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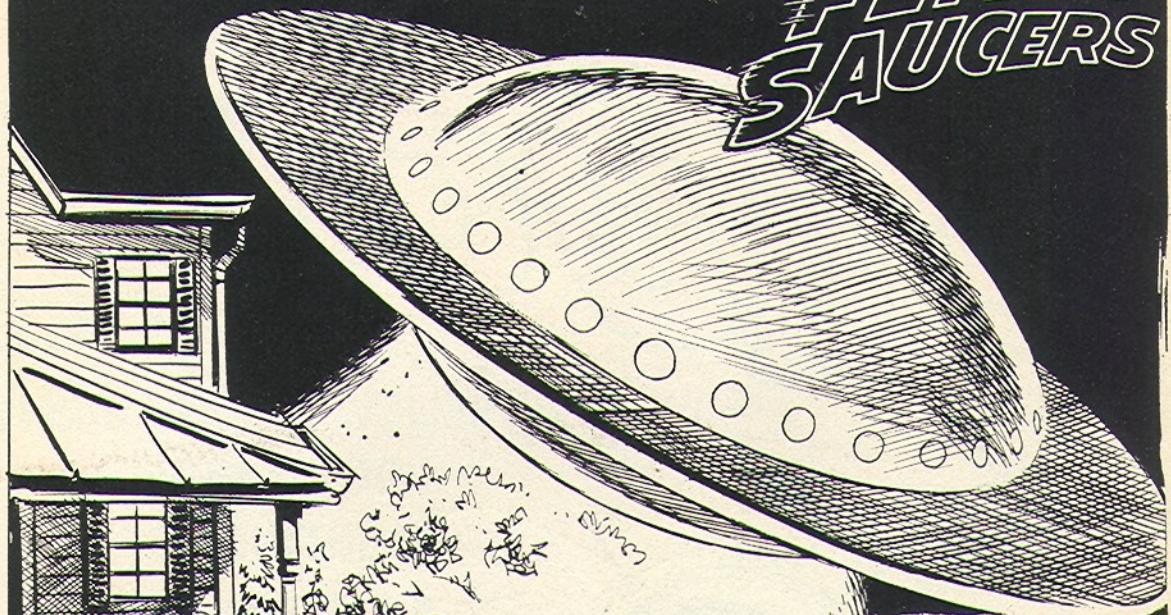
FLYING SAUCERS COMICS

UNBELIEVABLE ACCOUNTS
OF BIZARRE
SIGHTINGS OF
UFO'S
AND THE
“MEN” WHO
FLY THEM...

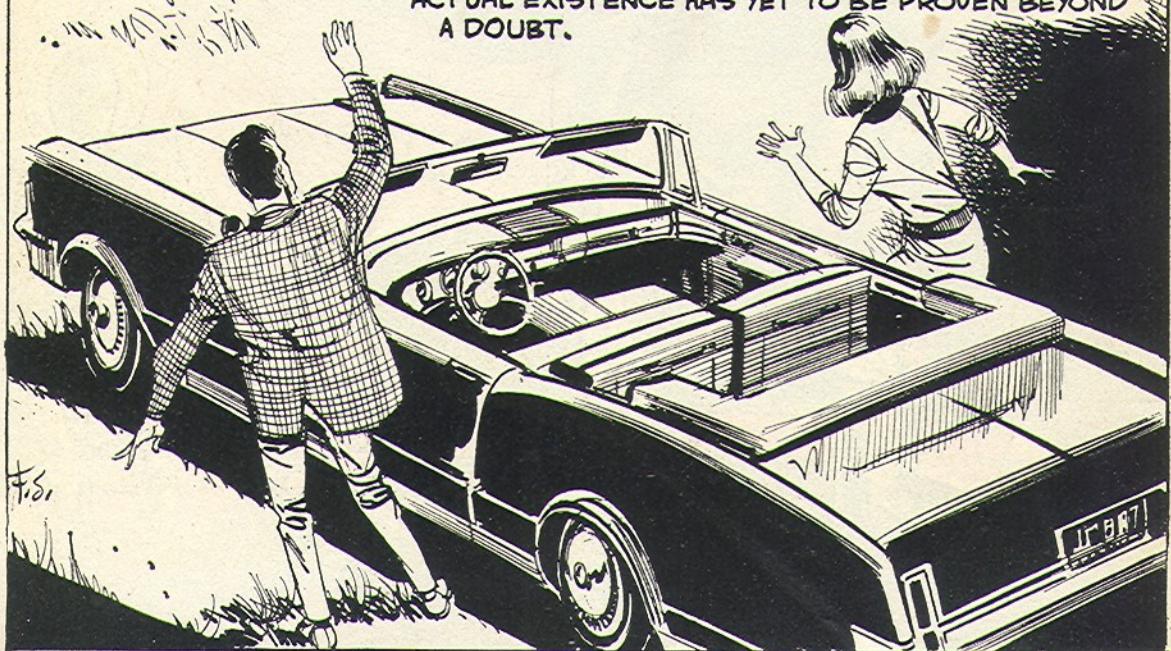
COLLECTOR'S
EDITION



FLYING SAUCERS



OF THE HUNDREDS UPON HUNDREDS OF REPORTS OF SO CALLED "FLYING SAUCERS", EVEN THE MOST HARDENED SKEPTIC WILL ADMIT TO THE REMARKABLE SIMILARITY IN THE DESCRIPTIONS GIVEN BY THOSE WHO HAVE CLAIMED TO HAVE SEEN THE ELUSIVE, GLOWING DISCS. THOUGH THE SIZES REPORTED RANGE FROM AS SMALL AS 8 INCHES ACROSS, MOST FALL IN A RANGE WITH AN OUTSIDE DIAMETER OF 30 FEET. THE "CABIN" PORTION IS USUALLY DESCRIBED AS BEING ABOUT 12 FEET THICK AND THERE IS VIRTUAL 100% AGREEMENT THAT THE CRAFT ARE METALLIC. DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NUMEROUS, INTENSE LIGHTS WHICH EMIT FROM THE SHIPS ARE IDENTICAL. MANY REPORTS INCLUDE A DESCRIPTION OF A BURNING OR HEAT SENSATION FROM THE SHIPS. BUT, THOUGH THE SIMILARITIES OF DESCRIPTION ARE STRIKING, THEIR ACTUAL EXISTENCE HAS YET TO BE PROVEN BEYOND A DOUBT.



ON A WARM JULY EVENING IN 1966, SEAMAN THIRD CLASS RICHARD GROVER HITCH-HIKING TO HIS HOME IN VERMONT ON A THREE DAY PASS FROM THE NAVAL STATION IN GROTON, CONNECTICUT, BEMOANS THE LATE HOUR AND THE ABSENCE OF CARS ON THE ROAD. INTENT ON SPENDING AS MUCH TIME AS POSSIBLE WITH HIS FIANCÉ HE IS DETERMINED TO WALK THE REMAINING MILE HOME IF HE HAS TO WHEN THE MOST STARTLING SIGHT OF HIS LIFE SUDDENLY CONFRONTS HIM... A SIGHT THAT, IF HE LIVES THROUGH IT, WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN!

FLYING SAUCERS

Night Sighting

TH..THAT LIGHT
I...IT'S COMING
AFTER ME!



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YOU'VE GOT A
LONG WAY TO GO,
SAILOR... AND
NOT MUCH TIME
AT THAT. HARDLY
SEEMS WORTH
THE TRIP TO ME.

IT'S WORTH IT ALL RIGHT. I'M
SHIPPING OUT WHEN I GET
BACK. THIS'LL BE MY LAST
CHANCE TO SEE MY GIRL.

I'M MAKING GOOD TIME.
AT THIS RATE I'LL BE HOME
BEFORE MORNING. BOY,
WILL RACHEL BE
SURPRISED.

HOP IN, SAILOR. USED
TO DO A LITTLE THUMBLING
MYSELF WHEN I WAS IN
THE SERVICE. I KNOW
HOW IT IS.

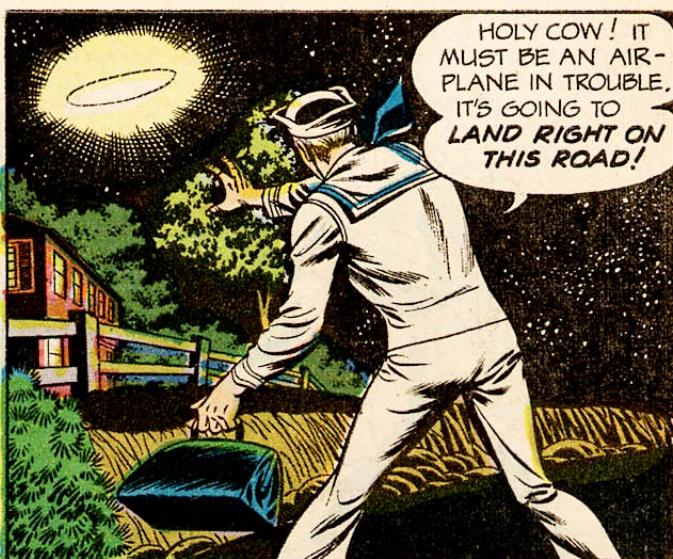
BY NIGHTFALL, SEAMAN GROVER
WAS WITHIN FIFTEEN MILES OF
HIS DESTINATION...



TALK ABOUT A CHANGE IN LUCK.
I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR OVER TWO
HOURS AND NOBODY... **NOBODY** HAS STOPPED.
I'LL MAKE IT THOUGH. EVEN IF I HAVE TO WALK!



THAT'S FUNNY. THAT STAR... IT
SEEMS TO GET BIGGER THE LONGER
I LOOK AT IT. MAYBE IT'S A
PLANE... OR, GEE! I'LL BET IT'S A
SATELLITE. NEVER SAW ONE
BEFORE.



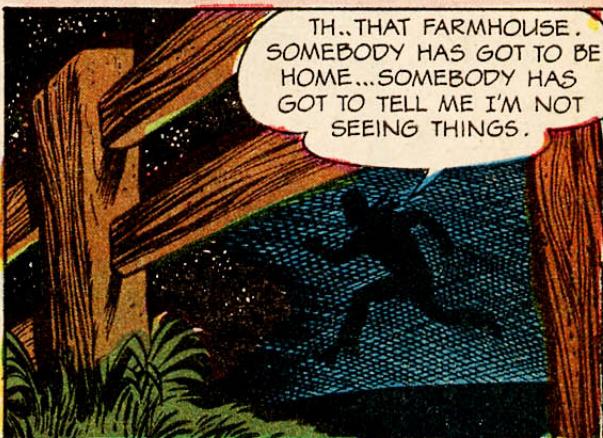
I... IT'S NOT A PLANE...
AND IT'S COMING AFTER
ME!



I... IT STOPPED!
I... IT STOPPED IN
MIDAIR! I MUST BE
CRAZY!



COWERING IN THE DITCH FOR WHAT SEEMED AN
ETERNITY, GROVER WAITED UNTIL FINALLY THE
OMINOUS SHAPE SPED OUT OF SIGHT...



HELP! PLEASE!
WON'T SOME-
BODY HELP
ME... LET
ME IN...
ANYTHING?

GET OUT
OF HERE,
YOU
DRUNK. GO
ON BEFORE
I CALL THE
POLICE.

THAT'S IT...THE POLICE.
I'LL GO BACK TO THE
VILLAGE. THE POLICE CAN
TELL ME WHAT I
SAW.

RUNNING FASTER THAN HE EVER
HAD, SEAMAN GROVER REACHED
THE LOCAL POLICE STATION IN A
STATE OF NEAR COLLAPSE.

YOU..YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP
ME...COME
WITH ME.
OUT THERE...
A THING...
BIGGER THAN
A TRUCK...
FLYING AFTER
ME..TRYING
TO GET ME.

SURE, SURE,
SAILOR. I
UNDERSTAND.
NOW WHY
DON'T YOU JUST
ROLL UP ON
THAT COT OVER
THERE AND
SLEEP IT OFF?



I'M NOT DRUNK.
I KNOW WHAT I SAW..
AND IT WAS REAL.
YOU'VE GOT TO COME
WITH ME...YOU'VE
JUST GOT TO.

NOW LOOK, SONNY.
YOU DON'T TELL **ME**
WHAT I'VE GOT TO
DO!

LARRY, YOU WANT TO HEAR
A GOOD ONE? LADY DOWN
THE ROAD SAYS A **SHOOT-**
ING STAR WAS CHASING
HER IN HER CAR...

SUDDENLY, AN
ELECTRIFIED
SILENCE CUTS
EACH OF THE
MEN TO
THE QUICK
AS THEY
REALIZE ALL
AT THE
SAME TIME
THAT TONIGHT
IS A NIGHT
NONE OF
THEM WILL
EVER
FORGET...

GREAT SCOT! THEN THERE
IS SOMETHING OUT THERE.
COME ON, KID. SHOW ME
WHERE YOU SAW IT!

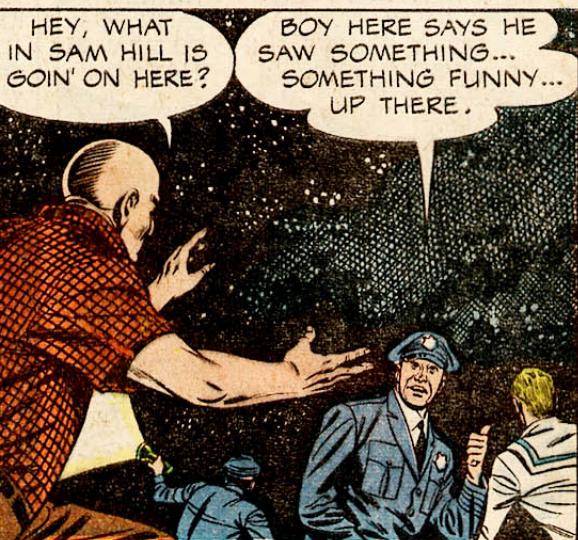
I...I DON'T
BELIEVE IT...



THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, THE TWO OFFICERS AND THE FRIGHTENED SAILOR SPED TO THE SCENE OF THE SIGHTING.



I...IT WAS RIGHT HERE.
I..I LOOKED UP FOR A MINUTE
AND SAW THIS...THIS THING.
A LIGHT... BRIGHTER
THAN THE SUN.



FOR THE SECOND TIME THAT NIGHT, A REMOTE PIECE OF VERMONT REAL ESTATE WAS LIGHTED BY A LIGHT OF IMPOSSIBLE BRILLIANCE...

GET DOWN!



H...HELP!

I...I SAW IT... I KNOW I SAW IT... BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT. I JUST DON'T BELIEVE IT?

WH..WHAT WERE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT?

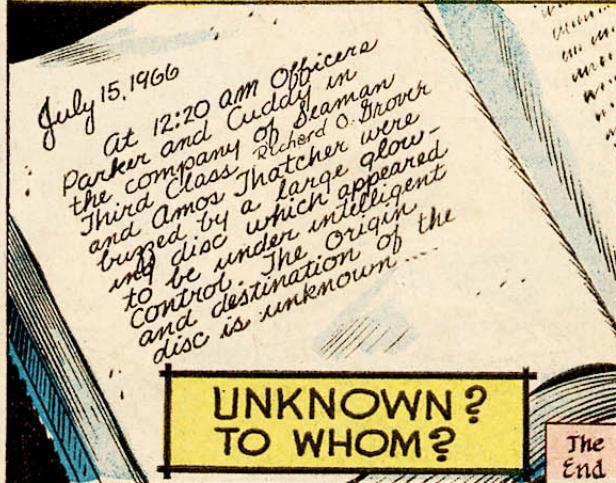
I...I DON'T KNOW. SHOOT AT IT, I GUESS... OR SOMETHING! I JUST DON'T KNOW.

SHOOT IT? THAT THING WAS THIRTY FEET ACROSS AND MADE OUT OF METAL. YOU'D A NEEDED A CANNON...



B..BUT WHAT WAS IT? I MEAN... IF YOU WAS GOING TO SHOOT IT MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN'... BUT WHAT?

IN A SMALL NEW ENGLAND TOWN WHERE SCARCELY ANYTHING EVER HAPPENS, THERE IS A NOTATION IN THE POLICE BLOTER QUITE UN-LIKE ANY OTHER...



FLYING SAUCERS

The Devil Ship

BASEBALL, THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME, IS NOT LIMITED IN POPULARITY TO NORTH AMERICA. ON A CLEAR SPRING DAY IN 1961 TWO BRAZILIAN YOUTHS, JOAO MORAES AND PEDRO SOUZA WERE TOSSED A BALL BACK AND FORTH IN A CLEARING NOT FAR FROM THE SMALL VILLAGE WHERE THEY LIVED. JOAO MISSED A POP FLY AND THE BALL SCOOED INTO SOME NEARBY BUSHES. NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN JOAO ENTERED THOSE BUSHES HE QUITE FORGOT ABOUT THE LOST BALL...AND NEARLY EVERYTHING ELSE !

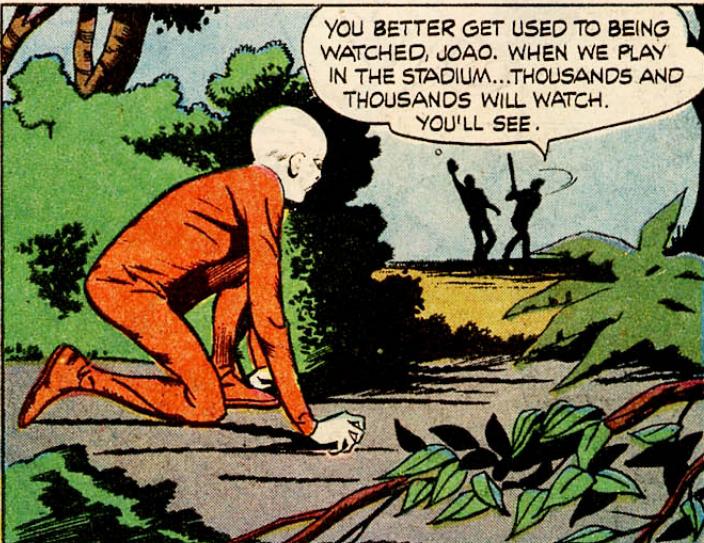


EACH DAY AFTER SCHOOL, JOAO AND PEDRO, LIFELONG FRIENDS, HURRIED THROUGH THE STREETS OF THEIR SMALL VILLAGE TO PURSUE THEIR LIFELONG AMBITION...

LET HIM JOKE. ONE DAY WE WILL BE FAMOUS BASEBALL PLAYERS.
HE'LL SEE...WE'LL BE FAMOUS!

HA HA
HA!

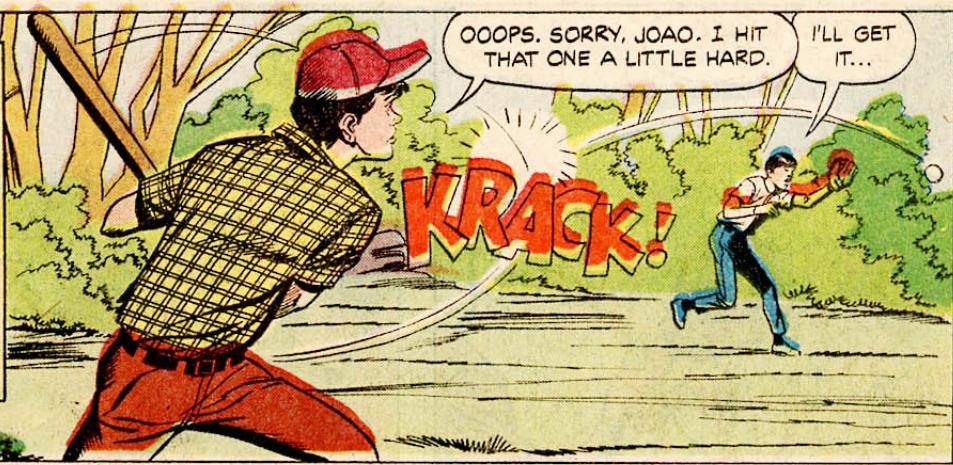
HIGHER, JOAO,
HIGHER. LIKE IT
WAS A POP FLY.
DON'T WORRY...
I'LL GET IT.



FOR THE
NEXT HALF
HOUR, THE TWO
BOYS
PRACTICED
AT THE SPORT
THEY WERE
CERTAIN WOULD
ONE DAY
MAKE THEM
FAMOUS.
UNEVENTFUL
PRACTICE
UNTIL...

OOPS. SORRY, JOAO. I HIT
THAT ONE A LITTLE HARD.

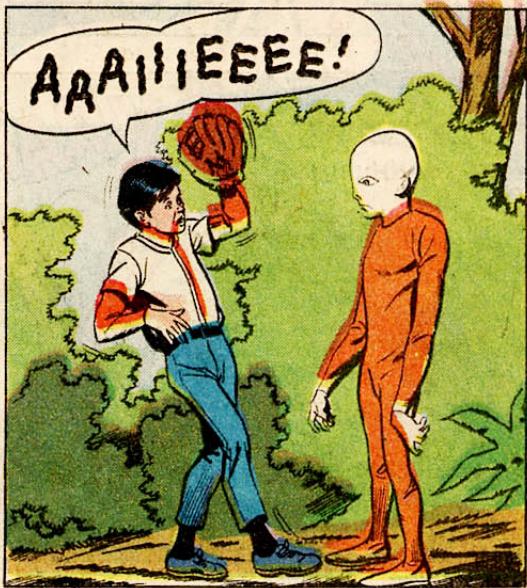
I'LL GET
IT...



HURRY UP, JOAO.
IT'LL BE DARK IN
A LITTLE
WHILE...

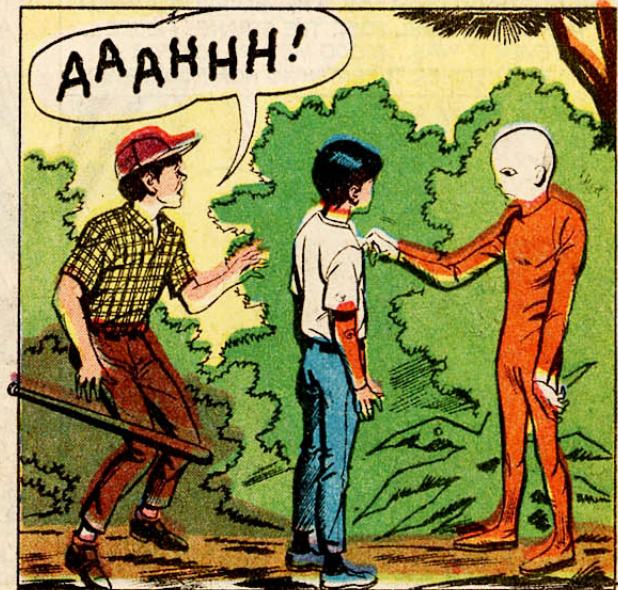
KEEP YOUR
SHIRT ON...

AAAIIIEEEEE!



JOAO...JOAO? I...IS SOMETHING
WRONG. WHY...WHY DID YOU...

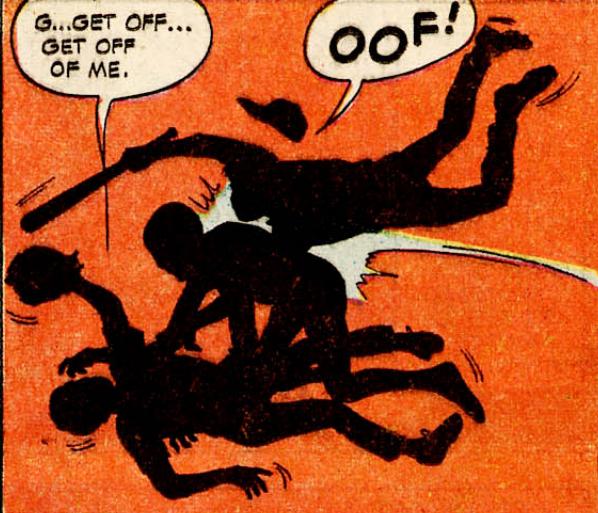
AAAHHH!



P...PEDRO! H...HELP
ME....I...IT'S GOT ME!

G...GET OFF...
GET OFF
OF ME.

OOF!



AHHHHH!

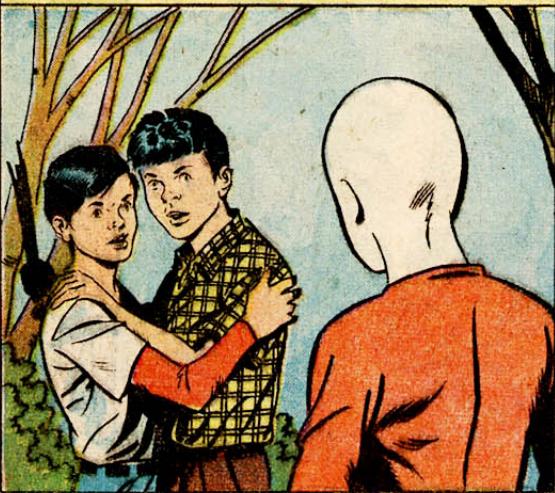
KRAK!

GET AWAY! G...GET
AWAY FROM HIM.
L...LEAVE US ALONE!



THE BAT SHATTERED AS IF PEDRO HAD SLAMMED IT AGAINST A STEEL POST. THE STRANGE FIGURE... WHATEVER IT WAS...STOOD MOTIONLESS FOR A MOMENT, NEITHER THREATENING NOR FRIGHTENED...

THEN, AS IF THE ENTIRE INCIDENT HAD BEEN AN ACCIDENT, THE FIGURE TURNED AND DARTED INTO THE WOODS...



STUNNED BEYOND BELIEVING, THE TWO BOYS WATCHED IN AWE AS THE FIGURE HURRIED TO A CLEARING ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE WOODS AND CLAMBERED ABOARD A STRANGE, DISC-LIKE MACHINE.



WITHOUT A SOUND, THE CRAFT BEGAN TO RISE ABOVE THE TREES...



...AND WITHIN SECONDS IT WAS GONE FROM SIGHT, FLYING STRAIGHT UP AT A PHENOMENAL RATE OF SPEED.



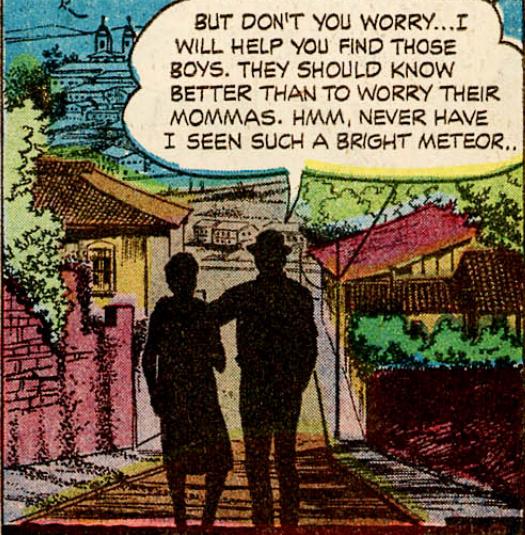
WHILE AT THE SAME TIME...

RIBEIRO? HAVE YOU SEEN MY JOAO? HOW CAN A BOY PLAY BASEBALL WHEN IT IS DARK?

