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All artwork and literature is contributed to CHRONICLE. Contributions are always welcome. Artwork should be mailed flat or if exceptionally large in a round cube, I'm always happy to look over all contributions for possible publication in CHRONICLE, but please enclose a stamped self addressed envelope with your contributions.

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CHICAGO CON REPORT

ONODA '72
Our conversation was periodically interrupted by announcements awarding doorprizes, which was followed by frantic scrambling for the lucky ticket. On the second call, I found myself to be the holder of one of these "lucky" tickets. I was a winner. Visions of prizes began to pop into my head—would it be The Starks' History of the Comics vol. 2, the Comic Book Price Guide, a Batman poster or possibly a comic of rare vintage? I found myself running excitedly to an aisle where I was confronted by our Chairlady displaying a veritable treasure trove of various nostalgic items. I could not believe my eyes. There before me, laid out in all their splendor were the original "Batman" Colt set, a Jimmy Cricket drinking mug, a Minnie Mouse & Muttley spoon and fork set, a Donald Duck bowl and the really rare Popeye doll. If I had to estimate the approximate value of the contents of the treasure chest, which looked suspiciously like a cardboard box, I would have to say roughly in the neighborhood of "a buck three nights". I hastily placed my hand upon the one thing that I knew would make me the envy of all my friends. The original "Batman" coins were now mine.

I hurriedly returned to our table, assured that I would now be the talk of the Con, only to be subjected to the ridicule of my so-called "friends". The guffaws and snickers were followed by snide remarks about my IQ. Ah, but what did they know? In years to come there would be many who would covet my coin set. There was television coverage both days by two of the local stations which might have been used to advantage, but our Chairlady, again wishing to prove herself an expert Con Chairperson (or should that be Con-man?) guided the camera crew to such mind-bending sights as two rusty dump trucks, which I am sure brought a tear to many an eye (it did to mine) and a pile of old DICK GUNN books, which in my estimation characterized the Con.
Only a couple of months ago at a meeting of the Chicago area Fantasy Collectors, we were introduced to a woman who was to become our Chairlady. We were excited to learn of the First Nostalgia Con and offered our assistance in any capacity. We were informed that our assistance was not necessary, for Mekan Chairlady told us she had been to New York and knew all about how to put on a Con. When asked what her plans were, she would flash an enigmatic smile and make a statement to the effect of "Don't worry, I can handle it." When asked what was the artwork for the Con program book, she would again become very secretive and merely state that he was an as yet undiscerned master penman, whose artwork would indeed defy description. After seeing the artwork I can understand his ambition to remain anonymous. But for the asking, she could probably have persuaded any number of the Chicago based fan artists to assist her. A cover by Gary Nicker, Jim Engel or Gary John Reynolds would have been nice, along with a strip by Jim Hanley, and how about some artwork by her Guest of Honor, Russ Heath?

Considering the poor advertising campaign, there was fairly good attendance. Of course, most of the people attending the first day could be classified as curiosity seekers, for on the second day the few that did attend seemed content to just drift from table to table, handling an item here and there. There were some of the famous and infamous of fandom, among them Phil Seuling (dealer and New York Con Chairman), Bud Plant (San Jose dealer), John Manfield (John L. Byrne's agent, who was displaying some of John's work), Murray Blashoff (Dynapubs), and Guest of Honor Russ Heath was struck by the madness of it all. He wandered about, chatting with the fans--his every entrance marred by Ms. Warner's screams --RUSS HEATH IS HERE! These chats were the extent of Heath's participation in the Con. No art for the program book, no keynote speech, no panel discussions. All this because our Chairlady decided to ignore offers of local fan help. I could of course go on and on, but this would lead you to believe that the Con was better than it really was, and this would be like saying a visit to the dentist is fun.

The Con can't be considered a total disaster, because if someone can utilize his imagination and use this Con as a guide for things NOT TO DO, he could probably put on a very interesting convention. As the prophet (profit?) once said "To err is human, to forgive divine." So we forgive you, Nancy—we won't forget you, but we can forgive you.
WHAT A WASTE!

GRARGH!

LITTLE GREEN MAN!

WHAM!

SUNDAY IS HERE!

RUGS ARE HERE!

BIG DEAL! SO?

ASK ME IF I CARE!

SHOVE IT UP

AND SO, THE SHADOW MAKES HIS WAY TO MARGO'S HOUSE, MORTALLY WOUNDED AND HUNGRY FOR AFFECTION!

WELL, Y'SEE, ALAN'S PET HORSE DIED AND UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES (NOT TO MENTION THE HORSE) HE COULDN'T COME.

$15 ANLEY TITRES

NOW A FOOTBALL MADE OF ENAMEL FOR A MOUTH.

ATTENTION!! I HAVE GOT TWO HEATH BOWEL MESSS FOR AUCTION!!!

WHO IS RUSS HEATH?

PRETTY, PRETTY, PUFF!

WE SEE AND LEARN.

WITH ENGEL AND MACHO ENDO!
Those comic books of the '50s are no joke today

By Bill Granger

We were commercial children. That is, we were raised, not in a homestead age, but in an age of mass-produced comic-books and radio programs, of Junior Great Lakes badges made of tin and Lone Ranger pocketometers and Captain Midnight signal rings. Our embellishments are not in sketchers on the premises or oil lamps and tales told by grandfather. They are reminiscences of brand names Superman, Nash, Lionel, Roadmaster, American Flyer, J. C. Higgins, Batman, and the Green Hornet. The instruments of nostalgia were around us, cheap to buy and dearly held—forever a time. When did you mother finally order you to throw out your great collection of comics? When did you give the ragman the accumulation of Saturday Evening Post? Because there were so many of these bits of memorabilia, we never thought we'd miss them. And now there is a business in dealing them— to children who never remembered them and children who never forgot.

