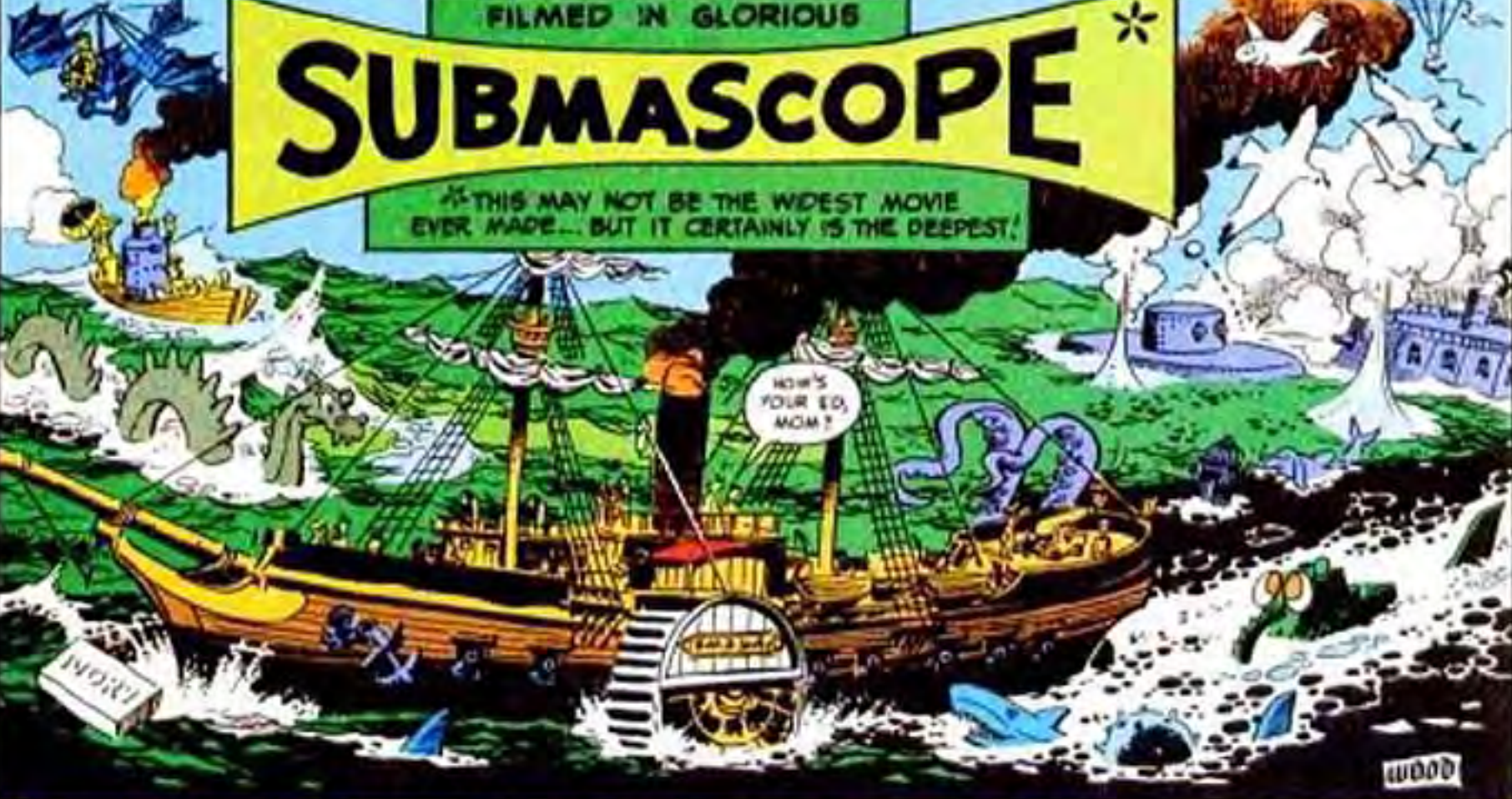


MARVELS IN THE MOVIES DEPT. (A NEW LOW IN FILM ENTERTAINMENT DIVISION): LITTLE DID JULES VERNE REALIZE, WHEN HE WROTE THIS SCIENCE-FICTION THRILLER, THAT HE WAS MAKING AN ACCURATE PREDICTION OF THINGS TO COME! AND LITTLE DID THE PRODUCERS REALIZE, WHEN THEY TURNED THIS CLASSIC TALE INTO A MOVIE, THAT **PANIC MAGAZINE** WOULD DO A SATIRE ON IT, ENTITLED...

"20,000 Leaks UNDER THE SEA"

FILMED IN GLORIOUS
SUBMASCOPE
 *THIS MAY NOT BE THE WIDEST MOVIE EVER MADE... BUT IT CERTAINLY IS THE DEEPEST!



