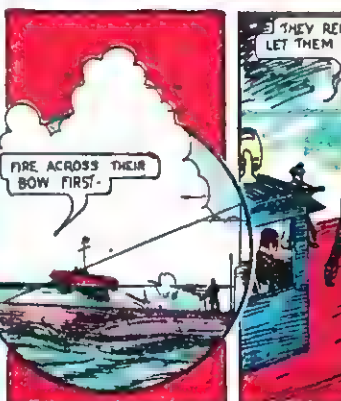
CERTAINLY!



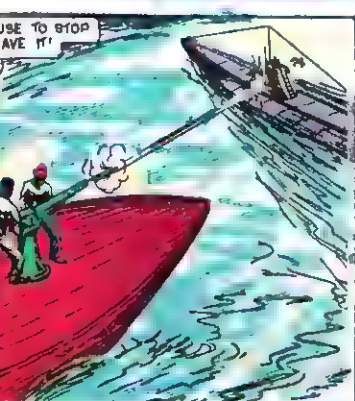
HURRY UP - HERE SHE COMES!



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



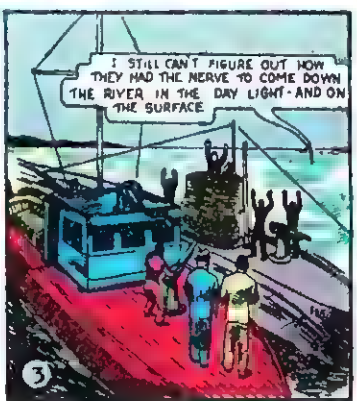
FIRE ACROSS THEIR BOW FIRST!



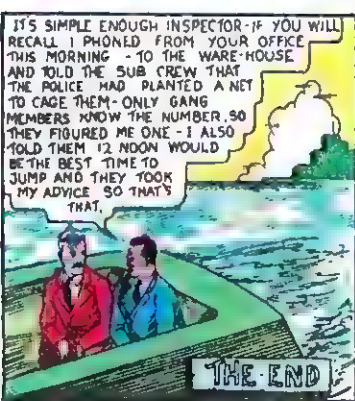
THEY REFUSE TO STOP LET THEM HAVE IT!



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



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



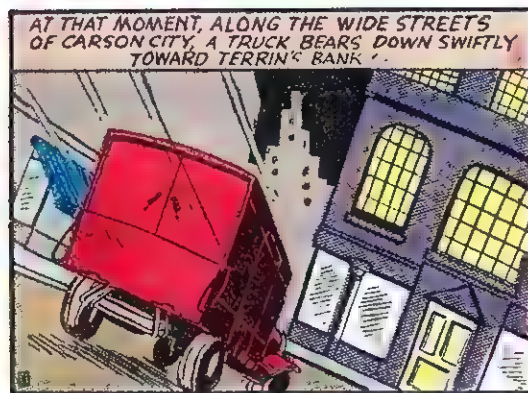
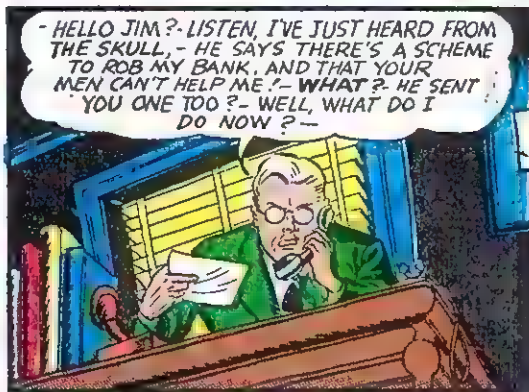
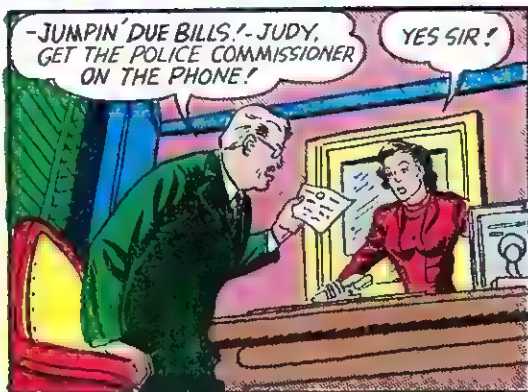
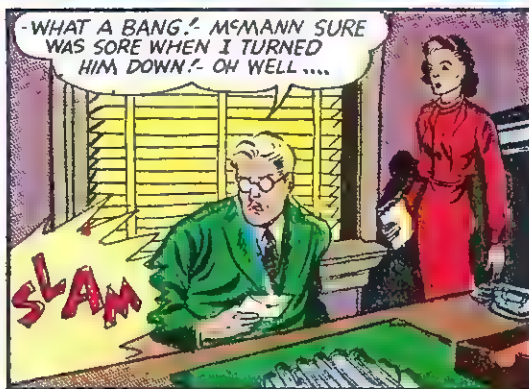
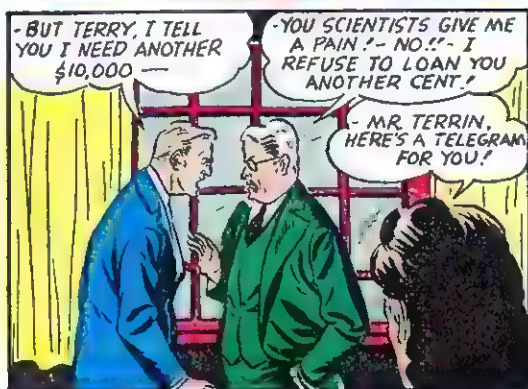
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH INSPECTOR - IF YOU WILL RECALL I PHONED FROM YOUR OFFICE THIS MORNING - TO THE WARE-HOUSE AND TOLD THE SUB CREW THAT THE POLICE HAD PLANTED A NET TO CAGE THEM - ONLY GANG MEMBERS KNOW THE NUMBER, SO THEY FIGURED ME ONE - I ALSO TOLD THEM 12 NOON WOULD BE THE BEST TIME TO JUMP AND THEY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

BELOW - INSIDE THE SUB...

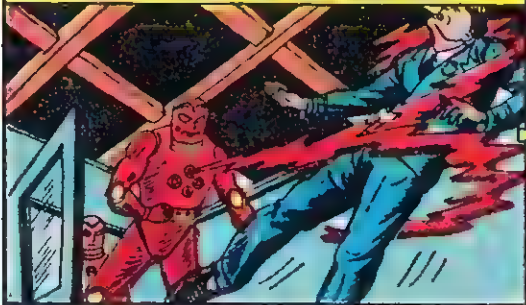
THE END

THE IRON SKULL

by CARL BURGOS

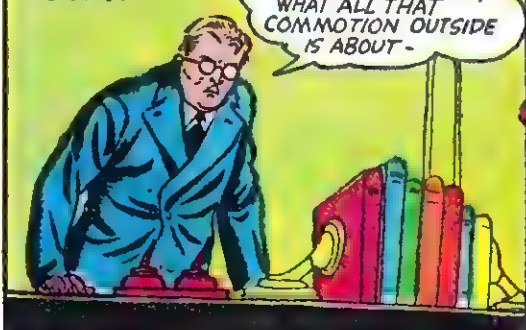



AS THE GUARD AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE
TURNS, ONE OF THE FIGURES LETS LOOSE
A SPURT OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.

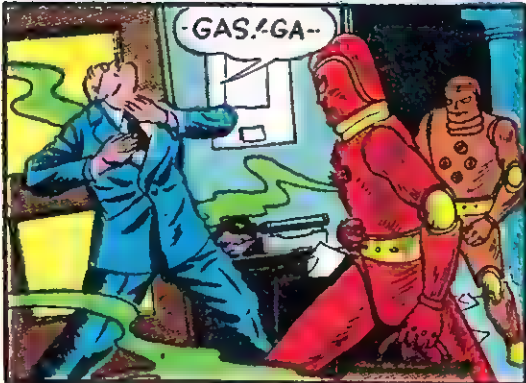


INSIDE TERRIN'S
OFFICE.

HM-M-M... I WONDER
WHAT ALL THAT
COMMOTION OUTSIDE
IS ABOUT -



-GAS! GA--



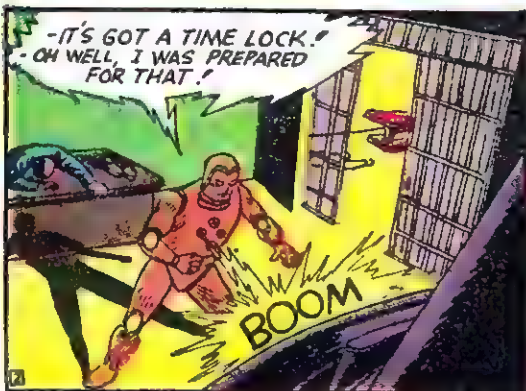
THEN MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER
THE BANK PROPER, AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT
A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS
THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST
HORRIBLE END.



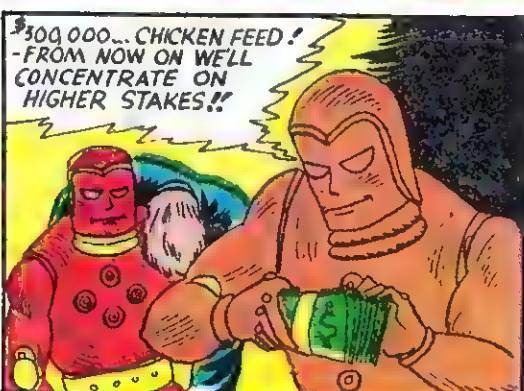
-LIFT TERRIN UP AND TAKE HIM
WITH YOU!- AND NOW FOR THE
VAULT!- AH, THERE IT IS!-

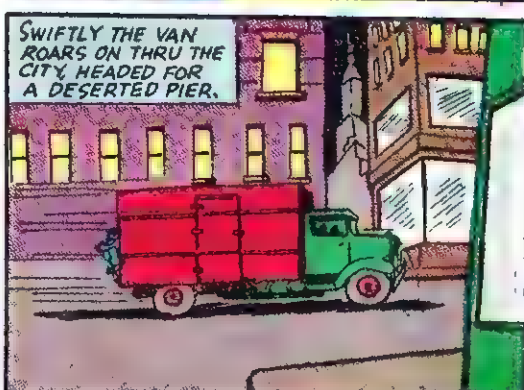
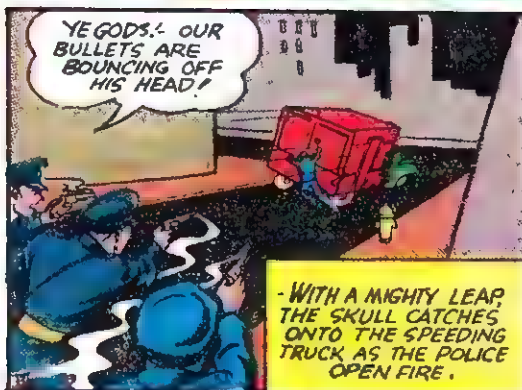
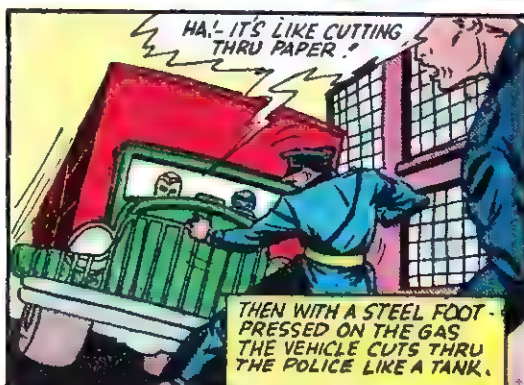
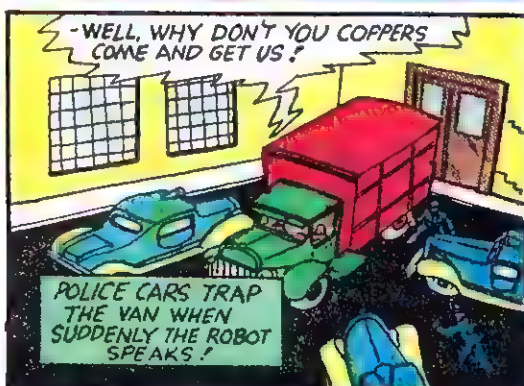
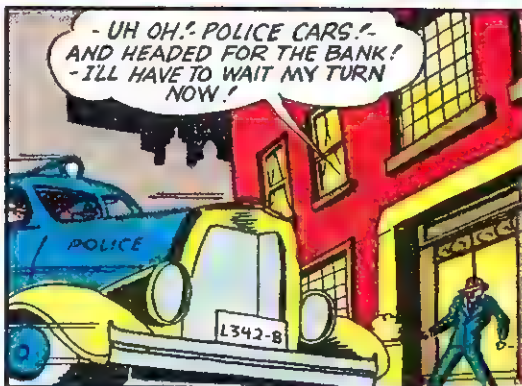
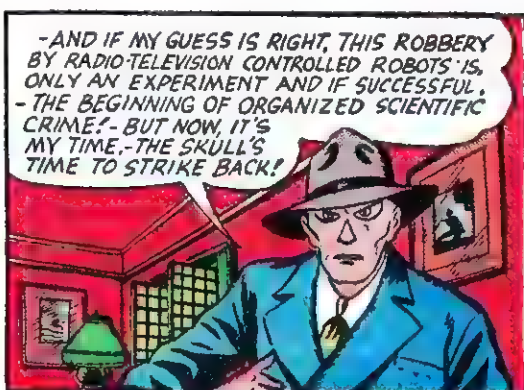
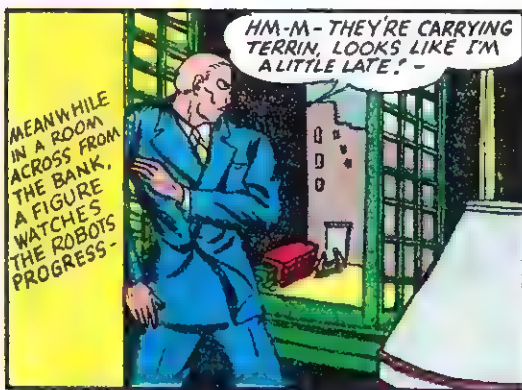


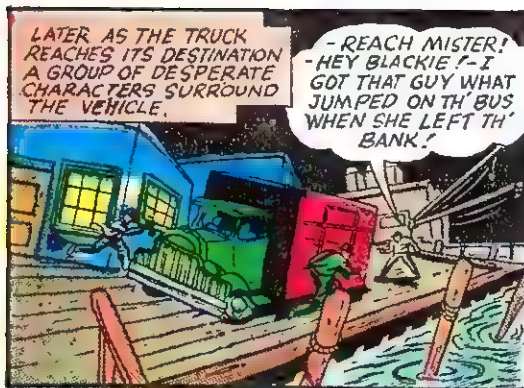
-IT'S GOT A TIME LOCK!
-OH WELL, I WAS PREPARED
FOR THAT!



\$500,000... CHICKEN FEED!
-FROM NOW ON WELL
CONCENTRATE ON
HIGHER STAKES!!

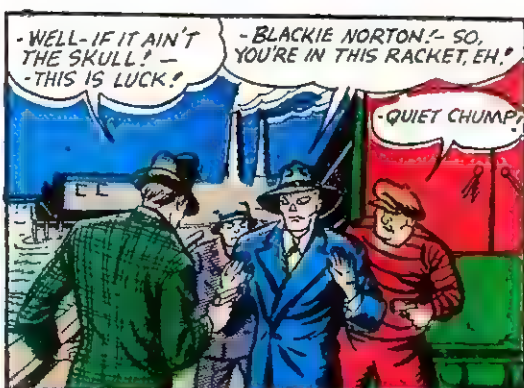






LATER AS THE TRUCK REACHES ITS DESTINATION A GROUP OF DESPERATE CHARACTERS SURROUND THE VEHICLE.

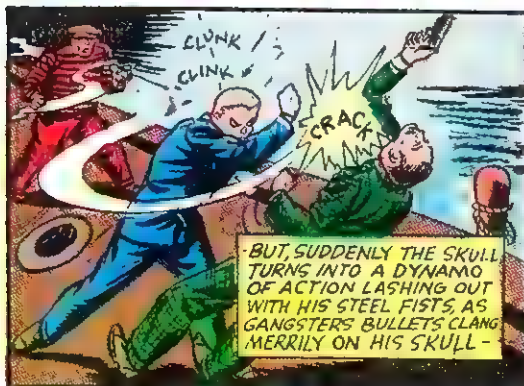
- REACH MISTER! - HEY BLACKIE! - I GOT THAT GUY WHAT JUMPED ON TH' BUS WHEN SHE LEFT TH' BANK!



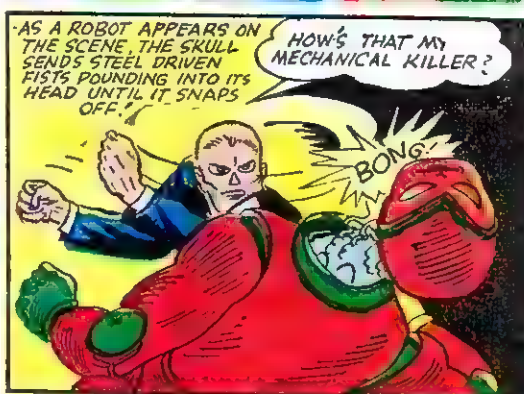
- WELL- IF IT AIN'T THE SKULL! - THIS IS LUCK!

