

WORLD-RECORDS



NUMBER 28.

THE

FALL 1973

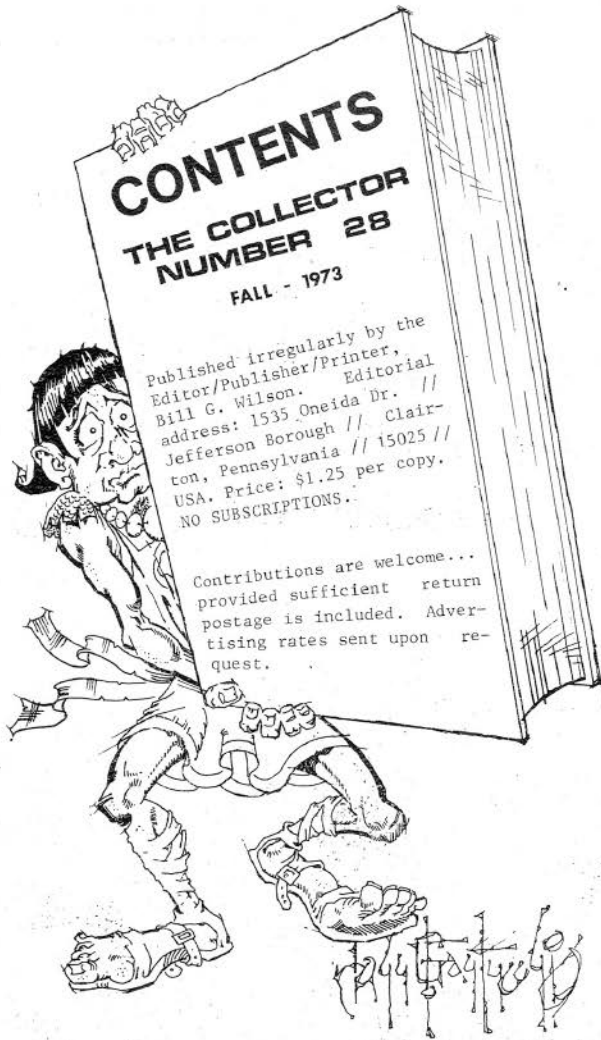


COLLECTOR



ken
BARR

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COVER BY KEN BARR

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ELLIS '73



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EDITORIAL

**BILL
WILSON**

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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The Shadow material accompanying "Shadow of the Ages" is copyrighted by Conde Nast Publications and National Periodical Publications, Inc.
Black Cat centerspread illustration originally appeared in THE COLLECTOR #13, and is copyrighted by Bill G. Wilson.

WILLIAM BLACK drew the full-page illustration of Phantom Lady appearing on page 25 of this issue. (His name was mistakenly deleted from the list of contributing artists on the opposite page...)

All layout, editing, and cover overlays (except for John G. Fantucchio's illustration on page 21) were prepared by BILL WILSON.

This issue's printing was done at Prince Printing by BILL WILSON. (as always)



As usual, my last-minute space-cramming has left me little space in which to editorialize. (Which is probably a blessing in disguise, since I am so exhausted that I don't want to editorialize.) However, in what little space I do have, I'll try to say as much as possible.

First off, this issue introduces a number of new "faces" to the pages of TC, which I'll attempt to briefly introduce: Ken Bruzenak has been a good friend for several years, and is quite an artist. He is working with Steranko on future, great Supergraphics products. John Byrne was in the last issue with a small, imaginative spot of Clark Kent, and he returns this issue with a wealth of excellent fullpage illustrations. John Ellis has worked in conjunction with G.B. Love and the SFCA for some time now, and has proved himself to be a great artist. (He'll be playing a very important part in the next issue...) Bruce D. Patterson is best known for his cartoons and caricatures, of which there is a generous sampling in this issue. You can be sure of seeing more of Bruce. Both Bob Conway and Bob Smith helped me in a pinch with a couple spots for the Golden Age Superheroines article, and I appreciate it. Returning from absences of too great a length are Marty Greim, Anthony Kowalik, Skip Olson, and Mike Roberts, all of whom turned in fantastic work. Now, to the writers: Graham Sterling was introduced to me by John G. Fantucchio, and an article the length of his should have appeared in a special all its own (which is what the original plan was), but it turns out to be a blockbuster for a single issue of TC. When Bill Cantey was unable to handle an "in-depth Star Trek feature", I was fortunate enough to get in contact with some local Trekkies who were more than willing to help out, and they are: Commodores Scott Miller and Joe Fellabaum

and their article should prove very popular with readers. (Incidentally, they have asked me to test reader reaction to the possibility of a follow-up article in the next issue of TC...thereby providing an update on ST, and the answers to the very thought-provoking questions they've asked in this issue. Well?) Finally, the one & only Murray Bishoff, reportedly a "key cog in the working machinery of the vast Dynapubs Enterprise" under the auspices of Alan Light, came through with flying colors with an in-depth article on The Shadow, a long-time favorite. Here's my personal wish that these great people can come back again next issue and do it all over again!

Now I'm left with virtually little more than enough room to say that the details of #29 and its contents at this time is one BIG question mark. Original plans called for a special, full-page announcement in this issue concerning the super-great, giant issue #29 with a wrap-around full-color cover painting, the finest ever to appear on a fanzine, illustrated by JOHN G. FANTUCCHIO. Unfortunately, difficulties have arisen that prevents me from revealing the tentative plans for that issue. I had hoped to produce a giant-sized, special issue loaded with color and special features, selling

for around \$2.50. (And it would be well worth it.) However, due to the difficulties I mentioned, I can't promise that my plans will reach fruition, or that the final product will sell for that price. What I am forced to do is this: When final plans have been made for #29's contents and price, all who have ordered #28 will receive a flyer describing all the details. If you got this issue from a dealer or on the newsstand, and would like to receive the flyer, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: THE COLLECTOR #29 / 1535 Oneida Drive / Jefferson Borough / Clairton, Pa. / 15025 This will save some time and cost on my part. But don't be impatient; the way the plans are going now, I don't have any idea when you can expect the flyer. Just be patient, for the information you'll be receiving will be well worth the wait!

For now, let me announce that all issues are SOLD OUT. (Except for this issue, of course.) I do have an additional supply of Hyperman buttons available, due to the unexpected response from last issue's announcement, so they are still available at 60c each (including postage & handling.).

So, look for details re: the next issue in your mailbox. Don't order it before then. There will be a TC#29, but I have to say that it'll probably be the last issue, at least for a while. Don't worry about it now, though...just sit back and enjoy this issue.

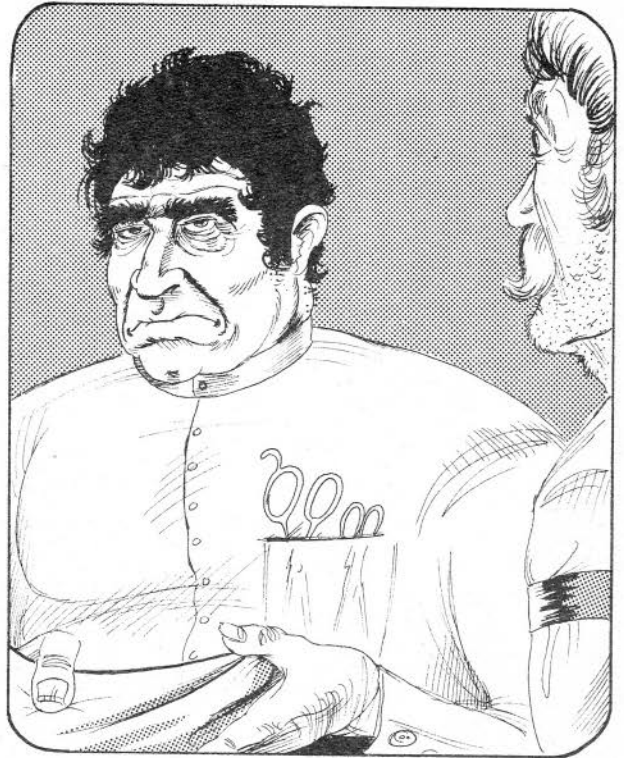
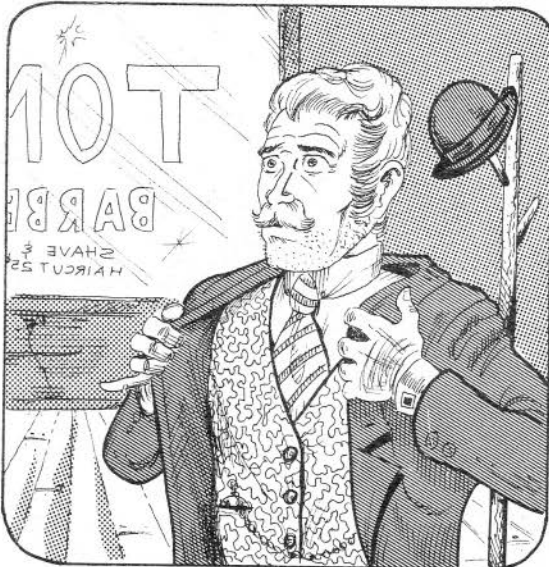
NUMBER 28 **THE** FALL 1973
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CLOSE SHAVE

story © 1965 by ALAN RIEFE

adapted by DON ROSA

"Tony's across the street having his lunch," said the barber. Taylor was in a rush. He had an important business appointment in fifteen minutes, and he needed a shave badly, but he'd never let anybody but Tony touch his face with a razor.

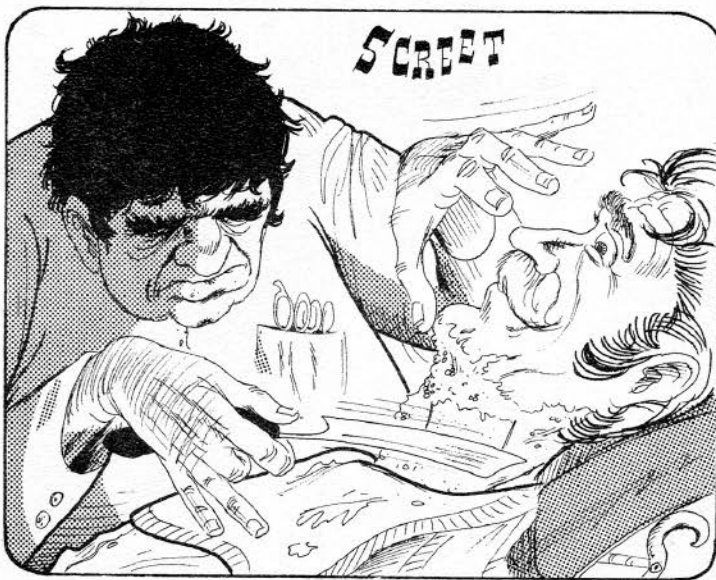
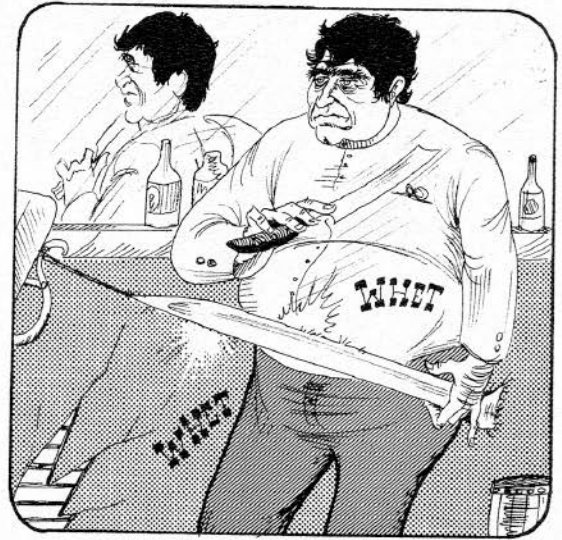


This barber was a bull of a man; his huge head covered with a thick crop of curly black hair and his dark eyes, half-closed and stupid-looking, studying Taylor from beneath heavy lids. "When will he be back?" Taylor asked. "Half and hour - he just left." The situation was becoming embarrassing...



He was the only customer in the shop, and he couldn't very well sit down and wait half an hour for Tony while this fellow stood idle... After all, he must be a competent barber or Tony never would have hired him. Taylor got into the chair - the barber tossed the sheet over him.

Taylor relaxed, stretching his legs. The man worked in silence, lathering Taylor's face, stropping his razor, and shaving him.



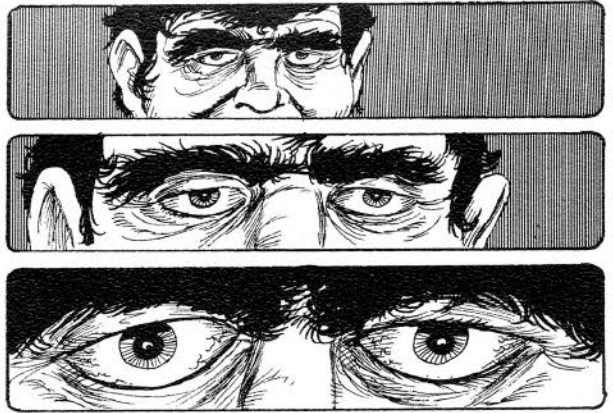
It wasn't until he had finished both cheeks and was down under Taylor's chin working on his neck that his customer became a little nervous.

All he had to do, thought Taylor, was change direction, from up and down to sideways. One quick slice across his jugular vein and his throat would open like a crimson mouth, the blood gushing out of it. But that was absurd! How could he even think such things! The man didn't even know him... Why should he cut his throat? Poor fellow was only trying to make an honest living. Still...



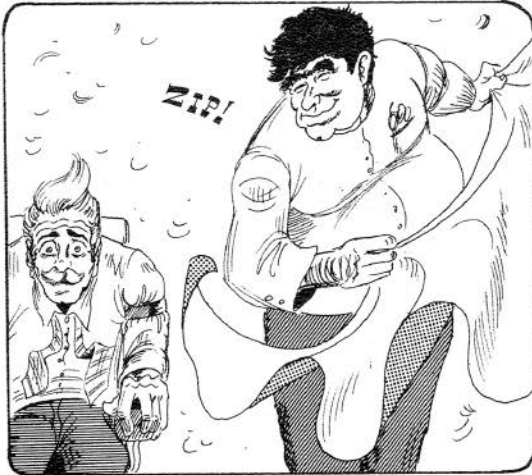


...That razor, the way it gleamed in the sunlight. He found himself wondering, if there was the slightest glimmer of temptation in the back of the man's mind. Hardly! Cutting a man's throat was more a compulsive act! The urge seized you and you cut! **CUT!** Taylor imagined himself shaving a man, helpless, his whitethroat exposed. One quick slice! No sound- Nothing!



To his relief, the barber finished shaving his chin and began to trim the edges of his mustache.

Fiddling, fussing, earning his tip...then suddenly, he was done.



Taylor breathed a great deal easier



At that moment, just as the man closed his razor, there was a loud click. The two of them looked in the direction of the closet door at the far end of the shop. It had opened, swinging slowly wide as if pulled by an invisible hand.

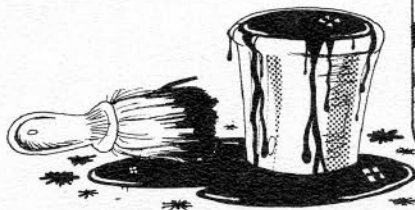


Taylor gasped in horror. Inside, huddled in a heap, sat Tony; his white jacket covered with blood, his throat had been cut from ear to ear.



"That darned door," said the barber quietly. "Another half a minute and you would have been out of here."

He shook his head sympathetically and, reaching for his razor, snapped it open...



ART: DON ROSA (1971)

LAYOUT: BILL WILSON

Ever wonder what a guy would've been if he hadn't become the super-hero he is today? Or what if he got tired of the game, and decided to pursue a more normal vocation? These "letters" may perhaps help you to visualize what position a given company may have in mind for a given hero, and maybe even an idea of some of the

WRITER:
WILLIAM REYNOLDS

Occupational Hazards!



NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Superman
c/o Clark Kent
Metropolis, USA

Dear Superman:

Undoubtably you find your current employment with NPP (not to mention your position as an ace TV commentator) as very secure, and we admit it thus far has been. But have you given much thought to the future? What would happen if, for instance, NPP, along with all other comic book publishers, went out of business? Let's face it, pal, you'd be out on the streets in no time, because you have no practical experience in any other field but derring-do. Not a very pleasant thought, is it?

Well, we don't mean to upset you, but we believe in being prepared for the future, don't you? At any rate, we are prepared to offer you a position on any of our NFL Football teams, in any position you choose, effective immediately. We think you are good football potential, and we think you'll agree when we say that football is a field with a future. Football will never pass! (Little 'in' joke, there.) Certainly you can make more money in football than on TV, and you will still get TV coverage besides! And if you play your cards right, you'll even get a syndicated sports show! And with your invulnerability, no injuries! You'll also be able to play football for the rest of your life, at ever-increasing pay scales!!

We hope you'll seriously consider it.

Sincerely,

Everett E. Sneed

Everett E. Sneed
NFL

P.S. We'll double any offer the AFL may make to you.



MAYDAY

MOVING & SHIPPING CO.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Quicksilver
c/o The Avengers or
Magneto P. Smith
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Quicksilver:

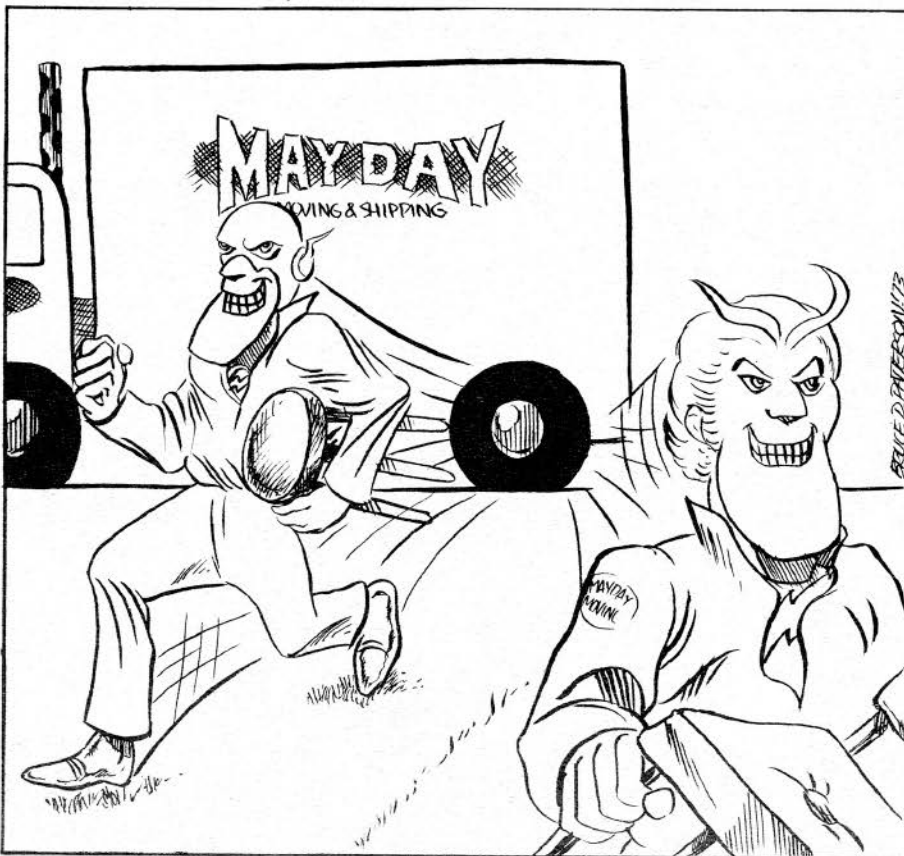
Are you perhaps fed up with your current lot in life? Perhaps you just were not cut out to be a super-hero. Perhaps you just weren't cut out to be a super-villain either. Well, we just might have the answer for you!

How would you like an executive position with Mayday? We feel we could use a man with your ability and experience, and would be willing to pay you accordingly. We soon plan to be moving into areas of even speedier deliveries over a larger area, and your help would be greatly appreciated indeed, as advisory executive, primarily.

We do hope you will at least consider our offer, and rush us a speed reply, should the answer be yes, so we can set up your office. By the way, we have sent a similar request to a fellow by the name of Barry Allen in Central City. Perhaps you know him. We hope, should you accept, that both of you would be able to work with each other without too much...uh, friction.

