



the **TITAN** and the **FURY**

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

NO. 40 **JAN.**

THE **ATOM** AND **HAWKMAN**

12¢



The **ATOM**



STORY BY: GARDNER FOX

ART BY: DICK DILLIN & SID GREENE

AND HOW, YOU WONDER, CAN BOTH RAY PALMER AND HIS ATOM ALTER EGO BE OVERCOME AT THE SAME TIME?? THE WONDER OF IT ALL IS REVEALED IN--

"THE EXPLOSIVE EXPLOIT OF THE SPLIT-ATOM!"

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IN RAY PALMER'S ROOM-
ING HOUSE, SHORTLY AFTER
SUNDOWN IN IVY TOWN...

HOW LONG DO I HAVE
TO WAIT TILL THEY COME
TO GET ME? I HOPE
THEY WON'T DISAPPOINT--

AH! THAT
MUST BE THEM
NOW!

**KNOCK
KNOCK!**

IF ONLY
THEY KNEW
HOW GLAD I
AM--THEY'RE
DOING THIS--
TO ME...



GOOD!
THE COAST
IS CLEAR!

'BOUT THE
EASIEST JOB
WE'VE EVER
PULLED!

OUTSIDE THE
WINDOW, PEER-
ING IN AT THE
GRIM SCENE...

GOOD
GOSH! THIS
CASE HAS TAKEN
A **WRONG**
TURN!

WHEN THE VICTIM COMES TO...

WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT
WITH ME?

C'MON, PALMER!
YA MEAN YA FORGOT
US ALREADY? THAT
IT WAS **YOUR**
TESTIMONY THAT
SENT US TO PRISON?

ONE **BAD**
TURN DESERVES
ANOTHER! NOW
WE'RE GONNA
PUT YOU AWAY--
IN A GRAVE!



TALK ABOUT UNEXPECTED DEVELOPMENTS! **THE**
ATOM IS **OUTSIDE** THE WINDOW LOOKING AT HIS
ALTER EGO, **RAY PALMER**, ON THE **INSIDE**!



AS THE MIGHTY MITE RACES UP THE ARM OF THE GUNMAN, HE IS TOO STARTLED TO MOVE...



THEN--AS THE TINY TITAN TURNS TOWARD THE OTHER THUG...

IT'S ONLY A RAP IF WE'RE CAUGHT, ATOM!



HIS FIRST BULLET MISSED! BETTER MAKE SURE HIS NEXT ONE'S FIRED AT A NON-EXISTENT TARGET!

CLICK

AS THE FAST-SHRINKING ATOM DROPS OUT OF SIGHT...

WH-WHERE'D HE GO? WH-WHERE'S HE AT?

PLANNING A SNEAK ATTACK ON ME, EH?



ATOM! YA HEAR ME?

SHOW YOURSELF-- SURRENDER, OR I DRILL PALMER!



NEXT INSTANT...

HIS HARD BREATHING PULLED ME INTO HIS NOSTRILS--

WHERE I MADE LIKE A GRAIN OF PEPPER--

--CAUSING HIM TO SNEEZE!



MOMENTS LATER, AS **ATOM** FREES THE PRISONER...

TOUGH BREAK, **ATOM**! THOSE MEN YOU FOLLOWED HERE TURNED OUT TO BE **HOODS** INSTEAD OF **SPIES**!

...HIS THOUGHTS FLASH BACK TO THE PREVIOUS DAY WHEN HE WAS...

...IN AN **FBI** OFFICE IN **IVY TOWN**...

ATOM, WE NEED YOUR HELP TO CRACK ANOTHER SPY CASE...

SOME OF OUR FOREMOST SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN ABDUCTED-- FORCED TO REVEAL THEIR HIGH-PRIORITY SECRETS!

FORCED-- IN WHAT WAY?

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU TO FIND OUT! ALL WE KNOW IS THAT AFTER THE INFORMATION HAS BEEN EXTRACTED FROM THE SCIENTISTS, THEY'VE BEEN RETURNED WITHOUT HARM!

AND WITHOUT ANY MEMORY OF WHERE THEY WERE TAKEN OR WHO THE SPIES WERE!

SO-- WE NOT ONLY WANT TO ROUND UP THOSE SPIES-- BUT FIND OUT HOW THEY DRAIN BRAINS AND MEMORIES! ANY SUGGESTIONS, **ATOM**?

I HAVE A SCIENTIST FRIEND, **RAY PALMER**!... SUPPOSE WE LET WORD LEAK OUT THAT HE'S WORKING ON AN IMPORTANT PROJECT... LIKE THE SPIES IN- TO STRIKING AT HIM!

NO-- THAT'S OUT! WE COULDN'T ASK **PALMER** TO TAKE THE RISK!

I'M SURE HE'D AGREE TO COOPERATE-- WHEN WE TELL HIM WE'LL PUT AN **FBI** AGENT IN HIS PLACE-- DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE HIM!

WHEN-- AS I EXPECT-- THE SPIES GRAB "PALMER" I'LL SECRETLY FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS AND WRAP UP THIS CASE!

THIS WAS THE PLAN-- A FALSE **RAY PALMER**, A REAL **ATOM**-- TO SMASH AN UNKNOWN SPY ORGANIZATION! BUT THEN BEGAN THE MIS-ADVENTURE IN THE SHAPE OF TWO THUGS SEEKING VENGEANCE ON **RAY PALMER** AND GETTING THE PLAN ALL FOULED UP!...



ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS CALL THE POLICE TO PICK UP THESE GUYS--

AND HOPE THERE'S STILL TIME TO--

SUDDENLY, TWO SAVAGE FISTS STRIKE HARD AT TWO SEPARATE TARGETS...



THAT WRAPS UP RAY PALMER--

AND THAT RAPS DOWN THE ATOM!



HOW ABOUT THIS? WE WENT AFTER RAY PALMER--

AND WIND UP CAPTURING THE ATOM AS A BONUS!

STORY CONTINUES ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING!

