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ELLIS '73
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Black Cat centerspread il stration originally appeared in THE COLLECTOR #13.

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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-creeping 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 naces 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 on Steranko for another, great Supergraphics products. John Byrne was in the last issue with a small, imaginative spot of Carl Reiner, and he returns this issue with a way of excellent fullpage illustrations. John Ellis has worked in conjunction with G.B. Love and the SCPC 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 Kovalik, 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 Caney was unable to handle an In-depth Star Trek feature, I was fortunate enough to get in touch with some local T rekites who were more than willing to help out, and they are: Commodores Scott Miller and Joe Fellhauch and their article should prove very popular with readers. (Incidently, 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 and only Murray Bishoff, reportedly a "key cog in the working machinery of the vast Dynauphs Enterprise" under the auspices of Alan Light, came through with flying colors with an in-depth article on The Shadow, a longtime 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 729 AND its contents at this time in 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 get 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. But 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 I probably will be the last issue, at least for a while. Don't worry about it now, though...just sit back and enjoy this issue.
"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 an hour - he just left." The situation was becoming embarrassing...
Taylor relaxed, stretching his legs. The man worked in silence, lathering Taylor's face, stropping his razor, and shaving him.

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.

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...

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.
...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! OUT! Taylor imagined himself shaving a man, helpless, his whitethroat exposed. One quick slice! No sound—Nothing!

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

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

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 closest 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 durned 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...
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

**Occupational Hazards!**

By: William Reynolds

---

**Superman**

C/O Clark Kent
Metropolis, USA

Dear Superman,

Undoubtedly 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’ jokes, 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 NFL may make to you.
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 Gonzales
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 Misook 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’ jokes 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!! (Ya-va-va-voom!)

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

Hope to see you soon,

L.A. Sharpey
R.B., B. & B. Circus
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" Cullinan, 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, etc...) 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 stage coach, 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 has ever known! You may even want to consider it as a full-time career!

Expectantly,
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!!

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...

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

-HANLEY
5-78
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!

SOO GET OUT THERE, AMERICA AND HUSTLE FOR GREENHORN!

You will know my men by their RECONVERTED FACES—ALL RESEMBLE THIS PLANET'S MOST ADMIRABLE FIGURE, HITLER!

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

BOMB! BOMB! BOMB!

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 DRACONIAN DECISIONS GENTLE-MEN, WE STILL HAVE SOME SUPER HERO HOPE!!

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

ON THE SOUTH SLOPE... FORLAY INTO THE MELAN MENS!

ON THE NORTH SLOPE... GIVE 'EM THE OL' AMERICAN NO-HOW GANG!

REDDOG REDDOG... INCREASE THE GREASE ON SNOWY FLAPPERS!

REDDOG-REDDOG! THRIZZ ALPHABABY!! MICKEY THE MOUSE ON'S TAIL!!
CHARLEY-ALPHA
THIS IS RED-DOG!!
READ YOU CLEAR-WRITE
YOU HOME-PINPOINT
Buckshot Thurst On
WAY-HOLD THY NOSES!
LOTSA FUN
HUH, GUYS!?

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

BUT THEN... GEM'S
PROUD MARINUE IS SHOT-OUT
FROM UNDER
HIM!!

SHOOTIN'
SHINOLA?!

SURPRISE!

SAY MISTER, IS THIS THE
RIGHT ROAD TO ALBUQUERQUE?

WH-- GREEN
THUNDER!!

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

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

MEANWHILE, THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE GREENHAWKS AND THE
COMMANDO'S HAVE COMMANDERED 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!!

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

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

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

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

"THE
COMPETITION
IS
PIERC!! WE
SHOULD
ADVERTISED
MORE!!"

"DIE
CORPORATE LACKY!!" "DIE
GREENHORN
STOOGE!!" "THE FAMILY THAT SLAYS TOGETHER
GETS BURIED TOGETHER!!"
Welcome, gentlemen, I see a few of you have gotten through my obstacle course!

Obstacle Course—Why you—-

Gentlemen! You all have earned the privilege to be members of my elite command core!

Any takers? I accept...

Sorry, guys, but it's been bottling me quite a while now. 'Bout da rich gettin' richer, the poorer... da built-in injustice of da whole special privilege system.

