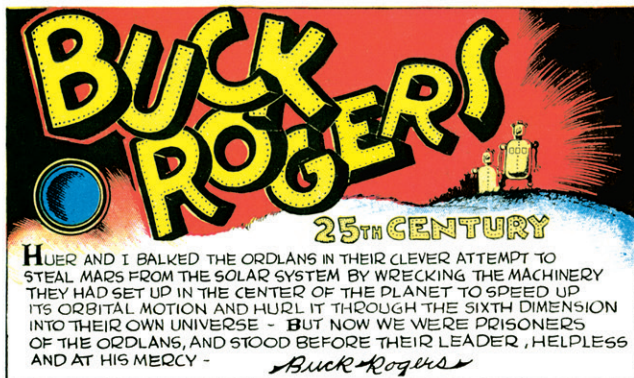


The Mind of Minds

Welcome to the world of *Buck Rogers*! This Free Comic Book Day feature presents two original Sunday *Buck Rogers* stories. The first adventure, beginning below, is titled "The Mind of Minds" and ran in newspapers from November 22, 1936 to January 17, 1937. The second adventure, which begins on page 10 is titled "Wilma to the Rescue" and ran in newspapers from January 24, 1937 to April 25, 1937.



BUCK ROGERS
25TH CENTURY

HUER AND I BALKED THE ORDLANS IN THEIR CLEVER ATTEMPT TO STEAL MARS FROM THE SOLAR SYSTEM BY WRECKING THE MACHINERY THEY HAD SET UP IN THE CENTER OF THE PLANET TO SPEED UP ITS ORBITAL MOTION AND HURL IT THROUGH THE SIXTH DIMENSION INTO THEIR OWN UNIVERSE - BUT NOW WE'RE PRISONERS OF THE ORDLANS, AND STOOD BEFORE THEIR LEADER, HELPLESS AND AT HIS MERCY -

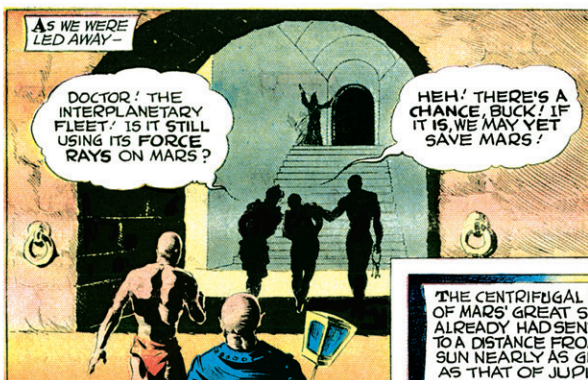
Buck Rogers



MARS IS STILL FLYING OFF INTO SPACE, BUCK! NOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO TRANSPOSE IT INTO THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF BETA LYRA - AND IT'S - IT'S MY FAULT!

WE MAY BE HEADING FOR EXTINCTION - BUT YOU ORDLANS WILL BE WITH US!

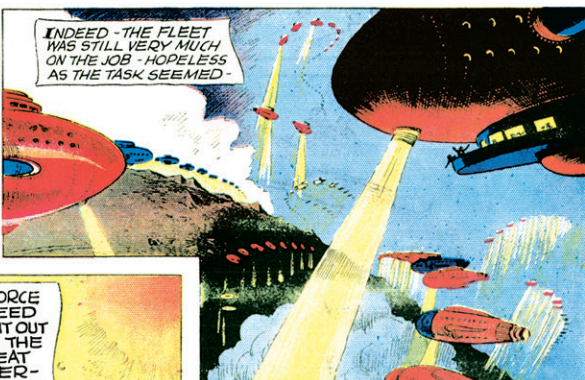
NO, MY STUPID ONES! WE ARE GOING TO ABANDON MARS AND RETURN TO ORDLA - AND YOU'RE GOING WITH US!



AS WE WERE LED AWAY -

DOCTOR! THE INTERPLANETARY FLEET! IS IT STILL USING ITS FORCE RAYS ON MARS?

HEH! THERE'S A CHANCE, BUCK! IF IT IS, WE MAY YET SAVE MARS!



INDEED - THE FLEET WAS STILL VERY MUCH ON THE JOB - HOPELESS AS THE TASK SEEMED -



AND ON THE FLAGSHIP -

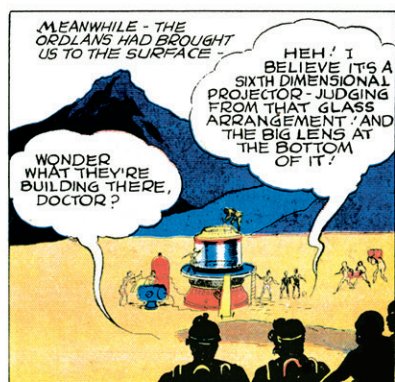
I HAVE THE HONOR TO REPORT, SIR, THAT THERE IS A SMALL - BUT PERCEPTIBLE - SLOWING DOWN IN THE PLANET'S COURSE!

AND THE FORCE PULLING MARS TOWARD BETA LYRA HAS CEASED? GOOD! WE'RE NOT BEATEN YET!



THE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE OF MARS' GREAT SPEED ALREADY HAD SENT IT OUT TO A DISTANCE FROM THE SUN NEARLY AS GREAT AS THAT OF JUPITER -

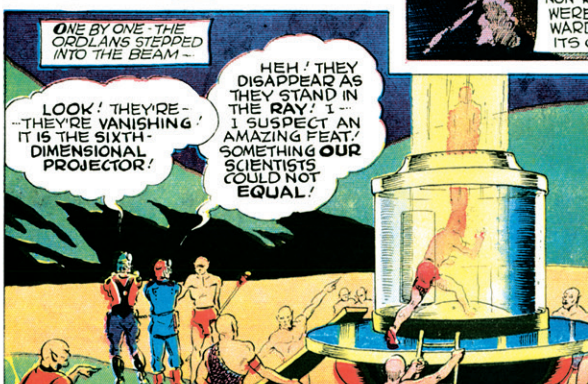
BUT NOW - LITTLE BY LITTLE - THE FLEET'S NON-RECOIL ENERGY RAYS WERE SLANTING IT SUNWARD AGAIN - TOWARD ITS ORIGINAL ORBIT -



MEANWHILE - THE ORDLANS HAD BROUGHT US TO THE SURFACE -

HEH! I BELIEVE IT'S A SIXTH DIMENSIONAL PROJECTOR - JUDGING FROM THAT GLASS ARRANGEMENT - AND THE BIG LENS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!

WONDER WHAT THEY'RE BUILDING THERE, DOCTOR?



ONE BY ONE - THE ORDLANS STEPPED INTO THE BEAM -

LOOK! THEY'RE VANISHING! IT IS THE SIXTH-DIMENSIONAL PROJECTOR!

HEH! THEY DISAPPEAR AS THEY STAND IN THE RAY! I - I SUSPECT AN AMAZING FEAT! SOMETHING OUR SCIENTISTS COULD NOT EQUAL!



THEN - TO OUR CONSTERNATION -

INTO THE PROJECTOR WITH THEM!

LAY OFF! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO PUT US IN THAT THING IF I CAN - OBFF - UGH-H

I WONDER - IF WHAT I'M THINKING OF - CAN - BE POSSIBLE?

25TH CENTURY

Buck Rogers

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US? I FEEL AS IF I WERE DISSOLVING!

OUCH!
HELP! I'M -
I'M FAINTING -
I'M - I - - -

ARE WE
STILL ALIVE,

HEH!
I TH-THINK
SO!

SO THIS IS
ORDLA! IT'S A
QUEER LOOKING
PLACE! NOT A
SOUL IN SIGHT!
AND THESE BIG
METAL CUBES!
WHAT ARE
THEY FOR?

LOOK! A SEA!
LIKE A GIGANTIC
TANK-OR SWIMMING
POOL! AND THE
WEATHER! HAVE
YOU NOTICED
HOW COLD
IT'S GETTING?

THIS CUBE IS
EVIDENTLY
UNDER
INTELLIGENT
CONTROL.

IT'S RISING INTO THE AIR! WE'LL SLIP OFF - UNLESS WE CAN TURN EACH OTHER'S FLYING BELTS ON!

