DISASTER STRIKES THE WORLD'S SMALLEST SUPER-HERO EVERY TIME HE MEETS... "THE ODDEST MAN ON EARTH!"
His name was Oscar D. Dollar, but he was nicknamed "Mister Odd"—because every so often the normal world around him went haywire and the oddest things began to happen! When scientist Ray Palmer became interested in his case, he soon learned that a switch to the Atom was his best bet for putting an end to the troubles of...

The oddest man on earth!

By increasing my weight to a full 180 pounds—and yanking on this bagful of loot—I'll somersault this thief through the air!
Against the night sky of the Ivy Town farm belt, glow red tongues of fire...

Jean, Tim Kerr's barn is on fire!

It'll take the volunteer firemen a little time to get here, Ray! Meantime, maybe we can help!

As they drive into the yard...

Can't understand it, folks! My sprinkler system should be working—unless I forgot to turn on the valve when I checked it the other day!

I'll see if I can get to it from the other side, Mr. Kerr!

Out of sight of his sweetheart, Jean Loring, and farmer Tim Kerr, young scientist Ray Palmer, touches the invisible control device on the equally invisible uniform he always wears...

Instantly the tremendous natural forces inherent in the fibres of the white dwarf star meteor from which he has fashioned his amazing atom uniform begin to work...

When the normal-sized Ray Palmer wears the atom uniform, it is so stretched out it is invisible and intangible! It is only when Ray shrinks in size that the uniform becomes visible!

The Tiny Titan gives a little spring and is wafted gently upward on a column of heated air from the burning barn...

By making myself lighter than a feather, I can ride these hot air currents to the roof!
High into the air he is wafted, until he halts his upward progress by gripping the iron weather vane...

Those cuvola louvers would never let a man through them... but I can squeeze in as the atom!

Within seconds he is slipping between the louvers...

On rare occasions, barn fires are caused by spontaneous combustion of hay stored in them, due to the heat generated by the life activities of bacteria in the hay!

Dropping lightly onto the pipes which are part of the automatic sprinkler system, the mighty mite runs along a rod...

Usually the automatic sprinklers go on when the temperature is high enough to activate them!

Reaching the valve, he begins to turn it...

But there has to be water in the pipes... and since Tim did forget to turn this valve back on, there wasn’t any water to shoot down onto the fire! I’ll soon remedy that, however...

Moments later, a flood of spraying water showers down on the blazing hay, extinguishing it... as the atom rides a water pipe to the floor...

Now I’ll change back to Ray Palmer, where I can’t be seen by Jean or Tim Kerr!
THE PIPES ARE WORKING NOW, TIM! SOMETHING MUST HAVE CLOGGED THEM! THERE WAS A MILLION-TO-ONE CHANCE OF THAT HAPPENING—BUT IT DID! UH—WHAT—

MISTER, CAN I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

I THINK THAT FIRE WAS MY FAULT! I DIDN’T ACTUALLY SET IT BUT—I MADE IT HAPPEN! I HEARD YOUR GIRL FRIEND SAY YOU’RE A SCIENTIST—SO MAYBE YOU CAN EXPLAIN THE STRANGE THINGS I MAKE HAPPEN!

WELL, I’LL CERTAINLY TRY! BUT WE CAN’T TALK HERE!

AFTER INTRODUCING HIS NEW ACQUAINTANCE—OSCAR O. DOLLAR TO JEAN LORING AND TIM KERR, RAY DRIVES JEAN HOME, THEN...

MR. PALMER, MY TROUBLES BEGAN ABOUT A YEAR AGO! I COLLECT COINS—AND I ESPECIALLY WANTED A MINT CONDITION 1920 SILVER DOLLAR, SINCE THAT’S THE YEAR I WAS BORN! I FANCIED IT MIGHT BRING ME LUCK...

I HAD NO IDEA JUST HOW MUCH LUCK—OR WHAT KIND! DRIVING HOME THE VERY DAY AFTER BUYING IT, I CAME TO THE RAPIDS RIVER BRIDGE—and found it had collapsed...

