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NO. 5



Humans shrank
to tiny dolls
as the fiendish
DR. MORTAL
used his serum

IN THIS ISSUE
THE DART
NEW THRILLER!

BLAST BENNETT • Voodoo Man • THOR

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WEIRD COMICS, August issue, No. 5. Published monthly by Fox Publications, Inc. Office of publication, 1 Appleton Street, Holyoke, Mass. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Holyoke, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879, pending. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription rates: 12 issues in the United States and its possessions, Mexico, South America, Spain, \$1.20. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Copyright, 1940, by Fox Publications, Inc. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. The names of all characters that are used are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental. For advertising rates, address Advertising Manager, Fox Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York City. Printed in the U. S. A.

THE DART

FEATURING --
**ACE
BARLOW**

THE
AMAZING
BOY!



by
**JERRY
ABUS**



OUT OF THE HIDDEN SHROUDS OF HISTORY COMES A LEGENDARY MAN WHO DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO FIGHT CRIME AND RACKETEERS-----THE INVINCIBLE ROMAN, CAIUS MARTIUS, WHO TAKES THE NAME:
— THE DART —

IN ANCIENT ROME, CAIUS MARTIUS, THE TERROR OF ROMAN RACKETEERS, IS BREAKING UP AN EXTORTION RACKET

FOLLOWERS OF THE EVIL MARIUS, I THOUGHT I WARNED YOU TO STAY OUT OF ROME!

HE SPRINGS THRU THE AIR LIKE A DART!

CAIUS MARTIUS!



THAT NIGHT, THE EVIL MARIUS PLOTS AGAINST CAIUS MARTIUS

THIS MAN, CAIUS MARTIUS HAS RUINED MY PLANS TOO MANY TIMES! IT MUST STOP! NOW YOU, LUCIUS, TAKE SOME MEN AND---



LUCIUS AND HIS RACKETEERS WAYLAY CAIUS MARTIUS

AT LAST, WE HAVE HIM IN OUR POWER

REVENGE WILL BE SWEET



NOW, HOW ARE YOU GOING TO USE YOUR OCCULT POWER TO GET RID OF HIM?

I'LL DISSOLVE HIS BODY INTO THIS ROCK. 2200 YEARS LATER, HE WILL LIVE AGAIN, BUT WHAT A TIME HE'LL HAVE!



FIRST, I'LL BUILD THIS FIRE AND DEDICATE IT TO PLUTO BEFORE DROPPING MAGICAL LEAVES ON IT

IF IT WORKS, WE SHOULD TRY THE SAME ON GENERAL SULLA



THERE DISSOLVES CAIUS MARTIUS HIS DARTING POWER AND HIS SWORD WILL SLEEP FOR 2200 YEARS!

IT'S INCREDIBLE!



IN THE MEANTIME, THE ROMAN ARMY, LED BY SULLA, BREAKS INTO MARIUS' CAMP TO SAVE CAIUS MARTIUS

ON, MEN, DEATH TO THE TRAITOROUS DOGS!

CAIUS MARTIUS, WE'RE HERE TO SAVE YOU!

SHOW NO MERCY TO THE WICKED ONES!



CAIUS MARTIUS IS GONE! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HIM?

IT IS ROME'S SADDEST LOSS!

THE SECRET OF DARTING THRU THE AIR IS LOST FOREVER!



2200 YEARS LATER, IN A MUSEUM IN THE UNITED STATES, CAIUS MARTIUS COMES BACK TO LIFE

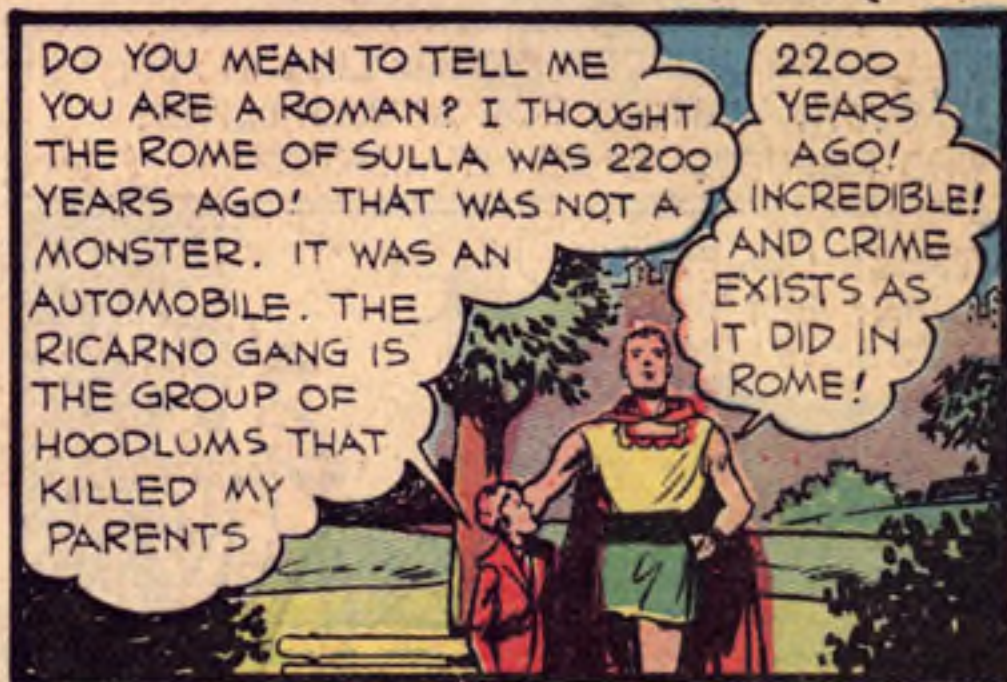
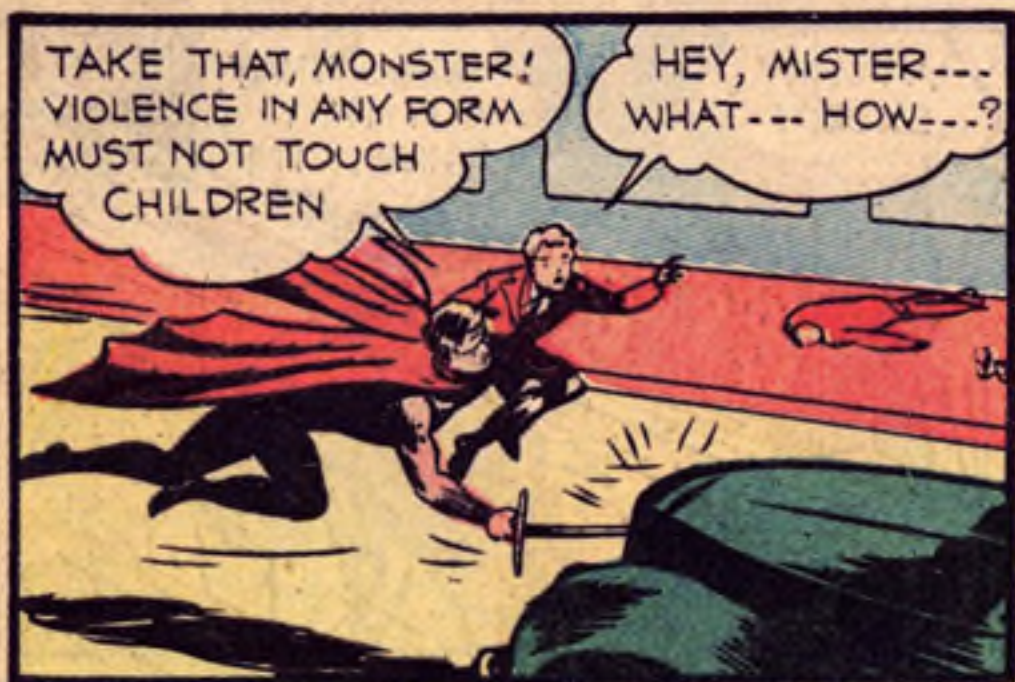
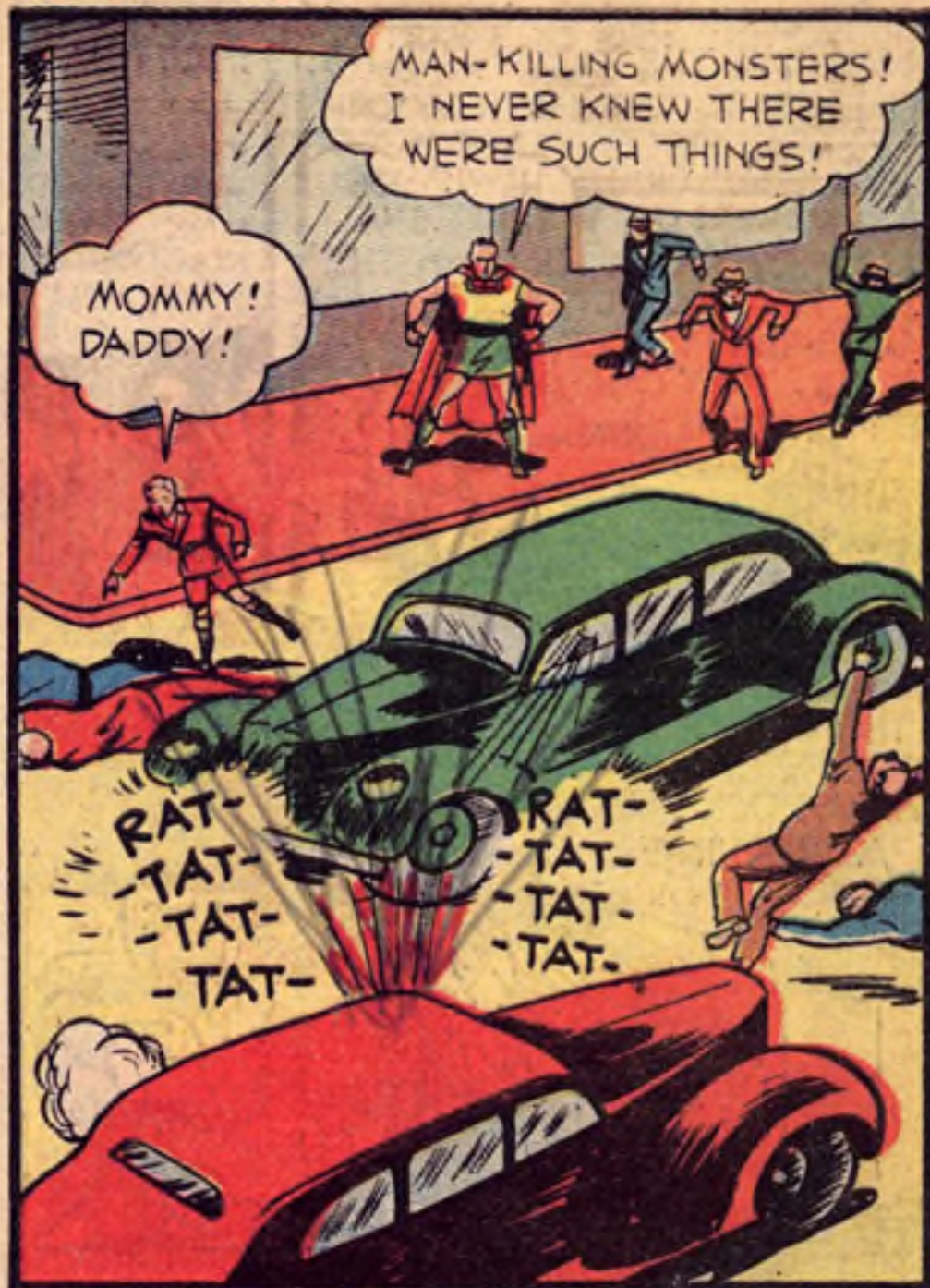
EEEEK!

LOOKIT, A GHOST!



WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED? I FEEL SO STRANGE!





CAIUS MARTIUS ADOPTS THE BOY, 'ACE BARLOW, AND TRAINS HIM IN THE ROMAN METHODS OF SELF-DEFENSE

A FEW MONTHS LATER ---



MEANTIME THE RICARNO GANG IS PLOTTING TO EXTEND ITS EMPIRE OF CRIME -----

NOW THAT WE HAVE WIPED OUT THE MARIOTTI GANG, WE SHALL MAKE EVERY BUSINESS IN THE CITY PAY PROTECTION. LEAVE THE POLITICIANS TO ME. THEY CAN BE BRIBED



STENCH BOMBS WILL RUIN THIS THEATRE FOR THE TIME BEING! HE WILL BE GLAD TO PAY PROTECTION AFTER THIS



THE OWNER WON'T PAY! SO THERE GOES ONE OF HIS TRUCKS AS A WARNING



THIS WILL TEACH YOU IT AIN'T SAFE TO CROSS RICARNO



THE GANG MURDER SQUAD LIES IN AN AMBUSH, WAITING FOR A TRUCK DRIVER WHO REFUSED TO BE INTIMIDATED

THERE COMES THE PUNK! GET YOUR GATS READY



A FUNNY SWORD!

WHO'S THAT GUY THAT THREW IT?



THIS IS THE FIRST STROKE OF THE DART IN THE 20TH CENTURY!

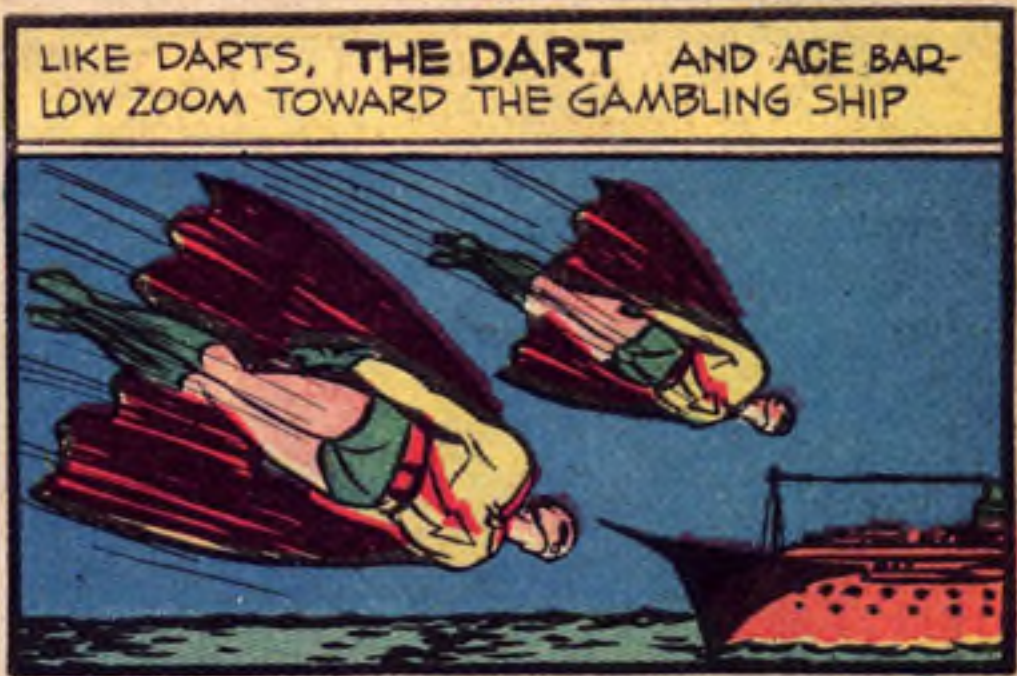
OUCH! LAY OFF --- OW!



BUT THE DART DOES NOT SEE THE FINGER MAN!

THAT WISE GUY IN A CIRCUS OUTFIT IS GETTING TOO FRESH! HE'S CLEAR ENOUGH FOR ME TO DRILL HIM







I'LL MAKE JUNK OUT OF THIS ROULETTE WHEEL!

THIS ROMAN WRESTLING TRICK COMES IN HANDY!

DRILL THEM WITH LEAD!

ONE IS ONLY A KID!



FORM A SQUARE! WE'LL BE SAFE, AND WE'LL GET THEM YET



OW--- HE'S GO---



WHAT'S THAT RUMPUS ABOUT? A CIRCUS MAN AND HIS KID! GIVE THEM THE WORK, BOYS!

IT WILL BE A CINCH! I'LL GET THE KID FIRST



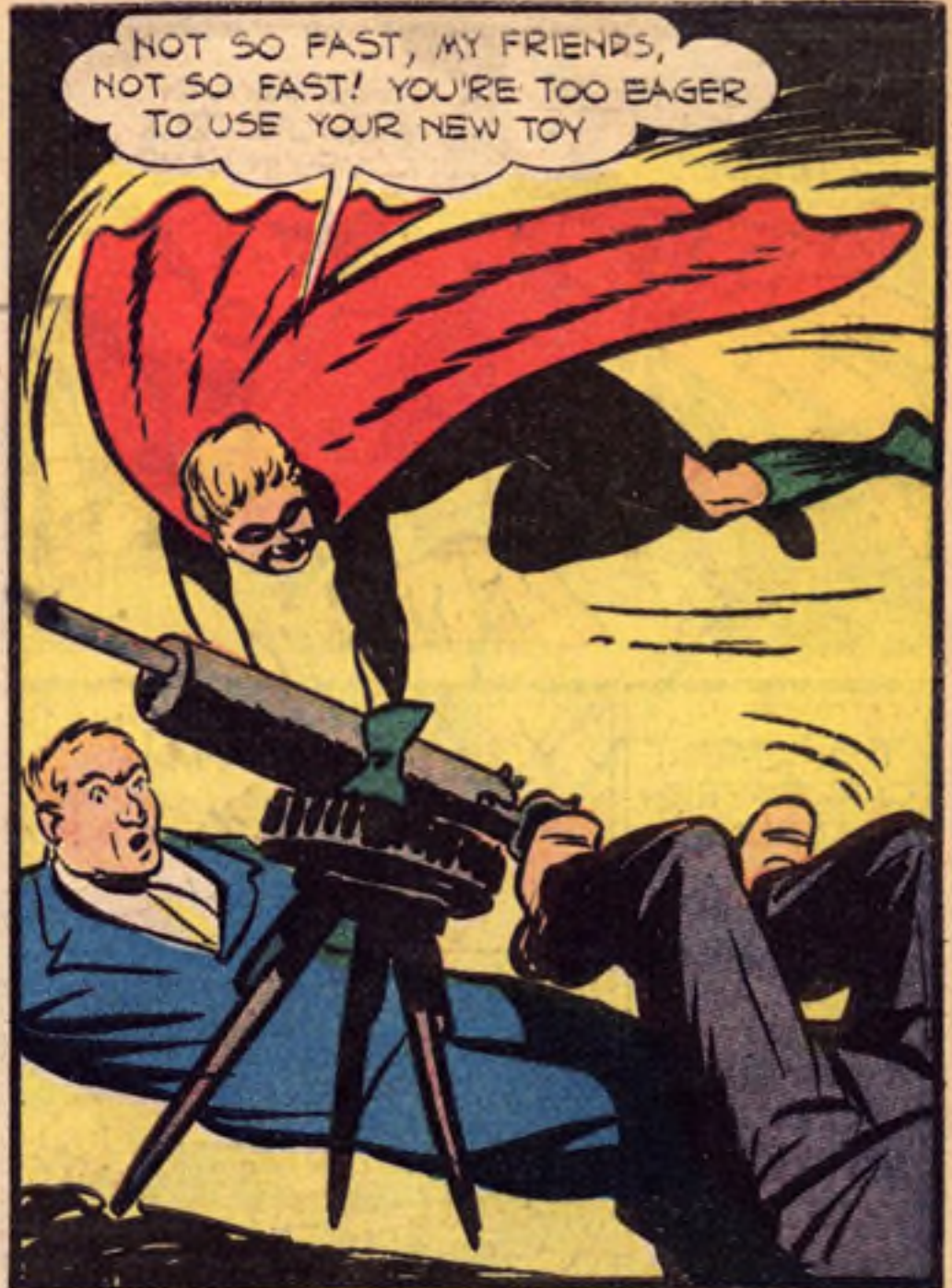
YOU WILL LEARN IT IS NOT A CINCH, FOR CRIME NEVER PAYS

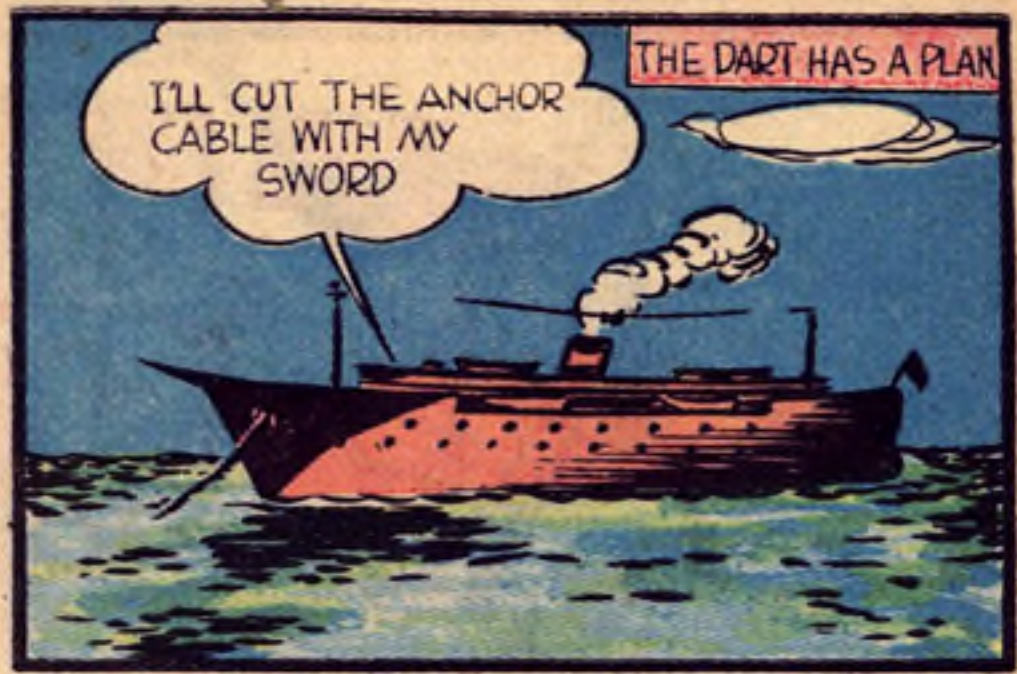
OW! HELP!



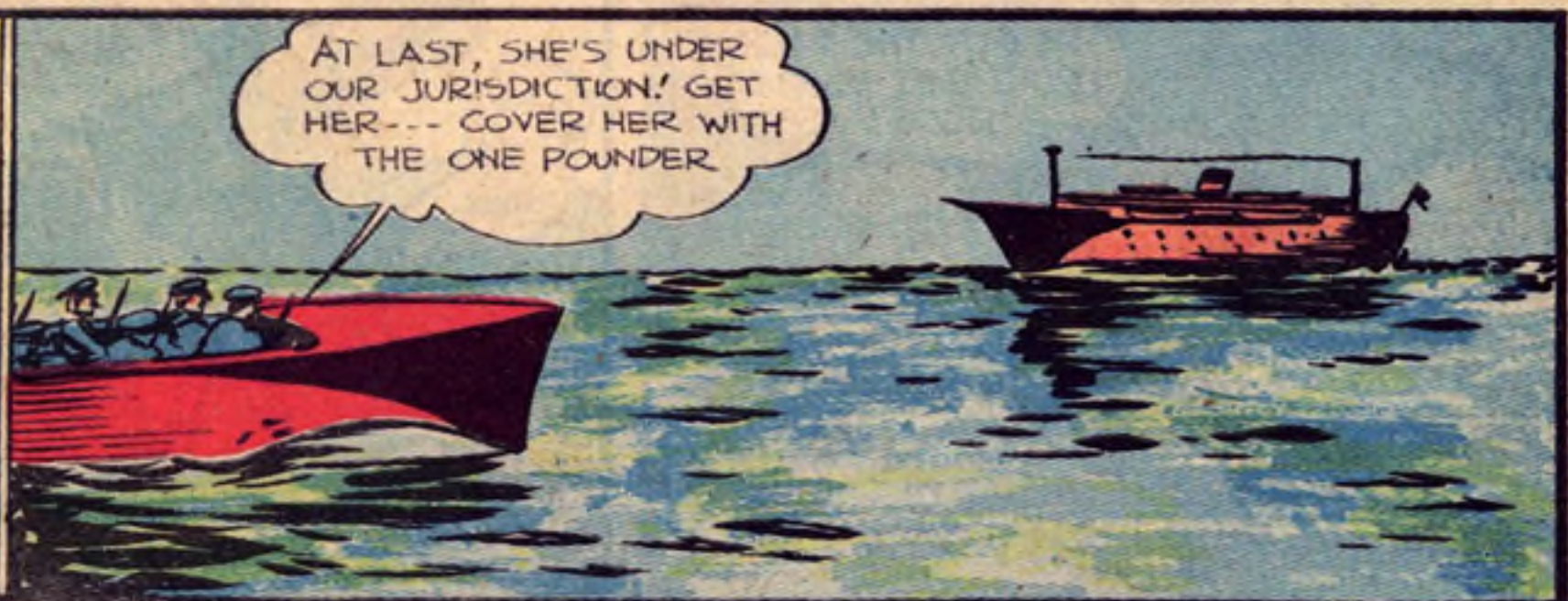
THEY GOT KID FROST!

BANG! BANG! BANG!





THE CURRENT CARRIES THE GAMBLING SHIP INSIDE THE THREE MILE LIMIT AND THE COAST GUARD POUNCES UPON HER



THOR

GOD OF THUNDER

By WRIGHT LINCOLN



GRANT, A YOUNG SCIENTIST, HEIR TO THE SUPERNATURAL POWERS OF THE NORSE GOD THOR, PITS HIS BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST THE INSIDIOUS DOCTOR HSIN, DEVIL DOCTOR OF THE ORIENT IN THE WORLD'S NEWEST RACKET BLOOD PIRACY IN SHANGHAI!

ACCOMPANIED BY HIS SECRETARY GLENDA, GRANT, HEAD OF THE CHINESE RELIEF MISSION, STROLLS ON THE DECK OF A HUGE TRANS-PACIFIC LINER, ENROUTE TO CHINA...

WELL GRANT, IN TWO HOURS WE'LL BE IN SHANGHAI!

YES! AND I SURE WILL BE GLAD! THIS TRIP IS LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE A FELLOW THE JITTERS



THE PASSENGERS ARE IN A PANIC AS THE HUGE SHIP BECOMES A ROARING FURNACE OF FLAME!

GRANT! WHERE ARE YOU?

GLEND! GLEND!



AS THE LUXURY LINER IS MOORED TO HER PIER A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP!



GLENDA, SHOCKED NEARLY SENSELESS, STUMBLES ABOUT THE WRECKAGE IN A DAZE!



GRANT!!
GRANT!
WHERE IS GRANT?



I MUST FIND GLEND!



AMBULANCE SIRENS SCREAM THRU THE NIGHT AS SHANGHAI'S HOSPITAL FACILITIES ARE TAXED BEYOND THE LIMIT!

UNABLE TO COPE WITH THIS AWFUL CATASTROPHE THE CITY CALLS ALL PRIVATE DOCTORS TO HELP!

ALL DOCTORS AND NURSES! REPORT AT ONCE TO PIER 8! CARRY FULL EQUIPMENT! URGENT! HURRY!



THIS IS THE BIG CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! COME MAKO!

AT THE BURNING SHIP ALL IS IN CHAOS!!



