



BLAST-OFF



APPROVED
BY THE
COMIC
CODE
AUTHORITY

PRESENTS FANTASTIC NEW WORLDS WITH

THE 3 ROCKETEERS

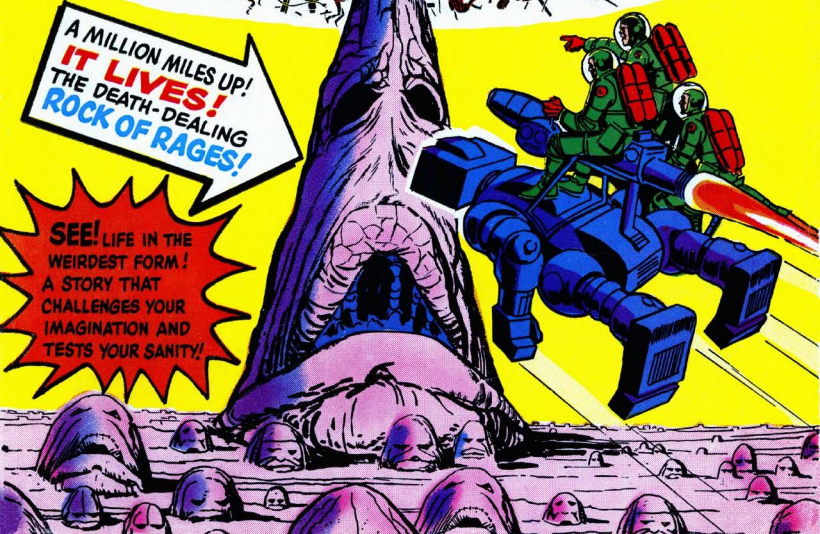
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A MILLION MILES UP!
IT LIVES!
THE DEATH-DEALING
ROCK OF RAGES!

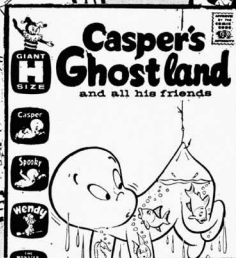
SEE! LIFE IN THE
WEIRDEST FORM!
A STORY THAT
CHALLENGES YOUR
IMAGINATION AND
TESTS YOUR SANITY!





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 OUT 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!



PRESENTS...

THE THREE ROCKETEERS



SEE THE PERILS THAT TRACK THEM ON THE AIRLESS SURFACE OF THE MOON!

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 SPACE TO STRANGE WORLDS WHERE FANTASTIC MYSTERIES LIE WAITING!

THE **NEW** ADVENTURES OF THE THREE ROCKETEERS

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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.

FLASH, MEET THE SUBMARINE'S COMMANDING OFFICER.

WELCOME ABOARD ONE OF THE NEWEST NUCLEAR SUBMARINES, GENTLEMEN. WE'RE ONE OF THE FIRST ARMED WITH NEW SUBROC MISSILES. IN FACT, SEVERAL ARE BEING LOADED BELOW RIGHT NOW.



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.

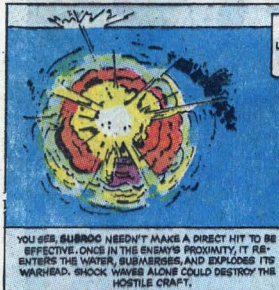
GOLLY! A FLYING TORPEDO!



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, IT'S MORE LIKE A FLYING "DEPTH CHARGE" THAN A TORPEDO.



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

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, BUT COORDINATING ALL THE COMPONENTS THAT MUST WORK TOGETHER TO MAKE THIS WEAPON EFFECTIVE.



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

GOODYEAR

Goodyear, Cycle Tire Dept., Akron, Ohio 44316.
Tufvyn, Wingfoot-T.M. & The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company.
Akron, Ohio

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 COLIATHS

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 ROBOT FOR THE BIG MATCH!



THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING TO BE DONE AROUND MOON BASE 4, BUT THERE ARE ALSO LIESURE 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 "BIG WHEEL!"

