"The Time Trap!"

A couple of more minutes, Atom, and... BANG! Your time will be up!
For the BEST in COMICS ENTERTAINMENT

SUPERMAN

DC NATIONAL COMICS

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The inventive genius of Chronos—the Time Thief—enabled him to work wonders with time-pieces! They could smash down walls—fly through the air—even rip open safes! But when Ray [The Atom] Palmer discovered Chronos’ secret identity, he found himself in the uncomfortable position of putting the secret of his own double identity in jeopardy when he fell victim to...

**The Time Trap!**

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**THE ATOM**

If the spear-like hands of my trick watch don’t get you, Atom—the buzzsaw gear surely will!

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**Story by** Gardner Fox

**Art by** Gil Kane & Murphy Anderson

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Printed in U.S.A.
This is a story of time, and of the three people it brought together in a strange way...

Ray Palmer, young research scientist at Ivy University...

Jean Loring, lady lawyer, Ray's sweetheart...

I've got to hurry! Ray'll be here any minute!

David Clinton, watchmaker and horologist, who has recently opened a store in Ivy Town...

Ah! It's time to change to my other identity of... Chronos!

And so, in due time, we find Ray Palmer presenting Jean Loring with her birthday present.

Ray, it's the most gorgeous watch I've ever seen!

I bought it in that new clock store in town!

And then, as Ray is about to propose, as he has done so often in the past...

Honey, here comes proposal number--

Oh, Ray! My watch--

Caught it--just in time! The clasp broke--I'll take it to the store tomorrow and have it fixed!
IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN AT THIS VERY MOMENT, AN ODDLY GARBED FIGURE STANDS BEFORE THE J.I. FACTORY PAYROLL SAFE...

I ONLY USE MY WATCH STORE AS A FRONT AND TO WHILE AWAY TIME UNTIL I CAN PURSUE MY TRUE VOCATION AS—CHRONOS, THE TIME THIEF!

TROUBLE IS, I DIDN'T SPEND ENOUGH TIME PLANNING MY ROBBERIES! THAT'S WHY I GOT CAUGHT!

WHO IS THIS STRANGELY CLAD FIGURE? FROM WHENCE DOES HE COME? LET US UPEND THE SANDS OF TIME A FEW YEARS TO A JAIL CELL WHERE A MAN NAMED DAVID CLINTON IS SERVING TIME FOR PETTY LARCENY...

HERE IN JAIL, EVERYTHING IS PLANNED WITH CLOCKWORK PRECISION! WE WAKE AT SEVEN—EAT AT EIGHT—ARE AT WORK BY NINE! YES, EVERYTHING IS REGULATED BY THE CLOCK, REGIMENTED BY TIME ITSELF!

ALWAYS FASCINATED BY TIMEPIECES, DEFT WITH HIS HANDS AND OF AN INVENTIVE TURN OF MIND, DAVE CLINTON LABORS IN THE PRISON WORKSHOP...

THEY SAY TIME KNOWS NO MASTER—BUT I'M GOING TO CHANGE ALL THAT! WHEN MY TIME'S UP AND I GO FREE—I'M GOING TO REGULATE MY LIFE BY THE CLOCK!

AS THE PRISON GATES OPEN TO SET HIM FREE...

FROM NOW ON I'LL BE HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE!
THE ATOM

For the next few months, the great cities of the Atlantic Coast are plagued with a series of robberies...

I've got to make up for lost time!

Until at last Chronos...inspired by the Greek word for time--is known throughout the land as the time thief...

Now Chronos has come to Ivy Town, where after opening his clock store, he gets out to rob the I.V. Factory Payroll...

I've timed this robbery while the watchman's on the other side of the building!

From the radium dials of his watch a beam of eerie light stabs out--envelops the safe...

In the next instant there is a muffled clang and...

The safe's open!

Parlum!

Doesn't take any time at all to fill up this clock bag!
Next day, as Ray Palmer brings his birthday gift to be repaired...

If you have--er--time, I'd like to show you some of them, Mr. Palmer!

We have here an hour glass used by the Romans--

A Paris candle which kept time during the Middle Ages--

Knotted cords which were even more primitive--

Even a Malayan coconut shell clock!

You seem to have every sort of clock but one!

--And what one is that, sir?

