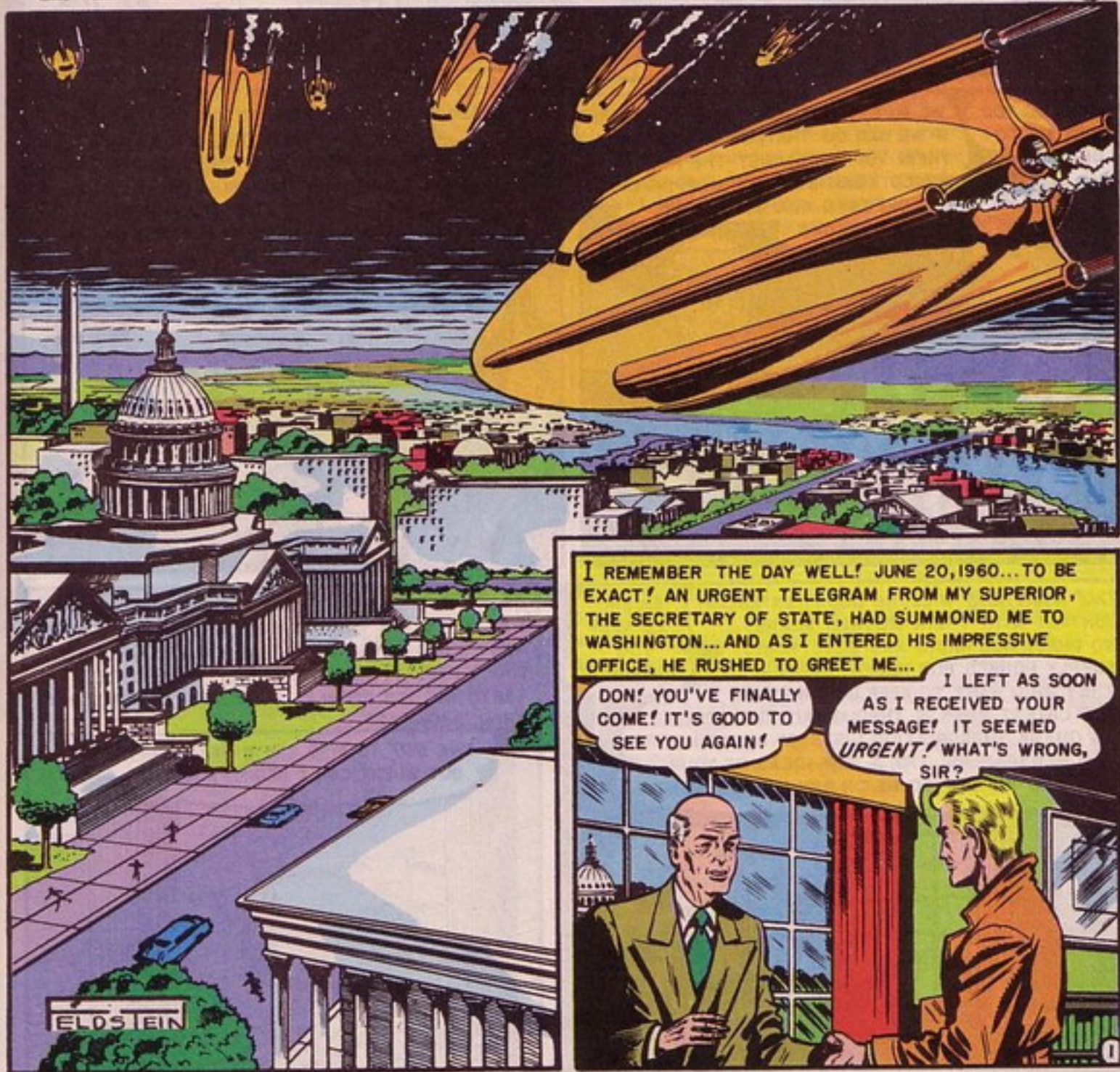


THIS IS A WARNING! LISTEN TO ME AND I
WILL TELL YOU OF THE INCONCEIVABLE

MARTIAN INFILTRATION!