GREAT! IF THEY'VE FINISHED WORKING ON THEIR **TIN CAN KAYO ARTIST**, WE'LL SEE A GREAT FIGHT!



COME ON, COME ON, SPARKS! YOU CAN BRING 'EM IN CLOSER THAN THAT! THE "**WHEEL**" ISN'T IN THE NEXT GALAXY!

DON'T PUSH ME, BEEFY! THERE'S SOME SORT OF COSMIC DISTURBANCE THAT'S MAKING THINGS DIFFICULT!



NOW YOU'VE GOT 'EM! IT'S COLONEL JACKSON! HOW ARE YOU, SIR!

READY TO GO, MOON BASE FOUR! OUR ROBOT'S ALL SET! AND HE WEIGHS IN AT $3\frac{1}{2}$ TONS OF FIGHTING METAL! THE MATCH IS ON!

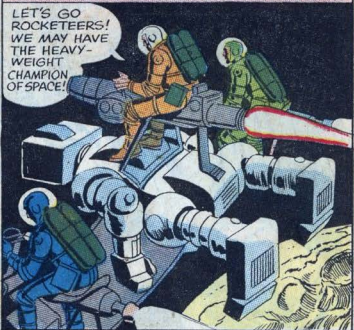


LOOKS LIKE COLONEL JACKSON AND HIS "**WHEEL**" BOYS ARE ALREADY ON HAND!



AT A PRE-ARRANGED PERIOD, THE ROBOT OF MOON BASE FOUR IS USED AS A VEHICLE TO REACH A SPACE PLATFORM ERRECTED BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON AS A FIGHT ARENA...

LET'S GO ROCKETEERS! WE MAY HAVE THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF SPACE!



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!



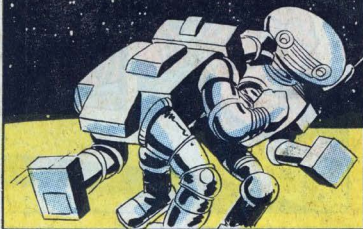
OF COURSE, THE ROBOTS ARE BUILT TO LAND THE PUNCHES -- BUT IT IS THE HUMANS WHO DO THE FIGHTING BY REMOTE CONTROL -- FROM ELECTRONIC BOOTHS AT OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE PLATFORM...

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!



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

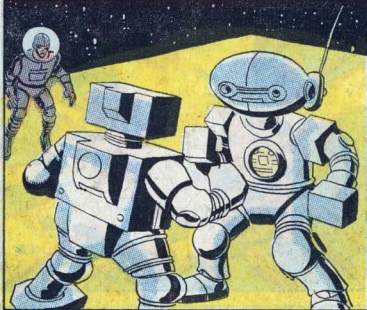


GREAT, SCOTT! IT'LL HIT 'EM SQUARE! AND THERE'S A REAL BIG ROCK IN THE SWARM!

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

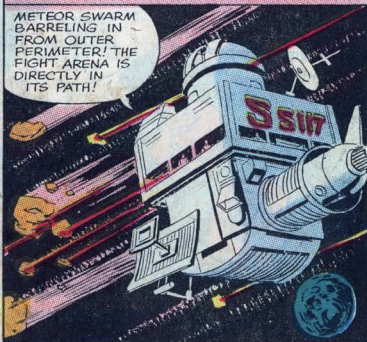


THE TWO BOXING ROBOTS ARE MANEUVERED TO THE CENTER OF THE ARENA LIKE MAMMOTH PUPPETS WITH INVISIBLE STRINGS. THEY STAND MOTIONLESS -- WAITING FOR THE OPENING BELL!