Yours truly,

Speedy Gonzalez
Speedy Gonzalez
Mayday Moving & Shipping



RINGLING BROS., BARNUM & BAILY CIRCUS

Scott Free
c/o Granny's Orphanage
Apokolips, Someplace (?)

Dear Mr. Free:

Some friends of yours have recommended you to us because of your alleged skill in the field of escape artistry. We are currently in need of a new artist with our travelling circus this year, because of the regrettable loss of The Great Melvin, who lost his life this winter in Hobokin, where Tantor the elephant mistook him for his stand. Poor fellow, Melvin.

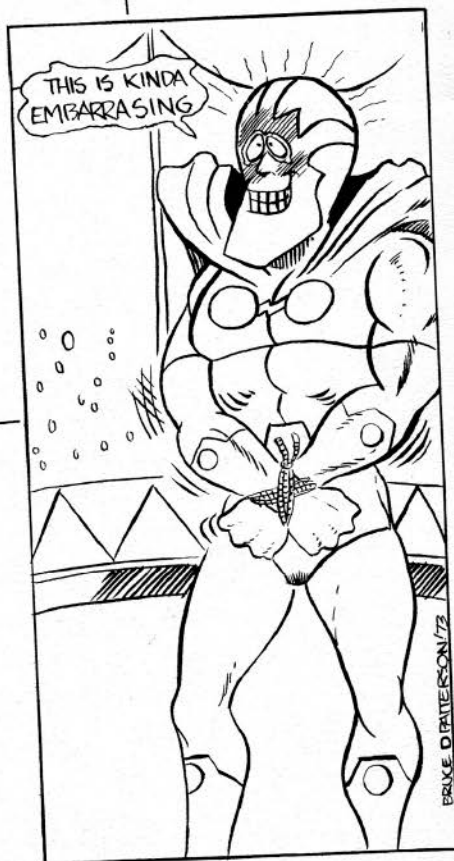
But all that has gone before. To get to the point, we are prepared to offer you a rather substantial sum if you can do even half of what they say you can do. You are doubtlessly wondering why you should join our circus. You probably ask yourself if you are really circus material, if there is any future, etc. No doubt you have always used your talents as a pastime only. Well we can help you to do what you enjoy doing, and make money as well! Also, past records show that orphans make the best circus material. And a future? Everybody loves the circus! Every season there is a new generation of kids who've never seen a circus, and they get their folks to take 'em. Yes, circus people are truly forever people. (little 'in' joke there.)

Fringe benefits? Travel! See and do things you've never seen and done before! We know how boring life is in an orphanage. This is your chance, man! See the WORLD! We give a pay raise annually, and our paying rate is arranged such that you're paid even when we're not touring! Also, there is a performer's union to insure proper working conditions. Over and above all that, we can offer you a tent right next to Gloria the Jungle Woman!! (Va-va-va-voom!)

So don't delay! Pack your bags and run away to join our circus!

Hope to see you soon,

L.A. Sharpmeyer
L.A. Sharpmeyer
R.B., B. & B. Circus



UNIVERSAL STUDIOS



Spiderman
c/o Mrs. Ben Parker
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Spiderman:

We need help desperately, and hope you can aid us.

Our biggest stunt man, "One-eye" Cullihan, has just quit because of a little accident. (He was run over by a Sherman tank. We told him it was all in a day's work, but...) Ordinarily we could find one in a few months, but we are currently in the middle of a big picture, and need another stunt man NEXT WEEK! We've tried all the unions and agencies in town, but all the stunt men are tied up. (Little 'in' joke there.)

Will you please, please stand in for our star so we can finish the film? We already have millions of dollars invested, and we are almost halfway done! All you'd have to do would be to fall off a moving stagecoach, be locked in an escape-proof room rapidly filling with acid, and then get beaten to death... and thrown into a raging furnace at the end. Oh, yes. You'd have to get run over by a Sherman tank, too. Actually, these things are not really done. They are cleverly faked by the Special Effects and Camera Men. Usually.

We would be willing to pay you handsomely for your trouble.

In case you are wondering why we are asking you, we figure that anyone who has taken the falls you have, and is still in one piece, would be the greatest stuntman the world have ever known! You may even want to consider it as a full-time career!

Expectantly,
E.L. Kline
E.L. Kline
Universal Studios



GREENHORN'S DEFEAT OF MAJOR SUPERHEROES HAS LEFT HIM VIRTUAL DICTATOR OVER A SIZEABLE AND EXPANDING AREA IN THE MIDWEST...

HOWDY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS! SORRY TO BUST IN ON YOUR FAVORITE SHOW LIKE THIS BUT IT'S SORT OF IMPORTANT...

I'M TAKING OVER THE COUNTRY!

I AM GREENHORN! ALIEN-EXILE FROM ANOTHER TIME-SPACE DIMENSION SEEKING **TOTAL** RULE OVER THIS GREEN JEWEL OF A PLANET. I AM DOING IT BECAUSE I **NEED** TO DO IT! AND YOU NEED ME TO DO IT!!

...AND I HAVE BEEN VICTORIOUS—I HAVE DEFEATED THE STRONGEST OF YOUR SUPER HEROES!!

EPISODE V
"DEATH DANCE OF THE SECOND RATERS"

GREENHORN

-HANLEY
5-75

MY ARMY OF RECRUITS,

INCREASING DAILY, ARE DRAWN FROM THE MYRIAD LEVELS OF YOUR OWN SOCIETY AND ARE ADMINISTERING THE NORMAL PERIOD OF CONQUERIZATION

I STRONGLY ADMONISH ALL TO MAKE THEIR TASKS AS EASY AS POSSIBLE...



"KISS ME YOU FOOL..."

When I was a little Biddy Baby

MAMA?

AH, PEACE...

NOW I LAYS ME DOWN TO SLEEP DEEP...

NEITHER DEAD NOR ALIVE, THEY MAKE GREAT MOMENTOS HEARING ALL BUT REMAINING 100 PERCENT HELPLESS!!!



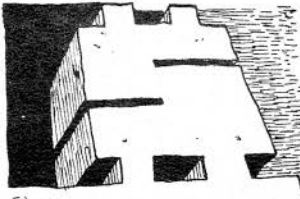


FAT HITLER

SKIMMY HITLER



YOU WILL KNOW MY MEN BY THEIR **RECONVERTED** FACES-- ALL RESEMBLE THIS PLANETS' MOST ADMIRABLE FIGURE, **HITLER!**



MY CHOSEN **SYMBOL** IS THAT OF THE **AMERICAN DOLLAR!** BECAUSE IT REPRESENTS **TOTAL POWER**

AND IT IS SO VERY **BEAUTIFULLY GREEN !!** TO THOSE WHO SERVE MY POWER, MY WHIMS AND MY FANCIES WELL, THERE WILL BE **LOTS OF GREENBACKS FOR ALL!** **5000** GET OUT THERE **AMERICA AND HUSTLE FOR GREENHORN!**

— BESIDES MONEY, THERE WILL BE **FREE SEX AND FREE VIOLENCE FOR ALL!** YOU'LL HAVE **NO PETTY PROBLEMS TO WORRY ABOUT!** LET THE **STRONGEST SURVIVE** IN A SYSTEM OF **SWEET SLAVERY, AN EQUALIZING SLAVERY!!**
APPEALING, EH?



SO THAT'S IT, CHARLEY-HORSE FANS! FOR YOUR OWN SALES, AT LEAST, **DON'T RESIST— AND A BONUS YET!** I WON'T USE **NO ATOMIC OR SUPER WEAPONS** IF THE **OPPOSITION DON'T!** I'D LIKE TO KEEP THE **DAMAGE MINIMAL** AS IT IS **NO FUN RULING OVER RUBBLE!**



BOMB! BOMB! BOMB!

B-BUT WE'D BE BOMBING OUR OWN STREETS, BUILDINGS, PEOPLE!

IF OUR PEOPLE ARE BEHIND GREENHORN'S LINES, THEN THEY ARE **NOT WITH US AND...**

'SIDES, WE GOT WEAPONS WHAT DESTROY **ONLY PEOPLE!**

BEFORE IT IS NECESSARY TO ESCALATE TO SUCH DRASTIC DECISIONS GENTLE-MEN, WE **STILL HAVE SOME SUPER HERO HOPE!!**



WE HAVE COMMISSIONED THE **GREENHAWKS**, THE **GREEN COMMANDOS** AND **CAPTAIN GREEN MIDNIGHT** TO CRASH THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE ENEMY AND CAPTURE OR **KILL THIS GREENHORN!!**

EVEN NOW THEIR MISSION IS IN CONSEQUENCE! LET US GIVE THEM A FEW MINUTES TO SUCCEED!!

THEIR **HEROISM** COULD SAVE US A LOT OF MONEY AND BOTHER!



REDDOG REDDOG THIS IS **CHARLEY COMPANY**

INCREASE THE **GREASE** ON ENEMY FLAK FLAK!

BOY, DO THEY EVER FIGHT LIKE A BUNCH OF DEVILS!

REDDOG-REDDOG! THIZ IS **ALPHA BABY!!**

MICKY THE MOUSE ONIZ TAIL!!

OUT!

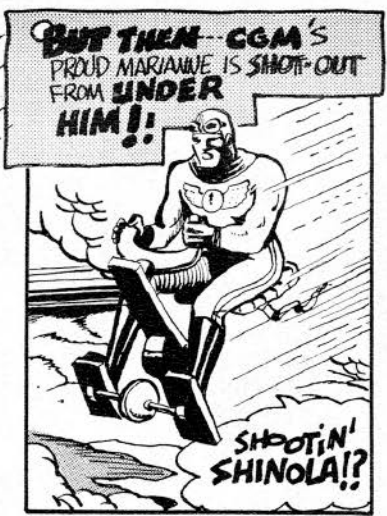


CHARLEY-ALPHA
THIS IS RED-DOG !!
 READ YOU CLEAR-WRITE
 YOU HOME-PINDPOINT
 BUCKSHOT THRUST ON
 WAY-HOLD THY NOSES!
LOTSA FUN
HUH, GUYS!?



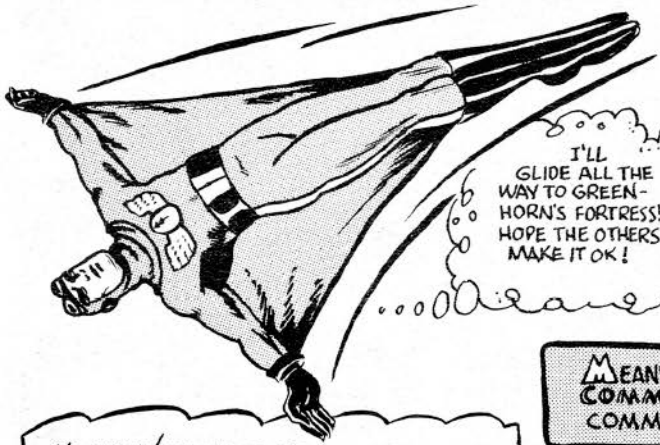
CGM RELEASES A
 LOT OF FIRE POWER
 DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY
 TO DESTROY HEARTS
 AND BRAINS OF THE
 GREENHORN
 PERSUASION !!

MOST OF THE
 BULLETS AND
 BOMBS FIND A
 HAPPY HOME !!



BUT THEN- CGM'S
PROUD MARIANNE IS SHOT-OUT
FROM UNDER
HIM !!

SHOOTIN' SHINOLA!?



I'LL
 GLIDE ALL THE
 WAY TO GREEN-
 HORN'S FORTRESS!
 HOPE THE OTHERS
 MAKE IT OK!



SURPRISE!

SAY, MISTER, IS THIS THE
 RIGHT ROAD TO ALBUQUERQUE?

WH- GREEN THUNDER!!

DON'T TELL ME YOU
 HAVE BEEN COMMISSIONED ON
 THIS JOB !!

MEANWHILE, THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE GREENHAWKS AND THE COMMANDOS HAVE COMMANDEDER ENTRANCE INTO THE COMMAND COMPOUND COMPLEX !



NO WAY! YOUR GOVERNMENT
DOESN'T TRUST ME. I WAS JUST
WONDERING HOW YOU GUYS WERE
DOING?

SO FAR
 S'GOOD!
 YOU'RE
 WELCOME
 TO TAG ALONG !!

"REMEMBER
 THE MAINE,
 REMEMBER
 THE PAIN,
 BUT MOST
 OF ALL,
 REMEMBER
 JOHN WAYNE!"

"CRIPES, RIP,
 SOME OF
 DESE
 CREEPS 'R'
 FEMALE
 HITLER
 SOLDIERS !"

"DON'T LET
 IT SHY YOUR
 TRIGGER
 FINGERS, MY
 CHILDREN!
 REMEMBER
 YOUR
 AMERICAN
 HERITAGE,
KILL, KILL
KILL !!"

"THE COM-
 PETITION IS
 FIERCE! WE
 SHOUDA
 ADVERTISED
 MORE !"

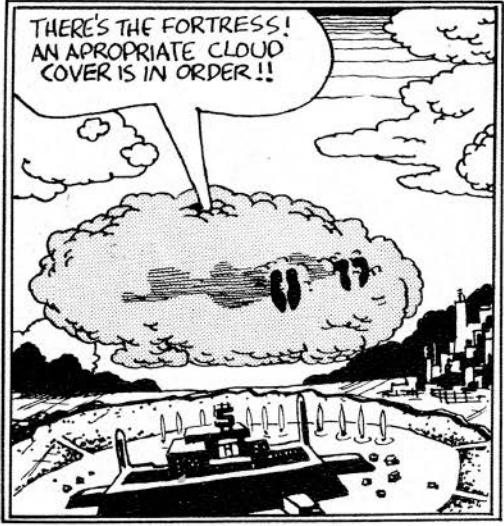


BOY,
 DO THEY
 EVER FIGHT
 LIKE A BUNCH
 OF
 DEVILS!!!

"**DIE**
CORPORATE LACKY !!"

"**DIE GREENHORN**
STOUGE !!"

"**THE FAMILY THAT SLAYS TOGETHER**
GETS BURIED TOGETHER !"



THERE'S THE FORTRESS!
 AN APROPRIATE CLOUD
 COVER IS IN ORDER !!



KILL, KILL, KILL THE MEANIES!
KILLEMALL!! FOR GOD,
FREEDOM, FOR BASEBALL
AND HOT DOGS - ONWARD
COMRADES !!

KOFF
KOFF
LAST
GASP!!

CUT
THE
CRUMMY
COMRADE
COMRADE
CRAP!

RIPE! GREENHAWK!
BRONX! HEY, THE
GANG'S ALL HERE!

NOT
QUITE,
I THINK!

REINFORCEMENTS!



JUST IN TIME - FOR
BEYOND THAT DOOR LIES
THE GREENHORN
COMMAND POST!

THE
GREEN
DOOR



COME IN! YOU
ARE EXPECTED!



WELCOME, GENTLEMEN, I SEE A FEW
OF YOU HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH
MY OBSTACLE COURSE!

**OBSTACLE COUR--
WHY YOU----**



GENTLEMEN! YOU
ALL HAVE EARNED
THE PRIVILEGE
TO BE MEMBERS
OF MY ELITE
COMMAND CORE!

WHY DON'T
YOU FALL!?



THIS BODY
IS SIMPLY
HOMESPUN
ANIMATED
RUBBER!

**ANY
TAKERS
!?**



NEVER, YOU INHUMAN
MAD DOG!

NO WAY..

NOTHING
PERSONAL BUT...

I
ACCEPT...



BRONX! NO!

YEP
ME!

DROP
DA
GATS!

SORRY, GUYS, BUT IT'S
BEEN BOTTLEING
ME QUITE A WHILE, NOW,
'BOUT DA RICH GETTIN'
RICHER, THE POOR,
POORER... DA BUILT-
IN INJUSTICE OF DA
WHOLE SPECIAL
PRIVILEGE SYSTEM.

IT SEEMS LIKE ALL DOSE
GUYS WOT GOT BANGED
UP IN WAR II. DA KOREAN
AND NAM TING WUZ
JUST MAKIN' DE WOILD
SAFE FOR MCDONALD'S
HAMBURGERS, VOLKS-
WAGONS AND JAP TV
SETS... CHEAP STUFF !!!

BETTER AN HONEST
DICTATORSHIP THAN
A LYIN', CHEATIN', GREEDY-
GRUBBIN' DISHONEST DOLLAR
DEMOCRACY !!



WELL, GREENHORN, BABY,
WOT'S DA NEXT STEP!?

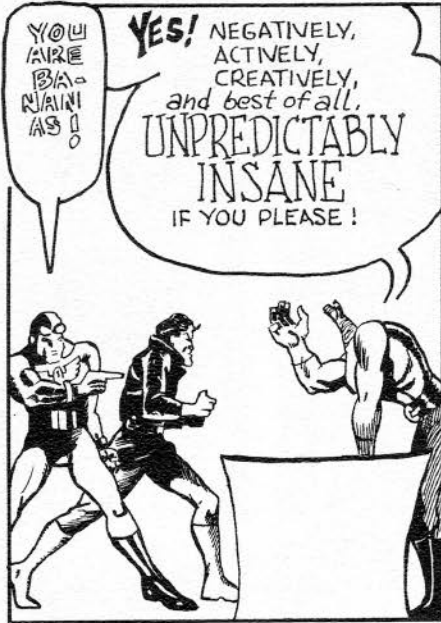


A LONG ONE, FOR
YOU! I HATE LONG
WINDED ANALYZING
PHILOSOPHERS!!



**BRONX!
GONE!**

...RIP GREENLEAF...
...CHOKE?...
...ALSO, TOO...



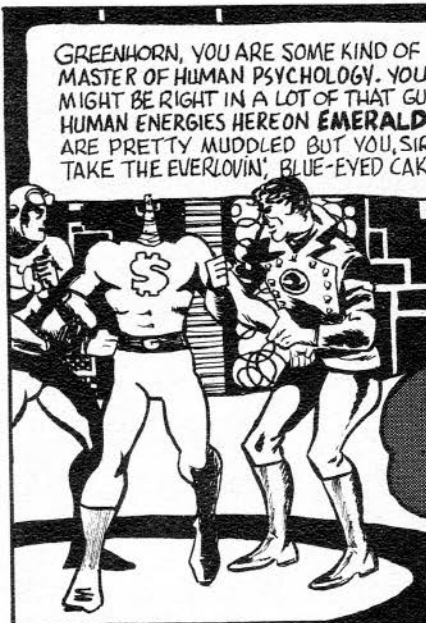
**YOU
ARE
BAIN
AS!**

YES! NEGATIVELY,
ACTIVELY,
CREATIVELY,
and best of all,
**UNPREDICTABLY
INSANE**
IF YOU PLEASE!

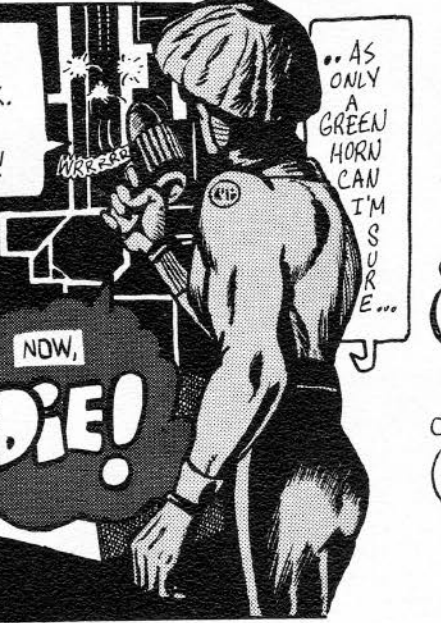


IN SHORT, I **REALLY** AM JUST THE **KIND**
OF LEADER THIS COUNTRY, THIS WORLD
NEEDS! YOU WANT TO AVOID
CONFORMITY, DON'T YOU!?
MY **WHIMS** ARE TOTALLY UNPRE-
DICTABLE - WITH **ZERO MORAL CON-**
STRAINTS! THINK OF THE EXCITEMENT!!
WITH ME AS LEADER **!!**

OOE! **BAM**



GREENHORN, YOU ARE SOME KIND OF
MASTER OF HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY. YOU
MIGHT BE RIGHT IN A LOT OF THAT GUNK.
HUMAN ENERGIES HEREON **EMERALD**
ARE PRETTY MUDDLED BUT YOU, SIR,
TAKE THE EVERLOVIN' BLUE-EYED CAKE!