I REMEMBER THE DAY WELL! JUNE 20, 1960... TO BE EXACT! AN URGENT TELEGRAM FROM MY SUPERIOR, THE SECRETARY OF STATE, HAD SUMMONED ME TO WASHINGTON... AND AS I ENTERED HIS IMPRESSIVE OFFICE, HE RUSHED TO GREET ME...

DON! YOU'VE FINALLY COME! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

I LEFT AS SOON AS I RECEIVED YOUR MESSAGE! IT SEEMED URGENT! WHAT'S WRONG, SIR?



THE SECRETARY OF STATE TURNED AWAY... HIS VOICE SHAKING...

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED SHOCKING NEWS FROM ONE OF THE OTHER MEMBERS OF OUR ORGANIZATION! DON! THERE ARE **MARTIANS** HERE ON EARTH!

WHAT... ALREADY?



WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING SOMETHING LIKE THIS, SIR... BUT... WELL, IT STILL COMES AS A **SHOCK** TO ME!



AND TO ME TOO, DON! I HAVE DREADED THIS NEWS FOR YEARS! THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU! YOU ARE MY MOST TRUSTED ASSOCIATE!



WE HAVE NOT LOCATED ANY OF THEM! WE ONLY KNOW THAT THEY ARE **HERE!** FINDING THEM WILL BE **YOUR** JOB! I CANNOT BRING IN THE F.B.I. OR THE ARMY FOR FEAR THAT THE NEWS WOULD THROW THE COUNTRY INTO A STATE OF PANIC!



WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, SIR?

WE MUST FIND THEIR HEADQUARTERS! IF WE CAN DO THAT, WE CAN DESTROY THEIR TOP ECHELONS! THE REST WOULD THEN BE EASY! MOPPING UP... AND DEFENSE AGAINST FUTURE ATTACK!



HAVE YOU ANY LEADS?

NONE! ONLY THAT THEY ARE CENTERED HERE IN WASHINGTON, AS IS NATURAL! BEING CLOSE TO THE CENTER OF GOVERNMENT IS A PREREQUISITE TO EVENTUALLY CONTROLLING IT! YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND THEIR HEADQUARTERS THROUGH INTENSE INVESTIGATION! CHECK RECENT RENTINGS AND SALES OF LARGE HOMES OR BUILDINGS!



THE MARTIANS WILL, NO DOUBT, ESTABLISH CONTACT WITH THEIR MOTHER PLANET... SO CHECK ALL RADIO AND ELECTRONIC SUPPLY HOUSES FOR RECENT ORDERS! THEY WILL WANT TO KEEP INFORMED ON THE LATEST EVENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD... SO CHECK SUBSCRIPTION LISTS OF MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS! TRY A FEW IDEAS OF YOUR OWN AND REPORT TO ME ON ANY DEVELOPMENTS!

YES, SIR! I'LL KEEP YOU INFORMED!



MARTIANS HERE ON EARTH! MY MIND SPUN AS I WALKED DOWN THE STEPS OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT BUILDING! WHAT HORRIBLE **CATASTROPHES** COULD RESULT! ENSLAVEMENT OF THE ENTIRE EARTH AND ITS PEOPLE... JUST LIKE... I DARED NOT THINK ABOUT IT!

I'VE GOT TO FIND THEIR HEADQUARTERS! BUT WHERE CAN I BEGIN? **WHERE?**



FIRST I WENT TO THE CITY REGISTRY, WHERE I CHECKED ON RENTALS AND SALES OF LARGE BUILDINGS...

OF COURSE, SIR! I'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU! FROM WHAT YEAR WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO CHECK?

WHY, I... I DON'T KNOW!

PERHAPS THEY HAD *BEEEN* HERE FOR *YEARS!* I COULDN'T BE SURE! I HAD TO COVER EVERYTHING... I COULDN'T AFFORD TO MISS A SINGLE SHRED OF EVIDENCE!