EVEN AS MY CAR HURTLED OFF THE BRIDGE AND BEGAN ITS FALL INTO THE RAVINE, I HEARD A BUZZING SOUND LIKE THAT OF A THOUSAND SWARMS OF BEES…

I’M GOING OVER!

MY BRAKES WON’T HOLD!
"The next instant—A Tornado hit me! Its swirling winds picked me and my car up and whirled us through the air..."

"Then—a tornado! Against incredible odds, the Tornado set my car safely down on the other side of the bridge!"

"Wow! I’m ever glad I bought that lucky silver dollar! I’ll make sure to keep it in my vest pocket from now on!"

At this instant, a dog trots out in front of the car and...

"Watch out, pup! Pay attention to my horn!"

And in answer to that blast...

"Good gosh! The sound—vibrations from my horn shattered the glass window of that jewelry store! Another million-to-one chance!"

"Not with me beside you! Something like this is almost an everyday occurrence with me!"

The greater the odds against a thing happening, the better the chance of my being around when it does! That’s why I call myself Mister Odd—because of my initials, and my queer ability to make things occur—no matter how incredible the odds!

"Never mind that now! Get to a phone and call the police!"

I’ll stay here and—say, there are two men in there! Robbing the store! The sound of the breaking window scared them! I’d better change over to The Atom!"
Almost instantly Ray Palmer disappears--and in his place...

With both feet braced, the mighty mite comes down hard on the taut wire...

The next moment he is hurled like an arrow, soaring through the air, straight for the racing thieves...

Contact!

This guy wire ought to make a good taking-off point...

The Atom! When I hit you with this bag--weighted down with the jewelry we stole--I'll knock you cold!

I can't avoid getting hit--but I can avoid getting hurt!

As the bag hits him, the tiny titan rides with the blow...

Now by increasing my weight to a full 180 pounds, I'll yank him off balance!

I made myself so light, the bag had no more effect on me than if I were a bit of thistle-down!
THE JEWEL THIEF LEAVES HIS FEET AS THOUGH CLUTCHED BY A MIGHTY HAND...

AND LANDS BesIDE HIS UNCONSCIOUS COMPANION...

NOW I'LL BECOME RAY PALMER AGAIN--AND TELL THE POLICE THE ATOM LEFT ME TO GUARD THEM WHILE HE WENT OFF ON SOME OTHER BUSINESS!

ONCE I GOT HIM OFF HIS FEET IT WAS EASY TO WHIP HIM THROUGH THE AIR...

AFTER THE POLICE HAVE DEPARTED WITH THEIR PRISONERS AND POSTED AN OFFICER TO GUARD THE BROKEN WINDOW, RAY DRIVES OSCAR D. DOLLAR TO HIS BOARDING HOUSE.

"GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, OSCAR..."

"DECIDING TO TEST MY GOOD LUCK FURTHER, I WENT TO THE RACETRACK AND BOUGHT A TICKET ON A LONG-SHOT--#8 HORSE IN THE FIRST RACE..."

"IT WAS THEN THAT I LEARNED MY 'LUCK' COULD BE BAD AS WELL AS GOOD!"

"SORRY, MISTER--THIS TICKET IS FOR #6 HORSE TO WIN!"

"TALK ABOUT INCREDIBLE ODDS! THE OTHER CLERK MUST'VE PULLED THE WRONG NUMBER--SIX INSTEAD OF EIGHT!"

I WON! I WON! THIS IS TERRIFIC! I'LL BE RICH IN NO TIME WITH SUCH LUCK!
Soon, at the boarding house where Oscar Dollar rents a room...

Other mischances occurred from time to time!

They were caused—not by luck—but according to the law of mathematical probabilities! Apparently you acted as a "catalyst* to increase the chance of an improbability happening!

*Editor's Note: A catalyst is that which causes a re-action in something without itself being affected or changed!

As Ray reviews what he has been told, he is unaware that he is being over-heard in the next room...

What's this?

A LUCKY SILVER DOLLAR? Hmmmm. If I can't make something like this pay off—for me—my name's not Bart Tranter!

