Who said there wasn't going to be a second issue of GRAPHIC SHOWCASE? Well, I've got to admit that for a while there, I was beginning to wonder myself! I think you'll agree the long wait was worth it, tho! Don't like to brag, but -- well, just take a look at the contents this issue. I, personally, think it's the greatest collection of art to ever grace the pages of an amateur magazine! That's one man's opinion, tho! What's yours? I'd like to know how you feel about it.

Now if that art work on 'Uncle Bill's Barrel' looks familiar, could be because of the fact that it was done by newly-turned pro, Berni Wrightson! Berni's beautiful line work has certainly added lustre to the NATIONAL line-up. Check the last several issues of HOUSE OF MYSTERY, THE WITCHING HOUR and the 2nd and 3rd issues of NIGHTMASTER and you'll see what I mean. Latest word is that NIGHTMASTER will get his own magazine with interior art AND cover done by Berni. Looks as though quite a few of the established pros at the top are going to have to move over and make room for BERNI-THE-BRIGHT. 'Uncle Bill's Barrel' is destined to become a legend in the ranks of comic fandom! Mark my word! You might do well to pick up an extra copy of this issue to keep for posterity. (PROSPERITY, too, for that matter). Would 'ja believe B.W. has another strip scheduled for our next issue?

Stick around, you keepers-of-the-faith!

Mike Kaluta ('Eyes of Mars') is just now beginning to click in the pro ranks, also! Keep your eyes peeled for the following items:

1. The Great Battle of Shiraz (Magazine title undetermined)

2. Off the Beach (To appear in I LOVE YOU)

3. The Amazons of Reed's Crossing (To appear in OUTLAWS No. 78)

All of the preceding to appear under the CHARLTON banner. 'Trick or Treat' will be published in HOUSE OF SECRETS, issue number undetermined. Kaluta will handle the pencils on this story. Mike now resides in the big city and shares a pad with friend and co-artist Berni Wrightson. And in the name of comradely fellowship, I present herewith two sketches from their private files.

Best wishes to Mike, Berni Wrightson

Getting back to Kaluta for just a moment, what do you readers think of the idea of doing a feature book on 'Eyes of Mars', complete with a wrap-around cover done in full color. Let me know.
When we last saw the survey ship *Intrepid* on a mission toward the Taurici sector, searching for Terran-type planets, it served as the stage for numerous bizarre occurrences...

Of which nothing remains but the smell of brimstone and all that is mortal of the entire crew of the *Intrepid*. Save one, the expedition's commander...

...Capt. David Kenton, who at the close of the first installment, was checking the ship's tape log in a bewildered and desperate effort to discover a reason for the annihilation of his crew.

As he is occupied with the tape console in what he thinks to be an empty ship, he hears a sound behind him and whirls-into part 2 of the continuing story of how he becomes--

**VENIFICIUM MALIFICARUM**
ALRIGHT---
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE!!

THE FIGURE SWAYS AND FALLS...

HAVE TO MOVE FAST--LOOKS LIKE DEEP SHOCK!
But as he turns away in search of medical supplies, baleful eyes follow his every move.

As Kenton's attention is diverted, the body of the "crew member" transforms into a grim shadow of madness.

You will pardon this unseemly intrusion of the sanctity of bridge, commander, but have patience on the weary traveler.

For I will soon be on my way, and always have I followed mine own will over that of mortal creature.

But there are some this side of blackness whose fate is linked with the eternal.

And if I read my signs rightly, such a one can be David Kenton!
"The blood of 89 of those under your command is on your hands. Follow where I lead... if you would have your revenge!"

"The grisly creature transforms into a more human shape..."

"Hee hee hee hee!! I wouldn't give filth for your poor soul, wretch..."

"Nor would you... could you read as I read in the dust of dead suns?"

"There is a gigantic electrical discharge to the surface of the planet, and Commander David Kenton is left alone in his ship of death!"

The peace of a night sky is shattered by lightning and flying rock. As the death of a lofty mountain becomes the first of a series of gruesome changes to a once unspoiled planet.

To be continued..."
...THINK YOU'VE HEARD SOME GOOD-UNS, HUH? WELL, I GOT ONE HERE YOU'RE SURE TO LIKE. DON'T KNOW IF YOU'LL BELIEVE IT, THOUGH... DON'T MUCH CARE... THIS HERE'S A STORY ALL ABOUT UNCLE BILL. NOW, OLE UNC' WASN'T A BAD SOUL... JUST LIKED HIS LIKKER IS ALL. WHY, HE SWIGGLED TWICE AS MUCH MORE HOME BREW THAN ENNYBODY IN THE WHOLE COUNTY.