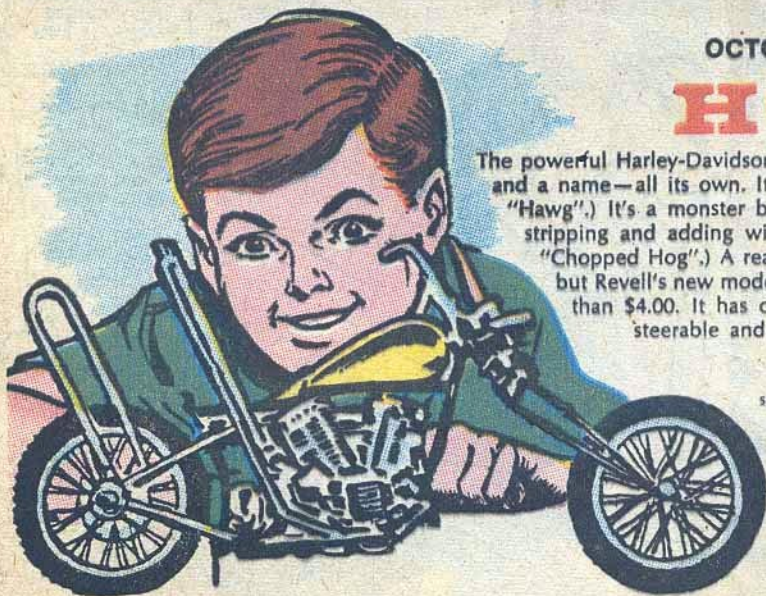
OCTOBER, 1968

HOG

The powerful Harley-Davidson is a motorcycle with a personality—and a name—all its own. It's known as the "Hog". (Pronounced "Hawg".) It's a monster bike... even when it's customized by stripping and adding wild new parts. (Then it's known as a "Chopped Hog".) A real Chopped Hog can cost over \$2,000, but Revell's new model of this colorful motorcycle costs less than \$4.00. It has colored, clear and chrome parts, plus steerable and moveable wheels. And building one can be a moving experience.

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of the
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Harley-Davidson
"Chopped Hog"



"EXPLOSIVE EXPLOIT" OF THE SPLIT-ATOM" PART 2

AS THE INERT FORMS OF RAY PALMER AND THE MIGHTY MITE ARE CARRIED OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

IS A GOOD THING WE GOT TO PALMER'S PLACE IN TIME TO SEE HIM BEING CARTED OFF BY THOSE GOONS!

SURE YEAH--AND BY FOLLOWING THEM HERE AND MAKING OUR MOVE AT THE RIGHT TIME --WE GET DOUBLE FOR OUR TROUBLE!



THEY ARE DRIVEN OUTSIDE IVYTOWN TO AN OLD FARMHOUSE WHICH IS A DISGUISED LABORATORY COMPOUND...

I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED IF THE ATOM HAS NATURAL POWERS TO SHRINK HIMSELF IN SIZE--OR USES A GIMMICK...



AND THEN SELL THE SECRET TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

WE'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH--WHEN WE BEAM THE LOBOTIKON ON HIS BRAIN!

INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE, THE VICTIMS ARE STRAPPED TO TABLES BENEATH A BATTERY OF ODDLY-SHAPED LENSES...

WHILE THE LOBOTIKON LENSES WARM UP, HOW ABOUT A FEW HANDS OF POKER?



SUITS ME! THEY CAN'T MAKE A MOVE AS LONG AS THE LENSES BEAM DOWN ON THEIR HEADS!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH ATOM AFTER WE LEARN HIS SIZE-SHRINKING SECRET?

KILL HIM! WHAT ELSE?

BUT WE'LL SEND PALMER BACK AS WE DID THE OTHERS! AT SOME LATER DATE WE MAY WANT TO PICK HIS BRAINS AGAIN!

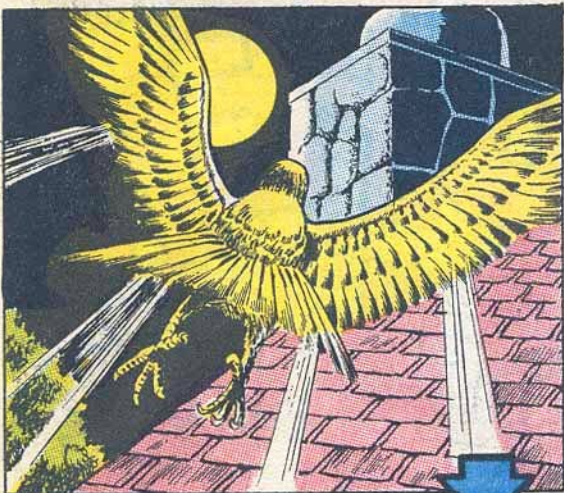


MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE LABORATORY WINDOW...



YES! IT IS MAJOR MYNAH--WHO WAS RIDDEN BY THE ATOM AS HE PURSUED THE ABDUCTORS OF "RAY PALMER"--AND WHO FOLLOWED ON HIS OWN THE CAR BRINGING HIS MASTER TO THIS FARMHOUSE...

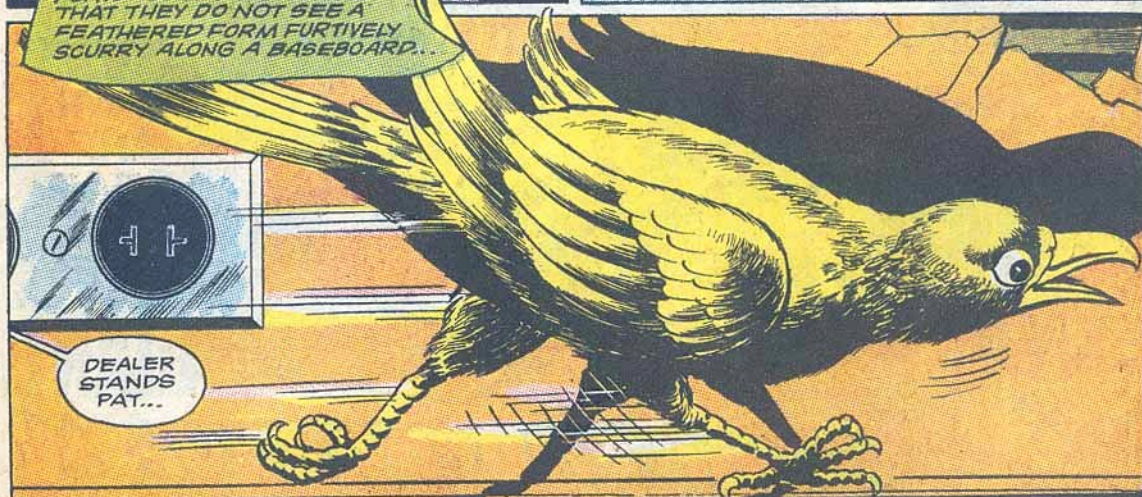
EVEN WITH HIS BIRD-BRAIN, THE MAJOR IS ABLE TO SENSE THAT THE ATOM IS IN TROUBLE! BUT WHAT CAN A MERE MYNAH DO TO HELP?...