HELP!

PLEASE! SAVE ME, OH!

INTO THIS SCREAMING MAW OF PAIN THE SINISTER FIGURE OF DR. H SIN AND HIS MAN CREATION, MAKO, COME, UNNOTICED IN THE GENERAL CONFUSION!

HERE IS A SUPERB SUBJECT! COME MAKO! CARRY HER TO THE CAR!!



DR. H SIN'S CAR, A VERITABLE LABORATORY ON WHEELS RACES FAR OUT TO THE NATIVE QUARTER OF SHANGHAI!

FASTER MAKO! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE! I'LL PREPARE HER WHILE WE RIDE!





AT MERCY HOSPITAL!

HIS NAME IS GRANT DOCTOR, JUST BADLY SHOCKED! HE'S BEEN CALLING THE NAME GLENDA ALL NIGHT!

REST IS ALL HE NEEDS!



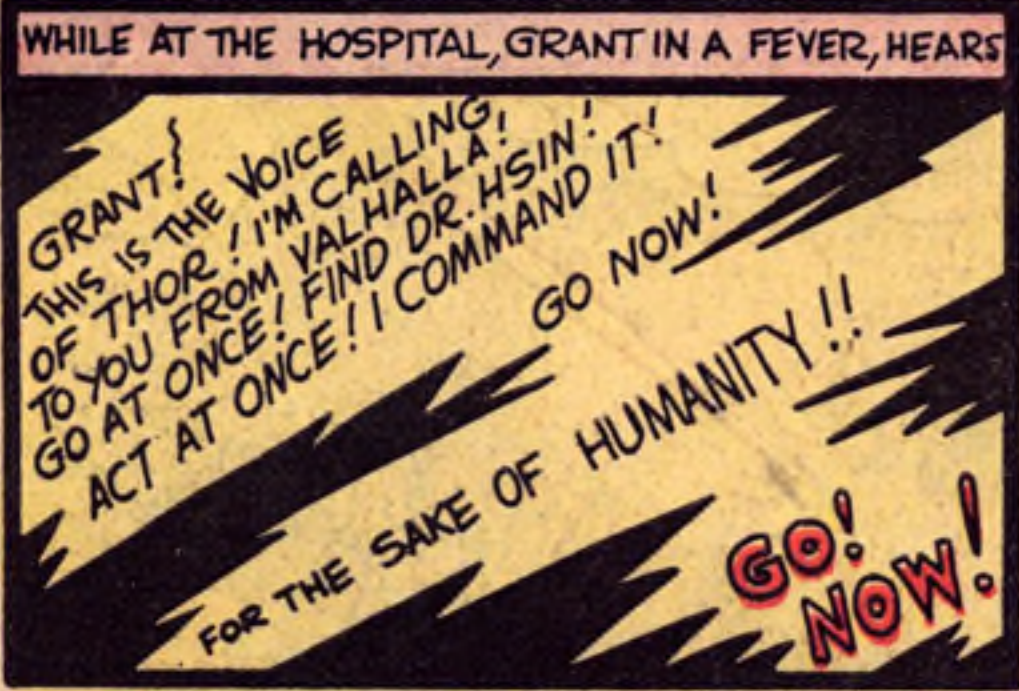
MEANWHILE, AT DR. HSIN'S PRIVATE LABORATORY!

THERE MAKO! YOU ARE THE PERFECT MAN! WHEN I START THIS COSMIC PULSATOR SHE WILL BEGIN TO ABSORB THE ESSENCE OF HUNDREDS OF THE GREAT MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WORLD WHO HAVE GIVEN US THEIR BLOOD!!

I AM THE PERFECT ONE!



WHEN FOUR HOURS HAVE PASSED I SHALL HAVE REACHED MY TRIUMPH!



GRANT! THIS IS THE VOICE OF THOR! I'M CALLING TO YOU FROM VALHALLA! GO AT ONCE! FIND DR. HSIN! ACT AT ONCE!! COMMAND IT! GO NOW! FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY!! GO! NOW!



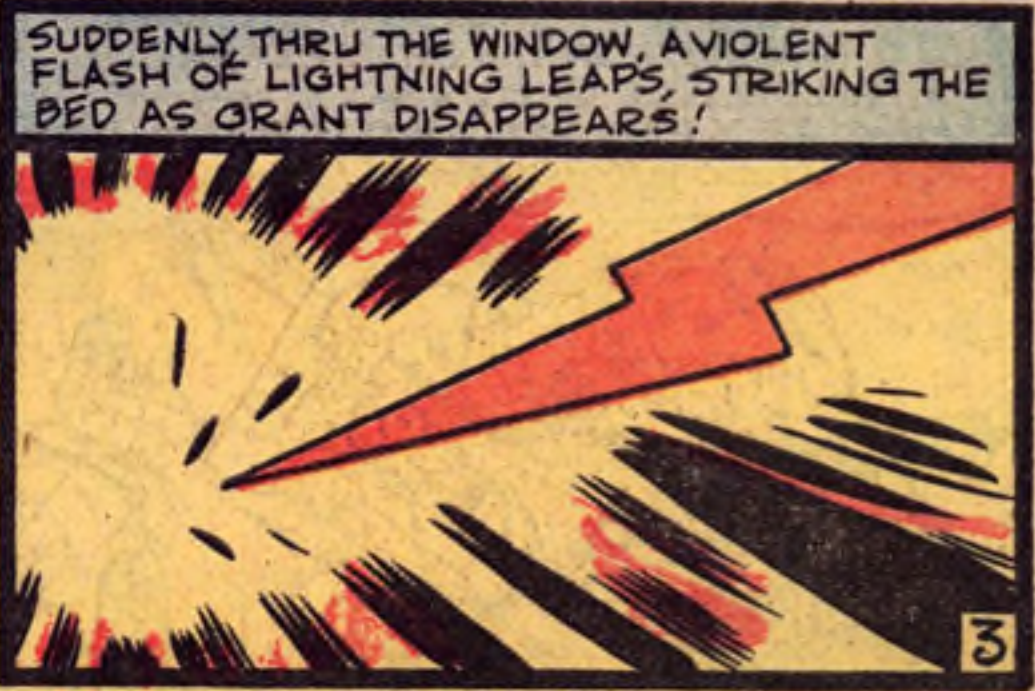
DOCTOR HSIN! ACT NOW! GO DOCTOR HSIN! NOW! GLENDA! NOW! GO ACT!

PLEASE BE QUIET!



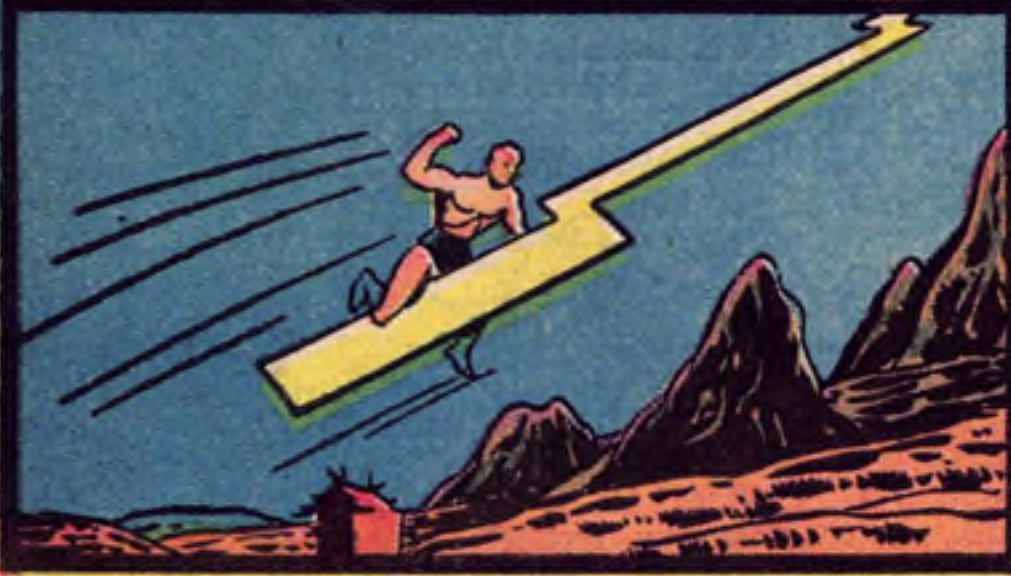
DR. HSIN HAS BEEN DEAD FOR MONTHS! GRANT IS TEMPORARILY UNBALANCED! HAVE HIM STRAPPED DOWN! HE'S APT TO GET OUT OF HAND!

YES DOCTOR! BUT THE NAME DR. HSIN! IT'S UNCANNY! HOW WOULD HE KNOW?



SUDDENLY THRU THE WINDOW, A VIOLENT FLASH OF LIGHTNING LEAPS, STRIKING THE BED AS GRANT DISAPPEARS!

GRANT ACTIVATED NOW BY THE SPIRIT OF THOR, STREAKS HIGH ABOVE THE OUTSKIRTS OF SHANGHAI



HE IS DIRECTED BY THOR TO A LONELY VALLEY, WHERE HE DISCOVERS A MODERN BUILDING, STRANGELY OUT OF PLACE IN THIS WILD, WEIRD COUNTRY!



THIS PULSATOR INDICATES SOME ETHEREAL DISTURBANCE MAKO! LOOK OUTSIDE!

YES MASTER! A WEIRDSOME CREATURE! HE FLIES, WITH LIGHT FOR A TAIL!



TURN THE BOREALIC BEAM ON HIM! IT WILL MERELY STUN HIM!

IS SO! MASTER DOCTOR!



THAT'S IT MAKO! NOW THE BLOOD DRAIN! THIS FELLOW WILL GIVE US SOME REMARKABLY FINE HEMO-MATTER FOR FURTHER EXPERIMENTS!

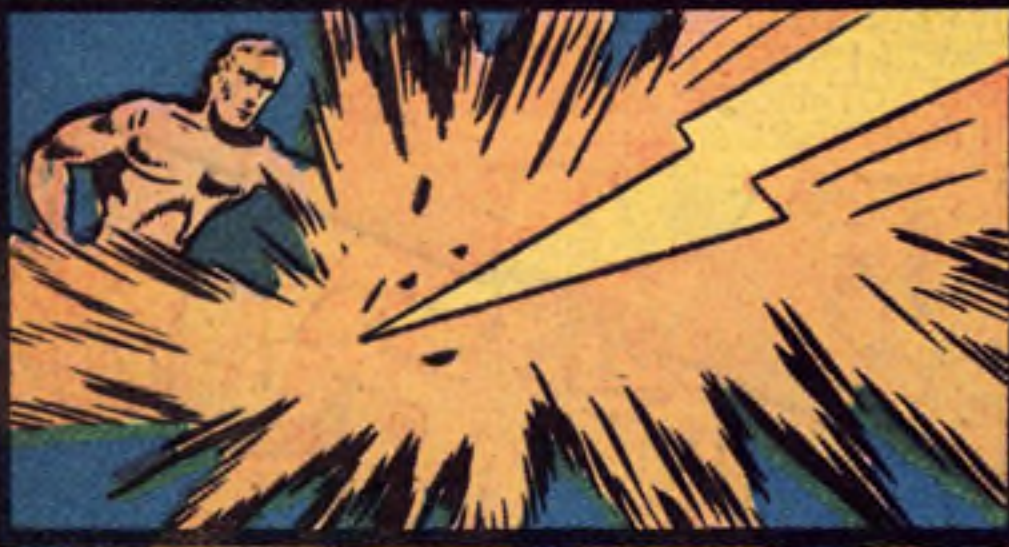


LEFT TO DRAIN OF HIS LIFE'S BLOOD, GRANT, NOW POSSESSED OF THOR'S SPIRIT AND NO LONGER AN EARTHBOUND MOR... QUICKLY REVIVES!





AS GRANT FOLLOWS THE GIANT A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES IN FRONT OF HIM!



ON THE FLOOR LIES A GLEAMING GAUNTLET!



THOR'S GAUNTLET!
NOW FOR THE
FIREWORKS!



NOT SO FAST!



HOW DO YOU
LIKE THOR'S
GAUNTLET?



GLENDA!! I HOPE IM
IN TIME!!



AT LAST! GLENDA! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

JUST A LITTLE
WEAK! GRANT!
LOOK-OUT!



OH! DR. H SIN! HERE
TRY THIS!!



GRANT SWEEPS GLENDA AND DOCTOR HSIN BACK TO SHANGHAI!



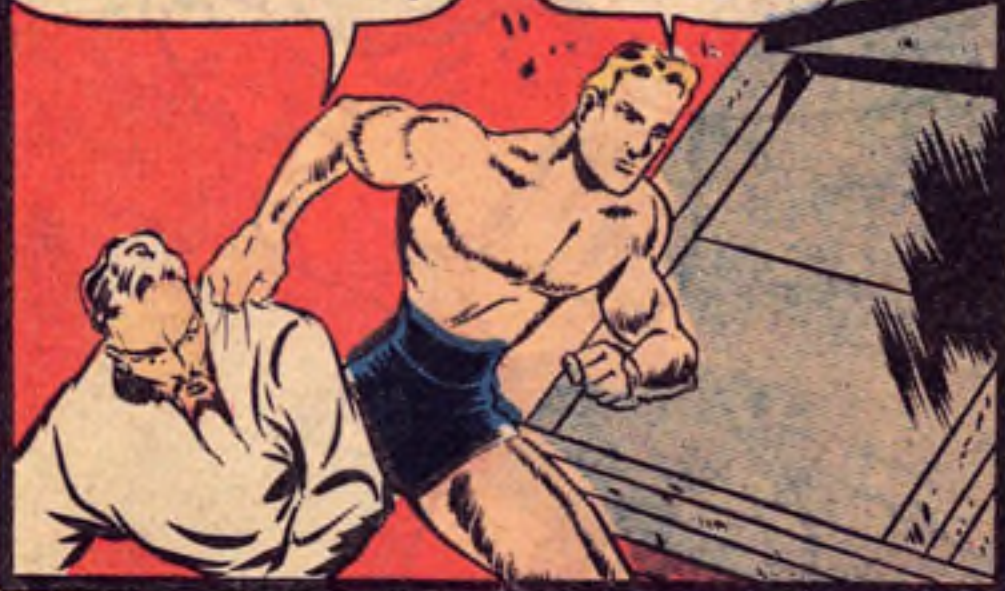
YOU COME WITH ME, DOCTOR! GLENDA, I'LL PHONE YOU AT YOUR HOTEL!

YES, GRANT! THEN I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



WHAT'S THIS? THE POLICE STATION?

YES, MY DEAR DOCTOR!



CAPTAIN, THIS IS DOCTOR HSIN!

WHAT? WHY HE'S DEAD! I MEAN, ER... HE WAS EXECUTED SIX MONTHS AGO!

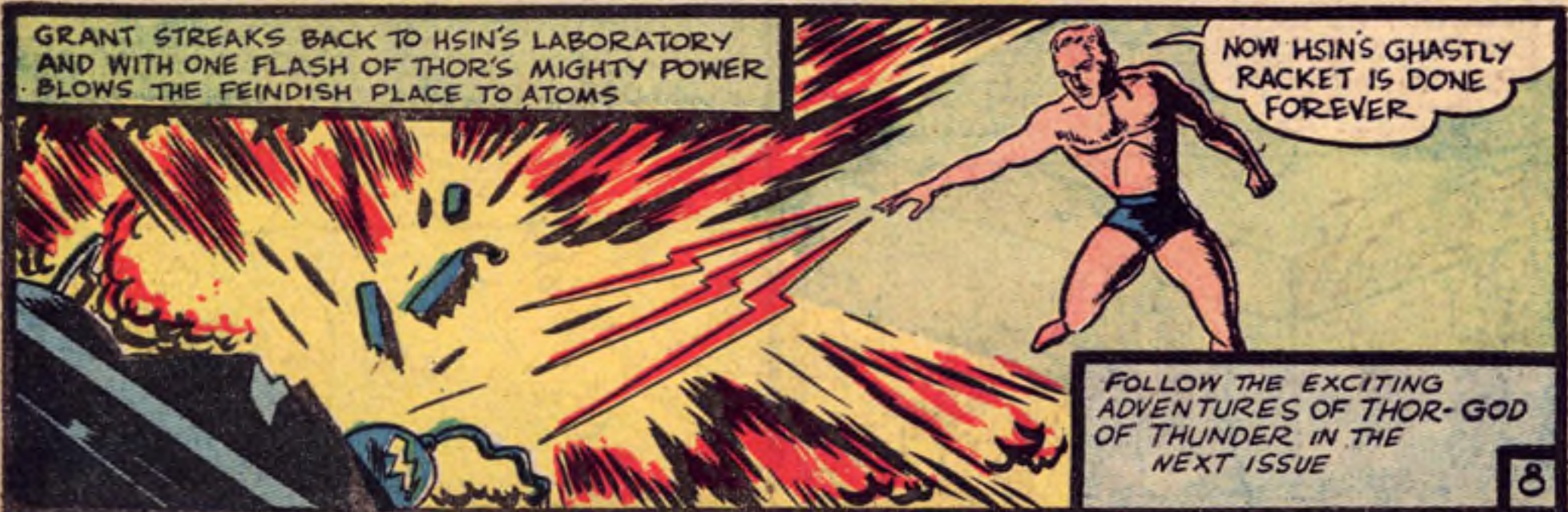
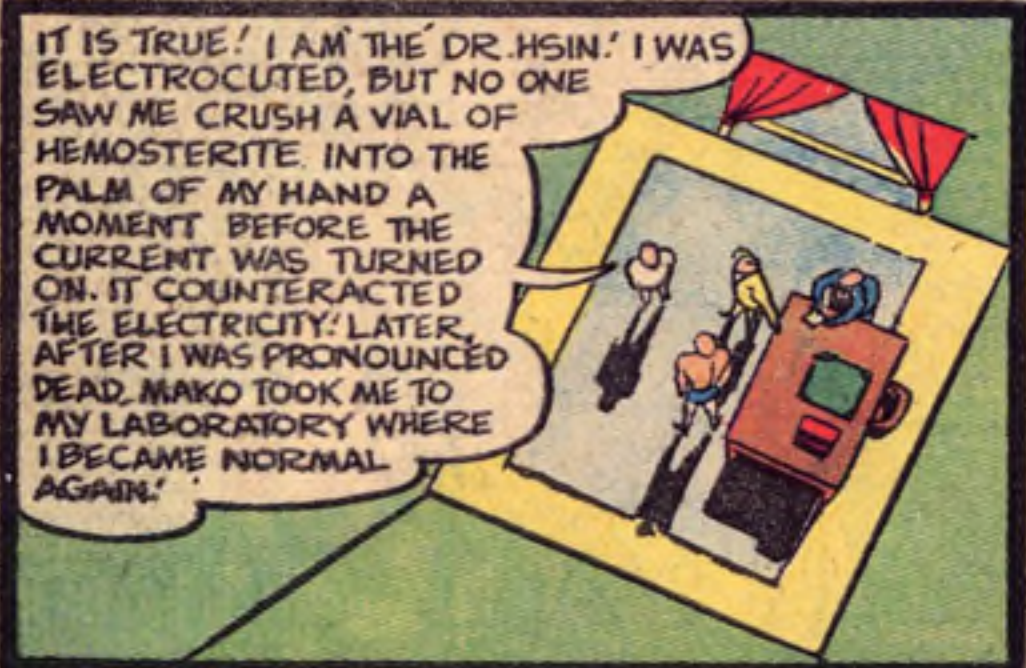
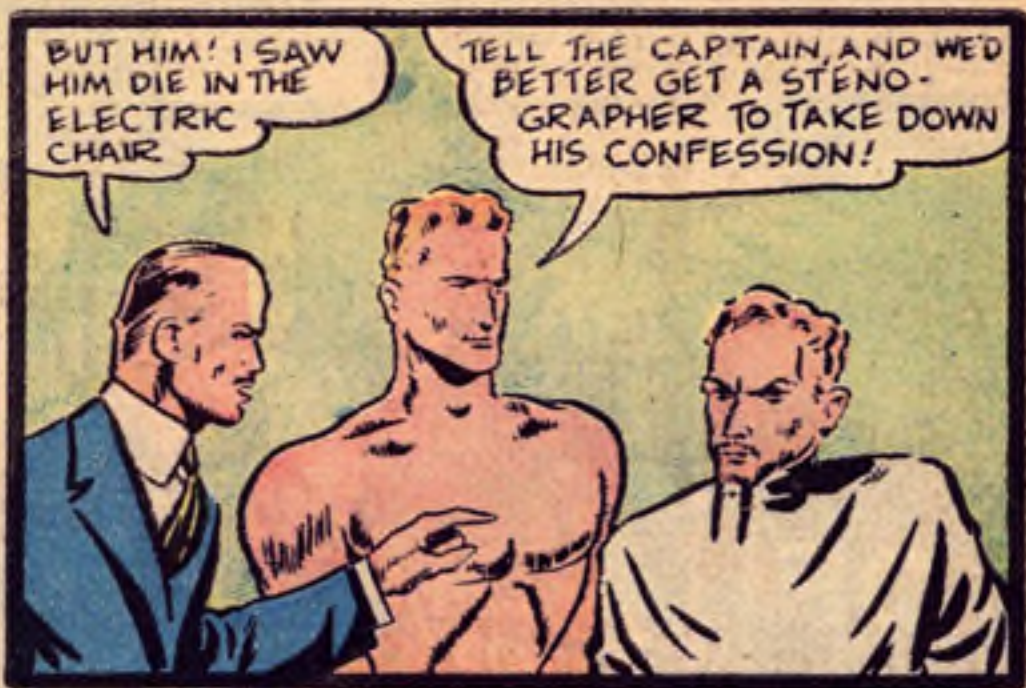
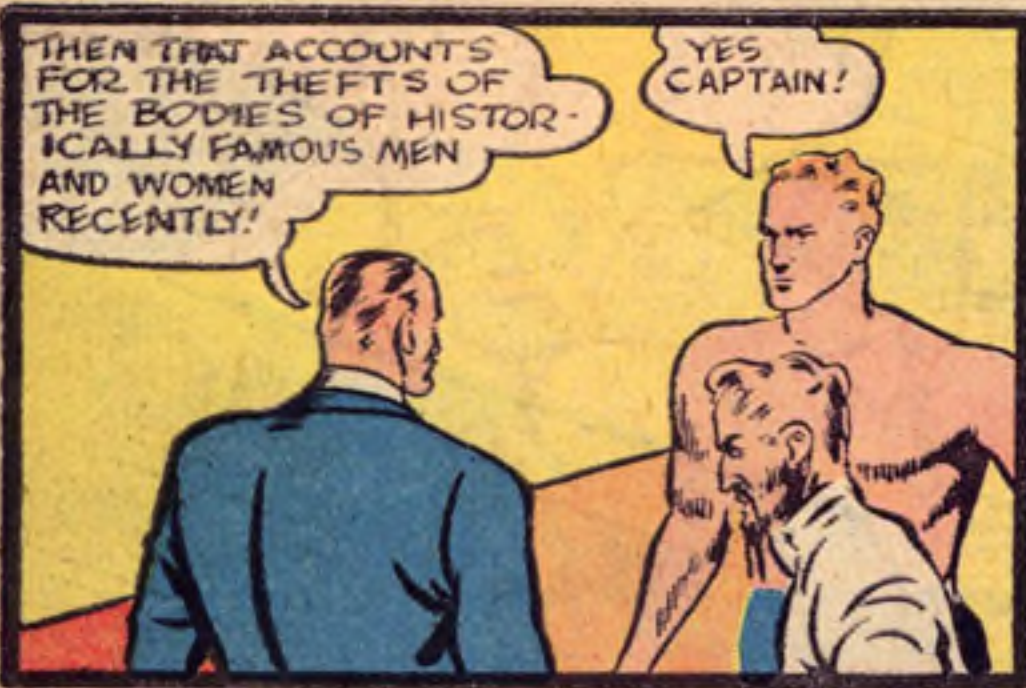


WELL, NOT SO YOU COULD NOTICE IT! CAPTAIN, FOR THE LAST FIVE MONTHS DR. HSIN HAS BEEN OPERATING THE GHASTLIEST RACKET IN THE WORLD!

HE DRAINED THE BLOOD FROM THE BODY. HE KILLED MANY OF OUR OUTSTANDING CITIZEN, TO USE IN HIS INSIDIOUS EXPERIMENTS! HE HOPED EVENTUALLY TO MURDER THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE AND FROM THEIR BLOOD, TO CREATE A SUPERIOR RACE!



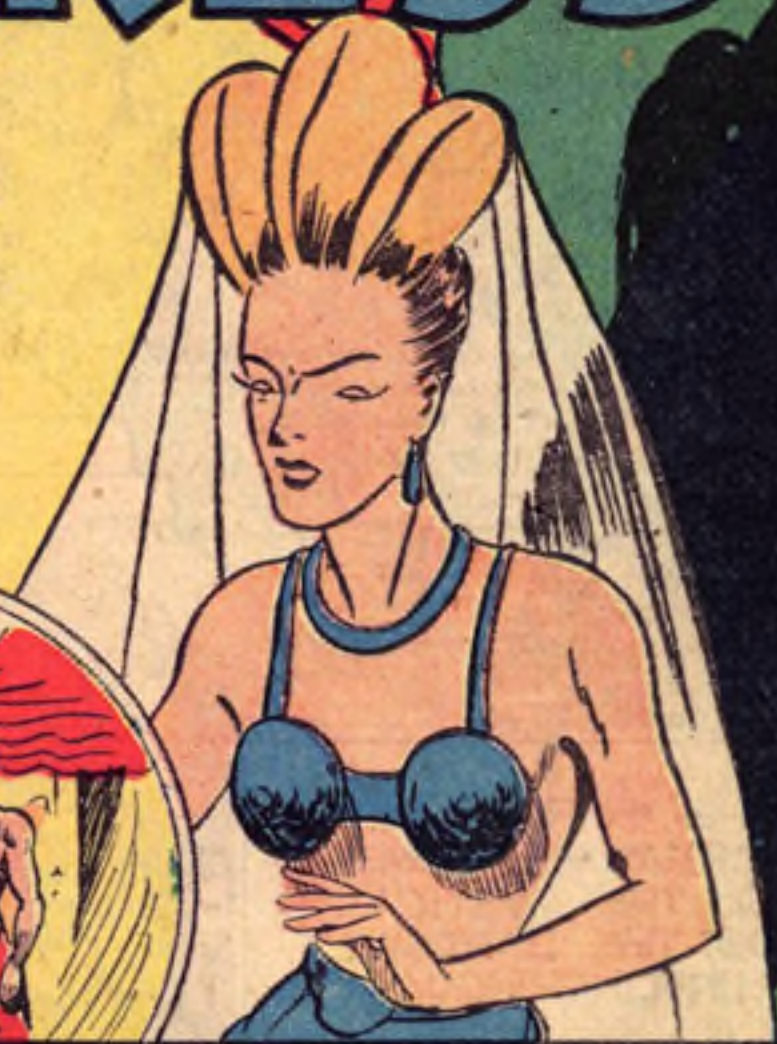
A MAD FIEND!



