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OCT.

MARVEL COMICS

This Month
"THE HUMAN TORCH"
"THE ANGEL"
"SUBMARINER"
"MASKED RAIDER"

Featuring
KA-ZAR
THE GREAT
12 PAGES
OF JUNGLE
ADVENTURES

ACTION

MYSTERY

ADVENTURE

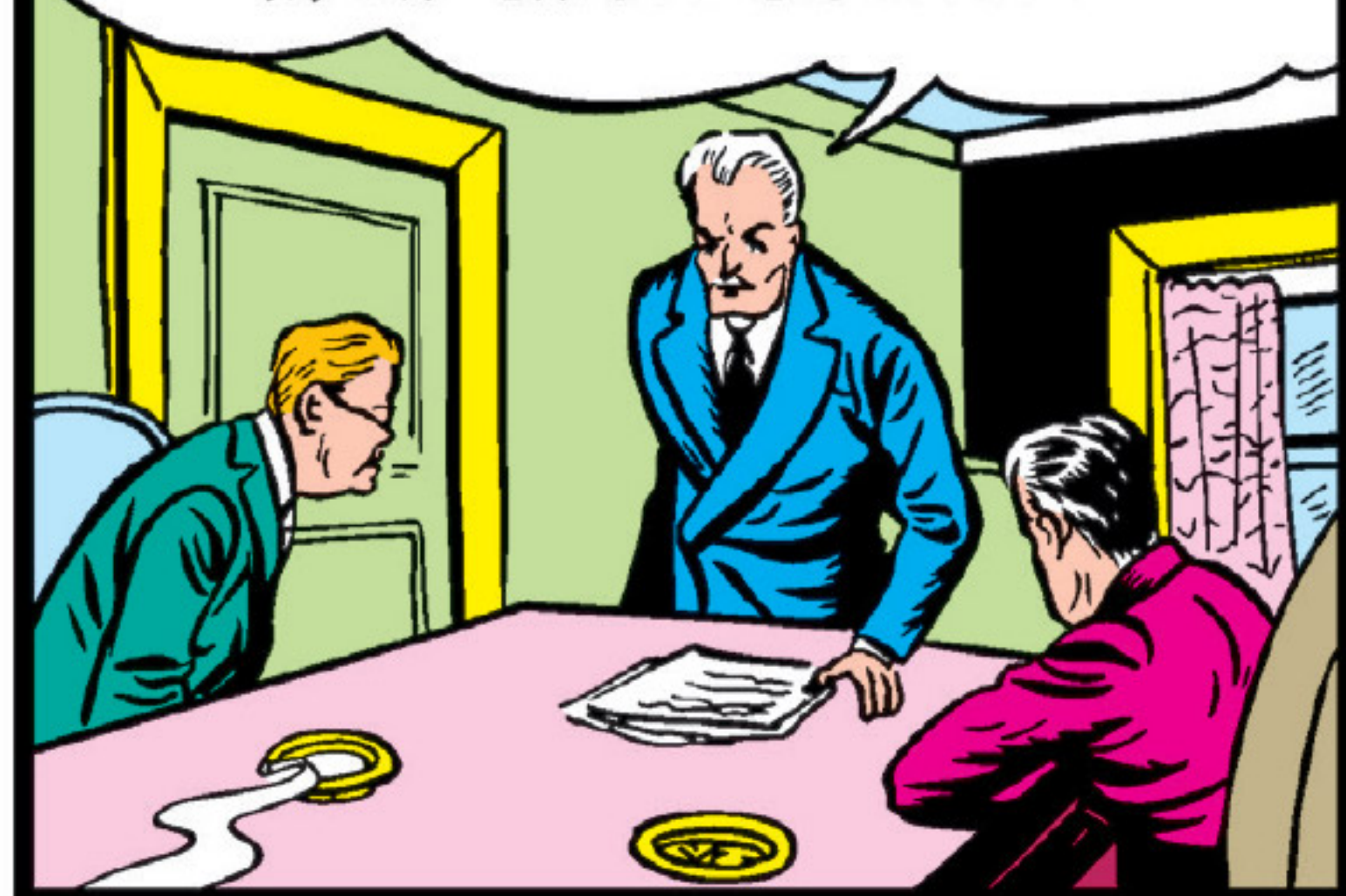
NOW I'LL TELL ONE!



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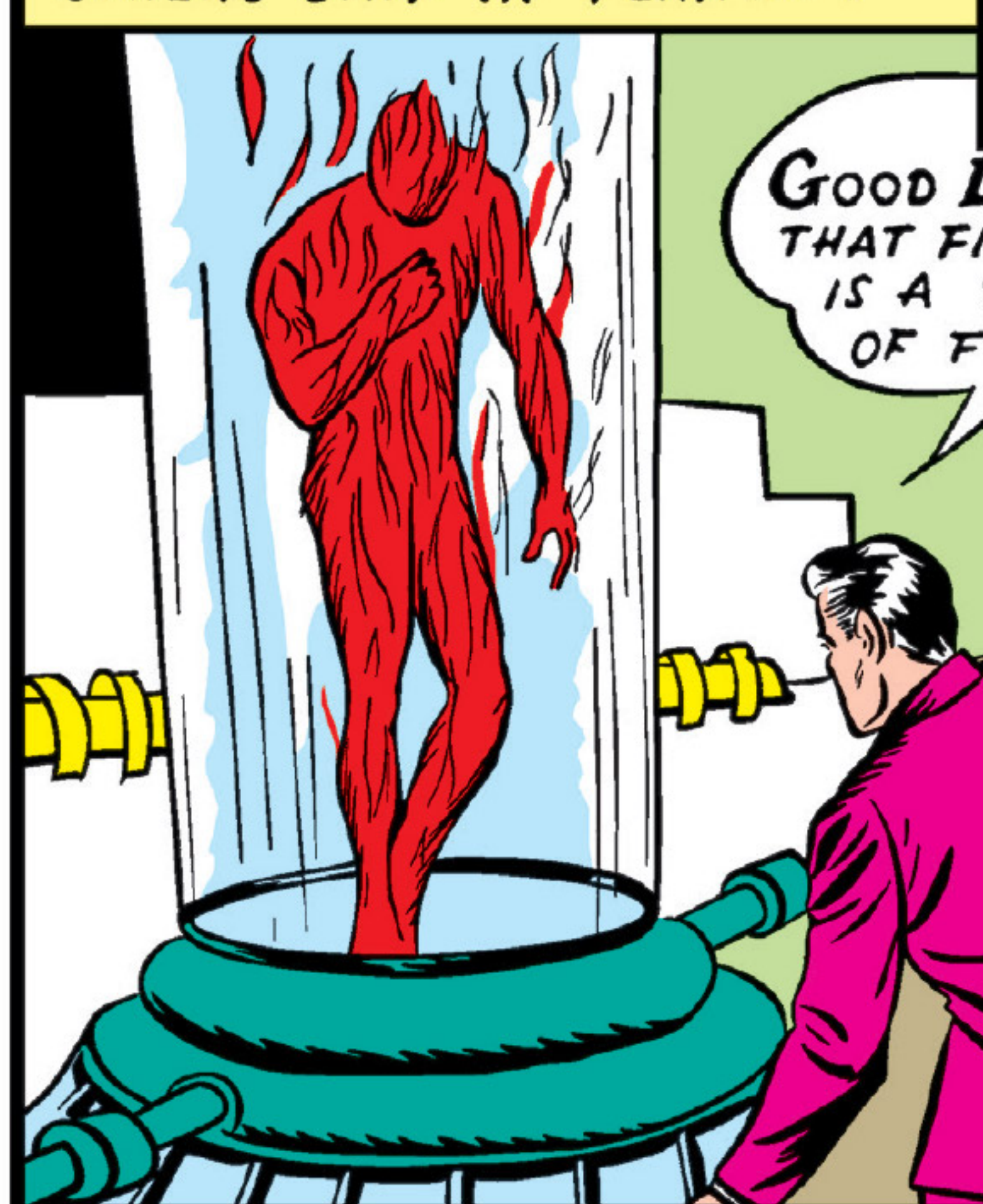
GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS · I CALLED YOU TO MY LABORATORY BECAUSE I, PROFESSOR HORTON, HAVE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN MY LATEST DISCOVERY · ·



IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU WHY, EVEN I FEAR THE MONSTROSITY, WHICH I'VE CREATED!!



AS HORTON ALLOWS SOME AIR INTO THE CAGE, THE OTHERS GASP IN TERROR! —



GOOD LORD! THAT FIGURE IS A WALL OF FIRE!!

HORTON, DESTROY THAT MAN, BEFORE SOME MAD-MAN CAN GRASP ITS PRINCIPLES AND HURL IT AGAINST OUR CIVILIZATION!

NO!

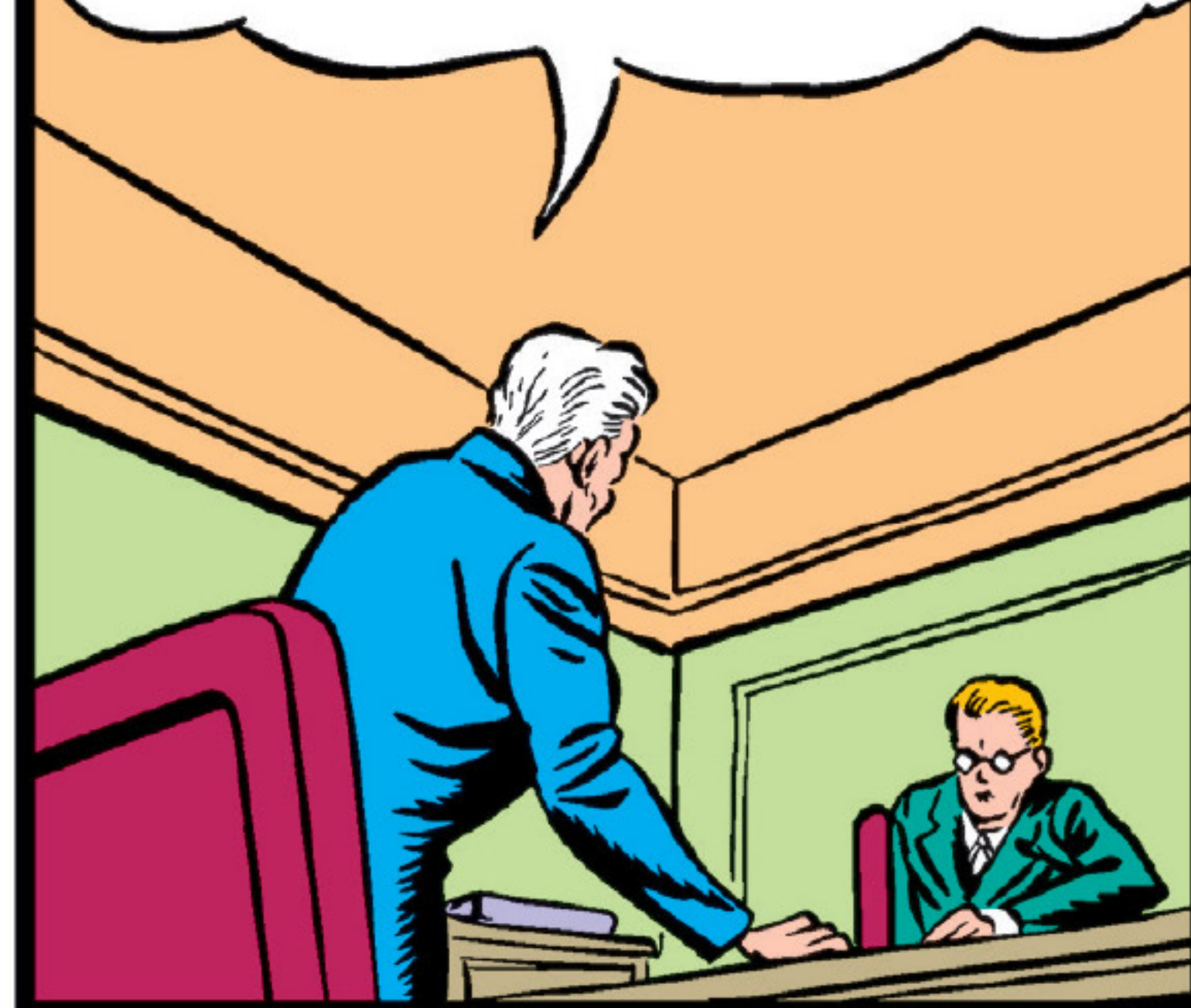
AS YOU ALL KNOW, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A SYNTHETIC MAN — AN EXACT REPLICA OF A HUMAN BEING!!



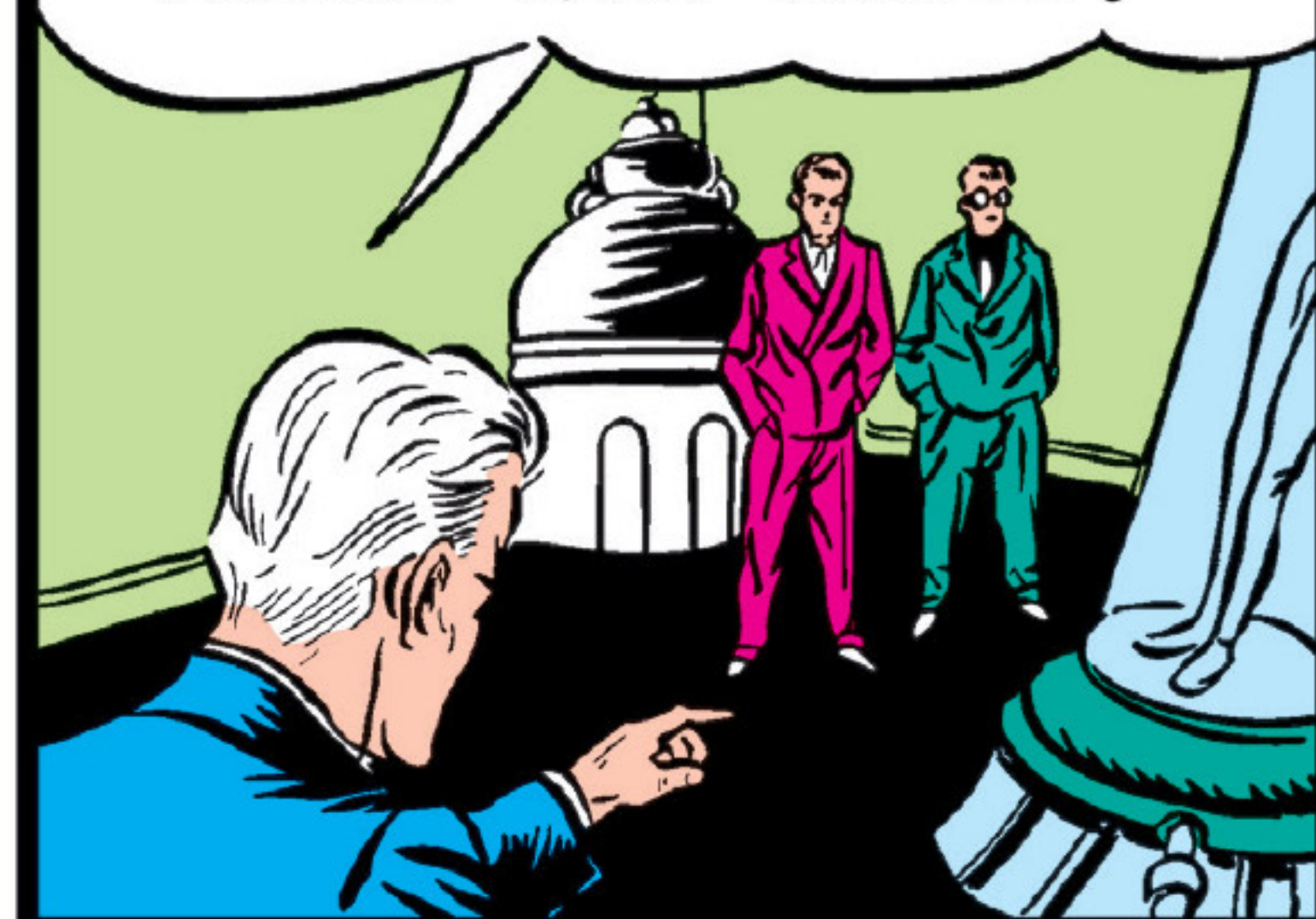
IN THIS AIR-TIGHT GLASS CAGE, LIVES MY CREATION · · I CALL HIM — THE HUMAN TORCH!



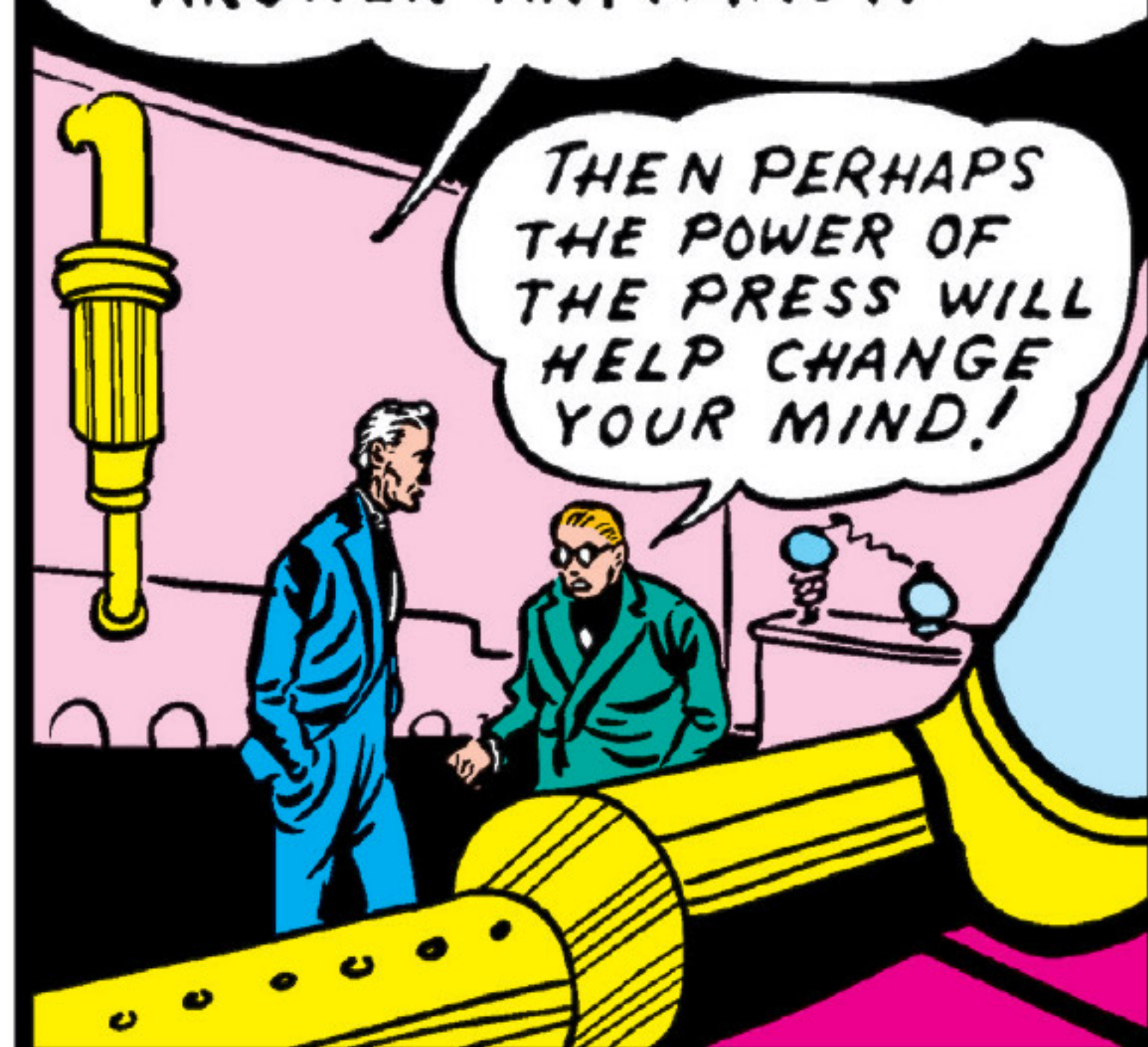
WHEN I FINISHED, I FOUND I HAD SURPASSED ANYTHING THAT ANY SCIENTIST HAD EVER DONE —



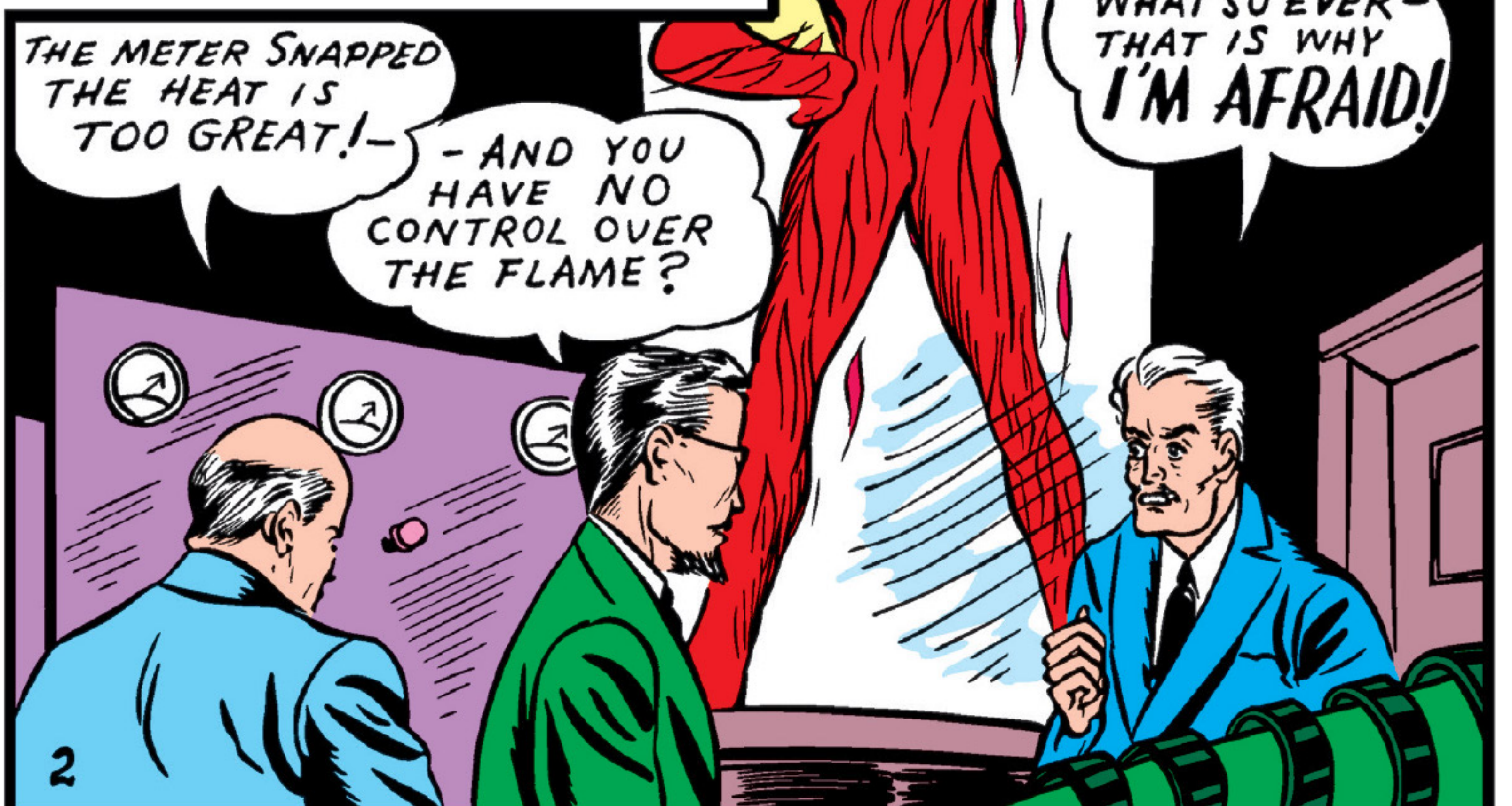
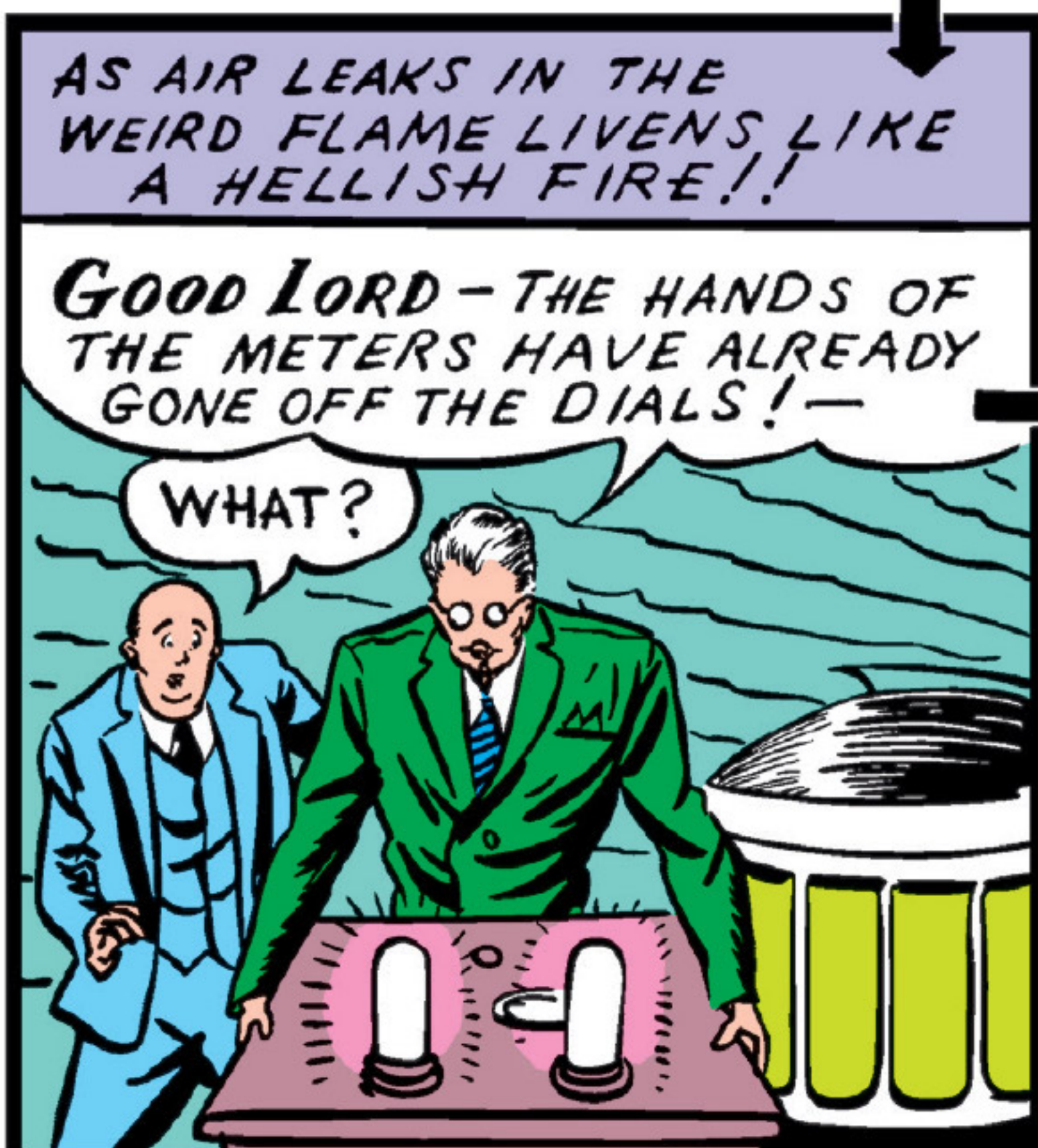
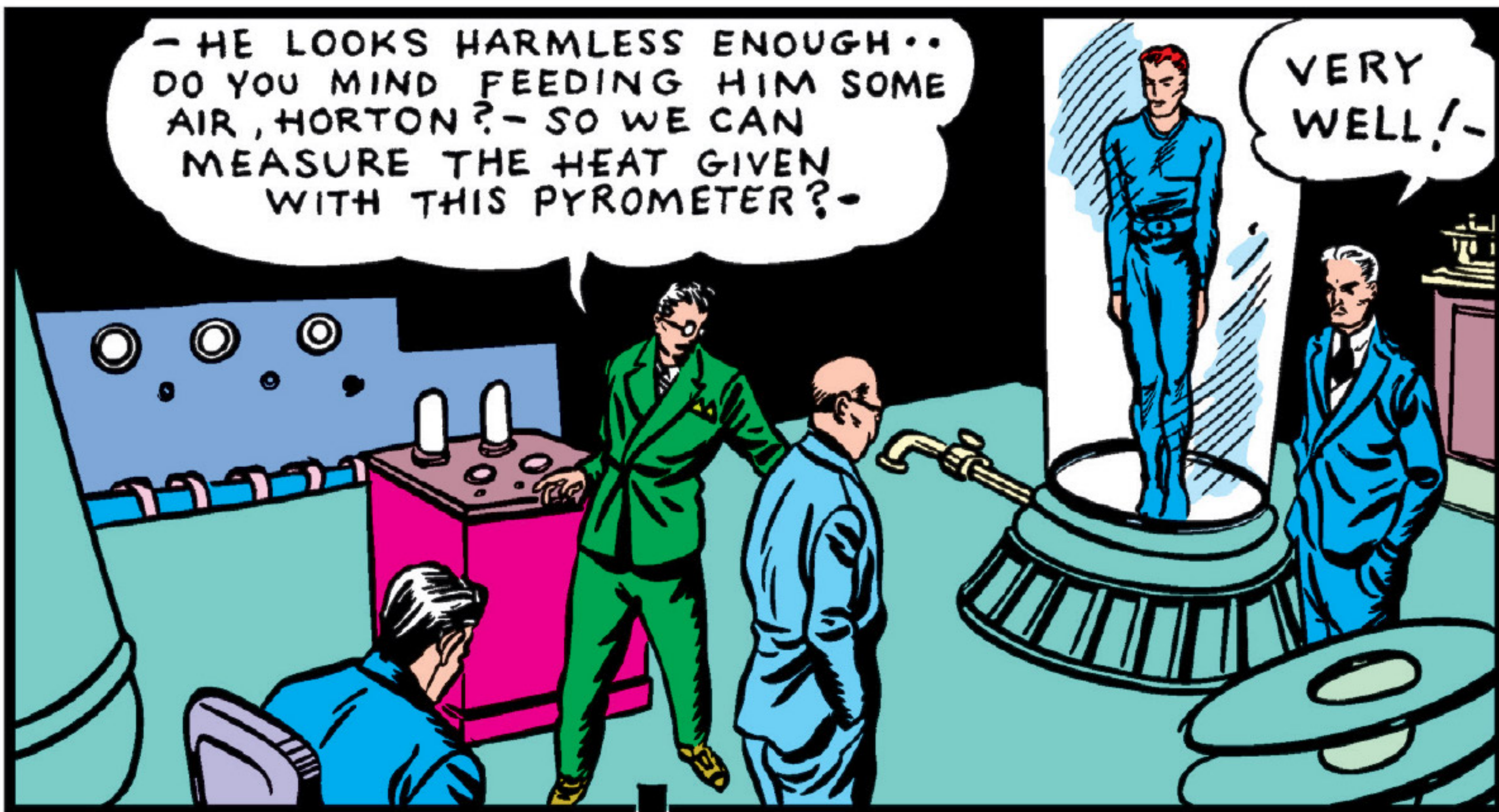
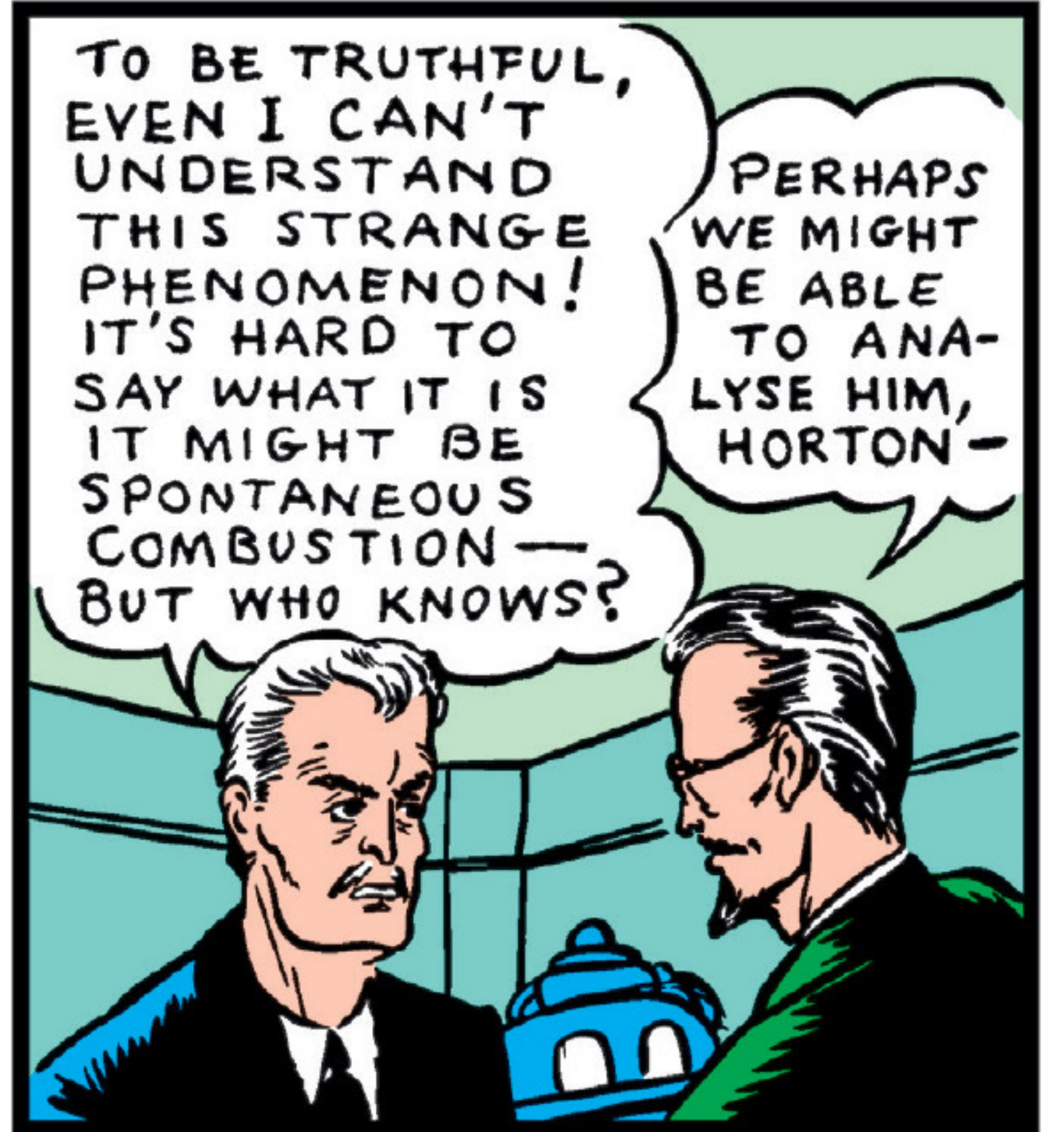
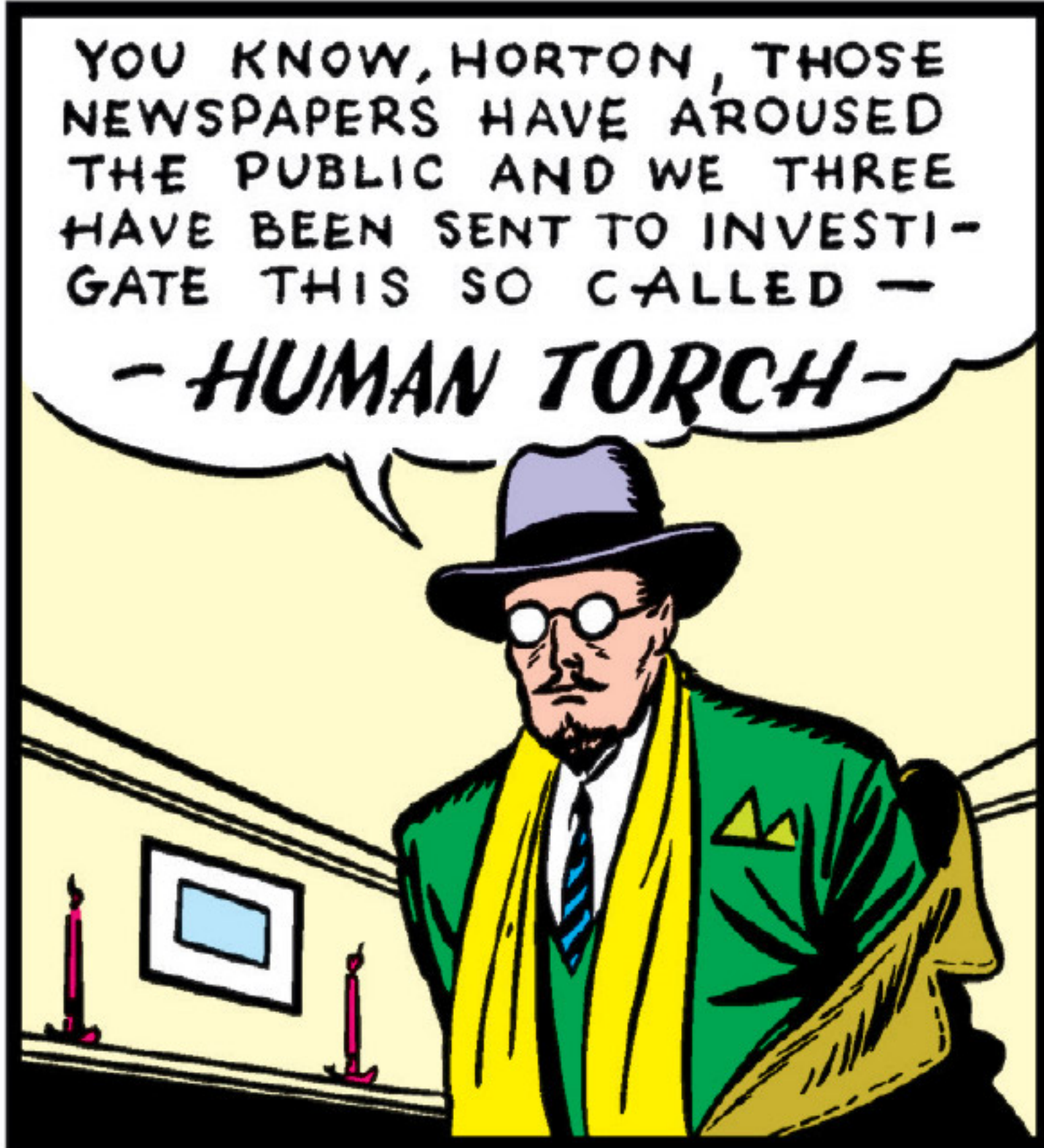
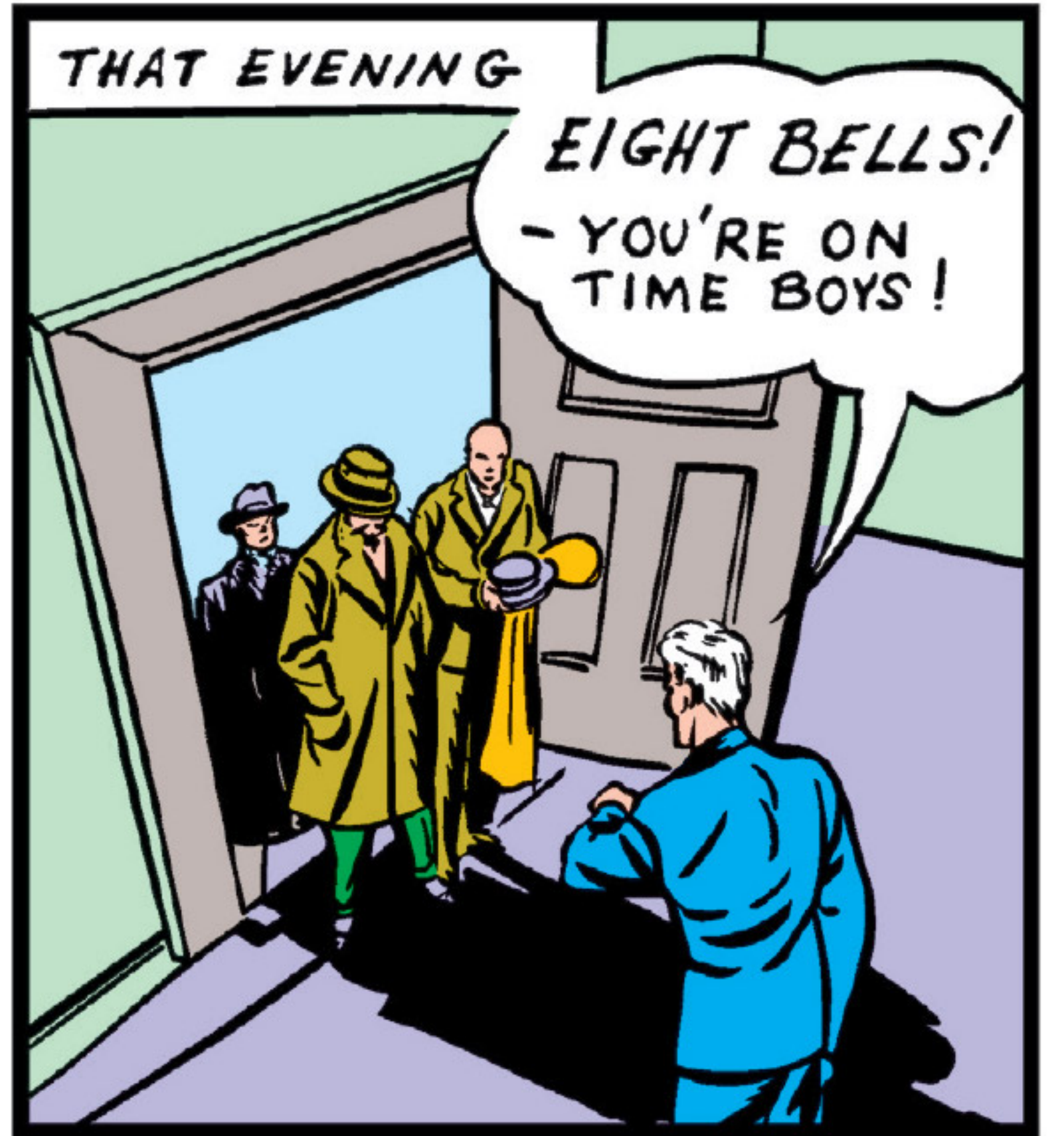
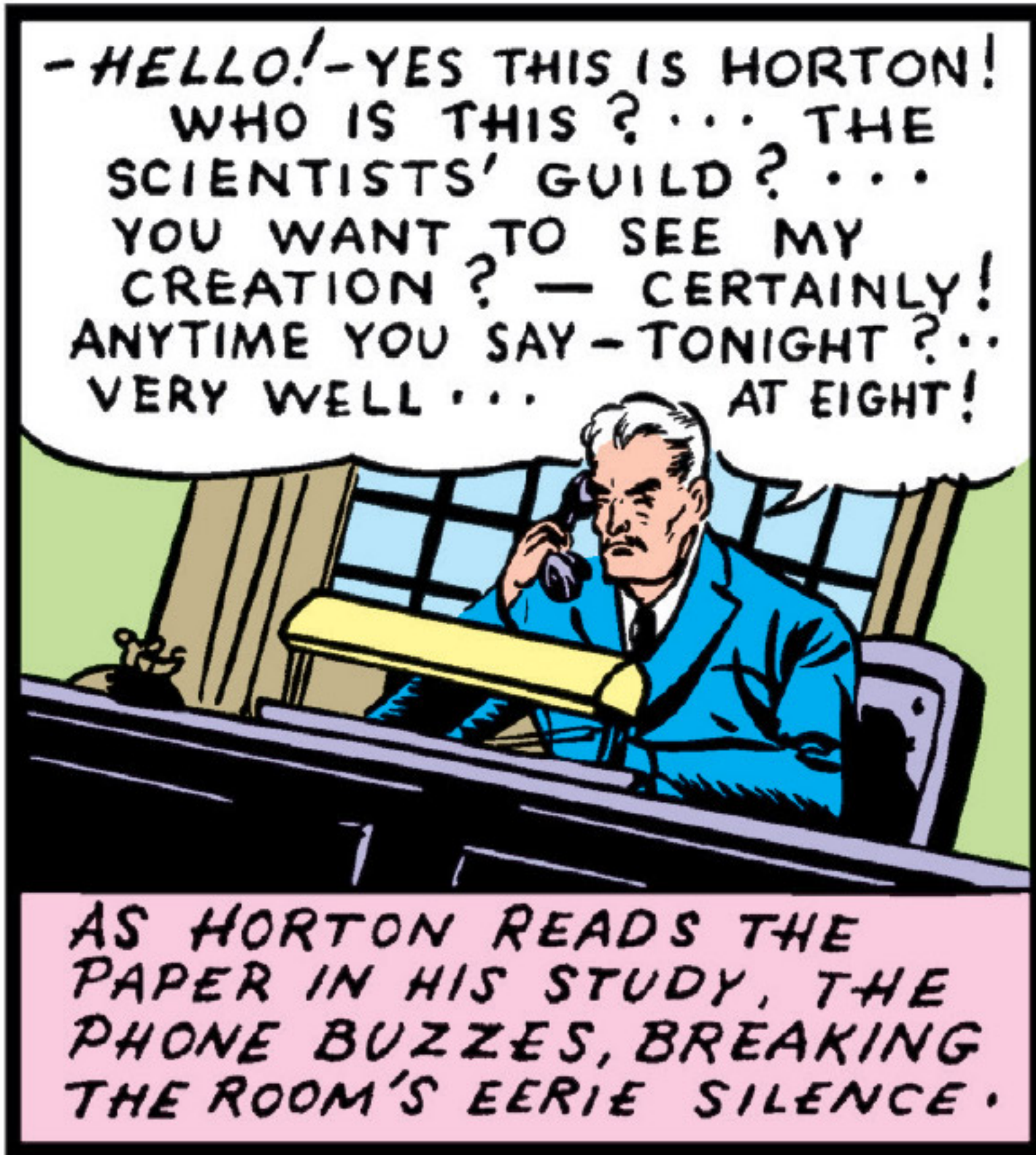
SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH MY FIGURINGS SOMEWHERE · EVERY TIME THIS ROBOT, THE HUMAN TORCH, CONTACTS OXYGEN IN THE AIR, HE BURSTS INTO FLAME! NOW WATCH!

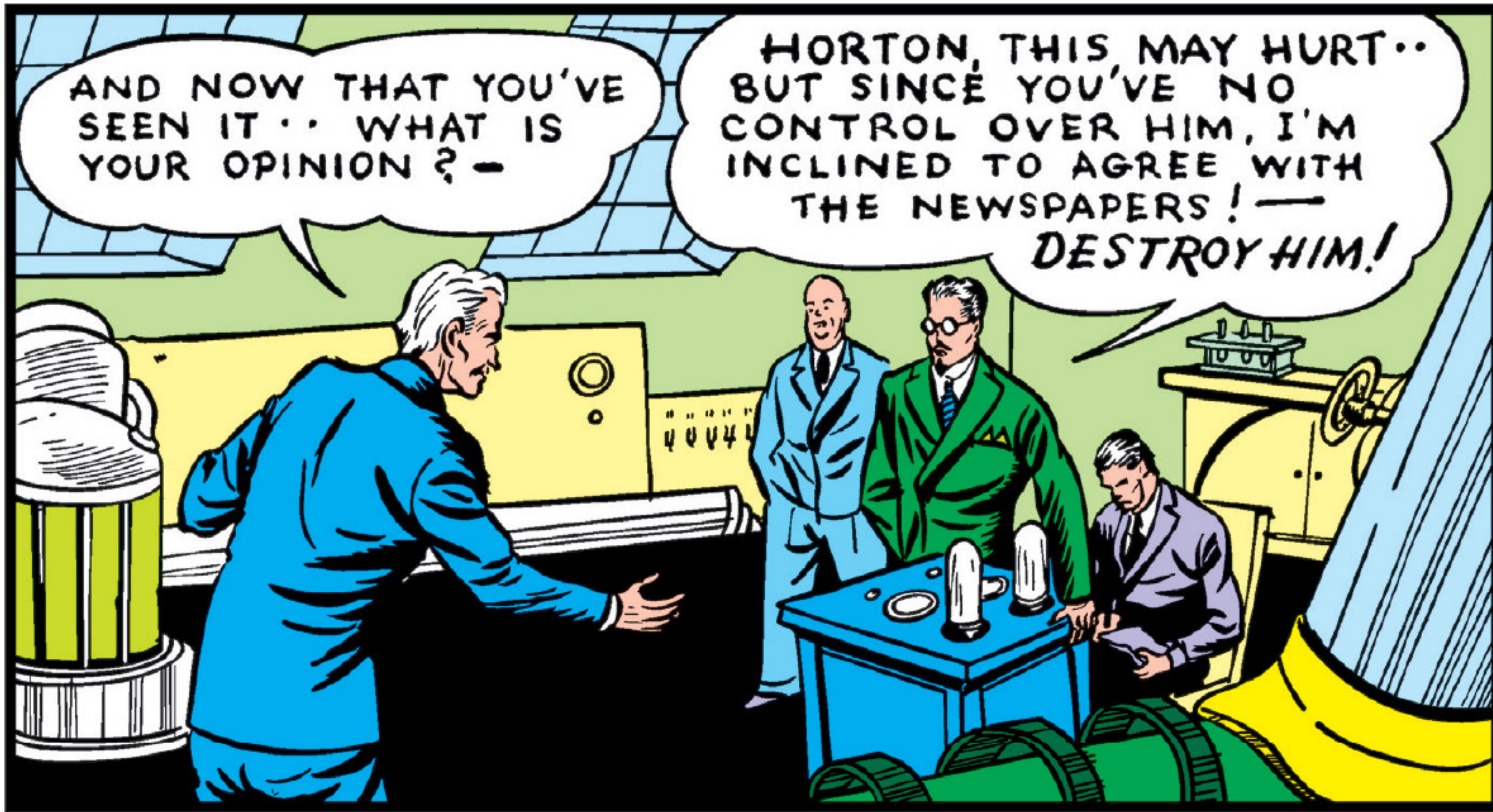


SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOU SEE, DESTROYING HIM, DOES NOT ANSWER ANYTHING!!



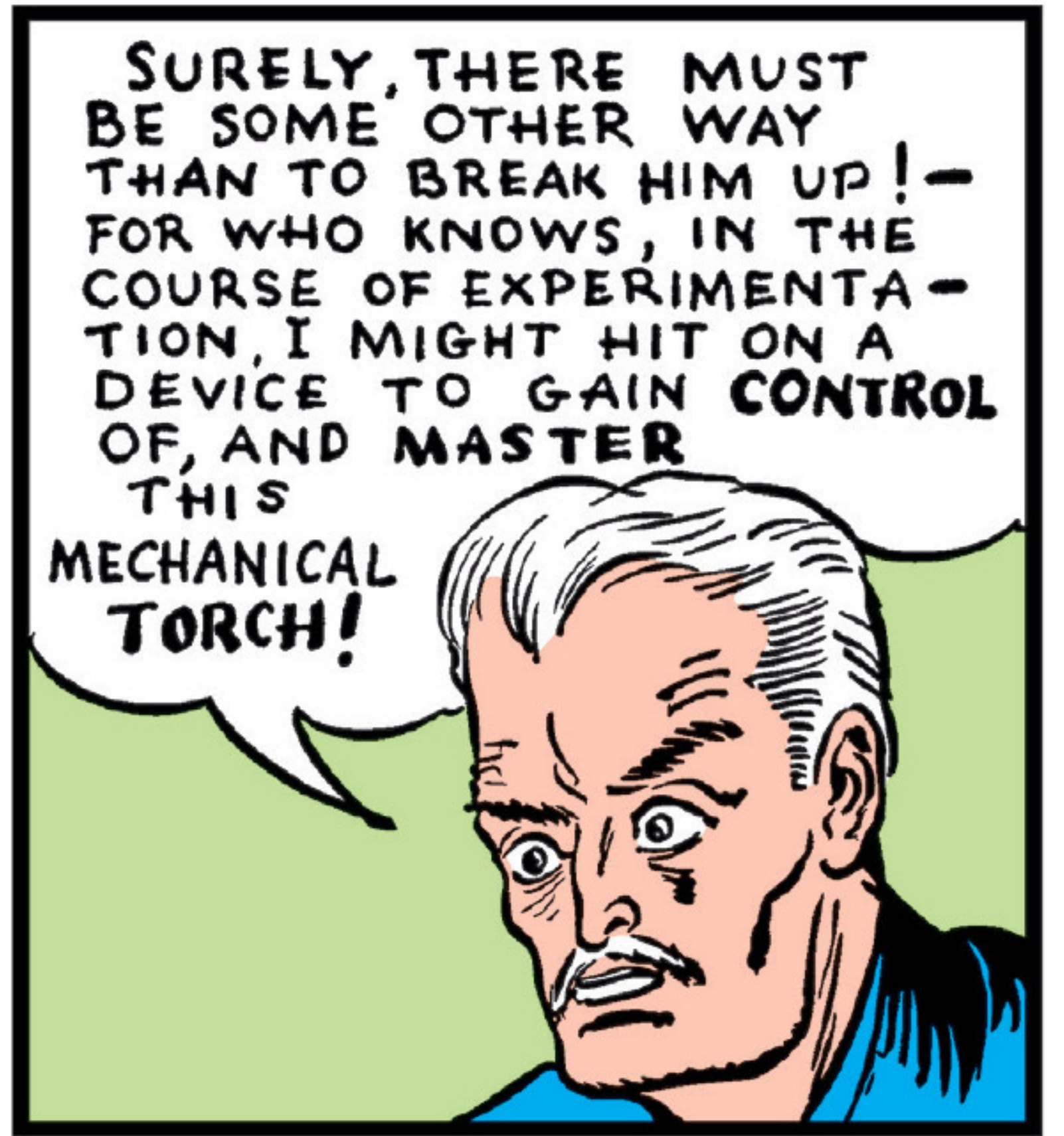
THEN PERHAPS THE POWER OF THE PRESS WILL HELP CHANGE YOUR MIND!



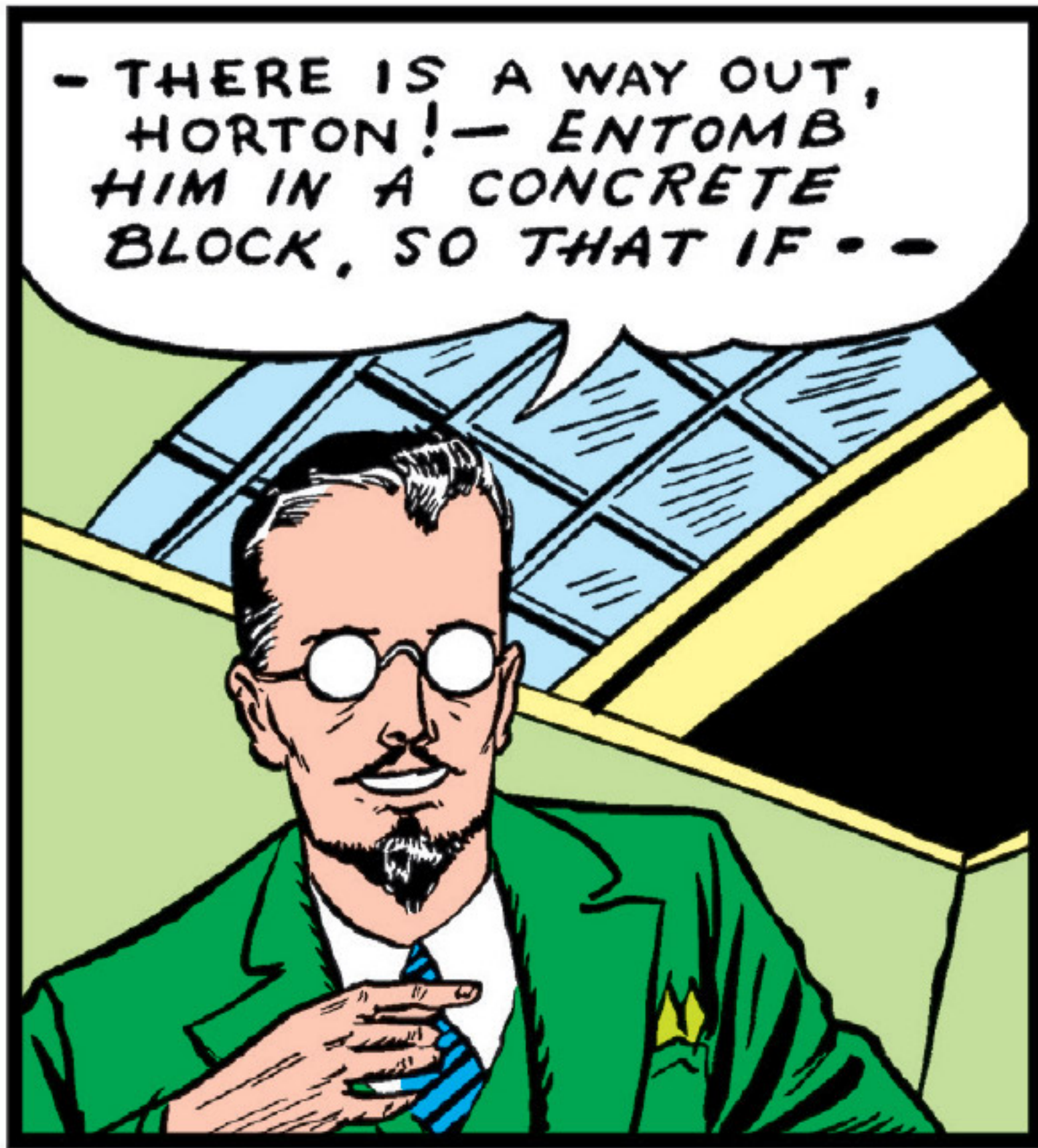


AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN IT... WHAT IS YOUR OPINION? -

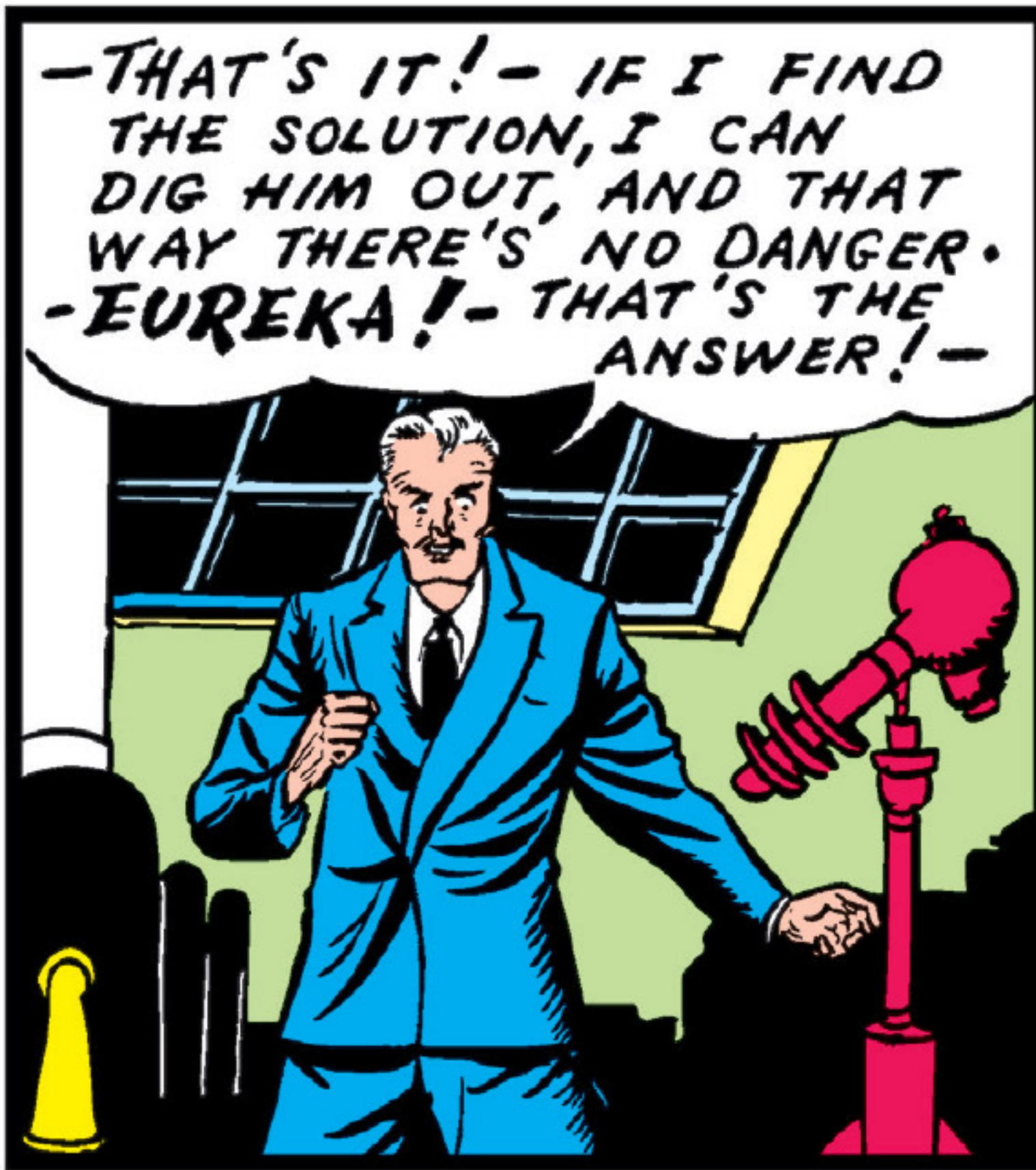
HORTON, THIS MAY HURT... BUT SINCE YOU'VE NO CONTROL OVER HIM, I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH THE NEWSPAPERS! -
DESTROY HIM!



SURELY, THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY THAN TO BREAK HIM UP! - FOR WHO KNOWS, IN THE COURSE OF EXPERIMENTATION, I MIGHT HIT ON A DEVICE TO GAIN CONTROL OF, AND MASTER THIS MECHANICAL TORCH!



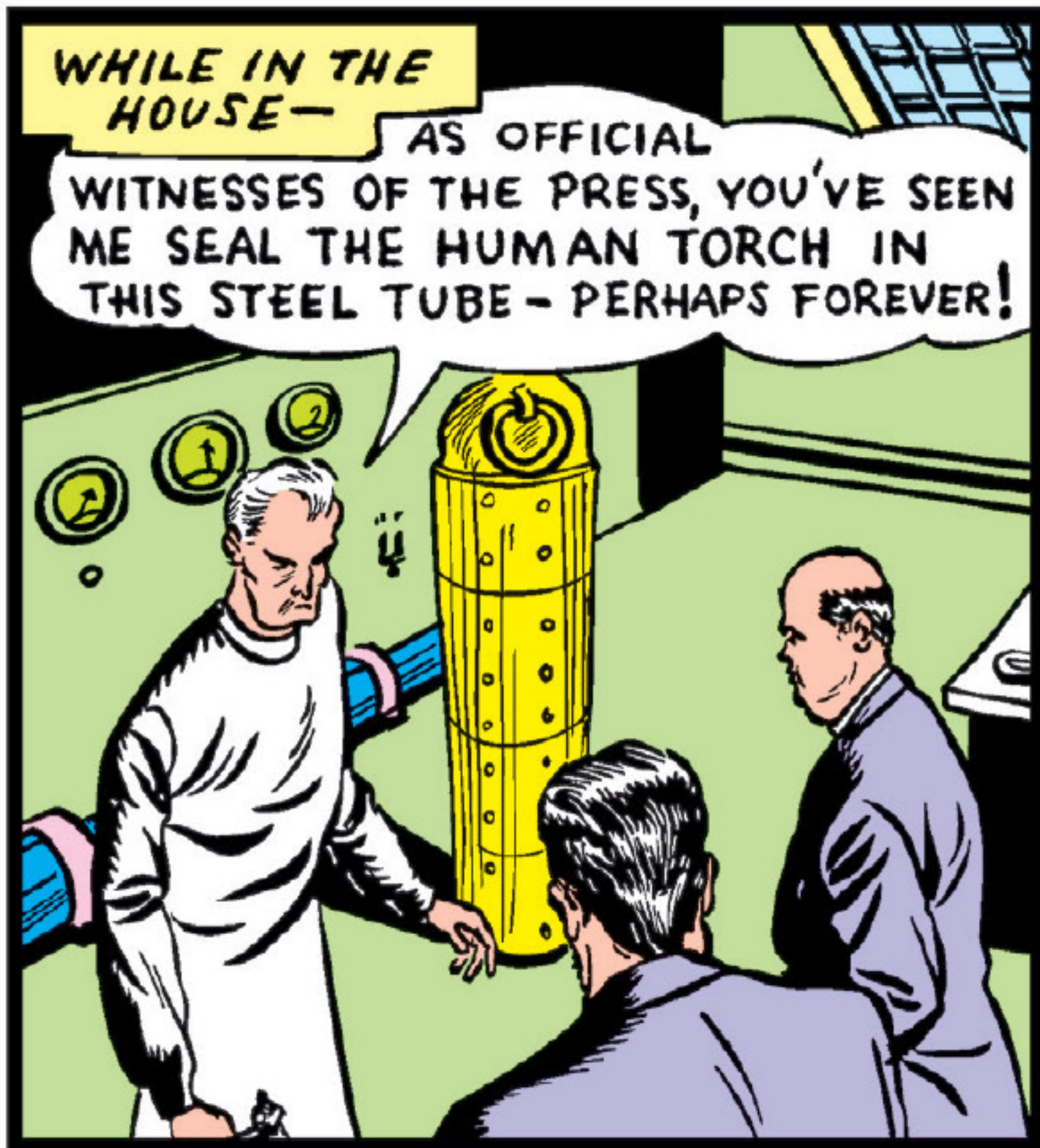
- THERE IS A WAY OUT, HORTON! - ENTOMB HIM IN A CONCRETE BLOCK, SO THAT IF - -



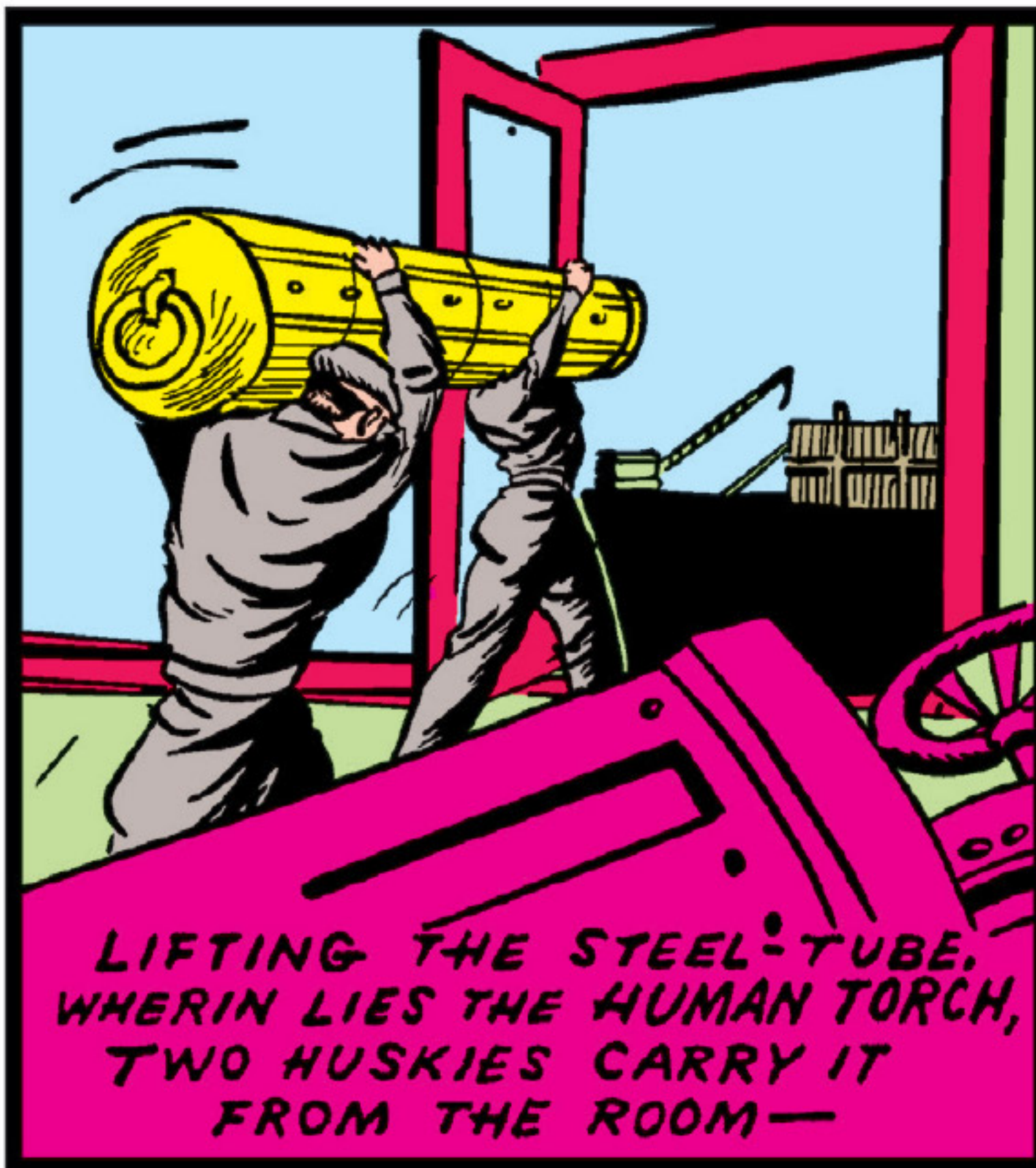
- THAT'S IT! - IF I FIND THE SOLUTION, I CAN DIG HIM OUT, AND THAT WAY THERE'S NO DANGER. -
EUREKA! - THAT'S THE ANSWER! -



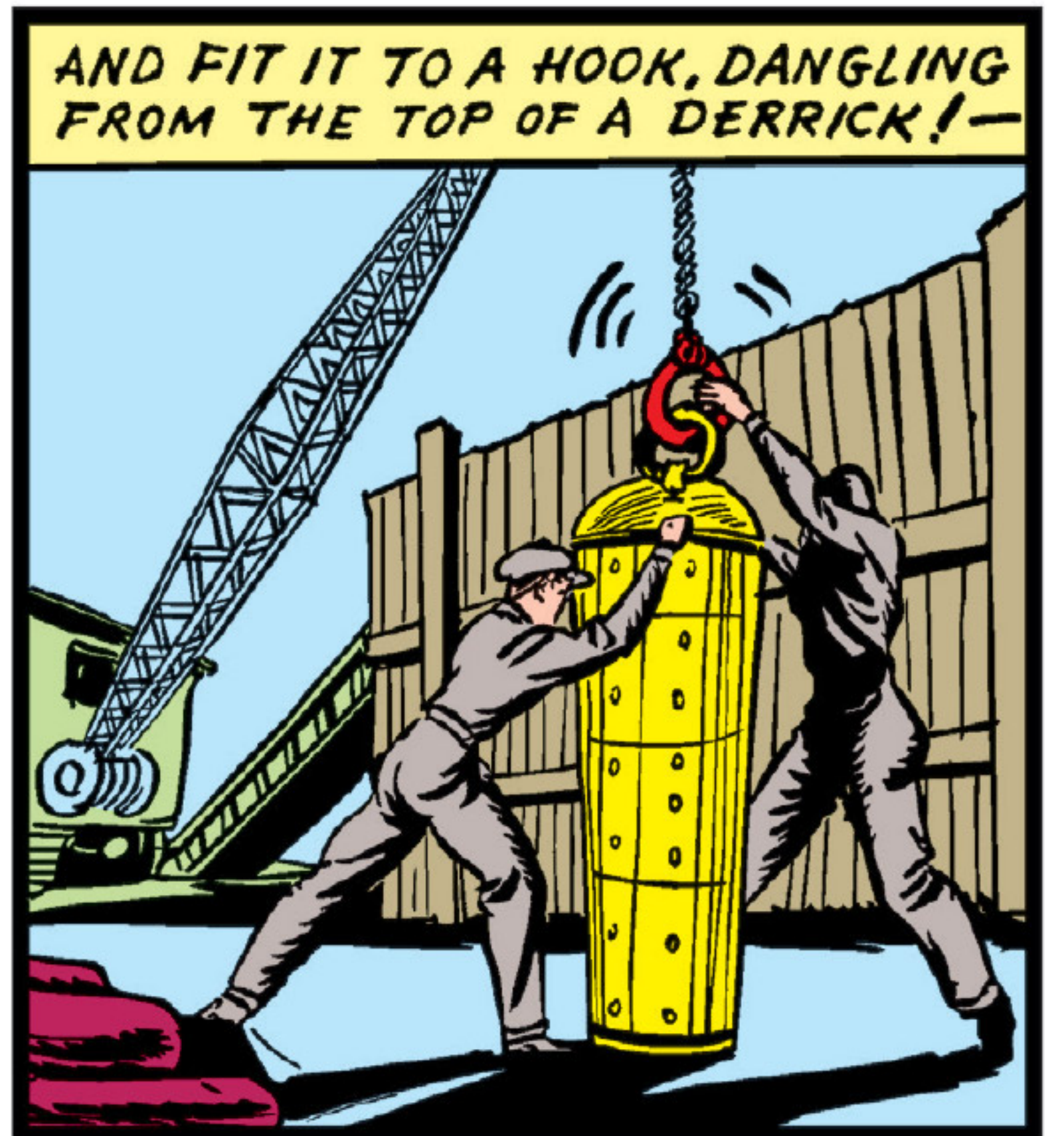
THE NEXT DAY, WORKERS BEGIN BUILDING A MOULD IN WHICH TO BURY THE HUMAN TORCH -



WHILE IN THE HOUSE - AS OFFICIAL WITNESSES OF THE PRESS, YOU'VE SEEN ME SEAL THE HUMAN TORCH IN THIS STEEL TUBE - PERHAPS FOREVER!



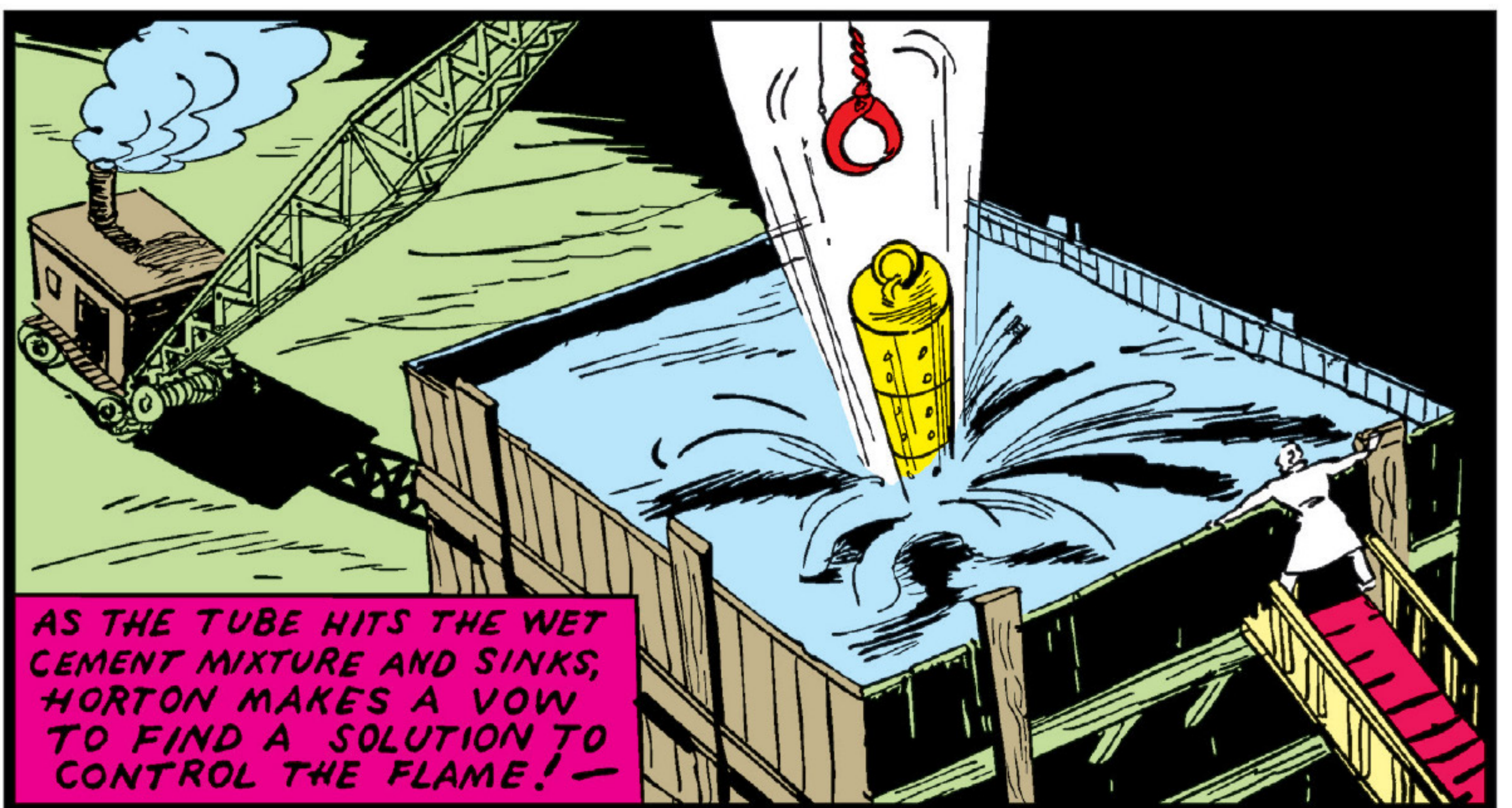
LIFTING THE STEEL-TUBE, WHEREIN LIES THE HUMAN TORCH, TWO HUSKIES CARRY IT FROM THE ROOM -



AND FIT IT TO A HOOK, DANGLING FROM THE TOP OF A DERRICK! -



O.K! - LET 'ER GO!



AS THE TUBE HITS THE WET CEMENT MIXTURE AND SINKS, HORTON MAKES A VOW TO FIND A SOLUTION TO CONTROL THE FLAME! -

TIME WENT BY - AND EVERYBODY HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FIRE-MAN, UNTIL, ONE EARLY MORNING, THERE WAS A TERRIFYING BLAST AND THE EARTH SPLIT OPEN!



THE WINDOWS OF HORTON'S NEARBY HOME WERE SHATTERED TO BITS! -



GOOD HEAVENS - WHAT WAS THAT? - I WONDER?! COULD IT BE -- ?



IN HORTON'S BEDROOM -

- YE GODS! THAT WAS THE HUMAN-TORCH'S TOMB! COULD HE HAVE BEEN DESTROYED?



HORTON RUSHES TO THE SHATTERED WINDOW! -

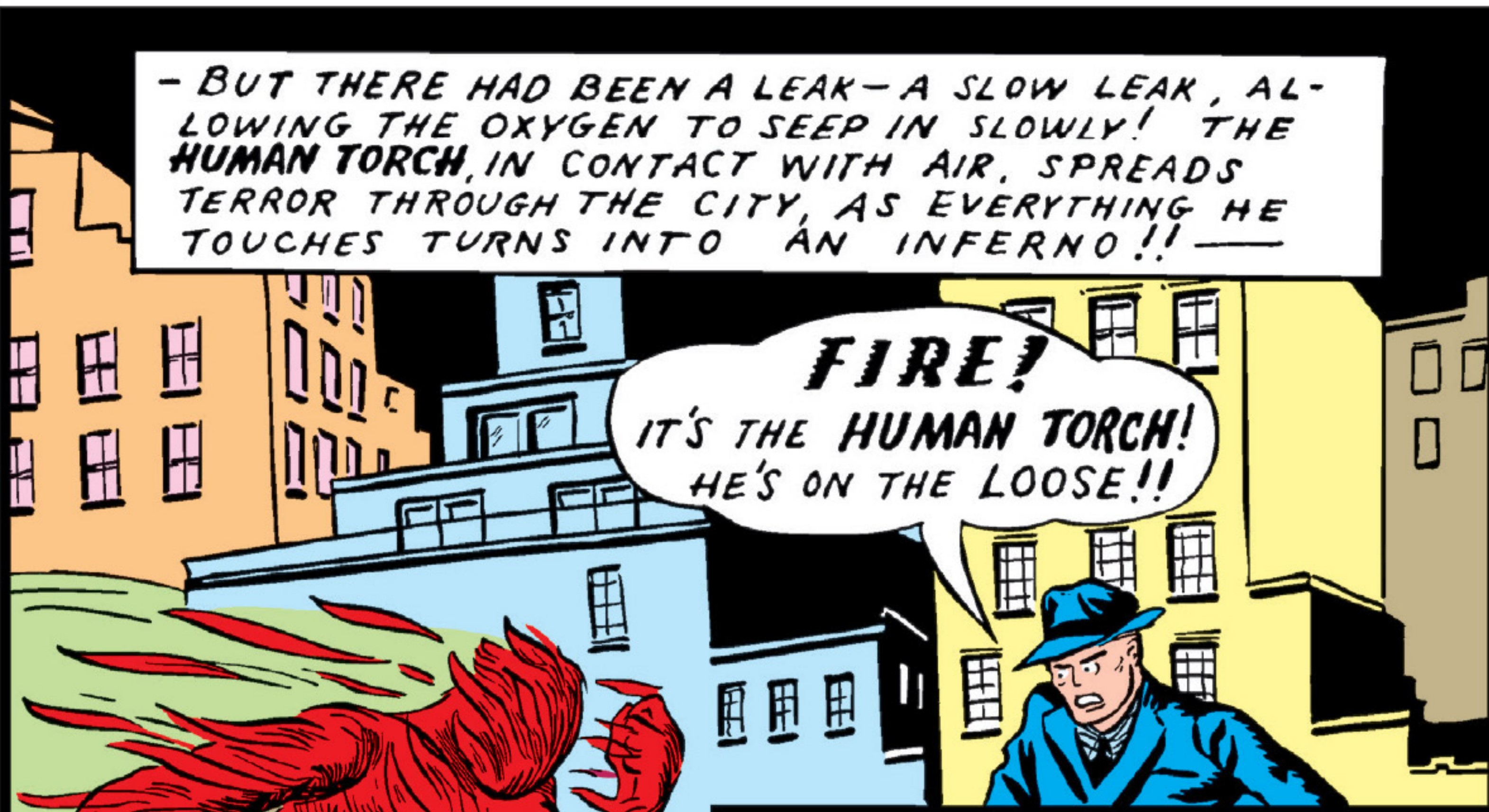
- HE MUST HAVE BEEN! - NOTHING COULD SURVIVE A BLAST LIKE THAT. ... NOTHING. ... UNLESS -



- UNLESS THERE WAS A LEAK IN THE AIR-TIGHT TUBE IN WHICH HE WAS BURIED. A LEAK?! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE - I SEALED IT MYSELF!! -

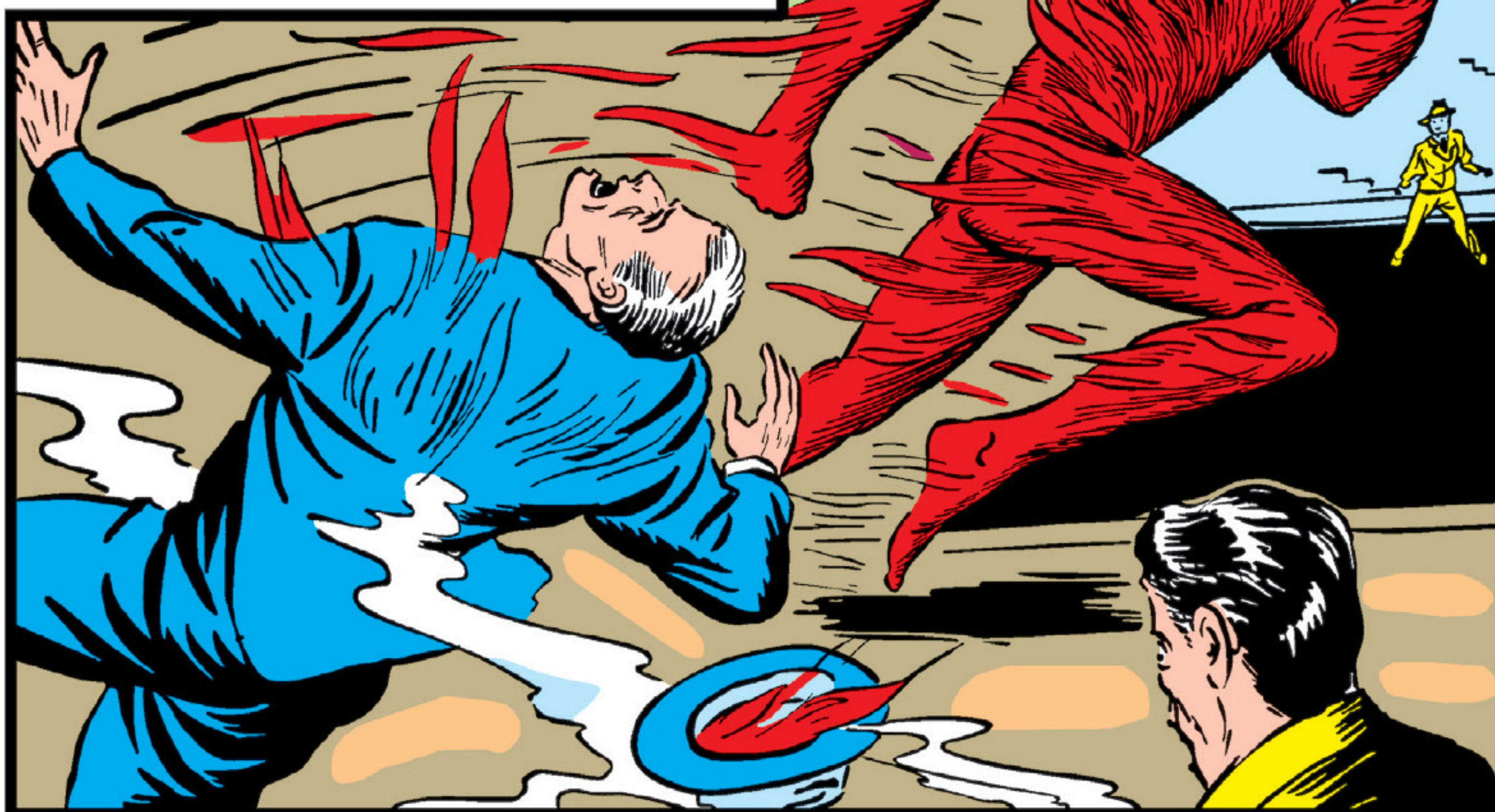


- BUT THERE HAD BEEN A LEAK - A SLOW LEAK, ALLOWING THE OXYGEN TO SEEP IN SLOWLY! THE HUMAN TORCH, IN CONTACT WITH AIR, SPREADS TERROR THROUGH THE CITY, AS EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES TURNS INTO AN INFERNO!! -



FIRE!

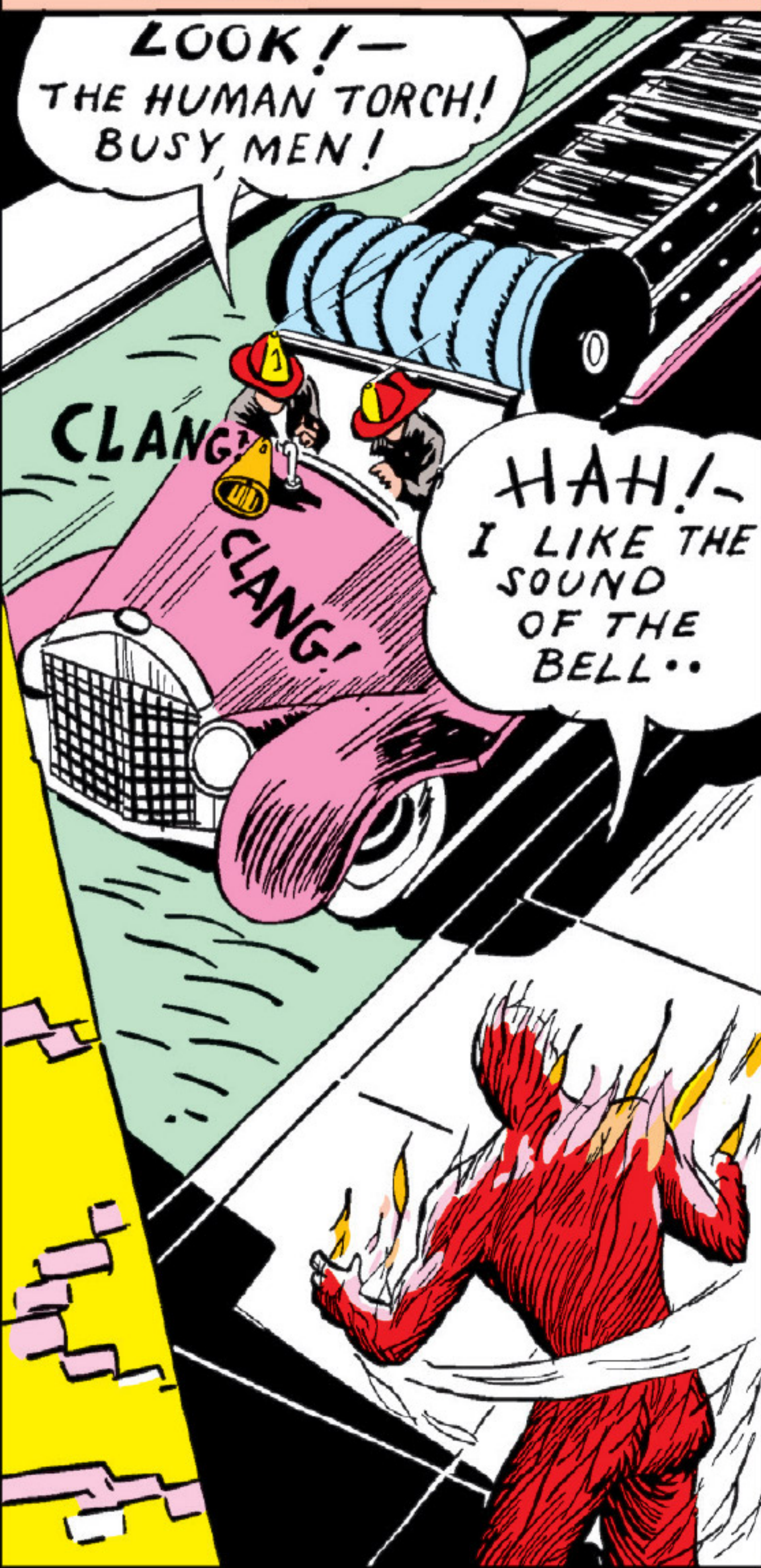
IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! HE'S ON THE LOOSE!!



I'M BURNING ALIVE! - WHY MUST EVERYTHING I TOUCH, TURN TO FLAME? -



ATTRACTED BY THE CLANG OF FIRE-ENGINES, AFTER SOMEBODY HAD TURNED IN A FIRE ALARM, THE HUMAN TORCH TURNS



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WAITING FOR? C'MON — GET THE HOSE INTO ACTION!



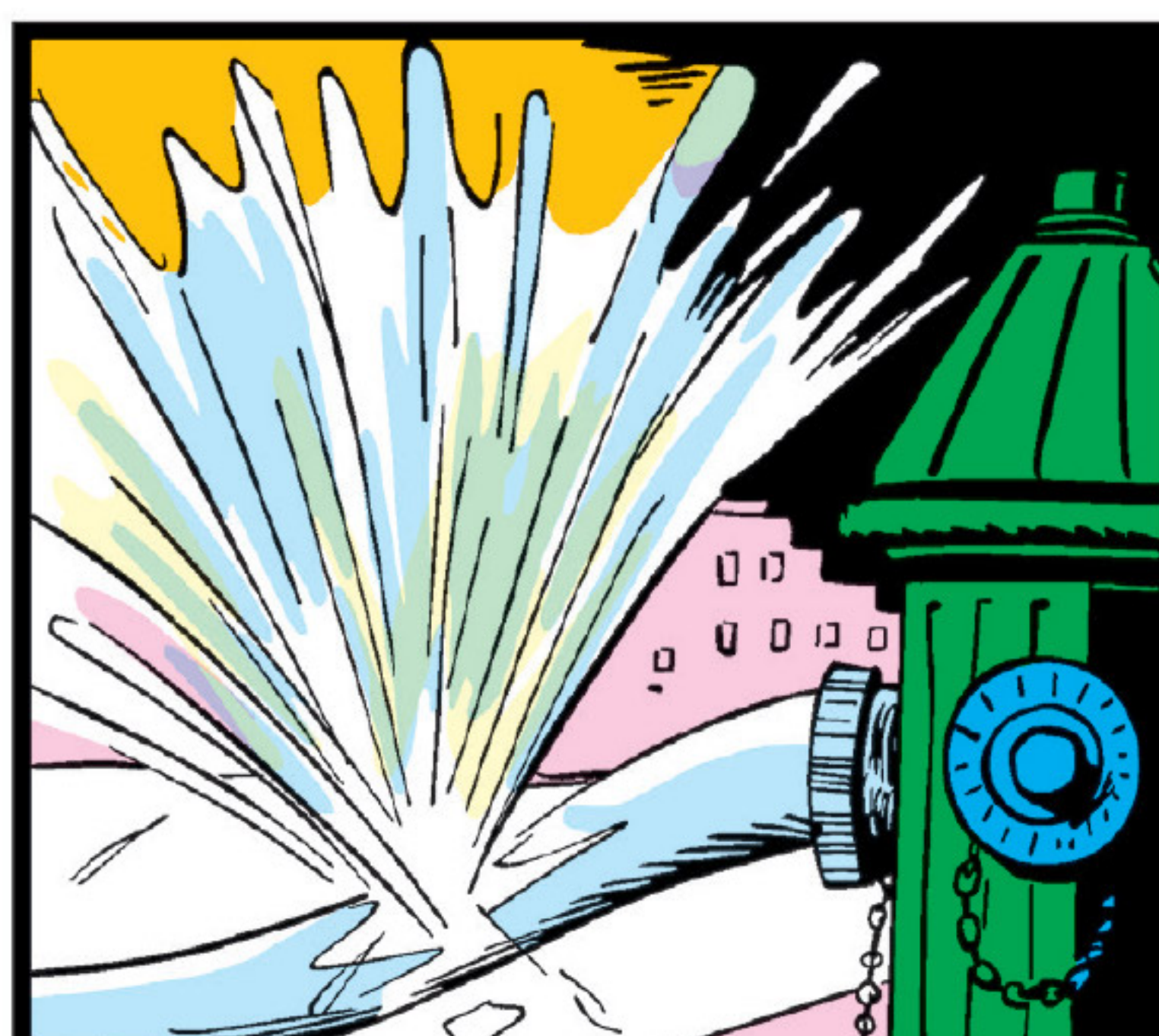
HURRY! — THAT GUY'S STILL HERE! .. WATER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK! —



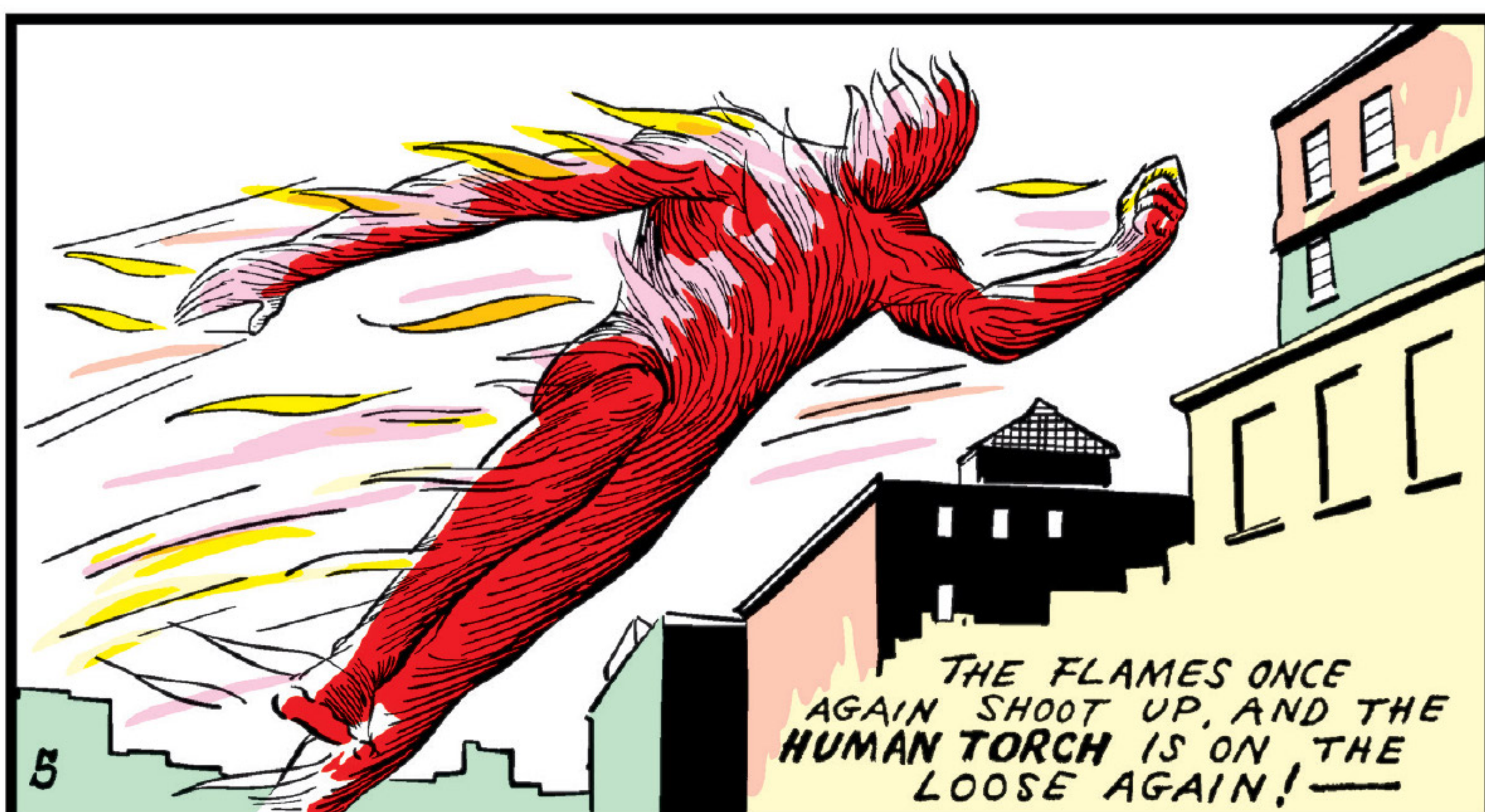
AS THE WATER SPURTS ONTO THE HUMAN-TORCH — A HISSING SOUND BELLOW — A CLOUD OF SMOKE RISES .. BUT THE FIREMEN ARE DUMBFOUNDED, AS ... —



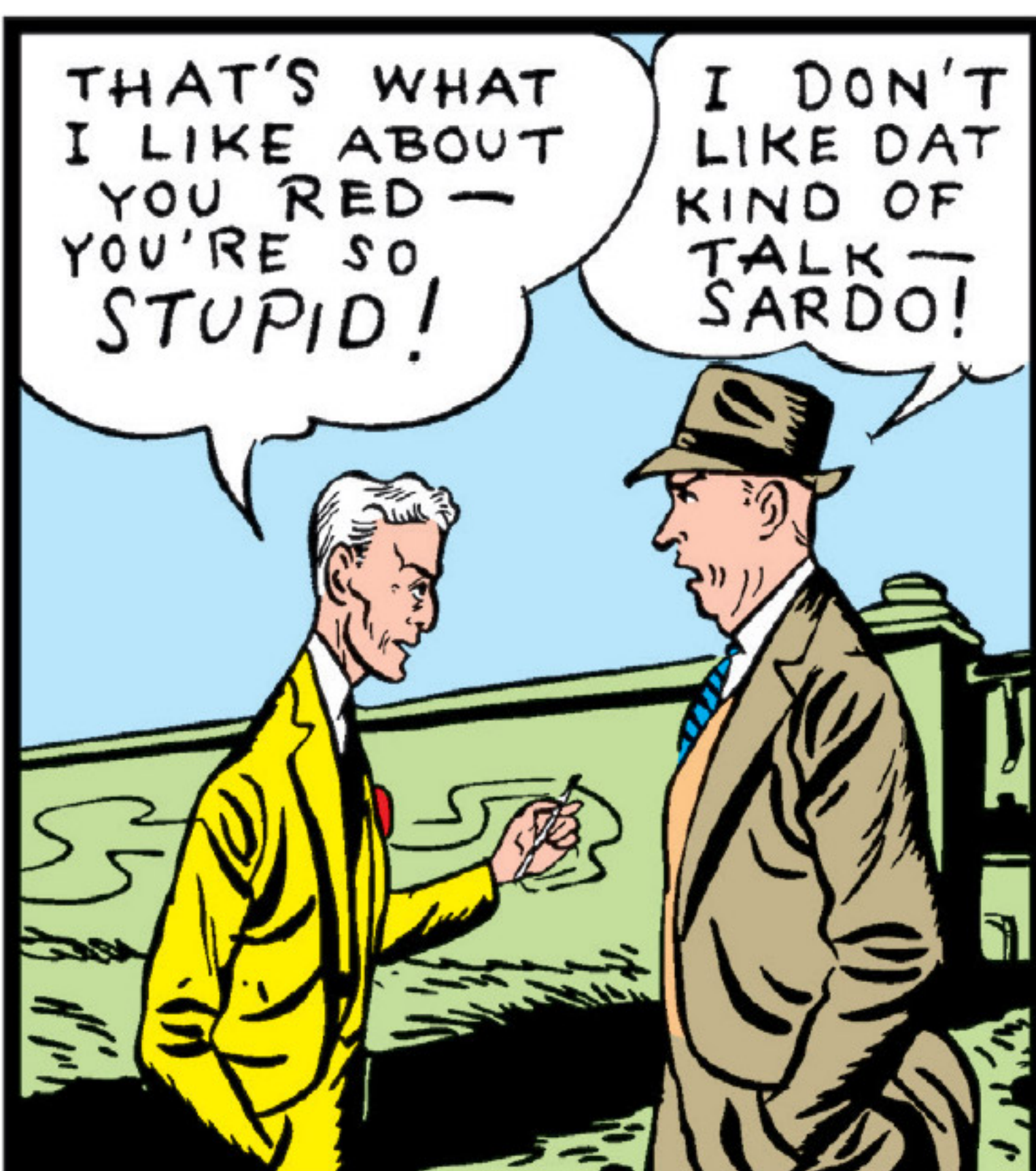
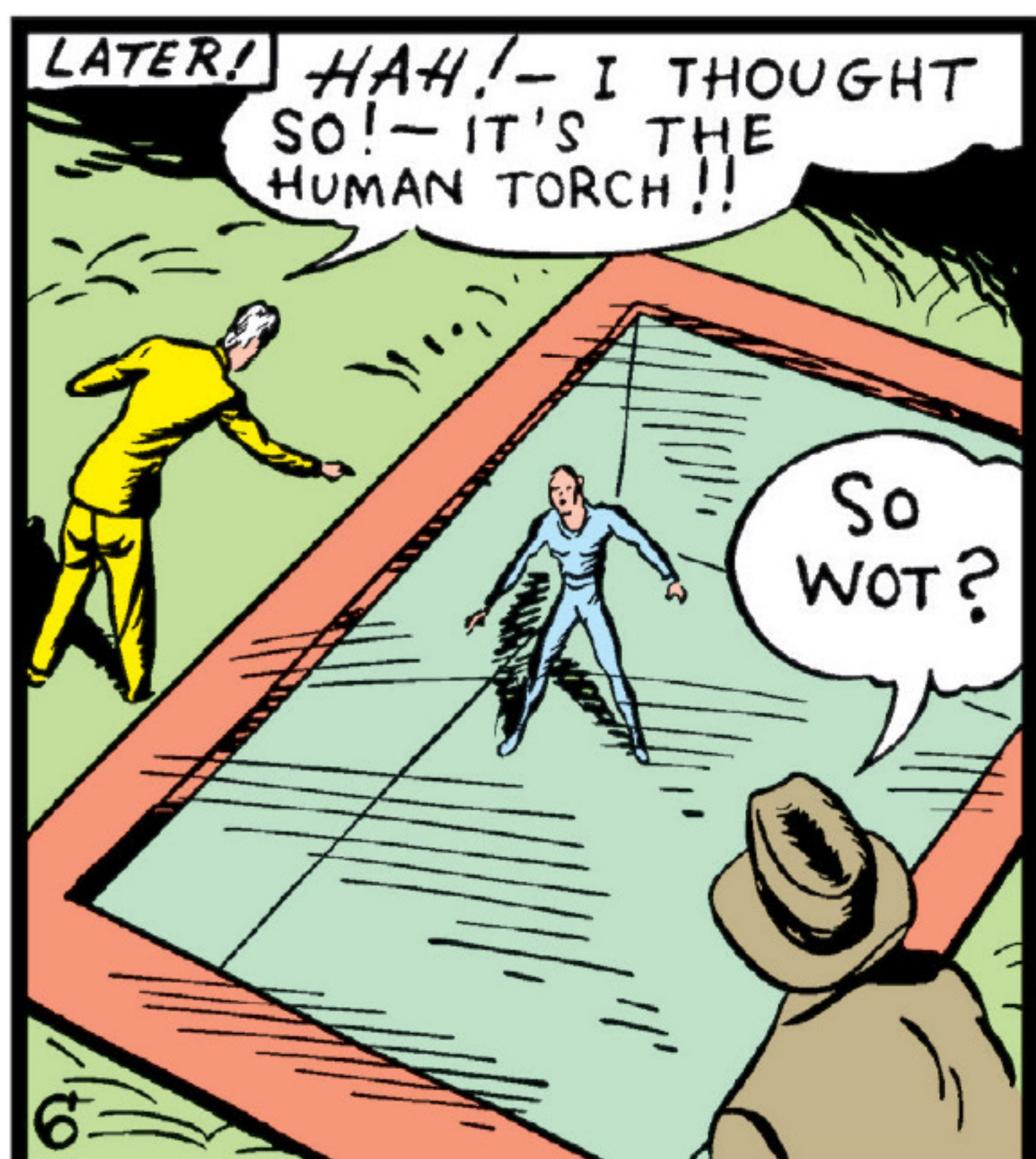
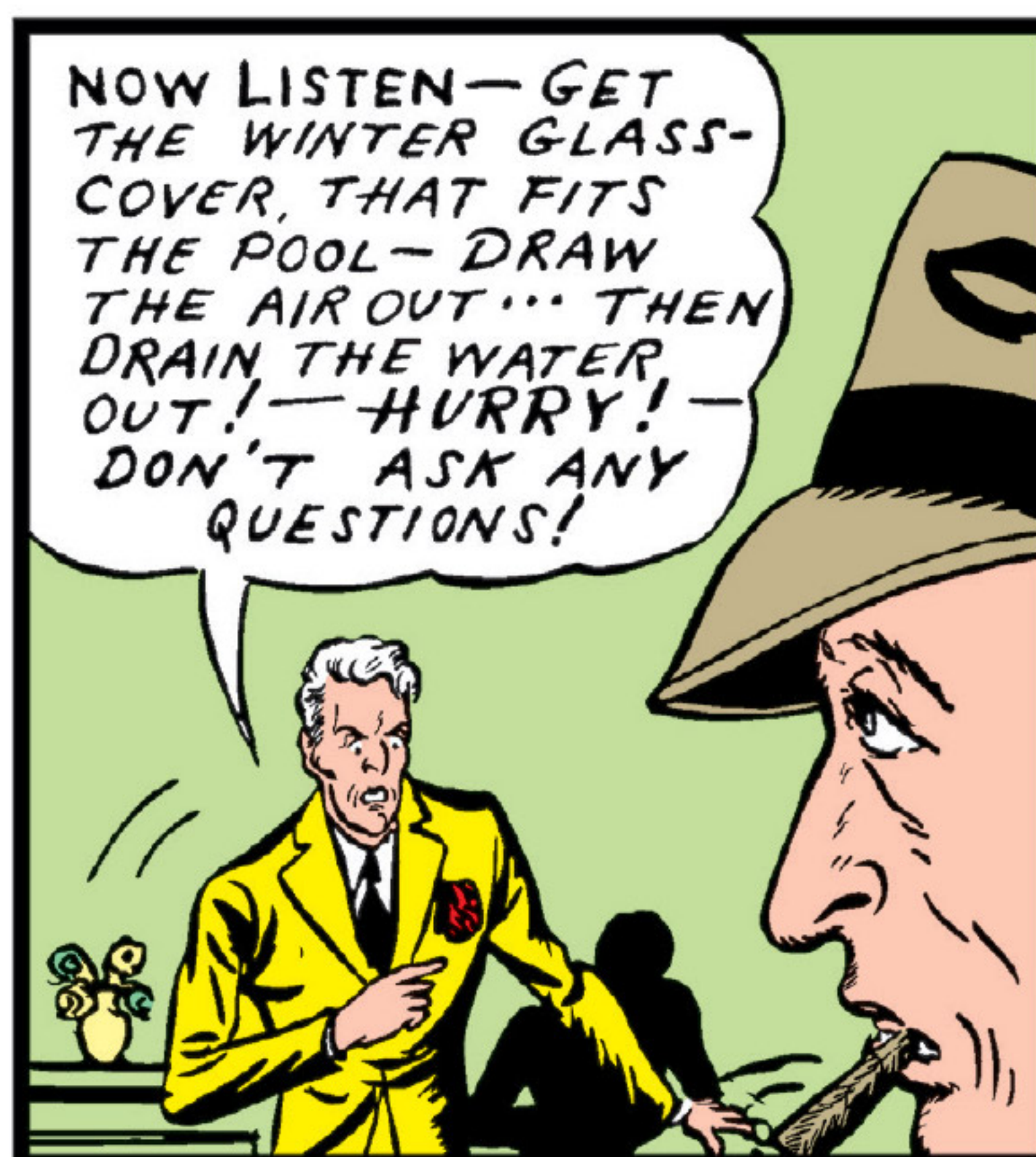
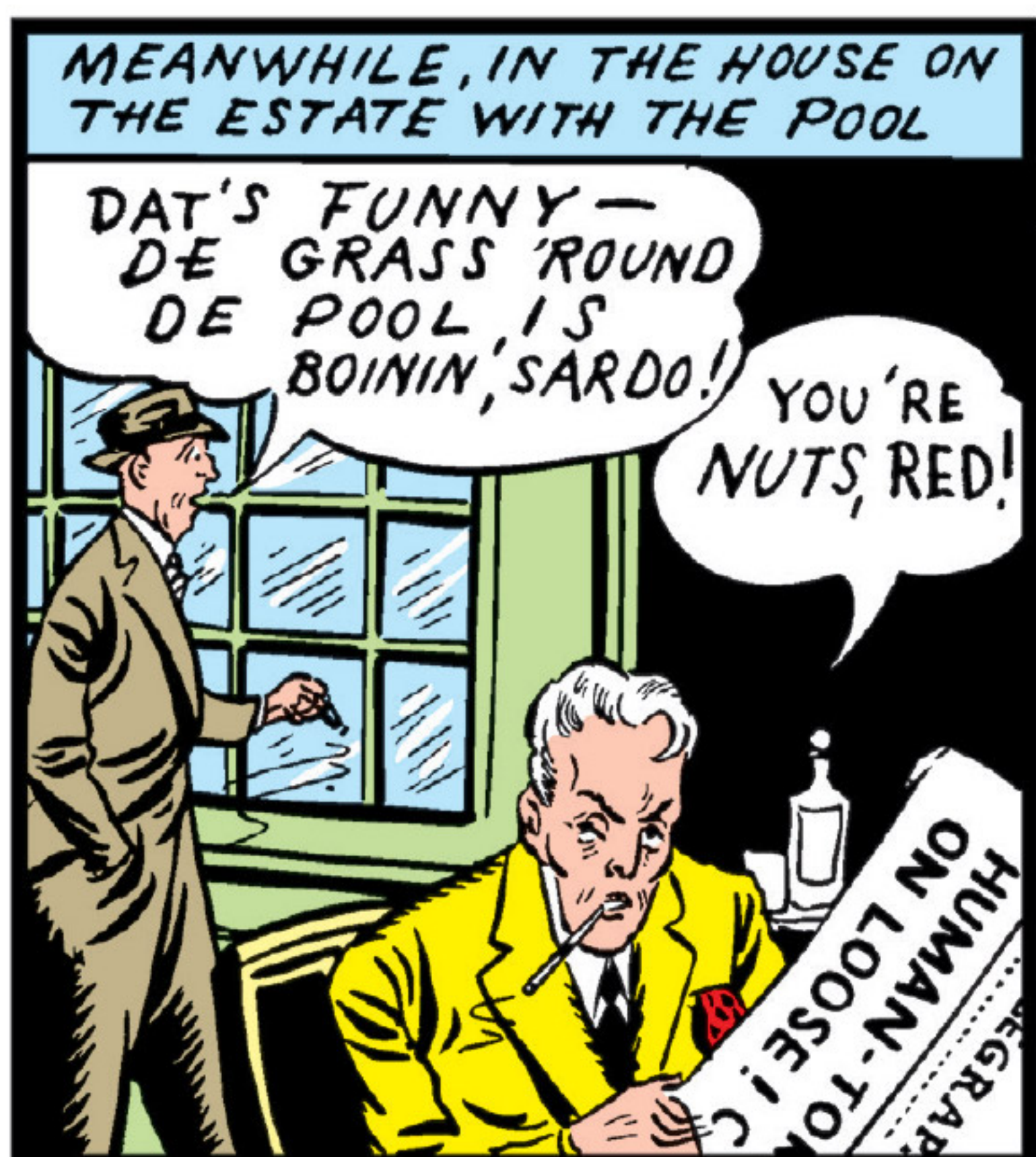
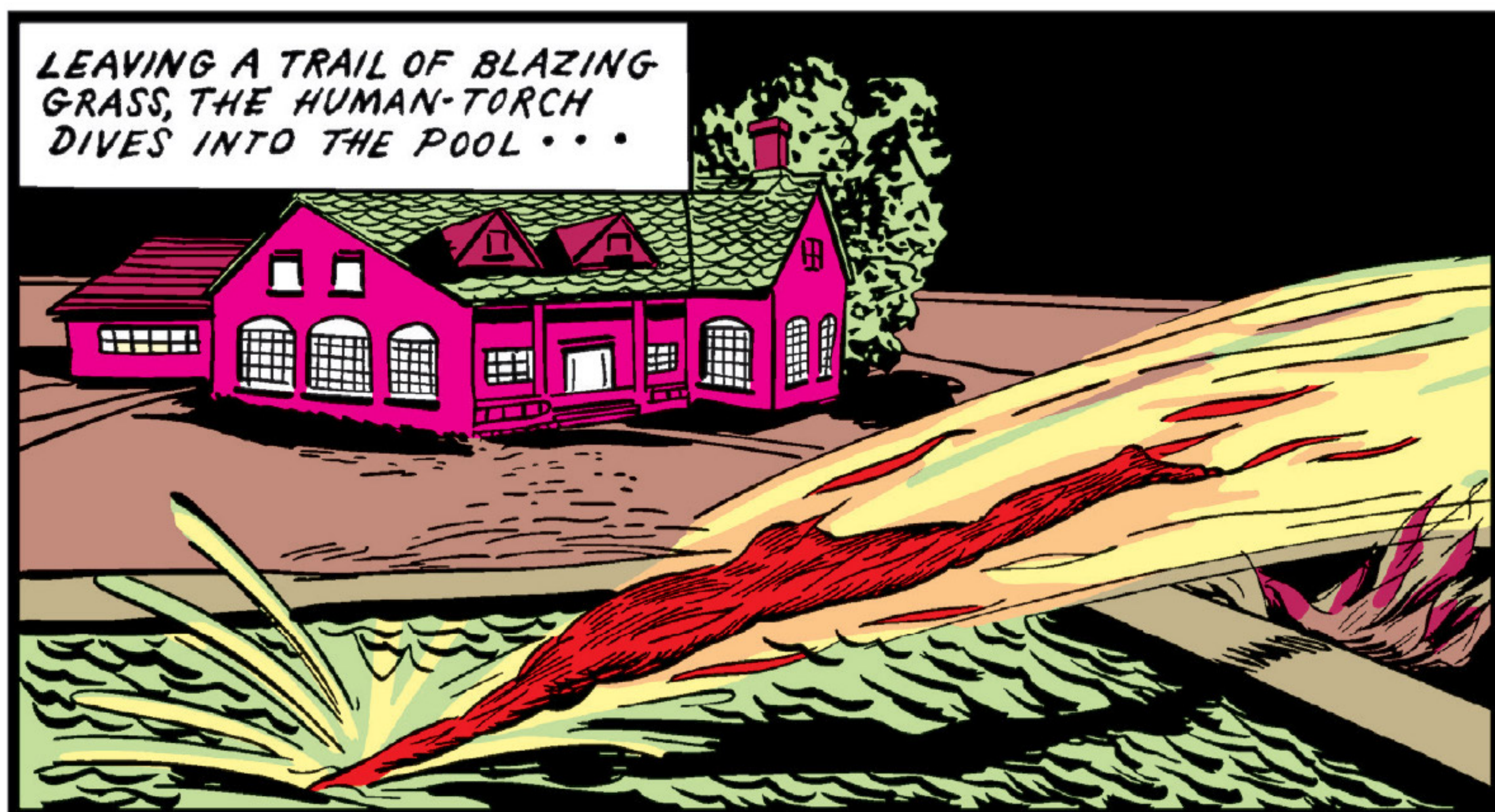
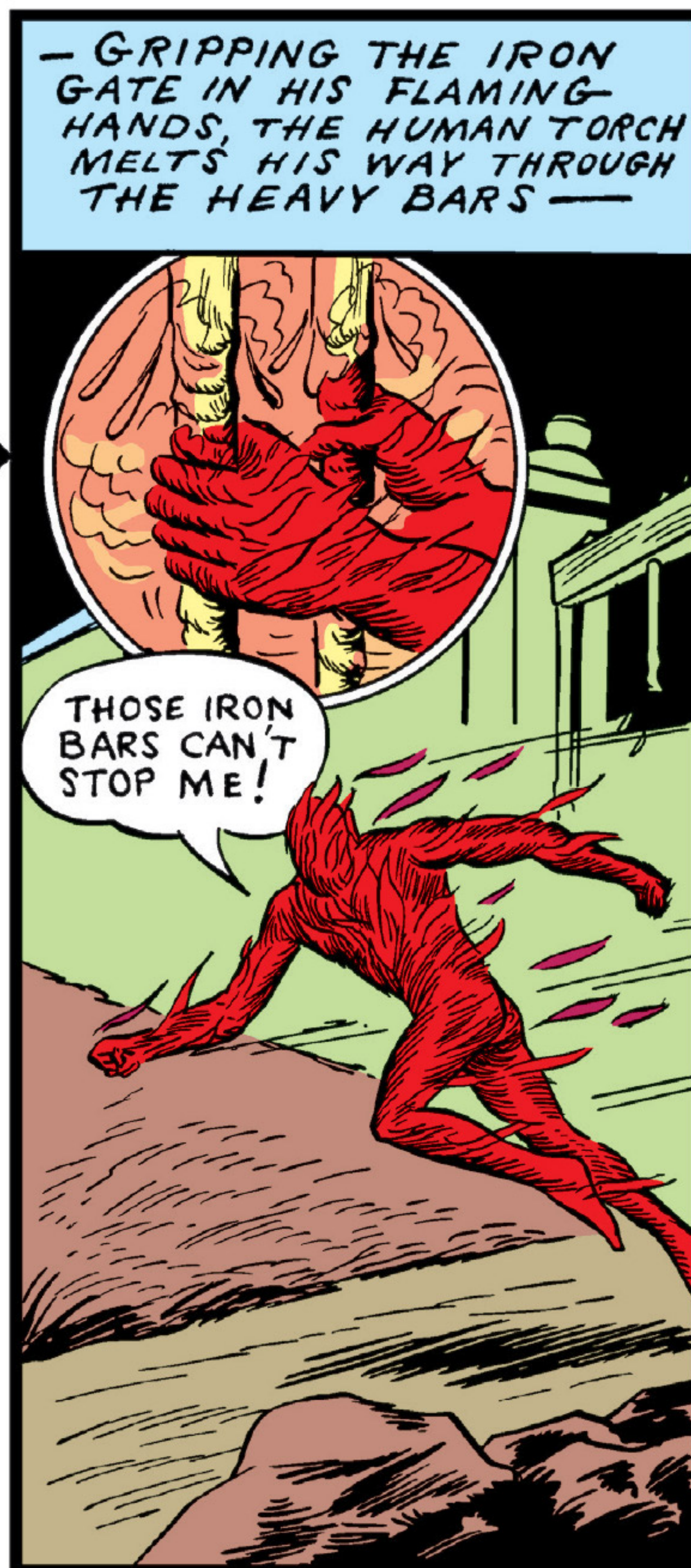
KEEP POURING WATER ON HIM — THE FLAMES DYING DOWN! — I'M GOING TO GET HORTON!



AS THE HUMAN TORCH STEPS ON A HOSE, IT BURNS THROUGH, AND THE WATER SPURTS OUT



THE FLAMES ONCE AGAIN SHOOT UP, AND THE HUMAN TORCH IS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN! —



FROM NOW ON, RED, WE'RE IN THE FIRE-INSURANCE BUSINESS.

O K! IF YOUSE SEZ SO, SARDO!

SARDO TRIES EXPLAINING TO RED HIS PLAN TO USE THE HUMAN TORCH.

AND OUR FIRST CUSTOMER WILL BE THE ACMEN WAREHOUSES, INC.

- BUT STEEL CAN'T BOIN!

LOOK DOPE - THAT GUY IN THE POOL IS TH HUMAN TORCH - AND HE CAN MELT STEEL!!

DO YA TINK HE'LL WOIK FOR US?

IF YOU'VE READ THE PAPERS, YOU'D KNOW THAT HE STARTS BURNING AS SOON AS HE HITS AIR! - DO YOU GET IT NOW? -

YEAH! - BUT, WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE NOW - SARDO?

GET THE CAR OUT! WE'RE GOIN' TO CALL ON THE ACMEN WAREHOUSES - INC.

BUT, I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THAT FREAK CAN BE OF ANY USE TO US IN OUR RACKET, BOSS -

LATER

I'LL SHOW YOU - YOU STAY HERE, RED, WHILE I HAVE A SALES-TALK WITH THE COMPANY'S PRESIDENT! -

- YESSIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. HARRIS, PLEASE.

- AND WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING? -

- ER, JUST SAY - MR. SARDO - AND TELL HIM IT'S HOT STUFF!

THERE'S A MR. SARDO OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU... HE SAYS - IT'S "HOT STUFF!"

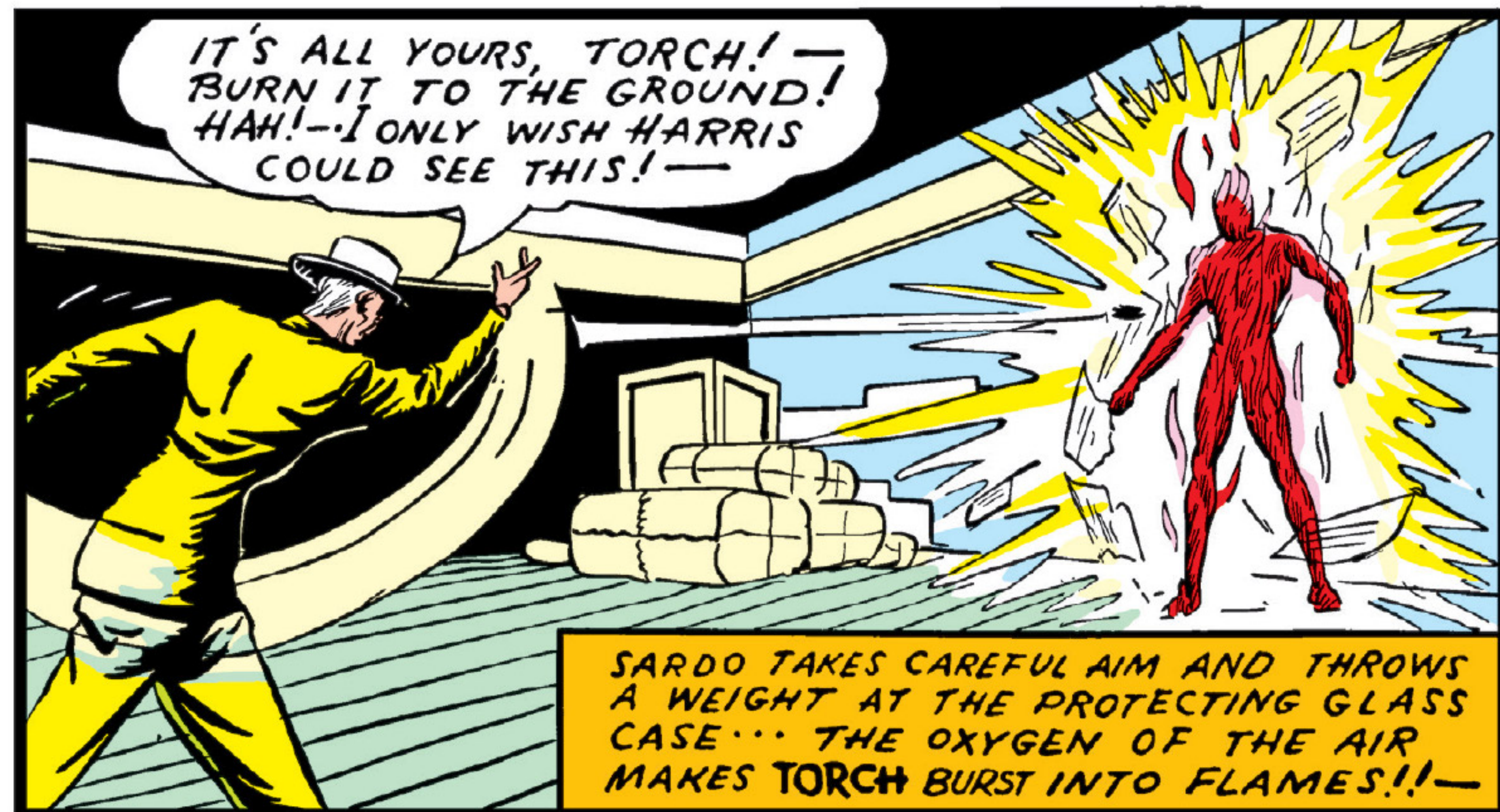
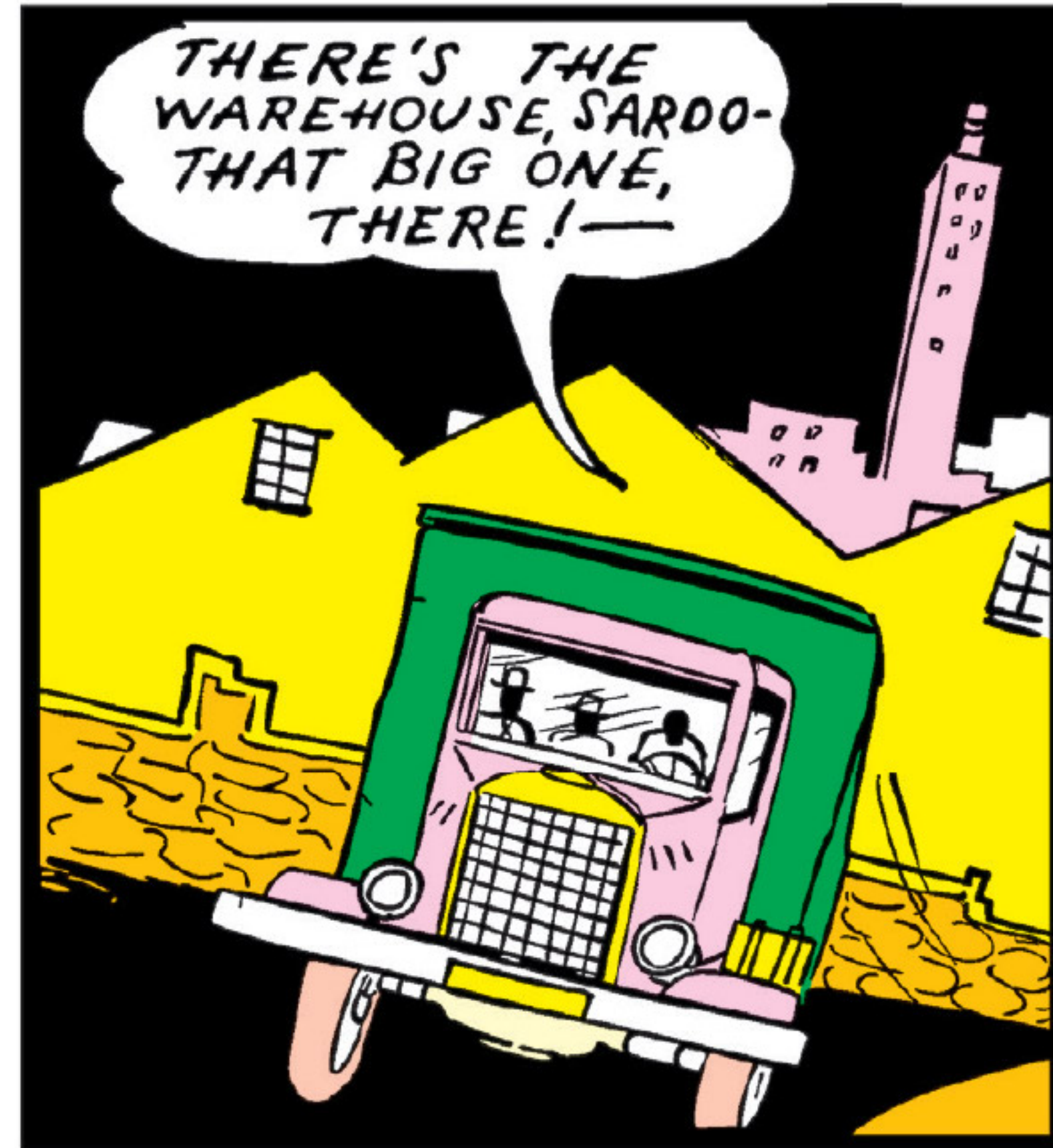
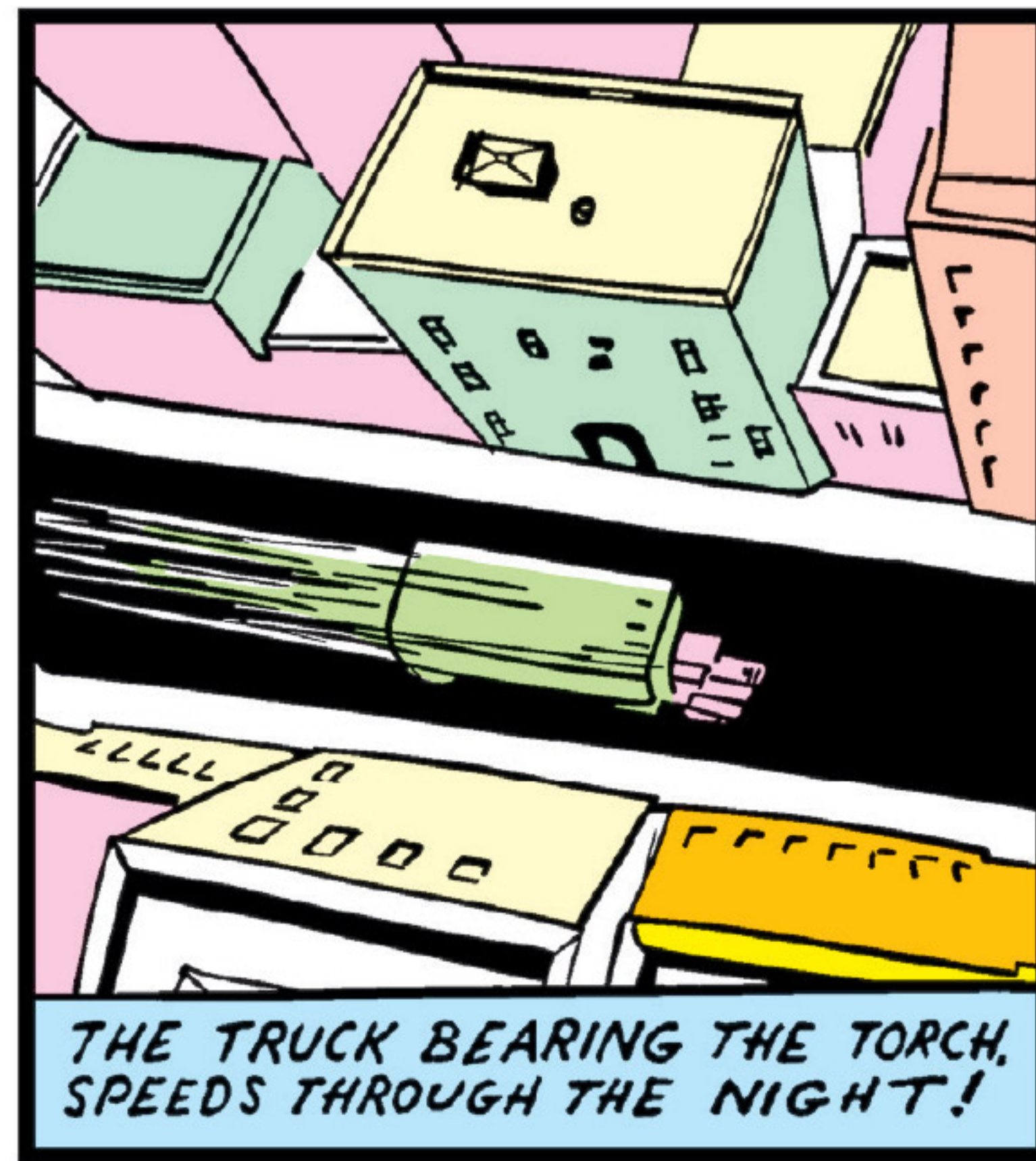
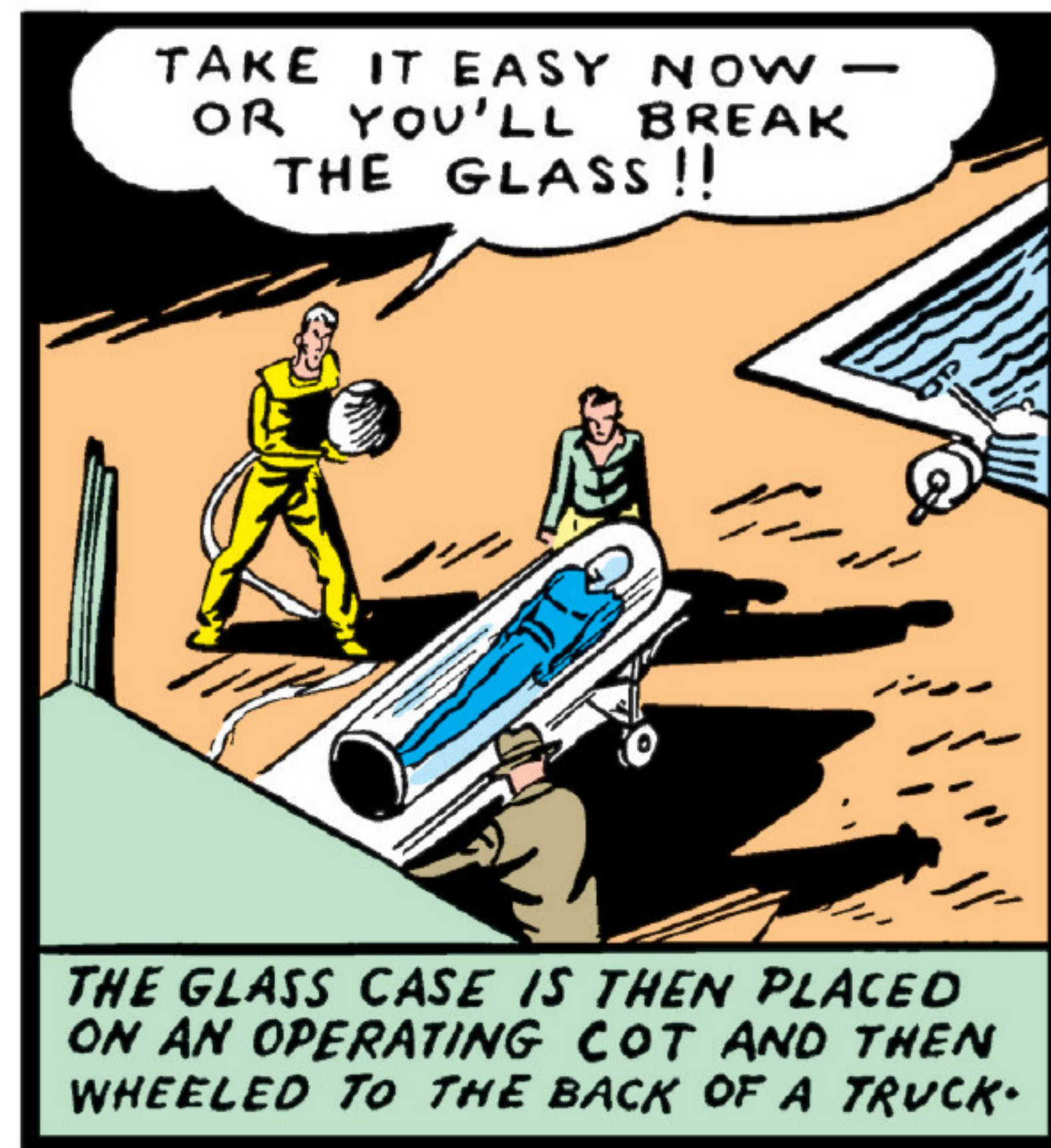
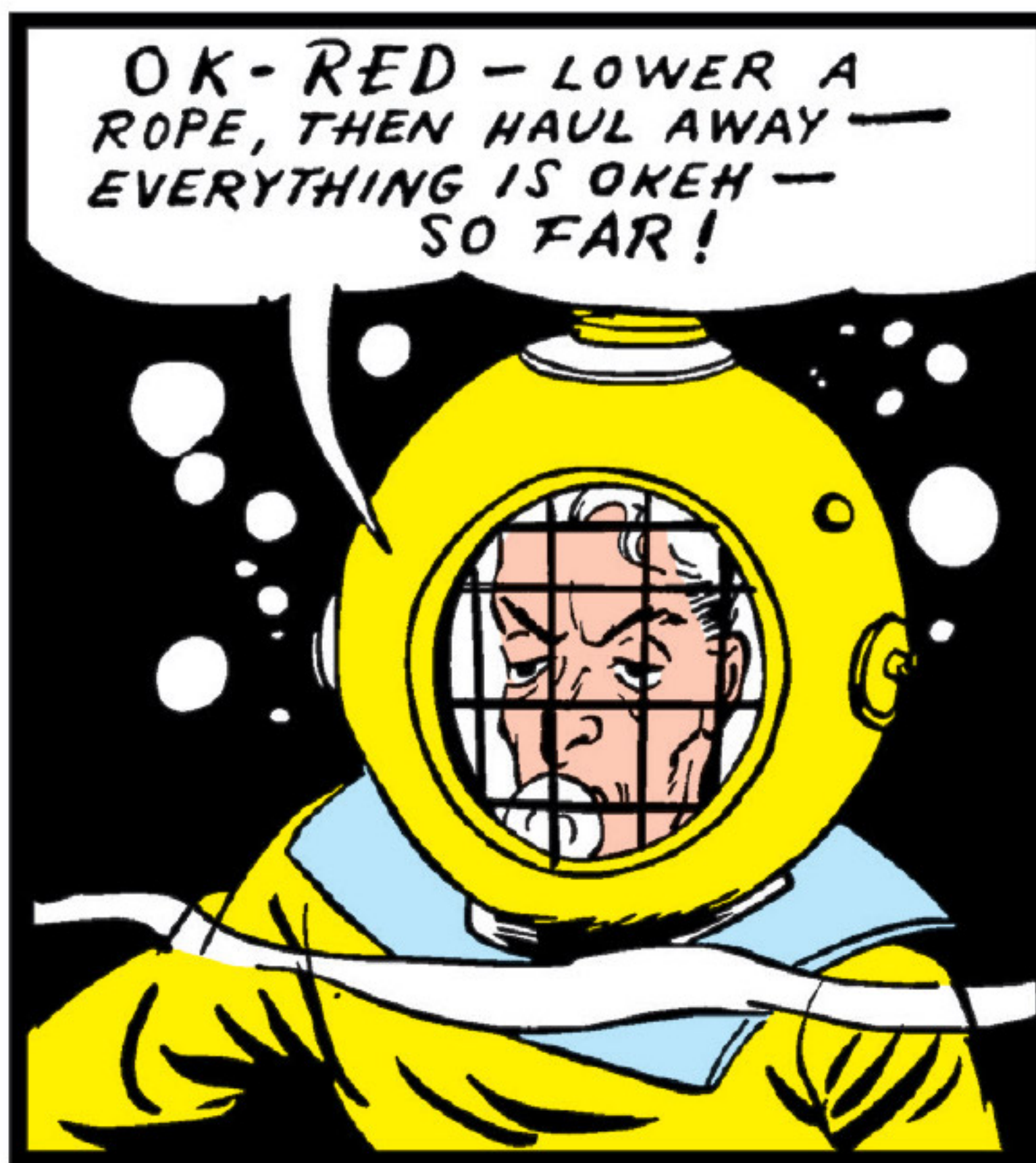
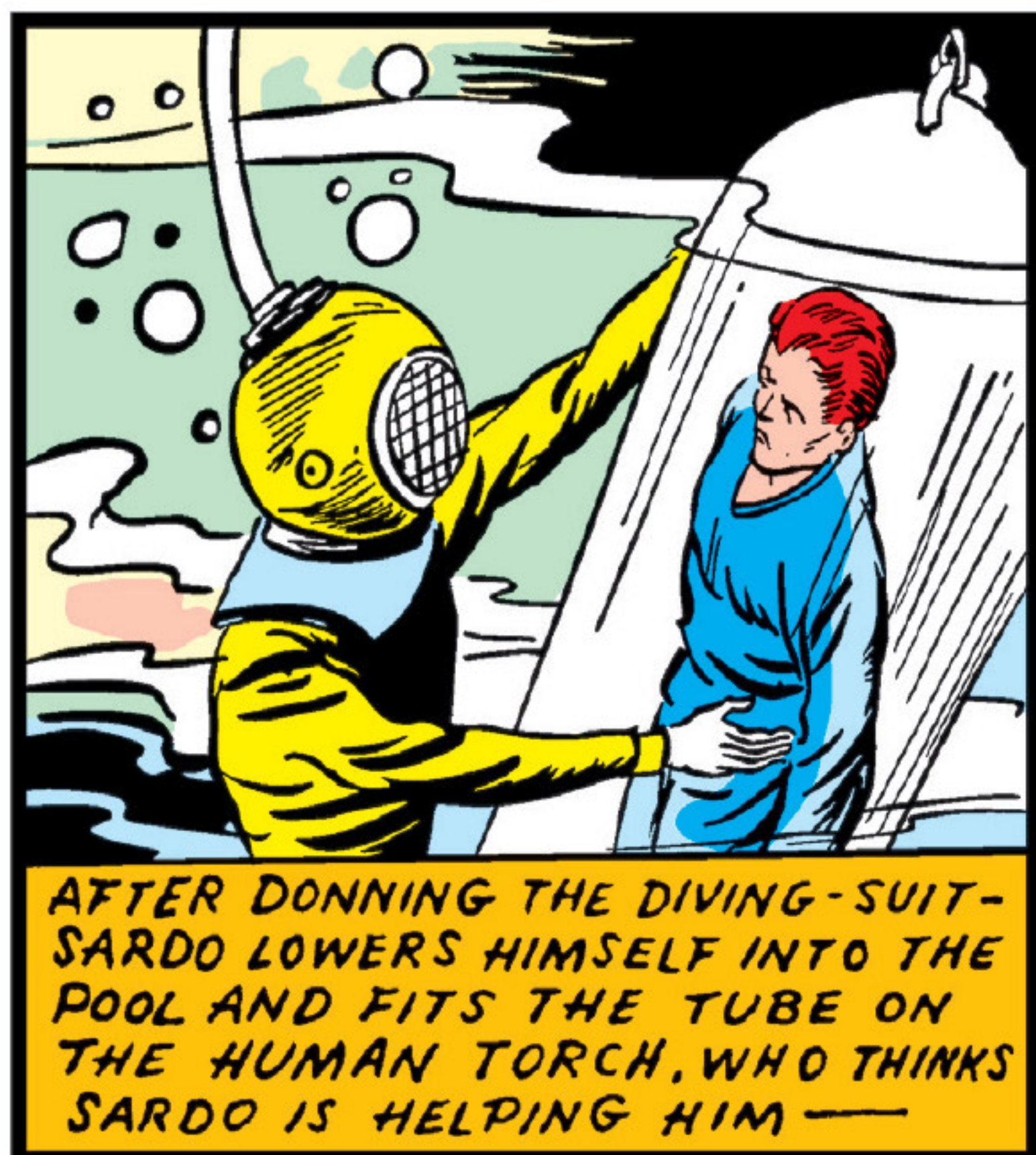
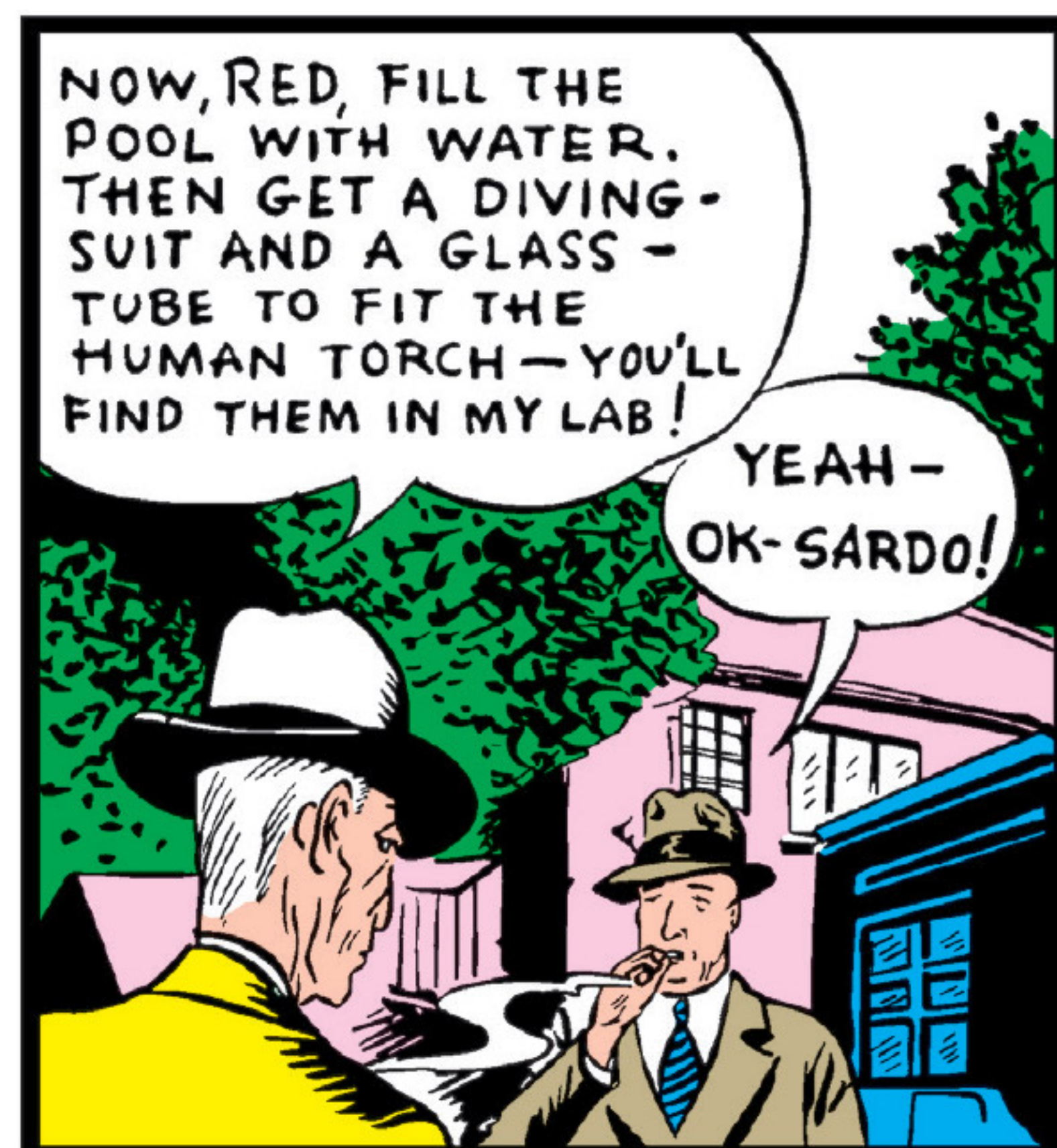
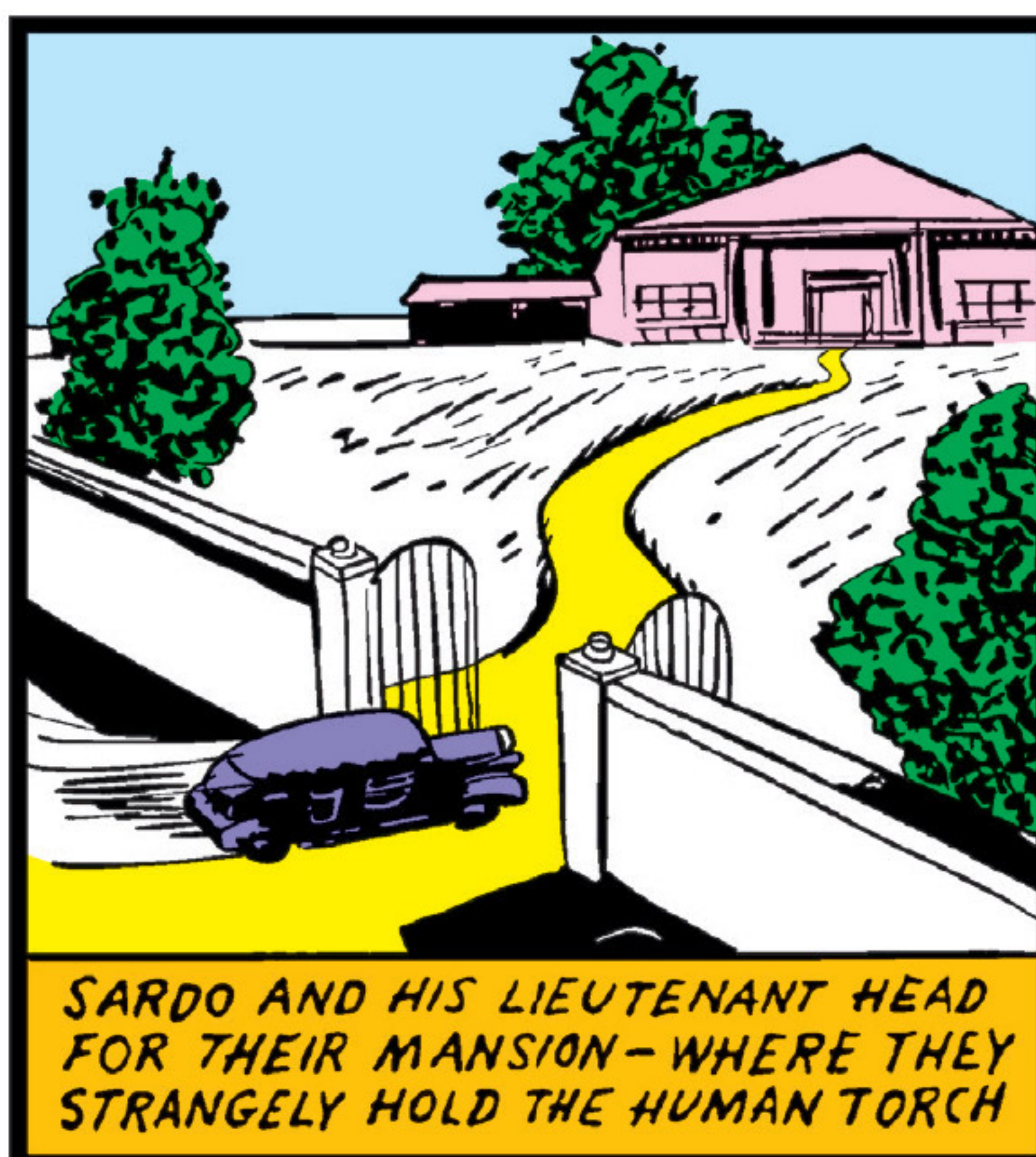
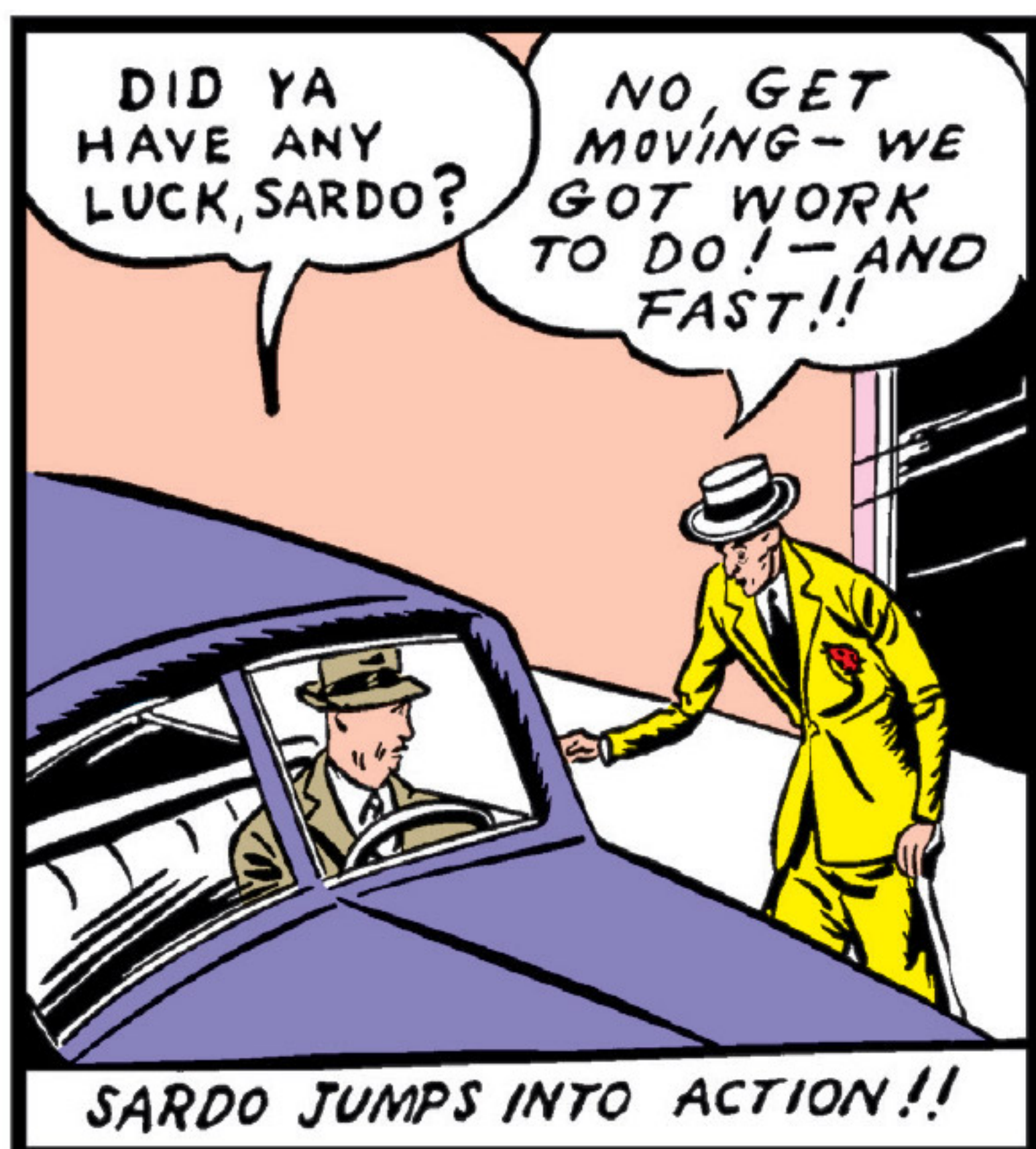
"HOT STUFF?" - WHAT'S THAT? - OH WELL, SEND HIM IN -

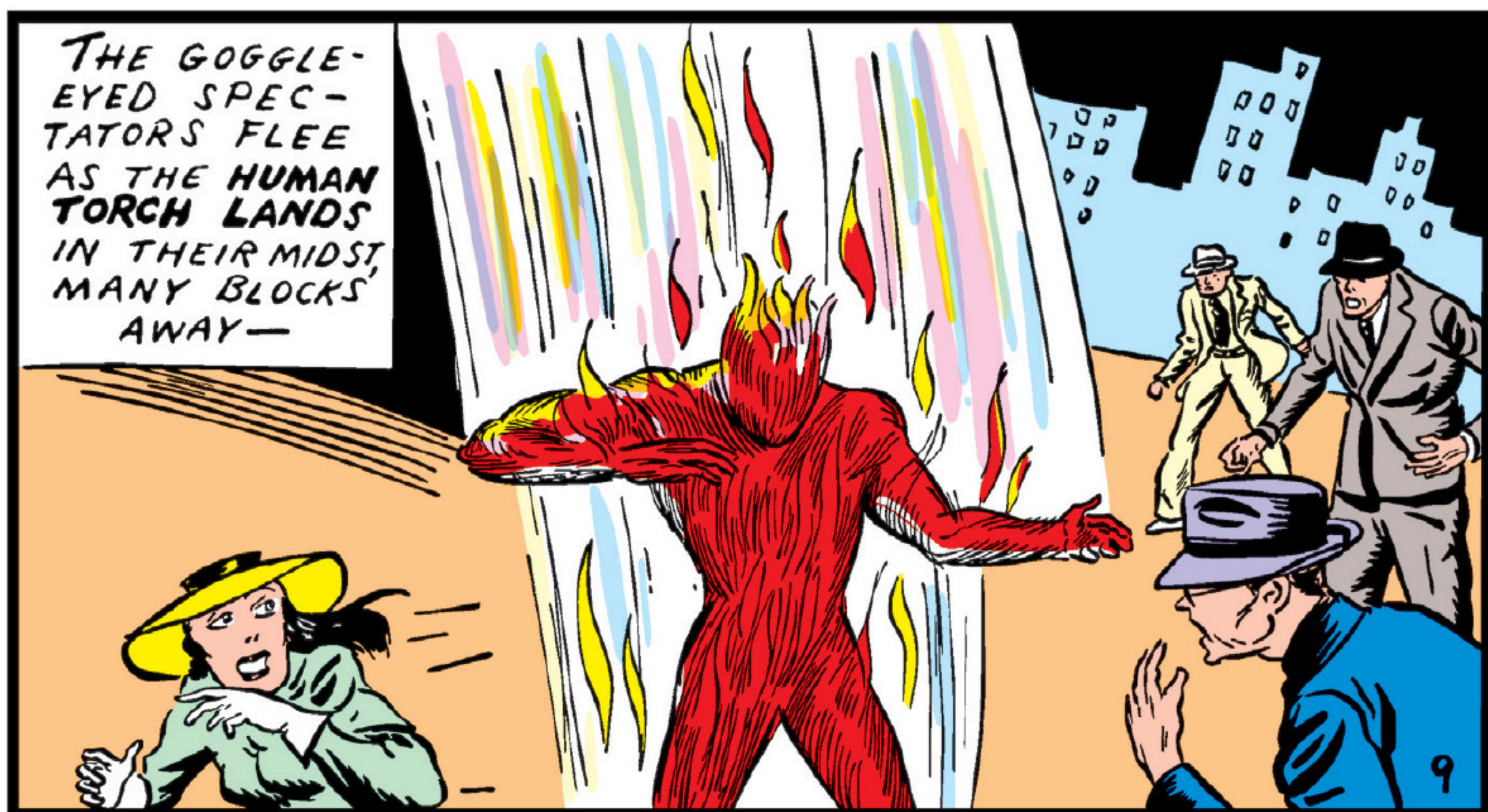
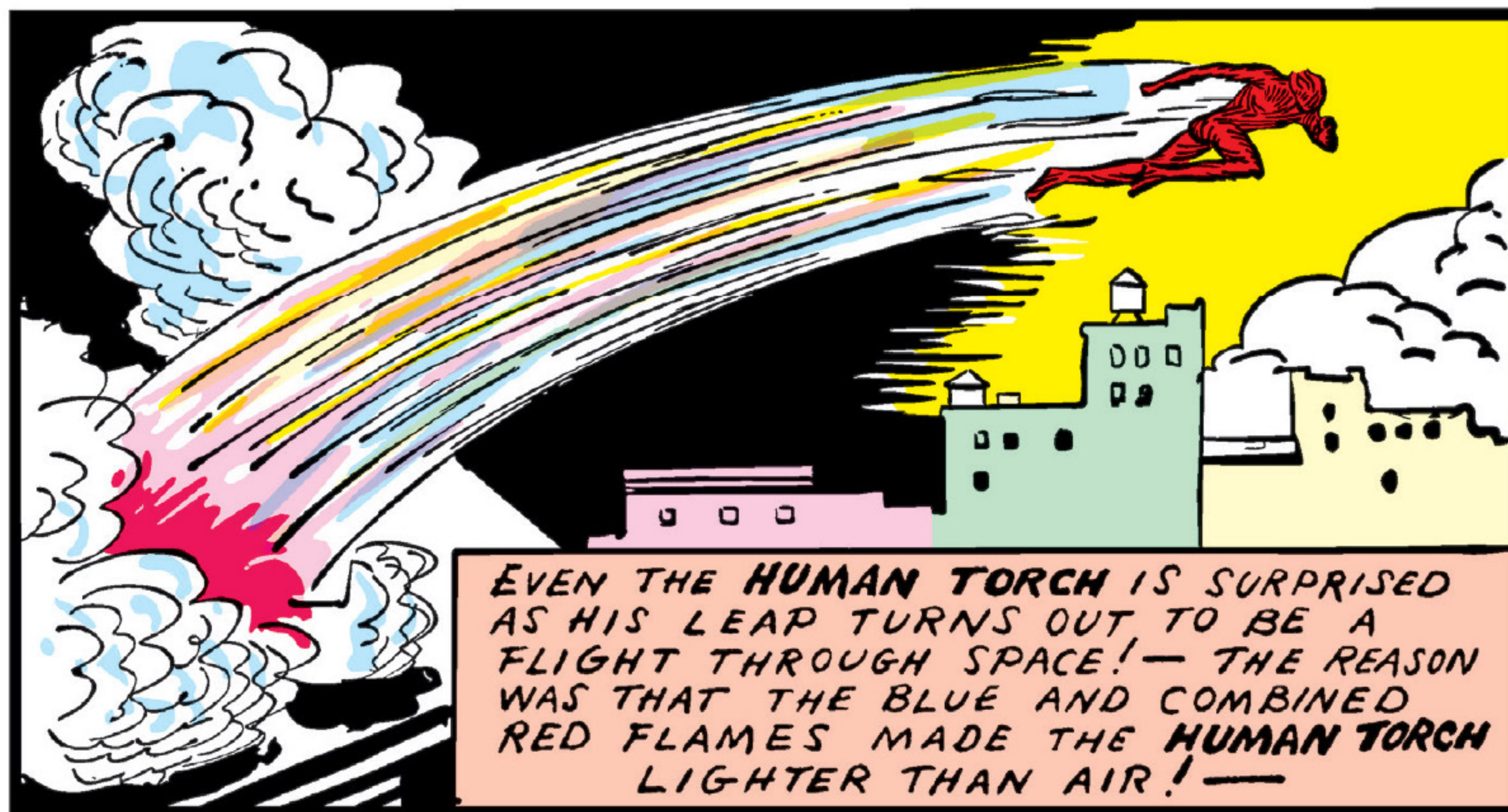
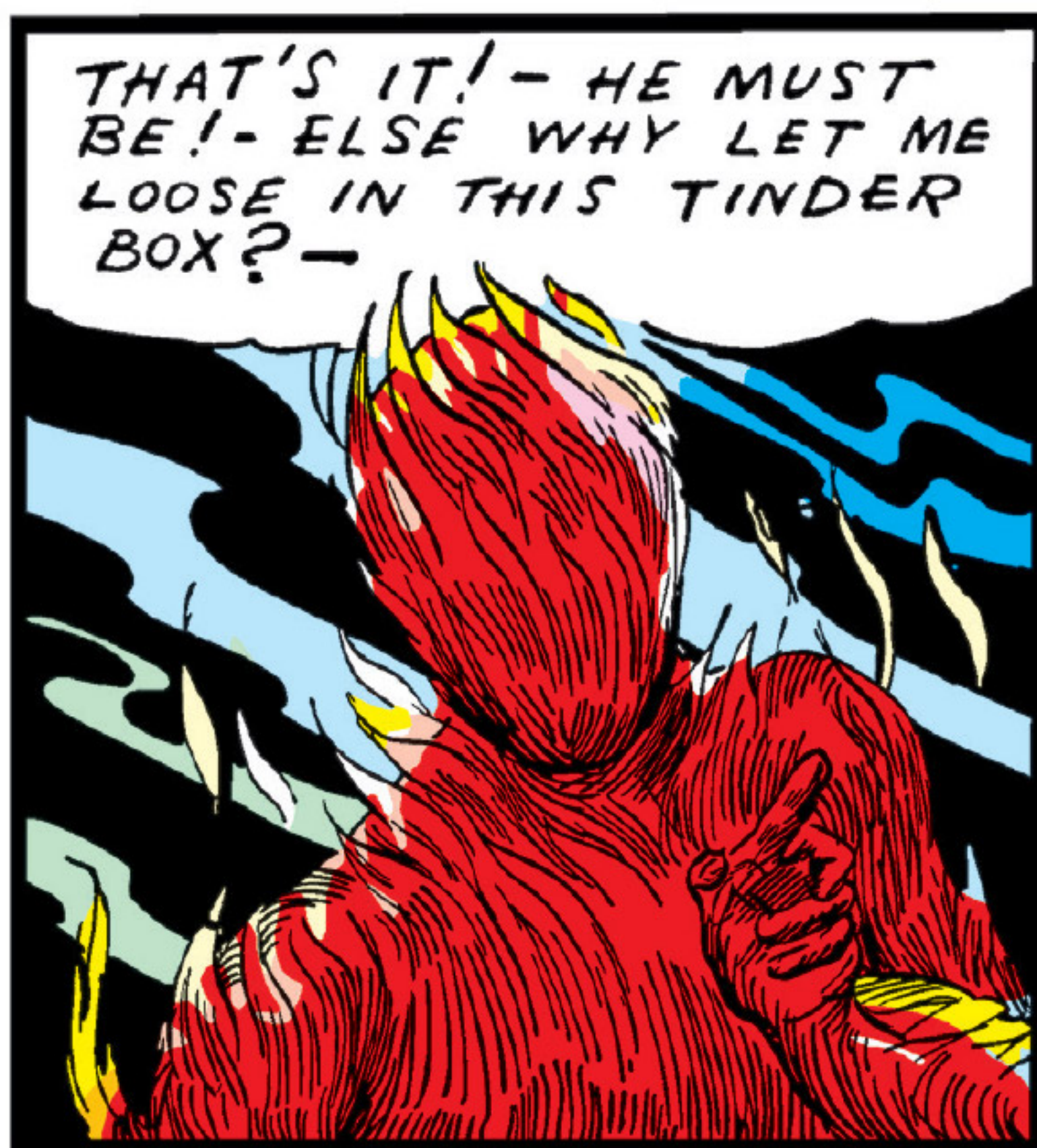
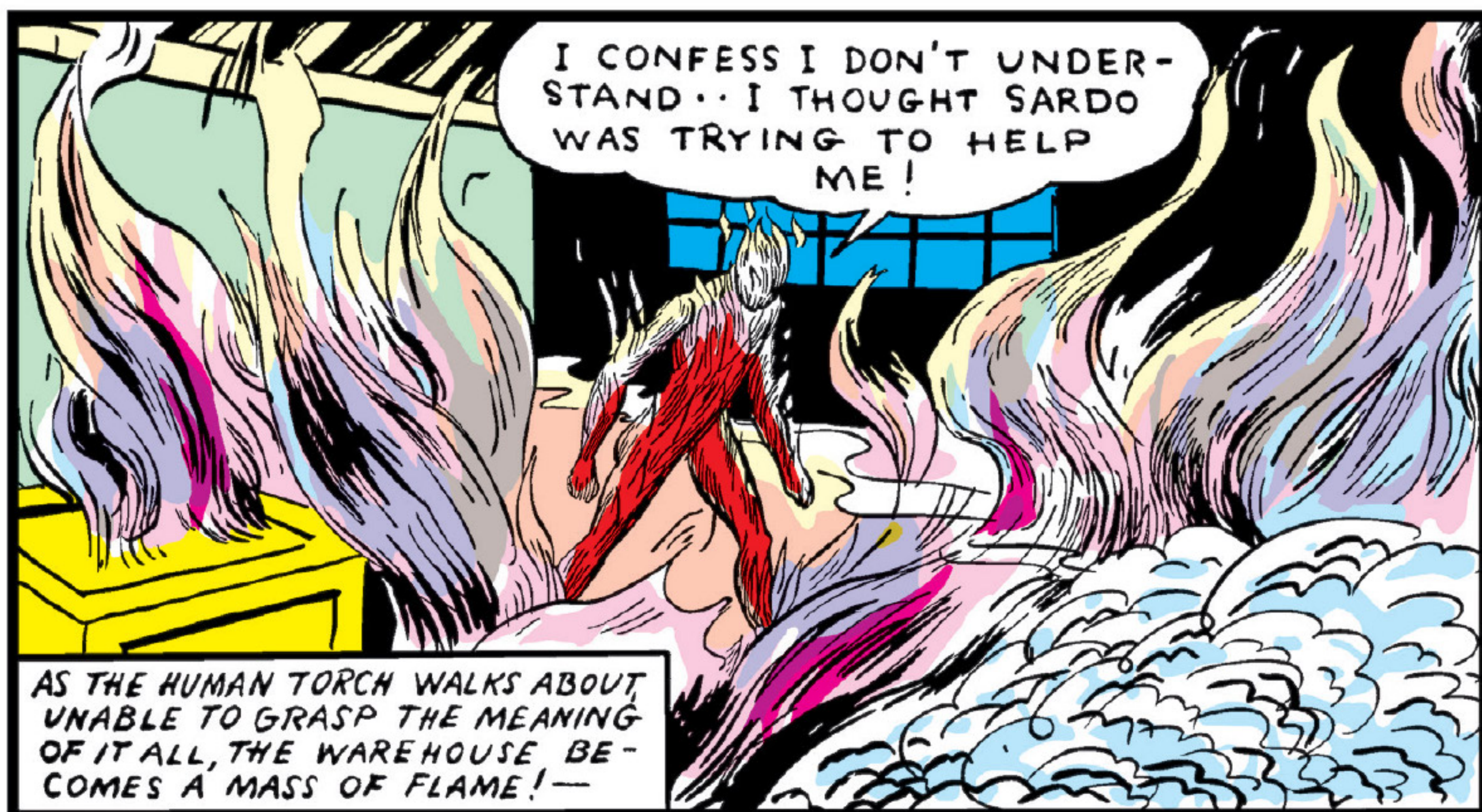
MR. HARRIS, I'LL BE BRIEF - UNLESS YOU SIGN UP FOR MY PROTECTION INSURANCE - YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE RAW-STEEL LEFT IN YOUR WAREHOUSES!