UP TO THE CHIMNEY STACK HE FLIES--
DOWN THE STACK HE FLUTTERS...



SO INTENT ARE THE CARD-
PLAYERS ON THEIR GAME
THAT THEY DO NOT SEE A
FEATHERED FORM FURTIVELY
SCURRY ALONG A BASEBOARD...



DEALER
STANDS
PAT...

TO LAND SOFTLY
ON A PILE OF UNLIT
KINDLING...

I'LL
DRAW
ONE...

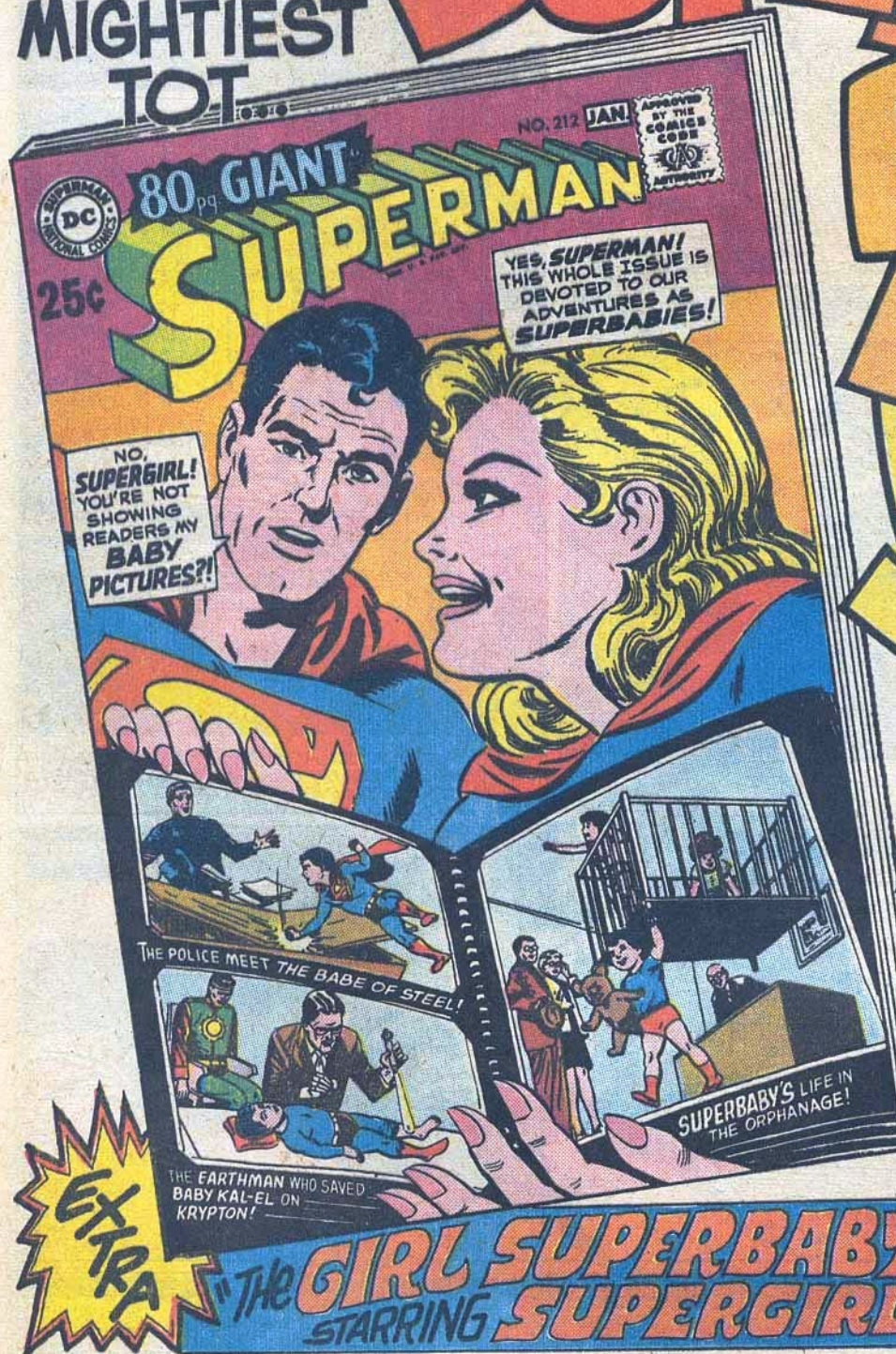
SO FAR THE NORMALLY GABBY BIRD HAS
REMAINED SILENT! WILL ANYTHING PROMPT
HIM INTO ECHOING A VOICE HE HEARS?...

STILL NO BLURT FROM MAJOR MYNAH?... HE HAS NO EARS FOR THE SPIES-- ONLY EYES FOR THE ATOM!

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

WE WANT YOU TO
BABY-SIT...
WITH THE
WORLD'S
MIGHTIEST
TOT

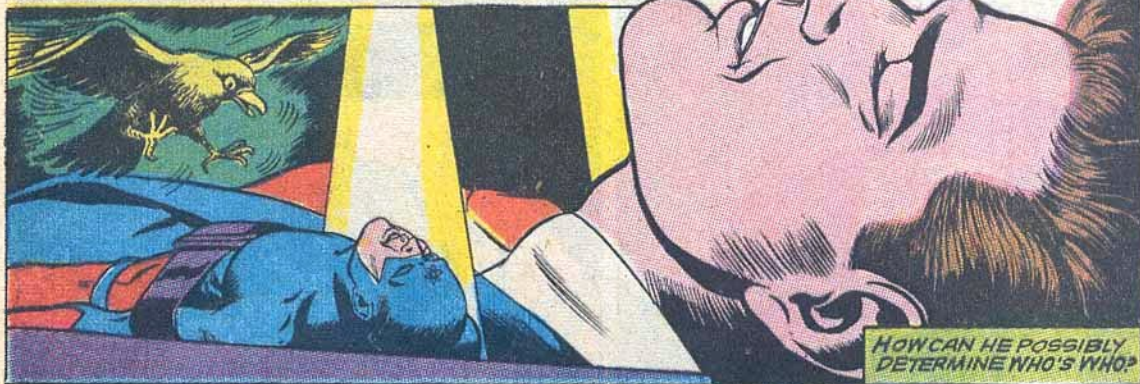
SUPER BABY!



JUST
SIT
DOWN...
AND
READ
THIS
LATEST
GIANT.

