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ALL-SUPERNATURAL
COMICS ★
MAGAZINE! ★

HAUNT from the UNKNOWN

FOR CENTURIES, PEOPLE WHO CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN GHOSTS HAVE BEEN MOCKED AT, CALLED MAD---AND SOME, INDEED, HAVE EVEN BEEN CONFINED TO MENTAL INSTITUTIONS FOR INSISTING THAT THEIR VISIONS WERE REAL! BUT HERE'S A SPINE-CHILLING TALE OF A HAUNT THAT FOLLOWED HIS VICTIM BEHIND THE BARS OF AN ASYLUM---AND WON A GHOULISH REVENGE!



IN THE MUNICIPAL MENTAL HOSPITAL---

NO! DON'T PUT ME IN THAT WARD---CLAY'S GHOST WON'T BE STOPPED BY IRON BARS! I'M NOT INSANE---YOU MUSTN'T LOCK ME UP WHERE I CAN'T ESCAPE FROM HIM! HE'LL GET ME, I TELL YOU!

HE'S HYSTERICAL---HANDLE HIM GENTLY, BOYS! I'LL GIVE HIM A HYPO TO QUIET HIM DOWN!



WHEW! IT TOOK TWO INTERNS TO HOLD HIM DOWN WHILE I GAVE HIM THAT NEMBUTAL---BUT HE'LL SLEEP NOW!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING THROUGH GUY JENNINGS' CASE HISTORY, BILL! HE BEGAN HAVING HALLUCINATIONS ABOUT GHOSTS SOON AFTER THE ACCIDENTAL DROWNING OF HIS BUSINESS PARTNER---CLAY ALLISON! HE WAS COMMITTED HERE AS A PARANOID SCHIZOPHRENIC---WITH DANGEROUS HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES!



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I HATE TO THINK OF YOU BEING NIGHT NURSE IN CHARGE OF THE PSYCHOTIC WARD, NANCY... ESPECIALLY WITH A PATIENT LIKE JENNINGS IN THERE!

YOU KNOW WHY I TOOK THIS JOB, DARLING... SO I COULD BE NEAR MY FIANCE... YOU! BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME... I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE MENTALLY DISTURBED PATIENTS BY NOW! IF I NEED ANY HELP, I'LL PREGG THE BUZZER TO YOUR ROOM!



4 HOURS LATER, IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT... A FRIGHTENING SIGHT!

I WILL BE REVENGED, GUY... I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

NO... NO... HELP!



NURSE... LET ME OUT! CLAY'S GHOST IS AFTER ME... HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME! LET ME OUT!

NOW, NOW, MR. JENNINGS... THERE'S NO ONE BEHIND YOU! YOU'RE IN NO DANGER! I'LL JUST RING FOR DR. WRIGHT, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SLEEP AGAIN!



I'LL DRINK THIS... BUT ONLY IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO LEAVE ME ALONE AGAIN! PLEASE... YOU CAN'T LET HIS GHOST GET ME!

WE'LL HAVE SOMEONE NEAR YOU AT ALL TIMES FROM NOW ON, JENNINGS... YOU'VE NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! TELL ME... JUST WHAT IS IT THAT YOU SEEM TO SEE?



I DON'T JUST SEE IT... IT'S REAL. I TELL YOU! IT'S THE GHOST OF CLAY ALLISON, LOOKING EVEN MORE EVIL THAN HE WAS IN REAL LIFE! HE'S COME UP FROM THE DEEP WITH THE SEAWEED STILL TRAILING FROM HIM... AND HIS SLIMY TOUCH IS COLDER THAN ICE, COLDER THAN DEATH! HE'S HERE TO HAUNT ME... TO KILL ME!

BUT WHY SHOULD HE BE AFTER YOU, JENNINGS?

I... I CAN'T TELL YOU... YOU'RE TRYING TO TRAP ME! MUSTN'T TALK ANY MORE... GETTING TOO SLEEPY... SLEEPY...



HE'S ASLEEP, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE HIM TOO MUCH OF A SEDATIVE... I WANT TO TRY SOME THERAPY ON HIM IN THE MORNING! I'LL HAVE HIM PUT IN A SOUNDPROOF ROOM SO HE WON'T DISTURB THE OTHER PATIENTS IF HE ACTS UP AGAIN! CAREFUL WITH HIM, NANCY... HE MAY BECOME VIOLENT!

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF! GO TO SLEEP AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME!



POOR MAN, HE'LL NEVER BE CURED
UNLESS WE CAN GAIN HIS CONFIDENCE
...AND HE'D NEVER TRUST ANY DOCTOR
AGAIN IF HE WOKE AND FOUND THAT BILL'S
PROMISE WASN'T KEPT... THAT THERE WAS
NO ONE NEAR HIM! I THINK I'LL JUST SIT IN
HIS ROOM AND READ... AND KEEP THE
DOOR OPEN JUST IN CASE HE **DOES**
GET VIOLENT!



AS THE WEARY, SILENT HOURS PASS...



CAN'T--KEEP--MY
EYES OPEN...JUST
CLOSE THEM...FOR
MINUTE...

I COULD AVENGE MYSELF ON
HIM **NOW!** BUT IT'S BEEN SO
LONG SINCE I SAW--A LOVELY
FACE...



THEN...NANCY FEELS AN ICY
TOUCH UPON HER CHEEK...A HAND
COLD AND SLIMY AS THE BOTTOM OF
THE SEA...



SO YOUNG...
SO WARM...

OH!!

SHE FAINED
...BUT WHY?



IT...IT'S
CLAY! DON'T
...DON'T KILL
ME... HAVE
MERCY...!

FOOL, MY VENGEANCE CAN **WAIT!**
THE MOMENT I KILL YOU, THE
REASON FOR MY GHOSTLY
EXISTENCE VANISHES...AND
I MUST RETURN FROM
WHENCE I CAME! I'LL MAKE
YOUR DEATH A LONG, LINGERING ONE
...FILLED WITH ALL THE
TORTURES I CAN WIELD WITH
MY NEW POWERS...UNTIL I'M
FINALLY READY TO RETURN
TO **EVERLASTING
NOTHINGNESS!**



THE SPIRIT WORLD IS COLD...
SO COLD... I WANTED ONLY
TO BE WARMED BY A YOUNG,
LOVING SMILE THAT WOULD
THAW MY DEAD, ICY HEART!
WHY DID SHE FEAR ME SO...
HOW CAN I KEEP HER FROM
FLEEING WHEN SHE
REVIVES?



I CAN HELP YOU,
CLAY! I...I'LL GET A
STRAIT JACKET...
SHE'LL **NEVER** BE
ABLE TO ESCAPE
WITH ONE OF **THOSE**
IMPRISONING HER!



AH, **HERE'S ONE!** AFTER I GET HER ENCASED IN IT, CLAY WILL FORGET ALL ABOUT **ME!** I'LL HAVE MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE... **FROM HIM AND FROM THE HOSPITAL!**



THERE... SHE CAN'T GET AWAY **NOW!** AND... AND YOU CAN **MAKE** HER SMILE AT YOU!

I'LL LOWER MY DRIPPING SLEEVE OVER HER FACE... AND LET THE ICY OCEAN-WATER REVIVE HER!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE AND CLOSE THIS SOUNDPROOF DOOR BEHIND ME... BEFORE SHE WAKES UP AND STARTS SCREAMING FOR **HELP!**

WHERE... WHERE AM I...?



YOU... IT **WASN'T** A NIGHTMARE!... AND YOU... YOU'VE GOT ME IN A STRAIT-JACKET! **BILL... HELP!**

SCREAM IF YOU WISH... NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU! BUT WHY SHOULD YOU FEAR **ME?** ALL I WANT IS A SMILE OF LOVE, WARMTH... TO COMFORT ME WHEN I RETURN TO THE DEAD, FROZEN WASTES OF THE BEYOND!



GET AWAY FROM ME! YOU'RE REVOLTING... HORRIBLE!

SO! NOW I KNOW WHAT I'LL TAKE BACK WITH ME INTO THE BEYOND! **SO!** FOR THAT, I'LL **KILL** YOU... AND TAKE YOU WITH ME INTO THE **UNKNOWN!**



MEANWHILE...

LUCKY WE FOUND HIM WANDERING AROUND DOCTOR... HE ALMOST ESCAPED FROM THE GROUNDS!

NANCY'S NOT IN HER QUARTERS... SHE MUST BE IN THE ROOM WE PLACED JENNINGS IN! I... I ONLY HOPE HE DIDN'T **HARM** HER!



THE DOOR... I MUST VANISH... BUT I SHALL **RETURN!**

NANCY... ARE YOU ALL **RIGHT?**

BILL... HURRY!

OH, BILL...IT...IT WAS ALL GO HORRIBLE! THE GHOST DISAPPEARED JUST BEFORE YOU GOT INTO THE ROOM! HE HAD SEAWEEDED ALL OVER HIM, AS IF HE'D JUST COME OUT OF A WATERY GRAVE, AND...

SURE, DARLING, SURE...AS SOON AS I GET YOU OUT OF THIS, I'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR ROOM AND GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU SLEEP!

YOU...YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME...YOU THINK I'VE GONE INSANE! BUT I'VE GOT PROOF THE GHOST WAS REAL! THERE MUST BE A POOL OF WATER WHERE HE WAS STANDING...

THE FLOOR'S BONE-DRY! I...I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN AROUND THE PSYCHOTIC WARD TOO LONG...IT'S BEGUN TO AFFECT YOUR MIND! NOW YOU JUST GO ALONG AND LET THE INTERN GIVE YOU A SLEEPING PILL...

HE...HE WAS REAL, I TELL YOU...THE WATER MUST HAVE EVAPORATED!

WHITE, GRITTY PARTICLES ON THE FLOOR...AND THEY TASTE SALTY! BUT IT COULDN'T BE FROM SEA-WATER...IT'S PROBABLY SOME SALT DROPPED FROM A PATIENT'S DINNER-TRAY! POOR NANCY...

WE DIDN'T HAVE TO GIVE HER A PILL, DOCTOR...NERVOUS EXHAUSTION MADE HER DROP OFF TO SLEEP!

GOOD...NOW BRING JENNINGS INTO MY OFFICE...I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM THE SODIUM PENTOTHAL "TRUTH SERUM" AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND OUT THE REAL ROOTS OF HIS INSANITY...AND PERHAPS LEARN WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO NANCY IN THAT ROOM!

