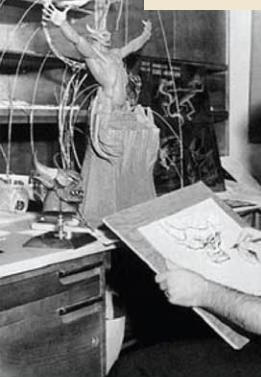
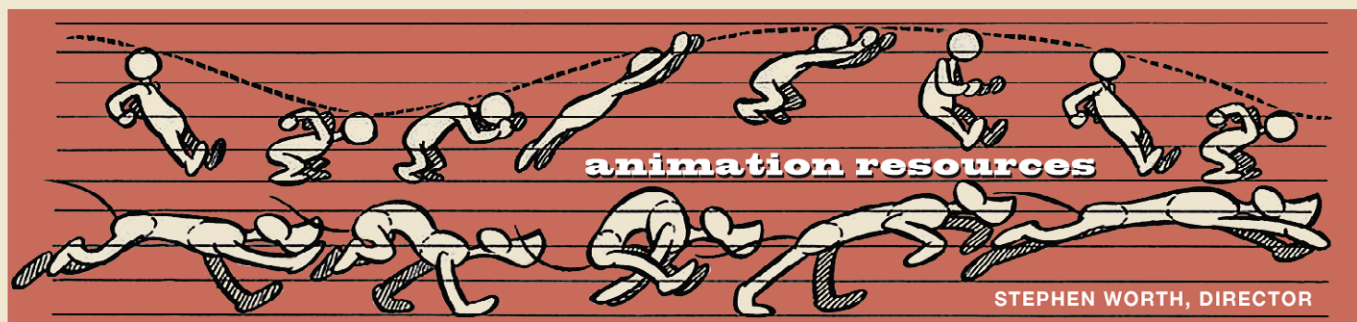


Art Babbitt's



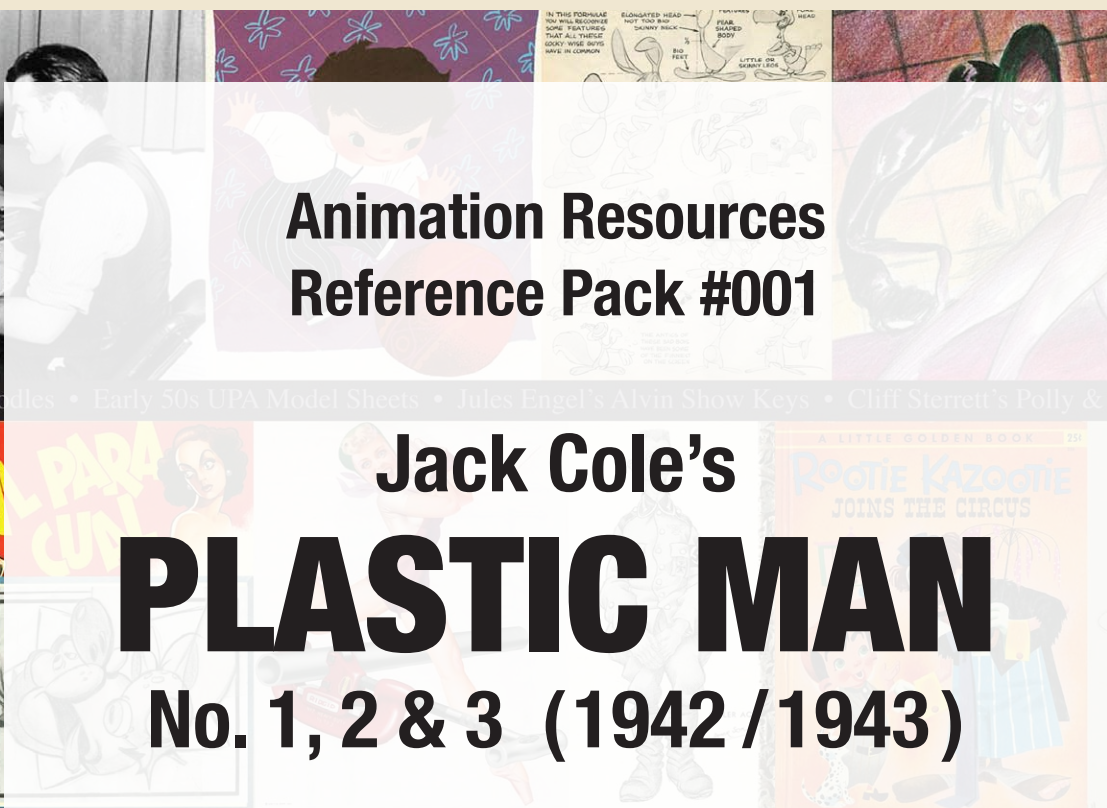
John Kricfalusi on Doodle



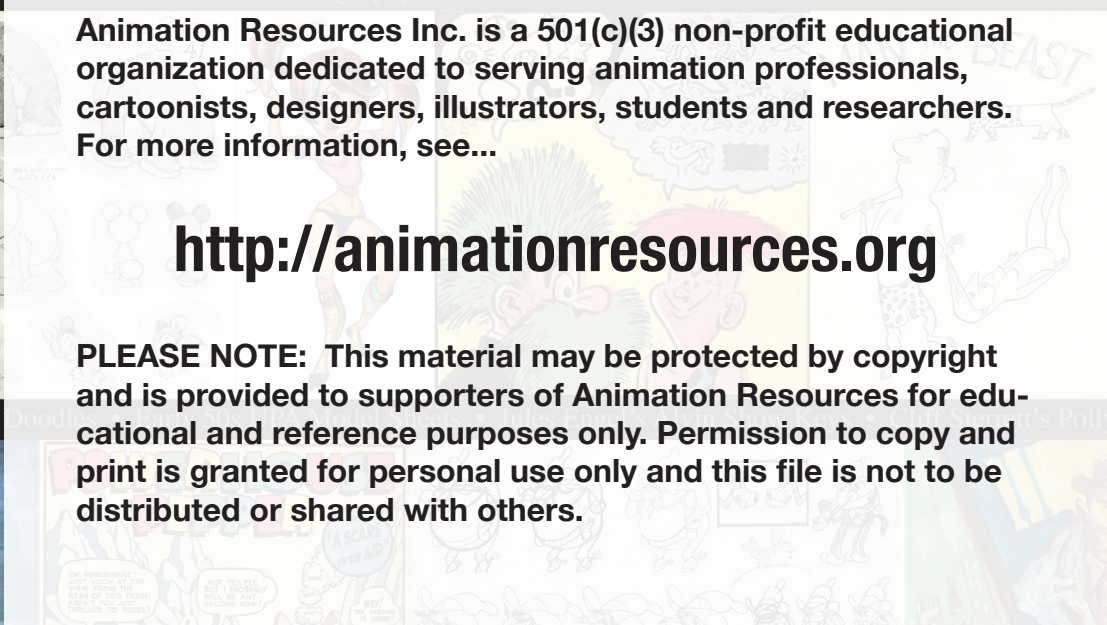
Huckleberry Hound Golden Book



Ralph Bakshi's Phone Doodle



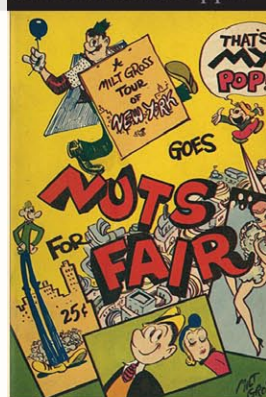
Golden Book • Carlo Vinci Biography • Milt Gross Cartoon Tour of New York • Basil Wolverton's Powerhouse Pepper



Her • Mary Blair's



A LITTLE GOLDEN BOOK Rootie Kazootie JOINS THE CIRCUS



THAT'S POP NUTS FAIR



Jack Ralph Cole (December 14, 1914–August 13, 1958) was an American comic book artist and Playboy magazine cartoonist best known for creating the comedic superhero Plastic Man. He was posthumously inducted into the comic book industry's Jack Kirby Hall of Fame in 1991 and the Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame in 1999

Early Life and Career

Born in New Castle, Pennsylvania, Cole, the third of six children of a dry goods-store owner and amateur-entertainer father and a former elementary school-teacher mother, was untrained in art except for the Landon School of Illustration and Cartooning correspondence course. At age 17, he bicycled solo cross-country to Los Angeles and back. Cole recounted this adventure in an early self-illustrated professional sale "A Boy and His Bike" (which has often been cited as appearing in *Boy's Life* magazine, but in fact the source of this article is unknown, but speculated to have likely appeared in Cole's hometown newspaper). Back home, Cole took a job at American Can and continued to draw at night.

In 1936, having married childhood sweetheart Dorothy Mahoney soon after graduating high school, Cole moved with his wife to New York City's Greenwich Village. After spending a year attempting to break in as a magazine/newspaper illustrator, Cole began drawing for the studio of the Harry "A" Chesler, one of the first comic-book "packagers" who supplied outsourced stories to publishers entering the new medium. There, Cole drew such features as "TNT Todd of the FBI" and "Little Dynamite" for Centaur Publications comics such as *Funny Pages* and *Keen Detective Funnies*. He produced such additional features as "King Kole's Kourt" (under the pseudonym Geo. Nagle), "Officer Clancy", and "Peewee Throttle" (under the pseudonym Ralph Johns), and "Ima Slooth."

Golden Age of Comic Books

Lev Gleason Publications hired Cole in 1939 to edit Silver Streak Comics, where one of his first tasks was to revamp the newly-created superhero Daredevil. Other characters created or worked on by the prolific tyro include MLJ's The Comet in *Pep Comics*, who in short order became the first superhero to be killed, and his replacement, the Hangman.

After becoming an editor at Lev Gleason and revamping Jack Binder's original Golden Age Daredevil in 1940, Cole hired on at Quality Comics. He worked with Will Eisner, assisting on the writer-artist's signature hero The Spirit, a masked crime-fighter created for a weekly syndicated, newspaper Sunday-supplement, with his adventures reprinted in Quality comics. At the behest of Quality publisher Everett "Busy" Arnold, Cole later created his own satiric, Spirit-style hero, Midnight, for *Smash Comics* #18 (Jan. 1941). Midnight, the alter ego of radio announcer Dave Clark, wore a similar fedora hat and domino mask, and partnered with a talking monkey, questionably in place of the Spirit's young African-American sidekick, Ebony White. During Eisner's World War II military service, Cole and Lou Fine were the primary Spirit ghost artists; their stories were reprinted in DC Comics' hardcover collections *The Spirit Archives* Vols. 5 to 9 (2001–2003), spanning July 1942–Dec. 1944. In addition, Cole continued to draw one and two-page filler pieces, sometimes under the pseudonym Ralph Johns, and a memorable autobiographical appearance in "Inkie," which appeared in *Crack Comics* #34.

Plastic Man

Cole created Plastic Man for a backup feature in Quality's *Police Comics* #1 (Aug. 1941). While Timely Comics' quickly forgotten Flexo the Rubber Man had preceded "Plas" as comics' first stretching hero, Cole's character became an immediate hit, and *Police Comics*' lead feature with issue #5. As well, Cole's offbeat humor, combined with Plastic Man's ability to take any shape, gave the cartoonist opportunities to experiment with text and graphics in groundbreaking manner, helping to define the medium's visual vocabulary, and making the idiosyncratic character one of the few enduring classics from the Golden Age to modern times. Plastic Man gained his own title in 1943.

By the decade's end, however, Cole's feature was being created entirely by anonymous ghost writers and artists, including Alex Kotzky and John Spranger, despite Cole's name being bannered. One last stint by Cole himself in 1949–1950 could not save the title. Progressively floundering, *Plastic Man* was cancelled in 1956 after several years of reprinting the Cole material, and new stories by lesser talents.

Playboy

Cole's career by that time had taken on another dimension. In 1954, after having drawn slightly risqué, single-panel "good girl art" cartoons for magazines, using the pen name "Jake", Cole became the premier cartoon illustrator for *Playboy*. Under his own name, he produced full-page, watercolored gag cartoons of beautiful but dim girls and rich but equally dim old men. Elaborately finished, they provided the template for similar cartoons in the magazine. Cole's art first appeared in the fifth issue; he would have at least one piece published in *Playboy* each month for the rest of his life. So popular was his work that the second item of merchandise ever licensed by *Playboy* (after cufflinks with the famous rabbit-head logo) was a cocktail-napkin set, "Females by Cole", featuring his cartoons. Cole biographer Art Spiegelman said, "Cole's goddesses were estrogen soufflés who mesmerized the ineffectual saps who lusted after them."

Betsy and Me

In 1958, Cole created his own daily newspaper comic strip, *Betsy and Me*, and successfully sold it to the Chicago Sun-Times syndicate. The strip began on May 26 and chronicled the domestic adventures of nebbishy Chester Tibbet as narrator, his wife Betsy, and their 5-year-old genius son, Farley. The strip was drawn in the "ultra-modern abstract style" popularized by UPA animations such as Mr. Magoo and the comedy arose from the contradiction between the drawings and their captions. *Betsy and Me* ran for two and half months. On August 13, 1958, Cole killed himself. His last daily was published on September 6 and his last Sunday on September 14. A number of cartoonists tried to continue the strip but it was eventually discontinued in December.

Cole's Death

Cole killed himself on August 13, 1958. R. C. Harvey described it as "one of the most baffling events in the history of cartooning". Cole was living at 703 Silver Lake Road in Cary, Illinois, about 40 miles northwest of Chicago, and told his wife at about two in the afternoon that he was picking up the mail and the newspapers. Driving his Chevrolet station wagon to Dave Donner's Sport Shop in nearby Crystal Lake, he purchased a .22 caliber, single-shot Marlin rifle. He phoned a neighbor between 5:15 and 5:30 p.m. to say what he was doing, and for the neighbor to tell Dorothy. Parked on a gravel road west of the intersection of Illinois Routes 176 and 14, Cole was found by three boys at approximately 6 p.m., shot in the head but still alive. A McHenry County sheriff's deputy arrived and called for an ambulance ten minutes later. Cole died at nearby Woodstock Hospital at 6:45 p.m.

That morning, he had mailed two suicide notes, one to Dorothy (who at a coroner's inquest testified that he had given his reasons) and one to his friend and boss, *Playboy* editor-publisher Hugh Hefner. The letter to his wife was never made public and the reasons for Cole's suicide have remained unknown. Dorothy never again spoke with her late husband's family nor with Hefner, and remarried approximately a year later.

Legacy

Cole was posthumously inducted into the comic book industry's Jack Kirby Hall of Fame in 1991 and the Will Eisner Award Hall of Fame in 1999.

Cole's story "Murder, Morphine and Me", which he illustrated and possibly wrote for publisher Magazine Village's *True Crime Comics* #2 (May, 1947), became a centerpiece of psychiatrist Dr. Fredric Wertham's crusade against violent comic books. Wertham, author of the influential study *Seduction of the Innocent*, cited a particular panel of the story's dope-dealing narrator about to be stabbed in the eye with a hypodermic needle as an example of the "injury-to-the-eye" motif.

In 2003, writer-artist Art Spiegelman and artist Chip Kidd collaborated on a Cole biography, a portion of which had been published in *The New Yorker* magazine in 1999. (Source: Wikipedia.org)

10¢

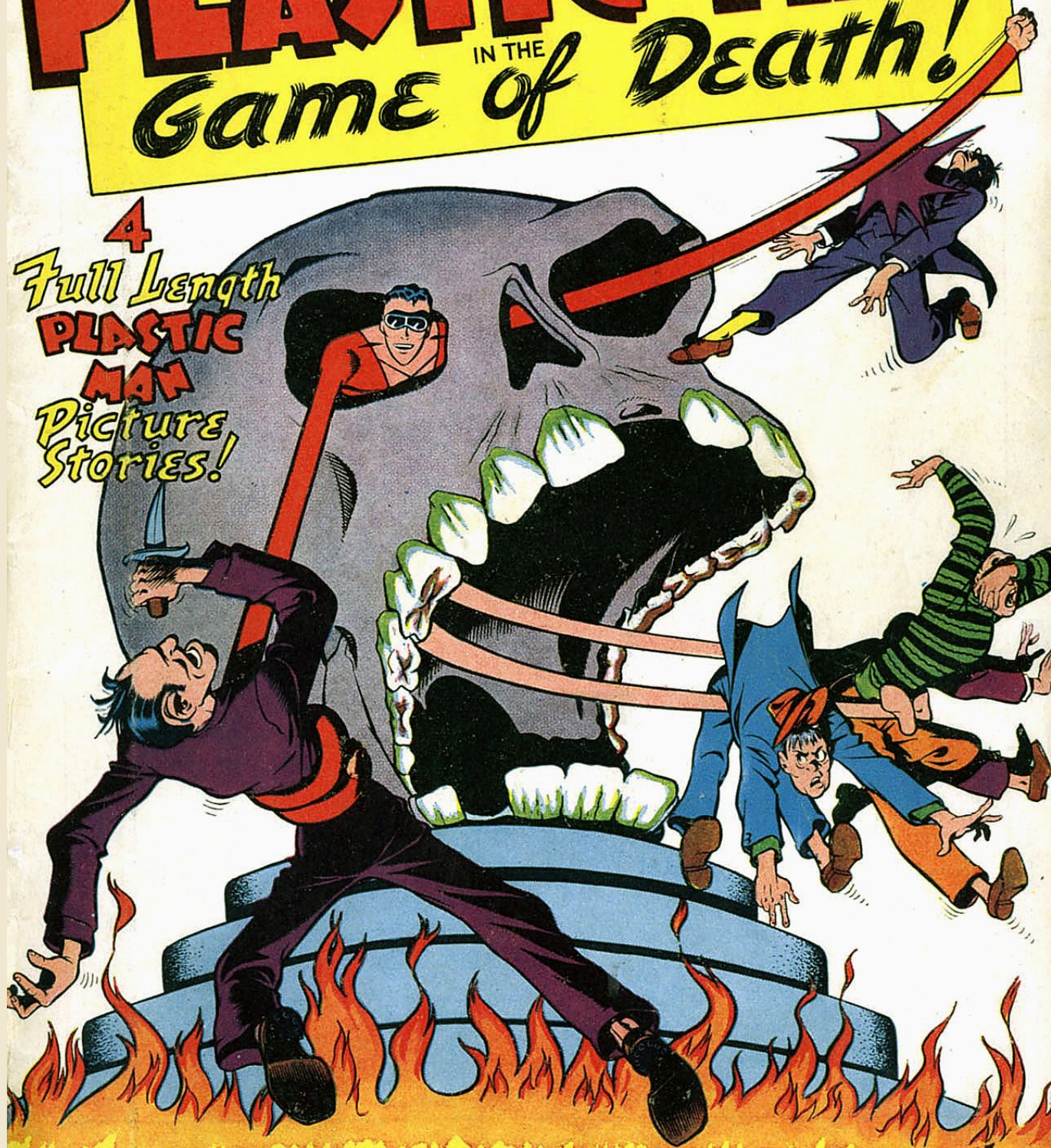
A VITAL BOOK

SM
VI

PLASTIC MAN

IN THE
Game of Death!

4
Full Length
**PLASTIC
MAN**
*Picture
Stories!*



HE STRETCHES, SHRINKS AND BENDS!!

CONTENTS

**The Game of Death — does Plastic Man hold
the winning hand? page 1**

**Now you see it, now you don't — Plastic Man
has the Japs rubbing their eyes . . . page 13**

**Willie McGoon, Dope, didn't know right from
wrong — but Plastic Man and Woozy set
him straight, the HARD way . . . page 28**

**Plastic Man and Woozy come to "grips" with
Bronty Green, Public Enemy No. 1 . . . page 40**

**Go West, young man, go West — but to Plas-
tic Man and Woozy it nearly meant, West
of the Great Divide page 42**

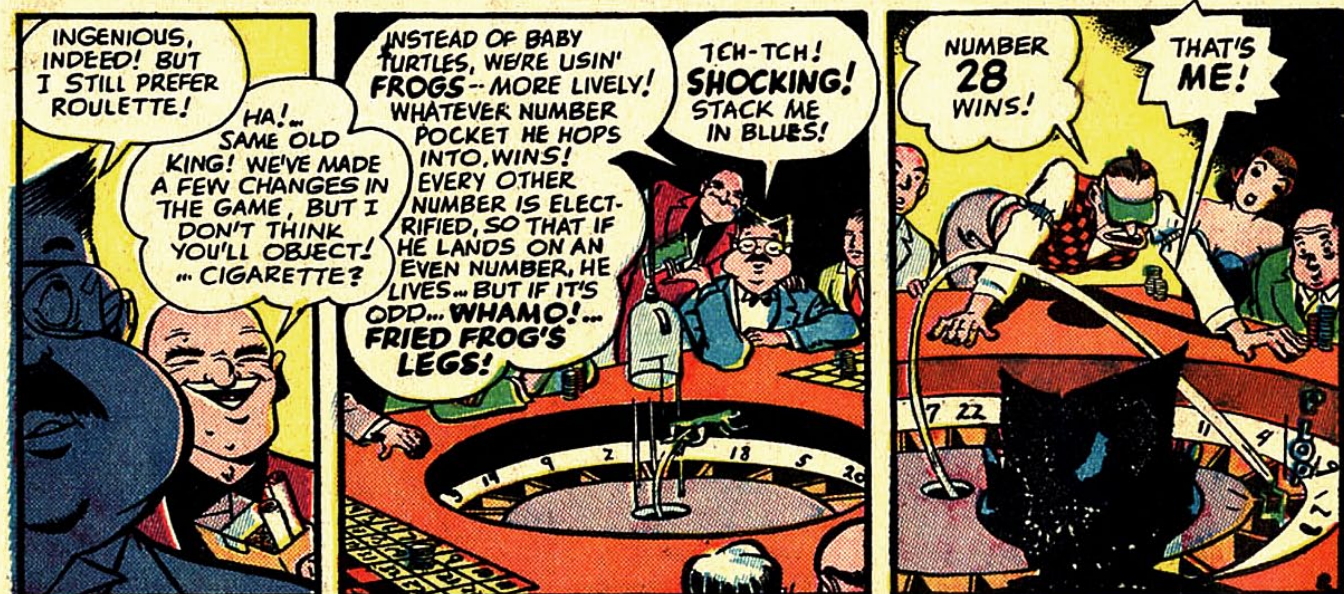
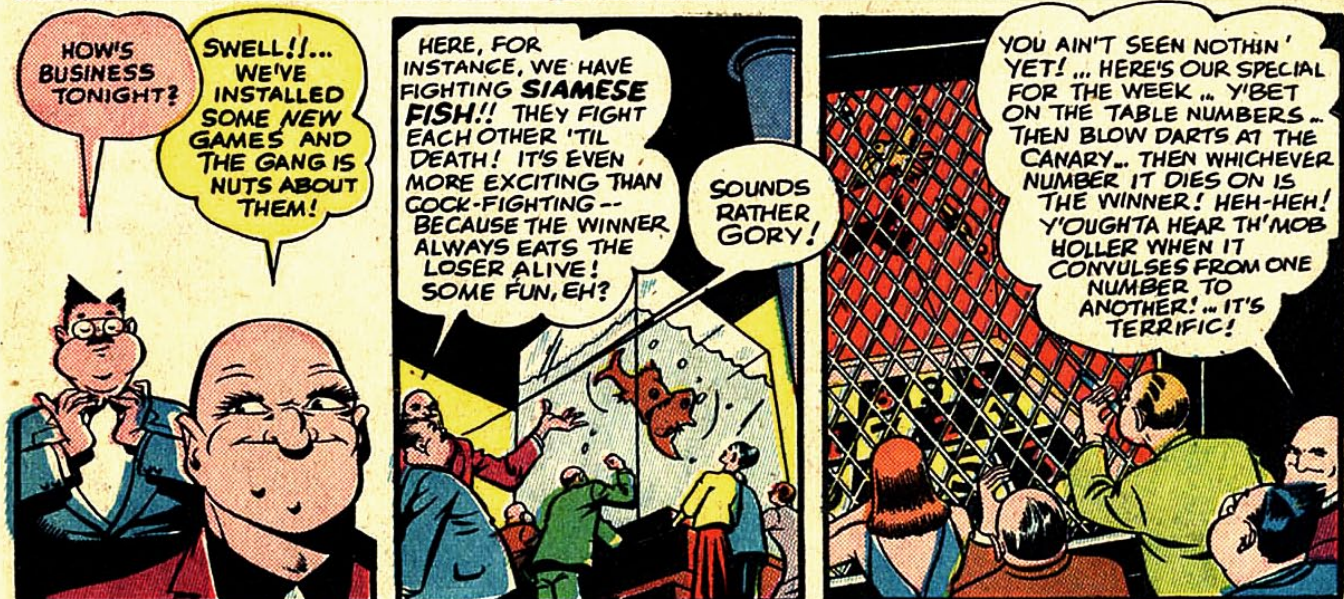
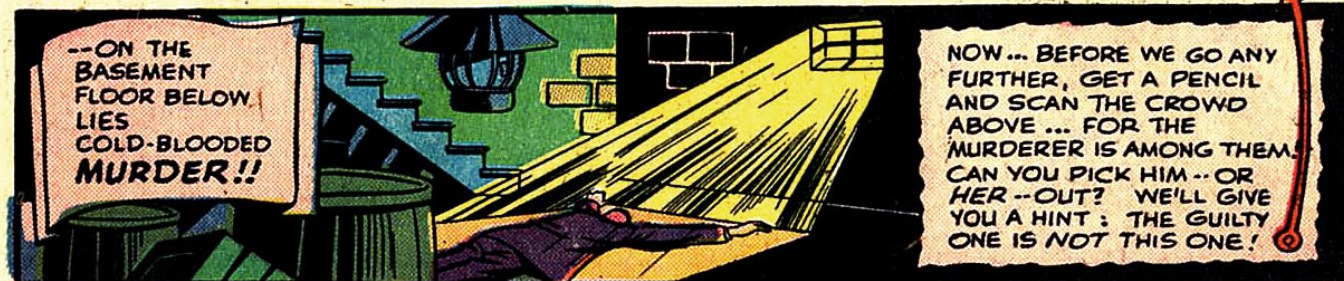
PLASTIC MAN

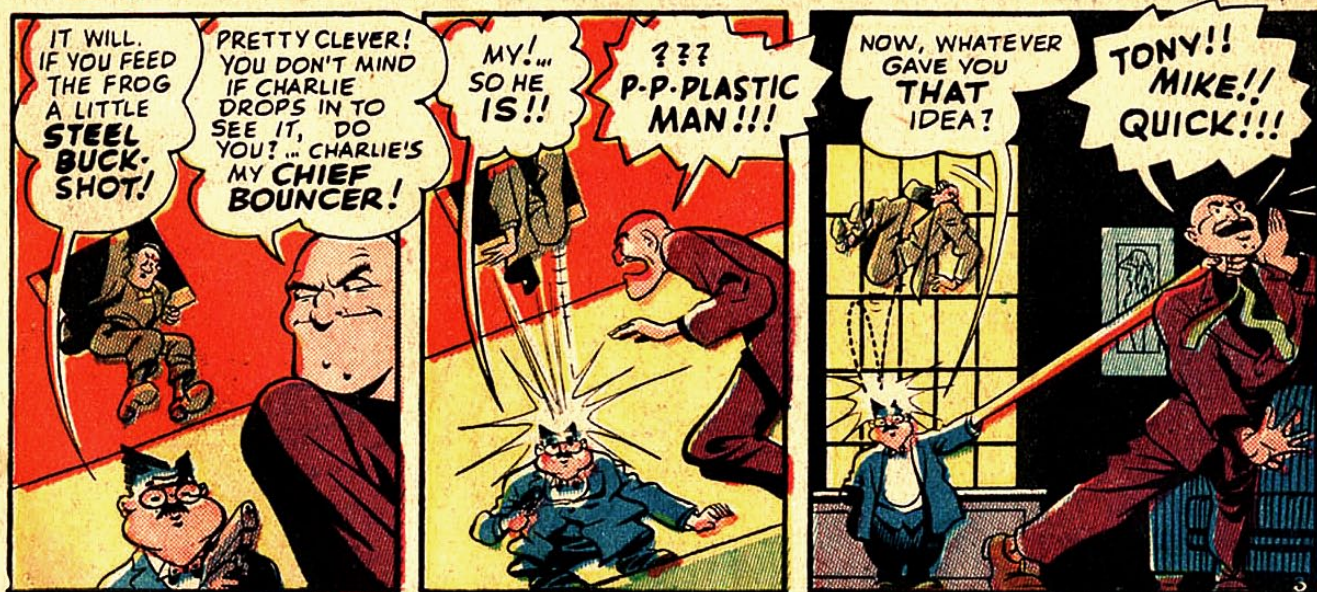
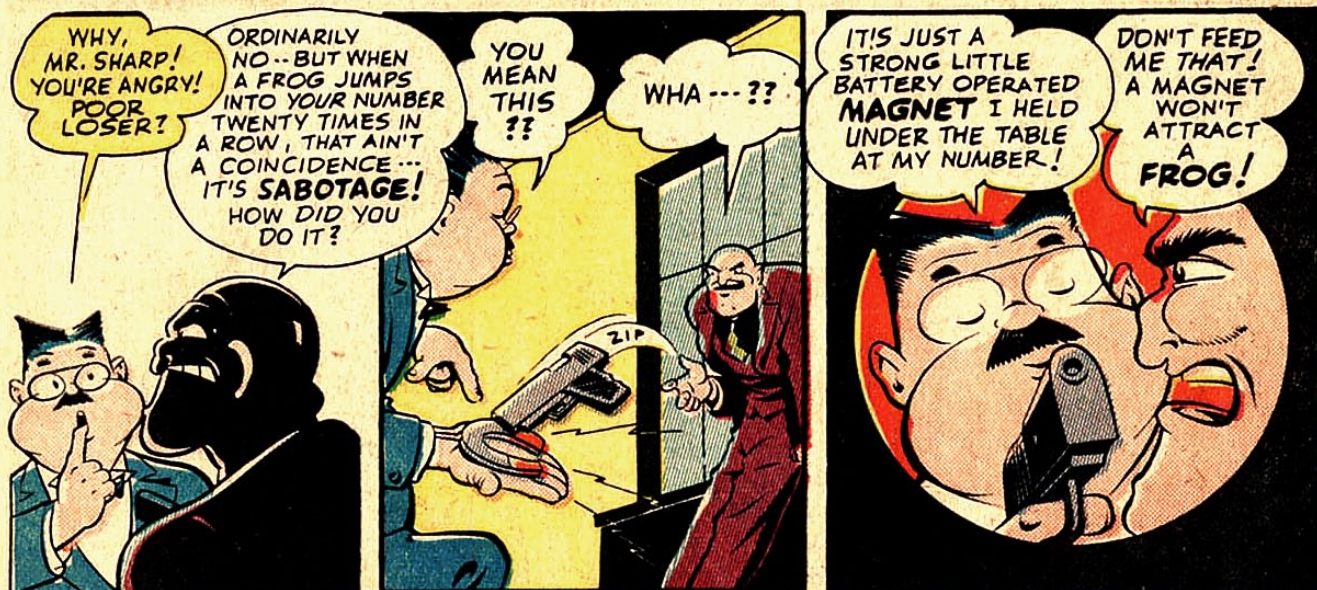
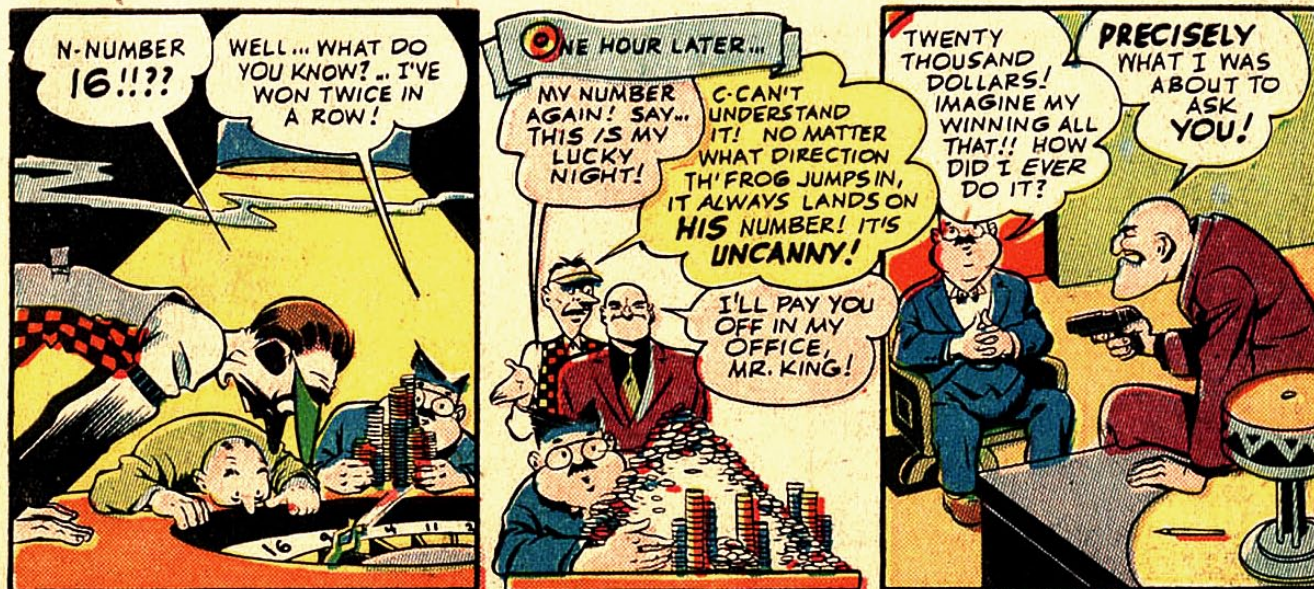
by JACK COLE