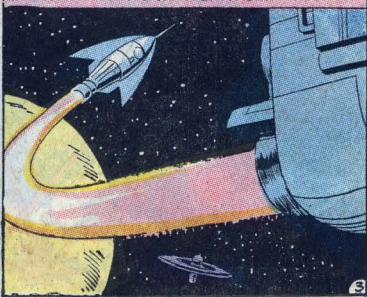


MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL SENTINEL STATION ON THE EDGE OF THE SECTOR OCCUPIED BY THE EARTH'S SPACE FORCE...

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



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...

YEOW! 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 INIGNITY 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 LUGGING 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!



**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!

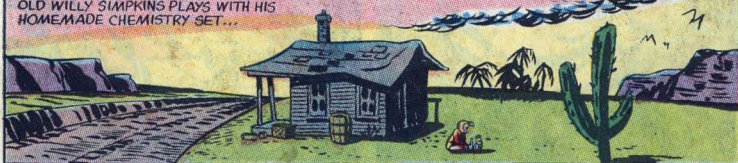
YEAH? WELL SPEAKIN' FOR BEEFY BROWN, I'D SAY A GOOD BOUT WAS WORTH MORE THAN A ROBOT WITH ROCKS IN THE HEAD ANYWAY!

THE END

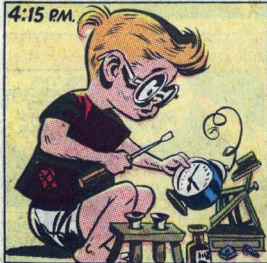
DANGER! ATOMS!

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,
SEACOAST COUNTRY, WHERE SIX YEAR
OLD WILLY SIMPKINS PLAYS WITH HIS
HOMEMADE CHEMISTRY SET...



4:15 P.M.



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



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



4:45 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...



6:00 P.M....
A EUROPEAN CAR
APPROACHES...



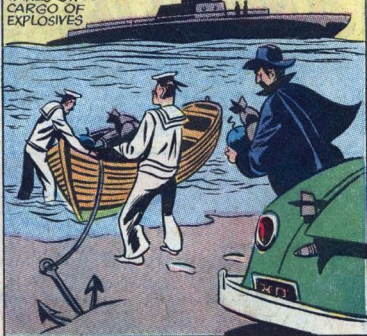
6:05 P.M....THE SINISTER
TYPE DRIVER ASKS
DIRECTIONS...



6:20 P.M....THE
EUROPEAN CAR
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.

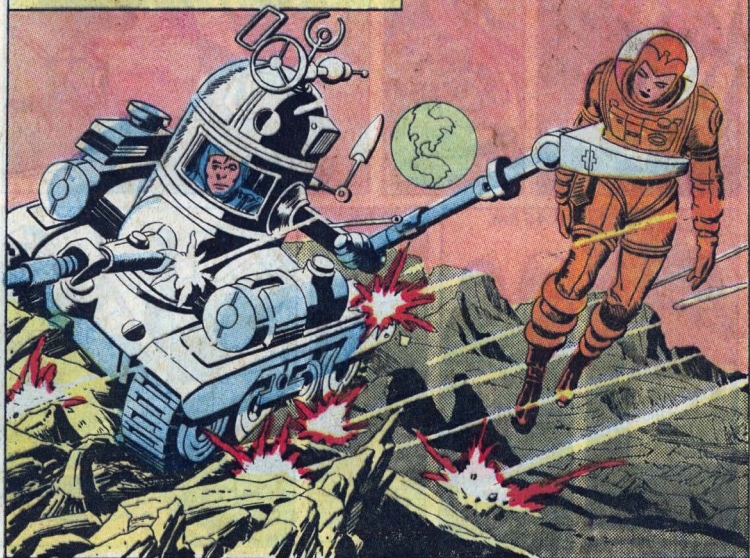


THE END

THE 3 ROCKETEERS

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...

THE GREAT MOON MYSTERY



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 IS THE FAINT HUM OF MOTORS, AND A SECTION OF THE DOME SLIDES BACK TO ADMIT THE SQUAT VEHICLE...

WHAT IN
BLAZES!
I-IT'S A
GIRL!