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! A LIST OF RENTALS AND SALES FOR THE PAST *TEN YEARS!* WILL THAT BE ALL?

YES, THANK YOU!

I BEGAN AT THE TOP, AND VISITED EVERY BUILDING AND HOME ON THE LIST! IN 1955 THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY WAS VACATED AND TAKEN OVER BY THE *DEFENSE DEPARTMENT* FOR USE AS A PRIVATE CLUB...

SORRY, SIR! NO ONE ALLOWED IN WITHOUT A MEMBERSHIP CARD!

OH... I SEE!

I CHECKED DEPARTMENT STORES, NEW EMBASSY BUILDINGS, MANSIONS, AND EVEN THEATERS! NO BREAK! I POCKETED THE LIST AND STARTED ON THE RADIO-PARTS IDEA!

HERE YOU ARE, SIR! A COMPLETE LIST OF ORDERS FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS! IS THAT ALL?

THAT'S ALL, AND THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION!

THE LIST WAS LONG AND I BEGAN TO CHECK IT WITH THE RENTAL LIST! *SOME THINGS MATCHED!*

H-M-M-M! THAT NEW DEPARTMENT STORE BOUGHT AN INTERCOM SET-UP! NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY IN THAT! THE GERMAN EMBASSY PURCHASED A SHORT-WAVE SET! WELL, THAT'S NORMAL, I GUESS! SAY... *THIS* IS INTERESTING!

THE *DEFENSE DEPARTMENT CLUB* BOUGHT A GREAT DEAL OF ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT SHORTLY AFTER IT MOVED INTO ITS BUILDING! GENERATORS... TURBINES... HIGH-FREQUENCY OSCILLATORS... CATHODE-RAY TUBES... FILAMENTS! SAY! THAT'S STRANGE! ALL *THIS* STUFF FOR A *SOCIAL CLUB*?

I CHECKED FURTHER! AND THEN I WAS CONVINCED! THAT CLUB... THAT EXCLUSIVE CLUB... LIMITED TO MEMBERS OF THE *DEFENSE DEPARTMENT*... HAD SUBSCRIBED TO PRACTICALLY EVERY NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL PRINTED IN THE WHOLE WORLD! I RUSHED BACK TO THE STATE DEPARTMENT...

BUT... ARE YOU *SURE*?

IT'S OUR *ONLY* LEAD, SIR! I'VE CHECKED EVERY PLACE IN WASHINGTON! THIS IS THE *ONLY SUSPICIOUS ONE!* THE REST ARE ALL CLEAR!

THEN...THEN THE **MARTIANS** HAVE BEEN HERE FOR SOME TIME! THEY'VE **ALREADY** INFILTRATED THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT!**

IT LOOKS THAT WAY, SIR! I'D LIKE TO MAKE **SURE** ABOUT THAT "**CLUB**", THOUGH!



YES, WE **MUST** BE SURE! I'LL CALL **DICKERSON**! HE'S IN THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT!** PERHAPS HE BELONGS TO THE **CLUB!**

GOOD IDEA! WE **KNOW** **DICKERSON** CAN BE TRUSTED!



THE SECRETARY OF STATE PICKED UP THE PHONE! HE SPOKE FOR A WHILE... AND WHEN HE HAD FINISHED, HIS FACE WAS DARK... AS IF A CLOUD HAD FALLEN ACROSS IT...

DICKERSON *ISN'T* A MEMBER OF THE **CLUB!** THEY DIDN'T **ACCEPT** HIM!