AS THE MIRACULOUS "TRUTH-DRUG" CIRCULATES THROUGH JENNINGS' ARTERIES AND REACHES HIS BRAIN...

NOW, JENNINGS, TELL ME... WHY DO YOU THINK CLAY'S GHOST IS HAUNTING YOU? BECAUSE I... KILLED CLAY ALLISON! WE WERE BOTH PARTNERS IN A GAMBLING SYNDICATE...AND WHEN I LEARNED HE WAS CHEATING ME OUT OF MY SHARE OF THE PROFITS...I TOOK HIM OUT ON A FISHING TRIP...AND THREW HIM OVERBOARD! HE COULDN'T SWIM...AND I TOLD POLICE HE FELL OVERBOARD...

EVER SINCE THEN... HE'S BEEN HAUNTING ME...TOYING WITH ME BEFORE HE KILLS ME...

BILL... HELP!

GREAT SCOTT... THAT'S NANCY'S VOICE! LET'S LEAVE JENNINGS HERE AND SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

IT'S CLAY'S GHOST... STOP HIM!

THE DOOR'S LOCKED, DOCTOR... BOLTED FROM THE INSIDE!

I'LL LOOK THROUGH THE KEYHOLE--AND SEE WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE!



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and the
Inca Idol
by WALT DISNEY

USE THE QUICK
ORDER BLANK ON
YOUR WHEATIES BOX



AND **24** MORE NEW BOOKS
READY NOW

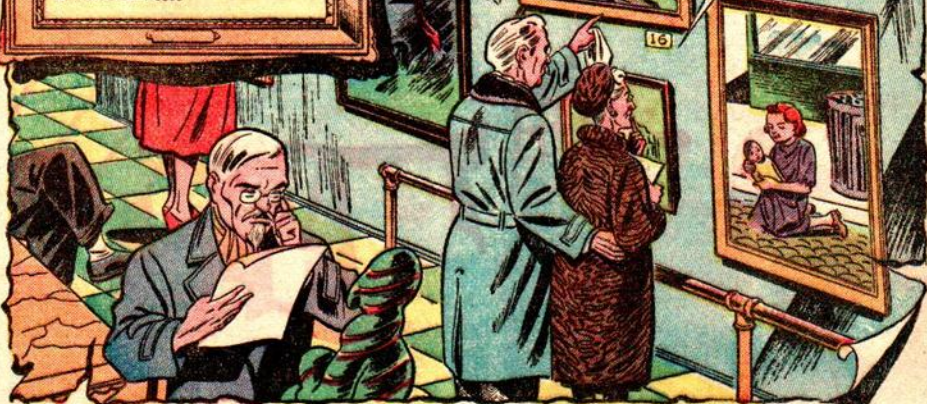
SEE YOUR
WHEATIES BOX FOR DETAILS!

The PORTRAIT *without* a SOUL

THE STRANGE, TRAGIC STORY OF ERIC CHANDLER, FAMOUS AMERICAN ARTIST, IS ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE IN THE HISTORY OF ART! IT BEGINS IN A LARGE NEW YORK GALLERY WHERE AN IMPORTANT EXHIBIT IS TAKING PLACE! THE PRIZE FOR THE BEST PAINTING IS A VALUABLE SCHOLARSHIP IN PARIS... AMONG THE ARTISTS WHOSE WORKS ARE ENTERED IS YOUNG ERIC CHANDLER...

LOOK AT THIS LANDSCAPE, DEAR-- I'LL BET IT WINS THE PRIZE!

I LIKE THIS LOVELY PICTURE OF A CHILD AT PLAY-- ITS FRESH CHARM MAKES IT THE BEST OF THE LOT!



YET, HOW ABOUT THIS STILL LIFE? IT LOOKS GOOD TO ME!

IT IS BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT'S GO--ER --STILL!

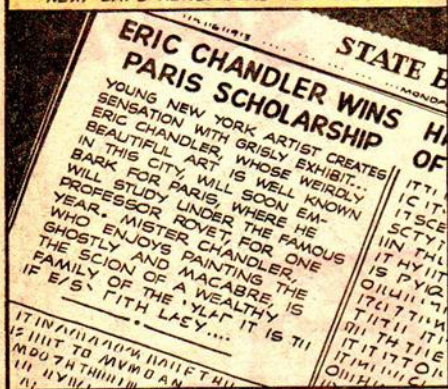


GREAT SCOTT! WHO PAINTED THIS MONSTROSITY?--ERIC CHANDLER-- WELL, HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE IN THE CONTEST!

HOW GRUE-SOME! WHAT A MORBID MIND HE MUST HAVE!



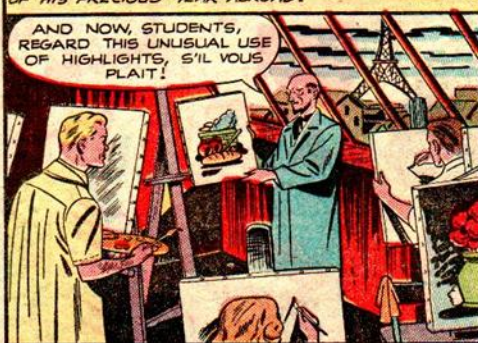
BUT THE TWO VISITORS WERE MISTAKEN--AS THE NEXT DAY'S NEWSPAPERS REVEALED!



SOON AFTERWARD...



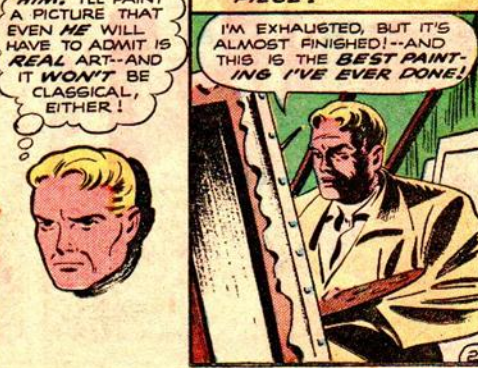
ONCE IN PARIS, ERIC SETTLED DOWN TO A HARD SCHEDULE! HE DIDN'T WANT TO WASTE A MINUTE OF HIS PRECIOUS YEAR ABROAD!



PROF. ROVET, THE GREAT FRENCH PAINTER, INSPECTED ERIC'S LATEST WORK...



BECAUSE MONTHS FOLLOWED, WHILE ERIC WORKED IN SECRET...ON HIS MASTER-PIECE!





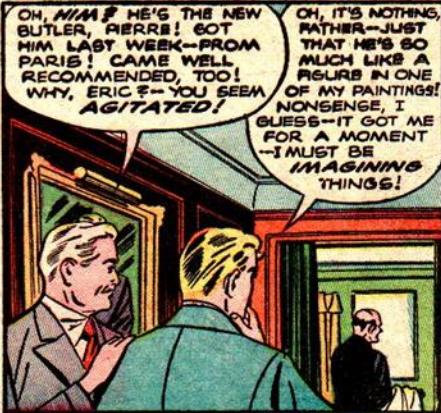
ALL THAT NIGHT, ERIC STARED AT THE PAINTING--THINKING HE WAS STILL DREAMING! ...BUT NO--MORNING FOUND THE VANISHED FIGURE STILL MISSING...



BUT THE STRANGE INCIDENT WAS BROWSED INTO THE BACK OF ERIC'S MIND AS HE SAILED FOR HOME, WAS GREETED BY HIS SWEETHEART AND FAMILY...

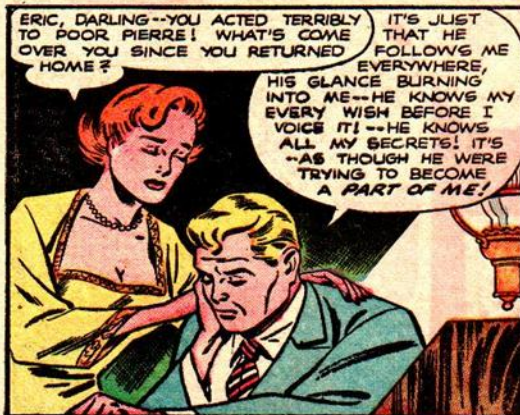


NEXT STOP--HOME! BUT ERIC'S HAPPINESS WAS MARRIED WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED BY--



BUT NOW, PREPARATIONS FOR THE WEDDING TOOK UP ALL OF ERIC'S TIME! HE TRIED TO DISMISS PIERRE FROM HIS MIND...





ERIC PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER, RETURNED TO THE CANVAS! PERHAPS, HE THOUGHT, IT WAS ALL IN HIS MIND--JUST IMAGINATION AGAIN! BUT HE RECOILED FROM WHAT HE SAW THERE!

GOOD HEAVENS! THAT'S NOT WHAT I PAINTED! THAT'S--PIERRE'S FACE!



YOU--HOVERING AROUND, AS USUAL! HOW DID YOUR FACE GET ONTO THIS CANVAS?

MY FACE? YOU'D BETTER LOOK AGAIN--YOUR NERVES ARE GETTING THE BEST OF YOU!



TO ERIC'S SURPRISE, PIERRE SEIZED HIS BRUSH, DIPPED IT INTO THE PAINT--THEN STARTED WORKING WITH DEFT, SURE STROKES!

PIERRE--I DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD PAINT!

THERE'S MUCH YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED ABOUT ME!--JUST A FEW MORE STROKES NOW--AND YOU'LL SEE!



AND NOW I'M POSITIVE--IT'S THE FACE OF THE MURDERER WHO DISAPPEARED FROM MY CANVAS! HE'S--PIERRE!

YOU WERE CALLING ME, SIR?



ERIC LOOKED AT THE PAINTING AGAIN--AND SAW--

I--I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING! IT'S THAT SAME CHILDISH, RIDICULOUS DAUBING I PUT THERE! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY TALENT, MY GENIUS?

YOU HAVE ONLY ONE THING LEFT--YOUR CHOICE OF SUBJECT! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CORPSE HANGING FROM A GIBBET, ISN'T IT? LET ME SHOW YOU HOW IT SHOULD BE RENDERED!



NO! THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! MY STYLE! MY BRUSHWORK! MY COLORATION AND ATMOSPHERE! IT'S AS IF I HAD PAINTED IT--HOW COULD YOU--?

HAVEN'T YOU GUESSED? LOOK INTO MY EYES--AND LEARN THE TRUTH!



