WEIRD COMICS
No. 5
AUG. 10¢

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 IS ON SALE THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH
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 Marius, 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! Caius Marius!

That night, the evil Marius plots against Caius Marius.

This man, Caius Marius has ruined my plans too many times! It must stop!

Now you, Lucius, take some men and...

Lucius and his racketeers waylay Caius Marius.

At last, we have him in our power.

Revenge will be sweet.

Now, how are you! I'll dissolve his body into occult power to get rid of him? 2,200 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 Marius! His darting power and his sword will sleep for 2,200 years! Incredible!

In the meantime, the Roman army, led by Sulla, breaks into Marius' camp to save Caius Marius.

On, men, death to the traitorous dogs!

Caius Marius! We're here to save you!

Show no mercy to the wicked ones!

Caius Marius is gone! What have they done to him?

It is Rome's saddest loss!

The secret of darting through the air is lost forever!

2,200 years later, in a museum in the United States, Caius Marius comes back to life...

Where am I? What happened? I feel so strange!

Eek!

Look, a ghost!
WHAT'S THAT? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE IN THEIR QUEER CLOTHES? I WONDER IF MARIUS IS PLAYING A TRICK ON ME?

MAN-KILLING MONSTERS! I NEVER KNEW THERE WERE SUCH THINGS!

MOMMY? DADDY?

THEY KILLED MY PARENTS! IT'S THE RICARNO GANG-- THEY KILLED MY PARENTS!

I MUST SAVE THAT BOY BEFORE THE MONSTER GETS HIM.

RAT-TAT-TAT-RAT-TAT-TAT-

TAKE THAT, MONSTER! VIOLENCE IN ANY FORM MUST NOT TOUCH CHILDREN.

HEY, MISTER-- WHAT... HOW--?

DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU ARE A ROMAN? I THOUGHT THE ROME OF SULLA WAS 2200 YEARS AGO! THAT WAS NOT A MONSTER, IT WAS AN AUTOMOBILE. THE RICARNO GANG IS THE GROUP OF HOODLUMS THAT KILLED MY PARENTS.

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

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

SWELL, CAIUS!

A FEW MONTHS LATER---

NOW UNDER THE NAME OF THE DART, I'LL USE MY ANCIENT POWERS TO DESTROY THE RACKETS.

AND PROVE THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.
MEAN TIME 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 BRIEDED.

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

BOOM!

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.

SOCK!

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?

ZING!

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.
YOU FORGOT ME, MISTER!

YOU FORGOT ME, MISTER!

OOF!

WHERE'S RICARNO, OR YOU'LL GET MORE OF THIS UNTIL THE SKIN IS TORN FROM YOUR FACE.

OUCH... HOLD ON, MISTER! I'LL TALK.

GOOD IDEA

Ricarno's now on the gambling ship, Cordina, outside the three mile limit.

IT HAD BETTER BE TRUE, OR I'LL COME BACK AND CARVE YOUR BELLY WITH MY SWORD.

LIKE DARTS, THE DART AND ACE BAR-LOW ZOOM TOWARD THE GAMBLING SHIP.

ASIDE, RATS, OR YOU'LL FEEL MY COLD STEEL!

YE-HO!

WHAT THE...!

WE'RE STRUCK BY A HURRICANE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!
I'll make junk out of this roulette wheel!

This Roman wrestling trick comes in handy!

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.

CRACK!

Drill them with lead!

You will learn it is not a cinch, for crime never pays.

One is only a kid!

Form a square! We'll be safe, and we'll get them yet.

OW!

Help!

OW--

He's go--

They got kid frost!

Bang! Bang! Bang!
IF THOSE PUNKS CANNOT GET THEM WITH THEIR GATS, THIS MACHINE GUN WILL!

IT WILL BE OVER IN A MINUTE!

NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS, NOT SO FAST! YOU'RE TOO EAGER TO USE YOUR NEW TOY!

HE GOT THE MACHINE GUN! GET YOUR RODS!

THAT KID!

SORRY, COMRADES, I HAVEN'T MORE TIME TO PLAY TAG WITH YOU.

CRACK!

HOW AM I DOING?

HE...elp! YEOw!

BETTER THAN I THOUGHT

I'LL KEEP THIS UP UNTILL YOU WRITE A CONFESSION OF YOUR FOUL CRIMES AND MURDERS.

I HAD ENOUGH! I'LL DO ANYTHING... OUCH!