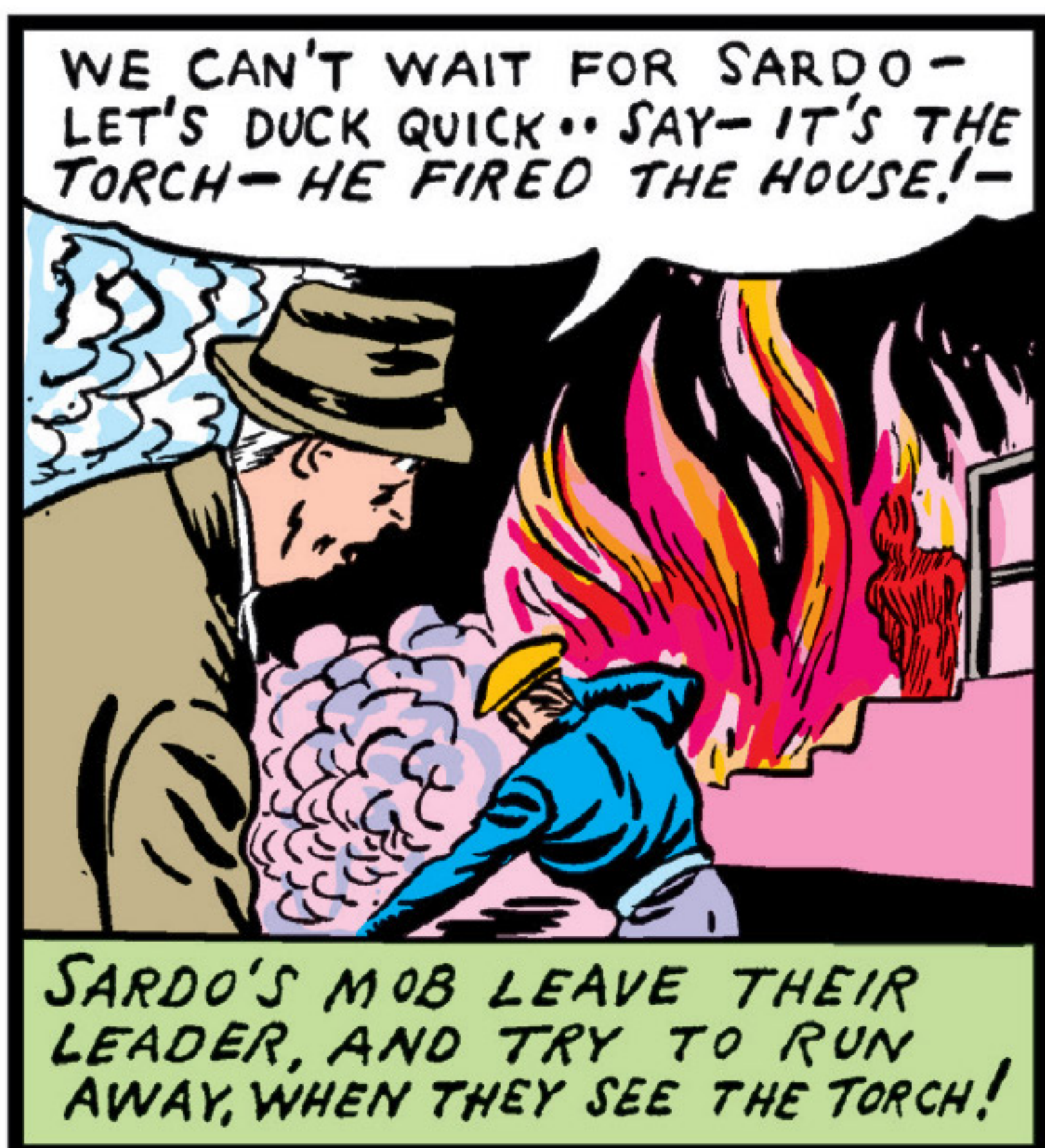
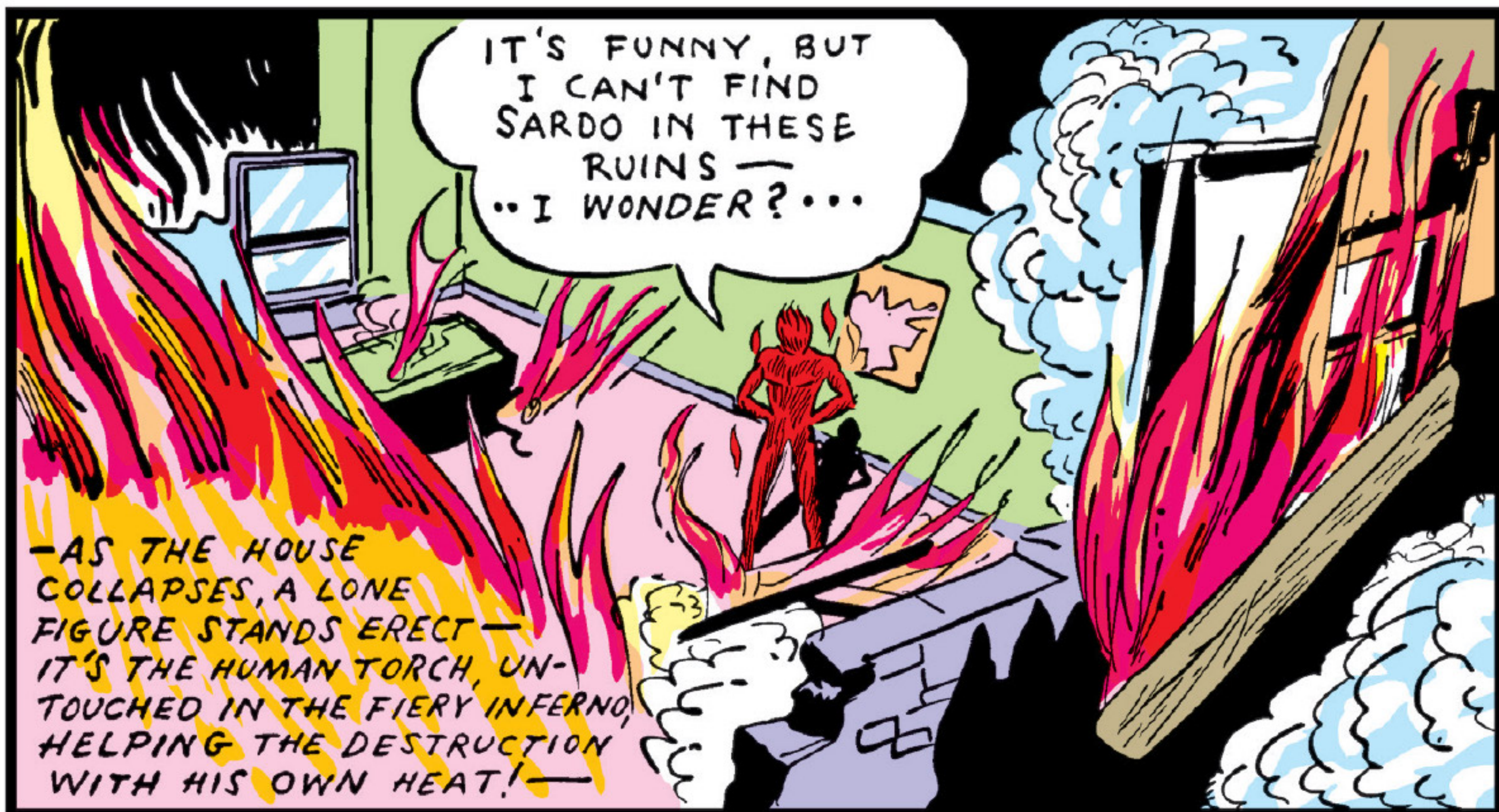
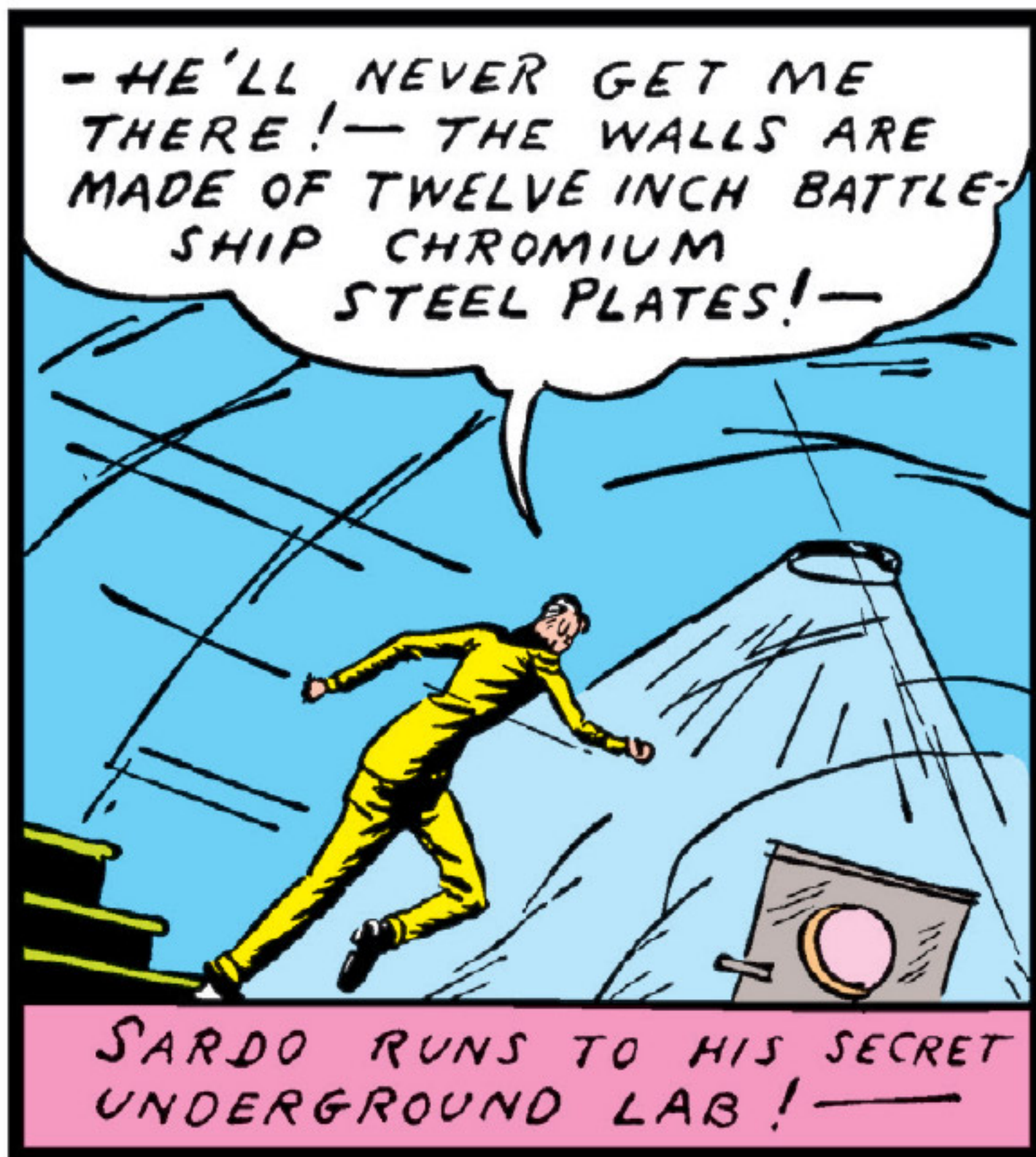
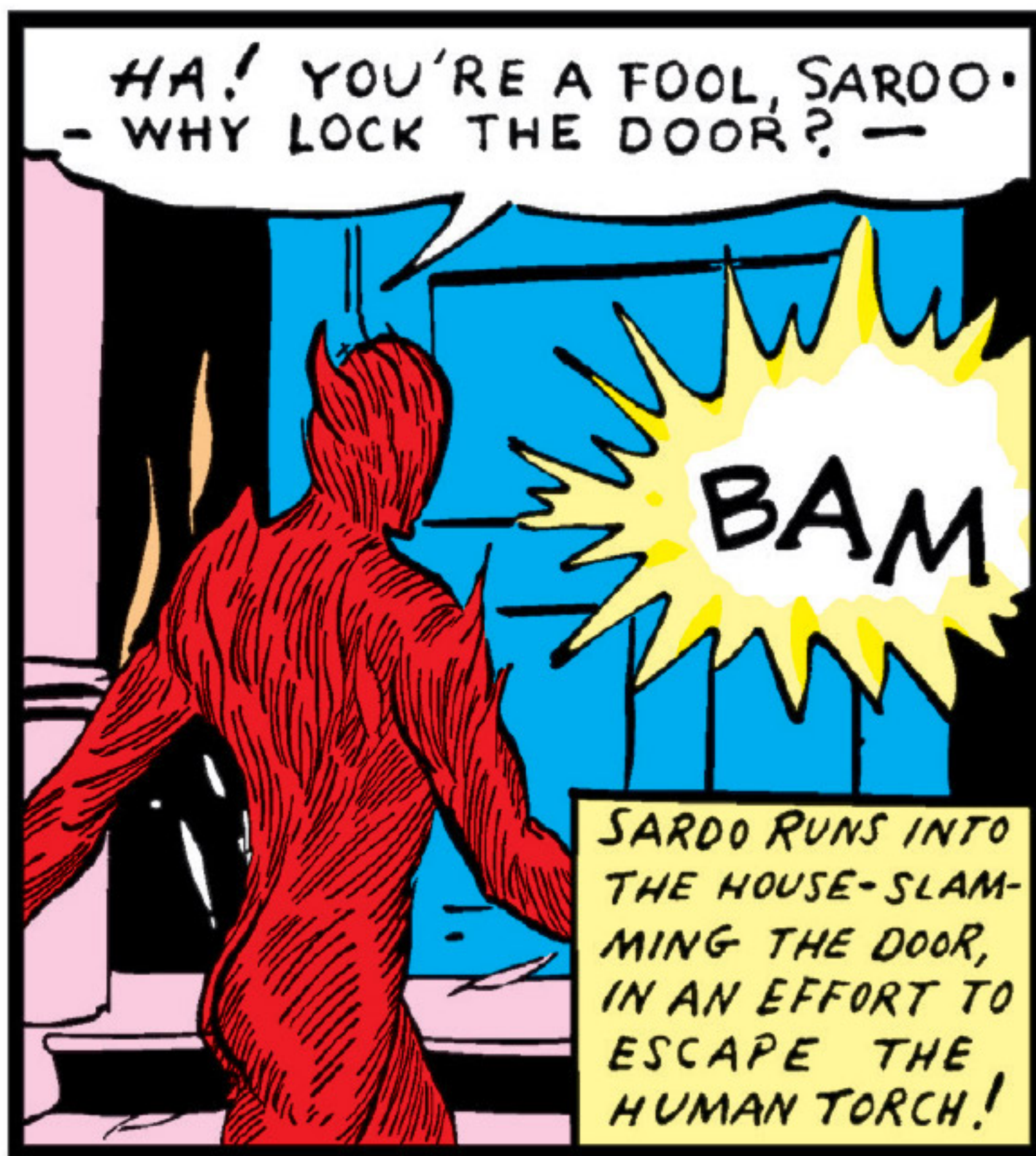
OH! - A RACKETEER, EH?!

LISTEN, SARDO, - I DON'T NEED ANY INSURANCE - AND I HATE PUNKS LIKE YOU - SO GET OUT - NOW!

I WAS ONLY DOIN' YOU A FAVOR HARRIS - YOU'LL BE SORRY - WATCH!









JUMPING THRU SPACE LIKE A COMET, THE HUMAN TORCH LANDS ON THE CAR AND MELTS THE BODY AS IF IT WERE MADE OF BUTTER!—

HELP! THE HEAT'S KILLING ME!

THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC—AND, UNDER THE AUTO...



THAT RAT BURNED—ALL RIGHT! AND THOSE FELLOWS IN THE POOL WON'T COME UP FOR AIR—NOW FOR—SARDO!!

THE HUMAN TORCH, HAVING—SCALDED THE GANGSTERS IN THE POOL, BY TURNING WATER TO STEAM—



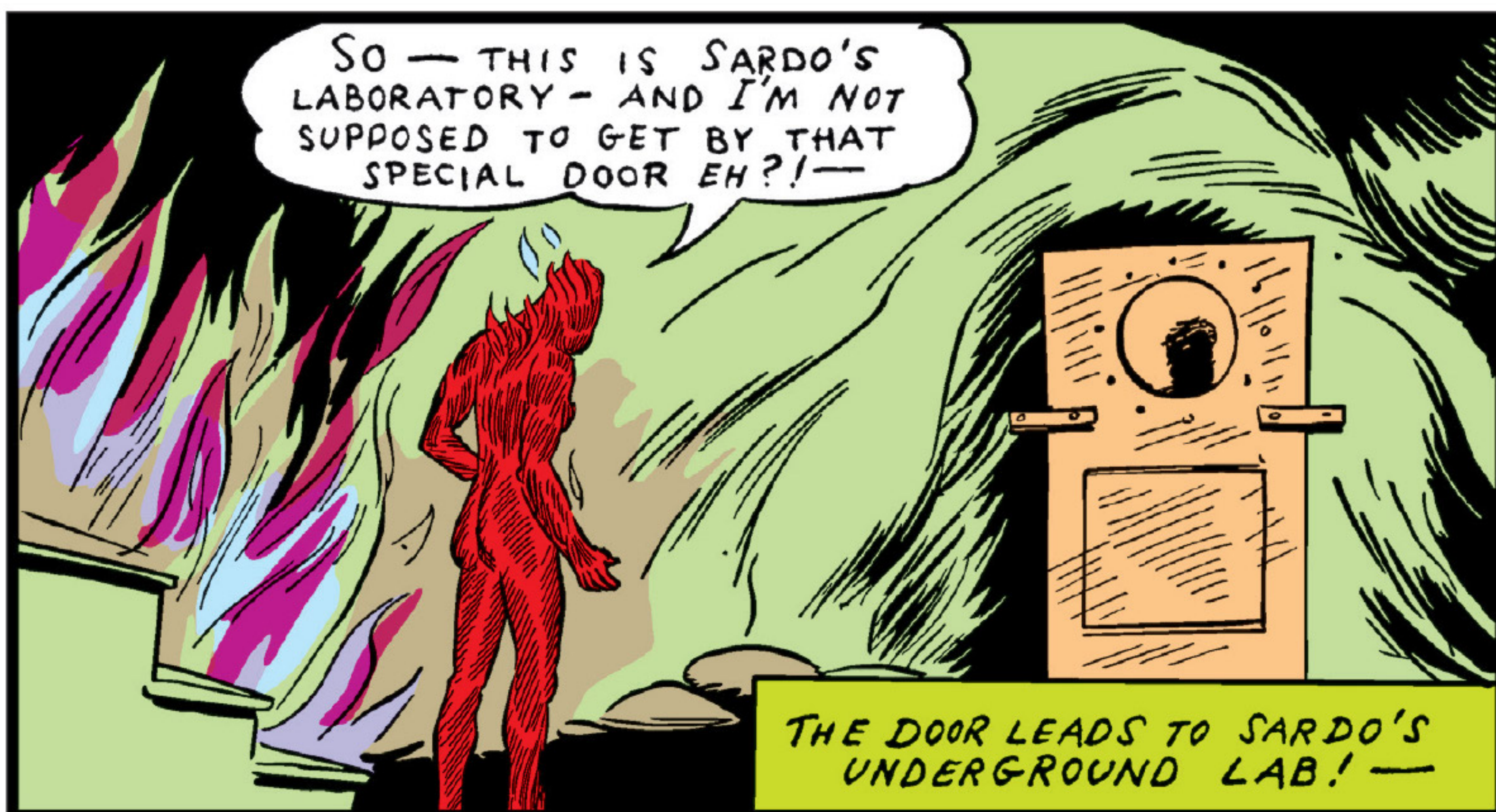
— RUNS BACK INTO THE FLAMING HOUSE, SEEKING SARDO'S HIDEOUT —



HMM—A STEEL DOOR—FUNNY, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE!

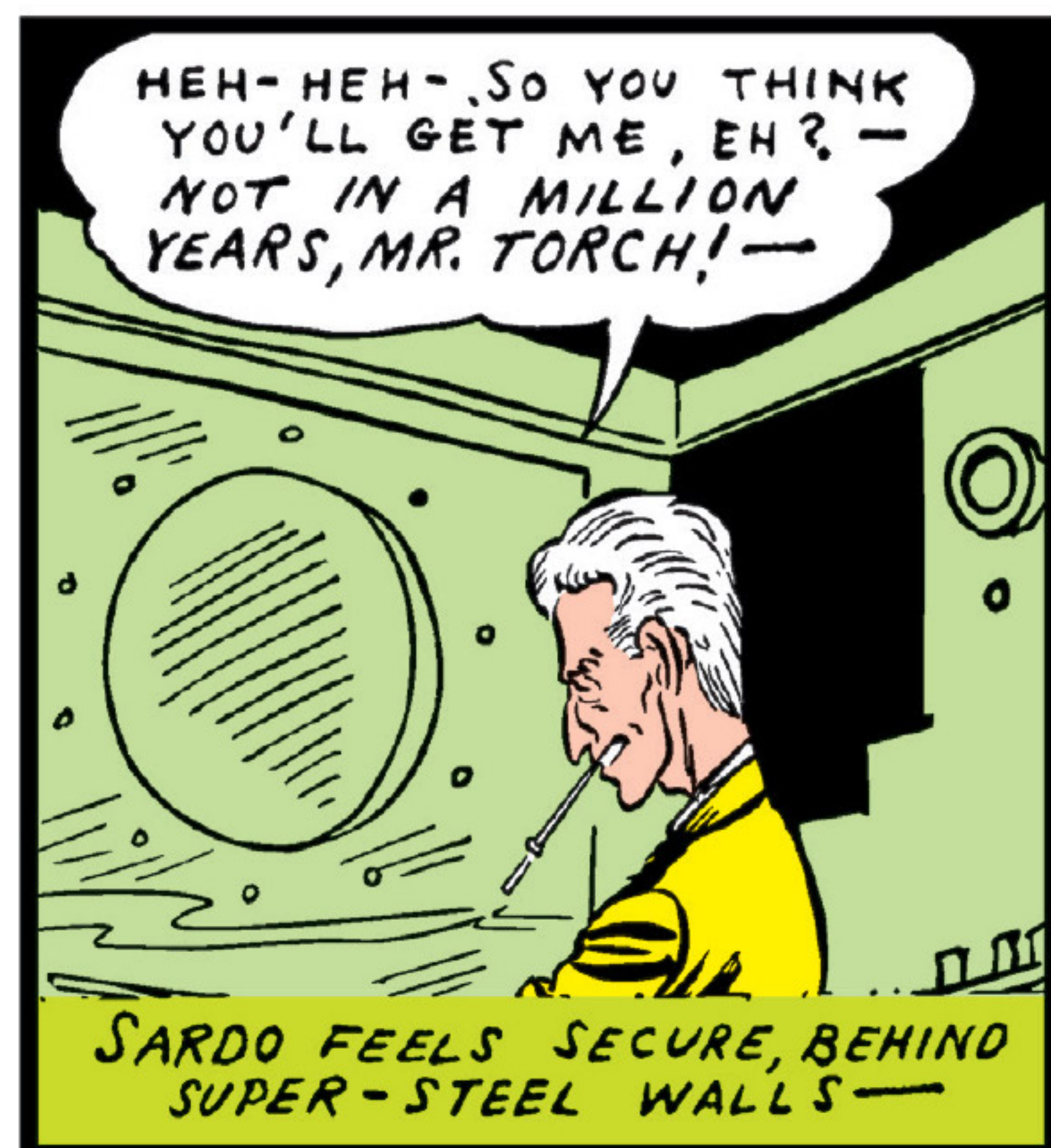


PLACING HIS HANDS ON THE DOOR, IT REACTS LIKE AN ACETYLENE TORCH—BORING A HOLE THRU THE STEEL!—



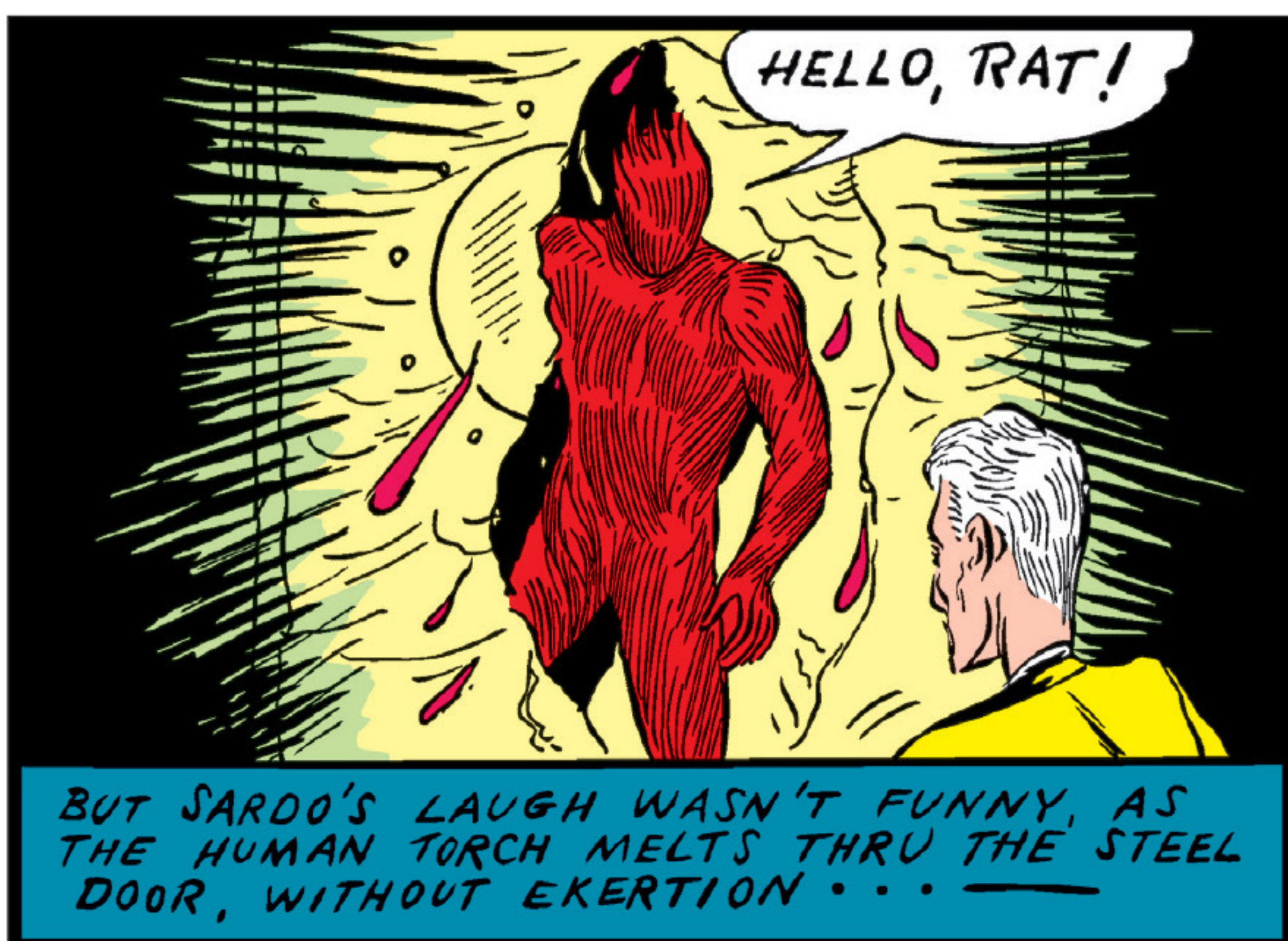
SO—THIS IS SARDO'S LABORATORY—AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO GET BY THAT SPECIAL DOOR EH?!—

THE DOOR LEADS TO SARDO'S UNDERGROUND LAB!—



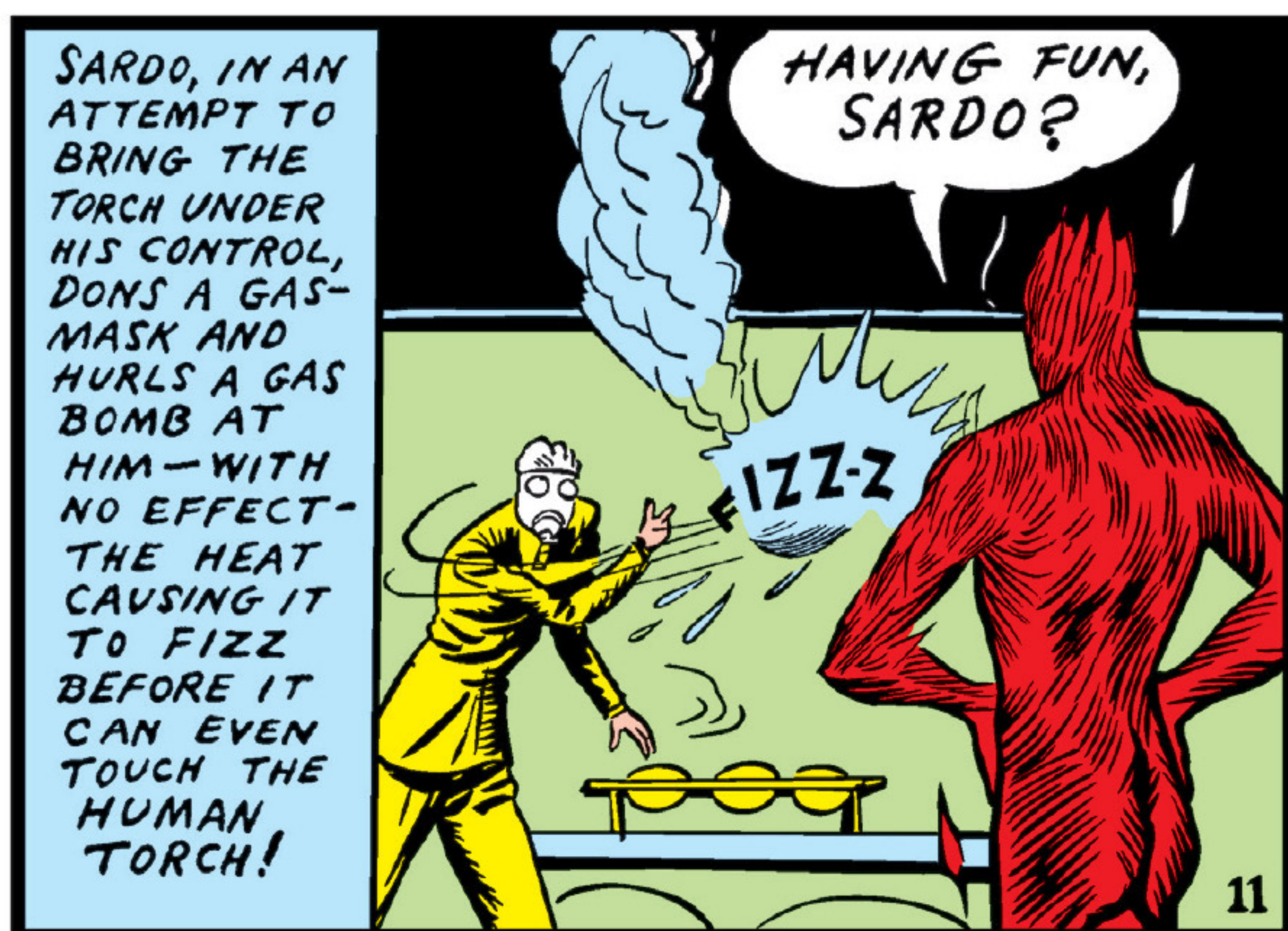
HEH-HEH—SO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET ME, EH?—NOT IN A MILLION YEARS, MR. TORCH!—

SARDO FEELS SECURE, BEHIND SUPER-STEEL WALLS—



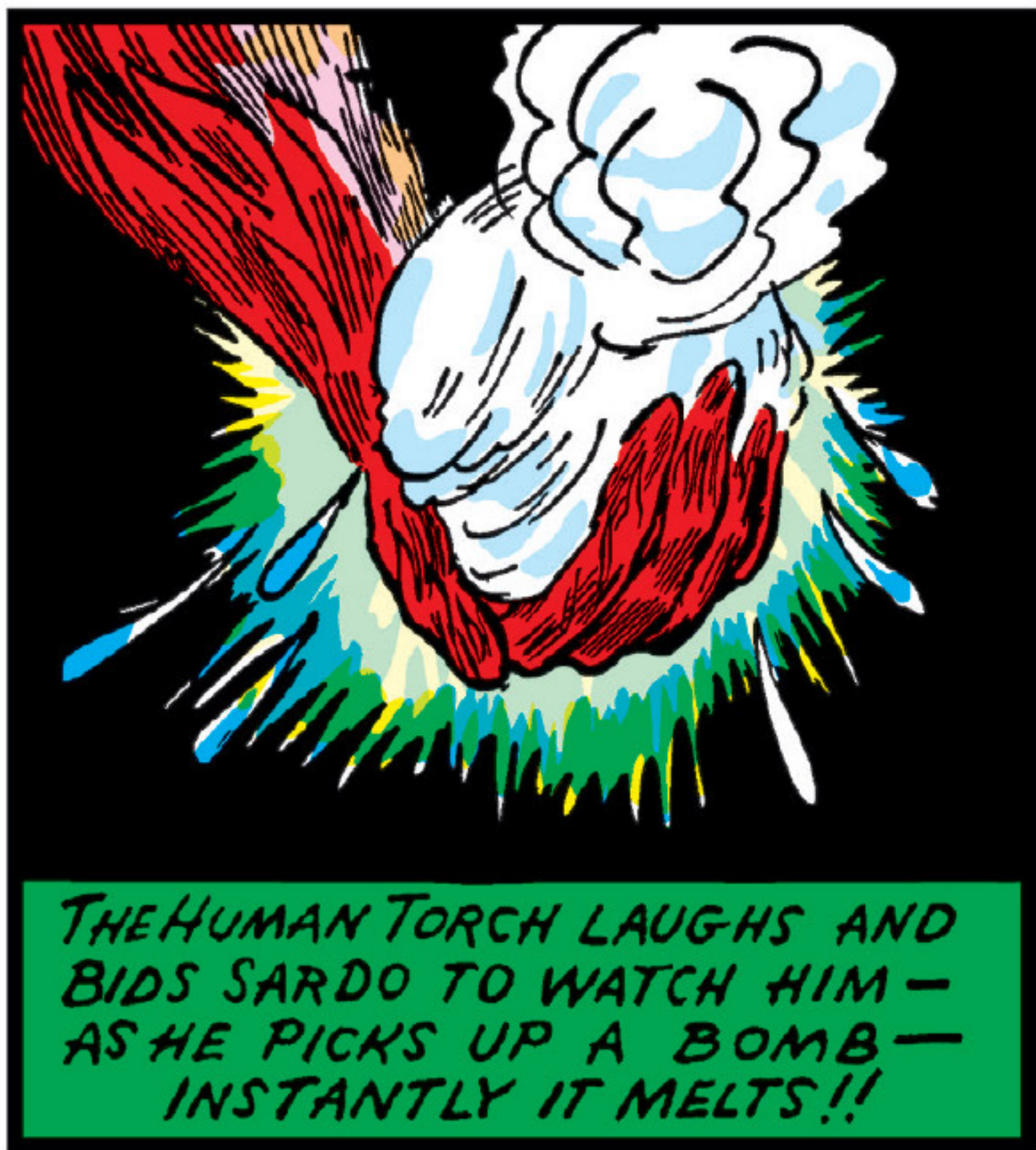
HELLO, RAT!

BUT SARDO'S LAUGH WASN'T FUNNY, AS THE HUMAN TORCH MELTS THRU THE STEEL DOOR, WITHOUT EXERTION...



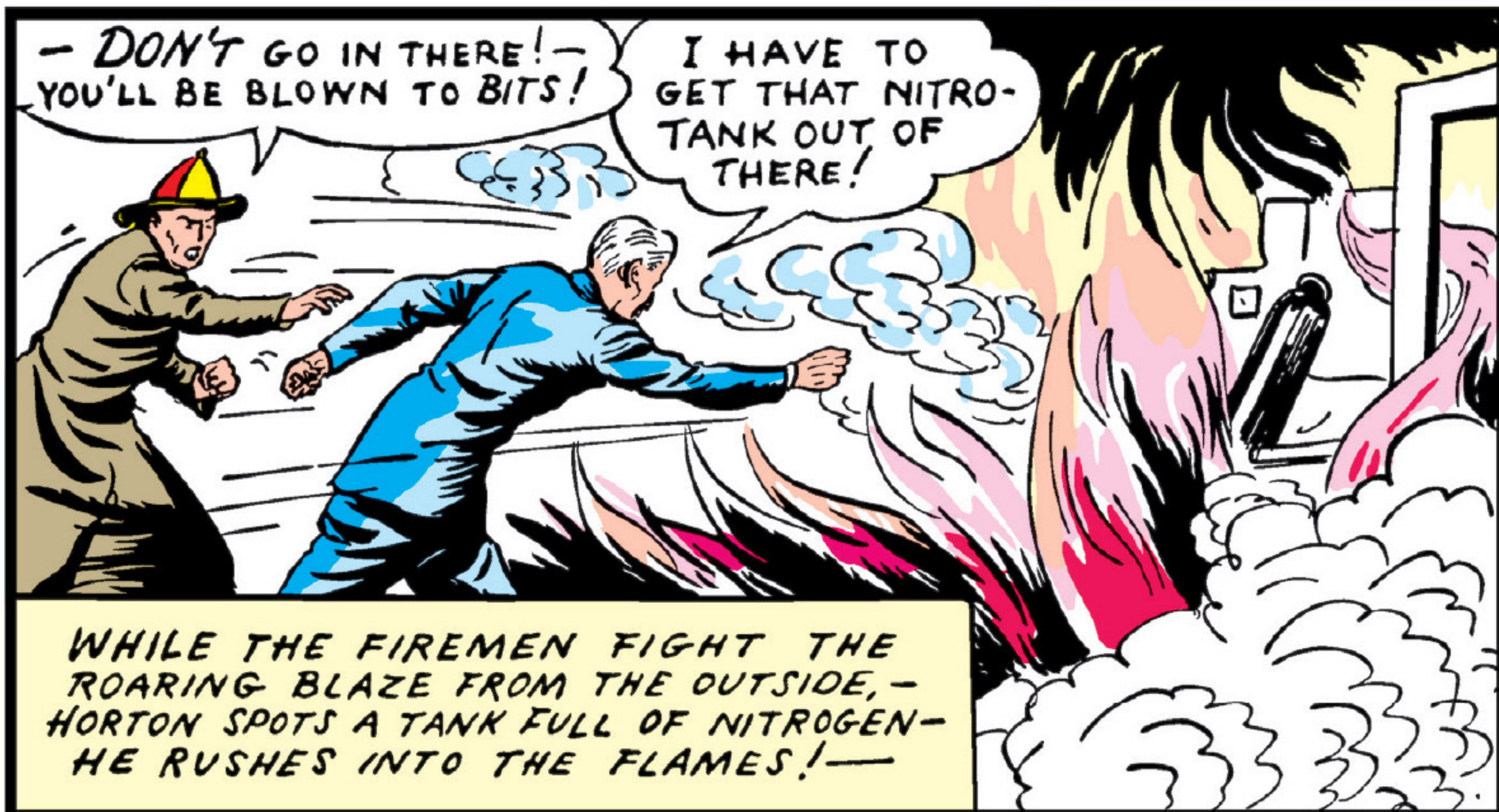
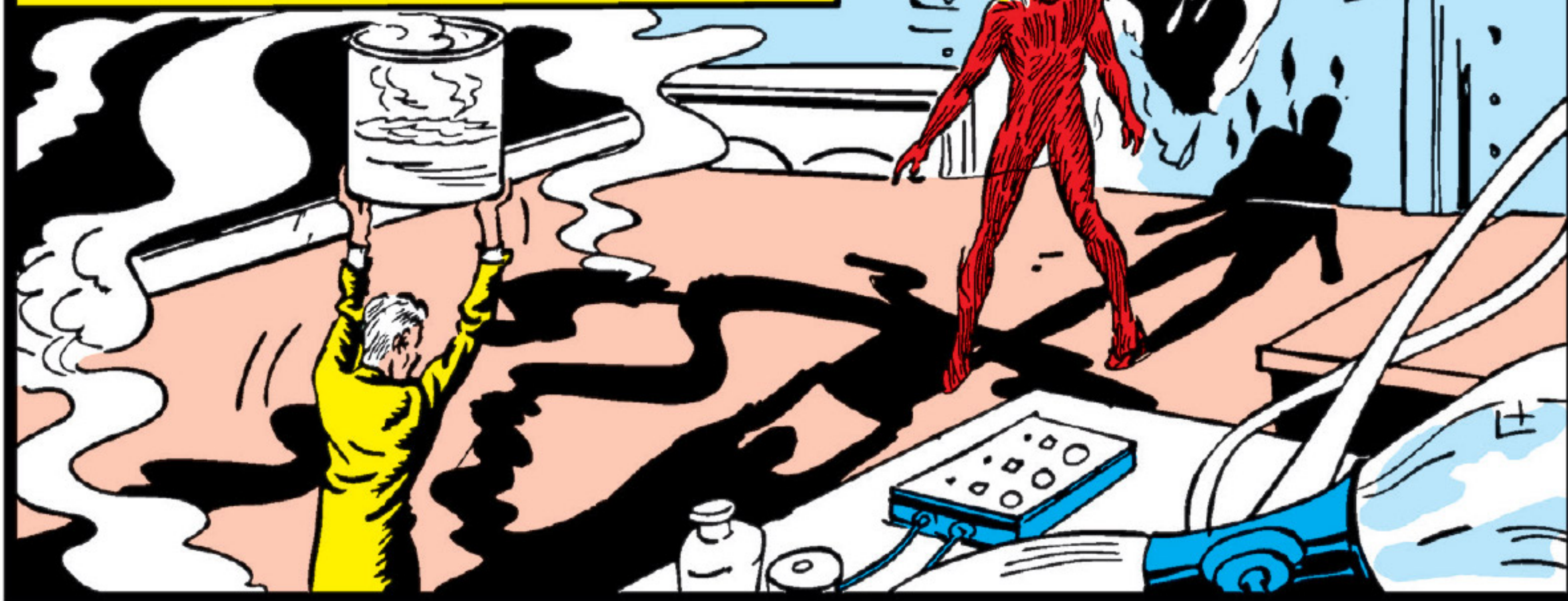
SARDO, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING THE TORCH UNDER HIS CONTROL, DONS A GAS-MASK AND HURLS A GAS BOMB AT HIM—WITH NO EFFECT—THE HEAT CAUSING IT TO FIZZ BEFORE IT CAN EVEN TOUCH THE HUMAN TORCH!

HAVING FUN, SARDO?



THE HUMAN TORCH LAUGHS AND BIDS SARDO TO WATCH HIM — AS HE PICKS UP A BOMB — INSTANTLY IT MELTS!!

SARDO—NOW HALF-CRAZED, PICKS UP A TANK OF LIQUIDAR. JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO FLING IT, THE CLANG OF FIRE ENGINES CATCHES THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MEN!—



— DON'T GO IN THERE! — YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

I HAVE TO GET THAT NITRO-TANK OUT OF THERE!

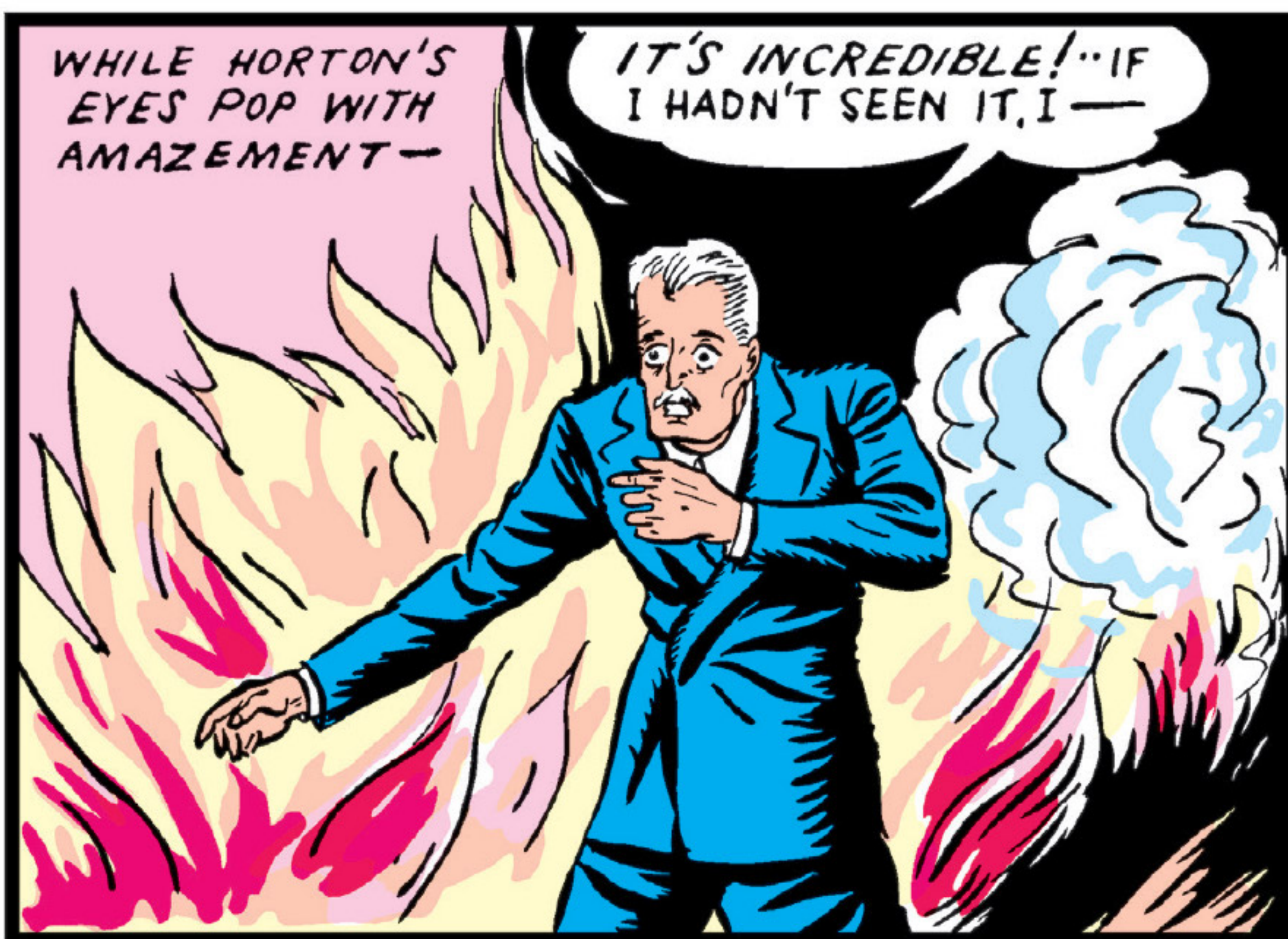
WHILE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE ROARING BLAZE FROM THE OUTSIDE, — HORTON SPOTS A TANK FULL OF NITROGEN — HE RUSHES INTO THE FLAMES! —



BUT JUST THEN, THE HUMAN-TORCH APPEARS ON THE SCENE, AND, HE TOO, SEES THE TANK —

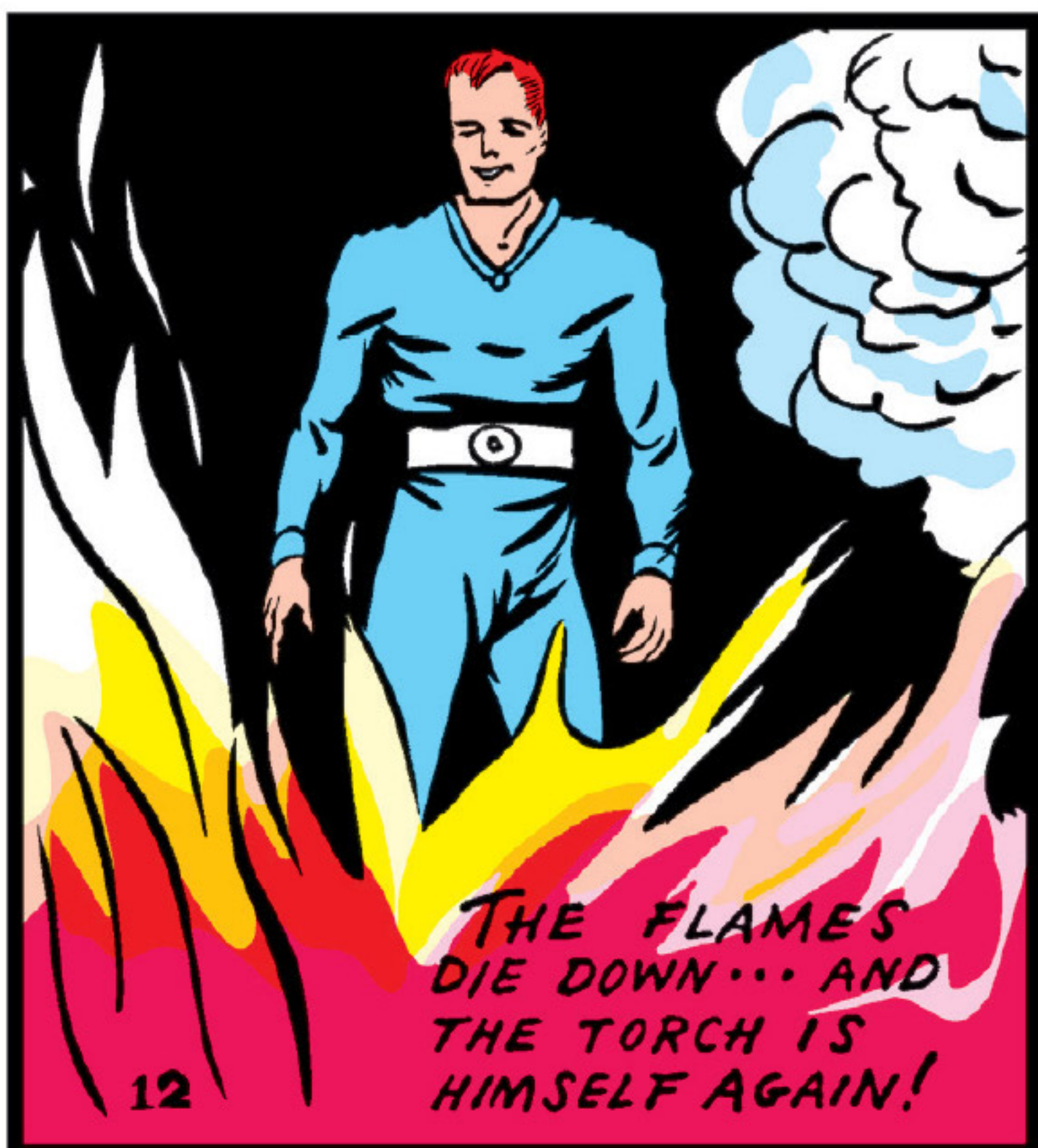


WITH A MIGHTY LEAP HIS ARMS CLOSE AROUND THE SLIM TANK, MELTING IT — AND THE NITRO GAS SHOOTS UP —



WHILE HORTON'S EYES POP WITH AMAZEMENT —

IT'S INCREDIBLE! — IF I HADN'T SEEN IT, I —

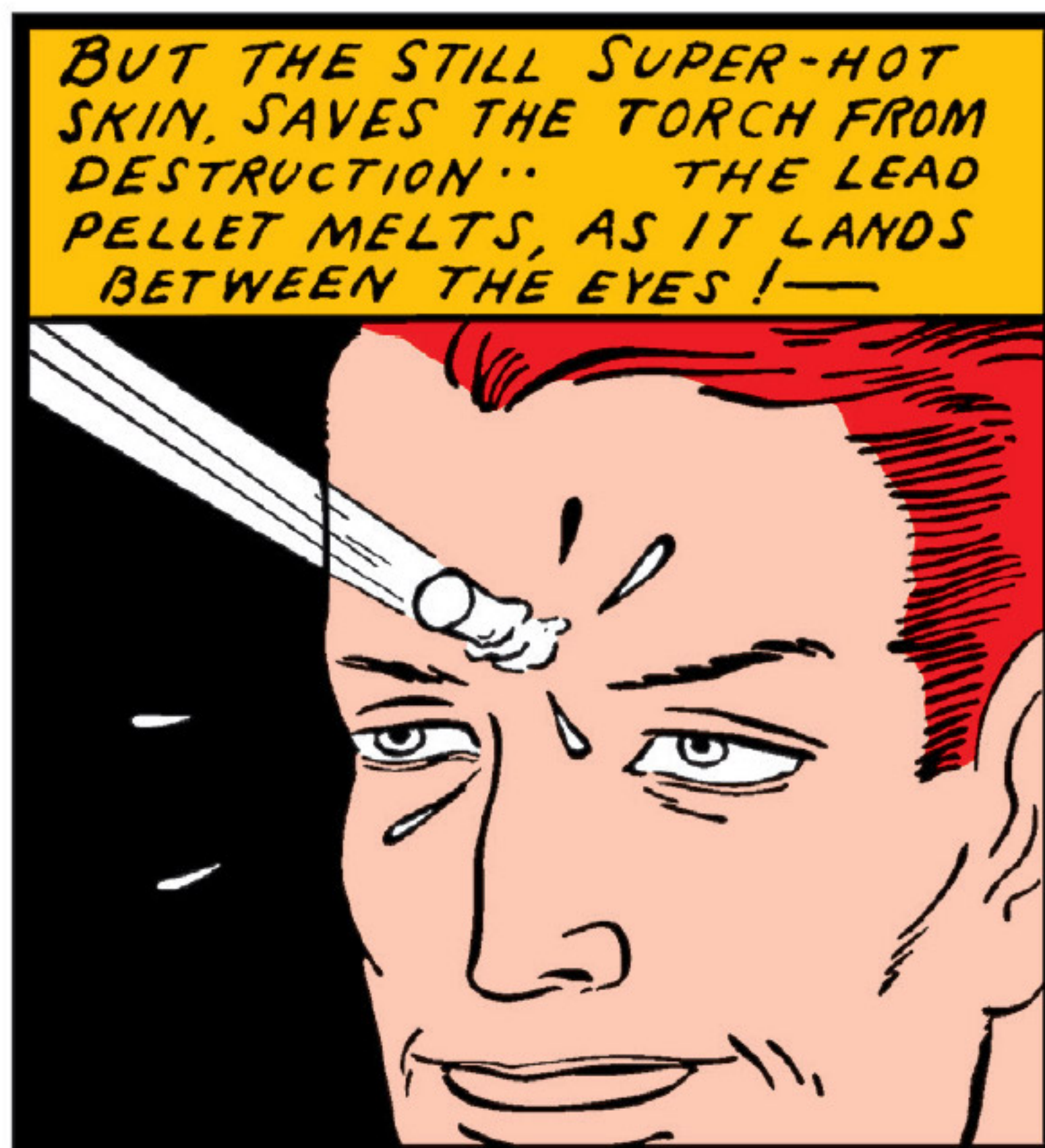


THE FLAMES DIE DOWN... AND THE TORCH IS HIMSELF AGAIN!

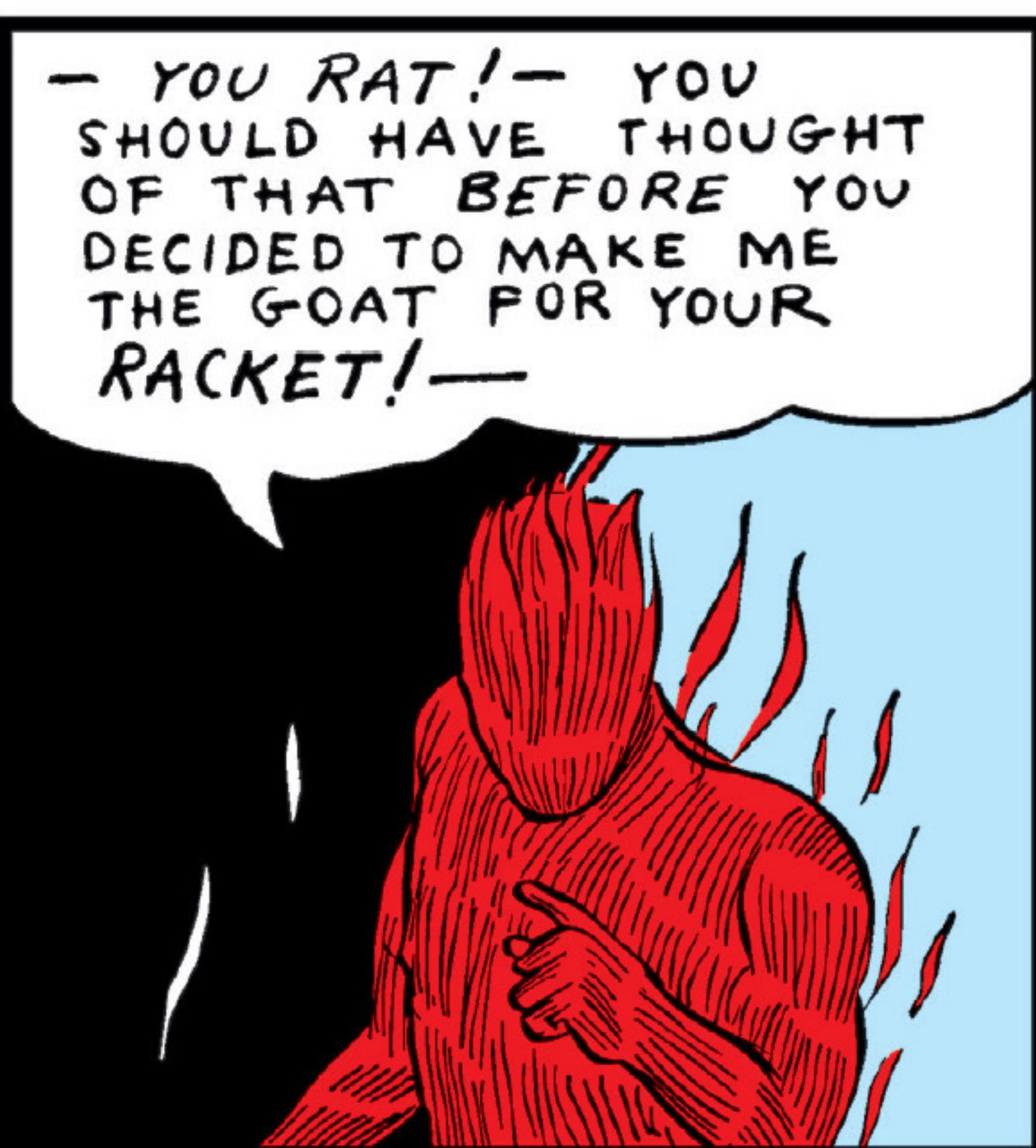
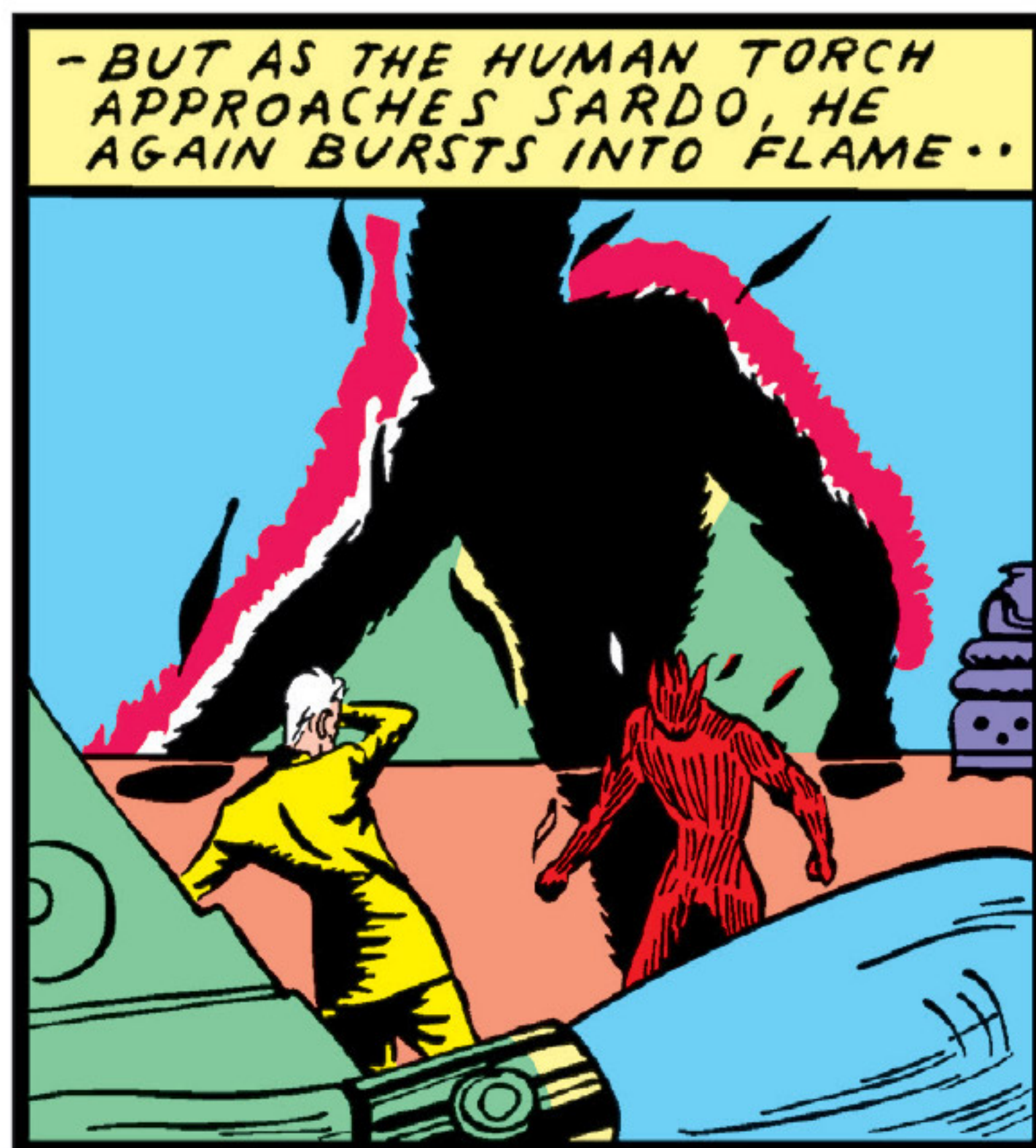
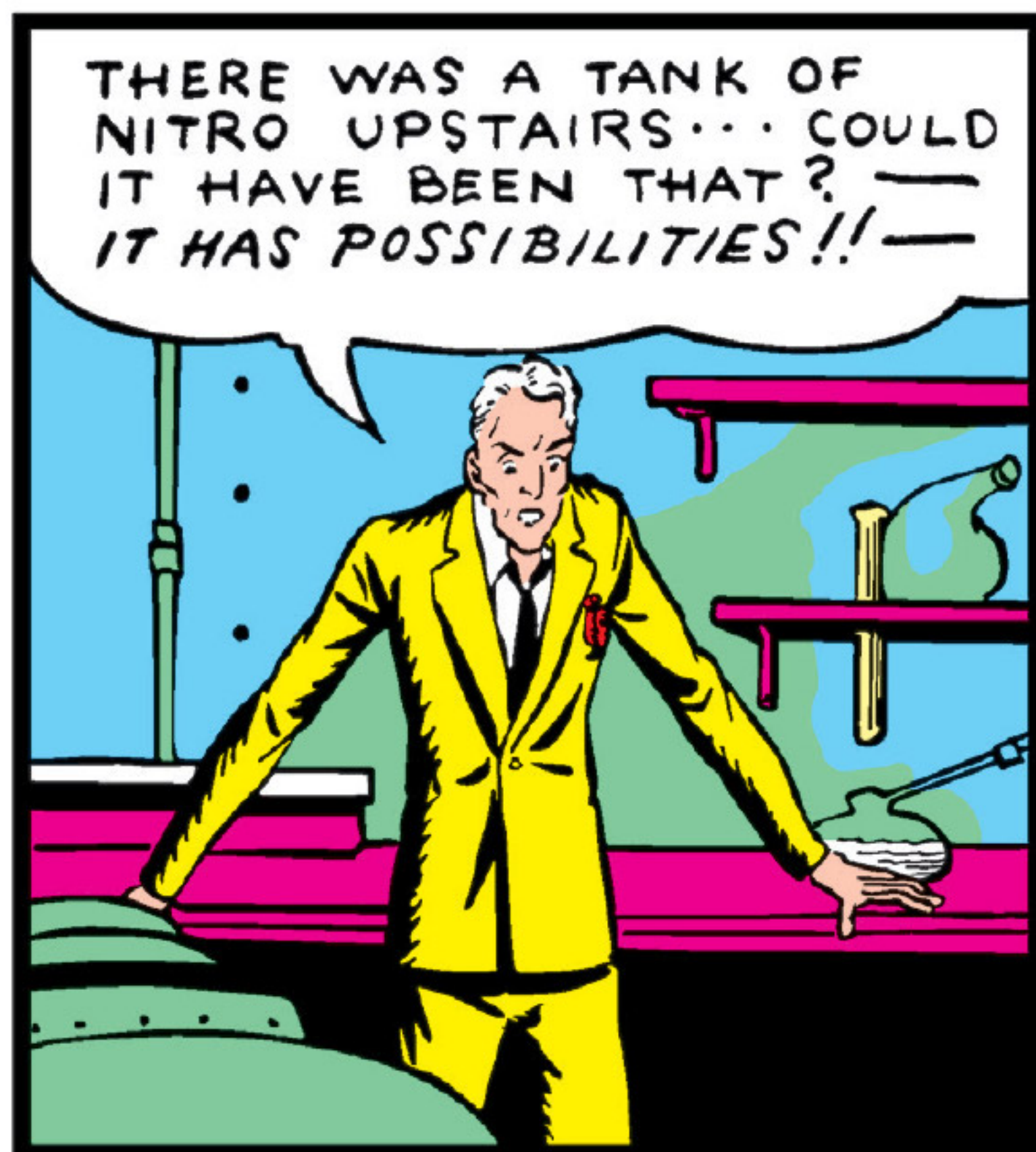


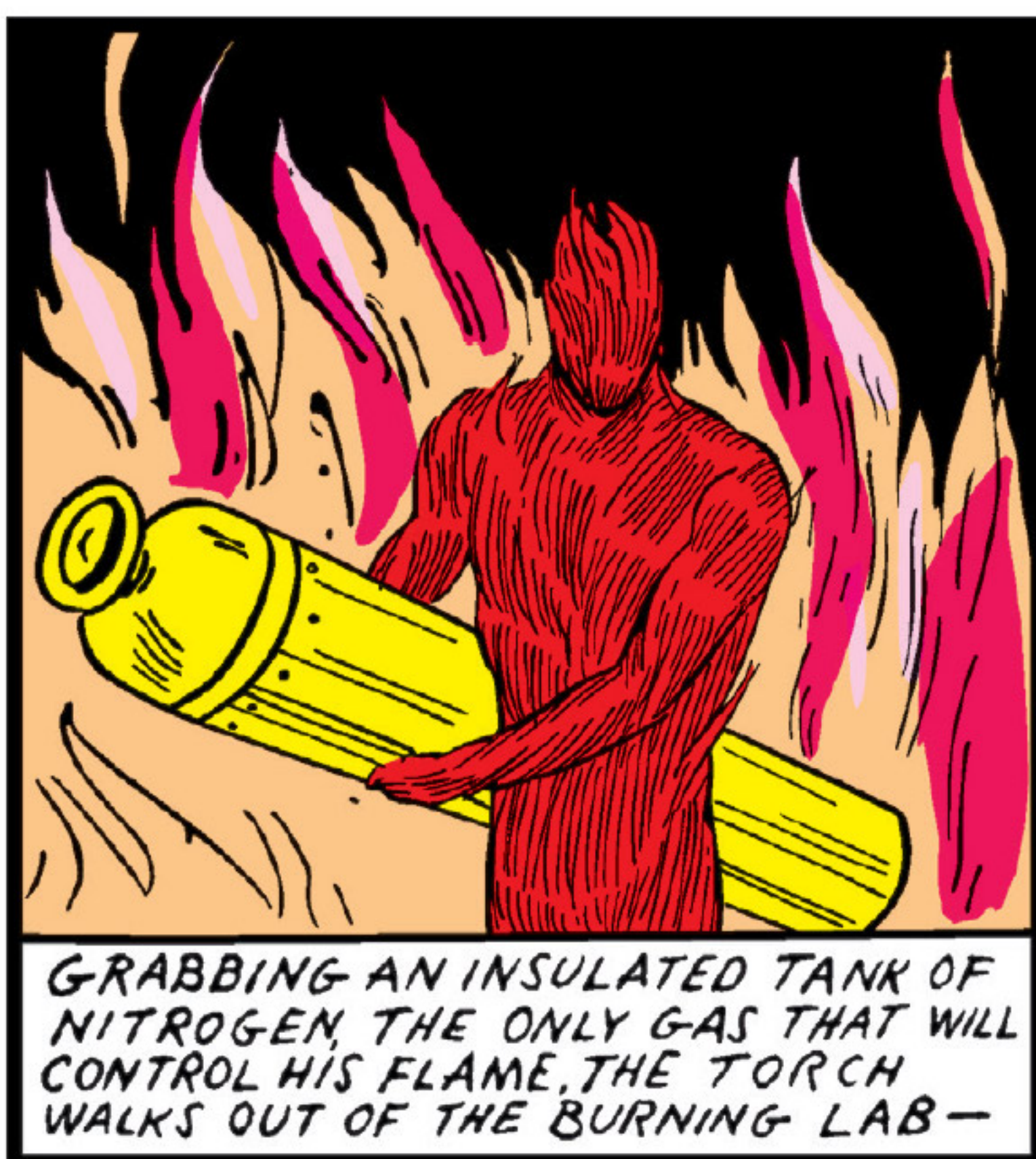
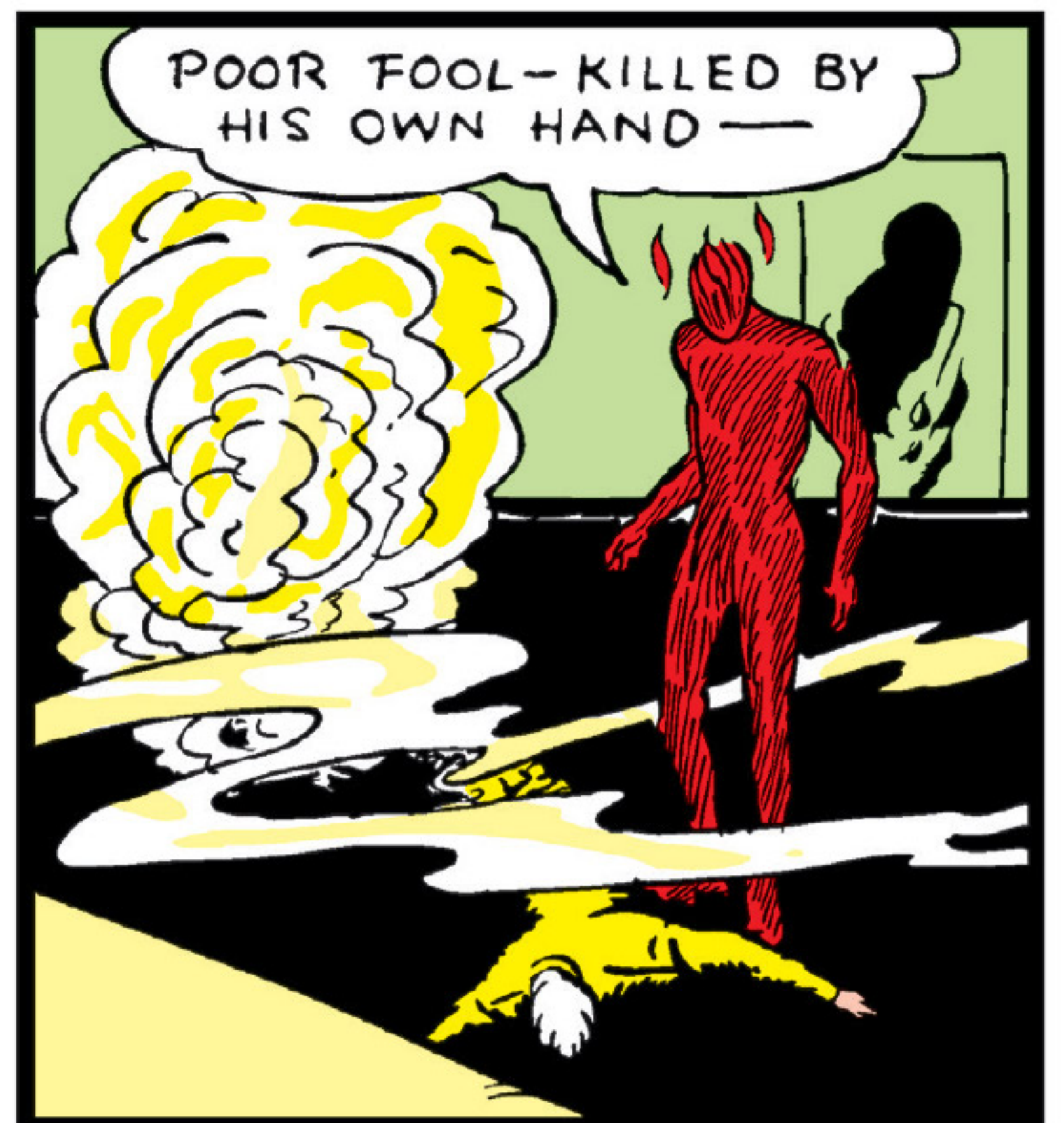
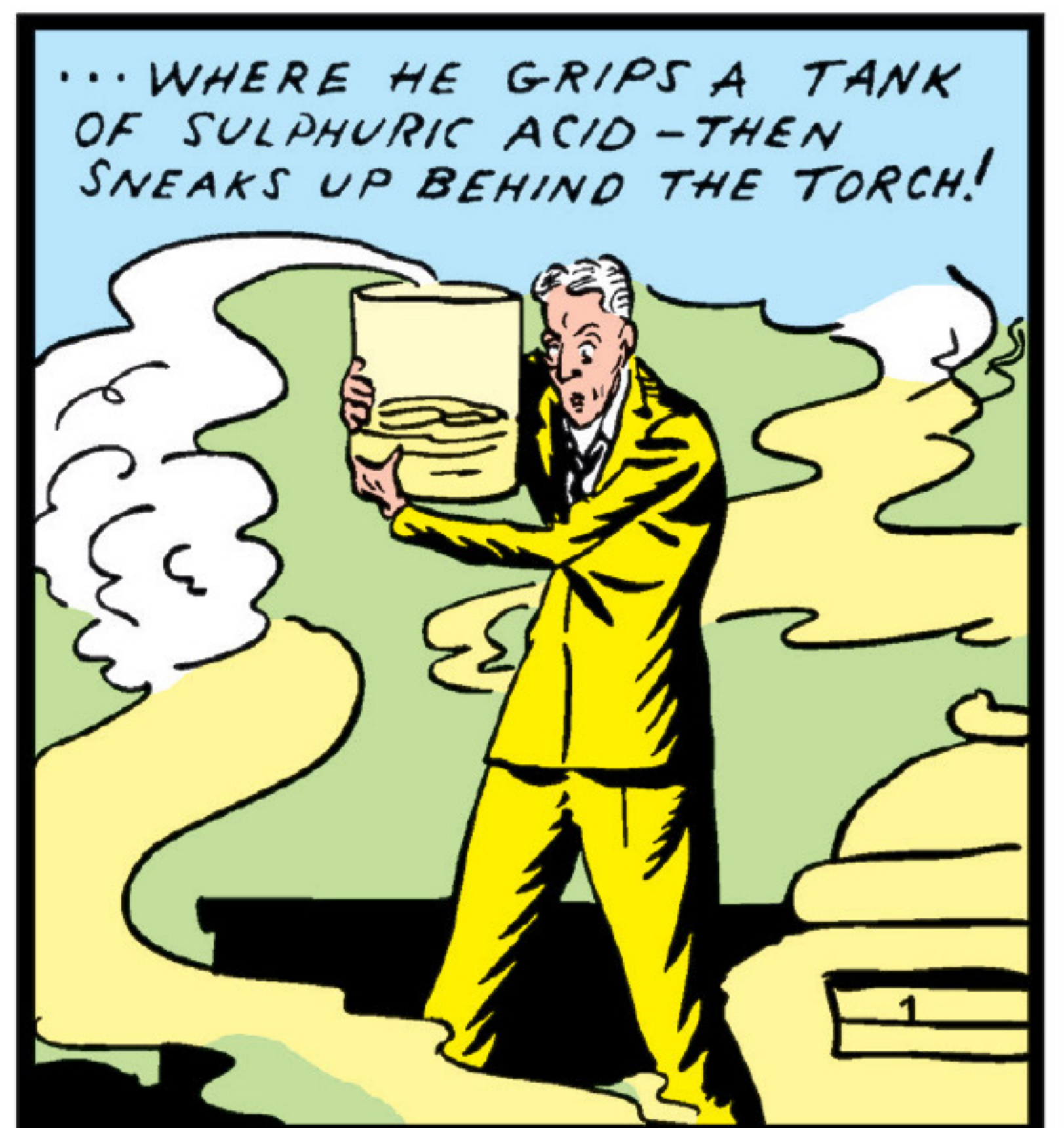
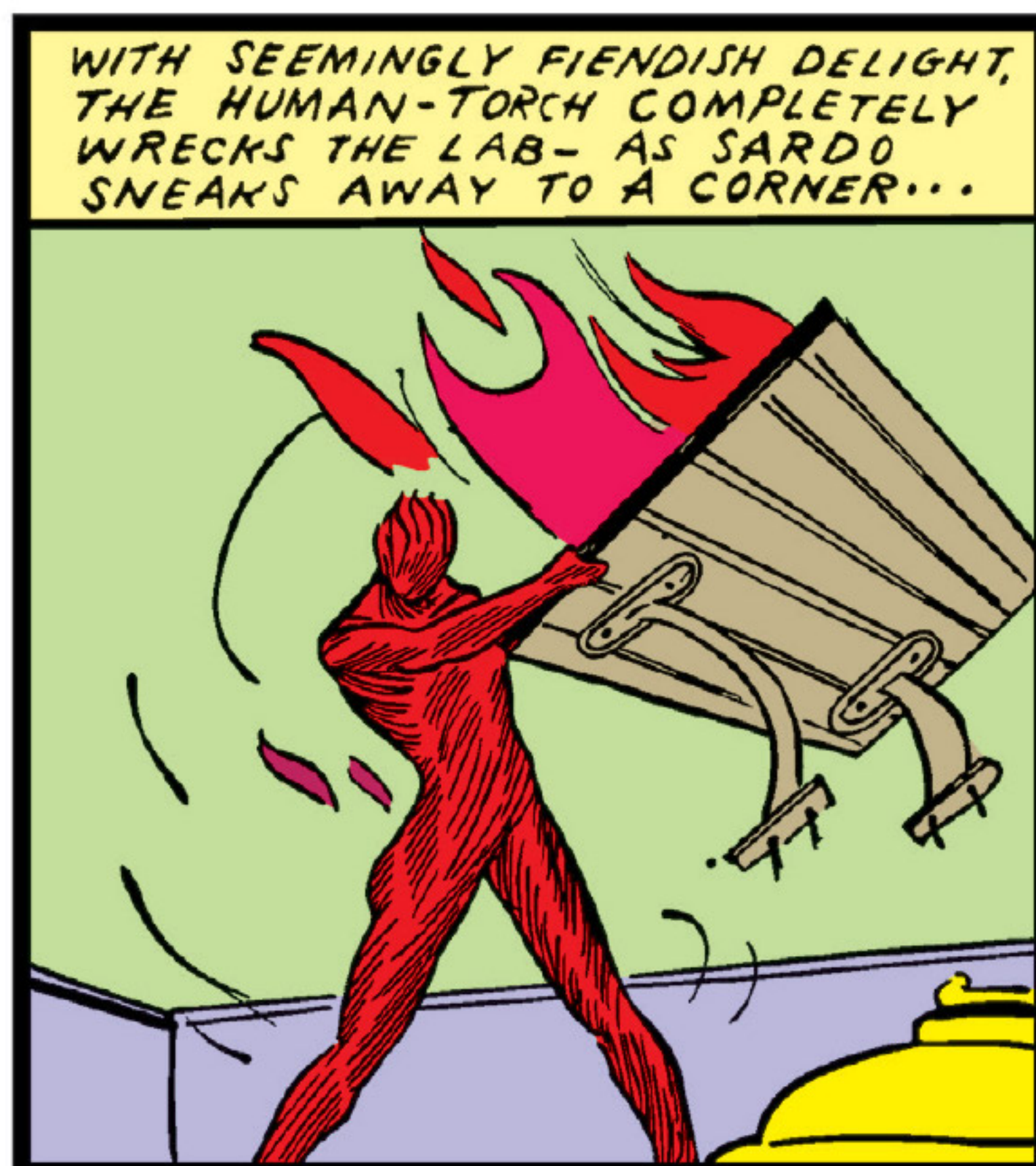
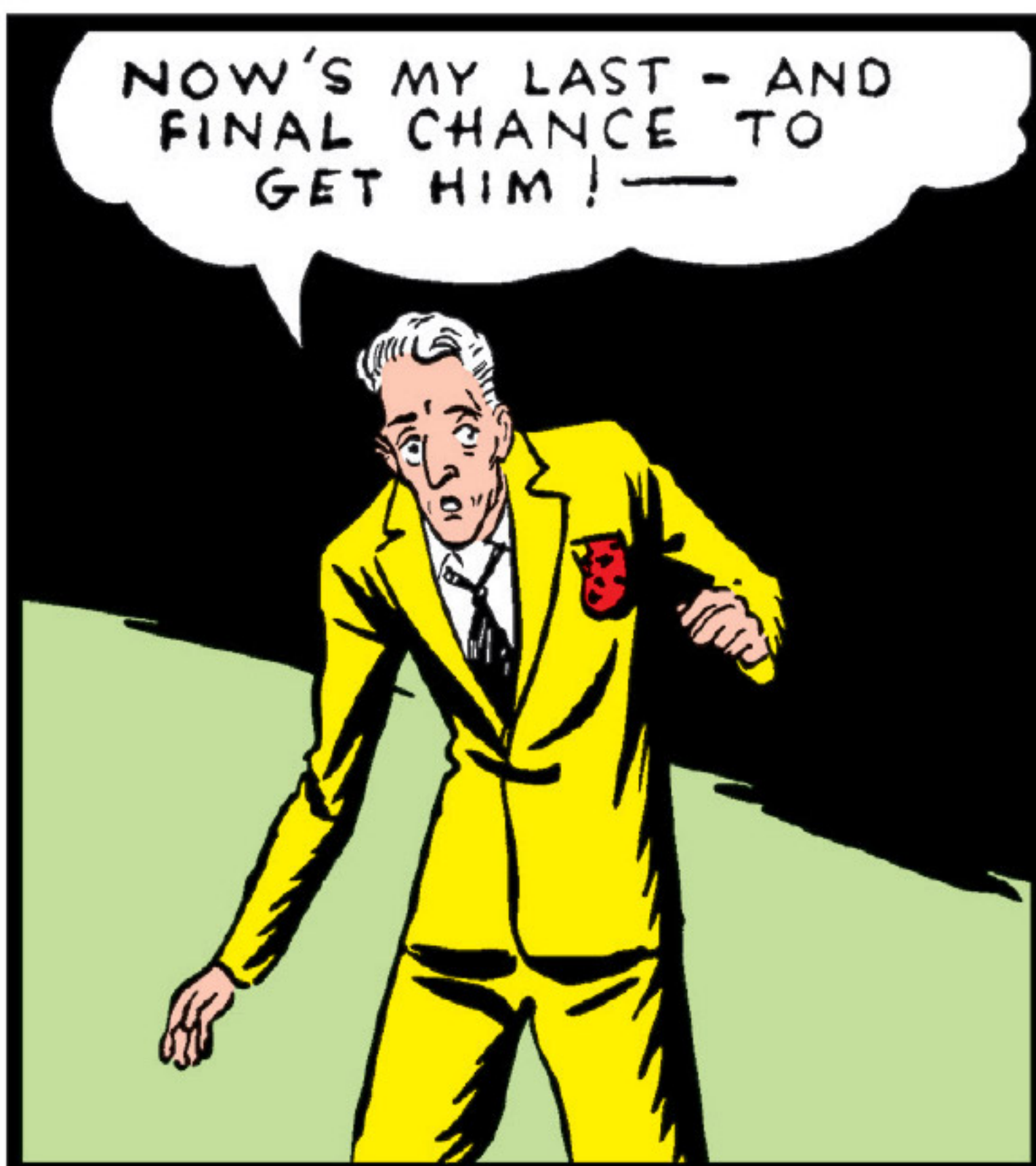
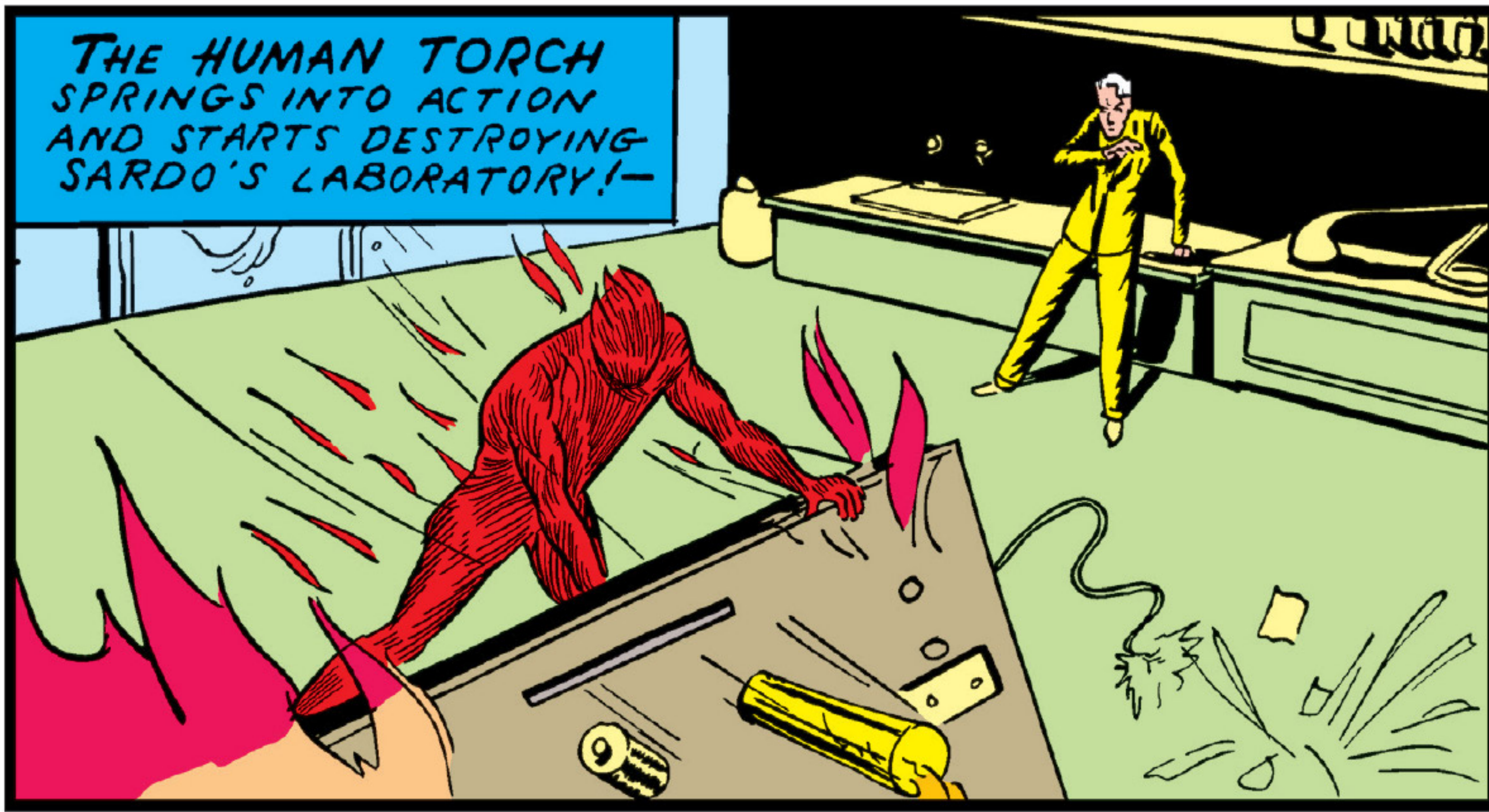
THIS'LL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT YOU — MR. TORCH!

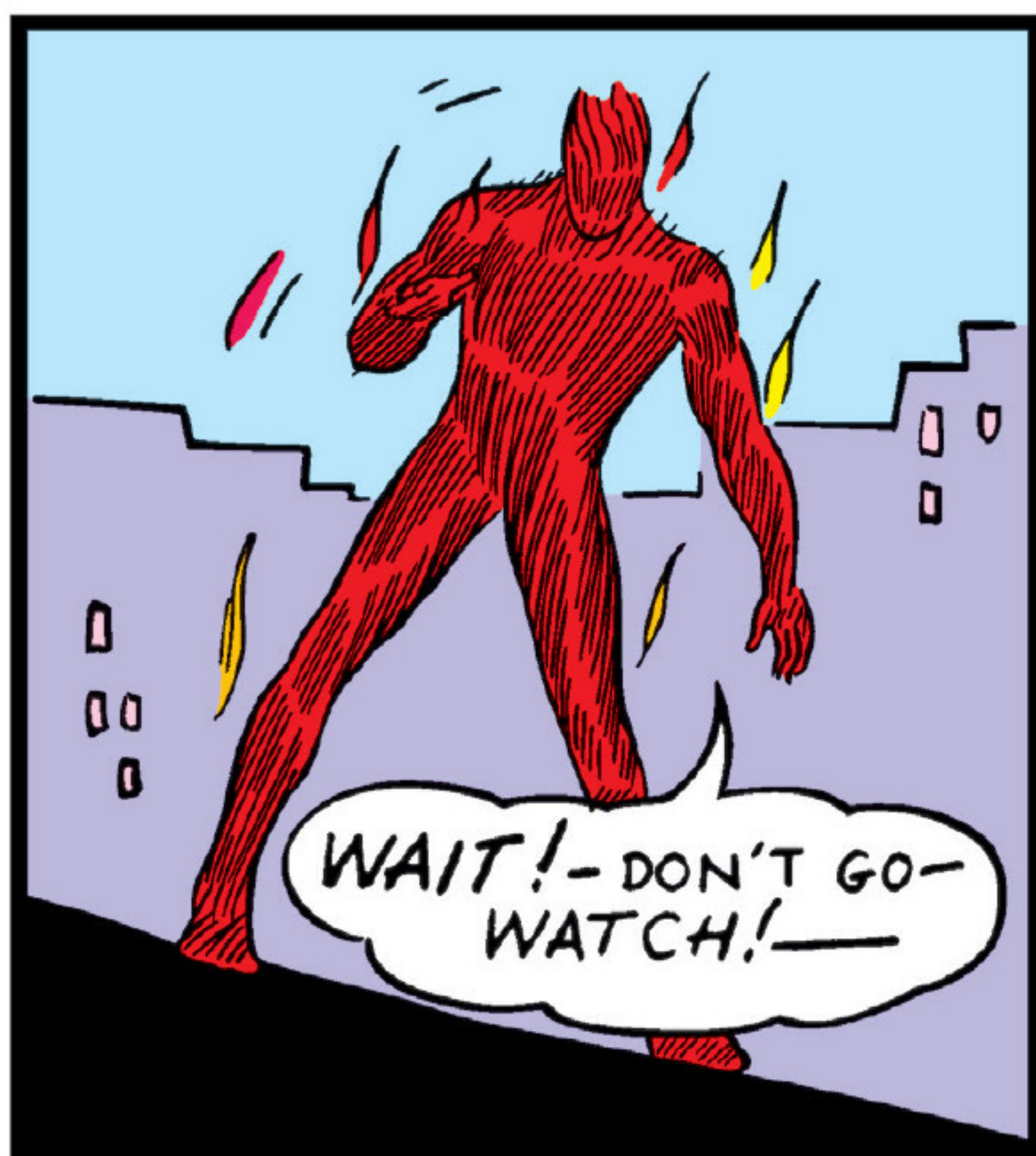
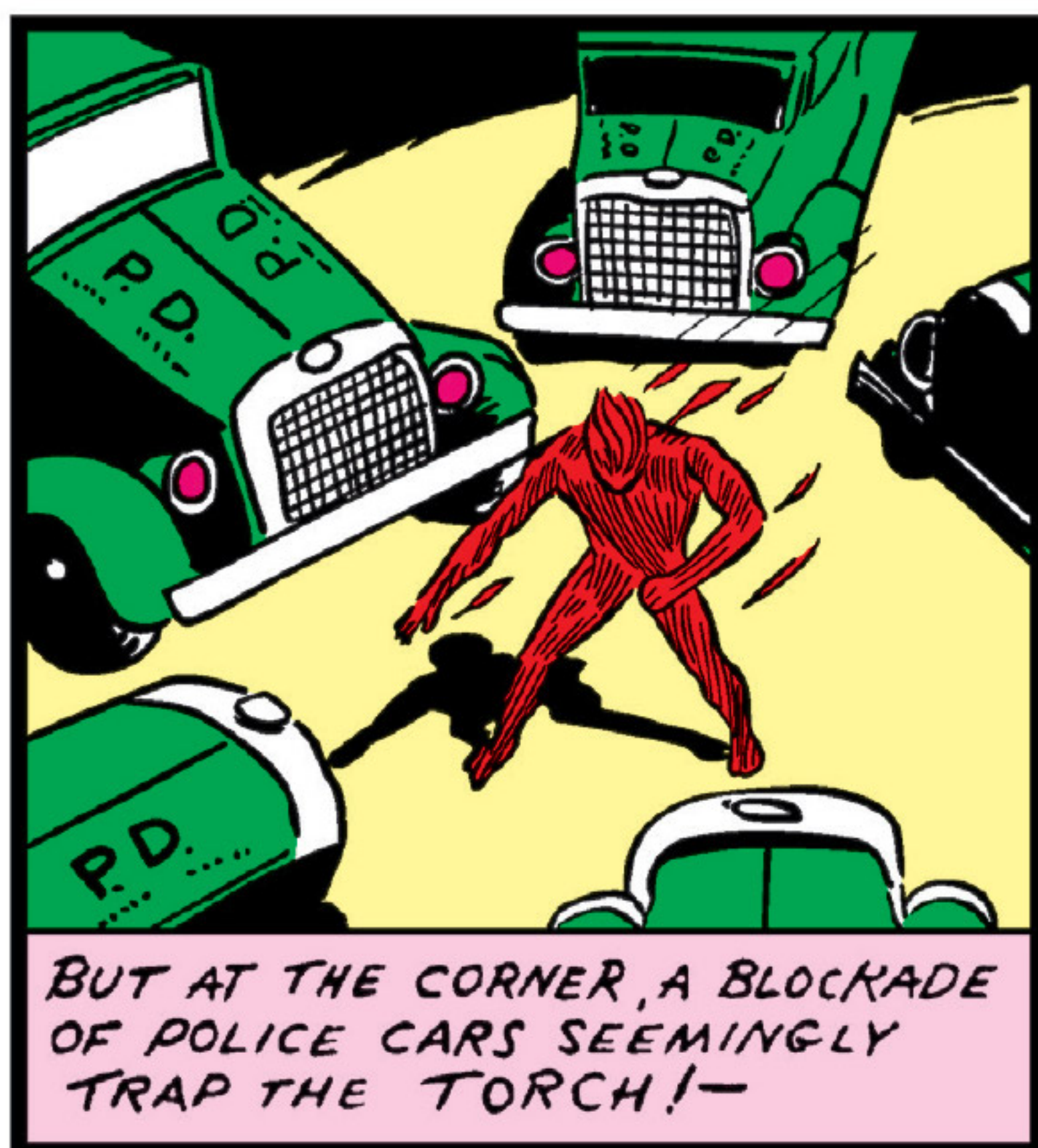
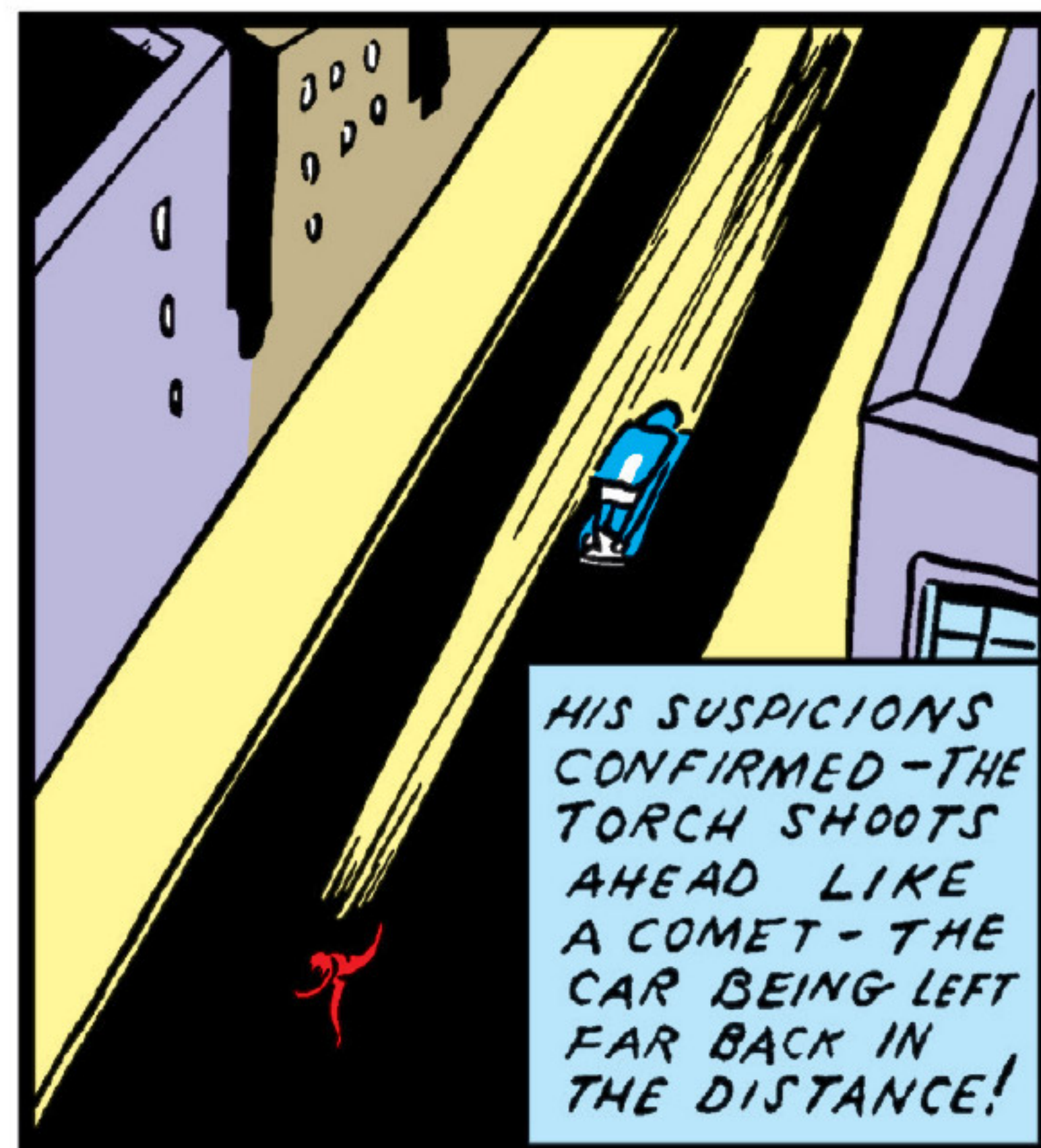
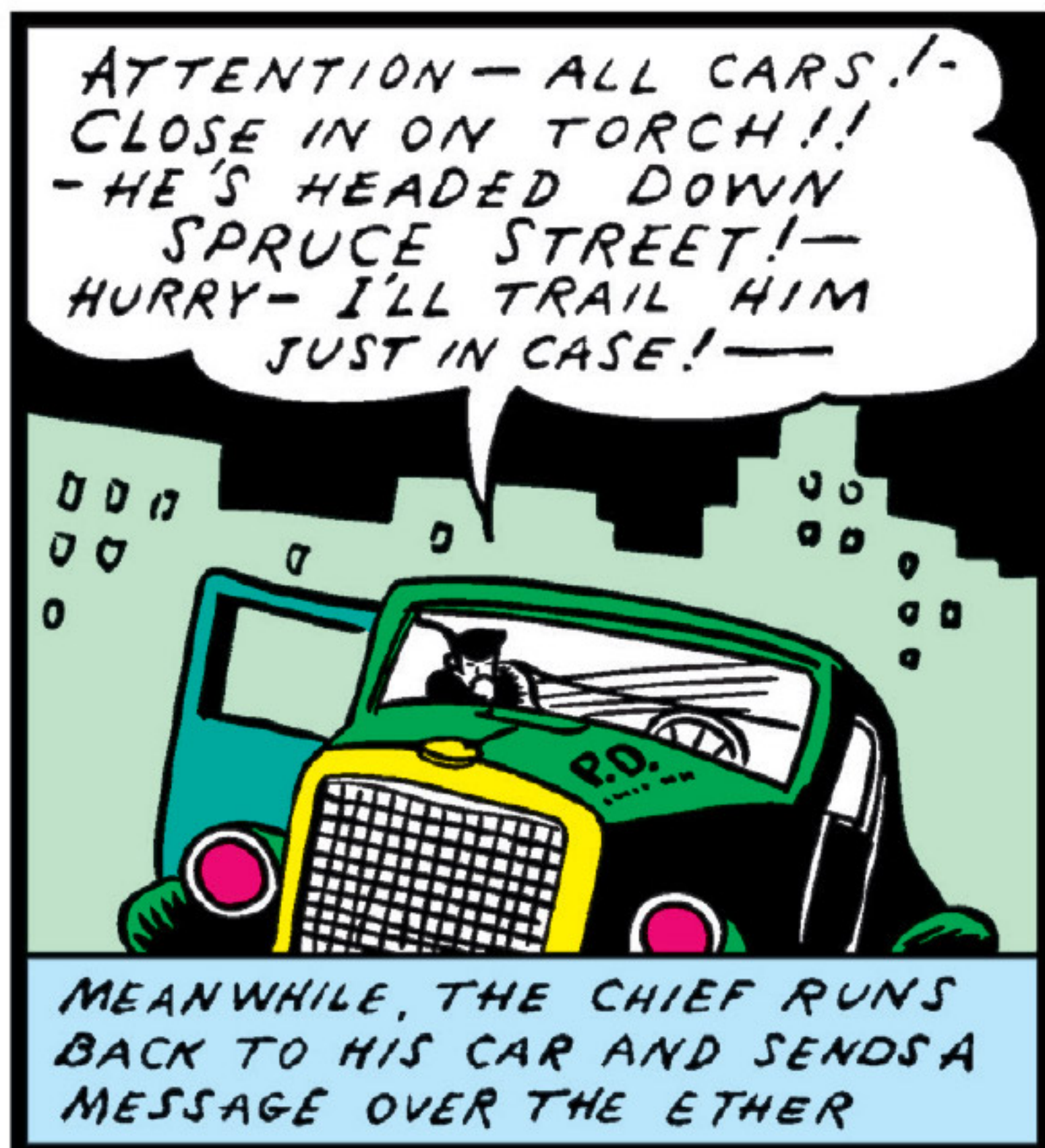
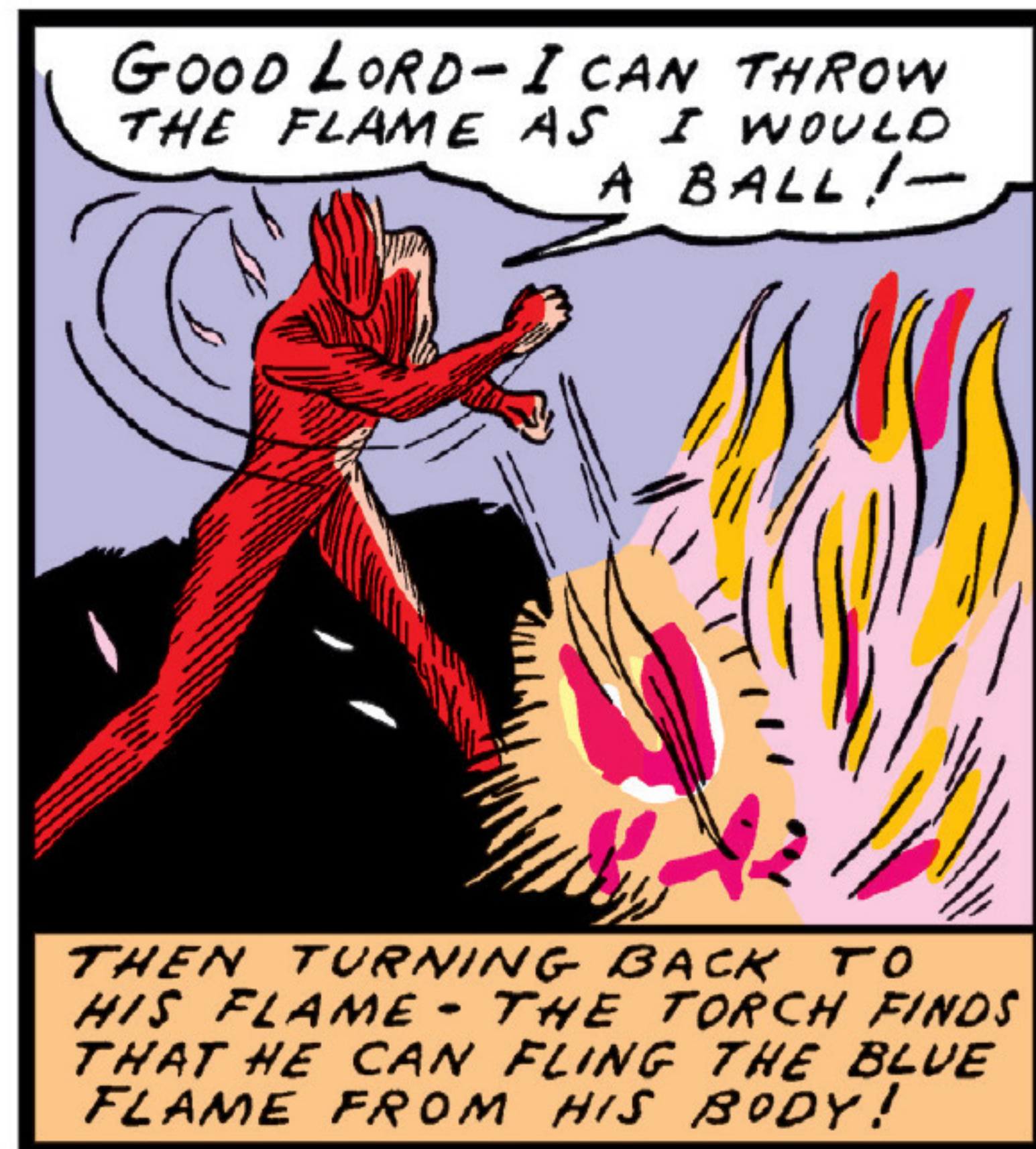
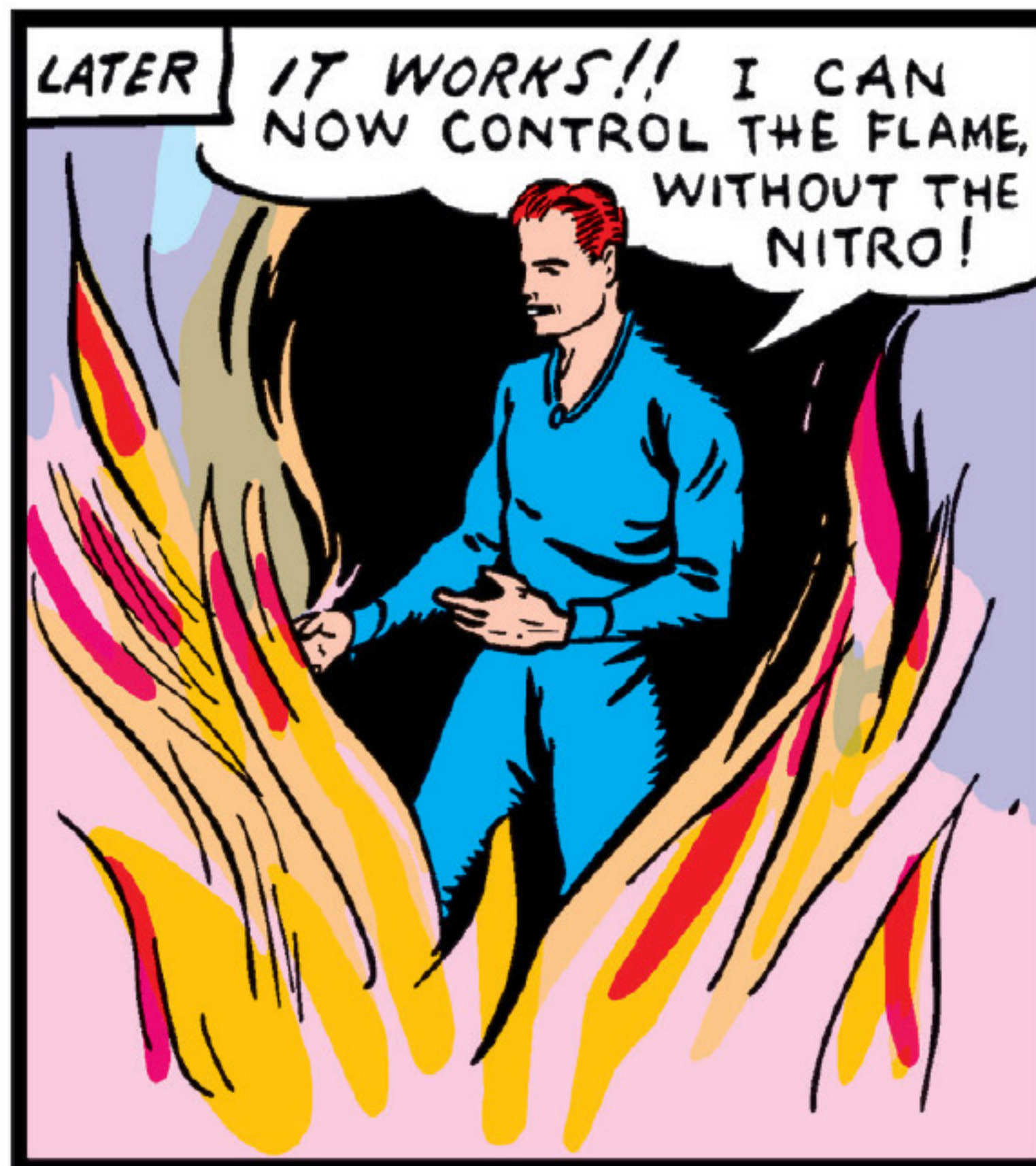
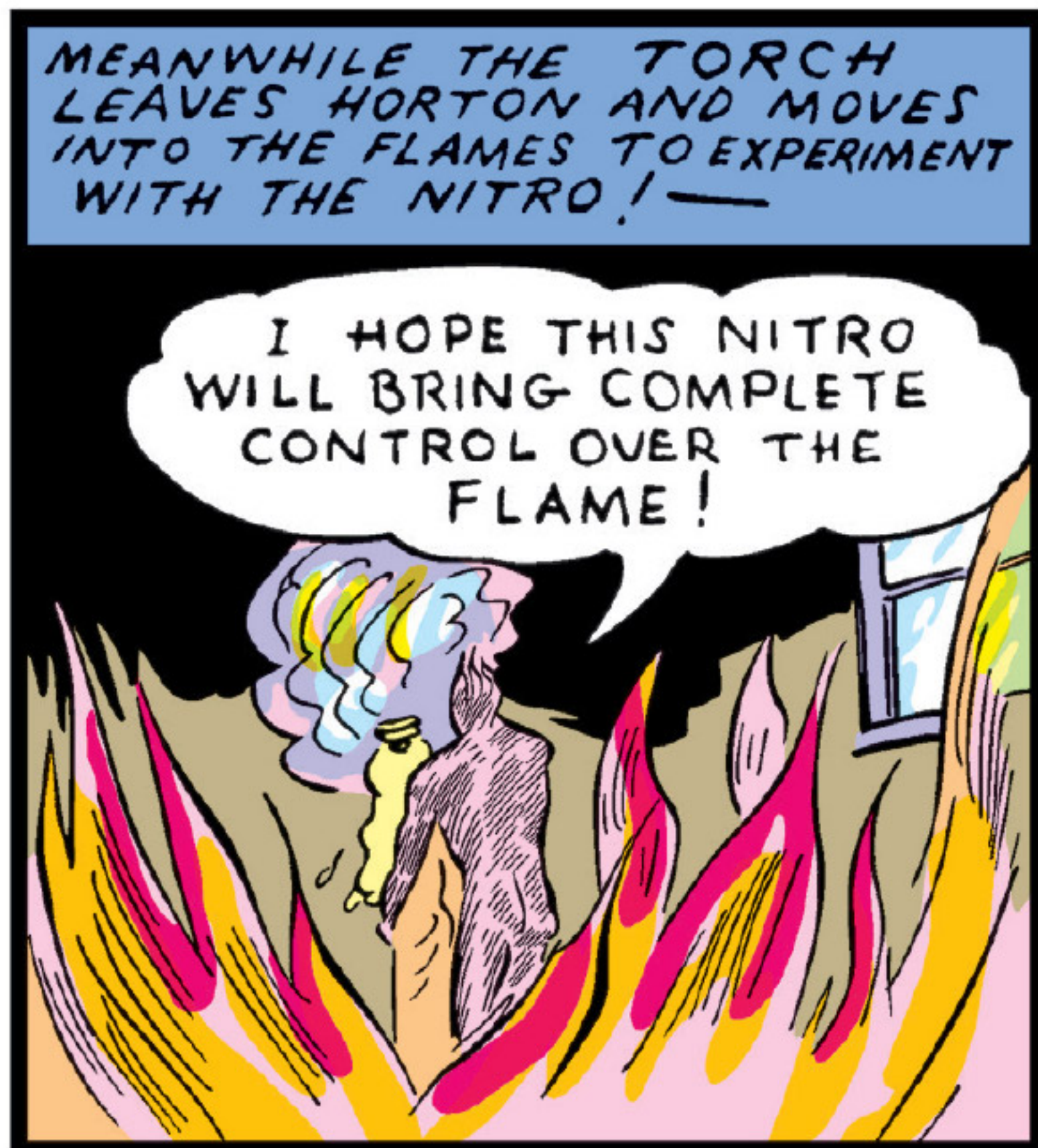
THE FIRE CHIEF SEEING THIS, DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES —

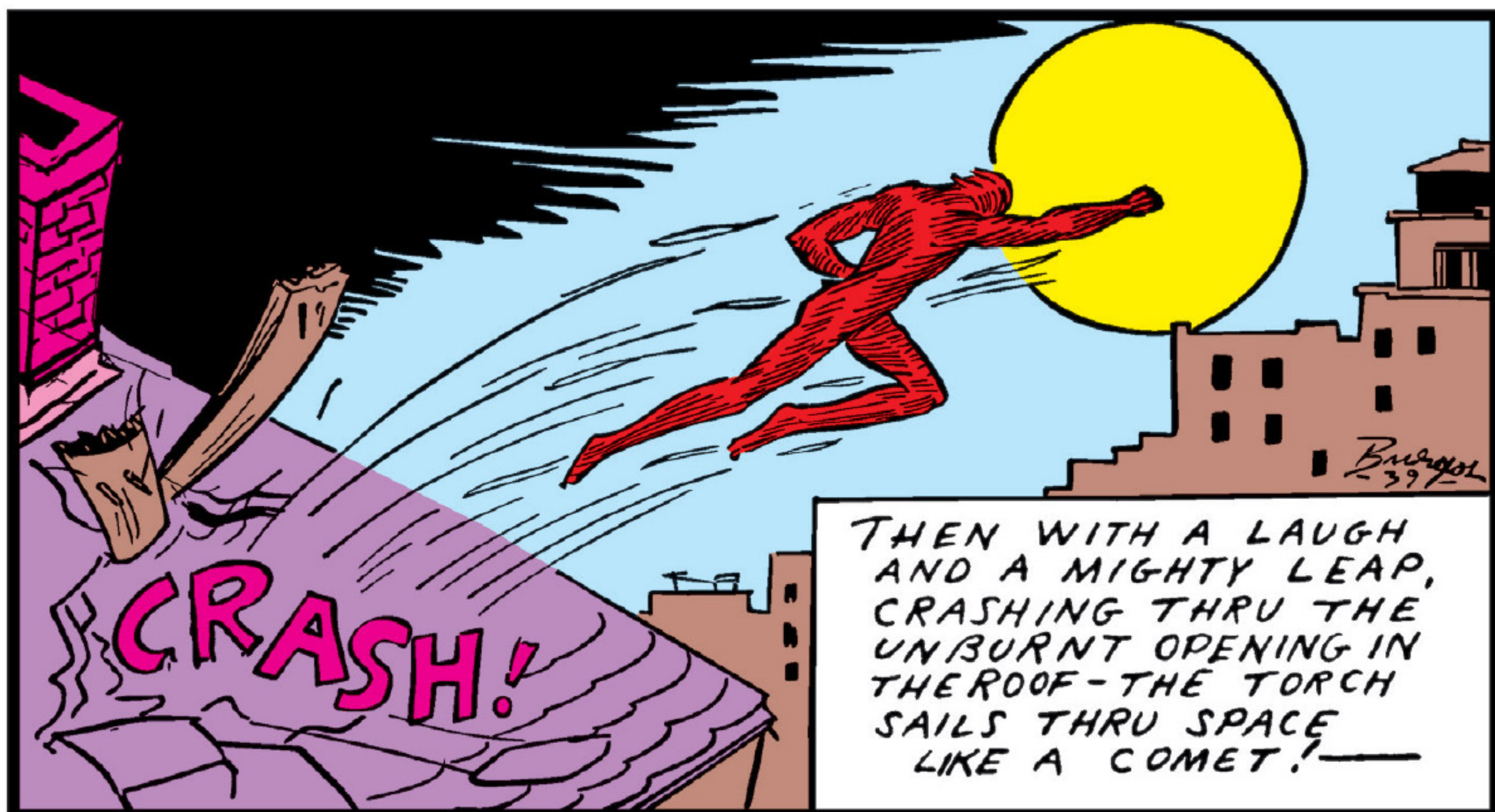
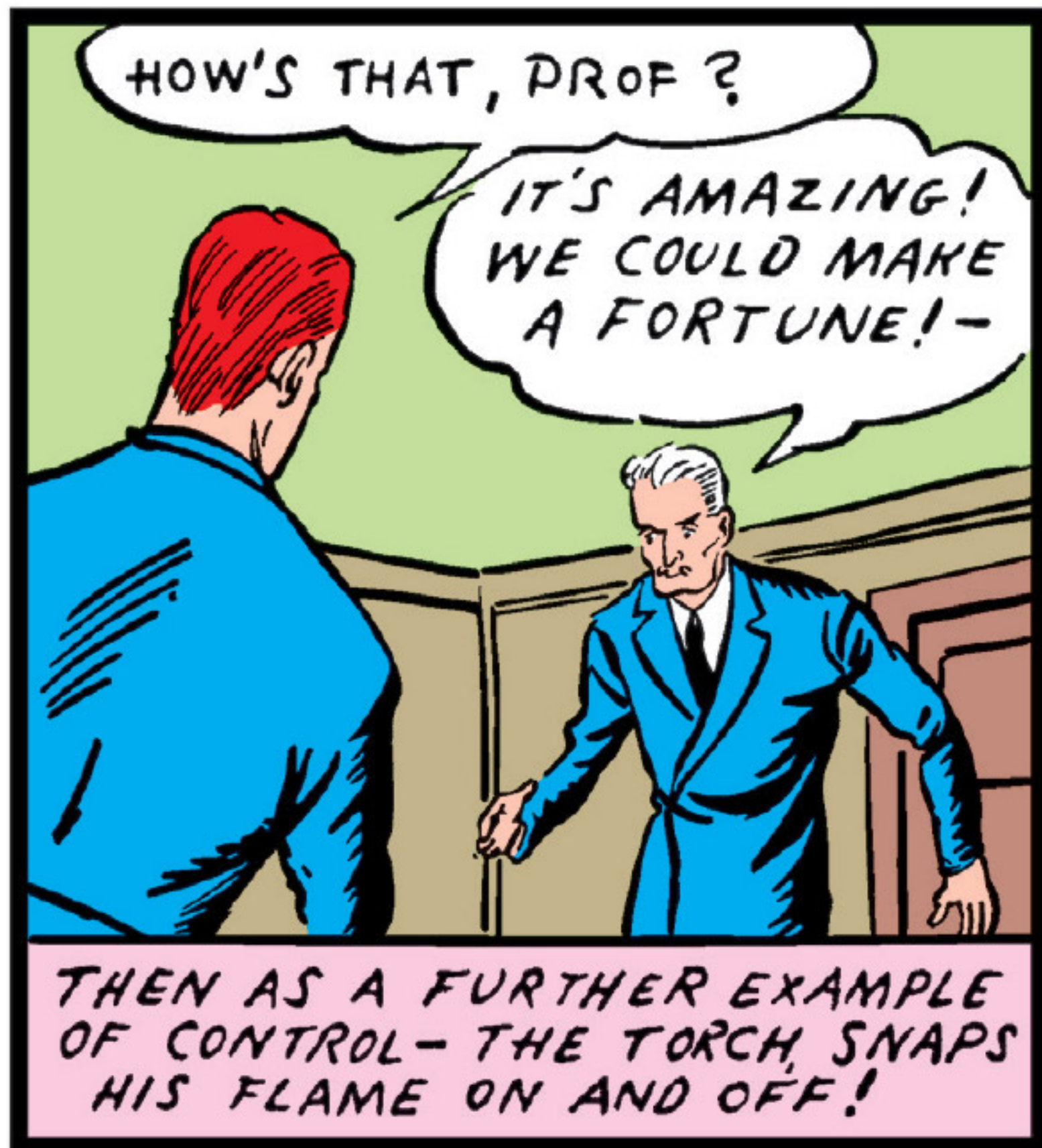
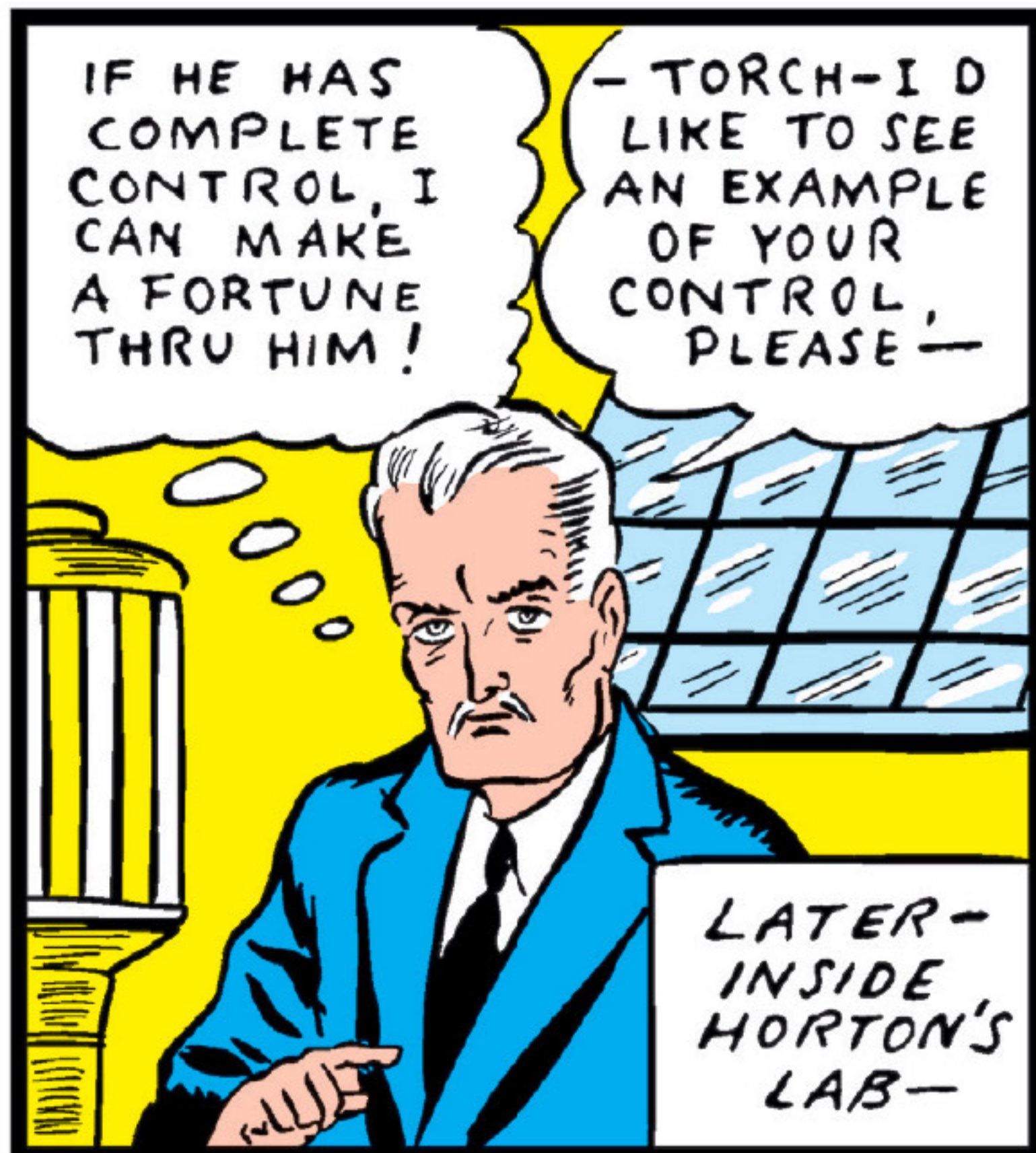
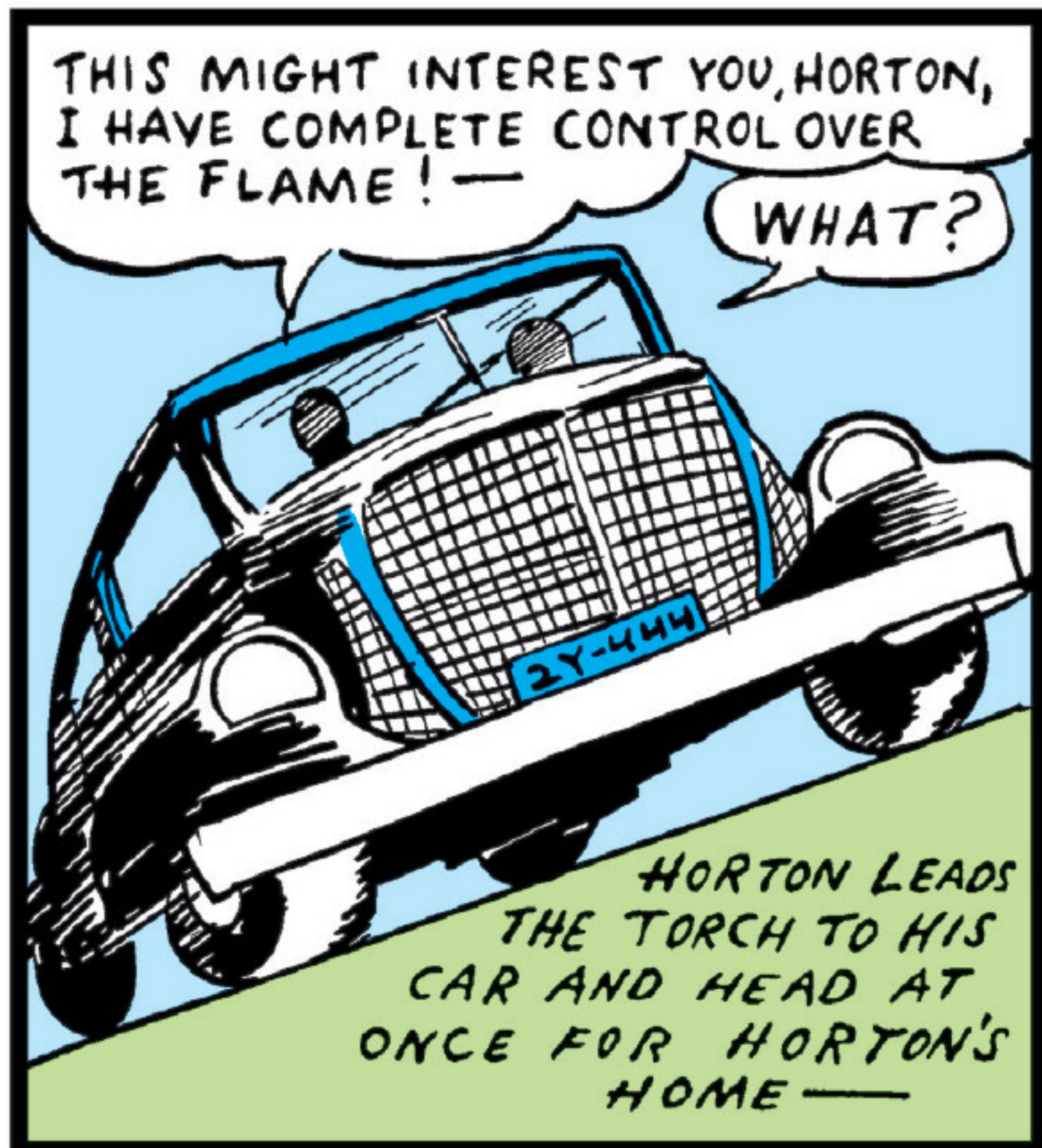
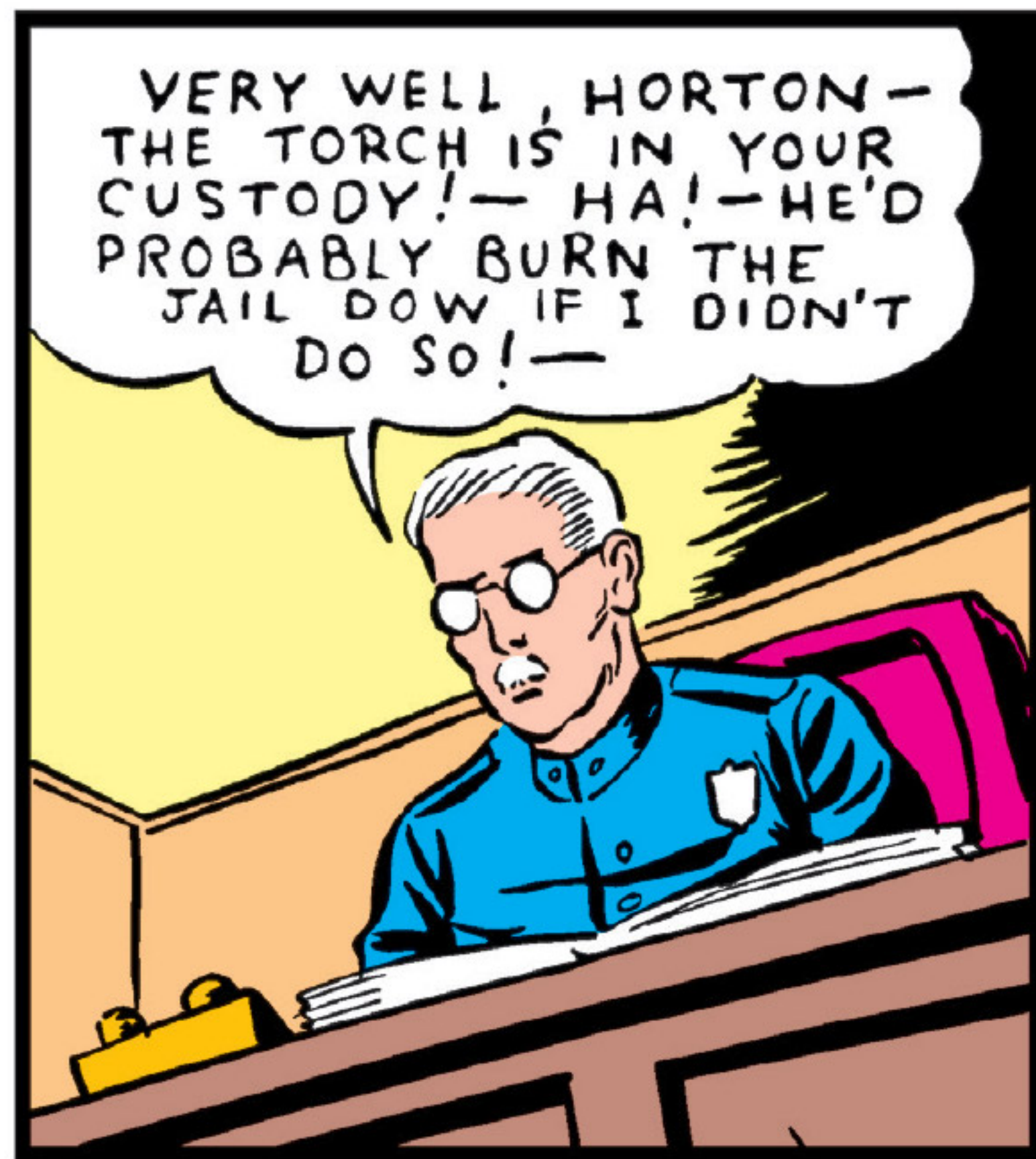
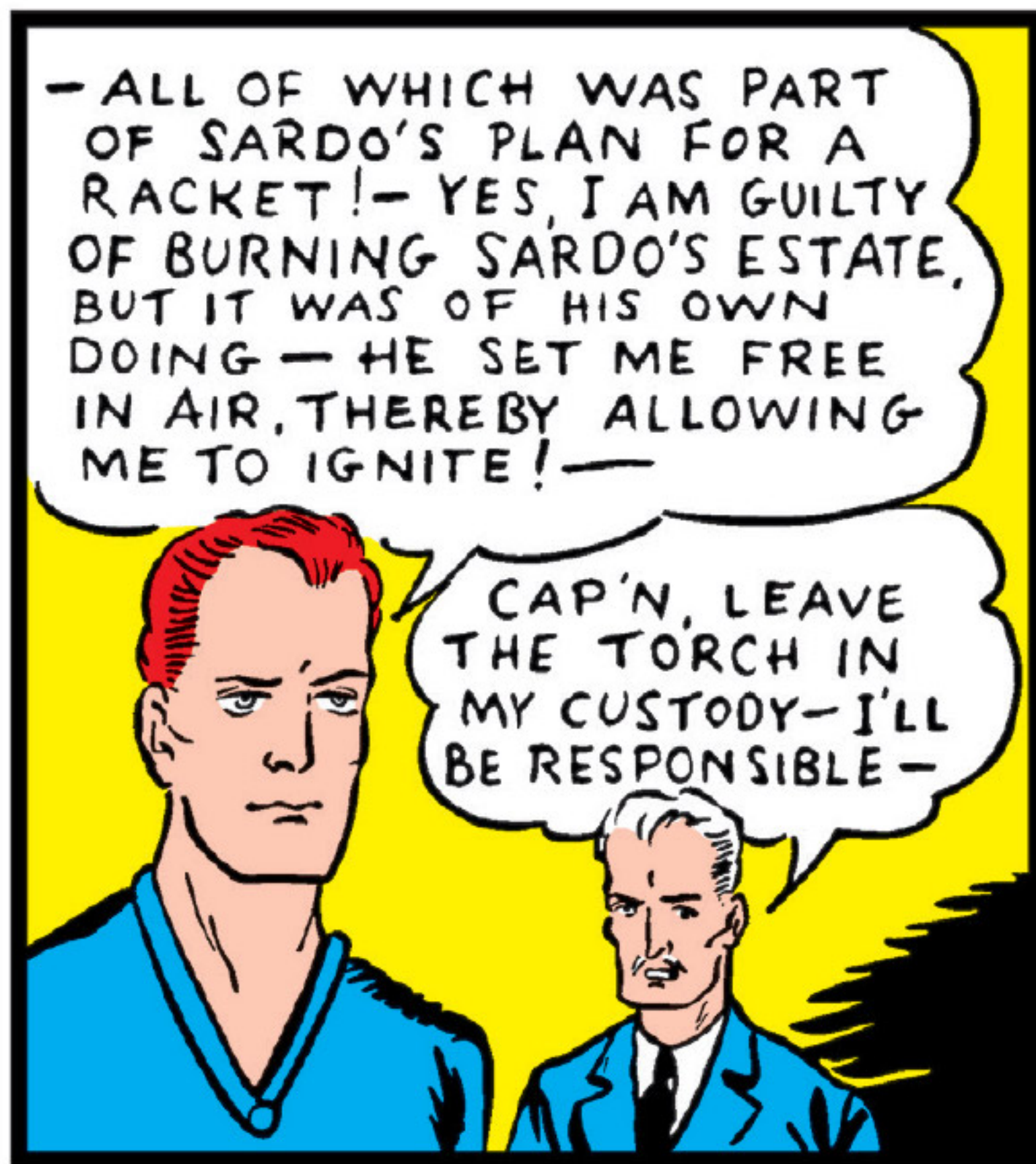
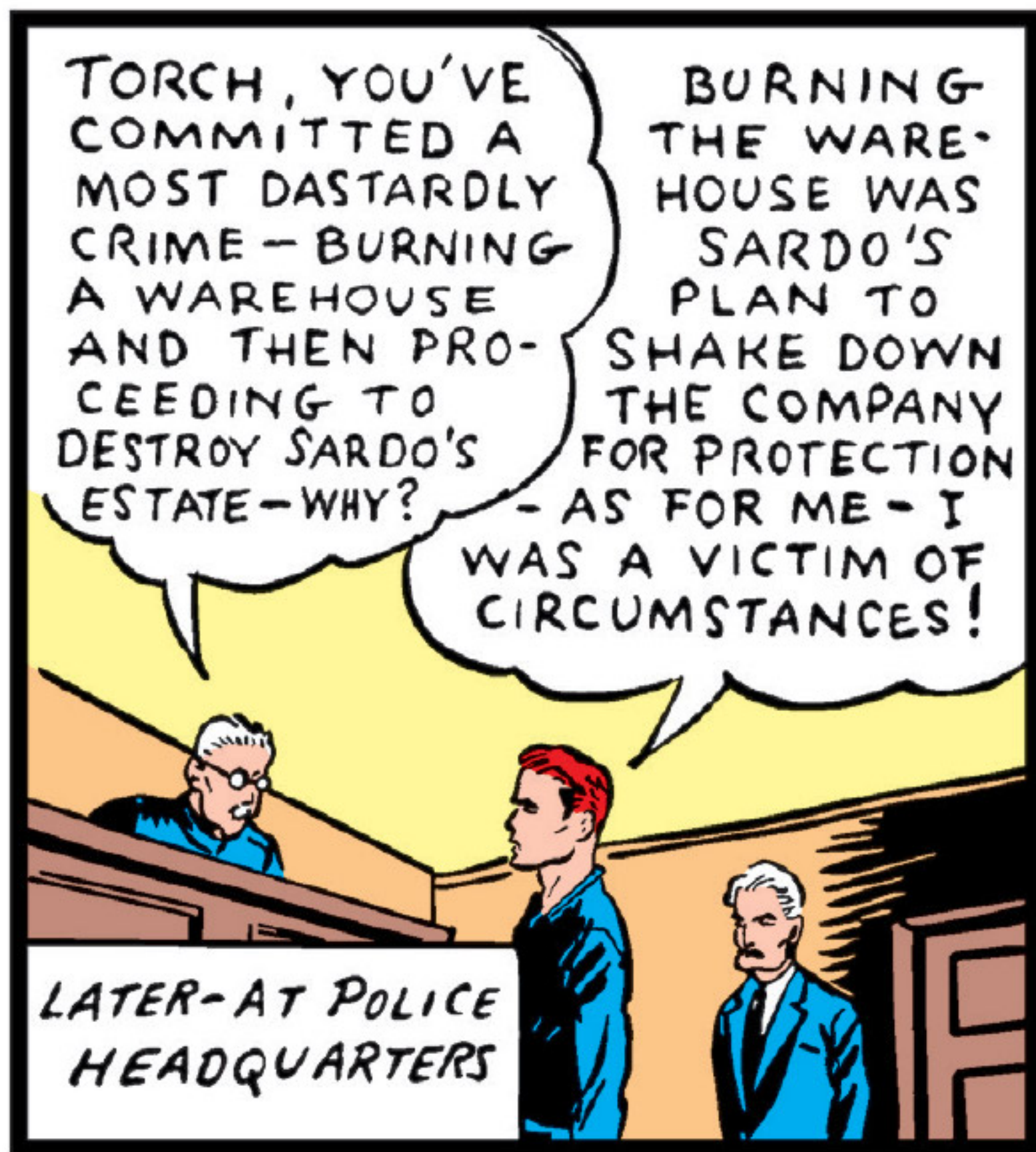


BUT THE STILL SUPER-HOT SKIN, SAVES THE TORCH FROM DESTRUCTION.. THE LEAD PELLET MELTS, AS IT LANDS BETWEEN THE EYES! —





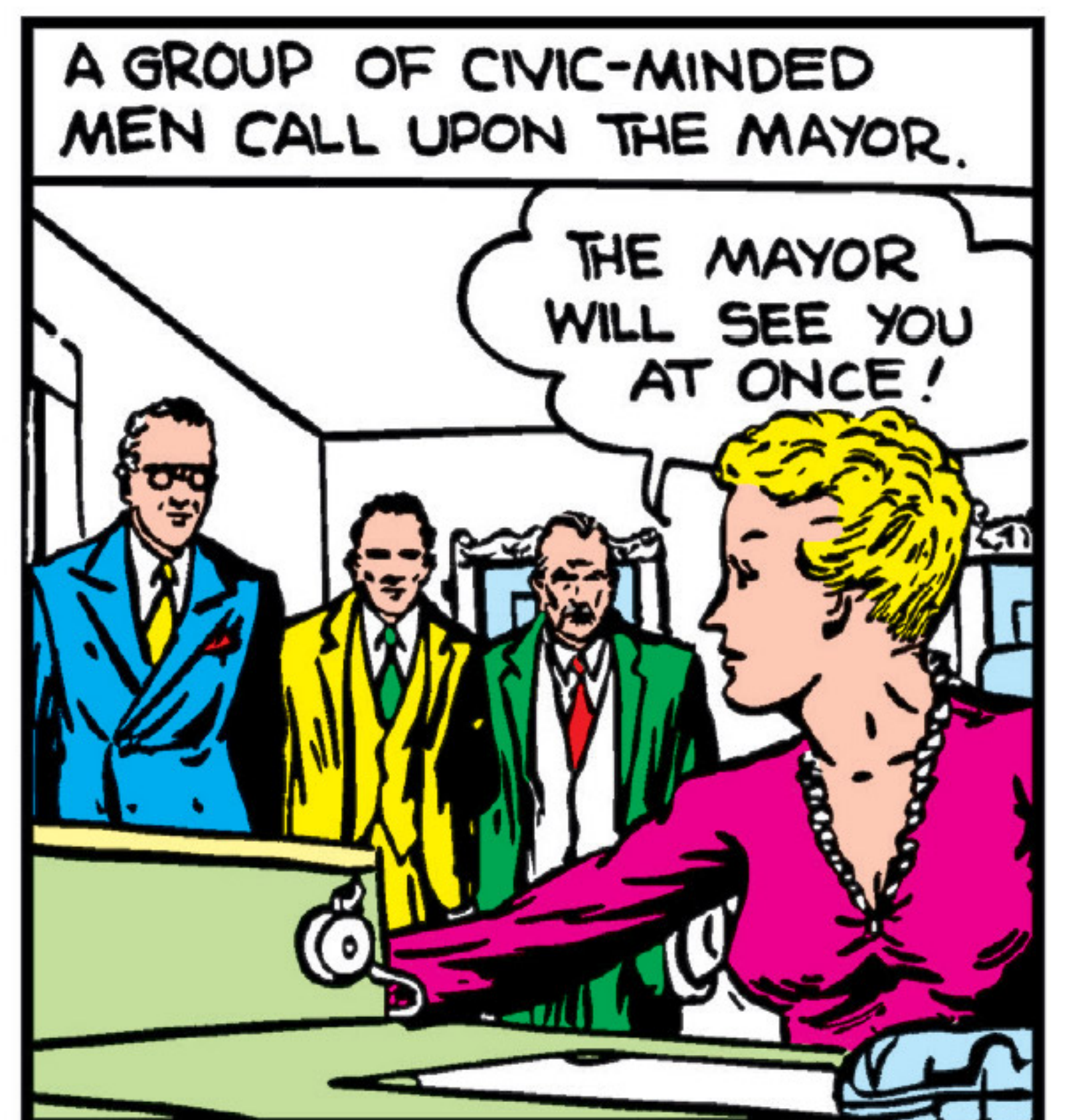
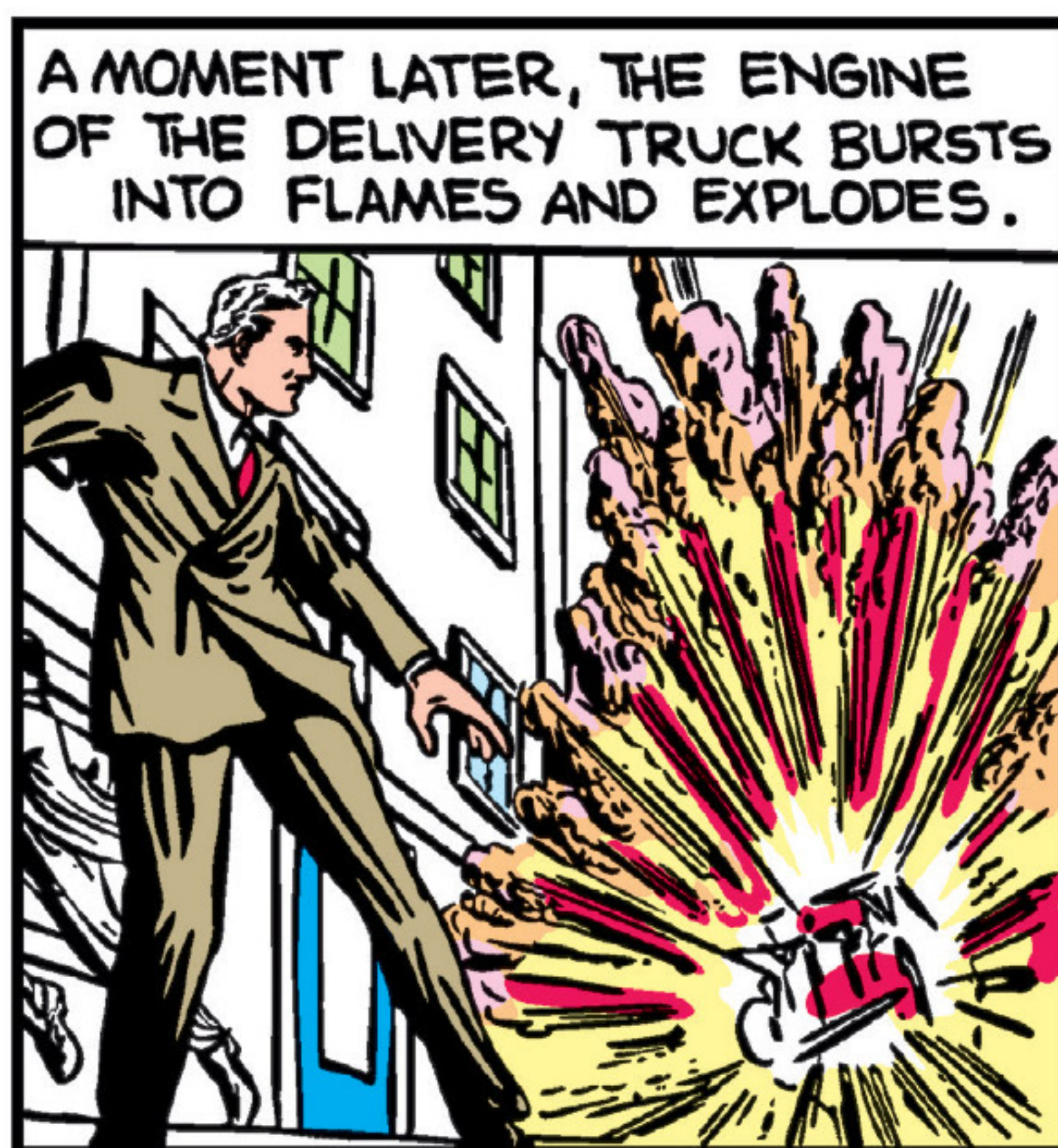
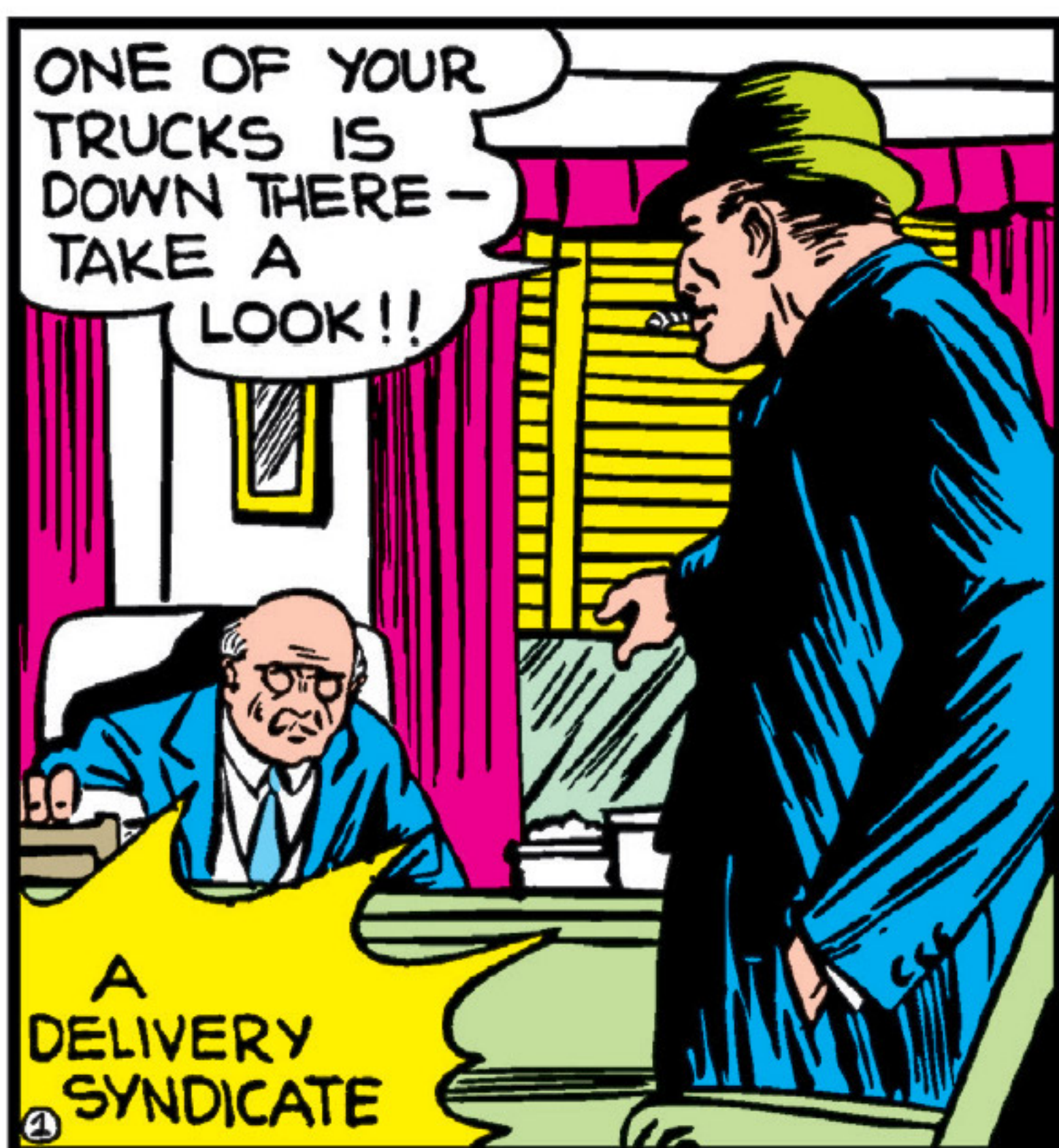




The ANGEL

by Paul Gustavson

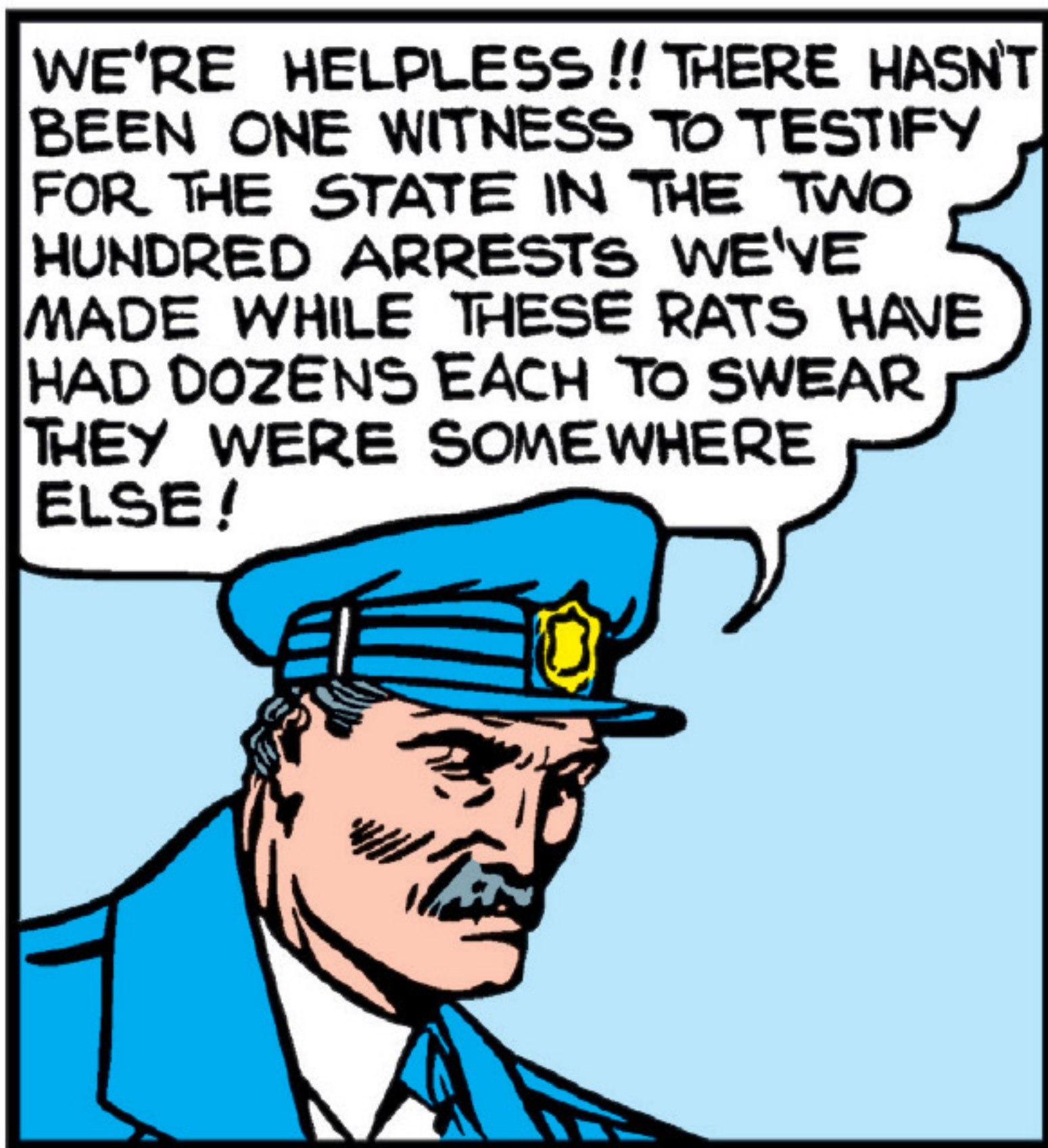
AT THE POINT OF A GUN, A GROUP OF RACKETEERS, KNOWN AS THE "SIX BIG MEN", HAVE TAKEN OVER AN ENTIRE CITY.... STRIKING EVERYWHERE WITH ONLY A MOMENTS NOTICE....