An atomic clock! We have one in the university lab...

An atomic clock! Most interesting!

Late that night a queer craft floats above a deserted section of the university campus.

The U.S. Army has developed a type of flying saucer, of which my "flying sundial" is an improvement! I spent time modifying it--but it paid off!
H revolves close to the great brick wall of the laboratory. Chronos holds an alarm watch against it...

- These sonic vibrations take hardly any time to operate...

Moments later, the wall caves inward and the aerial sundial moves forward...

- Time marches on--so I'd better get busy before anyone notices me!

Ray Palmer, who has been working late in the laboratory just above, hears the falling bricks and...

- Better check and see what's happened below!

He races into the atomic laboratory...

- It's Chronos--the time thief!

That Palmer scientist would have to show up at a time like this!

Story continues on page following...

Advertisement

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They say it was only the artist's style That made Mona Lisa's mysterious smile But the truth of the matter; A Tootsie Roll platter Was the cause of her smile all the while.

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A bat has his own built-in radar by which he flies...

...but man has invented ways to see and hear beyond the range of his eyes and ears—by periscope and radar!

A bird like the water ouzel can walk on the bottom of a stream and fly through the water...

...but man can explore beneath the seas with the aid of an oxygen mask and flippers!

Frogs can live at 15 degrees below zero...

...but man can protect himself with special warm clothing to live in even colder climates.

Yes, Nature’s ways are amazing—and man is the most amazing because, by reading, observing and understanding the world about him, he constantly enriches himself!
Alerted by his pounding footsteps, Chronos whirls just as Ray Palmer races into the room! From a capacious pocket in his cloak, where he keeps many of his time gadgets, he seizes an hourglass and flings it to the floor...

From the shards of the broken glass millions of tiny grains of sand rise toward the university scientist, whipping madly in a miniature sandstorm...

Ohh... those sands-- suffocating me... blinding me...

It's high time I took care of this interloper-- with my Sandstorm Hourglass!

In sheer desperation he turns to flee... Ha! Ha! Those sands will rotate around him for an hour! By that time he'll be a goner-- and I'll be gone!
Even while running to seek escape from the howling sands, Ray puts a hand on the secret device by which he can control his size and weight, and...

I have one slim chance to avoid these sands that follow wherever I go--and that's to become the Atom!

As the Atom he is so small in stature and weight that he can leap from one grain of sand to another...

Plenty of room now to breathe--and to see where I'm going! As I race back toward the atomic lab, the rotating sands will accompany me--so I'll slam the door shut behind me when I enter the room...

It seems to the tiny Titan that he is running in a great asteroid belt, he is so little!

The time thief is putting the last of the atomic clock on his aerial sundial! I've got to stop him...
As the Atom stands on a grain of sand, he pushes the door shut behind him...

Then, using the grain of sand as a springboard, he leaps upward, one hand on his control device...

I'll make myself six inches now—then increase my weight to the 180 pounds which I weigh as Ray Palmer, so that when I land on Chronos—he'll really feel it!

Downward he plummets, hitting the time thief and driving him away from his flying sundial...

Ohhh!

Snarling in rage, Chronos whips out an odd watch...

The Atom! You don't know what a bad time you've let yourself in for!

From the watch leaps its spear-like hands, straight for the mighty mite...

What—?

Desperately the Atom ducks to avoid those deadly missiles, but as he does...

You may avoid the watch-hands—but you'll never escape my buzzsaw gear, Atom! I got this going—in the nick of time!
REACHING UPWARD, THE TINY TITAN CLOSES HIS FINGERS ON THE SPEEDING WATCH—HANDS...

I'VE MADE MYSELF SO LIGHT I WEIGH LESS THAN A FEATHER! THESE CLOCK-HANDS WILL CARRY ME AWAY WITH THEM—ESCAPING THE BUZZSAW GEAR!

AS THE SPEARLIKE HANDS DIS INTO THE WALL, THE ATOM IS FLIPPED UPWARD INTO THEM AND THEN IS SPRUNG FORWARD. GOTT TO MOVE FAST BEFORE HE TRIES ANY MORE GADGETS ON ME!

MOVING LIKE A HUMAN MISSILE, THE ATOM'S FISTS CONNECT WITH CHRONOS' JAW...