NO! HEH - IT
SEEMS TO KEEP
QUITE LEVEL -
AND STEADY!

THEN-A STRANGE
SIGHT LOOMED
AHEAD OF US-

BUT THERE'S ONE
GAP! I BET WE
SETTLE DOWN
IN IT!

THEN—A STRANGE
SIGHT LOOMED
AHEAD OF US—

HEH! CUBES—
LIKE THIS ONE!
ALL ARRANGED
AROUND A
BIGGER
ONE!

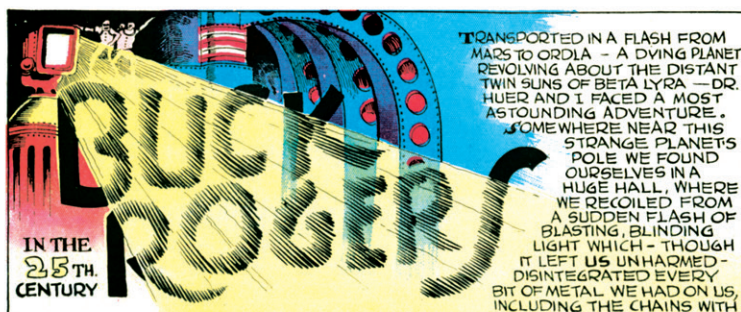
I WAS
RIGHT,
DOC! **NOW**
WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE WILL
HAPPEN?

THAT DOOR
LEADING INTO
THE BIG CUBE!
HEH! I GUESS
WE'RE SUPPOSED
TO ENTER
IT!

BUT WHEN WE ENTERED -

WHAT TH—
OUT OF HER
QUICK! OR
WE'RE DONE
FOR!

HEH! NO! BUT OUR CHAINS ARE! THEY'VE VANISHED! NOW WE CAN USE OUR GUNS IF WE HAVE TO! IF-- HEH-- IF-- THEY DON'T VANISH TOO!



TRANSPORTED IN A FLASH FROM MARS TO ORDLA - A DIVING PLANET REVOLVING ABOUT THE DISTANT TWIN SUNS OF BETA LYRA - DR. HUER AND I FACED A MOST ASTOUNDING ADVENTURE. SOMEWHERE NEAR THIS STRANGE PLANET'S POLE WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A HUGE HALL, WHERE WE RECOILED FROM A SUDDEN FLASH OF BLASTING, BLINDING LIGHT WHICH - THOUGH IT LEFT US UNHARMED - DISINTEGRATED EVERY BIT OF METAL WE HAD ON US, INCLUDING THE CHAINS WITH WHICH WE HAD BEEN BOUND -

Buck Rogers



AND THEN - SUDDENLY -
THE FLOOR'S MOVING!

A SECTION OF IT ANYHOW! NOW - WHAT?



WE WERE STOPPED - FARTHER ON - BEFORE A BLANK STONE WALL -

CLEVER STUFF, HEH? BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

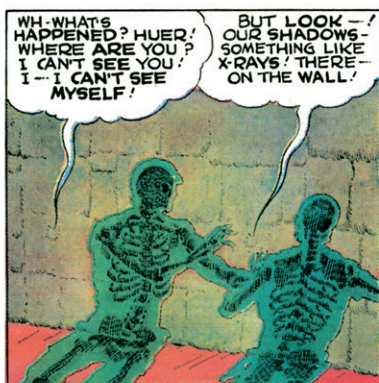
LOOKS LIKE THIS IS AS FAR AS WE GO!



AT A NOISE BEHIND US - WE WHIRLED ABOUT

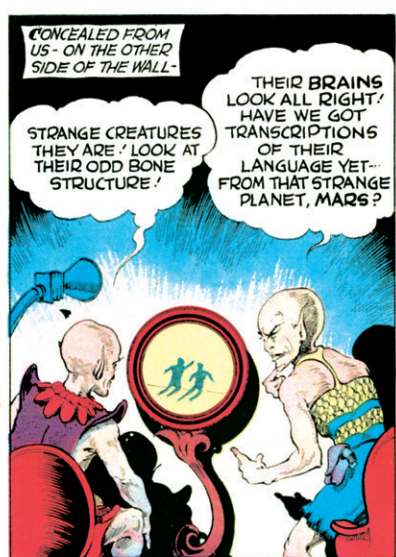
HUH? WHAT IS IT -?

A PROJECTOR OF SOME SORT - AND -



WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED? HUER! WHERE ARE YOU? I - I CAN'T SEE YOU! I - I CAN'T SEE MYSELF!

BUT LOOK -! OUR SHADOWS - SOMETHING LIKE X-RAYS! THERE - ON THE WALL!



CONCEALED FROM US - ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL -

STRANGE CREATURES THEY ARE! LOOK AT THEIR ODD BONE STRUCTURE!

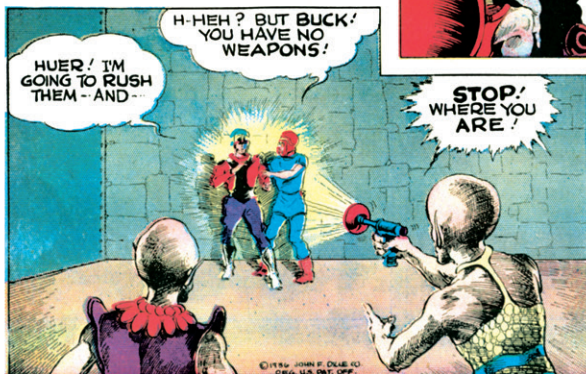
THEIR BRAINS LOOK ALL RIGHT! HAVE WE GOT TRANSCRIPTIONS OF THEIR LANGUAGE YET - FROM THAT STRANGE PLANET, MARS?



SUDDENLY - WE AGAIN BECAME VISIBLE TO EACH OTHER - THEN -

HUER! LOOK! COMING RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL!

HEH! MAYBE THE WALL IS NOT SOLID!



HUER! I'M GOING TO RUSH THEM - AND -

H-HEH? BUT BUCK! YOU HAVE NO WEAPONS!

STOP! WHERE YOU ARE!



THE RAY FROZE US STIFF - IN THE POSITIONS WE HAD BEEN IN -

YOU WILL QUICKLY LEARN THAT HERE ON ORDLA THERE IS NO REBELLION. FOR THE MIND OF MINDS AND THE WILL OF WILLS - WHO DWELLS BETWEEN THE TWIN SUNS RULES ALL!

Jack Chelms

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE 25TH CENTURY
DRA. URS. ENT. COPY

BUCK ROGER!

DR. HUER AND I FOUND ORDLA - THAT DYING PLANET REVOLVING ABOUT THE TWIN SUNS OF BETA LYRA - A FAR MORE SURPRISING PLANET THAN ANY IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM - AND AT OUR FIRST SIGN OF REBELLION ONE OF THE ORDLANS BLASTED US WITH A WEAPON THAT STIFFENED AND PARALYZED US INSTANTLY AS I PREPARED TO RUSH THEM -

Buck Rogers

WE COULD NEITHER MOVE NOR SPEAK.

HAVE I YOUR PLEDGE THAT IF I RELEASE YOU - YOU WILL OBEY? JUST THINK YOUR ANSWER - I SHALL READ IT IN YOUR EYES! NOR CAN YOU FOOL ME!

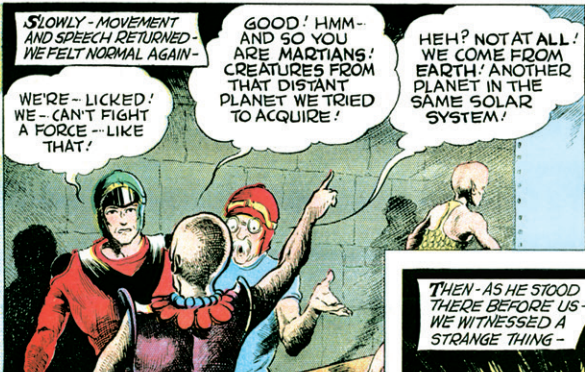


SLOWLY - MOVEMENT AND SPEECH RETURNED - WE FELT NORMAL AGAIN -

GOOD! HMM - AND SO YOU ARE MARTIANS! CREATURES FROM THAT DISTANT PLANET WE TRIED TO ACQUIRE!

