

PRINCE NAMOR, the

SUB-MARINER



IN HIS PRIVATE AERIAL-SUBMARINE, NAMOR SPEEDS NORTH LIKE A STREAK OF LIGHTNING, DEEP IN THE SUB-SEA.

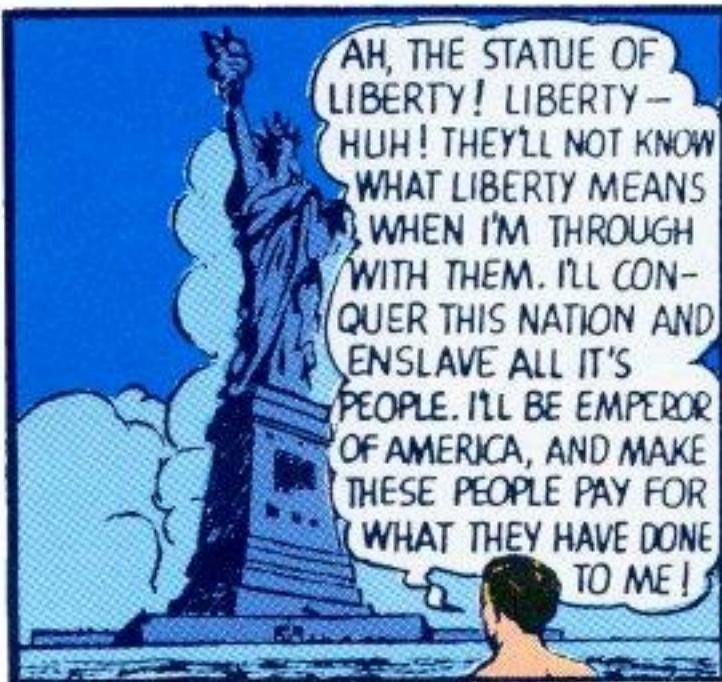
THE BEST PLAN, I THINK, IS TO LEAVE THE SHIP BELOW SURFACE, SOMEWHERE IN THE HARBOR, WHERE IT CAN'T POSSIBLY BE DISCOVERED, AND SWIM ASHORE ALONE.



THIS OUGHT TO BE NEAR ENOUGH— THE SHIP'LL BE SAFE HERE.



AH, THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! LIBERTY— HUH! THEY'LL NOT KNOW WHAT LIBERTY MEANS WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH THEM. I'LL CONQUER THIS NATION AND ENSLAVE ALL IT'S PEOPLE. I'LL BE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, AND MAKE THESE PEOPLE PAY FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE TO ME!



THIS'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO START!



HEY YOU!— GIT OFFA THAT WALL! WHERE D'YA THINK YER GOIN?

NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, STUPID!

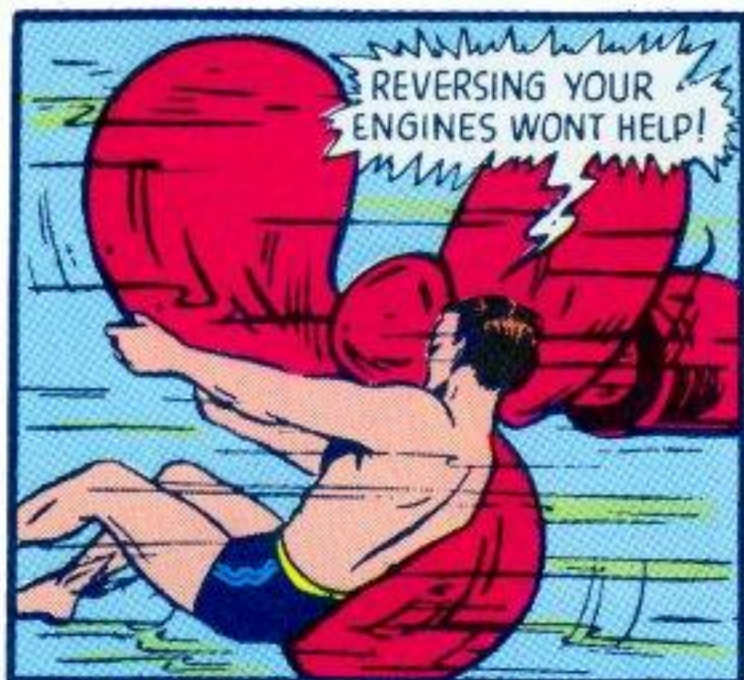


NAMOR'S MIGHTY FIST SMASHES THE GUARD'S JAW.









REVERSING YOUR ENGINES WON'T HELP!



FULL SPEED ASTERN!!!

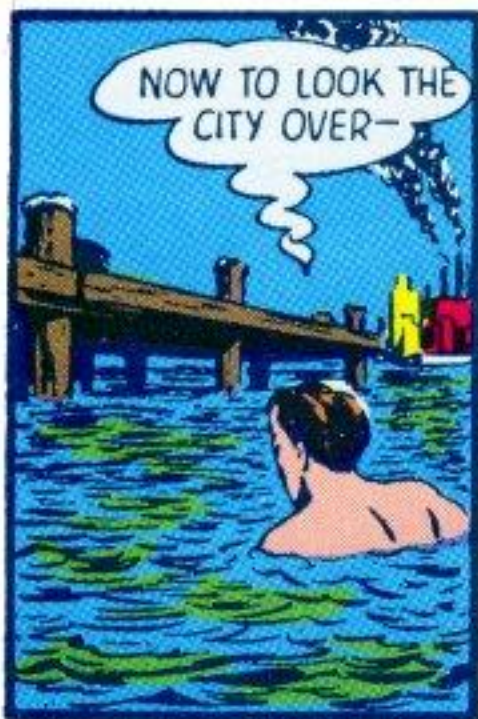
AND ON THE LINER—

WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

BUT IN SPITE OF THE CAPTAIN'S ORDER, THE SUB-MARINER PUSHES THE FERRYBOAT DIRECTLY INTO THE GIANT LINER'S PATH.



MAYBE THEY'LL SOON LEARN TO RESPECT ME!



NOW TO LOOK THE CITY OVER—



UNSEEN BY NAMOR, POLICE SQUAD CARS, EQUIPPED WITH THE STEEL ANIMAL NET AND TEAR GAS BOMBS, RUSH TO CAPTURE HIM.

PERHAPS THE MAYOR WILL LISTEN TO REASON.



SO— THEY THINK THEY CAN TRAP ME!— HA!