I FORGOT TO TURN MY WEIGHT BACK ON FULL—OR I'D HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT! AS IT IS—I'VE ONLY DAZED HIM!

AS HE REELS BACK AGAINST THE WALL, THE TIME THIEF SCRATCHES A “STRIKE—ANYWHERE” MATCH...

HE LIGHTS A TIME-TELLING CANDLE, WHICH HE HAS CONVERTED INTO A “ROMAN CANDLE”...

THIS IS MY TIME TO SHINE, ATOM!

IT'S TRAVELING TOO FAST FOR ME TO AVOID...
ODD THAT THE ATOM SHOULD SO CONVENIENTLY APPEAR HERE—UNLESS—HE AND PALMER ARE THE SAME!
HMM—AT THE SAME TIME, PALMER WILL REALIZE HE TOLD DAVID CLINTON ABOUT THE ATOMIC CLOCK—AND FOUND CHRONOS HERE, LEADING HIM TO SUSPECT THAT DAVID CLINTON IS CHRONOS!

SOME TIME LATER, WHEN THE ATOM RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...

THE ATOMIC CLOCK IS GONE—AND SO IS CHRONOS!
I HAVE A FAIRLY GOOD IDEA WHERE I’LL FIND THAT TIME THIEF...

NEXT DAY AT DAVID CLINTON’S CLOCK STORE...

I’M POSITIVE PALMER WILL COME HERE TO CHECK UP ON ME—SO I’M GOING TO PUT IN SOME TIME MAKING UP MY JAW SO IT’LL LOOK WORSE THAN IT IS WHERE HE—THE ATOM—HIT ME!

NOW WHEN HE SEES ME HE’LL KNOW I’M CHRONOS—AND TRY TO CAPTURE ME AS THE ATOM!

AH, HERE HE COMES...
As Ray is handed back the repaired birthday gift for Jean...

As the room fills with the odorless, knockout gas...

He swallowed the bait! Having put himself in my power—I'll close my time trap on him!

As his finger presses down hard on the tiny 'sun' which travels around the cosmicographic clock globe once every 365 1/4 days...

When the tiny titan opens his eyes, he finds himself encased within the watch...

I left a pinpoint opening in the crystal so you could hear me, Atom! Pay attention! I could destroy you easily now—by firing a shot! But I've got an inspiration that will give you a time-lease on life!

As the ‘sun’ cracks open the earth, it releases the knockout gas I placed inside the globe! I put filters in my nostrils which will prevent the gas from affecting me!
Hands and feet pinched so tightly he can't move, the Atom is forced to listen as...

I'll enjoy having you accompany me when I rob your local jewelry store--knowing there's nothing you can do to trap me! Tonight I'll have more than just time on my hands--I'll have the Atom, too!

Soon after, inside the Ivy Jewel House...

To open the time vault here, I'll use a device I invented that speeds up the operation of the lock. Clever, eh, Atom?

We have only ten minutes to wait until the vault opens! I hope you're impressed by my efficiency! Pay strict attention--for this is my time to shine!

Ten minutes later the vault door opens and the time thief reaches for the dazzling gems inside...

Sorry, Atom--I have no time for you now! I must take these beauties while the taking is good!

The sudden rounding of feet swings Chronos around... Huh? Ray Palmer? But it can't be! He's the Atom--and I have the Atom safely locked up in my wristwatch! Or have I?

Chromos takes his eyes off the young scientist to look at his watch--but before he can do so...

Oof! Got to knock him out before he sees his wrist watch is--empty!!
Ray's powerful fingers close over the wrist-watch as he applies a wrestling hold to the time thief's arm...

As soon as I knock him out, I'll phone the police—tell them to get over here fast and pick him up!

Chronic slams hard into the vault wall and...

Now to make my call and change back into my other identity as—the Atom!

When the police arrive soon after...

You—you caught me, all right! But I'm going to get my revenge! I'm going to reveal to the world who the Atom really is!

You sure were, fella—all the way! Let's get the Atom out of that watch!

The Atom is—uhh? He's still trapped in the watch! Then he couldn't be—this time I was wrong!

Moments later, the Atom is a free man...

You sure owe you plenty, Atom! You helped stop the time thief!

We sure owe you plenty, Atom! Officers! He's the one who made the actual capture!