HEH? NOT AT ALL! WE CAME FROM EARTH! ANOTHER PLANET IN THE SAME SOLAR SYSTEM!

WE'RE - LICKED! WE - CAN'T FIGHT A FORCE - LIKE THAT!



WHAT? THEN WHAT GOOD ARE YOU TO US? FOOD IS VALUABLE HERE ON ORDLA - HOW CAN WE AFFORD TO FEED YOU?

WELL - AFTER ALL - WE DIDN'T INVITE OURSELVES HERE! WE'RE WILLING TO LEAVE IF -

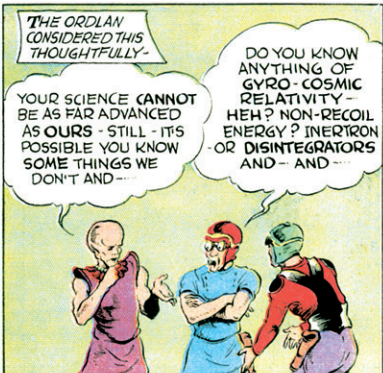
WAIT! MAYBE WE CAN HELP YOU IN SOME WAY - EVEN IF WE'RE NOT FROM MARS! I AM A SCIENTIST!



THE ORDLAN CONSIDERED THIS THOUGHTFULLY -

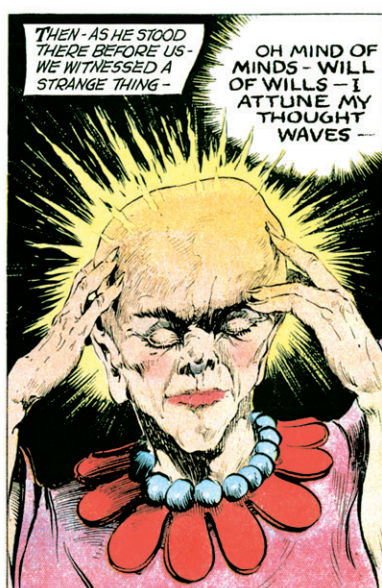
YOUR SCIENCE CANNOT BE AS FAR ADVANCED AS OURS - STILL - IT'S POSSIBLE YOU KNOW SOME THINGS WE DON'T AND -

DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING OF GYRO - COSMIC RELATIVITY - HEH? NON-RECOIL ENERGY? INERTION OR DISINTEGRATORS AND - AND -



THEN - AS HE STOOD THERE BEFORE US - WE WITNESSED A STRANGE THING -

OH MIND OF MINDS - WILL OF WILLS - I ATTUNE MY THOUGHT WAVES -



IT WAS OVER IN A MOMENT, AND -

SO BE IT - I HAVE COMMUNED BY TELEPATHY WITH THE RULER OF THE BETA-LYRAN UNIVERSE - YOU SHALL SEE HIM IN PERSON!

BUT YOU SAID HE LIVES IN SPACE - BETWEEN THE TWIN SUNS! HOW CAN WE -

HEH! IT'S AMAZING!

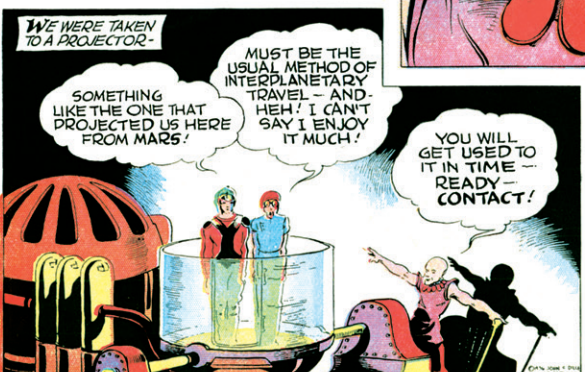


WE WERE TAKEN TO A PROJECTOR -

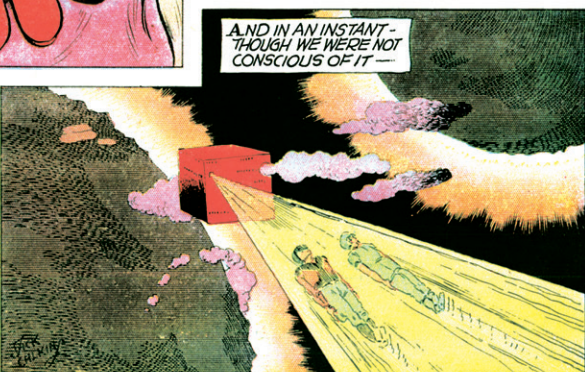
SOMETHING LIKE THE ONE THAT PROJECTED US HERE FROM MARS!

MUST BE THE USUAL METHOD OF INTERPLANETARY TRAVEL - AND - HEH! I CAN'T SAY I ENJOY IT MUCH!

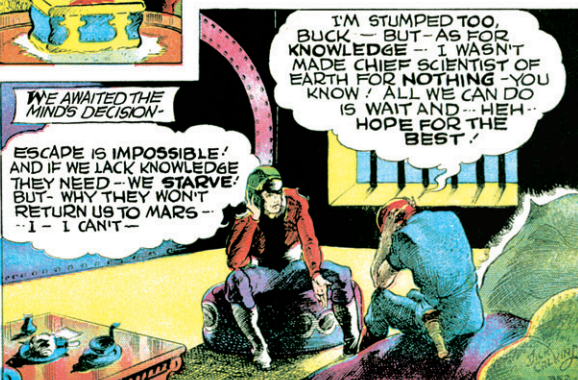
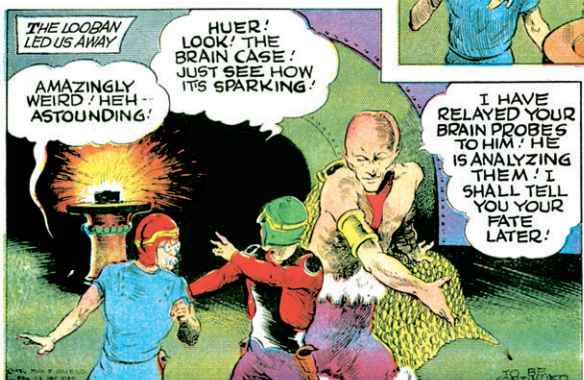
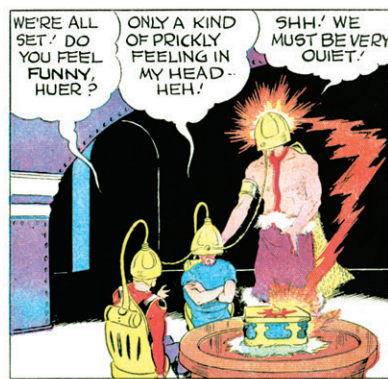
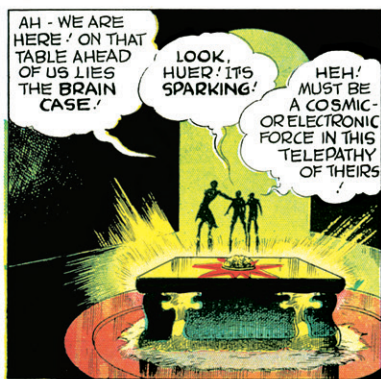
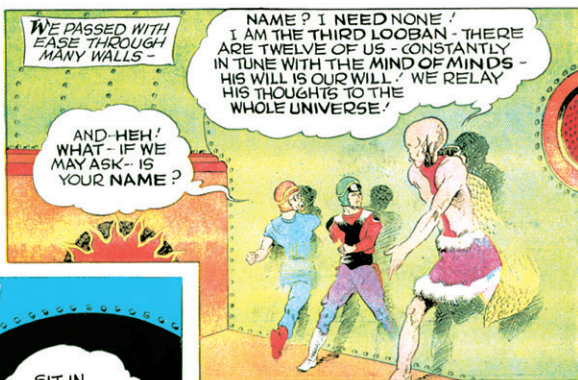
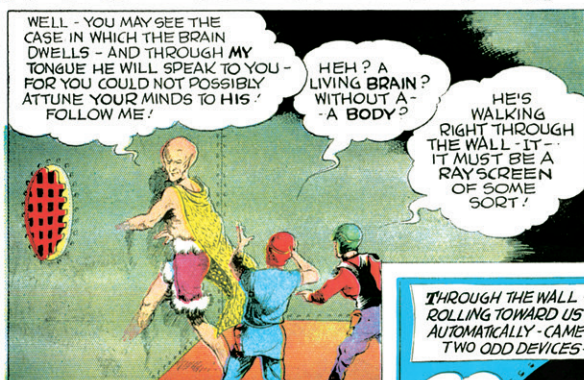
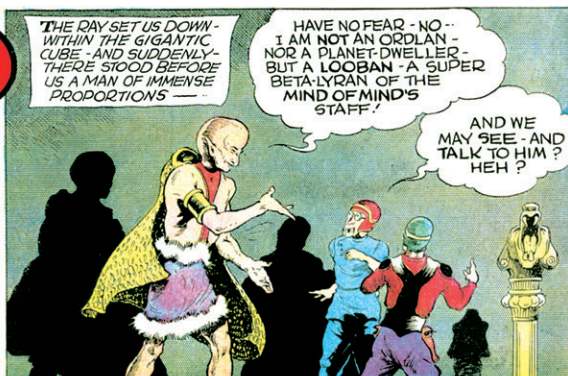
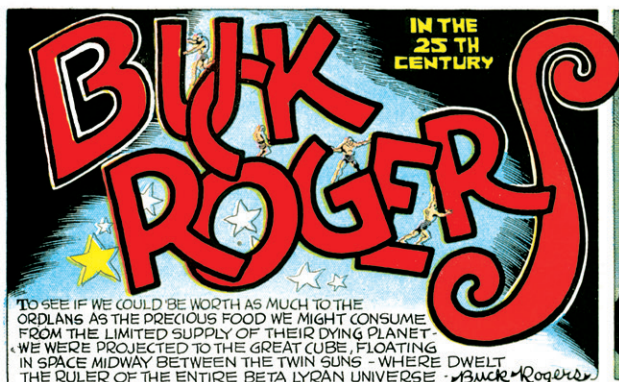
YOU WILL GET USED TO IT IN TIME - READY - CONTACT!