YOU CREATED ME, ERIC! I AM THE MURDERER IN THE PAINTING! YOU PAINTED ME WITH SUCH REALISM, SUCH LIFE, THAT NO CANVAS COULD HOLD ME! AND AS YOUR CREATION, I AM A PART OF YOU! THAT'S WHY I CAN READ YOUR MIND AND PAINT AS YOU DID--



--BUT, ERIC--THERE IS SOMETHING YOU WERE NOT ABLE TO DO IN YOUR PAINTING--AND THAT IS, GIVE ME A SOUL! UNTIL I GET ONE, I CANNOT BE REAL, HUMAN! HOWEVER, THAT CAN BE REMEDIED--I AM TAKING YOUR SOUL!



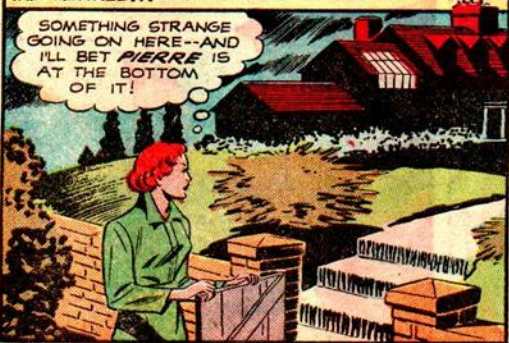
THE LONG STRAIN OF WORRY AND MENTAL AGONY NOW TOOK THEIR TOLL--AND ERIC CRASHED SENSELESSLY TO THE FLOOR!



LATER-- IT'S A CLEAR CASE OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN--OR WORSE! I'M WORRIED ABOUT THOSE FANTASTIC DELUSIONS OF HIS--THAT RAVING ABOUT THE BUTLER TRYING TO STEAL HIS SOUL! WE MUST BE PATIENT...



STAYING AT THE CHANDLER HOME TO BE NEAR ERIC, FRANCES NOTICED THAT NIGHT AFTER NIGHT A LIGHT BURNED IN ERIC'S STUDIO--LONG AFTER THE HOUSEHOLD HAD RETIRED...



AND SO, THE NEXT NIGHT--



SURE ENOUGH, AT MID-NIGHT, PIERRE STOLE QUIETLY INTO THE STUDIO-- AND TO FRANCES' ASTONISHMENT, BEGAN PAINTING AT ERIC'S EASEL!



THAT'S FUNNY--I DIDN'T THINK PIERRE COULD PAINT! I WONDER WHAT HE'S WORKING ON...



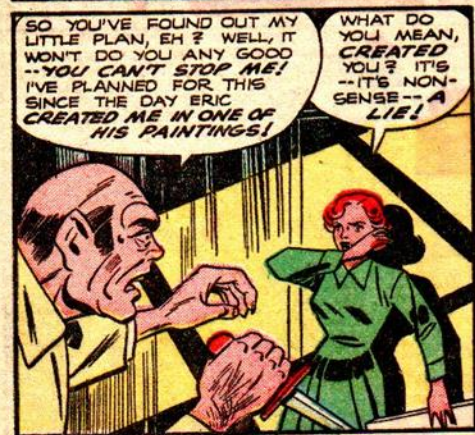
WHY--IT'S A PORTRAIT OF --ERIC! AND IT'S SO REALISTIC AS TO BE ALMOST-ALIVE!

FINISHED AT LAST! THERE IS ONLY ONE STEP MORE--AND THAT'S TO PLUNGE THIS KNIFE THROUGH YOUR HEART! THEN--YOUR SOUL WILL BE MINE!



FRANCES ACTED QUICKLY--

WHAT--! NO! STOP!



SO YOU'VE FOUND OUT MY LITTLE PLAN, EH? WELL, IT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD --YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'VE PLANNED FOR THIS SINCE THE DAY ERIC CREATED ME IN ONE OF HIS PAINTINGS!

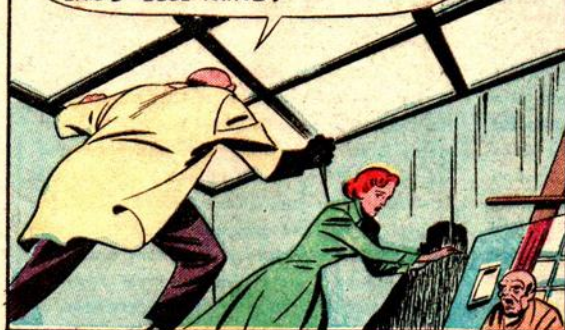
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, CREATED YOU? IT'S --IT'S NON-SENSE-- A LIE!



A LIE?--NO! HERE IS THE PAINTING FROM WHICH I EMERGED INTO LIFE! I USED HIS STYLE TO PAINT MYSELF BACK INTO IT, FOR IT IS WRITTEN THAT I CANNOT GAIN HIS SOUL UNLESS I APPEAR AS FIRST I WAS!

AS PIERRE STALKED TOWARD HER, FRANCES REACHED FEARFULLY FOR THE PAINTING, WHICH HE HAD LAID ASIDE...

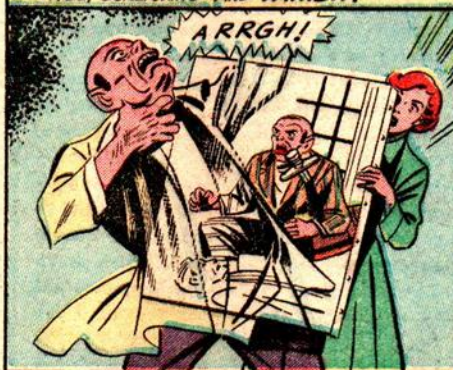
--UNFORTUNATELY, SINCE YOU'VE BUTTED INTO THIS, I MUST PUT YOU AWAY, FIRST! --THEN FOR THE STROKE THAT WILL MAKE ERIC'S SOUL MINE!



THE MAN WITHOUT A SOUL STRUCK--



HORRIFIED, FRANCES WATCHED PIERRE SUDDENLY FALL, SCREAMING--AND VANISH!



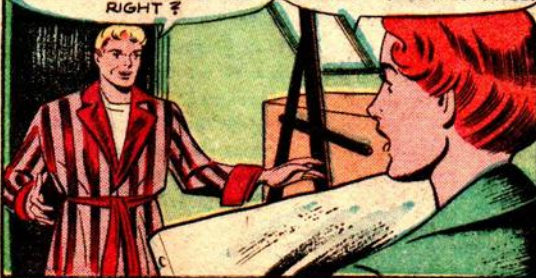
THE KNIFE THRUST THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED ME--THAT WOULD HAVE ROBBED ERIC OF HIS SOUL--HAS PIERCED THE HEART OF THE PICTURE FROM WHICH THE FIEND SPANG! THANK HEAVEN, HE'S GONE FOR GOOD NOW--DISAPPEARED INTO THE LIMBO FROM WHICH HE CAME!



AND AT THAT MOMENT, ERIC, HIS STRENGTH AND SANITY SUDDENLY RETURNED COMPLETELY RUSHED INTO THE STUDIO--

SWEETHEART--I JUST HAD A HORRIBLE DREAM! WHAT'S HAPPENED--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OF COURSE, DARLING-- I WAS JUST--ADMIRING ONE OF YOUR PAINTINGS!



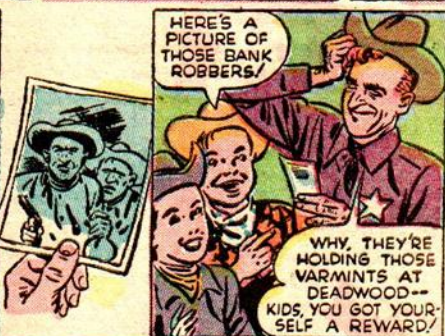
NEXT DAY-- I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! YESTER-

DAY, ERIC, YOU SEEMED TO BE ON THE VERGE OF INSANITY! AND NOW--IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH YOU'D GOT BACK THAT SOUL YOU WERE RAVING ABOUT!

I NEVER LOST IT, DOCTOR --NOT QUITE--THANKS TO THE GIRL WHO'S GOING TO MAKE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WIFE IN THE WORLD!



The End



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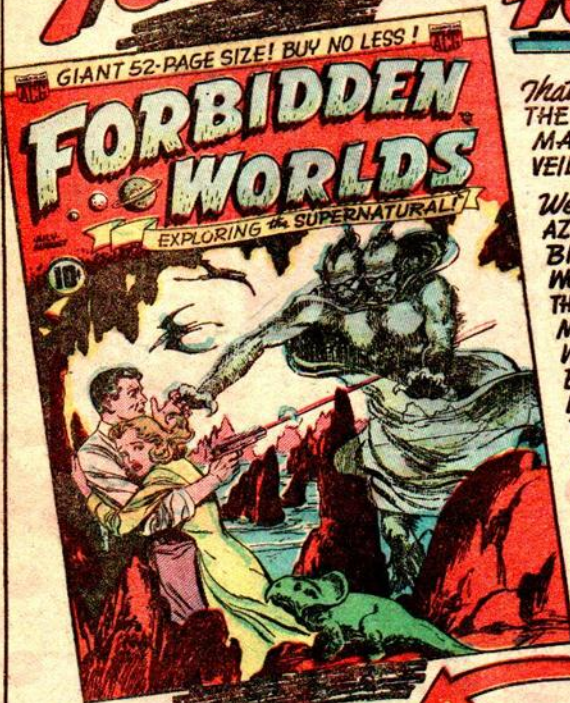
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AZINE--TO VENTURE INTO FOR-
BIDDEN WORLDS--UNKNOWN
WORLDS! READ IT--AND WATCH
THE SUPERNATURAL COME ALIVE!
MEET GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WERE-
WOLVES, VAMPIRES--CHILL TO
BLACK MAGIC FROM BEYOND
LIFE ITSELF...GASP AT STRANGER
THINGS THAN EVER THE MIND
OF MAN CONCEIVED!

9¢'s ALL HERE FOR YOU IN
THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT
DARES TO BE DIFFERENT
...THAT DARES TO TELL
ALL! FOR THE THRILL-TIME
OF A LIFETIME, READ

FORBIDDEN WORLDS

EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

10¢
on all
STANDS

The great new companion to **ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!**

THE ZOMBIES PROWL

THERE'S THE TOLTEC PYRAMID OF TEOTIHUACAN, BUT WHAT CAN YOU HOPE TO FIND THERE, WHEN I AND OTHER EXPERTS ON TOLTEC ARCHAEOLOGY HAVE SEARCHED AND FOUND NOTHING!