The first such nostalgia exhibition of this kind in Chicago was held over the weekend in the Pick-Congress Hotel by Nancy Warner from Crest Hill (a Joliet suburb) whose mother made her throw out her comics, too.

First exhibition of its kind

There were comics from the 1940s and 1950s, old Dick and Jane books, movie posters and song sheets (did you have an older sister who went downtown on Saturday to pick up the sheet music for "I'll Be Seeing You" from the movie "Show Business" starring Eddie Cantor?)

There were also offers of tape of radio programs, the shows that came over the Red and Blue networks—Fibber, McGee, Lamont Cranston, Tomfo, Captain Midnight, Nick Carter, Cato, Mr. Keen . . . Walking around the exhibits in the Great Hall, I met Dallas Schmutzler, new 44, from Moline, who said: "I remember getting my allowance every week and going down to the drug store and buying the comics over. Usually picked Superman and Batman, and I remember the Human Torch. I liked comics. Still do. Can't afford all these original comics now that I had when I was a kid. Though, my folks made me throw out my comics out. Funny thing is, they're in the antique business now, and comics are very hot today!"

There was the booth of antique dealer Carmelo Manzara. What is an antique? There's a glass case, just like a jeweler, was a real Lone Ranger pocketometer.

It was in a spring of miles, I was about 10 or 12, and every day I complemented the hard, wooden seat at school and waited for the bell to go home—home to see: "Did it come?" Not yet, it was the answer of a lot of days that spring. "I had sent my 25 cents in coins and my bus top from Chicago to Minneapolis. I learned to spell Minneapolis before I learned to spell Chicago. Because Minnesota was the secret home base of the Lone Ranger."

When it came, I walked up and down the long hall in our flat, trying to work up to a mile. But the pocketometer would give crazy figures, like 40 miles. It wasn't very accurate, "how much is that?" I asked Manzara. "Five cents," he said, and I knew he didn't mean 15 cents. Even if I had had a box top with me. That thing was going to be worth money one day. If only I had known it.

Miss Warner was in her booth, selling Dick and Jane books and F. W. Dixon books and a John B. Tintle sports story and every glass cream containers that restaurants used to serve with coffee before they stopped serving cream and put the substitute in paper packets.

Trains and posters, too

Finally, the sense of pleasant desk vs. overwrought one and I bought a glossy record from Murray Bishop containing episodes of Captain Midnight and the Shadow. Bishop is also associate editor of "The Buyers Guide For Comic Fandom," which comes out monthly. He said there were 5,000 subscribers (as we used to say in the '30s). Bishop is 18 years old, for Pete's sake (as we used to say in the '30s).

There were literal (three-rail) trains for sale, too, and movie posters (including the Superman serials). The place reeked of commercial nostalgia.

I suppose it's only fitting. If we messed around with our grandfather's nostalgia and called the objects 'antiques,' we ought to put our own memorabilia for sale. After all, we aren't kids anymore.
CAPTAIN MARVEL AND THE POLLUTED MAN!

Scene: The filming of "Go-Between," a talk show hosted by Billy Batson.

Mr. Blu-ray of Fortune magazine rates you as one of the top twenty industrialists of the country. You hold various positions, such as city planner and environmental advisor, all of which makes your opinions regarding air, water, and noise pollution important to us all...

Billy, let me state categorically that the problem has been grossly exaggerated by alarmists and spotlight hunters!

But don't you think that these vast corporations have taken more good out than they put in? As to the good of the country?

I do not! Industry is the backbone of our America and has given us the highest standard of living outside of Heaven!

Why? People! That's why! Too many trying to enjoy too much!

What we need is more control over the entire situation!

The leading corporations of America are not greedy monsters gobbling up the natural beauty of our luxurious country for the sake of increasing profits!

All have crack research teams hard at work on some of the more serious problems that have quite naturally cropped up, and I would say, in ten, twenty years...

But why have these problems naturally cropped up?

With all due respect to Mr. Blu-ray and his millions, I think it's a bunch of...
WHOOPS!

TIME OUT FOR THE FOLLOWING MESSAGES. WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK WITH MORE! DON'T GO WAY...

WHEN YOU HURT-TIME COUNTS! WHY WAIT?

YOU DESERVE A BREAK TODAY...

...SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN!!

SAVE BIG MONEY!!

ISN'T THERE A GOOD MOVIE ON?

I DON'T WANT TO RUN SHORT ON TIME — SO PERHAPS YOU HAD BETTER TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BESTSELLING BOOK, "DEMONS FROM THE DEEP!" FICTION, ISN'T IT?

YES, BILLY, IT IS. BUT IT'S ESSENCE IS VERY REFLECTIVE OF REALITY... DEEP!

FROM THE TITLE REFERS TO THAT MYSTERIOUS SEA WITHIN THE MINDS OF MEN WHERE GUILT AND FEAR RESIDE.

EVERY AGE, IN MY OPINION, GIVES BIRTH TO ITS OWN PARTICULAR DEMONS AND EVILS THAT ARE A DIRECT RESULT FROM THE COLLECTIVE CHARACTER OF A PEOPLE IN A GIVEN GEOGRAPHICAL AREA OVER A PERIOD OF TIME...