AND IN AN INSTANT - THOUGH WE WERE NOT CONSCIOUS OF IT -



TO BE CONTINUED



BUCK ROGER!

IN THE 25TH CENTURY
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FIUER AND I WERE IN THE GREAT CUBE, SUSPENDED IN SPACE BETWEEN THE TWIN SUNS, WHERE DWELT THE RULER OF THE BETA LYRAN COSMOS - THE BRAIN OF BRAINS - BODILESS - ENCASED IN METAL - SIGHTLESS AND SPEECHLESS EXCEPT THROUGH THE EYES AND TONGUES OF HIS LOOBANS, WHO WERE SUPER-MEN OF THE ORDLAN TYPE, AND WHO COMMUNICATED WITH HIM BY MEANS OF MENTAL TELEPATHY! TREMBLING, WE AWAITED HIS DECISION - FOR OUR LIVES HUNG IN THE BALANCE!

SIGNED *Buck Rogers*

FINALLY - THE LOOBAN RETURNED -

EARTHMEN - FOR THE PRESENT YOU SHALL LIVE! FOOD WILL ARRIVE SOON!

HEH! THEN WE DO HAVE SOME SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE THE MIND WILL WANT?

THANKS! WE CAN SURE USE SOME FOOD!

EXCELLENT! HEH - THIS FOOD IS EXCELLENT!

YES, VERY GOOD! NOW IF WE HAD OUR FLYING BELTS - AND OTHER EQUIPMENT - YOUR RAY DESTROYED - EVERYTHING WOULD BE PERFECT!

WE DIDN'T DESTROY THEM! WE MERELY PUT THEM IN SUB-COSMIC STORAGE - BACK ON ORDLA - I'LL HAVE THEM PROJECTED HERE!

AT ONCE - THE LOOBAN ISSUED SOME ORDERS - AND ALMOST INSTANTLY -

WITNESS OUR METHODS, EARTHMEN! YOUR FOOD VANISHES - YOUR EQUIPMENT APPEARS!

HEH! WHATS THAT?

BANG

THE LOOBAN EXPLAINED -

YOUR GEAR IS ALL IN HERE - NOT IN MATERIAL FORM, OF COURSE - BUT AS MICRO-GRAPHS!

YOU MEAN THAT THE ATOMS AND MOLECULES WILL BE - ER - HEH! RE-FORMED - JUST AS THEY WERE?

HE PRESSED THE TRIGGER, AND -

LOOK! DOCTOR HUE! THEY ARE - RE-FORMING!

HEH! I - I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD BE DONE!

WE LOST NO TIME IN EQUIPPING OURSELVES

BOY! IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO HAVE A FLYING BELT - AND PISTOLS AGAIN!

HEH! I - I WONDER WHY WE WERE PERMITTED TO HAVE THEM?

SOON THE LOOBAN REAPPEARED - THROUGH THE WALL -

COME! THE BRAIN OF BRAINS DESIRES TO EXAMINE YOUR THOUGHTS AND EMOTIONS!

MUST WE GO THROUGH THAT AGAIN? HEH?

AT LEAST - THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMETHING THIS MIND DOESN'T KNOW! LET'S GO!

ONCE MORE WE STOOD IN THE PRESENCE OF THE METAL-ENCASED BRAIN OF BRAINS.

THE MASTER - THE WILL OF WILLS - COMMANDS THAT YOU SHALL DESTROY YOURSELVES - BY THOUGHT!

B-BUT - HEH! HE WANTED US TO LIVE - DIDN'T HE?

WHY? WE CAN'T! AND WE WON'T! BY THOUGHT - OR ANY OTHER WAY! TELL THAT TO YOUR BRAIN!

THE MASTER - THE WILL OF WILLS - COMMANDS THAT YOU SHALL DESTROY YOURSELVES - BY THOUGHT!

TO BE CONTINUED

BUCK ROGERS

IN THE 25 TH CENTURY

EAR DISTANT FROM OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM LIE THE TWIN SUNS OF BETA LYRA WITH THEIR DYING PLANETS CIRCLING ABOUT THEM. IN THIS WEIRD UNIVERSE THE 'MIND OF MINDS' RULED. OUR LIVES HAD BEEN SPARED THAT HE MIGHT STUDY OUR EMOTIONS - BUT LATER - WHEN HE COMMANDED US TO DESTROY OURSELVES BY THOUGHT - SOMETHING WE WERE INCAPABLE OF DOING - WE DEFINITELY REFUSED.

— Buck Rogers —

AGAIN THE LOOBAN WENT INTO A TRANCE

GET YOUR GUNS OUT! WE MAY NEED THEM!

WHY! THE WHOLE IDEA IS RIDICULOUS. AND FOR US - HEH! TOTALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

SUDDENLY - COMING OUT OF THE TRANCE - HE WHIRLED UPON US -

MAYBE YOU THINK SO - BUT SEE HOW YOUR 'BRAIN' LIKES THAT!

THEN I SHALL DESTROY YOU - MYSELF -

AWRK!

BUCK! HEH - NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!

BUT THE 'BRAIN'! HE'LL CALL THE OTHER LOOBANS! WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL!

IF ONLY WE COULD SILENCE THE 'BRAIN' - I'LL TRY MY PARALYSIS RAY ON IT!

IT'S NO GO, DOCTOR! THE METAL BOX SHIELDS IT - SHORT-CIRCUITS THE RAY!

WAIT THEN, BUCK! THE BOX HAS A LID! I'LL PRY IT OPEN!

UGH!! WHAT - HEH! WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WHAT IS IT? A BRAIN - OR - OR A BOMB?!

THEN - I LET THE 'BRAIN' HAVE IT.

UNLESS IT GOT THROUGH - HEH! TELEPATHICALLY - TO THE OTHER LOOBANS BEFORE YOU ZAPPED IT!

THAT FIXES IT!