- BLACKIE NORTON! - SO, YOU'RE IN THIS RACKET, EH?

- QUIET CHUMP!



BUT, SUDDENLY THE SKULL TURNS INTO A DYNAMO OF ACTION LASHING OUT WITH HIS STEEL FISTS AS GANGSTERS BULLETS CLANG MERRILY ON HIS SKULL -

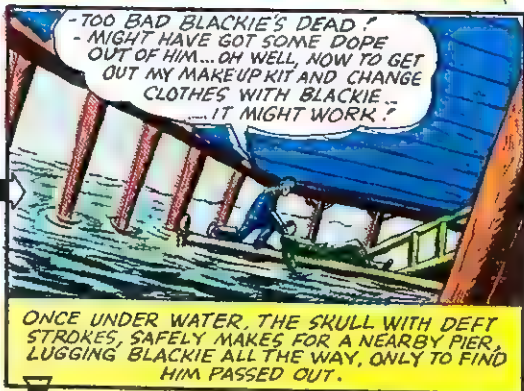


AS A ROBOT APPEARS ON THE SCENE THE SKULL SENDS STEEL DRIVEN FISTS POUNDING INTO ITS HEAD UNTIL IT SNAPS OFF!

HOW'S THAT MY MECHANICAL KILLER?

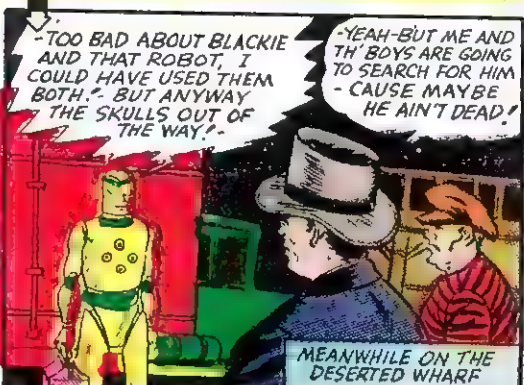


- THEN TURNING TO BLACKIE, WHO NOW IS HALF OFF AND ON THE ROUGH WOODEN FLOOR, THE SKULL LEAPS, WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, INTO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH SENDING BOTH MEN FLYING INTO THE MURKY WATERS.



- TOO BAD BLACKIE'S DEAD! - MIGHT HAVE GOT SOME DOPE OUT OF HIM... OH WELL, NOW TO GET OUT MY MAKEUP KIT AND CHANGE CLOTHES WITH BLACKIE - IT MIGHT WORK!

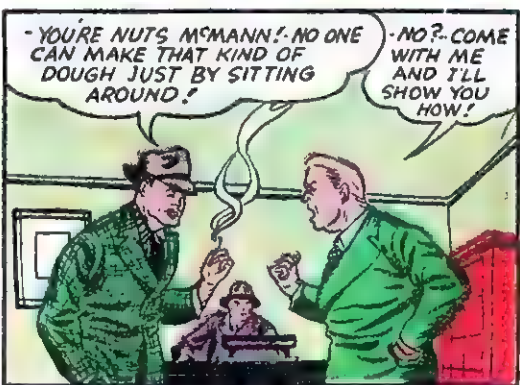
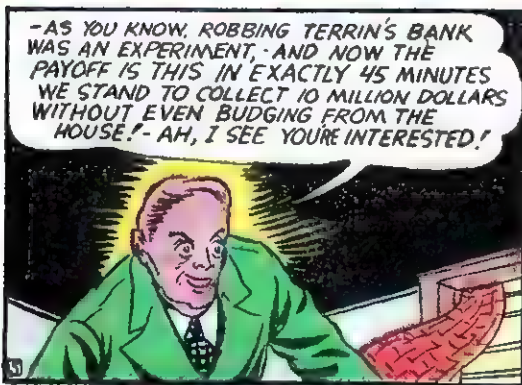
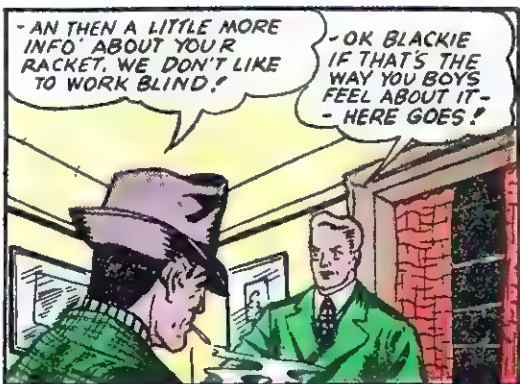
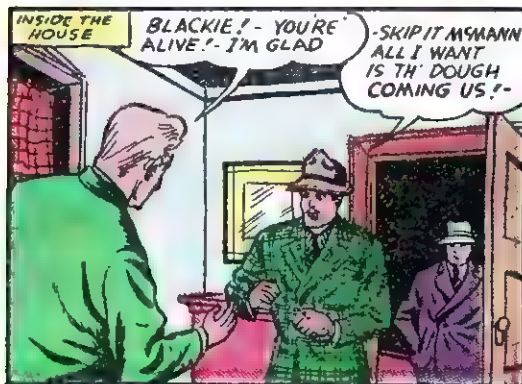
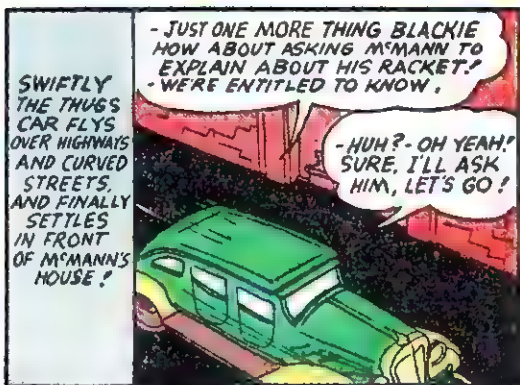
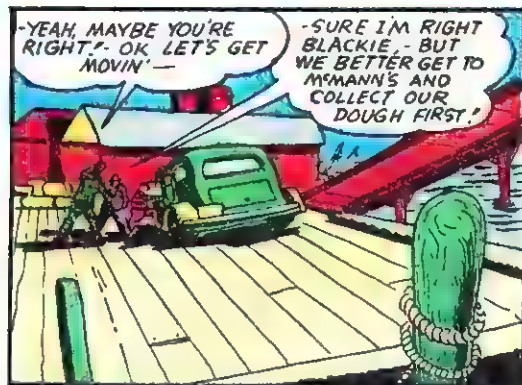
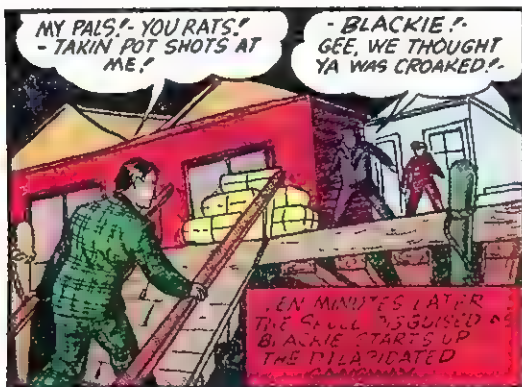
ONCE UNDER WATER, THE SKULL WITH DEFT STROKES, SAFELY MAKES FOR A NEARBY PIER, LUGGING BLACKIE ALL THE WAY, ONLY TO FIND HIM PASSED OUT.



- TOO BAD ABOUT BLACKIE AND THAT ROBOT, I COULD HAVE USED THEM BOTH! - BUT ANYWAY THE SKULLS OUT OF THE WAY! -

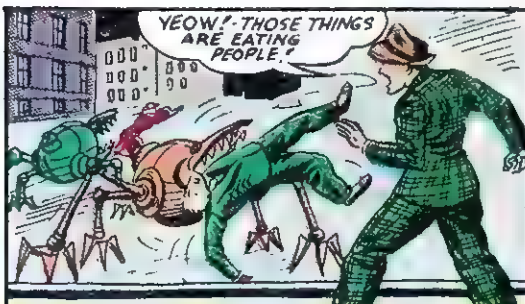
- YEAH- BUT ME AND TH' BOYS ARE GOING TO SEARCH FOR HIM - CAUSE MAYBE HE AIN'T DEAD!

MEANWHILE ON THE DESERTED WHARF



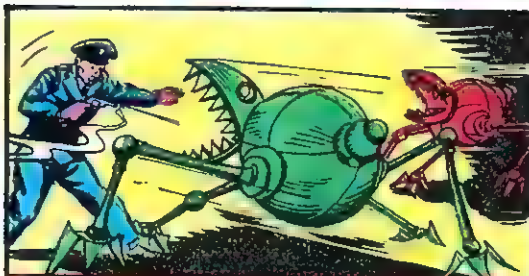
McMANN LEADS BLACKIE THRU A SERIES OF DOORS, DOWN STEPS AND FINALLY INTO A HUGE SCIENTIFICALLY EQUIPPED ROOM WHERE MACHINERY BURSTS INTO ACTION!

-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!



YEOW! - THOSE THINGS ARE EATING PEOPLE!

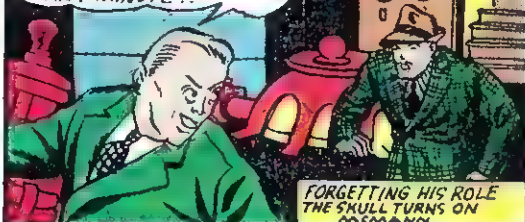
-AS THE SKULL, DISGUISED AS BLACKIE, PEERS INTO THE SCREEN, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREET'S HIS EYES AS HE NOTES HUGE SPIDER MECHS. POURING FROM THE CITY'S SEWERS -



AN OFFICER ATTRACTED BY THE MONSTERS EMPTIES HIS SERVICE GUN AT THEM, ONLY TO BE DEVoured IN A SHORT WHILE! - THEN McMANN EXPLAINS 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!!

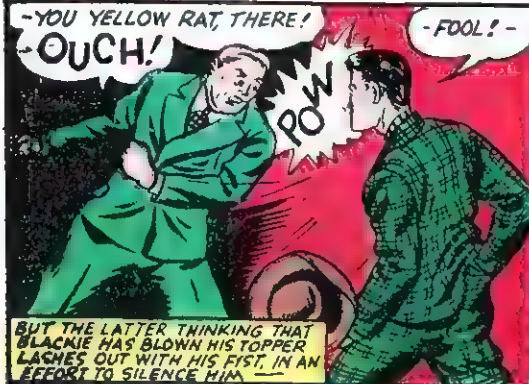
- YOU BUTCHERING DOG!



FORGETTING HIS ROLE THE SKULL TURNS ON McMANN

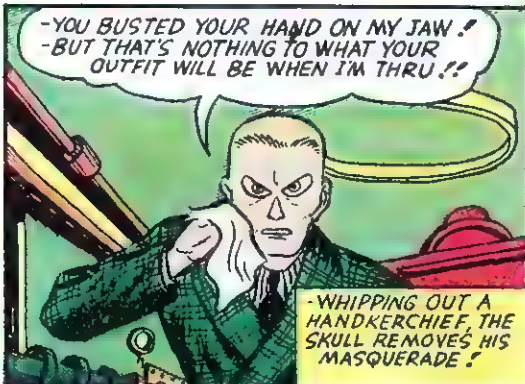
-YOU YELLOW RAT, THERE!
-OUCH!

-FOOL! -



BUT THE LATTER THINKING THAT BLACKIE HAS BLOWN HIS TOPPER LACHES 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!

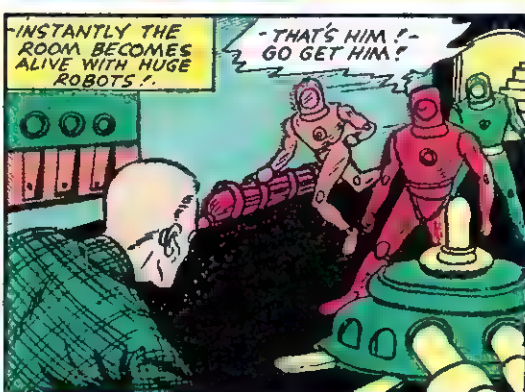
- THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT PUT AWAY FIRST, SKULL!

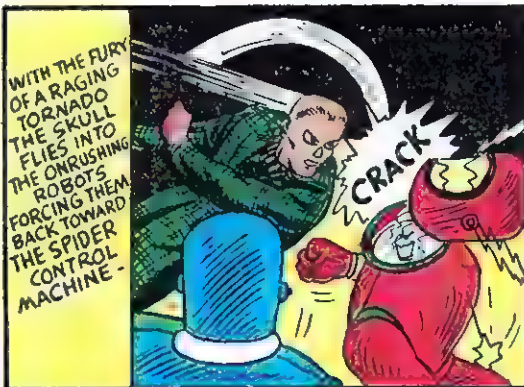


RUSHING MADLY TO THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, McMANN THROWS A SWITCH INTO PLACE

INSTANTLY THE ROOM BECOMES ALIVE WITH HUGE ROBOTS!

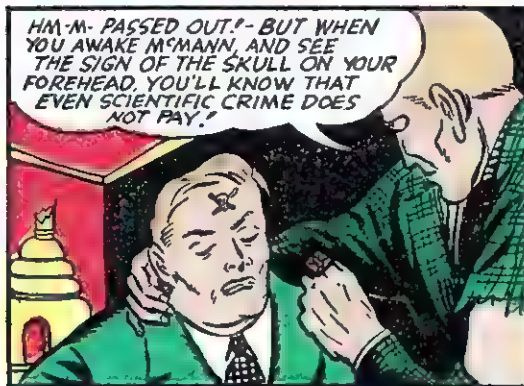
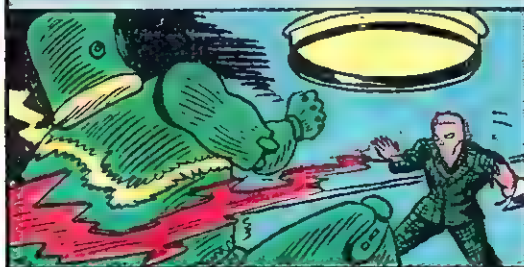
- THAT'S HIM! - GO GET HIM!





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

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

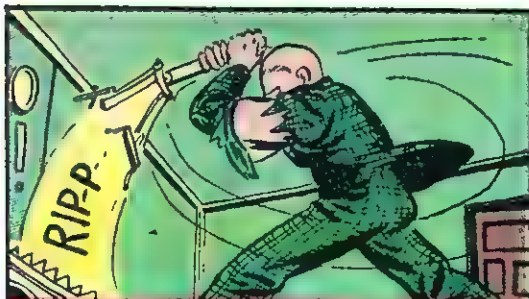


HIM - M. PASSED OUT. - BUT WHEN YOU AWAKE McMANN, AND SEE THE SIGN OF THE SKULL ON YOUR FOREHEAD, YOU'LL KNOW THAT EVEN SCIENTIFIC CRIME DOES NOT PAY. -

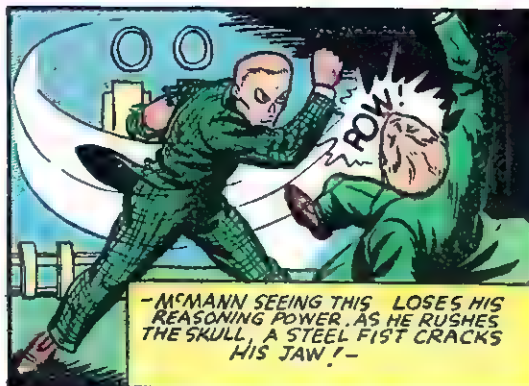


- HERE HE IS RYAN! -
- WHAT TH... HE'S CHAINED TO A TANK - LOOK THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIS CHEST!

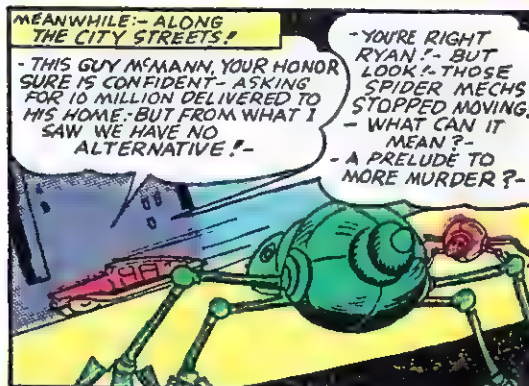
LATER AS THE MAYOR REACHES McMANN'S HOUSE, HE'S SURPRISED TO FIND IT EMPTY EXCEPT FOR THE LAB.