MATAFACT, HE HAD A FULL BARREL OF HIS OWN MASH OUT IN THE YARD. THAT'S THE ONE... SECOND FROM THE END... THAT'S...

UNCLE BILL'S BARREL
I REMEMBER HIM COMIN' IN FROM TOWN LATE ONE NIGHT LAST MARCH. HE WAS ALL SMOKED UP, AS USUAL...

...AN' THE LAST ENNYBODY SEEN OF HIM ALIVE, HE WAS A'TOTTERIN' DOWN TH' SWAMP ROAD.

I CAN SEE HIM NOW, STOPPIN' FOR A SWIG FROM HIS JUG... TO STEADY HISSELF...

...TAKIN' BOUT TWO STEPS... THEN FALLIN' INTO THE OLE FROG POND...

PORE' GUY NEVER DID LEARN TO SWIM... NOT THAT IT WOULDA' DONE HIM MUCH GOOD, THOUGH. HE WAS SO TANKED THAT NIGHT, HE COULDA' DROWNED IN A SHAVIN' BASIN...
I remember 'bout a week later when me an' Jinx found him an' hauled him out with a tow line. Seems like half the town was there, just watchin'...

We laid him out in the best casket we could find, and everybody, all decked out in their Sunday best, came over to our house for the wake.

Ole Doc was there just to make things official...

That man is dead.

The parson said his piece an' made us sing 'We Shall Overcome' a coupla thousand times... then the party started...

'Long about midnight we run outta booze so me an' Tom Lowe went out back for refills... the only barrel that wasn't empty was Uncle Bill's...
I asked Tom not to take the likker from Uncle Bill's barrel, but he told me:

Shucks, boy... wherever Bill's at now, he sure ain't gonna need this!

... so we filled 'bout half a dozen jugs (which emptied the barrel) an' brought them to the house...

... you can imagine our surprise when we come through the door an' seen Uncle Bill come 'a-flyin' out of his casket...

Now, Unc never was a good-lookin' guy, but after a week in swamp water, he really was a mess. He looked like an animated prune as he pushed his way past us, headin' out to the yard...

Somebody yelled—"He's goin' for his barrel!" An' me an' Tom were after him at a run...
WE COME A-HIGHTAILIN' OUT OF THE HOUSE AN' STOPPED SHORT, AN' ALMOST FELL OVER UNCLE BILL, WHO WAS JUST SITTIN' THERE, GUZZLIN' HIS MASH FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH...

Y'KNOW, IT JUST AIN'T RIGHT FOR A DEAD MAN TO DRINK LIKE THAT, BUT I MANAGED TO WRESTLE THE JUG AWAY FROM HIM...

...THEN, TOM JUMPED IN AN' WE CARRIED UNCLE BILL, STILL KICKIN' AN' SWINGIN', A-SCREAMIN' LIKE A SHOT-GUNNED POLECAT, BACK INTO THE HOUSE...

TOM SHOVED HIM DOWN IN THE CASKET AN' I SLammed THE LID SHUT...

THEN, I HAD THE HONOR OF DRIVIN' A MESS O'TEN-PENNY NAILS INTO THE LID.
WE BURIED HIM THE NEXT DAY, 'CAUSE HE WAS RAISIN' SUCH A RACKET INSIDE THE COFFIN. IN FRONT OF THE GRAVE, WE PUT A STONE SAYIN' 'REST IN PEACE'...

...UNCLE BILL NEVER DID BELIEVE IN SIGNS... IN A MATTER OF WEEKS, HE WAS UP AN' OUT...

REST IN PEACE

...A-HOBBLIN' DOWN THE HILL, TOWARDS THE HOUSE...

...ALWAYS TRYIN' TO GET BACK TO HIS LIKKER.

SO, I'D HAVE TO GET MY SHOVEL...  

...AN' SORTA PERSUADE HIM TO LEAVE THE BARREL ALONE.....

YESSIR, A FEW WHACKS WITH THE FLAT OF A SPADE WOULD SEND HIM SCURRYIN' UP THE HILL...

