

TARGET COMICS

August
10¢

64 Pages,
all in full color



With one lightning blow
Spacehawk crushed the
planetoid monster

Vol. 1 No. 7

THE ONE
AND ONLY

SPACEHAWK

SENSATIONAL
THRILLING

WHITE STREAK BULL'S EYE BILL LUCKY BYRD T-MAN

SPACEHAWK

AND THE VULTURE MEN FROM THE VOID

by BASIL WOLVERTON

FROM OUT OF BLACK SPACE COMES A HORRIBLE MENACE TO THE EARTH PEOPLE. THEN SPACEHAWK STEPS IN AND DOES SOME HIGH-POWERED MENAGING OF HIS OWN.

SPACEHAWK, POWERFUL AND WHITE-ON-CHALKEN OF LAW AND ORDER AMONG THE PLANETS, IS SPEEDING CLOSE TO THE EARTH'S MOON WHEN HE SPOTS SOMETHING WEIRD GOING ON ITS SURFACE.



HE DROPS STRAIGHT TOWARD ONE OF THE YAWNING CRATERS.



A SHIP HAS LINED UP IN THE CRATER GULF.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! EVEN IF ITS OCCUPANTS ARE INTERPLANETARY ROVING, AND CLEVER ENOUGH TO FIND OUR MOON, THEY'LL NEVER RETURN TO THEIR SHIP.



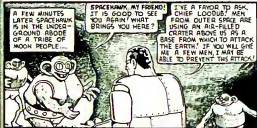
I AM WORKING ONE OF A SUPER RACE, CHALLENGING IN A FEW INSTANTS YOUR AIR SYSTEM. MY PEOPLE DESIRE TO INHABIT YOUR EARTH! LEAVE AT ONCE, OR A HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT WILL OVERTAKE YOU! A PLAGUE OF MILLION TIMES AS DEADLY AS THE WATER SAMPLE I AM ABOUT TO SEND!



A FEW MINUTES LATER SPACEHAWK IS IN THE UNDERGROUND ABODE OF A TRIBE OF MOON PEOPLE.

SPACEHAWK, MY FRIEND! IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

I'VE A FAVOR TO ASK, CHIEF LOODUB! MEN FROM OUTER SPACE ARE USING AN AIR-FILLED CRATER ABOVE US AS A BASE FROM WHICH TO ATTACK THE EARTH! IF YOU WILL GIVE ME A FEW MEN, I MAY BE ABLE TO PREVENT THIS ATTACK!



ANYTHING YOU WISH IS YOURS! TAKE YOUR PICK FROM MY GUARDS!



NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU TWO OF MY BEST MEN - TWO OF THE MOST POWERFUL AND SKILLFUL MEN IN THE CRATER! IF YOU WANT TO, YOU CAN HAVE THEM AS YOUR OWN MEN. THE WAY YOU WANT TO USE THEM IS UP TO YOU!

YOU'LL PAY FOR TWO OF OUR PEOPLE WILL GLADLY EXCHANGE THE SERVICE TO REWARD US!

HOW WOULD I OWE ME AND MY MEN - THE HIGHEST TYPE OF CIVILIZATION?

THAT WAS AN UNPLEASANT JOB, BUT THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR! NOW THAT IT'S OVER, I'D BETTER LET THE EARTH PEOPLE IN ON WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



DON'T MISS THE
EXCITING
ADVENTURES
OF
SPACEHAWK
AND THE VULTURE MEN
in
SEPTEMBER
TARGET COMICS
ON SALE JULY 31st
TEN FULL COLOR
PAGES OF
THRILLS AND CHILLS.

THE SPACEHAWK

by BASIL WOLVERTON

IN THIS EPISODE THE MYSTERIOUS LONE WOLF OF THE VOID TANGLES WITH A TOUGH ENEMY—BUT IT TAKES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO FINALLY UNMASK HIM.

ON A TINY PLANET IN OUTER SPACE, TWO STRANGE BEINGS HAVE EVOLVED A DIABOLICAL MEANS OF OBTAINING THE RICH CARGOES OF SPACE CRAFT

OUR SCHEME CANNOT FAIL, ZORG! LET US MOVE OUR PLANETOID INTO THE TRAFFIC LANES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, AND MAKE OUR FIRST CATCH!

SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A PASSENGER LINER SPEEDS OUT TOWARD THE PLANET PLUTO—

THAT'S STRANGE! THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY PLANETOID SO CLOSE TO THIS LANE!

IT'S MOVING INTO OUR PATH—AND WE'RE GOING TOO FAST TO TURN OUT FOR IT!

THE POWERFUL REPELLENT FORCE GRIPS THE CRAFT, AND ONLY ITS FORE PART IS SHATTERED AS IT RUNS SQUARELY AGAINST THE PLANETOID...

THE SURVIVING PASSENGERS—MOSTLY SATURNIANS AND NEPTUNIANS, EXCITEDLY RUSH FROM THE SHIP—

FELLOWS, FINISH THE THRILLING, CHILLING ADVENTURES OF THAT SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, THE SPACEHAWK, IN TARGET COMICS

10 FULL PAGES OF THE NEWEST MOST ORIGINAL AND EXCITING CHARACTER YET PUBLISHED. ALL IN FULL COLOR.

SPACEHAWK

and the **CREEPING DEATH** from **NEPTUNE**

WITH THE COMING OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL, THE LEGIONS OF THE LAW FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO COPE WITH THE PIRATES, KILLERS, AND OTHER CRIMINALS LURKING IN SPACE... THEN, APPARENTLY OUT OF NOWHERE COMES THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME, THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK! THEREAFTER, BANDITS OF THE VOID BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR, FOR THEY SOON LEARN TO FEAR THE AMAZING POWERS OF THE SPACEHAWK, WHO ALWAYS STRIKES WITHOUT WARNING.

FOR EXAMPLE, HERE IS THE CASE OF GORVAK, NOTORIOUS MARTIAN SPACE PIRATE, WHO, LOATHS HE IS TOO CLEVER TO BE CAUGHT BY THE SPACEHAWK...



FLY STRAIGHT TO THE GRAY MOUNTAINS OF NEPTUNE!

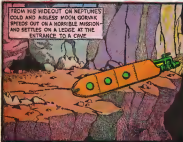


THE GRAY MOUNTAINS? THEN YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO CAPTURE MORE OF THE — THE CREEPING DEATH? MASTER GORVAK, WE SHOULDN'T GO THERE AGAIN! IT'S UNSAFE! IT'S —

SILENCE, YOU WHITE-LINED GOLT! I'M PAYING YOU WELL TO PILOT MY SHIP! NOT TO ADVISE ME!



FROM HIS WIDEOUT ON NEPTUNE'S COLD AND ABLESS MOON, GORVAK SPEEDS OUT ON A HORRIBLE MISSION — AND SETTLES ON A LEDGE AT THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE.



YOU WHIFF! — GET THE TRAP READY TO SEND OFF! I'LL GET THE BAIT!



GOAVAK GOES TO THE SHIP'S PRISON COMPARTMENT AND UNLOCKS ONE OF THE DOORS.

ALL RIGHT, YOU! COME ON OUT!

WHEN I GIVE ORDERS, I EXPECT ACTION! NOW STEP LIVELY!

HERE'S OUR BAIT! PUT HER IN THE TRAP AND MAKE SURE SHE CAN'T GET OUT OF IT!

THE GIRL IS CLAMPED IN A LARGE METAL CYLINDER—

THE APPARATUS IS EXTENDED FROM THE SHIP TOWARD THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE—

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! THE SECOND IT GETS INTO THE TRAP, RELEASE THE SHUTTER, AND HURL IT IN!



MINUTES DREG BY THEN ONE OF THE AIRTIGHT GOES A SHOUT

THERE IT COMES!



FROM THE BLACK DEPTHS OF THE CAVE A SHARPLESS WHITE MASS CRAWLS INTO VIEW—



IT SLITHERS UP TO THE TRAP—



AND SLOWLY CLIMBS THE METAL CYLINDER



TERROR-STRIKEN, THE BATH GIRL SEES THAT IT IS ABOUT TO SEIZE HER..



SUDDENLY A BOLT OF FIRE HURDS DOWN UPON THE CREEPING THING.



WRITHING IN TORTURE, IT CRAWLS SUFTLY BACK INTO THE CAVE—



THREATENED OF HIS
INTENDED PREY,
GORNAK FLIES
INTO A RAGE.

OPEN THE DOOR! I'M
GOING OUT AND KILL
WHOEVER FIRED THAT
BOLT OF FLAME!



AS GORNAK REACHES THE SHIP'S OUTER
DOOR, A FIGURE COMES INTO VIEW
FROM ABOVE THE CRYS ENTRANCE —



THE MARTIN
LOOKS UP —
AND HALTS
IN HIS TRACKS.

THE
SPACEHAWK!



ALL RIGHT, GORNAK! COME AND
GET ME — IF YOU HAVE THE NERVE!



QUICK! CUT THE TRAP
LOOSE AND LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!



WITH A ROAR OF BLAST PROPELLERS,
THE PRIZE SHIP LEAPS INTO THE AIR —



FULL SPEED TO THE
OTHER SIDE OF
NEPTUNE!

I TOLD YOU WE'D RUN
INTO TROUBLE! WE'LL
NEVER ESCAPE FROM THE
SPACEHAWK!



WHO SAYS WE'RE TRYING TO
ESCAPE? I, GORVAK, NEVER FLEE
FROM MY ENEMIES! I OUTWIT
THEM — AND THAT'S WHAT I'M
DOING NOW!



MEANWHILE THE
SPACEHAWK
PUSHES THE GIRL
FROM THE TRAP

YOU — YOU'RE
THE SPACEHAWK!



THE SPACEHAWK, LIFTED BY THE CONTROLLABLE
ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENT IN HIS ATTIRE, CARRIES
THE GIRL OUT OF THE ABYSS —



AND JUST IN TIME, MISS! IF THAT PROTOPLASMIC
CREATURE FROM THE CASE HAD REACHED YOU, IT
WOULD HAVE DEVoured YOU! THIS OLD-FASHIONED
FLAME GUN IS THE ONLY KIND OF WEAPON THAT
MONSTROSITY RESPECTS! NOW LET'S GET AWAY
FROM HERE!



HERE'S MY SHIP. I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE NEAREST
SPACE SHIP TERMINAL, AND YOU CAN GET
PASSENGER FROM THERE. DON'T WORRY ABOUT
FALLING CAPTIVE AGAIN TO GORVAK! HE HAS
CAPTURED HIS LAST SHIP!

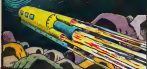
BUT HOW CAN YOU
SAY THAT? GORVAK IS
STILL AT LARGE!



THE SPACEHAWK LINGS ON ONE OF THE VEGETABLE BEGULERS, AND PREPARED TO SEARCH FOR GORNAK. HE KNOWS THAT THE WARRIOR HAS INTENDED TO HIDE ON THAT SIDE OF THE PLANET, FOR HE HAS READ IT IN GORNAK'S MIND.



THE APPARATUS SHOWS THAT THE PIRATE SHIP IS NOT WITHIN THOUSANDS OF MILES, AND THE SPACEHAWK FLIES ON TO THE UNEXPLORED TUNNEL COUNTRY OF THE NORTH.



BY MEANS OF SENSITIVE INSTRUMENTS HE "FEELS" THE RESONANCE FOR CERTAIN DELICATE VIBRATIONS FROM GORNAK'S SHIP —



AT THE MOUTH OF ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF TUNNELS BORED BY RUDE EXTINCT ANTS, HE FINALLY CATCHES THE VIBRATIONS FROM GORNAK'S SHIP.



THEY CAN'T BE MUCH MORE THAN A MILE AWAY NOW. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT FOR THEM BEFORE THE REST OF THE WAY, OR THEY MIGHT TUNE IN THE APPROACH OF MY SHIP.



THE SPACEHAWK SETS OUT AT A SWIFT PACE.



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY HE IS CONFRONTED BY A BEG-MAN.

STAND ASIDE OR I'LL FIRE!

NO FIRE! I KNOW YOU SPACEHAWK! I FRIEND!



YOU LOOK FOR PIRATE SHIP? YOU FIND HIM, TOUND BEND. ALL TIME HE COME HIDE HERE. KILL MY PEOPLE! WE HELP YOU GET HIM, ANYBE, YES?

THANKS! I DON'T BELIEVE I'LL NEED ANY HELP, BUT IF I DO, I'LL SHOUT!



MOVING ONWARD, HE COMES WITHIN SIGHT OF HIS GOAL, AND THE THOUGHT IMPULSES HE RECEIVES FROM THE PIRATE SHIP WARN HIM OF A SWIFTER PLOT TAKING FORM WITHIN IT —



NOW LISTEN, YOU SNEVING LOOTS! WHEN I, GORVAK, HAVE A PLAN, I GO THRU WITH IT, SPACEBUNK OR NO SPACEBUNK! I SAY HE'LL NEVER CATCH UP TO US AGAIN, SO STOP YOUR SQUAKING!



WE'LL TAKE THE TANK OF LIFE PROTOPLASM WE CAPTURED THE FIRST TIME, AND POUR IT INTO CONTAINERS WITH RADIO LOCKS ON THEM. THEN WE'LL PLANT THE CONTAINERS IN THE CONTROL ROOMS OF SEVERAL LARGE SPACE FREIGHTERS. BY MEANS OF THIS KEY NAME PROJECTION, WE CAN OPEN THE CONTAINERS AT WILL!



WHEN THE CREEPING DEATH GETS AT THE THROATS OF THE CREWS, THOSE SHIPS WILL BE CURSED WITHOUT HAVING TO RISK A SERIES OF BATTLES WITH THEM. ALL WE'LL HAVE TO DO IS RUN THEM DOWN, TOW THEM TO THE NEAREST HIDEOUT AND WAIT FOR A FEW DAYS FOR THE PROTOPLASM TO DIE OF STARVATION! NOW GET GOBY AND PREPARE THE STUFF!



WORKING CAREFULLY, LEST THEY ALLOW ANY OF THE DEDLY PROTOPLASM TO ESCAPE, THE PARTIES START TRANSFERRING IT TO THE METAL CONTAINERS —



MEANWHILE, THE SPACEBUNK GLENTER BURNS A HOLE IN THE SHIP'S RULL STAINS OF A SMALL PLANE GUN.



AS SOON AS THE METAL COOLS, HE SQUAKS THRU THE ORANGE.



THERE! THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO MESSLE IN MY PLANS!



JUST THEN, GORVAK SHUFFS OUT THE LIFE OF HIS PILOT, BECAUSE HE SAID HE DID NOT KNOW WHERE THE KEY NAME PROJECTION WAS. THEN —

NO DOUBT EVERY ONE OF YOUR CREW DESERVES EVEN WORSE TREATMENT THAN THAT, GORVAK, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO ROUGH WITH THEM?



THE 'SPACEBUNK'! — AGAIN!





RIGHT! YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU WERE GOING TO ESCAPE FROM ME, DID YOU?

WELL — WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! START WORRYING ABOUT WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO!



GORNAX'S HAND STEALTHILY SLIPS TOWARD HIS RAY GUN...



WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, THE SPACEMARK WHIPS OUT HIS OWN GUN AND FIRES A BOLT OF ENERGY THAT MEETS THE MARTIAN'S CHARGE IN AND RIR —



DROP THAT GUN! IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD IF YOU CAN'T DRAW AND FIRE ANY FASTER THAN THAT!

KALAK! GORN! GET IN HERE AT ONCE! I NEED HELP!



IT'S THE SPACEMARK! HE'S IN THERE WITH GORNAX!

THE SPACEMARK! QUICK! WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

FROM WHAT I CAN SEE FROM THIS WINDOW, SOROKAN, IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR MEN HAVE RUN OUT ON YOU — AND THEY WON'T BE BACK!

BYE ME A CHANCE! I'LL GIVE YOU A PORTION IF YOU'LL LET ME GO! IF YOU DO AWAY WITH ME NOW, MY CASHES WILL NEVER BE FOUND, AND THEY'LL NEVER DO ANY ONE ANY GOOD!



I CAN READ YOUR FOUL THOUGHTS LIKE A BOOK! I KNOW NOW WHERE YOU'VE HIDDEN ALL YOUR LOOT, AND I'LL SEE THAT IT ALL GETS BACK INTO THE PROPER HANDS!



AS FOR GIVING YOU A CHANCE — WELL, — I'LL BREAK BOTH OUR ATOM GUNS AND MY FLAME GUN. THAT WILL PUT US ON AN EVEN FOOTING!



LOCKED IN GRIPS OF STEEL, THE MEN STRUGGLE WITH THE FLURY OF DEMONS.



FINALLY SOROKAN GETS HIS TENTACLE-LIKE ARMS CLAMPED AROUND THE SPACEHAWK'S THROAT, AND DESPERATELY HANGS ON —



HA! SEE THE AUGHTY SPACEHAWK NOW! NOTHING BUT A BLUFFING BAG OF TRICKS — AND JUST TO MAKE CERTAIN HE DOESN'T PULL ANOTHER ONE, I'LL MAKE USE OF THIS STEEL ROPE! IF ONLY I HAD THAT KEY WAVE PROJECTOR, I'D —



SUDDENLY THE PIRATE REMEMBERS THAT HE HIMSELF PUT IT IN ONE OF THE LOCKERS.

NOW TO ENJOY A VERY SATISFYING SPECTACLE! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD WAIT TROUGH, UNTIL HE COMES TO! THEN HE'LL APPRECIATE WHAT THAT PROTOPLASMA CAN DO WHEN IT'S HUNGRY!



BORNAK, UNABLE TO RESCUE HIMSELF, SETS THE PROJECTOR IN ACTION —



THE CAP ON ONE OF THE CONTAINERS FLIES OPEN. A WHITE MASS OZZES FORTH.....



IT DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND SPREADS OUT, FEELING ITS WAY TOWARD THE SPACEHAUK....



IT'S A PITY YOU'RE UNCONSCIOUS, MR. SPACEHAUK, BECAUSE YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING VERY INTERESTING!



TO THE MARTIAN'S AMUSEMENT, HIS CAPTIVE SUDDENLY GETS UP AND CALALAT BREAKS HIS STEEL BONDS AS THOUGH THEY ARE MADE OF PAPER.....



I'M NOT MISSING A THING, BORNAK! I'VE LET YOU HAVE ENOUGH FUN. NOW YOU ARE GOING TO DIE BY YOUR OWN INFERNAL DEVICE!



THE FIRST, TERROR-STRIKEN, TRIES TO DASH FOR SAFETY, BUT HE IS SHATFOED AND FLUNG BACK INTO THE ROOM...



RIPPING A LEVER FROM THE CONTROL PANEL, THE SPACEHAUK JAMS THE METAL DOOR SHUT WITH A FEW POWERFUL BLOWS, SEALING BORNAK TO A HORRIBLE DOOM WITH THE CREEPING BOMB.



LET ME OUT! LET ME
OUT! IT'S GOING TO
GET ME!



IN HIS Hysterical EFFORTS
TO ESCAPE THE PROTO-LUGA,
THE MARSHMAN STRUMBLES
DIRECTLY INTO IT...



IN A MOMENT IT TIGHTLY
ENGULFS HIS NECK, AND
CRUSHES HIMSELF UPON
HIS FACE...



THE SPACEHAWK HURRIES
BACK TO HIS SHIP...



BY MEANS OF A POWERFUL MAGNETIC CONTROLLER, HE
DRAWS THE PIRATE CRAFT FROM THE TUNNEL...



OUTSIDE OF NEPTUNE'S ATMOSPHERE HE DIRECTS THE
PIRATE SHIP TOWARD THE SUN, AND RELEASES IT.



WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER JOB DONE!
IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THAT
SHIP, ITS CONTAINERS OF PROTO-LUGA,
AND WHAT'S LEFT OF GORING THE
PIRATE ARE ALL BLASTED TO ATOMS
IN THE SUN'S PHOTOSPHERE!



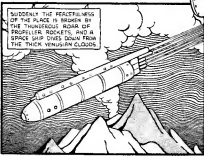
WHO IS THE SPACEHAWK?
DON'T MISS HIS AMAZING
ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE PACEHAWK

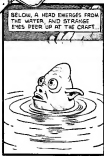
by BASIL WOLVERTON



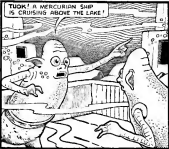
SUDDENLY THE PEACEFULNESS OF THE PLACE IS BROKEN BY THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF PROPELLER ROCKETS, AND A SPACE SHIP DIVES DOWN FROM THE THICK VENUSIAN CLOUDS.



BELOW, A HEAD EMERGES FROM THE WATER, AND STRANGE EYES PEER UP AT THE CRAFT.



THUD! A MERCURIAN SHIP IS CRUISING ABOVE THE LAKE!



DO NOT BE ALARMED, WORLD! SURELY THEY CANNOT KNOW THAT WE, THEIR MERCURIAN BROTHERS, ARE DWELLING WITHIN THESE WATERS!



MEANWHILE, THE SPACE SHIP COMES TO A HALT JUST ABOVE THE WATER, AND A POWERFUL BEAM OF LIGHT SHINES DOWNWARD.



INSIDE, TWO MERCURIANS GAZE INTO THE PATH OF THE BEAM—



OUR SEARCH IS ENDED, GREBO! THE BED OF THE LAKE IS COVERED WITH MERCURIAN TYPE DWELLINGS!

FOR CENTURES MEN OF OUR RACE HAVE SOUGHT THE LOST TRIBE OF MERCURY AND THE TREASURE WITH WHICH THEY FLED WHEN OUR RACESTORS CAPTURED THEIR CITY! AT LAST I, GREBO, DESCENDANT OF THEIR CONQUERORS, HAVE DISCOVERED THEIR ABODES, SUNKEN IN A LAKE'S WIRE!



ROGG, TELL THE MEN TO EQUIP TWO SPACE SUITS WITH COOLING SYSTEMS! YOU AND I WILL NO DOUBT FIND THE DROWNED ONES! RICHES WILL PRESERVE, AND THERE WILL BE NO ONE TO STOP US FROM TAKING WHAT WE FIND!



WELL ARMORED, GREBO AND ROGG LEAP INTO THE TEPID WATERS OF THE DARK —



— AND PLUMMET TO THE BOTTOM.



THERE, IN THE TOMB-LIKE SILENCE OF THE SARDONY CITY, THEY MOVED SLOWLY ABOUT — AND THEY SEE



GREBO, I SWEAR I SAW A HUMAN FORM DART THRU THAT DOOR!

THAT'S ABSURD! YOU MUST HAVE SEEN A FISH!

THEY LOOK ONLY HALF HUMAN, AND YET THEY'RE MAKING FRIENDLY SIGNS!



THE DRAZONIANS ARE EVEN MORE AMAZED WHEN THEIR SENSITIVE RECEIVERS CATCH THE SOUNDS OF THEIR OWN LANGUAGE —

GREETINGS, MERCORANS! WE, THE DRAZONIANS, ONCE OF YOUR PLANET, HAVE ALWAYS EXPECTED YOUR ARRIVAL. WE HOPE YOU ARE FRIENDLY. OUR ONLY DESIRE IS TO LIVE IN PEACE!



WHAT? YOU MEAN THAT YOU, LIVING HERE UNDER WATER, ARE DESCENDANTS OF THE LOST TRIBE OF MERCURY?

THAT IS TRUE! OUR FOREFATHERS GRADUALLY DEVELOPED THE PHYSICAL MEANS TO LIVE IN THE WATER. NOW THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF US!



ASTOUNDING, BUT I'M NOT SO INTERESTED IN YOUR HISTORY AS I AM IN GETTING THE PLATINUM WITH WHICH YOUR TRIBE ESCAPED!

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK WE HAVE THAT PLATINUM AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES?



I INTEND TO FIND OUT! TELL ME WHERE IT IS, OR YOU DIE!

I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING!



GREED BRUTALLY PRIZES THE ELECTRON GUN TRIGGER, AND A BLADE OF PLANE STRIPS TROU, CHIEF OF THE DRAZONIANS...



THE SAME FOR YOU, UNLESS YOU SHOW US THAT PLATINUM!



WORLO MOTIONS FOR GREED AND ROSS TO FOLLOW, AND PURPOSED LEADS THEM TOWARD A BUILDING —



BORLO, NOW CHIEF THRU
THE DEATH OF TUCK,
DARTS AWAY TO HEAD OFF
OTHER BRIGADES WHO ARE
ABOUT TO ADVANCE ON
THE MERLURANS...



KEEP OUT OF THEIR SIGHT!
IT IS SUICIDE TO APPROACH
THEM! OUR ONLY HOPE OF
SAVING THE WEALTH WE HAVE
BEEN KEEPING ALL THESE
CENTURIES IS TO ENLIST THE
AID OF THE SPACEHAWK! HE
IS OUR FRIEND, AND THE ONLY
ONE, EXCEPT OUR ATTACKERS,
WHO KNOWS ABOUT US!



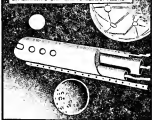
LET US HURRY TO THE
THOUGHT PROJECTOR AND
SEND OUT A MESSAGE!



BORLO "SETS" HIMSELF IN THE PROJECTOR.
HASTY ADJUSTMENTS ARE MADE. WITHIN
A FEW MOMENTS HIS THOUGHT WAVES,
AMPLIFIED MILLIONS OF TIMES, ARE BROADCAST
EVEN BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEMS' LIMITS.



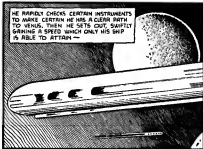
MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY, NOT FAR FROM
THE MERTIAN AREA, THE MYSTERIOUS
SPACEHAWK'S SHIP DRIFTS SLOWLY ALONG.



THE SPACEHAWK, POWERFUL, LONG WOLF
CHAMPION OF LAW AND ORDER THROUGHOUT
INTERPLANETARY SPACE, IS QUICK TO
CATCH BORLO'S THOUGHT MESSAGE...



HE RAPIDLY CHECKS CERTAIN INSTRUMENTS TO MAKE CERTAIN HE HAS A CLEAR PATH TO VENUS. THEN HE SETS OUT, SWIFTLY GAINING A SPEED WHICH ONLY HIS SHIP IS ABLE TO ATTAIN —



WITHIN A SHORT TIME THE SPACEHAWK BLOWS UP AND DIES INTO THE CLOUD SHELL AROUND VENUS....



INSIDE GABBO'S SPACE SHIP STILL WAITING ABOVE THE LAKE, THE SATURNIAN PILOTS FREEZE IN TERROR —

THE SPACEHAWK!

WE'VE NO TIME TO WARN GREED AND ROGG! LET'S SAVE OUR OWN HIDES!



IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHIP, THE REST OF THE CREW, MADE UP OF MEN FROM ALL NATIONS ON MERCURY, ARE SUDDENLY HURLED AGAINST THE WALL AS THE PILOTS THROW THE CRAFT INTO ACTION —



THE SPACEHAWK IGNORES THE FLEEING SHIP, AND PLUNGES HIS CRAFT INTO THE LAKE



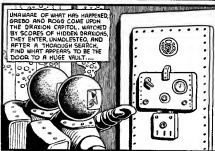
BUT GABBO'S PILOTS, FEARING THAT THEY WILL BE PURSUED, RECKLESSLY HEAD OFF INTO THE MOUNTAINS —



THEIR FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO CONCEAL THEMSELVES IN THE MOUNTAIN RAVINES ENDS ABRUPTLY AS THE SHIP SNAKES AGAINST A ROCKY SNAG —



UNWARE OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED, GREBO AND ROGG COME UPON THE DRAGON CAPITAL, WATCHED BY SCORES OF HIDDEN DRAGONS. THEY ENTER UNMISTAKED, AND AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH, FIND WHAT APPEARS TO BE THE DOOR TO A HUGE VAULT...



HELP ME BURN THIS LOCK, ROGG! IF THEY STILL HAVE THAT PLATINUM, I'LL WAGER IT'S BEHIND THIS DOOR!



THE PEACEFUL DRAGONS, HAVING LITTLE KNOWLEDGE OF WEAPONS, ARE ARMED AT THE POWER OF THE ELECTRON GUNS...



THEY'RE MELTING THE LOCK! LET US TRY TO STOP THEM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



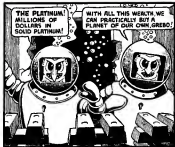
NO! REMEMBER THE ORDER BOARD GAVE US!

THAT DOES IT NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S INSIDE! KEEP AN EYE OUT BEHIND YOU, ROGG! OUR FISH-EYED RELATIVES MIGHT DECIDE TO ATTACK US AGAIN!





BY THE LIGHT FROM THEIR GUNS, THE MERCURIANS PASS THRU A SHORT CORRIDOR, BREAK OPEN A SECOND DOOR, AND —



THE PLATINUM! MILLIONS OF DOLLARS IN SOLID PLATINUM!

WITH ALL THIS WEALTH, WE CAN PRACTICALLY BUY A PLANET OF OUR OWN, GREBO!



WE? WHY SHOULD I SHARE IT WITH YOU?

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT? WE'RE PARTNERS IN THIS EXPEDITION, AND I INTEND TO —



GREBO SWINGS THE ELECTRON PLANE UPON THE OTHER'S FACE PLATE. AIR SPEEDS FROM ROSE'S ARMOR, AND WATER RUSHES IN, INSTANTLY CRUSHING HIM.....



THE RUTHLESS MERCURIAN IS QUITE UNAWARE THAT A FIGURE STANDS IN THE DOORWAY.....

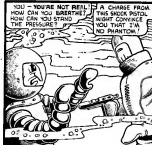
MURDERING YOUR FRIEND WAS STUPID, GREBO! IT WON'T HELP YOU TO GET MORE OF THIS PLATINUM — BECAUSE YOU WON'T GET ANY!



THE SPACEHAWK!

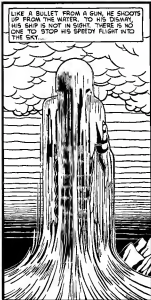


GET OUT! THERE ARE SOME DARRIONS OUT THERE WHO ARE RATHER ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU — NOW! THAT YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN IN YOUR HAND!





GRISO IS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF FREE, AND MOVING TOWARD THE SURFACE...



LIKE A BULLET FROM A GUN, HE SHOOTS UP FROM THE WATER. TO HIS DISMAY, HIS SHIP IS NOT IN SIGHT. THERE IS NO ONE TO STOP HIS SPEEDY FLIGHT INTO THE SKY...



HIS ASCENSION BECOMES UNCOMFORTABLY SWIFT, AND HE TRIES TO TURN THE GRAVITY CONTROL BACK. A GREAT FEAR GRIPS HIM AS HE REALIZES IT HAS BEEN PURPOSELY JAMMED...



AS HE REACHES THE VACUUM OF SPACE, THE TERRIFIC PRESSURE WITHIN...

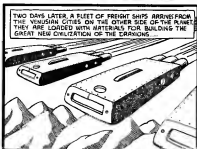
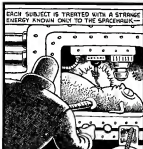
...HIS SUIT CAUSES IT TO BURST, SMASHING HIM TO ATOMS.



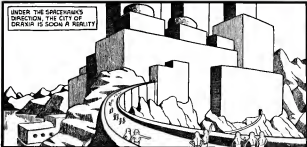
BACK IN THE LAKE, THE THANKFUL DRAGONIC SWARM AROUND THE SPACEHAWK.

DON'T WORRY ANY MORE ABOUT ME, DRAGONS, BORLO! I'LL MAKE SURE THEY NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN!

AH! NOW IF ONLY WE COULD REALIZE OUR DREAM OF LEAVING THESE WATERS, SELLING OUR PLATINUM, AND BUILDING A GREAT LAND CITY! BUT IT WOULD TAKE MANY GENERATIONS TO AGAIN BECOME AIR BREEDERS!



UNDER THE SPACEHUNK'S
DIRECTION, THE CITY OF
DRAKIA IS SOON A REALITY



MY WORK HERE
IS DONE, WORLD.
I MUST GO NOW.

YOU HAVE OUR
ETERNAL GOOD
WILL AND
GRATITUDE FOR
ALL THE MIRACLES
YOU HAVE PERFORMED FOR
US! TELL ME - WHAT IS
THE SECRET OF YOUR
AMAZING POWERS?



THAT IS SOMETHING I NEVER
TELL TO ANY ONE!



AS THE SPACEHUNK
WALKS AWAY, BORLO
THINKS -

HIS HAND WAS HARD -
LIKE STEEL! I WONDER
IF HE IS - HUMAN -



AMID LOUD CHEERS,
THE SPACEHUNK
ROARS AWAY



IT'S HIGH TIME FOR ME TO
LEAVE! BORLO WAS BEGINNING
TO GET THE IDEA I'M NOT
QUITE HUMAN - AND THAT'S
AN UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE
GUESS!



YOU WILL
WANT TO
EVENTUALLY
DISCOVER
THE
MYSTERY OF
THE
SPACEHUNK!
BE SURE TO
SEE HIS
NEXT
STRANGE
ADVENTURE!

Wm. W. W.

1. **Introduction**
 2. **Background**
 3. **Methodology**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Conclusion**
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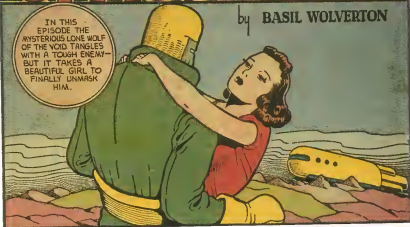


SPACEHAWK

THE SPACEHAWK

by BASIL WOLVERTON

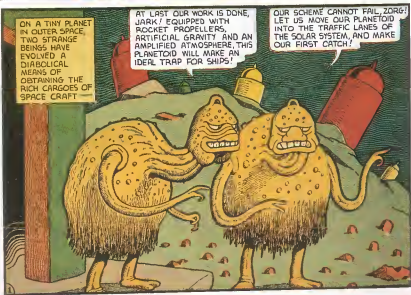
IN THIS EPISODE THE MYSTERIOUS LONE WOLF OF THE VOID TANGLES WITH A TOUGH ENEMY— BUT IT TAKES A BEAUTIFUL GIRL TO FINALLY UNMASK HIM.



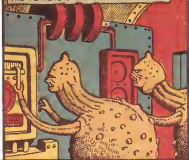
ON A TINY PLANET IN OUTER SPACE, TWO STRANGE BEINGS HAVE EVOLVED A DIABOLICAL MEANS OF OBTAINING THE RICH CARGOES OF SPACE CRAFT —

AT LAST OUR WORK IS DONE, JARK! EQUIPPED WITH ROCKET PROPELLERS, ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY AND AN AMPLIFIED ATMOSPHERE, THIS PLANETOID WILL MAKE AN IDEAL TRAP FOR SHIPS!

OUR SCHEME CANNOT FAIL, ZORG! LET US MOVE OUR PLANETOID INTO THE TRAFFIC LANES OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, AND MAKE OUR FIRST CATCH!



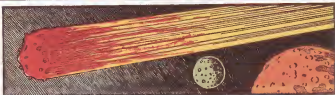
IN THEIR CONTROL HOUSE, ZORG AND JARK LOOSE THE POWER TO SET THE PLANETOID IN MOTION...



MAMMOTH ROCKET BARRELS, BUILT DEEP WITHIN THE ROCK, BLAST FORTH PILLARS OF ROARING FLAME —



THUS PROPELLED, THE PLANETOID STREAKS WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM...



APPLY THE REVERSE ROCKETS! WE WILL STOP HERE AND AWAIT OUR PREY!



SEVERAL THOUSAND MILES AWAY, A PASSENGER LINER SPEEDS OUT TOWARD THE PLANET PLUTO —



THE NEPTUNIAN PILOT IS PUZZLED BY WHAT HE SEES AHEAD...



THAT'S STRANGE! THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY PLANETOID SO CLOSE TO THIS LANE!



IT'S MOVING INTO OUR PATH — AND WE'RE GOING TOO FAST TO TURN OUT FOR IT!

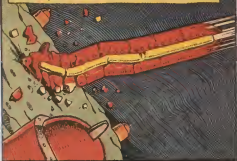


IN THE CONTROL ROOM ON THE PLANETOID, ZORG BELLOWS ORDERS.

QUICK! THROW OUT THE BUMPER BEAM — JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP THAT SHIP FROM HITTING TOO HARD!



THE POWERFUL REPELLENT FORCE GRIPS THE CRAFT, AND ONLY ITS FORE PART IS SHATTERED AS IT RUNS SQUARELY AGAINST THE PLANETOID...



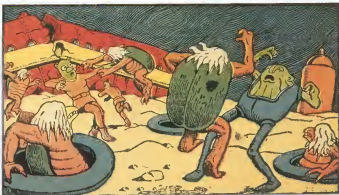
THE SURVIVING PASSENGERS, —MOSTLY SATURNIANS AND NEPTUNIANS, EXCITEDLY RUSH FROM THE SHIP —



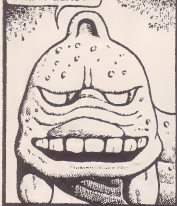
AH! NOW WE SHALL WITNESS A VERY THRILLING SIGHT! I SHALL LOOSE THE IMPRISONED SNURLS UPON OUR VISITORS!



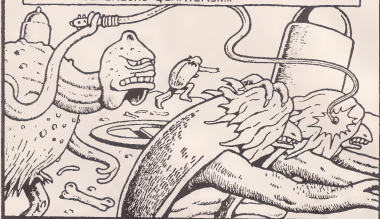
ZORG YANKS A LEVER. HOLES APPEAR IN THE GROUND, AND BLOODTHIRSTY SNURLS, IMPORTED FROM A PLANET IN OUTER SPACE, LEAP UPON THE SCREAMING PASSENGERS.



THAT TAKES CARE OF ANY RESISTANCE WE MIGHT ENCOUNTER WHILE WE LOOT THE SHIP! NOW TO GET THOSE SNURLS BACK INTO THEIR DENS!