LIKE A ONE MAN ARMY TANK THE SKULL SMASHES THRU THE STEEL CORDON, UNTIL HE REACHES THE CONTROLLING APPARATUS - THEN WITH A DECEDERATE YANK, RIPS THE SWITCH FROM PLAGE



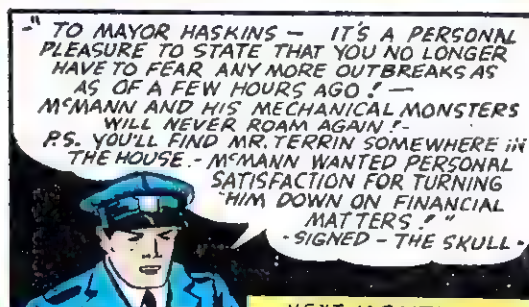
- McMANN SEEING THIS LOSES HIS REASONING POWER. AS HE RUSHES THE SKULL, A STEEL FIST CRACKS HIS JAW! -



MEANWHILE:- ALONG THE CITY STREETS!

- THIS GUY McMANN, YOUR HONOR SURE IS CONFIDENT, ASKING FOR 10 MILLION DELIVERED TO HIS HOME. - BUT FROM WHAT I 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? -

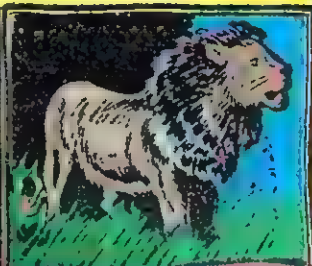


" TO MAYOR HASKINS - IT'S A PERSONAL PLEASURE TO STATE THAT YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO FEAR ANY MORE OUTBREAKS AS OF A FEW HOURS AGO! - McMANN AND HIS MECHANICAL MONSTERS WILL NEVER ROAM AGAIN! - P.S. YOU'LL FIND MR. TERRIN SOMEWHERE IN THE HOUSE. - McMANN WANTED PERSONAL SATISFACTION FOR TURNING HIM DOWN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

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...



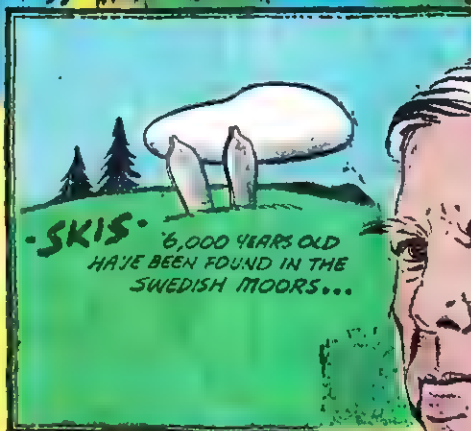
ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STRIKEN, RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.



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

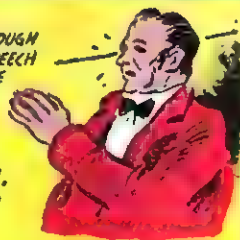


HENRY LEWIS of SAVILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL FLOWER-GROWER, GREW A ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR--1924.



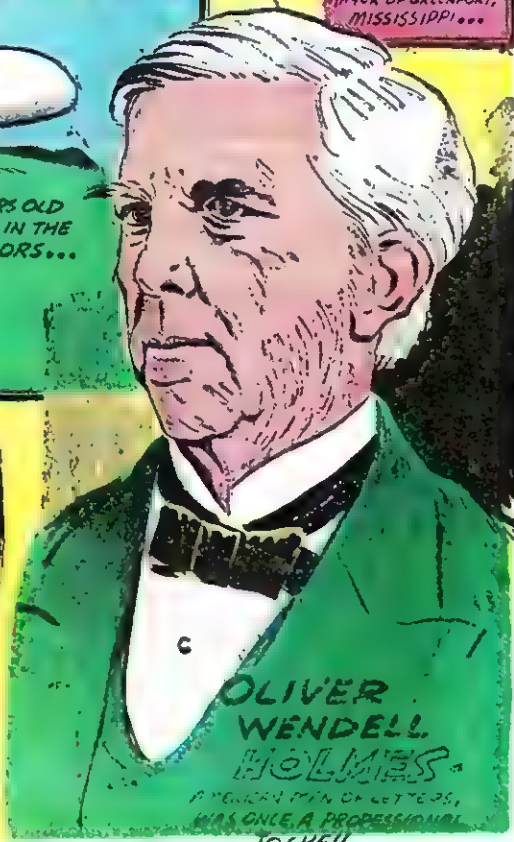
-SKIS- 6,000 YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SWEDISH MOORS...

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, 1862.



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

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES-- A MASTER OF LETTERS, WAS ONCE A PROFESSIONAL JOCKEY...

The tiger was in the habit of raiding small villages, killing and carrying off women and children. Curiously it killed only one man.

Lewis euked his hair with dirt, planted seed, raised roses within four months by forcing. He still has three of the roses pressed in a book.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

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

!!

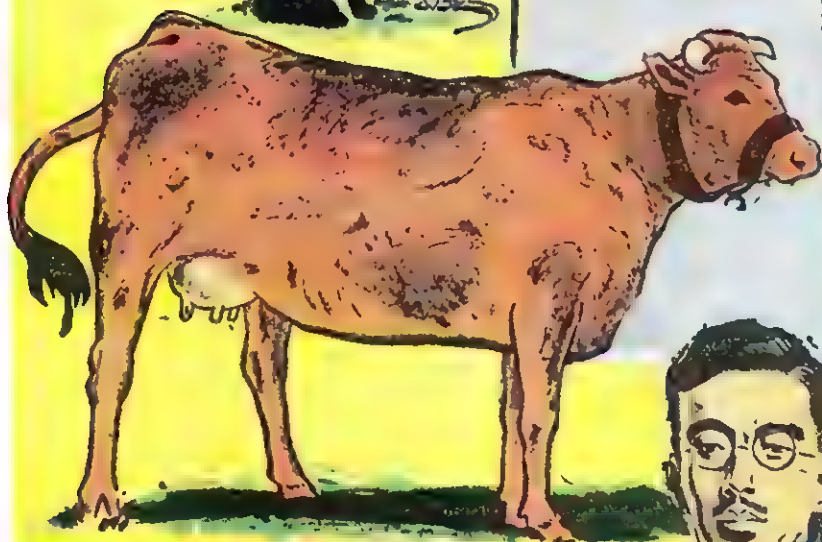


THE MINISTER
WHO RETIRED
AT THE AGE
OF 73 TO
BECOME A
VETERINARIAN--
THE REV. MARTIN
BLUE, KINDERHOOK,
NEW YORK, 1906...

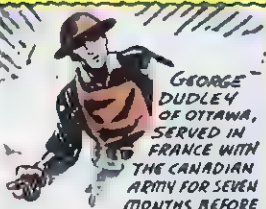


BLUENOSE.

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...



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)

THERE ARE
STILL 2,700
COWS WITHIN THE
LIMITS OF
NEW YORK CITY



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 12 HOURS
AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON,
D.C., JUNE 4, 1931--PREACHED BY THE
REV. G. Z. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION
BAPTIST CHURCH. HE SAID 88,794
WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD
RECORD. (THANKS--DONALD COATES)

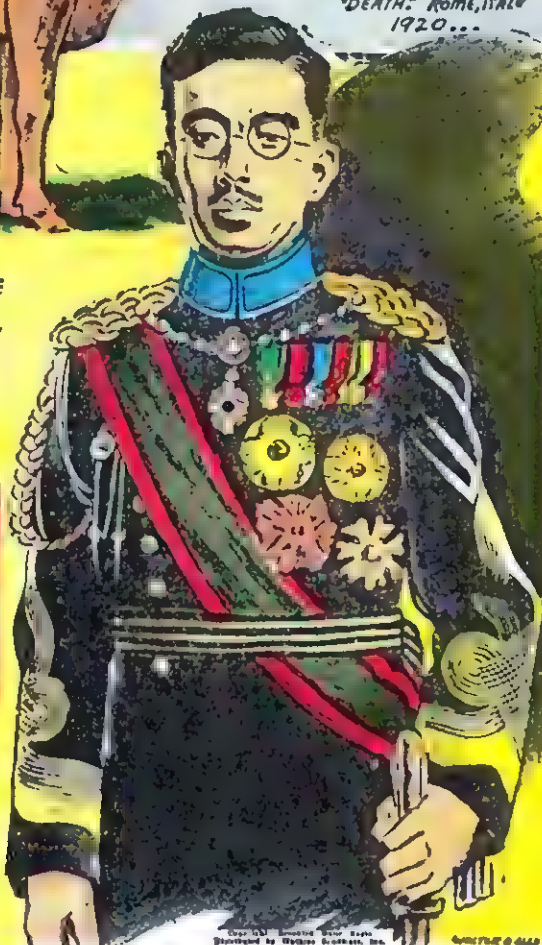


TWO FIFTHS OF THE
MOON'S SURFACE
HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN
FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CLARISSA BONTILLA
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!



A Young Dudley saw more than a month of action, would have been decorated for heroism had he remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was no large for his age, looked like a boy of 13.

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



AMAN, 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.

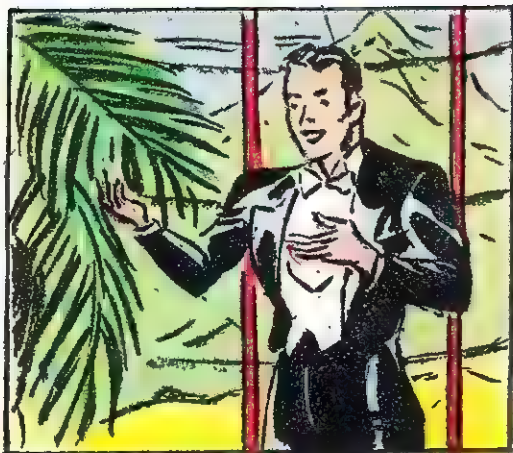
"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"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 sang 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:

WHEN 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, 195 (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



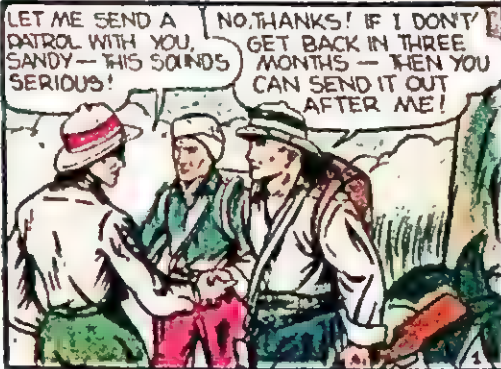
YOU KNOW, TUAN—?

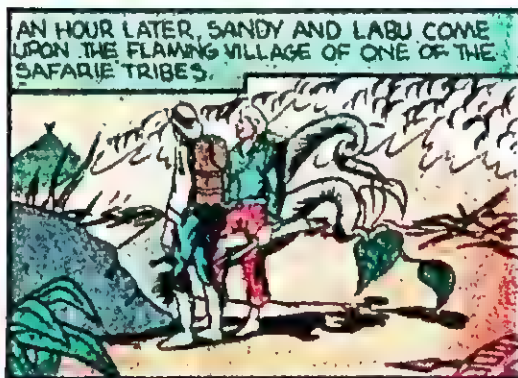
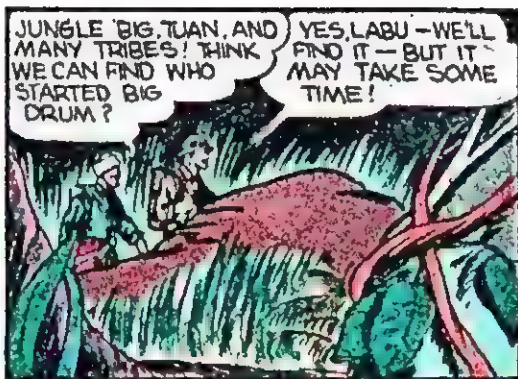
YES—THE CONGO WAR DRUM! THAT HASN'T BEEN SOUNDED IN ALMOST FIVE YEARS! PACK OUR THINGS, LABU, WE'RE GOING INLAND

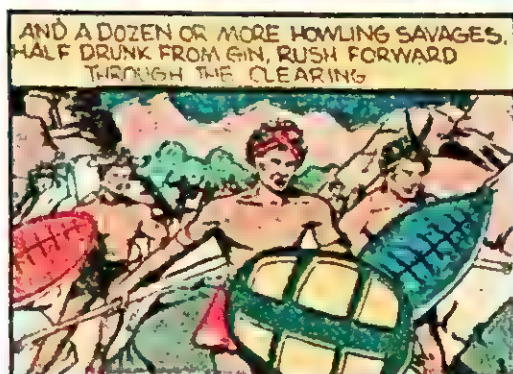
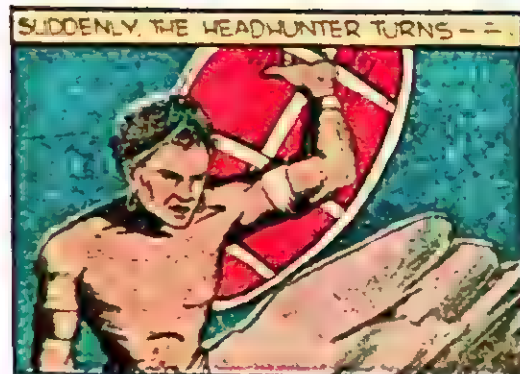
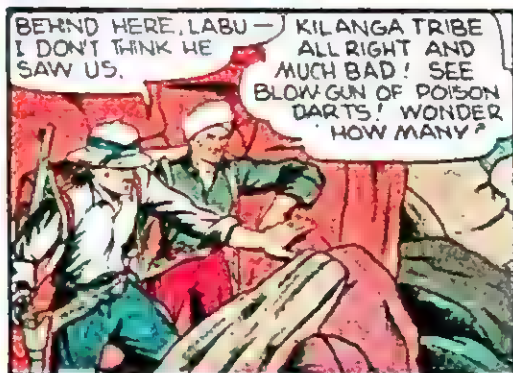
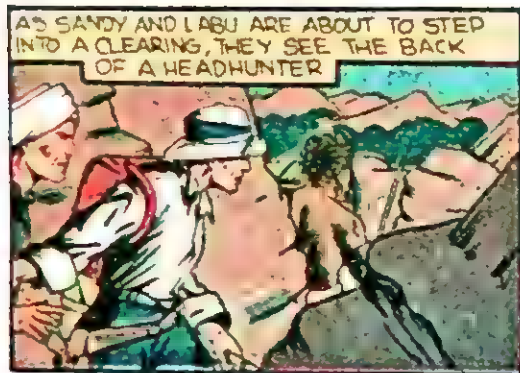
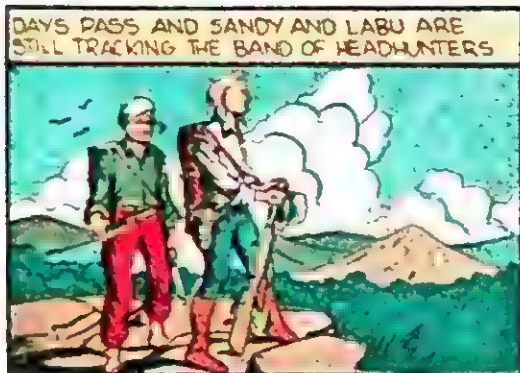
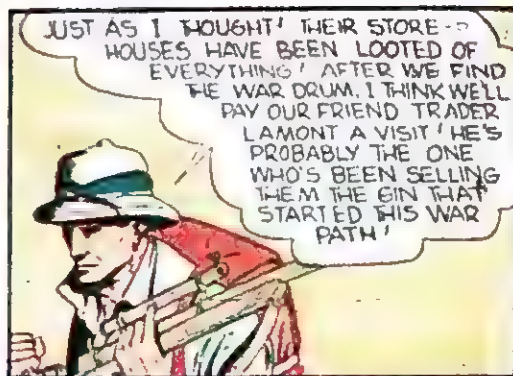
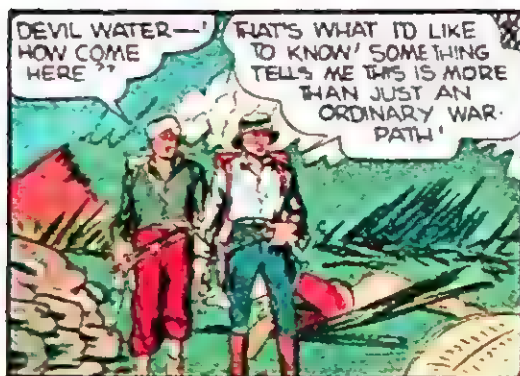


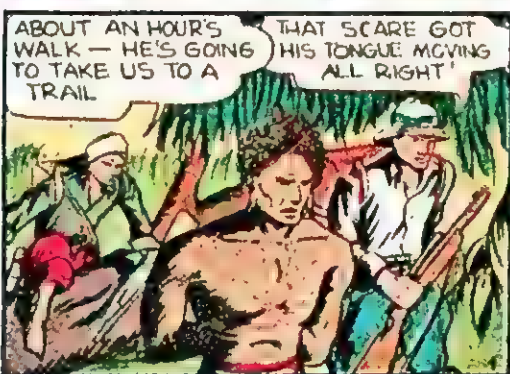
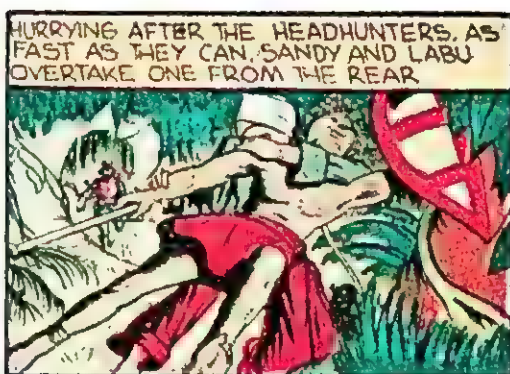
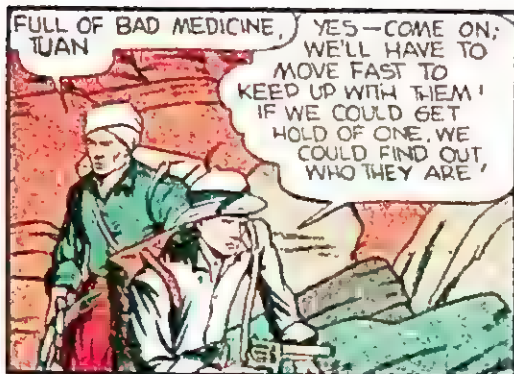
LET ME SEND A PATROL WITH YOU, SANDY—THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

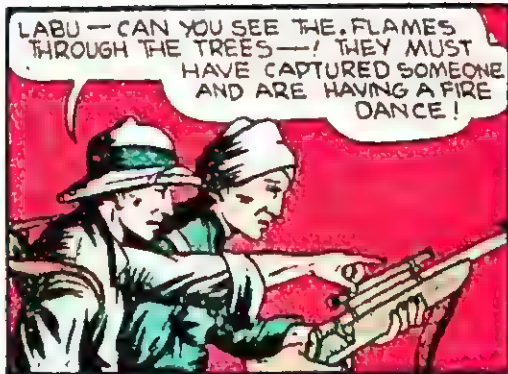
NO, THANKS! IF I DON'T GET BACK IN THREE MONTHS—THEN YOU CAN SEND IT OUT AFTER ME!









