HERE ARE THE SIX GIANT HARVEY COMICS NOW ON SALE! GET THEM TODAY!

NEVER BEFORE SUCH WONDERFUL STORIES PACKED WITH HUMOR AND LAUGHS! YOU'LL KEEP THEM FOREVER!
ALL NEW STORIES

From the Moon to Mars, but to the distant stars you'll never find more courageous and exciting new heroes than these men of the Space Age!

Sgt. Beefy Brown - Rugged, rowdy - but a right guy.
Captain Kip McCoy - With an eye for adventure and a yen for action.
Figures Faraday - Get in a jam - and he'll figure a way out of it with any scientific principle at hand!

BLAST-OFF

PRESENTS...

THE THREE ROCKETEERS

Be a part of their invasion of Space - as they blast off from Space Station 4...

You'll want to follow them across the vast reaches of of Space to strange worlds where fantastic mysteries lie waiting!

The NEW ADVENTURES OF THE THREE ROCKETEERS

See the perils that track them on the ailerless surface of the Moon!
FLASH FARRELL

GETS THE PICTURE AT GOODYEAR AEROSPACE

FLASH'S UNCLE - AN ENGINEER AT GOODYEAR - HAS ARRANGED A GUIDED TOUR ABOARD A NUCLEAR SUBMARINE. HERE FLASH GETS A FIRST-HAND LESSON ON SUBROC, THE NAVY'S NEWEST ANTI-SUB MISSILE DEVELOPED BY GOODYEAR AEROSPACE.

SUBROC, AS ITS NAME IMPLIES, IS AN ANTI-SUBMARINE ROCKET. ITS WARHEAD CAN CONTAIN EITHER CONVENTIONAL OR NUCLEAR EXPLOSIVES - EVEN AT LONG RANGE IT CAN DESTROY ENEMY SUBS IN LITERALLY SECONDS.

GOLLY! A FLYING TORPEDO!

ALMOST, FLASH, THE MISSILE IS LAUNCHED FROM OUR TORPEDO TUBES. ONCE IT'S A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY, THE ROCKET MOTOR IGNITES... AND PROPELS THE WEAPON UP OUT OF THE WATER INTO THE AIR.

IN FLIGHT, THE ROCKET MOTOR FALLS AWAY FROM THE WARHEAD. FROM THEN ON, ITS MORE LIKE A FLYING "DEPTH CHARGE" THAN A TORPEDO.

CAN THE SHIP'S SONAR REALLY LOCATE SUBMARINES THAT FAR AWAY, COMMANDER?

THIS NEW TYPE CAN, FLASH. THAT INFORMATION THEN GOES TO THE WEAPON'S "BRAIN" WHERE COMPUTERS AIM IT AUTOMATICALLY. OUR MEN CAN READY THE MISSILE AND FIRE IT AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

AS A MEMBER OF THE SUBROC DEVELOPMENT TEAM, OUR JOB AT GOODYEAR WAS NOT ONLY BUILDING THE MISSILE, FLASH, WE COORDINATED ALL THE COMPONENTS THAT MUST WORK TOGETHER TO MAKE THE WEAPON EFFECTIVE.

YOU SEE, SUBROC NEEDN'T MAKE A DIRECT HIT TO BE EFFECTIVE. ONCE IN THE ENEMY'S PROXIMITY, IT RE-ENTERS THE WATER, SUBMERSES, AND EXPLODES ITS WARHEAD. SHOCK WAVES ALONE COULD DESTROY THE HOSTILE CRAFT.

SO LONG, SIR, IT IS EXCITING TO ACTUALLY SEE A REAL PART OF OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE CLOSEUP.

DEFENSE IS EVERYBODY'S JOB, FLASH. BOTH MILITARY AND CIVILIAN PERSONNEL WORKED HAND-IN-HAND TO PRODUCE SUBROC. THAT'S THE KIND OF TEAMWORK THAT WILL KEEP THIS COUNTRY SAFE AND STRONG.

GOODYEAR KNOWS HOW "LEADS TO OTHER DOWN-TO-EARTH FIRSTS" TOO. LIKE BIKE TIRES. THE WINGFOOT "175" IS BUILT WITH TUFSPAN... A NEW RUGGED RUBBER, INSIDE THERE'S 3-T NYLON CORDE... TRIPLE-TEMPERED SO IT'S STRONGER THAN STEEL... NEED A NEW BIKE TIRE? GET A WINGFOOT "175" BY GOODYEAR... TO GO!

