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THE GREATEST SPACE-FANTASY FILM OF ALL!

STAR WARS



LUKE
SKYWALKER
STRIKES
AGAIN!

HURRY,
CHEWBACCA! WE'RE
BEING ATTACKED
BY THE
DEATH STAR!

IT'S
TOO LATE,
KID!

WE'RE
FINISHED!



HOBBERG
CLOONEY

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

STAR WARS

THE GREATEST
SPACE FANTASY OF ALL!

BASED ON THE FILM BY GEORGE LUCAS ... A 20th-CENTURY FOX RELEASE

LO, THE MOONS OF YAVIN!

THE
STORY
SO FAR:

LUKE SKYWALKER, HAN SOLO, AND CHEWBACCA HAVE RESCUED THE PRINCESS LEIA FROM HER IMPRISONMENT ON THE GALACTIC EMPIRE'S POWERFUL BATTLE-STATION, THE DEATH STAR.

NOW, AS SOLO'S SHIP, THE MILLENNIUM FALCON, MAKES ITS BREAK FOR FREEDOM, THE QUESTION IS WHETHER SHE CAN STAY RESCUED--!

COME WITH ME, KID!

WE
AREN'T
OUT OF
THIS
YET!

BEEP!

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ALMOST INSTANTLY, LUKE FINDS HIMSELF SETTING INTO THE LASER CANNON ON ONE SIDE OF THE FLEEING STARSHIP...

NEVER FIRED THIS KIND OF GUN BEFORE!

BUT, I'VE GOT TO DO IT! I'VE GOT TO!

FOR BEN KENOBI!

...WHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE, HAN SOLO'S THOUGHTS ARE OF MORE MUNDANE MATTERS AS HE TAKES HIS OWN STATION:

THAT OLD MAN, KENOBI, DIED FREEING US FROM THE DEATH STAR'S BEAM THAT HELD US.

AND THIS IS ONE ERSTWHILE SPACE-SMUGGLER THAT'S GOING TO SEE HE DIDN'T DIE IN VAIN!

SIT TIGHT, KID, TILL DARTH VADER'S STOOGES ATTACK US!

AS FOR OUR MYSTERIOUS SPACE PRINCESS, LEIA ORGANA:

IT'S HOPELESS! WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED-- OUTGUNNED--

BUT SOMEHOW, THESE CHARACTERS WHO'RE TRYING TO RESCUE ME MIGHT JUST MANAGE TO PULL IT OFF!

AND CHEWBACCA, THE SEVEN-FOOT, FUR-COVERED WOOKIEE?

HIS THOUGHTS ARE AS MUCH HIS OWN AS THE STRANGE LANGUAGE HE SPEAKS.

THEN, SUDDENLY, LEIA'S VOICE RESOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON--

HERE COME THE TIE FIGHTERS!

WITHIN THE SHORT-RANGE STARSHIPS OF THE EMPIRE, AIR-GIVING HELMETS HIDE ALL LIFE, ALL EMOTION...

LUKE, HOWEVER, IS LESS RELUCTANT TO SHOW HIS FEELINGS...

MISSED!

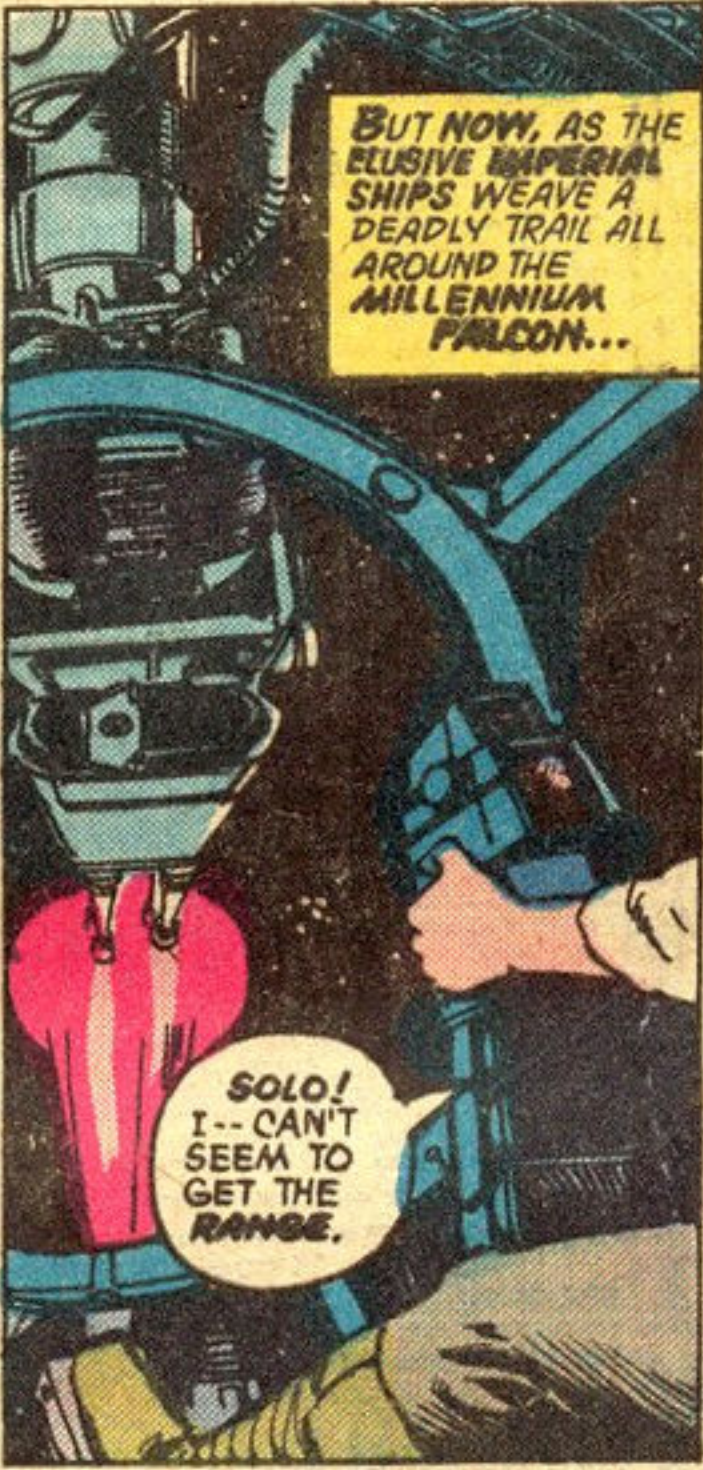
BLAST! I'VE GOT TO GET THE HANG OF IT FAST-- USE "THE FORCE" THAT BEN SHOWED ME HOW TO USE--

--OR WE'RE FINISHED!

"THE FORCE": THE NAME BEN KENOBI GAVE THE ENERGY FIELD CREATED BY ALL LIVING THINGS-- AND WHICH BINDS THEM TOGETHER.



EARLIER, IT ENABLED LUKE TO WIELD A LIGHTSABRE SKILLFULLY, BY GETTING IN TOUCH WITH HIMSELF-- AND THUS ALL MANKIND.



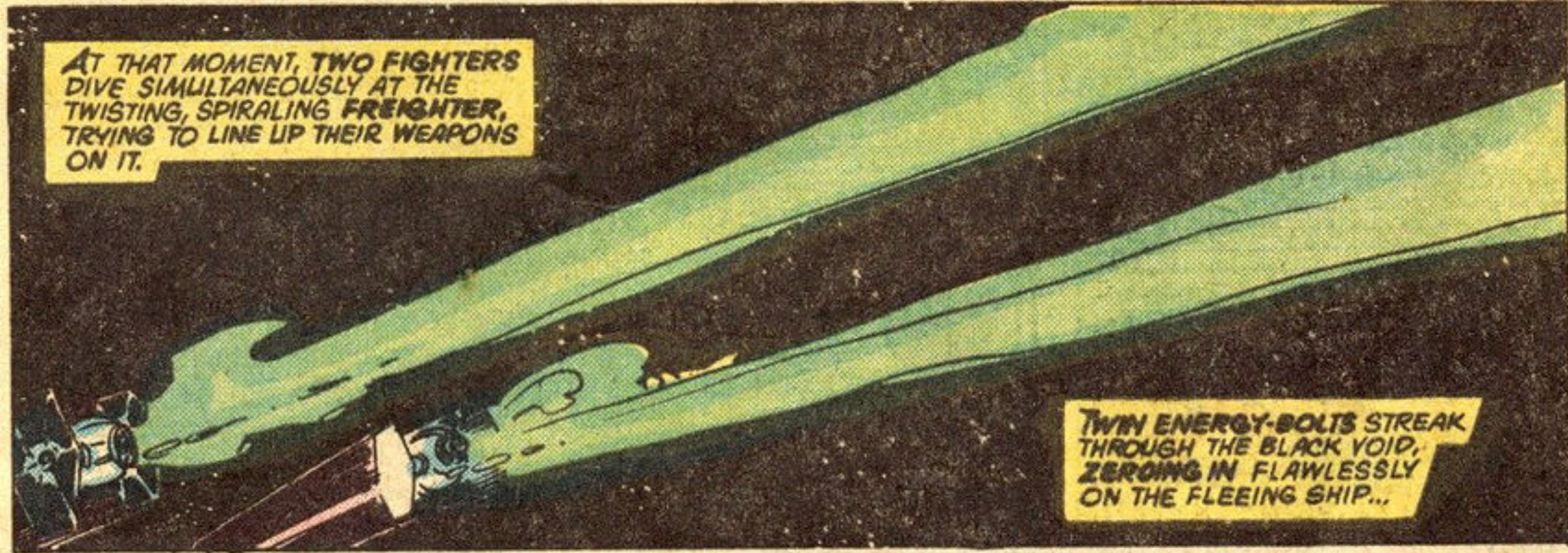
BUT NOW, AS THE ELUSIVE IMPERIAL SHIPS WEAVE A DEADLY TRAIL ALL AROUND THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...

SOLO!
I-- CAN'T SEEM TO GET THE RANGE.



KEEP TRYING, KID! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

YEAH-- BUT THEY'RE COMING IN TOO FAST!



AT THAT MOMENT, TWO FIGHTERS DIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY AT THE TWISTING, SPIRALING FREIGHTER, TRYING TO LINE UP THEIR WEAPONS ON IT.

TWIN ENERGY-BOLTS STREAK THROUGH THE BLACK VOID, ZERGING IN FLAWLESSLY ON THE FLEEING SHIP...