UGB - GLUG! GUG!

FIWER'S FEARS PROVED TRUE -

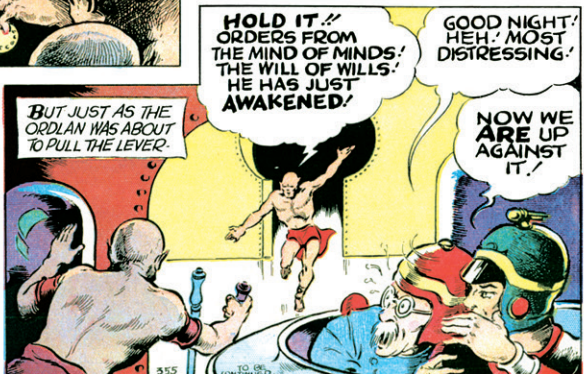
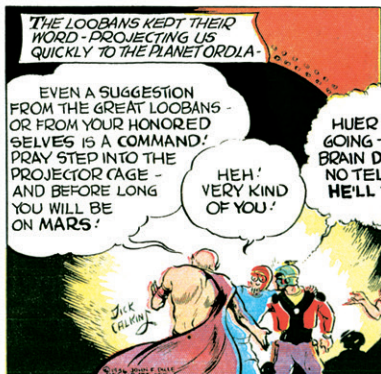
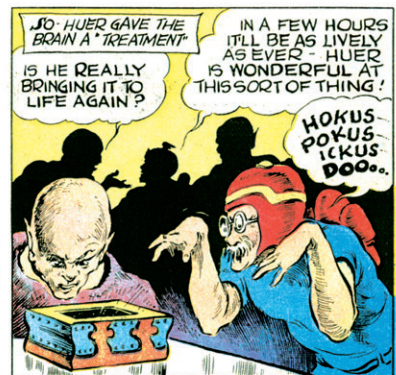
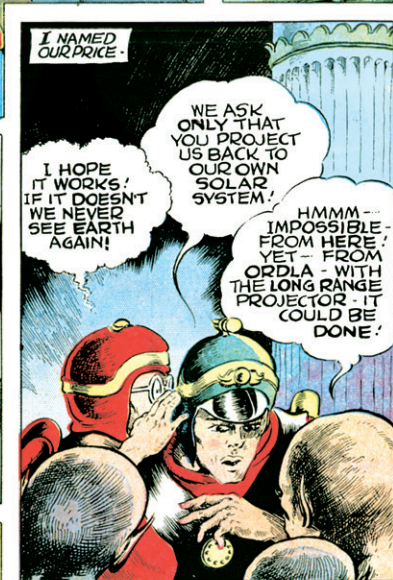
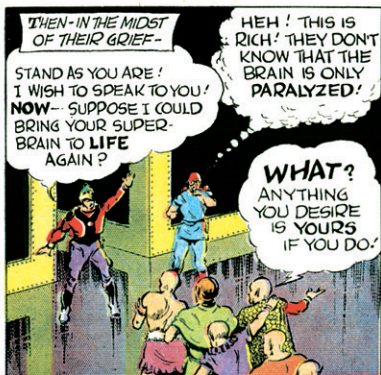
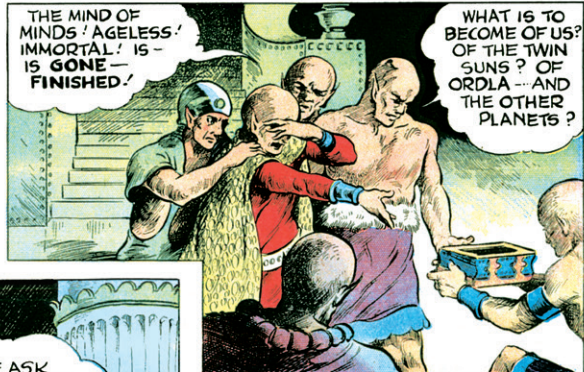
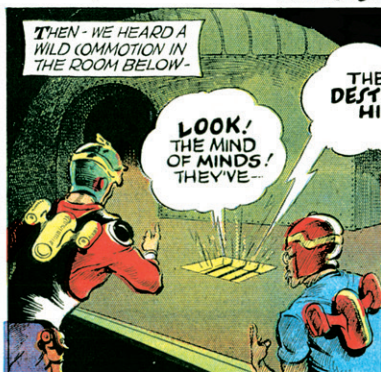
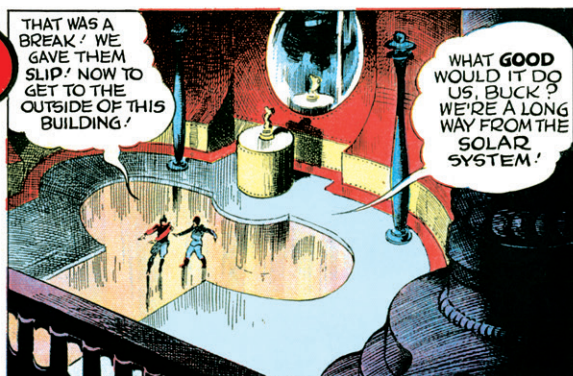
LOOK, BUCK! HERE THEY COME! THE 'BRAIN' DID WARN THEM!

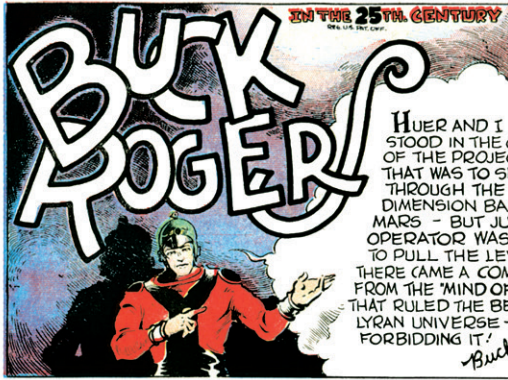
I FORGOT ABOUT THESE WALLS THAT LOOK SOLID - BUT AREN'T! TO THE CEILING! AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THEN - TO OUR AMAZEMENT -

HEH? WHAT - WH - WHAT'S THIS? WHY WE'RE GOING

UP THROUGH THE CEILING!





HUER AND I
STOOD IN THE CAGE
OF THE PROJECTOR
THAT WAS TO SEND US
THROUGH THE SIXTH
DIMENSION BACK TO
MARS - BUT JUST AS THE
OPERATOR WAS ABOUT
TO PULL THE LEVER
THERE CAME A COMMAND
FROM THE "MIND OF MINDS"
THAT RULED THE BETA-
LYRAN UNIVERSE
FORBIDDING IT!

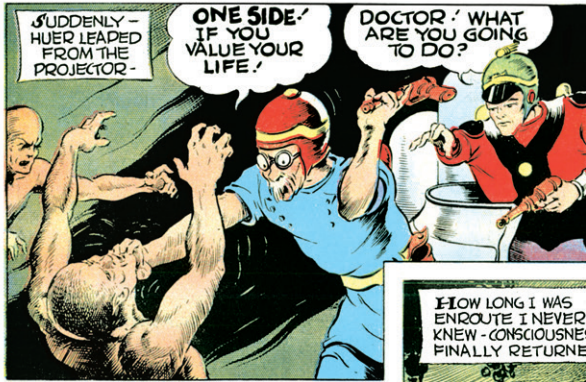
Buck Rogers

WE WERE
STUNNED!

THE MIND OF MINDS
WANTS THE CAPTIVES
RETURNED TO HIM!
IMMEDIATELY!

YOU HEARD
THAT? I CANNOT
PROJECT YOU!
THE ORDER MUST
BE OBEYED!

WELL - YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO KEEP US
FROM GOING -
AND HERE'S THE
REASON!



SUDDENLY -
HUER LEAPED
FROM THE
PROJECTOR -

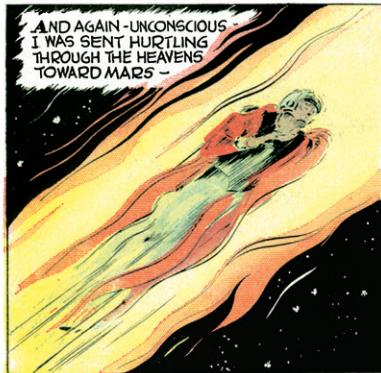
ONE SIDE!
IF YOU
VALUE YOUR
LIFE!