THE COLLECTIVE CHARACTER DOESN'T HAVE TO BE EVIL BUT IT SEEMS ALL AGES HAVE ITS PEOPLE, OR GROUP, THAT IMPRESSES ITSELF GUILTY UPON OTHERS...

COULD YOU GIVE US AN EXAMPLE?

THE SYSTEM OF SLAVERY WAS INHERENTLY EVIL, BASED AS IT WAS ON COLOSSAL GREED AND PRIDE. IT GAVE US A HORRIBLE CIVIL WAR WITH A NIGHTMARISH SITUATION AFTERWARDS. STARVATIONS, LYNCHINGS, THE KU KLUX KLAN, MORE HATRED, LEGAL PREJUDICE — ALL IN ALL, SUPER-FANTASTIC INHUMANITY, CRUELTY AND INJUSTICE.

MULTIPLY ALL THIS WITHIN ITSELF UPON ITSELF, AND YOU HAVE SHEER, BLISTERING INSANITY NURTURED BY THE SPIRIT OF HOPELESSNESS. WORK ALL THIS OUT IN TERMS OF IRRATIONAL BEHAVIOR, MURDER AND CRIME AND YOU WILL HAVE BROUGHT YOURSELF UP TO DATE IN TERMS OF REAL EVIL, REAL DEMONS...

YAWN (DEPRESSING S.O.B.)
OTHER EXAMPLES, BRIEFLY — WORLD WAR I WAS PRECIPITATED BY THE ARROGANT AND SUPERSELFISH NATIONAL PRIDE OF THE UPPER-ECHELON SOCIETY OF STATE. DARWIN'S BIOLOGICAL THEORY OF EVOLUTION FED THESE POMPOUS BELIEFS — EACH NATION FIGURING THEMSELVES TO BE FITTEST FOR SURVIVAL.

THE PEACE TREATY PUT A GROSSLY UNFAIR GUARD BURDEN ON THE GERMAN PEOPLE. THIS SET THE SCENE FOR HITLER AND THE NAZI PARTY AND THE UNPARALLELED MONSTROSITIES OF WORLD WAR II.

THE DEMONS ARE AS REAL AS THE EVIL COMMITTED AND MOSTLY EMERGED IN THE DR. JEKYL, MR. HYDE MOLD. ALA NEUROSIS, PSYCHOSIS, PSYCHOSES AUTOSUGGESTION AND UMBREAN BRANCHES OF EMOTIONAL/MENTAL ILLNESSES!

NOW IN MY BOOK, IT WORKS OUT THIS WAY....

WELL, SO MUCH FOR TALK SHOWS AND BOOK PROMOTIONS. WONDER WHY IT IS SOME PEOPLE ARE MORE SENSITIVE TO THE HURT AND HURT THAT IS EXECUTED IN THE NAME OF PROGRESS THAN OTHERS?

WHAT'S THAT AHEAD? LIGHTNING BLASTS IT.
DOWN, DOWN, DOWN...

CONVULSIONS BREAKING THE FALL...

A SOFT LANDING

SPLOSH

ATMOSPHERIC ABSORPTION... TRULY FREAKED OUT!

NO TREACHEROUS DANGER
FORESTED CHAOS
INHUMAN WORLD OF DARKNESS

IT IS A LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY INTO
DAY...

SSSS

TO A WARM SUN THAT BAKES WELL....

THEN, CONSCIOUSNESS EMERGES...

... BUT STILL IN A STATE OF SHOCK!
PA! LOOK IT! THE GREEN MONSTER! ALL THE CROPS DOWNWIND OF HIM ARE DYING!

WHew! HE SURE DO STINK! HE'S HEADIN' FOR LOPER CITY, BETTER PHONE THE AUTHORITIES!

WHew! WHAT A STINK!

BBoy, THEY ARE SURE MAKING A CHEAP BRAND OF MONSTER THESE DAYS!

HARDLY A STRUGGLE AT ALL — UNLESS... IT DIDN'T REALLY WANT TO FIGHT...

The news rapidly reaches BILLY BATSON, FAMED BOY NEWSCASTER, WHO REACTS...

HOLY MOLEY! A SMELLY MONSTER TERRORIZING LOPER CITY. SHAZAM

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING...
WHAT DO I DO WITH THIS CREATURE?
IS HE A DISPOSABLE HUMAN OR A HUMAN CATASTROPHE?
I'M NOT SURE HE'S VILLAINOUS.

I'D BETTER HURRY AND DECIDE. THE ARMY WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE AND THEY DON'T WANT TIME WITH SUCH CONSIDERATIONS.

COME ON, SHAZ, WHERE'S THAT OL' WISDOM I'M SUPPOSED TO BE LOADED WITH?

WELL, FOR SURE, THE CREATURE-PERSON IS A WALKING BIOLOGICAL, ECOLOGICAL, POISONOUS BOMBSHELL OF DEADLY POLLUTION. I'LL REMOVE HIM TO A HARMLESS AREA.

WHO...? WAIT, THAT VOICE... SO FAMILIAR! SGT. PEPPER PEPPER, ALIAS, RADAR, MIND-READER EXTRAORDINAIRE AND GOVERNMENT AGENT.

HIYA, CAPTAIN! YEP, IT'S ME, PEPPY! ONLY SCRUB THE SGT. AND GOVERNMENT TAGS. I'M A DOCTOR OF SCIENTOLOGY AND AN INVESTIGATOR FOR S.O.U.P. (STUDY OF UNUSUAL PHENOMENA), A PRIVATE GROUP. NEVER MIND THAT DR. PEPPER JOKE YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HEAD — MY WIFE, PAPRIKA!