IT SEEMS THAT BEING A MEMBER OF THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT** IS JUST A **REQUIREMENT** FOR MEMBERSHIP! YOU **STILL** HAVE TO BE **ACCEPTED!**

LIKE A **FRATERNITY!**



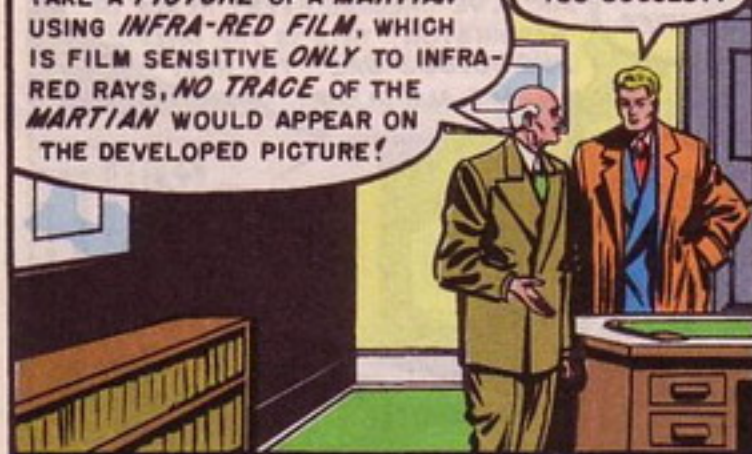
YES! A **MARTIAN** **FRATERNITY!**

LOOK, MR. SECRETARY! THIS IS **STILL** JUST **CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE** WE'RE WORKING ON! WHAT CAN WE DO TO ACTUALLY **PROVE** THAT THE MEMBERS OF THAT "**CLUB**" **ARE** **MARTIANS?**



SIMPLE! WE KNOW THAT **MARTIANS** **DO NOT** REFLECT **INFRA-RED RAYS**, THOSE RAYS AT THE EXTREME END OF THE SPECTRUM WHICH ARE INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE! IF YOU WERE TO TAKE A **PICTURE** OF A **MARTIAN** USING **INFRA-RED FILM**, WHICH IS FILM SENSITIVE **ONLY** TO **INFRA-RED RAYS**, **NO TRACE** OF THE **MARTIAN** WOULD APPEAR ON THE DEVELOPED PICTURE!

THEN I'LL FIND A SPOT NEAR THE **CLUB** AND PHOTOGRAPH EVERYONE GOING IN AND OUT AS YOU SUGGEST!



I SPENT THE NEXT DAY IN A SMALL ROOM ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT CLUB**, WITH A CAMERA LOADED WITH **INFRA-RED FILM** AND EQUIPPED WITH A STRONG TELESCOPIC LENS! I PHOTOGRAPHED EVERYONE THAT WENT IN OR CAME OUT...

GOOD GRAVY! THAT'S **GENERAL MACARNOLD** GOING IN NOW! IF **HE'S** A **MARTIAN**, WE'RE **REALLY** IN TROUBLE!



THAT NIGHT, I BURST INTO THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S OFFICE WITH THE PRINTS! IT WAS HORRIBLE! GENERAL MACARNOLD... ADMIRAL KINGLEY... COLONELS ... MAJORS... NAVAL OFFICERS... CIVILIANS... **ALL MARTIANS!**



THIS JUST ABOUT CLINCHES IT, DON! IT *IS* MARTIAN HEADQUARTERS!

WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, MR. SECRETARY?

I DON'T KNOW, DON! WE MUSTN'T LET THEM KNOW WE SUSPECT! WE CAN'T GO TO THE ARMY! *THEY* CONTROL THAT! *THE F.B.I.*?

NO! WE CAN'T BE SURE OF THEM EITHER!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY THEM OURSELVES! YOU AND I!

BUT, HOW? *HOW?*



WE SET TO WORK PLANNING A METHOD OF DEFEATING THE MARTIAN MENACE BEFORE THEY DEFEATED US! AND THEN, ONE DAY, OUR BIG CHANCE CAME!

DICKERSON CALLED! HE'S BEEN KEEPING ME INFORMED OF THE *DEFENSE CLUB* ACTIVITIES SINCE I TOLD HIM ABOUT THEM! TONIGHT THEY ARE HOLDING AN IMPORTANT MEETING! THEY WILL *ALL* BE THERE! THE *ENTIRE TOP* ECHELONS! WE COULD WIPE THEM OUT IN *ONE SHOT!*

BUT... WHAT WOULD THE *PEOPLE* SAY? ALL THOSE WELL-KNOWN MEN...