DOCTOR! WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO?

TO MY HORROR - HUER
THREW THE LEVER -

HE'S SACRIFICING
HIMSELF F-FOR ME!
AND I CAN'T STOP HIM!
I'M FADING OUT -

HEH! WE
CAN'T BOTH GO!
SOME ONE HAS TO
DO THIS JOB! -
GOOD-BYE BUCK -
REMEMBER
ME TO WILMA!



AND AGAIN - UNCONSCIOUS
I WAS SENT HURTLING
THROUGH THE HEAVENS
TOWARD MARS -

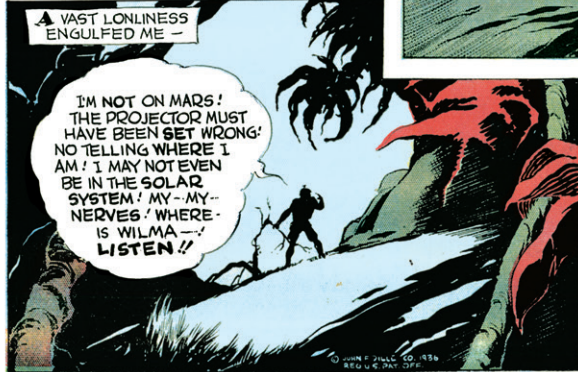


HOW LONG I WAS
ENROUTE I NEVER
KNEW - CONSCIOUSNESS
FINALLY RETURNED -

OOOF! FEEL
KIND OF -
DIZZY! IT'S
SO DARK I
CAN'T TELL
WHERE I AM -
BUT IT'S GOOD
TO BE BACK
ON MARS!



WAIT! WHAT -
WHAT'S THAT GLOW?
WHY IT'S - IT'S TREES!
LUMINOUS - GLOWING -
TREES! I DON'T RECALL
ANYTHING LIKE THAT
ON MARS!



A VAST LONELINESS
ENGULFED ME -

I'M NOT ON MARS!
THE PROJECTOR MUST
HAVE BEEN SET WRONG!
NO TELLING WHERE I
AM! I MAY NOT EVEN
BE IN THE SOLAR
SYSTEM! MY - MY -
NERVES! WHERE -
IS WILMA -
LISTEN!!



THEN CAME A WEIRD,
WAILING SOUND - THAT
BEAT MADLY ON MY
EAR-DRUMS -

THAT SOUND!
WHERE DOES IT
COME FROM - ? IT'S
HUMAN! I'M CERTAIN
OF IT - AND -
AND YET -

Wilma to the Rescue

BUCK ROGERS
IN THE 25TH CENTURY

DOCTOR HUER - SACRIFICING HIMSELF THAT I MIGHT ESCAPE - REMAINED ON ORDLA TO OPERATE THE HUGE PROJECTOR THAT SENT ME FLASHING BACK TOWARD MARS. BUT THROUGH A PROJECTION ERROR I LANDED ON A STRANGE AND TERRIFYING ORB WHICH I KNEW COULD NOT BE MARS.

Buck Rogers

A WEIRD, ALMOST HUMAN, NOISE ASSAILED MY EARS - CAUTIOUSLY I SEARCHED FOR ITS SOURCE -

WHO-OO-OO

THAT'S JUST WHAT I WANT TO KNOW! WHO-OO? AND WHERE DOES IT COME FROM? I MUST KNOW!

THEN CAME A STRANGE DAWN - THE WAILING HAD STOPPED -

A SUN! OUR SUN! BUT HOW SMALL IT IS! WHAT PLANET CAN THIS BE? AM I IN AN UNEXPLORED PART OF MARS? NO - THESE CURIOUS TREES! THEY CAN'T BE MARTIAN!

THERE FOLLOWED A SECOND DAWN - EVEN MORE ASTOUNDING -

WHAT? ANOTHER SUN? NO! IT'S THE PLANET PLUTO! I'M - I'M ON A PLUTONIAN MOON!

I MIGHT JUST AS WELL BE BACK ON ORDLA! NO SPACE SHIPS EVER COME HERE! IT'LL BE CENTURIES BEFORE - BUT RIGHT NOW I'M INTERESTED MORE IN FOOD AND WATER - -AND HERE'S THE WATER!

NOR WAS I LONG IN FINDING FOOD -

A BIRD! WOW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HIM! A TWENTY FOOT WING SPREAD IF IT'S AN INCH! HE'S HEADING FOR THAT ISLAND! I'LL GET HIM WHILE HE'S IN THE OPEN!

THEN CAME THE NOISE AGAIN - BUT THIS TIME - SOMEHOW - DIFFERENT -

THE BIRD! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM?

WHWHEE

HE'S BEING SUCKED DOWN INTO THE CRATER - AND - AND - WHY - I'M BEING CAUGHT IN THIS WHIRLPOOL TOO!

WHWHEE

MY FLYING BELT IS ON FULL POWER, BUT - IT'S GOT ME! I'LL TURN SIDEWISE TO THE SUCTION! THAT'LL REDUCE THE PULL ON ME! I'LL KNIFE MY WAY OUT - BUT - NO! IT ISN'T ENOUGH - I - I'M - LOSING - LOSING!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE 25TH CENTURY

BUCK ROGERS

PROJECTED BACK TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM FROM THE PLANET ORDLA, I FOUND MYSELF ON A PLUTONIAN MOON INSTEAD OF MARS, AS PLANNED, AND WITH LITTLE HOPE OF EVER BEING PICKED UP BY A SPACE SHIP - FOR, AS FAR AS I KNEW, NONE HAD EVER VISITED THAT SATELLITE. PURSUING A GIGANTIC BIRD I SAW HIM, STRUGGLING FIERCELY, DRAWN IN THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO BY A MYSTERIOUS FORCE. TO MY HORROR, I TOO, WAS CAUGHT IN THE TERRIFIC SUCTION - *Buck Rogers*

FLYING WITH MY SIDE TOWARD THE SUCTION TO REDUCE THE SURFACE OF MY BODY - I BURST FREE -

GEE! WHAT A CLOSE CALL! NO ONE - NOT EVEN WILMA WOULD HAVE KNOWN MY FATE! WHY - THE WAILING HAS STOPPED! I - I JUST WONDER - IF -

I STRUGGLED TO "KNIFE" MY WAY OUT OF DANGER

I'M - I'M NEAR THE EDGE! NOW - IF ONLY MY FLYING POWER HOLDS OUT!

ON THE MAINLAND - I SEARCHED FOR FOOD AND SHELTER.

SOME TREES! I'D HATE TO FALL OUT OF ONE OF 'EM! THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY TO EAT HERE - IF I CAN FIND IT!

A LIGHT - WAY OFF THERE - AND SMOKE! LOOKS LIKE A CAMPFIRE! I'LL EASE OVER THERE FOR A BETTER LOOK - AND BE READY WITH MY GUN - JUST IN CASE!

WELL! WELL! WOULD YOU LOOK AT THIS! AN INVITATION TO DINNER - AND MY HOST HAS WALKED OUT!

I SHOULDN'T HAVE HELD MYSELF TO SOMEONE ELSE'S MEAL - BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT WHOEVER LEFT IT - KNOWS I'M HERE! YES SIR! I'M - I'M BEING WATCHED! I CAN FEEL IT!

WHAT WAS THAT? I COULD SWEAR THAT I HEARD A TWIG SNAP - BUT - SAY! CAN MY NERVE BE FAILING ME? THERE'S NOT A SOUL HERE BUT ME! WHEW! - YOU CAN SURE IMAGINE THINGS WHEN YOU'RE ALL ALONE!

TO BE CONTINUED

IN THE 25TH CENTURY

BUCK ROGERS

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GEE! WHAT A CLOSE CALL! NO ONE - NOT EVEN WILMA WOULD HAVE KNOWN MY FATE! WHY - THE WHAILING HAS STOPPED! I - I JUST WONDER - IF -

WHAT CAUSED THAT AIR SUCTION INTO THE VOLCANO? I'VE GOT IT! THE MOUNTAIN IS HOLLOW - WITH SOME PASSAGE TO THE SEA BELOW - AND WHEN THE TIDE FALLS - IT SUCKS THE AIR IN!