AS THE STORY OPENS, WE FIND THE CREW OF THE NAVY FRIGATE "ROBERT E. LEAKY" SCOURING THE VAST BLUE PACIFIC, SEARCHING FOR A LEGENDARY SEA MONSTER WHICH HAS BEEN PLAGUING THE SHIPPING LANES IN THAT SECTION OF THE WORLD, DESTROYING SHIPS, CARGO, AND MEN WITH NIGHTMARE RAPIDITY...

THE DOUGHTY CAPTAIN OF THE FRIGATE SPEAKS TO THE CRACKERJACK FRENCH BIOLOGIST WHOSE HELP HAS BEEN ENLISTED IN TRACKING DOWN THE FEARSOME APPARITION...

PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX! WE'VE SCoured THE SEA FOR **THREE MONTHS** WITHOUT TURNING UP A **TRACE** OF THIS FICTITIOUS SEA MONSTER! IT'S TIME WE HEADED BACK HOME!
 BESIDES, WE'VE RUN OUT OF SCOURING POWDER!

I REALIZE HOW **FANTASTIC** THIS WHOLE THING MUST SEEM TO YOU, CAPTAIN DOUGHTY... BUT AS A SCIENTIST, I CAN **ASSURE** YOU THAT SUCH A CREATURE MIGHT VERY POSSIBLY EXIST!



CAP'N! CAP'N! COME QUICKLY! A HORRIBLE CREATURE WITH A **HUGE GREEN HEAD** AND **TREMENDOUS EYES** HAS JUST BEEN SIGHTED OFF THE **LABORD** SIDE!



NOTE: NEW UNIFORM PROPOSED FOR COWARDLY FRIGATE CAPTAINS. PAT. PEND. E.C. - EDS.

WAIT! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE YOU SAW IN THE WATER! YOU SAY IT WAS GREEN AROUND THE GILLS AND HAD LARGE PROTRUDING EYES?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!
GOOD LORD! JUST AS I'D FEARED!



YOU MEAN...?
PRECISELY! MY ASSISTANT... PETER LORRY... HAS FALLEN OVERBOARD!



SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED SUCH A COMMOTION BY LEANING OVER THE RAIL TOO FAR, BUT I WAS SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF MAL-DE-MER!

MAL-DE-MER?
THAT'S FRENCH FOR "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!"



HEY, MATES! DID YOU HEAR WHO'S ON BOARD!
YEAH!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?
HUBBA-HUBBA!
LET'S GO!



VA-VA-VA-VOOM!
HEY! I SEEN 'ER FIRST!
HOW'S ABOUT A KISS, HONEY?
AVAST, YE SWABS! GET YOUR COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFF THAT MAN!



PETER LORRY!?! WE THOUGHT HE SAID PIPER LAURIE!
UGH!
FEH!
SAGS!
ECHH!
YOU KNEW THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY WOMEN IN THIS PICTURE WHEN YOU SIGNED ON AS EXTRAS! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS! ON THE DOUBLE!



SUDDENLY THE PEACEABLE ORDERLY ROUTINE OF THE SHIP IS SHATTERED BY THE BLOOD-CURDLING SHOUT OF...

SEA MONSTER... THREE POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW!
WHICH SIDE IS THAT?



IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH RAPID COMMANDS AS THE CREW OF THE FRIGATE PREPARES TO DO BATTLE WITH ITS UNSEEN FOE...

MAN YOUR GUN STATIONS! CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!
 WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! HOIST THE CAPSTAN!
 STAND BY TO LOWER AWAY! DID YOU HOIST THE CAPSTAN?
 LOWER AWAY! CAPSTAN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID CAPTAIN!
 LET'S HAVE A LITTLE QUIET AROUND HERE!
 FACE THE FRONT OF THE CAR, PLEASE! NO SMOKING IN THE ORCHESTRA!
 SPLICE THE MIZZEN MAST! GOOD LORD! TAXI!
 I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MIZZEN! HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT TOP-GALLANT!
 UNITED STATES STEEL! DOWN A THIRD! DODGERS...FOUR! CHICAGO...NOTHING! A WASTE OF SPACE!

THEN, THE CREW STANDS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR AS A HUGE FISH-LIKE CREATURE THE LENGTH OF A FOOTBALL FIELD BREAKS THE SURFACE... ROARING DOWN ON THE SLOW-MOVING FRIGATE WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...



WITH A SICKENING CRASH, THE AWESOME MONSTER RENDS A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE NAVY VESSEL LARGE ENOUGH TO DRIVE A LOCOMOTIVE THROUGH. THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SENDS THE PROFESSOR, HIS ASSISTANT, AND A SAILOR NAMED DIRK CUTLASS, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND INTO AN OPENING IN THE MONSTER'S BACK... ACTUALLY A HATCH... ABAFT MIDSHIPS... OR ON ABOUT THE THIRTY YARD LINE...



