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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!

REPRINT

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--

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...

HERE COME THE TIE FIGHTERS!

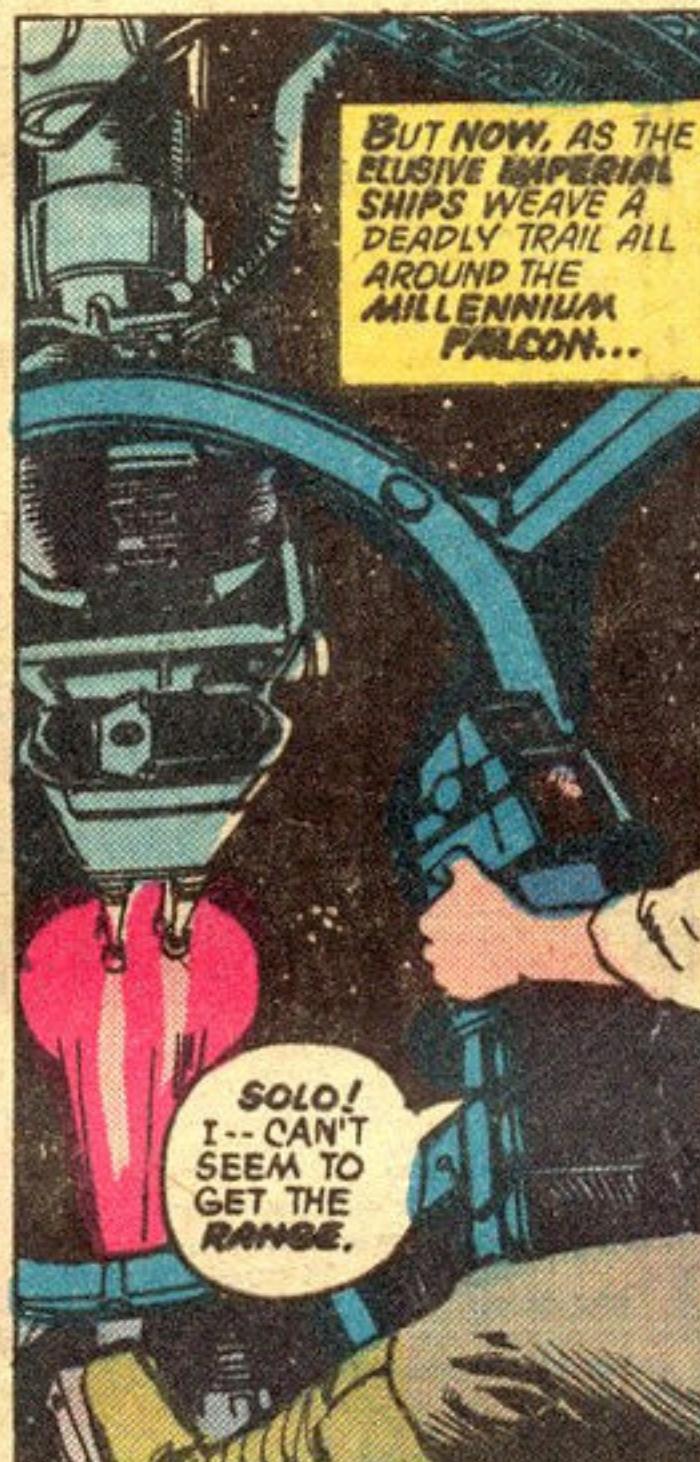
BLAST! I'VE GOT TO GET THE HANG OF IT FAST-- USE "THE FORCE" THAT BEN SHOWED ME HOW TO USE --

--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.



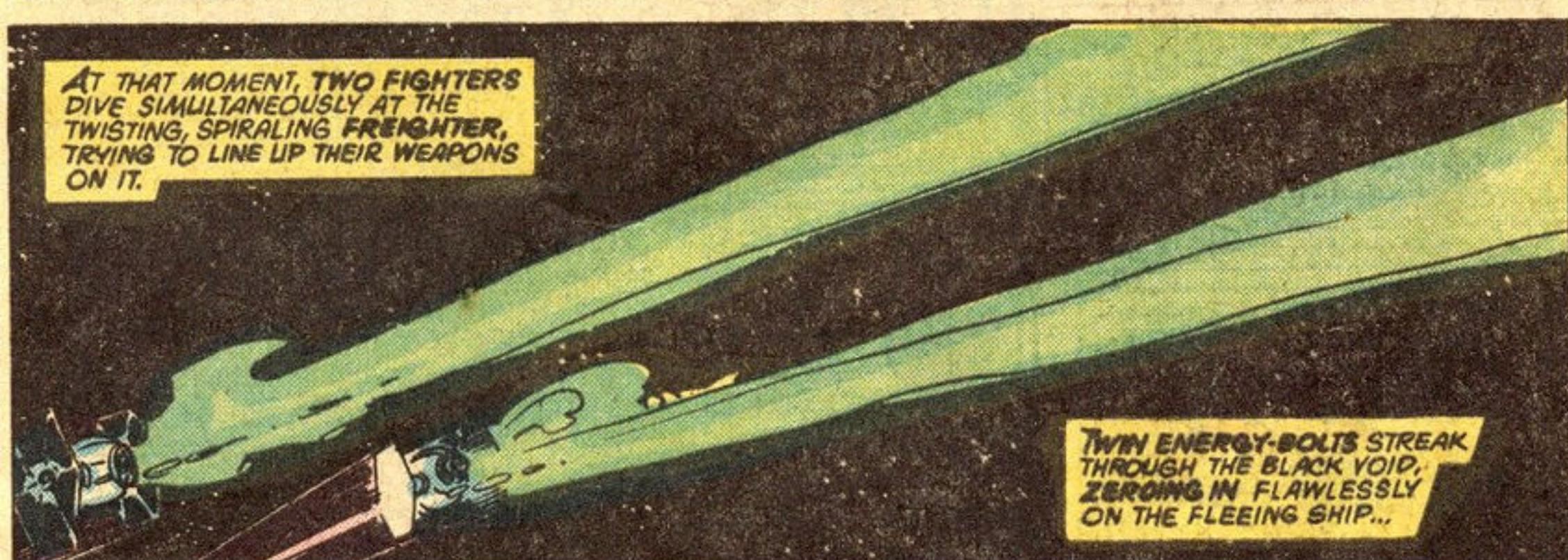
BUT NOW, AS THE ELUSIVE IMPERIAL SHIPS WEAVE A DEADLY TRAIL ALL AROUND THE MILLENNIUM FALCON...