Next day...

Mr. Dollar... This has been read to you in the left-hand column. This afternoon to talk over an attractive business opportunity...

And so Oscar D. Dollar taxis downtown—and as he pays the driver, he takes out his silver dollar for luck and spins it high...

With good luck... the bank president interview may be a turning-point in my life!

No sooner does he thrust the coin back in his trouser pocket than...

Oh! The whole place is shaking! What—have I gone and done now?
The Earth trembles underfoot as lines of men and women abandon the suddenly dangerous buildings... This is the first earthquake we've ever had in Ivy Town!

I sure hope it's the last!

It's all my fault... I know it!

In the confusion, Bart Tranter races into the now-deserted bank...

This is even better than I'd hoped! An earthquake! Wow! That dollar guy can sure stir things up!

Everybody beat it when the bank building began to shake! I'm all alone with half a million bucks! I'll carry as much of it as I can in this valise!

Within ten minutes the earthquake subsides, but Oscar D. Dollar walks around Ivy Town for two hours, making up his mind, and then... That earthquake was the last straw! I'm getting rid of this silver dollar for good! I'll go down to Ray Palmer's laboratory and turn it over to him! Maybe I'll convince him that the coin is making those odd things happen around me!

On the other side of the wall... Give away that silver dollar? Hey? I got to do something about this... Like stealing it from Palmer -- so it'll work for me!

Shortly, Oscar D. Dollar shows up in Ray's research laboratory at Ivy University...

I've had it! You take it! I caused that earthquake -- but I'll never cause anything like it again!

As long as you're here, Oscar, I'd like to check you over to see if some aura in your body makes those mischances occur!

Say, this is an odd stone! Where'd you get it?

I found it a year ago today in the woods behind the campus. I always kept it with me since then!
The young scientist is about to begin his tests when...

Strange! I found my white dwarf fragment at exactly the same time in exactly the same place! I wonder if there's any connection?

Why, the machine won't work!

How about that! Someone must have accidentally kicked the plug out of its socket! An odds-on chance—and it happened while you were here!

That figures! That's why I'm laying off that silver dollar!

For more than an hour, Ray makes a series of exhaustive but fruitless tests...

There's absolutely nothing peculiar about your physical makeup!

'Course not! It's all the fault of that silver dollar!

After "Mister Odd" has left, Ray works on for a while, then...

--News Bulletin! During the recent Earthquake, the bank was robbed of over one hundred thousand dollars...

Good thing Oscar is honest or I might think he caused that earthquake to make some money! Hey! He forgot his stone when he left his good-luck piece with me!

I'll put them both in my pocket so I won't forget to return his stone! Time now to lock up for the night!

I'll knock the guy out, then dump him in a closet while I search for that silver dollar!

Moments later, the young scientist "comes to," locked in the laboratory storage room...

Something hit me from behind... knocked me out! I hear someone moving around—in the laboratory! It might still be my attacker!
Within moments...

A locked door might stop an ordinary man... but not the Atom! I'm going to find out what's going on in my laboratory!

Bart Tranter is searching for the silver dollar when a curious shadow on the wall alerts him to danger...

Huh? What's that?

He whirls and in wild desperation flings out an arm -- and as "luck" would have it -- hits the Atom a crushing blow...

Get away from me!

Tough break! A thousand-to-one chance he'd see my shadow -- then hit me in his sudden start -- but it happened! OHHHHH!

Stunned, the tiny Titan slams into the lab sink, and...

Ha! Ha! Even looking for that dollar I'm lucky! So long, Atom! I'll wash you out of my life right now!

Caught by the rushing waters, the Atom is drawn downward toward the drain and -- oblivion...

This is your finish, Atom! You'll never bother me again!

The cold water revives the mighty mite enough so that as he is swept down the drain...

Got to stop somehow! Once I've been carried into the pipes I'll never be able to get out! But how can I fight this torrent of water?
His desperately reaching hands close down on a catch-bar of the drain fitting--and his fingers look against the rush of water...