... AS
ONLY
A
GREEN
HORN
CAN
I'M
SURE...

NOW,
DIE!



Pop...



**MASTER-COMES
AN EMISSARY
FROM DA ENEMY
FORCES!!**

ER-- YES,
SEND HIM
IN---
ALONE!



CHEES- NOT
ARE YOU GUYS
DOIN' HERE!?!
WHERE'S THAT
GREENHORN
CHARACTER?

**GREEN
SPIRIT!**



I'M ON A MISSION FOR PRES.
NICKSON TO DELIVER
THIS TOP SECRET - SUPER
CLASSIFIED LETTER TO
GREENHORN HIMSELF!

**G.H.
IS
DEAD!**
OPEN
THE
LETTER!



SHOOT!

THIS IS A FORMAL SURRENDER NOTICE BY PRESIDENT NICKSON!
THE ONLY CONDITION IS THAT HE, THE PRESIDENT, BE GRANTED A POSITION OF EMINENCE !!!...

WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE..?

SURPRISE SURPRISE! HMP!

FOOLS OF THE FIRST ORDER! YOUR FORMER LEADER HAS ACTED IN GOOD TASTE! AND YOU ARE LEFT HOLDING THE BAG! **HAAA!**
BEHOLD YOUR MASTER!!



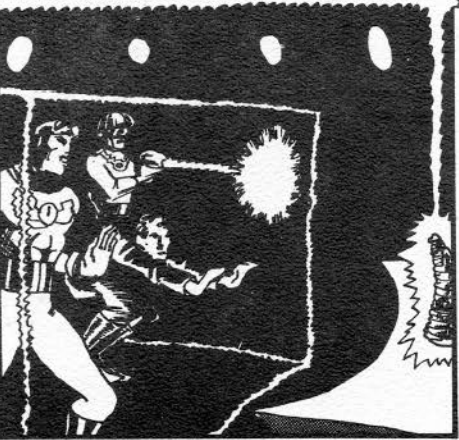
GREENHORN-ALIVE!

YES, YOU GRADE Z JERKS!! TO DESTROY ME, YOU MUST GOT TO SHATTER MY SHELL - NOT JUST MY GRUNT FORM!!



WE'LL DO JUST THAT **BAST'IM, THUNDER!!**

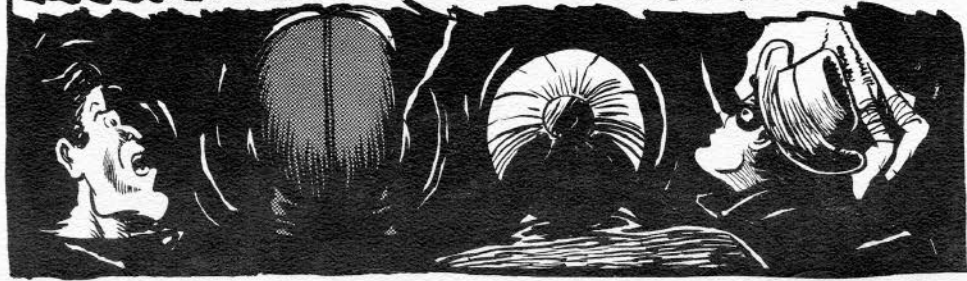
TOO LATE!! YOU ARE ALL BOXED-IN-IN MY INVISIBLE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FORCE FIELD! NOTHING CAN PENETRATE IT! **TOUGH BUTTONS!!!**



BUT YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR OF WITNESSING THE GRUNTING PROCESS - NATIVE TO ALL THE HORN PEOPLE OF MY EX-PLANET HOERENE !!



HAH HAH
A FORM FITTING OF MY FINAL STAGE IN WORLD TAKE-OVER!!
-AND NOW, TO SLEEP, MY CHILDREN!!!



SO THAT'S IT! **GREENHORN** HAS CONQUERED THE WORLD! HE IS SO EVIL THAT HE HAS BECOME COMPLETELY INSANE! IN HIS PLOTTING HE NEEDED TO PRACTICE A RATIONALE WHICH GAVE A SEM-BLANCE OF SANITY. BUT THAT NEED IS GONE NOW!

OUR NEXT AND, YES, FINAL EPISODE, WE WILL TRY TO PORTRAY THE MOST EVIL KIND OF WORLD THAT WE CAN IMAGINE BASED ON PRESENT TREND-LINES HERE IN OUR REAL WORLD! WE'LL DRAW THOSE LINES OUT TO THEIR NATURAL ENDS, IF WE CAN FIND 'EM! **GREENHORN** TAKES HIS CUES FOR EVIL BY PROBING THE MINDS OF MEN. AIN'T SURE THE NEXT EPISODE WILL BE SO LIGHT-HEARTED SO **FAIR WARNING!!**

AND WHAT WAS THAT BUSINESS BY GREEN THUNDER ABOUT THINGS BEING PRETTY MUDDLED ON... **EMERALD?**



John Ellis
+ Kipson
7/3



"Miss America"

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES

?

BEING A COMPENDIUM OF INFORMATION & OPINION REGARDING THE COSTUMED HEROINES
OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS

by Graham Sterling

© 1941 Timely Publications

50 Lovely girls - 49 beautiful costumes! Ladies, Girls, Broads, Dames, etc. whatever polite or not-so-polite name you want to call them, they're still a subject dear to the hearts of most of the masculine readers of this article, & one in which the author has taken a personal interest for some 30 years; he now being 38 years of age.

As background and establishment of bona-fides, such as they are, it should be pointed out that the author was born and raised on the East Coast, on a 110-acre farm, with most of his comic book reading occurring during the period 1941 to 1946. (In other words, during the War --- The younger reader must realize that to someone of this vintage, there is only one War, the one now known as WW II.) Since the author and his three younger brothers were not overly endowed with cash, we didn't get to buy the stacks & stacks of comics that some of our richer cousins could claim, and in many cases we had to depend on "loans" from trusted friends. However, those we had were read and re-read, and despite the many various psychological claims putting the comic book down, I'm convinced that *All-Star* and *Planet Comics* were the introduction to, and the force behind, my current and continuing interest in science fiction, fantasy, pulp magazines, big-little books, science fiction and horror movies, witchcraft, lost civilizations, and God knows what other neurotic foibles. The author has been collecting and reading in these fields for 20 years now, also having managed to get married, partly raise a family, serve in the Army, and obtain a college degree, not necessarily in that order.

All of the above, I'm sure, leads to the comment, "Who cares?" The point of all this verbiage is that I'm trying to give the reader an idea of the background from which I speak. I hasten to explain, however, that I claim no expertise in, inside knowledge of, or particular hang-ups about, the Comic Book In-

dustry or World of either the past, or present. I guess what I'm really trying to say is that the opinions expressed in the succeeding paragraphs are my own and do not necessarily reflect the views of the publisher, the illustrator, the editor, or anyone else in the world, for that matter.

GIRLS IN GENERAL

As the reader may have gathered, from my subtle hint in the first paragraph, this whole article is going to be about girls. However, I do not propose to write a sequel to "The Second Sex" or to try to attach a Freudian or pseudo-Freudian significance to my words (except in one or two instances), but rather to discuss a rather specialized aspect of femininity or, in some cases, the lack thereof. To put it rather pompously, I'd like to furnish to the reader one man's opinion of the sexy aspects of, as well as a few thumbnail descriptions concerning, the costumed heroines of the Golden Age. I'm well aware that one may get as many arguments as there are Holliday girls about the years comprising the Golden Age, but for the purposes of this article, we'll try to include a decade. First, I think it should be pointed out that I'd like to cover (no pun intended) only those heroines who were costumed. In some cases they had super powers, in others they had only super hero type outfits. We'll forego for now the obvious pleasures of discussing the *Jungle* and *Planetary* heroines complete with their torn leotards, slimy snakes, and bugeyed monsters with evil intentions.

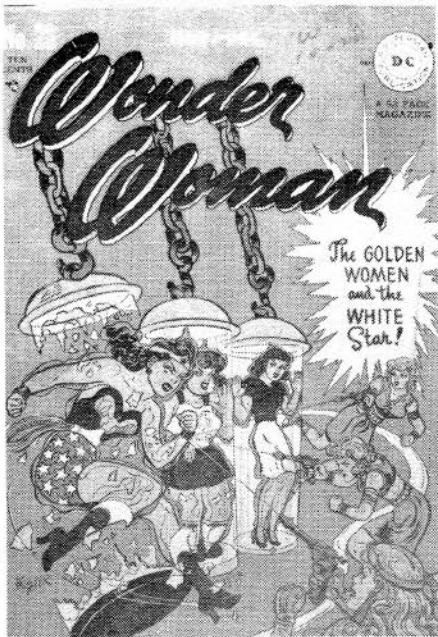
Let's make no mistake about it: There were some damn sexy heroines wandering around the pages of those comic books, complete with thigh-revealing "Bunny" costumes, Forever Amber cleavage, Marquis de Sade high heels and leather boots, and Marilyn Monroe figures. All of which, I for one, appreciate now much more than I ever did when I was 10

or 11 years old. This, I suspect, is entirely true of my whole generation. I sincerely doubt that any pre-teen reader of *Smash* or *Air Fighters Comics* appreciated the slashed-to-the-navel costume of Wildfire, or the skin-tight, derriere accentuated uniform of the Black Angel... Now at least if you're a dirty middle aged man, you notice those things. Then, particularly during the maximum comic-book-reading ages, girls were nothing more than soft boys, and we were too busy practicing cross-draws like Wild Bill Elliot or yearning after a bullwhip like Lash Larue head, to get involved with the gentler sex. The daydreams of this era of comic readers involved, I think, the syndrome of, "If I had muscles like Superman, I'd make DaD, Teacher, Big Brother, School Bully, etc. take notice!", or, "Boy, I'd like to run around like Batman, Superman, Green Lantern, Hawkman and be a creature of the night, and do all that good stuff and not have anyone known who I am, hardly." Note the male orientation of the thought! So, suffice it to say, the super-heroine of the 40's doesn't seem to have been drawn for the male juvenile reader. I'm not sure whether she was drawn for the female juvenile reader or not, since I would think that the comparisons drawn by little Susie, the viewer, would have led to cases of galloping inferiority if not actual mother rejection. Drawn for the lonely G I.'s in the foxhole or the post-pubescent adolescent who was somewhere between Thorne Smith, D.H. Lawrence, and eight-pagers?? Maybe. In any event, let's cool it with the suppositions and surmises and have a look at some of what I have chosen to classify as Major, Minor, and Second Banana Heroines.

MAJOR HEROINES

"Beautiful as Aphrodite, Wise as Athena, Stronger than Hercules, and Swifter than Mercury."

One of the grandmothers of them all fighting evil in her star-spangled Merry Widow and red boots, her alter-ego was Diana Prince, bespectacled mild-mannered member of the Woman's Army Corps. She was and is, of course, Wonder Woman, Amazon-extraordinaire, with her weapons of magic lasso and impervious bracelets. There seems to have been a full quota of anti-male feeling generated by this character and it is readily understandable how a psychiatrist might construe this as rampant lesbianism. However, a close female acquaintance of the author (his wife) tells him that Wonder Woman was her favorite character and I suspect that the same theory applies here as that which Jules Feiffer has applied to Dr. Wertham's theories about Batman and Robin. In other words, the girl readers of Wonder Woman were pre-pubescent; probably hated boys, ran around together in groups, and were happy to have a champion against "men". I personally can't get too uptight about any sexual significance in the writing, although it probably was there, to some degree. I would say that Wonder Woman does not represent a particularly sexy-appearing character, in terms of the drawing, being rather flat-chested and not especially three-dimensional to my admittedly untrained eye, but a re-reading of some of the stories reflects some interesting villains, such as the Blue Snowman and King Vulture, not to mention what appears to have been some pretty decent research in the mythological field.



Any reader who has stuck with me this far probably knows that Wonder Woman was loved by Steve Trevor of the ever popular and ubiquitous "intelligence headquarters" who despite being an officer, a gentleman, and a hot-shot agent, wasn't very bright and never could figure out that she was really Diana Prince or vice versa. (Apparently Diana not only never took her glasses off, but bound her breasts.) They almost got married in *Comic Cavalcade #8*, but of course that was all a dream. Perceptive readers remember too, that part of the pervasive, pro-female/anti-male theme in the stories was the fact that Wonder Woman could not escape from chains put on her by men. Likewise, if bound by her own lasso. A look at a dozen different stories reflect all men as villains. Now admittedly, most villains in all of the comic books were men (since they were slanted toward a pre-dominantly male audience), but a little

variety would have perked things up. In conclusion, although not insisting upon way-out Freudian implications in the stories, they did follow pretty much of a pattern. So much so that I expect any day now to see a Wonder Woman T-Shirt sanctioned by the Women's Lib Movement. (To be worn sans bra, of course.)

"*Selena, Hippolyta, Ariadne, Zephyrus, Aurora, and Minerva!*"

Put them all together and they spell SHAZAM, bringing us a heroine who, to coin a phrase, really needs no introduction... being the lovely and charming sister of the Big Red Cheese himself: Miss Mary Marvel. Clad in a red majorette outfit & yellow boots, Mary Bromfield's attractively drawn face turned up in *Captain Marvel #18* as the long-lost sister of Billy Batson. (Long-lost sisters, brothers, fa-



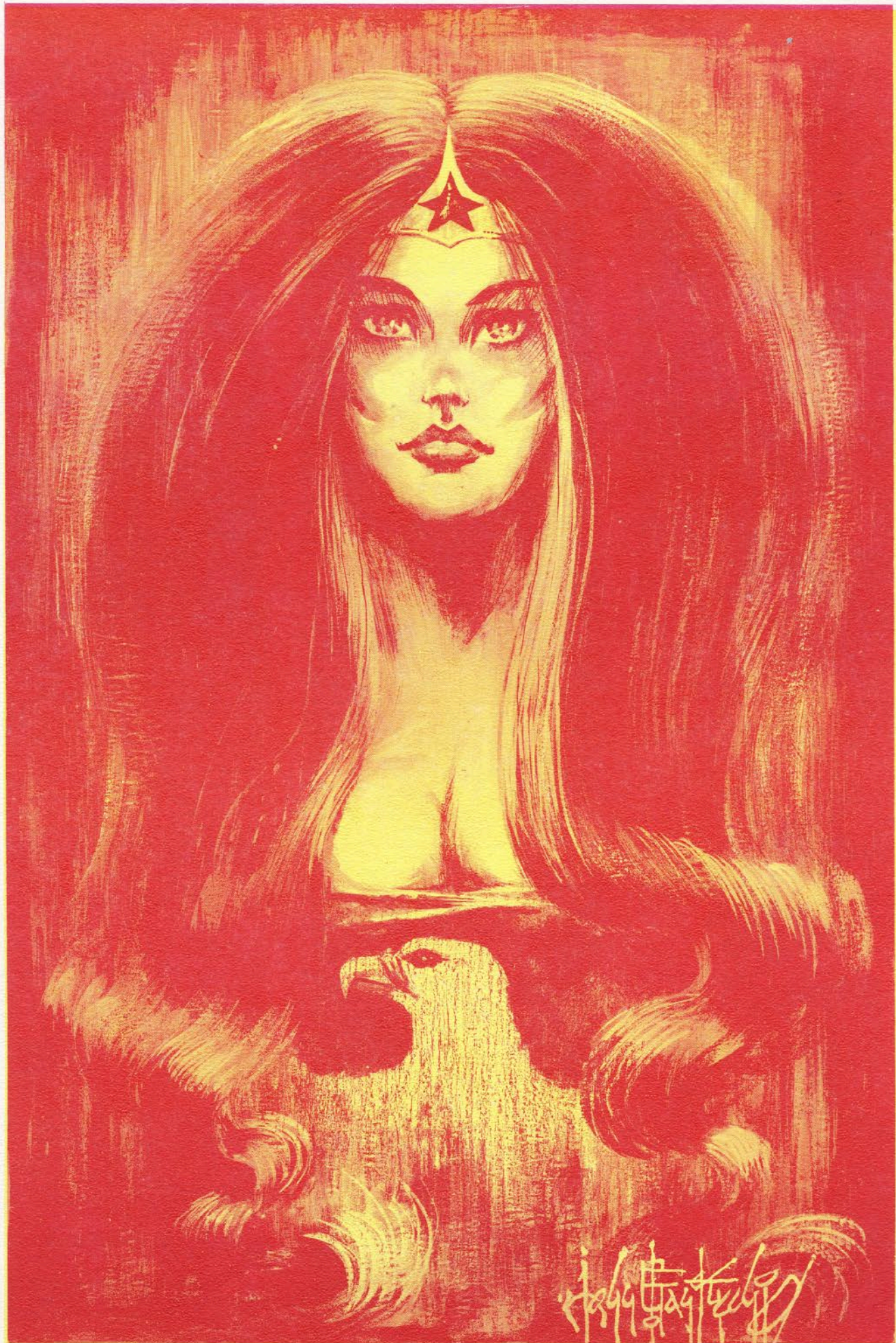
thers, and the like have, for many years been the mainstay of novels, operas, pulp magazines, and other "art" forms, usually appearing as a kind of "fortuitous coincidence," to help pad out the story.) Utilizing the first letters of the names of six female Gods and/or mythical characters, she could turn into our heroine, with all of the super powers possessed by her big brother. Mary Bromfield appears to be of rather indeterminate age, although probably hanging in somewhere around 15 or 16.

The stories certainly present little or no sex appeal, although I note that Mary Marvel appears to be a little curvier than her alter-ego. She seems to have been pretty well overshadowed by Captain Marvel, who ended up with most of the interesting villains. She was never one of my favorites during the early days and still isn't, although I stick to my opinion that she's an awfully pretty girl either in costume or "civilian" clothes. And a helluva lot more fun to take for a soda than Diana Prince's alter-ego, who would probably want to Indian rattle you for the bill. And would win!

"*Hollywood's Glamorous Detective Star and America's Sweetheart becomes bored with her ultra-sophisticated life of movie-make-believe and takes to crime fighting!*"

With this mouthful of a soap opera introduction, Black Cat, Darling of the Comics, makes her motorcycle-riding, harlequin-masked, pirate-booted, black-gauntleted, cleavage-revealing, thigh-high costumed entrance. Here, in fact, was a glamorous and sexy comic heroine, without a doubt. In "real life" she was Linda Turner, glamorous movie star who became bored with her ultra-sophisticated etc., etc., etc. Linda Turner looked sexy, dressed sexy, talked sexy... and played rough. She had no super powers as the Black Cat, but she was pretty free with the judo throws. Sort of a scantily-dressed Mrs. Peel. Her boyfriend, Rick somebody-or-other, was as obtuse as most comic book boyfriends, and couldn't tell that Linda was the Black Cat, although he seems to have been more





Handwritten signature in a stylized, cursive script, likely the artist's name.

in love with the Black Cat than Linda. (Of course, Linda was always running around in glamorous and sophisticated evening gowns, so maybe he never saw her legs. The mind boggles at a hint of anything other than platonic romance in a comic book.) It didn't really make any difference with whom he was in love, since in this case, he had the best of both worlds. Sort of like the old joke about the twin sisters, "Who tries to tell the difference?"



A quick scan of the stories seems to reflect that the drawing of the character was a little better in the later stories, but most were and are okay with me. As you've gathered by now, this is not to be a run-down on various artists, or their style, but rather an opinionated, biased article on what the writer happens to like. Black Cat, like Wonder Woman, fought a lot of men villains, but somehow on her it looked better.



"The Dream Girl Who Becomes Every Criminal's Nightmare."

We now go to the pages of *Smash Comics* and others to view Brenda Banks, who changes into her green hat, veil, and mini-skirt to become *Lady Luck*. The guy or guys who drew this were really leg men par excellence, since at one time the ti-

ties of the splash page were drawn as lovely, bestocked female legs, complete with the tops of the stockings exposed...



(The reader, particularly the younger one brought up in these days of total nudity in many magazines, must remember that in those pre-Playboy days, much of the early girly magazines' claim to fame concerned models with their skirts pulled up to expose either a) their stocking tops, or b) if a particularly raunchy magazine, their panties.)

This character had no super powers, other than her own skills and strength, & the "bad guys" seem to be the usual run-of-the-mill murderers, blackmailers, etc. The episodes were, I believe, deliberately intended to be sexy, so much so that by 1950, *Lady Luck* was shedding her dress and wrestling (another woman) in her bra and panties. Even then, to have her wrestling a man so scantily clad would have made this an "under the counter" item in East Baltimore and a big seller on the Reeperbahn. A look at other episodes reveals her in her strapless bra, stripped to her garter belt and underwear, running around in dishabille, etc. Needless to say, I'm sure that this was the "Dream Girl" and probably object of fantasy for many pre-teen and teen readers.