I EXPECT TO FIND **PLENTY**, JUANITA! THAT TOLTEC STRUCTURE HAS AN AMAZING SIMILARITY TO THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS, WHICH I'M AN EXPERT ON-- AND I'M SURE THERE MUST BE SOME STRANGE CONNECTION BETWEEN THEM!



THE NEXT TIME YOU'RE IN THE MEXICAN VALLEY OF TEOTIHUACAN, READER, PAY A VISIT TO THE GREAT TOLTEC PYRAMID-- ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING AND MYSTERIOUS MARVELS EVER TO PLAGUE THE MINDS OF MEN! THE ANCIENT, UNWRITTEN SECRETS OF PYRAMID BUILDING HAD DIED OUT IN EGYPT 4,000 YEARS BEFORE THE TOLTEC PYRAMID WAS BUILT-- SO WHO COULD HAVE LIVED FOR FORTY CENTURIES TO HAND THOSE SECRETS TO PRIMITIVE TOLTECS? WHO-- BUT ONE OF THE LEGION OF THE LIVING DEAD!

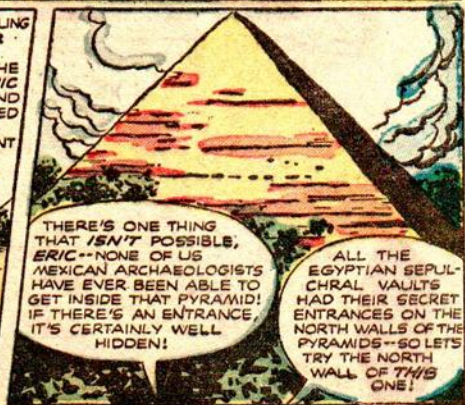
I'M SORRY THE MEXICAN BUREAU OF ANTIQUITIES EVER ASSIGNED ME TO ACCOMPANY YOU, SENOR HODGES! YOU MUST BE MAD TO THINK THAT THERE COULD BE ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS BUILT AROUND 3,000 B.C. AND THIS PYRAMID, WHICH WAS BUILT IN 1,000 A.D.!

STOP CALLING ME SENOR HODGES, HONEY-- THE NAME'S ERIC TO YOU! AND IF YOU'D DELVED INTO THE MYSTERIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT THE WAY I HAVE, YOU'D KNOW THAT ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!



THERE'S ONE THING THAT ISN'T POSSIBLE, ERIC-- NONE OF US MEXICAN ARCHAEOLOGISTS HAVE EVER BEEN ABLE TO GET INSIDE THAT PYRAMID! IF THERE'S AN ENTRANCE, IT'S CERTAINLY WELL HIDDEN!

ALL THE EGYPTIAN SEPULCHRAL VAULTS HAD THEIR SECRET ENTRANCES ON THE NORTH WALLS OF THE PYRAMIDS-- SO LET'S TRY THE NORTH WALL OF THIS ONE!



HERE'S THE NORTH WALL-- WHY DON'T YOU TRY SAYING OPEN SESAME IN EGYPTIAN!

GO AHEAD AND LAUGH, JUANITA-- BUT MY EXPERIENCES IN EGYPT TAUGHT ME A LOT OF RESPECT FOR MYSTICAL INCANTATIONS AND OBJECTS! FOR EXAMPE, I'VE HAD NOTHING BUT GOOD LUCK EVER SINCE I FOUND THIS SCARAB OF OSIRIS, THE GREAT GOD OF THE DEAD, IN THE PYRAMID OF GIZEH--AND I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF IT BRINGS ME LUCK NOW!



WELL, I MIGHT AS WELL GET TO WORK--MMM, THIS BLOCK OF STONE JUTS OUT SLIGHTLY FROM THE OTHERS! THERE WAS ONE JUST LIKE IT IN THE PYRAMID OF IMHOTEP, AND WE FOUND THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE BURIAL VAULTS BY PRESSING DOWN ON THE STONE-- LIKE THIS!



OOPS!

YOU-- YOU'VE FOUND IT!



IT IS TABOO TO ENTER THE TOMB OF THE LIVING DEAD-- THE ANCIENT LEGENDS FORBID IT!

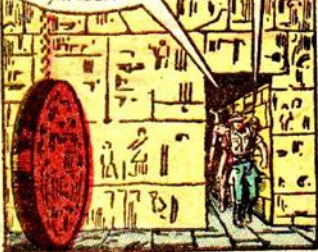
NONSENSE--MY GUN WILL PROTECT YOU FROM ANY HARAM! COME ON, JUANITA--TELL YOUR NATIVES TO FOLLOW US INSIDE--WE'LL NEED THEIR HELP IN CARRYING OUT ANY MUMMY CASES WE FIND!

THEY'LL FOLLOW US--THEY'D BE TOO TERRIFIED TO WAIT OUTSIDE ALONE!



HOLY HANNAH, I WAS RIGHT! LOOK AT THOSE EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHS ON THE WALLS-- THIS IS AN EGYPTIAN BURIAL VAULT!

IT'S... IT'S... I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND--



THERE'S SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND-- THERE OUGHT TO BE MUMMIES IN A SEPULCHRAL VAULT LIKE THIS! I THINK I'LL TAKE A LOOK BEHIND THAT LARGE EGYPTIAN GONG!



MUM!



THIS...THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THESE PRIESTLY CLOTHES WERE WORN ONLY BY HIGH EGYPTIANS OF THE IXTH DYNASTY, WHICH MAKES THIS CHARACTER AT LEAST 5,000 YEARS OLD--BUT THIS IS SUCH A PERFECT CASE OF EMBALMING THAT HE ALMOST SEEMS ALIVE!--JUANITA--COME HERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!



BUT AS JUANITA RECOILS FROM THE SHOCKINGLY EVIL FACE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN

OH!!!

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE BUMPING AGAINST THE GONG!



INSTANTLY...

FOOLS--YOU HAVE SOUNDED THE SACRED GONG OF SETESH, THE GOD OF EVIL! YOU MUST DIE FOR BREAKING THE SPELL OF THE LIVING DEAD!



A ZOMBIE--A ZOMBIE! HE HAS BEEN AWAKENED FROM THE LIVING DEAD! FLEE!

ERIC-- HE'S...HE'S ALIVE!



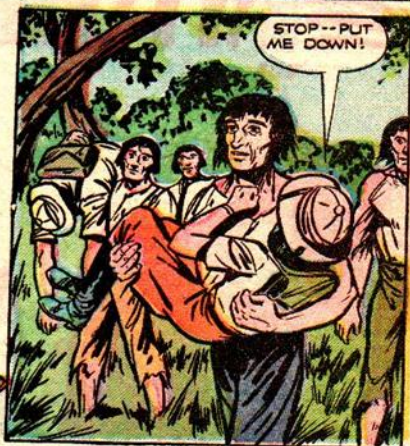
YES, I'M ALIVE--AND ALSO DEAD! AND YOU WILL SOON BE DEAD FOR SOUNDING THE SACRED GONG WHICH HAS BEEN SILENT SINCE 1,000 A.D.--WHEN I FORCED THE TOLTECS TO BUILD THIS PYRAMID! YOUR HISTORIANS HAVE WONDERED ABOUT THE SUDDEN EXTINCTION OF THE TOLTEC RACE--BUT NOW YOU CAN KNOW THAT I, THE HIGH PRIEST IMHOTEP OF THE IXTH EGYPTIAN DYNASTY, SLEW THEM TO A MAN--SO THEY COULD BECOME MY LEGIONS OF THE UNDEAD!



FOR A THOUSAND YEARS THE DEAD WERE SUPPOSED TO SLEEP UNTIL THE SACRED GONG SOUNDED AND WAKENED THEM IN 2,000 A.D.! BUT NOW THAT THEY HAVE BEEN AWAKENED FIFTY YEARS BEFORE THEIR APPOINTED TIME, THEY WILL BE MINDLESS--UNLESS YOU WHO AWOKED THEM PREMATURELY ARE SACRIFICED ON THE ALTAR OF SETESH!







IT WAS SETESH WHO GAVE ME THE
SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, THOU-
SANDS OF YEARS AGO! I WAS
PUT UNDER A SPELL OF THE
LIVING DEAD, AND SLEPT FOR A
THOUSAND YEARS UNTIL SETESH'S
GONG AWAKENED ME TO THE
UNDYING LIFE OF THE UNDEAD!



BUT I AWOKE TO FIND A NEW
DYNASTY IN POWER! WHEN THE
REIGNING PHARAOH FOUND OUT
I WAS IN LEAGUE WITH SETESH
AND THE POWERS OF DARKNESS,
HE TRIED TO EXECUTE ME FOR
THE PRACTICE OF BLACK MAGIC--
BUT HE COULD NOT KILL ME, FOR
I WAS ALREADY DEAD! SO THEY
BANISHED ME FROM EGYPT, AND
FOR COUNTLESS YEARS I
WANDERED IN EXILE, CONSUMED
BY THE BURNING DESIRE FOR
REVENGE AGAINST MORTAL MEN--
UNTIL I FINALLY CAME TO THIS
VALLEY OF THE TOLTECS.



MY KNOWLEDGE OF BLACK MAGIC GAVE ME COMPLETE POWER OVER THE SUPERSTITIOUS TOLTECS--AND I SAW MY CHANCE TO GAIN A VAST ARMY OF THE LIVING DEAD! I SLEW THEM THROUGH SETESH'S MAGIC SPELL--AND I ONLY HAD TO WAIT FIFTY MORE YEARS BEFORE THEY WOULD ARISE--WITH ALL OF SETESH'S EVIL KNOWLEDGE IN THEIR MINDS! YEA, I WOULD HAVE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF INDESTRUCTIBLE SORCERERS TO DO MY BIDDING--TO WIPE OUT ALL HUMANITY....



...IF YOU HADN'T AWAKENED THEM BEFORE THEIR MINDS WERE FULLY REBORN! BUT KILLING YOU WILL APPEASE THE GOD OF EVIL AND RENEW THE SPELL--SO PREPARE TO DIE WHILE I PERFORM THE SACRED RITES OF SACRIFICE WITH THE MAGICAL SCARAB OF SETESH!



KHESERU
HOREMHEB
SETESH
AMAKH--

THAT'S THE INCANTATION FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF EVIL--AND THE ONLY THING THAT'S SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE POWER OF COUNTER-ACTING IT IS THE OLD CHANT FROM OSIRIS'S BOOK OF THE DEAD! IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT THE SACRED SCARAB OF OSIRIS BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



THE--THE
SACRED
SCARAB
OF
OSIRIS!