I'm so small, the catch-bar hides me! He can't see me, it's so dark inside this drain!

Seconds afterward, the Atom climbs upward...

This time I'll make sure I don't cast a shadow before me!

A great leap--the thud of two closed fists packed by the impact of an 180-pound body--and...

Next day, after the stolen bank money has been returned and Bart Tranter placed behind bars...

Oscar, my tests have shown this stone of yours was part of a white dwarf fragment that landed on Earth! It's composed of unknown earthly elements which--when in contact with the silver dollar--caused those odd events to occur!

The dollar itself had nothing to do with it! When you kept it in your vest pocket, nothing happened! It was only when you put it in the pants pocket with the stone that a reaction occurred to make the strange events take place! Now we'll test it in the spectroscope...
A light beam from the spectroscope hits the meteor stone... Another improbable occurrence! Somehow, the beam of light made the stone anti-gravitic! It's shooting upward off the earth—and into space—where it'll never work its fantastic odds again!

Good riddance! I'll no longer be the "oddest" man on earth!

After Oscar D. Dollar has gone, Ray Palmer goes for a walk...

I think I'll call Jean and ask her out to dinner tonight! Why, the phone is ringing! I'll answer it to clear the line for my own call...

But when he lifts the receiver...

Ray, this is Jean! I called to let you know I'd gladly go to dinner with you tonight!

Huh? Jean, how could you possibly have known I was walking past this public phone booth at this time?

I didn't know! I dialed your office... Ivytown 6-6212!

This number is Ivytown 6-6221! Talk about odd occurrences! Jean must have transposed the last two digits of my telephone number. Just as I was walking past this booth!
The Ivy Town police were faced with a perplexing problem—how to keep criminals in jail! All these jailbirds had to do to "fly the coop" was clasp a couple of cell-bars—and disappear!

Only by hiding himself on a prisoner's person could The Atom hope to solve the mystery of...

The prisoners who vanished!

There goes another one—fading away into thin air!

I've got to find out not only how he does that disappearing trick—but where he disappears to!

Story by Gardner Fox
Art by Gil Kane & Murphy Anderson
In a certain house in Ivy Town, Carl Ballard is treating a trio of gangland characters to lunch...

Hold it, fellows! You've all been wondering what this celebration is all about? Well, here it is--I've discovered a foolproof method of getting you out of jail if you're arrested!

Huh?!

You must be kidding!

It's no joke, I assure you! When the Atom slapped me in jail for forcing a pint-sized spaceman to rob for me, I determined never to be trapped that way again! That's why, after I was released, I worked out a scientific gimmick for breaking jail...

That's big talk, Ballard! But can you prove it--with the best proof in the world! If one of you volunteers to get himself arrested, I'll tell him exactly what he has to do to find himself back in this room before midnight!

*Editor's Note: As revealed in "Battle of the Tiny Titans"--Showcase #34

After Dapper Joe has agreed to get himself arrested, he is given instructions by Carl Ballard and soon...

Crash!

Caught you red-handed, Dapper Joe! You're under arrest!

You can arrest me--but you'll never keep me in jail! I got a surefire way of getting out--before midnight!

Is that so? In that case, I'll keep an eye on you myself, wise guy!

At a few minutes before ten O'clock, in the Ivy Town Jail...

I'm still waiting! When are you going to pull off that escape?

Any minute now, officer! Just keep your eye on me... and you'll see...
The lights go off in the jail cells at exactly ten o'clock every night. At that moment, Dapper Joe puts his hands on two bars and mentally begins a countdown...

I'm doing just what Ballard told me... Ten -- Nine -- Eight...

He's fading out -- disappearing right before my eyes!

At almost this same moment, back in Ballard's house...

Here he comes -- just like Ballard said!

The guy's a magician! How'd he do it?

If I let you in on my gimmick, I couldn't cash in on the robberies you can now safely pull! All you need know is I'll get you out of jail if you're caught -- in return for a share of your loot! Now let's draw up a list of robberies you can pull...

Next day in the science laboratories of Ivy University...