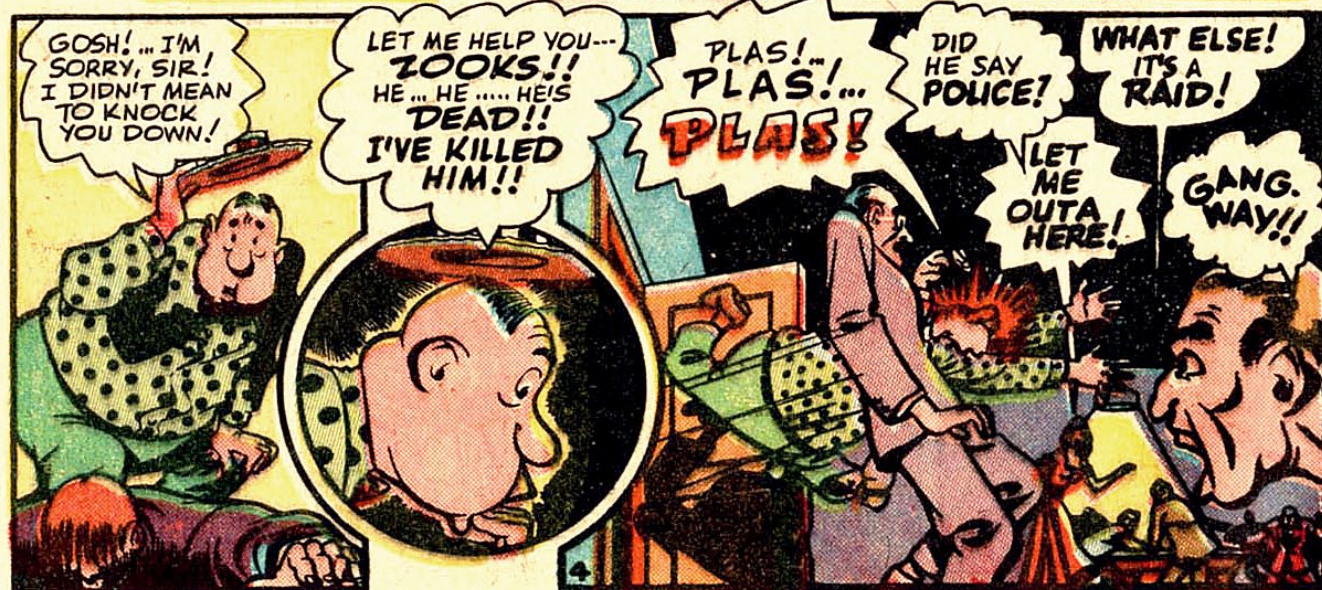
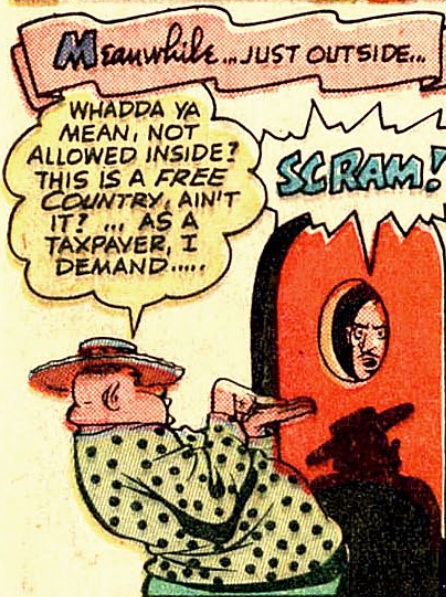
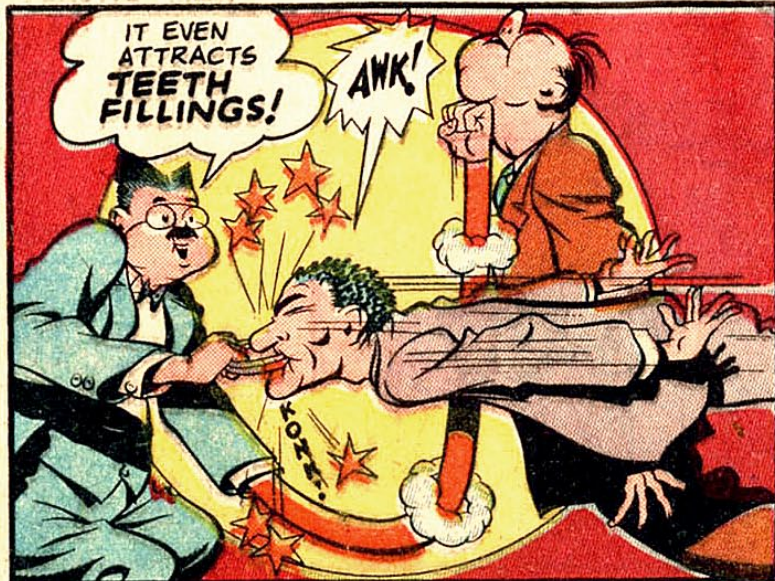
TO OUR NEW READERS:

IF YOU SHOULD SEE A MAN STANDING ON THE STREET AND REACHING INTO THE TOP WINDOW OF A SKY-SCRAPER ... THAT'S NOT ASTIGMATISM ... IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ... IF YOU HAPPEN UPON A GENT ALL BENT UP LIKE A PRETZEL ... DON'T DUNK HIM ... IT'S **PLASTIC MAN!** ALL THIS AND BOUNCING, TOO, YOU'LL SEE WHEN THE RUBBER MAN AND HIS PAL, WOODY WINKS, GAMBLE THEIR LIVES IN: -



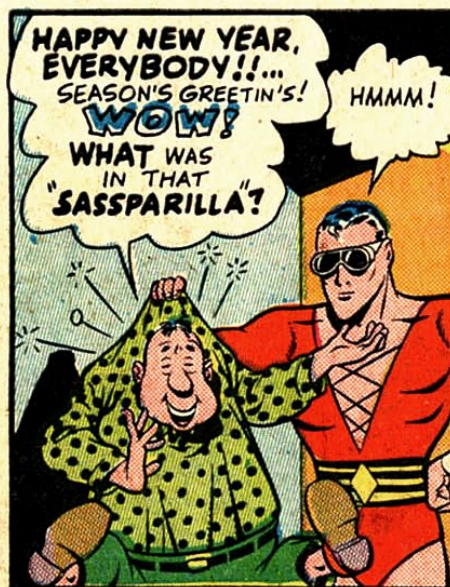








NEW YEAR'S
EVE AT
TIMES SQUARE!
HOW I
LOVE IT!



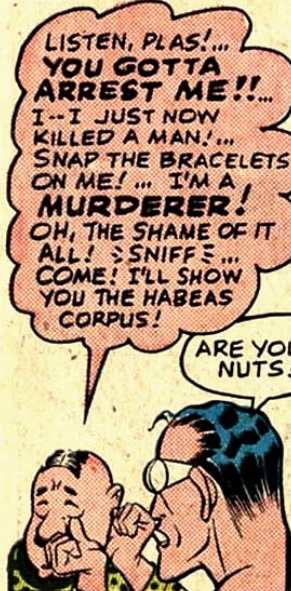
HAPPY NEW YEAR,
EVERYBODY!!...
SEASON'S GREETIN'S!
WOW!
WHAT WAS
IN THAT
"SASSPARILLA"?

HMMM!



WH-WHERE...
OH, IT'S
YOU!!
WHO DID
YOU EXPECT?
"LADY
GODIVA"?
WHAT WAS ALL
THAT YELLING
ABOUT?

WHO...
ME??
WHY I NEVER...
OMIGOSH!!
NOW IT COMES
BACK!



LISTEN, PLAS!...
**YOU GOTTA
ARREST ME!!**...
I--I JUST NOW
KILLED A MAN!...
SNAP THE BRACELETS
ON ME!... I'M A
MURDERER!
OH, THE SHAME OF IT
ALL! **SNIFF**...
COME! I'LL SHOW
YOU THE HABEAS
CORPUS!

ARE YOU
NUTS!



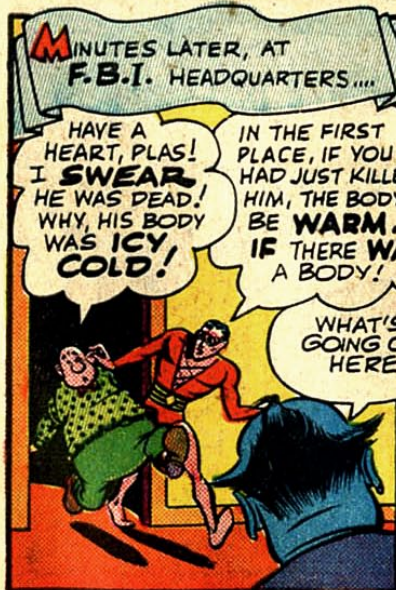
THERE HE IS!...
STRUCK DEAD BY
ME... **KILLER
WINKS!** **SOB**...
HE PROBABLY LEFT
A WIFE AN' TEN
KIDS! ... TEN
SEMI-ORPHANS
--TO **STARVE!**
SNIFF-SNIFF...

YEAH--
SURE!
AND NO
DOUBT
THE BODY
JUST LEFT
ON THE
5:15
FOR
SHANGRI-LA!



GONE??
BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!
I TELL YA, I
FELL ON A MAN
HERE AND
KILLED HIM!

IF YOUR NONSENSE
HAS ALLOWED SHARP
AND HIS GOONS TO
RECOVER AND
ESCAPE, THERE'LL REALLY
BE A MURDER
AROUND HERE!



MINUTES LATER, AT
F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS....
HAVE A
HEART, PLAS!
I **SWEAR**
HE WAS DEAD!
WHY, HIS BODY
WAS **ICY
COLD!**

IN THE FIRST
PLACE, IF YOU
HAD JUST KILLED
HIM, THE BODY'D
BE **WARM...**
IF THERE WAS
A BODY!

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE?



BY GUM! THAT'S
RIGHT!... THEN
SOMEBODY ELSE
MURDERED 'IM!

ER--ER--
NOTHING, CHIEF!
I ONLY LET THE
**CHANCE
CLUB**
OPERATORS
GET AWAY,
THAT'S ALL!



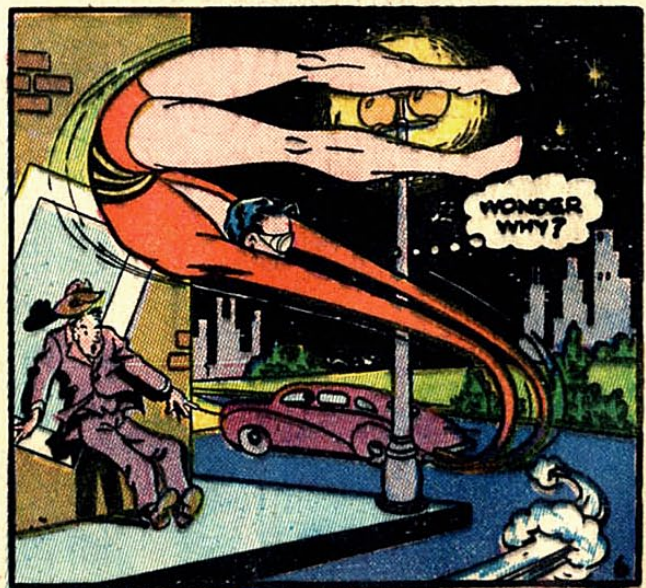
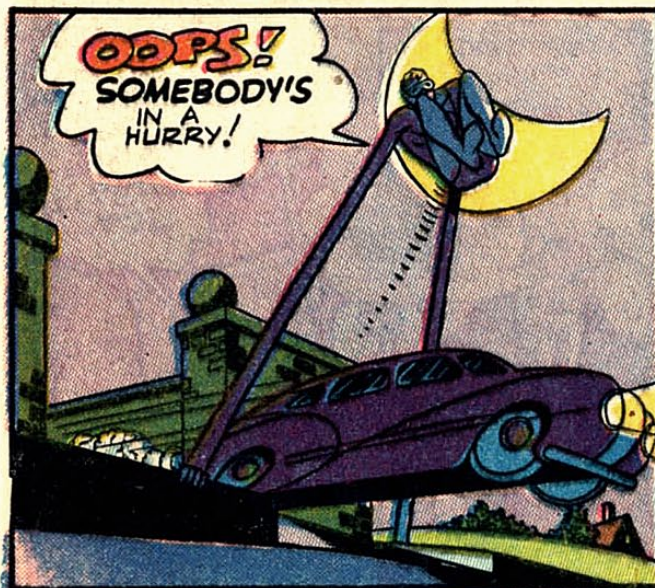
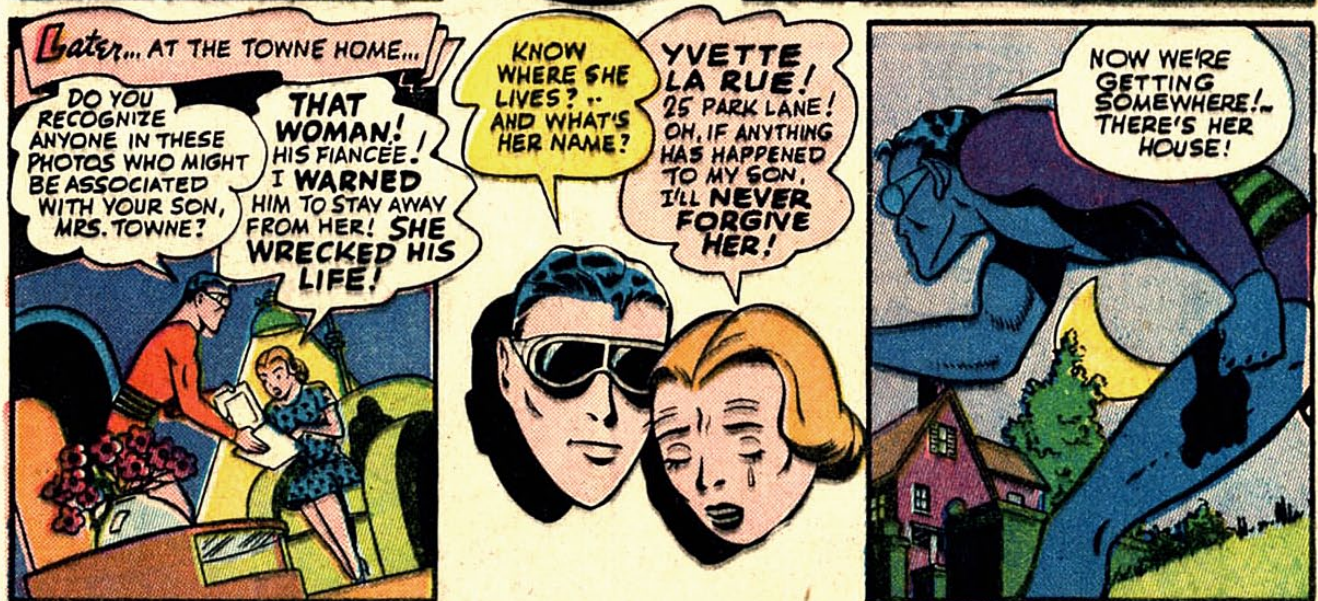
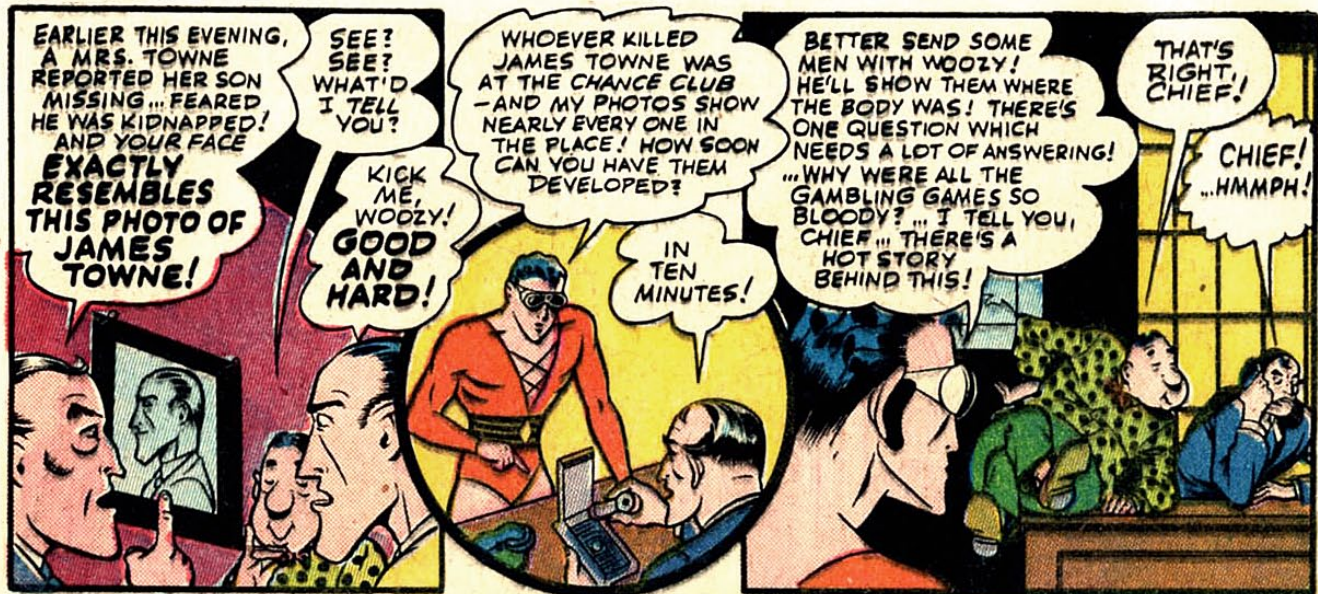
ESCAPED, EH?
PLASTIC,
YOU'RE
SLIPPING!

IT WAS
MY FAULT,
CHIEF!... BUT,
HONEST, I
SAW A CORPSE
THAT VANISHED!
IT LOOKED
JUST LIKE...

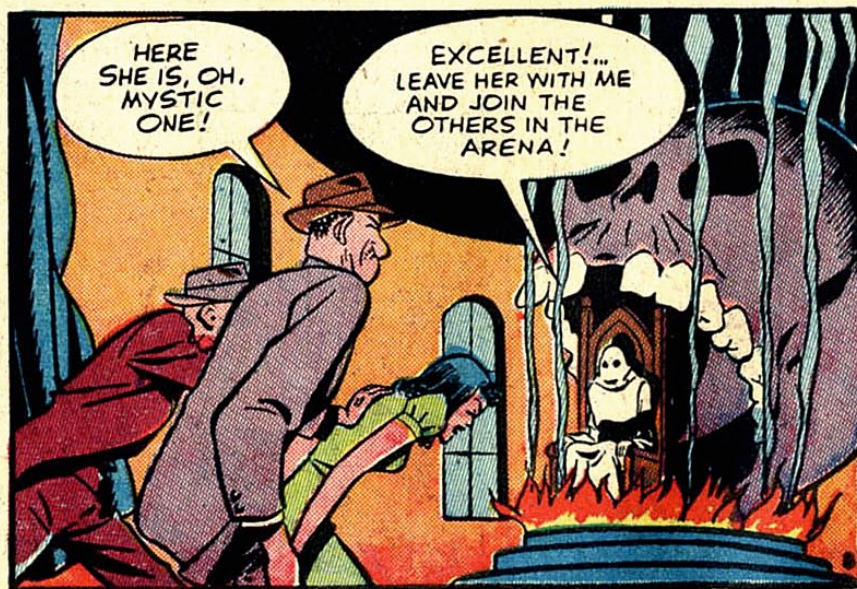


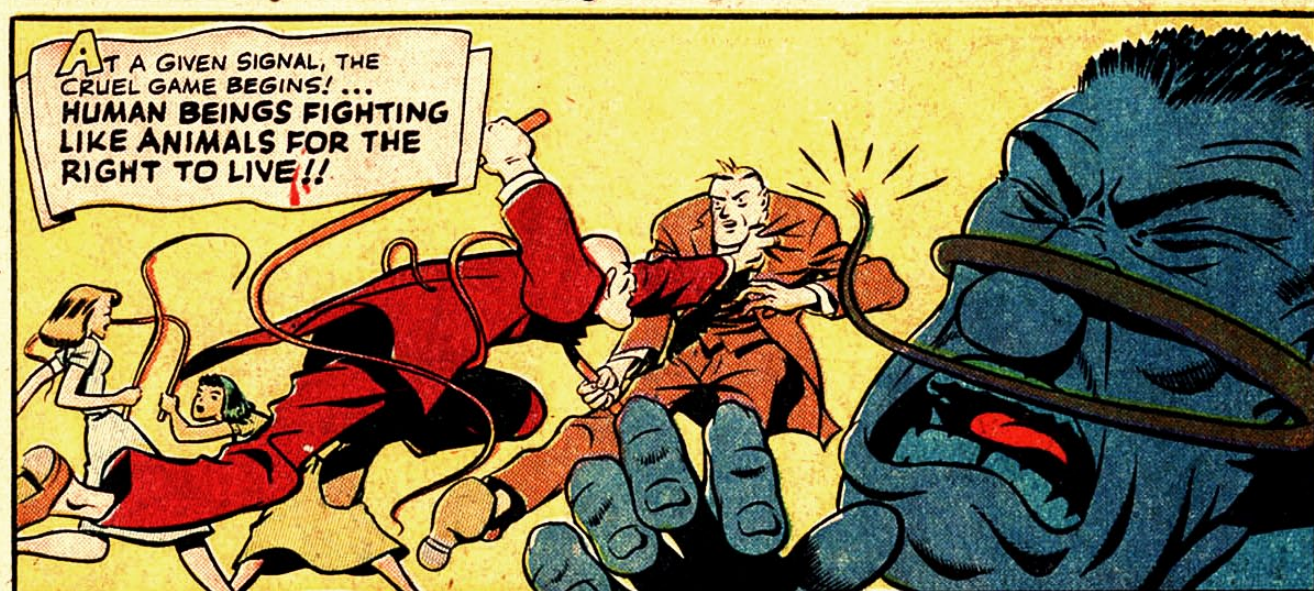
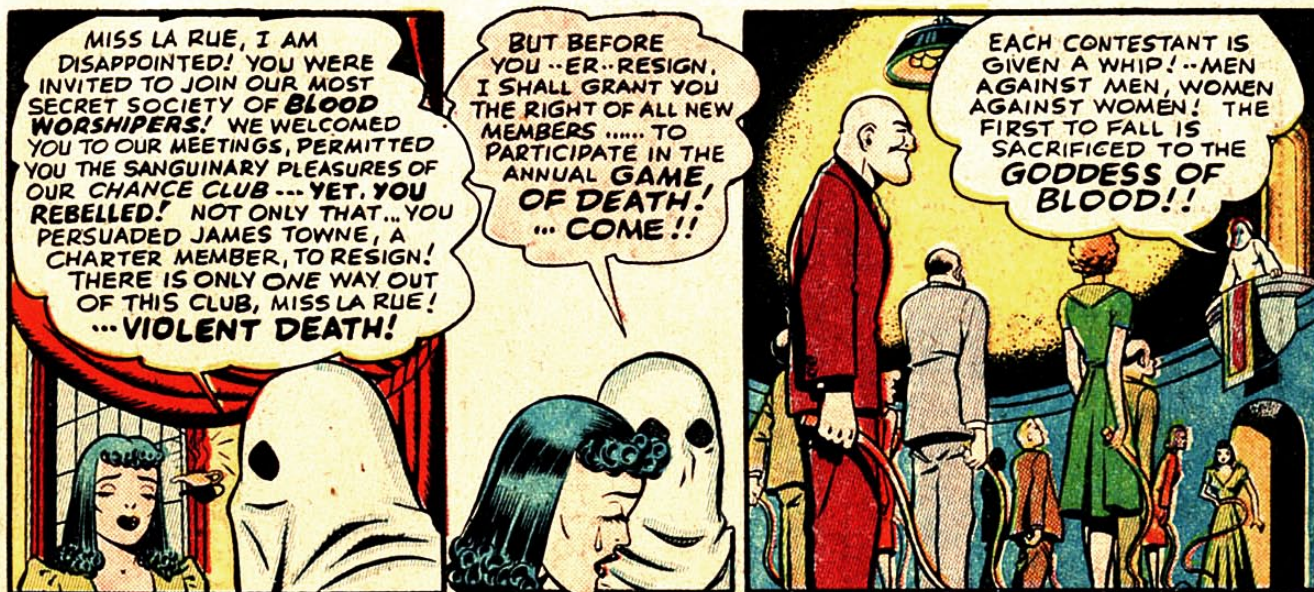
THIS!

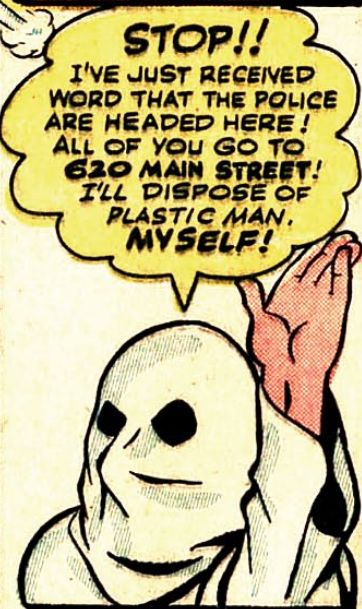
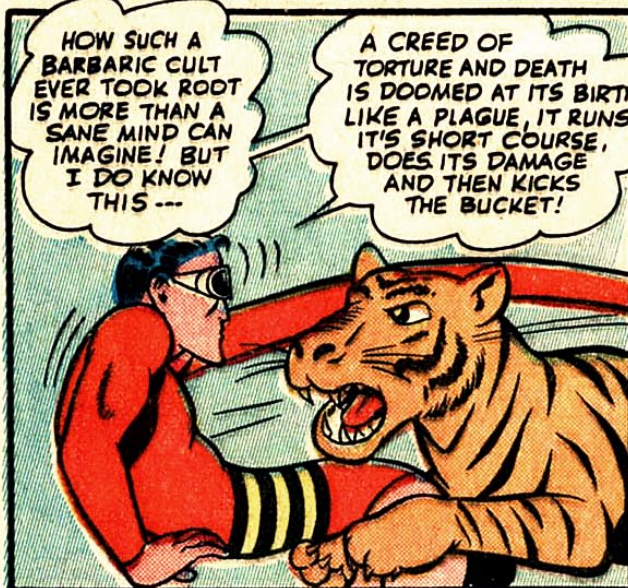
DON'T
CALL ME
CHIEF!
AND GET OUT
OF HERE
BEFORE...
--- **BY
JOVE!!**



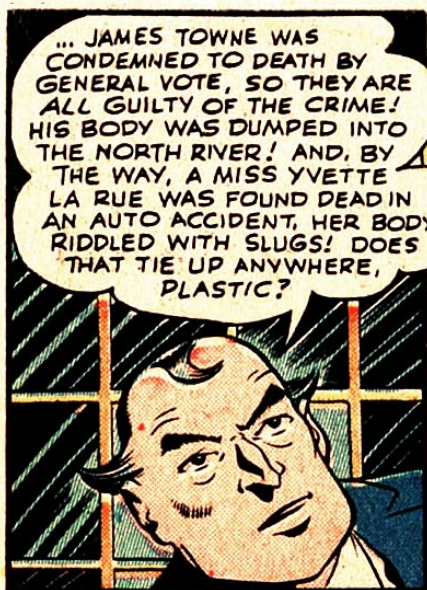












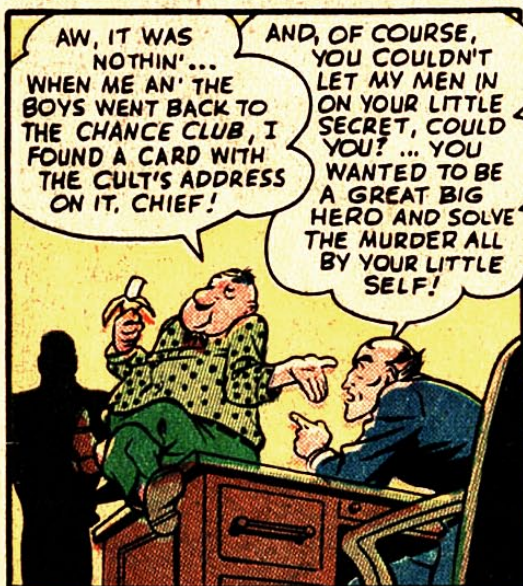
... JAMES TOWNE WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH BY GENERAL VOTE, SO THEY ARE ALL GUILTY OF THE CRIME! HIS BODY WAS DUMPED INTO THE NORTH RIVER! AND, BY THE WAY, A MISS YVETTE LA RUE WAS FOUND DEAD IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT, HER BODY RIDDLED WITH SLUGS! DOES THAT TIE UP ANYWHERE, PLASTIC?