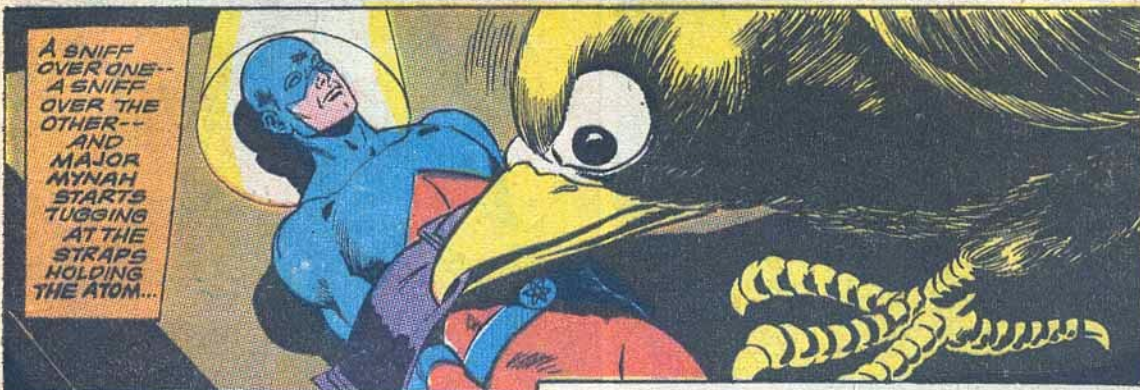
ON
SALE
OCT. 15

MOMENTS LATER, A PUZZLED BIRD GAPES AT HIS UNCONSCIOUS MASTER--OR OTHER TWO MASTERS!



HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY DETERMINE WHO'S WHO?

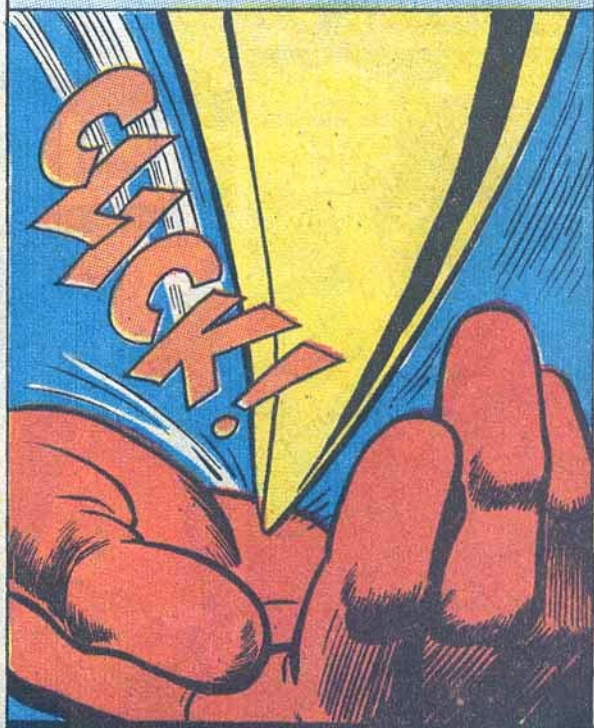
A SNIFF
OVER ONE--
A SNIFF
OVER THE
OTHER--
AND
MAJOR
MYNAH
STARTS
TUGGING
AT THE
STRAPS
HOLDING
THE ATOM...



GETTING NOWHERE WITH THAT MANEUVER,
THE BIRD TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE
ATOM'S FINGERS...



FOILED AGAIN, MAJOR TRIES TO STIR THE
TINY TITAN AWAKE BY PECKING AT HIS PALM...



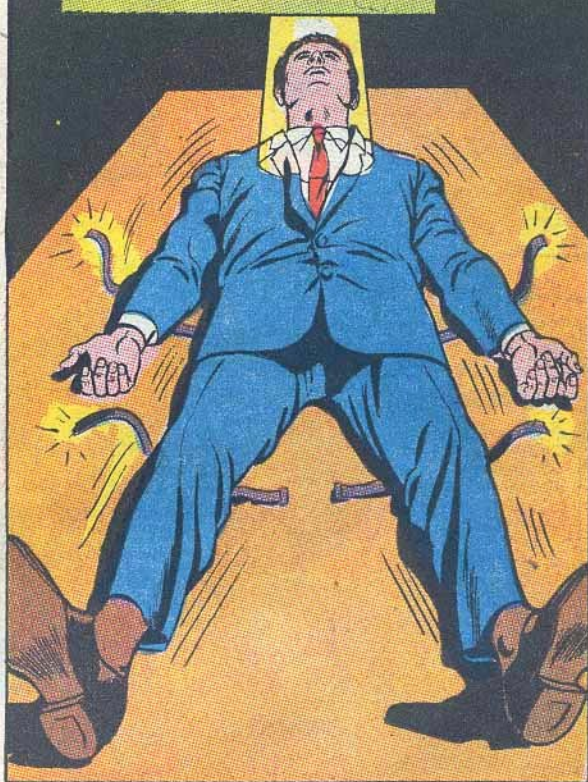
UNTIL BY CHANCE, HE HITS THE SIZE-AND-WEIGHT
CONTROL LOCATED IN THE GLOVED PALM...

NEXT INSTANT, THE ATOM STARTS EXPANDING TO HIS SIX-FOOT RAY PALMER SIZE...



SIMULTANEOUSLY, HIS UNIFORM BEGINS TO DIS-APPEAR-- AND HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHES TO APPEAR...

UNABLE TO BEAR THE STRAIN, HIS BONDS SNAP OFF!



AND AS HIS HEAD SHOOTS OUT OF RANGE OF THE IMMOBILIZING LOBOTIKON BEAM...



WH-WHAT HAPPENED? WH-WHERE AM I?

LAST THING I REMEMBER IS GETTING SLUGGED--

I MUST'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY SPIES-- BROUGHT HERE ALONG WITH THE OTHER "RAY PALMER"!



THERE'S THE GADGET THAT COMPELLED THE SCIENTISTS TO SPILL THEIR SECRETS...

OKAY, MAJOR-- LET'S GO SPY-HUNTING!



LET'S GO SPY--

SSHH!
SSHH!

IF THOSE
SPIES COME
IN HERE NOW
-- THEY'LL
FIND TWO
RAY
PALMERS--
GIVE AWAY
MY SECRET
IDENTITY!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

YOU HEAR THAT? ONE OF
THEM'S MUTTERING IN HIS
SLEEP! THE LOBOTIKON'S
STARTING TO WORK! WE
BETTER GET IN THERE!

NOT
TILL WE
FINISH
THIS
HAND!