JARK STAYS IN THE CONTROL HOUSE AND OPERATES THE DEN-CLOSING MECHANISM, WHILE ZORG, WITH A SHOCK WHIP, GOES OUT AND FORCES THE CREATURES BACK INTO THEIR UNDERGROUND QUARTERS....



AS ZORG IS ABOUT TO ENTER THE WRECKED SHIP, A GIRL STAGGERS OUT OF IT.



UPON SEEING ZORG, SHE ATTEMPTS TO FLEE, BUT A POWERFUL TENTACLE WHIPS OUT AND SEIZES HER...

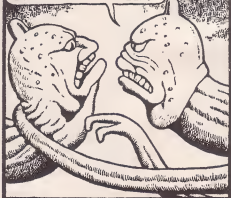
AHA! AN EARTH GIRL — AND QUITE COMELY, TOO! JUST THE PERSON TO KEEP ME FROM BECOMING TOO LONELY ON THIS BARREN LITTLE PLANET!



AN EARTH GIRL, EH? JUST LEAVE HER TO ME, ZORG! YOU CAN HAVE WHAT EVER ELSE YOU FIND IN THE SHIP!



GET THIS THRU YOUR THICK SKULL RIGHT NOW, JARK! I'M THE HEAD OF THIS PLANETOID, AND I'LL DECIDE WHAT YOU CAN HAVE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS GIRL AND I DON'T NEED ANY HELP!



COME NOW! I SHALL PUT YOU UNDER THE SURGICAL RAY! IT WILL ALTER YOUR APPEARANCE COMPLETELY, AND YOU WILL BE TRULY BEAUTIFUL ACCORDING TO MY STANDARDS!

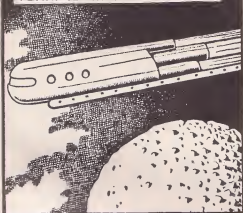


YOU'LL REGRET WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU BEAST! IF THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE DON'T GET YOU, THE SPACEHAWK WILL!

EARTH WOMAN, THE INTELLIGENCE AND POWER OF THE SPACEHAWK ARE NOTHING COMPARED TO MY ABILITIES! THE SPACEHAWK WILL NEVER SHOW HIS FACE ON THIS PLANETOID, UNLESS I DECIDE TO LURE HIM TO HIS DOOM!



BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE SPACEHAWK, HAVING SPOTTED THE STRANGE PLANETOID, SPEEDS FORTH TO INVESTIGATE



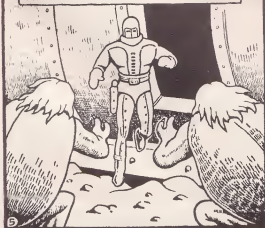
JARK, IN THE CONTROL HOUSE, IS WARNED BY THE AUTOMATIC SHIP DETECTOR'S SIGNAL....



LOOKS LIKE A PRIVATE SHIP! WHOEVER IT IS, I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT IT MEANS TO COME SNOOPING AROUND HERE!



THE SPACEHAWK PROMPTLY LANDS. AS HE STEPS FROM HIS SHIP, TWO HERCULEAN SNURLS CHARGE HIM.



HE CALMLY SEIZES BOTH OF THEM, AND HURLS THEM TO THEIR DEATH.....



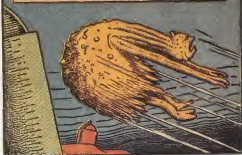


YOU GIVE A MIGHTY
ROUSING WELCOME
TO VISITORS! NOW
I'LL RETURN THE
HOSPITALITY!

**DON'T!!
DON'T!!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
DEAD!**



THE SPACEHAWK WHIRLS JARK AROUND HIS HEAD
AND FLINGS HIM AWAY WITH SUCH FORCE THAT
HE IS CRUSHED TO A PULP AGAINST THE STEEL
WALL OF AN OXYGENATOR.....



WITHIN HIS LABORATORY, WHERE HE IS ABOUT TO
CHANGE THE EARTH GIRL INTO AN UGLY CREATURE
MORE TO HIS LIKING, ZORG HEARS JARK'S
LAST BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAMS.....



HE RUSHES TO A WINDOW
AND STIFFENS WITH
SURPRISE AT SIGHT
OF THE SPACEHAWK —

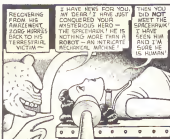
**THAT FOOL JARK! IF
HE'D TURNED ON THE BUMPER
BEAM, THE SPACEHAWK
COULDN'T HAVE LANDED! I'LL
SOON SETTLE WITH BOTH
OF THEM!**



SENSING ZORG'S WHEREABOUTS,
THE SPACEHAWK LEAPS
DIRECTLY THRU THE WINDOW
AND INTO THE LABORATORY.....



**LOOKING FOR TROUBLE,
EH? HERE'S WHERE YOU
CAN FIND IT!**



PUTTING ALL HIS GREAT STRENGTH INTO HIS STEELY TENTACLES, ZORG STRUGGLES FURIOUSLY —



HE IS SURE HE IS ABOUT TO OVERCOME HIS OPPONENT. THEN SUDDENLY THE SPACEHAWK SEIZES HIM BY HIS NECK, AND WITH ONE SWIFT, POWERFUL MOTION, BREAKS ZORG'S SPINAL COLUMN....

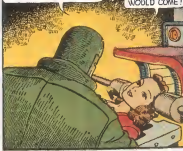


ZORG SHIVERS CONVULSIVELY, AND SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR — DEAD....



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MOMENT, MISS! FOR ONE WHO HAS HAD SUCH A NARROW ESCAPE, YOU'RE SURPRISINGLY CALM!

WHY SHOULD I BE EXCITED? I WAS SURE YOU WOULD COME!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO YOU RESCUED ME FROM GORVAK THE MARTIAN!



I NEVER FORGET A FACE!

WHY NOT TAKE OFF THAT MASK AND GIVE ME A CHANCE TO REMEMBER YOURS?



SINCE I ARRIVED IN THIS SOLAR SYSTEM, I HAVE ALLOWED NO ONE TO UNMASK ME OR ANY OF MY ROBOTS, UNTIL TODAY.



BUT NOW I AM GOING TO CLAIM THAT KISS I DIDN'T TAKE WHEN I SAVED YOU FROM THE MARTIAN PIRATES!





WHY IS IT YOU DIDN'T DO THAT WHEN YOU RESCUED ME BEFORE?



HOW DO YOU KNOW BUT WHAT YOU WERE RESCUED BY ONE OF MY ROBOTS?

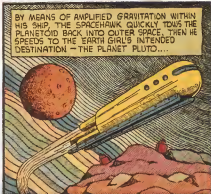
THERE IS THE ROBOT THRU WHICH I ATTACKED YOUR CAPTORS! IT FUNCTIONS BY MY TELEPATHIC COMMANDS - ALMOST AS MY OWN LIMBS DO! IN FACT, IT IS ACTUALLY I IN A MECHANICAL FORM!



IT - IT'S GETTING UP! IT'S FOLLOWING US!



IT'S NOT DAMAGED TOO MUCH TO OBEY SIMPLE COMMANDS! COME! I MUST GET THIS PLANETOID OUT OF THE TRAFFIC LANES!



BY MEANS OF AMPLIFIED GRAVITATION WITHIN HIS SHIP, THE SPACEHAWK QUICKLY TOWS THE PLANETOID BACK INTO OUTER SPACE, THEN HE SPEEDS TO THE EARTH GIRL'S INTENDED DESTINATION - THE PLANET PLUTO....

WILL I MEET YOU AGAIN - SOON?



IT'S LIKELY TO BE A LONG TIME I'VE MUCH WORK TO DO! PLEASE DON'T GET INTO ANY MORE TROUBLE! IF YOU DO, AND I HAPPEN TO BE TOO FAR AWAY, YOU MAY NOT BE SO FORTUNATE! GOOD-BYE!

HMM! I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO SEE THAT IT ISN'T TOO LONG UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!



WE'VE SEEN THE SPACEHAWK BUT JUST WHO IS HE? BE SURE TO MEET HIM AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN TARGET COMICS

Missing story from issue 8

- The Vulture Men From the Void

SPACEHAWK

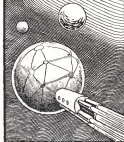
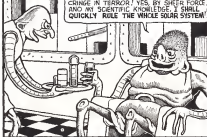
THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME

by BASIL WOLVERTON

ELECTION RETURNS ARE ALMOST HALF IN, GLOK, AND YOU'RE STILL AHEAD!

OF COURSE I'M AHEAD! WITHIN THE HOUR I SHALL HAVE WRESTED THE LEADERSHIP OF MARS FROM THAT PEACE-LOVING FOOL, ROBO! THEN I SHALL ORGANIZE A WAR MACHINE BEFORE THE VERY MENTION OF WHICH PEOPLES OF OTHER WORLDS WILL CRINGE IN TERROR! YES, BY SHEER FORCE AND MY SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE, I SHALL QUICKLY RULE THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM!

WHILE THE WOULD-BE DICTATOR GLOATS OVER HIS PLANS, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP RACES TOWARD MARS...



I MUST BE ON HAND WHEN THE MARTIAN ELECTION IS OVER. IF THE PEOPLE LET GLOK BULLY THEM INTO CHOOSING HIM FOR THEIR RULER, THEY'LL SOON FIND THEMSELVES IN PLENTY OF TROUBLE!

A LITTLE OF THIS SYNTHETIC FLESH ON THE RIGHT PLACES

—AND THE MARTIANS WILL THINK I'M ONE OF THEM!



SPACEHAWK QUICKLY THINKS OF A NOVEL PLAN—A DISGUISE.



SPACEHAWK'S APPEARANCE IS NOW MYSTERIOUSLY BAFFLING.



SPACEHAWK DIVES
TOWARD THE GREAT
DESERT OF MARS —



— AND LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP...



BY POTENT THOUGHT
IMPULSES, HE COMMANDS
HIS ROBOT PILOT TO TAKE
THE CRAFT BACK UP INTO
THE DARK STRATOSPHERE.
THEN HE BOUNDS SWIFTLY
TOWARD HULGO, THE
MARTIAN CAPITAL.....



MEANWHILE—GLOARK
HEARS MORE
ELECTION RESULTS.

—ROBO IS NOW
LEADING BY MORE
THAN 47 MILLION!



THAT'S UNBELIEVABLE!
MY MEN HAVE
THREATENED THE
PEOPLE OF EVERY
COMMUNITY! HOW DARE
THEY VOTE FOR ROBO!



AND
LATER—

IT IS OUR
PLEASURE
TO ANNOUNCE
THAT ROBO
WILL BE OUR
RULER FOR
ANOTHER
FIVE YEARS!

SO! THIS IS THE
COOPERATION I GET
IN TRYING TO MAKE THE
MARTIAN MASTERS OF
THE PLANETS! THE
THANKLESS SWINE! I'LL
MAKE THEM REGRET THIS!
IF I CAN'T RULE THIS
PLANET, I'LL SEE TO IT
THAT NO ONE DOES!



JUST AS I THOUGHT,
GLOARK! YOU CAN'T
TAKE A BEATING
WITHOUT GETTING
SORE!



WHAT! WHY YOU
INSOLENT DOG!
HOW'D YOU GET IN
HERE? I'LL MURDER
YOU, YOU—
SAY—WHO ARE YOU?



WITH ONE
LIGHTNING
MOVEMENT,
SPACEHAWK
FLICKS THE
WEAPON
ASIDE, AND
SEIZES GLOARK.

LISTEN, GLOARK! IF YOU
CAN'T COOL OFF WITHOUT
TAKING YOUR SPITE OUT
ON YOUR OWN PEOPLE,
GET OFF THIS PLANET
RIGHT NOW! OTHERWISE
YOU WON'T LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO GET THE
CHANCE TO LEAVE!

BY THE TIME GLORK RECOVERS FROM HIS SURPRISE, SPACEHAWK IS GONE.....

WHO DOES THAT MUSCLE-BOUND OAF THINK HE IS — ANOTHER SPACEHAWK? I'LL SHOW HIM THAT I, GLORK, CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED!



GLORK STAMPS OUT OF HIS QUARTERS AND HEADS TOWARD HIS HANGAR, THROWING TO GROUND AN INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

OUT OF MY WAY, WORK! IF YOU AND THE REST OF MY MEN HAD USED MORE FORCE, INSTEAD OF RELYING ON YOUR FEEBLE MINDS, I'D HAVE WON THE ELECTION!



I SWEAR THIS IS THE LAST TIME I TAKE ANY MORE OF THAT KIND OF TREATMENT FROM HIM!



GLORK LEAPS INTO HIS SWIFTEST SHIP, AND HEADS INTO THE SKY...



SOON HE ARRIVES AT HIS MOUNTAIN LABORATORY — A PLACE ALSO USED AS A HANGOUT FOR HIS MEN.....



HERE COMES GLORK!

WE'LL BE PLENTY SORE BECAUSE OF LOSING THE ELECTION! WE'D BETTER STAY OUT OF HIS WAY!

WE WERE CRAZY TO THINK WE'D EVER WIN! LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO SNATCHING FURS!



HIS OWN MEN FEAR THE COMING OF GLORK!

GLOK HURRIES TO ONE OF THE LABORATORY ROOMS, AND MAKES HASTY ADJUSTMENTS ON SOME OF HIS COMPLEX APPARATUS.....



FIVE YEARS I'VE SPENT DEVELOPING THIS ATTRACTOR MACHINE IN SECRET — PREPARING IT FOR THE TIME WHEN I'D USE IT TO CONQUER OTHER PLANETS! BUT NOW I'M GOING TO USE IT TO DESTROY THIS PLANET AND ITS MISERABLE, UNGRATEFUL INHABITANTS! JUST TO MAKE SURE THE MACHINE IS IN GOOD ORDER, I'LL USE IT ON THOSE TWO SHIPS ON THE HORIZON!



TWO METAL OBJECTS MOVE UP FROM THE TOP OF THE LABORATORY BUILDING....



EACH IS FOCUSED ON A DISTANT SHIP, AND INVISIBLE ARCS OF FORCE STREAM OUT FROM THEM....



THE FORCE IS SUCH THAT IT GREATLY MULTIPLIES THE NATURAL MASS ATTRACTION THAT ANY OBJECT HAS FOR ANOTHER OBJECT, AND THE CRAFT ARE SWIFTLY DRAWN TOWARD EACH OTHER....



AHA! IT IS WORKING BEAUTIFULLY! NOW TO TRAIN ONE OF THE ATTRACTOR BEAMS ON YONDER MOUNTAINS, AND THE OTHER ON PHOBOS, ONE OF THE MARTIAN MOONS! THE MOON WILL BE PLUCKED OUT OF THE SKY, AND WHEN IT HITS MARS, EVERY ONE ON THE PLANET WILL PERISH—EXCEPT ME!



THE MARTIAN MAKES CAREFUL ADJUSTMENTS— THEN THROWS FULL POWER INTO THE ATTRACTOR...



LIKE A GIGANTIC INVISIBLE CLAW THE FORCE REACHES OUT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT TOWARD THE MARTIAN MOON....



THE SAVAGE INHABITANTS OF PHOBOS ARE TERRIFIED BY A SUDDEN GROUND-SPLITTING QUAKE AS THE SMALL PLANET IS YANKED FROM ITS ORBIT...



GRACEHAWK, WHO HAS SHADOWED GLOAK, AND WHOSE SHIP NOW HOVERS HIGH OVER THE LABORATORY, DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THE MARTIANS' ACTIONS.



SWIFT AS A BULLET HE DESCENDS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE...



AH! THE INDICATOR SHOWS THAT PHOBOS IS OUT OF ITS ORBIT! WITHIN THE HOUR, THIS MACHINE OF MINE WILL HAVE DRAGGED IT WELL ON ITS WAY TO MARS!



GET AWAY FROM THAT MACHINE, GLOAK! I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING ABOUT THIS SORT OF THING! NOW I'M GOING TO KEEP MY PROMISE!



HUH? WHY - IT'S YOU AGAIN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! YOU CAN'T BLUFF ME! GET OUT!



KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT SIGNAL BUTTON, GLOAK!





AS SPACEWALK STRIKES THE UNDER
SIDE OF THE TRAP DOOR, HIS GUN
IS JAARED FROM ITS HOLSTER...



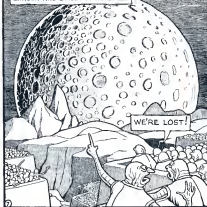
HE SWOOPS DOWN AFTER IT—
BUT GLOK'S PIT CREATURES,
SNARLING OVER THEIR HUMAN
WEAL, KEEP HIM FROM
RETRIEVING THE WEAPON....



I DON'T LIKE TO BE RECOGNIZED,
BECAUSE MY ENEMIES TRY ALL THE
HARDER TO KILL ME — BUT THIS
DISGUISE IS TOO UNCOMFORTABLE
FOR THE TOUGH JOB I'LL HAVE
TEARING MY WAY OUT OF HERE!



MEANWHILE, MOST OF THE PEOPLE
OF MARS ARE TERROR-STRIKEN
AS THEY SEE THE MOON LOOMING
LARGER AND LARGER IN THE SKY....



THE TIDAL PULL BETWEEN
THE TWO PLANETS BECOMES
SO STRONG THAT A PART
OF THE WATER IN MARS'
LARGEST CANAL IS WHIPPED
UP INTO SPACE....



THOUSANDS TAKE TO THE SKIES IN OVER-CROWDED SHIPS, BUT THE MASSES CAN ONLY STAY AND AWAIT THEIR FATE.....



ONLY A LITTLE LONGER, AND MARS WILL BE A SHATTERED, BLOOD-SOAKED PLANET! I'D BETTER GET MY VALUABLES AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



GLORK PREPARES TO LEAVE AS HIS DESTRUCTION OF MARS CONTINUES.

BENEATH THE FLOOR, SPACEHAWK'S GREAT STRENGTH FINALLY ENABLES HIM TO TEAR OUT A PART OF THE TRAP DOOR MECHANISM....



THE FLOOR FALLS OPEN, AND SPACEHAWK CAUTIOUSLY ASCENDS INTO THE LABORATORY....



GONE! I HATE TO LET HIM ESCAPE, BUT I MUST REVERSE THE ATTRACTOR BEAM FORCE RIGHT AWAY!

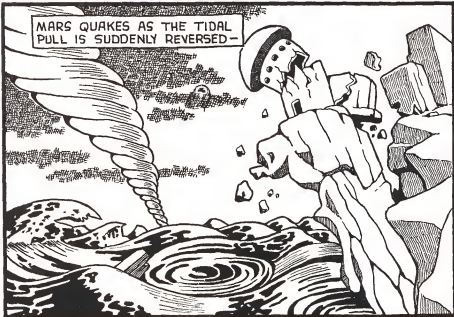


SPACEHAWK'S KEEN MIND QUICKLY ABSORBS THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MACHINE, AND HE SWIFTLY MAKES ADJUSTMENTS....

THERE! THAT SHOULD SOON SHOVE PHOBOS BACK INTO ITS ORBIT!



MARS QUAKES AS THE TIDAL PULL IS SUDDENLY REVERSED—



RETURNING TO TAKE ANOTHER LOAD OF VALUABLES TO HIS SHIP, GLOAK IS AWARER AT WHAT HE SEES....

SPACEHAWK!
IT WAS YOU—
IN DISGUISE!



RIGHT! I'VE REVERSED YOUR
ATTRACTOR'S POWER, GLOAK!
PHOBOS WILL SOON BE ON
ITS WAY BACK, AND A FEW
BILLION PEOPLE ARE GOING
TO BE PRETTY ANGRY WHEN
THEY FIND OUT WHO IS
RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S
HAPPENED!



YOU WEDDING SPY! THEY'LL
NEVER FIND OUT THRU YOU!
TRY TO ESCAPE THIS!



SPACEHAWK DODGES WITH
INCREDIBLE SWIFTNESS, AND
BOUNCES ON THE MARTIAN.



I SHOULDN'T
WISH TO BE
IN YOUR
SHOES WHEN
I DELIVER
YOU TO THE
MARTIAN
COUNCIL!



NO! GIVE
ME A CHANCE!
THEY'D BURN
ME ALIVE IN
THE SALPHUR
PITS!

PERHAPS IT WOULD BE
BETTER TO CAST YOU
LOOSE IN THE INSECT HILLS!
THE VULTURE FLIES WOULD
WORK ON YOU A LONG TIME
BEFORE YOU'D DIE!



SPARE ME THAT DEATH!
DON'T TAKE ME
THERE!

HAD WITH FEAR,
THE MARTIAN
TEARS HIMSELF
LOOSE, AND
STREAKS OUT
THE DOOR....



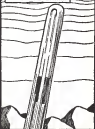
RUN WHILE YOU
CAN, YOU YELLOW
RAT! YOU'RE NOT
GOING FAR!

HA! THIS IS ONE TIME
THE GREAT SPACEHAWK
WON'T GET WHAT HE'S
AFTER!



GLOAK RACES TO
HIS WAITING SHIP

GLOAK STREAKS
STRAIGHT UP
INTO THE SKY....



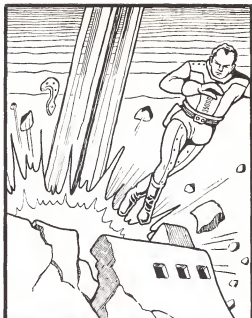
I'LL TURN THE ATTRACTOR POWER BACK TO ITS FORMER CONDITION, AND SWING THE HIGH RAY ON GLOK'S SHIP! THAT SHOULD DRAG HIM BACK!



SOMETHING'S THE MATTER! I'M HEADING BACK TOWARD GROUND!



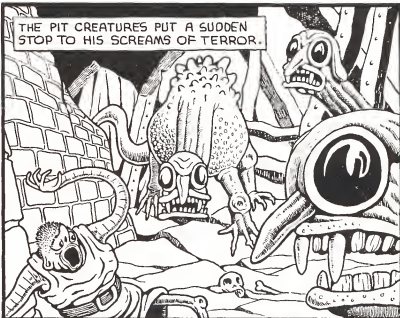
SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM THE BUILDING, AND THE NEXT INSTANT THE MARTIAN'S SHIP PLOUGHS INTO THE LABORATORY.



THE CRAFT SPLITS OPEN, AND GLOK IS HURLED TO THE SLIMY FLOOR OF THE PIT BENEATH THE BUILDING...



THE PIT CREATURES PUT A SUDDEN STOP TO HIS SCREAMS OF TERROR.



LATER, IN HIS PALACE, KING ROBO LISTENS TO SPACEHAWK AS HE EXPLAINS, BY TELSOR WAVE FROM HIS SHIP, ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED...

..... AND THAT'S THE STORY, KING ROBO! YOUR PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW THE REASON FOR THE NEAR CALAMITY, OTHERWISE THEY MIGHT FEAR IT AGAIN!



THE PEOPLE OF THIS PLANET OWE YOU THEIR LIVES, SPACEHAWK! I IMPLORE YOU TO RETURN TO MARS, THAT WE MAY AT LEAST THANK YOU!



SORRY, KING ROBO, BUT I MUST BE ON MY WAY! GOODBYE!



SPACEHAWK'S ADVENTURES WITH THE JUNGLE MONSTERS ON THE PLANET URANUS APPEAR IN TARGET COMICS NEXT MONTH.

SPACEHAWK

• THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME •

by
BASIL
WOLVERTON

AN SPACEHAWK CRYING THAT SAVED HIS ALERT MIND CARRIES WARNING OF BELL. WITH HIS POWERED, ELECTRO-SCOPE, HE DISCOVERS THAT AN INTER-PLANETARY POLICE SHIP IS PURSUING A PRIVATE CRUISE TOWARD THE PLANET UGARIA...

THOSE PRIVATE ARE LEADING THAT POLICE SHIP INTO THE CITY OF GARK! IT'S A PRIVATE TOWN AND THE POLICE WILL BE TRAPPED! FERRARIS I CAN GET THERE IN TIME TO HELP!



WHILE SPACEHAWK SPEEDS FORTH TO ATTEMPT A RESCUE, CAPTAIN DRINK, PLUTONIUM COMMANDER OF THE POLICE SHIP, SEES THE PRIVATE CRUISE SLIP OUT OF SIGHT IN THE UGARIAN CITY....

THEY'LL NOT ESCAPE! WE'LL SMASH EVERY BUILDING IN IT. WE'LL FIND THEM!

JURGEN, GOVERNOR RULER OF THE CITY, ISSUES ORDERS TO HIS BASTARD MEN.

SURROUND THAT POLICE SHIP AFTER IT LANDS! WHEN ITS MEN COME OUT, SEIZE THEM AND THROW THEM OVER THE CITY WALLS!





THE DUBIAN PRATES
SWIFTLY OVERCOME THE
UNINSPECTING POLICE.



WHAT IS THIS?
CAN'T YOU SEE
WE'RE INTERPLANETARY
POLICE?

SO WHAT? I'M THE
LAW IN THIS
TOWN, AND WHEN
COOPERS COME
SMOOPING AROUND
HERE, WE FEED THEM
TO THE JUNGLE BEASTS!



OVER THE WALL
WITH THESE SWINE
WHO CALL THEM-
SELVES THE LAW!



AS THE MEN ARE HURLED
TO THE GROUND FAR BELOW,
FEROCIOUS JUNGLE MONSTERS
RUSH FORTH TO DEVOUR THEM.



HEY! SUDDENLY INJURED BY HIS FALL,
COOPER DROPS, MIRACULOUSLY
DARTS FROM UNDER THE SNARLING
BEASTS, AND RUNS FOR THE JUNGLE...



MINUTES LATER HE IS DEEP WITHIN
THE HEAVY VEGETATION, AND SAFE
FROM THE MURDERING THIEF-SQUAD
A JUNGLE BAT SMACKS UPON HIM...

AT THIS
MOMENT
SPACEHAWK
DROPS
FROM
THE SKY,
AND
LANDS
WITH
DEADLY
IMPACT
ON THE
CRABBOT'S
SHALL...



HE LEAPS FROM THE STUNNED BAT
JUST BEFORE IT CRASHES.....



—AND GOES TO
CAPTAIN DARK,
WHO HAS FALLEN
FROM THE TREE



SPACEHAWK:
IF ONLY YOU'D
ARRIVED SOONER!
MY CREW IS
DEAD, AND THIS
IS THE END
OF ME!

TAKE IT EASY,
CAPTAIN DARK! I'LL
SEE WHAT I
CAN DO!



IT'S TOO LATE TO
SAVE MY BOY!
BUT MY SWORN—
YOU COULD SAVE
IT! WITH YOUR
GRANT SURGEON
KNOWLEDGE, YOU COULD
GRAFT IT INTO ONE OF
THE BEASTS OF THIS JUNGLE!
PERHAPS THEN I COULD
AVENGE MY MEN!

I'M SURE YOU
DON'T REALIZE
WHAT YOU'RE
ASKING, CAPTAIN!



FLURGE! THERE'S
NOTHING TO
LOSE! I HAVE
ONLY A FEW
MINUTES
LEFT!

ALL RIGHT!
I'LL TRY!
BUT I
CAN'T SAY
JUST HOW THIS
MIGHT TURN OUT!



A TELEPATHIC SIGNAL TO
HIS ROBOT PILOT BRINGS
SPACEHAWK'S SHIP INTO
THE JUNGLE.....



INSIDE, SPACEHAWK PUTS
THE THING CAPTAIN ON
THE OPERATING TABLE..



TEN MINUTES LATER THE PLUTONIUM'S BODY SUCCEEDS TO ITS WORKS, GET THE BRAIN CAREFULLY REMOVED FROM THE SKULL, REMAINS ALIVE IN A STRANGE LIQUID SPACEWORK HAS PROVIDED ...



NOW TO CAPTURE SOME CREATURE IN WHICH TO PLANT THE BRAIN!



SPACEWORK PATIENTLY WAITS AT THE DOOR OF HIS SHIP. PRESENTLY THE GROUND QUAKES WITH THE APPROACH OF A BEAST, THE JUNGLE GROWNS DARK, AND —



A MONSTROUS HORRORSAUR CHARGES INTO VIEW! LEAPING IN FRONT OF THE CREATURE, SPACEWORK SPRAYS A POTENT ANESTHETIC INTO ITS NOSTRILS ...



I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! NO TELLING WHEN SOME OTHER BEAST WILL DECIDE TO INTERRUPT THIS OPERATION!



LEAVING IN THAT PART OF THE BRAIN WHICH CONTROL THE HORRORSAUR'S MUSCLES, SPACEWORK REMOVES THE REST, AND SKILLFULLY SUBSTITUTES THE HUMAN BRAIN OF CAPTAIN DARK.



A LITTLE OF THIS RAY, AND THE INCISIONS WILL BE COMPLETELY HEALED!



HE SHOULD RECOVER FROM THE ANESTHETIC ANY MINUTE NOW! HE'S -- HE'S BEGINNING TO MOVE!



THE MONSTER SLOWLY GETS TO ITS FEET AND INTENTLY SURVEYS SPACEHAWK.



OK, YOU UNDERSTAND ME? IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOD YOUR HEAD!

HE'S NODDING HIS HEAD! THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS! BUT THE POOR GUY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TALK!



GOOD LUCK TO YOU AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT WAKING YOUR MAN! I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!



SPACEHAWK BEARS OUT OF THE JUNGLE AND FLIES INTO THE CITY OF GARK.



SPACEHAWK! COME RIGHT IN! THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!



JOBUN, I'VE COME TO SETTLE WITH YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR DESTROYING THE REJUCE SHIP THAT LANDED HERE THIS MORNING!

BUT SPACEHAWK-- SURELY YOU'RE NOT ACCUSING ME OF SUCH A THING! THE ADMANT I HEARD ABOUT IT. I ORDERED THE OFFENDERS CLAWED IN THE TOSTAGE BACK! I DON'T TOLERATE MURDERERS IN THE CITY!



I'D NOT HERE TO LISTEN TO YOUR LIES, JUBIN! YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES, AND I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU DO PAY!

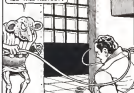


SPACEHAWK'S BEEN MIND WIPING HIM OF DANGER BRAND HIM, HE WHAR'S, AND —



THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF TREATMENT YOU MUST RESPECT!

AND THIS STEEL WHIP IS SOMETHING YOU WILL RESPECT!



BEFORE SPACEHAWK CAN FREE HIMSELF, MICHE DRUMMERS RUSH IN UPON HIM.



HE IS DRAGGED AWAY AND CLAMPED IN A TORTURE DEVICE



WHEN THIS MACHINERY BEGINS TO PULL YOUR ARMS AND LEGS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER POKED YOUR NOSE IN MY AFFAIRS!

START IT UP YOU AWF! AND DON'T RUN IF TOO FAST! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER PLENTY BEFORE IT PULLS HIM APART!



SUMMONING ALL HIS GREAT STRENGTH, SPACEHAWK MAKES THE WHIRL GEARS APART...



LOOK JUBIN! HE'S REMOVING THE DEVICE SO BOLD THAT IT WILL NOT WORK!

STAND BACK EVERY ONE! I'LL FLOG THE LIFE OUT OF HIM RIGHT NOW!





WITH HIS MEN
BOYTEROSCHI
JEERING SPACE-
HAWK, JORUM
PUTS ALL HIS
WILD STRENGTH
INTO THE
FIRST BLOW.



UP ON
THE WALL,
ONE OF
THE GUARDS
GLANCES
OUT TOWARD
THE JUNGLE.
THE SHARK
FRIDES FROM
HIS LIPS
AS HE
STARES
AT AN
ALARMING
SIGHT....



HERE COMES A WHOLE
ARMY OF JUNGLE
MONSTERS! LOOKS AS
THOUGH THEY'RE GOING
TO TRY CRASHING INTO
THE CITY!



LED BY THE MONSTER
THAT IS NOW DOMINATED
BY CAPTAIN DARK'S
BRAIN, THE CREATURES
THUNDER FORTH AND
HURL THEIR GREAT
BODIES AGAINST THE WALL.



AS THE BESTIARMS
THROW THE WALLS,
THE SCREAMING CHARGING
PLAY IN ALL DIRECTIONS.
LEAVING SPACEHAWK
SHACKLED TO THE
TORTURE WHEEL, JUST
AS THE CHARGING
MONSTER WOULD
CRUSH HIM, THE CREATURE
RECOGNIZES SPACEHAWK.

WITH ONE MORE HERCULEAN EFFORT, SPACEHAWK WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE.



—AND LEAPS UPON THE MONOSAUR'S BACK...



HEAD FOR THE HANGARS! THE DRUMMERS WILL ESCAPE IF THEY CAN GET TO THEIR SHIPS!



WHILE THE OTHER MONSTERS PURSUE AND DEVOUR THE FLEEING DRUMMERS, THE MONOSAUR DESTROYEDS WINGEDS AND SHIPS...



JURON, WHO HAS DARTED TO SAFETY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER, RUSHES TO HIS PRIVATE HANGAR...



THOSE NAUTES WILL GET SPACEHAWK AND MY MEN BUT THEY WON'T GET ME!



SPACEHAWK'S KEEN EYES SPOT JURON'S SHIP EMERGING FROM HIS QUARTERS.



THERE GOES JURON! WE CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!



THE MONSTER LUNGES
TOWARD THE GUE AND
KIPS IT OPEN...



JESSE LEAPS OUT
BEFORE THE
CRAFT CRASHES...



NOW I'M GOING TO
GIVE YOU A DOSE OF
THE BEST OF STEEP
YOU'VE BEEN HANDING
OUT TO OTHERS!

SPACEHAWK?
HOW DID YOU?
LOOK OUT!
THAT MONSTER
WILL KILL US!



NEVER, FEAR? THIS BEAST IS
AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!
TO PROVE IT, I'LL HAVE HIM
TAKE US FOR A RIDE OUT
TOWARD THE JUNGLE, WHERE
IT'S MUCH MORE PLEASANT AND
QUIET!



LET ME GO! CAN'T YOU
SEE WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED?



NOT BOTH OF US, JUBIN! JUST YOU! OFF YOU GO, AND YOU'RE GETTING MORE OF A BREAK THAN YOU GAVE THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE!

HELP!



THE SMALLER JUNGLE CREATURES, LYING IN WAIT FOR URBANIANS FLEEING FROM THE CITY, HAVE SHORT WORK OF JUBIN...



AGAIN SPIDERMAN SENDS OUT A TELEPATHIC CALL TO HIS SHIP, AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IT APPEARS.



AS SPIDERMAN ROARS INTO THE SKY, THE HORNOSALIA WAGES A SILENT FIGHT, THEN AMBLES AWAY TO A LONG AND PEACEFUL LIFE OF PARADISE IN THE JUNGLES.



THANKS FOR GETTING ME OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT, OLD FELLOW, AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE THOROUGH JOB YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DID! NOW I MUST BE ON MY WAY! PERHAPS I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN IN THE NEXT FEW HUNDRED YEARS YOU HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO IS A HEALTHY YOUNG WORMSALUR!



IN SPIDERMAN'S NEXT ADVENTURE, HE AND AN OLD FRIEND BATTLE A HORDE OF DOG-MEN FROM NEPTUNE. IT'S IN NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET COMICS!**

THE SCRATCHES OF DOOM

A Spacehawk Adventure

by Basil Wolverton



SPACEHAWK stared at the grotesquely sprawled corpse on the floor. Then his gray, piercing eyes darted around the office, taking in every detail under the brilliant rays of his electron flashlight.

"I can't believe Meredith would take his own life," he said to Al Grayson, Chief of the Inter-planetary Bureau of Investigation on Venus, who stood beside him. "This doesn't smell of suicide to me, even with his

atom gun there in his hand — and this note."

Grayson took the proffered piece of paper, and read it again:

"Dear Al:

I want you to know that I've appreciated the chance to work with you here on the Venus Diamond Mines' smuggling case. But since my wife died, I haven't felt like carrying on. Sorry to let you down this way, but it's too much for me.

Jack Meredith"

"It's Meredith's writing," Grayson observed.

"Right!" Spacehawk agreed. "But there's a peculiar thing about that note. Look at it closely — between the lines!"

Grayson held the paper closer to his eyes, and Spacehawk moved his light so that its rays fell at a slant upon the note.

"Hmm!" Grayson muttered. "That is peculiar. Wonder what caused that?"

Spacehawk returns—by popular request —to match his keen brain against the wits of a murderer.

"If I can find out," Spacehawk replied, "perhaps we'll know the real reason Meredith is dead! Have the boys round up Gul Jopak, the Venusian who swore that as soon as he was freed from prison, he'd get Meredith. Jopak has been out about a week now."

SEVERAL hours later Spacehawk sat gazing across his desk into the gaunt, green face of Gul Jopak.

"I'll give you one more chance, Jopak," he said, "for you to tell me where you were all last night."

The Venusian nervously rubbed his long, scaly fingers. His beady eyes shot a venomous look at his questioner.

"No tell!" he hissed. "No tell nothing!"

"All right, Jopak," Spacehawk said. Then he opened a drawer, took out the first description card that came within his reach, and pushed it toward Jopak.

"Tell me if you've seen any one answering that description in the last week," he said.

The Venusian glanced suspiciously at the card. Spacehawk watched him closely, saw his mouth jerk slightly after the manner of one whose lips move in silent reading. Suddenly the Venusian straightened up his head, and looked nervously about him.

"No tell nothing!" he repeated in a voice that wavered with both irritation and fright.

Spacehawk turned to Grayson, and nodded toward the door. Grayson strode across the room, and admitted a squat, hairy-faced Martian. The fellow waddled swiftly into the office, his yellow, saucer-like eyes rolling ludicrously in his large, round head as he took in his surroundings.

"Here I am, Spacehawk," the Martian rumbled in the bass tones characteristic of his race. "What can I do for you?"

"Have a chair, Tyrod," Spacehawk said. "I realize that as foreman of the Venusian Diamond Mines, you're a busy man, but I've called you over here to take a look at this Venusian. I'd like to know if you've seen him around the mines lately."