DOES IT!! I WAS IN THAT CAR WITH HER WHEN IT CRASHED! IN HER DYING MOMENTS, SHE REVEALED THAT JAMES TOWNE HAD TAKEN HER TO THE CHANCE CLUB, LAST NIGHT, AND TOLD THE MEMBERS HE WAS RESIGNING! THEY LURED HIM TO THE BASEMENT AND KNIFED HIM TO DEATH! BUT, JUST AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO TAKE CARE OF MISS LA RUE, WOOLY BURST IN AND CAUSED THE STAMPEDE FOR THE EXITS! DURING THE EXCITEMENT, SHE ESCAPED! BUT THEY FINALLY GOT HER AS SHE WAS LEAVING TOWN!



SHE DIED WITHOUT REVEALING THE LOCATION OF THE BLOOD WORSHIPERS' MEETING PLACE! SO I DONNED ONE OF HER DRESSES AND SET OUT, HOPING THE SLAYERS WOULD RETURN, SEE "YVETTE" STILL ALIVE... AND TAKE ME THERE WHICH THEY DID! NOW, WOOLY... TELL US HOW YOU LOCATED THE MEETING PLACE!



AW, IT WAS NOTHIN'... WHEN ME AN' THE BOYS WENT BACK TO THE CHANCE CLUB, I FOUND A CARD WITH THE CULT'S ADDRESS ON IT, CHIEF!

AND, OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T LET MY MEN IN ON YOUR LITTLE SECRET, COULD YOU? ... YOU WANTED TO BE A GREAT BIG HERO AND SOLVE THE MURDER ALL BY YOUR LITTLE SELF!



AW, NOW, CHIEF!... I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM!

WELL, I **DO!!!** AND WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT CALLING ME "CHIEF," YOU BIG FAT EX-DIP?



...AND **STAY OUT!!!**

COME ON, PAL! ... LET'S TAKE IN A MOVIE ---AND FORGET YOUR TROUBLES!



MEBBY YOU'RE RIGHT! ... THIS WHOLE GORY CASE HAS MY NERVES FRAZZLED! WHAT'S SHOWN AT THE STRAND?

A SWELL PICTURE-- "**THE BLOODY HAND!**"



NO!... NO!! I COULDN'T **STAND** IT!!



I TELL YOU, IF I EVER HEAR OR SEE THE WORD **BLOOD** AGAIN, I'LL **SCREAM!**

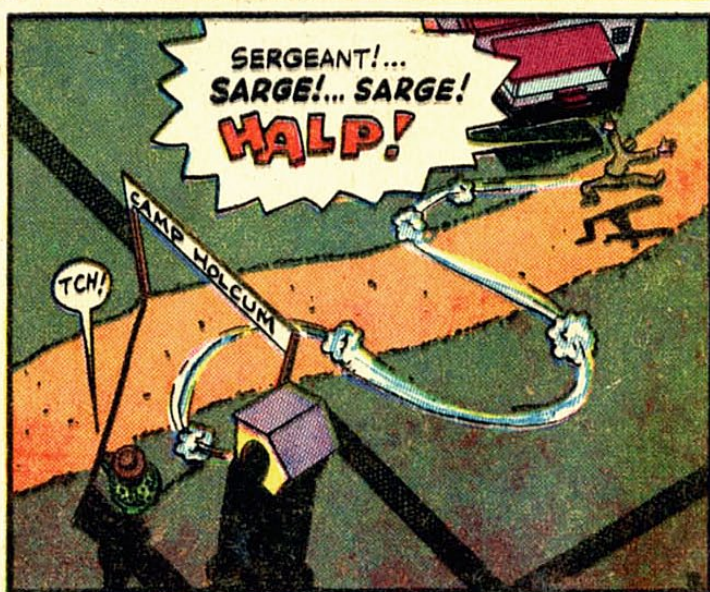
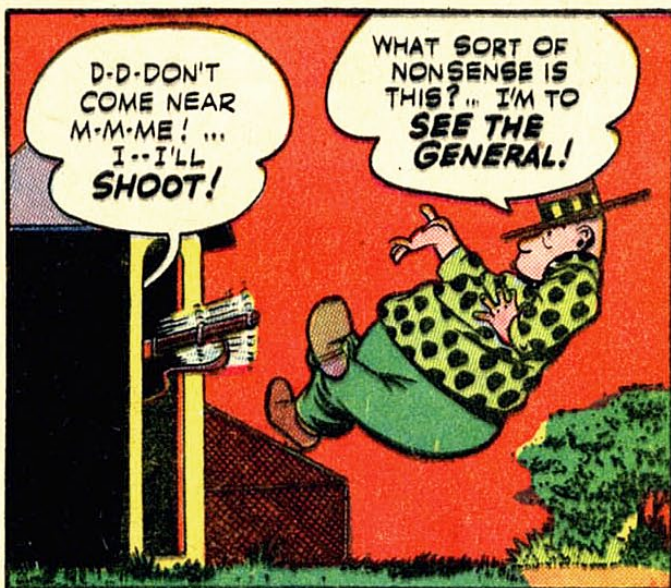
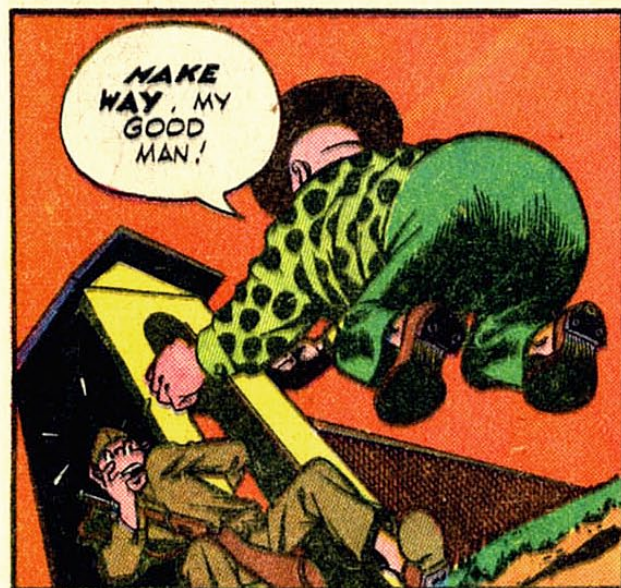


THEN YOU'D BETTER START TUNING UP YOUR VOCAL CHORDS!

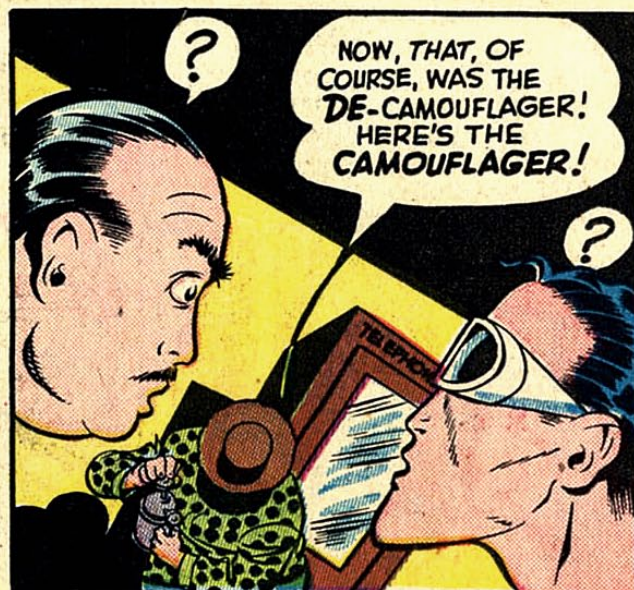
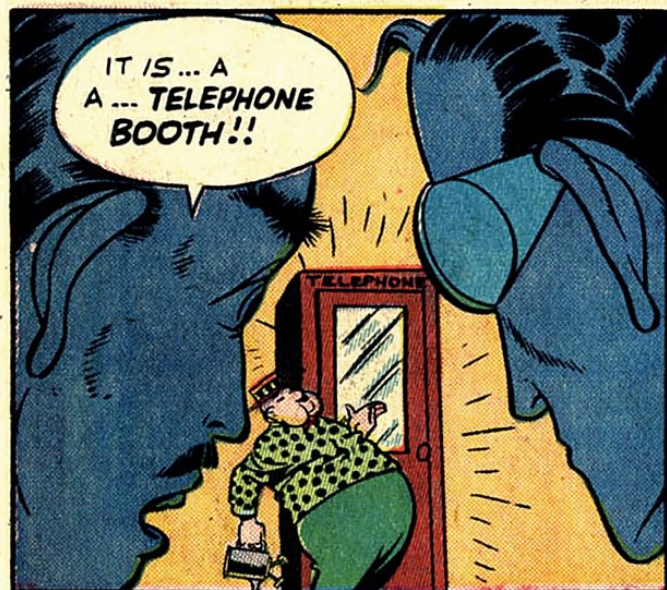
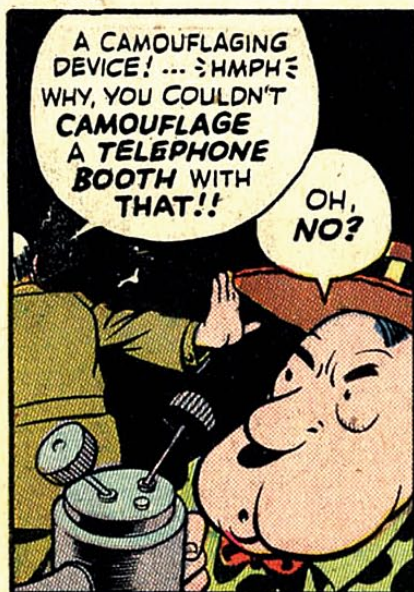


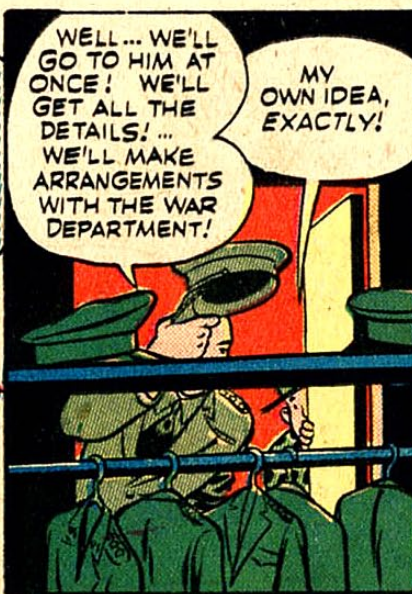
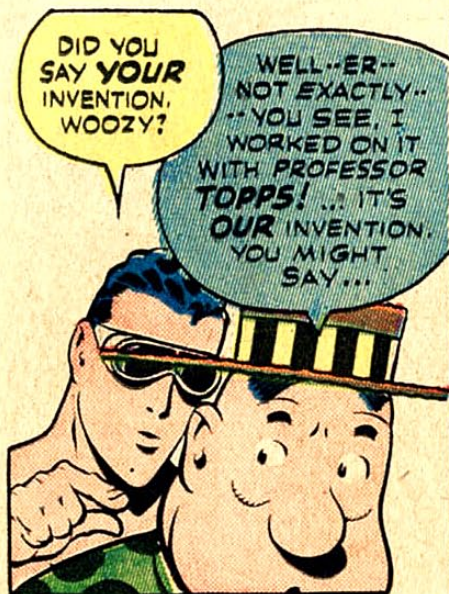
AND SO, DEAR READER.... NO MATTER **WHICH** PERSON YOU SELECTED AS THE KILLER AT THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY, YOU WERE **RIGHT!** FOR THEY WERE **ALL GUILTY!**

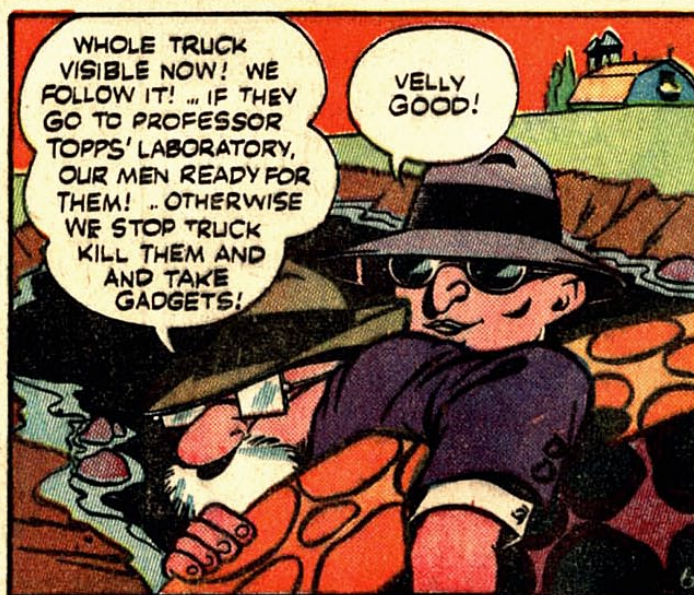
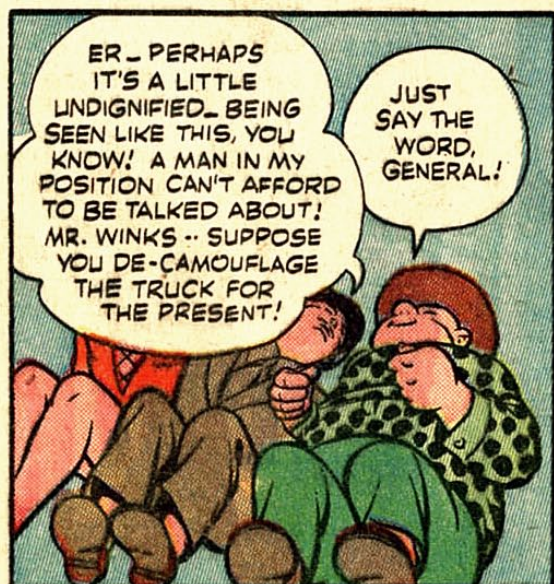


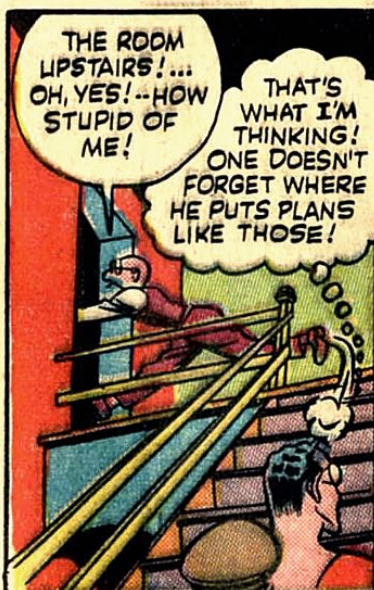


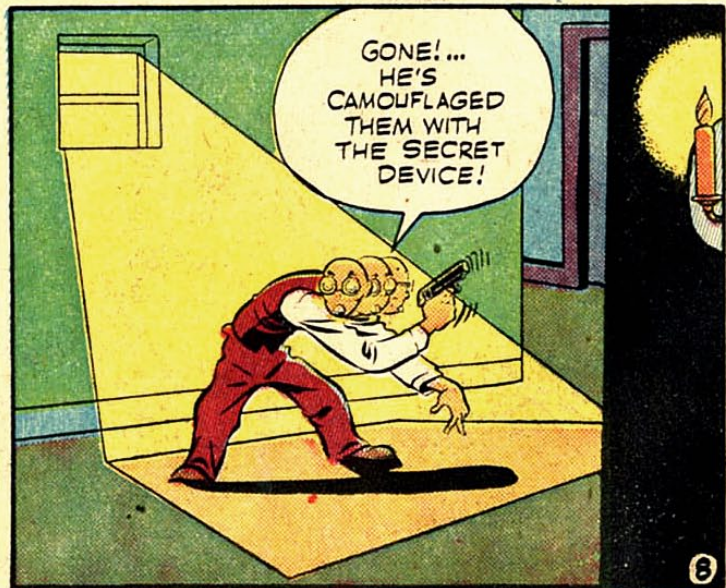
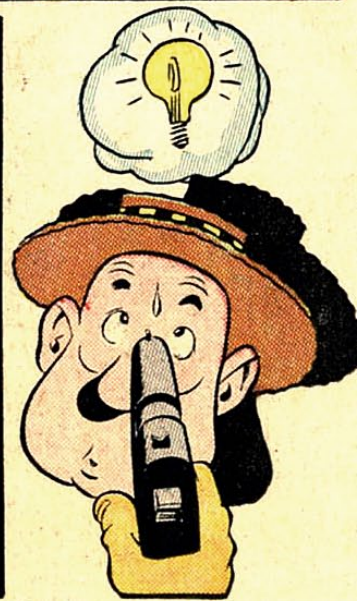
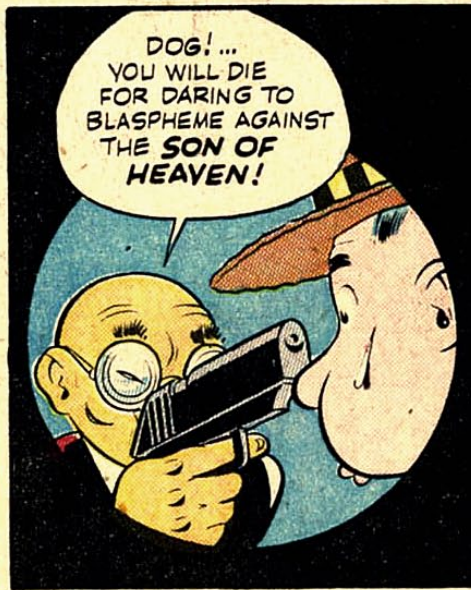
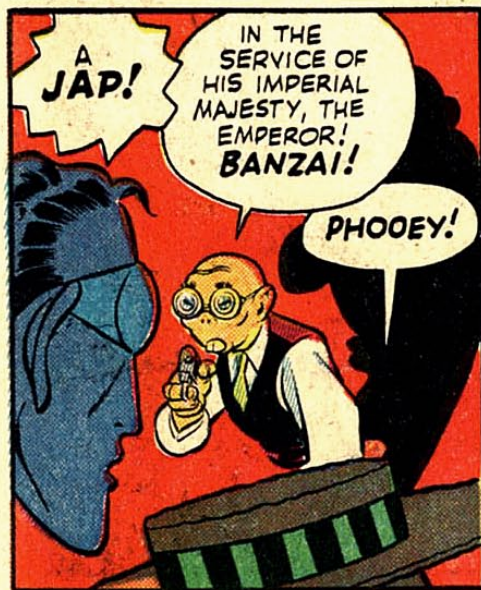


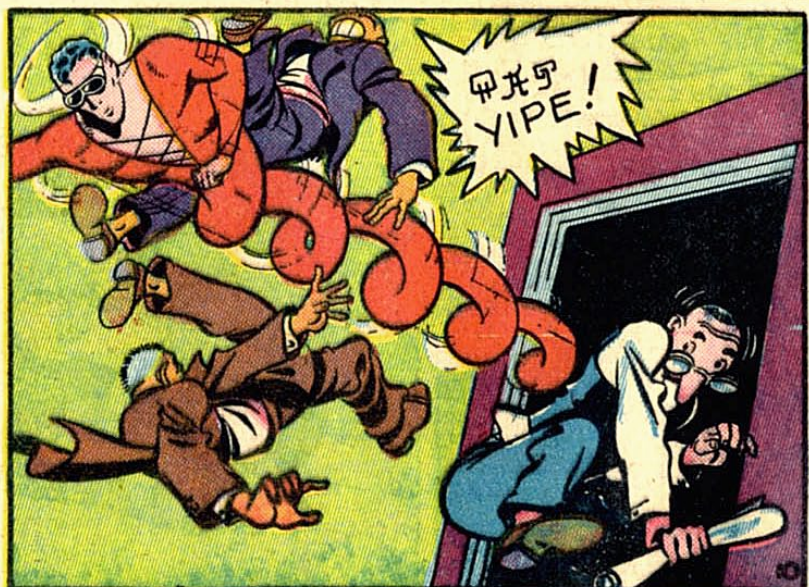
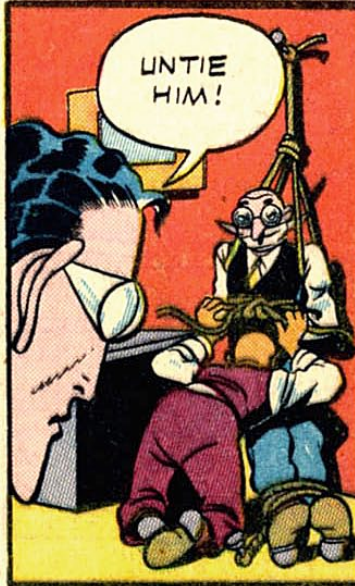
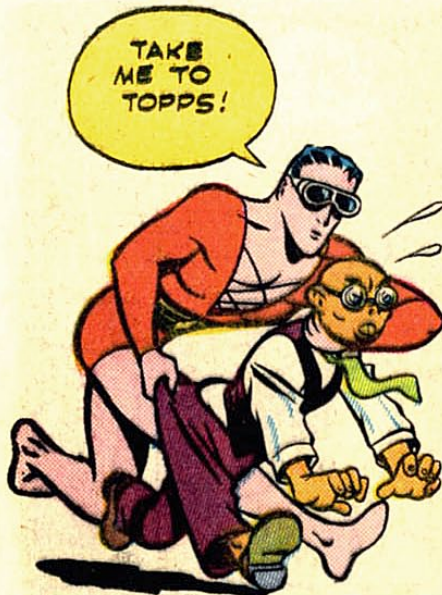






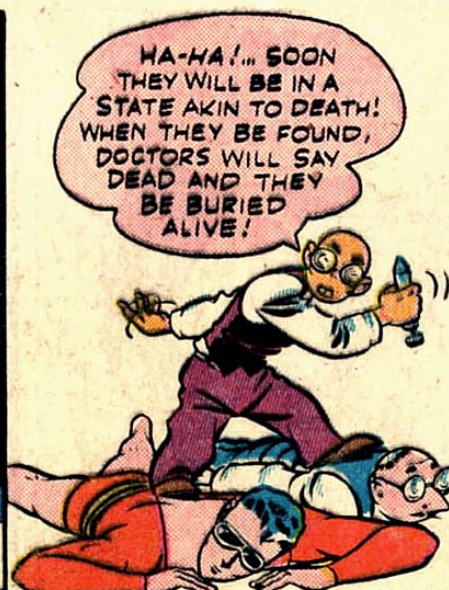








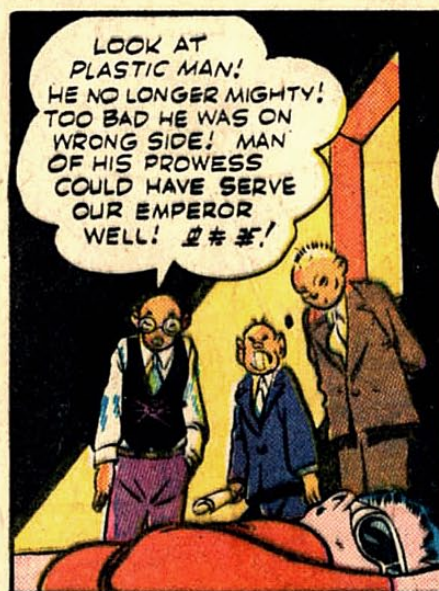
MY DRUG OF THE DEAD
WILL STOP
THEM!



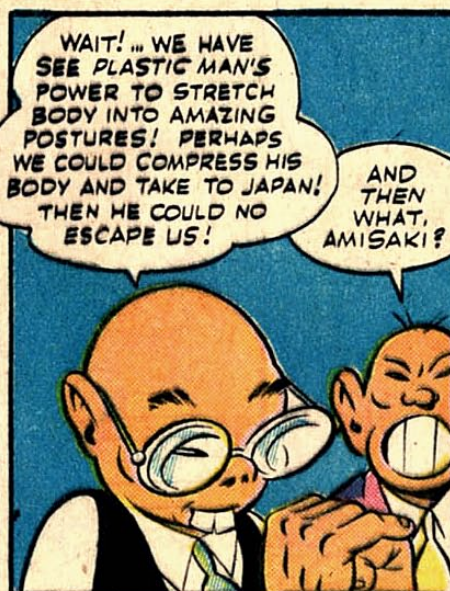
HA-HA!... SOON
THEY WILL BE IN A
STATE AKIN TO DEATH!
WHEN THEY BE FOUND,
DOCTORS WILL SAY
DEAD AND THEY
BE BURIED
ALIVE!



HA! THE PLANS
ARE ENOUGH PLENTY!
WE CAN CONSTRUCT
CAMOUFLAGE
DEVICES FROM
THESE! HA!



LOOK AT
PLASTIC MAN!
HE NO LONGER MIGHTY!
TOO BAD HE WAS ON
WRONG SIDE! MAN
OF HIS PROWESS
COULD HAVE SERVE
OUR EMPEROR
WELL! ㄟㄟㄟ!



WAIT!... WE HAVE
SEE PLASTIC MAN'S
POWER TO STRETCH
BODY INTO AMAZING
POSTURES! PERHAPS
WE COULD COMPRESS HIS
BODY AND TAKE TO JAPAN!
THEN HE COULD NO
ESCAPE US!

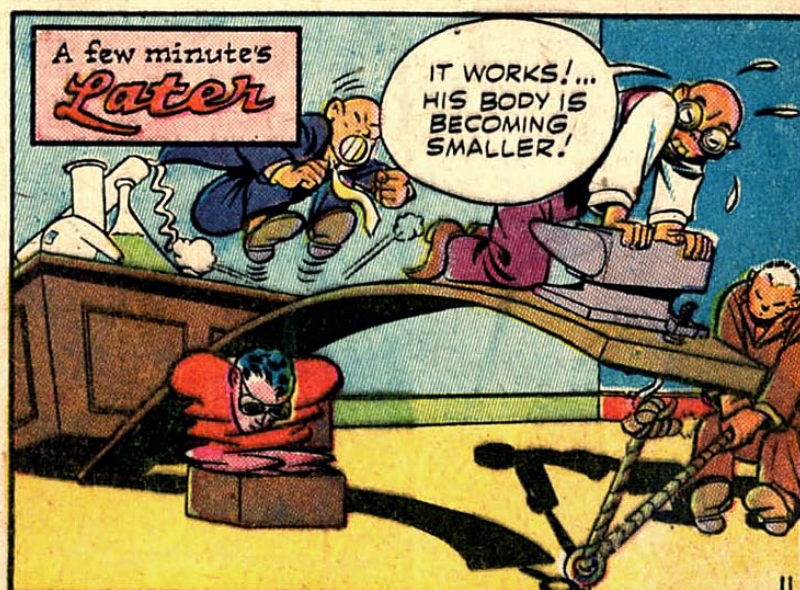
AND
THEN
WHAT,
AMISAKI?



THEN
IMPERIAL
TORTURERS WOULD
FIND WAYS PERSUADE
HIM ENTER SERVICE OF
HONORABLE EMPEROR!

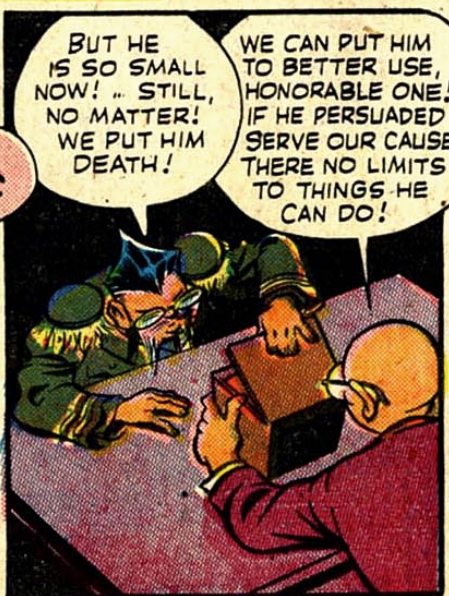
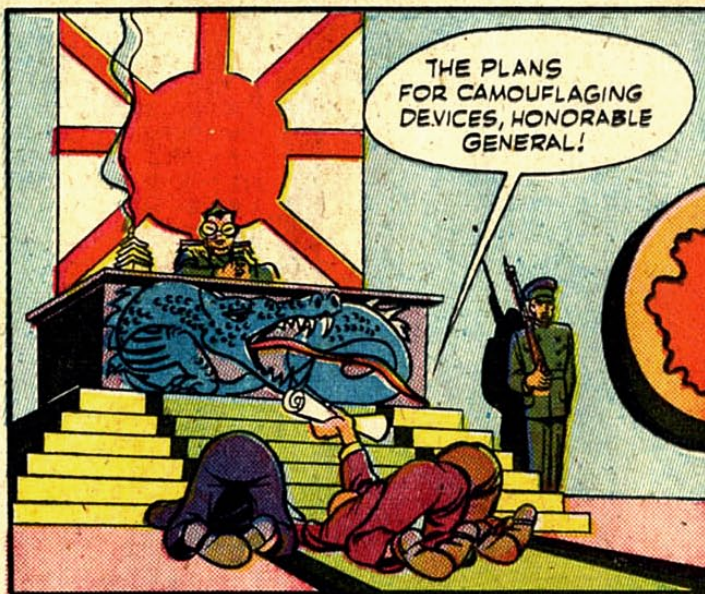
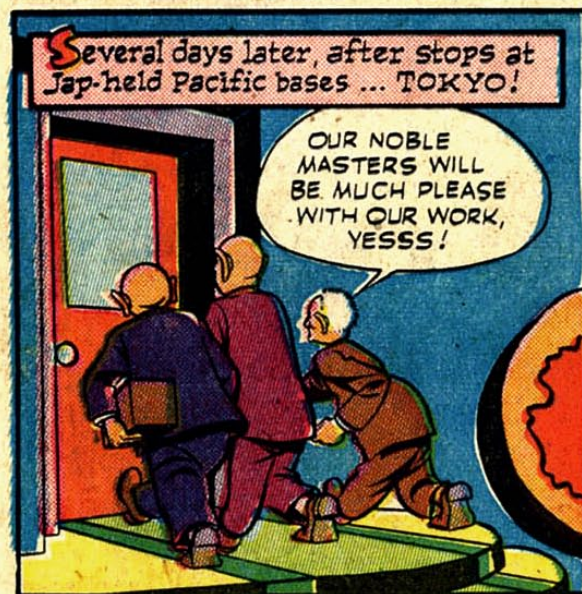
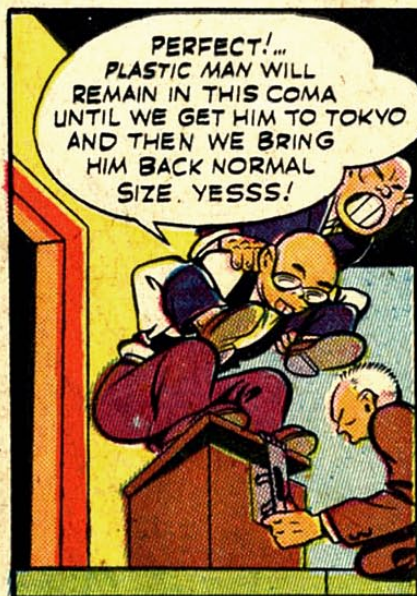