... AND THIS TIME, A BOLT PIERCES THE OVERLOADED RAY-DEFLECTORS, TO STRIKE THE SIDE OF THE SHIP!



THOUGH STILL PARTIALLY DEFLECTED, IT STILL CARRIES ENOUGH POWER TO BLOW OUT A LARGE CONTROL PANEL.

GAUGES WHINE IN PROTEST AT THE QUANTITY OF LETHAL ENERGY THEY ARE BEING ASKED TO MONITOR AND COMPENSATE FOR...

THROWK

... AND CHEWBACCA'S ANSWERING GRUNTS TO LEIA ARE NOT MUCH HAPPIER.

JUST THEN, ONE OF THE TIE FIGHTERS FLOATS DIRECTLY INTO LUKE'S SIGHTS.

HIS MOUTH MOVING SLIGHTLY, THE YOUTH FIRES AT IT.

NEXT INSTANT, THE INCREDIBLY AGILE LITTLE VESSEL DARTS OUT OF RANGE--

-- ONLY TO PASS BENEATH THE FALCON, AND INTO SOLO'S SIGHTS!

WITHOUT WARNING, THE FIGHTER ERUPTS IN AN INCREDIBLE FLASH OF MULTICOLORED LIGHT!



WE DID IT, KID!

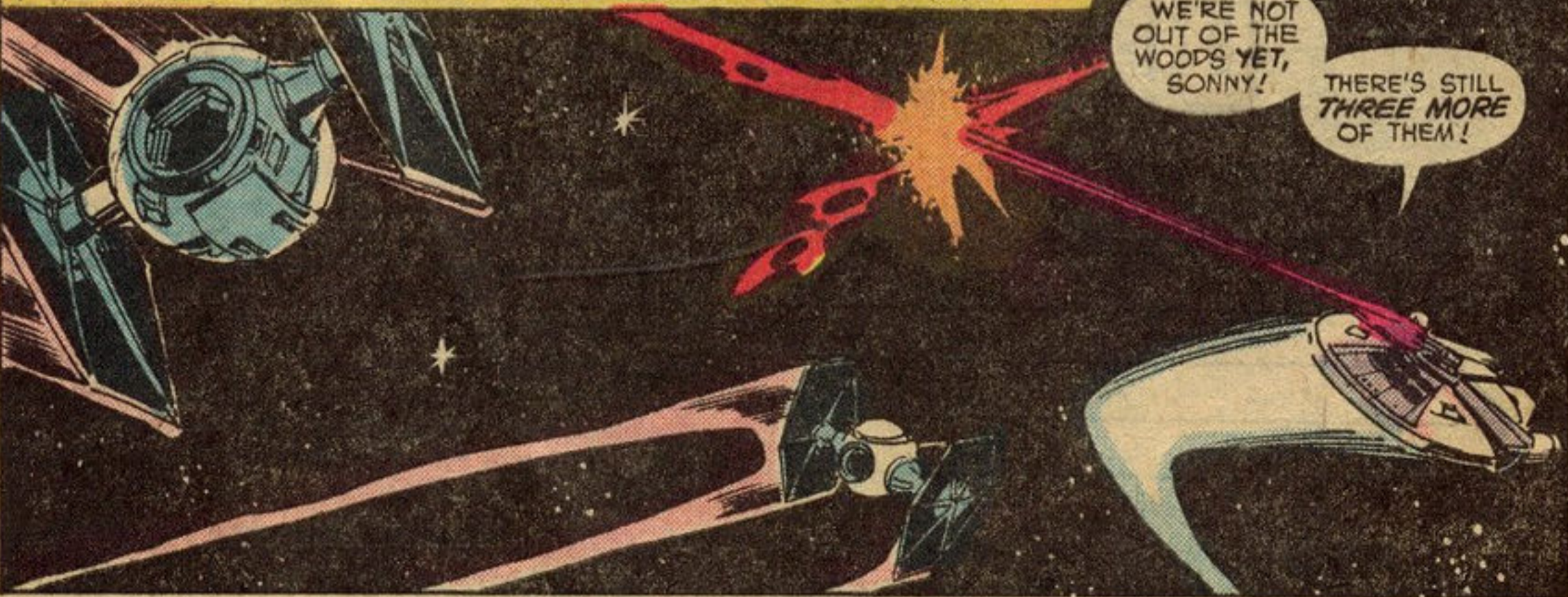


A MOMENT LATER, THEY ARE FIRING AGAIN-- LUKE STRIVING TO RELAX, TO BECOME PART OF HIS WEAPON.



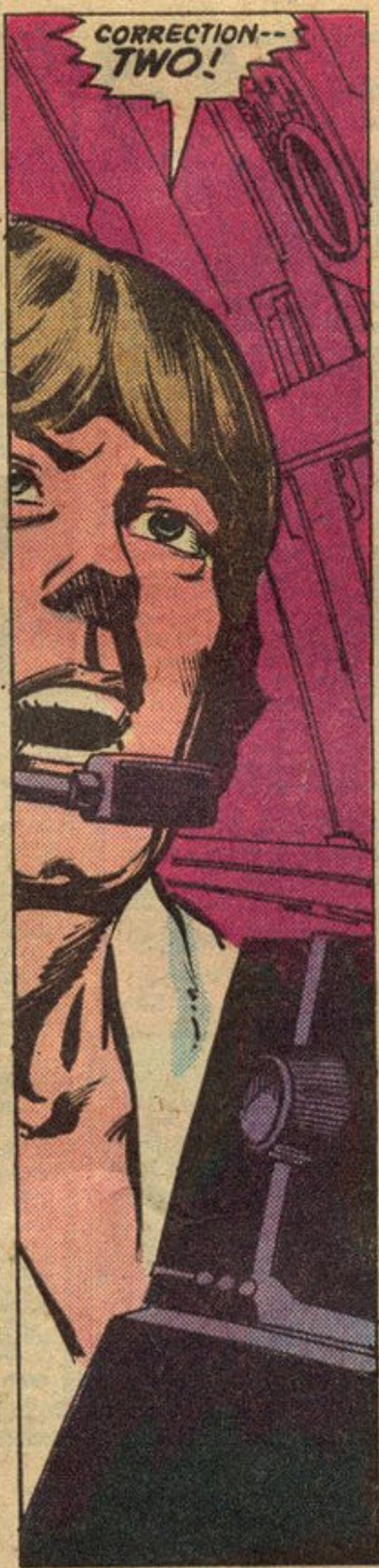
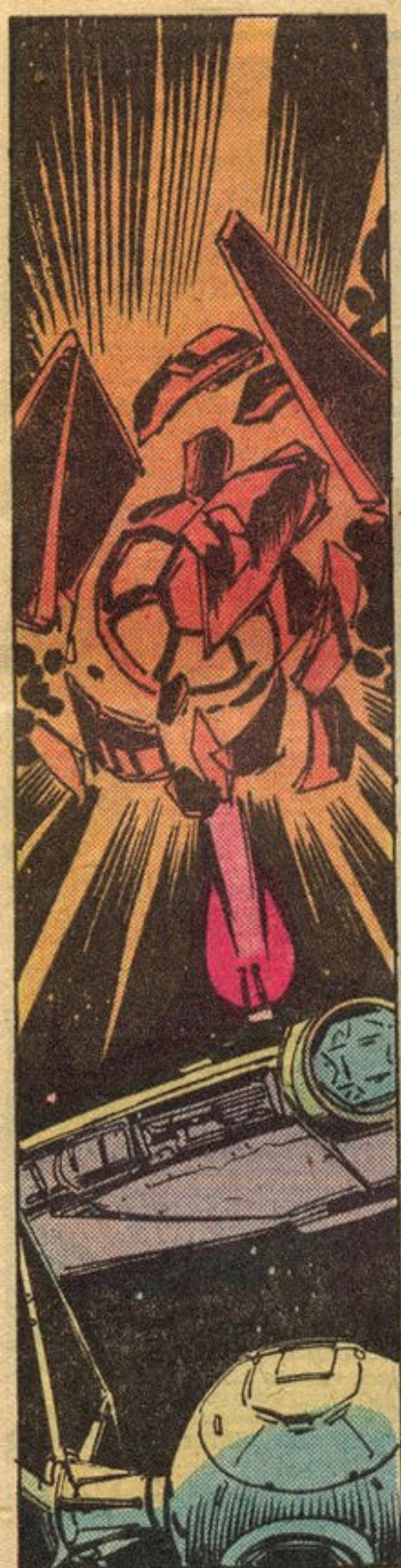
AND THIS TIME-- IT WORKS!

YET, EVEN AS LUKE FLASHES THE CORELLIAN SMUGGLER A GRIN OF TRIUMPH--



WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, SONNY!

THERE'S STILL THREE MORE OF THEM!





SUDDENLY, THE CORELLIAN IS FORCED TO BREAK OFF, AS THE TIE-FIGHTER'S DEADLY ENERGY BOLTS REACH OUT TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...