...TO DIG HIS WAY BACK TO WHERE HE BELONGED...
Well, this kept up for 'bout two months... every time he felt strong-enough, he'd try to get back to that barrel again... an' I'd have to go out an' rap 'im with that shovel...

But, then, all of a sudden, he stopped maybe his strength gave out or he got discouraged... I dunno... but, anyhow, he stayed where he belonged.

But, he got back at us... nearly killed the whole family doin' it... my sister Jessie was gittin' married an' we, natchery, threw a party afterwards...

When we emptied the other barrels, only thing to do was to get the booze from Uncle Bill's barrel.

Now, Uncle Bill's likker was like the best in the county, so it was mighty mysterious when everybody started gittin' sick off it...

Hey... Lennie! This stuff stinks!!
ME AN' PA GOT SUSPICIOUS AN' WENT OUT TO INSPECT UNCLE BILL'S BARREL.

"HE MUSTA SNUCK PAST THE HOUSE AN' CRAWLED IN THERE WEEKS AGO...."

PA DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO, SO WE NAILED DOWN THE LID AN' CARRIED IT (WITH OLE UNC INSIDE) UP TO THE GRAVESITE.

...AND THERE IT SETS TO THIS DAY... WE PUT A NEW STONE IN FRONT OF IT, SAYIN': "IT WAS HIS BOOZE THAT PUT HIM HERE, AND WITH THE HELP OF GOD, IT WILL KEEP HIM HERE. MAY HE REST IN PEACE."

...AN' THIS TIME HE DID.
Part 2

MAJOR MISHAP

As you may re—
mber (if you're
among the unlucky
ones), in our last
ish, major mishap,
the big blunder,
clock and other
strange creatures
that were lurking
in the sewer, are
trying to find a
way out after be—
ing confined by
the mackerel's
henchman. No job.
All of a sudden
an opening door
shatters the
darkness as an
errie voice bids
them in!

Du hiya mack—
Long
time no see—
how's
the wife and
kids?

What an absolutely mar-
velous laboratory—
it
must have cost a fortune.

Oh, it's nothing much, really—
I've saved all the ma-
chines that I used in my
other devilish crimes—
also, I collect bottle
tops and my father owns
the delicatessen
above us— and this
is where
you fit in?

Fine,
thanks!

I'm dreadfully sorry, but
I've never worked in a
delicatessen before!

What are you
giving up so
easily for?

Oh, dash it, man—a person
simply cannot give up the
essentials— give up my
playboy? Indeed!

So, again I come face to
face with the only person
who stands between me and
world conquest!

And I, too, meet
again the master-
mind of evil of
which I must foil
with my unlimited
powers!

Ya, ha! I've got the
worst one yet— I'll
take you home and let
you eat my wife's
cooking— yech—
a fate worse than
death!!!
Right has fallen and our two heroes are bound and gagged and dragged to the model T by no Joe, who has just gotten off from work.

God is left by himself to bumble around in the now-empty secret hide-out.

Well, I've found the off and on switch.

Now all I gotta do is find the outlet and I can plug the mess in!

Back in the car——

Let's go——and this time don't get lost——it's only 3 blocks!

Hide them in the garage——you know how my wife yells when I bring home unexpected guests!

Pst! I've got a plan.

Well, this is a fine time to be thinking about airplanes!

Plan——not plane, you moron——now listen——I got my ropes untied and just as soon as I untie yours, we'll jump 'em when they come in!

Gosh-a-rootie, that's a great plan!

Shhh! Somebody's coming——get ready to jump!

Land-a-goshen——it ain't safe for a body nowadays——I walk in the garage for a can of paint thinner for the stew——and just look——what is this neighborhood comin' to——muggers in the garage indeed!!

Police——how did I know the mackerel's mother-in-law knew karate?

Shaddup, you two——Sidney, what in the world have you got there?
Mrs. Cowznaffski called saying that these two idiots in their "A.J.'s" tried to mug her in her garage.

"What's da matter wit', you guys? You're not only crazy but you need glasses. Have you ever got a good look at her? Dyluk! Enough to turn your stomach!"

"Get them outa here—I'm missing 'Star Trek'."

"Ahem... well, yes we've been on there a couple of times. I remember, you guys were on the 'Howdy Doody Show!' Right!"

"Wrong and that will cost you another 30 days!!"

Meanwhile back at the range hideout... I say no job, be a good chap and hook up the 115 volt M0472 main circuit to the 3 prong plug with the amperage generator.