Tyrod twisted in his chair, and blandly surveyed the nervous Jopak from head to foot.

"He looks very much like any one of the men we employ at the mines," Tyrod commented. "Is there some special reason why I should recognize him?"

"He's the one who tried to rob the diamond vaults last year before you worked for the mining company. Here's the dope on the case."

Spacehawk extended some papers to Tyrod. The Martian dragged his chair up close to the desk, laid them out flat before him. Leaning forward, so that his bulgy eyes nearly touched his hairy hand, he slowly drew his claw-tipped forefinger along under each line as he read.

Suddenly Jopak leaped to his feet, threw his bony arms into the air and screamed, "You no right to put me back in prison! I just let out from prison! I good man now! No reason for go back!"

Like an arrow he streaked across the room and thru the door. Grayson whipped out his atom pistol, and leaped in pursuit.

"Let him go!" Spacehawk shouted.

"But, Spacehawk!" Grayson burst out in amazement. "That fellow —"

"He's not the man I was looking for!" Spacehawk cut in.

"May I ask what this is all about?" Tyrod said.

Spacehawk's voice was like a knife as he answered, "You know even more about this than I do, Tyrod. You are the one who murdered Jack Meredith last night!"

THE Martian came up from his chair, his flabby chin shaking in amazement. Then, quick as a lightning flash, he flicked an ugly atom pistol out from beneath his cloak, and fired point blank at Spacehawk's head.

As the Martian whistled to pick off Grayson, a tiny, blue flame spit into his chest, for the I. B. I. Chief already had his pistol in his hand. Tyrod clawed the air, uttered a low groan, and fell upon his back.

"Good work, old fellow!" Spacehawk said.

Grayson whistled with relief. "Thought he got you!" he said.

"He was too near-sighted to hit even the broad side of a space liner!" Spacehawk exclaimed. "In fact, it was his near-sightedness that proved he was Meredith's murderer. Meredith confided in me that he suspected Tyrod of smuggling diamonds from the mines. Tyrod apparently learned of this so he forced Meredith to write that suicide note, then murdered him."

"Naturally Tyrod read the note, and having bad eyes, as do most Martians, ran his fore-claw under each line, like a child learning to read. That's what caused those faint scratches you saw between the lines of Meredith's note."

"And Tyrod made the same faint scratches on the paper I gave him to read!"

THE END

SPACEHAWK

SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME

By BASIL WOLVERTON



TELL ME, GALAR—IF YOU DO NOTHING BUT TRAVEL, HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO EXIST FOR THE PAST SIX HUNDRED YEARS?

I—WELL, I MANAGE TO SCRAPE UP ENOUGH HARD SUPPLIES TO KEEP ME GOING.



GALAR, OUR KIND TALKS WITH THE MIND AS WELL AS WITH THE TONGUE. BUT YOU HAVE THROWN UP A MENTAL BARRICADE AGAINST ME! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?

ALL RIGHT, SPACEHAWK! I MAY AS WELL ADMIT IT NOW. SPACE WAR! FOR MY LIVING! BUT BELIEVE ME, I'VE NEVER KILLED OR CRIMED SO MUCH AS A SINGLE PERSON IN MY CAREER!



THAT IS SOMETHING OF A RECORD, I DARE SAY, BUT IT DOESN'T EXCUSE YOUR BEING A THIEF. I MUST WARN YOU, GALAR, THAT IF I EVER CATCH YOU ROBBING A SHIP, I'LL HAVE TO TREAT YOU AS AN ENEMY!



OH—NO! BUT I AM NOT ONE TO BE CAUGHT—EVEN IF YOU, SPACEHAWK! IF YOU SHOULD EVER MANAGE TO DO IT, I GIVE YOU MY WORD I'LL WILLINGLY GIVE UP MY PROFESSION!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT HAPPEN! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY A MAN OF YOUR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRENGTH SHOULD CHOOSE TO LIVE SO DISHONORABLY!



WELL—SO LONG, GALAR! UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER SHOVE OFF!

GOOD-BYE, GALAR!



GALAR STRIDES TO HIS SHIP, AND A MOMENT LATER IT ROARS INTO THE SATURNIAN SKY...



SPACEHAWK HURRIES TO HIS OWN SHIP AND TRAILS THE ELECTROSCOPE ON GALAR'S CRAFT...



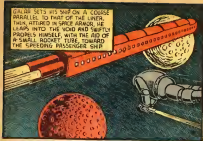
I CAN'T LET HIM GO ON LIKE THAT! HE'S BOUND TO END UP AT THE BUSINESS END OF SOMEONE'S ATOM PISTOL!

HOURS LATER

HERE I AM BILLIONS OF MILES OUT IN SPACE, AND NOT ANOTHER SHIP IN SIGHT—EXCEPT THIS APPROACHING PASSENGER LINER! THIS JOB WILL BE A LINER!



GALAX SETS HIS SAIL ON A COURSE PARALLEL TO THAT OF THE LINER, THEN, ATTACHED IN SPACE ARMOR, HE LEAPS INTO THE VOID AND SWIFTLY PROPELS HIMSELF, WITH THE AID OF A SMALL ROCKET TUBE, TOWARD THE SPEEDING PASSENGER SHIP.



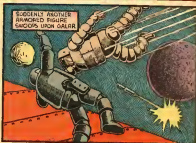
SOON HE IS CLINGING TO THE LINER'S BROAD TOP BY MEANS OF HIS MAGNETIZED BOOTS...



IF I'D BEEN SPOTTED, GUARDS WOULD BE SWARMING OUT HERE BY NOW! ONCE I CUT MY WAY INTO THIS OUTER HULL AND YEAH, UP THE HOLE, THE REST SHOULD BE EASY!



SOBBENLY ANOTHER ARMORED FIGURE SAGGERS UPON GALAX.



SPACEHAWK! YOU'RE NOT NOW DID YOU— THE FIRST TO UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF MY ELECTRO-SCOPE AND THE SPEED OF MY SHIP! GALAX, THIS IS YOUR LAST JOB!



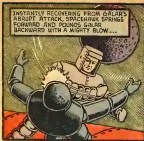
SPACEHAWK, I DON'T LIKE TO BE TOLD WHAT I CAN OR CAN'T DO! REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE! I'VE CHARTED YOU RED-HANDED!



RIGHT! BUT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN ME YET, AND I DON'T THINK YOU CAN!



INSTANTLY RECOVERING FROM GALAR'S
ABRUPT ATTACK, SPACEHAWK SPRINGS
FORWARD AND POUNDS GALAR
BACKWARD WITH A MIGHTY BLOW....



BEFORE GALAR CAN RETALIATE,
SPACEHAWK COMES AT HIM LIKE A CYCLOPE,
LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET WITH ANOTHER
FURIOUS THRUST OF HIS POWERFUL FIST....



NOW ABOUT IT, GALAR?
ARE YOU READY TO STICK
TO YOUR PROMISE?



YOU WIN, SPACEHAWK!
YOU'RE THE FIRST MAN
EVER TO KNOCK ME
DOWN!

WE MUST GET OUT OF
SIGHT IMMEDIATELY!
LOOK!



A PIRATE
SHIP COMING
THIS WAY!

SPACEHAWK AND GALAR RACE
TO THE LINER'S ROCKET
BARRELS, AND THERE CONCEAL
THEMSELVES IN THE SHADOWS
TO AWAIT THE BRIDING CRAFT.



THE PIRATE SHIP WEAVES
BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT
OF THE LINER, FORCING IT
TO HEAD TOWARD A
WANDERING PLANETOID....



THE PASSENGER SHIP LANDS
ON THE BARREN LITTLE ORB,
AND THE PIRATE CRAFT
DROPS DOWN BESIDE IT....



SCREAMING, BLOOD-THIRSTY NEPTUNIANS, PLUTONIANS, AND JOVIANs POUR OUT OF THE PIRATE SHIP, UNDAUNTED BY THE GUN FIRE FROM THE LINER. THEY PREPARE TO CUT INTO THE HULL PLATES...



I'M GOING OUT THERE AFTER THOSE DEVILS! I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D CARE TO COME WITH ME.

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN THAT! LET'S GO! I NEVER DID CARE FOR THOSE NEPTUNIAN DOGS WHEN



LASHING OUT WITH TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, THE TWO FLOW INTO THE SURPRISED PIRATES.



IT'S SPACEHUNK! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!



SOME OF THE FLEEING PIRATE ATTEMPT TO TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR SHIP, BUT THE LINERIAN CAPTAIN OF THEIR CRAFT BARS THEIR WAY...



GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT LINER, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED MORONS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF SPACEHUNK!

THIS WILL PUT AN END
TO ALL BIG-TIME-HEAD
ANTICS!



A RISING STREAM OF DEATH
CRACKS AGAINST SPACEMAN'S
ARMOR



—BUT BEFORE THE FIERY ROSE
CAN CUT THRU THE METAL, HE
LEAPS UPWARD.....



HE THINKS I CAN'T HIT
A MOVING TARGET, EH?
I'LL SHOW HIM!



AS SPACEMAN INTENDS AT
THE CAPTAIN LEAPS INTO
THE OPEN, GALAR SPOTS
THE CUT, AND LUNGES.....



TERRIFIED BY THE SUDDEN
LOSS OF THEIR LEADER,
THE PIRATES SCATTER
IN CONFUSION.....



GREAT WORK, GALAR!
I SEE YOU'RE STILL FULL
OF THE OLD ZIP!

THIS IS LIKE OLD TIMES!
I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH
FUN IN CENTURIES!



THE AIRPORT COMMANDER OF
THE LINER NAMES HIS THING—



—AND THE SHIP
ROARS AWAY...



WELL, SPACEHACK, BOTH OUR SHIPS HAVE
FLEW OFF INTO SPACE, AND WE'LL NEVER
SEE THEM AGAIN! WE'LL HAVE TO USE THE
PIRATE CRATE TO ESCAPE FROM HERE!

I'M SURE WE'LL MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT, GALAR.
FIRST, I WANT TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT
NONE OF THE PIRATES CAN ESCAPE FROM
HERE. I'LL BE BACK RIGHT AWAY!

SPACEHACK TAKES OFF
IN THE PIRATE SHIP...



WONDER WHY HE'S
CLIMBING SO HIGH
INTO THE SKY—

SUFFERING SATELLITES!
HE'S COMING DOWN OUT
OF CONTROL!



NICE CRASH,
WASN'T IT?

SPACEHACK!
I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
IN IT!



NOT MUCH! I JUMPED
OUT AND LET IT
CRASH! NOW THE
PIRATES WILL BE
BOTTLED UP HERE!

BUT HOW ARE WE
GOING TO ESCAPE?



TO GALAR'S HORROR,
THE SHIP PLUMS
INTO THE ATTERD!



SPACEHACK'S
DANGEROUS MIND
SENDS OUT A
MENTAL SIGNAL
THOUSANDS OF
MILES AWAY. HIS
ROBOT PILOT
RECEIVES THE
MESSAGE AND
TURNS THE CRAFT
BACK TOWARD
THE PLANETOID.



MY SHIP WILL BE HERE IN A SHORT WHILE WHEN I'M NOT AT THE CONTROLS I USE TELEGRAPHY TO GUIDE IT!

THAT'S MARVELOUS! WITH THE EQUIPMENT YOU HAVE, THERE'S NO LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT SCREAMING SOUND?

VULTURES! THE SHIP CRASH BROUGHT THEM OUT OF THEIR UNDERGROUND NESTS!

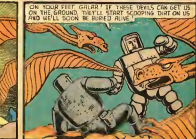
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THOSE THINGS LOOK PLENTY UGLY!



AS SPACEHARK AND GALAR RUSH FOR THE PROTECTION OF CAVE IN DISTANT ROCKS, THE ANGRY REPTILES SWARM UPON THEM. THE MEN PICK OFF THE NEAREST ONES WITH THEIR GUNS. THEN ONE OF THE VULTURES STREAKS PAST, SEIZING THEIR WEAPONS IN ITS JAW...



ANOTHER REPTILE DIES AT GALAR, WHIRLING HIM TO THE GROUND...



ON YOUR FEET, GALAR! IF THESE DEVILS CAN GET US ON THE GROUND, THEY'LL START SCOPING DIRT ON US AND WE'LL SOON BE BURIED ALIVE!

SPACEHAWK STRUGGLES TO
KEEP ON HIS FEET BUT THE
VILTOIDS FORCE HIM DOWN.



NOTING THE
REPTILES' TONG
ROCKS AND
DUST UPON
THE PRIME
MEN, THEY
ARE ALL
BUT BEREED.
WHEN
SPACEHAWK
HEARS THE
TONG OF
HIS SHIP
HE GIVES A
MENTAL
ORDER FOR
THE CRAFT
TO TAKE LOW.
THE SHIP
BOARS
OVERHEAD,
SCATTERING
THE
VILTOIDS...



COME ON, GRUB!
IT'S ALL OVER!



YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE,
SPACEHAWK! TOO BAD I'M NOT
WORTHY OF THE DEED!

NONSENSE! YOU CAN MORE
THAN MAKE UP FOR ALL
THE BOMBINGS YOU'VE
COMMITTED!



GALAX, THERE ARE THOUSANDS
OF SOLAR SYSTEMS IN THIS
UNIVERSE. MANY OF THEM NEED
STRONG MEN TO MAINTAIN LAW
AND ORDER. WHY DON'T YOU
PICK OUT ONE OF THEM, JUST
AS I HAVE DONE, AND FIGHT
AGAINST CRIME!



BY THE BELT OF ORION, I'LL
DO IT! BUT WAIT!—I
ALMOST FORGOT THAT I
NO LONGER HAVE A SHIP!

YOU'LL GET YOUR SHIP
GALAX! WE'LL START
OVERTAKING IT NOW!



WHAT! YOU MEAN THIS TUB
CAN GO THAT FAST? WHO—
YOU'D HAVE TO TRAVEL A
MILLION MILES AN HOUR!

IT'S NOT IMPOSSIBLE!
I HAPPEN TO KNOW
A LITTLE SECRET OF
APPLYING ATOMIC
POWER!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER—

THERE IT
IS AHEAD!

WE'LL FLY UP
BEHIND IT
SO THAT YOU
CAN GET
ABOARD!



SO LONG, SPACEHAWK, AND
THANKS FOR BETTING ME
RIGHT! HOPE I SEE YOU
AGAIN BEFORE ANOTHER
SIX HUNDRED YEARS PASS!

GOOD LUCK, GALAR!
I HOPE SO, TOO!



GALAR LEAPS ACROSS
TO HIS SHIP



—AND STREAKS OFF
TOWARD OUTER SPACE—
AND A NEW KIND
OF LIFE...



NOW TO GET BACK TO
SATURN, AND FINISH THE
HUNTING I STARTED!

I SHOULD HAVE
PERSUADED
UPON GALAR
TO COME WITH
ME! HE WOULD
ENJOY IT!



AGAIN SPACEHAWK LONDS
IN THE SATURNIAN FOREST.



WELL FOR — CAN I
BELIEVE MY EYES?



SPACEHAWK! GALAR!



I HAD TO COME BACK HERE
AND GET A SUPPLY OF MEAT
TO DO ME THRU MY LONG
TRIP SPACEHAWK! THERE'S NO
PLACE IN THIS GALAXY WHERE
THERE'S SUCH HUNTING AS
THERE IS HERE!

RIGHT YOU ARE,
GALAR! AND
WE'RE DOING OUR
HUNTING
TOGETHER!



THERE
WILL BE ANOTHER
OF SPACEHAWK'S
STRANGE
ADVENTURES
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
TARGET COMICS!

SPACEHAWK

LONE WOLF OF THE VOID

by BAIL WOODFORTH

ON THE PLANET NEPTUNE, IN THE KINGDOM OF THE NOONITES, THE AMBITIOUS CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD BROODS OVER AN EVIL SCHEME.

THE TIME HAS COME TO ASK QUEEN HASA TO MARRY ME! AS KING, I'LL BUILD UP THE ARMY AND SMASH EVERY OTHER NATION ON THIS GLOBE! IF HASA REFUSES— I'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO GAIN POWER! NOTHING IS GOING TO STOP ME, SNEBAR, FROM BECOMING MASTER OF THE PLANET NEPTUNE!

ANIMATED BY THE NEPTUNIAN BREW HE HAS IMBIBED, SNEBAR GOES AT ONCE TO THE QUEEN.



STEP LIVELY, DOG, AND TELL THE QUEEN THAT THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD HAS AN URGENT MESSAGE FOR HER!

SPEAK, SNEBAR! WHAT IS YOUR MESSAGE?

YOUR HIGHNESS, I CANNOT SPEAK, UNLESS WE ARE ALONE!



NOW WE
ARE
ALONE!
WHAT
IS IT?

QUEEN HABA, WITH A NATION THE SIZE
OF YOURS, IT WOULD BE POSSIBLE
TO CONQUER THE ENTIRE PLANET—
IF YOUR FORCES WERE IN THE PROPER
HANDS. MARRY ME AND MY KING,
I CAN QUICKLY WHIP THIS COUNTRY
INTO A WAR MACHINE THAT WILL
BRING YOU UNTOLD POWER!



THERE IS SOMETHING
IN WHAT YOU SAY,
SWESBAR! BUT
BEFORE I MAKE
ANY DECISION,
I MUST HAVE TIME
TO CONSIDER!

I BEG YOU TO ACCEPT
ME, MY QUEEN! I CAN
HELP MAKE YOU THE
GREATEST RULER OF ALL
TIME! TOMORROW I
SHALL RETURN FOR
YOUR ANSWER!



HABA! THE IDEA APPEALS TO
HER! IF SHE IS STILL
UNDECIDED TOMORROW,
I'LL TALK HER INTO IT!



THE CONCEITED DOLT!
WHAT MAKES HIM THINK I
SHOULD EVER WANT TO
MARRY HIM?



SWESBAR WOULD LIKE TO GAIN
POWER! THAT I SHANT LET
HIM DO! IF ONLY I COULD
FIND A HANDSOME YOUNG
MAN WITH THE ABILITY TO
ORGANIZE A WAR MACHINE!
TOGETHER WE COULD CONQUER
THE PLANET! BUT THERE'S
ONLY ONE MAN I COULD
LOVE — AND THAT'S SPACEHAWK.



HABA CALLS THE
OBSERVATORY
MASTER OF NOON.

GRAB, FROM NOW ON
I WANT YOUR MEN TO
KEEP A SHARP LOOK-
OUT FOR SPACEHAWK'S
SHIP. IF IT IS SIGHTED,
LET ME KNOW AT ONCE!

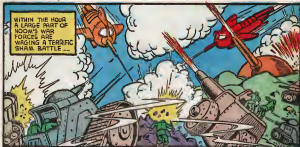
YOUR HIGHNESS,
SPACEHAWK'S SHIP WAS
SIGHTED NOT MORE
THAN AN HOUR AGO
ORCLING AROUND THE
NEPTUNIAN MOON!



THIS IS ONE TIME I'M GOING TO MAKE
SPACEHAWK COME TO ME! I'LL STAGE
A HUGE BATTLE, AND IF HE SEES IT HE'S
CERTAIN TO COME A-FLYING!

I WANT TO SPEAK
TO THE COMMANDING
OFFICER OF
THE ARMY!





WITHIN THE HOUR
A LARGE PART OF
MOOM'S WAR
FORCE ARE
WAGING A TERRIFIC
SHAW BATTLE....



SPACEHAWK, LURKING
NEAR THE NEPTUNIAN
MOON TO WATCH FOR
SMUGGLER'S SHIPS,
TUNES THE SCENE IN
ON HIS ELECTROSCOPE

WHAT'S THIS
LOOKS LIKE
A WAR ON,
NEPTUNE!



SPACEHAWK STREAKS
TOWARD NEPTUNE.



—AND LANDS
A SHORT
DISTANCE FROM
THE FIELD OF
BATTLE....



ONLY A BIT OF WAR
PRACTICE! APPARENTLY
I'VE HAD MY TRIP FOR
NOTHING!



HE'S HERE! NOW IT'S UP
TO ME NOT TO LET HIM
GET AWAY!

AS SPACEHAWK STARTS
BACK TOWARD HIS SHIP,
HABA'S AIRCAR DROPS
FROM THE SKY...



SPACEHAWK! WHAT A
SURPRISE! WON'T YOU
COME OVER TO MY
CASTLE AND VIEW MY
WAR MACHINES IN ACTION
FROM THERE? I'D LIKE
YOUR OPINION OF THE
WAR PRACTICE!

THANK YOU QUEEN
HABA, BUT I HAVE
MUCH TO DO! JUST
DROPPED IN TO SEE
WHAT ALL THE
EXCITEMENT
WAS ABOUT!



HERE'S MY CHANCE
TO IMPRESS HABA!
MUCH AS I HATE TO
HAVE SPACEHAWK
AROUND, I'LL DRAG
HIM TO THE CASTLE!



LISTEN YOU! WHEN THE GREEN
ASKS SOMEONE TO DO
SOMETHING, SHE'S NOT IN THE
HABIT OF BEING REFUSED!
COME ALONG!



RELAX, BROTHER.
YOU'RE TAKING
THE WRONG ATTITUDE!

ARE YOU COMING ALONG, OR
DO I HAVE TO GET TOUGH
WITH YOU?



SPACEHAWK'S
FIST DARTS
OUT LIKE
LIGHTNING...



MAYBE THIS WILL
DECIDE THAT!

SPACEHAWK! YOU'VE
KNOCKED OUT THE
BEST FIGHTER IN
MY KINGDOM! WHAT
STRENGTH YOU
MUST HAVE!



THERE'S SOMETHING IN
THE WIND! I'LL STAY
ALONG AND SEE WHAT
IT IS!

SORRY, QUEEN
HABA! I'LL CARRY
HIM TO YOUR AIRCAR!



HABA, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE PREPARING FOR WAR. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE OTHER NATIONS OF THIS PLANET!

LATER —
AT
HABA'S
CASTLE



HISTORY SHOULD TEACH YOU THAT WARLIKE, GRABBY RULERS ALWAYS COME TO SAD ENDS! CONSIDER THE MARTIANS! NOW THEY BRAGGED DESTRUCTION ON THEMSELVES WHEN THEY FOUGHT TO OVERCOME THE SATURNIANS! AND WATCH WHAT HAPPENS TO THE NATIONS THAT WISH TO DOMINATE EARTH TODAY.





SABBAR AND TWO OF HIS GUARDS SUDDENLY RUSH INTO THE ROOM.

UP WITH YOUR HANDS, AND DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS, SMART GUY!



TAKE HIS GUN, AND CLAMP THE CUFFS ON HIS WRISTS AND ANKLES!



NOW YOU'LL PAY FOR SPURNING ME! THROW HIM INTO THE PIT, SABBAR!



SO! YOU ASKED HIM TO MARRY YOU, EH? GET THIS— WHEN YOU'RE MARRIED, IT'LL BE TO ME! I'M THE ONE WHO PUT THE IDEA OF CONQUEST IN YOUR HEAD, AND YOU'RE NOT CARRYING IT OUT WITHOUT ME!

SILENCE! I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER!



COME ON! THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE!



HERE WE ARE! WHAT A SURPRISE YOU'LL GET AFTER YOU HIT THE BOTTOM!

I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THINGS PLAIN! NOW, YOU'RE MOSTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE!



ISN'T IT JUST TOO BAD YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT! IN YOU GO!

SPACEHAWK THUDS
UPON THE FUNGUS-
COVERED FLOOR OF
THE PIT....



HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH
THAT SPIDEROSAUR DOWN
THERE! HE'S ALWAYS HUNGRY
FOR HUMAN FLESH!



WE THINK THIS IS THE END
OF ME, AND THAT'S JUST
WHAT I WANT HIM TO THINK!
IT'LL SET HIM BACK ON HIS
HEELS JUST THAT MUCH MORE
WHEN I GO AFTER HIM!



AS SPACEHAWK TEARS THE STEEL CUFFS
FROM HIS LIMBS, A HORROROUS FIGURE
WATCHES FROM THE SHADOWS....



SILENTLY, IT CREEPS ACROSS THE FLOOR.
THE SIXTH SENSE, HIGHLY DEVELOPED IN
SPACEHAWK'S KEEN MIND, WARNS HIM OF
THE DANGER. HE TURNS, AND COOLIT
AWAITS THE ATTACK OF THE SPIDEROSAUR.



MEANWHILE —
HARRA COOLS OFF

OH — WHAT HAVE
I DONE? I
CAN'T LET
SPACEHAWK DIE!
I MUST SAVE HIM!



AS HARRA RAGES
OUT, SAFARR
CONFRONTS HER.

HA! IF YOU THINK THAT MUCH
OF HIM, PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE
TO JOIN HIM! THEN I'LL HAVE
THINGS MY WAY!

YOU BEAST! I'LL
HAVE YOU BLOODED
FOR THREATENING
ME LIKE THAT!
NOW GET OUT OF
MY WAY!



NO ONE IS GOING TO PUG ME, MY DEAR QUEEN, BECAUSE I'M SOON GOING TO BE RULER OF NOOM! I SHOULD HAVE DONE THIS IN THE FIRST PLACE!



THAT'S THE END OF YOU! THE SPIDEROSAUR IS EATING WELL TODAY!



THE MORENT HABA FALLS INTO THE PIT, THE SPIDEROSAUR TURNS ITS ATTENTION FROM SPACEHAWK AND LEAPS TOWARD THE GIRL.



SPACEHAWK DARTS IN BETWEEN THE TWO AND CLOSSES WITH THE POWERFUL CREATURE.



LIFTING IT HIGH, HE HURLS IT TO ITS DEATH AGAINST THE WALL.



I TRIED TO TAKE
YOUR LIFE — AND
YOU SAVED MINE!
I'M NOT WORTHY
EVEN TO ASK
YOUR FORGIVENESS,
SPACEBARK!

FORGET IT,
HARRA! I'M
SURE YOU
DIDN'T
REALIZE
WHAT YOU
WERE DOING!



NOW LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE! MY ANTI-GRAVITY
BELT WILL EASILY LIFT
BOTH OF US!



FIRST THING I'M GOING
TO DO IS SETTLE WITH
SNEBARR!

OH — BUT YOU
MUST BE CAREFUL!
WE'LL KILL YOU ON
SIGHT!



SNEBARR LOSES NO
TIME IN CALLING A
MEETING OF THE
ROYAL COUNCIL...

OUR QUEEN HAS SUDDENLY
LEFT ON A SECRET
MISSION! SHE HAS
INSTRUCTED ME TO
RULE IN HER PLACE!

WHAT IS THIS
SECRET MISSION
OF WHICH YOU
SPEAK? WE
KNOW NOTHING
OF IT!

THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!
QUEEN HARRA WOULD
NOT PUT YOU IN HER
PLACE, SNEBARR!

THE MAN MUST
BE MAD!



ENOUGH TALK! YOU MEN ARE HERE TO SIGN
THESE DOCUMENTS MAKING ME ABSOLUTE
RULER OF NOOM! I'LL GIVE YOU THREE
MINUTES TO GET YOUR SIGNATURES ON THEM,
OR I'LL MOW YOU ALL DOWN IN A HEP!



AND I'LL GIVE YOU JUST THREE SECONDS
TO DROP THOSE GUNS, SNEBARR!





THE POWERFUL, MYSTERIOUS
MAN FROM
OUTER SPACE —

SPACE HAWK

ON THE PLANET NEPTUNE,
IN THE KINGDOM OF ROOM,
A SHREWD OLD SCIENTIST
NAMED DRAGON GLOATS
AS HE VIEWS THE WAR
TORN PLANET EARTH.

OH! THEY ARE STILL AT IT—
THE FOOLS, AND NOW —
SPACEHAWK IS ONLY A
FEW THOUSAND MILES
AWAY, I CAN SO
EASILY NATH
MY PLAN!

by RALPH
WOLVERTON

DRAGON IMMEDIATELY
LEAVES HIS LABORATORY
WHICH IS IN A REMOTE
PART OF THE KINGDOM,
AND FLIES TO THE
ROYAL PALACE....

BEING A FAMOUS
SCIENTIST, HE IS
QUICKLY GRANTED
AN AUDIENCE
WITH QUEEN HARR,
RULER OF ROOM.

MY DEAR QUEEN,
I HAVE WAYS OF
KNOWING MANY
THINGS, AND I
AM AWARE THAT
IT WOULD BEAN
AUCH TO YOU IF
THE GREAT SPACEHAWK
WERE TO RETURN THE
FEELING YOU HAVE
CONCERNING HIM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I WAS UNDER THE
IMPRESSION YOU CAME
TO DISCUSS AFFAIRS
OF STATE — NOT
MY PERSONAL AFFAIRS!

YOUR PARDON, BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT SPACEHAWK IS STILL STAYING CLOSE TO NEPTUNE! HE IS LOATH TO LEAVE, BECAUSE HE IS MAD ABOUT YOU!

MAD ABOUT ME? HOW CAN YOU MAKE SUCH A STATEMENT?

I CAN PROVE MY STATEMENT, YOUR HIGHNESS! IT IS WITHIN MY POWER TO BRING SPACEHAWK TO YOU! AND ONCE HE MEETS YOU AGAIN, HE WILL DECLARE HIS LOVE! I CAN PROMISE YOU THAT!

THEN PROVE IT! BUT IF YOU FAIL, AND BRING EMBARRASSMENT TO SPACEHAWK OR TO ME, YOU WILL REGRET IT!



I SHALL PROVE IT, MY QUEEN — FOR A CONSIDERATION! ALL I ASK IS THE BARREN LANDS OF THE QUINN VALLEY, SO THAT I MAY CONDUCT CERTAIN AGRICULTURAL TESTS. DEED IT TO ME, AND I SHALL DISCREETLY ARRANGE MATTERS IN SUCH A WAY THAT SPACEHAWK WILL QUICKLY AGREE!

SO YOU'RE DEMANDING A PRICE FOR PLAYING CUARD! WELL — THE REGION IS WORTHLESS. I'LL HAVE DEED IT TO YOU — IF AND WHEN YOU SHOW ME THAT YOU ARE RIGHT IN THIS MATTER!



AFTER DAGON GOES —

IF ONLY I CAN RELY ON DAGON! THE QUINN VALLEY IS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY IF I COULD LEARN THAT SPACEHAWK CARES FOR ME!



MY PLAN IS WORKING! SOON I SHALL BE IN POSSESSION OF THE QUINN VALLEY!



BACK IN HIS LABORATORY, DAGON BEGINS HIS STRANGE TASK BY FORCING HIS SERVANT JOE INTO A CAGE!

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND! WHAT FOR I GO IN CAGE?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS! GET IN THERE!



AND NOW, WITH THIS HOT IRON, I'M GOING TO ROUSE YOUR HATRED! IT IS THE THING THAT WILL BRING SPACEHAWK TO ME!



THE ANIMAL-LIKE SERVANT IS AT FIRST BEMUSED BY HIS MASTER'S CUEL ACTION. DROON POKES AT HIM WITH THE GLOWING IRON UNTIL JODD IS IN A FRENZY...

WHY YOU DO THIS? I CRUSH YOU DEAD WHEN I GET OUT!

YOU'D LIKE TO KILL ME, WOULDN'T YOU JODD? FINE! THAT'S THE WAY I WANT YOU TO FEEL! NOW I'LL TURN THIS SWITCH, AND THAT APPARATUS OVER YOUR HEAD WILL PICK UP AND BROADCAST YOUR HATRED VIBRATIONS!

JODD'S TELEPATHIC VIBRATIONS, AMPLIFIED MANY TIMES BY DROON'S APPARATUS, ARE PLODGED OUT INTO SPACE—OUT PAST SPACEHAWK'S SHIP WHICH HOVERS NEAR THE NEPTUNIAN MOON AS SPACEHAWK SEARCHES THE HEAVENS FOR PIRATES OF THE VOID...

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN RECEPTIVE MIND INSTANTLY ABSORBS THE TELEPATHIC WAVES—

VIBRATIONS OF HATRED ARE COMING FROM NEPTUNE! SOME POWERFULLY EVIL FORCE MUST BE AT WORK THERE!

SPACEHAWK THROWS HIS SPEEDY CRAFT INTO ACTION...

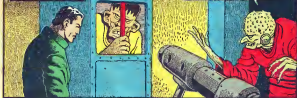
AH! JUST AS I'VE PLANNED! SPACEHAWK'S SHIP IS MOVING THIS WAY! HIS POWERFUL MIND HAS CAUGHT JODD'S MENTAL VIBRATIONS, AND HE'S COMING TO INVESTIGATE!

BEFORE HE DRIVES, I MUST SHOOT MY MEMORY-KILLER RAY INTO JODD'S BRAIN! IT WILL WIPE THIS LITTLE EPISODE OF TORTURE FROM HIS MIND, SO THAT HE WILL SERVE ME AS FAITHFULLY AS EVER!

BUT BEFORE DROON CAN GET THE RAY PROJECTOR IN OPERATION, SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY STRIDES INTO THE ROOM...

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHY IS THAT MAN IN THE CAGE?

SPACEHAWK! THIS IS NORED A PLEASANT SURPRISE! YOU HONOR ME BY VISITING MY LABORATORY! AND YOU ARE JUST IN TIME TO WATCH AN INTERESTING OPERATION—SOMETHING ENTIRELY HUMANE AND ABOVE BOARD, I ASSURE YOU!



ON THE CONTRARY, THERE'S SOMETHING QUITE WRONG HERE! LET ME LOOK AT THAT MACHINE!

NOW I MUST STAKE EVERYTHING ON MY HYPNOTIC ABILITY! HIS MIND MAY BE STRONGER THAN MINE IN SOME RESPECTS, BUT NO MIND CAN WITHSTAND THE TERRIFIC POWER OF HYPNOSIS I HAVE DEVELOPED IN MY BRAIN!

SOME SORT OF RAY MACHINE, EH? WHO WERE YOU ABOUT TO USE IT ON YOUR PRISONER?

LOOK AT ME! YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN THAT MACHINE! I AM YOUR MASTER! DO AS I COMMAND!



NOW STAND WHERE YOU ARE—AND DO NOT MOVE!

AH! THE GREAT SPACEHAWK IS PARALYZED UNDER MY POWERFUL HYPNOTIC SPELL! BUT I DARE NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES! I SHALL PERCEE HIS BRAIN WITH THE MEMORY-KILLER RAY! THEN I CAN HANDLE HIM AS I WOULD A CHILD—EVEN FROM A GREAT DISTANCE!

THE MACHINE BEGINS TO WHINE, AND A GLOWING BEAM STABS FORTH TO ENVELOP SPACEHAWK'S HEAD...



SUCCESS! WITH ALL MEMORY OF HIS PAST WIPED OUT, I SHALL BE ABLE TO USE SPACEHAWK TO CONQUER THE EARTH. BUT FIRST I MUST GET THE OJAH TERRITORY—AND QUICKLY!



HABA RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM DRAGON...

QUEEN HABA, I GIFT SPACEHAWK AN EAGLE TO RETURN TO NEPTUNE BY CALLING ON HIM FOR CERTAIN ASTRONOMICAL ADVICE! HE HAS ARRIVED BUT UNFORTUNATELY HE WAS INJURED IN LANDING. I SUGGEST THAT YOU COME HERE AT ONCE!

I SHALL BE THERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY TO ME! YOU WILL HAVE A VISITOR SOON. YOU MUST TELL HER ALL THAT I COMMAND YOU TO TELL HER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, HABA'S AIRCRAFT ARRIVES AT DRAGON'S SECURED LABORATORY...



HOW IS HE? MAY I SEE HIM?

THIS WAY, YOUR HIGHNESS! HIS INJURY IS NOT AS SERIOUS AS I THOUGHT AT FIRST! A TANK OF COMPRESSED AIR EXPLODED AS HE STEPPED INTO THE SHIP'S AIRLOCK CHAMBER. HE HAS REGAINED HIS SENSES, BUT THE CONCUSSION SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT HIS MIND CLOUDED!

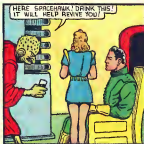


QUEEN HABA! IS IT REALLY YOU?

YES, SPACEHAWK! I'VE COME TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU!

PARDON ME. I MUST GO AND PREPARE A STIMULANT FOR HIM!





FOOL! YOUR HYPOCRISY AND YOUR MEMORY-KILLER MAY HAVEN'T HAD THE SLIGHTEST EFFECT ON MY MIND! I'VE BEEN PLAYING ALONG TO DISCOVER YOUR GAME! NOW THAT YOUR MIND IS FULL OF FEAR, I CAN READ IN IT WHY YOU WANT THE OURN VALLEY! YOU'VE FOUND THAT IT CONTAINS RICH MINERAL DEPOSITS! YOU INTEND TO USE THEM IN YOUR PLAN TO CONQUER THE EARTH NOW THAT THEY ARE EMBROILED IN A WAR AND ARE AT YOUR MERCY. BUT AS LONG AS I LIVE TO DEFEND THE GREAT NATION OF AMERICA, NO ONE IS GOING TO DO THAT!



YOU MISERABLE CHEAT! YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN A DUNGEON!



PERHAPS THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR PLANS! UP WITH YOUR HANDS — BOTH OF YOU!



I HATE TO STAKE AN OLD WERSEL LIKE YOU BUT IT'S NECESSARY!



SPACEHAWK MOVES SO SWIFTLY THAT DRAGON HAS NO TIME TO ACT...

OH, SPACEHAWK! I KNOW YOU'LL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR THIS!

THERE'S NOTHING TO FORGIVE, HAWK! I'M GLAD OF THE CHANCE TO UNCOVER DRAGON'S TREACHERY!



THEY'LL REGRET THIS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE THEY'LL BE MY PRISONERS!



DRAGON STEALTHY CRAWLS TOWARD A HIDDEN SWITCH IN THE NEXT ROOM.

THE NEXT INSTANT THE HEAVY DOOR SLAMS SHUT!



WE'RE TRAPPED!

BANG!