SHE'S NOT JUST A GIRL, KIP! THIS
IS TRINA TAYLOR, THE 3D TELE-
VISION STAR!
DON'TCHA
RECOGNIZE
HER?





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!

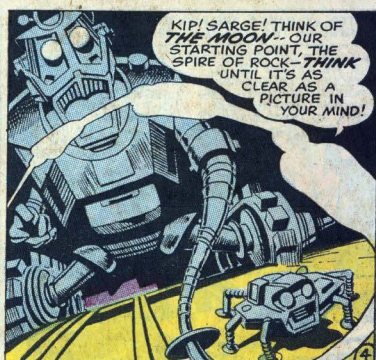
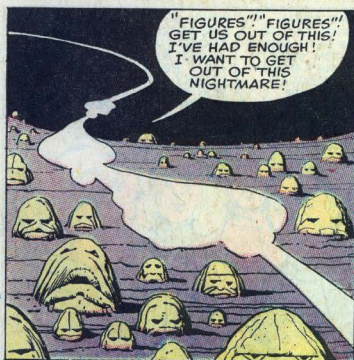
IT'LL TAKE TIME TO
ANALYZE THAT STRANGE
FORCE PROPERLY. YET
WE'VE GOT TO GET THOSE
MEN DOWN BEFORE THEIR
OXYGEN
RUNS OUT!

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!

KIP!
KIP! CAN
YOU
HEAR
ME?



FOLLOWING "FIGURES" INSTRUCTIONS, KIP MCCOY AND SERGEANT BEEFY BROWN CONCENTRATE WITH EAGERNESS BORN OF DESPERATION! THEN--!

WE DID IT! WE DID IT, "FIGURES"! HOW IN BLAZES DID YOU WORK IT OUT?

IT'S INCREDIBLE! I-I GUESSED RIGHT ON A THEORY THAT'S Madder THAN A MARCH HARE!



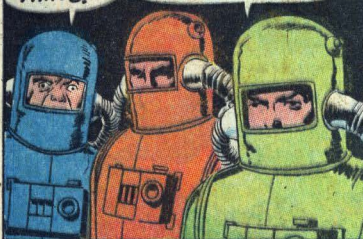
IT ALL BEGAN HERE, I THINK -- MAYBE A MILLION YEARS AGO -- MAYBE MORE -- WHEN SOMEONE--OR SOMETHING PLANTED A MACHINE HERE, ON THE MOON--AND LEFT IT TO THE AGES, WHICH COVERED IT WITH EARTH THAT HARDENED INTO ROCK!

BEEFY'S BLAST DIDN'T LEAVE ENOUGH OF THAT SPIRE OF ROCK TO PROVE ANYTHING, "FIGURES".

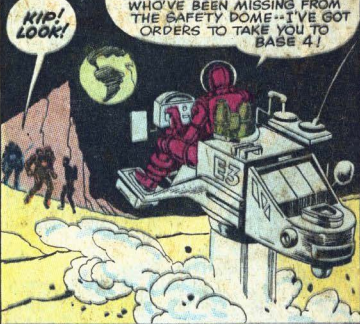


OH, YEAH? WHAT ABOUT THAT NIGHTMARE WE WERE JUST TALKING ABOUT THAT MUST PROVE SOMETHING!

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!



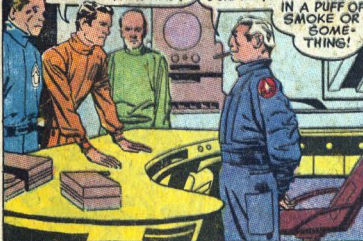
HEY, YOU GUYS! IF YOU'RE THE **THREE ROCKETEERS** WHO'VE BEEN MISSING FROM THE SAFETY DOME--I'VE GOT ORDERS TO TAKE YOU TO BASE 4!



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 5 HOUR SUPPLY OF OXYGEN!**



THE END

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 **DOING** IT! HE'S
BOUNCED A RADAR BEAM
OFF THE SURFACE
OF **MARS!**

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP!