THOSE TWO...THEY CAN PLAY BY STAR-LIGHT...OR SHOOTING STARS. SEE...THERE IS ONE NOW.



BUT DON'T YOU WORRY...I WILL HELP YOU FIND THOSE BOYS. THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO WORRY THEIR MOMMAS. HMM, NEVER HAVE I SEEN SUCH A BRIGHT METEOR..





THAT IS ODD. FOR SUCH SERIOUS BALL PLAYERS IT SEEMS STRANGE THAT THEY WOULD LEAVE THEIR MOST PRIZED POSSESSIONS LYING AROUND.



JOAO... PEDRO... WHERE ARE YOU? IT IS LATE... YOUR MOMMAS ARE WORRIED... ANSWER ME...



THEY ARE BAD BOYS TO... WHAT IS THIS? HAS THERE BEEN A FIRE HERE A ROUND FIRE?



SENHOR RIBEIRO! SENHOR RIBEIRO! COME QUICKLY... I HAVE FOUND THEM!



SANTA MARIA! WHAT HAS HAPPENED? TH... THEY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING... SOMETHING FROM THE DEVIL!



AAAAAAA!

INDEED THEY HAVE SEEN SOMETHING, SENHOR RIBEIRO. BUT, IF IT WAS FROM THE DEVIL OR NOT... NOBODY CAN KNOW BECAUSE THERE'S NOBODY TO ASK!..

The End

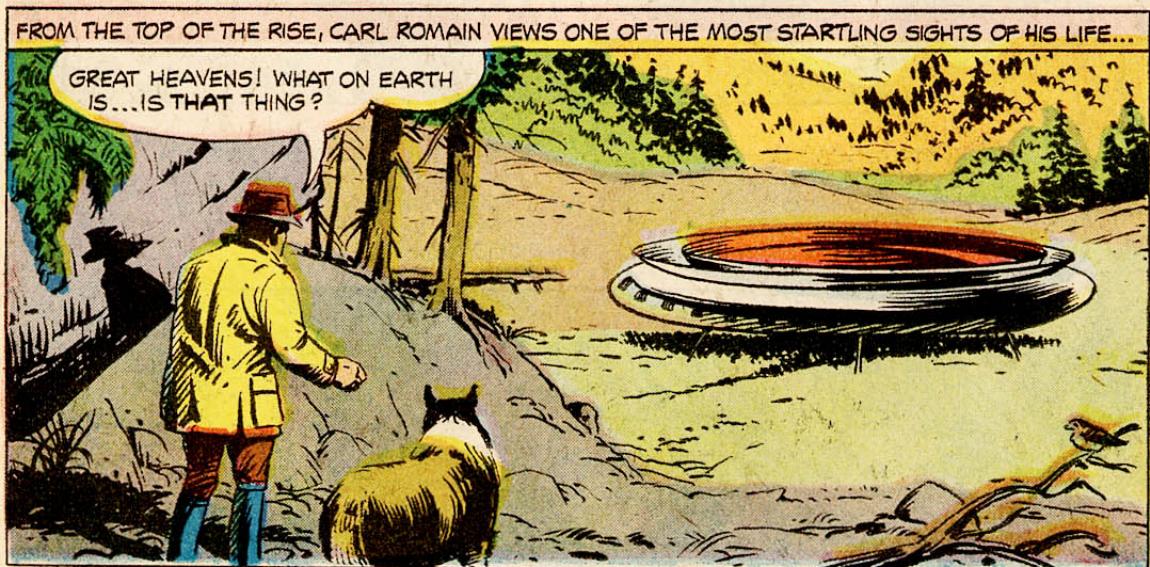
FLYING SAUCERS

FAR OUT Physical

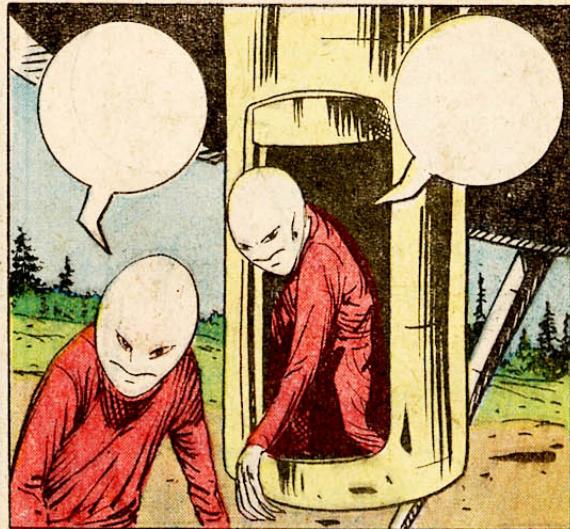
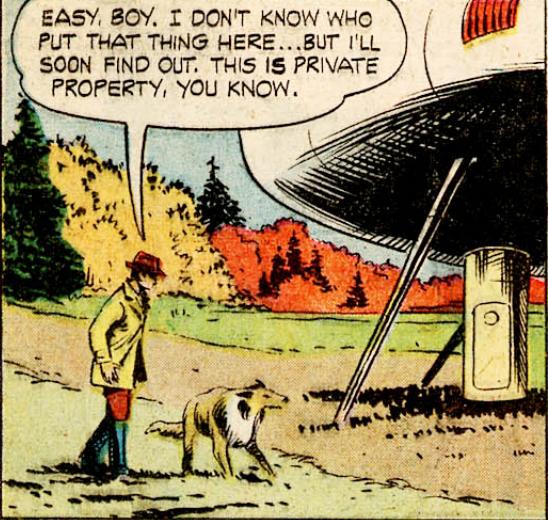


CARL ROMAIN, GENTLEMAN FARMER, CONNOISSEUR, HORSE BREEDER AND DOG FANCIER LEAVES HIS LARGE HOUSE ON A CLEAR FALL EVENING TO WALK HIS FAVORITE SHOW DOG ON THE REMOTE BACK PORTION OF HIS COUNTRY ESTATE. CURIOUS ABOUT AN ODD LIGHT GLOWING IN A REAR MEADOW, CARL ROMAIN INVESTIGATES...MUCH TO HIS GREAT SURPRISE!





EASY BOY. I DON'T KNOW WHO PUT THAT THING HERE...BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT. THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, YOU KNOW.



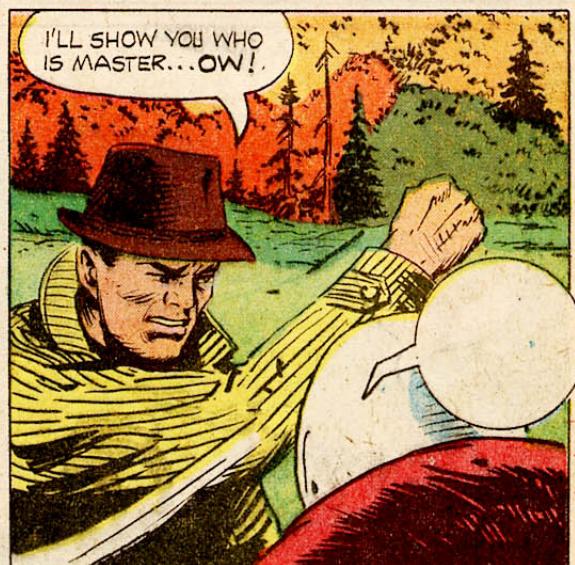
NOW SEE HERE, WHOEVER OR WHATEVER YOU ARE. IF THIS IS SOME SORT OF PRANK I'LL HAVE THE LOT OF YOU THROWN IN JAIL.

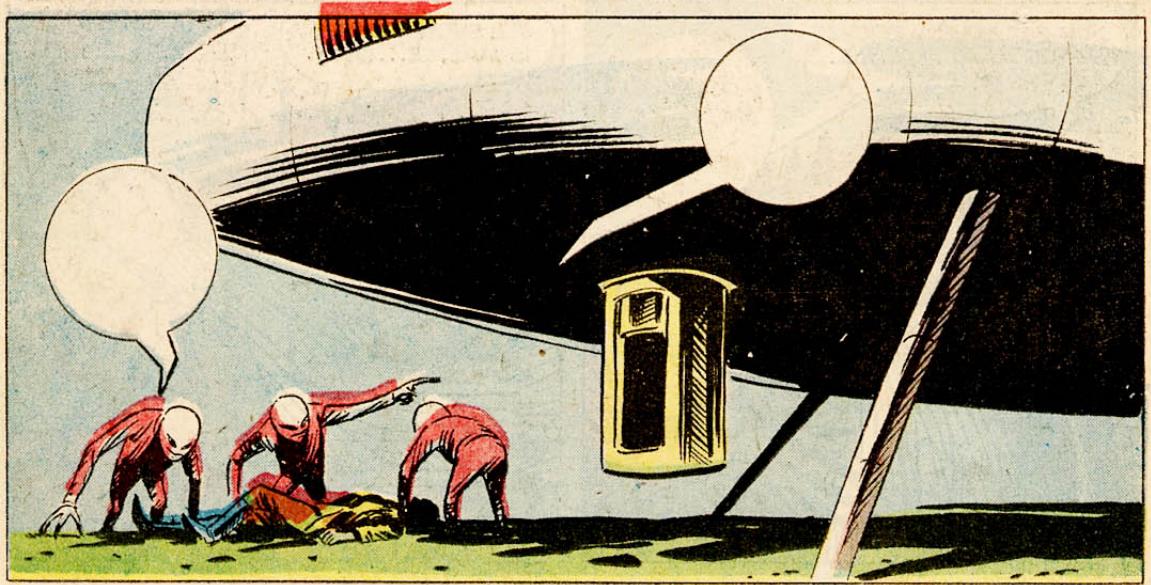
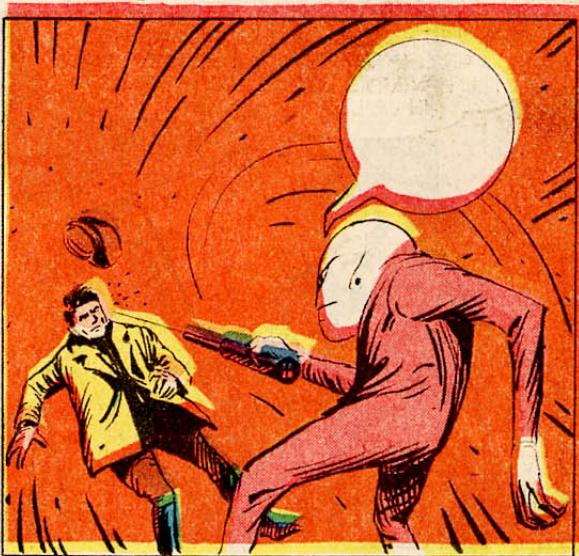
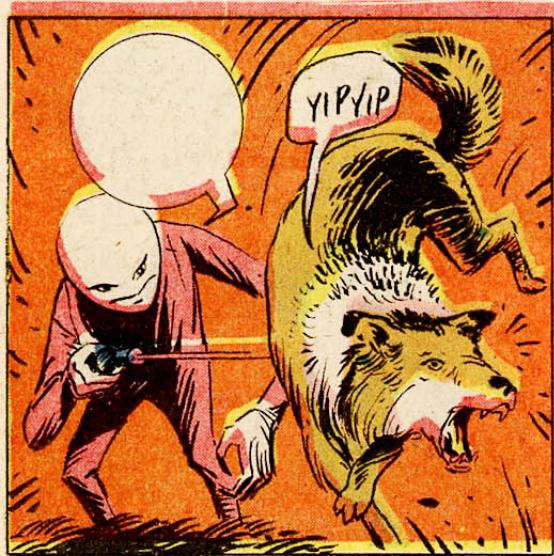
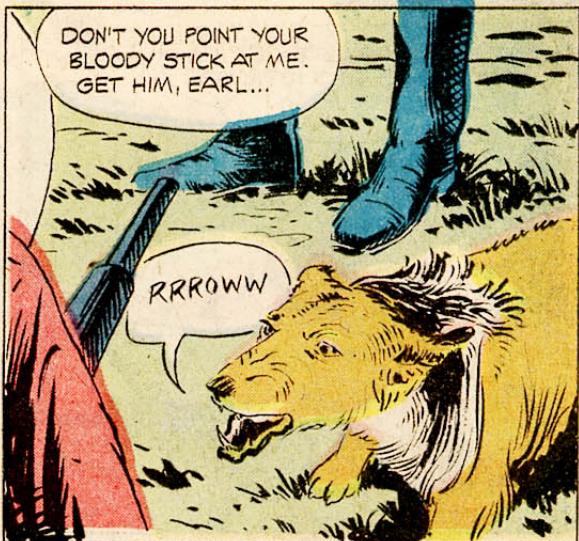
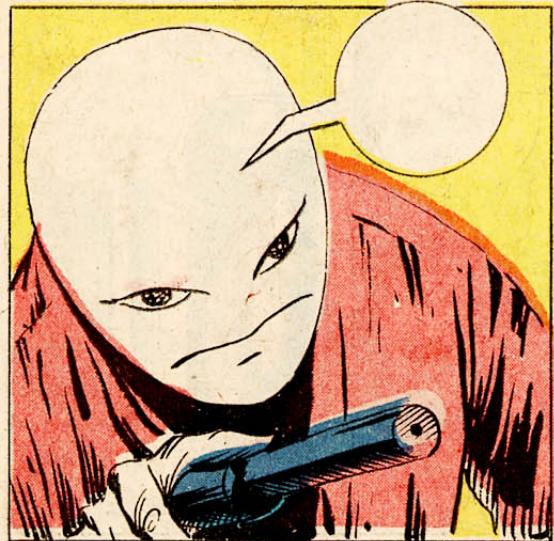