SORCERESS OF ZOOM

by SANDRA SWIFT

DETERMINED TO RULE THE MYSTICAL EAST, THE SORCERESS OF ZOOM PLANS TO PLACE HER MAGICAL CITY IN THE HEART OF INDIA



SUDDENLY BREAKING THROUGH A CLOUD-PACKED SKY THE MAGICAL CITY APPEARS OVER ONE OF INDIA'S ANCIENT CITIES, NAGPUR



THEY BOAST OF THEIR MYSTICAL POWERS IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD. I SHALL STRIP THEM OF THEIR POWERS AND TURN THEM INTO SLAVES TO WORK FOR ME IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD

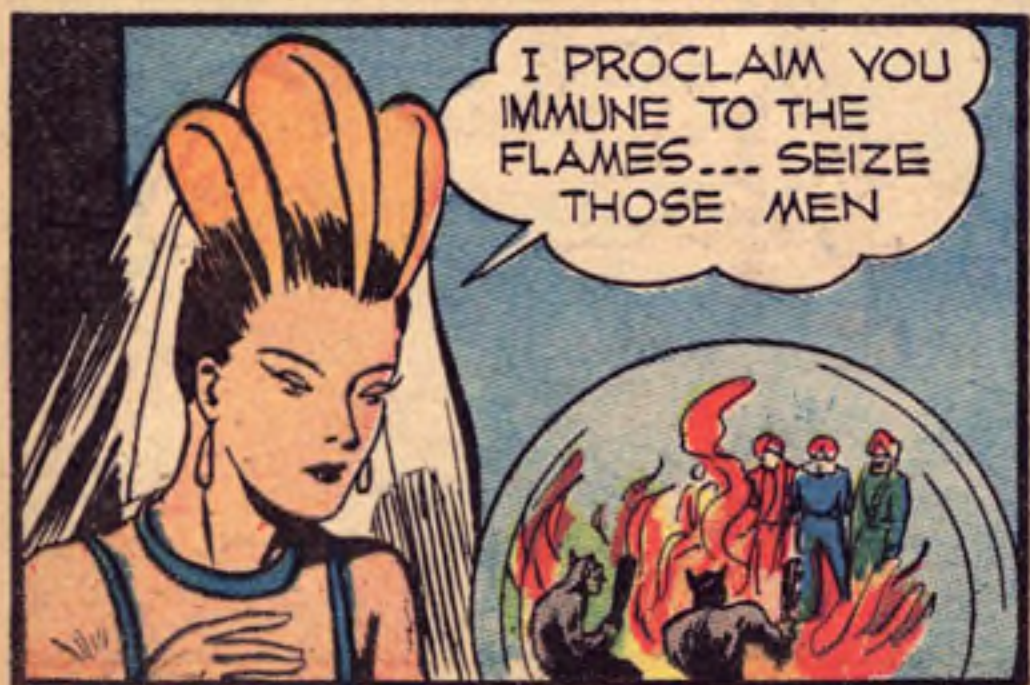




AS THE SORCERESS'S WEIRD CREATURES SWEEP DOWN ON THE MYSTICAL HINDOOS, THE EARTHMEN STAND UNFLINCHINGLY BY.



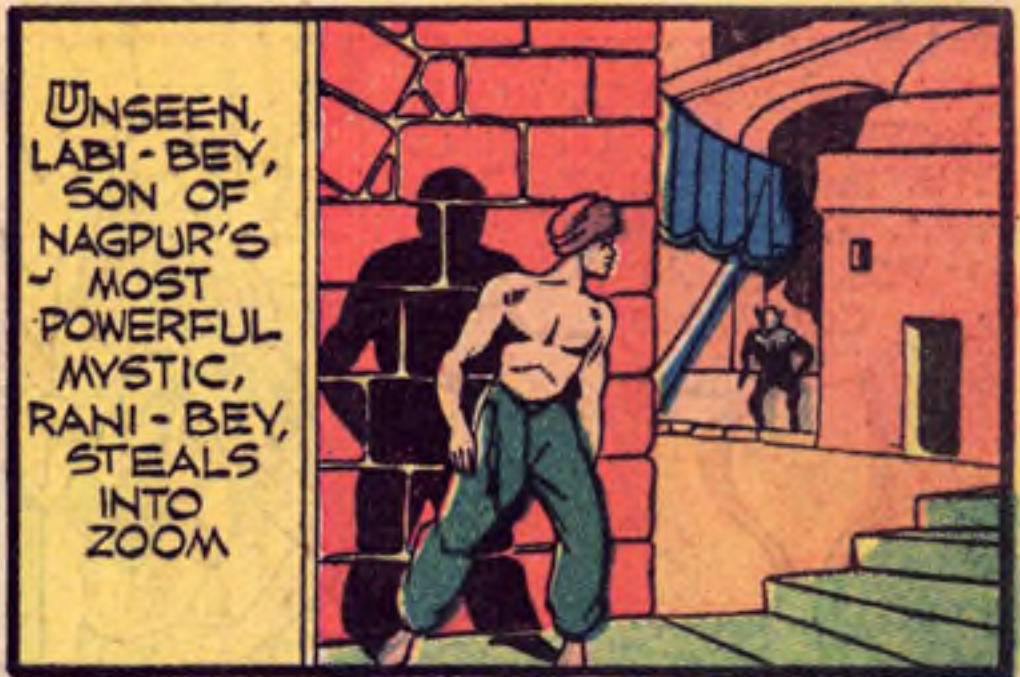
AN AGED HINDOO MAGICIAN EXERTS HIS MAGICAL POWERS



I PROCLAIM YOU IMMUNE TO THE FLAMES... SEIZE THOSE MEN



THE FLAMES SUDDENLY BECOMES HEATLESS





EACH OF YOU AS MY ENVOYS WILL RULE A CERTAIN PORTION OF THE EARTH ON WHICH YOU WILL EXERT YOUR MYSTICAL POWERS AT MY COMMAND



THE SORCERESS THEN LIFTS HER MAGIC CITY INTO THE SKIES

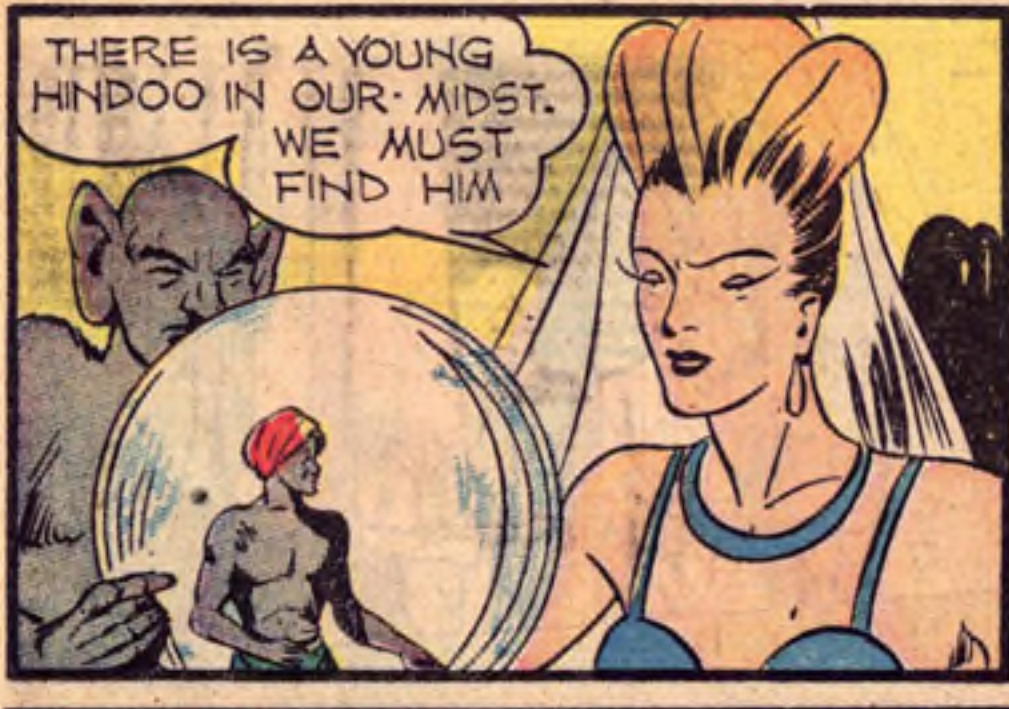


PLACE THEM INTO THE FREEZING CHAMBER TO FREEZE THEIR POWERS FOR LIBERATION

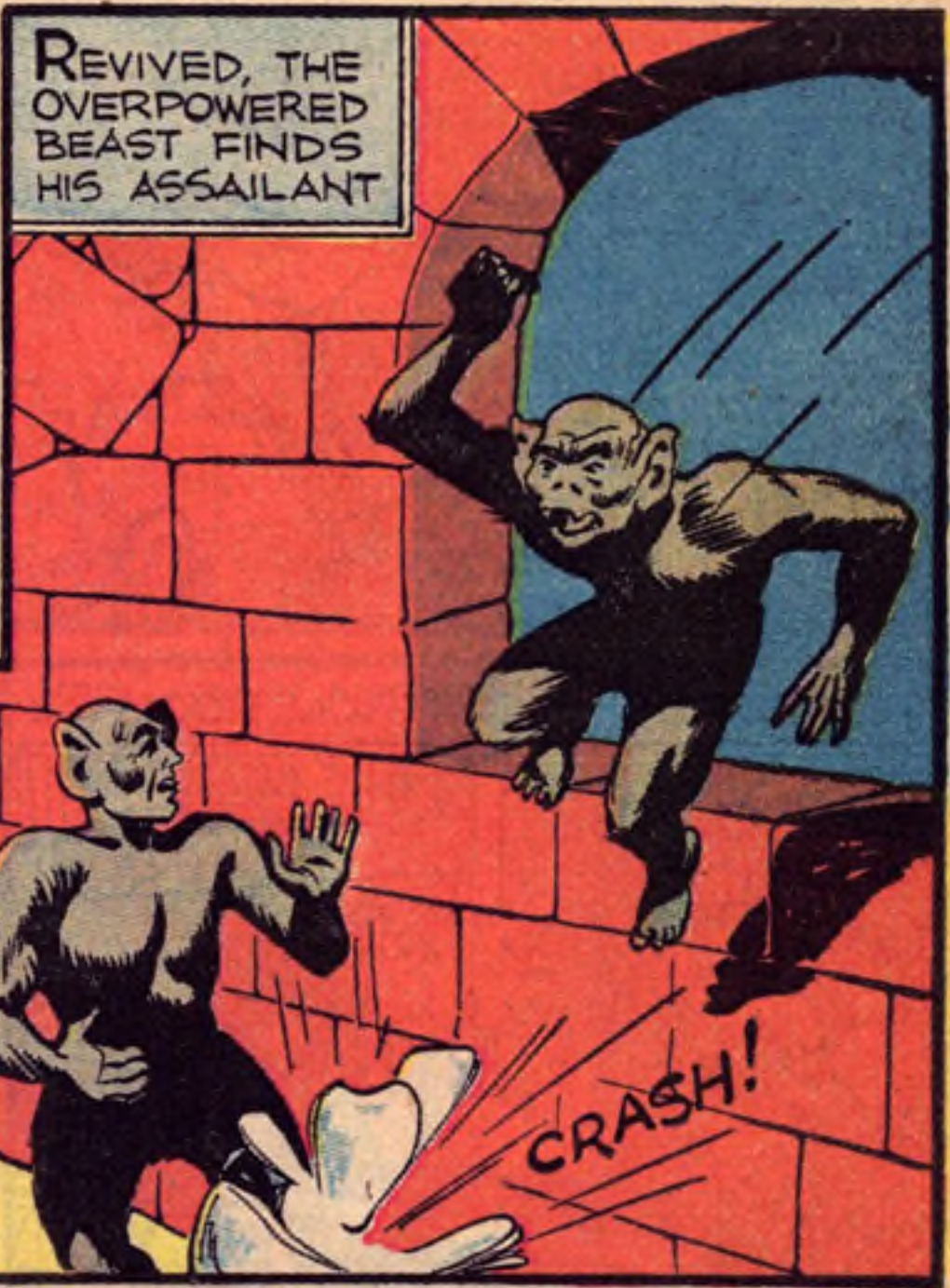
THE SORCERESS COMMANDS THE DISGUISED LABI-BEY TO HOLD HER CRYSTAL GLOBE.



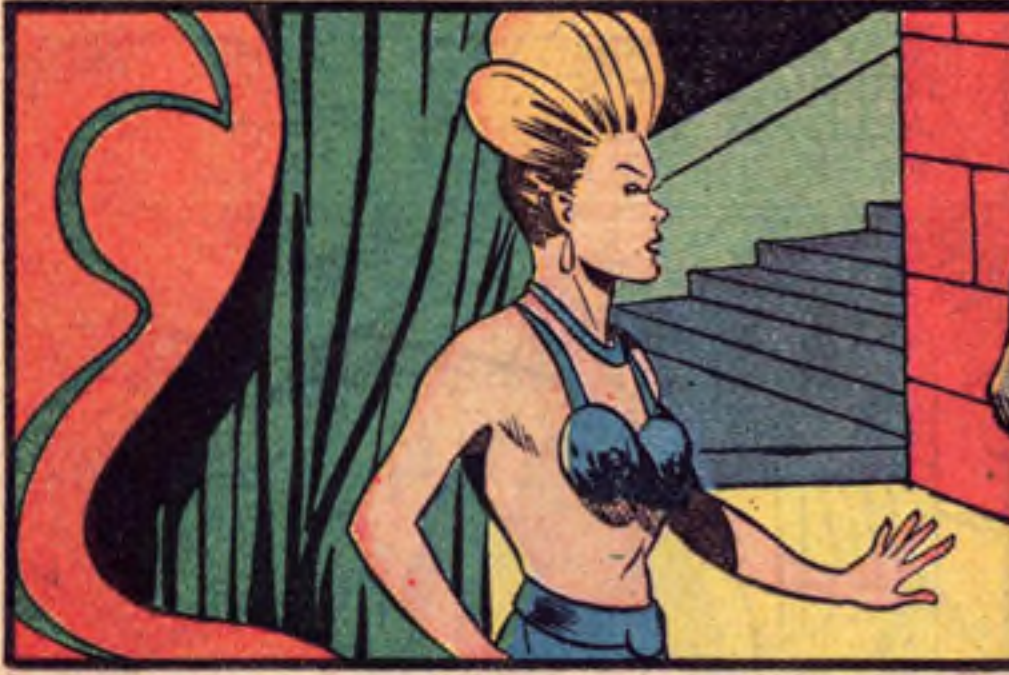
THE GLOBE IS SHROUDED. A STRONG MYSTICAL POWER IS NEAR ME



THERE IS A YOUNG HINDOO IN OUR MIDST. WE MUST FIND HIM



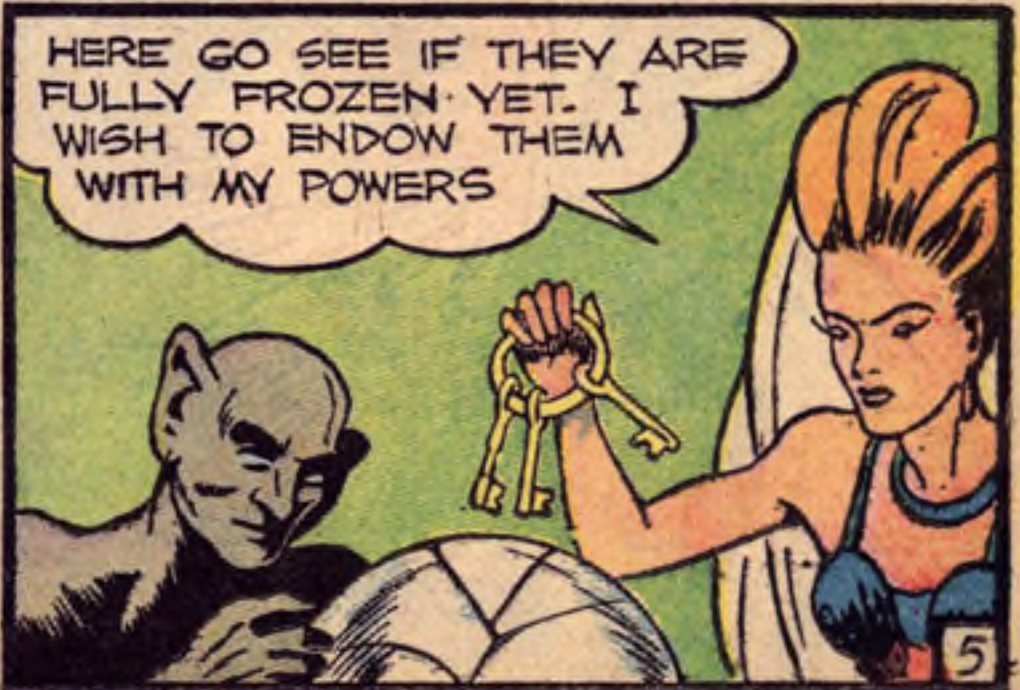
REVIVED, THE OVERPOWERED BEAST FINDS HIS ASSAILANT



SEIZE THAT ONE. HE CAUSED THIS MAN TO DROP MY CRYSTAL BALL



YOU ARE FAITHFUL. I SHALL REPAIR THIS GLOBE

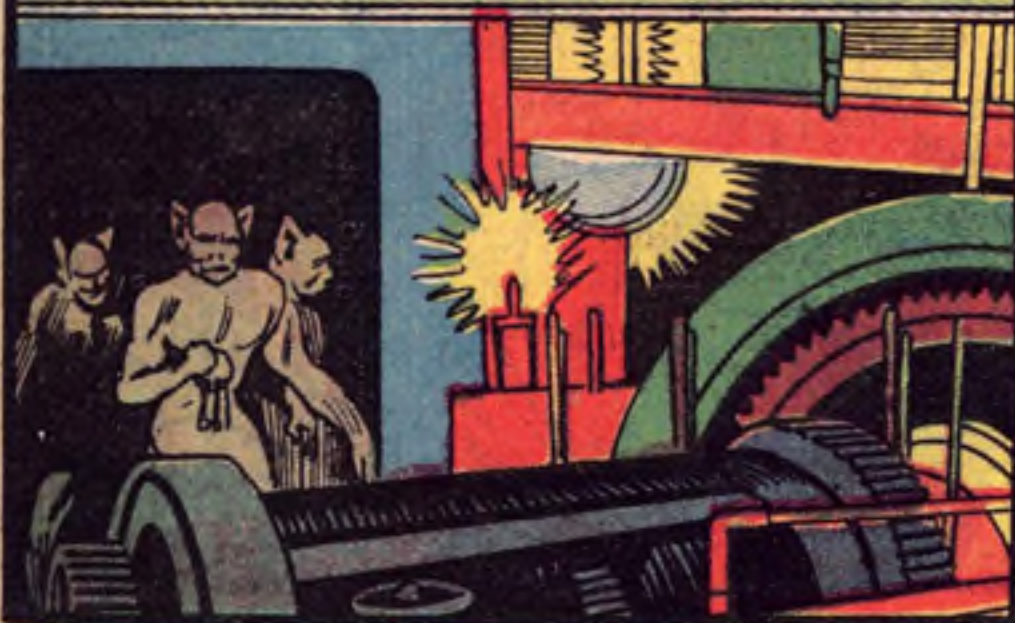


HERE GO SEE IF THEY ARE FULLY FROZEN YET. I WISH TO ENDOW THEM WITH MY POWERS

A
HORRIBLE
SCENE
MEETS
LABI-BEY'S
VIEW



HE VISITS THE CONTROL ROOM



THROWING THE SWITCH TO THE REFRIGERATOR, LABI-BEY ALLOWS THE CURRENT TO PASS THROUGH HIS BODY.



BOOM!

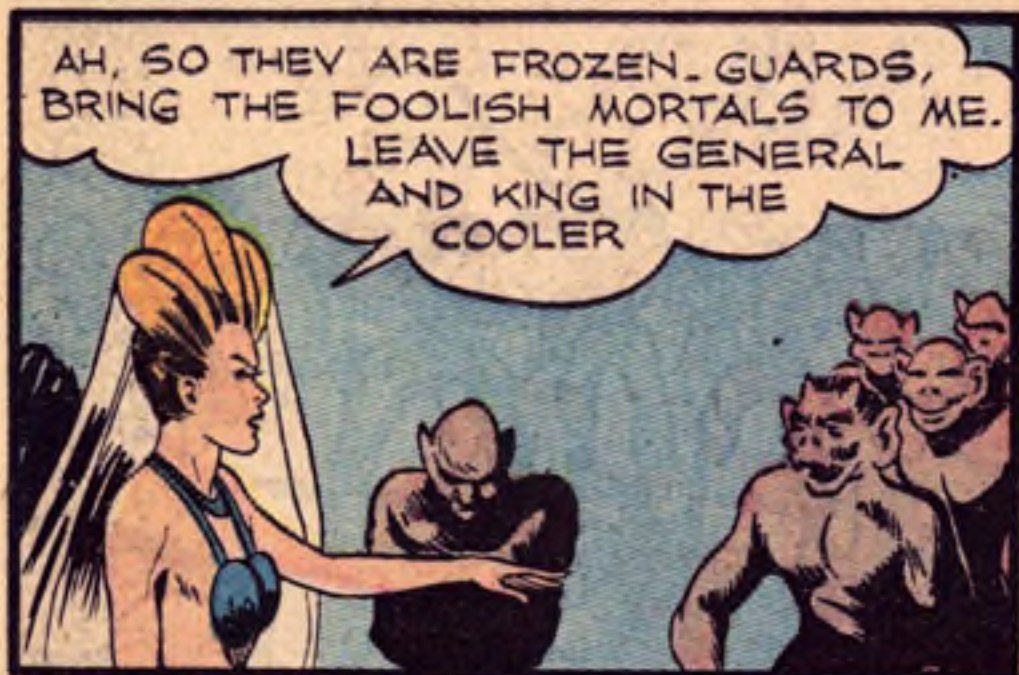


CONNECTING THE THAWING SWITCH, LABI-BEY RETURNS TO THE REFRIGERATOR

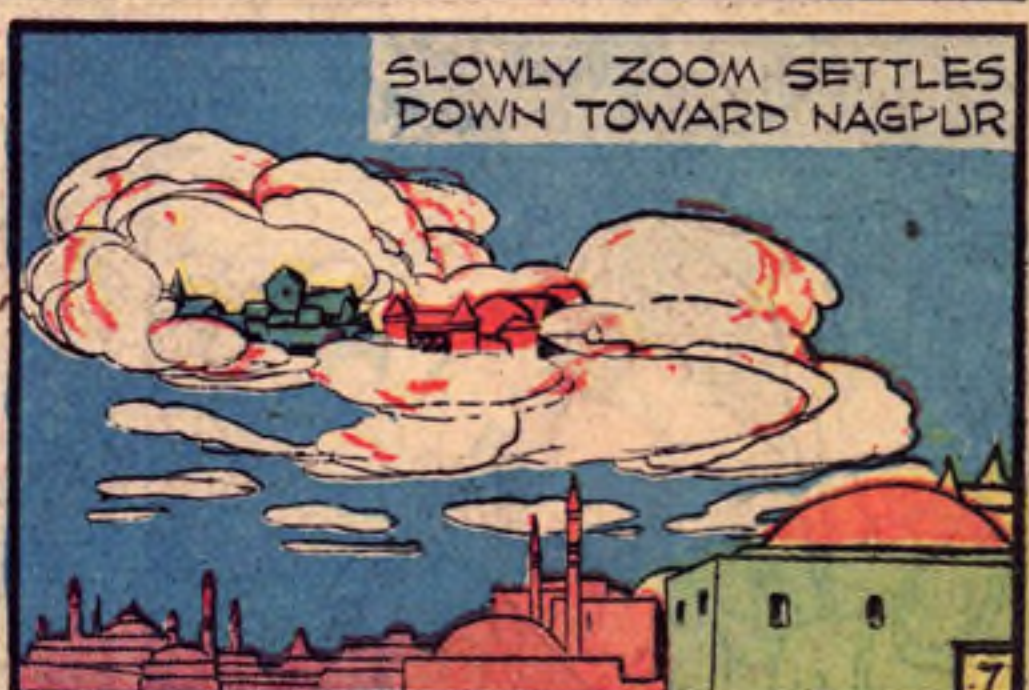
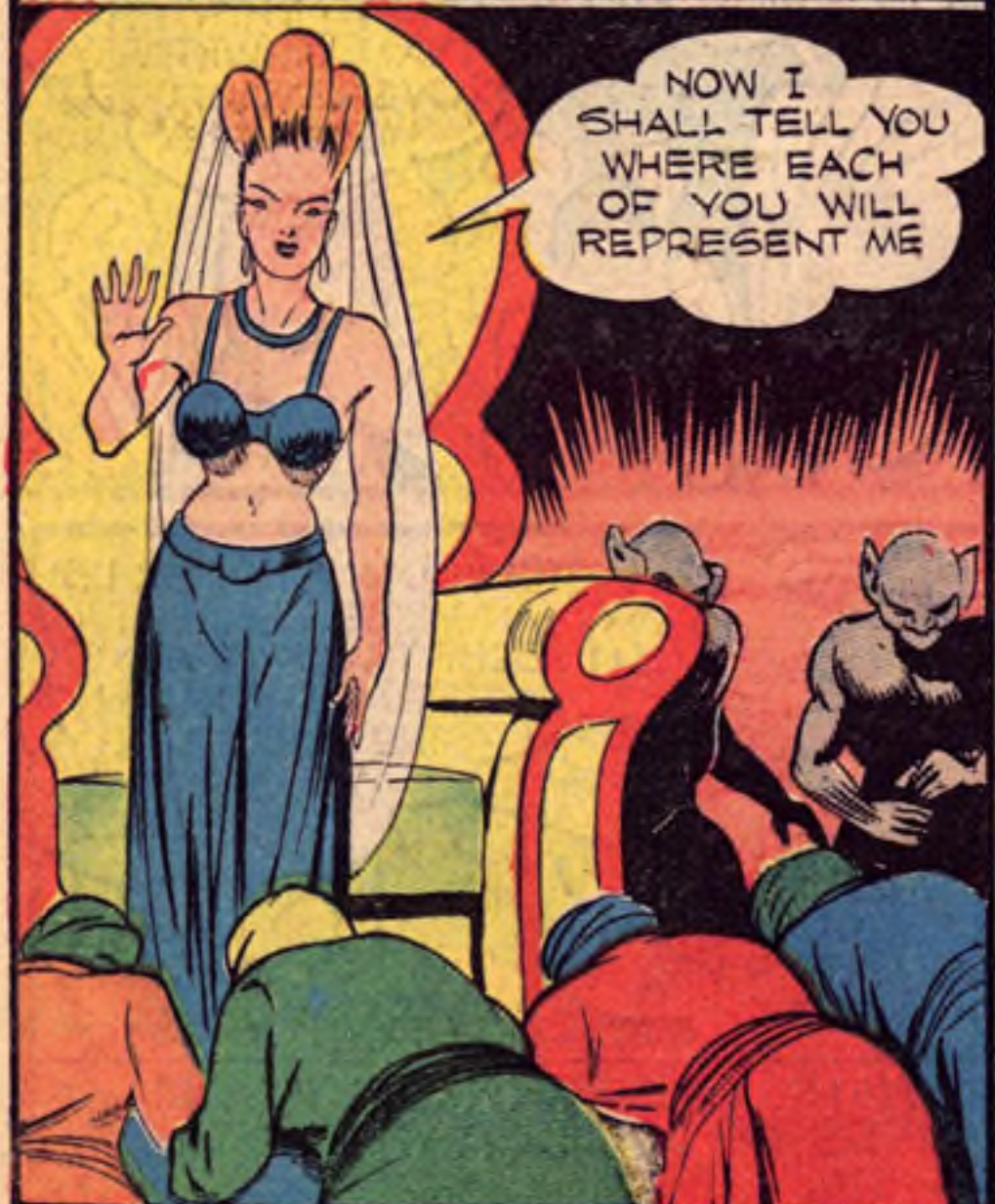