THIS WILL PUT ME BEHIND BARS FOR LIFE!

WHY DIDN'T YOU THINK OF IT BEFORE YOU STARTED YOUR CAREER OF CRIME?

BUMP!
NOW, YOU RATS WRITE YOUR CONFESSIONS OR ELSE... I'D RATHER BE SAFE UP THE RIVER WITH THESE GUYS LOOSE! CRIME AIN'T SAFE WITH THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

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

REACH FOR THE SKY! SOME HAUL! HEY, YOU TWO, COME BACK OR WE'LL FIRE!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS INTRUSION? SORRY, SIR, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME FOR ETIQUETTE. THIS PACKAGE CONTAINS THE CONFESSIONS OF RICARNO AND HIS GANG.

'DON'T SHOOT! HE'S THE GREATEST FORCE FOR JUSTICE!' AFTER THE RICARNO GANG IS BEHIND BARS...

IT WAS A WELL DONE JOB, SIR! BUT WE HAVE A LOT OF WORK TO DO IN ORDER TO PROVE THAT CRIME NEVER PAYS.

NEXT ISSUE... THE DART AND BARLOW STRIKE AT RACKETEERS AGAIN! DON'T MISS THAT THRILLING EPISODE!
THOR
GOD OF THUNDER
by WRIGHT LINCOLN


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?

GLENDA, GLENDA!

AS THE LUXURY LINER IS MOORED TO HER PIER, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE SHIP!
GLENDA, SHOCKED NEARLY SENSELESS, STUM-BLES ABOUT THE WRECKAGE IN A DAZE!

GRANT!!
GRANT!! WHERE IS GRANT?

I MUST FIND
GLENDA!

AMBULANCE SIRENS SCREAM THRU THE NIGHT AS SHANGHAI'S HOSPITAL FAC-
ILITIES 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 EQUIP-
MENT! URGENT! HURRY!

AT THE BURNING SHIP ALL IS IN CHAOS!!

HELP!

PLEASE! SAVE ME, OH!

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

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

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

DR. HSIN'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!

While at the hospital, Grant in a fever, hears

Grant! This is the voice of Thor! I'm calling of Valhalla! To you from Valhalla! Go at once! Find Dr. Hsin! Go at once! I command it! Act at once! Go now! For the sake of humanity!!

GO! NOW!

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 UNCOMMON! 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 weirsome creature! He flies, with light for a tail!

Turn the boreal 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!
WHAT'S THIS? I'M BOUND AND THAT TUBE WHY IT'S GLENDA AND THAT MUST BE DR. HSIN NOW IT'S ALL CLEAR!

AT THE SAME TIME IN A REMOTE PART OF THE LABORATORY HSIN'S MAN CREATION THINKS - -

I PERFECT WHY NOT ME BE BOSS HERE? I GO TELL DOCTOR HE NOT BOSS ME BOSS! I TAKE GIRL!

HERE YOU MAKO! HOLD THIS PULSATOR CONTROL WE ARE NOW READY TO TURN ON THE ATOM RELAYER!

NO! YOU NO BOSS HERE ME BOSS!

DO AS I SAY THIS INSTANT OR I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO THE DEAD!

I BOSS! ME BOSS!

WHAT? NO MAKO! NO!

I KILL YOU!

NOW I TAKE GIRL!

STRAINING DESPERATELY GRANT FINALLY BREAKS HIS SHACKLES AND FREES HIMSELF.
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 I'm in time!

At last! Glenda! Are you all right?

Just a little weak, Grant! Look out!

Oh! Dr. Hsin! Here! Try this!!
GRANT SWEEPS GLENSA 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 COULDN'T 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 CITIZENS, 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!
It is true! I am the Dr. Hsin! I was electrocuted, but no one saw me crush a vial of hemostereite into the palm of my hand a moment before the current was turned on. It counteracted the electricity. Later, after I was pronounced dead, Makro took me to my laboratory where I became normal again.

Poisoned? Well, that's the end of Dr. Hsin!

Great work, Grant! The world can do without men like him!

Gosh! I almost forgot! So long, Captain!

Grant streaks back to Hsin's laboratory and with one flash of Thor's mighty power blows the fiendish place to atoms.

Now Hsin's ghastly racket is done forever.

Follow the exciting adventures of Thor—God of Thunder in the next issue.
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.
This will teach you to challenge my powers.

Unseen, Labi-Bey, son of Nagpur's most powerful mystic, Rani-Bey, steals into Zoom.