I'LL ADMINISTER TRANQUILIZER TO THE POLLUTED MAN!

I BELIEVE I'VE READ THE SITUATION CORRECTLY. FOLLOW US WITH R.M. TO OUR BASE LAB. WILL YOU CAPT. MARVEL?

SURE, NO SWEAT! UNDOING THE EFFECTS OF POLLUTION IS AN EASY MATTER — THE MAN WILL BE MINUS SOME HAIR AND A FEW TEETH.

HE'S HUMAN! EVEN AS YOU'N IT HIGHLY SENSITIVE, ALERT MIND. A FREAK ACCIDENT PERMITTED HIS BODY TO ADJUST AND ADAPT TO A HIGH CONCENTRATION OF POLLUTING ELEMENTS.

WE ARE READY WITH THE RADIATION BATHS, DR. YOU SAID THERE WASN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE.

RIGHT! BETTER TAKE SOME BEFORE PHOTOS!
GOSH, PEPS. YOU KNOW IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, I MIGHT HAVE THROWN THAT UNFORTUNATE MAN INTO THE SUN OR SOMETHING THINKING HE WAS THE EVIL WORK OF SOME MAD SCIENTIST! WHHEW!

MULL ON THIS ONE, CAP. SURPRISE WE COULDN'T HELP KLIRUP, THE POLLUTED MAN—WOULDN'T WE HAVE TO DESTROY HIM FOR THE DANGER HE IS TO SOCIETY? EVEN THOUGH HE HIMSELF IS INNOCENT...

IT'S DAMN THE CONSEQUENCES, FULL-STEAM AHEAD UP THE PROTECTS—THAT MAIMONIDE PHILOSOPHY HAS CREATED, ALONE, CRIMINALLY, SOME MIGHTY SICK SITUATIONS FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE! WE NEED SOME SUPERCHARGED SUPERGUYS Emerge ON THE SCENE WHEN THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED INTO CRITICAL PRODUCTIONS! IN REALITY, WE SERVE THE MIGHTY MONEYS MACHINE OF THE SECURED AND PRIVILEGED FEW WHO PUMP OUT JUNK, PROBLEMS, AND CONFUSIONS, FOR THE MEAGER MANY—ALL IN THE NAME OF THE GROSS NATIONAL PRODUCT! WE MAY SAVE SOME SITUATIONS AT THE LAST MINUTE BUT WE DO NOT ESTABLISH JUSTICE. WE JUST SAVE HER A LITTLE SHAME!

ONE WEEK LATER...

CAPTAIN MARVEL, MEET MR. KLIRUP—THE ONCE POLLUTED MAN AND HOW MANY OF US CAN SAY THAT?

IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO ANNOUNCE THE RETURN OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC HEROES! IT'S THE BIG RED CHEESE HIMSELF, THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL—OH, WHAT'S HIS NAME?

AH, SURELY THE WORLD HAS TAKEN A TURN FOR THE BETTER!

COMING IN DECEMBER...

DC'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TO YOU!

SHAZAM IS COMING!

COMING! REPRINTS OF THE MR. MIND SERIAL!

'NEAL ADAMS ON CAPT. MARVEL JUNIOR!'
I've been dreaming of her for a long time now... Her pale face haunts me... I exist only for the times I spend with her - free from any conscious realities.

...In return for my desire - she gives to me domination... complete and final... Great is my despair and anguish at waking from sleep... »
"Suddenly I realize that I have been sleep walking... dreaming about that girl again! My God, I'm somewhere outside the house... and stark naked! It has been raining and I am drenched! I think that I had better get inside before I catch pneumonia... I slip quietly thru vague tree forms, but I am weary and sit for a short rest."

"A noise startles me! I look up and see that someone else is walking thru the woods by my home. At first I try to hide myself, but the person calls to me. It is a woman and she seems to be badly in need of help!..."
"SOMEHOW I AM HARDLY SURPRISED - HERS IS THE FACE FROM MY DREAMS... AT FIRST SHE IS VERY WEAK, BUT THEN... SHE OPENS HER EYES. SHE SMILES AS I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND.

IT IS GOOD TO FEEL MY NAKED FLESH PRESSED AGAINST HERS IN THIS DAMP COLDNESS. I PRESS HER HARD AGAINST ME AND IT HURTS ONLY MOMENTARILY AS THE SHARP NEEDLES PIERCE MY FLESH... THEN...
FULFILLMENT, MY BLOOD REVIVES HER... BECOMES HER LIFE! NOW I REALIZE THAT I HAVE BEEN HAUNTED BY A VAMPIRE!..."
... my eyes open dully, and then I realize—I have been dreaming again... only another precious dream.

"Maybe if I lie quietly close to my edge and that corpulent bitch over there doesn't roll into me... I can try to remember it all... and just maybe, if I'm lucky, she won't wake me up to go to work and I can sleep late tomorrow morning..."

"End"
ENGLAND

GOD BLESS US - EVERYONE!

I CAME FROM ENGLAND TO DISCOVER THE AMERICANS.

POPULATION: 57,777

SHE LOVES ME!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT ME!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO HERE!

I'M NOT SURE IF... I'M NOT SURE WHAT...

WALKING AROUND WITH A HAMMER AND SICKLE...

I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE...