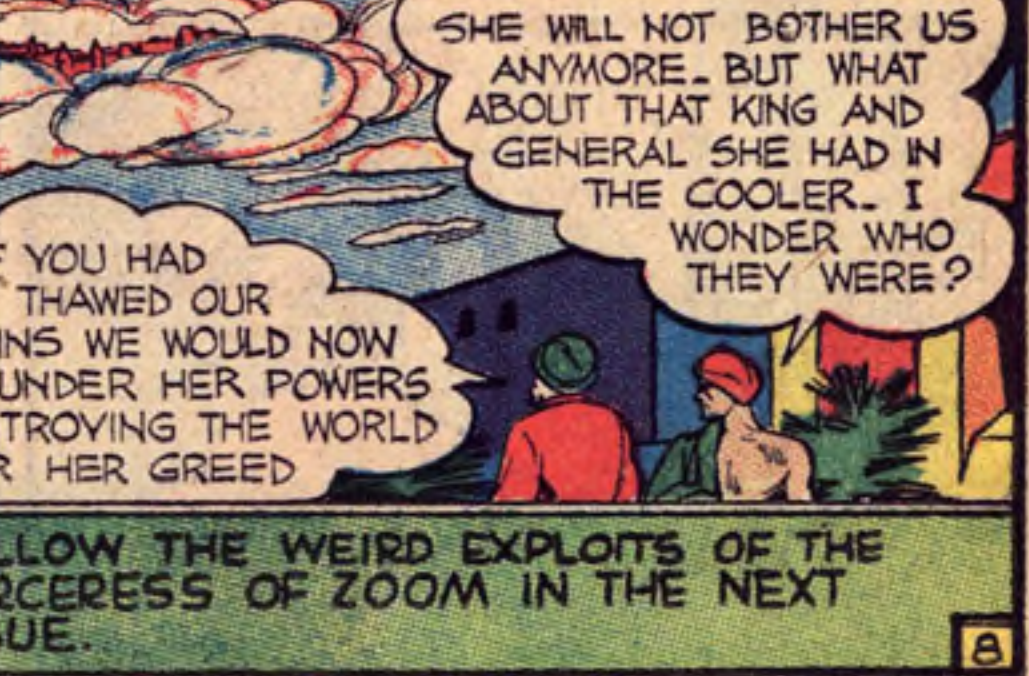
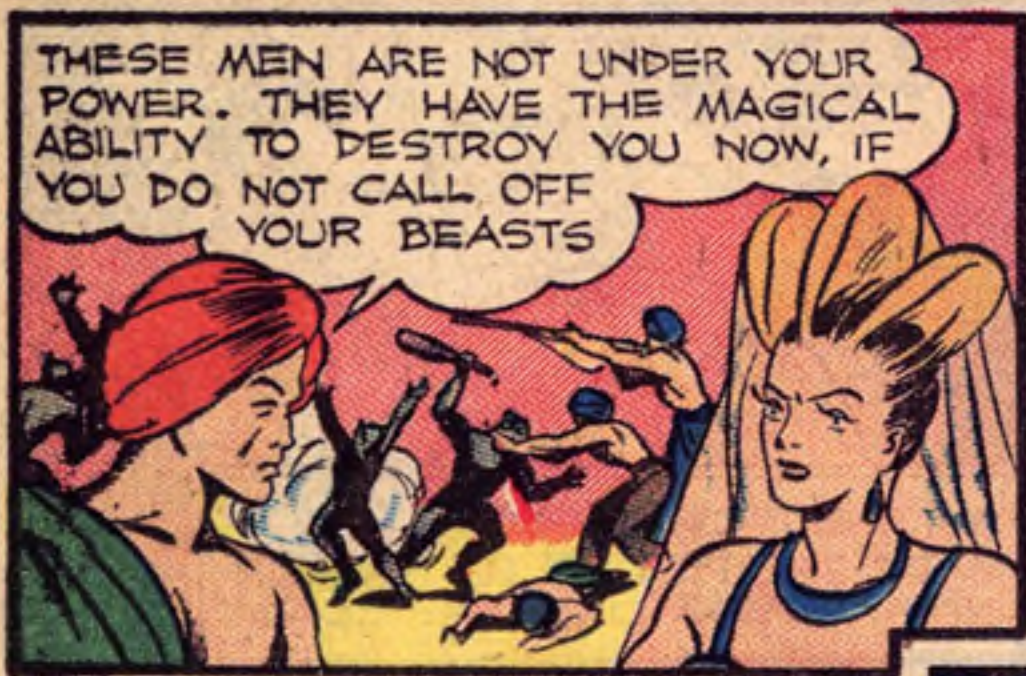
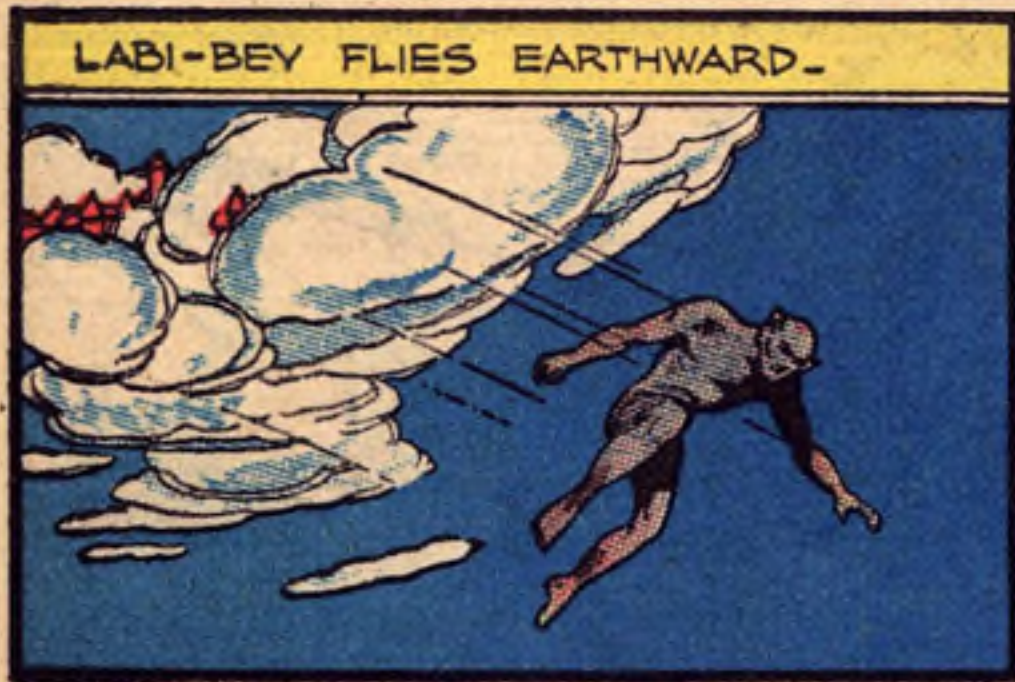
FATHER... FATHER... IT IS LABI-BEY IN DISGUISE

MY SON.. YOU HAVE COME IN TIME



UNAFFECTED BY HER MYSTICISM, THE HINDOOS OBEY HER COMMANDS





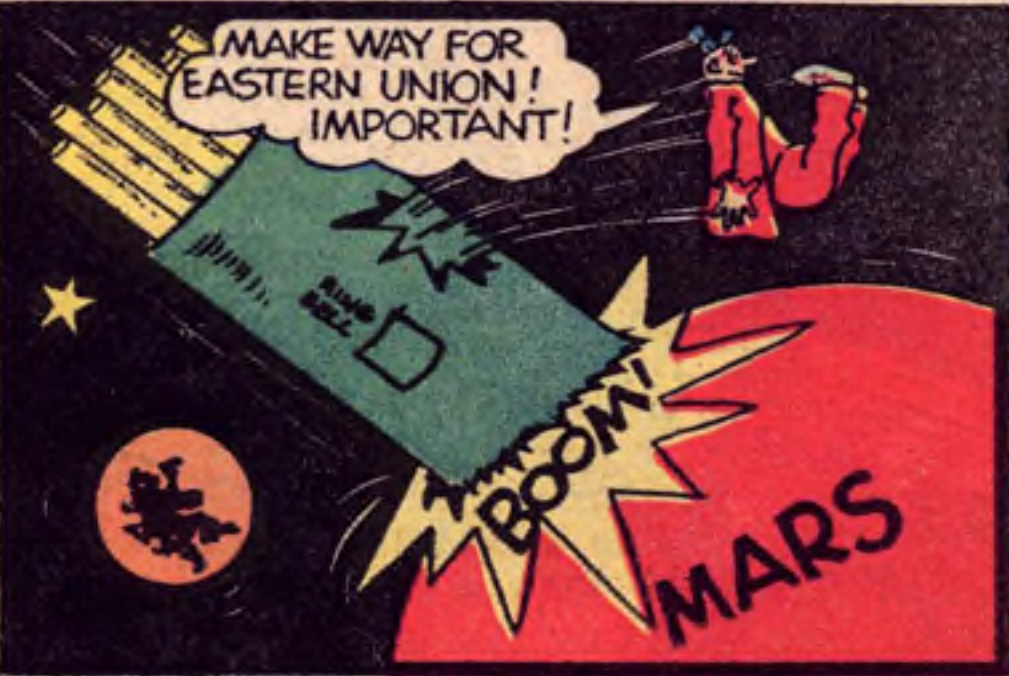
SOLAR PLEXIS

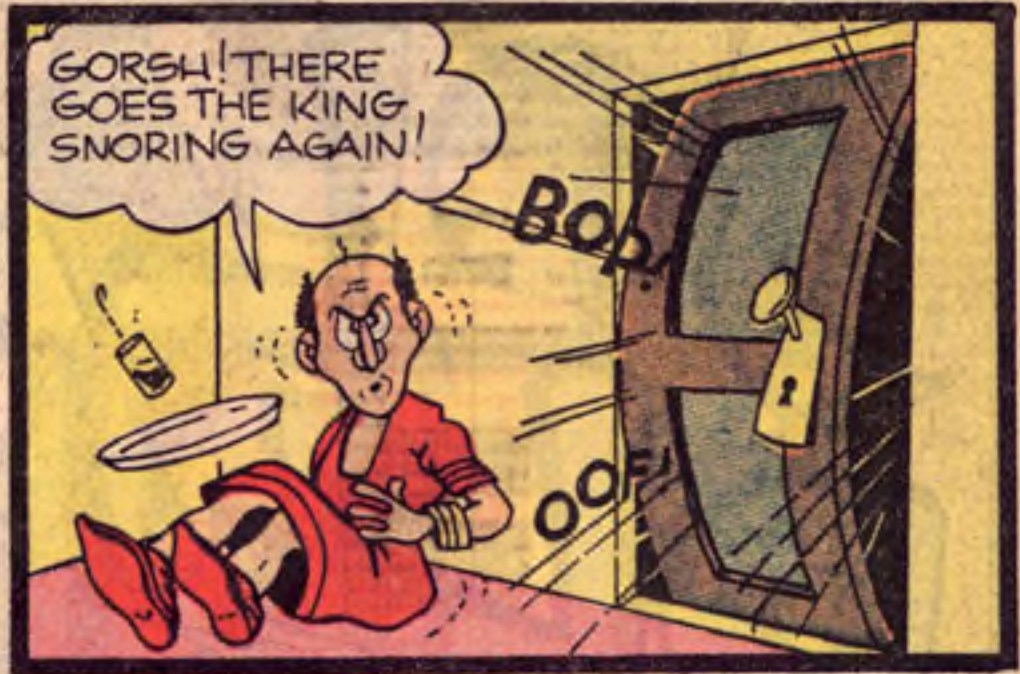
by Jupiter

INTERPLANETARY MESSENGER

SOLAR, THIS MESSAGE MUST BE GIVEN PERSONALLY TO KING SOCKO OF MARS. IT'S VERY URGENT!

AYE! AYE! SIR— I'M ON MY WAY! I'LL TAKE THE NEW STATO-ROCKET SHIP.





SOAR WITH SOLAR AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE -

BLAST BENNETT

On the Ice Planet

SPEEDING THRU THE VAST EMPTINESS OF SPACE AT MILLIONS OF MILES A MINUTE BLAST BENNETT FINDS AN ICE COVERED PLANET--STRANGELY WARM--



I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY LIFE IN THIS PLACE?

HE VENTURES CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE DARKNESS



A CAVE!

SUDDENLY THE GROUND GIVES WAY BENEATH BLAST'S FEET--- AND HE PLUNGES INTO A PIT---



HE LIES, UNCONSCIOUS, AT THE BOTTOM, WHERE HE IS FOUND BY-----



IS HE DEAD DARNO?

NO-- JUST DAZED A BIT! HELP ME TAKE HIM TO THE PALACE!

LATER- IN DARNO'S ROOMS

ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH TONIC? THAT WAS QUITE A FALL!

I'M OKAY, THANKS! WHAT SORT OF PLACE IS THIS?



YOU'RE IN THE COURT OF EMPRESS ILERA- RULER OF THE ICE PLANET. YOU FELL INTO A TRAP WE SET FOR THE ROBOTS OF KEERO, THE MADMAN WHO WANTS TO SIEZE THE THRONE AND DESTROY US!

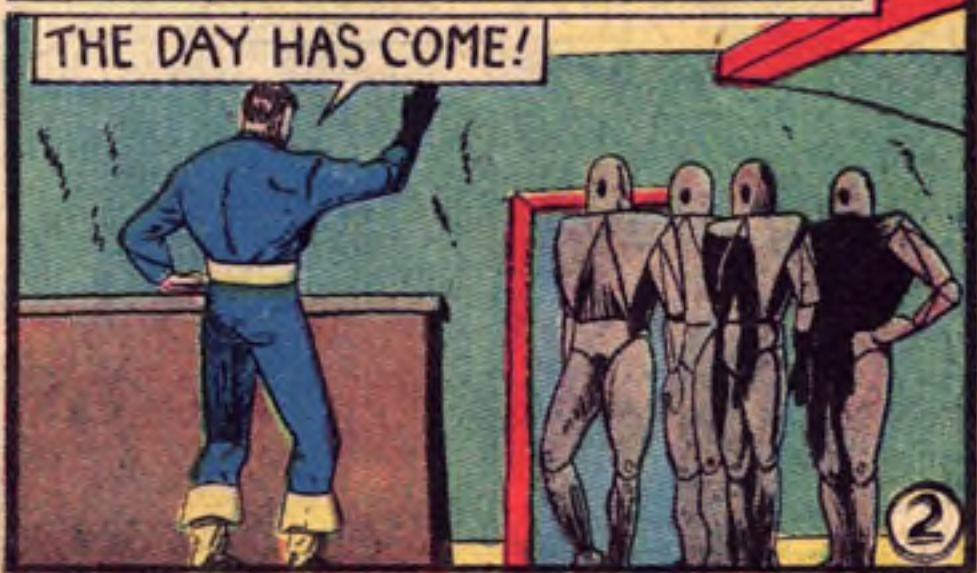


EVEN AS THEY SPEAK, KEERO PREPARES HIS COUP--

HERE ARE SOME CLOTHES-- LATER I SHALL PRESENT YOU TO ILERA!



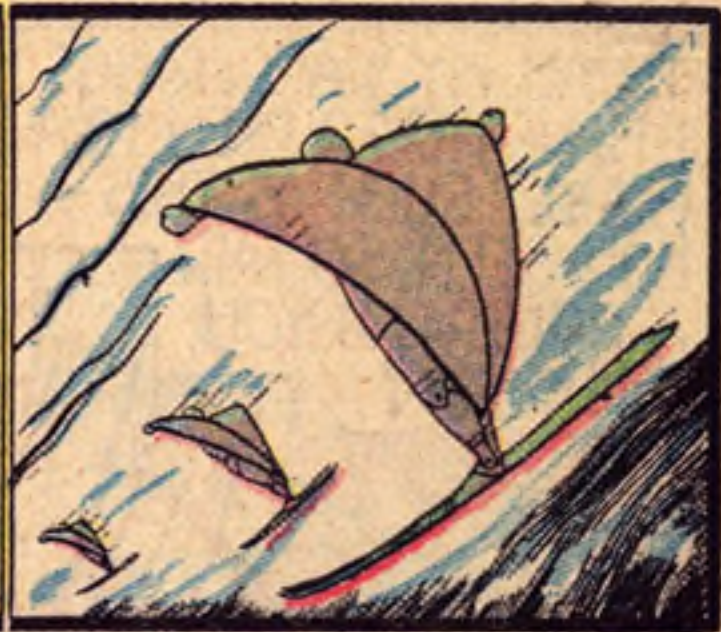
THE DAY HAS COME!



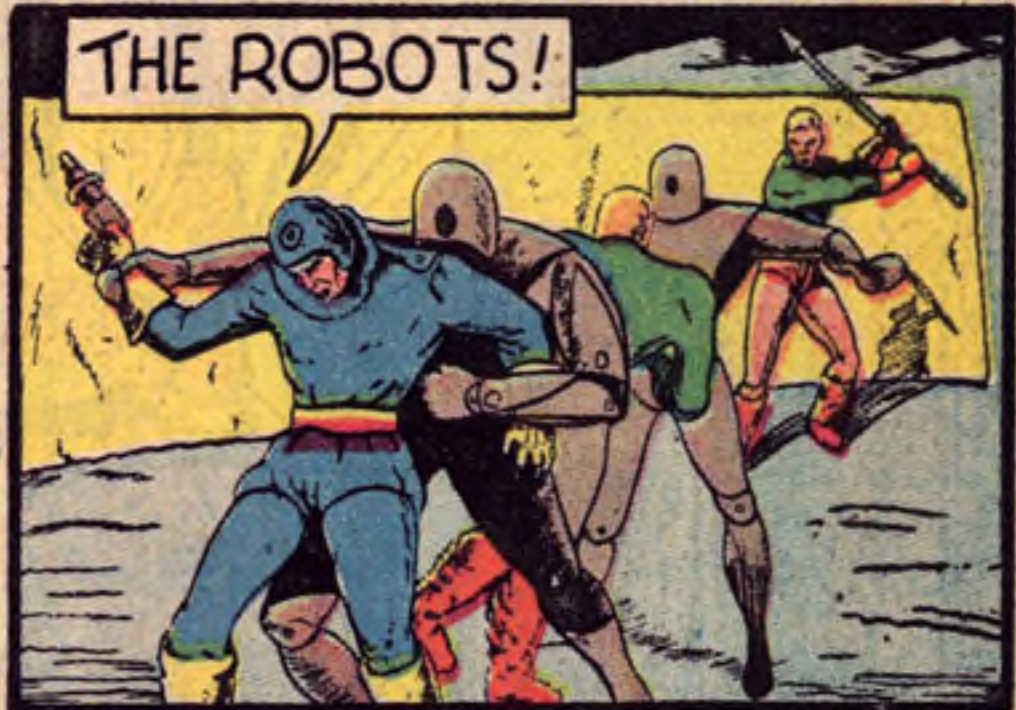
DOWN FROM THE HILLS COME THE ROBOTS, SPEEDING ON SKI-SLEDS-----



SKI-SAILORS SWOOP DOWN UPON THE GUARD POSTS--



THE ROBOTS!



STEP BY STEP-ALL WILL BE MINE!



YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY--MAY I PRESENT--BLAST BENNETT!



MAJESTY-THE ROBOTS ATTACK OUR GUARDS! SO! IT HAS BEGUN!

BACK IN THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS ILERA

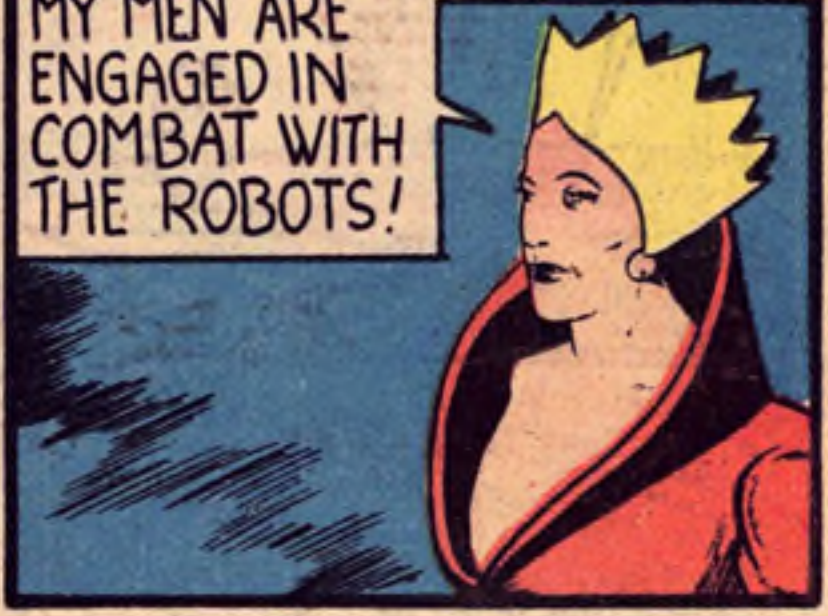


IN ALL MY WANDERINGS I HAVE NEVER BEEN TO A PLANET SUCH AS THIS - NOR SEEN SO FAIR A RULER AS YOU, MAJESTY!

YOUR FAME HAS TRAVELED EVEN SO FAR AS OUR HUMBLE SPHERE, BENNETT!



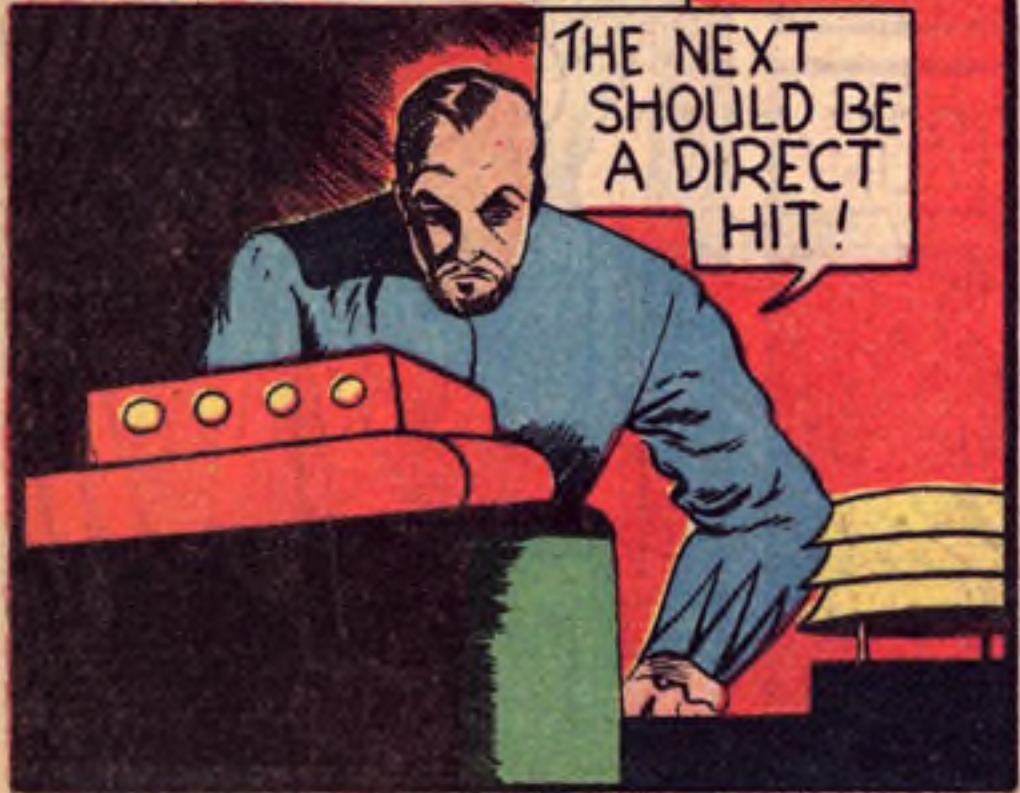
I GREATLY REGRET BEING UNABLE TO GREET YOU PROPERLY-BUT MY COURT IS IN A STATE OF SIEGE! EVEN NOW MY MEN ARE ENGAGED IN COMBAT WITH THE ROBOTS!