NO TIME TO
FREE THE FBI
AGENT NOW!
I'LL HAVE TO
GO THIS ALONE--
AS THE ATOM!

NEXT
MOMENT...

HEY--ATOM'S
GOT FREE--AND
COMING AT US!

WHERE'D HE GET
THAT BIRD?

FORGET THE
BIRD--AND GRAB
YOUR GUNS!

WITH HIS FULL 180 POUNDS CLICKED ON, THE TINY TITAN
OPENS THE ATTACK WITH A HEAD- CRUNCHER!...

CLICK!

THU
NNK!

INSIDE THE ATOM-HAWKMAN!

Dear Editor: I was quite amused at your reply to my letter printed in *The Atom* 38. And all I can say to defend myself is your paradoxical term describes my feelings exactly. You are indeed "innocently guilty".

The double Atom battle of issue 36 was, to my mind, contrived. But it was necessary to give the story some action — otherwise I would have been dead — and thus it was a necessary contrivance. Anyway, what the heck, if I can accept an 180-pound scientist who can shrink and traverse dimensions then a little thing like a spontaneous fight is a mere bagatelle!

But on to more recent matters!

As someone else, who is much more famous than I, once remarked: "To everything — turn, turn, turn, There is a season — turn, turn, turn..."

Yes, sad though it may be, the old must ever give way to the new! Gil "Atom" Kane has departed for newer horizons, and lo and behold, Hawkman is merged with *The Atom* to return to the editorial domination of Julius Schwartz. The times are indeed changing.

But concerning this transitory issue:

For one, the cover was terrible. Not only is *The Atom* the world's smallest super-hero, but now he also has the world's smallest masthead. I do believe it's becoming as diminutive as the Mighty Mite himself. I suppose that you just had to leave room so we could take in the entire beauty of that picturesque green leg, set oh!-so-strikingly against a bright purple background.

The inside wasn't really much of an improvement — Roussos' inks just don't fit with Sekowsky's pencils. The story didn't impress me very much either. It was on par with a science-fiction movie I saw wherein a highly intelligent piece of chocolate cake planned to take over the world by inhabiting a nuclear scientist's mind. Frank Robbins doesn't have Gardner Fox's ability to take a hack sci-fi plot and turn it into something readable. His story just remained a hack sci-fi tale, and in place of the chocolate cake were flying cells of energy.

All in all, I am left with the feeling that ye editor was beset with plans to convert the magazine into a double-header, and needed a quick-filler story to meet a deadline. I'm sure (after reading "Operation: Blindfold" in *Batman* 204) that Frank Robbins can do much better than this. — Jim Vlecko, Scarborough, Ont., Canada

(If Frank Robbins Atom-bombed with "Sinister Stopover... Earth" it's hardly because it was written as "a quick filler story to meet a deadline". None — repeat, NONE — of our stories is ever plotted, written or illustrated that way. Then, again, the science-fiction slant that grated you hit the follow-up reader as GREAT! — Editor)

Dear Editor: Although I wouldn't go so far as to say that "Sinister Stopover... Earth" was the best adventure of the Tiny Titan to date, I will say that it was an excellent story, of which I hope to see more of. Why? This story was GREAT because it ran exactly like an A-plus science-fiction movie. The action was superb, as was the reason for the whole sticky situation. The art was interesting. Some of *The Atom* vs aliens scenes were really "way out".

I've been waiting for awhile to read a story like this. There is a fallacy to any of these world problems. Surely, a hero such as Aquaman, or even Hawkman would be affected by this type of menace. Other super-heroes and crime-fighting groups should have been involved in such a major problem as this. Don't say they were out on individual cases, because this one is so important, the others

could be dropped.

I wish you luck on your new venture, combining Atom with Hawkman. — Harvey Sobel, Commack, N.Y.

Dear Editor: I have some encouraging and discouraging words about Atom 38. Though it is not the easiest comic I have ever analyzed, I feel the main problem was the art. Although Sekowsky did a very nice job on the background, especially on the scenes inside the alien intelligences, it seems that he had some problems with the drawings of people. In very few panels I saw a picture of *The Atom* drawn the way I have grown to enjoy (if you think I'm getting touchy, you're right!). Even the Mighty Mite's alter ego, Ray Palmer, wasn't (if you can follow that). The characters didn't seem to be right with me like in most comics. They just seemed to be flat beings with square noses.

Despite the poor art, Frank Robbins came through with a beautiful story. After the lousy job he did on his debut with *The Flash*, I am glad he did a considerably better story. Although not the most original idea in the world, he filled each page with action, excitement, and mystery till it popped out of the reader's ears. The big let-down came when we were told that *The Atom* was going to be merged with Hawkman. This is a big mistake. Sure, it will be great to see the TINY TITAN and the WINGED WONDER together in one big mag. But this spoils all the fun of a guest appearance. At first, it's going to be simply wonderful. But after three or four issues, it will seem like any other mag., and the reader will remember how thrilling it was to see Atom in an issue and how ho-hum it seems to see them together now. — John Potter, Van Nuys, Calif.

*(What you may miss in the mutual Atom-Hawkman exchange of guest appearances can be overcome in other ways — such as this issue's "dream-team" of artists on Hawkman! Long has the controversy raged of who was the ideal artist for Hawkman — Joe Kubert or Murphy Anderson. But in your most hoped-for-dream, did you ever envisage both these ace artists collaborating on the Winged Wonder? And then, to double your thrill, how about the surprising team-up of Dick Dillin and Sid Green on *The Atom*? Editor)*