P-PROFESSOR! I DON'T KNOW! HEY! THIS RIG HAS EVERYTHING!
 W-WHERE ARE WE? WE APPEAR TO BE IN SOME SORT OF PLUNGING BOAT!
 THIS IS INCREDIBLE!
 DIG THIS CRAZY WASHING MACHINE!

THAT'S NOT A WASHING MACHINE! IT'S AN OBSERVATION BUBBLE WHICH GIVES US A WIDE VIEW OF THE OCEAN FLOOR!

LOOK! THERE GOES SOME SORT OF UNDERSEA FUNERAL PROCESSION!



THIS MAN'S TRAGIC DEMISE CALLS FOR A REVISION OF OUR PRESENT RULES OF UNDERWATER ETIQUETTE!

HEREAFTER, IT WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY WHEN DEEP-SEA DIVING TO TIP ONE'S HAT TO A MERMAID!



I AM CAPTAIN MEND! WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

I AM PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY, AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, PETER!

AND MY NAME'S DIRK CUTLASS!



NOT THE SAME PROFESSOR CRACKERJACK WHO WROTE "FIFTEEN YEARS UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA... OR... THE CONFESSIONS OF A DAMP FOOL?"

THE VERY SAME!

YOU MUST HONOR ME BY STAYING FOR DINNER!



EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD ABOARD THE "NAUTILUS" COMES FROM THE SEA ITSELF!

FOR INSTANCE, TONIGHT'S MENU CONSISTS OF FILLET OF SEA-SNAKE, BRISKET OF BLOW-FISH AND SAUTE OF UNBORN OCTOPUS!

MY CHEF HAS EVEN DEVELOPED A PROCESS OF EXTRACTING MILK FROM SAND CRABS!



AMAZING! WHERE DID HE EVER FIND A STOOL LOW ENOUGH?

HOW ARE YOU GENTLEMEN ENJOYING THE FARE?

FAIR!

FEH!



TAKE THESE CIGARS WE'RE SMOKING! TASTE LIKE THE FINEST NAVANAS, DON'T THEY? YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT THEY WERE PICKED RIGHT OFF THE OCEAN FLOOR!

YOU... YOU MEAN THEY'RE MADE OF SEAWEED?

NO! WE SANK A TOBACCO BOAT THE OTHER DAY!



BUT, COME PROFESSOR! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME OF THE LUXURIES WE HAVE ABOARD OUR LITTLE CRAFT. THIS IS THE GAME ROOM! HERE, IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS, THE CREW MAY INDULGE IN SUCH DIVERSIONS AS ROULETTE, PINOCHILE, BACARRAT, GALLOPING DOWNOS!

OH, I SEE! SORT OF A FLOATING CRAP GAME!



AND HERE WE HAVE THE FIRST MATE'S DARK ROOM!

OH! HE'S AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER?

NO! IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE ASHAMED OF HIM!



AS YOU CAN SEE, PROFESSOR, WE ARE INDEPENDENT OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD! INDEED, SO INDEPENDENT THAT WE FIND IT NECESSARY TO SURFACE ONLY ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS SO THE CREW MAY RE-ENLIST!



BUT OF ALL YOUR REMARKABLE INVENTIONS, THERE STILL REMAINS ONE SECRET THAT YOU'VE KEPT HIDDEN FROM ME, AND THAT IS THE ENERGY NECESSARY TO PROPEL A CRAFT OF THIS SIZE! YOU HAVE OBVIOUSLY MANAGED TO HARNESS A SOURCE OF INEXHAUSTIBLE, YET INEXPENSIVE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I HAVE HARNESSSED A SECRET SOURCE OF ENERGY! SOMETHING THAT YOU IN THE LAND NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!



LOOK CLOSELY AS I RAISE THIS THREE INCH LEAD SCREEN AND YOU WILL SEE THIS HARNESSSED SOURCE OF ENERGY!

GOOD LORD...





U-UNG!

TH-THIS IS FANTASTIC!

...AND LIKE I SAID, IT'S *INEXPENSIVE!* COSTS ME ABOUT TWELVE CENTS A WEEK TO FEED HIM!

GIDDAP, SYLVESTER! CHK! CHK!



NOW THIS IS THE CONTROL ROOM! THE RUDDER IS OPERATED BY A PSYCHOSOMATIC DEVICE!

PSYCHOSOMATIC?

YES! IT'S CONTROLLED BY A NUT THAT HOLDS THE *STEERING WHEEL!*

I KID THEE NOT!



FOR YEARS, THE GREATEST PHYSICISTS IN THE WORLD HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO TRYING TO FATHOM THE SECRETS OF ATOMIC ENERGY! AND YOU, CAPTAIN MEND, HAVE PERFECTED IT TO THE NTH DEGREE! TELL ME, CAPTAIN...