HE THINKS HE'S FAST
ENOUGH TO DOODGE IT, EH?
THIS TIME I WON'T MISS!



AS DRAGON AIMS AGAIN,
A GAUNT HAND
SEIZES HIS ARM....



YOU — JOE? HOW DID YOU
GET LOOSE? GO AWAY
FROM ME!



THIS TIME I NO
LOOK INTO YOUR
EYES! I KILL YOU
FIRST!

DON'T! DON'T!
GET BACK
FROM THE
EDGE, YOU
INSECT!

HOW YOU LIKE TO FLY
THRU AIR — HUH?



AS DRAGON STAGGERS
BACK, HE CLUTCHES
JOE, AND BOTH MEN
PLURGE TO THE JAGGED
ROCKS HUNDREDS OF
FEET BELOW....



HOW HORRIBLE!

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN EASY
TO DOODGE THAT ERATIC FIRING
ALL THE WAY TO MY SHIP! THEN
I COULD HAVE BLASTED DRAGON
FROM THE SKY! FORTUNATELY
I'VE BEEN SPARED THE JOB!



I MUST GO NOW, HABA.
UNCLE SAM NEEDS ME—MORE
THAN YOU. BUT I'LL COME
BACK TO SEE YOU SOON!

OH, SPACEHAWK? IT'S
WONDERFUL TO HEAR
YOU SAY THAT!
GOODBYE — AND THANK YOU!



A NEW
MENACE TO
THE PEACE AND
SECURITY OF
AMERICA
IS EXPOSED
BY

SPACEHAWK
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
**TARGET
COMICS**

SPACEHAWK

WITH HOSTILE GREEDY NATIONS ATTEMPTING TO SEIZE ALL THE WEALTH OF THE EARTH, SPACEHAWK CONCENTRATES HIS EFFORTS ON DEFENDING THE ONE GREAT LAND OF REAL FREEDOM — AMERICA. DAY AFTER DAY HE PATROLS THE STRATOSPHERE IN HIS POWERFUL SPACE SHIP, HIS KEEN SENSES ALERT FOR ANY DANGER FROM THE SKIES OR FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.



EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE QUIET HERE IN THE SKY. NOT AN OBJECT IN SIGHT, EXCEPT THAT APPROACHING ASTEROID. I'D BETTER GIVE IT A WIDE BERTH. IT'S DUE TO PASS THRU THIS SECTION OF THE STRATOSPHERE VERY SOON!



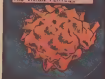
SPACEHAWK SHOOTS TOWARD SPACE AS THE HUGE BOUNDER — PEET OF AN ANCIENT, EXPLODED PLANET — CURVES IN TOWARD EARTH'S AIR BLANKET, VIRTUALLY INCINERATING THE PLANET —



THAT'S AS CLOSE TO THE EARTH AS AN ASTEROID HAS EVER COME. IF THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA HADN'T BEEN INFORMED ABOUT IT, THERE'D BE A COUNTRY-WIDE PANIC!



SPACEHAWK SWINGS HIS SUPER-POWER ELECTROSCOPE AWAY FROM THE PLANETON, AND SCANS OTHER PARTS OF THE SKY. SUDDENLY AN UGLY MASS LOOMS IN THE VISION PLATE...



ANOTHER ASTEROID HEADED THIS WAY! THAT'S INCREDIBLE! THERE'S NO RECORD OF ANOTHER ONE IN — WHAM! I'M GOING OUT AND HAVE A LOOK AT THAT BUNK OF MATTER!



WHILE SPACEHAWK SPEEDS NORTH TO HYPERGATE, CRAFTY SIES WATCH HIS SHIP...

WE ARE SAFE, KORD! HE IS HEADING INTO SPACE!

HA! HE IS BUT A TOOL LIKE THE MILLIONS OF OTHERS DOWN THERE IN AMERICA WHO DO NOT SUSPECT THAT SUDORN DEATH IS ABOUT TO PLUNGE UPON THEM!



KORD BARKS ORDERS INTO A MICROPHONE

DESCEND INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND PREPARE TO STOP DIRECTLY OVER NEW YORK!



WE MUST OPERATE BEFORE THE REAL ASTEROID COMES WITHIN RANGE OF EARTH'S TELESCOPES, HARK! LITTLE DO THE 'SAUS' AMERICANS REFLECT THAT THEY ARE SHEDDING UP AT A HOLLOW METAL SHELL PROPELLED BY CONTROLLED MASS ATTRACTION AND LIFTED BY GIANT ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS!

AND FILLED WITH ENOUGH BOMBS TO BLAST THEM ALL TO POWDER!



A SHORT WHILE LATER SPACEHAWK CIRCLES THE DISTANT ASTEROID...

DEEP GULLES IN IT! IDEAL SPOTS FOR TRAPS TO HIDE — THEN POP OUT AND SNARMA OVER AMERICA! I'LL HAVE TO SEARCH EVERY ONE OF THEM!



SINCE MAX HASTER
INSPECTS THE
MAMMOTH SKY
BOULDER, BUT
FINDS NO SHIPS.



THE FIRST ASTEROID
WASN'T VERY
BIGGED....NO
CHANCE TO HIDE
SAVES! JUST THE
SAME, SO BETTER
HAVE ANOTHER LOOK
AT IT THRU THE
ELECTROSCOPE!



WHY — IT'S SLOWED UP!
IT'S TURNING THE OTHER
DIRECTION! THAT MEANS
THE EARTH IS PULLING IT
IN! IF IT CRASHES, EVERY
BUILDING ON THE CONTINENT
WILL BE SHAKEN DOWN!



IT'S TOO LATE TO WARN THE PEOPLE,
BUT IF THIS TERRIBLE THING HAPPENS,
I'D BETTER BE ON HAND TO HELP KEEP
ORDER IN SOME OF THE LARGE CITIES!



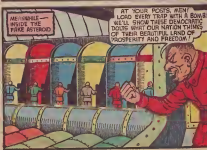
AS SPACEMAN RACES
TOWARD EARTH, HE KEEPS
AN EYE ON THE
FORMIDABLE OBJECT...

NOW IT'S STANDING STILL!
AND IT'S NOT FALLING!
WHAT IN THE SUN'S
BLAZES IS HOLDING IT?



MEANWHILE —
INSIDE THE
FARE ASTEROID

AT YOUR POSTS, MEN!
LOAD EVERY TRAP WITH A BOMB!
WE'LL SHOW THESE DEMOCRATIC
DOGS WHAT OUR NATION THINKS
OF THEIR BEAUTIFUL LAND OF
PROSPERITY AND FREEDOM!



BELOW, MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
GAZE TEARFULLY UPWARD,
WONDER HOW THE MIGHTY
OBJECT CAN HALT IN MID-
SKY — TERRIFIED AT
WHAT MAY HAPPEN....

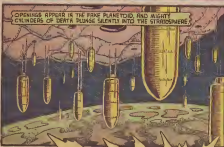


RELEASE THE
FIRST SET OF
BOMBS, HAKI!

WITH PLEASURE,
KORU! HERE
GOES THE STUFF
THAT WILL BLAST
THEIR GREAT CITY
INTO A SMOKING CINDER!



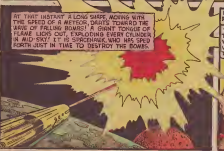
OPENINGS APPEAR IN THE FINE PUMETOID, AND MIGHTY
CHUNDERS OF DEATH PLUNGE SILENTLY INTO THE STRATOSPHERE!



HOW TO MOVE ON TO
WASHINGTON AND
WIDE THAT FINE CITY
OFF THE MAP! BUT
FIRST LET US FEAST
OUR EYES ON THE
GRAND SPECTACLE
BELOW! ANOTHER
TWO MINUTES, AND....



AT THAT INSTANT A LONG SHARP, MOVING WITH
THE SPEED OF A METEOR, DARTS TOWARD THE
WAVE OF FALLING BOMBS! A GIANT TONGUE OF
FLAME LICKS OUT, EXPLODING EVERY CYLINDER
IN MID-SKY! IT IS SPACEMAN, WHO HAS SPED
NORTH JUST IN TIME TO DESTROY THE BOMBS.



KORU! THEY DID NOT
REACH THE EARTH!

YOU MEN AT THE
TRAP — LOAD UP
WITH MORE BOMBS!
WE'LL HAVE TO
TRY AGAIN!



WHILE THE ATTACKERS MAKE FURTHER PREPARATIONS, SPACEHAWK ZOOMS UP TOWARD THE FAKE ASTEROID...



A MOMENT LATER, PROTECTED BY SPACE ARMOR, HE LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP, LEAVING IT IN THE HANDS OF HIS ROBOT PILOT.



WHO EVER IS INSIDE THIS THING HAD ME COMPLETELY FOOLED! I SHOULD HAVE EXAMINED IT MORE CLOSELY!

CLINGING TO THE METAL SURFACE WITH HIS MAGNETIZED BOOTS, SPACEHAWK RISES TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FAKE ASTEROID, AND AT THE RISK OF BEING CRUSHED BY A DESCENDING BOMB, FORCES HIS WAY INTO ONE OF THE CHUTES.



MEANWHILE -

BUT WHY DID THOSE BOMBS EXPLODE? CAN IT BE THAT THERE IS SOME SORT OF INVULNERABLE PROTECTION OVER THE CITY?

STOP WASTING TIME WONDERING ABOUT IT! EVERYTHING IS READY AGAIN! RELEASE THE BOMBS!



AT THAT MOMENT SPACEHAWK CRASHES THRU THE DOOR, HIS OWN SPITTING INSTANT DEATH INTO HAWK'S CHEST...

SPACEHAWK!



BUT AS THE ORIENTAL FALLS, HIS RIGID FINGERS CLUTCH THE SWITCH HANDLE AND YANK IT BACK...



RAT! YOUR HEROIC EFFORTS ARE FUTILE! YOU'VE JUST HELPED KILL AT LEAST TEN MILLION OF YOUR BELOVED BELIEVERS IN DEMOCRACY! THE BOMBS ARE ON THEIR WAY!



SPACEHAWK WAILS IN HIS TRACKS. COLD PERSPIRATION BREAKS OUT ON HIS FOREHEAD AS HE STARES SILENTLY AHEAD...



KORU CANNOT KNOW THAT THE INTRUDER'S MIGHTY HAND IS PLAYING A TROUG COMMAND TO HIS ROBOT PILOT. INSTANTLY THE ROBOT DIES SPACEHAWK'S SHIP AFTER THE FALLING WAVE OF BOMBS, AND OPENS FIRE...



EVEN IN THE BARRIED AIR OF THE SPATIOSPHERE SPACEHAWK AND KORU HEAR THE DETONATION. THE TRIUMPHANT SNEER FROES FROM KORU'S FACE.

THEY - THEY MUST HAVE EXPLODED IN MID-SKY -- AGAIN!

RIGHT! AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN NOW IT HAPPENED EITHER TIME! LEAD ME TO THE CONTROL ROOM!



THIS IS MY CHANCE! I'LL TAKE HIM SOMEWHERE BUT IT WON'T BE TO THE CONTROL ROOM!



YOU RAT! YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE SAID THAT OUT LOUD! I SHOULD FINISH WITH YOU RIGHT HERE!

HELP!



SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH CHARGING MEN, BUT THEIR COMBINED STRENGTH IS AS NOTHING AGAINST SPACEHAWK'S. NOR ARE THEIR WEAPONS EFFECTIVE AGAINST HIS SPACE ARMOR...



LEAVING
PART
OF HIS
CREW
AND
SPACEHAWK
TO FIGHT
IT OUT,
KORU
RUSHES
TO
THE
CONTROL
ROOM
AND
THREATS
HIS
PILOT
ALIVE....

CAPTAIN KORU!
YOU'RE TURNING
OFF THE ANTI-
GRAVITY POWER!
WE'LL FALL
TO EARTH!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT!
SPACEHAWK IS ABOVE!
I'LL SMASH HIM AND
NEW YORK AT THE
SAME TIME!

BUT WE'LL
ALL BE
KILLED IF—

SILENCE, KORU! IF YOU'D
BEEN MORE ALERT AT THE
TELESCOPES, THIS WOULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED! THIS IS
WHAT YOU DESERVE!

HOW TO GET INTO
MY SPACE CAR,
SHOOT OUT THRU
THE TAKE-OFF
TUBE, AND GET
AWAY FROM HERE
BEFORE IT CRASHES!

BUT AS KORU DASHES INTO THE CORRIDOR—

PLANNING ON
LEAVING SO
SOON?

YOU AGAIN!

LET ME GO! THE ANTI-
GRAVITY POWER IS OFF!
WE'RE FALLING TOWARD
EARTH!

SURE, I'LL LET YOU GO —
BUT FIRST—HERE'S A LITTLE
BIT OF MY AFFECTION FOR
YOUR CREW, THE GOVERNMENT
THAT SENT THIS CAPT—AND YOU!

SPACEHAWK
QUICKLY
FINDS THE
CONTROL
ROOM....

WE'RE
DROPPING
FAST, BUT
I'LL SOON
FIX THAT!

BELOW IN
NEW YORK

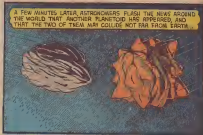
LOOK! IT'S
REAKING INTO
SPACE! WE'RE
SAFE!

TAN

NOW THAT I HAVE THIS THING OUT OF THE LEADER STRATO-
SPHERE, I MUST LOCATE THE
REAL ASTEROID! YES! - THERE
IT IS COMING THIS WAY AND
JUST IN THE RIGHT POSITION
FOR WHAT I WANT!



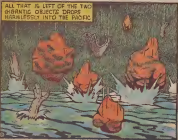
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ASTRONAUTS FLASH THE NEWS AROUND
THE WORLD THAT ANOTHER PLANETOID HAS APPEARED, AND
THAT THE TWO OF THEM MAY COLLIDE NOT FAR FROM EARTH.



SPACEHAWK EMERGES FROM THE
FAKE ASTEROID, AND INSTANTLY
SUMMONS HIS SHIP. FROM
WITHIN IT, HE WATCHES THE
REAL ASTEROID CRASH INTO THE
MAN-MADE OBJECT HE HAS
STEERED INTO ITS PATH.



ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE TWO
GHASTLY OBJECTS DROPS
HAPLESSLY INTO THE PACIFIC.



I SUPPOSE I SHOULD LET AMERICA
KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED UP HERE
AND WHAT ALMOST HAPPENED DOWN
THERE - BUT WHY WORRY THE PEOPLE
ABOUT IT? THEY'RE STILL SAFE,
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS!

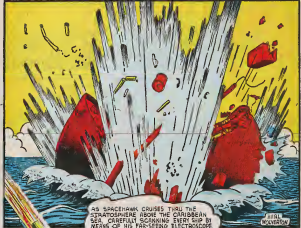


IN NEXT MONTH'S
TARGET COMICS
SPACEHAWK
CLASHES WITH THE DEMY FORCES
AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

SPACEHAWK

DEFENDER OF AMERICA



AS SPACEHAWK CRUISES THRU THE STRATOSPHERE ABOVE THE CARIBBEAN SEA, CAREFULLY SCANNING EVERY SHIP BY MEANS OF HIS FAR-SEEING ELECTROSCOPE, HE IS SHOCKED TO SEE A LARGE AMERICAN FRIGATE RENT APART BY AN EXPLOSION...

JOHN WOLFE

SPACEHAWK SWOOPS FORWARD—HOPING TO RESCUE SOME OF THE CREW—

TOO LATE! NOTHING BUT DEBRIS LEFT ON THE SURFACE!

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE THAT MURDER HAS BEEN PLANNED IN THESE WATERS?



THE PRESENCE OF MINES HERE WOULD BE AN EXTREMELY SERIOUS MATTER! THE PACIFIC FLEET HAS JUST PASSED THRU THE PANAMA CANAL, AND IS HEADED THIS WAY! I'D BETTER GO OVER EVERY FOOT OF THE SURFACE IN THIS AREA!



SPACEHAWK'S ELECTROSCOPE SOON SHOWS A PECULIAR OBJECT FLOATING A FEW MILES FROM THE EXPLODED SHIP.



AS HE APPROACHES, IT BOBS UNDER THE SURFACE --



VERY STRANGE! WHATEVER THAT THING IS, IT WENT UNDER BECAUSE I WAS APPROACHING IT! IF I LEAVE, PERHAPS --



SPACEHAWK SHOOTS UP OUT OF SIGHT IN THE STRATOSPHERE



A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL IS RELIEVED TO SEE HIM GO.



A WINGLESS AIRPLANE PROPULSED BY ROCKETS! SURELY THE AMERICANS DO NOT HAVE SUCH A CRAFT! BUT IT IS DONE NOW! NOTHING CAN STOP OUR SINKING EVERY SHIP THAT COMES WITHIN MILES OF HERE!

SEND THE EYE BACK TO THE SURFACE!

YES, CAPTAIN!



WHY! NOW IT'S ON THE SURFACE AGAIN! I'M GOING BACK DOWN THERE AND THIS TIME I'LL FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!



HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THE SOUTH, SPACEHAWK'S SHIP DIVES BENEATH THE WAVES, AND STREAKS NORTHWARD...

A FEW MINUTES LATER, SPACE-HAWK SPOTS A DARK LINE RUNNING UP THRU THE WATER.

SO THAT'S IT! THE THING ON TOP IS SOME SORT OF SENSING DEVICE ATTACHED TO A CABLE! BUT WHERE DOES THE CABLE LEAD?

SPACEHAWK DRIFTS DOWNWARD, MOMENTARILY EXPECTING TO MEET A SUBMARINE. FINALLY, AS HE NEARS THE BOTTOM, A MONSTRIOUS METAL THING LUMBERS WOODY OUT OF THE WATER'S SHADOWS!



A GIANT UNDERSEA TANK! IT'S ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE! WHY—SUCH A MACHINE COULD GINK THE WHOLE PACIFIC FLEET!

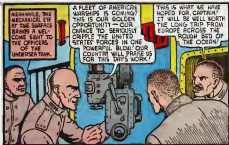


IT'S HEADED TOWARD THE CABLE! IF THE MEN INSIDE IT AREN'T AWARE THAT A WHOLE FLEET OF BATTLESHIPS IS HEADED THIS WAY, THEY'LL SOON DISCOVER IT! I MUST CUT THAT CABLE LEADING TO THE MECHANICAL EYE!



I DON'T DARE GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO LET THEM SEE MY SHIP! I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT THERE IN A SPACE SUIT!





SLOWLY HE SWIMS UP TO THE
EYE LINE, AND SEIZES IT WITH
A BLAST FROM HIS HIGH
PRESSURE ELECTRON TORCH...



THE SCREEN IS BLANK! FISH MUST
HAVE TANGLED WITH THE LINE AGAIN!
BEFORE YOU LEAD UP ANOTHER EYE,
I'LL GIVE THOSE FINNY DEVILS A
GOOD DOSE OF CONCUSSION!



A TORPEDO STRAIDS
UP FROM ONE OF
THE TUBES



HALF WAY TO THE SURFACE
IT EXPLODES WITH A
CRASHING FORCE THAT
TEARS SPACEHAWK'S
DYSMUSE FROM HIM...



HE DROPS DOWN
PAST THE TRAP,
AND LANDS ON
ONE OF THE HUGE
GUARDS OVER THE
CRAWLER WHEELS.



THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!
BUT IF I CAN GET THRU THIS
TRAP, ALIVE WITH THIS TORCH,
PERHAPS I CAN STILL GIVE THEM
PLENTY OF TROUBLE!



MINUTES DRAG BY.
THEN INSIDE THE TRAP,
AN ALARM LIGHT
BLINKS OUT A
WARNING...



OPERATOR SIX REPORTS
WATER IS COMING THRU
THE OUTER HULL!

THE COMMANDER
BARKS AN ORDER
TO REPAIRMEN...

THERE'S A LEAK
SOMewhere IN THE
OUTER HULL! GO
OUT AND FIX IT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO
HURRY! WE'LL BE
FIRING TORPEDOES
VERY SHORTLY!



SHORTLY AFTERWARD
SPACEHAWK
SURVIVED TO SEE
A METAL-GLAD
FIGURE REDE HAW...

SOMEONE'S COME
TO LOOK FOR
TROUBLE! THIS
IS A BREAK!

THERE SHOULD BE A
WATER-LOCK ENTRANCE AROUND
HERE! AW! HERE IT IS! I'LL
HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE ON
THEIR LETTING ME IN!

SPACEHAWK
RAPS ON THE
INNER WALL,
THINKING
THAT THE REPAIRMAN
HAS RETURNED.
THE WATER-LOCK
OPERATOR
CLOSES THE
OUTER DOOR,
DRAWS THE
LOCK, AND
OPENS THE
INNER DOOR.
TERROR GRIPS
HIM AS THE
STRANGE FIGURE
LEAPS OUT.

HE LEAPS UP AND
HURLS THE
REPAIRMAN OFF
THE TANK...

YOU - YOU AREN'T -

NO, I'M NOT, AND
LET'S LET IT GO AT
THAT!

GUIDED BY HIS
KEEN SENSES,
SPACEHAWK
QUICKLY
SEERS OUT
THE
COMMANDER'S
POST...

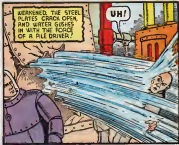
KINDLY STEP ASIDE,
CAPTAIN! I'D LIKE TO
TAKE A LOOK THRU
THAT GADGET!

HUH?
WHAT'S THIS?

WHO - WHO ARE YOU?
WHEN? WHERE DID THIS
FELLOW COME FROM?
GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

HMM! THE FLEET IS
NEARLY OVERHEAD!
I'VE ARRIVED JUST
IN TIME!





Moon

JUSTICE



A SPACEHAWK STORY

By Basil Wolverton

VOLL RUKOR's thick Martian lips stretched into a sardonic grin as he gunned his swift space-ship and headed off toward Earth.

Below him, on the broad expanse of red Martian tundra, was the grim prison from which he had, only a few minutes ago, been freed. For five long years, within those walls, he had hated and cursed his brother, who, in the meantime, was building the great tin mining plant Voll Rukor had tried to build. But in his rash efforts to push himself

ahead, Voll Rukor had attempted to swindle his own brother.

But now he was on his way to execute the revenge, wholly unjustifiable, that had developed in his heart toward his brother.

Martian authorities had given Rukor back his well-equipped ship, and before long he would put a swift end to the project he imagined should have been his.

A WEEK later Rukor's ship flashed out of the black, star-studded void, and swung into an arc parallel to the Moon's line of curvature. Years of prospecting on Earth's satellite had made him familiar with every crater, mountain range and sea bed on the planet.

He needed his ship down toward an exceptionally deep crater, whose weird shadows, not quite as dark as those in adjoining craters, showed that this gigantic pit was full of air. Rukor's sharp yellow eyes sought out and feasted upon the speeding thing that was intended to be the largest tin mine and ore smelting plant in the solar system, and which, owned by American interests, would be of vital importance in industry and armament.

Reverse rockets roared, and the ship came to a stop in a gulley of ancient lava.

Quickly Rukor was out of the ship.

In one hand he carried a heavy metal electron lamp, and in the other he gripped a deadly

object that was very precious to him. It was the powerful atom bomb he had painstakingly constructed in the laboratory of his space-ship during his trip from Mars.

He went directly to a certain spot—a pile of lava rocks against a towering cliff. Here, more than five years before, the Rukor brothers had discovered the vast vein of cawacenta, or tin ore.

It took Rukor only a few minutes to clear away the rocks. Then he was inside the tunnel, and heading in the direction of the main artery.

Presently he heard the dull throb of riveters above, and knew that he was under the construction site. Carefully he adjusted the timing device in the bomb, and squeezed it into a fissure.

His moment had almost arrived. Within a short time, when he would be thousands of miles away, a tremendous explosion would blast in the caverns and arcanes, and the half-finished buildings above would plunge down in a heap of rubble that would be forever a grave for his brother and the workmen!

He turned and ran, for suddenly he felt as though he couldn't get out soon enough. What if the bomb should explode prematurely?

He tried to run faster, but instead, he came to an abrupt halt, and uttered a nervous scream!

DIRECTLY in front of him, barring his way to freedom, was a tall, powerful figure! Rukor shrank back as he recognized the piercing, gray eyes.

"Spacehawk!" he panted in a dry, quaking voice. Rukor all but wilted under Spacehawk's mind-penetrating gaze.

"Voll Rukor, go back and get that bomb!" Spacehawk snapped.

Rukor's thin fingers clamped around the election lamp he held before him. His hatred for Spacehawk was almost as great as his fear of him!

The heavy lamp flashed thru the air, directly for Spacehawk's

head. Spacehawk crouched and whipped himself sideways, but agile as he was, one end of the spinning missile struck him a glancing blow, and he stumbled against the tunnel wall.

In that instant Rukor leaped around Spacehawk, and darted away at full speed. He didn't waste time looking behind him, but in his mind's eye he could see Spacehawk leveling his blast pistol, and momentarily he expected a knife of flame in his back!

Like a frightened rat he scrambled over the lava mounds and fairly dived over his ship. His trembling fingers seized the controls, setting them for a swift take-off . . . but the ship remained immobile as a log!

Spacehawk had cut all the wires! It would require precious minutes to repair the damage. Meanwhile . . . ?

He scrambled out of the ship, climbed to the top of a ridge, and looked about. No sign of Spacehawk. Was it possible that he had injured or perhaps even killed him?

SUDDENLY, Spacehawk shot out of the tunnel, stopped, and hurled something into the sky. There was a low whine as the object zipped up with the speed of a bullet.

There was no sound when the bomb exploded, for Spacehawk buried it into the airless void outside the crater. Just a silent flash of purple flame against the stars!

Then Spacehawk was upon the Martian. "It's a good thing you didn't go after that bomb!" Spacehawk said. "You might not have made it in time!"

Before he could realize what was happening, Rukor found himself in Spacehawk's ship, and planted before a large steel screen.

"America has given me the right to some broad powers," Spacehawk growled out, "but one thing I can't do is give you your sentence. The World Court in America will do that—now!"

Rukor's heart sank. This would mean another long stretch in some vile prison. He couldn't stand it! But what was there to do? Now the grave face of a judge appeared on the telor screen, and Spacehawk briefly gave the details of the Martian's treachery. The judge scrutinized the prisoner. Then he spoke.

"Voll Rukor, I hereby sentence you to ninety days of hard labor in the North Prison Camp of the Moon!"

Rukor sat upright. He could scarcely believe his ears. Ninety days! What was a mere ninety days? In only three months he could come back, and by some method or other, do what he had just failed to do!

He grinned to himself as the judge addressed Spacehawk.

"Spacehawk, you're doing a splendid job of safeguarding America and its industries. Would you please deliver this man to the Moon's North Prison? If he still has criminal notions when he gets out seven years from now, I hope you'll be around to prevent further trouble!"

As the judge's face faded from the screen, Rukor sprang from his chair.

WHERE does he get that seven year stuff!" he shouted indignantly. "He just got through sentencing me to ninety days!"

Spacehawk calmly surveyed Rukor's angry, distorted face.

"The judge wasn't speaking of Earth days when he sentenced you," Spacehawk explained. "He was speaking of Moon days. They're twenty-eight times longer than Earth days, you know. That makes seven Earth years, doesn't it?"

The truth suddenly dawned on Voll Rukor. His shaking jaw dropped in resignation, and he slumped to the floor.

THE END

SPACE HAWK

A POWERFUL ROCKET SHIP MOVES SWIFTLY ABOVE THE CLOUD MASSES OVER DARKENED EUROPE. IT IS THE SPACE CRAFT OF THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK, WHOSE POTENT SENSITIVE BRAIN SEEKS TO ABSORB TELEPATHIC VIBRATIONS UNWITTINGLY LOOSED BY THE EVIL MINDS OF THOSE WHO PLOT TO SPREAD WAR AND DESTRUCTION THROUGHOUT THE DARK...

by **BASIL WOERNERTON**

VIBRATIONS OF EVIL ARE EMANATING FROM MOOSLER'S CAPITAL! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!



GUIDED BY HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP AND DROPS TOWARD THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE MIGHTY MOOSLER, INTERNATIONAL ENEMY NO. 1.

INSIDE MOOSLER'S ARMO —

NO NATION OF FAT, STUPID CAPITALISTS CAN FRIGHTEN ME, MOOSLER! HOWEVER, AS A MERE MATTER OF PRECAUTION, WE MUST PREVENT THE UNITED STATES FROM SENDING AID TO OUR ENEMIES! WE MUST SEND SUBMARINES TO AMERICA, AND TORPEDO EVERY BOAT THAT LEAVES ITS SHORES!





SPACEHAWK CREEPS UP
ON THE GUARD, AND—



SO FAR, SO GOOD! AH!
HERE ARE THE KEYS!



NOW FOR A JOLLY
LITTLE TETE-A-TETE
WITH MOOSLER!



WHO'S
THERE?



SURPRISE!



WHAT IS THIS?
I'LL HAVE YOU—

DON'T GET YOUR
BLOOD PRESSURE
UP! SIT DOWN AND
TAKE IT EASY WHILE
WE HAVE A TALK!



A TALK? WHY, YOD HAIR-BRAINED IDIOT!
YOU'VE ALREADY SAID YOUR LAST WORDS!
TAKE THIS!





FOR A MILITARY MAN,
YOU'RE A POOR FIGHTER!



OUT LIKE A LIGHT!
THAT'LL MAKE IT
EASIER FOR ME TO
GET HIM OUT THE
WINDOW AND UP
INTO MY SHIP!



THE GUARD — SOUND
AND GAGGED! THIS IS
TERRIBLE! SOUND THE
GENERAL ALARM!



BY THE TIME
ANXIOUS
GUARDS
AND OFFICERS
CAN GET
INTO HIS
ROOM, THE
DICTATOR
IS BEING
WHISKED
TOWARD
SPACEWALKER'S
ROBOT-
CONTROLLED
SHIP...



WHAT HAPPENED...
WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE THREE MILES UP
IN THE CLOUDS! BUT
DON'T WORRY! YOU MAY
SOON HAVE YOUR FEET
ON THE GROUND! GET
INTO THIS PARACHUTE!



DIRECTLY BELOW US, HUNDREDS OF
YOUR TANKS ARE ATTACKING A
SMALL NATION! I'M GOING TO DROP
YOU IN FRONT OF YOUR OWN
DEATH-DEALING DEVICES, AND GIVE
YOU A DOSE OF YOUR OWN MEDICINE!



RIGHT — UNLESS YOU GIVE
THE ORDER THAT NO SUB-
MARINES ARE TO GO INTO
THE AMERICAN NEUTRALITY
ZONE, OR ATTACK AMERICAN
SHIPS!

BUT I CAN'T RETRACT
MY ORDERS NOW! I'D
LOSE FACE WITH MY
STAFF, MY ARMY, MY
PEOPLE! BETTER THAT
MY WHOLE NATION SHOULD
PERISH THAN THAT I
SHOULD BE DISGRACED!



I WON'T ARGUE WITH
YOU! COME ON!
GET OUT!



SPACEPAK
PITCHES
MOOSLER
INTO THE
SKY.....



HE LANDS IN A
SHELL-TORN
FIELD IN THE
PATH OF HIS
APPROACHING
WAR AIRCRAFTS...



WHO EVER YOU ARE,
YOU'LL DIE FOR THIS!
—AND MILLIONS MORE
WITH YOU!



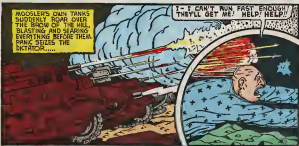
A SHELL WHINES
OVER MOOSLER'S
HEAD, AND
EXPLODES A
FEW YARDS AWAY.



WHY SHOULD I FEAR
THE TERRORS OF
WAR? I, MOOSLER,
AM A MAN OF DESTINY!
NOTHING CAN MOVE ME
FROM MY PURPOSE!



MOOSLER'S OWN TANKS
SUDDENLY ROAR OVER
THE BACK OF THE HILL,
BLASTING AND SEARING
EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM.
PANG SEIZES THE
SITUATION.....



I - I CAN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH!
THEY'LL GET ME! HELP! HELP!





ENEMY TANKS COMING FROM THE OTHER DIRECTION! I'M TRAPPED!

BOOM!

BOOM!

CRASH!



THEY'RE COMING CLOSER!
CLOSER! CLOSER!
I'LL BE KILLED!



AS WOOSLER,
PALESD WITH
FEAR, ATTEMPTS
TO DIG HIS WAY
TO SAFETY, A
FIGURE PLUMETS
FROM THE SKY...



—AND SNATCHES
UP THE COVERING
DICTATOR.



SPACEMAN CARRIES
HIM TO HIS SHIP.

WELL, WOOSLER, HAVE
YOU HAD ENOUGH,
OR SHALL I —

NO! NO! I'LL
DO ANYTHING
YOU ASK IF
YOU'LL ONLY
SPARE ME!

GOOD! THEN I EXPECT YOU TO CALL OFF YOUR SUBMARINES!

I'LL DO IT!
I'LL DO IT!



HERE WE ARE OVER YOUR CAPITAL. I'LL TAKE YOU TO YOUR HOME! AND REMEMBER — IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR PROMISE, I'LL BE BACK AFTER YOU!



THE TWO DROP FROM SPACEHAWK'S SHIP...



TO EVERY ONE'S SURPRISE, THE DICTATOR SUDDENLY ROBS IN THRU THE WINDOW...

IT'S HIS EXCELLENCY!
HAIL, MOOSLER!

HE MUST HAVE BEEN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP!

STOP SHRIEKING, YOU IDIOTS, AND HELP ME INTO BED BEFORE I FREEZE TO DEATH!



YOU! — CAPTAIN VON HAWBLATT! I WANT YOU TO SEE TO IT AT ONCE THAT NO SUBMARINES GO TO AMERICA OR ATTACK AMERICAN SHIPS!



BUT SIR, YOU'VE ALREADY GIVEN THE ORDERS TO —

I KNOW IT! I KNOW IT! I'M CALLING IT ALL OFF! DO AS I SAY, OR FACE A FIRING SQUAD!



SATISFIED WITH WHAT HE HAS HEARD, SPACEHAWK SHOOTS BACK TO HIS SHIP...

I REALIZE THAT I CAN'T RELY ON A DICTATOR'S PROMISE, BUT I FEEL THAT I'VE STALLED THE OLD BOY OFF FOR A LITTLE WHILE AT LEAST!



NEXT MONTH
SPACEHAWK
SETS OUT TO DESTROY A FLOATING SUBMARINE BASE!


TARGET COMICS

HIGH IN THE STRATOSPHERE, HIDDEN FROM THE EYES OF THE EARTH PEOPLE, THE MYSTERIOUS MAN FROM SPACE CONTINUES HIS LONE VIGIL, READY TO THROW HIS POWERS INTO THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA.

SPACEHAWK

THIS SENSITIVE DEVICE TO PICK UP TELEPHONE MESSAGES FROM A DISTANCE IS COMING IN HANDY! I'M LEARNING MANY SECRETS! AH! HERE'S AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION IN EUROPE!

By
JOHN BROWN

CAPTAIN WOLF, LEAVE PORT AT ONCE WITH YOUR SUBMARINE CARRIER. PROCEED AT FULL SPEED TO SECTION 68, AND SINK THE AMERICAN SHIP HEADING EASTWARD WITH SUPPLIES FOR THE ENEMY! DO NOT FAIL!

OUR NEW TYPE OF SMALL SUBMARINES CAN NOT FAIL, COMMANDER! THAT AMERICAN SHIP WILL BE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE ATLANTIC WITHIN TWELVE HOURS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT AREA OF THE SEA THE COMMANDER MEANS BY SECTION 68, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND THAT SUBMARINE CARRIER BEFORE IT GETS THERE!



SAILORS THROUGH
THE ATLANTIC
ARE STARTLED TO
SEE A STREAK
OF FIRE ACROSS
THE NIGHT SKY....

A GIANT
METEOR!

IT MUST BE
CLOSE! LISTEN
TO THAT ROAR!

BUT THE "METEOR" IS SPACEHAWK'S
SWIFT ROCKET SHIP ZIPPING BACK
AND FORTH ABOVE THE ATLANTIC...

WHILE INSIDE, AT HIS
POWERFUL ELECTROSCOPE,
SPACEHAWK SCANS THE
DARK SEA FOR THE
"SUBMARINE CARRIER..."

SUCCESS! THAT
ODD-SHAPED CRAFT
DOWN THERE
MUST BE IT!

NOW, WITH MY TELEPATHY-CONTROLLED
ROBOT, TO GUIDE MY SHIP I'LL PAY
THAT SUB CARRIER A VISIT!



SPACEHAWK DROPS FROM THE SKY--
--STRAIGHT FOR THE WAR CRAFT...

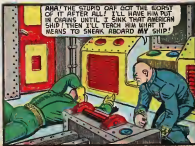
WE'VE MADE GOOD
TIME! WE'RE
ENTERING SECTION
6B NOW!

CAPTAIN WOOLE
I BELIEVE!



MEANWHILE, THE
CAPTAIN IS ALONE
IN HIS QUARTERS.





A FEW MINUTES LATER, WITH THE
APPROACH OF DAWN, A SCOUTING
SHIP TAKES OFF FROM THE CARRIER



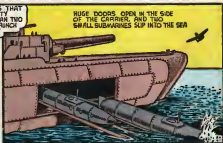
—AND SOON LOCATES
THE AMERICAN SHIP...



OUR PILOT REPORTS THAT
OUR PREY IS SEVENTY
MILES DUE WEST! MAN TWO
SUBMARINES AND LAUNCH
THEM FOR THE JOB!



HUGE DOORS OPEN IN THE SIDE
OF THE CARRIER, AND TWO
SMALL SUBMARINES SLIP INTO THE SEA



IN HIS CELL, SPACE-
HAWK RECOVERS
FROM THE EFFECTS
OF HIS ACCIDENT...

