

THRILLING ACTION!—GRIM SUSPENSE!—CRIME AND CRIME SMASHING!—TALES OF THE F.B.I.—SCOTLAND YARD—THE NORTHWEST MOUNTIES!—SECRET SERVICE!

ANC

# MANHUNT!

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L. P. M.

10c

THE AVENGING AXE

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# SPACE ACE



WHEN THE ATOMIC BOMB EXPLODED IN THE FACE OF A STUNNED WORLD AT HIROSHIMA, THE THRESHOLD OF SPACE ITSELF WAS WITHIN THE GRASP OF MANKIND. WITH ATOMIC POWER, ROCKET SHIPS COULD BE BUILT THAT WOULD TRAVEL TO MARS, TO VENUS, EVEN BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM...

WE LIKE TO THINK THAT SOME DAY, HUNDREDS OF YEARS FROM NOW, CARGO SPACERS—THE COVERED WAGONS OF THE FUTURE—WILL BRING US THE PRODUCE OF OUR SISTER PLANETS.

AND TO GUARD THEIR CARGOES, TO KEEP PEACE AND MAINTAIN THE LAW ON THE STAR FRONTIERS, A NEW BREED OF POLICEMAN WILL BE NEEDED. WE LIKE TO CALL THEM—THE SPACE PATROL!

THIS, THEN, IS THE STORY OF THE PATROLMAN OF THE FUTURE, A MAN WITH STAR-TAN ON HIS FACE, WHOSE EARS RING WITH THE MUFFLED THUNDER OF ROCKET-JETS, WHO HAS SEEN THE CANALS OF MARS AND THE RED SPOT ON JUPITER, A MAN CALLED "JET" BLACK, SPACE ACE.



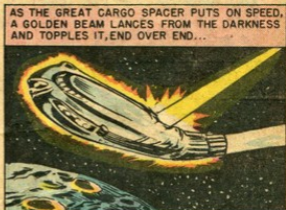
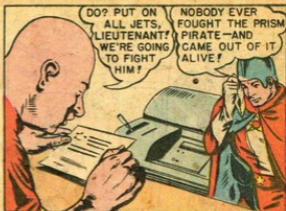
SOME HUNDREDS OF YEARS FROM NOW, ON THE REGULAR CARGO RUN FROM MARS PORT TO NEW YORK SPACE TERMINAL...

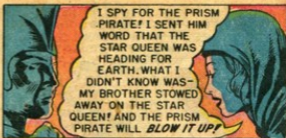


SPACEGRAM, SIR. IT SEEMED TO COME FROM—THE MOON.

THE MOON? JUST A BATCH OF PENAL COLONIES THERE. LET ME SEE IT!







IN A SLEEK NEW SIX-JET BLASTER, THE ACE OF THE SPACEWAYS ROCKETS A CRIMSON PATH AWAY FROM MARS PORT...



THIRTY-FIVE MILES AWAY, IN THE BOTTOM OF TYCHO CRATER, THE MOON...





URANIUM! THAT'S WHAT I WANTED. URANIUM— THE FUEL FOR ATOMIC POWER! SATURN'S MOONS, TITAN AND IAPETUS, ARE CHOCKFUL OF IT, AND THE CARGO BOATS TAKE IT TO EARTH.



BY SELLING THIS ON THE EARTH MARKETS, I'LL BE A MULTI-BILLIONAIRE IN A YEAR! THEN I'LL RETIRE— MAYBE EVEN GET A SOFT JOB IN THE SPACE PATROL... HA! HA!



NOW TO REPLACE MY PRISM... THE MOST VALUABLE WEAPON IN THE UNIVERSE!



CIRCLING THE AIRLESS BULK OF THE MOON, THE SIX-JET ROCKET OF THE SPACE PATROLMAN MANEUVERS FOR A LANDING...

SOMETHING DOWN BELOW...



JUST A KID... AND HIS SPACE-SUIT LOOKS PLENTY SHREDDED. HIS OXYGEN TANK MUST BE ALMOST EMPTY...



STILL ALIVE! IF I CAN GET HIM INTO MY FLIER, THERE'S A CHANCE TO PULL HIM THROUGH.



SURE. SURE I AM... BUT WHO'RE YOU? AND—WHAT ABOUT THE MAN WHO CAME TO THE WRECK OF THE STAR QUEEN— BEFORE I RAN AWAY?

YOU ALL RIGHT, JAK TAL?



I'M JET BLACK OF SPACE PATROL. I'M AFTER THE PRISM PIRATE, THE MAN WHO WRECKED THE STAR QUEEN. NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIM, JAK TAL... WHAT'S HE LIKE?



JUST AN ORDINARY STARNUT. ONLY HE'S GOT A GLASS BALL HANGING AROUND HIS NECK.

GLASS BALL? HUH, MAYBE HE'S SUPERSTITIOUS!

ACROSS THE POCKED SURFACE OF THE GOLD MOON, THE "GLASS BALL" IS BEING FITTED INTO THE BOTTOM OF A SERIES OF COILED LOOPS...



BETTER NOT TAKE CHANCES! I'LL SET THE PRISM THAT I STOLE FROM A LAB ON SATURN IN THE COSMIGUN.



THE PRISM FOCUSES COSMIC RAYS, BENDING AND CONCENTRATING THEM SO THE COSMIGUN CAN PICK THEM UP AND TRANSFORM THEM INTO ENERGY, SHOOTING THEM AT ANY TARGET I AIM AT.

COSMIC RAYS, LIKE THE CONCENTRATED BEAMS OF RAY PARTICLES IN THE CYCLOTRON OR ATOM SMASHER, IF SUFFICIENTLY CONCENTRATED, CAN CAUSE CHEMICAL REACTIONS LIKE EXPLOSIONS.



THAT'S WHAT MY COSMIGUN DOES. IT EXPLODES THE DRIVING ENGINES OF THE SPACERS... MAKES THEM DRIFT HELPLESSLY. ALL I HAVE TO DO IS TOW THEM IN BY A MAGNET.

YOU RANG?



BRING IN THE URANIUM CRATES FROM THE LATEST WRECKS. I'LL STAND GUARD IN CASE A SPACE PATROL BOAT WAS FOLLOWING THE CARGO SHIP.



HIGH ABOVE THE CURVED DOME OF THE MOON HOUSE...

IT'S HIM, ACE!

WHEN HIS MEN LEAVE, I'M GOING IN!



A GOODBYE TO PRISM PIRACY... BUT ONLY THE BEGINNING OF A NEW FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE ACE OF THE SPACEWAYS AND THE JAK OF STARS! FROM EARTH TO MOON TO MARS AND OUT BEYOND THE SOLAR SYSTEM, THE PATROL PAIR BLASTS A NEW PLACE IN THE SUN FOR ALL SPACEMEN. DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE OF **MANHUNT!**