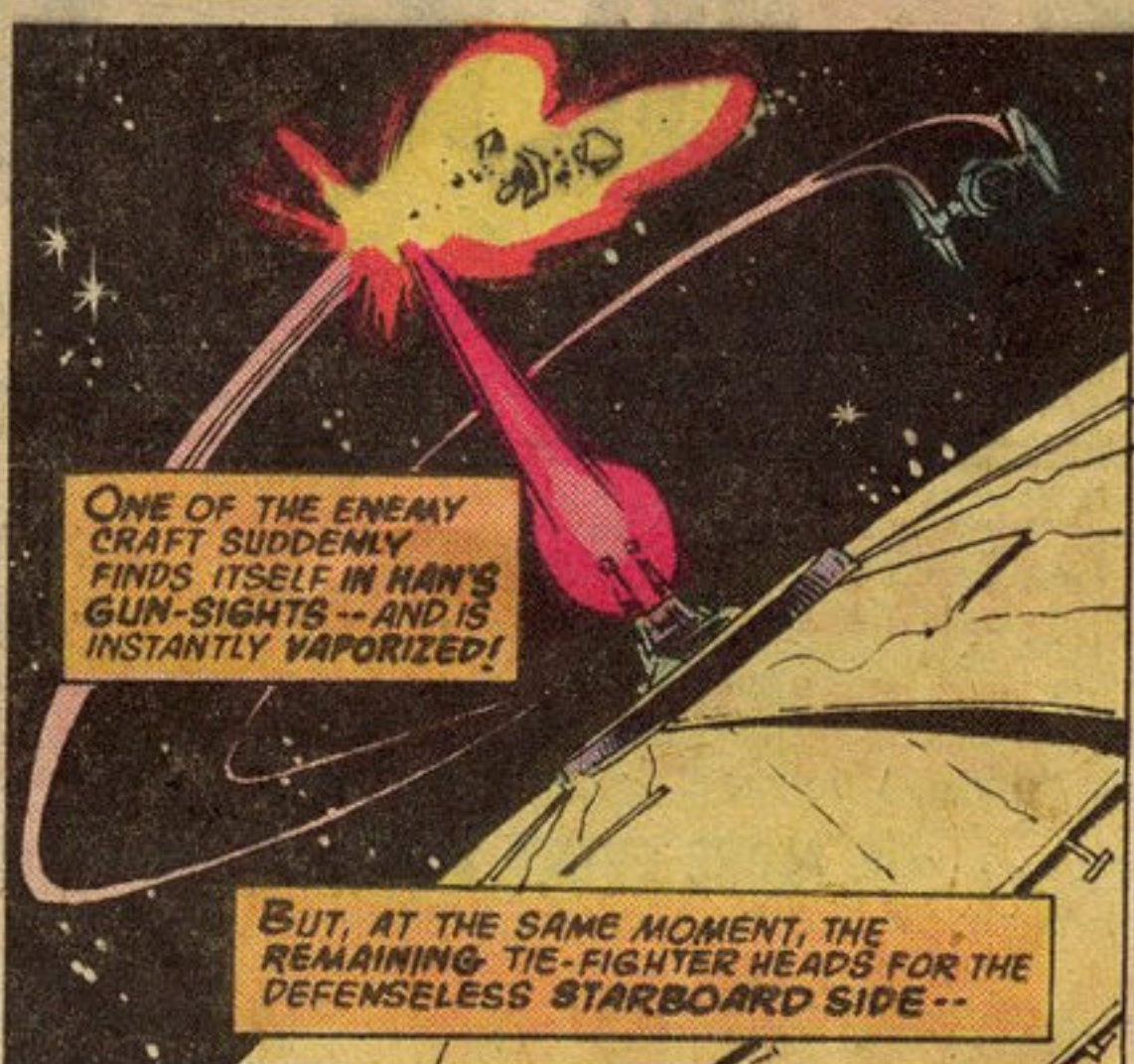


...AND HAN SOLO FINDS OUT THAT SPACE-MERCENARIES, TOO, CAN PRAY!



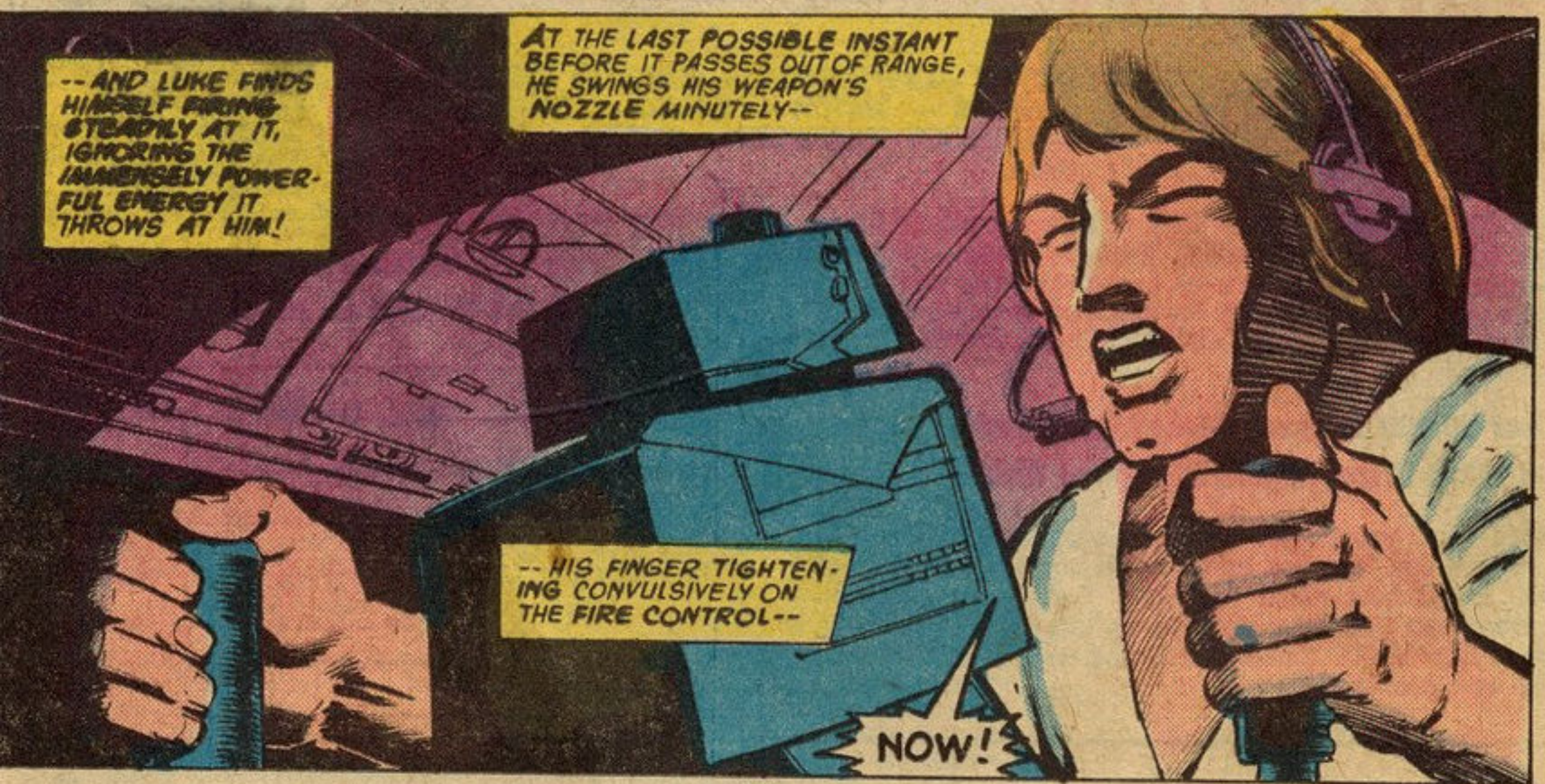
ALL IS GRIM SILENCE WITHIN THE FLEEING SMUGGLER-CRAFT...

FOR, THEY KNOW THAT ONE DIRECT HIT ON THE SIDE WITHOUT A DEFLECTOR SHIELD-- SPELLS DOOM!



ONE OF THE ENEMY CRAFT SUDDENLY FINDS ITSELF IN HAN'S GUN-SIGHTS -- AND IS INSTANTLY VAPORIZED!

BUT, AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE REMAINING TIE-FIGHTER HEADS FOR THE DEFENSELESS STARBOARD SIDE --



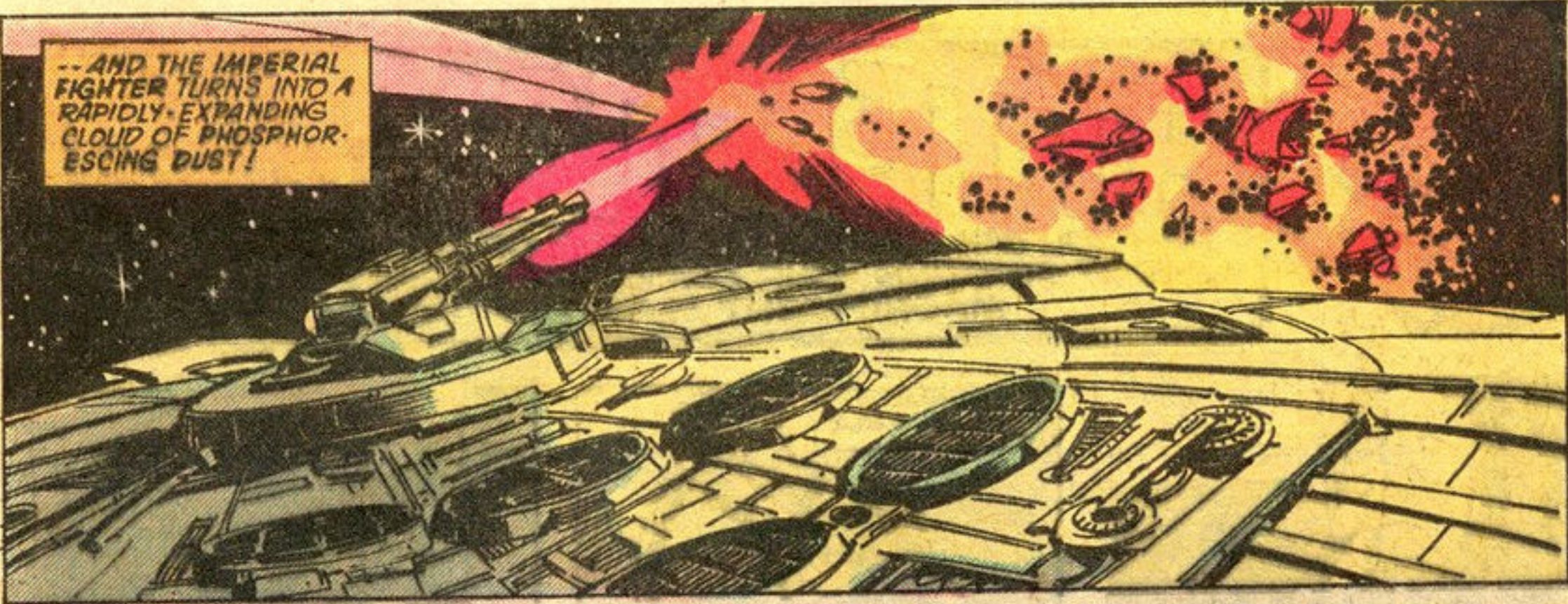
-- AND LUKE FINDS HIMSELF FIRING STEADILY AT IT, IGNORING THE IMMENSELY POWERFUL ENERGY IT THROWS AT HIM!

AT THE LAST POSSIBLE INSTANT BEFORE IT PASSES OUT OF RANGE, HE SWINGS HIS WEAPON'S NOZZLE MINUTELY--

-- HIS FINGER TIGHTENING CONVULSIVELY ON THE FIRE CONTROL--

NOW!