"O.K. ya want me to hook-up this little red wire to this doo-floppie and tie..."

"On second thought, just stand there and hold the screwdriver."

"Come you idiots, let's hurry up. How long does it take to fix that goofy machine?"

We've almost completed the necessary alterations. All you have to do is to throw this switch to engage the machine."

"Gimme 'Dat!' Now it is my moment of triumph! The years of planning have paid off. When I throw the switch I shall be the ruler of the world, while everyone else will be getting the garbage unstuck from their sinks. I throw the switch ya ha!!"
It seems that "No Job" wasn't too good at holding the screwdriver either and dropped it into a most delicate part of the mechanism causing a short circuit in which the machine blew up. But as the dust clears, we find that not only did the machine explode, but the delicatessen directly above had also been demolished...we now view a hideous scene with the entire area covered with hot pastrami and switzerland cheese not to mention tons of kosher pickles!

We now change from this nauseating scene to a more pleasant one.....the City Jail!

My name is Major Mismatch and this is my sidekick the 'Big Blunder'. We're super-heroes who were trying to overthrow a arch enemy "The Mackrel" from taking over the world by clogging everybody's garbage disposal.....only we were mugged by his mother-in-law and thrown in jail.

I mean man, that's a gas! I mean like I'm a super-hero too......

Greetings!....But how do we get outa here...?

There may be someone who just might help us....got a screwdriver?

Shore man... I also got a beer wrench. What's happening? Ya know I mean.

For crying out loud, what'd he mean?

If I can fix this think-a-ma-jigger, I can summon the "Top Jock"....there, that ought to do it.

What the? Hey where's the "Top Jock"?

I am "Getzlof" from the planet Yech. The top Jock couldn't make it because he had to go with his wife to a Bar-Mitzvah, so I'm sitting in....what is your wish?

You and ya big mouth.....you would have to get us 30 more days......man, all the sides kicks in the world and I got stuck with you!

Shh...hey don't you hear that scratching noise?

Yea, it's coming from the wall....."Hello dere:

What's happening man....I mean like, what's de score...what's in for? I mean like you know....

So what'd he mean?

So what'd he mean?

Aw shut up ya stupid Klutz, he means his name is Skidrow.

Hey man, let's make a break like they do in the flics. Like I found a secret passage from my cell to yours......so here I come....I mean like, ready or not!

What'd he mean?
WE WANT TO GET OUTA HERE SO WE CAN CAPTURE THE "MACKEREL"

NO SOONER SAID THAN DONE!!

POOF!

Duh, it smells kinda funny around here..

That's because of all this Piment Kosher Food!

I mean like what a BAR-B-Q!!!

So what'd he mean?

GEE, I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED
TO CLOD?!

I SAY, DID ANYONE GET THE LICENSE NUMBER OF THAT VEHICLE?

CLOD, YOU'RE ALIVE!!
WE THOUGHT YOU WERE A GONER...
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS?

THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM THEY WERE HEADED FOR OCEAN VIEW.... NOW PLEASE GET ME OUT OF THIS GHASTLY PREDICAMENT!

DA, HEY CLOD... DIS IS ANOTHER SUPER-HERO WHO WERE GONNA HELP... HIS NAME IS "SKIDROW"

GREETINGS DAD...

ANOTHER CAPER!! NO THANK YOU! THIS ONE ALMOST KILLED ME!
GOOD BYE!!

WELL, WE HATE TO SEE YA GO.

NODDIE'S GOIN' ANYWHERE. LOOK AT THIS PLACE, IT'S A WRECK! YOU GUYS ARE UNBELIEVABLE.... FIRST YA BREAK OUTA JAIL, THEN YA TRY TO BLOW UP A CITY AND YOU'RE STILL RUNNING AROUND IN YA PAJAMAS!!

IN THE WAGON WIT THE OTHER TWO CLOWNS

HEH HEH, HI FELLAS... NO HARD FEELINGS I HOPE...

Naw, it's all in the story...

AND AS OUR HEROES RIDE OFF INTO THE SUNSET WE BRING ANOTHER NAUSEATING EPISODE TO A CLOSE...

"THERE ARE 8 MILLION STORIES IN THE NAKED CITY.... AND I'M GLAD THAT THIS WASN'T ONE OF THEM (BECAUSE IT WAS RATHER SICKENING.)

THE END
Mule Lee enters his dorm room to find his roommate Adam Savage deep in study—

AW, no sweat—I'll crack a few books while you're at the lecture tonight!

