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SHOWCASE

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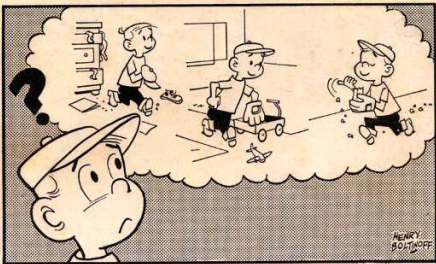
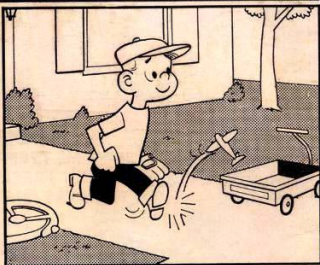
The SPACE RANGER

THOSE SHANN-MEN
HAVE ME TRAPPED -- AND I
HAVEN'T FREED MYRA YET
FROM THE PARALYBEAM!



**AMAZING
INTERPLANETARY
ADVENTURES OF A
BOLD NEW HERO
OF THE FUTURE!**

ARE *YOU* A LITTER-BUG?



The **SPACE RANGER**

FROM THE DEEP
BLACK VOIDS OF SPACE
THEY CAME--
INTERPLANETARY
PIRATES, PLUNDERING
THE SOLAR SYSTEM OF
ONE OF ITS MOST
PRECIOUS ELEMENTS.
WHAT WAS THEIR
MOTIVE--THEIR
ULTIMATE OBJECTIVE?
THIS WAS THE PUZZLE
CHALLENGING THE
GALLANT SPACE RANGER,
AS HE SOUGHT TO DESTROY...

The **GREAT PLUTONIUM PLOT**

AT LAST, I'VE
ADDED YOU TO MY
COLLECTION OF CRIME
SOUVENIRS, **SPACE
RANGER**... AND HERE
YOU'LL STAY FOR THE
REST OF YOUR
LIFE!

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SOMEWHERE AMID THE 30,000,000 MILES SEPARATING EARTH AND VENUS, THE INTERPLANETARY LINER 'ASTEREX' BRAKES TO A SUDDEN STOP...

WHAM

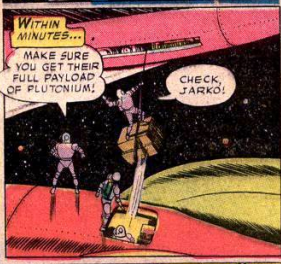
ENERGY BLAST ACROSS OUR BOW, CAPTAIN! SOMEONE'S FIRING AT US!

REVERSE ENGINES TO IDLING POSITION!

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE CARGO SHIP...

JARKO--THE JOVIAN SPACE PIRATE! I THOUGHT FLEET PATROL HAD CHASED YOU CLEAN OUT OF THIS GALAXY!

THEY DID... BUT I'M BACK IN BUSINESS NOW! MY NEXT ENERGY BLAST WILL HIT YOU BROADSIDE, IF YOU TRY TO STOP US FROM BOARDING YOUR VESSEL!



WITHIN MINUTES...

MAKE SURE YOU GET THEIR FULL PAYLOAD OF PLUTONIUM!

CHECK, JARKO!

AND AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN A PLUTONIUM FACTORY ON EARTH'S MOON...



DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A MOVE, AND NO ONE GETS HURT!

I RECOGNIZE YOU... YOU'RE GURPH-- THE MARTIAN RAIDER! BUT... I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN PRISON!

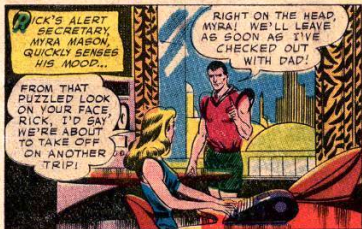
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST ESCAPING... HA, HA! AFTER ALL, IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET MY HANDS ON ALL THIS PLUTONIUM!

SOON, IN THE LUXURIOUS OFFICES OF ALLIED SOLAR ENTERPRISES, YOUNG RICK STARR SCANS THE LATEST NEWSPAPES...

ROBBERS ON THE VENUS RUN-- ON THE MOON--AND THE OTHER DAY, IN MARSPOORT... ONLY STEALING PLUTONIUM! AND THE RAIDERS... ALL SPACE CRIMINALS WHO'VE BEEN OUT OF CIRCULATION! HMM...



PLUTONIUM RAIDS



RICK'S ALERT SECRETARY, MYRA MASON, QUICKLY SENSES HIS MOOD...

FROM THAT PUZZLED LOOK ON YOUR FACE, RICK, I'D SAY WE'RE ABOUT TO TAKE OFF ON ANOTHER TRIP!

RIGHT ON THE HEAD, MYRA! WE'LL LEAVE AS SOON AS I'VE CHECKED OUT WITH DAD!

AND IN THE OFFICE OF MILLIONAIRE THADDEUS STARR, OWNER OF ALLIED SOLAR ENTERPRISES...

...YES, DAD, I'VE DECIDED TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP TO MARS-- TO INSPECT SOME OF THE NEW MINING EQUIPMENT.

GOOD... GOOD... ALWAYS GLAD TO SEE YOU TAKING AN INTEREST IN YOUR WORK, SON!



THUS, AN HOUR LATER, AT EARTHPORT NEW YORK...

YOU STILL HAVEN'T TOLD ME WHY WE'RE FLYING TO MARS, RICK! DOES IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT OUTBREAK OF PLUTONIUM ROBBERIES?

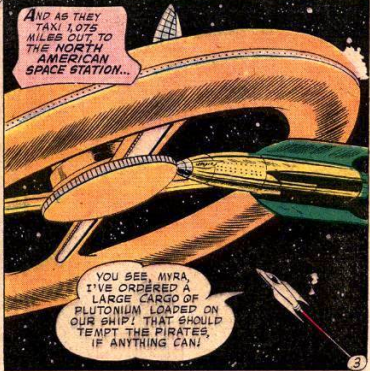
YES, MYRA... I EXPECT IT'LL REQUIRE THE SERVICES OF THE SPACE RANGER!



AS GLASSING ELEVATORS CARRY THE PAIR UP TO THE SPACE-TAXI STANDS...

DO YOU HAVE ANY PLAN FOR SMOKING OUT THE THIEVES?

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT I'M HOPING THEY'LL TRY TO ROB THE SHIP THAT WE'RE TRAVELING ON!