-- AND THE IMPERIAL FIGHTER TURNS INTO A RAPIDLY-EXPANDING CLOUD OF PHOSPHOR-ESCENT DUST!



THEN, INSIDE THE FALCON...



WE'VE MADE IT, PRINCESS!

AND THE CRY COMES BACK:



WE'VE MADE IT!!



SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK, SWEETHEART?

NOT A BAD BIT OF RESCUING.

Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES I AMAZE EVEN MYSELF!



THAT DOESN'T SOUND TOO HARD.

AT LEAST THE INFORMATION IN THE R2 UNIT IS STILL INTACT.

WHAT'S THAT DROID CARRYING THAT'S SO IMPORTANT, ANYWAY?

THE TECHNICAL READ-OUTS OF THAT BATTLE-STATION!

I ONLY HOPE THAT WHEN THE DATA IS ANALYZED, ITS WEAKNESS CAN BE FOUND... AND QUICKLY.

OUR ESCAPE WAS EASY... FAR TOO EASY... TO SUIT ME!

WHILE, BACK
ABOARD THE
FORMIDABLE
BATTLE-STATION
KNOWN AS
DEATH STAR...

ARE THEY
AWAY?

THEY HAVE.
JUST MADE
THE JUMP TO
HYPER-SPACE,
GOVERNOR
TARKIN.

GOOD. I
AM TAKING
A GRAVE
CHANCE,
VADER.

THIS HAD
BETTER
WORK.

ARE YOU
CERTAIN
THAT THE
HOMING
BEACON
IS SECURE
ABOARD
THEIR
SHIP--

--SO THAT WE CAN
FOLLOW THEM WHERE-
EVER THEY GO-- WHICH
WILL DOUBTLESS BE
THE MAIN REBEL
BASE?

HAVE NO
FEAR.

THIS WILL BE
A DAY LONG
REMEMBERED.

IT HAS
SEEN THE
END OF THE
LAST OF
THE JEDI
KNIGHTS--

AND SOON,
VERY SOON, IT
WILL SEE THE
END OF THE
REBELLION
ITSELF!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN... OUR ESCAPE WAS "TOO EASY"!??

THEY LET US ESCAPE... DON'T YOU SEE?

THEY KNOW WE WILL TAKE RZ-D2 STRAIGHT TO THE REBEL BASE--AND THEY UNDOUBTABLY MEAN TO TRAIL US THERE!

I ONLY HOPE THE DATA INSIDE ARTOO CAN BE ANALYZED QUICKLY, SO THAT WE CAN FIGHT BACK AGAINST--



CUT THAT "WE" STUFF, PRINCESS! IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME!

I'M NOT DOING THIS FOR YOUR REVOLUTION-- AND I'M NOT DOING IT FOR YOU.

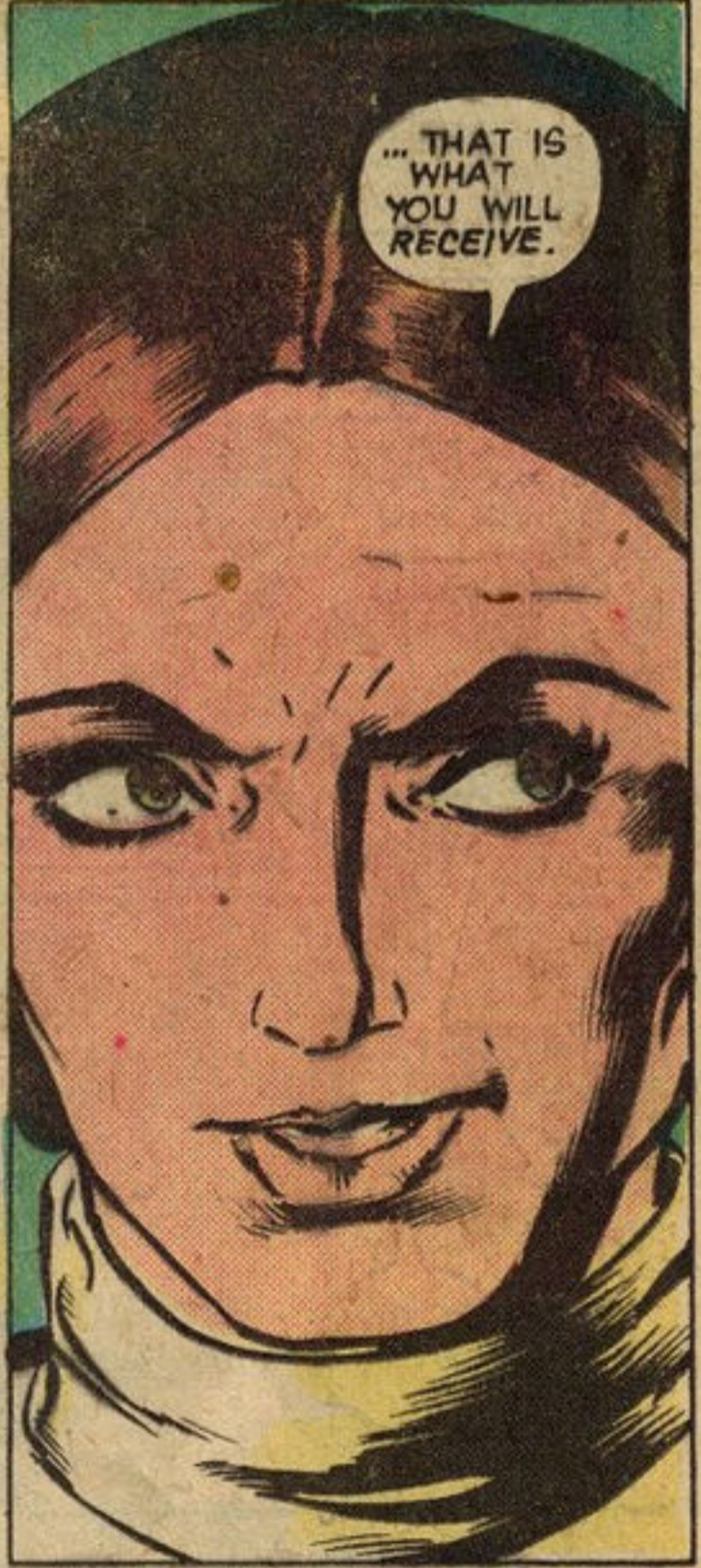
I EXPECT TO BE PAID...



... WELL PAID!

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR REWARD.

IF MONEY IS ALL THAT YOU LOVE...



... THAT IS WHAT YOU WILL RECEIVE.



WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

WELL???

HAN SOLO WAITS FOR HIS ANSWER... BUT THERE IS NONE.

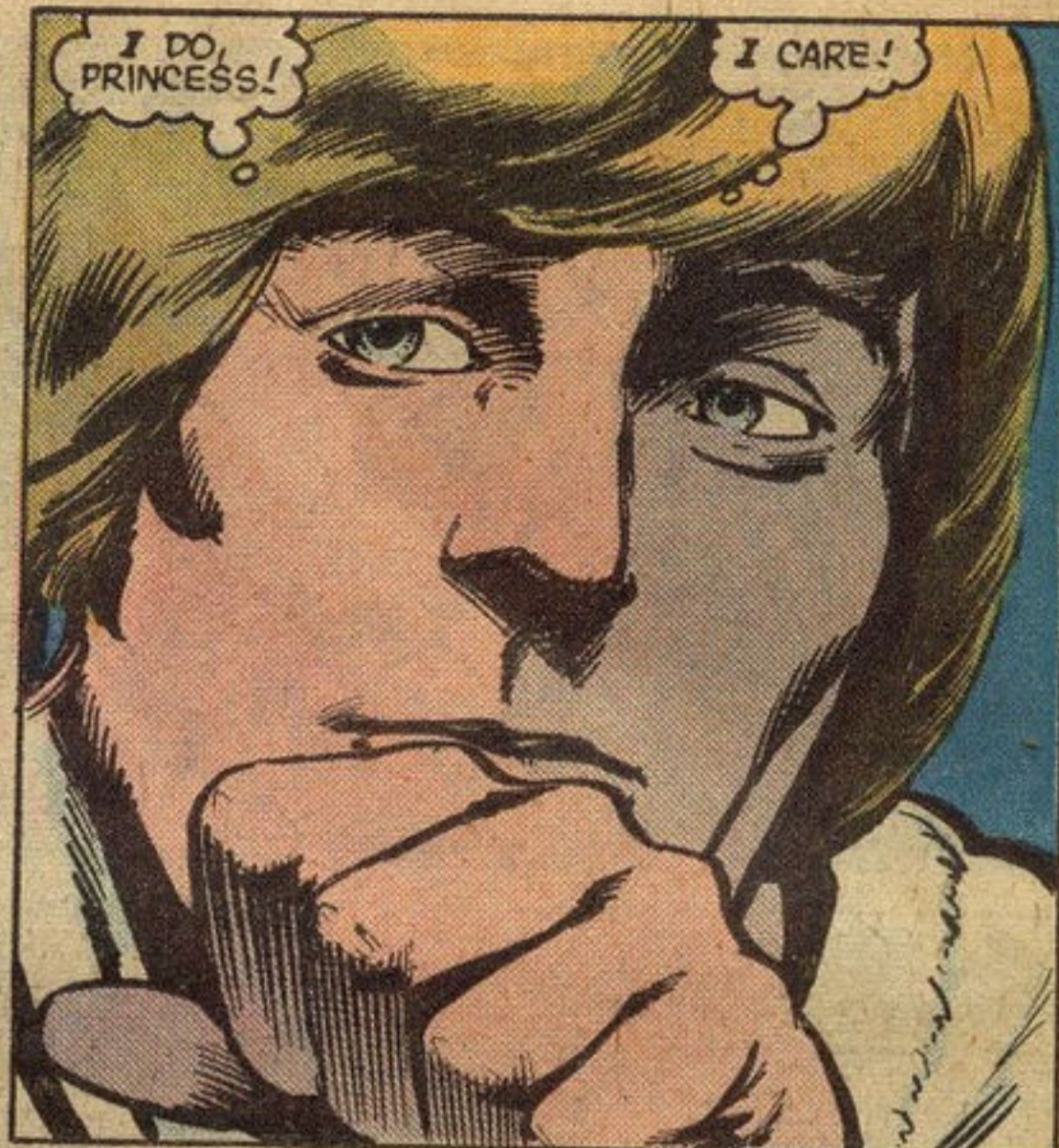
YOUR FRIEND IS INDEED A MERCENARY, LUKE...