GOODYEAR, COLUMBUS TIRES DIV., CLEVELAND, OHIO 44145.
THE 3 ROCKETEERS

Dream up a lulu of an idea in their idle hours. A boxing match of a fantastic nature! The fighters aren't human and the arena is somewhere out of this world! But the biggest surprise of all is the unexpected arrival of an unknown force that adds something not foreseen in the training of the Lunar Goliaths.

Turning a mathematical computer and some spare metal parts into a boxing robot may set a new trend in the sport world, Beefy!

Hurry it up, you birds! I hear the boys on the space station are already warming up their racket for the big match!
There is always something to be done around Moon Base 4, but there are also leisure hours when books and movies are not enough to fill the gap of loneliness...

Okay, Sparks! You can send out the word to the boys on the Tin Can Kavo Artist! We'll see a great fight!

Now you've got 'em! It's Colonel Jackson! And you, sir, are ready to go Moon Base Four! Our robot's all set! And he weighs in at 3 1/2 tons! Fighting metal! The match is on!

At a pre-arranged period, the robot of Moon Base Four is used as a vehicle to reach a space platform erected between Earth and the Moon in a fight arena...

Let's go rocketeers! We may have the heavy-weight champion of space!

Looks like Colonel Jackson and his Wheel Boys are already on hand!

After the rocketeers land their robot, they meet with Colonel Jackson...

All right, you Moon Men! As soon as the TV cameras are checked out so they can transmit to the crowd on the wheel and the moon -- we'll begin the match!
OF COURSE, THE ROBOTS ARE BUILT TO LAND THE PUNCHES — BUT IT IS THE HUMANS WHO DO THE FIGHTING BY REMOTE CONTROL — FROM ELECTRONIC BOOTHS AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE PLATFORM.

I THOUGHT UP THIS GIMMICK! WHY CAN'T I CONTROL THE BOXING PANEL? BECAUSE KIP MCCOY WAS A COLLEGE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP... AND WE'RE UP AGAINST COLONEL JACKSON WHO TOOK THE ARMY TITLE WHEN HE WAS STILL A SHAVETAIL!

THE TWO BOXING ROBOTS ARE MANEUVERED TO THE CENTER OF THE ARENA LIKE MAMMOTH PUPPETS WITH INVISIBLE STRINGS. THEY STAND MOTIONLESS — WAITING FOR THE OPENING BELL!

WHEN A BUZZER IS SOUNDED IN EACH BOOTH, THE ROBOTS ARE TRIGGERED INTO ACTION BY THE MEN CONTROLLING THEM! THE FIGHT IS ON!

MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL SENTINEL STATION ON THE EDGE OF THE SECTOR OCCUPIED BY THE EARTH'S SPACE FORCE...

METEOR SWARM BARRELING IN FROM OUTER PERIMETER! THE FIGHT ARENA IS DIRECTLY IN ITS PATH!

GREAT, SCOTT! IT'LL HIT 'EM SQUARE! AND THERE'S A REAL BIG ROCK IN THE SWARM!

I'LL TRY TO BLOW UP THAT ONE AND WARN THE BOYS ON THE FIGHT PLATFORM ABOUT THE SMALLER METEORS!

A MOMENT LATER, A SPACE MISSILE IS LAUNCHED IN PURSUIT OF THE METEOR PACK...
The missile overtakes and plunges into the meteor group! Its warhead seeks out the largest of the space stones—then destroys it with atomic flame!

But the smaller meteors crash into the fight platform like a deadly hailstorm...

Yeah! Stop the fight and hit the deck! Here come the meteorites!

What a miserable time for these rocks to fall! I think our robot was winning on points!

Do be quiet, Beefy! It's difficult enough to suffer through this indignity without your constant yammering!

'Figures!' The robots! If they're hit...

Yeah! The robots! Those meteorites will make junk out of them! It'll ruin the bout!

Jumping Jupiter! Look!

Our robot's moving! He's luging Colonel Jackson's 'tin can' out of the path of the meteorites!