Brushing up for the Bugology exam tomorrow?

Yeah—and if you know what's good for you, you'll do the same!

You mean you don't want to hear Dr. Hans Werner, one of the world's greatest nuclear physicists, speak on his latest theory of nuclear propulsion?

Who says I'm not a genius already?

Nope—I'm not as hippered as those giant fireworks as you are!

You've gotta be a genius at something—

One of these days I might figure what!

Mule, if you thought as much about studying as you do about eating, you'd be a genius!

Say, aren't Mike and Jason supposed to go with you?

YEP!

Well, you'd better step on it—look at the time!

Yipe!

Gotta run—don't move anything on the desk cause I might not be able to find it later!

I don't see how you find anything in that mess now!
SHOULD BE AN INTERESTING TALK—I HEAR WERNER'S BOOKED SOLID FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS!

LOOK ALIVE, GUYS—THE SHOW'S ABOUT TO START!

A SHORT WHILE LATER IN THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM—

BEN AND BEAU WANTED TO COME, BUT—

SHH—THEY'RE ABOUT TO INTRODUCE DR. WERNER!

DEAN LIVINGSTON, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, FELLOW STUDENTS—IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE DR. HANS WERNER!

SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER, DR. WERNER CLUTCHES AT HIS TEMPLES IN GREAT AGONY—

ARCH!!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU—FIRST I WANT TO SAY THAT I AM HONORED AT HAVING BEEN SELECTED TO SPEAK AT SUCH AN ADVANCED SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY AS YOURS!
Responding to Dean Livingston's call for aid, a staff physician comes onto the stage to examine the prostrate scientist.

Pandemonium reigns as a furtive-looking character makes a hasty exit——

This man is dead!

Did you see what that guy was carrying? It looked like a small detonator.

And I would say he was in a mighty big hurry to get out of here!

Too much so——I think I had better check him out.

Adam reaches into his pocket and brings out his thought transmitter.

This is the first occasion I've had to use this device since ol' G.G. left——hope it works!

*Adam's direct link to the Galactic Guardian's mind power——see issue #1

In my pocket——you two wait here——I'll see you later!
HE PRESSES THE BUTTON——

YEP, WORKS FINE——AND THIS METHOD SURE BEATS THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HAVING TO RUN INTO A PHONE BOOTH.*

NOW TO SEE IF I CAN TUNE INTO HIS MENTAL WAVE-LENGTH?

WHO'S THE GUY IN THE LONG JOHN'S?

* ONCE HE RECEIVES HIS MIND POWER, ADAM NEEDS ONLY TO WILL HIS BODY TO BE CLOTHED IN HIS VESTMENTS!
MIGHTY BIG COINCIDENCE!

NEXT MORNING, IN THE DORM ROOM OF MIKE JORGENSEN AND JASON MANNERING -

Hey, Jason - says here that Werner is the twelfth nuclear physicist to die of a cerebral hemorrhage this year!

Sounds more like some kind of plot!

That's what Adam seems to think!

Yeah, and he lost that character that was in such a hurry to get away last night!
SEVERAL MINUTES LATER—

Hey, I've gotta go pick up a couple of items before class—coming along?

No, go ahead—I've gotta shave and I want to finish reading the paper—see you in class!

Besides, I've got something I want to try out first.

Yessir, look out Adam ol' buddy—your glory hoggin' days are over?

Let's see now—power pack in buckle that pumps current thru these wires that I tape to my chest and arms—

If this sweet little contraption works, that is?

Left index for paralysis beam—right index for destructive beam?
This skull helmet provides not only padding for protection—

—but also a neat little scrambler that will prevent Adam from probing my mind?

Fab, man, fab! Like, I'm so far out I'm in!!

And now—if I can find those old Halloween duds my sister made up one year, I'm in like Flynn!

Ah, here we go!

I haven't put on any extra weight so they should still fit.
So much for that little soliloquy—but don’t go away dear reader, for we’ll be seeing much more of this weirdo shortly!

Now for a brief change of scenery, let’s switch to an office located in the nation’s capitol, approximately one hundred miles away!

Mission accomplished, sir—detonator and pattern destroyed also?

Yes sir—Heil!

Heil!

Guard, show Klaus out—-

—and bring in the four young men waiting in the foyer?