YES, YES — BUT LET THE POLICE COMMISSIONER TELL YOU HIS SIDE OF THE STORY!

AFTER HEARING ABOUT THE OUTRAGES, THE MAYOR CALLS IN THE COMMISSIONER.

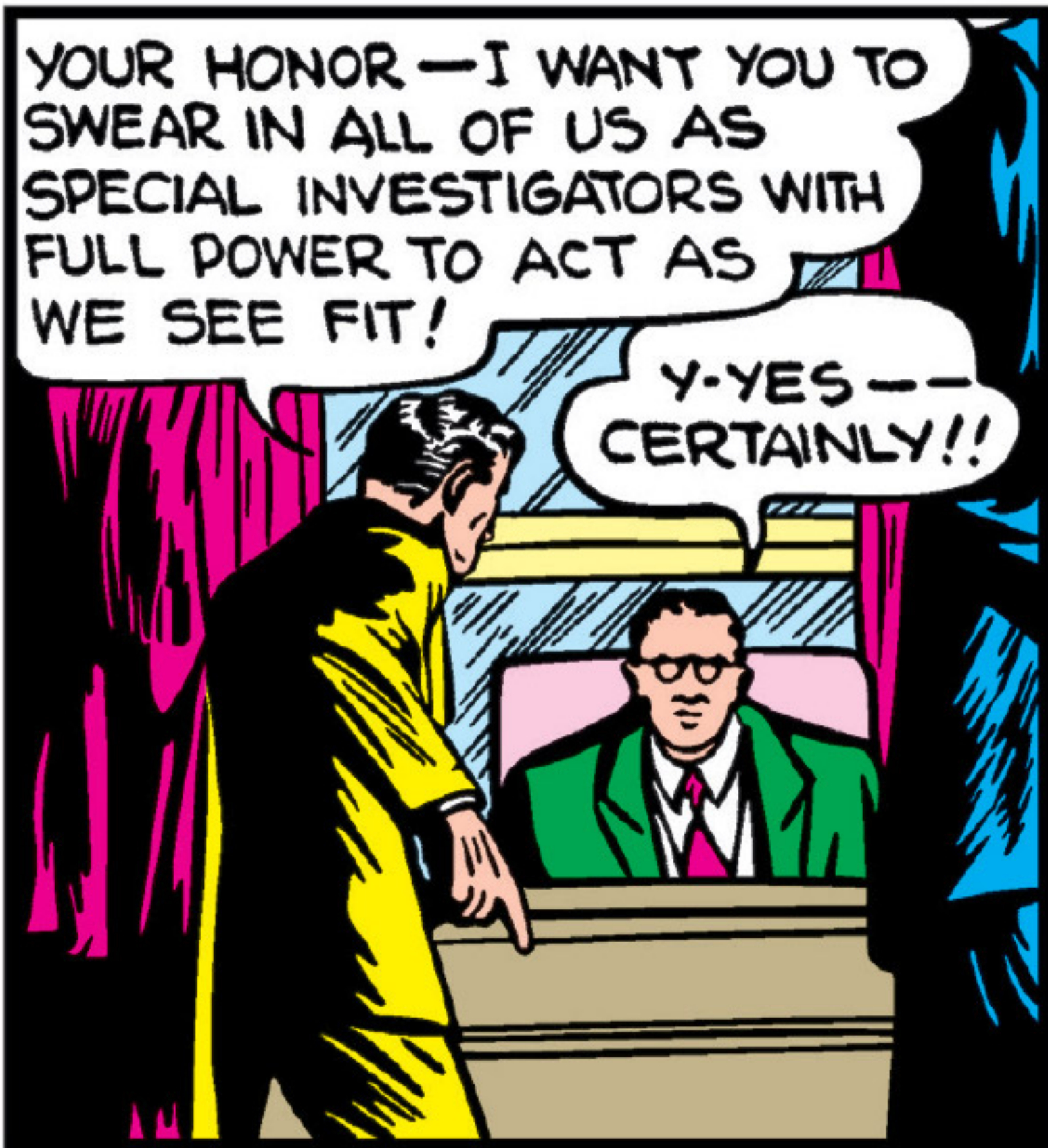


WE'RE HELPLESS!! THERE HASN'T BEEN ONE WITNESS TO TESTIFY FOR THE STATE IN THE TWO HUNDRED ARRESTS WE'VE MADE WHILE THESE RATS HAVE HAD DOZENS EACH TO SWEAR THEY WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!



THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO WITHOUT THE PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE!

WE'LL TAKE THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS THEN!



YOUR HONOR — I WANT YOU TO SWEAR IN ALL OF US AS SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS WITH FULL POWER TO ACT AS WE SEE FIT!

Y-YES — CERTAINLY!!

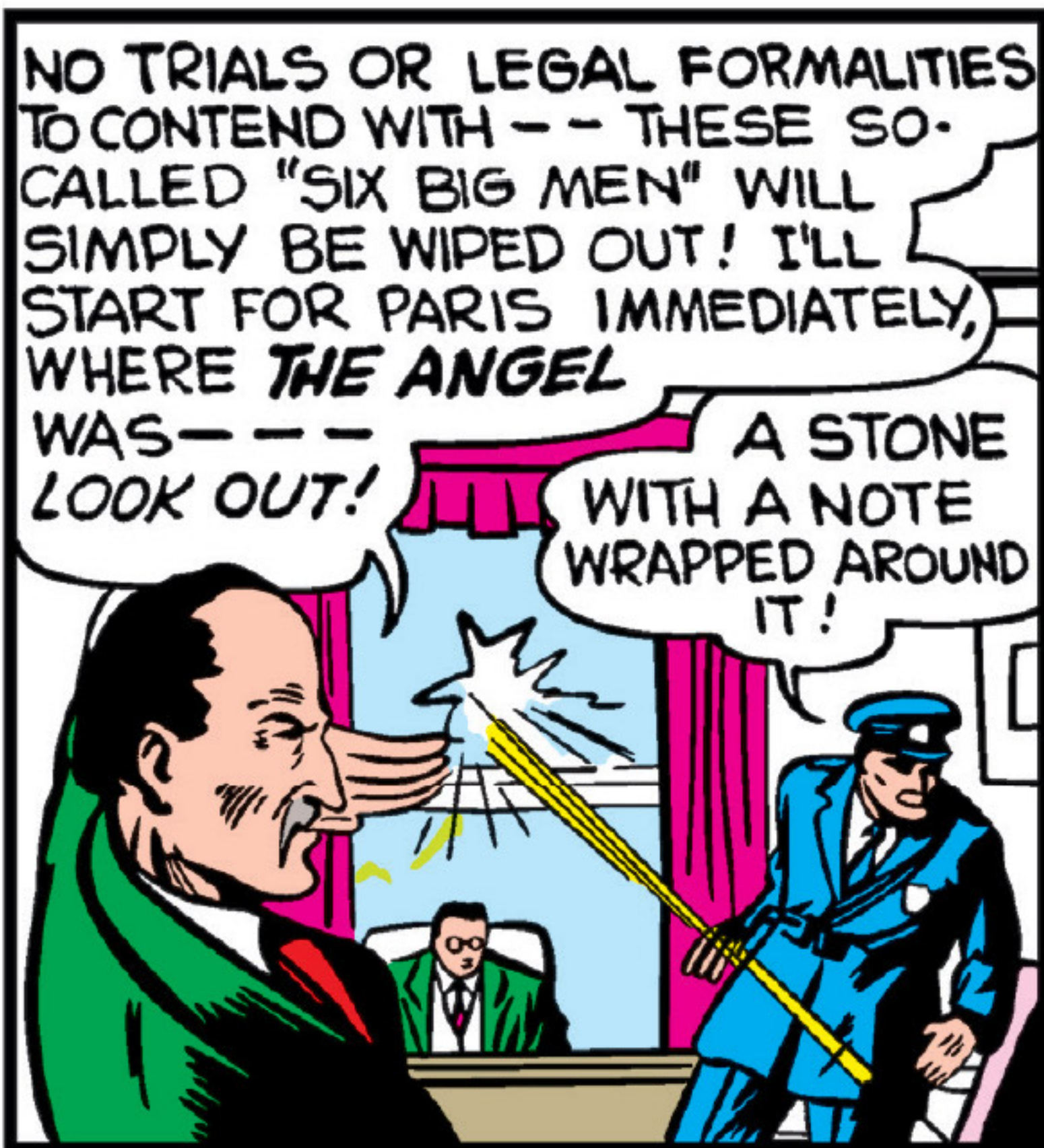


WAIT, GENTLEMEN! I STARTED THIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CRIME WAVE AND I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST SOMETHING! HAVE ANY OF YOU HEARD OF *THE ANGEL* ?!



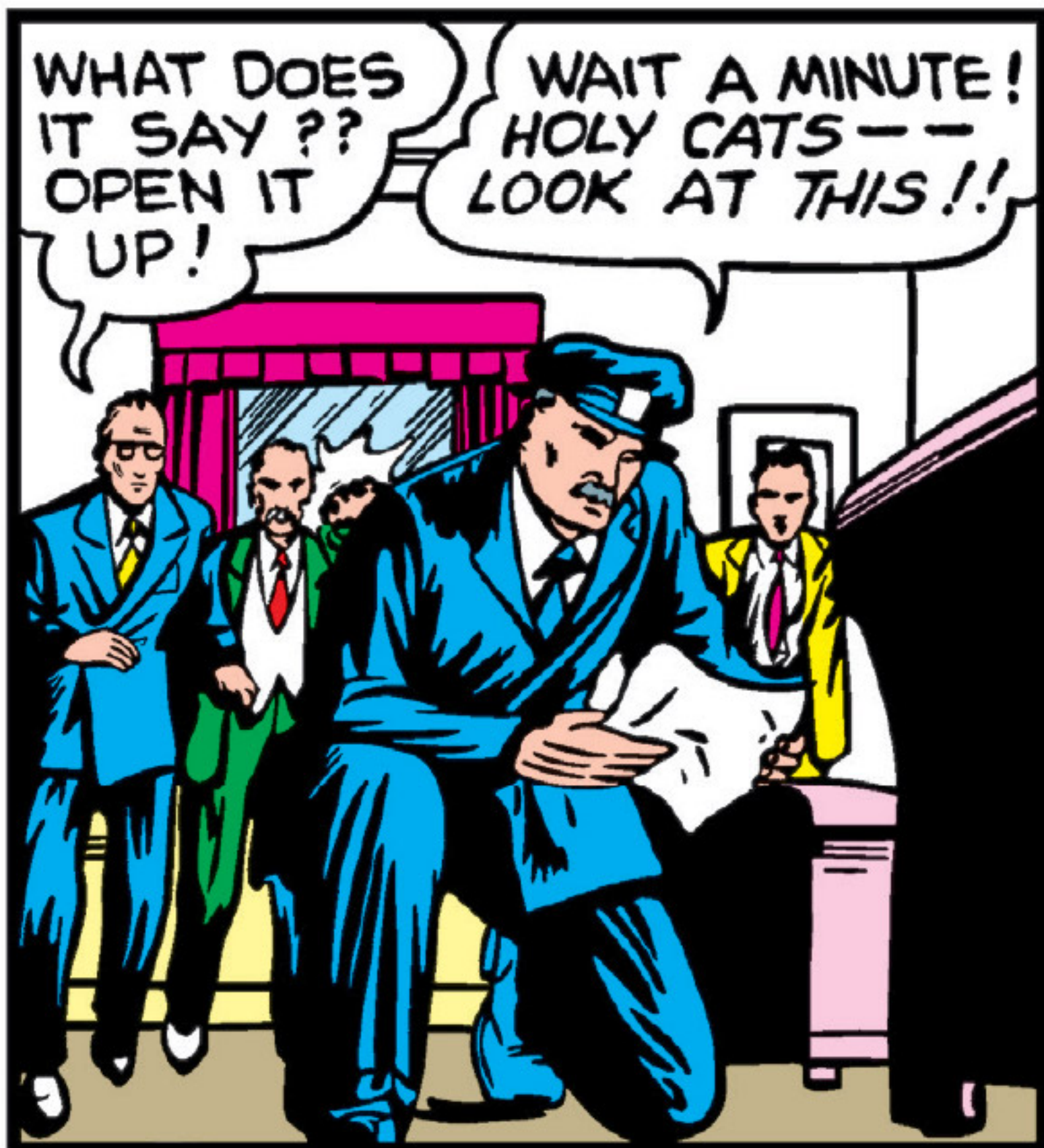
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF HIRING *THE ANGEL* TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS, YOU'RE GOING A BIT TOO FAR! HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!

PRECISELY!



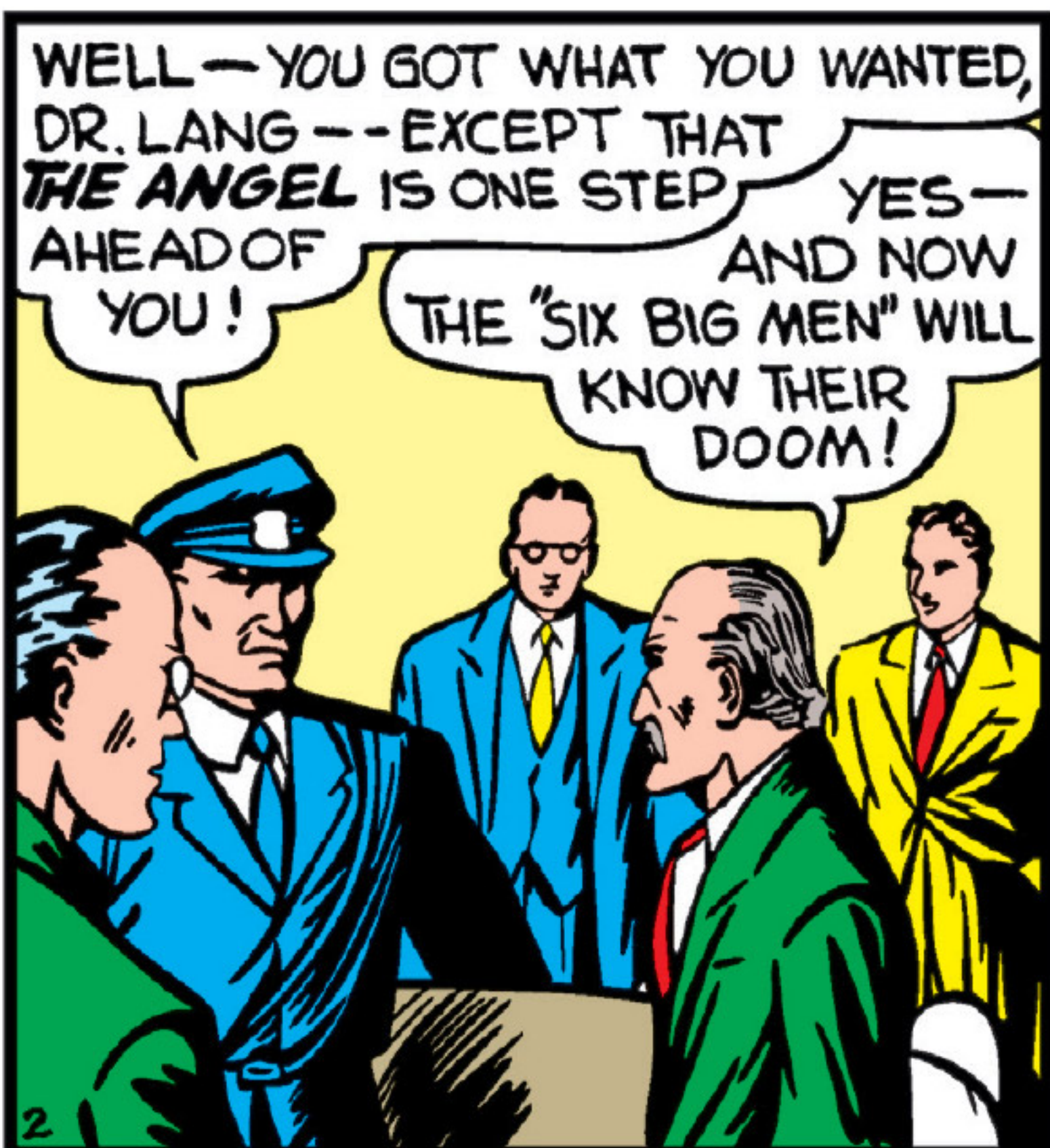
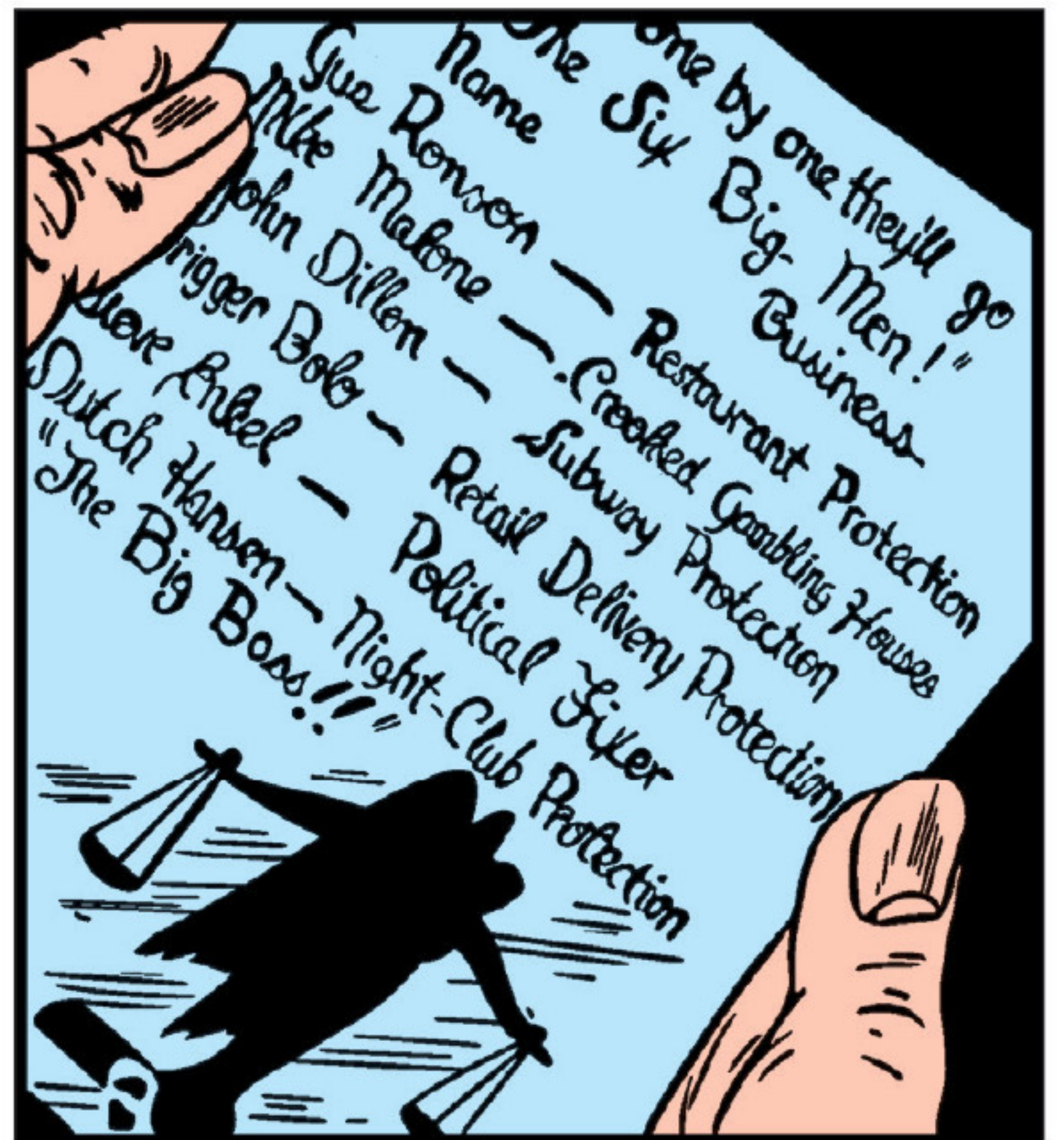
NO TRIALS OR LEGAL FORMALITIES TO CONTEND WITH — — THESE SO-CALLED "SIX BIG MEN" WILL SIMPLY BE WIPED OUT! I'LL START FOR PARIS IMMEDIATELY, WHERE *THE ANGEL* WAS — — — LOOK OUT!

A STONE WITH A NOTE WRAPPED AROUND IT!



WHAT DOES IT SAY ?? OPEN IT UP!

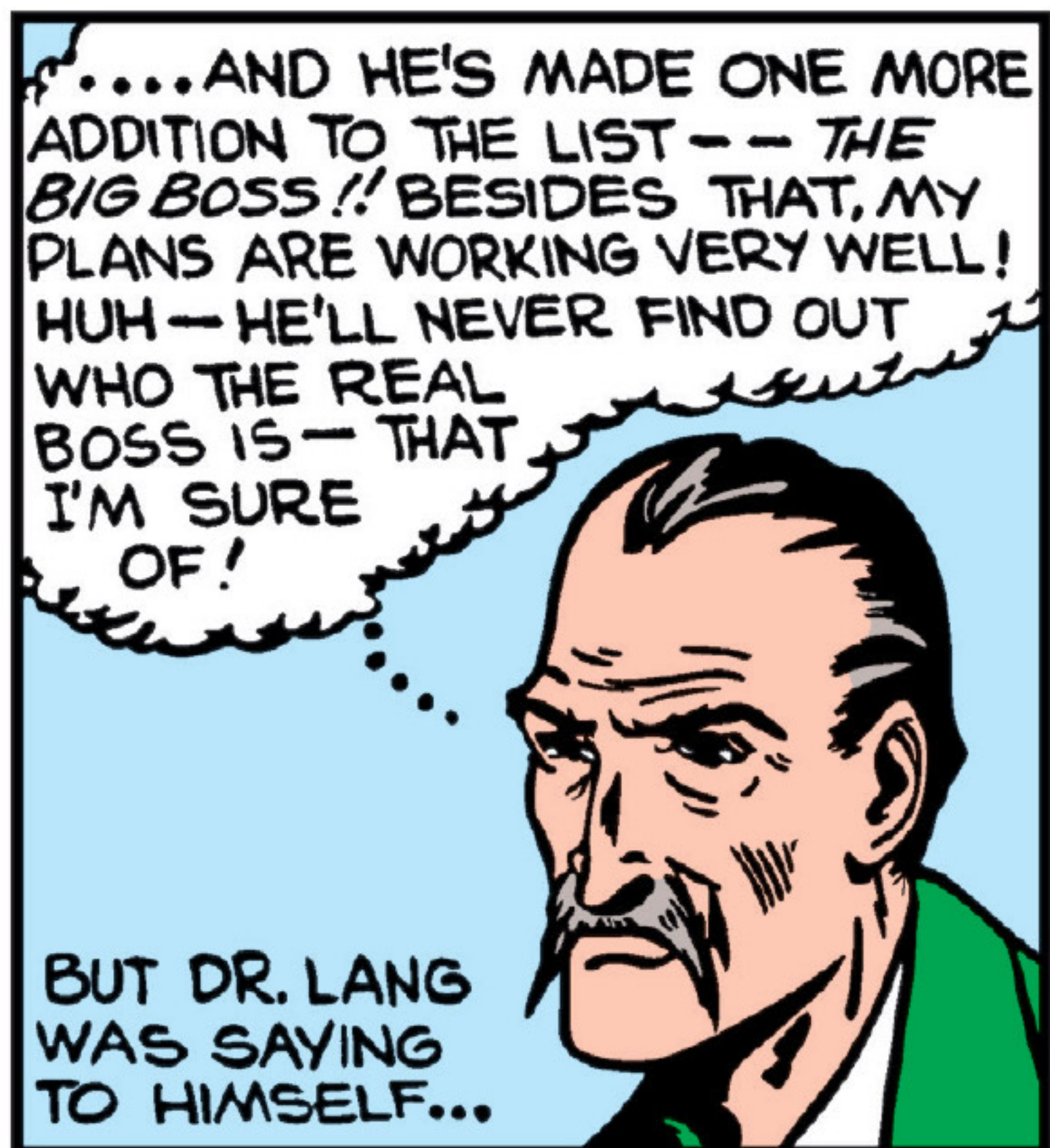
WAIT A MINUTE! HOLY CATS — — LOOK AT THIS!!



WELL — YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, DR. LANG — — EXCEPT THAT *THE ANGEL* IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU!

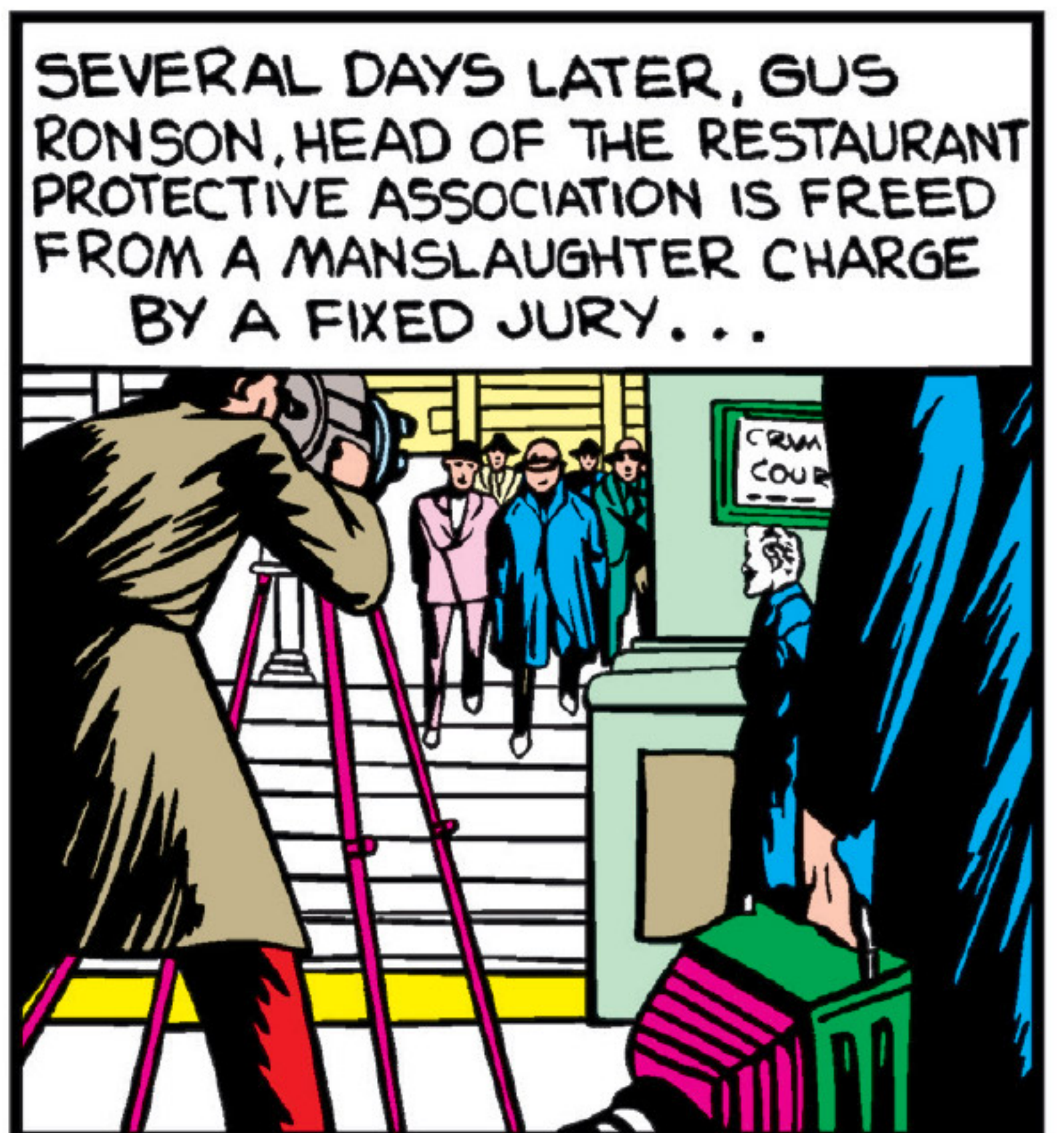
YES —

AND NOW THE "SIX BIG MEN" WILL KNOW THEIR DOOM!

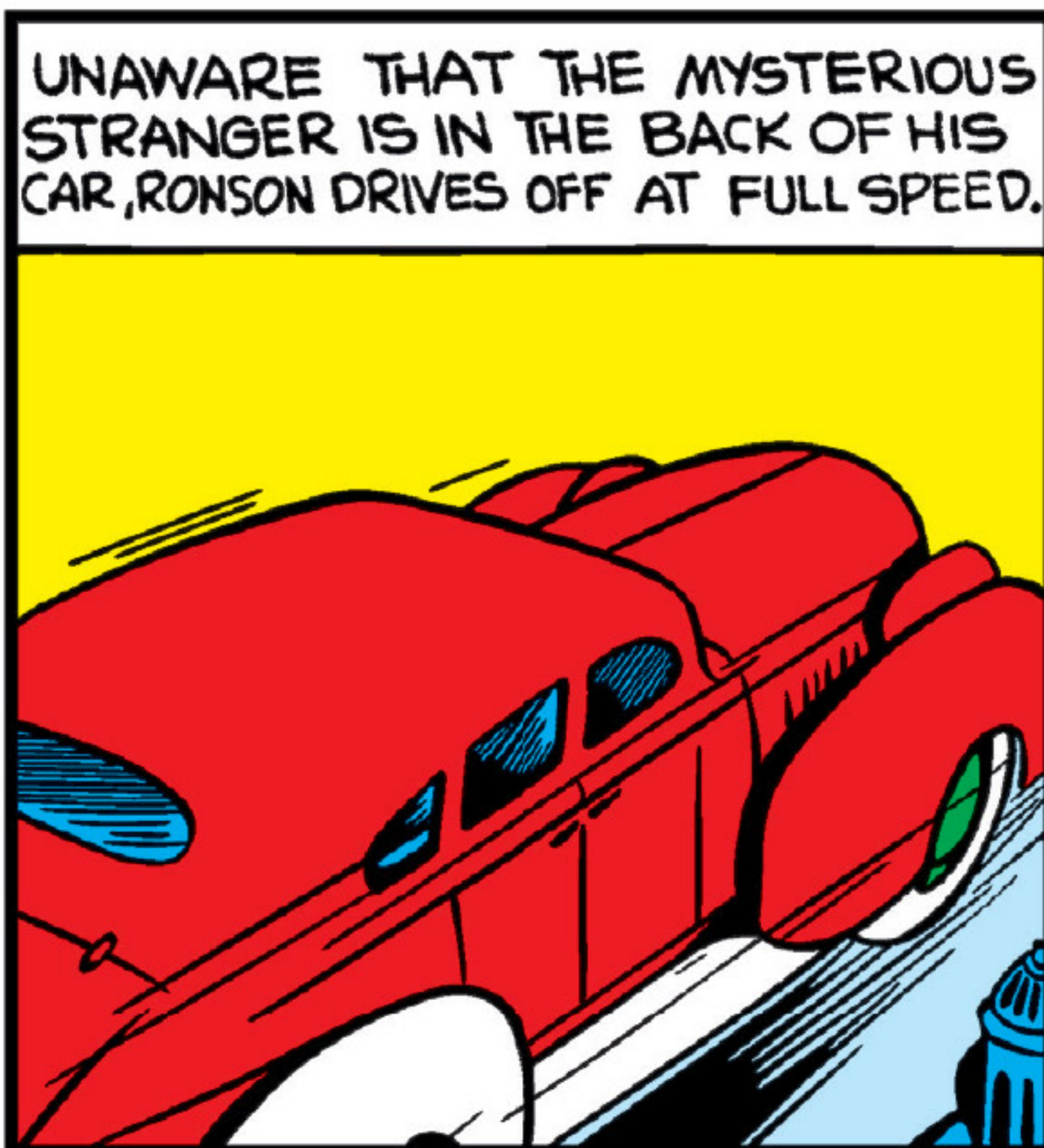
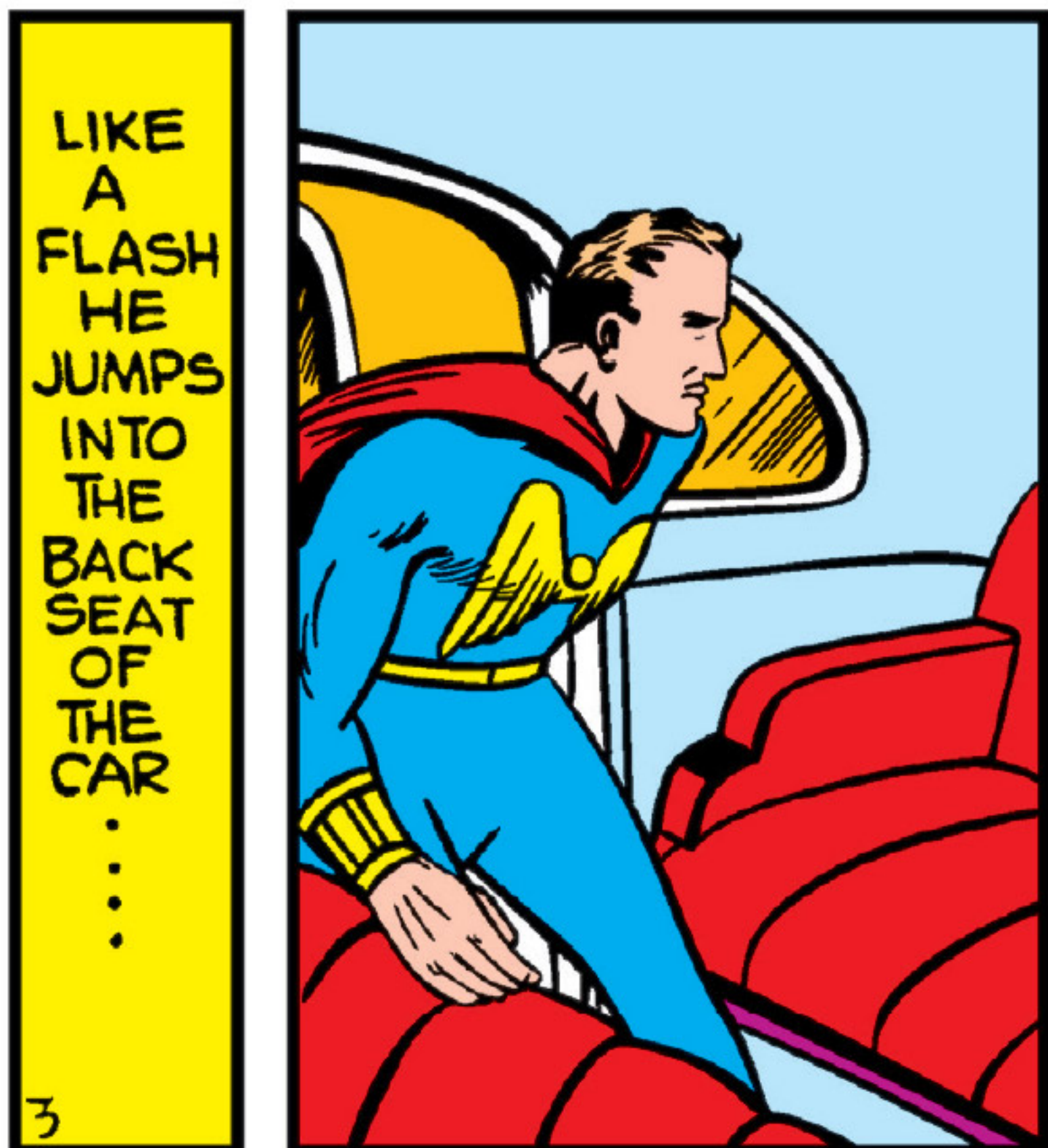
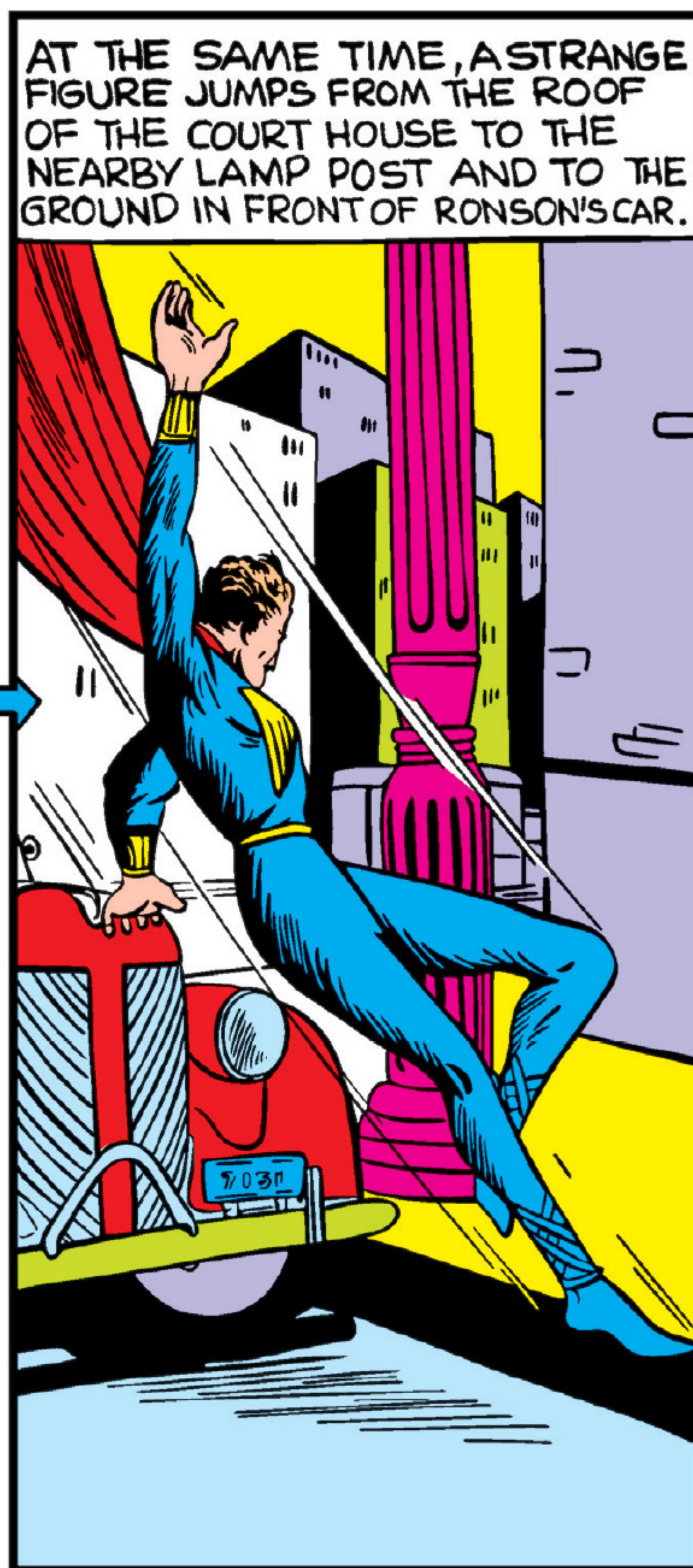
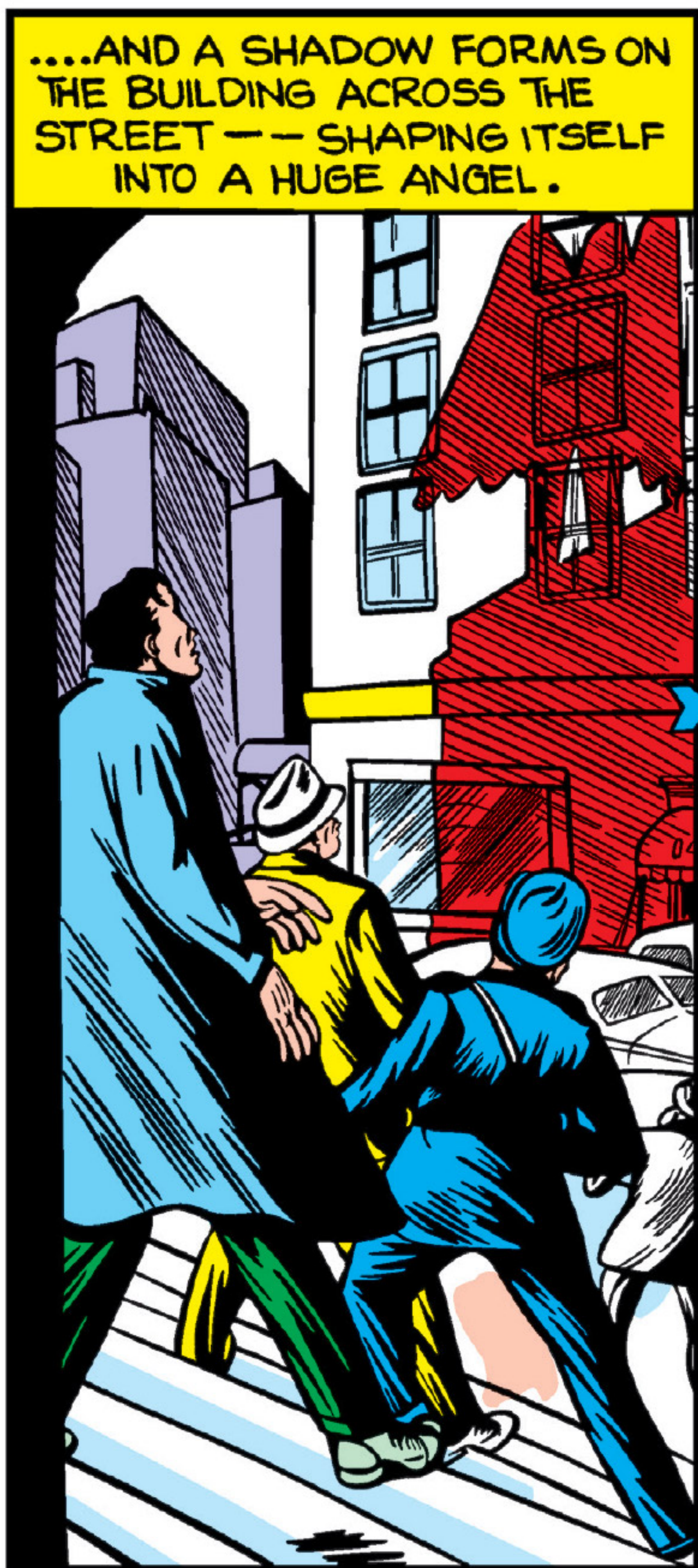
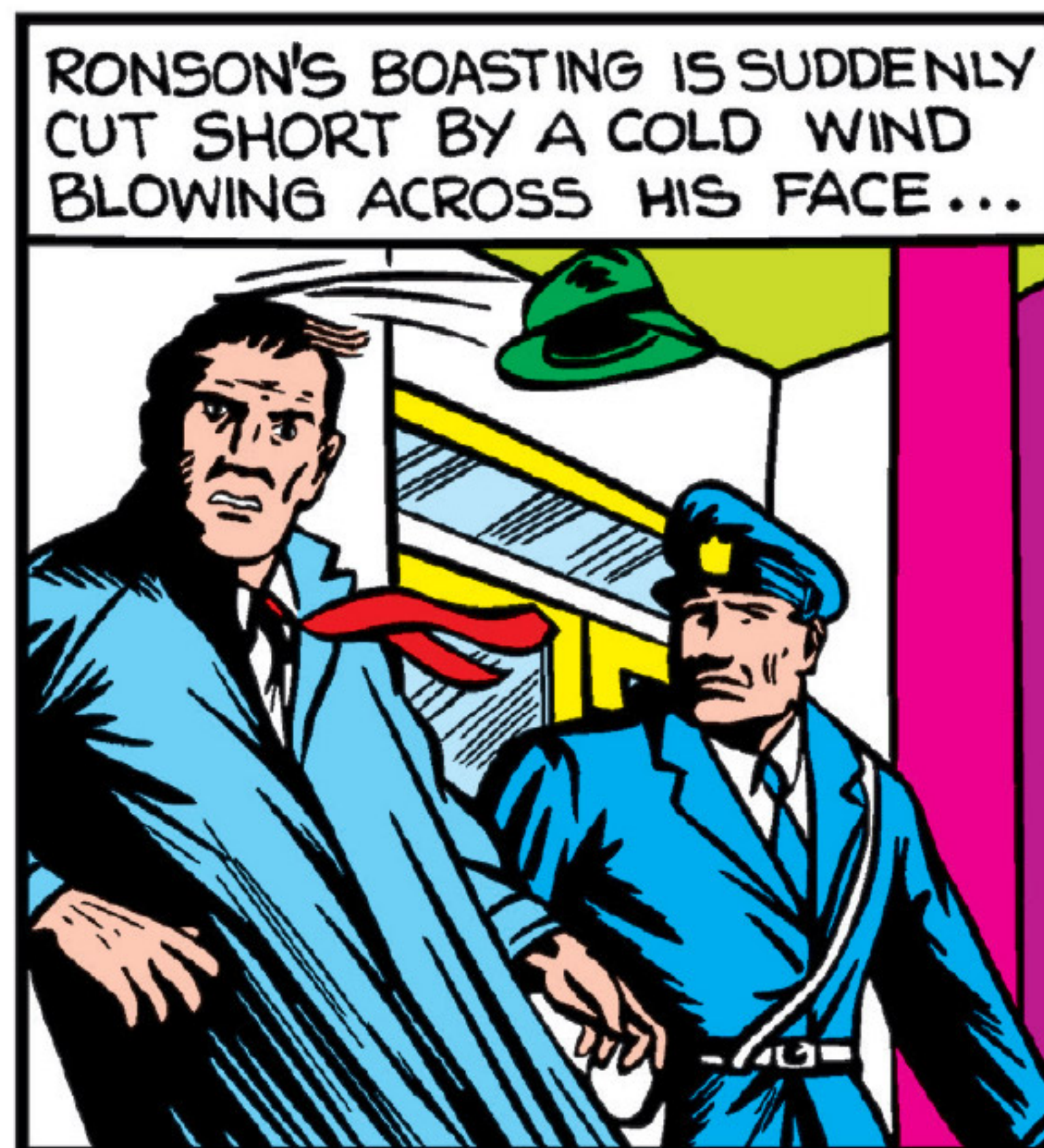


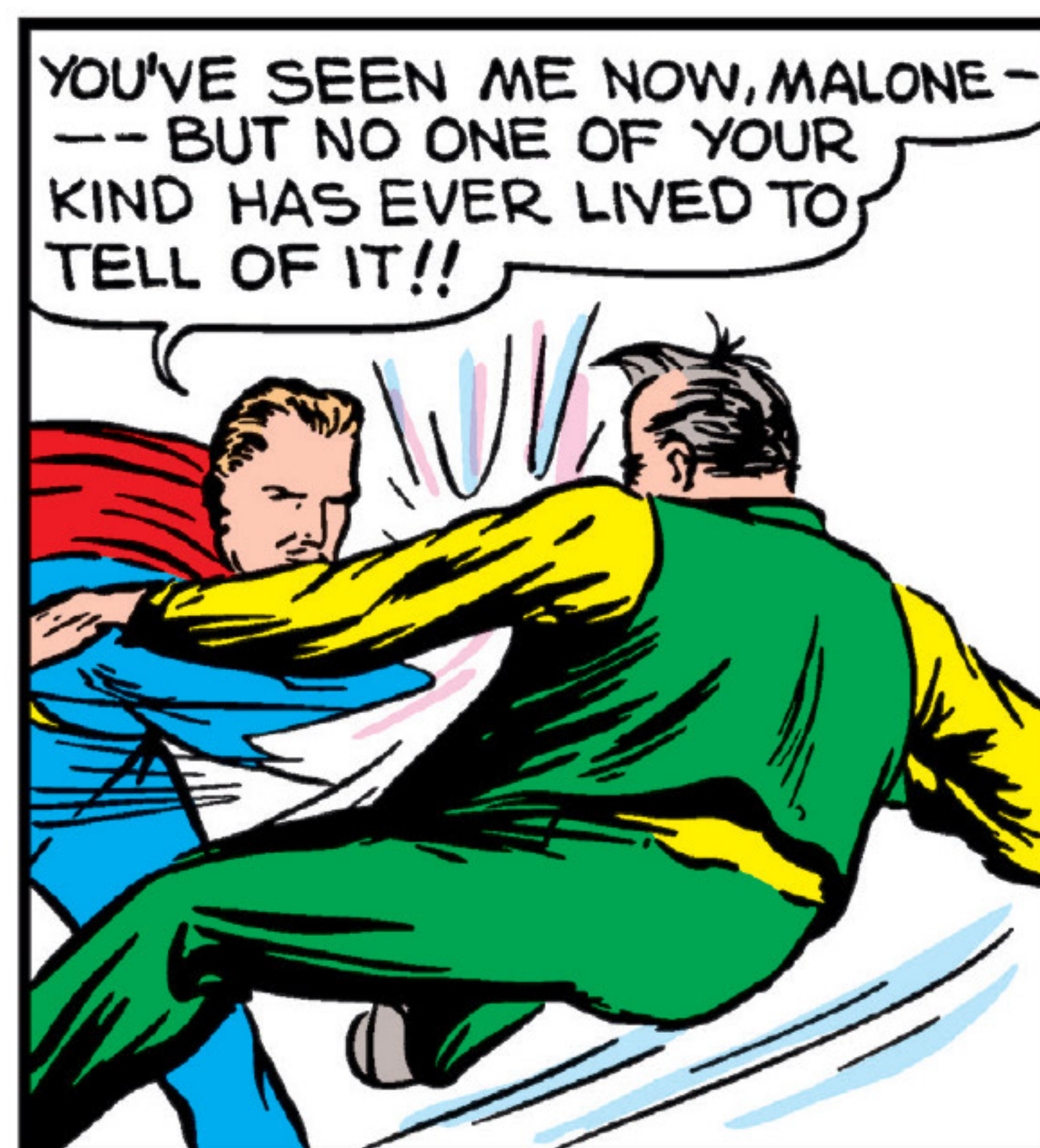
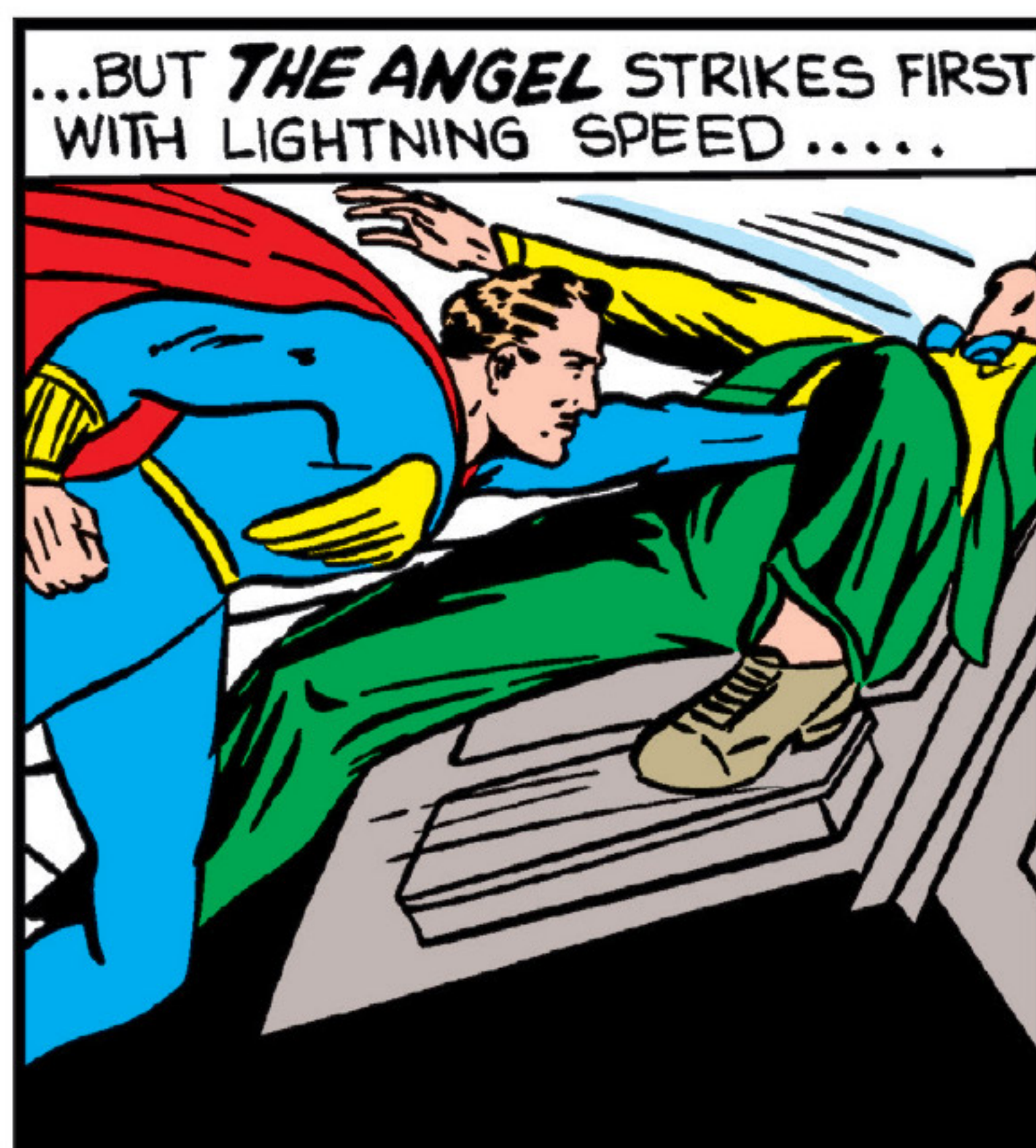
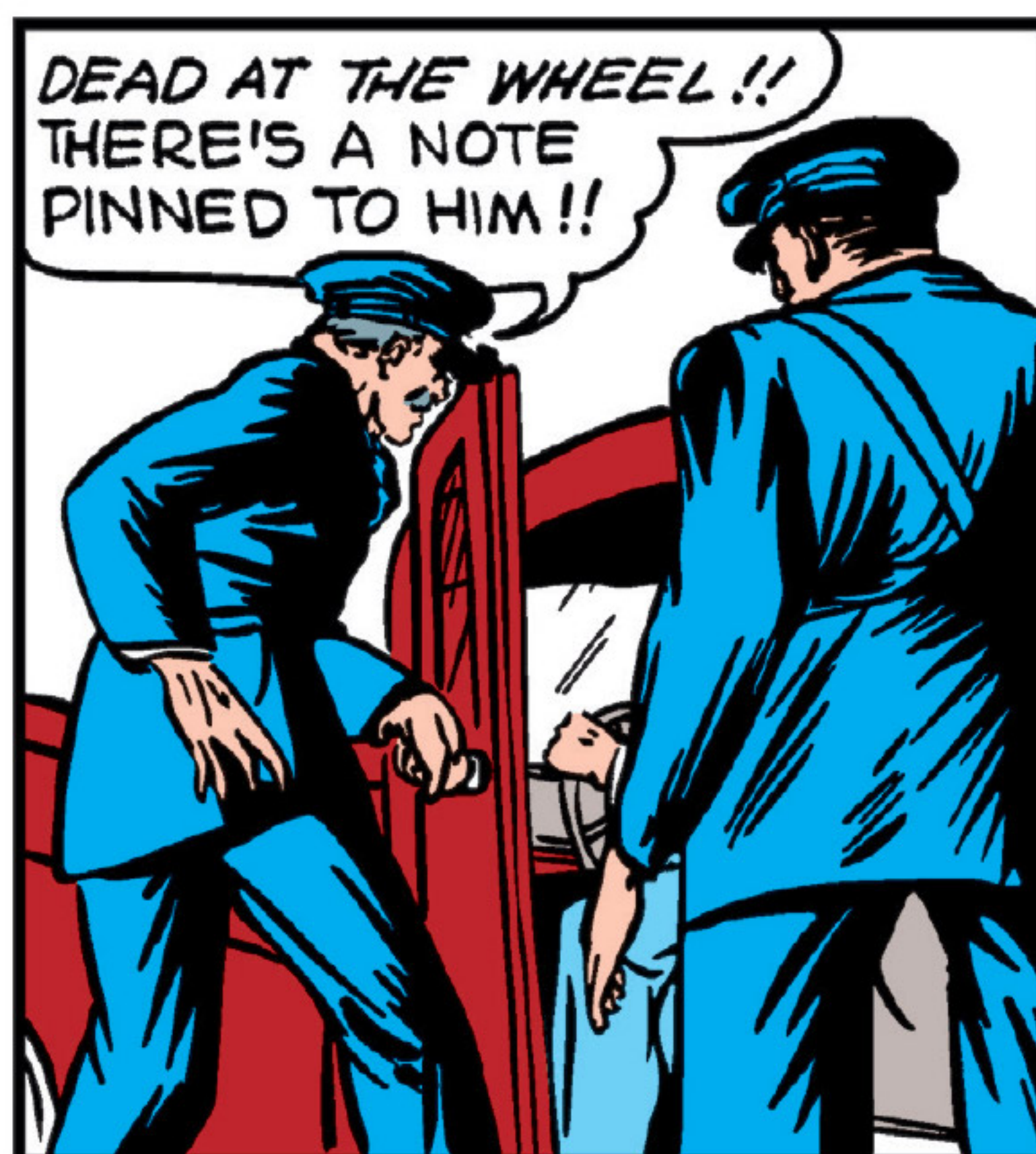
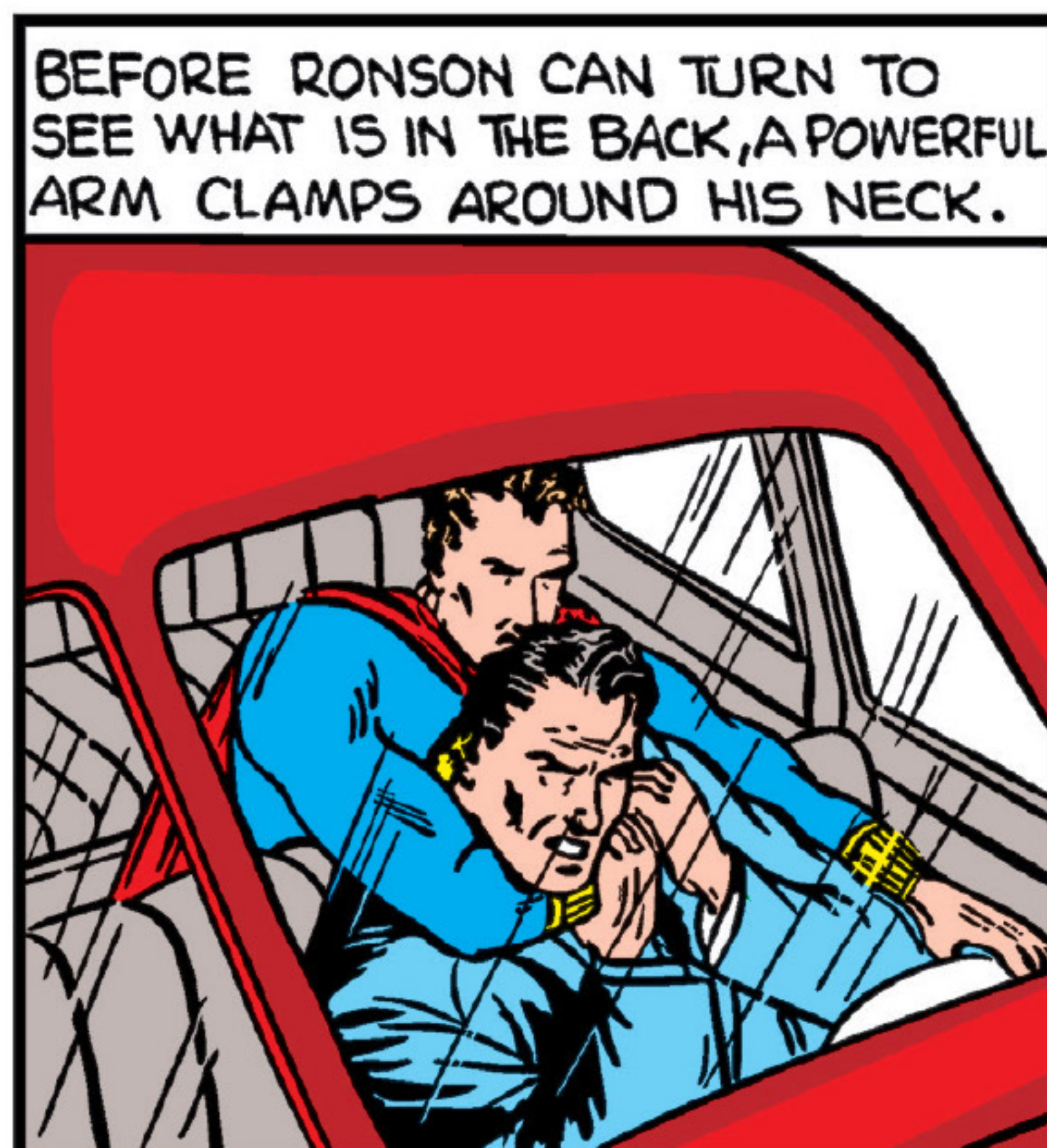
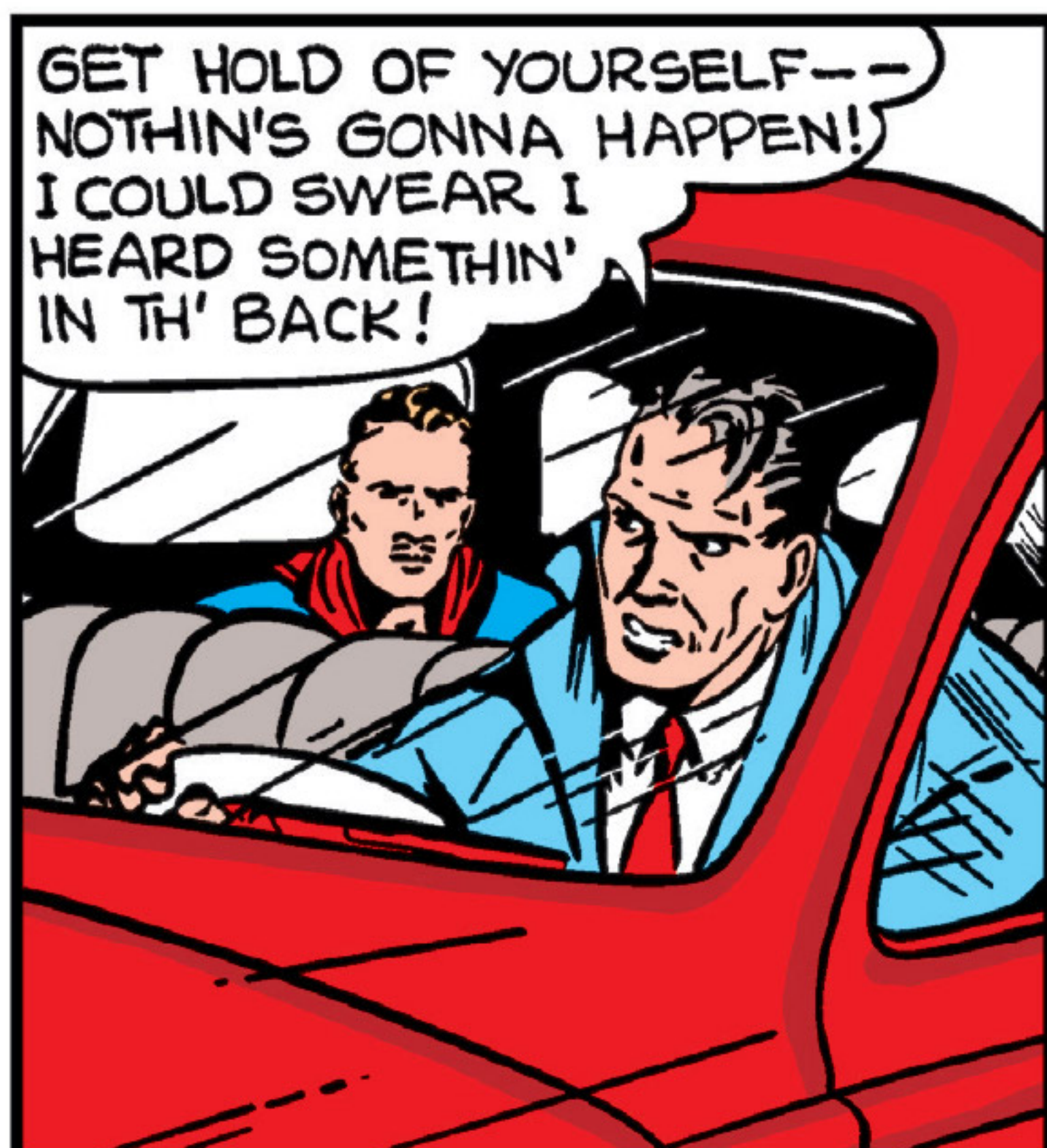
...AND HE'S MADE ONE MORE ADDITION TO THE LIST — — *THE BIG BOSS*!! BESIDES THAT, MY PLANS ARE WORKING VERY WELL! HUH — HE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO THE REAL BOSS IS — THAT I'M SURE OF!

BUT DR. LANG WAS SAYING TO HIMSELF...

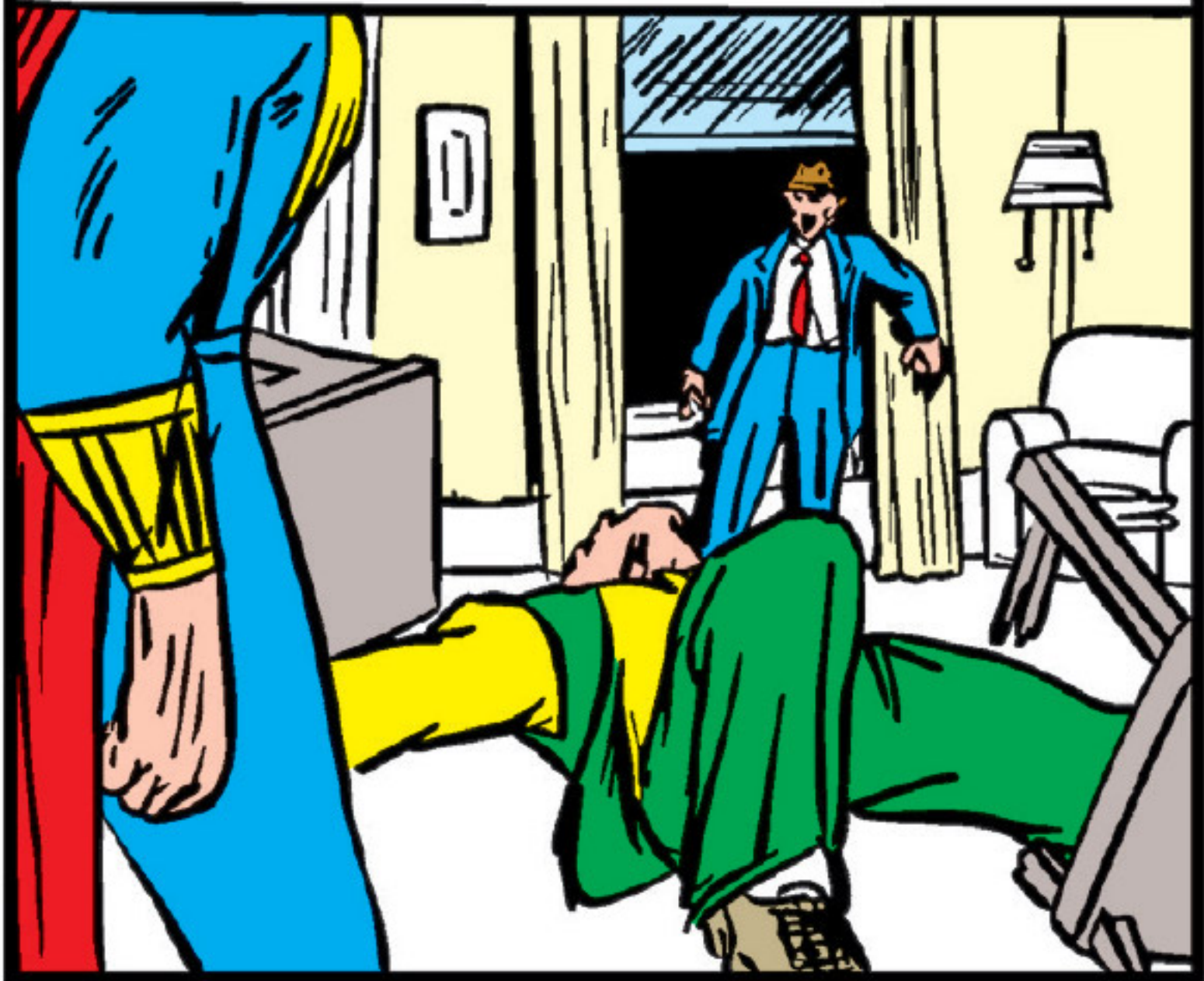


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, GUS RONSON, HEAD OF THE RESTAURANT PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IS FREED FROM A MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE BY A FIXED JURY...





AFTER LITERALLY MASHING HIM INTO A PULP, MIKE MALONE CRUMBLES INTO A HEAP. INSTANTLY **THE ANGEL** TURNS TO MIKE'S PAL..



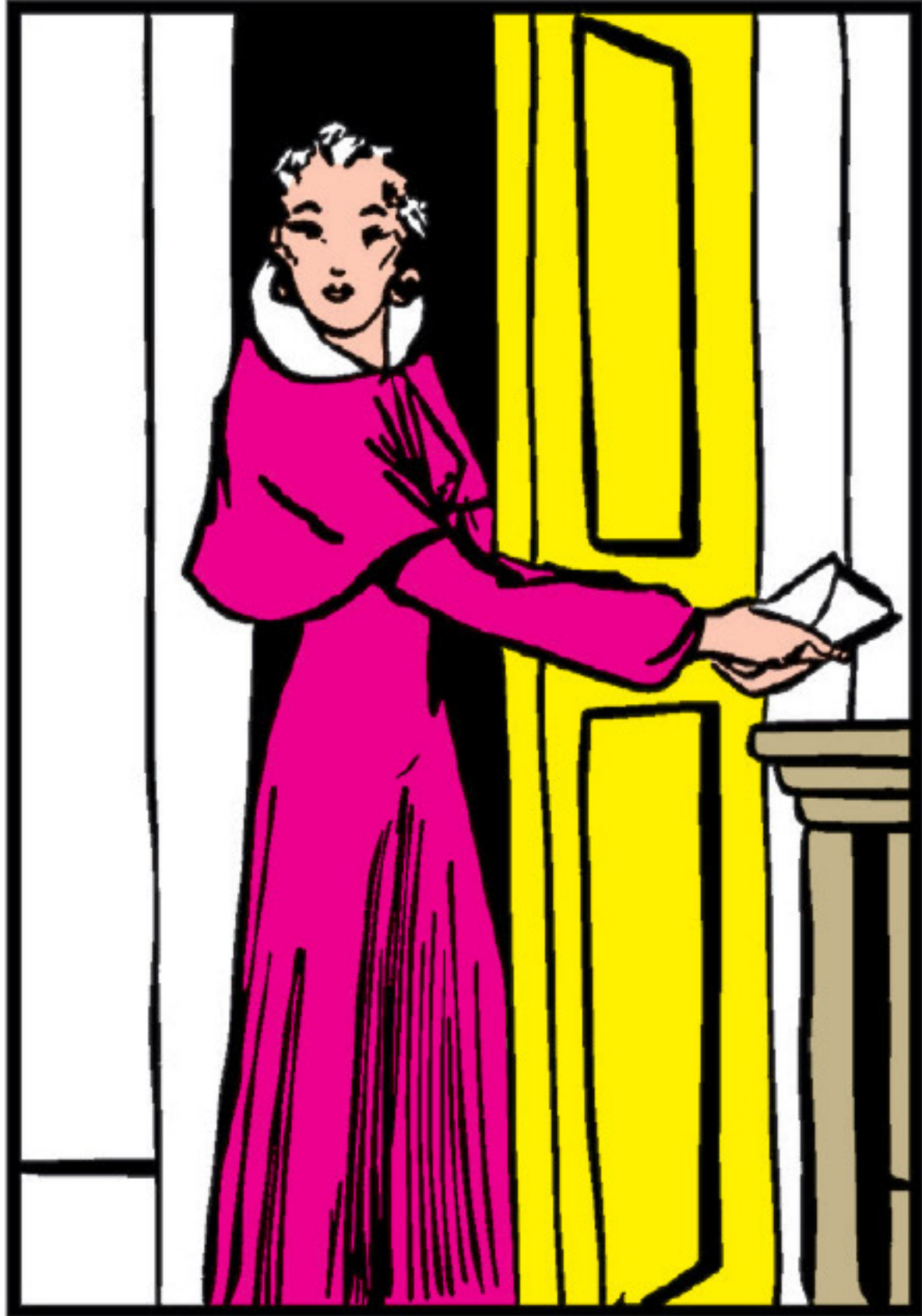
...WHO MAKES FOR THE NEAREST EXIT--- A WINDOW



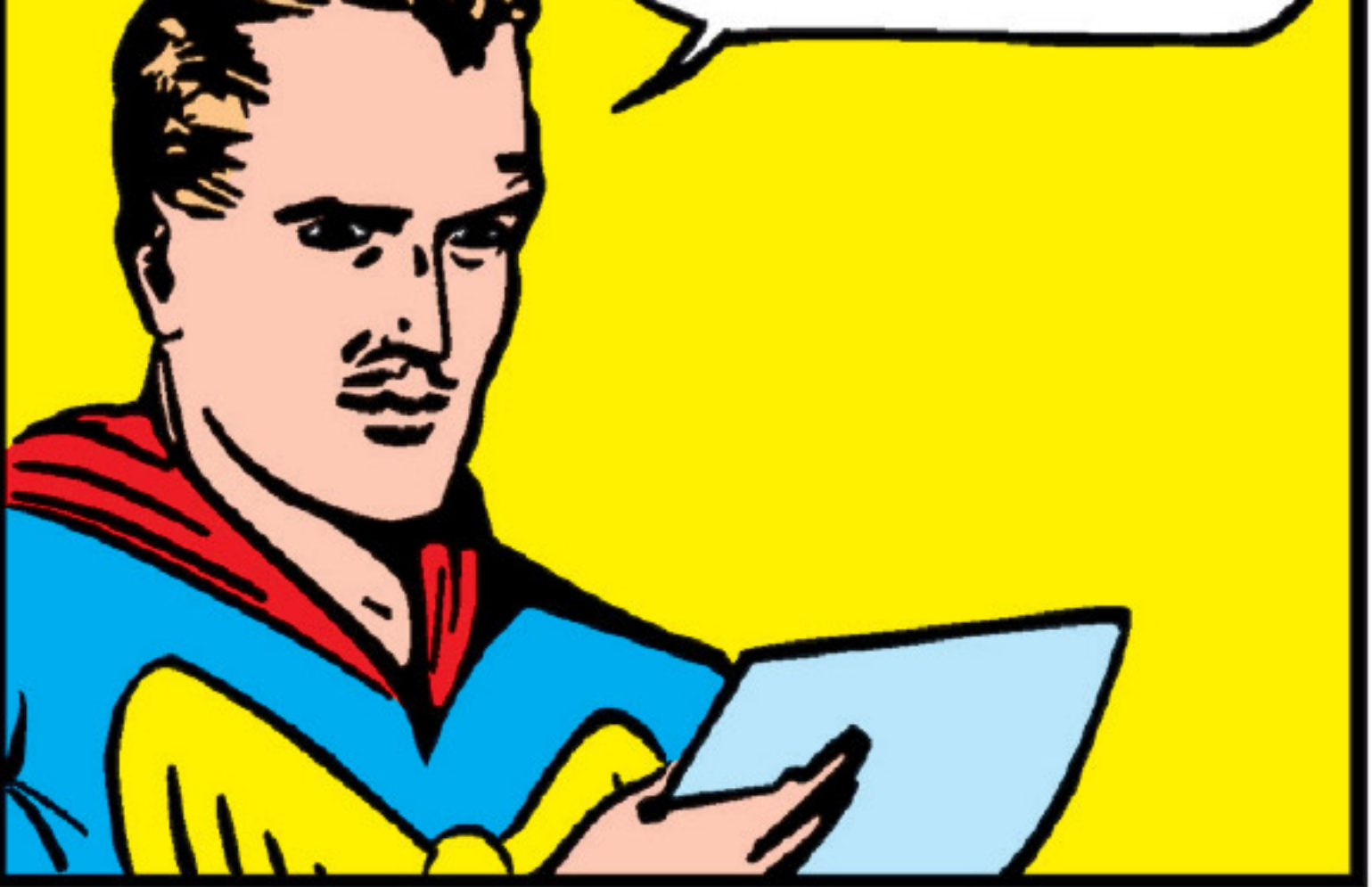
IN THE CONFUSION, THE THUG PICKED THE WRONG WINDOW-- - INSTEAD OF THE ONE TO THE FIRE-ESCAPE



MEAN-WHILE, A WOMAN QUIETLY OPENS THE DOOR AND PLACES A NOTE ON THE TABLE FOR **THE ANGEL** ...



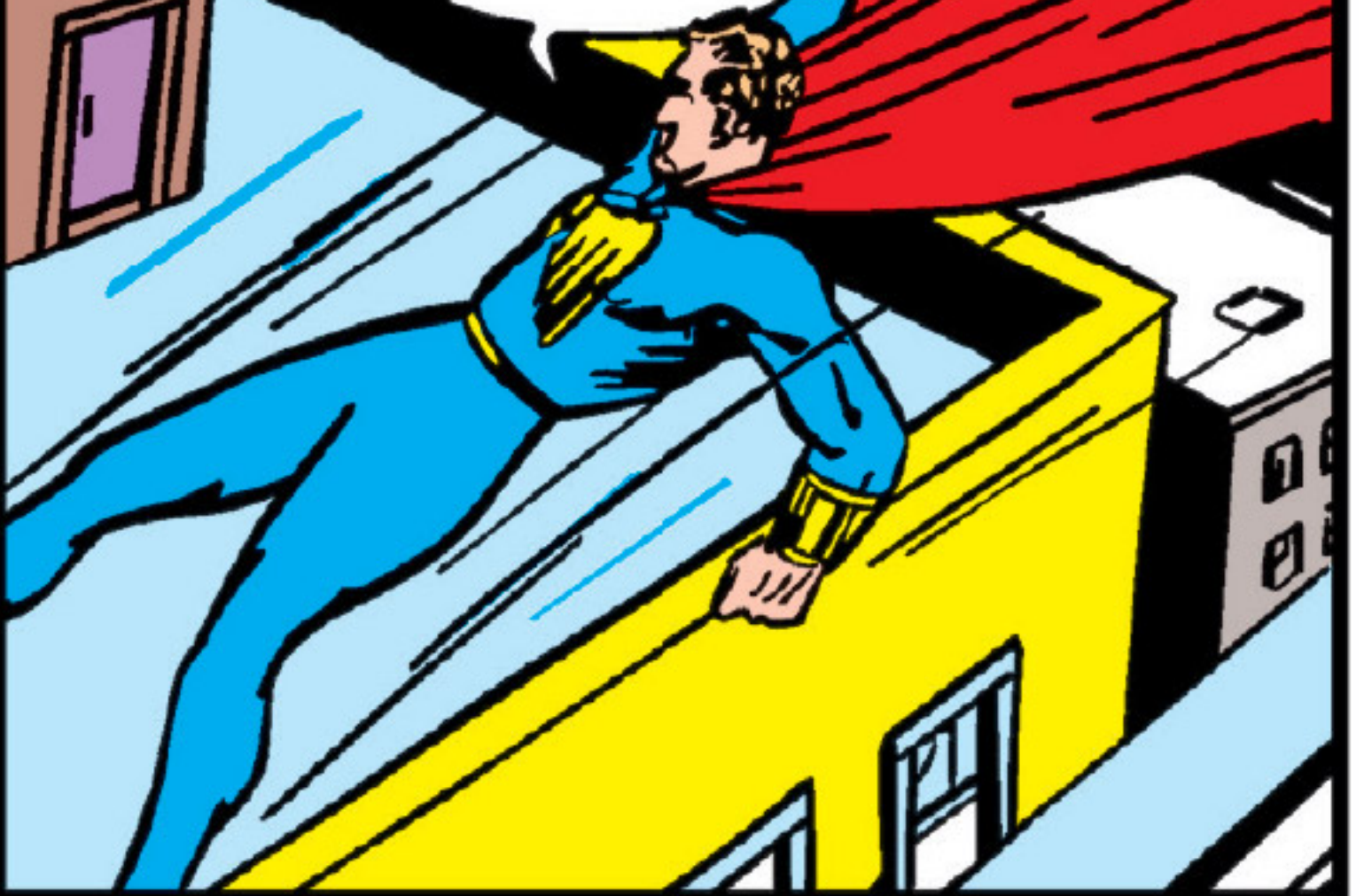
"YOU CAN CROSS NUMBER THREE OFF YOUR LIST -- HE WAS THE ONE THAT WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW! NUMBER FOUR IS WAITING FOR YOU-- BE CAREFUL!!



QUICKLY, **THE ANGEL** RUSHES INTO THE HALL TO SEE WHO HAD LEFT THE NOTE FOR HIM, ONLY TO GET A GLIMPSE OF A WOMAN ENTERING THE ELEVATOR....



H-M-M-M!! IT LOOKS AS IF THERE ARE OTHER THAN CIVIC REASONS WHY THESE MEN ARE TO BE DONE AWAY WITH! VERY INTERESTING --! SO NUMBER FOUR IS WAITING FOR ME!!



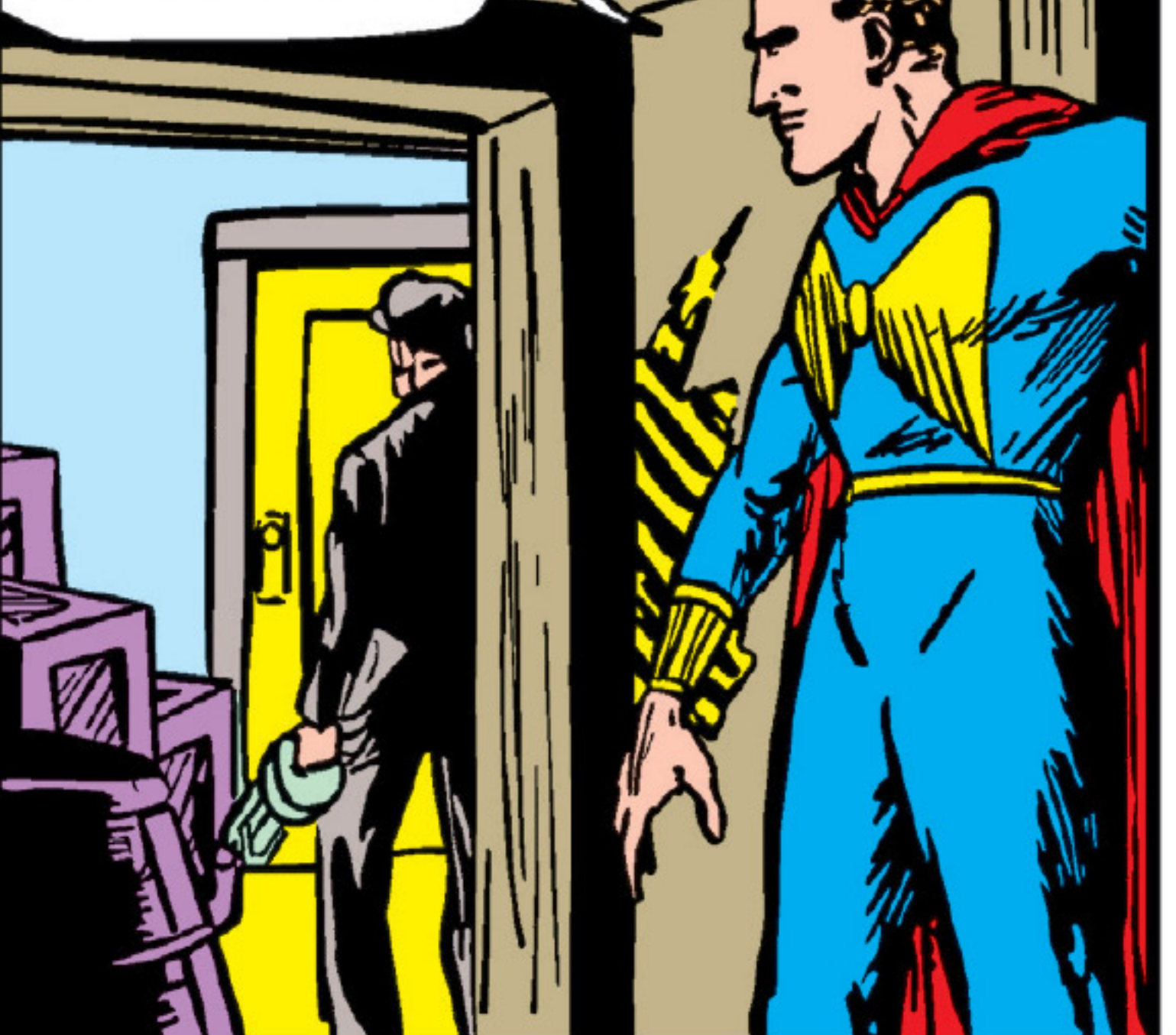
WHILE IN ONE OF THE UNDERWORLD'S DENS, TRIGGER BOLO, HEAD OF THE RETAIL-DELIVERY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, WAITS FOR **THE ANGEL**.



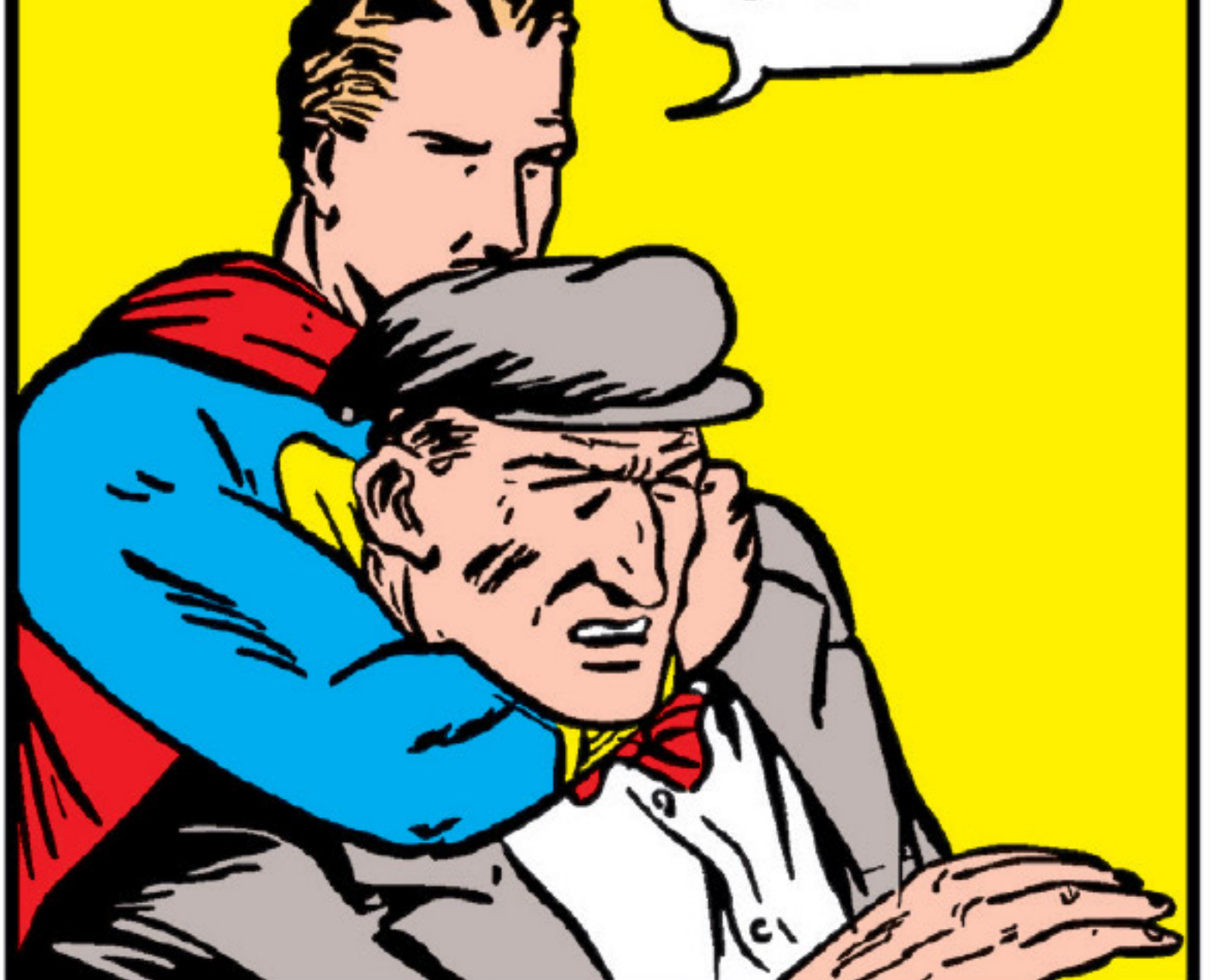
SO **THE ANGEL'S** GONNA DO AWAY WITH ME EH?! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHIN', SO SEE THAT YOU BRING HIM IN HERE!!

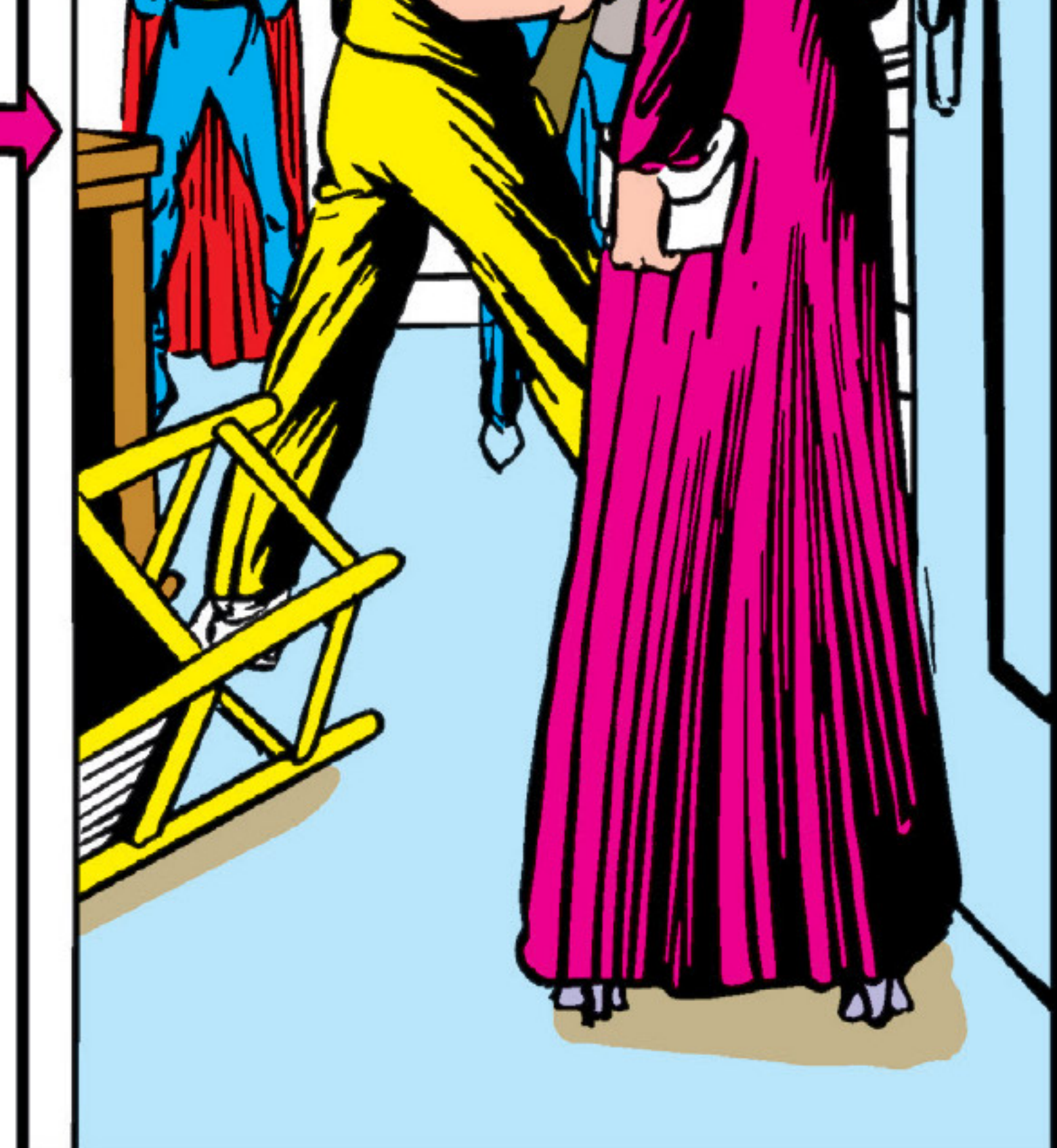
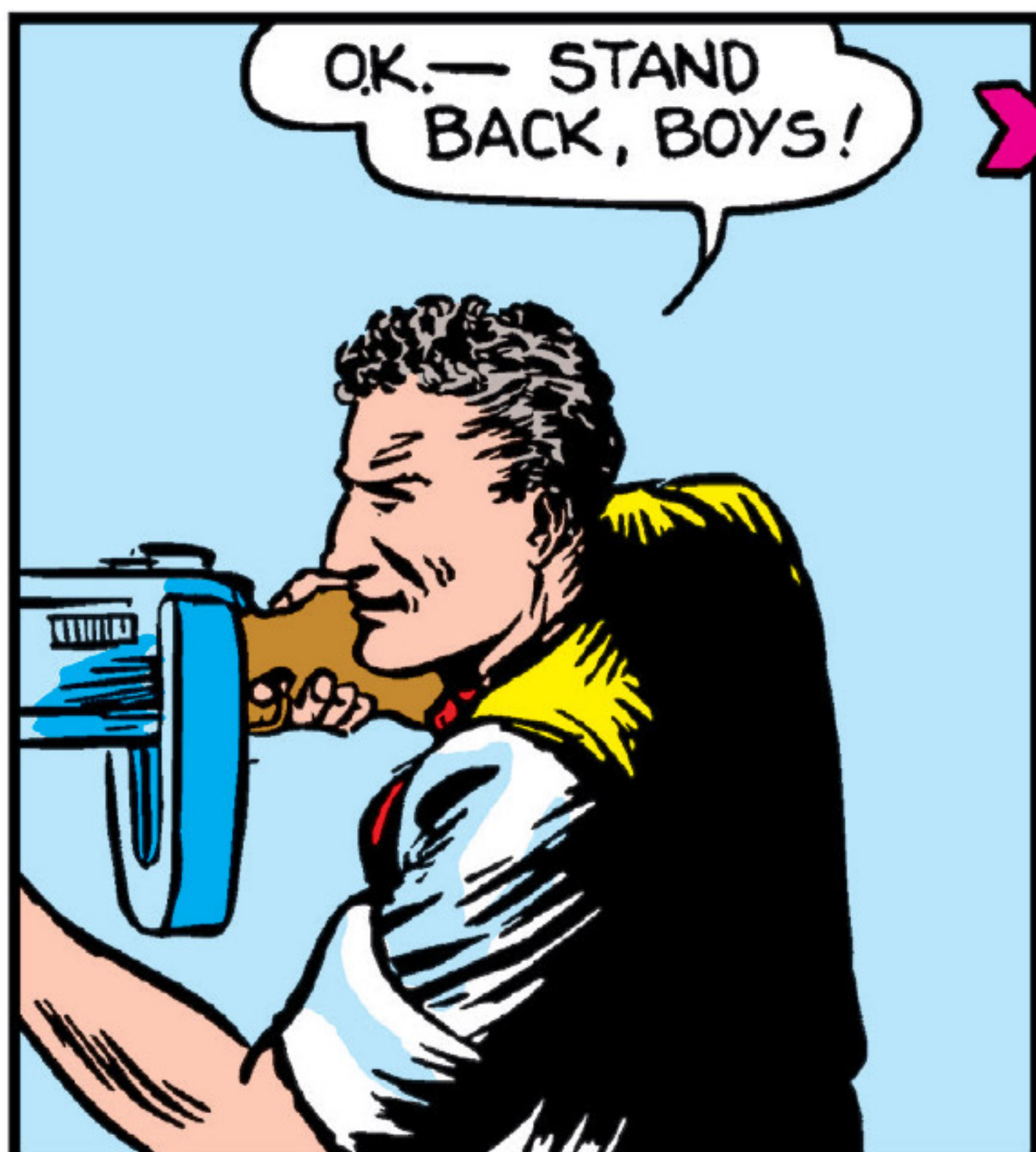
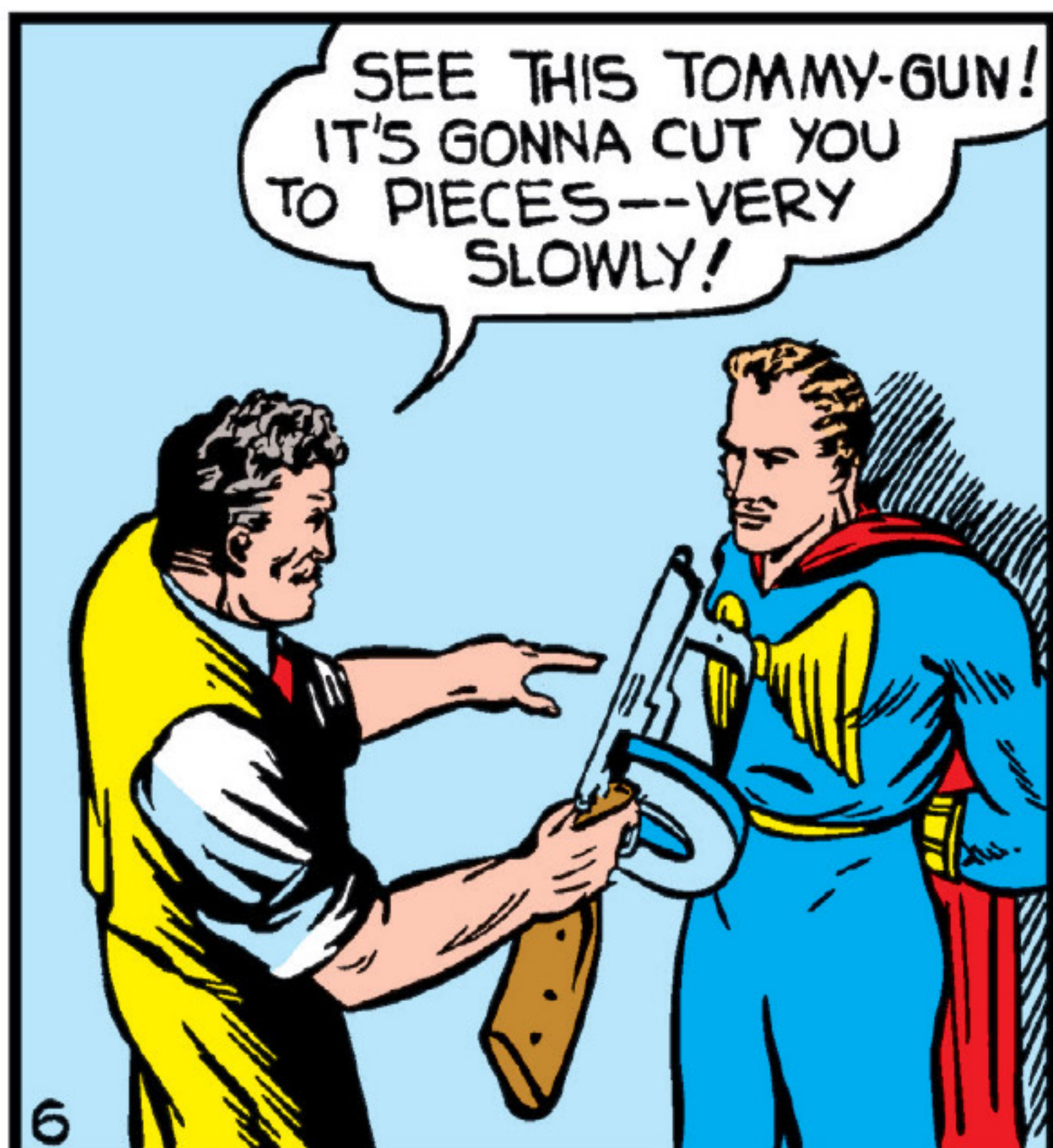
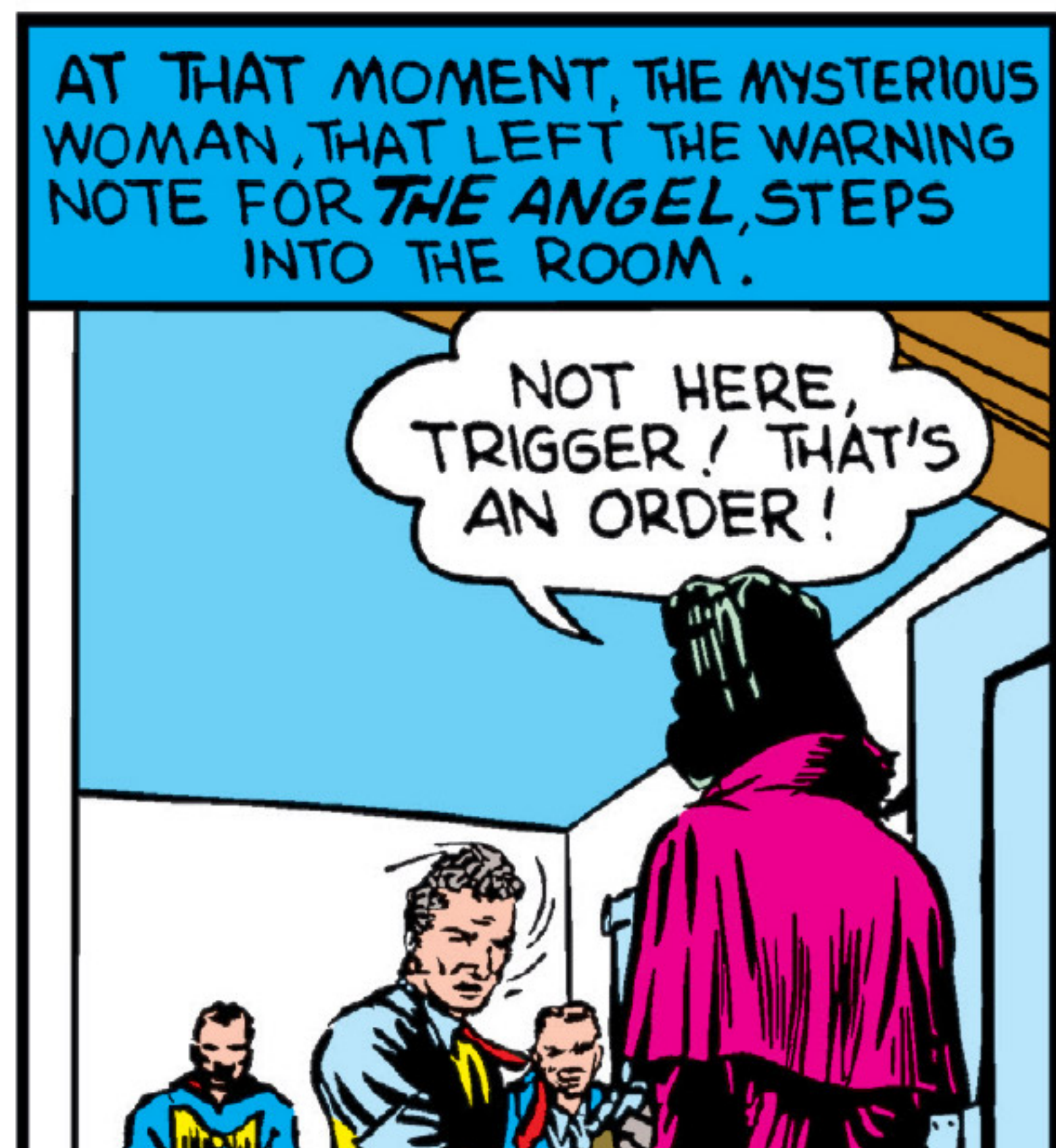
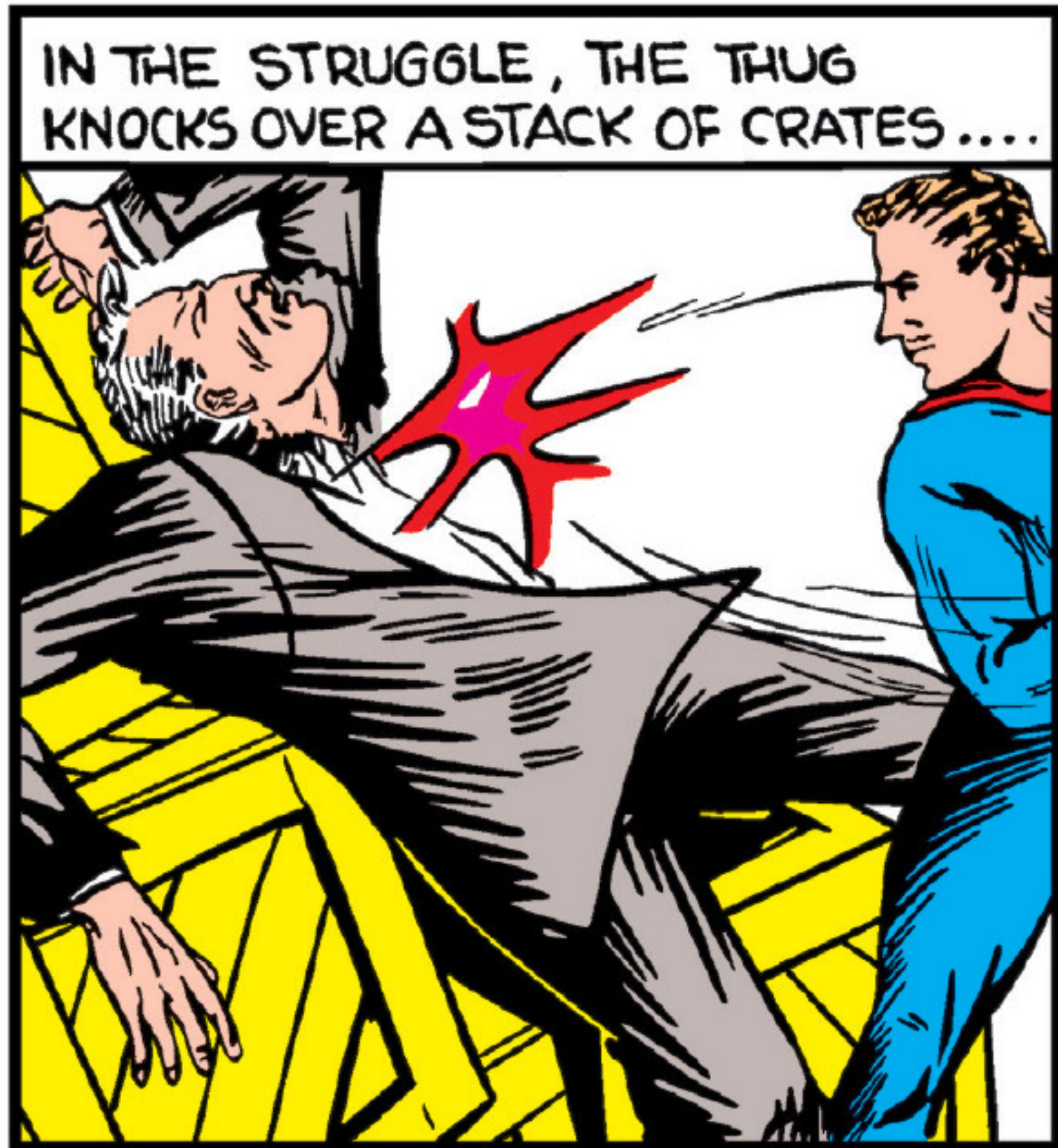


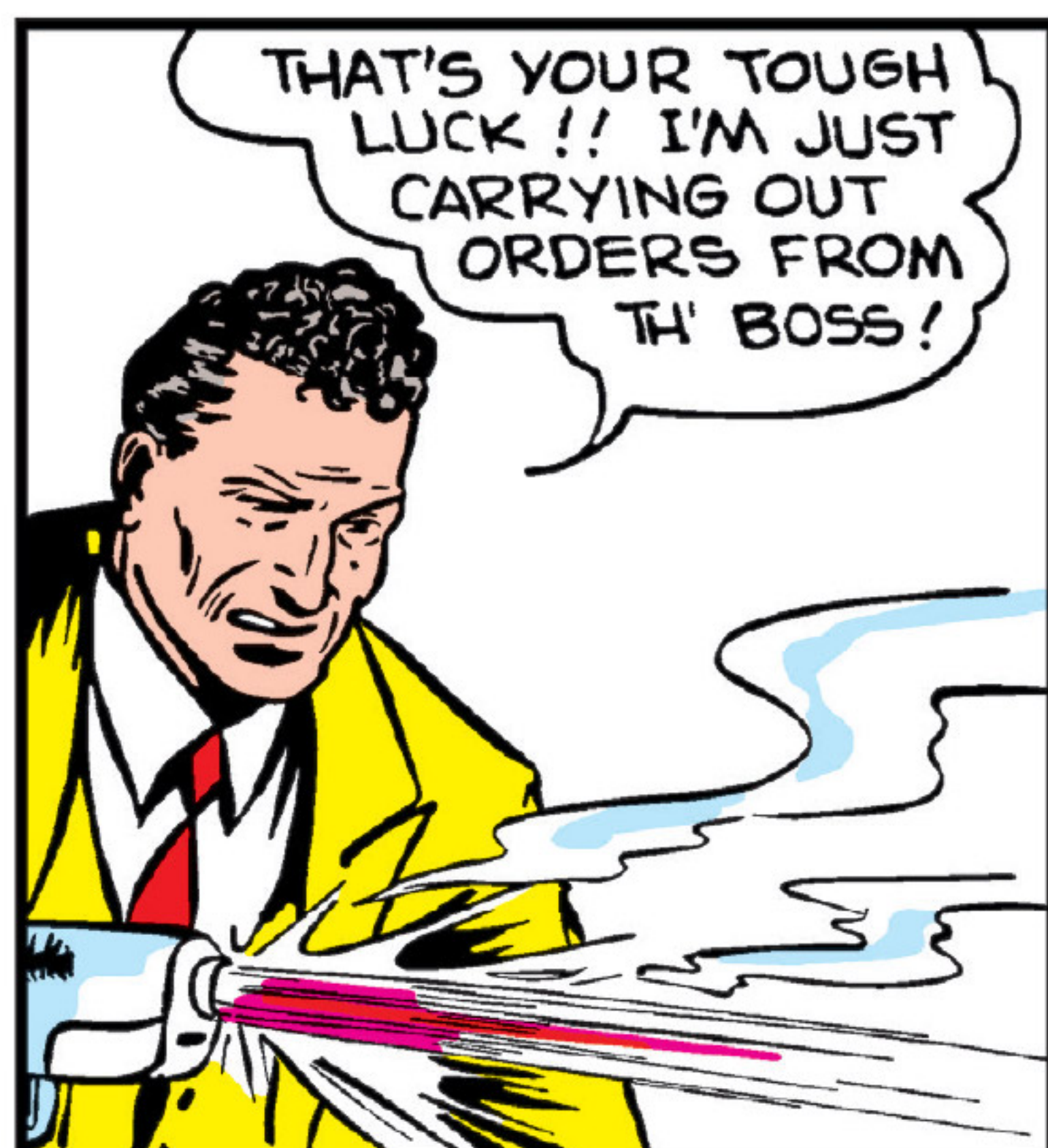
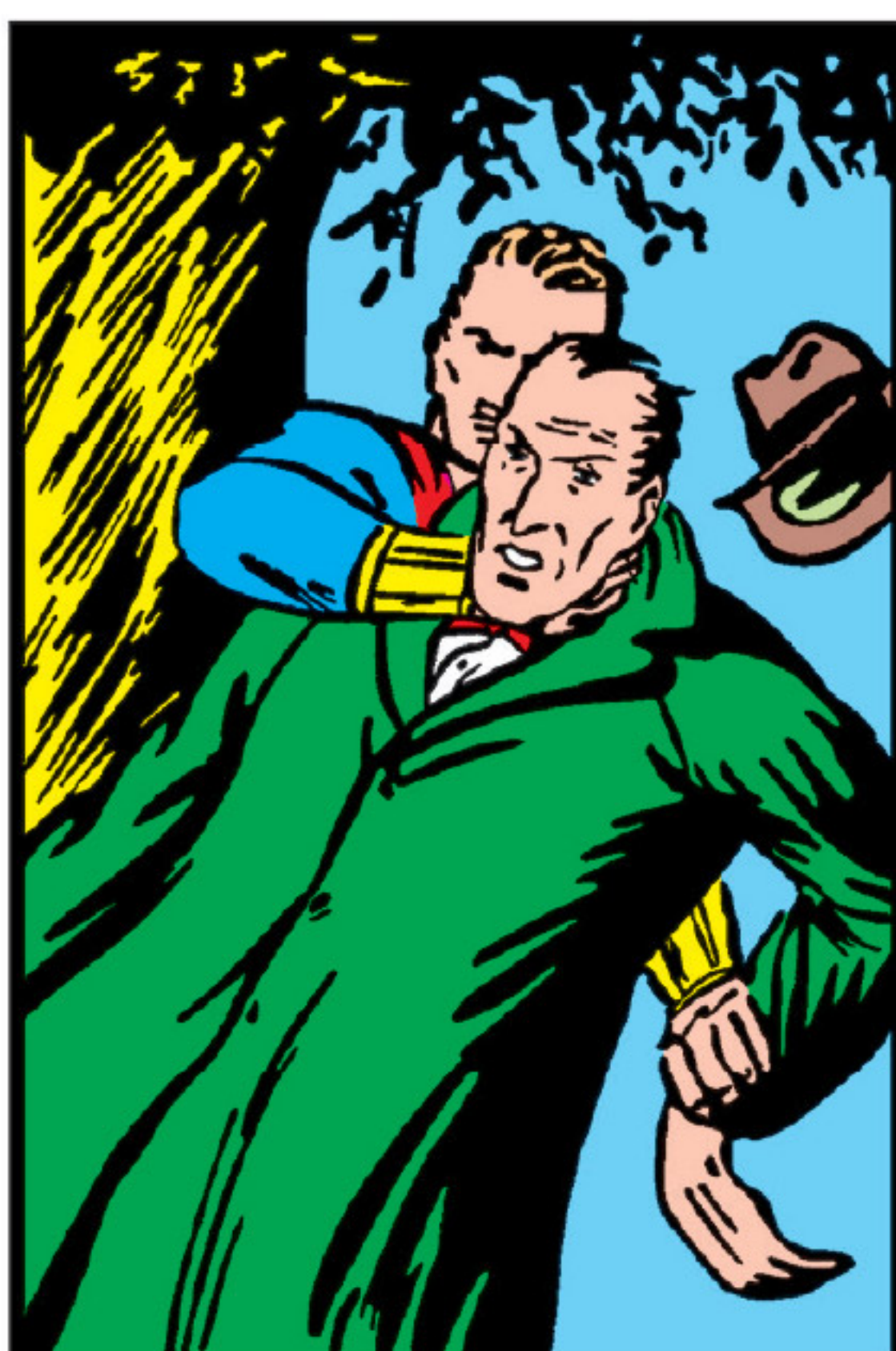
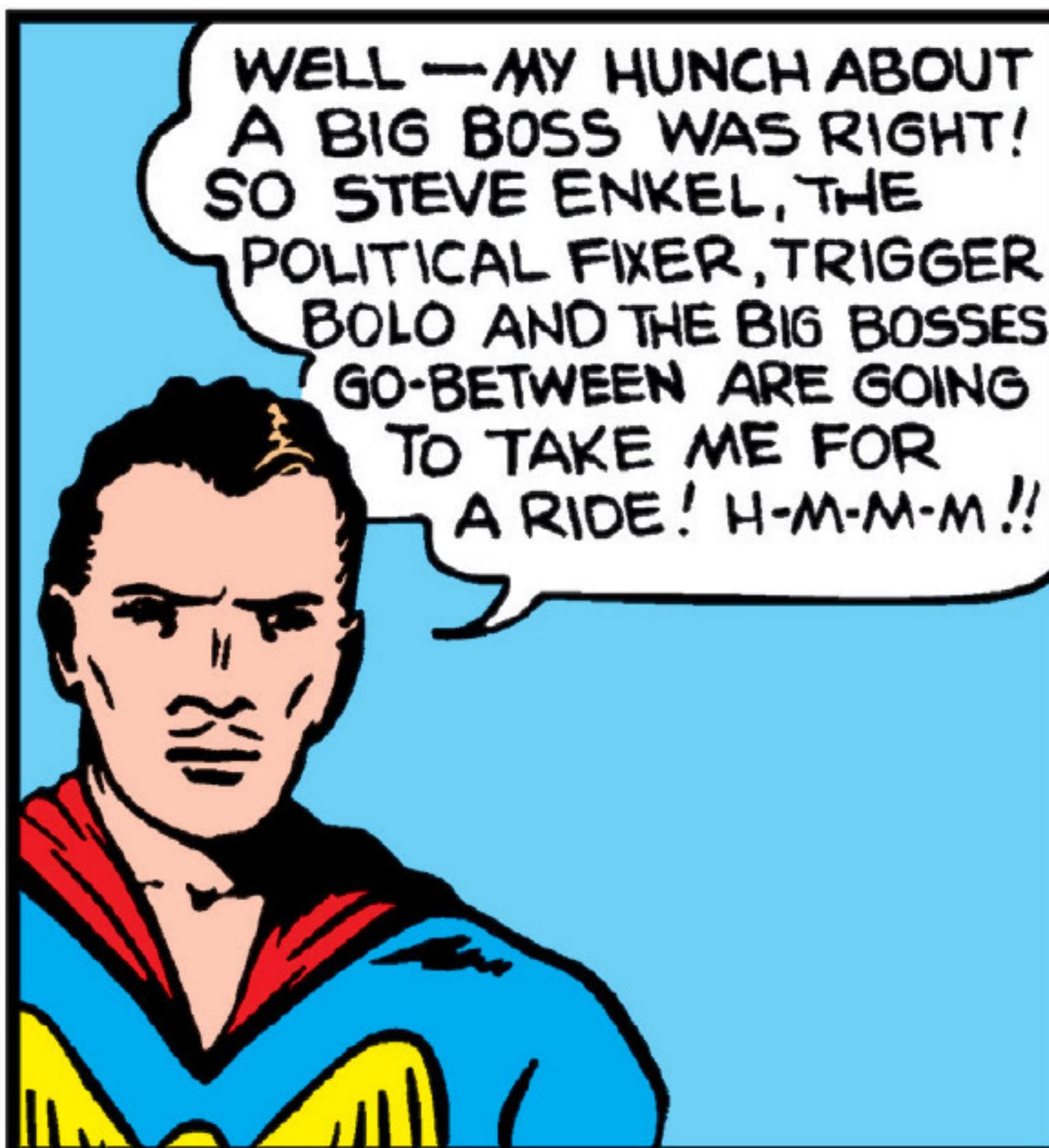
NICE HOLE TRIGGER HAS -- FIT FOR ONLY RATS TO LIVE IN!!

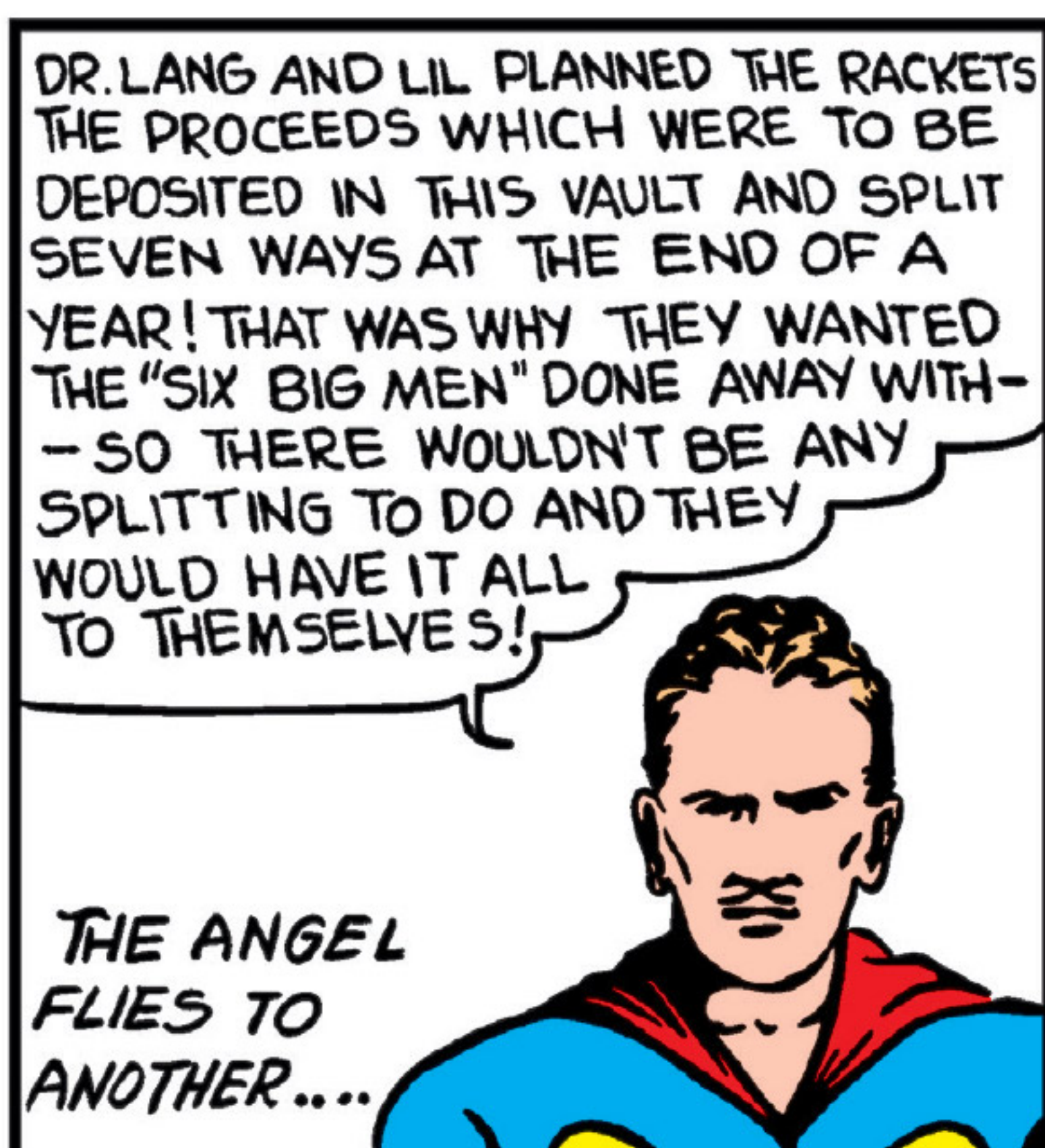
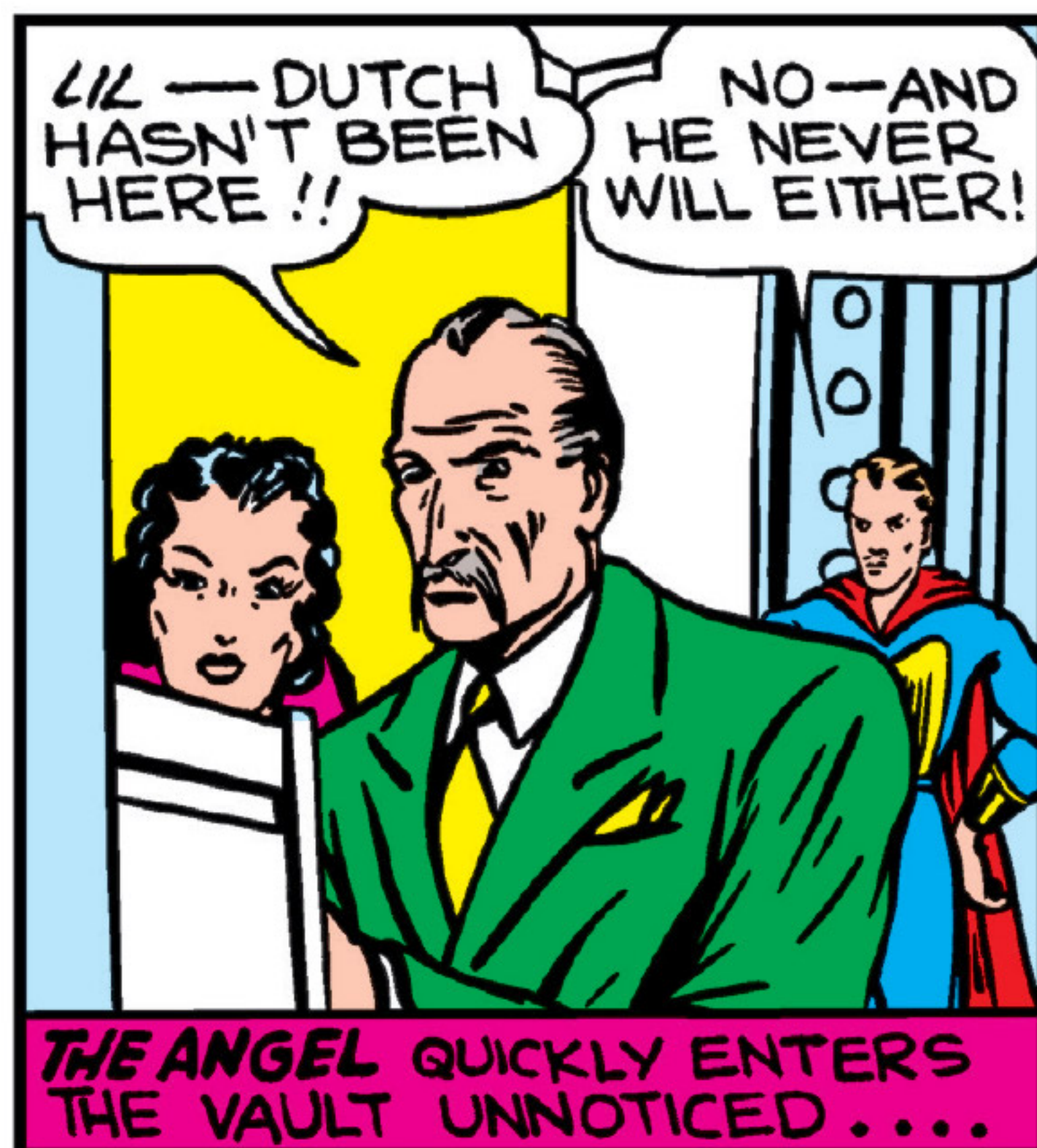
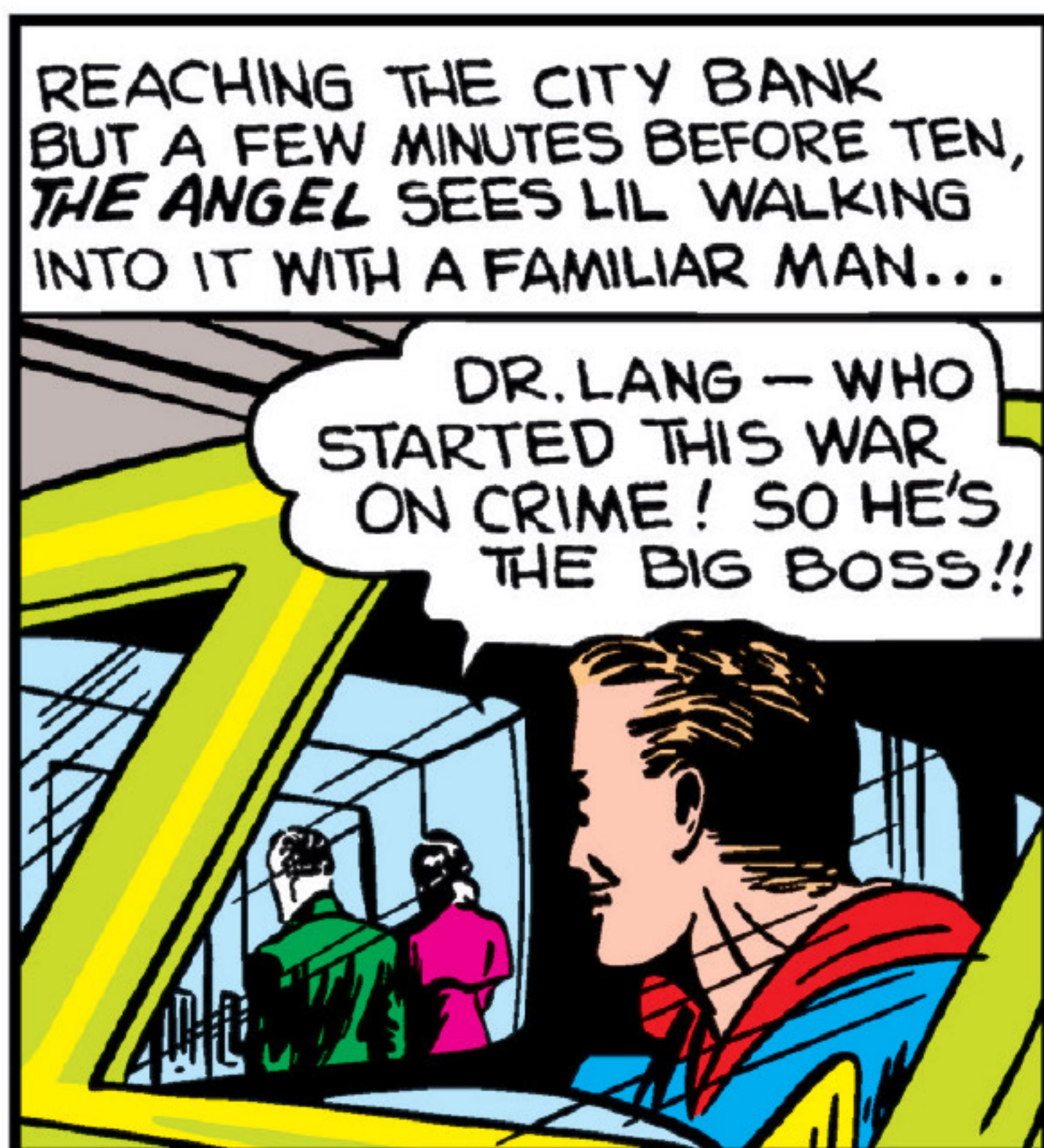
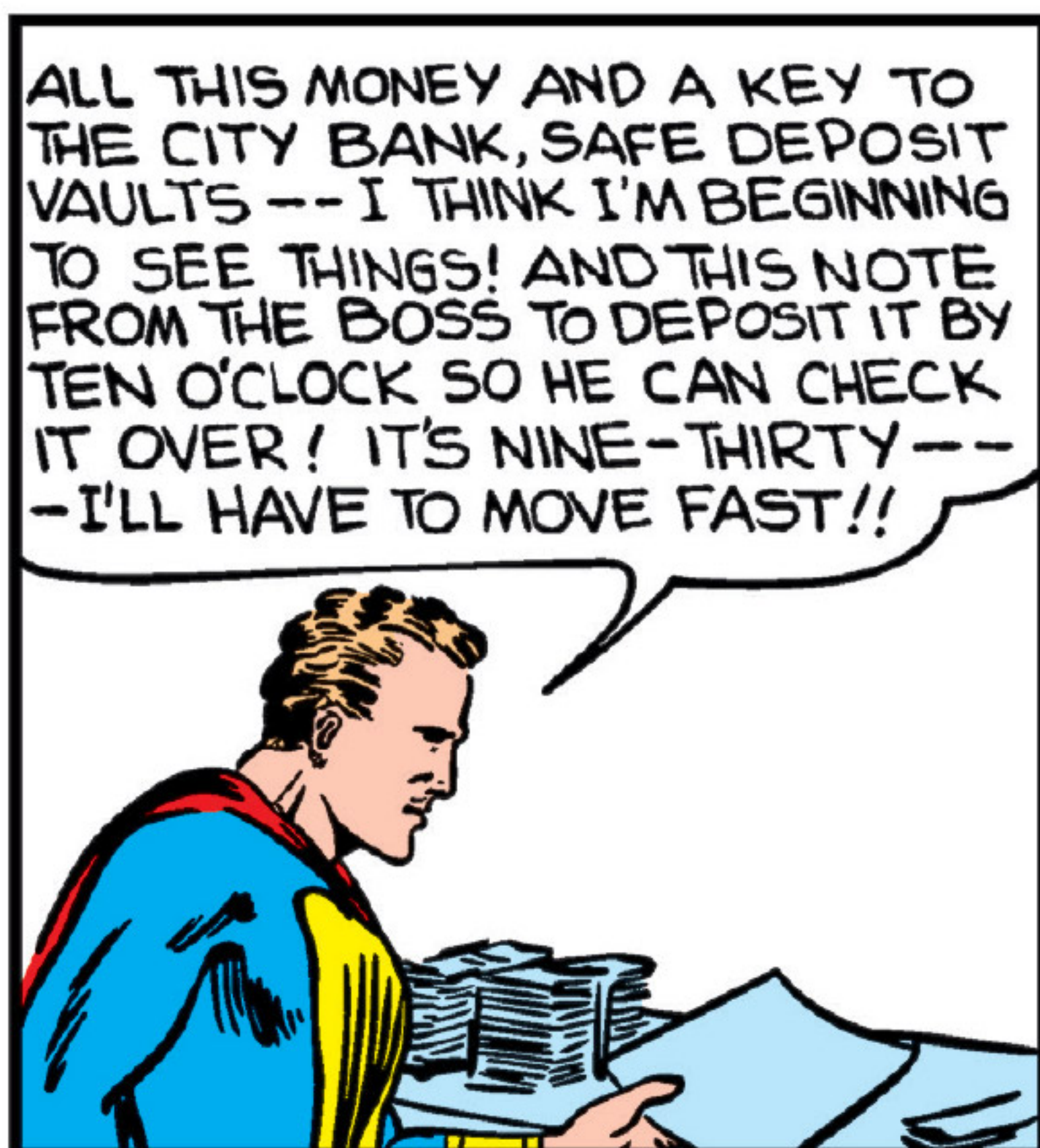
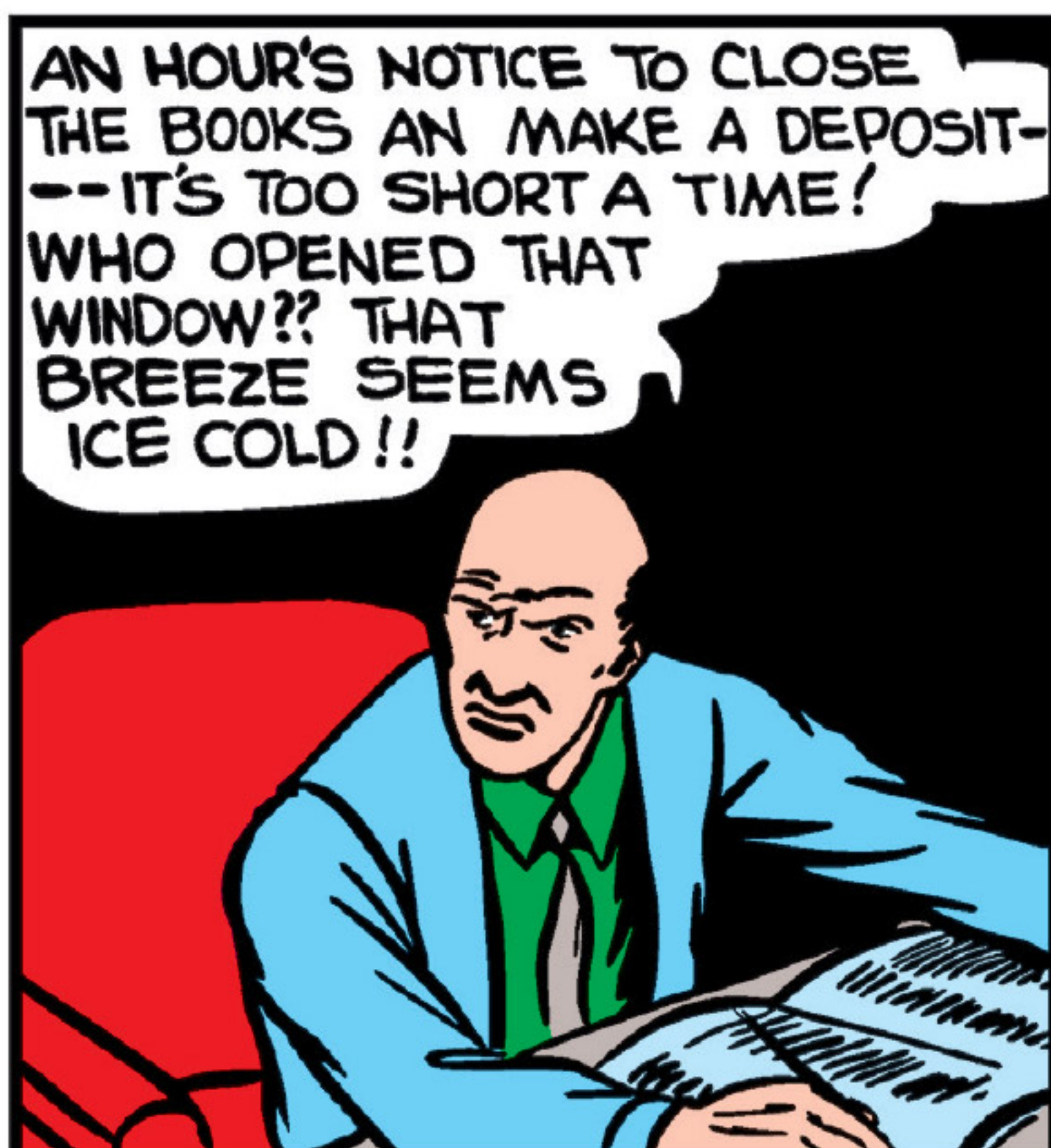
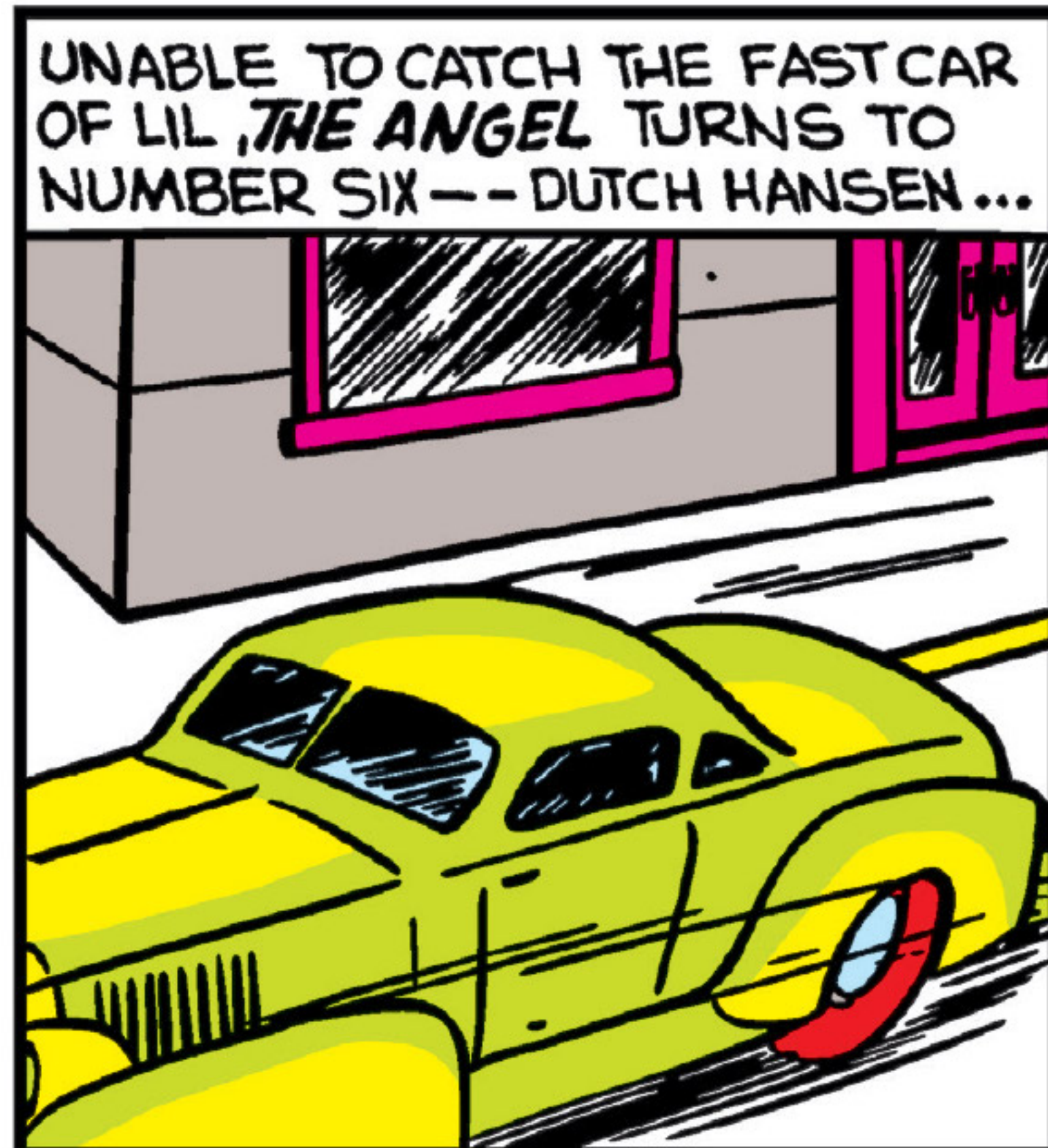


THAT'S RIGHT-- BE NICE AND QUIET!!









The Sub-Mariner

HERE IS THE SUB-MARINER! --AN ULTRA-MAN OF THE DEEP... LIVES ON LAND AND IN THE SEA... FLIES IN THE AIR... HAS THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN... IS A YOUTH OF DYNAMIC PERSONALITY... QUICK THOUGHT AND FAST ACTION... FROM WHENCE DOES HE COME, AND WHAT IS HIS MISSION?