I need your spirit, ugly one.

Transfer your identity, brainless one... transfer it to me.

I may need this club.

I will synchronize your brains to work as I command them.
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.
YOU MUST ACT AS IF YOU WERE FROZEN WHEN THEY TAKE TO THE SORCERESS.

AH, SO THEY ARE FROZEN. GUARDS, BRING THE FOOLISH MORTALS TO ME. LEAVE THE GENERAL AND KING IN THE COOLER.

AND NOW... I COMMAND YOU TO DO MY BIDDINGS THROUGH YOUR FROZEN BRAINS. NOW RISE AND KNEEL BEFORE ME.

UNAFFECTED BY HER MYSTICISM, THE HINDOOS OBEY HER COMMANDS.

NOW I SHALL TELL YOU WHERE EACH OF YOU WILL REPRESENT ME.

THE FIRST LAND SHALL BE AMERICA.

BUT THE BROKEN GLOBE HAS MADE THE PICTURE OF NAGPUR INDIA APPEAR LIKE AMERICA.

SLOWLY ZOOM SETTLES DOWN TOWARD NAGPUR.
LABI-BEY FLIES EARTHWARD.

YOU MUST ARM AND RELEASE OUR FATHERS WHEN ZOOM COMES TO EARTH.

IT IS LABI-BEY.

STRIKE THE HINDOO ARMY POWERLESS.

YOU SEE YOU HAVE NO POWER OVER THEM. IF YOU CAST ANY POWER OVER OUR SOLDIERS THEY SHALL DO LIKewise OVER YOUR BEASTS.

THESE MEN ARE NOT UNDER YOUR POWER. THEY HAVE THE MAGICAL ABILITY TO DESTROY YOU NOW. IF YOU DO NOT CALL OFF YOUR BEASTS.

I COMMAND YOU TO TURN TO SWINE.

I WILL NOT BOTHER US ANYMORE, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT KING AND GENERAL SHE HAD IN THE COOLER. I WONDER WHO THEY WERE?

TAKE YOUR ARMY OFF MY CITY BEFORE IT LIFTS WITH THEM.

CEASE FIGHTING AND RETREAT.

SHE WILL NOT BOTHER US ANYMORE. BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT KING AND GENERAL SHE HAD IN THE COOLER. I WONDER WHO THEY WERE?

IF YOU HAD NOT THAWED OUR BRAINS WE WOULD NOW BE UNDER HER POWERS DESTROYING THE WORLD FOR HER GREED.

FOLLOW THE WEIRD EXPLOITS OF THE SORCERESS OF ZOOM IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

WEIRD COMICS ON SALE THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH.
SOLAR PLEXIS

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

by Jupiter
INTERPLANETARY MESSENGER

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

YEP! I'M GOING TO TRY AND BREAK THE WORLD'S RECORD ON THIS TRIP, SOLONG, BOSS!

MAKE WAY FOR EASTERN UNION! IMPORTANT!

AND GOES THRU THE GLASS ROOF....
Gorsh! There goes the king snoring again!

I hope I find somethin' soft to land on!

Ah! Spring! I wish I knew which one of my hundred wives loves me?

Eastern Union Service, sir! Best in the solar system!

I don't doubt it a bit!

I have a message for you, sir! I'll wait for an answer!

Tut! Give it to me! It must be very important!

Wow! A war! I better hit the road before it starts!

Look out! Earth here I come—ready or not! I'm going to break the record I just set!

Soar with solar again in the next issue —

DECLARATION OF WAR
BETWEEN MARS & VENUS
15 ROUND WAR
MADESON-ROUND GARDEN
AT DAWN
A WAR!

WEIRD COMICS ON SALE THE 15th OF EVERY MONTH
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 seize 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...

THE NEXT SHOULD BE A DIRECT HIT!

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.

Then 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 survivors and prepare the execution chamber!
LAST, ILEA AND DANO 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!

Can't you hear me? Execute the prisoners! What's the matter? Why don't you move?

The robots stand rigid—mere pieces of metal—their power gone!
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 PRISONER-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!

AND SO~ BENNETT LEAVES THE ICE PLANET

LATER

FOLLOW BLAST BENNETT IN HIS THRILLING ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WEIRD COMICS ON SALE THE 15TH OF EVERY MONTH
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 FEROCEIOUSNESS 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!
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 BRENTO.

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 YOU'RE RIGHT... AFRAID SOMETHING HORRIBLE WOULD HAPPEN TO HIM!! I GUESS I 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?