It seems like all those guys wot got banged up in war II, da Korean and Nam ting wuz just makin' de world safe for McDonald's hamburgers, Volkswagons 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??
BRONY! GONE!

...RIP GREENLEAF...
...CHOKED...
...ALSO, TOO...

YOU ARE BALD!

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 unpredictable, with zero moral constraints! Think of the excitement!! With me as leader.

GREENHORN, YOU ARE SOME KIND of master of human psychology. You might be right in a lot of that gunk. Human energies herein EMERALD are pretty muddled but you, sir, take the everlovin', blue-eyed cake!

..as only a Green Horn can I'm sure...

NOW, DIE!

MASTER comes an emissary from da enemy forces!!

CHEESES, WHAT are you guys doin' here!? Where's that Greenhorn character?

G.I. is DEAD! Open the letter!

I'm on a mission for Pres. Nickson to deliver this top secret-super classified letter to Greenhorn himself!

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! HMPH!

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

GREENHORN-ALIVE!

WE'LL DO JUST THAT BASTARD THUNDER!!

TOO LATE!! YOU ARE ALL BOXED-IN IN
MY INVISIBLE ELECTROMAGNETIC FORCE FIELD! NOTHING CAN
PENETRATE IT! TOUCH BUTTONS!!

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

HAW HAW
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 RATIONAL WHICH GAVE A SEMBLANCE OF SANITY, BUT THAT
NEED IS GONE NOW!

IN OUR NEXT AND YES, FINAL EPISODE, WE WILL TRY TO PORTRAY
THE MOST EVIL KIND OF WORLD THAT WE CAN IMAGINE BASED ON PRESENT
TENDENCIES 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 MUDGED ON.... EMERALD?
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 - 40 beautiful costumes! Ladies, Girls, Brides, Daughters, 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 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-American and Planet Comics were the introduction to, and the force behind, my now 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 follies. The author has been collecting and reading in these fields for 25 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 the reader to wonder what the author means. "What is it? What is it?" 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 Industry 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 editor, or anyone else in the world, for that matter.

TEENAGE GIRLS

As the reader may have gathered, from my subtitle 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 purposefully, 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'll try to make it clear that one may get as many arguments as there are Holiday 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 sugar powerers, 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 bug-eyed 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, phallic de hodie high heels and leggins, books, 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 short tight, Derriere all-too-visible 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-dress like Wild Bill Killigan or yearning after a bullwhip like Lash Larue had, got 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 Bad, 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 know who I am, hardly. Note the male orientation of the thought! So, suffice it to say, the super-heroines 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 Susan, the viewer, would have led to cases of galloping inferiority if not actual mother rejection. Drawn for the lovely G.I. 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.

(Next page)
One of the grandmothers of them all fighting evil in her star-spangled Merry Widow and red boots, her alter-ego was Diana Prince, respected 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 Invisibility Bracelets. There seems to have been a full quota of anti-heroine 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 (the husband) tells him that Wonder Woman was a favorite character and I suspect that the same theory applies here as that which Jules Feiffer has applied to Dr. Neath's theories about Batman and Robin. In other words, the girls readers of Wonder Woman were pre-pubescent; probably battered 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 mythology field.

Variety would have peaked 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 suspect any day now to see a Wonder Woman T-shirt sanctioned by the Woman’s Lib Movement. (To be worn sans bra, of course.)

“Selena, Hippolyta, Ariadne, Sephyrus, Eura, 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 and yellow boots, Mary Bromfield’s attractive—why draw face turned up in Captain Marvel #18 as the long-lost sister of Billy Batson. (Long-lost sisters, brothers, etc.)

Hollywood’s Glamorous Detective Star and America’s Sweetheart becomes bored with her semi-in-theatrical life of movie-making and takes to crime fighting... with this mouthful of a soap opera—introduction, Black Cat, Darling of the Comics, makes her motorcycle-riding, harlaquin-masked, pirate-booted, black-quilted, 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, scour of a scantily-dressed Mrs. Peel. Her boyfriend, Kick 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,
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.

LESS MAJOR HEROINES

There are going to be some quarrels here about characters I left out of the first part, which is why I’re talking this less major heroines, as opposed to minor heroes. 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 bootied, her 30-24-36 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’s nominally, at least, a 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 sexism, 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 male 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 V8 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 appeared in Tropic 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.

