Full space equipment is used by cadets at training sessions. Here, Captain Strong is taking his cadet squadron—Tom Corbett, Astro and Roger Manning for an exploratory trip on the cold, barren surface of an asteroid. Space suits keep them warm and comfortable in the zero cold of space. Space helmets provide air for breathing and a communication system is built into the equipment.
BILLIONS OF MILES BEYOND THE FARthest PLANET OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, IS THE SUN-STAR ALPHA CENTAURI... AND AROUND THIS SUN ARE SEVERAL PLANETS, ON ONE OF WHICH — TARA — THE POLARIS LANDS ITS CREW OF SPACE CADETS.

CONTROL DECK TO ASTRO! HOLD BRAKING ROCKETS STEADY! PREPARE FOR LANDING!

CADET MANNING, INFORM PROFESSOR BRILLON AND THE REST OF OUR PASSENGERS THAT THEY MAY GO OUT WHENEVER THEY WISH!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

WHAT WILL WE BE DOING, CAPTAIN STRONG, WHILE PROFESSOR BRILLON'S EXPEDITION EXPLORES THIS PLANET?

WAIT FOR THEM TO FINISH THEIR WORK, TOM AND -- STAY OUT OF THEIR WAY.

GOSH! WHAT A CHANCE THIS IS FOR US TO STUDY AN ACTUAL SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN THE FIELD! I'M GLAD WE WERE PICKED TO HELP THEM!

HOLD YOUR JETS, ALFIE. THESE SCIENTISTS ARE WORSE THAN MARTIAN MISERS! THEY WON'T LET US LEARN ANYTHING!
DID I HEAR THE WORD LEARN ROCKETING
ABOUT? I'VE JUST LEARNED WE'RE FREE
TO GO LANDSIDE ANYTIME WE WISH...
WITH CAPTAIN STRONG'S COMPLIMENTS?

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? I'M
GOING TO GET MY LAND LEGS AGAIN!
AND I DESIRE TO STUDY THE FLORA AND FAUNA
OF THIS PLANET!

YOU'VE GOT TO
HAND IT TO THE
SCIENTISTS, SPACE-
MATES! THEY'VE
LOST NO TIME
SETTING UP THEIR CAMP...

PRETTY GOOD
JOB THEY
DID, TOO!

THEY'VE SURE
MADE A HOME
HERE IN THE
JUNGLE...

THAT SUGGESTS AN IDEA,
TOM, WHY DON'T WE
REQUEST CAPTAIN STRONG TO SET UP REGULAR SPACE
ACADEMY COURSES HERE
FOR US?

I BELIEVE I WILL
GO FIND CAPTAIN
STRONG AND
ASK HIM----

NO, YOU
DON'T!

YOU'RE NOT GOING
to TELL CAPTAIN
STRONG ANYTHING?
UNDERSTAND, YOU
SPACE WORM?
BUT ROGER... THIS IS A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR US TO MASTER SOME ADVANCE STUDIES IN ASTROBIOLOGY!

LOOK, YOU LITTLE SPACE MONKEY-- WE GET ENOUGH STUDYING TO DO AT SPACE ACADEMY? HERE... WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO HAVE SOME FUN!

WHY... ER... NOTHING, SIR. NOTHING AT ALL.

WE WERE... SORT OF PLAYING, SIR. ER... AHEM... JUST EXERCISING TO GET USED TO THE DIFFERENT GRAVITATIONAL PULL THAT IS!

I SEE. WELL, SPACE CADETS, I THINK YOU NEED SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU BUSY... OTHERWISE YOU MIGHT GET INTO MISCHIEF.

I'M GOING TO OUTLINE A COURSE OF STUDY FOR YOU CADETS! IT'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO KEEP UP WITH YOUR STUDIES!

COME ALONG AND WE'LL START OUR STUDIES!

IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR THAT'S A SPLENDID IDEA!
Sit down, Alfie! This isn't a formal class!

If you don't mind, sir, I'd rather stand.

This world is much younger than our own. It is in the Carboniferous age... a period that existed on Earth hundreds of millions of years ago...