KEERO'S ELECTRO GUNS ARE TRAINED ON THE PALACE---



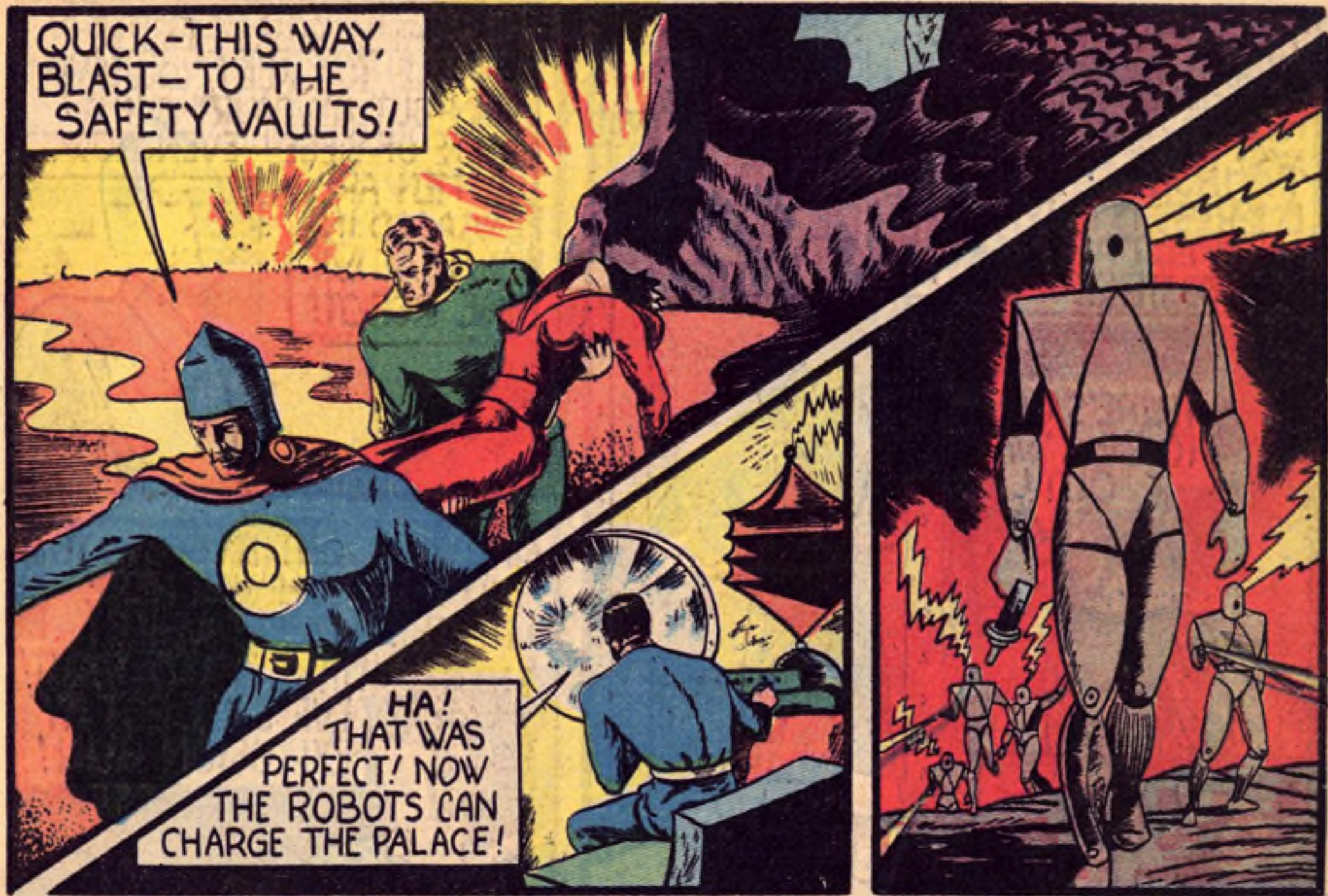
GUNS, ROBOTS AND ALL ARE REMOTE-CONTROLLED BY KEERO, SAFE IN THE HILLS--



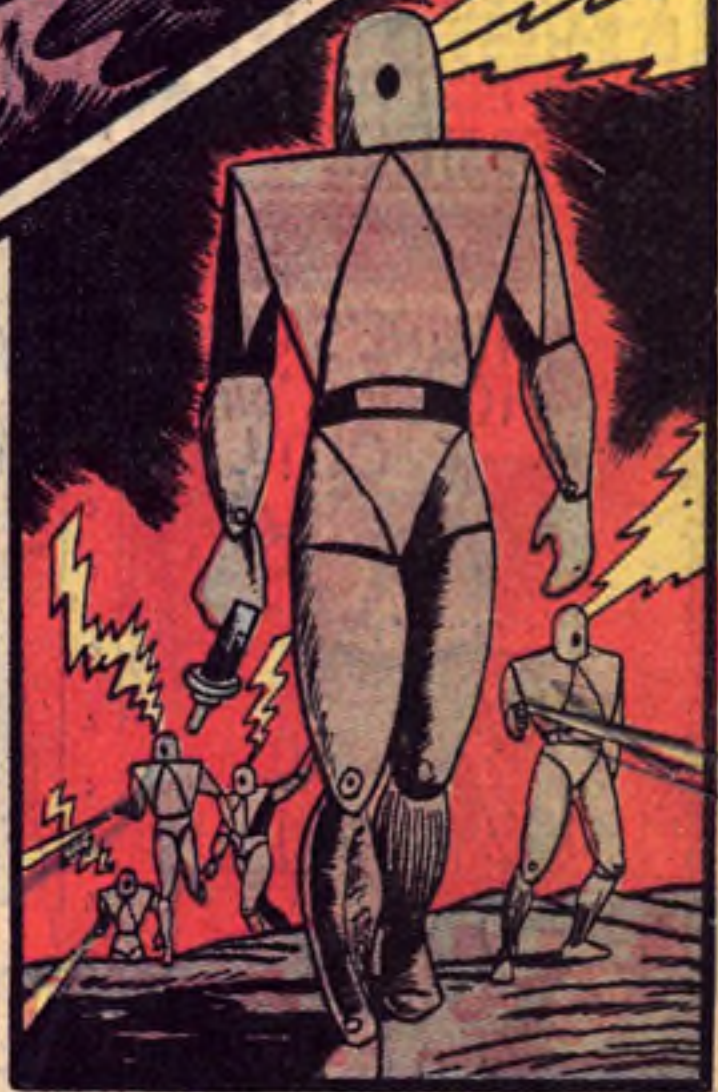
IT IS!



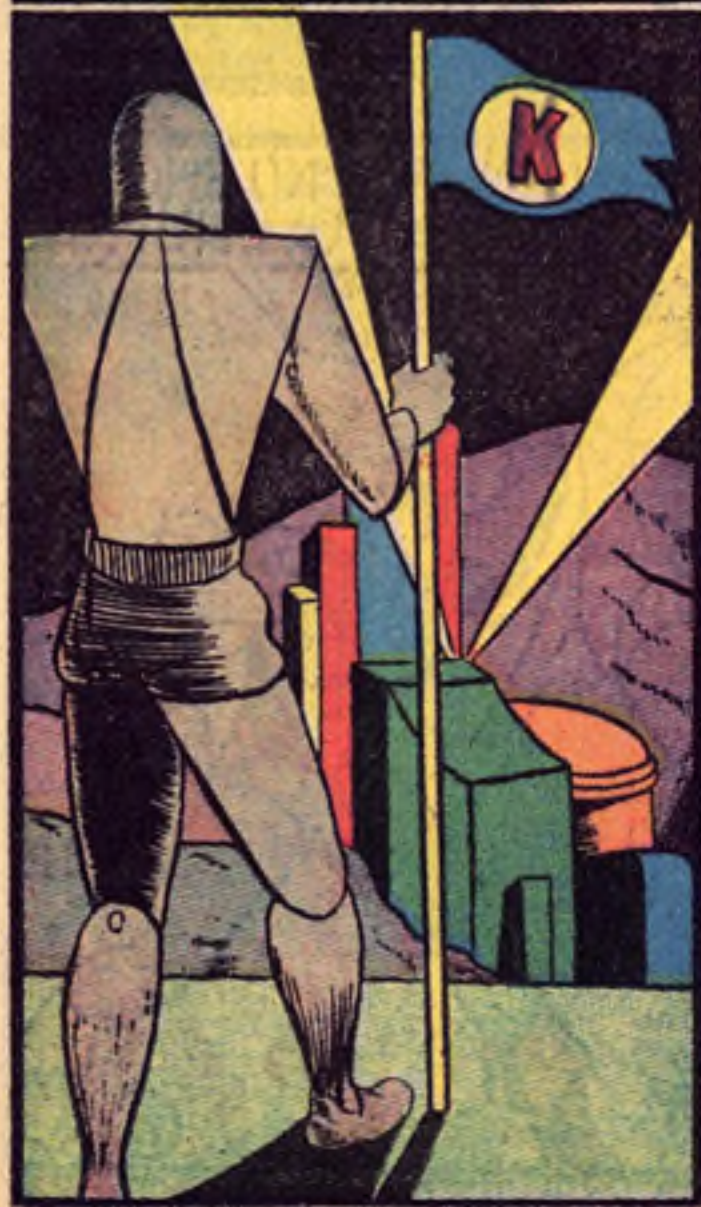
QUICK-THIS WAY,
BLAST-TO THE
SAFETY VAULTS!



HA!
THAT WAS
PERFECT! NOW
THE ROBOTS CAN
CHARGE THE PALACE!

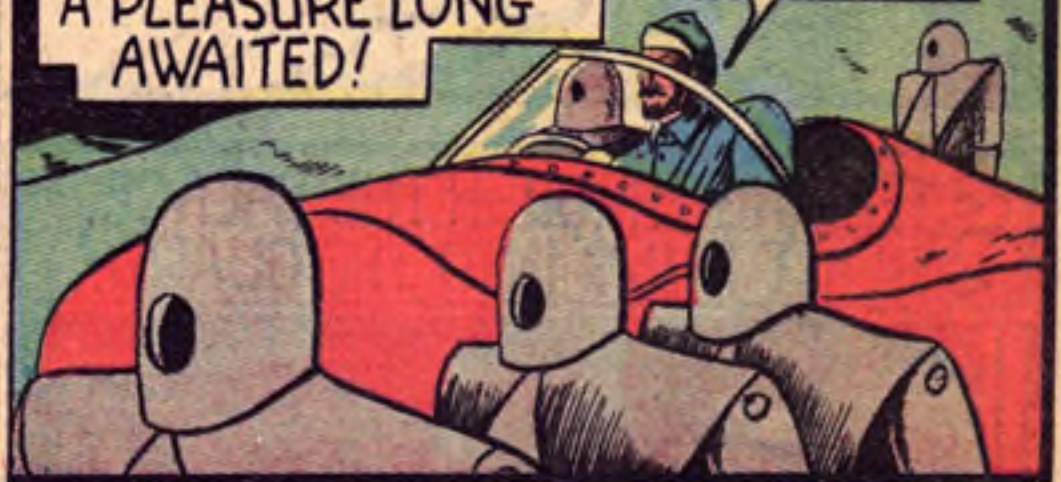


THE PALACE IS NOW IN
THE HANDS OF THE ROBOTS



WHEN
KEERO
DEEMS
IT SAFE
TO COME
DOWN
FROM
THE
HILLS--

AT LAST MY DAY HAS COME!
THE EXECUTION OF ILERA WILL BE
A PLEASURE LONG
AWAITED!



WHEN HE ENTERS THE
PALACE, ILERA IS GONE--



FIND HER--
SEARCH
EVERY NOOK
AND CORNER!

BUT FIRST-BRING IN
THE SURVIVERS AND PRE-
PARE THE EXECUTION
CHAMBER!



BLAST, ILERA AND DARNÓ ESCAPE TO THE SAFETY VAULTS. THE INJURED EMPRESS IS MADE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE...

WE'RE SAFE HERE - BUT NOT FOR LONG! KEERO'S ROBOTS WILL FIND US IN TIME AND THAT WILL BE OUR FINISH!

THE ONLY WAY TO BEAT KEERO IS TO DESTROY THE ROBOT-CONTROL IN HIS HEADQUARTERS! THAT WOULD RENDER THE ROBOTS POWERLESS! BUT IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION!

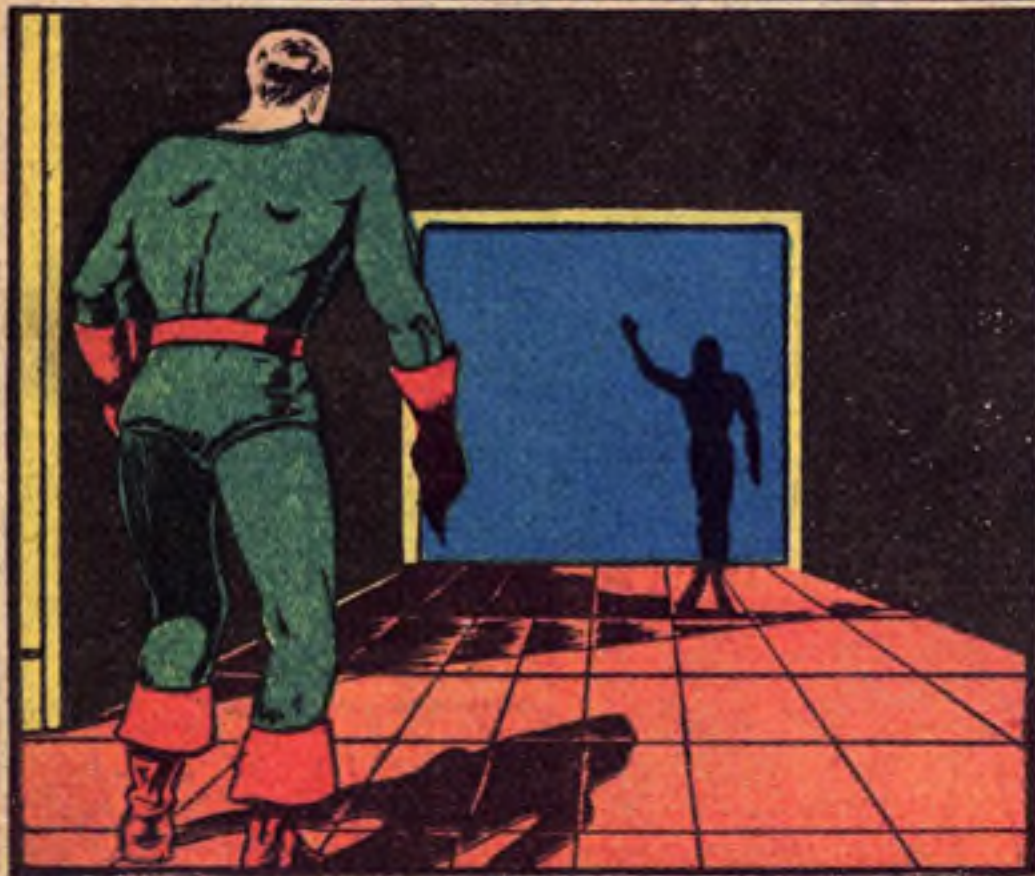
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT!



MAYBE SO! BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT! YOU WAIT HERE WITH THE EMPRESS WHILE I MAKE A TRY FOR IT! I'VE STILL GOT MY EXPLOSION GUN!



STEALING THROUGH THE PALACE, BLAST RUNS INTO THE GUARD!



I'LL WASTE NO SHOTS ON YOU, CHUM!!



BLAST GETS OUT INTO THE OPEN WHERE HE IS SPOTTED - GUNS OPEN FIRE!



I'M IN LUCK! HERE'S A ROCKET-SKI TO TAKE ME TO KEERO'S PLACE!



IN A FEW SECONDS BLAST REACHES HIS OBJECTIVE---



OUT OF MY WAY, BOYS - I'M IN A HURRY!



AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THE ROBOT CONTROL!



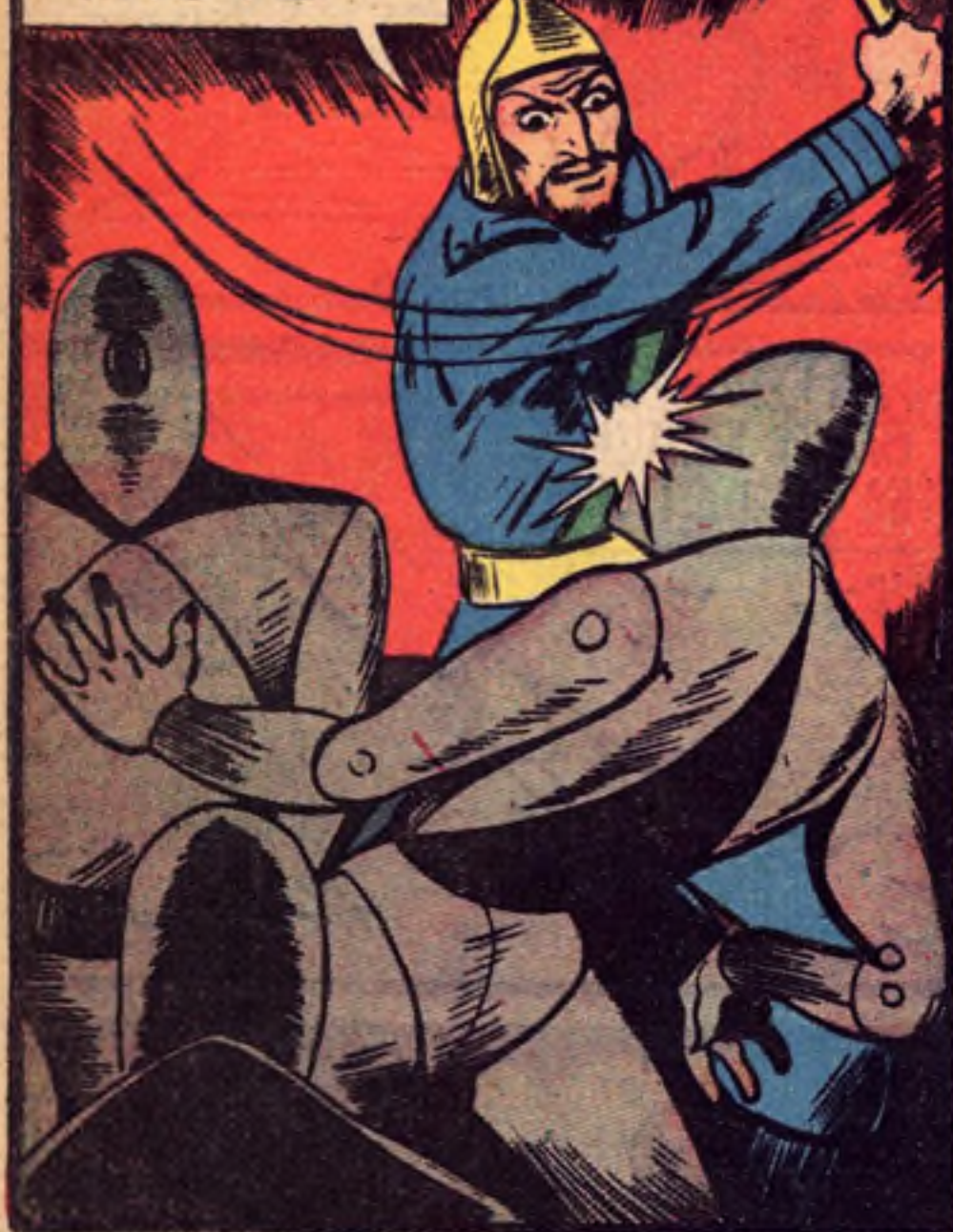
THE ROBOTS STAND RIGID - MERE PIECES OF METAL - THEIR POWER GONE!

CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? EXECUTE THE PRISONERS! WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY DON'T YOU MOVE?



WITH A RAGING MADNESS, KEERO STRIKES THE ROBOT!

I, COMMAND YOU TO MOVE!



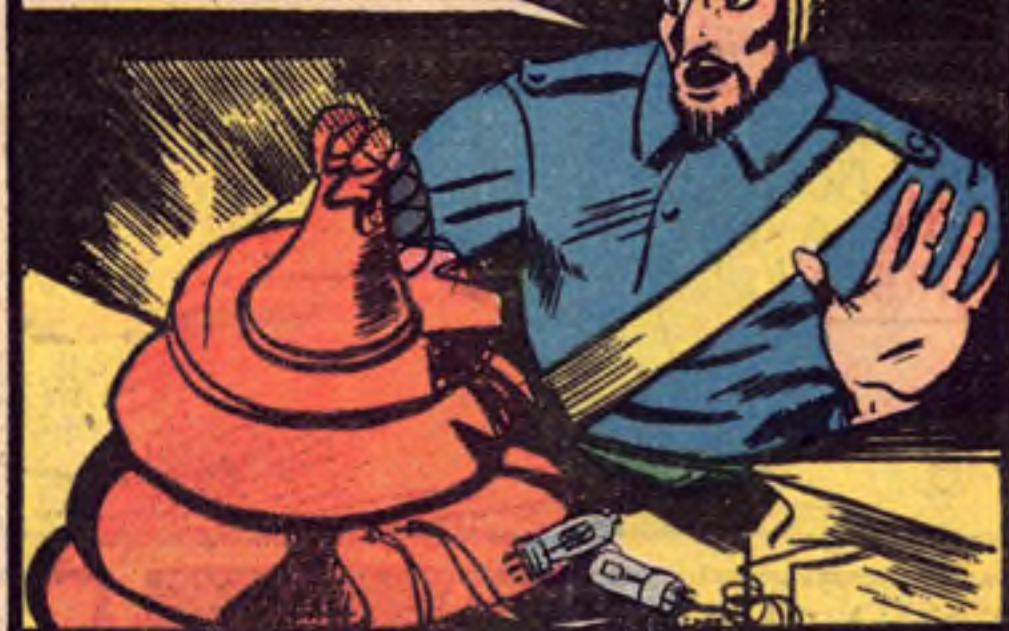
BUT IN VAIN, THE ROBOT TOPPLES TO THE FLOOR!

SOMETHING IS FISHY HERE! THIS NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE!

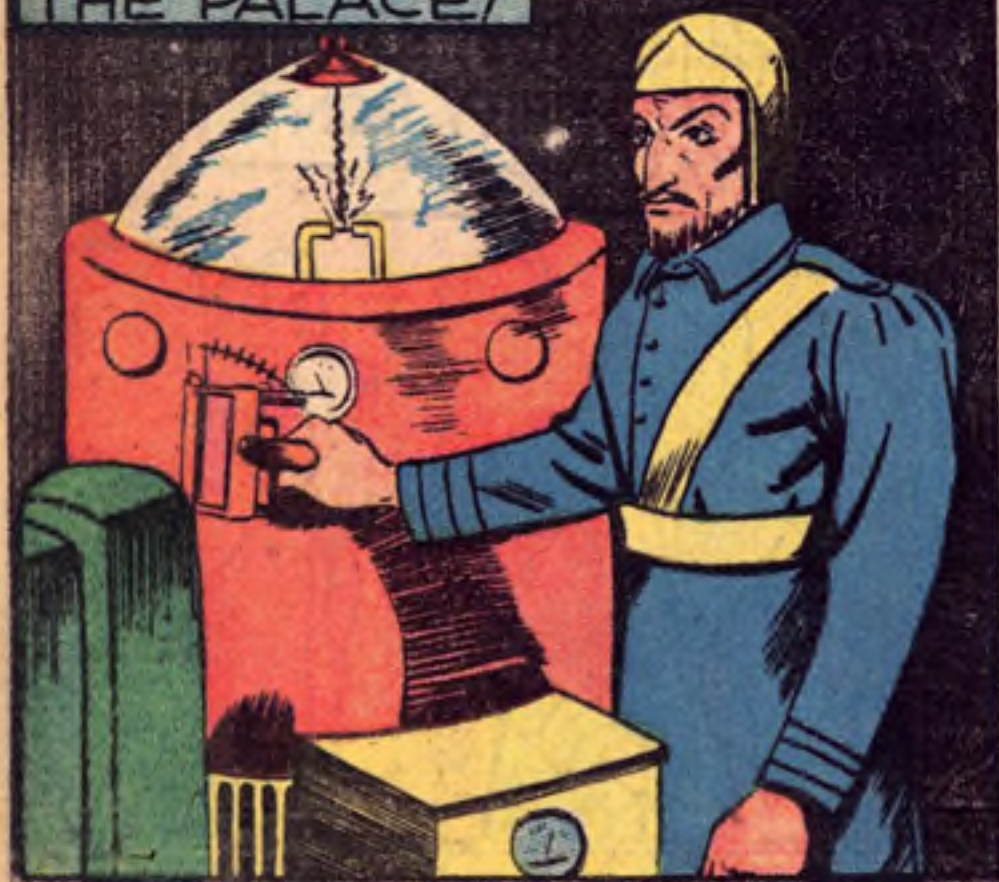


KEERO STORMS TO THE CONTROL ROOM, ONLY TO FIND THAT HIS ROBOT CONTROL HAS BEEN DESTROYED!

AH! I SEE AN INTRUDER! I SHALL GIVE HIM A ROYAL WELCOME!



KNOWING THAT THERE IS AN INTRUDER, KEERO DECIDES TO MURDER HIM BY ELECTRIFYING THE PALACE!



BUT AS HE IS ABOUT TO THROW THE DEADLY SWITCH, BLAST GIVES HIM TASTE OF HIS RAY GUN!

NOT SO FAST, YOU FIEND!





DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME, KEERO!
I'VE RUINED YOUR
ROBOT-CONTROL!

WHAT?
WHO ARE
YOU



OH-NOBODY! - JUST THE
GUY WHO'S PUT
THE KIBOSH
ON YOUR
RACKET!



HERE'S A LITTLE
SOMETHING
ON ACCOUNT!

WITH KEERO A PRIS-
ONER-BLAST FREES
EMPRESS ILERA AND
DARNO FROM THEIR
HIDEAWAY



OKAY! IT'S
ALL OVER!

BLAST! HOW
DID YOU
DO IT?



MY PEOPLE AND I WILL
NEVER FORGET WHAT
YOU HAVE DONE!

LATER



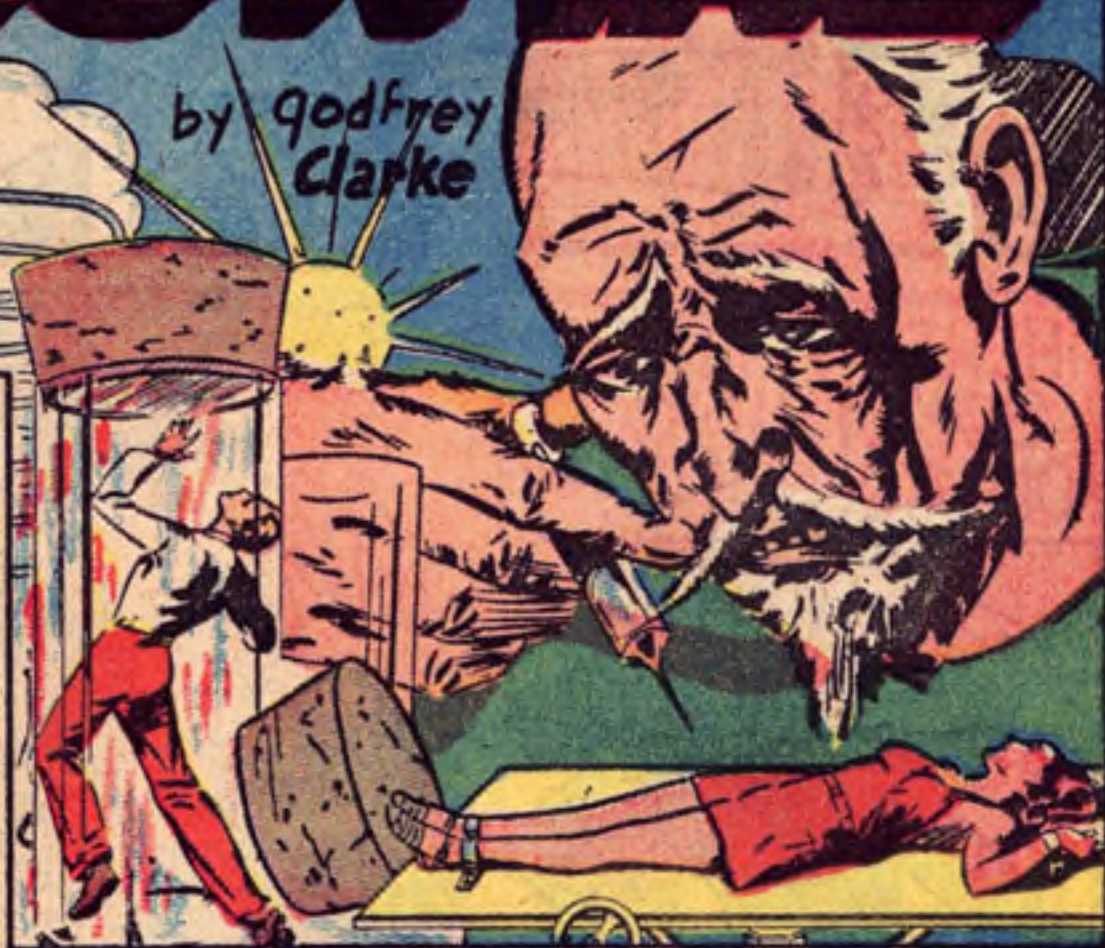
AND SO~
BENNETT LEAVES
THE ICE PLANET

FOLLOW
**BLAST
BENNETT**
IN HIS
*Thrilling
Adventures*
In The Next
ISSUE

DR. MORTAL

by Godfrey Clarke

DR. MORTAL, IN HIS EXPERIMENTS TO CREATE A PERFECT AUTOMATON MAKES AN AMAZING DISCOVERY IN EXAMINING THE BRAIN FLUID OF MAN AND APE UNDER A POWERFUL MICROSCOPE! HE BELIEVES THAT HE HAS FOUND THE SECRET WHICH CONTROLS THE INTELLIGENCE OF MAN AND BEAST! BY INJECTING THE FLUID FROM THE BRAIN OF A MAN INTO THE BRAIN OF AN APE HE HOPES TO...