That's incredible! It's moving without being controlled! I've got to find out what's happened!

'Figures!' Come back... Those meteorites!
His brain case has been struck—yet it hasn’t immobilized him! In fact it’s produced astounding results! His behavior... it’s so human-like!

Meanwhile, in the structural interior of the space platform, a vital mechanism has been destroyed by the meteorites—a great blast rocks the structure!

Abandon platform! Abandon platform! Take to the rockets!

Kip! Beefy! Let me alone! We can’t leave that robot! We can’t allow it to be destroyed!

No soap! "Figures!" This whole platform will come apart in seconds! Haul him away, Beefy!

When the rocketeers have safely boarded one of the rockets...

There goes the rest of the platform—and the robot! Sorry! "Figures!" We had to save your life!

But the robot was alive too! It was alive! The top of its brain case had been penetrated by a meteorite! That’s where the secret was. Some unknown element in the meteorite had given intelligence to that machine!

And its last act was to try to save one of its own kind! Boys, we’ve lost one of the greatest discoveries of all time!

Yeah? Well speakin’ for Beefy Brown, I’d say a good bout was worth more than a robot with rocks in the head anyway.
DANGER! ATOMS!

A STORY OF ATOM SPIES, INTRIGUES, MASTER SABOTEURS... AND THE BLAST THAT SHOOK THE EARTH!

TIME: FOUR P.M., TODAY.
SCENE: A TINY SHACK IN DESOLATE SEA COAST COUNTRY, WHERE SIX YEAR OLD WILLY SIMPKINS PLAYS WITH HIS HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY SET...

4:15 P.M. THE BLACK SEDAN CONTINUES TO A HUGE SCIENTIFIC LOOKING BUILDING.
4:50 P.M. HE LOOKS ABOUT HIM... ENTERS!

5:15 P.M. FOREIGN LOOKING SCIENTISTS GET TO WORK ON HUGE BOMB FROM THE FURTIVE MAN'S STOLEN BLUEPRINTS...

4:30 P.M. A BLACK SEDAN APPROACHES...

4:35 P.M. THE FURTIVE OCCUPANT OF THE SEDAN ASKS DIRECTIONS OF WILLY...

6:00 P.M. A EUROPEAN CAR APPROACHES...
6:05 P.M. THE SINISTER TYPE DRIVER ASKS DIRECTIONS...
6:20 P.M. THE EUROPEAN OAK KEEPS A RENDEZVOUS
6:30 P.M. A FOREIGN SUB TAKES ON A CARGO OF EXPLOSIVES.

6:40 P.M. WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER FOREIGN CAR?
6:45 P.M.
6:50 P.M.
6:55 P.M.

6:56 P.M.
6:57 P.M.
7:00 P.M.

THE END
THE 3 ROCKETEERS

THE GREAT MOON MYSTERY

Run into the adventure most likely not to happen on the moon... but it does! There's a beautiful young girl... an age old mystery... and the maddest, wildest journey in the history of man! Follow the three rocketeers into the unknown...

On the airless surface of the moon, a small "survey-trak" rumbles toward the safety of a sheltered dome in a deadly rain of meteorites!

Open up, Kip McCoy! Open up! I've brought back a find that may get punctured in this meteor shower!

There's the faint hum of motors, and a section of the dome slides back to admit the squat vehicle...

What in blazes is that? It's Trina Taylor, the 3D television star! Don'tcha recognize her?

She's not just a girl, Kip! This is Trina Taylor, the 3D television star! Don'tcha recognize her?
Minutes later...

She's even prettier without her helmet! Gosh—Trina Taylor, the pin-up of the planets!

The only woman on the moon... and you find her... okay... give with the report! What's it all about?

Montrose Farraday, master mathematician and scientist at large reporting for duty!

Huh! Get a load of the atomic Romeo! She isn't your type, "Figures"!

Get on with your report!

I found her wandering near the crater "Garibaldi"... how she missed getting crowned by a meteorite is beyond me, Kip!

It's a cinch she wasn't out there for a stroll and she wasn't alone.

There's probably been some sort of accident. I'll bet Trina Taylor was the only one to walk away from it.

Think she'll be okay while we go out on search patrol?

The poor kid's just exhausted! I left a note explaining things if we weren't back when she awakens!