As Ray Palmer, I realized when I saw Clinton's bruise that it was doctored! I had been too light as the Atom. When I socked his jaw to inflict such a black-and-blue mark! In turn—this made me suspicious!
REALIZING HE GUESSED AT MY DOUBLE IDENTITY, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR ME TO CAPTURE CLINTON IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE'D THINK HE WAS WRONG! SO WHEN THE MOVING MINUTE HAND OF THE WRISTWATCH PASSED MY ARM, I CAUGHT HOLD OF IT.

"IT ENABLED ME TO FREE MY ARM SO I COULD TOUCH MY CONTROL DEVICE AND MAKE MYSELF SMALLER—THEN ESCAPE THROUGH THE PIN-POINT HOLE CHROMOSOME MADE IN THE WATCH CRYSTAL SO HE COULD TALK TO ME..."

"I'VE GOT TO CAPTURE HIM AS RAY PALMER--WHILE PREVENTING HIM FROM LOOKING AT HIS EMPTY WRISTWATCH!"

TIME BROUGHT THREE PEOPLE TOGETHER. IN A SENSE, TIME STILL UNITES THEM...

"OH--WHO SAID TEMPUS FLIGHT--TIME FLIES? I'VE SERVED ONE DAY OF MY FIFTEEN-YEAR JAIL TERM--AND IT SEEMS LIKE ONE YEAR!"

"THE TIME IS Ripe TO ASK JEAN AGAIN TO MARRY ME..."

TIME ON MY HANDS...

ADVERTISEMEN

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TOOTSIEXE Roll Fudge

IN CHOCOLATE & VANILLA

SMOOTH - CREAMY - DELICIOUS

1¢ Tootsie Roll Fudge

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If an atom of oxygen were placed in the center of the continental United States, and so magnified that its nucleus were 1500 feet in diameter, the atom's outer electrons would orbit in a path that would carry them around New York City and San Francisco...

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Now on Sale Everywhere!
Dear Editor: Congratulations on the first issue of The Atom. It was great, surpassing even the Showcase-Atoms. I'm glad that the Mighty Mite has gotten a magazine of his own.

The cover of the issue was extraordinary, not only because of the wonderful artwork of Gil Kane and Murphy Anderson, but also because of the coloring. I notice that in most comic letter columns the writers and artists are highly praised but nobody says anything about the color-artists. I think that as far as coloring goes, The Atom is the best magazine that your company publishes.

Storywise, "Master of the Plant World" was terrific. Jason Woodruff was a refreshingly new type of villain. The idea of conquering the world with plants was novel, as was the conception of the flower-spirit allies of The Atom.

Earl Dill, 4219 Thorncliff Rd., Baltimore 36, Md.
(The team of color artists that did such a praiseworthy job on The Atom is the same that colors all our DC Magazines. Perhaps the extraordinary artwork and story inspired them to reach new color heights. And as long as they have set such a high standard for themselves, we're going to insist they keep it up!—Editor)

Dear Editor: Now that The Atom has his own magazine he is in danger! He is perilously close to becoming my favorite character!

First of all, I get a great big kick out of looking at the world from the vantage point of a six-inch man. I enjoyed the scenes where he used a pencil as a spear and where he rode on the back of a rearview mirror almost as much as I did the rest of the first issue. I'm becoming used to the scenes where he dials a telephone bigger than he is in order to use his unique method of travel.

This brings me to my second comment, which is based on the letter you printed from David Cockrum. One would expect that a trick used so often (twice in the first issue) would become stale. Yet, I find it isn't. It is, instead, becoming a sort of trademark, even more so than the whirlwind which The Flash uses to capture crooks.

PFC Ellis R. McDaniels, 17574841, Co. A, 124 Sig. Bn., Fort Lewis, Wash.
(Who knows—the next time you answer your phone, it may be The Atom (in person) popping out to thank you for your kind words!—Editor)

Dear Editor: I enjoy your The Atom comic, but I have a few comments to make about his costume.

I think the novel way you presented The Atom's costume changing is very original, but if he is always wearing a thin, invisible costume over his street clothes, it must be very difficult for him to do anything. When he is reduced in size, his costume is very tight-fitting. So, when he is in his normal size, his costume must be even tighter.