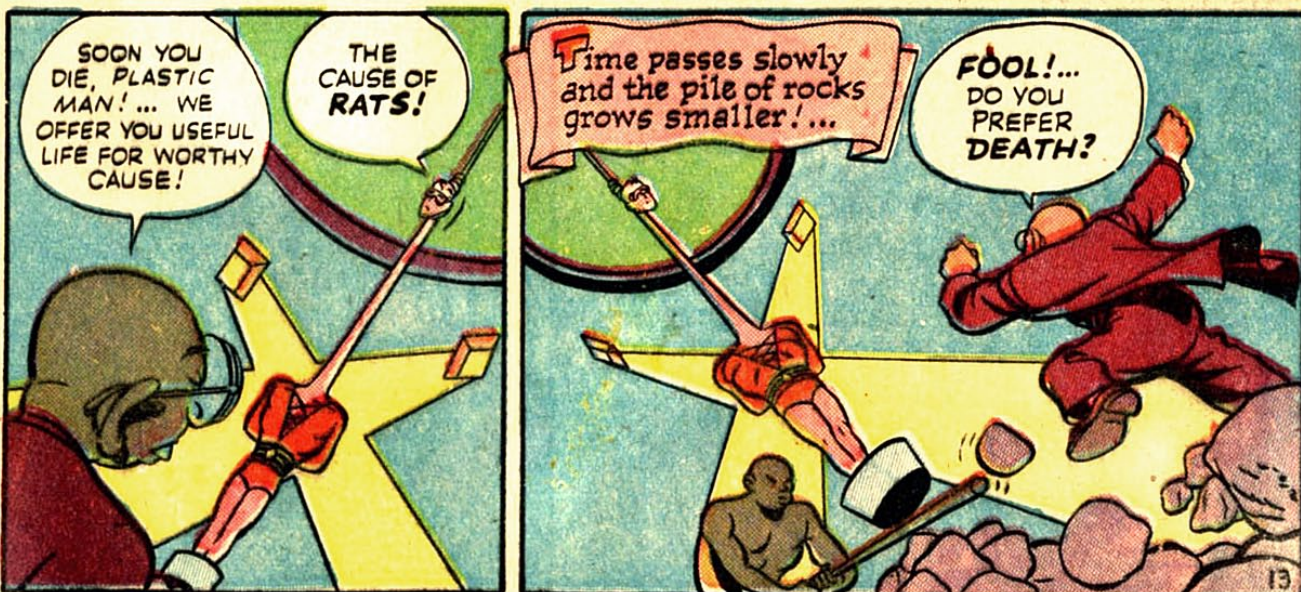
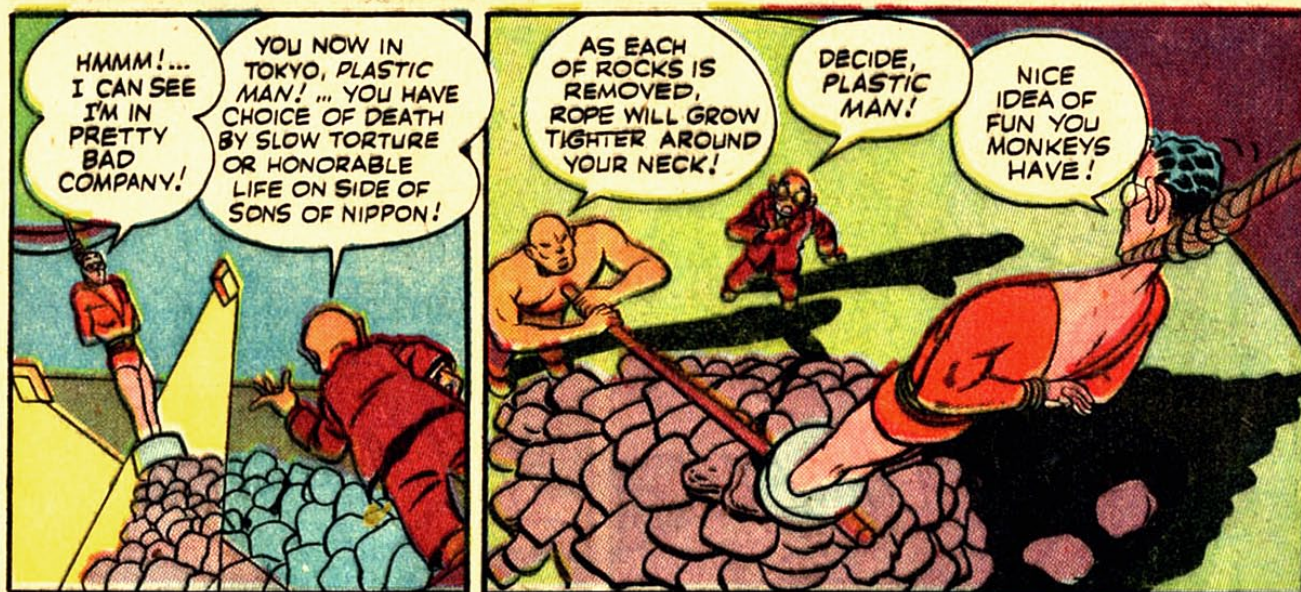
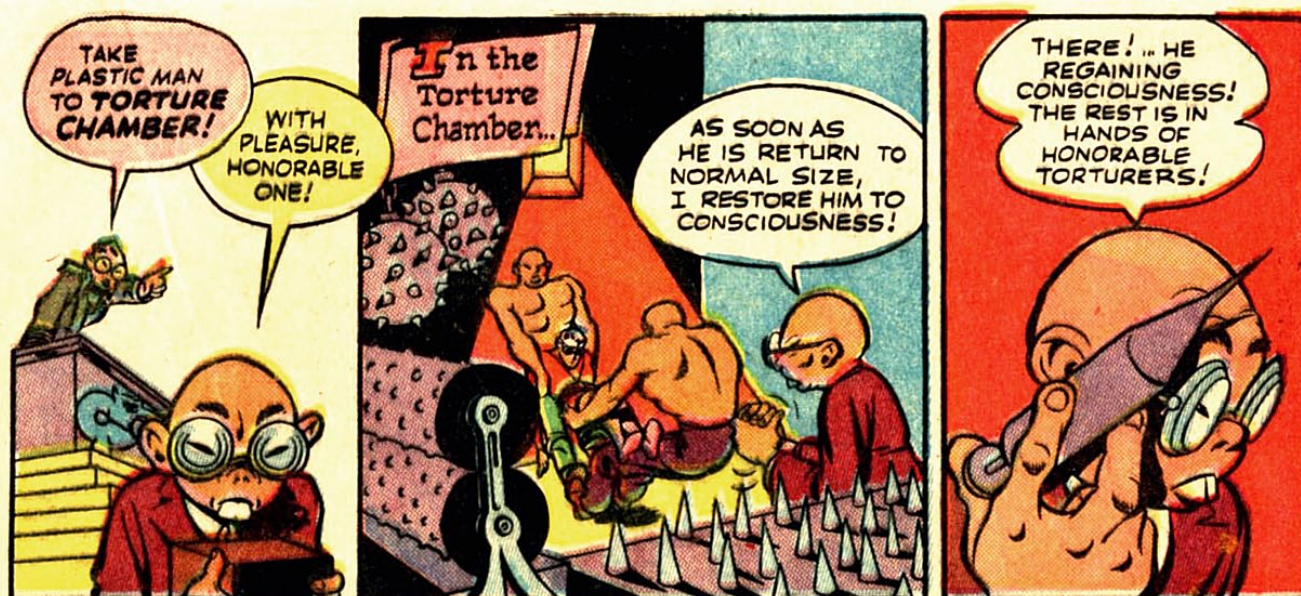
BRING,
PLEASE, SOME
IRON RODS FROM
BASEMENT!

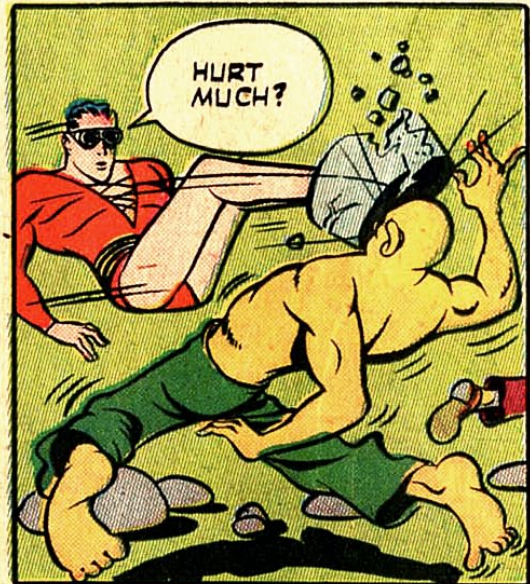


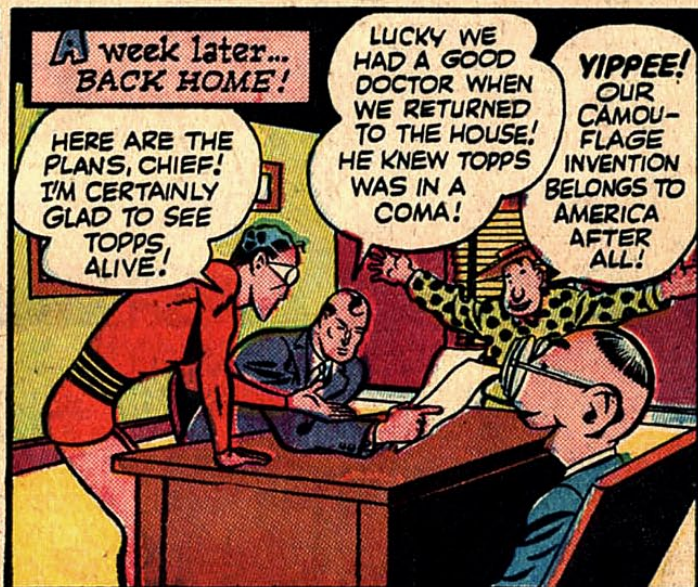
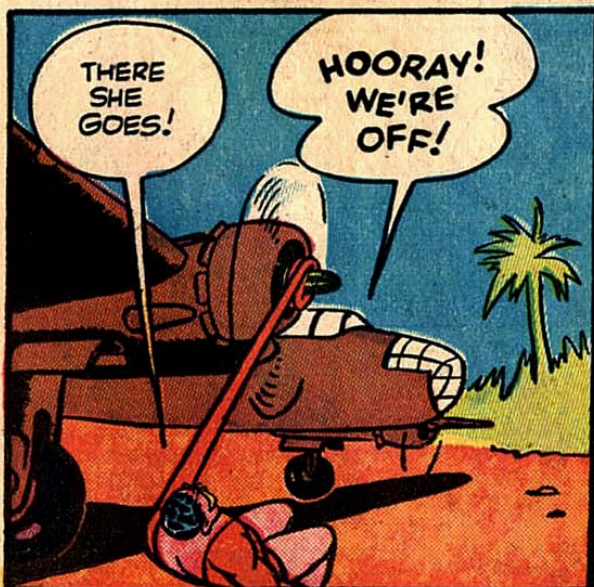
A few minute's
Later

IT WORKS!...
HIS BODY IS
BECOMING
SMALLER!

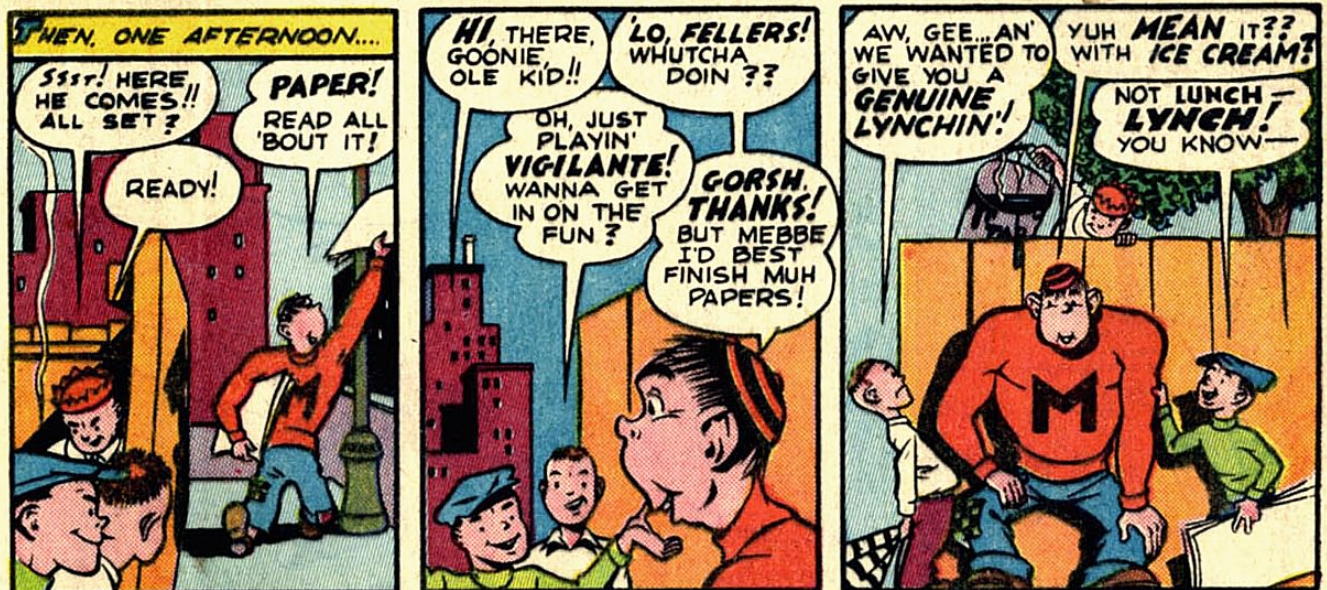
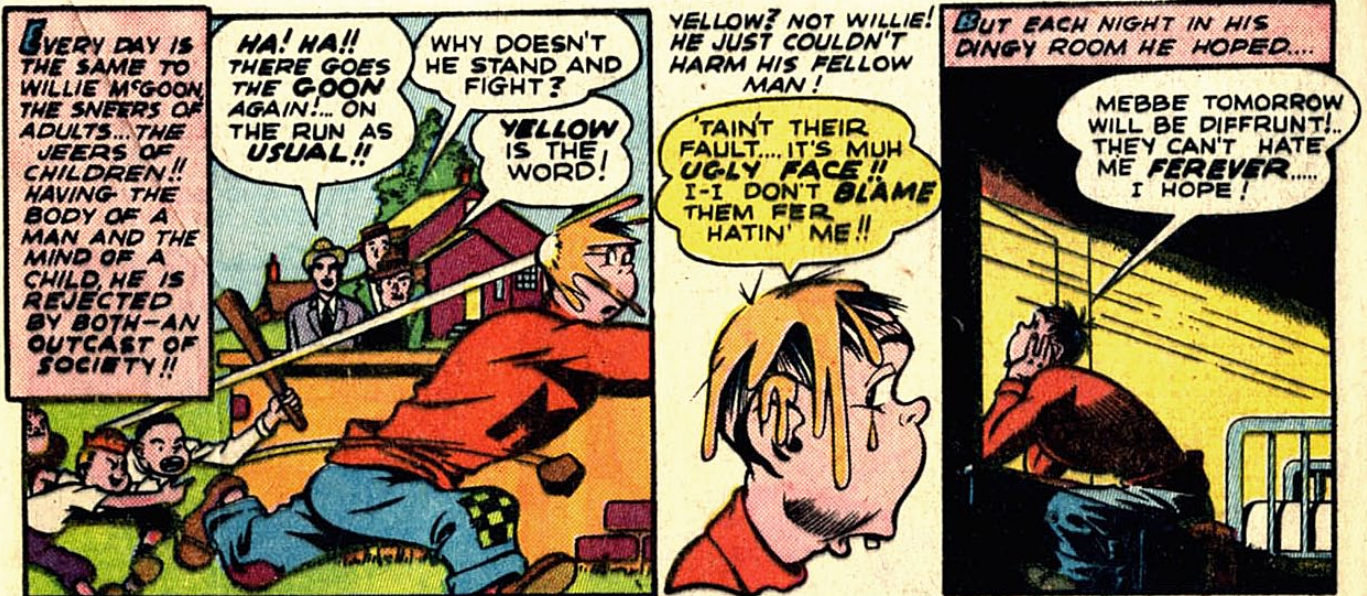














POOR DEVIL...
HE'S NEARLY GONE!
MUST HURRY!!



DAYS OF DELIRIUM...
THEN.....

YUH... MEAN IT?..
WITH...ICE CREAM?..
WHUT'S A LYNCH?

IT'S
ALLRIGHT,
WILLIE... YOU'RE
IN SAFE
HANDS NOW!



WHO'S
THAT?.....
ANGELS??

NO, SON! I'M PROFESSOR
GOODMAN! WE'VE NEVER
MET BUT I'VE SEEN YOU
MANY TIMES!... SEEN HOW
CRUEL PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN!! BUT THAT'S ALL
OVER NOW! YOU MUST
REST AND GET WELL!!
HERE... SIP THIS!



SO, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
HIS LIFE, WILLIE IS HAPPY!...

HE **LIKES** ME!!
A **FRIEND** AT LAST!
I'M THUH **LUCKIEST**
FELLER ALIVE!!



GORSH,
PERFESSOR,
HOW KIN I
EVER PAY
YUH BACK?

YOUR SIMPLE
HUMILITY IS
PAYMENT ENOUGH,
WILLIE !! IF EVERY-
ONE WERE LIKE
YOU, THERE'D
BE NO WAR!



IN FACT YOU'RE THE
INSPIRATION FOR MY
LATEST EXPERIMENTS
ON A GAS THAT, IF
SUCCESSFUL, WILL
ELIMINATE THE
GREED AND **HATE**
IN MAN !!

WHY IT
SOUNDS
SWELL!!
KIN I HELP?
I'LL DO
ENNYTHIN!



AT LENGTH, THE DAY OF
UNVEILING ARRIVES....

JUST A
LITTLE MORE
NOW...
CAREFUL!

OH BOY!
D'YA THINK
MUH EYES IS
OKAY?... I'M JUS'
DYIN' T'SEE
WHUT YUH LOOK
LIKE!



GREAT DAY! I'M A-**SEEN!**
YUH LOOK **JES' LIKE I**
PITCHER! HOW'S M'FACE?

ER... GOOD!... FINE!

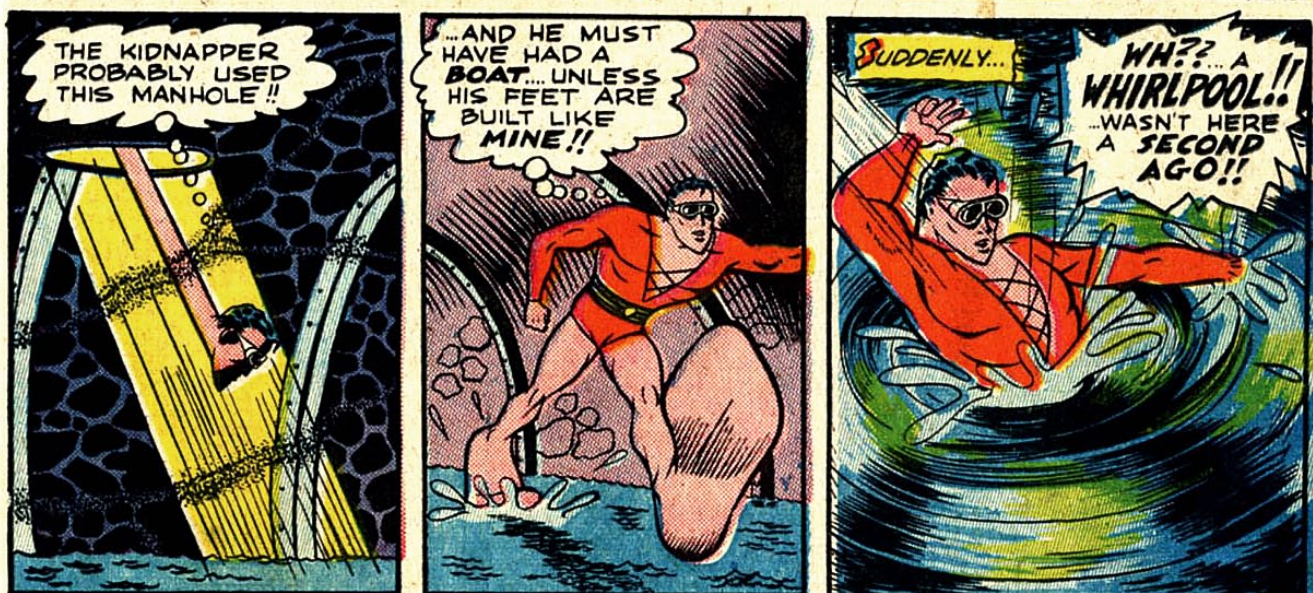
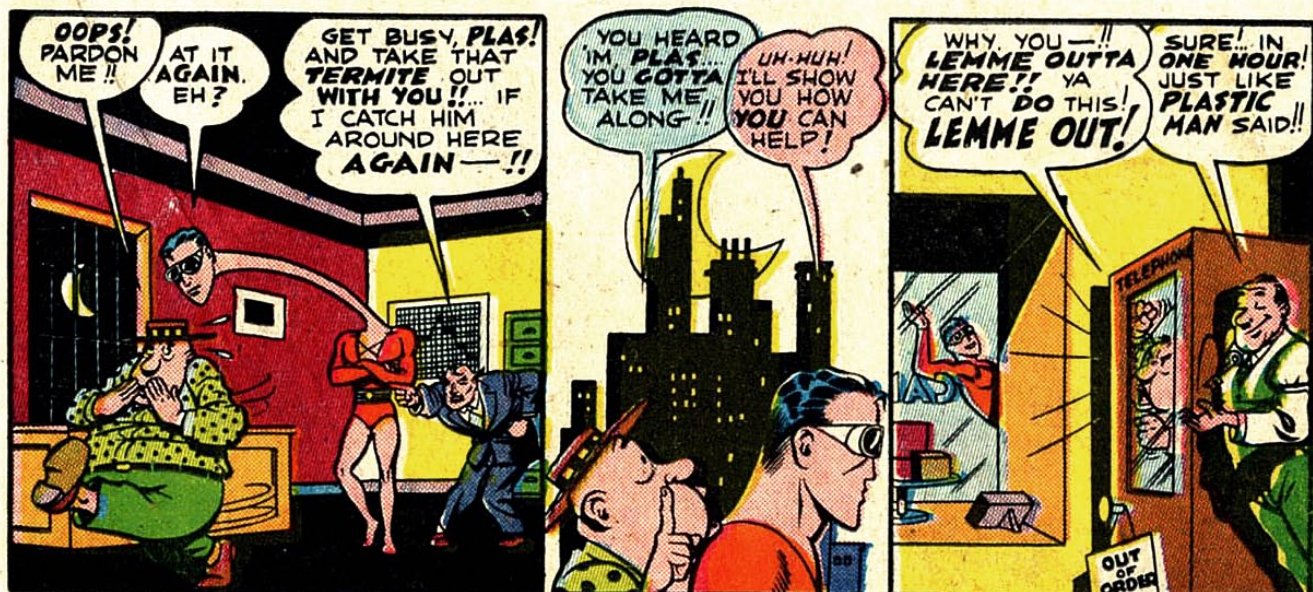
YIPPEE!! WHERE'S
A MIRROR?

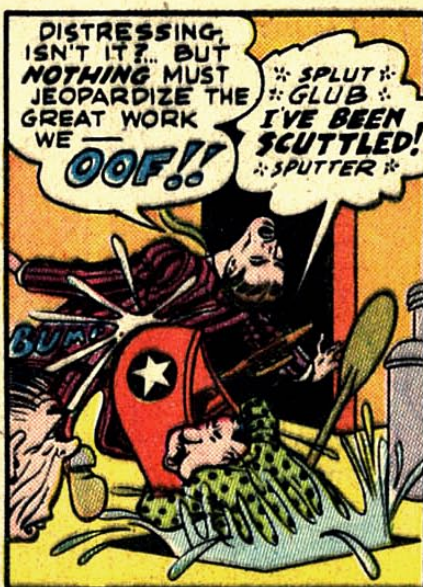


NO!!
NO!!
NO!!

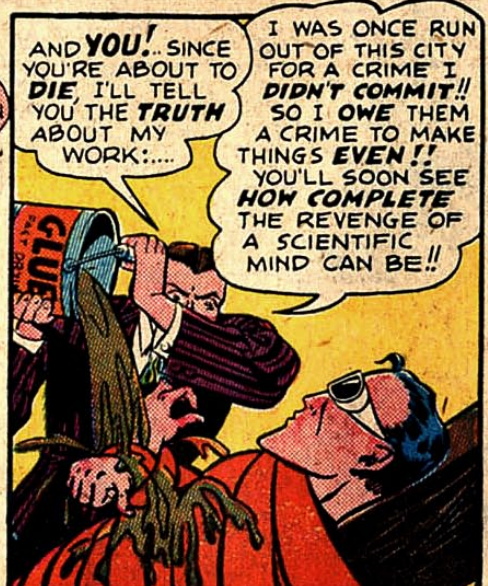












AND HOW WELL I PLANNED IT!...IT WAS EASY TRICKING **STUPID WILLIE** INTO KID-NAPPING VICTIMS FOR ME! **HA HA!** IF HE ONLY KNEW THE **REAL PURPOSE** BEHIND IT ALL!...I FORCED THEM TO OPERATE MY **SUPER BORING MACHINE**...THEY'VE DRILLED **FIFTY FIVE MILES DOWN INTO THE EARTH!!** THAT **RUMBLE** MEANS THEY'VE HIT **MOLTEN LAVA!** ALL BUT TONIGHT'S VICTIM ARE **DEAD!**



WHEN WILLIE OPENS THE FLOOD GATE, THE **ENTIRE CITY** WILL BE BURIED BENEATH **THE WORLD'S FIRST MAN-MADE VOLCANO !!!**



WELL, HERE'S WISHING YOU GENTLEMEN A **PLEASANT DEATH!**

A FEW MINUTES LATER:...



TIME'S UP! RECKON THIS IS TH' WHEEL HE MEANT!

IT-IT'S HOPELESS!...CAN'T EVEN **BUDGE!** IF ONLY I COULD **STOP WILLIE !!**



THAT GLUE HAS BOUND ME UP LIKE A **POPCORN BALL!!**

MEANWHILE, WOOLY IS STILL AT IT.....



...AND NOW I'LL IMITATE **CHARLES LAUGHTON:**

FOR THE **LAST TIME: HAND OVER THAT MIKE!**



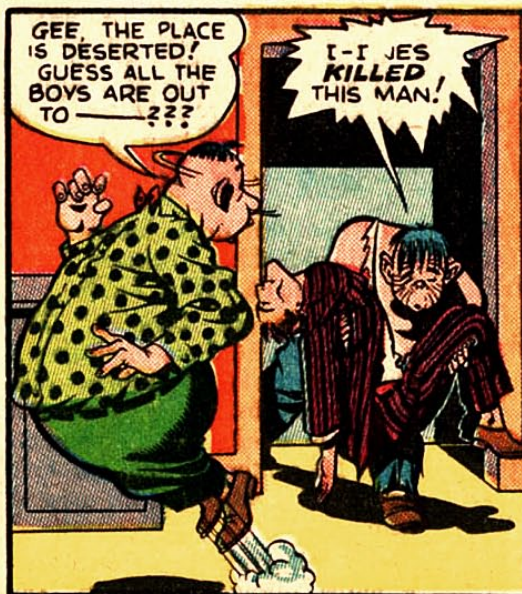
MISSSTER CHRISTIAN!—
HUH??



JUMPIN' JEES!!
FOLKS, A VOLCANO !!
HAS JUST ERUPTED..
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!







PLASTIC NEMESIS

FOUR big closed cars, loaded with men, arrived at the four entrances to the Langford Trust Company at the same instant. Out of them poured masked, armed figures. They filled the lobby and the offices in a twinkling.

"This is a stickup! Employees line up right—customers left!"

A cashier whipped open a drawer where lay a pistol—one of the thugs fired a tommy gun, and the cashier subsided. A customer reached for a telephone—another thug leaned over to swing a blackjack, and the customer fell.

The gangsters, working furiously but with amazing discipline, stripped tills, drawers and floor safes of money. But the tall, sinewy man in full-face mask who seemed to be commander of the raid did not even glance at the heaps of money. He closed his hard hand on the shoulder of the executive vice-president, Dawson.

"The Kimripore jewels! At once, or—"

Dawson shook his head. "I don't know what you mean."

"Stop lying. The Rajah of Kimripore sent his crown treasures to America, as security for a loan of millions. Plastic Man and that little screwball Woozy Winks brought them overseas—don't you think the underworld heard how they smashed six attempts to steal the jewels? And we know they're in your vaults."

He thrust a pistol against Dawson's ribs. The vice-president led him down a flight of stairs and unlocked a barred door.

"There," and Dawson pointed. "In that vault. In a big cowhide suitcase—"

"Open the vault." The masked man prodded him with the gun. "Quick, or I'll make you look like a cribbage board!"

Dawson spun the dial, pulled

open the great door. Inside stood a dingy-looking suitcase. It's label said PLASTIC MAN.

"Bring it out. Open it." The vice-president did so, disclosing a glittering mass of rubies, diamonds, amethysts, emeralds—the ransom of an emperor. At a motion from his captor, he shut the case again and handed it to the masked man.

His only reply and reward was a bullet through the heart. The raider chief hurried upstairs.

"Clear out!" he barked at his men. They sped out to their cars and away. The entire raid had taken less than ninety seconds.

"Cops Coming?" asked the driver of the biggest car as he headed his vehicle for the suburbs.

The thug in the seat beside him glanced back. "Yeah! But they took after the other boys. Left us alone."

"I fixed that," spoke the leader, from between his two companions in the rear. He had taken off his mask, revealing the sharp, shrewd features of Bronty Breen, current Public Enemy No. 1. "Just before we went in, I called police and FBI offices. Said the Langford Trust was being raided—and told which way the other three cars would head."

"Police!" echoed his companions. "FBI! And you tipped them off right?"

"Sure. While they're busy scooping up the others, we get clear away. And," Bronty's toe tapped the suitcase, "only five of us left to split the jewels, huh?"

He grinned, but nobody grinned back. A lieutenant gazed from the rear of the car. "If you called FBI, Bronty, that brings Plastic Man into the case!"

Bronty shuddered, but shrugged it off. "Not a chance! He's on

leave of absence, after bringing these jewels from Kimripore—"

"Look!" interrupted the other thug.

They all looked back.

From the top of a tall building two great red streamers darted out and down, like interminable, deadly snakes—each toward a different street. Down and down the red streamers extended—story after story—to the sidewalk level—there came a sound of crash and commotion.

"That was PLASTIC MAN!" breathed one of the five. "He reached down with both arms—snagged TWO OF THE CARS AT ONCE!"

"Speed up," growled Bronty to the driver. "We're blowing town."

PLASTIC MAN, gaunt, crimson-clad, enigmatic behind his dark goggles, sat in a little cellar room of FBI headquarters. Woozy, pudgy and deceptively dull-faced, lounged beside him. Opposite them was one of the captured thugs.

"I ain't talking," the thug said for the hundredth time, "and you FBI jerks ain't gonna batter me into it."

"Who said anything about battering?" inquired Plastic Man silkily. "I wouldn't lay a finger on you."

He waggled a finger to emphasize. The finger grew a yard long for a moment, then subsided.

"He don't scare easy Plas," offered Woozy. "I knew him back when I was outside the law. Kittens, they called him—because nothing scares him but a cat—"

"So?" muttered Plastic, and smiled. His hand lifted to his face, swept across it. His body seemed to grow plumper and at the same time lithier. His legs doubled strangely, the feet were paws. His ears turned pointy, whiskers were plainly sprouting—

"Get away from me!" Kittens suddenly quavered.

Plastic Man was Plastic Man no more. The lithe, furry creature he had become jumped gracefully down from the chair and strolled forward toward the captive. "Meow?" it said.