“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-
with a female lead known as the Black Widow. She splashed pages where she portrayed 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 not 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, house, with night, etc. Unfortunately, the character faded out after the one presentation, and is little known today except to the real collectors of ephemera.

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 jodhpurs, gauntlets, and black boots. She must have been at least partly hetero however, since she also had an intelligence officer as a boyfriend.

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 sexy heroines (their titles & costumes) so let's continue on with that vein and discuss the gorgeous and sexy, Dinah Drake, running 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 little drawn, but displays little originality or imagination.

Liberty Belle had no super powers and fought the usual run of either crooks or Nazi spies. Granted that the appearance of sexiness in a comic book heroine depends upon the artist, Liberty Belle appears too 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 something 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 judgment on extremely "scanty" evidence, but this is another heroine who would turn most anyone on.

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

We now come to one of the many patriotic-themed heroes in Captain Aero Comics, becomes Miss Victory, 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 decolletage in the later ones. She had no super powers, but had some sort of a multi-purpose belt (shades of Batman & Daredevil) 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."
"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 acquired evening gown with a bare midriff. Slightly different, this is another character which seems to display little imagination in the writing. But she has a super power and a costume that is quite distinctive. She also has a secret identity, and presumably has a costume that is quite different from her alter-ego.

"Peggy Allen - Reporter."

A real minor feature was "The Woman in Red", who had a short life in America's Most Thrilling Comics. She had no powers, no sex appeal, and was only a waitress. As the title implies, she dressed completely in red, and had a hat, red gloves, and red stockings. She was quick to use a gun. She often worked closely with the police, and probably the only thing of interest was her willingness to Dress down 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 sounds familiar it's because I'm repeating myself, but this time, it's in contact with the stars. We've had "Modern Joan of Arc." This one was a character appearing in Air Force Comics as Pat Patriot. She appears to have done anything except what she's been told. She was usually in a red dress and white striped skirt with a blue blouse, a belt with a star on it, and in some cases a cape. She had no name, but she was known for her courage and determination. She was a strong woman, and deserved to be treated as such. She was also a great example of what women can achieve in the world of comics.

"Aman's Who's Who in Comics."

One of the more interesting characters in the world of comics is "The Four-Color Hanky." He appears to have done anything except what he's been told. He was usually in a red dress and white striped skirt with a blue blouse, a belt with a star on it, and in some cases a cape. He had no name, but he was known for his courage and determination. He was a strong man, and deserved to be treated as such. He was also a great example of what men can achieve in the world of comics.

"To the Music of Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Among the other patriotic heroines was "Dynamic" Laura Mason, a brunette appearing in a striped leopard, blue star, red, yellow and blue outfit. She had mystic powers, in that she had to use Yankee Doodle Dandy to become Yankee Girl, but that was about it. A character with the same name also appeared in Captain Planet Comics as Kitty Kelly. Yankee Girl. She was a con-costumed heroine. Laura Mason appeared in Dynamic.
"Endowed with the magical powers of the Statue of Liberty..."

How an immature hunk of architecture can have any magical powers is some-what of a mystery to the author, but in Military Comics, Joan Dale of the FBI was privy to these 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, as Hildebrandt 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 represents 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 fixed 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 simple 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 Rights Crime," available to me is, in reality, Clare Luna, (not much originality there) a history teacher at Bowley 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 #2. This one seems less appealing than the one in Military Comics. For a super-heroine of this era, she's almost noncontroversially attired in a completely red outfit with a blue cape and a red headdress. 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 Siegel, 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 ediification 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. Reading through those stories and noting how often HawkGirl, Bulletgirl, Namore, and others, got "their man" out of a tight spot. This format was true, of course, also with the kid helpers, e.g. Robin, Poro, 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 ear-ly in his career perfected a gravity hel-met 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 Bullman's red and yellow costume, with a red skirt, yellow shorts, blue gloves, and high black boots. All the rage for the past few years, these 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 informed 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), Bullman was hot on the trail to get her back and avenge her. So far as we've been told to these younger readers we mentioned earlier, who didn't want to have anything to do with girls. Perhaps they locked 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 Bullman. She, of course, was Dollgirl. She doesn't appear until Bullman #37 but is an attractive addition to the feature. She was a brunette with 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 similarly, by the time one gets to the cover of Dollman #46, Miss Roberts is an extremely voluptuous young lady. This cover, by the way, badly flawed on the author's copy, is an interesting one, complete with Humanoïd in Space Helmet menacing Dollgirl and Dollman 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 Dollgirl with all of the female accessories.

