Spacemen

35c

OCTOBER No. 5

JUN 21

SUPER ISSUE ON YESTERDAY'S SPACEMEN

RADAR MEN from the MOON

THE FIRST BUCK ROGERS ON FILM

FLYING DISC MAN from MARS

YOU ASKED FOR IT! ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

SPACE FANS OF THE WORLD UNITE!

UNITE in Chicago, over the Labor Day Holiday end of Aug. and beginning of Sep.—at the WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION where you can meet SPACEMEN'S Editor in person . . . plus SPACEMEN'S publisher James Warren, as well as Theodore Sturgeon (author of "Voyage to the Bottom of the sea"), Robert Bloch, Robert Silverberg, Donald Wollheim, John W. Campbell (author of THE THING) and a host of other prominent sci-fi personalities with whom you are familiar thru the pages of SPACEMEN and FAMOUS MONSTERS. The legendary Space Expert Willy Ley frequently attends such occasions. And Robot Master Asimov. You owe it to yourself to get details at once from 20th WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION, POB 4864, Chicago 80, Illinois, and plan to be in Chicago at the Pick-Congress Hotel 31 Aug. thru 3 Sep.

THIS is YOUR Spacial Invitation to attend this Special Event!

FJA

THIS SPACE FOR HIRE: Price 4c. Unless the cost of a First Class Stamp has gone up to a nickel, as there has been some talk. In other words, all it takes to buy a space here to see yourself in print is the price of a postage stamp. Just be sure, of course, the envelope you stick it on contains a letter worth publishing. So—let the Space Mail mount higher & higher!

TREASURES FROM THE TIME-VAULT

While sorting thru a number of sci-fi mags in a friend's garage recently I came across a partial set of a series of 50 small cards which I should judge were issued in about 1935 in England. Called The World of Tomorrow, they were apparently included with packs of cigarettes much as today pictures of monsters are to be found packed with bubble gum. I thought your readers might like a look at the Space-Gun from THINGS TO COME and a couple of imaginative drawings of the future featured in the set.

WM. YAKEY JR.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

● We are indeed grateful to you, Bill, for sharing these fascinating cards "out of the Ark" with us. We recognize the Anti-Gas Ray drawing as being by Frank R. Paul, the Grand Old Man of Science Fiction Artdom, and the story it originally illustrated "The World At Bay" in a 1928 issue of Amazing Stories. The

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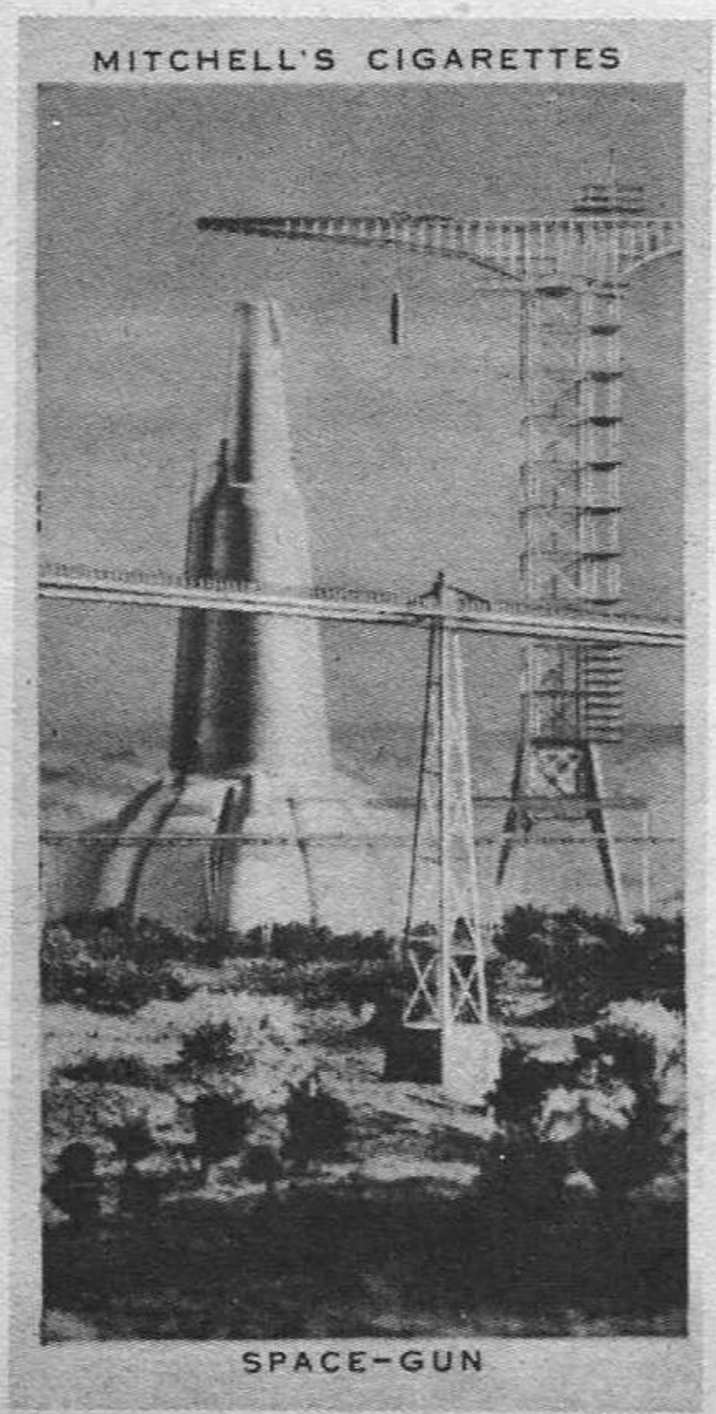

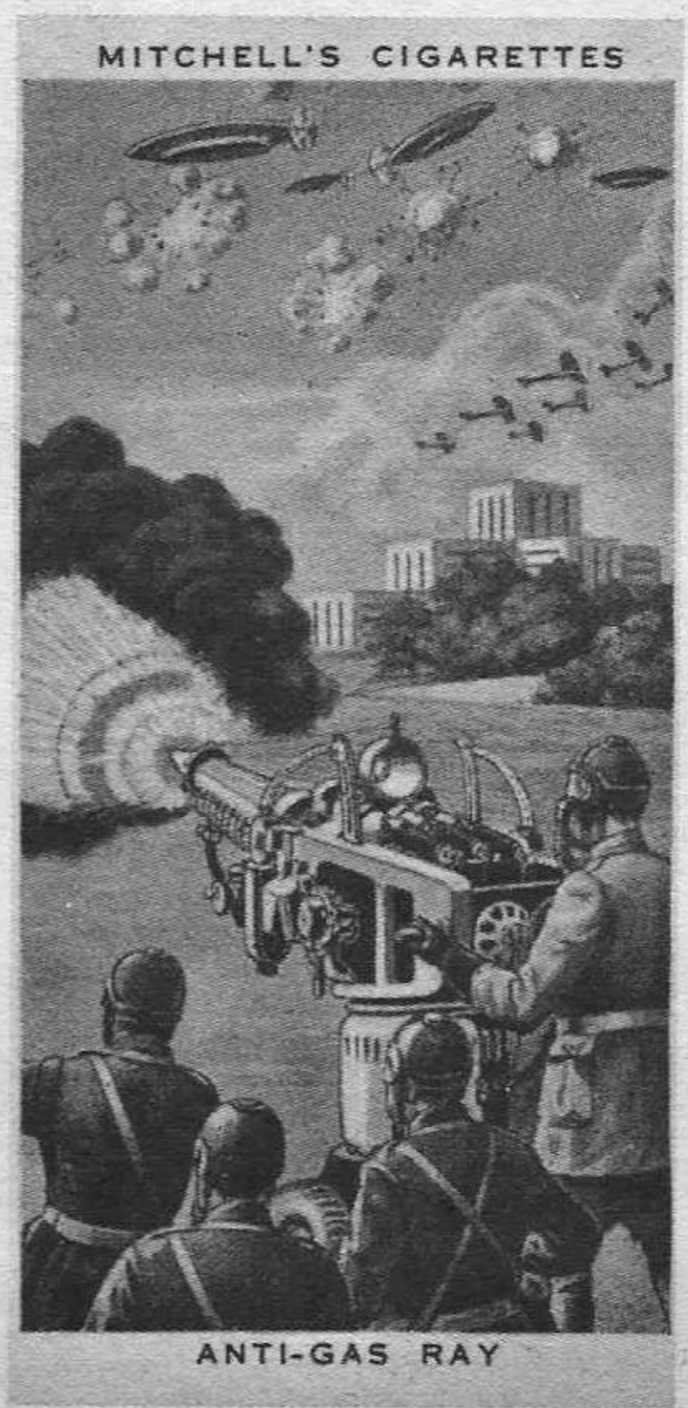

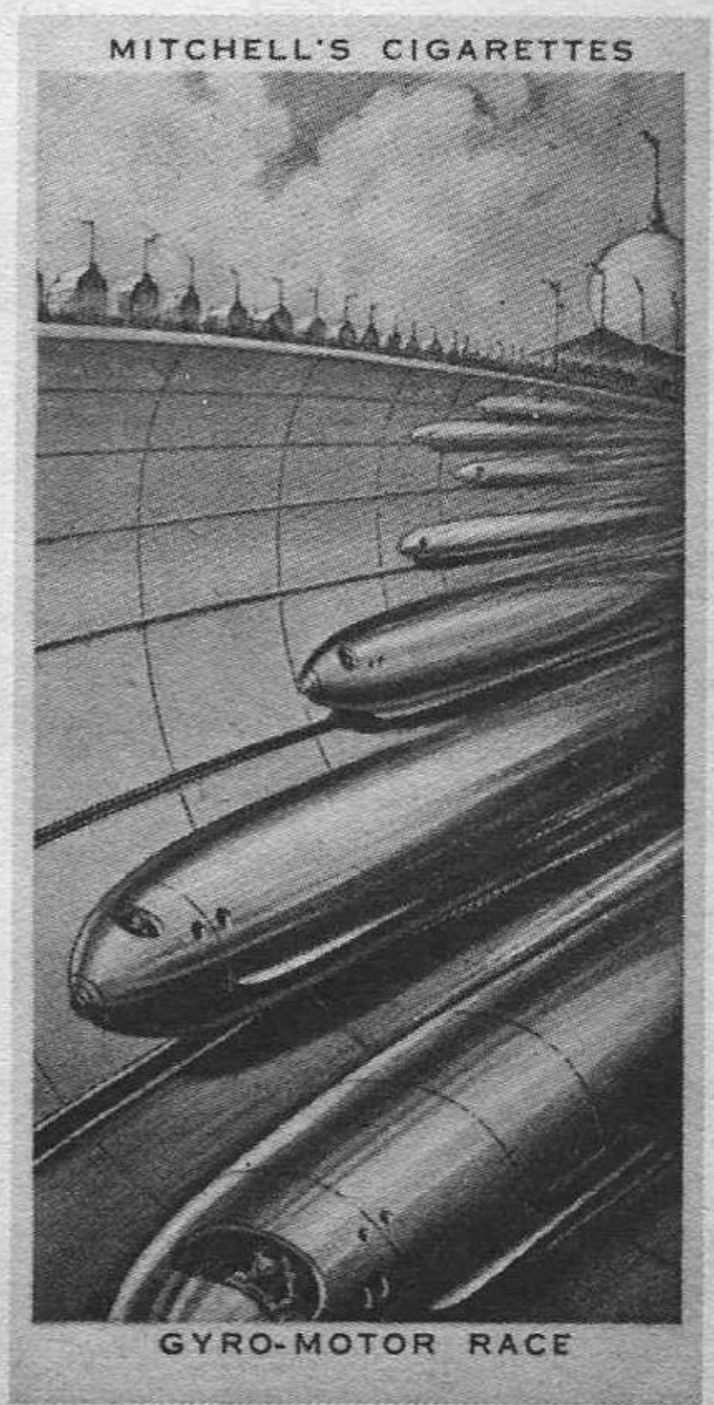

Spacemen

OCTOBER, 1962
Vol. 2, No. 1

FORREST J ACKERMAN
editor-in-orbit and writer to the stars

CHESLEY BONESTELL
honorary stowaway flight #5

SAMUEL M. SHERMAN
Contributing Editor

HARRY CHESTER
production pilot

MAURICE COOPER
Space Traffic Manager

LEE IRGANG
Circulation

BEN TAUBMAN
Advertising

JAMES WARREN
interstellar publisher

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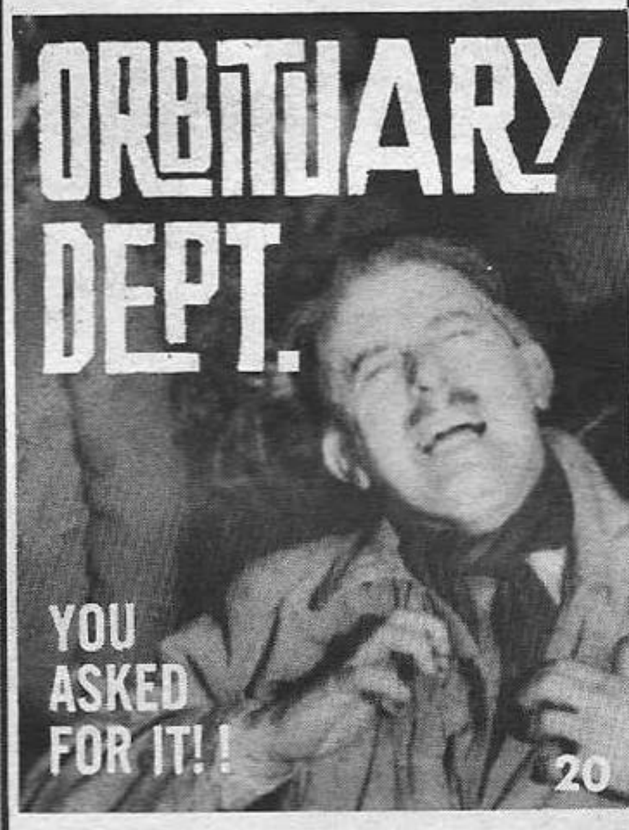

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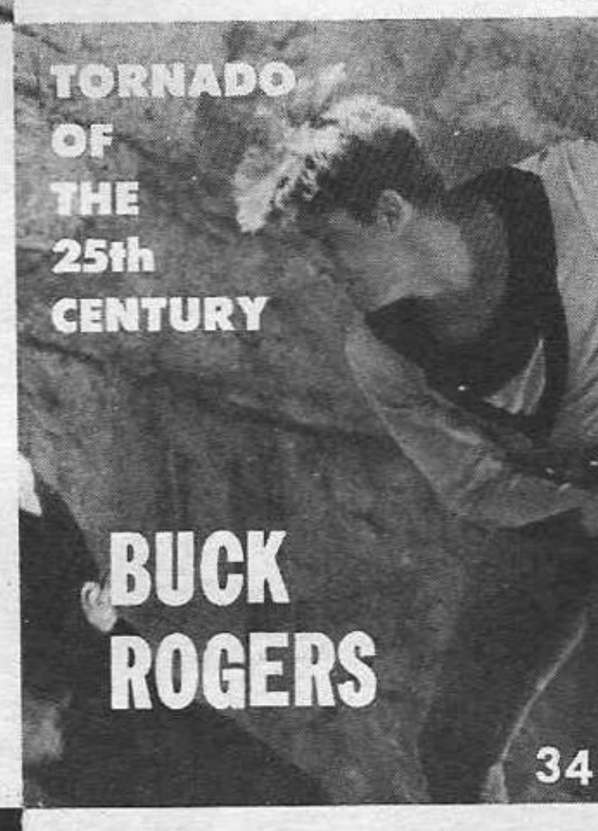

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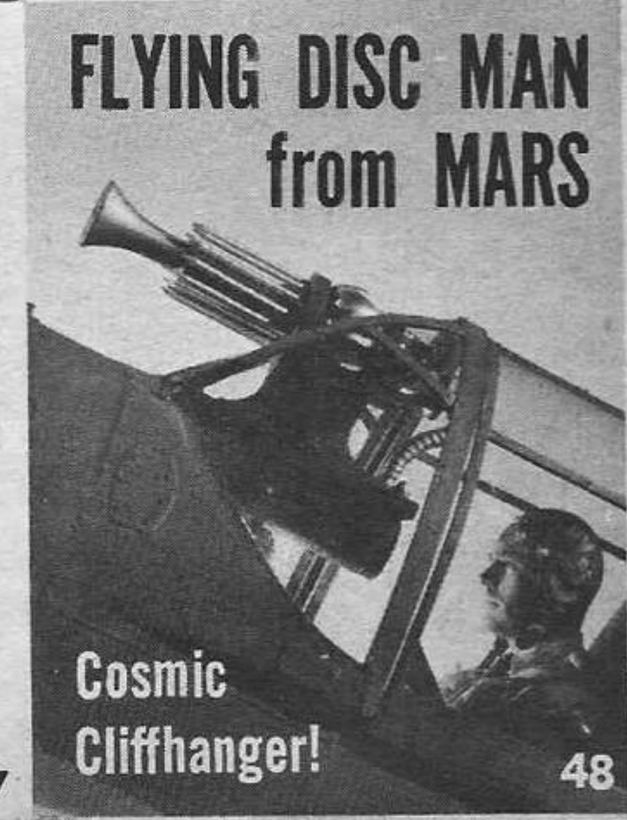


FLYING DISC MAN from MARS
Cosmic Cliffhanger! 48

continued from page 4

gyro-motor racers were drawn in 1932 by Leo Morey for a story called "Suicide Durkee's Last Ride" in Amazing Stories.

READERS!—LIKE TO BE INSULTED?

I have been rather amused by the quality of your "fan" mail. More than 99.98% of the "fans" are nothing more than kiddies who have deluded themselves into thinking that Trash (no—strike Trash—TRASH) like 12 TO THE MOON and ANGRY RED PLANET are Science Fiction. Mr. (?) Lane of Calif. names Wells. Verne & Clarke as classic writers. He probably read Classic Comics version of THE TIME MACHINE and WAR OF THE WORLDS. What about Simak, Pohl, Kornbluth, Boucher, Poul Anderson, Judith Merrill, Robt. Sheckley, Alfred Bester, Isaac Asimov and all the others? As for this Clod Mayo, he hasn't grown out of Space Opera yet! Just in case, I might mention Edgar Rice Burroughs' classic Mars novels and ask if he's heard of them. They haven't much plot and aren't very sophisticated but they supply the color & gore that his type of mentality requires. The basic problem is that the number of good Imaginative Fiction films made is in the fingers on your hand. Not even the technically superb FORBIDDEN PLANET was very good plotwise. For your kiddy readers' information, the Jan. 1953 Astounding has an excellent listing of a **basic** science fiction library.

A. LODER
ALBANY, NY

SATISFIED SPACEMEN

Mike Kopesky of New Chicago, Mars

"12" TO THE MOON

I'm 12 and forever mooning about space. The spacesuit I'm wearing in my picture is the one that I ordered from your magazine. They are the greatest. So is **SM.** I have every issue to date and each one is better than the other. The one thing I want to see most is some exciting scenes from the discontinued Tom Corbett TV series. I think the best write-up on a movie was Collision Course (WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE) in No. 1.

MICHAEL KOPESKY
CHICAGO, ILL.

HOBBY HINT

I have a little hobby which I would like to pass on to every Spaceman & Spacewoman reading these pages. I collect articles & anything dealing with a movie or U.S. space development and staple them in the book in which they appear! At a Rocket Exposition in Detroit, I got a little piece of actual solid fuel used by S-11 (tank-destroying missile) and put it on the inside cover of **SM** No. 1. And on p. 42 of the same issue I stapled an article on Battle in Outer Space. In **SM** No. 2, I stapled a 4-pg. article on WAR OF THE WORLDS from Popular Science magazine. It had a picture of the drawings that went into the making of the Devil Ships. I made the "full-sized miniature" on paper and put it in a folder and glued it to the inside back cover.