"Get that cat out of here!" begged Kittens, cowering. "Listen, I'll tell anything—it was Bronty Breen who planned the raid—"

"Where did he go with the jewels?" demanded Woozy.

"I don't know—I swear I don't!" We were directed to head east—the other two carloads you and the cops grabbed went west and south—but Bronty's car had its own orders—"

"Which means it went north," said Plastic Man, who had become himself again with a little wriggle and a rubbery snap. "Tell the turnkey to put him away, Woozy. We're going north ourselves."

Bronty Breen's hideout had been prepared months before. It looked no more than a half-ruined shack among trees at the end of a country road, but this was only a modest topping to a vast underground lair, strongly fortified, stocked with provisions and weapons, with at least three secret entrances.

In the main cellar-room, Bronty and his four surviving thugs gathered around the open suitcase.

"Look at them pretty gimicks!" exulted Potsy, the driver, picking up a ruby as big as a walnut. "What a game of marbles a guy could play with them! And we divide five ways."

"Not that simple, Potsy," said his chief quietly.

"Why, there's five of us—"

"And four of you are only stooges. I'm boss, I get eighty percent. You others, five percent each."

"I'm satisfied," nodded one thug. "After all, we picked up plenty of cash in the Langford Trust. I got a pocketful."

"I'm not satisfied," growled Potsy, and a gun came out from under his coat. "If—"

A buzzer sounded somewhere above.

"The electric-eye signal," snapped Bronty. "Somebody's prowling around. Two of you—Potsy, you and Banjo—slide out among the trees and hook in whoever it is. Quick!"

The two designated slipped away down a tunnel, up through a hidden burrow and away among the trees. The three thugs who waited soon heard a knock at the upper door. Bronty, covered by tommy guns in the hands of his lieutenants, opened. Potsy stood there, with a prisoner bound and crestfallen—a pudgy, dull-faced prisoner—

"That's Woozy, Plastic Man's sidekick!" exclaimed Bronty.

"I know," Potsy nodded. "We found him nosing around. Banjo's out there, trying to sneak up on Plastic Man."

"That's more than a one-man job," said Bronty. "Go back, Potsy, and take Spike here with you."

The two men left, and Bronty faced the captive. "How did you track us, Woozy?"

"As soon as we knew you'd gone north, we just studied the marks of tire-treads," replied the little fellow. "The other cars all had new black market tires, same brand—so we figured you'd have 'em, too. And we followed you here."

"Woozy," said Bronty, "you weren't always a dope. Forget the law and Plastic Man. Help us snare and finish him, I'll cut you in on the Kimripore jewels—"

A knock. Banjo was back.

"We got Plastic Man!" he cried. "Those new explosive bullets did the trick! And Potsy and Spike are burying him!"

Bronty faced the worried Woozy. "Forget what I said. We don't need you now."

"No cut of the jewels?" suggested Woozy.

"The only cut you get is across the throat," said Bronty. "Bring him downstairs."

In the room with the jewels, Bronty nodded to Banjo. "Finish

him, quick . . . Hey, what—you're CHANGING!"

"I've been changing all day," said Banjo, who ran a hand over his face, twitched out of his garments and stood up as Plastic Man. "First I captured Potsy and Banjo and came back as Potsy. Then I grabbed Spike—the FBI boys have him halfway back to town—and came back as Banjo. I wanted to be sure the jewels were safe—"

Bronty drew his gun. Plastic's fist shot halfway across the room, knocking the gang chief sprawling. Then, like a rubber ball, Plastic Man bounded upon the remaining thug.

"Snap that suitcase shut, Woozy, and get it out of here!"

Bronty staggered into one of the hidden passages, shaking his head to clear it. He heard sounds of conflict outside, that died away. He dared peep out.

Everyone was gone—but not everything. An object still lay in the center of the floor—

"The suitcase!" he breathed. "Woozy didn't get it, after all!"

Gun in one hand, he ran to the treasure, lifted it, and slid into another secret passage. He found a door, entered, locked the door behind him. He set down the suitcase, laid his gun on top.

There were no windows, no ventilators, no entrances but the locked door. Plastic Man might follow—surely would follow. But Bronty would be ready. From his pocket he drew a vial of powerful corrosive acid. Carefully he poured it into the keyhole.

"Let him come in," he muttered. "That'll eat him down to the bones, if he has any bones in that rubberized carcass—"

"Isn't this cozy, all alone together?" said a voice he knew.

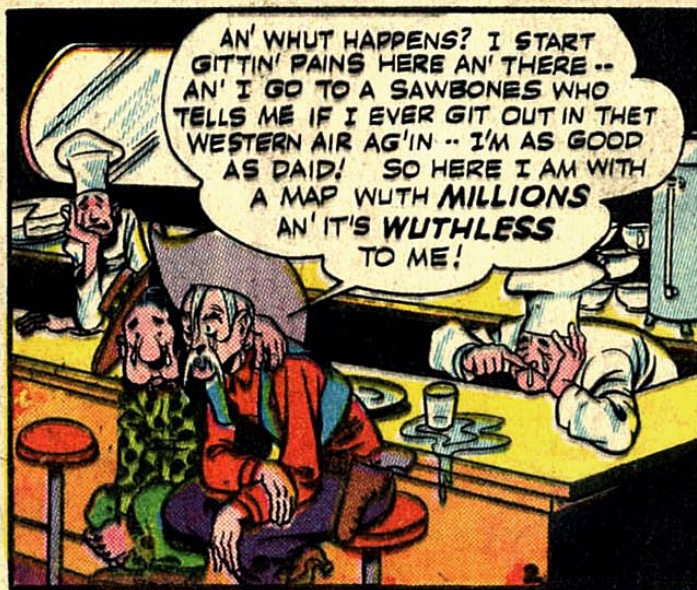
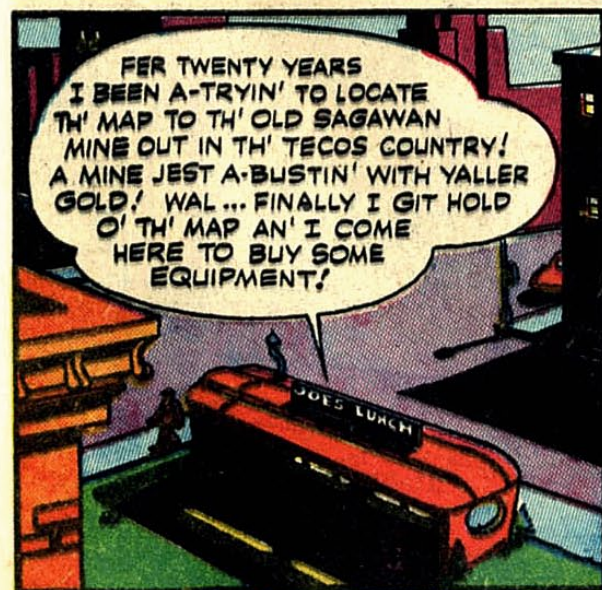
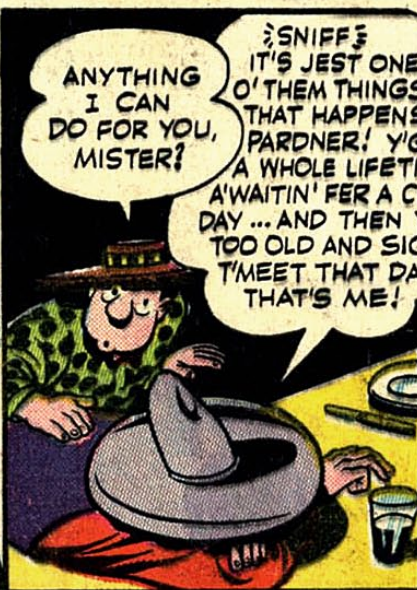
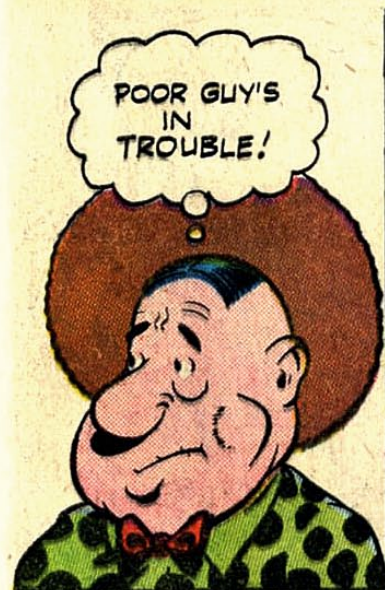
He whirled and looked at the suitcase on which his gun lay.

The suitcase shook itself, lifted a head. The luggage straps unfolded from around it, became legs. The handle lengthened into an arm, and took the gun in its hand. Plastic Man stood up.

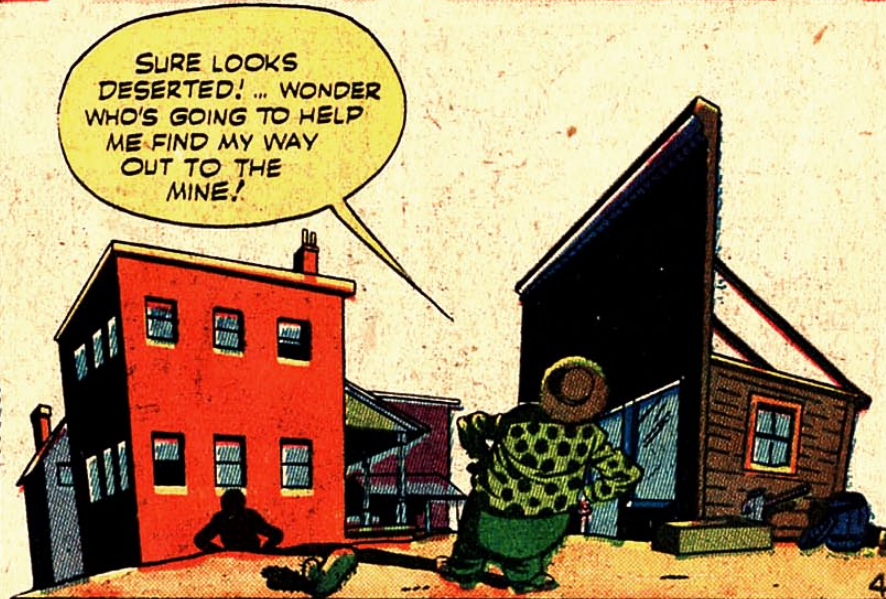
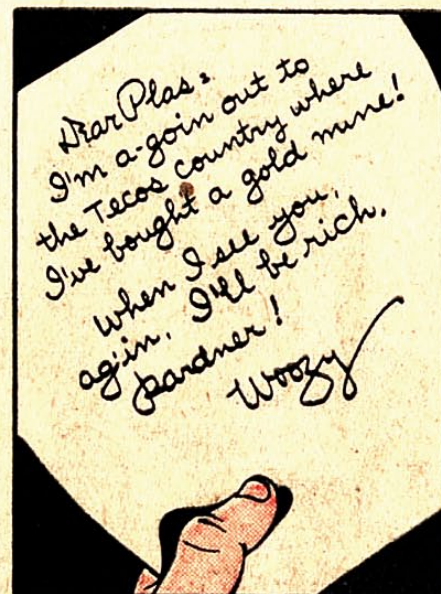
"Just another of my disguises, Bronty," he said.

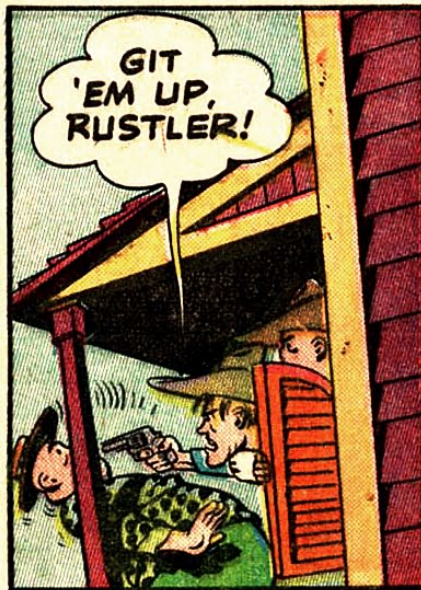
PLASTIC MAN

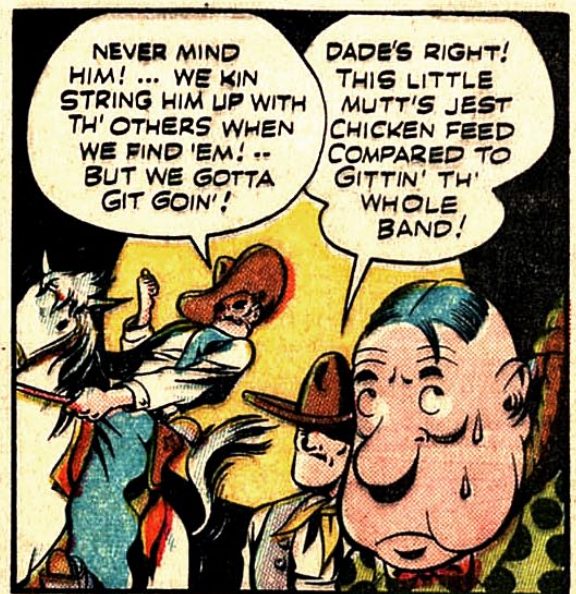
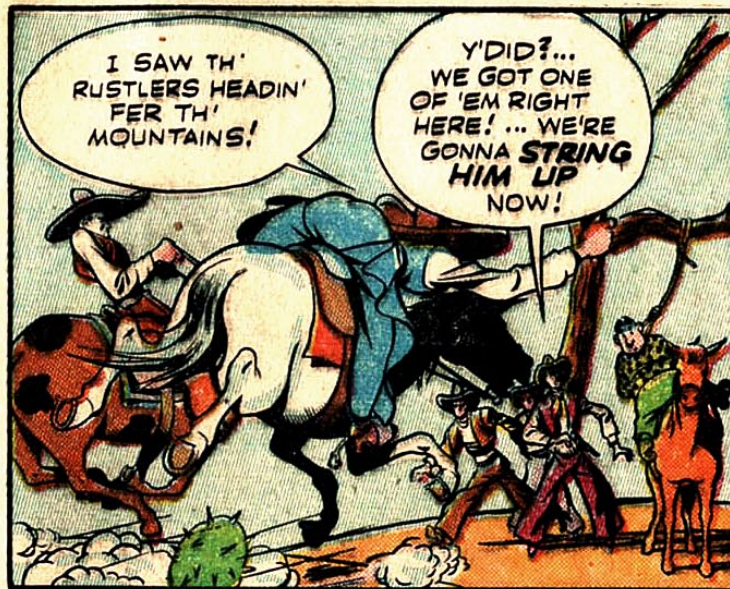


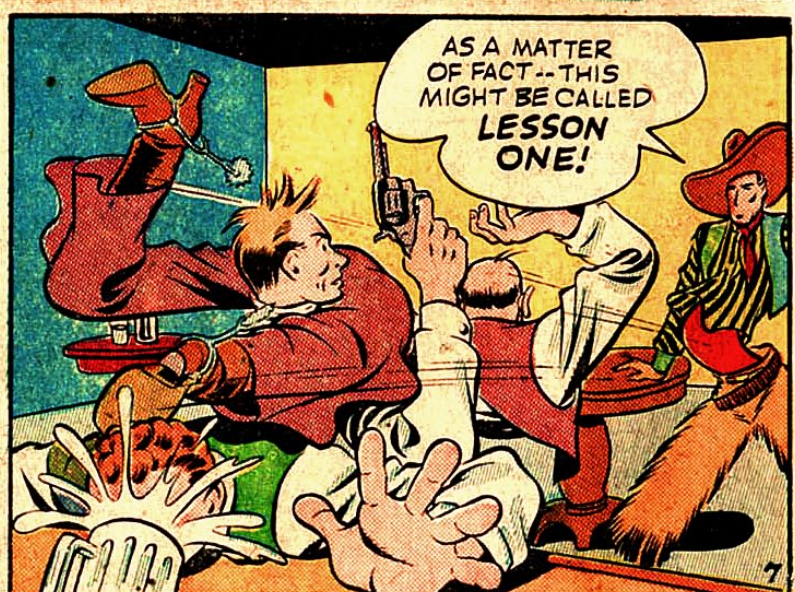
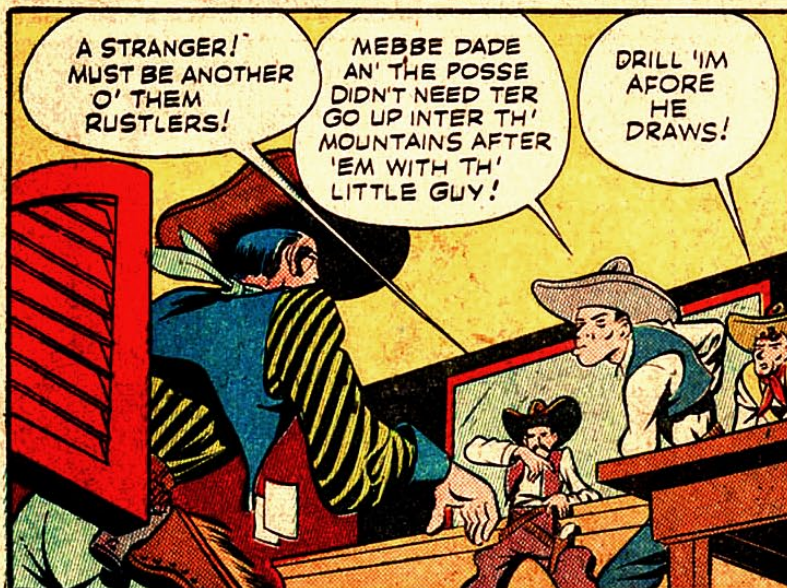
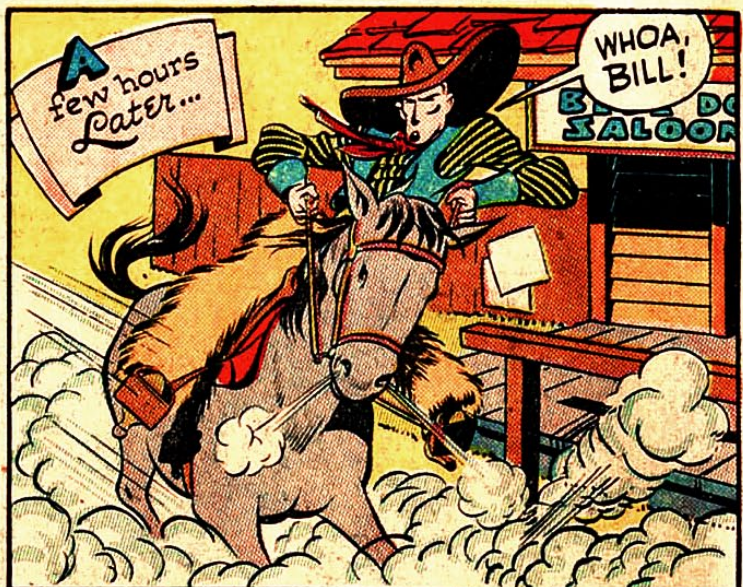


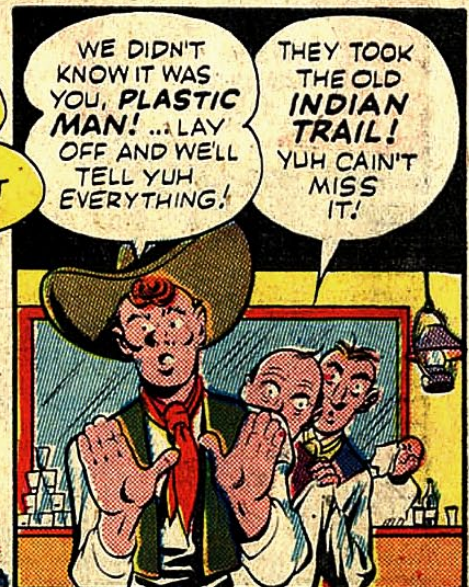
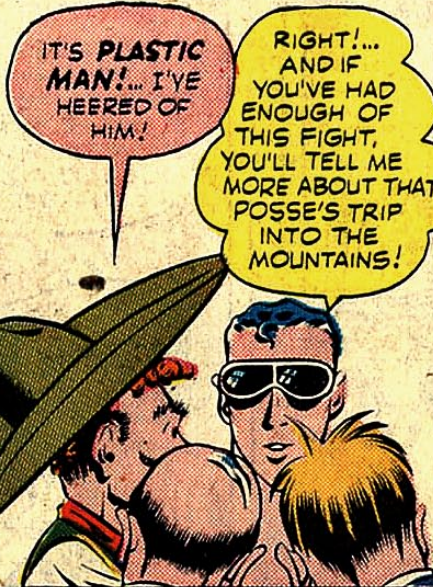


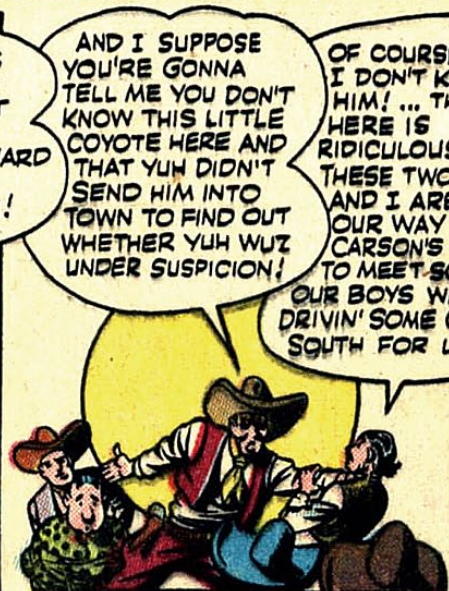
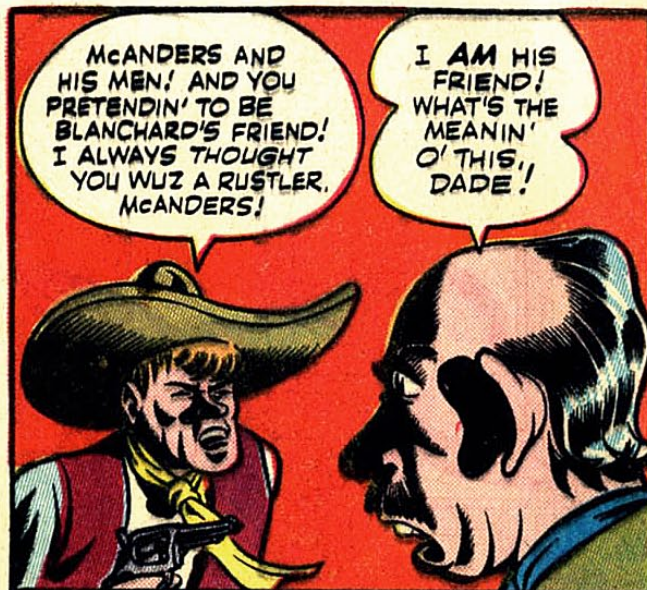


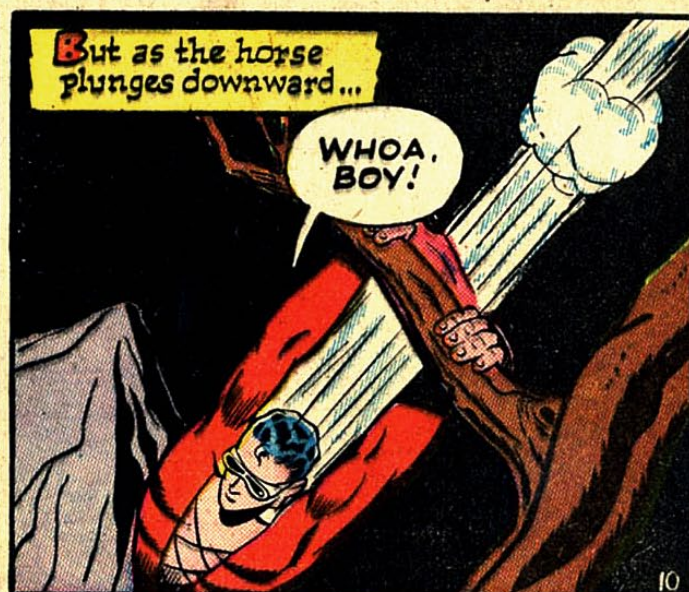


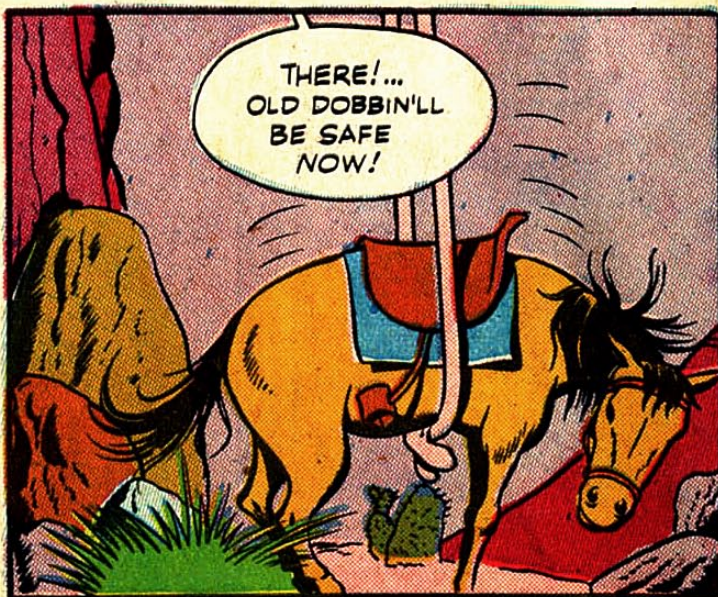
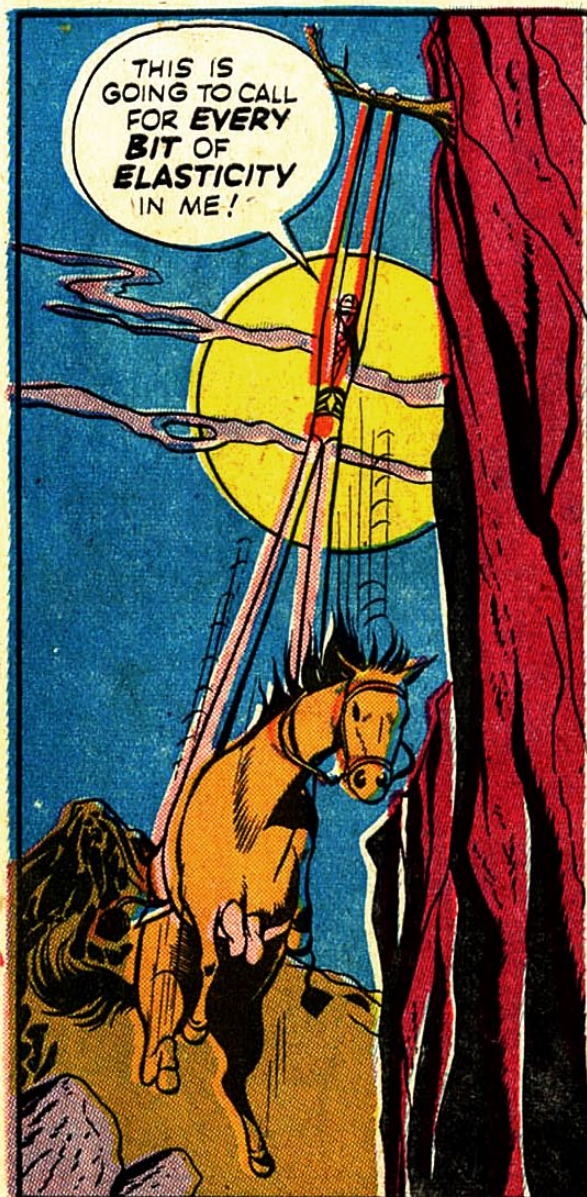


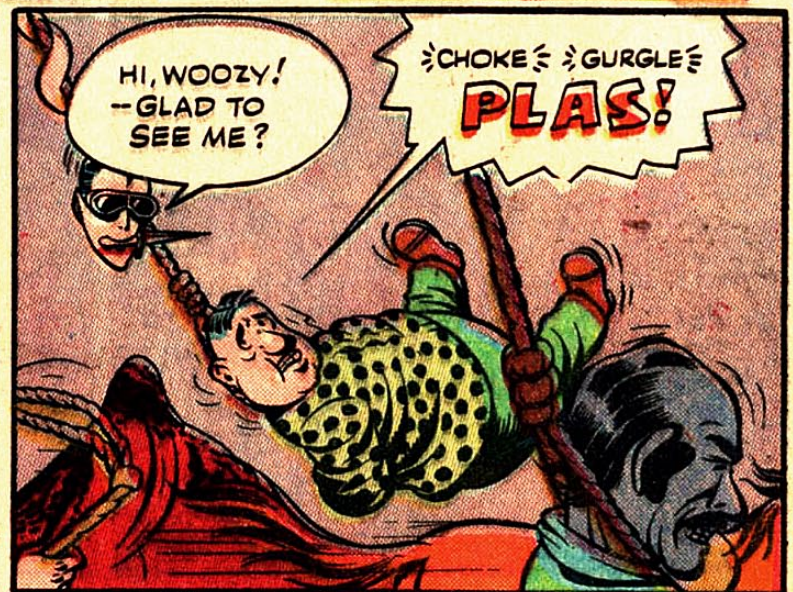


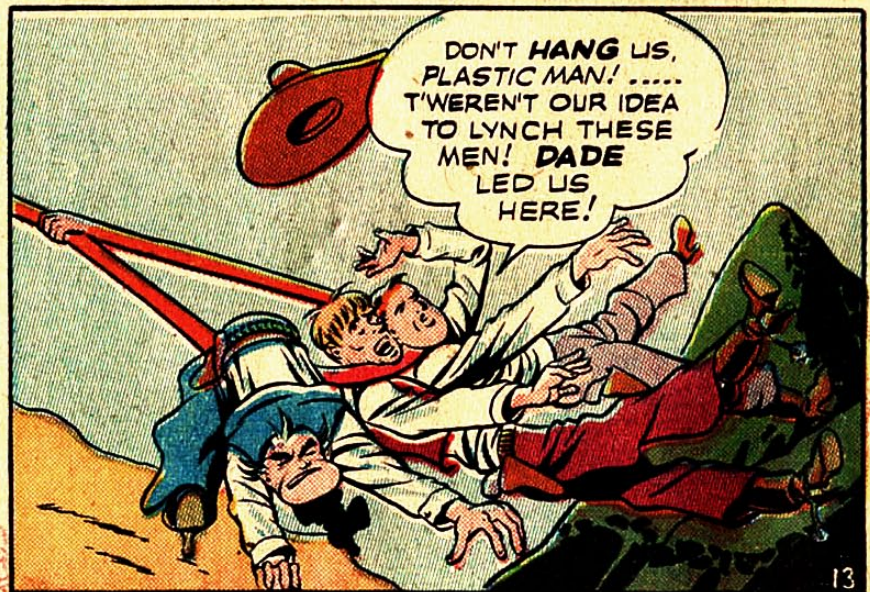
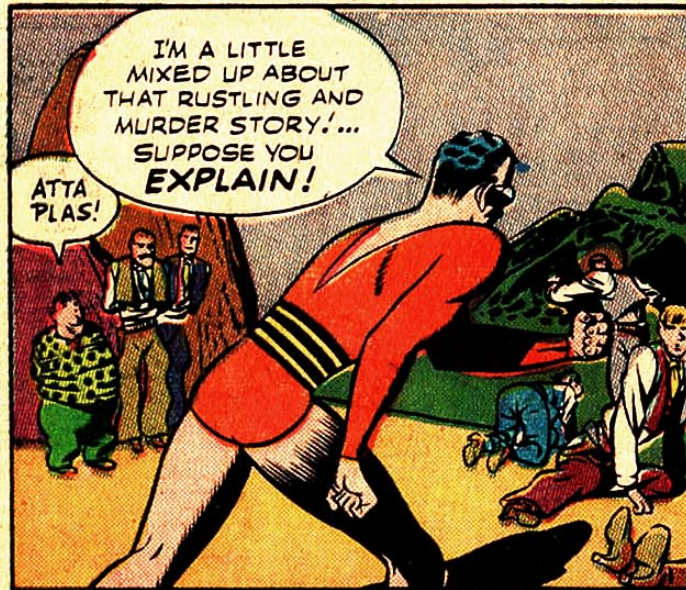


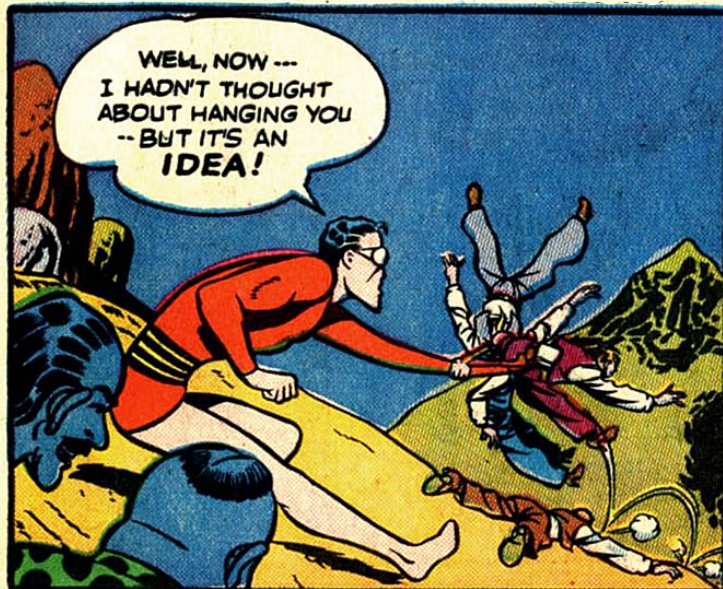










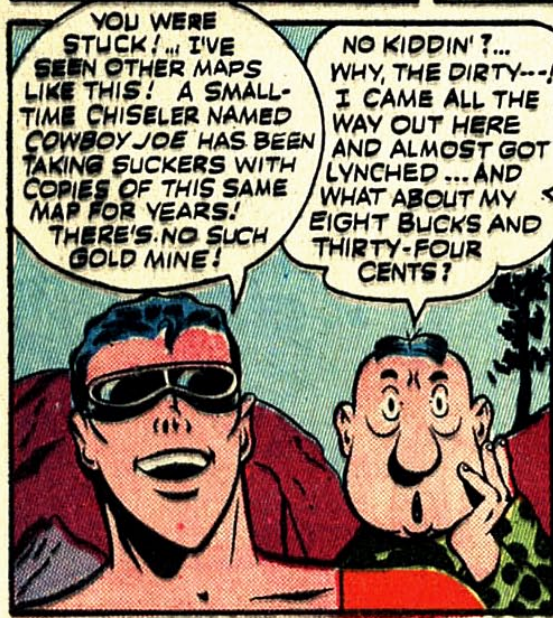


DON'T WORRY,
PLAS!...
I USED TO
BE KNOWN
AS **SURE-
SHOT
WOODY
WINKS!**



NO!
DADE!





