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!"

STORY BY: GARDNER FOX
ART BY: DICK DILLIN & SID GREENE
RELAX, PALMER! THIS IS GONNA BE SHORT FOR YOU--SWEET FOR US...

I KNOW THOSE TWO HOODS--I HELPED SEND THEM UP THE RIVER AS RAY PALMER!

AND THAT'S WHERE THEY'RE GOING AGAIN--SO I CAN GET THIS CASE BACK ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

Hey! What's goin' on--?

ATOM? WHAT'A YOU DOIN' HERE?

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD! I'M HERE TO SAVE YOU FROM A MURDER RAP!

GWUMP
Then--as the tiny Titan turns toward the other thug...

It's only a rap if we're caught, Atom.

As the fast-shrinking Atom drops out of sight...

Where'd he go? Where's he at?

Planning a sneak attack on me, eh?

Atom! Ya hear me?

Show yourself--surrender, or I drill Palmer!

His first bullet missed! Better make sure his next one's fired at a non-existent target!

Next instant...

His hard breathing pulled me into his nostrils--

Where I made like a grain of pepper--

Ker-Choo!

Cumph!

A knockout belt--right on his beltline!

...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!

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!

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!

FORCED... IN WHAT WAY?!

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

His thoughts flash back to the previous day when he was...

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 INTO 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 mid-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...

THAT WRAPS UP RAY PALMER...

AND THAT RAPS DOWN THE ATOM!

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

HOW ABOUT THIS? WE WENT AFTER RAY PALMER--

AND WIND UP CAPTURING THE ATOM AS A BONUS!

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.

For a catalog of 250 Revell models, send 25¢ to: Revell, Inc., 4318 Glenoaks Avenue; Venice, California 90291.

Model of the Month
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... 

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

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

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

They are driven outside Ivy Town 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 LOBOTICON ON HIS BRAIN!

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 THE 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...

To land softly on a pile of unlit kindling...

I'll draw one...

Up to the chimney stack he flies down the stack he flutters...

So far the normally gassy bird has remained silent! Will anything prompt him into echoing a voice he hears?

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...

Still no blurt from Major Mynah... he has no ears for the spies—only eyes for the Atom!
WE WANT YOU TO BABY-SIT... WITH THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST TOT... SUPER BABY!

80-PAGE GIANT SUPERMAN

NO. 217 JAN

YES, SUPERMAN! THIS WHOLE ISSUE IS DEVOTED TO OUR ADVENTURES AS SUPERBABIES!

NO, SUPERGIRL! YOU'RE NOT SHOWING READERS MY BABY PICTURES?!

THE POLICE MEET THE BABE OF STEEL!

THE EARTHMAN WHO SAVED BABY KAL-EL ON KRYPTON!

SUPERBABY'S LIFE IN THE ORPHANAGE!

THE GIRL SUPERBABY STARRING SUPERGIRL!

EXTRA!

JUST SIT DOWN AND READ THIS LATEST GIANT.

ON SALE OCT. 15TH
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 Annan 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...

Click!

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...

Unable to bear the strain, his bonds snap off!

Simultaneously, his uniform begins to disappear... and his civilian clothes to reappear.

And as his head shoots out of range of the immobilizing lobotikion beam...

I must've been captured by spies... brought here along with the other "Ray Palmer"!

Okay, Major--let's go spy-hunting!

Wh-what happened? Wh-where am I? Last thing I remember is getting slugged!

There's the gadget that compelled the scientists to spill their secrets...

There's the gadget that compelled the scientists to spill their secrets...

Let's go spy...
SHHH! SHHH!

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 LOBOTHON'S STARTING TO WORK! WE BETTER GET IN THERE!

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

NOT TILL WE FINISH THIS HAND!

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!...
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 superhero, 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 Vicko, Scarboro, Ont., Canada

(If Frank Robbins Atom-bombed with "Sinister Stoppover... 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 Stoppover... 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 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 Greene on The Atom? — Editor)

Dear Editor: Joe Kubert's cover for Hawkman 27 was the best one since Dillin-Cudner 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.

(If 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
YOU'RE ABOUT TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS, ATOM!
I GOT A PERFECT BEAD ON YOU!

AND AS THE GUNMAN TURNS HIS HEAD TO SEE WHO ECHOED HIS THREAT...

--TO CHIN HIM OUT OF COMMISSION!

I GOT A PERFECT BEAD ON YOU!