By expanding the costume from being on his six-inch body, which is already quite tight, to his full six-feet size, the close fittingness would be multiplied tremendously. Therefore, if he is wearing a hood on his head, how can he comb his hair? And why aren't his street clothes tightly compressed against his body by the tight-fitting outfit directly over them? How can he reach into his pocket through the invisible outfit? How can he adjust his tie or wash his hands, with the costume covering every part of his body but his face?

Don Haukman,
350 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island 1, N. Y.
(What you've overlooked in your analysis is the fact that The Atom's costume in addition to being invisible is also intangible when worn by Ray Palmer in his normal six-foot size. Accordingly, it can neither be seen nor touched.—Editor)

Dear Editor: Please, I beg of you do not let The Atom (probably your most brilliant achievement) become another "run-o-the-mill" publication. Let me explain myself a bit more thoroughly. The idea is don't let your magazine grow to be another one of these "scientific dream tales"! Don't let it come to a point where The Atom is so deeply involved with people of another dimension that are a million years ahead of the human race, that he forgets he is also a member of this race, and ends up spending all his time fighting threats to the next dimension.

In one of the Showcase-Atom issues you presented the best modern day story I have ever read: "Prisoner in a Test Tube!" Why the best? Because it was a story of international intrigue, a modern day story based on a very possible happening.

Lew Litzinger III,
211 S. Chester Rd., Swarthmore, Pa.
(In a way, The Atom owes his origin to a happening in outer space, so if circumstances demand that he occasionally be involved in an out-of-this-world adventure, it's just the Tiny Titan's way of paying off a debt. But by and large, Earth will be his stamping ground.—Editor)

Address mail to this department to INSIDE THE ATOM, National Periodical Publications, 575 Lexington Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
The Atom

Genie of the Lamp--
Find the lost treasure for me!

I hear, master--
And I obey!

Everyone has heard of Aladdin's lamp and of the amazing genie who resides inside it, eager to do the bidding of whomever rubs the lamp! Only one man knows the strange truth behind the ancient tale, however--none other than the world's smallest super-hero--The Atom--who was the famous "genie" behind--

The Secret of Al Atom's Lamp!
In a private laboratory near the Ivy University campus, retired Professor Alpheus V. Hyatt fishes in a strange pool of absolute whiteness.

Eureka! I've hooked onto something in my time pool!

The magnet at the end of my fish-line has "hooked" a chunk of metallic ore from the past! I must call my most brilliant student—tell him of my great accomplishment!

Minutes later, Ray Palmer, former student under Professor Hyatt and now a research scientist at Ivy University, races from his boarding house...

Ever since Professor Hyatt's recent retirement, he's been spending his time trying to unravel unsolved mysteries of science! It's a hobby with him!

Soon... Ray, at last I can show you my time-pool discovery! I've incorporated all colors—甚至连 the finest shadings—into a pool of absolute whiteness! And in some mysterious manner, that whiteness has the power to pierce the barrier between the present and the past!

Professor, what proof have you that your "catch" in the time pool comes from the "past"?
I've tested its age by the radio-carbon method. My results show this ore came from—roughly—the year 850 A.D. If I could make the pool larger—A man could go through it into the past!

Professor, this discovery will make you famous!

Shortly afterward, Ray leaves—but outside the door, he turns the control dial of his invisible uniform and begins to shrink.

A normal-sized man can't go through that time pool—but I can—as the Atom!

Entering the laboratory, he makes himself so small he will not be noticed, then clings to the magnet as Prof. Hyatt lowers it once more into the time pool...

As he sinks into the pool, the world's smallest superhero is battered and buffeted by mysterious forces of time...

Ohhh—I can hardly stand this! It's draining me of all my energy! Got to hang on till my time-journey comes to an end...

Suddenly, the Atom finds himself standing in an open-air Oriental bazaar, dazed and terribly tired, barely able to unfasten the magnet and hide it...

Got to find a place where I can take a catnap! I feel as if I'd been awake for 1000 years...as in a sense I have!
THE FLAPPING OF WINGS ALERTS HIM TO DANGER.

A FALCON! ALMOST ON TOP OF ME! NO CHANCE TO RUN...

