Believe it or not, it’s finally here! The Charlton Bullseye is alive and well! And you thought it never would be, but now we’re living in Derby, Ct. That’s right! The entire CPL/Gang has pulled up stakes and is now living in the heart of Charlton land. I’m not trying to make excuses for being a few months late. . . . but brother, do we have some good reasons! Not only did we just complete a 1300 mile move, but yours truly has just entered the ranks of professional comic artists by doing some inking for the folks in Derby. All of which consumes much of the time which I laughingly refer to as “free time”. Add to all the hassles of a few legal complications over material used and you have another good reason why we’re late. A special thanks goes out to Joe “The pro” Staton for coming through at the last minute with the dynamite cover gracing this issue. So now you’ve got the story. . . . is all forgiven?

We’ve received some interesting comments of our last issue, the Kung-Fu special. It appears that not as many artists had any interest in the martial arts and a few of you even complained! To those individuals who felt that last issue wasn’t up to par. . . . well. . . . we’ll strive to be a little more well-rounded in the future. Granted, there wasn’t much there but a Sanho Kim strip but we felt that the material was top-notch and deserved a whole issue. (And the majority of you agree with us!) In case I didn’t mention it before, the winners of the First Annual Bullseye Art Contest were Bruce Patterson of New York, N.Y. and Kevin Phillips of Houston, Texas. Congrats goes out to both of these budding talents! Hopefully, space permitting, we will display those illos in Bullseye #5.

Are you ready for another contest? You better get ready then for THE FIRST ANNUAL BULLSEYE WRITING CONTEST! That’s right, rabid readers! Now you’ll have the opportunity to join the Charlton writing team. . . and here’s all you have to do. You can submit either an article or comic script pertaining to any past or present Charlton character, (with the exception of licensed properties; i.e. King Features, Universal, etc.) The rules are as follows:

1. No script can be longer than five pages.
2. No article can be less than four pages long or more than ten pages.
3. All entries must be typed and double-spaced. No hand written entries will be accepted.
4. No entries will be returned without a SASE.
5. The winner of “BEST SCRIPT” will have his story illustrated by one of Charlton’s top artists and will receive a page of original art from that story. The winning story will be featured in an issue of Bullseye.
6. The winner of “BEST ARTICLE” will have it published in the Bullseye and will receive the page illustration by one of Charlton’s top artists.
7. Deadline for material will be June 1, 1976.

Is all that clear, readers? Okay then, let’s hear those typewriters clickin’!

More and more we, here at Charlton central, are getting bombarded with cards and letters asking for back issues of The Charlton Bullseye. In the past, we have not been able to keep every issue in stock but now. . . . you can get any back issue you want by writing to Bud Plant, P.O. 1886, Grass Valley, Calif. 95945. (Price: Bullseye #1-$1.50, Bullseye #2-$1.00, and Bullseye #3-$1.25.)

This issue of Bullseye has to be, without a doubt, the finest issue we’ve put together for you yet. A lot of time and effort was contributed by all parties concerned we’re pretty proud of it. As you all know, this issue premieres the return of the one-and-only E-MAN! Nick and Joe are very proud of this effort and they’re looking forward to your comments. I might add that they have some real surprises in store for us in upcoming issues, so stay with us! Backing up our E-Man tale is a super-surprise entry. . . part one of a brand-new DOOMSDAY PLUS ONE story written and drawn by Jocular John Byrne! The conclusion of the story will be published in the next issue of Bullseye and there are a few changes in store for our adventuring foursome! While on the subject of the “Jocular One”, this issue’s interview is an interesting conversation between that rascally robot. . . . Rog-2000 and his creator. And, as always, an entertaining article by our own Roger (Sterno) Stem on Charlton’s sci-fi comics. Let’s not forget our knock-out cover by Joe Staton or the other illos contributed by Al Milgrom, John Byrne, Frank Thorne, and Walt Simonson.

Be sure to be with us next issue when we will feature “The Return of the Question” by Mike Uslan and Alex Toth! Also in Bullseye #5 will be part 2 of Doomsday Plus One, articles on Charlton’s King Features properties, an interview with Phantom artist. . . Don Newton and illustrations by Walter Simonson, P.A.M., Don Newton, John Byrne, Jack Abel and more Continuity goodies! See ya then!

Your fearless editor,
Robert B. Layton

We get by with a little help from our friends: Neal Adams, John Byrne, Nick Cuti, Paul Delppo, Dick Giordano, Pete Iro, Lee Layton, Al Milgrom, Barbara Ostrander, Bill Pearson, Joe Staton, Roger Stern, Frank Thorne, George R. Wildman and Walt Simonson.