GOOD HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE!

NOT UNDERSTANDING THE REACTIONS OF THE COUPLE, THE GREAT APE LOPES 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 MD 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!!

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!!

AN APE?.... OH, THAT MUST BE THE AWFUL THING WE SAW IN THE HALLWAY!... BUT HE TALKED!!
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!! Perhaps it's best this way!

The saints! It's an ape in man's clothes! He's knocked out, cold as ice!

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 ANTHROPID!
JUST AS YOU SAY, DR. MORTAL!

THERE!....YOU SEE HE HAS REGAINED ALL OF THE NORMAL CHARACTERISTICS OF AN ANTHROPID APE!... 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!

RETURN HIM TO HIS CELL.
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-lapel.

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 awoke, 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 wheelchair? 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 agast 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 forward 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 smacked 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 snooper?" the professor grinned 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 VOODOOMAN

by ALLEN
SPECTRE


AT 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!

S-S-SOMETHING IS GOING T-T-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 wrecks the native section of the plantation!

Boanga gloats over the success of his magic.

Boanga! Wonderful! Hear big boom? Come, now we get dead!

Boanga gloats over the success of his magic.

Greatest voodoo doctor!

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Boanga! Wonderful! Hear big boom? Come, now we get dead!

Voodoo man make big noise! Evil spirits out tonight. We better be careful!

Hurry Peter! 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.

With the wounded all taken care of, young Mr. 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, Glory. 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.

MAKE NO SOUND! MOVE QUICKLY!

MANY BODIES TO MAKE INTO ZOMBIES! GOOD!

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

WE BEGIN CEREMONY AT ONCE!

WISH I COULD GET TO SLEEP THERE GO THOSE CURSED DRUMS AGAIN—HO-HUM! MUST BE SOMETHING BIG BEHIND ALL THIS.

BACK AT THE GRAVEYARD, BOANGA CASTS HIS SPELL!

OU! OU! OU! ZOMBIE—OU!

HAIL! OUR GREAT BOANGA! HE MAKE US ZOMBIE! GOOD! GOOD!

SUDDENLY THE BODY SEEMS TO RISE!

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

THE HEAD ZOMBIE NODS AGREEMENT!

EEEEEHHH— YOOOOOOGH! HOO-HOO—

THE NEXT NIGHT, BOONGA 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—

EEEEEHH! YOOOOOOGH— YAH!

BOB DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE THE MYSTERIOUS THEFTS.

HALT! DON'T MOVE, OR I SHOOT!

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

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 SHOOTS
AT HIM FROM AMBUSH!

BOANGA FIX
WHITE DOCTOR!

MIGHT AS WELL
SEE THIS THING
THROUGH!

BANG! BANG!!

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

OH, MY HEAD!
MY HEAD!

BOANGA AND HIS HORRIBLE RETINUE LEAVE——

WHITE MAN
DEAD!
COME, WE
GO NOW!

MINUTES LATER, BOB COMES TO——

THAT WAS A CLOSE
ONE—WHHEW! IT
JUST GRAZED ME!

THE NEXT MORNING, BOB REPORTS HIS EXPERIENCE——

I'VE HAD ENOUGH (HOW TERRIBLE!) TROUBLE WITH THIS
VOODOO BUSINESS!
TOMORROW WE'RE GOING TO ROUT OUT THE KNOWN VO-
DOO DOCTORS AND THROW THEM IN JAIL!

AND BELIEVE ME, THAT WAS NO PHANTOM BULLET THAT NICKED
ME! THERE IS SOME VERY LIVE VILLIAN BEHIND ALL THIS!

THE PLANS ARE OVERHEARD!

MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA, MR. HIBBERT. I'LL GO
WITH YOU!

I GO TELL BOANGA!
THE SPY RETURNS TO BOANGA.

BOANGA! BOANGA! WHAT'S THIS?
WHITE MEN PLOT HARM!

TOMORROW THEY COME, MASTER! DON'T LET THEM GET US! USE YOUR GREAT MAGIC!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL STOP THEM! THEY CANNOT OUTWIT BOANGA!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BOB AND THE PLANTATION OWNER MAKE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

LOOK AT THIS! IT'S PART OF THE MECHANISM OF A HOMEMADE BOMB.

THAT'S WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION! NOW I KNOW BOANGA IS THE MAN BEHIND THE BLAST AND THE THEFTS! WE'LL SLAP HIM IN THE JAIL TOMORROW FOR SURE, NOW!