EVEN AS HE DIVES TOWARD THE GROUND, HIS HAND FRANTICALLY TURNS HIS CONTROL DIALS--AND THOSE SHARP TALONS CLOSE ON EMPTY AIR....

THIS TRICK WILL HOLD UP JUST ONCE! NEXT TIME THE SHARP-EYED BIRD WILL COME FOR ME WITH ITS OPEN BEAK!

WHILE THE HUNTING BIRD IS CIRCLING ABOUT FOR ANOTHER SWOOP, THE TINY TITAN CLIMBS UP THE OPEN-AIR STALL....

GOT TO HIDE--SOMEWHERE! I DIDN'T COME THIS FAR BACK INTO THE PAST TO MAKE A MEAL FOR A FALCON!

AS THE SHADOW OF THE WINGED MARAUDER COVERS HIM, THE MIGHTY MITE LEAVES HIS FEET...

I'LL HIDE OUT INSIDE THAT LAMP....

WITHOUT PAUSING, THE FALCON CLOSES ITS TALONS ON THE ANTIQUE LAMP, LIFTS IT UPWARD....

WHAT'S THE BIRD GOING TO DO WITH ME NOW?

EXHAUSTED--DAZED--WEAK FROM HIS BACKWARD FLIGHT THROUGH TIME, THE ATOM IS FLUNG BACK AND FORTH INSIDE THE OIL-BOAT....

THUMP! BUMP!
SOARING HIGH INTO THE AIR, THE FALCON DROPS THE LAMP -- INTENDING TO BREAK IT AS SEA-BIRDS DROP CLAMS FROM A HEIGHT TO CRACK THEM...

AND THEN, RUNNING AS FAST AS HIS LEGS WILL CARRY HIM...

BAD BIRD! IF MY GRANDFATHER'S LAMP HAD HIT THE GROUND -- IT MIGHT HAVE HURT THE GENIE INSIDE IT!

SIGH! THOUGH TO BE SURE -- FOR ALL MY RUBBING AND WISHING I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS GENIE! I'LL REPLACE THE LAMP WHERE IT'LL BE SAFE!

THE LAMP OF SINBAD! THE VERY LAMP I'VE HUNTED YEARS TO FIND!

WHILE HIS CONFEDERATE HOLDS THE BOY HASSAN IN CONVERSATION, ABDUL THE THIEF CLUTCHES THE LAMP OF SINBAD...

NOW THE TREASURE OF SINBAD THE SAILOR WILL BE MINE!

THIS IS... MY FINISH... TOO WEAK TO ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE...

BUT HASSAN IS ALERT TO THE WAYS OF PASSING ROBBERS...

TARID! TARID!

"TARID" MEANS AN "OUTLAW" OR A "THIEF" -- IF I REMEMBER MY ELECTIVE COURSE IN THE ARABIC LANGUAGE AT THE UNIVERSITY A FEW YEARS AGO!
But the older Abdul is fleet of foot and soon outdistances young Hassan... Here I am, at the site of the legendary treasure vault of Sinbad the Sailor!

Genie of the Lamp—i command you to open the vault!

Though still tired, nevertheless the tiny Titan reduces his size and weight, then...

I'm too small for Abdul to see me! I'll take a look and find out if there really is a treasure under that great stone! If there is, I'll see to it that it goes to its rightful owner, Hassan—the lad who saved my life!

The Atom drops down onto the ledge supporting the stone cover... A great bolt—locked from underneath! But how could anyone have done that—and not been locked inside the cave?

Exploring the vault, he comes to a vast cave littered with fabulous treasures...

The story is true, then! This is the fabled treasure of Sinbad the Sailor! But it belongs to young Hassan—not to Abdul the thief!

When the Atom returns to the outer world...

Bah! This isn't Sinbad's lamp! Or if it is—the genie's gone from it!
After Abdul has left in disgust...

Now’s my chance to crawl into the lamp and get a good sleep! Nobody’s around to bother me!

Sometime later, when The Atom wakes...

I found the lamp again—but it is so battered and dirty! I’ll polish it up! Ohh--there’s the muezzin’s call to prayer...

In Moslem lands the muezzin sends out the adhan, the call to prayer, summoning the faithful to bow toward Mecca. As Hassan hears that cry, borne on a strong wind, he sees...

Ohhh! My rubbing the lamp has caused the genie to appear at last! My prayers have been answered!