Editor & Publisher — Robert Layton
Assistant Editor — Phil Weener

THE SURFACE OF THE SEA IS A LONELY, DESOLATE PLACE SO OFTEN REFERRED TO AS A DESERT, BUT THOSE WHO CALL IT SO ARE MERELY DECEIVED! IF THERE ARE WONDERS ON THE LAND, THEN HOW MANY MORE WONDERS MUST HAVE OCCURRED ON THIS GREATER AREA? WHAT DOES IT CLOAK BENEATH ITS PLACID SURFACE? WHEN YOU CROSS THE SEA, CROSS IT WITH YOUR EYES WIDE OPEN AND BE READY FOR ANYTHING.

E-MAN, WILL YOU PLEASE GO OVER AGAIN WHY WE'RE HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN, DISGUISED AS BUOYS. MY FEET ARE SOAKED AND I'M CATCHING A COLD.

WE'RE HELPING MAUSER ON A CASE. SEVERAL SHIPS AND AIRCRAFT HAVE DISAPPEARED FROM THIS AREA AND A LAST TRANSMISSION FROM ONE SHIP DESCRIBED A GHOST GALLEON!

...AND WHY THE SEA IS BOILING HOT"

SAY, NOVA, WHY DO THEY CALL THESE THINGS BUOYS?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? I'M A GIRL! AND WILL YOU GET RID OF THAT LONELY BELL CLAPPER? YOU'RE GIVING ME A HEADACHE.

LOOK! THERE'S SOMETHING BLOWING OVER THERE. WE... HEY, BUOYS DON'T HAVE PROPELLERS.

NEITHER DO GIRLS BUT I SUGGEST THAT YOU GROW ONE QUICKLY AND FOLLOW ME.
The Great Leviathan loomed above the waters in defiance of Nature's Laws. The laws it did follow were obviously unearthly.

It is a galleon! That last radio message was right.

The "Jolly Roger" banner makes its purpose all too clear. But I suppose you'll want to try and board it anyway.

Yeah, that's what I figured but of what use is a grappling hook? If that ship is a ghost or illusion the hook will go right through it.

I've won!

Both energy guardians of Justice return to their human form before boarding the strange craft.

The coast seems clear so far, Nova. I don't think there's a crew aboard.

You'd be ready for them if they were here, Captain Long John Orange?

Right, I keep forgetting that we're not in color any more.

E-Man, do you hear noises coming from there? Mechanical noises?
THIS IS AWFULLY REAL FOR A GHOST SHIP AND I HAVE A GOOD IDEA ABOUT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO FIND DOWN THERE.

I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. IT SEEMS AS IF WE WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES IN DISGUISE.

IT'S A SHIP ALRIGHT BUT NOT A SEA GOING CRAFT. IT'S AN AIRSHIP.

I DON'T SEE ANY PROPELLERS OR JETS SO IT MUST HAVE AN ANTI-GRAVITY ENGINE. WHAT COUNTRY ON EARTH COULD HAVE DEVELOPED IT?

MAYBE NO COUNTRY ON EARTH DID DEVELOP THIS SHIP. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THOSE SYMBOLS, NOVA? YOU'RE A COLLEGE STUDENT. ARE THEY EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS?

I'M CERTAIN THEY'RE NOT, NOR ARE THEY BABYLONIAN OR FROM ANY LANGUAGE I'VE EVER SEEN.

IT'S SURELY ALIEN.

BEHIND YOU, NOVA! MOVE OUT OF THE WAY! YOU'RE IN MY LINE OF FIRE!

BUT BEFORE EITHER ONE OF THEM COULD FIRE OFF AN Energy BOLT, THE PIRATES ATTACKED. HOWEVER, THEIR WEAPONS DIDN'T FIRE MINI-BALLS.
The rays from the alien's pistol seemed to wrench their bodies from their minds and sent them both into a maelstrom of whirling fluid shapes, drifting apart...

E-MAN.

NOVAAAA!

Senses organs register shock from a thick, cold atmosphere. A sea turtle's shape takes form. And the dazed energy woman reaches for it.

GOTCHA! But wait a minute! If you're a sea turtle, that means I'm drowning. I'd better grow some gills, and fast.

With the addition of gills, there is a surge of oxygen to Nova's brain and her mind clears. She realizes where she is and what she has hold of.

I'm going whichever way you're going, big fellow and I hope you won't mind a hitch-hiker.

HO, CEEZ, THIS IS A SUB AND NOT LIKE ANY SUB I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE. IT MUST BELONG TO THE ALIENS.

IT'S HEADED FOR THAT CAULKE. THAT'S WHERE ITS BASE OF OPERATIONS MUST BE LOCATED. I'LL TAG ALONG FOR NOW BUT I'VE GOT TO BE READY TO MAKE MY MOVE QUICKLY. I WISH I KNEW WHERE E-MAN WAS.
I should have guessed that it would lead to an underground harbor. They must be planning an invasion and they're using the ocean as their base of operations. I'll get a closer look at one of them without their pirate disguise.

I'll follow this tunnel and see where the path leads.