I'LL COMBINE THE INTELLIGENCE AND CUNNING OF MAN WITH THE POWER AND FEROCIOUSNESS OF THE ANTHROPOID APE! WITH AN ARMY OF SUCH FIGHTERS I SHALL HOLD UNLIMITED POWER!!



THE ANAESTHETIC I GAVE HIM WILL KEEP HIM QUIET UNTIL I CAN INSERT THIS HUMAN BRAIN FLUID!



ABSORPTION OF THE FLUID WILL TAKE ABOUT FIVE HOURS THEN HE SHOULD AWAKEN WITH THE MIND OF A NORMAL MAN!



DR. MORTAL MISCALCULATED THE TIME FOR THE APE'S REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS, AND IS AWAY AT THE TIME!.... THE HUGE APE LOOKS ABOUT HIM, BEWILDERED!



WHERE AM I? WHO AM I? WHAT AM I? HOW DID I GET HERE? I MUST GET OUT OF THIS PLACE AT ONCE! I MUST BE IN SOME KIND OF A PRISON! WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?



SUFFICIENT TIME HAS NOW PAST FOR THE FLUID TO BE ABSORBED. I SHALL SEE HOW MY PATIENT IS REACTING!



THIS MUST BE A BAD DREAM! WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING! I MUST BE QUIET AND GRAB HIM!!



DR. MORTAL STRUGGLES WITH THE HUGE APE, BUT SUCCUMBS TO THE TREMENDOUS STRENGTH OF THE BEAST AND FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR!!



SOMEONE MUST HAVE STOLEN MY CLOTHES!.... I'LL BORROW THESE... I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE MAN AWAKES!!



IN DR. MORTAL'S HOUSE, ABOVE HIS SUBTERRANEAN LABORATORY, MARLENE, DISCUSSES HER UNCLE'S EXPERIMENTS WITH HER FIANCE, GARY BRENT.....



OH GARY, I'M SO GLAD YOU ARE HERE! I'M SO AFRAID OF THE AWFUL THINGS THAT UNCLE CREATES!

I CAN'T BLAME YOU FOR YOUR FEARS WHY DON'T YOU LET ME TAKE YOU AWAY FROM HERE?



I COULDN'T LEAVE UNCLE HERE ALONE, GARY.... I'M AFRAID SOMETHING HORRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM!!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT... SAY... DID YOU HEAR THAT?... SOUNDED LIKE A DOOR OPENING.....



LOOK! COMING OUT OF DR. MORTAL'S LABORATORY!!

THAT'S STRANGE... UNCLE DIDN'T HAVE ANYONE VISITING HIM!



I SAY THERE! HOLD ON A MINUTE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

UPON BEING SUMMONED, THE APE, IN MEN'S CLOTHING AND WITH THE INDUCED BRAIN-POWER OF MAN, TURNS QUICKLY!.....



YOU CALLED? WHO ARE YOU?

OH GARY! IT... IT TALKED!

GOOD HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE!

NOT UNDERSTANDING THE REACTIONS OF THE COUPLE, THE GREAT APE LOPE'S DOWN THE HALLWAY AND DISAPPEARS THRU A WINDOW!!

MARLENE AND GARY RUSH DOWN THE LONG SERIES OF STAIRS TO DR. MORTAL'S LABORATORY AND...



HE'S GONE! DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARKNESS!!

BUT..... UNCLE? MAYBE HE'S BEEN HURT! LET'S HURRY!



OH! IS HE BADLY HURT, GARY?

I'M AFRAID HE IS.... SEVERAL BROKEN RIBS.... CALL AN M.D. QUICK!

STILL WONDERING WHO HE IS AND HOW HE HAS TAKEN ON SUCH A GROTESQUE FORM, THE APE, WITH THE MIND OF THE MAN FROM WHOM THE BRAIN FLUID HAS BEEN EXTRACTED, TAKES REFUGE IN THE WOODS NEAR DR. MORTAL'S HOUSE!!.....



HE SEES A DOCTOR DRIVE UP TO THE HOUSE, LEAVE HIS CAR WITH THE MOTOR RUNNING, AND ENTER THE HOUSE!.....



THIS IS QUEER, ME BEING CALLED TO THE GREAT DR. MORTAL'S HOUSE!!... HE MUST HAVE HAD A SERIOUS ACCIDENT!



DOWN THIS STAIRWAY, DR. CLARK! PLEASE HURRY!!... UNCLE IS BADLY HURT!



DR. MORTAL, YOU HAVE FOUR BROKEN RIBS. I'LL HAVE TO KEEP YOU IN BED FOR A COUPLE OF WEEKS!

I CAN'T STAY IN BED! I MUST CATCH THAT APE! I MUST CATCH HIM!!

AN APE? ... OH, THAT MUST BE THE AWFUL THING WE SAW IN THE HALLWAY!... BUT HE TALKED!!



YOU SEE THAT HE STAYS IN BED, DOC! I'LL DO WHAT I CAN TO CAPTURE THAT APE!

DON'T HARM HIM, GARY! HE MUST BE RETURNED HERE TO ME!

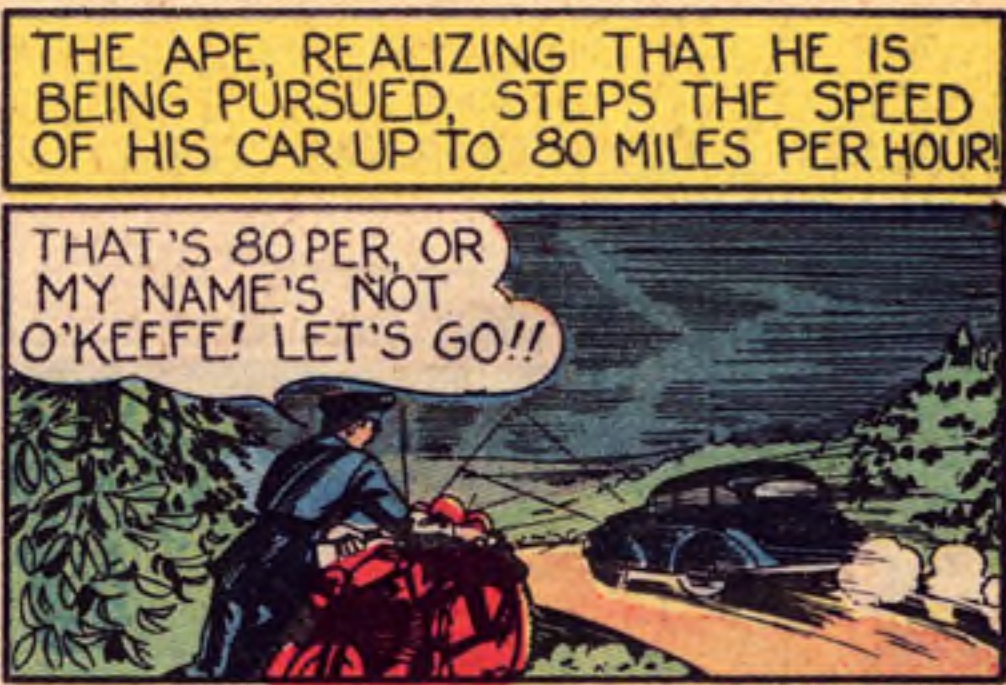
THE APE HOPS INTO THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND WITH THE SKILL OF AN EXPERIENCED DRIVER, BACKS THE POWERFUL CAR OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY!!





LOOK! THERE HE GOES IN DR. CLARK'S CAR!! I'LL JUMP INTO MY CAR AND FOLLOW HIM!

I'M GOING WITH YOU, GARY! I MAY BE ABLE TO HELP!



THE APE, REALIZING THAT HE IS BEING PURSUED, STEPS THE SPEED OF HIS CAR UP TO 80 MILES PER HOUR!

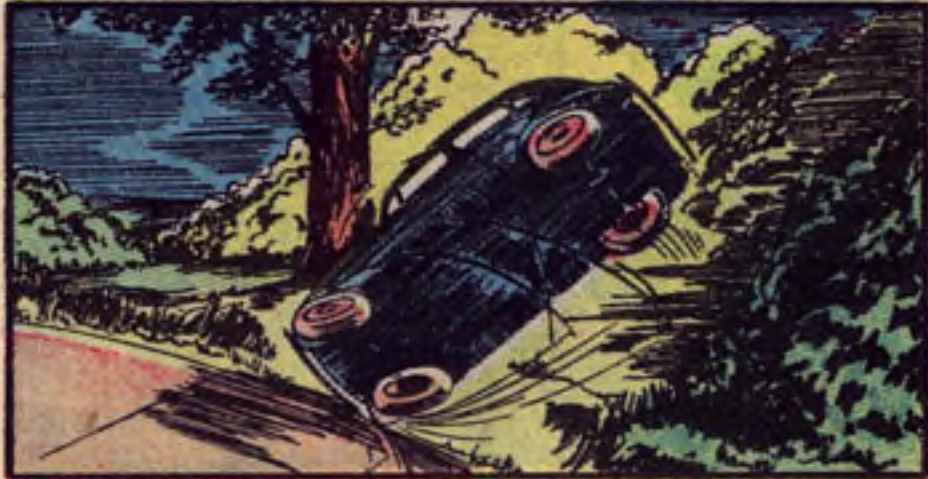
THAT'S 80 PER, OR MY NAME'S NOT O'KEEFE! LET'S GO!!

STILL BEWILDERED, AND TRYING TO SNAP OUT OF WHAT HE FEELS IS A BAD DREAM, THE APE DOESN'T SEE A SHARP CURVE AHEAD!

THE CAR FAILS TO MAKE THE CURVE, IT ROLLS OVER AND WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT SMASHES INTO A LARGE TREE!



IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER!..... IT SEEMS THAT I WAS SOMEONE ELSE ONCE! I FEEL THAT I'VE SLEPT FOR YEARS AND JUST AWAKENED!



THE CRASH HAS MOST LIKELY DONE FOR HIM! NOTHING COULD LIVE THRU AN IMPACT LIKE THAT!!

BY THE SAINTS! IT'S AN APE IN MAN'S CLOTHES! HE'S KNOCKED OUT, COLD AS ICE!

PERHAPS IT'S BEST THIS WAY!



HE'S NOT DEAD! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BACK TO DR. MORTAL'S LABORATORY BEFORE HE COMES TO!

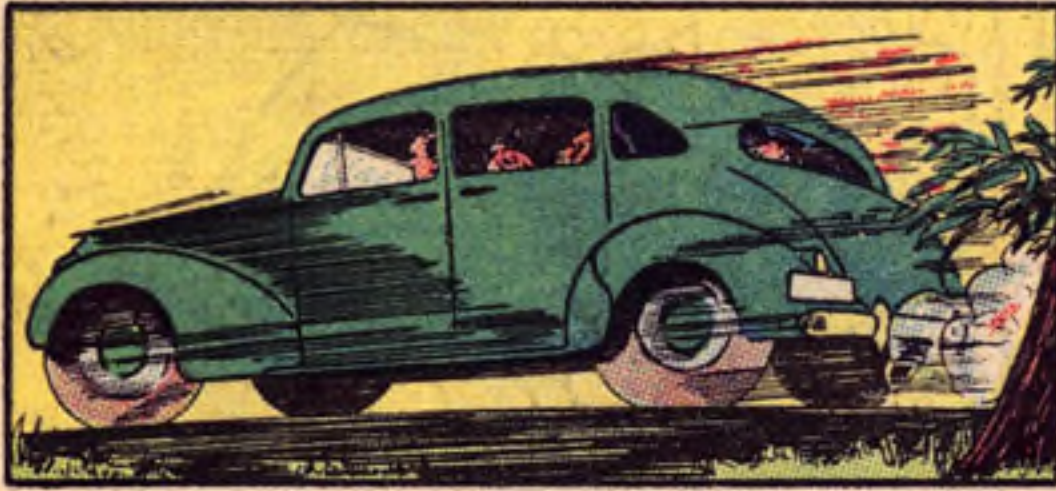
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND! THE CHIEF WILL GET A WOW OUT OF THIS WHEN HE READS MY REPORT!



SAY, THIS FELLOW WEIGHS A TON!

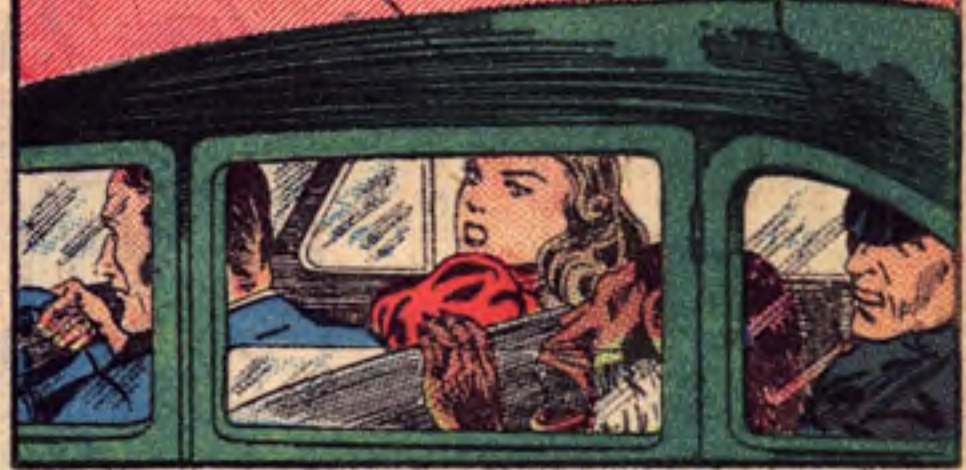
YOU SAID IT! WE'LL HAVE TO DRAG HIM INTO YOUR CAR!

THE STATE TROOPER RIDES IN THE BACK SEAT OF GARY'S CAR TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE UNCONSCIOUS APE.....



OH!... GARY!... THE APE'S COMING TO! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!!

WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT IF HE SNAPS OUT OF IT!! I'LL HAVE MY GAT READY, JUST IN CASE!!



HE'S JUST GROGGY ENOUGH TO ALLOW US TO LEAD HIM INTO THE HOUSE!

YEH, AND LUCKY WE ARE THAT HE IS GROGGY!



MY BOY, YOU HAVE DONE AN EXCELLENT JOB BRINGING THE APE BACK UNHARMED!

HE WRECKED DR. CLARK'S CAR AND WAS KNOCKED OUT!



HE'S STILL A LITTLE DAZED, AND LUCKY FOR US THAT HE IS!

YES... THAT WILL HELP IN WHAT I HAVE TO DO! I'LL NEED YOUR HELP IN THIS, DR. CLARK!



ADMINISTER THE ANAESTHESIA... THEN WITH THIS SPECIAL HYPODERMIC NEEDLE EXTRACT THE FLUID FROM THE PARIETAL LOBE OF THE BRAIN, AND INSERT THIS FLUID FROM THE VIAL MARKED ANTHROPOID!

JUST AS YOU SAY, DR. MORTAL!



THERE!... YOU SEE HE HAS REGAINED ALL OF THE NORMAL CHARACTERISTICS OF AN ANTHROPOID APE!... RETURN HIM TO HIS CELL.

IF I HADN'T SEEN IT MYSELF, I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT!



WHO WOULD BELIEVE THAT IN THIS VIAL REMAINS ALL OF THE CHARACTERISTICS, PERSONALITY AND INTELLIGENCE OF A MAN WHO DIED OVER TWO YEARS AGO!

OH, UNCLE! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

IT'S GHASTLY!



BLOOD AND THUNDER NEWS

By

B. A. MARTIN



Throughout the eastern seaboard town newspapers were fraught with screaming headlines about killings, explosions, labor strikes, sabotage and general turbulence—but in the peaceful town of Fairmont events were pacific, placid and calm—perhaps the calm that precedes the storm!

It was one of those blustery, frigid nights in Fairmont. Steve Rider sauntered slowly, however, down a dark, wind-swept street. His preoccupied, worried countenance was buried deep in his coat-lapels.

This business of trying to dig up a "scoop" story so that he wouldn't be one of the three "Sentinel" reporters scheduled to be laid off, was wearing him down. The chips were on the table. Either he produced—or they would get along without him.

Before he realized it, Rider's ever-increasing gait had brought him to the railroad station. It was near midnight—the 12:17 southbound train would be pulling in shortly—and mayhap, he speculated, a little story for the "Sentinel" would be arriving with it.

Rider scanned the opposition newspaper while waiting for the

train. In one corner of the paper his eye caught a vaguely-worded story. It told that G-Men were searching all New England towns for the nest of saboteurs, propagandists, and would-be revolutionists which were supported by a foreign nation.

The story made him fidgety. He folded the paper and stepped out onto the dark, windy platform. He walked briskly up and down as he contemplated the fame and power that would be his if he could break a story about the sought revolutionists. What a coveted prize!

As he rounded the end of the waiting room, two figures stepped from the shadows. Two menacing revolvers directed a dead bead at him. Rider sensed danger. In football tactics he lunged his body at the feet of the shadowy figures. His shoulder hit into the thighs of one of the gunmen, throwing him backwards. But before the intrepid scribe could rise he felt the crack of a blunt instrument on his head and then everything went black.

The three minutes he lay there unconscious seemed like hours to

Steve Rider. When he arose, his head reeling from the shock, his eyes discerned the tail-light of an automobile parked close to the railroad tracks about 200 yards south of the station.

Curiosity spurred him. He wiped the blood from the side of his face, jumped to his feet and circled the station. By cutting through back lots he found himself behind a tree near the parked car.

Suddenly, one of the two eerie figures crouching between the tracks and the car, apparently waiting for the train, struck a match. Over the hood of the car Rider could see the match rise to the man's face. In a little while Rider caught sight of the face. No, it couldn't be, he thought. Why, the man was Professor Nixon. The one who had been bedridden for two years—the foreign language professor of the local high school who had been granted a leave of absence to recuperate from a paralytic stroke. What was he doing out of his wheel-chair? What was he doing away from home?

The enigma was becoming

more comprehensible. There was no doubt that the professor was up to something and when he recognized Rider at the station he wanted him out of the way for a while, at least.

As the "midnight flyer" roared by the parked car, a small bundle came flying through an open window and landed with a thump near the professor.

Without hesitation the pair scooped up the package, jumped into the waiting car and were driving toward Rider's vantage-point. As the vehicle passed the reporter he stepped from behind the tree and stealthily hopped onto the rear tire.

It seemed ages before the speeding car came to a stop. But when it did, Rider, frozen and lame from his perilous journey, dropped from his perch and scrambled into the bushes nearby.

The occupants of the car alighted and entered a palatial structure which Rider knew well. There was no doubt that it was the professor's isolated mansion in the hills.

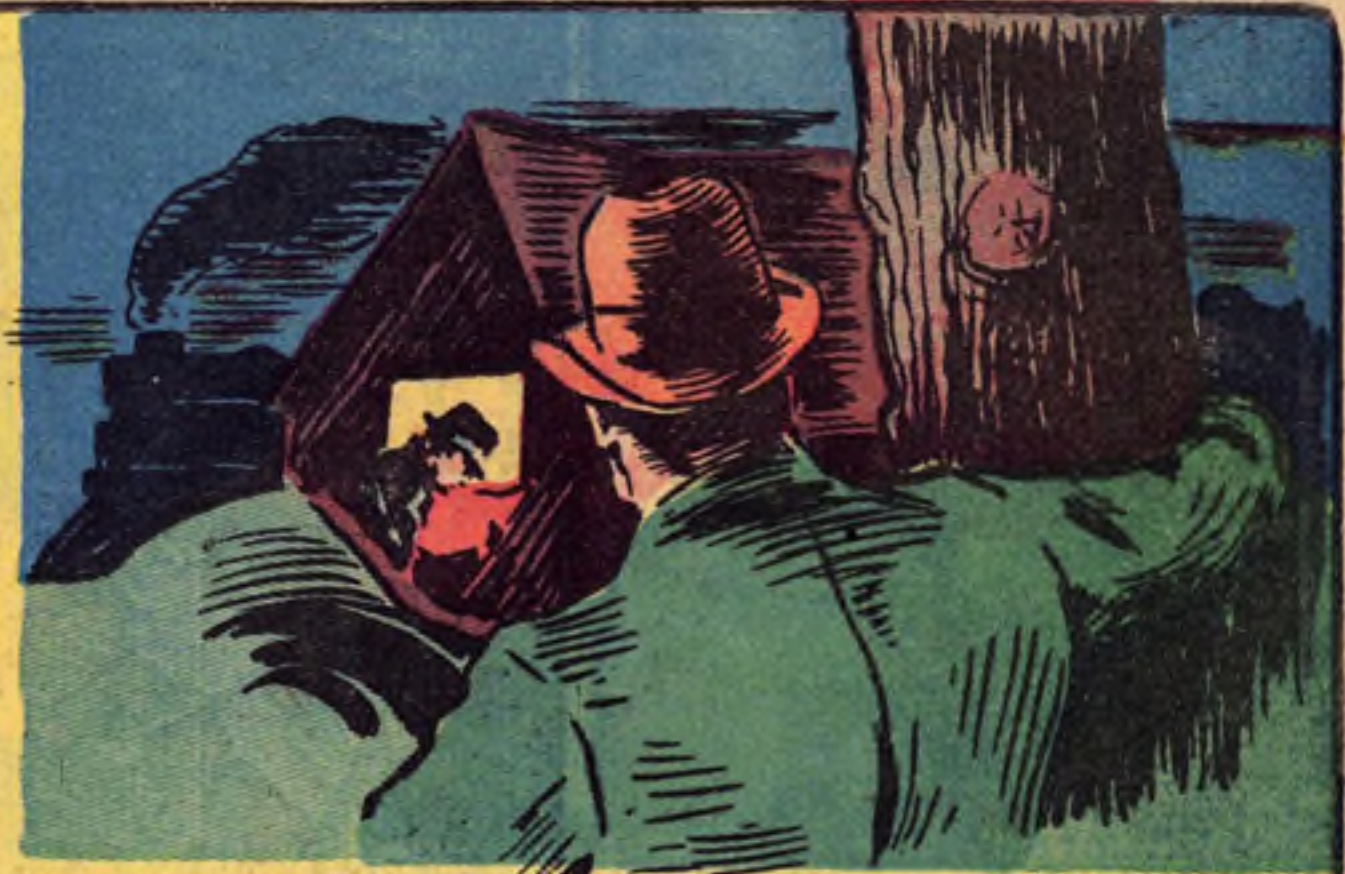
Feeling safe to rise, Rider stretched his arm for a pivot. To his amazement he felt a cold bar of steel. On inspection he found it was an iron bar across a wooden cover of a pit—somewhat like a septic tank.

Rider pried the cover off the pit and much to his bewilderment he discovered a tunnel and a well constructed staircase leading down some 20 feet.

The courageous scribe lost no time in descending the stairs which he illuminated with a match. With careful strides he approached a hanging electric socket and flooded the room with light.

For a short minute Rider stood agasp at the sight of discovery. For there, before his very eyes, was a subterranean, modern printing plant. His curiosity led him to an adjoining room which turned out to be a veritable arsenal. It was a gruesome scene of dynamite, guns, ammunition, and other compact packages of death.

The newspaperman leaned for-



ward and picked up a tube of nitro-glycerine. The death-packed parcel made him shudder as he walked back to the press to read the galley type on the printing machine. As he digested the subversive literature on the press he unconsciously laid the tube of nitro-glycerine on a little table nearby.

Dumbfounded by the venomous, atrocious hate literature which he was scanning, Rider suddenly became aware of his perilous position when he heard a rustle behind him. Automatically he reeled on his heels—and smack into the barrel of two automatic revolvers brandished by the professor and an exotic-looking individual with a grimaced countenance.

"Aren't you in the wrong printing plant, my dear snoop?" the professor gritted in mocking tone.

Rider was stunned.

"You—you are the brains behind this espionage machine?" he managed accusingly.

The second gunman moved forward.

"He is the man we overpowered at the station, no?" he queried. The professor nodded.

"Yes, I am the leader of an organization which shall free this country for 'competent' rulers such as they have abroad," the professor yielded to Rider.

"And now," he continued, "we shall dispose of you before you become mouthy. We will bind

you and with little bother throw your worthless carcass over a cliff."

As the professor moved forward, Rider sighted the bottle of nitro-glycerine lying near his hat.

"Mind if I take my hat?" he asked. The professor shook his head in acquiescence.

Rider saw his chance. With one hand he picked up his hat and with the other the death missile, and spun around.

"If you lay a hand on me, I'll drop this tube and we will all be blown to kingdom come," he warned. "Now, I'm going up that ladder. If you try to stop me—well, you won't have time to be sorry."

Cautiously he ascended the stairs in the tunnel. When he reached the top step, a shot rent the air. The bullet lodged in the reporter's thigh.

His face was wrenched in pain. Horror streaked the muscles of his cheeks. With an oath he raised his arm and catapulted the phial downward. The loud detonation almost deafened him. The force threw him up out of the tunnel and into the adjacent bushes.

Police and firemen from nearby Fairmont soon dug out the bodies of the vicious professor and his aide, but didn't know what had happened till they read the exclusive story, written from a hospital room, by Steven J. Rider. The by-line was in extra-large letters.



The VOODOO MAN

by ALLEN SPECTRE

G RIM MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC AND THE STRANGE CULTS OF HAITI, THE VOODOO MAN KNOWS THE AWFUL SECRET OF ZOMBIES—DEAD MEN USED AS SLAVES.

A T MIDNIGHT IN A NATIVE CEMETARY, VOODOO DANCERS WORK THEMSELVES INTO A HORRIBLE FRENZY!

AT A HUGE PLANTATION NEAR THE ABOVE SCENE, YOUNG BOB WARREN, PLANTATION PHYSICIAN—PREPARES FOR BED.



MASTER DOCTOR! SOMETHING GOING TO HAPPEN! SOMETHING HORRIBLE!

JUST YOUR NERVES PETRO! THEY'LL FINALLY DRINK AND DANCE THEMSELVES INTO A STUPOR, AND THE DRUMS WILL BE SILENT. LET ME FIX YOU SOMETHING TO QUIET YOUR NERVES.

BACK AT THE CEMETARY, BOANGA, HEAD OF THE CULT HAS STOPPED THE DANCING!



TIME HAS COME! IN A FEW MINUTES, NOW, BOANGA WILL CAUSE GREAT EXPLOSION IN NATIVE QUARTER OF PLANTATION, WE WILL HAVE MANY ZOMBIES TO WORK FOR US! THEN YOU WILL KNOW BOANGA'S BLACK MAGIC IS THE MOST POWERFUL!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A HUT IN THE NATIVE QUARTER.



EVIL SPIRIT HERE TONIGHT! ME NO SLEEP! ME GO CRAZY! EEEEEAJAHH!!!



S-S-SOMETHING IS GOING T-T TO-TO HAPPEN!

PETRO! THOSE DRUMS HAVE STOPPED! THAT'S STRANGE, IT'S TOO EARLY FOR THEM TO STOP—LISTEN! SOMEONE IS SCREAMING DOWN IN THE QUARTER.

A SECOND LATER, A GIGANTIC BLAST WRECK'S THE NATIVE SECTION OF THE PLANTATION!



BOANGA GLOATS OVER THE SUCCESS OF HIS MAGIC.



VOODOO MAN MAKE BIG NOISE! EVIL SPIRITS OUT TONIGHT. WE BETTER BE CAREFUL!

HURRY PETRO! THAT EXPLOSION MEANS THAT WE HAVE LOTS OF WORK TO DO TONIGHT!