Look! What's that up ahead?
WHEN THE THREE ROCKETEERS LAND, THEY ARE GREETED BY A FANTASTIC SIGHT!

JUMPING JUPITER, KIP! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

THAT LOOKS LIKE A TELEVISION PRODUCTION CREW! SURE! THEY WERE FILMING SOME SORT OF MOON SEQUENCE WITH THE GIRL—WHEN THIS HAPPENED TO THEM! BUT WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, "FIGURES"?

THEY SEEM TO BE CAUGHT BY SOME SORT OF INVISIBLE FIELD WHICH, I'D SAY, IS BEING ACTIVATED BY THAT SPIRE OF ROCK!

IT'LL TAKE TIME TO ANALYZE THAT STRANGE FORCE PROPERLY. YET, WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE MEN DOWN BEFORE THEIR OXYGEN RUNS OUT!

THE BEST WAY IS THE QUICK WAY! I'LL BLOW UP THAT SPIRE OF ROCK! THAT MAY DESTROY THE RADIATING FORCE, KIP!

THE BOLT OF ATOMIC FLAME STRIKES THE BASE OF THE STONY SPIRE! BEFORE ANY OF THE ROCKETEERS CAN SCREAM, THEY ARE DRENCHED BY A SEA OF LIGHT!

AND THIS LIGHT THAT TOUCHES THEM, TURNS THE ROCKETEERS INTO LIGHT—CHARGING THEM WITH FORCES YET UNKNOWN TO MAN—THE POWERS OF A STRANGE WIND THAT SWEEPS ACROSS INFINITY!

KID! KIP! CAN YOU HEAR ME?
Hang on... things are happening too fast... w-we're shooting past entire star systems!

Kip! Look at this place! How did we get here?

Quiet, Beery! You're making so much noise, I can't think!

Now we're in another place... a whole world under water! Kip... where will this end...?

Yeow! This spot I'd like to leave in a hurry!

Figures... figures... get us out of this! I've had enough! I want to get out of this nightmare!

Kip! Sarge! Think of the moon -- our starting point, the spire of rock -- until it's as clear as a picture in your mind!
Following "Figures" instructions, Kip McCoy and Sergeant Beef Brown concentrate with eagerness born of desperation. Then...

"We did it! We did "Figures"! How in blazes did you work it out?"

"It's incredible! I guessed right on a theory that's madder than a March hare!"

"It all began here, I think... maybe a million years ago... maybe more... when someone - or something planted a machine here on the moon, and left it to the ages, which covered it with earth that hardened into rock!"

"Beefy's blast didn't leave enough of that spike of rock to prove anything "Figures"!

Oh, yeah? What about that nightmare we were just through? That must prove something!

"Maybe that it was just a nightmare - maybe a road through another dimension available to creatures of qualified development - even creatures like us! - a road built out of brain-waves by that machine!"

"Kip! Look!"

"Hey, you guys! If you're the three rocketeers who've been missing from the safety dome, I've got orders to take you to base 4!"

Later at base 4, the rocketeers are interviewed by the commanding officer...

"There's a lot to explain, sir. We attempted to rescue a television production crew - and... say! What happened to them, anyway?"

"It was the visi-film outfit that turned in the alarm for you! Seems you got them out of some fantastic scrape and vanished in a puff of smoke or something!"

"And Trina - Trina Taylor - we left her in the safety dome! Gosh - we should get back there right away, sir! She might...

"You'll have to wait for her autograph, Sergeant! Those TV people are on earth by now! You men have been missing for a week! - now where have you been for a week - with a supply of oxygen?"
HELPLESSLY, I STOOD BEFORE THE ALIEN OFFICIALS OF ANOTHER PLANET! I WAS THE ONE SCIENTIST ON EARTH THEY WANTED... AND MY ONLY HOPE WAS TO THROW MYSELF UPON THE MERCY OF...

THE SPACE COURT

PLEASE, PLEASE-- YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! MY SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS MEANT YOUR PLANET NO HARM! I AM YOUR FRIEND... YOUR FRIEND!

I WAS WORN OUT-- EXHAUSTED! MONTHS OF SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL! THEN, AT LONG LAST, IT HAPPENED...