Glah! Horrible looking mugs but one of them may be E-Man Incognito. I'll try to make contact...

Non, I'm in trouble! The only thing I can change to in a cave and remain inconspicuous is a rock or...

...later!

Ouch!
YIKES! They're vampire bats and they smell blood, my blood!

Make room, fellers, this is the only place I can hide while I try to heal up my wounds.

Well, you ain't gonna sink your fangs into this girlie wounded or not. Take that.

As bewildered bats bite the dust an excited Nova is unaware of an ally who is coming to her aid.

An' that!

Hang in there, Nova. Help is on the...

Oh! That smarts.

Ee-Yay! Oh no! What have I done?
Honey, you pack some wallop. We've got to be careful when we become separated on a mission.

I'm so glad that you're alright, baby, but you're a mess.

If it ain't fatal, it's no sweat.

It's that easy, huh? What are we going to do about the invaders? How are we going to stop them from taking over the earth?

Invasive kinds? Taking over the earth? I'm afraid that you've got them wrong. They're just what they pretended to be, pirates. They came to Earth to rob it of all of its valuable minerals.

They're raiding the seas. They rigged the ghost ship to keep away the curious.

Exactly, but just because they're thieves doesn't mean that they're not also killers, so be careful.

Zum guido mox?

What did you say?

I was hoping we wouldn't be spotted. With the entrance doors shut, we're trapped.

Then we'd better keep moving. Remember—what those guns did to us the last time, plan Z.

Zzzwwrps...
We never tried Plan 25 before. It's tricky.

Now!

I'm heading toward the core. Underwater is our only way out.

But those subs are heavily armed and manned.

Nova! The sub.

Zzang!

Zwoomp!

Kaboom!
GET ABOARD THE GHOST SHIP. I'LL PROTECT YOUR REAR.

GOOD, BECAUSE IT'S STILL TENDER.

OKAY, IT'S ALL CLEAR. THERE'S NO ONE ABOARD.

RIGHT!

WHAT GOOD IS THIS GOING TO DO US? WE CAN'T FLY IT OUT OF HERE.

NEITHER COULD THEY BUT WE DID SEE IT OUTSIDE. IT MUST BE CAPABLE OF TRAVELING UNDERWATER.

BLUB!

WELL, SONOVAGUN!

THE GHOST CALLEON IS SLowed IN ITS FLIGHT BY THE HUGE SAILS WHICH ARE ACTUALLY ANTI-GRAVITY SCREENS.
"They're closing in on us."

"Then it's time to surface. I've already radioed ahead for help."

"Bring your jets in, General. They're being pursued by alien crafts."

"There it is!"

"Kiaaawosh!"

"Dove to Flock, hit 'em hard!"

"Woo!! Whooom!!"

"Hey, Mauser. It's Peter Pan and Wendy. We saved the Earth again!"

"Yeah, and people still dump waste into the rivers and cut down the forests. We might as well let the aliens have it."

"(End.)"
NINE TITLES DROPPED! UNIVERAL CONTRACT SIGNED

Once again it's our sad duty to report the cancellation of nine of Charlton's titles. Charlton felt that these books weren't living up to their sales potential. Any material left over will eventually see print in the Bulksyee Doomsday #1. House Of Yang, Vengeance Squad, Creepy Things, and Beyond the Grave will see the end of their run with issue #6. Wheelie and the Chopper Bunch (#7), Yang (#13), Midnight Tales (#18), and Time for Love (#47) will be discontinued also.

Don't dismay though, fearless ones. Charlton has just signed a contract with Universal Studios for the comic book efforts of two of their top-rated television shows: The Six Million Dollar Man, and Emergency!. Each of these will have a four-color presentation, and a black and white format. The color books will be handled by Nick Cuti, and Joe Gill on the writing with Joe Staton, and the Dometro Studio taking the art chores. On the black and white, Nick Cuti, Mike Plocek and Joe Gill will do the writing. Continuity Studios featuring Neal Adams, Dick Giordano, and the Crusty Bunkers will be taking the art assignments. The first issue of the color books will be on the stands by mid-March with the black and whites arriving in early April.

We have been informed that Nick Cuti will be leaving Charlton in June. No other information was available at press time.

Sanho Kim has also left Charlton to return to his native Korea for a military hitch.

Speaking of Billy the Kid, the Bonanza Silver Pits of New England will be giving away free Billy the Kid coloring menus in the near future. The art was rendered by Billy Warren Smith. Now if we can just get Underwriters Laboratory to do an E-Man coloring book.

By now, we're sure that you've noticed the price hike to 30c, which other companies have done also. But, unlike the others who have dropped to 17 pages, Charlton will remain at 22 pages. Subscriptions are now $1.90 a year for six issues. Also, a new guide for writing, lettering, art, etc. for comics is being planned. Remember the "C" that used to be the cover emblem of Charlton? Well, its been revamped to give it a more international appeal, and will be used in the lower right corner of the book.