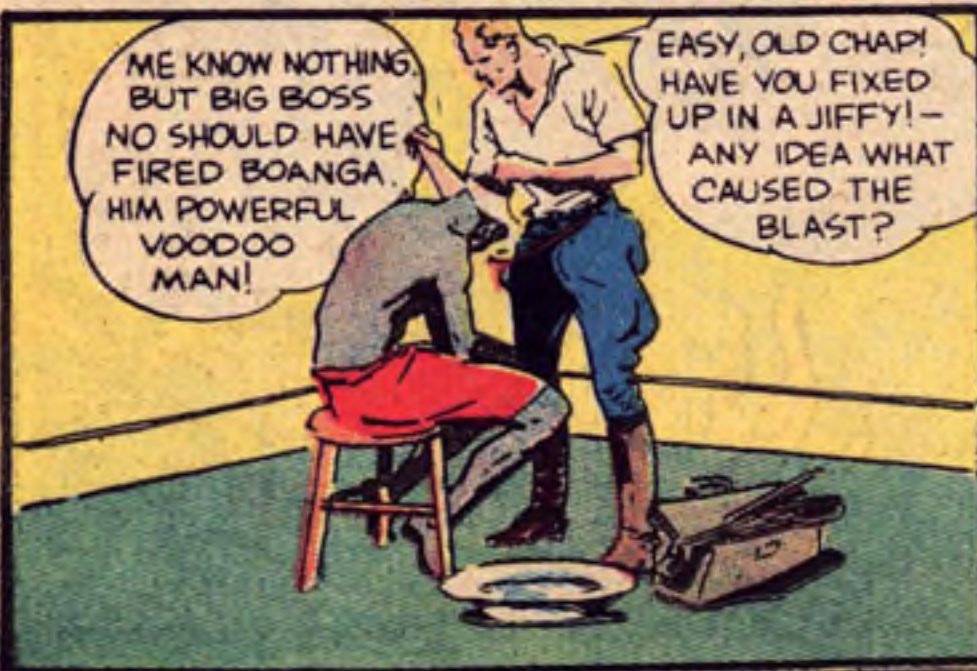
THIS IS AWFUL! I'D LIKE TO GET THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!

WITCH DOCTOR HAS PUT CURSE ON PLANTATION.



ME KNOW NOTHING, BUT BIG BOSS NO SHOULD HAVE FIRED BOANGA. HIM POWERFUL VOODOO MAN!

EASY, OLD CHAP! HAVE YOU FIXED UP IN A JIFFY! - ANY IDEA WHAT CAUSED THE BLAST?



WITH THE WOUNDED ALL TAKEN CARE OF, YOUNG DR. WARREN REPORTS TO STANLEY HIBBERT, OWNER OF THE PLANTATION.

DAD, BOB SAYS THE NATIVES THINK BOANGA CAUSED THE EXPLOSION WITH HIS BLACK MAGIC AS REVENGE, BECAUSE YOU FIRED HIM!

NONSENSE, GLORIA, HOW COULD HE? LOT OF SILLY SUPERSTITION, ISN'T IT, DR. WARREN?



AN HOUR LATER, AFTER THE PLANTATION HAS GONE BACK TO SLEEP, BOANGA AND HIS MEN ENTER THE QUARTERS AND SINGLE OUT WHOLE CORPSES.



BOANGA AND HIS UNHOLY GROUP RETURN TO THE CEMETARY FOR THE BIG RITUAL.



BOB WARREN HEARS THE DRUMS BEGIN THEIR MONOTONOUS THUMPING ONCE MORE ---



BACK AT THE GRAVEYARD, BOANGA CASTS HIS SPELL!



SUDDENLY THE BODY SEEMS TO RISE!





I AM MASTER!
I HAVE MADE
YOU ALL
ZOMBIES BY
MY GREAT
BLACK MAGIC.
YOU WILL
OBEY MY
WILL!



THE HEAD ZOMBIE NODS AGREEMENT!

EEEEEEEH—
YOOOOOOOH!
HOO-HOO—



THE NEXT NIGHT, BOANGA BEGINS HIS EVIL WORK—THE ZOMBIES HIS SLAVES—

HEAD ZOMBIE! YOU
WILL HAVE HONOR OF
FIRST JOB. GO TO
PLANTATION STORE.
STEAL GUNS,
MUCH FOOD AND
LIQUOR!



THE ZOMBIE OBEYS THE VOODOO MAN—

EEEEEEH!
YOOOOOOOH—
YAH!



BOB DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIOUS THEFTS.

EVERY NIGHT THE STORE
IS ROBBED! THE NATIVES
REFUSE TO GUARD IT,
AFTER THE FIRST NIGHT—
THERE'S SOMEONE
NOW!



HALT! DON'T MOVE,
OR I SHOOT!



BUT THE ZOMBIE PAYS NO HEED! BOB RUSHES AFTER HIM INTO A CLEARING, TO FIND—

I HIT SEVERAL OF THEM AND
NOTHING HAPPENS! THEY'RE
ALL DEAD MEN! ZOMBIES!

BANG!

AS BOB BRAVELY RUSHES FORWARD, BOANGA SHOTS AT HIM FROM AMBUSH!



THE BULLET GRAZES BOB'S TEMPLE—HE GOES DOWN!



BOANGA AND HIS HORRIBLE RETINUE LEAVE---



MINUTES LATER, BOB COMES TO----

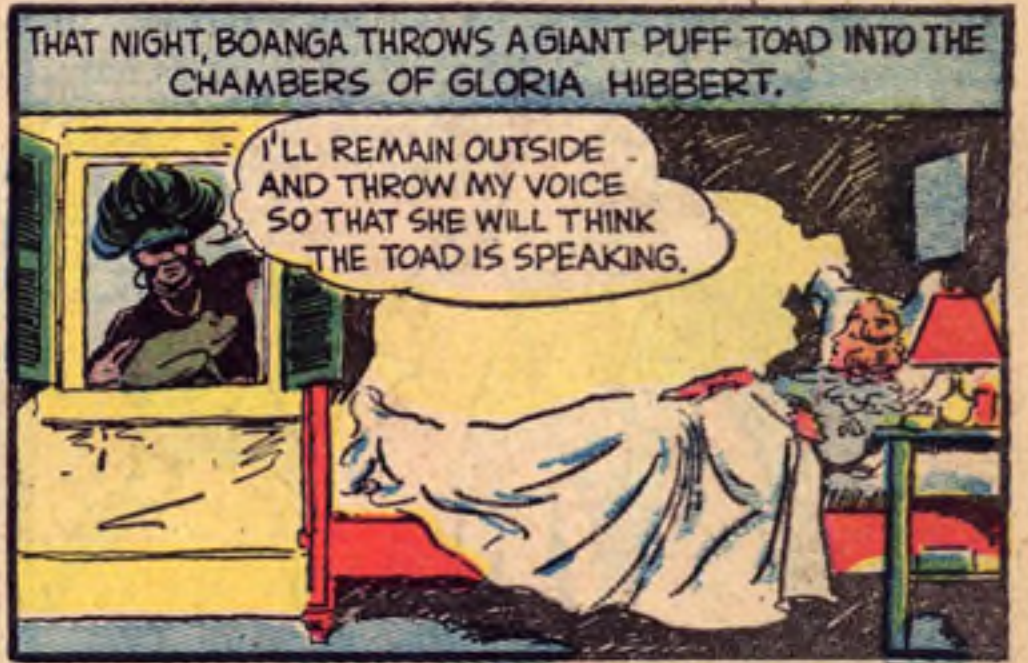
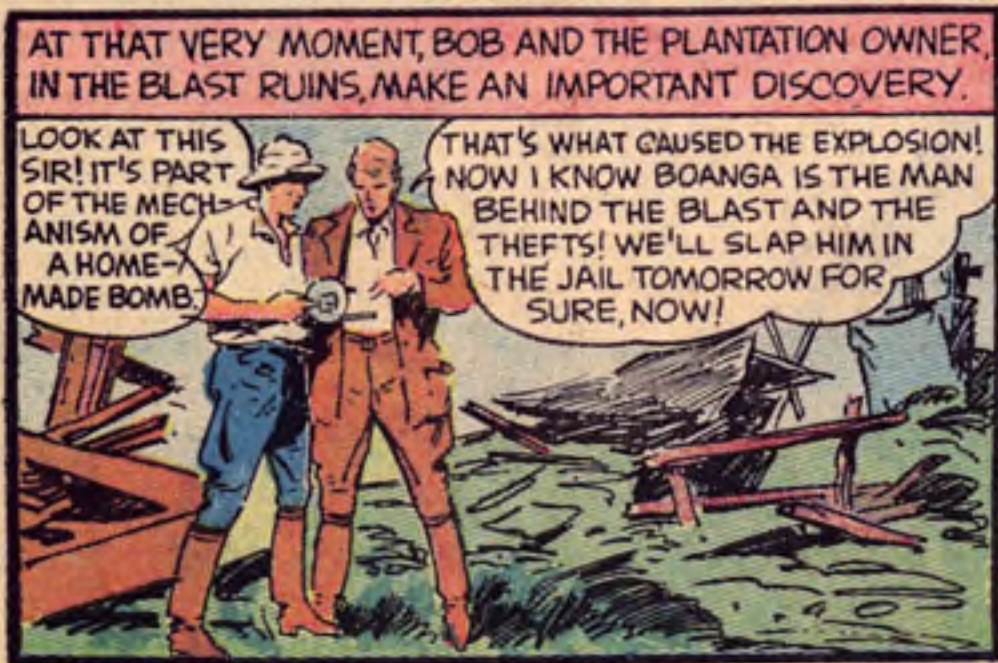


THE NEXT MORNING, BOB REPORTS HIS EXPERIENCE--



THE PLANS ARE OVERHEARD!







NOW, WHITE MEN WILL NOT BE ABLE TO BOTHER BOANGA!



BOANGA AND THE ZOMBIES CELEBRATE HIS SUCCESSFUL KIDNAPPING.

EEYAH—SOON I WILL KILL ALL WHITES ON ISLAND WITH MY BLACK MAGIC! BOANGA WILL BE KING, AND EACH OF HIS MEN A PRINCE, WITH A ZOMBIE FOR HIS PERSONAL SLAVE!



THE FOLLOWING SUN-UP — BOB AND HIBBERT PREPARE TO LEAD A POSSE TO GET BOANGA.

HOPE WE GET THAT BLACK DEVIL!

I WONDER WHAT HE HAS TO SAY.

MASTER HIBBERT, HERE NOTE FROM BOANGA



IF YOU EVER ENTER JUNGLE TO TRY AND CATCH BOANGA YOUR DAUGHTER GLORIA WILL DIE HORRIBLE DEATH!



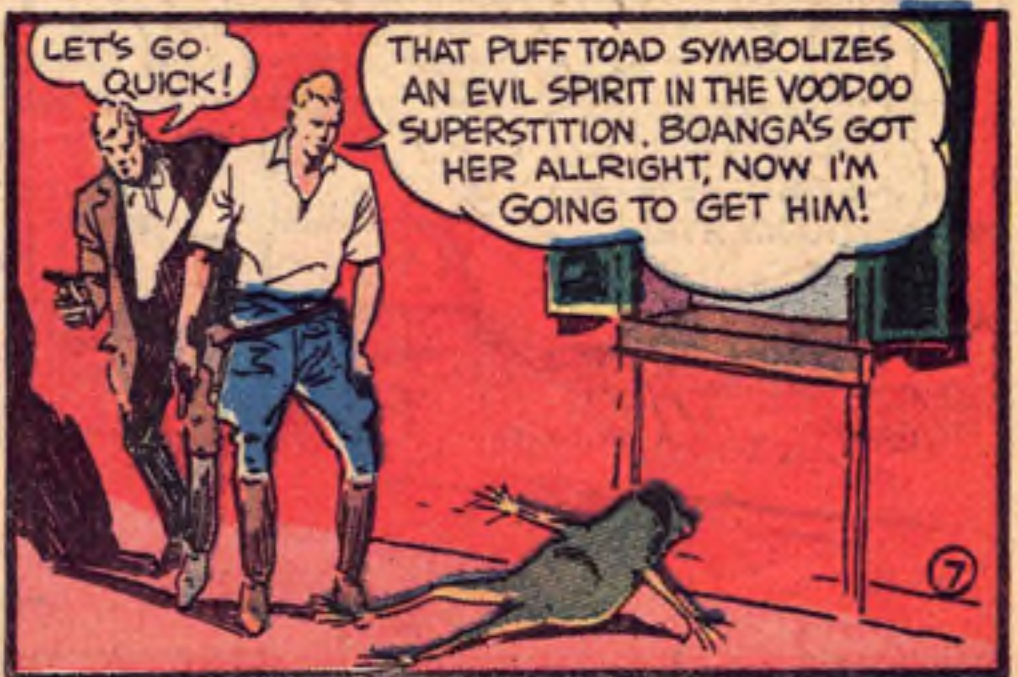
IF HE HURTS GLORIA, I'LL KILL THAT CONJURER OF EVIL-IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

QUICKLY! TO GLORIA'S ROOM! PRAY THAT IT IS ONLY A BLUFF, BOB!



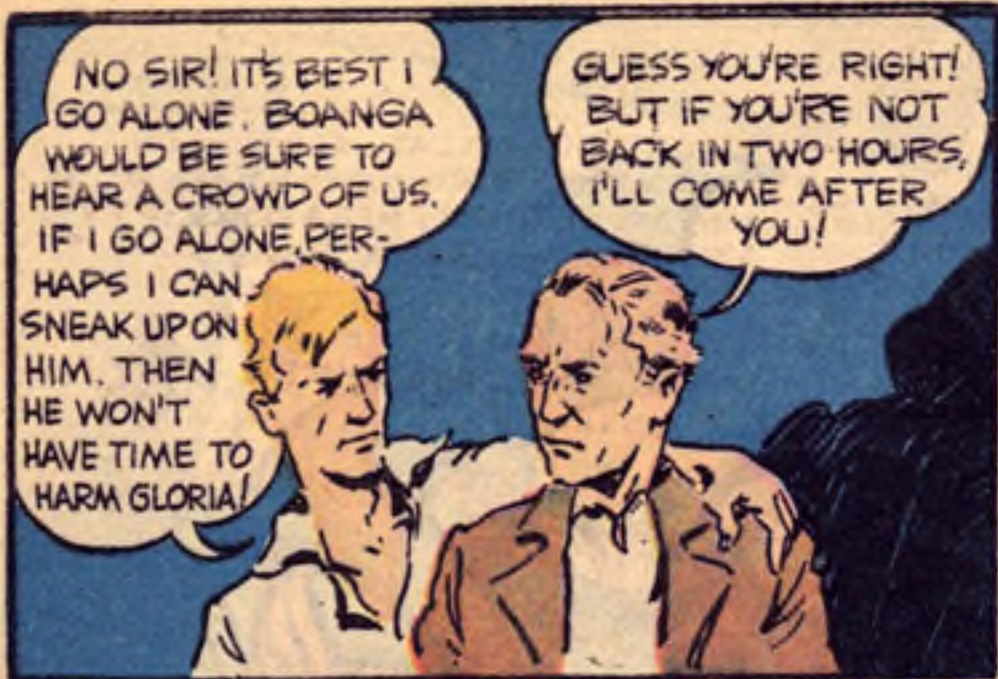
SHE'S GONE! BUT MAYBE SHE'S ONLY GONE FOR A WALK!

I'M AFRAID NOT. LOOK OVER THERE!



LET'S GO QUICK!

THAT PUFF TOAD SYMBOLIZES AN EVIL SPIRIT IN THE VOODOO SUPERSTITION. BOANGA'S GOT HER ALLRIGHT, NOW I'M GOING TO GET HIM!



A BREEZE SPREADS THE FLAMES! BOANGA'S HENCHMEN, IN AN EXHAUSTED STUPOR FROM THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S ORGY, ARE CAUGHT IN THE BURNING HUTS!



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OUT JULY 1

AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS

TYPHON

by PHILLIPS JUDGE



WHILE SCANNING THE UNDERSEA HORIZON THRU HIS HYDROSCOPE, TYPHON, ADVENTURER OF THE DEEP, SEES A HORDE OF STRANGE, WEIRD, SEA DEMONS EMBARK ON A SECRET RAIDING TRIP! HE IS OFF TO INVESTIGATE!



THEY'RE OFF TO RAID THE BLONDE SEA AMAZONS, OR I MISS MY GUESS!

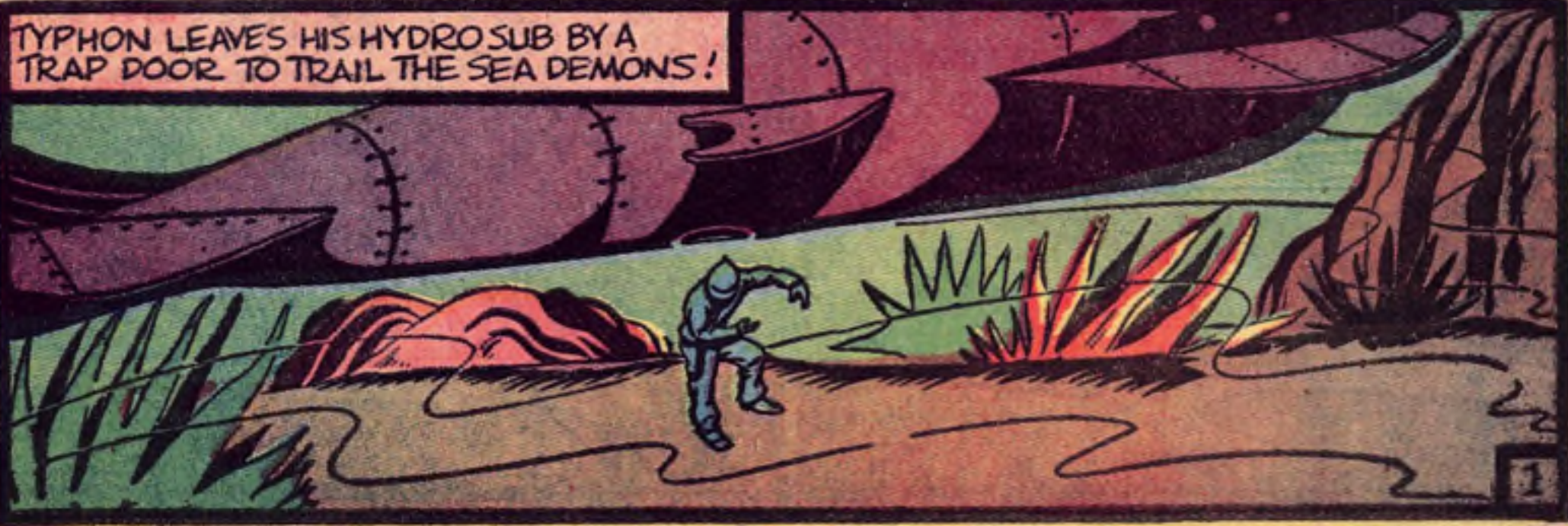
YOUR UNDER-SEA OUTFIT IS READY TYPHON



KEEP WELL BEHIND! I DON'T WANT THEM TO SEE THE SUB!

O.K. TYPHON!

TYPHON LEAVES HIS HYDRO SUB BY A TRAP DOOR TO TRAIL THE SEA DEMONS!



THE DEMONS SWOOP DOWN ON MERMEA, HOME OF THE BLONDE SEA AMAZONS!



HIGHNESS, THE DEMONS HAVE TAKEN THREE OF OUR SENTRIES AWAY WITH THEM!

THESE RAIDS MUST STOP! GET THE GUARDIAN READY AT ONCE! I WILL LEAD HIM MYSELF!

AS THE HUGE GATES ROLL BACK A GIGANTIC MONSTER, GUARDIAN OF MERMEA EMERGES!



OH, GUARDIAN OF OUR ANCIENT MERMEA, I WILL LEAD YOU TO AVENGE THESE ATTACKS ON THE PEACEFUL CITIZENS OF OUR CITY!



THE AMAZONS, LEAD BY THEIR QUEEN, SPEED TOWARD THE DEMON'S CAVERN-LIKE CASTLE



MISTAKEN FOR ONE OF THE DEMONS TYPHON IS ATTACKED BY THE GUARDIAN!

I'VE GOT TO USE MY RAY GUN! IT'S EITHER HIM OR ME!



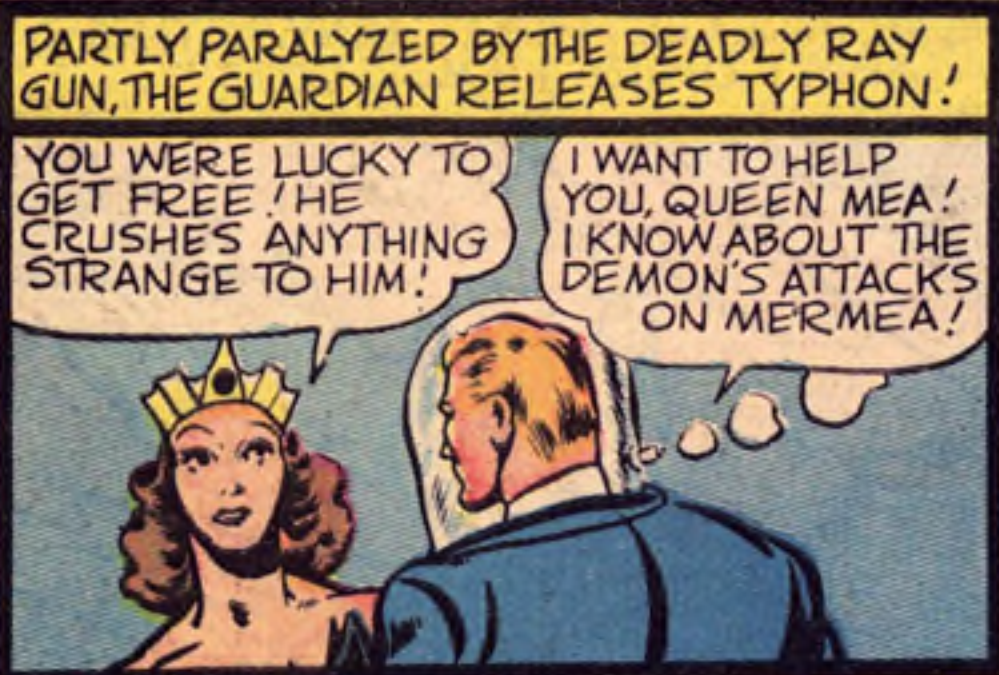
GUARDIAN! STOP! HE'S NOT A DEMON!



PARTLY PARALYZED BY THE DEADLY RAY GUN, THE GUARDIAN RELEASES TYPHON!

YOU WERE LUCKY TO GET FREE! HE CRUSHES ANYTHING STRANGE TO HIM!

I WANT TO HELP YOU, QUEEN MEA! I KNOW ABOUT THE DEMON'S ATTACKS ON MERMEA!



MY HYDROSUB IS AT YOUR DISPOSAL! WITH IT AND YOUR ARMY OF SEA AMAZONS WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GIVE THE SEA DEMONS A RUN FOR IT! I'LL SIGNAL MY SUB IF NECESSARY!



BLASTING AWAY WITH HIS RAY GUN TYPHON SOON PIERCES THE DEMON'S OUTER DEFENSES!



NOW TO RESCUE THE AMAZONS!



QUIETLY THE SLIMY BODY OF A GIANT SEACLOPS SLIDES ABOUT TYPHON!



TYPHON BATTLES GAMELY BUT HE IS SLOWLY BEING CRUSHED BY THE INEXORABLE POWER OF THE GIANT SEACLOPS!

I CAN'T BREATHE! UGH! - MY GUN IS GONE!



IN THE INNER CHAMBERS OF THE DEMONS!

WELL, STRANGER! SO YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD GET BY OUR SEACLOPS! HA! HA! YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER!



MEANWHILE QUEEN MEA'S ARMY BATTLES AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS!



WHILE IN TYPHON'S HYDROSUB -

TYPHON MUST BE IN TROUBLE! I'LL SEE WHAT'S UP!



THE GUARDIAN AND THE SEACLOPS ENGAGE IN A TERRIFIC DEATH STRUGGLE



TYPHON'S SUB, MANNED BY HIS ASSISTANT HANK, APPROACHES THE BEASTS AS THEY ARE LOCKED IN THE DEATH GRIP!



I'LL AVOID THE MONSTERS AND TRY TO FIND TYPHON!



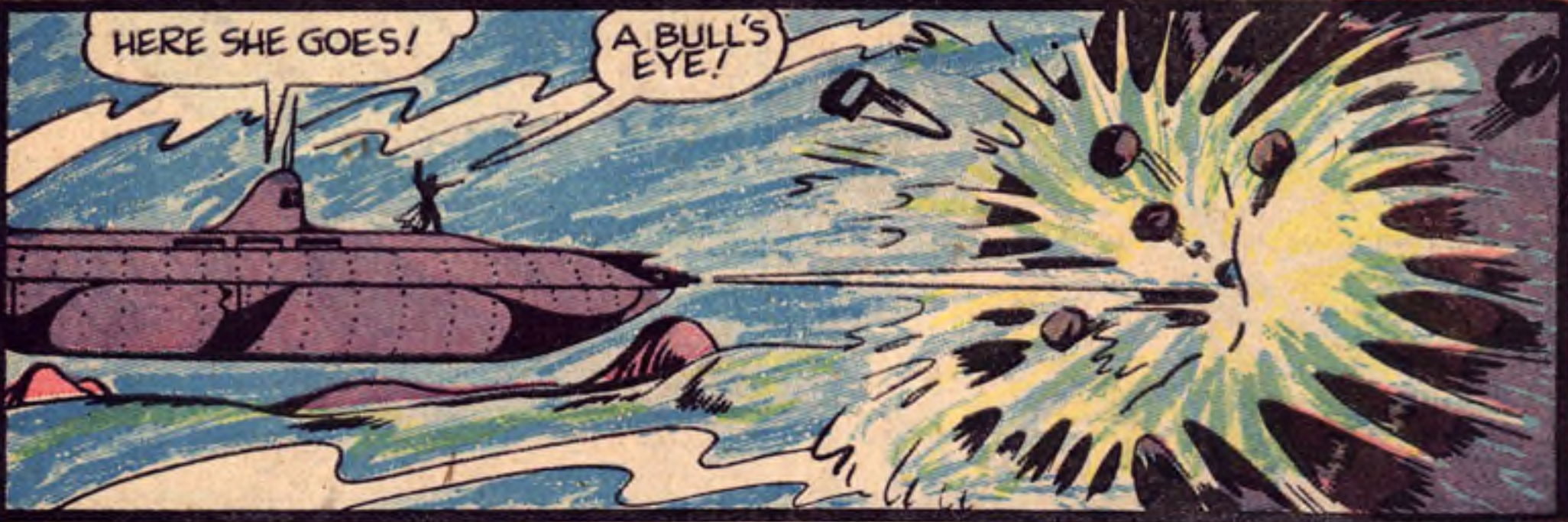
I'M QUEEN BEA! BLAST A HOLE WITH THE TORPEDO TUBES! TYPHON HAS BEEN CAPTURED!

O.K.



HERE SHE GOES!

A BULL'S EYE!