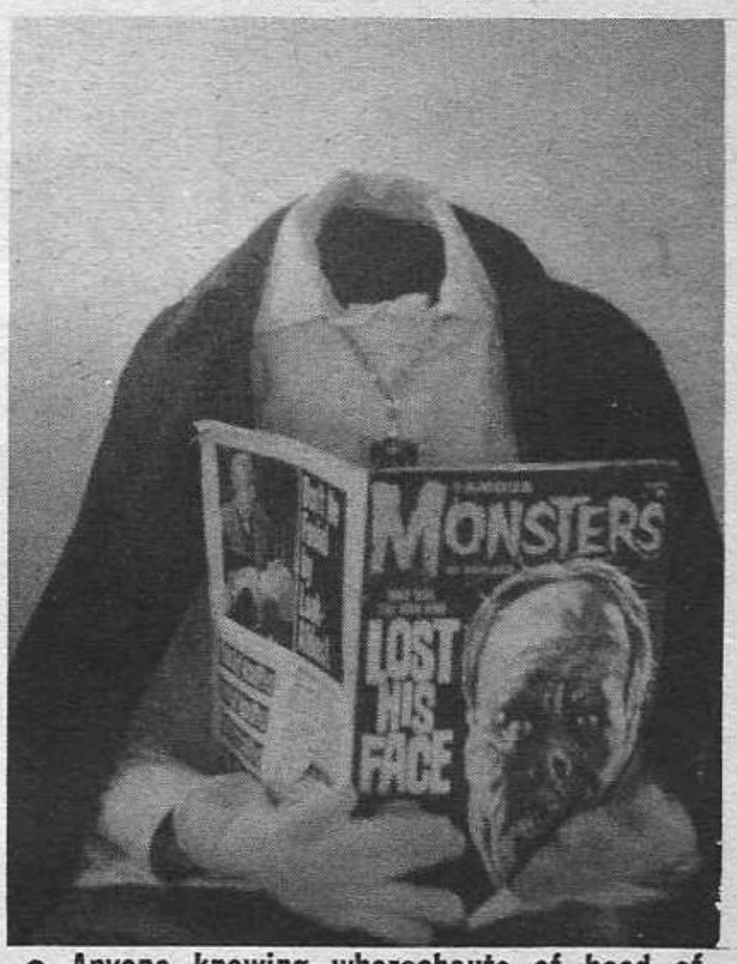
JOHN FARION
DEARBORN, MICH.

WOODS TO FORREST

I am a fan of **both** Horror & Sci-Fi movies, having no preference. I do appreciate an adult level of writing. In **SM** No. 1, RIDERS TO THE STARS and 12 TO THE MOON had fair write-ups; best were WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE and BATTLE IN OUTER SPACE. No. 2: Tremendous article on WAR OF THE WORLDS—in my opinion the best article either **SM** or **FM** has ever published. Tremendous synopsis of THINGS TO COME but "How to Say Hello to a Martian" was a complete waste of space. No. 3: Fair cover. I wish you would feature famous science fiction characters on your covers like Robur the Conqueror, Capt. Nemo, Robby the Robot, Ymir from 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, saucer men from EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS, Michael Rennie from DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, Commando Cody and other such characters. You could also feature famous vehicles such as the submarines from 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA and VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, the flying ship from MASTER OF THE WORLD, the Time Machine, and many different types of rocketships & space stations used in films. "Training for Space" another waste of space: this mag is supposed to be about science fiction not science-fact. THE LOST PLANET synopsis was very complete—I would like to see more of this type of thing. I love to see the old serials brought back to life and am very glad to see a magazine like **SCREEN THRILLS ILLUSTRATED** has been created for this purpose. Truly a great synopsis of GIRL IN THE MOON. No. 4: Terrific cover—I wish you would always have covers of this type. The advertising poster shown with "Return of the Saucers" was very good—I wish you would put at least one poster like this in every issue of **SM & FM.** I like your Super Space page and especially enjoyed the scene from MASK OF FU MANCHU. "They Came from Other Space" was interesting in the respect that the covers were true classics. "The Ace of Space" was very good and all photos accompanying it were collectors' items, especially the old advertising poster. Both publications are getting better & better. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT WOODS
GARDEN CITY, MICH.

THIS SPACE RESERVED



● Anyone knowing whereabouts of head of STEFFI MORTIMER (half-seen above) of Ramona, Calif., please return to owner.

THE "KITCHEN SINK" CREATURE; OR, CONFIDENTIALLY—IT SINKS!

Who are you trying to kid?! Nowhere in all the lurid episodes of FLASH GORDON or FLASH GORDON'S TRIP TO MARS, in no weird land of Mongo nor in any obscure country of the Red Planet did Buster Crabbe ever meet up with any crazy mixed-up creature like you pictured on the cover of No. 4. What gives?

MORT BLACK
CHAUDAIR, NY

● Actually the cover on our July issue was a collectors' item—the first collaboration between Basil Gogos and . . . Jim Warren! Upon completion of the lefthand portion of the painting Gogos was suddenly stricken with Venusian Virus and ordered to bed by his physician with a 103° temperature. Originally Emperor Ming was to be fighting with Flash but suddenly the choice was either a half-blank cover or—? So, borrowing a popping eye from Peter Lorre, a bolt from the Frankenstein Monster, a swelled head from the Metaluna Mutant, a horn from a triceratops and the metallic arms from a robot, your resourceful publisher himself rushed out and got a Drew It Yourself Kit and, with the printer panting down his neck, painted the "Immortal Kitchen Sink Creature" which so many of you hailed as a Monsterpuss!

. . . WANT TO WRITE US?

SPACIAL DELIVERY letters (which cannot be answered personally) may be addressed for consideration for publication to Astrid Notte, 915 South Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.

In the Space of the Next Few Months you will be Thrilling to New Special Effect Films Forecast Here!

THE MAN FROM PLANET X puts the hex on Earth Girl.

One of 3 Spacemen who heads for Mars in West Germany's MISSION INTERPLAN.

stars over Seattle

Better hop a rocket to the 21st Century Worlds Fair! There, in Seattle, Washington, you'll find the 8th Wonder of the World, the motion picture miracle known as—

COSMO-VISION!

This million dollar celluloid marvel, a year in the making, is the feature of the SPACEARIUM, the circular theater where, on the largest screen the world has ever known, you'll view the planet Mars, the sun close up, Saturn's glorious rings, even a super nova, as you whiz 160 *million* miles an hour on—

A JOURNEY TO THE STARS!

Animation . . . stop motion . . . optical effects . . . stereo music . . . all combine to make this the most amazing movie experience of a lifetime.

750 people at a time grasp handrails as they hear the countdown, feel the simulated blastoff, hold their breaths during a zip trip to the Moon. And—positively no one seated during *any* portion of the picture. Standing Room Only, because—*no seats!*

warning to Mars

Beings of Barsoom, head for the stars—the 3 Stooges are coming! Yes, Larry, Moe & Curly Joe are scheduled to take Planet 4 apart in a space farce whose title has been announced in some places as THE 3 STOOGES MEET THE MARTIANS and in others as THE 3 STOOGES IN ORBIT.

trees of terror

Roots that writhe like striking serpents . . . plants of peril that pounce on people . . . trees that are both carnivores & cannibals—these are the new horrors lurking in the Antarctic nite, creeping upon the unwary. These scary things are THE NIGHT CRAWLERS. You can read all about these delirium tree-mens in the Gold Medal pocketbook version known as "The Monster from Earth's End", wherein a plane crazily circles a little island, its cargo-bay open, its

"One of the best science fiction films ever produced" say European critics of SPACESHIP VENUS DOES NOT REPLY, the East German-Polish picture of the 1970 flight to the "Planet of the Dead."

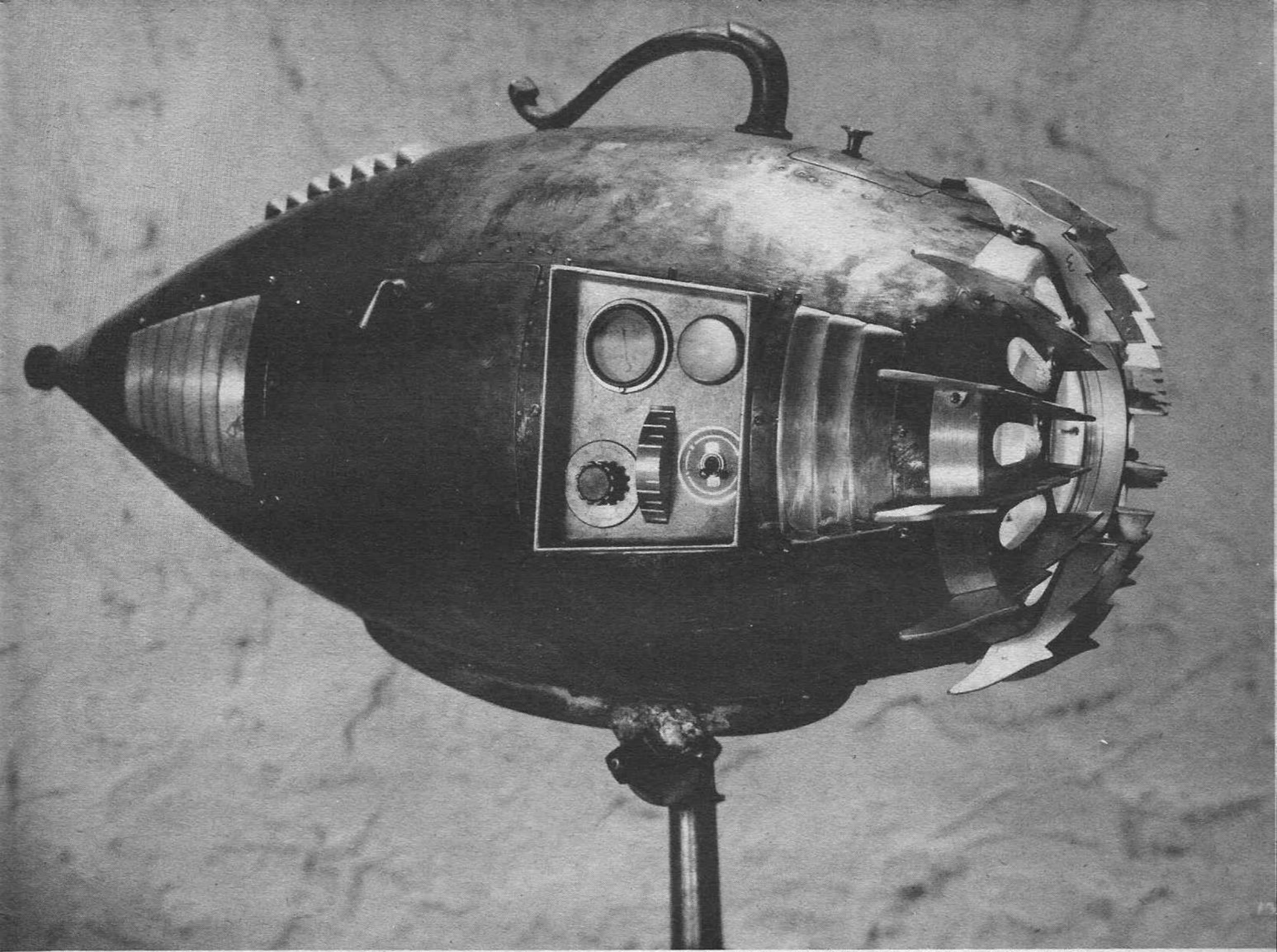
Quartet of Daring Explorers prepares to Discover What made THE ANGRY RED PLANET mad.

radio dead. "It seemed to hang in the air for a moment and then it dived downward, levelled and dipped again. It made a belly landing on the stone runway with its wheels still retracted. There was a singular, dead silence and then a shot rang out. The crew of 2 and the 7 passengers had vanished, the cargo was strewn about and the fuel tanks had been emptied. And the pilot, after landing, had blown his brains out." Later, the body of the dead pilot is—stolen? But by whom—or what—and for what purpose? Inside the eerie warehouse, where the corpse should be, "Drake could hear something topple and fall. He strained to listen and heard another noise. It was a peculiar, slithering noise. It was not footsteps, it was not a padding made by paws. It was a sustained, sliding, grating sound." The sound of the NIGHT CRAWLERS, creeping closer & closer to your screen!

Coming, too, are the Triffids, the 10′ tall prowling beast-plants that attack a blinded, panic-stricken humanity in the book and have people all shook up on the screen in THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. John Wyndham, of VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED fame, wrote the terrific original novel.

the birds & the beasts

If THE BIRDS of Alfred Hitchcock don't swoop down from the sky in concert and attack our heads & eyes, we may live to see SPACE DEMON, the first production of Arcadia-International, conceived & executed by Mark McGee, the teenage Bert Gordon. This stop-action color short (in which the action rarely stops) features the unlikely combination of a spaceship & a brontosaurus!



The Peritron—a ray machine that can destroy aircraft, in THE GREAT ALASKAN MYSTERY.

quatermass 3 on tv

Our British correspondent, HWDouthwaite, reports to us on the televerson of QUATERMASS AND THE PIT. "Before readers see the forthcoming film version," he says, "I'm sure they would like some more information on the original telecast." Certain you will agree, we present Douthwaite's review:

THE PIT was the most lavish & costly fantasy production yet screened by the British Broadcasting Co. The ancient Martian rocketship, a superbly weird design, was constructed of fibreglas and cost a considerable sum.

Top BBC visual effects men Jack Kine & Bernard Wilkie worked overtime on the epic, producing a multitude of varied & startling effects. "Prehistoric" Martians, truly fantastic in conception, were animated in a most lifelike way for a film sequence depicting Martian racial suicide, acted out millions of years ago on the Red Planet.

In one scene the evil influences radiating from the alien ship galvanize a host of pipes & power-lines into violent, ghostly action. To achieve this effect, many tiny apertures were drilled in the rubber tubings and compressed air forced thru, causing them to gyrate wildly as tho suddenly possessed with life.

Another impressive effect was accomplished when a gravel pathway was made to ripple as tho a pack of rats was running beneath it; additional impact was added to this chilling sequence by the skilfull use of small, squeaking sounds.

The film version, if anything like the original tele-serial, will be a classic all fantasy fans will clutch to their hearts.

On their Way to Mars, Abbott & Costello experience one of the Free Fall Wonders of Up-Side-Down-ness.

Fiendish creatures meets fiery finish in QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE.

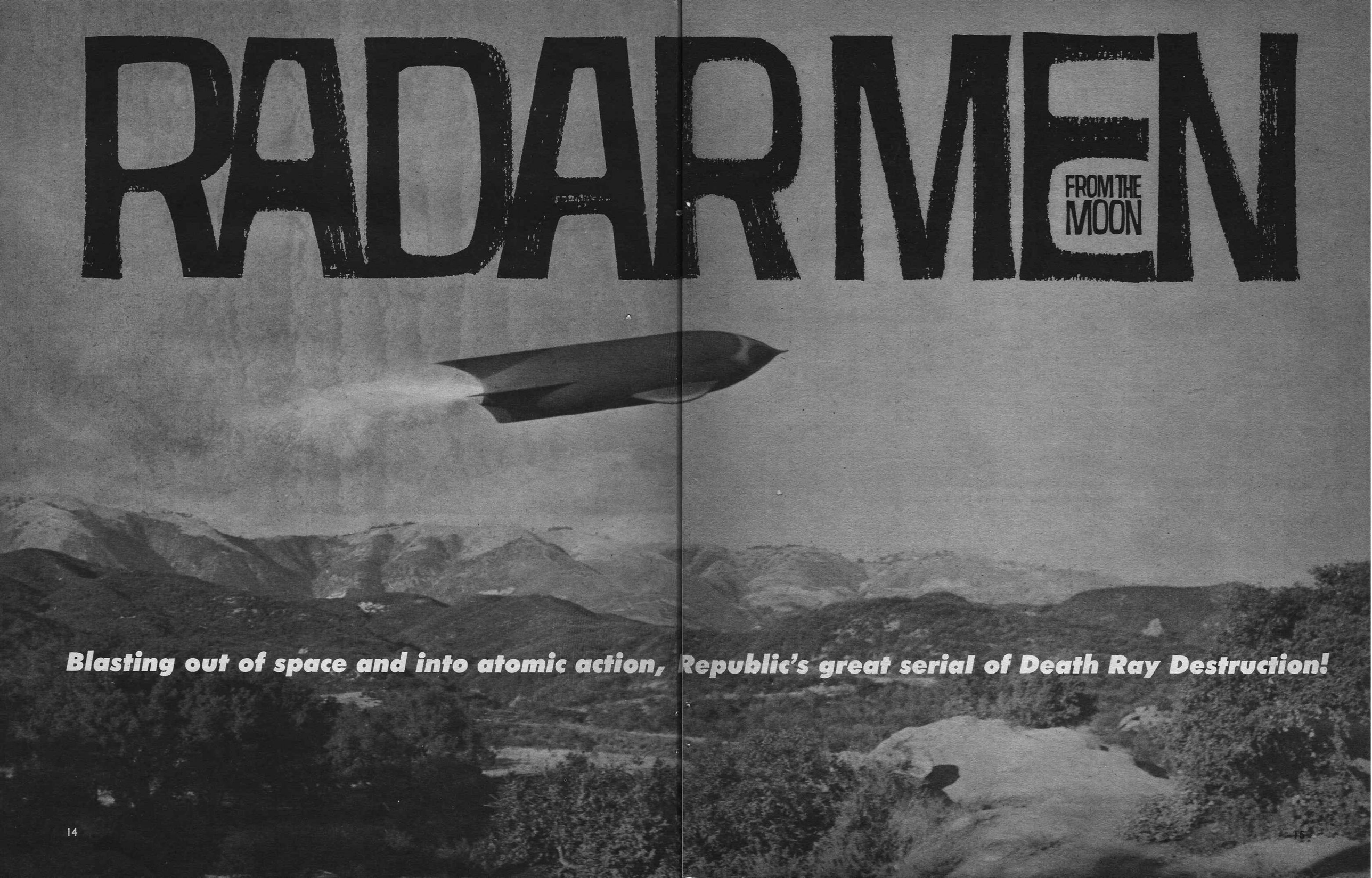
sparks from the space-o-graph

When the eagle flies in BURN, WITCH, BURN, you will scream. I just saw the preview and I guarantee it. In the audience was Chas. Nuetzel, co-author of "Countdown to Doom", who declared—"Really great!" Another author present, Wm. Stroup, echoed: "Excellent"' Gray Daniels phoned my office the next day to confirm that the climax had him sitting on the edge of his seat. Chas. Beaumont, who co-wrote the screenplay with Richard Matheson, took his preteen son to see the preview, and when the lights went up remarked, "Well, I think Fritz Leiber should be pleased with this version." Leiber is the author of the novel "Conjure Wife" on which BURN, WITCH, BURN is based and from which a previous picture, WEIRD WOMAN, was (too) loosely adapted.

Watch for: BATTLE BEYOND THE SUN . . . ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS . . . MASCISTE AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH . . . OFF ON A FLYING CARPET . . . MASCISTE, KING OF SCIENCE FICTION . . . THE SECRET OF THE TELEGRAM . . . BARAN . . . WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES . . . FOOD OF THE GODS . . . MICROSCOPIA . . . THE HUMAN VAPOR . . . THE COSMONAUTS . . . A MARTIAN IN PARIS . . . THE PLANET OF EXTINGUISHED MEN . . . and RETURN TO THE PHANTOM PLANET.

END

RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON



Blasting out of space and into atomic action, Republic's great serial of Death Ray Destruction!

A couple of the Goodies make off with the Baddies' raygun.

meet the cast

First there's Commando Cody (Geo. Wallace), young scientist of the near future known as the Sky Marshal of the Universe.

Next, his assistants Joan Gilbert (Aline Towne) and Ted Richards (Wm. Bakewell).

Then there's Retik (Roy Barcroft), the Ruler of the Moon itself!

And such assorted cohorts & villains as Graber, Krog, Zerg, Alon, Ilank, Robal, Nasor, Bream and—*Jones?*

chapter #1

As the serial opens ("Moon Rocket") America's military defenses are being sabotaged by a series of mysterious blasts. The Government contacts Cody for help.

Commando Cody, who is in the midst of perfecting a Buck Rogers-type flying suit and a personal rocketship for lunar flight, goes right to work and discovers 2 men are about to blast a troop train with an atomic gun.

The villains escape but Cody discovers they are using an unknown element in the atomic weapon. By scientific deduction Cody concludes that the substance must have emanated from the Moon. To verify his calculations he prepares to rocket to our satellite.

ensuing episodes

In "Molten Terror" . . . "Bridge of Death" . . . "Flight to Destruction" . . . "Murder Car" & "Hills of Death", Cody and his companions have many hazardous adventures & narrow escapes, both on the

Men in the DESTINATION MOON-type spacesuits are lunar villains.

Mad Moon Man proudly displays super-destructive death-ray mechanism with which his kind plans subjugation of the world.

Earth and on the Moon.

On the Moon itself he first discovers an unknown, hidden city — huge, wall-surrounded — ruled over by Retik, whose mad ambition is to conquer the world.

Also on the Moon—proving his theory & justifying his flight there—he finds the secret element of destruction used in the ray-gun. It is named *lunarium.*

But in discovering lunarium, Commando Cody is himself discovered—in Retik's great laboratory—and is made a prisoner.

return to earth?

Thru a combination of resourcefulness & quick wits, Cody manages to escape Retik's trap and, together with Joan & Ted, attempts to return to Earth in order to warn the world of the threat to its future if the mad Moon dictator and his minions are not overcome.