Beginning with issue #2 of Emergency!, the Cast-o-Blankets will take over the art chores.

Surely Don Sheperd has come to make up the fill-in issue of the Phantom and will appear in issue #72. But never fear.

BLACK AND WHITE NEWS

As mentioned previously, Continuity Studios is handling the art chores on both of the Universal books: Emergency! and the Six Million Dollar Man. For all of you frantic followers out there, here is a current listing of the Crusty Bunkers: Jersey Joe Buzowski, Jumpin' Joe Baran, Minute Mark Rice, Sal "Our Pal" Amendola, Cookin' Carl Potts, Audacious Terry Austin, Beatley Bruce Patterson, Bullet Bob Wacey and Fearless John Fuller. Neal Adams and Dick Giordano will be doing work on both books and will oversee the entire project. Also, Adams will continue doing cover paintings for the two books.

We will be seeing a variety of talent on the Six Million Dollar Man from the likes of Howard Chatkin, Jack Sparling, Win Mortimer and Ed Davis.

Upcoming Six Million Dollar Man adventures will see Steve Austin battling robot robbers in a WMM bi-plane, presented by Nick Cuti, and Dick Giordano. When a friend of the bionic wonder's family is in a radiation field, he becomes the "Changing Man". Also, a secret project in Alaska finds our hero protecting it from a spy plot in "The Rubber Ball Project".

BULLSEYEE NEWS

Well, bombastic bookworms, you're probably wondering what kind of goods we've got in store for you in the near future. First no more!

First of all, every other issue, we will be bringing you the all-new adventures of E-Man and Nova by Nick Cuti and Joe Staton. But, do you remember a pint-sized, bedraggled private eye by the name of Mauze? Well, Cuti and Staton are working on a new strip of his adventures now!

Also, in the works, is a trilogy of stories featuring three of Charlton's all-time great heroes of the Sixties. Blue Beetle will be in the first part... art being rendered by Walt Simpson. Next, Captain Atom will appear courtesy of Al Milgrom and in the wings... Peacemaker by... well, you'll just have to wait and see.

But, if you think that we're going to rest on our laurels after that... forget it! Stay tuned for the likes of Liberty Belle by Steve Ditko and Al Milgrom, Nighthawks by Motown Mike Vosburg, Killjoy by Dagge, Sega Steel by Dick Giordano and a whole host of others. Remember the age of Bullseye is here!!
UPCOMING CHARLTON RELEASES

Below is a listing of the Charlton books scheduled for release on or about the weeks indicated. Exact release dates will vary by locale. This issue, we will be dropping the humor and romance listings due to lack of fan interest. Please write and let us know your opinions on our action.

Monster Hunters # 6. In "The Beast or the Burden" by Mike Pallewski and Steve Ditko, a police inspector can't understand why a 19th Century doctor wants to experiment with corpses. One of the Kettering brothers is a maniac, but "Who Prowls the Night"? Only Joe Gill, Nicholas, Alascia and Lamont Crenston know. For centuries, Druids have waited for the "Dawn at Stonehenge" in a story by Tom Himes and Mike Zeck. Cover painting by Mike Zeck.

Scary Tales # 6. A man scoffs at a prophecy of his death until the appointed hour draws near, in the "Scorpio Curse" by Mike Carlson and Mike Zeck. "Sne歇ter" shows the fate we'd all like to see a fortune teller suffer by Tim Boxell and Rick Larson. An emissary from space, sent to help the earth go berserk in "The Missionary", a tale woven by Joe Gill and Bill Molino. Cover by Bob Hall.

Emergenc y! # 1. Black & White. Joe Gill explains who "The Paramedics" are in the introduction. When legal complications arise, they go to school to practice medicine in "Silent Death". When a crazy old man traps kids in a hame and sets fire to it, it becomes a "Horror House" in a story by Nick Cuti. The paramedics must track a mad dog in "His Bark is Worse than his Bite" by Mike Pallewski. As usual, art chores are by Continuity Studios. Cover painting by Neal Adams.

WEEK OF APRIL 26

Korg: 70,000 B.C. # 7. Korg becomes a candidate for sacrifice to a serpent god until Bok interferes — a story of "Survival". Story, art and cover by Pat Boyette.

War # 7. Wars from days gone by in pictorial form. Cover by Tom Sutton.

WEEK OF APRIL 12

Six Million Dollar Man # 1 (Black & White). This issue includes an introduction, "A Cyborg is Born". For a special mission, Austin is given a laser eye in "An Eye for Detail". In "The Deadly Raven", the Bionic Man must rescue a defecting scientist out of a hospital; presented by Nick Cuti. Lastly, our Stop-Action Wonder must help a scientist "Escape from Shark Island", detailed by Mike Pallewski. All art was rendered by the boys at Continuity Studios. Cover Painting by Neal Adams.