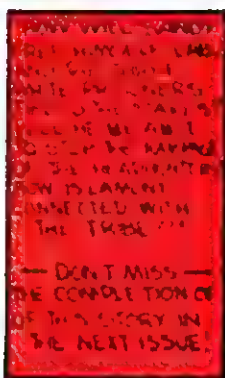
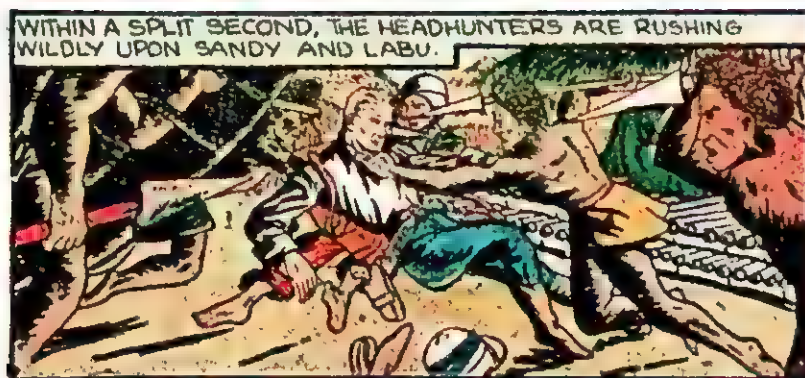
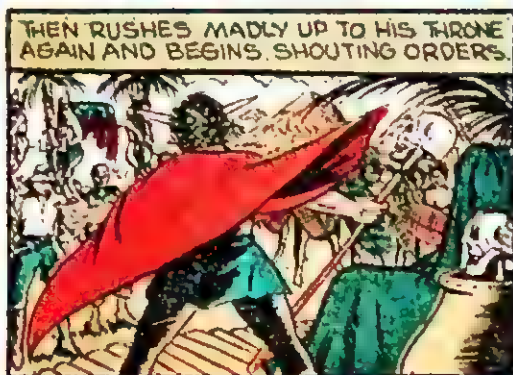
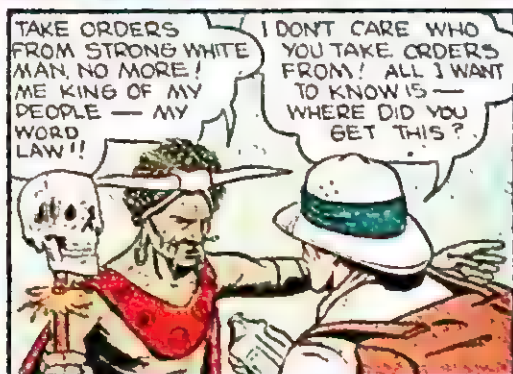
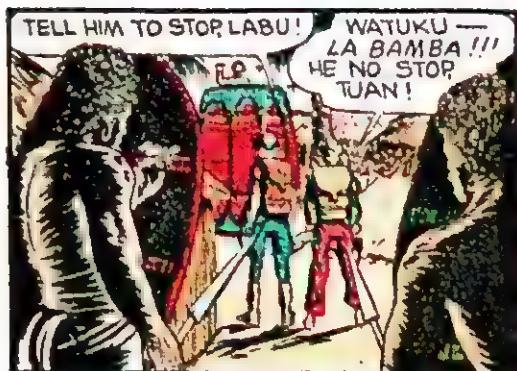


AS THEY DRAW NEADER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE.



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



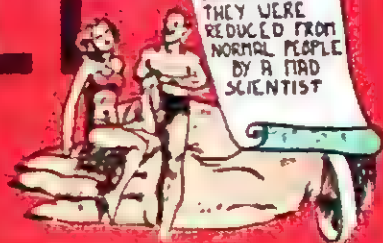


MINIMIDGET

THE MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. ROLD

MINIMIDGET AND
RITTY ARE ONLY
AS LARGE AS A
HUMAN HAND --
THEY WERE
REDUCED FROM
NORMAL PEOPLE
BY A MAD
SCIENTIST



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--



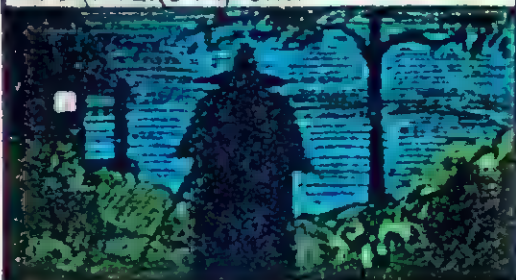
YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE
POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU,
THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE, AS
I PLEASE.



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



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

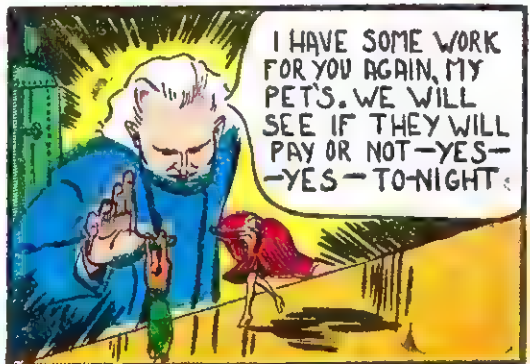
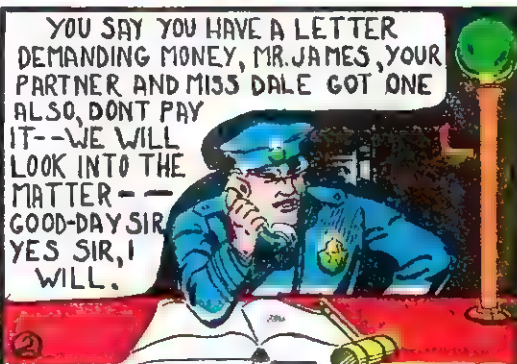
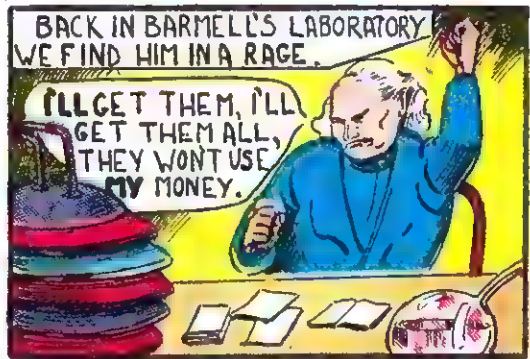
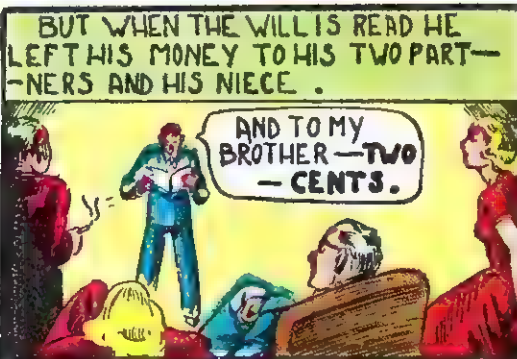
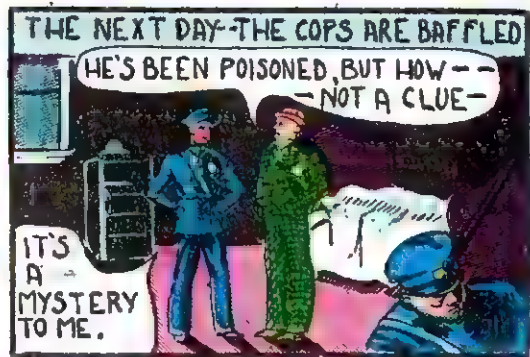
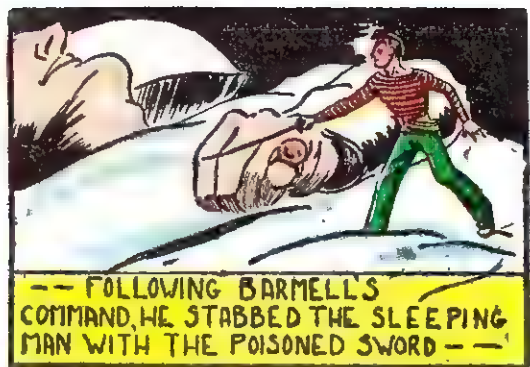


UNDER THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW,
HE LIFTS UP HIS BRANCHWILD, A HUMAN
MAN, REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF HIS HAND

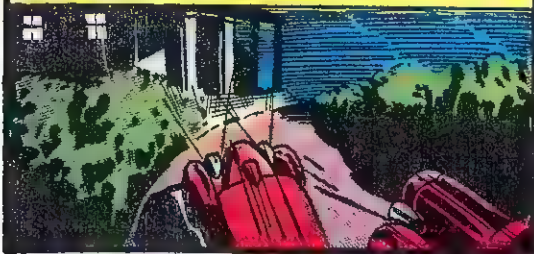


ACROSS THE SILL, OVER THE DRESSER,
TO THE FLOOR, WENT THE SUPERMIDGET.





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



YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED; BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DEAD--POISONED-- YOU CALLED A DOCTOR FIRST.

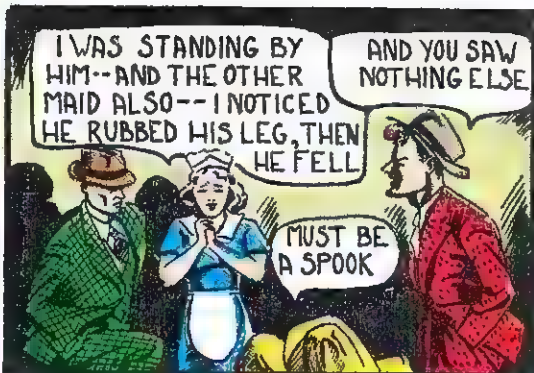
LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS MEANT WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING!



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



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

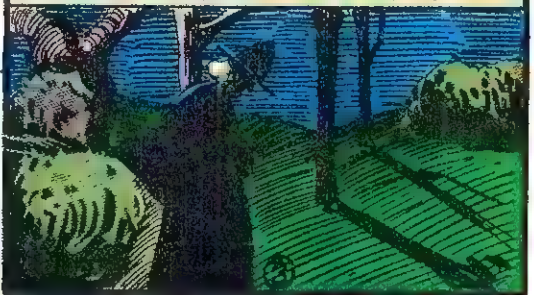
HE A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS WHILE THEY LIVE SWEET-- I IN HIGH STYLE, SHALL HAVE MY ON MY MONEY. REVENGE.



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



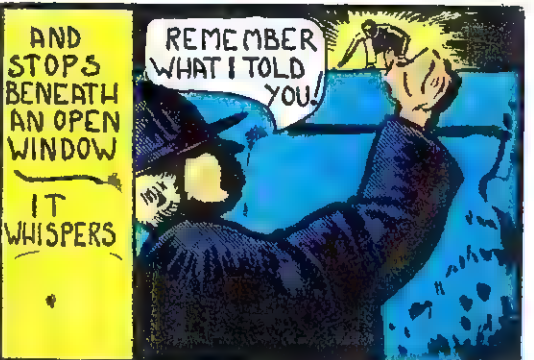
THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN --



AND STOPS BENEATH AN OPEN WINDOW

IT WHISPERS

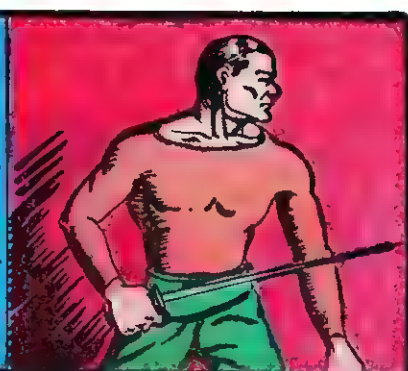
REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!



ACROSS
THE ROOM
TO THE
OPEN DOOR
WENT THE
SUPERMIDGET



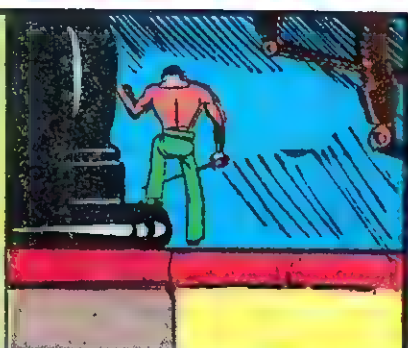
OUT
INTO
THE
HALL--
ALONG
THE
SIDEWALL



UP THE
STAIRS



TO THE
SECOND
FLOOR



SHARP EYE'S 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.

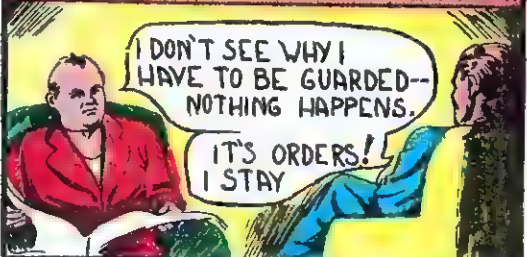


THE POISON TOOK EFFECT AT ONCE
ON THE CAT-- HE LAY TWITCHING,
THEN WAS QUIET---DEAD---

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



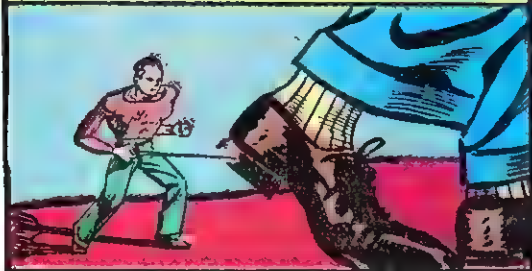
STEALING HIS WAY AROUND THE ROOM
HE CREEPT BEHIND THE MAN HE WAS
TO KILL. A DETECTIVE WAS WITH HIM.



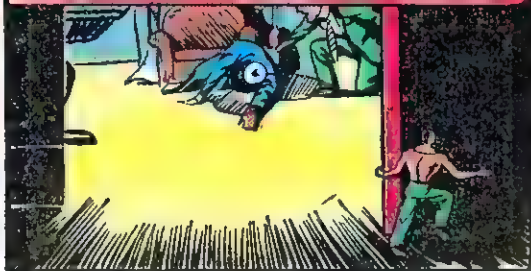
I DON'T SEE WHY I
HAVE TO BE GUARDED--
NOTHING HAPPENS.

IT'S ORDERS!
I STAY

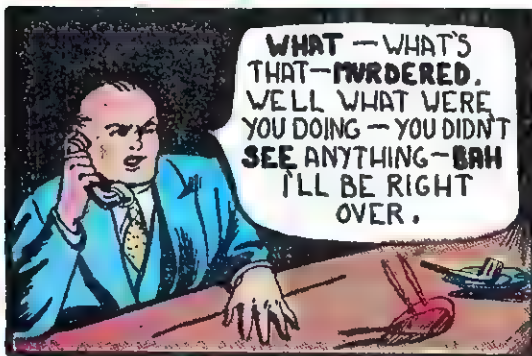
UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET -- SWORD
IN HAND.