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



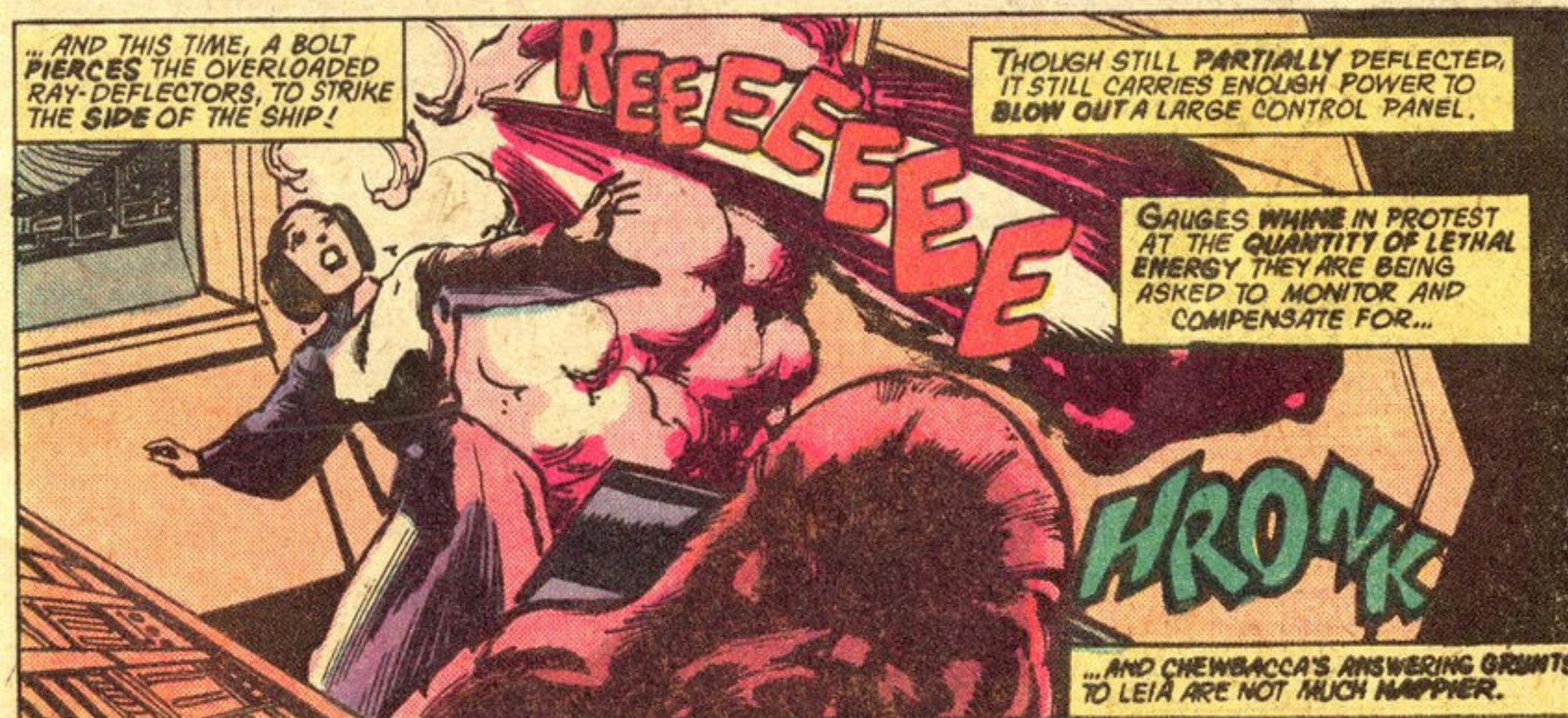
KEEP TRYING, KID! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!

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, ZEROMING 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...

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

JUST THEN, ONE OF  
THE TIE FIGHTERS  
FLOATS DIRECTLY IN-  
TO LUKE'S SIGHTS.

HIS MOUTH MOVING SLIGHTLY, THE YOUTH FIRES AT IT.

NEXT INSTANT, THE  
INCREDIBLY AGILE  
LITTLE VESSEL PARTS  
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!

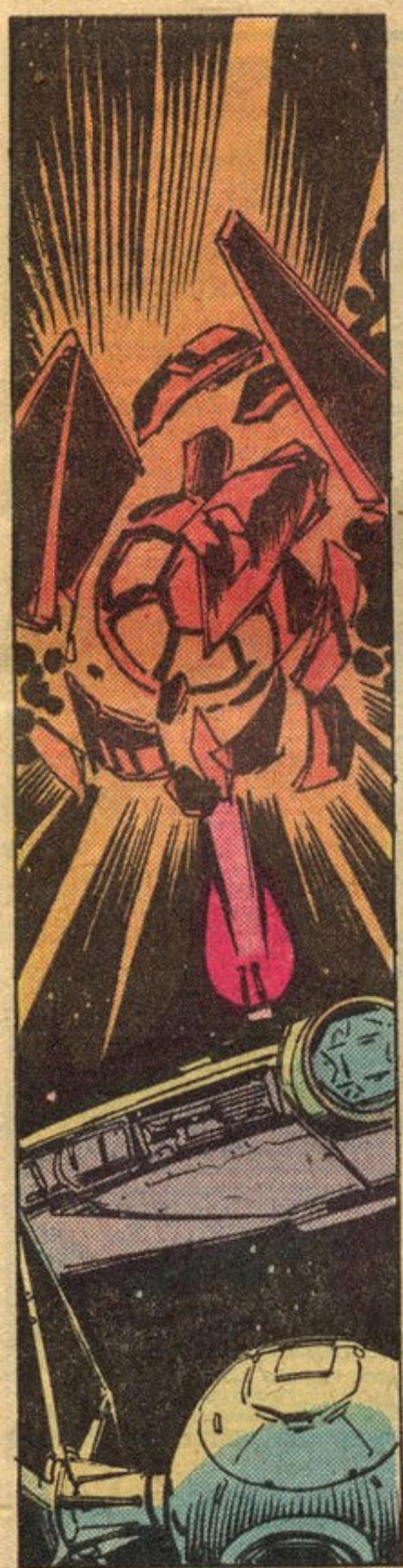
A MOMENT LATER,  
THEY ARE FIRING  
AGAIN--LUKE  
STRIVING TO RELAX,  
TO BECOME PART  
OF HIS WEAPON.