IT MIGHT CAUSE PANIC... REVOLT! THEN AGAIN, IT MIGHT NOT! CERTAINLY WE CAN'T *TELL* THE PUBLIC! THEY WOULD NEVER BELIEVE US! IT WILL HAVE TO LOOK LIKE... AN ACCIDENT! A... *TRAGEDY!*

WHAT WEAPON WILL WE USE? A SMALL ATOM BOMB... RADIATIONS... GAS... WHAT?





NO! WE CAN'T USE ANYTHING LIKE THAT! THOSE WEAPONS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE MILITARY! IF THE **STATE DEPARTMENT** REQUISITIONED SUCH MATERIAL, THE MARTIANS WOULD KNOW WE SUSPECT!

THEN WHAT **CAN** WE USE?



BACTERIA! WE WILL INFEST THEIR CLUB TONIGHT WITH FATAL DISEASE-CARRYING BACTERIA!

BUT WHERE CAN WE GET SUCH BAC-TERIA?



WE WILL VISIT DR. BERGSON, AT STATE UNIVERSITY! HE HAS BEEN WORKING ON GERM-WARFARE FOR THE DEFENSE DEPARTMENT!

BUT, PERHAPS HE...



NO! HE IS ONE OF US! HE IS NOT A **MARTIAN!**

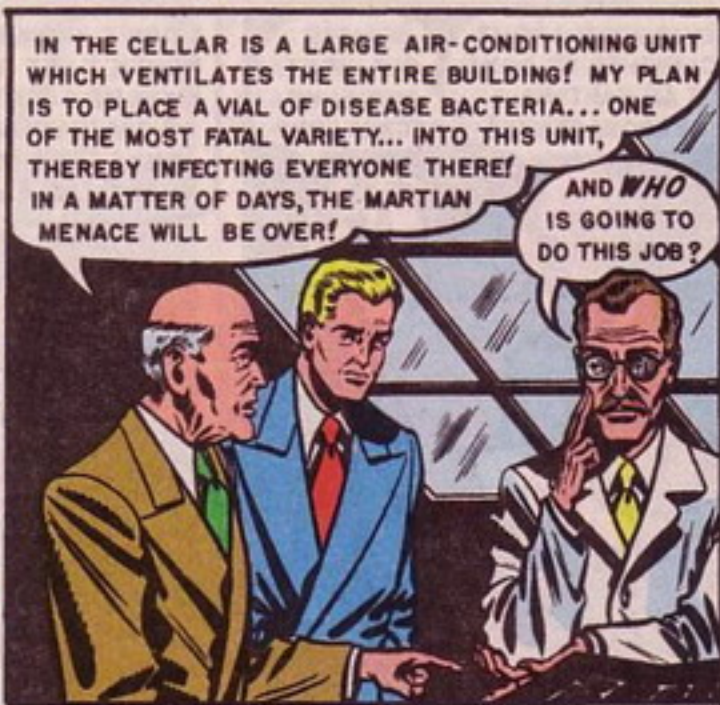


WE TOOK MY CAR AND SPED OUT OF WASHINGTON! THERE WAS VERY LITTLE TIME! AT THE UNIVERSITY, WE TOLD DR. BERGSON THE STORY! HE LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT...

OF COURSE I WILL HELP YOU! IT IS MY DUTY! WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

HERE IS MY PLAN, DOCTOR! THIS IS A BLUE-PRINT OF THEIR CLUB! IT WAS FILED WITH

THE STATE DEPARTMENT WHEN THE BUILDING WAS USED AS THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY!



IN THE CELLAR IS A LARGE AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT WHICH VENTILATES THE ENTIRE BUILDING! MY PLAN IS TO PLACE A VIAL OF DISEASE BACTERIA... ONE OF THE MOST FATAL VARIETY... INTO THIS UNIT, THEREBY INFECTING EVERYONE THERE! IN A MATTER OF DAYS, THE MARTIAN MENACE WILL BE OVER!