THAT NIGHT, BOANGA THROWS A GIANT PUFF TOAD INTO THE CHAMBERS OF GLORIA HIBBERT.

I'LL REMAIN OUTSIDE AND THROW MY VOICE SO THAT SHE WILL THINK THE TOAD IS SPEAKING.


O-O-O- OHHH!!

BE NOT AFRAID. I WILL NOT HURT YOU. JUST KEEP STARING INTO MY EYES!

Y-YES, ANYTHING YOU SAY!

COME, GLORIA. WE GO TO BOANGA!
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.

Mister HIBBERT, HERE IS THE NOTE FROM BOANGA.

IF YOU EVER ENTER JUNGLE TO TRY AND CATCH BOANGA YOUR DAUGHTER GLORIA WILL DIE HORRIBLY OF 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 ALL RIGHT, NOW I'M GOING TO GET HIM!
NO SIR! IT'S BEST I GO ALONE. BOANGA WOULD BE SURE TO HEAR A CROWD OF US, IF I GO ALONE, PERHAPS I CAN SNEAK UPON HIM. THEN HE WON'T HAVE TIME TO HARM GLORIA!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT IF YOU'RE NOT BACK IN TWO HOURS, I'LL COME AFTER YOU!

BOB ARRIVES IN BOANGA'S HUT JUST IN TIME!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!

I THINK I KILL NOW FOR LUCK. YOU BEAUTIFUL ZOMBIE!

SEE IF YOUR MAGIC CAN STOP MY FISTFUL OF KNUCKLES!

THIS WHOLE VILLAGE WILL BE AN INFERNO IN A FEW MINUTES NOW!

BOB QUICKLY UNTIES GLORIA:

I KILL -- OOOOH!

GOT HIM! BOANGA WILL PRACTICE NO MORE BLACK MAGIC!

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

THAT'S THE END OF THAT GANG! THE SPELL IS BROKEN. NOW BOANGA'S DEAD--HIS ZOMBIES WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN!

IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM NOW--THANKS TO YOUR BRAVERY, BOB!

FOLLOW THE MYSTIC EXPLOITS OF VOODOO MAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

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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 undersea outfit is ready, Typhon.

Keep well behind! I don't want them to see the sub! O.K., Typhon!

Typhon leaves his hydrosub 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 SENTINELS AWAY WITH THEM!

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

AS THE HUGE GATES ROOL 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 DEMON'S
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.

TYPHON NEARS THE BATTING 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 AMAZON'S 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 AMAZON'S!

TYPHON IS BACK! THANK GOODNESS! HOORAY! TYPHON IS BACK!
THIS SHOULD FINISH THE LAST OF THE DEMON’S

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!
FLASH

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WELI New Haven, Conn.—Monday - Thursday, 9:00 P. M.
KLRA Little Rock, Ark.—Consult local newspapers.
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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WCSC Charleston, S. C.—Consult local newspapers.
WDNC Dunham, N. C.—Tuesday - Wednesday, 6:30 P. M.
WMOB Mobile, Ala.—Tuesday - Thursday, 1:30 P. M.
WSKB McComb, Miss.—Mondays.
WPIC Sharon, Pa.—Monday - Wednesday, 4:30-5:00 P. M.
WSFA Montgomery, Ala.—Consult local newspapers.
KOY Phoenix, Arizona—Consult local newspapers.

IF THE BLUE BEETLE PROGRAM IS NOT HEARD IN YOUR CITY
GET IN TOUCH WITH YOUR LOCAL RADIO STATION.

WATCH YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME SCHEDULES.
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. ITS LENGTH WAS FROM 65 TO 70 FEET, ITS HEIGHT AT THE HIPS WAS 14 TO 16 FEET AND IT WEIGHED SEVERAL TONS.

THIS WEIRD FISH COMMONLY CALLED THE "FISHING-FROG" REACHES A LENGTH OF FIVE FEET. IT WALKS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN AND SWALLOWS FISH AS BIG AS ITSELF.

CONTRARY TO MOST BELIEFS, MAMMOTHS, PREHISTORIC ANIMALS WERE ONLY SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN THE PRESENT DAY INDIAN ELEPHANT.

ON MARCH 6, 1940, W.P.A. WORKMAN IN ALBION, PENN., DUG UP THE TUSKS OF A MAMMOTH WHICH ROAMED THE EARTH 25,000 YEARS AGO.
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