THE SIGNAL'S RETURNING! PARKER'S DONE IT! HE'S BOUNCED A RADAR BEAM OFF THE SURFACE OF MARS!

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

FINALLY... THE FIRST CONTACT WITH ANOTHER PLANET!
I couldn't rest! The challenge of the universe kept me at fever pitch! And later, as I was honored by the Science League...

And so, Professor Parker, for your tremendous contribution in pushing back the borders of space I am happy to award you with...

I had driven halfway home when I saw it--a green, cloud-like mist billowing across the fields...

Great Scott! What's that?

I sat transfixed as the bizarre vision swept forward...

It's sweeping things into it--like a tornado! W-what's wrong with me?

It came closer...

I-I can't move--can't press the accelerator!...
A MYRIAD OF MULTI-COLORED LIGHTS BURST IN MY BRAIN! MY WEIGHTLESS BODY SEEMED TO BE PLUNGING THROUGH A BOTTOMLESS VOID.

THEN, SECONDS, MINUTES OR HOURS LATER WHEN MY SENSES RETURNED...

GREAT GRIEF! I-I MUST HAVE DRIVEN OFF THE ROAD--CRASHED UP! S-SUCH A SIGHT CAN'T EXIST!

A PANORAMA OF UNBELIEVABLE BEAUTY STRETCHED BEFORE ME...

A-A FANTASY CITY-- ANOTHER WORLD! MY MIND--I'VE LOST MY SANITY!

BUT AS THE COLD, HARD FLESH OF THE GUARDS TOUCHE D MINE...

NO! THIS ISN'T A DREAM! I'M ALIVE! THESE GUARDS ARE REAL!

SUDDENLY, THE INCREDIBLE TRUTH HIT ME WITH TRIP-HAMMER FORCE...

CANALS! I'M ON... MARS!

THE RADAR BEAM! THEY MUST HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT BECAUSE I BOMBARDED THEIR PLANET WITH RADAR! THEY... THEY THINK I'VE ATTACKED THEM!
Frantic with fear, I heard my voice echo and re-echo in the eerie atmosphere...

Please... please! You must understand—we didn't mean to harm you!

Mean to harm you... mean to harm you...

I'm a scientist! The Earth is seeking to learn the secret of other planets! I'm your friend!

Your friend... your friend...

Suddenly, as the ominous Martian officials moved forward...

No....

They won't listen! They think I'm an enemy! I must have time—I must make them understand!

Like a thing possessed, I raced through the Martian streets.

If—If I can find their laboratories—speak to their scientists! I may make them understand that Earth is a friendly planet.

Then... that building—it looks like a laboratory of some sort! There must be scientists like myself inside—men who will understand me!

But suddenly, as I rushed to reach my one possible haven...

I can't get through! T—there's an invisible wall of force surrounding the city!
AS MY SENSES LEFT ME, I AGAIN FELT MYSELF PLUMMETING THROUGH TIME AND SPACE! THEN...

EASY, EASY, WALT! YOU'VE PASSED OUT DRIVING! THANK GOODNESS I DECIDED TO FOLLOW YOU HOME! JUST REMAIN QUIET UNTIL I GET AN AMBULANCE!

JUST MY IMAGINATION! THANK HEAVENS! I HAVEN'T BEEN OVERWORKED! I JUST NEED REST - FORGET MY WORK FOR AWHILE!

Suddenly, my fingers went cold as I lifted a warm metal object from my chest...

Awards from SPACE! MARS has given me a medal for my radar research just as Earth did! I was really there! They weren't threatening me - they were honoring me!
Amos Cantrell waited in the railroad station. Though it was not a cold night, he shivered nervously. He was looking at the two men now for more than an hour and he knew that these two men were not ordinary strangers. The two men hidden there in the corner of the station spelled out trouble.

Before he could do anything, he heard; TRAIN FOR SUBURBIA NOW LEAVING!

It was his train. He headed for the track and winced as he saw the two men board his train. He must do something fast.

Then, as if the answer was there all the time, he saw the conductor. Of course - the conductor!

"Conductor, conductor!" he said excitedly.

"Yes, what can I do for you, sir?"

"Do... do you see those two men over there?"

The conductor glanced in the direction of the two men.

"Yes," he said. "What about them?"