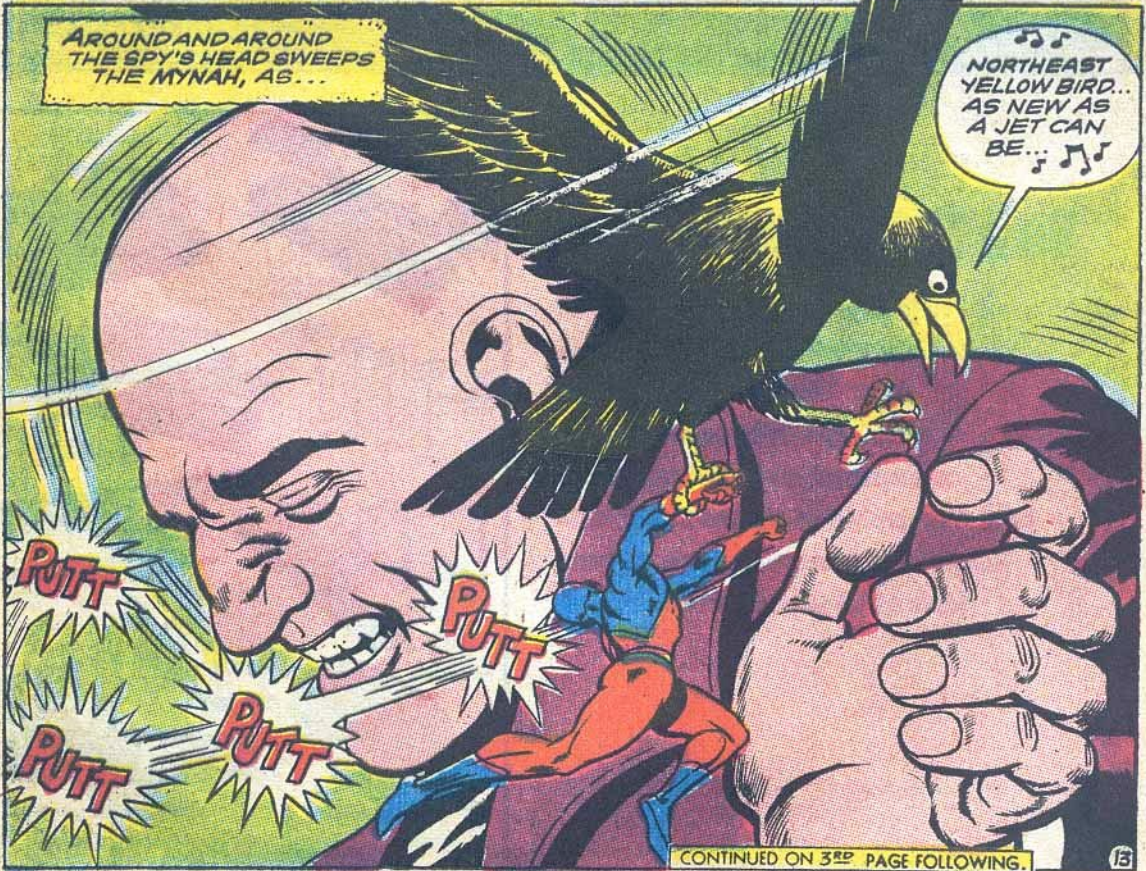
Dear Editor: Joe Kubert's cover for Hawkman 27 was the best one since Dillin-Cuidera took over last year. The novel for this issue, "When the Snow-Fiend Strikes", wasn't too bad. I liked the change of setting and the earthly menace — plus the Thanagarian Body-Heat Regulating pill. I was pleased that the author managed to remember that Hawkman and Hawkgirl do come from the planet Thanagar.

I wish to state right here and now that it would be utterly, totally ridiculous for Hawkman to have a young side-kick, as has been suggested. That's all I have to say on the subject and I hope the editor has enough sense to not even consider such a childish move. I'm putting my trust in you, sir, so don't let me down! — Dave Truesdale, St. S. Paul, Minn.

(It would be equally ridiculous NOT to consider the "Kid Hawk" idea. All suggestions are considered and judged on their merits. As of this date, our verdict is NO — we KID you not! — Editor)

Address communications to *INSIDE THE ATOM-HAWKMAN*, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022





LATER, AFTER THE SPIES
HAVE BEEN PUT IN FBI
CUSTODY...

I COULD
DISGUISE EVERY-
THING BUT MY
VOICE, ATOM!...
WHICH REMINDS
ME--
ED, YOU
LOOKED
ENOUGH
LIKE RAY
PALMER
TO BE HIS
TWIN!



WHEN I WAS IN PALMER'S
APARTMENT, I ANSWERED A
PHONE CALL FROM A MISS
JEAN LORING-- BUT I
DON'T THINK I FOOLED
HER! I HOPE PALMER
CAN TALK HIS WAY OUT
OF THIS DIFFICULTY!

DON'T
WORRY,
ED-- HE
USUALLY
DOES!



NEXT DAY, WHEN JEAN SEES
HER FIANCE...

RAY, DO
YOU FEEL ALL
RIGHT? WHEN
I CALLED LAST
NIGHT-- YOUR
VOICE SOUNDED
SO HUSKY, IT
HARDLY
SOUNDED
LIKE YOU--

SNIFF! I'M
CATCHING
A COLD,
HONEY!

LET'S JUST
SAY THAT LAST
NIGHT-- I
REALLY
WASN'T
MYSELF!



14

THE END

SUPER SIZE

1/20 SCALE MODEL CAR KITS

STP INDY TURBINE CAR
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INDY 500 RACER IN THE WORLD!
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IN BLACK... AND LOADED WITH
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TIRES... 15-PIECE ENGINE... DESK
DISPLAY STAND... ALL IN
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STING RAY-- SUPER-
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YOU ARE
ABOUT TO
READ OF
THE MOST

TRAGIC DAY

IN THE LIFE OF
The **FLASH!**

CLASSIC!

The Wonderful World of Comics

WHAT'S IN A FANZINE:

"What's in a fanzine? A fanzine by any other name would still" . . . be kinda hard to explain!

Fanzines are a very special kind of magazine written by, for, and, occasionally, about fans of a certain media. There's a wide assortment of fanzines, ranging through such varied areas of interest as science fiction, mystery stories, old movie serials and model making. But the ones we're interested in, of course, deal with the comics, and these are the most prolific of them all. I believe someone once counted over 100 actively published comics fanzines, and perhaps another 100 that are no longer being published.

As you can see, purchasing fanzines can be a pretty tricky business, and when I review a zine in this column, I only do it because I feel it is worthwhile. However, before I go on to explain just exactly what fanzines are all about, there are several points that must be made. Fanzines are not for all fans! Because they are privately printed, prices tend to run fairly high compared to the prices you're used to paying for comic books. A 48 page, photo-offset fanzine costing 75¢ is not considered exorbitant. If you just enjoy reading and collecting comics, there are probably very few fanzines which will interest you. However, if you'd like to delve into the history of the comics, or if you are an amateur writer or cartoonist, then there may be a great deal of enjoyment for you to be found in the fanzines.

There are several types of comics fanzines, perhaps the least in number of which are the ad-zines. These are the small number of zines which carry ads for old comics that are for sale or trade and little, if anything, else. Next there are the article-zines, which primarily feature articles about the history and qualities of various characters, titles, artists, writers and companies as well as articles of commentary on these subject. Then there are the "ama-strip" zines, which can best be described as "amateur" comic books, created, written, drawn and published by the fans themselves. Lately, however, the distinction between the article and ama-strip zine have broken down, and many fanzines now feature both types of material.