FINALLY... THE
FIRST CONTACT
WITH ANOTHER
PLANET!

THIS IS THE BEGINNING-- WITH SATELLITES CIRCLING THE EARTH WE MAY SOON KNOW IF MARS HAS... LIFE!

WAIT! YOU'RE ILL! --THE STRAIN HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR YOU! YOU **MUST** GO HOME AND REST!



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...

WAIT! HE'S ILL!



MY CLOSEST FRIEND LAMONT HELPED ME OUTSIDE...

STEADY, WAIT-- I'LL DRIVE YOU HOME!

NO...NO! I JUST NEEDED SOME AIR! I'LL MANAGE ALONE--GO BACK AND EXTEND MY APOLOGIES TO THE OTHERS!



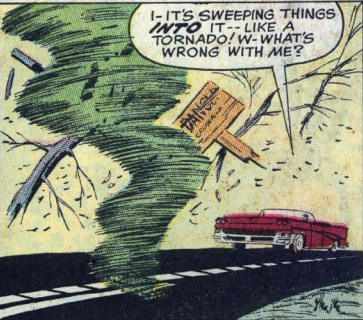
I HAD DRIVEN HALF WAY HOME WHEN I SAW IT--A GREEN, CLOUD-LIKE MIST BILLowing ACROSS THE FIELDS...

GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THAT?



I SAT TRANSFIXED AS THE BIZARRE VISION SWEEPED FORWARD...

I--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!



CLOSER...

NO...NO!



NO!



A MYRIAD OF MULTI-COLORED LIGHTS BURST IN MY BRAIN! MY WEIGHTLESS BODY SEEMED TO BE PLUNGING THROUGH A BOTTOMLESS VOID...

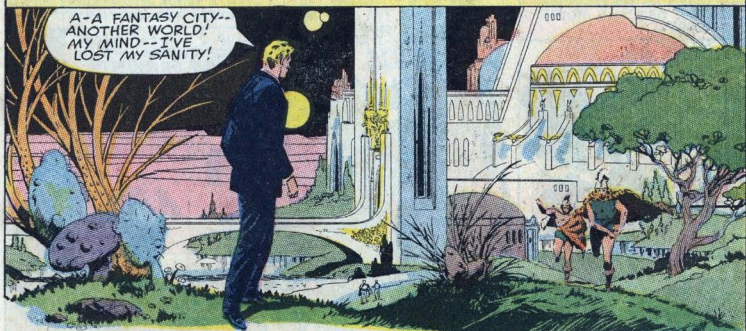


THEN, SECONDS, MINUTES OR HOURS LATER WHEN MY SENSES RETURNED...



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 TOUCHED 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! T-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-I MUST
HAVE TIME--I MUST
MAKE THEM
UNDERSTAND!

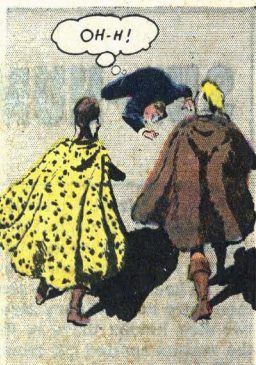
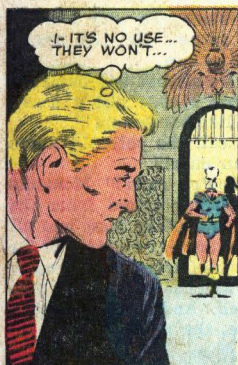
LIKE A THING POSSESSED, I RACED
THROUGH THE MARTIAN STREETS...

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 ...



SUDDENLY, MY FINGERS WENT COLD AS I LIFTED
A WARM METAL OBJECT FROM MY CHEST...



SUB-HUMAN

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.



NOW ON SALE

HE CAN STOP A SPEEDING TRAIN!
CHANGE THE DIRECTION OF A BULLET!
HE CAN BE A FLOWER, A CLOUD OR
A VICIOUS BEAST!