Amos Cantrell could hardly restrain himself. "Don't you notice their strangeness. They're almost weird!"

Stricken with Amos' almost infectious hysteria, the conductor once more looked at the strangers with a hard, cold, clinical gaze. He, like Amos, winced at what he saw.

"Why, they're almost sub-human," he said. "Their eyes... like glass. Their skin... like parchment!"

"You must call the police!" Amos said. "It's your duty!"

"Y... yes! You're right!" Moments later, the conductor exited from the vestibule with two other men and all three headed in the direction of the strangers. Amos Cantrell, hiding in the shadows, watched as the two men were questioned. And without offering any resistance, the two men were led off the train.

As they passed Amos Cantrell, they looked at him, their eyes piercing, penetrating as distant icicles. And, for some reason known only to himself, Amos Cantrell smiled maliciously.

He sat down on the soft coach seat and relaxed. He let his thoughts wander out of the railroad car and into the atmosphere. Then, like radio waves, they reached deep into the universe - into the regions and vast confines of Venus, his real home.

"Did you get the Martians away from you?" the radio waves from Venus asked.

"Yes," Amos Cantrell's own radio waves answered.

"Good! Now you can work undisturbed!"

And as Amos Cantrell communicated with Venus, undisturbed and without detection, he felt the soothing knowledge of a job well done.
They waited as the descending elevator took them out of the ship. They were amazed at what they saw.

Before them, as far as their eyes could see, was complete, utter, ruinous desolation. Barren, fallow ground, stretched for miles. Little puffs of dust rose in soft billows.

"Do you think that anything lived here at one time?" Dr. Lineo asked quietly, as though his voice might break the aridity about him.

"I... I don't know," Bucknell answered. "I can't see how."

It seemed as though Dr. Lineo and Bucknell walked for miles. They crossed a dried out river bed and ascended a slight incline. Then, at the tip of a crest, both men stood still in their tracks, shocked into silence at what they saw. Dr. Lineo was the first to speak.

"Is... is it possible, Bucknell? A city?"

"Y.. yes, a city!" Bucknell answered.

As the two men entered the gutted and skeletonized city, they were appalled by the waste. Buildings rotted with age; streets limp with death of time; homes, which at one time echoed with life, now decayed.

"Wha... what city could this have been?" Bucknell asked. "It looks as though it thrived in the distant past."

"I don't know," Dr. Lineo answered, as he bent down to pick up two street signs. He brushed away the dust. The sign read: BROADWAY and 42nd STREET.

A wild, unpredictable meteoric storm pushed Rocket Vehicle X-211 far out of its navigational sphere. Dr. Lineo, its Chief Helmsman, tried to keep it from going out of control. Quickly, instinctively, he beckoned to Bucknell, his assistant, who was peering into the viewer.

"Anything out there we could land on?" Dr. Lineo asked hopefully.

"No, not a thing," Bucknell answered, still scanning the viewer for land. Suddenly, Bucknell's face shone. "Wait! Yes, there's something out there! A satellite! It's small but it looks fine, Dr. Lineo!"

The rocket headed for the satellite, backed off on its rear motors and, in one final rush, landed. Before descending from the rocket, Bucknell radioed to his home base and said they would be delayed until the storm abated.

"In the meantime," Dr. Lineo said, "let's look around. Maybe we could find something interesting."

"Right!" Bucknell answered.
THE LITTLE EARTH

For three weeks, Earth rocketship explorer II has been circling the solar system of Alpha Centauri, in search of some trace of intelligent life. Unsuccessful in its quest, her two-man crew has decided to head back for Earth.

These findings are going to be a bit of a blow back on Earth!

You're not kidding! We were all so positive that this expedition would establish our first contact with intelligence beyond our own world!

It may be another hundred years before we have ships capable of reaching the next star system!

Look, Bart! What's that speck in the corner of the screen?
CARL! I DO BELIEVE WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO ANOTHER PLANET. IT'S PRETTY SMALL -- BUT LET'S HOPE FOR THE BEST.

IT LOOKS PROMISING, ALL RIGHT.

PLENTY OF VEGETATION! AND... CARL, LOOK AT THE ATMOSPHERE GASES. WHY, ITS CONTENT IS IDENTICAL TO THAT OF EARTH.