AND AS THEY TAXI 1,075 MILES OUT, TO THE NORTH AMERICAN SPACE STATION...

YOU SEE, MYRA, I'VE ORDERED A LARGE CARGO OF PLUTONIUM LOADED ON OUR SHIP! THAT SHOULD TEMPT THE PIRATES, IF ANYTHING CAN!

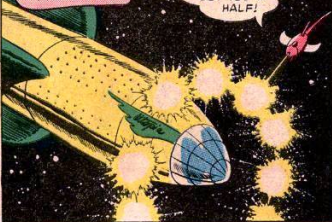
FROM THE STATION LOUNGE, THE PAIR CROSSES A GLASS CORRIDOR ONTO THE LUXURY LINER UTOPIA...

I EVEN TOLD REPORTERS THAT WE'LL HAVE PLUTONIUM ABOARD-- SO, BY NOW, THE WHOLE SOLAR SYSTEM KNOWS ABOUT IT!



THE GREAT LINER ROCKETS MARS-WARD, UNTIL 40,000,000 MILES OUT...

I'VE GOT YOU IN A SUSPENSION RING, UTOPIA! HEAVE TO AND DEADEN YOUR MOTORS, OR I'LL CUT YOU IN HALF!



SHORTLY...

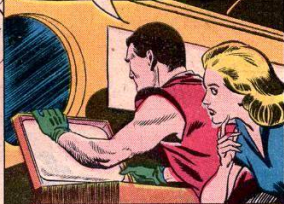
WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, RICK?

SHH...WHAT I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE IS THAT I COATED SOME OF THE PLUTONIUM WITH AUDIUM. THAT NEW SUBSTANCE WHICH GIVES OFF ULTRA-SONIC SOUND WAVES!

IN THIS OVERNIGHT BAG IS A NEW INVENTION OF MINE--AN AUDIUM SCANNER, WHICH WORKS ON THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS OLD-FASHIONED SONAR!



THERE THEY GO, MYRA, WITH THE LOOT! QUICK--INTO MY STATE-ROOM!



IT WORKS, ALL RIGHT! SEE THAT PIP ON THE GRAPH SCREEN? THAT'S THE PIRATE SHIP--ROCKETING STRAIGHT FOR MARS!





"YES-- NOW IT'S
LANDING ON MARS...
THAT MUST BE
WHERE THEIR HIDE-
OUT IS LOCATED!"

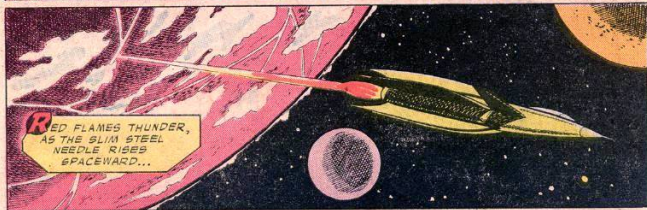
I MUST GET TO THAT
HIDEOUT, MYRA! SOON
AS WE DOCK AT MARSPORT,
YOU MAKE RESERVATIONS
AT THE MARTIAN MOON
HOTEL!

SIGH I
NEVER GET
IN ON THE
FUN!

AFTER THE LINER HAS DOCKED
RICK STARR VISITS A PRIVATE
SPACECRAFT HANGAR ON THE
CITY OUTSKIRTS...

IT'S
READY
TO ROLL,
MR. STARR!

GOOD WORK, JOE...
IF ANYONE ASKS
QUESTIONS,
REMEMBER--
YOU HAVEN'T
SEEN ME!



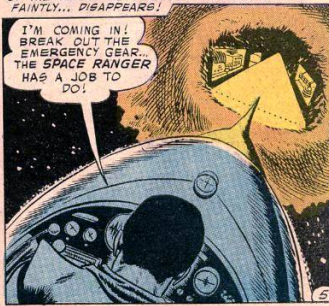
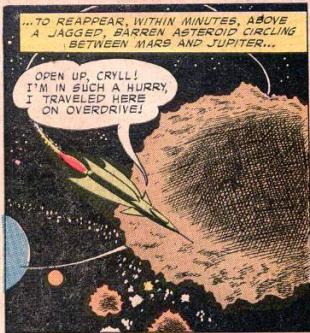
RED FLAMES THUNDER,
AS THE SLIM STEEL
NEEDLE RIDES
SPACEWARD...

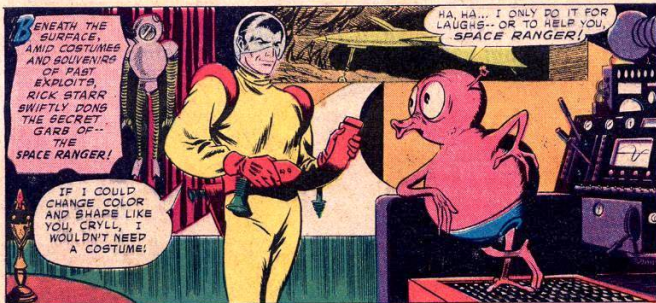
...TO REAPPEAR, WITHIN MINUTES, ABOVE
A JAGGED, BARREN ASTEROID CIRCLING
BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER...

OPEN UP, CRYLL!
I'M IN SUCH A HURRY,
I TRAVELED HERE
ON OVERDRIVE!

IN RESPONSE TO THE CALL FROM RICK, A SECTION
OF THE ROCKY ASTEROID SHIMMERS... GLOWS
FAINTLY... DISAPPEARS!

I'M COMING IN!
BREAK OUT THE
EMERGENCY GEAR...
THE SPACE RANGER
HAS A JOB TO
DO!





BENEATH THE
 SURFACE,
 AMID COSTUMES
 AND SOUVENIRS
 OF PAST
 EXPLOITS,
 RICK STARR
 SWIFTLY DONS
 THE SECRET
 GARB OF--
 THE
 SPACE RANGER!

HA, HA... I ONLY DO IT FOR
 LAUGHS-- OR TO HELP YOU,
 SPACE RANGER!

IF I COULD
 CHANGE COLOR
 AND SHAPE LIKE
 YOU, CRYLL, I
 WOULDN'T NEED
 A COSTUME!



"IT CERTAINLY WAS
 MY LUCKY DAY WHEN
 YOU FOUND ME
 STRANDED FAR OUT
 IN THE DEEPS OF
 SPACE BEYOND PLUTO."