LESS MAJOR HEROINES

There are going to be some quarrels here about characters I left out of the first part, which is why I'm calling this *Less Major Heroines*, as opposed to *Minor Heroines*. It seems to me that most of the female characters generally were less well-known than the male ones, and if the reader is upset by my having not included *Miss America* or *Liberty Belle* or others in the foregoing, my apologies.

"*Sylvia Manners of Fleetwood, England.*"

We now come to a heroine of the early 1940's that gladdens the hearts of dirty old men everywhere. Drawn in costume, in her skin tight, black wet-look, Sacher-Masoch outfit, gloved and booted, her 38-24-36 figure was the product of an artist who seems to have been well aware of what a female fantasy figure was all about. Appearing in *Air Fighters Comics*, the *Black Angel* was, like her male contemporaries, an ace, flying a British pursuit plane with an angel on the side. The few stories that I've seen don't seem to

indicate what got her into the super hero business, although she is nominally, at least, an English "lady". The artist has, on one occasion, drawn her as *Sylvia Manners* in dishabille, portraying her in a red strapless bra (everyone knows that "nice" girls wear white underwear!) and the bottom half of her costume. For close to the ultimate in comic book sexiness, I call the reader's attention to the splash page of the story in *Air Fighters Comics* #12, showing the *Black Angel* silhouetted against a full moon, battle axe in hand.



The battle axe doesn't seem to have come with the territory, probably because it would have been pretty difficult to fit one in alongside of the pilot in a pursuit plane. The *Black Angel* also had no mystic powers but was another one of the legion of costumed heroes and heroines who got into the act during the War. She doesn't seem to have lasted much longer than through World War II, probably because there was little business for pursuit plane pilots of either sex after VE Day. However, to readers and artists interested in the female form divine in comic strip form, I recommend this one highly.

"*The Modern Joan of Arc.*"

Appearing as what looks like a definite swipe from the *Black Angel* strip (or perhaps, God forbid, the other way around) was this heroine known as: *Black Venus*. She hung around the pages of *Contact Comics* and apparently had no civilian identity, being known as *Black Venus*, both in and out of costume. She also had a one-piece, tight black outfit, complete with helmet and goggles. Without the helmet, she had a blond, page-boy hairdo and there's one story showing her tied to a post about to be burned. Thus, the *Joan of Arc* line. This one apparently didn't last very long, being relatively undistinguished in story line, characterization and the rest. Like *Sylvia Manners*, *Black Venus* was a pilot. She had no super powers, and comparing her with the *Black Angel* at all, is like comparing *Shirley Temple* to *Tempest Storm*.

"*Linda Masters, avenging the murder of her husband.....*"

In *Catman* #1, there appeared another ebony heroine (in title, not skin color), with an atmosphere of brooding horror and

with a female lead known as the Black Widow. The splash page shows her portrayed from the chest up in a sort of black leotard costume wearing a black domino mask. However, in the story she spends her time in a trench coat with a hood. She does wear the black domino. Although the strip was not written to have sex appeal, it looks as if the artist was attempting to establish a Bob Kane type of horror, complete with hunchback, old hag, stormy night, etc. Unfortunately, the character faded out after the one presentation, and is little known today except to the real collector of ephemera.



Apropos of my comment regarding ebony heroines, let me digress here for a minute to comment that all of the female characters seemed to stick with the basic WASP image given to the majority of their male counterparts. They all had "upper-class" names; e.g., Carol, Joan, Belle, Diana, Brenda, etc., and one can scarcely imagine a heroine named Sonja or Molly. It seems to me that the Black Angel would have been an extraordinarily appropriate title for a negro heroine, but I suppose the KKK would have burned the nesstands if this had happened. Perhaps someone ought to think about reviving the idea?

"pretty Joan Wayne, the timid little steno of Capitol Hill."

We now come to one of the many patriotically-titled heroines, who, in Captain Aero Comics, becomes Miss Victory. Red-masked and caped, wearing red "hot pants" and gauntlets, Miss Victory was well drawn and, in fact, was pretty. She varied from complete cover-up in costume, except for her legs in earlier strips, to extremely deep décolletage in the later ones. She had no super powers, but had some sort of a multi-purpose belt (shades of Batman & Doc Savage!) to help her fight off the badguys... This was an interesting character, who probably deserved better recognition than she got. For one thing, she couldn't have been as timid as the title states, or she wouldn't have lasted more than one Issue on Capitol Hill. For another thing, some of the non-recognition may be due to the fact that Captain Aero Comics was not exactly a household word (at least not in my neighborhood), and I'm pretty sure I never saw any as a kid.

"The All-American Girl."

In case you're wondering, this wasn't Jack Armstrong's sister, but was a character in much the same vein as Miss Victory. Less attractive than Miss V, she was Libby Lawrence, girl reporter, who tied her hair back as the reporter and let it fall freely about her face as Liberty Belle - the All-American Girl. Appearing in Star Spangled Comics, she enjoyed a rather long run and although she may have been the All American Girl to the writer and artist, she seems to be more than a little "Butch" in her jodphurs, gauntlets, and black boots. She must have been at least partly hetero however, since she also had an intelligence officer as a boyfriend.



Liberty Belle had no super powers and fought the usual run of either crooks or Nazi spys. Granted that the appearance of sexiness in a comic book heroine depends upon the artist, Liberty Belle appears to be most two-dimensional to me. I'd rate her pretty low on the scale as to attractiveness in any event. If I was to nominate the genuine "All-American Girl", I'd pick Mary Marvel.

"Orphaned by a forest fire..."

Returning now to a much more pleasant, but



relatively unknown heroine, we come to Carol Vance, who, in the pages of Smash Comics, received extraordinary power of flames from the fire god. No one says who the fire god is, but apparently he felt bad for doing in Carol's parents. In any event, this character was called Wildfire and is on the author's personal hit parade as far as sexy characters go. She had long red hair and was costumed in an extremely brief halter, red shoes and red shorts. She could fly and control flames, but did not have the same type of control that The Torch or The Flame had. I only have one of the early issues with Wildfire in it, so I'm making a judgement on extremely "scanty" evidence, but this is another heroine who would turn most anyone on,

SECONDARY HEROINES

I must apologize here, since I'm rewriting and updating this for publication by Bill Wilson, as I don't have available an old copy of Flash Comics to use as a guide. For some reason, the first time around I didn't pick out an appropriate quote. In any event, we were talking before about ebony heroines (their titles & costumes) so let's continue on with that vein and discuss the gorgeous and sexy, Dinah Drake, romping through the pages of Flash and All Star Comics in the late 40s as the Black Canary. The author must admit that he knows little about this heroine, other than having seen the strip. Her costume consisted of beautiful long blond hair, black costume, pirate boots, and net leotards. She seems to have had no super powers, but like most girl heroes, she was quick with the fists and the judo throws. Looking through various books, she seems to be sexily drawn, but displays little originality or imagination.



"The Most Beautiful Girls in the World Found Themselves in the Grip of an Unseen Terror..."

--- Blonde Phantom #15

The secretary to Mark Mason, Private Detective, is Louise Grant, with her long blonde hair drawn back in a bun and harlequin glasses. Her alter-ego, however, is the Blonde Phantom, wearing a black harlequin mask and a red sequined evening gown with a bare midriff. Sexily - drawn, this is another character which seems to display little imagination in the writing. "BP" has no super powers, and spends most of each episode either tied up or being hit on the head by a villain. She does spend a great deal of her time, courtesy of the artist, either bending over, showing off her rather innocent décolletage, or exposing her leg or legs through the slit in her evening gown.



"The debutante darling of polite society"

It's a wonder that any good works for charity were ever accomplished during World War II, since all of the poor, little rich girls like Diana Adams spent



all of their time running around meddling in crime. Appearing in Fighting Yank and America's Best, among others, Diana was really Miss Masque. (Note the upper class spelling of "mask".) In the earlier issues, she wore a black domino, a small, red vav with a feather, a red halter and cape arrangement, gauntlets, and a red mini-skirt. Later on, she wore more clothes, for some reason. Oh yes, and red sling-back high heels which during the 1940's, was the absolute ultimate in sexiness. She also lacked any super powers, but did use jiu jitsu to good effect. Her cover pictures were probably the sexiest part of the strip and, in fact, in Fighting Yank #22, she wears the abbreviated costume on the cover, but the interior story shows her with the covered-up version. A fairly well-drawn feature, this was just one of the many colorful females fighting crime during the "Golden Age". She was also a blonde.

"Peggy Allen - Reporter."

A real minor feature was "The Woman In Red", who had a short life in America's Best and Thrilling Comics. She had no powers, no sex appeal, and was only a filler. As the title implies, she dressed completely in a red hooded dress or coat, a red domino and red gloves, and was quick to use a gun. She often worked closely with the police, and probably the only interesting angle of the feature was her willingness to shoot first and ask questions later. This, of course, was part of the brutality of those early strips. I can't recommend this for much of any reason...



"America's Joan of Arc."

If that opening head sounds familiar it's not because I'm repeating myself, but because Contact Comics and Black Venus had the "Modern Joan Of Arc." This one was a character appearing in Parddevil Comics as Pat Patriot. She appears to have had no secret identity, and was a brunette dressed in red & white striped skirt with a blue blouse, a belt with a star on it, and in some cases a cape. She had no clothes sense, obviously, since she wore high heels with white ankle socks. (I may be doing her an injustice, since possibly these were supposed to have been boots.) She had no super powers. Although fairly well drawn, this is not a particularly interesting strip.

"Ginny Spears."

Another Crimson Clad Cookie was the Veiled Avenger, appearing for a one-shot deal in Red Seal Comics. She wore a red and white bolero jacket over a white blouse, a red skirt, and a red hood and grey, veil-type of mask. As Ginny Spears she was a blonde. She had no super powers, but in this one episode she used a whip, her fists, and tear gas. She sounds like a broad you wouldn't want to meet in a dark alley.

"Sandra quickly ducks out of sight, sheds her clothes, and becomes Phantom Lady."

Now on to another secondary feature appearing in Police and All Top Comics, but also appearing in her own: Phantom Lady, who is really the daughter of Senator Knight, Sandra Knight. We don't have a clue as to the political orientation of the Senator, but must assume, I guess, that he was a conservative Republican. A Democrat's daughter would probably never make it as a super heroine. Phantom Lady had two different costumes, one being a very sexy, one-piece yellow tank suit, with a blue cape; the other being a very sexy blue, cut-to-the-navel outfit with a red cape. Sandra was a brunette, and never wore a mask, making the careful reader wonder why no one could ever figure out the connection between super heroine and alter-ego. The stories featured a lot of underwear, bathtub, and lingerie pictures, particularly in the later issues.



Also of note is the fact that later issues of All-Top featured "tropical" - type features, giving them a chance to include diaphenous slave girl outfits, & the like. All in all, a good strip for the dirty old man.

"To the Music of Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Among the other patriotic heroines was "Dynamic" Laura Mason, a brunette appearing in a striped leotard, blue star spangled cape, and blue gloves as Yankee Girl. She had mystic powers, in that she had to say "Yankee Doodle Dandy" to become Yankee Girl, but that was about it. A character with the same name appeared in Captain Flight Comics as Kitty Kelly, Yankee Girl. This was a con-costumed heroine. Laura Mason appeared in Dynamic





Comics. It appears that the two may not have been related. The costumed Yankee Girl was a fair feature, but nothing exceptional.

"Endowed with the magical powers of the Statue of Liberty..."

How an inanimate hunk of architecture can have any magical powers is somewhat of a mystery to the author, but in *Military Comics*, Joan Dale of the FBI was privy to these powers and would become *Miss America*. (Not to be confused with Madeline Joyce, the *Marvel Mystery Miss America*.) This one wears a white skirt, red halter top, and blue cape. She's a brunette and has no mask. She has magic powers, using only gestures, ala Mandrake to turn a heavy club into a bottle of cologne, and conjuring up a sled to take a villain away from her. She can be knocked out, however. As a girl she's well drawn, being rather voluptuous and this represented a relatively sexy feature. It didn't last long, but looks like it should have had a longer run. Perhaps someone could revive this...

"A strange mysterious woman dedicates her life to ferret out the secrets of the enemies of democracy..."

This was a short-lived character appearing in two issues of *Dynamic Comics*. She wore a red evening gown and red domino mask. Her fiancée was killed by the Nazis, and to gain revenge she became: *Lady Satan*. Her weapon was a chlorine gun... In the only issue I've seen, her true name was not revealed. This too was another

filler which went the way of so many characters during this period. This character was pretty well drawn, although the concept wasn't much. Not only that, but one wonders how she could have possibly fired a gun using chlorine without either killing herself or having members of the Geneva Convention after her.

Double - Feature:

Because of the unavailability of material to the author, the last two heroines in this series will be combined. They are, respectively, *Moon Girl* and *Miss America* (Marvel series). The author has a single issue starring each of these ladies, and this doesn't seem to be enough to make any sort of valid judgement. *Moon Girl*, in the issue of "Moon Girl Fights Crime," available to me is, in reality, Clare Luna, (not much originality there) a history teacher at Rowley Jr. High. Her costume is blue shorts with a moon on the side and a yellow shirt. She has the power of the moonstone, which doesn't tell you much.

With regard to Marvel's *Miss America* I have only a one-time look at her in *Marvel Mystery #83*. This one seems less appealing than the one in *Military Comics*. For a super-heroine of this era she's almost monastically attired in a completely red outfit with a blue cape and a red beanie. She apparently has magical powers, or at least can fly. Although this particular issue makes no mention of her true identity, she is, in fact, Madeline Joyce. With thanks to Jerry Bails, I see that she appeared in 6 different Marvel



titles and therefore probably deserves more space than I'm giving her here. Nevertheless, there are a number of other Golden Age heroines that I suspect to deserve greater recognition.

This thing which started out to be a kind of casual glance for my own amusement and edification has now become the article - that - conquered - the world. To all those who have stuck with me this far, let me say that the next section will be, finally the last. This will cover, Great Cthulhu willing, the "Second Banana Heroines": all girlfriends, wives, lovers, or whatever to a male superhero story...

SECOND BANANA HEROINES

As many of our readers know, the role of 2nd banana in the old-time vaudeville stage was to back-up the first comic. In many ways, the 2nd banana was as important to the success of the show as the lead comic, since he kept the laughs (in this case substitute "action") coming. In the comic books, the same was often true of the female partner of the male hero... Reread some of those stories and note how often Hawkgirl, Bulletgirl, Namora, and others, got "their man" out of a tight spot. This format was true, of course, also with the kid helpers, e.g. Robin, Toro, and others. It seems, though, that the girl types were more charming. Let's have a look at some of them...

Susan Kent

In no way related to Clark Kent (as far as I know), this was the daughter of Sergeant Kent, a policeman, and girlfriend of "mild-mannered laboratory worker" Jim Barr. In some cases, she was also the lab assistant to Barr. As readers of *Nickel, Master and Whiz Comics* know, Jim Barr early in his career perfected a gravity helmet for himself, enabling him to become *Bulletman*. He also whipped up another one so that Susan Kent could become *Bulletgirl*. This strip represents another one of those comic book anomalies where, by adding only the helmet and costume, Susan's father doesn't know her.

Attractively drawn, Bulletgirl wore a replica of Bulletman's red and yellow costume, with a red shirt, yellow shorts, blue gloves, and high black boots. (All the rage for the past few years, those boots were formerly seen only in the comic books and in pornographic movies.) And, of course, the blue gravity helmet. This term is a bit of a misnomer, since the helmets were, of course, anti-gravity helmets.

This feature also represents a certain ambivalence present in most of the hero/heroine stories. There seems to be a certain "relationship" between Jim Barr & Susan Kent, but the casual reader, or for that matter, the intense reader can never be certain what it is. No kissing or affection, of course, that might have warped the psyches of the younger readers. Nevertheless, if Bulletgirl got kidnapped, or hurt, (as she did in some of the earlier issues of *Master Comics*), Bulletman was hot on the trail to get her back and avenge her. This must have been a bit confusing to those younger readers we mentioned earlier, who didn't want to have anything to do with girls. Perhaps they looked on Bulletgirl as only a "pal," with no sex differences involved.

Martha Roberts

Here we have a little less ambiguous relationship. Miss Roberts was the fiancée of Darrell Dane, who was Dollman. She, of course, was Dollgirl. She doesn't appear until *Dollman #37*, but is an attractive addition to the feature. She was a brunette with tight red outfit, blue cape, and blue boots. She and Dane became Dollgirl and Dollman by concentrating their amazing will power, and condensing the molecules of their bodies. This must have been some trick because even by using my amazing will power, I find it hard to lose two or three pounds.

Although not starting out very sexily, by the time one gets to the cover of *Dollman #46*, Miss Roberts is an extremely voluptuous young lady. This cover, by the way, although badly flawed on the author's copy, is an interesting one, complete with Humanoid in Space Helmet menacing Dollgirl, and Dollman coming to the rescue. A look through this issue indicates that the Dollman stories have become almost pure science fiction, and that the artist has done extremely well, in portraying Doll Girl with all of the female accessories.

One might also have a look at the secondary strip in the *Dollman Comics* and the *Dollman Quarterlies*, which was something known as "Torchy". Although a complete rundown of this feature doesn't belong in this article, this was thrown in for the DOM (Dirty Old Men) in the crowd. Almost all of them feature Torchy in charming semi-nudity.

Shiera Sanders

As probably nearly every comic book devotee knows, this is the friend, fiancée or whatever, of Carter Hall, the Hawkman. She is the Hawkgirl (what else?). Since the scope of this article doesn't cover current-day events, comments here represent only the 1940-1950 period. Hawkgirl during the middle 1940's was well drawn, naturally, by Shelly, Kubert, and others. She wears a red and green costume similar to Hawkman's, with the Hawkbilled mask. In some of the early stories, her hair had an unfortunate tendency to look frizzy, like Little Orphan Annie's. It got better later on, so maybe Carter sprung for a better hairdresser for her.

Hawkgirl is obviously a girl, although not sexy in the way that Dollgirl



is. For some reasons, she seems to pop in and out of the various stories, failing to appear at all in some. Most of her time is spent coming on like *Gangbusters*, to get Hawkman out of a tight spot. She only appears in two early issues of *All-Star Comics* she is only Shiera Sanders, not yet Hawkgirl. She is also drawn in negligee in some of the early issues. This character gets the author's vote for an unusual and charming first name.



Katie Conn

Here's a female second lead that is a bit out of the ordinary. Rather than an

adult, she's a kid in a Robin, Toro, etc. type role, although she happens to be a girl. Katie Conn or Kitten Conn, is also *The Kitten*, niece of David Merriweather, the Catman. Naturally, there's no sex appeal in this strip. Her costume is a hooded cat-type mask with red cape and red boots. Apparently the Kitten does grow up to some degree because on the cover of *Catman Vol. 3, #1* she is a mature, young lady. She is still a kid on the inside, although displaying some signs of maturing. She doesn't appear to have had any powers.



LINDA TURNER, HOLLYWOOD STAR AND AMERICA'S SWEETHEART, BECOMES BORED WITH HER ULTRA SOPHISTICATED LIFE OF MOVIE MAKE-BELIEVE. SHE TAKES TO CRIMEFIGHTING AND PLEDGES TO EXPOSE EVIL IN ALL ITS VICIOUS FORMS IN HER MOST ADVENTUROUS ROLE, IN THE GUISE OF HARD FIGHTING BLACK CAT, THE FEARLESS FELINE.



John G. Fantucchio

BLACK CAT

THE DARLING OF COMICS SINCE 1941

Who else but the female companion of Namor, the Submariner? For some reason, probably so the first names would jibe, she wasn't known as Submarina or Submarine Girl. Probably a smart move. Her costume was a tank-type sim suit, with a head-band, apparently covering her pointed ears. This was so that Spock, on one of his time trips to earth, wouldn't confuse her with a Vulcan female. She was not at all voluptuous, but was blond and attractively drawn. There's an excellent study of her on the cover of *Submariner #28*, complete with wings on her heels. Namora is recommended as one of the better drawn more realistically conceived heroines.



Doris Dalton

Having no relationship to the notorious Dalton gang, here's a gal who is an excellent DOM's character, probably not too well known. She is the fiancee of Cal Martin, Rocketman, and she is Rocketgirl.