Ja, mein captain?
CAPT. TEUTON, I PRESUME?
FRITZ FOKKER IS THE NAME—- THESE ARE MY BROTHERS!

Ah, yes --- the famed FOKKER, Four! Come in, gentlemen!

YOUR CONTACT MAN GAVE US A BRIEF RESUME ON THE ENCEPHALIC DETONATOR YOU'VE DEVELOPED— HOW DOES IT WORK?

Hah! I suppose you've heard about the untimely demise of Dr. Werner, haven't you?

So I have --- and all the others?

PLUS SEVENTEEN IN THE SOVIET UNION, WHICH YOU NOR ANYONE ELSE KNOWS ABOUT, BUT YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE ABOUT THAT KIND OF NEWS?

But enough of that prattle--- here, take a look at these!

These gentlemen, are the plans for the STRATO-BAT--- a revolutionary new rocket plane I've developed---

It is virtually capable of flying to the moon and back without refueling!

Thus far we have completed four working models which are untested --- this of course is where you come in --- I want all of you to report to me at six o'clock sharp tomorrow morning, at which time we'll put the planes thru their paces.

These test runs will, of necessity, be of short duration, since your first missions to be flown is SATURDAY?!!
SHORT NOTICE, TRUE, BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHY I CHOSE YOU FOUR --- YOU ARE THE ONLY MEN I COULD FIND WHO ARE CAPABLE OF HANDLING THE COMPLEX BATS AND AT THE SAME TIME SYMPATHETIC TO OUR CAUSE?

AH, YES, THE TRUE SUPERMAN, NATURALLY, OF PURE ARYAN STOCK, AND WHAT'S TAKING PLACE SATURDAY, THAT YOU NEED ALL FOUR OF US?

BRIEFLY, YOU ARE TO Dispose OF A CONCLAVE OF NUCLEAR PROPELLION EXPERTS WHO ARE CONVENING AT LANGLEY FIELD?

PETCHA A BUCK Adams GONNA BE THERE IN HIS MONKEY SUIT!

PEUTON AND HIS NEWLY ENLISTED COHORTS ARE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO ARE COGNIZANT OF THE UPCOMING CONCLAVE!

AND, ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY IN ANOTHER DORM ROOM --

HOW DISCERNING YOU ARE, HERR FOKKER---YES, I THINK SOMETHING OF THAT NATURE SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT?

DID YOU SEE WHERE THOSE ROCKET BOYS ARE MEETING AT LANGLEY?

(I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED?)

Saturdays Afternoon AT LANGLEY AIR FORCE BASE ---

HOW COME THOSE GUYS IN THERE RATE SUCH A LARGE GUARD DETAIL?

UH HUNH---AND THAT'S A LOT OF GRAY MATTER TO BE MEETING UNDER ONE ROOF---I THINK I'LL TELEPORT DOWN THERE SATURDAY AND KEEP MY EYES OPEN!

YOU GOTTA BE KIDDIN', BOB --- THAT BUILDING AT THIS MOMENT HOUSES LITERALLY THE BRAIN TRUST OF THE UNITED STATES!
MAYBE SO, BUT IT SEEMS RATHER ROUTINE TO ME!

AN UNWISE CHOICE, GENTLEMEN—MAY I RECOMMEND THAT YOU DISPOSE OF YOUR RIFLES INSTEAD?

OKAY, BUDDY, YOU JUST TALKED US INTO IT?

YEAH, ALMOST TOO QUIET—UH OH, LOOKS LIKE I SPOKE TOO SOON—SOMETHING KIND OF ACTION OVER BY THE MAIN GATE—GET READY TO THROW LEAD!

YOU, MAYBE—BUT HE HASN'T TALKED ME INTO anything?

OKAY, UGLY—WHO'RE YOU AND WHAT'S GOING ON?

I'M CAPT. TEUTON, YOU PIG THE TEUTONIC TITAN—AND IF YOU DON'T RELEASE ME IN SHORT ORDER, MY PANZER DIVISION AND CONGRESS OF STORM TROOPERS ARE GOING TO WIPE OUT THE GUARD UNIT THAT SURROUNDS THIS INSTALLATION.

ACH!

GUNFIRE!

HERE, HOLD THIS BUZZARD UNTIL I RETURN!

WHILE SKITZO TAKES LEAVE TO ENGAGE THE PANZER DIVISION IN COMBAT, THE TWO GUARDS ARE DISTRACTED BY THE SUDDEN ACTION!
Meanwhile, Skitzo meets his first real opposition.