WHATEVER
 HAPPENED TO
 HIS SHIP CAME
 SO SUDDENLY,
 HE WAS FROZEN
 SOLID!
 FORTUNATELY,
 HE'S STILL
 ALIVE!



WHY ARE YOU
 CHANGING
 COLOR NOW,
 CRYLL?

NERVOUSNESS,
 I SUPPOSE!
 I'M ALWAYS A
 LITTLE NERVOUS
 WHEN WE START
 OUT ON A
 MISSION!

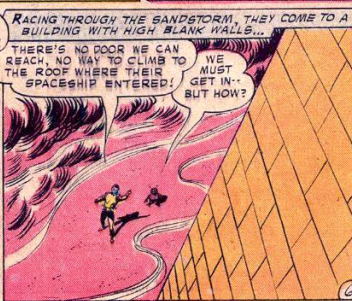
UNDER POWERFUL SPACE OVER-
 DRIVE THAT HE HIMSELF HAS
 INVENTED, THE SPACE
 RANGER STREAKS OVER
 MARS LIKE A HURTLING COMET...

THE SCANNER GRAPH SHOWS
 THEIR HIDEOUT IS DIRECTLY
 BELOW! THESE CARBORALYX
 PELLETS WILL CAUSE
 AN AIR SWIRL--AND
 A SANDSTORM!



MINUTES LATER,
 AS THE RED
 SANDS SWIRL
 WILDLY, THE
 SPACE SHIP
 LANDS BEHIND
 SOME ANCIENT
 RUINS, AND...

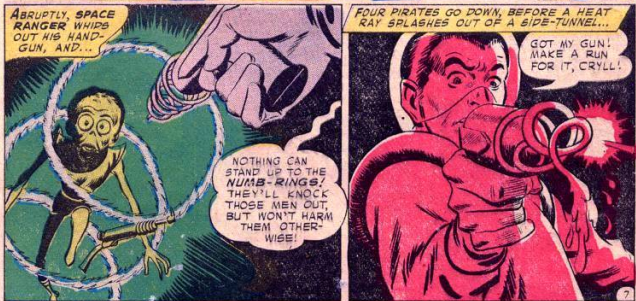
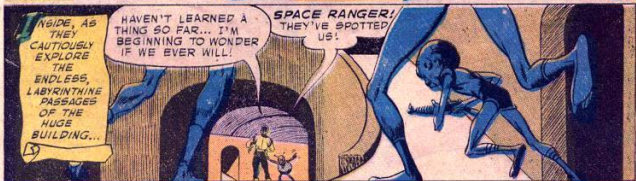
THE SAND WILL HIDE
 US AS WE APPROACH
 THE PRIVATE HIDEOUT!

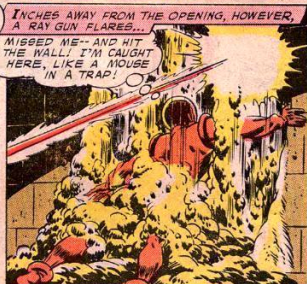


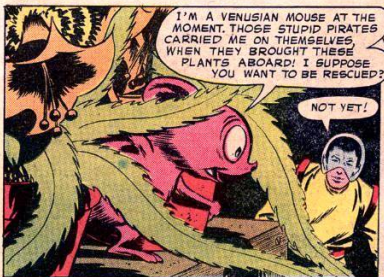
RACING THROUGH THE SANDSTORM, THEY COME TO A
 BUILDING WITH HIGH BLANK WALLS...

THERE'S NO DOOR WE CAN
 REACH, NO WAY TO CLIMB TO
 THE ROOF WHERE THEIR
 SPACESHIP ENTERED!

WE
 MUST
 GET IN--
 BUT HOW?







I'M A VENUSIAN MOUSE AT THE MOMENT. THOSE STUPID PIRATES CARRIED ME ON THEMSELVES WHEN THEY BROUGHT THESE PLANTS ABOARD! I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO BE RESCUED?

NOT YET!



THE PIRATES ARE TAKING THE PLUTONIUM TO THEIR MAIN HIDEOUT-- AND THAT'S WHERE I WANT TO GO! I MUST LEARN WHY PLUTONIUM IS SO VALUABLE TO THEM, AND WHO'S BEHIND THESE ROBBERIES! MEANWHILE, STAY OUT OF SIGHT...



REACHING GANYMEDE, A MOON OF THE PLANET JUPITER, THE CRAFT BRAKES FOR A LANDING...



SOON, IN THE GREAT AUDIENCE HALL OF THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD...

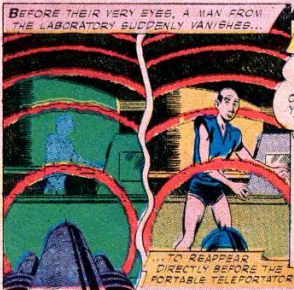
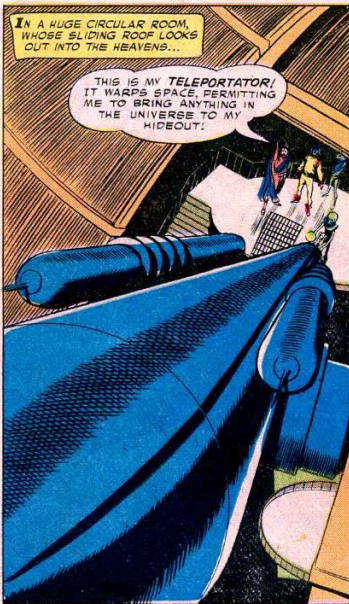
ZANDOR--THE RENEGADE SCIENTIST! I MIGHT'VE KNOWN IT WAS YOU BEHIND THOSE PLUTONIUM ROBBERIES!

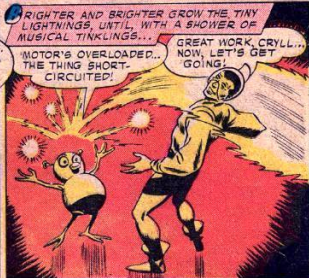
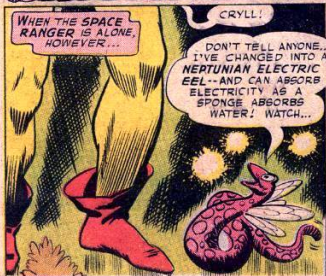
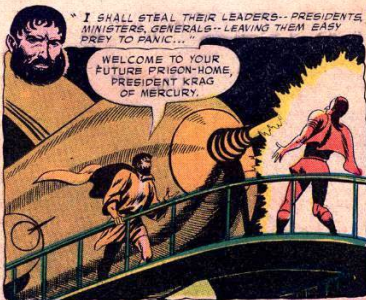


YES, SPACE RANGER... YOU YOURSELF TERMED ME THE MOST DANGEROUS CRIMINAL IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM! NOW, PERMIT ME TO SHOW YOU MY GREATEST WEAPON...



