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!
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!
Showcase

Somewhere amid the 30,000,000 miles separating Earth and Venus, the interplanetary liner Asterix brakes to a sudden stop.

Wham!

Reverse engines to idling position!

Energy blast across our bow, Captain! Someone's firing at us!

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 newspapers... robbers on the Venus run... on the moon... and the other way, in Marsport... 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...

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...
GOOD... GOOD...

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

...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 GLASSINE 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 HOPEING 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 MARSWARD, 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 HIDEOUT IS LOCATED!”

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

GRIGH! I NEVER GET IN ON THE FUN!

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 RISES SPACEWARD...

TO REAPPEAR, WITHIN MINUTES, ABOVE A JAGGED, BAREN 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, amidst costumes and souvenirs of past exploits, Rick Starr swiftly dons the secret garb of the 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 depths 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 overdrive 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 Carboramal 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?
STAND BACK, CRYLL... WE'LL MAKE OUR OWN DOOR! THIS VACUUMIZER WILL SCOOP OUT A HOLE TO HIDE US...

...WHILE I USE A THERMOBLAZE ON THE WALL ITSELF!

FOOSH

INSIDE, AS THEY CAUTIOUSLY EXPLORE THE ENDLESS, Labyrinthine PASSAGES OF THE HUGE BUILDING...

HAVEN'T LEARNED A THING SO FAR... I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF WE EVER WILL!

SPACE RANGER! THEY'VE SPOTTED US!

ABRUPTLY, SPACE RANGER WHIPS OUT HIS HANDGUN, AND...

FOLLOWING THE NOISE, THEY DISCOVER FOUR PIRATES GO DOWN, BEFORE A HEAT RAY SPLASHES OUT OF A SIDE-TUNNEL...

GOT MY GUN! MAKE A RUN FOR IT, CRYLL!

NOTHING CAN STAND UP TO THE NUMB-RINGS! THEY'LL KNOCK THOSE MÉN OUT, BUT WON'T HARM THEM OTHERWISE!
WE GOT HIM!

NOT YET... HE'S... OOF!

WITH AN EXPLOSIVE WRENCH, THE SPACE RANGER TEARS HIMSELF LOOSE...

ONLY ONE CHANCE TO GET AWAY... MUST REACH THE WALL OPENING MY THERMOBLAZE MADE!

INCHES AWAY FROM THE OPENING, HOWEVER, A RAY GUN FLARES...

MISSED ME-- AND HIT THE WALL! I'M CAUGHT HERE, LIKE A MOUSE IN A TRAP!

WE'LL HAVE HIM OUT OF HERE AND ABOARD SHIP IN NO TIME! WHERE'S THE OTHER ONE... THE LITTLE GUY?

PRESENTLY, AS THE PIRATE SHIP ROCKETS TOWARD OUTER SPACE...

HE DISAPPEARED... THE BOYS ARE SEARCHING FOR HIM!

WE HAVE THE PLUTONIUM AND THE SPACE RANGER... QUITE A HAUL FOR ONE DAY'S WORK!

LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY TIGHT SITUATION, EH, SPACE RANGER?

CRYLL! WHERE ARE YOU?

WHILE DEEP IN THE CARGO HOLD...
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!
In a huge circular room, whose sliding roof looks out into the heavens...

This is my Teleportator! It warps space, permitting me to bring anything in the universe to my hideout!

There is no defense against it! Gold, jewels, secret papers—even living enemies, I can snatch them all from vaults or guarded rooms!

Here is a portable model, which does not need too much plutonium, that I have just completed! Let me demonstrate.

Before their very eyes, a man from the laboratory suddenly vanishes.

Later, after the space ranger has been imprisoned behind an electrical veil...

My shower of lightning will keep you here forever, as a living souvenir of my criminal career! You'll have all your life to ponder the power that will be mine!

"I shall break the governments of the solar system by ruining their monetary standards. Every ingot of gold in every bank on Earth has disappeared, girl!"

...to reappear directly before the portable teleportator.
“I shall steal their leaders—presidents, ministers, generals—leaving them easy prey to panic...”

Welcome to your future prison-home, President Krag of Mercury.

My portable teleportator has been placed aboard my space ship. I'll use it on the plutonium convoy. I'm setting out for now, and secure enough fuel to operate my big machine! Farewell!

When the space ranger is alone, however...

Cryll!

Don't tell anyone... I've changed into a neptunian electric eel—and can absorb electricity as a sponge absorbs water! Watch...

Brighter and brighter grow the tiny lightnings, until, with a shower of musical tinklings...

Motor's overloaded. The thing short-circuited!

Great work, cryll... now, let's get going!