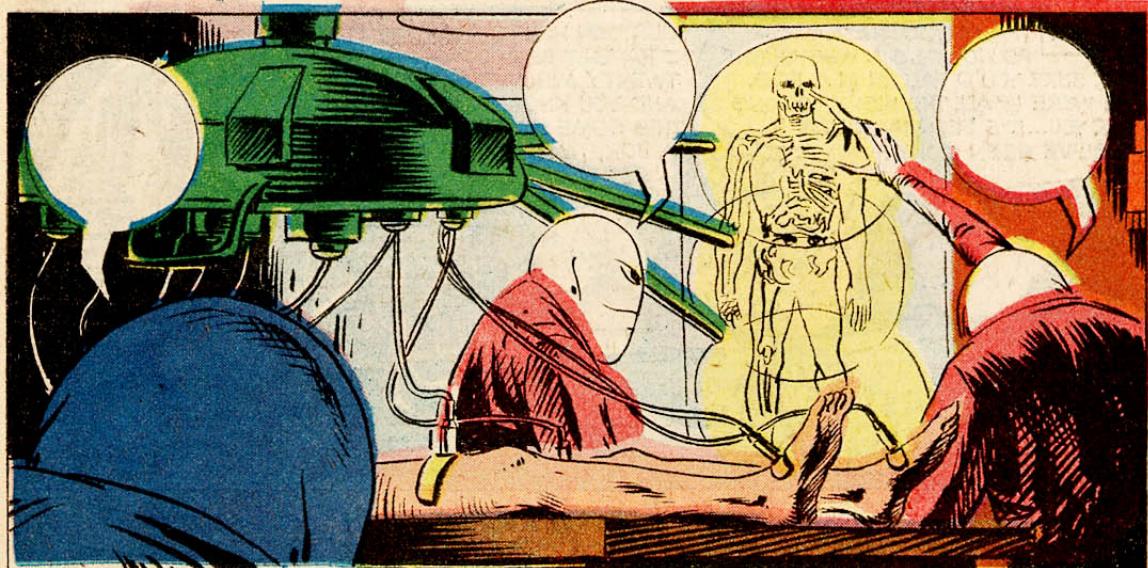
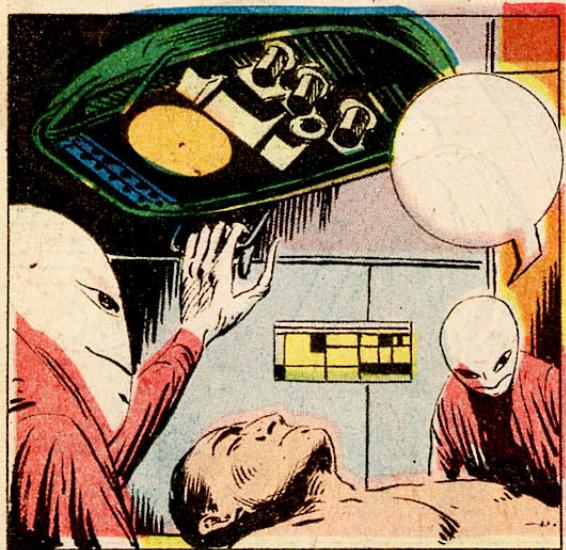
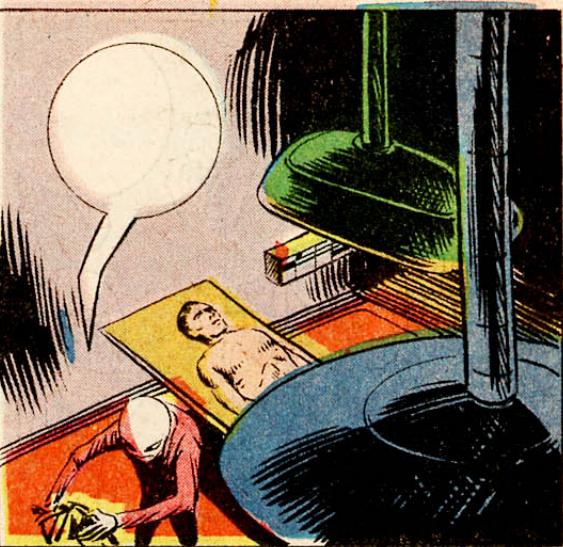
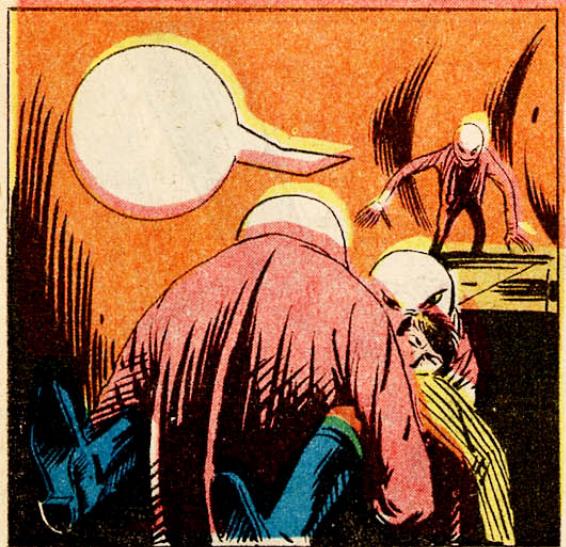
YOU GET YOUR WRETCHED HANDS AWAY FROM ME. GET AWAY, I SAY.

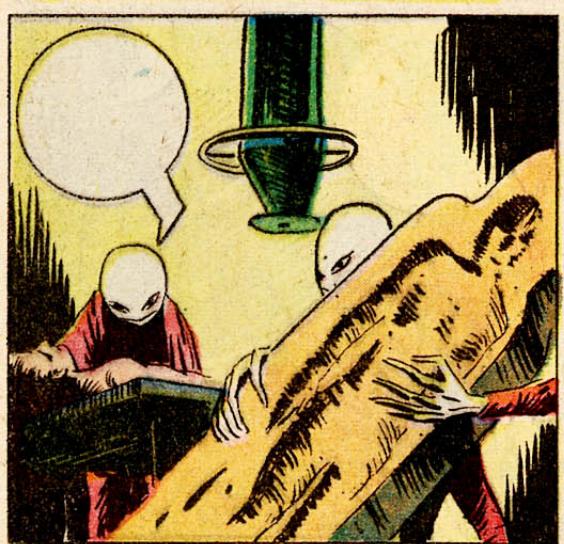
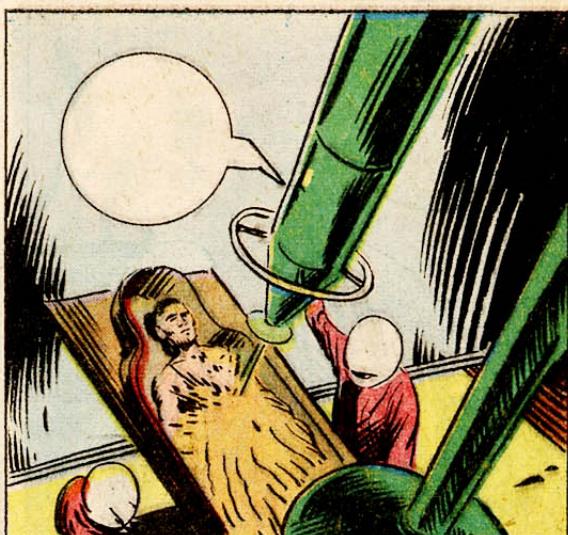


I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS MASTER... OW!



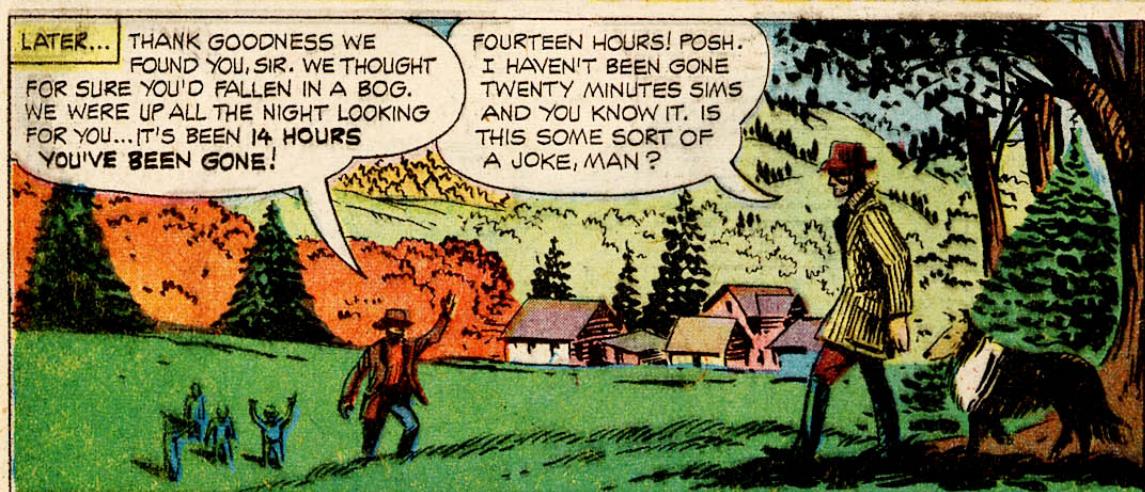






LATER... THANK GOODNESS WE FOUND YOU, SIR. WE THOUGHT FOR SURE YOU'D FALLEN IN A BOG. WE WERE UP ALL THE NIGHT LOOKING FOR YOU... IT'S BEEN 14 HOURS YOU'VE BEEN GONE!

FOURTEEN HOURS! POSH. I HAVEN'T BEEN GONE TWENTY MINUTES SIMS AND YOU KNOW IT. IS THIS SOME SORT OF A JOKE, MAN?



IT WOULD SEEM, MR. ROMAIN, THAT THERE ARE MORE PEOPLE WHO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOU DO... A WHOLE LOT MORE!

The End

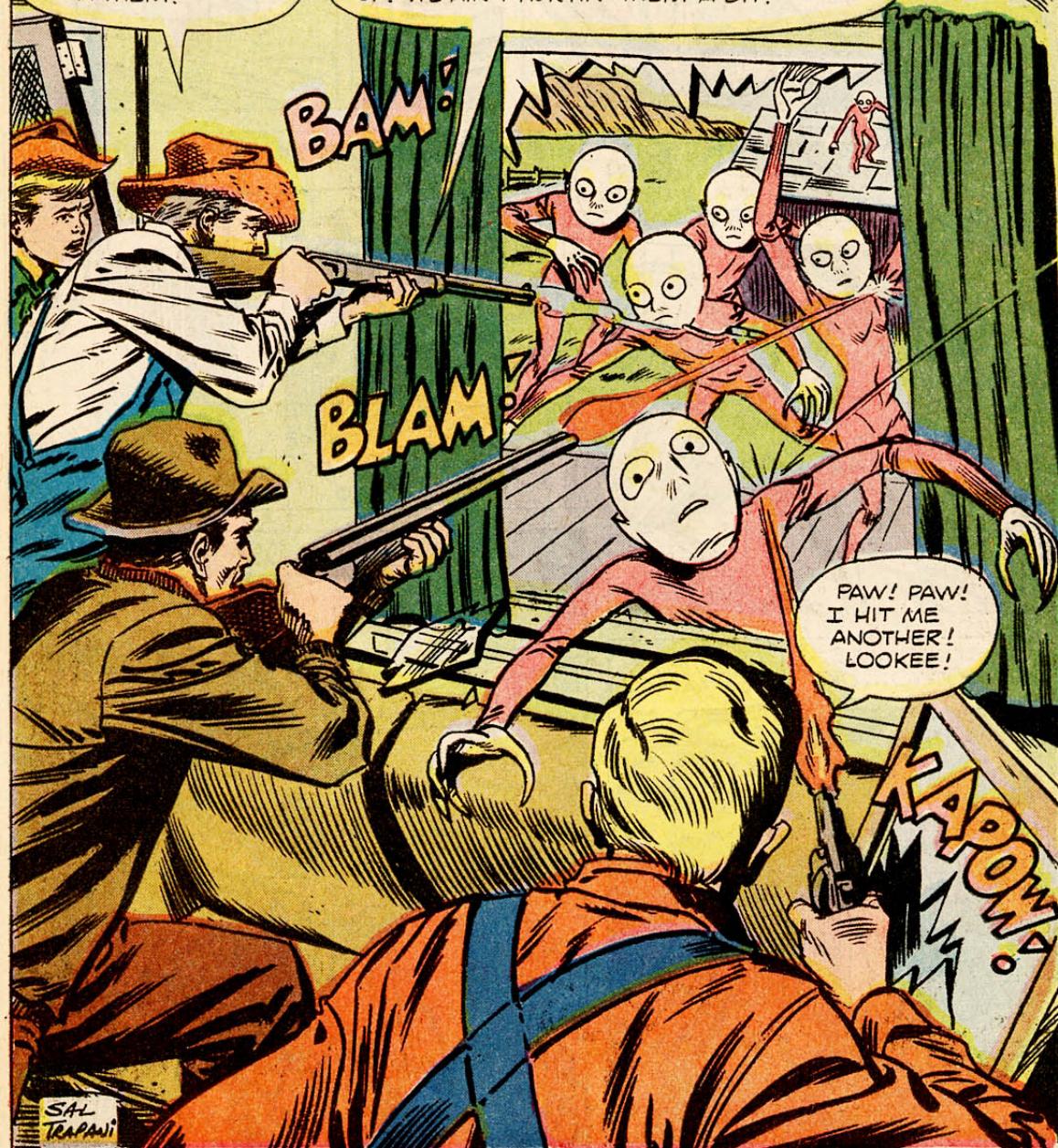
FLYING SAUCERS

STRANGE SHOOT OUT

FEUDIN' AND FIGHTIN' IS OLD STUFF TO SOME OF THE BOLDER FAMILIES WHO MAKE THEIR HOMES AMONG THE HILLS OF THE RIDGEBACK MOUNTAINS IN A STATE FAMOUS FOR ITS MARKSMEN! BUT THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 14, 1951 WASN'T FEUDIN' AND IT WASN'T FIGHTIN'... TO THIS DAY **NOBODY** KNOWS WHAT IT **REALLY** WAS...