WHO-- EY? A TALKING BIRD?!

ATTABOY, MAJOR! YOU GAVE ME JUST THE DIVERSION I NEED--

WHAPPP
At a signal from the Atom, his pinioned partner swoops in and...

He swung in on me so fast... I couldn't get off a shot at him!

Now... swing it, Major?

Swing low, sweet chariot...

Around and around the spy's head sweeps the mynah, Ab...

Northeast yellow bird, as new as a jet can be...

Putt

Putt

Putt

Continued on 3rd page following.
Later, after the spies have been put in FBI custody...

When I was in Palmer’s apartment, I answered a phone call from 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!

Ray, do you feel all right? When I called last night—your voice sounded so husky, it hardly sounded like you.

Sniff’s guess I’m catching a cold, honey.

Let’s just say that last night—I really wasn’t myself!

The End

---

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STEEL YOURSELF FOR A CLASSIC!

YOU ARE ABOUT TO READ OF THE MOST TRAGIC DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE FLASH!
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 subjects. 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 consistent high quality of this fanzine is due to the fine taste and judgment 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-spouse, 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 comic fanzines, basically because of the purpose behind its being published and because of the method by which it is printed. This 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 dizzying speed...

And when the alarmed concessionaire races up to the crashed saucer...

"Gasp! It's empty! Where's the rider?"

He was strapped in—and couldn't fall out!

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—don't know...

According to my instruments back at the museum, someone inside the spaceship is monkeying around with its controls!

Some minutes later, Hawkman wings toward his Thanagarian spaceship hovering high above Midway City...

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—blackening me out—

and there—by jarred the delicate mechanisms!

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...

Yyyyy! We're going to be killed—

Hold tight, Harris! I'm resetting the orbital gears so that—huh?

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—

It's as if he has an inbuilt panic button—that automatically teleports him away from deadly danger!

He did it again!

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 242 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--

SUCCEEDY

HOLD IT! WE GOT COMPANY!
WHERE'D HE COME FROM? WHO--
NEVER MIND ALL THAT--GET HIM!

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

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 HAWKMAN!
GUNS ARE YANKED OUT...

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

THAT'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF YOUR SAILS!

I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU, HAWKMAN--
GO HERE'S WHERE YOU DROP---DEAD!

But instead of the flying fury taking a faller...

In an emergency like this--it's best to rise to the occasion--

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 DISAPPEAR WHEN FRIGHTENED...

KRAK

CRASH

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

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

KRUNG
Quick--while he's half cut 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--

I know a better way of disarmin' him--

THWOK
FREEZE, HAWKMAN! MAKE ONE MOVE--AND THIS GUY GETS IT!
I'M HOLDIN' A GUN IN HIS BACK!

THAT OLD GAG ISN'T GOING TO FOOL ME!

NO, NO, HAWKMAN! STAY AWAY--OR HE'LL KILL ME!

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, HARRIS! I'M COMING FOR HIM!

THE FRIGHTENED HARRIS TOOK A FADEOUT POWDER--JUST AS I ANTICIPATED!

BUT I DIDN'T FIGURE HE'D DISAPPEAR ALONG WITH THE CROOK WHO WAS HOLDING ON TO HIM!

ACTUALLY HARRIS NEVER WAS IN ANY DANGER! THIS MIRROR REVEALED THE THIEF WAS POKING A FINGER INTO HARRIS' BACK--NOT A GUN!

MOMENTS LATER, AS HAWKMAN SPOTS A PROWL CAR...

BOOK THESE TWO FOR ATTEMPTED ROBBERY, OFFICERS!

I'LL SIGN THE COMPLAINT--AS SOON AS I PICK UP THE Missing MEMBER OF THEIR GANG!
Actuating 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...

Like a darting petrel, the Flying Fury drives into the toppling tons of thundering waters...

Beings swept over Dead Man's Falls toward those jagged rocks below!

Great Polaris! They were teleported into those rapids...

A clean sweep!
It's hard to believe, even when you see it. But the monster is here.

Long, low and mean-looking slimy green body. Great big Ford engine with GMC huffer. Headers that fan out like a giant black spider's legs. Wide Goodyear slicks on rear with lowered fenders which permit rubber dust, smoke and "stuff" to escape. Detailed interior.

Make the t'rantula with chute closed or open. Chute pack and four-panel blossomed chute both included in kit along with 1 1/4 inch molded tarantula, the giant spider and decals.

Get a t'rantula now—at your favorite store.