ON THE MAINLAND - I SEARCHED FOR FOOD AND SHELTER.

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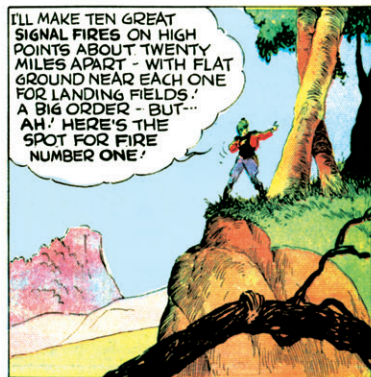
I SHOULDN'T HELP MYSELF TO SOMEONE ELSE'S MEAL - BUT I HAVE A HUNCH THAT WHOEVER LEFT IT KNOWS I'M HERE! YES SIR! I'M - I'M BEING WATCHED! I CAN FEEL IT!

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BUCK ROGERS

IN THE
25 TH.
CENTURY A.D.

I SEEMED DOOMED TO SPEND THE REST OF MY LIFE ON THIS REMOTE PLUTONIAN MOON, FOR I HAD NO SPACE SHIP AND NONE EVER STOPPED HERE - YET - IN A GREAT, DARK FOREST I FOUND EVIDENCES OF HUMAN BEINGS - A CAMP FIRE - A FOOD - FAMISHED - I HELPED MYSELF TO IT UNMOLESTED - BUT - AN UNCANNY FEELING THAT I WAS BEING WATCHED, POSSESSED ME - *Buck Rogers*



BUCK ROGERS

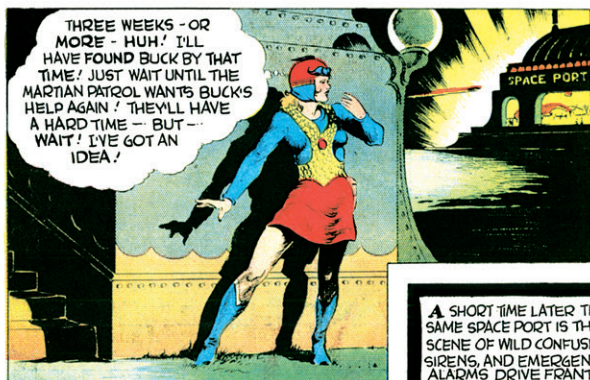
IN THE
25 TH. CENTURY

MAROONED ON ONE OF THE MOONS OF PLUTO, AND WITH VERY LITTLE HOPE OF EVER BEING RESCUED, I SET TO WORK BUILDING A SERIES OF GREAT SIGNAL FIRES AS A MEANS OF FLAGGING A PASSING SHIP - SHOULD ONE EVER COME MY WAY - MEANWHILE WILMA, AIDED BY THE MARTIAN POLICE, HAD LEARNED OF MY FATE THROUGH A CONTACT WITH DOCTOR HUER! *Buck Rogers*

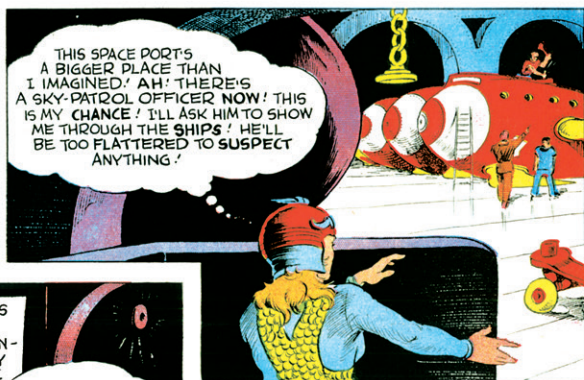
ON THE ADVICE OF THE MARTIAN POLICE, WILMA SOUGHT AID FROM THE SPACE PATROL CAPTAIN -

B-BUT CAPTAIN - EVERY MINUTE COUNTS! BUCK IS LOST! DO YOU UNDERSTAND? LOST! HE MAY BE IN THE HANDS OF HOSTILE PEOPLE - OR DYING OF STARVATION - OR - OR EVEN -

I DO UNDERSTAND, MISS DEERING - AND I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU - BUT CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE IT ABSOLUTELY IMPOSSIBLE TO FIT OUT A RESCUE EXPEDITION FOR AT LEAST THREE WEEKS - MAYBE MORE!



THREE WEEKS - OR MORE - HUH! I'LL HAVE FOUND BUCK BY THAT TIME! JUST WAIT UNTIL THE MARTIAN PATROL WANTS BUCK'S HELP AGAIN! THEY'LL HAVE A HARD TIME - BUT - WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

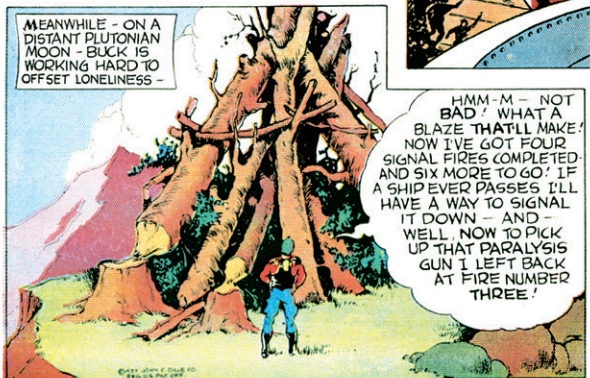


THIS SPACE PORT'S A BIGGER PLACE THAN I IMAGINED! AH! THERE'S A SKY-PATROL OFFICER NOW! THIS IS MY CHANCE! I'LL ASK HIM TO SHOW ME THROUGH THE SHIPS! HE'LL BE TOO FLATTERED TO SUSPECT ANYTHING!



NOW THIS SHIP IS A SPECIAL JOB! LIGHTNING-FAST - FULLY EQUIPPED - INCLUDING FOOD, WATER, FUEL AND WEAPONS - AND - HA! I ACTUALLY BELIEVE A CHILD COULD OPERATE IT!

HMM - JUST WHAT I WANT - AND IT'S LYING NOSE-OUT ON THE RUNWAY! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST!



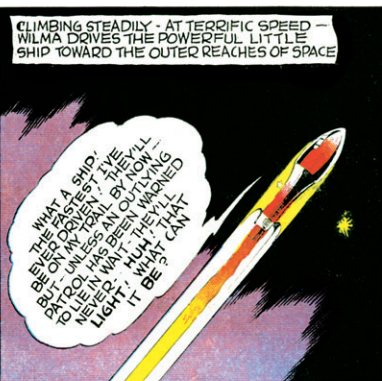
MEANWHILE - ON A DISTANT PLUTONIAN MOON - BUCK IS WORKING HARD TO OFFSET LONELINESS -

HMM-M - NOT BAD! WHAT A BLAZE THAT'LL MAKE! NOW I'VE GOT FOUR SIGNAL FIRES COMPLETED AND SIX MORE TO GO! IF A SHIP EVER PASSES I'LL HAVE A WAY TO SIGNAL IT DOWN - AND - WELL, NOW TO PICK UP THAT PARALYSIS GUN I LEFT BACK AT FIRE NUMBER THREE!



A SHORT TIME LATER THIS SAME SPACE PORT IS THE SCENE OF WILD CONFUSION - SIRENS, AND EMERGENCY ALARMS DRIVE FRANTIC CREWS OF MEN INTO ACTION -

CALLING ACTIVE PATROL SHIPS M-71 AND Q-33! BE ON LOOKOUT FOR NEW STAR-TYPE SHIP NO. 181-925! GIRL AT CONTROLS - BRING TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! ALL OTHER SHIPS FALL INTO SEARCH FORMATION ZH-2! REPEATING - CALLING -



CLIMBING STEADILY - AT TERRIFIC SPEED - WILMA DROVES THE POWERFUL LITTLE SHIP TOWARD THE OUTER REACHES OF SPACE

WHAT A SHIP! THIS FIRST-CLASS FLYING MACHINE! BUT - ONLY IN THE AIR! BY NOW IT'S DOWN IN THE MUD! I'VE BEEN OUTWITTED! WHAT THAT LIGHT - IT BE'S CAN




IT WAS ON THIS STUMP! IT'S GONE! AND - AND - THOSE FOOTPRINTS - AGAIN! EVERY MOVE I MAKE IS WATCHED - AND I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO IT!