LUKE! A HIND YA...
OVER THERE! ANOTHER.
A THEM!

I GOT 'IM, JED... BUT THE CARN SARNED
THINGS JUST FALLS DOWN AND GETS BACK
UP! WE AIN'T HURTIN' THEM A BIT!

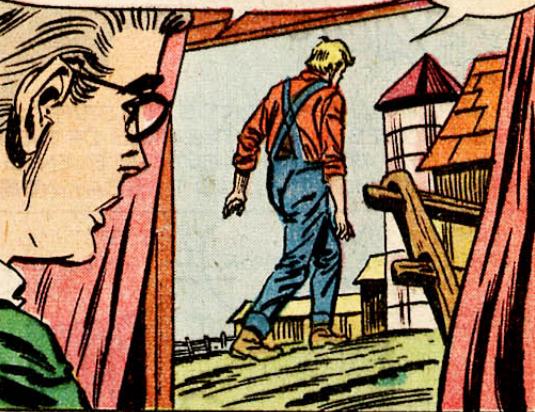
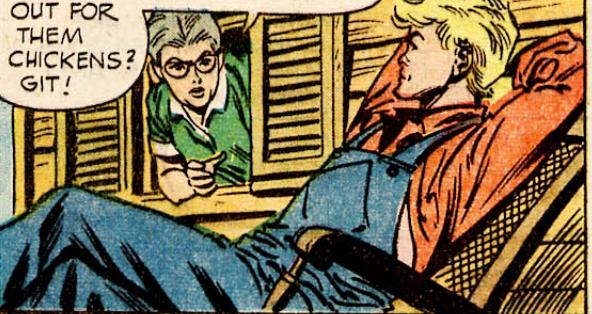


RUFUS TALMADGE WAS NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER TEEN AGE BOY... ANY WORK THAT COULD BE AVOIDED, SHOULD BE AVOIDED UNTIL THE BITTER END...

HOW MANY TIMES I GOT TO TELL YOU TO PUT SOME WATER OUT FOR THEM CHICKENS? GIT!

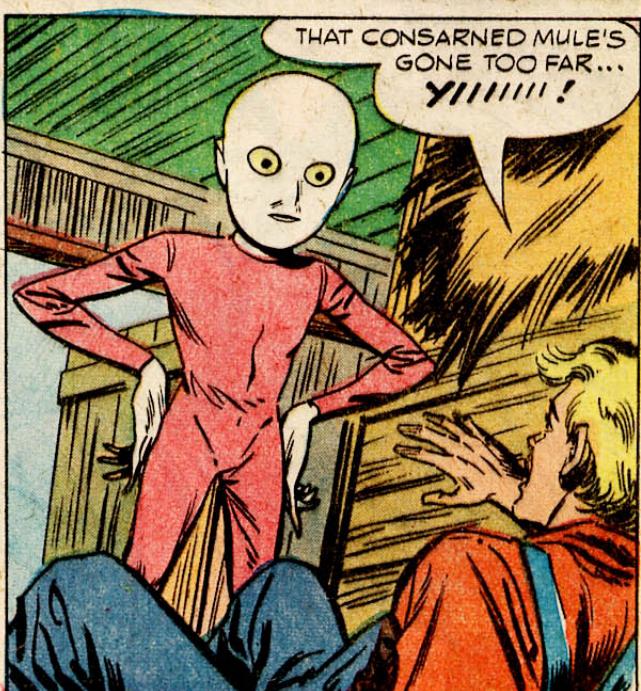
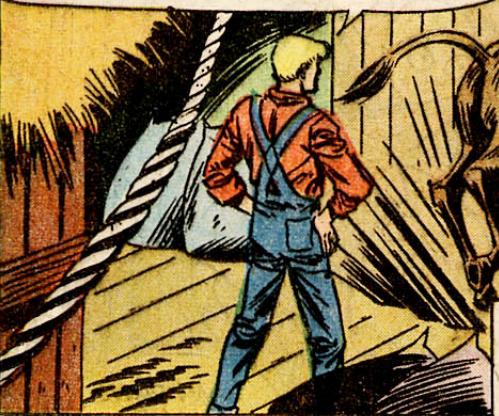
AW, ALL RIGHT, MAW!

OKAY, MA, OKAY!
AND LOOK TO THAT LONG EARED MULE! SOMETHING'S BOTHERIN' HER, THAT'S FOR SURE!

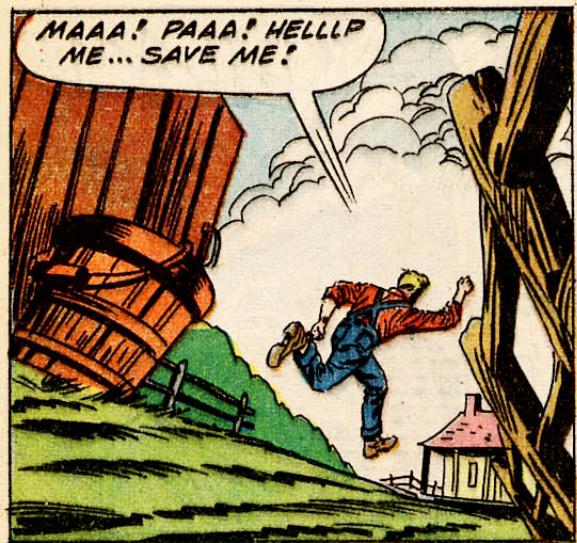


HEY, MULE, WHAT IN SAM HILL GOT INTO YOU? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU SEEN THE GLUE FACTORY TRUCK PULL UP OR SOMETHIN'... NOW SIMMER DOWN!

HEEYAW! HEEYAAAW!

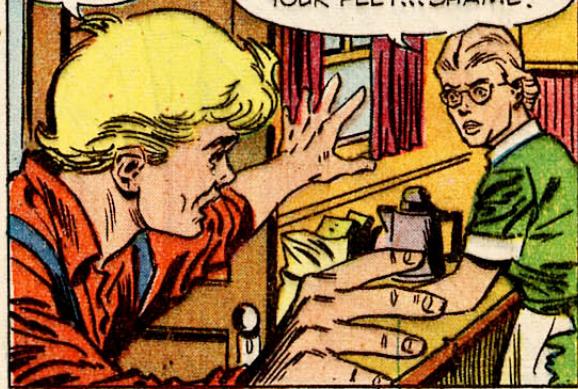


MAAA! PAAA! HELLP
ME... SAVE ME!



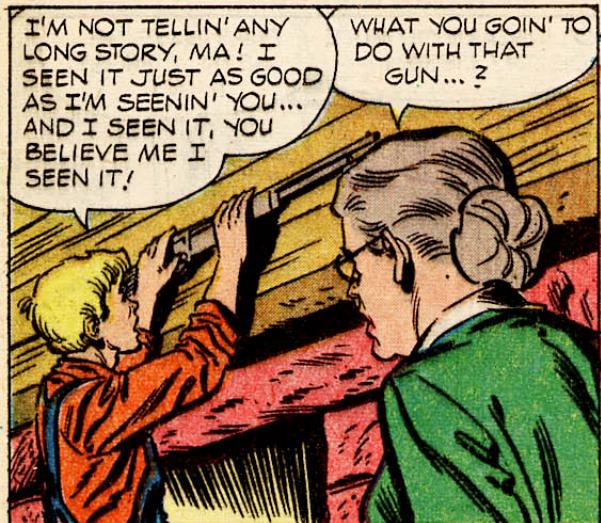
MA! WHERE PA
AN' UNCLE LUKE?
WE GOT US A
GHOST IN THE
BARN!

SHUSH, BOY! DON'T YOU
COME RUSHIN' IN HERE
WITH LONG STORIES
ABOUT GHOSTS... YOU
DIDN'T EVEN WIPE OFF
YOUR FEET... SHAME!



I'M NOT TELLIN' ANY
LONG STORY, MA! I
SEEN IT JUST AS GOOD
AS I'M SEEIN' YOU...
AND I SEEN IT, YOU
BELIEVE ME I
SEEN IT!

WHAT YOU GOIN' TO
DO WITH THAT
GUN... ?



I'M GOIN' TO GET ME A GHOST...
I'M GOIN' TO GET ME A REAL
LIVE GHOST!



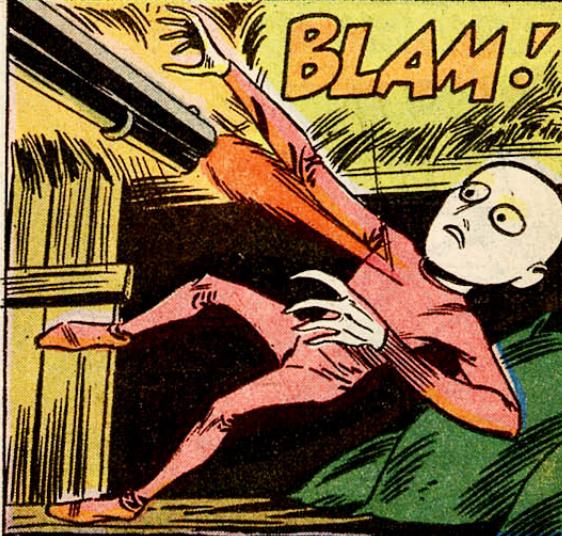
WHERE YOU GOIN'
SO ALL FIRED FAST?

WE GOT US A GHOST IN THE BARN! CAN' YA
HEAR HIM? GO GIT PAW AND UNCLE LUKE...
MEBEE THERE'S MORE A THEM!



HEEYAAWW!

BLAM!



RUF! HAVE YOU GONE PLUMB OUTTA YER HEAD? WHAT IN THE DEVIL ARE YOU DOIN' SHOOTIN' HOLES IN THE ONLY BARN WE GOT?

FOOL KID'LL SCARE OL' MULE HALF TO DEATH! LISSEN TO HER!

RUF SAYS HE SEEN A GHOST, PAW!



I DID, PAW! I SEEN A GHOST! AND I SHOT 'IM, TOO! DEAD CENTER!



I GOT ME A MIND TO STRAP SOME SENSE INTO YOU...IFFEN I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO ANY GOOD...

BUT I SEEN HIM, PAW! HONEST!

PAW! LOOK!



HE DID SEE
A GHOST,
PAW! AN'
THERE'S
ANOTHER
'UN!

JEEHOSEPHAT!
WILL YA LOOK
AT THAT!

I GOT 'IM...
WHATEVER
HE WAS!

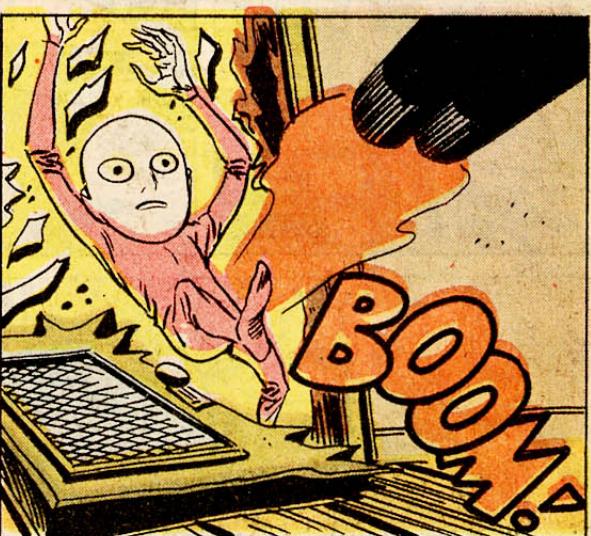
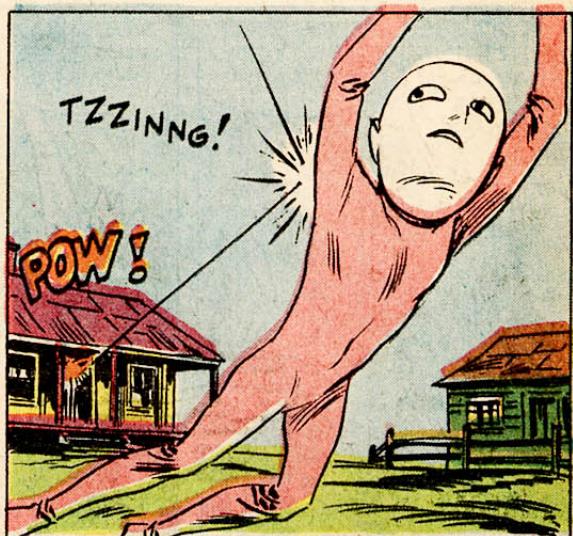
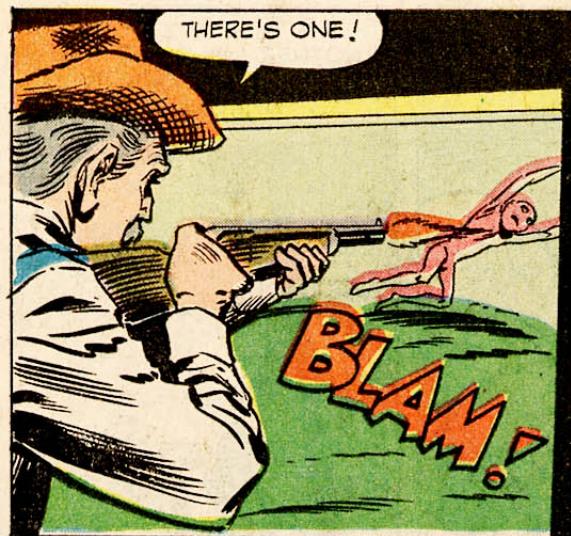
GET IN THERE! I SEEN
ANOTHER 'UN OUT BY
THE CHICKEN COOP!
WE'S SURROUNDED!