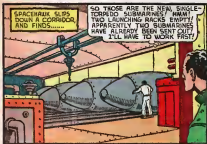


THE CAPTAIN MIGHT BE
SURPRISED TO KNOW
THAT THESE CHAINS
DON'T MEAN A THING!



—AND NEITHER DOES
THIS STEEL WALL!





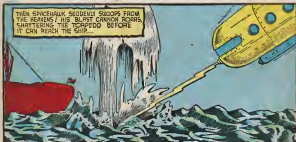
BUT THE SUBMARINES ARE ALREADY
WITHIN FIRING RANGE OF THE FREIGHTER,
AND ONE OF THEM RELEASES ITS TORPEDO

A LOOK-OUT
ON THE FREIGHTER
SPOTS THE
APPROACHING DEATH.

TORPEDO!

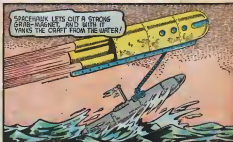


THEN SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY SDOOPS FROM
THE HEMENS! HIS BLAST CANNON ROARS,
SHATTERING THE TORPEDO BEFORE
IT CAN REACH THE SHIP...



NOW TO GET
TO THAT OTHER
SUB BEFORE
ITS CREW
CAN LAUNCH
THEIR TORPEDO!

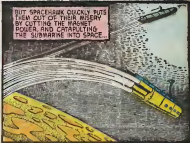
SPACEHAWK LETS OUT A STRONG
GRAB-MAGNET, AND WITH IT
YANKS THE CRAFT FROM THE WATER!



THE TERRIFIC JERK CRASHES
THE CREW AGAINST THE WALLS.



BUT SPACEBARK QUICKLY PUTS
THEM OUT OF THEIR MISERY
BY CUTTING THE MAGNET
POWER, AND CATAPULTING
THE SUBMARINE INTO SPACE...



THE CRAFT COMES TO AN ABRUPT
END WHEN IT COLLIDES WITH A METEOR.



SPACEBARK DIPS BACK TO SEA AND
GRABS THE GRAB MAGNET ON THE
OTHER SUBMARINE — NOW HARMLESS
BECAUSE ITS ONLY TORPEDO IS GONE...



THE AMERICAN SAILORS
ABOARD THE FREIGHTER
WATCH IN AMAZEMENT...

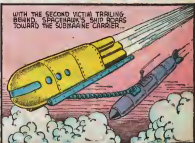
A WINGLESS
AIRPLANE!
WHAT
KEEPS
IT UP?

LOOK! IT'S
JERKING
ANOTHER
SUB. OUT OF
THE WATER!

IT'S SAVED OUR
LIVES — AND THIS
CARGO OF RED
CROSS SUPPLIES!



WITH THE SECOND VICTIM TRAILING
BEHIND, SPACEBARK'S SHIP BOGS
TOWARD THE SUBMARINE CARRIER...



I'M SURE THAT CAPTAIN WOOLF WOULD LIKE TO HAVE AT LEAST ONE OF HIS SUBS BACK! HERE'S WHERE HE GETS IT — RIGHT IN THE HECK!

SPACEHAWK TAKES CAREFUL AIM, AND RELEASES THE CRAFT.

DOWN ON THE CARRIER—

CAPTAIN WOOLF, LOOK!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S COMING STRAIGHT FOR US!

THE SUBMARINE PLOWS THRU THE CARRIER...

BOOM!

THE IMPACT EXPLODES THE TORPEDOES WITHIN THE SHIP —

—AND WITHIN A FEW MINUTES ITS HEADED FOR THE BOTTOM...

WELL, IF THOSE RED CROSS SUPPLIES DON'T GET THRU, IT WON'T BE BECAUSE I DIDN'T CLEAR THE WAY!

HOW CAN SPACEHAWK WIN OUT AGAINST A WHOLE FLEET OF ENEMY BOMBERS? HE WILL DEFEND U.S. INDUSTRY IN AUGUST'S TARGET COMICS

CONCEALED IN THE STRATOSPHERE, THE MYSTERIOUS DEFENDER OF AMERICA SCANS THE EAST COAST OF THE CONTINENT...

AN UNMARKED SHIP IS FLYING TOWARD LABRADOR FROM THE DIRECTION OF GREENLAND! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THAT!

SPACEHAWK

SPACEHAWK'S SUFT ROCKET SHIP SWOOPS EARTHWARD, AND ROARS OVER THE SNOWY WILDERNESS...

by BOB WOLFEARD

THAT'S STRANGE! THAT PLANE DISAPPEARED RIGHT HERE! PERHAPS IT PLUNGED INTO A DEEP SNOWDRIFT! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT BEFORE I DEPART

LEAVING HIS SHIP IN THE HANDS OF HIS MIND-CONTROLLED ROBOT, SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT...





THERE'S A CABIN!
POSSIBLY I CAN GET
SOME INFORMATION THERE!



WELL—
WHO
ARE
YOU?

I'M FROM ACROSS
THE RIDGE! RAN
OUT OF FLOUR,
AND CAME OVER
TO SEE IF YOU'D
SELL ME A
FEW POUNDS!



I GUESS I
CAN SPARE
SOME! COME
ON IN!

THANKS!



SO YOU'RE FROM ACROSS
THE RIDGE, EH? NEVER
KNEW THERE WAS
ANY CABIN THERE!

PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER
BEEN FAR ENOUGH
DOWN THE — BAY!
DO I HEAR VOICES
UNDER THIS FLOOR?



YOU MUST BE
HEARING THINGS,
STRANGER! I
LIVE HERE ALONE
LIKE THE OTHER
TRAPPERS IN
THIS COUNTRY!



SUDDENLY A SECTION
OF THE FLOOR GAVE
UP, AND A HELMETED
HEAD APPEARED....

WELL, I QUOTE
A SURPRISE TO
SEE AN AIRBORNER
POP UP OUT OF
THE GROUND!



LISTEN, YOU! IT'S
NO BUSINESS OF
YOURS WHAT GOES
ON HERE!
GET OUT!

OKAY, FELLOW! I
DIDN'T MEAN TO
BREAK IN ON
YOUR AFFAIRS!



YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT!
WHY DIDN'T YOU USE
A LITTLE CAUTION,
INSTEAD OF BOLTING
IN HERE? YOU SHOULD
REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT
IT IS TO THE FATHERLAND
THAT THIS AIRPORT'S
LOCATION BE KEPT
A SECRET!

SORRY, FELLOW!
THE FELLOWS
BOUGHT ME UP HERE
THRU THE TUNNEL AS
SOON AS I LANDED!
THEY SAID YOU'D WANT
TO SEE ME RIGHT
AWAY!

WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!
THIS WILL KEEP OUR
CALLER FROM SPREADING
ANYTHING HE MAY KNOW!



A SHOT SCATTERS
THE STILLNESS,
AND SPACEHAWK
SPRAWLS IN
THE SNOW!



I'LL HAVE TO DRAG HIM
IN, OR THE WOLVES WILL
START TO GATHER!



BUT AS YOGEL BENDS OVER THE
PROSTRATE FORM, A STRONG
ARM SEIZES HIM!



I OUGHT TO GIVE YOU WORSE
THAN THIS FOR TRYING TO
SHOOT ME IN THE BACK!



STAY ON THE GROUND
YOGEL! I'LL GET HIM!



SPACEHAWK DARTS AWAY
AMID A SHOWER OF BULLETS

DON'T WORRY ABOUT
LOSING ME, MEN!
I'LL BE BACK!



—AND, AS NIGHT FALLS,
SPACEHAWK RETURNS...

NOW I'M GOING TO
FIND OUT WHAT GOES
ON AROUND HERE!



SOON LIKE
A PLANE IN
THE SKY!
YES, IT IS,
AND IT'S
COMING THIS
WAY!

TO SPACEHAWK'S SURPRISE
AN OPENING APPEARS IN A
NEARBY HILL, DISCLOSING
A HUGE, LIGHTED CAVERN.
A MINUTE LATER THE PLANE
TWOOPS THRU THE ENTRANCE,
AND LANDS ON THE
SMOOTH CAVERN FLOOR....



THE CAMOUFLAGED
DOOR SWINGS BACK
INTO PLACE, HIDING
ALL TRACE OF THE
LANDING SPOT!

NO WONDER I
LOST SIGHT OF
THAT SHIP THIS
AFTERNOON! THIS
EXPLAINS IT!



EVIDENTLY THERE'S A
TUNNEL FROM THE CAVE
TO THAT UNDERGROUND
HANGAR. IF I COULD
GET INSIDE....



SPACEHAWK CRAWLS TO
THE CAVE, FINDING A
TINY CHINK BETWEEN TWO
LOGS. HE PEERS INSIDE....

THE PLACE IS PACKED
WITH AVIATORS! THAT
MEANS THERE ARE MANY
SHIPS INSIDE THAT HILL!



—MEN, OUR LAST GIP WAS ARRIVED FROM OUR HOMETLAND
AND OUR SECRET BASE HAS NOT YET BEEN DISCOVERED
BY OUR ENEMIES! SO FAR, WE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL. THE
REST OF OUR WORK DEPENDS ON SPEED! THEREFORE
WE MUST STRIKE TONIGHT! OUR SMALL BOMBERS ARE
SWIFT, AND OUR ATTACK ON U.S. INDUSTRIAL PLANTS
WILL BE A COMPLETE SURPRISE. YOU HAVE YOUR
ORDERS! REMEMBER —YOU MUST DESTROY YOUR OBJECTIVES.



THE FLYERS FILE BACK INTO
THE TUNNEL, LEADING TO
THE LANDING CAVEAN.
LEAVING VOGEL ALONE....

AH! WITHIN A FEW HOURS
MANY OF THE LARGEST
MANUFACTURING PLANTS IN
THE UNITED STATES WILL BE
REDUCED TO SPLINTERS!
WHAT A BLOW IT WILL BE
TO THEIR DEFENSE PROGRAM!



SUDDENLY THE BARRED
DOOR FLIES OPEN...



YOU! WHAT'S THE IDEA?
I'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO
BREAK IN HERE!



SPRINKLE HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE
HAND SWORDS THE WEAPON...



- AND TO TELL YOU THAT
YOU'RE MAKING A GAVE
MISTAKE IN SENDING SHIPS
TO BOMB FACTORIES IN THE
UNITED STATES! WHAT DO
YOU IMAGINE THE U.S. AIR
FORCE WILL BE DOING IN THE
MERITIME? THE FACT IS,
NOT A ONE OF YOUR
SHIPS WILL RETURN!



DO YOU UNCOOPED AROUND
TILL YOU FOUND OUR
BASE, EH? WELL THIS TIME
YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM
HERE SO YOU CAN TELL ANY
ONE ELSE ABOUT IT! AN
FOR OUR SHIPS, OF COURSE
I'M NOT FOOL ENOUGH TO
BELIEVE THEY'LL COME BACK!
THE IDEA IS, AT ANY COST
TO GET A FEW GOOD LICKS
IN ON THAT MOB OF FAT
DEMOCRACY-LOVING AMERICANS!



YOU AND YOUR KIND ARE
AIDS, WITHOUT RESPECT
EVEN FOR YOUR OWN MEN!
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I
TOLD YOU YOUR SHIPS AREN'T
GOING TO THE UNITED
STATES ON ANY BOMBING
TRIP?



WHO DO YOU THINK
YOU ARE? NO ONE
CAN STOP THEM NOW!
THE SHIPS ARE ALREADY
TAKING OFF! LOOK!



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE
BOMB-LOADED PLANES
ZOOM OUT OF THEIR
UNDERGROUND LAIR....



I THINK THEY CAN STILL
BE STOPPED! SO LONG!
I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER!



AM I GOING
CRAZY? HE JUMPED
INTO THE SKY!



VOGEL SEIZES A
RIFLE AND RIMS
AFTER SPACEHAWK,
BUT TO NO AVAL

LIFTED BY HIS ANTI-GRAVITY
BELT, SPACEHAWK ASCENDS TO
HIS SHIP, AND THERE PLANS
HIS NEXT MOVE



IF I ATTACK THOSE SHIPS,
THEY'LL SCATTER AND SOME
WILL ESCAPE! I'LL HAVE TO
DEAL WITH THEM SOME
OTHER WAY!

WITH THE AID OF HIS ROBOTS, SPACE-
HAWK ATTACHES ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS
TO A NUMBER OF STEEL CABLES.

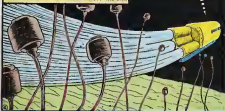


THEN, STREAMING THRU THE
STRATOSPHERE, HE SHOOTS
AHEAD OF THE BOMBERS



THERE THEY ARE OVER
LOBSTER BAY AND
HEADED STRAIGHT FOR
THE U.S. ATLANTIC
SEA-BORD!

MANY MILES SOUTH OF THE FLEET,
SPACEHAWK DIVES EARTHWARD AND
TOSSES OUT THE CABLES. SUSPENDED
BY THE ANTI-GRVITY ELEMENTS,
THEY FORM A VAST NET ACROSS THE SKY.



NOW, IF ONLY THOSE
PLANES DON'T CHANGE
THEIR COURSE!

AH! WERE
THEY COME!



THE SWIFT LITTLE BOMBERS
BOAR OUT OF THE NORTHERN
SKIES —



— AND CRASH DIRECTLY
INTO THE STEEL CABLES!



SEVERAL OF THE
REAR SHIPS
MANAGE TO
TURN ASIDE —



BUT SPACEHAWK KEEPS HIS EYES ON THEM,
AND ONE BY ONE BLASTS THEM TO EARTH!



THERE'S ONLY
ONE MORE
THING TO DO!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN
HIS CABIN, VOGEL IS
FRANTICALLY TRYING
TO CONTACT THE FLEET.



WHY DIDN'T THE
COMMANDER REPORT?
SURELY NOTHING COULD
HAVE HAPPENED TO
THEM, ALREADY!

ABRUPTLY THE
DOOR FLIES OPEN

YOU — AGAIN!



YES! JUST
DROPPED IN TO
INFORM YOU THAT
YOUR SHIPS DIDN'T
EVEN GET TO THE
U.S. BORDER!
YOUR COUNTRY'S
ARMY WAS A
MISERABLE FAILURE!

YOU'RE CRAZY!
I'M GOING TO GET
RID OF YOU FOR
GOOD THIS TIME!



WANT TO GET TOUGH, EH?
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO OUT
IN THE OPEN SPACES WHERE
YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF
ROOM TO GET TOUGH IN!



AS SPACEHAWK RELEASES
HIM, VOGEL PUTS ALL HIS
STRENGTH AND FURY INTO
ONE WILD BLOW...



THEN, LIKE A BATTERING
RAM, SPACEHAWK'S STEELY
FIST FLASHES OUT...

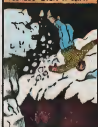
ALLOW ME TO
DEMONSTRATE HOW
IT SHOULD BE DONE!



VOGEL IS LIFTED INTO
THE AIR....



—AND HIS LIMP FORM
PLUNGES OVER A CLIFF.



MOMENTS LATER, SPACEHAWK
SMASHES THE HIDDEN BASE
WITH HIS SPACE-SHIP'S
POWERFUL BLAST CANNON...



THAT'S THE
END OF THAT
PLAN TO HARM
THE
UNITED STATES!



*Next
month*

SPACEHAWK
GOES
AFTER A
DIOBOLICAL
GERM-
SPREADING
SCIENTIST!
A SWELL
STORY IN

**TARGET
COMICS**

SPACEHAWK

SPACEHAWK, MYSTERIOUS DEFENDER OF AMERICA, DECIDES TO MAKE SOME CHANGES IN HIS ROCKET SHIP. HE TAKES THE CRAFT TO A FORSAKEN SPOT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, AND THERE DOES THE WORK...

FINISHED AT LAST! WITH THAT NEW, STREAMLINE OUTER SHELL, I SHOULD GET BETTER PERFORMANCE HERE INSIDE THE EARTH'S HEAVY ATMOSPHERE!

BASIL WOLVERTON

I HATE TO LEAVE A PEACEFUL SPOT LIKE THIS, HIDDEN AWAY FROM PRYING EYES. BUT I MUST GET BACK INTO ACTION!



SPACEHAWK DOES NOT GUESS THAT AT THAT VERY MOMENT HE IS BEING WATCHED FROM A DISTANT CRAG...

WITHIN THAT CRAG IS THE HIDDEN LABORATORY OF THE SINISTER DR. GORE, ELUSIVE MASTERMIND OF SCIENCE!

A WINGLESS SHIP! IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE — UNLESS —



"UNLESS THESE AIRBORN I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT A WIRELESS ROCKET SHIP ARE TRUE! HA-HA! THOSE COULD BE ROCKET BARRELS I SEE! CAN THIS BE THE CRAFT OF THAT FABULOUS PERSON CALLED SPACEHAWK?

THERE'S SOME ONE IN STRANGE APPAREL MAKING ROUNDS THE SHIP! YES! THAT MUST BE THE MYSTERY MAN WHOSE QUEER SHIP HAS BEEN LIGHTED IN SEVERAL PLACES THROUGHT THE WORLD!

THIS IS INDEED A STROKE OF GOOD LUCK — MY CHANCE TO DISCOVER HOW THAT SHIP IS LIFTED OFF THE GROUND!

DAGGOR!

YES, MASTER!

GO DOWN THIS SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN, AND YOU'LL FIND A STRANGE KIND OF AIRCRAFT ON A LEDGE! A MAN IN A GREEN UNIFORM IS THERE! BRING HIM BACK TO ME — ALIVE!

CAREFULLY CONCEALING HIMSELF AS HE GOES, DAGGOR HURRIES ON HIS MISSION...

IF THIS SPACEHAWK IS THE GENIUS HE APPEARS TO BE, WE'LL HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS!

LATER, AS SPACEHAWK IS CLEANING UP THE METAL SCRAP FROM HIS SHIP, DAGGOR CREEPS TOWARD HIM WITH THE QUIET STEALTHINESS OF AN ANIMAL!

BUT SPACEHAWK'S KEEN SENSES WARN HIM. HE WHIRLS, AND REACHES FOR HIS GUN.....



DAGGON RUSHES IN TO SEIZE IT, BUT—

OH—YOU DON'T WANT ME TO USE THE GUN, EH? THEN HOW ABOUT THIS?



IT'S HARD TELLING HOW MANY MORE ARE HANGING AROUND. I'LL FOLLOW HIS TRACKS, AND PERHAPS I CAN FIND OUT!



EASILY CARRYING HIS ATTACKER, SPACEHAWK FOLLOWS DAGGON'S TRAIL UP THE MOUNTAIN



WHAT'S THIS? DAGGON ISN'T DOING THE CARRYING! IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND! WHY THAT MAN MUST BE ANOTHER GANSON!



ALL THE WAY TO THE TOP AND THE TRAIL ENDS AT A DOOR IN THE SOLID ROCK! VERY INTERESTING!



DR. GORE STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND A ROCK.

RAISE YOUR HANDS! QUICK, OR I'LL PERFORATE THEM WITH THIS NEEDLE GUN!



MOVING WITH SURPRISING SPEED, DR. GORE SMASHES SPACEHAWK'S GUN...

CONSIDERATE OF YOU TO BRING MY SERVANT BACK TO ME! NOW GET INSIDE!



FOR A HERMIT, THIS IS A FANCY PLACE YOU HAVE HERE!

I AM NOT A HERMIT. I AM DR. GORE! AND YOU—YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS PERSON KNOWN AS SPACEHAWK, ARE YOU NOT?



RIGHT! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

BEFORE I GO INTO THAT, I'LL MAKE SURE YOU WON'T TRY TO RUN OUT ON ME! TURN AROUND!



DR. GORE TOSSES A SMALL DART INTO SPACEHAWK'S SHOULDER.....



THAT LITTLE SHOT OF PARALOGINE SHOULD BE DELIGHTFULLY RELAXING! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE YOUR ARMS OR LEGS FOR SEVERAL HOURS!



YOU'LL REGRET THIS!

SILENCE! LISTEN TO ME! I HAVE MORE KNOWLEDGE OF SCIENCE THAN ANYONE ON EARTH! THEREFORE, I AM THE LOGICAL ONE TO RULE THIS WORLD! YOU WILL HELP ME DO THIS BY TRANSPORTING ME ABOUT IN YOUR ROCKET SHIP! WE CAN STRIKE TERROR INTO ALL NATIONS AND CAN COME INTO SUDDEN POWER! WITH OUR COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF —



SAVE YOUR BREATH! I'LL HAVE NO PART IN SUCH A WILD PLAN!

AH, BUT YOU CAN'T ENTIRELY REFUSE TO COOPERATE! YOU'LL AT LEAST ADVISE ME HOW YOUR SHIP OPERATES—AND WHAT GREAT POWER KEEPS IT ALOFT! TELL ME—IS IT AN ANTI-GRAVITY FORCE?



TRY AND
FIND OUT—
IF YOU
CAN!

I CAN! WHEN I
GET THRU WITH
YOU YOU'LL BE
GLAD TO TELL
ME WHAT I
WANT TO KNOW!

FOR EXAMPLE, HOW
DO YOU LIKE
THIS?

OH—YOU'VE REGAINED YOUR
SENSES AT LAST, BUT DO YOU
REALIZE YOU'VE FAILED ME?
I'LL SETTLE WITH YOU LATER!
NOW STAY HERE AND KEEP AN
EYE ON THIS MAN!

YES, MASTER!

A SHORT WHILE LATER,
HAVING DECIDED TO
EXAMINE SPACEBARK'S
SHIP, DR. GORE
APPROACHES THE CRAFT.

PERHAPS I SHOULDN'T
NEED SPACEBARK!
AFTER ALL HIS SHIP
IS THE IMPORTANT
THING! SURELY I
AM CLEVER ENOUGH
TO UNDERSTAND AND
OPERATE ANY MACHINE
IN EXISTENCE!

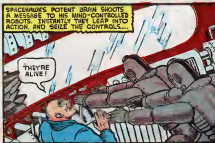
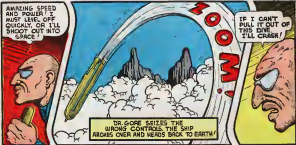
ROBOTS! BUT OF WHAT VALUE ARE
LIFELESS MECHANICAL MEN?

DR. GORE CAREFULLY
INSPECTS THE VARIOUS
CONTROLS AND
POWER UNITS. FINALLY—

AH! HERE IS WHAT I'M
SEARCHING FOR—THE
SECRET OF ANTI-GRAVITY!
IT IS THE THING THAT
WILL HELP ME CONQUER
THE WORLD!

WHAT A MARVELOUS
PIECE OF MECHANISM
THIS SHIP IS! I MUST
TRY IT OUT! I'LL TURN
ON THE LIFTING TOWER,
THEN THE ROCKETS—

THE CRAFT LUNGES
WILDLY INTO THE SKY



THAT WAS CLOSE! A FEW SECONDS MORE AND THE SHIP WOULD HAVE CRASHED!



AT SPACEHAWK'S CONTINUED COMMANDS, THE ROBOTS LAND THE SHIP NEAR THE LABORATORY—THEN TURN ON DR. GORE.



YOU INDIAN MONSTERS! SPACEHAWK MUST BE CONTROLLING YOU BY TELEPATHIC MESSAGES! WELL—I, TOO, HAVE A STRONG MIND! I COMMAND YOU TO STAND BACK!

INCAPABLE OF FUNCTIONING UNDER TWO SEPARATE MENTAL COMMANDS, THE ROBOTS DROP IN THEIR TRACKS....



AH!

AS DR. GORE LEAPS OUT OF THE SHIP, HE RECEIVES A SURPRISE!



MIGHTY POOR FLYING, DR. GORE!—EVEN FOR A BEGINNER! NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME POINTERS!

DR. GORE WHIPS OUT A NEEDLE GUN. SPACEHAWK LUNGES, AND SENDS IT SPINNING, BUT NOT BEFORE SOME OF THE NEEDLES ZIP THRU HIS LEGS...



YOU'D BETTER RUN! IF I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, I'LL CRUSH YOU TO A PULP!



HE'LL BE AT MY
REACH AGAIN JUST
AS SOON AS I GET
ANOTHER GUN!



WHILE DR. GORE IS RE-ARMING
HIMSELF IN HIS LABORATORY,
SPACEHAWK PAWPUPLY MAKES
HIS WAY INTO HIS SHIP...



THE SHIP IS TAKING OFF!
HE'S ESCAPING!

SMALL MATTER
THOUGH! I HAVE
THE SECRET OF HIS
ANTI-GRAVITY POWER!
THAT'S THE IMPORTANT
THING! I'LL MAKE
QUICK USE OF IT TO
MAKE MYSELF
MASTER OF THE
SKIES!



SPACEHAWK JOOMS UP,
THEN DIVES BACK TOWARD
DR. GORE'S MOUNTAIN
LABORATORY. AS THE SHIP'S
ROCKET BARRELS SLING
DOWN PAST THE CANY,
SPACEHAWK GUNS THE
ROCKETS, AND —



THAT SHOULD PUT A
PERMANENT CRIMP
IN HIS PLANS TO
CONQUER THE WORLD!



BUT — IS
THIS THE
LAST OF
DR. GORE?

ANOTHER
SPACEHAWK
THRILLER
IN NEXT
MONTH'S

**TARGET
COMICS**

Spacehawk

by Basil Wolverton

HERR HITLER, DICTATOR, IS ENRAGED BY THE ACTION CAMERA HAS TAKEN AGAINST HIS BLOODY WAR MACHINE....

CAPTAIN KOHLER THE TIME HAS COME TO SEE OUR SECRET STRATOSPHERE SHIPS! YOU WILL TAKE HALF OF THEM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC AND BOMB THE PORTS MARKED ON THIS MAP!

I KEEP SENDING SUBMARINES AND BOMBERS AFTER THEIR TROOP TRANSPORTS, BUT THEY STILL MANAGE TO GET OVER HERE! I'LL STOP THEM, THOUGH! I'VE SAVED AN ACE IN THE HOLE FOR JUST SUCH A SITUATION, AND NOW I'M GOING TO PLAY IT! SEND FOR CAPTAIN KOHLER!

YES, SIR!

PREPARE SIX OF THE SHIPS FOR IMMEDIATE FLIGHT!

KOHLER SPEEDS TO A HANGAR HIDDEN UNDERGROUND—



APPARENTLY SIX TUBULAR OBJECTS,
TROTTLED BY A POWERFUL G.M.,
HISS UP OUT OF THE EARTH.



KOHLER, INSIDE THE
FOREMOST ONE,
BARKS ORDERS TO
THE OTHER TWO PILOTS.

THIS IS OUR
CEILING — EIGHTY
THOUSAND FEET?
PUT OUT YOUR
OUTDERS!



WINGS AND TAIL ASSEMBLIES JUT OUT OF
THE CRAFT, WHICH IMMEDIATELY LEVEL OFF
AND ZIP WESTWARD AT HIGH SPEED....



THIS FLIGHT WILL PROVE THAT
WE ARE MASTERS EVEN OF THE
STRATOSPHERE! NO ONE CAN
SEE US! NO ONE CAN STOP US!
WHAT A SURPRISE THOSE
CONSIDERED CANADIANS WILL GET
WHEN OUR NEW SUPER-BLAST
BOMBS STRIKE EARTH! YES—
THIS IS MY BIG DAY! I'LL BE
A NATIONAL HERO WHEN I
RETURN!



LITTLE DOES
KOHLER
REALIZE THAT
SHARP EYES
ARE ALREADY
UPON HIM...



THOSE STREAKS OF
LIGHT IN THE SKY—
THEY'RE TOO PARALLEL
TO BE METEORS'
TAILS! THEY MUST
BE EXHAUST FLAMES
FROM SOME KIND
OF AIRCRAFT!



SOMEONE STREAKS
IN PARADE....

SHIPS TRAVELING
FIFTEEN MILES ABOVE
THE EARTH! FOR
EARTHINGS, THAT'S
MIGHTY HIGH FLYING!
I'LL SOON FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!



SPACEWALK SHOOTS OUT INTO
SPACE, THEN DIVES DOWN
INTO THE PATH OF
THE INVADERS...



KOHLER STIFFENS AT SIGHT
OF THE DARTING STEEL GRAFT...

WHAT THE --! ANOTHER
SHIP UP HERE IN THE
STRATOSPHERE??



IDENTIFY YOURSELVES
AND GIVE YOUR
DESTINATION, OR I
SHALL ATTACK!



A VOICE BOOMS
THRU KOHLER'S
EARPHONES...

THE FRIGHTENED CAPTAIN
DOES NOT REPLY TO SPACE-
WALK. INSTEAD, HE
STAMMERS A COMMAND
TO HIS PILOTS...

IGNORE THIS INTRUDER!
STICK TO YOUR COURSE!



THE COMMANDER'S
LANGUAGE AND
ATTITUDE PROVE
THESE ARE ENEMY
SHIPS! THEY CAN
IGNORE ME IF THEY
WISH -- BUT I'M
NOT GOING TO
IGNORE THEM!



SPACEWALK CIRCLES
ABOUT. HIS BLIST
CANNON SPURS OUT
A BOLT OF FLAME,
AND ONE OF THE
STRATOSPHERE SHIPS
EXPLODES INTO
GLOBES!



A GIANT FLAME-
THRUSTER! WE'LL
ALL BE BLASTED
TO ATOMS! I'LL
HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE—QUICK!



LEAVING THE OTHER SHIPS TO
THEIR DOOM, KOWLER
RELEASES HIS BOMBS AND FLIES...



MILES BELOW, THE
LETHAL LOAD HURLS
TONS OF WATER
INTO THE AIR!

SPACEHAWK PUTS A
QUICK END TO THE
REMAINING CRAFT...

JUST AS I THOUGHT—
—ALL OF THEM LOADED
WITH POWERFUL BOMBS
INTENDED FOR SOME
OBJECTIVE IN NORTH
AMERICA!



NOW TO GET THE
ONE THAT TURNED
BACK!



KOWLER'S HEAD START GETS HIM
OVER HOME TERRITORY, BUT IN HIS
ANXIETY TO LAND IN THE FIRST OPEN
SPOT HE SEES, HE PILES HIS SHIP UP...



OUT OF THE FLYING
PAN AND INTO THE
FIRE! NOW I MUST
FACE HERA HITTLER!
I'D BETTER MAKE IT A
GOOD STORY, OR I'LL
WISH I HAD STAYED
IN THE SKY!



ALTHOUGH SPACEHAWK
KEEPS AN EYE ON KOHLER
BY MEANS OF HIS ELECTRO-
SCOPE, HE CANNOT REACH
THE OFFICER IN TIME TO
PREVENT HIS ESCAPE...



BUT AS SPACEHAWK
ROAMS IN OVER ENEMY
TERRITORY, HIS EAGLE-
LIKE EYE IS ATTRACTED
TO THE PROTRUDING
MIZZLES OF THE RAIDERS'
LAUNCHING TUBES...

I THINK I'LL STICK
AROUND AND FIND OUT
WHAT THOSE THINGS ARE!



MEANWHILE, HEARNITWILER
RECEIVES WORD OF
KOHLER'S RETURN....

SEND HIM IN! I EXPECT
GOOD NEWS!



WELL—? I REGRET
TO INFORM
YOU, SIR, THAT WE
FAILED! THERE WASN'T
ENOUGH PRESSURE IN
THE GAS CHAMBERS TO
KEEP US ALOFT! THE
OTHER SHIPS FELL INTO
THE SEA! I MADE IT
BACK, BUT I—



FAILURES! FAILURES! I'M
SICK OF HEARING OF
FAILURES! PREPARE THE
OTHER SIX SHIPS AND TRY
IT AGAIN! FORCE MORE
GAS INTO THE CHAMBERS!
ROUND UP THE MORE PILOTS
AND TAKE OFF JUST AS
SOON AS YOU CAN! AND
DON'T FAIL THIS TIME!



IT IS
SUICIDE!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS,
CAPTAIN KOHLER! GO!



KOHLER HURRIES BACK
TO THE HANGAR....

A FINE MESS!
UNLESS I CAN
SLIP AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS, I'LL BE SHOT
DOWN WITH THEM BY
THAT MYSTERIOUS
SKY DEVIL!



SPACEHAWK IS JUST
PREPARING TO COME
TO EARTH WHEN SIX
SHIPS SHOOT OUT
OF THE GROUND....



AAA! THIS SOLVES
THE MYSTERY! MORE
HIGH FLYING RAIDERS!

I WAS NEARLY IN THEIR PATH, BUT AT THAT SPEED THEY PROBABLY DIDN'T NOTICE ME!



I'LL MAKE CERTAIN NO MORE SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED FROM HERE! AN ACID "BOMB" SHOULD BE JUST THE THING!



SPACEHAWK DROPS A CONTAINER OF DEADLY LIQUID...



THE POTENT ACID QUICKLY KNIFE INTO THE EARTH, DEMOLISHING ALL THE EQUIPMENT BELOW.



NOW TO FIGHT THOSE BANDITS BEFORE THEY REACH NORTH AMERICA!



IN KOHLER'S SHIP...

WE'RE NEARLY ACROSS THE SEA, AND THERE'S NO SIGN OF TROUBLE YET! I BELIEVE WE'LL MAKE IT!



BUT SUDDENLY A LONG GRAPE KNIFE IN AMONGS THE CRAFT, BRINGING SWIFT DESTRUCTION!



SPACEHAWK FLIES TOO NEAR TO ONE OF THE SHIPS, AND IT EXPLODES DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM.



THERE GOES MY BLAST
CANNON'S MUZZLE!—AND
I'VE SHOT DOWN ONLY FIVE
OF THEM! I'LL HAVE TO GET
THE SIXTH SOME OTHER WAY!



HE'S DOWNED THEM ALL
EXCEPT ME! I'LL OUTFLY
HIM AGAIN, AND THIS
TIME I WON'T DROP MY
BOMBS TILL I'M
OVER CANADA!



KOHLER SOON FINDS THAT
HE CAN'T OUTFLY SPACEHAWK.



HIMMEL! HE'S
RIGHT BEHIND ME!



LEAVING A ROBOT PILOT TO
FLY THE SHIP, SPACEHAWK
LEAPS OUT UPON KOHLER'S CRAFT!



ONE BLOW OF HIS STEELY FIST
BREAKS THE COCKPIT HOUSING....



WHAT'S YOUR
HURRY, FRITZ?



WHY, YOU—! I'LL—

YOU WILL, EH?

SPACEHAWK DIES
INSIDE AND....



KOWLER TOPPLED INTO THE SKY!
HE HURRIES IT TO CANADA, BUT
NOT IN THE WAY HE INTENDED...



INSIDE KOWLER'S
FALLING SHIP—

WHEN! THIS SHIP
IS JUST ABOUT
TO CRASH!



SPACEHAWK TURNS
THE CRAFT AROUND
SO THAT IT WEEDS
BACK TO SEA...



HE LEAPS OUT JUST IN TIME TO ESCAPE
THE MAMMOTH WAVE THAT IS SLAMMED
INTO THE AIR...



LATER, IN HIS SHIP...

NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK!
I'VE GOOD REASON TO
BELIEVE THAT I'VE DONE
SEVERAL THOUSAND
CANADIANS A BIG FAVOR!



*Next
Month*

DEATH

**STRIKES AMERICA
FROM THE SKIES!**

IN THE NEXT
SPACEHAWK ADVENTURE IN
TARGET COMICS!

OUT OF THE
SKIES
COME...

SPACE HAWK

AND THE
DISKS
OF DEATH

by
Basil Wolverton



IT IS NOON IN
SAN FRANCISCO.
SUDDENLY THE
SKY IS FILLED
WITH THOUSANDS
OF LEAPLETS
APPEARING
MYSTERIOUSLY
OUT OF THE BLUE!

WHAT'S THE IDER?
WHO'S SCATTERING
THESE THINGS?

THIS IS PROBABLY
SOME HALPLOT'S
IDER OF A JOKE?



WARNING!

Within a few minutes death and terror will visit this city! It is a sample of the fate that will overtake every city in this nation -- unless all aid to Britain is stopped immediately! Why bring suffering on yourselves? Think it over!

EXCITED THOUSANDS READ THE LEAFLET...

PEOPLE LOOK UP AND SCREAM IN TERROR!

BUNK! THIS SORT OF THING DOESN'T SCARE ME!

PROPAGANDA! THIS IS NOTHING BUT A SCHEME TO--

LOOK! --
GOING OUT
OF THE SKY!

CRASH!

A GIANTIC SHARP ROCKS DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR AND PLUNGES INTO THE CITY, KNEEING THRU BUILDINGS AND TOPPLING THEM INTO THE STREETS!

PANIC-STRAKEN PEOPLE FLEE FROM THE WRECKED ZONE. BUT ONE OUTSTANDING FIGURE, WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM A RESTAURANT, CALMLY SURVEYS THE SITUATION....

SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN JUST WHEN I COME TO EARTH FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! I MUST GET BACK UP TO MY SHIP!

LOOK AT THAT MAN! HE'S FLYING!

THE "FLYING" MAN IS THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK WHO, BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, STRAIPS UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, AND FROM THERE SCANS THE SKIES WITH HIS ELECTROSCOPE....

I SEE THE TROUBLE—AND PLenty OF IT!

FALLING BUILDINGS! A FLYING MAN! I MUST BE GOOP!

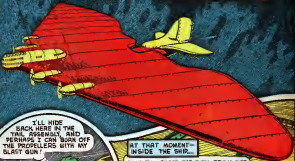
SPACEHAWK'S SHIP ROARS ACROSS THE SKY....

I'M AFRAID SAN FRANCISCO IS IN FOR MORE DESTRUCTION—UNLESS I CAN ACT QUICKLY!

WEARING AN OXYGEN MASK, SO THAT HE CAN BREATHE FREELY IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK LEAVES HIS SHIP IN THE HANDS OF A MIND-CONTROLLED ROBOT, AND LEAPS DOWN TOWARD THE DESTRUCTIVE THING THAT HOVERS OVER SAN FRANCISCO!

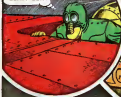


HE LANDS ATOP A STRANGE
AND GIGANTIC SHIP — A
VERITABLE "FLYING WING"!