WHY DO YOU REFUSE TO IMPART THIS SECRET TO THE REST OF HUMANITY?

THE CORRECT THING WHEN SPLITTING ATOMS, IT IS IMPOLITE TO TAKE THE BIGGER HALF! (UNLESS YOU'RE A SPY!)



I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET! BECAUSE MANKIND WOULD USE THAT POWER AS A WEAPON WITH WHICH TO RULE OTHER MEN!

I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET... BECAUSE IN THE WRONG HANDS, IT WOULD ONLY SERVE TO CREATE FEAR... WARS... AND POSSIBLY EVEN THE EVENTUAL DESTRUCTION OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!

I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET... BECAUSE I'M NO TATTLE-TALE!



IN CONTRAST, LET ME SHOW YOU THE PEACEFUL, SILENT KINGDOM OF WHICH I AM A SOLE RULER!

HERE! PICK OUT ONE OF THESE DIVING SUITS FOR YOURSELF!

WHICH ARE THE FORTY LONGS?



YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEHOLD WONDERS NO MORTAL EYES HAVE EVER SEEN! YOU ARE ABOUT TO TREAD WHERE NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER TROD BEFORE... OR EVEN TRIED TO TROD. WHAT I MEAN IS, NO TREADER HAS EVER TROD WHERE YOU ARE ABOUT TO TROT... EXCEPT FOR MAYBE AN OCCASIONAL TROUT!

AND THEY'RE THE BEST KIND!

THE YEAR... 1870! THE PLACE... UNDER THE SEA. YOU ARE THERE!

BOB TROUT



WHAT AN INCREDIBLE VARIETY OF LIVING CREATURES!

YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?

I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SPECIES OF BILLOWING, UNDULATING FLORA AND FAUNA!

FLORA! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CORAL! AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SISTER FAUNA, TOO!

RIDDLE: WHAT POPULAR SONG TITLE DOES THIS PANEL REPRESENT?

ANSWER: "THIS IS WORTH WADING FOR!"

MEANWHILE, ON ANOTHER PART OF THE OCEAN FLOOR, DIRK CUTLASS AND PETER LORRY ARE DOING SOME EXPLORATIONS OF THEIR OWN ...

ACCORDING TO THIS CHART I SNEAKED OUT OF THE PILOT HOUSE, THERE SHOULD BE A LOT OF SUNKEN TREASURE AROUND HERE!



...AN' DIZ MUZ BE DE PLAZE!



LOOK! PIECES OF EIGHT! THOUSANDS OF THEM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PIECES OF EIGHT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!



NOW IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GLUE THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE CORNERED THE EIGHT MARKET!



SHARK! SHARK! RUN FOR IT, PETE!
YOU CRAZY!? WHY SHOULD I RUN FOR IT! I'M GONNA RUN FROM IT!
QUICK! THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM FOR A WHILE!

THAT WAS REAL CLEVER OF YOU, PETE ... SUGGESTING I THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT...



CLEVER... BUT FOOLHARDY!



HALP! LEMME OUTA HERE!

CAP'N MENO! CAP'N MENO! THERE'S A GIANT SQUID APPROACHING OFF THE STARBOARD BEAM...

WHICH BEAM IS THAT?
BOS'N! SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS!



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE HUGE DENIZEN WRAPS A MAMMOTH TENTACLE ABOUT WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE WAIST OF THIS CURIOUS, METALLIC-LOOKING FISH. THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...



THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE TOSSED ABOUT WITHIN THE SUBMARINE LIKE THE DICE IN THEIR OWN GAMING ROOM AS THE ENRAGED MONSTER SEEKS TO TEAR THIS STRANGE DEFIANT FOE TO BITS. INKY BLACK WATER RUSHES IN FROM NUMEROUS CRACKS IN THE BULKHEADS AS THE GIANT SQUID MAKES USE OF ITS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. (ER... THIS IS WHERE WE GET THE TITLE!... "20,000 LEAKS UNDER THE SEA" SEE?)



COOLY... DELIBERATELY... WITHOUT THE FAINTEST SUSPICION OF EMOTION IN HIS VOICE, CAPTAIN MENO GIVES HIS ORDERS TO THE HELMSMAN...



CAPTAIN MENO, REALIZING THAT THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT THE RAGING BEAST IS TO FIGHT IT AT CLOSE QUARTERS, RALLIES HIS CREW AND INSTRUCTS THEM IN THE ART OF HAND-TO-HAND (OR IN THIS CASE, HAND-TO-TENTACLE) COMBAT...



AH! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT! WITH JUST HALF A HEAD!

YES, SIR! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE COLD GLASS OF ROOT BEER WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING GIANT SQUIDS, I ALWAYS SAY!

WELL... CHUG-A-LUG!