During the age of dinosaurs, our Earth looked pretty much like this planet. Since we'll be here for several weeks, I want you to go out and study plant and animal life... and gather specimens...

The specimens--plants and small animals and insects--we'll bring to our space academy museum.

I'll expect a written report on what you find. Now, space cadets, you're on your own. Blast off!

Aye, aye, sir!

This is going to be one of the most exciting courses space academy ever had!

Phooey! Chasing after butterflies and a lot of homework! Only a space goof can call that exciting!
Hey! What's that noise?
Feels like an earthquake!

It's no earthquake! Come on, let's have a look!

A tyrannosaurus -- fighting a brontosaurus!
Why don't you catch them with a butterfly net, Alfie? Ho! Ho! Perfect specimens for the space academy zoo!

This isn't the time or the place for joking? Let's get away before those animals swing this way and squash us into the ground!
SAY, LOOK AT THIS INSECT, FELLOWS!

A MOST UNUSUAL EXAMPLE OF LIFE ON THIS PLANET, ASTRO. IT LOOKS LIKE A TWO-HEADED PRAYING MANTIS!

AW, COME ON! I'M TIRED OF CHASING BUGS!

I FEEL FUNNY! JUST AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE WATCHING US!

THERE GOES TOM AGAIN! WHAT'S YOUR SPACE HUNCH THIS TIME? JUNGLE MEN? OR TALKING FLOWERS?

WHATEVER IT IS—I DON'T LIKE IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

TOM CORBETT AFRAID? WELL, I'M NOT! LET'S GO ON!

JUMPING SPACE IMPS! LOOK AT THIS!
SAY, WE DIDN'T COME ACROSS ANYTHING LIKE THIS ON OUR FIRST VISIT TO THIS PLANET! PROFESSOR BRILLON SHOULD BE INFORMED...

BUT, TOM, IT'S PERFECTLY SAFE TO APPROACH IT? THE INSECT MAY BE LARGE... BUT IT'S DEAD.

SURE--AND LOOK AT WHAT KILLED IT!

DO... DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? A SPEAR?

PROVING THERE'S INTELLIGENT LIFE ON THIS PLANET!

GIVE ME A HAND UP, ALFIE! I'M GOING TO GET THAT SPEAR!

IT WAS STUCK A FOOT DEEP! WHOEVER THREW THIS SPEAR--SURE HAD A STRONG ARM!

BETTER GET DOWN, TOM. HE MAY STILL BE AROUND-- AND HAVE ANOTHER SPEAR HANDY!
Looks like your space cadets didn’t take your instructions too seriously, Captain Strong. They’re back already.

They probably have a good reason, Professor Brillon.

We returned, sir, because we found definite proof of intelligent life on this planet. This spear was used to kill a giant ant.

A giant ant is possible, space cadet. But intelligent life—what kind of nonsense are you giving us?

It is absolutely true, professor. We found this spear.

Don’t try to tell me about astrobiology, cadet! This planet is at a too early stage of development for intelligent life to appear!

I do not wish to contradict you, sir. But how can you explain this spear?

I can explain the spear very simply, Captain Strong! Your space cadets made that spear! They are deliberately trying to put over a fraud!
SPACE CADETS NEVER LIE, PROFESSOR BRILLON! IF THEY SAY THEY FOUND THE SPEAR -- THAT IS EXACTLY THE TRUTH!

YOUR CONFIDENCE IN THEM IS TOUCHING, CAPTAIN STRONG. BUT I SAY THEY LIE.

AND WHAT IS MORE, I BELIEVE YOU PUT THEM UP TO IT! THE SOLAR GUARDS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO BECOME THE ADVANCE EXPLORATION UNIT FOR SOLAR ALLIANCE RESEARCH FOR MANY YEARS -- THIS IS NOTHING BUT A TRICK TO MAKE MY EXPEDITION LOOK FOOLISH!

THERE'S A SIMPLE WAY OF FINDING OUT IF THEY TOLD THE TRUTH, PROFESSOR. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE GIANT ANT.