I'LL HIDE
BACK HERE IN THE
TAIL ASSEMBLY, AND
PERHAPS I CAN BOON OFF
THE PROPELLERS WITH MY
BLAST GUN!

AT THAT MOMENT—
INSIDE THE SHIP...



NOW TO LAUNCH THE DISK FROM THE
OTHER WING! THEN BACK TO THE
FATHERLAND FOR TWO MORE DISKS!
WE'LL GIVE AMERICA SOMETHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!

AND THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW
JUST HOW
IT HAPPENED!



A MAMMOTH SAW-TOOTHED
DISK SLIPS FROM THE RIGHT WING.



ROCKETS, BUILT
IN THE RIM, GO
INTO ACTION,
SPINNING THE
DISK IN PW-WHEEL
FASHION!



GREAT GALAXIES!
THAT'S THE KIND OF
THING THAT CUT THRU
SAN FRANCISCO'S
BUILDINGS — A GIANT
CIRCULAR SAW
REVOLVING AT HIGH
SPEED! WELL — THIS
ONE CAN'T GOING TO
STRIKE THE CITY!

SPACEHAWK BLASTS A
THOUGHT-
COMMAND
TO THE PILOT
OF HIS SHIP...



THE ROBOT GRAYS. HE DUES THE SPACE-SHIP AND ZOOMS
UP UNDER THE DISK THAT HURTLES TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO.
FLAME SPEWS FROM THE SHIP'S BLAST-CANNON.



LIFTED BY THE
TERRIFIC HEAT,
THE DISK
OVERSHOTS ITS
TARGET...



...AND PLOUGHS
INTO THE SEA...



THAT DID IT!
AND NOW, BEFORE
I CRASH THIS
CRATE, I'M GOING
TO HAVE A LITTLE
SESSION WITH
THE CREW!



SPACEHAWK BATTERS HIS WAY
INTO THE REAR COMPARTMENT
OF THE CABIN...



STOP HIM BEFORE
HE BREAKS INTO THE
OTHER COMPARTMENTS!

DON'T WIND YOURSELF, BUD!
YOU'RE GOING TO NEED
YOUR BREATH!

THE AIR!—
IT'S ESCAPING!

HELP! MY
LUNGS ARE
BURSTING!

UP IN THE
CONTROL
ROOM...

DIVE HER, QUICK!
THERE MUST BE A
BREAK IN THE REAR
COMPARTMENT! THE
AIR GAUGE REGISTERS
ZERO FOR THAT
SECTION!

THE MIGHTY CRAFT
NOSES OVER....

THEY'RE
DIVING DOWN
FOR AIR!
I CAN'T LET
THEM DO
THAT!

THE COMMANDER
SEES SPACEHAWK
COMING THRU THE
CORRIDOR...

A STORMWAY!

I'LL FIX HIM!

SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY FINDS
HIMSELF IN SPACE AS THE
HINGED FLOOR DROPS
FROM BENEATH HIM....

HE MAKES QUICK USE OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, AND SPRINGS BACK UP TO SEIZE THE SHIP'S TAIL...

WHEN? THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHOEVER THAT WAS, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF HIM! NOW GO BACK THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

SPACEHAWK CRAWLS BACK UP ON THE GEAR...

SUDDENLY—

THOUGHT YOU'D LOST ME, EH?

CRASH!

SHOOT HIM!

IF IT'S FIREWORKS YOU WANT, COME AND GET IT!

BOOM!

CLUNK!

AND NOW, JUST SO YOU MUGS CAN'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YOU, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ALL HOME!

SPACEHAWK PILOTS THE HUGE PLANE BACK INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND HEADS FOR EUROPE...

HOURS LATER, HIS KEEN EYES SPOT A VAST, CAMOUFLAGED LANDING FIELD...

THIS MUST BE IT!

HE HOLDS LANDS AND REMOVES THE DAZED AND INJURED CREW.

ALL OUT! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

AIRPORT OFFICERS ARE BRIBDERED...

WHAT'S THE IDEA? SOME ONE SHOVED THE CREW OUT! THEY SEEM TO BE HURT!

THE SHIP'S TAKING OFF!

WHAT'S GONG ON HERE?

STOP IT!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL GET YOUR SHIP BACK— IN PIECES!

SPACEHAWK CIRCLES FOR ALTITUDE, THEN NOSES THE CRAFT STRAIGHT TOWARD THE FIELD, AND...

NOW'S THE TIME TO BAIL OUT!

CRASH!

ACH! A BILLION MARKS IT COST, AND THERE IT GOES!

SPACEHAWK ZIPS BACK TO THE SKY, TO MEET HIS SPACE-SHIP...

SO LONG, KILLERS! NEXT TIME YOU COME TO THE STRATOSPHERE, BE SURE TO LOOK ME UP!

Spacehawk REBORN
COMES TO BIRTH FOR A
RIP-ROARING ADVENTURE IN
TARGET COMET

ADVENTURE
ACTION



Spacehawk

by
Burt
Wolverton

And the
BULLET SHIP
...that brought
VENGEANCE from the VOID

FEDERAL OFFICERS ACT TO CLOSE UP
A CERTAIN SUBVERSIVE CAMP

THEY'RE ALL
SMOKED
OUT, CHIEF!

GOOD! THIS COUNTRY
HAS NO PLACE FOR
FOREIGN MILITARY GANGS!
POST A GUARD TO SEE
THAT THOSE HOOBOYS
DON'T COME BACK.

END CAMP

CLOSED
KEEP OUT

HERMAN VOSTEL, LEADER OF
THE ALIEN ORGANIZATION,
LATER MEETS WITH SOME
OF HIS MEN...

THEY CHASED US OUT OF OUR CAMP
BUT THEY'LL NOT CHASE US OUT OF
THE COUNTRY! I'LL PREPARE A
NEW AND BETTER PLACE WHERE WE
CAN LIVE AND SECRETLY TRAIN FOR
THE DAY OF RECKONING!



WEEKS FREE, AND HERMAN VOGEL BECOMES HENRY SCOTT, WEALTHY WESTERN RANCHER...

HA! THE PM-HEADED MEN WHO CLOSED OUR CAMP DID US A FAVOR! OUT HERE ON THIS VAST RANCH WE ARE BETTER EQUIPPED FOR OUR WORK! OUR ORGANIZATION IS GROWING IN FINE SHAPE!

AND WE'VE PLANTS OF MEN, GUNS AND AMMUNITION HIDDEN AROUND! WHEN THE TIME COMES, WE'LL BE READY TO STRIKE!

SUDDENLY— APPARENTLY OUT OF NOWHERE A STRANGE FIGURE DROPS TO THE GROUND!



WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HERE TO TELL YOU, HERMAN VOGEL, TO CLEAR OUT NOW!

WISE GUY, EH? WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO ORDER ME OFF MY OWN PROPERTY?

I'M WORKING IN THE INTERESTS OF THE U.S. I KNOW THAT YOUR SO-CALLED GUESTS AND Hired MEN ARE YOUR OLD GANG OF BACK-STABBERS! GET OFF THE RANCH WITHIN AN HOUR, AND LEAVE YOUR GUNS, AMMUNITION AND SPY REPORTS BEHIND!

YEAN? WELL— NOW I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I DO TO SHOOERS!



APPARENTLY YOU'RE NOT IN TUNE!

DUMMKOPF! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS!

AT A SIGNAL FROM VOGEL, A GAS-Pellet GUN IS FIRED OUT THRU A WINDOW!



THERE IS A SOFT KISS, SOMETHING SWEETER IN SPACEHAWK'S FACE, AND HE SLUMPS FORWARD...

WHEN HE REVIVES FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE KNOCK-OUT GAS, HE FINDS HIMSELF CHAINED TO THE GROUND...

MAKE THE SLIGHTEST MOVE, AND YOU DIE! THAT'S THE IDEA!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?



THAT LINE ATTACHED TO YOUR WRIST RUNS TO A DYNAMITE SWITCH! IF YOU MOVE YOUR ARM SO MUCH AS AN INCH THAT BOULDER WILL BE BLASTED OVER AND YOU'LL BE CRUSHED TO A PULP!

SO LONG, MR. BIG TALK! WE'LL BE LISTENING FOR THE EXPLOSION!

VOGEL AND HIS MEN RETURN TO THE RANCH HOUSE

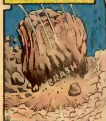


BOOM!
THERE SHE GOES! HE TRIED TO GET AWAY!

THAT'S THE END OF THAT MEDDLER! NO ONE WILL EVER FIND HIM BENEATH ALL THAT ROCK!



OUT ON THE PRairie, THE BOULDER CRASHES OVER!



BUT SPACEHAWK IS NOT UNDER IT! USING MENTAL TELEPATHY, HE HAS CALLED DORK, HIS SPACE-FLYING PARTNER, TO RESCUE HIM

WOAH! LOOK WHERE YOU'D BE IF YOU'D SET OFF THAT BLAST BEFORE I GOT HERE!

THANKS, DORK! AND NOW THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD, I'M GOING BACK AND DO A LITTLE HAUNTING!



LIFTED BY ANTI-GRAVITY POWER IN THEIR APPAREL, THE TWO MEN WHISK UP TO SPACEMAN'S SPACE SHIP.

INSIDE THE SHIP..

THIS IS OUR FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO BREAK IN THE NEW "BULLET" SHIP WE'VE CONSTRUCTED. DORK.

RIGHT! YOU SHOULD BE ABLE TO DO SOME FANCY "HAUNTING" IN THAT RIG!



LEAVING THE LARGER SHIP AT THE FRINGE OF SPACE, SPACEMAN AND DORK LAUNCH OUT FOR VOSELI'S RANCH..

HERE WE GO, DORK! HANG ON!

I'M ALL SET!



RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!

YIPPEE!





FACING A STORM OF
LEAD, SPACEBUNK HURLS
A TEAR GAS BOMB...



GRASPING AND CHOING, THE RATS
SCURRY OUT OF THEIR HOLE.



A DIRTY TRICK! YOU
CAN'T DO THIS TO
DECENT, LAW-ABIDING
CITIZENS!

I'M GOING OUT AFTER THE
LEADER, BORK! YOU TAKE
THE CONTROLS AND CHASE
THE OTHERS OUT OF HERE!

I'LL WARM THEIR
HEELS, PUENTY!



SPACEBUNK LEAPS OUT IN
FRONT OF VOGEL...

YOU! I THOUGHT I GOT
RID OF YOU FOR GOOD!

I GAVE YOU
FAIR WARNING!
NOW ARE YOU
READY TO
CLEAR OUT?



VOGEL YANKS
OUT A KNIFE.

I'LL SEE YOU
DEAD FIRST!



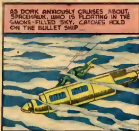
DROP IT!



HERE'S ANOTHER FOR
WHAT YOU INTENDED
TO DO TO ME!







ANOTHER
SPACEHAWK
ADVENTURE
AND
THE
RETURN
OF
DR. GORE
IN NEXT
MONTH'S
**TARGET
COMICS**

SPACEHAWK

And the
RETURN
of
DR. GORE



TO FOREVER BANISH
THE EVIL DR. GORE FROM THE
EARTH, SPACEHAWK'S FRIEND,
DOOM, TAKES THE SCIENTIST
TO MARS.

RAUL
UNIVERTON

HERE'S THE SPOT!
JUST THE PLACE
FOR INDIVIDUALS
WHO CAN'T GET
ALONG WITH
OTHER PEOPLE!



ALL RIGHT, GORE! THIS IS THE END OF
THE LINE FOR YOU! YOU DON'T NEED
TO BE AFRAID OF BEING ALONE HERE,
BECAUSE THIS SECTION OF THE
PLANET IS CRAWLING WITH OTHER
KINDS OF REPTILES AND INSECTS!



BUT THE INGENUOUS SCIENTIST HAS ALREADY PICKED THE LOCKS ON HIS STEEL CUFFS, AND SUDDENLY...



IMMOCLE!
MY CHAINS CANNOT HOLD ME!

A MINUTE LATER...

NOW! NOW DO YOU LIKE THE FEEL OF THOSE SHACKLES?

NOT BAD! THE WORST PART IS HAVING TO SIT HERE AND LOOK AT YOUR UGLY WAP!



YOUR FACE IS NO BETTER, YOU SWINE, BUT THIS SHOULD IMPROVE IT!



I'VE KNOCKED HIM OUT! OR, WELL - I'LL GET THIS SWAP OFF THE GROUND WITHOUT HIS HELP!



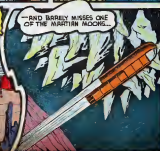
AN, YES! THE CONTROLS ARE SIMILAR TO THOSE IN SPACE-WARRIOR'S SHIP! I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PILOT THIS THING BACK TO EARTH!



WITH INEXPERIENCED HANDS AT THE CONTROLS, THE SHIP MAKES A MAD LUNGE INTO THE SKY...



—AND BARRELY MISSES ONE OF THE MARTIAN MOONS...



BETTER LET ME
HANDLE THOSE
CONTROLS!



DORK REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS...

SILENCE, PIG!
I'LL MANAGE!



AND FOR FOURTEEN
WEAPONSOME EARTH DAYS
DR. GORE DOES MANAGE
TO KEEP THE SHIP
ON ITS COURSE...



- BUT AS IT NEARS THE EARTH

LANDING - THAT'S GOING
TO BE THE MOST
DIFFICULT OPERATION!



DR. GORE LOSES CONTROL...
AND THE CRAFT, PARACHUTES
IN A TEXAS DESERT!



QUITE A JOLT, BUT
I'M SAFE! AS FOR THAT
LONG-EARED PRENK
CALLED DORK, - IF HE
ISN'T ALREADY DEAD,
HE SOON WILL BE!



NOW TO GET
OUT OF THIS
INFERNAL PLACE
AND REACH MY
NEAREST LABORATORY
HIDEOUT!



LATER, AS SPACEHAWK
CRUISES AT THE
EDGE OF SPACE...

THAT OBJECT DOWN
THERE ON THE DESERT
LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND
OF FLYING CRAFT!



SPACEHAWK LANDS....

IT'S DORK'S SHIP!



HE'S CHAINED TO THE WALL -
AND UNCONSCIOUS! THIS IS
DR GORE'S WORK!



SPACEHAWK TAKES HIS OLD
FRIEND TO HIS SHIP, REVIVES
HIM, AND GETS HIS STORY...

I'VE MADE
A MESS
OF THINGS!

NEVER MIND,
FELLOW! I'LL
CATCH UP WITH
THAT
MURDERER!



MEANWHILE DR GORE
ARRIVES AT A RAILROAD
STATION, AND CONCEALS
HIMSELF WHILE A FREIGHT
TRAIN PULLS IN...

AN' FREE
TRANSPORTATION!



THEN HE SNEAKS
UP AND BREAKS
THE COUPLING
BETWEEN THE
LOCOMOTIVE AND
THE CARS...



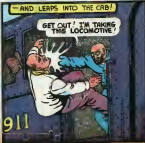
HE CREEPS UP
ON THE
ENGINEER...

THIS'LL TAKE
CARE OF YOU!



— AND LEAPS INTO THE CAB!

GET OUT! I'M TAKING
THIS LOCOMOTIVE!



YOU CAN'T TAKE THAT LOCOMOTIVE CUT ON THE MAIN LINE! TWO TROOP TRAINS ARE COMING THIS WAY!



TROOP TRAINS, EH? GOOD! MY MAIN OBJECT IS TO GET OUT OF HERE, BUT IF I CAN LITTER THESE TRACKS WITH THE BODIES OF UNITED STATES SOLDIERS, SO MUCH THE BETTER!



DR. GORT SENDS THE ENGINE SPEEDING ACROSS THE DESERT AND INTO A MOUNTAIN RANGE



HERE COME THE FIRST VICTIMS! I'LL SLOW DOWN A LITTLE!



-AND HERE'S WHERE I BOW OUT!



AS THE TROOP TRAIN ROUNDS A CURVE, THE FIREMAN SEES THE LOCOMOTIVE THUNDERING TOWARD THEM!



BRAKES!
GIVE 'EM
THE BRAKES!

THE TWO ENGINES ARE ABOUT TO COLLIDE—AND THEN THE DRIVERLESS ONE LEAPS INTO THE AIR!



GOOD WORK, SPACEHAWK!
YOU LOWERED YOUR SHIP'S
GRAB-MAGNET JUST IN
TIME TO YANK THAT
ENGINE OFF THE TRACKS!



WE'RE LUCKY! IF
WE HADN'T SPOTTED
DR. GORE'S BALD
HEAD STICKING OUT
OF THAT CAB, WE
WOULDN'T HAVE
FOLLOWED THE
LOCOMOTIVE, AND
THERE'D BE A PILE
OF TWISTED STEEL
AND FLESH DOWN
THERE RIGHT NOW!



YOU TAKE THE LOCOMOTIVE
BACK WHERE IT BELONGS,
DORK! I'M GOING AFTER
DR. GORE!



SPACEHAWK!
JUST IN TIME TO
SPOIL EVERYTHING!



WELL - HE WON'T
GET ME - NOT IN
THESE MOUNTAINS!



SPACEHAWK FLIES HIS SHIP OUT
OF DR. GORE'S SIGHT - THEN
LEAPS TO THE GROUND...



A VOICE BOOMS THRU THE HILLS -

I'M COMING TO GET YOU, DR. GORE!
SAVE YOURSELF SOME TROUBLE
AND STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

HE - HE'S RIGHT
BEHIND ME!



AT THAT MOMENT
THE SOUND OF A TRAIN
COMES FROM THE
OTHER SIDE OF
A DEEP CANYON...

WOOO-O-O!
WOOO-O-O!

WHAT A BREAK! I'VE JUST
TIME TO MAKE IT ACROSS
THAT TRELLIS. BECAUSE
THE TRAIN STARTS ACROSS
FROM THE OTHER SIDE! AS
LONG AS THE TRAIN IS ON
THE TRELLIS, SPACEHAWK
CAN'T GET ACROSS TO ME,
AND I'LL HAVE A CHANCE
TO ESCAPE!

ALL RIGHT, SPACEHAWK!
FOLLOW ME--IF YOU
DARE!

HALF WAY ACROSS--

MY FOOT!
IT'S CAUGHT IN
THE TIES!

HE'S PUT HIMSELF IN A TINE
FIX! HERE COMES THE TRAIN!
HE HADN'T TIME TO MAKE
IT TO EITHER END!

WO-O-O!

HELP!

HE'S A RAT, BUT I
CAN'T STAND BY AND
SEE HIM KILLED!

JUST AS SPACEHAWK LEAPS IN TO
SNATCH THE SCIENTIST OUT OF THE
TRAIN'S PATH, DR. GORE WRENCHES
HIS FOOT LOOSE FROM THE TRACKS,
AND TUMBLES BACKWARD!



WITH SPACEBAUK AT HIS HEELS, HE PLUMMETS INTO THE DEPTHS!



HE DID — FROM ME. HE FELL OFF THAT TRESTLE AND INTO THE RAPIDS!



WITH DR GORE OUT OF THE WAY, *SPACEBAUK* GOES AFTER OTHER ENEMIES OF AMERICA IN NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET COMICS**

SPACEHAWK

S. SPACEHAWK AND DORK CRUISE THE ARCTIC STRATOSPHERE, THEIR ELECTROSCOPE REVEALS A FLEET OF BOMBERS FLYING WEST FROM EUROPE.

And the
**BATTLING
BULLET SHIPS**

THOSE ARE ENEMY
BOMBERS, SPACEHAWK!

AND HEADING FOR ICELAND! THIS IS WHAT
WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING — AN ATTACK ON
AMERICAN TROOPS STATIONED THERE!

WE'VE GOT TO STOP
THEM, DORK. WE
MAY BE ABLE TO
DO IT WITH OUR
BULLET SHIPS!
WE'LL FLY IN ONE,
AND PILOT THE
OTHER BY RADIO!

A GOOD IDEA!
I'LL HAVE THE
EQUIPMENT INTO
THOSE BARRIES
BEFORE YOU
KNOW IT!

by
Basil
Wickerton

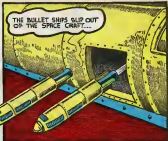
MINUTES LATER—

ALL SET, SPACEHAWK!

GOOD! WE'LL LEAVE THIS ROBOT PILOT AT THE CONTROLS, AND GET GOING!



THE BULLET SHIPS RIP OUT OF THE SPACE CRAFT...



MILES BELOW—INSIDE THE PLANE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE ENEMY BOMBERS...

ICELAND SHOULD BE VISIBLE ANY MINUTE NOW!

WE'LL SWEEP IN THERE AND CLEAN OUT THOSE AMERICANS BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT'S GOING ON!



SUDDENLY, SOMETHING FLASHES PAST THE COMMANDER'S SHIP!

WHAT—WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S CIRCLING BACK ON US! IT'S BOUND TO STRIKE ONE OF OUR PLANES!



SPACEHAWK'S BULLET SHIP DOES STRIKE...AND WITH ALL THE FORCE OF A METEOR!



THE FIRST VICTIM
STREAKS TO ITS
GRAVE IN THE SEA!

STRIKE ONE, AND THAT
BOMBER IS OUT!

HANG ON! WE'RE GOING
TO CLIP A FEW MORE
WINGS AND TAIL FEATHERS!

FIRE, YOU
GUNNERS!
BLAST THAT THING
OUT OF HERE!



BUT THE BULLETS ONLY
GLANCE OFF THE TOUGH
LITTLE SHIP, WHICH DARTS
IN AND OUT, SMASHING
WINGS AND TAIL ASSEMBLES
AT EVERY TURN!



THAT'S THE
END OF
OUR
TROUBLE!

BUT
CONSIDER
THE
BOMBERS
WE'VE LOST!

GET BACK INTO
FORMATION! IT'S
UP TO US TO
ATTACK
ICELAND,
REGARDLESS OF
OUR LOSSES!

SUSPENDED BY THEIR ANTI-
GRAVITY BELTS, SPACEHAWK
AND DORK HOVER OVER THE
SEA. BY MEANS OF THE RADIO
CONTROLLER, THEY SUMMON THE
OTHER BULLET SHIP FROM THE
STRATOSPHERE...



LOOK!!
ANOTHER
ONE!

ACH! THIS
IS TERRIBLE!

BUT IN ITS FIRST SWOOP
THE SECOND BULLET SHIP
WRECKS ITS ROCKET BRARREL!



THAT'S THAT!
WE MAY AS
WELL DUMP
THIS THING IN
THE OCEAN!

TOO BAD!
SOME OF THE
BOMBERS
ARE
BOUND TO REACH
THEIR DESTINATION
NOW THAT WE'RE
POWERLESS TO
STOP THEM!



MERRIMBLE—AT THE AMERICAN
BASE IN ICELAND....

DO YOU HEAR
SOMETHING?

PLANES ARE
APPROACHING FROM
THE WEST! SOUND
THE ALARM!



AMERICAN FIGHTER SHIPS
TAKE TO THE AIR....



LOOK!-COMING TO
MEET US!

THE BOBS! WE'LL
HAVE TO RUN FOR
IT OR BE SHOT DOWN!



THE BOMBERS TURN TAIL
AND THE AMERICAN SHIPS
GIVE CHASE!



THE COMMANDER'S SHIP, WITH ITS HEAD
START, IS THE ONLY ONE TO ESCAPE....



HA! THAT'S GIVING THEM
THE SLIP!



MEREWHAILE, SPACEHAWK AND DORK
SHOOT INTO THE SKY, AND WATCH
THE BATTLE FROM A DISTANCE...

THEY BAGGED ALL BUT ONE
BOMBER, AND IT'S HEADING
BACK THIS WAY!

NO WONDER
IT GAVE UP!
THOSE AMERICAN
GUYS ARE
PLENTY TOUGH!

LOOKS LIKE TWO MEN
SUSPENDED IN THE SKY!
CAN IT BE SOME KIND
OF A TRICK?

TRICK OR NO
TRICK, WE'LL
SHOOT THEM DOWN!

THEY SEE US, SPACEHAWK?

YES! AND THEY'RE
COMING FOR US!

AS THE BOMBER DIES,
SPACEHAWK AND DORK
ZIP UPWARD!

IF THEY
WEREN'T
GOING SO
FAST, WE
COULD UP-
EN WITH
THESE FLAME
PISTOLS!

THEY MUST BE
GAS-INFLATED DUMMIES,
NOT YET THEY JUMPED
UPWARD AND FIRED
ON US! SWIRL AROUND
AND GO AFTER THEM
AGAIN! WE'LL FIND OUT
WHAT MAKES THEM TICK!

THEY'RE
COMING
BACK!

AND THIS TIME
THEY'RE GOING TO
GET A SURPRISE!

THEY- THEY'RE
HUMAN! I CAN
SEE THEM MOVING!
WHAT KEEPS
THEM UP?

AS THE BOMBER SWEEPS AT THEM, SPACEHAWK HURLS HIS PISTOL INTO ONE PROPELLER, AND DOKK HURLS HIS AT THE OTHER! THEN BOTH AGAIN DODGE OUT OF THE PLANE'S PATH!

GOOD PITCHING!



OUR PROPELLERS ARE SHATTERED! WE'RE FALLING!



NO TIME TO DROP OUR BOMBS NOW! HIT THE WATER FIRST, OR WE'RE LOST!



BUT THE PLANE HITS TOO HARD, AND THE BOMBS EXPLODE!



THE LAST BOMBER! NOW WE CAN GO BACK TO OUR SPACE SHIP!

WE DIDN'T DO SO BADLY AFTER ALL! AT LEAST WE GOT IN THE LAST LICK!



SPACEHAWK
BATTLES TO
SAVE A HUGE
POWER DAM...
IN



SPACE
HAWK

AND
THE

BLAZING DEATH

by Basil Wolverton



ONCE MORE THE FIERCE
DR. GORE RETURNS —
AGAIN TO POUR OUT HIS
DIABOLIC MATHS ON
AMERICA... AND SPACEHAWK!



SPACEHAWK DOES NOT
KNOW THAT DR. GORE,
WHO FELL INTO THE
BOILING RAPIDS OF A
TEXAS RIVER, MANAGED
TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO
SAFETY AT A POINT
DOWNSTREAM FROM
WHERE SPACEHAWK
STOOD AT THE TIME...

SPURRED ON BY DESIRE FOR REVENGE, THE SCIENTIST HEADS FOR PRISON.

I'LL GET BACK TO ONE OF MY LABORATORY-HIDEOUTS, AND THEN—



MONTHS LATER, AS SPACEHUNK AND DORK CRUISE THRU THE STRATOSPHERE IN THEIR SPACE-SHIP.

PLASMA! VOLANT ELECTRICAL STORMS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO HAVE JUST SUNK THE SIXTH AMERICAN SHIP WITHIN FIVE HOURS!

SIX SHIPS! THAT MUST BE SOME STORM!

I THINK WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS, DORK!



SPACEHUNK'S SHIP DIVES EARTHWARD...

DELICATE INSTRUMENTS LEAD IT DIRECTLY TO THE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED AREA OVER THE GULF...

THE GAUGES INDICATE THAT THIS IS THE SPOT, BUT I DON'T SEE MUCH OF A STORM! NO WIND, AND ONLY ONE LONE CLOUD!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT EERIE-SCALTING THUNDER SHATTERS THE STILLNESS AS TONGUES OF FIRE CRACKLE DOWN FROM THAT ONE CLOUD!

ONE OF THE BOLTS CHARGES INTO A LONE FREIGHTER...



THE LIGHTNING HIT THAT
SHIP! IT'S GOING DOWN!

THERE'S ANOTHER
SHIP JUST OVER THE
HORIZON! RADIO IT TO
PICK UP THE SEEDINGS!



THAT WASN'T NATURAL
LIGHTNING! SEE - THAT
CLOUD IS MOVING IN
ANOTHER DIRECTION NOW!
I'LL WONDER THERE'S SOME
SORT OF APPARATUS INSIDE
IT BUILT PURPOSELY TO
SINK AMERICAN SHIPS!
I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



DOCK SWINGS THE CAP UP
OVER THE CLOUD, AND
SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT...



HE PLUNGED
INTO THE MIST.



BY MEANS OF HIS
ANTI-GRAVITY BELT
HE RETARDS HIS FALL,
AND GENTLY LANDS
ON A BROAD
EXPANSE OF METAL.



I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS
ONLY A SYNTHETIC CLOUD -
A SCREEN TO HIDE
SOMETHING BAD! I'VE
TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT IS!



INSIDE THE FLOATING STRUCTURE,
THE SWIFTER DR. GORE GLOATS
OVER HIS LATEST TRIUMPH!

HA! ANOTHER 'VICTIM' MY
LIGHTNING GUNS HAVE PROVED
SUCCESSFUL ON SHIPS! NOW TO
MOVE IN OVER THE CONTINENT
AND SHOCK AMERICA WITH A
MOST TERRIBLE SURPRISE!



SUDDENLY

SPACEHAWK!

SO IT'S YOU! I THOUGHT
I'D SEEN THE LAST OF
YOUR UGLY FACE, BUT
HERE I FIND YOU UP TO
YOUR OLD TRICKS!



YOU STOLE MY SECRETS OF ANTI-GRAVITY AND ROCKET POWER, DR. GORE. I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU CONTINUE USING THEM TO DESTROY LIFE AND PROPERTY! THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING IN WHOLESALE MURDER!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'VE CREATED! RIGHT NOW I'M CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT TO BENEFIT MANKIND!

THAT'S A LIE! ALREADY YOU'VE SENT SEVEN SHIPS TO THE BOTTOM WITH THIS FLOATING POWER PLANT OF YOURS! DO YOU CALL THAT AN EXPERIMENT?

I—I DON'T KNOW THERE WERE SHIPS BELOW ME! I—

IN A LAST FRANTIC EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF, DR. GORE SNATCHES AT A SWITCH, AND—

HA/HA! YOU SHOULDN'T GET SO CLOSE TO MY LIGHTNING APPARATUS! NOW I'LL TAKE THE UPPER HAND!

MY LEGS! MY ARMS! THEY WON'T MOVE! THEY'RE PARALYZED!

IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE NOT DEAD! BUT PERHAPS IT'S BETTER YOU'RE NOT— JUST YET! NOW I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT I'M GOING TO DO AND YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO INTERFERE! THEN I'LL Toss YOU OUT OF HERE!

NOW JUST SIT THERE AND WATCH WHILE I BLAST EVERY CITY ON THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD WITH MY LIGHTNING BOLTS—THANKS TO THE SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE I'VE GLEANED FROM YOU!

MUCH AS I LOVE YOUR COMPANY, MY DEAR SPACEBOY, I MUST LEAVE YOU FOR A FEW MOMENTS WHILE I CHECK MY PROPULSION ROCKETS! I TRUST YOU WILL PARDON ME!

WITH DR. GORE GONE, SPACEBOY'S NIGHT WIND STRUGGLES TO REGAIN CONTROL OF HIS SHOCKED MUSCLES AND NERVES.

I MUST OVERCOME THIS PARALYSIS! I MUST!

BOOZING! SECONDS PASS THEN SPACEBARK'S SUPER-HUMAN EFFORTS BRING LIFE BACK TO HIS LIMBS...

SUCCESS! I CAN MOVE AGAIN!



NOW— IF ONLY I CAN ALTER THIS COMPASS BEFORE WE RETURN!



THERE! IT'S DONE! WHEN HE COMES, I'LL PRETEND I'M STILL PARALYZED!



WH! EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER! WITHIN A SHORT WHILE WE'LL BE OVER LAND! THEN I'LL LET YOU PEEK DOWN THRU MY ROG EYE— A LITTLE INSTRUMENT BY MEANS OF WHICH I CAN SEE THRU THIS VAPOR ABOUT US! AND WATCH THE RESULTS OF A NEW MAN-MADE ELECTRICAL STORMS! YOU'LL REALIZE THEN HOW I'LL SOON BECOME THE MASTER OF NATIONS!



SPACEBARK GETS TO HIS FEET

HUH?!—
WHAT THE—



VERY INTERESTING, DR. GORE, BUT I MUST BE LEAVING NOW!



FOOL ME, WILL YOU? I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!



SPACEBARK PUNGS OUT A POWERFUL ARM, AND DR. GORE FLIES BACKWARD!



NOW! NOW! NO STING IN GETTING ROUGH! WHY SHOULD WE BATTLE? NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO DESTROY THE OTHER!







SPACEHAWK PLACES DR. GORE ON THE PEAK OF A CRAG, WHERE HE REYNES...

WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE SAFE, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL BE EVEN SAFER—BEHIND BARS!



FURIOUS, DR. GORE LEAPS UP AND CHARGES!

NO YOU WON'T!



SPACEHAWK SAVES HIMSELF BY SHAPPING ON THE POWER IN HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT. BUT DR. GORE PLUNGES ON INTO THE YOUNG CHASM!



HE WON'T COME BACK THIS TIME! NO ONE COULD LIVE THRU THAT FALL!



SPACEHAWK ZIPS BACK UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP...



**NEXT
MONTH**

SPACEHAWK

GIVES THE UNITED STATES A NEW KIND OF GIVE BOMBER — THE SWIFTEST DEADLIEST THING WITH WINGS. YOU CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SPACEHAWK TESTS IT IN

TARGET COMICS

THE TIME HAS COME FOR US TO GIVE EVERY
QUINCE OF OUR SUPPORT TO THE UNITED
STATES. BORK! I'VE DECIDED TO GO TO
WASHINGTON AND LEND MY SERVICES! YOU
STAY WITH MY SHIP AND CARRY ON
FROM THE SKY!

I'LL DO MY BEST,
SPACEHAWK!

SPACEHAWK

and his
**SUPER
DIVE
BOMBER**

by Basil Wolverton



HIS APPROACH IS SO SILENT
NO ONE SEES HIM UNTIL
HE IS IN THE OFFICE OF
A HIGH OFFICIAL....

PARDON MY RUDE MANNER OF ENTRANCE,
MR. BUT IT IS THE ONLY WAY I COULD
COME TO SEE YOU AT ONCE WITHOUT
CAUSING SUSPICION OR EXCITEMENT!
I AM SPACEHAWK!



SPACEHAWK
LEAPS OUT OF
HIS
SPACE-SHIP
AND DROPS
TO THE
GROUNDS!



YOU—SPACEHAWK!
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE
ME IMMEDIATE PROOF
OF THAT STATEMENT, OR
YOU'LL SOON FIND
YOURSELF IN VERY
GRAVE CIRCUMSTANCES!

DO YOU KNOW OF
ANY OTHER PERSON
WHO CAN SUSPEND
HIMSELF IN MID-AIR
WITH NO ANTI-
GRAVITY BELT—
LIKE THIS?

AMAZING! THAT'S PROOF ENOUGH FOR ME! I'M HONORED TO MEET YOU, SPACEHAWK, AND I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE FOR THE UNITED STATES!

THAT'S WHY I'M HERE — TO HELP THE NATION BUILD MACHINERY THAT WILL INCORPORATE SOME OF THE ADVANCED SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE I CAN GIVE THE GOVERNMENT!



GOOD! WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?

I'D LIKE TO SUPERINTEND THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW AND DIFFERENT TYPE OF DIVE BOMBER — A ROCKET-DRIVEN PLANE THAT WILL BE MUCH FASTER AND DEADLIER THAN ANYTHING YET BUILT!



IF YOU CAN DO THAT, SPACEHAWK, YOU'LL WIN THE EVERLASTING GRATITUDE OF THE WHOLE NATION! THE FACILITIES OF OUR GOVERNMENT AND FACTORIES ARE AT YOUR DISPOSAL!



A FEW DAYS LATER, IN A LARGE DEFENSE FACTORY, SPACEHAWK DIRECTS THE BUILDING OF THE SECRET, NEW BOMBER.



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...

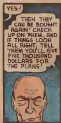
IT'S TRUE! TWO WORKMEN OVER AT THE PLANT ADMITTED THAT SPACEHAWK IS ACTUALLY HELPING TO CONSTRUCT A NEW TYPE OF DIVE BOMBER!

THAT IS BAD! BUT NOT TOO BAD! IF WE CAN GET THE PLANS FOR THAT BOMBER, SPACEHAWK WILL BE HELPING OUR GOVERNMENT, TOO! DID YOU PAY THE TWO WORKMEN FOR THIS INFORMATION?



YES!

THEN THEY CAN BE BOUGHT AGAIN! CHECK UP ON THEM, AND IF THINGS LOOK ALL RIGHT, TELL THEM YOU'LL PAY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE PLANS!

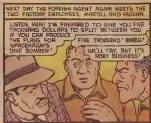


NEXT DAY THE FOREIGN AGENT AGAIN MEETS THE TWO FACTORY EMPLOYEES, WHISTLE AND WAUGHN.

LISTEN, WHIST! I'M PREPARED TO GIVE YOU FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO SPLIT BETWEEN YOU IF YOU CAN PRODUCE THE PLANS FOR SPACEHAWK'S DIVE BOMBER!

FIVE THOUSAND! WHIST!

WE'LL TRY, BUT IT'S RISKY BUSINESS!



HERE'S A HUNDRED APPEAL FOR A STARTER! AND GET THIS — IF THERE'S ANY MONEY BUSINESS BETWEEN YOU AND THE LAD, YOU'LL REGRET IT!



LATER, MARTELL AND WADSWORTH, IN THEIR TRUSTED CAPACITIES AS TANK TESTERS, ARE ALLOWED IN MOST DEPARTMENTS OF THE PLANT, LOOK IN ON THE NEW DNE BOMBER...

LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S NEARLY COMPLETED! WE'LL HAVE TO GET TONIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE SHIFT WORKING ON IT — THE DAY SHIFT! THAT'LL GIVE US A CHANCE TO DO SOMETHING AFTER DARK.



AFTER WORK, MARTELL AND WADSWORTH CONFER THEMSELVES NEAR THE BOMBER...



LOOM!

IT'S QUIETED DOWN AROUND HERE! LET'S GO!