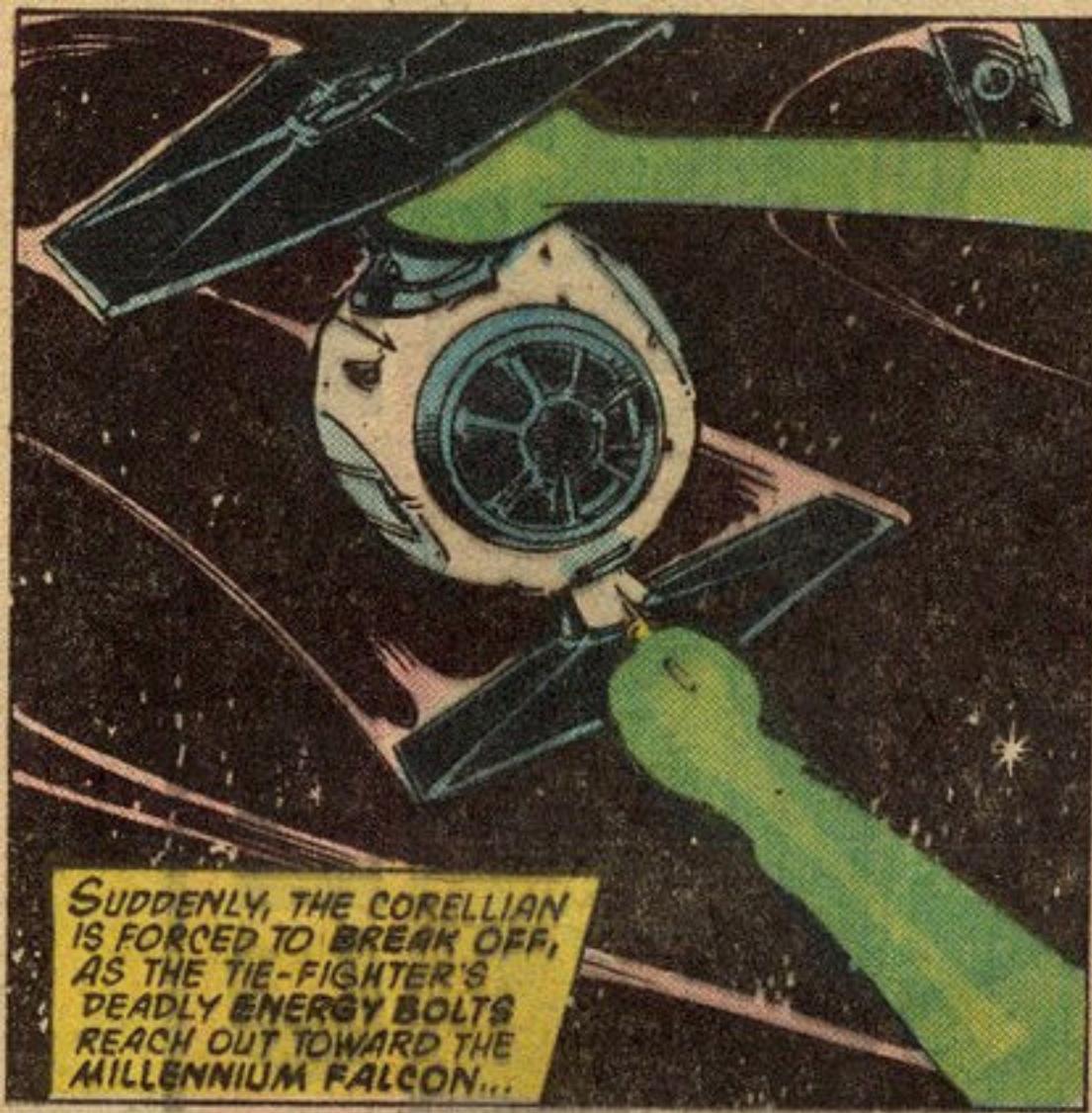
AND THIS  
TIME--IT  
WORKS!

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...