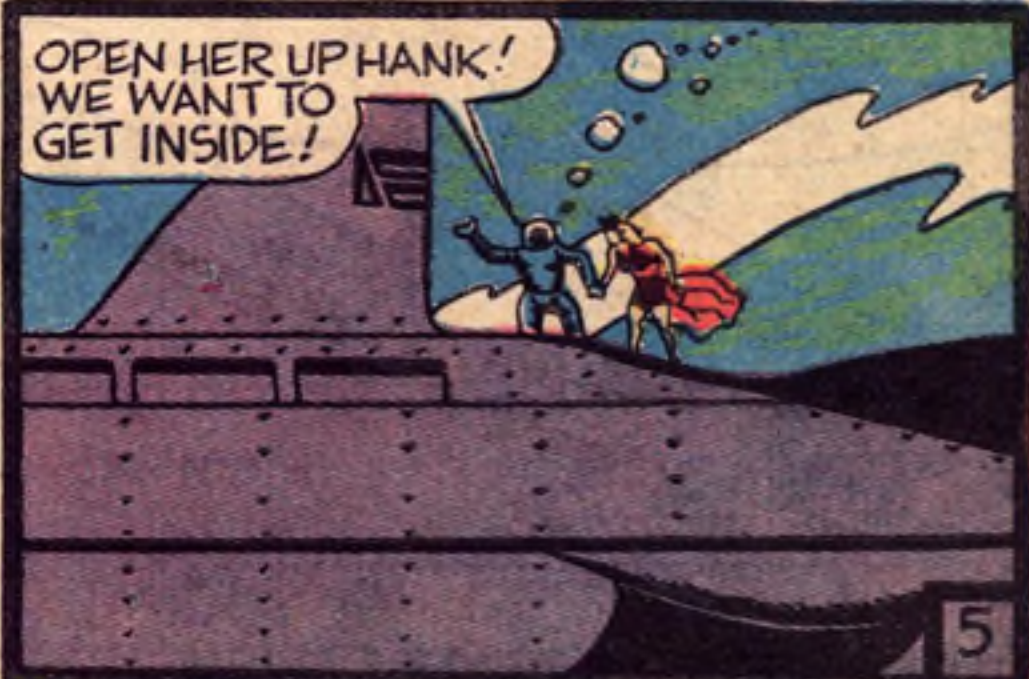


FREED BY THE BLAST TYPHON GOES TO WORK

I HOPE MY PLAN WORKS OUT!



OPEN HER UP HANK! WE WANT TO GET INSIDE!



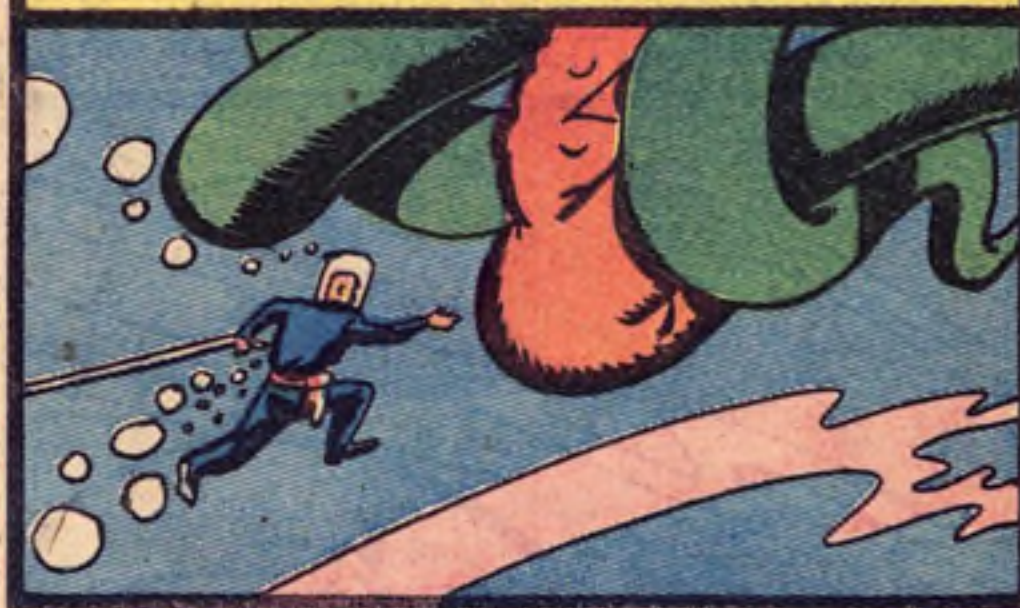
INSIDE TYPHON'S SUB -

THE AMAZON'S ARE SAFE FOR THE TIME BEING. NOW WE'VE GOT TO FREE THE GUARDIAN! WHEN WE GET CLOSE, SHOOT THE AIR LINE TO ME, I'LL DO THE REST!

RIGHT!



TYPHON NEARS THE BATTLING MONSTERS!



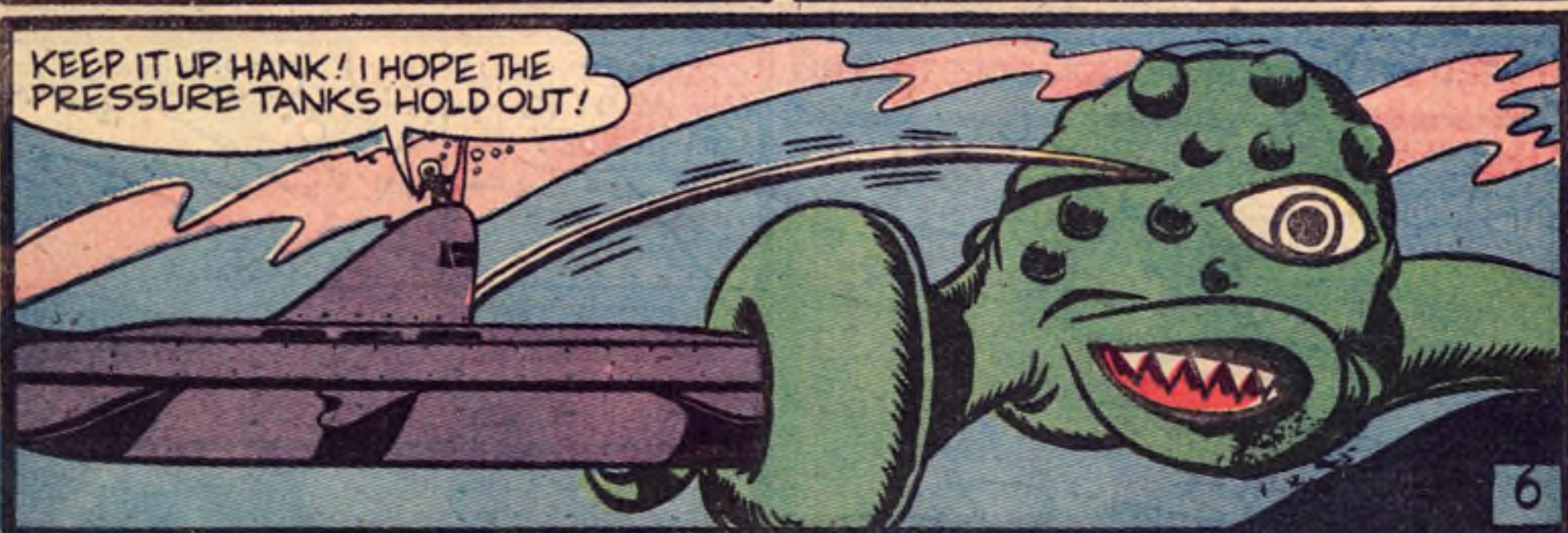
NOW FOR A LITTLE AIR FOR MR. SEACLOPS! O.K. HANK, LET 'ER GO!



UNABLE TO BEAR THE TERRIFIC AIR PRESSURE THE SEACLOPS RELEASES THE GUARDIAN, BUT THE AIR CONTINUES TO POUR INTO HIM!



KEEP IT UP HANK! I HOPE THE PRESSURE TANKS HOLD OUT!



THE TERRIFIC AIR PRESSURE SWELLS THE SEACLOPS TO TWICE ITS SIZE AND IT —

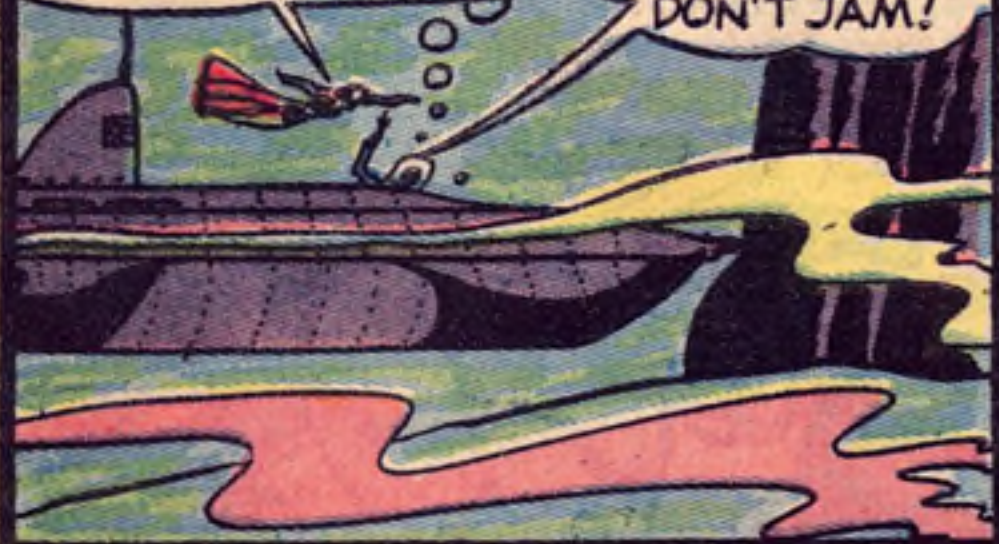


SHOOTS TO THE SURFACE WHERE IT BURSTS WITH A HORRIBLE EXPLOSION!



THAT'S THAT! NOW TO HELP MY AMAZONS!

YES, AND I HOPE MY NEW GUN DON'T JAM!



UNDER TYPHON'S ENCOURAGEMENT THE AMAZONS FIGHT WITH RENEWED VIGOR!

GIVE IT TO 'EM GIRLS!

LET THEM HAVE IT!



THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU RATS!





LOOK TYPHON! ONE OF THE DEMONS IS GETTING AWAY!

I'LL GO AFTER HIM IN THE SUB! KEEP YOUR AMAZONS BLASTING AWAY UNTIL I GET BACK!



INSIDE TYPHON'S HYDRO-SUB

ONCE WE GET WITHIN RANGE THIS VIBRO-WAVE ANNIHILATOR WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF HIM!



MEANWHILE THE DEMON SPEEDS THRU THE SEA TO THE DISTANT STRONGHOLD OF HIS ALLY MIKAL, THE CRUEL LEADER OF THE UNDERSEA PIRATES!

I'LL GET MIKAL'S MEN TO REINFORCE US!



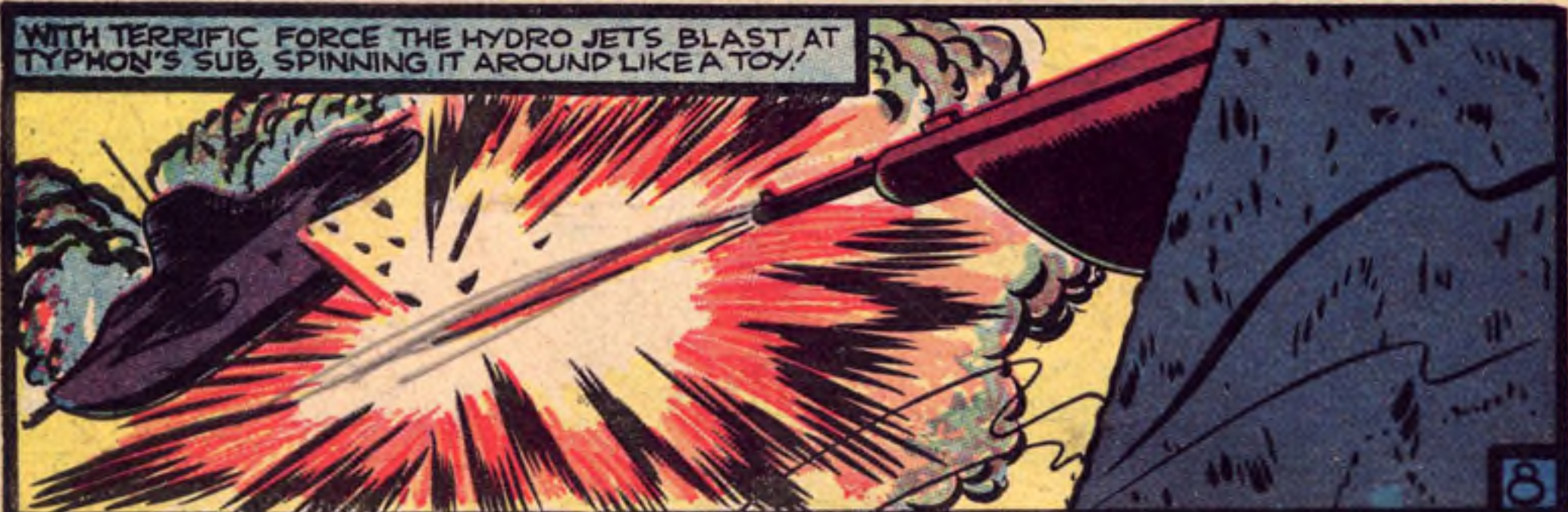
SO! AN AIR BREATHER THINKS HE CAN CONQUER ME, MIKAL, THE RULER OF THE DEEP! TURN THE HYDRO JETS ON HIM! THEN WE'LL GO BACK WITH YOU AND FINISH THE AMAZONS!



OH, OH, AN UNDERSEA FORTRESS!



AIM CAREFULLY! WE DON'T WANT TO WASTE SEA PRESSURE! LET EM HAVE IT! FIRE!



WITH TERRIFIC FORCE THE HYDRO JETS BLAST AT TYPHON'S SUB, SPINNING IT AROUND LIKE A TOY!

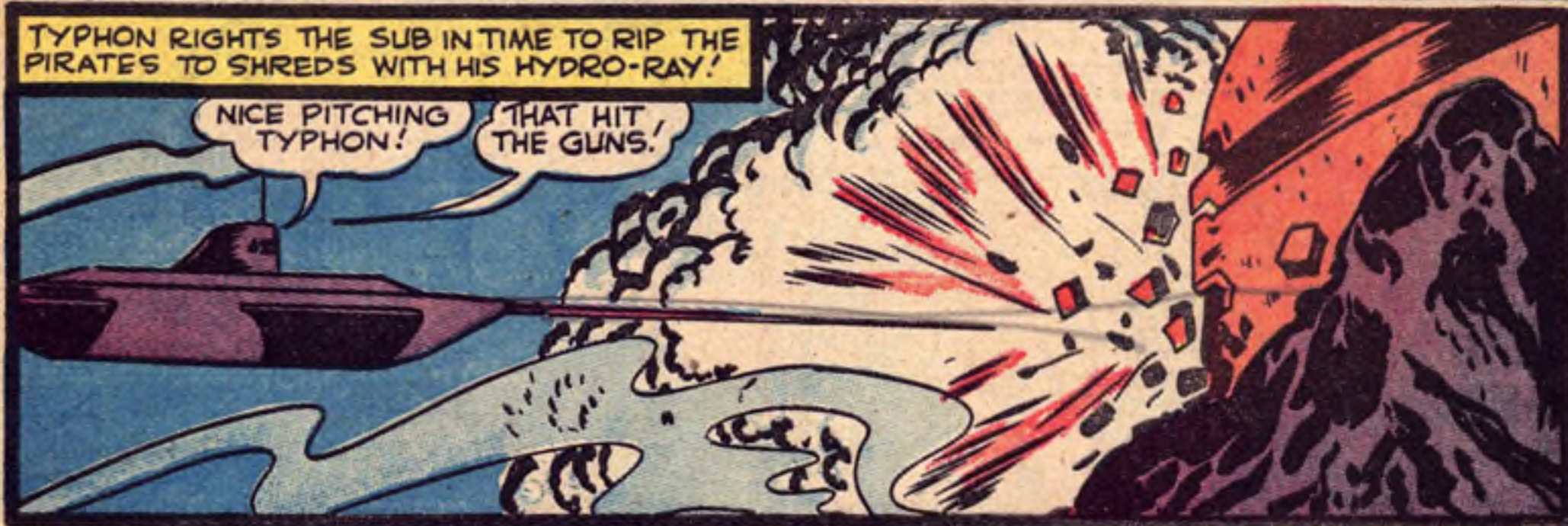


BOY! WHATEVER THAT GUN IS, IT SURE PACKS A WALLOP! ARE YOU OKAY, TYPHON?

YES! GET THE HYDRO-RAY GUN SET!



NOW! BURN YOUR WAY THRU HIS STEEL PLATES AND BRING HIM HERE TO ME!



TYPHON RIGHTS THE SUB IN TIME TO RIP THE PIRATES TO SHREDS WITH HIS HYDRO-RAY!

NICE PITCHING TYPHON!

THAT HIT THE GUNS!



STRIKING BLOW AFTER BLOW, TYPHON SOON DEMOLISHES EVERY TRACE OF MIKAL'S UNDERSEA FORTRESS!

A BULL'S EYE!



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE AMAZONS!



TYPHON IS BACK!

THANK GOODNESS!

HOORAY! TYPHON IS BACK!



THIS SHOULD FINISH THE LAST OF THE DEMON'S



THERE ARE THE THREE CAPTIVES!



AND ONE AN AIR BREATHER!

TYPHON! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME?



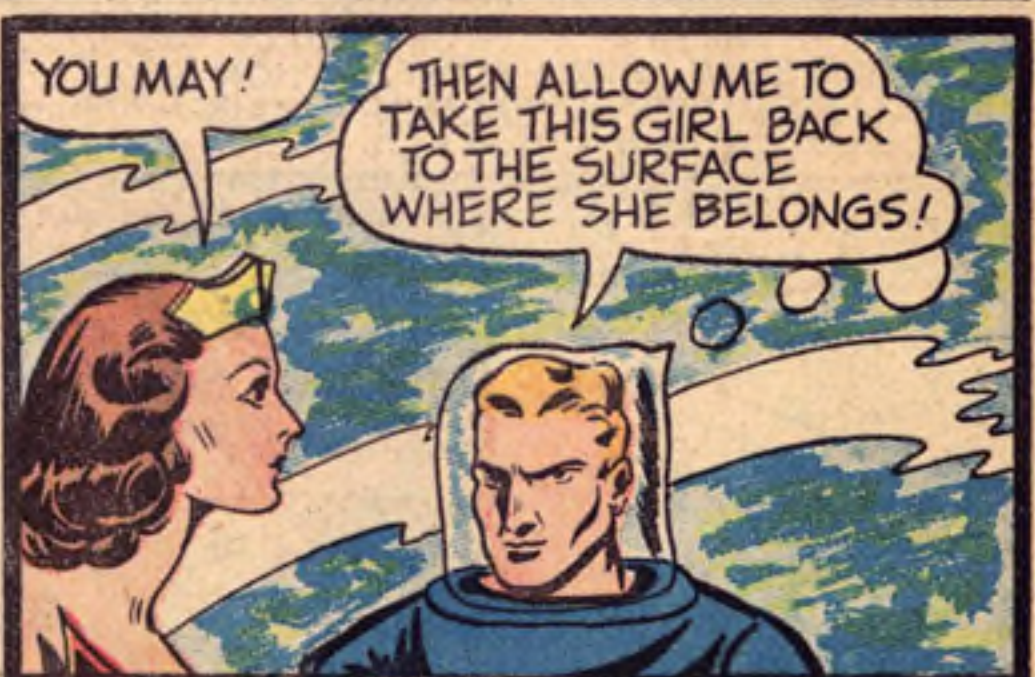
I'M THE GIRL YOU RESCUED FROM THE HEART OF THAT HIDEOUS SEA MONSTER IN A PREVIOUS ADVENTURE!

NOW I DO REMEMBER!



TYPHON, YOU HAVE EARNED THE GRATITUDE OF EVERYONE OF US

THEN, MAY I ASK A FAVOR?



YOU MAY!

THEN ALLOW ME TO TAKE THIS GIRL BACK TO THE SURFACE WHERE SHE BELONGS!

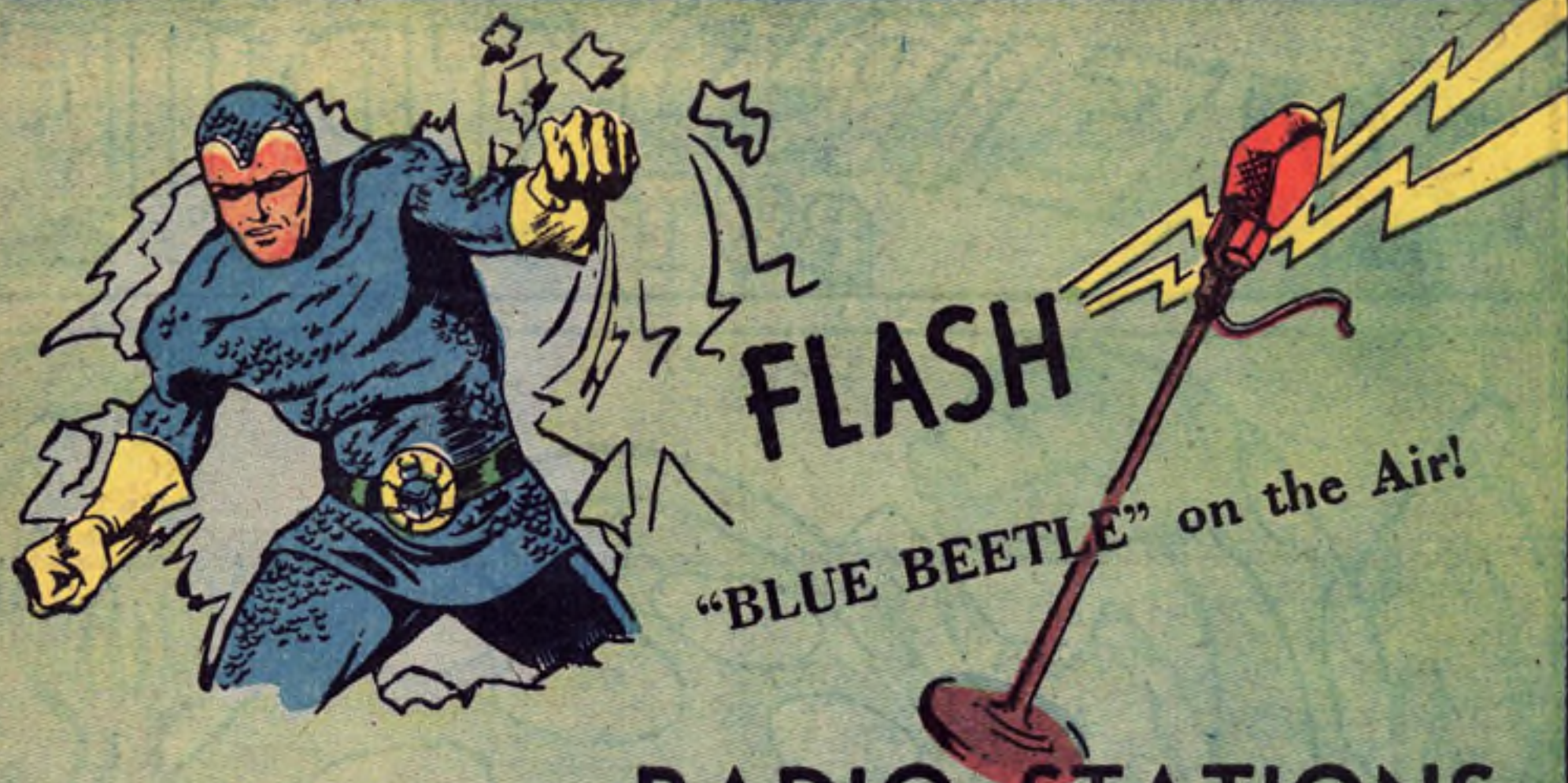


YOUR WISH IS MY LAW! GOOD LUCK TO BOTH OF YOU!



UP, UP, MILES TO THE SURFACE THEY GO, A HAPPY ENDING TO A WEIRD ADVENTURE!

MORE UNDERSEA THRILLS WITH TYPHON IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



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carrying **THE BLUE BEETLE** program

WMCA	New York City, N. Y.—Saturday, 5:15-5:45 P. M.
WCFL	Chicago, Ill.—Consult local newspapers.
KCMO	Kansas City, Mo.—Consult local newspapers.
WSPR	Springfield, Mass.—Wednesday and Friday, 8:00 P. M.
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WLAW	Lawrence, Mass.—Thursday - Saturday, 6:30 P. M.
WCAR	Pontiac, Mich.—Consult local newspapers.
WBCM	Bay City, Mich.—Tuesday - Thursday, 8:30 P. M.
WWVA	Wheeling, West Va.—Consult local newspapers.
KLUF	Galveston, Tex.—Mondays. - Friday, 7:30 P. M.
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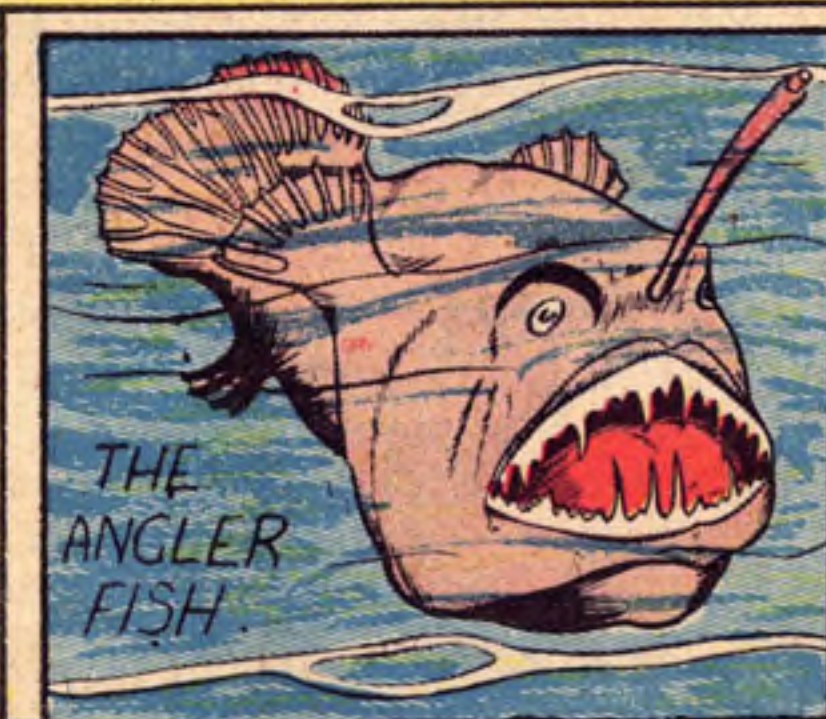
WEIRD BUT TRUE



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THIS FOR A PET?

THIS IS A BRONTOSAURUS, ONE OF THE GREAT REPTILES KNOWN AS DINOSAURS IT

LIVED MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO IN THE STATE KNOWN AS WYOMING. IT'S LENGTH WAS FROM 65 TO 70 FEET, ITS HEIGHT AT THE HIPS WAS 14 TO 16 FEET AND IT WEIGHED SEVERAL TONS.



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