Nobody will be expecting us to steal a space ship Zandor's somewhere out there, waiting for the plutonium convoy... We've got to stop him!

Hours later, in the black void between Jupiter and Saturn...

I've picked up Zandor on the sonic amplifier! And he's picked us up on his teleportator unit! He's after us! We must dodge him—somehow!
TWISTING AND TURNING, THE SPACE SHIP SEeks TO LOSE THE DEADLY TELEPORTATOR... Hang on tight, cryll! I'M GOING TO RISK EVERYTHING...

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

...BY RAMMING HIM!

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!

CLANG!

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!

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

NYRA, YOU COULD HAVE BEEN TO THAT MINING EQUIPMENT INSTALLATION WHILE I WAS GONE!

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

WHY-- WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN, RICK?
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!
On the PLANET OG

WELCOME TO THE PLANET OG, GENTLEMEN!

YES, OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE COME A LONG WAY HERE!

MY, YOU HAVE A REAL MODERN CITY HERE!

WHAT IS THIS?

HERE, PLACE THIS COIN IN THERE!

IT'S A SCALE! IT OPERATES FROM AN ELECTRIC EYE!

YOU WEIGH 175 POUNDS!

YOUR WEIGHT
WE DON'T USE ELEVATORS IN OUR BUILDING. AN ELECTRICAL FORCE CARRIES US UP TO WHERE WE'RE GOING!

MARVELOUS!

OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE HARNESSED ATOMIC ENERGY. OUR POWER - OUR LIGHTS - EVERYTHING COMES FROM OUR ATOMIC PLANT!

THE LIGHTS! WHAT HAPPENED? IT SUDDENLY GOT DARK!

THE WHOLE CITY IS BLACKED OUT!

HERE'S OUR POWER PLANT. LET'S SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

ATOMIC POWER PLANT

IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! OUR NEW EMPLOYEE FORGOT TO PUT ANOTHER COIN IN THE METER TO KEEP THE MACHINE GOING!
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 ARRAVED 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 fanned space ranger soon comes upon the unique mechanism...

Whatever it is, it's been banged up pretty badly! Judging from the impact scratches, a shower of meteors must have hit it!

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!

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 cataclysm.

Myra! What are you doing here? I've told you never to...

BALA-AMMM
Trouble is, no one knows how to stop--
Oh, dear! That machine... where'd you get it?

Out in space! Don't tell me you know what it is!

Five machines exactly like it are rotating around the sun!
Scientists say it's those machines that are pulling all the planets out of their orbits!

Let's get to work, Cryll... I want to run a series of tests on this baby.

The machine is suspensor-beamed into a great specimen laboratory, where the space ranger keeps souvenirs of his past adventures.

Spectroscopic analysis identifies the metal of this machine with a type I found once on a planet of the star Sirius!

Further tests convince the interplanetary lawman that he is on the right track...
No doubt about it... this metal must have come from the Sirius System. We'll head that way ourselves!

With the alien machine in tow, the space ranger blasts off on his cosmic hunt...

At full speed overdrive, his space ship hurtles the barriers of time and space, outward to the stars...

Vector beams on Sirius--push controls on automatic...

And this time, I'm coming with you!

Look... the machine's core is glowing brightly!

Good... that's proof we're heading in the right direction! The closer it gets to its power supply, the brighter it becomes!
HOURS LATER
ON A PLANET
ROUGHLY THE
SAME SIZE AS
EARTH...

I'M GOING ON
A LITTLE EXPLORATION
TRIP... BE BACK IN A
COUPLE OF HOURS!

BUT AWHILE LATER,
SOME DISTANCE
FROM THE SHIP...

GREAT SCOTT!
WHEELED ROBOTS--
COMING TOWARD ME AT
WELL OVER 100 MILES
AN HOUR!

AND BEFORE HE CAN LEVEL HIS WEAPON...

NEEDLE BEAMS--
MAKING ME HEAVY...
SO HEAVY, MY LEGS
ARE GETTING WEARY!
--I CAN HARDLY
STAND UP!

SOMEHOW, THOSE RAYS ARE
INCREASING MY MASS AND DENSITY!
IF IT DOESN'T STOP, I'LL SINK INTO
THE GROUND, OUT OF SIGHT!

MUSCLES TIGHT WITH STRAIN, HE FIGHTS THE
AWESOME WEIGHT THAT PRESSES HIM DOWN,
DEEPER AND DEEPER...

I CAN JUST MANAGE
TO MOVE MY TRIGGER
FINGER--THROWING MY
ANTIGRAVITY GUN
ON FULL FORCE. I'LL
KEEP FROM SINKING
DEEPER, AT ANY
RATE...

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT
OF THE NEARBY WOODS...