I WONDER IF HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ANYTHING...

...OR ANY-BODY!?

Uh-- HE-- I--



I DO, PRINCESS!

I CARE!



LUKE STARES AFTER THE PRINCESS/ SENATOR UNTIL SHE DISAPPEARS INTO THE MAIN HOLD AREA. THEN--

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER, HAN?

I TRY NOT TO.



GOOD...!

STILL, SHE'S GOT A LOT OF SPIRIT...!

LUKE HADN'T INTENDED HIS RESPONSE TO BE AUDIBLE... BUT THE QUICK-EARED SPACE PILOT OVERHEARS IT NONE THE LESS...



I DON'T KNOW, LUKE...

DO YOU THINK IT'S POSSIBLE FOR A PRINCESS AND A GUY LIKE ME--?

NO.

SOLO SMILES AT THE YOUNGER MAN'S JEALOUSY-- AND HE'S UNCERTAIN IN HIS OWN MIND WHETHER HE ADDED THE COMMENT MERELY TO BAIT HIS NAIVE FRIEND...



...OR BECAUSE IT'S THE TRUTH.

THE PLANET YAVIN, A HUGE GAS GIANT, IS NOT A HABITABLE WORLD.

SEVERAL OF YAVIN'S NUMEROUS MOONS, HOWEVER, ARE PLANET-SIZED THEMSELVES... AND THREE OF THESE CAN SUPPORT HUMANOID LIFE.

IT IS TOWARD THE SATELLITE DESIGNATED AS NUMBER FOUR, SHINING EMERALD-LIKE WITH ITS THICK JUNGLES, THAT THE MILLENNIUM FALCON FINALLY DRIFTS...

THE VERY AIR IS HEAVY WITH THE FANTASTIC CRIES OF UNIMAGINABLE CREATURES.

AND, ROTTING IN A FOREST OF GARGANTUAN TREES, AN ANCIENT TEMPLE LIES SHROUDED IN AN EERIE MIST.

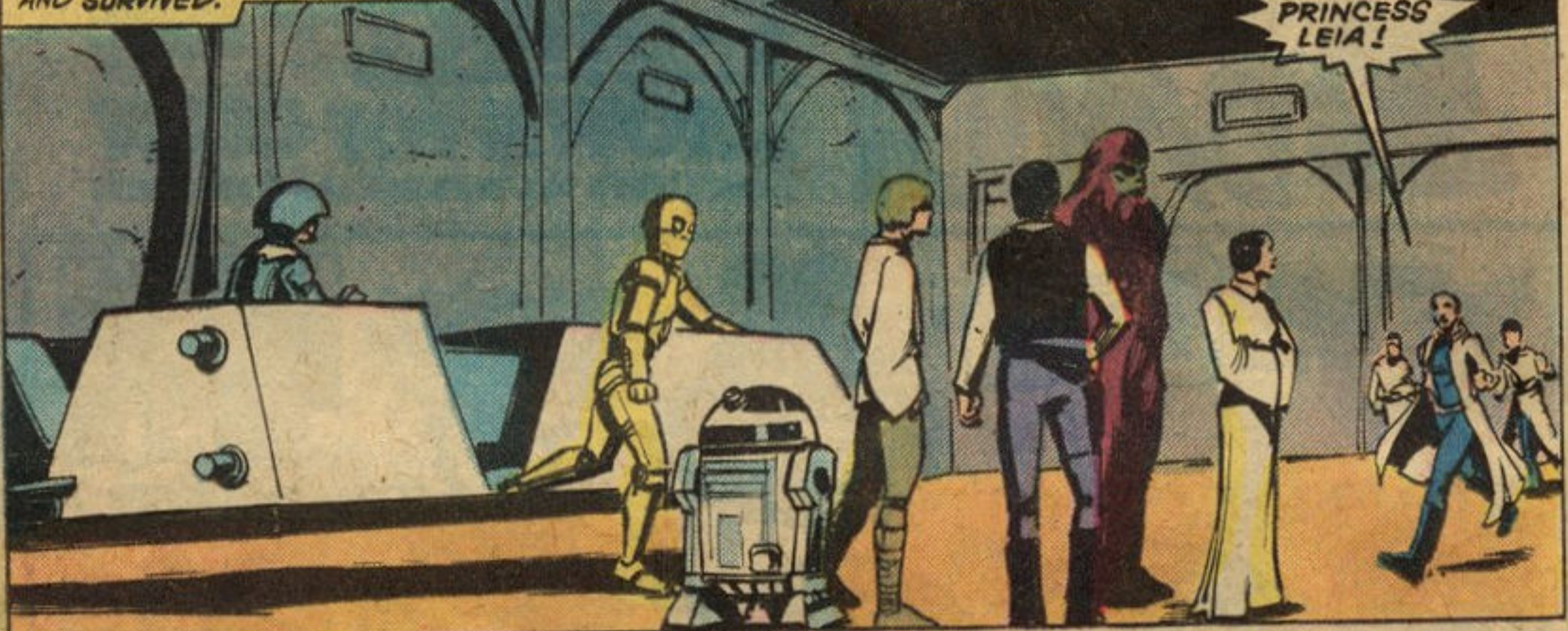
BUT, THE ORIGINAL BUILDERS WOULD NOT NOW RECOGNIZE THE INTERIOR OF THEIR ONCE-MIGHTY EDIFICE.

WITHIN, SEAMED METAL HAS REPLACED ROCK, AND THE BURIED LAYERS FAR BELOW THE SURFACE CONTAIN HANGAR UPON HANGAR OF ONE-MAN FIGHTER SPACECRAFT.

IT IS TOWARD THE UPPERMOST OF THESE HANGARS THAT A LANDSPEEDER NOW STREAKS, WITH THE MAKE-SHIFT CREW OF THE BELEAGUERED FALCON...

... TO DEPOSIT FIVE OF THE SIX WHO, A SHORT TIME BEFORE, TOOK ON THE MOST DREAD WEAPON OF THE EVIL GALACTIC EMPIRE-- AND SURVIVED.

SCARCELY HAVE THEY STEPPED OFF THE LAND-SPEEDER WHEN THE NOISY CLUSTER OF HUMANS NEARBY CEASE THEIR CONVERSATION AND RUSH TOWARD THE NOW-HOVERING CRAFT...



PRINCESS LEIA!



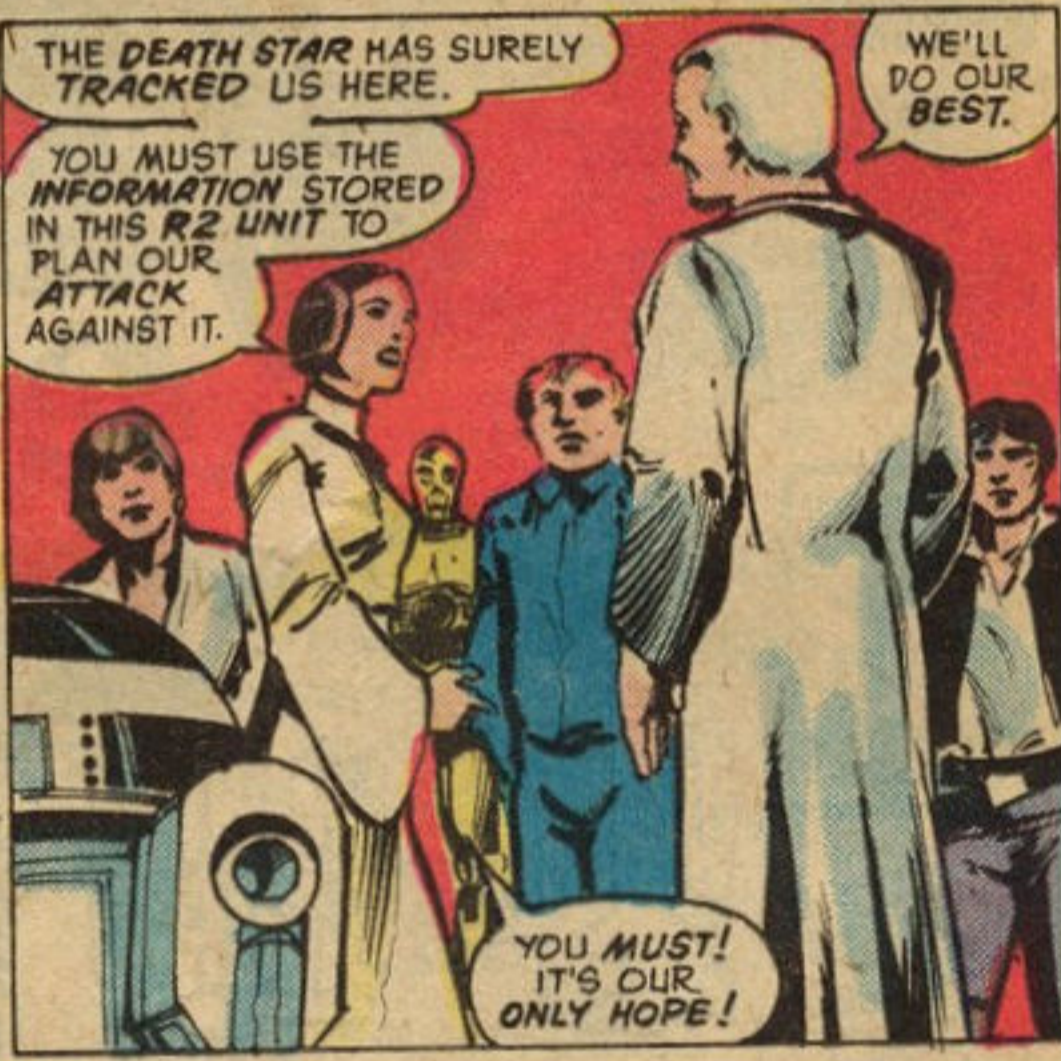
THANK THE STARS YOU'RE SAFE!

WE HAD FEARED THE WORST!

SO DID WE.

WE-- HEARD ABOUT ALDERAAN BEING DESTROYED, AND WE WERE AFRAID YOU WERE LOST-- ALONG WITH YOUR PLANET-- AND YOUR FATHER.

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR OUR SORROWS, COMMANDER WILLARD...