A SALVAGE SHIP'S DIVER COMES UP ~

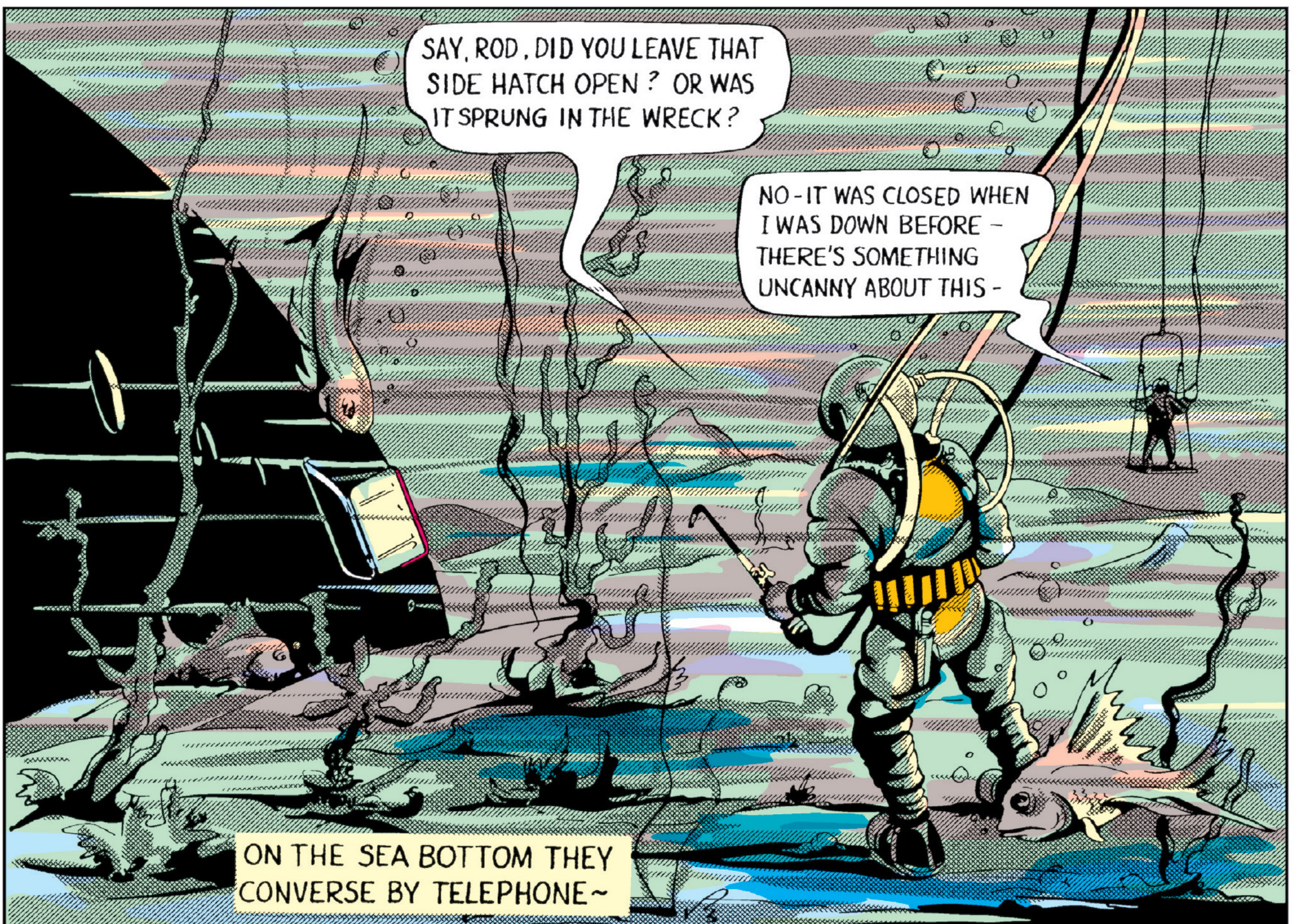
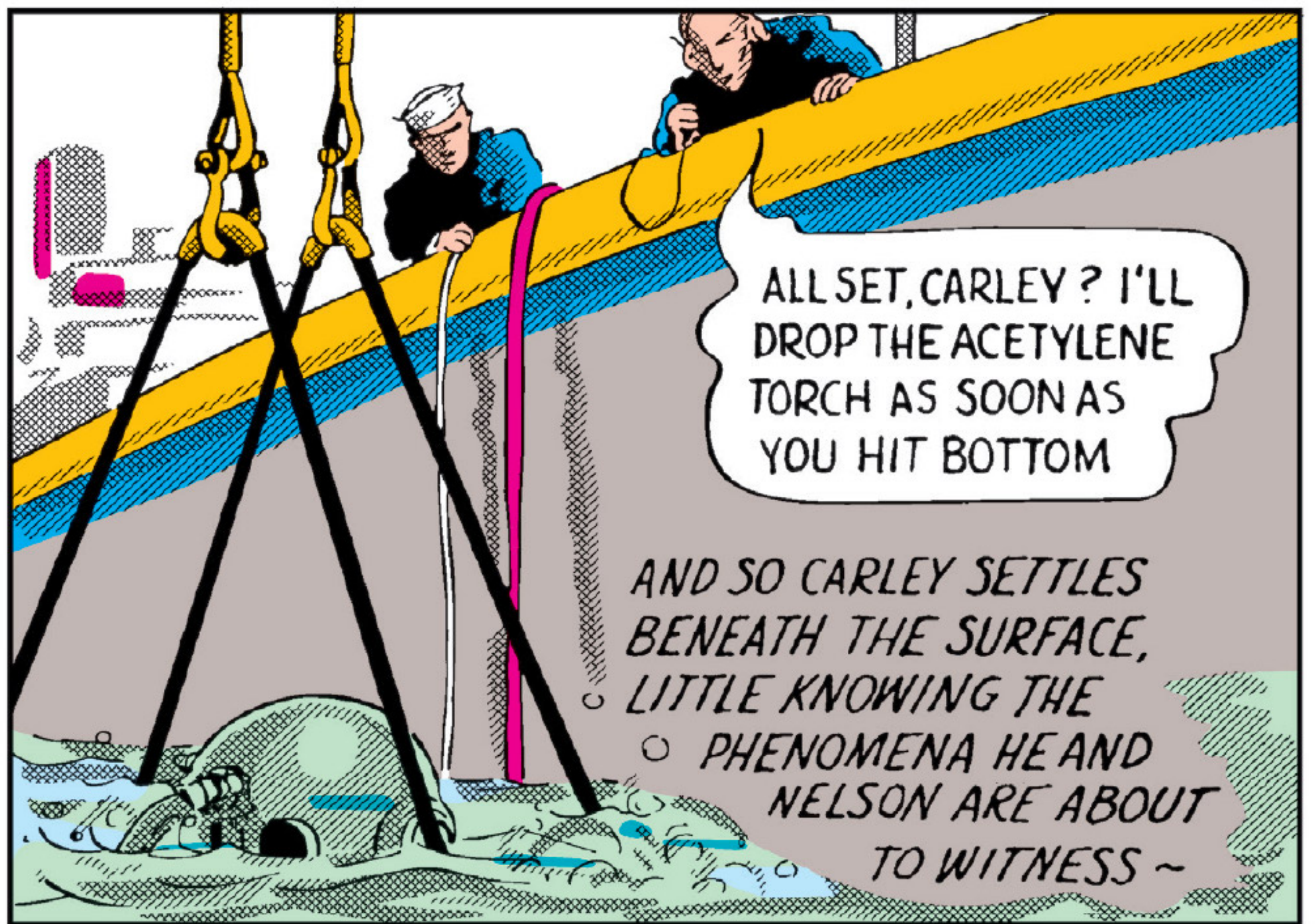
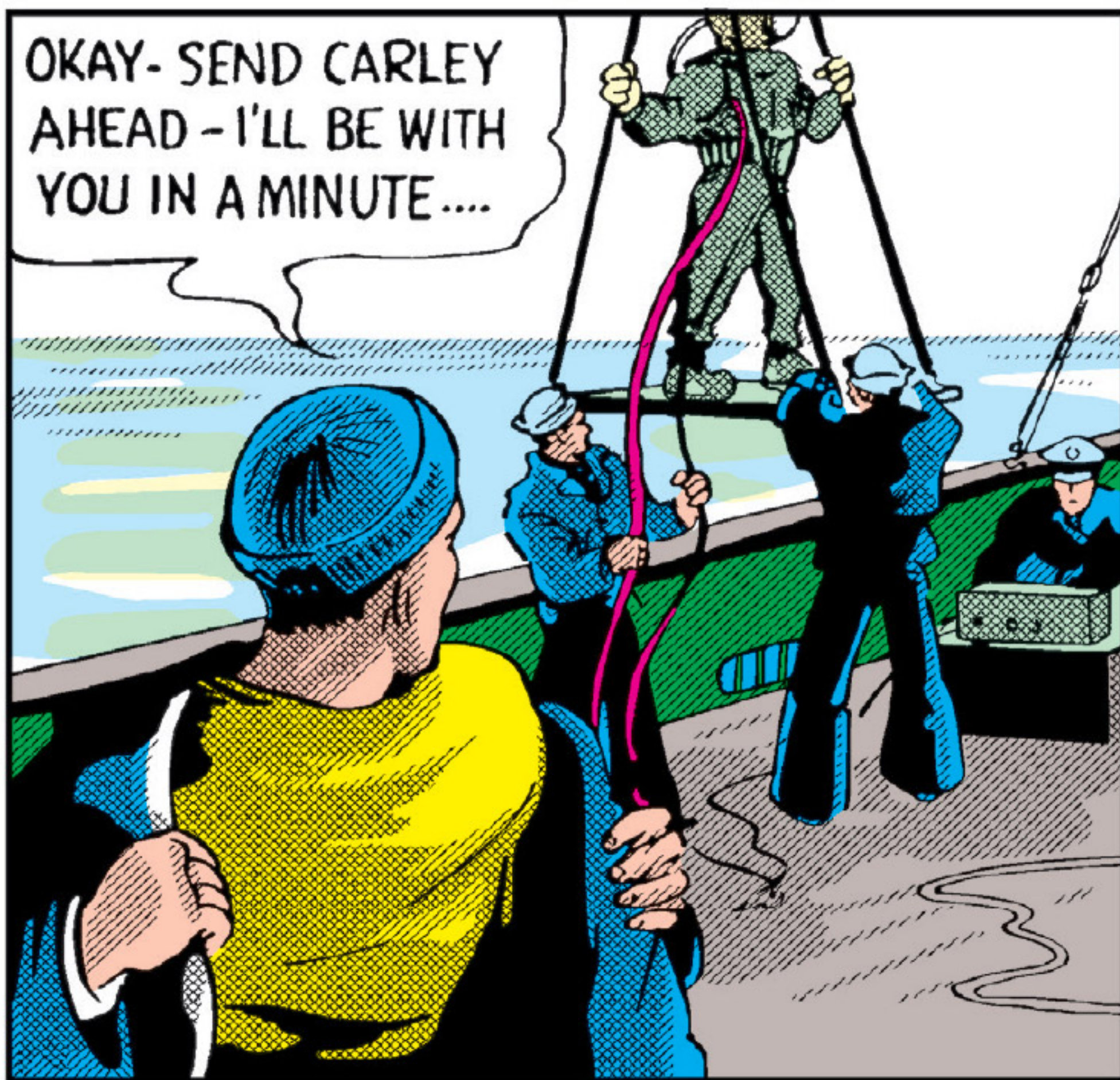
THE DIVING PLATFORM IS HOISTED, AND SWUNG TO THE DECK OF THE SALVAGE SHIP "S.S. RECOVERY" -

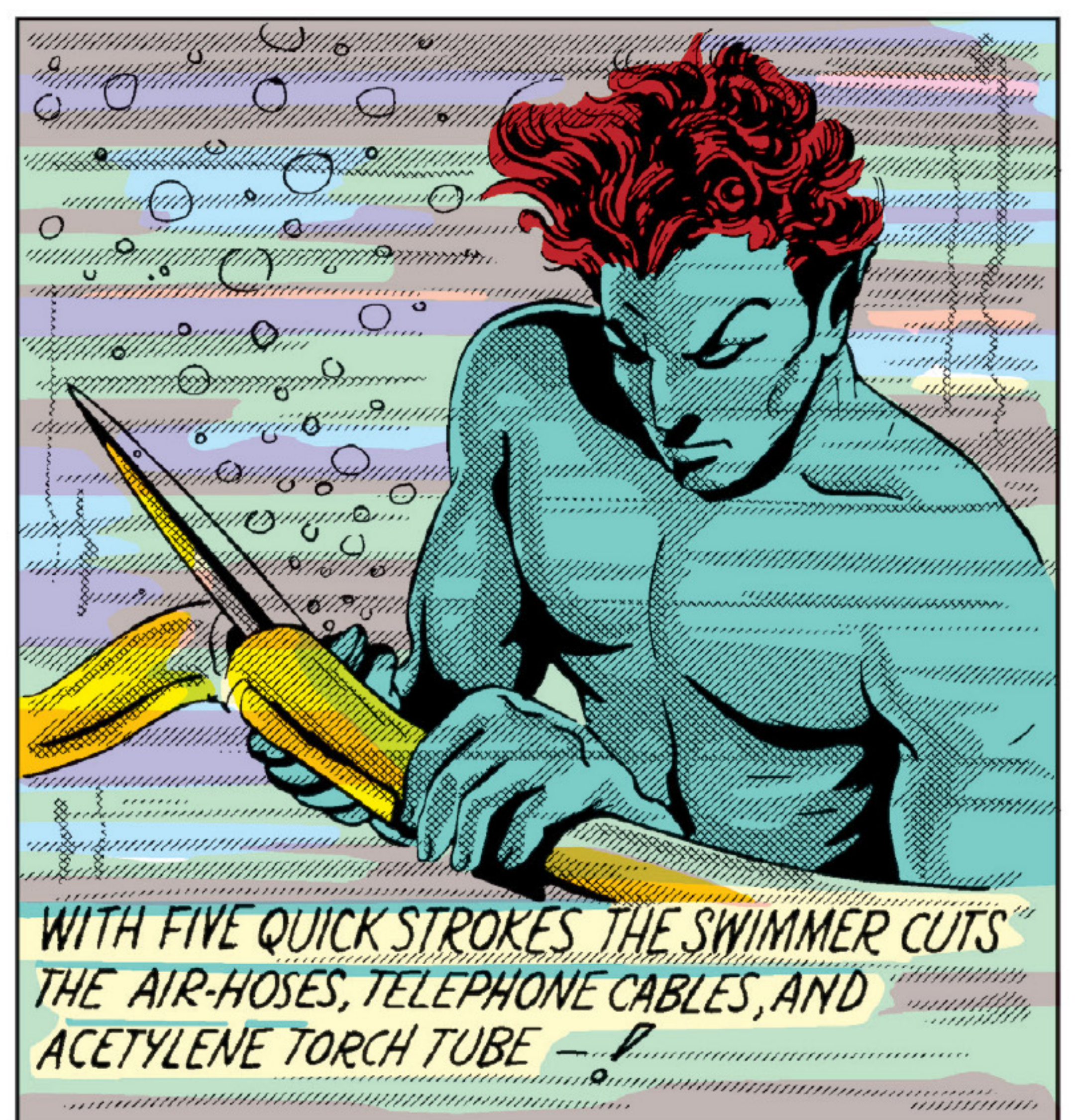
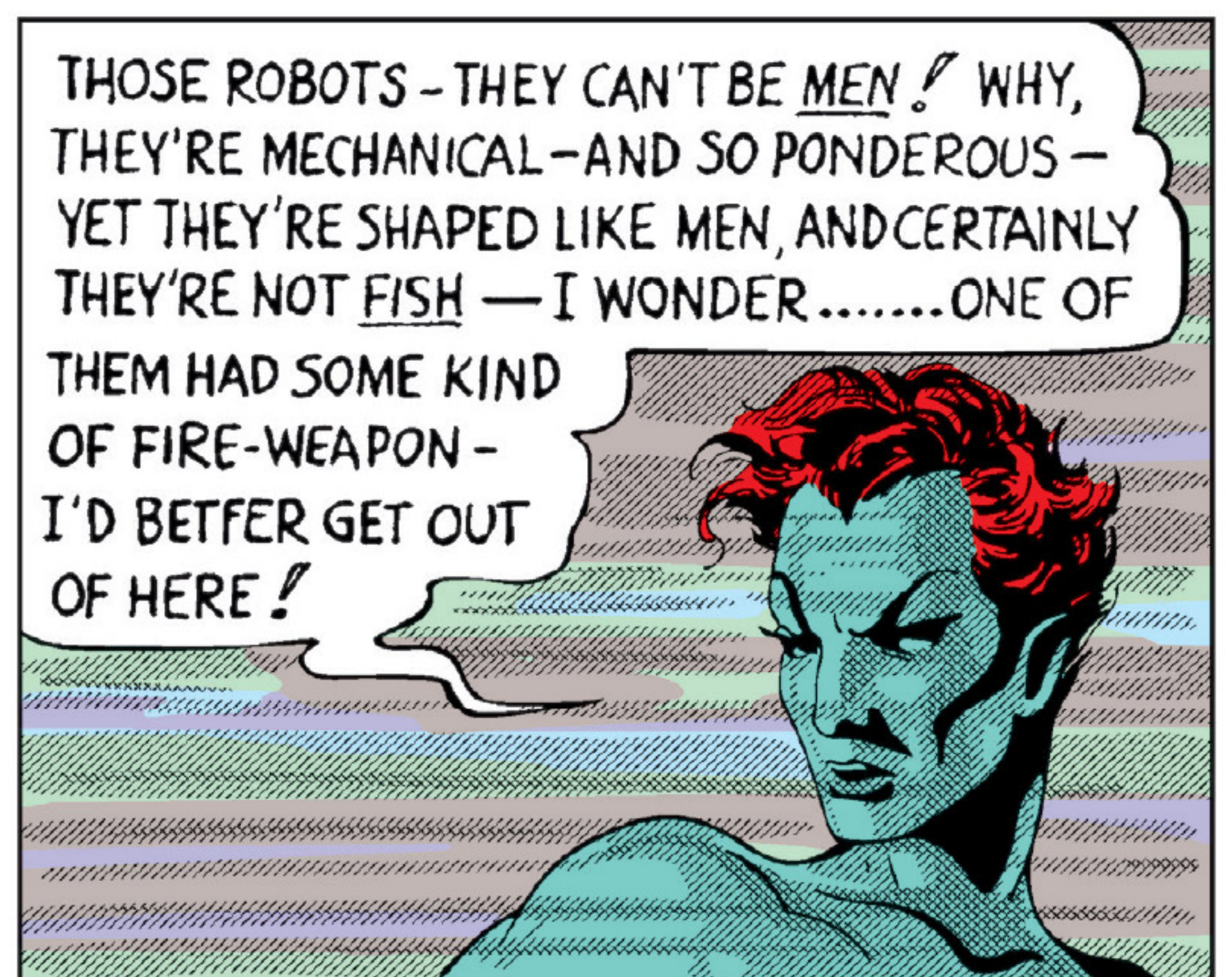
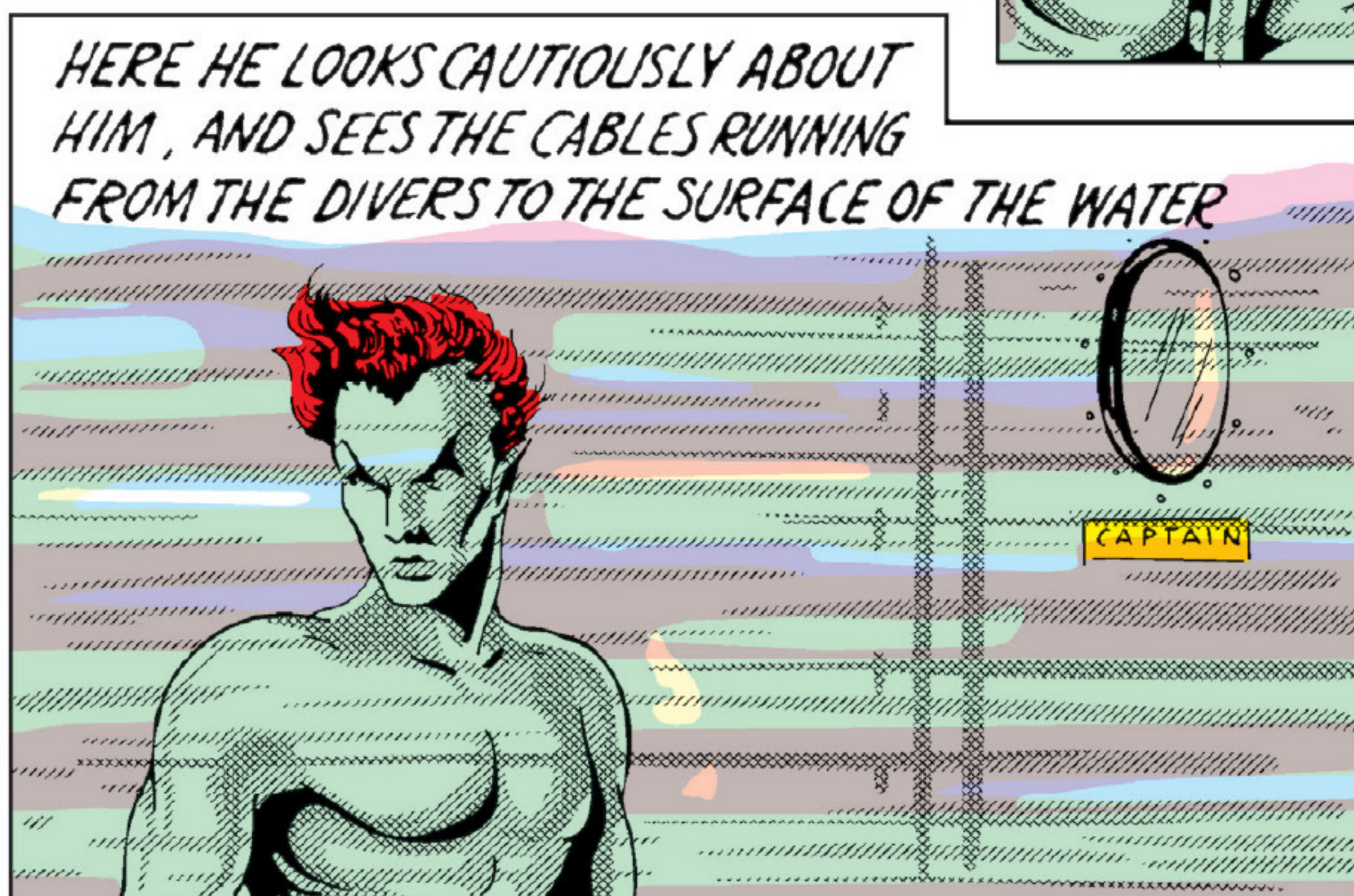
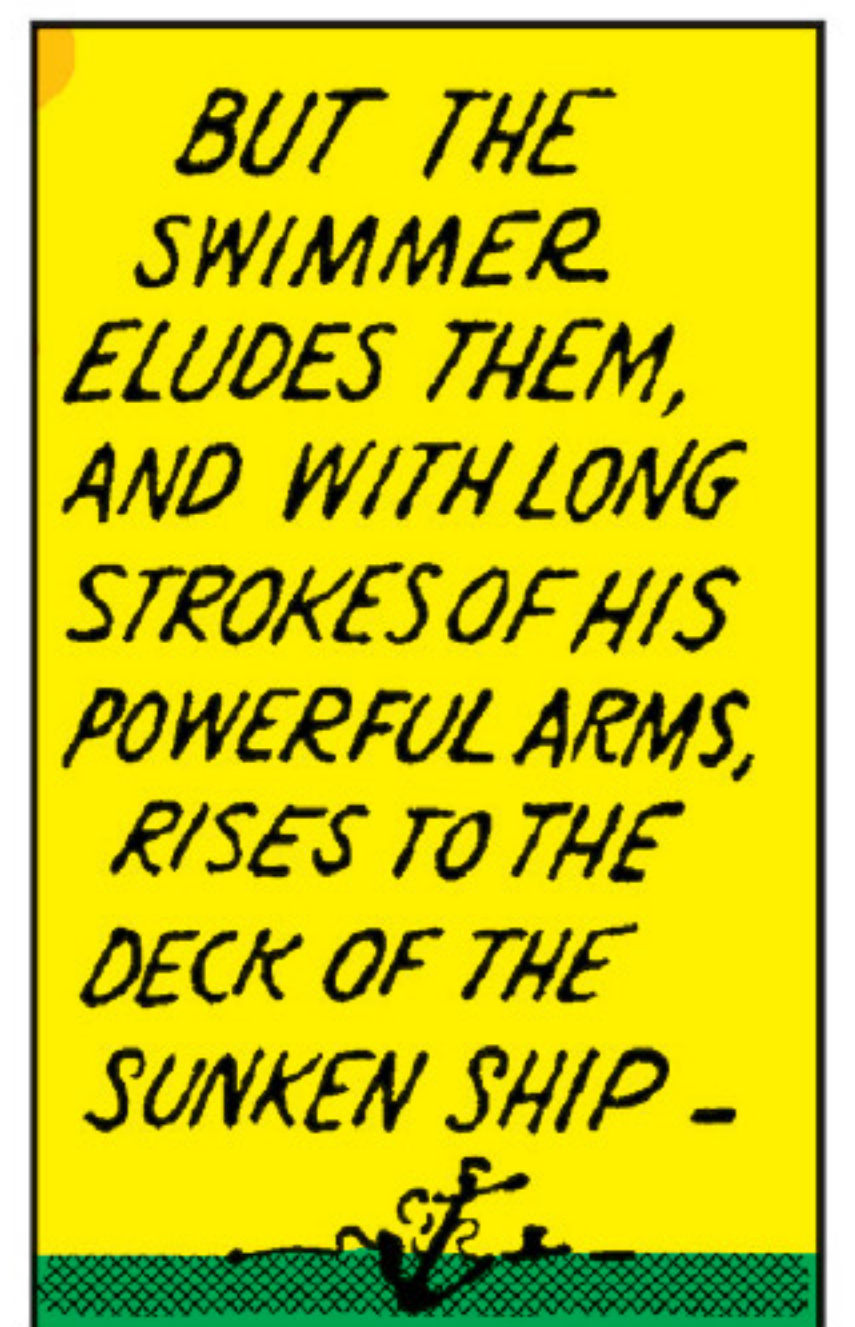
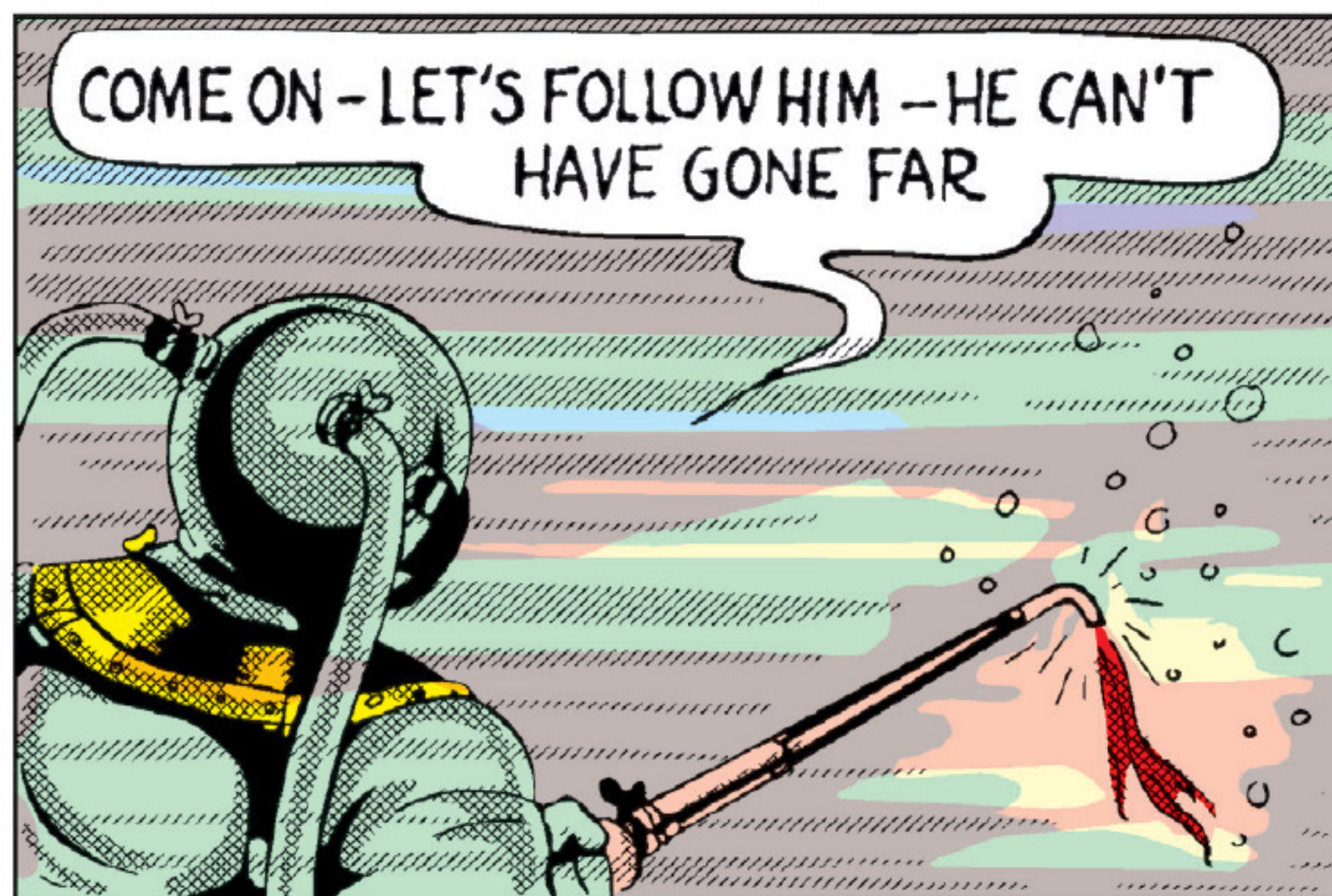
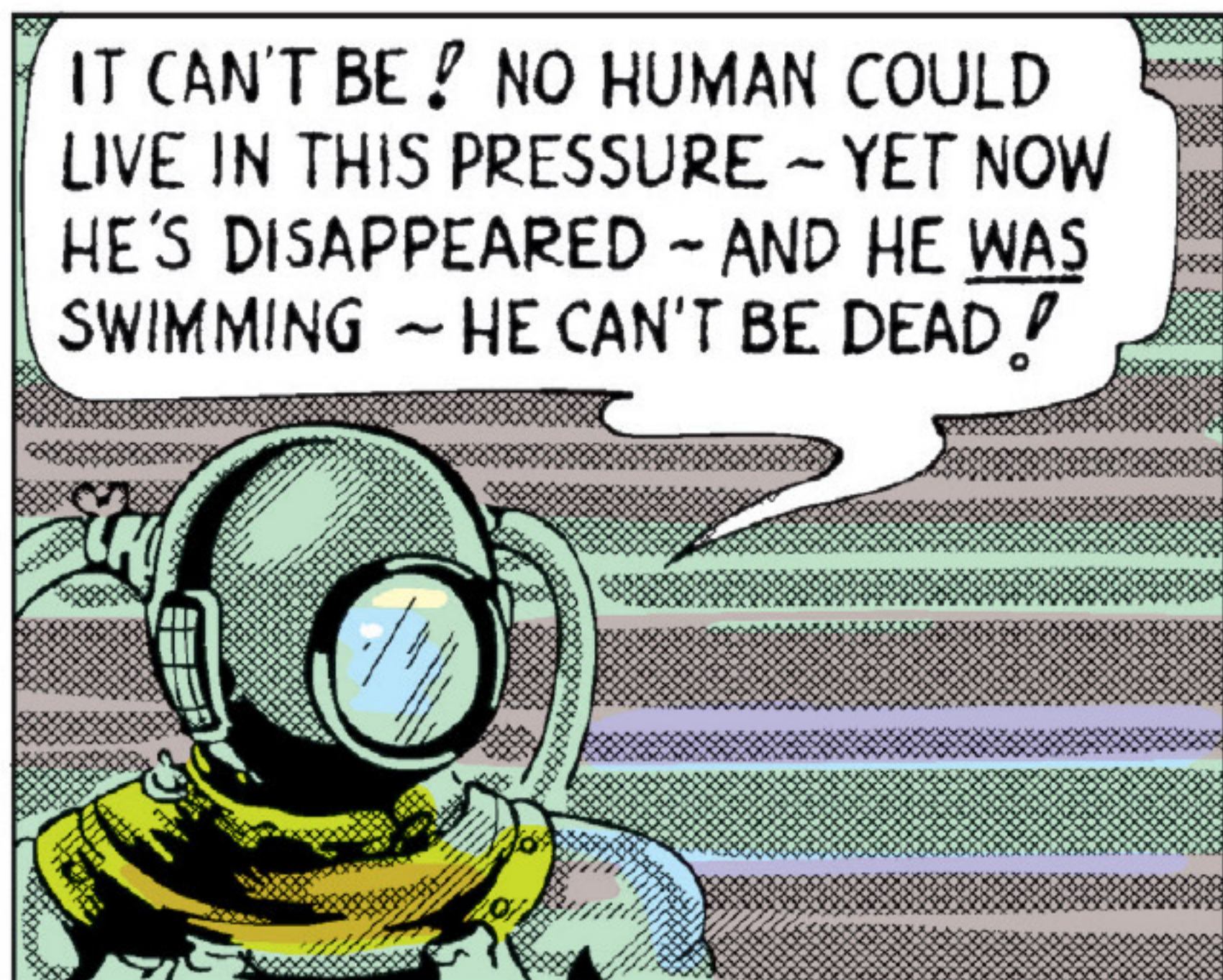
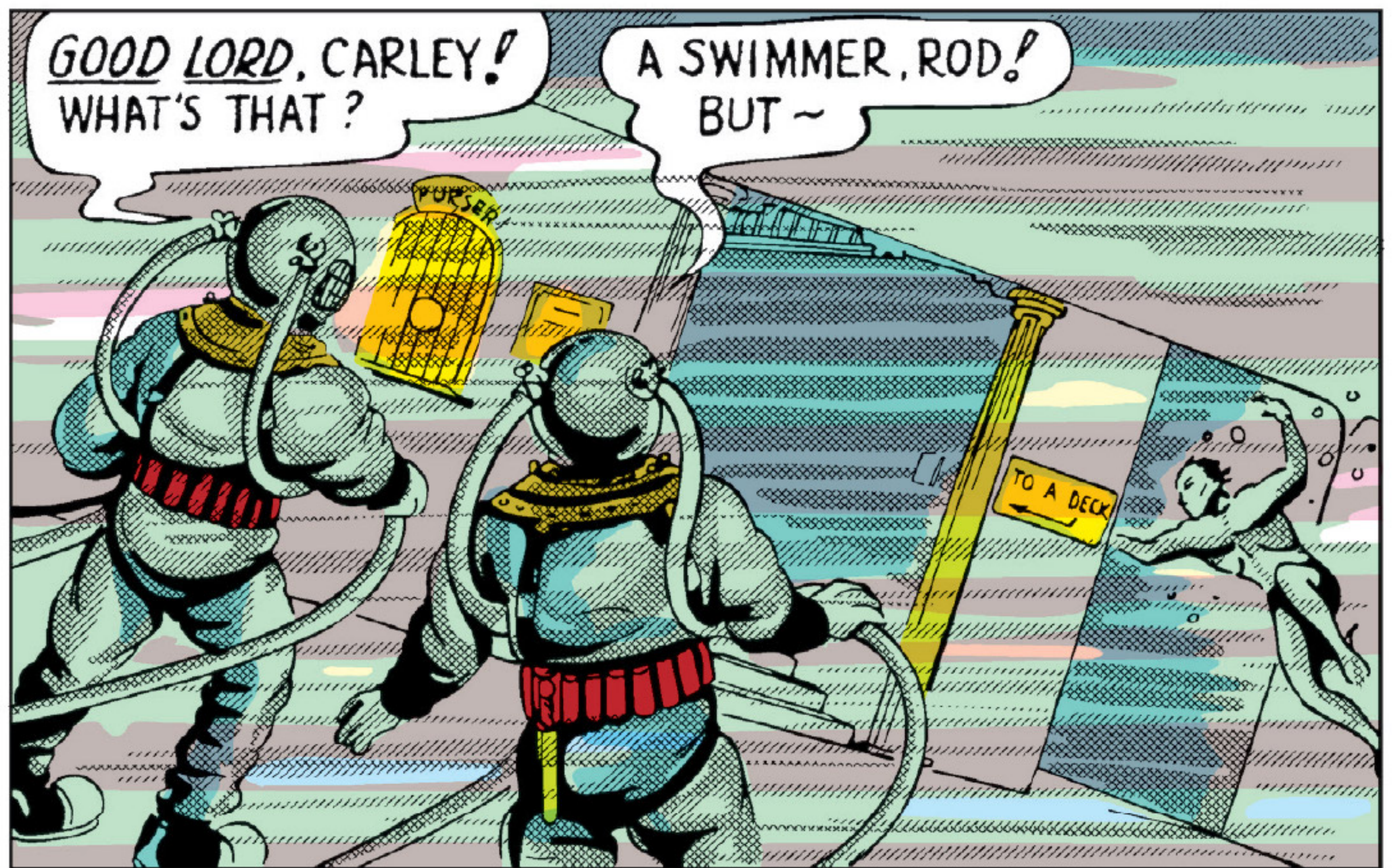
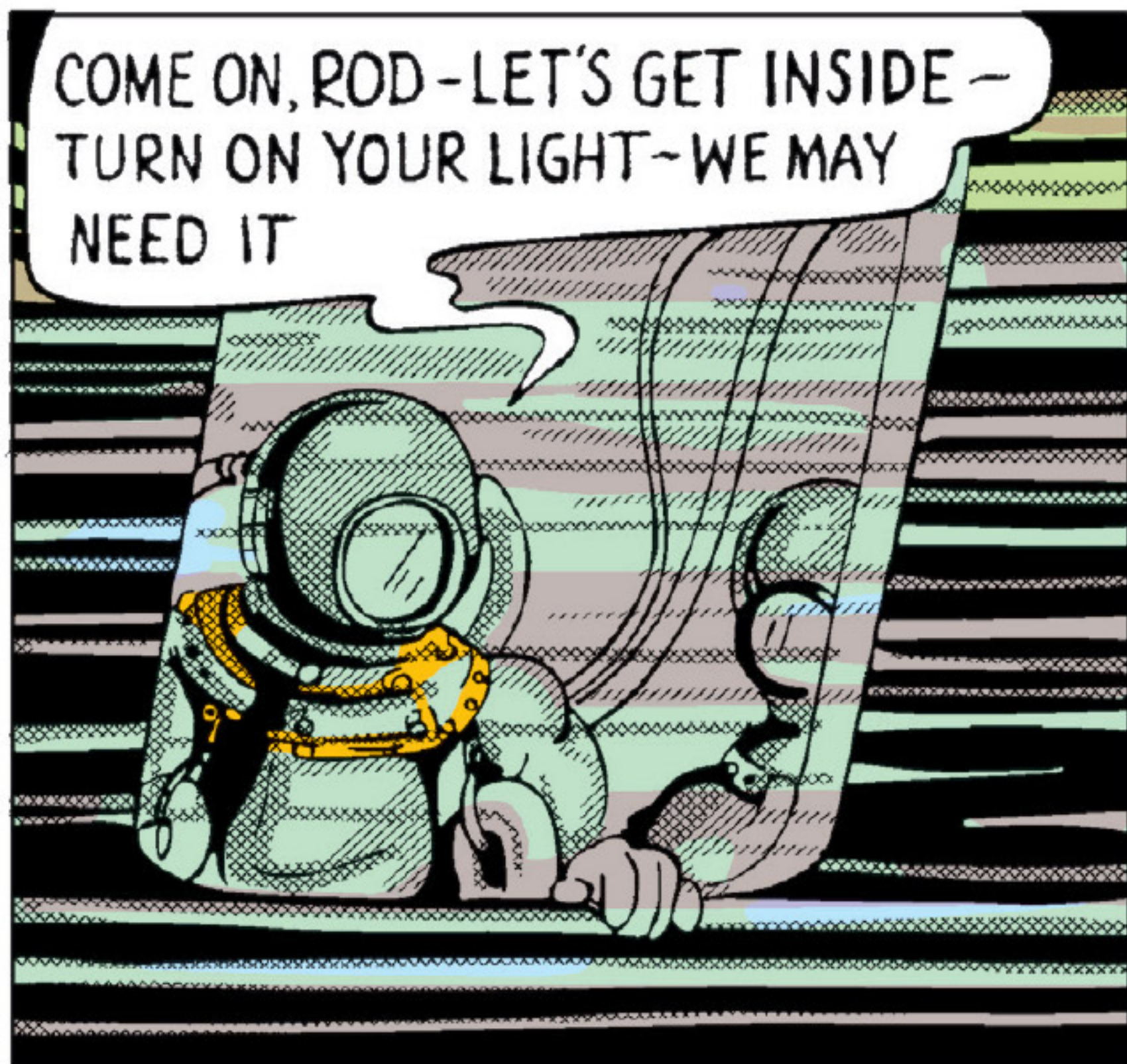
HOW DO YOU FEEL, NELSON?

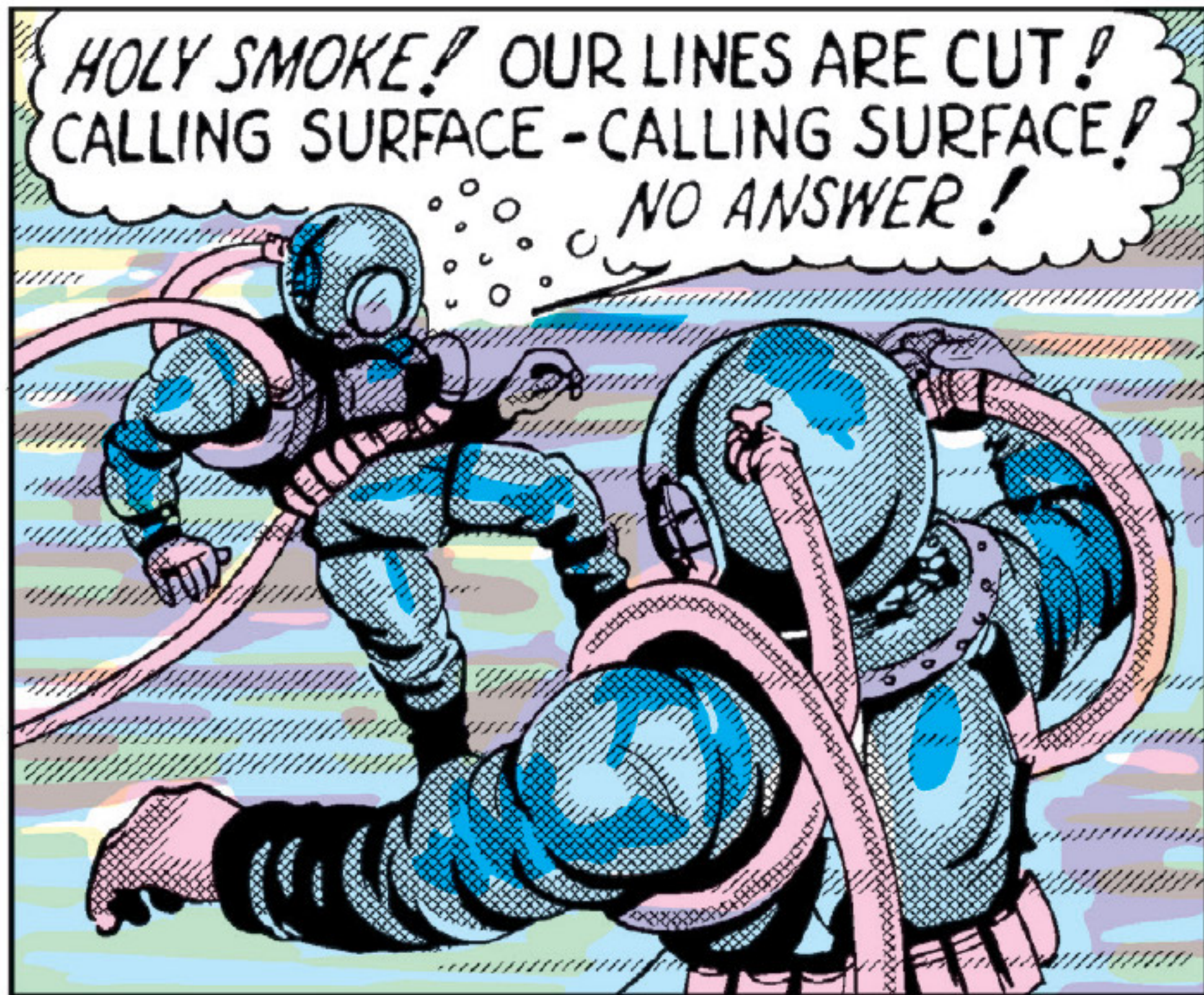
OKAY, CHIEF - BUT KINDA PUZZLED. THERE'S SUMP'N SCREWY ABOUT THAT WRECK-

SOME TIME LATER, THE DIVER, ROD NELSON, STEPS FROM THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, AND IS ASKED WHAT HE FOUND ON THE BOTTOM -

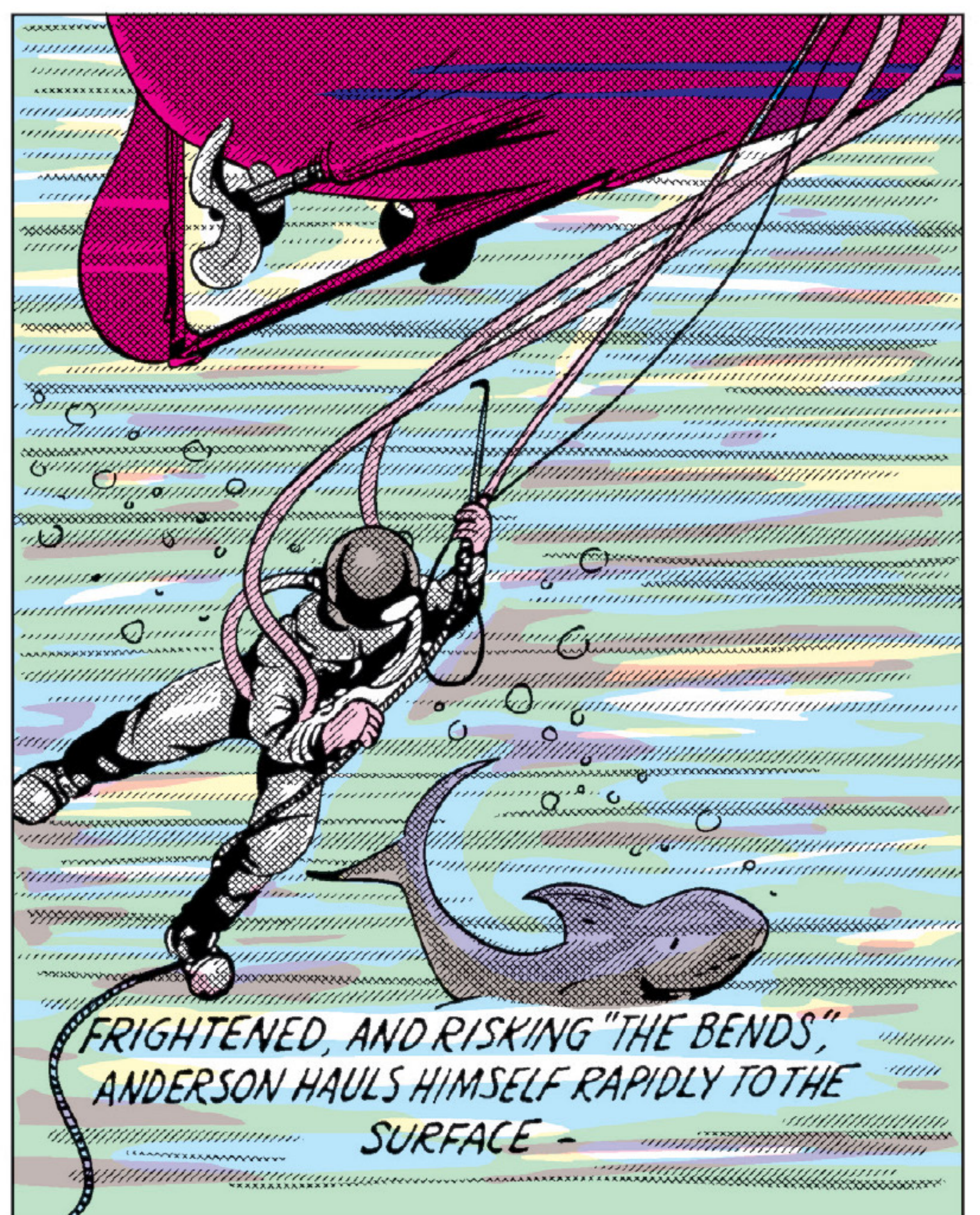
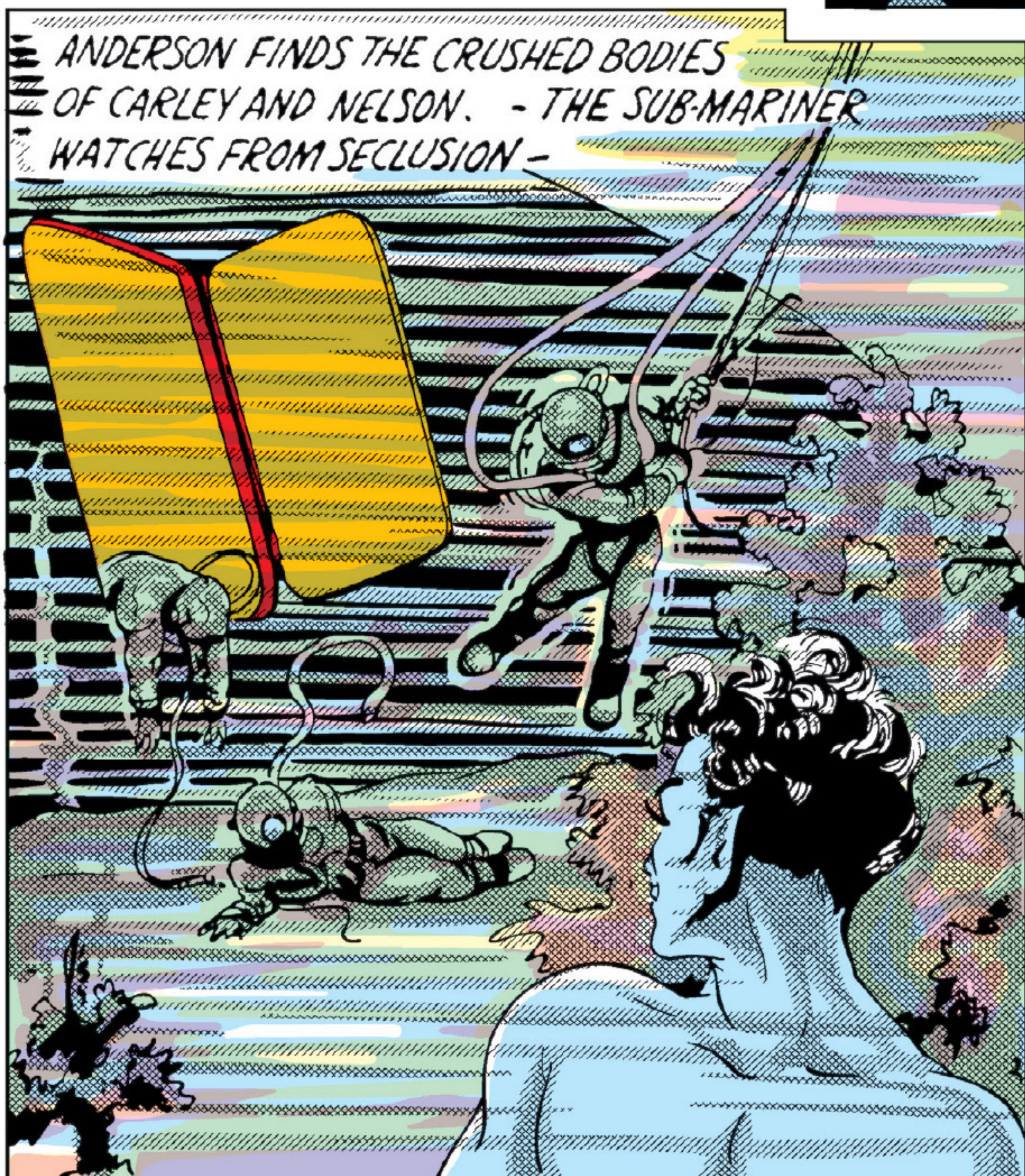
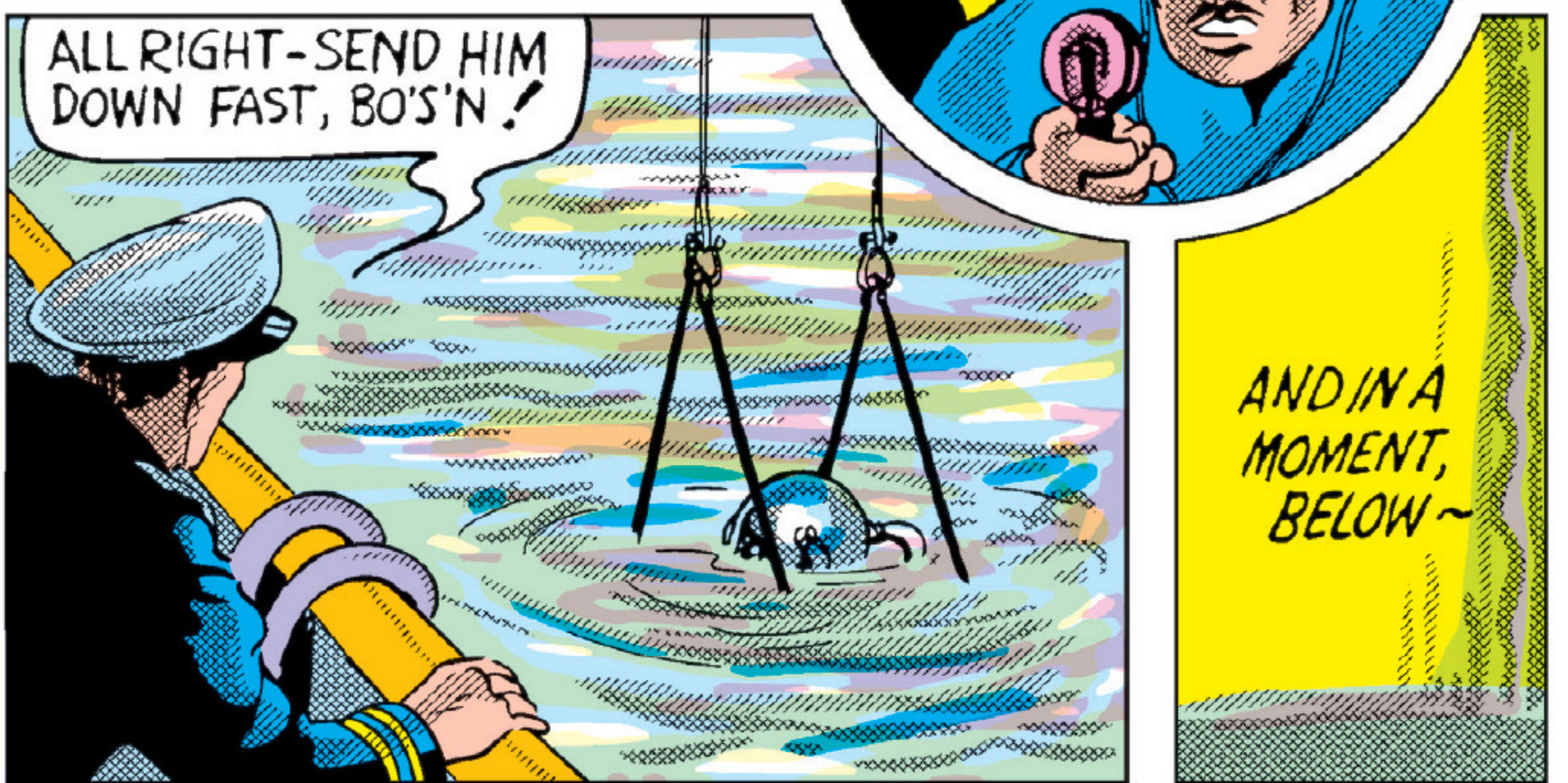
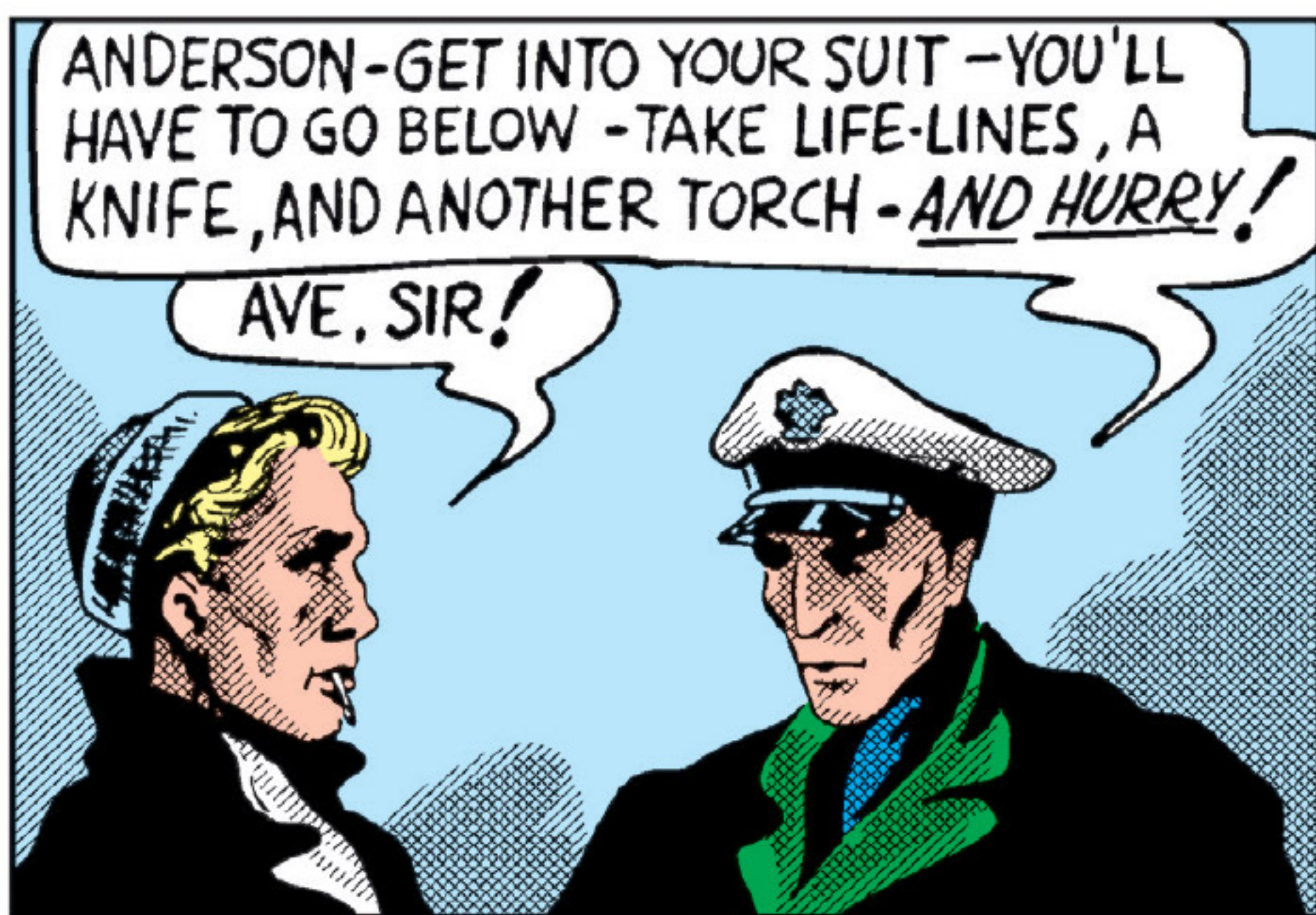
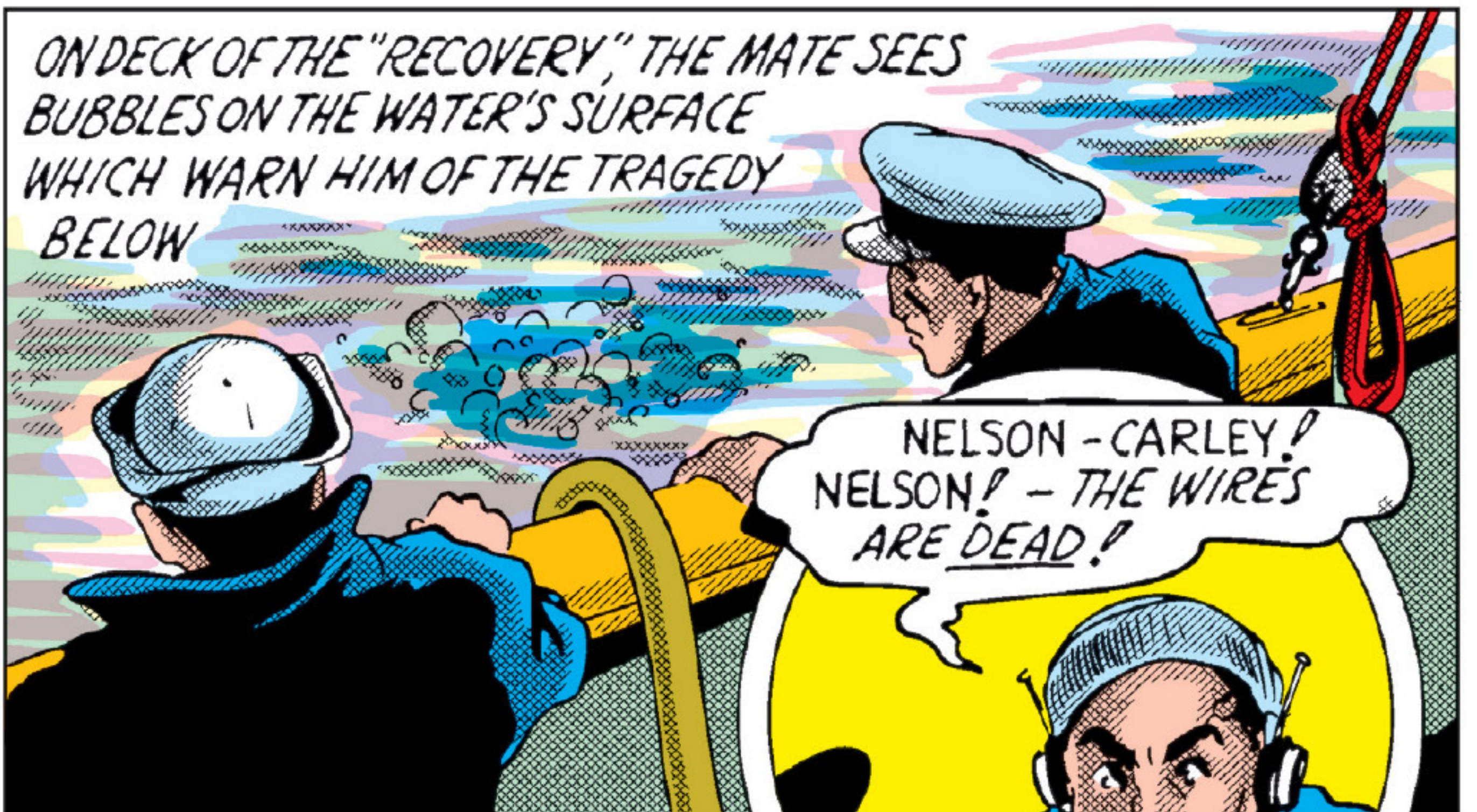
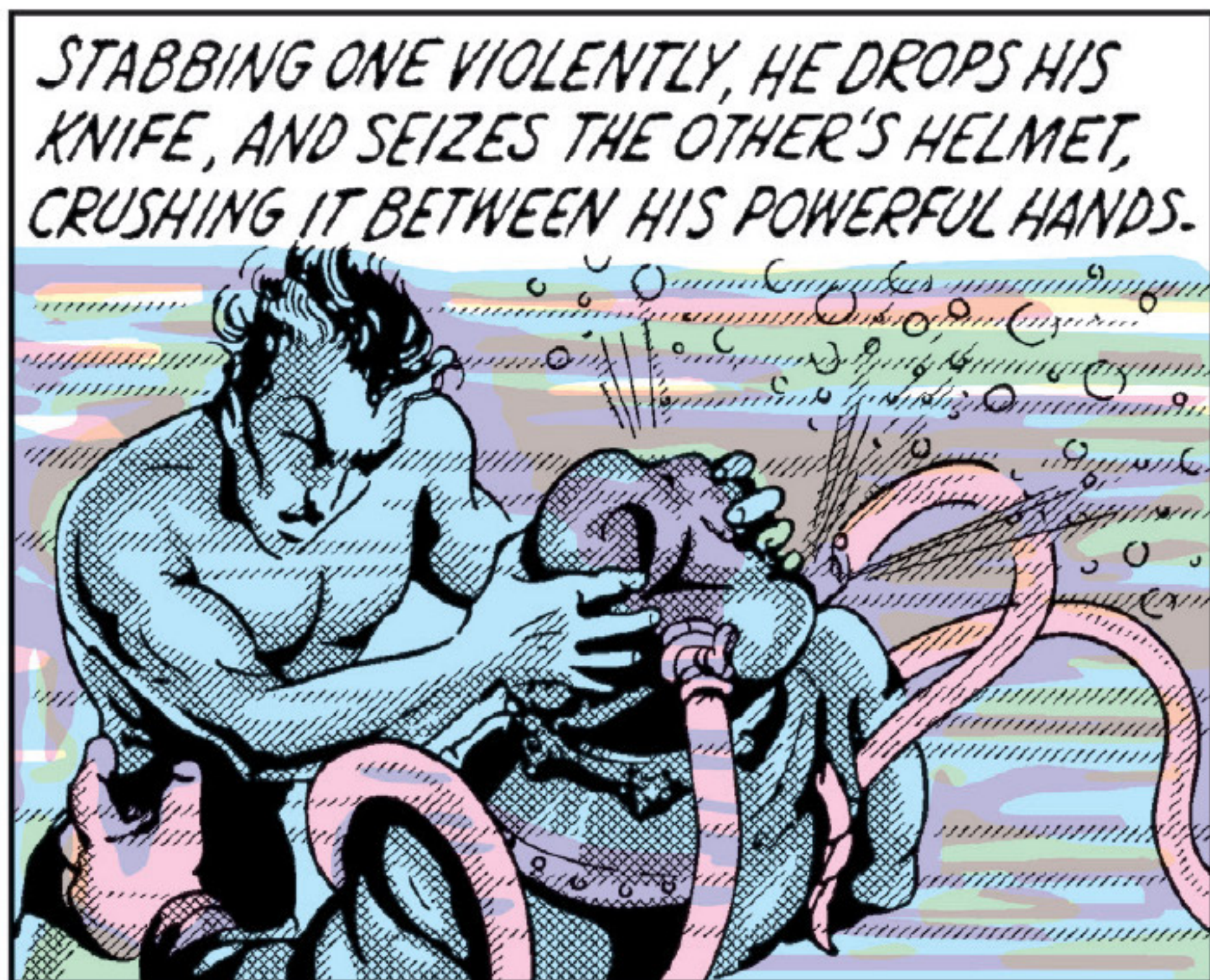
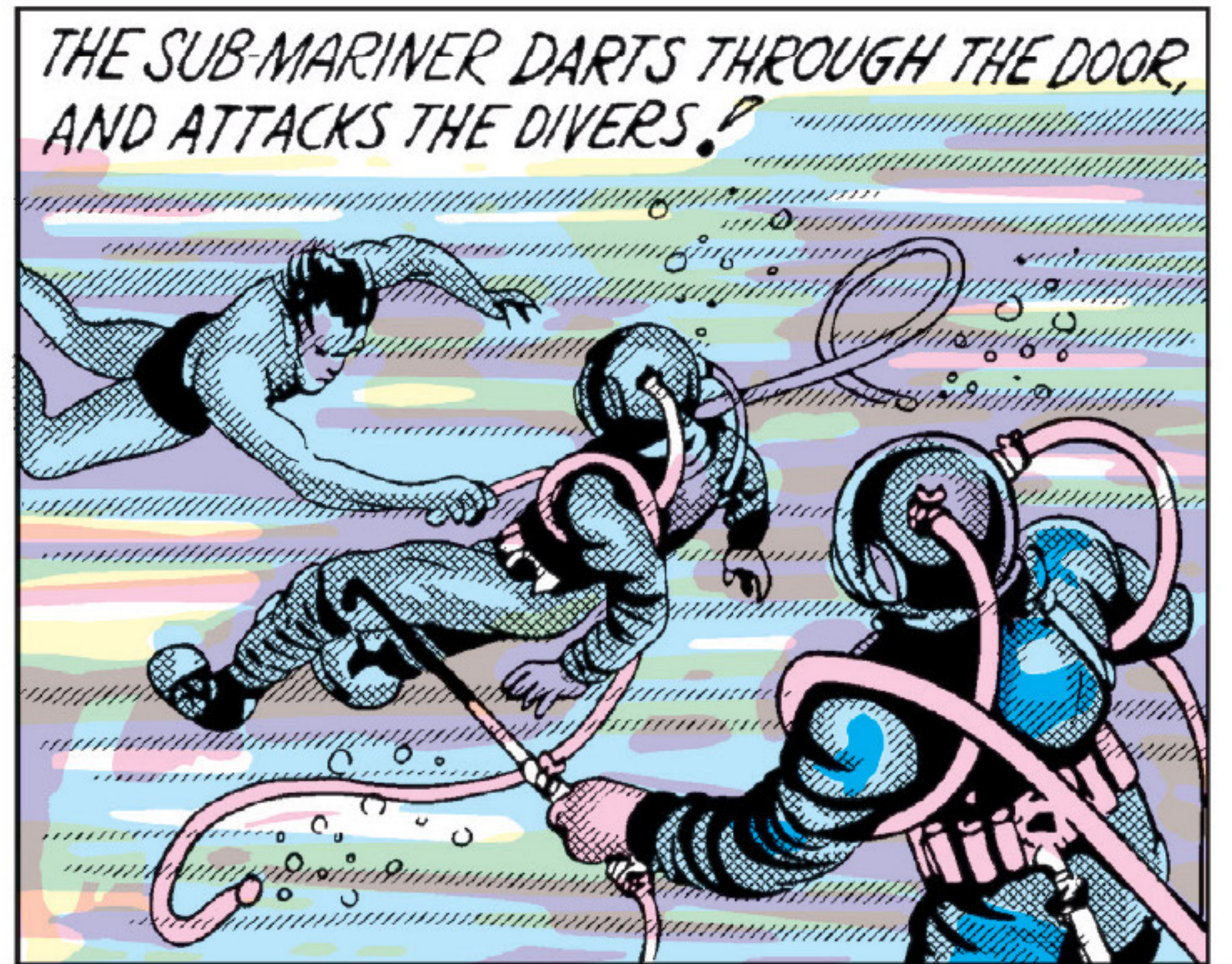
I FOUND THE SAFE IN THE MAIN SALOON, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY GOT HERE BEFORE WE DID - THE SAFE'S EMPTY! THEN, TOO, IT LOOKS LIKE WHOEVER RIFLED IT HASN'T BEEN GONE LONG - THERE WAS A KNIFE ON THE DECK, AND IT HADN'T EVEN RUSTED -



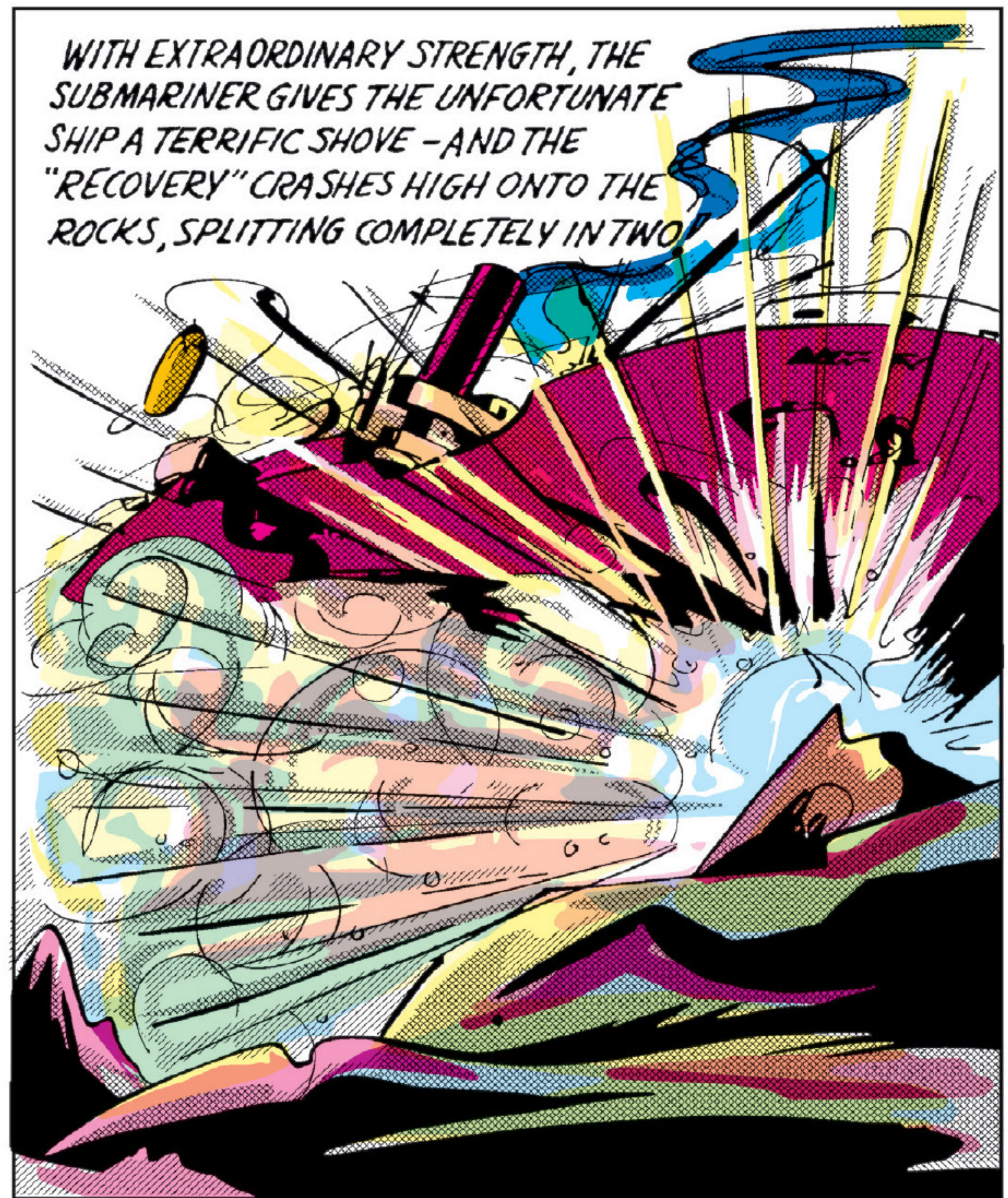
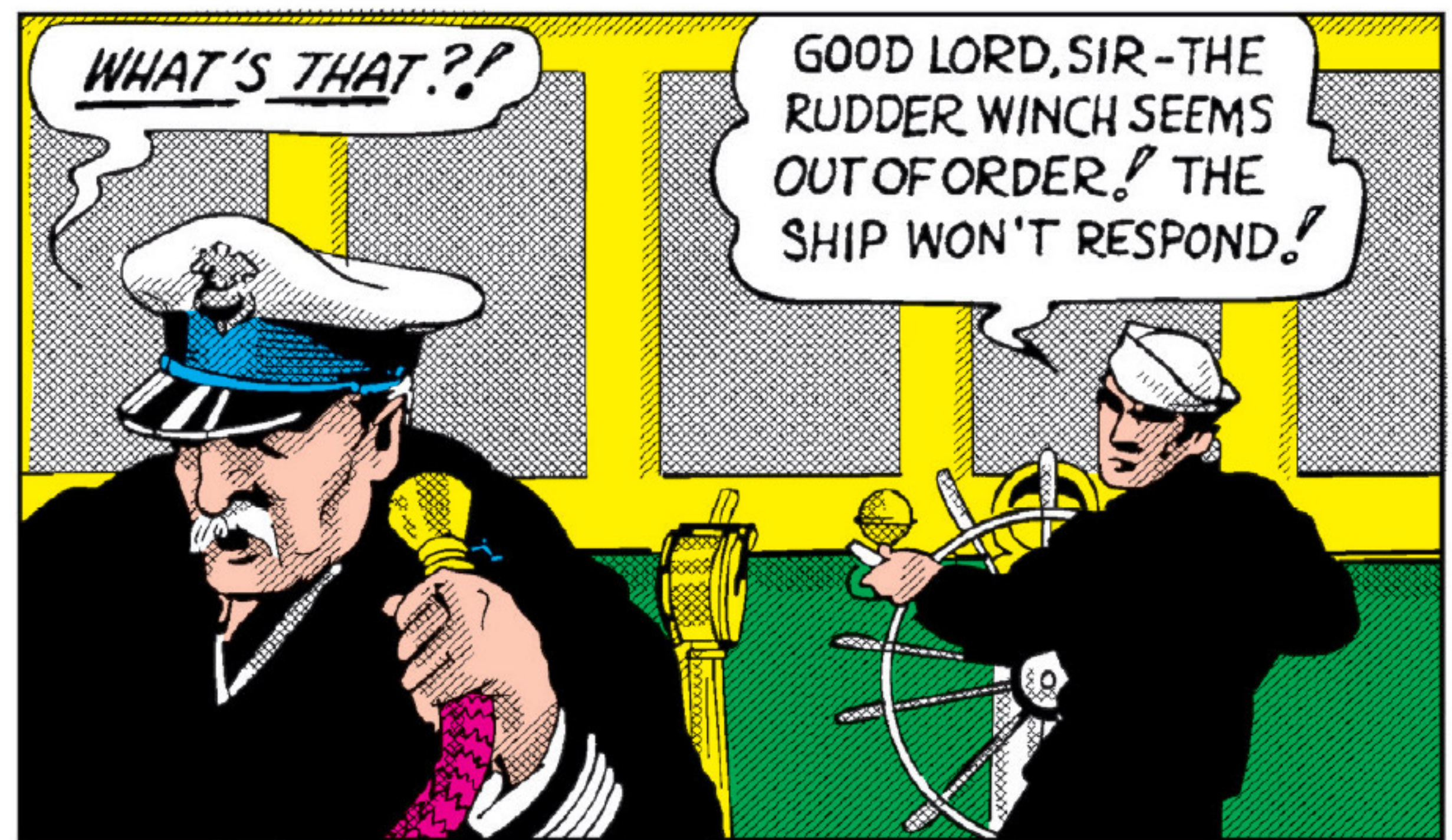
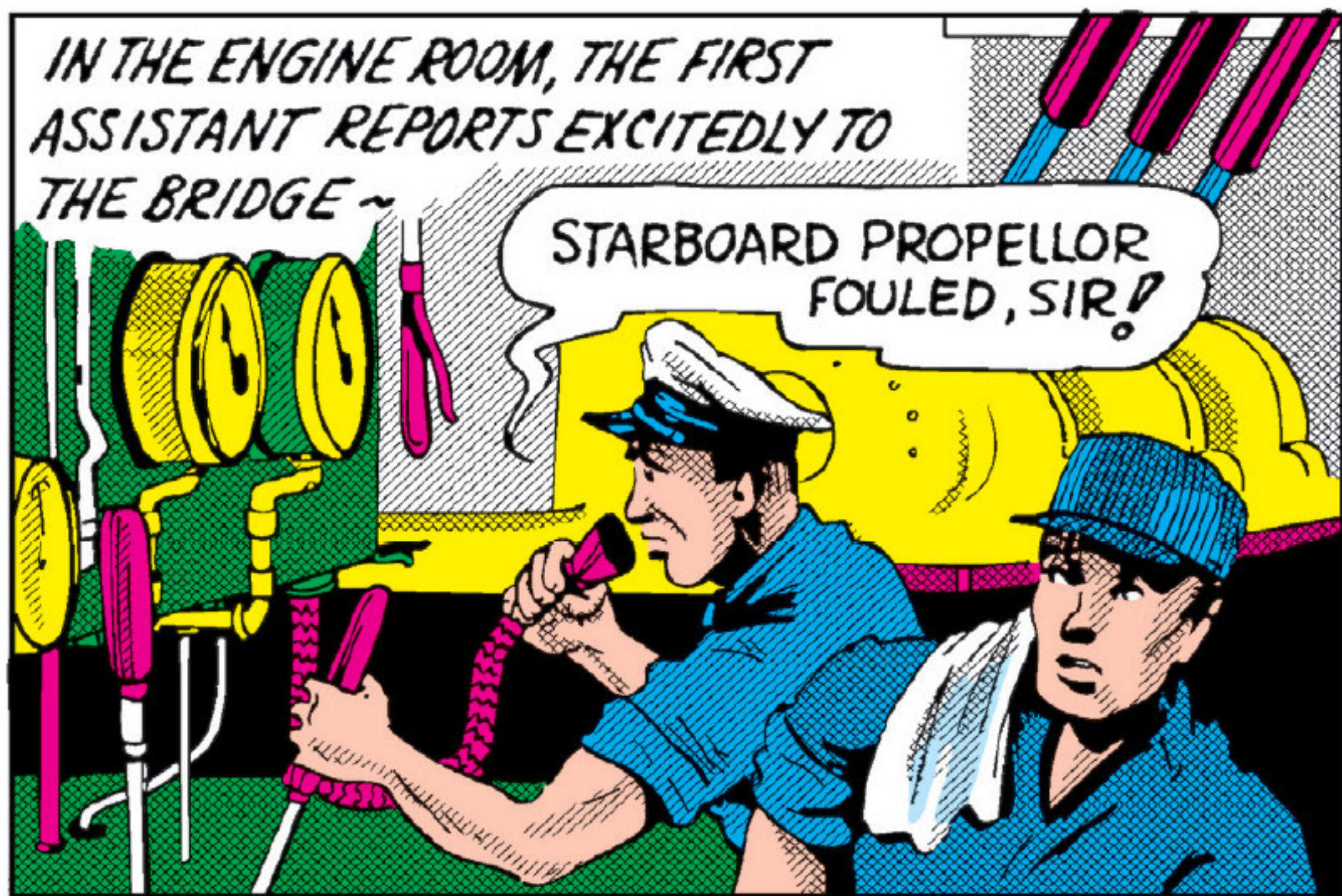
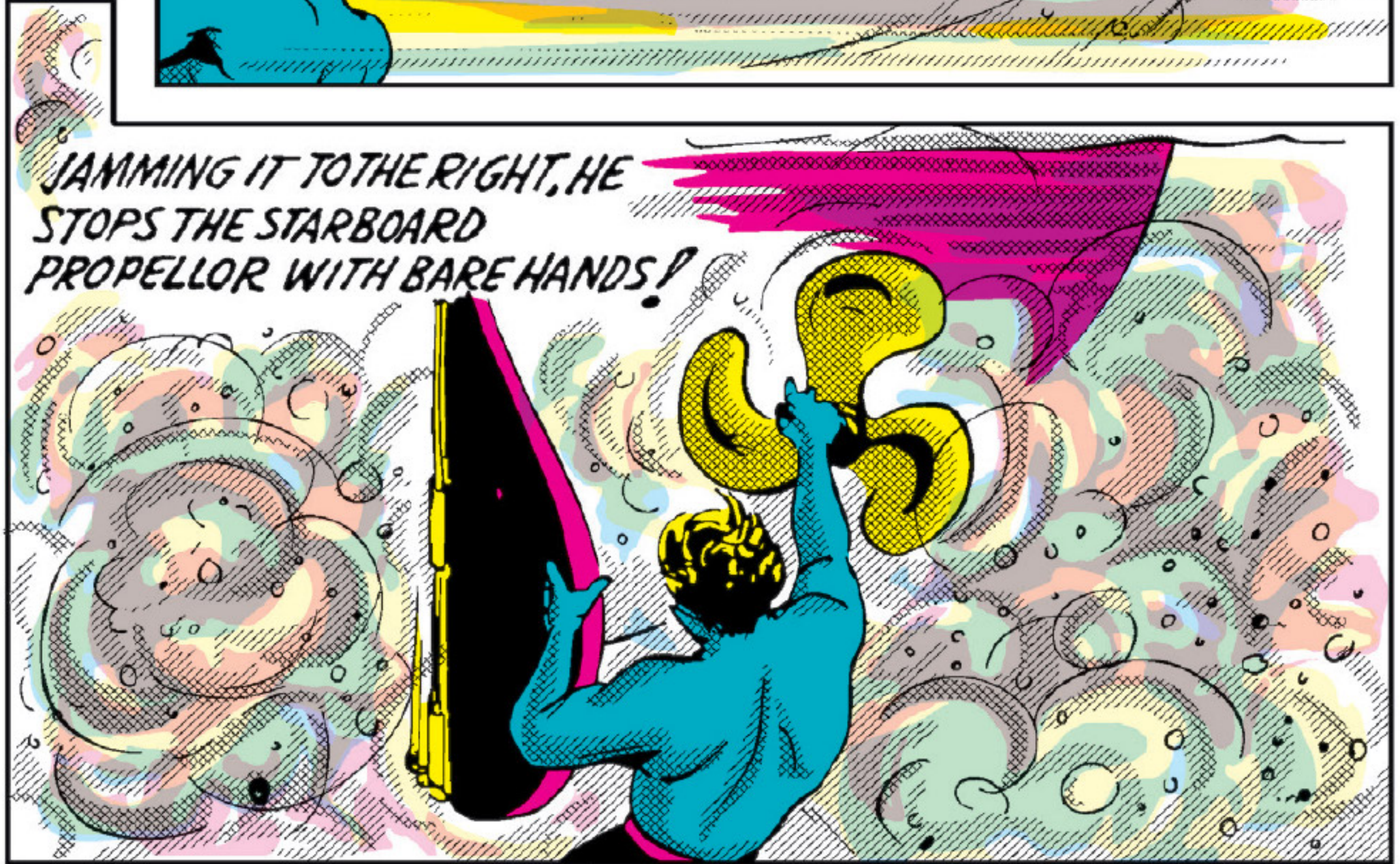
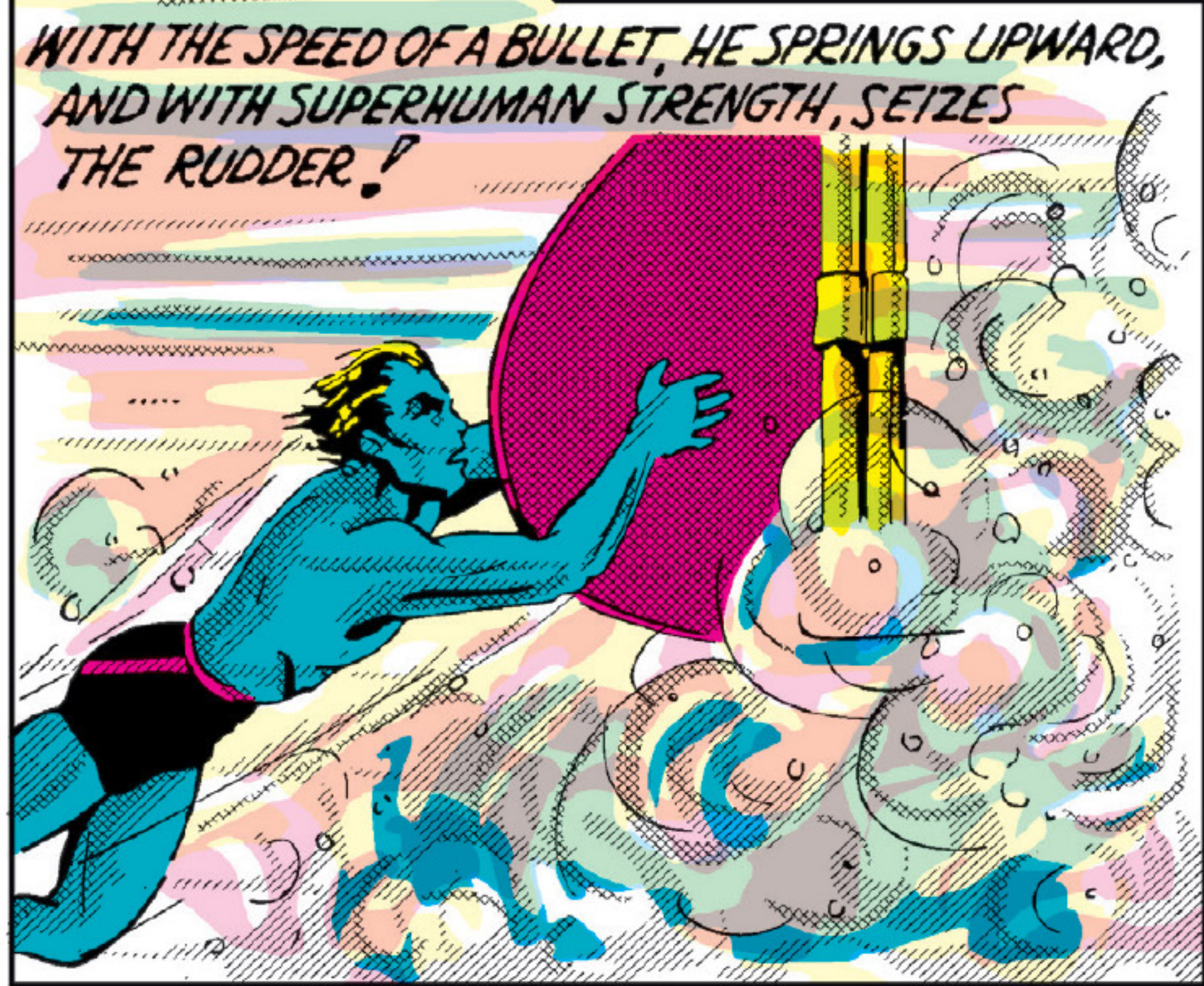
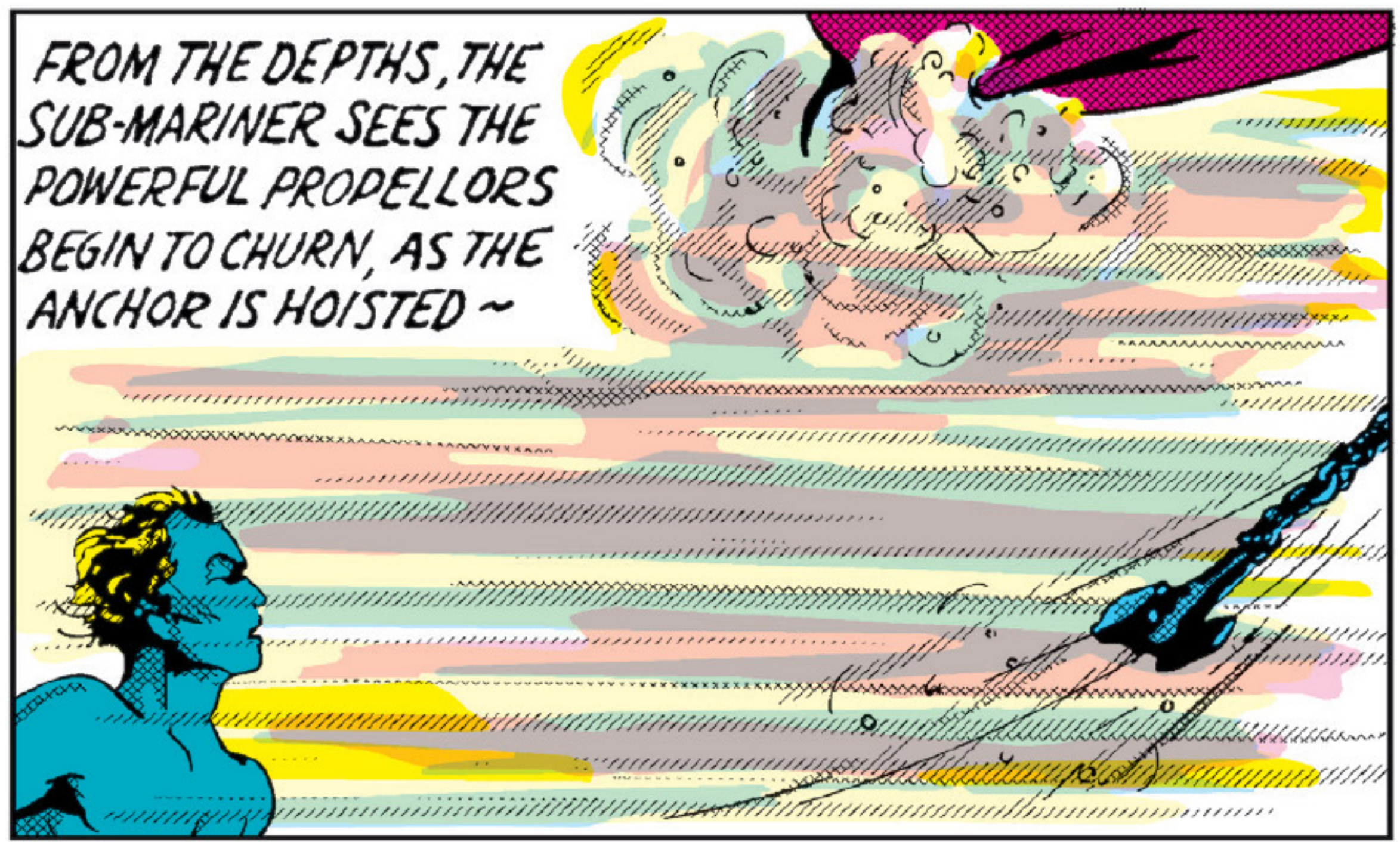


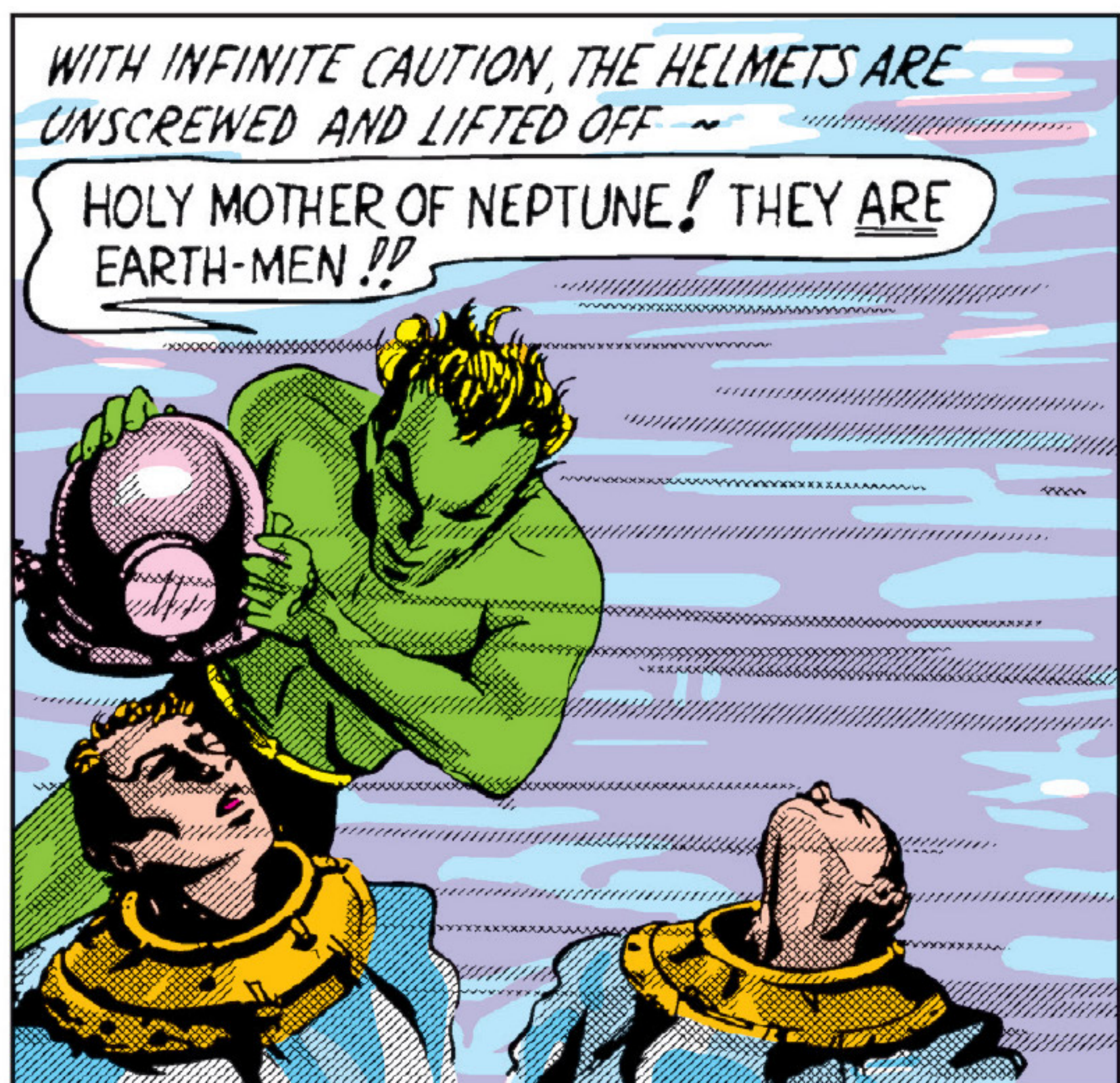
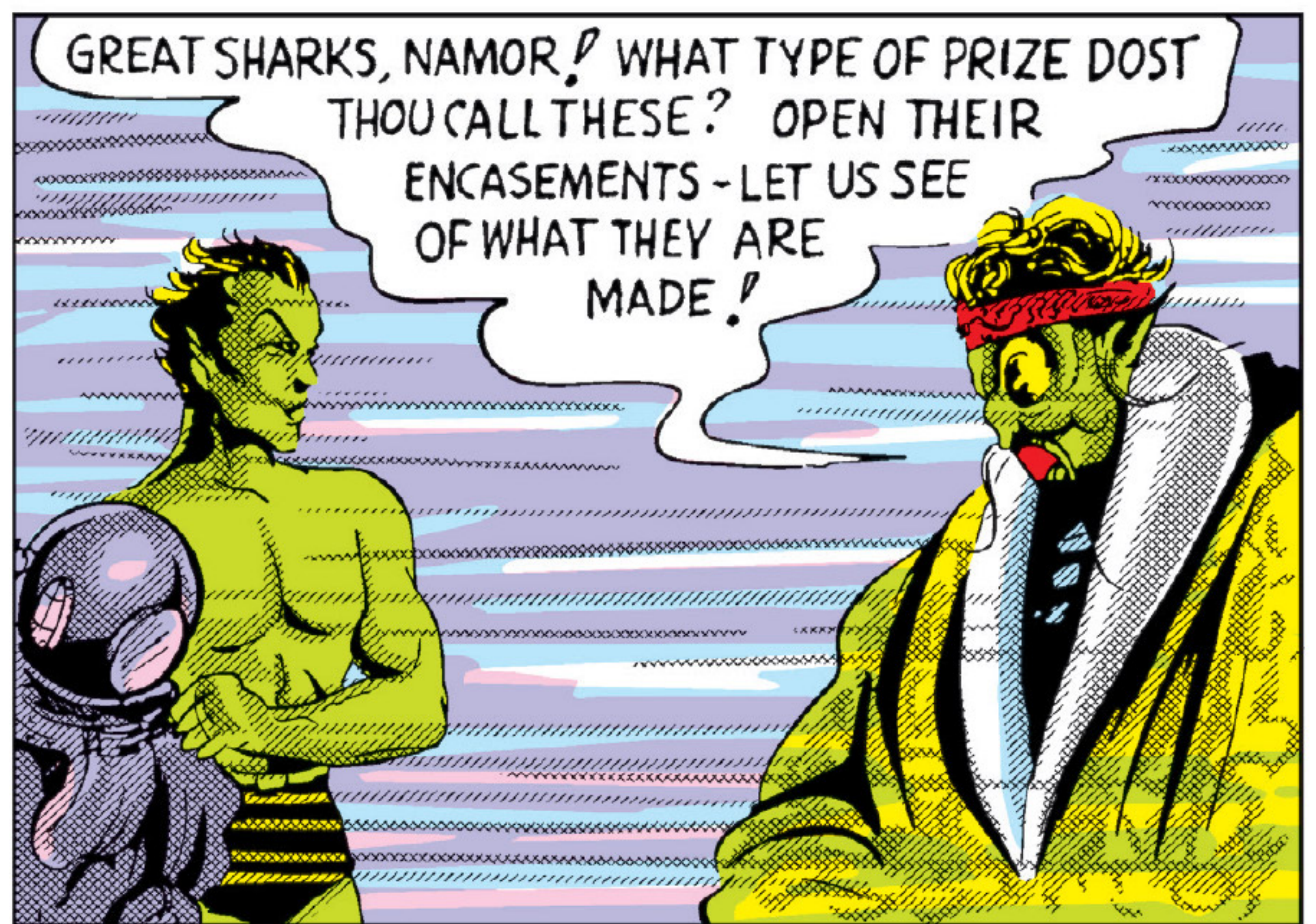
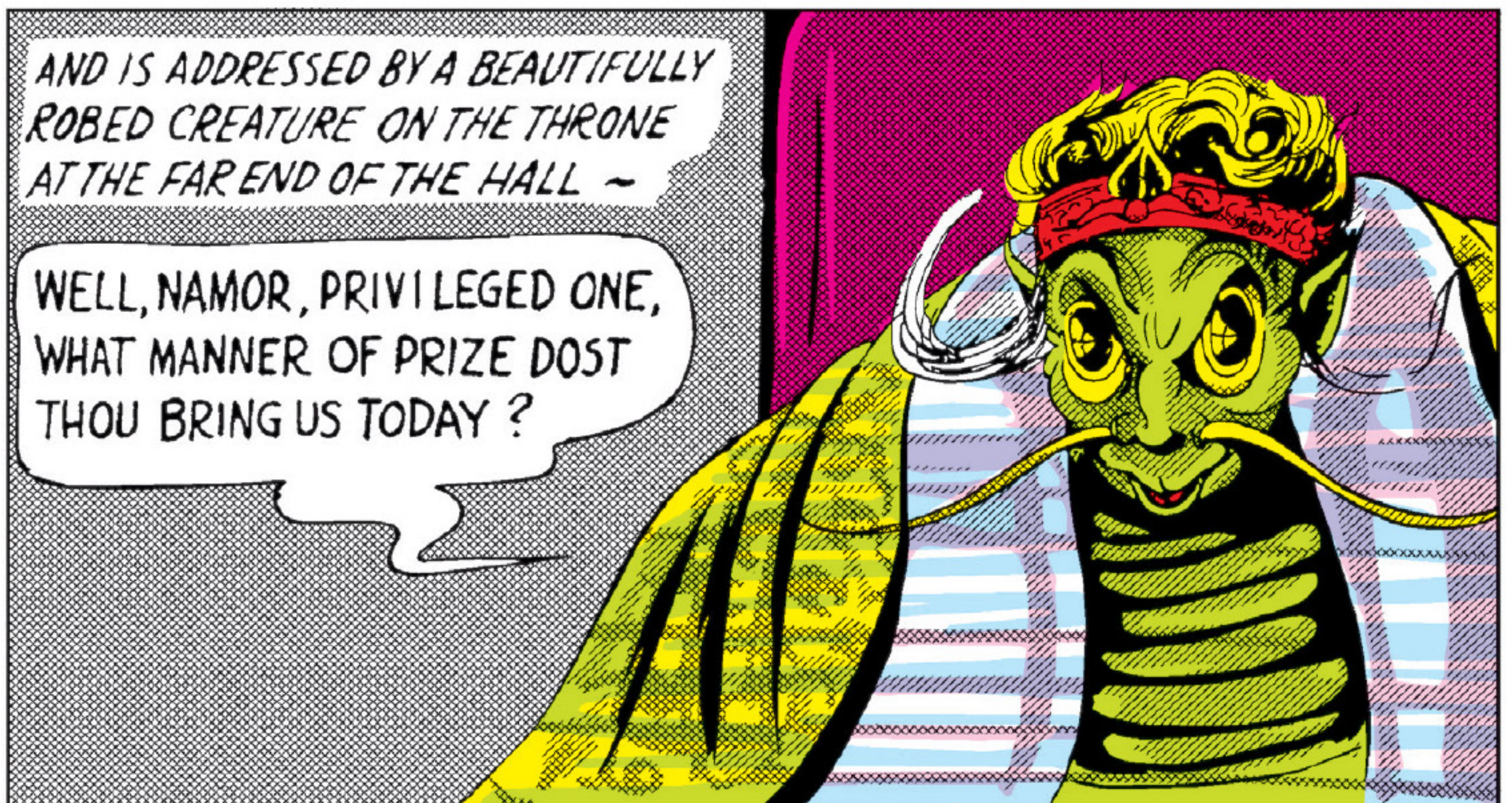
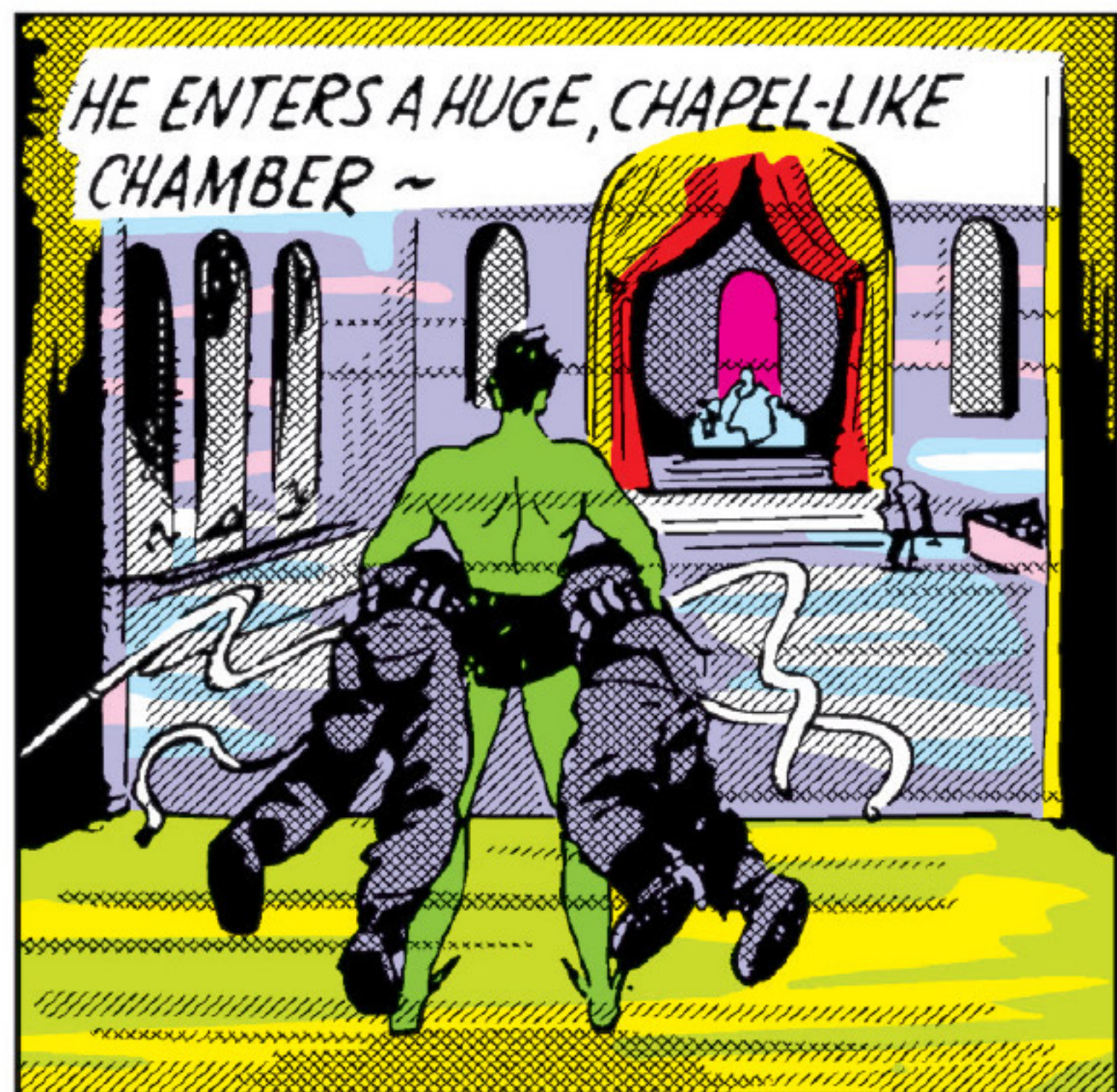
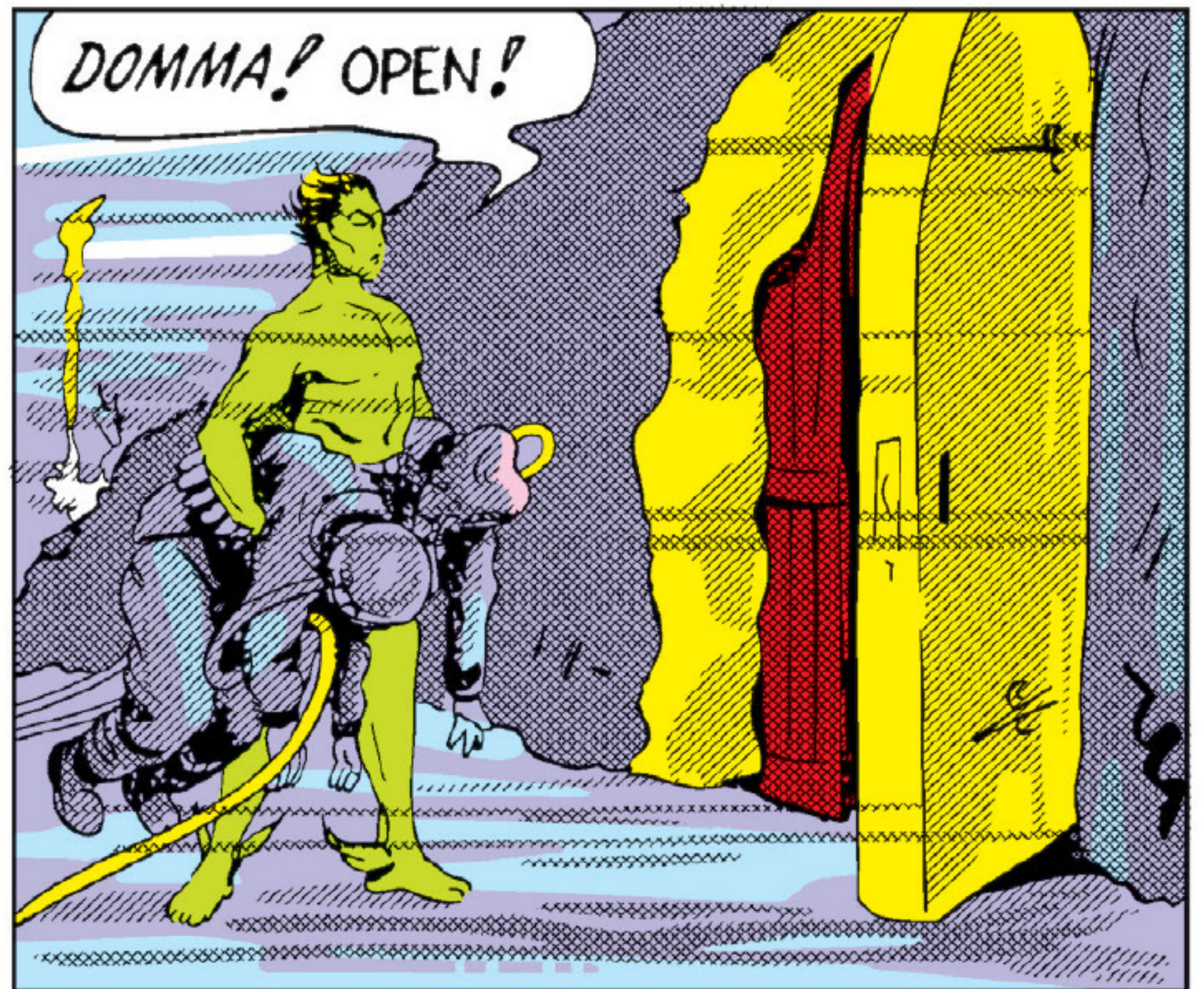
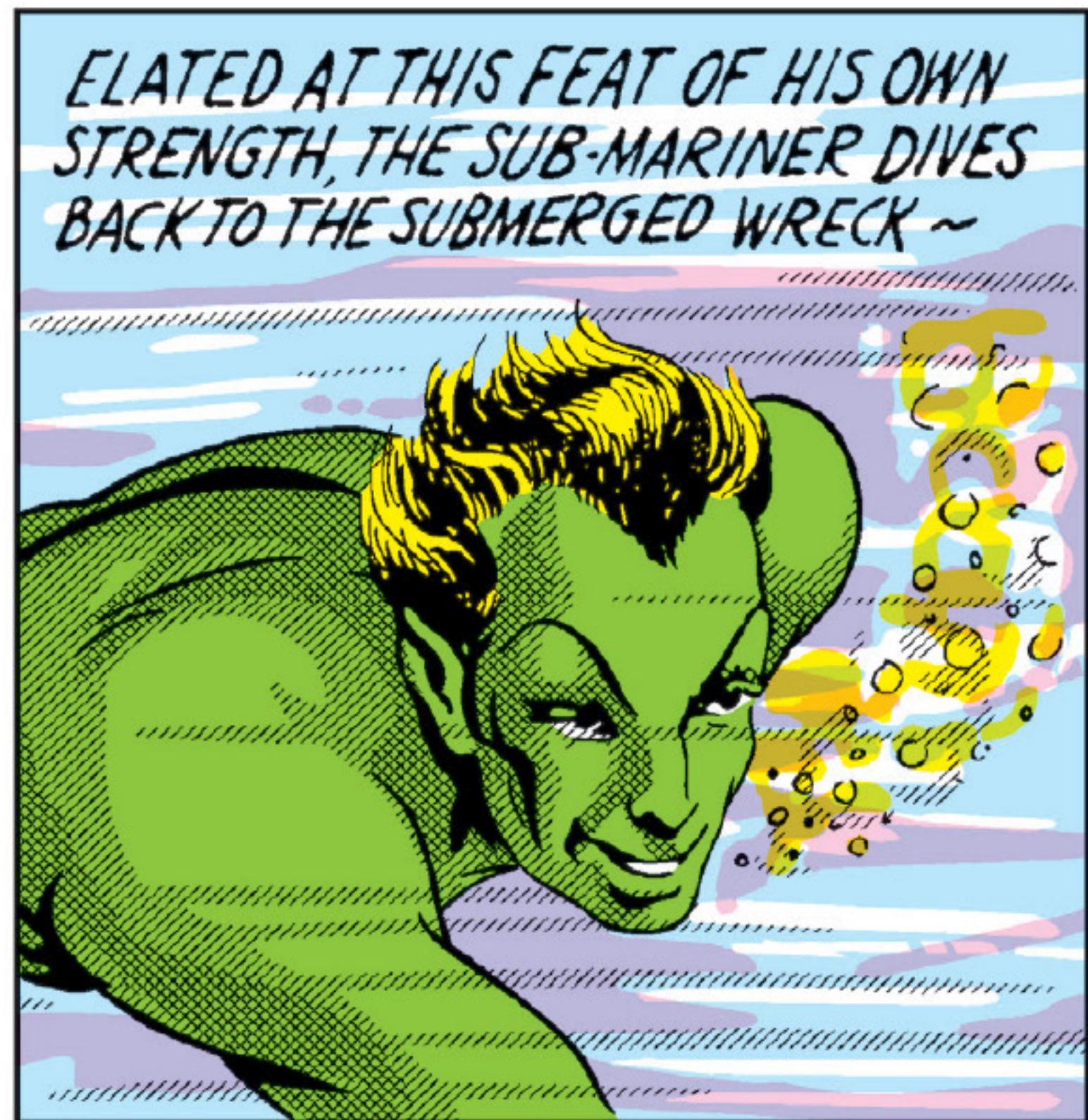


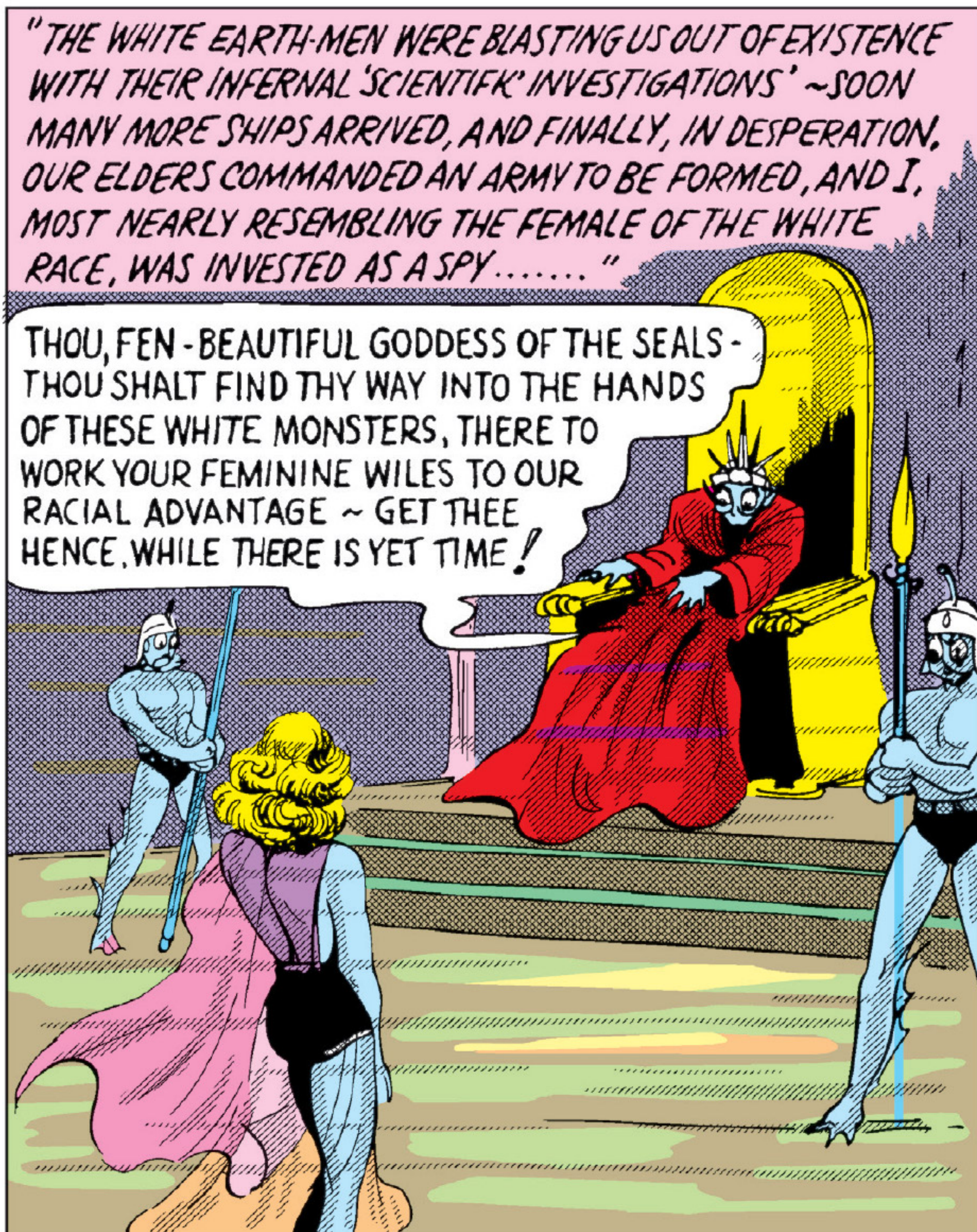
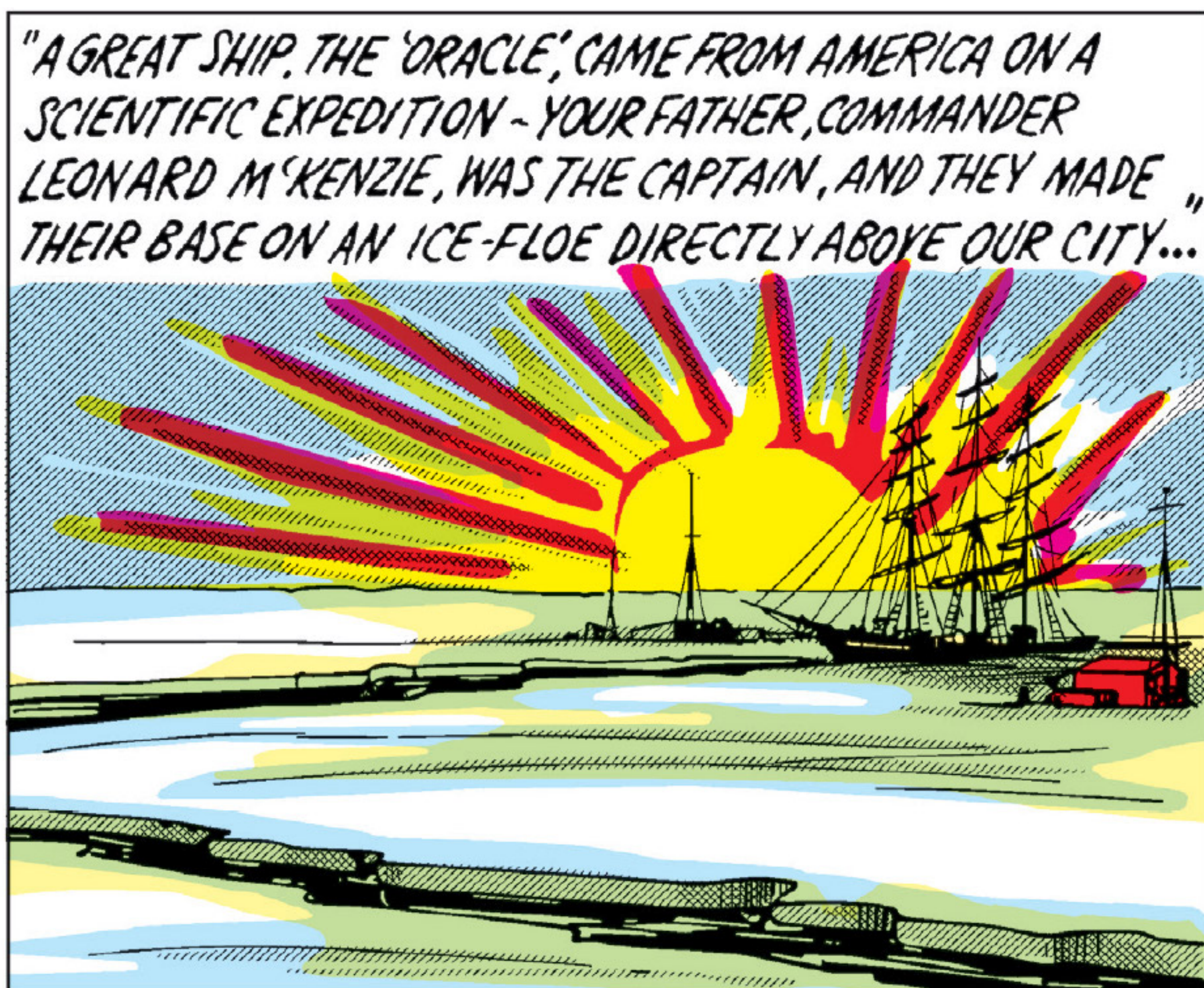
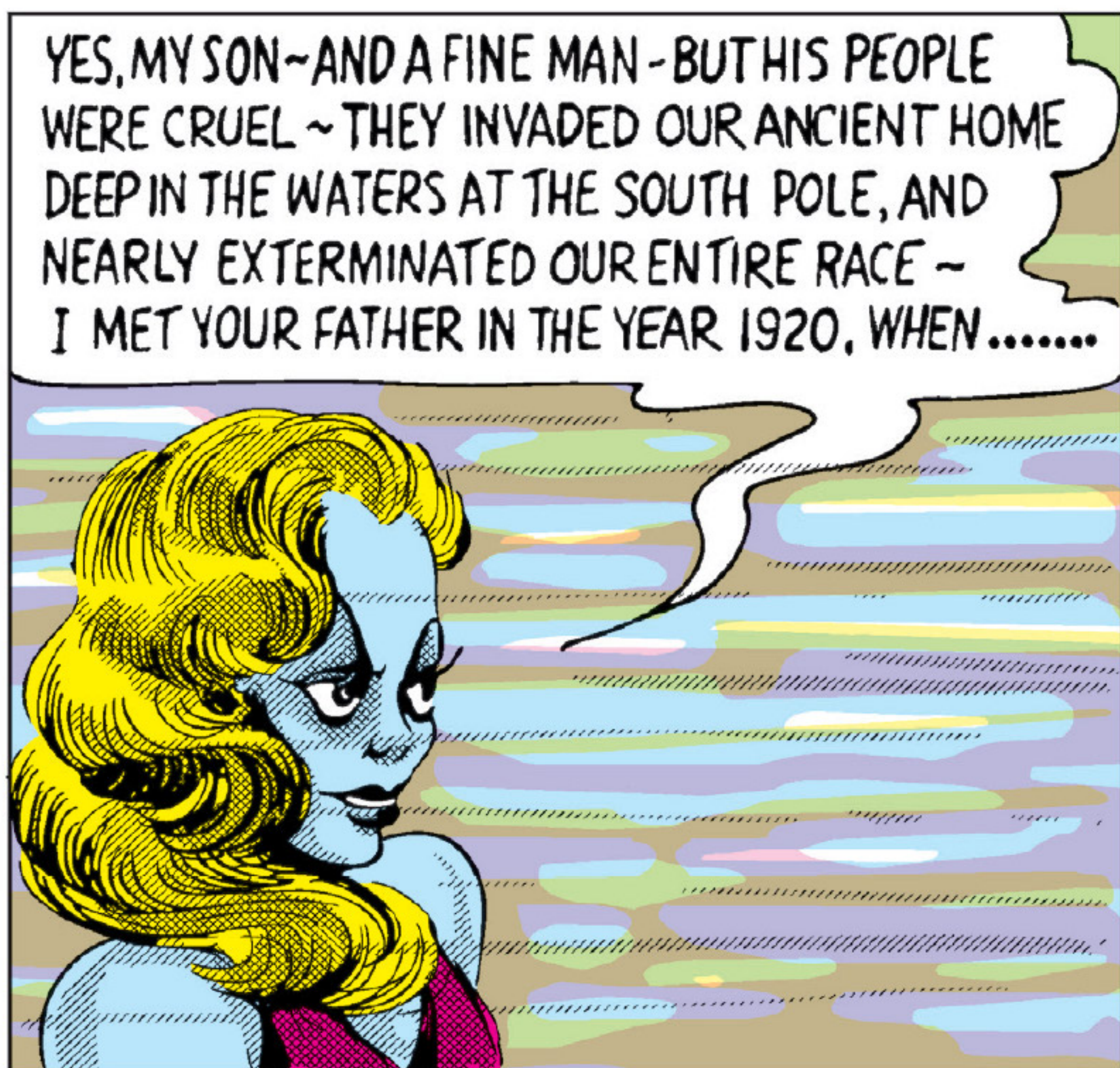
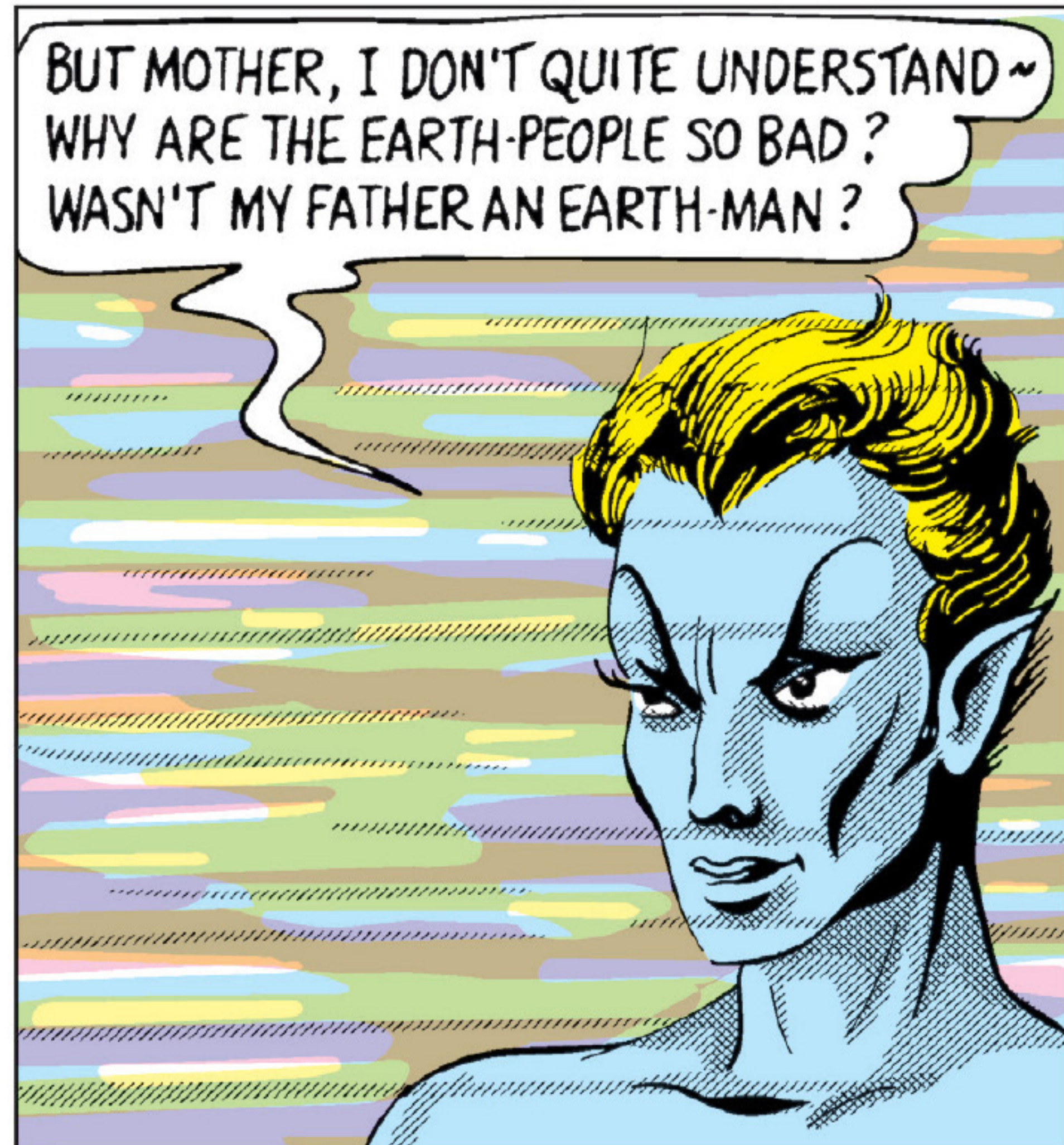
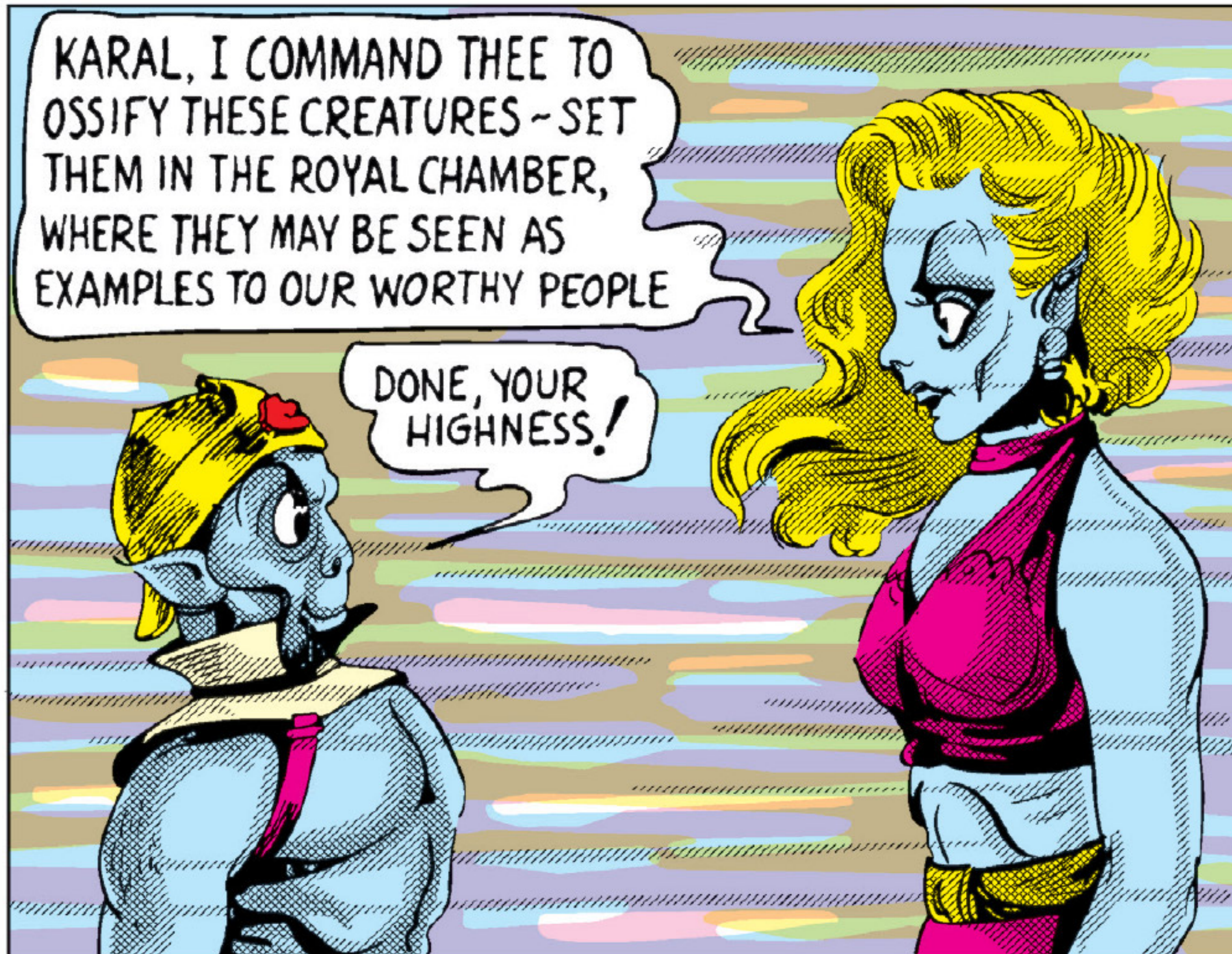
THE DIVERS, REALIZING THEIR PREDICAMENT, QUICKLY SHUT THE AIR-VALVES IN THEIR HELMETS, THUS IMPRISONING THE AIR IN THEIR SUITS - TELEPHONE WIRES SEVERED THEY ARE CUT OFF FROM ALL COMMUNICATION



BACK ON DECK, IN THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, ANDERSON GASPS OUT HIS REPORT- THE MATE ORDERS ALL HANDS TO GET THE SHIP UNDER WEIGH ~







"AND SO IT WAS, THAT, ON THE SAME NIGHT, I WAS FOUND HUNCHED UP AND SHIVERING, IN A SHIP'S HOLD, JUST AFT OF THE MAIN-MAST....."

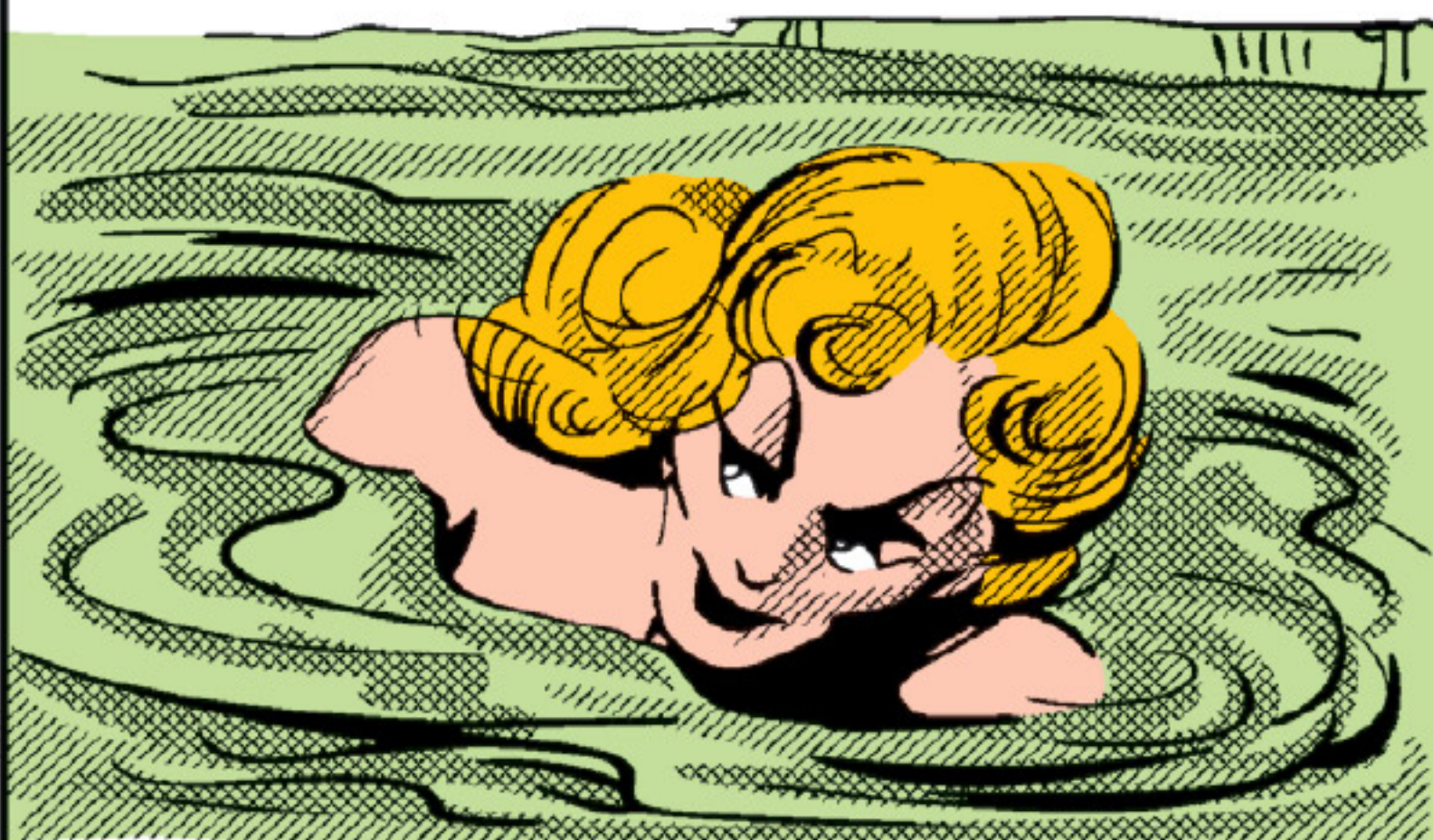
GREAT HEAVENS! A STOWAWAY! CAPTAIN, COME QUICKLY!



"NOT REALIZING WHAT I WAS, OR WHY I WAS THERE, AND THINKING ME ONE OF THEIR OWN RACE, THEY HURRIED ME TO THE COMMANDER, WHO, GOOD MAN THAT HE WAS, DECIDED THAT I WAS INSUFFICIENTLY CLAD FOR THAT CLIMATE ~ AFTER GIVING ME HEAVY CLOTHES, IN WHICH I NEARLY SUFFOCATED, THEY FED ME SOME OF THEIR FOOD. WHAT IT WAS, I DIDN'T KNOW, BUT IT MADE ME VIOLENTLY ILL ~ THE COMMANDER TOOK PITY ON ME, AND, ALTHOUGH I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIS LANGUAGE, TRIED TO COMFORT ME WITH WORDS...

.x.

"WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME WE BECAME FAST FRIENDS, AND I BEGAN TO LEARN THEIR STRANGE TONGUE ~ THEY COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND, THOUGH, HOW I COULD SWIM SO MUCH IN THE EXTREMELY COLD WATER ~



OF COURSE I HAD TO, FREQUENTLY, FOR WE SUB-MARINERS CANNOT LIVE OUT OF WATER FOR LONGER THAN FIVE HOURS AT A STRETCH ~ AND MANY OF US CANNOT LIVE EVEN THAT LONG...

"WELL, AS TIME WENT ON, THE COMMANDER AND I FELL IN LOVE, AND WERE MARRIED BY THEIR OWN RITUAL ~ AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS GIVING SECRET INFORMATION BACK TO OUR PEOPLE....."

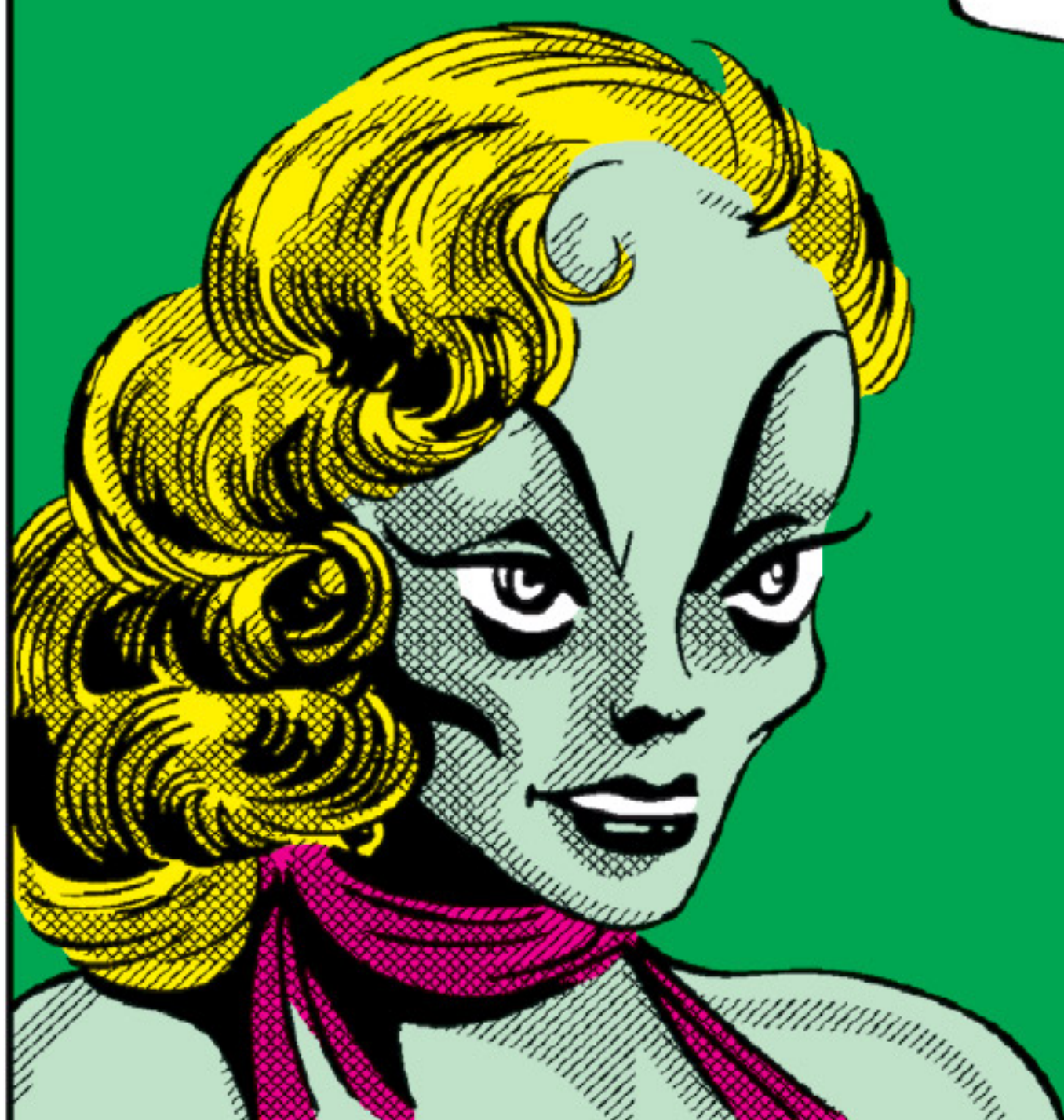
WE CANNOT WIN, MASTER- THEY ARE TOO MIGHTY!



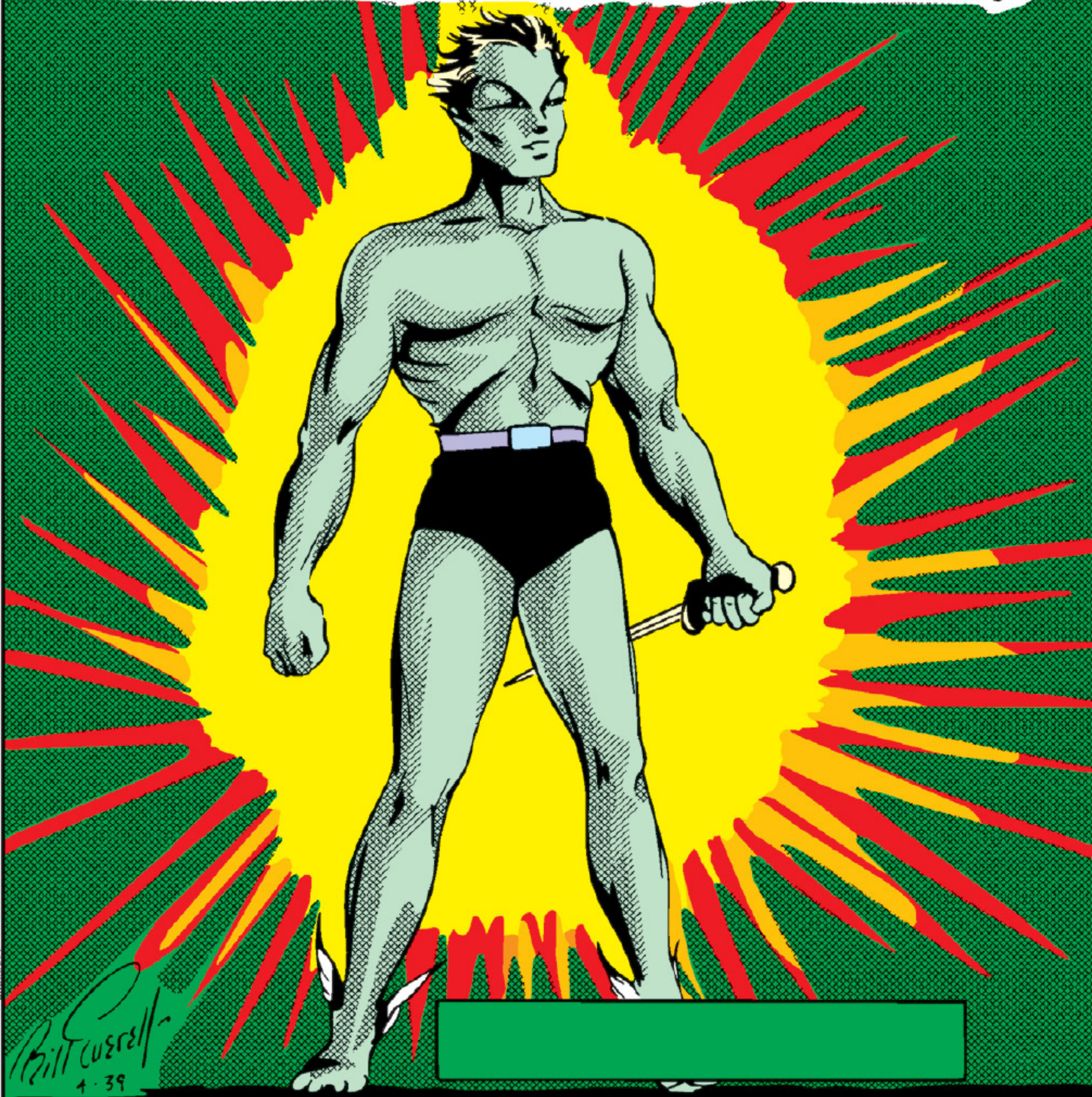
"AND THEY WERE TOO MIGHTY, FOR EVEN AS OUR ARMY ASSEMBLED FOR THE FIRST COUNTER-ATTACK, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE BOMBARDMENT FROM ABOVE - WHICH DESTROYED ALL BUT A MERE HANDFUL OF US!



AND SO, MY SON, IT HAS TAKEN US TWENTY YEARS TO BUILD UP A RACE TO AVENGE THE BRUTAL HARM DONE US THEN ~ NOW, SINCE YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE OF US LEFT WHO CAN LIVE ON LAND AND IN WATER, AND WHO CAN ALSO FLY IN THE AIR, AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND EARTH-MEN, IT IS YOUR DUTY TO LEAD US INTO BATTLE! YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL, BUT YOU MUST USE STRATEGY AND GREAT CARE ~ GO NOW TO THE LAND OF THE WHITE PEOPLE!



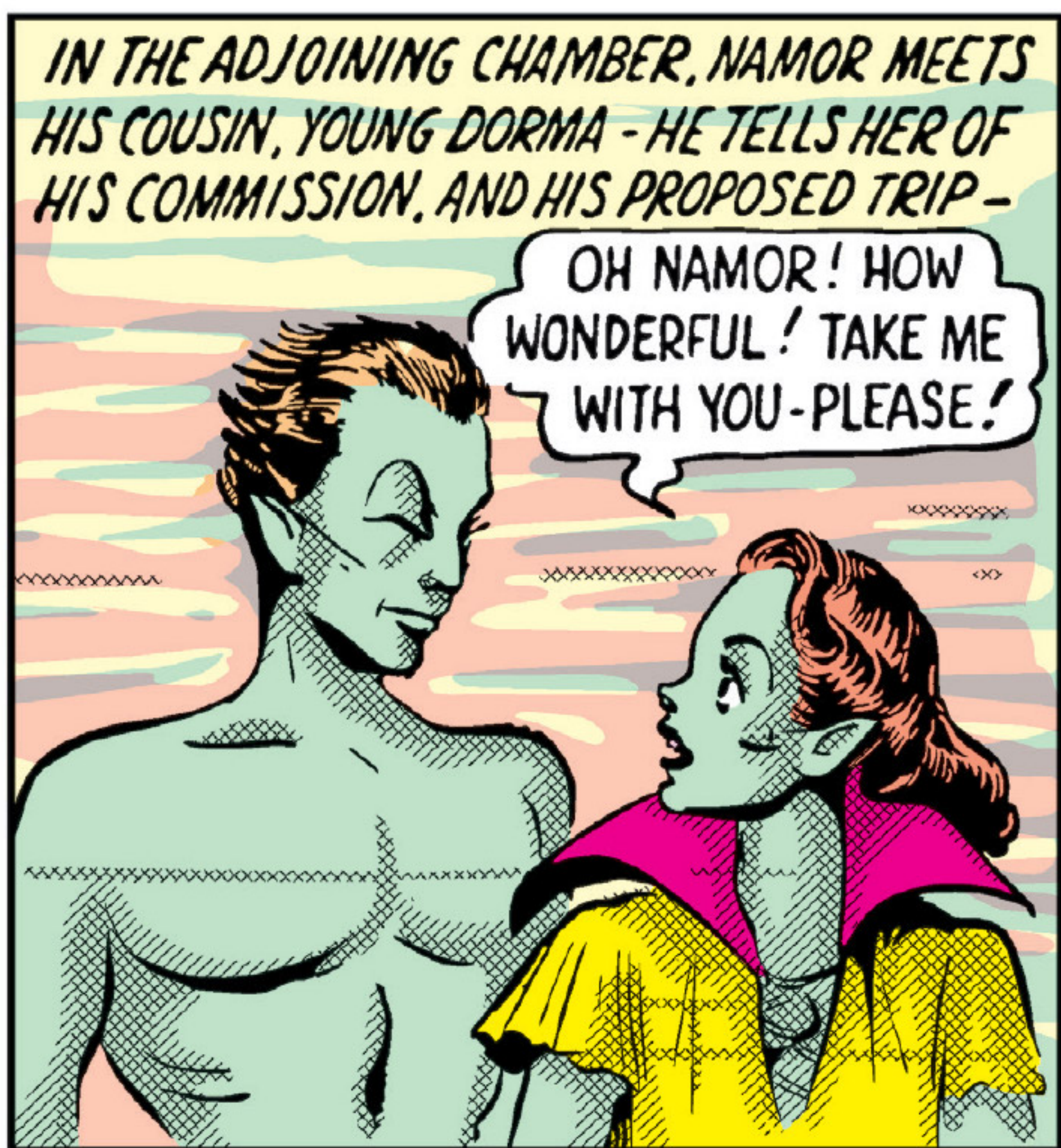
AND SO NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON, FACES THE SURFACE MEN OF THE WORLD, IN WHAT PROMISES TO BE MORTAL COMBAT!



Bill Everett
4-39

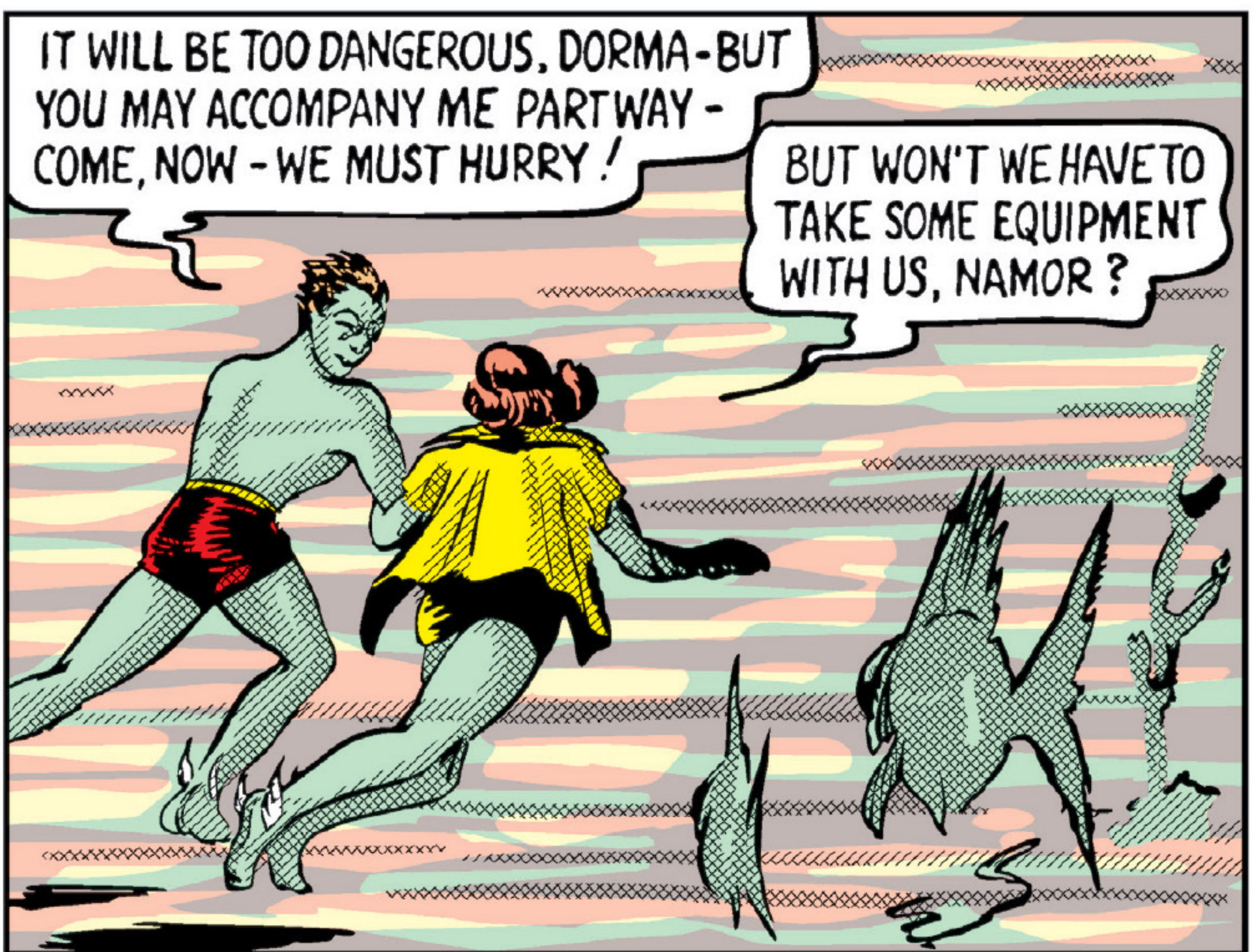
IN THE ADJOINING CHAMBER, NAMOR MEETS HIS COUSIN, YOUNG DORMA - HE TELLS HER OF HIS COMMISSION, AND HIS PROPOSED TRIP -

OH NAMOR! HOW WONDERFUL! TAKE ME WITH YOU-PLEASE!



IT WILL BE TOO DANGEROUS, DORMA-BUT YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME PARTWAY - COME, NOW - WE MUST HURRY!