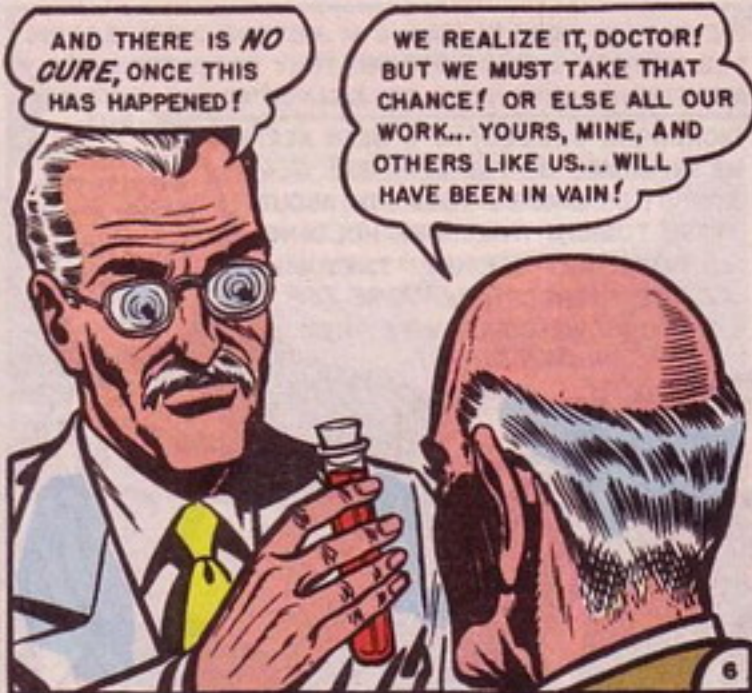
AND WHO IS GOING TO DO THIS JOB?



WHY I WILL, IF NECESSARY!

AND I WILL ACCOMPANY THE SECRETARY, DOCTOR BERGSON!

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT UNLESS YOU GET OUT OF THE BUILDING WITHIN **TWO MINUTES**, YOU TOO WILL HAVE BECOME **INFECTED!**



AND THERE IS **NO CURE**, ONCE THIS HAS HAPPENED!

WE REALIZE IT, DOCTOR! BUT WE MUST TAKE THAT CHANCE! OR ELSE ALL OUR WORK... YOURS, MINE, AND OTHERS LIKE US... WILL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN!

THE DOCTOR GAVE US A SMALL VIAL OF VISCOUS LIQUID, AND WE LEFT! WE SPED BACK TO WASHINGTON WITH OUR LETHAL PRIZE, AND PULLED UP NEAR THE **DEFENSE DEPARTMENT CLUB** AT 8 P.M.

LOOKS LIKE THE PARTY'S STARTED!

THEY'VE GOT THE PLACE WELL GUARDED!



WE WALKED AROUND THE BLOCK AND SLIPPED INTO AN ALLEY! IT LED DIRECTLY TO THE REAR OF THE CLUB! ONLY A HIGH FENCE STOOD IN THE WAY! I CLIMBED UPON A BOX AND PEERED OVER!



THERE'S ONE GUARD...THAT'S ALL...

GOOD! CAN YOU TAKE CARE OF HIM?



I NODDED AND CLIMBED BACK UP! AS HE PASSED BENEATH ME, I FLUNG MYSELF UPON HIM...

SQUA TRONT?



IN HIS FRIGHT AND SURPRISE HE UTTERED A MARTIAN EXCLAMATION! HEARING IT ONLY INFURIATED ME MORE!

DIRTY MARTIAN BEAST!

GRODU-U-H-H-H!



HE WAS DEAD! I HAD SNAPPED HIS BACK! I HELPED THE SECRETARY OVER THE WALL AND WE OPENED THE REAR DOOR! THE STEPS LED TO THE CELLAR! CAUTIOUSLY WE TIPTOED DOWN...