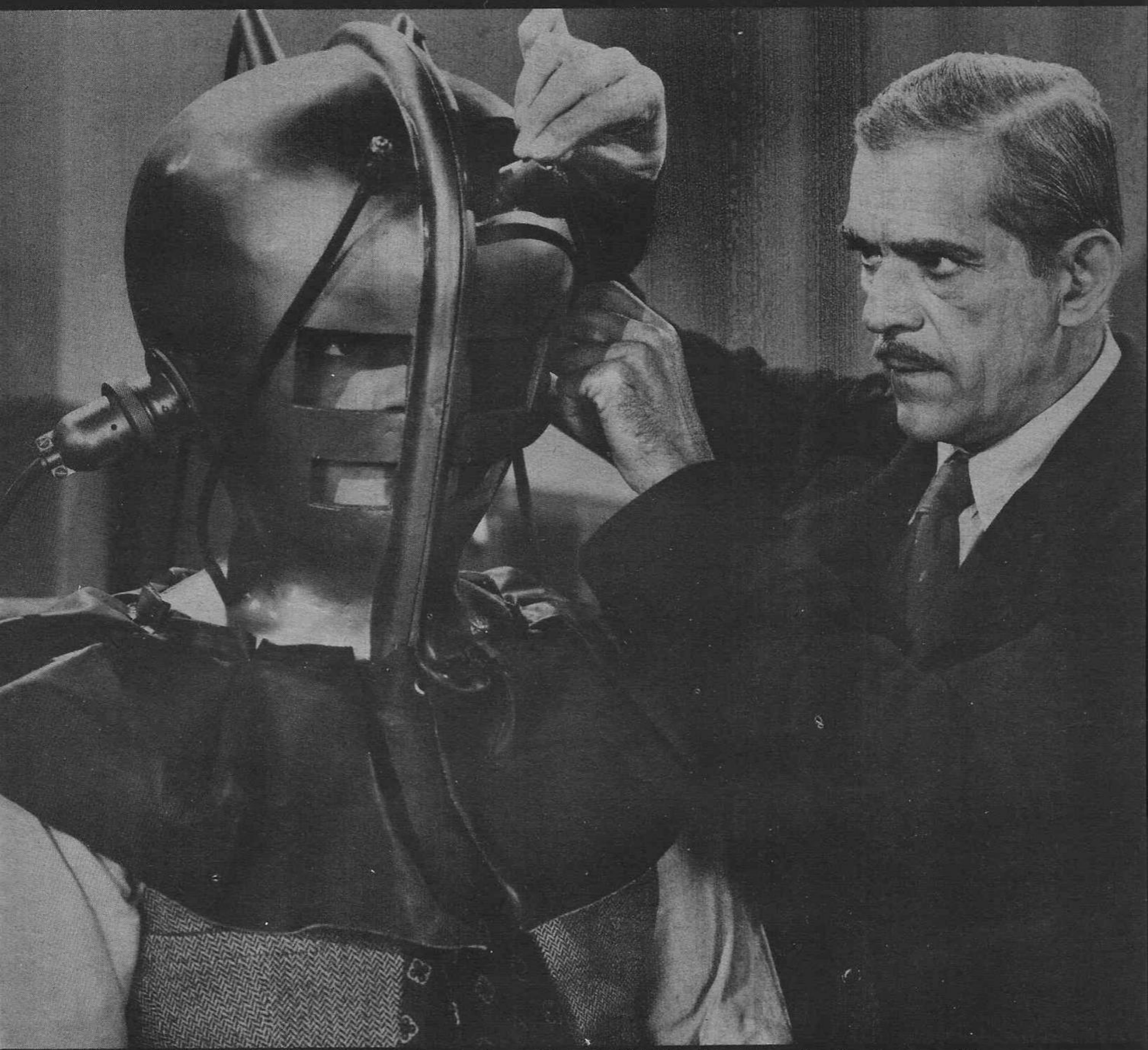
Can Cody elude Retik and his henchmen?

Can he get back to Earth alive and in time?

For the (illustrated) answers to these thrilling questions, don't fail to get the next issue of *SPACEMEN* and read about & see about the rest of the RADAR MEN FROM THE MOON!

END

This is our Tell-a-Vision section: YOU tell us what you want to see, we provide the visions! Can't get enough of Gort? Want more of the Midwich Cuckoos? Crazy about Rotwang, the Mad Scientist of the 21st Century city METROPOLIS? Address your requests to Dept. 4SJ, *SPACEMEN*, 915 So. Sherbourne Dr., Los Angeles 35, Calif.



THE DEVIL COMMANDS, Karloff obeys! For DAN DeROMAINE this "man in the iron mask" scene from the 1941 thriller based on the book "The Edge of Running Water."

ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

THE DEVIL GIRL FROM MARS (1955) poses again for ART JOQUELLE of NYC and FRAN SEAN of Hollywood, Calif.

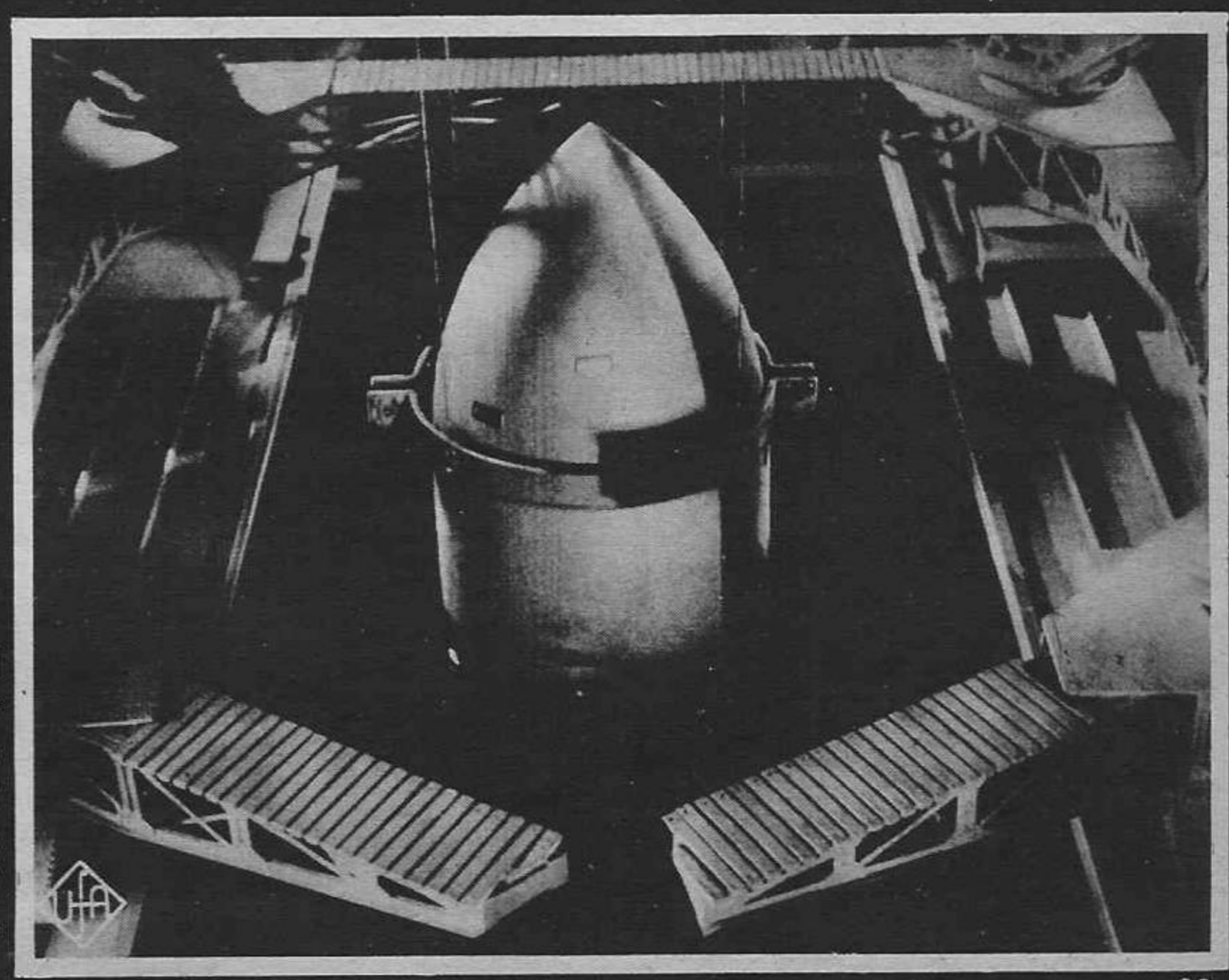
For ABBIE HERRICK of Riviera Beach, Fla. and STEPHEN GOLDBERG of NYC, this spaceman from *THE MYSTERIANS*.

ORBITUARY DEPT.

Four floaters in free fall, and all for PAUL LEIFFER—and thousands like him! This great scene from *SPACE CADET* took place aboard the cosmic cruiser "Polaris," and there is Tom Corbett, Astro, Roger Manning and Capt. Strong—up in the air as usual!

When Martin Stephens (insert) gets "that look," things happen in *VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED*. Here, one of the space-children's enemies is set on fire. Foto requested by HARRY BEYNON & WYNNE DOMME.

Remember thrilling episodes like "Hydrogen Hurricane," "Atomic Peril" & "Destroyers of the Sun?" NEAL DALEVIT does, from Republic's *COMMANDO CODY*, and here's a scene to fulfill his request.



Spaceship "Friede" is lowered into her liquid bath preparatory to being launched to Luna. From Fritz Lang's immortal *WOMAN IN THE MOON* for OSCAR ESTES, PATRO VILCHJO, LILLY LaTAYE, GERTRUDE SURUAM & ALAN GLASSER.

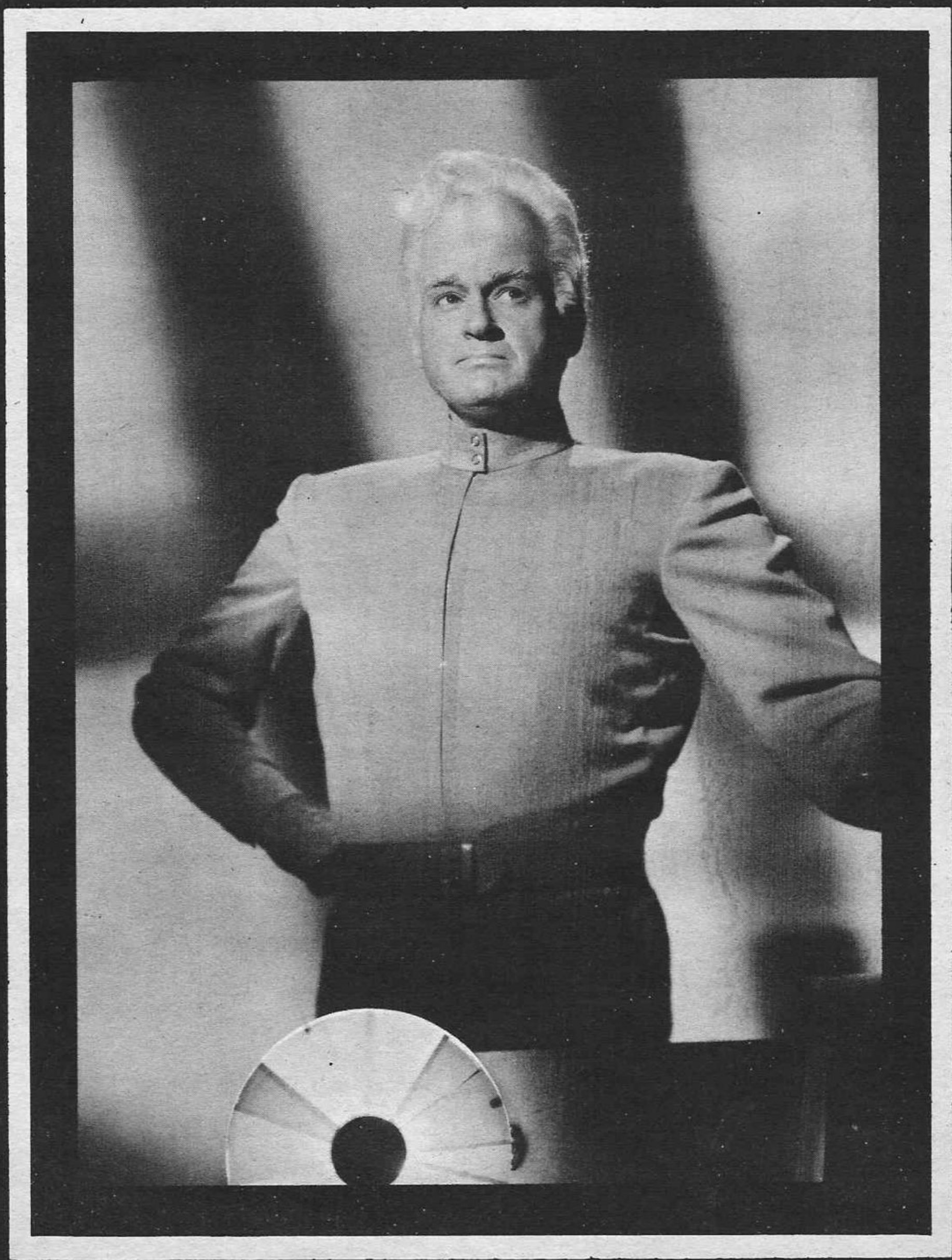
ORBITUARY DEPARTMENT

TERROR FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE

He came from an alien planet, this giant with a giant's appetite. Fried or foe? The world did not know until too late, until the title of his text was translated and shook humanity up with the realization that *TO SERVE MAN* was a *cook book*—! BILL YAKEY, ANTHONY BOWKER & R. DAMONITE wanted to get another look at the extra-terrestrial giant and if they now have frightmares it will serve them right!

SPACEMEN OF DISTINCTION #2

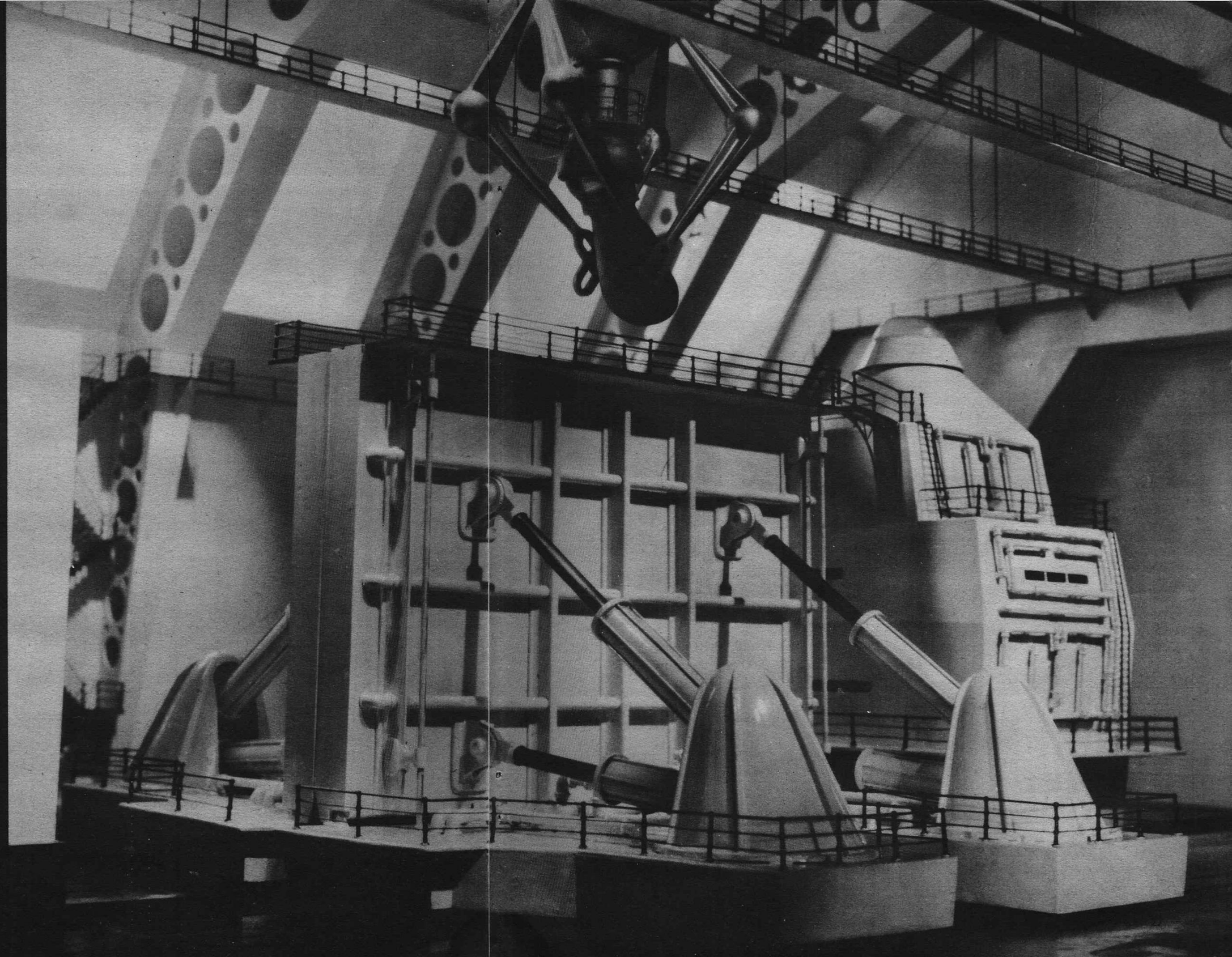
Old Spacemen never die. Watch this space for Your Favorite Guy! YOUR Favorite Guy!



***Exeter!*—a spaceman to remember. Jeff Morrow as the Mighty Mental Monarch of Metaluna, world far from THIS ISLAND EARTH. Exeter: Master of the Mutants, Mastermind behind the unrelenting Space War against the Alien Enemies of Zahgon. Exeter: Spaceman Extraordinary.**

This is the Place!—the space reserved each issue for a Two Page Spread of the kind of special picture you like to cut out and pin up in your bedroom or booknook to give it that Up-to-Tomorrow Look!

THE SUPER SPACE



The Shapers of Things to Come—some of the Mighty Machines of the Wellsian World of 2036 AD. Amazing Mechanisms to build the Wonders of the Space Age. This Classic Miniature created by Ned Mann in 1935 for THINGS TO COME.

SPACIAL COVERAGE

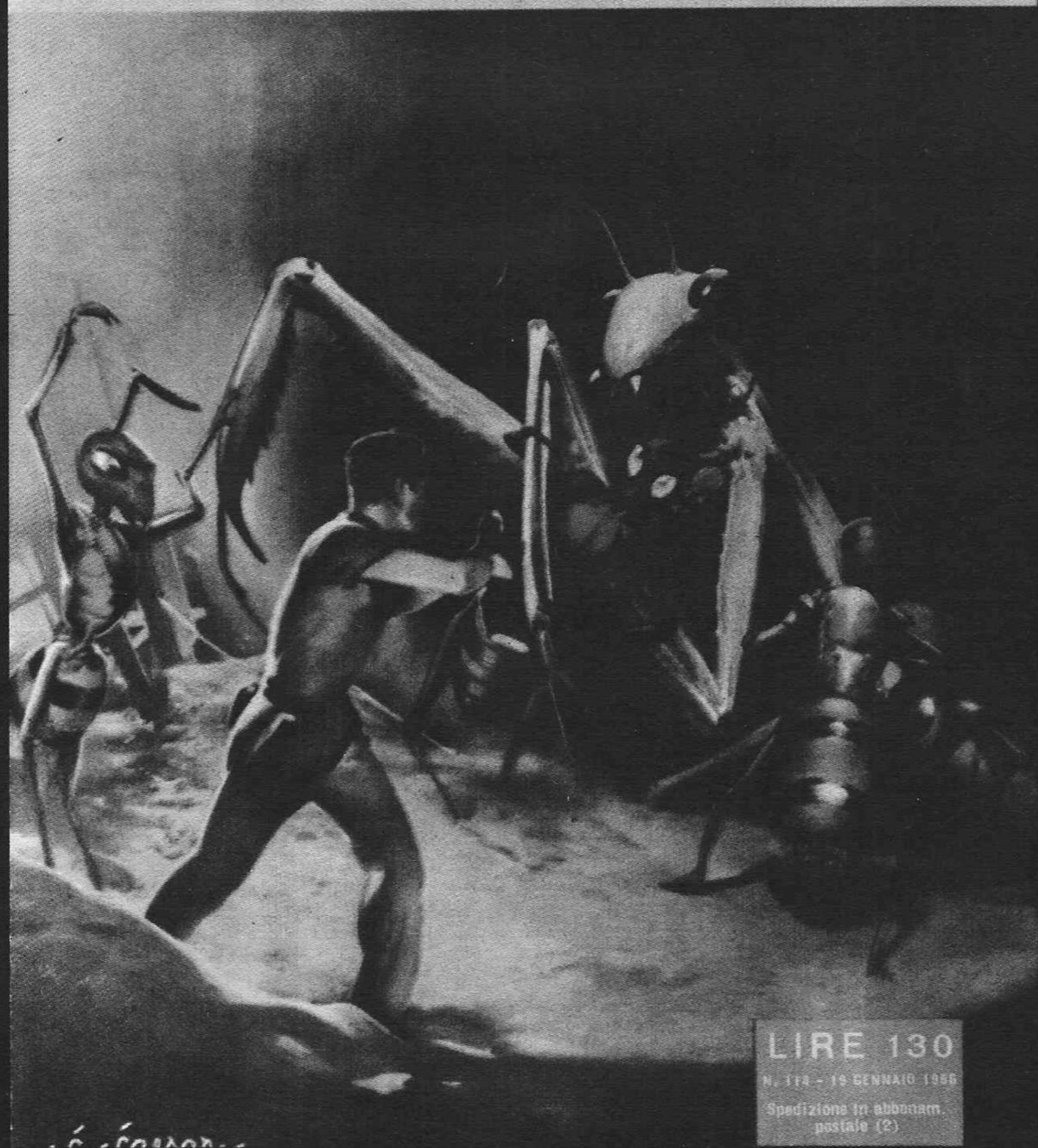
We've covered the world to uncover another out-of-this-world collection of unusual magazine & book jacket drawings relating to Space & Time and filmic adventures. A Sequel to the Feature you liked so much last issue—"They Came from Other Space."