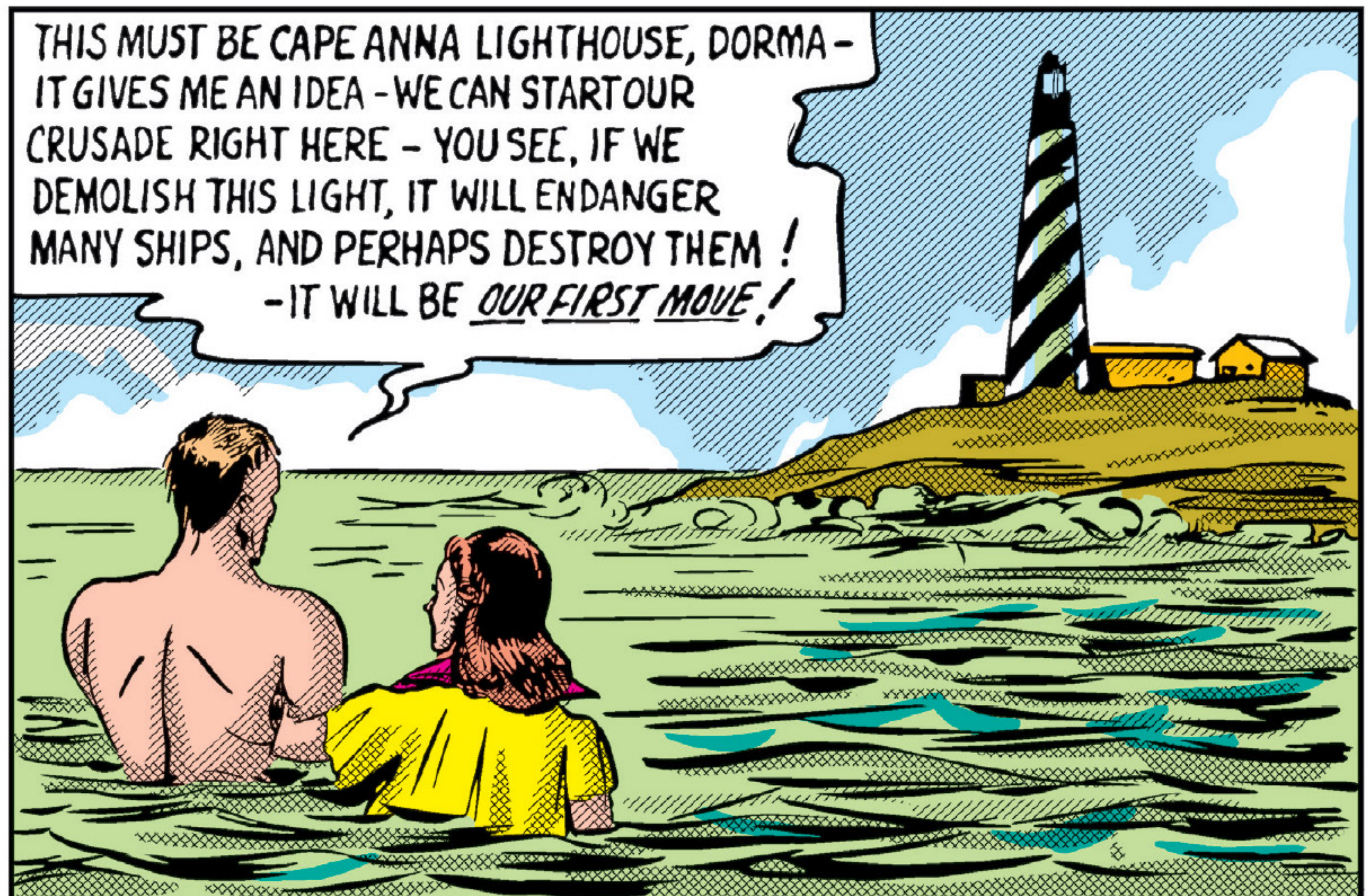
BUT WON'T WE HAVE TO TAKE SOME EQUIPMENT WITH US, NAMOR?



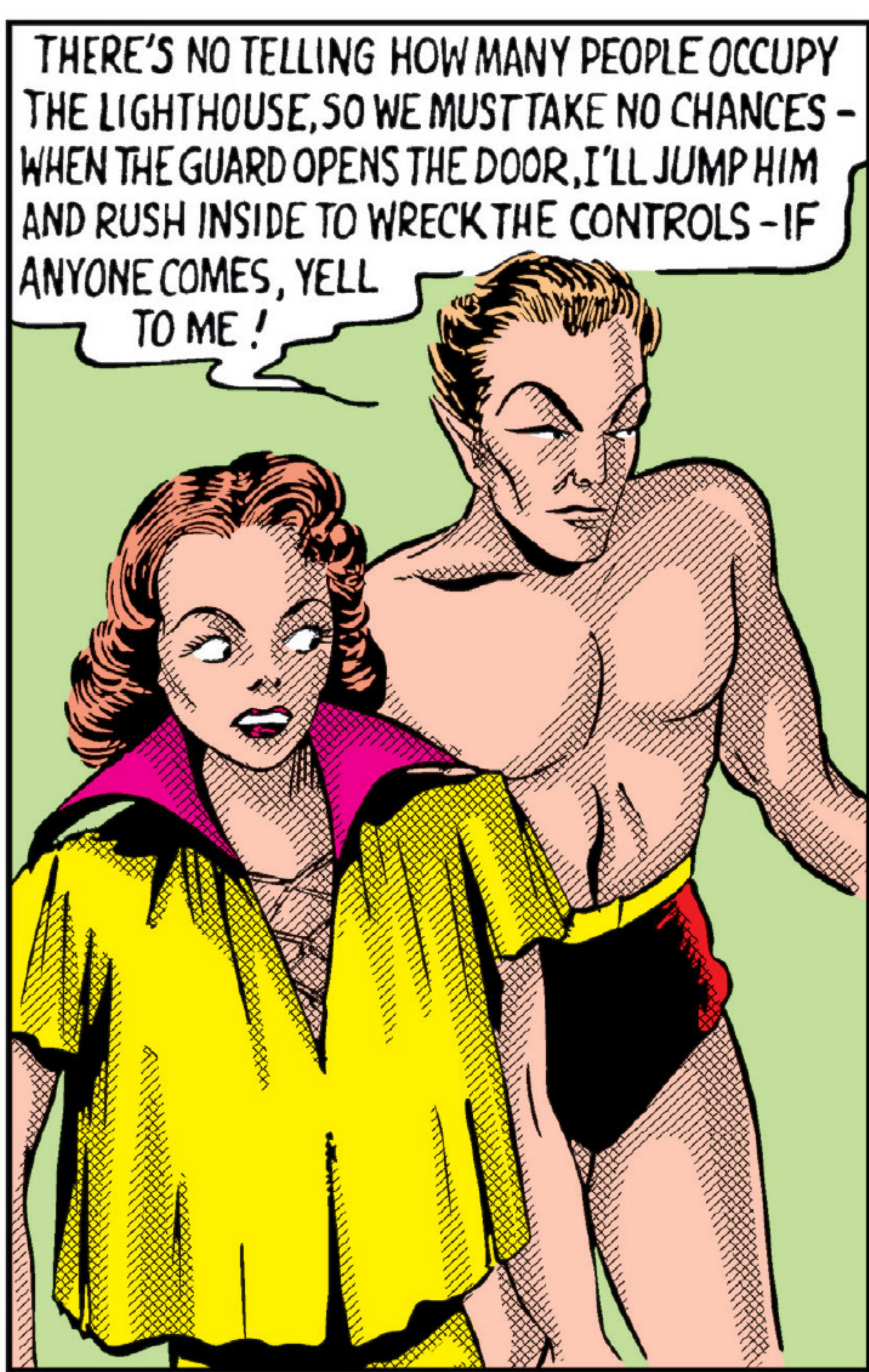
DECIDING THAT EQUIPMENT WILL ONLY HAMPER THEIR PROGRESS, THEY TRAVEL "LIGHT", AND LEAVE THE UNDERWATER CASTLE WITH THE HEARTFELT BEST WISHES OF THE ENTIRE TRIBE

AFTER TRAVELING FOR TWO DAYS AT LIGHTNING SPEED, THEY STOP FOR REST, AND COME TO THE SURFACE AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CIVILIZATION

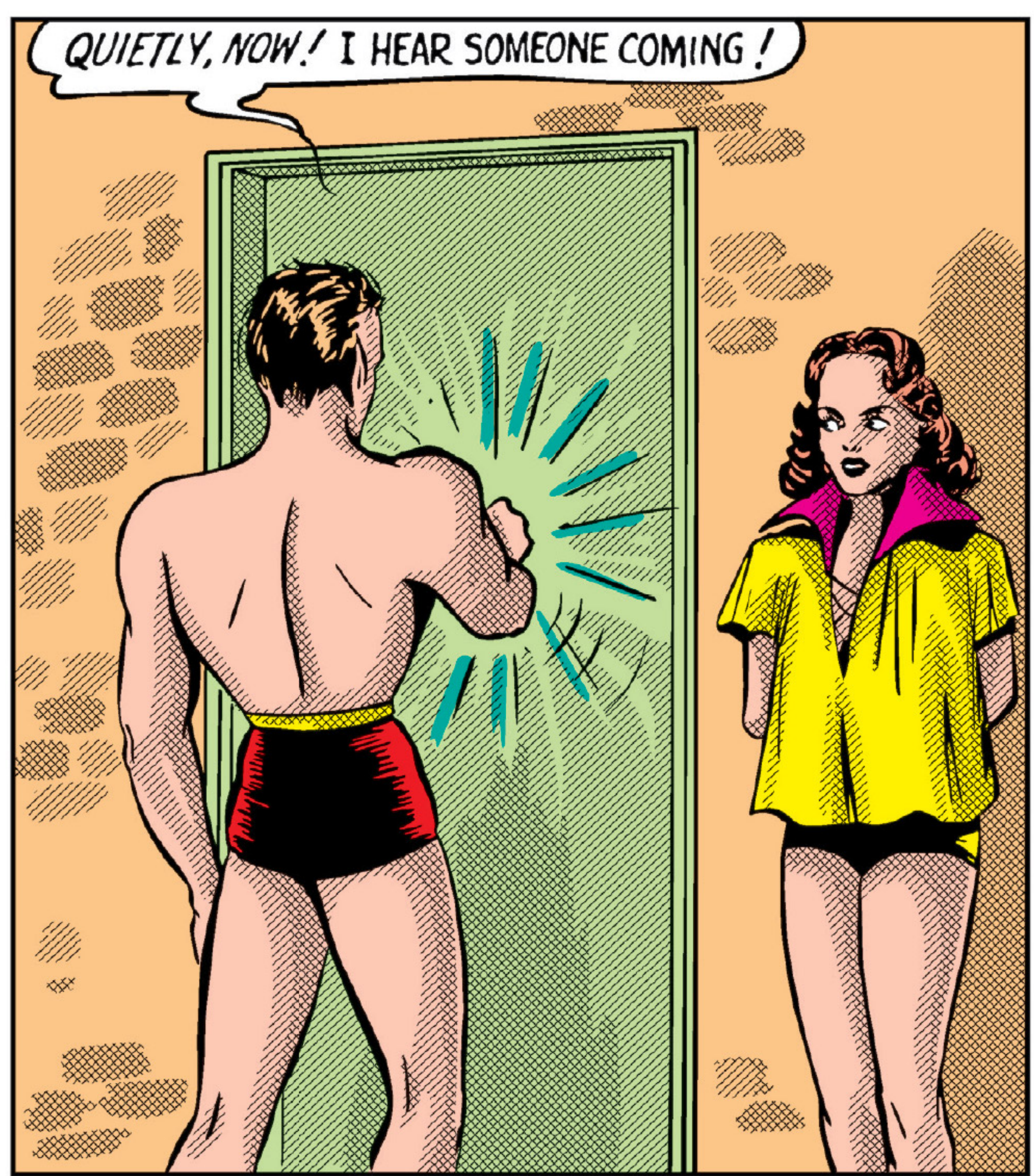
THIS MUST BE CAPE ANNA LIGHTHOUSE, DORMA - IT GIVES ME AN IDEA - WE CAN START OUR CRUSADE RIGHT HERE - YOU SEE, IF WE DEMOLISH THIS LIGHT, IT WILL ENDANGER MANY SHIPS, AND PERHAPS DESTROY THEM! - IT WILL BE OUR FIRST MOVE!

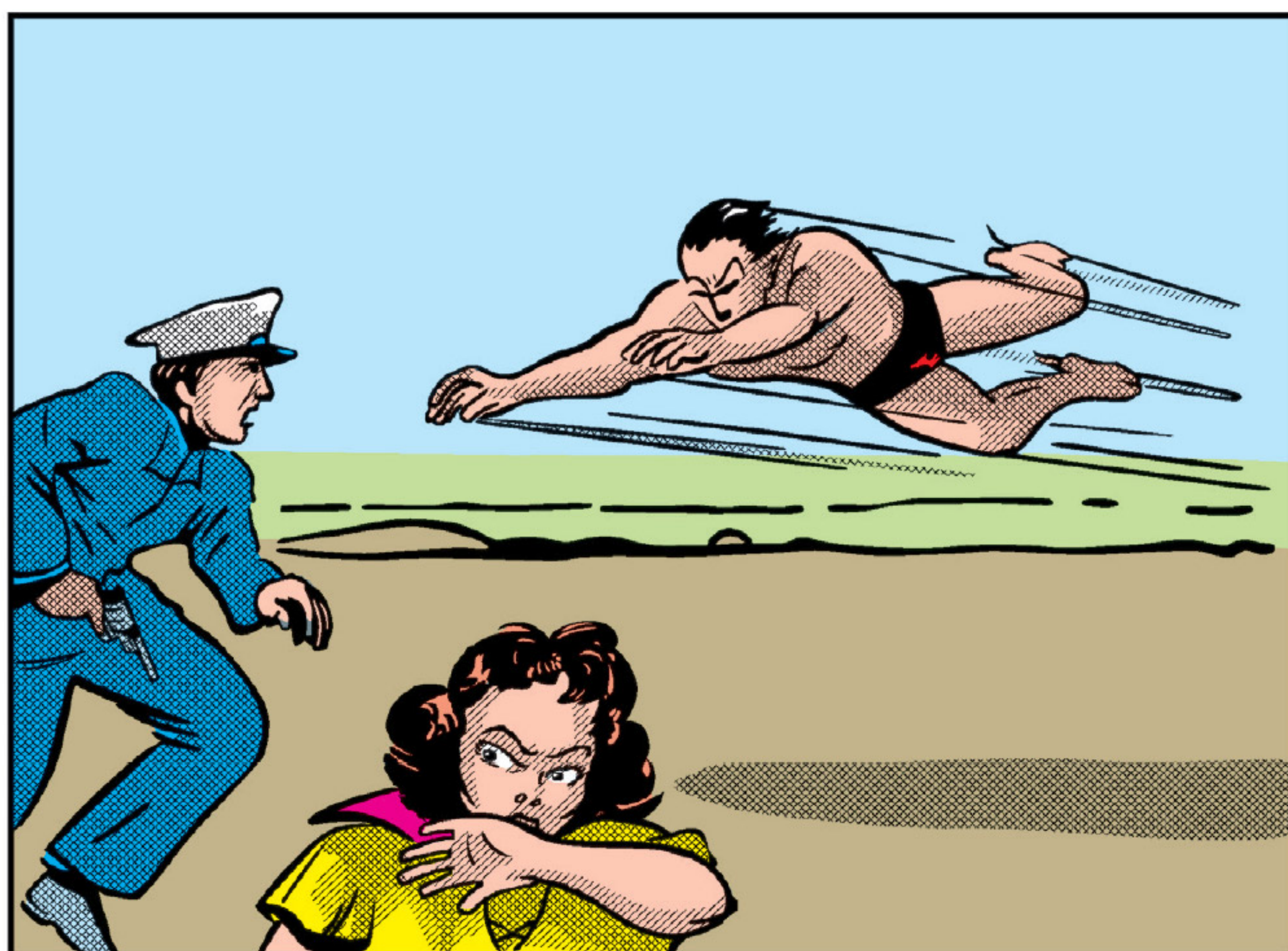
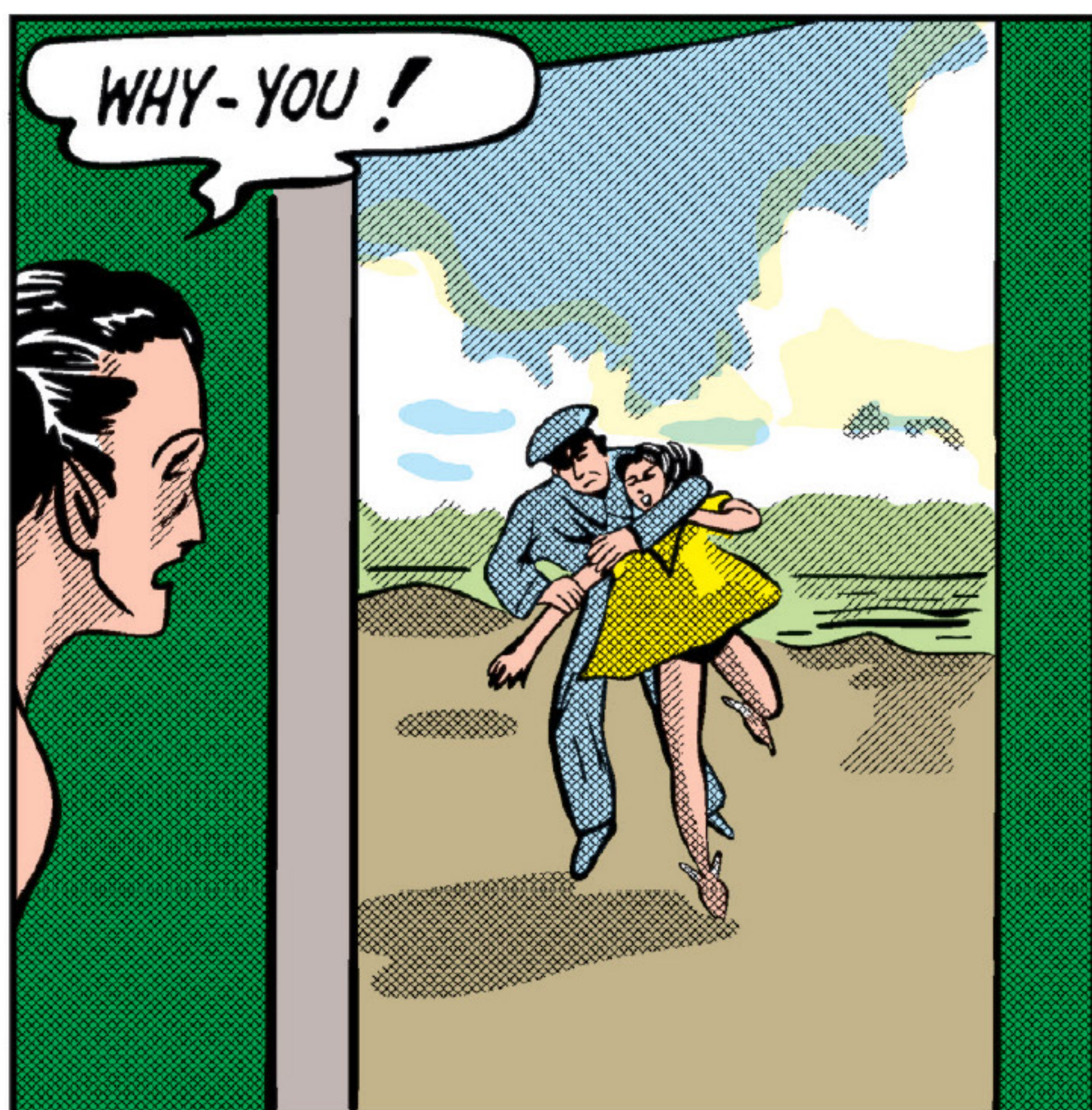
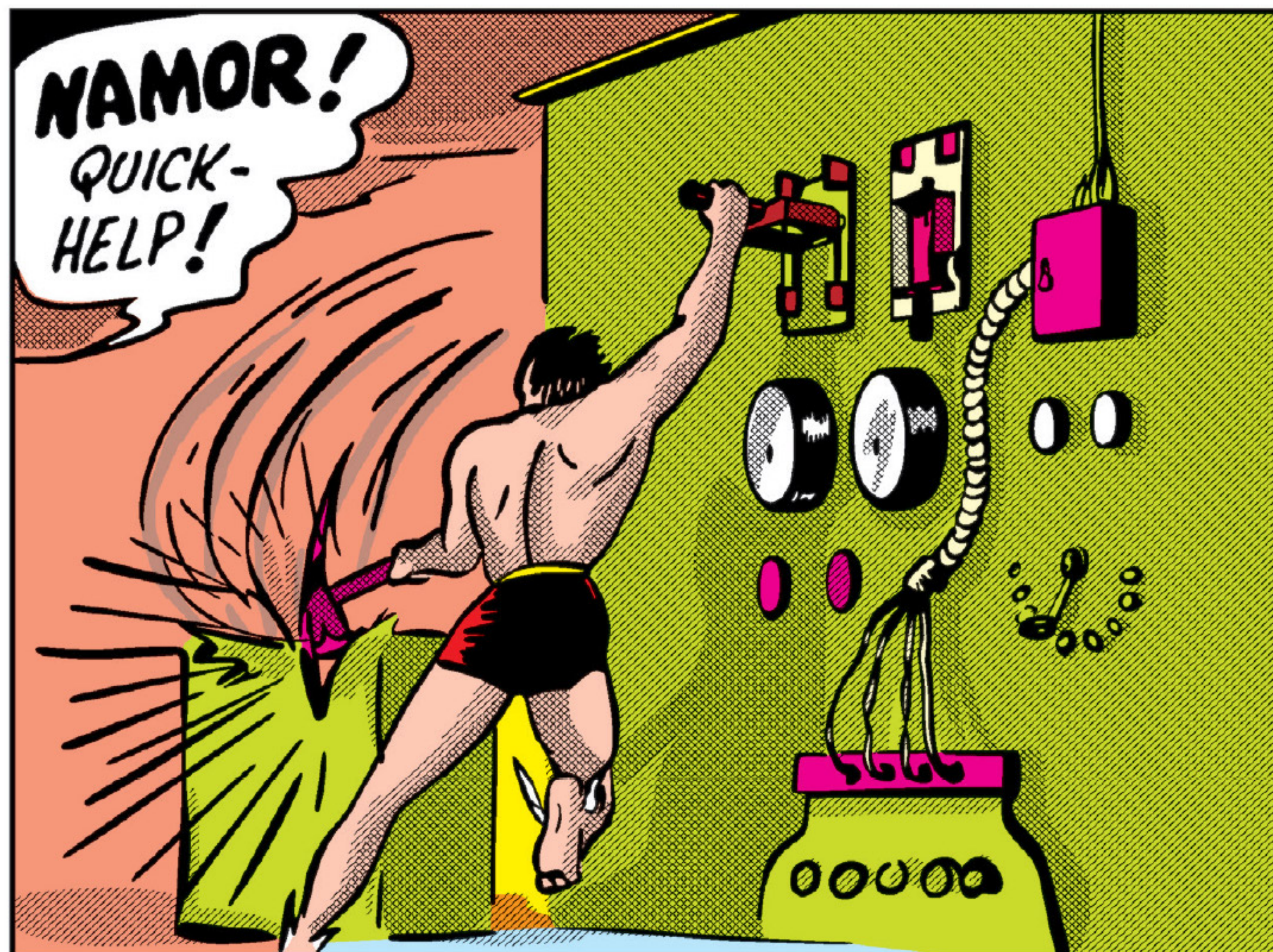
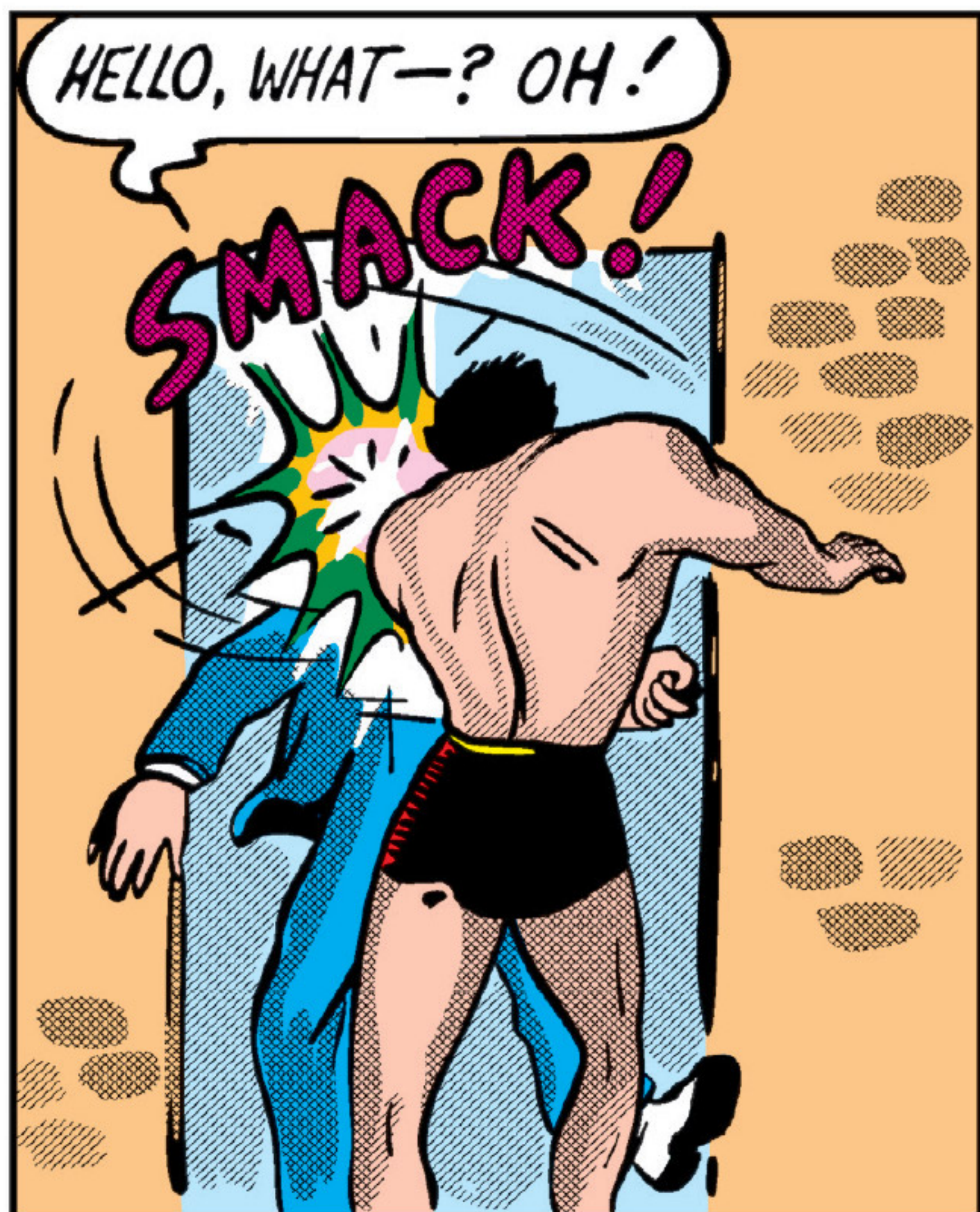


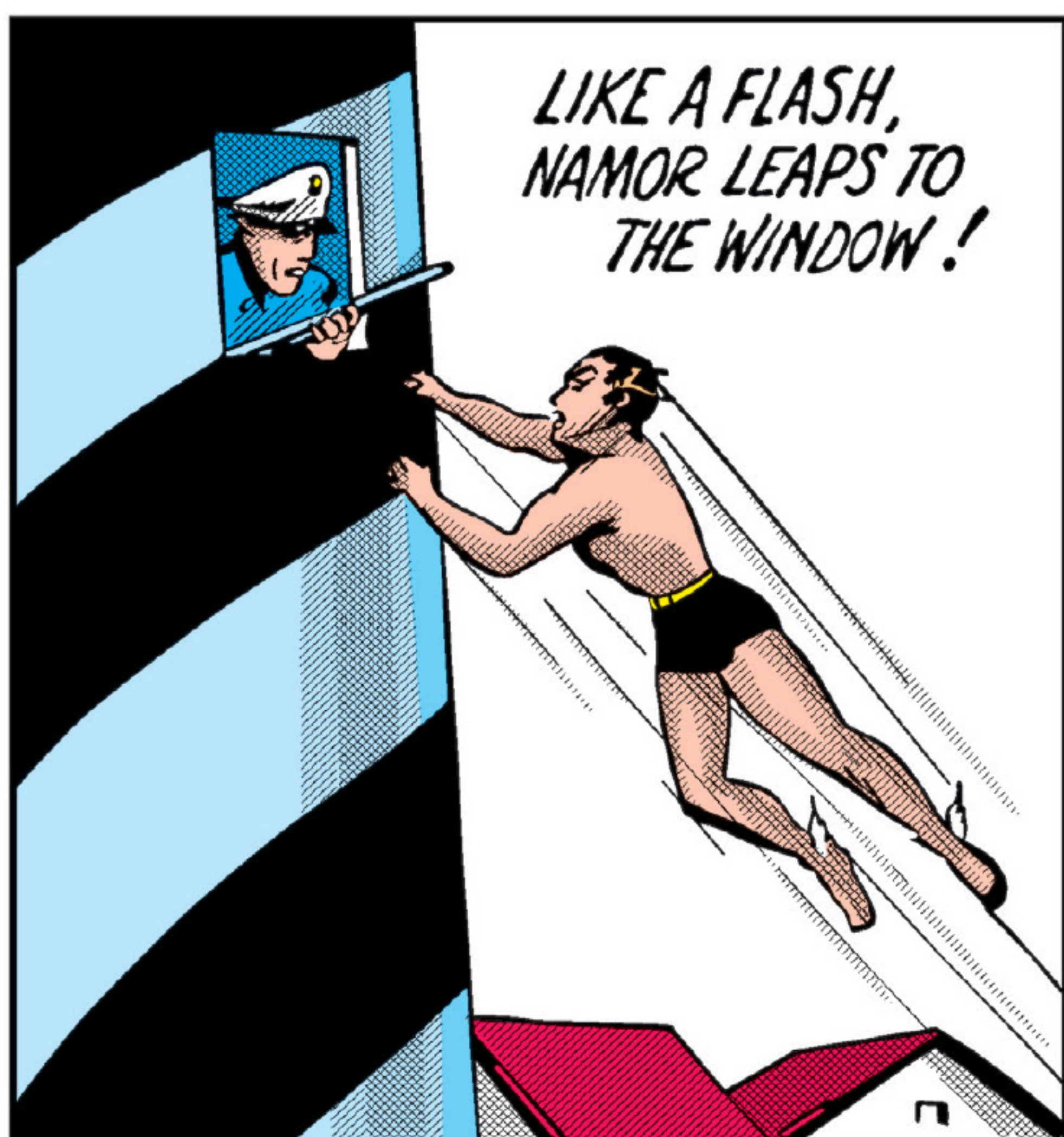
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY PEOPLE OCCUPY THE LIGHTHOUSE, SO WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES - WHEN THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR, I'LL JUMP HIM AND RUSH INSIDE TO WRECK THE CONTROLS - IF ANYONE COMES, YELL TO ME!



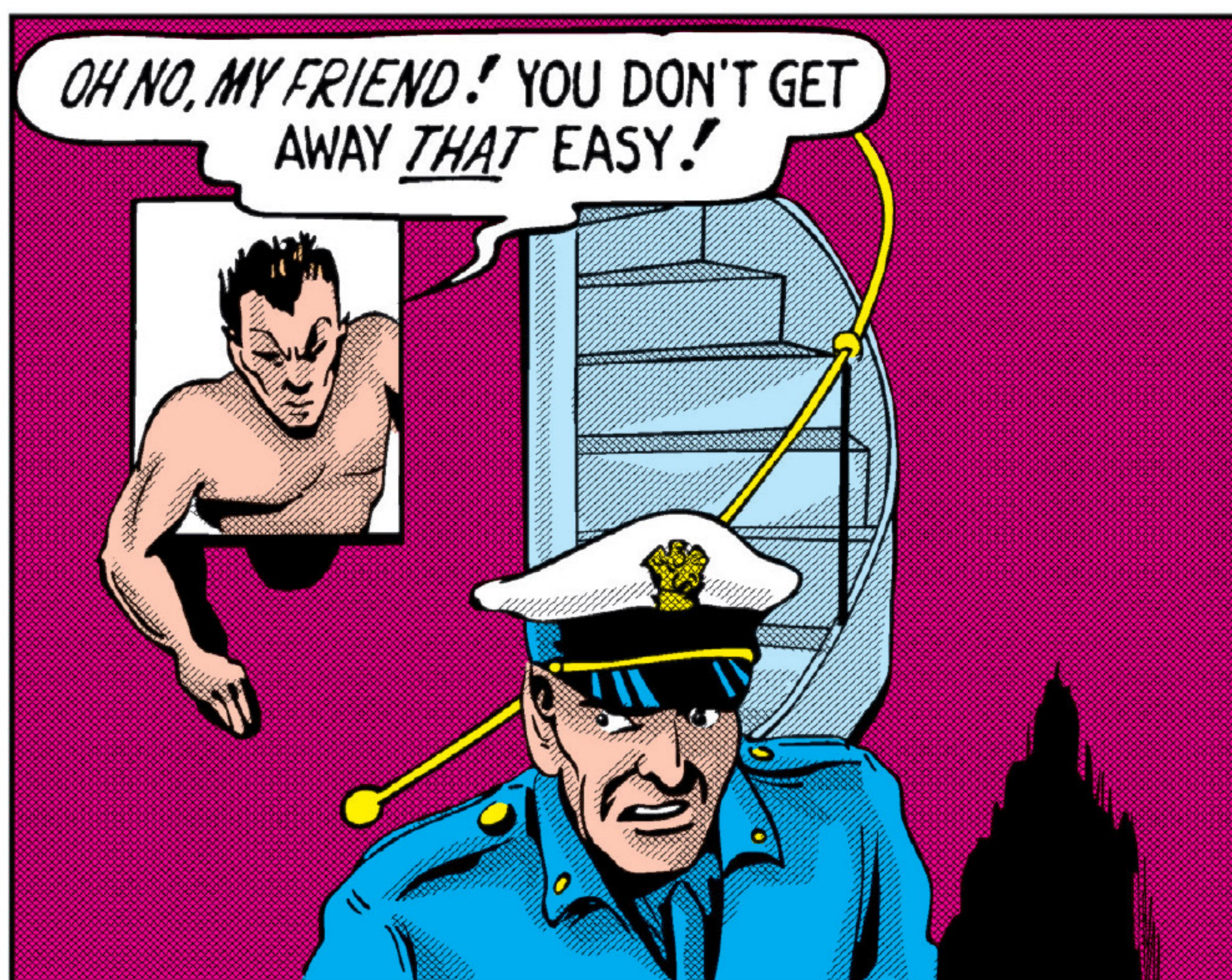
QUIETLY, NOW! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



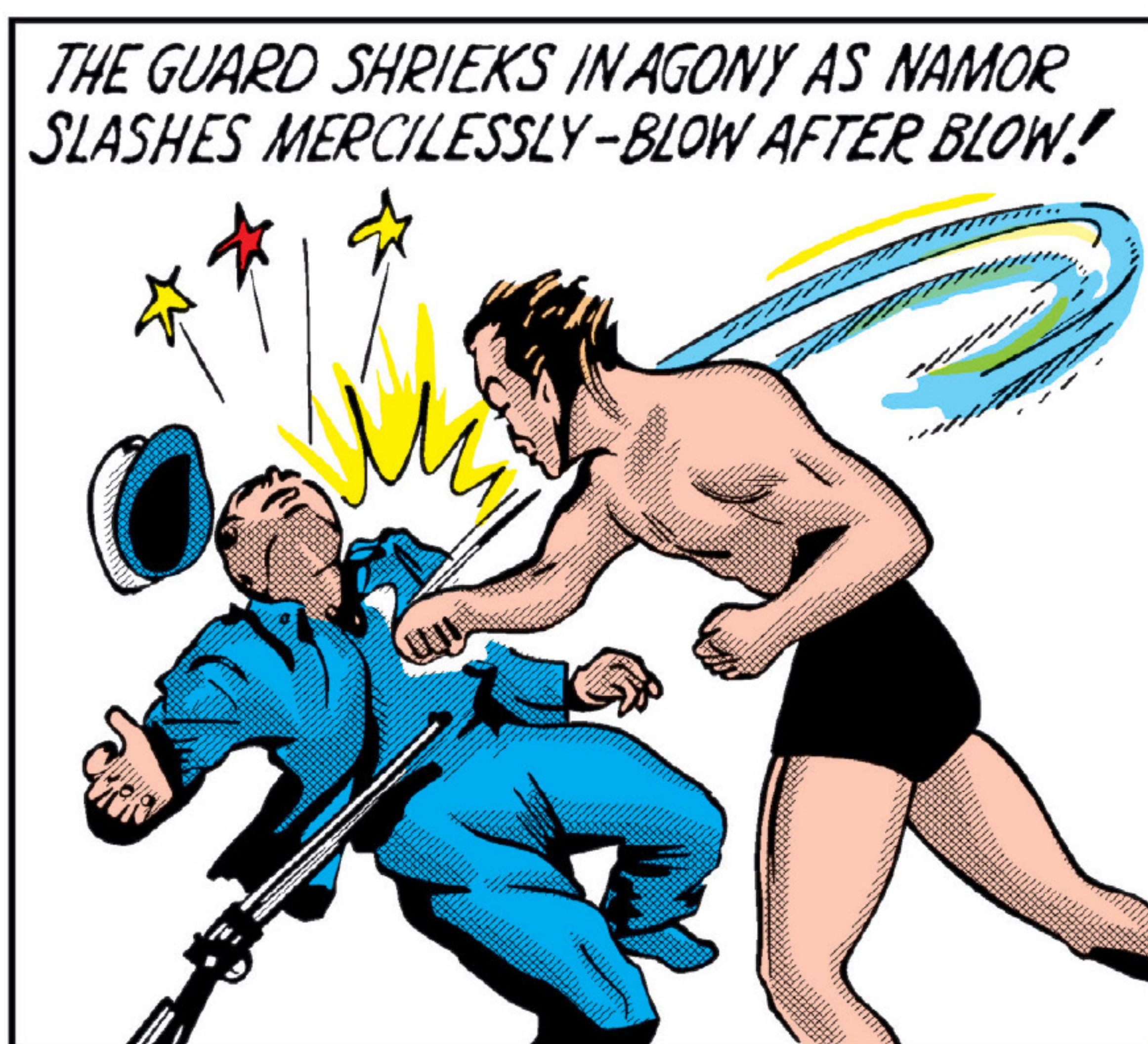




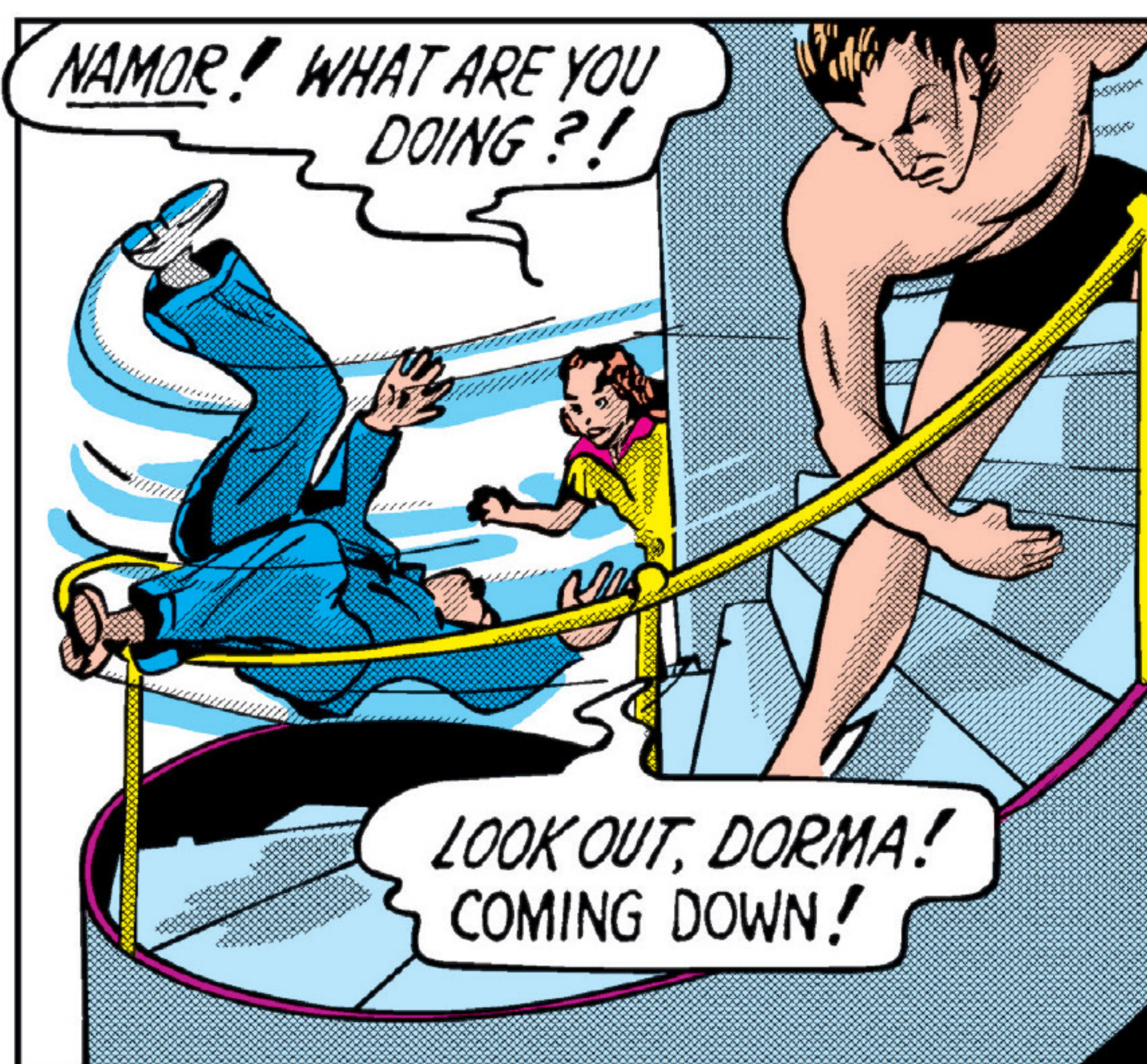
LIKE A FLASH,
NAMOR LEAPS TO
THE WINDOW!



OH NO, MY FRIEND! YOU DON'T GET
AWAY THAT EASY!

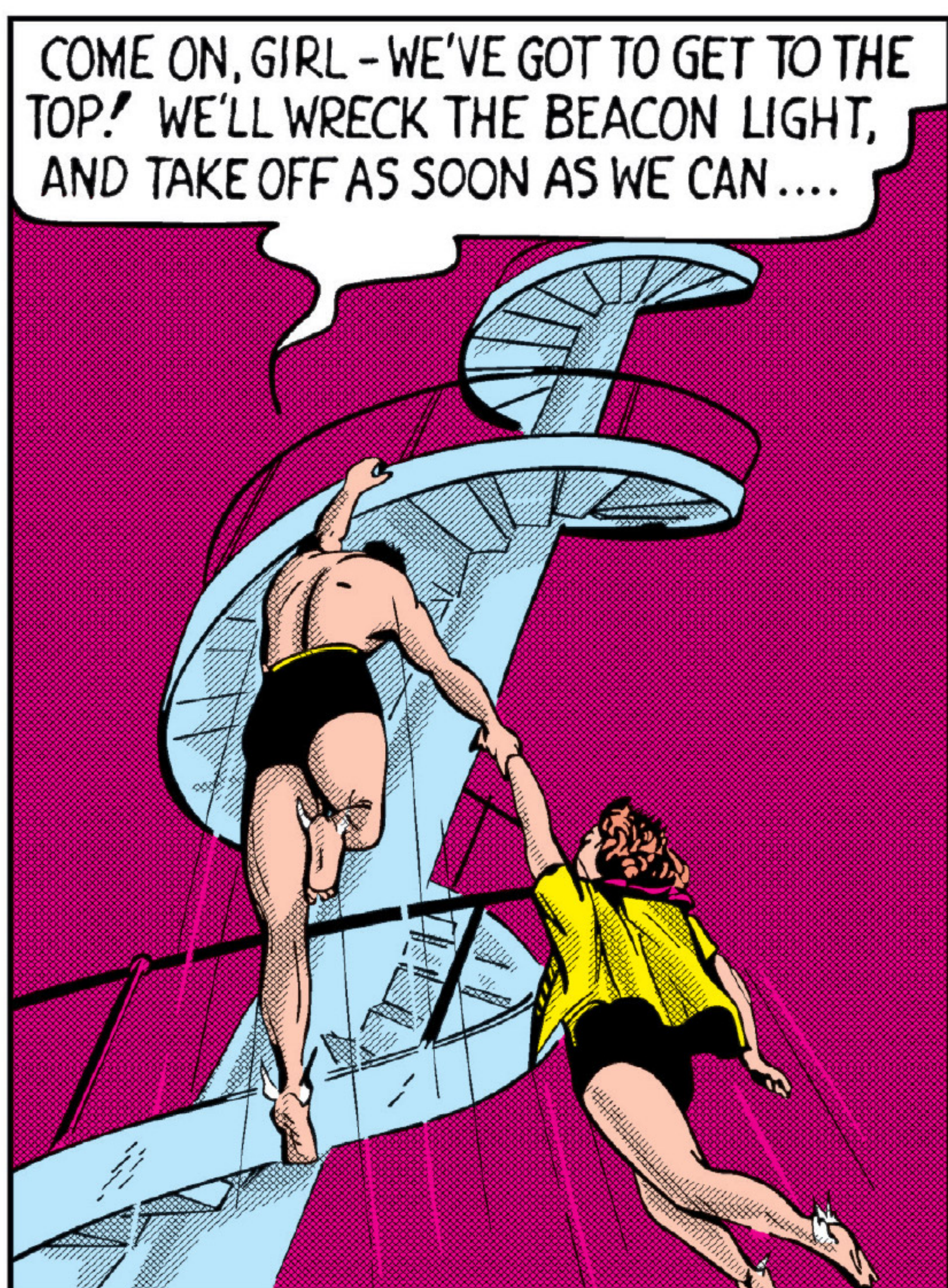


THE GUARD SHRIEKS IN AGONY AS NAMOR
SLASHES MERCILESSLY—BLOW AFTER BLOW!



NAMOR! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?!

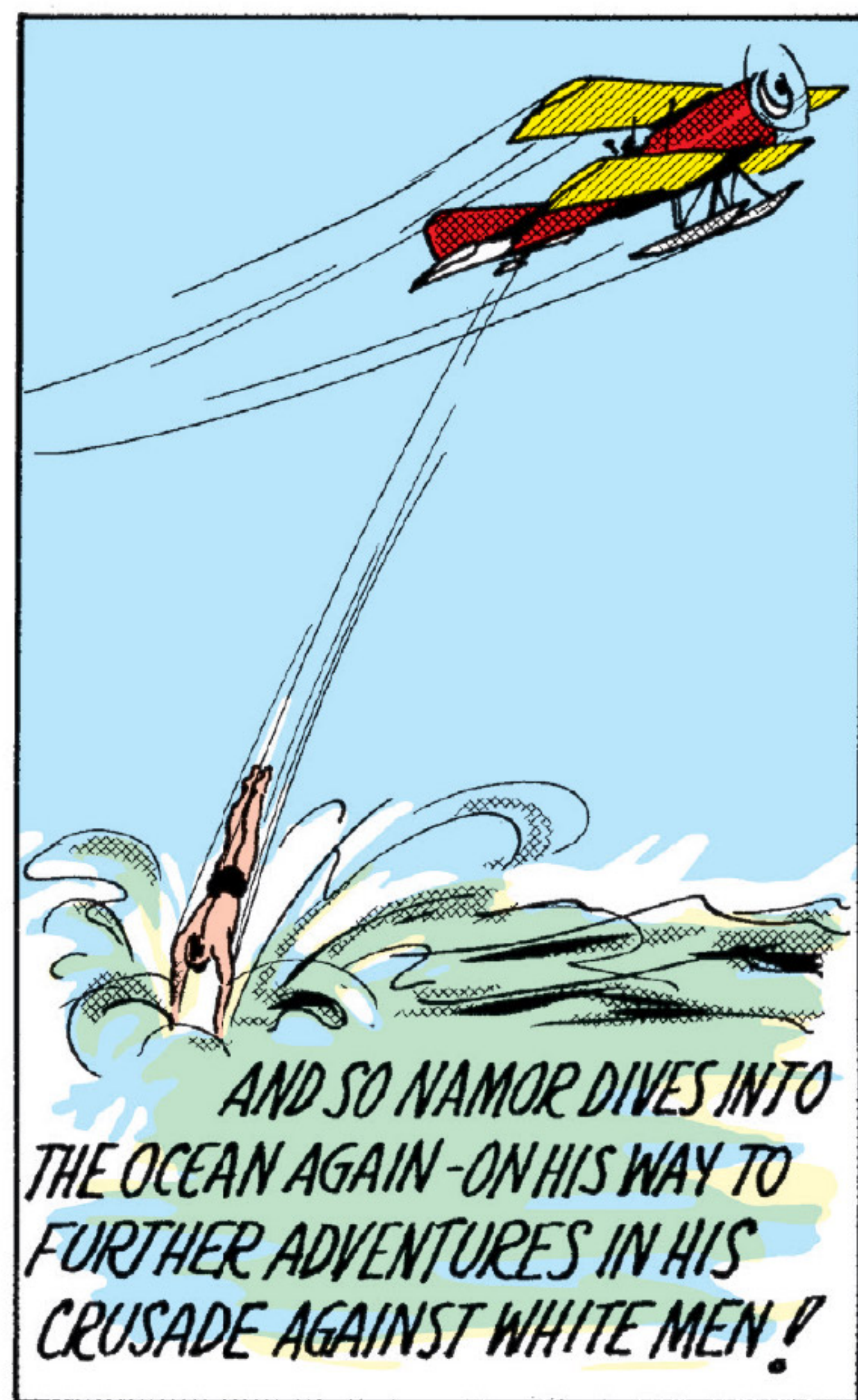
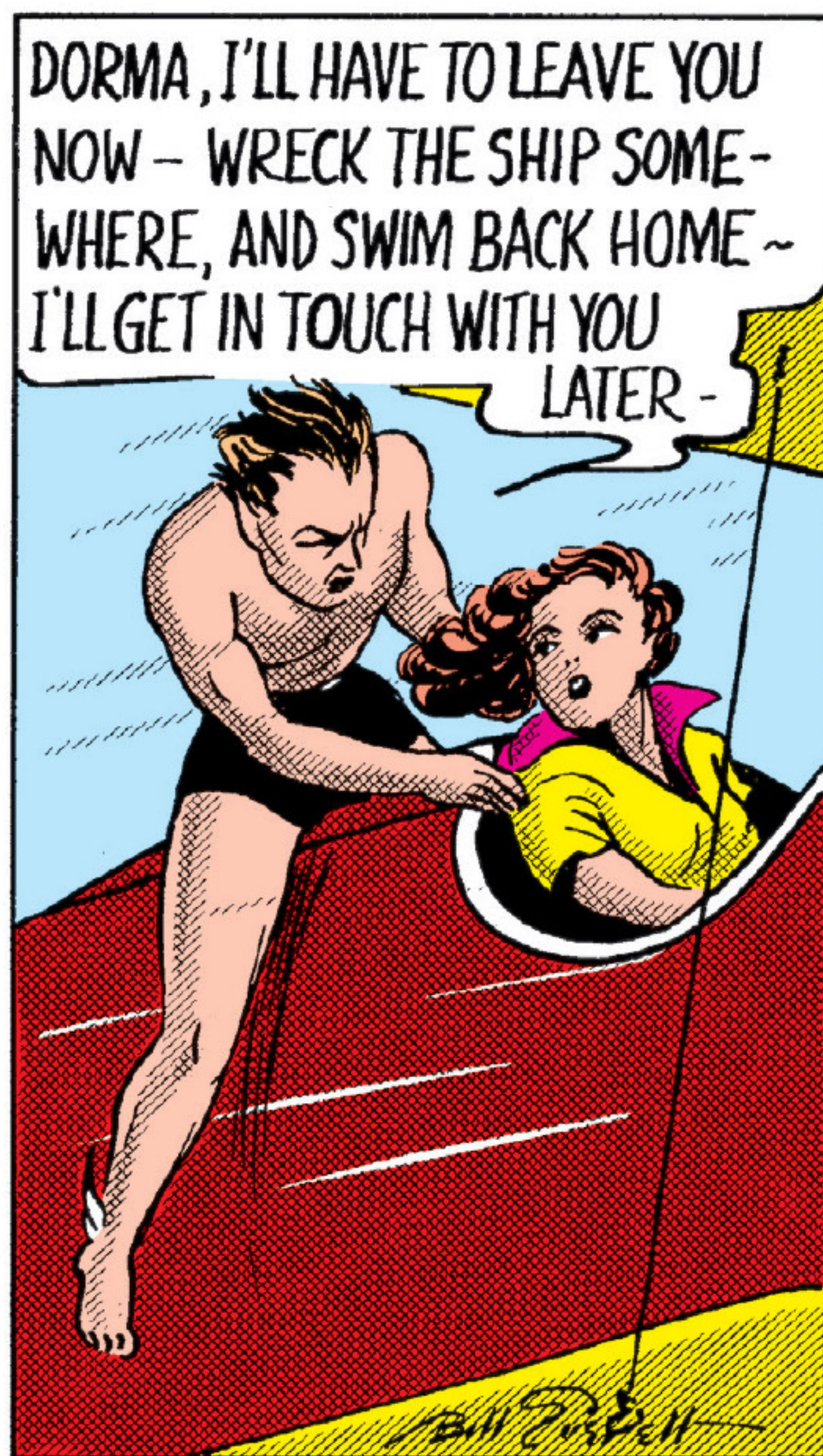
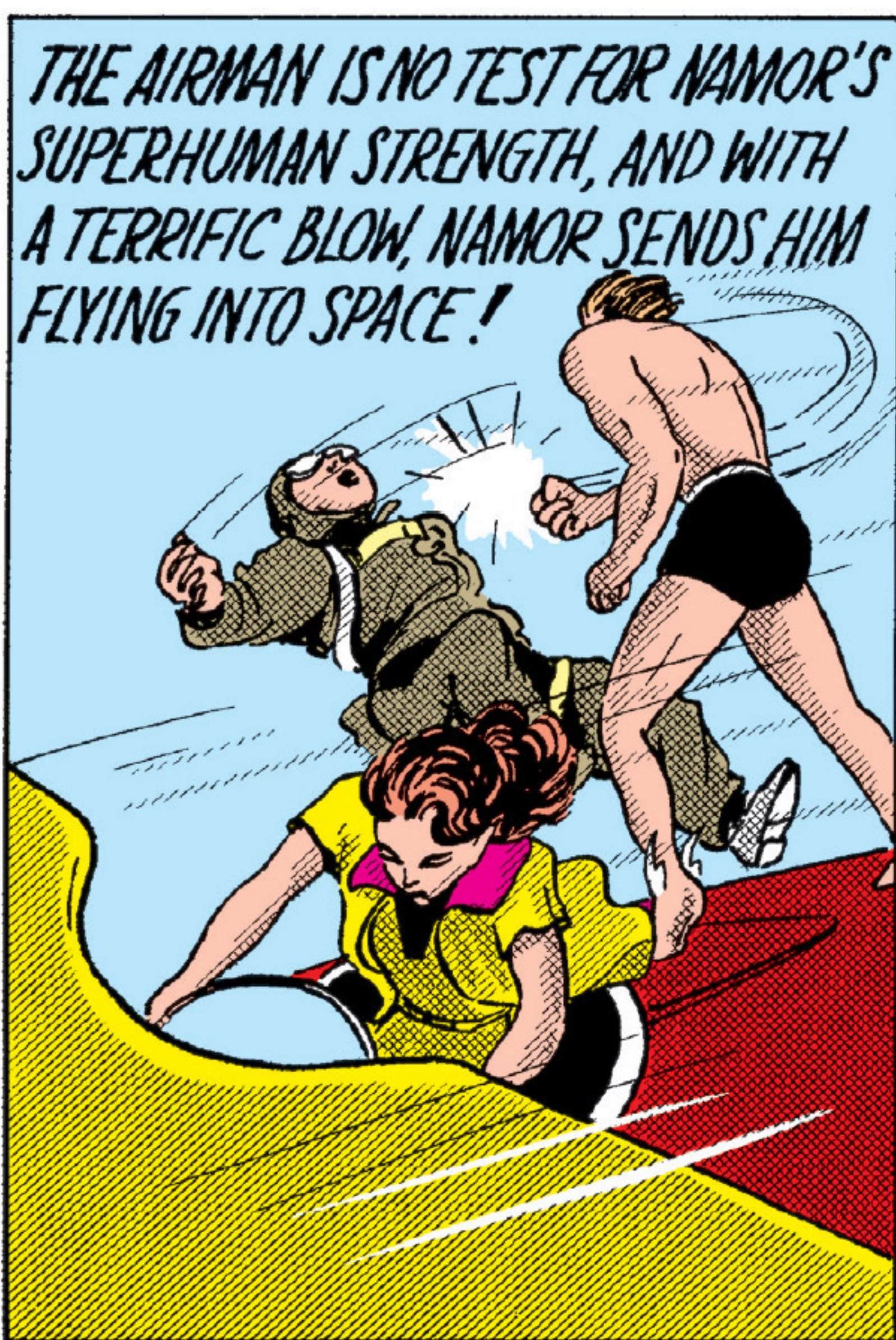
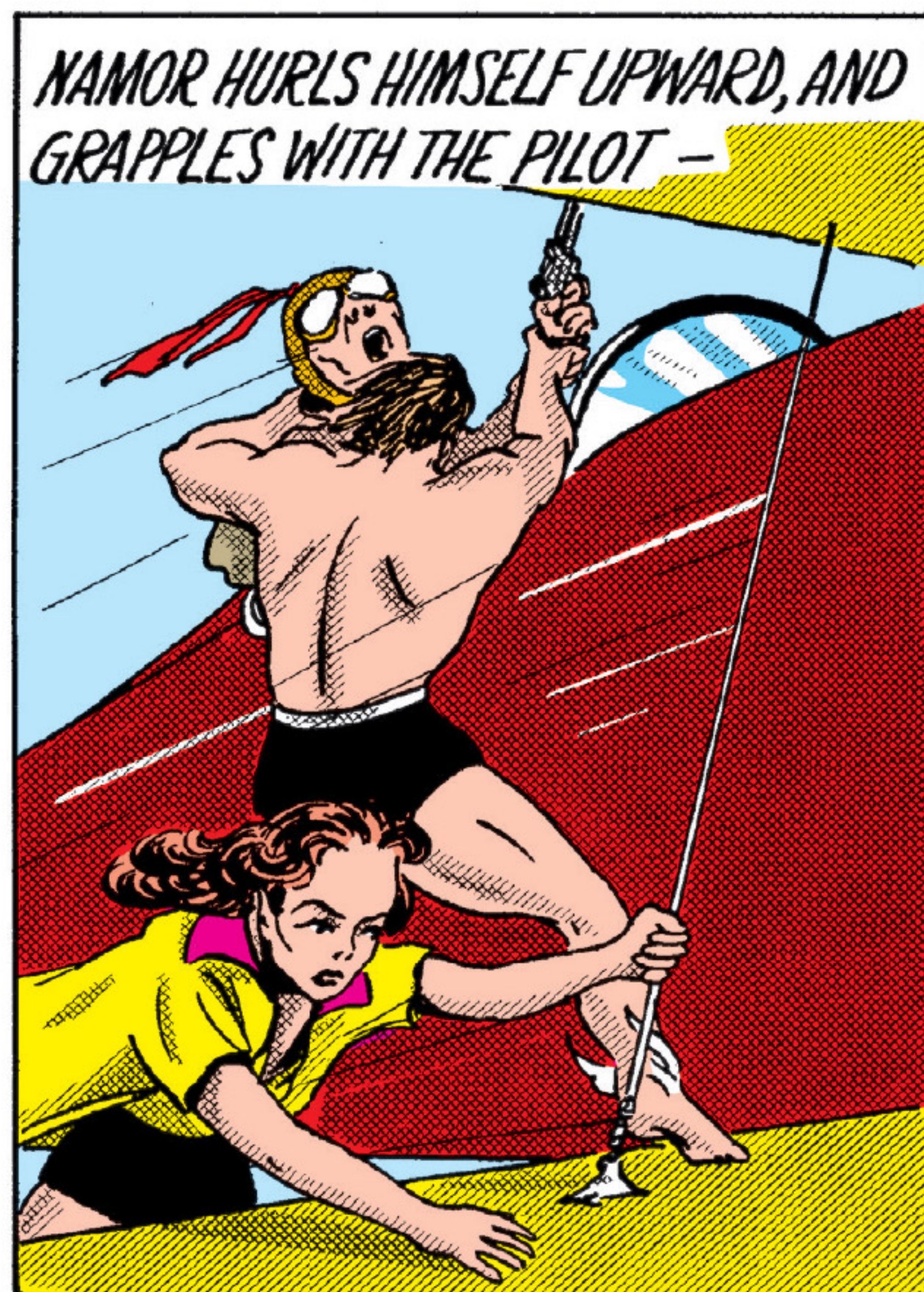
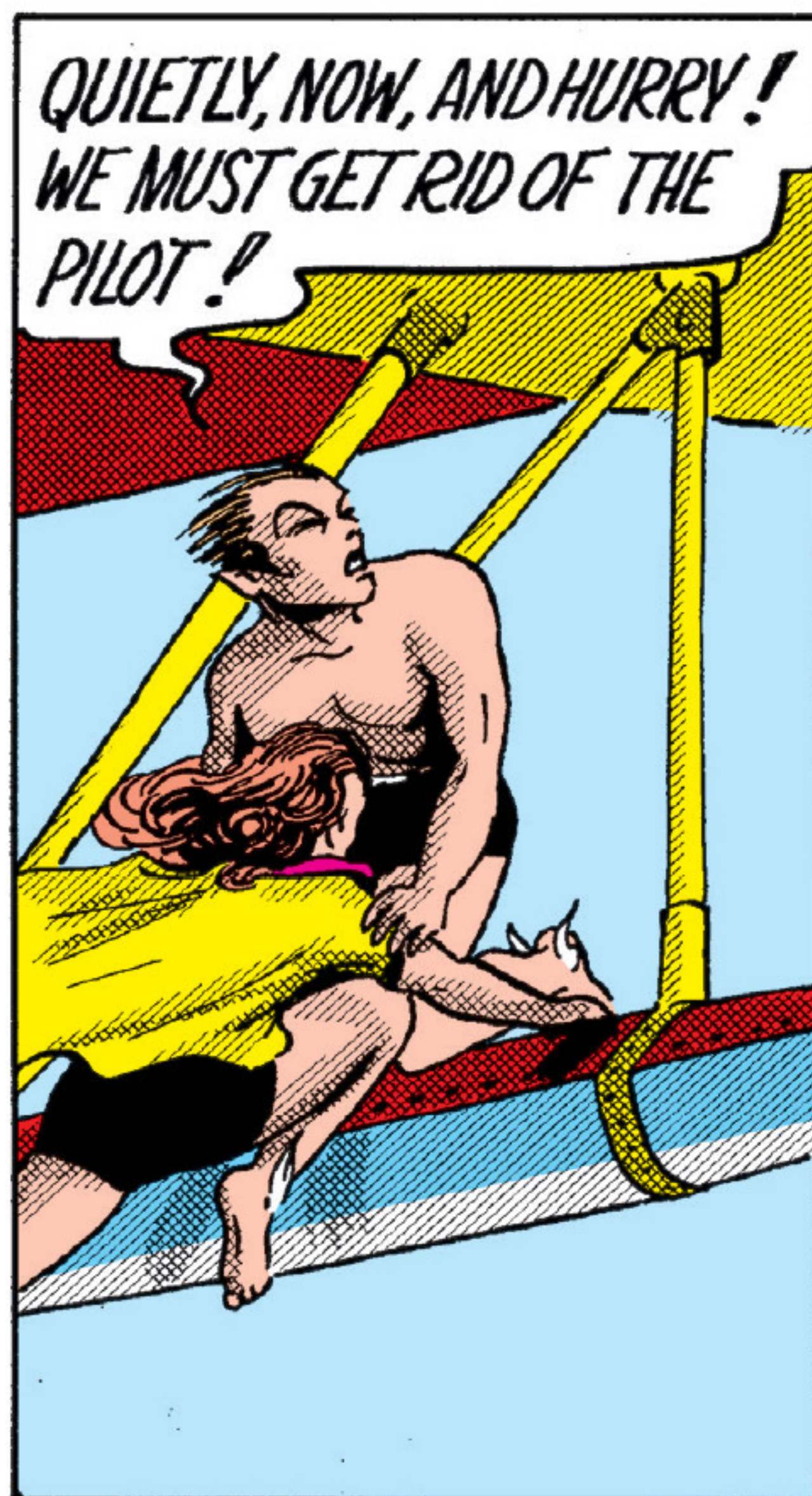
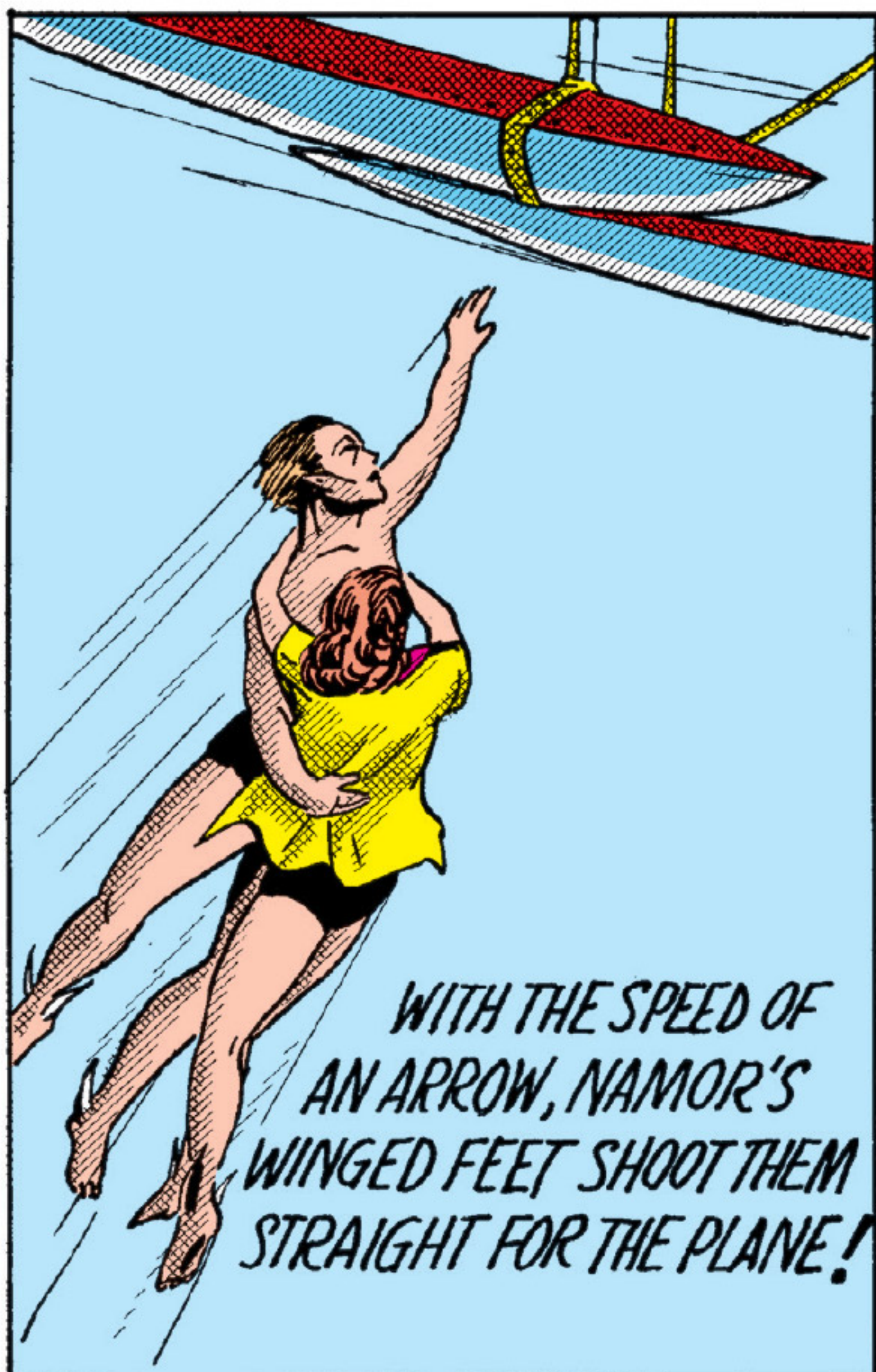
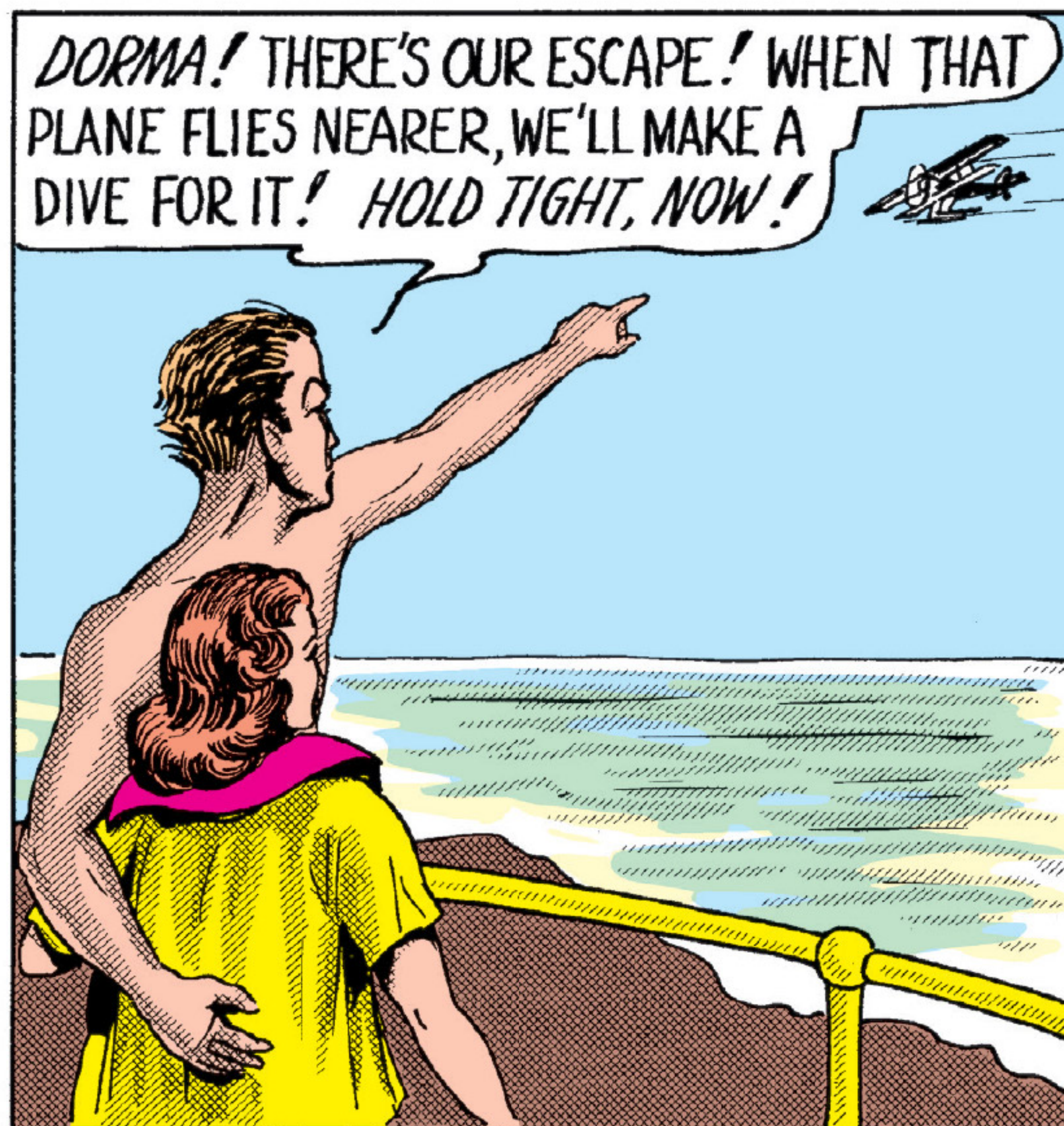
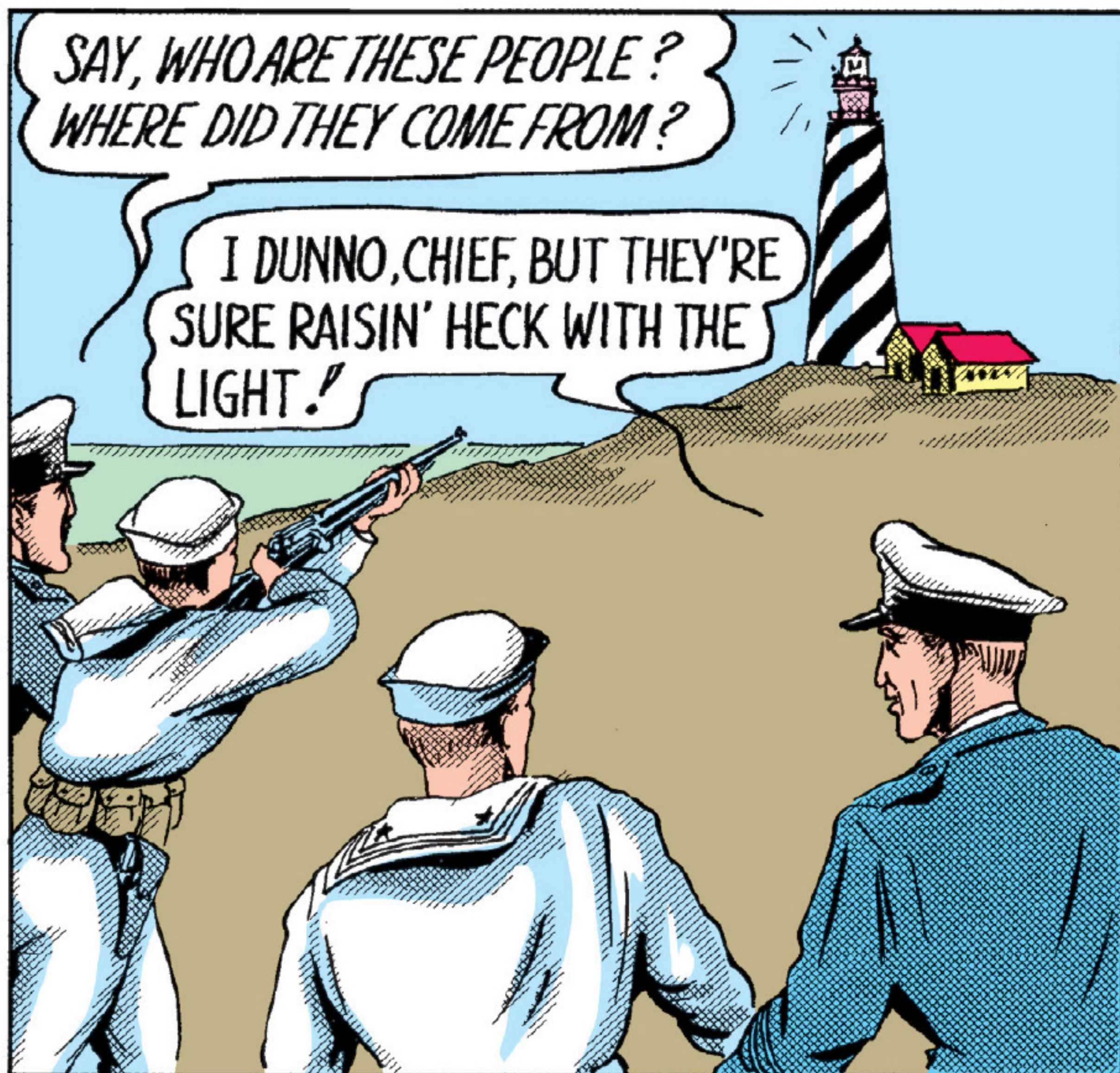
LOOK OUT, DORMA!
COMING DOWN!



COME ON, GIRL—WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE
TOP! WE'LL WRECK THE BEACON LIGHT,
AND TAKE OFF AS SOON AS WE CAN....

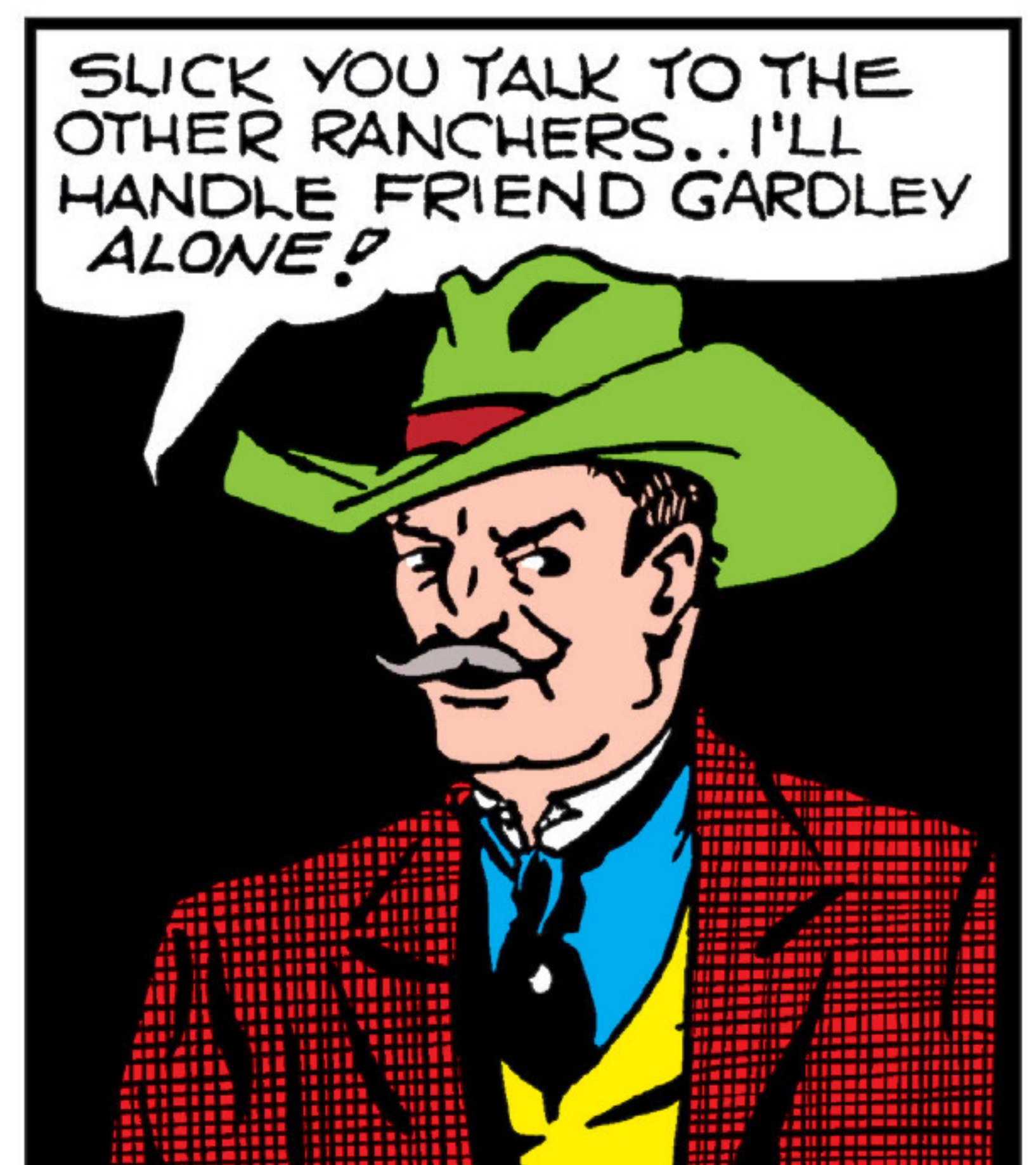
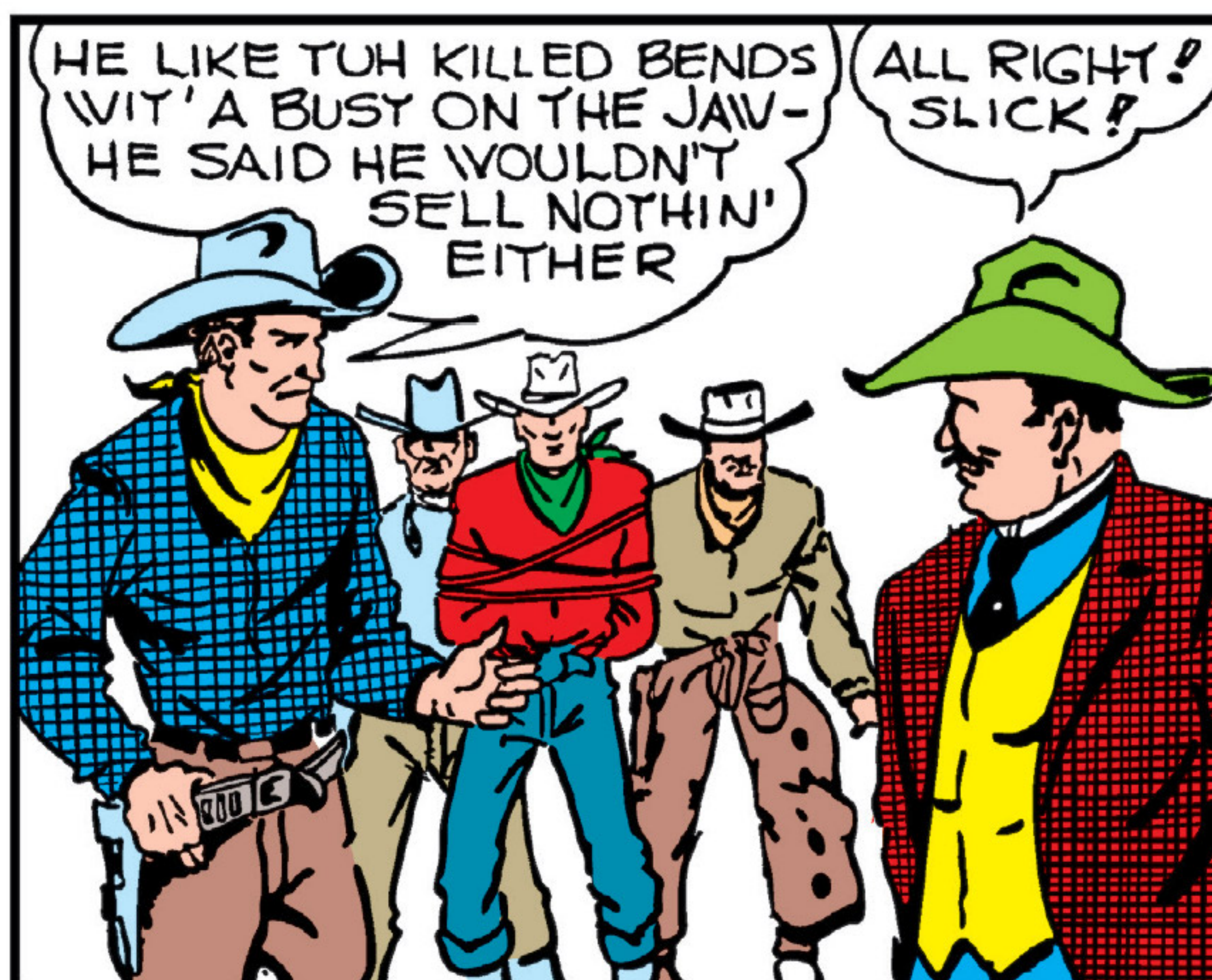
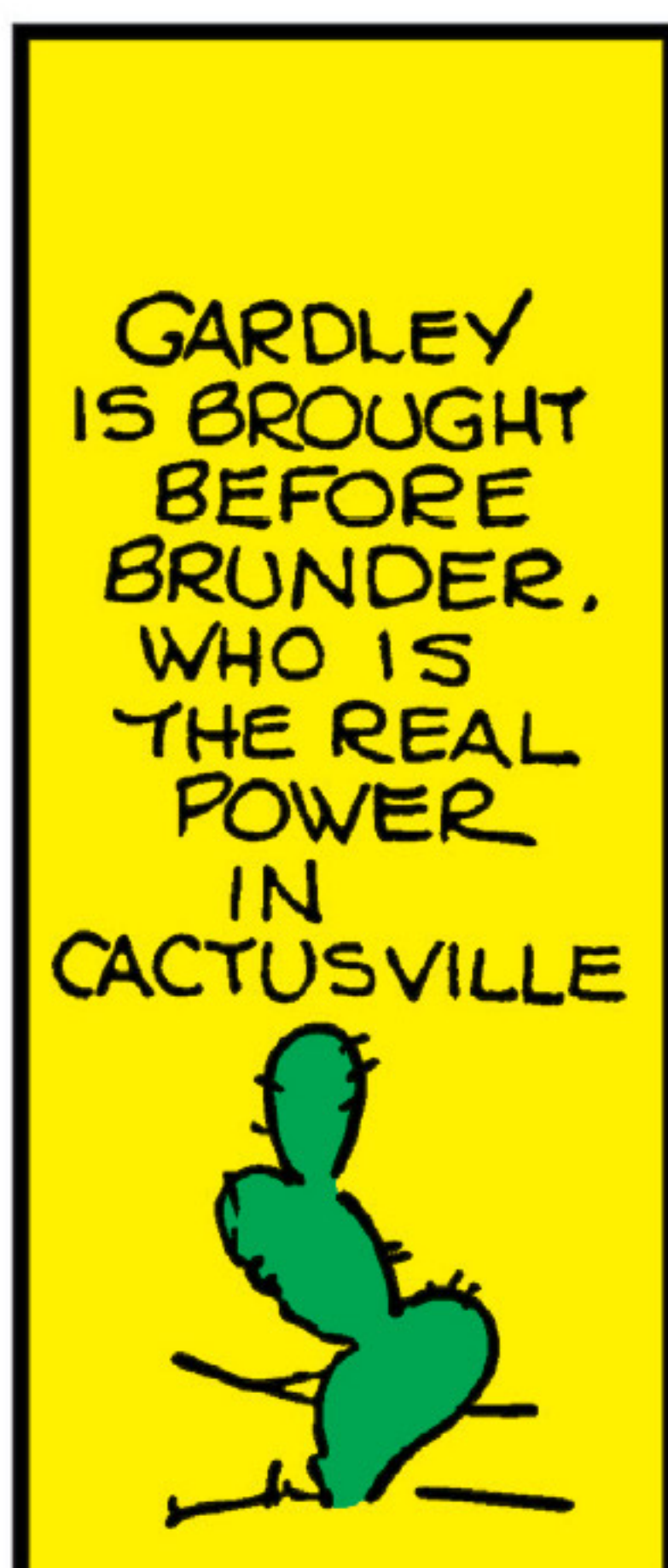
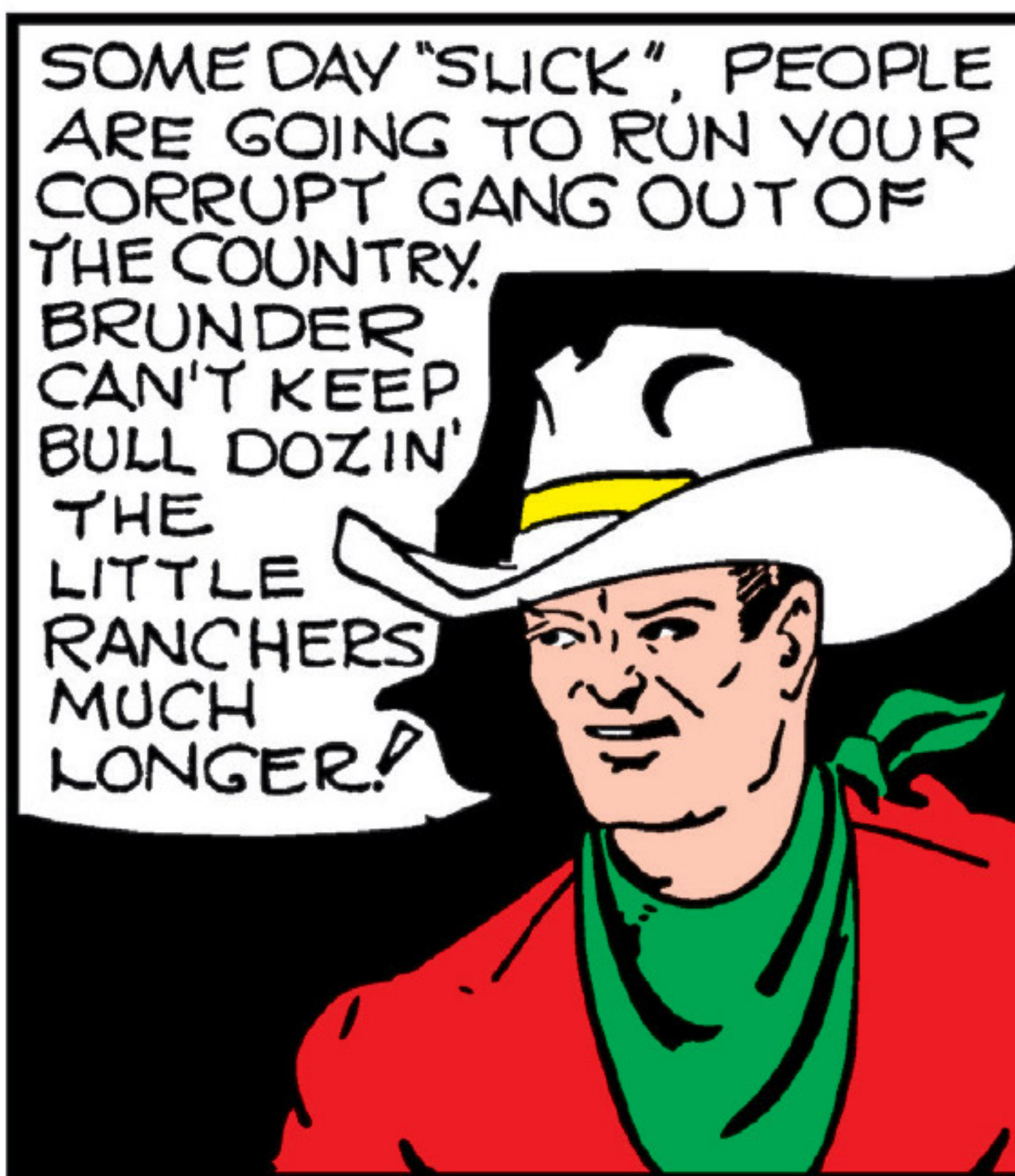
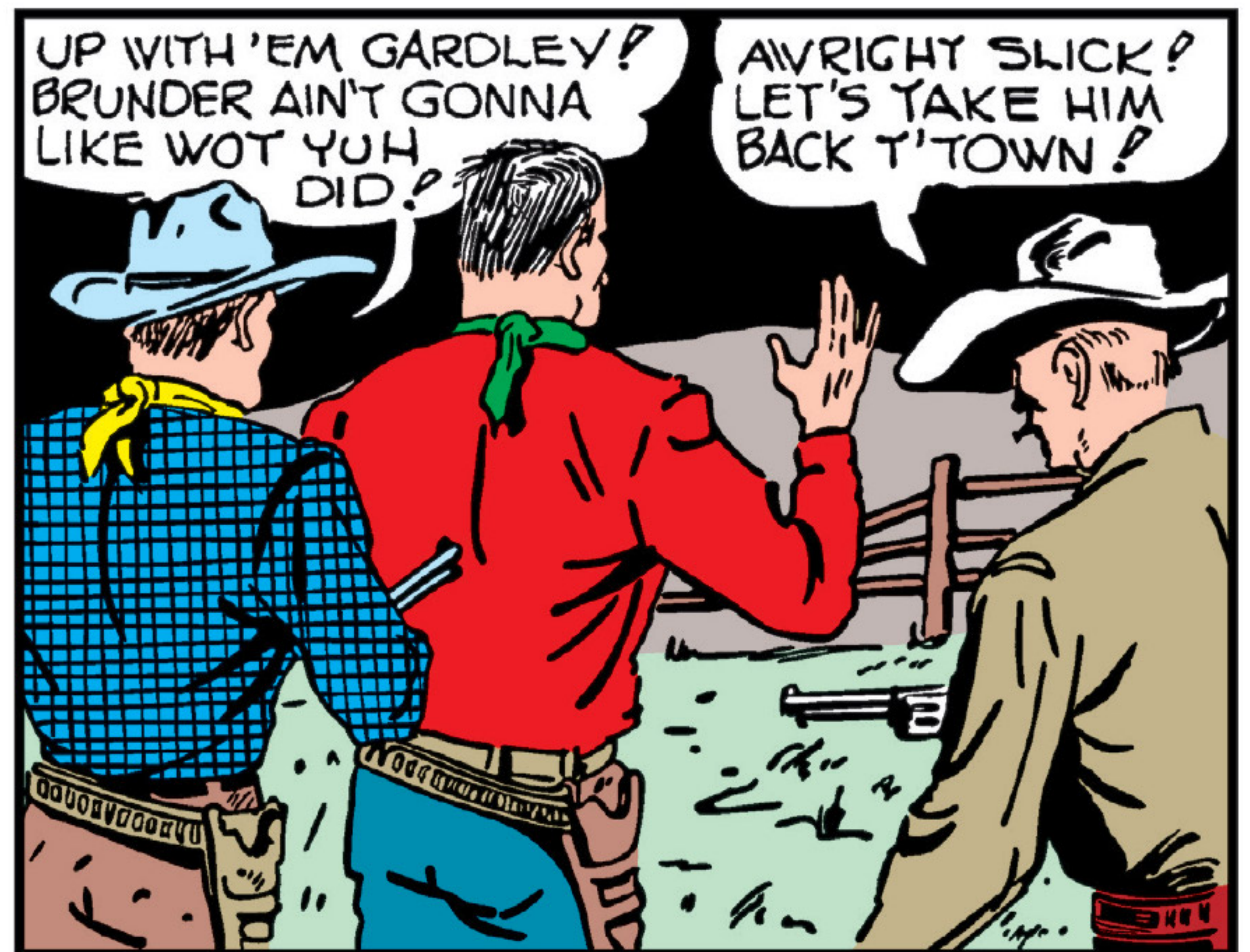
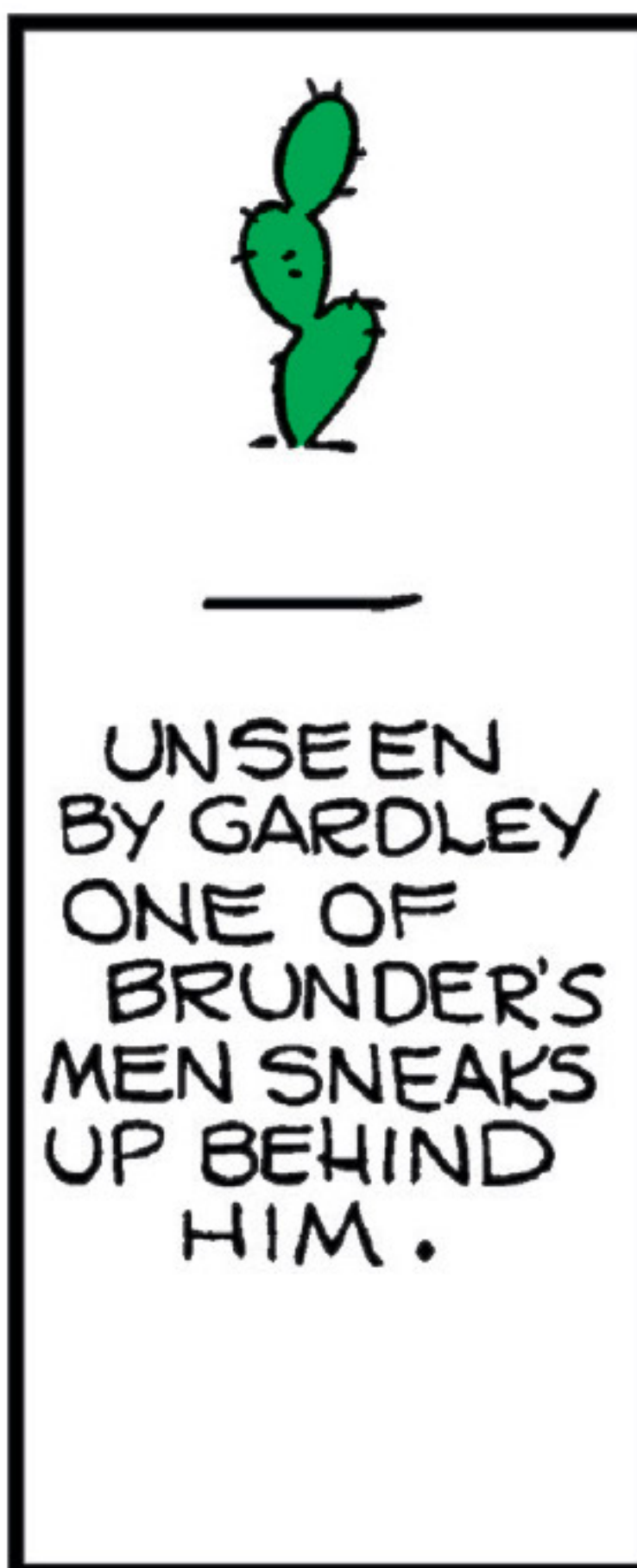


HURRY, NAMOR! WE'RE
BEING SURROUNDED!

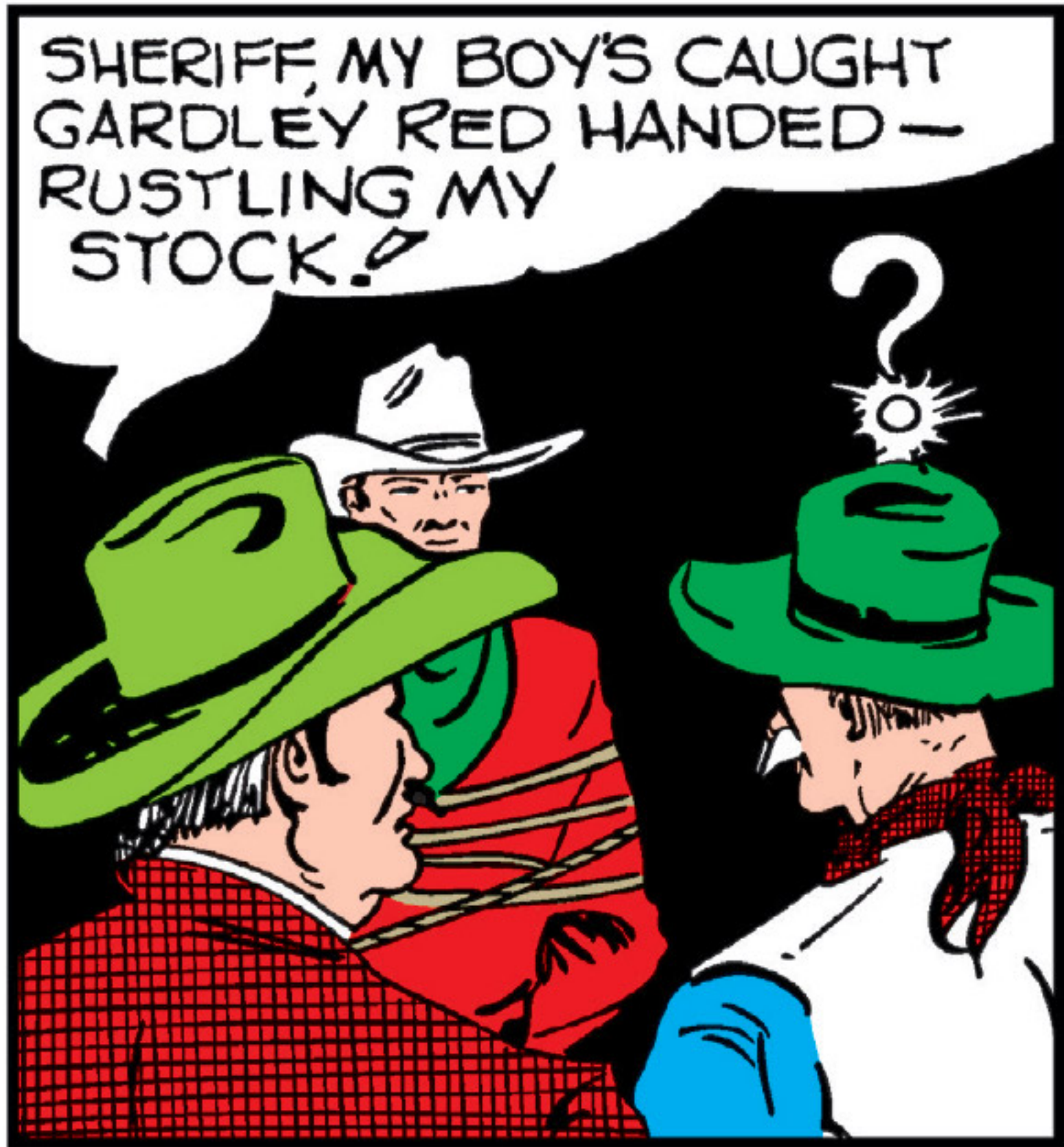
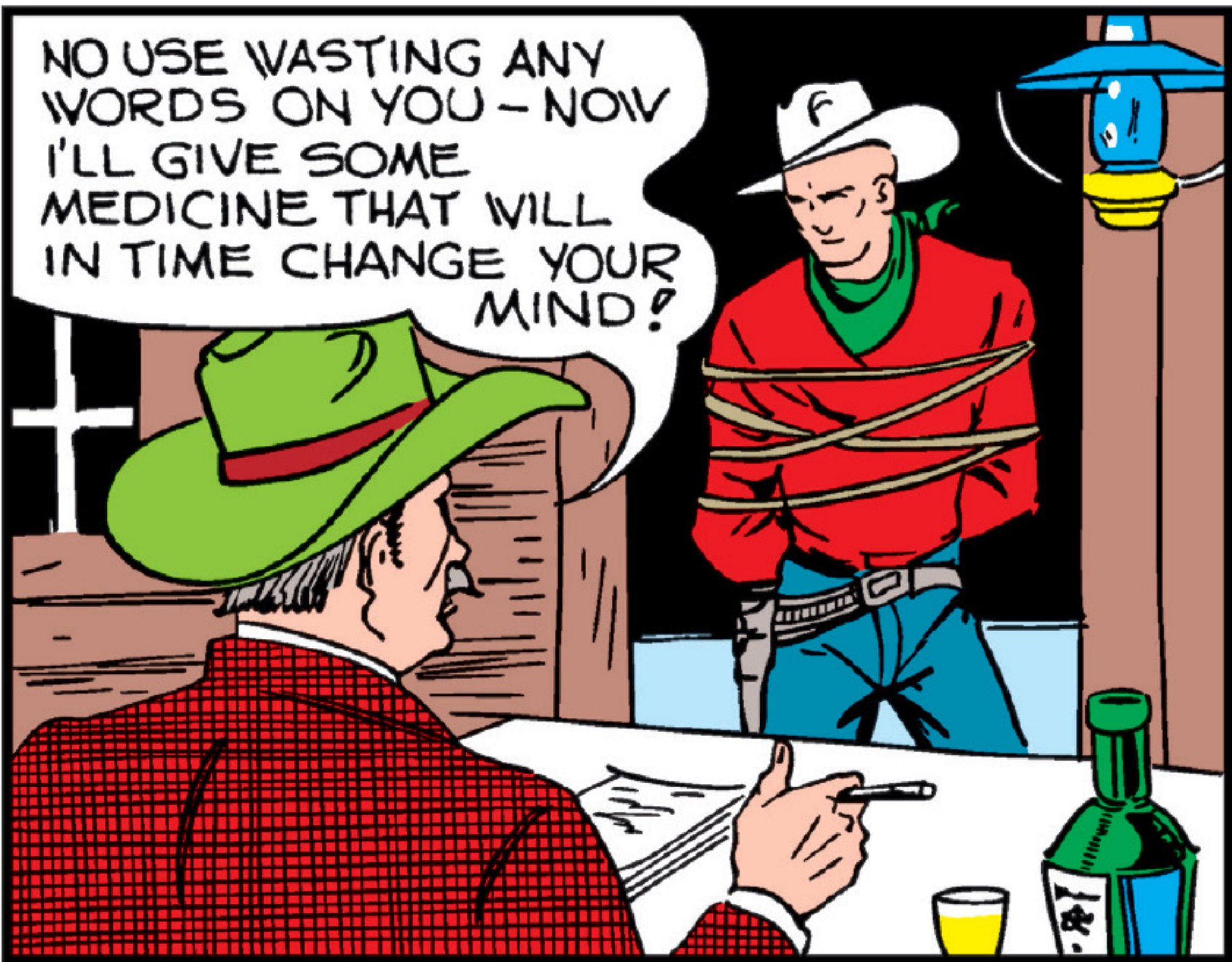


THE MASKED RAIDER.

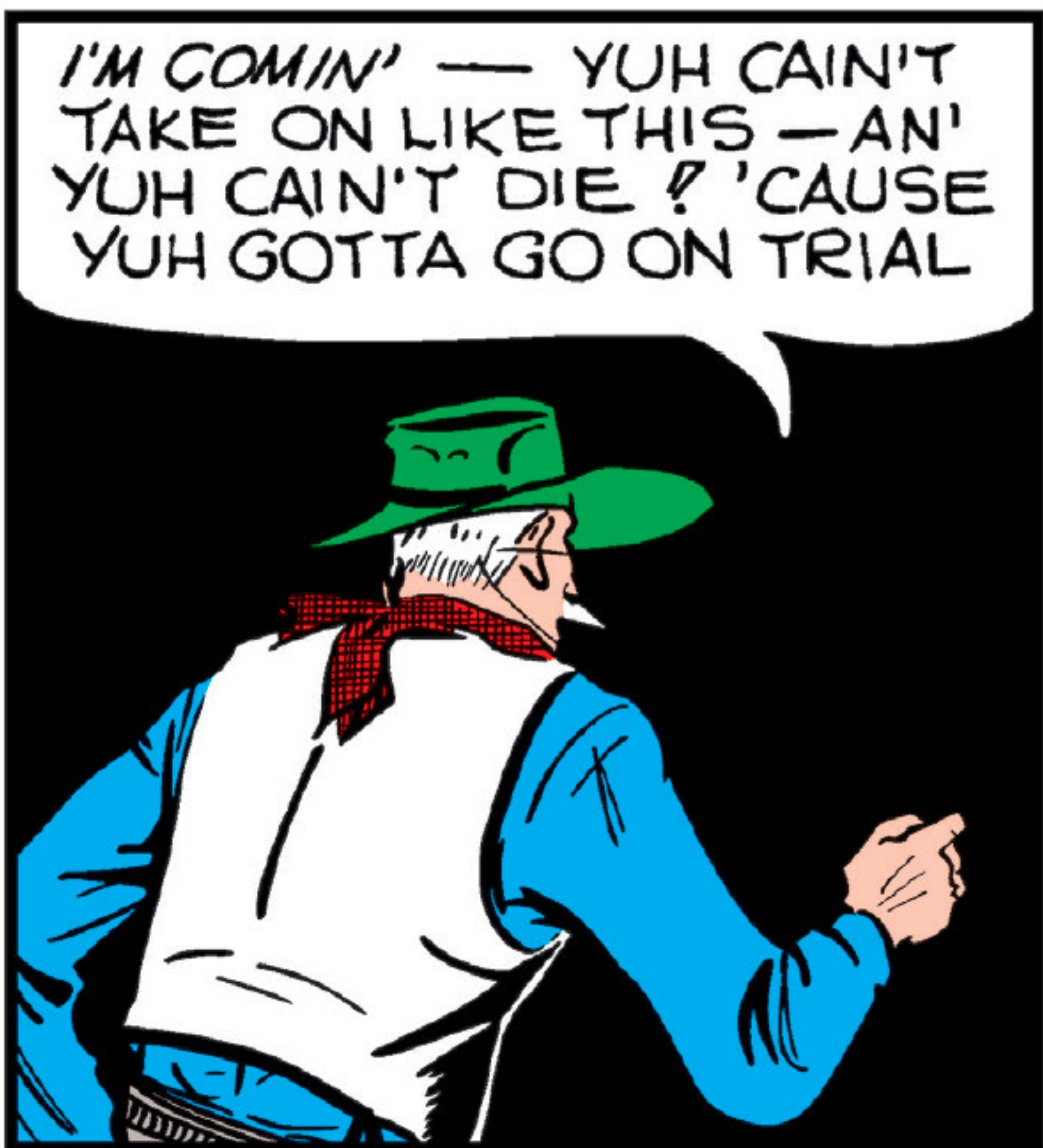
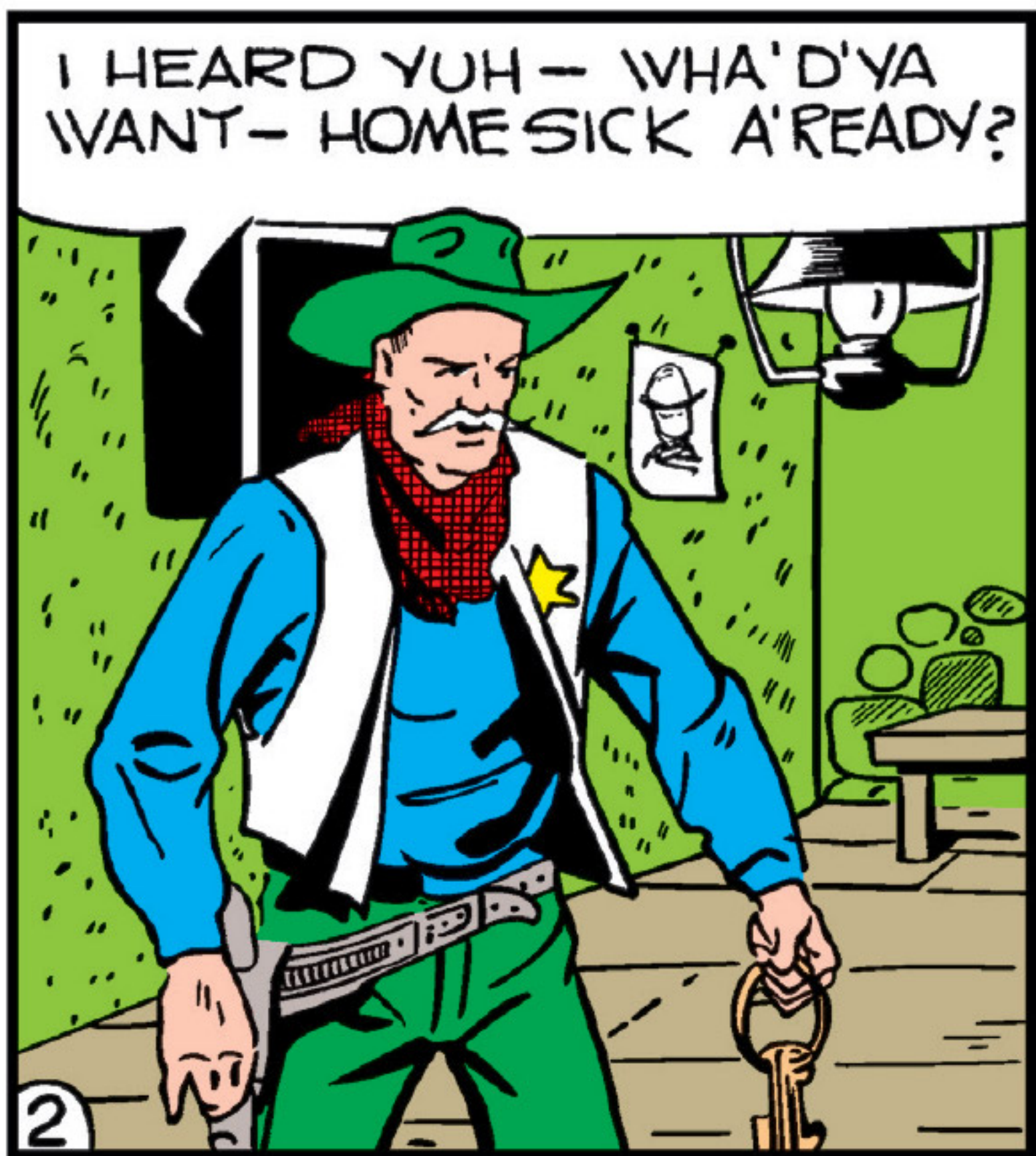
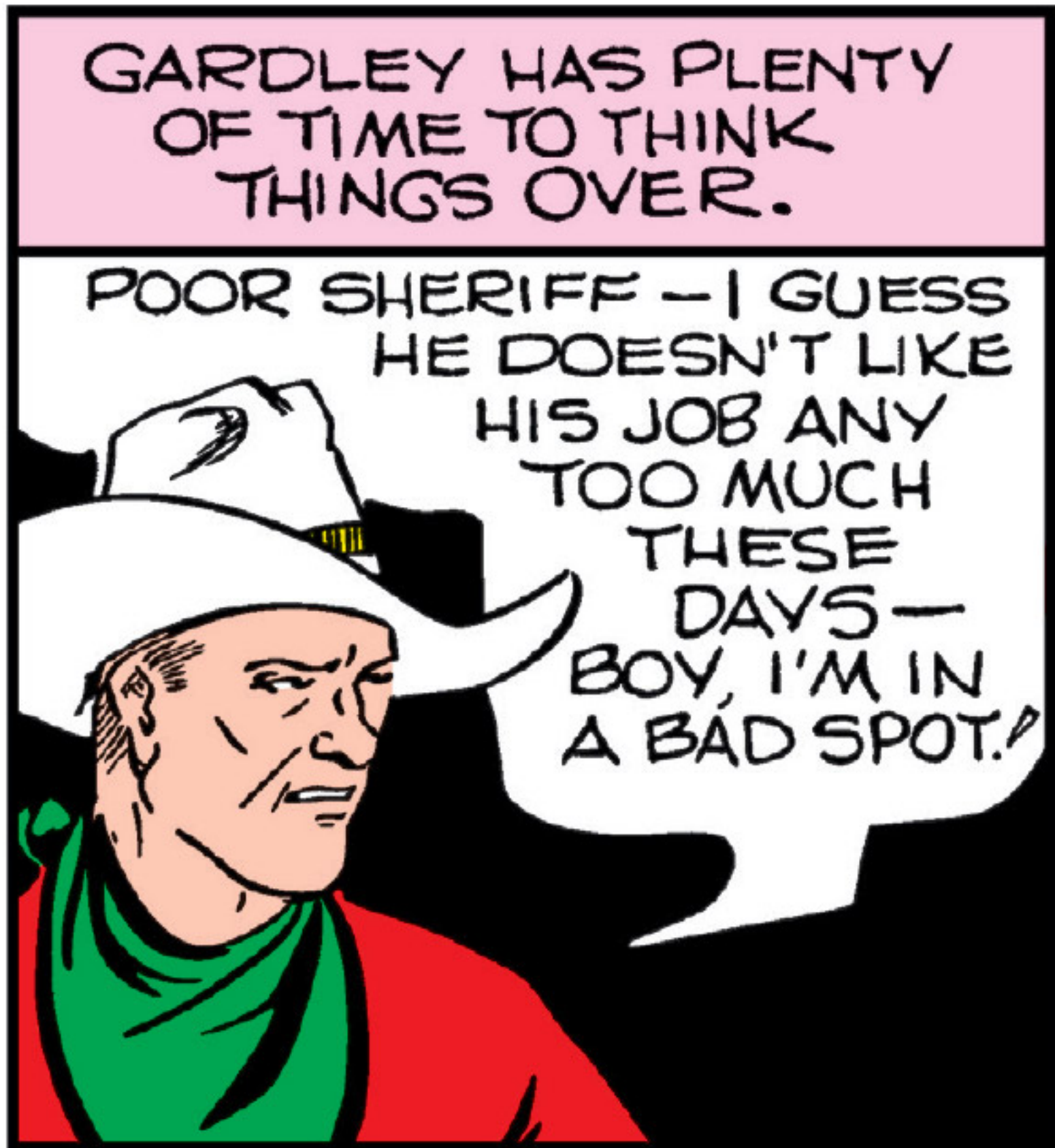
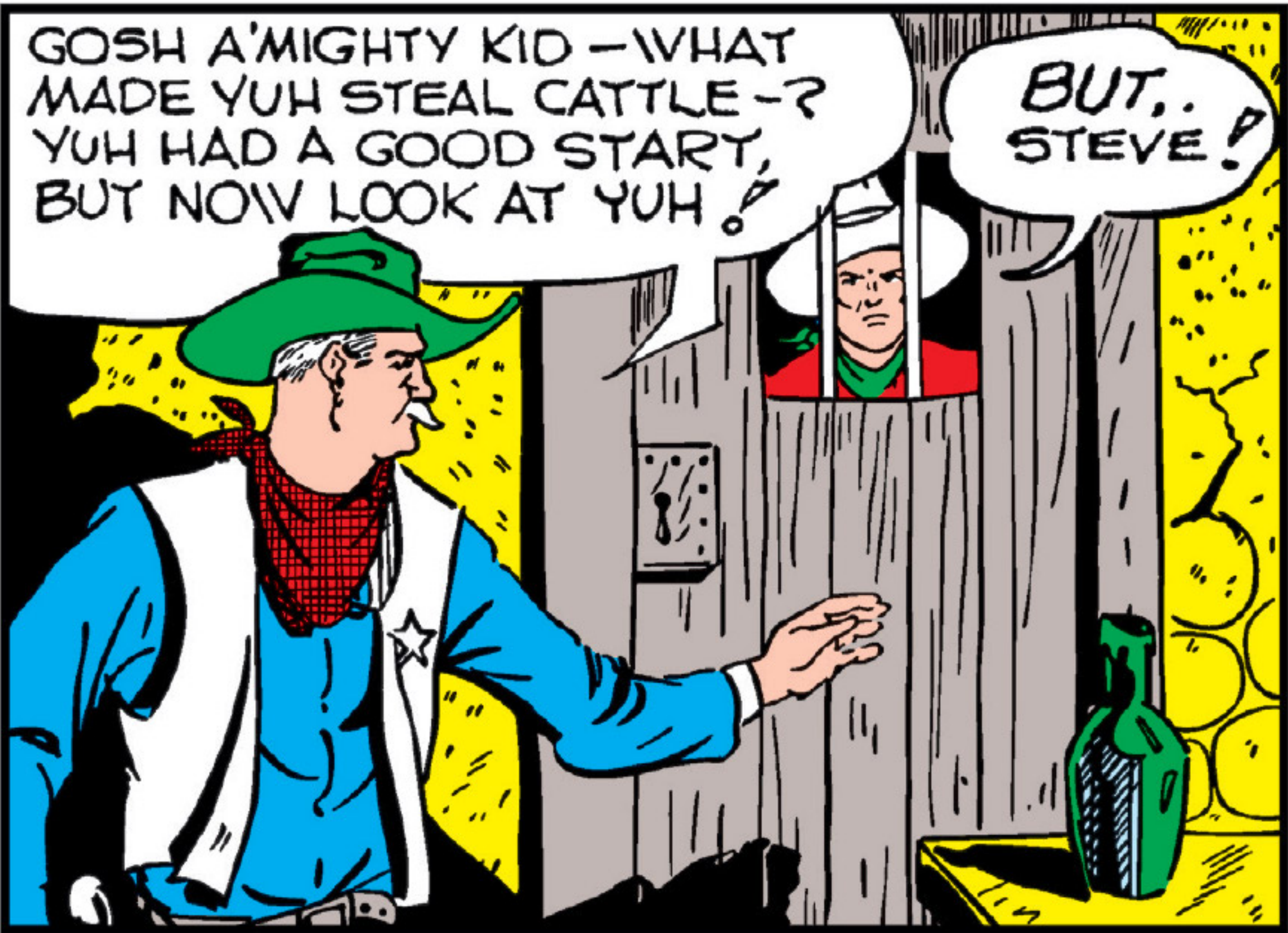
CAL BRUNDER, POWERFUL RULER OF CACTUSVILLE, IS ATTEMPTING TO FORCE ALL OF THE SMALLER RANCHERS TO SELL OUT TO HIM, AT HIS OWN PRICE. BRUNDER SEND HIS GUN-MEN TO CALL ON JIM GARDLEY —

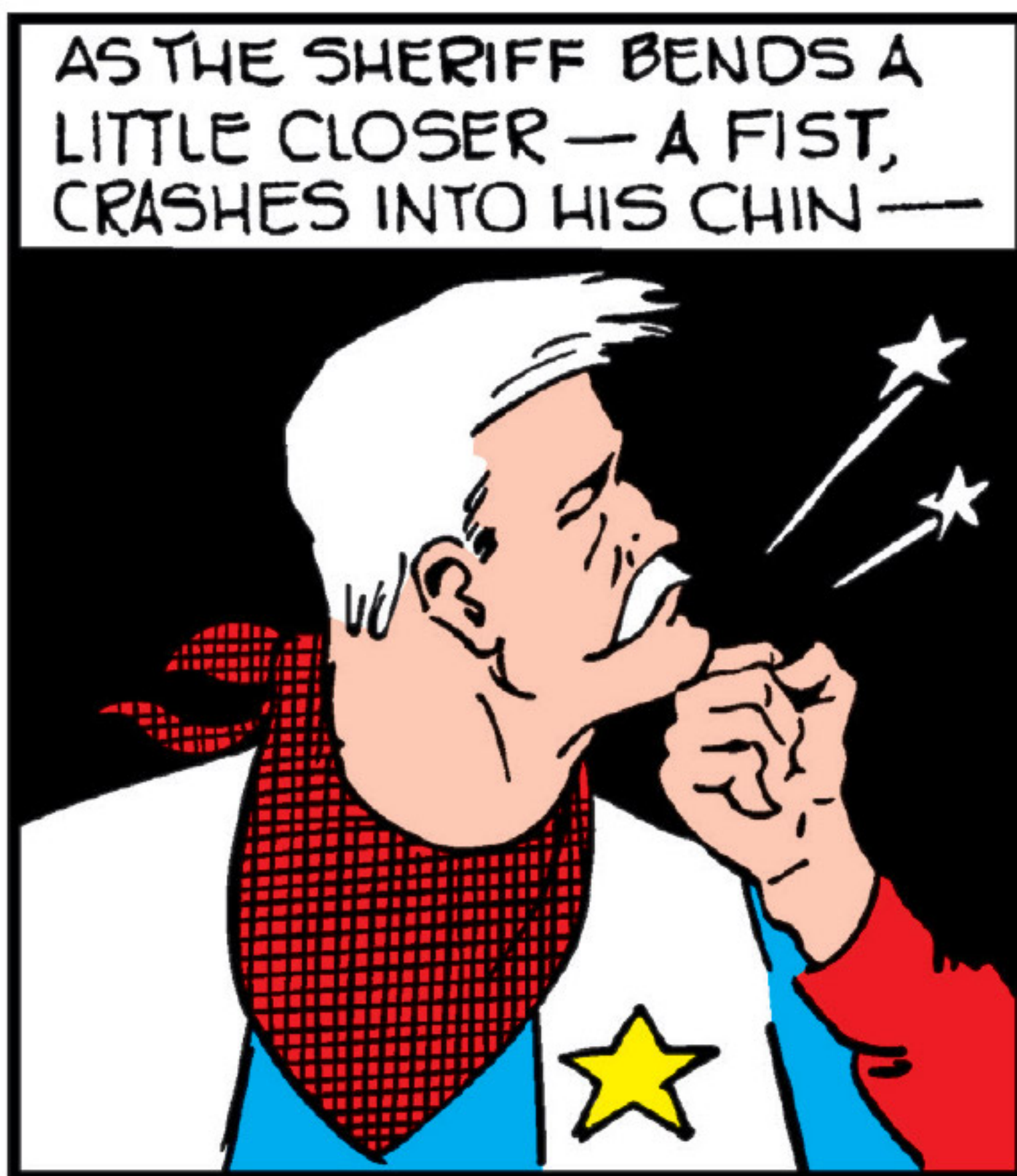


BRUNTER
SOON
REALIZES
THAT
GARDLEY
IS UNAFRAID
OF HIS
THREATS.

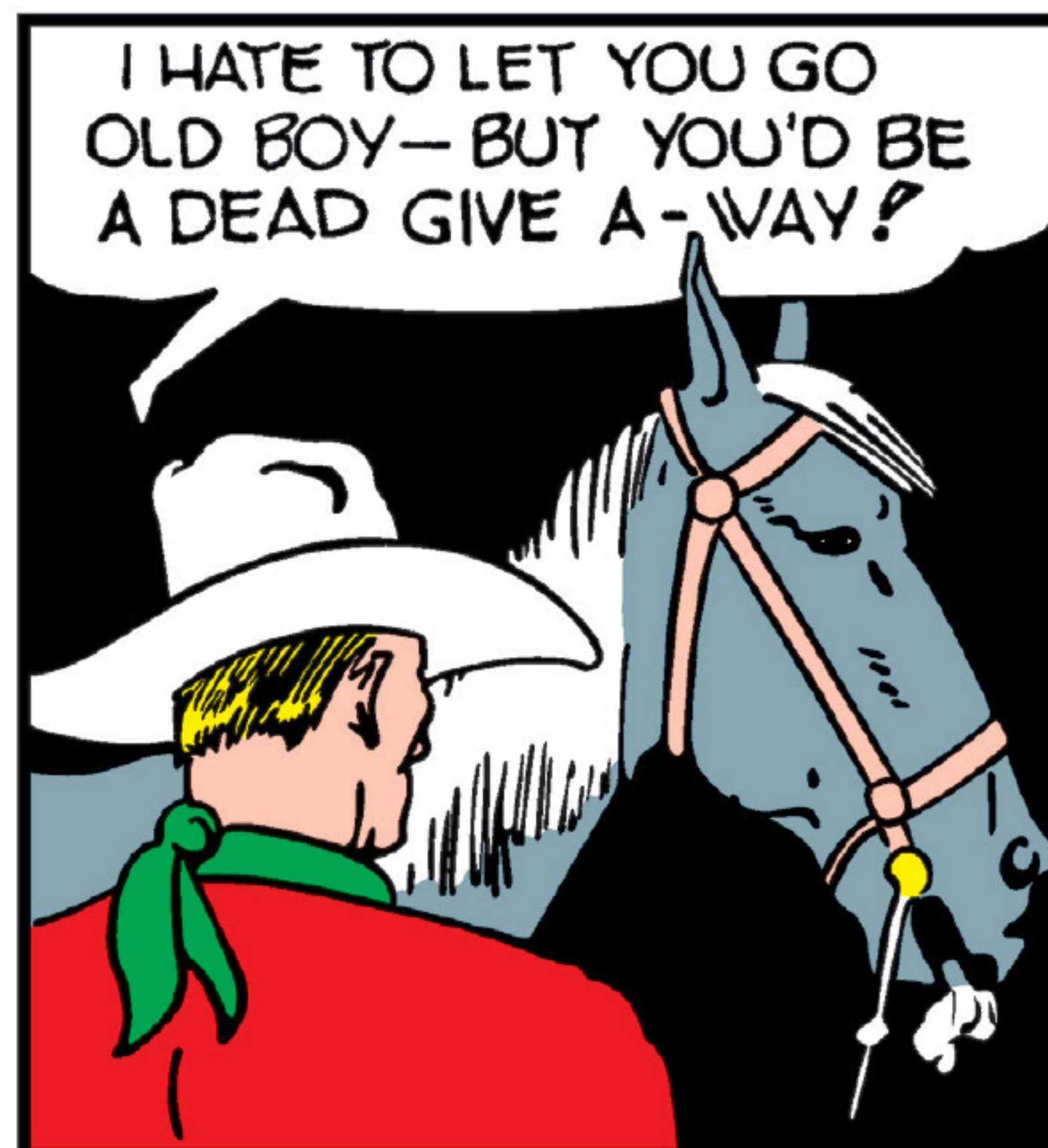
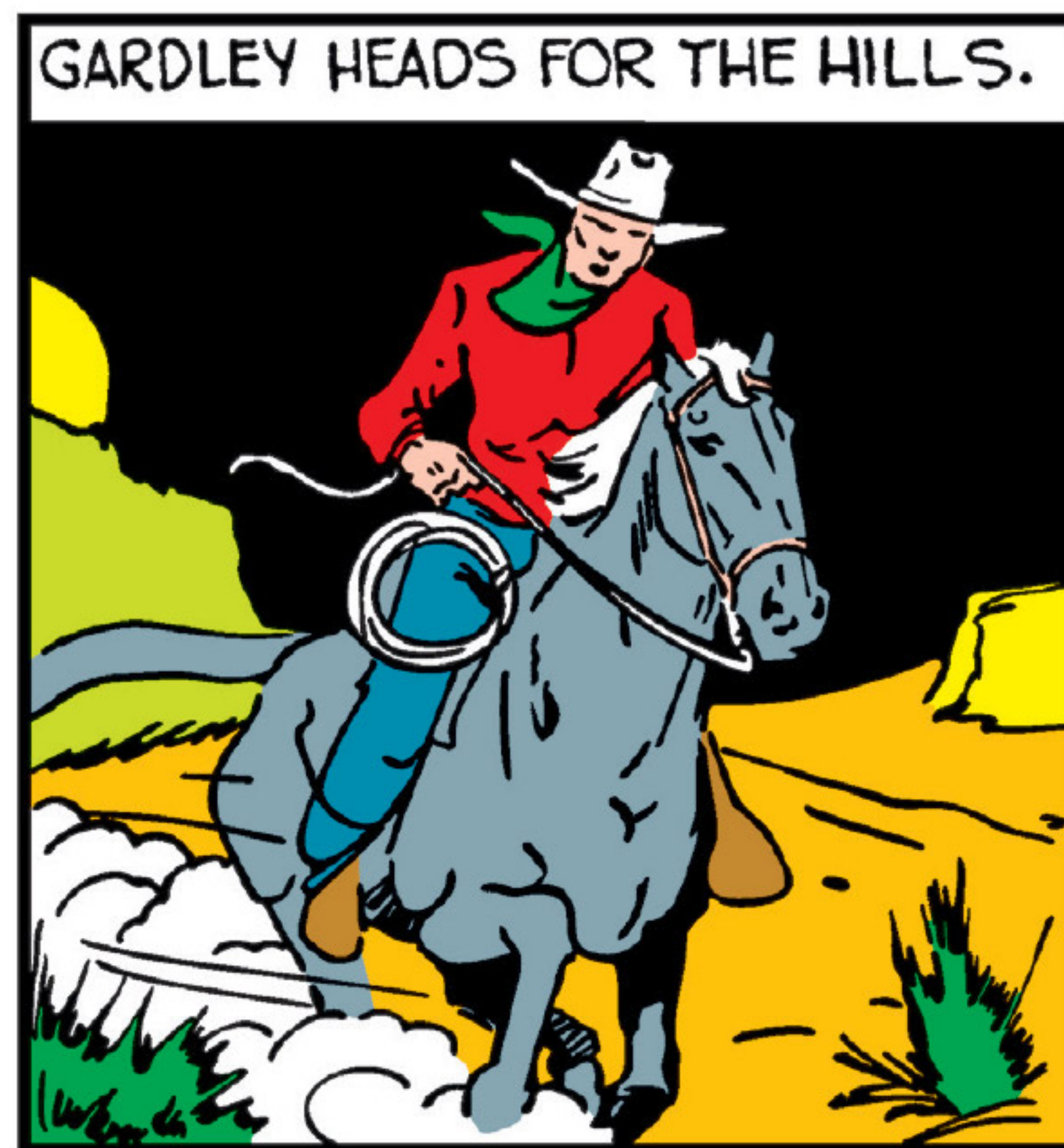
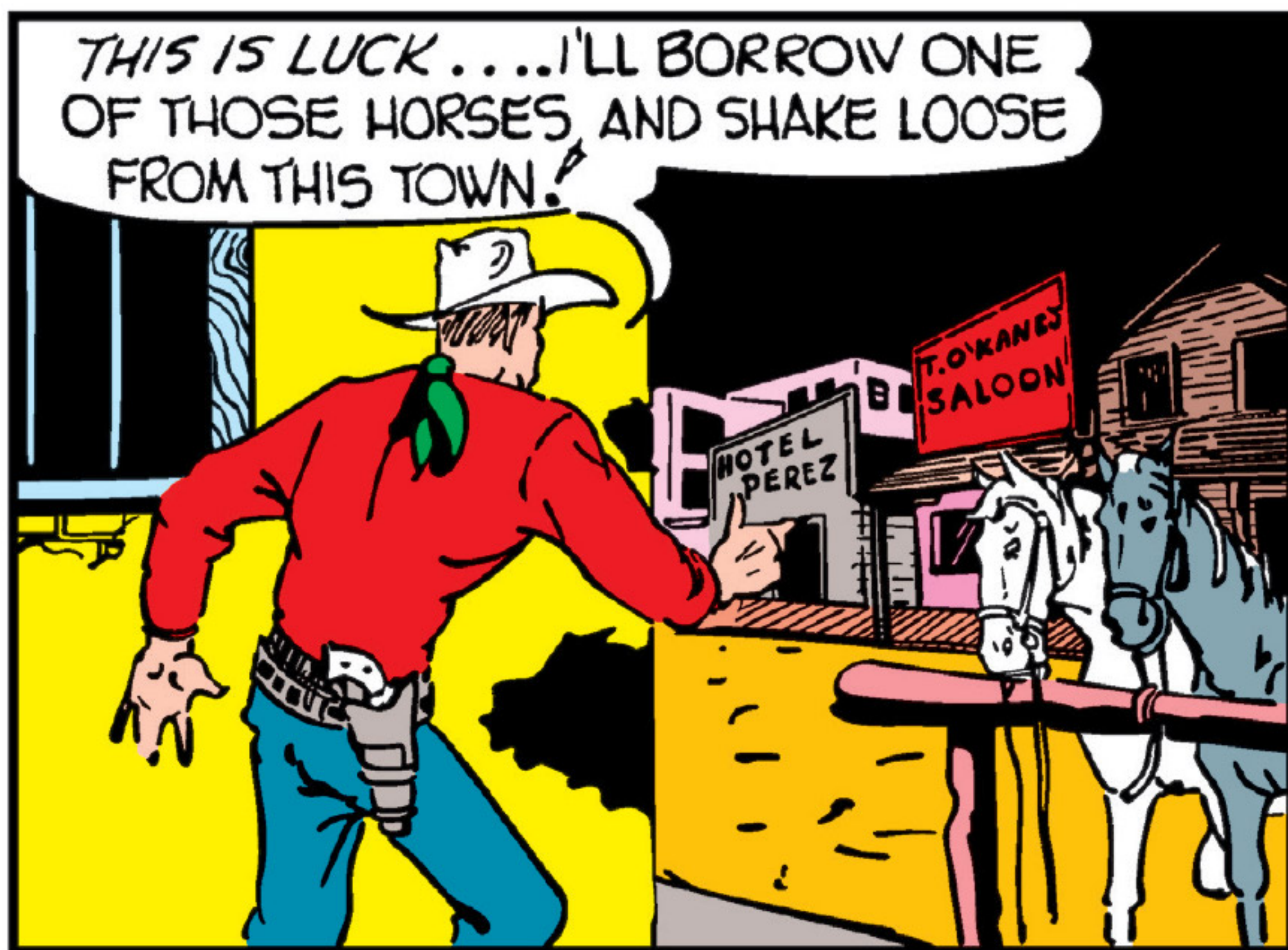


III
GARDLEY IS PUT IN JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL ON A TRUMPED UP CHARGE OF RUSTLING.

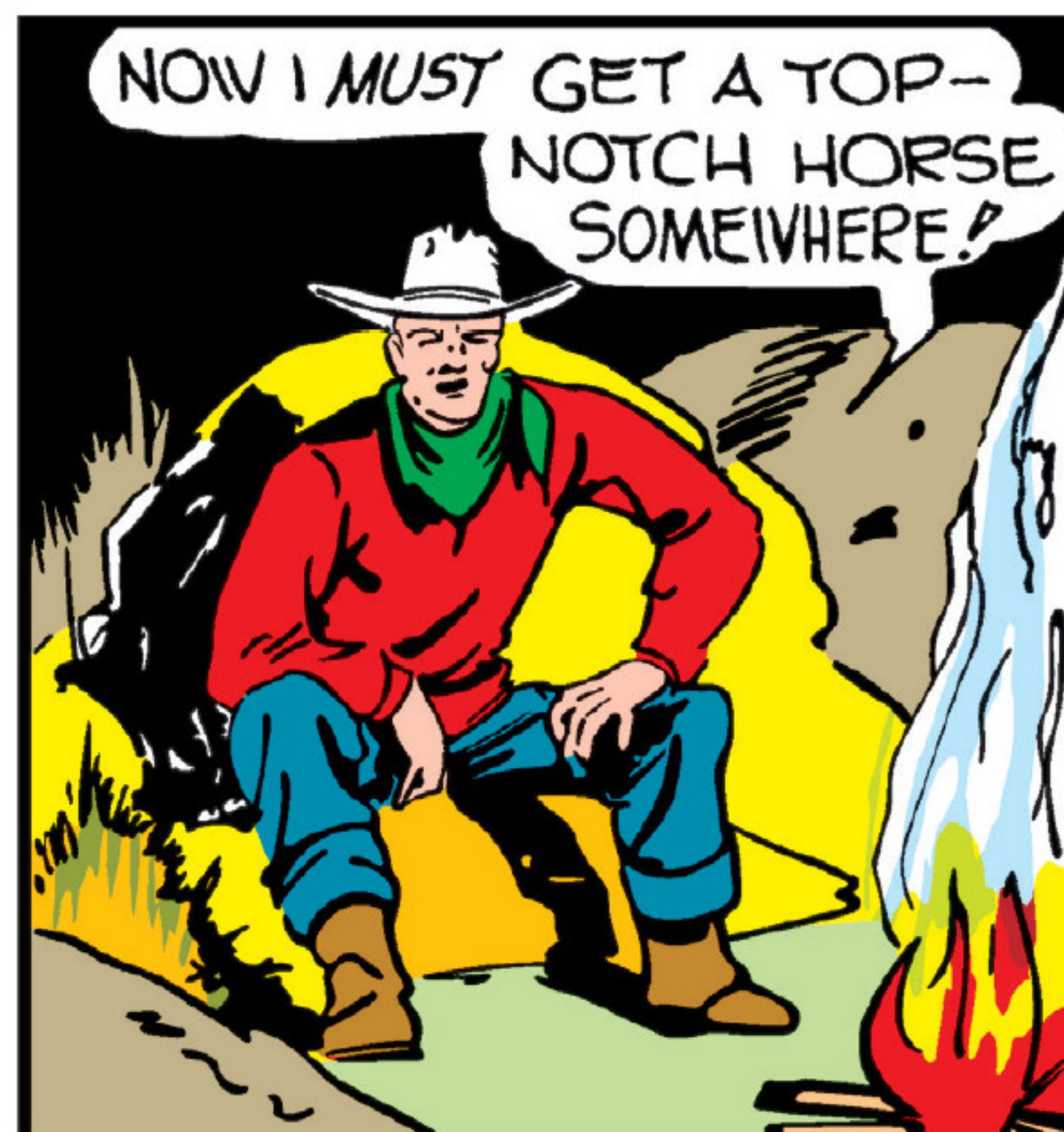
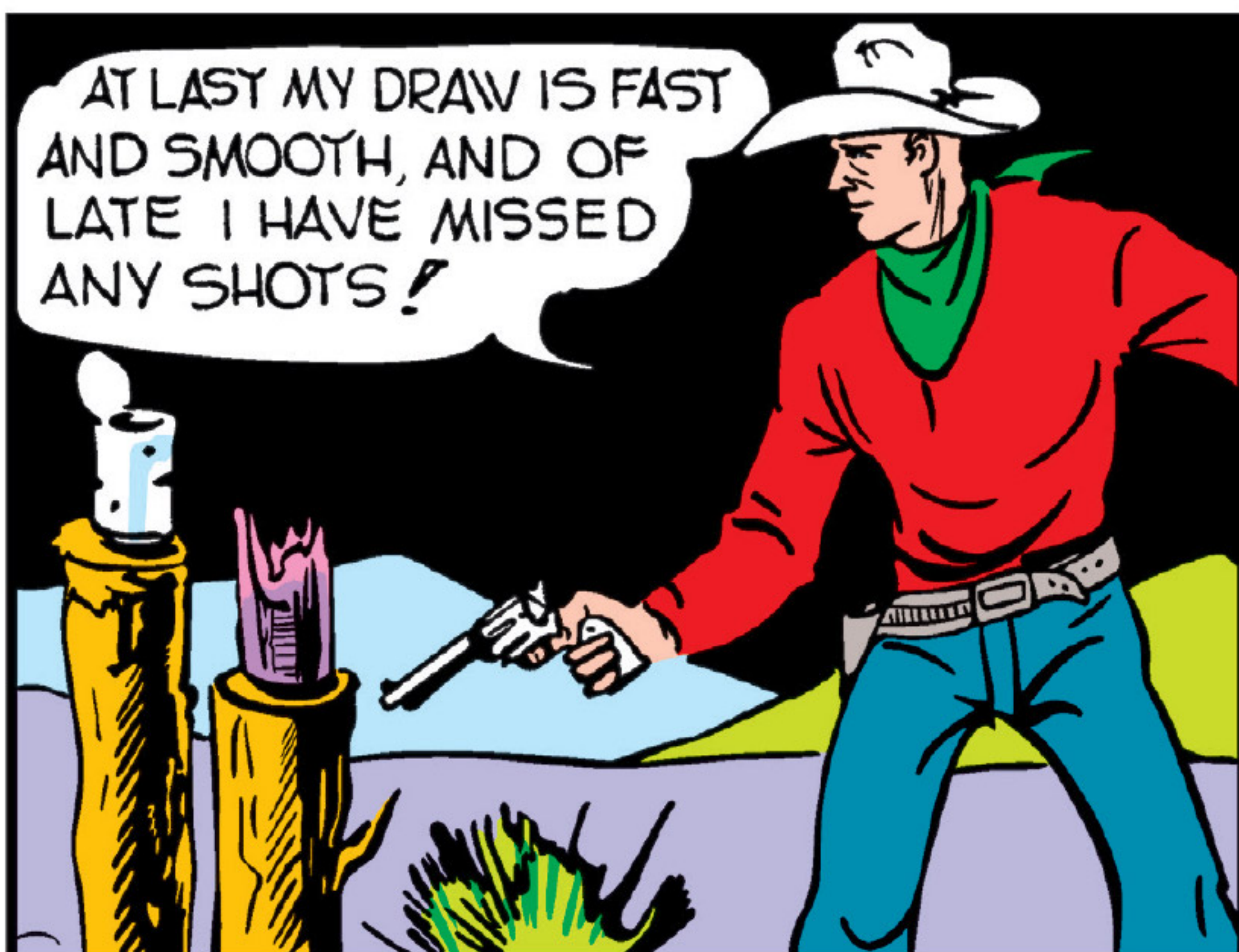




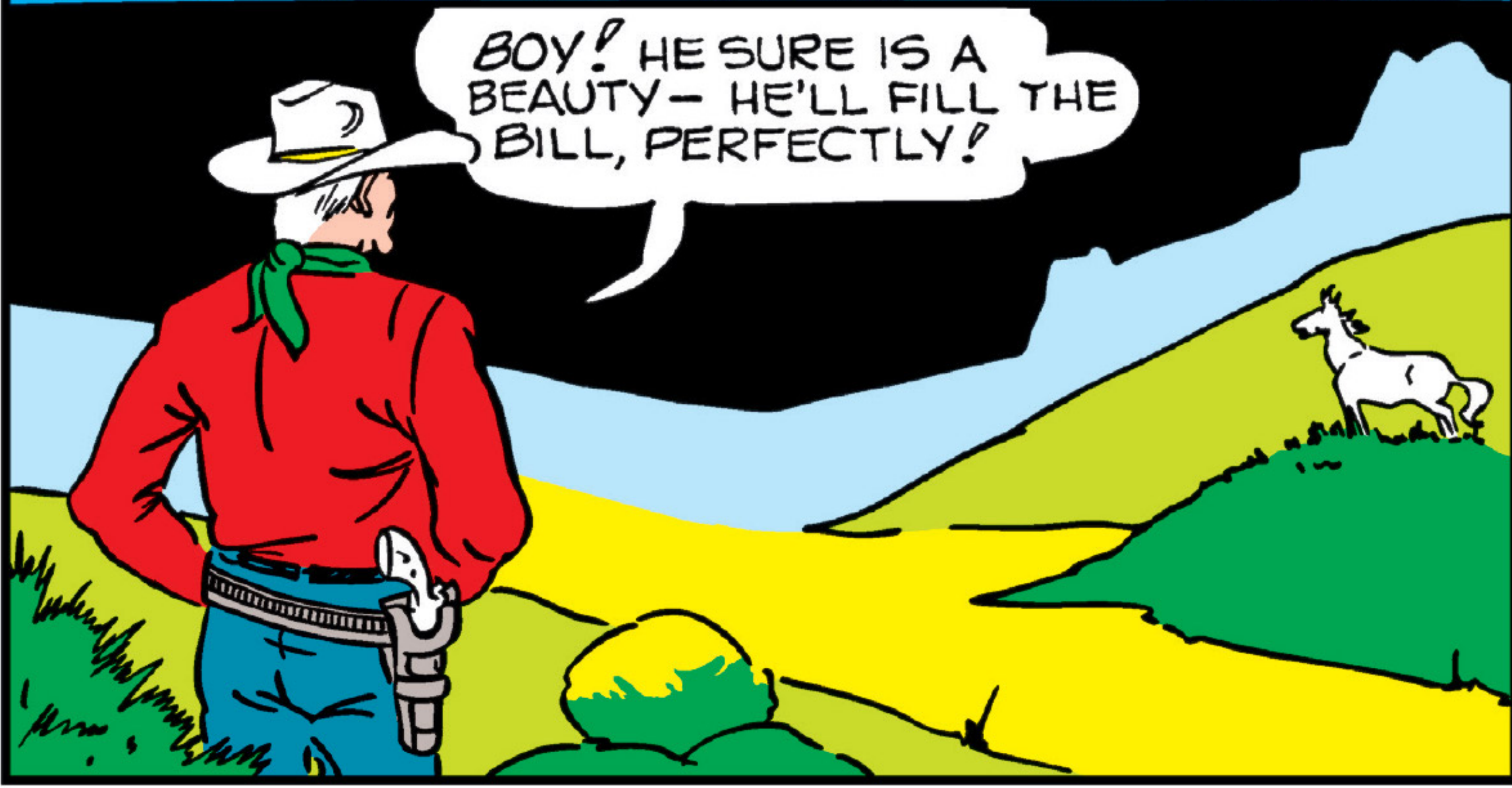
LOCKING
UP THE
SHERIFF,
GARDLEY
STEPS OUT-
SIDE.
THE STREET
IS QUITE
DESERTED



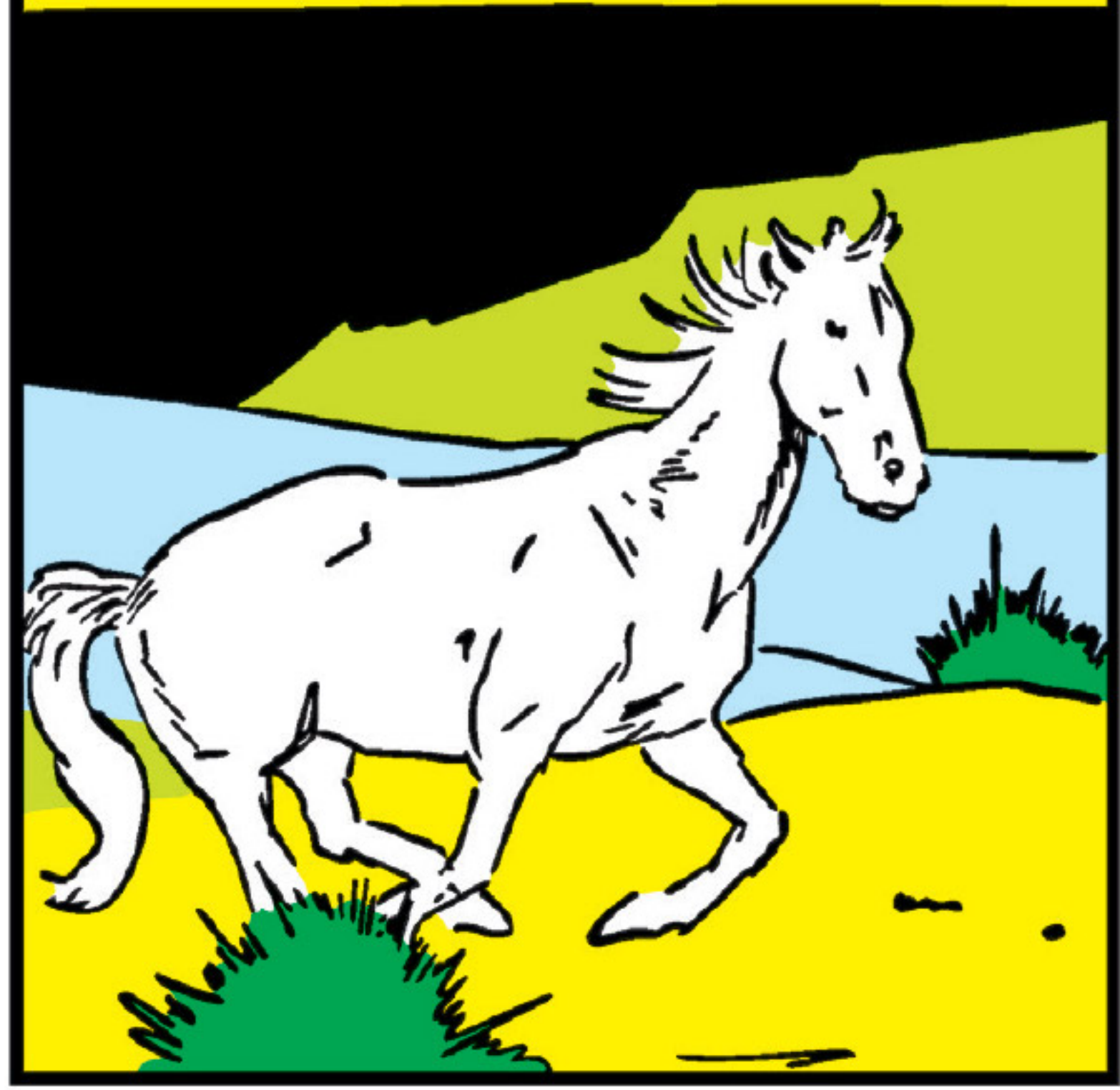
THEN, ONE
NIGHT, GARDLEY,
UNDER COVER
OF DARKNESS,
RAIDS HIS
OWN RANCH
FOR SUPPLIES.
THE DAYS OF
HIS
DISAPPEARANCE
BECOME
WEEKS.



ONE DAY GARDLEY DISCOVERS A MAGNIFICENT WILD HORSE.