One might also have a look at the secondary strip in the Dollman Comics and the Dollman Quarterly, 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 O.M. (Dirty Old Man) in the crowd. Almost all of them feature Torchy in cherishing semi-maturity.

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 mid-1940's was well drawn, naturally, by Shelly, Kubert, and others. She wears a red and green costume similar to Hawkman's, with the Hawkman's 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 out Gangbusters, to get Hawkman out of a tight spot. She only appears in two early issues of All-Star in costume and in some of the early Flash Comics. She is only Shiera Sanders, not yet Hawkgirl. She is also drawn in negligence in some of the early issues. This character got 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, Toto, etc. type role, although she happens to be a girl. Katie Conn or Kitty Conn, is also The Kitten, niece of David Merrivether, 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.

November 1946
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.

BLACK CAT
THE DARLING OF COMICS SINCE 1941
Namora

Who else but the female companion of Namor, the Submariner? For some reason, probably so the first name would jibe, she wasn’t known as Submarina or Submarine Girl. Probably a smart move. Her costume was a tank-type suit, with a headband, 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 blood and attractively drawn. There’s an excellent study of her on the cover of Sub-Mariner #76, complete with wings on her heels. Namora is recommended as one of the better drawn more realistically conceived heroines.

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 Crackajack Comics. She, despite having the costume, doesn’t appear to have been a Girl or anything, although I could be wrong on this. She appears in a skin-tight, grey costume, with an Owl mask. She has bare legs, wore a grey cape, and was an attractive, sexy blonde. She appears to have made only one one-shot appearance in Crackajack #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 out and 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), Commandeute, Golden Girl, Iron Lady, Miss Fury, Merry - girl of 1000 Gimmicks, Flame Girl, Flame of Sharnam 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 enough 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, Isis, Superman.

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 KEN’s, Dinosaur, Ichorous witch doctors, 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 morass 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.
HIGH DAWN

DON NEWTON:
A PORTFOLIO OF WESTERN ILLUSTRATIONS

PART TWO
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 the issue in a nutshell. The Cole Plastic Man story is great. The plot: Blax goes about capturing almost every crook in town. Only the leaders of gangs escape. Soon, the jails are so full that Woosy and Plass are told to go on vacation for two weeks, and give the police a rest. By coincidence, both our heroes and the leaders choose Cuexcaha 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 Woosy 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-cop, 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 he 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 dynamicism 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 Valuable” trick.Deer visits the Devil, which isn’t so hot, and the Human Bomb is delightful in its simplicity with decent art. Flatfoot 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 48
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.

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 seem to mind. 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 gray hoodies 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 slam 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 Jack says, “half-dead”. The DMG’s enlist the aid of a rival gang to break open the secret club of the Greys. 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 #25. That issue contains the death of Heatball, one of the original Little Wise Guys. For reference, I suggest you check STRAmmoN'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: 5

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 Walsh, decides his daughter must "know her Dad wasn't really bad."

Joe Walsh 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, he is intoxicated, and runs over a little boy running across the street, and drives away from the scene.

Remembering that Walsh needs money, Hunt makes an offer to Walsh 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. Walsh 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 Walsh was paroled, he set out to kill Hunt and succeeded.

Nancy, the little girl, is shown thru the story clutching a doll named Million. As Joe dies, Daredevil and the TWM 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 yep, you guessed it: the check was in the doll. Nancy had the check. Joe had Stella in the great beyond, and Hunt had literally ball to pay.

The art is by Roy DeFlin, and although familiar, I don't know too much about him. Gibson'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 comic 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 at: 3

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**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

We regret being unable to furnish any reproductions from the reviewed comics, but unfortunately, the photos that Mr. Moreno provided 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 F. Fantocchio, 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, or 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, scans, 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:

BILK B. NELSON
THE COLLECTOR
1535 Oneida Drive
Jefferson Borough
Clairton, Pennsylvania 15025

Any constructive criticism, comments, assistance, anything will be heartily appreciated...
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 brainchild 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. Trekies (the official name for Star Trek superfanatics, and there are hordes of them too!) buy scripts, film clips, try to make their own phasers, and even put on pointy ears. To the non-viewer, the most "logical" question, as Spock would say, might be: WHY? The answer is as simple as a "Regular Blood Worm" or even an "Aldeberan 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 the second season, and then once again was necessary to start "Enterprise Phasers" on an attempt to give NBC to give Trek its third season leave on life. But the battle 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 ineptness of certain death for the series. Also, 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 prove NBC's interest in the defunct show, this can be attested to by the fact strangely enough, a new cartoon 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.