Metaluna Mutant menaces Hero & Heroine in this cover concept from Italy for THIS ISLAND EARTH.

I ROMANZI di URANIA
Arnoldo Mondadori Editore Milano
PERIODICO SETTIMANALE

DESERTO DEI MOSTRI

di ERIC NORTH



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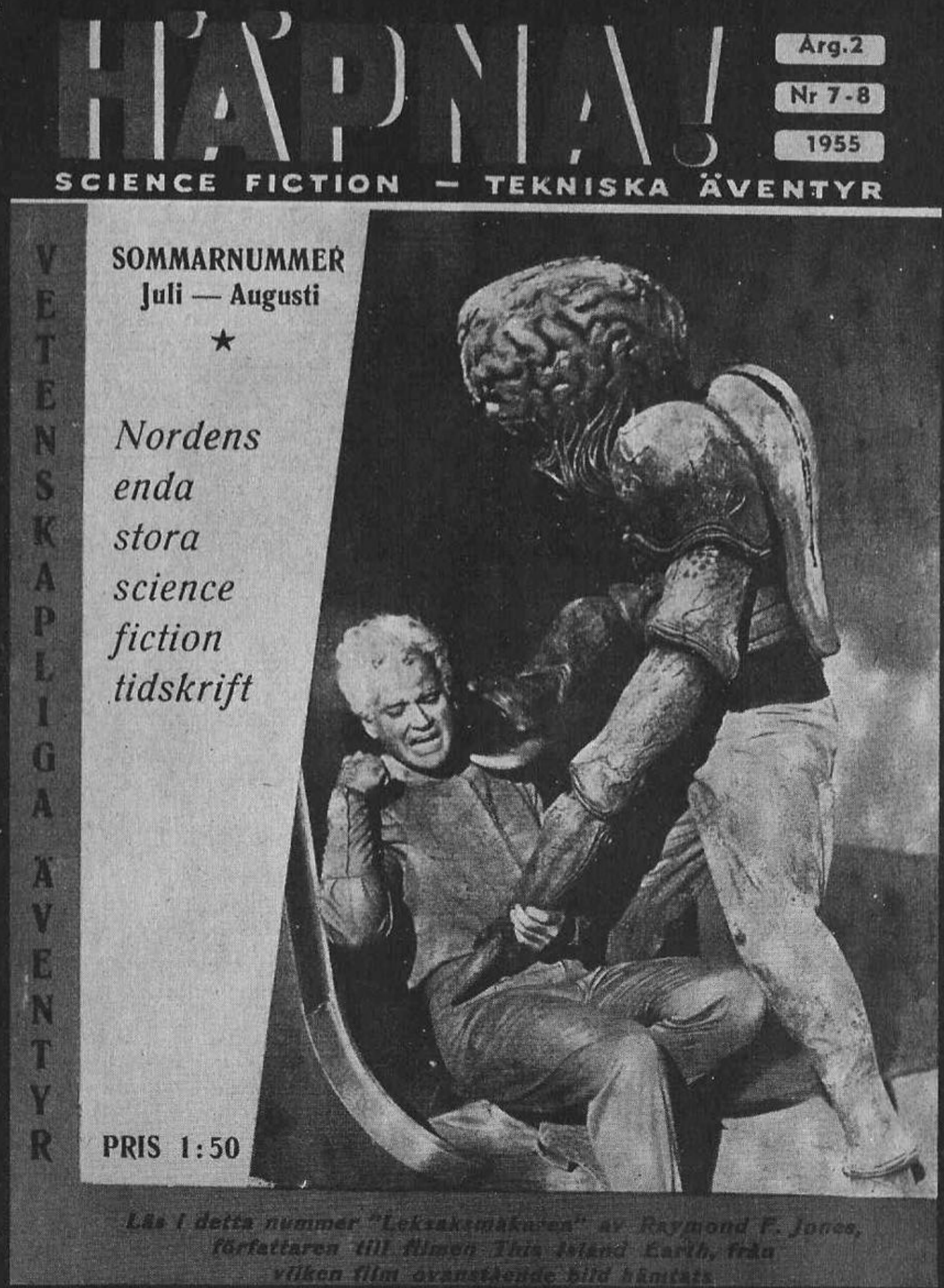
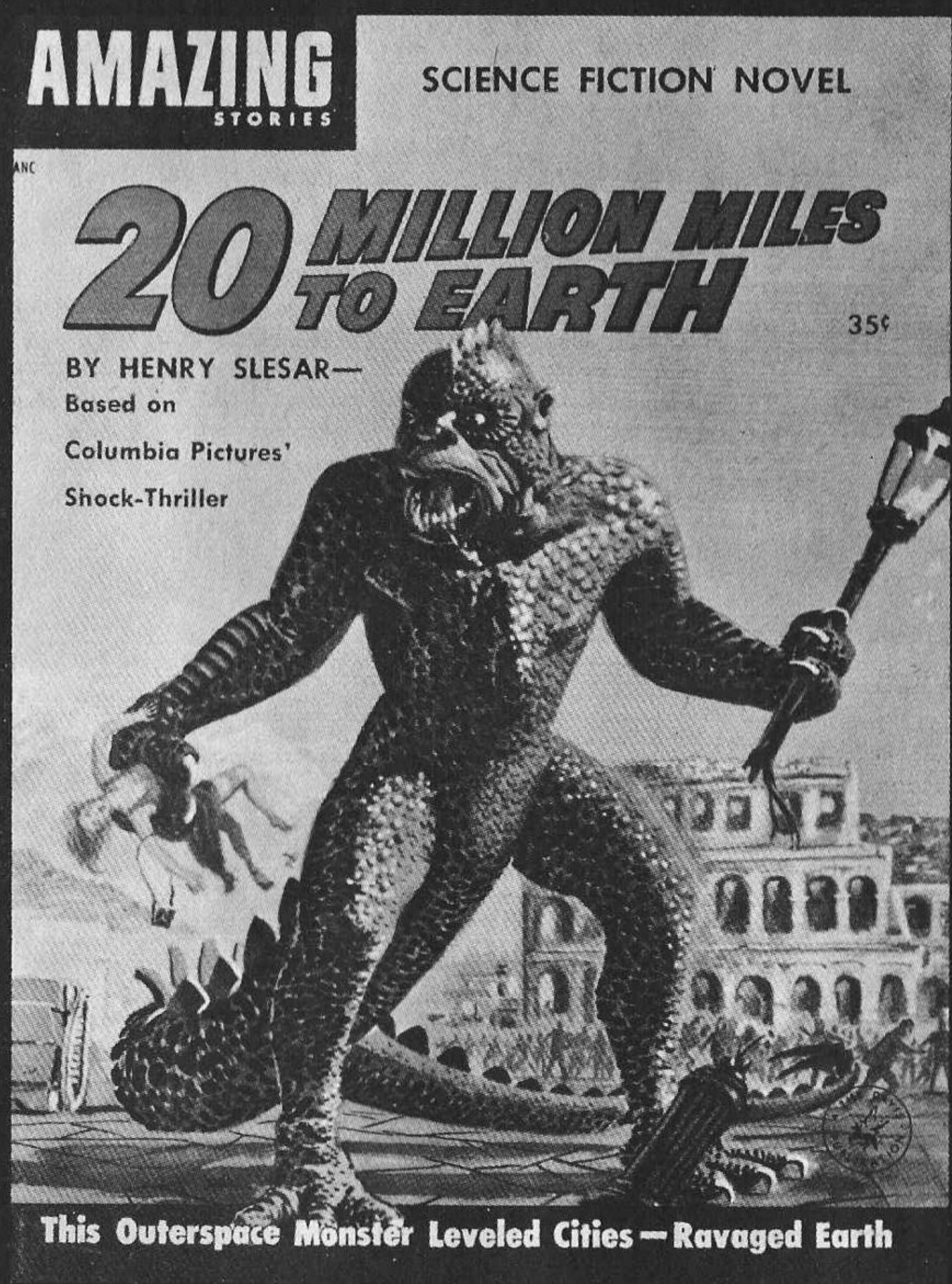
Look familiar? Like something out of THE GIANT MANTIS, maybe?

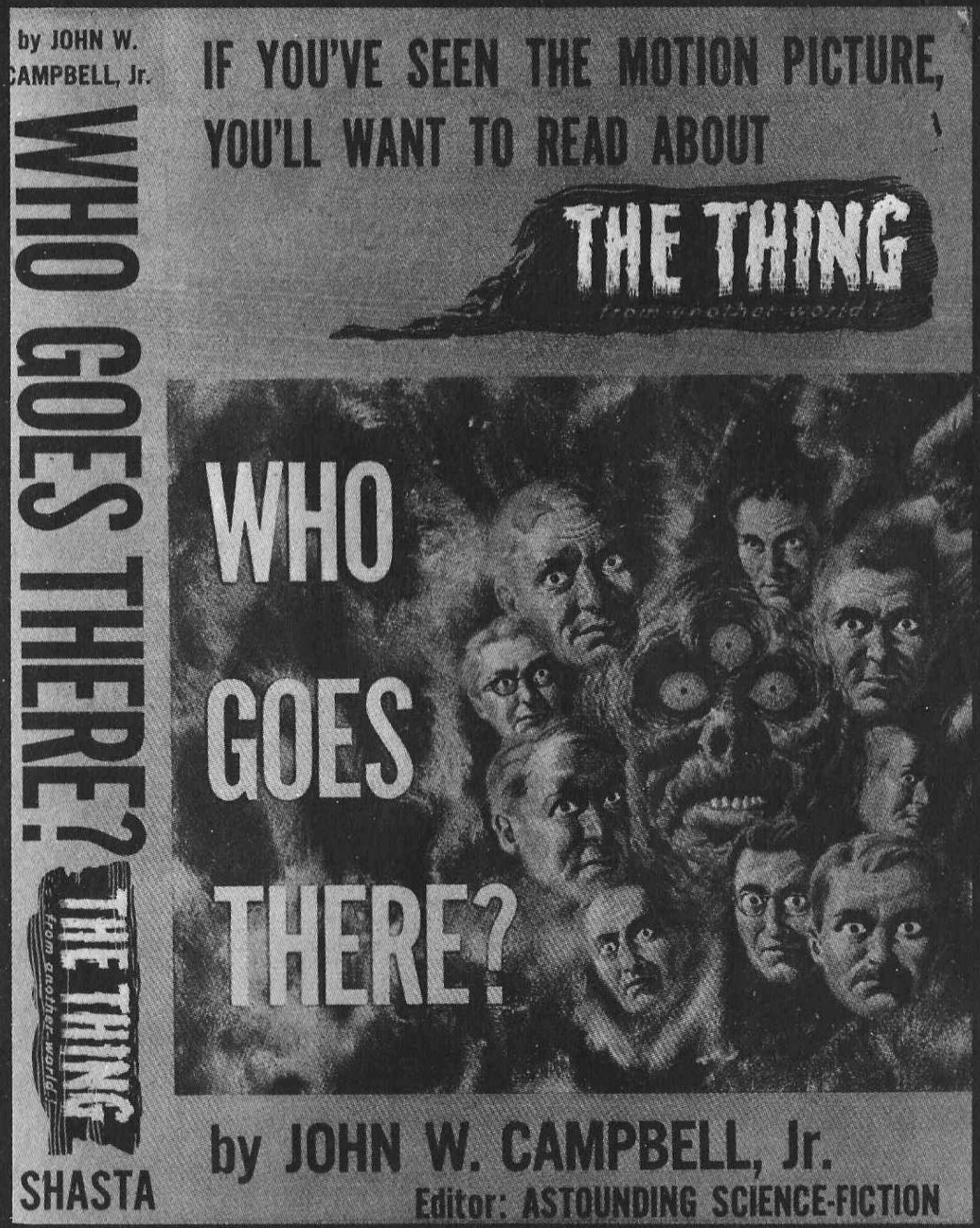


Mystery Man Exeter, Super Scientist of Metaluna, feels the pinch as the Mad Mutant attacks on cover of Swedish magazine illustrating Universal- International's 1955 hit. THIS ISLAND EARTH.

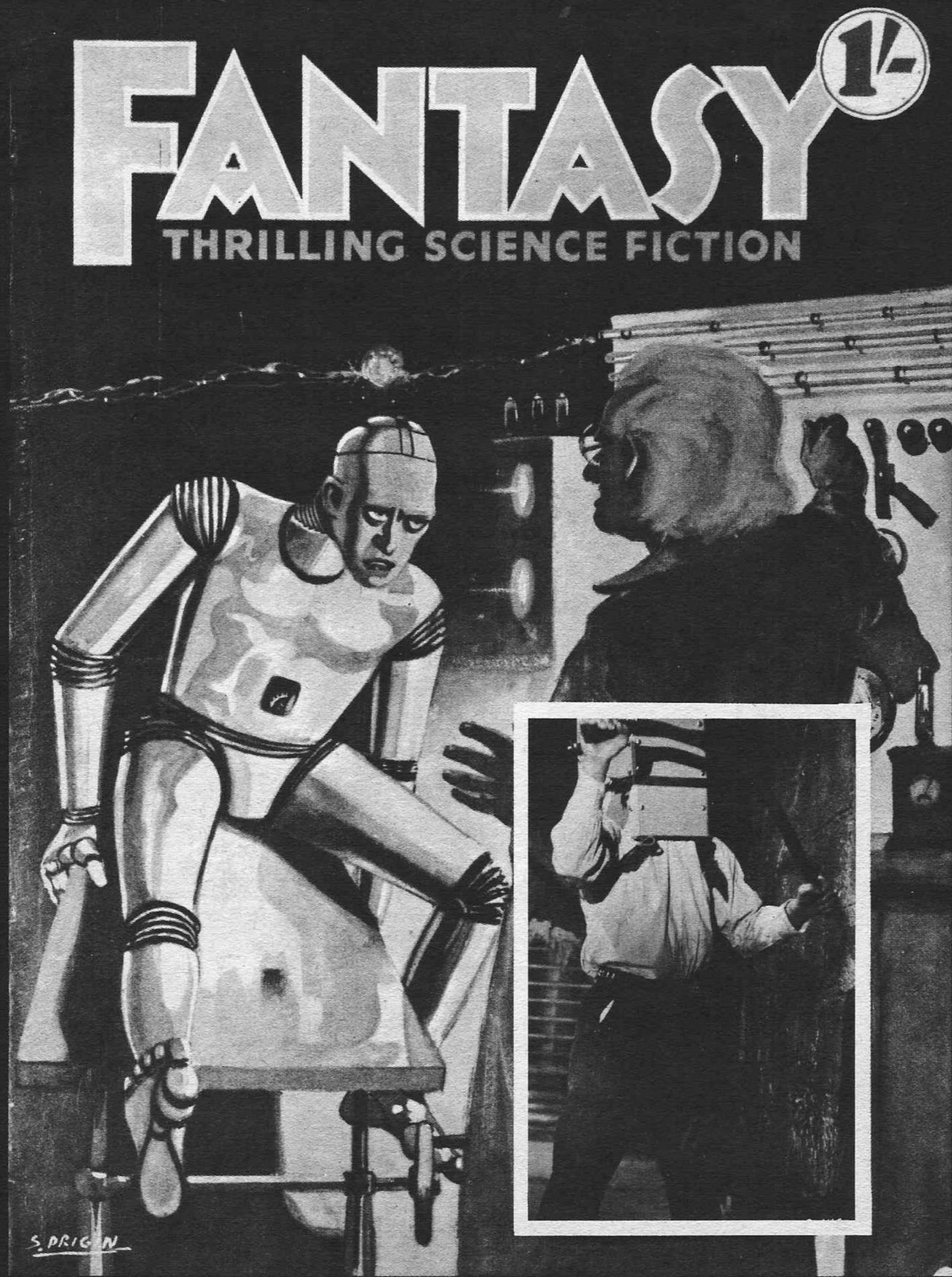


Harryhausen's famous Venusian *ymir* pictured by *Amazing* Artist.

These GRAVE-ROBBERS FROM OUTER SPACE appeared on this cover in 1939, nearly 20 years before the film of the same name (title later changed to PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE) was made.



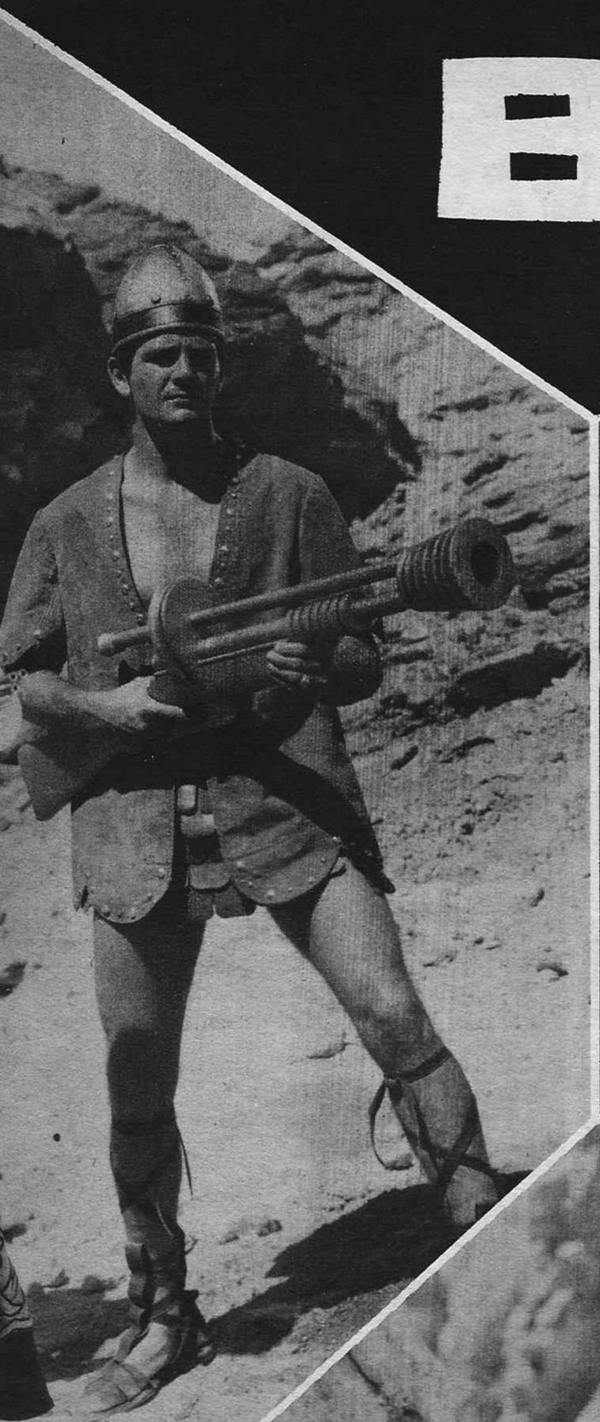
The shape of THE THING as seen thru the Australian eyes of artist Safone Jais (left) and on the right by Malcolm Smith on American book jacket.



Strange Pair! On the cover of this 1938 British magazine, artist Drigin drew a *metallic* man with a *human* head; in Mexico, last year, they produced a thriller called ORLAK where the Frankenstein creation had a *human* body and a radio-controlled *metal* head!

BUCK ROGERS

When filmic fighters of the planetary beyond are discussed, it's FLASH GORDON in the person of Buster Crabbe, who usually gets all the applause. Tomorrow's great wonder, BUCK ROGERS, is somehow overlooked. Let's turn the spotlight on this great hero again as we zoom forth to the 25th century.