VERY GOOD, CAPTAIN STRONG!

THIS WAY, SIR. WE FOUND IT IN THE CLEARING JUST AHEAD.

BUT BUT IT WAS RIGHT HERE!

SO I SEE! WELL, CAPTAIN STRONG? WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY NOW?

I STILL BELIEVE IN MY SPACE CADETS, PROFESSOR!

I DON'T! I ORDER SPACE CADET HIGGINS UNDER CONFINEMENT UNTIL WE RETURN TO SPACE ACADEMY! HE IS GUILTY OF CONDUCT UNWORTHY OF OUR TRADITIONS!
THIS IS AN INSULT TO EVERY CADET AT SPACE ACADEMY! I REFUSE TO PLACE HIM UNDER CONFINEMENT!

YOU FORGET WE'RE NOT IN SPACE NOW. CAPTAIN STRONG! HERE ON TARA I AM IN COMMAND! YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE EXCEPT TO PUT YOU ALL UNDER ARREST...

EXCUSE ME FOR INTERFERING, CAPTAIN STRONG! BUT PROFESSOR BRILLON IS RIGHT!

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

WHY, SIR... CADET HIGGINS HAS PLACED THE HONOR OF THE ENTIRE SPACE CADET CORPS IN DOUBT. IT'S UP TO US TO CLEAR OUR NAMES, SIR. UNTIL WE DO, CADET HIGGINS SHOULD BE CONFINED TO QUARTERS.

I'M GLAD TO SEE AT LEAST ONE SPACE CADET WHO DOESN'T LIKE THE DECEIT OF THE SOLAR GUARDS! I'M GOING BACK TO CAMP NOW, CAPTAIN STRONG! SEE THAT THE GUILTY CADET IS LOCKED UP!

WELL, TOM! I HOPE YOU'VE GOT A GOOD EXPLANATION FOR YOUR ACTIONS!

YEH... AND NO SPACE GAS FROM YOU! WE WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU TOOK HIS SIDE AGAINST YOUR FELLOW SPACE CADETS!

I SAW CAPTAIN STRONG WAS LOSING HIS TEMPER-- AND SO WAS PROFESSOR BRILLON! IF WE ARE ALL LOCKED UP-- WE'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE THE TRUTH ABOUT THAT SPEAR!

GOOD FOR YOU, TOM. I GUESS I WAS WRONG IN GETTING ANGRY!
Okay, Space Hero! There's only one little thing left for us to do now—find the thrower of the spear! Suppose you tell us how to do that!

I haven't any plans yet. Maybe we can all think something up...

First things have to be done first! Let's return to camp and place Alfie under confinement aboard the Polaris!

Golly! Why do I have to be locked up while you fellows go exploring?

Hello! Where's Professor Brillon?

Why... he went back to camp long before us.

I hope nothing happened to him. He hasn't returned...

That's strange! We had better go look for the professor!

The professor's hat!

Pieces of his shirt... torn and bloody!
SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM! BLOOD...SIGNS OF A FIGHT! HE MUST HAVE RUN INTO SOME ANIMAL OR--

ANIMAL NOTHING! YOU WERE WITH HIM WHEN THIS HAPPENED! I OVERHEARD HIM ACCUSE YOU OF TRYING TO PUT OVER SOME FRAUD!

YES, WE QUARRELLED WITH PROFESSOR BRILLON BUT--

AND YOU KILLED HIM TO STOP HIM FROM EXPOSING THE FRAUD! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

WE'RE GOING TO KEEP YOU ALL UNDER CLOSE GUARD--UNTIL WE GET ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO PROFESSOR BRILLON!

YOU ARE MAKING A MISTAKE! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY AND AS AN OFFICER OF THE SOLAR GUARD, I MUST TAKE OVER COMMAND!

TWO OF YOUR SPACE CADETS HAVE RUN AWAY! GUESS THAT PROVES IT!

IT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! NOW MARCH, CAPTAIN STRONG!
THOSE SPACE-HAPPY SCIENTISTS MESS Everything up, but good! Without Captain Strong, Roger and Alfie — we'll never find Professor Brillon!