A FRIEND OF MINE, HE WANTS TO GET REVENGE ON THE AMERICAN WHO SHOT DOWN MARCO QUAZI!
Welcome to all new readers of CHRONICLE. With this, our second issue, we continue our "No Policy" format policy, which gives our contributors more freedom of expression. The only thing that we will maintain is our high standard of quality. We will accept only the best. We feel that by striving for perfection, we will not insult our readers and/or our contributors by printing substandard material and will hopefully inspire our contributors to set up new standards of quality for their own work.

In our attempts to bring fandom the best fan and pro work available, we have sent letters to the top pro and fan artists and writers requesting contributions. Although the response has been highly gratifying—contributions from the best in the field of graphic illustration—a few talented newcomers to fandom, the shortage is very disappointing to me. If the fans and pros I have written to can even find time to spare a piece of scratch paper and drop it in the mail to S.A.S.E., which I enclose with all my requests, you begin to wonder what they do with your SASE? Are they too high up on their pedestals (where they were placed by fans) to hear any plea for encouragement? I have always stressed in all my letters that even a negative reply is welcome. I can understand that pro's busy schedules and probably receive innumerable requests for contributions, but to ignore a fan completely is unforgivable. Do these people even bother to open the letter you send them or do they just slam the return address and if it is unfamiliar, consign it to the circular file? Well, if that's the case, at least the janitor will be able to send out his Christmas cards, postage free.

OUR THANKS: To JOHN SHERWIN, for his beautiful cover illustrations this issue. John has always been one of my favorite artists and his artwork for National, Marvel and Cracked Magazine proves him to be one of the GIANTS of the Comic Industry. Though "KING KULL" is his undisputed masterpiece, his artistic endeavors run the gamut between the dynamic excellence of "KULL" to the simplicity of his satirical artwork for Cracked Magazine. To John goes the title...MARTIAN FENNAN.

To GARY RICKER, who joins our staff as Art Editor this issue and has been of immeasurable help to us in the selection of artwork and editorial duties, which have become almost overwhelming. Gary's artwork appears in this issue and his "WONDER WOMAN" cover from issue one is still evoking complimentary comments. All his work is of highest quality and we value his judgment on all artistic matters.

To A.JAMES HANLEY, whose "CAPTAIN MARVEL" strip is one of the highlights of this issue. Not only because of the exalted job he did but also because it heralds the return of one of comicdom's greatest. Jim was a big help with all of the layout problems we encountered this issue. Jim says he knows the "CM" strip is quite "WORTH" but had to do it just that way and hopes all you fans enjoy it.

To JIM ENGEL, for his strip, centerfold and the logos, which he designed especially for this issue. Jim's style is distinctive and definitely his own, although Jim's favorite artist is Walt Kelly and Jim's artwork does have that particular flavor. I believe that someday people will be studying the ENGEL style and attempting to imitate it.

To STANLEY SAKAI, who with this issue makes his debut as a strip artist, illustrating a character that was born through a mutual exchange of ideas between Stan and yours truly. We hope the fans enjoy this feature. SAKAI will be an integral part of this publication and we hope Stan will continue as artist for a long time.

To CHARLES DIXON, whose strip last issue was so well received, that Chuck has decided to debut his own mystery character in CHRONICLE. Chuck says he wants this character to remain a mystery as long as possible and he'll develop his issue by issue. He says he is sick and tired of all the "BROOKS", "EGLE", and "GUNNY" characters now abounding in comicdom.

To JAMES PULINKINBERG, who becomes a regular with his strip this issue, a beautiful four-page story with heavy heavy occult overtones. Jim's future work will center on his own creation, ENNOIS PEMAIZHOPHUS, (two sketches of his hero appear in number one) a Sword & Sorcery series, that looks very interesting.

To JOHN L. BYNE, a Canadian fan, whom we're sure you'll be hearing a lot more from in the not too distant future. John will be collaborating with us on a science fiction strip for next issue and as you can see from the profile, John's artwork is fantastic and you can believe me his graphic storytelling technique is dynamic.

To DUFFY KOCHLAND, for his "DAVEN" column, which we hope will be a continuing feature in CHRONICLE. Welcome back, Duffy. Good to have you with us.

To ROGER GLIEBER, his "REVIVAL SURVIVAL" column will be a regular feature from number two until infinity and I do promise more space next issue.

AND SPECIAL THANKS TO: CLYDE CALLOWELL, JOHN ONODA, DARY JOHN REYNOLDS, STANLEY CHURCHIE, PATTY, JOHN ADULCE, RICH WILLIAMS, JIM CARNABY, DON HENTON and CARLINO INFANTINO for their help in making CHRONICLE two reality.

NO LETTERS!!! Although Jim Engel created two beautiful logos for our Letters column page, they were not used this issue, because most of the letters I received were more of personal nature than 100s. Possibly next issue? Thanks, Jim.

NEXT: Danny by Stanley Sakai continues, GIBBON by John L. Byrne, SHA'S DAUGHTER by Jim Pulinkinberg, DUFFY'S TAVEN, REVIVAL SURVIVAL, more by Chuck Dixon, Jim Engel, Gary Ricker and Gary John Reynolds.

RECOMMENDED PUBLICATIONS:

Gary Ricker's
ALL-TIME ALL-TIME
1334 S. Kealy
Burbank, Ill. 60402
50c

Chuck Piala's
FVF
6530 W. 64th St.
Kansas, Ill. 66202
50c

A.James Hanley's
HANLEY'S FANZON
1925 W. Granville
Chicago, Ill. 60652
50c
Here's his file number 73528-5

What was his name?