I'VE WORKED ON IT FOR YEARS-- AND WITH THE AID OF MY ASSISTANTS I'VE FINALLY PERFECTED IT! WHEN I HAVE ENOUGH PLUTONIUM TO GIVE IT FULL POWER, I'LL BE ABLE TO CONQUER THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM!





TWISTING AND TURNING, THE SPACE SHIP
SEEKS TO LOSE THE DEADLY HANG ON
TELEPORTATOR...

WE HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT A SOLAR GUN
TO FIGHT WITH!
WHAT'LL WE DO,
SPACE RANGER?

TIGHT, CRYLL!
I'M GOING TO
RISK EVERY-
THING...



THE ELECTRON DISPLACER
I MADE FROM ODDS AND ENDS
IN THE SHIP WILL BURN A HOLE
IN THE SHIP'S SIDE, LETTING
OUT THE AIR!



AFTER ZANDOR AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE BEEN
IMPRISONED AND THE TELEPORTATOR TURNED
OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES...

MYRA, YOU COULD HAVE
SEEN TO THAT MINING
EQUIPMENT INSTALLATION
WHILE I WAS GONE!

WHY--
WHATEVER DO
YOU MEAN,
RICK?



WELL...UH...
YOU KNOW
HOW MUCH I
HATE-- HARD
WORK!



The
END



...BY
RAMMING
HIM!

THAT DID IT! ZANDOR AND HIS MEN ARE
OUT COLD-- BUT A RESUSCITATOR UNIT
WILL BRING THEM BACK TO
CONSCIOUSNESS! BY THE TIME
A SPACE PATROL SHIP GETS
HERE, I'LL HAVE THEM
READY FOR JAIL!



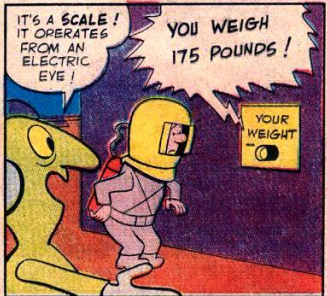
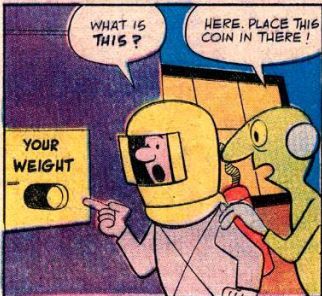
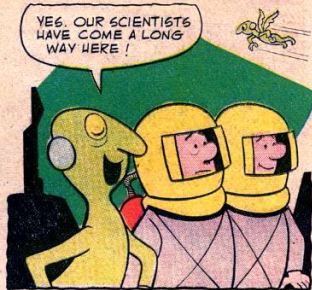
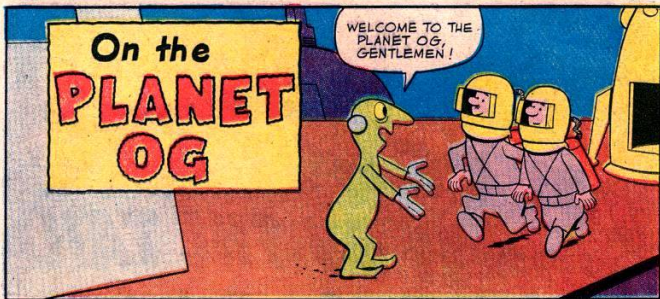


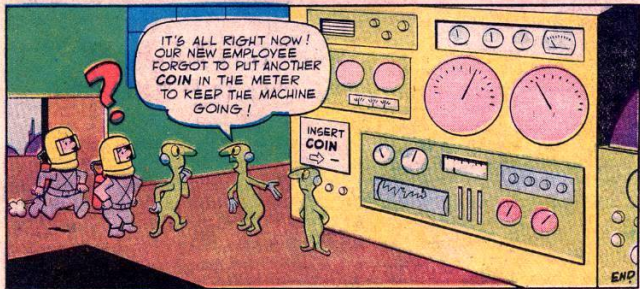
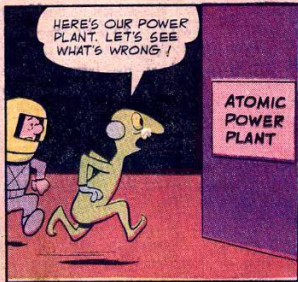
YOU'VE GOT A COMET BY THE TAIL

WHEN YOU ROCKET INTO
THE UNKNOWN WITH **TWO**
OF THE MOST EXCITING
SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES
ON EARTH!



**AMAZING TRIPS INTO
THE UNKNOWN!
ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES
ON OTHER WORLDS!
ASTONISHING EXPERIMENTS
OF SUPER-SCIENCE!**





ESCAPE FROM PLANET X

DAN STOVER stared open-mouthed at the humanoids surrounding him. Their telepathically-relayed words made his eyes open wide with fear.

"You came down here to spy on us. For that, you must be executed!"

Stover gulped, then found his voice. "You're wrong. I was returning to Earth from a good-will trip to Thuvia. I came down here to make some repairs on the rocket motors. I—I don't even know the name of this planet. I was just about to take off when you surrounded me!"

But they didn't believe him.

Stover was led into a kind of bunkhouse. "You will remain here until we return with the proper execution order. It is the law."

Stover glanced at the large windows. "Smashing one of them should be easy," he thought. "My space ship is only a 10-second dash from here."

But one of the humanoids smiled, obviously intercepting his thoughts. He pointed to a large control panel on the other side of the room.

"Any attempt to escape will result in your instant doom," warned the leader of the humanoids. "This steel robot will be set electronically to attack anything in this room that moves. Remember, the slightest movement will bring its steel fists down upon you."

Stover watched as the humanoids filed out. A moment later, a hand appeared through an opening from the outside. The hand pulled a lever on the control panel—and the robot stiffened into lifelike alertness. Stover could see his captors disappearing behind a hill. They had not even bothered to lock the door of the bunkhouse!