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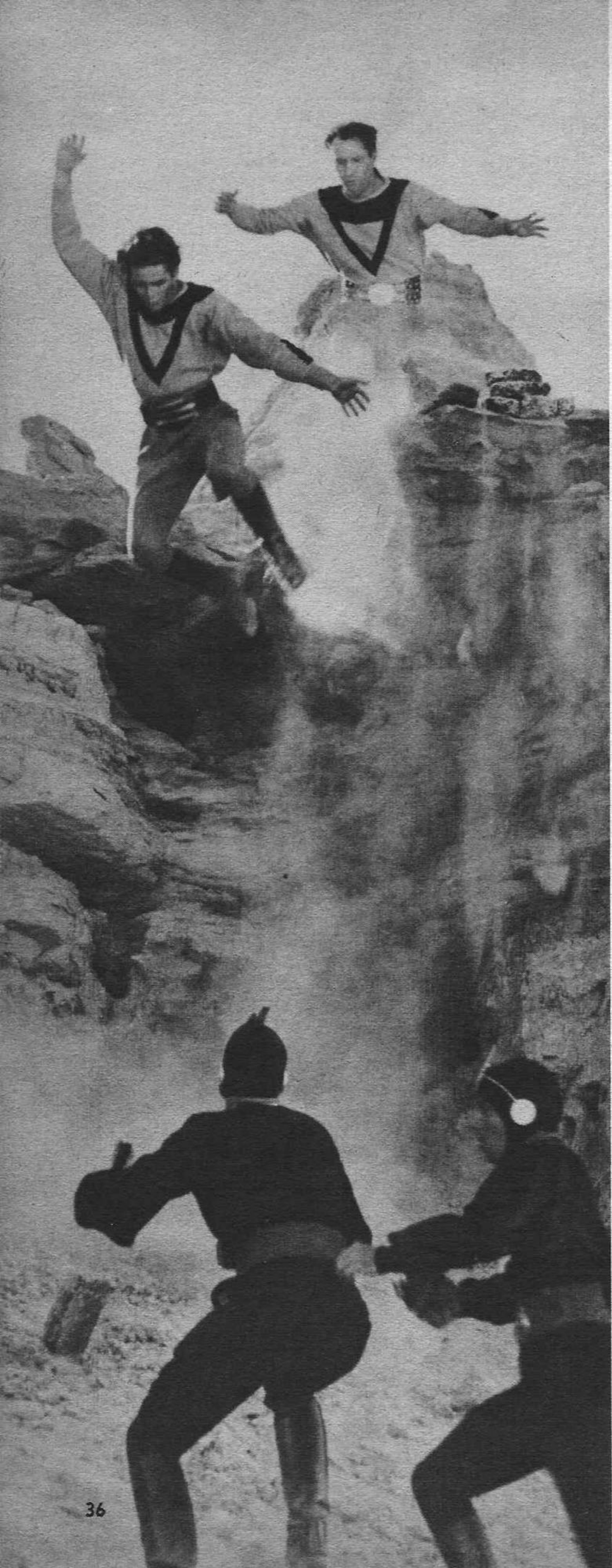
EXCLUSIVE SPACEMEN INTERVIEW

by SAM SHERMAN



radio activates Rogers

Strange as it may seem, the 25th century began for Buck with the creation of his era in the 1920's. The *New Yorker* magazine took a deep look at this space age wonder when it reviewed his radio program on December 22, 1934:

Buck Rogers began as a cartoon strip about five years ago. Buck was an American soldier who was put to sleep by some mysterious gas after the World War (the first one) *and woke up in the year* 2400. *He spends his time in the daily cartoon strip* (*and on the radio four times a week*) *flying around the brave new universe from planet to planet accompanied by one Wilma Deering, a pal* (*not a sweetheart*). *With them is Dr. Huer who invents all kinds of mechanical and chemical and psychic devices to foil and if possible destroy, Killer Kane and his pal, Ardala Valmar, who is a wretch. Some of the contraptions are rocket pistols, rocket ships, de-gravity belts, paralysis rays, lightning guns, space suits* (*which make it possible to step off into space without getting hurt*) *and an electro-hypno mentalaphone for reading the minds of villains and learning their dastardly plots. Columbia Broadcasting studios use* 25 *different motors to imitate the various mechanical devices of Dr. Huer. The sound of the psychic restriction ray, however, is made by a Schick razor. Mr. John F. Dille, who has his own syndicate, thought up Buck. The cartoon strip is drawn by Dick Calkins and written by Phil Nowlan.*

"Zap!" you're disintegrated

The original radio program featured Matthew Crowley as Buck, Adele Ronson as Wilma Deering and Edgar Stehli as Dr. Huer. Yes, before the great movie serial, Buck was pictured in newspaper strips and heard on the radio. The kids went wild over him! Buck's products of all sorts dominated the American scene. Sorry indeed was the youngster who did not have his own Buck Rogers "Rocket Pistol". In one de-

Dave Sharpe (left) as Buddy and Eddie Parker as Buck leap into a fight with Killer Kane's crowd. This shot shows the two stunt aces who performed the action the studio would not allow Buster to do.

Buck's in a fix as Captain Lasca, played by Henry Brandon (right), turns Prince Tallen and the people of Saturn against him.

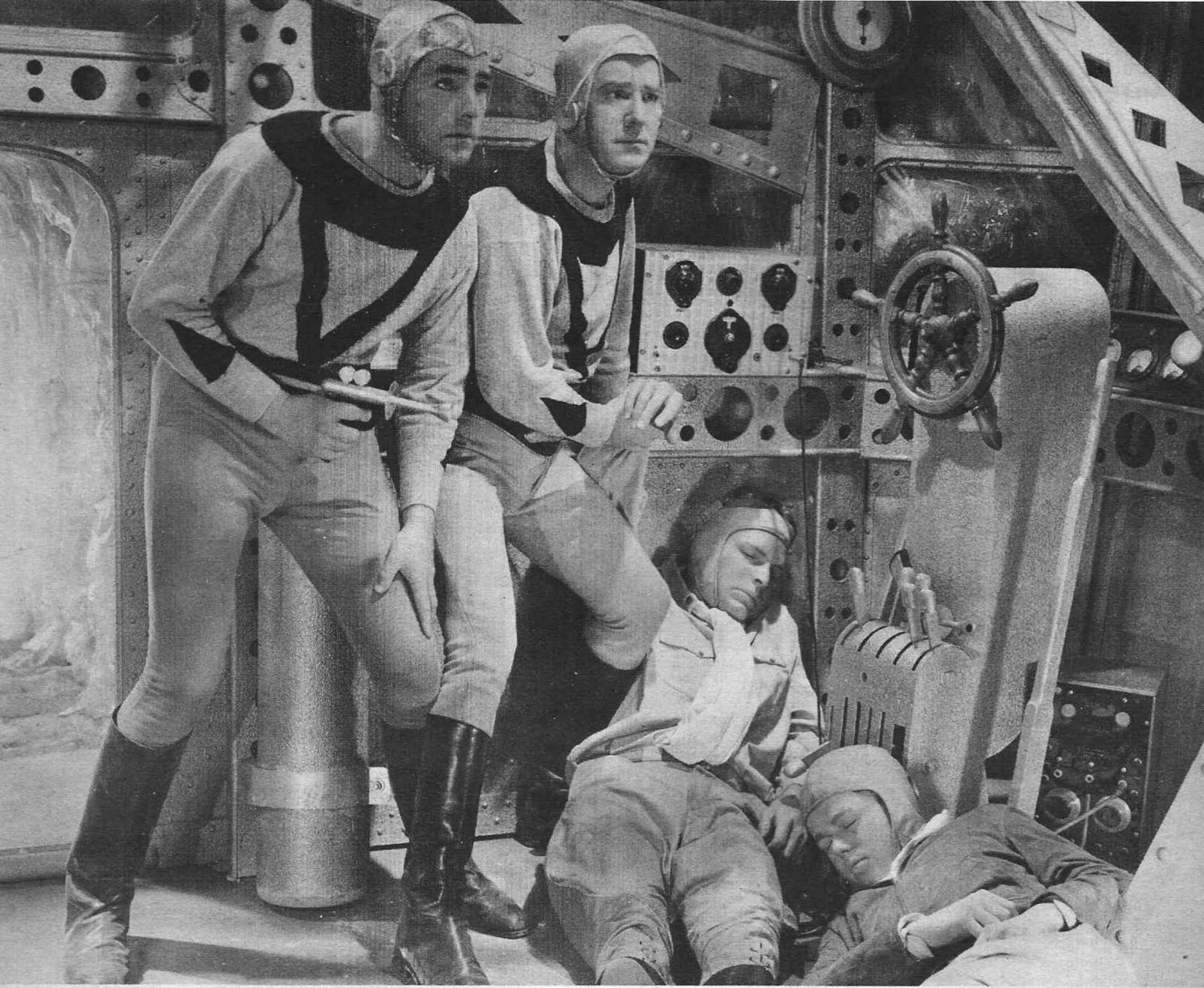
Scott (Carleton Young) and his ray pistol mean sure disintegration for Buck Rogers if Buster loses this fight.

partment store alone, 1500 were set loose upon the world, the first day on sale. The weapon was made of heavy metal in a super-futuristic design. When the trigger was pulled a snapping sound described as "Zap" was heard.

the cameras roll

Working with a favorite like this, Universal Studios saw a natural hit for the movies. If they could obtain the world's foremost spaceman, Buster Crabbe, they were set. So, after 30 episodes of FLASH GORDON (in 2 serials), Buster became BUCK ROGERS in a 12 chapter space panorama.

After breaking the script down into episodic form, the production of the serial took six weeks. Action dominated the film as 3 top stuntmen (famed for later Republic serials) strutted their stuff. Dave Sharpe, Eddie Parker and Tom Steele received the jolts as they were joined by Roy Barcroft and Kenne Duncan (later Republic villains) this time as defenders of right. The players in support of Buster as Buck Rogers were Constance Ford as Wilma Deering, C. Montague Shaw as Dr. Huer, Jackie Moran as Buddy and Anthony Warde as Killer Kane. In the stunt department, Eddie Parker doubled for Buster while Dave Sharpe filled in for Jackie Moran. This sounds quite amazing, as who has ever been in better physical shape than Buster Crabbe? However, even if he *wanted* to do all his own stunting, the studio would not permit it. They had quite a bit of money



Captain Rankin (Jack Mulhall) and Lieutenant Lacy (Kenne Duncan) discover the 20th century Buck in a state of suspended animation in the 25th century.

invested in him (as the central figure in this production) so they had no plans of jeopardizing their investment.

Buster's views on Buck

Recently, I discussed stuntwork and other cinematic situations with Buster Crabbe, who commented as follows:

SPACEMEN—"How did they determine what action was to be doubled?"

BUSTER—"The further you got in the picture, the more of a chance they were taking of getting the star cracked up. The result being, holding up production at a good deal of added expense (production-wise), or not being able to complete the picture at all."

SPACEMEN—"Thinking about today's space achievements, did people at the time BUCK ROGERS was made, think these films were the wildest, craziest things in the world?"

BUSTER—"Yeah, (with a chuckle) a little bit. But the films went over *pretty well.*"

SPACEMEN—"I notice Phillip Ahn was cast as Prince Tallen, ruler of Saturn. Was there a specific reason for choosing an Oriental actor for the role?"

BUSTER—"He's Korean and you see him a lot today. He's turned out to be quite a good actor. As far as the casting goes, who knew just what a Saturnian should look like anyway?"

SPACEMEN—"I wonder if you remember how they did any of the special effects?"

BUSTER—"Oh sure. In some shots the spaceships didn't move, the background

Buddy Wade (Jackie Moran) and Buck Rogers find out that their dirigible is about to crash on an icy Arctic mountain.

There is no escape for Wilma Deering from these weird creatures. Who are they?

moved as it was on a rotary drum. The special effects men blew smoke around the ship and once in a great while they'd swoop one down. But the ships were hard to control because they were operated on a pendulum rig. If the spaceships weren't handled just right, they looked phonier than they actually were. Some of the attacks were rigged using strings and with the smoke covering up the faults, it didn't look too bad."

SPACEMEN—"How big were the actual miniature ships that were filmed?"

BUSTER—"On the average, about 10 inches."

SPACEMEN—"Do you remember anything about the ray guns?"

BUSTER—"You might be interested to know that the ray effect was done by scratching lines on the actual film frames. The prop department at Universal dreamed up the space gun design by trying to follow the original comic strip drawings."

one can defy gravity

SPACEMEN—"Who directed Buck Rogers?"

BUSTER—"The directors were Ford Beebe and Saul Goodkind, a former film editor. He was actually a cutter directing, and he planned the editing as the film was being shot."

SPACEMEN—"How were the de-gravity belt effects obtained?"

BUSTER—"Piano wire. We wore harnesses the same as Mary Martin used as PETER PAN. The only dangers being kinks, if one formed, the wire would break. But there were no broken necks, bones or anything like that."

SPACEMEN—"Where were the outdoor scenes, that were supposed to take place on other planets, shot?"

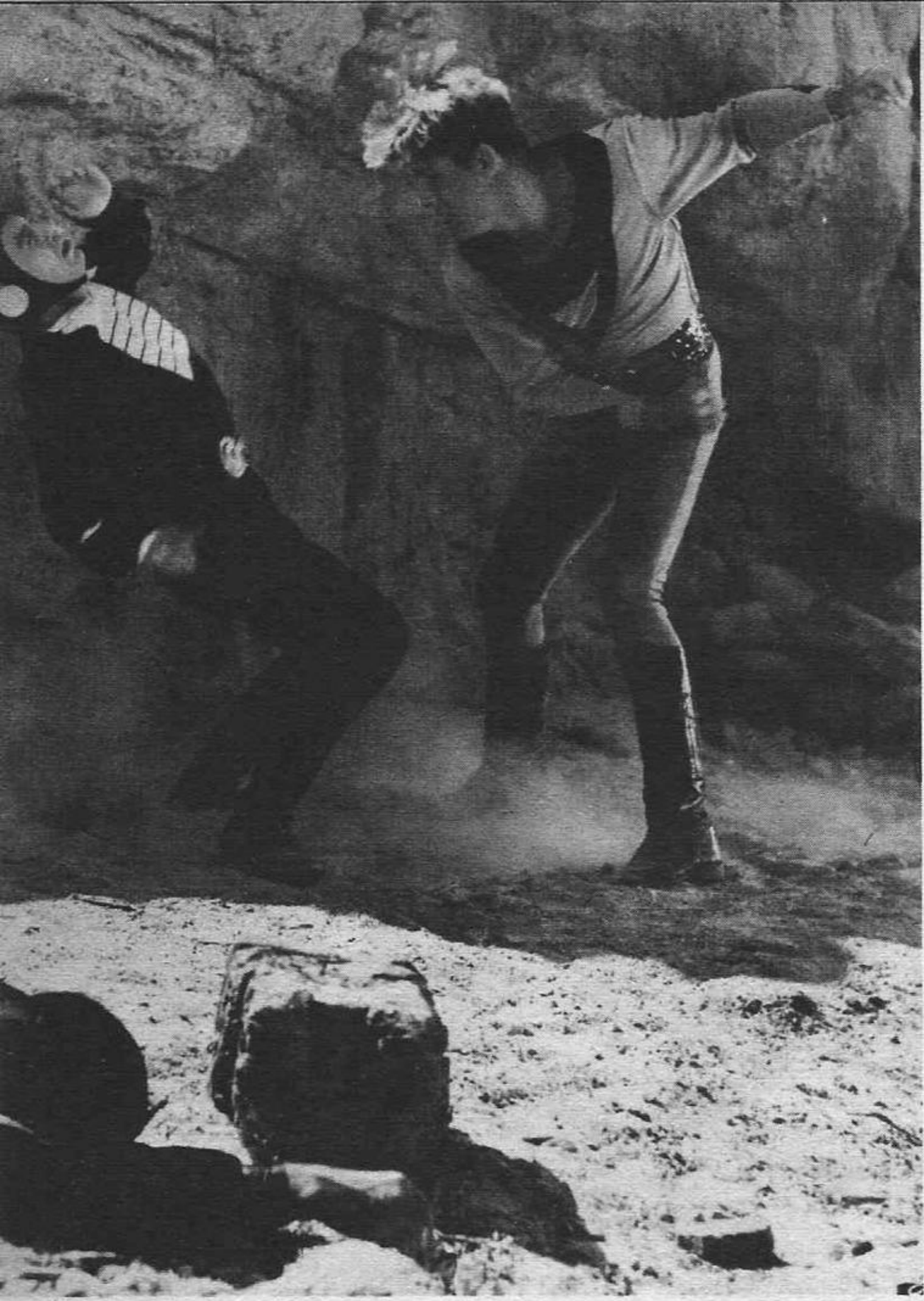
BUSTER—"Mostly at Chatsworth, Red Rock Canyon and the Mojave Desert, all of them not too far from the studios in California."

SPACEMEN—"Was there much promotion and touring with films like BUCK ROGERS?"

BUSTER—"Oh sure, just because it was a serial is no reason why they shouldn't publicize it. The serials made more money for the studios than a lot of their big pictures. A three-quarter million dollars production budget was spent on the first FLASH GORDON, but it paid off in big dividends."

SPACEMEN—"When a serial was made,

Buster Crabbe as Buck Rogers, the hero of tomorrow who climbed to popularity heights never before achieved.



Buster demonstrates the "25th century slam" as he downs one of Killer Kane's men.

Dr. Huer and his assistants prepare their ray machine for immediate action.

were *Cliffhanger* scenes shot two or three ways to get the hero out of peril for the next chapter?"

BUSTER—"Yes, serials were always shot that way. For example: a man is shown actually falling off a cliff—cut—that's the end of one episode. Then for the next chapter, they pick up showing him *roll* down and then grab something to save himself. They *cheat* a little so that he never actually fell off. You know, I was a serial fan even before I got into pictures and I'll never forget the trickery they used *then* to save the hero."

SPACEMEN—"Do you enjoy watching your own features & serials today?"

BUSTER—"I'm critical of them. Some of the ones I enjoyed working in, I enjoy watching. I often wonder though, why I did the scene the way I did. But sometimes, after not seeing a picture for a long time and thinking it's very poor, I'm pleasantly surprised."

SPACEMEN—"Back in 1952, you had an ABC-TV show on which BUCK ROGERS and some of your other films were run. Was there much of a fan club connected with the films and this show?"

BUSTER—"You bet! We had BUSTER'S BUDDIES clubs and there were 35,000 members in the New York area alone. The kids loved the serials and these films are still the type of entertainment they'd like a lot today."

They certainly *are* the type of entertainment that everybody enjoys, if Buster Crabbe is the star. He's the man who brought a new dimension to the chapter play—*acting!* We believed in Buck and the other characters Buster played, because his acting convinced us that a situation was *really desperate*. Even in the fantastic-futuristic settings, the conflicts became real. These were the only films of their kind; they can never be recreated!

In next issue's concluding installment, we'll return with the movie story of BUCK ROGERS. What happens when Buck is made a helpless robot slave of the filament ray helmet? Can Killer Kane destroy Buck's hidden city and thus rule the Earth? Is Saturn the planet where enemies or friends dwell? Who are the horrible Zugg men? And what is the story behind the failure of a 1950 BUCK ROGERS TV series *without* Buster Crabbe? You'll find out the answers to these questions, and much more, as we return with the 25th century and adventure in the future. **END**

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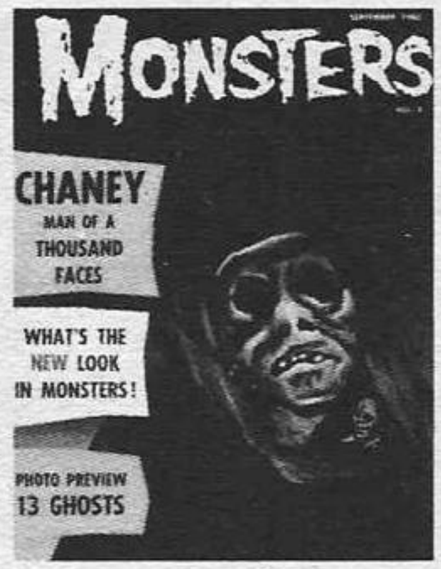

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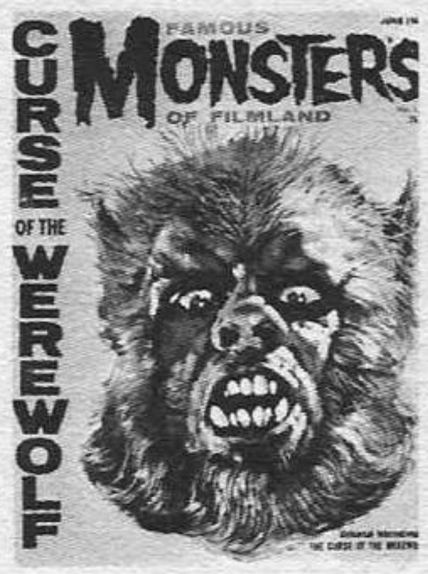

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THE MONSTER MAKER

By Leonard Spaulding

In this exciting 2-part thriller about a future rocket-roving photographer for Cosmic Films, the young author - only 24 - to our mind writes like a man who might one day chronicle Martian adventures, create works as hot as Fahrenheit 451, even script a whale of a movie. See if you don't agree. Unusual, unexpected things happen thick and fast in the concluding installment of this startling story. Well worth waiting for! Don't miss the unpredictable conclusion, next issue...

O'HENRY'S COMET

tales with a twist in their tail

SUDDENLY, it was there. There wasn't time to blink or speak or get scared. Click Hathaway's camera was loaded and he stood there listening to it rack-spin film between his fingers, and he knew he was getting a great picture of everything that was happening.

The picture of Marnagan hunched huge over the control-console, wrenching levers, jamming studs with freckled fists. And out in the dark of the forepart there was space and a star-sprinkling and this meteor coming like blazing fury.

Click Hathaway felt the ship move under him like a sensitive animal's skin. And then the meteor hit. It made a spiked fist and knocked the rear-jets flat, and the ship spun like a cosmic merry-go-round.