He never had a name

You see he was brought to Dizmus School at the age of about 5 - after his mother had been brutally murdered. But he should be in an orphanage, not a correction school.

Frankly, Roger, we're not so sure he wasn't the one who murdered his mother.

At five years old?

He's a strange case. Roger, you knew that when you asked me to look him up.

But...

But the boy's father?

He didn't have a father... we aren't even sure that that woman who's corpse we found is his mother.

No medical records... no evidence that this child was ever born... the record in the prison school is the only proof that 73528-5 ever existed.

He's eighteen now and has never spoken a word about his past or of anything else. He is completely silent - he is capable of speech, but he won't talk.
THE FIRST-recorded violent act occurred when he was 14.
YOU HEARD THE BELL, CMON GET BACK TO YOUR CELLS.

THAT THE ONE?

YEAH, WE HAVEN'T BEEN TO "VISIT" HIM. EVER?

NAW

THEN WE WILL TONITE

LEAVE ALL KITCHEN UTENSILS AT THE DOOR

REPAIRS ARE STILL BEING MADE TO THE GYMNASIUM... NO ONE MAY USE IT UNTIL WE FIND WHO DID THE DAMAGE... LIGHTS OUT IN 5 MINUTES

HUH? WHAT THEN HARY?

THEN SHE SAYS... "THATS FUNNY I WAS IN THE SPACE MARINE BARRACKS THAT NIGHT TOO"

HEEEEEE

SHUT UP YOU CRUMBS! IT'S AN HOUR AFTER LIGHTS OUT!

AW-HEE-HEE
Lights out 9:00 PM

Hes down this aisle

Y'know Dave this kid's been here two years wonder why we never had a go at him.

I dunno ugh

Crun wha?

I heard the others talk about him. They say he never says a word. He's as silent as the grave.

Nobody knows hardly anything about him.

He's a real fighter this kid.

Snap!

Chhh chhh chhh

Gack!
THUD

CHRIST

NO

SSSTAY BACK

PLEASE

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Obviously not the average child of fourteen. He killed four guards with his bare hands, passes through a locked cell without using a key and makes his final escape by knocking down a brick wall. But that’s not the end of it.

What?

Yes roger. There’s more.
Now, everyone; I've been a long time since I've written one of these things. Don't know how it'll turn out. That's for you to judge. Seems I've developed some sorta mental block towards doing these things the past year (for reasons I'd rather not go into here) and I'm always having a hard time getting it to end. Hopefully, by simply sitting down, writing this, and then seeing it in print, I'll be cured. If I do, you'll probably be seeing these things all over the place again; if not... well... now to think of it, you peeshies may be better off if I'm not cured! [Heh! You didn't have to agree so quickly!]. Anyway, I'll ramble on for a while and see what happens. I suppose I'll use my talkin'-about-somthing format, since that seems to be the most liked.

You may or may not have read an item in Howard Siegel's "Comic Collector's Comments" column in E & GC a few issues back about a couple ideas I had (with the help of Steve Mattingly on one) for a couple new DC titles, WEIRD DETECTIVE and MYSTERY & MAGIC. Specifically on each book:

**WEIRD DETECTIVE** - This would be yet another addition to DC's line of "WEIRD" books (i.e. WEIRD WDLDE). And would feature, for example, "SHERLOCK HOLMES" (or whatever) as the lead feature; and, oh, say, "SANDMAN" (in his business suit) and "CHEETAH" strips on an alternating basis in the book. I would think such a title would sell fairly well by having the "WEIRD" aspect of these strips played up. (And, we all know that "WEIRD" is what's selling now.)

**MYSTERY & MAGIC** - This would be a book continuing, like 'WD', one regular lead series. (Whichever character DC would feel was the strongest. Personally, I'd pick SANDMAN the SORCEROR for the spot.) And, alternating back-up series featuring, say, DR. FATE and PEACOCKER (I'd say SATANAS instead of FATE, but now that his name was SATANAS, he had to go back to his original, PEACOCKER). Likewise, I think that such a title would sell pretty well by playing up the same "WEIRD" appeal that sorts go along with mystical characters.

While makin' out the strip-idea lists for the above two books, I came up with another idea. DC could use one of their already established titles. Now, everyone and his brother wants to see SANDMAN revived in his own (Adams-Draw) series, right? Well, I'd also like to see his Earth-2 counterpart, THE SPECTER, return in a new continuing series. And, I've thought of the perfect way in which to put them on an alternating, lead basis. Which one, you ask: well, just stop and think what DM and SPEC are, anyway, and you'll have the name of that strip. It's obviously SPEWZ! Perfect! But 'Course, I know they'd never do it, though, cause the book is selling too well in it's present format. (So well, in fact, that it was recently upped to monthly frequency.)

On the subject of ideas for new books and series, Roger Sterling and I set down and tried to think of some non-comics series to which DC or MARVEL could acquire the rights, much in the same way they have with DOC SAVAGE, THE SHADOW, and several others. Some of the possibilities we came up with were:

**PLANET OF THE APES** - This, if handled right, could make an extremely interesting science fiction strip, that would sell because of its connection with the series of movies. I would have it begin around the time the current "APES" movie, "CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES" is supposed to take place, and continue on from there.

**SPEAR** - MARVEL recently tried to get the rights to do THE LONE RANGER in a series and failed (and now GOLD KEY has revived their LIG book in reprint form), so we thought SPEAR would be an excellent second choice for them.