Another point of difference in fanzines is the processes by which they are printed. In the early 1960's, when fandom was first becoming organized and fanzines began to spring up, they were printed mainly by the "ditto" process, which limits the quality of reproduction as well as limiting the print run to between 200 and 300 copies. When the numbers of fans began to outgrow this limitation and, because of its larger print run and better reproduction. Today many fanzines are produced using the more expensive but "professional looking" photo-offset process, although there are still a large number of ditto and mimeo zines of quality being produced.

What's in a fanzine??? Like I said, it's kinda hard to explain.

FANZINE REVIEW

THE COMIC CRUSADER is one of the better examples of the new breed of more competently written, illustrated and produced fanzines that are becoming more and more prevalent in fandom. Printed by photo-offset, this fanzine doesn't waste space on inferior artwork or writing as too many other zines are wont to do. The constant high quality of this fanzine is due to the fine taste and judgement of its editor and publisher, Martin Greim. Although the zine is open to contributions, most of the written material and illustrations are done by Martin himself; a situation which isn't as bad as it might at first appear to be, since Martin is a "talented amateur" in both fields of endeavor.

The contents of an average issue is varied, and usually ranges from articles on Golden Age comics and characters, to analysis of the work and career of an artist, to an amateur comic strip, to commentary on the modern comics scene. Among the contents of the first two issues are articles on the golden age Green Lantern's lovely foe-woman, The Harlequin; the artistry of Steve Ditko; Alex Raymond's original Flash Gordon newspaper strip; The JSA's first encounter with the 'Injustice Society; and "funny animal" super-heroes; as well as a serialized, original super-hero comic strip called DAVID MANNING, THE DEFENDER.

Comic Crusader is published four times a year and the length of an issue usually runs between 14 and 16 pages. Copies are available at 25¢ a copy from Martin L. Greim, Box 132, Dedham, Mass. 02026.

FANZINE REVIEW

FANDOM CALLING should be classified with the "old school" of comics fanzines, basically because of the purpose behind its being published and because of the method by which it is printed. The printing process employed is "ditto" duplication which limits the print run to about 250 copies, and consequently limits the number of fans who can subscribe.

The intent behind Fandom Calling is also "limited". This fanzine's purpose, according to editor and publisher Mike Raub, is to act as a newsletter for and about fandom. Therefore, the contents of an issue would normally consist of a listing of new fanzine issues which have become available; news of happenings and events of interest to comicdom; and a letter column for discussions of any subject of interest to comicdom. The listing of various fanzines, with information as to where and how they are attainable, makes this zine extremely valuable to new fans who have just started, or are merely contemplating buying fanzines for the first time.

Fandom Calling is published on a monthly schedule, and sent via first class mail. It is available at 15¢ per copy or six issues for 75¢, from Mike Raub, 128 W. Fairground Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.

AT THE FLYING SAUCER RIDE IN THE MIDWAY CITY CARNIVAL GROUNDS--A CABLE SNAPS, HURLING CAB AND TERROR-RIDDEN OCCUPANT SPINNING THROUGH THE AIR AT DIZZING SPEED...

HEEEELP

AND WHEN THE ALARMED CONCESSIONAIRE RACES UP TO THE CRASHED SAUCER...

GASP! IT'S EMPTY!

WH-WHERE'S THE RIDER?

HE WAS STRAPPED IN--AND COULDN'T FALL OUT!

POP CORN 25¢

STORY-- GARDNER FOX
PENCILS-- JOE KUBERT
INKS-- MURPHY ANDERSON

SOME MINUTES LATER, HAWKMAN WINGS TOWARD HIS THANAGARIAN SPACESHIP HOVERING HIGH ABOVE MIDWAY CITY...

ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUMENTS BACK AT THE MUSEUM, SOMEONE INSIDE THE SPACESHIP IS MONKEYING AROUND WITH ITS CONTROLS!

AS HE YANKS OPEN THE HATCH...

HAWKMAN! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

GET ME OUT OF THIS--!

HOW'D YOU EVER GET IN HERE?

I-- D-DON'T KNOW...!

HAWKMAN

YOU--AND THE WINGED WONDER--HAVE JUST MET ANDREW HARRIS--WHO WHEN STRUCK BY FEAR DOESN'T SHAKE IN HIS BOOTS--OR RUN AWAY! HE JUST FADES AWAY...!

"The MAN WITH AN INBUILT PANIC BUTTON!"

I WAS TAKING A JOY-RIDE ON A FLYING SAUCER-- WHEN THE CABLE SNAPPED--FLINGING THE SAUCER THROUGH THE AIR--BLACKING ME OUT--

AND THERE--BY JARRED THE DELICATE MECHANISMS!

WHEN I CAME TO--I FOUND MYSELF INSIDE THIS SHIP--HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH!

IN DESPERATION, I PULLED AT THE CONTROLS--HOPING TO MANEUVER THE SHIP DOWN TO EARTH--

CAN YOU BLAME ME? STRANDED HERE IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE--

I WANTED OUT!

SURE--AND IN YOUR PANIC, YOU SENT THE SHIP OUT OF CONTROL!

HANG ON-- WHILE I TRY TO STRAIGHTEN IT OUT--

SUDDENLY, AS THE SPACE-SHIP LURCHES...

YIIII!! WE'RE GOING TO BE KILLED--

HOLD TIGHT, HARRIS! I'M RESETTING THE ORBITAL GEARS SO THAT-- HUH?

HE DID IT AGAIN!

IT'S AS IF HE HAS AN **INBUILT PANIC BUTTON**-- THAT AUTOMATICALLY TELEPORTS HIM AWAY FROM **DEADLY DANGER!**

BETTER FIND OUT WHERE HE WENT! HE HAS NO CONTROL OVER HIS MOVEMENTS AND COULD END UP-- OR **DOWN--ANYWHERE...**

MY **THANAGARIAN LUSTROMETER** WILL PICK UP THE EMANATIONS OF THE **MOONSTONE RING** I NOTICED HARRIS WAS WEARING...AND LEAD ME TO HIM...

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

MEANWHILE--WHAT DID HAPPEN TO ANDREW HARRIS? MOMENTS BEFORE HE ABRUPTLY ABANDONED THE SPACESHIP, IN A LARGE WING OF THE MANSION OF MILLIONAIRE MARINE ARCHEOLOGIST HARVEY ELLISON...

ELLISON'S COLLECTION IS VALUED AT A MILLION--

AND IT SHOULD HAVE A PRICE-TAG OF AT LEAST HALF THAT IN THE UNDER-WORLD MARKET!