YES, AND OSIRIS WAS THE GREAT GOD OF THE DEAD--THE MOST POWERFUL GOD OF ALL! HEAR ME, OSIRIS--SEND OUT THY MIGHTY POWERS FROM THE VALLEY OF THE SHADES TO CRUSH THE EVIL MAGIC OF SETESH, WHO WOULD USURP THY POWERS AND RULE THE EARTH!



THE SCARAB--IT'S BURNING ME--BLINDING ME! HEAR ME, O SETESH--HELP THY EVIL SERVANT IN HIS HOUR OF NEED!

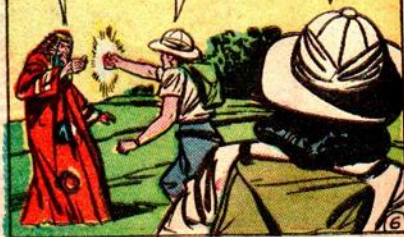
IT'S NO USE, IMHOTEP--EVEN IN THE ANCIENT LEGEND OF THE GODS, SETESH COULD NEVER STAND UP AGAINST THE DREAD OSIRIS!--DRIVE THE EVIL ONE BACK, OSIRIS--HE BELONGS IN THY PROVINCE OF THE DEAD, NOT IN SETESH'S LAND OF THE LIVING UNDEAD!

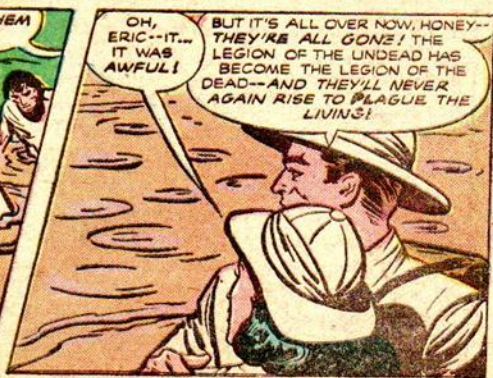
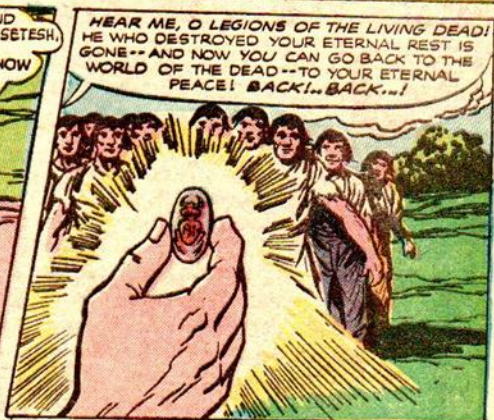
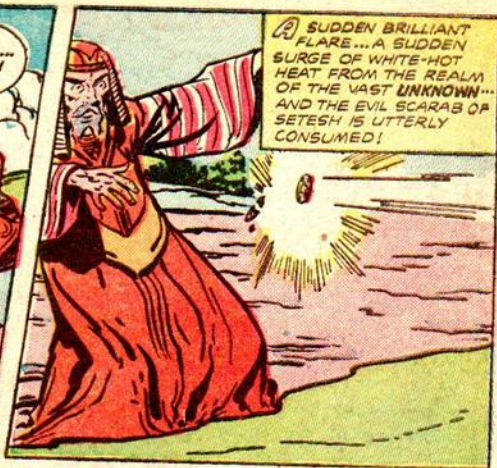


HELP
ME--SAVE
ME!

NOTHING CAN HELP YOU NOW--YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE REALM OF THE DEAD WHERE YOU BELONG! BACK! BACK!

ERIC IS FORCING HIM RIGHT BACK ON--TO THE EDGE OF THE QUICK-SAND AREA!





"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE

"BEATING THE
BEACH BARRAGE"



U.S. ROYAL
AND THE
BIKE CLUB
BOYS WATCH
FROM A SAFE
DISTANCE AS A
GROUP OF
NAVY
DESTROYERS
AND
CRUISERS
STEAM IN FOR
FIRING
PRACTICE...



IN A FEW MOMENTS NOW,
THE SHIPS WILL MOVE IN
AT FLANK SPEED AND LAY
DOWN A BARRAGE ON
THAT DESERTED SHORE...

BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH HIS GLASSES,
ROYAL SEES THAT THE SHORE IS
NOT QUITE DESERTED!



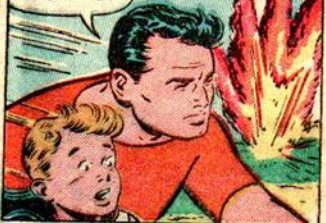
YOU FELLAS BIKE BACK TO THE
NAVAL STATION FAST AND GET
THEM TO WARN THOSE SHIPS!
I'M GOING AFTER THAT KID
IN THE
MEANTIME...



WITH SUPER JET-SPEED, ROYAL
STREAKS DOWN TO THE TARGET
AREA AND --



PHUEWW! LUCKY FOR US I MADE
IT, JUNIOR-- 'CAUSE IT LOOKS
LIKE THE BOYS WERE
TOO LATE!



JUST AS WE
GOT TO THE
RADIO-ROOM,
WE HEARD THE
FIRST SALVO!

YOU DID ALL
RIGHT, BOYS... AND
A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY
WAS AVOIDED --
THANKS
TO ROYAL!

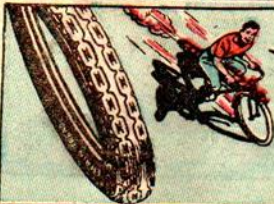
ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
YOU MEAN... THAT'S
WHERE THE SPEED
CAME IN!



FELLAS, FOR REAL SPEED, YOU
WANT A TIRE THAT COMBINES
SAFETY AND EASY PEDALING.
TRY
U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. THERE'S
EXTRA MILEAGE IN
THEM, TOO!



SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... AND PERFECT
CONTROL ARE AT YOUR FOOT-
TIPS WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN. BE SURE YOUR NEXT
TIRES ARE ROYALS!



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



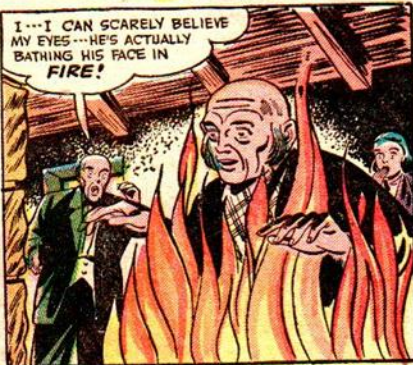
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UNCANNY MYSTERIES

THE MYSTERIOUS
MR. HOME

ONE OF THE STRANGEST FIGURES OF HISTORY WAS DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME... A MAN POSSESSED OF WEIRD, UNCANNY POWERS! HOME WAS BORN IN EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, IN 1833... AND HE FIRST CAME TO THE ATTENTION OF AN ASTONISHED WORLD IN 1867, WHEN HE PERFORMED SOME UNBELIEVABLE EXPERIMENTS IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH DISTINGUISHED WITNESSES AS LORD ADARE AND CORRESPONDENTS FOR THE BRITISH DAILY TELEGRAPH!

I... I CAN SCARELY BELIEVE MY EYES... HE'S ACTUALLY BATHING HIS FACE IN FIRE!



WHEN THE EXPERIMENT WAS OVER, HOME HAD PROVEN TO EVERYONE'S SATISFACTION THAT HE COULD TOUCH AND HANDLE FIRE WITH IMPUNITY... FOR HIS FACE WASN'T EVEN SINGED!



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, HOME SUCCEEDED IN ASTOUNDING TWO CONTINENTS... AND IN THE PRESENCE OF SUCH ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS AS THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, COUNT ALEXIS TOLSTOY, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, THACKERAY, AND NAPOLEON III, HE OFTEN ROSE STRAIGHT UPWARD UNTIL HE COULD MAKE A CHALK MARK ON THE HIGH CEILING OF A ROOM!



ON SCORES OF OCCASIONS, HE ALLOWED THOSE PRESENT TO PASS THEIR HANDS AROUND HIM WHILE HE FLOATED IN MID-AIR... AND NOT ONCE DID ANYONE FIND EVIDENCE OF ANY HIDDEN WIRES OR OTHER CHICANERY!



ONCE, THE AMAZING MR. HOME EVEN FLOATED OUT OF A WINDOW SEVENTY FEET ABOVE THE GROUND, AND CASUALLY FLOATED BACK IN THROUGH ANOTHER WINDOW!



IN ADDITION TO POSSESSING THE POWER OF LEVITATION, HOME COULD ALSO MAKE HEAVY PIECES OF FURNITURE RISE INTO THE AIR BY SOME UNKNOWN POWER!



BRITISH SCIENTISTS WHO WERE SKEPTICAL OF HOME'S POWERS DECIDED TO SUBJECT THE MAN TO A SERIES OF RIGOROUS SCIENTIFIC TESTS... AND CHOSE FOR THE JOB ONE OF THE MOST BRILLIANT PHYSICISTS OF THE AGE, SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, THE INVENTOR OF THE CROOKES X-RAY TUBE! AND ON JULY 1, 1871, CROOKES MADE HIS HISTORY-MAKING STATEMENT...

UNDER CONDITIONS OF PERFECT CONTROL, MR. HOME FLOATED IN THE AIR, SUPPORTED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE, AND WAS ABLE TO HANDLE RED-HOT COALS WITHOUT INJURY! ALSO, OBJECTS IN HOME'S VICINITY WERE RAISED INTO THE AIR BY SOME MYSTERIOUS POWER!



JOURNEY *into* MADNESS



COULD THEY BELIEVE THEIR EYES-- THESE SCIENTISTS WHO'D PENETRATED DEEP INTO THE MYSTERY-SHROUDED FLORIDA EVERGLADES-- HAD THEY ACTUALLY STUMBLED INTO A PREHISTORIC WORLD THAT HAD PERISHED MILLIONS OF YEARS BEFORE-- OR WERE THEIR MINDS CRUMBLING UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF MADNESS? READ-- AND LEARN THE ASTOUNDING ANSWER FOR YOURSELF!



THE CURATOR'S OFFICE-- MUSEUM OF ANCIENT HISTORY--

IT'S THE STRANGEST PLANT FOSSIL WE'VE EVER RECEIVED, DR. FLETCHER, AND NOBODY KNOWS WHAT IT IS! BUT TO A PALEONTOLOGIST OF YOUR STATURE, IDENTIFICATION SHOULD BE EASY!