WE'VE GOT TO, ASTRO!

IT'S UP TO US, ASTRO! WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW THE TRAIL OF PROFESSOR BRILLON... AND PROVE CAPTAIN STRONG HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DISAPPEARANCE.

LET'S SEE WHAT YOU REMEMBER OF YOUR VENUSIAN JUNGLE TRACKING, ASTRO!

PROFESSOR BRILLON WAS DRAGGED THIS WAY... THEN SOMETHING PICKED HIM UP...

WE'RE GETTING FURTHER INTO THE JUNGLE! HOW FAR WAS THE PROFESSOR CARRIED?

WE'RE MILES FROM OUR CAMP, TOM. STILL NOT A SIGN OF LIFE AROUND HERE.
TOO BAD WE DIDN'T THINK OF BRINGING SUPPLIES ALONG. THE TRAIL IS PRETTY FRESH, TOM. WE SHOULD CATCH UP WITH WHOEVER SEIZED THE PROFESSOR SOON.

THE TRAIL LEADS STRAIGHT TOWARD THOSE... HILLS... OR MOUNDS, TOM. LOOKS LIKE THEY ARE INHABITED! WELL... WE'VE GOT TO GO ON AND INVESTIGATE!

JUMPING JUPITER? WE'VE FOUND THE SPEARMEN! SO ALFIE WAS RIGHT! THERE IS INTELLIGENT LIFE ON TARA! LOOKS MORE LIKE THEY FOUND US?

THEY WANT US TO GET BACK INTO THE FOREST, ASTRO. BETTER DO WHAT THEY WANT.

THAT SPEAR'S MIGHTY SHARP. I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ARGUING!

CHITA! OOGA! CHITA! OOGA! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS--BUT I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT!
CHITA OGGA? PIT-PIT!
TRY TO FIND OUT WHAT HE MEANS BY THAT CHITA OGGA STUFF, TOM.

CHITA OGGA? CHITA OGGA?
PIT-PIT? PIT-PIT?

CHITA OGGA? CHITA OGGA?
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE GIANT ANTS!

FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, ASTRO, THESE SPEARMEN ARE PLENTY SCARED OF THE CHITA OGGAS!

I DON'T BLAME THEM, TOM!
CHITA OOGA! PIT-PIT!
I THINK HE’S TRYING TO TELL US THOSE ANTS ARE ON THE WARPATH, ASTRO!

WE SEEM TO BE HEADING BACK TOWARD OUR CAMP, ASTRO WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?
I CAN’T FIGURE IT OUT. MAYBE THEY PLAN TO ATTACK OUR CAMP.

CHITA OOGA! PIT-PIT!

WE’VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! WARN THE EXPEDITION!

WAIT! IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO TRUST THESE SPEARMEN. THEY’re AFRAID OF THE ANTS—— AND I’VE GOT A HUNCH THEY MAY WANT US TO BE THEIR FRIENDS.

I GET IT, ASTRO! THEY’re TRYING TO TELL US THAT THE ANTS ARE COMING TO ATTACK OUR CAMP!

MUCH AS I HATE DOING THIS, CAPTAIN STRONG, I MUST KEEP YOU AND YOUR CADETS UNDER GUARD! THE EVIDENCE POINTS VERY SUSPICIOUSLY TO YOU.

LISTEN! SOMETHING’S HAPPENING!
SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER OR AN EARTHQUAKE!

POSSIBLY DINOSAURS FIGHTING, SIR!
NOT FIGHTING, ALFIE—FLEEING!

BY THE MOONS OF JUPITER, CAPTAIN STRONG! WHAT COULD HAVE FRIGHTENED THEM SO MUCH?

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE IMMEDIATE PRECAUTIONS! ANYTHING THAT CAN CAUSE SUCH FEAR AMONG THE ANIMALS IS DANGEROUS TO US, TOO!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? LET'S FIRST FIND OUT WHAT IT IS...

HUGE ANTS! INTELLIGENT AND ORGANIZED! NOW WE KNOW WHAT FRIGHTENED THE DINOSAURS—BUT IT WON'T DO US MUCH GOOD!

WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT!

IT'S NO USE, SIR! TEN MORE APPEAR FOR EVERY ONE I SHOOT DOWN!
TOM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

FIRST WE'VE GOT TO HAVE OUR HANDS UNTIED! THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT THE SPEARMEN WILL DO!

AT LEAST NONE OF US ARE HURT! EVIDENTLY THESE ANTS WANTED TO CAPTURE US ALIVE AND UNDAMAGED!

IT IS MY BELIEF, SIR, THAT THEY PROBABLY CAPTURED PROFESSOR BRILLON.

I'M AFRAID I'VE MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF, CAPTAIN STORNG! OBVIOUSLY, YOUR SPACE CADETS WERE TELLING US THE TRUTH ALL ALONG!

UNFORTUNATELY, I'VE LEARNED TO BELIEVE SPACE CADETS A LITTLE TOO LATE TO DO US ANY GOOD!

NOT YET, SIR. YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT CADETS CORBETT AND ASTRO ARE FREE! I'M SURE THEY WILL DO THEIR BEST FOR US!

WELL, THEY'VE GONE AWAY BUT WE'RE STILL TIED UP AND HELPLESS!

WAIT! GIVE THE SPEARMEN A CHANCE

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEIR WORDS, ASTRO BUT I'LL BET YOU A SATURN SODA THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE UP THEIR MINDS ON WHETHER WE'RE TO BE FRIENDS OR ENEMIES!
Looks like they’ve made up their minds, Tom! I’m going to jump down! I’m not going to let him cut me up!

Wait, Astro!

Chita Ooga Pit-Pit Nurk! Nurk Oolong?

I’ll bet that means we’ve got to be friends because we have the same enemy?

Looks like you’re right, Tom! That’s a sign of friendship if I ever saw such a thing!

I’ve got to show them I understand.

I hope they understand that I want to use the spear against the ants!

Chita Ooga! Chita Ooga!

Now we’re blasting on full speed, Astro! He wants to take us to those giant ant hills!

What are we waiting for? Rocket away!

What are we going to do when we get there? I haven’t a single idea for a plan of action!

I haven’t either... but I’ll wait until we look the ground over. I’ve got a space man’s hunch that the spearmen know a few tricks we can use!
There they go! Our fellows are going to be impossible to free!

We've got to sneak up close—or even into the ant hill!

He understands, Astro! He's going to help us get in!

The old bush trick!

It'll get us there, Astro! That's the important thing!

These spearmen aren't afraid to use this trick, Astro. They must have used it plenty of times before.

A most curious fact, sir. The light here is excellent!

The moss that grows on the walls and ceiling, Cadet Higgins, supplies the light. Observe that it is phosphorescent!

I guess this is going to be our prison?

Maybe we'll find Professor Brillon around here, too—if he's still alive!
PROFESSOR BRILLON! YOU'RE SAFE!

YES... AND I WISH I HAD BEEN KILLED WHEN THESE ANTS CAPTURED ME!

I WAS WRONG IN NOT BELIEVING YOU AND THE SPACE CADETS. THEN I MADE ANOTHER MISTAKE IN TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH THESE ANTS.

YOU... YOU COMMUNICATED WITH THEM?

THEY ARE INTELLIGENT AND HAVE A HIGH STATE OF CIVILIZATION HERE... ALONG INSTINCTIVE LINES, LIKE ANTS IN OUR WORLD. I DREW PICTURES TO SHOW THEM I CAME FROM ANOTHER PLANET... AND POINTED OUT TO THEM WHERE OUR EXPEDITION WAS CAMPED!

AND THEY CAME STRAIGHT AT US!

I'M AFRAID I WAS THE CAUSE OF THAT! NOW... I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WILL DO WITH US!

NOW THAT WE'RE HERE... WHAT NEXT, TOM?

FOLLOW HIS DIRECTIONS, ASTRO!

WE GO INSIDE!
WE KNOW THAT CHITA OOGA MEANS THE ANTS ARE MARCHING -- OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. DO YOU THINK THEY GOT THE IDEA?