WEEK OF APRIL 19

Phantom # 71. When a plane is lost on a giant mountain, the Phantom leads a rescue operation. A lost civilization is discovered who worship "The Monster of Zanador", a giant spider that the Ghost-Who-Walks must defeat. Story by John Clark and art and cover by Denny Don Newton.
It's a long, long way from Space Adventures #1 to Space: 1999. It's 12-billion light-years out from the Crab Nebula and 12 Angstrom units from the center of a uranium nucleus. It's the time from the first prehistoric alien visitations to the discovery of the first star drive ... and it is five seconds ago.

Actually, it is some 23-year, tellurian time, from that first issue of Space Adventures to the initial appearance of Space: 1999. It was 1952 when the fledgling Charlton house printed their first science fiction title. It was early and crude, perhaps, and it was more space opera than high-brow speculative fiction, but it was a start. In the near-quarter-century since that first effort, Charlton has produced well over a dozen titles that have presented SF features on either a full or partial basis. Some have been less than inspired, many were only average, but there were a number of shining stars amidst the firmament — and they have made it all worth wild.

Along the way there have been a number of property adaptations. Everyone is aware of the recent Space: 1999 books, but does anyone remember those early Space Adventures that featured the adventures of that early video viking — Rocky Jones, Space Ranger? Or how about the special printings of Curt Swan's version of Destination: Moon?

You say you want something more meaty for your money? Okay. Imagine yourself on a possible Terra of the far-flung future. That earth has a world government, ruled by totalitarian overlords known as the League. It is not a pleasant place, this possible future-world, and there is resistance, perhaps even organized resistance. But the League has an answer for dissent. It's a far-removed world called Klorath. There political outcasts are shuttled, nasty human thorns torn from the side of the establishment. Klorath is a strong, fertile world, free of the pollution of earth. But it is also a competitive world, and the unwilling colonists don't live long. Not, that is, until a hardy crew led by one Jason Tolliver arrived. The story of how Jason and his fellow dissidents staved off the Klorathian predators, from the great, flying lizard-birds to the deceptive punya monkey-cats; how they encountered the native Klorathian peoples; and how they finally met in mental harmony through the use of great, psychic globes, is told in one of the classic one-shot books of all time — The Green Planet. Charlton produced the book in 1962, and sported one of Dick Giordano's best works of the period. It could have been the beginning of a great new series, but such was not to be.

There was another attempt at series science fiction some five years later in a resurrected version of Space Adventures. Anchored in the writing talents of one Sergius O'Shaugnessy, and supported by a squadron of artists, the big-C's mini-series was called UFO, and it dealt with the adventures of a small town reporter named Paul Mann and a group of earthmen called the Esrom. Oh, did we mention that the Esrom were from the year 4000 A.D.? Yes, the Esrom were from the far future, from a period that had suffered a devastating nuclear war. The Esrom survivors had traveled back to the late 1960's in hopes of altering the chain of events that would one day spell their downfall. The only problem was that the opposing side, the Honjnos, had followed their more peaceful future-counterparts back into the past. And then Mann entered the picture. His editor had assigned him to investigate some local UFO sightings, and his research led him to the Esrom, a stolen germ warfare project, the first fusion explosion, a defecting Russian scientist, an adventure in 10th century England, and an eventual commitment to an asylum for the mentally ill. Artwork on the project was brought to a fine state with contributions from Jim Aparo, Steve Ditko, and Pat Boyette. Unfortunately, the series died after only two outings, and as far as we know, Paul Mann is still in that padded cell somewhere in upstate New York.

Mr. O'Shaugnessy was very prolific science fiction-wise during the late sixties. During that period, he and James Aparo started the very excellent Wonder series — said feature residing in, of all places, Cheyenne Kid. (It dealt with the adventures of a traveling salesman from Sirius-V who had crash-landed in the old west.) And in the second issue of Charlton Premiere, he and Pat Boyette rendered a comics novel that still produces misty-eyed remembrances in some circles. It was called "Children of Doom."

It was a chilling tale of the near-future. A major scientist had developed an awesome doomsday machine, a device which would totally destroy the earth so that any nation use the smallest of nuclear bombs. It was designed at the ultimate deterrent to war, but in the end it nearly caused the end of human life. For the doomsday machine would be triggered by nuclear weapons, but not by the cosmic-storm projectors of a minor Balkan state. The result cosmic fireballs swept over the world, decimating the population and causing bizarre mutations. Pre-holocaust people were of three types: the pyros, who could create fire with the force of their own wills; the clairvoyants, whose mental powers compensated for their lack of sight; and finally, the mysterious ones, whose powers of mind could teleport them through time and space. The story was stunningly executed, and to this day is recognized as one of O'Shaugnessy & Boyette's best works. But beyond the fine story quality, "Children of Doom" was an exciting experiment in mixed formats. In this case, pages of four-color and of black & white were employed in varying degrees for dramatic effect.