THERE IT IS, SIR!

GOOD! EMPTY THE VIAL INTO THE FILTER IN FRONT OF THE FAN, AND LET'S GO...



THE HUGE AIR-CONDITIONER PURRED AND HUMMED AS I POURED THE CONTENTS OF THE VIAL...LIQUID DEATH TEAMING WITH MILLIONS OF SUB-MICROSCOPIC KILLERS... INTO THE FILTER!

HURRY... SOMEONE'S COMING!

IT'S DONE! LET'S GO...



THEY CLOSED IN AS WE REACHED THE TOP OF THE STAIRS! I FOUGHT WITH ALL OF MY STRENGTH... BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM!

TAKE THEM TO THE MASTER!

THIS OLD ONE LOOKS FAMILIAR!



THEIR "MASTER," AS THEY CALLED HIM, SAT ON A HUGE THRONE AT THE END OF A LARGE ROOM! HE WORE CIVILIAN CLOTHES, AND WAS FLANKED BY GENERAL MACARNOLD AND ADMIRAL KINGLEY!

GOOD LORD! IT'S THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE!

EVEN... EVEN HE IS A MARTIAN!

EXACTLY, MR. SECRETARY OF STATE!



AND TONIGHT, BEFORE YOU SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED OUR MEETING, WE HAD JUST COMPLETED PLANS TO TAKE OVER *THIS GOVERNMENT*, AND THE *WHOLE EARTH*! YOURS IS THE *SECOND PLANET* WE HAVE CONQUERED! *VENUS* WAS FIRST! SHE WAS *EASY*! HER PEOPLE WERE EVEN WEAKER THAN YOU! WE KILLED THEM OFF... ALL OF THEM! THEN WE STARTED COMING HERE... GETTING INTO HIGH PLACES... GOVERNMENT... ARMY... NAVY... BUSINESS! AND NOW WE ARE READY! TOMORROW, THE EARTH! SOMEDAY THE *WHOLE UNIVERSE* WILL BE OURS!



NO, MR. SECRETARY! YOU ARE WRONG! IT IS *TOO LATE*! EVEN NOW AS YOU BREATHE, YOU ARE SUCKING INTO YOUR LUNGS DEATH-DEALING GERMS! TONIGHT YOU ALL DIE... AND BEFORE OTHERS LIKE YOU CAN COME HERE, WE WILL HAVE GAINED THE TIME NECESSARY TO DEFEND OURSELVES AGAINST YOU!



TONIGHT, *ALL OF YOU* DIE! BUT ONLY *TWO OF US* DIE WITH YOU! THERE ARE MANY *MORE* OF US... SCIENTISTS, WRITERS, STATESMEN, MEN OF VISION, MEN OF GOOD WHO *KNOW* YOU... WHO HAVE *FOUGHT* YOU *ONCE* AND WILL FIGHT YOU AGAIN... AND *THIS TIME WIN*!



WHAT ARE YOU SAYING...?

I, SIR, AND MY FRIEND HERE, ARE *VENUSIANS*!



YES! THE SECRETARY OF STATE TOLD THE *TRUTH*! I AM A *VENUSIAN*! BEFORE THE MARTIANS CONQUERED OUR PLANET, A LARGE GROUP OF US MANAGED TO ESCAPE IN AN INTER-PLANETARY SPACE-BOAT! WE CAME HERE TO YOUR *PLANET EARTH*, AND BEGAN TO PREPARE YOU FOR THE MARTIAN INVASION WE KNEW WOULD COME! TO DO THIS, WE HAD TO WORK OURSELVES INTO HIGH POSITIONS IN GOVERNMENT, SCIENCE, AND INDUSTRY. *THE PRESIDENT OF YOUR COUNTRY IS A VENUSIAN*! NOW, AS I LAY ON THIS HOSPITAL BED, DYING, *LET ME WARN YOU*! THE MARTIANS WILL COME AGAIN! BUT *WE... YOU AND MY PEOPLE... CAN STOP THEM*!