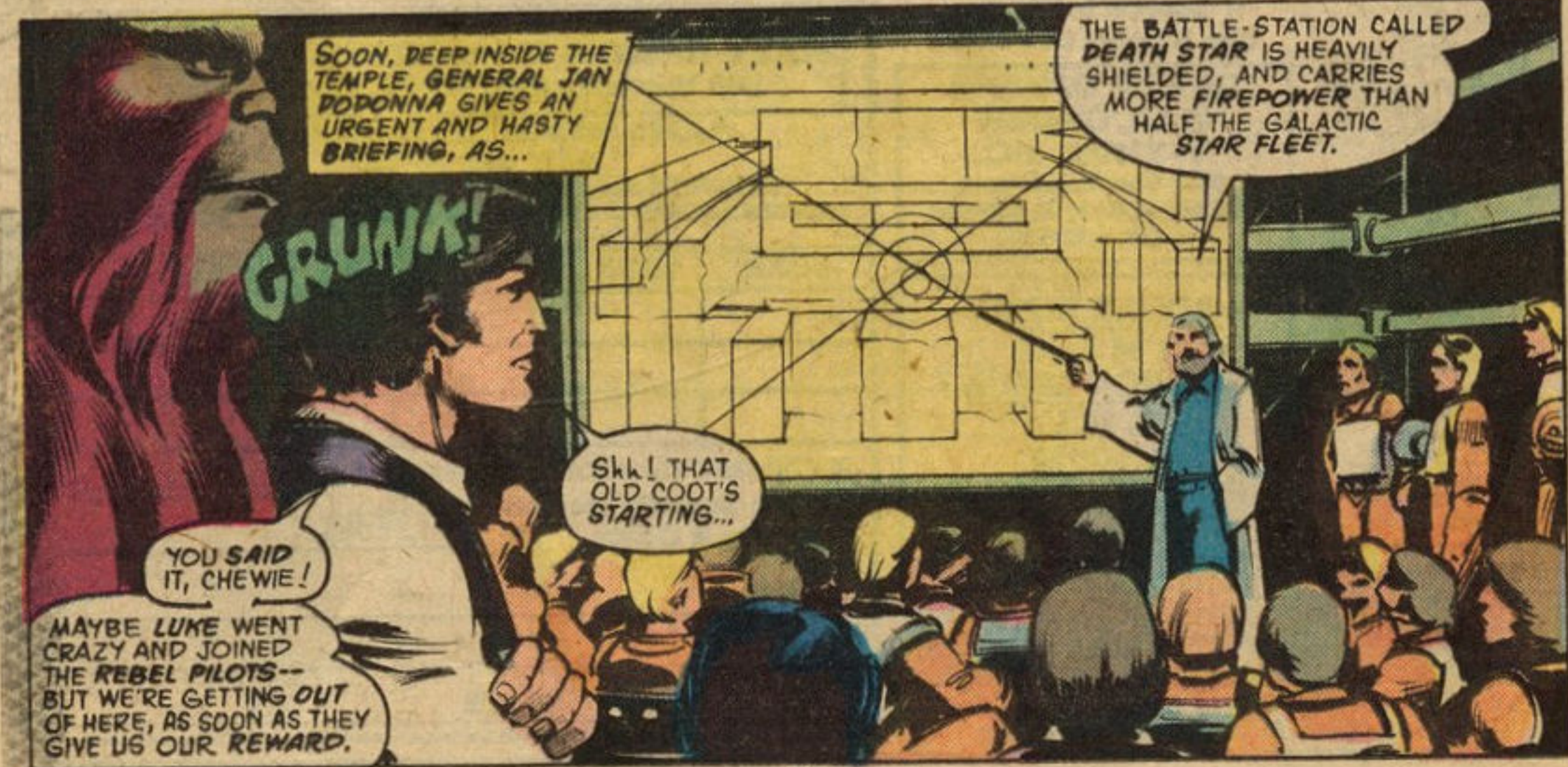


THE DEATH STAR HAS SURELY TRACKED US HERE.

YOU MUST USE THE INFORMATION STORED IN THIS R2 UNIT TO PLAN OUR ATTACK AGAINST IT.

WE'LL DO OUR BEST.

YOU MUST! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE!



SOON, DEEP INSIDE THE TEMPLE, GENERAL JAN PODONNA GIVES AN URGENT AND HASTY BRIEFING, AS...

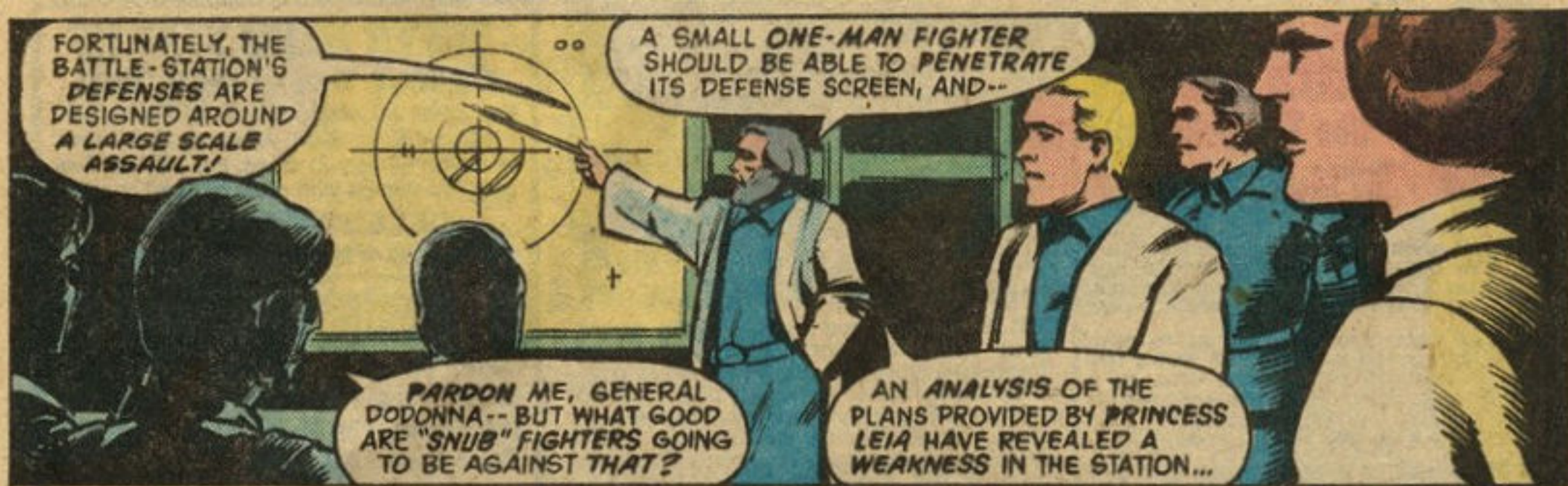
THE BATTLE-STATION CALLED DEATH STAR IS HEAVILY SHIELDED, AND CARRIES MORE FIREPOWER THAN HALF THE GALACTIC STAR FLEET.

GRUNK!

SKW! THAT OLD COOT'S STARTING...

YOU SAID IT, CHEWIE!

MAYBE LUKE WENT CRAZY AND JOINED THE REBEL PILOTS-- BUT WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, AS SOON AS THEY GIVE US OUR REWARD.



FORTUNATELY, THE BATTLE-STATION'S DEFENSES ARE DESIGNED AROUND A LARGE SCALE ASSAULT!

A SMALL ONE-MAN FIGHTER SHOULD BE ABLE TO PENETRATE ITS DEFENSE SCREEN, AND--

PARDON ME, GENERAL DODONNA-- BUT WHAT GOOD ARE "SNUB" FIGHTERS GOING TO BE AGAINST THAT?

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PLANS PROVIDED BY PRINCESS LEIA HAVE REVEALED A WEAKNESS IN THE STATION...



THERE IS A SMALL, UNSHIELDED THERMAL EXHAUST PORT THAT RUNS DIRECTLY INTO THE REACTOR SYSTEM.

A DIRECT HIT ON IT SHOULD SET UP A CHAIN REACTION THAT WILL DESTROY THE STATION.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE TARGET IS ONLY TWO METERS ACROSS-- AND YOU WILL HAVE TO HIT IT WITH PROTON TORPEDOES.



HIT A TWO METER TARGET-- AT MAXIMUM SPEED!?

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE-- EVEN FOR THE COMPUTER!

NO, IT ISN'T! I USED TO BULLS-EYE WOMP-RATS IN MY T-16 BACK HOME.

THEY'RE NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN TWO METERS.



YOUR APPROACH WILL NOT BE EASY; YOU MUST MANEUVER STRAIGHT DOWN THIS SHAFT WHICH CIRCLES THE STATION.

YOU MUST LEVEL OFF IN THE TRENCH THERE, AND SKIM THE SURFACE TO THE PRECISE TARGET AREA.



AND REMEMBER-- ONLY A DIRECT HIT HAS A HOPE OF DESTROYING THE DEATH STAR--

--BEFORE IT DESTROYS THIS MOON-- AND THE HOPE OF THE REBELLION!



NOW, MAN YOUR SHIPS--

-- AND MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!

MOMENTS LATER, ALONG WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS, LUKE, THREEPIO, AND LITTLE ARTOO RUSH INTO THE HUGE SPACE-SHIP HANGAR.

FLIGHT CREWS BUSTLE ABOUT, LOADING LAST-MINUTE ARMAMENT AND UNLOCKING POWER COUPLINGS.

BUT, IT IS TWO DIFFERENT FIGURES THAT SUDDENLY CATCH LUKE SKYWALKER'S STARTLED ATTENTION--

THE HUGE WOOKIEE NAMED CHEWBACCA, AND--

HAN!

SO YOU GOT YOUR REWARD-- AND YOU'RE LEAVING!

THAT'S RIGHT, KID. I'VE GOT SOME OLD DEBTS TO PAY OFF... AND EVEN IF I DIDN'T, I'D BE A FOOL TO STICK AROUND HERE.

YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD IN A SCRAP YOURSELF...

...SO WHY DON'T YOU COME WITH US?

I COULD USE YOU...!

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND, HAN?

YOU KNOW WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN... WHAT THEY'RE UP AGAINST.

THEY COULD USE A GOOD PILOT-- BUT YOU'RE TURNING YOUR BACK ON THEM!

WHAT GOOD'S A REWARD IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND TO SPEND IT?

ATTACKING THAT BATTLE-STATION ISN'T MY IDEA OF COURAGE; IT'S MORE LIKE SUICIDE.