This book has been manufactured under wartime conditions
in full compliance with all orders and regulations of the War
Production Board, in particular L 245

By

VITAL PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

New York

from

material prepared and supplied

by

COMIC MAGAZINES



10¢

A VITAL BOOK

SM
★
2

PLASTIC MAN

in

The Gay Nineties Nightmare!

FOUR BIG
**PLASTIC
MAN**
STORIES...
Packed with
Thrills, Chills
and **LAFFS!**



- JACK COLE -

CONTENTS

**The Gay Nineties Nightmare — Plastic Man
and Woozy find a lost city and wind up in
“No Place” page 1**

**Who’s Who — is Woozy Winks Plastic Man
and Elmer Body nobody? page 16**

**The Lava Man — is hot stuff, and he puts
Plastic Man on a hotter spot page 28**

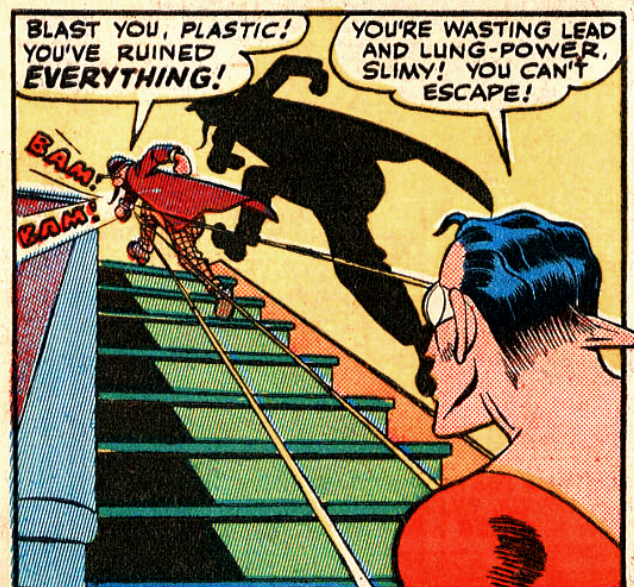
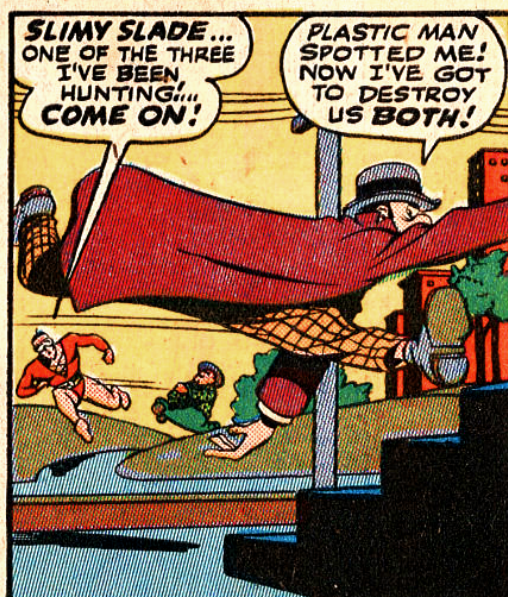
**Is Plastic Man crazy — and what has Woozy
Winks got that keeps HIM from going
“nuts”? page 42**

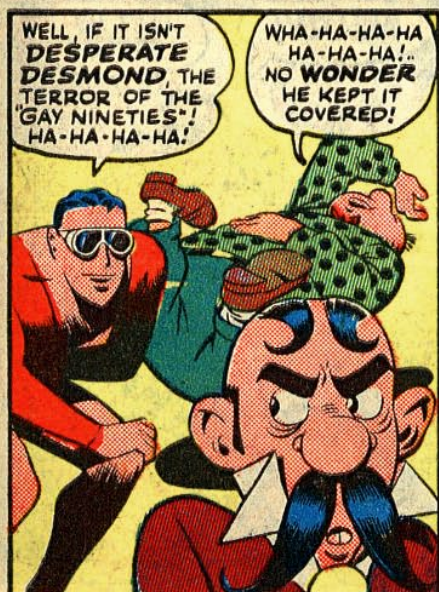
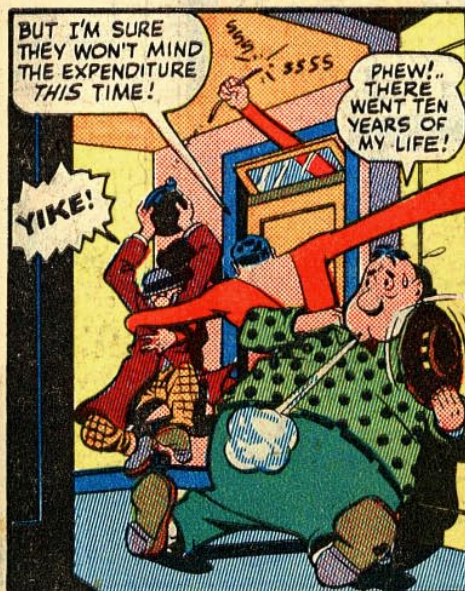
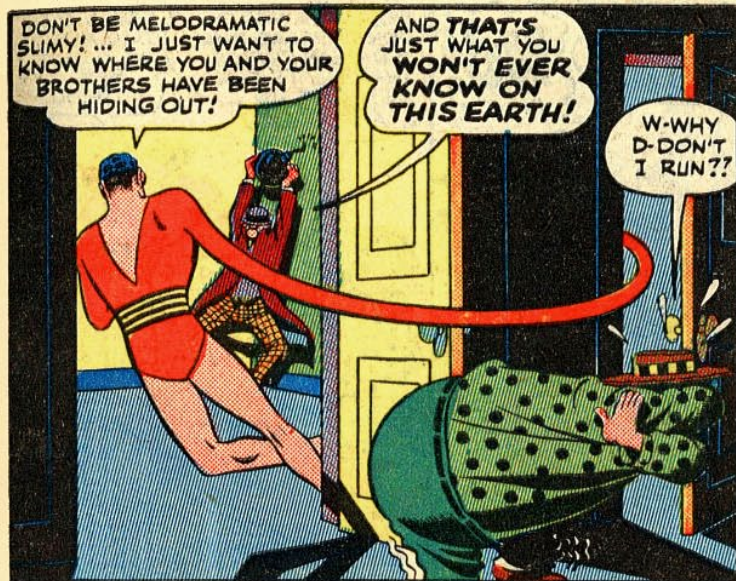
PLASTIC MAN

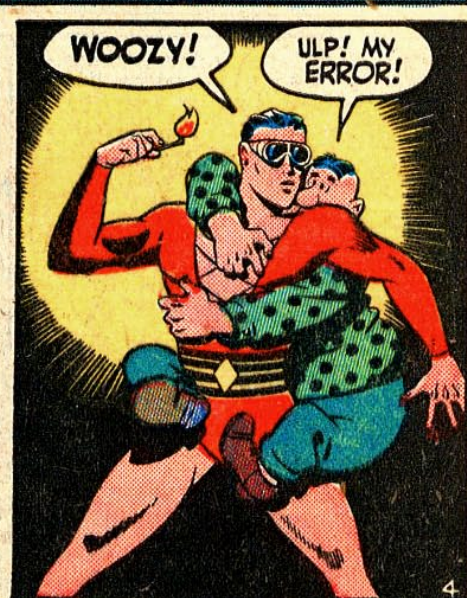
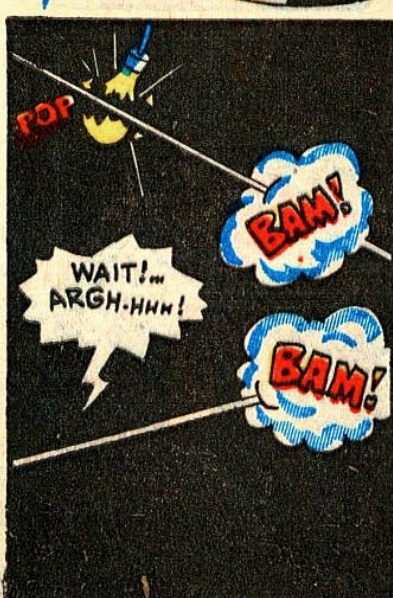
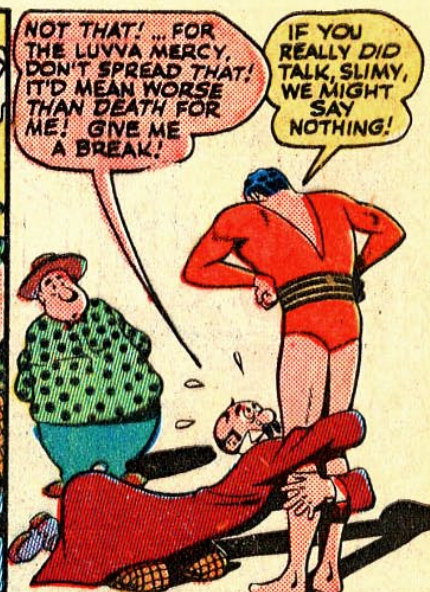
BY
JACK COLE



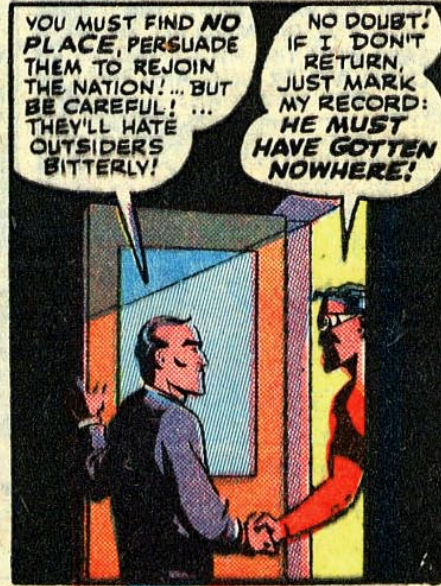
IT'S NOT A MASQUERADE BALL OR A COSTUME PARTY! IT'S PLASTIC MAN AND HIS PAL, WOODY WINKS, IN A WEIRD, WACKY CITY THAT WAS LOST FIFTY YEARS AGO... WHEN THE GAY NINETIES WERE AT THEIR GAYEST AND GOOFIEST!

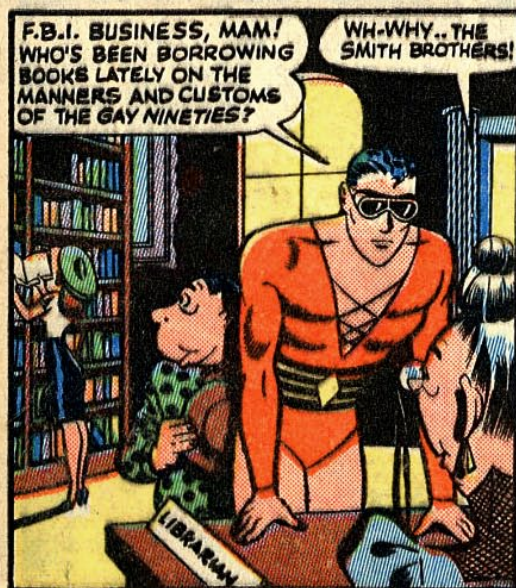
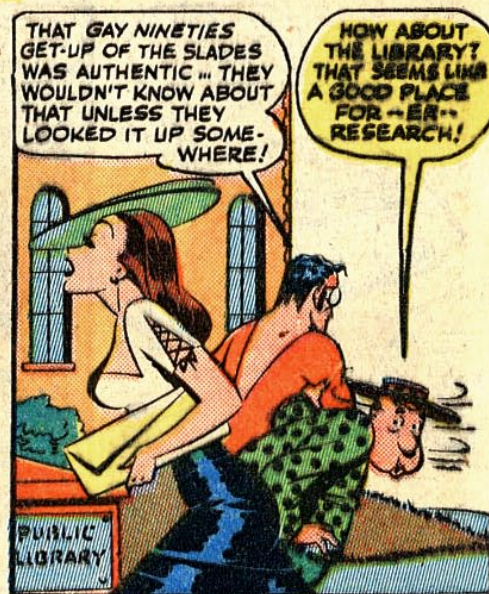


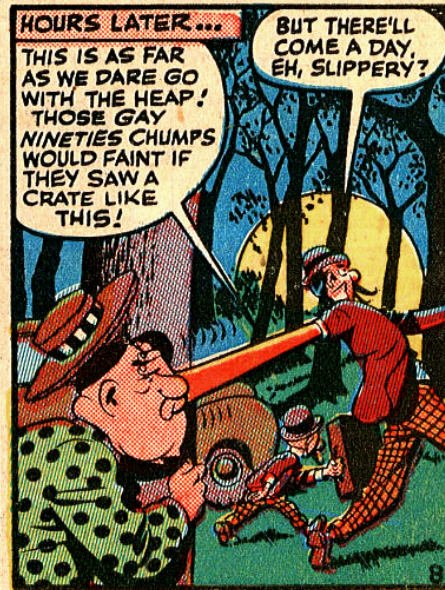
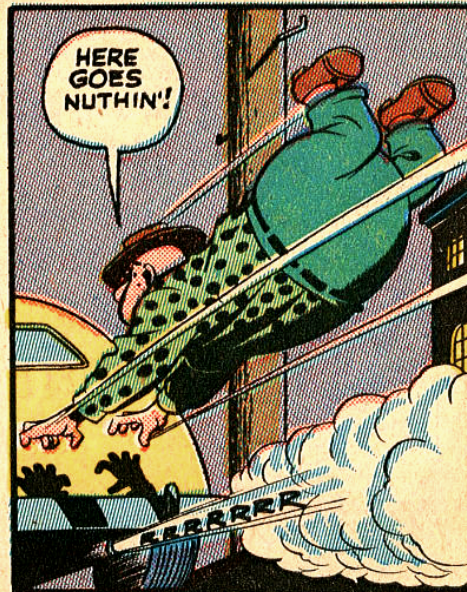
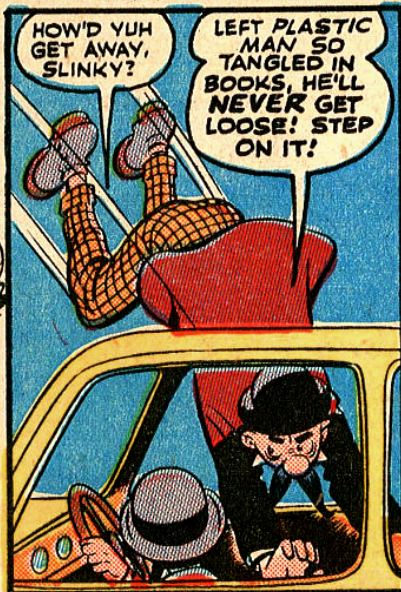
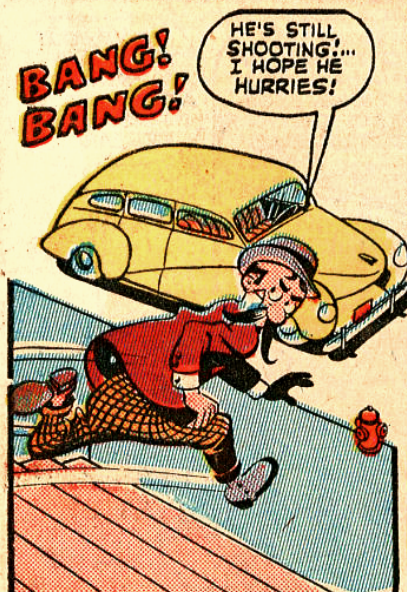
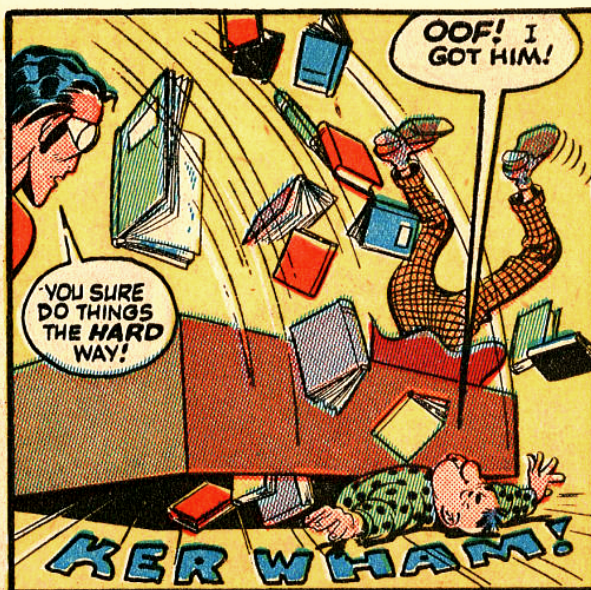


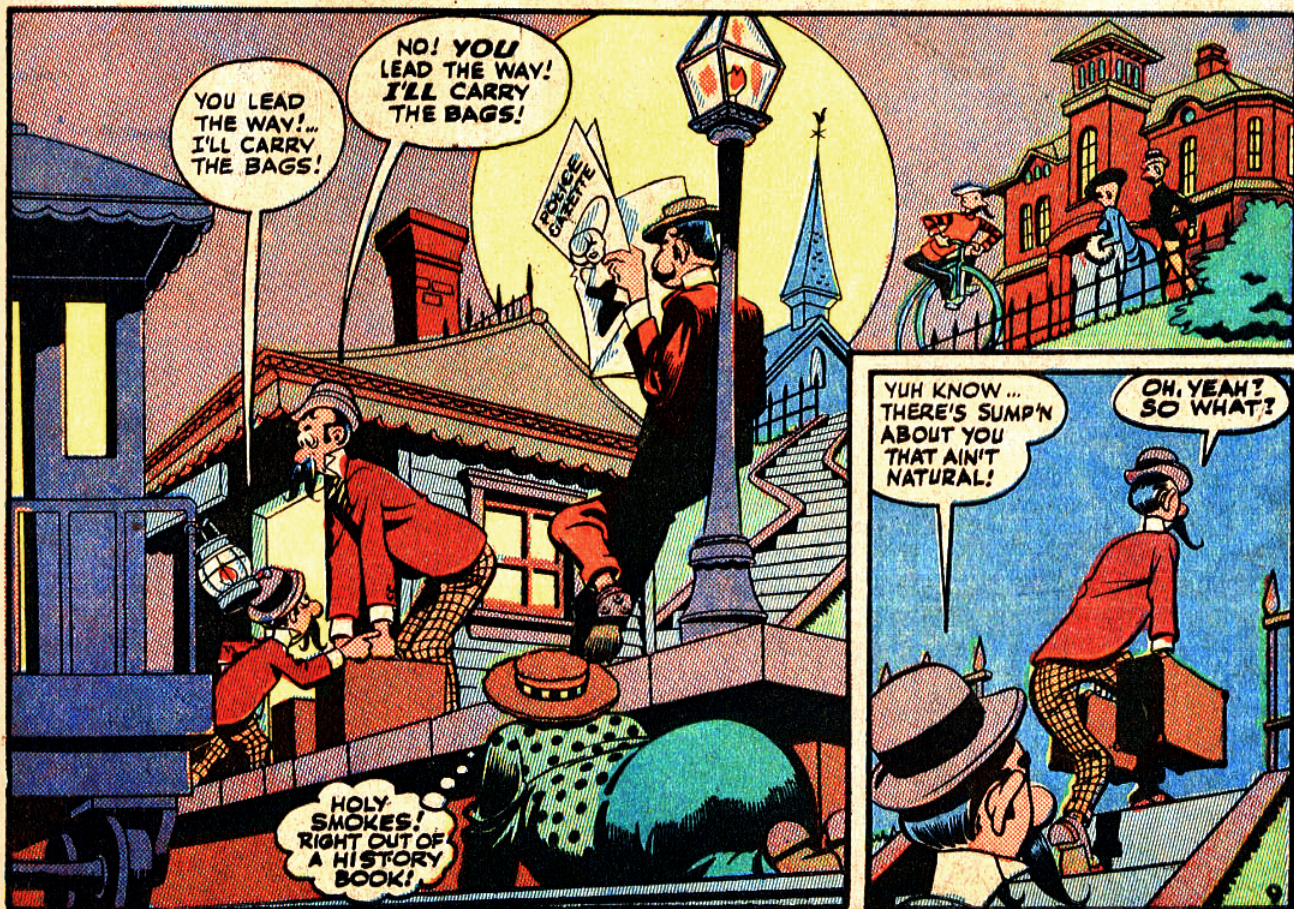
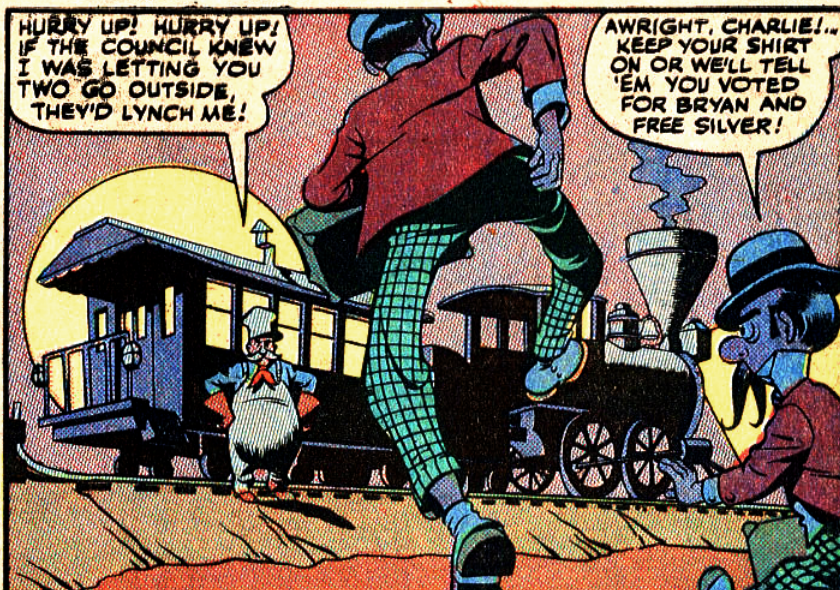
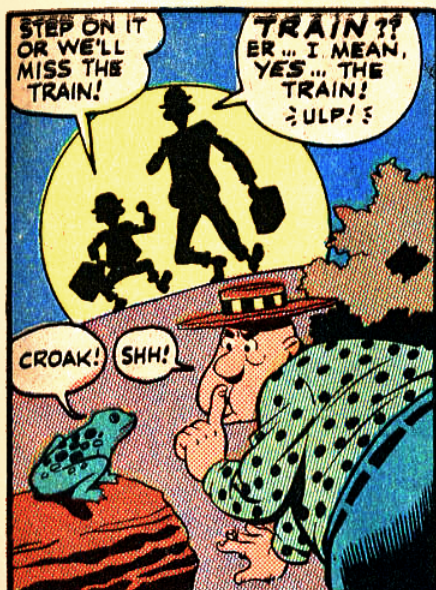


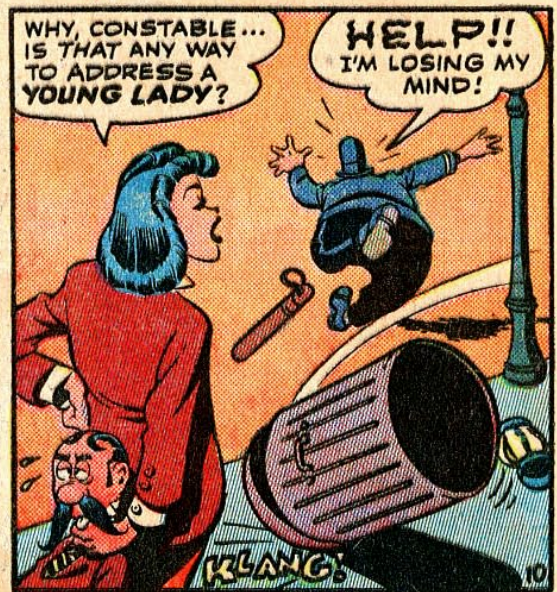
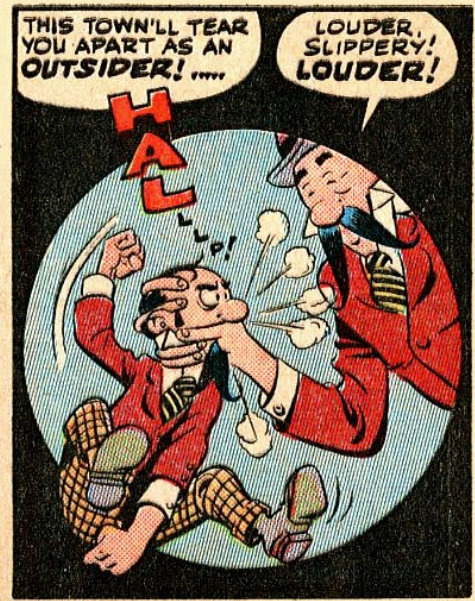


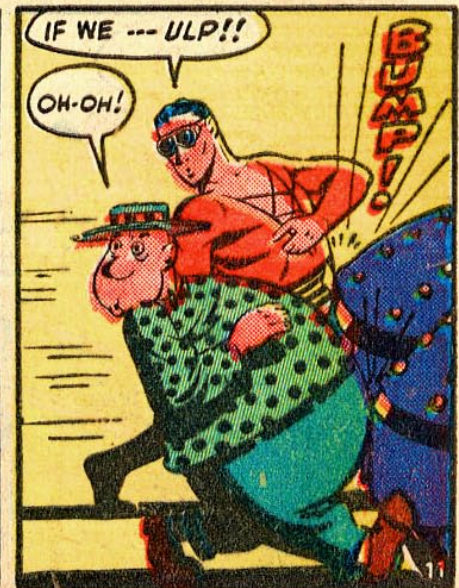


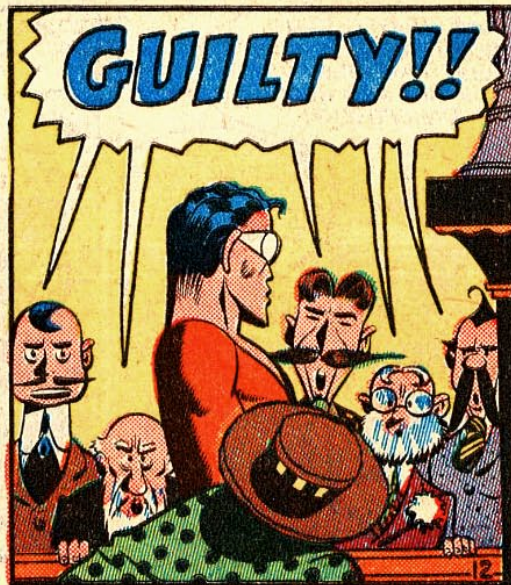
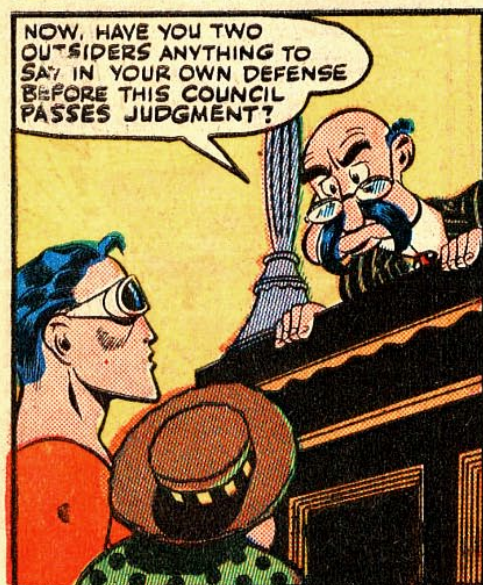
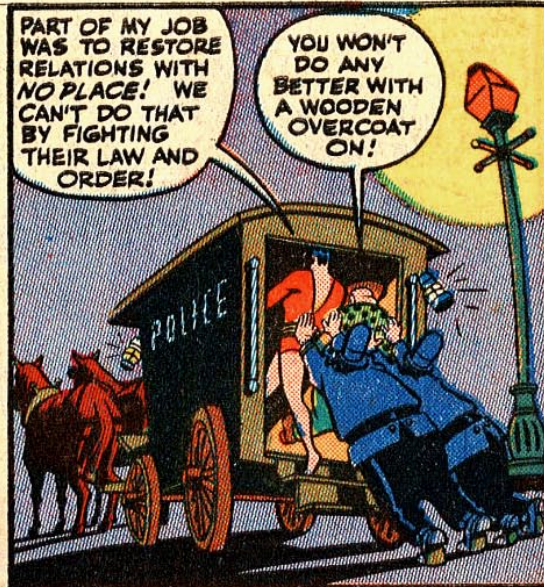