But science fiction died at Charlton in the late sixties with the discontinuation of Space Adventures, and its companion magazine, Strange Suspense Stories. And with the exception of E-Man's rather cosmic origins and an occasional special issue of Haunted, there was no SF coming out of Derby until the coming of Doomsday Plus One.

And now, unfortunately, the Doomsday crew have come and gone, leaving only some intriguing John Byrne artwork behind. For the time being we still have Space; 1999, and perhaps someday we'll see some more science fiction from the Connecticut crew. But one thing is certain... in comics, as in life, the more things change, the more they remain the same. Remember how we said it was a long way from that first issue of Space Adventures to the stories of Moonbase Alpha? Well, we lied. For you see, in that first historic issue a group known as Rex Clive and his Space Rangers tackled some space villains with a unique bit of strategy. They blew the moon out of its orbit.
There will be
the
DOOMSDAY
RRROWR
PART ONE
THESUP?
NO! THIS NOT LIKE ANY DRAGON KUNO EVER SEE BEFORE, BUT KUNO NOT RUN! KUNO WARRIOR! FIGHT!

NO, BO-YUP! YOU GAVE JIH AND IKEI! KUNO WILL KILL DRAGON!

MOVING WITH AGILITY THAT BELIES HIS GREAT BULK, THE ANCIENT GOTH SCRAMBLES PAST THE RAGING DINOSAUR...

DON'T BE CRAZY, KUNO! THAT'S A TYRANNOSAURUS REX! THAT'S SIX TONS OF SAVAGERY IN A THREE TON PACKAGE!

KUNO!

THERE'S A LEDGE JUST ABOVE ITS HEAD! IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT BEFORE HE CAN TURN ON ME...

KUNO SUCCEEDS. THE TYRANNOSAUR HAS NOT EVEN NOTICED HIS MOVEMENTS...

KUNO KILL!

ANGS LIKE DAGGERS FLASH IN THE BRIGHT CALIFORNIA SUNLIGHT AS THE BEHEMOTH SWINGS ITS GREAT HEAD, BUT ITS MOTIONS ARE TOO SLOW TO BE OF ANY USE AGAINST THE LEAPING WARRIOR...

NOW, DRAGON! YOU DIE...!
The monster's hide is dry and coarse, and far too thick for Kuno's dagger to pierce.

He has a momentary glimpse of hard earth rushing to embrace him...

That is the last thing it will ever see...

Until its agony does what its speed could not...

Again and again Kuno strikes, trying without success to find the beast's tiny brain.

He has a momentary glimpse of hard earth rushing to embrace him...

An eye like a bloodshot basketball swivels upwards...

It is just in time to see the silvery blade arc downwards...

And at each slash the dinosaur screams and bucks...

And Kuno is pitched suddenly from the heaving back...

Then...

Oblivion.

And the monster turns to feed...

And the monster turns to feed...
THREE MINUTES AGO...

NO TIME FOR CHITCHAT, Toss me down a RIFLE, JILL!

BOYD ELLIS makes no reply. He is only too aware of the insignificance of his weapon...

ESPECIALLY AGAINST SUCH A FOE...

BOYD!
WHERE'S KUNO? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

HERE... BUT... THAT WON'T STOP A DINOSAUR.

GOOD LORD!
THAT THING'S LOOKING AT KUNO LIKE I LOOK AT KNOCKWURST ON RY...
ABRUPTLY...

SKYZZZKTT!
Hold it, whoever you are! Just toss away that weapon, and identify yourself!

Really, Captain Ellis! Is that any way to greet one who has only recently - as you would put it - "saved your bacon?"

Now, please, put away that silly toy. It would be useless against my protective garments - but, I assure you, my weapon would be every bit as effective against you as it was on that dinosaur.

Here is no threat in her tone. In fact, a thrill chases through Ellis at the sound of her voice. Had he imagined the perfect woman, she would speak thus.

Kuno... Kuno, are you alright? We have to leave now - can you travel?

Ugh! Only Kuno's pride is hurt! That only small dragon, not even breathe fire - but music voice girlz have to save Kuno...!

But not as safe! Really, Captain! Your impatience knows no bounds! But, no matter...

Alright, I apologize. I'm a soldier, not a diplomat. But I'd still appreciate some explanations. Who are you? Where did you come from? How...

All your questions will be answered in time, Captain. For the nonce, I suggest we repair to safer quarters. As for who I am, you may call me Cameo.
WHOAA! TIME OUT!
THAT'S SAFEST THAN OUR JET? YOU'LL FORGIVE ME, CAMEO, BUT MY TEST-PILOT DAYS ARE BEHIND ME. NO WAY WILL I GO UP IN A CONTRAPTION LIKE THAT!