Appearing in *Punch Comics*, this is a strip drawn by an artist with a definite

appreciation of the female form. She wears a skin-tight yellowish or gold costume, with a red hood-type mask and the rocket-packs. Apparently the costumes were leotards of some sort, since no boots seem to be in evidence. In *Punch #13*, there's one panel of Rocketgirl hanging on a carnival wheel which is right out of *Spicy Mystery* or *Saucy Movie Tales*. Although wearing her costume, she might as well have been drawn in the nude. Here's a character that John Fantucchio could do true justice to. She apparently has no super powers, depending upon the rocket-packs to get her around. One must remember that this was at a time when the V-2s were still big news and when any other type of human rocket power was strictly out of Buck Rogers, by way of Brick Bradford.

Belle Wayne

Finishing off this series in grand style, we come to this lady, who was a reporter on the *Daily Eagle*, and a friend of Nick Terry, the Owl, appearing in early *Crackjack Comics*. She, despite having the costume, doesn't appear to have been Owl Girl or anything, although I could be wrong on this. She appears in a skin-tight, grey costume, with an Owl mask. She had bare legs, wore a grey cape, and was an attractive, sexy blonde. She appears to have made only a one-shot appearance in *Crackjack #32*, February 1949. A pity, since this was a most attractive heroine.

EPILOGUE

Your author has, at last, run out of source material, smart remarks, and ambition. For any reader who has taken the time to check and to forestall gripes about leaving anyone out, let me freely admit that there are a dozen or so heroines that I didn't cover. This because of a lack of source material. Taking them from the *Collector's Guide*, they include: The Black Widow (Claire Voyant), Commandette, Golden Girl, Iron Lady, Miss Fury, Merry - Girl of 1000 Gimmicks, Flame Girl, Flame of Shaman and Flame, The Silver Scorpion, the Spider Queen, Spider Widow, Sun Girl, Gail Leary, The Will O' The Wisp, and Ghost Woman. There are some of these that I've seen, but don't know e-

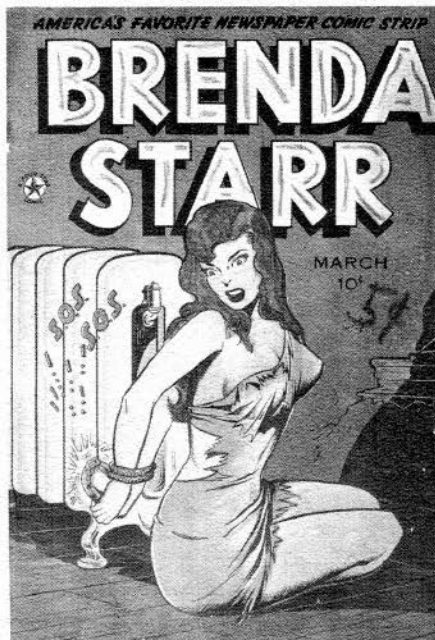
nough about to write about, and others that are only names to me. I think the "Will O' the Wisp" is a great name, and I've seen pictures of Miss Fury, who looks like an interesting character. If I've left out some personal favorite, I'm sorry. And of course, I deliberately left out the non-costumed girl friends, like those belonging to Dr. Fate, Ibis, Super-



As mentioned earlier, other authors have written about the Fiction House heroines, of which there were many, all languishing in torn tiger skins or space helmets, being menaced by BEM's, Dinosaurs, lecherous witchdoctors, and lascivious pygmies.

In closing, let me say again, that this article was written for fun, and I sincerely hope that the reader will get some fun out of it. It is not intended to be particularly scholarly, although I've tried not to make any glaring errors of fact. I started out with my own nostalgia craze some ten years before it became a national sport, and this is only another contribution to the surfeit of nostalgic information that is now upon us. We'll hope that it won't cause any picketing of the publisher by Women's Lib Movements. The author doesn't feel that current day womanhood is being trampled upon by us dirty old men, but you probably couldn't have been that sure by reading the 1940's comic books.

--- FINI



HIGH DAWN

DON NEWTON:

A PORTFOLIO OF WESTERN ILLUSTRATIONS

PART TWO











NEWTON

THE GOLDEN AGE REVIEWER

by R. Frank Moreno, Jr.

This is the introduction of a new type of column. What I will try to do is recommend or criticize certain Golden Age comics that pass through my greedy hands. Obviously, the reviews will be an extension of my preferences in comics. As I come into contact with more books ranging from 1939 until 1949, I'll try to convey to you their good and bad points so that you'll have some idea of what you're buying when you shop around. I know that it is aggravating to me to buy a lemon, and just because it's a certain title doesn't mean that's a guarantee for quality. With all that in mind, I hope to intelligently inform and entertain you with reviews of the better comics of the Golden Age...

POLICE COMICS 32 QUALITY-1944

Start off with a Jack Cole cover, nicely done, add an excellent Plastic Man story, and blend with one of my favorite Eisner Spirit strips, and you have this issue in a nutshell. The Cole Plastic Man story is great. The plot: Plas goes about capturing almost every crook in town. Only the leaders of gangs escape. Soon, the jails are so full that Woody and Plas are told to go on a vacation for two weeks, & give the police a rest. By coincidence, both our heroes and the leaders choose Cucaracha in Mexico to get away from it all. Well, you can guess what happens, with both factions on the southern side of the border. This story includes several humorous scenes with Woody performing his usual antics in a bullring. It's a real prize of a story.

The Eisner story begins with a criminal completing his prison term and being released. Commissioner Dolan welcomes him back to society with a tongue-lashing and a warning that he'd better stay in line or he'll be nailed. The Spirit, who is present at the meeting, attempts to show Dolan that he was wrong; that understanding and compassion are necessary to reform a criminal. The scene shifts to the ex-con, Tommy Hawkins, being rejected by employers, former friends, and society in general. After a near run with the law,

the Spirit sets him up as a legitimate gas station owner, and he gets married... vowing to follow the straight path. A former associate in crime, Jake the Killer, finds him and tries to force him to return to the life of crime. Hawkins and Jake struggle and Jake is thrown against a desk, his head hitting the corner. Dolan and the Spirit, who had been invited to dinner, enter to find Tommy bent over the deathly still body of Jake. After three tense panels, Dolan announces to Tommy his congratulations for capturing Jake, & awards him the reward for his capture. Returning it, Tommy asks that a program be started to aid other ex-cons, as the Spirit aided him. "Give 'em a break too." In the epilogue, we find that there actually is no such reward but that Dolan still intends to start such a program. Several weeks later we are witness to a lecture being given by Commissioner Dolan. The basis is, rather surprisingly, what the Spirit had been saying in the beginning of this little morality play. Tongue-in-cheek...

The remainder of the strips are the usual good-versus-bad plots with less dynamism than the aforementioned stories. The Manhunter strip is a step above the others, with good solid Al Bryant art and an acceptable "drive the old rich man crazy to get his valuables" trick. Destiny visits the Devil, which isn't so hot, and the Human Bomb is delightful in its simplicity with decent art. Platfoot Burns, and the one-pagers, are tolerable.

In all, this is a satisfying, very enjoyable issue of one of Quality's finest.

Rating: 5

DAREDEVIL 49 LEV GLEASON-JULY 1948

My first and biggest complaint deals with the poor method of advertising that appears on the very first page. You open the issue to face two full-page ads, informing the reader how he can lose weight using this product or fix pimples with another. Not appealing at all.



BRUCE D. PATTERSON '73

The lead story itself is a good imaginative poke at kid gangs and secret societies that get out-of-hand. Mattie Proctor has died of numerous puncture wounds that have been infected. However he got them, he didn't tell to the end. The Little Wise Guys, who were friends of Mattie decide to find out. Curly, smoking a cigarette and playing pool, persuades one of the members of the secret club that Mattie was a member of to get him into the club. The Greys, as they're called, are a secret boy's organization dealing in stolen goods and illegal activities. They wear grey hoods with numbers on the foreheads. Curly enters a cave with Vinnie, the guy he'd talked into taking him to the meeting. Both travel through corridors of rock until they reach a chamber full of hooded lads.

The Grey's conduct initiation tests on Curly, one of which is a sword fight, which culminates with a sword wound puncturing his shoulder. He is forced to sign a pledge in his own blood. After the meeting is over, Curly returns and runs into a trap which buries pounds of rocks on him. He digs free, as Jock says, "half-dead". The LWG's enlist the aid of a rival gang to break open the secret club of the Grey's. The Square-shooters, as they call themselves, work out a plan of attack, and in a big fight scene, they defeat the Grey's and capture their leaders. The judge sentences the Grey members to the State Reformatory. The Square-shooters get the praise of the community (naturally) and decide to stay together & not disband. And Curly is up and around in no time at all.

The story is tight, with no glaring holes or inconsistencies. The art is by regular Daredevil artist, Norman Maurer, and his cave scenes are quite good, with just the right amount of shadow for this type of story. My only other complaint is

concerning the originality of the script. It seems to remind one of the plot of *Daredevil* #15. That issue contains the death of Meatball, one of the original Little Wise Guys. For reference, I suggest you check *STERANKO'S HISTORY OF THE COMICS, VOL. 1*, page 83. That page contains a good text referring to the plot of that issue, and you can see the coincidences, between the two plots.

Rating: 3

This follow-up tale is excellent. I really enjoyed it. In this one, *Daredevil* is called by a rich investment broker. The broker, Mr. Hunt, is in fear of his life. Suddenly, a man bursts into the room and shoots Hunt before *Daredevil* can act. The man attempts to escape, only to be mortally wounded. Before he dies, he is persuaded by *Daredevil* to tell his story, so that his daughter may know the reason. The man, identified by now as Joe Welsh, decides his daughter must "know her Dad wasn't really bad."

Joe Welsh and his wife Stella, are the servants for Mr. Hunt. Stella needs an operation that costs \$500, and Joe goes to Hunt, hoping for a loan, or at least a co-signer of a bank loan. Hunt turns him down. The scene shifts to a party, with Hunt being charmed by a young and beautiful socialite for a ride home. On his return from her apartment (hmmm.....), Hunt is intoxicated, and runs over a little boy running across the street, and drives away from the scene.

Remembering that Welsh needs money, Hunt makes an offer to Welsh that he take the rap in exchange for a pay-off of the operation and a check for \$10,000 to be cashed in a year.

Welsh goes to jail and gets the news that his wife died shortly after his sentence began. Hunt had stolen the money for the operation, and she had died while sitting on a bench in a bus station, destitute and penniless. So, when Welsh was paroled, he set out to kill Hunt and succeeded.

Nancy, the little girl, is shown thru out the story clutching a doll named Millicent. As Joe dies, *Daredevil* and the LWG find Nancy in an orphanage. Earlier, a hint had been dropped about the doll. Also, the check had not been accounted for. So *Daredevil* put two and two together and yup, you guessed it: the check was in the doll. Nancy had the check, Joe had Stella in the great beyond, and Hunt had literally hell to pay.

The art is by Roy Belfi, and although familiar, I don't know too much about him. Gleason's artists are some of the most underrated and hopefully some history of comics will devote a chapter to them.

Rating: 3 1/2

The last tale is a comical strip called the "Sniffer". In this one, the Sniffer's origin is presented. It is rather droll, and not exceptional enough to bear more than one reading. The letters page in this issue mentions that readers either love or hate the Sniffer. I hate him.

Rating: 1

Overall, this rates a: 3

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We regret being unable to furnish

any reproductions from the reviewed comics, but unfortunately, the photos that Mr. Moreno provided me with were unsuitable for reproduction. And, due to deadlines, suitable replacements weren't received in time to include them with the article.

Here's hoping the illustrations, by Bruce Patterson and John G. Fantucchio, in some way make up for the missing repros.

Meanwhile, I'd appreciate any comments, criticisms, and suggestions pertaining to Mr. Moreno's column. Send in your suggestions as to what Golden - Age comic books you would like to see scrutinized, should Mr. Moreno's column, and *THE COLLECTOR*, continue.

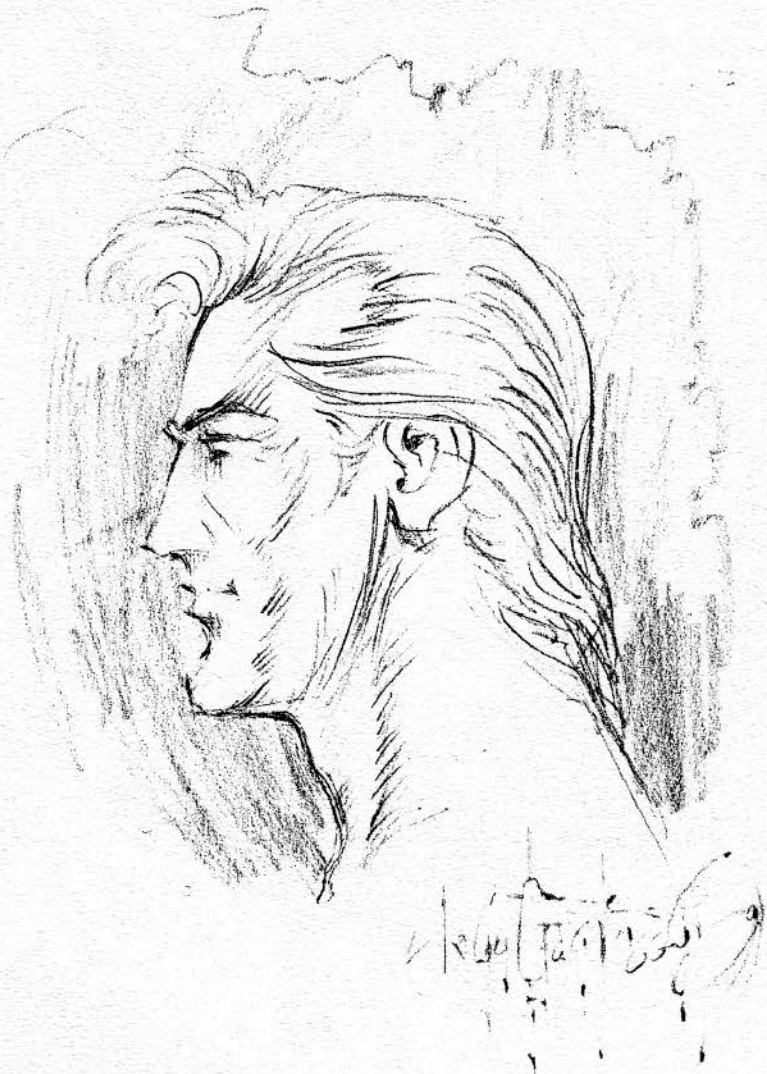
Also, please let us know if at all

possible, you could either send us reproductions (photos, stats, etc.) of comics in your own collection, or loan copies to Mr. Moreno for review purposes.. or let us know where we can obtain some of the issues you'd like to see reviewed in the future.

Please address all communications to:

BILL G. WILSON
THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Drive
Jefferson Borough
Clairton, Pennsylvania 15025

any constructive criticism, comments, assistance, anything will be heartily appreciated...





Jim Finkowski 6-3-73

THE LEGACY OF STAR TREK

by Scott B. Miller & Joseph P. Fellabaum

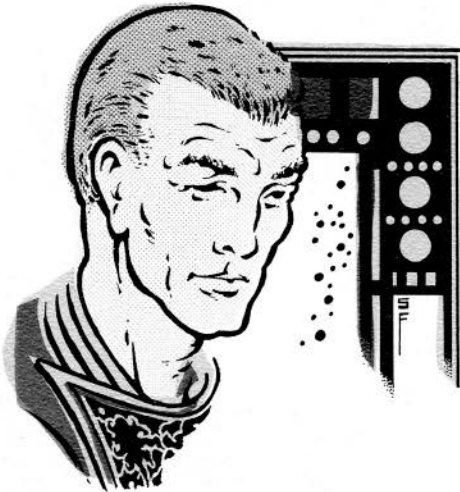


In all the annals of television history, and specifically the sci-fi arena, no show has had such an impact, as Star Trek. "To boldly go where no man has gone before," Gene Roddenberry's brain child crossed thresholds never before attempted. Even today, four years since it departed prime time TV, Trek lives. Today, Star Trek is viewed by more people than ever. Fans in swarms travel to Trek conventions. Trekkies (the official name for Star Trek superfans, and there are hordes of them too!) buy scripts, film clips, try to make their own phasers, and even put on pointed ears. To the non-viewer, the most "logical" question, as Spock would say, might be: WHY? The answer is as simple as a "Regulan Blood Worm" or even an "Aldeberon Shell Mouth." Roddenberry, in producing Star Trek, was trying to prove 3 most interesting ideas: 1) The idea that viewers did care what they saw, 2) That Sci-Fi could be just as interesting, and stimulating, and not the kiddie stuff that some thought it was, and 3) Most importantly, that man can make a future for himself - if he wants to.

No television show ever had the tremendous "write-in" support that Star Trek had. When rumors of Star Trek's cancellation began to circulate in 1967, thousands of letters swamped NBC, forcing them to save Star Trek. The show lived on to a second season, and then once again it was necessary to set "Enterprise Phasers" on stun to guide NBC to give Trek its third season leave on life. But the lease was a "Pyrrhic Victory", in that Star Trek was given the 10:00 P.M. time-spot on Friday nights, the graveyard shift and the equivalency of certain death for the series. Alas, Star Trek made its demise in 1969. But, ever since then, constant rumors circulate concerning the possibility of its re-birth and rejuvenation. Fans are still able to pour in about 700 letters a week, and to prove NBC's interest in the defunct show, this can be attested to by the fact that strangely enough, a new car-

toon series called Star Trek will join their Saturday morning line-up this fall. (Hey, they finally woke up). This can be seen as a move to test if the Trek magnetism is still there. Star Trek disproved the theory held by TV executives that TV viewers were a collection of blooming idiots, and really didn't care what they saw. Today Trek has changed their attitude...

Star Trek was the first show to combat and crack through the television censorship barrier extremely well. Many of the clothes that the women wore were rather skimpy, but never in bad taste. Star Trek was one of the first shows to be able to do this. The second thing that it did was to bring up questions on sensitive material, matters such as: Racial appearances, Birth Control, Mixed marriages, Slavery, and disease.