**FU MANCHU** - I've always liked this ol' guy and would like to see a series based on him. I think it'd sell. 'Course, if MARVEL were to have thought of a series along the lines of FD, they could simply revive their old YELLOW CLAW book. This wouldn't be a bad idea, either, 'cause it'd be a familiar place in which to incorporate NICK FURY & S.H.I.E.L.D. (though YC's old nemesis, Jimmy Woo, who Steranko revived and made a member of that organisation), making it a long-running, semi-permanent group of adversaries for CLAW.

And, then we went on to think of other possibilities, like PERRY RHODAN, FRANKENSTEIN (which MARVEL is doing), NICK CARTER, THE NINETY, and so on.

Well, since George is kinda tight on space thish and asked me to keep it down (as best I can, seeing as how I can oft-times ramble forever), I suppose I'll call it quits for now. I'd like to hear your comments on the ideas presented in this, the first 'DT', I've written in over a year. Goodbye and---Write Sooness!!!

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REVIVAL
SURVIVAL

It staggers the imagination to see all the characters Marvel has brought back—both in their original versions and revised forms. Just about anyone that has had their own book in the last decade at Marvel has been issued their own book or a spot in a try-out book. Captain Marvel has been brought back for the third time and Ant-Man, one of Marvel's earliest and weakest characters has been given a new test run. Even the X-Men are, at long last being brought back in all new stories.

Since the news is out that DC is bringing back the old Flash hero, the original Captain Marvel, I've been wondering why they haven't brought back more old characters in new strips. Now, although DC has brought back old characters such as Metamorpho, Elongated Man, Metal Men, and Martian Manhunter, it's always a back-up strip or with the support of a major hero. These characters are too complex to have a 7-page story hidden in the dark recesses of one of their best sellers. DC should stick their necks out like Marvel and give some of their old characters new books.

It's obvious national has many long-standing heroes they could revive that would sell today. The Doom Patrol, The Creeper, and the Spectre would most likely sell if their stories would play up the seriousness and weird-type plots that seem to be doing so well on the present market.

The Legion of Super-heroes should be given its own book simply because it never should have lost its spot in Adventures in the first place. It, like about everyone else, didn't really care if Supergirl got her own mag or not, but I certainly didn't want it to be at the expense of the LSH. This group is so big that a half a book cannot do them justice.

Martian Manhunter could be a hit if the alienation bit would be accentuated as with the Hulk and the Vision. Some strips that should be given at least tryouts as back-up strips are Robby Reed, Dial H for Hero, Rip Hunter, Time Master, and Aquaman. Robby Reed and Rip Hunter would be consistently good because they could adapt to feature whatever happens to be in vogue at the moment. For example, since Sword & Sorcery seems to be popular right now, Rip Hunter could be transported to the time and locales of a barbaric-fantasy strip. Robby Reed could turn into Monster and mystical-type characters which seem to be in full swing right now. Then, if the popularity of these type stories seem to wane Dial H and Time Master could retain their popularity by simply changing their format a little.

Aquaman should have a back-up feature simply because he's too good a character to remain in comic's limbo for long.

Since Bridwell seems to be looking for villains to feature in Wanted, I think two excellent choices would be Eclipse and Star Sapphire. Eclipse could play on the weird transformation type story which has become popular in Werewolf by Night and Ghost Rider. Star Sapphire would probably sell because of the emphasis placed on women's lib now adays.

Well, I seem to be rapidly approaching the space limitations placed on me by George and I haven't even got around to talking about the Quality characters I'd like to see revived such as Blackhawk, the Ray, Black Condor, Plastic Man, etc. Oh well, there's always next lesson.

Send all comments and arguments on this column to—Roger Slifer
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46161
THE PRIME DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD COUNCIL HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED!! HOW? WHY? BY WHOM? NO ONE KNOWS. THEY ONLY KNOW THAT HE IS BEING HELD ON AN ASTEROID PLANET WHICH NOW IS SURRROUNDED BY THE CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE NETWORK (C.I.N.) FLEET. BUT THEY CAN'T ATTACK FOR FEAR OF BRINGING HARM TO THE DIRECTOR. NEITHER CAN THEY STALL TOO LONG BECAUSE OF THE TOP SECRET INFORMATION THAT THE DIRECTOR KNOWS. IT IS DECIDED THAT A FIVE MAN TASK FORCE SHOULD ATTEMPT TO DESCEND TO THE PLANET DURING A METEOR SHOWER.

THEM MISSION: (1) SAFE-GUARD THE DIRECTOR, (2) FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS PLOT AND (3) CRIPPLE DEFENSES IF ANY.

THE FIVE MEN FELT CRAMPED IN THE THREE-MAN SHUTTLE-CRAFT. IT WAS A DESPERATE PLAN, TRUE, BUT THIS WAS A DESPERATE TIME! BUT PERHAPS THESE MEN WOULD PULL IT OFF! THESE FIVE TOP AGENTS. AMONG THEM,

DANTE
A tiny pinpoint of light erupted from the planet's surface then the craft was violently rocked as the meteor just port of the craft exploded into tiny fragments.

Cold sweat glistened on the foreheads of the five agents as another meteor was destroyed. Tense moments of silence followed, then...

The barrage seems to have stopped! Probably it was just a precautionary measure because most meteors don't disintegrate in this thin atmosphere!

The shuttle-craft landed, burying its wings deep in the soft, sandy ground. The hatch swung open and five figures emerged and fled in different directions.
Dante stopped after a hundred yards. If the shuttle had been seen landing, he couldn't afford to risk being seen on the open ground so he took cover behind a large boulder.