LET'S SEARCH THAT LITTLE SHOP-ROOM! THE PLANS ARE PROBABLY THERE!



WE'RE IN LOCK! THE PLACE ISN'T LOCKED!



NOTHING IN HERE BUT TOOLS!

COME ON! WE'LL SEARCH THE PLANE!



SH-H-H-H! WE'LL HAVE A HARD TIME EXPLAINING THIS IF WE GET CAUGHT!



LOOK! THOSE MUST BE THE ANTI-GRAVITY UNITS WE'VE HEARD ABOUT! IF WE CAN DISCOVER HOW THEY FUNCTION, WE'LL HAVE SOMETHING ALMOST AS VALUABLE AS THE PLANS — AND WE'LL DEMAND MORE THAN FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THAT INFORMATION!

HERE'S A SCREWDRIVER! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!



A VOICE COMES OUT
OF THE DARKNESS...

I WOULDN'T TOUCH THAT
IF I WERE YOU!

HUH?

HOUSE
THE
LIGHT!

IT MUST BE ONE
OF THE WATCHMEN!
GRAB HIM AND DON'T
LET HIM YELL, OR
WE'RE SORRY!

MARTELL AND VAUGHN LUNGE
AT THE DINK FIGURE — AND —
DUMP INTO A DISASTROUS SURPRISE!

OW OUCH

A LIGHT COMES ON, AND—

"SPACEHAWK!"

I WAS AFRAID SOME-
ONE WOULD TRY THIS,
SO I'VE BEEN STAYING
HERE NIGHTS!

LET US GO, SPACEHAWK!
WE WEREN'T GOING TO
HARM ANYTHING!

WE WERE
JUST
CURIOUS!

WHERE ARE
YOU
TAKING US?
PLEASE DON'T
TURN US OVER
TO THE FACTORY
POLICE!

OH, YOU RATS!
I'LL GRANT YOU
THAT REQUEST!

OVER THE FENCE YOU GO!
DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN AGAIN,
OR THERE'LL BE PLENTY
OF TROUBLE!

I JUST TALKED WITH JOE FACTORY STODGES. THEY BUNGLED THE JOB! SPACEHAWK HIMSELF KICKED THEM OUT!

THE FOOLS! WE SHOULD DISPOSE OF THEM BEFORE THEY ATTEMPT TO EXPOSE US! BUT PERHAPS THERE IS YET A JOB THEY CAN DO FOR US - GET RID OF SPACEHAWK! HE'S TOO MUCH OF A MENACE TO THE AXIS NATIONS!

THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO DIFFICULT! THEY'RE IN A VENGFUL MOOD!

THEN OFFER THEM TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS TO DO IT IN ANY WAY THEY CAN!



NEXT WEEK

THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET THAT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! SPACEHAWK IS TESTING HIS NEW DIVE BOMBER TODAY, AND WE'RE TESTING THIS NEW TYPE TANK AND ITS GUNS! WE'LL BLOW HIM DOWN WHEN HE COMES OUT ON THE FIELD, AND ACT AS THOUGH IT WERE AN ACCIDENT!



ROLL IT OUT, MEN! IT'S ALL SET FOR A TRYOUT!



THERE HE IS! PULL THE TRIGGER, AND I'LL BLOW THE TANK AROUND!



MARTELL, GUNCE THE TANK SILENTLY ABOUT AS THOUGH IT IS OUT OF CONTROL, AND BULLETS FAN ACROSS THE ADJACING LANDING FIELD!



ON YOUR STOMACHS!



IF WE CAN ONLY MAKE IT TO
THE WOODS, WE'LL HAVE A
CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY!

BUT SPACEMAK WHEELS AND COMES IN TO ARM
THE TANK WITH POWERFUL THREE-WAY SHIELDS!

ONE MORE ATTACK LIKE THAT
AND WE'RE FINISHED!

HE'S GAINING ALTITUDE!
SURELY HE'S NOT GOING
TO DROP A BOMB!

AND THAT IS
JUST WHAT
SPACEMAK
INTENDS TO
DO! HE
NEEDES
DOWN,
AND —

OOPS! A BOMB
DIRECTLY IN THE
TANK'S PATH!

BOOM!

CONFUSED, WARTELL
HEADS THE MACHINE
TOWARD A CLIFF.

LOOK OUT!



SPACEHAWK LANDS

COME OUT OF THERE—
IF YOU'RE REAL!

IF YOU WANT
US, TRY COMING
IN AFTER US!

I'LL DO THAT
LITTLE THING!

CRACK!

THAT'S THE STUFF!
CRACK HIM AGAIN!

THAT'S NOTHING BUT A LOVE-TAP!
HERE'S HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE!

SPACEHAWK IGNORES THE BLOO, LEAPS
IN BETWEEN HIS ATTACKERS, AND LOOSES
LIGHTNING FENCES TO THEIR CHARGE!

ARMY OFFICERS, PRESENT TO MEET THE
BOMBER'S INITIAL FLIGHT, RUSH TO THE
SCENE

WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF ALL THIS, SPACEHAWK?

I THINK THESE
FELLOWS WOULD
EXPLAIN EVERYTHING
WHEN THEY COME
TO, GENERAL!

SPACEHAWK, YOUR
BOMBER IS A MARVEL! WITH
THE HELP YOU'RE GIVING US, WE
CAN'T LOSE THIS WAR! BY THE
WAY—THOSE TWO THING
FEISTERS TALKED QUENTY!
THEY WERE HIRED BY FOREIGN
AGENTS TO GET YOU! FEDERAL
POLICE HAVE ALL OF THEM NOW—
THANKS TO YOU!

I'M GLAD
TO DO ALL
I CAN, GENERAL!

SPACEHAWK
GOES INTO
ACTION
IN A
SLAM BANG
BATTLE
IN THE
PACIFIC
IN NEXT
MONTH'S

**TARGET
COMICS**

Spacehawk

and the
DEVIL DIVERS
of the
DEEP



A LONG AMERICAN DESTROYER, PLONGING
THRU THE PACIFIC, ITS CREW UNAWARE OF
THE DEADLY MENACE STEALTHILY SURROUNDING
IT. SUDDENLY THERE IS A ROR OF GUNS
AS FOUR STRANGE CRAFT RISE TO THE KILL!

By
JOHN
WOLFEY

ON BOARD THE DESTROYER...

THEY'RE OWL OVERS THE ENEMY'S NEW TYPE OF UNDERSEA DESTROYER! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE US FROM FOUR OF THEM! BUT WE'LL GIVE THEM EVERYTHING WE'VE GOT AS LONG AS WE'RE ALIVE!



INSIDE THE FLAGSHIP OF THE DEVL DIVERS, KODSAMI THE COMMANDER, ISSUES OUT ORDERS.

TELL THEM TO CIRCLE ABOUT CAUTIOUSLY, AND NOT TO EXPOSE THEMSELVES EXCEPT WHEN THEY RISE TO FIRE! HA! WE'LL SOON BLAST EVERY AMERICAN BOG OUT OF THE PACIFIC WITH THESE SWIFT DEEP-DIVING CRAFT OF OURS!



—AND UP IN THE SKY, SPACERHAWK'S SHIP ENLIES ABOVE THE SCENE...



THAT DESTROYER HASN'T A CHANCE, SPACEHAWK!

IT LOOKS BAD, DOK!

THIS IS THE TIME TO BREAK IN THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR. I'VE BEEN BUILDING TO HELP AMERICA! SET IT READY TO GO!



MEANWHILE

THE ENEMY CRAFT HAVE DISAPPEARED, SIR!

THEY'RE HIT AND RUN FIGHTERS, BUT AS LONG AS THINGS GO WELL FOR THEM, THEY'LL BOB UP AGAIN!



I STRAPPED AN ANTI-GRAVITY UNIT TO THE PROJECTOR SO THAT IT WON'T BE SO HEAVY, SPACEHAWK!

GOODY! NOW ONE DOWN OVER THE DESTROYER, AND I'LL LEAP OUT!



LOOK, SIR!

AIRCRAFT! SOUND THE ALARM!



NO! — HOLD THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE! THAT LOOKS LIKE SPACEHAWK'S SHIP!



WE'VE HELD THEM IN SUSPENSE LONG ENOUGH! NOW IS THE TIME TO — WAIT! WHAT IS THAT IN THE SKY?

THAT APPEARS TO BE THE SHIP OF THE MYSTERIOUS ONE CALLED SPACEHAWK, CAPTAIN!



GO! THE DAREDEVIL-
MANNED SKY DAVELLER
COMES TO DEFEND
OUR ENEMIES! THE
FOOL WILL REGRET
SUCH A MOVE!

OBSERVE, CAPTAIN!
SOMEONE DROPS
FROM THE SHIP!

IT'S SPACEBARK! TO THE
SURFACE QUICKLY, AND
SHOOT HIM DOWN!

THE FLAGSHIP DASHES TO
THE SURFACE, AND FIRES —

BOOM!

50-INCH SHELLS SCREAM PAST
SPACEBARK AS HE PLUMMETS
DOWN WITH THE ANTI-GRAVITY
BEAM PROJECTOR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO
DO BETTER THAN
THAT, YOU YELLOW
BUZZARDS!

AMERICAN GUNS SWING ON THE
DEVL DIVER, WHICH IMMEDIATELY
PLUNGES TO SAFETY
BENEATH THE WAVES!

BOOM!

BOOM!

SPACEBARK! WHAT
BRINGS YOU HERE
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS?

WITH YOUR
PERMISSION, CAPTAIN
I'D LIKE TO SET UP
THIS MACHINE IN
ACTION AGAINST —

JUST THEN ANOTHER OMINOUS
SHAPE BREAKS THE SURFACE,
AND FOUR GUNS ROAR THEIR
DEFIANCE!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

A SHELL CRASHES
INTO THE BRIDGE!



CAPTAIN!



CARRY ON, MEN! WE
CAN'T GIVE UP!

DON'T WORRY!
BETWEEN YOUR
CREW AND THIS
MACHINE I'VE
BROUGHT, WE'LL
SETTLE WITH THEM!



TORPEDOES STRAUK
FROM THE DESTROYER
OUT TOWARD THE SMO
WHERE THE ATTACKER
HAD JUST SUBMERGED.



BUT THE DEVL DIVER LUNGES
DOWNWARD, AND THE TORPEDOES
PLOUGH HARMLESSLY OVERHEAD!



NO USE
WASTING
TORPEDOES!
THOSE THINGS
DIE TOO
DEEPLY AND
QUICKLY!



ANOTHER DEVL DIVER
EMERGES—JUST IN TIME
TO RECEIVE SWIFT ACTION
FROM THE DESTROYER!



GOOD GOING! THAT ONE
WON'T SUBMERGE AGAIN—
BUT THAT MEANS THEY'LL
PEPPER US PLENTY!



THEY STRUCK
NUMBER THREE.
SIR! IT CAN'T
SUBMERGE!

ORDER THE
CAPTAIN TO
RETREAT AT FULL
SPEED, AND KEEP
FIRING AS HE
GOES!



THE FLEEING DEVIL DIVER AND THE PURSUING DESTROYER POUND AT EACH OTHER —



—AND THE JAP CRAFT GOES TO THE BOTTOM!



THAT'S ONE OF THEM!

BUT AT WHAT A COST! ALL EXCEPT ONE GUN HAVE BEEN BATTERED OUT OF ACTION!



THEN HERE'S WHERE I COME IN WITH THIS MACHINE! THE SECOND I SEE ONE OF THOSE THINGS COME TO THE SURFACE, I'LL —

THERE! — NOW!



GOOD! NOW WATCH!

A PURPLISH BEAM STRIKES ACROSS THE WAVES. AS IT HITS THE SURFACE, THE WATER, FRIED OF THE DOWNWARD PULL OF GRAVITY, SPLURTS INTO THE AIR!



THEN, AS IT FASTENS ON THE DEVIL DIVER, THE CRAFT IS PUNCHED HALF WAY OUT OF THE WATER!



THE DESTROYER'S ONE GOOD GUN BARKS — AND SCORES A PERFECT HIT!



AND THAT'S TWO OF THEM!

THIS IS AWKING! NOW DOES THAT MACHINE WORK?



THAT'S A SECRET
I PREFER TO
KEEP! OTHERWISE
IT WOULD PROBABLY
GET INTO ENEMY
HANDS!



TWO OF OUR CREW
GONE! THAT PURPLE
BEAM HAD SOME-
THING TO DO WITH
THIS! IT COULD BE
SOME SORT OF
WEAPON SPACEHAWK
HAS BROUGHT TO
THE ENEMY! NOW
I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE
THAT SO-CALLED
SUPER BEING!



ORDER NUMBER TWO
TO ATTACK THE
AMERICAN FISS AT
CLOSE RANGE!
WE'LL DRAWN THEM
IN THEIR OWN BLOOD!



NUMBER TWO
EMERGES....



EVEN AS IT FIRES, SPACEHAWK SLURS
THE ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM ON IT, AND
SWITCHES IT OUT OF THE SEA!



SPACEHAWK
CUTS THE
POWER...



—AND THE DEVIL DIVER CRUMPLES AS
IT CRASHES BACK INTO THE SEA!



THE DEMOCRATIC
DOLTS! I'LL GIVE
THEM SOMETHING
TO THINK ABOUT!



KOSAKI'S FLASHUP
BREAKS INTO VIEW....



—AND IN THE STORM OF SHELLS
THAT FOLLOWS, SPACEHAWK'S
BEAM PROJECTOR IS CRIPPLED!



-AND THE DESTROYER'S
LAST GOOD GUN
IS WRECKED!



THAT WAS A BAD ONE
BUT WE'RE STILL AFLOAT!

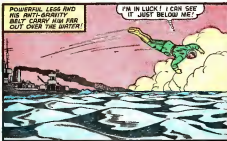
THEY'VE DIED AGAIN!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING
LEFT TO DO -OR THEY'RE
SURE TO SINK US!



SPACEHAWK POISES ON
THE BRIDGE'S RAIL...



POWERFUL LEGS AND
HIS ANTI-GRAVITY
BELT CARRY HIM FAR
OUT OVER THE WATER!



I'M IN LUCK! I CAN SEE
IT JUST BELOW ME!



SPACEHAWK
DIVES.....

...AND CATCHES ON TO THE
CRAFT! WORKING SWIFTLY,
HE RIPS A HOLE IN THE
CONNING TOWER!



WATER!!
THEY
MUST
HAVE
HIT US!

GET TO THE
SURFACE AND
RETRAIT AT
FULL SPEED!



THE DEWE DIVER EMERGES...

HEY, DOWN THERE!
SEND YOUR CAPTAIN UP
HERE, OR THIS BIG IS
GOING TO GET MISSED UP!



SUFFERING SONS OF THE RISING SUN! THEY'VE BOARDED THE CRAFT! GO UP AFTER THE BOMB!



THE MEN RUSH OUT, ONLY TO SUSPEND IN TERRIFYING FIRE FROM SPACEHAWK'S FLAME GUN CRACKLES ABOUT THEM!



I ASKED FOR YOUR CAPTAIN! GET HIM UP HERE!

KOSAKI SEES SMIT IS GOING ON BY LOOKING THRU HIS PERISCOPE...

SPACEHAWK!



HE WON'T TAKE ME, BUT I'LL GET HIM! I'LL DIVE THIS TRAMP JUST ENOUGH TO WASH THEM ALL INTO THE SEA! THEN I'LL EMERGE AND OUT-ARM THAT DESTROYER!

THE DEVIL DIVER SUDDENLY GOES UNDER! SPACEHAWK LEAPS TO SAFETY, BUT THE CREW IS SWIFT BURLY!



I EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS!

BUT THE DEVIL DIVER NEVER COMES TO THE TOP AGAIN! THE SPURT OF WATER THAT BUSHES THRU THE CONNING TOWER BUSHES KOSAKI OFF HIS FEET! BEFORE HE CAN GET BACK TO THE CONTROLS, HE IS OVERCOME BY THE FLOOD!



THE DESTROYER PICKS SPACEHAWK UP, AND HE GOES AT ONCE TO THE WOUNDED CAPTAIN...

EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN! I'LL REPAIR THE PROJECTOR RIGHT AWAY! I'LL PROTECT US TILL WE CAN GET INTO PORT!

THANKS, SPACEHAWK! WITH REASONS LIKE THAT, I KNOW THAT WE WOUNDED MEN WILL FALL THRU!



NEXT MONTH

SPACEHAWK SPRINGS SOME NEW SURPRISES WITH HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM PROJECTOR!

SPACEHAWK

AT AN AIR BASE ON THE ALASKAN COAST A STRANGE PLANE SUDDENLY ROARS OVER THE MOUNTAINS AT TERRIFIC SPEED AND STREAKS TOWARD THE RUNWAY! MEN RACE TO THEIR POSTS, AND THEN—



SPACEHAWK! THAT'S SPACEHAWK'S SHIP!

RIGHT! NO ONE ELSE TRAVELS LIKE THAT!

WELCOME SPACEHAWK! I'M LIEUTENANT BARN!

HAPPY TO KNOW YOU, LIEUTENANT! I'M OUT ON OBSERVATION FOR THE GOVERNMENT! I'M STOPPING AT ALL THE ALASKAN BASES TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOU COMMANDERS!



MAN: THAT'S SOME SWEET BUT YOU HAVE HERE! HOW FAST WILL THOSE ROCKET TUNES DRIVE IT?

CLIMB IN IF YOU WISH, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A SHORT DEMONSTRATION!



WOW! WHAT A TAKE-OFF!



AND SPEED! WHY - WE'RE DOING SEVEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR!

WE'RE NOT EXACTLY SLIPPING BACKWARD!



SPACEHAWK DARTS OUT OVER THE SEA...

WHO-OM!



AS SPACEHAWK TURNS BACK...

HAVE ANY OF YOUR SHIPS EVER LANDED ON THAT ISLAND DOWN THERE, LIEUTENANT RYAN?

NONE OF MY MEN HAS EVER REPORTED BEING FORCED DOWN THERE!



I THINK WE'D BETTER LAND AND HAVE A LOOK AROUND ON THIS ISLAND!



SEE? AIRPLANE TIRE MARKS!

THEY'RE SO FAINT I CAN'T SEE HOW YOU SPOTTED THEM FROM THE AIR! WONDER WHAT SHIPS COULD HAVE MADE THOSE TRACKS?



PERHAPS WE CAN FIND OUT! THEY RUN TOWARD THOSE TREES!



SUDDENLY...

JAPS!

LET THEM TAKE US WITHOUT A FIGHT, BORN! WE'VE GOT TO LEARN WHAT GOES ON HERE!

HA HA HA HA HA





SPACEHAWK AND RYAN ARE DRAGGED INTO THE SHRUBBERY, WHERE THEY SEE...

CAMOUFLAGED NETS, SPACEHAWK!

AND SCORES OF BOMBERS HIDDEN BENEATH!



WITHIN THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SECRET RACE...

'AH! QUITE A PRICE!' THE SO-CALLED GREAT SPACEHAWK AND A MISERABLE ENEMY OFFICER. HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE? ANSWER ME - QUICKLY!



THE STRONG AND SILENT AMERICAN TYPE, EH? I'LL BE BACK TO MAKE YOU TALK!



MEANWHILE, THIS SHOULD STIR YOUR SLUGGISH OCCIDENTAL BLOOD!



THE JAP COMMANDER GOES TO THE NEXT ROOM...

MAIN THE SHIPS! WE MUST ATTACK THE PACIFIC COAST AT ONCE! OTHERWISE ENEMY SHIPS MAY SOON COME TO SEARCH FOR OUR PRISONERS! WE MUST HIT AND RUN WITHOUT INTERFERENCE!



SPACEHAWK'S SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS CATCH EVERY WORD...

THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK THE PACIFIC COAST!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! HERE WE ARE COMPLETELY HELPLESS!



DON'T BE TOO SURE, RYAN! NOW THAT WE KNOW WHAT THE SCENE IS - WE'LL ACT!

YOU - YOU'RE BREAKING THOSE ROPE'S AS THOUGH THEY WERE PAPER!



SPACEHAWK FREES RYAN,
AND THEY BURST OUT
UPON THE GUARD!



THEIR SHIPS ARE
ALREADY
TAKING OFF!

MY MEN WILL HEAR AND ATTACK
THEM, BUT THEY'LL BE OUTHUMBLED!
THE JAPS WILL GET THEM!



A SECTION OF THE WOODED AREA'S RIM, MADE UP OF FALSE
TREES, SWINGS BACK TO LET OUT THE BOMBERS....

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF WE
DON'T GET TO MY SHIP
THERE'LL SOON BE PLUNTY
OF BUREAU DOWN IN
THE STATES!

IT'S STILL OUT
THERE - THANKS
TO THE LOCKED
DOOR AND WHEELS!



LET'S MAKE A
DASH FOR IT!



JAPS RUSH OUT TO STOP THEM, BUT...

ONE SIDE BUD! WE HAVEN'T
TIME TO CHASE THE FAT!



WE MADE IT - BUT
WHERE THEY COME.

NOT FOR LONG!
WATCH WHILE I TRAIN
THIS ANTI-GRAVITY
BEAM ON THEM!



A PURPLE BEAM STRIPS FROM THE
SHIP! THE MOMENT IT STRIKES THE
JAPS, THEY ARE FIRED OF THE
EARTH'S GRAVITY PULL, AND ARE
JERKED INTO THE AIR!



I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT!

NOW I'LL CUT
THE POWER!



THE JAPS FALL IN A HEAP AS
GRAVITY AGAIN SEIZES THEM!



SPACEWALK TAKES OFF....



THERE'S THE RADIO
TRANSMITTER, RYAN!
BETTER TELL YOUR MAN
NOT TO GO INTO THE
AIR. THEY'RE TOO
OUTNUMBERED!

OUTNUMBERED OR
NOT, THEY'LL WANT
TO ATTACK!



PLEASE DO AS I
SUGGEST, LIEUTENANT.
I'M GOING TO USE
MY ANTI-GRAVITY
BEAM. AND THE SKY
SHOULD BE CLEAR OF
EVERYTHING EXCEPT
ENEMY SHIPS!

OKAY! I'LL DO IT!



BACK AT THE AMERICAN
BASE, RYAN'S MESSAGE
ARRIVES JUST AS THE
SOUND DETECTOR PICKS
UP THE DROME OF SHIPS
PASSING TO THE EAST...

YOU SAY LIEUTENANT RYAN
ORDERED US NOT TO GO
UP AFTER THEM?

NOT UNLESS THEY
TURN THIS WAY!



MEANTIME, SPACEWALK SWIFTLY OVERTAKES THE JAP
BOMBERS. HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BEAM DARTS OUT LIKE A
GIANT ARM AND SNATCHES THEM UP WITH A SUDDEN FORCE
THAT JEARS WINGS LOOSE AND TOSSES THE CREWS INTO
INSENSIBILITY!



AS SPACEHAWK DIVES IN AMONG THE BOMBERS, RYAN OPERATES THE POWERFUL MACHINE GUN...

GOOD WORK, RYAN! THAT'S FOUR TO YOUR CREDIT!

WITH THIS AMAZING GUN OF YOURS, I CAN'T MISS!



LOOKS AS THOUGH THAT'S ALL OF THEM! WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THAT ISLAND AND GET THE OTHERS!

WHAT A FIGHT! ONE SHIP AGAINST A WHOLE FLEET!



BACK ON THE ISLAND.....

NO MORE REPORTS FROM OUR SHIPS, SIR!

THEN THAT MYSTERIOUS AND DEADLY BEAM IN SPACEHAWK'S PLANE MUST HAVE DOWNED ALL OF THEM! MAY OUR HONORABLE ANCESTORS FOREVER CURSE THE FOREIGN PIG!



GET INTO THE TWO SHIPS WE HAVE LEFT - ALL OF YOU. WHEN SPACEHAWK RETURNS - IF HE DOES - HE WON'T FIND US HERE!



A LITTLE LATER....

THERE'S THE ISLAND! I'LL STRIKE IT WITH THE BEAM!



UNDER THE BEAM'S EFFECT THE ISLAND IS DENuded AS TREES AND BUILDINGS LEAP SKYWARD!

WE'RE TOO LATE! THERE ARE NO SHIPS OR MEN LEFT ON THE ISLAND!



THERE! - ON TO THE NORTHWEST! TWO SHIPS! I DON'T THINK WE'RE TOO LATE AFTER ALL, RYAN!



IN THE JAP
COMMANDER'S SHIP.

HERE HE COMES!
WE'RE LOST -
UNLESS PERHAPS
WE CAN LOSE HIM
IN THOSE CLOUDS
AHEAD!

THEY'RE ZIG-ZAGGING!

YES, THEY'RE STILL
TOO FAR AWAY TO
KEEP THE BEAM ON
THEM. MAYBE WE CAN
STOP THEM SOME OTHER
WAY! SEE THAT ICE BEAM
DOWN THERE AHEAD
OF THEM?

SPACEHAWK FIXES THE BEAM ON
THE DISTANT ICEBERG'S SUM, AND
MASSIVE HUNKS OF ICE BRUIER,
LOOSE AND HURTLE UPWARD!

CRASH!
BOOM!

-JUST IN TIME
TO SMASH INTO
ONE OF THE
FLEEING PLANES-
-BUT THE
COMMANDER'S
PLANE GOES
UNHARMED!

BANG!

THEY'RE OVERTAKING
US! WE CAN'T MAKE
IT TO THE CLOUDS!

THEN IF WE MUST
DIE, TURN BACK,
AND TRY TO
RAM THEM!

THE JAP PILOT
SHARPLY
ABOUT...

THEY'RE TURNING
AROUND, SPACEHAWK!
WE'RE GOING TO
COLLIDE!

NOT THIS TIME, LIEUTENANT!

THE SHIPS MISS EACH OTHER BY
INCHES AS JAP BULLETS STORM
PAST SPACEHAWK'S PLANE!

SPACEHAWK SWINGS BACK, AND COMES UP AT THE JRP PLANE WHICH SUDDENLY NOSES DOWN - AND THE TWO SHIPS LOCK TOGETHER!



THEY'RE FORCING US DOWN!

I CAN'T SHAKE THEM OFF! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT! HERE RYAN! TAKE THE CONTROLS - AND HOLD HER STEADY!



AS SPACEHAWK CLIMBS OUT...

WH! HERE'S WHERE YOU COME TO THE END OF YOUR DEMOCRACY-RIDING CAREER, SPACEHAWK!



SPACEHAWK LEAPS...

COME OR OUT, CHIM! THE AIR IS FIRE!



AND THERE'S PLURTY OF IT - ALL AROUND YOU!



THE JRP PILOT TOO PREOCCUPIED TO NOTICE, KEEPS OUT OF SIGHT!

NOW I'LL RIP OFF THEIR RUDDER! THEY WON'T GO FAR WITHOUT IT!



THEN SPACEHAWK TEARS THE TWO SHIPS APART...



THERE GOES THE LAST OF THEM! YOU SHOULD GET A MESS OF MEDALS FOR THIS, SPACEHAWK!

SAVE THEM TO NAME BULLETS, RYAN!

I'LL SEE YOU BOYS AND GALS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TARGET COMICS!



SPACEHAWK

AND THE
MYSTERY
OF THE
GREEN
FACES

EXTRA

DAILY

GREEN PLAGUE SWEEPS NATION!
More Fall Victims To Mysterious Malady

Hundreds
Doctors and Scientists Baffled
by Startling Pro-Axis State
of Mind Accompanying
Peculiarization of Skin

Officers Among Stricken

All Sects
Of Most
American
Trusts
Panic



AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO
HALT THIS HORRIBLE GREEN
PLAGUE! ALREADY AN
ALARMING NUMBER OF OUR
GOVERNMENT LEADERS AND
ARMY AND NAVY HEROES ARE
VICTIMS! EVERY ONE OF
THEM HAS TURNED AGAINST
THE ALLIED CAUSE!

IT'S UNCAHNY!
UNLESS WE CAN STOP
THIS THING AT ONCE,
EVERY PERSON IN
AMERICA WILL BE IN
SYMPATHY WITH OUR
ENEMIES! THAT WILL
BE THE END OF THE
UNITED STATES!

WHY DON'T WE
CALL IN
SPACEHAWK?

SPACEHAWK? UH-H!
WHAT DOES HE KNOW
ABOUT NERVE DISEASES?

LET'S CALL HIM.
ANYWAY! WHAT'S
THAT TO LOSE?



By
BASIL
FOSTERMAN



GLADLY, DOCTOR? I'M HONORED TO COLLABORATE WITH SUCH A FAMOUS SCIENTIST! HAVE YOU ANY THEORIES?

I HAVE! I CAN'T SAY WHAT MAY CAUSE THE VICTIMS' SKINS TO TURN GREEN, BUT I BELIEVE THAT THE SUDDEN PRO-RIS STATE OF MIND IS BROUGHT ON BY A RELATIVELY SIMPLE CONDITION.



SEVERAL YEARS AGO I CONDUCTED A SERIES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS. I FOUND THAT THE MIND, LIKE THE BODY, OFTEN REACTS IN A VIOLENT REVERSE MANNER TO CERTAIN STIMULI!



IN THIS CASE, THE STIMULUS IS THE WAVE OF PATRIOTIC FERVOR NOW DEVELOPING AMERICA IN AN EFFORT TO COUNTERBALANCE THE EFFECTS OF THIS FLOOD OF EMOTION. MANY SENSITIVE HANDS TIP THE OTHER WAY! THE VICTIM'S ATTITUDE IS INVOLUNTARILY REVERSED, AND HATRED FOR OUR ENEMIES IS TURNED TO SYMPATHY! I BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT IS HAPPENING TODAY IN AMERICA!



WITH THESE IDEAS IN MIND, I SUGGEST WE START AT ONCE TO FIND A WAY TO OFFSET THE —

NOT SO FAST, DOCTOR! I'M AFRAID I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! I THINK I'VE ALREADY DISCOVERED, AT LEAST IN PART, WHAT CAUSES THE GREEN PLAGUE!



YOU HAVE? THEN WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I'M CERTAIN IT'S A CASE OF HYPNOSIS BY RADIO!



OH, COME NOW, SPACEHUNK! THAT'S A BIT TOO FAR FETCHED!

PERHAPS, BUT WITH THE AID OF MY SUPER-SENSITIVE SHORT WAVE RECEIVER, I'VE PICKED UP THE SOUND OF AN EXTREMELY HIGH FREQUENCY CARRIER WAVE!



NO SOUNDS ARE BEING BROADCAST ON THAT WAVE! HAH! IT'S POSSIBLE, THEN, THAT THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS ARE BEING SENT OUT OVER IT. INSTEAD? PEOPLE WHOSE MINDS ARE NATURALLY ATTUNED TO THAT CERTAIN FREQUENCY COULD BE RECEPTIVE TO TELEPATHIC MESSAGES!



RATHER FANTASTIC, IN MY OPINION!

NEVERTHELESS, I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN THE SOURCE OF THAT CARRIER WAVE — RIGHT NOW! WOULD YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME?

WHY — AA — CERTAINLY! BUT WOULDN'T WE BETTER WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO GO ON THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE?



NO! EVERY HOUR WE LOSE MEANS MORE HEADWAY FOR THE GREEN PLAGUE! WE MUST GO NOW!

ALL RIGHT, SPACEHUNK, BUT I THINK YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!



THE TWO TAKE OFF
IN SPACEWALKER'S PLANE.



WE'LL HEED IN THE DIRECTION
INDICATED BY THE
TRANSMITTER DETECTOR!
BETTER SLIP ON THIS SET OF
ANTI-GRAVITY STRAPS, DOCTOR!
IT'LL LOWER YOU ABOUT AS
FAST AS WELL A PARACHUTE—
JUST IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



BY DAYBREAK

WE'RE SOMEWHERE
OVER CENTRAL MEXICO,
AND THE DETECTOR
SHOWS WE'RE CLOSE
TO OUR GOAL!



SURELY YOU
DON'T
EXPECT TO
FIND A
BROADCASTING
STATION OUT
IN THE
WILDERNESS!

OUR ENEMIES
WILL GO TO
ANY EXTREMES,
DOCTOR!



THAT HUGE ROCK PILLAR OVER
THERE TO THE EAST, FOR EXAMPLE,
WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR
A TRANSMITTER AERIAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN
STEREALY FLICKS
THE SWITCH ON THE
SMALL TRANSMITTER,
AND WHISPERS INTO
THE MICROPHONE!



SPACEWALKER'S KEEN
EARS CATCH THE
SOUND OF THE
DOCTOR'S VOICE....

CONSIDERATE OF YOU
TO SEND A MESSAGE TO
YOUR FRIENDS TO ANNOUNCE
OUR ARRIVAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN WHIPS OUT A GUN!

YOU FINALLY
CAUGHT ON,
BUT WELL, IT'S
TOO LATE
NOW! THEY
KNOW YOU'RE
COMING, AND
THEY'LL BE
READY FOR
YOU!

I COULD SEE THAT
YOU FROM THE FIRST,
YOU RAT! YOUR
EFFORTS TO SIDE-
TRACK ME WITH
YOUR SILLY THEORY
WERE TOO OBVIOUS!
DROP THAT GUN BEFORE
I CRACK YOU!



WITH SURPRISING
SPEED, DR. KRAUSMANN
LEAPS BACK THRU THE
DOOR TO THE CONTROL
CRAW AND SLAMS IT
IN SPACEWALKER'S FACE!



DR. KRAUSMANN OPENS THE OUTER DOOR AND LEAPS FROM THE SHIP!

HE BILED OUT! I SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM THAT ANTI-GRAVITY STRAP! WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR IN THIS DESERT!

KRAUSMANN LANDS AND RUNS TO THE ROCK TOWER...

HE'S COMING DOWN AFTER ME, BUT I'LL FOOL HIM!



HE DISAPPEARED IN THAT ROCK!

SPACEMARK LANDS AS HE RACES TOWARD THE CREVICE INTO WHICH DR. KRAUSMANN HAS DISAPPEARED, MACHINE GUN BULLETS POUR FROM A POST HIGH UP ON THE ROCK!

THIS HOT RECEPTION PROVES I'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!



HE BOUNDS TO THE CREVICE, AND...

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, KRAUSMANN! I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU! BETTER HAVE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

COME AHEAD, YOU SNAKE, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

DR. KRAUSMANN FIRES AS SPACEMARK COMES INTO VIEW - BUT HE IS TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER! SPACEMARK DODGES, AND HIS PLAMS GUN SPITS SUDDEN DEATH!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!



A PASSAGEWAY UP THRU THE ROCK!
IT MUST LEAD TO THE PLACE WHERE
THAT MACHINE GUN IS!



SPACEBARK SPRINGS UP A LONG, BIRD-LIKE
FLIGHT OF CRUDE STEPS, AND SEES—

OH! A COMMITTEE OF
ONE TO RECEIVE ME
AT THE DOOR!

STOP! YOU
MY PRISONER!



BUT SPACEBARK KEEPS ON COMING, AND
DIVES IN THE INSTANT THE GIANT
GORGON OPENS FIRE!

YOU LOOK TOUGH!
LET'S SEE IF YOU
REALLY ARE!



FIRST, LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN
DO WITHOUT THAT GUN!



WOOF! HOT BAD,
BROTHER!



RIGHT INTO MY HANDS!
NICE WORK!



BACK YOU GO!



YOU WERE TOUGH, BUT
YOUR SKULL SHOULD
HAVE BEEN TOUGHER!



SPACEMARK
HEARS THE
STEEL DOORS
OPENING,
AND DRAWS
TO SEE HIS
OLD ENEMY—

DR. GORE!



SURPRISED BY SPACEMARK? THOUGHT THAT TRINLE
INTO THE CANYON KILLED ME, DIDN'T YOU? A NATIVE
CARRIED ME OUT, AND IN SPIRIT OF MY BROKEN
BONES, I LIVED! THIS NECK BRACE PUTS ME AT A
PHYSICAL DISADVANTAGE, BUT YOU
DON'T TOUCH ME — UNLESS YOU
WANT A DEADLY DOSE FROM
THIS ACID GUN!



MY NAZI AGENTS, INCLUDING DOLENSCHANN,
HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU, JUST IN CASE
YOU STARTED SHOOTING. MY BROADCASTING
PRO-NAZI THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS INTO
AMERICAN MINDS IS RATHER STUPID, DON'T
YOU THINK? I OCCASIONALLY
ALTER THE WAVE LENGTH TO MATCH THE
VARIOUS TYPES OF HUMAN RECEIVERS.
SOON ALL AMERICA WILL BE CONTROLLED
BY MY POWERFUL, TRANSMITTED THOUGHTS,
AND MY COUNTRY
WILL WIN A
QUICK AND
BLOODLESS
VICTORY!



AS FOR THE GREEN
SKIN, THE ULTRA-
SHORT WAVES CAUSE
A CHEMICAL REACTION
WHICH ALTERS THE
COLOR PIGMENT. I
UNDERSTAND IT'S
VERY EFFECTIVE!



DR. GORE TOUCHES A SWITCH, AND A
SECTION OF THE WALL MOVES BACK...

AND NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE WITH YOU!
THAT IS THE ENTRANCE TO A DUNGEON
INSIDE THIS ROCK! YOU WILL ENTER AND
STAY THERE UNTIL YOU DIE! SET IN THERE!

WHAT IF I REFUSE?



THE ACID INSIDE
THIS GUN IS THE
KIND THAT INSTANTLY
BURNS TO THE BONE!
I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE
SECONDS TO GO
THRU THAT DOOR,
OR...



SPACEHAWK STEPS TOWARD THE DANGEROUS...

YOU WIN,
DR. SORE!

HA! VENGEANCE AT
LAST! WHAT A PLEASURE
IT WILL BE TO WATCH
EACH STAGE OF YOUR
DEATH!

LIKE A FLASH SPACEHAWK WHEELS,
DUMPS OUT HIS GUN AND FIRES!

BUT YOU DON'T
WIN FOR LONG!

OW!
MY HAND!

IN YOU GO!