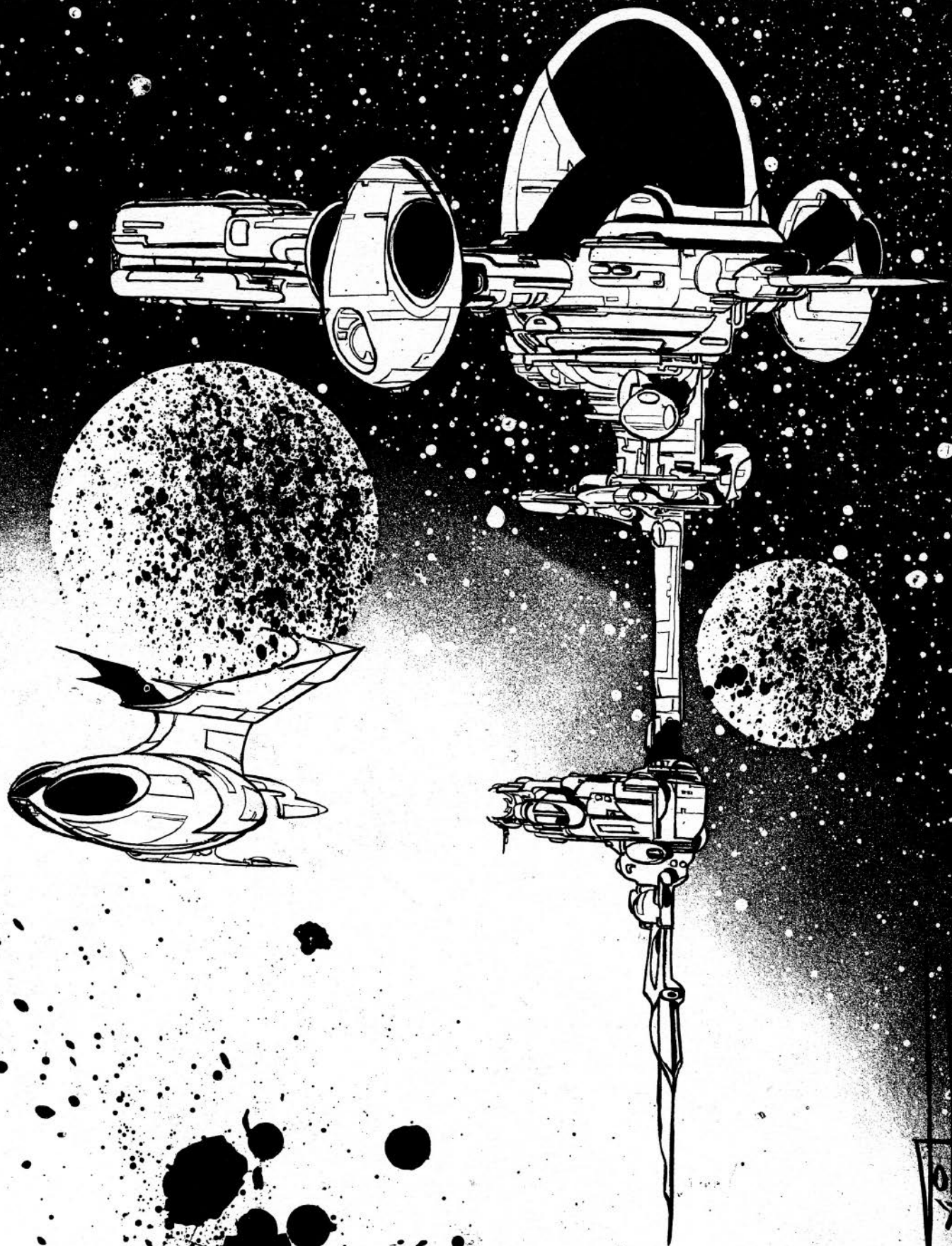
Trek also helped to bring about a big change in the field of Sci-Fi, long regarded as nothing but a collection of bug-eyed monsters, the usual vampire fare or even the destructive martians. Trek changed the everyday opinion of Science-Fiction. Roddenberry proved that Science-Fiction could be just as intellectually stimulating as any other form of literary entertainment. By having the adventures of the USS Enterprise take place far away in space and on distant worlds, Roddenberry successfully disguised the fact that he was trying to get across ideas & concepts that were relative to our modern society, just as Johnathan Swift, in his "Gullivar's Travels", satired the English Society, or as Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" was an in-depth look at life on the common level in the eighteenth century. Trek's creator brought to light many of the problems facing man today. One episode, "The Doomsday Machine," dealt with man's increasing desire to have superior military capability over his enemies. In "Ultimate Computer," the concern of man's striving for the ultimate in computer science was paired off against the possible

loss of personal importance and pride.... When Kirk defeats the Ultimate Computer, he proves that "there are some things that men must do to remain men," things that machines can never do. A third episode, "Who Mourns for Adonais," dealt with man's early religious beliefs. It posed the theory that the early Greek gods were actually space travelers who landed in a primitive world where the people believed they were gods. With the recent rise in the theory of the "Ancient Astronauts," this is a most plausible and interesting take-off. Granted, not every episode had a message, but this leads directly to the third point of Roddenberry's theories --- that man can build a future for himself, if he wants to.

Unlike so many other Science-Fiction writers who easily wrote the human race off as victims of nuclear holocausts, or destroyed by sixty-foot monsters who spit fire, Roddenberry took the optimistic approach, and used his foresight to explore the possibilities of what life would be like two or three centuries from now. In Star Trek's century, the galaxy is ninety percent unexplored. Man is for the first time beginning to voyage to the stars and to unlock its secrets. Also, Roddenberry saw (and this is most likely to be true, one day) that man will have to unite himself on this planet and forget his differences if he is ever to make anything of himself. Trek was the first show to have an inter-racial cast, who worked well together.



Along with Roddenberry's three basic concepts, there was the basic ideas for much of the show's technology, gadgetry, and scripts - believability and plausibility. Roddenberry actually thought of himself as a blue-print maker to the stars.



Together with such people as Matt Jeffries (who designed the fantastic interior of the Enterprise, and drew up the plans for the basic model of the USS Enterprise and the shuttle-craft Galileo) and Jimmy Rugg (who won an Emmy award for special effects for his work on Nomad, the space-probe, seen in the episode "The Changing"), Roddenberry set out to solve questions on how man will eat, live & sleep in deep space on long voyages.

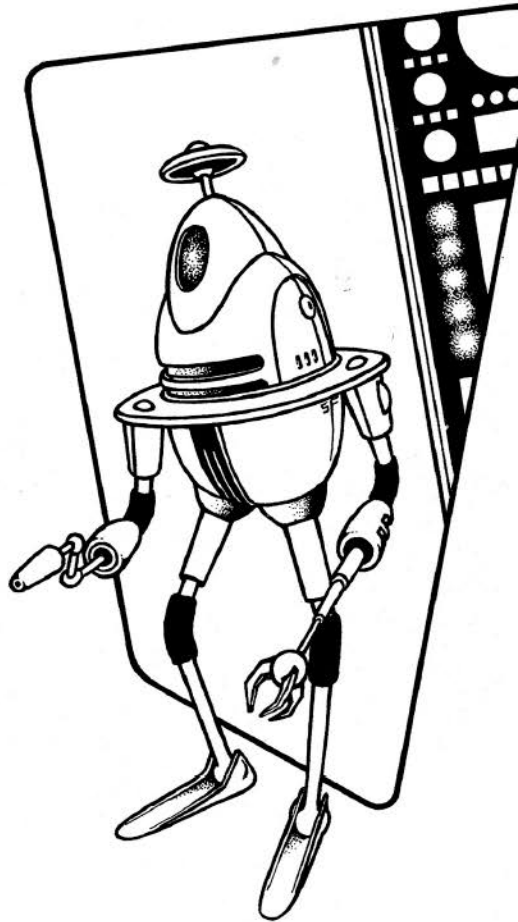
The believability of the gadgetry in Star Trek can be attested to by the following statements of fact. The U.S. Navy actually sent a party of officials to study the feasibility of the USS Enterprise bridge layout as a possibility for the bridge layout of one of the new super carriers. A medical firm was very peeved by the fact that Trek's sickbay scanners were very similar to ideas that they were working on. Finally, a man wanted to know the secret of how the Enterprise doors opened and closed so darn fast (alas, they were really opened by a hidden stagehand). Most of all the idea of the energy-matter transporter being capable of beaming a person like a radio wave is one idea that deserves merit. All that is needed now is the technology to build and use it.

Just as with the gadgetry, Star Trek scripts were just as believable. Unlike other TV series such as Time Tunnel, Land of the Giants, The Invaders, and Lost In Space, to name just a few series which left the viewer hanging in mid-air as to why things happened, Star Trek captured the viewer's attention and got him to believe in the "wonder of it all".

The adventures of Kirk and company were always backed-up with fact, or the possibility of fact. For instance, if the "Horta" of Planet Janus V is killing miners, one soon finds out that it is protecting its unborn children from desecration by the unknowing miners. There is a tendency to read into the scripts too much but at least this much can be said for

Star Trek's award-winning episodes: Roddenberry saw Star Trek as a sort of "Wagon Train to the Stars" - a group of series regulars who go through adventures together just like any other dramatic series.

It would be appropriate at this time to finally bring out two anecdotes which will tend to prove without a doubt, the love and affinity that Star Trek has engendered unto itself. In Vietnam, a truck convoy once successfully made it through enemy territory unfired upon. Before entering the most dangerous area of enemy activity, the convoy commander announced over his loud speaker to the enemy, that he and his crew were of the Starship Enterprise and were equipped with Phasers & Photon Torpedoes. The Viet-Cong, hiding in the bushes, probably having seen Star Trek somewhere, were scared aplenty, and not one shot was fired as the convoy passed through an area noted for ambushes & fire-fights. Even more interesting is the story of the little girl who was given the will to live by a Tribble. Tim Courtney managed to obtain a Tribble from Bjo Trimble (the lady who organized the Star Trek letter-writing campaigns) for a very special patient of hers. A little girl who had lost the will to live was imprisoned in an iron lung. The kindly nurse



MR. SPOCK - AS HE APPEARS IN THE SATURDAY MORNING CARTOON SERIES

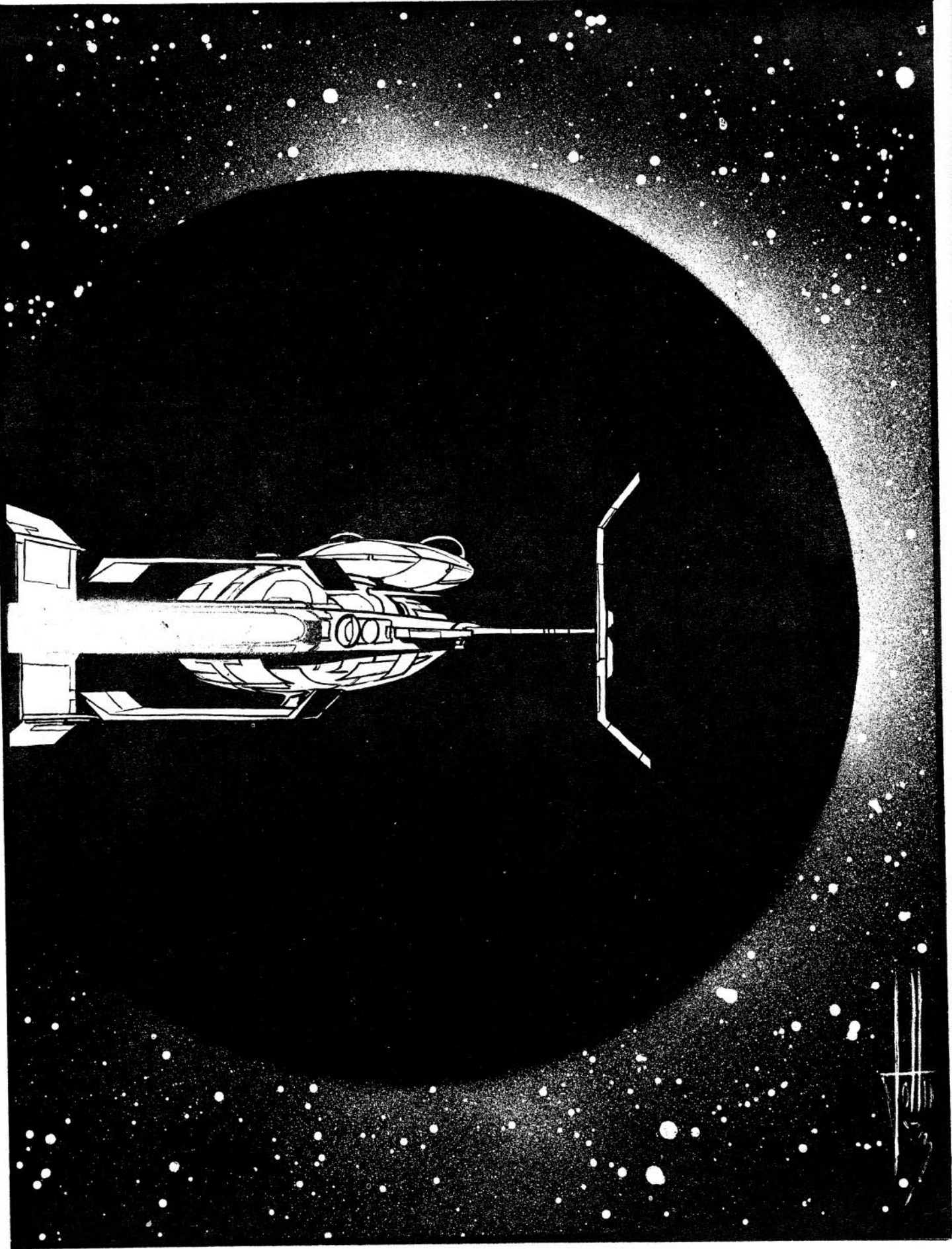


TREKKIE SUPER - QUIZ ...

(We, the Commodores of the Loyal Order of the Vulcan Ear, thought it might be interesting to test the "memory banks" of those who think they have seen "Star Trek". Vulcans and Andorians are of a rare breed, and only a true "trekkie" can pass this test. Take the test and see if you can qualify as a life-form reading.)

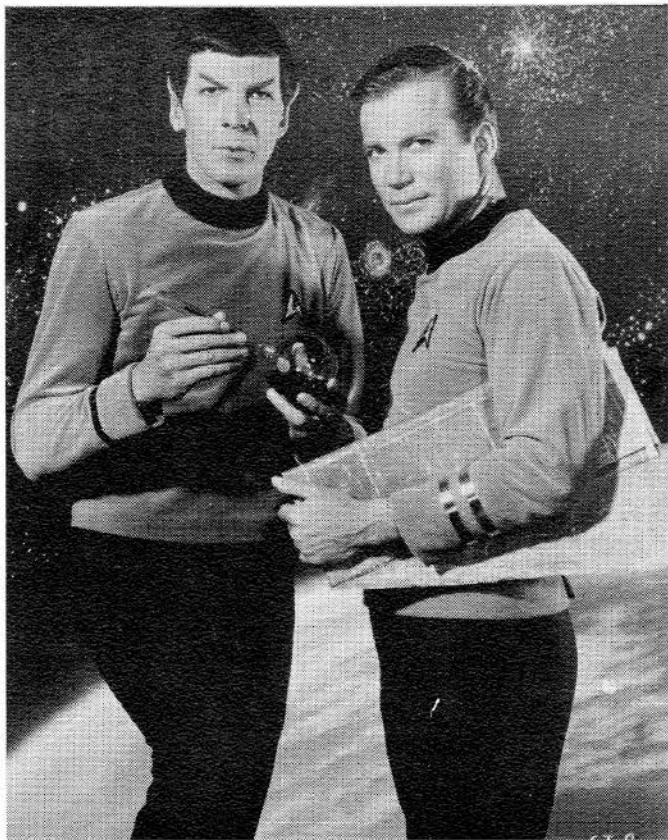
1. Who is presently third-in-command of the U.S.S. Enterprise?
2. What is the connection between a mako root and a Canutuu woman?
3. What planet is Mr. Hengist supposedly from?
4. Name the present Commodores of Starbases 10 and 11.
5. Name the only two episodes which featured space station shots.
6. Of what sector of the Star Fleet Command is Admiral Komack?
7. Name the 4 villains who countered Kirk, Spock, Sarak, and Abraham Lincoln in the episode, "Savage Curtain"?
8. Who discovered the "Space Warp", and what world did he make his home on?
9. What deformed Captain Christopher Pike?
10. Name the only two Fleet Captains ever mentioned on Star Trek.
11. How many crew members did the S.S. Beagle carry, and who was her captain?
12. Who always beat the "tar" out of Captain Kirk in his days as a midshipman at the Space Academy?
13. Define General Orders #1, #7, and #24.
14. What is Kirk's brother's name?
15. Who was the military governor of Organia?
16. Why did the Enterprise visit planet Signet XIV?
17. How often do the ore ships visit planet Delta Vega?
18. Give precisely the age of Spock's father.
19. What survey ship did "Charlie X" destroy?
20. What is a Quatlu?







MR. SPOCK WITH CAPT. CHRISTOPHER PIKE...



...AND WITH CAPT. JAMES T. KIRK

21. Give the significance of the "Year of the Red Bird".
22. What is the M-5, and why is it called the M-5?
23. What two awards did Dr. Richard Daystrom receive for his work in computronics and duotronics?
24. Who was once referred to as a chairbound paper-pusher?
25. Classify the Shuttlecraft used by Kirk and Mendez in "Menagerie Part 1".
26. Who was Kodos?
27. What is the "Ponn Farr"?
28. Who was Security Chief in "Mirror, Mirror"?

(WHO SAID)

29. "Sort of gets me right here, My son the doctor."
30. "I have seen forty-two years of the red bird."
31. "Veer off."

If you are interested in saving Star Trek, please write to the following addresses:

Frank Yablans	Mort Werner	Herb Schlosser
Paramount Pictures	NBC-TV	NBC-TV
5451 Marathon St.	30 Rockefeller Plaza	3000 Alameda Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038	New York, N.Y. 10029	Burbank, Calif. 91505

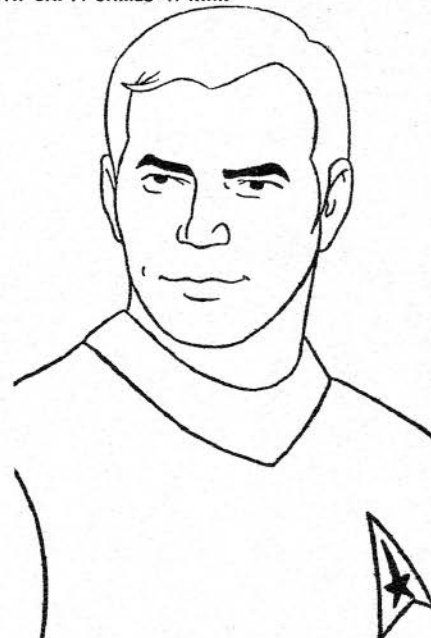
Some "Do's" and "Don'ts" in writing to save Star Trek:

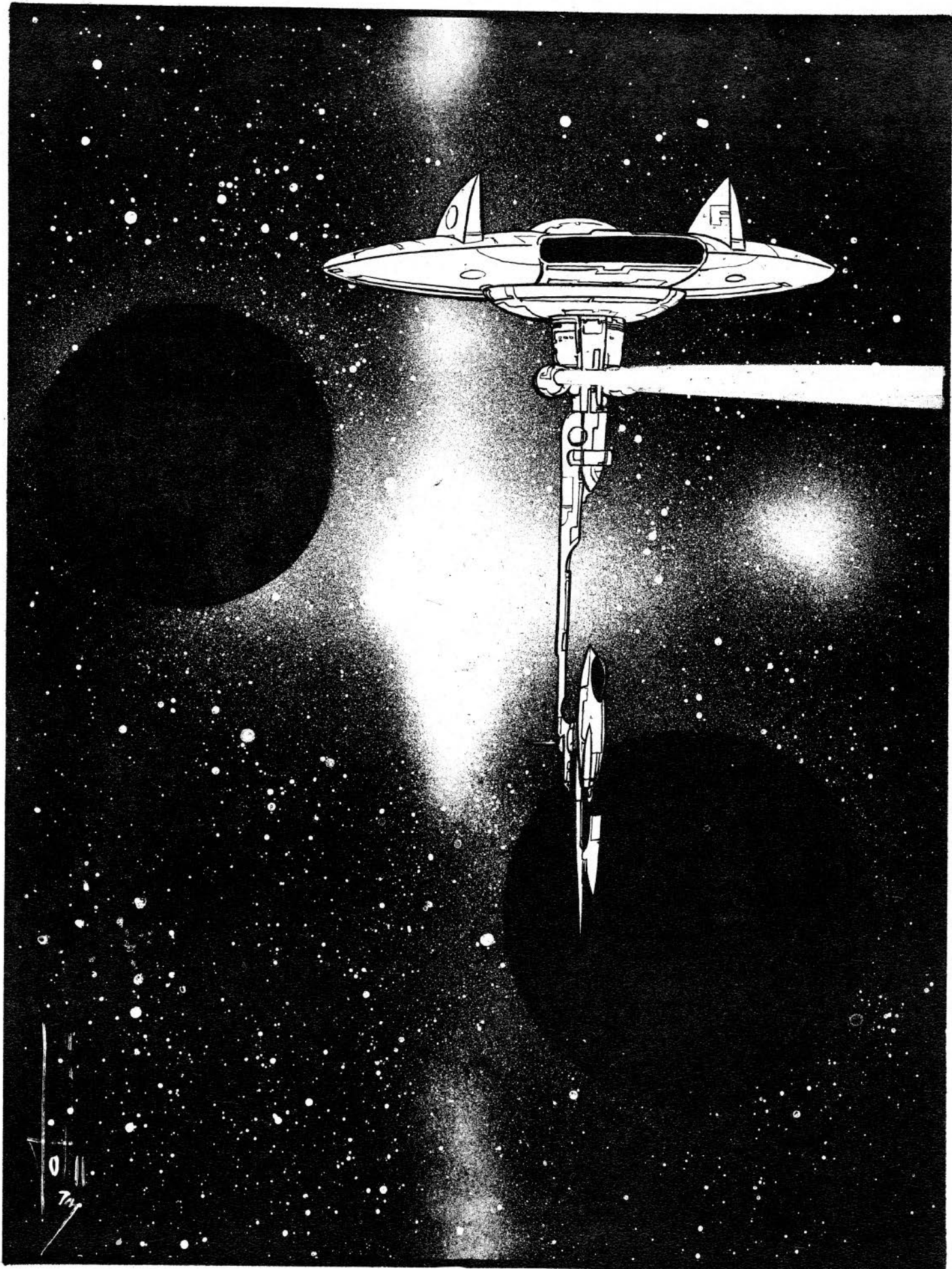
- 1) Do make all letters neat and intelligible.
 - 2) Do make letters firmly voiced, and intent-apparent.
 - 3) Do write immediately, and encourage others to do the same.
 - 4) Do keep a record of all letters sent and received.
- 1) Don't put "Star Trek" on the envelope. (All letters with "Star Trek" marked on them will be automatically forwarded to the show.)
 - 2) Don't make a petition letter. (i.e., 100 signatures=1 letter...100 letters carry more weight.)
 - 3) Don't make it a form letter that can be easily taken for carbon copies or other such things.
 - 4) Don't make letters of the "cutie" type. Make them business-like and to-the-point.
 - 5) Don't make it anonymous.