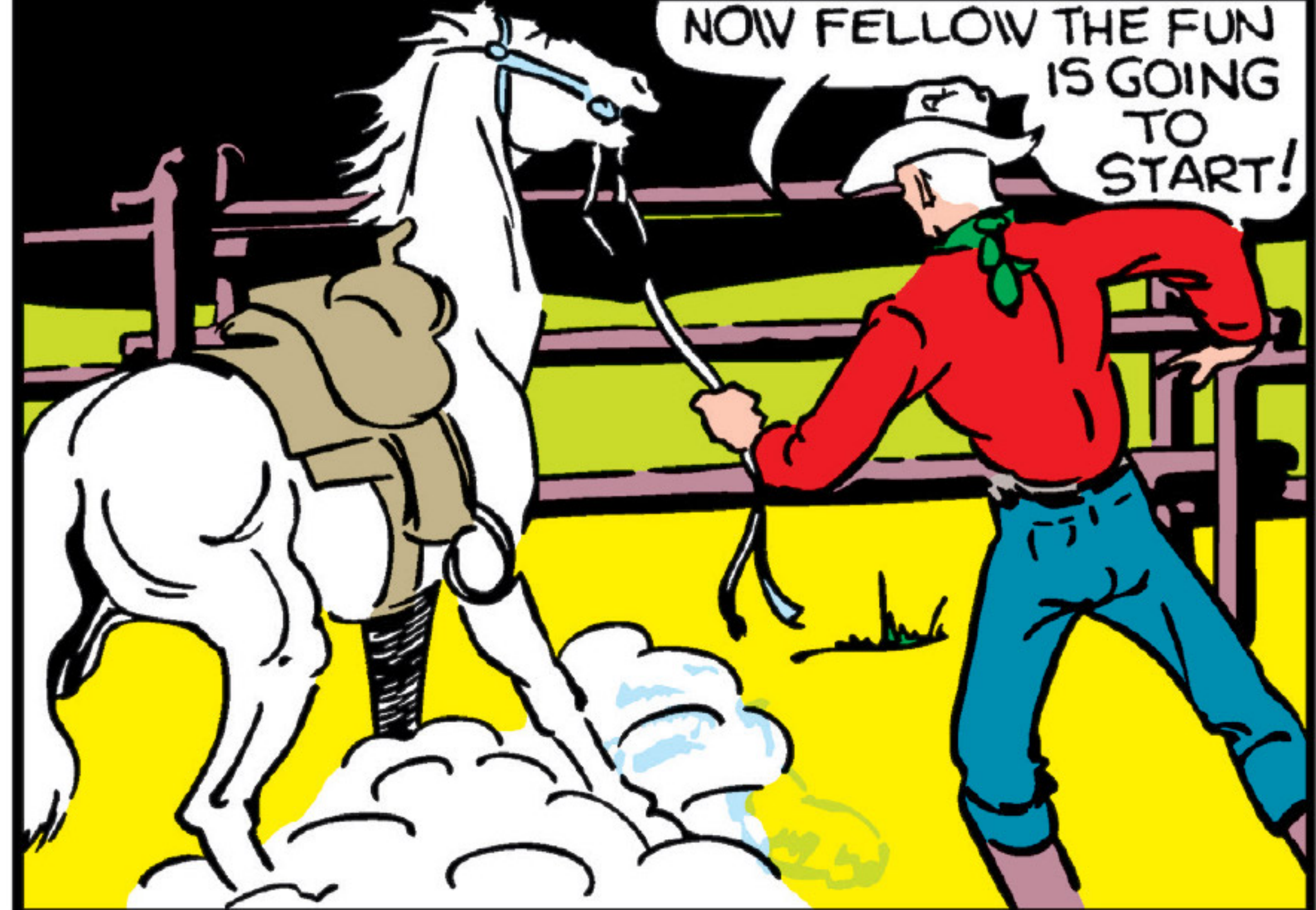
IN SPIE OF GARDLEY'S EFFORTS THE HORSE REMAINS FREE



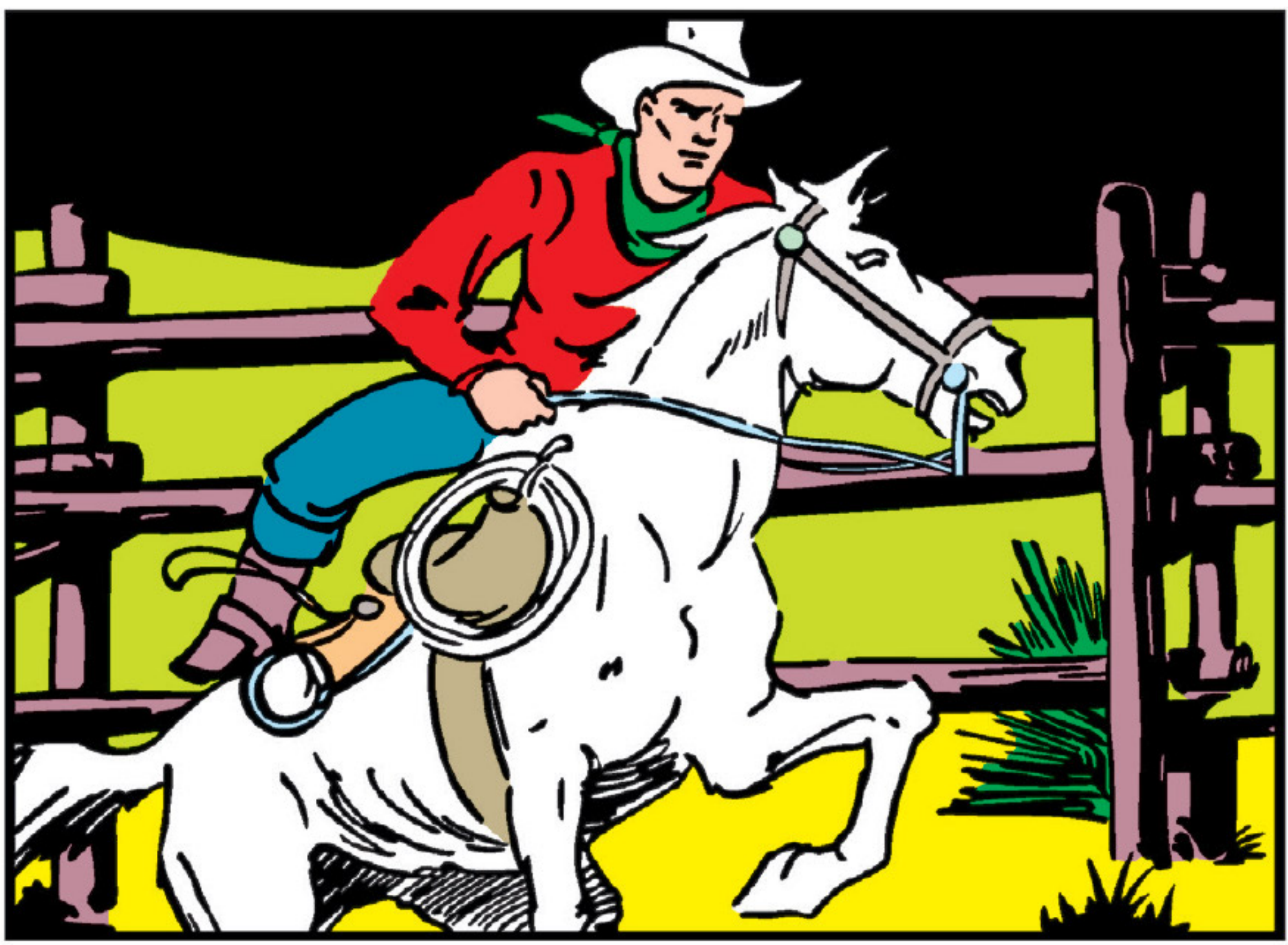
— THEN ONE DAY —



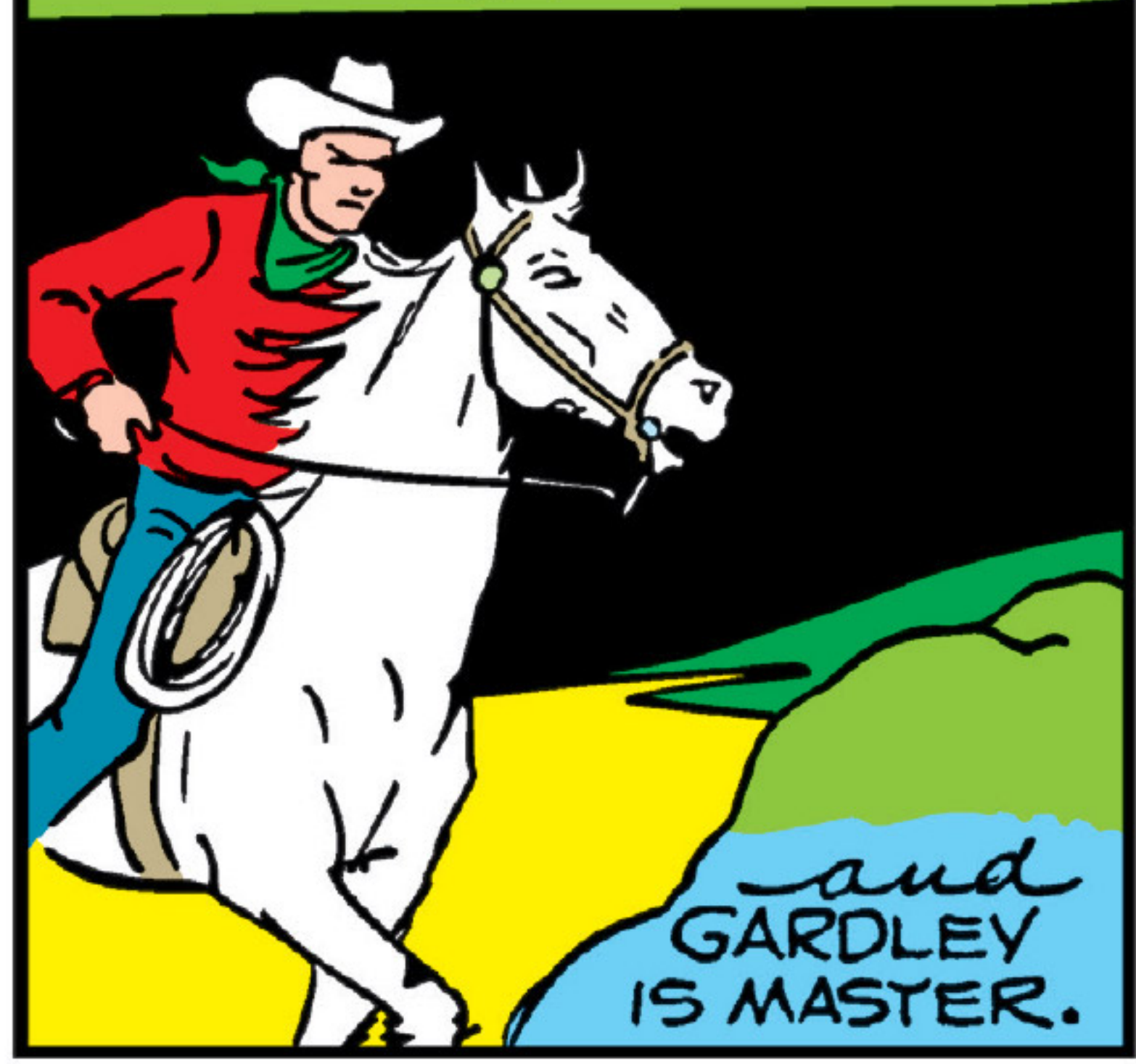
THEN CAME DAYS OF THE UTMOST PATIENCE GRADUALLY JIM WON THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE HORSE, HE CALLED "LIGHTNING" 



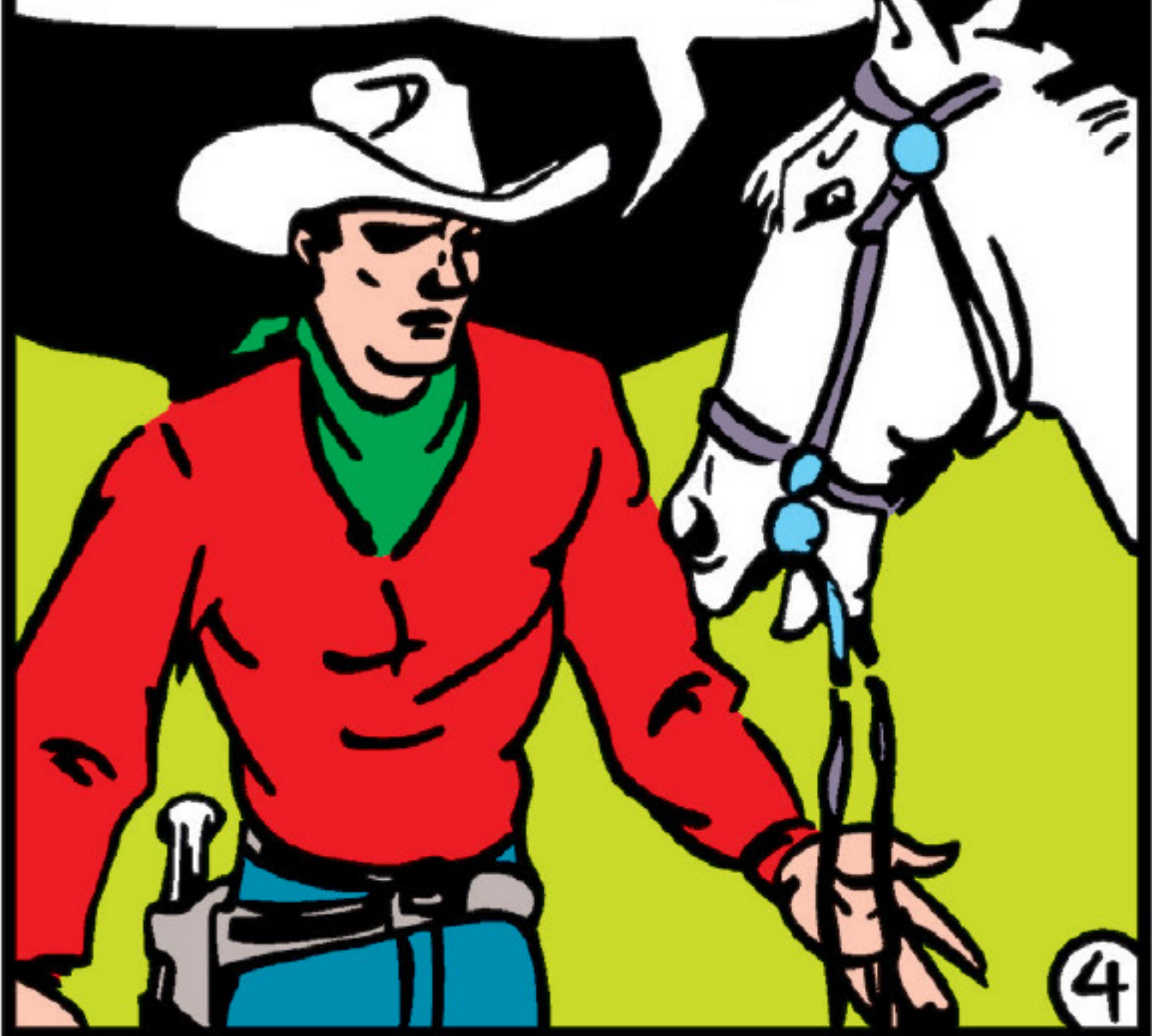
LIGHTNING IS SADDLED AND GARDLEY CLIMBS ABOARD HIS MOUNT PREPARED FOR THE WORST.



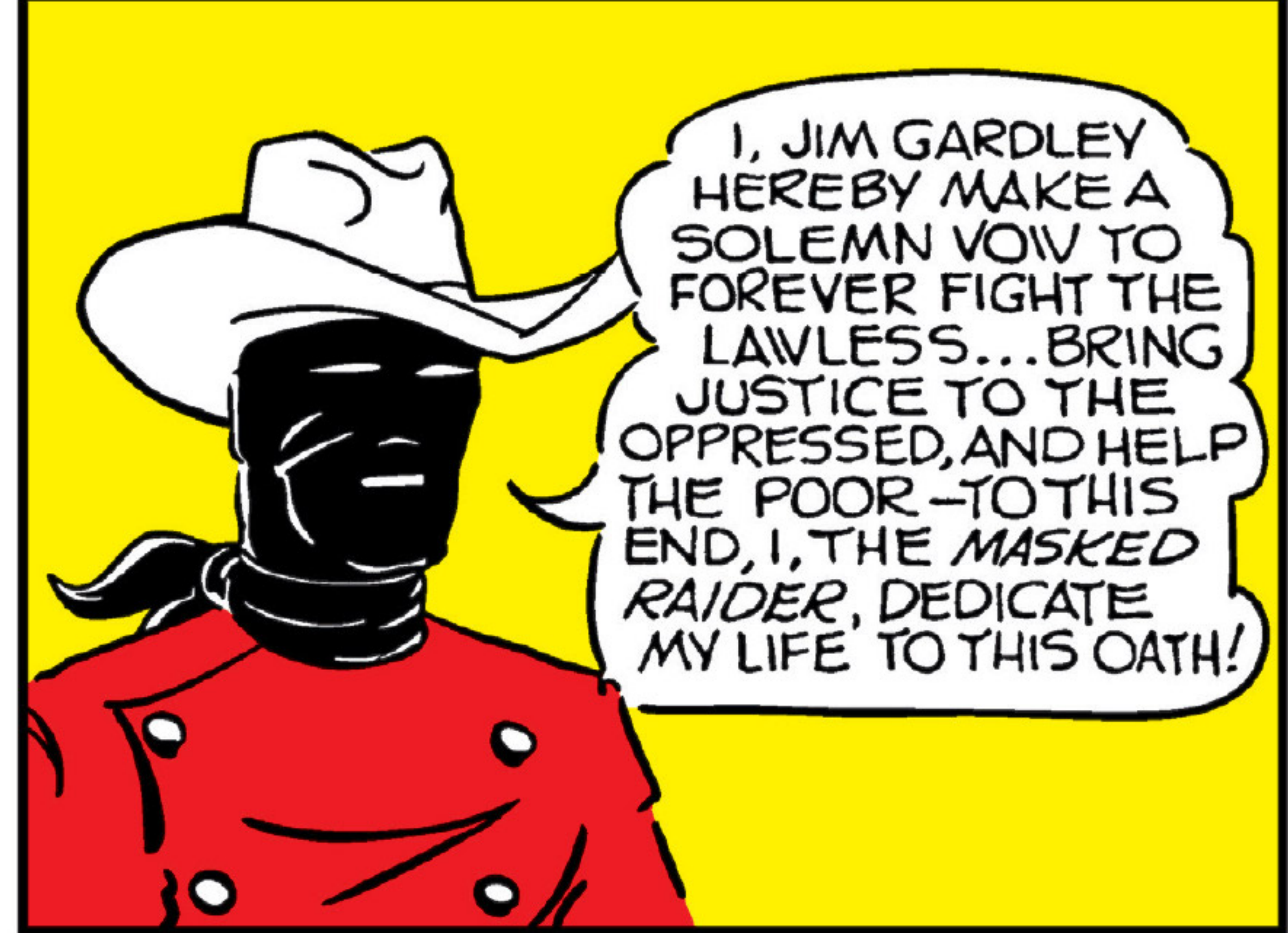
LIGHTNING BREAKS INTO A RUN —

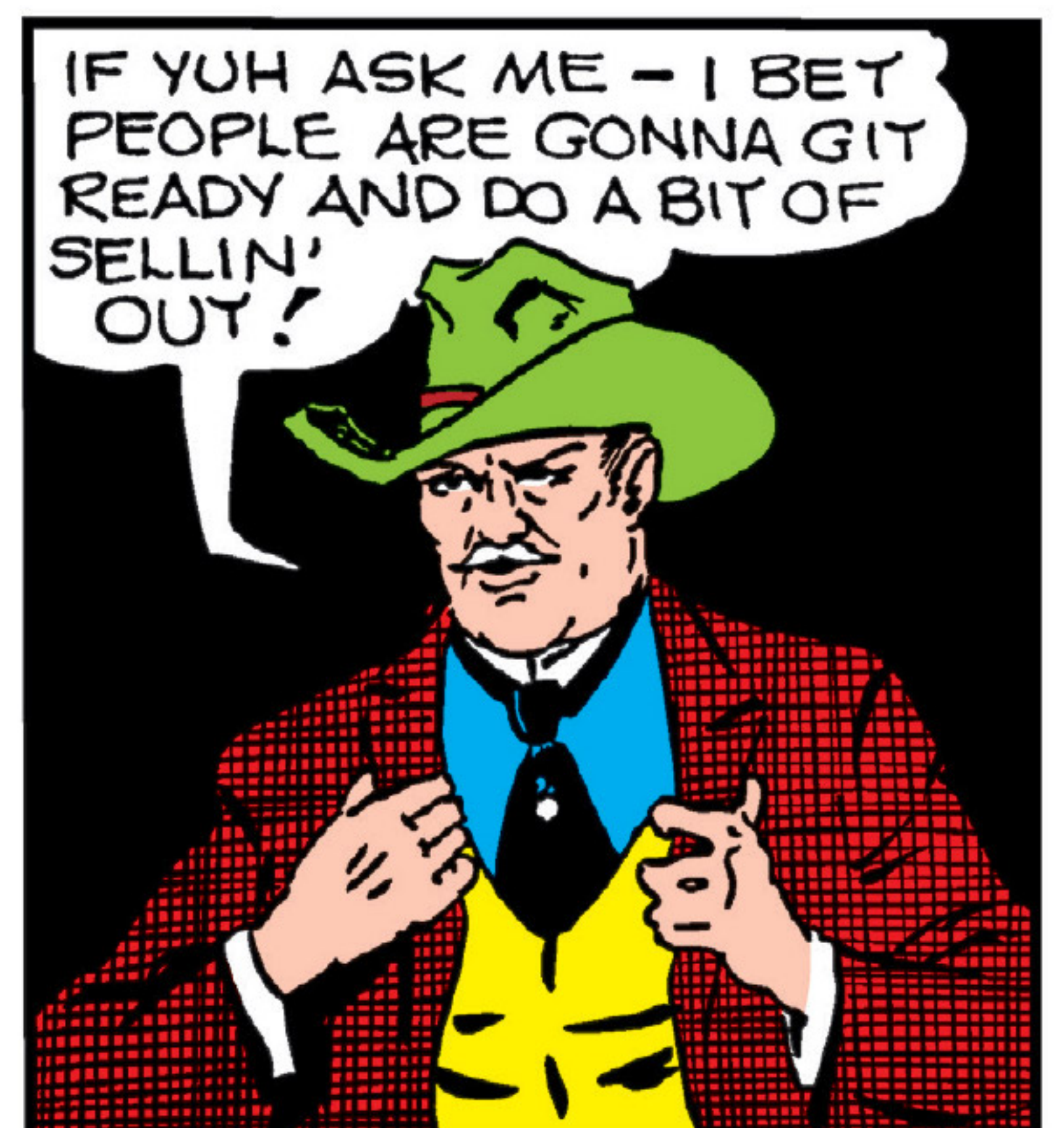
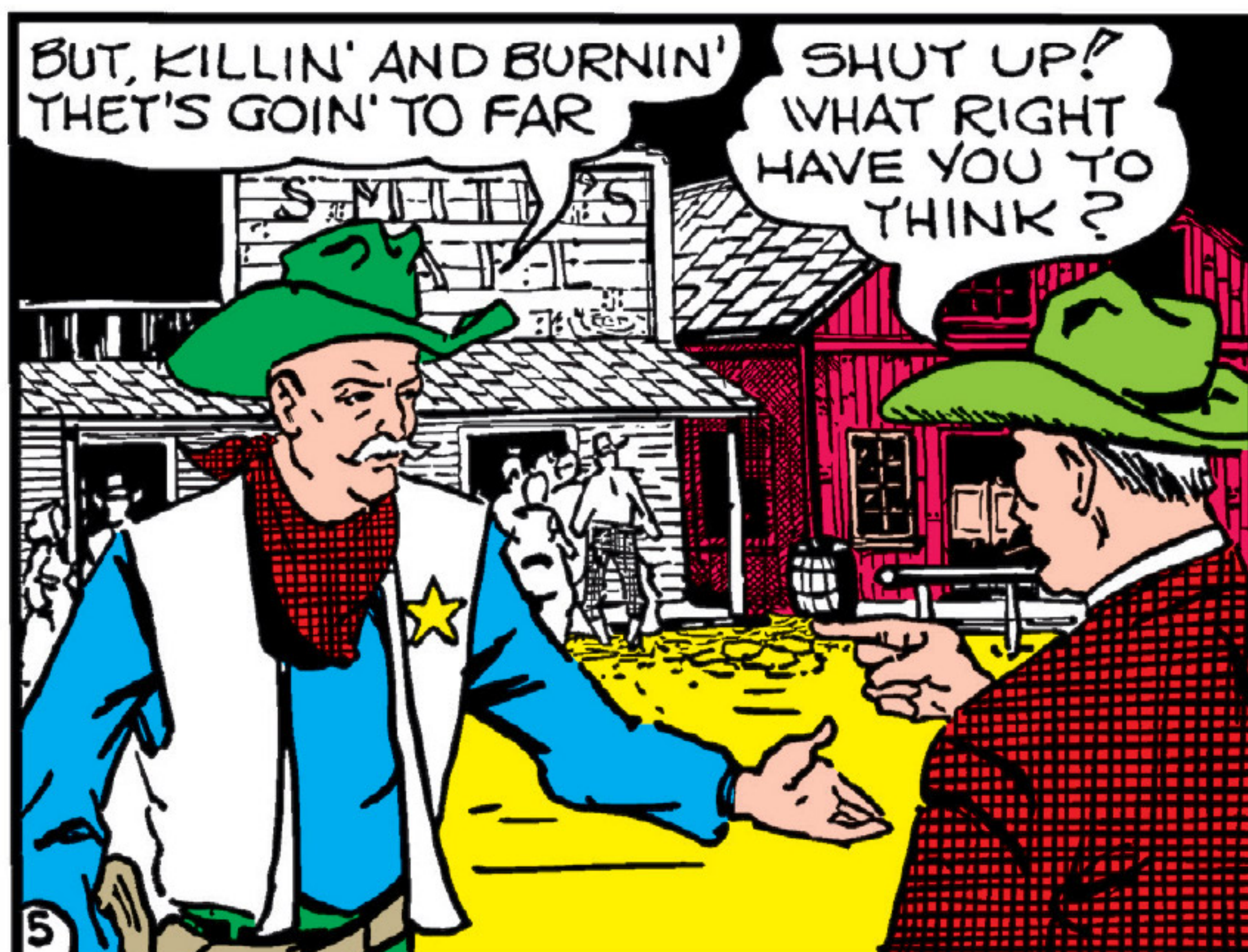
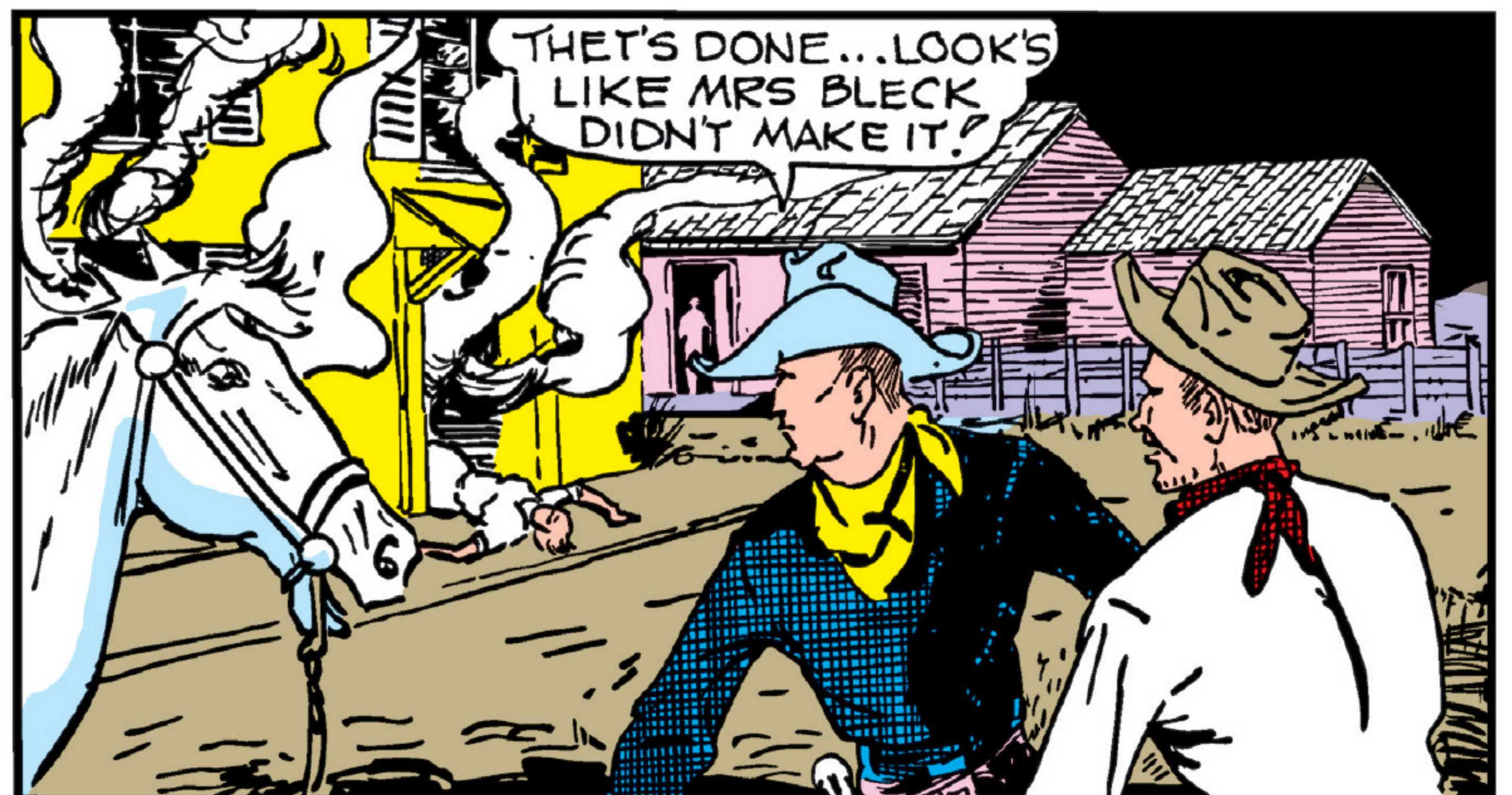
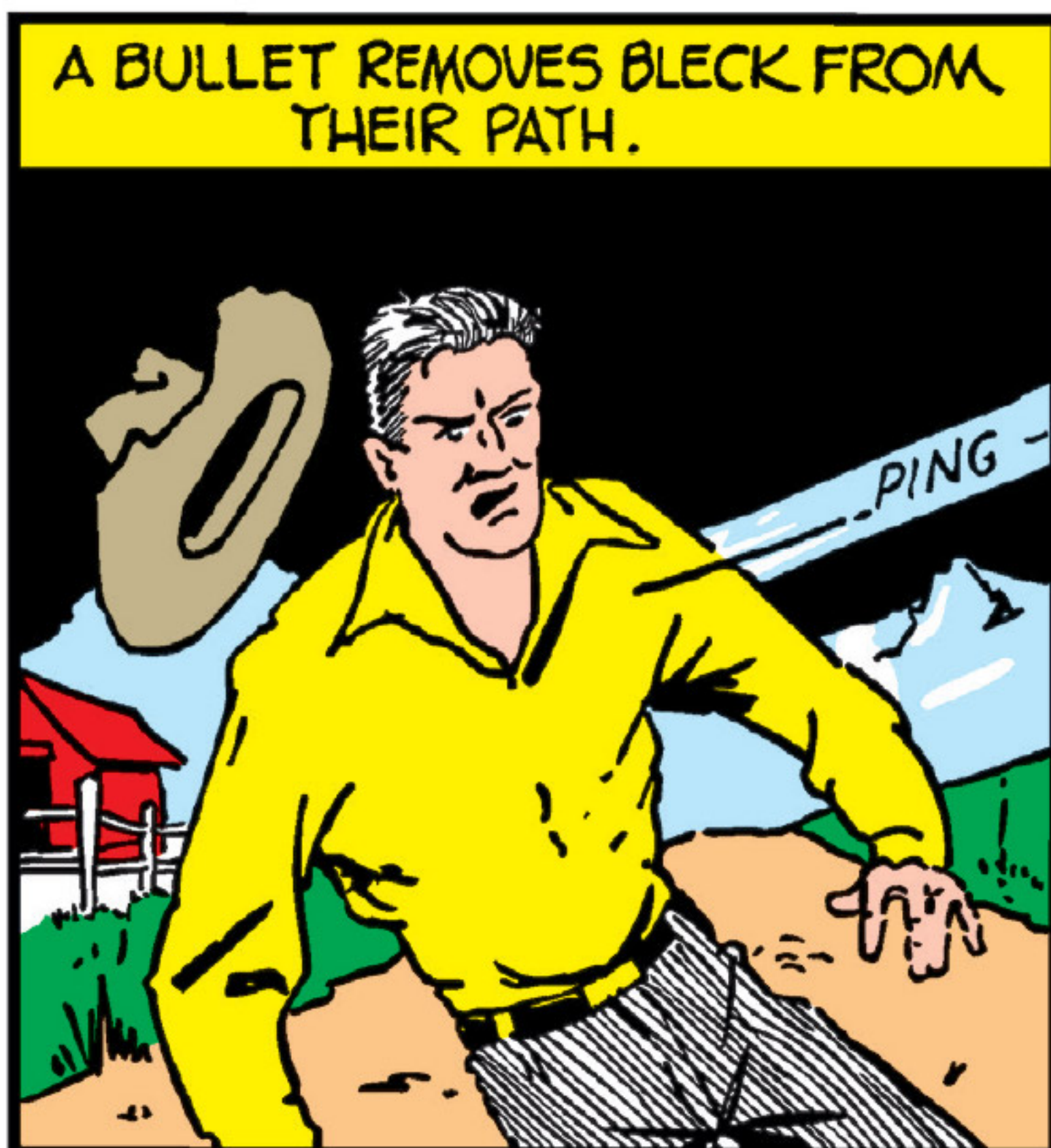
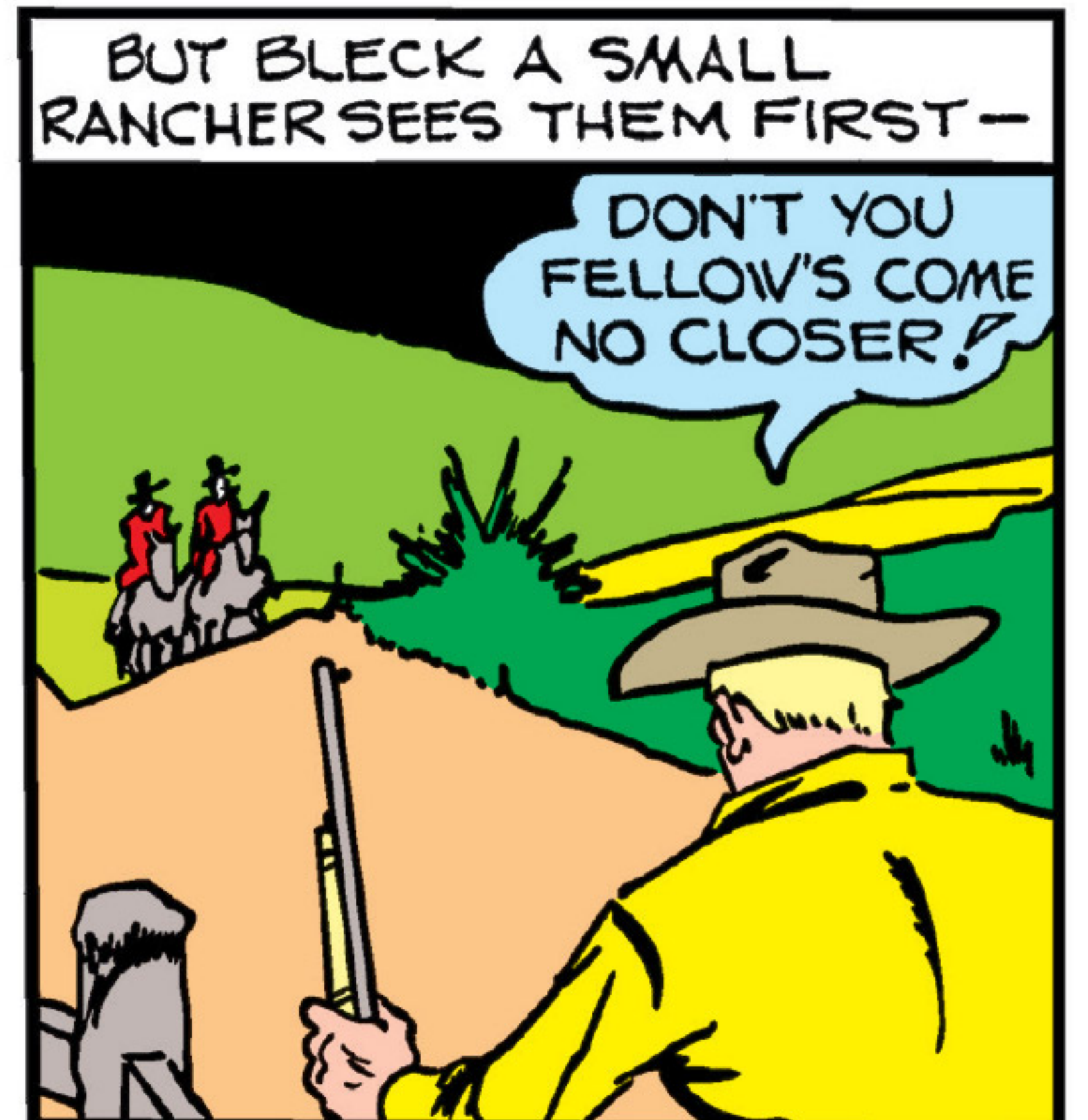
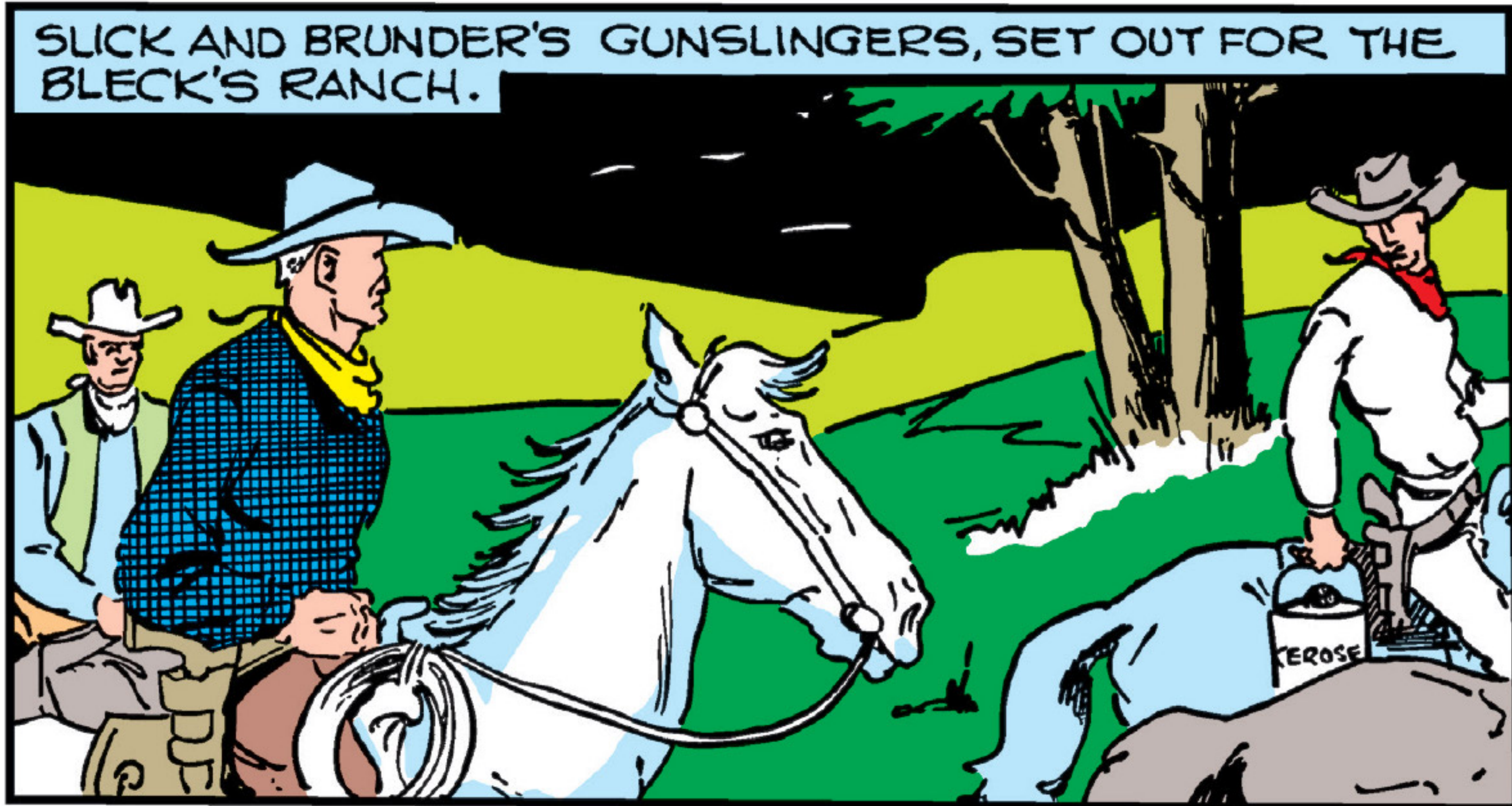
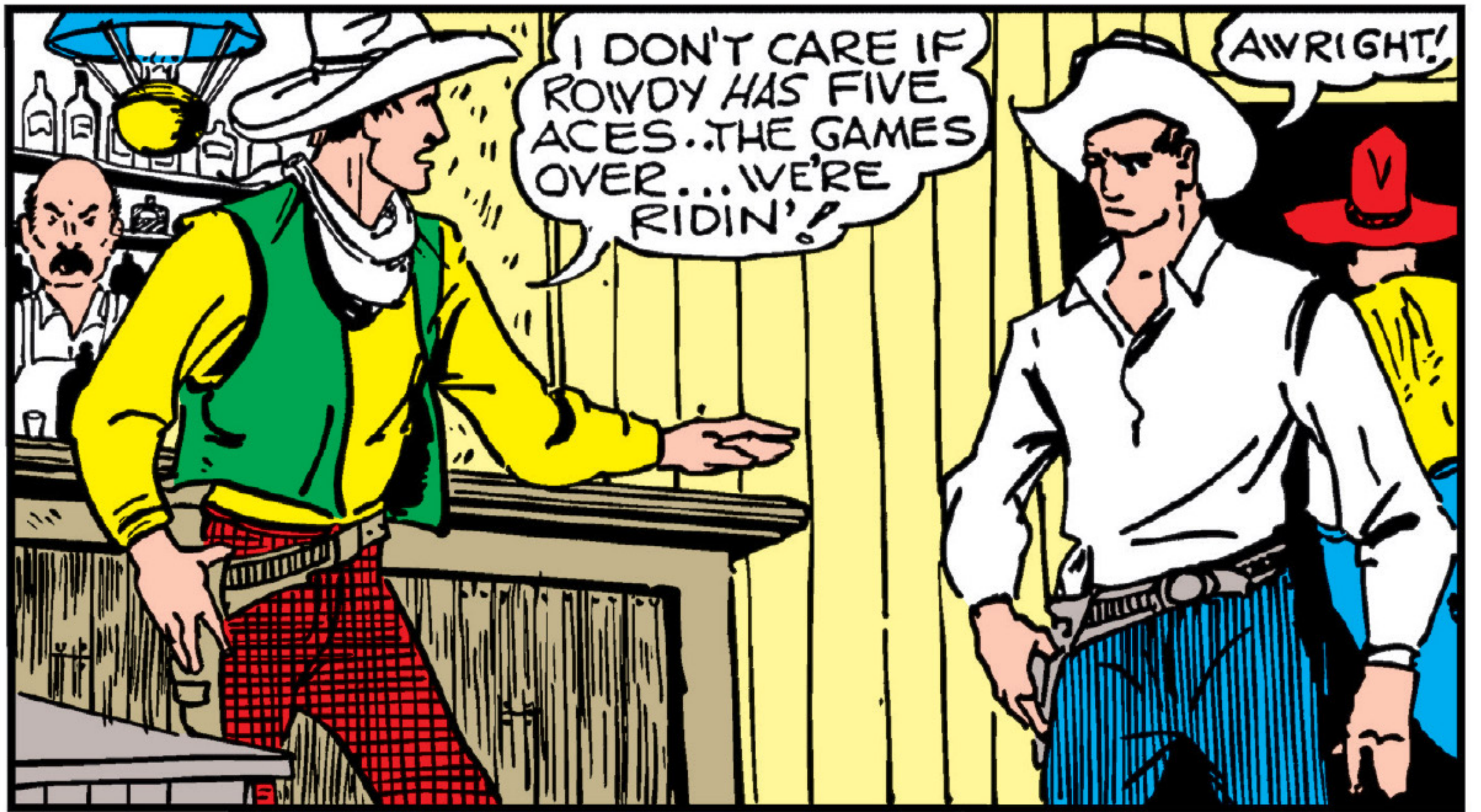
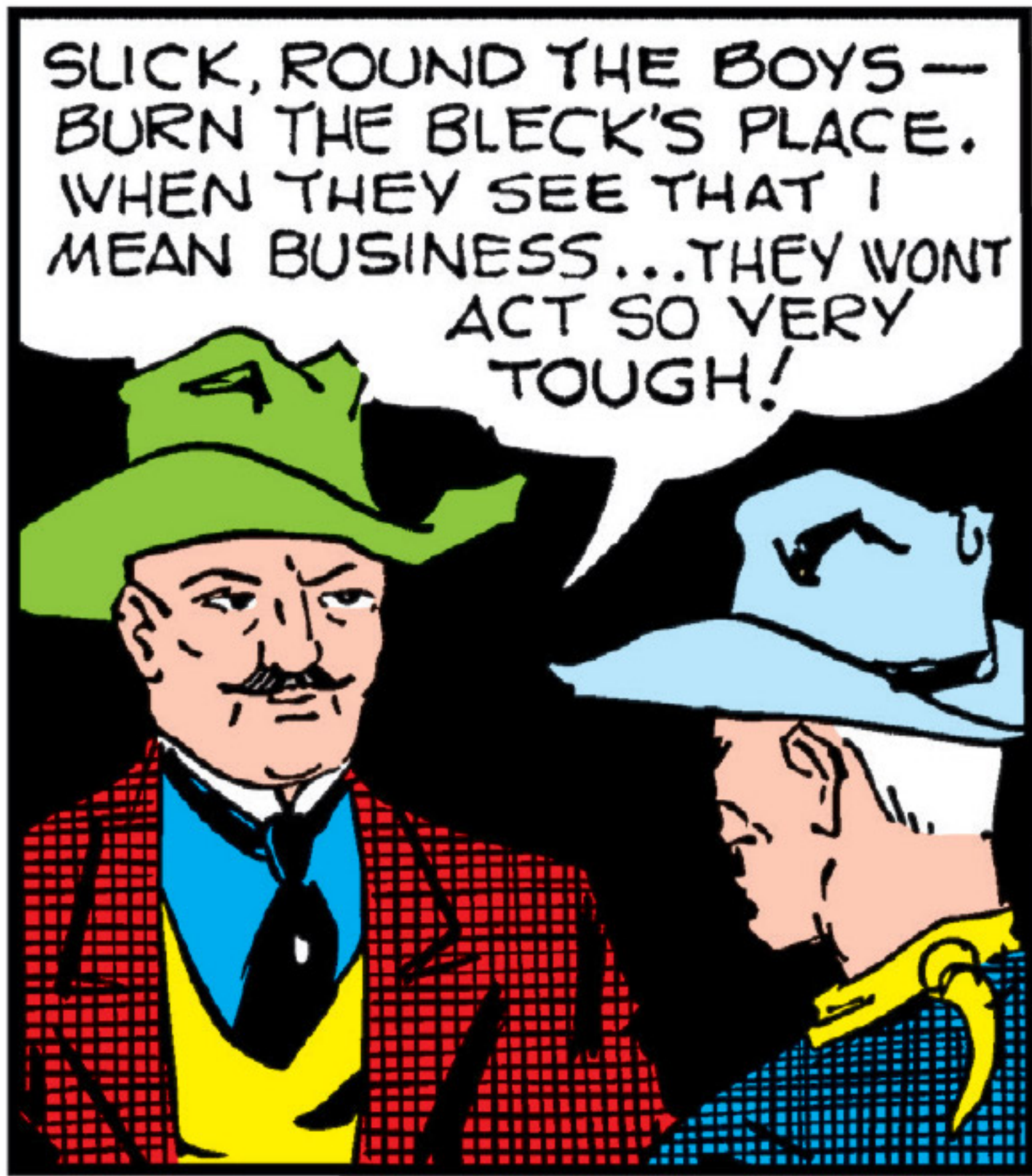


PEOPLE ARE GOING TO HEAR A LOT ABOUT US, FROM NOW ON LIGHTNING?

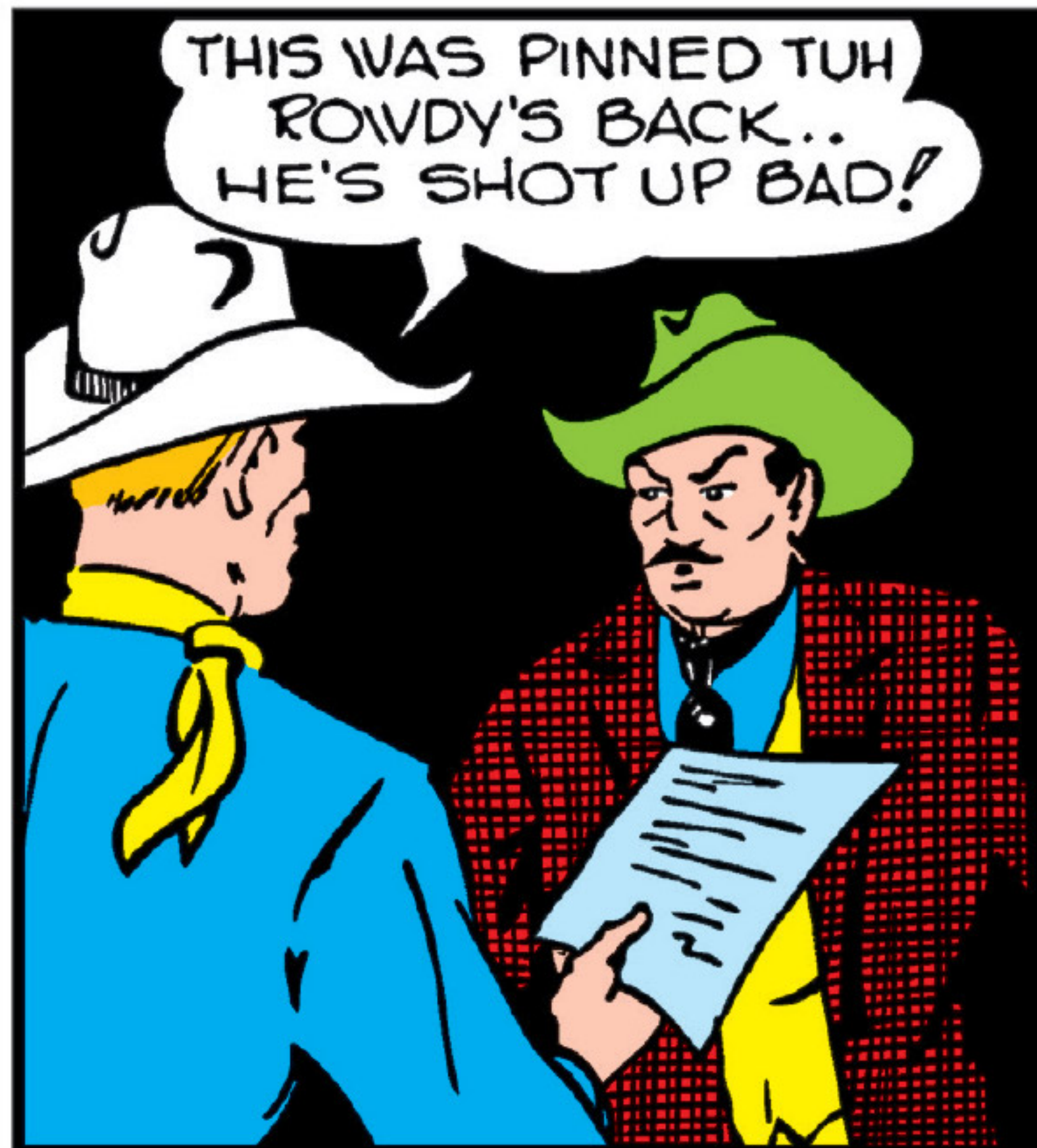
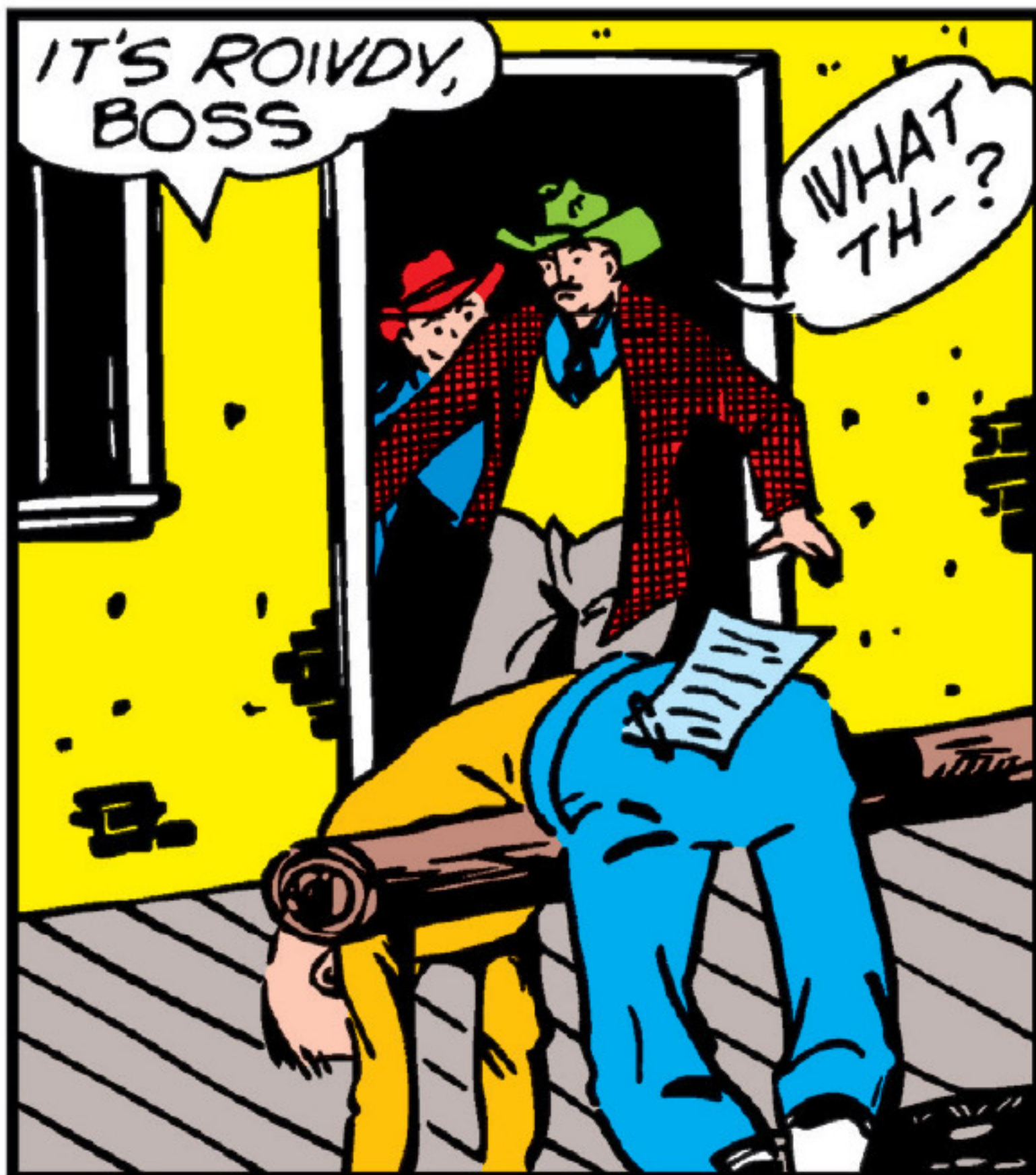
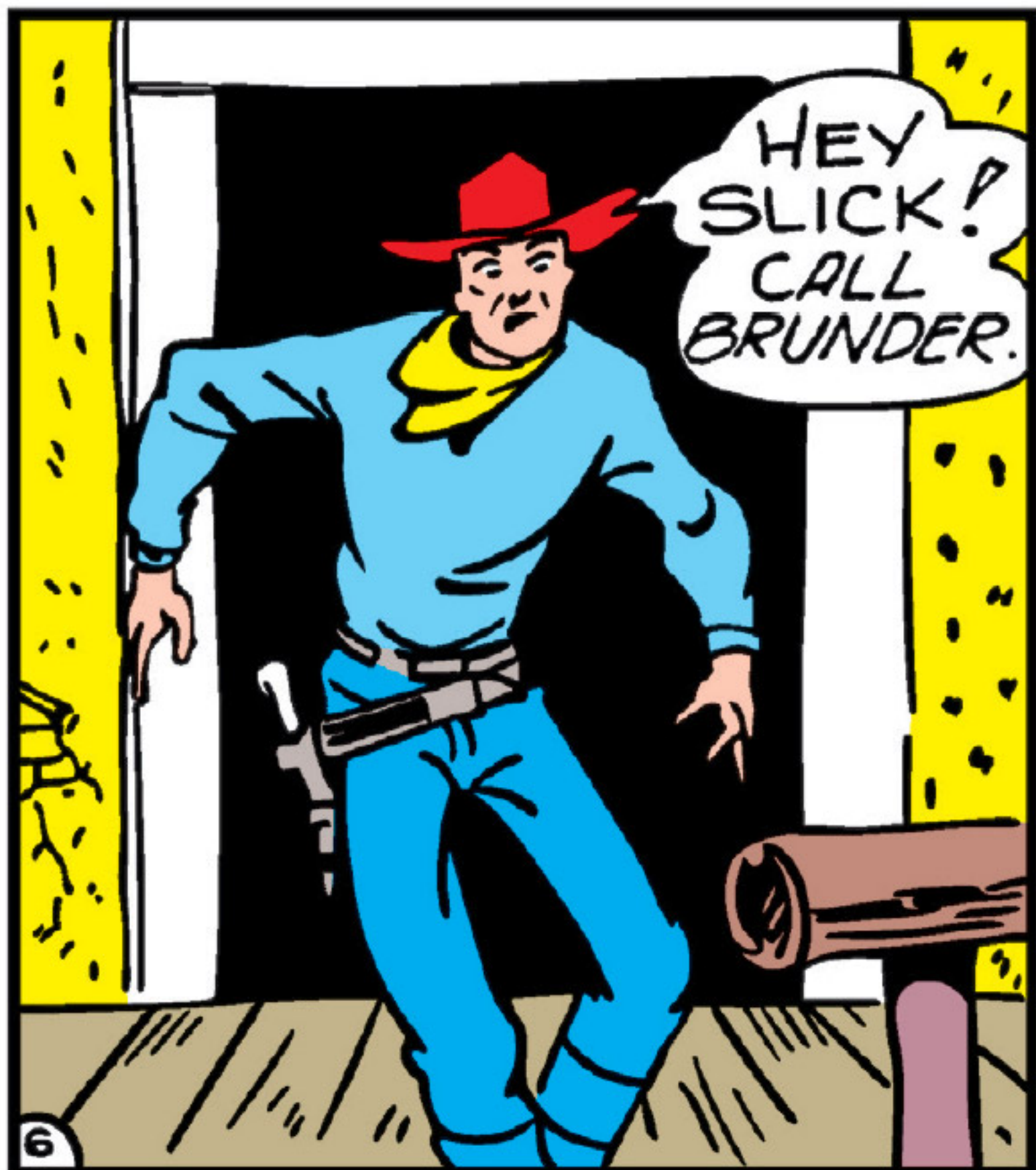
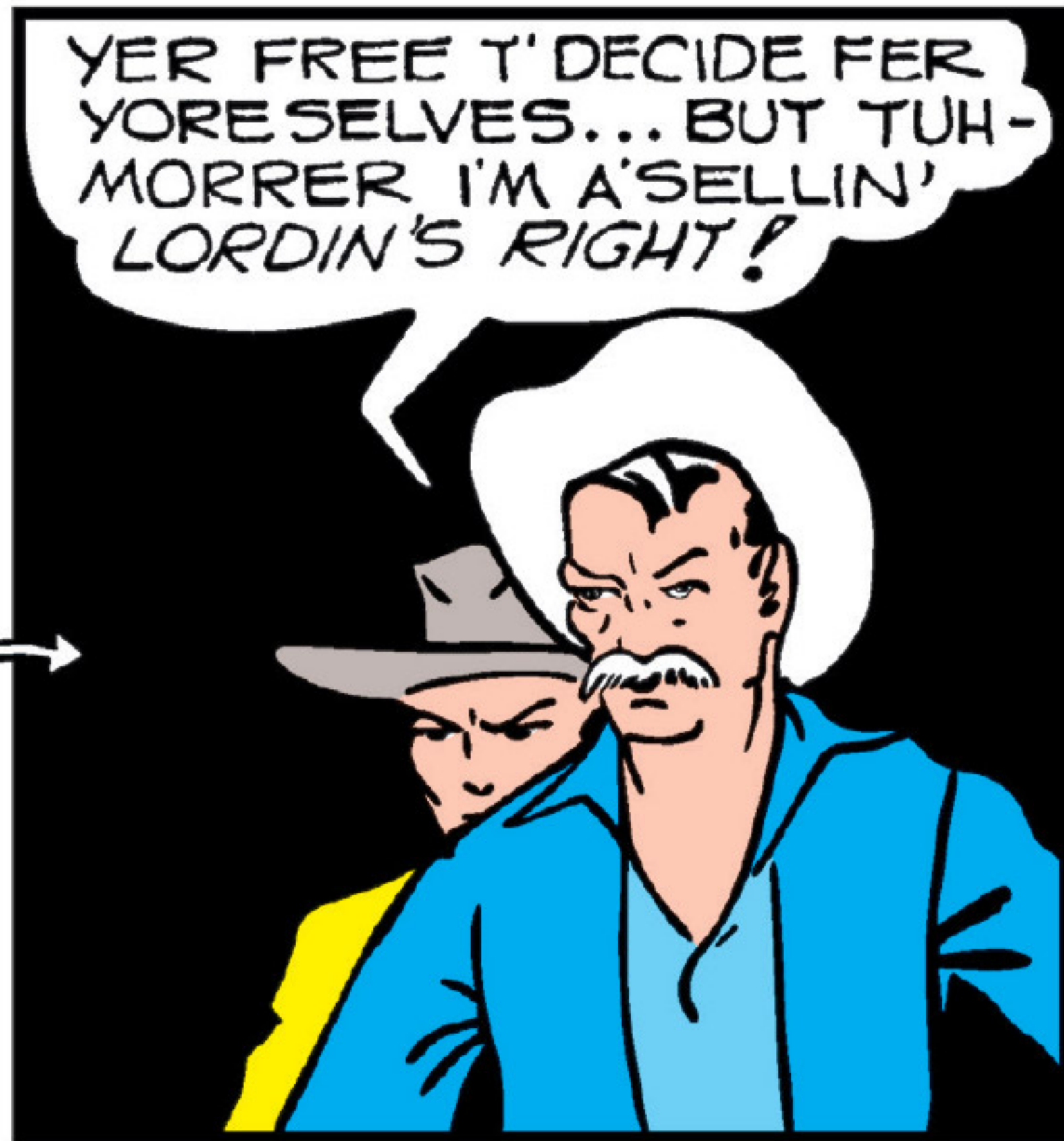
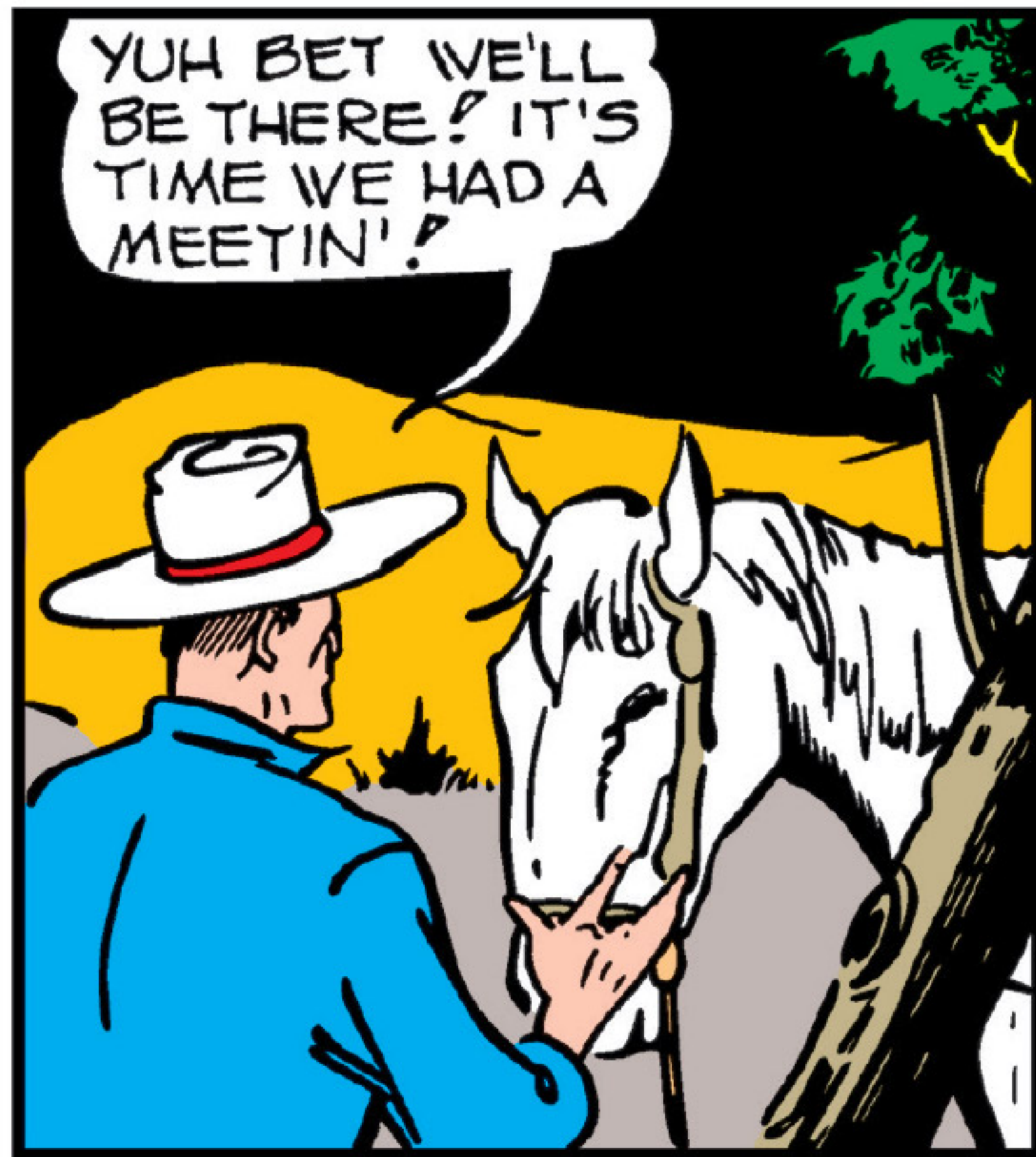
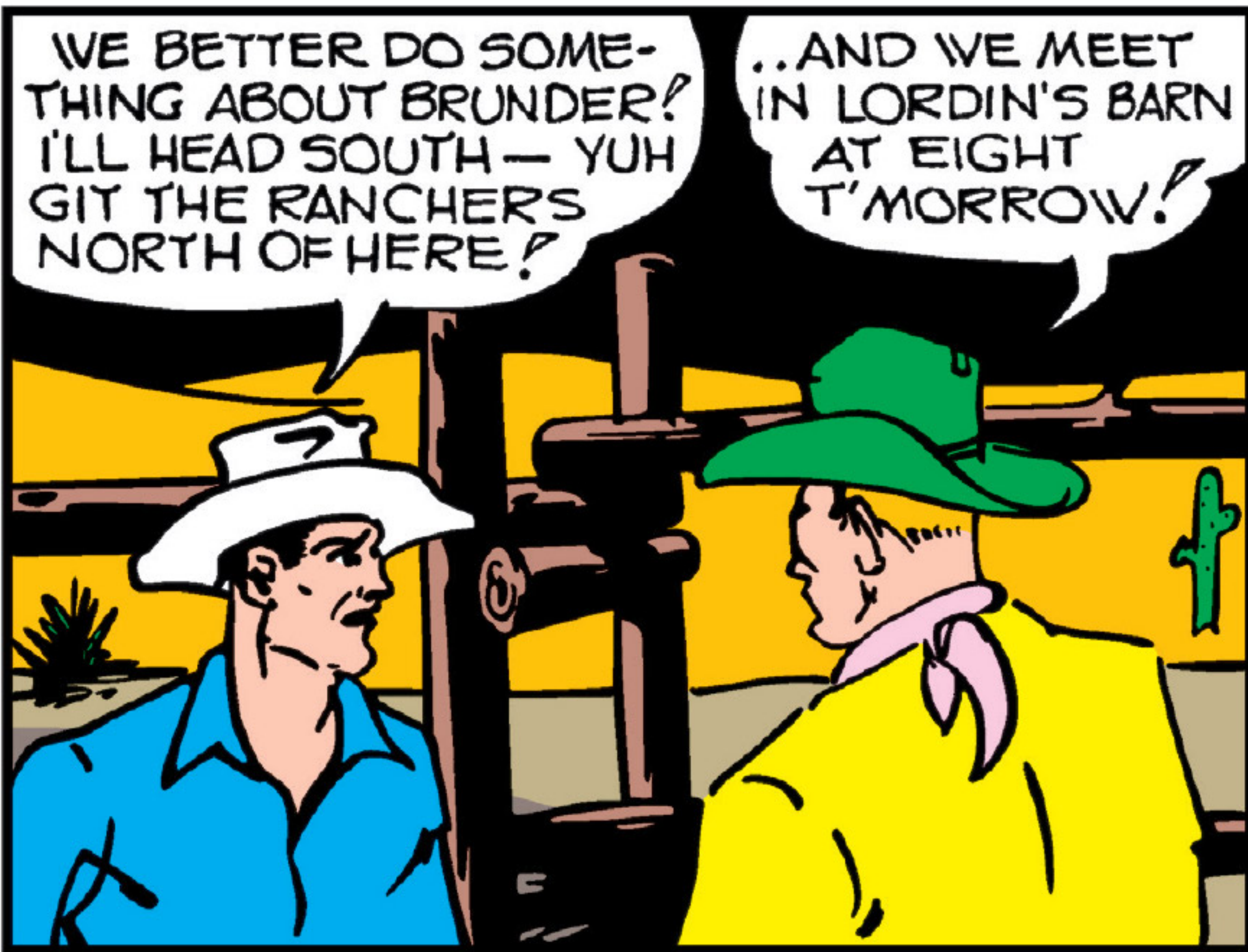


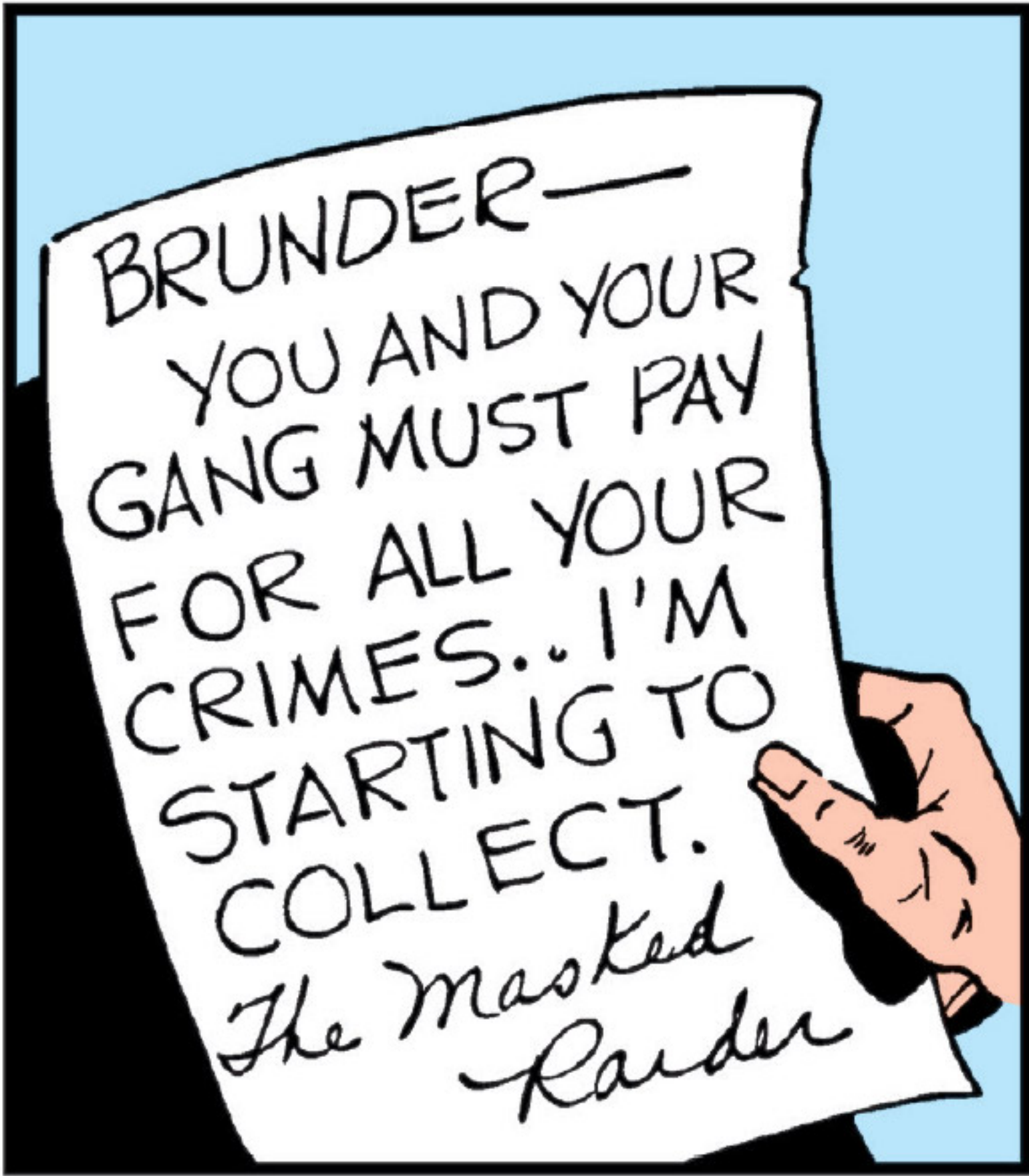
JUBILANT OVER LIGHTNING'S ABILITIES, GARDLEY MAKES READY TO ADOPT A NEW ROLE THAT OF THE MASKED RAIDER.



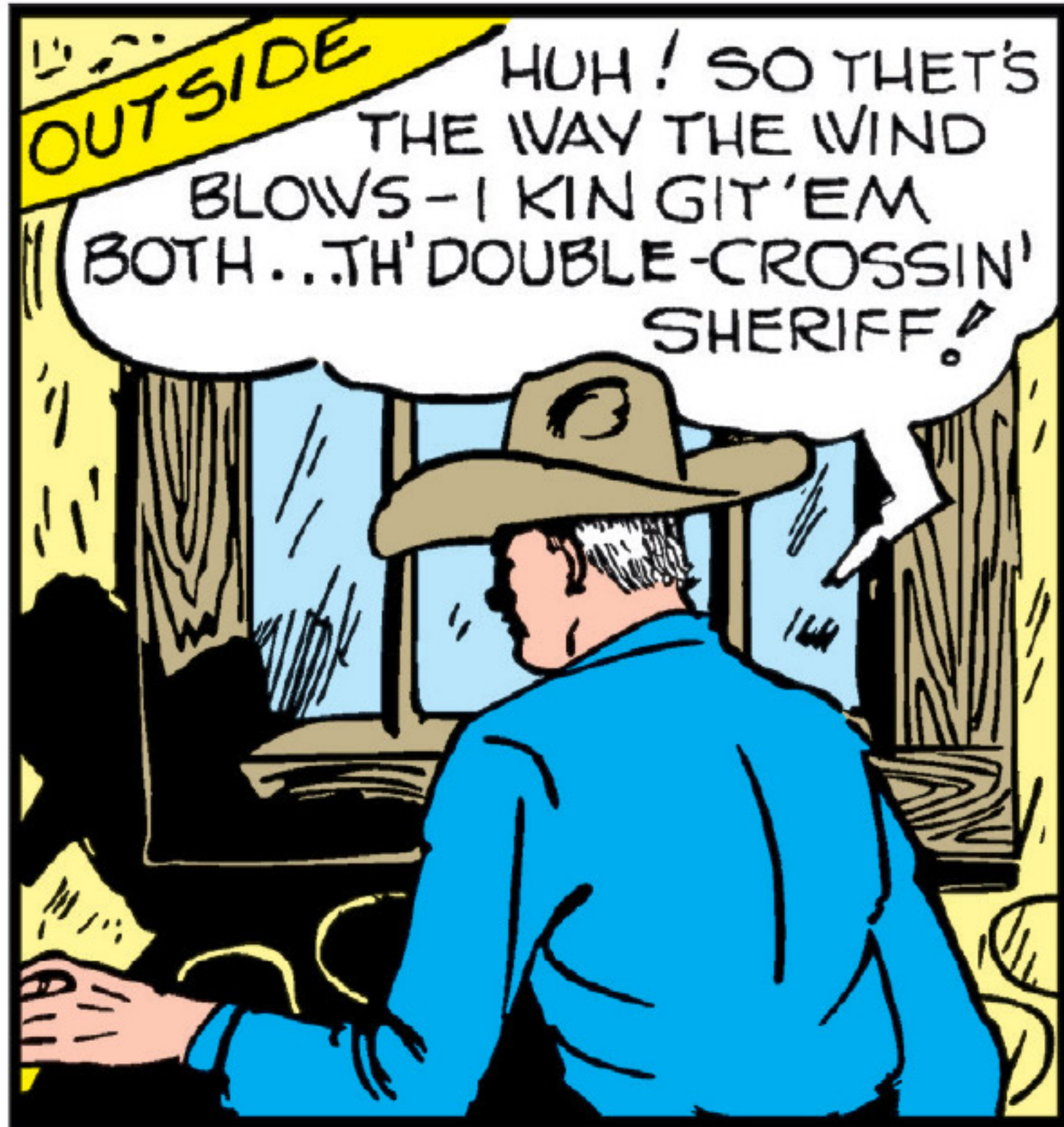
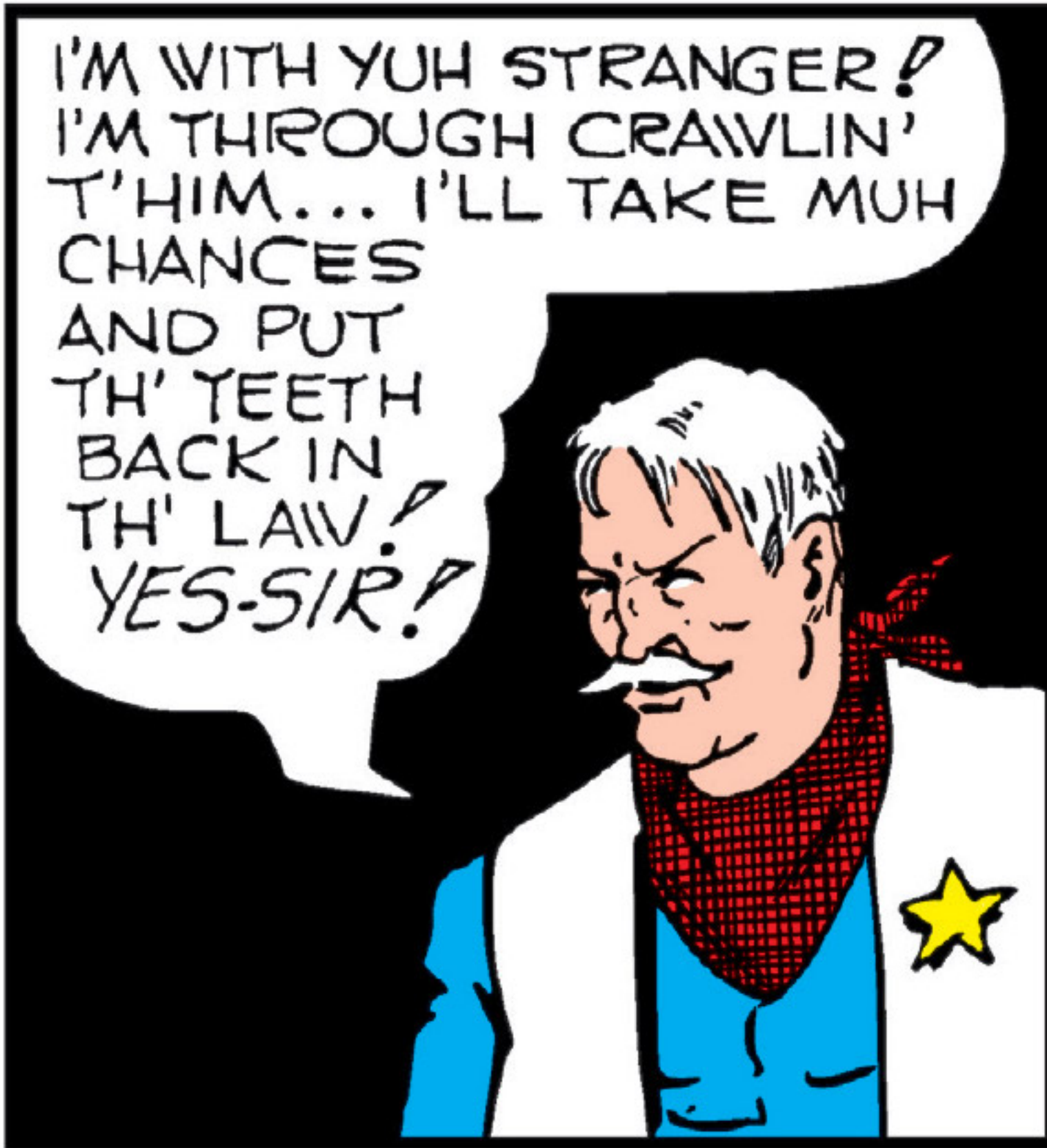


THE
DESPERATE
RANCHERS
AT LAST
DECIDE
TO TRY
AND FIND
A SOLUTION
TO THEIR
PROBLEM.

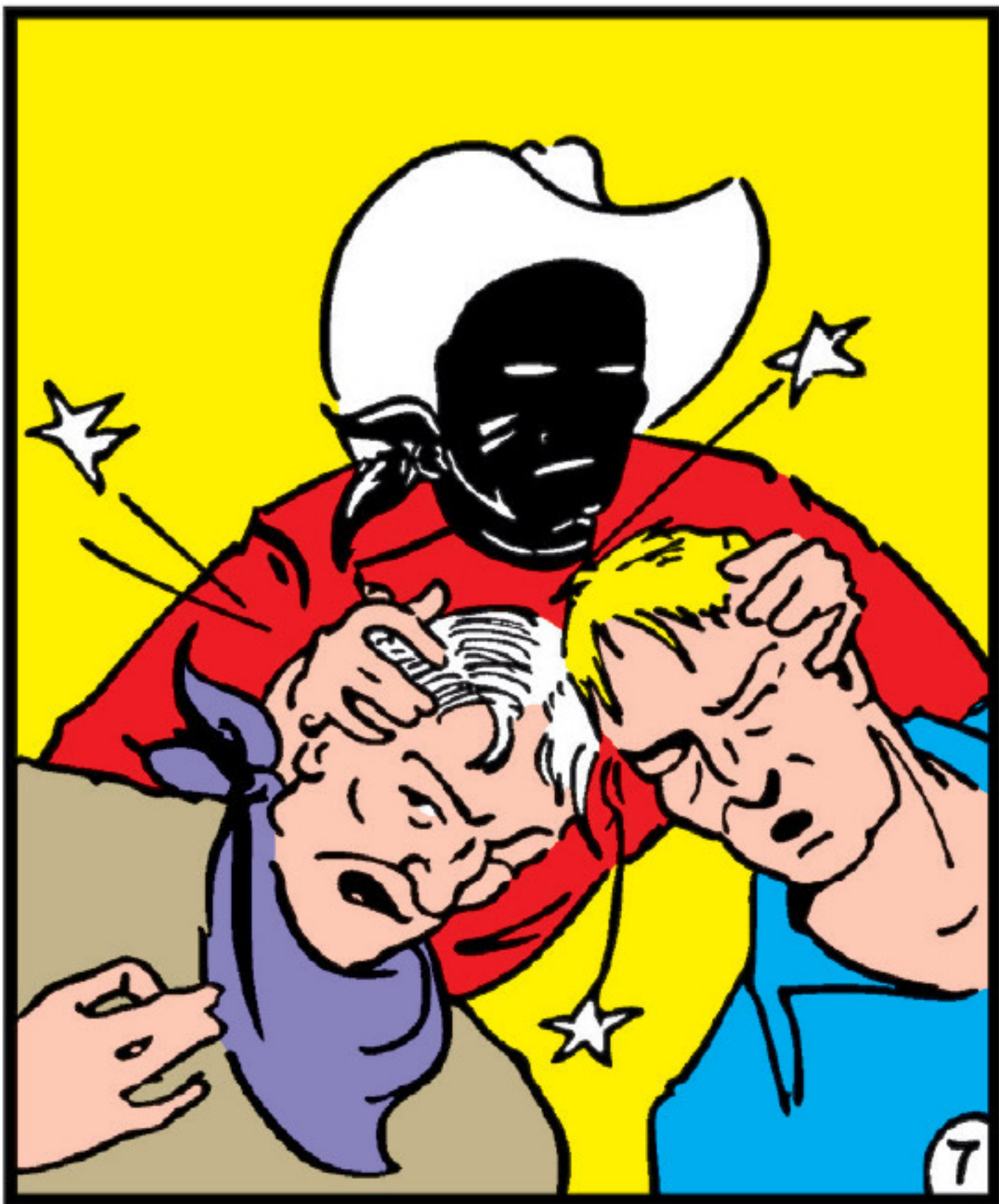
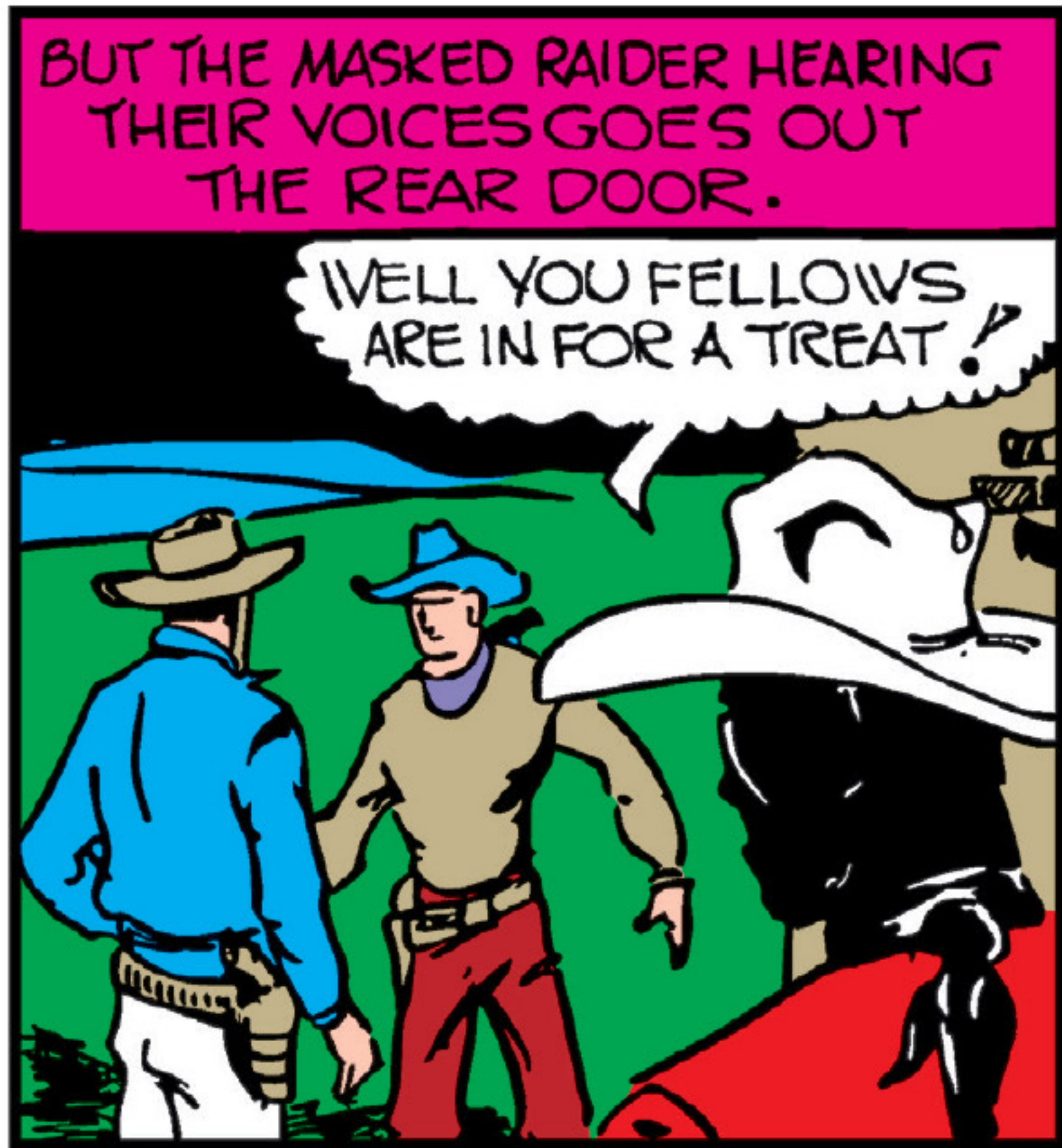
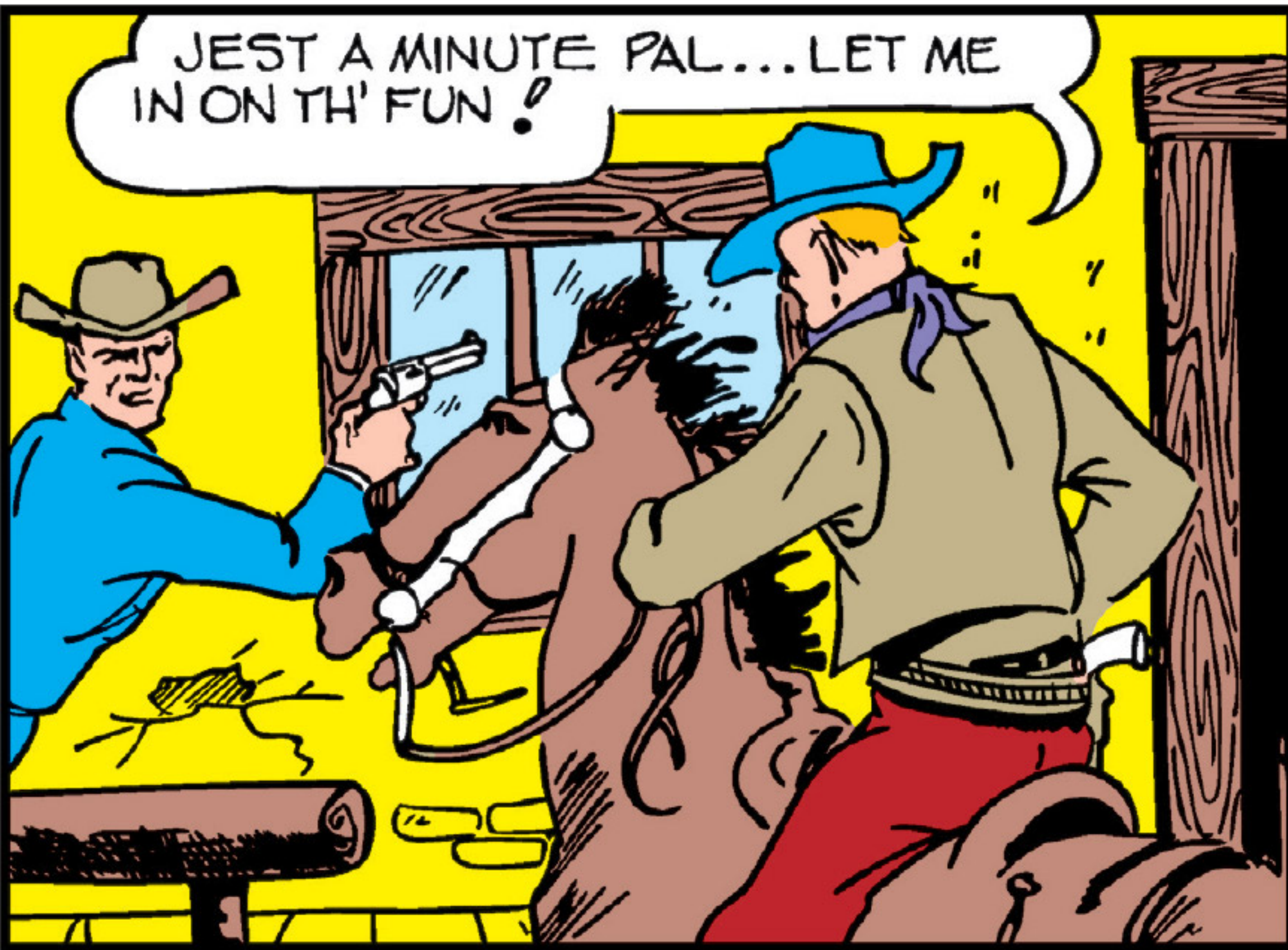




MEANWHILE
OVER
AT THE
SHERIFF'S
OFFICE
AN
UNEXPECTED
CALLER
ARRIVES



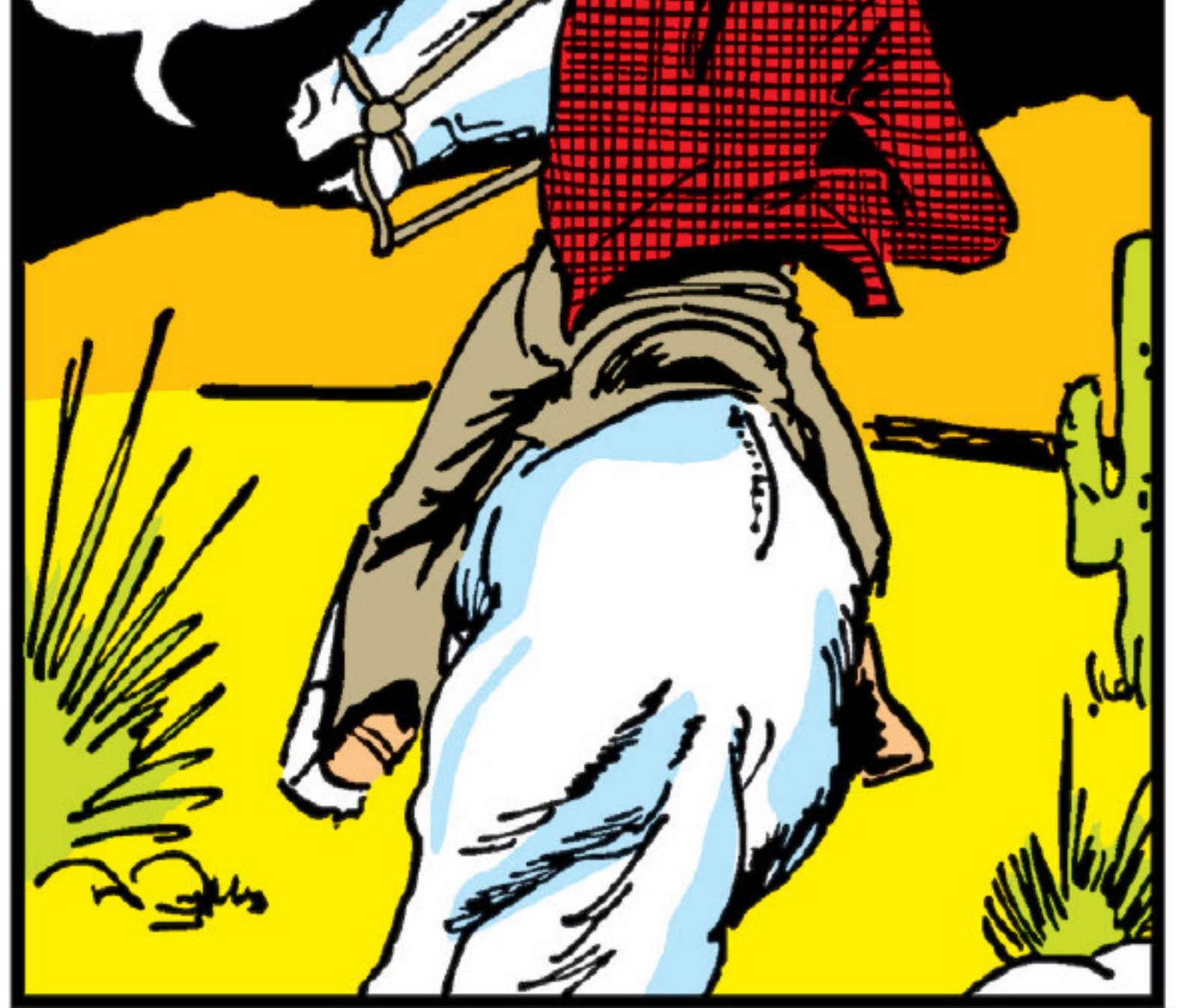
JUST AS
THE
EAVES-DROPPER
DECIDES
TO SHOOT
THE TWO
UNSUSPECTING
MEN,
A CRONY
ARRIVES.



THE LOUD VOICE OF SLICK BRINGS THE REMAINDER OF BRUNDER'S GANG TO HIS AID — BUT THE TOWNSMEN RUSH TO THE AID OF THE "MASKED RAIDER".



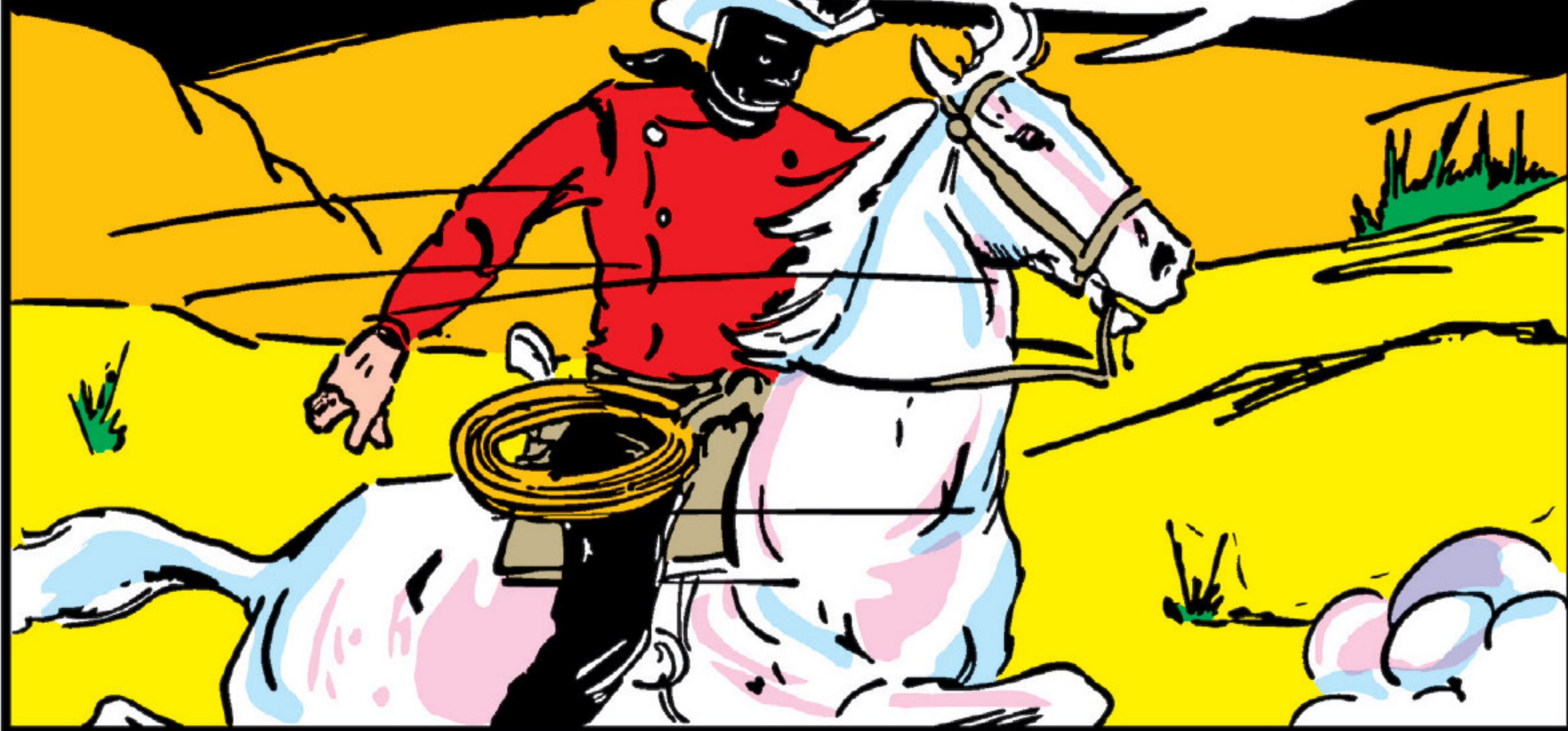
GIT GOIN' HOSS?
IT'S TOO
HOT
HERE!



AH! SO BRUNDER IS
TRYING TO RUN OUT —
NOT IF
I CAN
HELP
IT!



COME ON LIGHTNING!
LET'S GET HIM!!



THE MASKED RAIDER'S ROPE
SNAGS BRUNDER AND —
JERKS HIM FROM HIS HORSE.



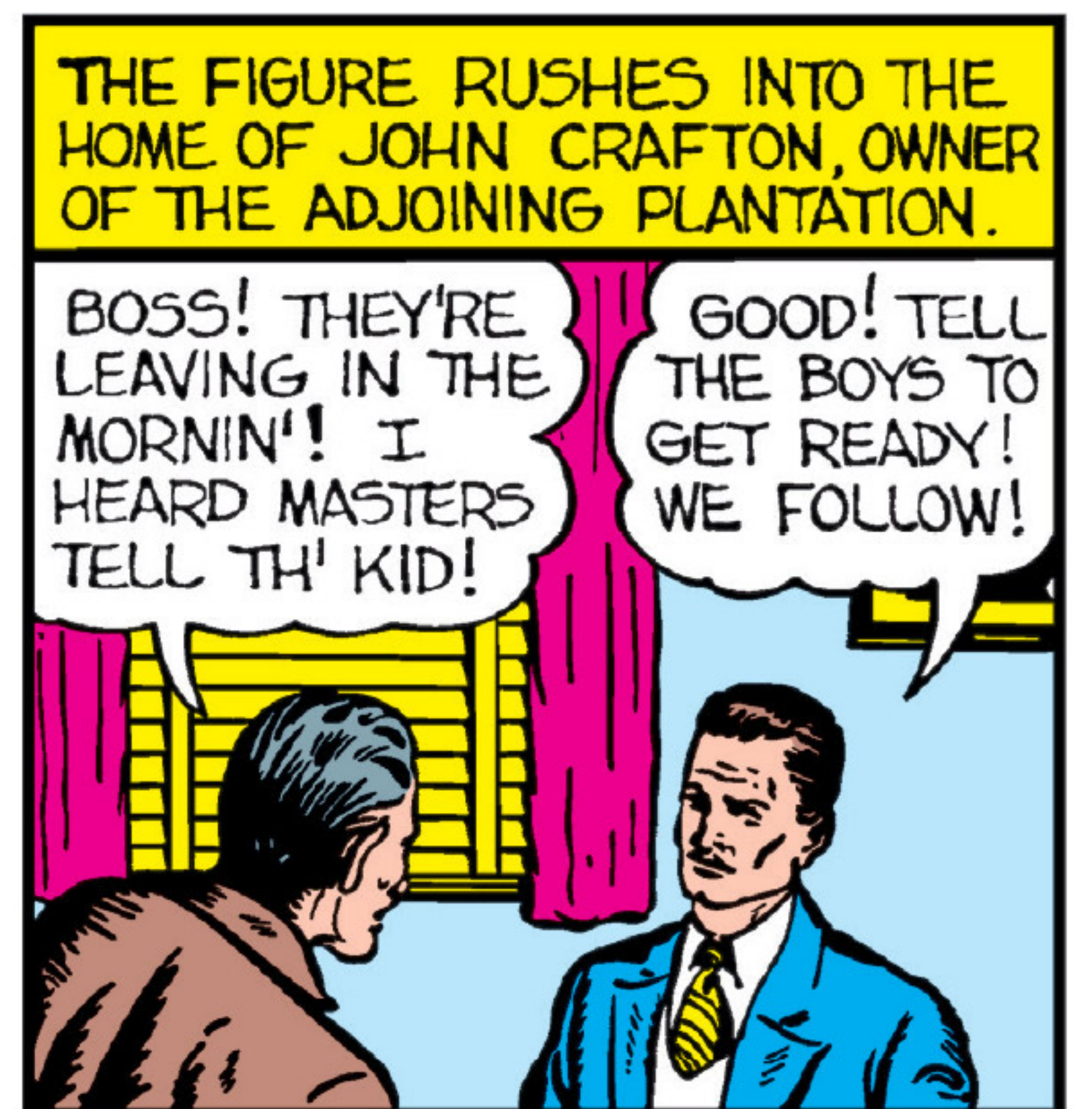
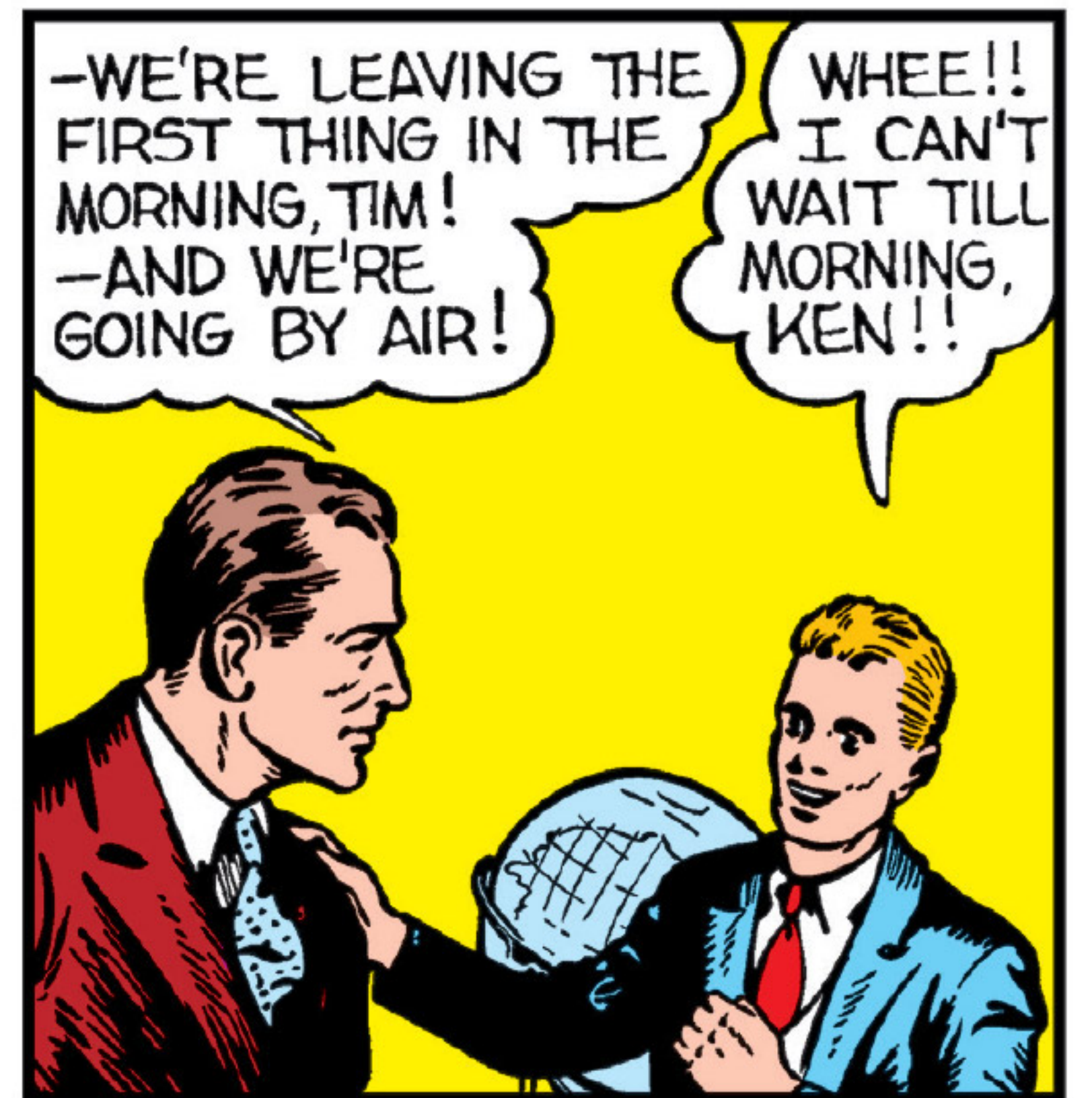
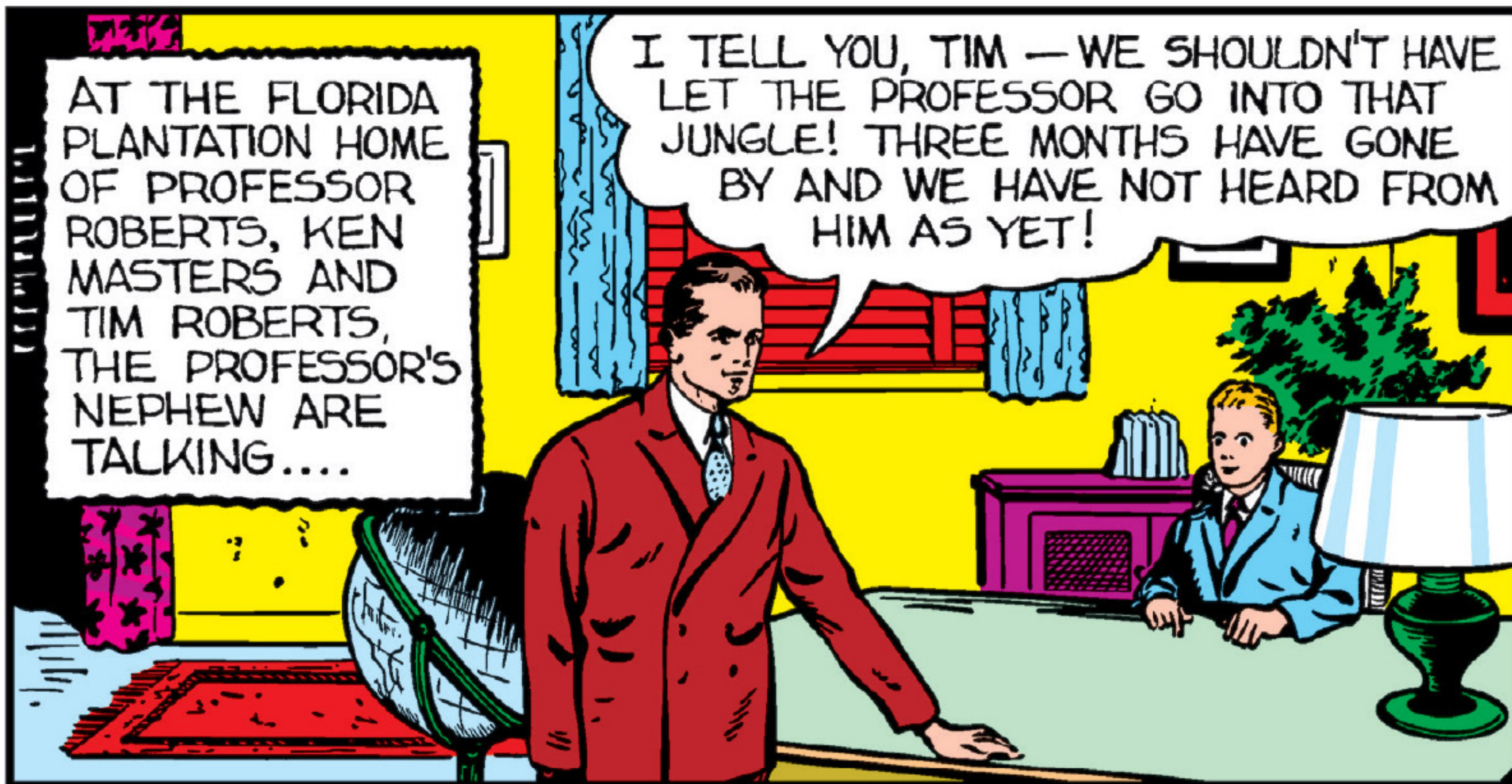
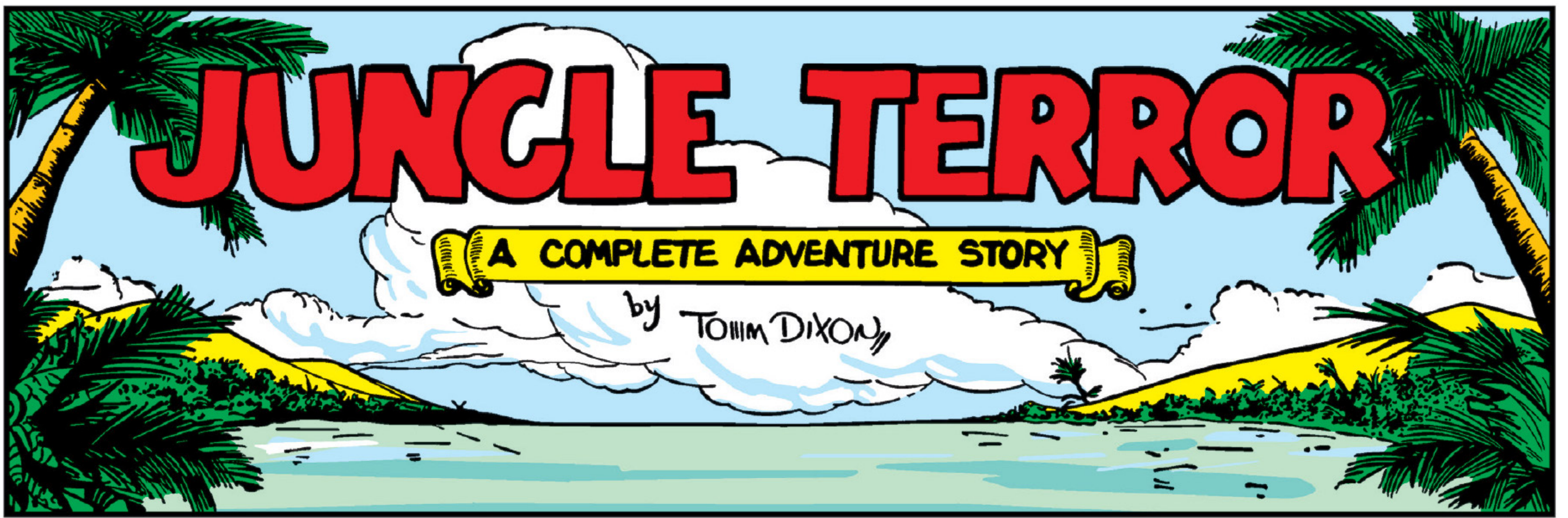
THERE YOU ARE MEN —
THE BRUNDER
GANG IS
NO MORE!

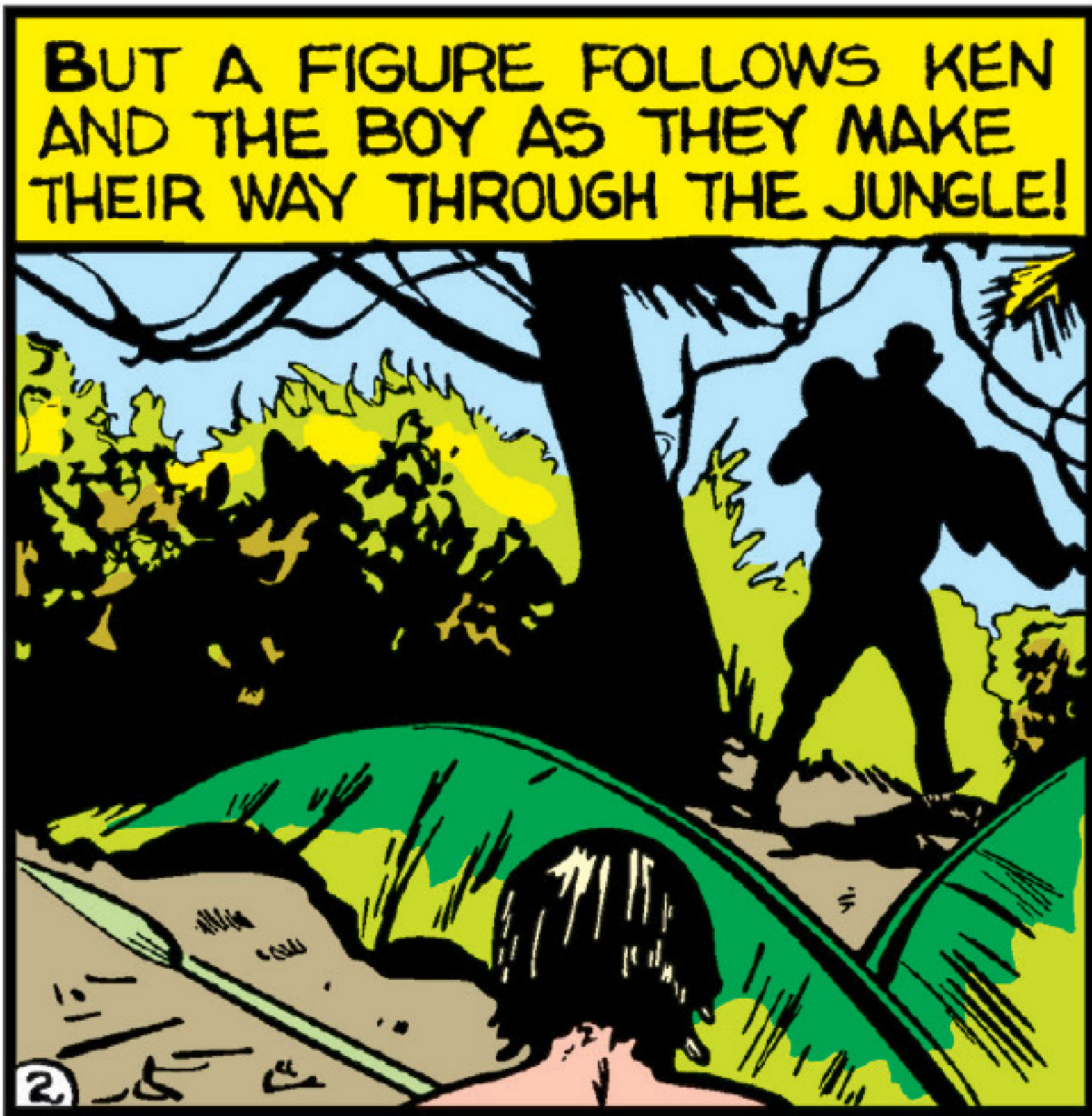
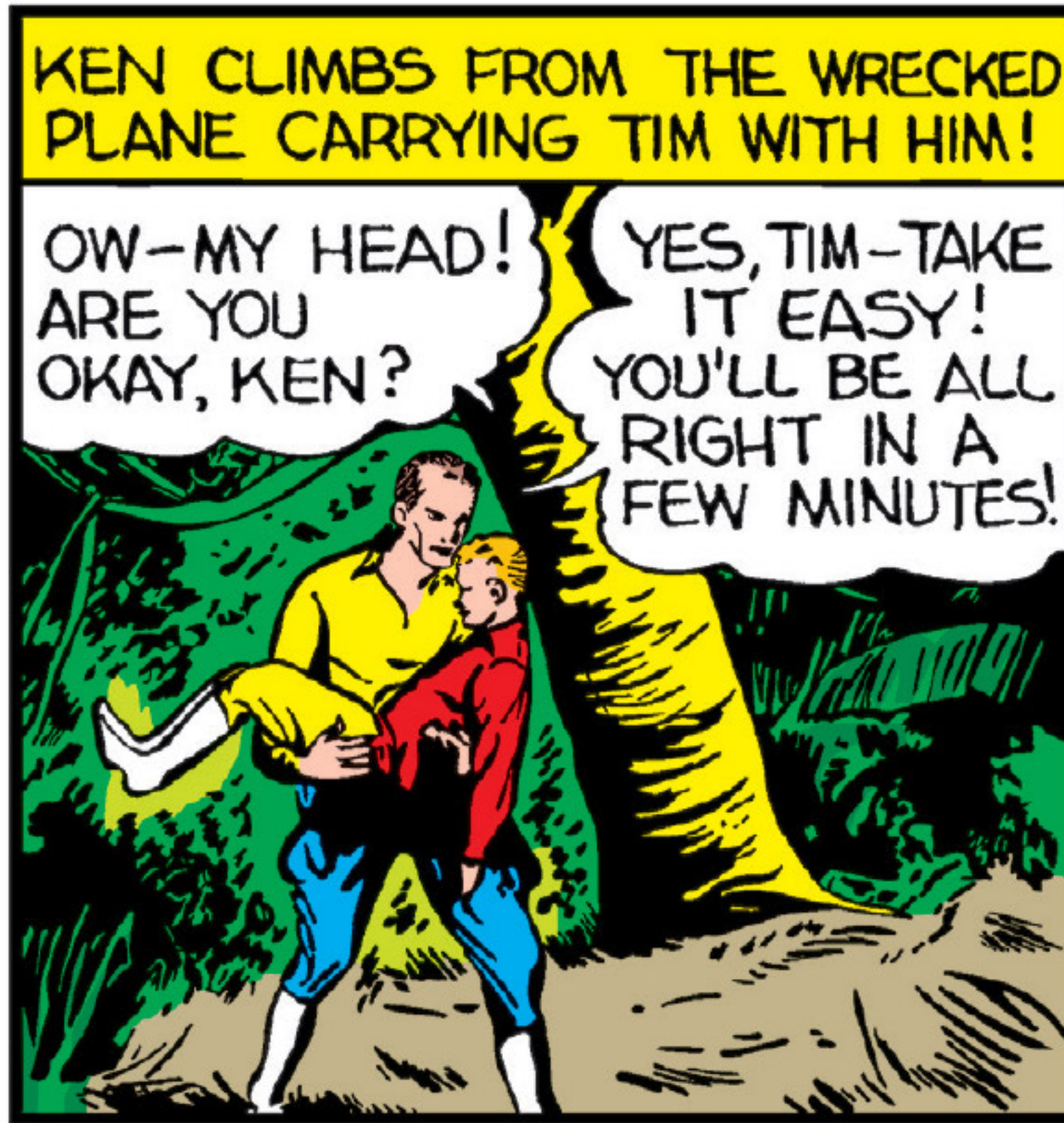
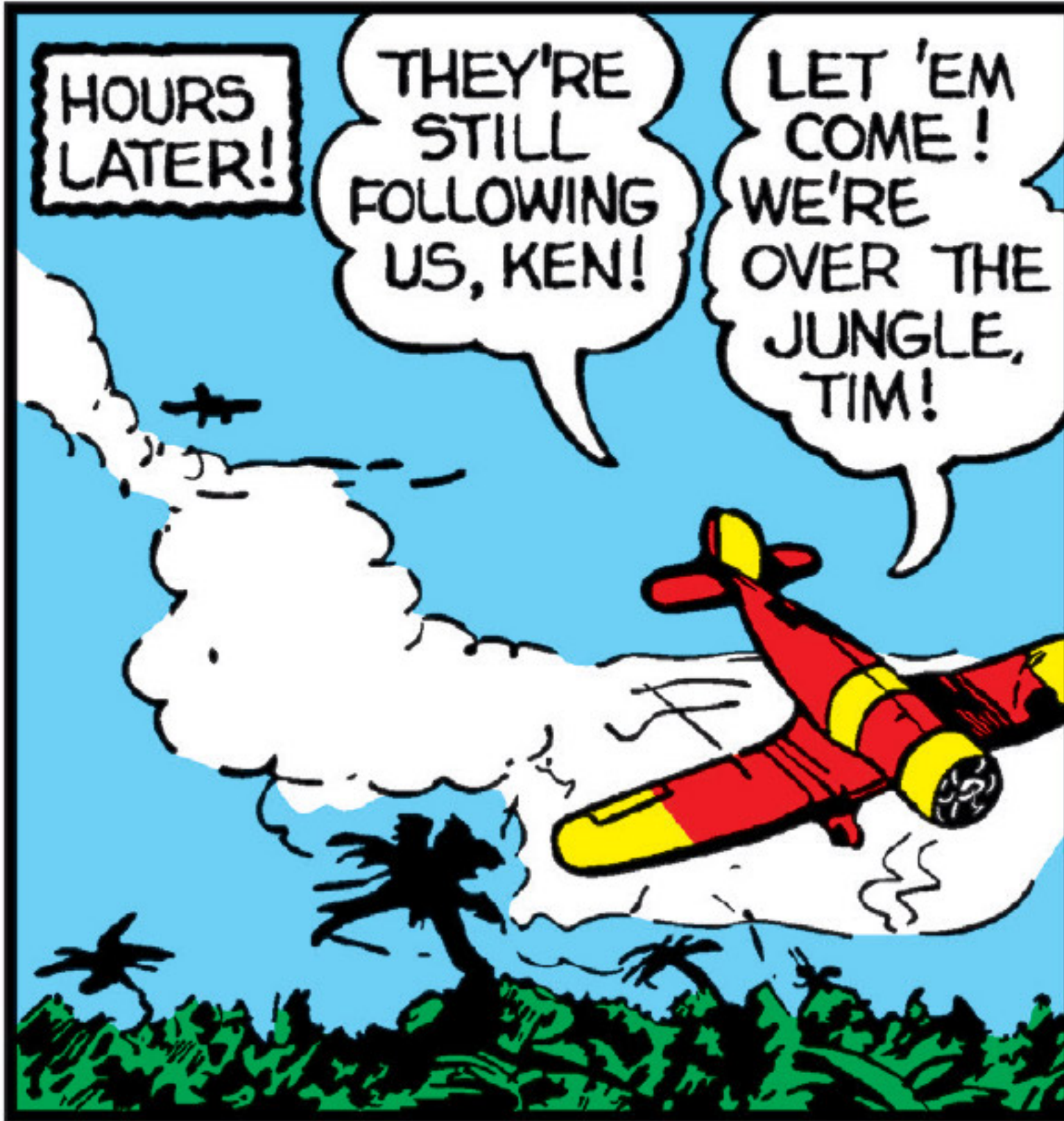
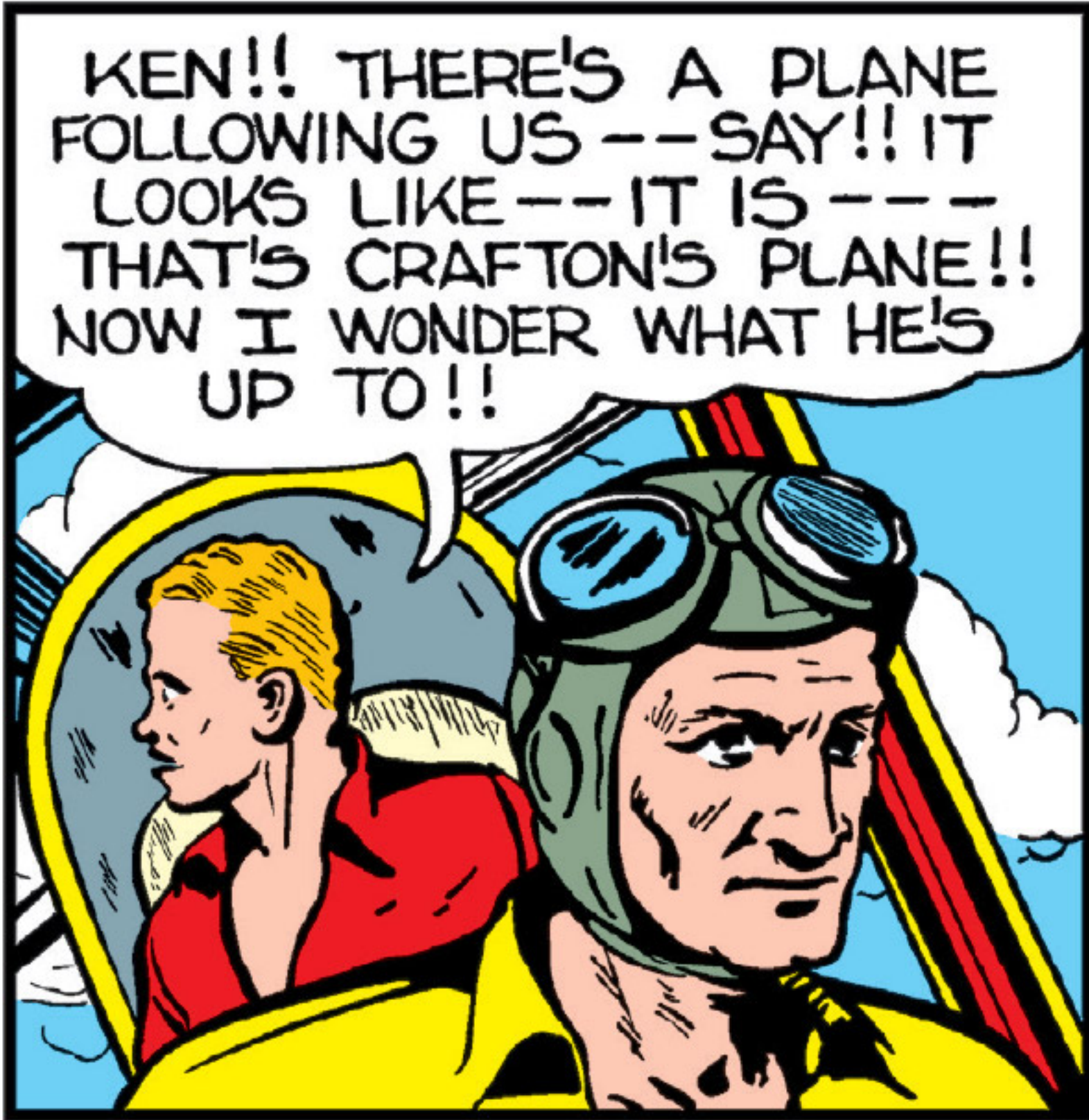
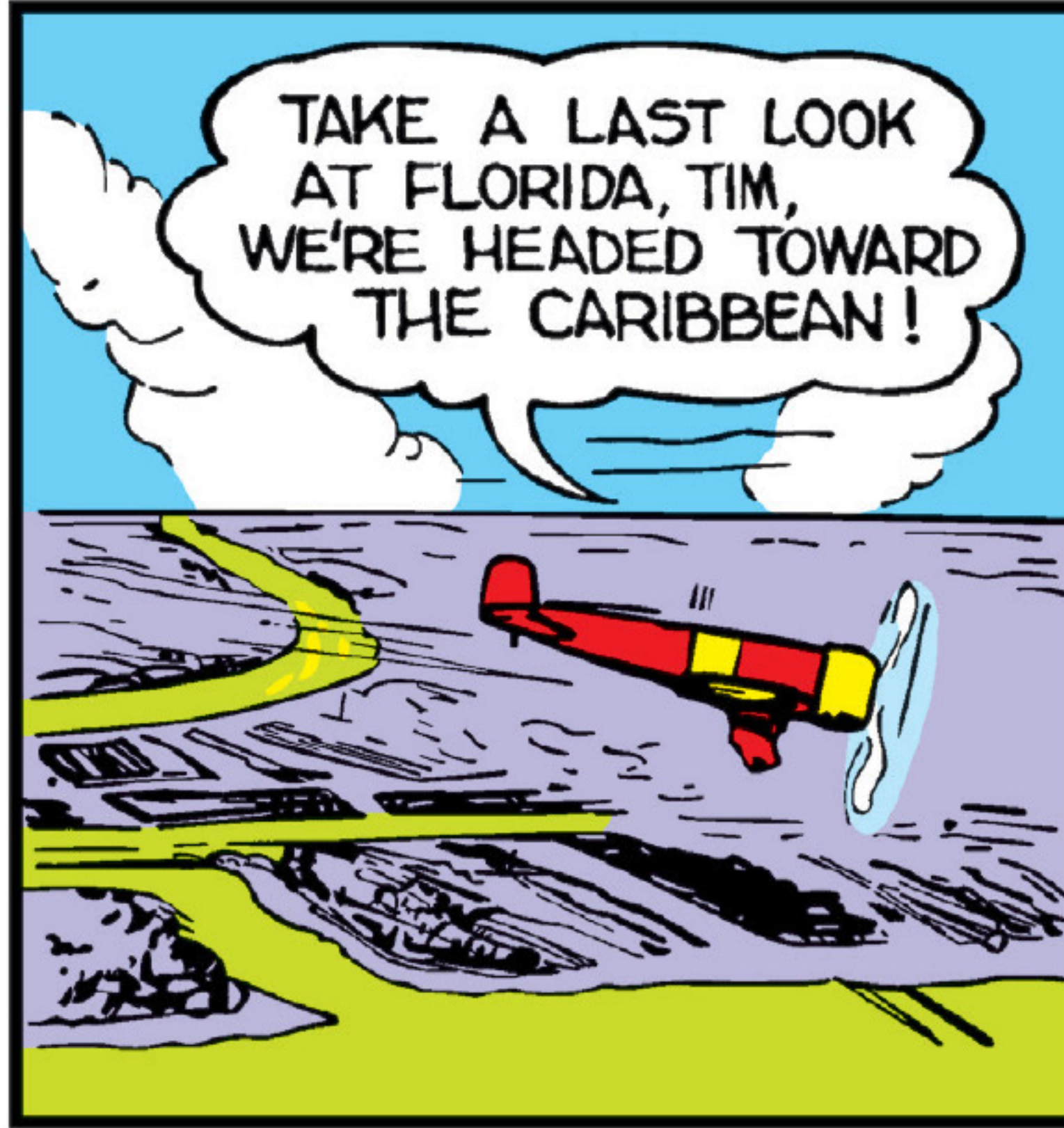
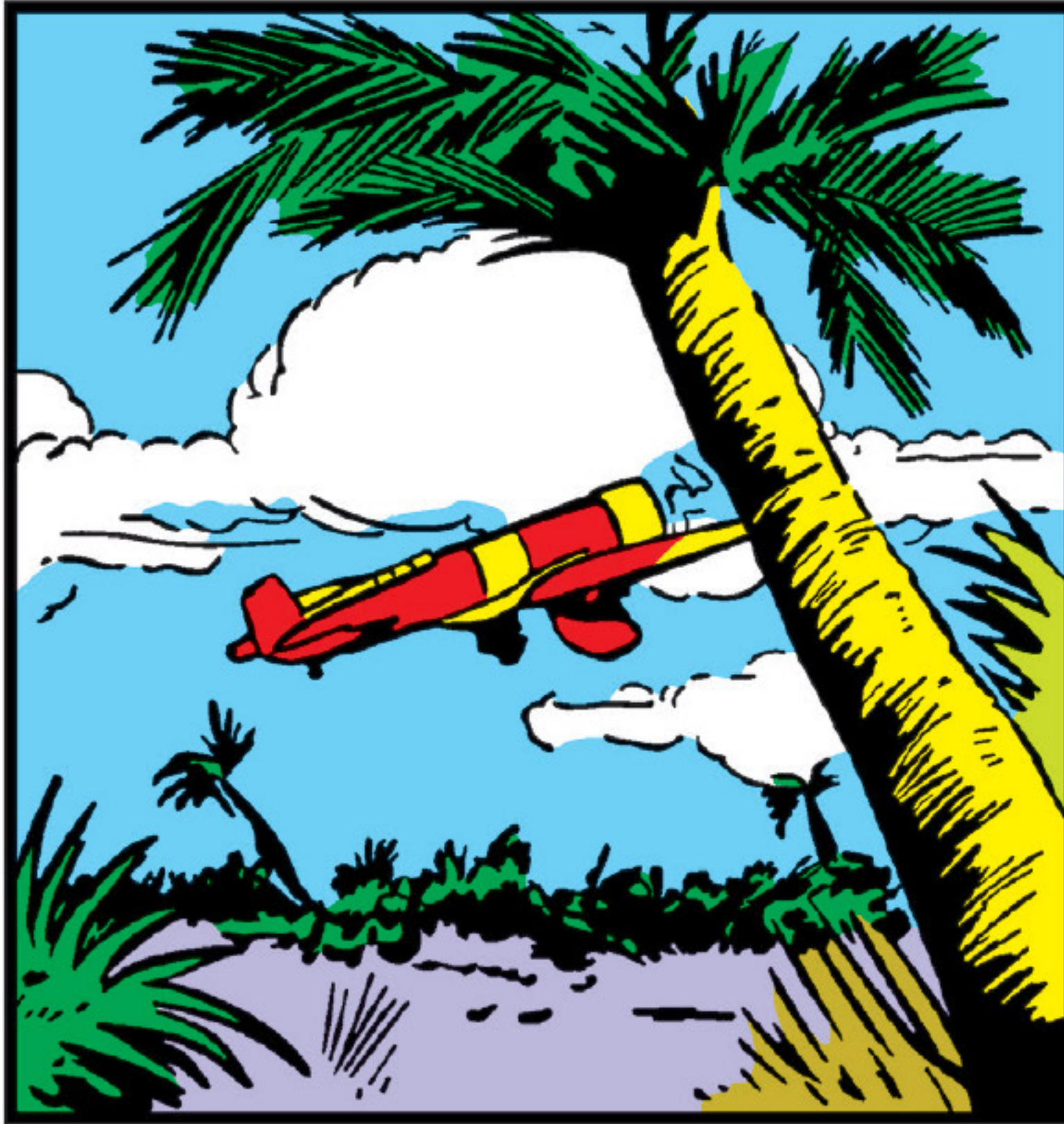
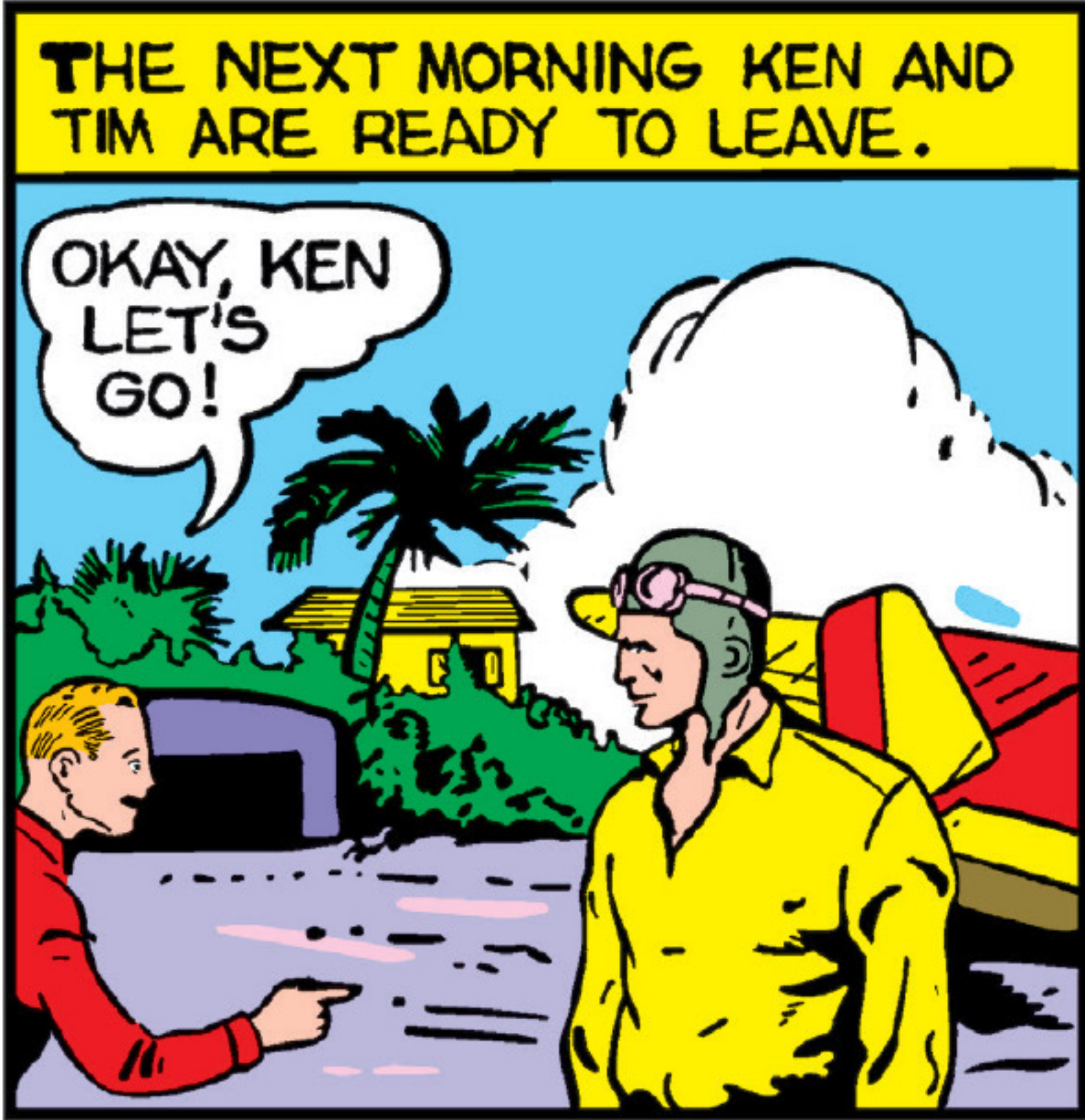


BRUNDER'S FINISHED.. BUT,
WILL THE MASKED MAN
TACKLE THE
BIGGER
GAME.?



The End





MEANTIME, CRAFTON AND HIS MEN LAND IN THE JUNGLE AND SET OUT TO FIND KEN AND TIM.

STRAIGHT AHEAD, BOYS, AND STEP ON IT!

I'M KEEPIN MY GUN HANDY, BOSS!

HERE'S WHAT WE DO—WE FOLLOW MASTERS AND TH' KID UNTIL THEY FIND PROFESSOR ROBERTS—THEN WE WAIT, AND WHEN THEY GET THE DIAMOND WE LET 'EM HAVE IT AND MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO THE PLANE!

HEY, BOSS, TAKE IT EASY, MY FEET HURT!

B-BOSS! H-HELP! DO SOMETHING QUICK!

I GOT 'IM, BOSS!!

BANG! BANG!

NICE WORK, MIKE, BUT C'MON LET'S GET GOIN'! WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MASTERS AN' THE KID!

I'LL SHOW THESE SAVAGES WHO'S BOSS 'ROUND HERE--

COMIN' BOSS!

—SUDDENLY A WHIZZING SOUND PIERCES THE AIR AND --

OW!

HE'S DEAD, SLUG! MUST'VE BEEN A POISONED ARROW --

DON'T MOVE BOSS! THEY'RE ALL AROUND US -- I CAN SEE 'EM THROUGH THE BUSHES!

A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY SAVAGES!

THEY'RE MOTIONING FOR US TO FOLLOW 'EM!

WE'D BETTER DO AS THEY SAY, BOSS-- I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKIN' AT US!

THE TWO MEN ARE LED TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE.



MEANWHILE KEN AND TIM ARE LED TO THE CHIEF'S HUT!

I'M OKAY NOW, KEN!

GOOD, TIM!

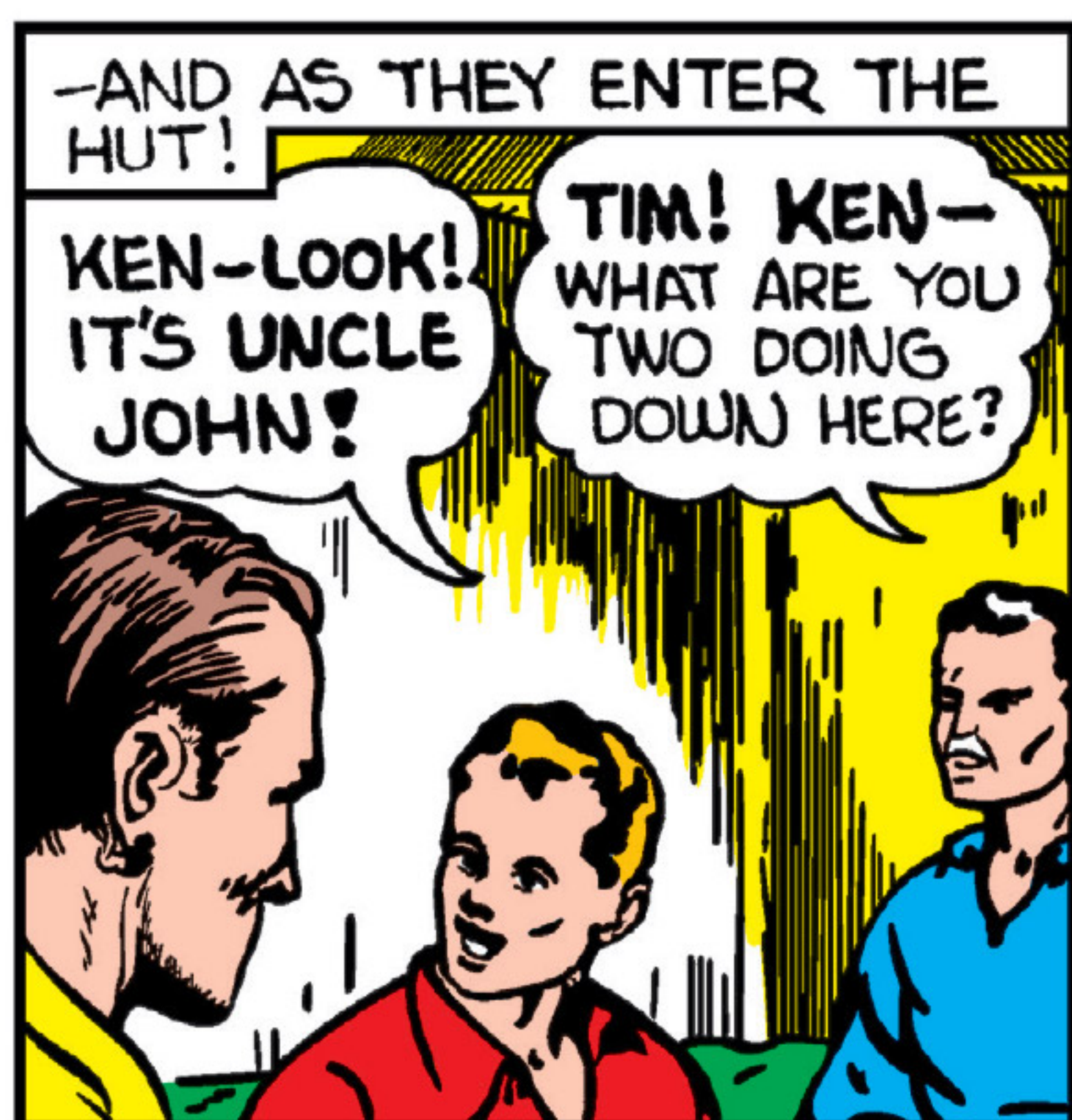
TAKE THEM TO THE PRISONER'S HUT—WE WILL KILL THEM LATER!



THIS IS GOOD! WE COME DOWN HERE TO GET YOUR UNCLE OUT OF A JAM AND WE GET IN ONE OURSELVES!

IN THERE—DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE!

GOSH, KEN! NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND UNCLE JOHN!



—AND AS THEY ENTER THE HUT!

KEN—LOOK! IT'S UNCLE JOHN!

TIM! KEN—WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING DOWN HERE?

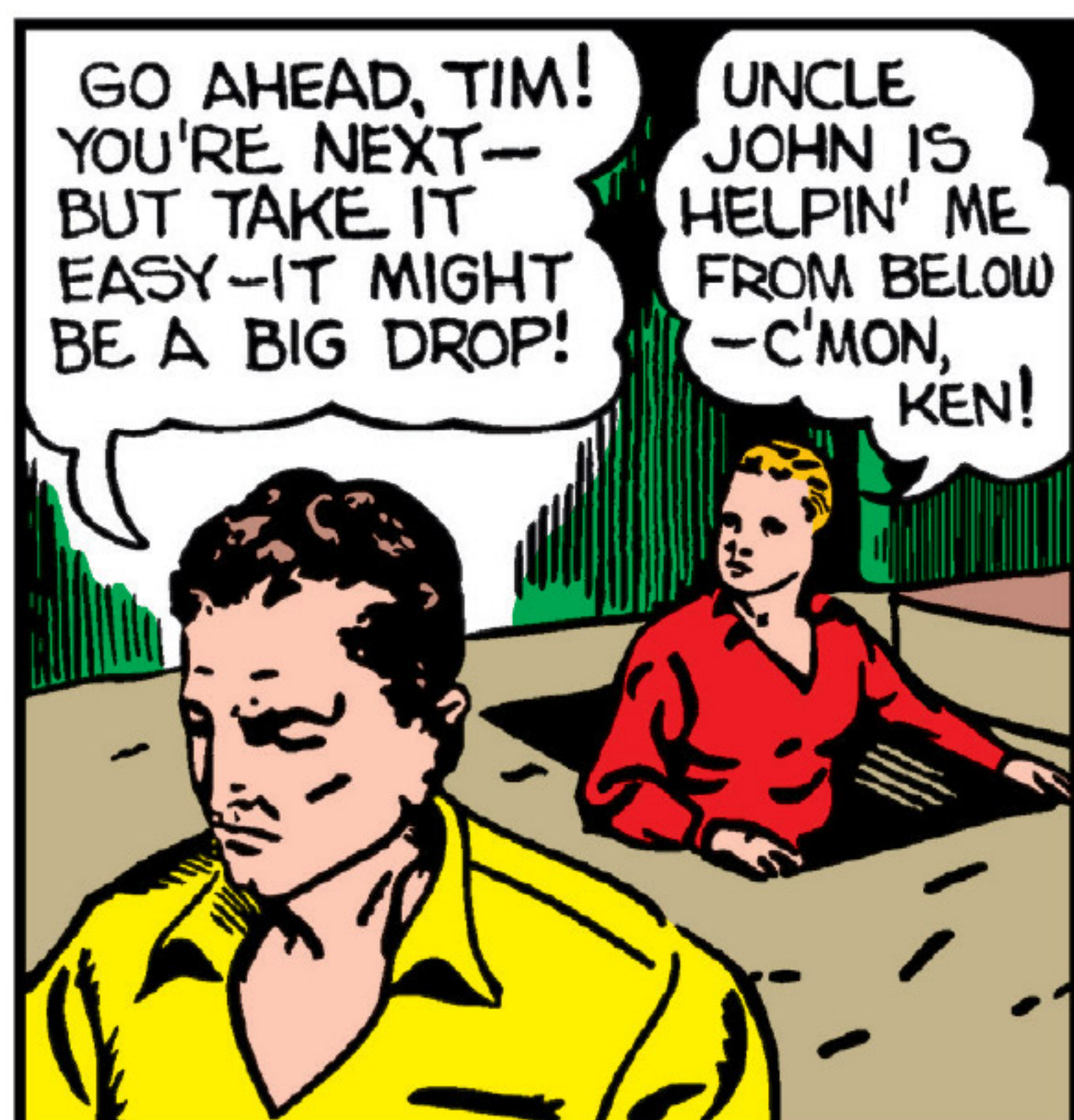


WE CAME AFTER YOU, PROF! BUT WHY ARE YOU A PRISONER? I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THIS TRIBE!

AT FIRST THEY WERE FRIENDLY, KEN—BUT WHEN THEY SAW I WAS AFTER THE HYPNOTIC DIAMOND THEY THREW ME IN HERE!



BUT LOOK! I'VE FOUND AN OPENING IN THIS CORNER—IT MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE—I'LL GO FIRST—WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR, FOLLOW ME!



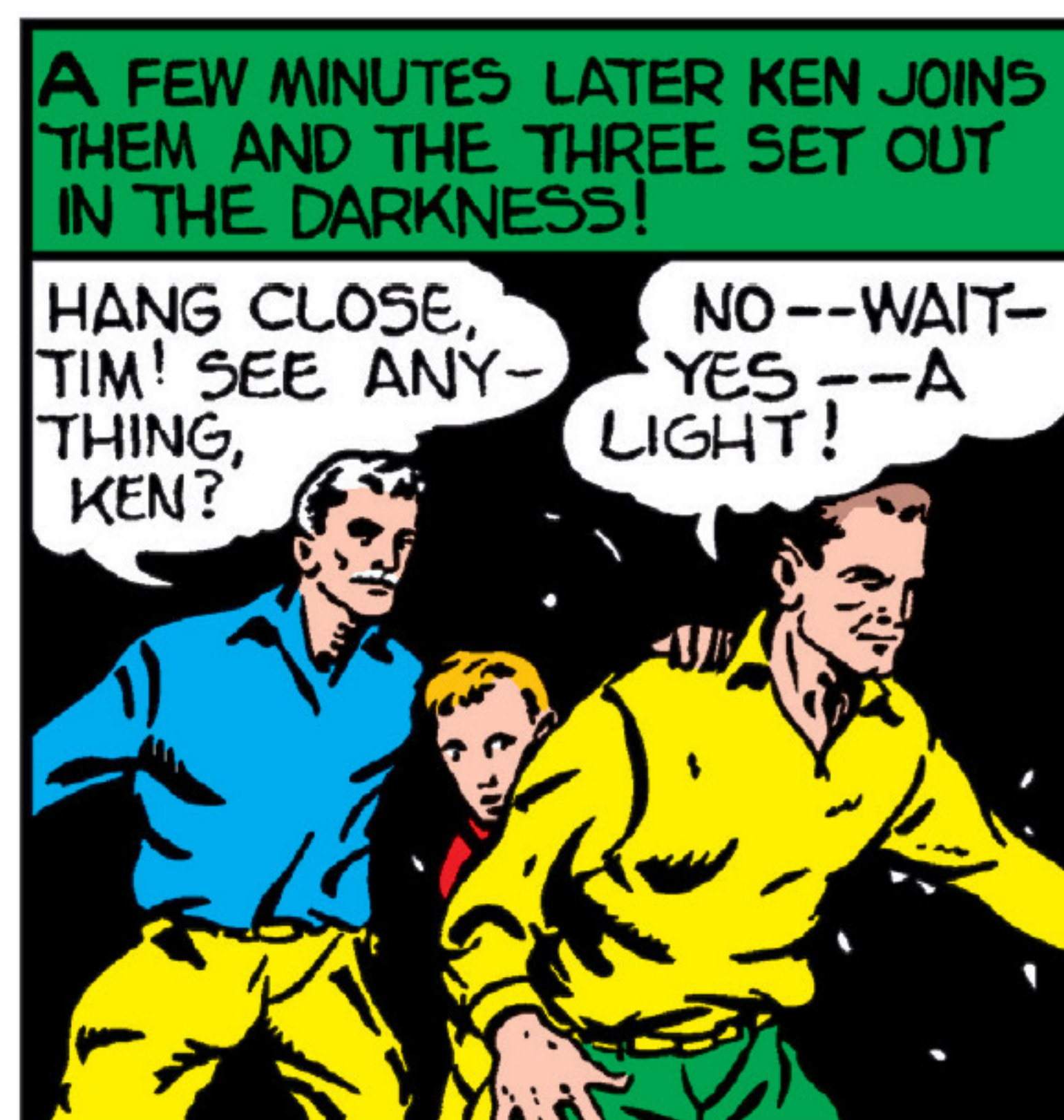
GO AHEAD, TIM! YOU'RE NEXT—BUT TAKE IT EASY—IT MIGHT BE A BIG DROP!

UNCLE JOHN IS HELPIN' ME FROM BELOW—C'MON, KEN!



SHALL I LET GO, UNCLE JOHN!

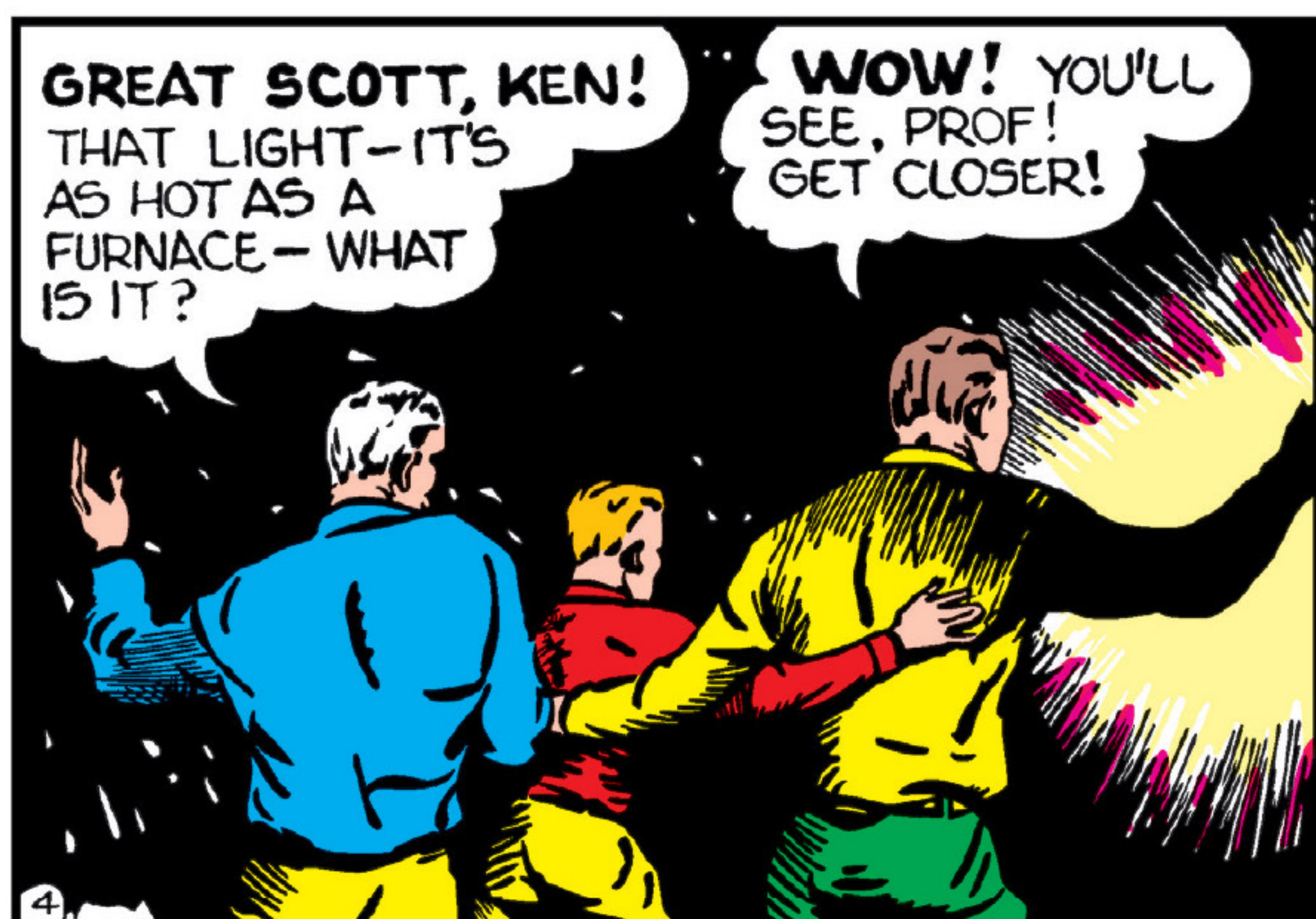
YES, TIM! GOSH—I HAD NO IDEA THIS PLACE WAS SO DEEP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER KEN JOINS THEM AND THE THREE SET OUT IN THE DARKNESS!

HANG CLOSE, TIM! SEE ANYTHING, KEN?

NO—WAIT—YES—A LIGHT!