BUCK IS TOO ANGRY TO NOTICE A CLEVERLY CONCEALED PIT FALL JUST BEHIND HIM -

BUCK ROGER

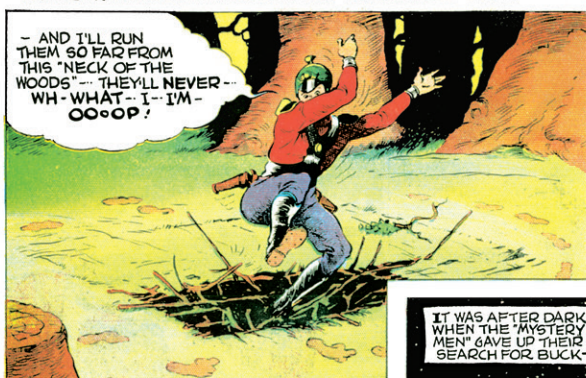
IN THE 25TH CENTURY



LEARNING THAT BUCK IS LOST ON ONE OF THE MOONS OF PLUTO - AND HAVING BEEN REFUSED THE MARTIAN PATROL'S AID IN FINDING HIM - WILMA, DESPERATE, MAKES OFF WITH THE FASTEST OF THE PATROL'S SHIPS - ALONE - AND CLOSELY PURSUED BY AIR POLICE - MEANWHILE - ON A DISTANT PLUTONIAN MOON, BUCK IS BUILDING A SERIES OF SIGNAL FIRES, AS A MEANS OF RESCUE. IN THE EVENT A SHIP SHOULD EVER PASS HIS WAY - AT ONE OF THE SIGNAL FIRES BUCK FINDS MORE EVIDENCE THAT HE IS BEING SHADOWED BY AN UNSEEN AND TREACHEROUS ENEMY.



FOOTPRINTS! ALL AROUND! AND - AND - THAT PARALYSIS GUN I LEFT ON THIS STUMP - IT'S GONE! LUCKY I DIDN'T LEAVE MY DISINTEGRATOR TOO! I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO THIS MYSTERIOUS SNOOPING! I'LL LIE IN WAIT FOR THEM - WHOEVER THEY ARE - AND -



- AND I'LL RUN THEM SO FAR FROM THIS 'NECK OF THE WOODS' - THEY'LL NEVER - WH - WHAT - I - I'M - OOOP -

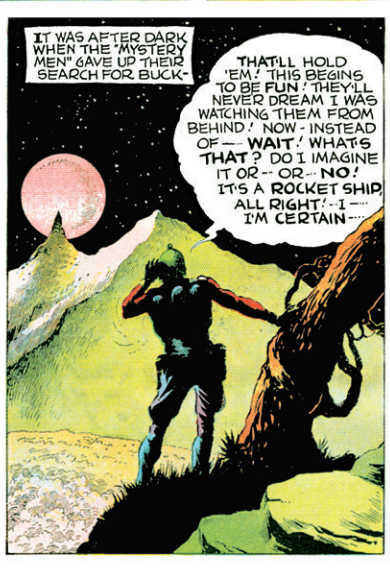


VOICES! THEY'RE UP THERE NOW - AND THERE'S A LOT OF 'EM! TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T THINK TO PUT POINTED STAKES ON THE FLOOR OF THIS PIT - THEN THEY MIGHT FIND ME HERE WHEN THEY CLOSE IN - BUT - NOW - IT'S MY TURN -

TOO LATE TO CATCH HIMSELF, BUCK GOES CRASHING DOWN INTO THE CLEVERLY CONCEALED PITFALL -

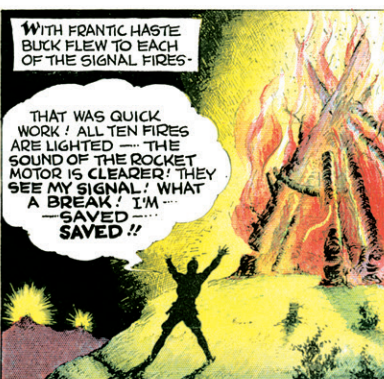


HUH! DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER FALL FOR THAT OLD TIME TRICK - BUT - HERE'S ONE FOR THEM TO FIGURE OUT! I'LL GO ABOUT EIGHTY YARDS - AND -



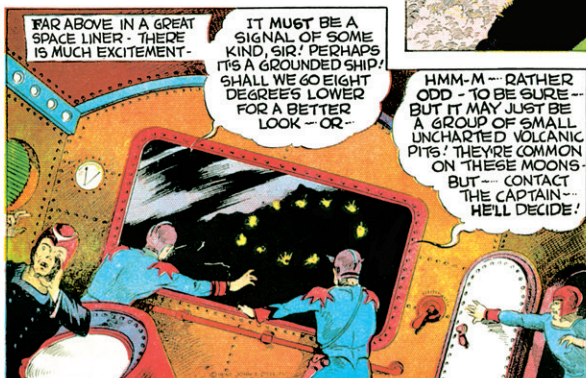
IT WAS AFTER DARK WHEN THE 'MYSTERY MEN' GAVE UP THEIR SEARCH FOR BUCK -

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM! THIS BEGINS TO BE FUN! THEY'LL NEVER REMEMBER I WAS WATCHING THEM FROM BEHIND! NOW - INSTEAD OF - WAIT! WHAT'S THAT? DO I IMAGINE IT OR - OR - NO! IT'S A ROCKET SHIP ALL RIGHT! - I - I'M CERTAIN -



WITH FRANTIC HASTE BUCK FLEW TO EACH OF THE SIGNAL FIRES -

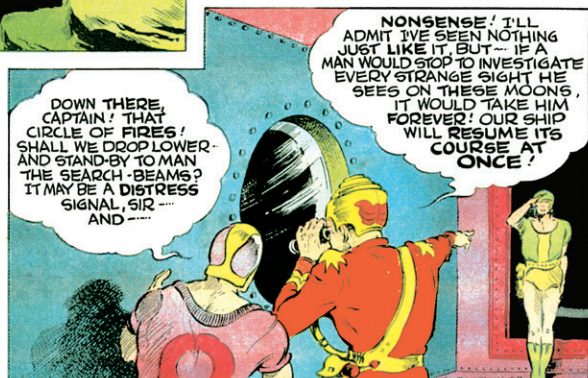
THAT WAS QUICK WORK! ALL TEN FIRES ARE LIGHTED - THE SOUND OF THE ROCKET MOTOR IS CLEARER! THEY SEE MY SIGNAL! WHAT A BREAK! I'M - SAVED - SAVED!!



FAR ABOVE IN A GREAT SPACE LINER - THERE IS MUCH EXCITEMENT -

IT MUST BE A SIGNAL OF SOME KIND, SIR! PERHAPS IT'S A GROUND SHIP! SHALL WE GO EIGHT DEGREES LOWER FOR A BETTER LOOK - OR -

HMM - M - RATHER ODD - TO BE SURE - BUT IT MAY JUST BE A GROUP OF SMALL UNCHARTED VOLCANIC PITS! THEY'RE COMMON ON THESE MOONS - BUT - CONTACT THE CAPTAIN - HE'LL DECIDE!



DOWN THERE, CAPTAIN! THAT CIRCLE OF FIRES! SHALL WE DROP LOWER AND STANDBY TO MAN THE SEARCH BEAMS? IT MAY BE A DISTRESS SIGNAL, SIR - AND -

NONSENSE! I'LL ADMIT I'VE SEEN NOTHING JUST LIKE IT, BUT - IF A MAN WOULD STOP TO INVESTIGATE EVERY STRANGE SIGHT HE SEES ON THESE MOONS, IT WOULD TAKE HIM FOREVER! OUR SHIP WILL RESUME ITS COURSE AT ONCE!