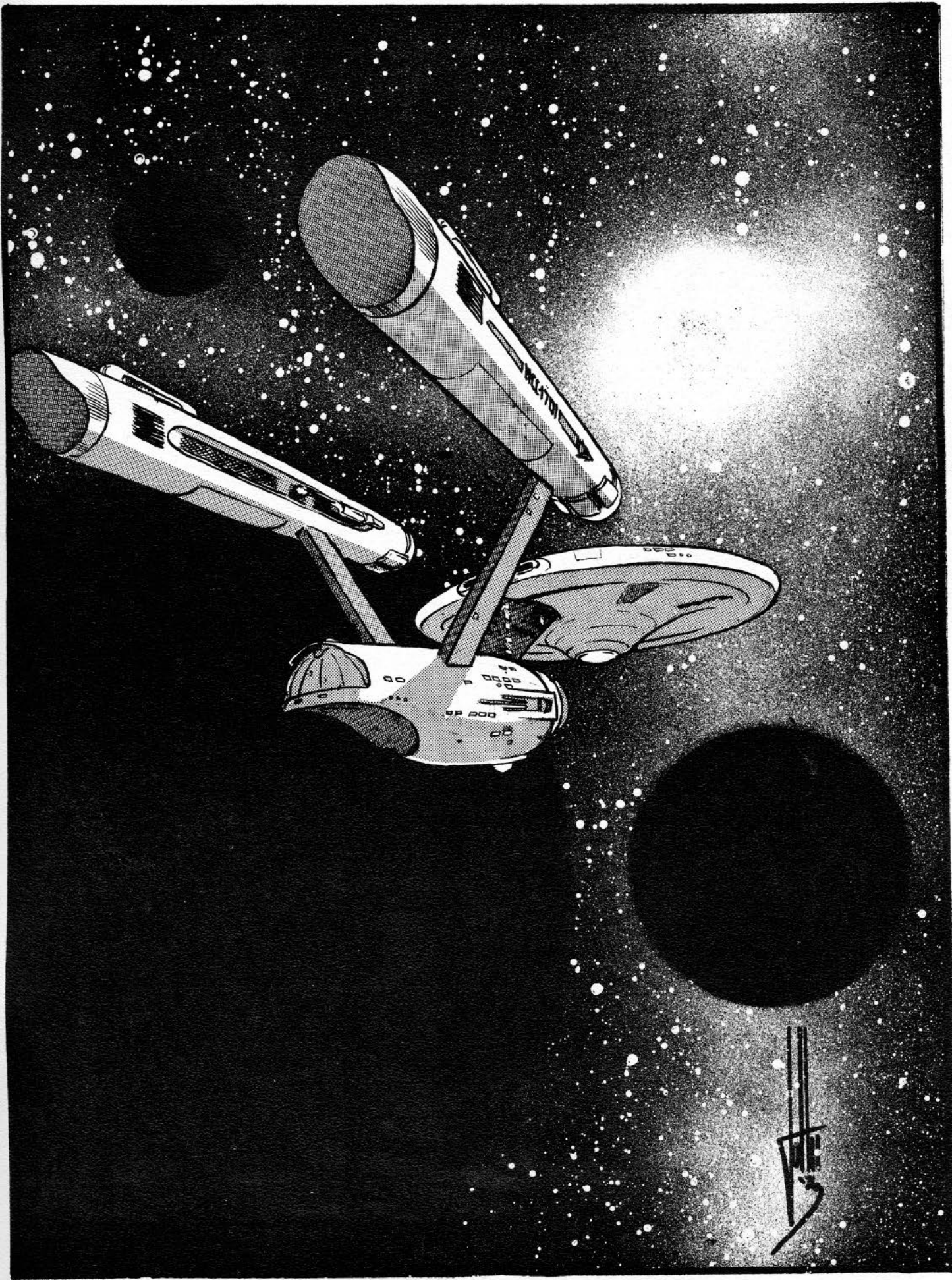
Please send all comments to: Bill Wilson, Editor/Publisher/Printer
THE COLLECTOR

(in care for Commodore Scott B. Miller Respectively, President and Vice-President
Commodore Joseph P. Fellabaum of the Loyal Order of the Vulcan Ear.)

OPPOSITE PAGE: "TERRA NOVA" BY JOHN BYRNE
SUBSEQUENT PAGES: "HOMECOMING" and "STRANGE NEW WORLDS"







SHADOW

OF
THE
AGES



LOGO BY JOHN ELLIS

by MURRAY BISHOFF

What makes a hero, a man who stands out among men? We can name courage, cunning, and action; but to battle crime in life-or-death situations demands unusual ability in all these points...and a touch of the dynamic. We can see all this, in the following passage:

"... As the first man stepped just beyond the edge of the door the barrier was swung shut by the quick thrust of a figure that had stood behind it. The slam caused the three gorillas to swing in that direction.

Between them and the door, was the sinister figure of a black-clad being who had appeared as suddenly as a ghost. A long black cloak hung from hidden shoulders; an upturned collar obscured the lower portion of the face above it.

Topped by a black slouch hat, the upper portion of the countenance was concealed by the broad, turned-down brim. Two blazing eyes—optics that burned with a glaring sparkle—were the only visible features of that unseen countenance.

Blazing eyes! Threatening eyes! But they were not the only menace which the startled gunmen faced. Black-gloved hands projected from the folds of the cloak; each fist grasped a huge automatic, and the muzzles of the .45's were covering the trio who had come to slay an unsuspecting victim.

"The Shadow!"

The gasp came from three husky throats; and the echo of those words was a whispered, mocking laugh, that issued from beneath the brim of the slouch hat."

This is indeed The Shadow; master adventurer, man of mystery, and restless scourge of criminals. This episode, from "The Red Blot" (June 1, 1933), gives us a the flavor of this, the most popular of the pulp heroes.

Let's take a look at The Shadow himself. What made him an effective crime fighter? Like The Spider, he used psychological warfare so that his enemies would fear him. Gangsters feared The Spider, though, because he killed many of their kind, but they feared The Shadow because he seemed supernatural. He could hide invisibly in the darkness and strike like a wraith of the night. Let the imagery of Walter Gibson describe this "shadow-ing" from the House of Shadows (Dec. 15, 1939):

"... The lantern glow was turned toward the door of the trailer. Pell had pulled the door wide open, and it had not closed. Bleary eyed, the dying crook watched the blackness of the doorway, until he fancied that its gloom became solid. Still, he merely clutched his gun and watched.

Blackness traced itself along the trailer's inner wall. It formed a hawkish profile, a sinister silhouette creeping inward like a beckoning specter of approaching death. Above that profile, Kid Pell saw the outlined shade of a slouch hat.

Again the dying man looked toward the door, the direction in which his gun was pointed. There was no longer any doubt about the blackness. It moved like the solid figure that had lunged in from the darkness outside the bus..."



The Shadow dressed in black, wearing a broad brimmed hat, a long, many-folded cloak that completely obscured his form,

and black gloves. Out of that mass of black only his face and penetrating eyes could be seen. It is written "the Shadow knows," and well he might, for more than once his stare produced a confession, by mere force of will. He was highly skilled with a pair of hefty .45 calibre revolvers, his usual weapons, and he often relied on suction disks, small tools, and chemicals for added assistance.

On top of all these "earthly" weapons, the Shadow had a far more disarming force at his disposal, and that was his laugh. Eerie and creeping, it signified the Shadow's presence. With it, he mocked the foes who could not see him and challenged those who could with the defiance of a demon. It's hard to imagine what the laugh really should sound like, what with all the different images the pulp texts suggest. We have the radio versions, and I'm sure we each have our own ideas. Again let's turn to Walter Gibson's version, this time from Vengeance is Mine! (Jan. 1, 1937):

"... From the blackness burst the strident challenge of a mocking laugh; an outlandish taunt that quivered the still-ed air. Sardonic, the cry rose to a fierce crescendo, then shuddered into echoes, that seemed to answer from every side. It came as a lone fighter's defiance to the enemies who sought him..."

In a battle, such a laugh could reveal one's location, so the Shadow used ventriloquism to completely confuse his foes. The laugh was also a way to communicate with assistants. The Shadow could somehow add emotions to his "call" and cue the next move of attack. The laugh underlined the spectral front of this crime-fighter, and really gave criminals something to worry about.

Impersonation was a good espionage device the Shadow often used. To study the underworld, the Shadow disguised himself as a typical non-descript gangster. Wearing a bloated and grimy face, a hard expression, an old sweater, and a slight limp, our hero could go most anywhere undetected. In respectable circles the Shadow appeared as Henry Arnaud or, more often, as Lamont Cranston. The Cranston role was his most effective disguise because, as a rich playboy, he could relax in the midst of those who were often threatened



by gangdom. He even could share intimacy with police commissioner Ralph Weston. The Shadow borrowed this identity from the real Lamont Cranston after making a deal to keep the true playboy off on a perpetual safari in Timbuktu while the Shadow battled crime in the cities.

Authors of the pulps often called the Shadow's many faces mask-like, as indeed they were. Even the Shadow's own face, painted so vividly on the pulp covers by Graves Gladney and George Rozen, was somewhat disguised. The Shadow didn't reveal his true face until The Shadow's Shadow (Feb. 1, 1933) and in The Black Falcon (Feb. 1, 1934) and both times left the viewer in terror. We have very few clues about the Shadow's personality or past at all. Frank P. Eisgruber, Jr. probed this question closely in his article in Pulp #3 and found the Shadow was the most mysterious of all pulp heroes. We can piece together a little of his story. We can only guess at the Shadow's age, but we know he flew in World War I as the Black Eagle, air ace and master spy like G-8. After the war he traveled as a soldier of fortune throughout the world, learning the sciences and secrets of many lands. He even gained membership into the super secret intelligence organization called the Seventh Star. On his ring he wears a girasol, a perfect fire opal unlike any other jewel; a symbol of mysterious adventure and the unique man possessing it. Mr. Eisgruber speculates that this man saw crime as a much greater threat than the dangers of international espionage, so he gave up his true identity and became the Shadow. Occasionally he used his original Kent Allard identity in his impersonation but after all the years of fighting crime he had changed from that agent figure of old. He combatted crime as a new person, a true shadow to his foes.

Now that we've covered all the extra skills that make this man a potent crime

fighter, we go back to the most basic point - physical prowess. The Shadow was a big man, tall and strong. Unlike Doc Savage, we have no record of arms & legs bulging with muscles because the Shadow covered himself with a cloth. We do know he could handle himself with any man and act with split-second precision in a gun battle. Often he was wounded, but fought on regardless. His endurance was unbelievable. For example, in Vengeance Bay (Mar. 1, 1942) the Shadow led an attack on a cottage along the rocky New England coast that was filled with gangsters. The routed gangsters fled and disappeared, so the Shadow found a speedboat and sped across the night-blackened harbor in search of them. Unknown to him, however, two of the thugs had been hiding on that same speedboat. They attacked the Shadow and overcame him only because the rough seas and the high speed of the boat prevented a standing battle. The Shadow had fallen overboard backwards and was swallowed by a strong undertow, but he fought his way to a buoy where he rested and regained his senses. From there he swam to a distant lighthouse for assistance even though he had to fight the breaking waves to avoid getting smashed against the rocks. This just about exhausted him. Next he climbed sixty feet of stairs to the top of the lighthouse only to find that the lighthouse keeper had been kidnapped and there was a gangster in his place. Needless to say the two started fighting, the gangster armed and the Shadow weaponless. They fought next to the stairway, slipped, and they both fell back down the stairs. The Shadow made sure his opponent got most of the beating of the fall, so when they reached the bottom he grabbed the loose gun and finished the gangster in a final hand-to-hand fight. Then he collapsed and got carried away by two men who just arrived on the scene.

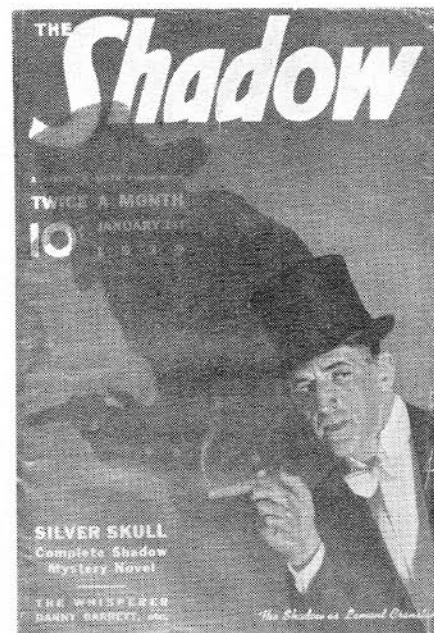
At the crack of dawn the Shadow had

fully revived and gained new weapons. Thus prepared he led another attack, this time on an ancient fortress filled with armed gangsters. The Shadow, the men who carried him from the lighthouse, and his assistants triumphed. A duel between the ancient cannons of the fort and a modern submarine in the harbor followed, with the Shadow calling the shots and beating the sub hands down. Then he led a final attack on the gangster leader's headquarters on the shore. All in all an exciting story, but one that ranks the Shadow as one of the supermen of hero-dom.

More than any other pulp hero, the Shadow was a loner. He had very few close friends. He never received public praise for his work. He seemed to live just to fight crime. He had a network of agents working for him throughout the world, but they only had a distant relationship with him. The agents seldom saw or spoke to their leader. Their job, however, was clear; receive and obey orders to the letter, and so they did.

The Shadow ran his organization precisely, using every available tool to aid him in his fight against crime. Proficiency in the languages and sciences plus access to hoards of information like phone numbers (even unlisted ones), addresses, and police records enabled him to recognize crime and piece clues together far better than any public law enforcement agency.

The Shadow's agents played an important part in his organization. All strangely bound to risk death at their leader's orders, these agents did groundwork investigation. They would collect strange facts, hunt and trail crooks, and assist in fights, but their job was always one of mere assistance. The Shadow would trace the true villains from what his a-



gents uncovered, and in the end he alone reckoned with the foe. The Shadow also did basic work like his assistants, but they enabled him to detect and act sooner and possibly save some lives.

The Shadow's aides appear constantly in the pulps. As the main characters of many of the novels, we should discuss these people fully. Head of all the agents was Burbank, to whom all agents always sent their reports and in turn received the Shadow's orders. We know even less about Burbank than we do about the Shadow, for all we see is his round-the-clock service to his leader. In similar service we have Rutledge Mann, an insur-

ance broker, who looked for strange occurrences in the business world and in the newspapers, and he too passed along detailed reports to other agents. Then there were the active agents who investigated and fought for their chief. They include Harry Vincent, a young all-purpose man the Shadow saved from suicide who has since turned his life over to fighting crime, no matter where it takes him; Clyde Burke, a nose reporter who pokes around for his newspaper the *Classic* and the Shadow, but not necessarily in that order; Cliff Marsland, a reformed gangster (only the underworld doesn't know it) who comes in handy on watching underworld personalities; Moe Shrevnitz, the hottest taxi driver in New York City who the Shadow once saved from death, now supplying unlimited transportation for his boss; Hawkeye, another reformed gangster, who uses his trailing skills to keep an eye on underworld movements; Dr. Rupert Sayre who patched up the wounded; Jericho Druke, the Lothar of the pulps; and Margo Lane, who added the penetrating power of a woman. There were other minor agents who appeared too briefly to be mentioned in a general article like this.

A typical Shadow novel would start out with some crime in action. The Shadow's agents, on constant orders to be aware of unusual activities, would collect basic information on the incident, and if their leader deemed it necessary, they would probe further. As data collected, the Shadow would analyze the problem, and take action on his own. In a dangerous situation, the agents would go on constant alert, follow stricter orders, and aid the Shadow in forcing the problem to a head. Then the Shadow would strike, using his helpers like powerful pieces in a chess game. In the end the Shadow alone checkmated his foe.

The Shadow fought every kind of enemy conceivable in his 325-issue reign in the pulps. There were those of course, who brought out the beauty of our hero, more

than others. Frank Eisgruber in his *Pulp* #4 article noted one such group was the hidden criminals who struck without leaving a clue, but they could not escape the Shadow and his undercover scrutiny.

Most pulp villains stood beyond the reach of normal police, so you could call them super-criminals. Those the Shadow fought best did not go about conquering the world or striving for such unreacha-



ble stakes. Instead, they robbed banks, murdered, and threatened the public - in general. Readers could feel the pain the men caused because it attacked average people like themselves. Moreover, most of these super-criminals avoided the unknown terror of super machines and ridiculous monsters. They used the underworld; gangsters the public could see and fear. Walter Gibson's gruff descriptions of this

underground society made a worthy addition to pulp lore, and the Shadow fit in this atmosphere well. To these superstitious characters an unknown, ghostly crime fighter was more than they could handle. The most beautiful scenes of these novels appeared when the Shadow battled the underworld in the dilapidated parts of town elusively fading in and out of the nighttime darkness; in full command of the situation. And here his laugh meant true terror. Whether gang or super-criminal, in the end the Shadow reigned supreme.

Only a few villains battled the Shadow for more than one issue. Those who did proved themselves quite capable, and made some of the better pulp novels. The best of these series include the four novel Shiwan Khan set, the Fu Manchu of the Shadow pulps; the four novel Benedict Stark, the Prince of Evil, series, which represent the best work of author Theodore Tinsley; and the five battles with an interesting gang called the Hand, whose members ("Thumb" Gaudrey, "Pointer" Frame, "Long Steve" Bydle, "Ring" Brescott, "Pinkey" Findlen) locked forces until the Shadow put his finger on the problem.

Now that we've looked at the Shadow as a character, let's view the situation historically. The Shadow was, above everything else, a pulp hero. Only the pulps could provide the myriad villains and the sordid violence that colored these stories. But pulp fiction also had its disadvantages. Street and Smith published *The Shadow* at such a rapid-fire pace that Walter Gibson, the major author of the series, had to always have a plot in his mind if he was going to make his deadline...Gibson himself wrote that he spent anywhere from four to ten days on each novel, then he had to start the next one. Because of the speed some of the plots were not developed as well as they could have been. Gibson said he re-read the novels when they were published, so he could see the weak points and improve. I'm sure, though, that if he would have had all of

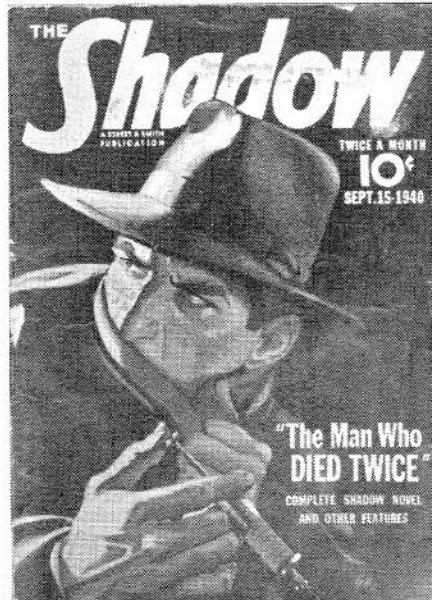




the time Norvell Page (*The Spider*) & Lester Dent (*Doc Savage*) had, *The Shadow* pulps would stand as a greater monument to modern fiction.

Any magazine that appears for nineteen years goes through some changes. So did *The Shadow*. In the beginning the Shadow was a true creature of the night. We knew very little about him and we marveled at his seemingly supernatural abilities. One of Gibson's literary devices was to keep the reader's eye on one of the supporting characters, leaving the Shadow a mystery. Consequently, Harry Vincent and detective ace Joe Cardona served as the reader's eyes in hunting for the unknown.