Stover's eyes shifted toward the robot. Suddenly, unseen gears ground into movement, and the steel creature took a single foreboding step toward him.

Stover gasped. Just the movement of his

eyes shifting had triggered the steel thing into action!

No wonder the humanoids were not concerned about the possibility of his escaping. He could imagine what would happen if he tried to make a desperate dash out the door. The robot could move with incredible speed, and Stover suppressed a shudder at the thought of those huge steel fists raining blows on him.

But if he did not escape, the humanoids would be back, and that would be the end of him.

Precious minutes raced by, while Stover racked his brain. "There has to be a way out!" He thought, desperately. But another thought contradicted the first one: "Not necessarily. Men have died before in traps they couldn't get out of. Maybe this time it's my turn!"

Stover, sitting stiffly in his loose-fitting space suit, mentally counted the equipment items that hung from his belt. A lot of good his gun would do against that steel giant! An extra supply of oxygen capsules. A flashlight.

A flashlight!

"Remember, the slightest movement will bring its steel fists down upon you!"

The flashlight rested against Stover's right hand. His bulky suit hid the movement of his fingers as they gripped the flashlight, and focused it at the control board across the room.

Next instant, the flashlight beam danced on the control board. The robot whirled about at dazzling speed, wheeled across the room, and soon its fists were crashing into the board, smashing it.

Then, abruptly, the robot froze, one of its powerful fists uplifted. *It had destroyed its own source of power!*

Dan Stover took a last look at the motionless robot, then raced out toward his waiting space ship.

The SPACE RANGER

THEIR NEEDLE RAYS ARE MAKING ME SO HEAVY, I'M SINKING INTO THE GROUND! I CAN'T EVEN LIFT A FINGER TO DEFEND MYSELF!



DOOM THREATENS THE ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEM, AS EARTH, MARS AND VENUS BEGIN TO FALL TOWARD THE SUN! AND WHEN THE SPACE RANGER SETS OUT TO LEARN THE FATAL SECRET BEHIND THE THREAT, HE FINDS THAT AGAINST HIM IS ARRAYED THE MIGHT OF A WORLD OF MECHANICAL MARVELS--THE MIGHT OF...

THE ROBOT PLANET

FROM OUT OF THE VAST GULF BETWEEN OUR SOLAR SYSTEM AND ITS NEAREST STAR NEIGHBOR, ALPHA CENTAURI, COMES A STRANGE MACHINE, THE LIKE OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN, BY HUMAN EYES...

ON A ROUTINE EXPLORATION OF OUTER SPACE, THE FAMED SPACE RANGER SOON COMES UPON THE UNIQUE MECHANISM...

INSIDE HIS SPACE SHIP...

WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE NINE PLANETS IS IT? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT, CRYLL, IS TAKE IT TO OUR LABORATORY!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S BEEN BANGED UP PRETTY BADLY! JUDGING FROM THE IMPACT SCRATCHES, A SHOWER OF METEORS MUST HAVE HIT IT!



SOME TIME LATER, IN THE SPACE RANGER'S SECRET ASTEROID HEADQUARTERS...

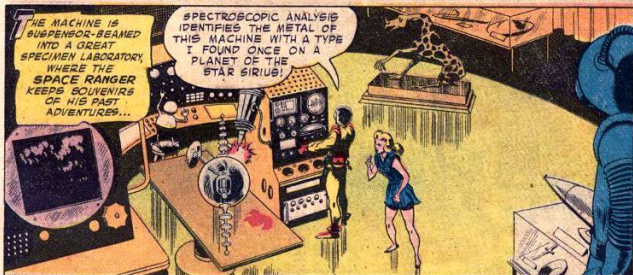
I HAD TO COME, RICK, IN MY PRIVATE SHIP! SOMETHING'S TERRIBLY WRONG... ALL THE PLANETS ARE SLOWLY MOVING INWARD TOWARD THE SUN!

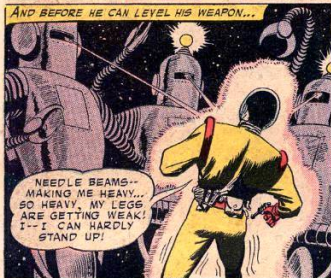
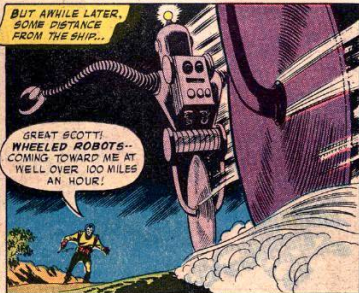
IT WAS FIRST NOTICED AT MOUNT PALOMAR OBSERVATORY...

JIM, I KNOW THIS SOUNDS AS IF I'VE FLIPPED-- BUT THE EARTH IS GRADUALLY BEING PULLED IN TOWARD THE SUN!

NO NEED TO TELL YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN, IF THIS CONTINUES... EARTH, MARS, VENUS-- ALL THE PLANETS-- WILL CRASH INTO THE SUN IN A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE!







BUT, A MOMENT LATER...



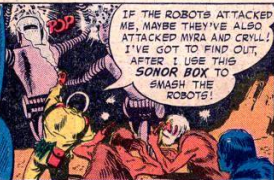
OF COURSE! THEIR SPECIAL BOWSTRINGS EMIT A HIGH-PITCHED SOUND! JUST AS A HIGH MUSICAL NOTE CAN BREAK A VASE, SO THESE CATGUT STRINGS BREAK THOSE ANTENNAE KNOBS...AND I'M FREE OF THEIR RAYS!



JOINING THE FIGHT, THE SPACE RANGER ADDS HIS MODERN SCIENCE TO THE OLD-FASHIONED METHODS OF THE CAVE PEOPLE...



IF THE ROBOTS ATTACKED ME, MAYBE THEY'VE ALSO ATTACKED MYRA AND CRYLL! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT, AFTER I USE THIS SONOR BOX TO SMASH THE ROBOTS!



WHEN THE MECHANICAL MEN HAVE BEEN DEFEATED...

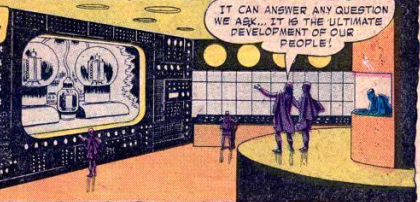
I AM PANAAN, LEADER OF THE SHANN-PEOPLE! WE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU TO YOUR SPACE SHIP, WHILE I EXPLAIN A LITTLE ABOUT OURSELVES!