There was plenty of noise. Too much. Hathaway only knew he was picked up and hurled against a lever-bank, and that Marnagan wasn't long in following, swearing loud words. Click remembered hanging to his camera and gritting to keep holding it. What a sweet shot that had been of the meteor! A sweeter one still of Marnagan beating the controls and keeping his words to himself until just now.

It got quiet. It got so quiet you could almost hear the asteroids rushing up, cold blue and hard. You could hear your heart kicking a tom-tom between your sick stomach and your empty lungs.

Stars, asteroids revolved. Click grabbed Marnagan because he was the nearest thing, and held on. You came hunting for a space-raider and you ended up cradled in a slab-sized Irishman's arms, diving at a hunk of metal death. What a fade-out!

"Irish!" he heard himself say. "Is this IT?"

"Is this *what?*" yelled Marnagan inside his helmet.

"Is this where the Big Producer yells CUT!?"

Marnagan fumed. "I'll die when I'm good and ready. And when I'm ready I'll inform you and you can picture me profile for Cosmic Films!"

They both waited, thrust against the shipside and held by a hand of gravity; listening to each other's breathing hard in the earphones.

The ship struck, once. Bouncing, it struck again. It turned end over and stopped. Hathaway felt himself grabbed; he and Marnagan rattled around—human dice in a croupier's cup. The shell of the ship burst, air and energy flung out.

Hathaway screamed the air out of his lungs, but his brain was thinking quick crazy, unimportant things. The best scenes in life never reach film, or an audience. Like this one, blast it! Like *this* one! His brain spun, racketing like the instantaneous, flicking motions of his camera.

THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER

SILENCE came and engulfed all the noise, ate it up and swallowed it. Hathaway shook his head, instinctively grabbed at the camera locked to his mid-belt. There was nothing but stars, twisted wreckage, cold that pierced thru his vac-suit, and silence. He wriggled out of the wreckage into that silence.

He didn't know what he was doing until he found the camera in his fingers as if it had grown there when he was born. He stood there, thinking "Well, I'll at least have a few good scenes on film. I'll—"

A hunk of metal teetered, fell with a crash. Marnagan elevated seven feet of bellowing manhood from the wreck.

"Hold it!" cracked Hathaway's high voice. Marnagan froze. The camera whirred. "Low angle shot; Interplanetary Patrolman emerges unscathed from asteroid crackup. Swell stuff. I'll get a raise for this!"

"From the toe of me boot!" snarled Marnagan brusquely. Oxen shoulders flexed inside his vac-suit. "I might've died in there, and you nursin' that film-contraption!"

Hathaway felt funny inside, suddenly. "I never thought of that. Marnagan die? I just took it for granted you'd come through. You always have. Funny, but you don't think about dying. You try not to." Hathaway stared at his gloved hand, but the gloving was so thick and heavy he couldn't tell if it was shaking. Muscles in his bony face went down, pale. "Where are we?"

"A million miles from nobody."

They stood in the middle of a pocked, time-eroded meteor plain that stretched off, dipping down into silent indigo and a rash of stars. Overhead, the sun poised; black and stars all around it, making it look sick.

"If we walk in opposite directions, Click Hathaway, we'd be shaking hands the other side of this rock in two hours." Marnagan shook his mop of dusty red hair. "And I promised the boys at Luna Base this time I'd capture that Gunther lad!"

His voice stopped and the silence spoke.

Hathaway felt his heart pumping slow, hot pumps of blood. "I checked my oxygen, Irish. Sixty minutes of breathing left."

The silence punctuated that sentence, too. Upon the sharp meteoric rocks Hathaway saw the tangled insides of the radio, the food supply mashed and scattered. They were lucky to have escaped. Or *was* suffocation a better death. . . ? *Sixty minutes.*

They stood and looked at one another.

"Blast that meteor!" said Marnagan, hotly.

Hathaway got hold of an idea; remembering something. He said it out: "Somebody tossed that meteor, Irish. I took a picture of it, looked it right in the eye when it rolled at us, and it was poker-hot. Space-meteors are never hot and glowing. If it's proof you want, I've got it here, on film."

Marnagan winced his freckled square of face. "It's not proof we need now, Click. Oxygen. And then *food.* And then some way back to Earth."

Hathaway went on saying his thoughts: "This is Gunther's work. He's here somewhere, probably laughing his guts out at the job he did us. Oh, God, this would make great news-release stuff if we ever get back to Earth. I.P.'s Irish Marnagan, temporarily indisposed by a pirate whose dirty face has never been seen, Gunther by name, finally wins through to a triumphant finish. Photographed on the spot, in color, by yours truly, Click Hathaway. Cosmic Films, please notice."

THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER

THEY started walking, fast, over the pocked, rubbled plain toward a bony ridge of metal. They kept their eyes wide and awake. There wasn't much to see, but it was better than standing still, waiting.

Marnagan said, "We're working on margin, and we got nothin' to sweat with except your suspicions about this not being an accident. We got 50 minutes to prove you're right. After that—right or wrong—you'll be Cosmic Films prettiest unmoving, unbreathin' genius. But talk all you like, Click. It's times like this when we all need words, any words, on our tongues. You got your camera and your scoop. Talk about it. As for me—" he twisted his glossy red face. "Keeping alive is me hobby. And this sort of two-bit death I did not order."

Click nodded. "Gunther knows how you'd hate dying this way, Irish. It's irony clean through. That's probably why he planned the meteor and the crash this way."

Marnagan said nothing, but his thick lips went down at the corners, far down, and the green eyes blazed.

They stopped, together.

"Oops!" Click said.

"Hey!" Marnagan blinked. "Did you feel *that?*"

Hathaway's body felt feathery, light as a whisper, boneless and limbless, suddenly. "Irish! We lost weight, coming over that ridge!"

They ran back. "Let's try it again."

They tried it. They scowled at each other. The same thing happened. "Gravity should not act this way, Click."

"Are you telling me? It's man-made. Better than that—it's Gunther! No wonder we fell so fast—we were dragged down by a super-gravity set-up! Gunther'd do anything to—did I say *anything?*"

Hathaway leaped backward in reaction. His eyes widened and his hand came up, jabbing. Over a hill-ridge swarmed a brew of unbelievable horrors. Progeny from Frankenstein's Ark. Immense crimson beasts with numerous legs and gnashing mandibles, brown-black creatures, some tubular and fat, others like thin white poisonous whips slashing along in the air. Fangs caught starlight white on them.

Hathaway yelled and ran, Marnagan at his heels, lumbering. Sweat broke cold on his body. The immense things rolled, slithered and squirmed after him.

A blast of light. Marnagan, firing his proton-gun. Then, in Click's ears, the Irishman's incredulous bellow. The gun didn't hurt the creatures at all.

"Irish!" Hathaway flung himself over the ridge, slid down an incline toward the mouth of a small cave. "This way, fella!"

Hathaway made it first, Marnagan bellowing just behind him. "They're too big; they can't get us in here!" Click's voice gasped it out, as Marnagan squeezed his 250 pounds beside him. Instinctively, Hathaway added, "Asteroid monsters! My camera! What a scene!"

"Forget your camera!" yelled Marnagan. "They might come in!"

"Use your gun."

"They got impervious hides. No use. Gahh! And that was a pretty chase, eh, Click?"

"Yeah. Sure. *You* enjoyed it, every moment of it."

"I did that." Irish grinned, showing white uneven teeth. "Now, what will we be doing with these uninvited guests at our door?"

"Let me think—"

"Lots of time, little man. Forty more minutes of air, to be exact."

THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER

THEY sat, staring at the monsters for about a minute. Hathaway felt funny about something; didn't know what. Something about these monsters and Gunther and—

"Which one will you be having?" asked Irish, casually. "A red one or a blue one?"

Hathaway laughed nervously. "A pink one with yellow ruffles—Good God, now you've got *me* doing it. Joking in the face of death."

"Me father taught me; keep laughing and you'll have Irish luck."

That didn't please the photographer. "I'm an Anglo-Swede," he pointed out.

Marnagan shifted uneasily. "Here, now. You're doing nothing but sitting, looking like a little boy locked in a bedroom closet, so take me a profile shot of the beasties and myself."

Hathaway petted his camera reluctantly. "What's the use? All this swell film shot. Nobody'll ever see it."

"Then," retorted Marnagan, "we'll develop it for our own benefit; while waitin' for the U.S. Cavalry to come riding over the hill to our rescue!"

Hathaway snorted. "U.S. Cavalry."

Marnagan raised his proton-gun dramatically. "Snap me this pose," he said. "I paid your salary to trot along, photographing, we hoped, my capture of Gunther, now the least you can do is record peace negotiations betwixt me and these pixies."

Marnagan wasn't fooling anybody. Hathaway knew the superficial palaver for nothing but a covering over the fast, furious thinking running around in that red-cropped skull. Hathaway played the palaver, too, but his mind was whirring faster than his camera as he spun a picture of Marnagan standing there with a useless gun pointed at the animals.

Montage. Marnagan sitting, chatting at the monsters. Marnagan smiling for the camera. Marnagan in profile. Marnagan looking grim, without much effort, for the camera. And then, a close-up of the thrashing death wall that holed them in. Click took them all, those shots, not saying anything. Nobody fooled nobody with this act. Death was near and they had sweaty faces, dry mouths and frozen guts.

When Click finished filming, Irish sat down to save oxygen, and used it up arguing about Gunther. Click came back at him:

"Gunther drew us down here, sure as Ceres! That gravity change we felt back on that ridge, Irish; that proves it. Gunther's short on men. So, what's he do; he builds an asteroid-base, and drags ships down. Space war isn't perfect yet, guns don't prime true in space, trajectory is lousy over long distances. So what's the best weapon, which dispenses with losing valuable, rare ships and a small bunch of men? Super-gravity and a couple of well-tossed meteors. Saves all around. It's a good front, this iron pebble. From it, Gunther strikes unseen; ships simply crash, that's all. A subtle hand, with all aces."

Marnagan rumbled. "Where *is* the dirty rat, then!"

"He didn't have to appear, Irish. He sent—them." Hathaway nodded at the beasts. "People crashing here die from air-lack, no food, or from wounds caused at the crackup. If they survive all that—the animals tend to them. It all looks like Nature was responsible. See how subtle his attack is? Looks like accidental death instead of murder, if the Patrol happens to land and finds us. No reason for undue investigation, then."

"I don't see no Base around."

THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER MAKERS THE MONSTER

CLICK shrugged. "Still doubt it? Okay. Look." He tapped his camera and a spool popped out onto his gloved palm. Holding it up, he stripped it out to its full 20″ length, held it to the light while it developed, smiling. It was one of his best inventions. Self developing film. The first light struck film-surface, destroyed one chemical, leaving imprints; the second exposure simply hardened, secured the impressions. Quick stuff.

Inserting the film-tongue into a microviewer in the camera's base, Click handed the whole thing over. "Look."

Marnagan put the viewer up against the helmet glass, squinted. "Ah, Click. Now, now. This is one lousy film you invented."

"Huh?"

"It's a strange process'll develop my picture and ignore the asteroid monsters complete."

"What!"

Hathaway grabbed the camera, gasped, squinted, and gasped again: Pictures in montage; Marnagan sitting down, chatting conversationaly with *nothing;* Marnagan shooting his gun at *nothing;* Marnagan pretending to be happy in front of *nothing*.

Then, close-up—of—NOTHING!

The monsters had failed to image the film. Marnagan was there, his hair like a red banner, his freckled face with the blue eyes bright in it. Maybe—

Hathaway said it, loud: "Irish! Irish! I think I see a way out of this mess! Here—"

He elucidated it over and over again to the Patrolman. About the film, the beasts, and how the film couldn't be wrong. If the film said the monsters weren't there, they weren't there.

"Yeah," said Marnagan. "But step outside this cave—"

"If my theory is correct I'll do it, unfraid," said Click.

Marnagan scowled. "You sure them beasts don't radiate ultra-violet or infrared or something that won't come out on film?"

"Nuts! Any color *we* see, the camera sees. We've been fooled."

"Hey, where *you* going?" Marnagan blocked Hathaway as the smaller man tried pushing past him.

"Get out of the way," said Hathaway.

Marnagan put his big fists on his hips. "If anyone is going anywhere, it'll be me does the going."

"I can't let you do that, Irish."

"Why not?"

"You'd be going on my say-so."

"Ain't your say-so good enough for me?"

"Yes. Sure. Of course. I guess—"

"If you say them animals ain't there, that's all I need. Now, stand aside, you film developing flea, and let an Irishman settle their bones." He took an unnecessary hitch in trousers that didn't exist except under an inch of porous metal plate. "Your express purpose on this voyage, Hathaway, is taking films to be used by the Patrol later for teaching Junior Patrolmen how to act in tough spots. First hand education. Poke another spool of film in that contraption and give me profile a scan. This is lesson number seven: Daniel Walks Into The Lion's Den."

"Irish, I—"

"Shut up and load up."

Hathaway nervously loaded the film-slot, raised it.

"Ready, Click?"

"I—I guess so," said Hathaway. "And remember, think it hard, Irish. Think it hard. There aren't any animals—"

"Keep me in focus, lad."

"All the way, Irish."

"What do they say . . .? Oh, yeah. Action. Lights. Camera!"

Marnagan held his gun out in front of him and still smiling took one, two, three, four steps out into the outside world. The monsters were waiting for him at the fifth step. Marnagan kept walking.

Right out into the middle of them. . . .

—TO BE CONTINUED—

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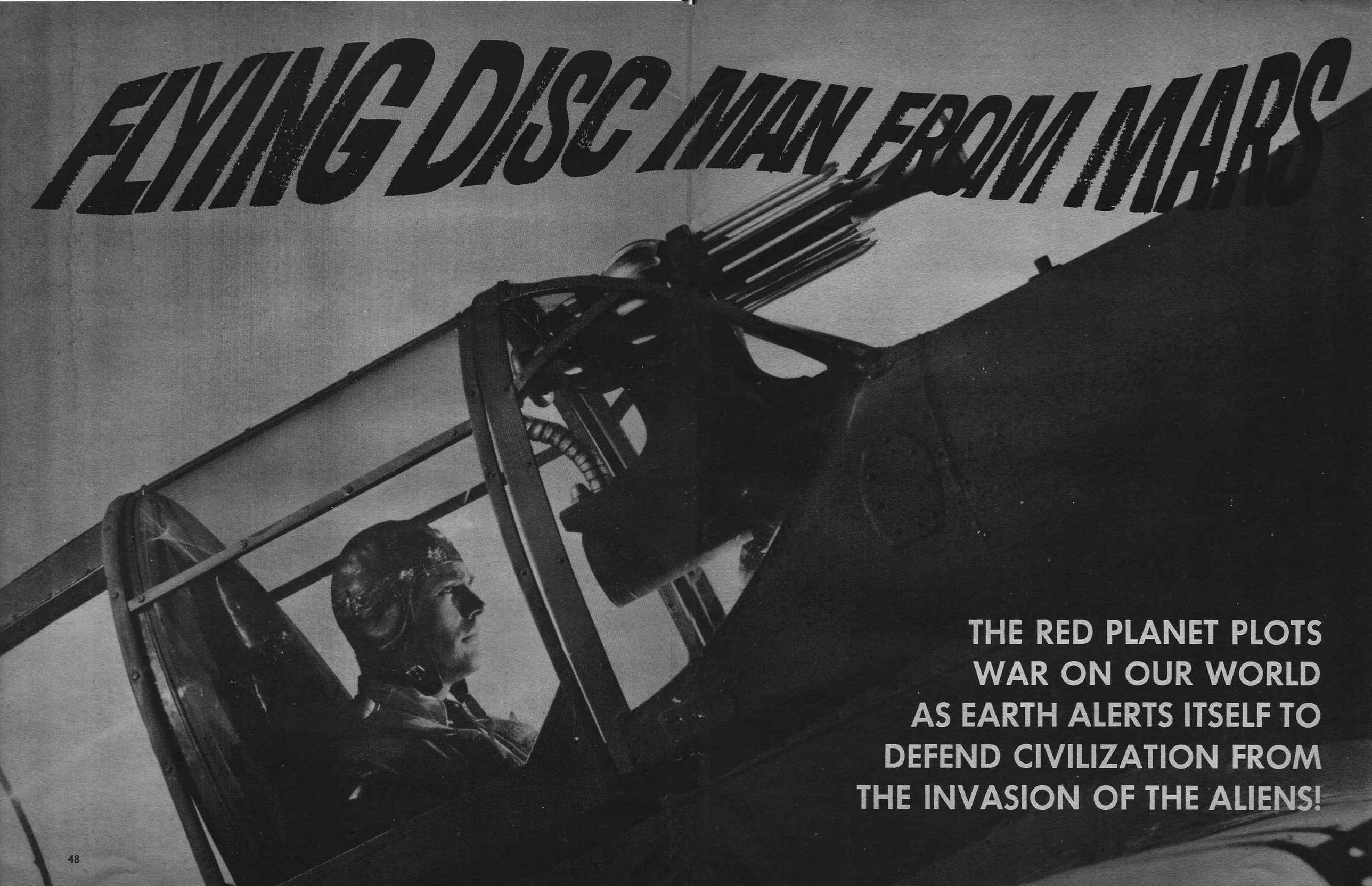
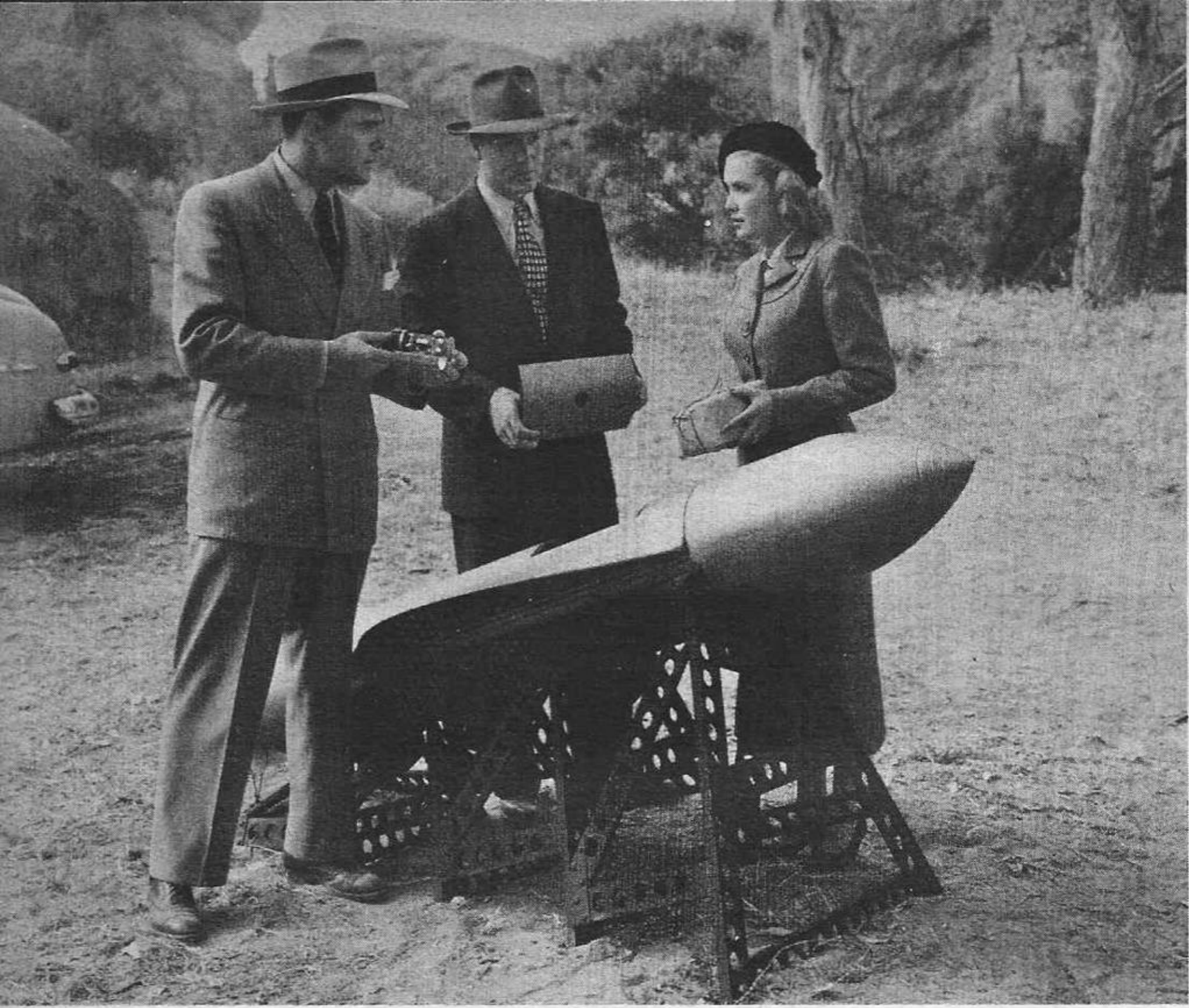
FLYING DISC MAN FROM MARS



THE RED PLANET PLOTS WAR ON OUR WORLD AS EARTH ALERTS ITSELF TO DEFEND CIVILIZATION FROM THE INVASION OF THE ALIENS!