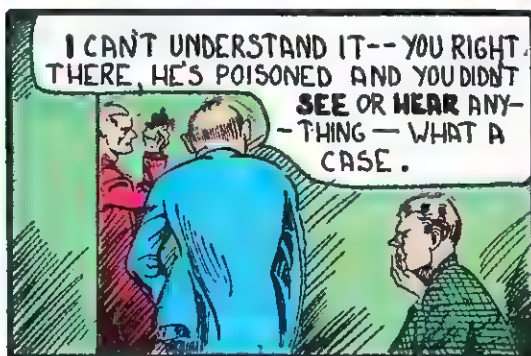
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL --
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR



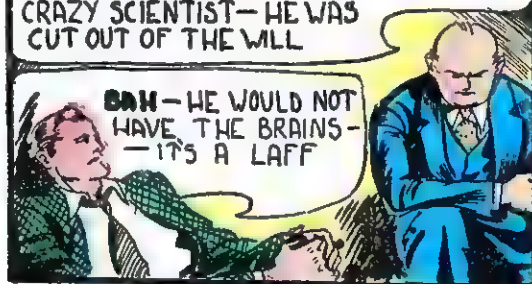
WHAT -- WHAT'S
THAT -- ~~MURDERED~~.
WELL WHAT WERE
YOU DOING -- YOU DIDN'T
SEE ANYTHING -- BAH
I'LL BE RIGHT
OVER.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- YOU RIGHT
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDN'T
SEE OR HEAR ANY-
THING -- WHAT A
CASE.



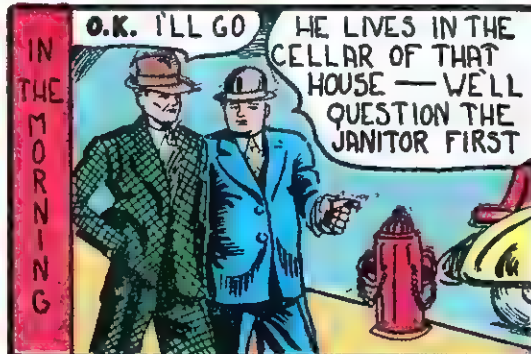
THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF
CRAZY SCIENTIST -- HE WAS
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



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-
-- MELL DIDN'T
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

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



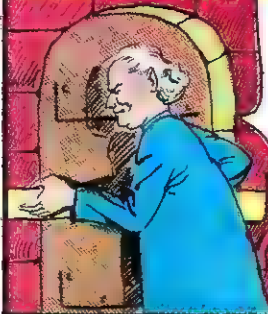
YOU SAY HE'S OUT
NOW -- WE'LL BE
BACK

YES SIR



BUT BEHIND BARMELL'S DOOR—LISTENING

HEH-HEH-- THEY
DON'T KNOW OF THE
SECRET PASSAGE.
TRY AND GET ME,
YOU DUMB COPS.
HEH-HEH-HEH



THEN MY REVENGE
SHALL BE COMPLETE.
HEH-HEH—DANCE
LITTLE ONE'S, DANCE

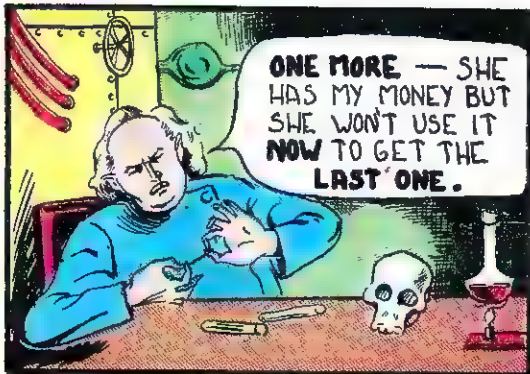


HAAA--TO
THE OUTSIDE



**THREE HOURS
GONE!!!**

SOMETHING
HAS HAPPENED!
MY PET SHOULD
BE BACK—I
MUST LEAVE—IT
IS NEAR DAYBREAK



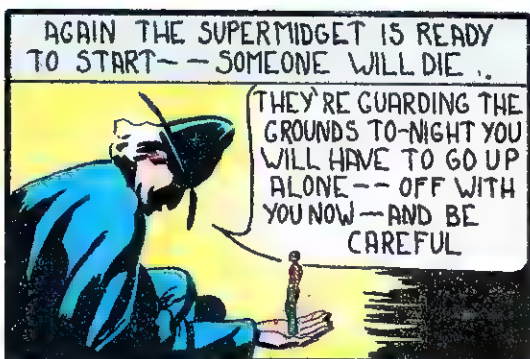
DONNING HIS CAPE AND HAT HE WENT
TO THE WALL

A LITTLE
PRESSURE ON
THIS STONE,
AND I HAVE
ANOTHER
EXIT

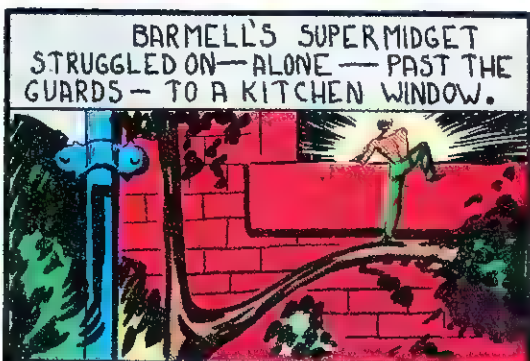


AGAIN THE SUPERMIDGET IS READY
TO START-- SOMEONE WILL DIE..

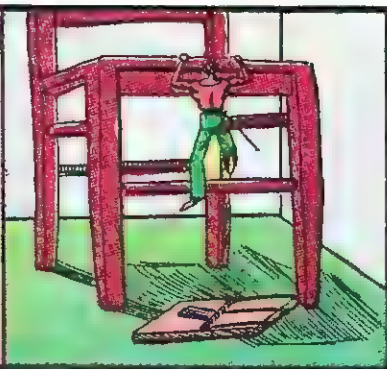
THEY'RE GUARDING THE
GROUNDS TO-NIGHT YOU
WILL HAVE TO GO UP
ALONE-- OFF WITH
YOU NOW--AND BE
CAREFUL



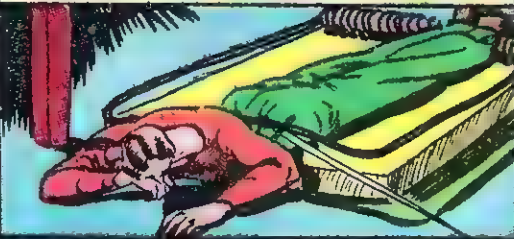
BARMELL'S SUPERMIDGET
STRUGGLED ON--ALONE-- PAST THE
GUARDS-- TO A KITCHEN WINDOW.



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.



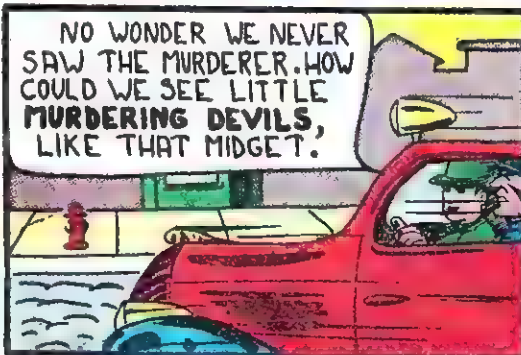
WHY — THAT'S WHAT
MY UNCLE WANTED
MONEY FOR, TO CREATE
SUPERMIDGETS

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

LET'S GO
GET
HIM



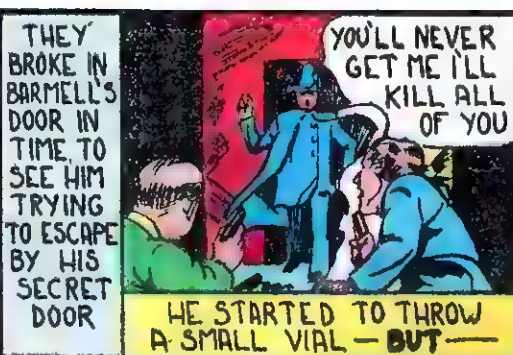
NO WONDER WE NEVER
SAW THE MURDERER. HOW
COULD WE SEE LITTLE
MURDERING DEVILS,
LIKE THAT MIDGET?



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 —



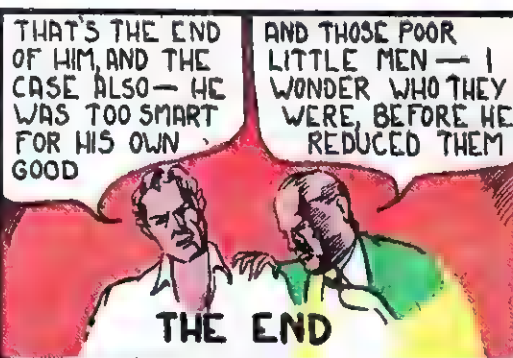
SQUEEZED
IT TOO
TIGHT IT
EXPLODED
AND BLEW
BARMELL
INTO A
MASS OF
FLAMES



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

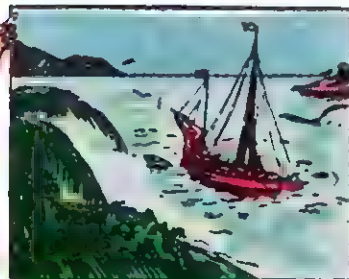
THE END



CHUCK HARDY

by Franklyn Thomas

in THE LAND BENEATH THE SEA



THE SMALL YAWL "RESEARCH" CAME TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHITIATA, ONE OF THE MARIQUEAN 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 KINGSLEY, OF PORTMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS ~

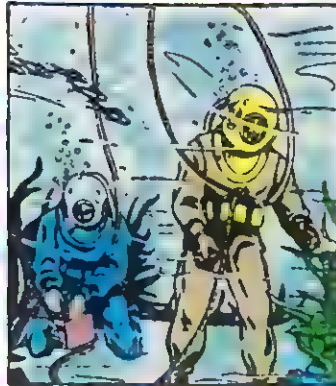
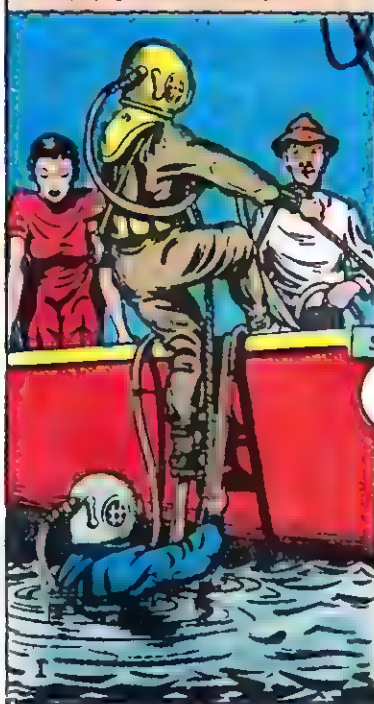
OH YEAH? IF I DON'T DO BETTER THAN YOU DID YESTERDAY, I'LL STAY UNDER... YOU WERE DOWN AN HOUR AND ALL YOU BROUGHT UP WAS SEAWEED! WATCH ME TODAY, JERRY, AND LEARN!



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

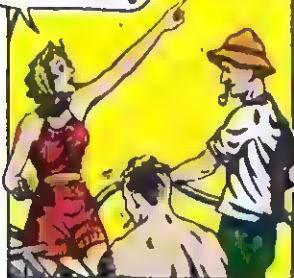


EQUIPMENT ADJUSTED, JERRY AND CHUCK DESCEND TO THE BLUE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC ~



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE "RESEARCH"!

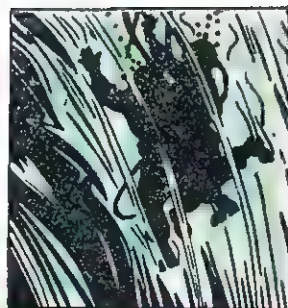
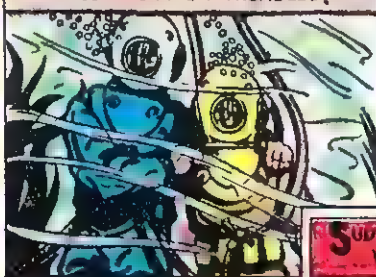
LOOK - PROFESSOR! VOLCANO!



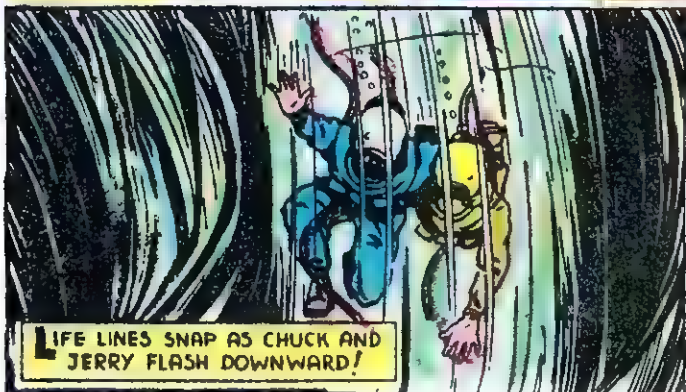
THE AMAZED SCIENTISTS ARE SPELL-BOUND AS A TINY VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE EAST BURSTS INTO ACTION - WITHOUT WARNING ~!

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!

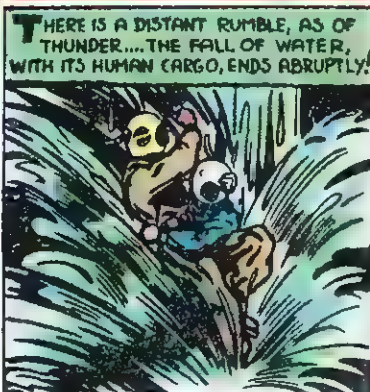
BUT TOO LATE!—UNDERSEA, THE TWO EXPLORERS CLING TO EACH OTHER AS CURRENTS SWIRL AND THE OCEAN BOTTOM TREMBLES!



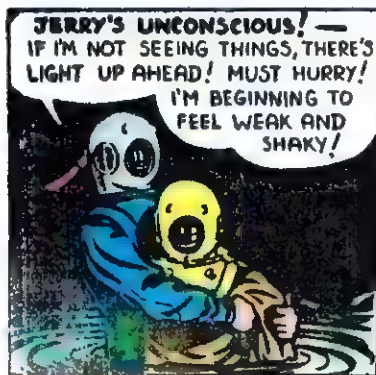
SUDDENLY THE OCEAN FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET!!



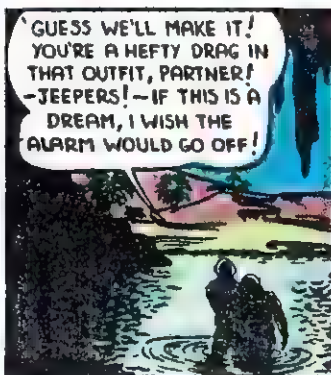
LIFE LINES SNAP AS CHUCK AND JERRY FLASH DOWNWARD!



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



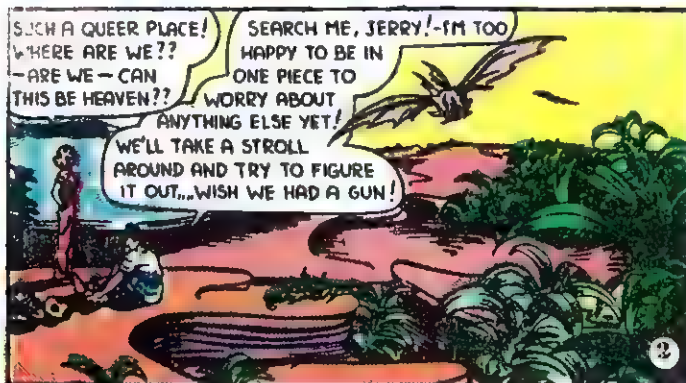
JERRY'S UNCONSCIOUS!— IF I'M NOT SEEING THINGS, THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD! MUST HURRY! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL WEAK AND SHAKY!



'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!

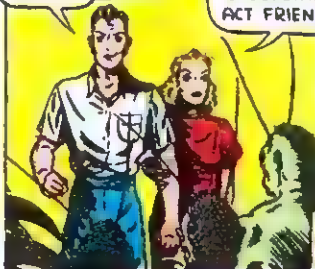


LOOK OUT CHUCK!!— —BEHIND YOU!!



FROM THE FOLIAGE 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—



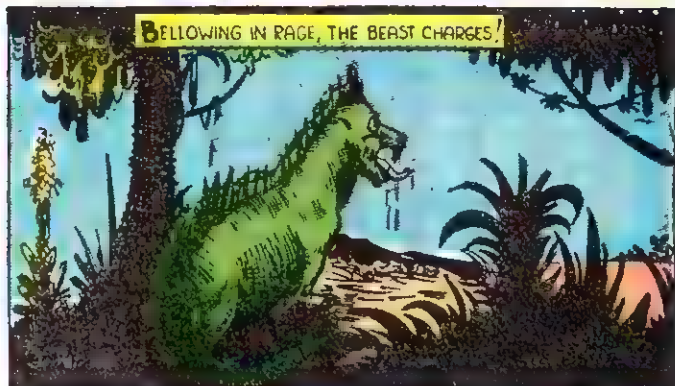
HUSH CHUCK!! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND! ACT FRIENDLY!



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 SINKS SLOWLY — THE AXE
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!