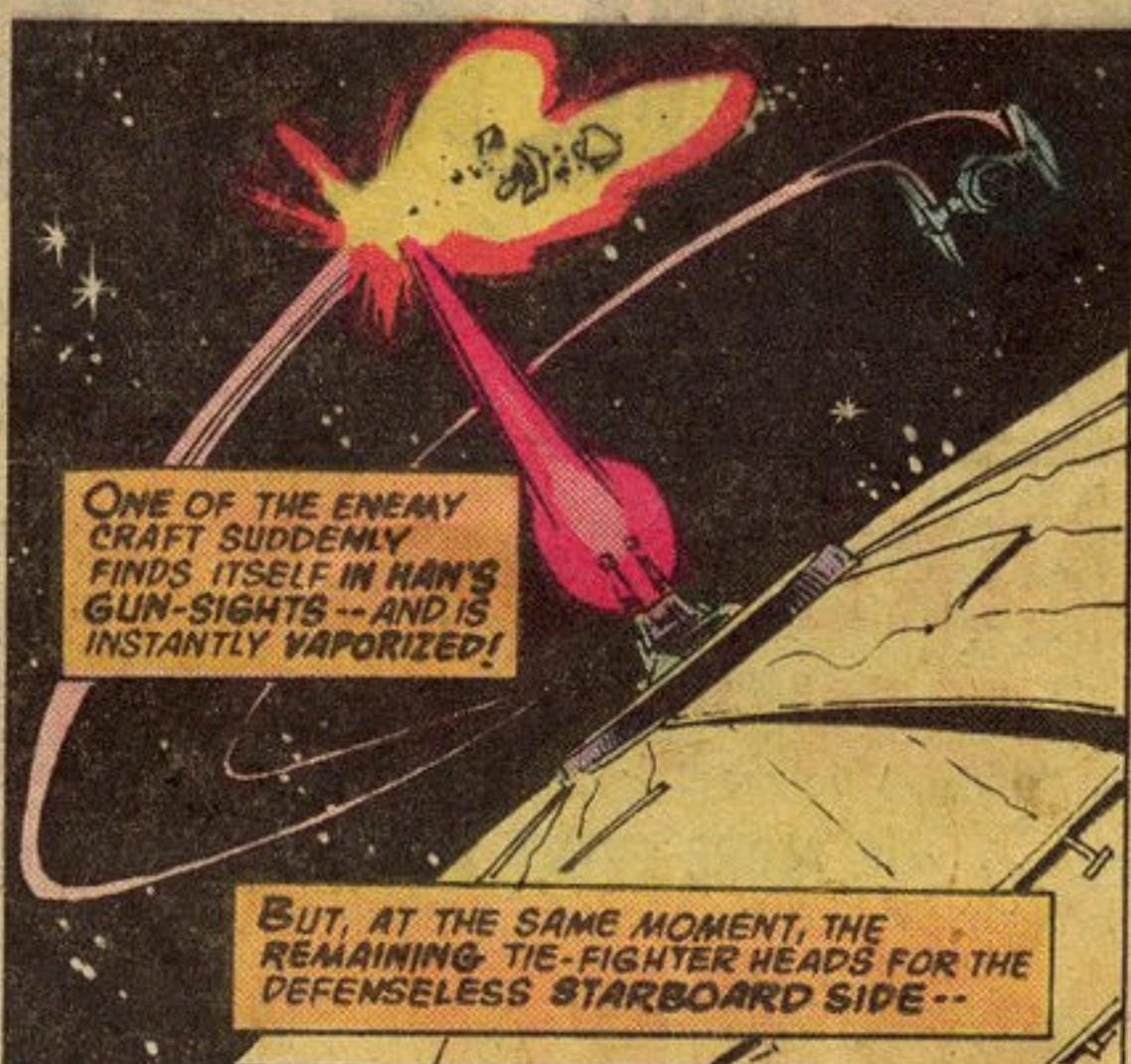


...AND HAN SOLO FINDS OUT THAT SPACE-MERCENARIES, TOO, CAN PRAY!



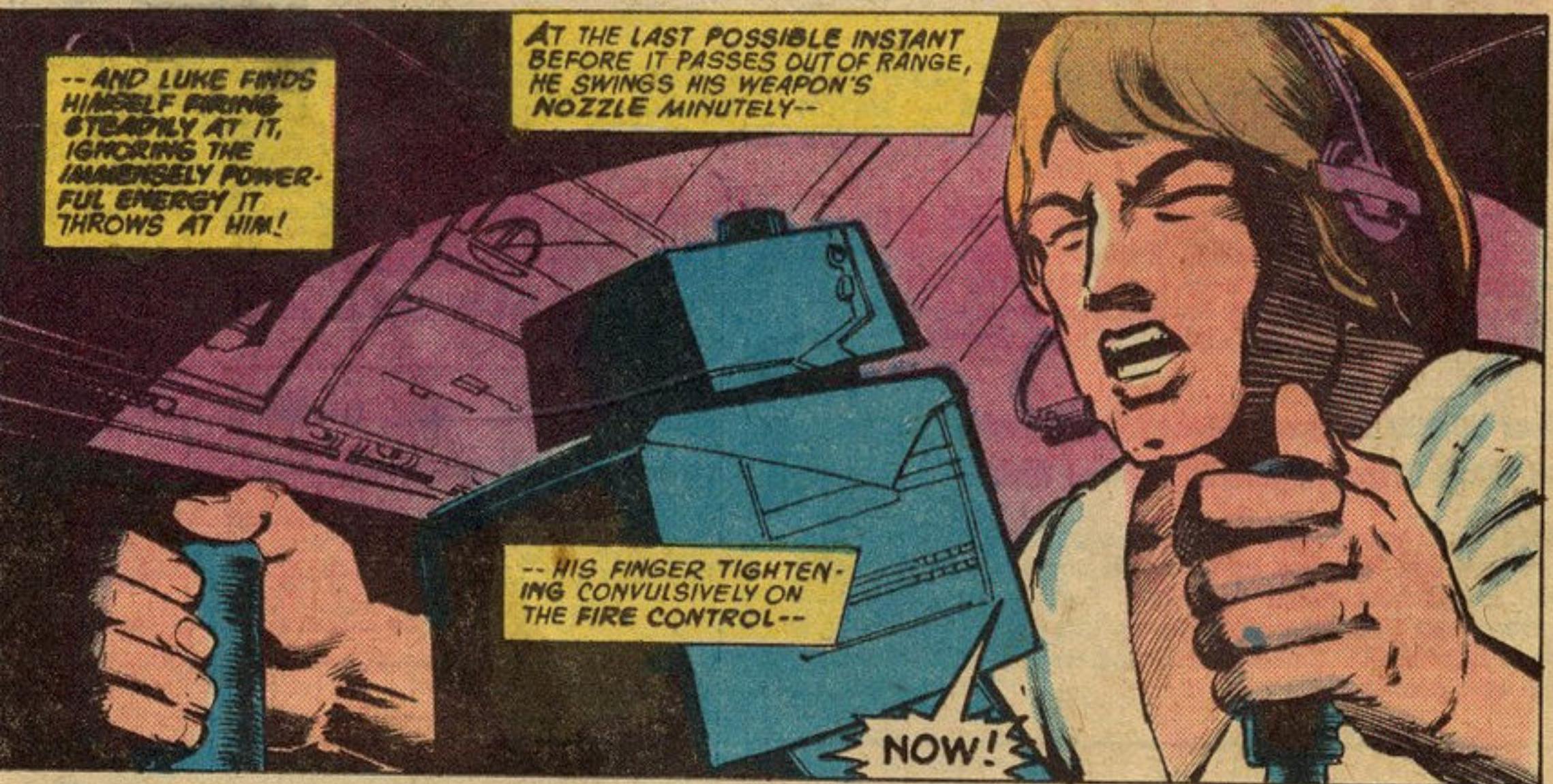
ALL IS GRIM SILENCE WITHIN THE FLEEING SMUGGLER-CRAFT...