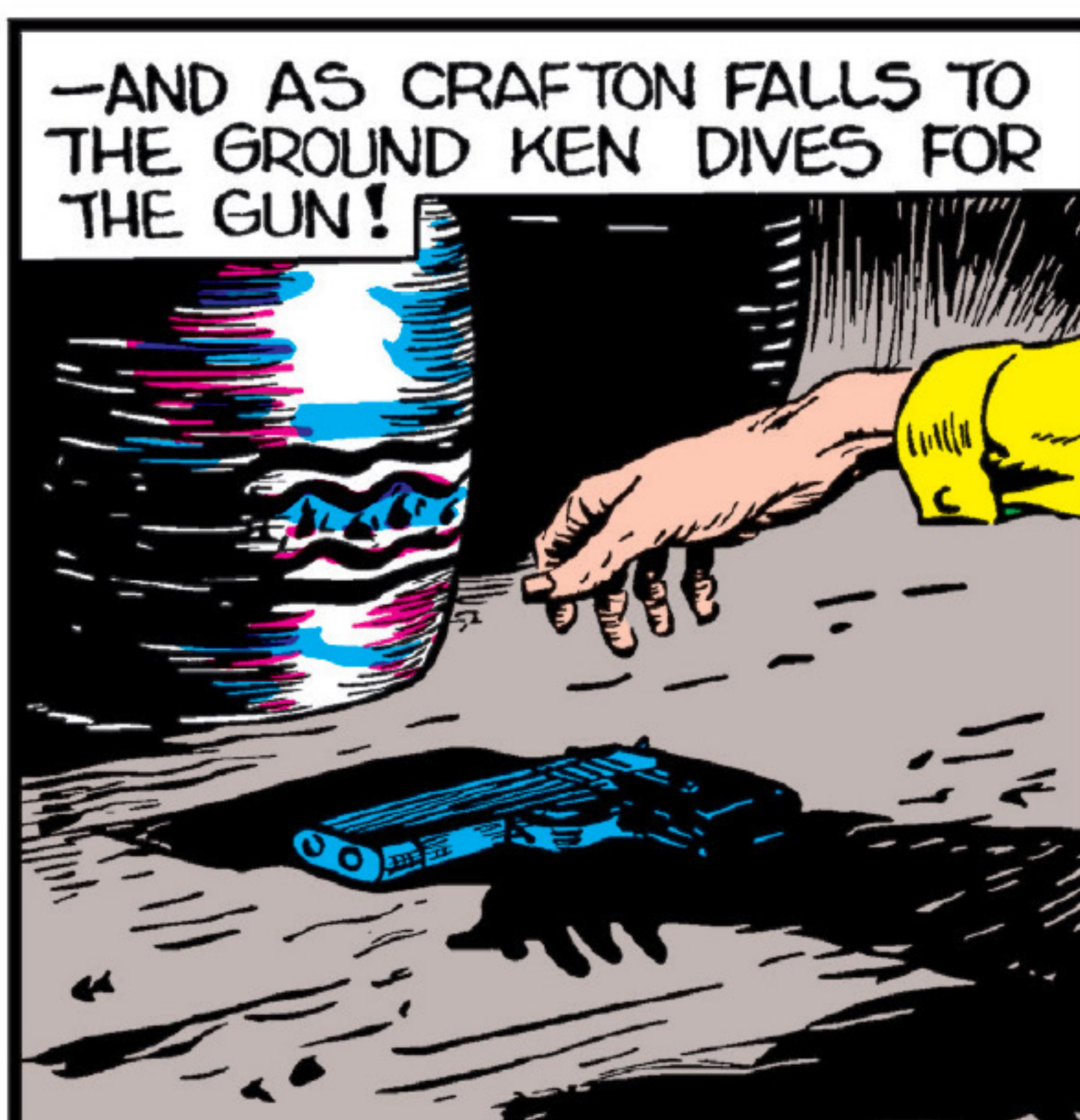
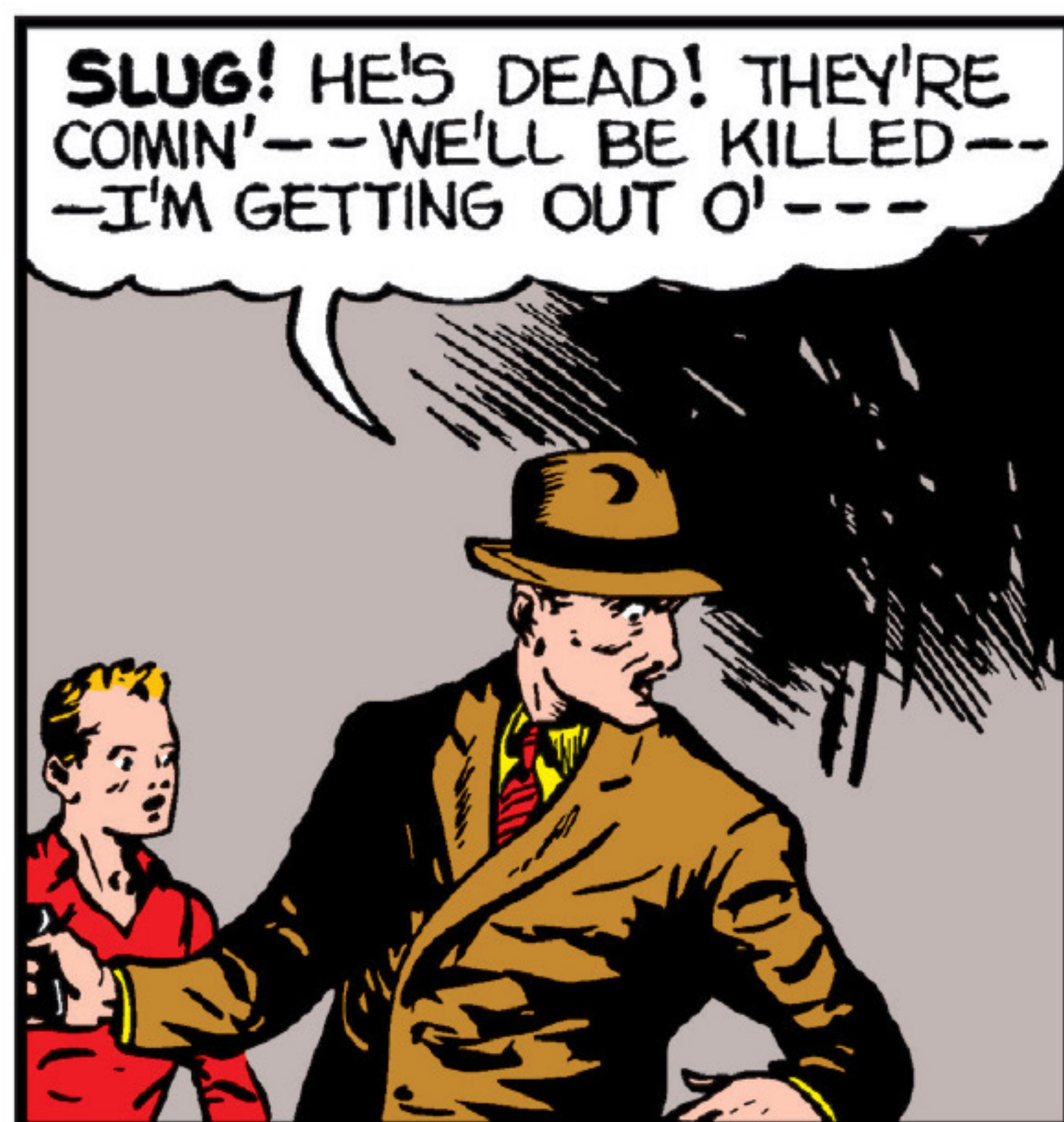
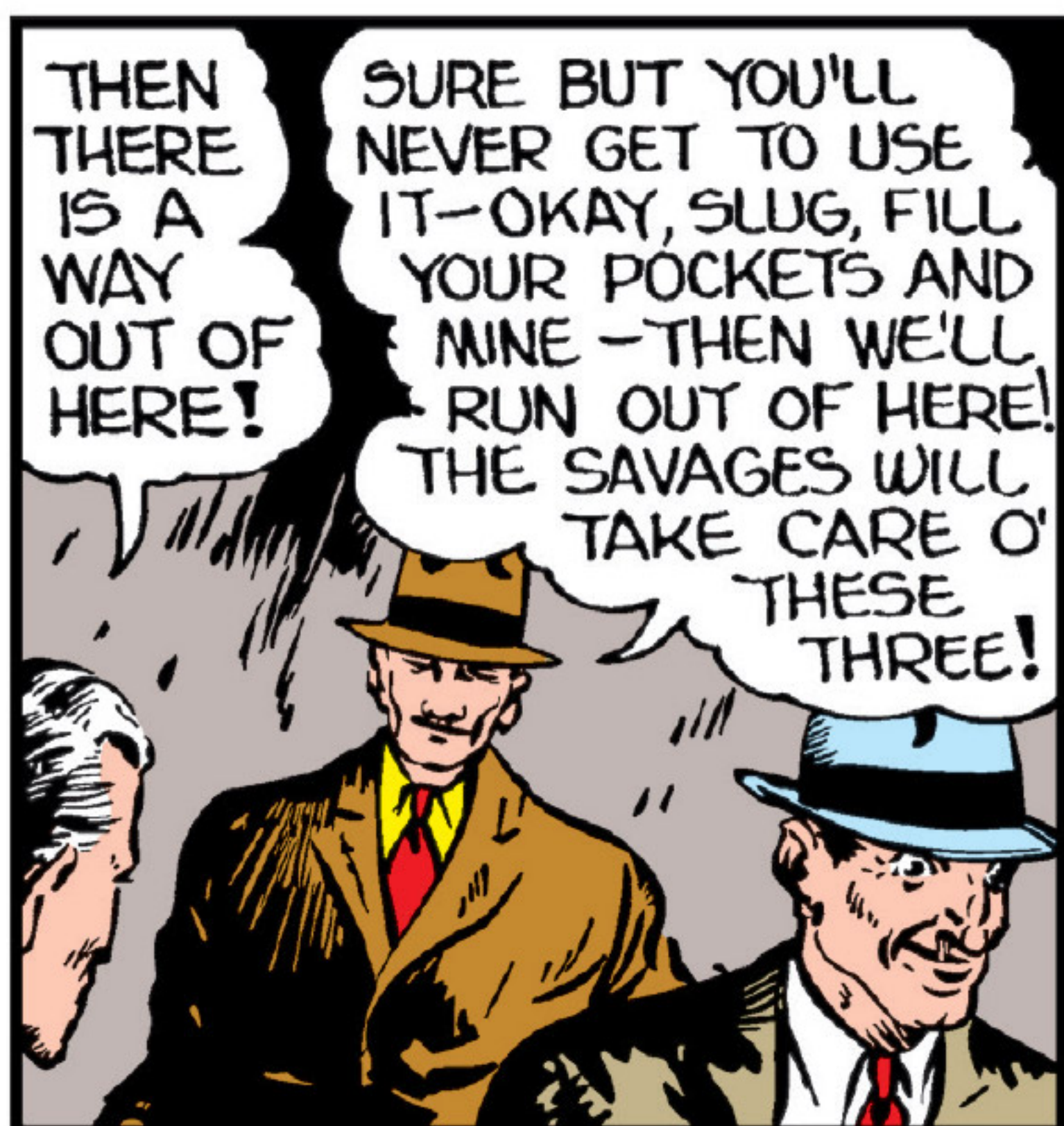
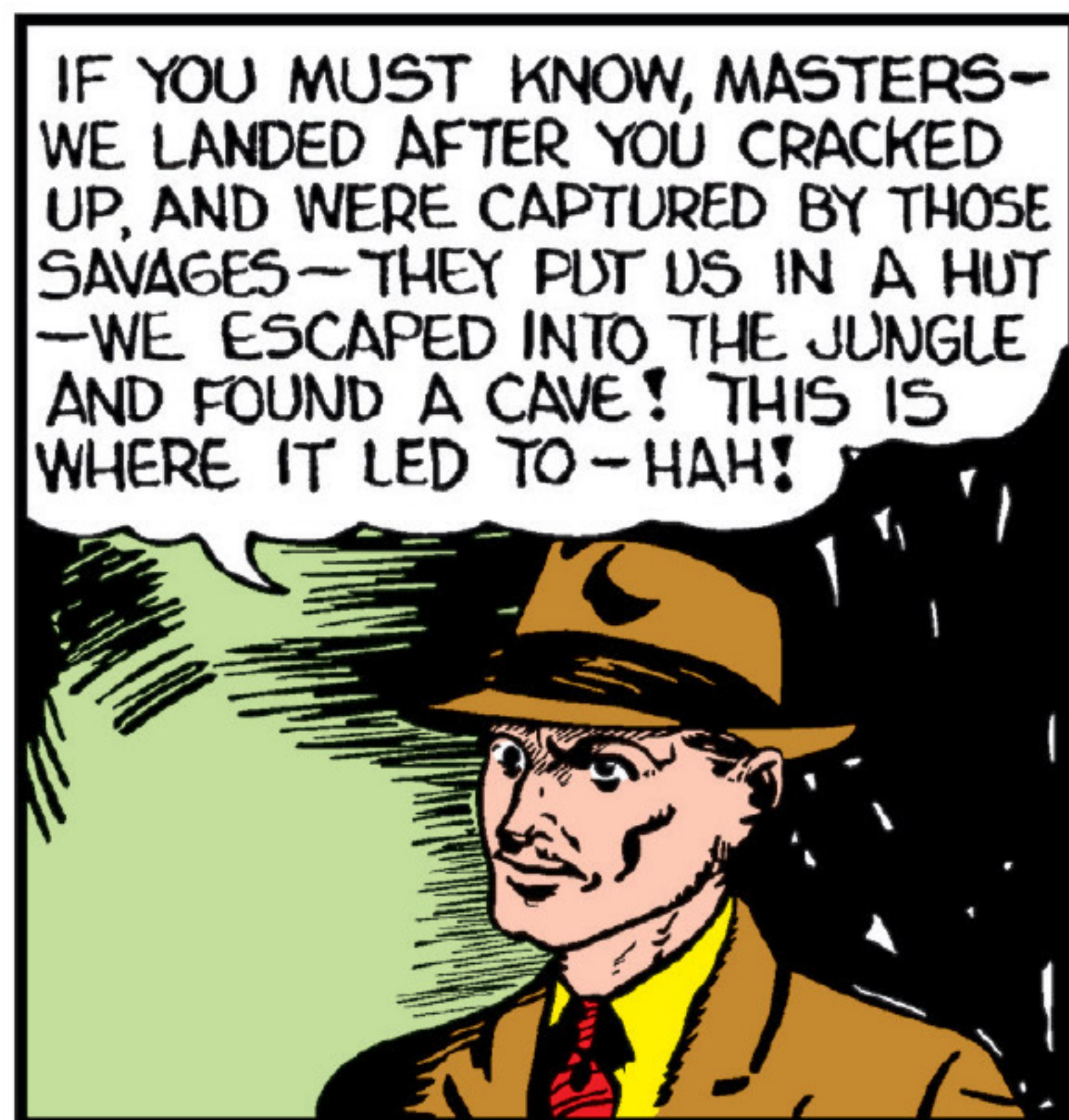
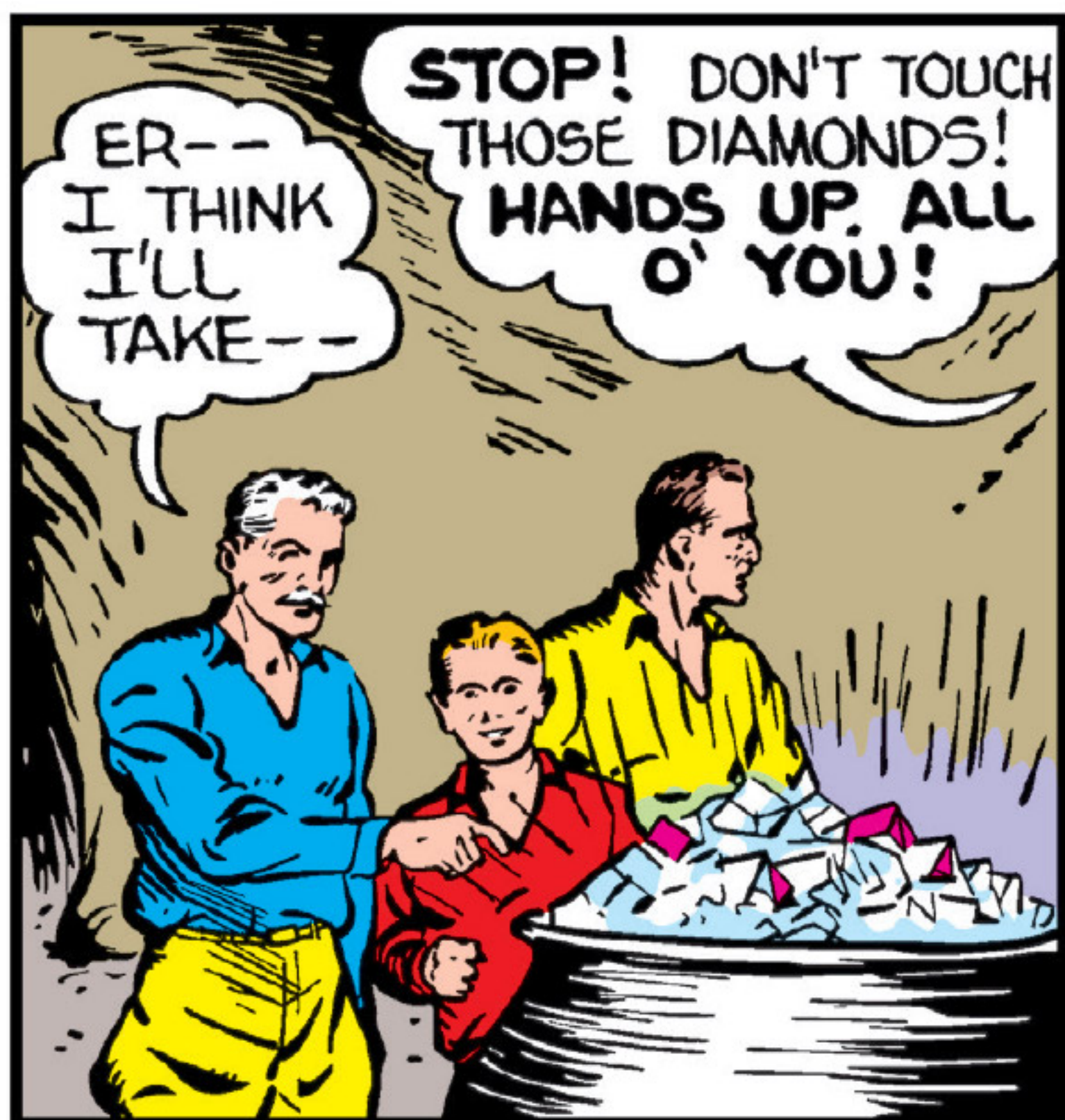


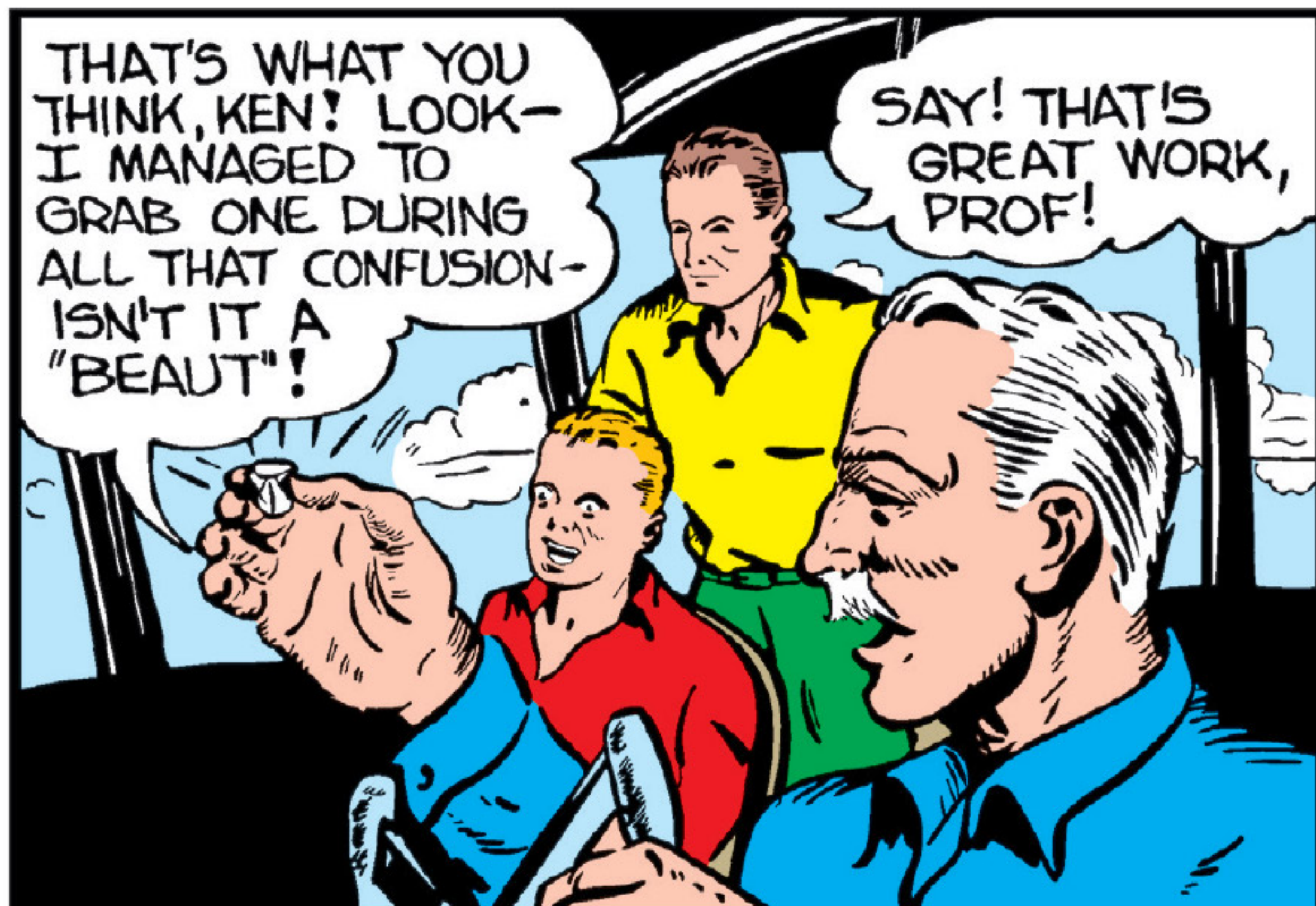
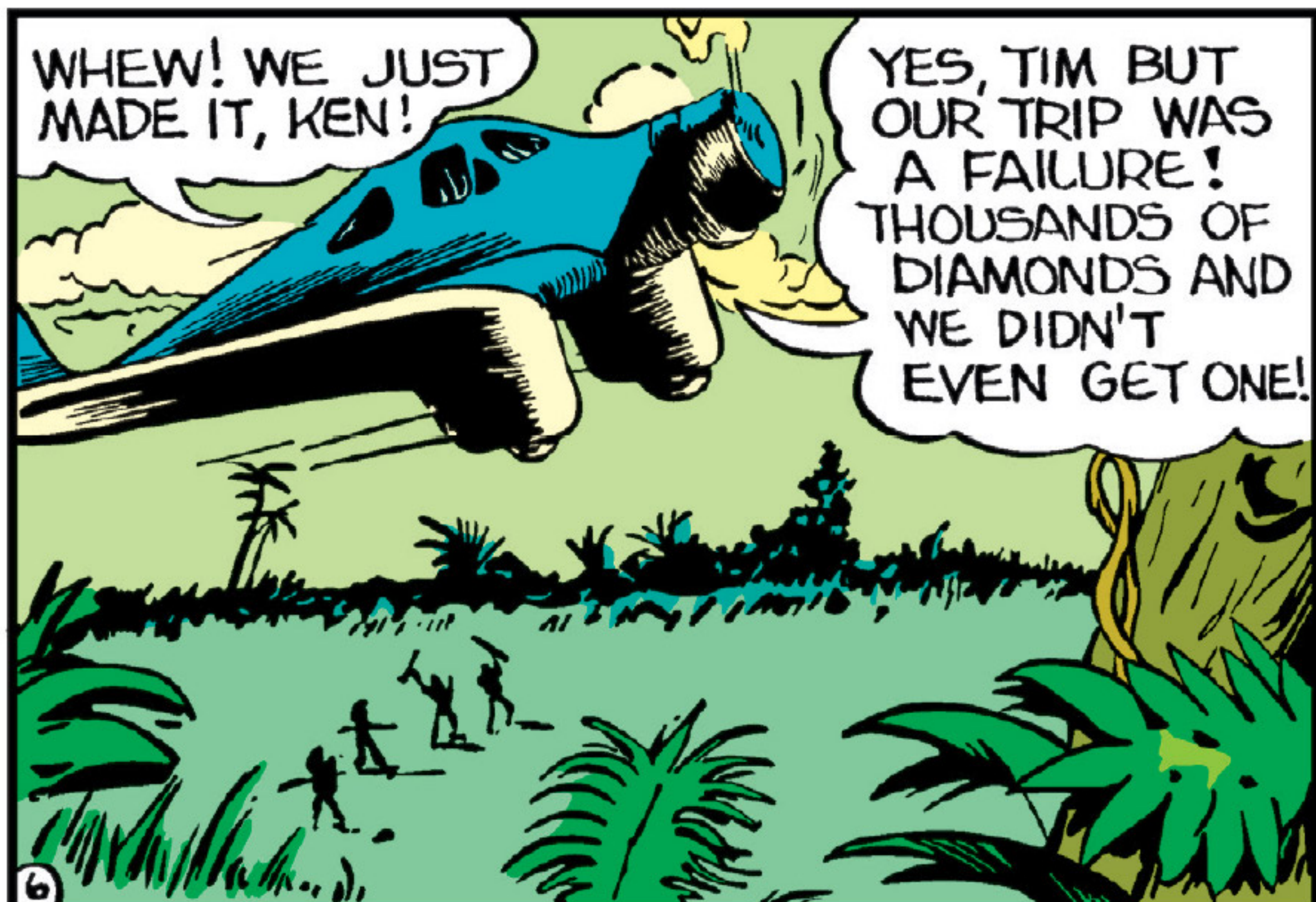
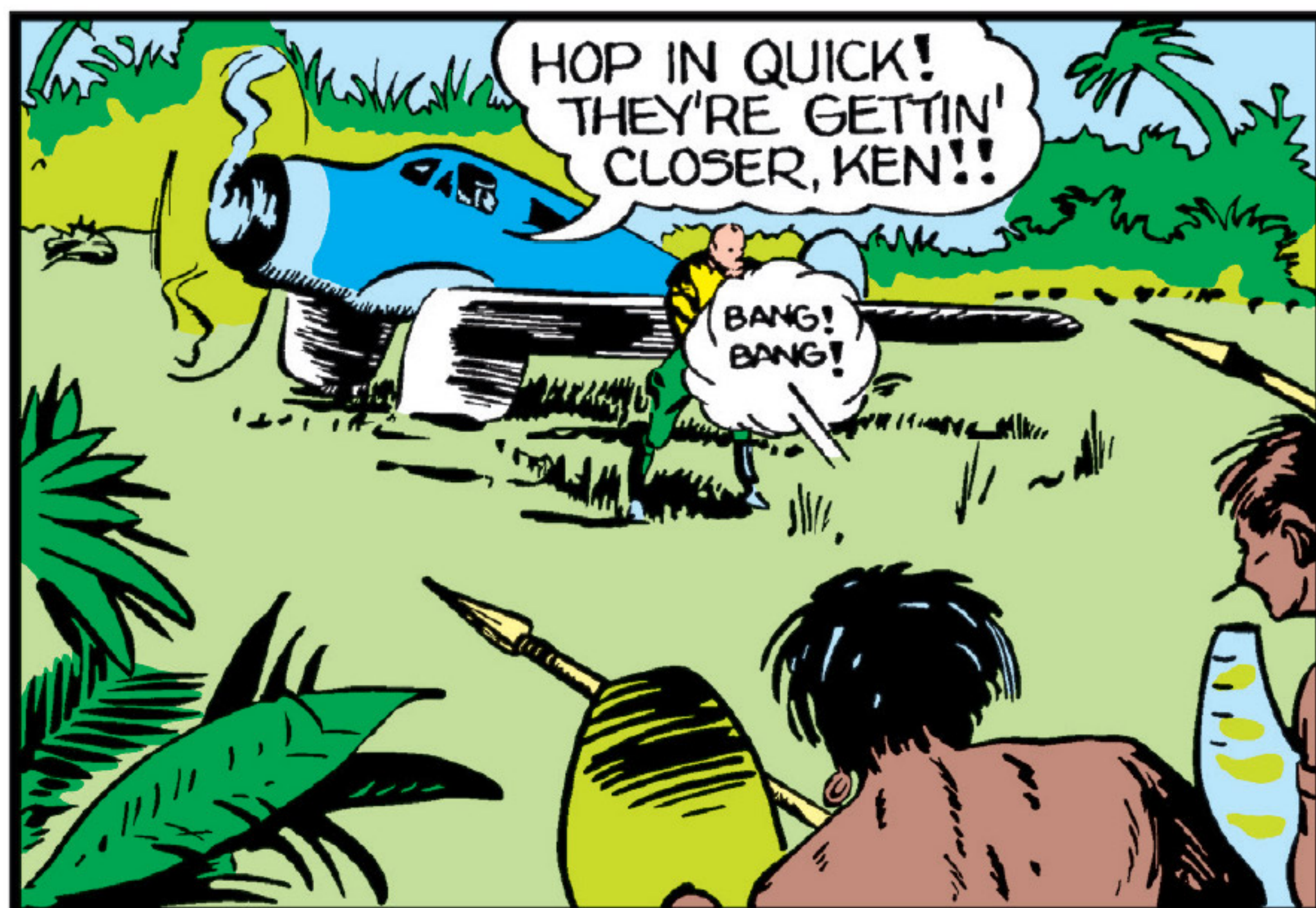
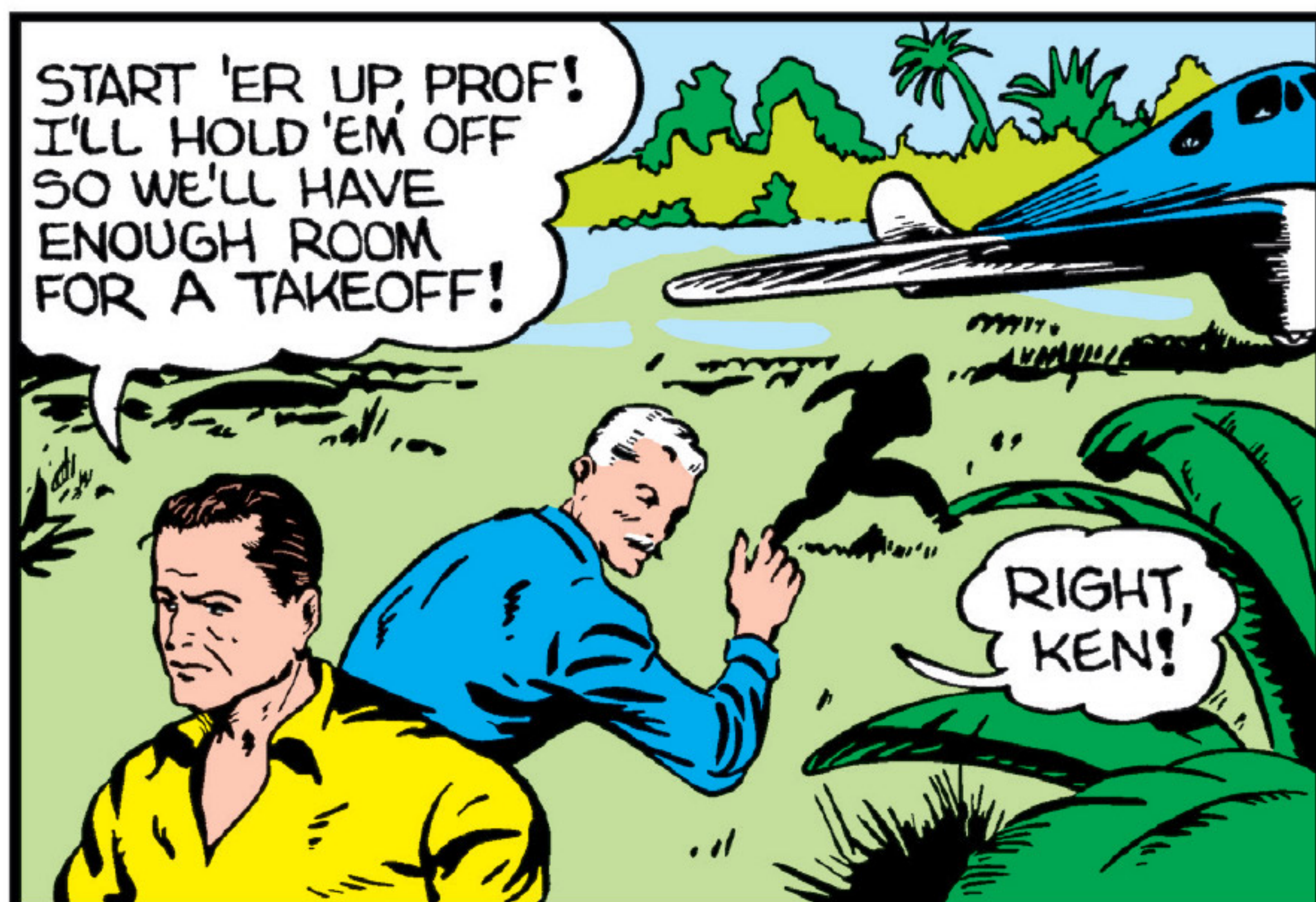
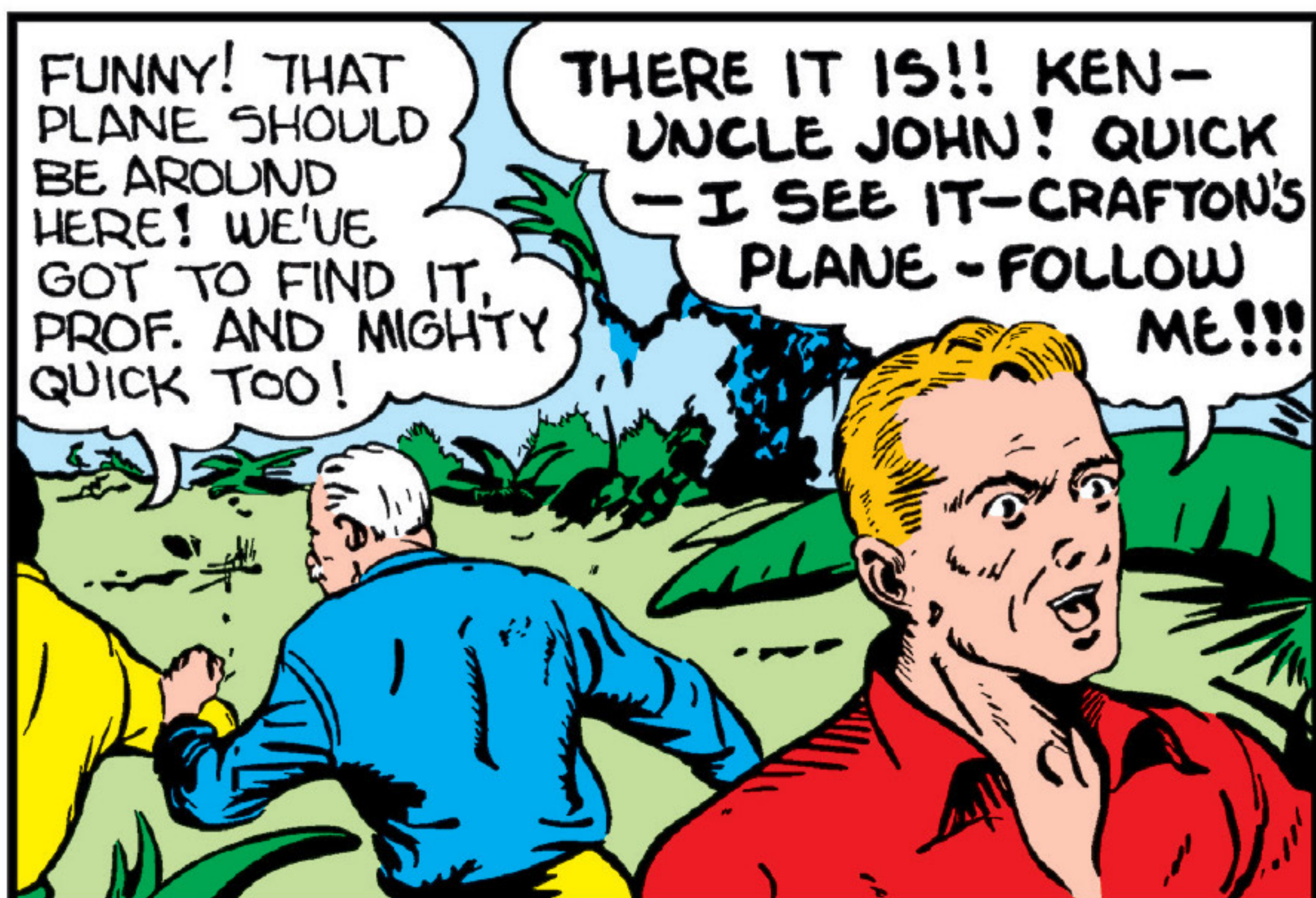
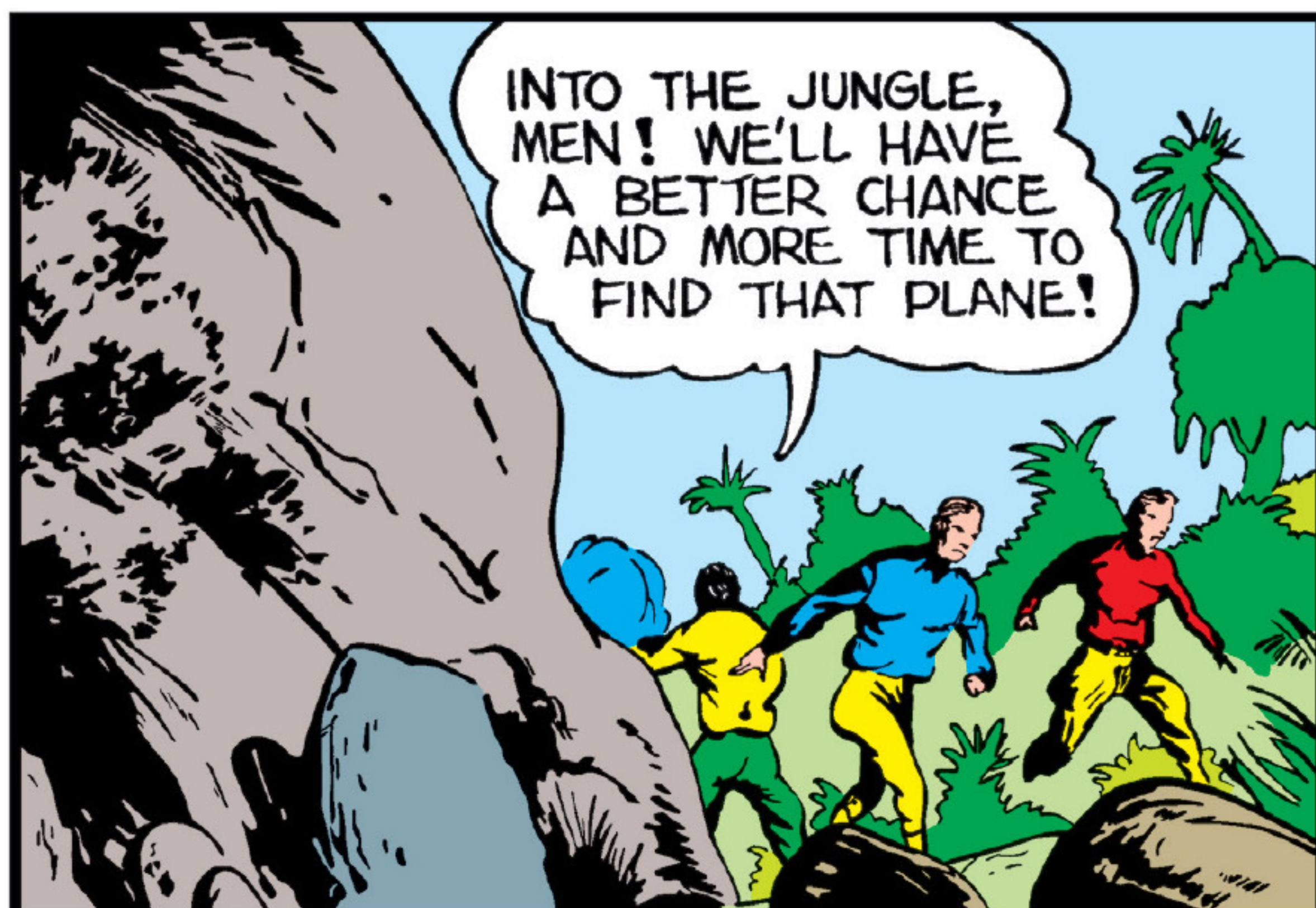
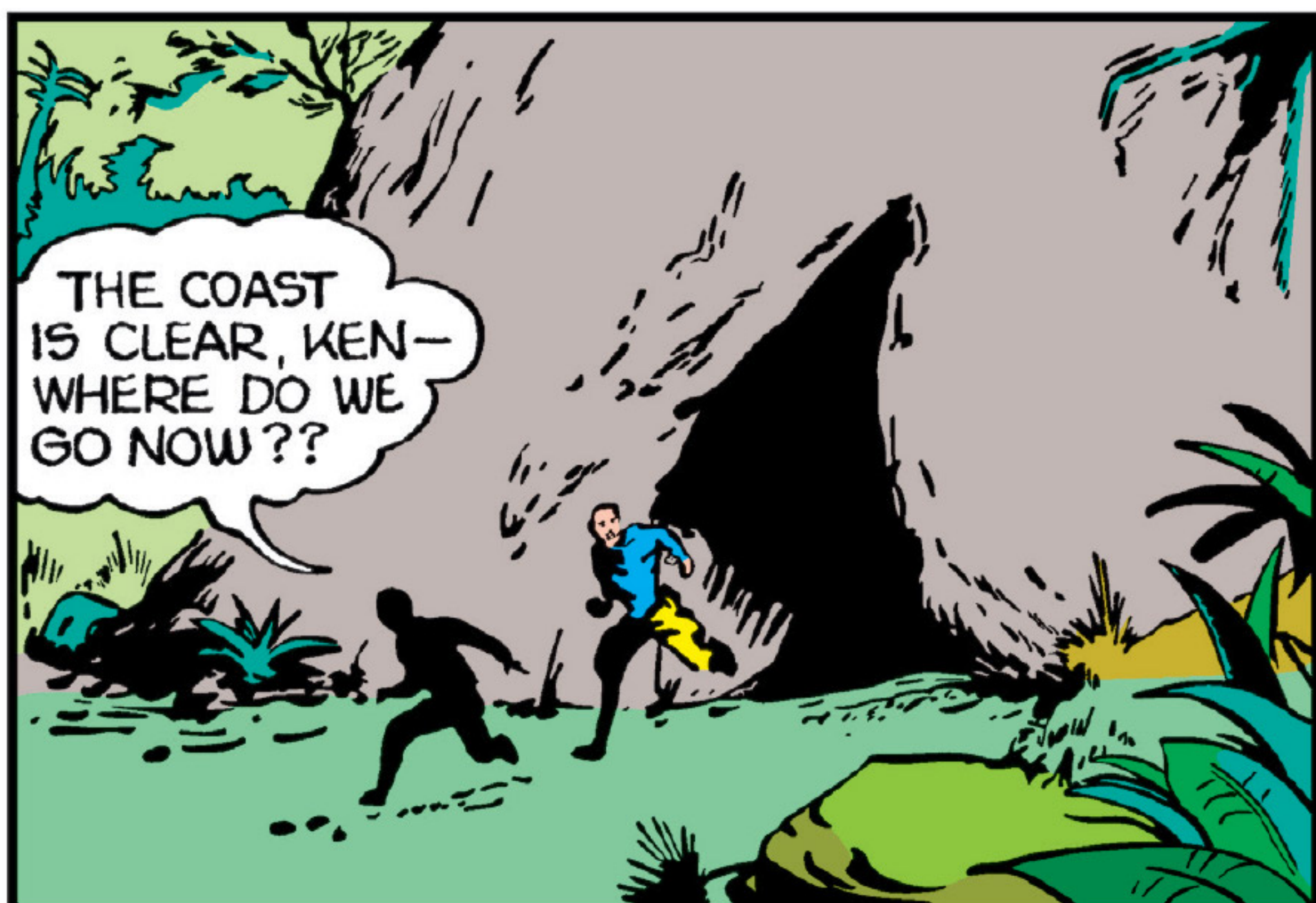
GREAT SCOTT, KEN! THAT LIGHT—IT'S AS HOT AS A FURNACE—WHAT IS IT?

WOW! YOU'LL SEE, PROF! GET CLOSER!



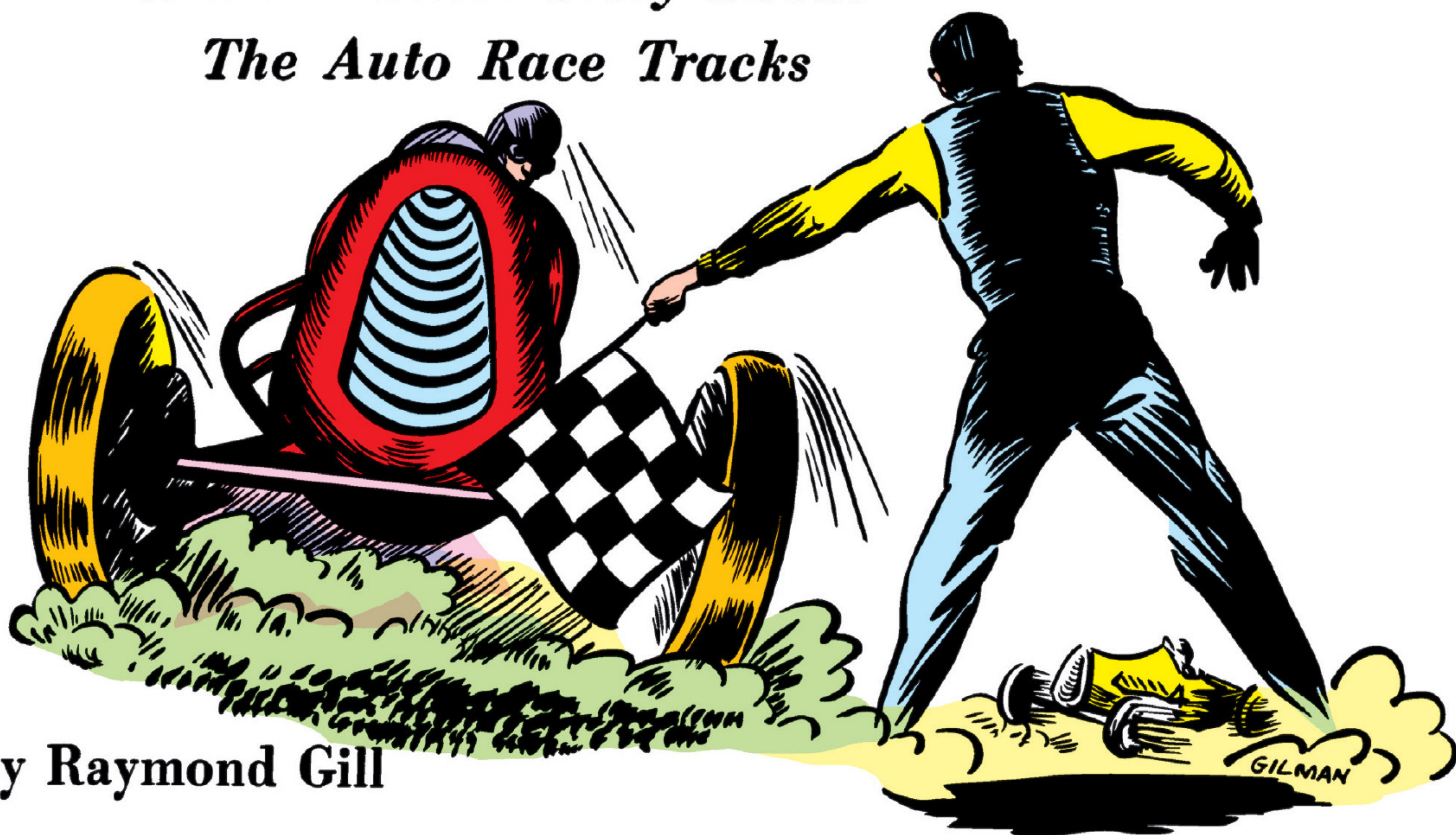
DIAMONDS—MAN—DIAMONDS! NOT ONE, THOUSANDS!





BURNING RUBBER

A Short Short Story About The Auto Race Tracks



By Raymond Gill

THE crowd roared . . . with laughter! Bill Williams knew what they were laughing at, his coveted Blue Bird. Compared to the other cars in the race, the Blue Bird did look a bit shabby. But one thing was certain, there weren't any better mechanics or drivers than Bill and his able mechanic, Fred Turner.

"Everything's shipshape, Bill. You know, I feel kind of sorry for those other mugs. I'd hate to lose a race if I spent a lot of dough on a two tone chrom plated model."

"Fine. Well, I don't know, I'd give a lot to dress my Lady Bird here up with a lot of new feathers. I don't give a hoot what the crowd thinks myself, but I feel sorry for my 'Laddie's' sake.

"Cut it fella, I think you did pretty well digging up the entry fee. After all, you spent plenty for parts for your new super-charger."

"Yep, that's our only hope now. Don't kid yourself that we have any cinch. We have the best drivers in the business here today."

"What's the matter with you today Bill, I've never heard you talk like this before. You sound as though you've lost faith in our Blue Bird."

"No, not on your life. That's one thing I'll never do. I guess it got under my skin a little bit . . . those people laughing at her, I mean."

"That's better. By the way, doesn't Ann ever complain about your spending so much time with your 'Lady' here?"

"Yea, she was kidding me the other night."

"Well, there goes the signal, Bill. Move over."

"Oh, ah. . . . Listen old man, let me take it alone this time. . . . I don't know why I want to. I . . . well, humor me this once, will you? I know I'll feel a lot better if I get out there alone. . . ."

"Ah, sure . . . sure, Bill. Anything you say. Only, be careful."

BILL shot ahead with a roar that surprised the smiling crowd that had gathered around to poke fun at the Blue Bird.

He was hardly topped on the line when the second starting signal was given. There were eight cars in the race besides the Blue Bird. The combined noise of dozens of unmuffled explosions thundered out into an increasing crescendo that thrilled some and annoyed others.

To Bill it was sweet music . . . the powerful voice of his Lady Bird. Bill was in his glory, he could feel his whole body grow taught with a passionate desire to go faster, faster, faster. The stiffer his body grew, the harder his foot pressed the accelerator.

He was setting the pace, the other cars directly behind him, weaving back and forth. He was at his perfect ease now, he felt that the Lady Bird was standing still and that the track was some never ending ribbon that kept

unfolding in front of him. He was in a new world, a world all his own.

Ann, the girl was literally sitting on the edge of her seat as she watched the Blue Bird madly rush on in meaningless velocity. Or so it seemed to her.

"Hello, Ann. Enjoying the race?"

"Fred! What are you doing up here? Why aren't you in there with Bill?"

"Whoa, take it easy. He's just a bit moody, I guess. He wants to be alone."

"Oh, Fred, I always feel better when you're with him. If it's possible to feel good when he's throwing himself bodily into the face of fate. You shouldn't have let him take it out there alone."

"Well, it's too late now to do anything about that, besides, there's something you can do to help Bill. That's why I came up here."

"Yes, Fred. You know I'll do anything for that grease monkey."

"That's the idea, calm down. I don't know what it is that's got everybody keyed up today. We've all gone through these races before together."

"Yes, we have, Fred. But somehow I feel that today it's all got to end. One way or the other."

"Ann, you know that we've spent a lot of time working on the Blue Bird these last few months. We always work hard on her before a race, but this time we've done something more than that. We've perfected a new gas feeder. I know Bill wouldn't want me to tell you, but I feel that you have a right to know. Bill is in there right now, risking his life to test it. This test is the final step. If it works, Bill will retire from the track. He told me so. If it fails . . . well . . ."

"Fred! Tell me. What if it doesn't work, what will happen? What can a gas feeder do that will possibly crack him up?"

"Just this. That new feeder is mounted over the engine, it feeds with a combined force of gravity and pressure. If anything should go wrong, if it should spring the smallest leak . . . that hot motor will blow both him and the Blue Bird to kingdom come."

"Tell me, quickly Fred. What can I do that will help?"

"Well, you and Ruth Clerk, the daughter of the big motor magnet, C. G. Clark, are on pretty good terms, aren't you?"

"Why, yes. Ruth and I went to school together. Why?"

"Here's why. If you can get Ruth to get you in to see her father, now, before it's too late, we may be able to save the day . . . and Bill's neck."

"What am I supposed to do after I get in?"

"Here, show him these plans. It's the gas feeder. If you can sell him on the idea of manufacturing it, Bill could be flagged out of the race before that temporary mounting should blow."

"It's a deal. Give me those plans. You just watch . . . he won't make more than one more circle of the track . . . I'll see to that."

BILL, still madly kicking the gas pedal, was now unconsciously wiping oil off his face . . . suddenly he jerked himself back into stark reality. The oil he's wiping off is thin. . . . Too thin. . . . GASOLENE!

On the stands, Fred saw the thin shred of smoke trailing the Blue Bird. Terror gripping his heart, he called to Ann to hurry. . . . In another moment. . . .

But Ann hadn't wasted any time. Fred's nervous, scanning eyes finally located her, down talking to the starter.

He also saw the Blue Bird, never slowing, round the turn and come rocketing up the straightway in front of the stands. Just as he crossed the line the checkered flag waved him out of the race. The other cars shot right past him for the final lap. Bill leaped out of the Blue Bird and took the situation in at a glance. Of course, just like a woman. Ann became nervous . . . couldn't stand a little smoke . . . so she had him flagged out. She didn't care if she was throwing all of his hard work out of the window.

"Well, Ann, you did a beautiful job. I couldn't have done better myself. And you claim you care for me. Why, all you care about is yourself. . . ."

"See here, see here. This young lady just saved your life. A most ungrateful exhibition, young man. A most ungrateful exhibition."

"Why, Mr. Clark. I . . . Oh, what's the use . . . she's probably queered that too. At least if she let me finish the race I'd be in that much. Oh, well."

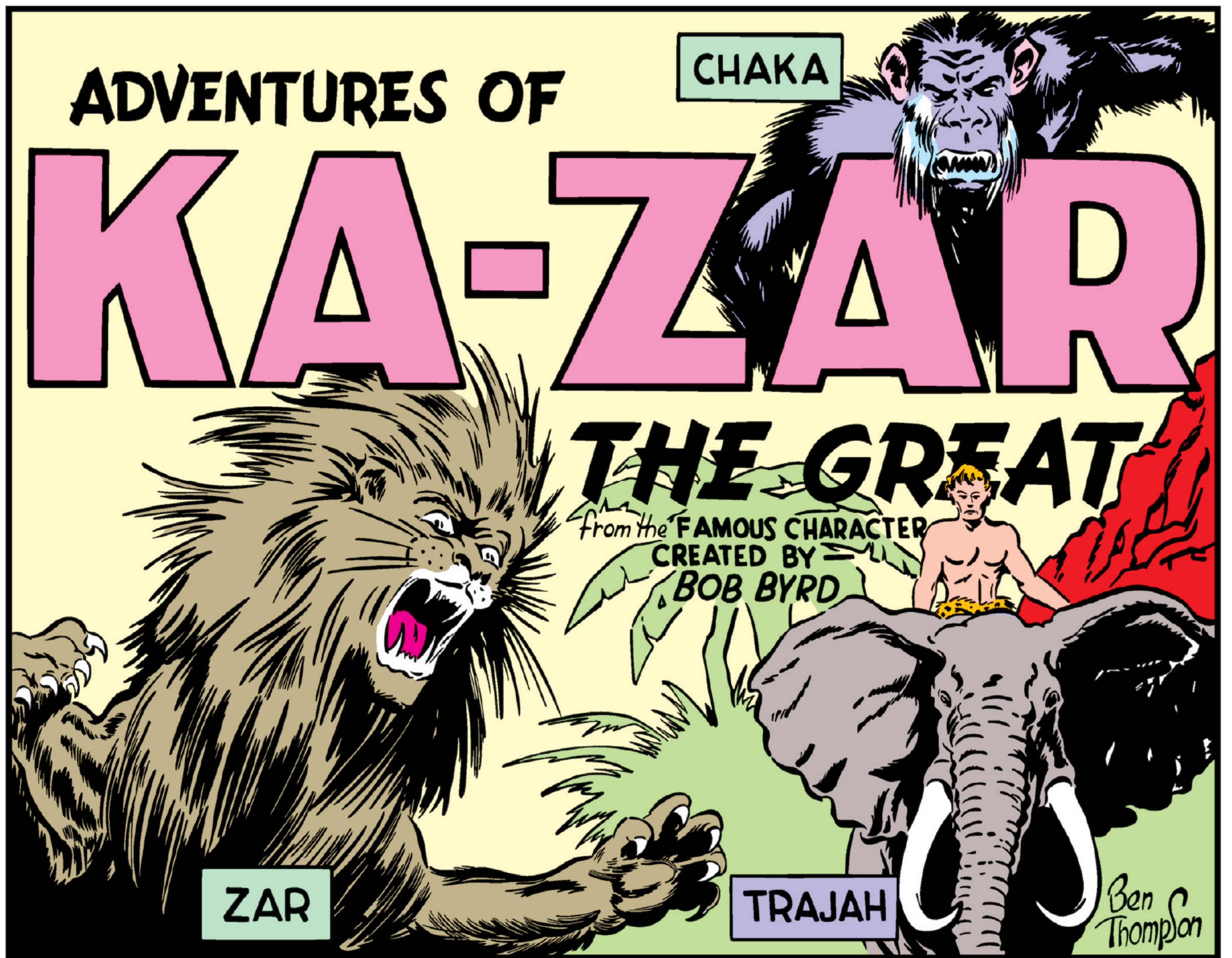
"Young man, this young lady just explained the fine points of your new gas feeder to me. I'd like to have you drop in to my office this afternoon, if you will, and we can come to terms."

"What? Why didn't you tell me this before? Wheeeee? Oh, Ann, forgive me. . . . To the devil with the race."

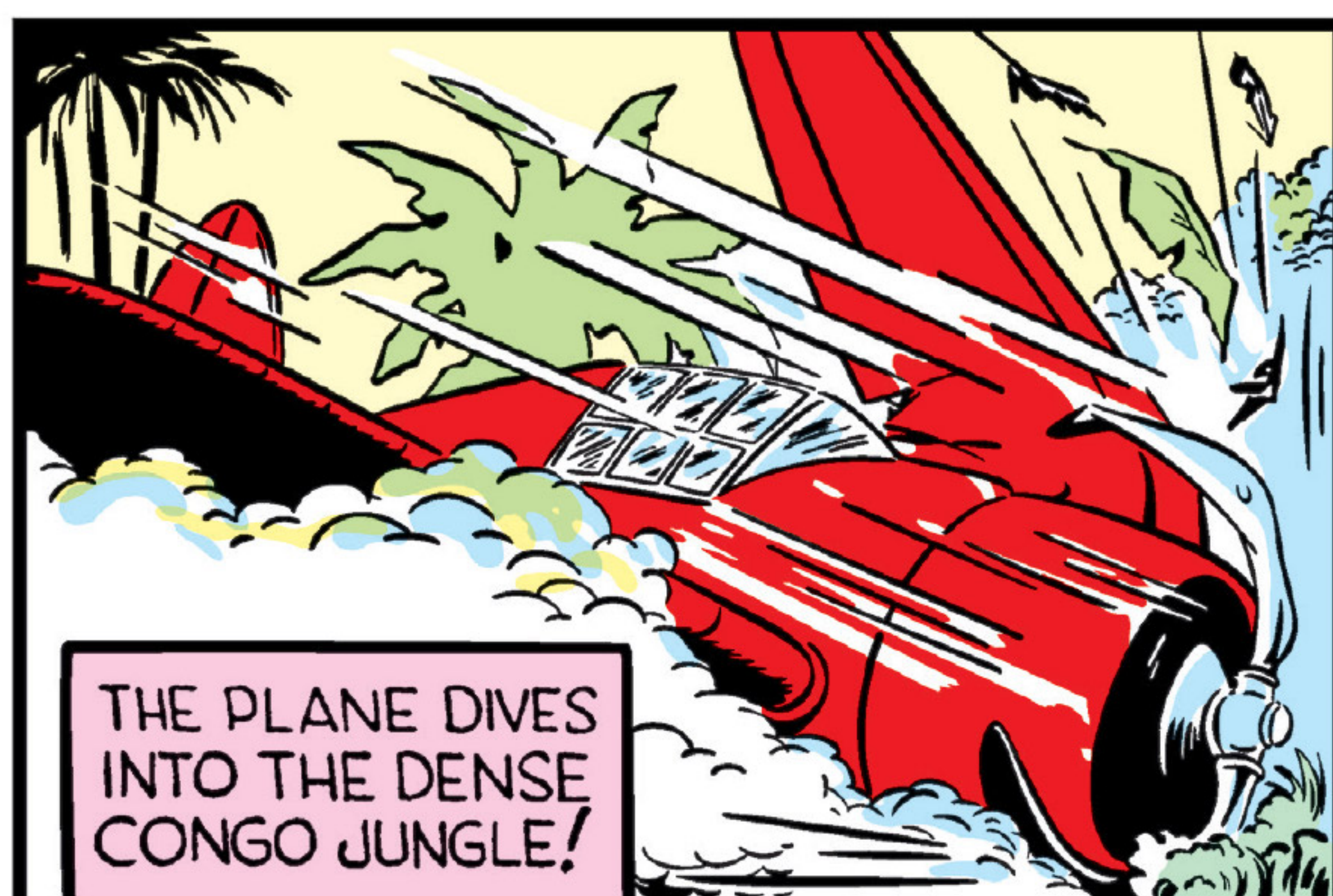
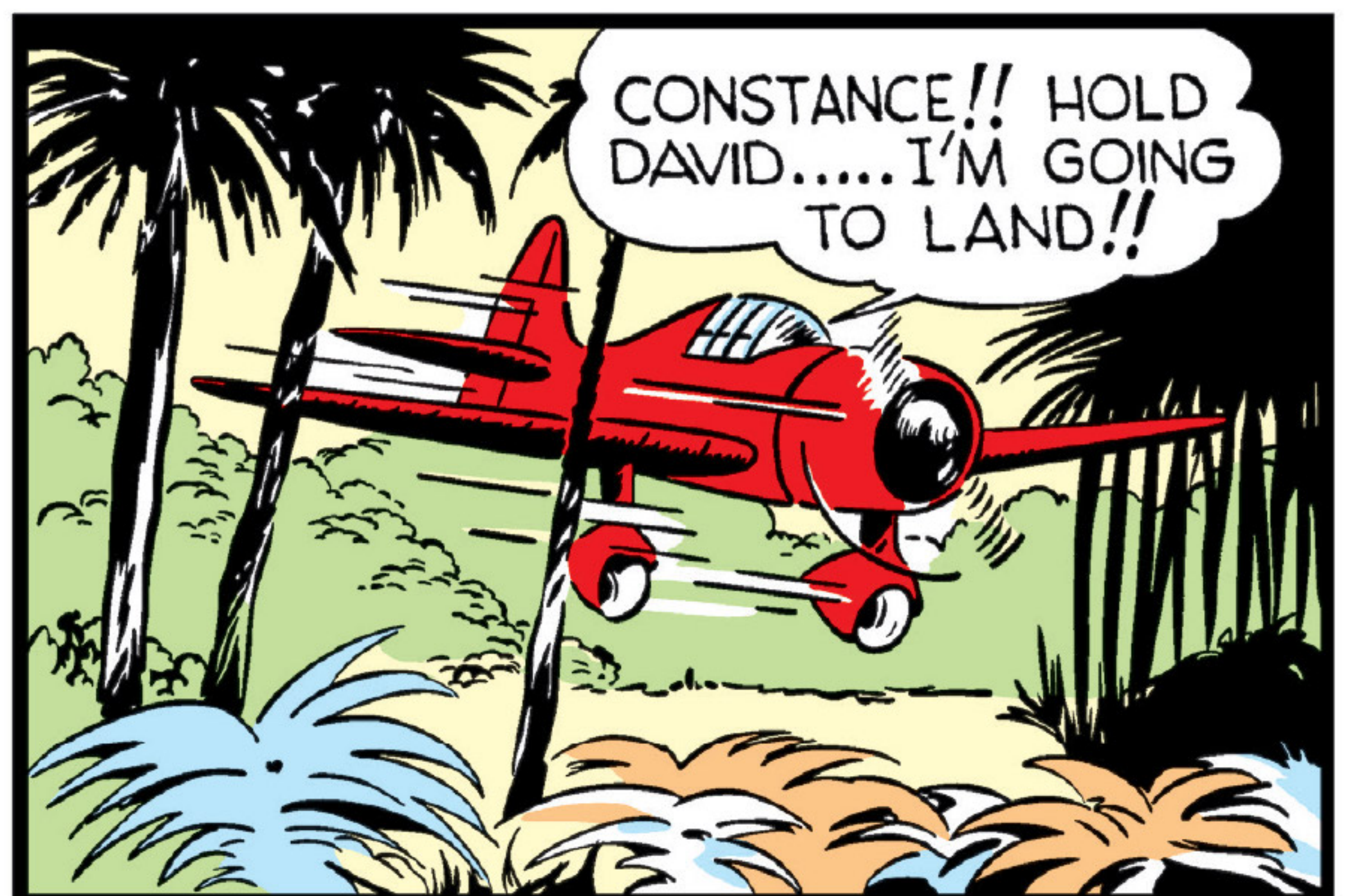
"Oh, ah, pardon me. But do remember me? I'm Fred, your mechanic?"

"Fred. You old sonofagun. Isn't it wonderful?"

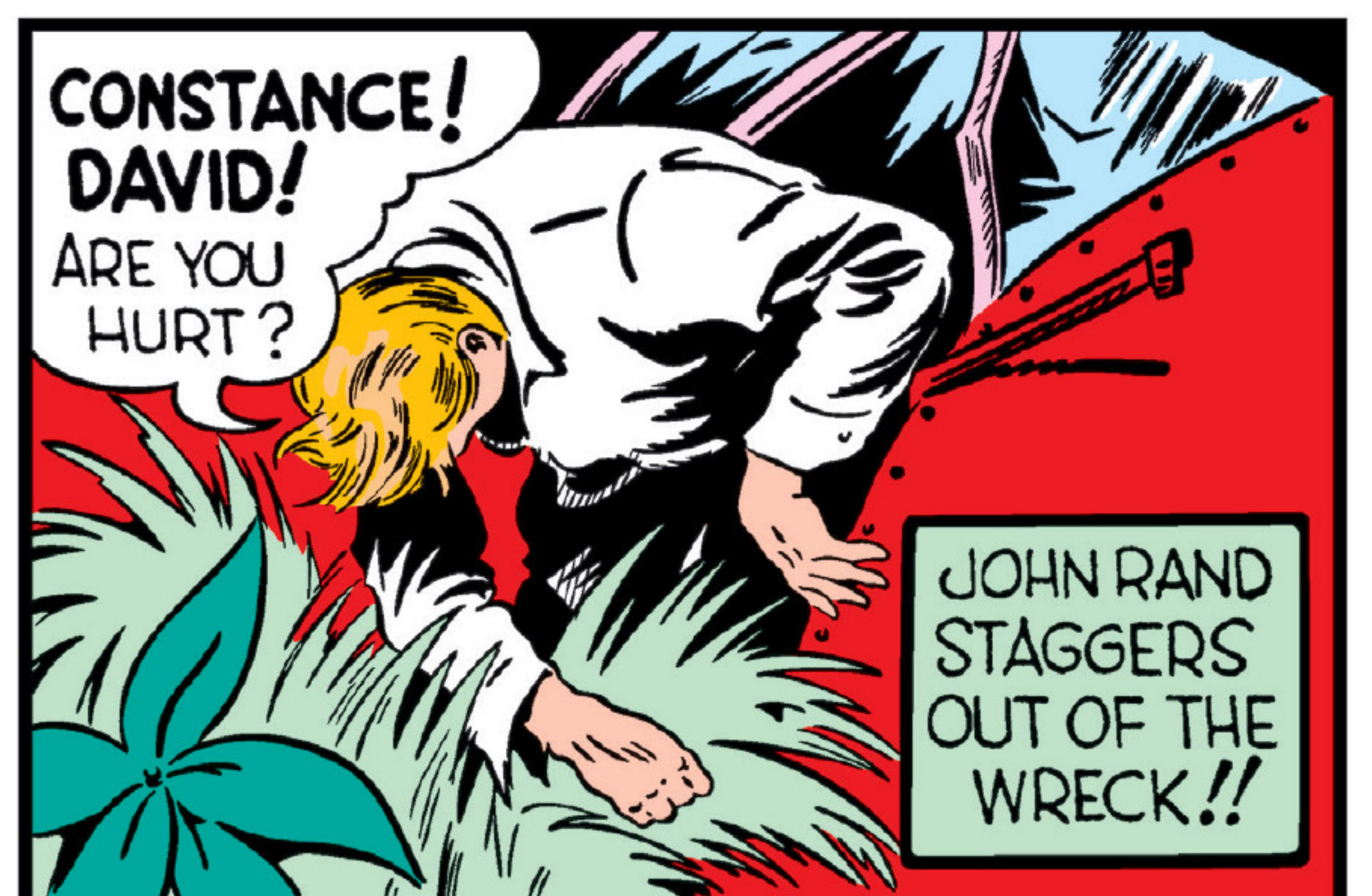
"It certainly is. The darn thing works! You did manage to gain a whole lap on those birds! They all had to go around an extra lap to compete for second place!"



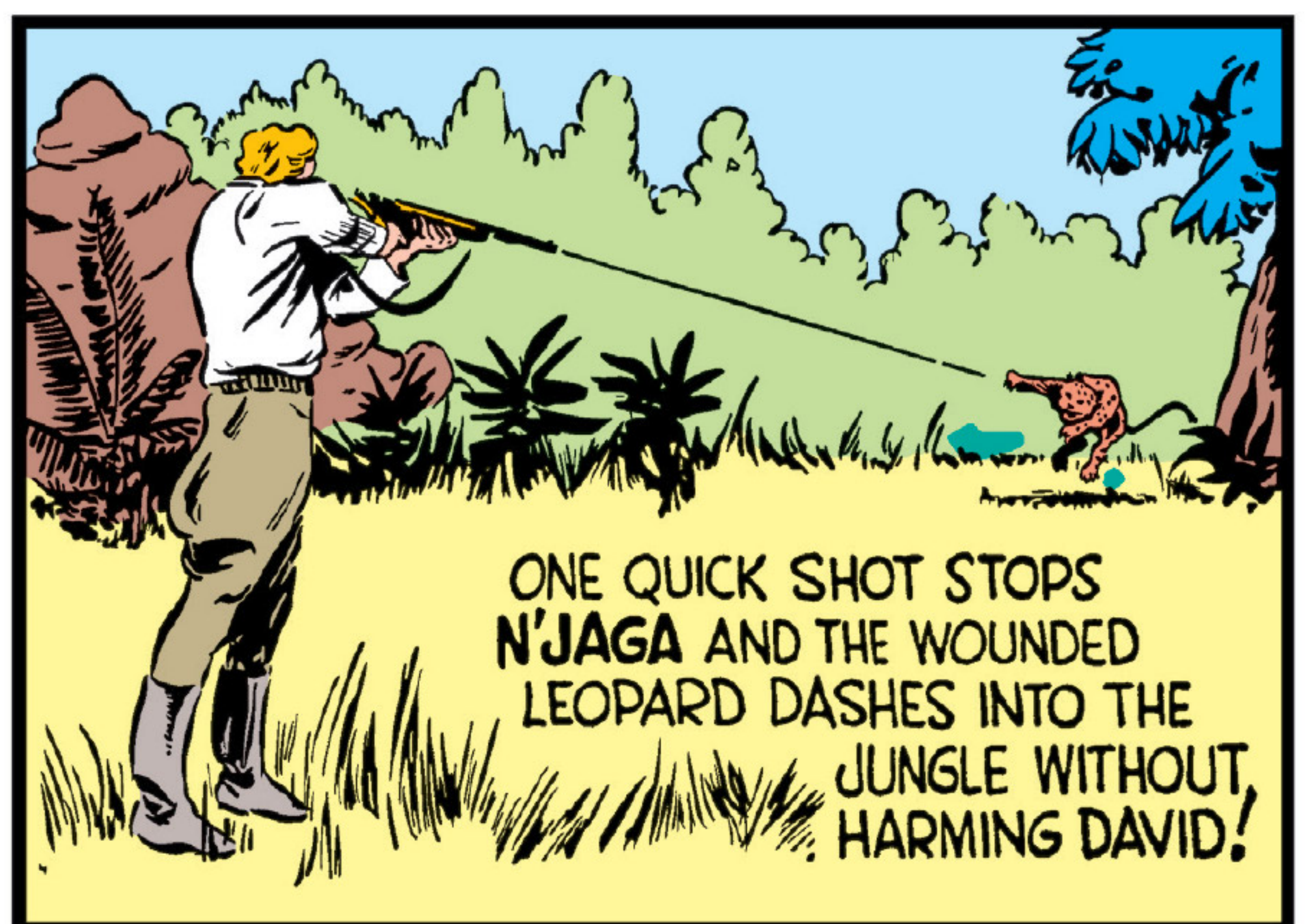
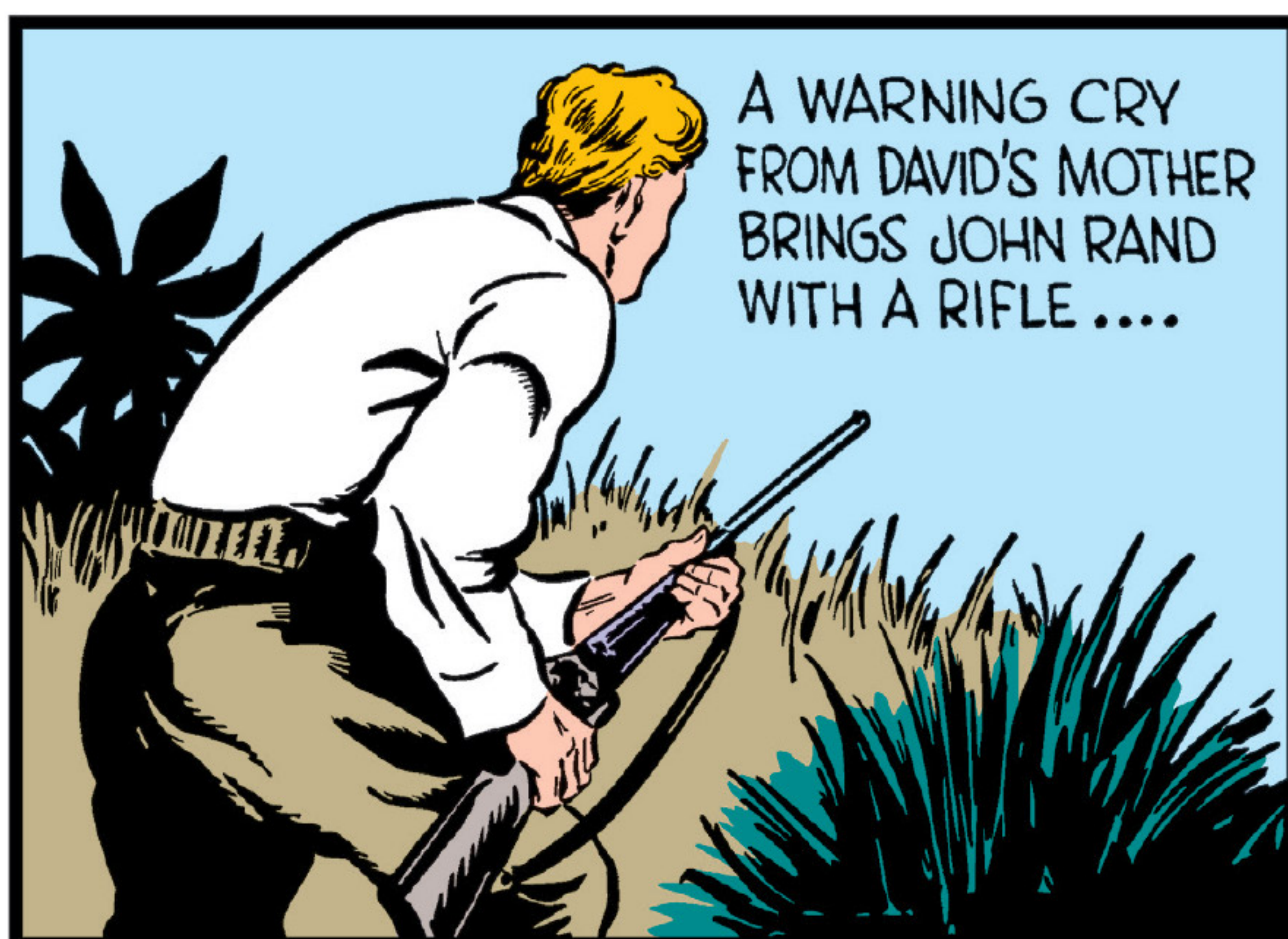
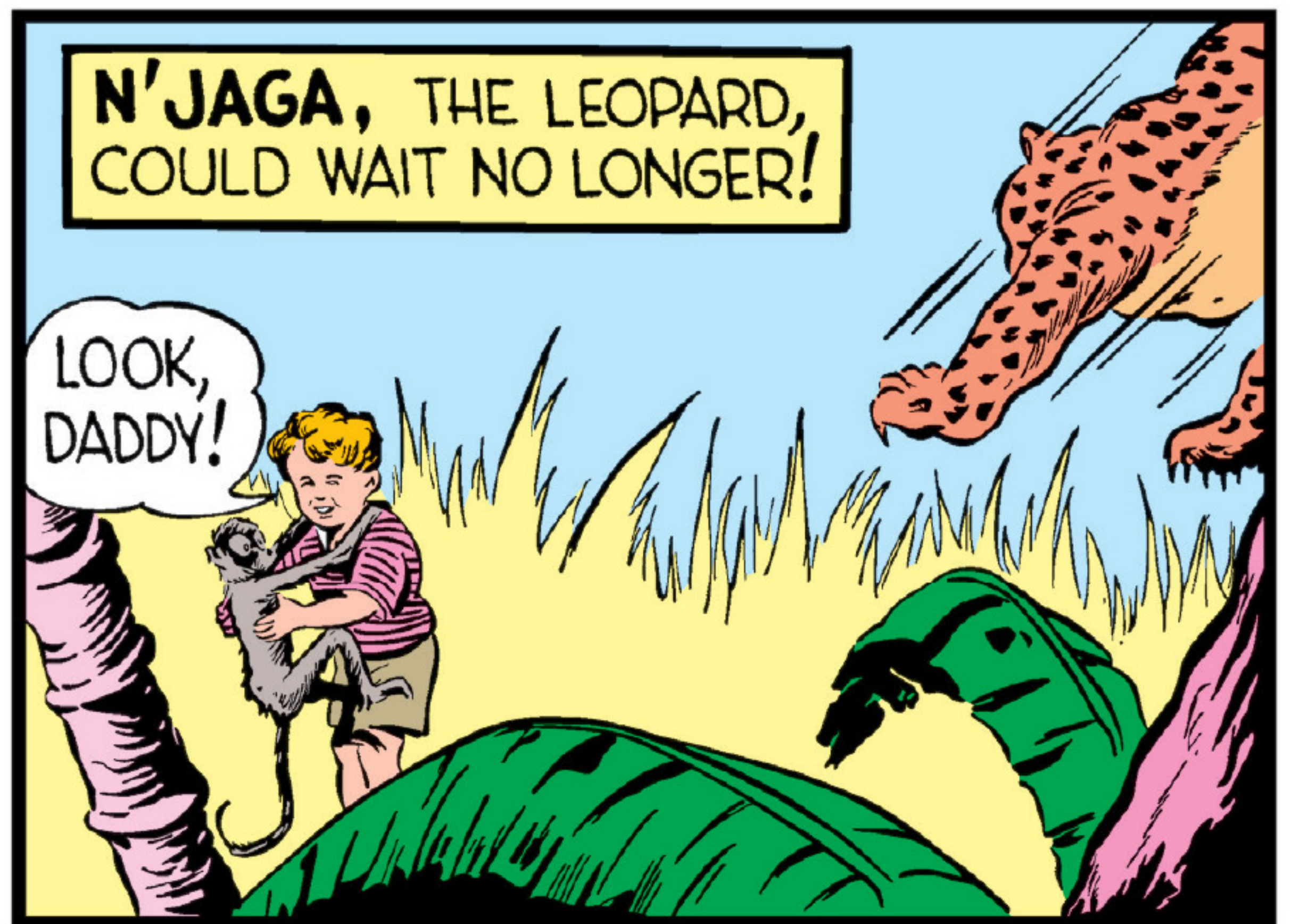
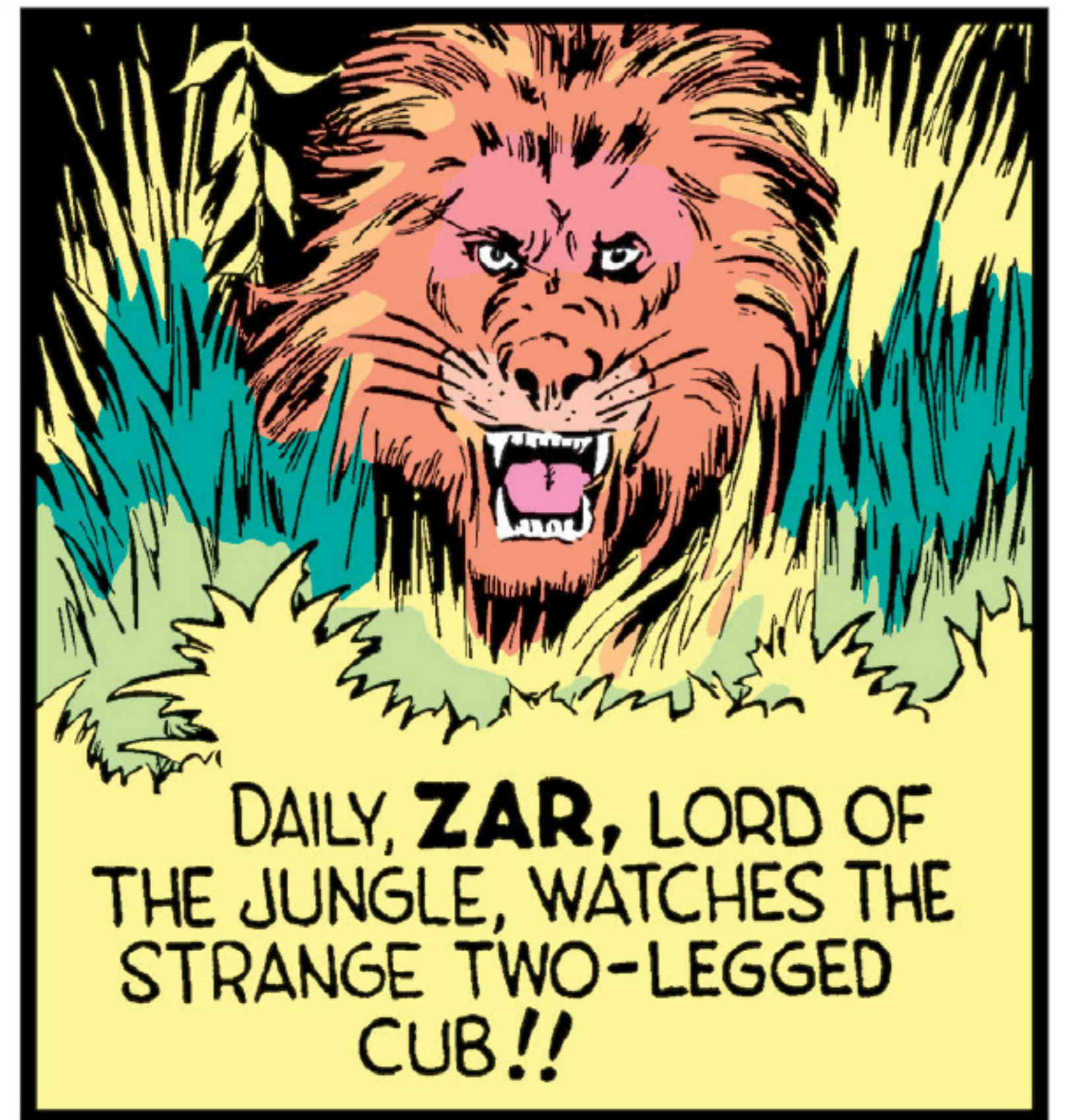
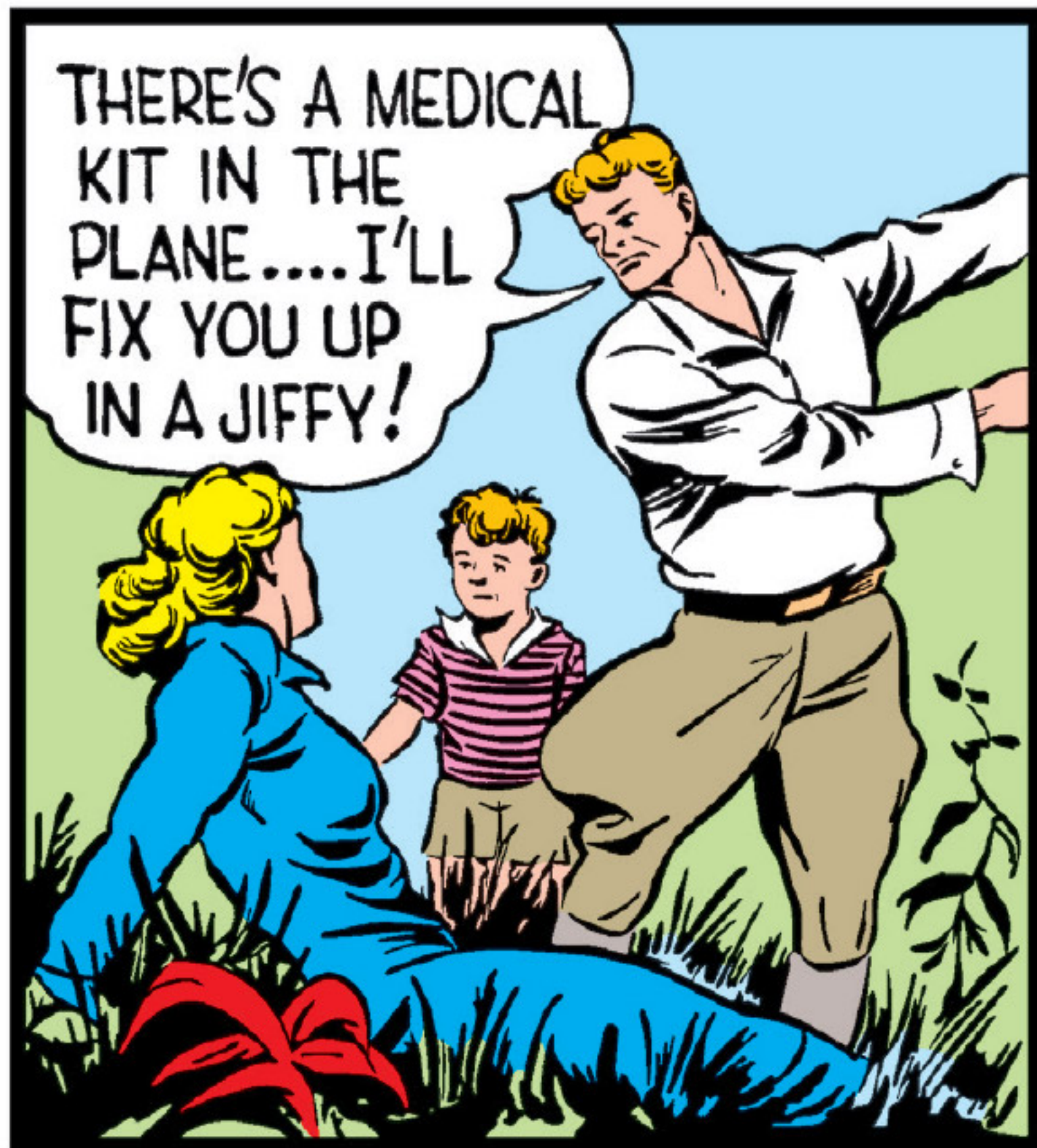
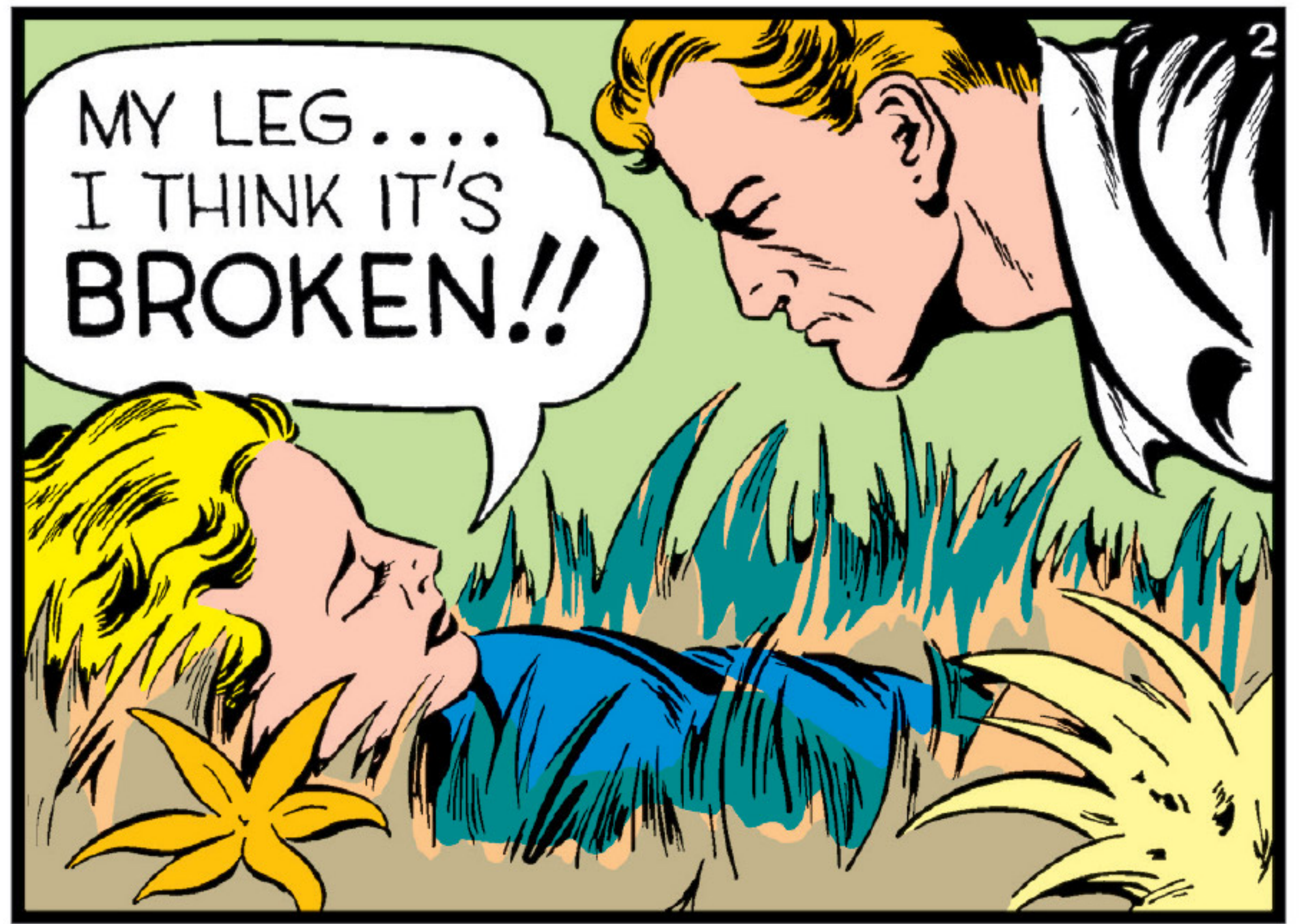
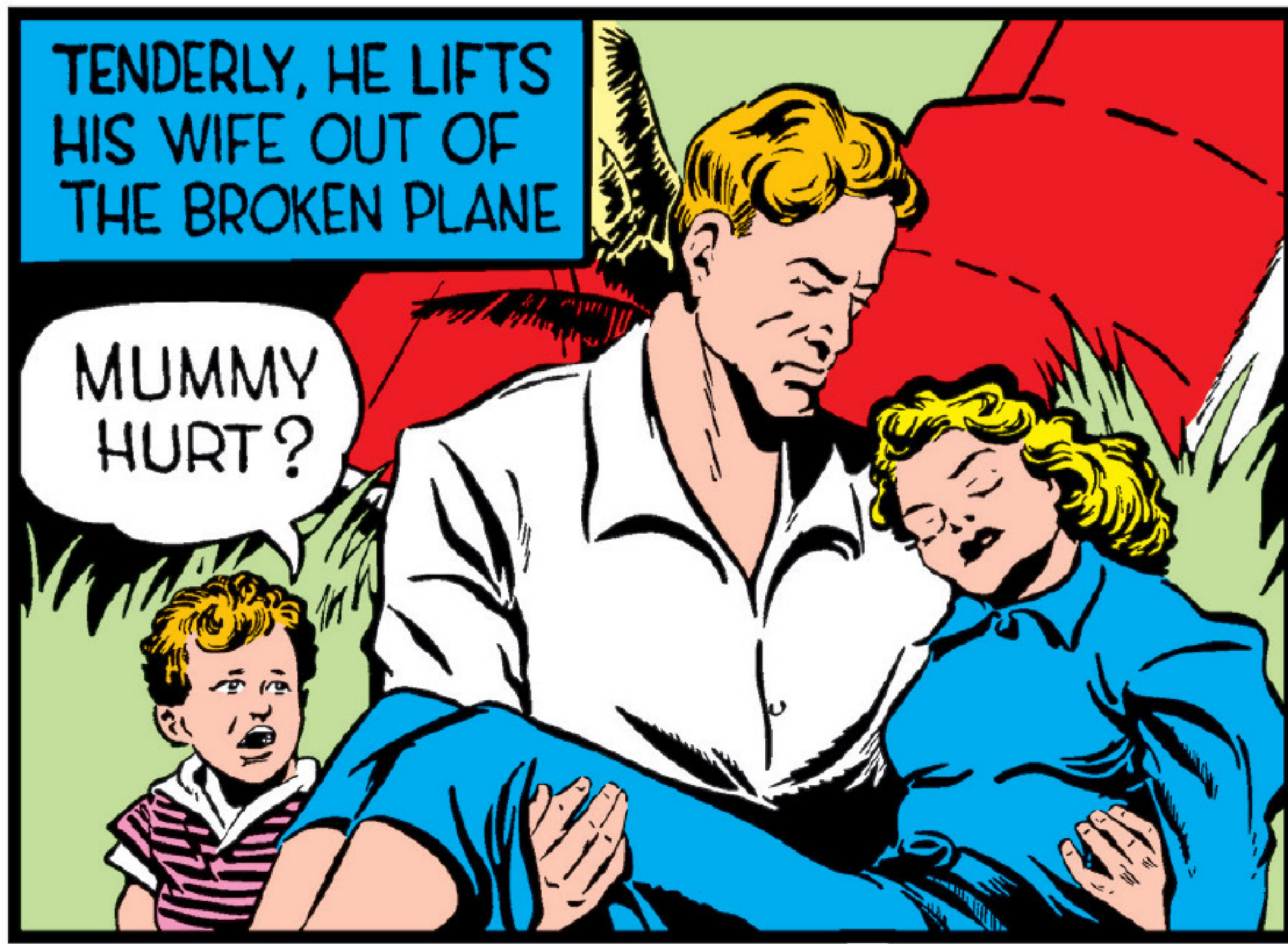
JOHN RAND, YOUNG OWNER OF A RICH DIAMOND FIELD IN THE TRANSVAAL, IS FLYING FROM JOHANNESBURG TO CAIRO WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR THREE-YEAR-OLD SON DAVID. OVER THE HEART OF THE **BELGIAN CONGO** THE PLANE DEVELOPS MOTOR TROUBLE AND RAND IS FORCED TO COME DOWN IN THE THICK, WILD **TROPICAL FOREST!!**

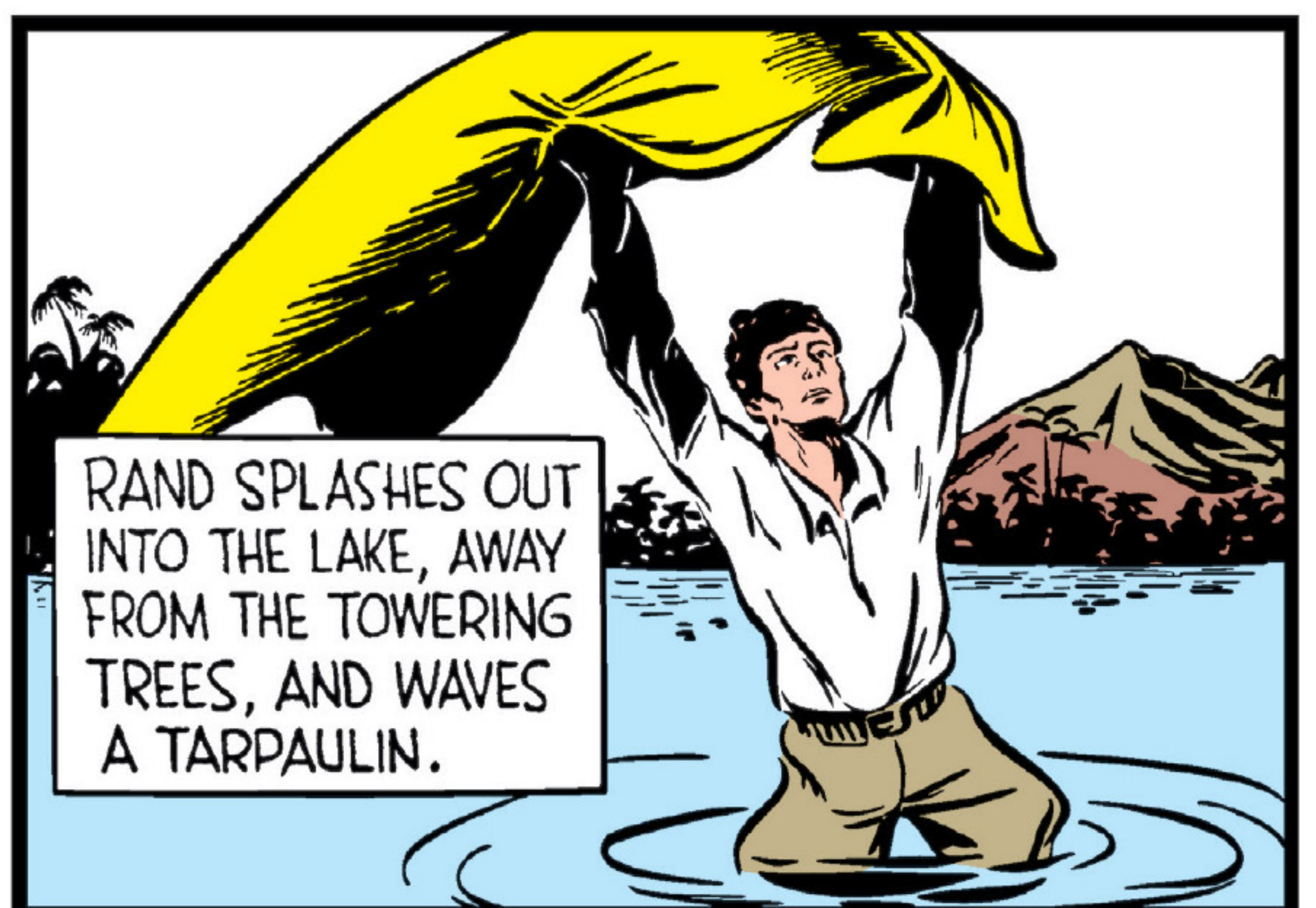
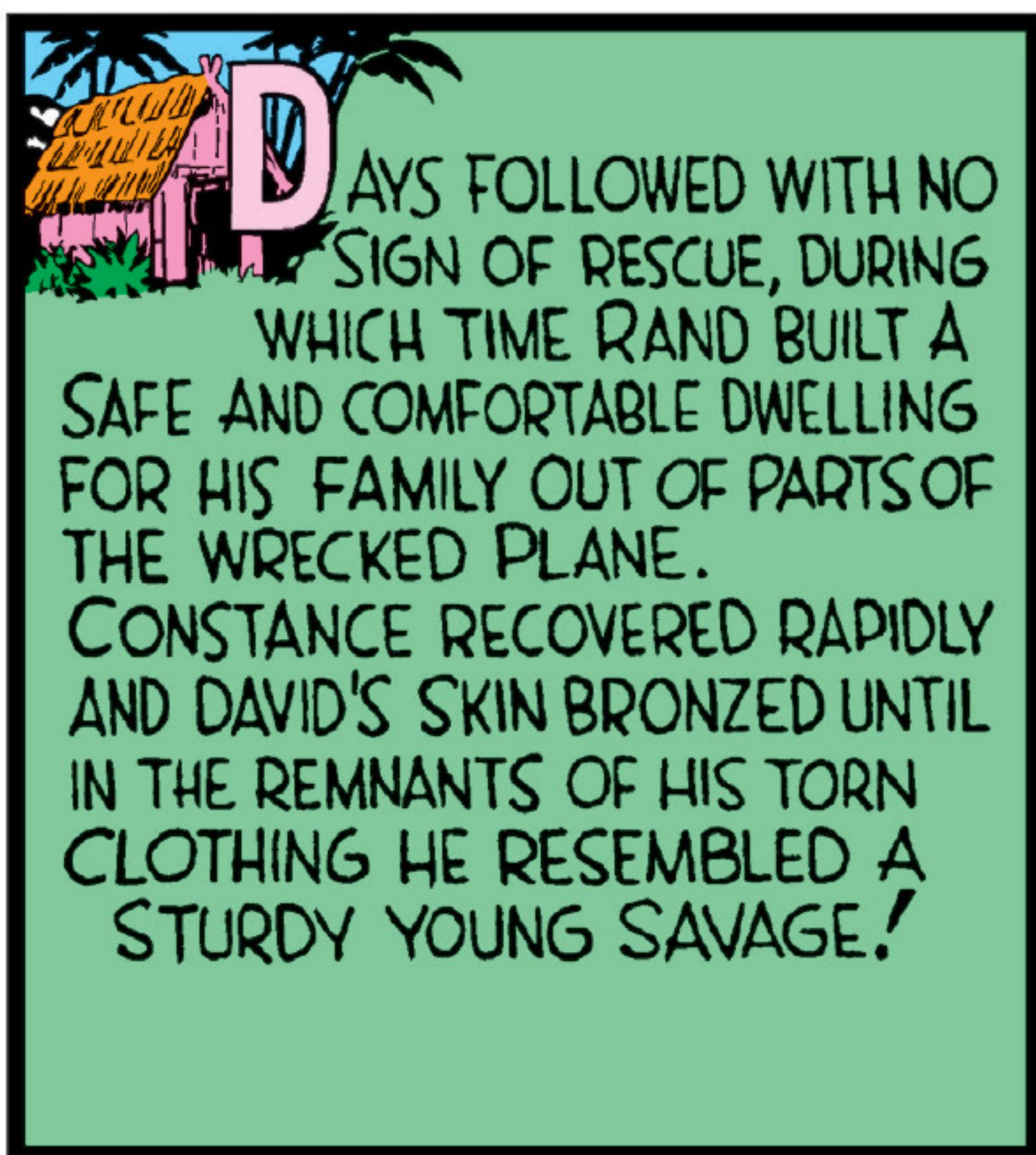
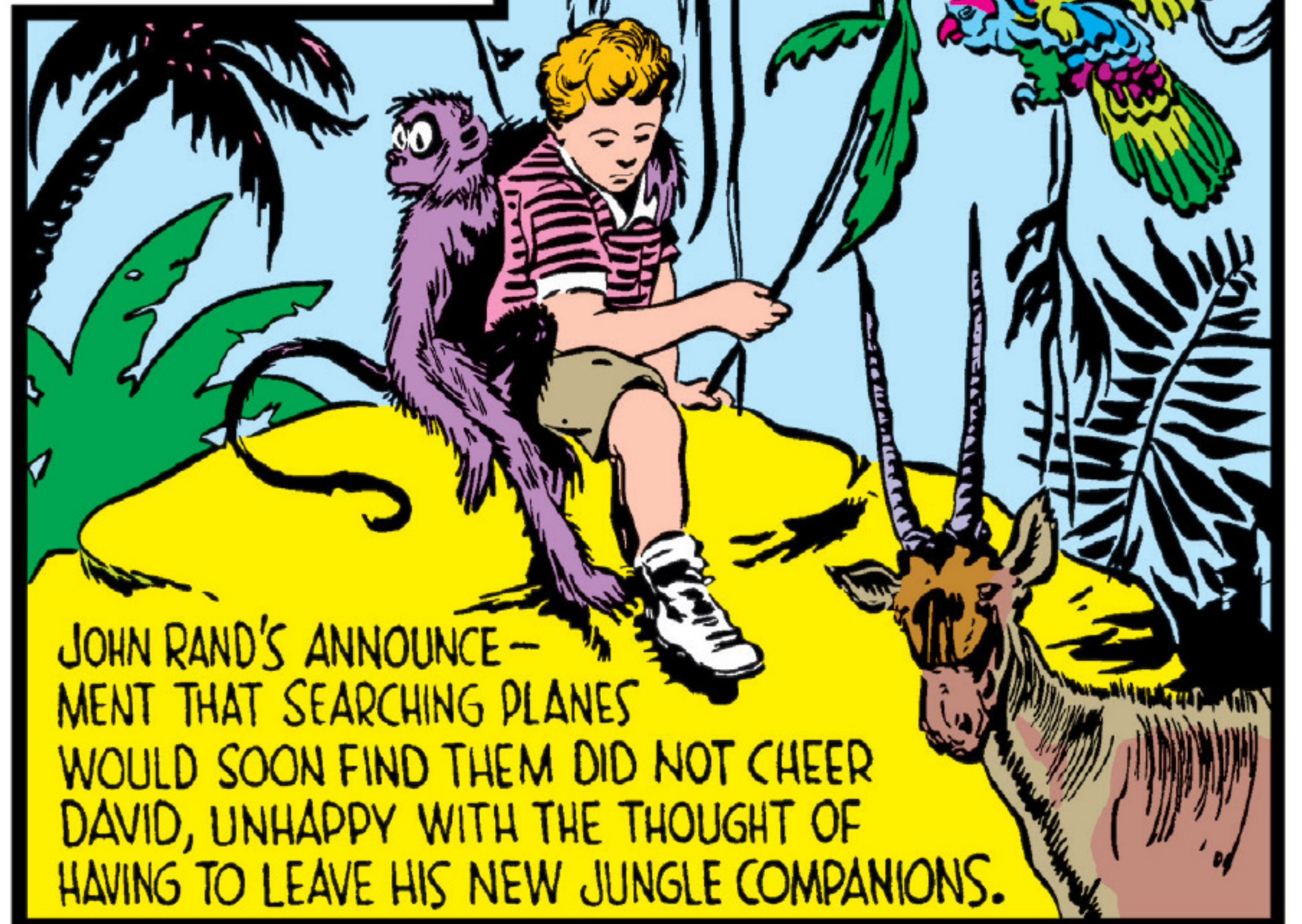
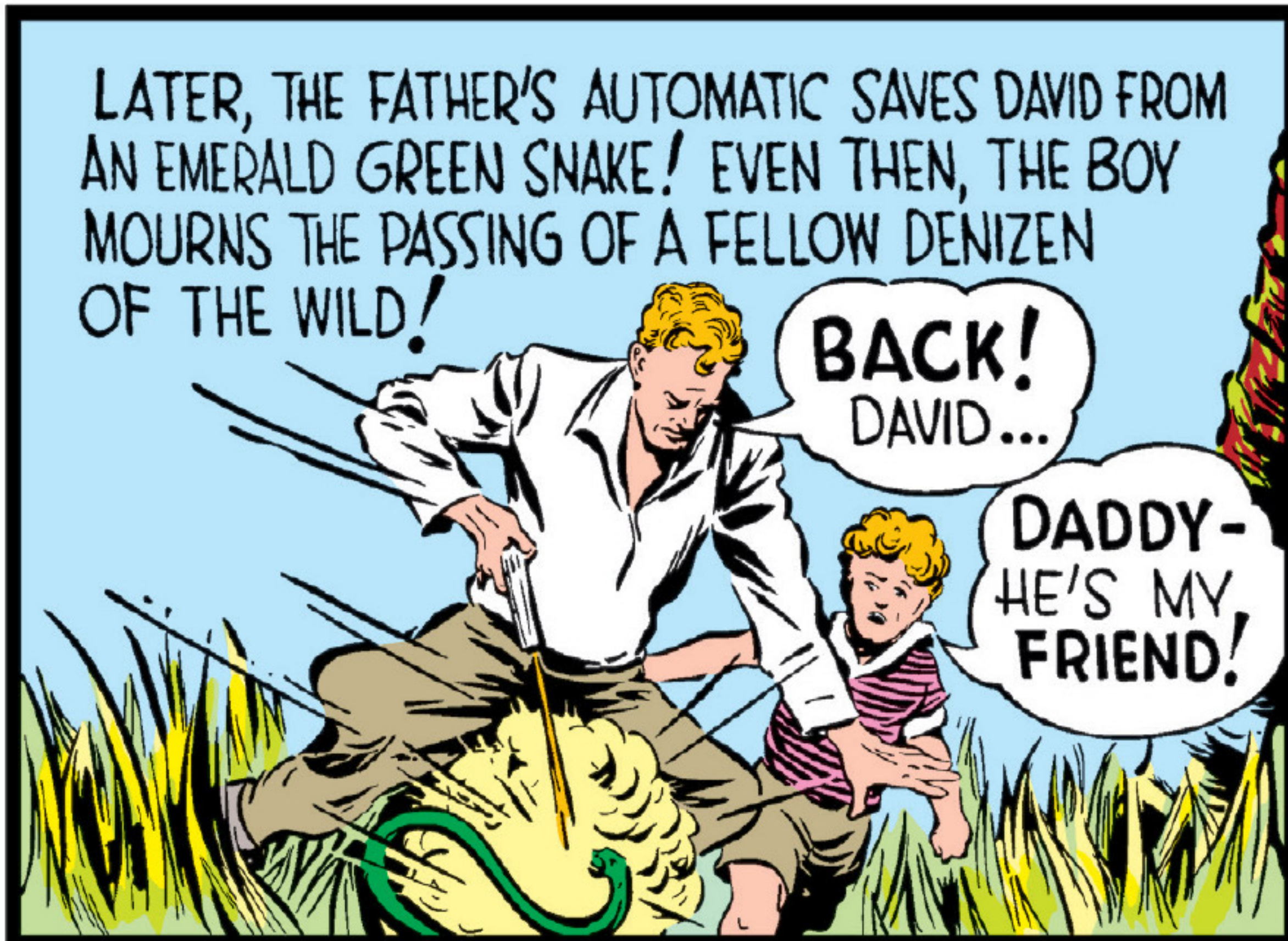
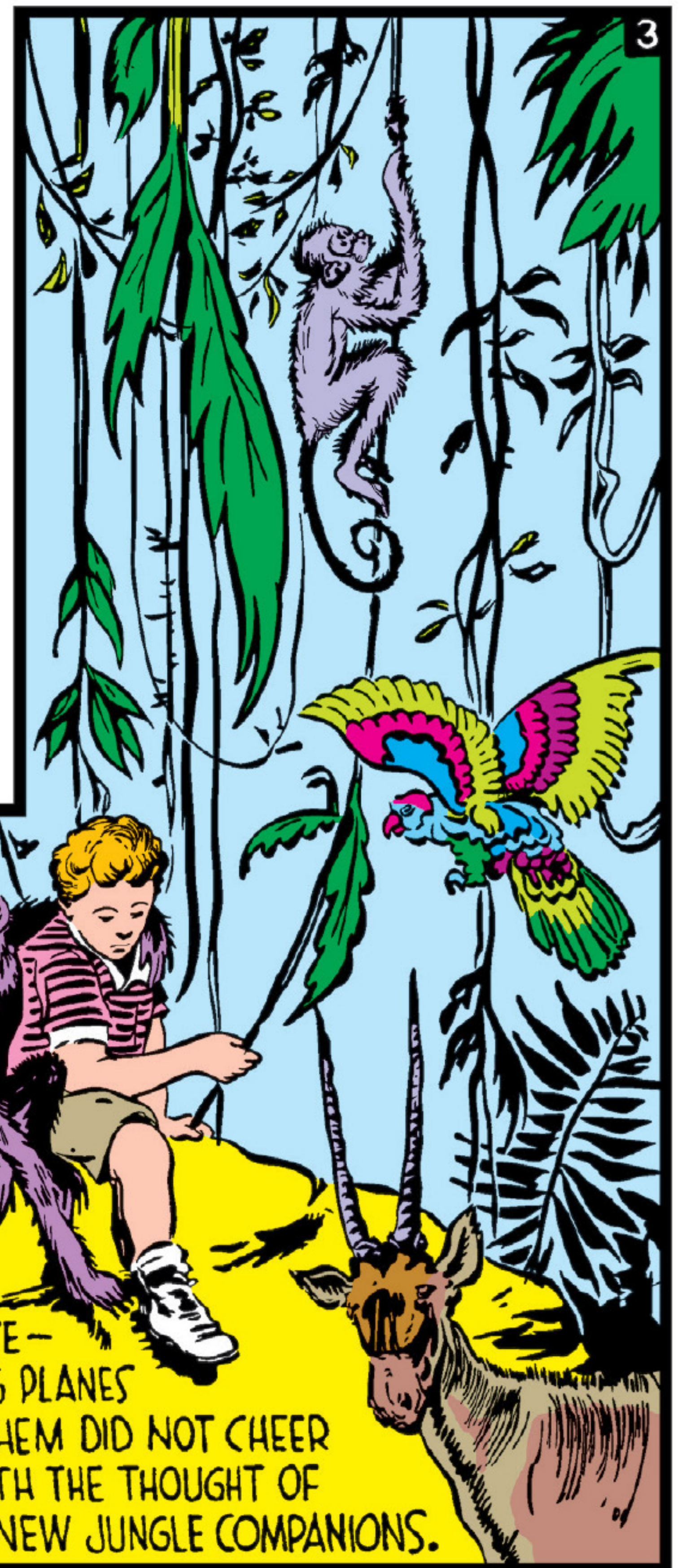
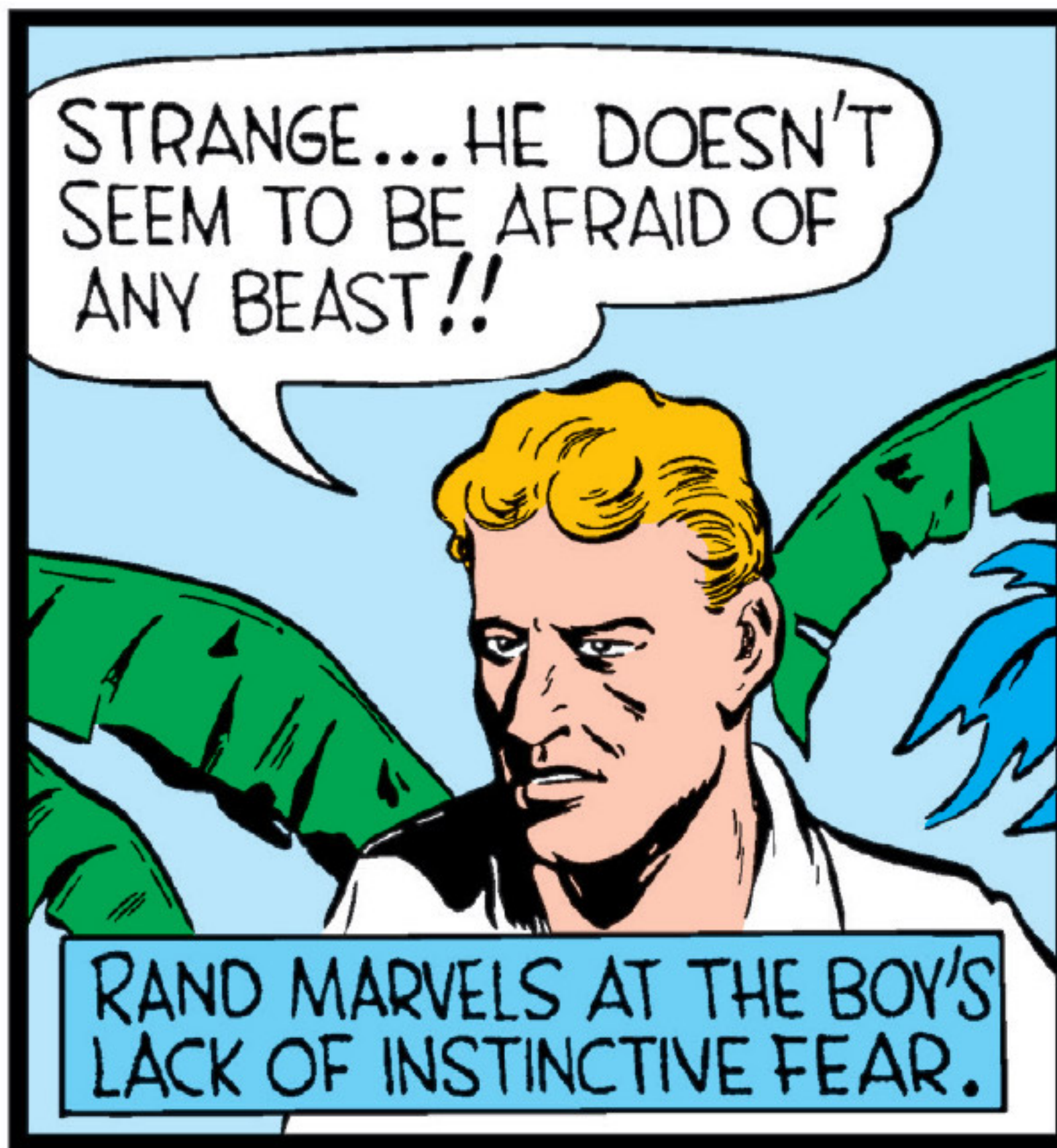


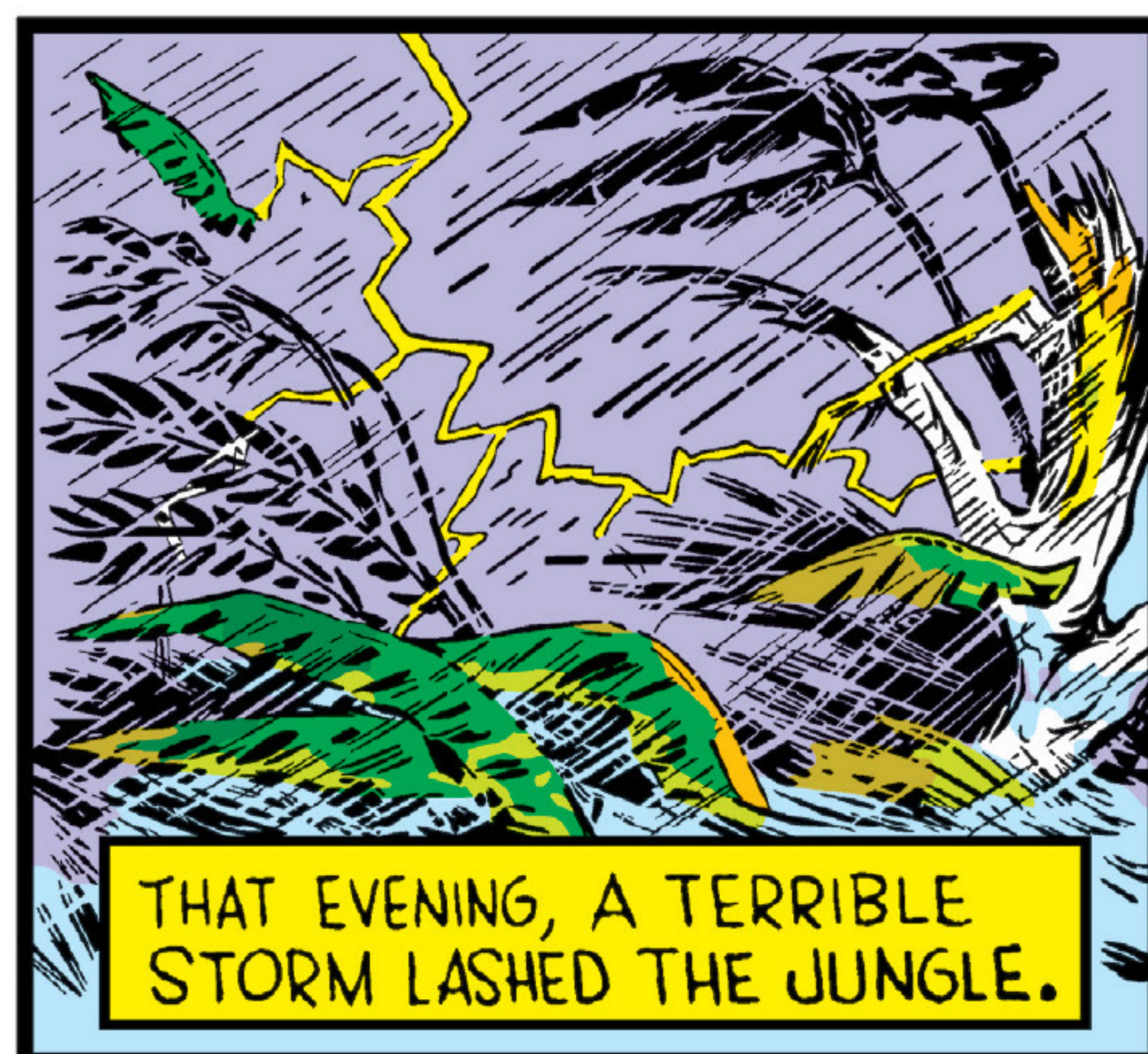
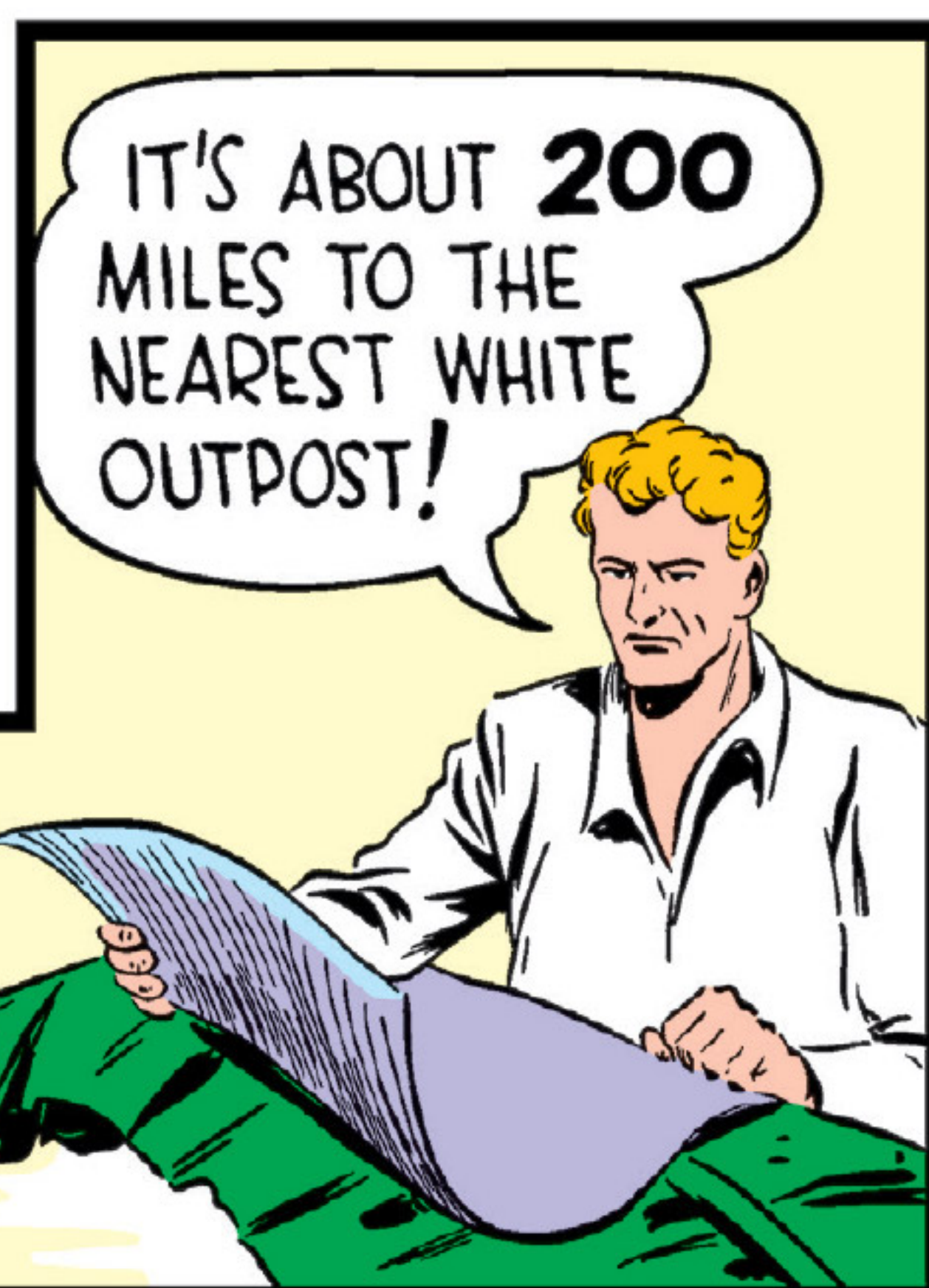
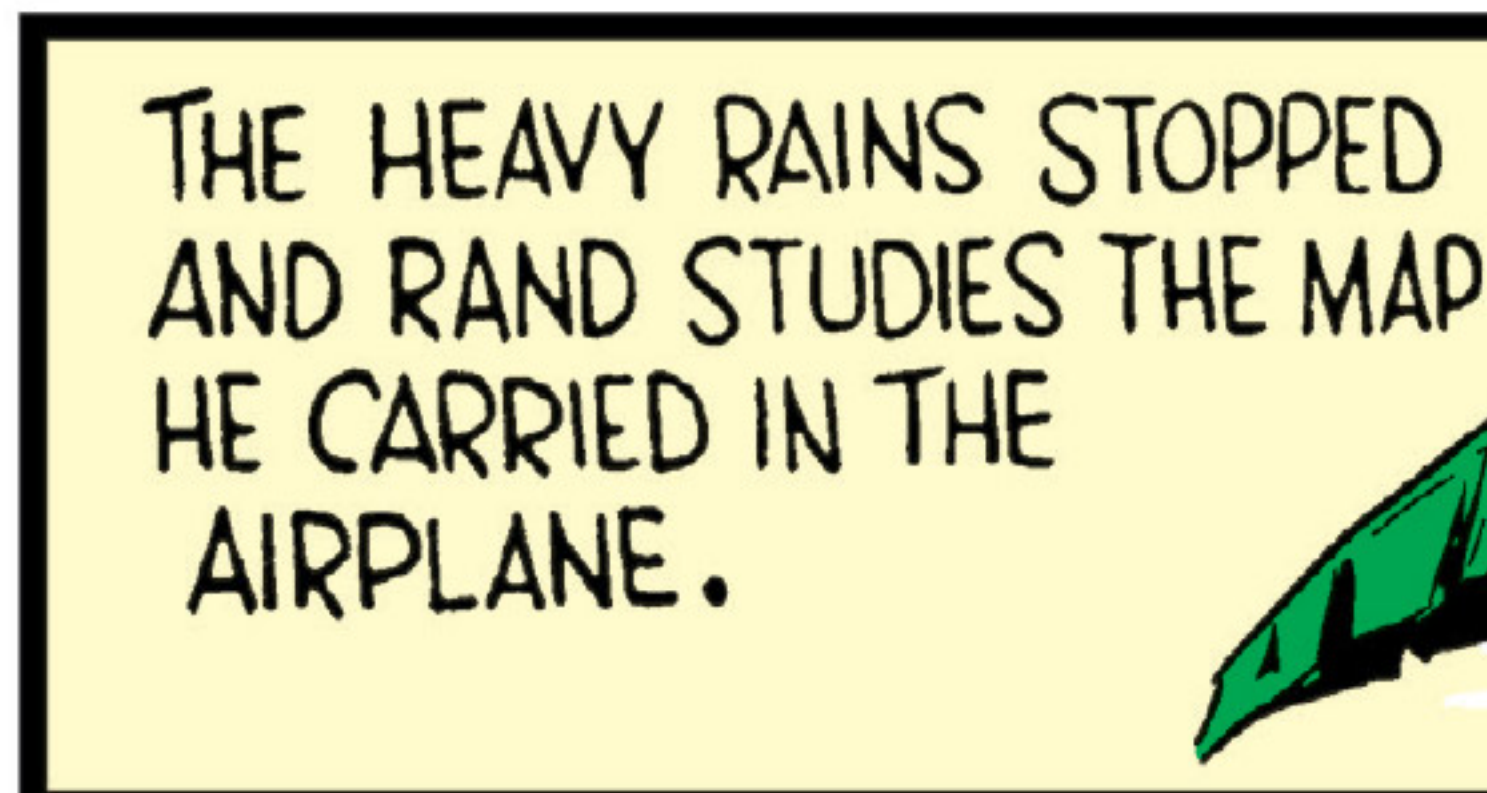
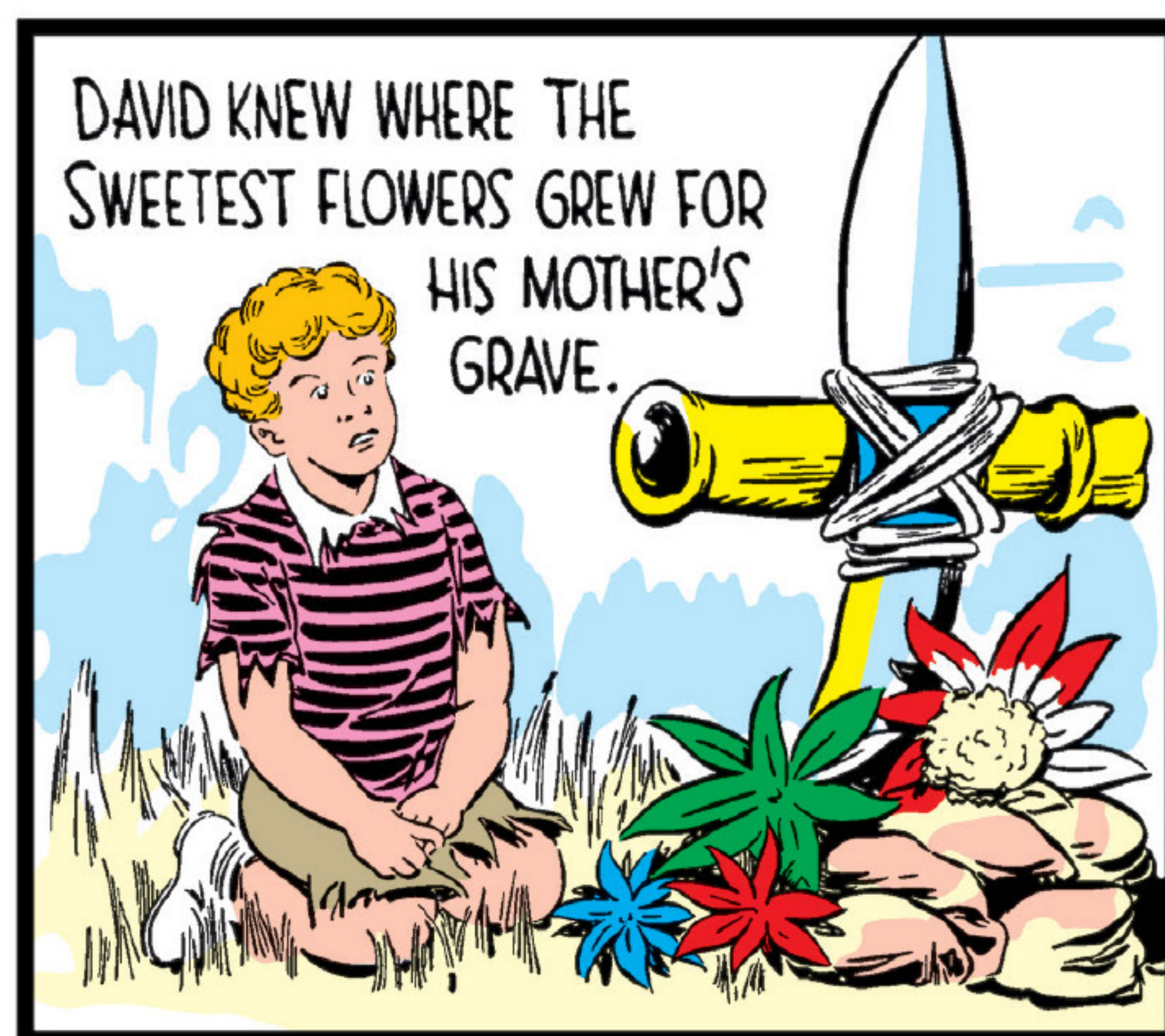
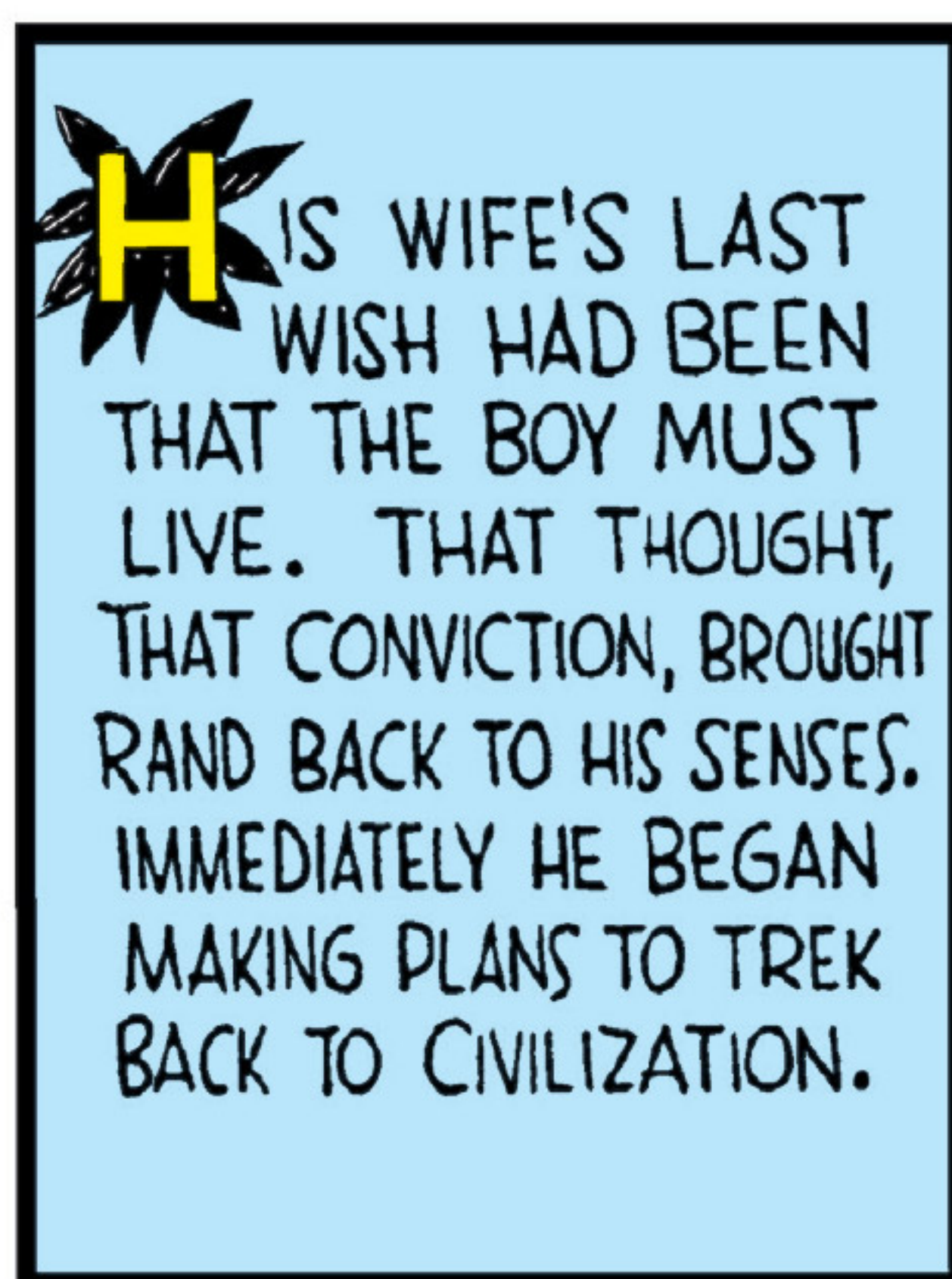
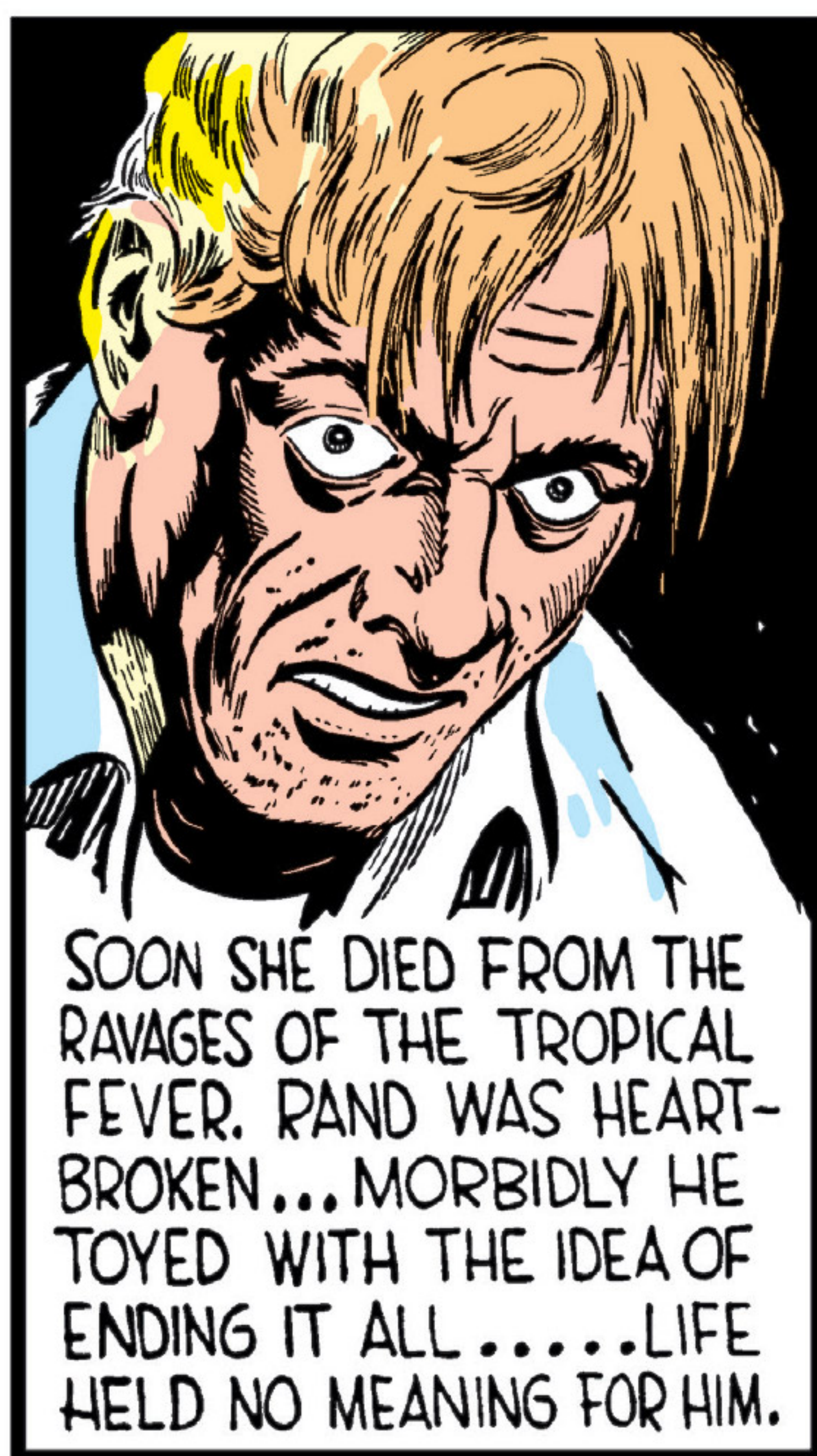
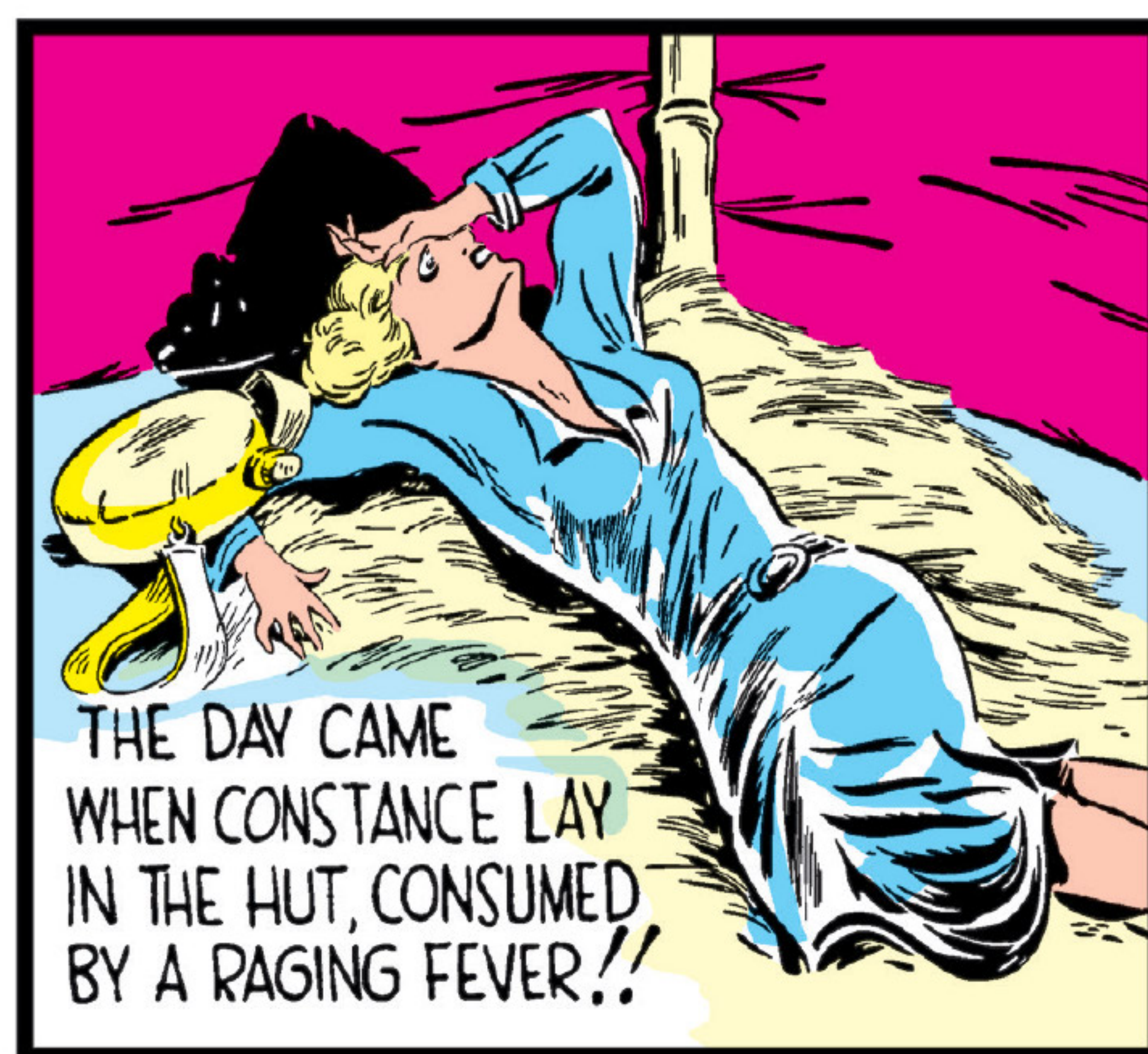
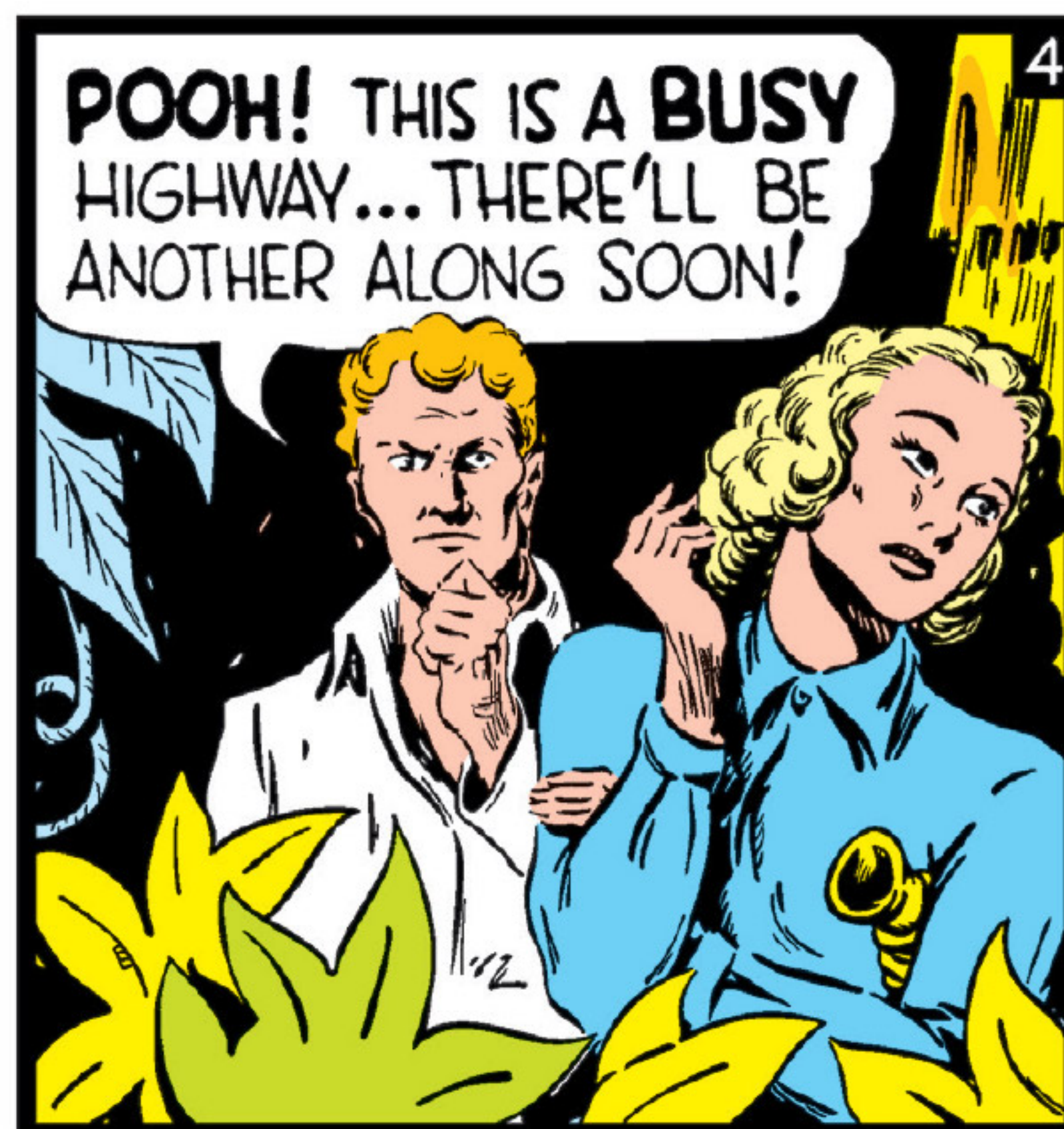
THE PLANE DIVES INTO THE DENSE CONGO JUNGLE!

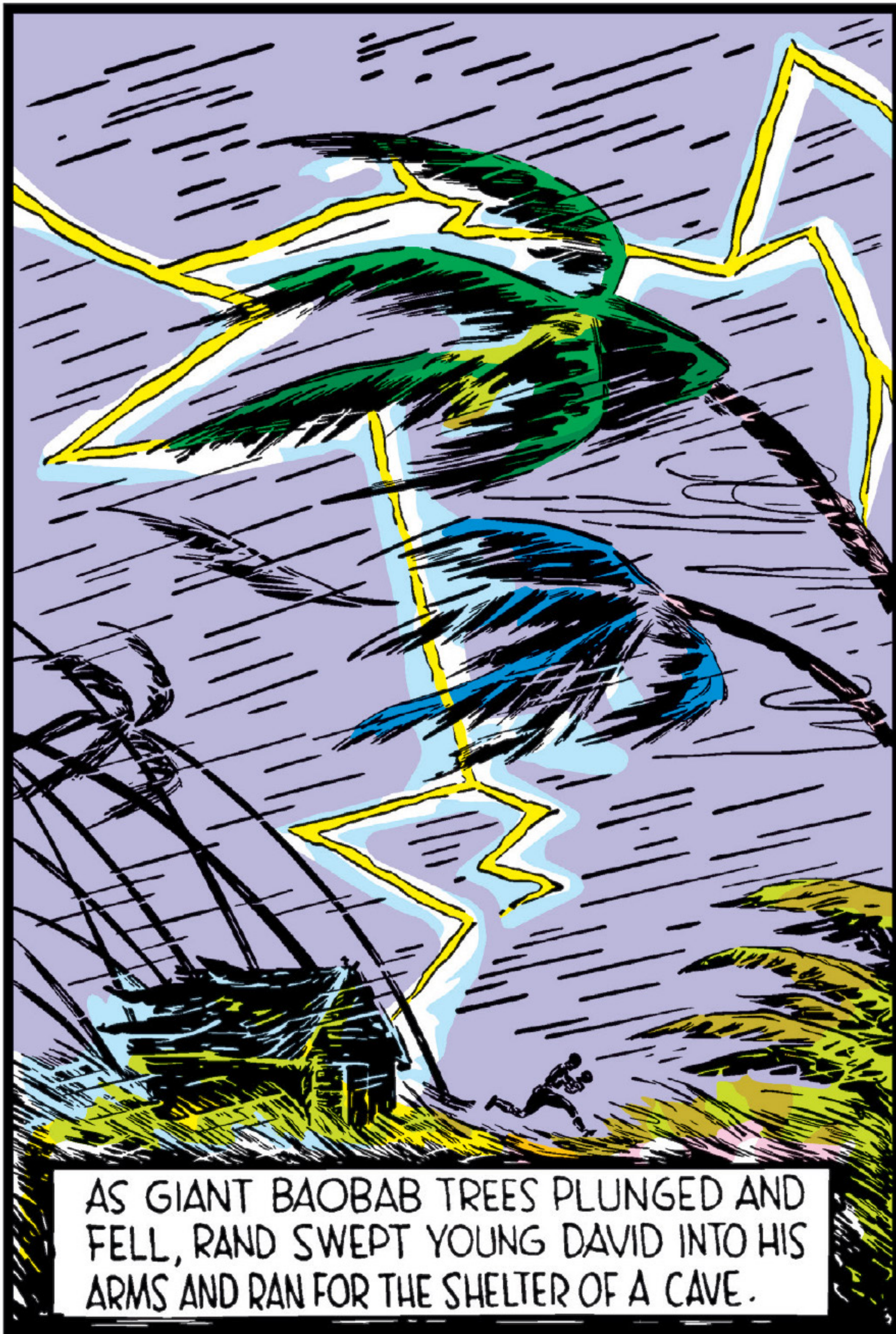


JOHN RAND STAGGERS OUT OF THE WRECK!!



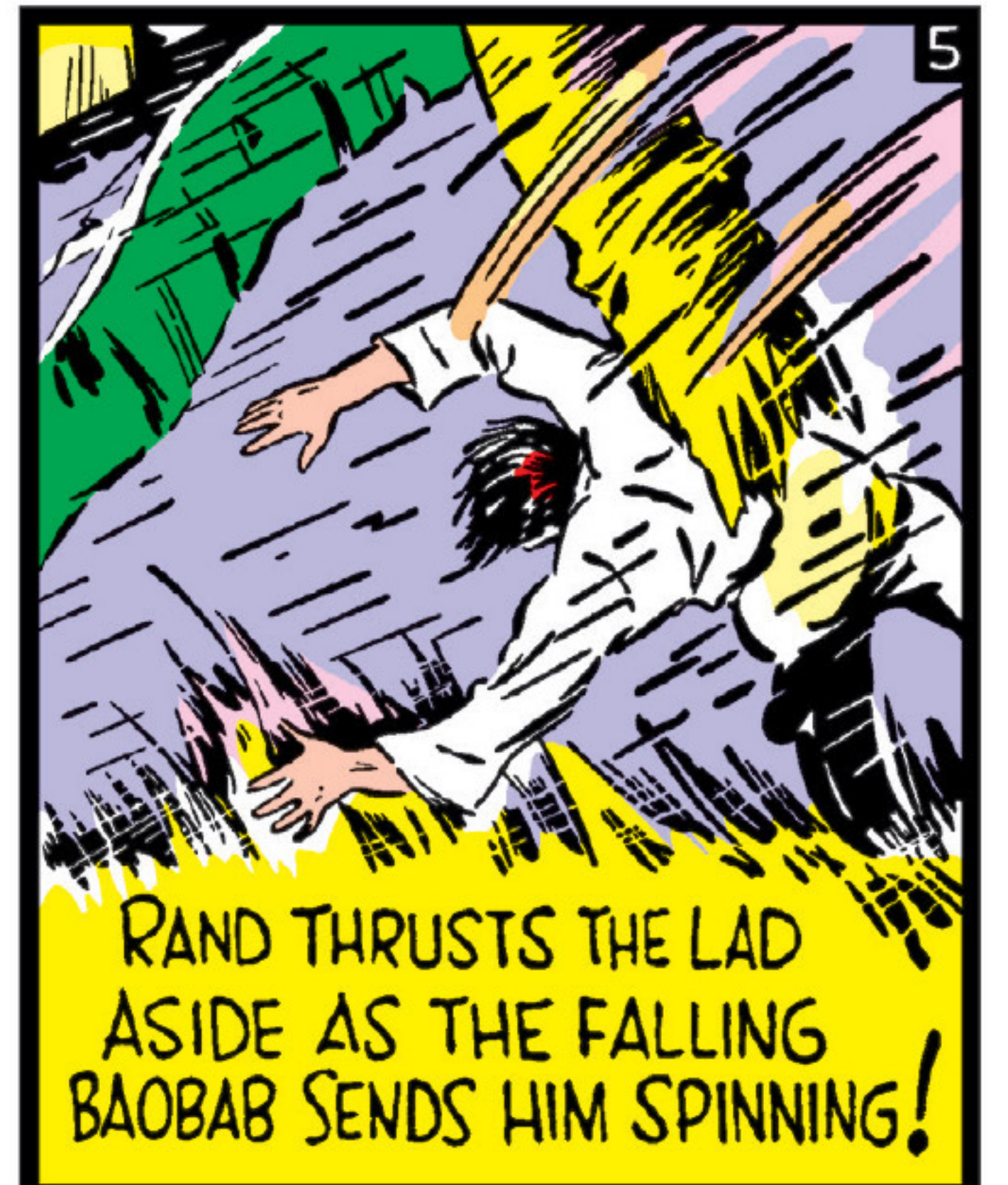




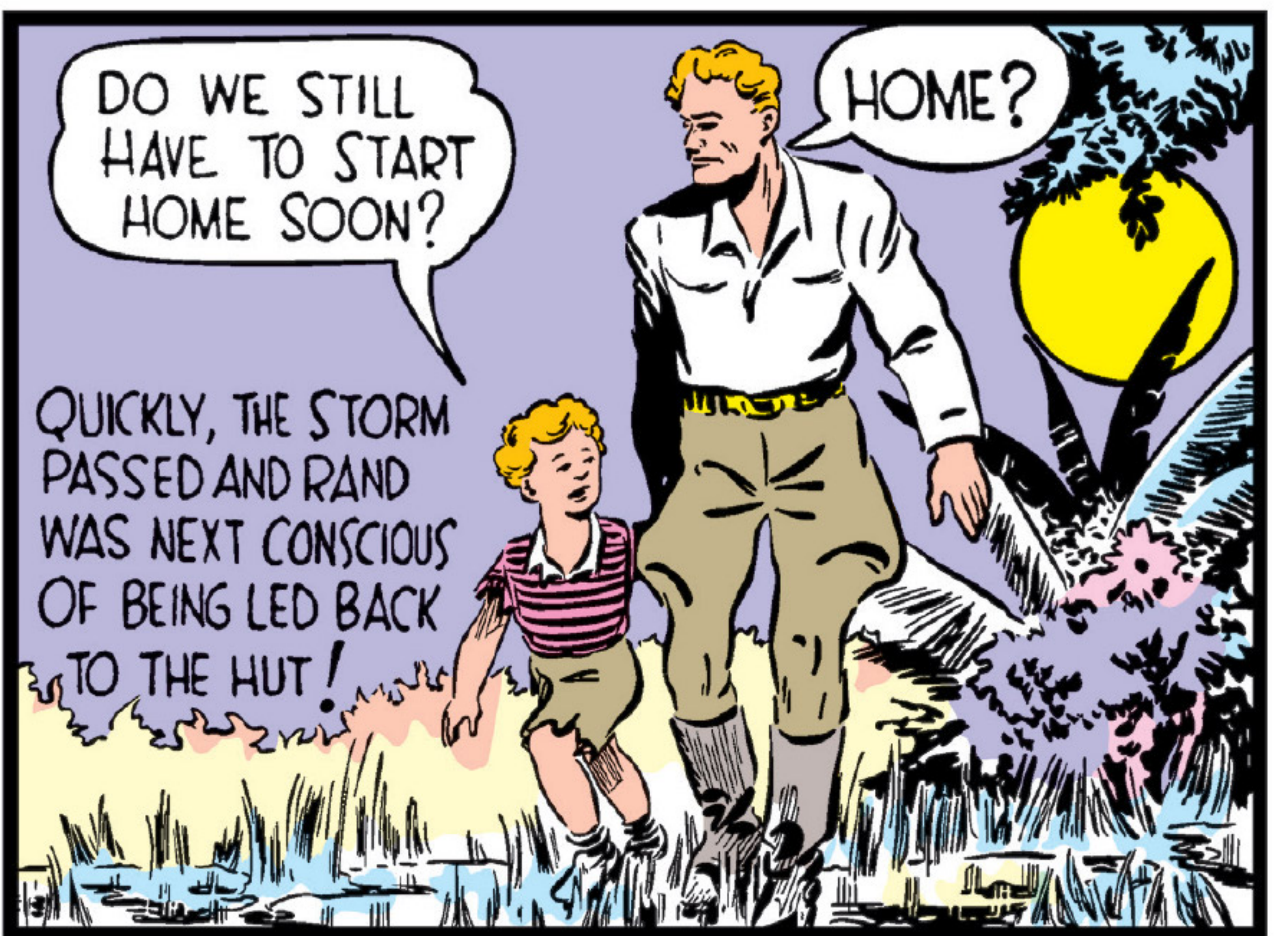


AS GIANT BAOBAB TREES PLUNGED AND FELL, RAND SWEEPED YOUNG DAVID INTO HIS ARMS AND RAN FOR THE SHELTER OF A CAVE.

A SIZZLING BOLT OF LIGHTNING SENDS A MAMMOTH TREE CRASHING DOWN ON THEIR HEADS!



RAND THRUSTS THE LAD ASIDE AS THE FALLING BAOBAB SENDS HIM SPINNING!



DO WE STILL HAVE TO START HOME SOON?

HOME?