I'M SURE OF IT! THEY UNDERSTAND WE'RE GOING TO GET THE ANTS TO MARCH OUT -- AND THEY'RE GOING TO PREPARE A RECEPTION FOR THEM!

THE SPEARMEN SHOULD BE OUTSIDE AND READY, BY THE TIME WE CRAWL OVER TO THE GRAIN!

SET YOUR PARALORAY GUN ON HEAT, ASTRO! ONCE WE GET THE FIRE GOING, HEAD FOR THE TUNNEL ON YOUR RIGHT!

STANDING BY FOR ACTION, TOM!

NOW!

HEAD FOR COVER, ASTRO!
AS LONG AS WE STAY IN THE SMOKE--WE CAN WALK ALL AROUND THIS PLACE. THE SMOKE SEEMS TO HAVE BLINDED THEM!

MORE THAN THAT, TOM. THE SMOKE SEEMS TO HAVE STOPPED ALL THEIR INSTINCTIVE THINKING.

MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF THE THOUSANDS OF CELL-LIKE ROOMS

SMELL THE AIR! I THINK IT'S SMOKE!

SO WHAT, SIR? THE OVERGROWN ANTS ARE PROBABLY PREPARING TO COOK US FOR DINNER!

YOU SHOW A MOST AMAZING IGNORANCE ABOUT THE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THESE HYMENOPTEROUS INSECTS, ROGER.

HYMENOPHORES WHAT? AW, GO BLOW A JET, ALFIE!

PUT ON YOUR EMERGENCY MASKS! WHERE THERE'S SMOKE--THERE'S TOM CORBETT AND ASTRO! WE'RE MAKING A BREAK!
OH! OH! OUR GUARDS!

EASY, ROGER! THE SMOKE IS GETTING THICKER! I DON'T THINK THEY'RE GOING TO LIKE IT!

THEY WANT US TO MARCH DOWN THE TUNNEL. GO AHEAD--BUT I WANT EVERYONE TO KEEP HIS EYES OPEN FOR A CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

GRAB A COUPLE OF ARMFULS, ASTRO! WE MIGHT USE THEM AS SMOKE BOMBS!

LOOK FOR ANY SIGNS OF OUR PEOPLE!

HOLD IT, TOM! HERE'S THE HEART OF THE ANT HEAP!

THE QUEEN ANT! THE RULER OF THEM ALL!

ARE WE GOING TO ATTACK IT, TOM? IF WE DO--THERE'LL BE A COSMIC EXPLOSION AROUND HERE!
ROGER... ALFIE--DROP TO THE REAR! WE'LL SERVE AS A REAR GUARD!

TAKE THE LEAD AND GUIDE THEM BACK TO OUR EXIT!

BOY! I GUESS THIS TIME I'M REALLY HAPPY TO SEE YOU, SPACE HERO!

CUT OUT THE SPACE GAB, ROGER. GRAB SOME OF THESE NUTS AND GET SET TO THROW THEM! WE'LL NEED A SMOKE COVER!

WHAT'S UP, ASTRO?

TAKE A LOOK! WE'D NEED A ROCKET TANK TO GET THROUGH!

WOW! THAT'S ALL WE NEEDED! IT'S A STAMPEDE OF GIANT ANTS!
TOM—YOU AND ASTRO, COVER OUR REAR! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE ONE OF THESE TUNNELS LEADING UPWARD!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

Blast away, Astro! In this narrow passageway—We can block up the way!

That's got them, Tom!

But not for long! They'll climb over in a few minutes!

From the way these ants fear fire and smoke—you'd think they would get out of this ant hill! But they don't!

Maybe the spearmen are attacking them at the entrance!

That'll block up the passage again! And give us time!

I guess you got the answer, Astro! The spearmen? But that also blocks us up inside this place!

What's the matter, Roger?

What's the matter? Just you and your ideas, we're in a dead-end tunnel? Nothing but a solid blank wall ahead!
STAY HERE AND HOLD THEM OFF AS LONG AS YOU CAN! I'M GOING AHEAD!