Gradually the Shadow became our eyes... His thinking became our thinking. The success of other pulp heroes probably made Street and Smith reconsider the policy of keeping their hero a complete unknown, so I suspect their urgings were the primary cause of the "secret identity" business started in 1937. Consequently, Walter Gibson put together vague clues to the Shadow's past given in earlier novels to concoct *The Shadow Unmasks* (Aug. 1, 1937). This novel was supposed to reveal the true nature of our hero, but all it really did was give the Shadow a name



like any other Joe, and humanize him a bit. Now it was Kent Allard, crime fight-

er, known to the world as The Shadow. Our hero and most readers would have probably remained quite content without this story.

In subsequent years the trend continued, and the Shadow began using the Lamont Cranston identity more and more. Agents began referring to him as Lamont instead of their mysterious chief. Over the years the Shadow had constantly gained agents, but in mid-1941 the situation reversed. Margo Lane, the Shadow's major agent in the radio show, joined the pulps and suddenly became the primary, and often it seemed the only, assistant in the novels. Shadow readers complained. Two sample letters from the January 15, 1942 issue read:

"...Now, Margo Lane is perfectly all right in my view, yet I'd rather not have her bungling up the affairs of the Shadow... That magazine has no place for women. She takes the place of his agents too much..."

and

"...It is all right for her to be connected with Lamont Cranston slightly, but when she turns detective, I do not

think it is right..."

The editors countered these letters by printing more letters in favor of Margo, and she stayed. And the trend continued.

I have a pet theory on pulp fiction that the bigger the story, the better it was because size offered more room for development. This surely proved true with *The Shadow*. The early novels ran an unusually high 60-70 thousand words in length, with Gibson finally settling down to 45-55 thousand words for the remainder of the thirties. That was a good average for hero pulps, but it changed again when Street and Smith converted to a slightly smaller format in November of 1939. Novels then ran 35 - 45 thousand words and began to lose something.

By the mid-forties the paper shortage caused by World War II demanded drastic action. High prices for wood - pulp had already forced many titles up to 15 cents a copy. Better Publications, Inc., a Street and Smith competitor, lowered their page count and shrank their lettering so readers still got good - sized novels. Street and Smith went them one better and converted their titles to digest size, the present size of pulps. Unfortunately that spelled disaster for the detailed detective stories, and for the next five years *Shadow* novels ran a mediocre 25-35 thousand words. The evolving trend in these stories took its toll here, too. The complex use of agents disappeared and the *Shadow* "became" Lamont Cranston, who occasionally dressed up as the *Shadow*. The stories changed from adventures for the *Shadow* into straight detective tales, with the Cranston/*Shadow* personage acting as detective. The trend caused even a change in the title of the magazine to *Shadow Mystery* beginning with the February - 1947 issue.

Street and Smith did try to reverse the dying trend of its pulps, so in late 1948 all titles returned to pre - 1940 size. Walter Gibson was reassigned to the title and he produced excellent novels for the last five issues of the magazine, each story running more than 50 thousand words! Although we still had some problems left over from the digest days, like the Cranston identity busi-



ness, Gibson gave us back the agents, Joe Cardona and the police, and the old *Shadow* who again "... evaporated, like a swirl of oily smoke." The *Shadow* still

lived.

The *Shadow* appeared in several other forms besides the pulps. The *Shadow* radio program was one of the most popular of all the radio dramas, more popular than the pulp itself. The program began as a mystery show in late 1930, several months before the pulp began. The *Shadow* here was completely undefined, more of a "potential character" than anything else until Walter Gibson's pulp rendition appeared. Street and Smith was a progressive company and they saw potential in the radio business, but as publishers they had to get the *Shadow* in a magazine first. The radio show also prospered from this move. Soon it began broadcasting to New York City, October 5, 1932 to be exact, and it received the popularity it so well deserved.

We owe much to the *Shadow* radio program, for it gave the *Shadow* his vast popularity, a rendition of the laugh, and the timeless, "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?" phrase. The radio could not capture the complete glory of the pulps, however. Its *Shadow* was not the same. Here, the only agents our hero had were Moe Shrevnitz, who appeared rather infrequently, and Margo Lane, who was more of a companion than an assistant. The *Shadow* remained a terror to the underworld, but he lost the blazing eyes and costume that characterized him in the pulps. Instead, he had only his laugh and an unusual power to "cloud men's minds". This enabled him to retain the invisibility of his "shadow-ing" through hypnotism which gave him other abilities as well. The scenes of the program and the type of *Shadow* they portrayed were left to the listener's imagination, but the mind's eye images could not match the beautiful



pictures painted by the pulps.

The longest lasting effect of the radio show is the belief that Lamont Cranston actually was the *Shadow*. We set this straight earlier, but on the radio, Cranston the adventurer was our hero. This was the same playboy of the pulps whose association with police commissioner Weston, another pulp/radio character, led to



his occasional "dabbling" in criminology.

The Shadow radio show lasted until radio drama began dying off. It left the air in 1954 and within a year the Lone Ranger, possibly the most popular radio show, would follow. For twenty-five years the Shadow had held his public well.

Our hero penetrated the world of comic books with fifty-three issues of his own magazine in the forties. Street and Smith planned their comic books for their younger readers, so they lost a lot of the flair of the character in the translation. For example, Doc Savage and his team were billed as "Doc Savage and his 'pals'." The Shadow became a mediocre crime - fighter, battling super-villains in typical comic book style. The pazzazz of the pulps again eluded the adaption.

The short-lived Shadow comic strip made an excellent attempt at realistically portraying the pulp hero. Here the Shadow had his agents and fought crime like he had in the novels. Unfortunately, the art was only adequate and could not capture the true glory of the Shadow, but the worthy effort made here showed that the comics could provide a home for our hero.

The new National comic book gives us the ingredients of the pulps, so far as technique and supporting characters, but the Shadow himself is changed. These writers created a new personality for the Shadow instead of recreating the mysterious image of the pulp hero. Here he constantly converses with his agents, tells them everything that's on his mind (especially Margo - just like on the radio), and thus shatters the aura of invincibility that keeps the Shadow great. Unfortunately, I fear this explanatory dialogue was necessary for the picture-story communication.. I'm not sure how strongly I should complain about the other features altered from the pulp, because, even though different, the graphic rendition shows creativity. The "hard guy" image of Harry Vincent, Burbank appearing as an "active" agent, and a leader who boasts of his superiority somehow contradicts the Shadow of the ages as we all know and love. How these critical points are handled will spell the future of this magazine.

In his time the Shadow even had a crack at the movies. Republic Films made a serial of the Shadow and, as with several other film adaptations, the filmmakers took all-too-many liberties with their subject. The Shadow did have his costume and an occasional laugh, but this time the confusion came in his method of operation. Here he acted almost completely on his own and without his "shadow-ing" techniques. Half the time he ran around in broad daylight & looked like a refugee from a costume party. It was almost funny if it wasn't so sad.

When Street and Smith discontinued *The Shadow* in 1949, it wasn't because the magazine had lost its saleability. Better Publications Inc. kept four of its hero-pulps going until 1954. But Street & Smith could tell the paper shortage, the higher prices (pulps now sold for a quarter), and changing public tastes all spelled: doom for the pulps. They saw the same dilemma with comic books. In 1949 Timely, National, and other companies drastically changed their formats. Street and Smith decided to keep up with the times, so in one fell swoop they dropped four of their five pulps and all five comic book titles. Only *Astounding Science Fiction* had the popularity to remain, as it does, to this date. Street and Smith put their future in publishing "slick" magazines, leaving the Shadow to the ages.

What can we say about the Shadow then? He wasn't as flashy as the Spider and he wasn't as scientific as Doc Savage. He was a hero of the supernatural, and in his nineteen year pulp reign he



had mystery on his side. He was, above all else, a pulp hero. Those novels created the Shadow of the ages in graphic descriptions and beautiful allusions unmatched by all the adaptations of the past. He stands supreme among heroes.

Our hero may be lost to the past.

Time will tell whether the National comic can revive the power of the Shadow and whether another attempt at reprinting the pulps will succeed. Pity we can not all become pulp collectors and keep the grand Shadow of adventure in our hearts always. So keep your eyes open, for only the Shadow knows!

THE Shadow

KURT SCHAFFENBERGER
Commercial Artist; Nat'l Per. Pub.

Many thanks for your letter, and the copy of your fanzine, which I read and found most interesting. It never ceases to amaze me that such an amount of interest and background knowledge could be generated by such a universally degenerated medium as comic books.

Kurt Schaffenberg

One of the main purposes of fandom, Kurt, at least in my opinion, is to focus attention on the problem of generating interest and acceptance of comic books. The publicity that comics receive is usually bad or mis-leading, and it is the objective of fandom and fanzines (THE COLLECTOR in particular) to "educate the masses" about them in the proper perspective.

-BGW-



KEN MEYER, JR.
P.O. Box #3737
Savannah, Georgia 31401

I just got THE COLLECTOR #27 - WOW! I really agree with... now I can't find that letter. Well, anyway, there's a certain something about THE COLLECTOR that really gets me - it's sort of a "homey" feeling (is there such a word?). Sure, other prozines have super art and famous people working for them, but you! You have beautiful art, well-thought-out columns, and interviews. My favorite writer in TC is Bill Cantey. He can really write. An excellent example is "Running Mate", back in FANTASTIC FANZINE #11.

All of the strips were great, my favorite being the two-part NOMAN strip; in second place came the GREENHORN story. I get anything I can on Hanley, as he's one of the funniest fan artist-writers around in fandom.

The cover of TC#27 - man, I was a de-voted follower of ERB before, but now I want to get the rest of his books. Robert Kline has been a favorite of mine for a long time now, and I can't wait 'til he turns pro. I'll be getting a poster of that cover from you in a short time.

LETTERS
to THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Dr.
Clairton, Pa. 15025

Logo by DON NEWTON

Editorials are always interesting reading - especially yours. You really hit at home and get close.

I liked "Duffy's Tavern", but my favorites differ from his. They are: Tarzan Pellucidar (I'd hoped it would be continued - I love Alan Weiss' art!), John Carter, Korak, Venus, and Tangor. Since the other-world series have been discontinued I'm pretty sad about the whole thing... I really liked 'em all.

I'm glad you had different artists (all of them great) do pieces on ERB. It keeps variety in the mag. (My favorite is the Fabian piece on page 13. Beautiful!)

The Noman two-parter was very good, although I didn't understand some of it, since this was my first glimpse of any of the THUNDER agents.



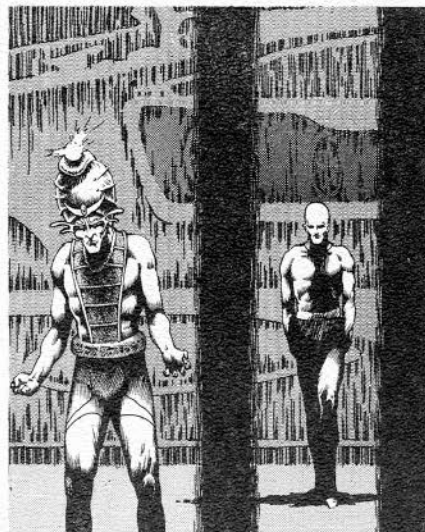
I'm not too turned-on by western-stuff, but Newton's art was stupendous... his talent really shows through on the first piece.

Two humor features in one issue... FANTASTIC! I would like to get that Slippery Comics if there is such a thing. The Greenhorn strip shows that Hanley's always great, and this was a fine example of his witty humor.

The Gray Morrow folio was great, especially since I've seen none of the accompanying art, except for three pieces. I really dig the way he displays emotions on paper. He's a master.

That about does it...it was a fan-tabulous (?) issue, Bill. I wish you luck always...

Many thanks for your comments. Since you expressed interest in the Hanley strip & Newton portfolio, I hope you enjoy this issue's installments of those particular features. / "Slippery Comics" does not exist, though it was amazing the number of readers who took Jim Jones seriously!! / Here's hoping you enjoy this issue just as much as, or more than, #27!



CARSTEN SONDERGAARD
Editor: FOREIGN COMIC REVIEWS
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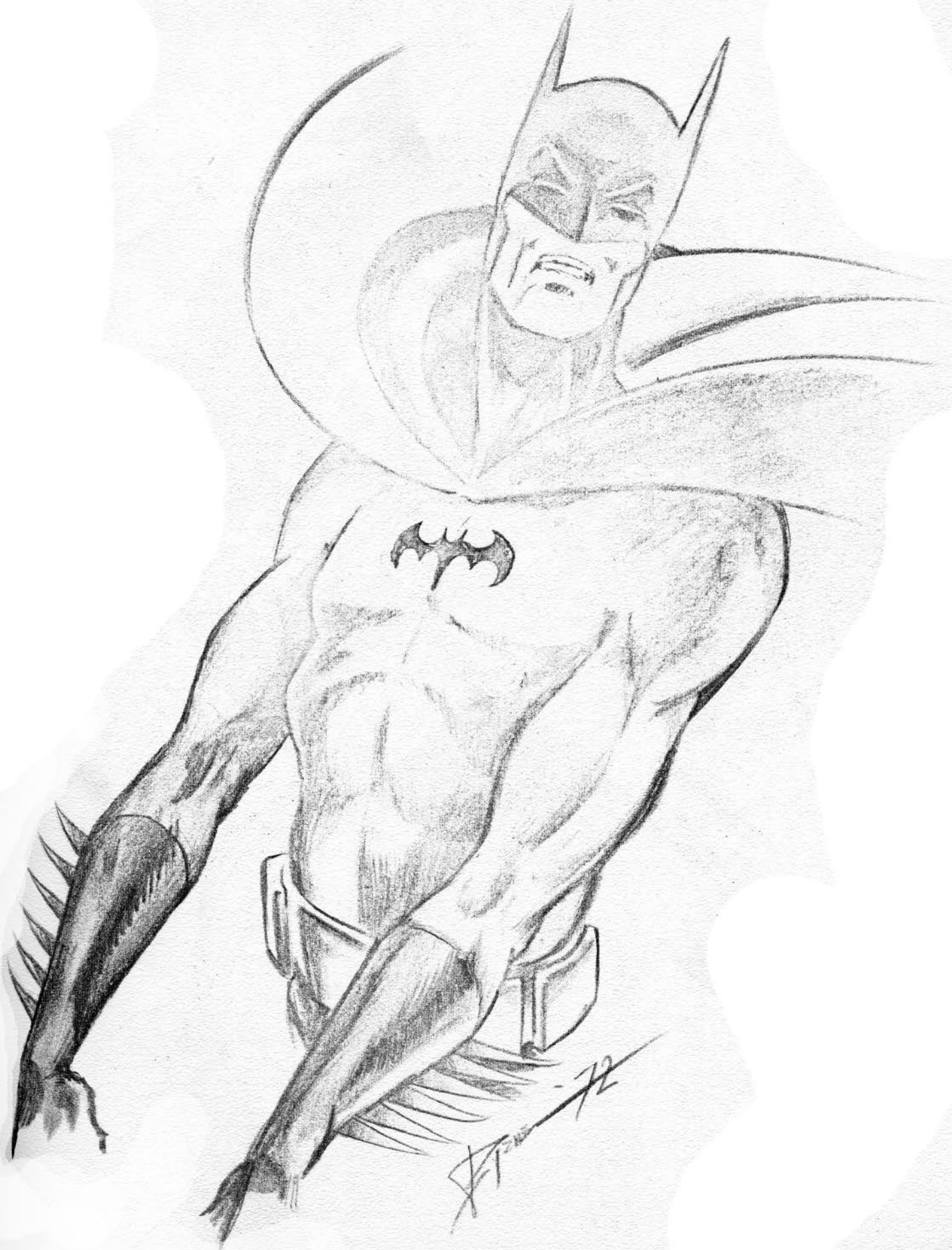
Thank you very much for the copy of THE COLLECTOR. You must be the only American fanzine-publisher that publishes so much in color (?) - it really looked nice and I enjoyed it very much, both art and articles. Also very fine layout & printing.

TC is one of a small number of U.S. fanzines which use an abundance of color, inside and out...possibly the only one to utilize so much, and probably the lowest-priced one. / Carsten also edits the Danish monthly newzine, TEGNESERIEMARKEDET and co-edits NEMO. Contact him about sample copies, as they are all fine zines...

PAUL C. ALLEN
444 Wood Road
Rochester, N.Y. 14626

Thanks for the copies of THE COLLECTOR.

#27 is fabulous!--loved the material on Burroughs.





TO BILL -
GK
KANE



to THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Dr.
Clairton, Pa. 15025

Love by DON NEWTON

O. RAYMOND SOWERS
754 East 23rd Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210

Sorry *THE COLLECTOR* may end next issue. Professional magazines lack something a well-thought-out, carefully-produced fan-zine has. Indefinable, like a tone in music, it's certainly there in issue #27. Am selfishly sorry as well: a mere "amateur" "drawer" I would have liked to have submitted something sometime to you, knowing that, if accepted, the drawing would have been superbly reproduced.

Years ago while talking to a revered teacher of mine I chanced to remark how I had to do this and that; he admonished me immediately, "But you are building!" Unfortunately, having limited time and energy, the moment comes to concentrate & not scatter our powers. If now building be the moment, you do well to set aside *THE COLLECTOR*, albeit reluctantly. If you haven't read this essay, you'll find it richly rewarding: James Allan, *AS A MAN THINKETH*, The Peter Pauper Press, Mount Vernon, New York, about \$1.50.

Your career areas intrigue me. Have you considered Technical Illustration? Have you had much in Descriptive Geometry, Geometric Perspective, Figure Drawing and Rendering? How are you at spatial visualization? Your areas correlate, in this you are lucky - especially in liking printing. If you pick drafting don't neglect math... You'll never have to prove Fourier's theorem but opportunities open for those who can design and work cooperatively with designing engineers; and this means math. My dad always told us, "Pick what you like better than money." But he advocated mastering the field chosen and keeping up-to-date. Wish you loads of luck!

I liked and enjoyed your fanzine. I gather you're the pressman; if so, you're truly competent. You kept a nice P-h balance, and perfect pressure. Registration sometimes slips ever so slightly; it is tricky, what with temperature and humidity fluctuations, feeding vagaries and time pressures; but it's good. What press or multilith do you use? Pleased by the Burroughs material, wished only for more. The Ghek by Kline is a little masterpiece, and printed neatly with perfect color. Your interview with Gray Morrow especially interested me. Wished you could have elicited more technical data from him. He's a masterly draftsman and a first-rate illustrator with a wealth of useful instruction and experience locked inside him. This lies dormant and must be pried out; but, alas, it wasn't. No easy task this, the sine qua non of successful interviewing: one must measure the man first from studying his work; and then think out those questions most pertinent to his strengths, style, personality, subject matter and so forth. And NEVER ask a professionally compromising question: e.g., an estimate of one's colleagues. All questions, too, should be individually tailored to the man. E.g., the question on "the important and rightful (!) recognition of the artist today": this had no relevancy as his side-stepping answer showed. Actually, he's much too busy, and creatively active, to bleat and philosophise; anyway, historically the question



was settled somewhere around 1435 by Leone Battista Alberti's *della pittura*. I enjoyed reading the interview.

There's so much more I might say about your fine magazine, but I'd never finish this letter.

Glad to hear that you enjoyed issue #27. You sound like one very familiar with and knowledgeable in the fields of illustration and printing. / Though this is the time for building, there will be an issue #29. My decision to work for at least one year before entering college will provide time to produce that issue, but any subsequent issues are quite doubtful at this time. (I plan to enter one of the several fields I've become familiar with: printing, illustration, drafting, or graphic design. However, I've not yet decided on one in particular.) / I am the pressman for TC, using an A.B. Dick 360 offset press. (I am also the editor, publisher, layout-man, typist, photographer, & odds-and-ends man.) Color registration is particularly difficult, due to the fact that we have no multi-color press at our disposal at Prince Printing, where I work. / The main problem with the Gray Morrow in-

terview was the fact that it was conducted by mail, largely limiting any depth or prolonged discussion on the part of either Mr. Morrow or myself. The question about "the importance and rightful [a word probably better-off eliminated] recognition of the artist today" pertained to recent efforts by the ACBA organization, to increase interest and unity in the artist field. Worded differently, the question might have provided a clearer answer from Mr. Morrow, and a more acceptable one for you. As it was, it was a question needing more explanation on both sides...
-BGW-