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--



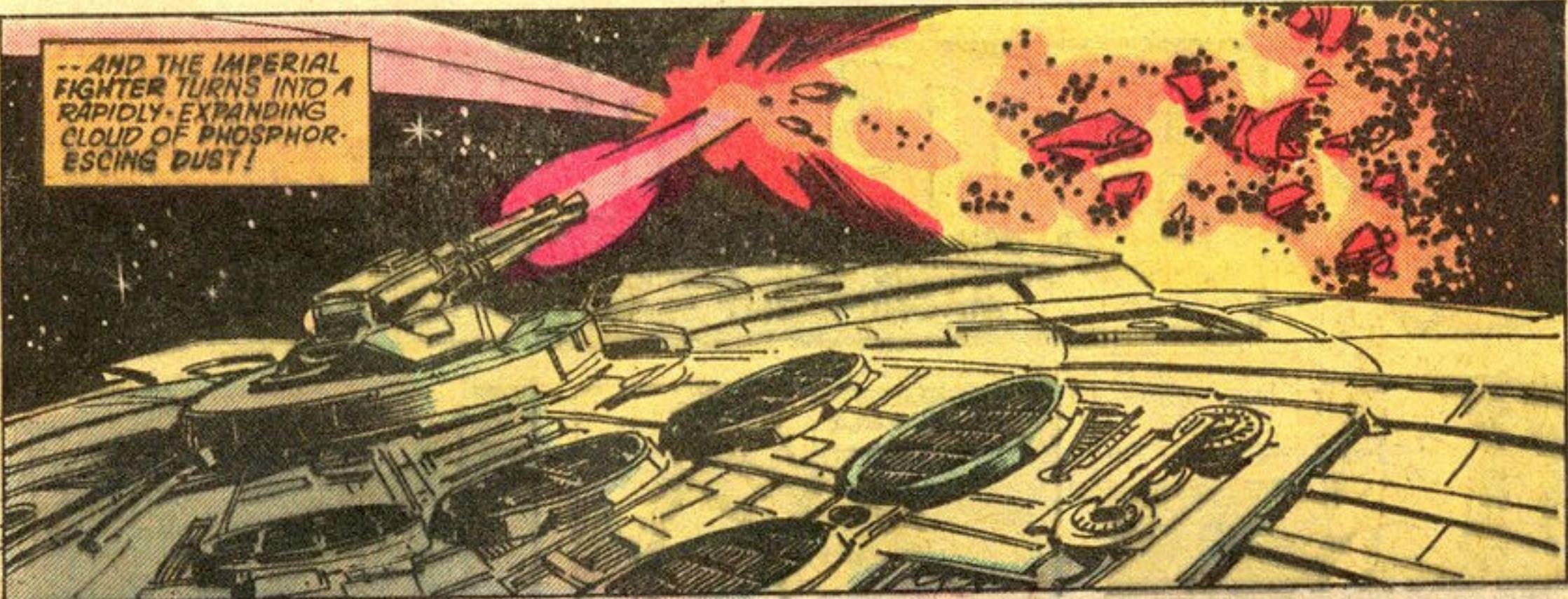
-- AND LUKE FINDS HIMSELF FACING STEADILY AT IT, IGNORING THE IMMENSELY POWERFUL ENERGY IT THROWS AT HIM!

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-ESCAPING 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?

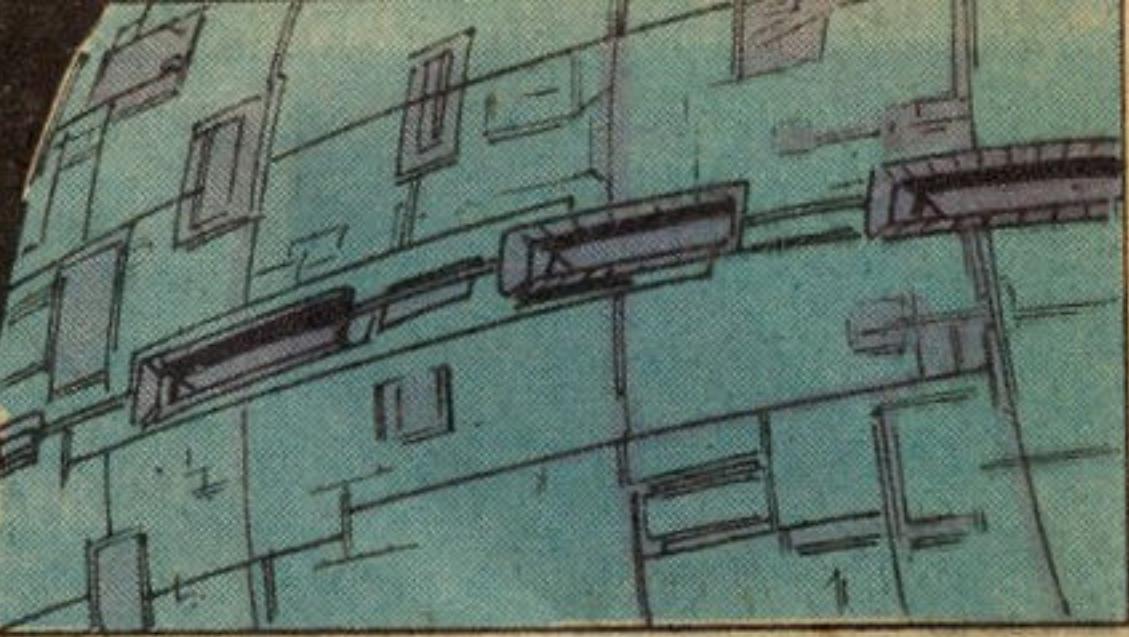
THE TECHNICAL READ-OUTS OF THAT BATTLE-STATION!

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...