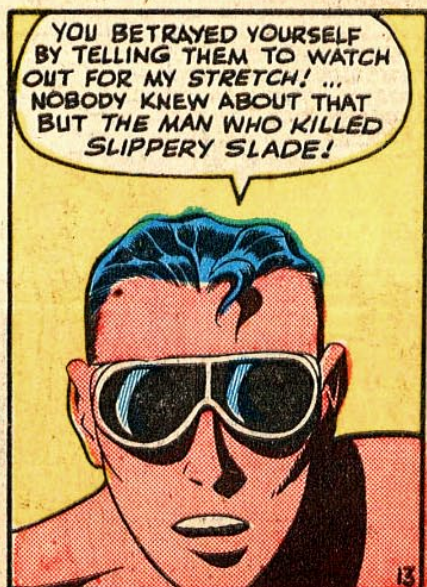
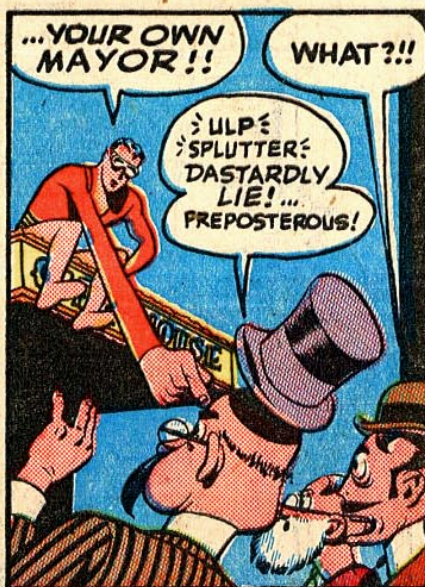
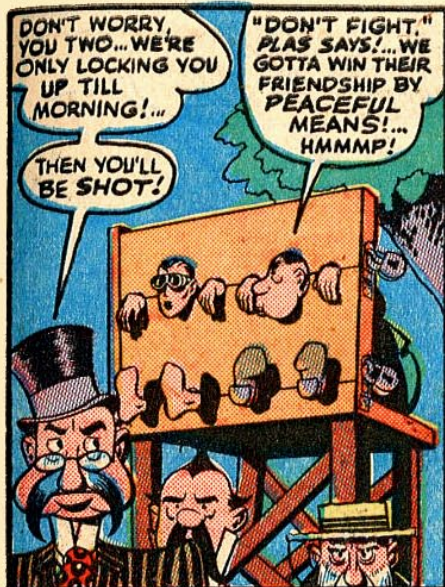


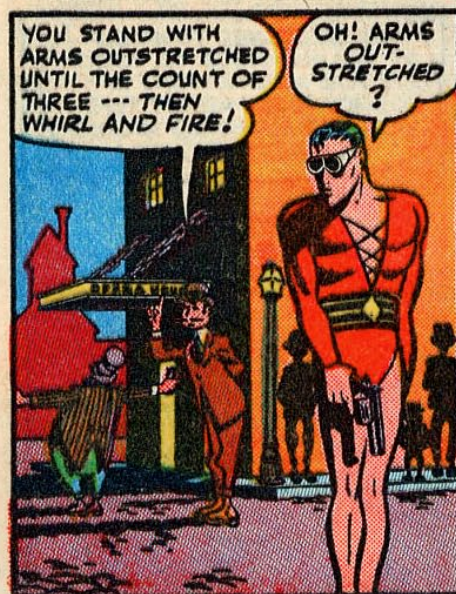
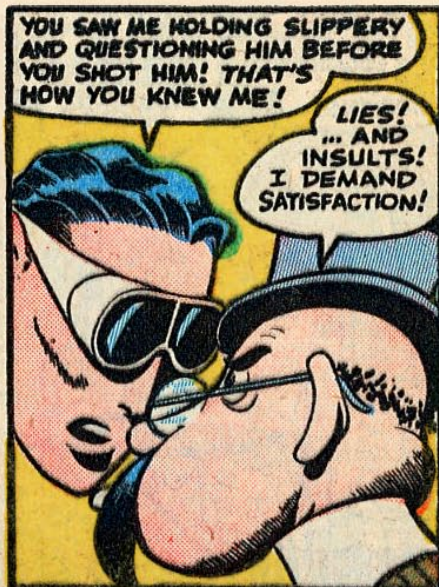


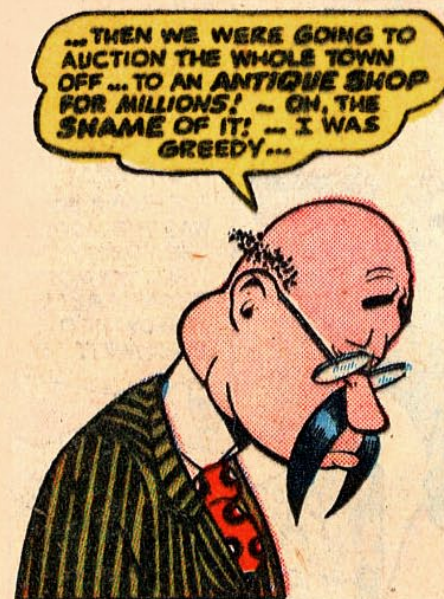
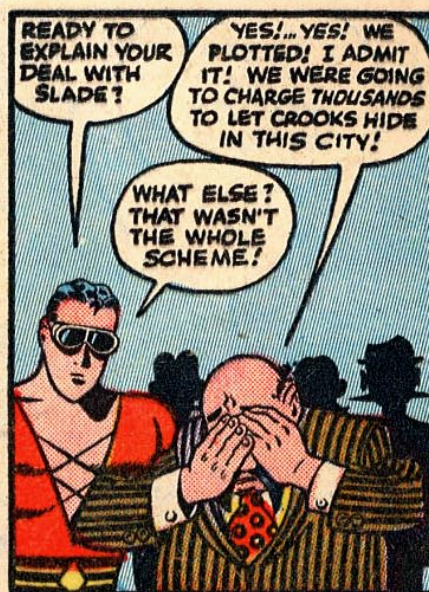














I INSIST
I AM
WOOZY
WINKS!

AND I'M
PLASTIC
MAN!!

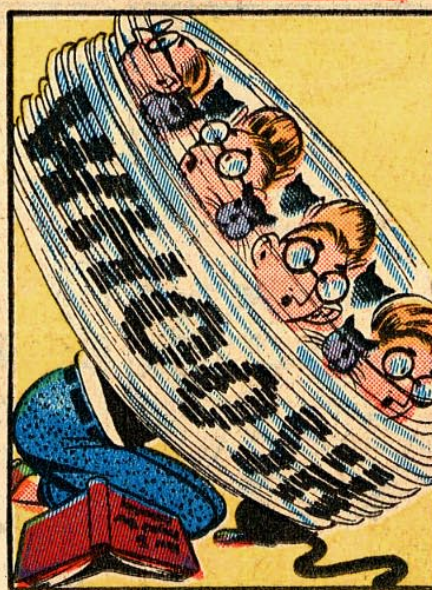
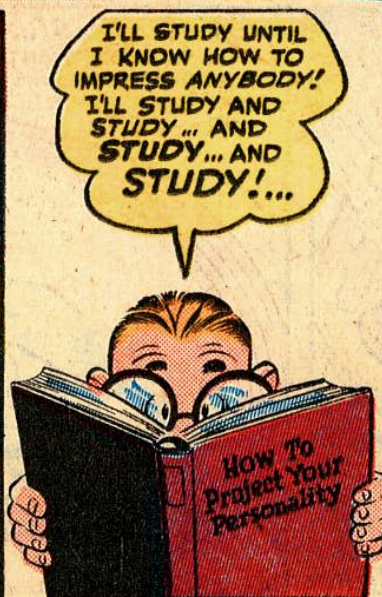
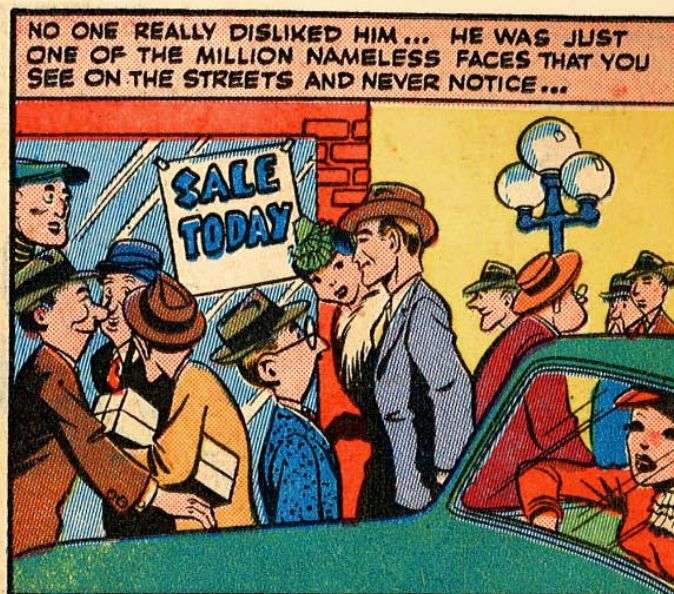
AND I'M
NAPOLEON...
COME QUIETLY,
BOYS!

ELMER BODY
WAS A MEEK,
INOFFENSIVE
LITTLE MAN, WHO
WOULDN'T HARM
A SOUL... BUT
HE POSSESSED
ONE STRANGE...
YES, ONE MIGHT
EVEN SAY
UNIQUE QUALITY!
OR SHOULD WE
CALL IT A
POWER?

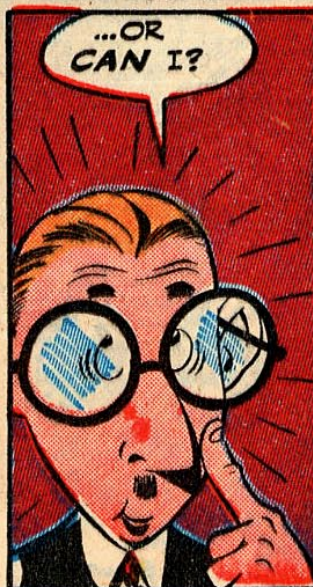
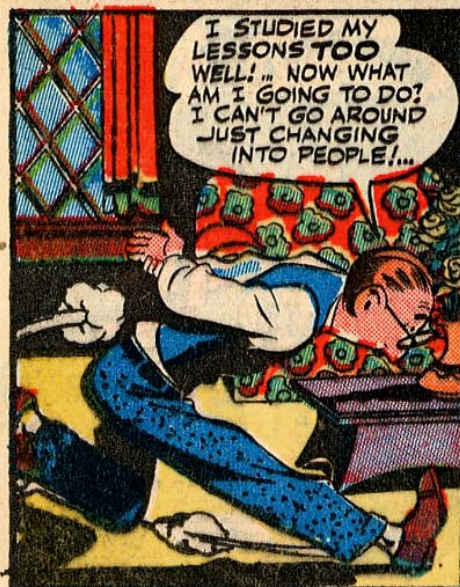
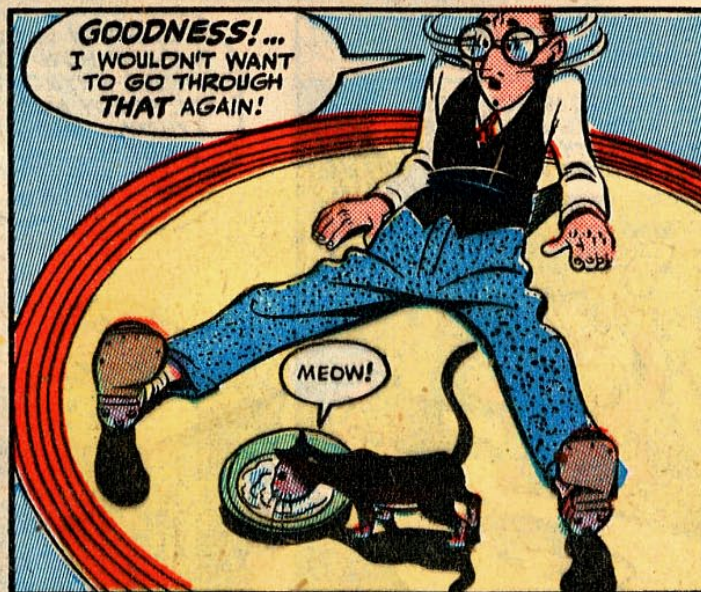
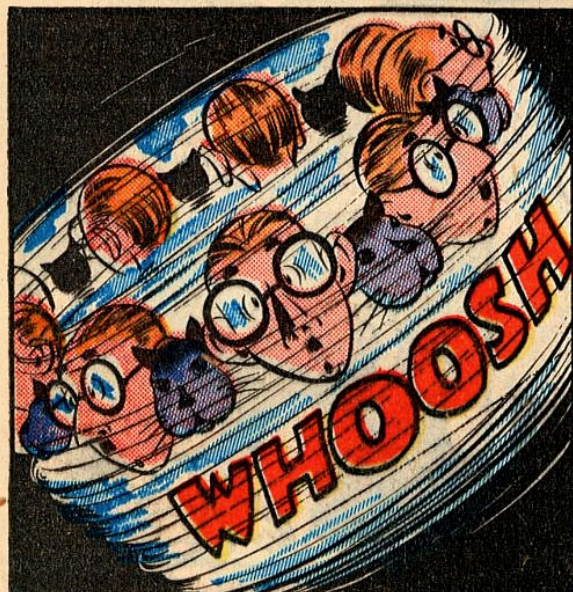
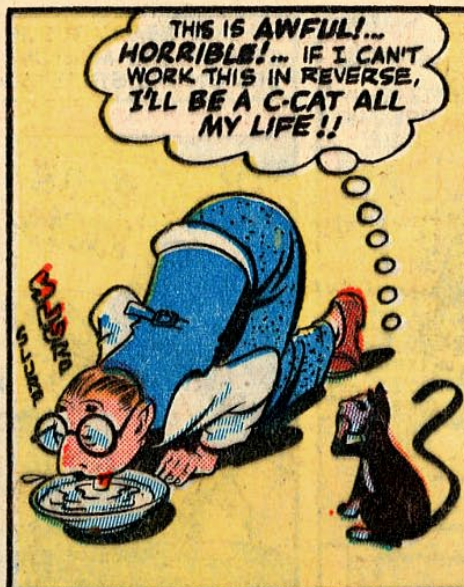
PLASTIC MAN
DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO CALL
IT EITHER!
FOR ELMER BODY
WAS THE MOST...
THE MOST...
WELL, THE MOST
CHANGEABLE
PERSON HE'D
EVER MET!

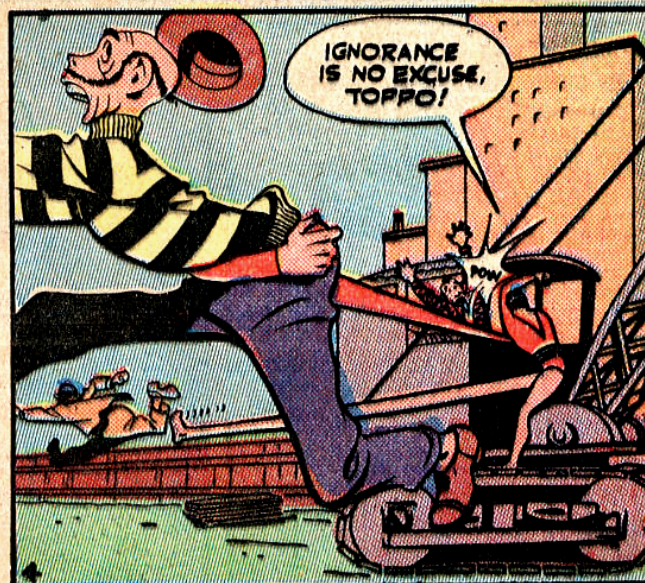
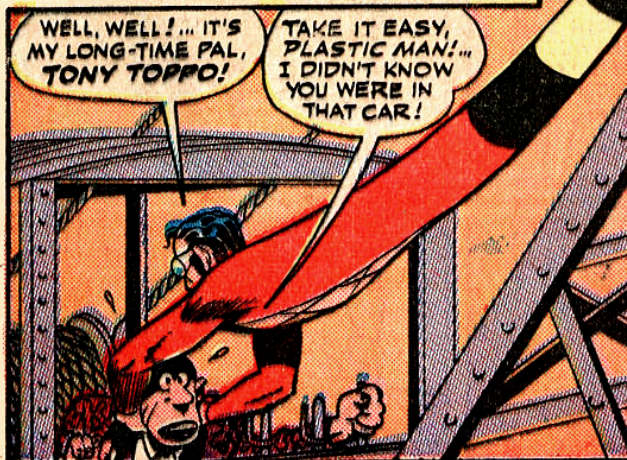
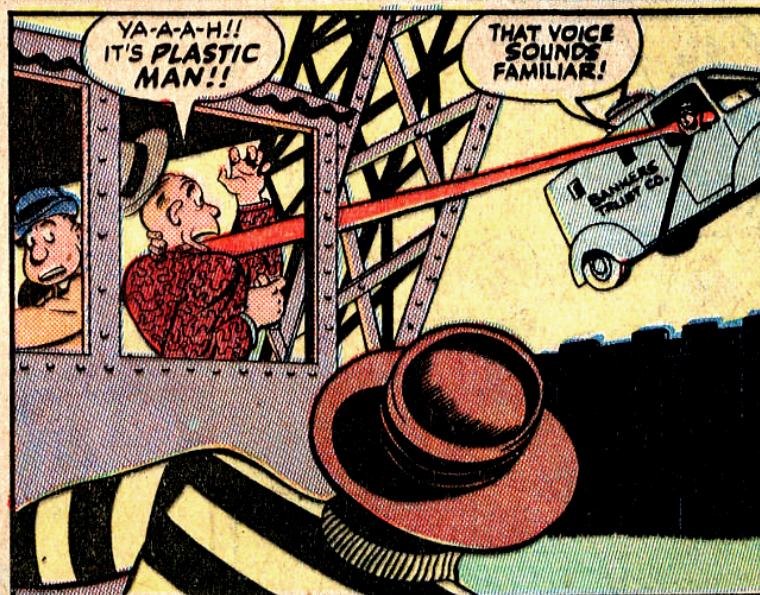
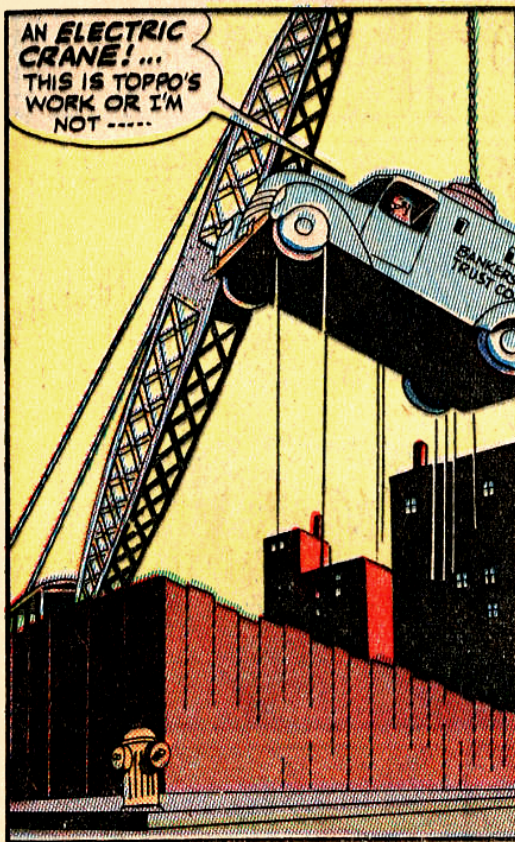
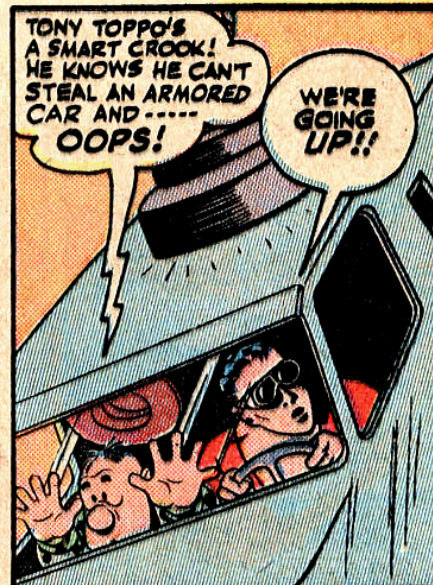
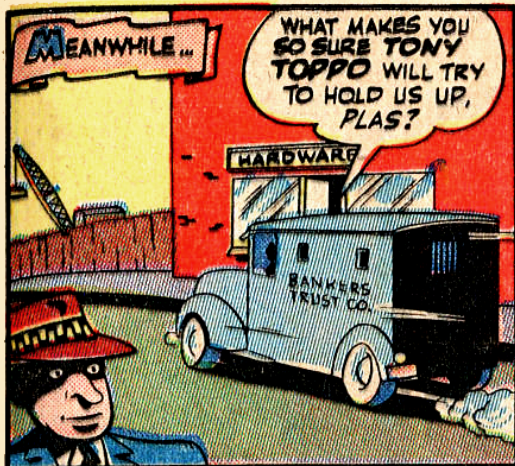
PADDED CELL
INN...

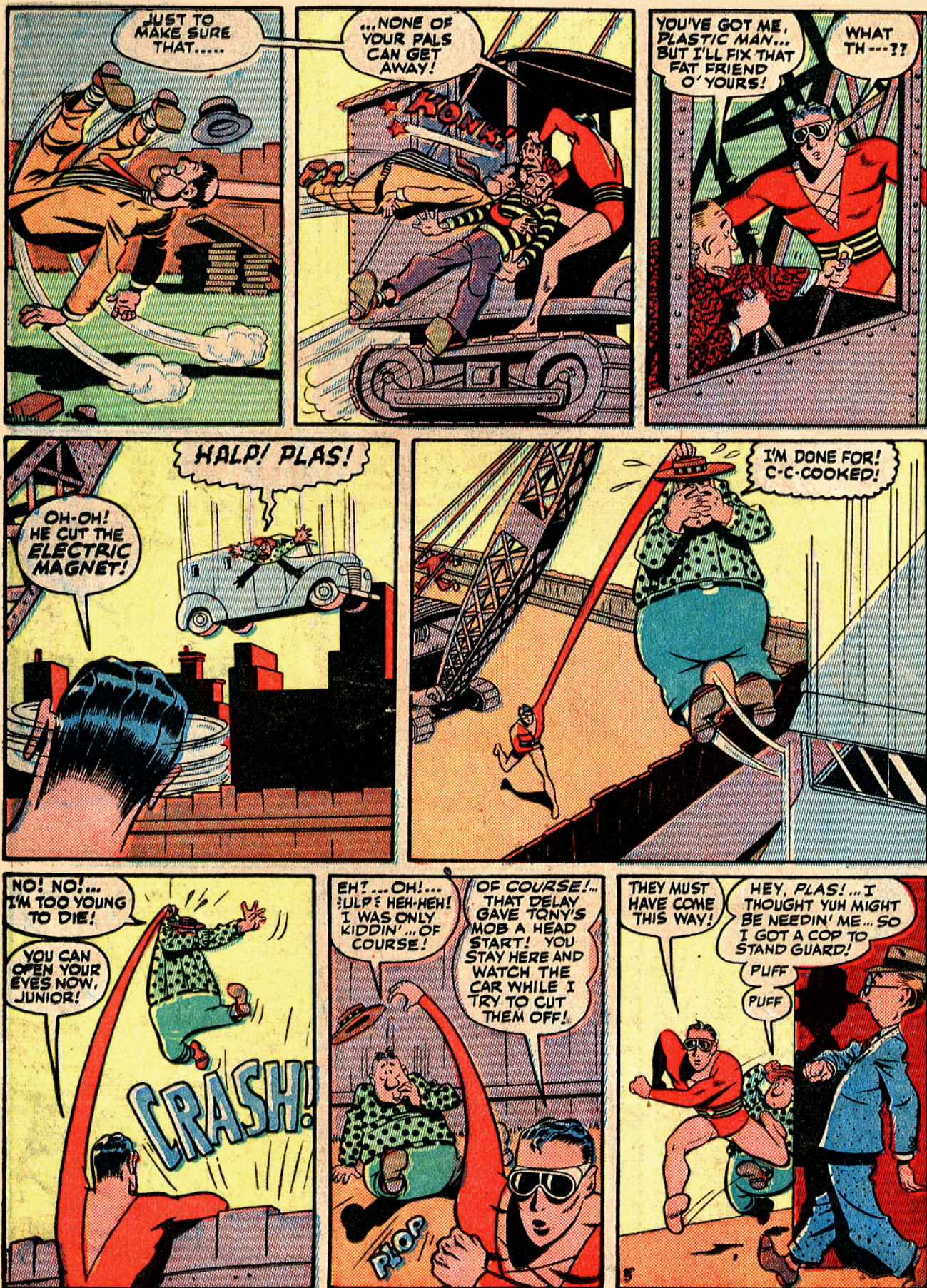
by
JACK
COLE

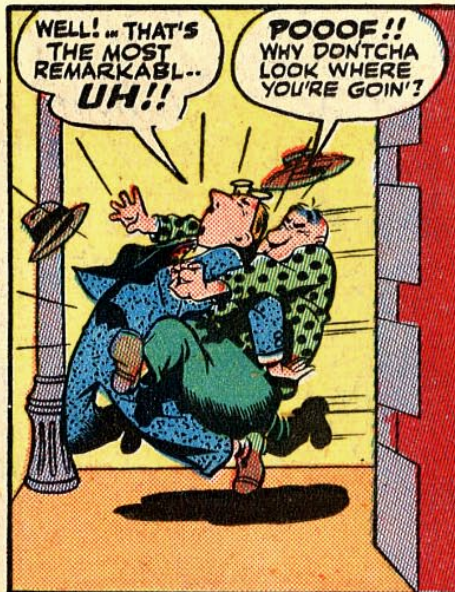
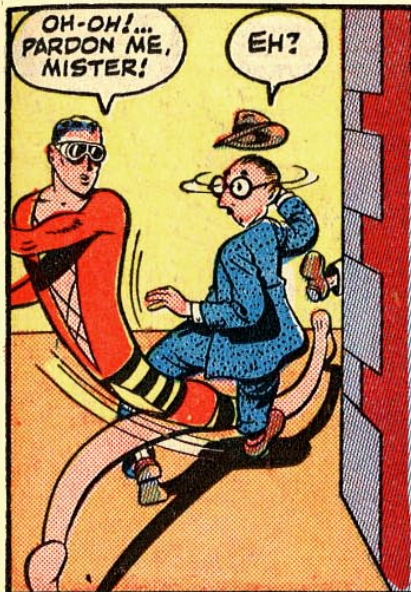


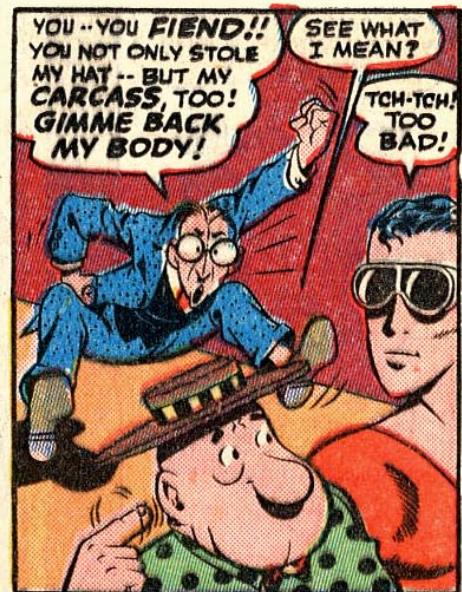
GOOD HEAVENS! ... I IMPRESSED MY PERSONALITY ON THE CAT SO MUCH THAT WE CHANGED PLACES!



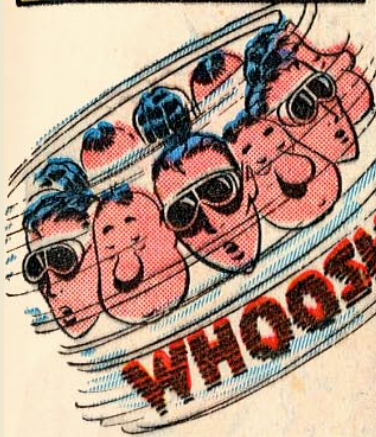






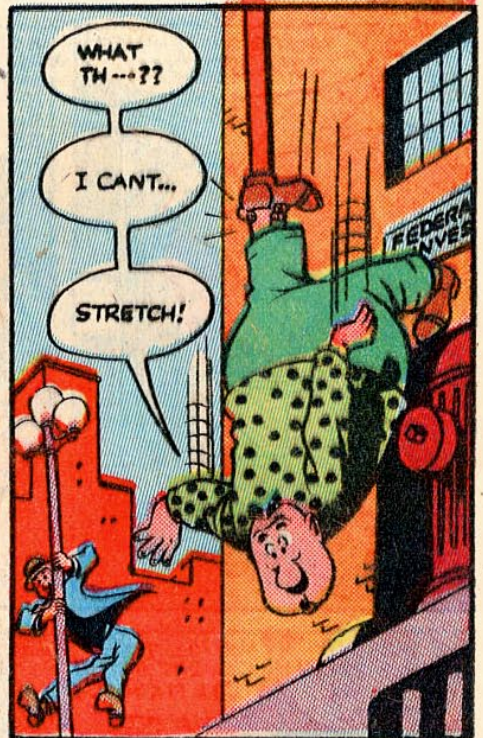


OH-OH! ... THERE IT GOES AGAIN... ELMER BODY IS NOW PLASTIC MAN AND PLASTIC MAN IS WOOLY! ... WHAT A MESS!!



SO LONG, BOYS! MIND IF I TAKE A SHORT CUT?

WOOLY! ARE YOU INSANE?



WHAT TH...??

I CANT...

STRETCH!



TCH! TCH!... I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D FEEL THAT BAD ABOUT NOT COMING WITH ME!

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE... PLASTIC MAN?

BUT I AM PLASTIC MAN! ... I MEAN HE'S NOT... OH, GOLLY!



KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, CHIEF... THE POOR BOY'S DELIRIOUS! HE'S LIABLE TO TRY SUICIDE AGAIN!

BUT... BUT YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! ... HE'S NOT PLASTIC MAN!

YES, WE KNOW!



FOR THE LAST TIME, CHIEF... WILL YOU LISTEN TO REASON?

JOE! SEND UP A STRAIGHT JACKET! A STRONG ONE! AND HURRY!



IN THE MEANTIME ...