The 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. If one or three centuries from now, in Star Trek's century, the galaxy is ninety percent unexplored, Man is 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.

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 "Gulliver's Travels," satirized 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 Decemidary 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

Along with Roddenberry's three basic concepts, the basic idea for much of the show's technology, gadgetry, and scripts - believability and plausibility. Roddenberry actually thought of him 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 blueprints for the basic model of the USS Enterprise and the shuttlecraft Galileo) and Jimmy Hugg (who won an Emmy award for special effects for his work on Nomad, the space-probe, seen in the episode "The Change Ring"), Roddenberry set out to solve questions on how man will eat, live and 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 pleased 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 damn fast (yes, 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 Trek's Tunnels, 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 de-sareation by the unknown miners. There is a tendency to read into the scripts to much but at least such 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 seriesregulars who go through adventures to gather 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 entirely unimpeded. 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 her. 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 Vulcans Bar, thought it might be interesting to test the "memory banks" of those who think they've 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 Canautus woman?
3. What planet is Mr. Hengist supposedly from?
4. Name the present Commodores of Starbase 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 complicated Kirk, Spock, Sarak, and Abraham Lincoln in the episode "The 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?
14. What is Kirk's brother's name?
15. Who was the military governor of Orionsia?
16. Why did the Enterprise visit planet Siganus 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 Qualu?
21. Give the significance of the "Year of the Red Bird".
22. What is the N-5, and why is it called the N-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 I".
26. Who was Kodos?
27. What is the "Pon 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. "Poon off."

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

Frank Tablansky
Paramount Pictures
5431 Marathon St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038

Mort Werner
NBC-TV
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, N.Y. 10020

Herb Schlosser
NBC-TV
3050 Alameda Avenue
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. Fellaboom of the Loyal Order of the Vulcan Ser.)

OPPOSITE PAGE: "TERRA NOVA" BY JOHN BYRNE
SUBSEQUENT PAGES: "HOMECOMING" AND "STRANGE NEW WORLDS"
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 the 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 brim, 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 relentless scourge of criminals. This episode, from "The Red Blot" (June 1, 1933), gives us a flavor of this, the most popular of the pulp heroes.

Let's take a look at The Shadow himself. What made him so effective as a 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):
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 man who carried his fame in 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 having 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 greats 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 advanced information like phone numbers (even unlisted men), 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 more assistance. The Shadow would trace the true villains from what his a-

by gangster. He even could share intimacy with police commissioner Ralph Norton. The Shadow borrowed this identity from the real Lomant Crampton 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. Biebricher, Jr. wrote of this question clearly 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. - S. 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 girdle, a perfect fire opal unless like any other jewel, a symbol of mysterious adventure and the unique man possessing it. Mr. Biebricher 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 combated 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 cloak. He 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 as 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 a-

agents 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 allies 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 Burks, a noisy 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; Joe Shrevitz, 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 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 clever ruses and skill in a game. In the end the Shadow alone checked 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 Elsgrove 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 unrea-

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 those novels appeared when the Shadow battled the underworld in the dilapidated parts of town elusively hiding in and out of the night-time 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 sense of the better pulp novels. The best of these series include the four novel Shiva, the Manchu of the Shadow pulp; the four novel Benedict Stark, the Prince of Evil, series, which represents the best work of author Theodore Tinsley; and the five battles with an interesting gang called the Hand, whose members ("Thumb" Gauldry, "Ponytail" Frank, "Long Steve" Bydle, "Ring" Brescotti, "Pinkey" Findlen) locked forces until the Shadow put his finger on the puzzle.

Now that we've looked at the Shadow as a character, let's look at the situation historically. The Shadow was, above everything else, a pulp hero. Only the pulps could provide the myriad villains and the world-wide 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 deadlines...Gibson himself wrote that he spent anywhere from four to ten days each month thinking up stories, 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

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?