Walter Reed as Kent Fowler (left) and Lois Collier as Helen, his secretary, are puzzled as to purpose of mysterious projectile. Below, the Aerial Torpedo rockets from its launch on a Mission of Menace!

The one-man Marscraft stands mute witness in the background as 2 men prepare to fight.

menace from mars

Mota the Martian, super scientist from the planet which is centuries ahead of our own world in atomic development, is shot down in his curious craft over the factory-laboratory of Dr. Bryant, brilliant but eccentric experimenter.

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chilling chapters

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Walter Reed, Lois Collier, Gregory Day & James Craven starred in this Republic Serial with Special Effects by Howard & Theodore Lydecker.

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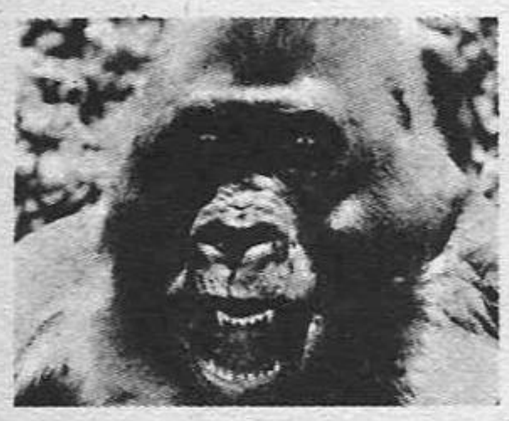
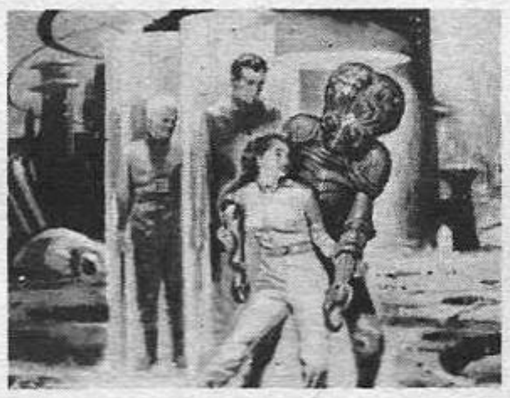


—see the daring capture of the savage bloodthirsty gorilla, actually captured and photographed on safari in darkest Africa—in one of the screen's most breath-taking scenes!

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

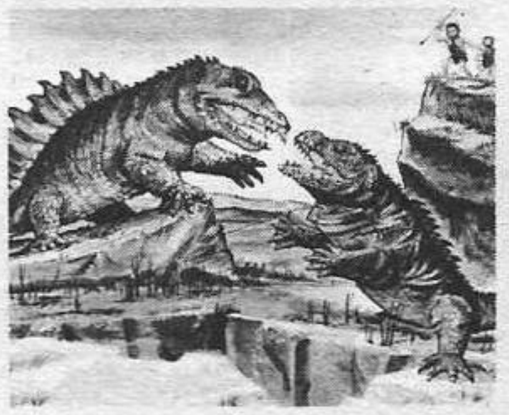


A space ship falters in flight and spins to earth with its mysterious monster visitors. A brave scientist battles against time to send the unearthly monsters back to outer space.

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN

Dracula, The Wolf Man, and even The Invisible Man join forces in this comedy shocker! Watch the daffy chain-reaction of fun as somebody dreams up the idea of using Costello's "brain" for the monster.

BATTLE OF THE GIANTS



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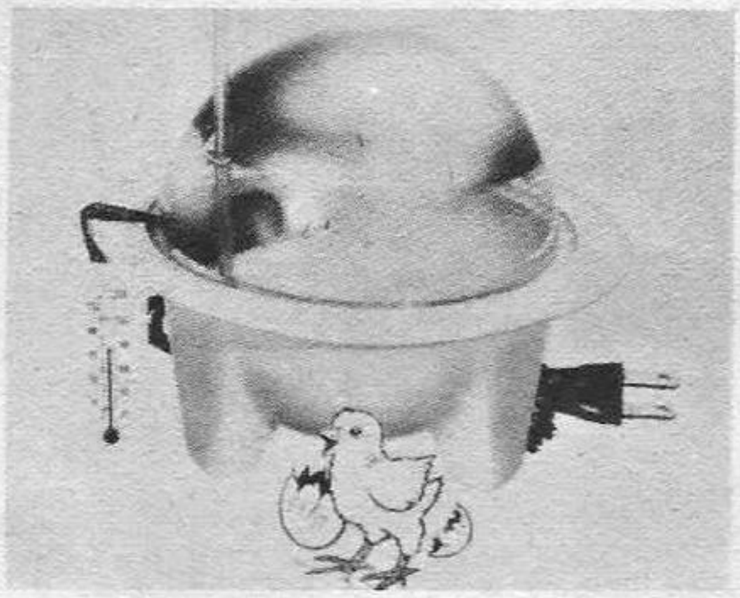

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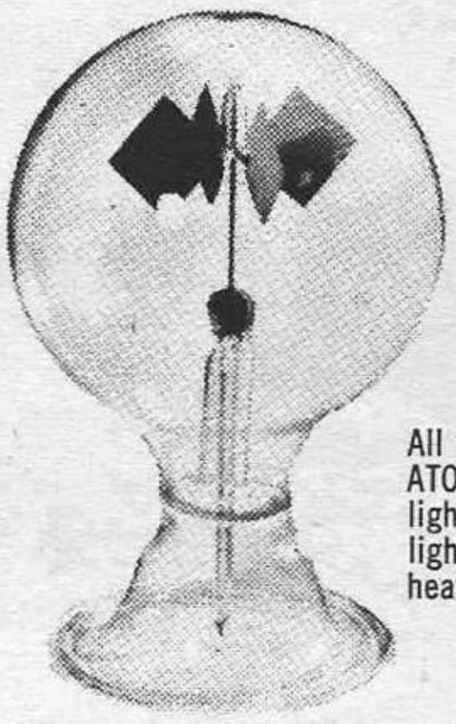

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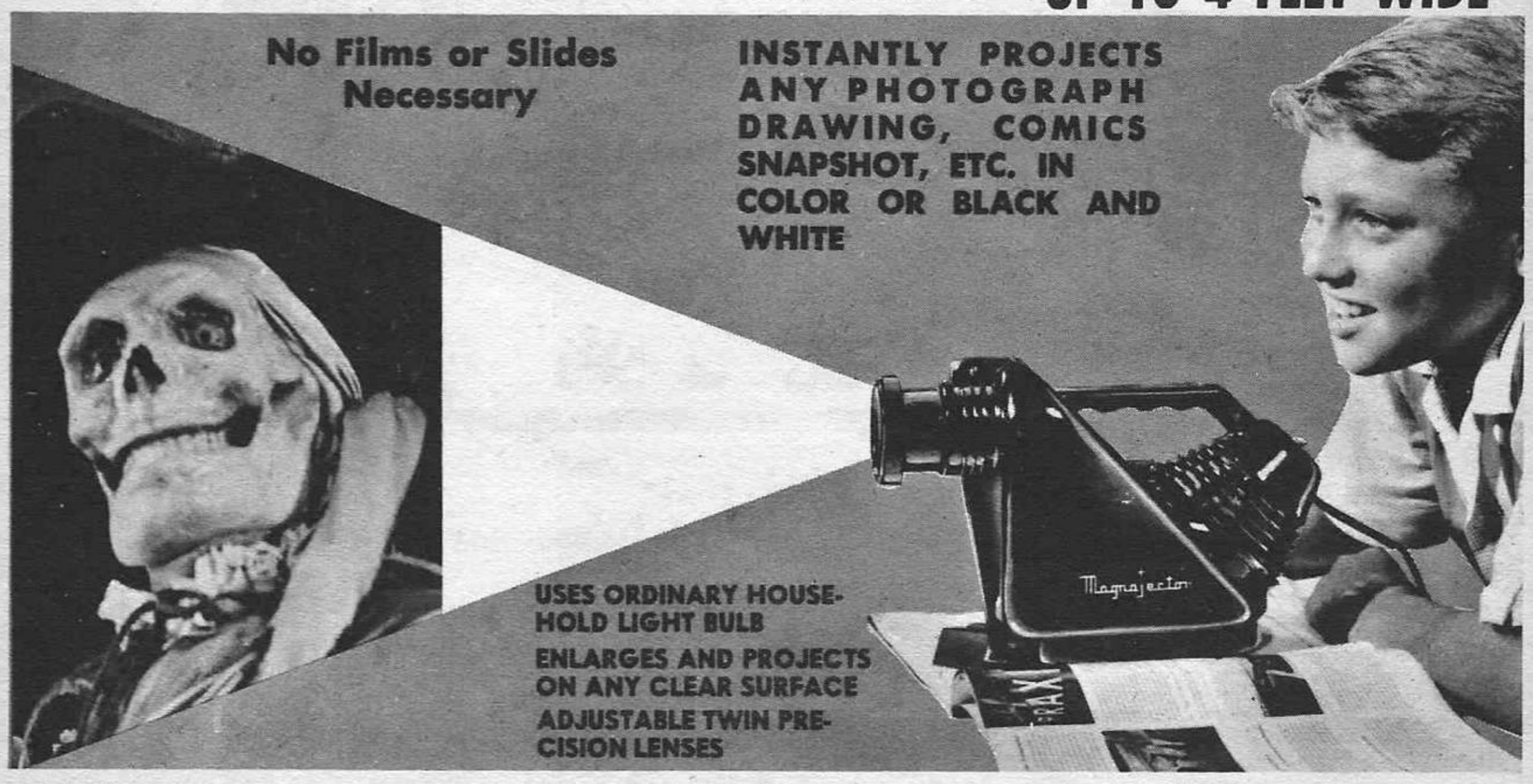

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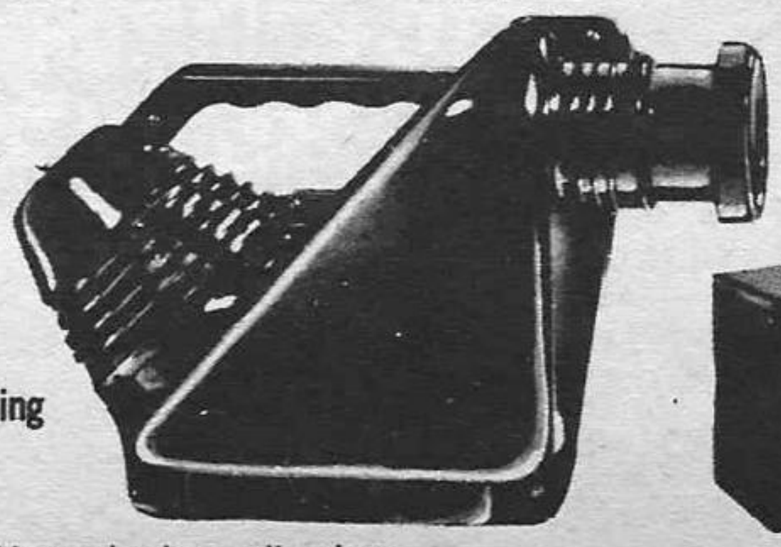

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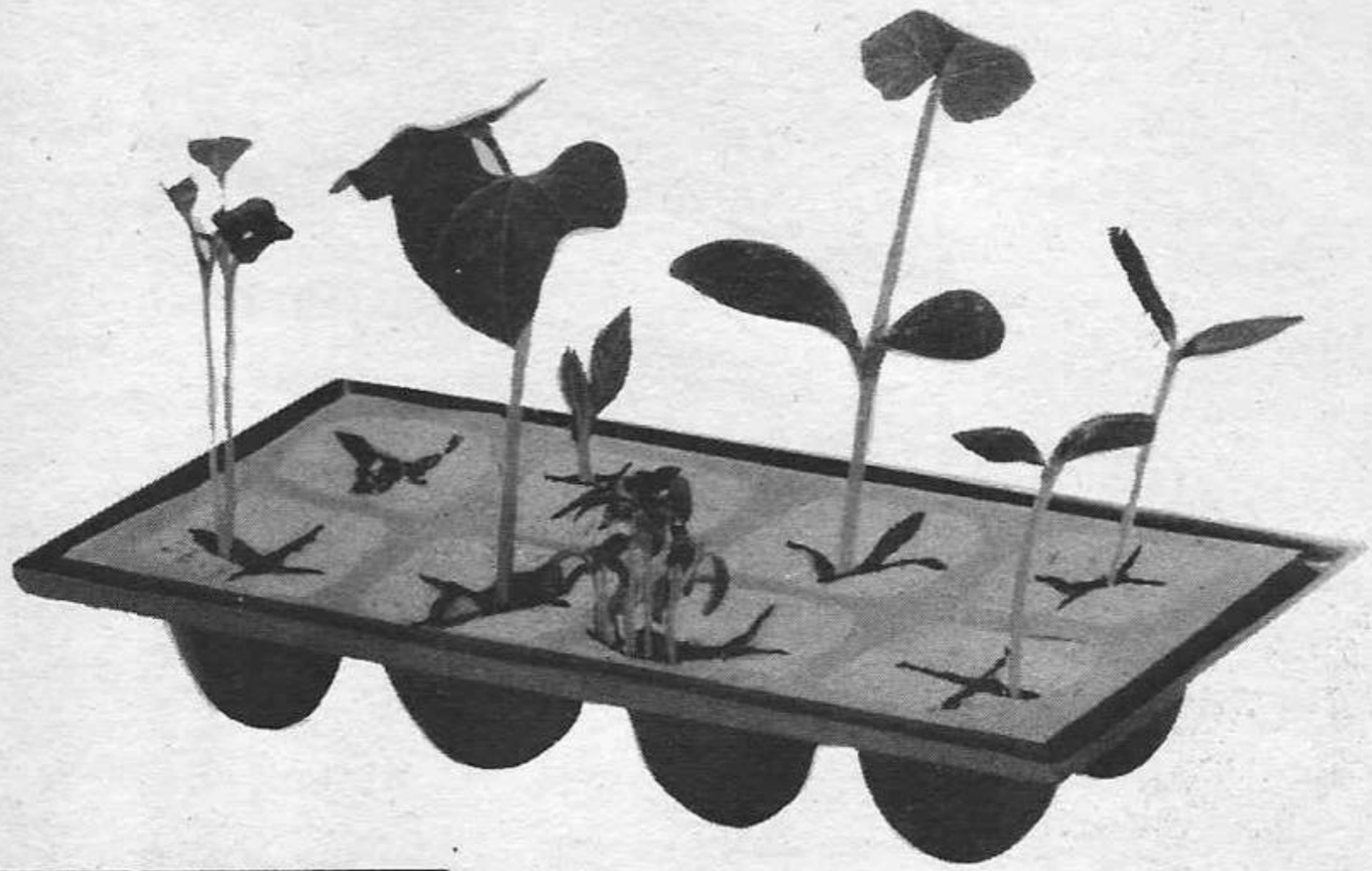

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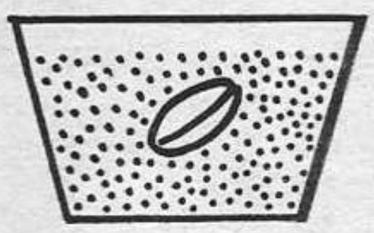

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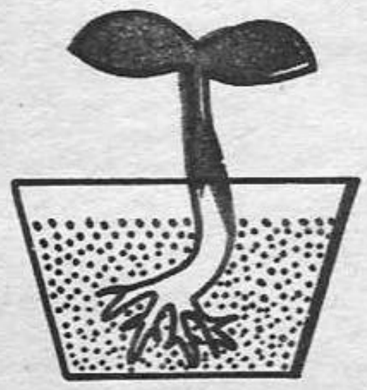

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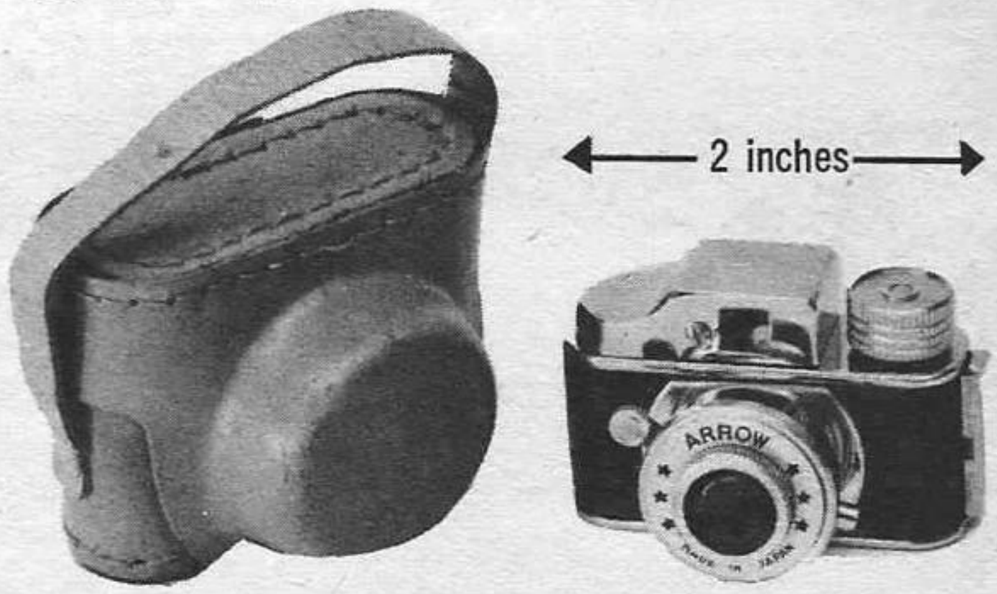

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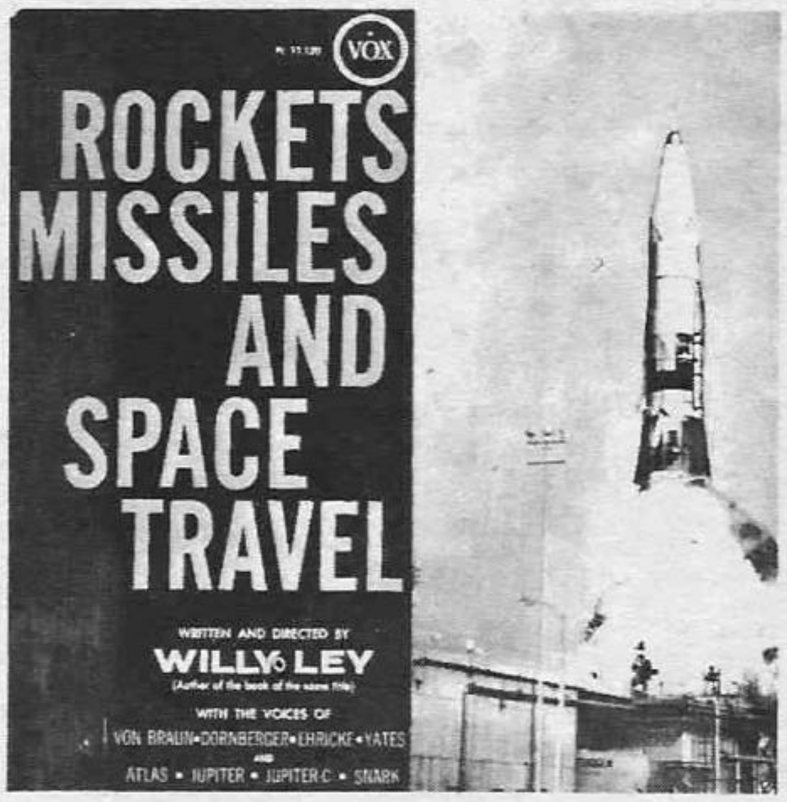

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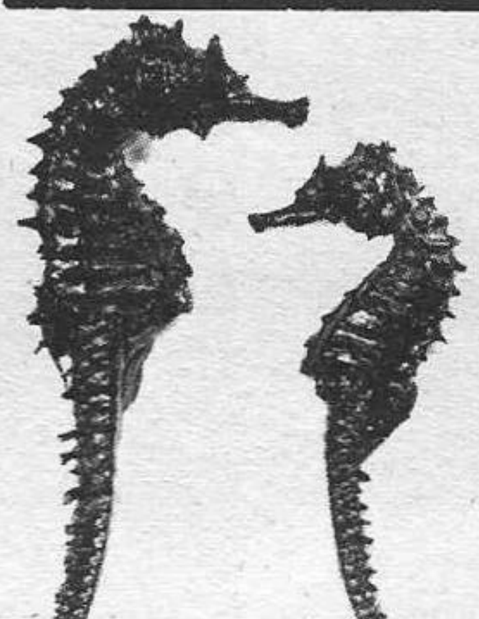