HRUNK

SHUT UP, CHEWIE! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

WELL... TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, HAN...

... BUT, I GUESS THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE BEST AT, ISN'T IT?

LUKE SKYWALKER HARDLY HEARS HAN SOLO'S WHISPERED FAREWELL:

"MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!"

AS LUKE REACHES HIS ASSIGNED SHIP, PRINCESS LEIA IS THERE WAITING...

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT TO DO, LUKE?

MORE THAN ANYTHING.

THEN, WHAT'S WRONG?

IT'S HAN! I THOUGHT HE'D CHANGE HIS MIND...

A MAN MUST FOLLOW HIS OWN PATH; NO ONE CAN CHOOSE IT FOR HIM.

YEAH... I KNOW. I ONLY WISH... BEN WERE HERE.



MAY "THE FORCE" BE WITH YOU, LUKE!

LUKE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! HOW'D YOU GET MIXED UP IN THIS?

BIGGS! * I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

HAVE I GOT SOME STORIES TO TELL YOU, OLD BUDDY!

*LUKE'S CHILDHOOD CHUM, FROM ISH #1. --Roy

ARE YOU LUKE SKYWALKER?

SURE AM, "BLUE LEADER"!

HAVE YOU BEEN CHECKED OUT ON THE INCOM T-65?

WELL, I ... NOT EXACTLY, I ... uh...

SIR, LUKE HERE IS THE BEST BUSH-PILOT IN THE OUTER-RIM TERRITORIES.

I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM!



MARVEL® BULLPEN BULLETINS

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STAN LEE'S SOAPBOX

Stop the presses! We just changed the title of our next great "Origins" book! Instead of THE SUPER WOMEN, it will be called THE SUPERHERO WOMEN when it explodes like a literary bombshell in bookstores everywhere sometime in October! We probably had a sensational reason for changing the title to THE SUPERHERO WOMEN, and I'd like to tell you what it was—except I forgot! Anyway, I'll tell you the contents next ish; for now, I just wanted to make sure that you're not spending all your spare time trying to remember the wrong title! Incidentally, if there's a Marvel fan anywhere whom I haven't met at some zingy Comicon or other, here's your chance to remedy that grievous situation. I'm scheduled to appear at the great new Chicago Con on August 6th, and the Houston Con on August 19th. If you're in the neighborhood, drop in and say hello. You know how shy I am—I need all the support I can get. Hey! Don't let me forget another big item! Our great new 1978 calendar goes on sale the end of August! This is the vooziest one of all, 'cause it's one huge Spider-Man Calendar! Yep, the whole blamed thing is a towering tribute to the world's most popular super-hero—and it'll be on sale in bookstores everywhere! And how's this for a block-busting announcement—? The great new *live-action* CBS-TV prime-time Spider-Man made-for-television movie should be premiering some time in September. Watch for the announcements in your local newspaper. But even if you miss the paper, don't worry—the whole town'll be talking about it! And just wait'll we tell you—in future issues—about the whole kaboodle of Marvel movies which Universal Pictures is working on right now! And finally, while you're writing to your local newspaper, telling 'em you can't wait for Howard the Duck, here's a little something to keep you busy. See if you can figure out what PIZZAZZ is—and guess who's publishing it! (Aww, someone musta given you a hint!) More info later—we've gotta keep some surprises for next month! But now, as we tearfully bid each other an emotion-drenched adieu, let us always remember those immortal words of Irving Forbush: "Hey, Lee, shaddup ewreddy and let's get to the good stuff!" Or, as the Hulk would probably say: "Qui s'excuse s'accuse!"

Excelsior!



Hey, like it? It's gonna be our new trade mark!

ITEM! Let's start by rolling out the welcome mat for Rambling RICK PARKER, late of the sunshine state of Florida, who has just become the latest recruit to the Bullpen's legion of lettering correctionists. (Yes, hard as it is to believe, even *our* laudable letterers and winning writers make occasional mistakes.) Rick also promises to be a worthy addition to the Merry Marvel Softball Team, which is about to leap into league action once again (more of that at a later date). Also joining our sterling staff is Slim JIM SALICRUP. Actually, *re-joining* would be more correct—as Jim did a sizeable stretch in our British Reprint Department, until he was wooed away to labor in the corporate corridors of the monolithic Mad Genius Associates (otherwise known as Steve Gerber, Dave Kraft, and whoever happens to be in the office with them at any given moment). Now, Mr. Salicrup is back to take over the editing of our American reprint books. Good to have you with us again, Jim!

ITEM! As long as we're being effusive, let's also congratulate ROGER "Sterno" STERN and Gentle JO DUFFY, editorial experts extraordinaire, on their recent promotions higher into the hierarchy of our color comics editorial department, as a result of ROGER SLIFER's move up to helm our black-and-white comic mags (which we reported on last month). And, though they technically haven't had any kind of promotion, we should also mention Energetic ED HANNIGAN and Reliable RALPH MACCHIO, because they sometimes proofread this column, and we wouldn't want any mizzteaks to creep in just becuz of hert feeligz.

ITEM! Now that your who's-working-at-which-job scorecard is brought up to date, we can fill you in on some of the pulsating projects the folks mentioned above—along with myriad other of our titanic talents—have readied for your enjoyment this late summer season. Like, for instance, the *second* of our Marvel Movie Specials, THE DEEP. Editor ROGER SLIFER has teamed writer DOUG MOENCH, whose PLANET OF THE APES adaptations are *still* drawing praise, with illustrator CARMINE INFANTINO (his distinct approach to underwater action in this project has us all wondering if perhaps this isn't the perfect guy to bring Prince Namor, the savage SUB-MARINER, back in his own series) on this all-stops-out adaptation of the motion picture adventure based on PETER "Jaws" BENCHLEY's best selling novel. It's all here, just like in the blockbuster Columbia film—the shipwreck, the dive for sunken treasure, the school of sharks in their feeding frenzy, and the ever-mounting menace of the giant 'eell! We've done this one up in a double-length color comic package to give it to you complete in one issue. THE DEEP will be waiting for you this month at your local newstand. Don't miss it. It's a big one!

ITEM! But THE DEEP is not the only double-length book aimed your way this August. Our King-Size Summer Annuals are still coming out in force. There's the INCREDIBLE HULK, piloted and plotted by the Lively One himself, LEN WEIN, scripted by DAVE "The Dude" KRAFT, and illustrated by Happy HERB TRIMPE (who, with his art chores on our new GODZILLA comic, as well as his long-time association with the

Hulk, may just about have the *greenskin* market sewn up tight); then, there's the FANTASTIC FOUR ANNUAL in which MARV WOLFMAN and KEITH POLLARD, writer and artist respectively, ingeniously pit the World's Greatest Comics Team against not only the uncanny Inhumans, but against the Gong Show as well; and finally, there's Stellar JIM STARLIN's awesome AVENGERS ANNUAL which guest-stars Captain Marvel and Warlock and cosmically chronicles Earth's Mightiest Heroes' epic struggle against the mad Titan, Thanos. In fact, so epic is this struggle that the second part of it will be presented in the TWO-IN-ONE ANNUAL (on sale in September) and involve Spider-



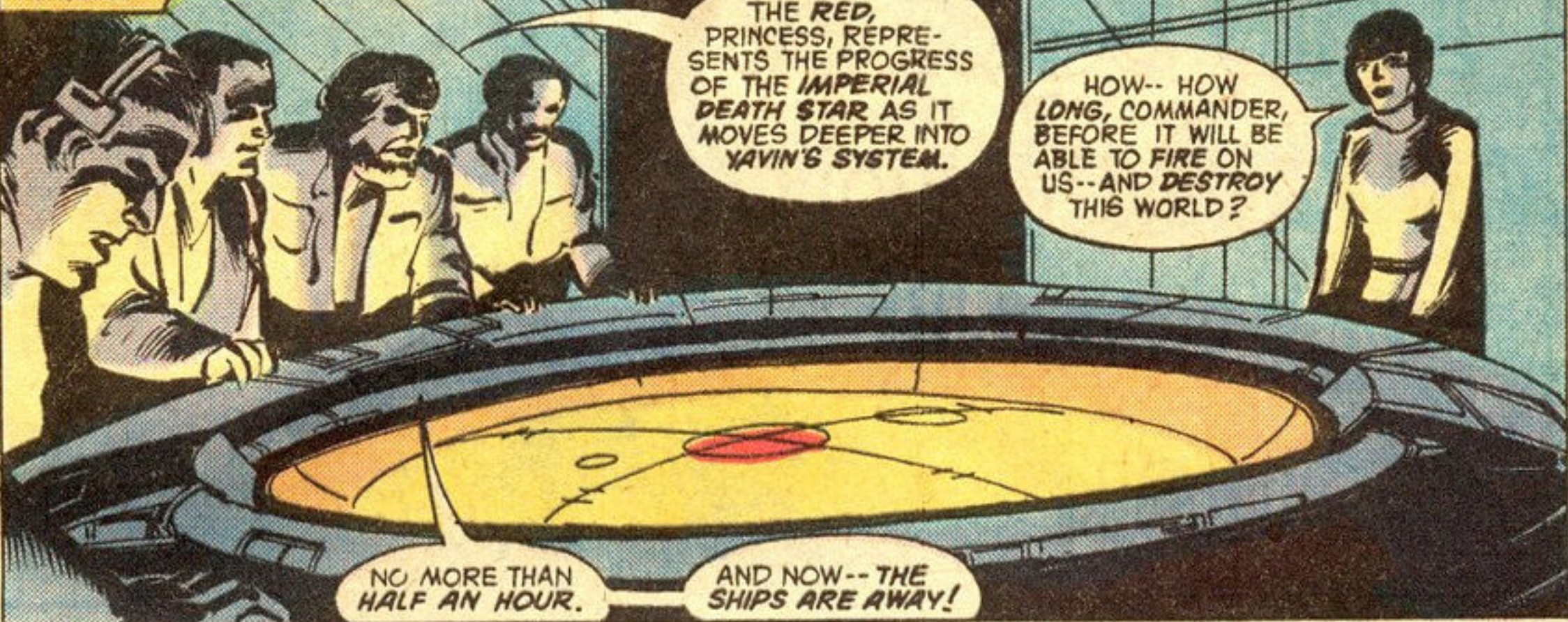
Man and the ever-lovin' blue-eyed Thing! So, that's four to watch for, but if you want *more* (plus an end to this doggerel), may we point out that August also holds two Marvel Classics, KIDNAPPED and PIT AND THE PENDULUM; two of our cooperative efforts with the happy folks of Hanna-Barbera, YOGI BEAR and DYNAMUTT; and, lastly but decidedly not leastly, two new issues of black-and-white magazine favorites, THE RAMPAGING HULK and SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN. If you need help shortening the long, hot summer, these Bullpen bonuses may be just what you want!