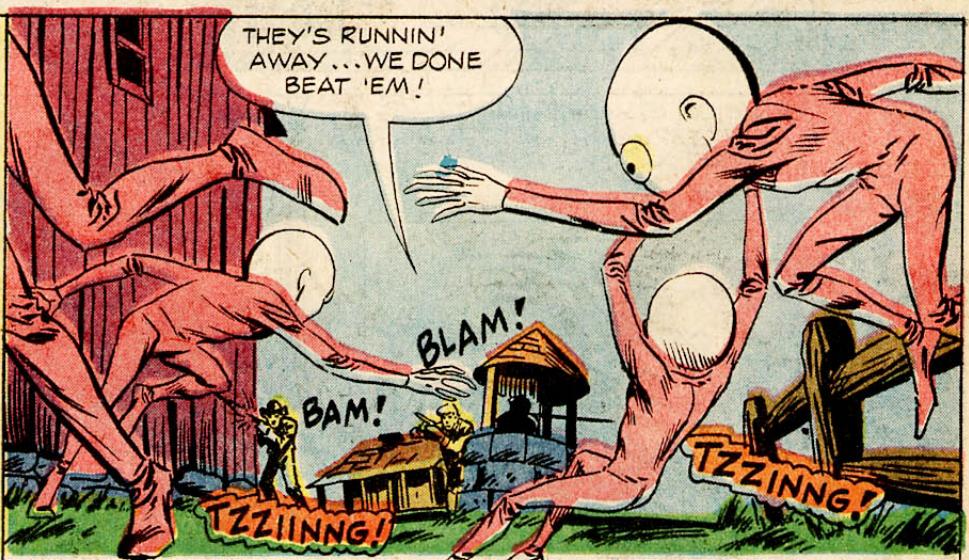
WHAT IN TARNATION IS HAPPENIN'? THEY'S ALL
OVER THE PLACE! JERIMIAH, GET THE SHERIFF
ON THE PHONE... HURRY!

I AM, PAW...
I AM!





FOR NEARLY AN HOUR AND A HALF ON THAT OTHERWISE QUIET DAY, BULLETS AND SHOT FLEW STRAIGHT AT THE "GHOSTS" THAT HAD MADE THEIR PRESENCE KNOWN ON THE TALMADGE FARM...



LATER...

NOW WHAT IN BLAZES DO
WE TELL THE SHERIFF? HE'LL
THINK WE'RE PLUMB
CRAZY IN THE HEAD!

NOW, JED! YOU MEAN TO STAND THERE
AND TELL ME YOU BEEN FIGHTIN' GHOSTS!
YOU AIN'T GOT A STILL
GOIN' AGAIN, DO YOU?

BY EVER'THING
I BELIEVE IN,
SHERIFF! THEM
THINGS WAS
HERE! AND
THEY WAS
REAL!

HMM! IT DON'T MAKE
MUCH SENSE FOR YOU TO
BLOW YOUR OWN HOUSE
FULL OF HOLES FOR A
JOKE!

SHE'S DEAD! AND SHE
AIN'T SHOT! YOU MEAN
TO TELL ME SHE DIED
A FRIGHT?

NOTHIN' ELSE
WOULDA DONE
IT, SHERIFF!
NOTHIN' ELSE
IN THE WORLD!

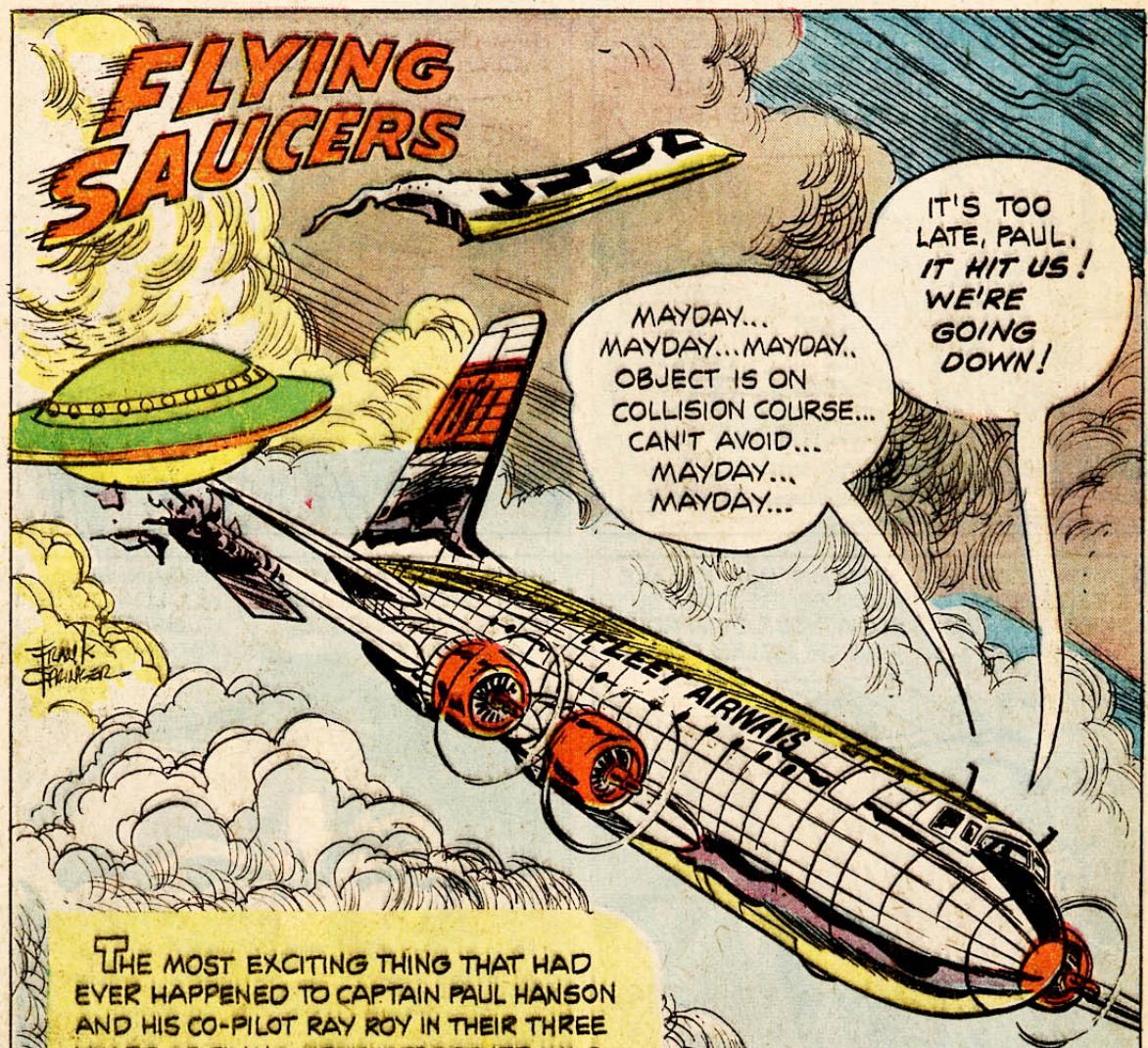
YOU GONNA
REPORT THIS,
AVERY?

NOPE! GOT NOTHIN' TO REPORT!
AND YOU ALL BETTER FORGET
ABOUT IT TOO! SOME THINGS IS
BEST LEFT UNSAID...TO ANYBODY!

FOR THE
TALMADGES
AND SHERIFF
EVERY PLUNKIT
THAT WAS THE
LAST OF THE
MATTER, EXCEPT
FOR A
STRANGE WINK
WHENEVER
THEY MEET!
FOR
OCTOBER
14th, '51
THERE WAS
NOTHING TO
REPORT...
NOTHING
AT ALL!

- END -

FLYING SAUCERS



THE MOST EXCITING THING THAT HAD EVER HAPPENED TO CAPTAIN PAUL HANSON AND HIS CO-PILOT RAY ROY IN THEIR THREE YEARS OF FLYING FREIGHT TOGETHER WAS THE TIME WHEN A SHIPMENT OF CHIMPANZEES BROKE OUT OF THEIR CAGES AND RULED THE AIR FOR AN HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES... UNTIL JUNE 16, 1964, THAT IS...

Collision Course

FLEET AIRWAYS CONSISTED OF THREE AIRCRAFT, SIX PILOTS AND A MOTLEY ASSORTMENT OF MECHANICS WHO DOUBLED AS FREIGHT LOADERS IF IT MEANT MORE MONEY. ON THE DAY IN QUESTION...

DRINK UP, RAY. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP SOME KIND OF SCHEDULE.

LIKE IT OR NOT, EH?

WHAT'S THE CARGO...AND WHY ALL THE HUSH HUSH?

BEATS ME. BUT OUR DESTINATION MAY TELL US SOMETHING. WHITE SANDS PROVING GROUND.



WHITE SANDS? HEY, MAYBE THEY'RE SHIPPING A COUPLE OF ATOMIC BOMBS OUT THERE.

WITH A TWO BIT LINE LIKE FLEET? FORGET IT.

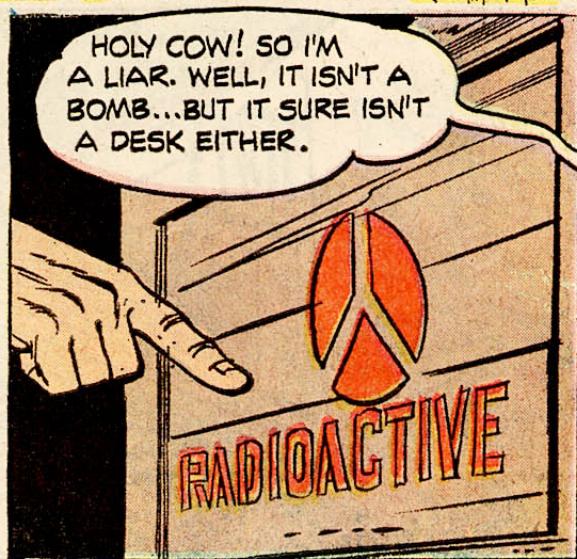


MORE LIKELY WE'RE CARRYING OFFICE FURNITURE... YOU KNOW, EXCITING STUFF.

I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE. GET A LOAD OF THIS.

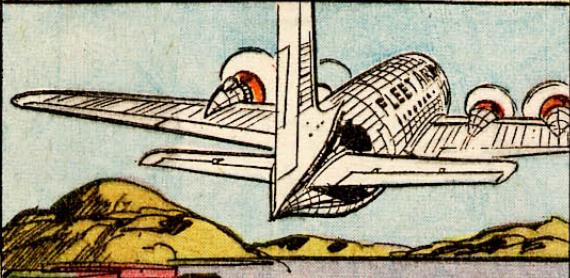


HOLY COW! SO I'M A LIAR. WELL, IT ISN'T A BOMB...BUT IT SURE ISN'T A DESK EITHER.



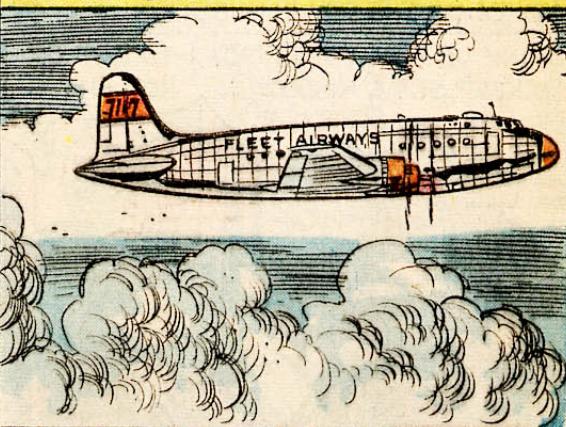
PUZZLED BUT NOT OVERLY CONCERNED,
THE TWO VETERAN PILOTS RUN THROUGH
THEIR PRE-FLIGHT CHECK LISTS, OBTAIN
CLEARANCE TO TAKE OFF FROM THE
TOWER, AND SOON ARE AIRBORNE!

WITHIN MINUTES THEY REACH THEIR
CRUISING ALTITUDE AND SETTLE BACK
FOR AN UNEVENTFUL FLIGHT TO THEIR
DESTINATION...



WHAT'S THE MATTER?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
GOING TO CALL IN
OUR POSITION TO
TULSA RADIO.

I WAS... I
MEAN I AM.
BUT SOME-
THING'S WRONG
WITH THE RADIO...
I'M GETTING
NOTHING BUT
A BUNCH OF
STATIC!



HERE, I'LL TRY IT. I'LL USE
112.8... WITH THAT HOT STUFF
ON BOARD, I WANT SOME-
BODY TO KNOW WHERE
WE ARE EVERY MINUTE.

IS IT
GETTING
LIGHTER
OR DID I
EAT TOO
MANY
CARROTS?



LOOK! ARE THOSE CLOUDS
OUT THERE GLOWING OR DID
MY FIRST CLASS MEDICAL
CERTIFICATE JUST EXPIRE?
I SEE SOMETHING, PAUL...
TELL ME I DO!