WE FEARLESSLY INTRODUCE

TIGER BOY FROM TWILIGHT

in

UNEARTHLY
SPECTACULARS

A HARVEY
FANTASY
THRILLER



DECAY

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.

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 aridness 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.



THE BIG PUSH IS ON!

THE ENEMY IS ADVANCING!
TOO FAST! TOO POWERFUL! WE
DON'T HAVE THE GUNS OR THE MEN
TO STOP THEM... ALL WE HAVE
IS A ONE-MAN TASK FORCE CALLED

DYNAMITE JOE
THE BLAST-CRAZY MARINE!!

in **WARFRONT**-YOUR BATTLEGROUND
in The **NEW THRILL-AGE** of COMICS!



A HARVEY
WARFRONT
THRILLER

NOW ON SALE

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.

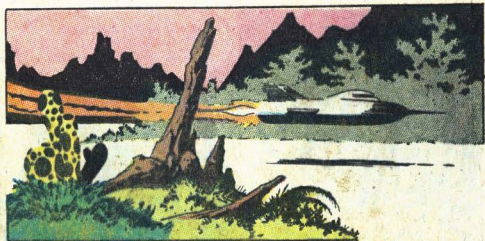
THESE FINDINGS ARE GOING TO BE A BIT OF A BLOW BACK ON EARTH!

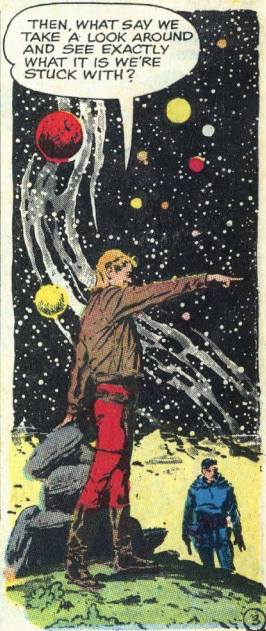
YOU'RE NOT KIDDING! WE WERE ALL SO POSITIVE THAT THIS EXPEDITION WOULD ESTABLISH OUR FIRST CONTACT WITH INTELLIGENCE BEYOND OUR OWN WORLD!

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?





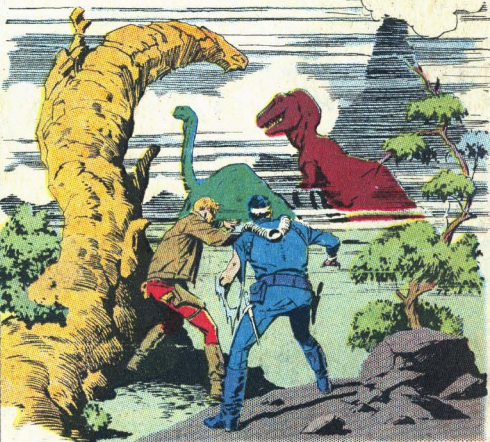


AFTER TWO HOURS OF EXPLORATION, THE TWO HAVE COME UPON NOTHING OF SIGNIFICANCE.

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**.

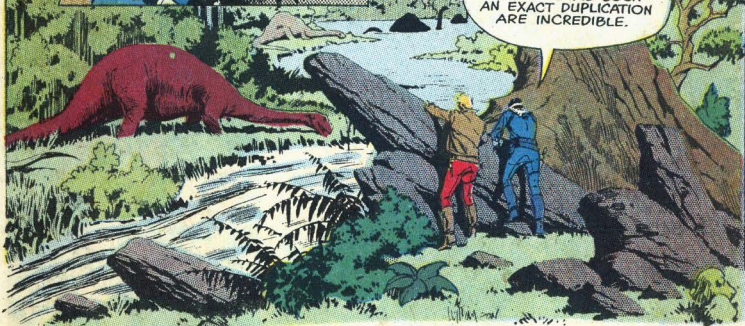


THEY HAVEN'T SEEN US. STAY BEHIND THESE ROCKS, SO WE WON'T BE SPOTTED!