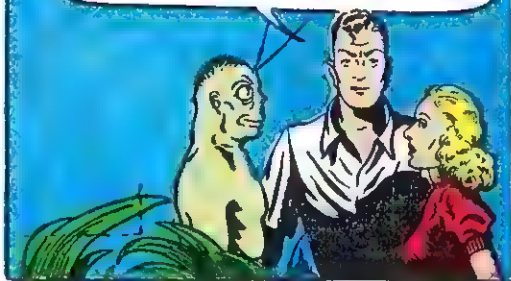


—GUESS WE'VE
FOUND A PAL, JERRY...

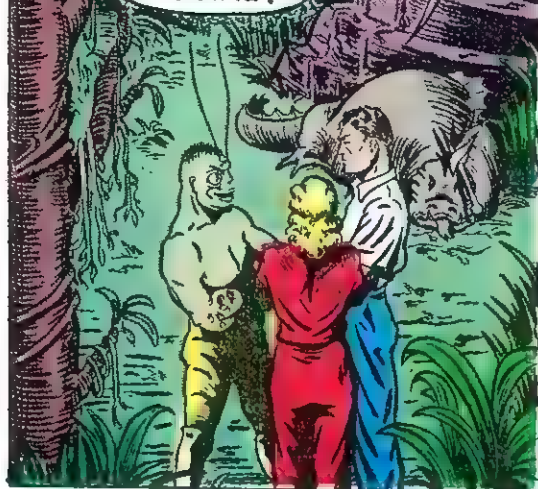


THE RESCUED WARRIOR
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!

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! JER-RY!...
...WHO ARE YOU??



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

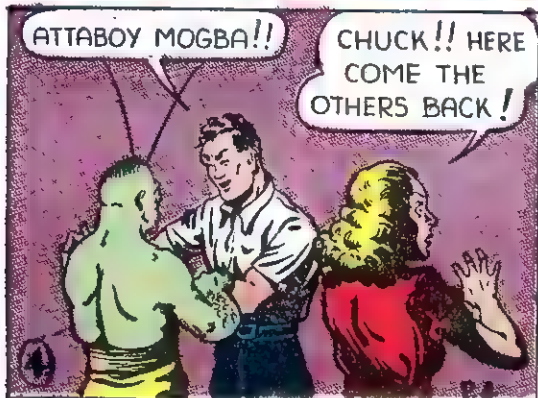
MOGBA!
MOGBA!

3

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!



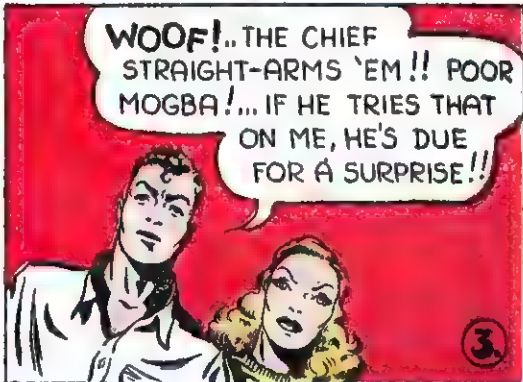
MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!



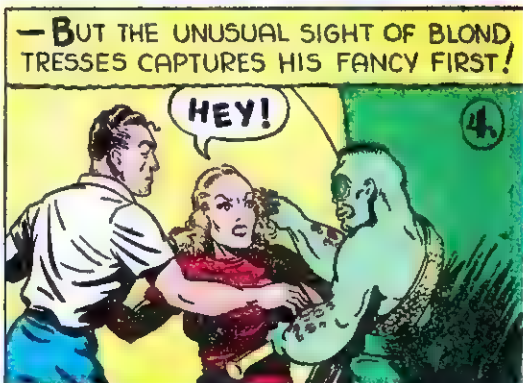
2.



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



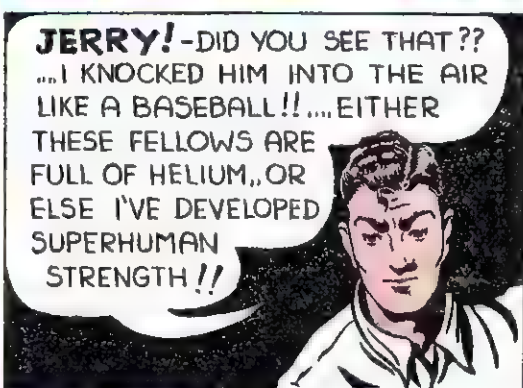
**— BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND
TRESSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!**



**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..



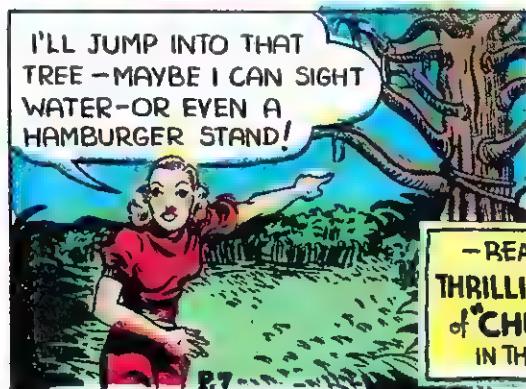
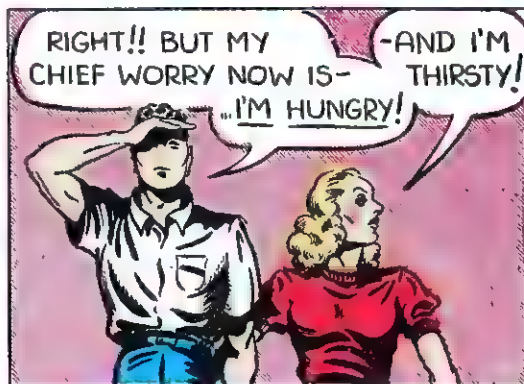
—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR
PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING
BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE
US.... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR
EXISTENCE IN EARTH
SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC
PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED
DOWN HERE!!



THEN WE'RE
BENEATH
EARTH SUR-
FACE??

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



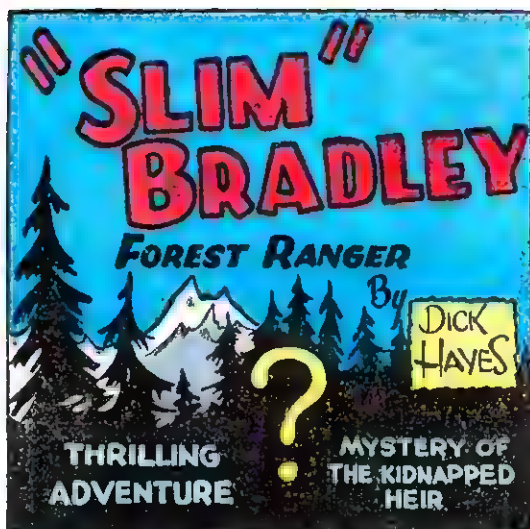


"SLIM" BRADLEY

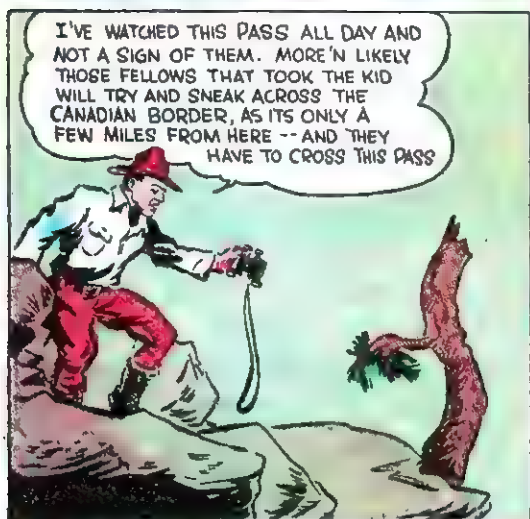
FOREST RANGER

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

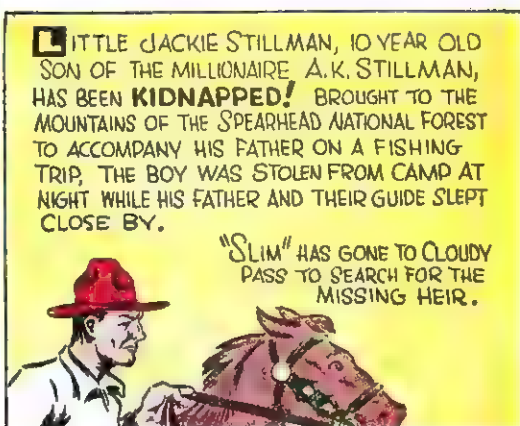


I'D LIKE TO **GET MY HANDS** ON THOSE KIDNAPPERS JUST ONCE --- THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF 'EM TO BAIT A WEASEL TRAP!!



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 BOY'S 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"

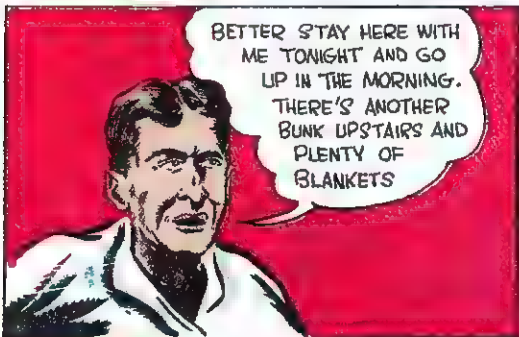
COME IN!



OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY.
HEADIN' 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

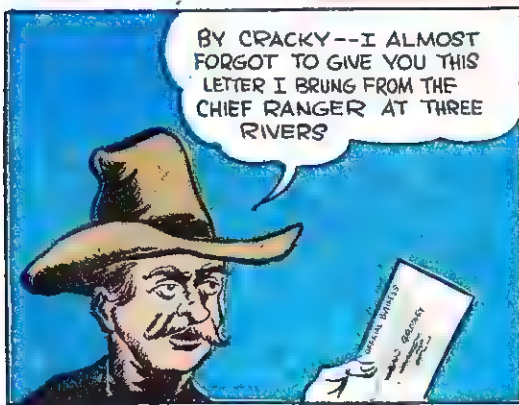


NO -- GOT A HEAP O'
WORK TO DO AT THE
MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE
AT IT BY SUNUP -- GUESS
I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

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

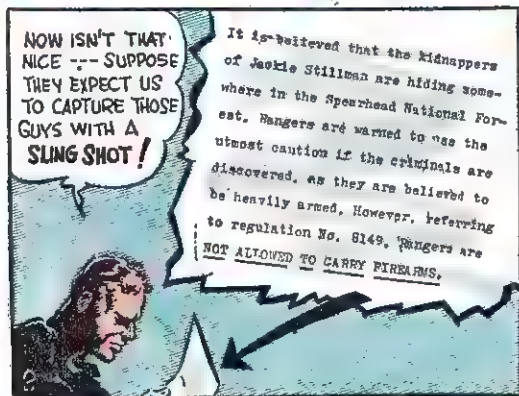


BY CRACKY--I ALMOST
FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS
LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE
CHIEF RANGER AT THREE
RIVERS

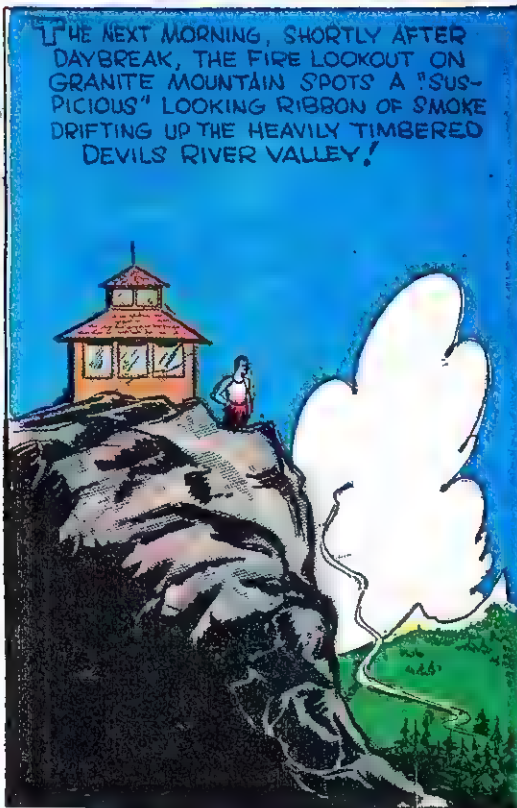


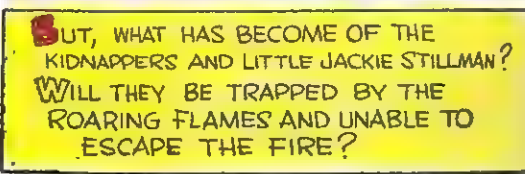
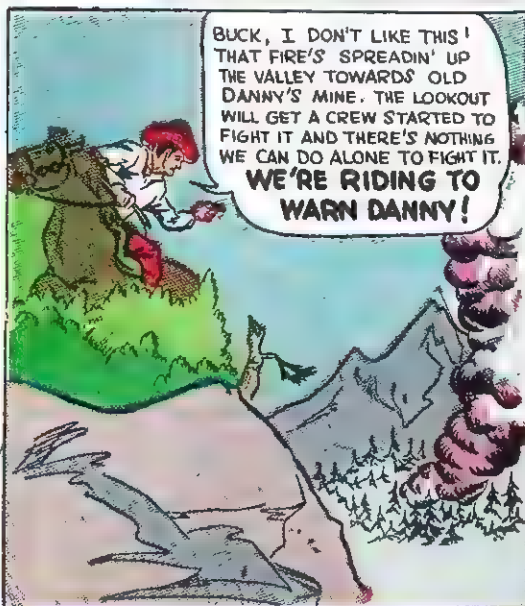
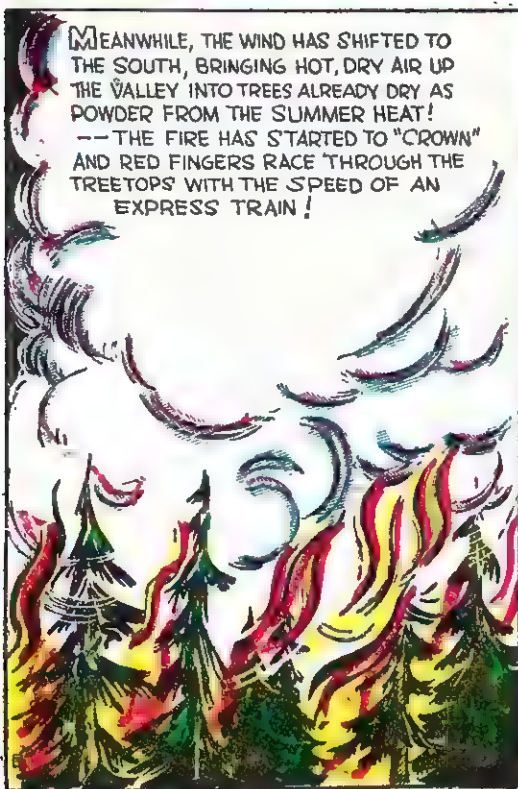
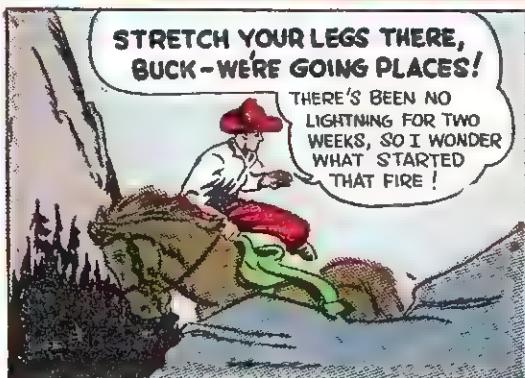
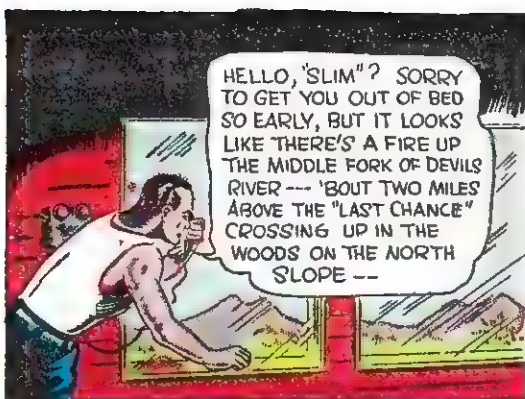
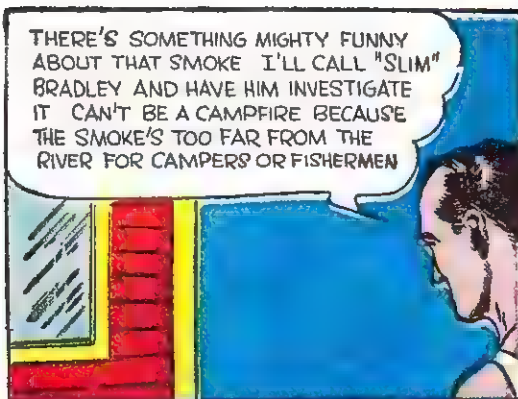
NOW ISN'T THAT
NICE --- SUPPOSE
THEY EXPECT US
TO CAPTURE THOSE
GUYS WITH A
SLING SHOT!