OH YE OF LITTLE FAITH!
THE ALBATROSS IS PERFECTLY SAFE. THAT IS HOW I CAME HERE... UNSCATHED!

ALBATROSS? AN EARTH-BIRD!
YET, FOR A THING LIKE THAT TO BE AIR-WORTHY, YOU MUST REPRESENT A REMARKABLE TECHNOLOGY - FAR BEYOND OURS.

WHERE ARE YOU FROM, CAMEO? HOW...

I HAVE TOLD YOU ALL I CAN. MY JOB WAS TO CONTACT YOU. NOTHING MORE. AS I HAVE ALREADY SAID, ALL YOUR QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED...

NOW, PLEASE BOARD THE ALBATROSS.

YOU'RE A MASTER OF UNDERSTATEMENT AS WELL AS EVERYTHING ELSE, CAMEO.

I'VE SEEN PRIVATE AIRCRAFT LESS SUMPTUOUSLY APPOINTED.

I'M PLEASED YOU LIKE IT," REPLIES CAMEO. "PLEASE, MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE..."
Mmm! Pleasant surroundings, even more pleasant company - what more could a man want - except answers!

Look, Cameo, I appreciate the hospitality, but if you can't answer my questions when will you take us to someone who can?

When do we get underway?

You amaze me, Captain! An astronaut should not be so bound by convention!

We are already underway!

She speaks the truth, Boyd! We are airborne - quite high, but not very fast.

Well, you can sure say one thing for this set up. It gives a man a chance to think. We were all...uh...unnerved back there.

From the same source your power comes, Captain. Indirect conversion of solar energy.

Amazing! Flight without acceleration, drag... inertia. I have had bumpier rides in elevators.

Now, I realise that dinosaur couldn't have been real. It must have been an audioanamorphic display from Disneyland - but where did it get its power...?

You see, that tyrannosaur was quite real...
THROUGH THE PORTHOLES OF THE ALBATROSS, THE SURVIVORS OF DOOMSDAY GAZE OUT ON A WORLD GONE SUDDENLY MAD.

CRETAEOUS LANDSCAPE UNFOLDS BENEATH THE FLYING MACHINE. THE TERRAIN IS TROPIC, LUSH, AND THE LONG DEAD DINOSAURS RULE ONCE MORE.

WARY TRICERATOPS, STARTLED BY THE CLATTER OF THE ALBATROS, TURNS TINY, GOLDEN EYES TOWARD THE SKY...

INCREDIBLE! WHAT ON EARTH HAS HAPPENED TO US? HAVE WE SLIPPED THROUGH SOME KIND OF... TIME WARP?

I CANNOT ANSWER, CAPTAIN.
IKEI, YOU’RE OUR RESIDENT PHYSICIST. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF ALL THIS?

I HESITATE EVEN TO THINK, BOYD. TIME DISTORTION IS POSSIBLE, BUT THE POWER EXPENDITURE WOULD BE ENORMOUS!

I CAN THINK OF NO NATURAL PHENOMENON THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR OUR HAVING MOVED BACKWARD THROUGH TIME!

YOU HAVE NOT. I CANNOT EXPLAIN FULLY WHAT HAS OCCURRED, BUT I ASSURE YOU...

...WHAT YOU SEE OUTSIDE IS YOUR OWN TIME PERIOD!

THEN IT'S THE DINOSAURS WHO ARE DISPLACED IN TIME?

NOT JUST THE DINOSAURS, BOYD. BY MY CALCULATIONS WE'VE BEEN FLYING SOUTHEAST — WHICH SHOULD PUT US OVER THE RIO GRANDE ...

BUT, LOOK AT THIS!

ZOYD ELLIS BLINKS AGAINST THE HARSH WHITE LIGHT. BELOW THE ALBATROS UNFAMILIAR'S MOUNTAINS LIE IN THE CHILL GRIP OF WHAT CAN ONLY BE AN ICE AGE.

...AND THE LANDSCAPE CHANGED SUDDENLY, BOYD, AS IF SOMEONE HAD SLICED A KNIFE BETWEEN THE JUNGLE AND THE ICE-CAP!

AN IRRESISTIBLE "KNIFE" MISSED MALDEN, AS YOU WILL NOW SOON LEARN... FOR WE ARE HOME...
MY FRIENDS... BEHOLD!

THE AERIE

NEXT ISSUE — THE MAN FROM ELSEWHERE!
ROG-2000 INTERVIEWS HIS CREATOR!