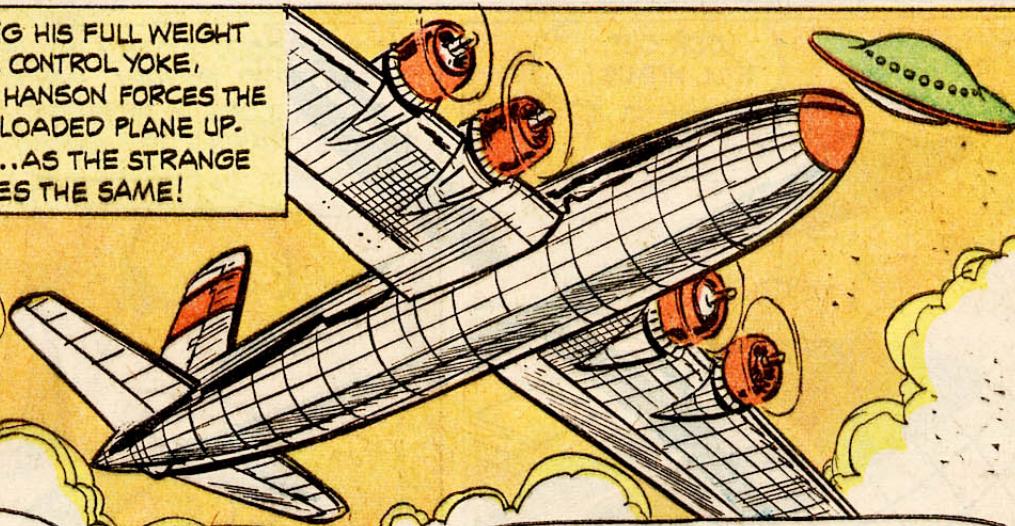


IT'S PROBABLY A SUN DOG...HANG THIS
RADIO! I CAN'T GET ANYTHING BUT
STATIC EITHER.

I HOPE YOU'RE
RIGHT...

GREAT SCOTT! LOOK!
GET THIS AIRPLANE UP...UP!
IT'S ON A COLLISION
COURSE!

THROWING HIS FULL WEIGHT
INTO THE CONTROL YOKE,
CAPTAIN HANSON FORCES THE
HEAVILY LOADED PLANE UP-
WARDS...AS THE STRANGE
DISC DOES THE SAME!

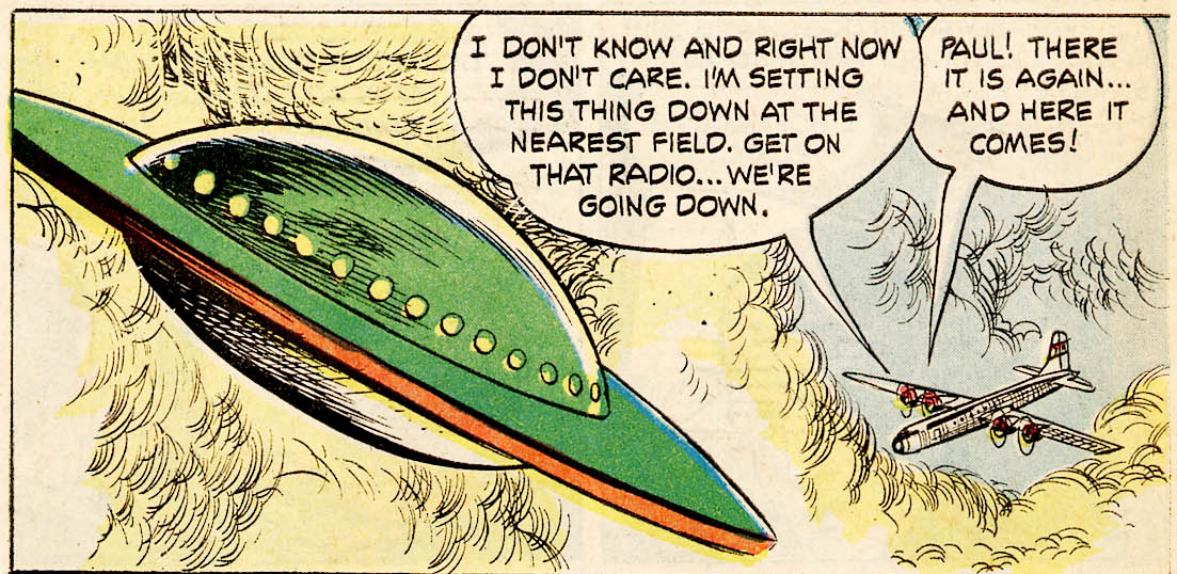


I...IT NOSED
UP WHEN WE
DID...LIKE IT
WAS PLAYING
GAMES WITH
US.

SOME GAME.
WHAT IN BLAZES
WAS IT? SOME
KIND OF NEW
JET?

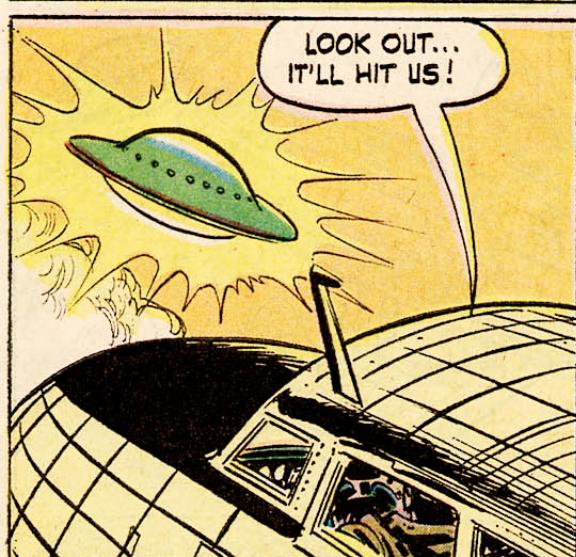
GET OFF IT. NO JET CAN FLY LIKE THAT..
AND I KNOW THEM ALL. AND THAT LIGHT...
IT SURE AS SHOOTING ISN'T ONE OF OURS.

THEN
WHOSE
IS IT?



I DON'T KNOW AND RIGHT NOW I DON'T CARE. I'M SETTING THIS THING DOWN AT THE NEAREST FIELD. GET ON THAT RADIO... WE'RE GOING DOWN.

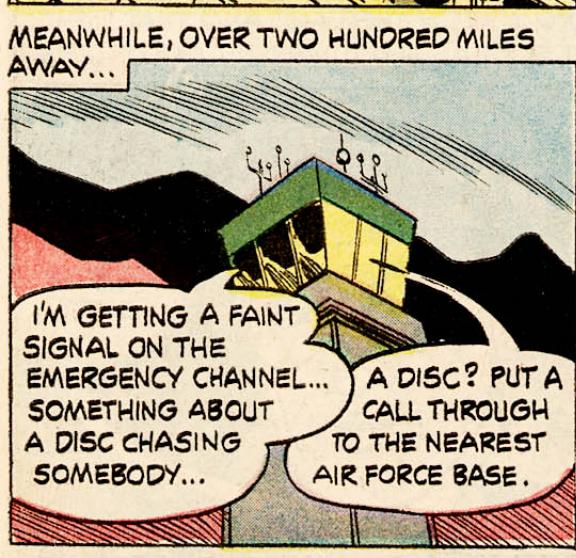
PAUL! THERE IT IS AGAIN... AND HERE IT COMES!



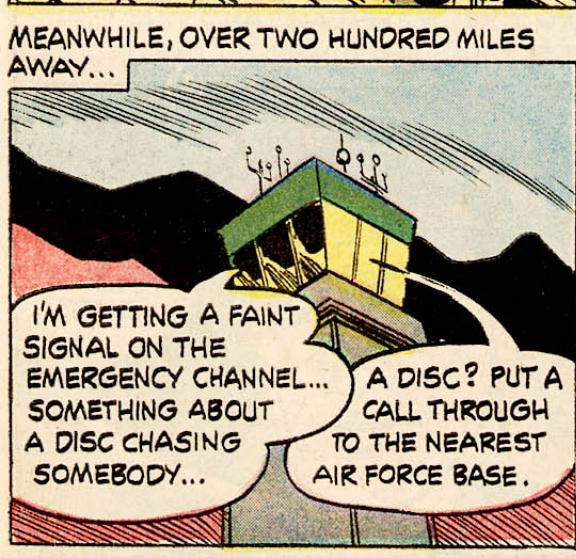
LOOK OUT... IT'LL HIT US!



IT'S TOO GOOD. IT CAN'T HIT US... UNLESS IT WANTS TO. MAYDAY... MAYDAY... COME IN TULSA... COME IN ANYBODY... SOMETHING'S CHASING US... MAYDAY... MAYDAY...

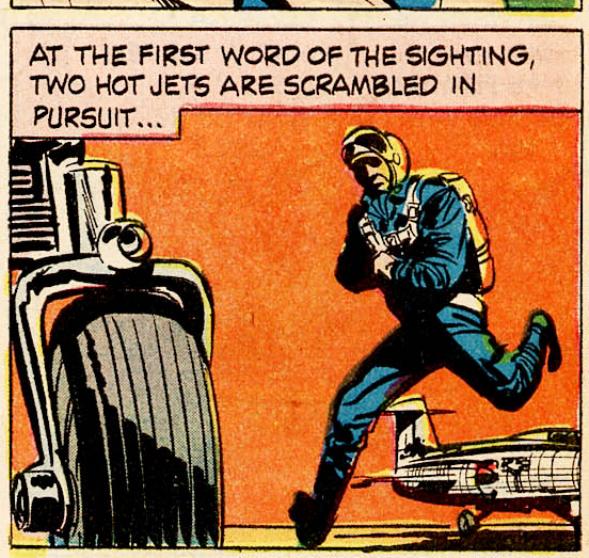


MEANWHILE, OVER TWO HUNDRED MILES AWAY...



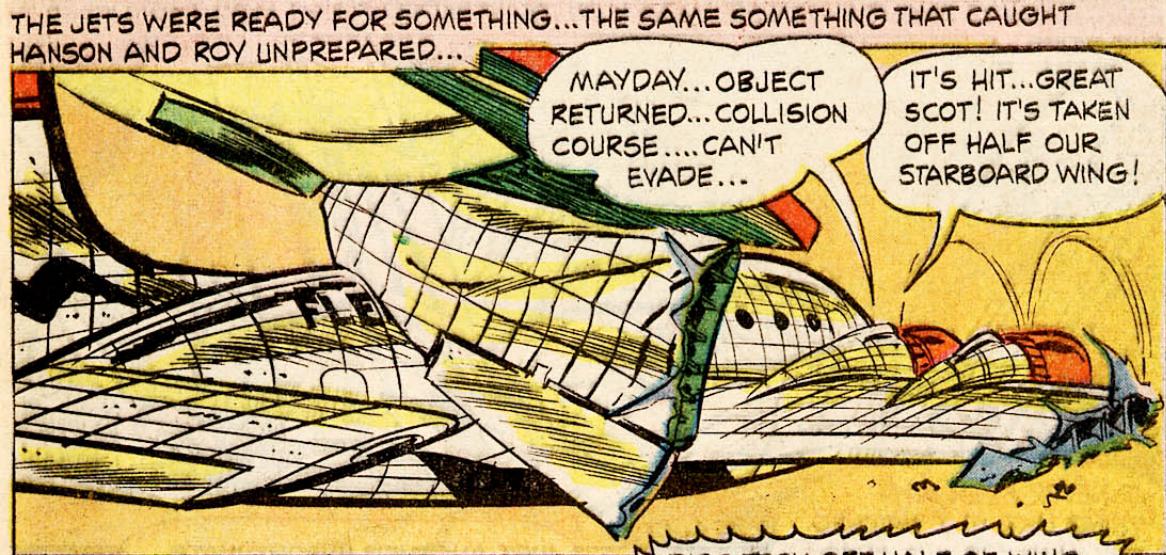
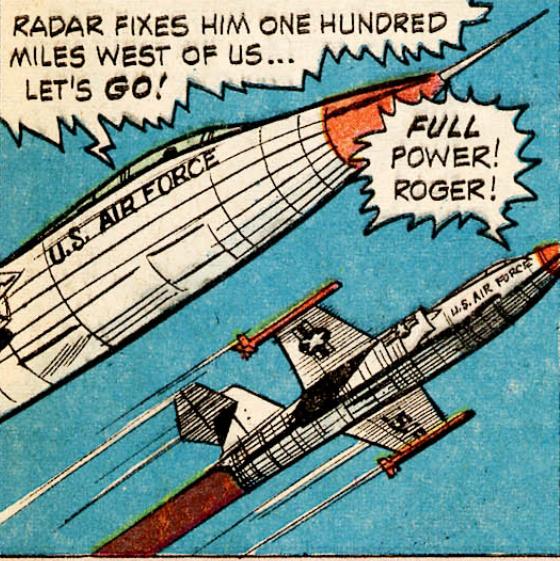
I'M GETTING A FAINT SIGNAL ON THE EMERGENCY CHANNEL... SOMETHING ABOUT A DISC CHASING SOMEBODY...

A DISC? PUT A CALL THROUGH TO THE NEAREST AIR FORCE BASE.

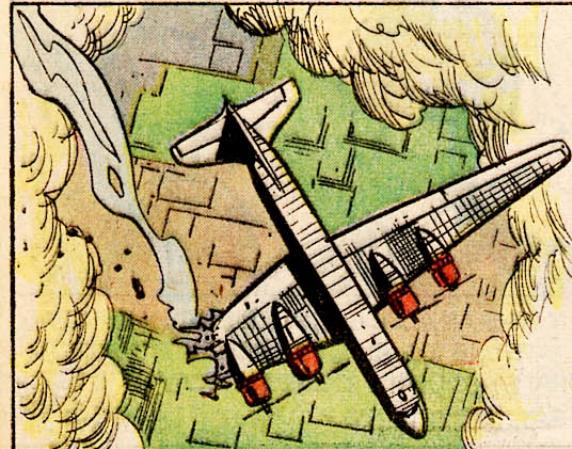


AT THE FIRST WORD OF THE SIGHTING, TWO HOT JETS ARE SCRAMBLED IN PURSUIT...