I DON'T KNOW, PROFESSOR MOTTRAM! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT-- AND EVIDENTLY, IT STUMPED THE CRUIKSHANK EXPEDITION THAT FOUND IT!

WELL, THEY MADE THE FIND IN A REMOTE SECTION OF THE EVERGLADES, AND I'D LIKE IT CLASSIFIED! IDENTIFY IT, AND YOU'LL MAKE A GREAT REPUTATION FOR YOURSELF!

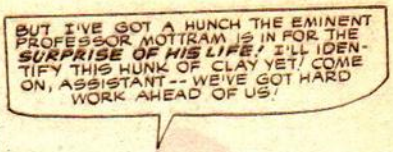
YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE ME TO GO OUT ON A LIMB AND RUIN MY REPUTATION, PROFESSOR MOTTRAM!





BUT WHY DID MOTTRAM GIVE THE FOSSIL TO YOU, MARTIN? AFTER ALL, THIS PLACE IS FULL OF HIS STOGES AND --

BECAUSE THERE ISN'T ENOUGH HERE FOR A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION, BETTY! HE'S POSITIVE I'LL FAIL -- AND GIVE HIM AN EXCUSE FOR FIRING ME!



BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE EMINENT PROFESSOR MOTTRAM IS IN FOR THE SURPRISE OF HIS LIFE! I'LL IDENTIFY THIS HUNK OF CLAY YET! COME ON, ASSISTANT -- WE'VE GOT HARD WORK AHEAD OF US!

AFTER HOURS OF WEARY LABOR --

BUT YOUR CONCLUSION'S FANTASTIC! AFTER ALL, MOTTRAM'S BEEN IN THE FIELD FOR 40 YEARS --

I DON'T CARE IF HE'S BEEN IN IT 400 YEARS! THESE REMAINS ARE DEFINITELY NOT PLANT FOSSILS -- AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT THEY ARE!

AND IF HE SAYS IT'S A PLANT FOSSIL --



HERE -- THE RECONSTRUCTION'S COMPLETE, DESPITE MOTTRAM'S PET THEORY THAT PREHISTORIC MONSTERS NEVER INHABITED THIS PART OF THE WORLD -- WHAT WE'RE LOOKING AT IS THE FOSSILIZED FOOTPRINT OF ONE OF THE MOST HIDEOUS OF THE DINOSAURS -- THE TRIGERATOPI! LET'S SHOW MOTTRAM THE EVIDENCE!



THAT'S RIGHT! DESPITE YOUR PET THEORIES, I'M BETTING THE EVERGLADES WERE RICH IN ANCIENT REPTILIAN LIFE -- AND WHAT CRUIKSHANK STUMBLED ON WAS A NEST OF EXTINCT DINOSAURS!

RIDICULOUS, FLETCHER! ARE YOU PITTING YOUR FEEBLE BELIEFS AGAINST THE PROVEN WORD OF EXPERTS?



BUT I MUSTN'T LOSE MY TEMPER -- THIS IS PROBABLY A LITTLE JOKE ON DR. FLETCHER'S PART! I CAN ASSURE YOU -- AND HE KNOWS -- THAT NO DINOSAUR EVER INHABITED THE EVERGLADES -- OR ANY PLACE WITHIN 1,000 MILES OF THAT REGION!



THIS IS A CLEVER RECONSTRUCTION YOU MADE -- BUT I SUGGEST WE FORGET THE WHOLE EPISODE!

BUT -- BUT I'M WILLING TO STAKE MY PROFESSIONAL REPUTATION --



YOU'RE CARRYING THIS FARCE A BIT TOO FAR, FLETCHER! I'D STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO FORGET IT!

I WON'T FORGET IT-- AND I WANT A CHANCE TO PROVE MY CLAIM!



LET ME TAKE AN EXPEDITION OVER THE GROUND CRUIKSHANK COVERED LAST YEAR! SURE, IT'S A BIG EXPENSE-- BUT IF I PROVE THAT AREA WAS ONCE A HABITAT FOR DINOSAURS, IT'LL BE A FEATHER IN THE MUSEUM'S CAP! AND IF I FAIL-- I'LL RESIGN!



VERY WELL-- I ACCEPT YOUR TERMS! BUT JUST IN ORDER TO MAKE SURE OF YOUR FINDINGS, I'LL COME ALONG AS LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION! PREPARE TO LEAVE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



OH, MARTIN, YOU PLAYED RIGHT INTO HIS HANDS! HE WANTS TO GET YOU OUT OF THE MUSEUM BECAUSE HE'S JEALOUS OF YOUR ABILITIES-- AND NOW--

DON'T WORRY, BETTY! AS MY ASSISTANT, YOU'LL ACCOMPANY THE EXPEDITION-- SO YOU CAN BE IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR WHEN I PROVE I'M RIGHT IN MY THEORIES!

AND SO-- WEEKS LATER-- IN THE DEPTHS OF THE AGE-OLD EVERGLADES--

WE'LL PITCH CAMP HERE, GENTLEMEN! ACCORDING TO CRUIKSHANK'S NOTES, THIS IS THE REGION WHERE HIS UNCLASSIFIED FOSSIL WAS FOUND-- AN AREA NEVER BEFORE EXPLORED. YOU ALL HAVE YOUR SPECIFIC TASKS-- SO LET'S GET TO WORK!



WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, MARTIN? WHY ARE WE LEAVING THE OTHERS?

SHH! LET THEM SEARCH FOR PLANT FOSSILS-- WE'RE AFTER BIGGER GAME! THEY WON'T MISS US IF WE TAKE A FEW MINUTES OFF AND SCOUT AROUND ON OUR OWN!

NOW GET THIS-- WHAT WE'VE GOT TO LOOK FOR ARE GEOLOGIC REMAINS THAT POINT TO A PREHISTORIC LAKE! MONSTERS LIKE THE TRICERATOPS ARE KNOWN TO HAVE INHABITED ONLY AREAS WHERE WATER WAS PLENTIFUL, AND IT'S MY BELIEF--

WAIT-- SOMEONE'S COMING!



IT-- IT'S MOTTRAM! DR. FLETCHER! MISS RAND! WHY AREN'T YOU AT WORK ON THE PROJECTS I ASSIGNED?



BUT-- BUT I WAS TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO PROVE MY THEORIES--

NEVER MIND THAT NONSENSE! YOU'LL EITHER WORK AS I DIRECT-- OR I'LL ASK THE TRUSTEES OF THE MUSEUM TO RELIEVE YOU OF YOUR JOB!



AS THE WEARYING DAYS OF OPPRESSIVE HEAT PASSED--

FLETCHER'S GONE AGAIN, PROFESSOR MOTTRAM! HUNTING FOR THAT TRICERATOPS OF HIS, I'LL BET!

HE'LL MAKE A LAUGHING STOCK OF THIS EXPEDITION! THAT SETTLES IT-- I'M GOING TO ASK TO HAVE HIM RELIEVED!



NEXT DAY--

IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU WERE TO BE GIVEN A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR THEORIES-- AND NOW HE'S WRITING THE TRUSTEES TO HAVE YOU FIRED!

NEVER MIND THAT-- I'VE GOT REAL NEWS! I'VE FOUND TRACES OF THE ANCIENT LAKE I SOUGHT-- A LAKE THAT EXISTED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO! LET'S HEAD FOR THE HIGH, SOLID LAND THAT ONCE OVERLOOKED IT-- WE MAY FIND SOMETHING SIGNIFICANT THERE!



WITHIN AN HOUR-- A STUPENDOUS DISCOVERY!

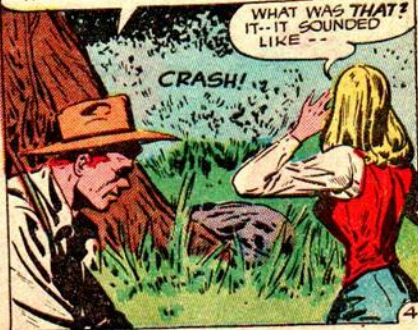
IT-- IT'S THE FOOTPRINT OF A HUGE DINOSAUR! IT'S TOO BIG TO BE A TRICERATOPS-- MORE LIKELY IT'S THE PRINT OF THE MOST ENORMOUS CREATURE THAT EVER TROD THE EARTH-- A GIGANTOSAURUS! BUT WAIT-- IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!



THIS-- THIS IS INSANE, BETTY! THIS PRINT-- IT'S NOT FROM THE MESOZOIC ERA AT ALL! INSTEAD OF BEING 600,000 CENTURIES OLD, IT CAN'T GO BACK MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS! IT'S ASTONISHING-- AND FRIGHTENING! IT-- IT MEANS THAT WITHIN THE PAST CENTURY, DINOSAURS ROAMED OVER THIS VERY SPOT!



HMM-- IT'S PREPOSTEROUS TO IMAGINE DINOSAURS LIVING HERE IN THE EVERGLADES, MILLIONS OF YEARS AFTER THE LAST OF THEM WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE PERISHED-- AND YET--



WHAT WAS THAT? IT-- IT SOUNDED LIKE --

CRASH!

THE GROUND-- IT'S CRACKING OPEN UNDER US! WE'RE TRAPPED-- BY AN EARTHQUAKE!



DOWN, DOWN, IN A DIZZYING FALL THROUGH THE ANCIENT EARTH'S CRACKED SURFACE! AND BENEATH, IN THE HALF-LIGHT OF A STRANGE NEW WORLD--

WE'RE LUCKY WE ESCAPED WITH JUST A FEW SCRATCHES! WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CAMP, MARTIN!

IF THERE'S ANY CAMP LEFT! WHERE ARE WE? THIS STRANGE, UNEARTHLY VEGETATION! AND OFF THERE IN THE DISTANCE -- IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE, I'D SAY IT WAS A--



-- A DINOSAUR! THIS IS CRAZY! WE COME IN SEARCH OF TRACES OF AN EXTINCT MONSTER, AND WE SEE IT AGAIN-- IN THE FLESH!

IT--IT'S LIKE A NIGHTMARE!



IT CAN'T BE, MARTIN-- UNLESS WE'VE BOTH GONE MAD!

EITHER THAT--OR THROUGH SOME INEXPLICABLE PHENOMENON OF NATURE, WE'VE TUMBLED INTO THE MESOZOIC ERA! AND WHAT WE'RE SEEING NOW IS THE EARTH AS IT WAS SIXTY MILLION YEARS AGO!



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT-- BUT LOOK OVER THERE! TELL ME YOU DON'T SEE IT-- THAT MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS ON ME!

THEY'RE NOT! THOSE ARE DINOSAUR EGGS!