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.





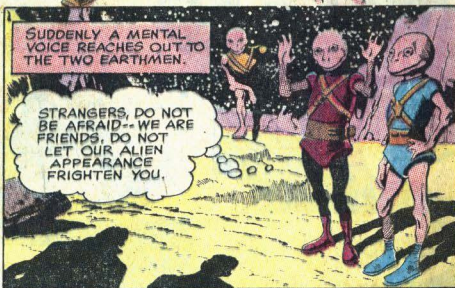
BART--
ABOVE
US!

THEY'VE
SEEN US!
RUN FOR
IT!

IT'S NO USE...
WE'RE SURROUNDED!



WE'RE DOOMED!
WE'LL NEVER SEE
EARTH AGAIN!

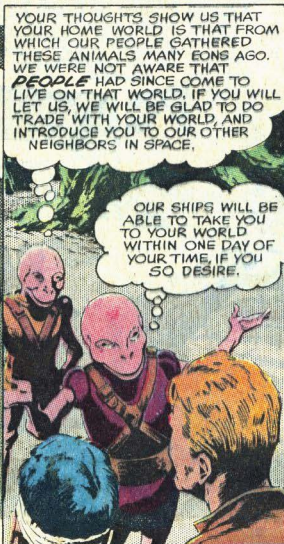


SUDDENLY A MENTAL
VOICE REACHES OUT TO
THE TWO EARTHMEN.

STRANGERS, DO NOT
BE AFRAID--WE ARE
FRIENDS. DO NOT
LET OUR ALIEN
APPEARANCE
FRIGHTEN YOU.



WE ALSO
COME FROM
ANOTHER
WORLD. THIS
PLANET IS ONE
OF OUR
RESEARCH
CENTERS FOR
ANIMAL
LIFE!



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.

OUR SHIPS WILL BE
ABLE TO TAKE YOU
TO YOUR WORLD
WITHIN ONE DAY OF
YOUR TIME, IF YOU
SO DESIRE.



DO YOU
THINK WE
SHOULD ACCEPT
THEIR OFFER,
CARL?

WELL... AFTER
CAREFUL
CONSIDERATION,
I THINK THEIR
OFFER IS
JUST... **JIM
DANDY!**

THE
END

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CYCLE PUTTER



Really dress up your BIKE. Sounds just like a Motor Bike. Made of heavy plastic and steel. No. 8023. Only 39c

SQUIRT FLOWER



When your friend tries to smell it all he'll get is a face full of water. Comes complete with long rubber hose and bulb. No. 3013. Only 25c



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It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block chasing after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No. 4020 50c



PRANKSTER WHISTLE

Greatest gag in years. Just place inside any tail-pipe and watch the fun. As soon as he starts the car it will sound as if the whole motor fell out. It's a panic, but completely harmless. No. 7021 75c



SPIDER RING

This jumbo Rubber Spider with moving eyes comes attached to an adjustable metal ring and is sure to scare everybody. Large size 4 1/2" x 4 1/2". Made of flexible rubber. No. 4008 Only 45c



WHOOOPS

Looks like someone lost their lunch. Place it on the floor and wait for your first unsuspecting victim to walk in—ugh. Better catch him before he faints. No. 5016 Only .75

LOUD NOSE BLOWER



Blow your nose and it will sound like the roof caved in. Fits right in your handkerchief out of sight. No. 6018 only 20c



PEPPER GUM

Hi Pal, have a piece of gum. Once he starts chewing you better have a glass of water ready. Completely harmless but a million laughs. No. 5008 15



JIU-JITSU

This is one of the most popular

books on the art of self defense. Now you needn't back away from anyone. Many illustrations show you how to defend yourself from bullies. We also include "FREE" a book on strong man stunts. No. 4003 Only \$1.00



JOY BUZZER

Shake hands and watch your friend jump 6 feet high. Completely harmless. No. 7005 50