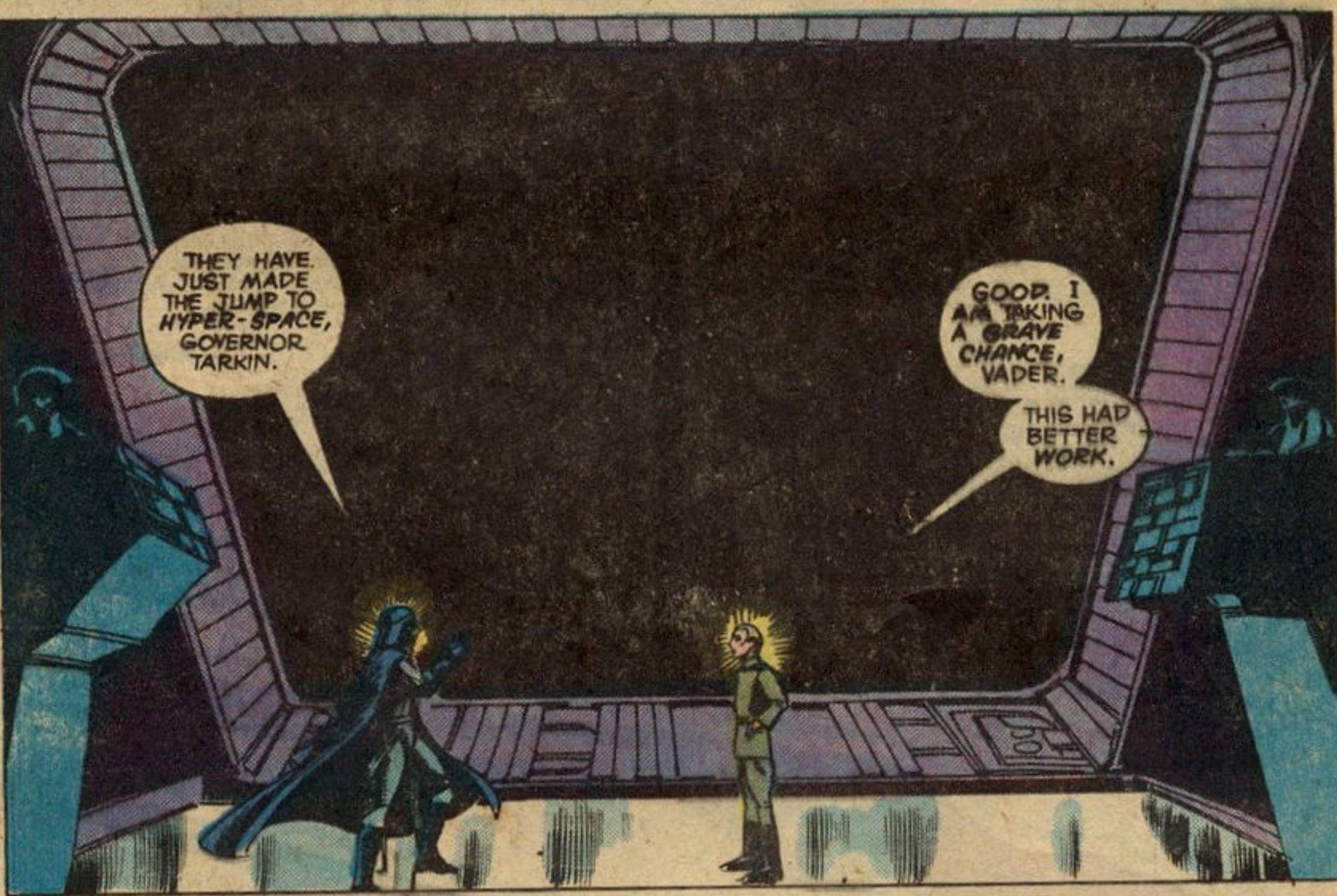
ARE THEY  
AWAY?



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 WHEREVER  
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!

AS, BACK ABOARD THE MILLENNIUM FALCON, SOMEWHERE IN THE VOID KNOWN AS HYPER-SPACE...

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

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

THEY KNOW  
WE WILL TAKE  
R2-D2 STRAIGHT  
TO THE REBEL  
BASE--AND THEY  
UNDoubtedly  
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...

YOU  
NEEDN'T  
WORRY  
ABOUT YOUR  
REWARD.

IF MONEY  
IS ALL THAT  
YOU LOVE...

... WELL PAID!

... 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...

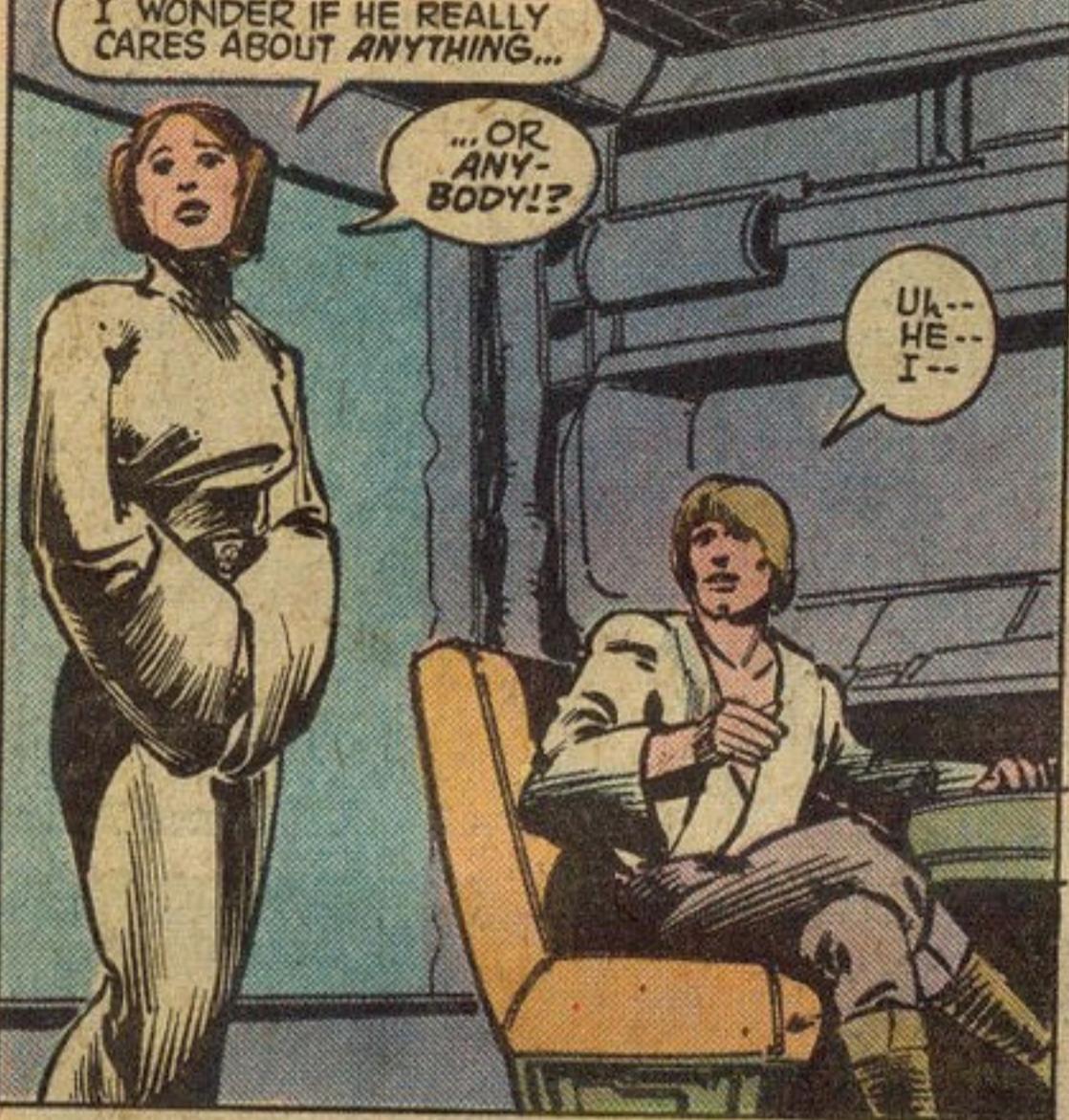
I WONDER IF HE REALLY CARES ABOUT ANYTHING...