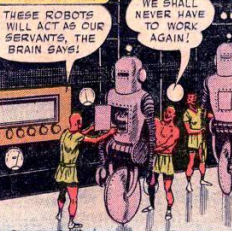
"MORE THAN 500 YEARS AGO, OUR ANCESTORS DEVELOPED AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN IN WHICH WAS STORED ALL THE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR RACE..."



IT CAN ANSWER ANY QUESTION WE ASK...IT IS THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR PEOPLE!



"INSIDE TWO CENTURIES, OUR PEOPLE DEPENDED ON THE GREAT BRAIN TO SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS! WE EVEN BUILT ROBOTS ACCORDING TO ITS INSTRUCTIONS..."



THESE ROBOTS WILL ACT AS OUR SERVANTS, THE BRAIN SAYS!

WE SHALL NEVER HAVE TO WORK AGAIN!

BUT ONE DAY, A LITTLE MORE THAN A CENTURY AGO, THE ROBOTS--DIRECTED BY THE GREAT BRAIN--ROSE UP AND TOOK OVER OUR PEOPLE. ONLY A FEW OF US MANAGED TO FLEE TO THE HILLS..."





WITH OUR HOME-MADE WEAPONS WE HAVE WAGED GUERRILLA WARFARE AGAINST THE ROBOTS, HOPING SOME DAY TO OVERCOME THIS TYRANNY!

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO HELP!

AS THE SPACE RANGER ENTERS HIS SHIP...

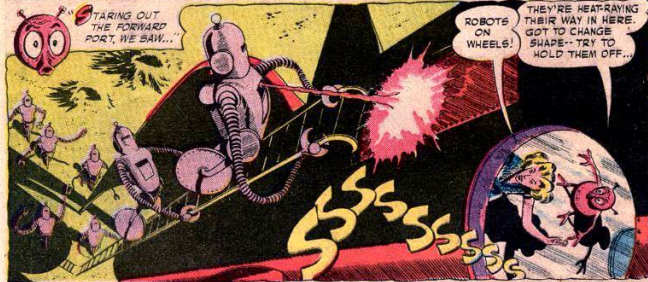
MYRA! CRYLL! WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M OVER HERE--IN THE FORM OF A SATURNIAN MARSH-CAT... AND HAVE I GOT A HEADACHE!



AND MYRA?... WHERE IS SHE? WHAT HAPPENED HERE?

IT BEGAN TEN MINUTES AFTER YOU'D LEFT. MYRA AND I WERE GOING ABOUT OUR USUAL CHORES WHEN WE HEARD A RUMBLING SOUND...



STARING OUT THE FORWARD PORT, WE SAW...

ROBOTS ON WHEELS!

THEY'RE HEAT-RAYING THEIR WAY IN HERE. GOT TO CHANGE SHAPE-- TRY TO HOLD THEM OFF...



"I TRANSFORMED MYSELF INTO A SATURNIAN MARSH-CAT (THEY EAT METAL MOLECULES WITH THEIR ANTENNAE, YOU KNOW) JUST AS THE ROBOTS SWARMED IN..."

MY BLASTER HAS NO EFFECT ON THEM! CRYLL-- HELP ME!

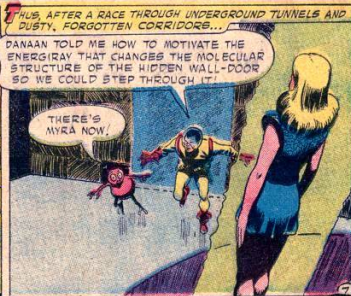
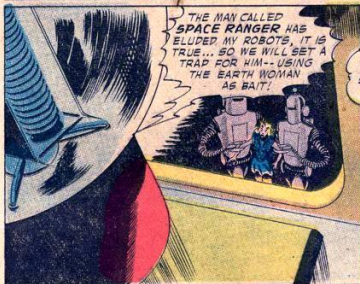
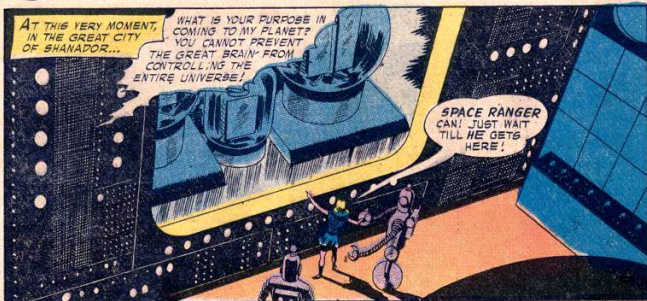
OH!!!

JUST BEFORE I PASSED OUT, I SAW THEM LIFT MYRA AND CARRY HER AWAY!

GREAT SCOTT-- WHERE COULD THEY HAVE TAKEN HER?

I THINK I KNOW.







A MIGHTY LEAP TO THE FANTASTIC MACHINE, A SWIFT CHANGE OF FOCUS, AND...



YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, MYRA!



DANAAN TOLD ME IT WAS THE ROBOTS WHO BUILT THE STRANGE MACHINES REVOLVING AROUND OUR SUN! IN THAT WAY, THE GREAT BRAIN INTENDS TO FORCE THE SOLAR SYSTEM INTO SURRENDERING AND BECOMING A PART OF THE ROBOT EMPIRE!





"... BECAUSE THE GREAT BRAIN IS BUILT A MILE DEEP INTO THE GROUND, AND CRISSCROSSED BY HUNDREDS OF CORRIDORS! SOMEWHERE DEEP BELOW THE SURFACE IS ITS VITAL POWER SOURCE..."

DEEP INTO THOSE CORRIDORS RACES THE SPACE RANGER, WITH MYRA AND CRYLL BEHIND HIM...

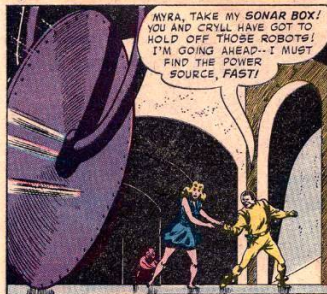
THERE MUST BE MILES OF THESE TUNNELS... HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE POWER SOURCE?