MAGIC ROCKS

MAGIC ROCKS — Colourful large pellets. "Plant" them with the magic solution using the planting tweezers. They will grow within a short time. Terrific for underwater effects. No. 1022 Only \$1.00



WHOOPEE CUSHION

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ONLY 1.00

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X-RAY-SPEX

A wonderful illusion to fool your buddies. Put them on, now is that really his skull you see inside his head? Prove to him you can see through anything. No. 7014 \$1.00



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This whistle can not be heard by any human, but your pet will hear it blocks away. Everyone will be amazed when he comes running as soon as he hears his own private whistle. No. 1009 Only \$1.88

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ITEM No.	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose plus 15c postage and shipping in cash, cheque or money order.

NAME

ADDRESS

Watch 'em go!

Daisy/matic® multi-action toys



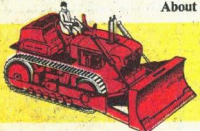
Model 72 Gun Boat. Fires caps, machine guns flash, cannon fires, recoils, raises and lowers. Funnel smokes, radar circles.
About \$5.98



Model 74 Super Tank. Stop-go-stop action. Advances, climbs, fires cap burst. Machine guns flash, cannon revolves, shoots.
About \$7.98



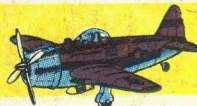
Model 61 Cement Mixer. Mixes, dumps. Headlamps light. Runs in circles... goes forward... operates in reverse.
About \$6.98



Model 66 Super Dozer. Massive blade lifts manually... exhaust stacks flash. Goes forward, reverses, turns, spins, climbs.
About \$8.98



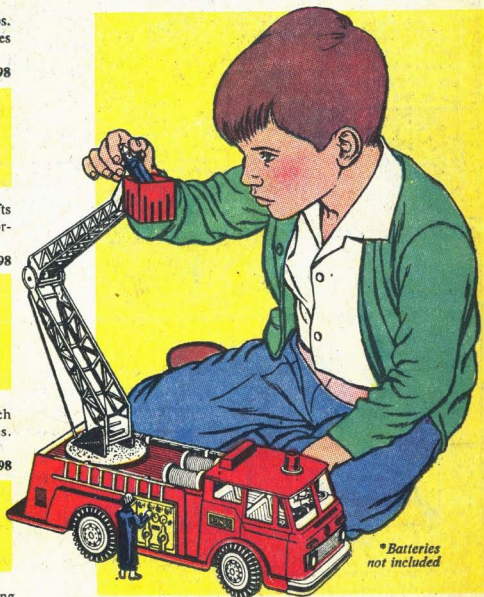
Model 63 Highway Tow Truck. Winch raises, lowers; emergency light flashes. Truck goes forward, reverses, circles.
About \$6.98



Model 67 P-47 Thunderbolt Plane. Landing gear retracts, lowers. Prop turns, bomb drops, guns chatter and flash. About \$6.98

Full of action... plenty of fun. Every one does more than move, too. Lights work, signals blink, sirens wail, trucks dump! Besides, these bruisers are "Spittin' Image" models of the real things. Battery operated* and ruggedly constructed of high-impact plastic and rustproof metal. Look for these and all the other Daisy/matic models at toy, department, and hardware stores.

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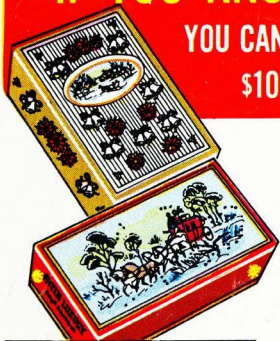
Model 71 Fire Engine. Truck goes forward, reverses, turns. Siren wails... the ladder revolves, lifts, and lowers. About \$8.98

BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN



IF YOU KNOW JUST 10 PEOPLE...

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



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GOLDEN TREASURES ASS'T. (top)...21 gorgeous Christmas cards...rich, colorful designs with exquisite "gold pattern" backgrounds and fine sculptured embossing.

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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!

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