Rog: Beats me why anybody would want to know anything about you, but start with the basics—where and when were you born?
Byrne: I was born in Walsall, England, on July the sixth, (mumble,mumble).
Rog: Don't be coy.
Byrne: 1950.
Rog: See here you're a Canadian.
Byrne: My family moved to Canada — to Edmonton, Alberta, to be precise, in 1954.
Rog: When did you get interested in comics?
Byrne: When the "Superman" tv series started. It was my first encounter with superheroes. In those days, you couldn't get American comics in England.
Rog: I thought you said you were in Canada by then?
Byrne: My mother became homemaker. We went back to England until 1958. Now may I continue?
Rog: Sure.
Byrne: Anyway, as I was saying, you couldn't get American comics in England in those days, but a British firm did publish black and white annuals, which were basically old stories, mostly "Superman" and "Batman", bound in hardcover.
Rog: When did you start drawing comics, too?
Byrne: Depends on how technical you want to get. Every kid is an artist at heart, and I guess I was no different.
Rog: Just better.
Byrne: I didn't say that.
Rog: You thought it?
Byrne: I don't recall anyone ever saying you were telepathic, chrome dome.
Rog: Speaking of which, when did you get interested in robots?
Byrne: With the first appearance "Magnus Robot-Fighter". I think. Oh, I'd known about robot before — one of my favorite old movies is "The Day The Earth Stood Still", in which a robot figura is prominently — but I never really drew or designed them until "Magnus". In those days, my robots were Russ Manning rip-offs, of course.
Rog: Sometimes I think I'm the only original thought you ever had! When did the two come together, comics and robots?
Byrne: Not for some years. Around 1968 I first read "I-Robot", which is Isaac Asimov's definitive version of the robotic mind. I admit until then I'd never really thought of robots in terms of viable personalities — good personalities. Oh, I'd seen the adaptation of "Adam Link" on the Outer Limits, and later I'd read the book, but it wasn't until the Asimov books — and later Clifford Simak's "City" — that I really found myself anything like enthused over robots.
Rog: While you're in the mood for name-dropping, what artists have most influenced your (or lack of a better word) style?
Byrne: I've gone through several different stages in my artistic development. At one time or another I've imitated several artists: Ballamy, Kirby, Adams, Kane. They've all left an impression in my style.
Rog: What about Charlton? You've talked about various members of the competition but what about the creeps who cancelled... I mean, the company you work for?
Byrne: Charlton is a good group to be affiliated with. I'd spent about two years trying to break in at Marvel. With Charlton it took about two minutes.
Rog: Thanks to me.
Byrne: I'd like to think my talent had something to do with it.
Rog: Dream on, brother. How extensively had you read Charlton comics before?
Byrne: Hardy at all. I was always a snob about comics I read, and of course my parents were limited the comics I was allowed to buy. Mostly I read D.C. and later Marvel. Until "E-Man" I had never actually bought a Charlton comic.
Rog: Don't you think it's dangerous to admit that?
Byrne: No. Ten years ago it might have been. I grew up with comics in the days when competing companies were ignored or slandered. If someone mentioned "Spiderman" on the letters page of a "Batman" comic, it would be blacked out. You could still understand who was being spoken about, but only by inference. The new comics scene has relaxed considerably since.
Rog: Okay, if you had complete creative control, what kind of books would you like to see at Charlton.
Byrne: Aside from "The Adventures of Rog-2000" Charlton has a rather unique policy, so far as I've been able to ascertain, concerning the creation of new titles. Rather than flooding the market, weakening their overall sales, they wait until one book is cancelled, before introducing another.
Rog: That wasn't the question.
Byrne: I realize that. I'm just setting the stage. If I could create new titles at Charlton, their are any number of books I'd like to set up. Perhaps a team book, with their old, defunct characters, like "Captain Atom", "Nightshade", "Blue Beetle", and the "Question". Certainly there's room at Charlton for a barbarian book. Of course, if "Doomsday +1" and "Space: 1999" prove successful it could reopen the field for science fiction.
Rog: Speaking of which, is it true you've said you wanted to write "Doomsday".
Byrne: There are one or two sub-plots, and general plot twists, that I would have liked to introduce into "Doomsday". But Joe Gill had tight hold on the writing reins, and I was too busy to take on the chores.
Rog: If you could, what would you like to change?
Byrne: "Change" is the wrong word. "Expand" is more like what I have in mind. There are a lot of inconsistencies I'd like to straighten out. All those bombs were exploded, where's the radiation. How soon after the war would mutants begin to appear? I have a robot character I'd like to introduce in a kind of re-curuing sub-plot, and there's a time-slippage theory Joe and I have discussed. It's all in the future, literally as well as figuratively, for now.
Byrne: That would be a full length thing in the same line as "E-Man" was full height — hey, how about "E-Man" as a back-up feature in "Rog-2000"? I've several stories in mind: "The Snowman Cometh", "Tibet your Life" (co-created by the notorious Denver), "A Knight to Remember". Maybe even "Son of the Sog".
Rog: Okay, I'm running out of tape here. Any other pearls of wisdom before I do?
Byrne: There's only one thing I'd like to say — and I honestly believe it will revolutionize the whole comic industry. All we have to do is...
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