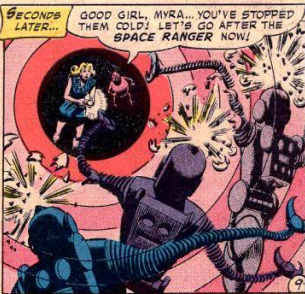
DANAAN SAID WE'D FIND A BARRIER OF DIAMOND PRISMS RIGHT BEFORE THE POWER SOURCE CHAMBER... KEEP WATCHING FOR IT!



SPACE RANGER-- LOOK! THE ROBOTS ARE COMING.



MYRA, TAKE MY SONAR BOX! YOU AND CRYLL HAVE GOT TO HOLD OFF THOSE ROBOTS! I'M GOING AHEAD-- I MUST FIND THE POWER SOURCE, FAST!



SECONDS LATER...

GOOD GIRL, MYRA... YOU'VE STOPPED THEM COLD! LET'S GO AFTER THE SPACE RANGER NOW!

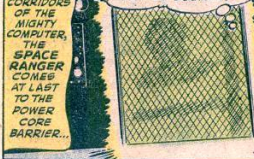
BUT EVEN NOW, FAR ABOVE THE DESPERATE SEARCHERS, THE MIGHTY ELECTRONIC BRAIN BATTLES WITH THE ACCUMULATED WISDOM OF CENTURIES THAT IS LOCKED INTO ITS RELAY SYSTEMS...

SECTION X-45 OF ROBOT-CORPS-- INTO THE TUNNELS TO STOP THE EARTH PEOPLE! OTHER SECTIONS TO THE CITY STREETS, TO FIGHT THE SHANN GUERRILLAS!



WHILE IN THE ENDLESS CORRIDORS OF THE MIGHTY COMPUTER, THE SPACE RANGER COMES AT LAST TO THE POWER CORE BARRIER...

I'LL NEED TIME TO GET THROUGH IT-- AND LEARN HOW TO SMASH THE CENTRAL POWER SOURCE!



AGAINST THE ROBOT TYRANNY, A REJUVENATED REBEL FORCE STRIKES BACK...

FIGHT, MY PEOPLE! FIGHT FOR FREEDOM!



WAIT... LOOK! THE BRAIN HAS SENT NEW ROBOTS-- ONES WITHOUT THE GLASS KNOBS! THE SONAR BOX WILL HAVE NO EFFECT ON THEM!



MAYBE I CAN HELP A LITTLE HERE...

ONCE AGAIN, CRYLL CHANGES THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF HIS STRANGE BODY, THIS TIME TO APPEAR AS...

A PLUTONIUM WEB-LIZARD! I'LL SPIN A STICKY WEB-- AND CATCH THEM IN IT!



AS THE MASSIVE MONOWHEELED MACHINES HIT THE GLUEY WEB...



IT'S WORKING!
WE'VE STOPPED
THEM!

NO... NOT YET! THE ROBOTS
ARE USING THEIR NEEDLE
BEAMS TO CRUSH DOWN
THE WEBS AND THRUST
THEM OUT OF THE
WAY!



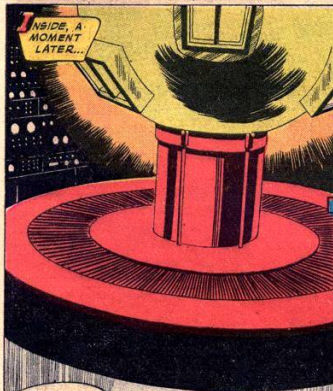
HELPLESSLY, MYRA AND CRYLL
RETREAT, JUST AS...

I DID IT! MY DISSOLVERIZER
WORKED ON THE DIAMOND PRISMS
GUARDING THE POWER SOURCE!
WE'RE GOING THROUGH!



BUT THE
ROBOTS
ARE COMING...
WE'RE
TRAPPED!

INSIDE, A
MOMENT
LATER...



POWERFUL METAL WHEELS ROTATE WITH BLINDING
SPEED, AS THE MECHANICAL MONSTERS HURTL
FORWARD TO THE VERY EDGE OF THE BROKEN
PRISM BARRIER...



THEY'RE STOPPING! THE
BRAIN MUST HAVE BUILT
A COMMAND INTO THEIR
UNITS NEVER TO CROSS
THE BARRIER!

MY
MAGNETIBEAM
DOESN'T WORK!

THESE
EXPLOSI-DISCS
ARE NO GOOD, EITHER!
I'VE GOT TO SMASH
THAT CORE... BUT
HOW?

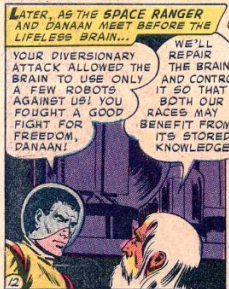
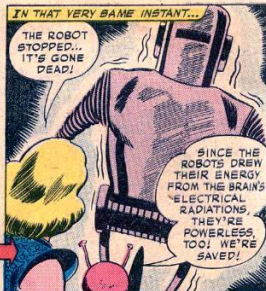
HURRY! ONE
ROBOT IS
STARTING TO
MOVE... THE
BRAIN HAS
TAKEN OVER
DIRECT
CONTROL!



I'VE GOT
TO DESTROY
IT BEFORE THE
ROBOTS OVER-
TAKE US!

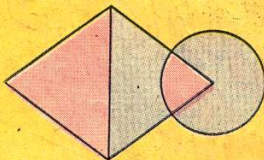
THEY'RE
AT THE
BARRIER!





a JUDY JUPITER

Space
Stickler



Solution

CAN YOU DRAW THIS DESIGN IN ONE CONTINUOUS PATH WITHOUT CROSSING A LINE OR LIFTING YOUR PENCIL FROM THE PAPER?



BE MY GUEST AT
PALISADES AMUSEMENT
PARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES YOU TO

FREE ADMISSION
PLUS **2 FREE RIDES**...
ACTS AND PARKING!



ADMIT ONE (1) To
PALISADES
AMUSEMENT PARK, N. J.

GOOD MONDAYS and FRIDAYS
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS) UNTIL 9 P.M.

Direct Buses from N.Y. 167th St. & B'way ... 41st St. & 8th Ave.