Indeed? What have you gotten into, Skitzo? For while you handle only one piece of the action, the other Panzer Juggernauts are methodically leveling the base.

Mother of God! I have no physical protection whatsoever!

—and hot lead raining all around like April showers—what have I gotten myself into?

Having disposed of the two guards, the Teutonic Titan slips off a glove and speaks into a microphonic device strapped to his wrist.

No sooner are the ominous words spoken than a banshee wail splits the firmament above!

Having disposed of the two guards, the Teutonic Titan slips off a glove and speaks into a microphonic device strapped to his wrist.

No sooner are the ominous words spoken than a banshee wail splits the firmament above!

Three of the Strato-5s peel off as the fourth goes into a steep dive.

In the cockpit of Fritz Fokker—

Formation of navy jets coming in at 12:00 o’clock high—fan out and take 'em—I'm going down!

Roger!
FORTY YARDS ABOVE THE DIVING BAY, A POCKET OF AIR DISRUPTS VIOLENTLY AS CAPT. INFINITY MATERIALIZES SEEMINGLY FROM NOWHERE!

OH GOD -- I CAN ONLY GET TO THAT MANIAC BEFORE HE RELEASES THOSE MISSILES!

TOO LATE -- THERE THEY GO!

THE VOID BETWEEN INFINITY AND THE MISSILES IS INFILTRATED BY JAGGED BOLTS OF ELECTRICAL ENERGY!

ONLY WAY TO GET THEM NOW IS TO

NOW TO INTERCEPT THAT BIRD!

SHIELDING HIMSELF WITHIN A FORCE FIELD TO WARD OFF THE TREMENDOUS WIND PRESSURE, INFINITY PURSUES THE PLANE AND OVERTAKES IT... EASING DOWN ONTO THE CANOPY, HE STRADDLES IT --

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS BABY BEFORE -- NO REAL BULK TO IT, SO THAT PRECLUDES ANY KIND OF LIQUID STORAGE TANKS -- YET IT IS ROCKET PROPELLED, SO IT'S GOTTCHA OF NUCLEAR POWERED, OTHERWISE IT WOULD HAVE BURNT OUT LONG AGO!

OUT YOU GO, ROZO! YOU'VE GOT A PARA-CHUTE -- USE IT!
Infinity lowers himself into the cockpit.

Uncle Sam might like to see how this thing operates, so I'm gonna try to take her in.

She won't respond— I'd better get outta here, but fast!

Inside the Bat Infinity seizes the control stick, but finds it—

Locked!

Well, at least Ol' Teuton was prepared for such an emergency! Imagine Mr. Fancypants' surprise when I activate this auto-destruct unit and the Bat goes kaboodle!!

To be continued...
CEZER LEASON
REM
TUNGUL

THERE IS AN EARTHMAN ON MARS!

EYES OF MARS

CHAPTER TWO
SUITING ACTION TO THOUGHT, CEZER WHIRLED UPON ONE OF THE RESTRAINING GUARDSMEN, GRABBING FOR THE PISTOL SLUNG AT THE MARTIAN'S HIP.

OTHER THAN SAYING "WELL, EARTHMEN?", THE GIRL ON THE THRONE, PERHAPS THE RULER OF THIS DYING CITY OF LACCOR, REMAINED SILENT, WITH HER LARGE EYES STARING IMPERIOUSLY DOWN UPON LT. CEZER LEASON. "THERE'S SOMETHING UNHEALTHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SCENE" THOUGHT CEZER, "I'M GETTING OUT!"

COVERING HIS ESCAPE WITH THE BORROWED PISTOL, CEZER BACKED FROM THE THRONE ROOM AND MADE HIS WAY OUT INTO THE DOMES AND SPIRES OF LACCOR.
"I'LL WORRY ABOUT BEING LOST LATER. RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO LOSE HER INSCRUTABLE MAJESTY'S GOON SQUAD THAT SHE'S SURE TO ORDER OUT AFTER HER INTERPLANETARY RUNAWAY!"

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE GOON SQUAD THUNDERS OUT OF THE PALACE STABLES.

WITH THE CIRCLE OF PROBABLY DIRECTION SPREADING EVERY MINUTE, THE RIDERS SEPARATE TO COMB THE CRUMBLING STREETS AND ALLEYS. SOLITARY WARRIORS ON THEIR MARTIAN MOUNTS CRISS-CROSS THE WINDING BY-WAYS, BUT CEZER IS GONE.
Deep in the city, Cezer is startled by a hoarse whisper from the shadows of a decrepit colonade. "Hey, Cezer, over here!"