THAT SHOULD HOLD
YOU UNTIL THE
F.B.I. GETS HERE!

WHEN I GET THRU WITH THIS
TRANSMITTER, I DON'T
BELIEVE IT'LL WORK
VERY WELL!

SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM A WINDOW IN THE ROCK....

NOW BACK TO WASHINGTON
TO MAKE A REPORT!

ON THE WAY BACK, HE HEARS A NEWS FLASH!

ACCORDING TO REPORTS FROM ALL
SECTIONS OF AMERICA, THE GREEN
PLAGUE ARE SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED!
ALL VICTIMS HAVE MIRACULOUSLY RECOVERED!

THAT'S GOOD NEWS! WITH
DR. SORE'S
DEADLY MIND
WEASELS OFF
THE AIR, THINGS
ARE ALREADY
BACK TO
NORMAL!

NEXT **SPACEHAWK** COMES BACK IN
MONTH ANOTHER TARGET COMICS ADVENTURE

Spacehawk



INSIDE A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED SOUND-PROOF CHAMBER, SPACEHAWK DEMONSTRATES HIS NEWEST WEAPON OF WAR — A SIREN WHOSE PIERCING SOUND VIBRATIONS CAN KILL ALL UNPROTECTED LIVING THINGS WITHIN ITS RANGE. CLAD IN SOUND-PROOF ARMOR, SPACEHAWK SUBJECTS A BOYER PIG TO THE HIGH FREQUENCY SOUND WAVES. THE CREATURE LEAPS IN PANIC — THEN SUCCEEDS TO THE PENETRATING VIBRATIONS!

MANY OFFICIALS LOOK ON THRU A HEAVY QUARTZ WINDOW, AND SPACEHAWK'S VOICE COMES TO THEM THRU A SPEAKER...

YOU SEE THE PIG IS DEAD! NOW I'LL STEP UP THE SPEED OF THE SIREN'S MOTOR, SO THAT THE VIBRATIONS WILL BE MORE THAN TWENTY THOUSAND A SECOND — INAUDIBLE TO THE HUMAN EAR.

OBSERVE THIS CONTAINER OF OIL. THE INAUDIBLE OR SUPERSONIC SOUND WAVES ARE CAUSING IT TO VIBRATE!



THE VIBRATIONS ARE ALSO CAUSING THIS BOARD TO CATCH FIRE! AND NOTICE HOW THIS PIECE OF PLATE GLASS IS GROWING TO POWDER!



IT'S AMAZING!
SUCH AN
INSTRUMENT
OF
DESTRUCTION
COULD WIN
THE WAR
WITHIN A
FEW
WEEKS!

BUT IT'S IMPRACTICAL!
UNLESS PROTECTED,
OUR OWN MEN
MIGHT BE KILLED
BY THE THOUSANDS!
AND IT WOULD REQUIRE
MONTHS—EVEN YEARS—
TO EQUIP OUR TROOPS
WITH SOUND-PROOF
ARMOR!

I AGREE
WITH
MAJOR
WATCHFORD!
TODAY MUCH
RISK AND
EXPENSE
WOULD BE
INVOLVED!

LATER

YOU SAW WHAT
THE SIREN CAN
DO, GENTLEMEN!
IF YOU WISH TO
USE IT IN THE WAR
EFFORT, WE'RE
PLANNING FOR MAKING THE
SIREN AND THE ARMOR!

SORRY, SPACEHAWK,
BUT I'M AFRAID WE
CAN'T USE THEM! IT
WOULD BE TOO COSTLY
TO MANUFACTURE
ARMOR FOR THOUSANDS
OF TROOPS.

BUT THAT WOULDN'T
BE NECESSARY!
SMALL UNITS COULD
PLANT THE SIREN
WELL WITHIN ENEMY
TERRITORY, AND—

I BEG
PARDON,
BUT THIS
IS AN
IMPORTANT
CALL FOR
YOU, MAJOR
WATCHFORD!

THE JAPS ARE ATTACKING
THE WEST COAST! I MUST
GO THERE AT ONCE!

GOOD BYE!

LET ME TAKE YOU IN
MY SHIP, MAJOR!

THANKS, SPACEHAWK!
THERE'S NO WAY I
CAN GET THERE
ANY QUICKER!

SPACEHAWK'S ROCKET-DRIVEN
PLANE ZIPS WESTWARD....

THIS IS TERRIBLE, MAJOR!
HOW IS THE ENEMY
ATTACKING?

BY AIR!
WE'VE
BEEN TAKEN
COMPLETELY BY
SURPRISE!

MEANWHILE, THE
ARMY IS ALREADY
HAMMERED AT
JAP PARATROOPS
DESCENDING FROM
A CLOUDY SKY!...



**SPACEMAN AND MAJOR
WATCHED ABOVE
ON THE SCENE....**

**THIS CAN'T LAST LONG!
OUR MEN ARE PICKING
THEM OFF BEFORE
THEY CAN LAND!**

**BUT SEE
WHAT'S COMING
DOWN NOW, MAJOR!**



**METAL SHAPES, LOWERED
BY CABLE OUTSIDE
FLOAT BARRACADE!**



**PURSUIT CHASES AT THE CAMERAS,
BUT BULLETS GLANCE HARMLESSLY AWAY!**



**MANY OF THE CAMERAS LAND — EVEN TO
DISGORGES SEVERAL JAP SOLDIERS!**



**GREAT SCOTT! IF ANY
MORE OF THOSE THINGS
LAND, WE'LL HAVE A
WHOLE JAP ARMY ON
OUR HANDS!**

**THE REAL BATTLE IS
PROBABLY GOING ON
ABOVE THE CLOUDS!**



**SPACEMAN ZOOMS ABOVE THE CLOUDS, BUT NO
PARADROPS OR ENEMY TRANSPORTS ARE VISIBLE!
THE ONLY SHIPS IN THE SKY ARE U.S.
PURSUITS AND INTERCEPTORS HUNTING FOR THE FOE!**

**THE ENEMY CRAFT MUST BE
HIDDEN IN THE CLOUDS, MAJOR!**



**NO WONDER
THEY CAN'T
BE WITHOUT
BEING SEEN!
BUT HOW
CAN
AIRCRAFT
REMAIN
INSIDE A
GLOBE-MOVING
MASS OF
CLOUDS?**



LOOK! THERE'S
YOUR ANSWER!



UP FROM THE CLOUDS GLIDES A GIANT
DIRIGIBLE! AMERICAN FIGHTER PLANES
DASH AT IT BUT ARE REPULSED BY
TERRIFIC SALVOES FROM MANY GUNS! AND
THEN, LIKE ANGRY BEES FROM A
DISTURBED NEST, JAP SHIPS STORM OUT
OF THE MAMMOTH STRUCTURE!



I - I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES!

THE BIG GUNS ON
THE GROUND COULD
DOWN THAT THING -
BUT IT'S COMPLETELY
SCREENED BY CLOUDS!
HIGH ALTITUDE
BOMBERS ARE THE
ONLY ANSWER!



BUT WE CAN'T WAIT
FOR THAT! HERE'S
MY CHANCE TO PROVE
THE VALUE OF MY
SUPERSONIC SOUND
SIREN!

WHAT?
YOU MEAN YOU'RE
GOING TO EXPERIMENT
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS?



THIS IS NO EXPERIMENT,
MAJOR! IT'S SOMETHING
THAT MUST BE DONE!
FIRST, WE'LL CLIMB UPSTAIRS
A FEW THOUSAND FEET!



THIRTY THOUSAND - THAT SHOULD BE A SAFE ALTITUDE! AND NOW, MAJOR - IF YOU'LL TAKE THE CONTROLS AND HOLD THIS THING IN THE SKY, I'LL CRAWL INTO MY GUN-PROOF ARMOR, AND ATTEMPT TO PLANT THE GREN ON THAT DIRIGIBLE!

YOU MEAN YOU INTEND TO TAKE IT DOWN?



YES, IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES, YOU'LL KNOW I DIDN'T MAKE IT! SO LONG!

BUT SPACEHAWK! THAT'S SUICIDE!



CLUTCHING THE GREN, SPACEHAWK LEAPS FROM HIS SHIP!



....AND DROPS STRAIGHT FOR THE ENEMY CRAFT!



HE BREAKS HIS FALL BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, AND LANDS ON THE DIRIGIBLE! IMMEDIATELY A JAP PILOT TRIES TO KNOCK HIM INTO THE SKY!



IT'S A GOOD THING FOR ME HE DOESN'T DARE USE BULLETS AGAINST THIS SHIP!

WORD GETS TO THE CAPTAIN THAT SOMEONE HAS BOARDED THE CRAFT!

SEND MEN OUT TO CAPTURE THE DOG!



THE JAPS COME OUT AFTER HIM, BUT....

SCRAM, YOU YELLOW YAKS!



IT'S SPACEHAWK, CAPTAIN!

SO? HAND ME A MACHINE GUN! I WANT THE PLEASURE OF PUNCTURING HIS DEMOCRATIC HIDE!



HE'S COMING THIS WAY, AND HE'S CARRYING SOMETHING! IT MAY BE A BOMB!

OPEN A WINDOW, SO THAT I MAY POKE THIS GUN OUT!



ALREADY SPACEHAWK HAS TURNED ON THE SIREN, AND ITS WAILING SUDDENLY RISES TO A PIERCING SCREECH!



THE JAPS GO AHEAD, HALF PARALYZED BY THE PENETRATING SOUND!

GET BELOW BEFORE THAT NOISE DRIVES US MAD!

MORE MEN ARE ORDERED OUT AFTER SPACEHAWK...

ALL THIS IS JUST LIKE SHAKING OUT RATS!



BUT NONE OF THE JAPS CAN HEAR THE DEADLY SCREECH!

DISCOURAGING, ISN'T IT?



THE SOUND EVEN PENETRATES THE COCKS OF THE CIRCLING JAP PLANES!



MANY OF THE JAP PILOTS ARE KNOCKED OUT BY THE BRAIN-JARRING VIBRATIONS AND LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR SHIPS!



IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THE AMERICAN PLANS ARE AT A SAFE DISTANCE!

AS THE JAP OFFICERS RUN FOR REFUGE IN AN INNER ORBIN....

IT'S STOPPED!

SPOOFBARK WAS CRASHING IT WITH THAT INSTRUMENT HE HAD! OUR MEN MUST HAVE SHOT HIM! SO SEE!



BUT THE JAPS DO NOT KNOW THAT THE VIBRATIONS—THOUGH NOT DETECTABLE BY HUMAN EARS—ARE GROWING DEADLIER!

SO LONG, PAL! IT'S UP TO YOU TO RUN THIS FOR THE JAPS!



THE SHIP TUMBLES DOWN INSIDE THE CEREGRABLE. AS IT CONTINUES SPINNING, WOODEN PARTS OF THE STRUCTURE, HEATED BY THE INTENSE VIBRATION, BEGIN TO IGNITE!



FIRE!

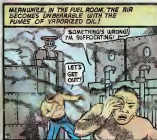
THERE MUST BE A TRAITOR ABOARD! SIGNAL THE FIRE SQUAD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE FUEL ROOM, THE AIR BECOMES UNBARIABLE WITH THE FUMES OF VAPORIZED OIL!

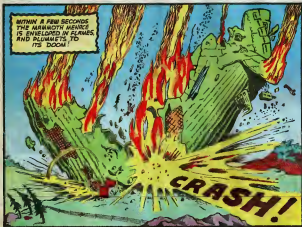
SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'M SUFFOCATING!

LET'S GET OUT!



IF THOSE VIBRATIONS ARE HAVING THE EFFECT I THINK THEY ARE, I'D BETTER LEAVE BEFORE FIRE IGNITES THE OIL VAPOR!





SPACEHAWK
ZIPS BACK
UP TO
REJOIN
MAJOR
DUTCHORD.

I WAS WRONG,
SPACEHAWK.
WHEN I REJECTED
YOUR GISEN!
YOU PROVED ITS
WORTH BY
WINNING A
BATTLE
SINGLE-HANDED!
CONGRATULATIONS!

THANKS, SIR!
SOME OF THAT
GANG ESCAPED,
BUT THEY WON'T
GET PAST OUR
MEN!

SURVIVORS OF SMALL
SUICIDE BURE IN
THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

SEE WHAT
SPACEHAWK
DOES TO 'EM IN
NEXT MONTH'S

**TARGET
COMICS**

SPACEHAWK

and
**THE CASE
of the
MISSING TIRES**



ON THE DARKENED STREETS
OF A WESTERN CITY A
TIRE THIEF IS AT WORK.
WHEN

"SOMEBODY COMIN'!
I GOTTA SCRAM!"

OO OO



IT IS THE MIGHTY
SPACEHAWK WHO HAS
SURPRISED THE CRIMINAL!

COME BACK HERE, OR I'LL
LET YOU HAVE IT - AND,
I DON'T WEAR THAT TIE!

JUST TRY AND
CATCH ME!



"OKAY! THEN
HAVE A KATO!"



JUST AT THAT MOMENT A YOUNG WOMAN DRIVES UP AND GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

YOU BRUTE! WHY DID YOU STRIKE THAT POOR, DEFENSELESS MAN!



I CAUGHT THIS POOR, DEFENSELESS MAN TRYING TO STEAL A TIRE! SURELY YOU DON'T OBJECT TO MY STRIKING A THIEF!

I DO! THAT MAN IS PROBABLY HUNGRY AND DESPERATE!



WHY USE SUCH CRUDE AND PRIMITIVE METHODS IN HANDLING ANY SITUATION?

WELL I'LL BE—!



CAN YOU BEAT THAT? WHILE I WAS YAPPING WITH THAT DAME, THAT CROOK GOT AWAY!



APPARENTLY THAT YOUNG LADY DOESN'T APPRECIATE THE VALUE OF TIRES — BUT SHE SHOULD WHEN SHE FINDS ONE IS MISSING OFF HER CAR!



SPECTACULARLY LIFTS THE CAR WITH ONE HAND, AND WITH THE OTHER DEFTLY REMOVES A ROAD WHEEL....

NOW I'LL DITCH HER WHEEL AND BRING IT BACK LATER WHEN SHE REALLY NEEDS IT!



UP AT THE CORNER OF THE BLOCK.....

HEY, YOU! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!



WHEW! THAT COP HAS GOTTED ME! I'LL Toss THIS WHEEL INTO THE SHRUBBERY, BUT I'LL NOT TRY TO ESCAPE!



WHAT GOES ON HERE? WHAT WERE YOU DOING TO THAT CAR?

I'M SPACEHAWK, OFFICER! I WAS JUST PLAYING A LITTLE TRICK ON AN ACQUAINTANCE!



YOU - SPACEHAWK? HA! MISGUIDED AS SOME ONE ELSE WILL ONLY GET YOU A FEW MORE MONTHS IN THE JUG, BUD! C'MON!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

A FINE MESS! NO ONE WILL BELIEVE ME!



MEANWHILE, IN AN OLD WAREHOUSE...

BOSS, I WAS JUST ABOUT TO LIFT A WHEEL WHEN A GUY DRESSED LIKE SPACEHAWK, ROCKS UP AND SOOKS ME! JUDGIN' BY THE WAY HE HIT IT WAS SPACEHAWK!

SPACEHAWK? HAW! HAW! THAT'S A NEW ONE!



NOW LISTEN, GUS! I EXPECT EVERY MAN IN THIS ORGANIZATION TO BEING IN AT LEAST ONE TIME A NIGHT! IF YOU'RE NOT CLEVER ENOUGH TO KEEP UP TO YOUR QUOTE, THEN YOU DON'T GET YOUR CUT OUT OF THIS BUSINESS!

OKAY, BOSS! OKAY! I'LL BE BACK WITH SOMETHING BEFORE MORNING!



ABOUT THAT TIME, SPACEHAWK'S OTHER HUNK OF TROUBLE RETURNS TO HER CAR...

OH-HA! SOME ONE TOOK ONE OF THE WHEELS!



— AND LEFT A NOTE!



Thanks for the time!
Considering your sympathy for thieves,
I feel certain you won't mind the loss.
Spacehawk

SOMEBODY HAD A
HEAVE TO SIGN
SPACEBARK'S NAME
TO A NOTE
LIKE THAT!



IT WOULDN'T BE QUITE
SO BAD IF THIS WERE
MY CAR — INSTEAD OF
MY GIRL FRIENDS!
WELL — I'VE PUT ON
SPARES BEFORE, AND I
CAN DO IT AGAIN!



WELL! WELL! SO NOW THE WOMEN ARE
STEALING TIRES TOO, EH? I DIDN'T
THINK IT WOULD COME TO THAT!



WAIT A MINUTE!
I'M ONLY TRYING TO
PUT ON A SPARE!
I'M DIANA DREAM,
THE MOVIE ACTRESS!



YERH? THAT'S NOT THE NAME
ON THE REGISTRATION CARD!
C'MON, YOUNG WOMAN!

BUT LET ME EXPLAIN!



AT THE STATION

I CAUGHT HER JACKING UP
A CAR, SERGEANT!
SHE CLAIMS SHE'S
DIANA DREAM, BUT YOU
CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF
THERE'S NO RESEMBLANCE!

WHAT IS
YOUR
NAME
YOUNG
LADY?



I'LL GET SOME
BAD PUBLICITY IF
I PHONE I'M
DIANA DREAM!
I'D BETTER NOT
SAY ANYTHING!



I WON'T TALK
TILL I SEE
MY LAWYER!

PUT HER IN
A DETENTION
ROOM!



YOU'RE NOT REALLY IN JAIL — YET!
THIS IS MERELY ONE OF THE
DETENTION ROOMS WHERE
SUSPECTS ARE TEMPORARILY
KEPT!

WONDERFUL! I SUPPOSE
THOSE VERTICAL THINGS ARE
MERELY CRAMP BARS IN CASE
I GET HUNGRY!



MY-NE! LOOK WHO'S
IN THE NEXT CELL!
THE MAN WHO TAKES
TIRES AND BLOWES
IT ON SPACEHAWK!

WHY ARE
YOU
HERE?
FOR
HARBORING
DEFENSELESS
TIRE THIEVES?

I WAS BLAMED
FOR WHAT
YOU DID,
YOU CROOK!
NOW I,
DINK DRENN,
AM,
PRACTICALLY
A CRIMINAL!

DINK DRENN?
WHY OF COURSE!
I THOUGHT YOU
LOOKED FAMILIAR!
LET ME EXPLAIN
ALL THIS, MUSS
DRENN? I —

EXPLAIN IT TO MY
LAWYERS! I'LL
SEE YOU LATER AT
THE COURTHOUSE,
AND I WON'T BE
THERE TO GET A
DOG LICENSE —
EVEN FOR YOU!

WNN! I'D BETTER GET YOU
OUT OF HERE!

SURE!
I SUPPOSE YOU'LL JUST
SEND BACK THE BARS
AND I'LL BE FREE, EH?

THAT'S RIGHT! FIRST
I'LL ENTER YOUR
CELL! THEN WE'LL
ESCAPE INTO THE
CORRIDOR!

WELL FOR
PETE'S
SAKE!

HOW TO SEND THE
BARS BACK INTO
SHAPE!

THIS WAY!
NO ONE
IS AROUND!

WOW! FOR
A MINUTE
I THOUGHT YOU
REALLY WERE
SPACEHAWK, BUT
ANY REAL STRONG
MAN COULD BEND
THOSE BARS, I GUESS!

REPORT

WHERE DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
TAKING ME?

BACK
TO YOUR
CAR!

HERE'S YOUR WHEEL!
I INTENDED TO KEEP IT JUST
LONG ENOUGH TO TEACH YOU
THE VALUE OF RUBBER!

OKAY, STRANGER! YOU
WIN! PUT IT BACK ON, AND
EVERYTHING WILL BE
FORGIVEN!

BACK AT THE STATION...

THAT MAN AND WOMAN ARE MISSING FROM THE DETENTION ROOM, SERGEANT!

WHAT? WHO LEFT THE DOORS UNLOCKED?



RADIO ROOM? SEND THIS MESSAGE TO ALL CARS...!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THERE THEY ARE -- TRYING TO STEAL ANOTHER TIRE!



LOOK! HERE COME THE POLICE TO PLAY TAG WITH US AGAIN!

THIS IS GETTING A LITTLE TIRESOME!



SPACEHAWK SEIZES DIANA, SNAPS THE CONTROL ON HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, AND....

HELP! YOU'RE SQUEEZING ME OFF MY FEET!

DON'T BE ALARMED! IT'S JUST TO GIVE YOUR BACKS A REST!



YOU CAN SLAP A SET OF HORSE TEETH INTO MY MOUTH AND CALL ME A JAP IF THAT ISN'T SPACEHAWK!

THAT'S WHO HE CLAIMED HE WAS WHEN HE WAS AT THE STATION, BUT NO ONE BELIEVED HIM!



YOU-YOU ARE SPACEHAWK?

DID I EVER SAY I WASN'T?



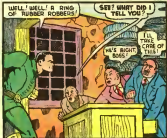
I'VE PLAYED IN A LOT OF THRILLERS, BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS!

YSK! YSK! JUST AS THINGS GET SMOOTHED OUT, IT SEEMS THAT I HAVE TO LEAVE!



WIND IF I PARK YOU ON THIS WATER TOWER? I'M IN A HURRY TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A TIRE!





OH, DEAR! HERE COMES THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO RESCUE ME, BUT THERE'S NO ONE TO RESCUE ME FROM THE FIRE DEPARTMENT!

WHEEEEEOOO~.

LOOK! SOME ONE IS LEAPING UP ON THE TOWER!

NO ONE BUT SPACEHAWK CAN DO A TRICK LIKE THAT!

I'M BACK!

IT'S ABOUT TIME! I WAS THINKING OF KNITTING MYSELF A PARACHUTE.

THIS IS GETTING TO BE A LOT OF FUN!

I AGREE, BUT WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE CAR!

SOME ONE TOOK THE WHEEL YOU STARTED TO PUT BACK ON!

PROBABLY THE POLICE TOOK IT FOR SAFE-KEEPING! I'LL PUT ON THE SPARE, AND WE'LL GO FIND OUT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SPACEHAWK?

THERE'S NO AID IN THE SPARE!

DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET A GOOD, RELIABLE, SENSIBLE SADDLE HORSE?

NO, BUT I DON'T WANT CARRYING YOU AROUND!

ANOTHER
SPACEHAWK
ADVENTURE
NEXT
MONTH

SPACEHAWK

FLYING FAST AND LOW IN HIS PONTOON-EQUIPPED ROCKET PLANE, SPACEHAWK IS PATROLLING THE WEST COAST OF MEXICO'S LOWER CALIFORNIA. AS HE DARTS OVER THE HILLS HE SUDDENLY COMES INTO VIEW OF AN ENEMY SUB LYING ON THE SURFACE! SURPRISED JAPS JUMP INTO ACTION WITH THE DECK GUN!

PREPARE FOR A PERMANENT DUCKING, YOU ASIATIC APES!

DAVE
VOLUME 1

SPACEHAWK'S POWERFUL GUNS SPIT STEEL INTO THE SUB'S VITALS!



BUT AS THE SUB GOES DOWN, SPACEHAWK SEES THAT ONE OF HIS ROCKET BARRELS HAS BEEN HIT!



WOOF! THE JAPS HAVE RIPPED ME!



KRAEGER RETURNS TO HIS HUT...

JUDGING FROM HIS EXPRESSION, I MUST HAVE MADE HIM SORE.

IT'S SPACEHAWK!

SPACEHAWK? DO YOU THINK HE SUSPECTS ANYTHING?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT WE MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE SUPPLY SHIP COMES IN TONIGHT! I TRIED TO GET HIM UP HERE WHERE WE COULD TAKE CARE OF HIM, BUT HE WOULDN'T COME!

JUST GET HIM UP WHERE I CAN GET A GOOD SHOT AT HIM, AND--

I THINK I KNOW A WAY! BE READY WITH YOUR RIFLE!

KRAEGER DIES FROM THE SNACK...

LOOK, SENIOR SPACEHAWK! A SHIP BURNS OUT AT SEA!

SPACEHAWK RUNS UP THE ROCKY SLOPE...

I SEE A SHIP ON THE HORIZON, BUT IT'S NOT BURNING! WHY THE EXCITEMENT?

SPACEHAWK FLATTENS HIMSELF...

THE FOOL, HE MISSED!

KRUEGER RUNS FOR
THE SHACK....

MAN! LOOKS AS THOUGH
I'M NOT AMONG FRIENDS!
I'LL STAY HERE FOR A
COUPLE OF MINUTES
AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



GIVE ME THAT
RIFLE, YOU
BURLING
IDIOT!

I WOULDN'T
HAVE MISSED
IF HE HADN'T
DUCKED
SO FAST!



KRUEGER AND BLOOM GO
DOWN THRU A TRAP DOOR....

COME ON! I'LL SHOW YOU
HOW TO KICK THAT BIRD OFF!



AND FOLLOW A TUNNEL LEADING
DOWN TOWARD THE SEA....



THEY EMERGE AT A POINT
AT THE EDGE OF THE SEA CLIFF..

THERE HE IS WATCHING
THE SHACK?



I HEARD SOMETHING
BEHIND ME! MAYBE
I'M BEING SURROUNDED!



AS SPACEHAWK DIVEES....

BANG!



KRAIGER AND BLOOM
WATCH SPACEHAWK'S BODY
SINK DOWN THRU
THE WATER!

THAT'S THAT! OUR
COUNTRY'S AGENTS HAVE
BEEN TRYING TO NAIL
HIM FOR TWO YEARS,
BUT IT TOOK ME
TO DO IT!



WE'LL SINK HIS
PLANE LATER!
MEANWHILE WE
MUST PREPARE FOR
TONIGHT'S CALLER
— THAT FREIGHTER
OUT THERE!



UNDER WATER

APPARENTLY MY
LITTLE ACT FOOLED
THEM INTO THINKING
I WAS SHOT!



I'LL HIDE HERE AMONG THESE
ROCKS UNTIL DARK. THEN I'LL
TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT GOES
ON AROUND HERE!



DARKNESS COMES, AND
SPACEHAWK SILENTLY
SAVINGS TOWARD HIS SHIP...



THERE'S A LIGHT
BLINKING UP THERE IN
THAT HUT! IT MUST
BE A SIGNAL!



IT IS! THERE'S
ANOTHER BLINKING
OUT AT SEA!



NOW THERE'S A LIGHT
COMING OUT OF A HOLE
IN THE ROCK! THIS IS
GETTING INTERESTING!



CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THIS ROCK IS
HOLLOW, AND FILLED WITH OIL
STORAGE TANKS!



INSIDE THE ROCK.

"SHOVE THE FEED LINE
OUT THRU THE ROCK,
THEY'RE COMING IN!"



AT LAST I'VE
DISCOVERED
WHERE
ENEMY
SUBMARINES
OPERATING
ALONG THE
PACIFIC
COAST ARE
GETTING
THEIR FUEL!



THAT APPROACHING SHIP IS
PROBABLY BRINGING IN A
SUPPLY OF OIL NOW!



THE FREIGHTER COMES ALL
THE WAY INTO THE DEEP BAY...

THAT YOU,
KRAEGER?

RIGHT,
CAPTAIN!



WHOSE PLANE IS THAT?

SPACEHAWK'S!



WHAT! YOU MEAN
SPACEHAWK IS HERE?

HE IS — UNDER
SEVERAL FEET OF
WATER, OVER BY
THE CLIFF! HE CAME
SHOOPING AROUND,
AND I SHOT HIM!



YOU SHOT SPACEHAWK?
THE FUGGERS HIMSELF
WILL REWARD YOU FOR
SUCH A
DEED!

HE SHOULD!
WELL — LET'S
GET BUSY AND
UNLOAD THAT OIL!



A FLEXIBLE LINE IS MOORED UP
AND OIL IS PUMPED INTO THE HOLLOW ROCK.

IT'S GOOD THAT YOU
DID! A JAP SUB
CAME IN LAST
NIGHT AND TOOK
OH QUITE A LOAD!

I WAS LUCKY TO
GET OUT OF
LOS ANGELES WHEN
I DID! IT'S NO
SMALL TRICK TO
SHUSSELE OIL OUT
OF THE STATES!



BY THE WAY, KRAEGER,
WHAT IS SPACEHAWK'S
PLANE LIKE INSIDE?

I HAVEN'T HAD TIME
TO EXAMINE IT YET!
LET'S HAVE A
LOOK NOW!



WHEEL SPACEHAWK'S PLANE



NIGHT! TONIGHT, BOYS! IF YOU DO, I'LL SLAP YOUR WRISTS — AND YOUR FACES!



I — I THOUGHT I DID!



THEN HE PLANTS A BOMB!

THAT SHOULD CLEAR THE NAZI
SCUM OFF YOUR SHOES, CAPTAIN!



EVEN THE SECRET
STORAGE TANKS
GO UP IN FLAMES!



TAKE A GOOD LOOK!
THIS IS THE LAST
YOU'LL SEE OF THAT
PLACE!

YOU'LL DIE
FOR THIS!

LET'S JUMP HIM
AND GET HIS GUN!



THAT'S IT! HE CAN'T
HANDLE BOTH OF US!



CAN'T I?



JUST A
COUPLE OF
CLUT-UPS,
ER?
I THINK I'D
BETTER
DUMP YOU
OUT!



NO! GIVE US
A CHANCE,
SPACEHAWK!

OKAY! I'LL
TAKE YOU TO
THE AMERICAN
AUTHORITIES!

THAT MEANS
DEATH,
ANYWAY!



PERHAPS WE
SHOULDN'T
HAVE
JOINED THE
NAZI CHASE
KLAUSER!

YES - I'M
AFRAID
WE MADE
A GRAVE
ERROR!

A FEW
MILLION
MORE LIKE
YOU ARE
GOING
TO FEEL THE
SAME WAY
VERY SOON!



SPACEHAWK

CRACKS
DOWN
ON MORE
ENEMY
AGENTS
IN THE
NEXT



**Alternate version of the
Green Faces story - as
re-published in Eerie
Tales Comics**

TERROR

OF THE
**GREEN
FACES**

EXTRA

DAILY
GREEN PLAGUE SWEEPS NATION!
More Fall Victims To Mysterious Malady

Hundreds
Doctors and Scientists Baffled
by Startling Enemy State
of Mind Accompanying
Discoloration of Skin

under the heading "Have a
Green Face?" "Green Plague"
strange "Green Plague"
strange "Green Plague"
strange "Green Plague"

All Sectors
of North
America
Hysterical
Panic
Recently

Doctors
State
That
This
Is
A
New
Disease

Officers Among Stricken



AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

WE MUST DO SOMETHING TO
HALT THIS HORRIBLE GREEN
PLAGUE! ALREADY AN
ALARMING NUMBER OF OUR
GOVERNMENT LEADERS AND
ARMY AND NAVY MEN ARE
VICTIMS! EVERY ONE OF
THEM HAS TURNED AGAINST
THE ALLIED CAUSE!

IT'S UNCANNY!
UNLESS WE CAN STOP
THIS THING AT ONCE,
EVERY PERSON IN
AMERICA WILL BE IN
SYMPATHY WITH OUR
ENEMIES! THAT WILL
BE THE END OF THE
UNITED STATES!



WHY DON'T WE
CALL IN
SPACEBARK?

SPACEBARK? WHY?
WHAT DOES HE KNOW
ABOUT RAGE DISEASES?

LET'S CALL HIM
ANYWAY! WHAT'S
THERE TO LOSE?





GLADLY, DOCTOR! I'M HONORED TO COLLABORATE WITH SUCH A FAMOUS SCIENTIST! HAVE YOU ANY THEORIES?

I HAVE! I CAN'T SAY WHAT MAY CAUSE THE VICTIMS' SKINS TO TURN GREEN, BUT I BELIEVE THAT THE SUDDEN BRIGHT STATE OF MIND IS BROUGHT ON BY A RELATIVELY SIMPLE CONDITION.



SEVERAL YEARS AGO I CONDUCTED A SERIES OF PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS. I FOUND THAT THE MIND, LIKE THE BODY, OFTEN REACTS IN A VIOLENT REVERSE MANNER TO CERTAIN STIMULI!



IF THIS CASE, THE STIMULUS IS THE WAVE OF PATRIOTIC FERVOR NOW DEVELOPING AMERICA. IN AN EFFORT TO COUNTERBALANCE THE EFFECTS OF THIS FLOOD OF EMOTION, MANY SENSITIVE MINDS, UP THE OTHER WAY! THE UNWARY RESULT IS THAT THE VICTIMS' ATTITUDE IS INVOLUNTARILY REVERSED, AND HATED FOR OUR FREEDOM IS TURNED TO SYMPATHY! I BELIEVE THAT IS WHAT IS HAPPENING TODAY IN AMERICA!



WITH THESE IDEAS IN MIND, I SUGGEST WE START AT ONCE TO FIND A WAY TO OFFSET THE —

NOT SO FAST, DOCTOR! I'M AFRAID I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! I THINK I'VE ALREADY DISCOVERED, AT LEAST IN PART, WHAT CAUSES THE GREEN PLAGUE!



YOU HAVE? THEN WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

I'M CERTAIN IT'S A CASE OF HYPNOSIS BY RADIO!



OH, COME NOW, SPACEBARK! THAT'S A BIT TOO FID-FETCHED!

PERHAPS, BUT WITH THE AID OF MY SUPER-SENSITIVE SHORT WAVE RECEIVER, I'VE PICKED UP THE SOUND OF AN EXTREMELY HIGH FREQUENCY CARRIER WAVE!



NO SOUNDS ARE BEING BROADCAST ON THAT WAVE! ISN'T IT POSSIBLE, THEN, THAT THOUGHT SUGGESTIONS ARE BEING SENT OUT OVER IT INSTEAD? PEOPLE WHOSE MINDS ARE NATURALLY ATTUNED TO THAT CERTAIN FREQUENCY COULD BE RECEPTIVE TO TELEPATHIC MESSAGES!



RATHER FANTASTIC, IN MY OPINION!

NEVERTHELESS, I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN THE SOURCE OF THAT CARRIER WAVE — RIGHT NOW, WOULD YOU CARE TO ACCOMPANY ME?

OH-AY-AY, CERTAINLY! BUT WOULDN'T WE BETTER WAIT UNTIL MORNING TO GO ON THIS WILD GOOSE CHASE?



NO! EVERY HOUR WE LOSE MEANS MORE STRAGGLERS FOR THE GREEN PLAGUE! WE MUST GO NOW!

ALL RIGHT, SPACEBARK, BUT I THINK YOU'RE ON THE WRONG TRACK!



THE TWO TAKE OFF
IN SPACECRAFT'S PLANE



WE'LL HEAD IN THE DIRECTION
INDICATED BY THE
TRANSMITTER DETECTOR!
BETTER GUP ON THE SET OF
ANTI-GRAVITY STRAPS. DOCTOR!
IT'LL LOWER YOU ABOUT AS
FAST AS WILL A PARACHUTE -
JUST IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



BY DEETERBARK

WE'RE SOMEWHERE
OVER CENTRAL MEXICO,
AND THE DETECTOR
SHOWS WE'RE CLOSE
TO OUR GOAL!



SURELY YOU
DON'T
EXPECT TO
FIND A
RADARSTATION
STATION OUT
IN THE
WILDERNESS!

OUR ENEMIES
WILL GO TO
ANY EXTREMES
DOCTOR!



THAT HUGE ROCK PILLAR OVER
THERE TO THE EAST, FOR EXAMPLE,
WOULD BE AN IDEAL SPOT FOR
A TRANSMITTER REAR!



DR. KRAUSMANN
STERILLY FLICKS
THE SWITCH ON THE
SHARP TRANSMITTER
AND WHISPERS INTO
THE MICROPHONE!



SPACECRAFT'S KEEN
EARS CATCH THE
SOUND OF THE
DOCTOR'S VOICE

CONSIDERATE OF YOU
TO SEND A MESSAGE TO
YOUR FRIENDS TO ANNOUNCE
OUR ARRIVAL!



DR. KRAUSMANN SHIPS OUT A BUN!

YOU FINALLY
CAUGHT ON,
EH? WELL, IT'S
TOO LATE
NOW! THEY
KNOW YOU'RE
COMING, AND
THEY'LL BE
READY FOR
YOU!

I COULD SEE THEM
YOU FROM THE FIRST,
YOU SAY! YOUR
EFFORTS TO SIDE-
TRACK ME WITH
YOUR SILLY THEORY
WERE TOO OBVIOUS!
DROP THAT GUN BEFORE
I SMACK YOU!



WITH SURPRISING
SPEED, DR. KRAUSMANN
LEAPS BACK TOWARD THE
DOOR TO THE CONTROL
CABIN AND SLAMS IT
IN SPACECRAFT'S FACE!



DR. KRAUSHMANN OPENS THE OUTER DOOR AND LEAPS FROM THE SHIP!

HE BAILED OUT!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN HIM THAT ANTI-SANITY STRAP! WELL, HE CAN'T GO FAR IN THIS DESERT!

KRAUSHMANN LANDS AND RUNS TO THE ROCK TOWER...

HE'S COMING DOWN AFTER US, BUT I'LL FOOL HIM!



HE DISAPPEARED IN THAT ROCK!

SPACEBARK LANDS, AS HE RACES TOWARD THE CREVICE INTO WHICH DR. KRAUSHMANN HAS DISAPPEARED, MACHINE GUN BULLETS POUR FROM A POINT HIGH UP ON THE ROCK!

THIS HOT RECEPTION PROVES I'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!



HE BOUNDS TO THE CREVICE, AND...

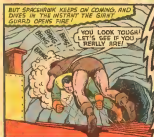
I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, KRAUSHMANN! I'M COMING IN AFTER YOU! BETTER HAVE YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

COME AHEAD, YOU SNAKE, AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

DR. KRAUSHMANN FIRES AS SPACEBARK COMES INTO VIEW — BUT HE IS TOO SLOW ON THE TRIGGER! SPACEBARK DODGES, AND HIS PLASM GUN SPITS SUDDEN DEATH!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!









THE END!!