...OR ANY-BODY!?

LUKE  
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.



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

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

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.

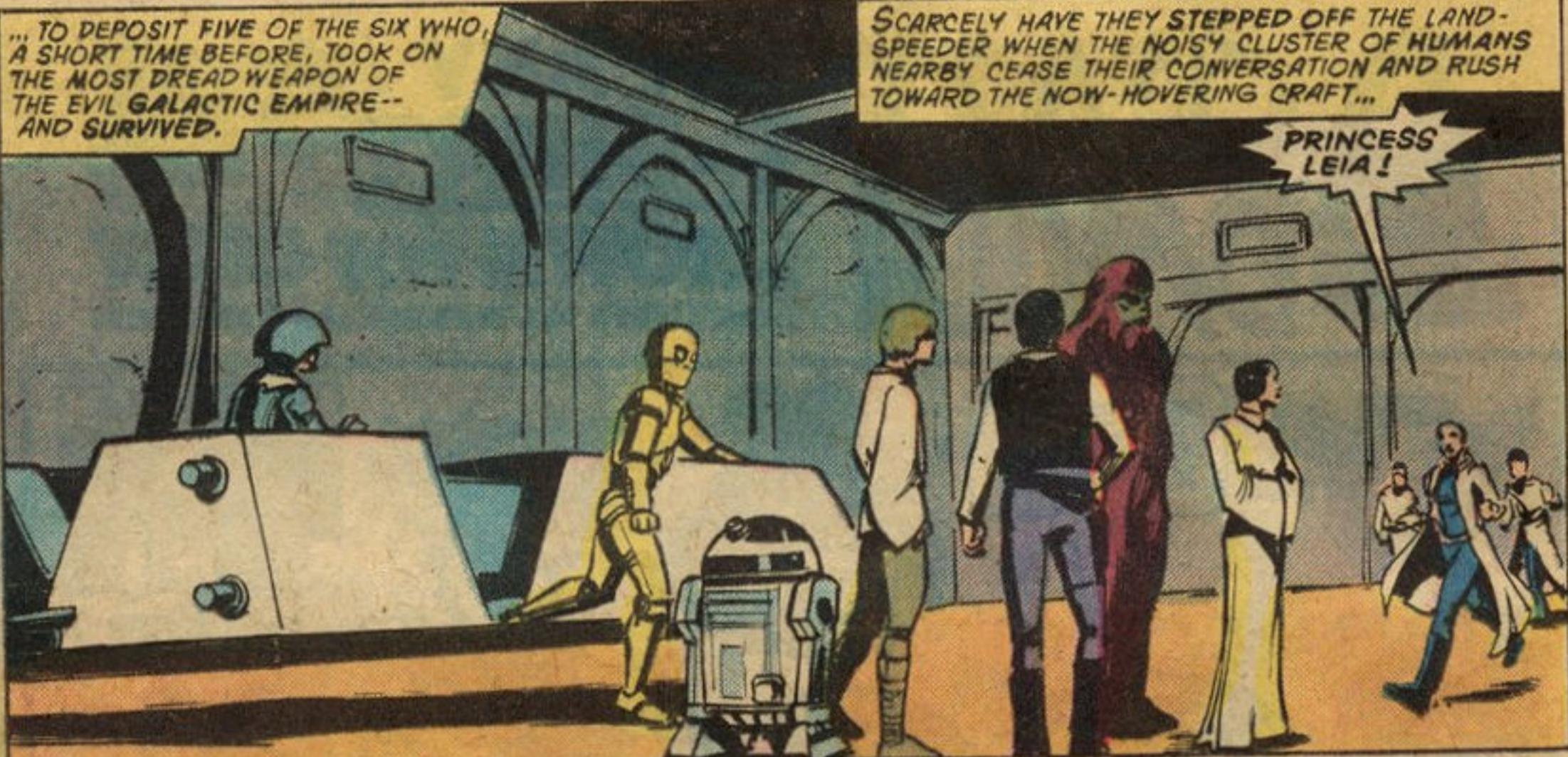
WITHIN, SEAMED METAL HAS REPLACED  
ROCK, AND THE BURIED LAYERS FAR  
BELOW THE SURFACE CONTAIN HANGAR  
UPON HANGAR OF ONE-MAN FIGHTER  
SPACECRAFT.

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 DODONNA 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!

SHH! 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.

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.