Chief, this is Ray Palmer. Ray, chief of police. Baxter needs our help!

I sure do! Some crook's found a way of vanishing right out of our jail cell!

Given a leave of absence from his research work, Ray Palmer is soon making tests in the Ivy town jail...

So far I can't find a thing out of the ordinary in this cell! If that crook escaped by holding onto those cell bars -- it must have been by magic! And I don't buy that answer!
I couldn't learn any thing as RAY PALMER--but if I secretly come back to these cells as THE ATOM when the police make another arrest, I may do better!

During the next week, a trio of daring robberies occurs without an arrest being made...

Not until the middle of the following week is a thief apprehended, and then...

Okay, okay! So you caught me with the goods! Go ahead and arrest me--but you'll never keep me in your jail!

Unseen by either the robber or the policeman who made the arrest, the TINY TITAN has hidden himself atop the door in the cell where the prisoner is placed...

Just before the light is shut off, the prisoner stretches his hands for the cell-door bars...

I'm going to dive into that hooch's handkerchief pocket! If he fades away from here--I'll go along with him!

There goes another one!
When the thief reappears in Ballard's room, **The Atom** is an astonished visitor...

You got away without any trouble? Right! No trouble at all, Carl!

He doesn't know he brought his trouble with him!

Huh? It's... The Atom!

So Carl Ballard is mixed up in this! He was the Atom's first victim—and will be his next! Get him!

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The tall plant gives under the **Tiny Titan's** weight, then like a bullet from a gun -- shoots him upward as it returns to position...

An instant later, a fist thuds home with the impact of a cannon ball...
I'll bean him!

Ooof! Missed him!

Faster and faster around the pole lamp the Atom rotates his body until...

I've worked up enough speed to "take off"!

Hey! He's comin' for me now!

Pow!

Twisting the control dials of his suit, the mighty mite reduces himself in weight until he is lighter than a feather...

I'm right in line with a draft coming in from that outside window!
Then allowing himself to be breeze blown ceilingward, the Atom suddenly turns his weight back to his normal 180 pounds (as Ray Palmer)...

Now to land on him like the proverbial ton of bricks!

You're next, Ballard! I caught you before, when you were forcing Kulan Dar to rob for you--by withholding the Europium he needed to return to his native planet!*

And--I'll do it again!

*Editor's Note: As explained in "Battle of the Tiny Titans," Kulan Dar was an alien spaceman who had discovered the secret of teleporting himself by swallowing a special preparation of the element Europium! Its effect lasts for 60 hours!

As the desperate criminal races onto the lawn, his eyes catch sight of a water hose...

Just what I need!
GRASPING THE WATER HOSE, BALLARD TURNS IT ON FULL FORCE... AND AS IF LIFTED AND HURLED BY A MIGHTY HAND... THE TINY TITAN IS RAMMED HARD INTO THE EDGE OF THE PARTLY OPENED DOOR...

NICE TRY, ATOM--BUT YOU AREN'T DEALING WITH NUMBSKULL'S NOW!

--BECAUSE YOU KNOW ABOUT KULAN DAR AND HIS EUROPiUM! I LEARNED ITS FORMULA FROM THE TINY ALIEN AND FED IT TO MY FRIENDS INSIDE AT LUNCH-- THEN HYPNOTIZED THEM WITH THIS STICKPIN INTO SUBCONSCIOUSLY ORDERING THEMSELVES TO TELEPORT OUT OF JAIL TEN SECONDS AFTER THE LIGHT WENT OUT!

MOMENTS AFTERWARD...

THOSE SAPS INSIDE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT THE Doused ELECTRIC LIGHT AND CELL-BARS I TOLD THEM TO GRAB HOLD OF--HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WAY I GOT THEM OUT OF JAIL! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD GUESS HOW IT WAS DONE...

JUST AS I'M GOING TO HYPNOTIZE YOU, ATOM-- AND COMMAND YOU TO TELEPORT YOURSELF TO THE HEART OF DARKEST AFRICA EVERY TIME YOU LAY EYES ON ME!