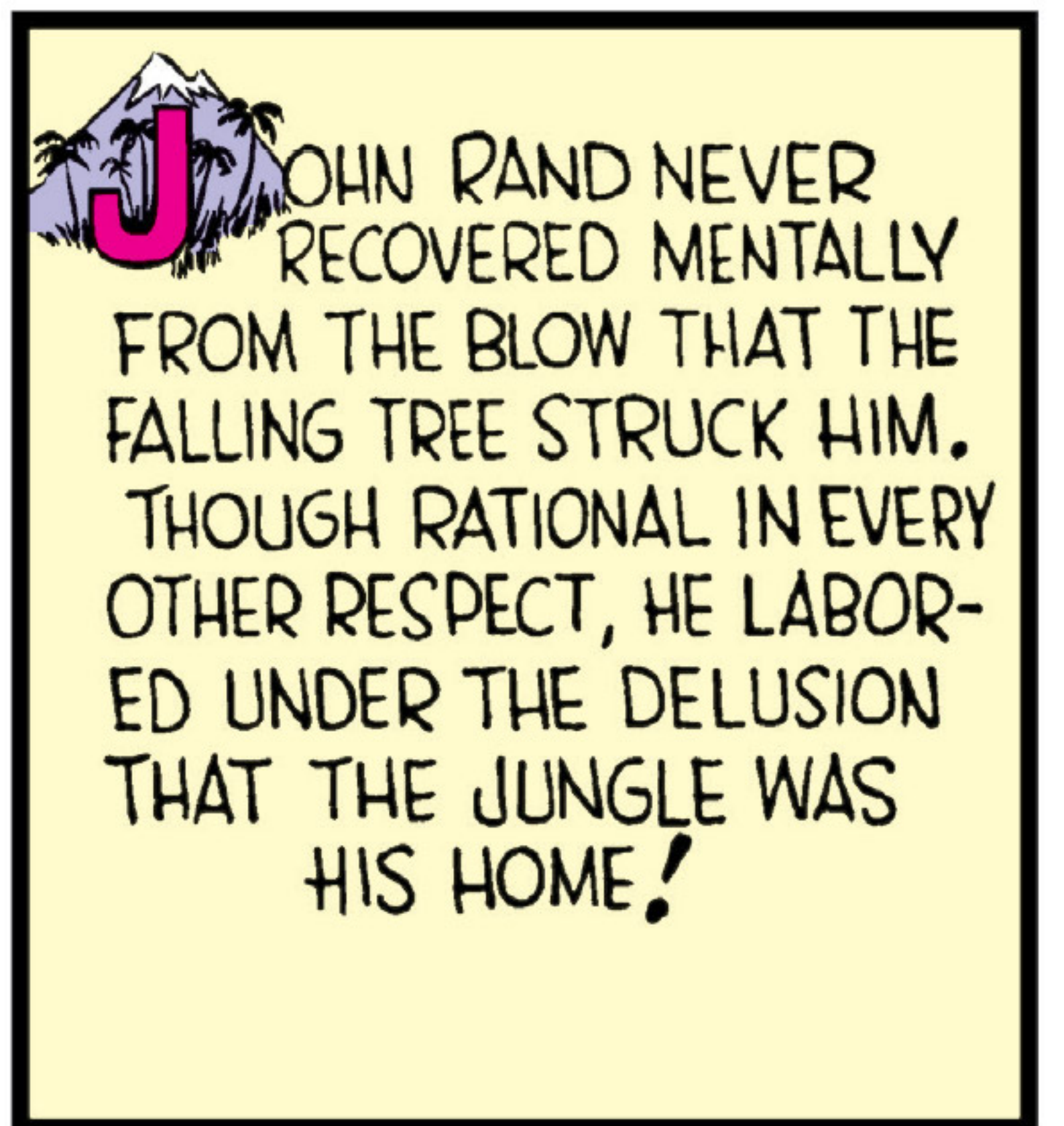
QUICKLY, THE STORM PASSED AND RAND WAS NEXT CONSCIOUS OF BEING LED BACK TO THE HUT!



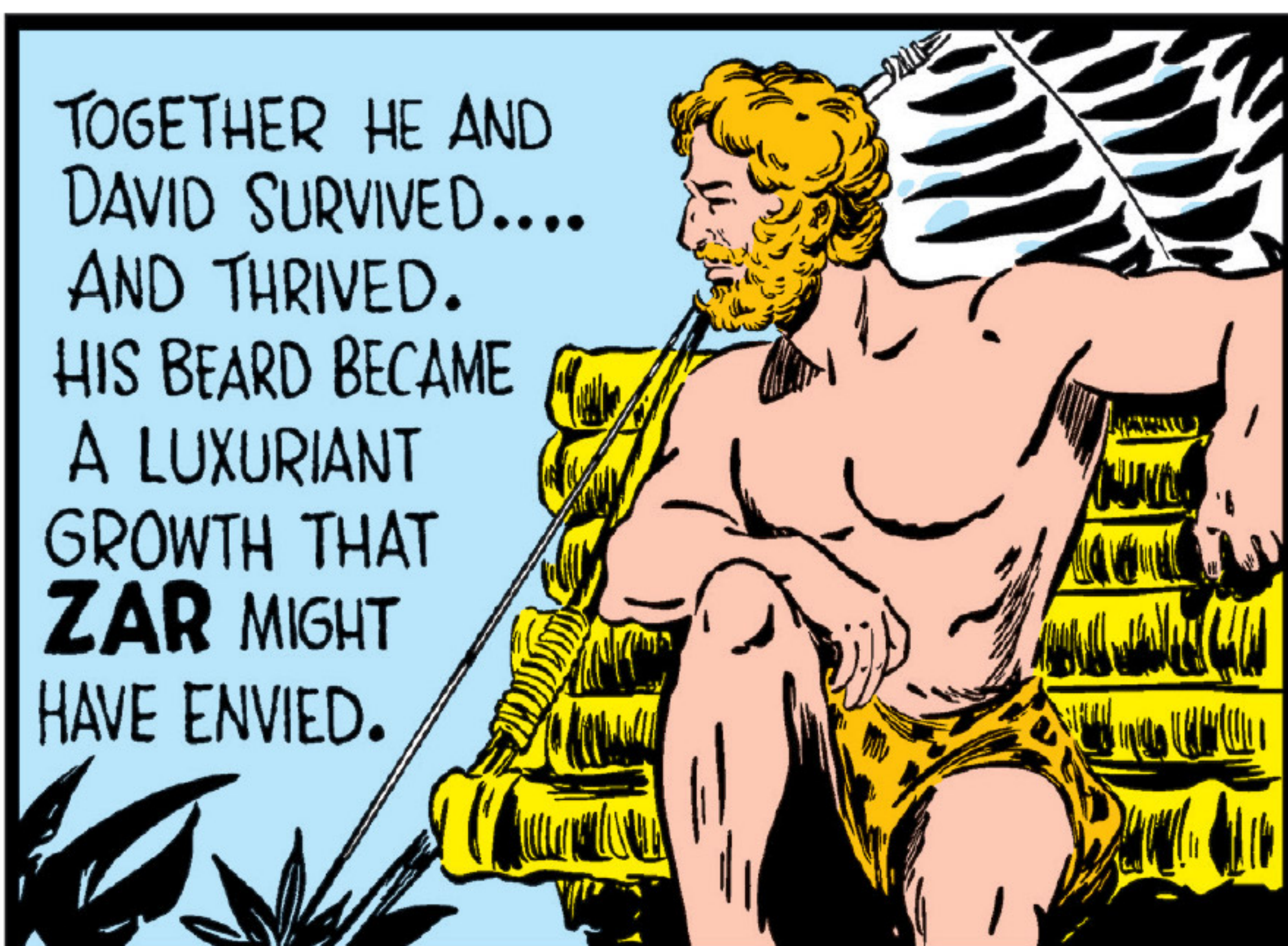
WHY THIS IS HOME, SON... HERE IN THIS CLEARING WHERE YOUR MOTHER IS!



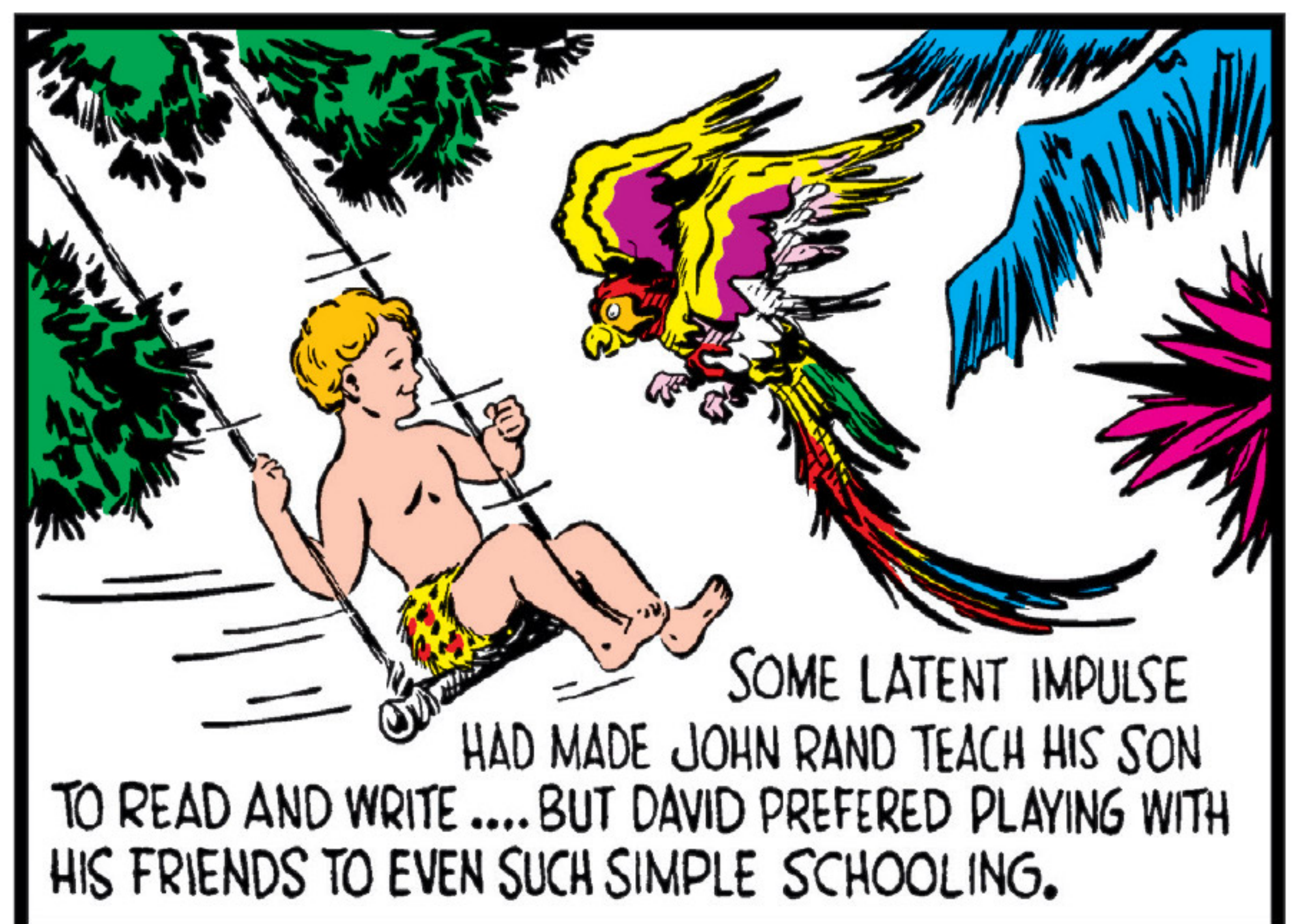
I'M GLAD



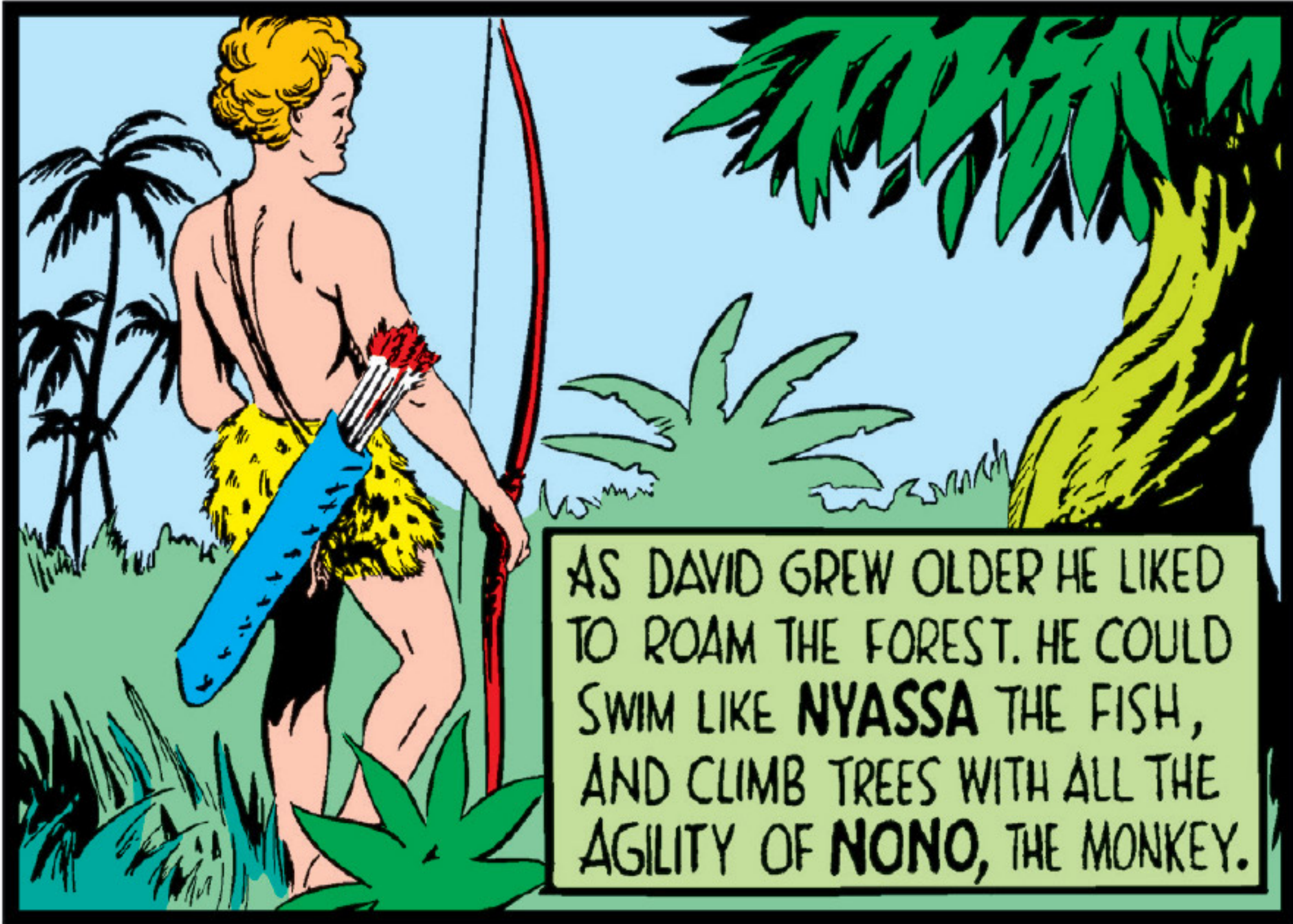
JOHAN RAND NEVER RECOVERED MENTALLY FROM THE BLOW THAT THE FALLING TREE STRUCK HIM. THOUGH RATIONAL IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT, HE LABOR-ED UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE JUNGLE WAS HIS HOME!



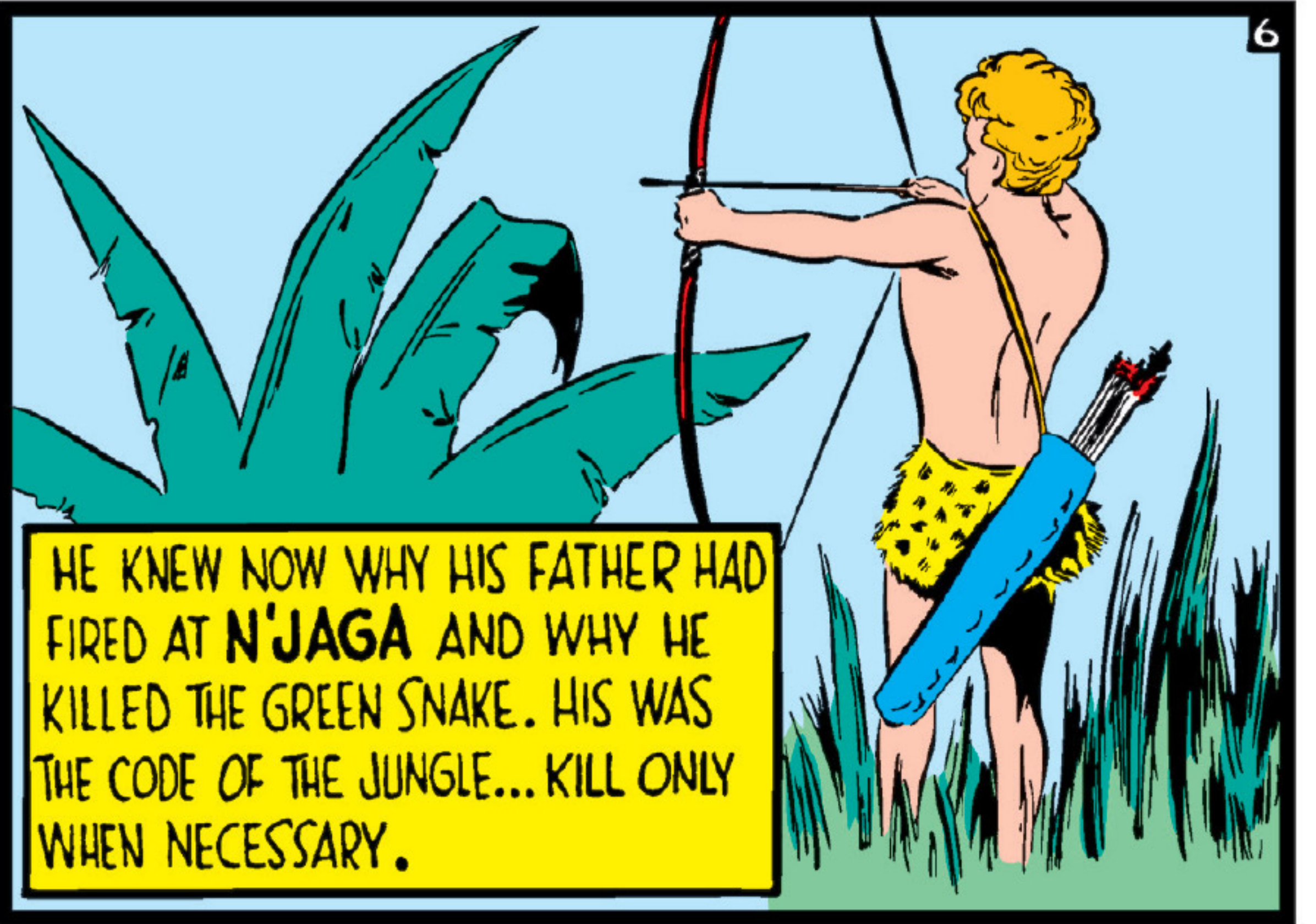
TOGETHER HE AND DAVID SURVIVED.... AND THRIVED. HIS BEARD BECAME A LUXURIANT GROWTH THAT **ZAR** MIGHT HAVE ENVIED.



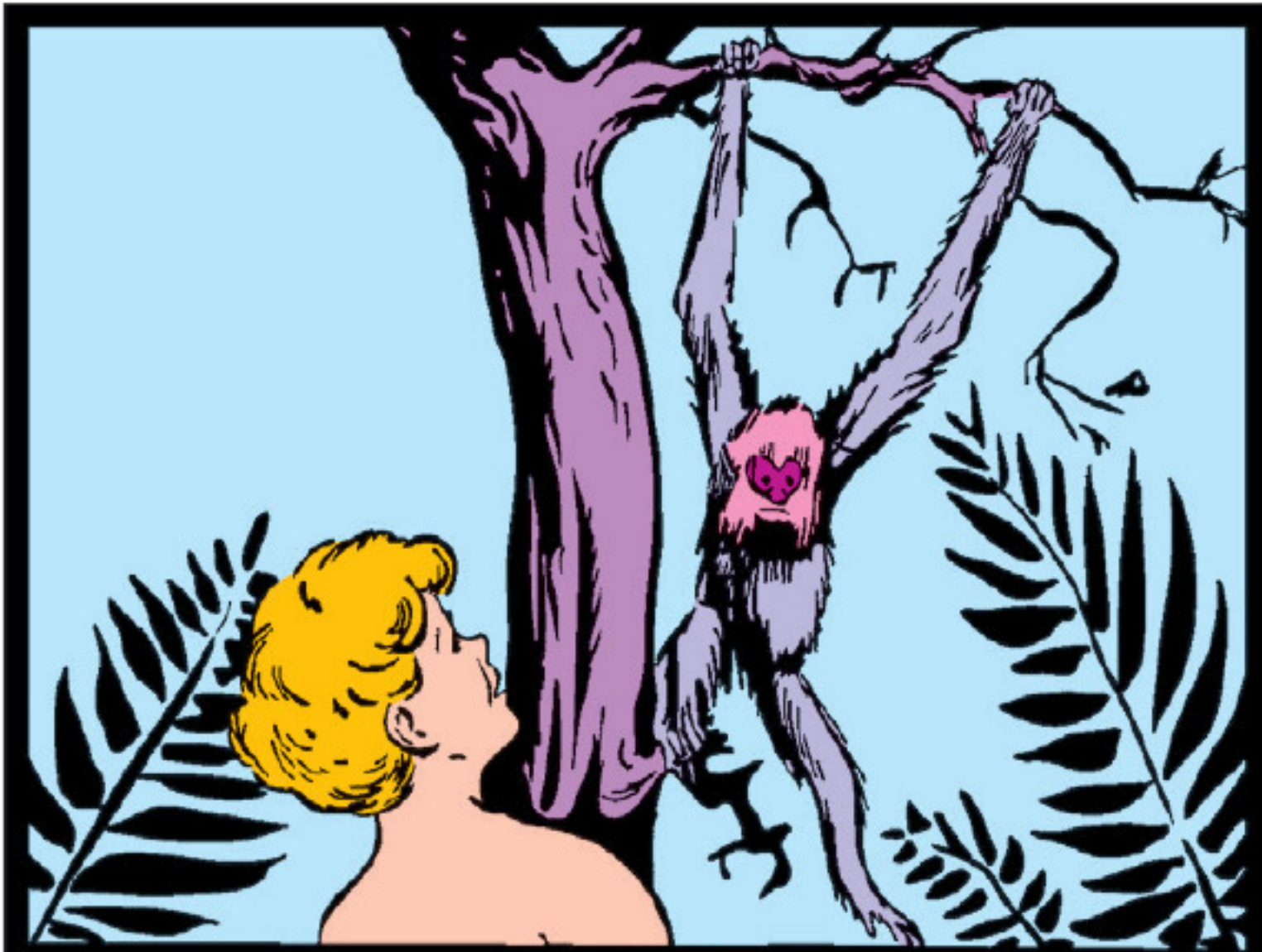
SOME LATENT IMPULSE HAD MADE JOHN RAND TEACH HIS SON TO READ AND WRITE BUT DAVID PREFERED PLAYING WITH HIS FRIENDS TO EVEN SUCH SIMPLE SCHOOLING.



AS DAVID GREW OLDER HE LIKED TO ROAM THE FOREST. HE COULD SWIM LIKE **NYASSA** THE FISH, AND CLIMB TREES WITH ALL THE AGILITY OF **NONO**, THE MONKEY.



HE KNEW NOW WHY HIS FATHER HAD FIRED AT **N'JAGA** AND WHY HE KILLED THE GREEN SNAKE. HIS WAS THE CODE OF THE JUNGLE... KILL ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.



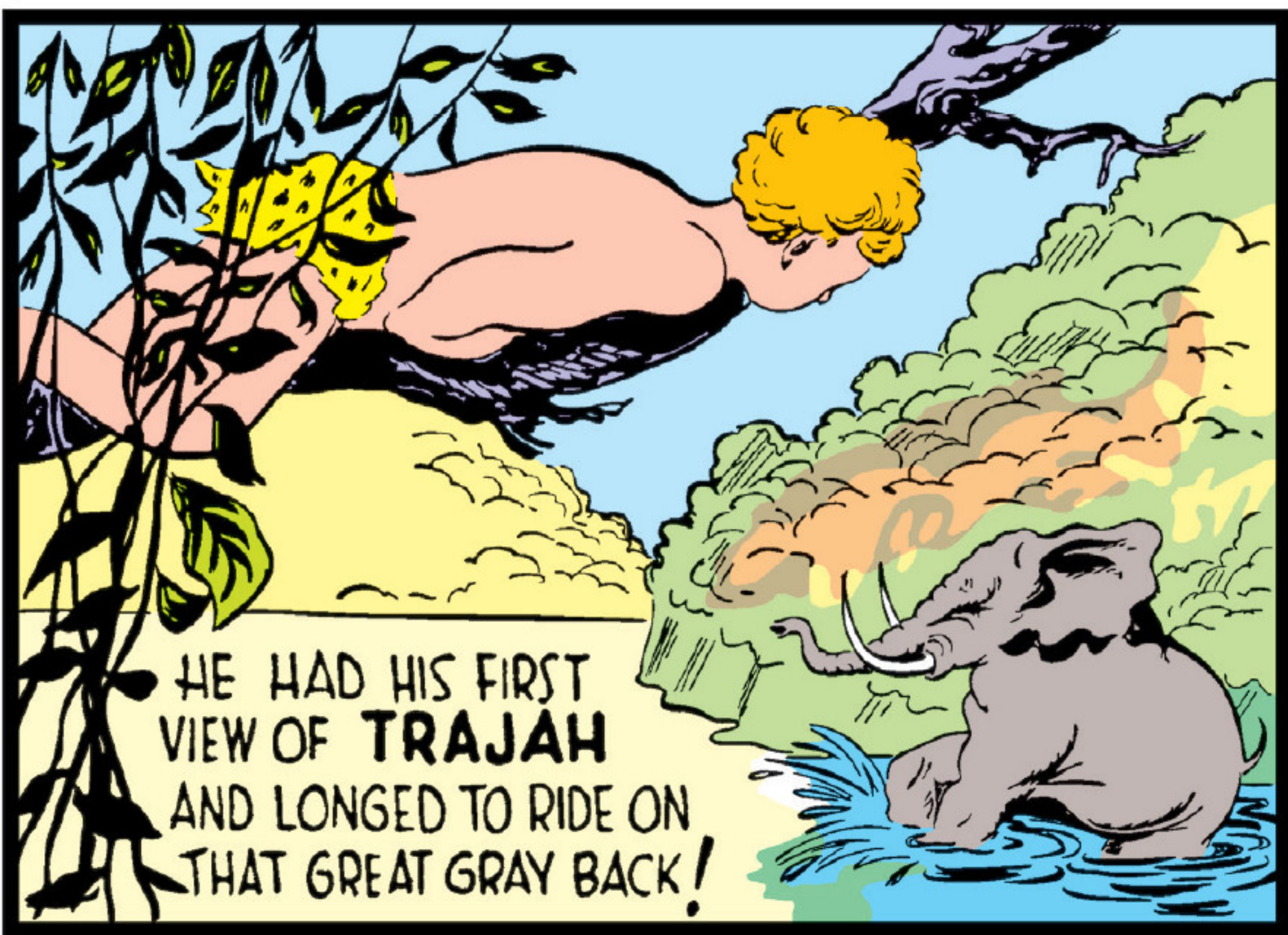
SOON HE LEARNED TO TALK TO THE ANIMALS WITH STRANGE GUTTURAL SOUNDS AND FROM THAT DAY HE LIVED A HAPPIER LIFE.



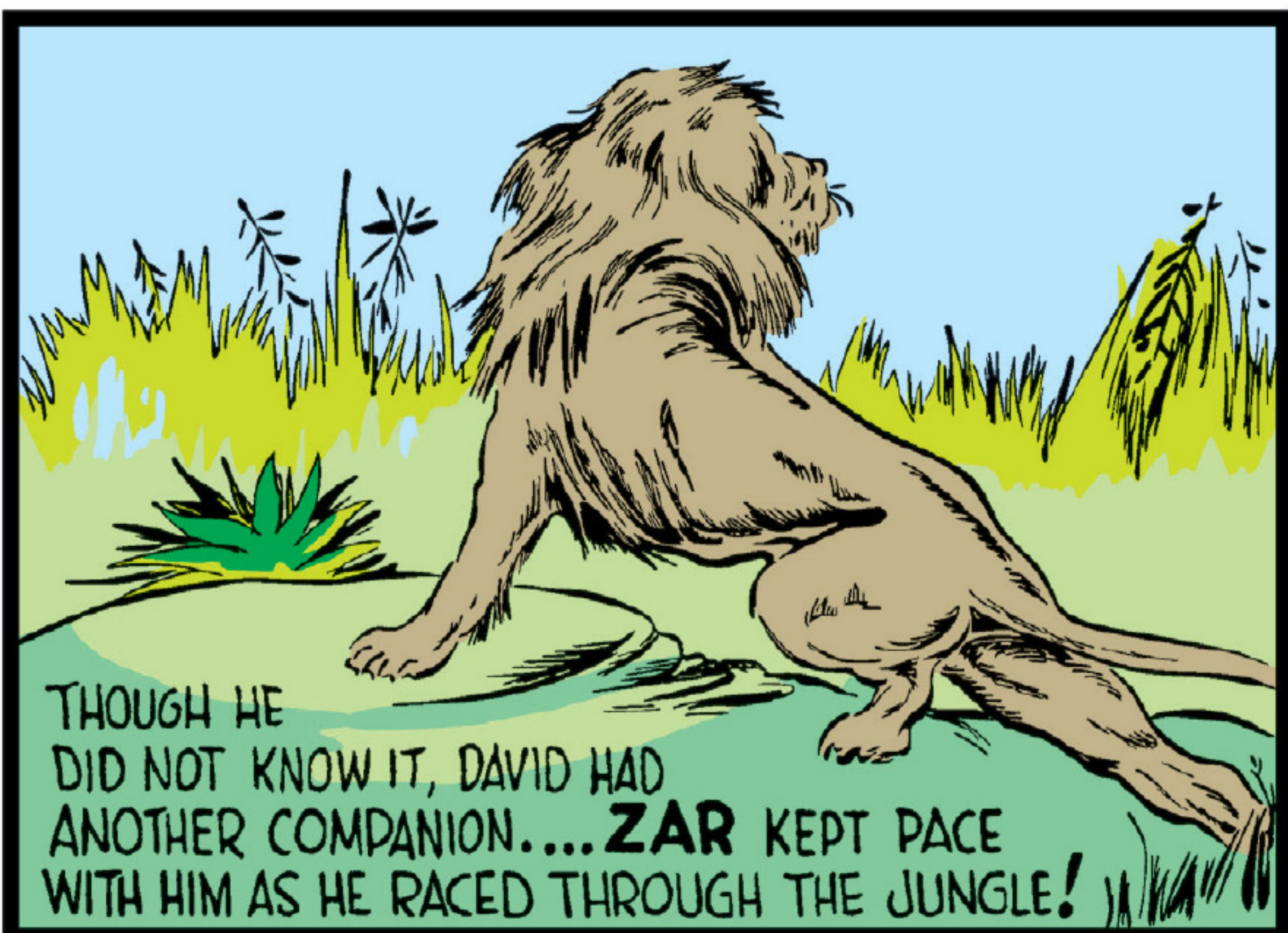
THE JUNGLE LAD MET **QUOG**, THE WILD PIG, AND STAYED THAT BEAST'S STARTLED FLIGHT WITH A FRIENDLY CALL.



WHILE SWIMMING IN THE LAKE, HE WAS IN TURN STARTLED BY A GREAT BEAST THAT ROSE FROM THE SHALLOWS ...**WAL-LAH**, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.



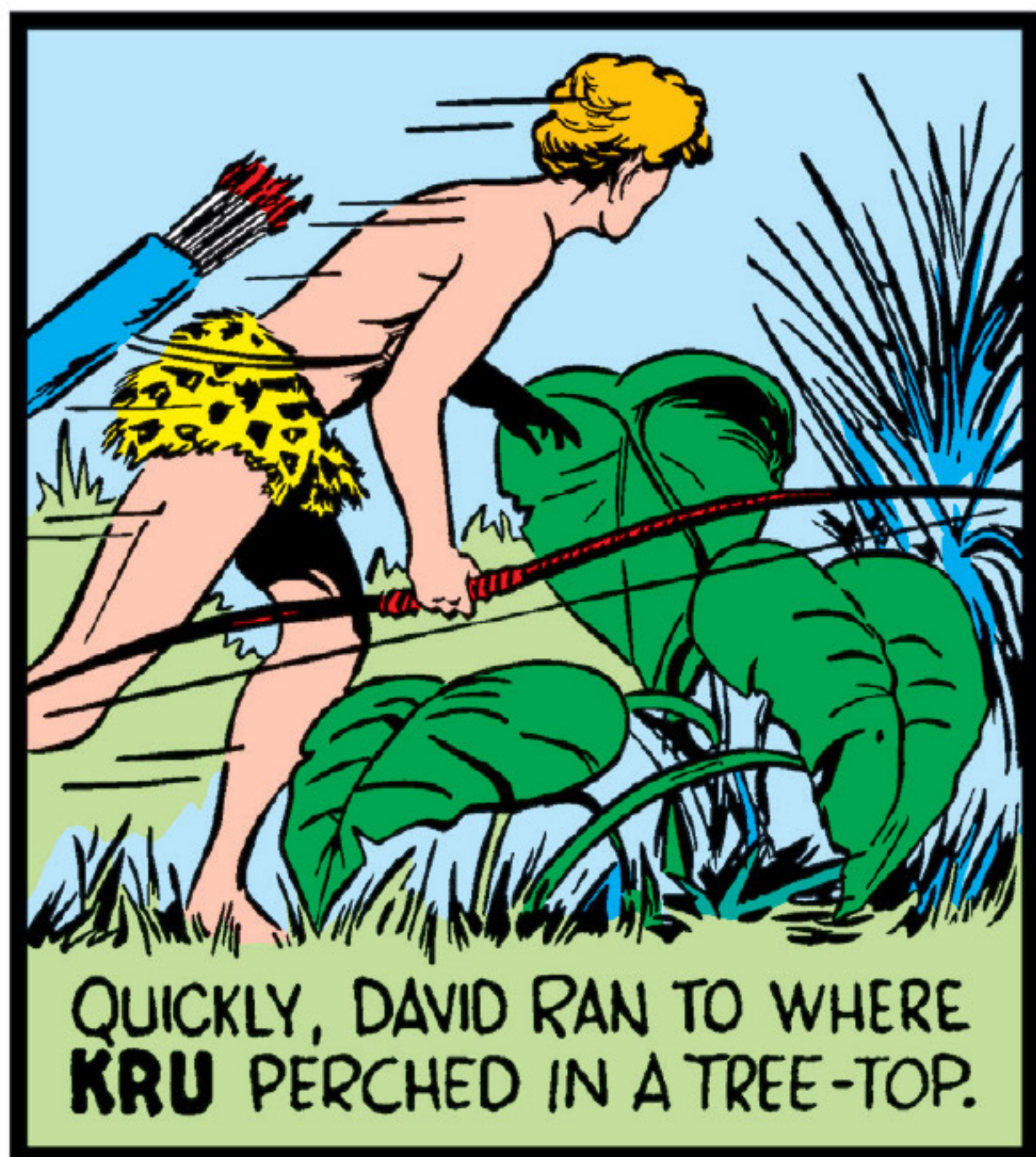
HE HAD HIS FIRST VIEW OF **TRAJAH** AND LONGED TO RIDE ON THAT GREAT GRAY BACK!



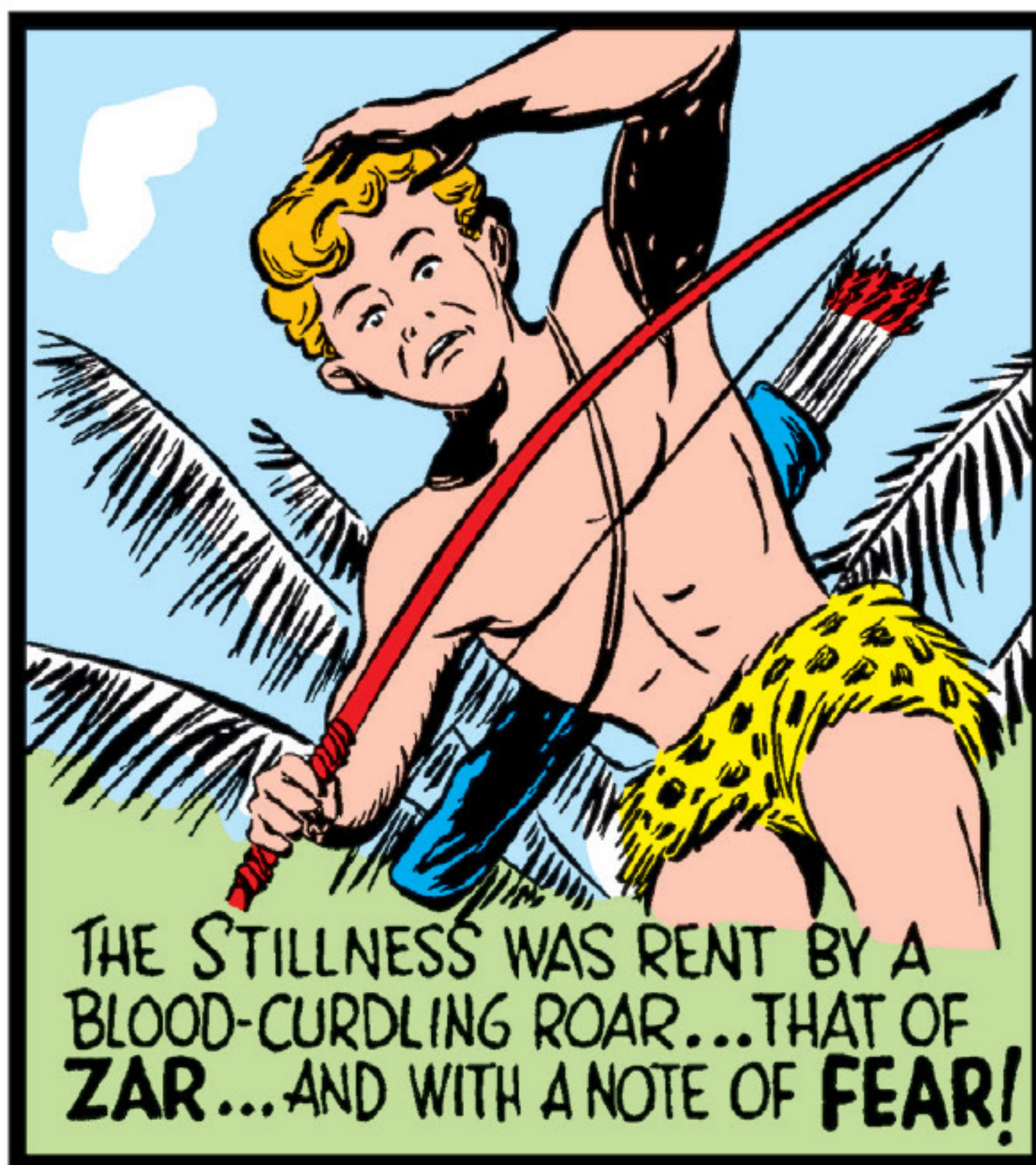
THOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT, DAVID HAD ANOTHER COMPANION....**ZAR** KEPT PACE WITH HIM AS HE RACED THROUGH THE JUNGLE!



A FLOATING SPECK IN THE SKY BROUGHT HIS EYES UPWARD. HE WATCHED **KRU**, THE BUZZARD, DROP TOWARDS THE EARTH.



QUICKLY, DAVID RAN TO WHERE **KRU** PERCHED IN A TREE-TOP.



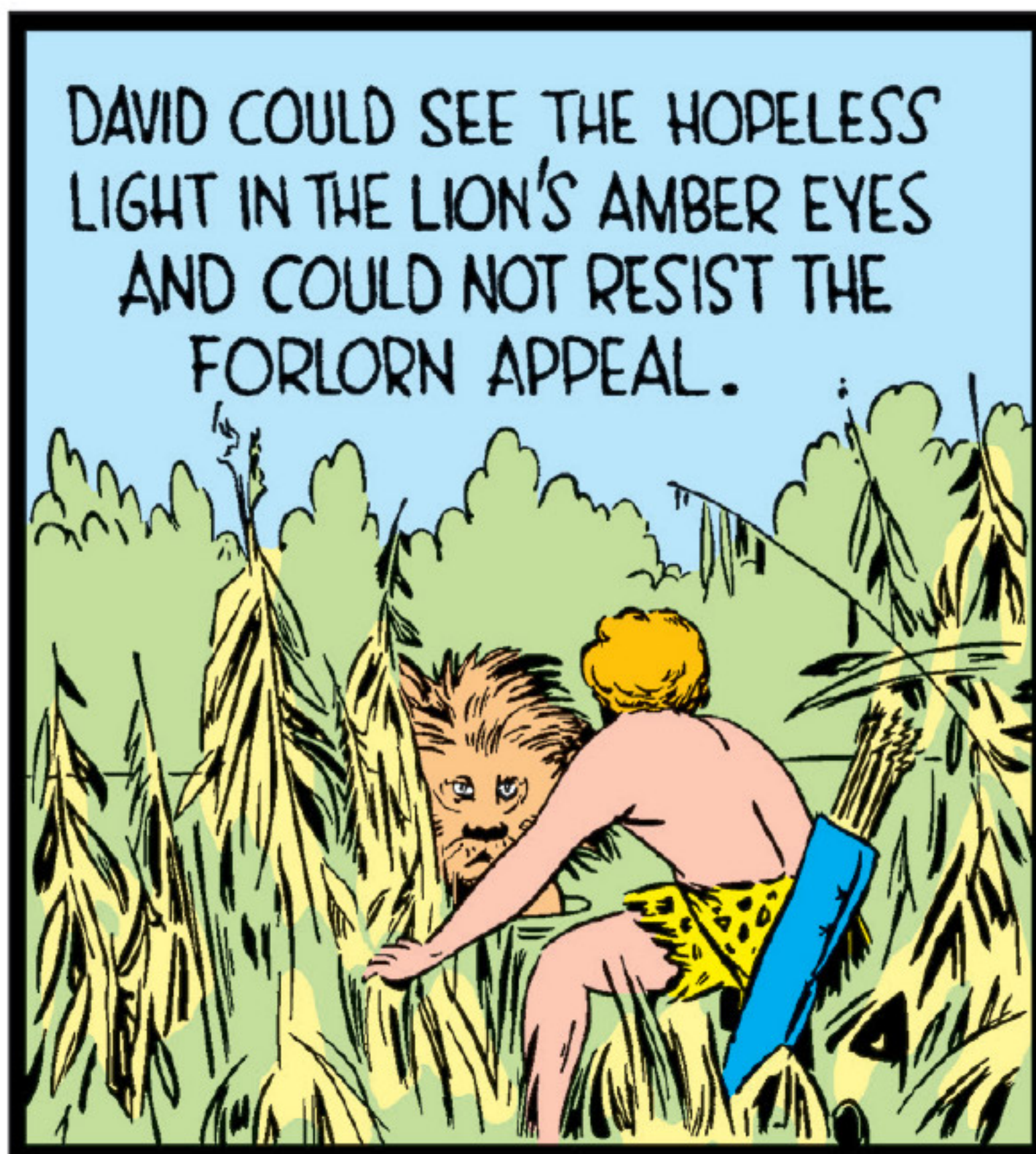
THE STILLNESS WAS RENT BY A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR...THAT OF **ZAR**...AND WITH A NOTE OF **FEAR**!



FOR, THE WISE MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE HAD ERRED! HE HAD MADE A FATAL MISSTEP AND LAY TRAPPED IN QUICKSAND!!



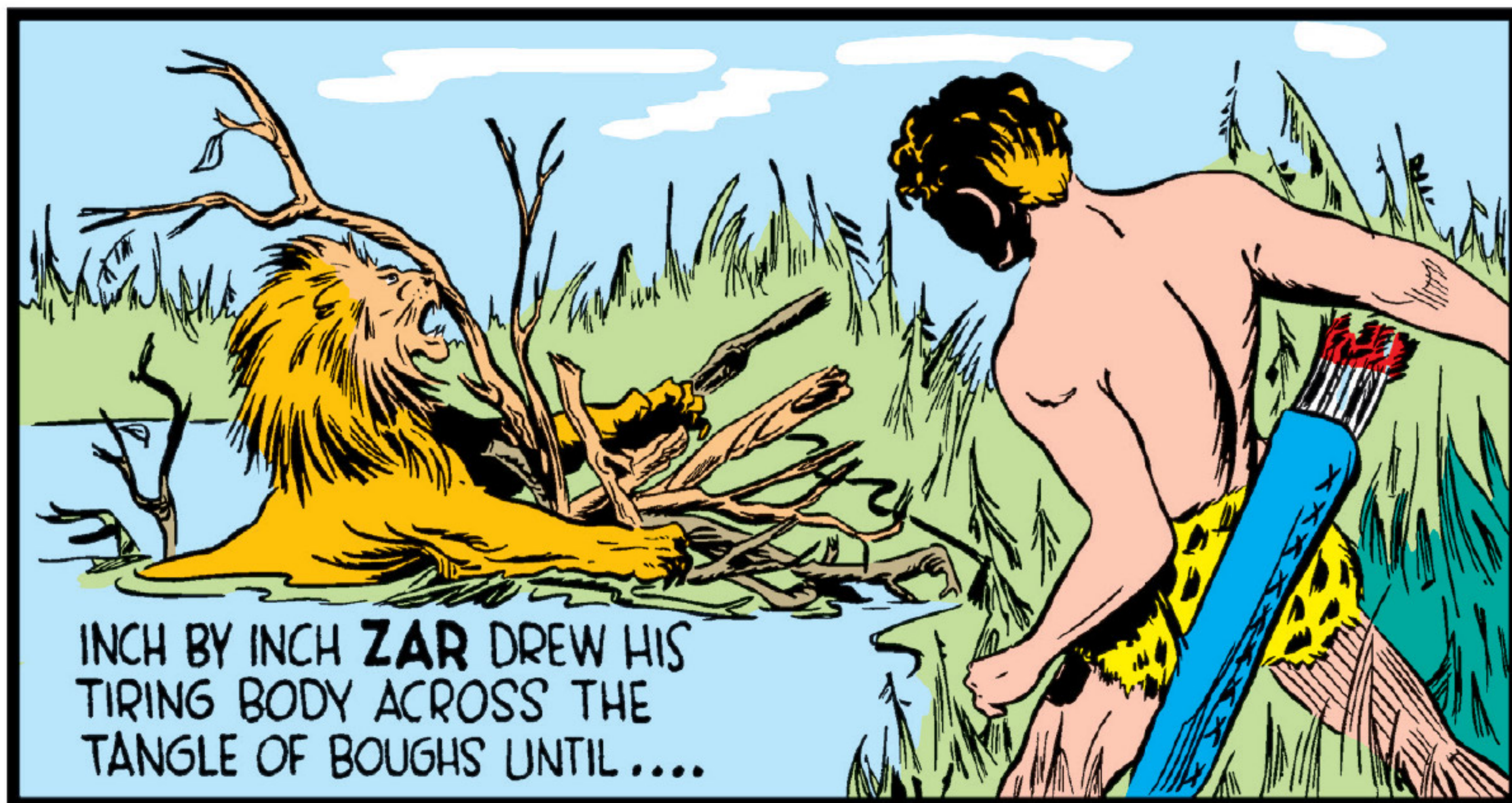
ZAR WAS UP TO HIS HAUNCHES NOW AND COULD NOT HOPE TO GAIN SOLID GROUND.



DAVID COULD SEE THE HOPELESS LIGHT IN THE LION'S AMBER EYES AND COULD NOT RESIST THE FORLORN APPEAL.



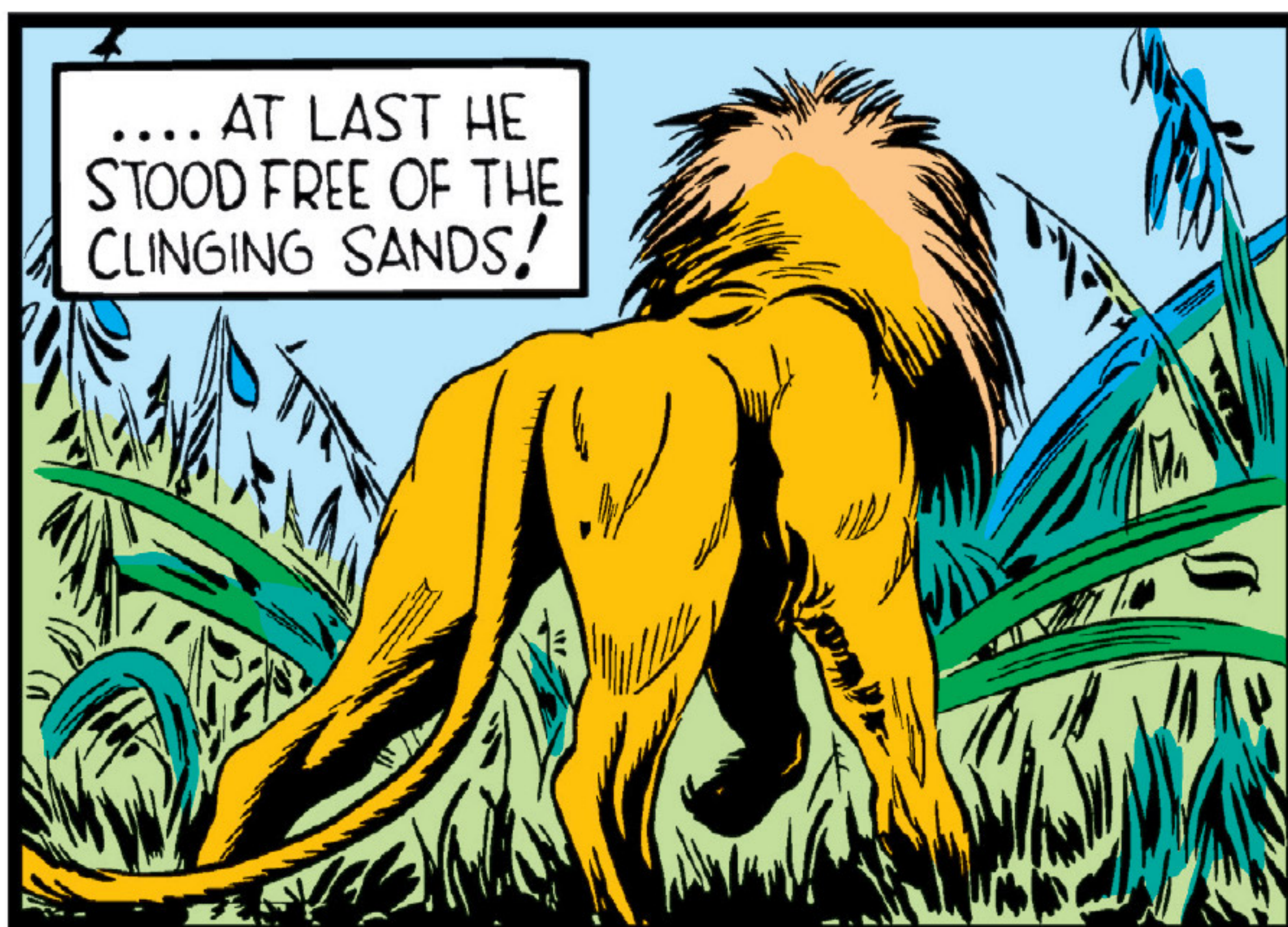
DESPERATELY HE SEIZED FALLEN BRANCHES AND THRUST THEM TOWARD **ZAR**...



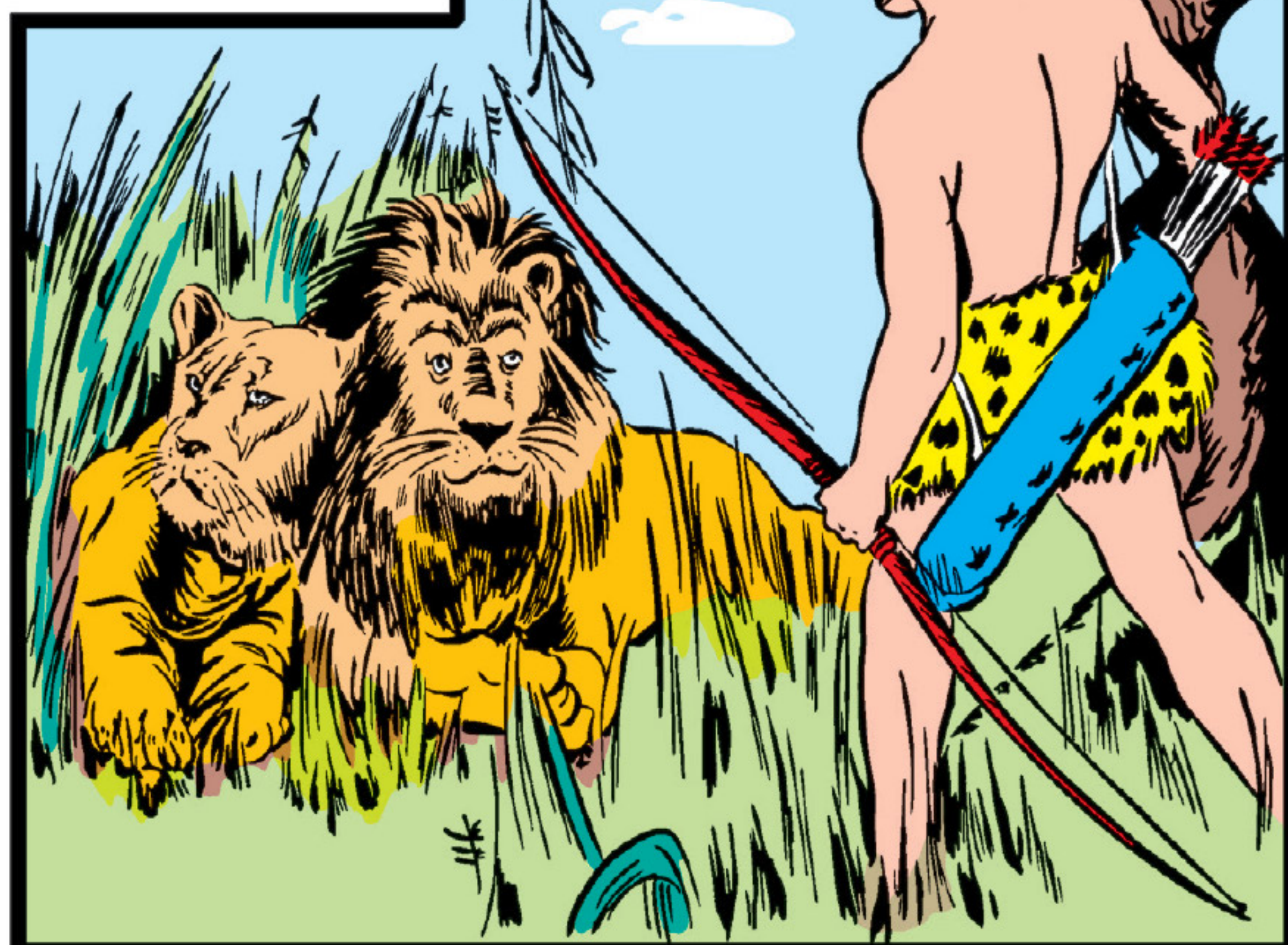
INCH BY INCH **ZAR** DREW HIS TIRING BODY ACROSS THE TANGLE OF BOUGHS UNTIL

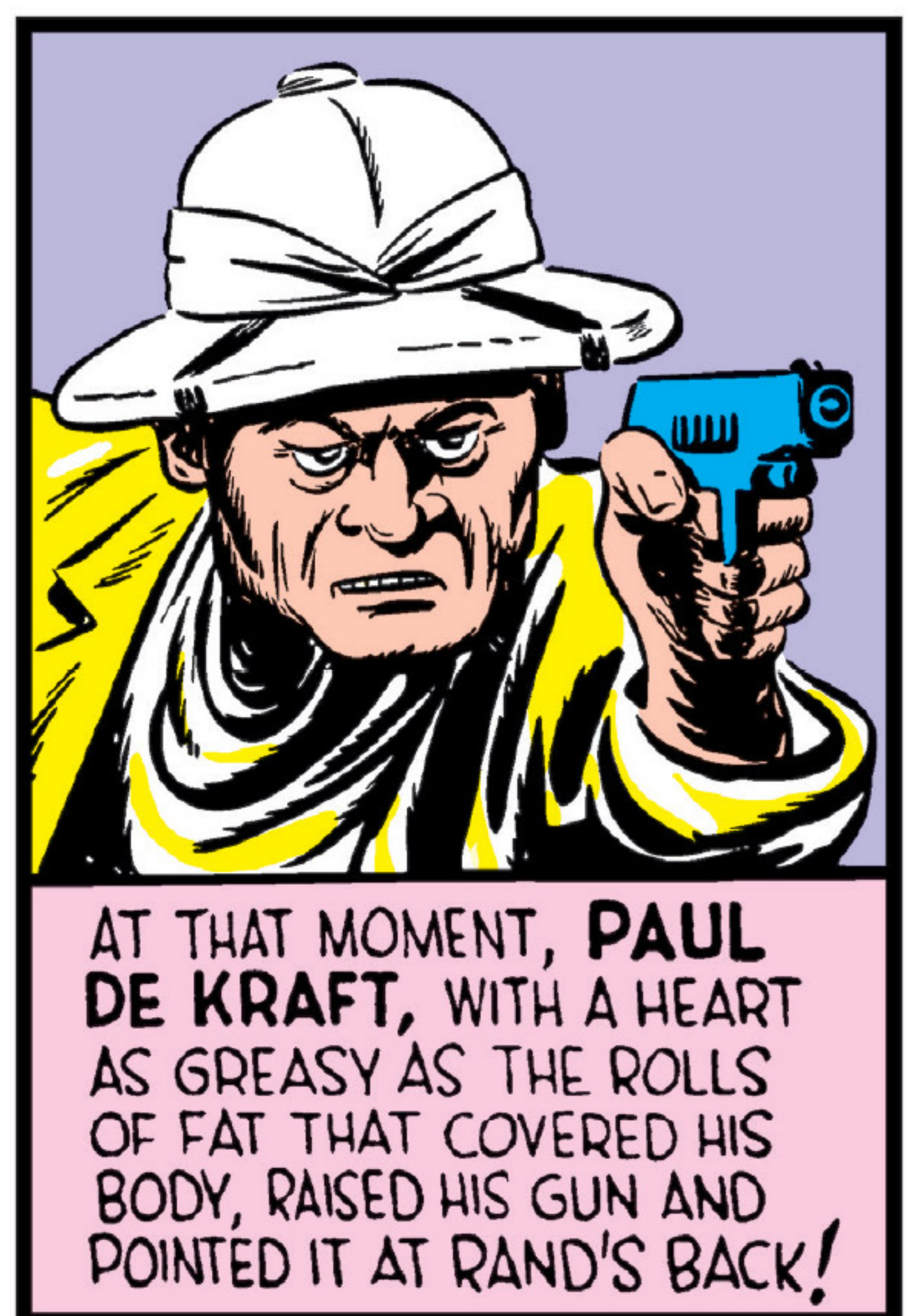
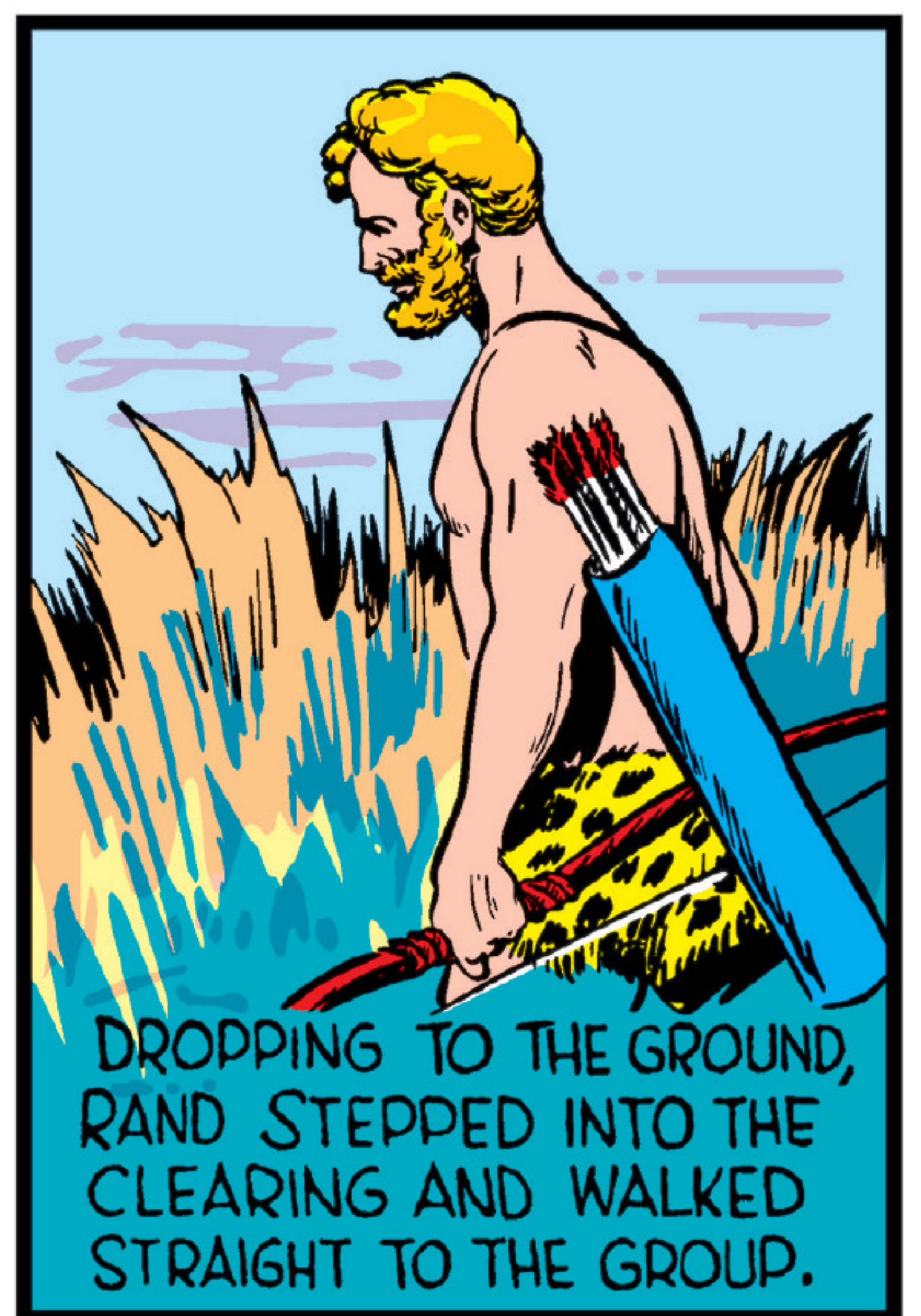
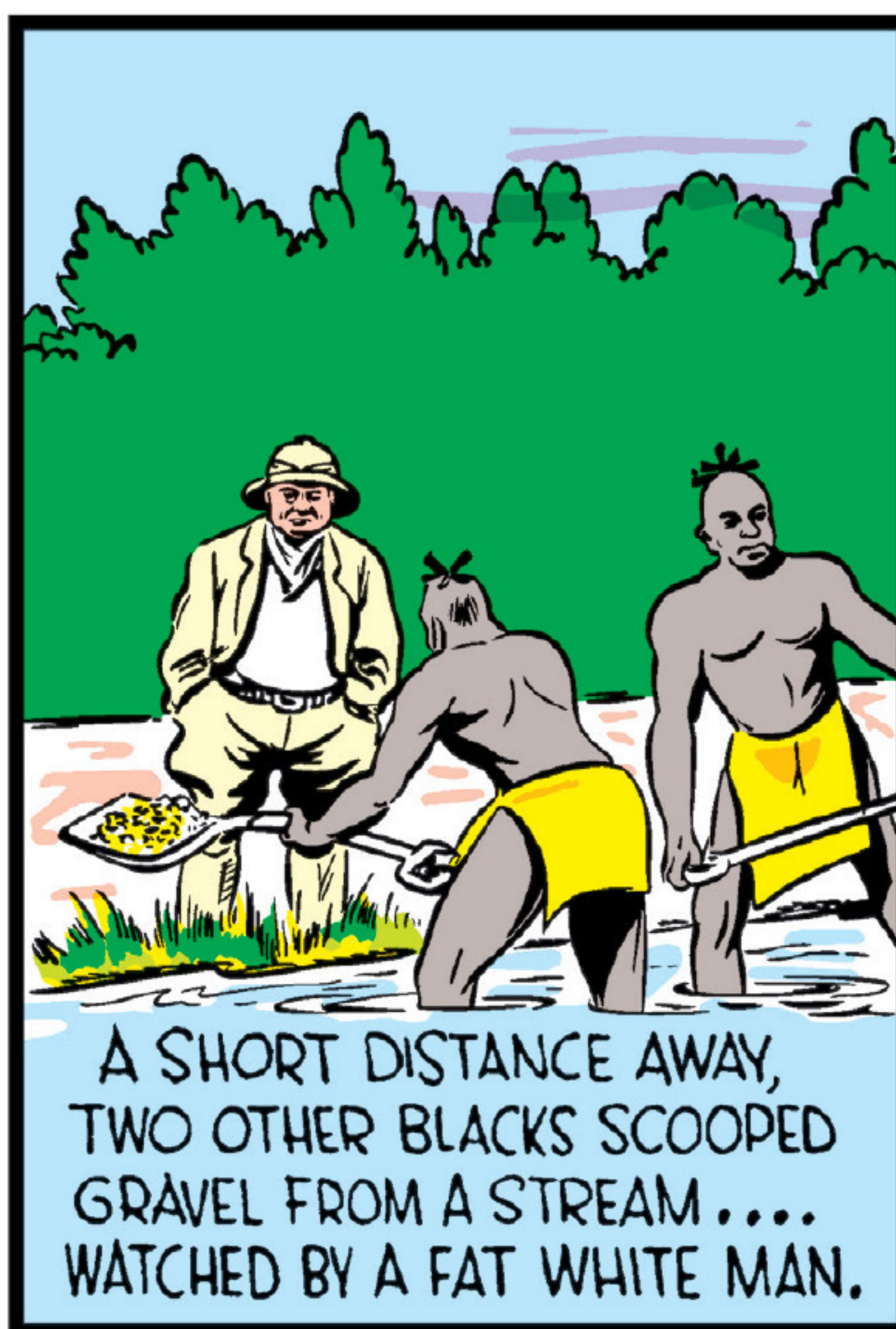
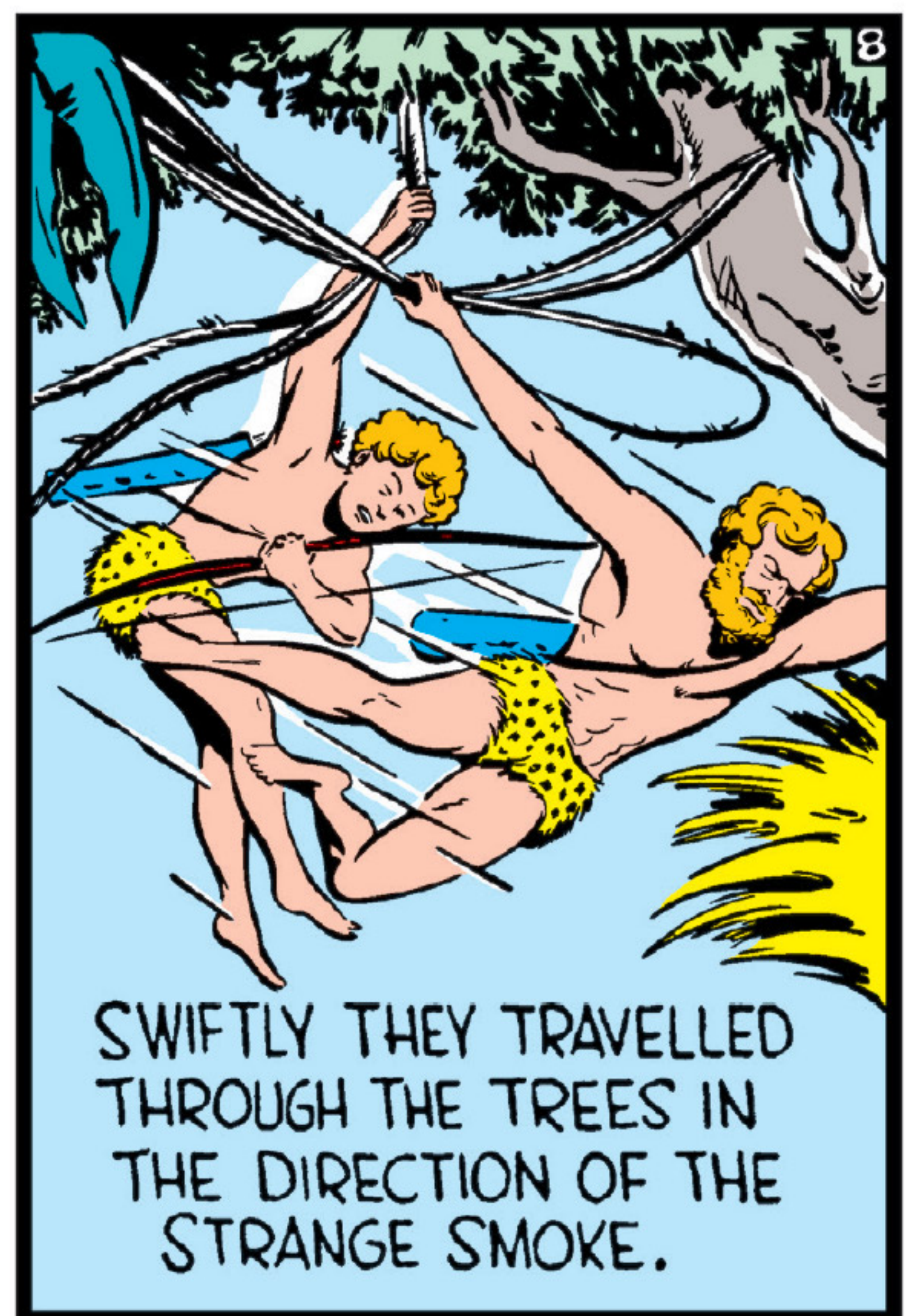
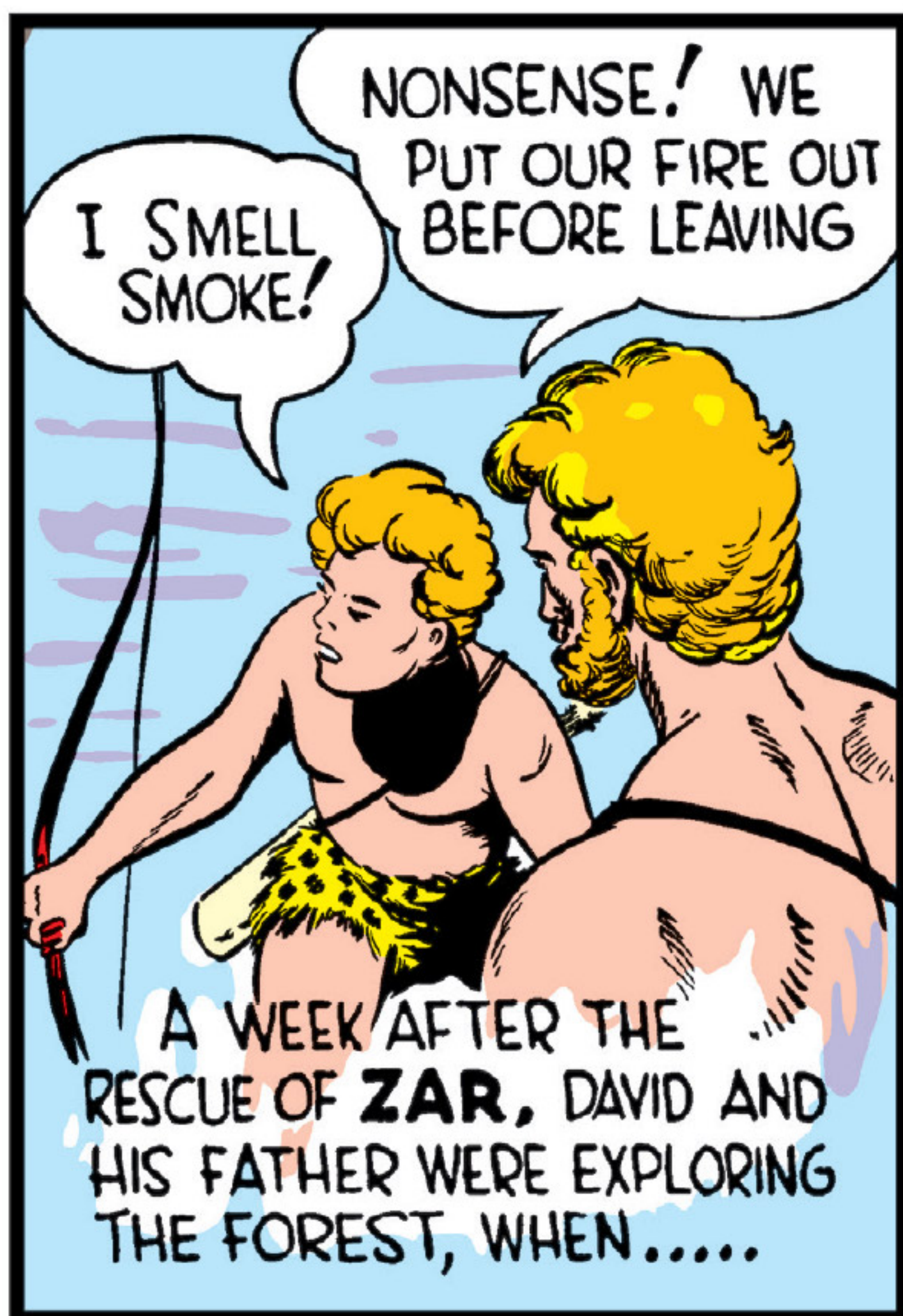


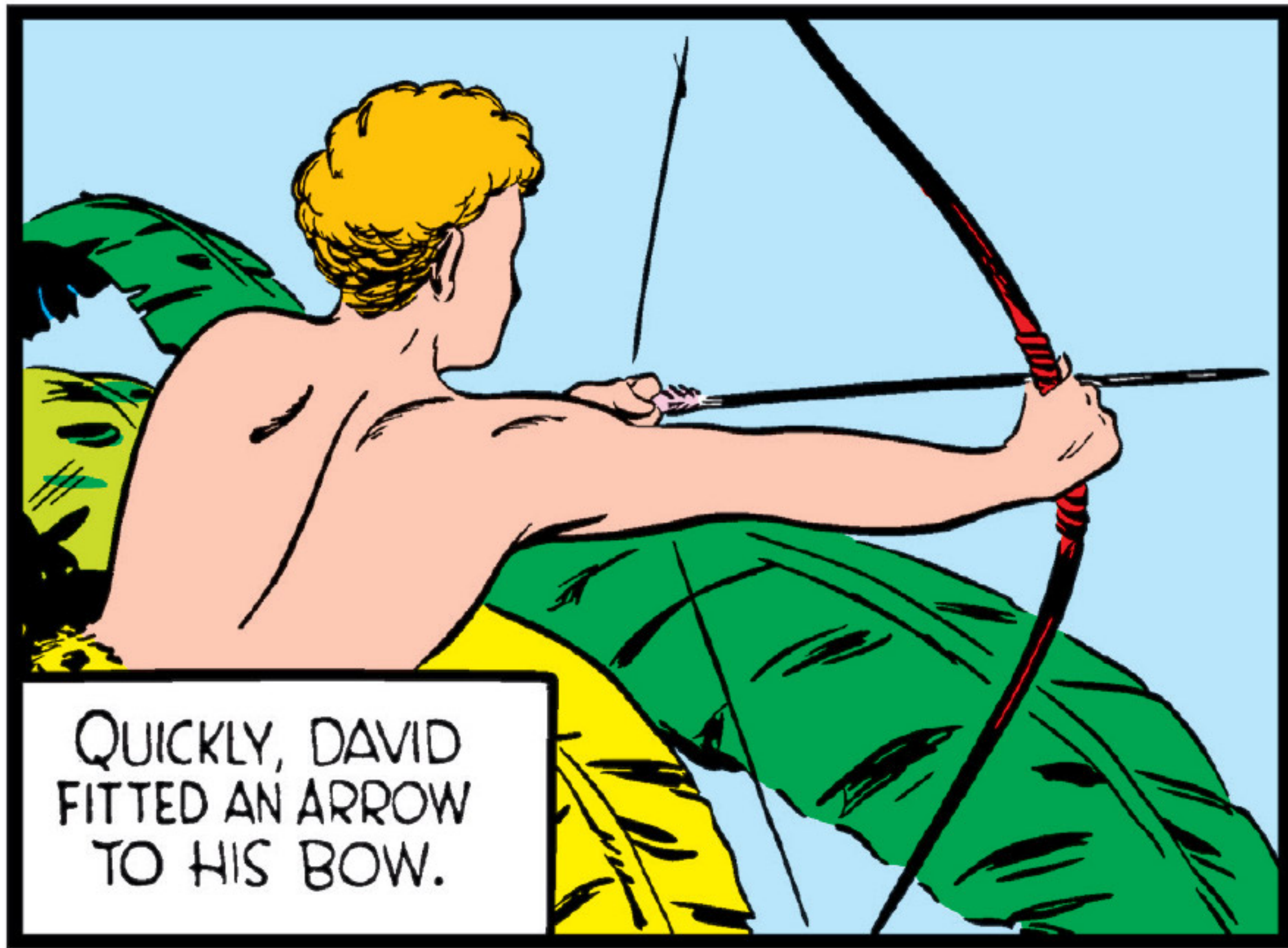
FOR A FEW MINUTES **ZAR** LAY PANTING IN THE TALL GRASS WHILE **SHA**, HIS MATE, NUZZLED CLOSE. **ZAR** SURVEYED THE MAN CUB AND THERE A STRANGE PACT OF TRUCE WAS MADE.



.... AT LAST HE STOOD FREE OF THE CLINGING SANDS!

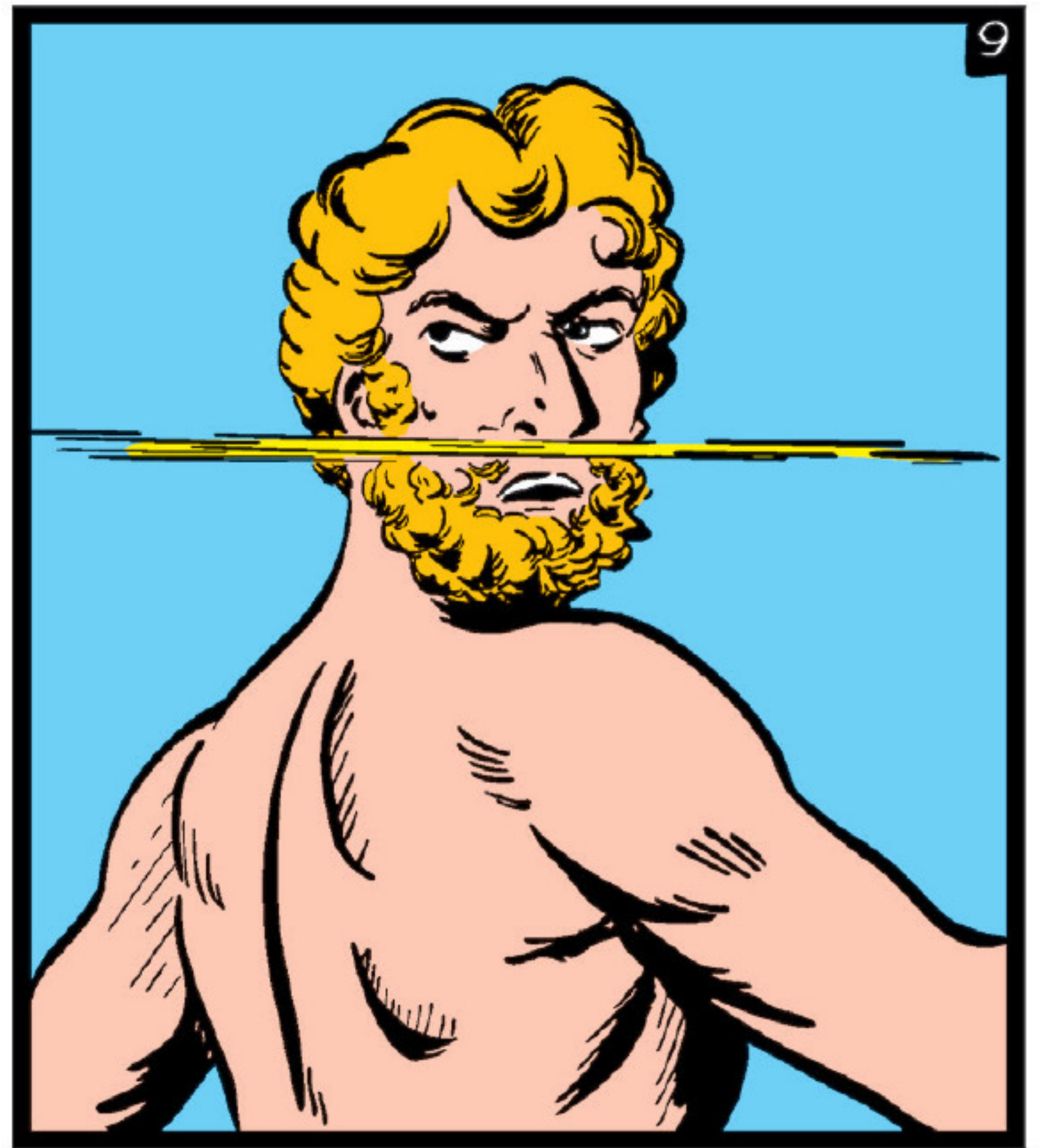






QUICKLY, DAVID FITTED AN ARROW TO HIS BOW.

JOHN RAND WAS AWARE OF A SUDDEN HUMMING BESIDE HIS EAR!



IN DE KRAFT'S ARM AN ARROW QUIVERED AND THE AUTOMATIC REVOLVER DROPPED TO THE GROUND!

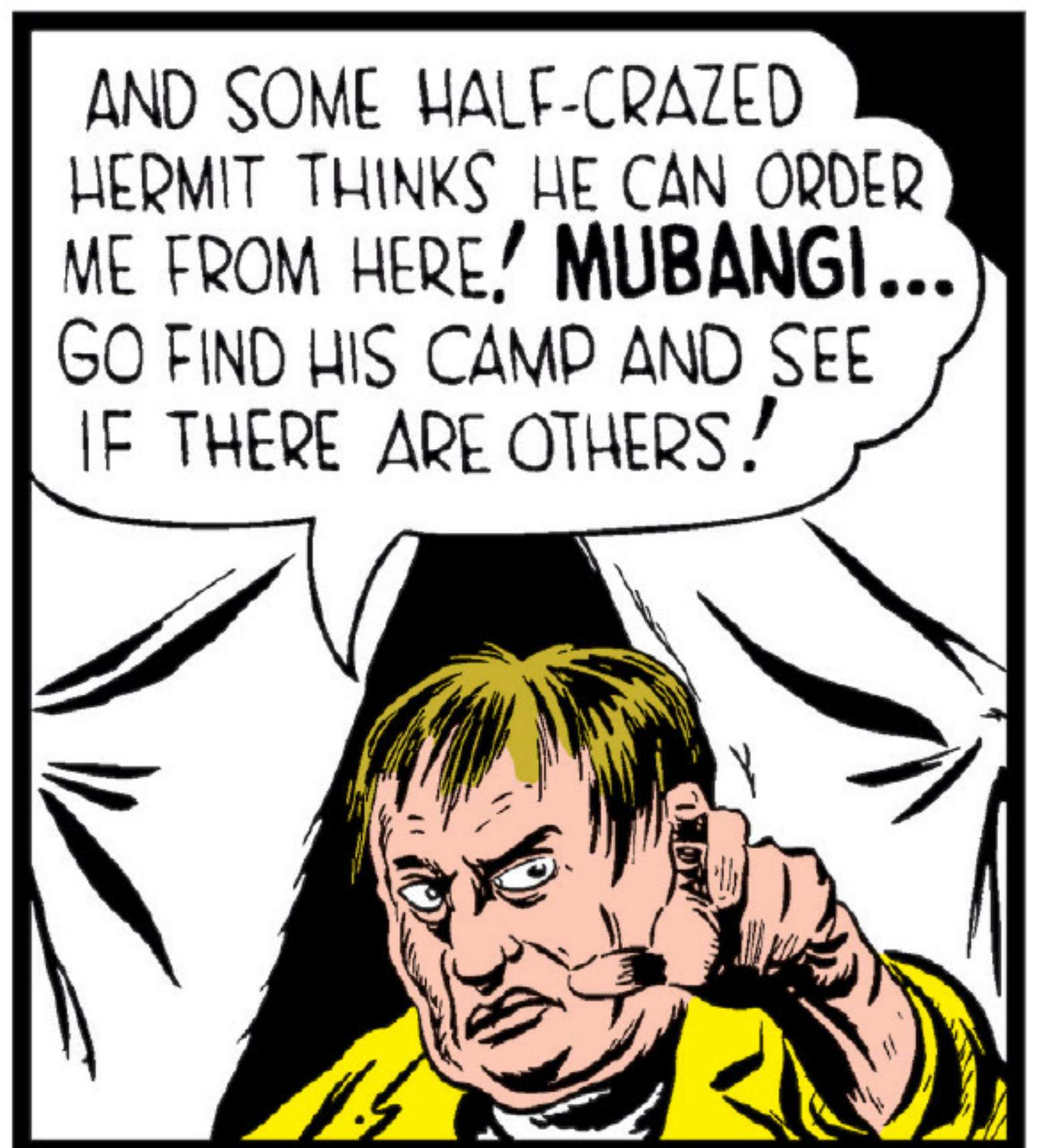
DAVID AND HIS FATHER SILENTLY FADED INTO THE JUNGLE.....BUT, IF DAVID COULD HAVE SEEN THE DEVILS OF HATE LEERING OUT OF DE KRAFT'S EYES, HE WOULD HAVE PLACED ANOTHER ARROW IN THE MAN'S THROAT!



THIS JUNGLE IS SACRED TO YOUR MOTHER.... REMEMBER THAT, SON. NO ONE MUST BE ALLOWED TO PROFANE IT!



THAT NIGHT.....
EMERALDS!! THAT'S WHAT I'VE STUMBLERD ON IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN STREAM!



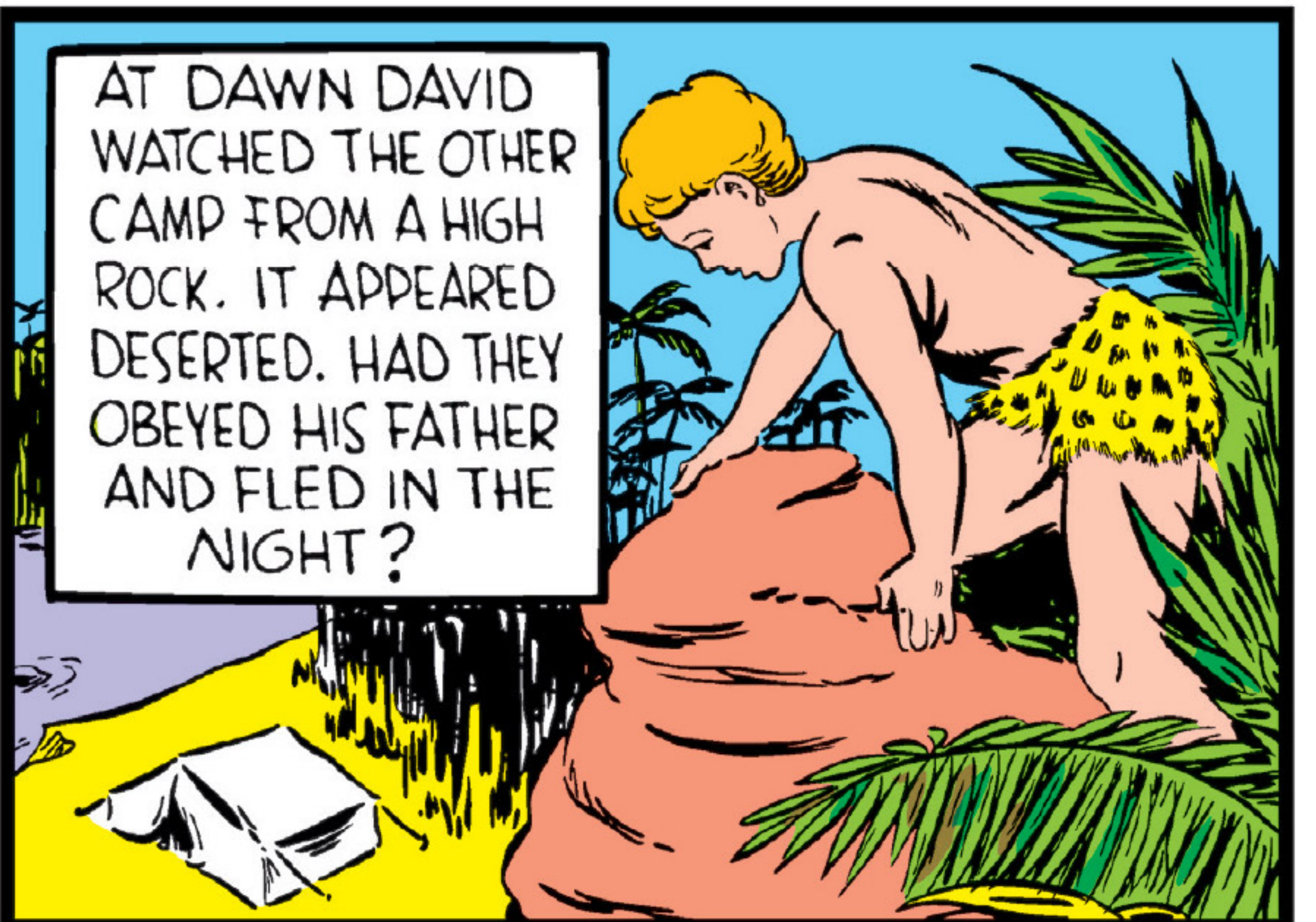
AND SOME HALF-CRAZED HERMIT THINKS HE CAN ORDER ME FROM HERE! **MUBANGI...** GO FIND HIS CAMP AND SEE IF THERE ARE OTHERS!



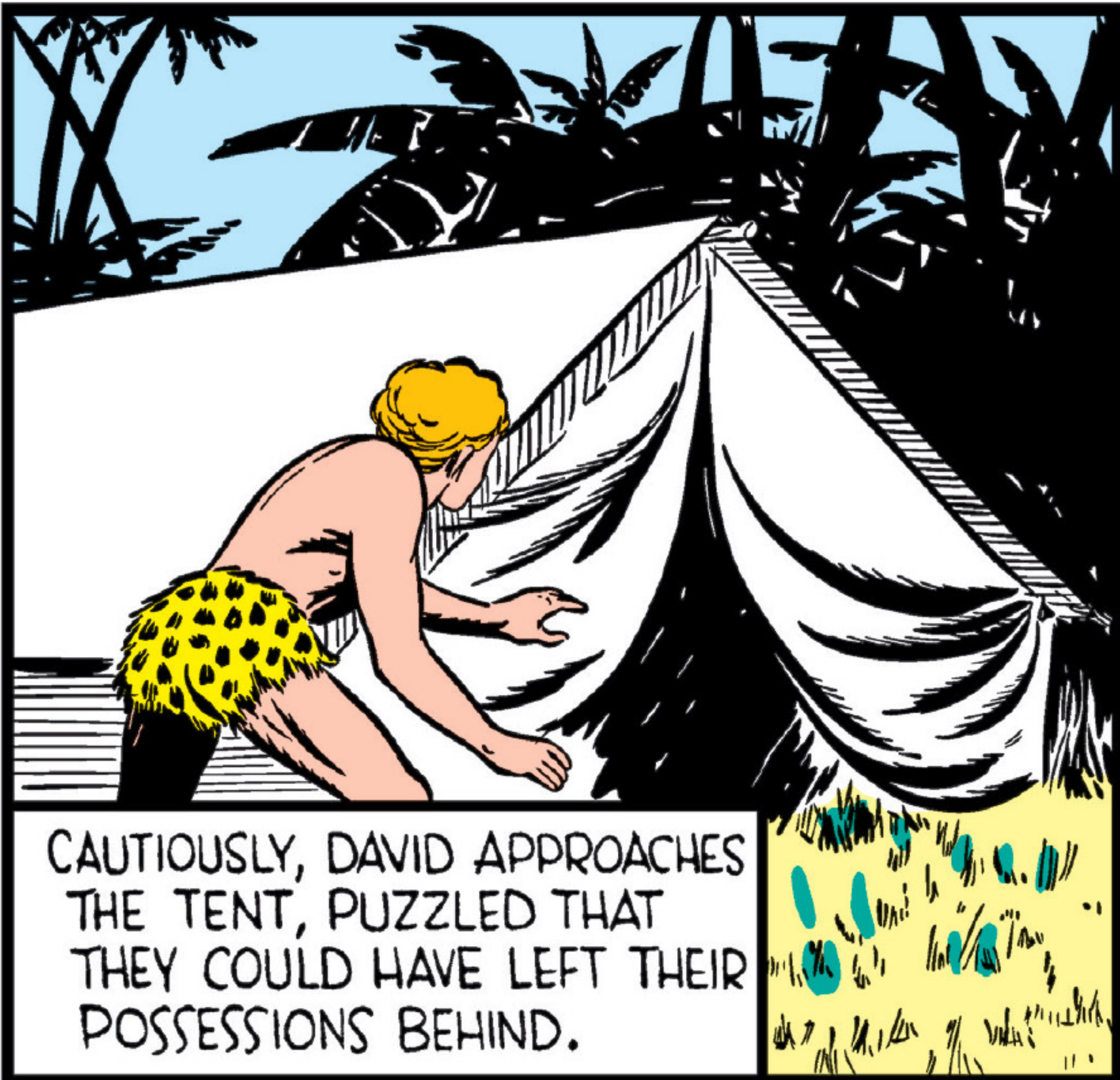
IN A SHORT WHILE THE NATIVE RETURNS.....

I SAW, INKOSI, THE MAN AND BOY... NO OTHERS. **THEY HAVE NO GUNS!**

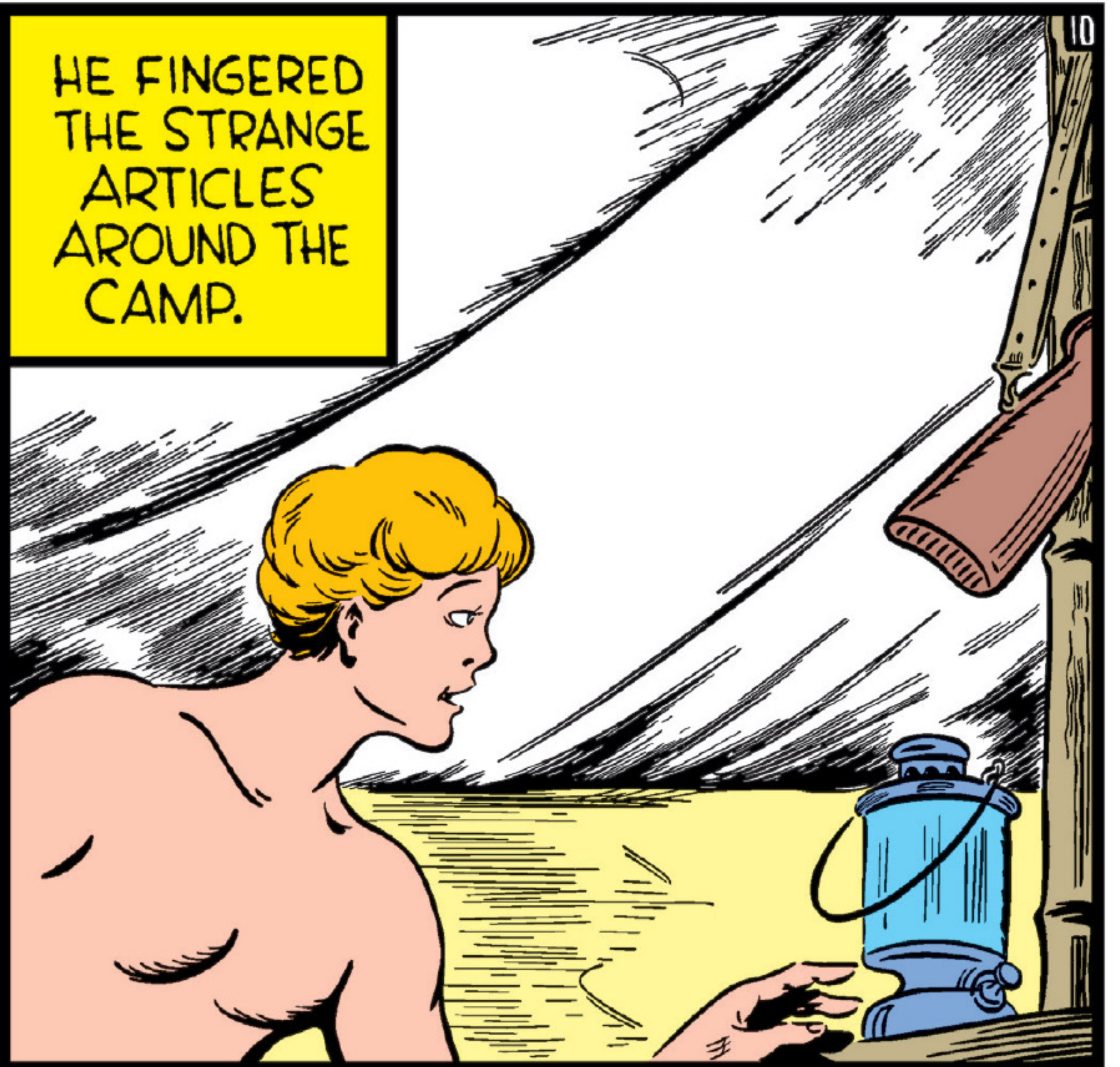
GOOD! THAT WILL MAKE IT EASIER!



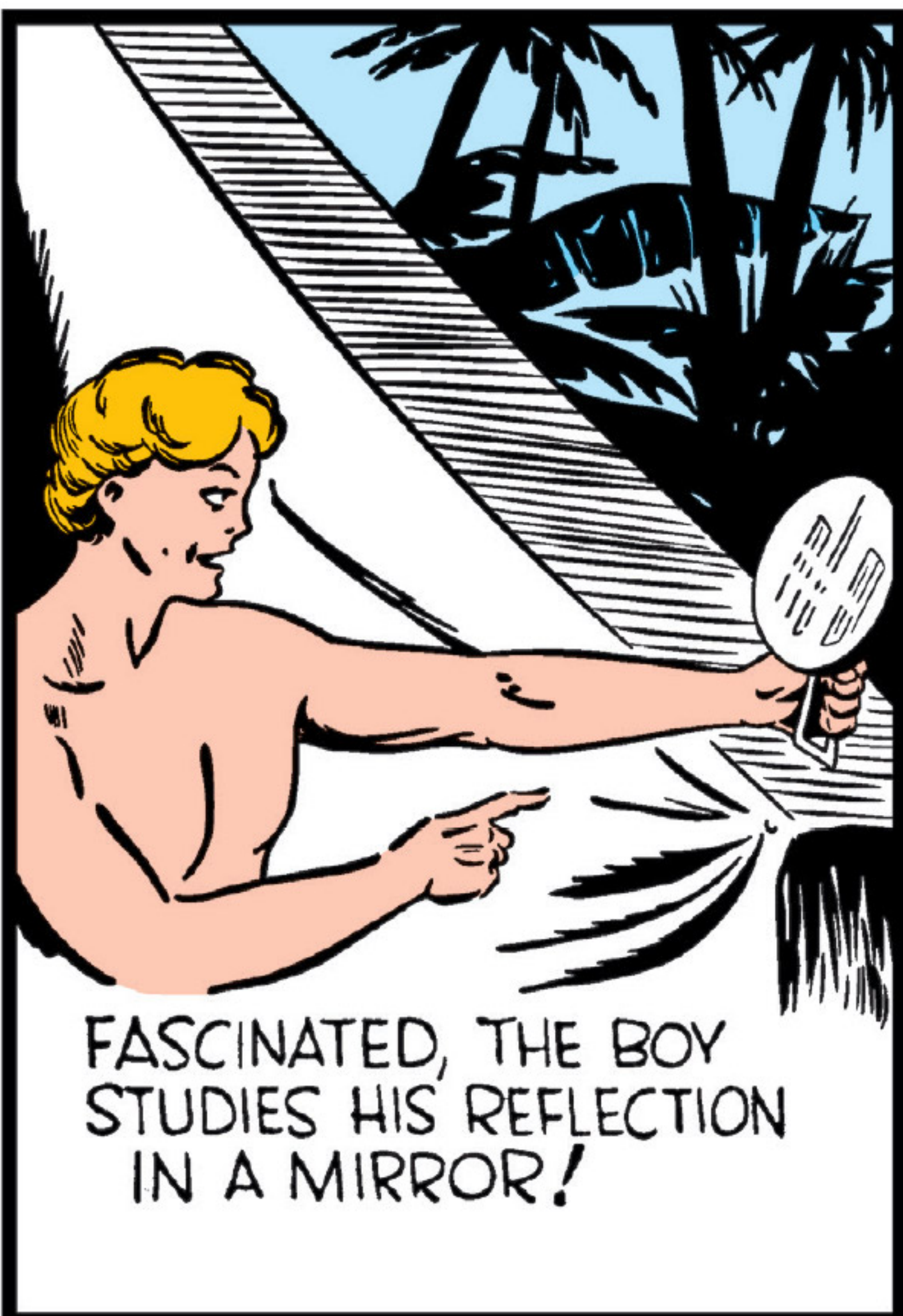
AT DAWN DAVID WATCHED THE OTHER CAMP FROM A HIGH ROCK. IT APPEARED DESERTED. HAD THEY OBEYED HIS FATHER AND FLED IN THE NIGHT?



CAUTIOUSLY, DAVID APPROACHES THE TENT, PUZZLED THAT THEY COULD HAVE LEFT THEIR POSSESSIONS BEHIND.



HE FINGERED THE STRANGE ARTICLES AROUND THE CAMP.



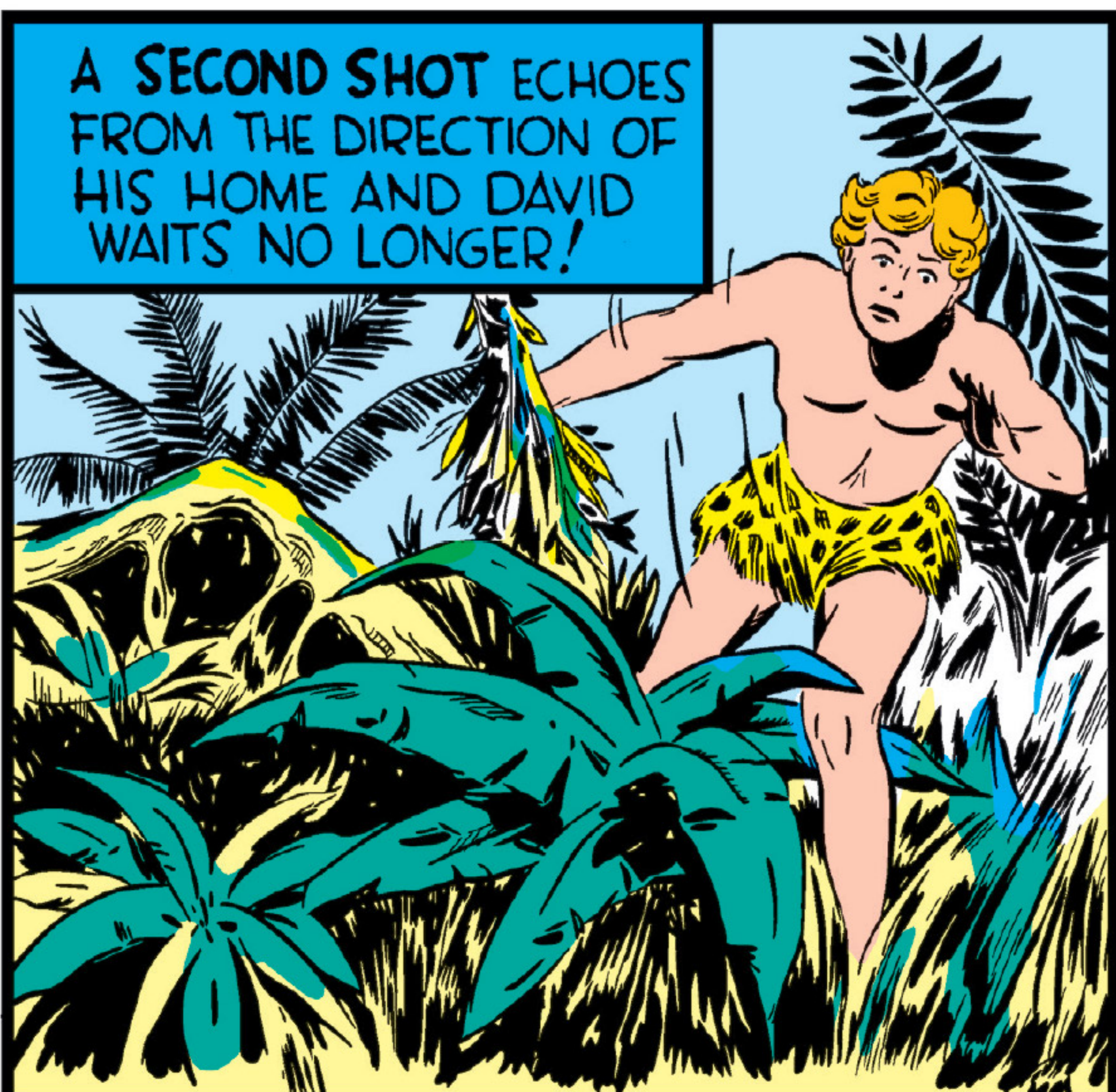
FASCINATED, THE BOY STUDIES HIS REFLECTION IN A MIRROR!



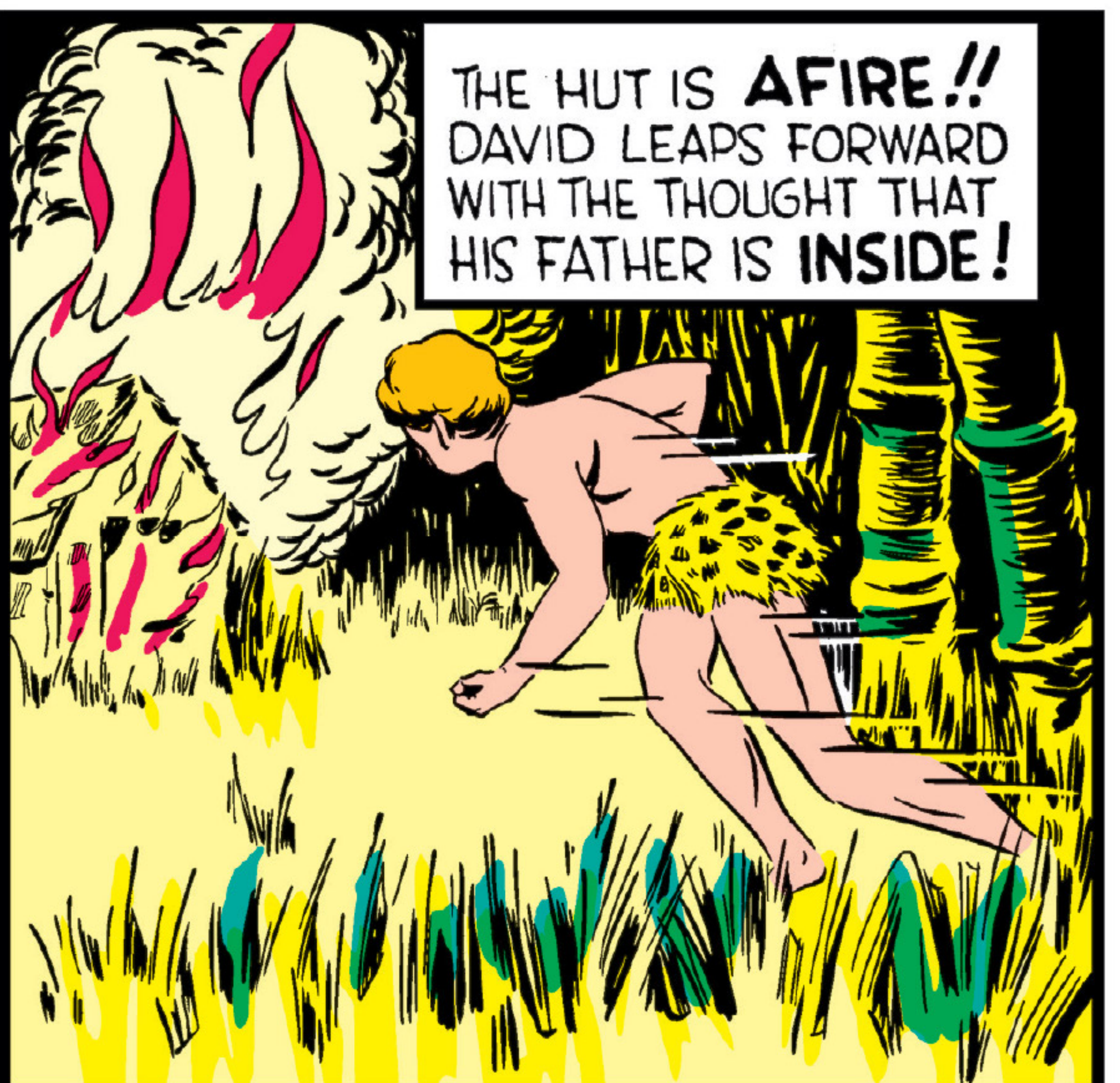
HE DECIDES TO RETURN HOMETO TELL HIS FATHER OF THE MANY WONDERFUL THINGS THE STRANGERS LEFT BEHIND.



A STACCATO CRACK PIERCES THE STILLNESS DAVID REMEMBERS FAINTLY THE TIME HIS FATHER HAD FIRED AT N'JAGA AND SENSES**DANGER!!**

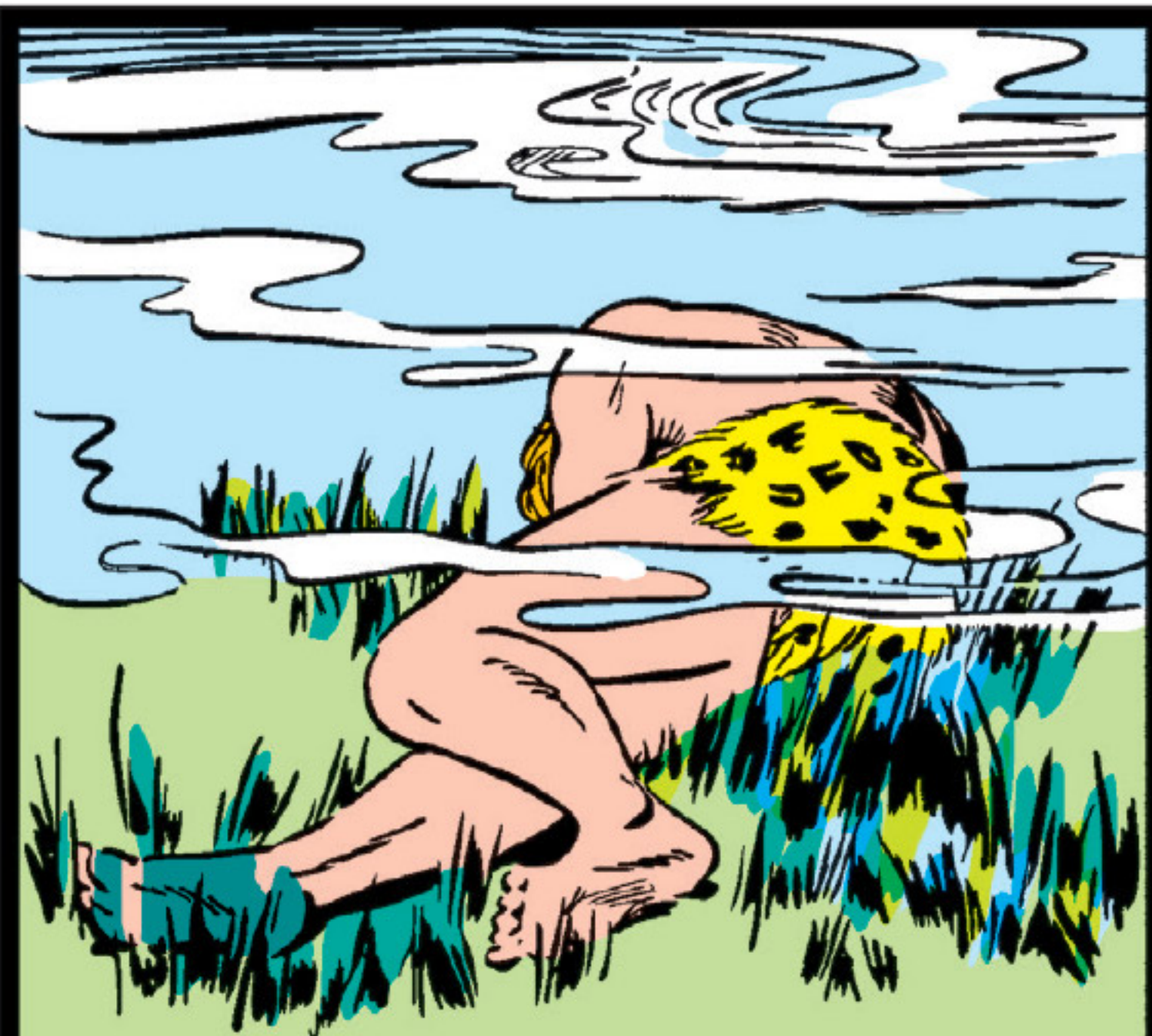


A **SECOND SHOT** ECHOES FROM THE DIRECTION OF HIS HOME AND DAVID WAITS NO LONGER!



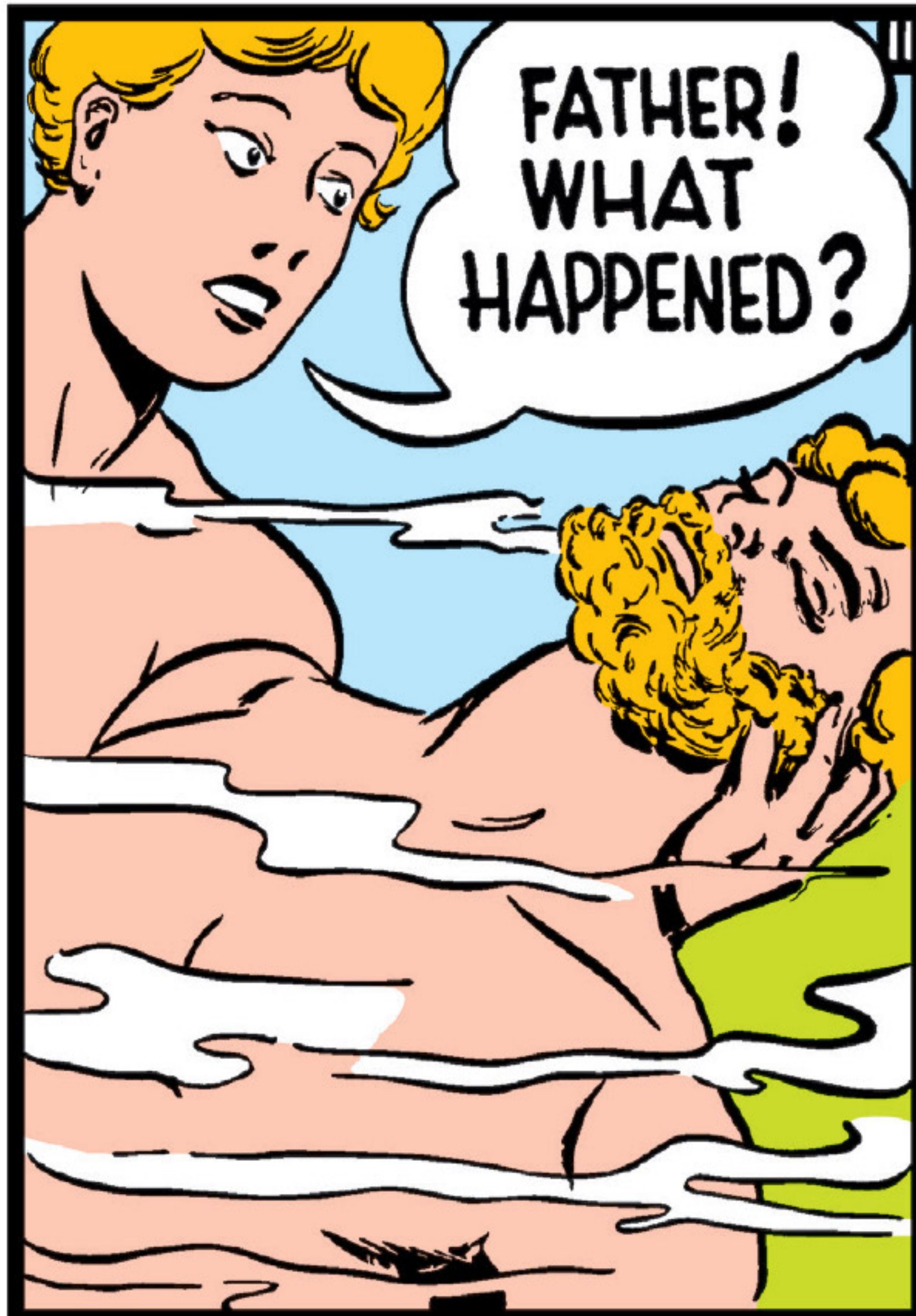
THE HUT IS **AFIRE!!** DAVID LEAPS FORWARD WITH THE THOUGHT THAT HIS FATHER IS **INSIDE!**

AN OBJECT ON THE GROUND CAUGHT HIS EYE.

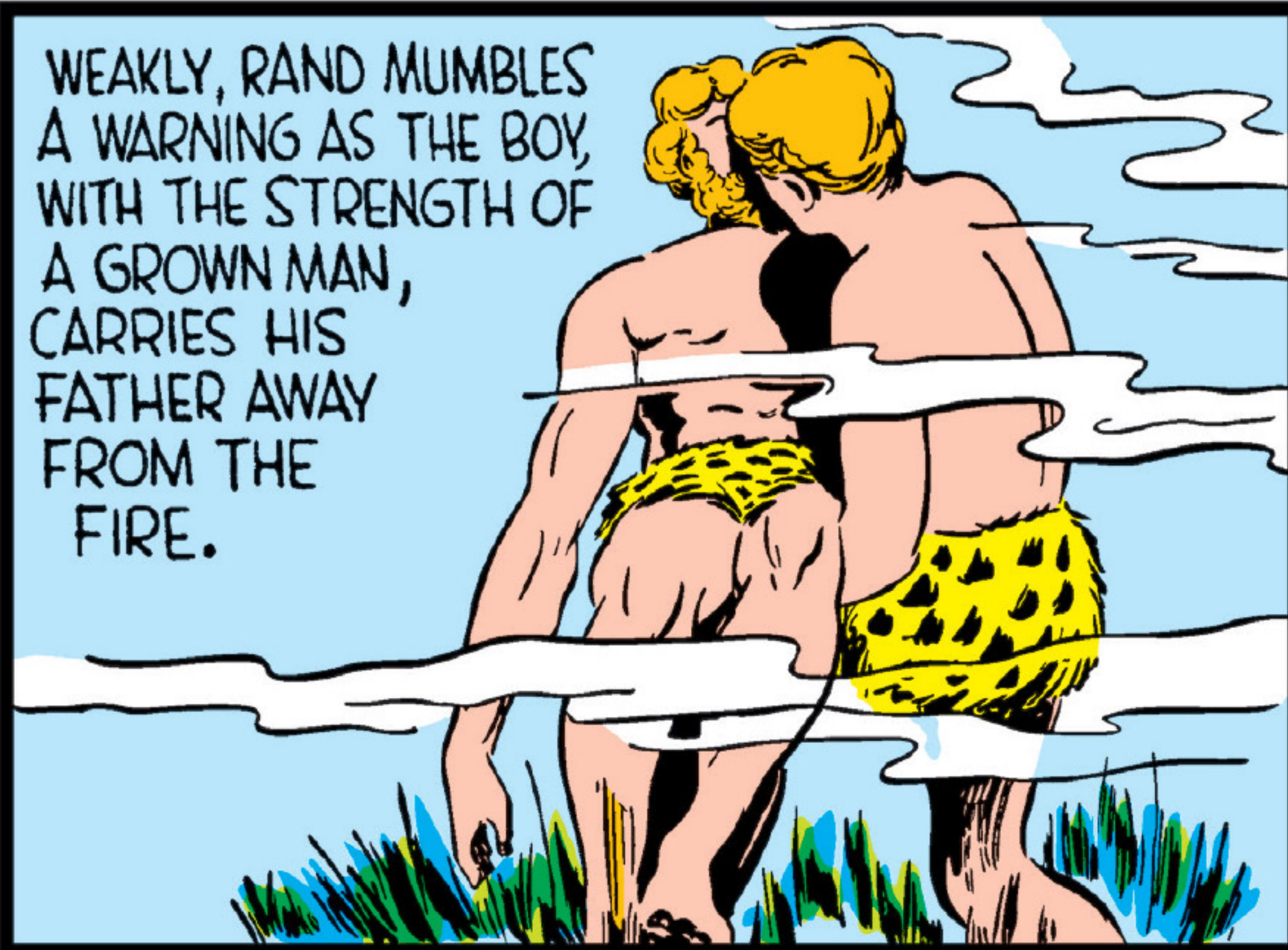


RAND, SHOT AND PAINFULLY WOUNDED, CRAWLED ALONG THE GROUND!

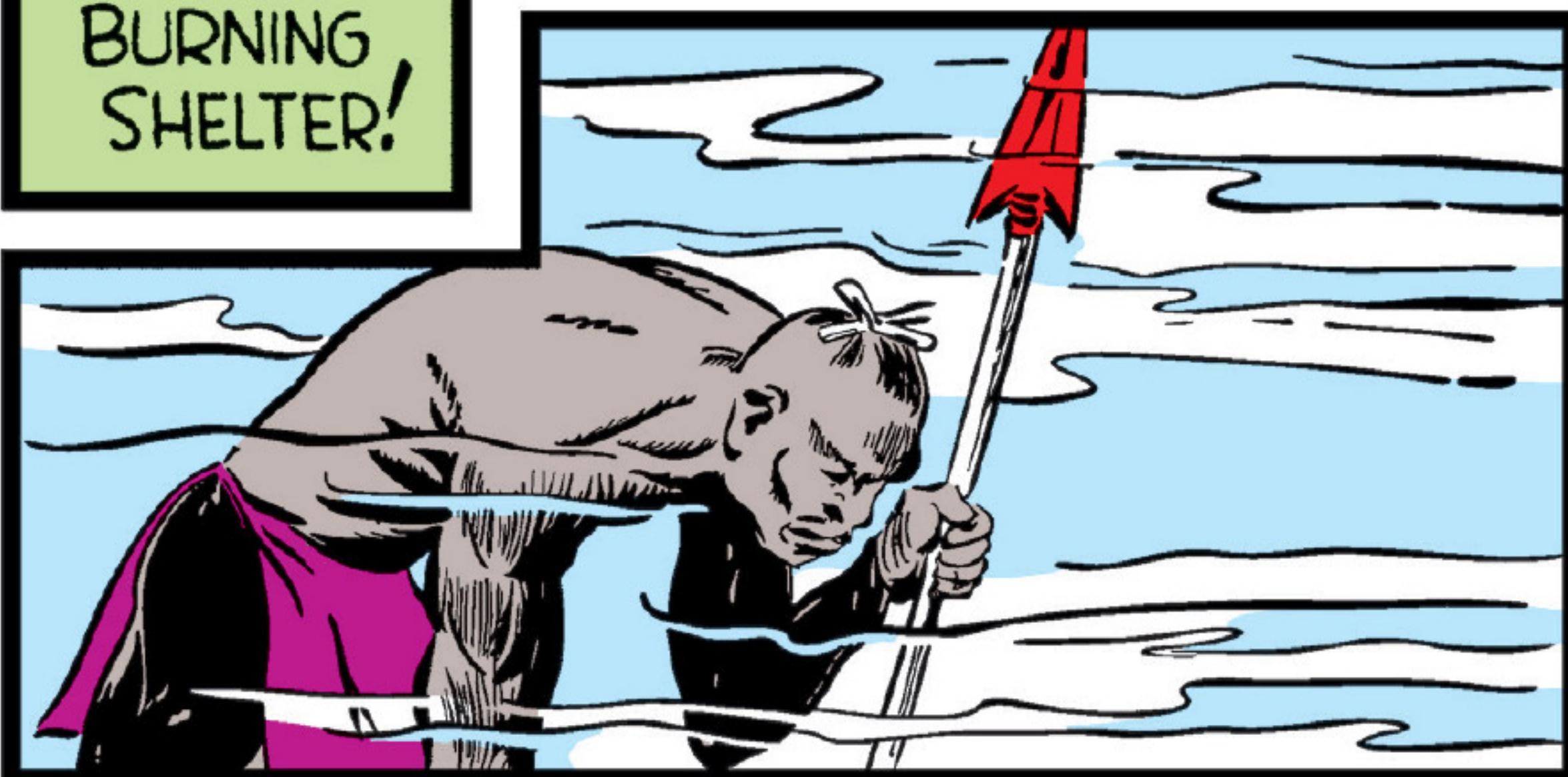
FATHER!
WHAT
HAPPENED?



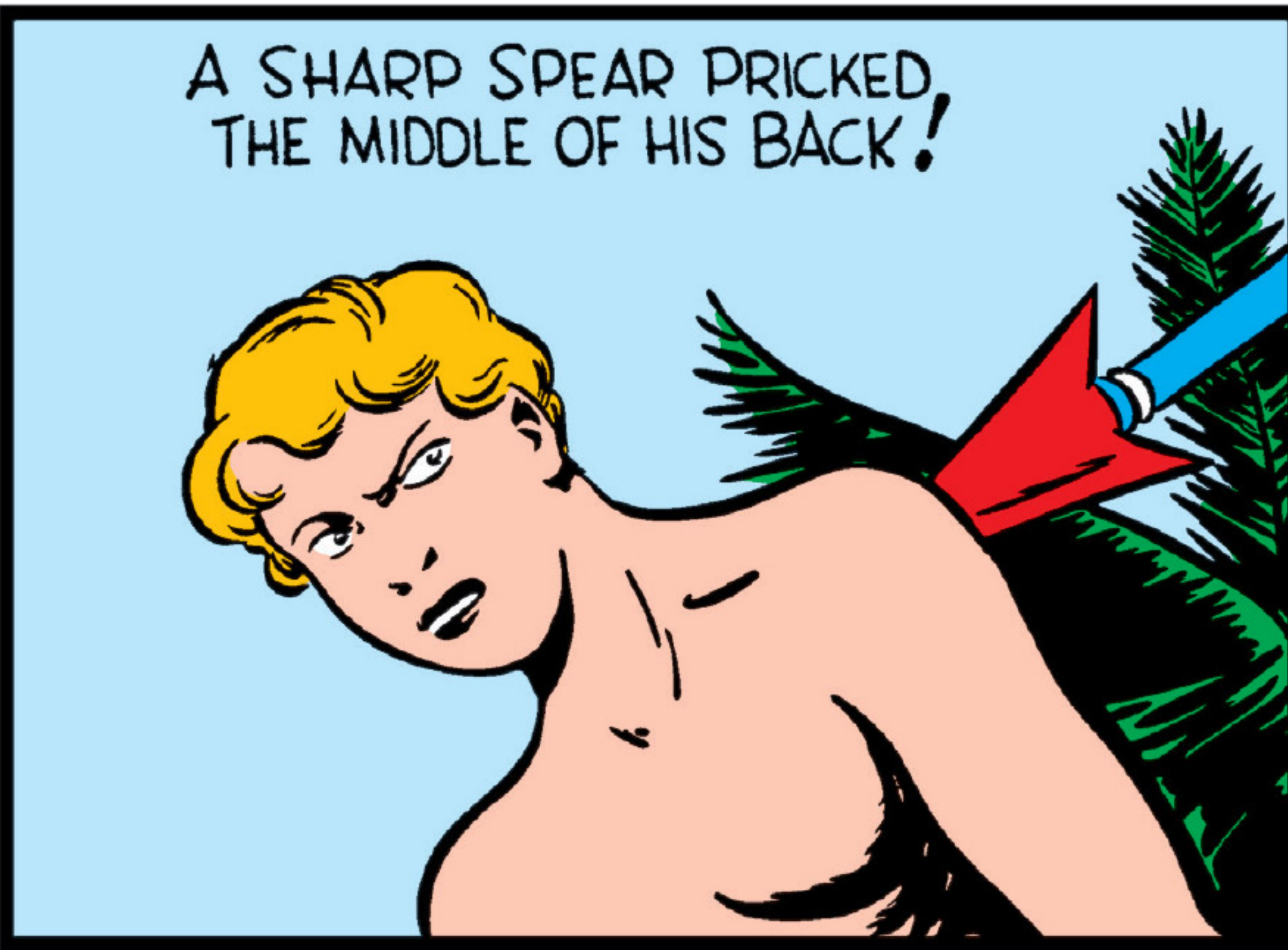
WEAKLY, RAND MUMBLES
A WARNING AS THE BOY,
WITH THE STRENGTH OF
A GROWN MAN,
CARRIES HIS
FATHER AWAY
FROM THE FIRE.



DAVID FAILS
TO SEE A
NATIVE SNEAK
AROUND THE
BURNING
SHELTER!



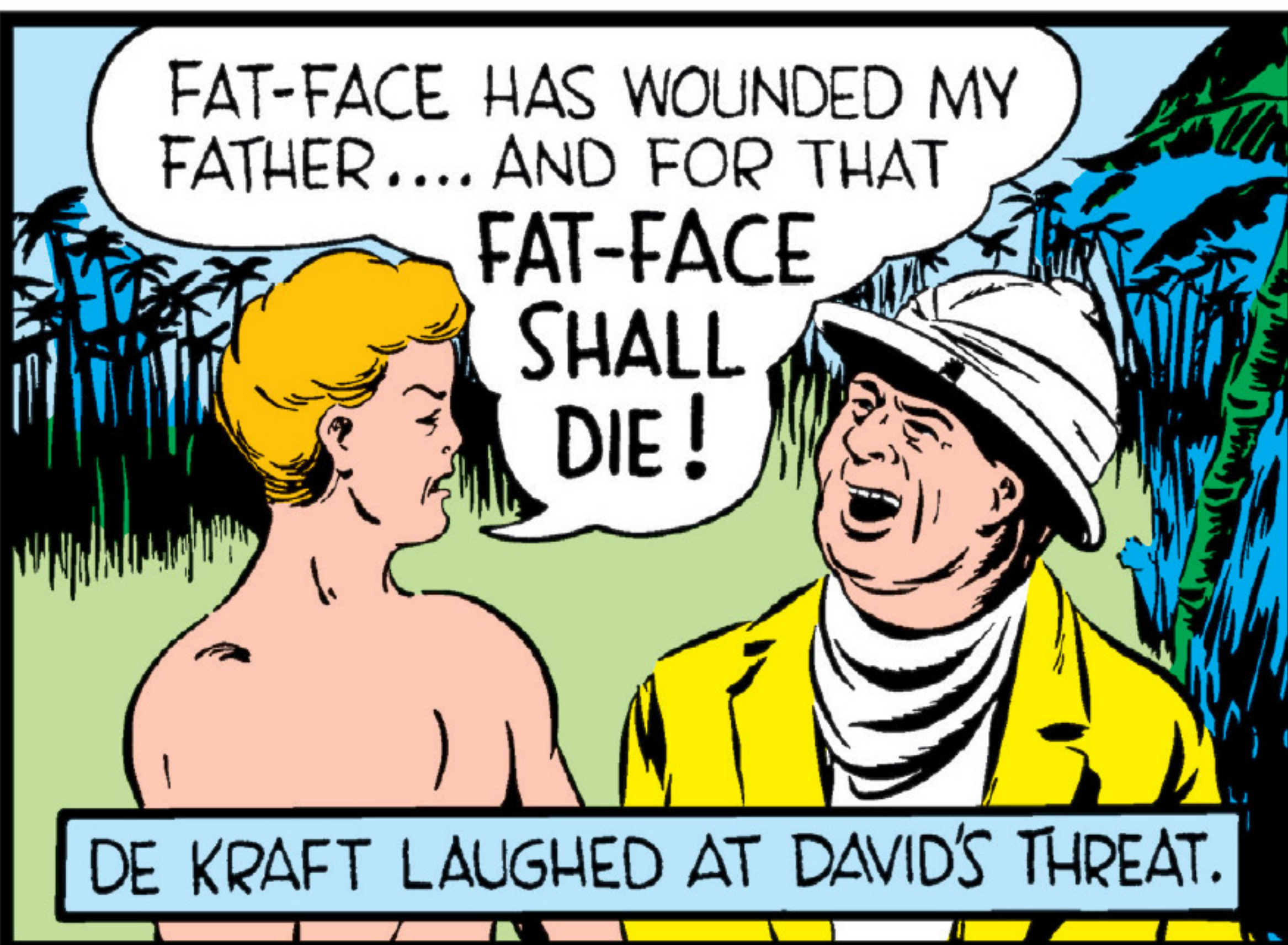
A SHARP SPEAR PRICKED
THE MIDDLE OF HIS BACK!



BEFORE HE
COULD ACT,
DE KRAFT
CAME ON
THE RUN
FROM THE
JUNGLE.

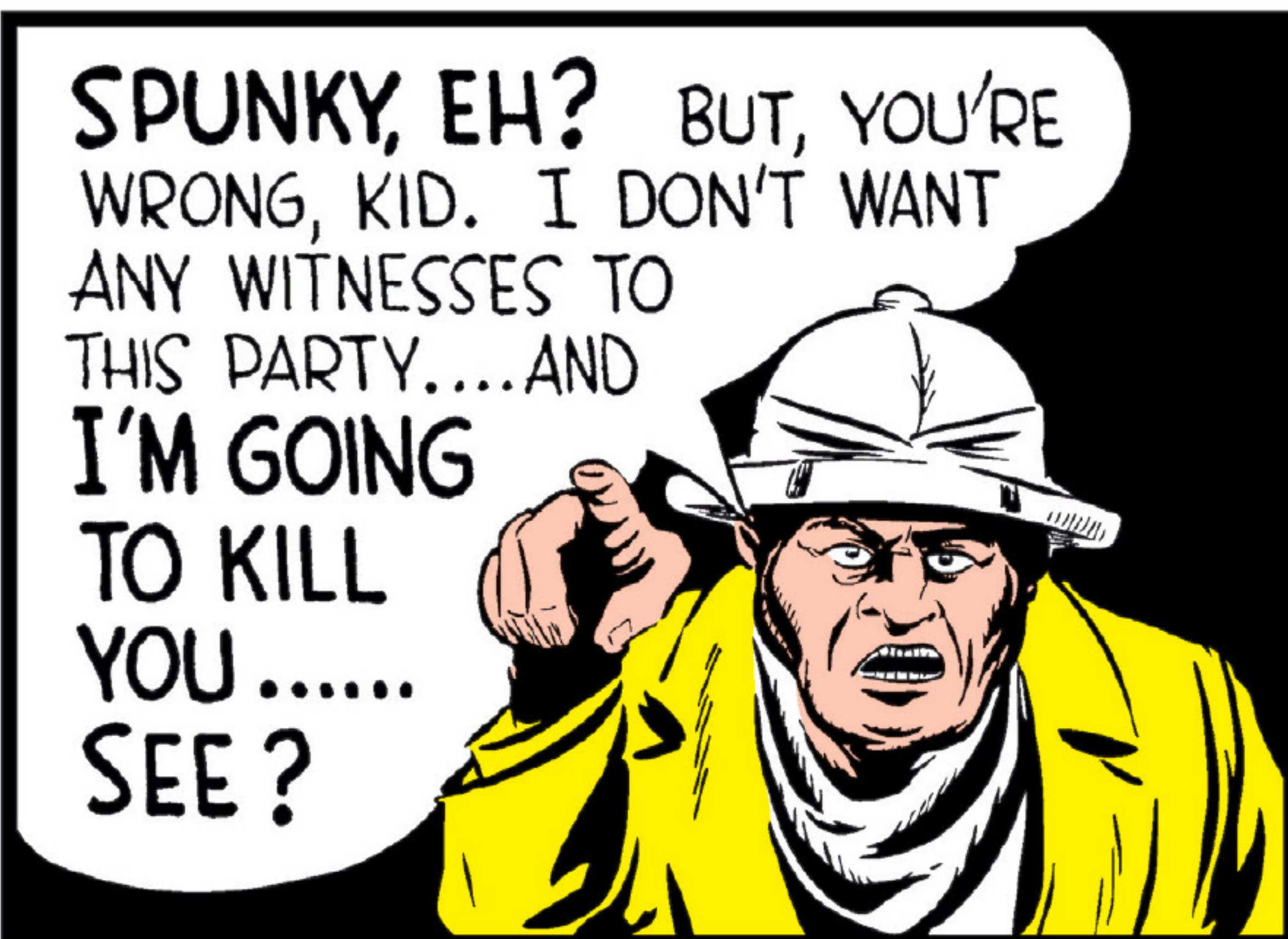


FAT-FACE HAS WOUNDED MY
FATHER.... AND FOR THAT
**FAT-FACE
SHALL
DIE!**

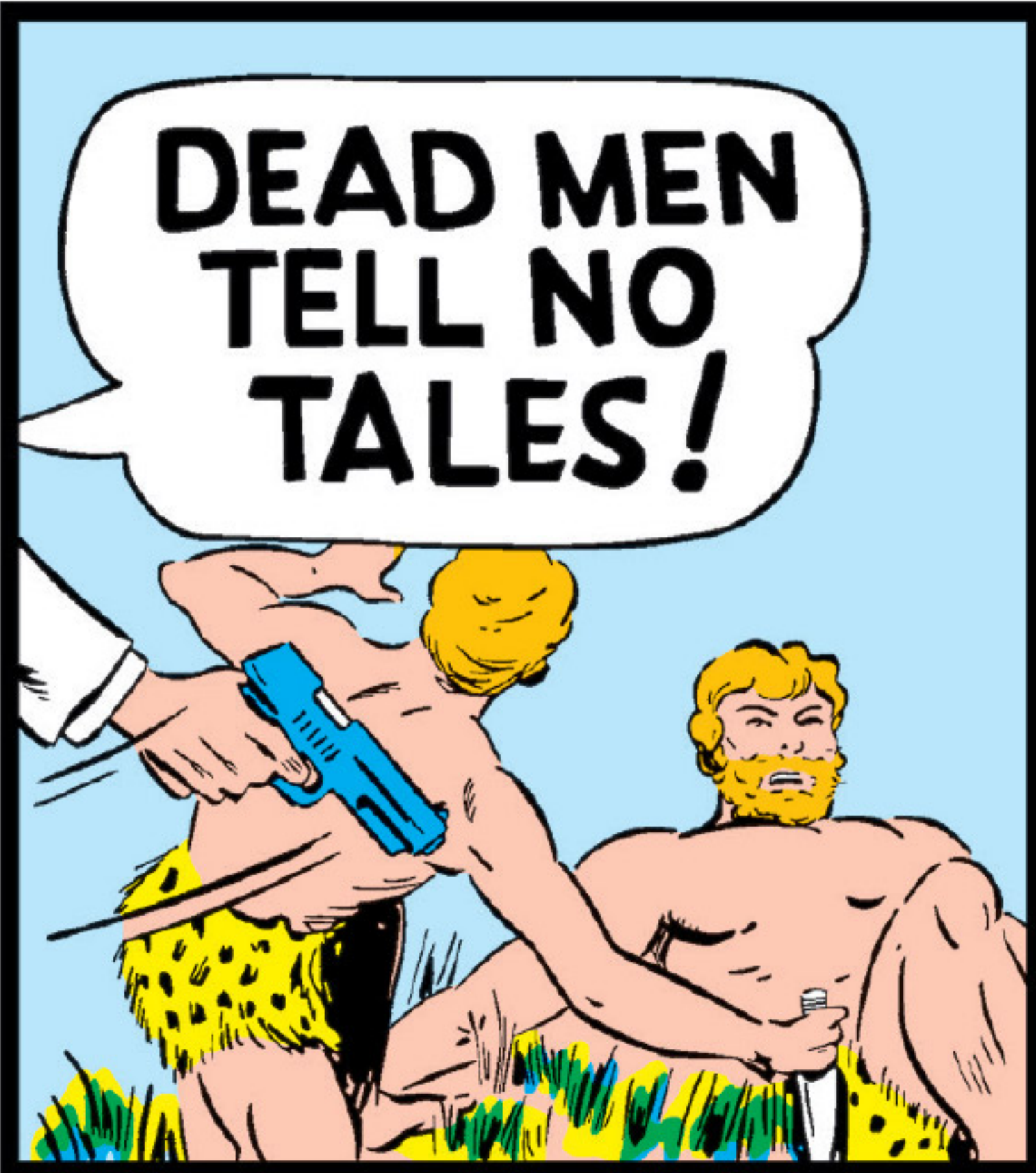


DE KRAFT LAUGHED AT DAVID'S THREAT.

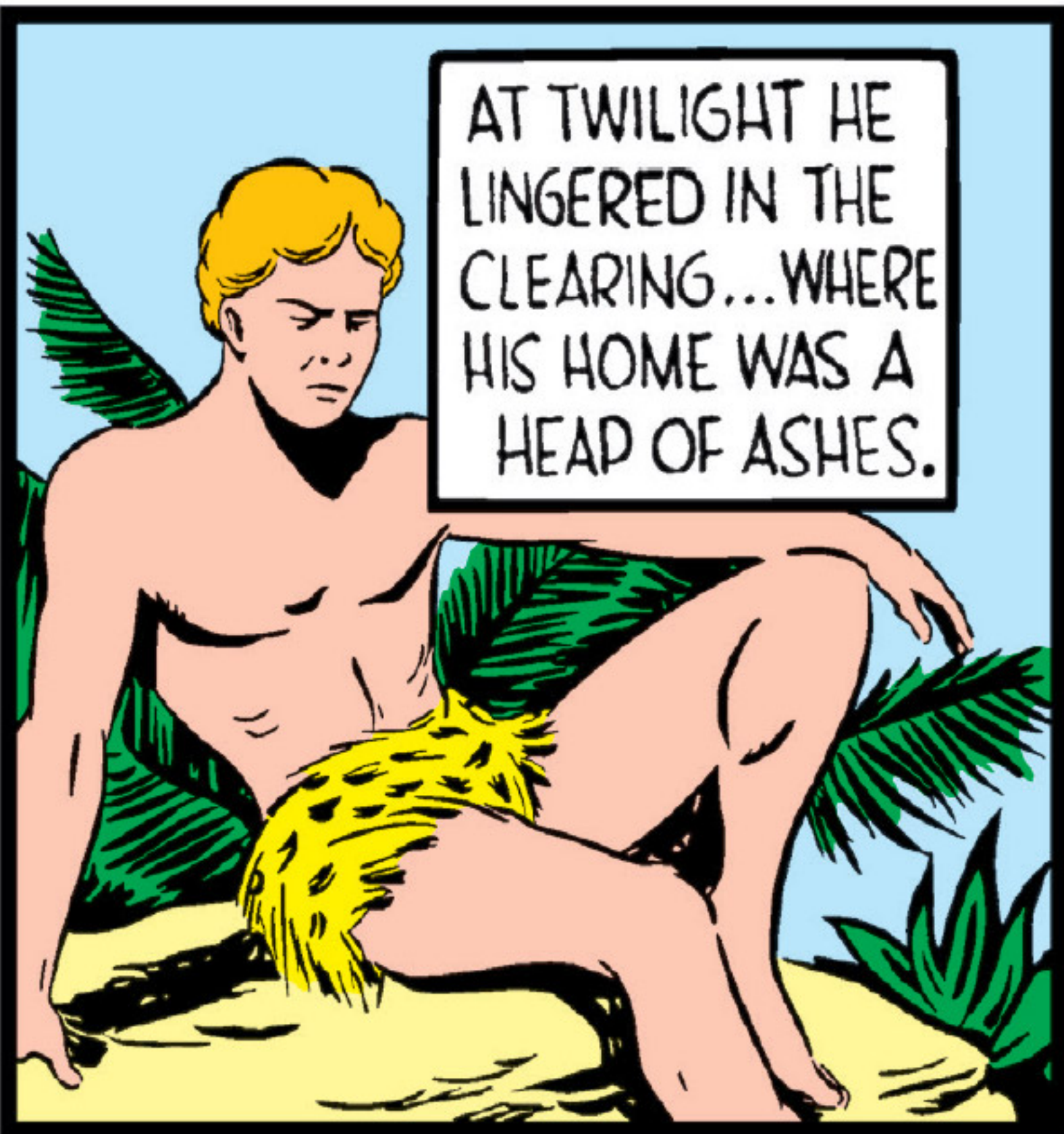
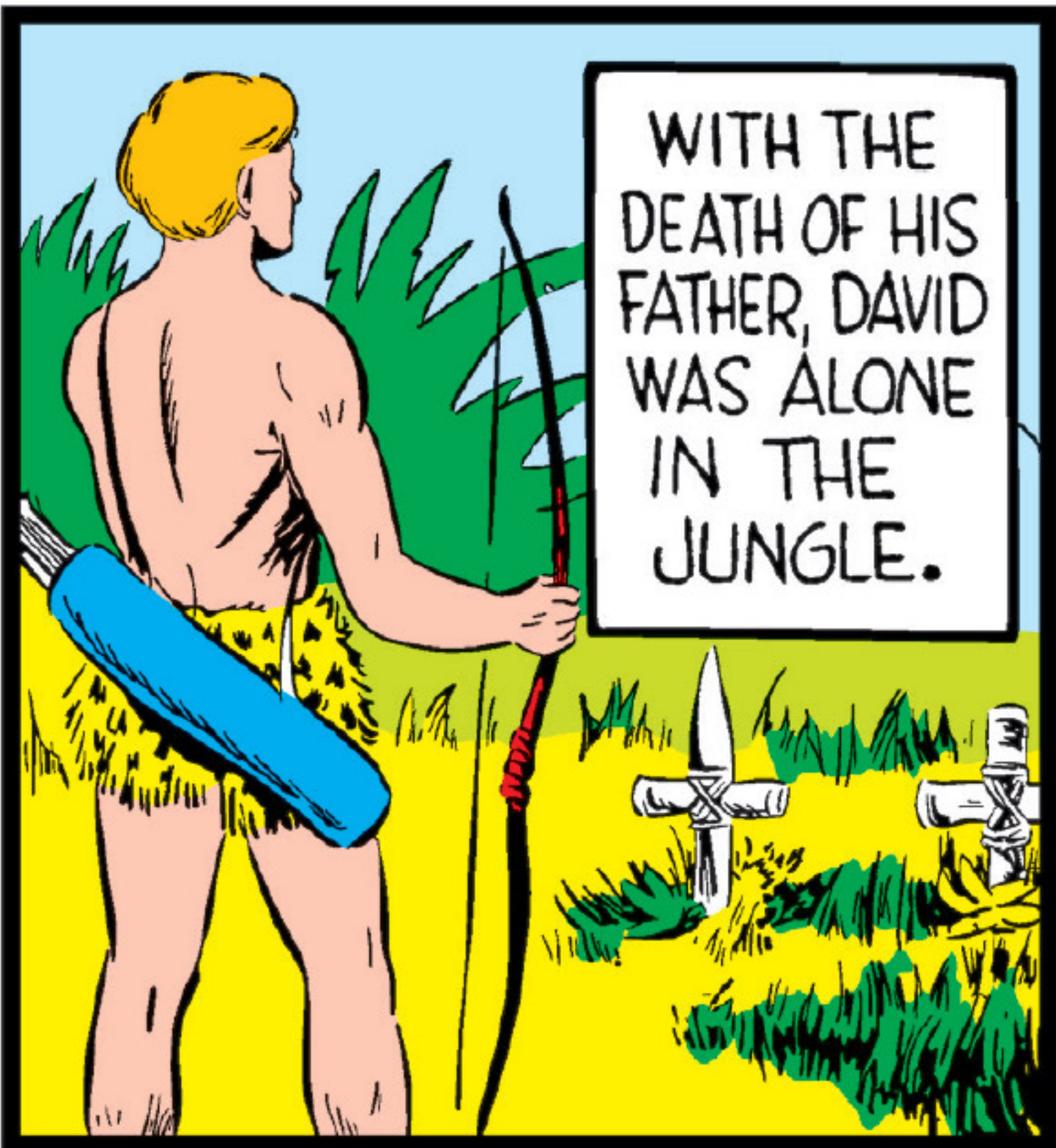
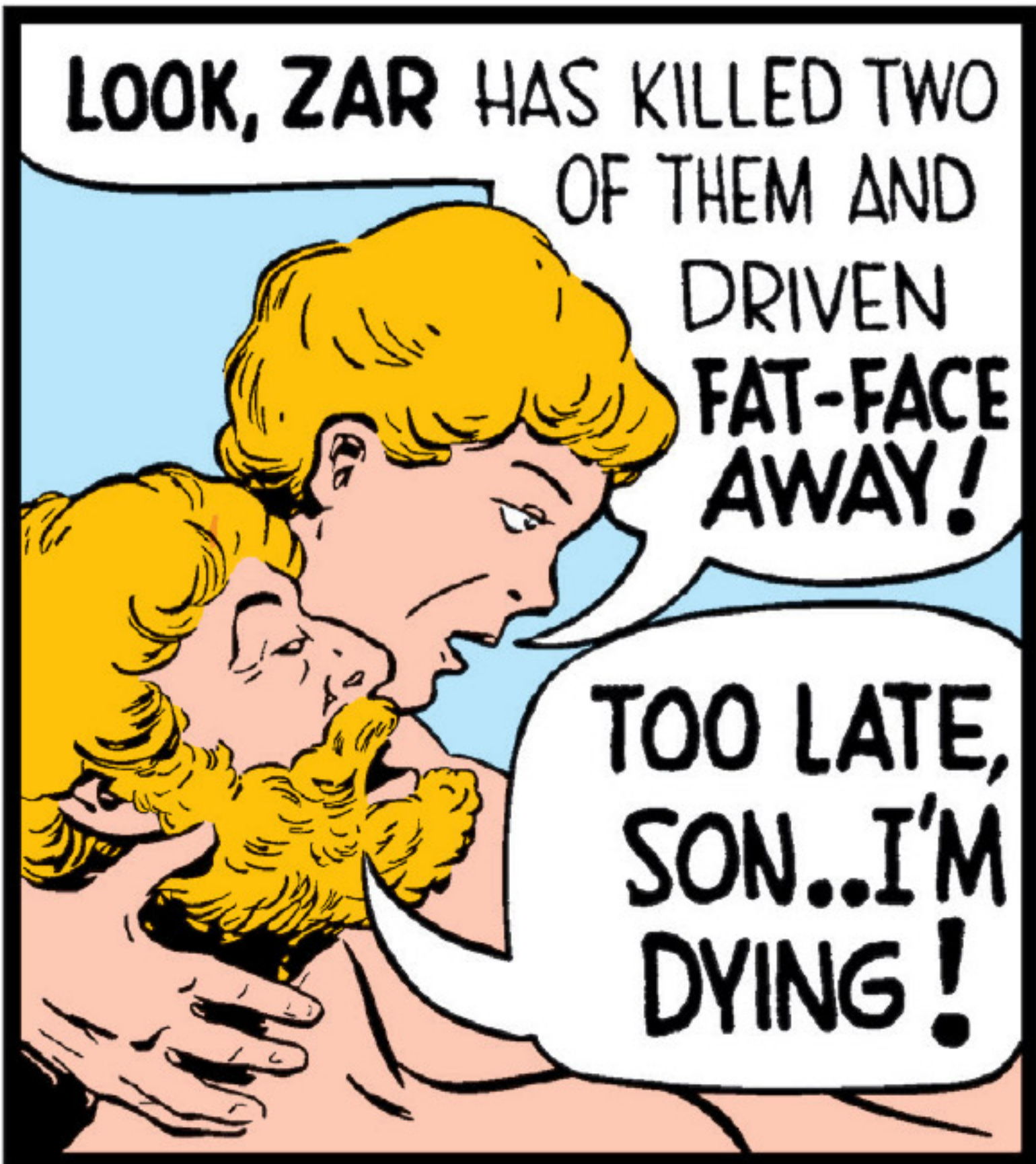
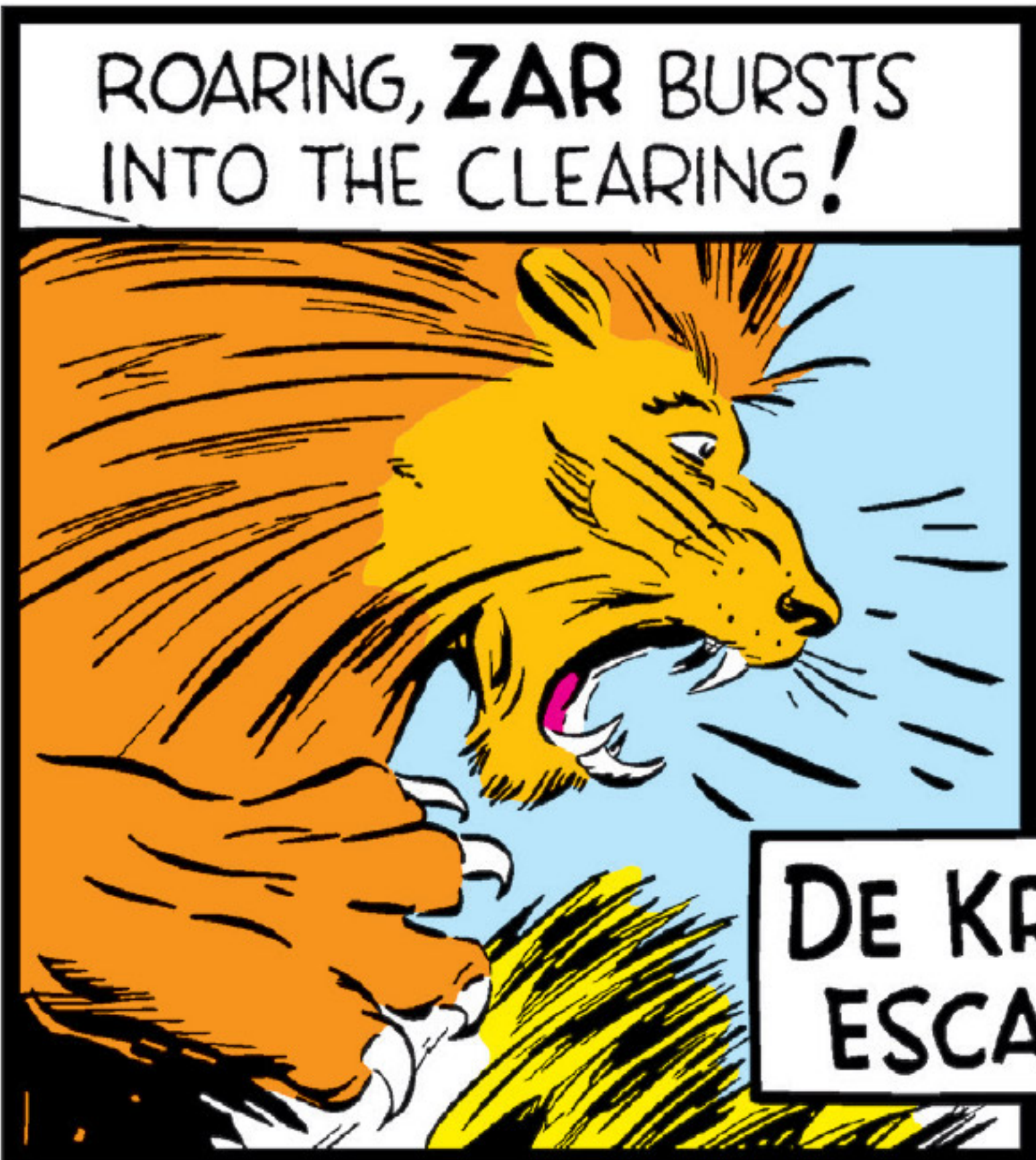
SPUNKY, EH? BUT, YOU'RE
WRONG, KID. I DON'T WANT
ANY WITNESSES TO
THIS PARTY....AND
**I'M GOING
TO KILL
YOU.....
SEE?**



AS DAVID BENT TO GRASP A KNIFE AT HIS FATHER'S SIDE, DE KRAFT'S GUN WHIPPED UP!



ANOTHER SPECTATOR WATCHED THE GRIM DRAMAZAR



IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEAST, **ZAR** INVITED THE BOY TO SHARE HIS CAVE. HE SAID THAT FROM THAT DAY ON, DAVID WOULD BE KNOWN AS **KA-ZAR** BROTHER OF **ZAR THE MIGHTY!**



MORE ADVENTURES of **KA-ZAR** IN THE *NEXT ISSUE!*



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