THE SHADOW KNOWS!
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 marvelled 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 Carstairs 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 conceal The Shadow in Masks (Aug. 2, 1937). This novel was supposed to reveal the true nature of our hero, but all it really did was give the Shadow a name, 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 in stead 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
The editors countered these letters by printing more letters in favor of Nargo, 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 40,000 to 50,000 words in length, with Einstein 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 pulp. 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 character 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 business, pictures painted by the pulps.

The longest lasting effect of the radio show was 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 West ton, another pulp/radio character, led to

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 show began in 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 radioactive 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 hero our hero had was tree Sorensen, who appeared rather infrequently, and Nargo Lane, who was more of a companion than an assistant. The Shadow remained a terror to the underworld, but he lost the blinding eyes and costume that characterized him in the pulps. Instead, he had only his laugh and an unusual power to "cloud man’s minds".

This enabled him to retain his 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
The Shadow in 1931 lost its earliest, better, and more popular status, having been replaced by the more efficient and modern techniques of radio and later television. The Shadow, which in its own time was a popular and influential figure, has been largely forgotten in recent years. However, his legacy lives on in the many adaptations of his adventures that have appeared in various forms over the years.

The Shadow was a creation of the pulp fiction era, and his stories were often filled with excitement and danger. In his time, he was a symbol of the underdog and the individual who stood up for what was right. His stories were characterized by their fast-paced action and their often controversial themes.

The Shadow's popularity continued to grow throughout the 1930s and 1940s, with numerous film adaptations and comic book series. However, like many other pulp heroes, he was eventually overshadowed by the rise of more modern forms of entertainment. Nevertheless, his influence can still be seen in the work of later writers and artists, who have drawn inspiration from his stories and his character.
KURT SCHAFERBERGER
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 cease 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 SCHAFERBERGER

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 misleading, and it is the objective of fandom and fanzines (THE COLLECTOR in particular) to educate the masses about them in proper perspective.

S.L.W.

The Letters

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

I liked "Duffy's Tavern," but my favorites differ from his. They are: Tarzan Pellicani (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 (al of them great) do pieces on ERE. It keeps variety in the mag. (My favorite is the Fabian piece on page 13. Beautiful.)

The Roman 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.

KER MEYER, JR.
P.O. Box #757
Savannah, Georgia 31401

I just got THE COLLECTOR #7 - 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 publications have super art and famous people working for them, but you have beautiful art, well-thought-out columns, and interviews. My favorite writer in TC is Bill Canaday. He can really write. An excellent example is "Running Mate", back in FANTASTIC FANZINE #1.

All of the strips were great, my favorite being the two-part ROMAN 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 #7 - man, I was a de-voted follower of ERE before, but now I want to get the rest of his books. Robert Klins 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.

CARSTEN SONDERSGAARD
Editor: FANTASTIC COMIC REVIEWS
1004 Grove St
Copenhagen 10
DENMARK

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 looks 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, and it's possible the only one to utilize so much, and probably the lowest-priced one. Carsten also edits the Fant- inth monthly magazine, REGRESIONMARKET and co-edits NERO. Contact him about sample copies, as they are all fine...
O. RAYMOND SOIERS
754 East 23rd Street
Brooklyn, N.Y. 11210

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

Years ago while talking to a revered teacher of mine I learned 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 write aside THE COLLECTOR a little 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. Your 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. Gather you're the pressman; if so, you're truly competent. You keep a nice pH balance, and perfect pressure. Registration sometimes slips ever so slightly; it is tricky, what with temperature and humidity fluctuations, feeding vagaries and anise pressures; but it's good. What press or multilith do you use? Pleaded by the Burroughs material, wished only for more. The Gekk by Kline is a little masterpiece, and printed neatly with perfect color.

Your interview with Gray Morrow especially interested me. I 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 reared. If you won't, it wasn't. So easy task this, the sine qua non of successful interviewing: one must measure the man first from studying his work; and then think out these 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 has no relevancy as his side-stepping never showed. Actually, he's much too busy, and creatively active, to beat and philosophize; anyway, historically the question was settle somewhere around 1495 by Leon 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 #28. 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 RA, using an A.H. 360 offset press. (I am also the editor, publisher, layout-man, typist, photographer, & odd-end-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-