SUDDENLY...

HOLD IT! WE GOT COMPANY!

WHERE'D HE COME FROM? WHO--

NEVER MIND ALL THAT--GET HIM!

AND BEFORE ANDREW HARRIS' PANIC BUTTON CAN TURN ITSELF ON...

ZUNK

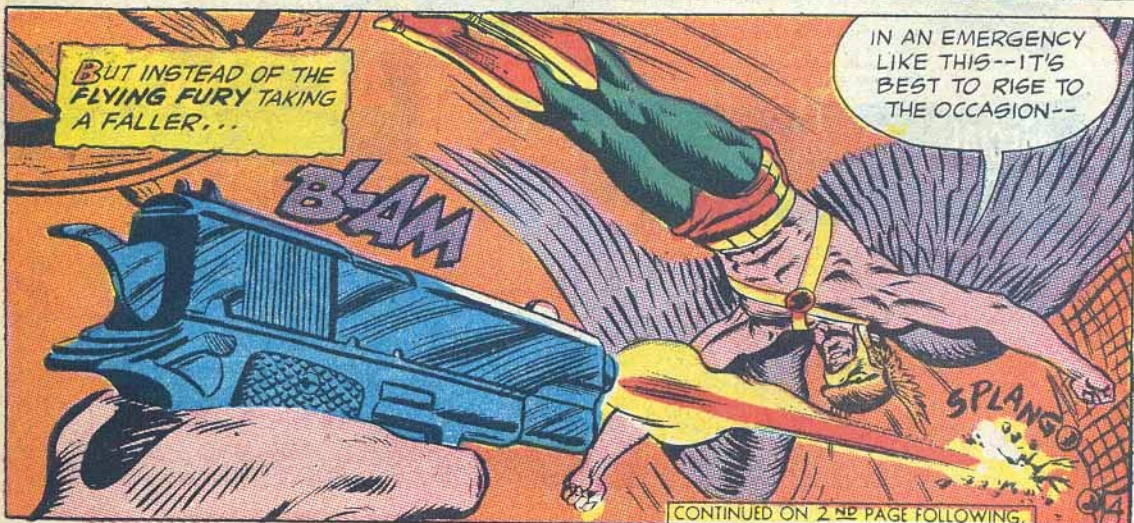
AS THE THIEVES RETURN TO THEIR GRAND LARCENY...

YEEOW! ANOTHER ONE POPPED IN ON US--

NOT JUST "ANOTHER ONE"--IT'S **HAWK-MAN!**

GUNS ARE YANKED OUT--

--BUT BEFORE THEY CAN BE TRIGGERED OFF...



CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

HAWKMAN'S FEET LASH OUT AT THE CHAIN OF A STEERING-WHEEL CHANDELIER...



AND...



AS THE AERIAL ACE DROPS TO THE FLOOR NEAR THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS ANDREW HARRIS...

SOON AS I CALL THE POLICE TO PICK UP THESE CROOKS, I'LL TAKE HARRIS BACK TO THE SPACESHIP AND TRY TO DETERMINE WHAT MAKES HIM DIS-APPEAR WHEN FRIGHTENED--



NABBED FROM BEHIND IN A VISE-LIKE HANDS GRIP, HAWKMAN IS HURLED FORWARD...



THAT'S GIVIN' HIM THE BUM'S RUSH!





QUICK--WHILE
HE'S HALF OUT ON
HIS FEET--GRAB
OUR GUNS...



HA! HE CAN'T
EVEN STAND UP
BY HIMSELF!

YEAH! IT'S
HIS LAST
"STAND"!



THEN-- JUST
BEFORE THOSE
DEADLY
GUNS
CAN FIRE...

I DON'T HAVE TO DO
A THING BUT HANG ON
TO THIS ANGELIC
FIGUREHEAD--

AS MY WINGS'
MOTOR SPINS ME
RIGHT INTO
THEM!

TANGLIN' WITH
HAWKMAN IS
TOO ROUGH--

ONE
MORE
TIME!

I KNOW
A BETTER
WAY OF
DISARMIN'
HIM--

THWOK





ACTIVATING HIS LUSTROMETER, THE AERIAL ACE PICKS UP THE TELEPORTATIONAL TRAIL LEFT BY ANDREW HARRIS...

THE WAY THE GLOW IS INCREASING, THEY'RE JUST UP AHEAD--



GREAT POLARIS! THEY WERE TELEPORTED INTO THOSE RAPIDS--



BEING SWEEPED OVER DEAD MAN'S FALLS-- TOWARD THOSE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW!

LIKE A DARTING PETREL, THE FLYING FURY DRIVES INTO THE TOPPLING TONS OF THUNDERING WATERS...



A CLEAN SWEEP!

CAN'T UNDER-
STAND WHY
HARRIS DIDN'T
TELEPORT
HIMSELF TO
SAFETY--

--WHEN HE
WENT OVER
THOSE FALLS!
HE CERTAINLY
MUST HAVE
BEEN **SCARED**
ENOUGH!

AS THE HALF-DROWNED MEN RECOVER THEIR
BREATHS...

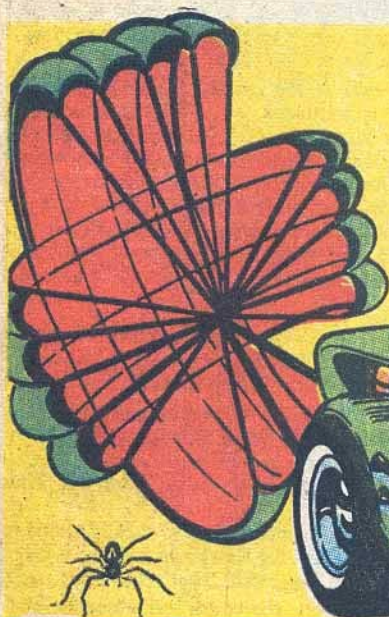
I--I DON'T KNOW WHY
I DIDN'T TELEPORT
EITHER, **HAWKMAN!**
MAYBE THAT POWER'S
DISAPPEARED--AS
MYSTERIOUSLY AS IT
APPEARED!

I'M NOT SO SURE,
HARRIS! I HAVE THE
FEELING NEITHER YOU
NOR I IS FINISHED
WITH THAT WILD
TALENT OF YOURS!

THE
END

IN THE NEXT ISSUE! THE STARTLING AND SUSPENSE-FILLED SEQUEL--

"YOYO HANGUP W THE SKY!"



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