I HAVEN'T SEEN ANY SIGN OF WILDLIFE YET; WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN CLOSER.

WE CAN'T MAKE IT HERE; WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE TREES AS IS. I'D BETTER PULL IT UP BEFORE...!
Wow! We'd better get outside and see how much damage there is!

The stabilizers been ripped off completely. We couldn't possibly repair it adequately.

I'm afraid to admit it, but you're right. Whether we like it or not, we're trapped!

Is radio contact completely hopeless from here?

No... it can be done, but...

But remember it took us four years to reach here, traveling at the speed of light. Radio waves travel much, much slower. No matter how we look at it, we've got a mighty long wait on this world.

Then, what say we take a look around and see exactly what it is we're stuck with?
After two hours of exploration, the two have come upon nothing of significance.

Suddenly, as the two step into a clearing, they are confronted by a scene of prehistoric wonder.

There seems to be nothing but jungle and rocks as far as you can see.

Well, there's at least fruit on some of the trees. We won't starve.

They haven't seen us. Stay behind these rocks, so we won't be spotted.

Bart, do you recognize what those animals are?

I think I know what you mean! Those dinosaurs are exactly like those which we know existed on Earth millions of years ago. It's as though this were a miniature Earth as it existed in prehistoric times.

But the chances of another planet evolving as such an exact duplication are incredible.
It's no use... we're surrounded!

We're doomed! We'll never see Earth again!

Bart... above us!

They've seen us! Run for it!

Suddenly a mental voice reaches out to the two Earthmen.

Strangers, do not be afraid—we are friends. Do not let our alien appearance frighten you.

Your thoughts show us that your home world is that from which our people gathered these animals many eons ago. We were not aware that people had since come to live on that world. If you will let us, we will be glad to do trade with your world, and introduce you to our other neighbors in space.

We also come from another world. This planet is one of our research centers for animal life!

Do you think we should accept their offer, Carl?

Well... after careful consideration, I think their offer is just... Jim Dandy!

Our ships will be able to take you to your world within one day of your time, if you so desire.

The End
Watch 'em go!

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YOU CAN MAKE AT LEAST $50—MORE LIKELY
$100 to $200 IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Everyone You Know Needs Christmas Cards
and Everyone Loves Wallace Brown Cards

Do you know 10 people? Of course you do! Add up a half-dozen relatives, perhaps 5 neighbors, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the grocer, your dentist, several friends and other tradespeople—and you've probably got even more than 20. So what are you waiting for? These folks alone can bring you in at least $50.00, probably $100.00 to $200.00 extra money in just a few hours' spare time. And this is just a start! Almost everyone you know needs Christmas Cards, and when you show them the spectacular nationally famous 1965 Wallace Brown Line of Cards and Gift Items—it's love at first sight. They'll snap up 2, 3, 6 or more Christmas Card Boxes right on the spot. Keep up to 50¢ of every dollar you take in! This is the fun way of making money because it's so easy. We send you samples that do the selling for you. And, besides making money you'll save money on your own Christmas Cards, Gifts, etc. at wholesale prices. See for yourself without risking a penny. Mail the coupon today! You'll be glad you did!

GET FREE CATALOG, TOO!
-Send Coupon Below

Be first in your neighborhood to cash in on this easy way to extra money with the 1965 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon this minute! You'll get 2 Christmas Card Assortments on approval. And Free Album of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Samples. Plus Free full-color catalog showing lots more money-makers, including many Christmas Assortments, Everyday Greeting Card Assortments, Decorated Stationery, Gift Wrapping, House- hold Items, etc. Everything you need to start making money at once—and we show you how.

FREE Album of Popular-Priced,
Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Thrill your friends and neighbors and make even MORE MONEY for yourself with custom-designed Special Value PERSONAL Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices... from only $1.95 to $3.95 for 25 cards with name imprinted! A large variety of exclusive, original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Christmas Cards at prices everybody can afford. It's so easy, too... they sell just by being shown! Just send the coupon for your FREE big, beautiful Album of actual samples of these fast-selling Special Value Personal Christmas Cards! Mail coupon TODAY for this exciting new Album!

Wallace Brown, Inc. 11 East 26th St., Dept. M-189
New York, N.Y. 10010