He let drop his flight helmet and stood motionless. He appeared to be like a huge, wary leopard—listening for any sign of danger. In truth his race did evolve from a cat/monkey-like creature into a humanoid type with feline characteristics.

Long, uneventful minutes passed then a figure soared into open sky!

No sign that indicates our landing's been noticed! Guess it's all right to begin my search for the prime director.

An hour and still no sign! Wonder how the others are doing.

Can't find out though. Ever since C.I.N. placed a radio cordon around this area, all transmitters except the hypersound homing devices are useless on this planetoid!

Gun shots! I've been found!
THREE! AND I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM ALL OR THE ENTIRE MISSION IS SHOT!

HERE'S WHERE I MAKE USE OF MY JET-PAK TRAINING!

THE DART WHISTLED PAST DANTÉ'S EAR AS HE HIMSELF SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. AN ATTACKER PITCHED BACK THEN FLOATED MOTION-LESS IN THE SKY, DEAD!

OPERATOR 45 IS DEAD! WITH NO RADIO CONTACT, YOU'LL HAVE TO SPREAD THE ALARM OF A POSSIBLE MINIATURE INVASION!!

DANTÉ KNEW THAT ALL WOULD BE LOST IF THE MAN ESCAPED SAFELY. THROWING CAUTION TO THE WIND, HE LUNGED AT HIS SECOND RIFLE, BLOCKING HIS ADVASARY'S GUN HAND WITH HIS OWN AND AT THE SAME TIME, DRAWING HIS DAGGER!!

I'LL GET RID OF THIS GUY THEN CATCH UP WITH YOU LATER!
The second agent fell groundward with a slit throat even as Dante flew in pursuit of the rapidly diminishing figure!

My Jet-Pak's already exhausted! There's no way of overtaking him! Only one hope...

Dante sheathed his knife and took careful aim with his dart pistol. One, two shots missed their mark. Tense fingers squeezed the trigger a third time! Seconds later, the lone figure in the distance jerked backwards then plummeted downwards!

Dante had glided in the same direction taken by the third man... Now, fifteen minutes later, he is revered by...

A huge complex! But built like a fortress! The prime director must be there!!

In the air, I wouldn't stand a chance! I'd be seen before I'm even 200 yards of that place!!

But perhaps something I spotted from the air will help me get in!!
I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY OF GETTING INTO THAT COMPLEX UNOBSERVED AND THIS DRAINAGE PIPE FITS THE BILL!!

DANTE CRAWLED INTO THE PIPE. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, IT EXTENDED INTO A LARGE SEWER SYSTEM.
DANTE MADE SLOW PROGRESS AS HE WADED KNEE-DEEP IN THE FILTH AND SLIME. THE REEK OF THE GRAY WATERS SICKENING HIM.

TWIN CAT-LIKE EYES BLAZED IN THE EBONY ABYSS, RESTING THEIR GAZE ON A METAL LADDER.
TWO CORDED ARMS REACHED UP, GRABBED, THEN PULLED UP A SLIME-COVERED BODY!

HIS UNIFORM'S A PERFECT FIT, BUT NONE-THE-LESS, I HOPE NO ONE'LL SUSPECT...
I was born in Kelmscott, England in 1940 and moved to Canada in 1954. Returned to England a few years later and at this time my first encounter with superheroes occurred. Since comics were quite a rarity in England at the time, most were put out in a hardcover format and stories reprinted in black and white. I was thrilled to discover the adventures of Superman and read the small screen, which led to a one-shot color comic featuring Johnny Quick, SUPERBOY-like reason for purchasing it and a BATMAN. Although my parents restricted my comic purchases to a minimum, I was able to amass quite a large collection including the First SPIDER-MAN, GREEN LANTERN’S first appearance in HAWKMAN and nearly a hundred different issues of BATMAN.

Even though my studies suffered, my parents did not attribute this to the comics until one day following a particularly poor report card, my mother decided to donate my entire collection to the Children’s Hospital. I found little solace in the fact that I had made their lives a little less joyful. Though this event did help my future more or less, since indeed I could no longer collect comics I would turn my attention to the production of things The years to follow were crowded with endless passion of my comic creations, most of them, although born in my imagination, were to see light as the brainchildren of people already in the limelight. They had the means to breathe life into these otherworldly and I would have to wait.

Finally in 1971, while attending the ALBION COLLEGE of ART, I was approached by the gallery director to create a comic strip which could be used as a sample for the traveling exhibition “The History of Comics as an Artform.” The director had heard of my particular bent for comics and after seeing some of my work had decided I would produce something that they could use as an example of comic art. My first professional comic! I threw myself into the project and a short time later, the “SHAD’s HAWK KNIGHT” was born, he lived for forty pages and was seen by at least 495 people, for of the 25 copies I had been promised, I received only 5. There were no more to be had. I knew what my future would be. While my years wandered the halls with the WED_17 and WEDE_1_L_11 expressions on their faces, I knew! After this I dedicated myself to the professional field and shortly, I made my first professional sale to the MONTREAL TIMES. This was followed by five more sales to the same, I had finally crossed the threshold into the professional comic world.

I have now been offered a chance by one of the major comics companies to illustrate one of their super-heroes. I find myself involved in a project of my own creation. The new CANADIAN COMICS, with the help of my friends and possibly a guardian angel--with a heart of gold and a backroll to match--will come soon in a reality. "John will join us next issue with a new Science Fiction strip."