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

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



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



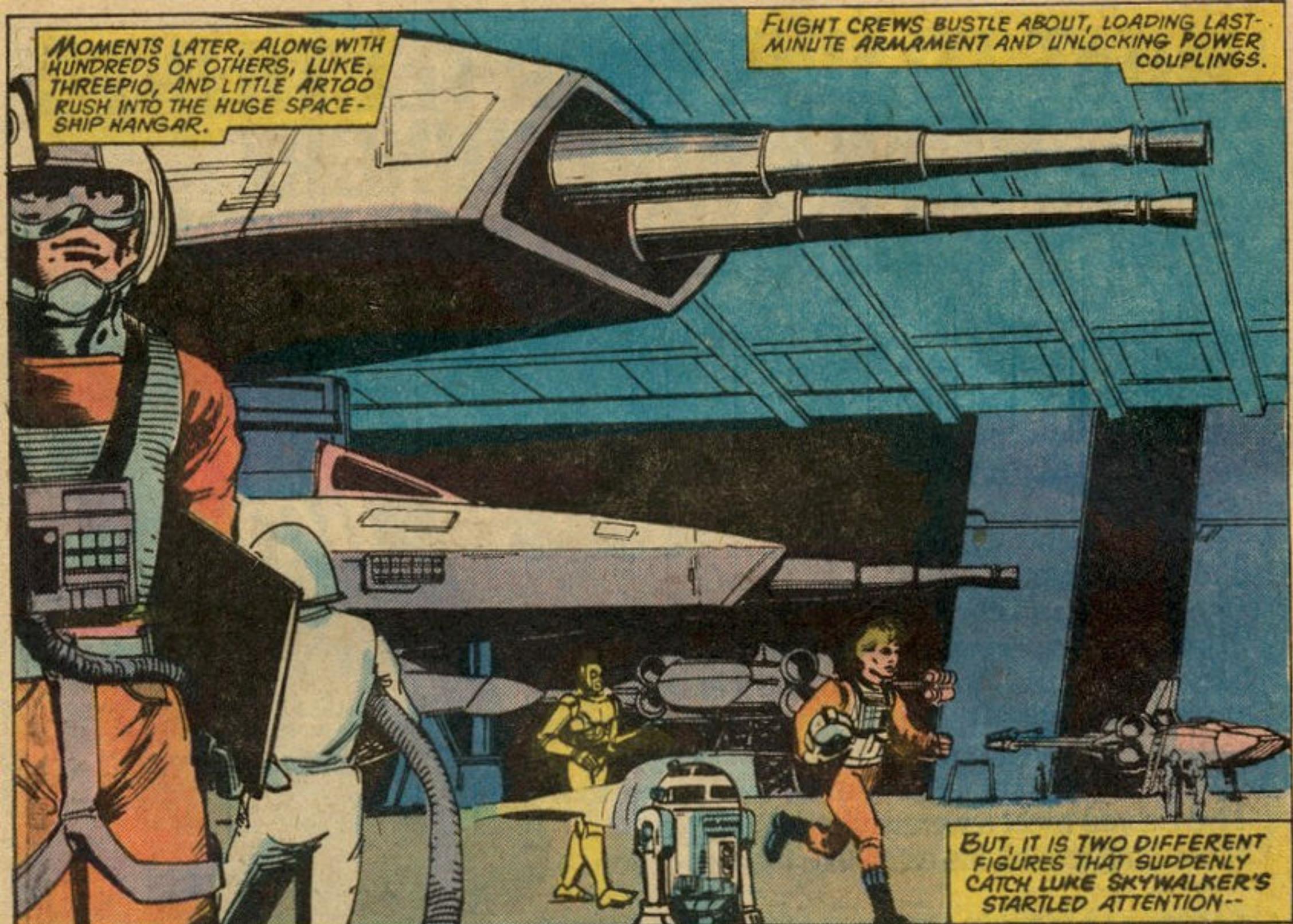
NOW, MAN YOUR SHIPS--

-- AND MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU!



MOMENTS LATER, ALONG WITH HUNDREDS OF OTHERS, LUKE, THREEPPIO, 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!

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

I COULD USE YOU...!  
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK AROUND, HAN?

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.

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...

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!

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

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

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.

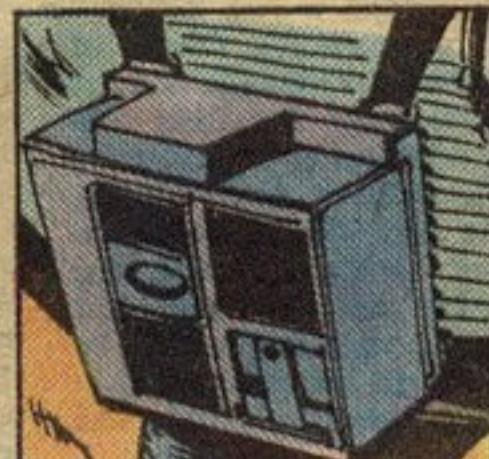
THEN, WHAT'S WRONG?

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 SOME-  
WHERE!

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

\*LUKE'S CHILD-  
HOOD 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 issue; 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 previous 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 zoomiest 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 awreddy 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 'sel! 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 newsstand. 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 DYNOMUTT; 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?

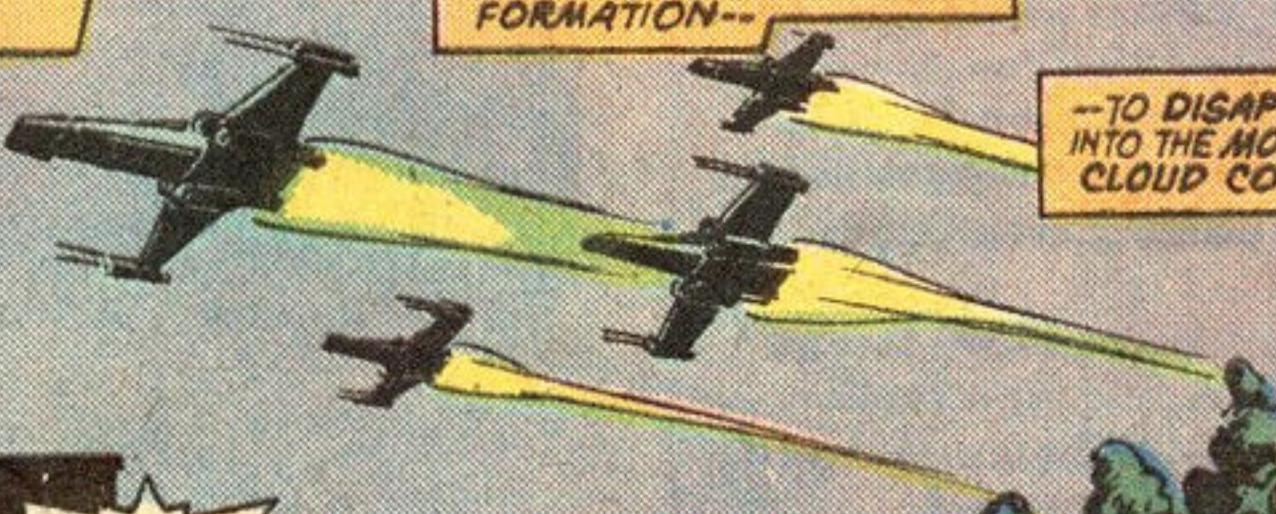
NO MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR.

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 CATAPOULT 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 CHAPTERZ**