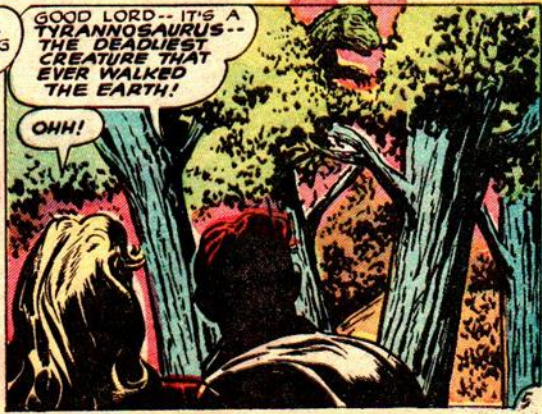
I'VE GOT IT IN MY HANDS-- EVIDENCE I CAN BRING BACK-- PROOF THAT MOTIRAM WAS WRONG AND I WAS RIGHT!

M-MARTIN-- I'M AFRAID TO LOOK-- BUT THAT CRASHING NOISE -- THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND US!



GOOD LORD-- IT'S A TYRANOSAURUS-- THE DEADLIEST CREATURE THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH!

OHH!





WHAT HAPPENED? NEVER MIND THAT! IF YOU HADN'T WANDERED AWAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN CAUGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THOSE TWO EARTHQUAKE TREMORS!



WELL, I'M GLAD WE DID! WE'VE SEEN SOMETHING TOTALLY INCREDIBLE! DINO-SAUURS-- ALIVE! WE WATCHED THEM WITH OUR OWN EYES-- AND PROVED MY THEORY! WHY, WE SPOTTED A TRI-CERATOPS-- AND WERE EVEN PURSUED BY A TYRANOSAURUS!



HE'S AT IT AGAIN-- WITH THAT RIDICULOUS NOTION OF DINOSAURS HERE-- IN THE EVERGLADES!

YOU'RE EITHER AN OUTRIGHT LIAR OR YOU'RE COMPLETELY MAD, FLETCHER!

BUT-- I SAW IT-- AND SO DID BETTY--

I SAID YOU WERE MAD-- AND YOUR LITTLE SOJOURN MUST HAVE BEEN A JOURNEY INTO MADNESS! HERE'S A LETTER I'M SENDING TO THE MUSEUM'S TRUSTEES-- AND THEY'LL SEE TO IT THAT NO MUSEUM IN THE COUNTRY WILL EVER HIRE YOU AFTER THIS!

I SEE-- YOU WERE OUT TO GET ME, MOTTRAM-- AND NOW YOU HAVE! OH, IF I ONLY HAD PROOF OF THE THINGS I SAW-- THE THINGS YOU CALL MADNESS--

WAIT, MARTIN! YOU HAVE GOT PROOF, AND IT'S RIGHT HERE!



WELL, I'LL BE-- THAT DINOSAUR EGG! I MUST HAVE HUNG ON TO WHEN THAT MONSTER CHASED US! AND IF WE OPEN IT-- THERE'LL BE EVIDENCE ENOUGH-- THE FIRST REAL TYRANOSAURUS EVER SEEN ON EARTH! GOT ANYTHING TO SAY NOW, PROFESSOR MOTTRAM?

IT-- IT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I EVER HEARD, FLETCHER-- YET IT REVOLUTIONIZES THE SCIENCE OF PALEONTOLOGY! BUT-- BUT YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN HOW AN INSANE THING LIKE THIS EVER CAME TO BE!

NO-- BUT PERHAPS PROFESSOR MOTTRAM WILL-- SINCE HE SEEMS TO BE AN AUTHORITY ON MY JOURNEY INTO MADNESS!



The End

IT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, AND THE SENTINEL'S CITY ROOM WAS DESERTED SAVE FOR ONE REPORTER, HANK EVANS -- AND HE WAS SOUND ASLEEP! AND THEN SUDDENLY, WITH NO HUMAN FINGERS TOUCHING THEM -- THE KEYS ON HIS TYPEWRITER BEGAN TO MOVE, TAPPING OUT THE WORDS OF A SENSATIONAL STORY! A STORY THAT WAS TO SHOCK THE ENTIRE COUNTRYSIDE AND SEND HANK ON THE WILDEST ASSIGNMENT OF HIS CAREER AS HE COLLABORATED WITH--

THE GHOST WRITER



IF I HADN'T HEARD YOUR TYPEWRITER POUNDING A FEW MINUTES AGO AND COME UPSTAIRS TO SEE WHAT NEWS HAD BROKEN, I MIGHT NEVER HAVE SEEN THE STORY IN YOUR MACHINE -- AND WE'D HAVE MISSED GETTING IT IN THE EARLY EDITION! YOU PICK A FINE TIME TO SLEEP, EVANS!



IT WAS THEN THAT HANK SAW IT-- THE STRANGE STORY THAT WAS STILL WITHIN HIS TYPEWRITER--

HAROLD R. RANDOM FOUND DEAD
Foul Play Suspected.
by Hank Evans.

The bullet-torn body of wealthy philanthropist Harold R. Random was found in Morton Park near the Fleet Rd. intersection. A cavity at the base of a large oak tree had been opened, the body thrust inside and the hole re-closed. The hiding place was discovered through an anonymous tip.

Living alone and without servants, Mr. Random was considered eccentric because of the Victorian clothes he wore. But his lavish cash donations to various charities won him love and respect.

Misfortune had recently dogged his footsteps, for only last week he was attacked by an unidentified assailant and his right arm broken...

GOOD GRAY! I DIDN'T WRITE A WORD OF THIS! SOMEBODY MUST'VE SLIPPED IN AND DONE IT WHILE I WAS ASLEEP!-- HAROLD RANDOM DEAD! WHAT A STORY! I'D BETTER STALL THE CHIEF--



OH, THAT... WELL, I GOT A HALF-BAKED TIP THAT RANDOM HAD BEEN KNOCKED OFF! I GOTTA CHECK ON IT YET, CHIEF! GUESS I SORTA DROPPED OFF WHILE I WAS MULLING IT OVER!

GET BUSY AND CHECK THEN! WHAT KIND OF REPORTER ARE YOU, ANYWAY?



WHEN A PHONE CALL TO HAROLD RANDOM'S HOUSE BROUGHT NO ANSWER, HANK DETERMINED TO VISIT THE SUPPOSED HIDING-PLACE OF THE BODY!

PROBABLY SOME JOKER'S PULLING A GAG ON ME! BUT IT WON'T HURT TO HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



IT WAS ALL THERE-- THE OAK TREE WITH ITS SEALED OPENING--

BRR! THIS JOB GIVES ME THE CREEPS-- EVEN THOUGH I KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO FIND ANY CORPSE!



INSIDE THE TREE-- A CHILLING DISCOVERY!

GREAT GUNS! A DEAD MAN! I-- I CAN'T SEE HIS FACE TOO WELL, BUT IT MUST BE RANDOM! THAT OLD-FASHIONED COAT AND THE RIGHT ARM IN A SLING! WHEW... ME FOR A PHONE!



CHIEF! RUN THE STORY! ALL THE FACTS ARE TRUE! RANDOM IS DEAD! I'LL CALL THE POLICE--



YOU'RE SURE IT'S HAROLD RANDOM, EVANS?

YEAH! I'LL DRIVE AHEAD-- YOU FOLLOW ME!





HERE'S THE SPOT--
AND THERE'S
RANDOM!



YOU DOPE! THIS IS NO
MAN-- IT'S ONLY A
SCARECROW!

HUH?
BUT--



IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A
JOKE, EVANG, IT'S NOT OURS!
FOR A PLUGGED NICKEL,
I'D RUN YOU IN!

THEY'RE GONE-- FUNNY, I'D HAVE
SWORN THAT WAS RANDOM'S BODY!
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T SEE HIS FACE
TOO DISTINCTLY AND... WELL, I
MUST'VE JUMPED TO CONCLUSIONS
BECAUSE OF THAT WRITE-UP! GOLLY,
THERE'LL BE THE DICKENS TO PAY
IF THAT YARN HITS THE STREET!
I'LL HAVE TO CALL THE CHIEF,
BUT FAST!



**KILL THE RANDOM
STORY?** ARE YOU
CRAZY? IT'S TOO
LATE! THE PAPERS
ARE OFF THE PRESSES
AND ON THE STANDS
ALREADY!



BACK IN TOWN--

EXTRAS ALL OVER THE
STREETS! **BROTHER,**
WHAT A MESS
I'M IN!

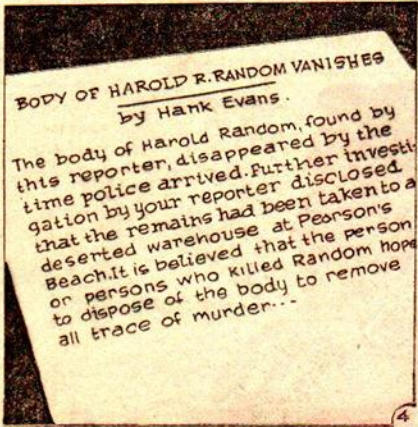
OH-OH! THERE'S MR. RANDOM-- GOING TO SEE
THE CHIEF! HERE COME THE FIREWORKS!



THIS IS THE
YOUNG FOOL
WHO WROTE
THAT
STORY,
MR.
RANDOM!

YOUNG MAN, IF I DIDN'T OWN
A BLOCK OF STOCK IN THIS
NEWSPAPER, AND IF I WASN'T
KINDLY DISPOSED TO MENTALLY-
CRIPPLED PERSONS, I'D SUE YOU
AND THE SENTINEL FOR MILLIONS!
YOU'VE MADE ME THE
LAUGHING STOCK OF
THE CITY!





I DUNNO WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT-- BUT ONE WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO GO TO THAT WAREHOUSE AT PEARSON'S BEACH!



THERE'S THAT NOSEY REPORTER... NOW TO FOLLOW AND GET RID OF HIM! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT WISE-- BUT HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!



I'M IN A HURRY, BUDDY! FILL 'ER UP-- I'LL CHECK THE TIRES!



A MOMENT LATER--

HONEST, MISTER, WELL, I DIDN'T WRITE THAT ON YOUR GLASS!

WHO IN THUNDER DID, THEN?



HMM-- WHOEVER WROTE THAT MESSAGE KNEW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT! THAT BIG SEDAN SURE IS ON MY TRAIL! I'D BETTER SHAKE IT!