FREE RIDE

ADMIT ONE

"CATERPILLAR"

FREE RIDE

ADMIT ONE

"TILT-A-WHIRL"

WORTH

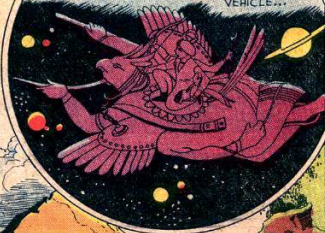
65¢

THIS COUPON
APPEARS IN ALL
JULY and AUG.
ISSUES

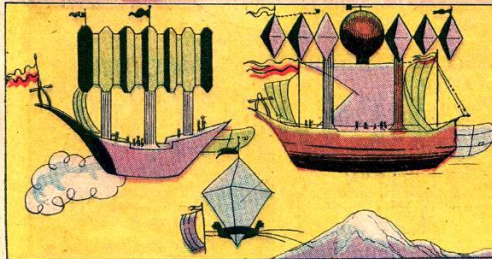
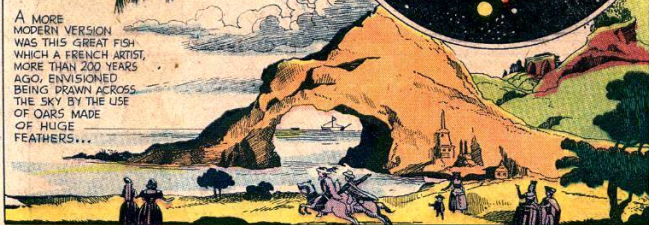
SPACE SHIPS OF THE PAST!



TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE SKIES HAS BEEN MAN'S DREAM SINCE PRIMITIVE TIMES... IN ANCIENT INDIA, SPACE FLIGHT WAS RESTRICTED TO THE GODS. THE MYTHICAL **GARUDA**, A FLYING DEITY, MAY HAVE BEEN MAN'S EARLIEST CONCEPT OF AN INTERPLANETARY VEHICLE...



A MORE MODERN VERSION WAS THIS GREAT FISH WHICH A FRENCH ARTIST, MORE THAN 200 YEARS AGO, ENVISIONED BEING DRAWN ACROSS THE SKY BY THE USE OF OARS MADE OF HUGE FEATHERS...

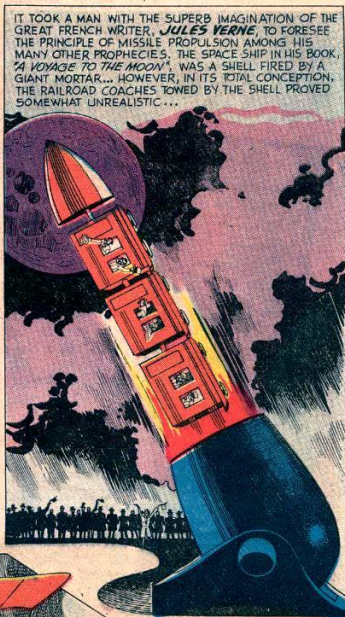


THESE DESIGNS WOULDN'T CONVINCE ANYONE THAT THE RACE TO THE PLANETS WAS ON. BUT THEY RAISED PROVOCATIVE THOUGHTS IN 18TH CENTURY FRANCE WHEN ANOTHER ARTIST SAW MEN SAILING THROUGH SPACE IN BOATS PROPELLED BY LARGE KITES OR BALLOON SAILS!

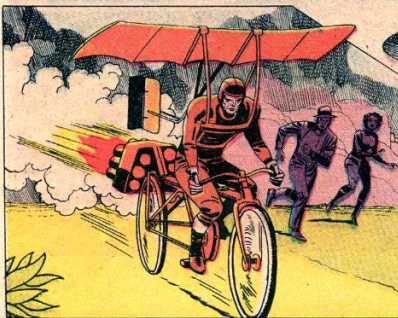


**DATE: 1780 A.D.
DESTINATION: THE MOON**

THIS SHIP NEVER GOT THERE! IT NEVER WENT BEYOND THE DRAWING BOARD STAGE. BUT IT WAS NOT DESIGNED WITH "TONGUE IN CHEEK". ITS CREATOR WAS DEAD SERIOUS ABOUT SPACE TRAVEL. BUT HE WAS DESTINED TO PASS AWAY LONG BEFORE MAN WOULD MAKE THE EQUIPMENT TO LAUNCH HIM TOWARD THIS GOAL.



IT TOOK A MAN WITH THE SUPERB IMAGINATION OF THE GREAT FRENCH WRITER, **JULES VERNE**, TO FORESEE THE PRINCIPLE OF MISSILE PROPULSION AMONG HIS MANY OTHER PROPHECIES. THE SPACE SHIP IN HIS BOOK, "**A VOYAGE TO THE MOON**", WAS A SHELL FIRED BY A GIANT MORTAR... HOWEVER, IN ITS TOTAL CONCEPTION, THE RAILROAD COACHES TOWED BY THE SHELL PROVED SOMEWHAT UNREALISTIC...



THE IDEA OF ROCKET-PROPELLED VEHICLES TOOK HOLD IN THIS CENTURY. EXPERIMENTS OF THIS KIND RARELY MET WITH SUCCESS. BUT THEY MAY HAVE POINTED THE WAY TO THE STARS! FOR UNLESS A MORE EFFICIENT MEANS OF REACHING THE SPACE FRONTIER IS FOUND IN THE NEAR FUTURE, IT IS PROBABLE THAT MAN'S FIRST SPACE SHIP WILL THUNDER OFF THE EARTH ON FLAMING ROCKETS!

The End 2

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. NE P. O. Box 1004
Nashville, Tennessee



Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY!**

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My popularity with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be!
soon!

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR YES! ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS. DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME MUSCLES!

John Sill
NOW

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.
CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you
don't have to be

SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

How to Build
MIGHTY ARMS
How to Build
MIGHTY LEGS
How to Build
MIGHTY BACK
How to Build
A MIGHTY GRIP

FREE

PHOTO BOOK
HOW
to Achieve
Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

How to BECOME A MIGHTY HE-MAN

GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!
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2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. NC-87

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

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—R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

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220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!



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RUSH COUPON NOW for this big, free, valuable addition for your stamp collection. Yes, send the coupon below right now before you miss your chance to get this great FREE offer. We'll send you, by return mail, this big collection of scarce, beautiful Elizabeth II stamps from the romantic lands of the pirates and the landing site of Christopher Columbus —

the historic Caribbean. NO COST TO YOU. Colorful stamps from the entire area — Bahamas, Trinidad, Barbados, Antigua, Guiana and many more. These genuine, all different stamps are a rare treat indeed. So just think what they will mean to your collection — how it will increase in value. They're all yours absolutely FREE!

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Stamp Collector's Guide