Rem and Tungul! "I thought you guys were dead!" exclaimed Cezer. "Tough break," laughed Tungul. "We're still around. It takes a little more than a thirty-foot fall to kill off a Martian!"

"You've got a lot to learn about Us, Cezer!"

"There are a few questions I'd like answered," replied Cezer. "Like, who was that strange chick on the throne? Why do we jump from adventure to adventure like a damned comic book? Why...?" "Hold on, Cezer! We've got plenty of time to discuss those things! Right now, Tungul and I have a surprise for you!"

The chariot rumbled between the rotting buildings until Tungul pulled up in front of a huge columned edifice. "It's inside!"
"That's one huge airship," said Czer, "does it fly?"

"It doesn't have to. We're taking this one," replied Tungul, standing in the cockpit of a small sleek flyer. "Well, does that one fly?" questioned Czer. "Put on this helmet and we'll see!" answered Rem.

"I guess this answers my question!"
NO SOONER WERE THEY OUT OF THE CITY WHEN CEZER POINTED OFF TO THEIR RIGHT.

"WHAT DO WE DO?" ASKED CEZER. "LEAVE THEM ALONE?" "ARE YOU KIDDING? LESSON NUMBER ONE: MARS IS ADVENTURE! TUNGUL, BANK RIGHT AND INTERCEPT THEM!"

"RA<ON-<ONTROLLED FLYERS," EXCLAIMED REM, "FIVE OF THEM!"

AS TUNGUL FEATHERS THE PROPELLER CEZER TOSSES A LIGHT-WEIGHT ROADING HOOK INTO A GUN POD WINDOW....

... AND FOLLOWING THE FIRST RULE OF MARS, REM, TUNGUL AND CEZER LEASON CLIMB THE CABLE TO BIGGER AND BETTER ADVENTURE!

NEXT ISSUE: THE UNVEILING OF THE EYES
Journey into the world of comics with

PHIL SEULING
2851 W. 12 St.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 11224
Mike Cody is back with us this time presenting a couple of golden-age superheroes in a fine-art vein. Depicted in more of a symbolic bent are Captain Marvel vs. Spy Smasher from the four-issue battle in the pages of WHIZ COMICS No. 15 thru 18 and the Captain Marvel, Bulletman and Captain Nazi epic from MASTER No. 21.

Steve Hickman and Mike Kaluta are represented in this department with fine portrayals of the Spectre and Hawkman as they appeared in the early days of D. C. PUBLICATIONS.

Many of you probably carry the same fond recollection of the genesis of comics as I do and I was wondering how you might like to see an article in each issue of G.S. pertaining to some of the better ones. Now that’s where some of you writers come in. If you have a good informative, well-written and researched article, ship it in. If it’s published, we’ll provide the art work in most instances.

Jim Traylor presents herein his concluding installment of the misled ‘Major Mishap’, unheralded hero of today’s generation (gap?). Since last time around Jim has taken unto himself a bride and I hear he has a comics-oriented mag in the works. You might do well to pick up a copy when it appears. Don’t know what the title is just yet, but should know by next issue.

And now on to our feature artist for this issue, Steve Hickman. Friend of Wrightson and Kaluta, appropriately enough. Steve informs me he is about to take the plunge into the matrimonial merry-go-around. Good luck, Steve! Sterling Steve does Captain Infinity this time plus his own strip, ‘Veneficium’, with an able assist from Kaluta. What more can I say of this art than enjoy, enjoy! Look for Hickman to turn pro soon. Shouldn’t be long.

Want to apologize for not getting this issue out sooner, but it’s pretty rough having to get everything together by yourself. Should have a couple of assistants next time in the persons of Gary Via and Paul Webb, so maybe Issue No. 3 won’t take quite as long. We are still a long way from subscriptions tho, so don’t order No. 3 until you see it advertised. I DO want to thank Jean Bossieux and Frances Long for their assistance in the last-minute preparations of this magazine.

In closing shop, just want to say give your support to fandom—it needs you; help wipe out speculators—they need you but you don’t need them. Who can afford SUPERMAN NO. 1 at $300 a shot? I know I can’t!

Hang loose, fen

TOM