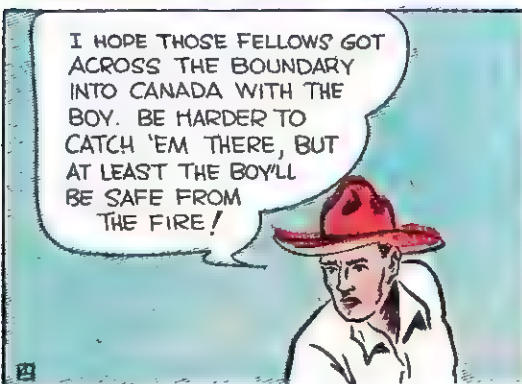
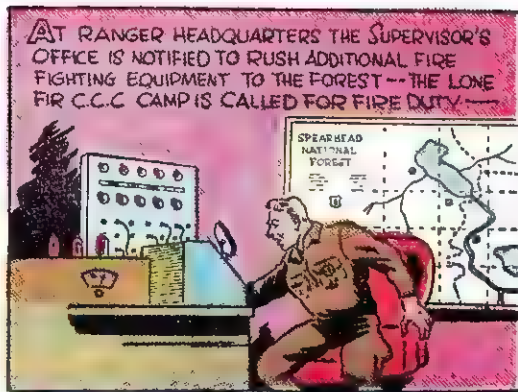
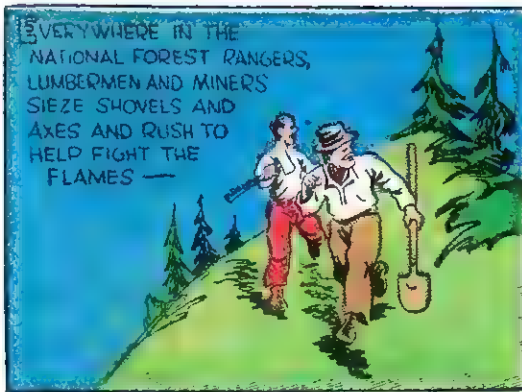
It is believed that the kidnapers
of Jackie Stillman are hiding some-
where in the Spearhead National For-
est. Rangers are warned to use the
utmost caution if the criminals are
discovered, as they are believed to
be heavily armed. However, referring
to regulation No. 8149, Rangers are
NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS.

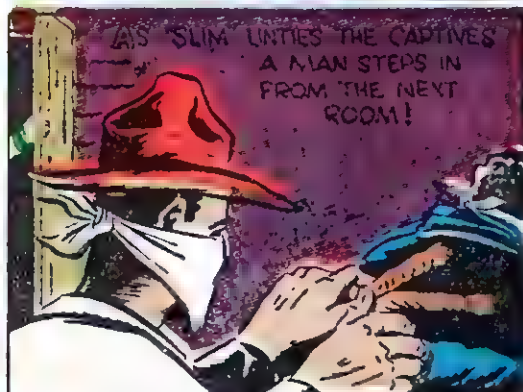
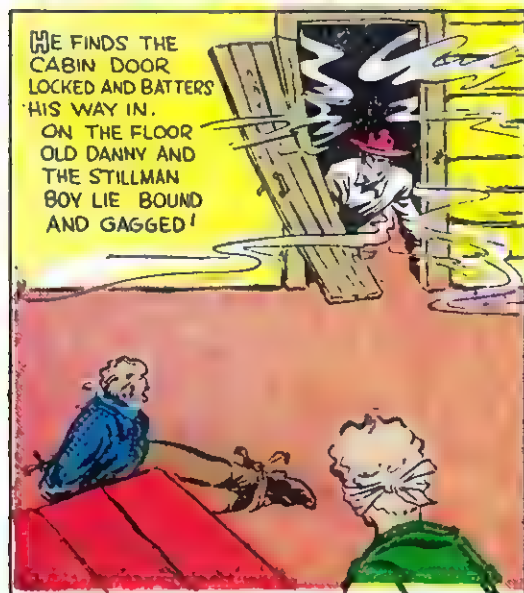
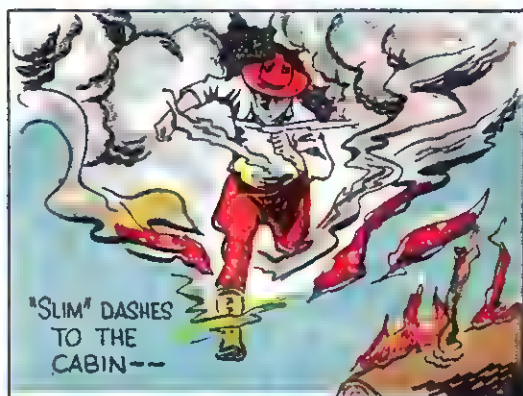


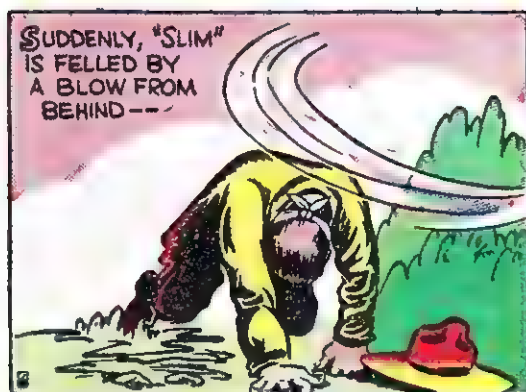
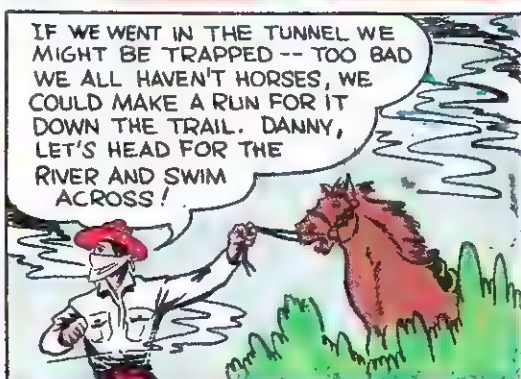
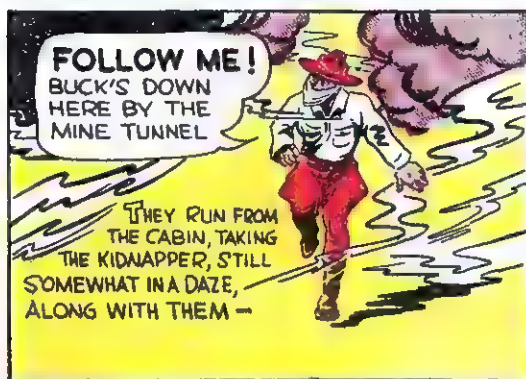
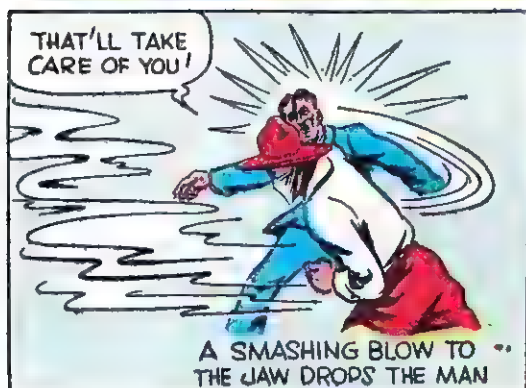
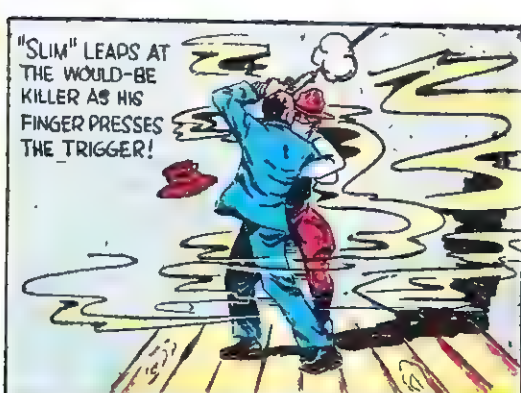
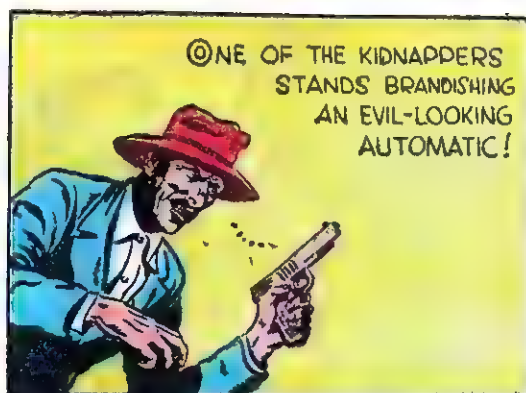
THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER
DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON
GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A "SUS-
PICIOUS" LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE
DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED
DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!

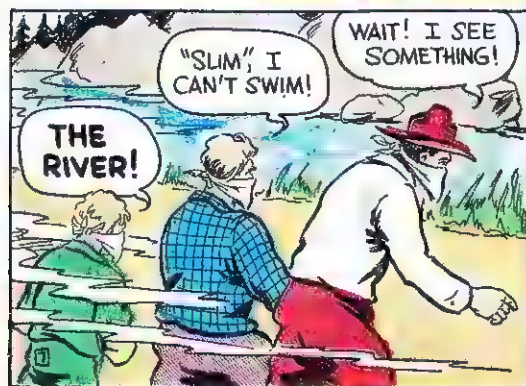
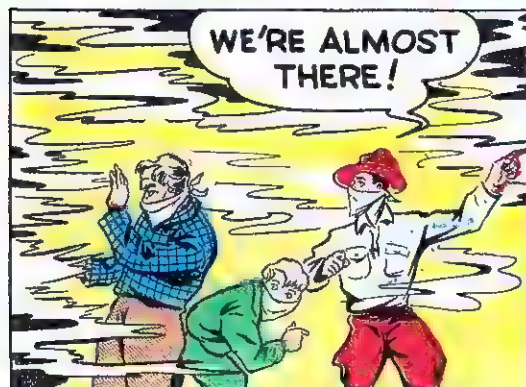
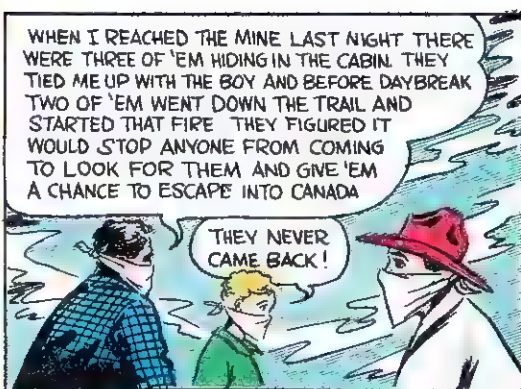
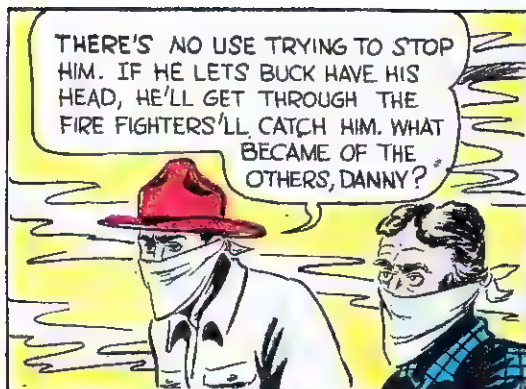






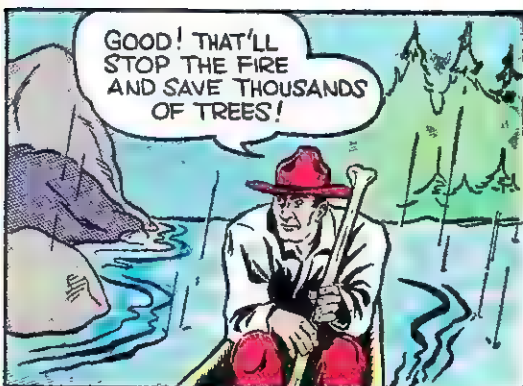








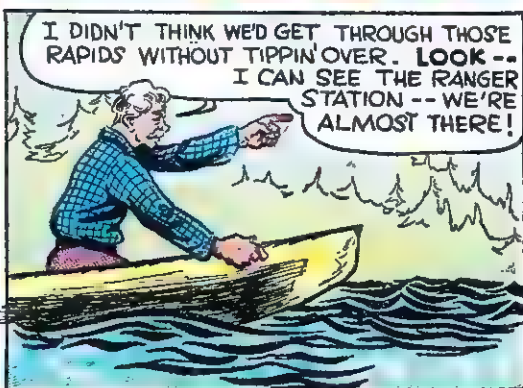
"SLIM," IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN! AND LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL SHOWER!



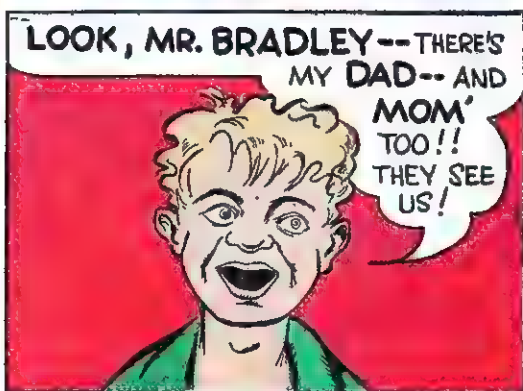
GOOD! THAT'LL STOP THE FIRE AND SAVE THOUSANDS OF TREES!



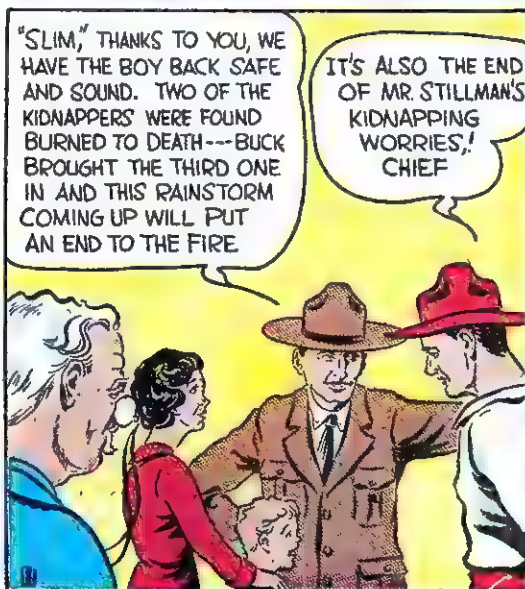
LOOK OUT, "SLIM" IT'S DEVILS RIVER RAPIDS



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

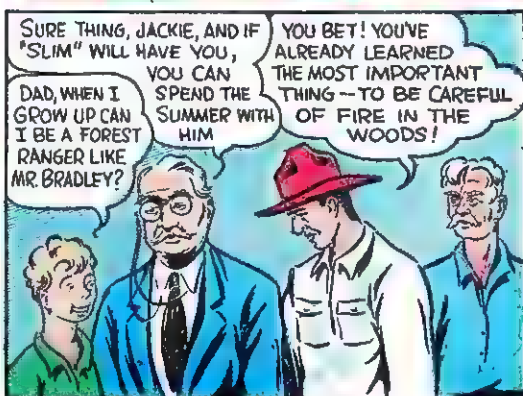


LOOK, MR. BRADLEY-- THERE'S MY DAD-- AND MOM TOO!! THEY SEE US!