DODGING THROUGH SIDE STREETS, HANK MANAGED TO LOSE THE CAR THAT WAS FOLLOWING HIM! THEN, AS HE HEADED FOR PEARSON'S BEACH--

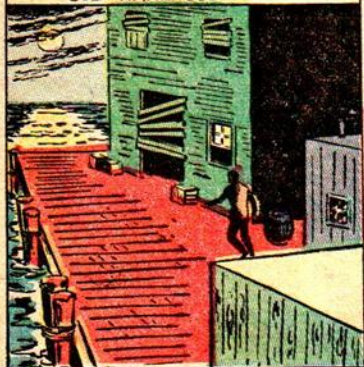
WHO COULDN'T KNOWN I WAS BEING TRAILED? AND HOW DID HE MANAGE TO WRITE THAT WARNING ON MY WINDSHIELD? THERE WAS NOBODY AROUND EXCEPT THE ATTENDANT!



AND WHO WROTE THOSE TWO NEWS ACCOUNTS? THEY PRAISED RANDOM SO HIGHLY YOU'D ALMOST THINK THE OLD GUY HAD DONE IT HIMSELF! GOOD GRAY! WHAT AM I SAYING? IF RANDOM IS DEAD, MAYBE HIS SPIRIT IS DOING A GHOST-WRITING JOB! AW, I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT-- OR CAN I?



REACHING PEARSON'S BEACH, HANK CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE OLD WAREHOUSE --



SUFFERIN' CATFISH--THERE IS A BODY INSIDE! AND IT'S ... IT'S **RANDOM'S**-- JUST AS THE WRITE-UP SAID! ... THEN WHO-- **WHO WAS IN THE SENTINEL'S OFFICE THIS MORNING?**



WE'D BETTER WAIT TILL THE BOSS SHOWS UP BEFORE HEAVEN! THE OLD GUY INTO THE DRINK... HE'S LATE!

HE'S KEEPING AN EYE ON THAT REPORTER! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW HOW THAT PUNK GOT WISE TO WHERE WE BURIED THE STIFF IN THAT TREE!



TOO BAD WE WEREN'T CLOSE ENOUGH TO SHOOT HIM WHEN HE DUG IT OUT! I TOLD THE BOSS IT WAS A STUPID PLACE TO PLANT RANDOM!

WELL, PUTTIN' THE SCARE-CROW IN ITS PLACE FIXED THAT! NOBODY'LL BELIEVE WHAT THAT REPORTER SAYS NOW-- AND IT'LL TAKE A DIVER TO FIND THE BODY **THIS TIME** WITH ALL THE SCRAP METAL TIED TO IT!



SO RANDOM'S BODY WAS IN THAT TREE ... OWWwww!



YA MEAN YA FOUND HIM HERE, BOSS?

YES, LISTENING TO YOU TWO BUMP YOUR GUMS! LOCK HIM IN THE BACK ROOM, THEN TOSS RANDOM IN THE BAY! I WANT YOU TO GET RID OF THAT BODY FOR GOOD!



A SHORT TIME LATER--

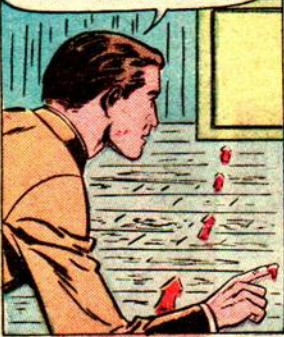
WOW! MY HEAD FEELS AS IF SOMEBODY USED IT IN A BOWLING ALLEY!



THE DOOR'S LOCKED AND I COULD NEVER GET TO THAT WINDOW! IF IT WAS RANDOM'S GHOST WHO GOT ME INTO THIS, I SURE WISH HE WOULD GET ME OUT!



WHAT THE--THESE ARROWS WERENT HERE A MINUTE AGO-- AND THE PAINT'S STILL WET! AND THEY POINT TO BEHIND THAT PACKING CASE!



SHOVING THE PACKING CASE ASIDE, HANK DISCOVERED A LOOSE WALL BOARD! IT GAVE WAY UNDER THE PRESSURE OF HIS SHOULDER--

YE GODS, SOMETHING IS HELPING ME-- AND THAT SOMETHING MUST BE STRICTLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!



BUT, BOSS, HOW DO WE KNOW SOMEBODY ELSE BESIDES THAT REPORTER AIN'T WISE TO US? MAYBE WE'D BETTER GIVE UP THE WHOLE IDEA!

AFTER ALL THOSE WEEKS I SPENT STUDYING OLD RANDOM SO I COULD IMPERSONATE HIM? NOTHING DOING!



DON'T WORRY! NOBODY SUSPECTS I'M NOT RANDOM, OR THAT THAT CHARITY WE SET UP IS A PHONY! AS SOON AS I GET ON THIS MAKE-UP, I'M HEAD-ING FOR TOWN TO CASH A BIG CHECK SO I CAN GIVE THE MONEY TO THE CHARITY! HA! HA!

YA THINK THE BANK'LL CASH THE CHECK OKAY, BOSS?

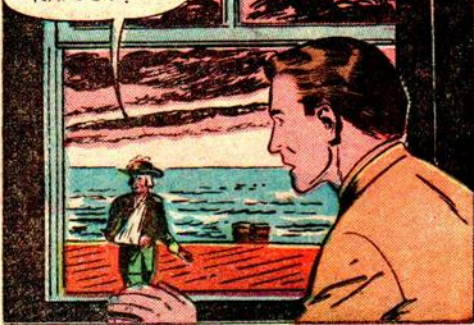


OF COURSE! WHY DO YOU THINK I WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF BREAKING RANDOM'S RIGHT ARM? THE BANK HAS NO RECORD OF HIS LEFT-HANDED WRITING!

WOTTA SCHEME! THEY MURDERED RANDOM-- AND NOW THEY'RE GOING TO DRAIN OFF HIS MONEY!



WHILE I'M GONE, YOU GUYS FINISH OFF THAT NOSEY REPORTER! DROP HIM IN THE BAY LIKE YOU DID RANDOM!



ON THE DOUBLE, JOE! THE GUYS MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT!



YES, I'M MAKING A BREAK--
AND YOU TWO WON'T
STOP ME!



AFTER A FEW HECTIC
MINUTES --

WELL, I GOT THEM-- BUT
THIS GIVES THEIR BOSS A
BIG HEAD-START! BROTHER,
I'LL HAVE TO STEP-- OR
HE'LL HAVE CASHED THE
CHECK AND GONE!



AS HANK RACED DESPERATELY--

AWKWARD, HAVING TO
SIGN WITH MY LEFT
HAND, BUT I PROMISED
THAT NEW CHARITY A
BIG CASH DONATION,
AND I MUST LIVE
UP TO MY
WORD!

HERE'S
THE
MONEY,
MR.
RANDOM!



THEN-- IN THE NICK OF TIME--

WH--WHAT NONSENSE
IS THIS?

THERE HE IS, SHERIFF!
HE ISN'T RANDOM-- HE'S
AN IMPOSTOR!



MR. RANDOM IS
DEAD! THIS
MAN KILLED
HIM AND TOOK
HIS PLACE!

I DEMAND THAT THIS
MAN BE COMMITTED
TO THE MENTAL
WARD! THIS IS THE
SECOND TIME HE'S
MADE RIDICULOUS
CLAIMS! THE FELLOW
IS OBVIOUSLY
INSANE!



HAVE YOU
ANY PROOF
TO BACK
UP YOUR
CHARGES,
EVANS?

PROOF? HOW CAN I
PROVE ANYTHING?
RANDOM'S BODY IS
AT THE BOTTOM OF
THE BAY-- IT MIGHT
TAKE A WEEK TO
FIND IT! IT'S JUST
MY WORD AGAINST
THAT CROOK'S!

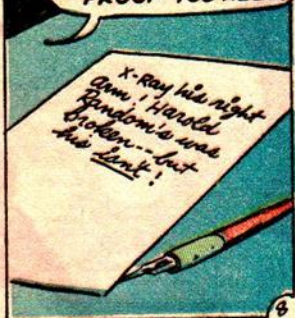


THEN-- AN
EERIE
SIGHT!

ULP!



READ WHAT'S WRITTEN
ON THE PAPER, SHER-
IFF! IF THAT MAN'S
ARM ISN'T FRACTURED,
IT'LL BE ALL THE
PROOF YOU NEED!



X-Ray his right
arm; Harold
Random's was
broken-- but
his left!

WHY SHOULD I HAVE MY ARM X-RAYED? I REFUSE-- YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT!

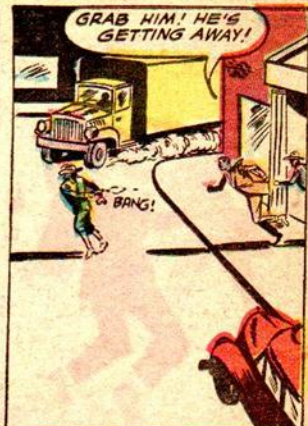
BUT, MR. RANDOM, IT'S A SIMPLE ENOUGH THING TO DO! IT'LL SETTLE EVERYTHING!



SURE IT WILL-- BUT SO WILL THIS! BACK UP! NOBODY'S TAKING THIS MONEY FROM ME!



GRAB HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



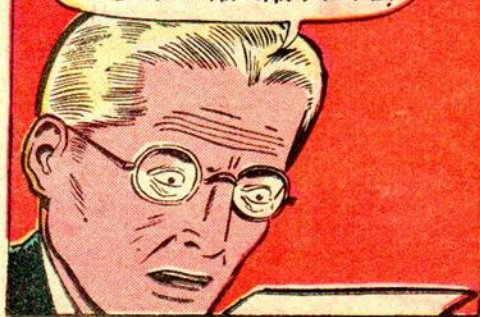
HANK'S PRESENCE WAS REQUESTED WHEN HAROLD R. RANDOM'S WILL WAS READ--

... AND I HEREBY DIRECT THAT THE STOCK I OWN IN THE SENTINEL BE GIVEN TO HANK EVANG-- AND THAT HE BE MADE EDITOR OF THE PAPER!

WELL, I'LL BE...



HMM! THIS LAST CODICIL SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN VERY RECENTLY! IF I DIDN'T KNOW THE FACTS OF THE CASE, I'D SAY AS RECENTLY AS THE LAST DAY OR SO! BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS RIDICULOUS! AFTER ALL, A DEAD MAN CAN'T WRITE!



YOU KNOW, MR. ATTORNEY-- SOMETIMES I WONDER!