I am called Al Atom. Oh, master!

*Editor’s note: In Arabic, the article “the” is “al”!

You don’t look much like a genie, Al Atom! Your clothes are different from what I’d imagined they’d be!

In my travels—-I go to many lands, master! Now tell me—-what is your desire?

Bring me to the treasure of my grandfather Sinbad!

I hear you, oh master—and I obey!

Slipping into the great vault, the tiny Titan slices back the bolt and lifts the mighty stone...

My grandfather went off on a final cruise from which he never returned, so he couldn’t tell anyone how his gold could be recovered.

Enter, master! I’ll show it to you!
INSIDE, HASSAN’S EYES POP AT THE SIGHT OF THE FABULOUS LOST TREASURE...

I’LL TAKE ONLY A SACK OF GOLD COINS RIGHT NOW! LATER I SHALL DISTRIBUTE MOST OF MY WEALTH TO THE POOR! LOCK UP BEHIND US AS WE LEAVE, AL ATOM!

THEN, HASSAN AND “AL ATOM” WALK TOWARD A NEARBY CARAVANSERAI* WHERE...

AYESH, YOU’VE FED ME OFTEN WHEN I HAD NO MONEY TO BUY FOOD! I WANT YOU TO BE THE FIRST TO SHARE MY GOOD FORTUNE! I FOUND MY GRANDFATHER’S TREASURE!

*EDITOR’S NOTE: A CARAVANSERAI IS A HIGHWAY INN CATERING TO TRAVELERS.

THEN—BEFORE HASSAN OR AYESHA CAN MOVE...

I’LL TAKE THAT GOLD!

OH-H-H-H!

ON A SWIFT-RACING CAMEL, ABDUL AND HIS CONFEDERATE FLEE WITH THE COINS....

GENIE—QUICKLY! AFTER THEM! STOP THEM AND RECOVER THOSE GOLD COINS!

TO HEAR IS TO OBEY, OH, MASTER!

I’LL HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO OVER-TAKE THEM ON THEIR FAST CAMEL!

RIPPING LOOSE TWO BROAD PALM LEAVES, THE TINY TITAN THRUSTS HIS FEET INTO ONE AND RAISES THE OTHER LIKE A SAIL....

I’VE MADE MYSELF SO LIGHT I WEIGH NO MORE THAN A FEATHER! NOW IN THIS STRONG WIND...

A GUST CATCHES THE LEAVES—WHIRLS THEM HIGH INTO THE AIR...

WHEN I’M CARRIED ALOFT, I’LL STEER WITH MY “SAIL”!

AMAZING! IT’S JUST LIKE THE FAMOUS FLYING CARPET!
THE STRONG BREEZE CARRIES "AL ATOM" DIRECTLY ABOVE THE CAMEL RIDERS, THEN...

NOW BY INCREASING MY WEIGHT TO 180 POUNDS -- I'LL LAND ON THEM LIKE AN "ATOM" BOMB!

BY ALLAH -- WHAT -- ?!

THE TWO THIEVES TUMBLE TO THE SANDS...

KNOCKED OUT, THE THIEVES ARE HELPLESS AS HASAN BRINGS HELP IN THE FORM OF HALF A DOZEN SOLDIERS...

IT IS TIME FOR ME TO LEAVE HERE, HASAN, I--ER--HAVE WORK TO DO ELSEWHERE!

BUT WITHOUT YOU -- HOW WILL I EVER GET OUT ANY OF MY TREASURE?

THE TINY TITAN REVEALS TO YOUNG HASAN THE SECRET OF THE TREASURE CAVE...

CH, GENIE—I AM SO GRATEFUL TO YOU! IF ONLY I COULD REWARD YOU, SOMEHOW!

THERE IS A WAY! I HAVE A FRIEND WHO COLLECTS ANCIENT THINGS! IF YOU WOULD GIVE ME JUST ONE GOLD DINAR COIN, I'LL SEE THAT HE GETS IT!

TYING THE MAGNET ON THE FISHING LINE, THE ATOM GIVES THE LINE A TUG...

SINCE THERE'S NO IRON IN THE COIN I HAVE TO HOLD IT ON SO IT WON'T FALL OFF THE MAGNET!