BUT FIRST OF ALL--I'LL FEED YOU A DOSE OF LIQUID EUROPiUM SO YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CARRY OUT MY COMMAND FOR THE NEXT 60 HOURS!
Hear me, Atom! Listen closely! I order you to teleport yourself to Africa as soon as you see me—and to remain under this compulsion until—or—let’s see, until noon of this coming Thursday!

Slowly the tiny Titan opens his eyes as the words spoken by Carl Ballard penetrate to his sub-conscious...—until noon of this coming Thursday... for by then my friends and I will have left Ivy Town to find even richer places to rob!

In the next instant... he’s gone—teleported to Africa! I’m rid of him for the next 2½ days! The Europolium will wear off by noon of Thursday, but by then I’ll be far away!

At this moment, the Atom finds himself beside a great river of Africa...

Huh? I—I’m in a jungle of some sort! But—where’s Carl Ballard? Those crooks?

For several hours, the tiny Titan follows the course of the mighty Congo River toward Leopoldville... I’m in Africa—that much I can figure out! But how I got here is beyond me!

Swept along by the swift current of the waterway, he reaches a United Nations post in Leopoldville where... I just want to call up—er—an acquaintance of mine in Ivy Town!

Sure I’ll help you, Atom! Here’s the phone you asked for!

Carl Ballard! I took the precaution of memorizing the phone number when I was in his room!
Within a minute after getting his connection, the world's smallest super-hero travels by telephone wire and cable above a continent and below an ocean, until...

Hello? Hello? Huh? Look out, everybody—it's that Pee Wee character again!

The Atom races forward but as he lays eyes on Carl Ballard...

I'm gettin' out of here!

Easy does it, boys! That shrimp can't hurt us...watch!

The next moment...

He's gone! Vanished like—like he'd never been here at all!

This is just an advanced improvement on the way I get you fellows out of jail! Now let's get down to business—That schedule of robberies!

Once again the Atom finds himself back in Africa...

I think I've tumbled on to what's been happening to me! Somehow, Ballard fed me Europium! Kulon Dar told me that just after you took Europium, you're highly susceptible to hypnotic suggestions!

Ballard hypnotized me into ordering myself to teleport to Africa whenever I saw him! Hrmf—I recall that my command is to last until noon of Thursday! It's about midnight Wednesday now in Ivy Town! So there's no way to get close enough to him!

Wait! I've just had a brainstorm! I have Europium in me! Its effect lasts for 60 hours—so I can teleport myself instantly to any place I choose!
A command to his body--and the next instant
I'm in Tokyo--well past the international date line which makes it Thursday here--2 P.M.--instead of Wednesday midnight as it is back in Ivy Town! It's enough past noon to free me from Carl Ballard's hypnotic spell!

Now to take advantage of the europium in my body to teleport myself to Ballard's place in Ivy Town!

In the next moment...
What?! You back again? well, beat it! It isn't Thursday noon yet--so you're still under my hypnotic orders!

Huh? How come you're not teleporting yourself to Africa?

You made a bad mistake when you said Thursday at noon--instead of 100 hours from now! It gave me a chance to throw off your hypnotic spell by going to a place it really was Thursday at noon!

And also--a chance to overcome you and throw you in the Ivy Town jail!

A quick search of the room reveals...

This must be the schedule of robberies Ballard's gang intends to pull! The police can use it to round them all up and complete the case!
We caught them all, Atom--thanks to you!

You won't keep us here! As soon as the lights go out--so do we!

As the lights dim and the three thieves grip the jail-cell door bars...

--Three--two--one! Here we go!

Huh? We're still here!

You're going nowhere--because the lights and the cell-bars have absolutely nothing to do with your vanishing!

What's the explanation, Atom?

The teleportation powers of Europium last for just 60 hours, Chief! I nabbed Ballard before he could feed any more to his gang! Since they hadn't had any in 60 hours, they couldn't pull that fadeaway trick!

As for Carl Ballard, he himself can't take Europium! Due to some bodily peculiarity, he's allergic to it! So at last--you have prisoners you can keep, Chief!