CAVE PEOPLE! WHAT
DO THEY EXPECT TO
ACCOMPISH WITH THOSE
TINY BOWS? THEY DON'T
EVEN HAVE ARROWS
FOR THEM!
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 CATEG STRING 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... "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...

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...

Sssssss

Robots on wheels!

They're heat-roning 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!

Ohhhhh!

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.
At this very moment, in the great city of Shanador...

What is your purpose in coming to my planet? You cannot prevent the Great Brain from controlling the entire universe!

Space Ranger can! Just wait till he gets here!

The man called Space Ranger has eluded my robots, it is true... so we will set a trap for him--using the Earth woman as bait!

Within minutes, Myra finds herself helpless in the grip of a paralybeam...

I know what's happening, but I can't move or call out a warning to the Space Ranger--when and if he ever gets here!

In the meantime, on a hill overlooking Shanador...

Here is where they hold the Earth woman! I will show you the secret way into the chambers of the Great Brain, then gather my people and await your signal!

Danaan told me how to motivate the energiray that changes the molecular structure of the hidden wall-door so we could step through it.

There's Myra now!
Next instant, however... they'll stop me before I can release Myra!

Look! Shann! Renegades!

While I distract them, Space Ranger can reach the controls of that paralybeam!

Quickly, Cryll changes shape—and with a whirring of wings...

ZAP

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!

But... whew! I'm still dizzy from all that flying!

Caught them—just in time!

I'm signaling Danaan to begin a diversionary attack on the city, while I try to find and destroy the brain! That won't be easy...

Presently, on a balcony overlooking the distant hills...
...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.
SHOWCASE

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-corpse... into the tunnels to stop the earth people! Other sections to the city streets, to fight the shann guerrillas!

Against the robot tyranny, a rejuvenated rebel force strikes back...

Fight, my people! Fight for freedom!

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!

Wait... look! The brain has sent new robots—ones without the glass knobs! The sonar box will have no effect on them!

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!

Maybe I can help a little here...
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 hurtle 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!

I've got to destroy it before the robots overtake us!

They're at the barrier!

These explodiscs 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!
WITH THE MASSIVE METAL CREATURE ONLY INCHES AWAY...

IN THAT VERY SAME INSTANT...

THE ROBOT STOPPED... IT'S GONE DEAD!

SINCE THE ROBOTS DREW THEIR ENERGY FROM THE BRAIN'S ELECTRICAL RADIATIONS, THEY'RE POWERLESS, TOO! WE'RE SAVED!

IT WORKED! MY THETA-RAY TRANSISTOR DESTROYED THE POWER CORE!

YES... THETA RAYS AFFECT HUMANS BY UNBALANCING THEIR BRAIN! THE POWER SOURCE ABSORBED THE THETA RAYS AND FED THEM BACK TO THE BRAIN; THIS SHORT-CIRCUITING IT!

LATER, AS THE SPACE RANGER AND DANAAN MEET BEFORE THE LIFELESS BRAIN...

YOUR DIVERSIONARY ATTACK ALLOWED THE BRAIN TO USE ONLY A FEW ROBOTS AGAINST US! YOU Fought A GOOD FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, DANAAN!

WE'LL REPAIR THE BRAIN AND CONTROL IT SO THAT BOTH OUR RACES MAY BENEFIT FROM ITS STORED KNOWLEDGE!

IN GRATITUDE, THE SHANN PEOPLE ESCORT THEIR LIBERATOR TO HIS SPACE SHIP...

THE GRAVITY MACHINES DRAWING THE SOLAR SYSTEM TOWARD THE SUN LOST THEIR POWER WHEN THE BRAIN DIED! YOUR PLANETS WILL BE RESTORED TO NORMAL!

ONLY ONE PROBLEM REMAINS, AS THE TRIO TAKES OFF FOR EARTH...

THE LAST ROBOT TOUCHED MY FOOT BEFORE IT STOPPED... AND MY HEAD STILL ACHES FROM THE SOCK I GOT! WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAPPEN TO ME?

FROM NOW ON, OUR PEOPLE WILL LIVE IN PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP!
Can you draw this design in one continuous path without crossing a line or lifting your pencil from the paper?

Solution

---

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.
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 TOGED BY THE SHELL PROVED SOMewhat UNREALISTIC...

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.

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!
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.

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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!

I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME HARD-HITTING MUSCLES!

Which of these 2 ME'S is YOU? that 125 lb. - 6 ft.
CHICKEN CHESTED BELLOW 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

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 wreck to a Champion of Champions.

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 ARMS, Your CHEST deepened, Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE Offer and PRIZES!
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CARIBBEAN
STAMPS
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