THEN HE IS DRAWN UPWARD THROUGH THE TIME POOL INTO THE PRESENT, MAKING HIMSELF SO SMALL HE CANNOT BE SEEN AS PROFESSOR HYATT REACHES FOR THE COIN....

A GOLD COIN FROM THE PAST--BUT HOW?!

IN THAT PAST ERA, THE LAMP BECAME KNOWN AS ALADDIN'S LAMP!

WHO KNOWS? PERHAPS THE ATOM WILL MAKE MORE TRIPS THROUGH THE POOL OF TIME INTO THE PAST--TO IMPART TO HISTORY THAT SPECIAL TOUCH ONLY HE CAN GIVE!

THE PROFESSOR WILL BE MYSTERIFIED AT HOW HIS MAGNET HELD ONTO A GOLD COIN! BUT I CAN'T TELL HIM THAT I HELD IT--WITHOUT BETRAYING MY IDENTITY AS RAY PALMER!

ADVERTISEMENT

SEE THE LITTLE GREY SPOTS AT EACH CORNER OF THE BLACK SQUARES? WELL, THEY'RE REALLY NOT THERE!

YOUR EYES MAY PLAY TRICKS . . . BUT NOT YOUR TASTE!

Try a Tootsie Roll POP

with its Delicious TOOTIE ROLL Center! "Best Lick on a Stick"
REWARD $9,985.50 FOR THIS COIN!
$500,000.00 SEARCH FOR RARE COINS!
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Illustrated: 1804 silver dollar — 19,000 minted, only 12 accounted for— where are the rest?

Stop spending valuable coins worth hundreds of dollars. New 1962 catalogue lists hundreds of coins we want to buy and gives the price range we will pay for these United States Coins. Certain half cent coins are worth up to $3,500.00 for Canadian Coins. Our valuable Coin Book may reward you many thousands of dollars. Coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins dated as recently as 1940 to 1956. Now you too can learn the rare dates and how to identify rare coins in your possession with our new 1962 catalogue. A fortune may be waiting for you. Millions of Dollars have been paid for rare coins. Don't sell your valuable coins for less than they are worth! Hold on to your coins until you obtain our catalogue. Send $1.00 for newest Coin Catalogue to:

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Coin Type</th>
<th>Maximum Price</th>
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<tr>
<td>Gold Coins</td>
<td>$10,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Before 1929</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pennies</td>
<td>$9,000.00</td>
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<td>Before 1919</td>
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<td>Silver Dollars</td>
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<td>Before 1936</td>
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<td>Nickles</td>
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<td>Before 1945</td>
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<td>Dimes</td>
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<td>Before 1946</td>
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<td>Half Dollars</td>
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<td>Quarters</td>
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<td>Before 1910</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lincoln Pennies</td>
<td>$200.00</td>
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<td>Before 1940</td>
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</table>

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Same size, shape and price as cabin. Imprinted truck walls. French windows, folded wood-slat shutters, flowers, shrubs, sloping roof, large door, etc.

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City... Zone... State...
BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN

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YOU CAN MAKE AT LEAST $50.00
-MORE LIKELY $100.00 to $200.00
IN YOUR SPARE TIME!

Everyone You Know Needs Christmas Cards
and Everyone Loves Wallace Brown Cards

Do you know 20 people? Of course you do! Add up a half-dozen relatives, perhaps 5 neighbors, the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the grocer, your dentist, several friends and other tradespeople—and you've probably got a lot more than 20. So what are you waiting for? These folks alone can bring you in at least $50.00, probably $100.00 to $200.00 extra money in just a few hours spare time. And this is just a start! Almost everyone you know needs Christmas Cards, and when you show them the spectacular nationally famous 1962 Wallace Brown Line of Cards and Gift Items—it's love at first sight. They'll snap up 2, 3, 6 or more Christmas Card Boxes right on the spot. Keep up to 50¢ of every dollar you take in! This is the fun way of making money because it's so easy. We send you samples that do the selling for you. And, besides making money you'll save money on your own personal Christmas Cards, Gifts, Wrappings, etc. See for yourself without risking a penny. Mail coupon, you'll be glad you did!

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City & Zone
State

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12 Field Cannon
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EVERY PIECE OF PURE MOLDED PLASTIC—EACH ON ITS OWN BASE
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