RIGHT!

WE'RE AT THE TOP OF THIS ANT PYRAMID, TOM! NO WAY OUT!

I HAVE BEEN GIVING THIS MATTER CONSIDERABLE THOUGHT IN THE PAST FEW MINUTES, SIR? THERE IS A WAY OUT!

A PARALORAY GUN, WHEN SET ON LOW INTENSITY GIVES A GREAT DEAL OF HEAT... AND THIS HEAT, WHEN APPLIED TO INORGANIC MATTER, WILL DISINTEGRATE THE OBJECT!

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY THAT WE CAN BLAST AN OPENING, ALFIE?

QUITE TRUE, TOM! BUT IT WOULD NOT CONVEY THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION!

NOW OUR PROBLEM IS VERY SIMPLE... HOW TO GET DOWN?

AND FROM WHAT I SAW--THE WALLS ARE SMOOTH WITH NO PLACE TO GRAB HOLD ON! WE'RE NO BETTER OFF!
MY PLAN BACKFIRED, SIR. I SENT THE SPEARMEN TO ATTACK THE ANTS — AND THEY'VE DONE SUCH A GOOD JOB OF IT — THE ANTS CAN'T COME OUT!

WE'VE USED UP ALL OUR SMOKE BOMBS, SIR. ASTRO IS HOLDING THEM BACK WITH HIS BLASTER... BUT THEY ARE STILL ADVANCING.

I'M GOING TO TRY TO SIGNAL THE SPEARMEN! MAYBE THEY'LL BE ABLE TO HELP?

IT'S ABOUT OUR ONLY CHANCE, TOM! GO AHEAD!

THIS PYRAMID IS MADE OF FAIRLY SOFT MUD... IF WE HAD TIME, WE MIGHT CUT A STAIRWAY DOWN THE SIDES.

BUT WE DON'T HAVE TIME!

TAKE MY GUN AND GIVE HIM A HAND!

OKAY, TOM! BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO HELP MUCH!
They've seen us!

It appears they're going to do something.
A group of them are bringing something from the jungle...

They're setting up a catapult!
Looks like they plan to shoot a rope to us!

We're sunk! The spear hit too far below us.
I can't hold them off any longer! The passage is blocked now—but next time they'll break through...they'll be right on top of us!

We're lost! Our only chance now is to try to communicate with them again. Perhaps we can convince them—after smoking up their ant city? You saw what they did when you first met them, Professor. This time they won't give us a chance!

Wait a minute! I've got an idea!

Grab my ankles and lower me down!

All right...but you'll still be too far away from the spear!

Captain Strong! Hold Astro's ankles...and lower both of us!

I've got it! Raise me up, now!
JAM THE S... INTO THE P... ASTRO, GIVE YOUR BLAST!

ALFIE NEXT... THEN ROGER... THEN ASTRO!... HURRY!

THEY'RE COMING THROUGH, SIR!

BLAST AWAY AT FULL POWER... THEN GET GOING! I'LL FOLLOW!

WE'VE ONLY GOT A MINUTE, SIR! THEY'LL BITE THROUGH THE VINE...

A MINUTE WILL BE ENOUGH! SAVE YOUR BREATH AND MOVE!

JUST IN TIME! TOM... THAT WAS QUICK THINKING ON YOUR PART!
SPACE CADETS... I OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
AND MY SINCERE APOLOGIES! YOU ARE A CREDIT TO OUR SOLAR ALLIANCE. I AM
GLAD THAT THE SAFETY OF OUR UNIVERSE IS IN YOUR HANDS!

WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO SAY GOOD-BYE IN YOUR LANGUAGE... BUT
Someday we'll learn?

ITI-PATO!

SPACE CADETS... YOU'VE DONE A MAGNIFICENT JOB, BUT
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH PRAISE. THERE'S A LONG TRIP BEFORE
US! TAKE YOUR STATIONS!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

A GREAT BUNCH OF BOYS, EH? WISH I WAS YOUNG ENOUGH TO BECOME A
SPACE CADET!