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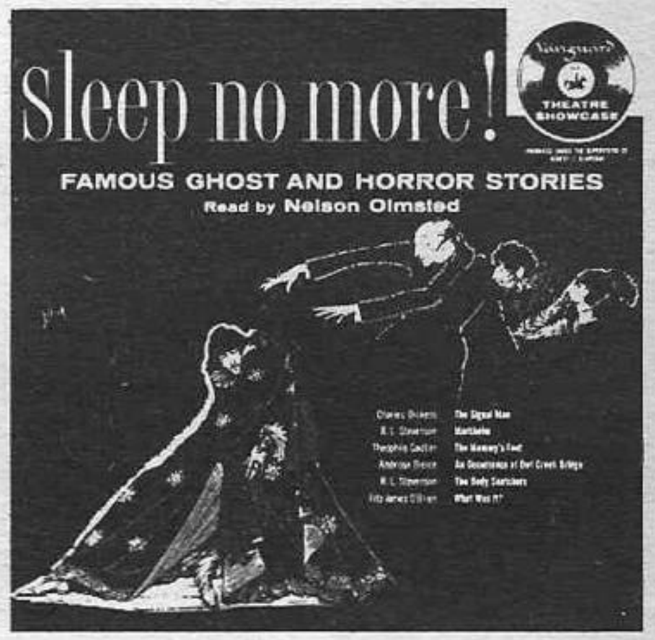

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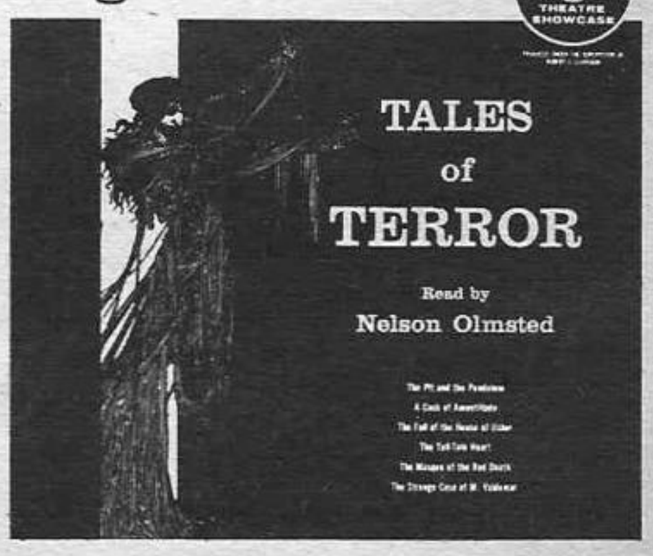
Edgar Allan Poe



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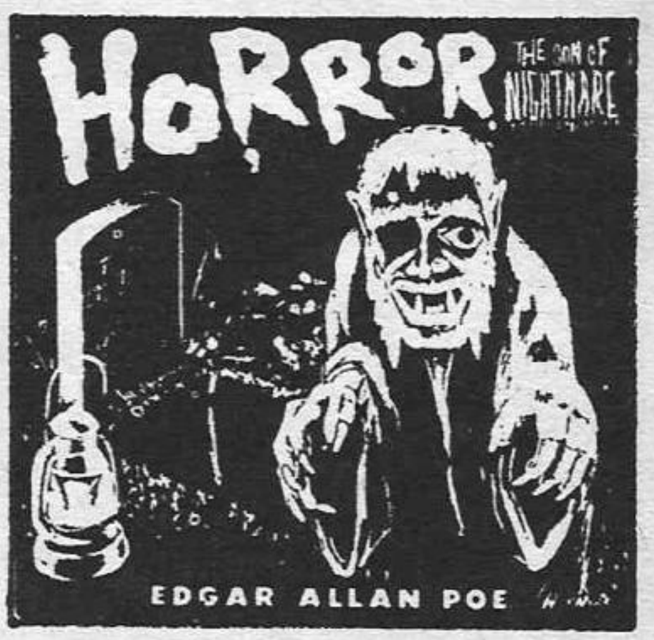

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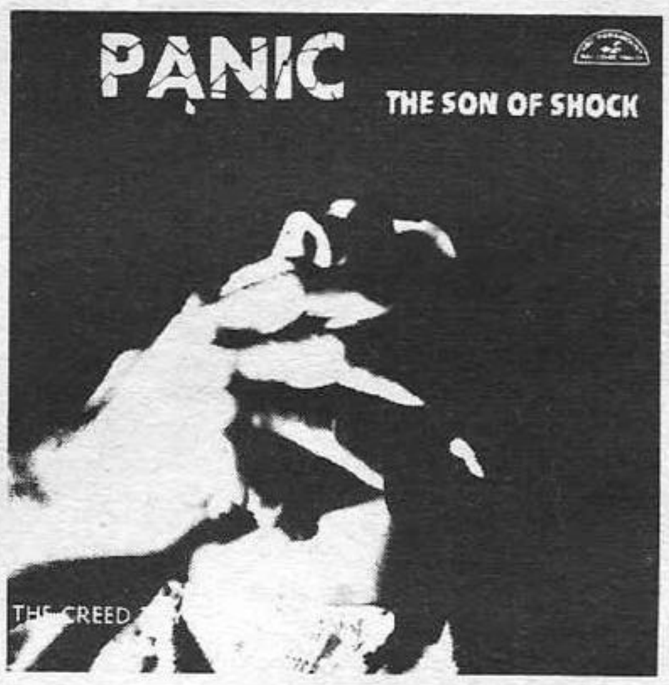

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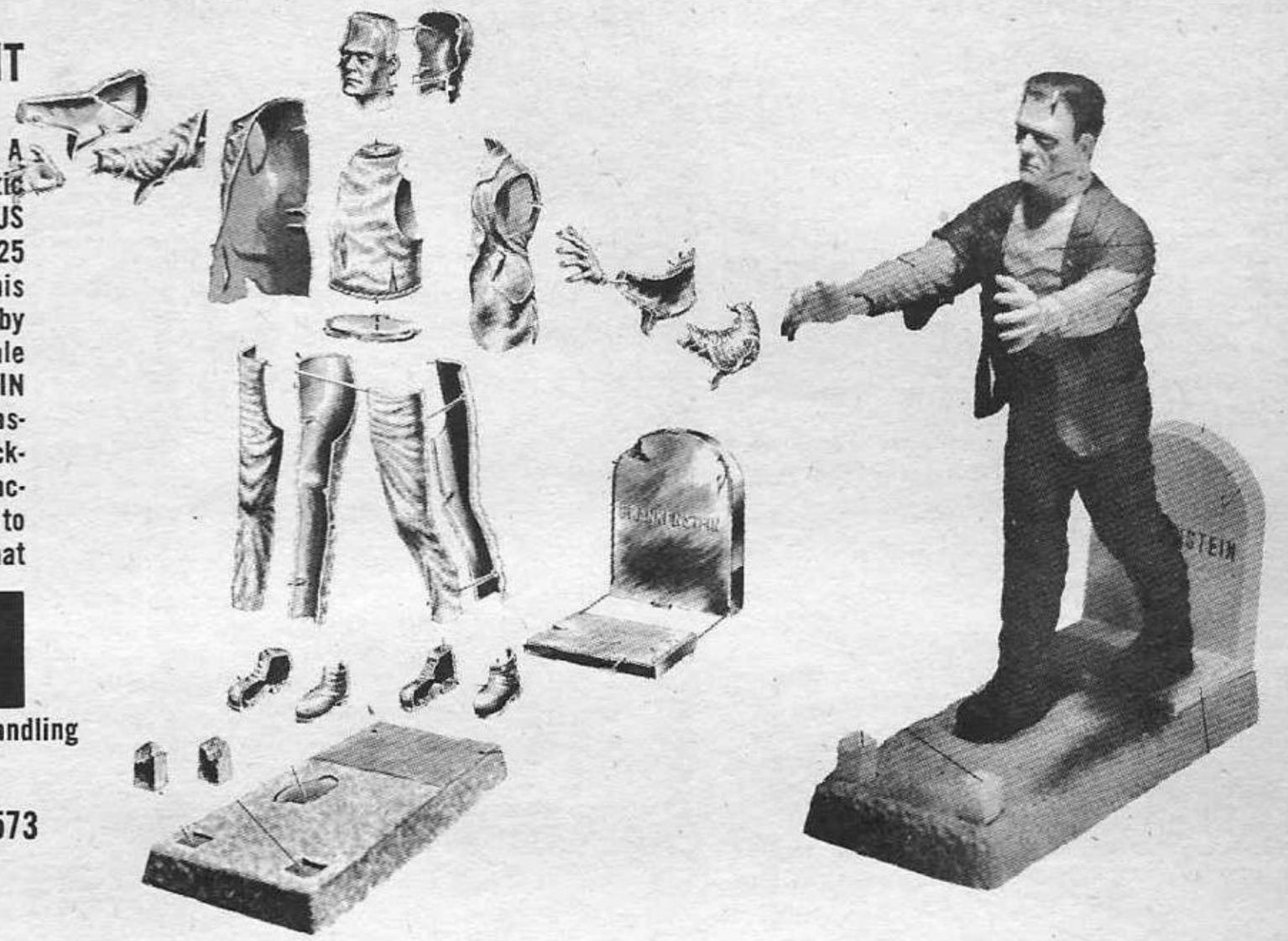

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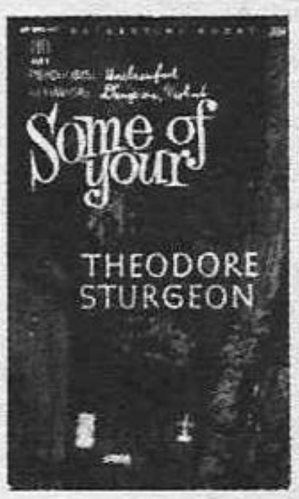

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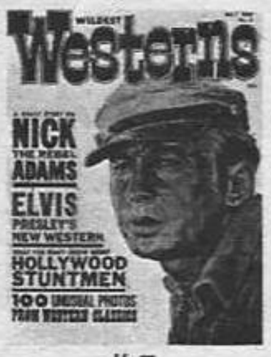

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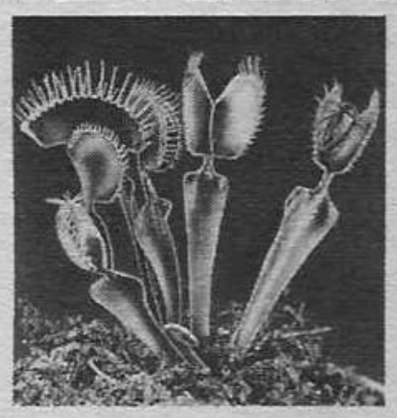

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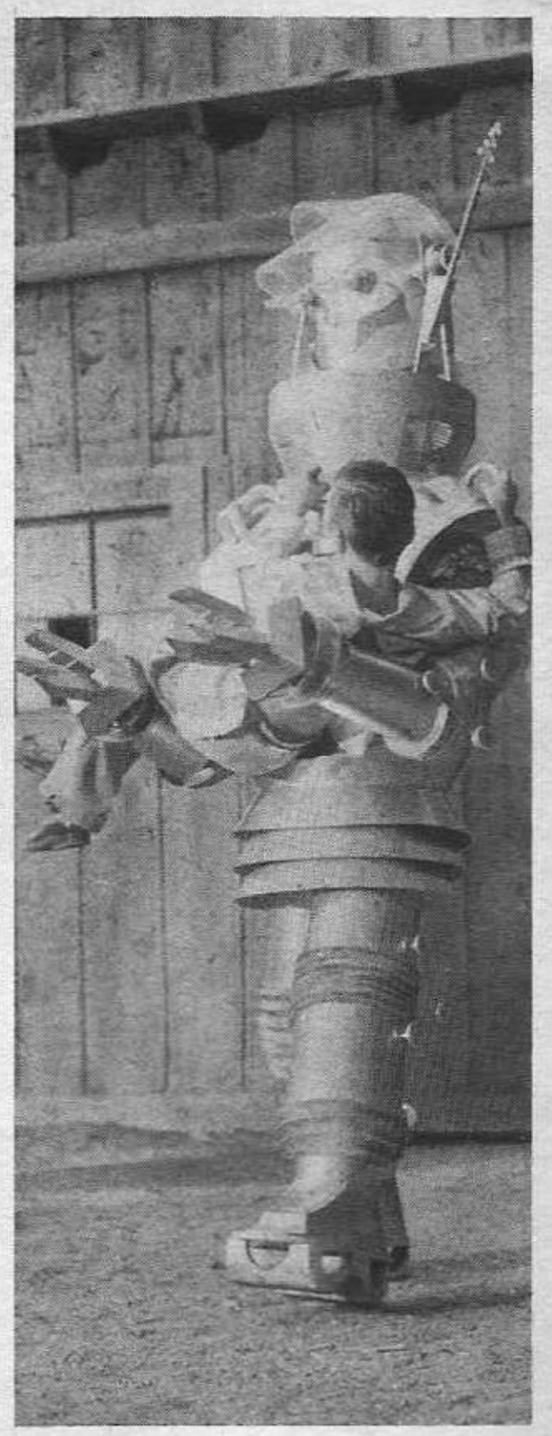

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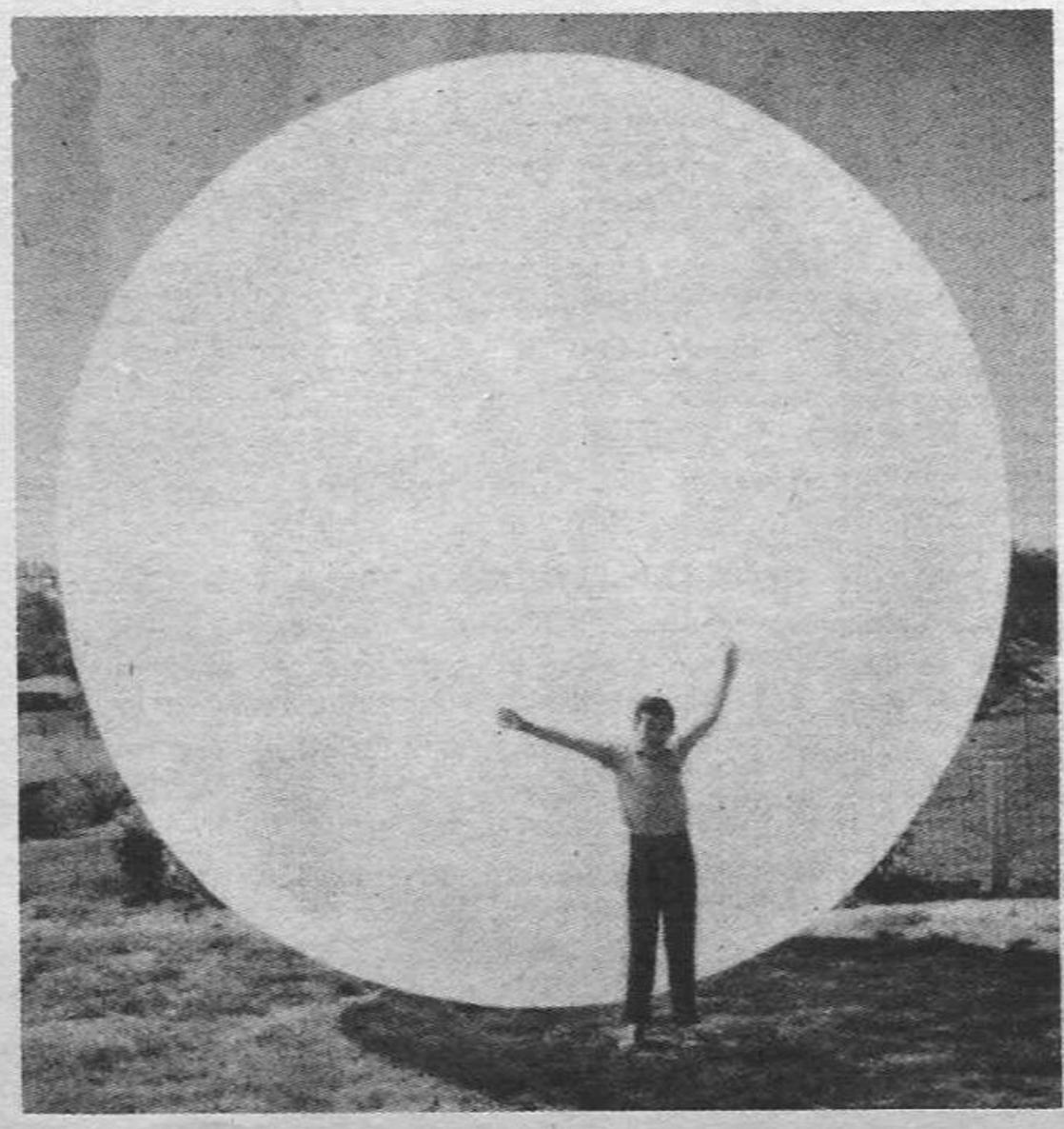

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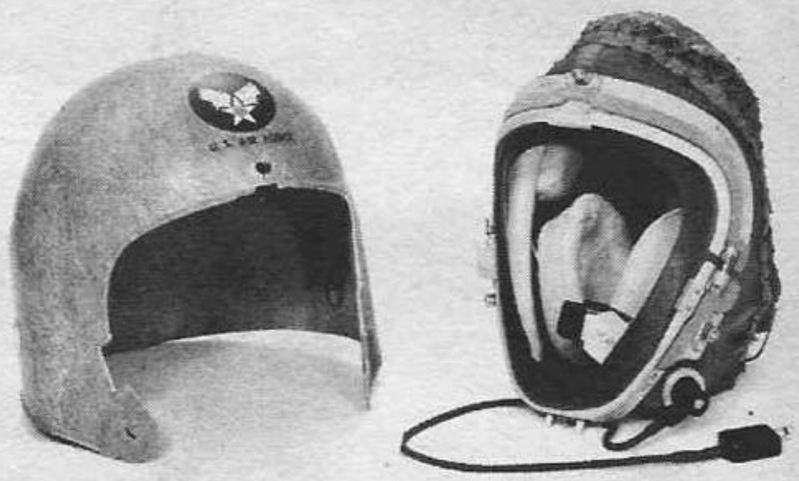

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#4

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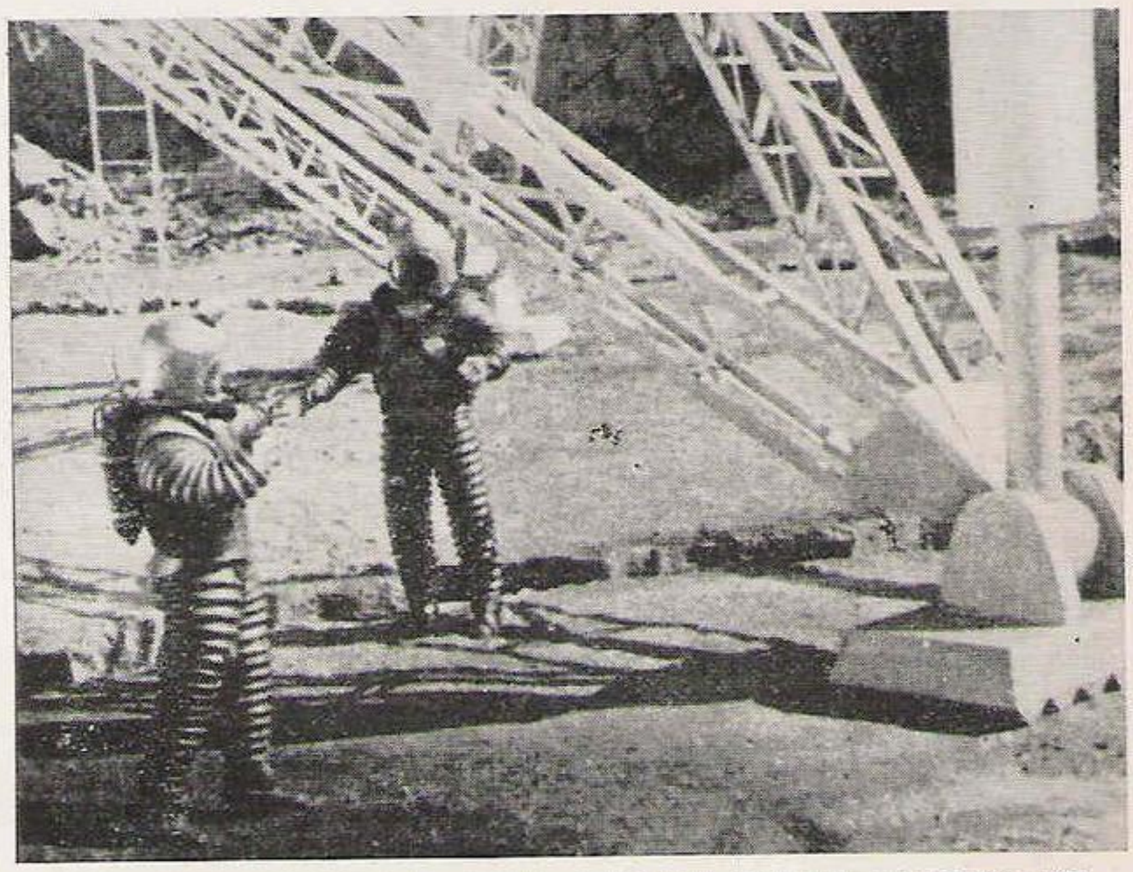

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