"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

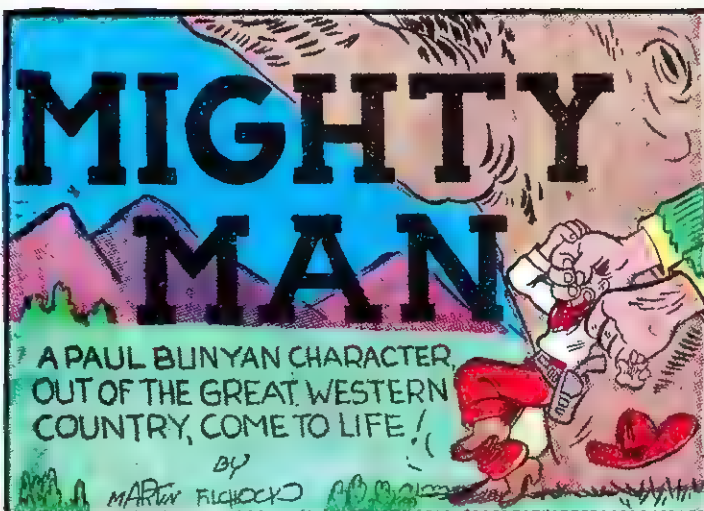
IT'S ALSO THE END OF MR. STILLMAN'S KIDNAPPING WORRIES, CHIEF

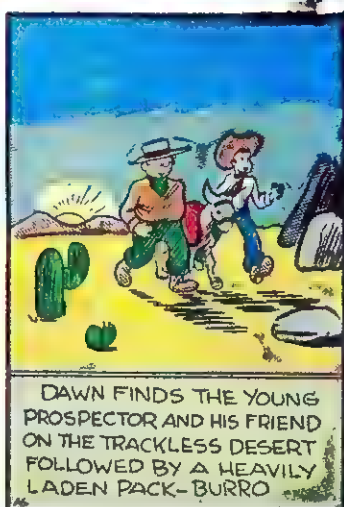
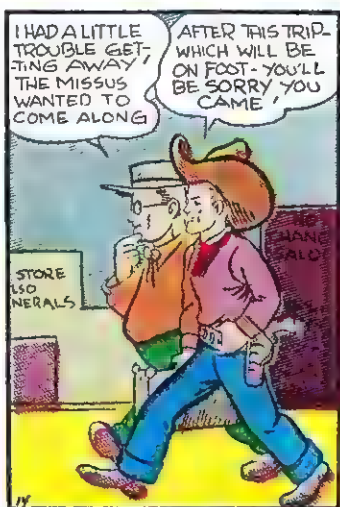
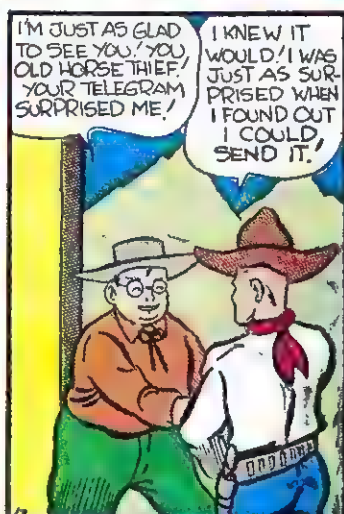
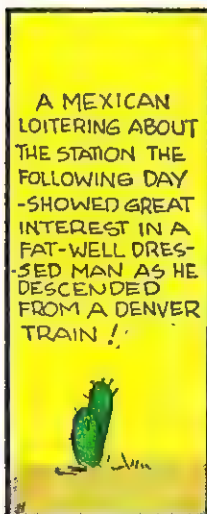
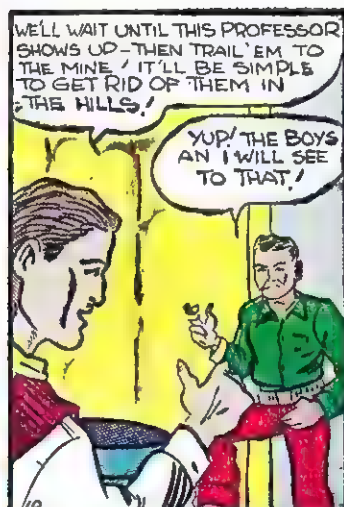
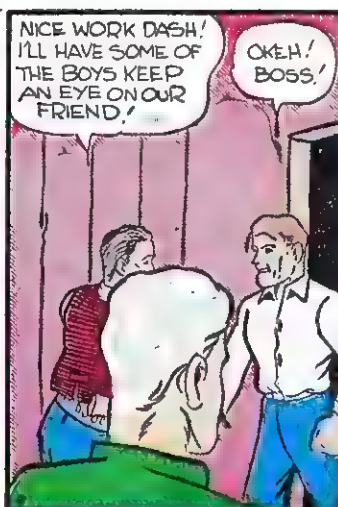
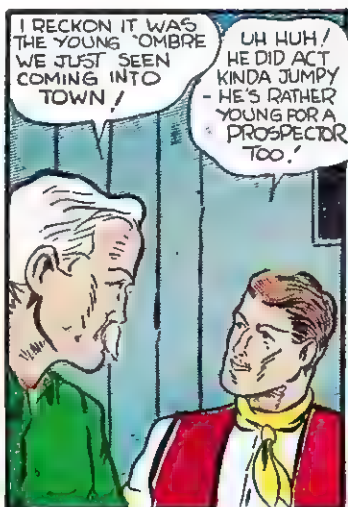


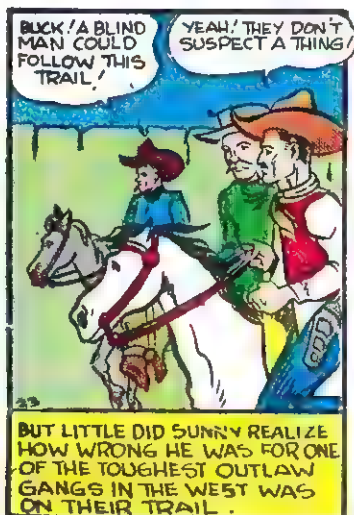
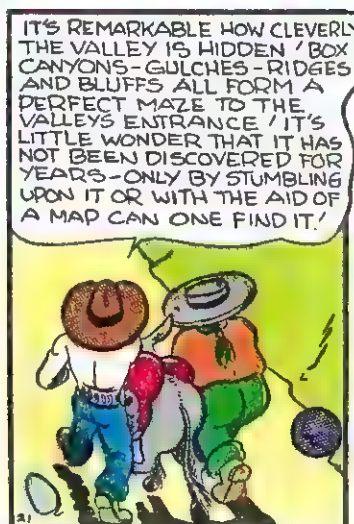
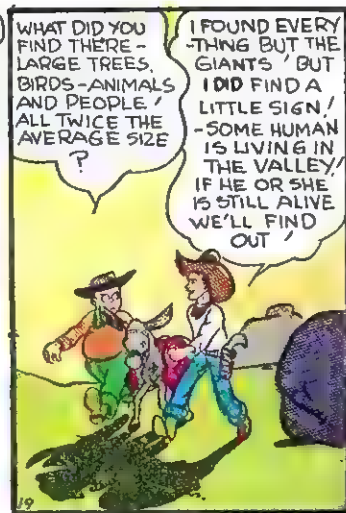
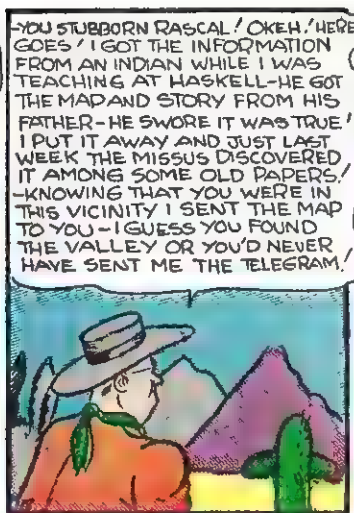
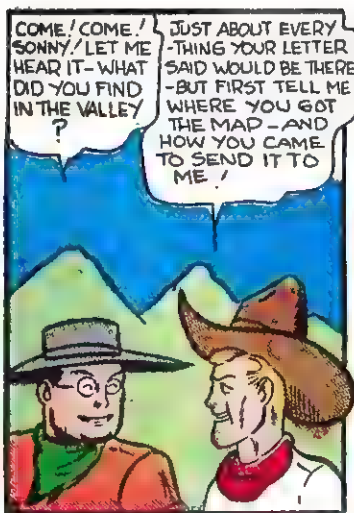
SURE THING, JACKIE, AND IF "SLIM" WILL HAVE YOU, YOU CAN SPEND THE SUMMER WITH HIM

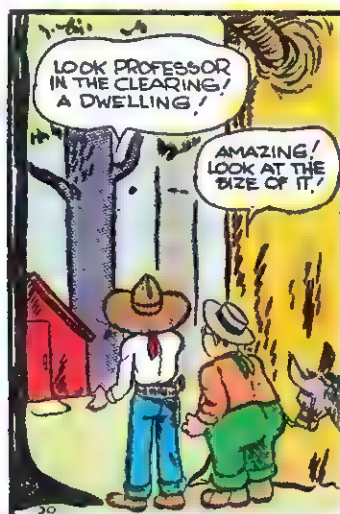
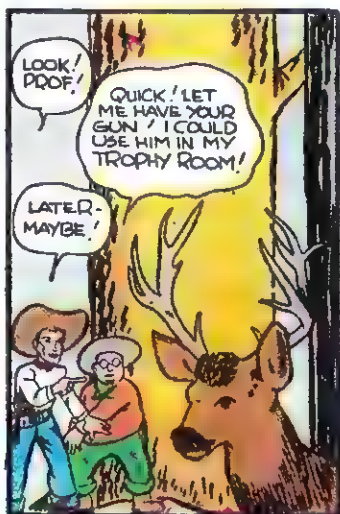
DAD, WHEN I GROW UP CAN I BE A FOREST RANGER LIKE MR. BRADLEY?

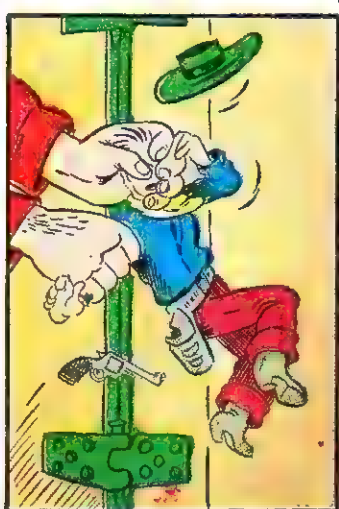
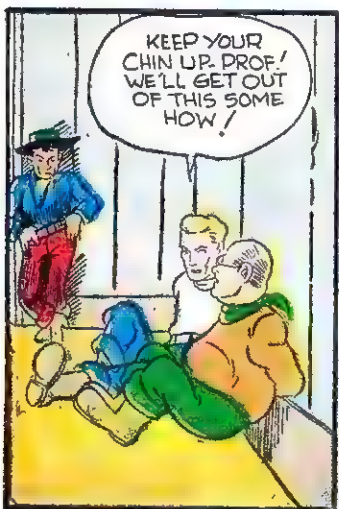
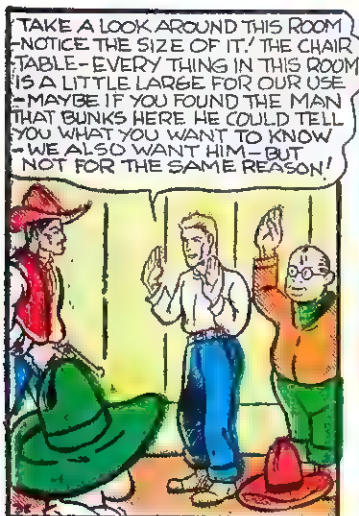
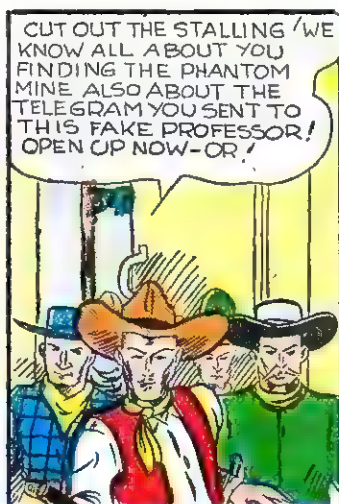
YOU BET! YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT THING--TO BE CAREFUL OF FIRE IN THE WOODS!

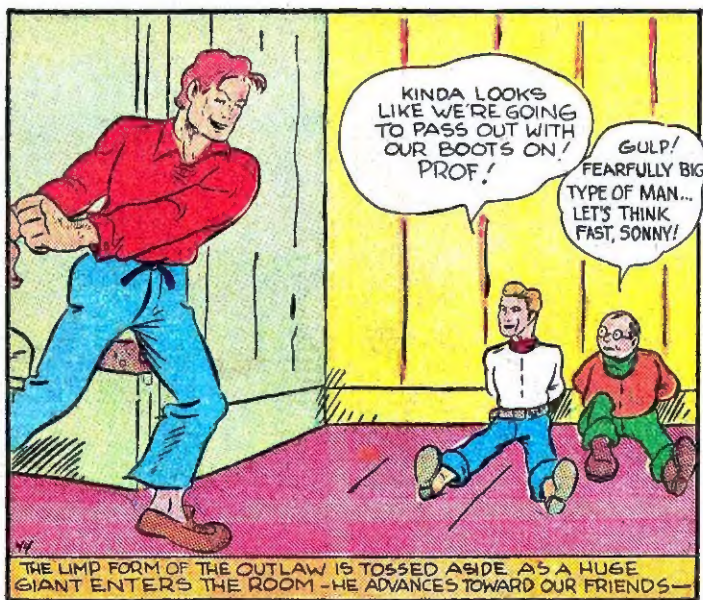




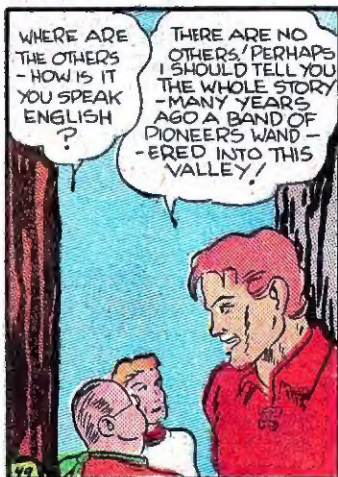
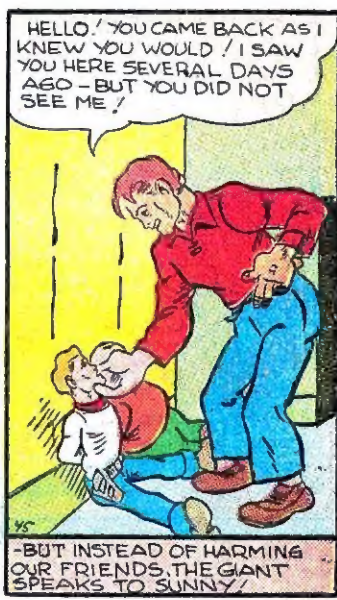








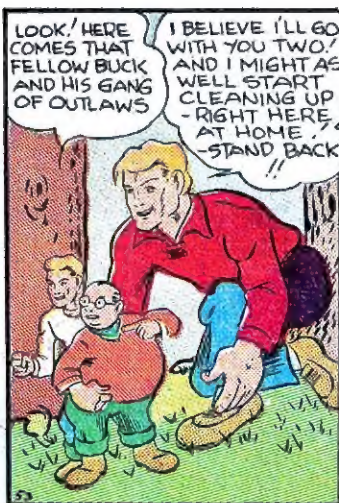
THE LIMP FORM OF THE OUTLAW IS TOSSED ASIDE. AS A HUGE GIANT ENTERS THE ROOM - HE ADVANCES TOWARD OUR FRIENDS -





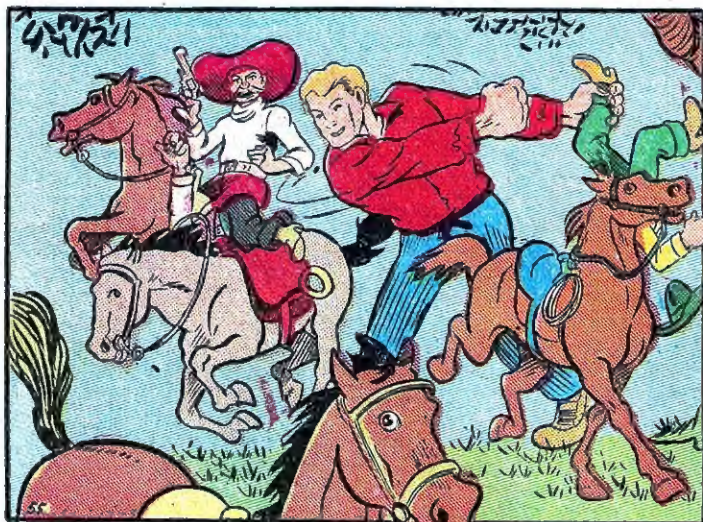
THE WHOLE WORLD ISN'T LIKE THE SCUM YOU SAW. YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS OUT THERE!

YES! AND MAYBE YOU COULD HELP CLEAN UP SOME OF ITS EVILS!



LOOK! HERE COMES THAT FELLOW BUCK AND HIS GANG OF OUTLAWS

I BELIEVE I'LL GO WITH YOU TWO. AND I MIGHT AS WELL START CLEANING UP - RIGHT HERE AT HOME. -STAND BACK!!



I HOPE I DIDN'T HURT ANY OF THE HORSES!

IT WAS ALL OVER IN A FEW SECONDS



I BELIEVE FATE PUT ME UPON THIS EARTH FOR SOME REASON-IT MUST BE MY DUTY TO GO OUT INTO YOUR WORLD AND HELP PUT IT ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

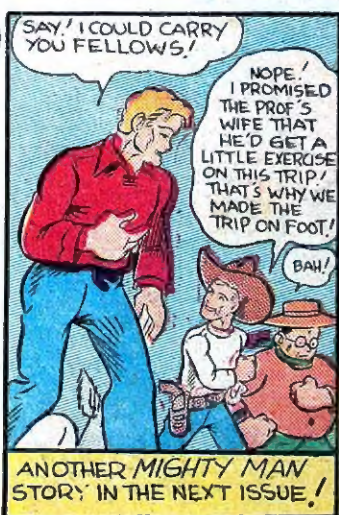
WE'RE SURE YOU'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING BY COMING WITH US!



I'LL JUST CLOSE UP THE ENTRANCE, THE VALLEY AND THE PHANTOM MINE WILL BE NO MORE!

DID YOU HEAR THAT PROF?

LATER



SAY! I COULD CARRY YOU FELLOWS!

NOPE! I PROMISED THE PROF'S WIFE THAT HE'D GET A LITTLE EXERCISE ON THIS TRIP. THAT'S WHY WE MADE THE TRIP ON FOOT!

BAH!

ANOTHER MIGHTY MAN STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

WOW!
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