We hate to close the page on a solemn note, but by now you've been hit with the hard fact that the price of our regular color comics has risen to thirty-five cents and our double-length books have gone up to sixty cents. Naturally, we owe you an explanation. Unfortunately, if you've had to buy a candy bar, a paperback book, or—heaven forbid—a pound of coffee, the answer is already obvious. Ever-spiraling costs; ever-mounting inflation. Once again we've been faced with rising printing, engraving, and paper prices, and once again we've reached the point where we're forced to make *our* prices reflect those new costs. We're sorry. We've tried to hold the line as long as possible, and we succeeded in doing it several *months* longer than any of our competitors. We hope that's helped a little. Your loyalty and support in the past made us the number one comic book company, and we appreciate it greatly. Now, we're going to be working all the harder to keep that loyalty and support, to produce the very best possible comics available... at any price. And that's a promise, pal.



NOW, PRINCESS LEIA ORGANA STANDS SILENTLY BEFORE THE HUGE DISPLAY SCREEN ON WHICH YAVIN AND ITS MANY MOONS ARE DEPICTED.

UPON THAT SCREEN, A LARGE RED DOT MOVES STEADILY TOWARD THE FOURTH OF THOSE SATELLITES...



THE RED, PRINCESS, REPRESENTS THE PROGRESS OF THE IMPERIAL DEATH STAR AS IT MOVES DEEPER INTO YAVIN'S SYSTEM.

HOW-- HOW LONG, COMMANDER, BEFORE IT WILL BE ABLE TO FIRE ON US-- AND DESTROY THIS WORLD?

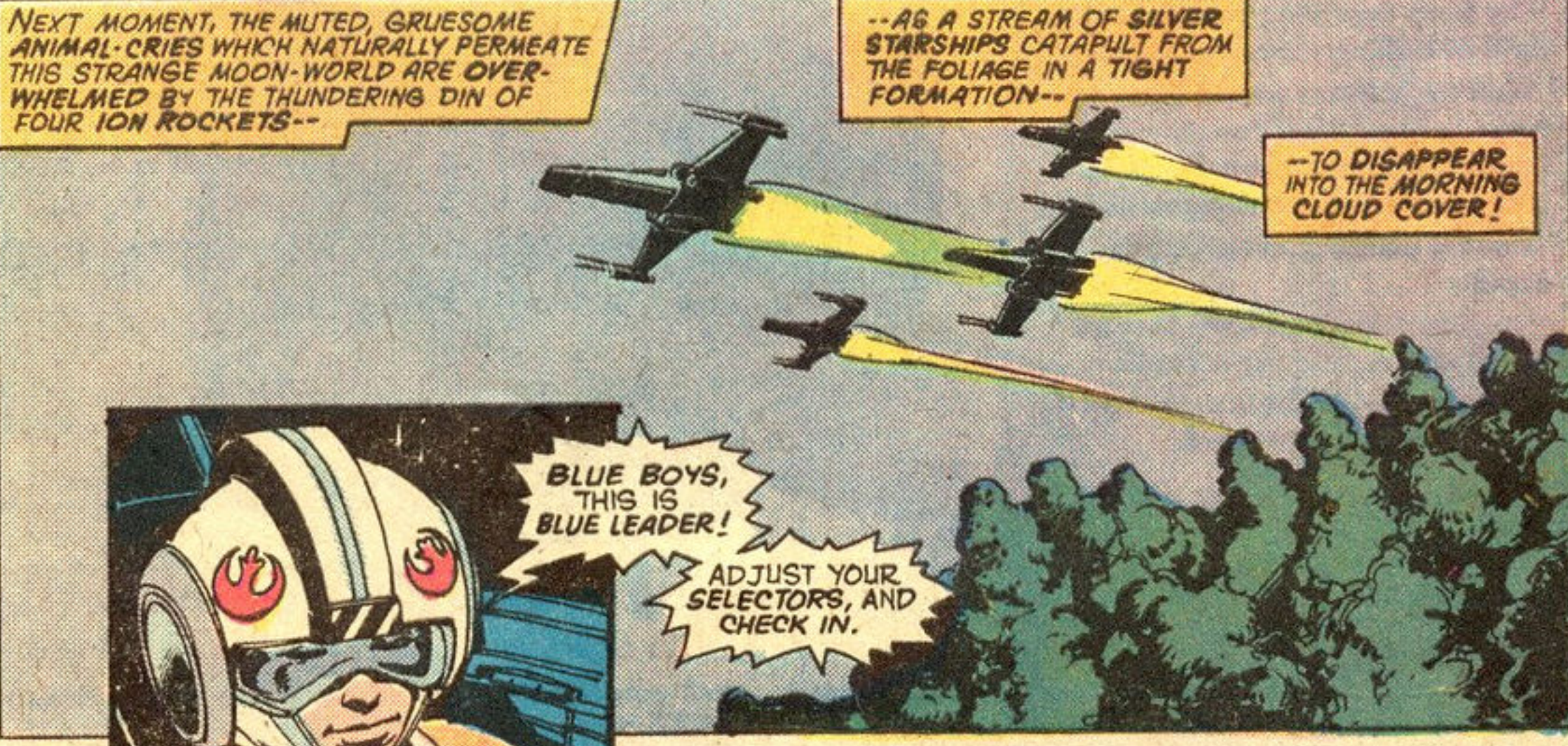
NO MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR.

AND NOW-- THE SHIPS ARE AWAY!

NEXT MOMENT, THE MUTED, GRUESOME ANIMAL-cries WHICH NATURALLY PERMEATE THIS STRANGE MOON-WORLD ARE OVERWHELMED BY THE THUNDERING DIN OF FOUR ION ROCKETS--

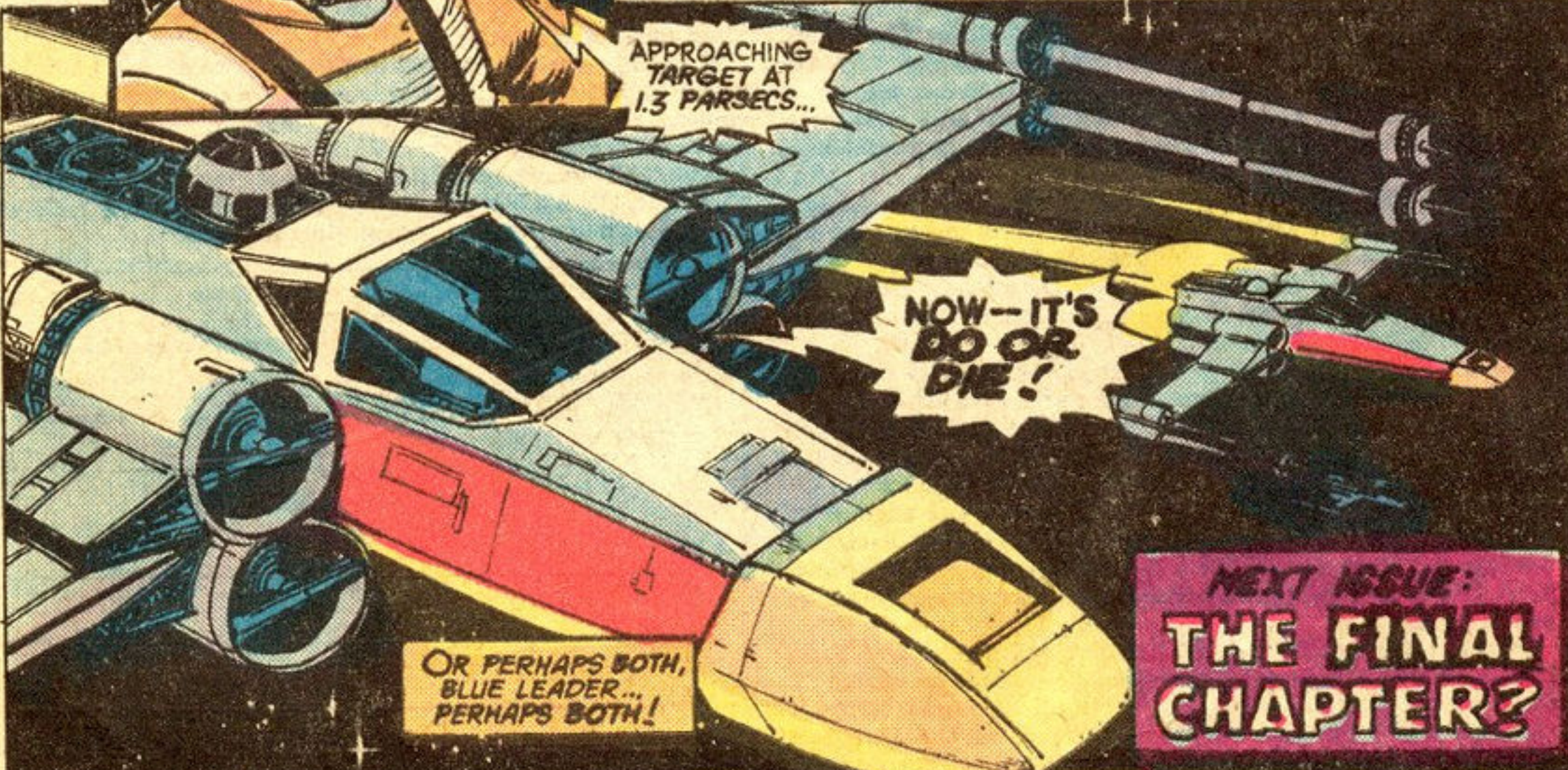
--AS A STREAM OF SILVER STARSHIPS CATAPULT FROM THE FOLIAGE IN A TIGHT FORMATION--

--TO DISAPPEAR INTO THE MORNING CLOUD COVER!



BLUE BOYS, THIS IS BLUE LEADER!

ADJUST YOUR SELECTORS, AND CHECK IN.



APPROACHING TARGET AT 1.3 PARSECS...

NOW-- IT'S DO OR DIE!

OR PERHAPS BOTH, BLUE LEADER... PERHAPS BOTH!

NEXT ISSUE: THE FINAL CHAPTER?