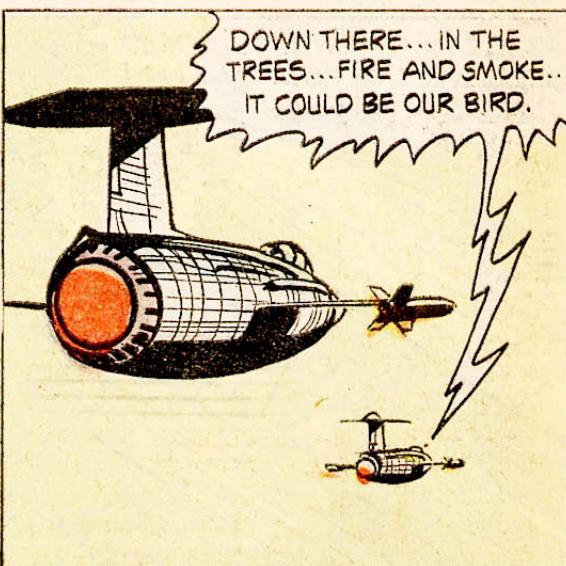
UNABLE TO CONTROL THE HEAVY LADEN AIRCRAFT, THE TWO HAPLESS PILOTS AWAITS AN UNKNOWN FATE...



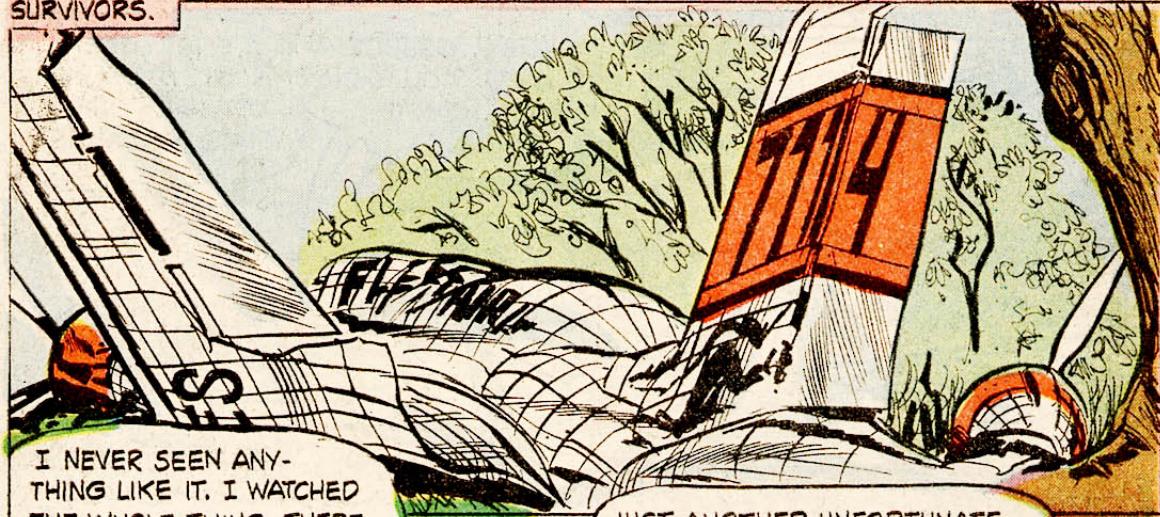
THE RADAR FIX HAD HIM LOCATED
HERE....BUT THERE ISN'T ANYTHING...
NOTHING!



DOWN THERE...IN THE
TREES...FIRE AND SMOKE..
IT COULD BE OUR BIRD.



FLEET AIRWAYS FLIGHT 611 ENDED MIDWAY ON ITS INTENDED FLIGHT PLAN. THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS.



I NEVER SEEN ANY-
THING LIKE IT. I WATCHED
THE WHOLE THING. THERE
WAS THIS BRIGHT THING...
THEN IT HIT THE PLANE...
AND NOW THIS. IT WAS
TURRIBLE...JUST TURRIBLE.
WHAT WAS IT?

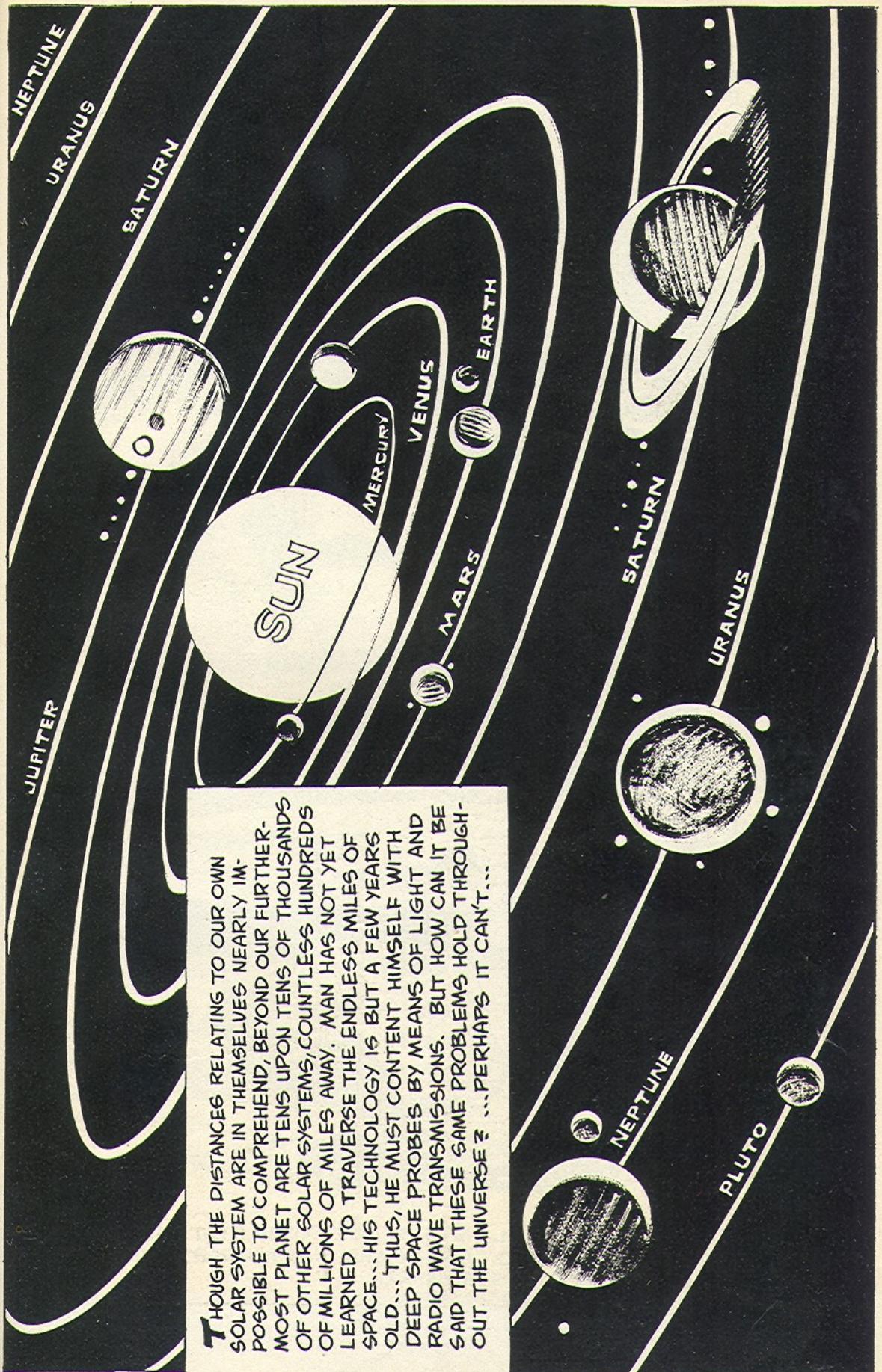


JUST ANOTHER UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT. THAT'S ALL IT WAS.



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, ALL RIGHT. AN UNFORTU-
NATE ONE TOO. BUT JUST ANOTHER UNFORTU-
NATE ACCIDENT? THERE'S NOBODY LEFT TO
SAY...OR IS THERE?

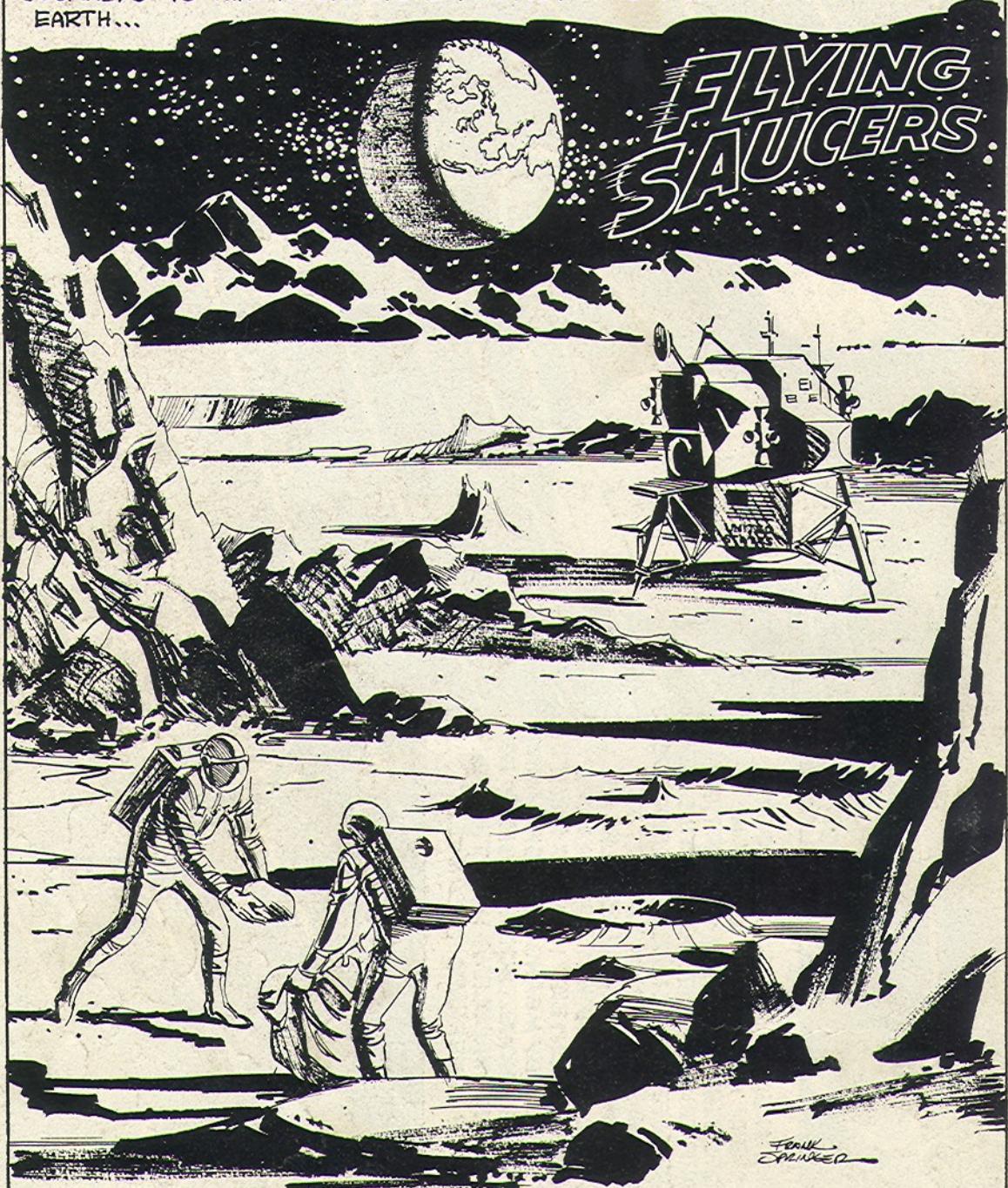
THE END



THOUGH THE DISTANCES RELATING TO OUR OWN SOLAR SYSTEM ARE IN THEMSELVES NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND, BEYOND OUR FURTHER-MOST PLANET ARE TENS UPON TENS OF THOUSANDS OF OTHER SOLAR SYSTEMS, COUNTLESS HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY. MAN HAS NOT YET LEARNED TO TRAVERSE THE ENDLESS MILES OF SPACE... HIS TECHNOLOGY IS BUT A FEW YEARS OLD... THUS, HE MUST CONTENT HIMSELF WITH DEEP SPACE PROBES BY MEANS OF LIGHT AND RADIO WAVE TRANSMISSIONS. BUT HOW CAN IT BE SAID THAT THESE SAME PROBLEMS HOLD THROUGHOUT THE UNIVERSE? ...PERHAPS IT CAN'T...

BY THE EARLY 1970'S, IF ALL GOES AS PLANNED, THE UNITED STATES HOPES TO HAVE PLACED THE FIRST MEN ON THE MOON. THE RUSSIANS HAVE THE SAME PLAN. BUT, NOTWITHSTANDING WHO ACTUALLY REACHES OUR ONLY NATURAL SATELLITE FIRST, IN A VERY SHORT TIME MAN WILL BE MAKING REGULAR JOURNEYS TO THAT ROCKY SHORE TO STUDY IT AS HE NOW STUDIES THE EARTH...

FLYING SAUCERS



...BEYOND THE MOON LIE THE PLANETS OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM...AND BEYOND THAT, THE UNIVERSE. WHO CAN SAY WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN LEARNED OUT THERE... BY SOMEBODY... SOMEWHERE...?