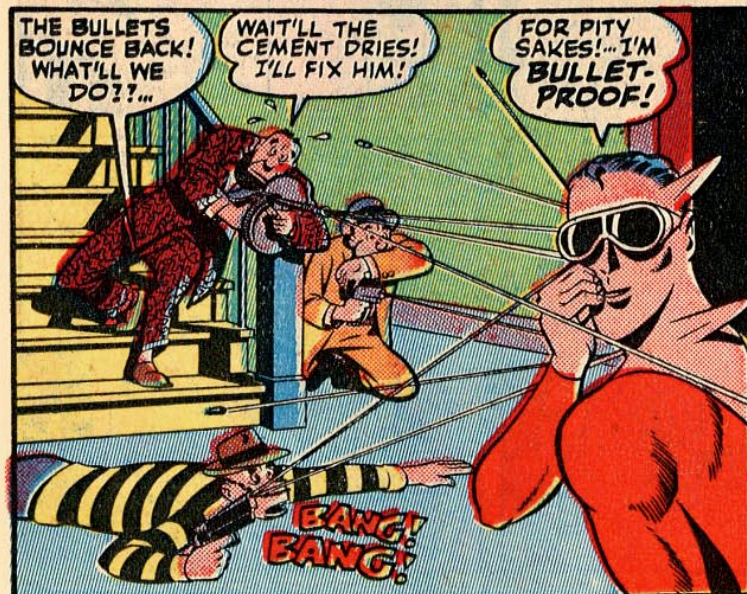
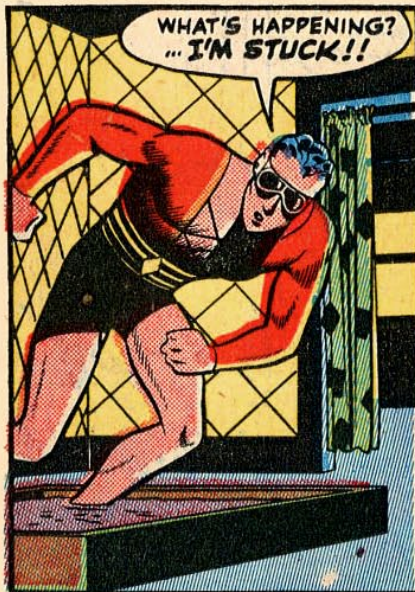
THAT MUST BE MISTER TOPPO'S HIDEOUT ... GOSH! THIS OUGHT TO BE EXCITING!

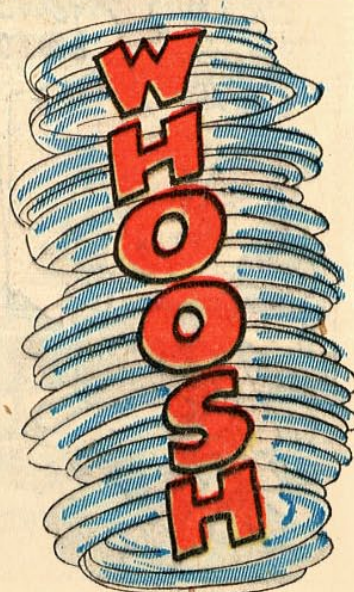


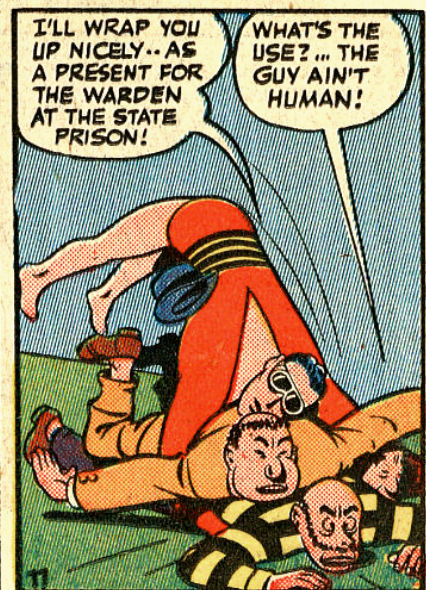
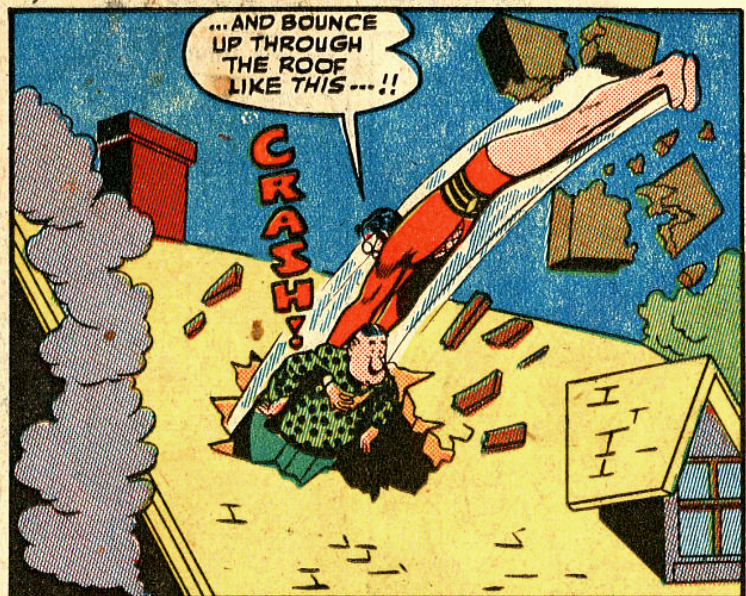
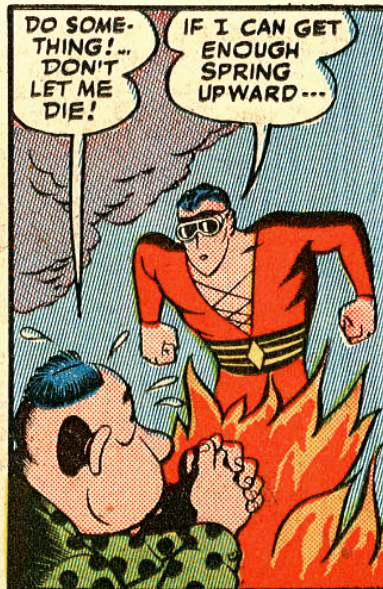
IMAGINE ME BEING THE FAMOUS PLASTIC MAN! HMMM! THE DOOR IS LOCKED!

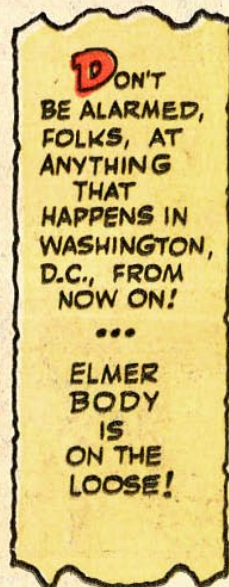
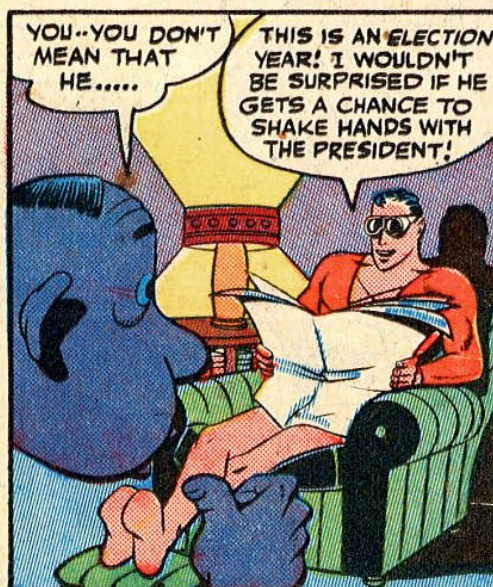
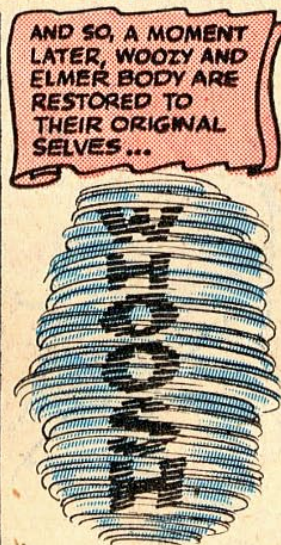
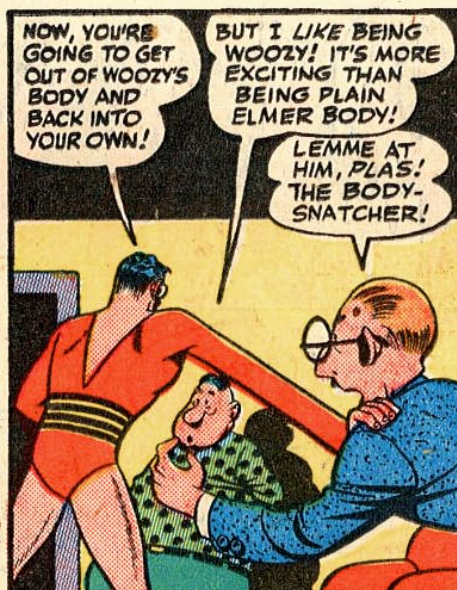


THAT DOESN'T PRESENT ANY PROBLEM FOR ME!... NO WONDER PLASTIC MAN CLEANS UP ON CROOKS! IT'S EASY FOR HIM!



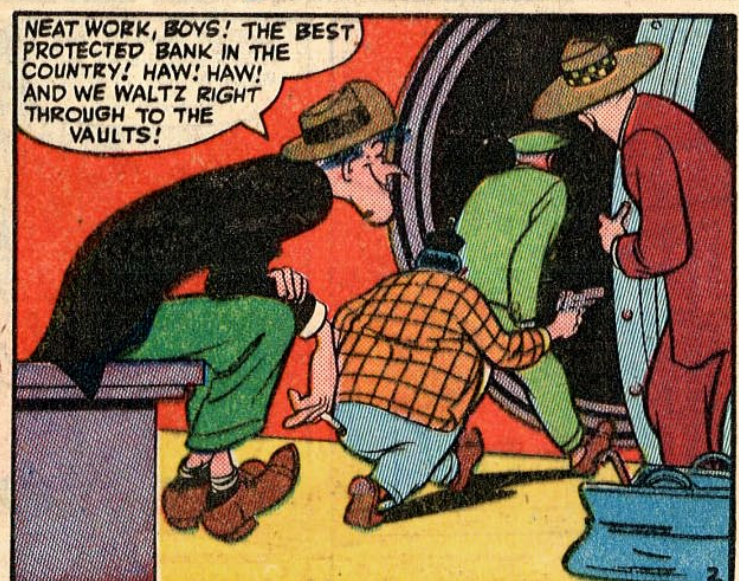
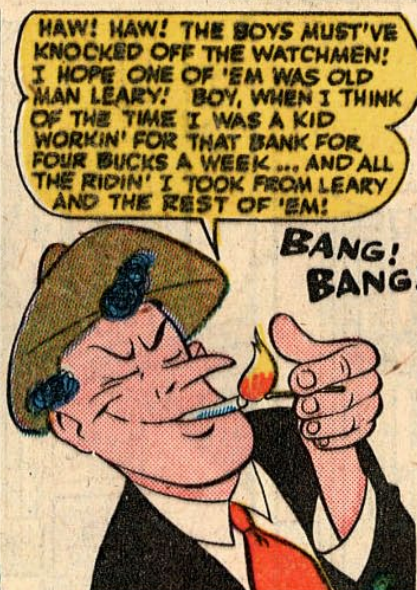
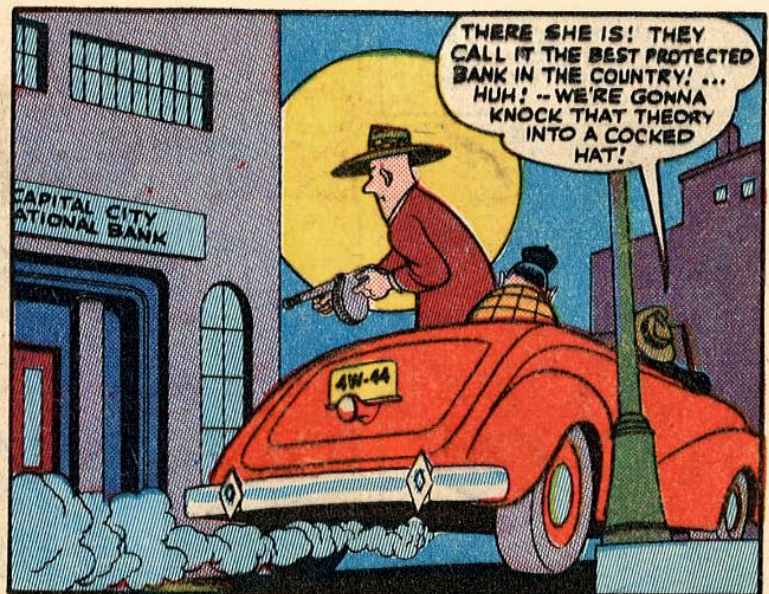
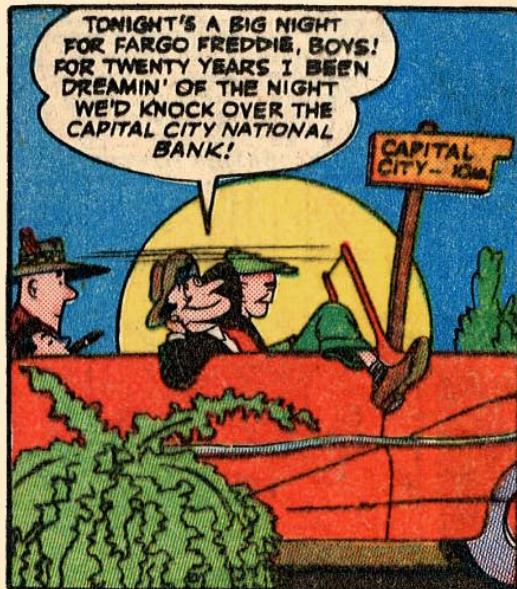




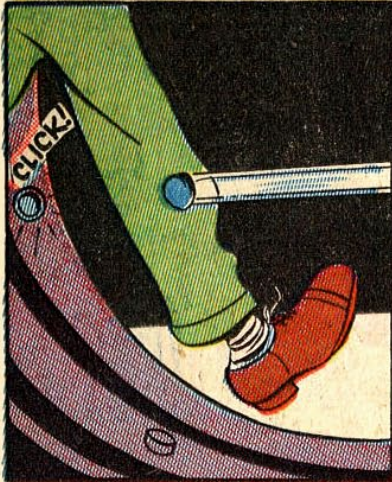


PLASTIC MAN

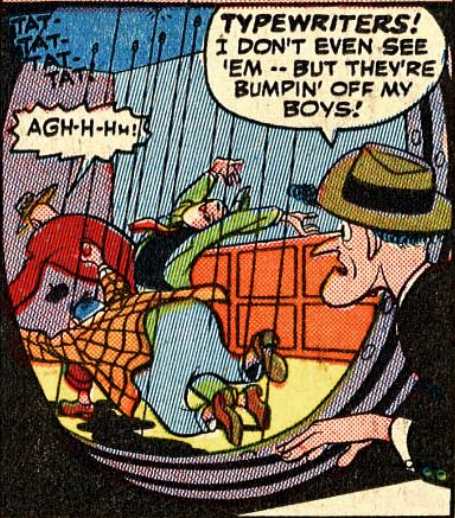




BUT AS FARGO FREDDIE'S MEN ADVANCE, THEY CROSS THE PATH OF AN ELECTRIC EYE CONCEALED IN THE WALL ...



AND SUDDENLY AUTOMATICALLY CONTROLLED MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP ON THEM FROM CONCEALED POSITIONS ...

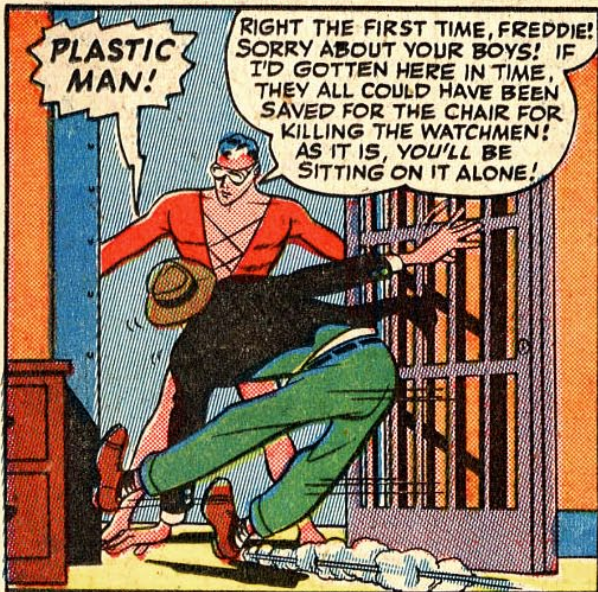


THE BEST PROTECTED BANK IN THE COUNTRY!... GULP!... MAYBE IT STILL IS! GULP!... I COULDA BEEN KNOCKED OF WITH THE REST OF 'EM! ... I'D BETTER POWDER!



PLASTIC MAN!

RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, FREDDIE! SORRY ABOUT YOUR BOYS! IF I'D GOTTEN HERE IN TIME, THEY ALL COULD HAVE BEEN SAVED FOR THE CHAIR FOR KILLING THE WATCHMEN! AS IT IS, YOU'LL BE SITTING ON IT ALONE!



SLAM!

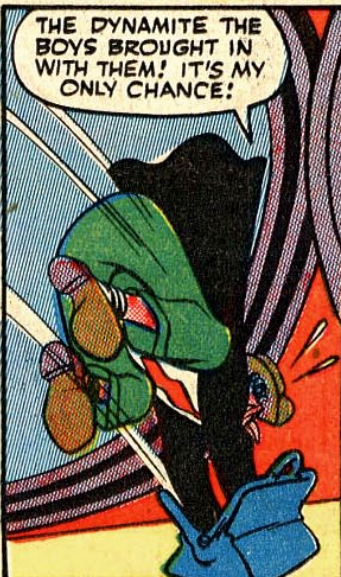
OH, YEAH? NO HOT SEAT FOR FARGO FREDDIE!



YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER THAN THAT, FREDDIE!

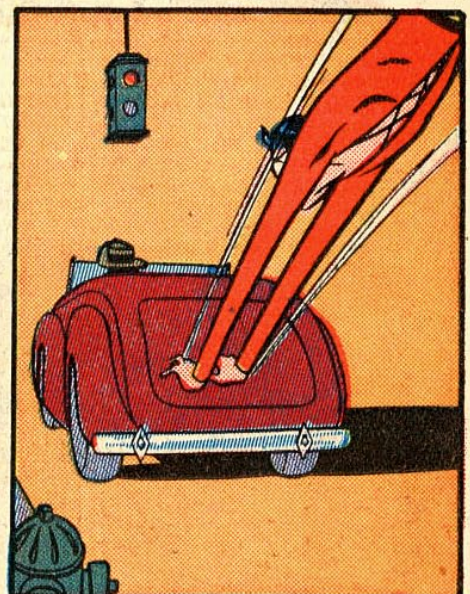
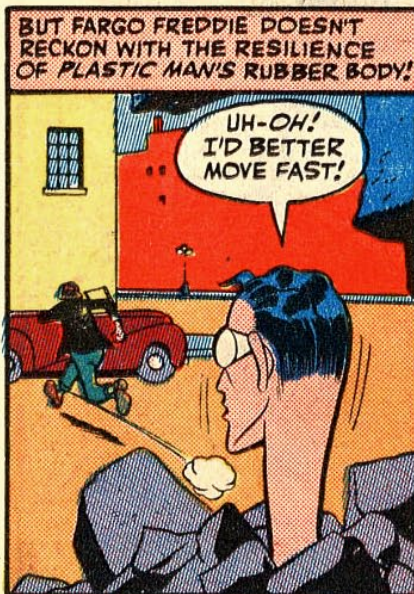
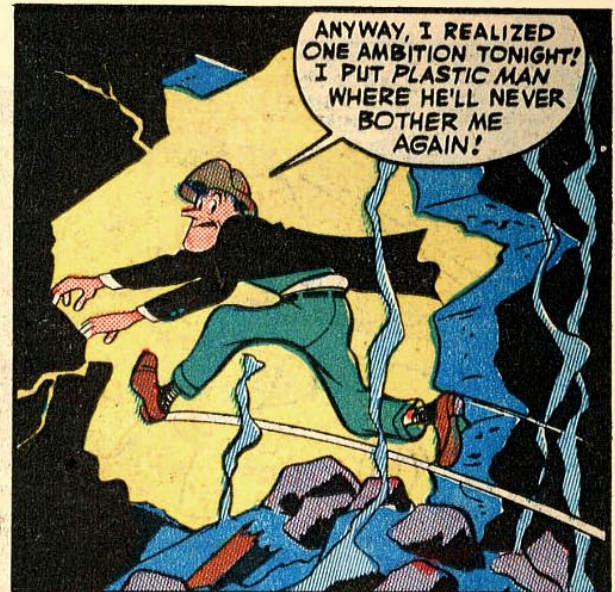
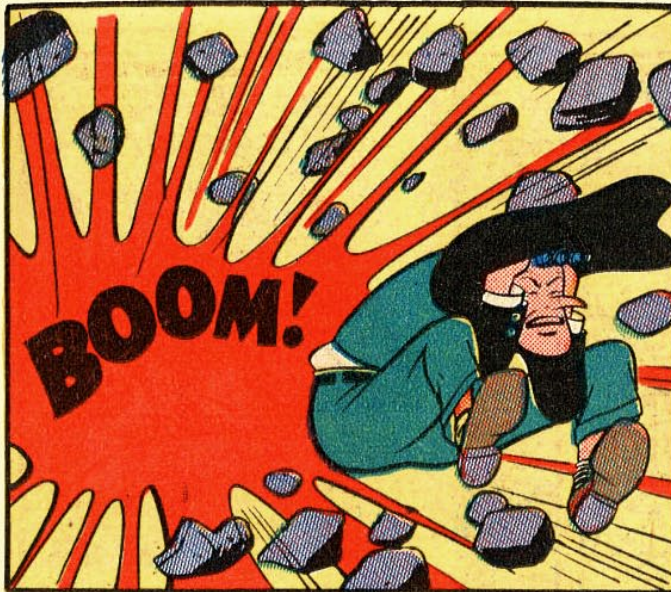


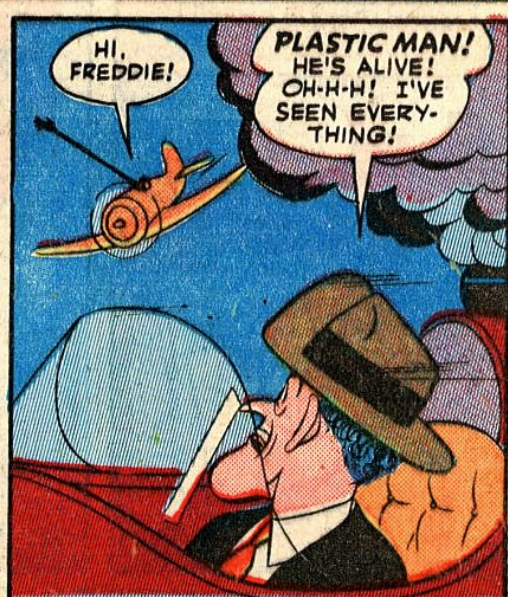
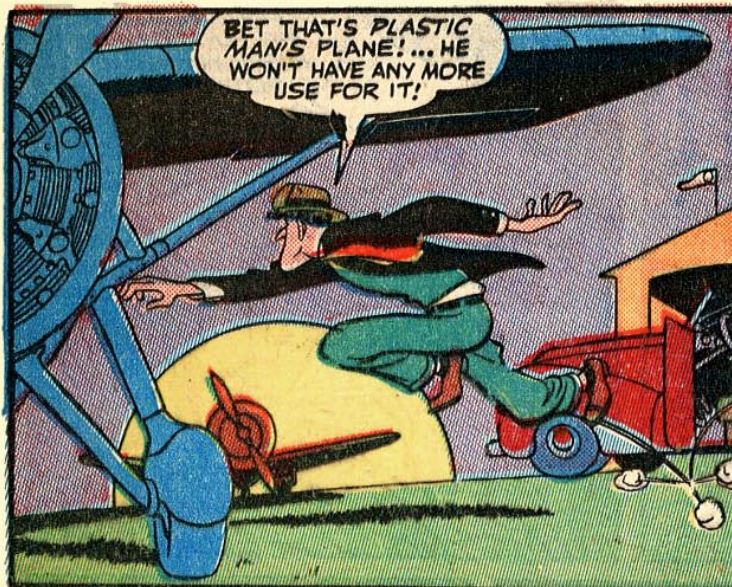
THE DYNAMITE THE BOYS BROUGHT IN WITH THEM! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

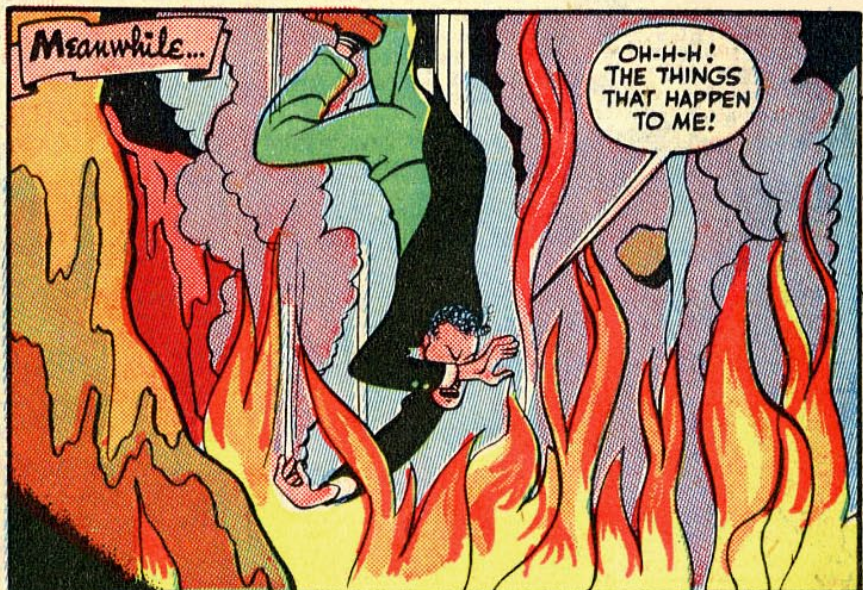


TRY GETTIN' OUTA THIS ONE, PLASTIC MAN!









INTO THE VERY DEPTHS OF THE SEETHING
VOLCANO, FREDDIE FALLS ... FALLS... FALLS...

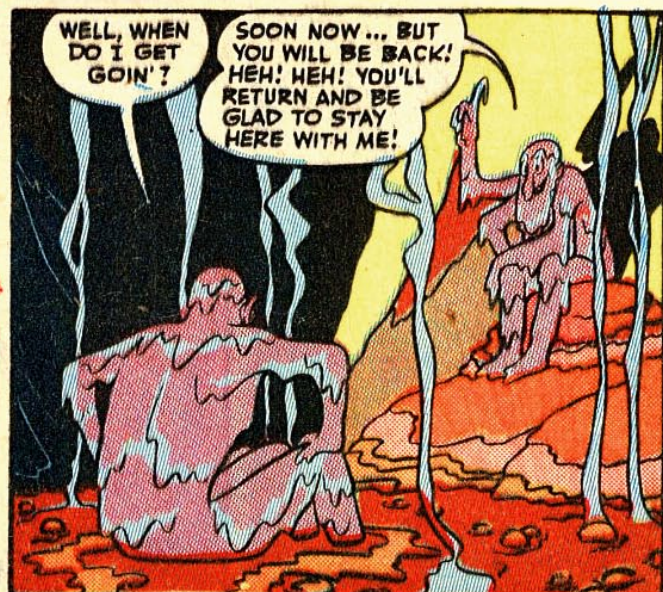
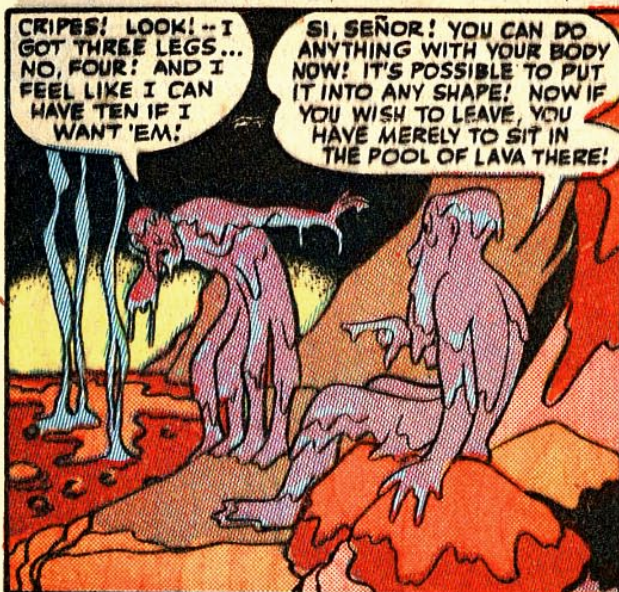
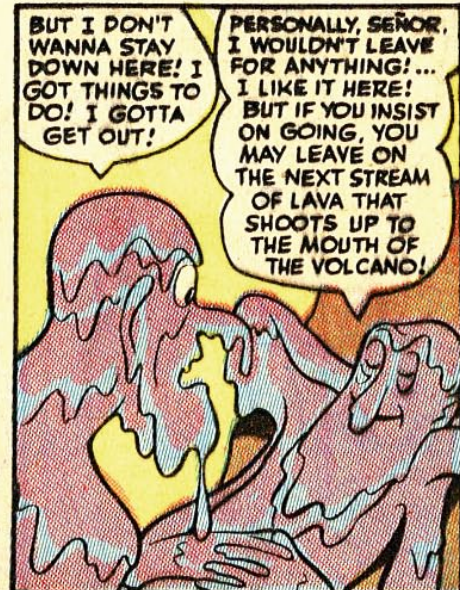


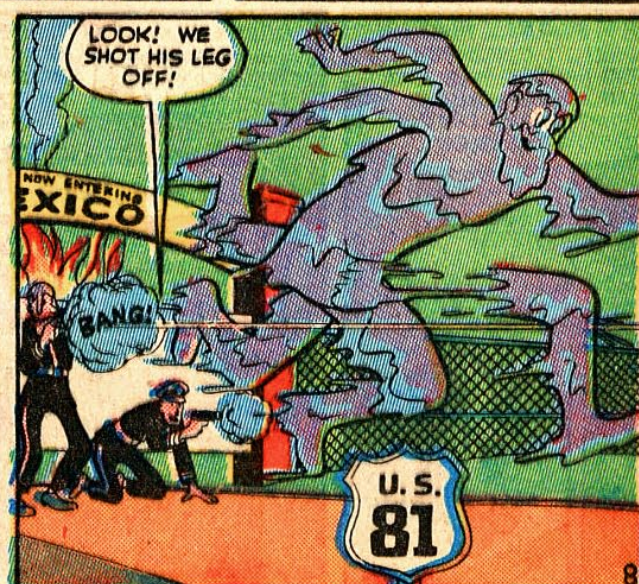
HEH! HEH! HEH! WELCOME,
SEÑOR! WELCOME! I
HAVEN'T HAD A VISITOR
SINCE I CAME HERE!

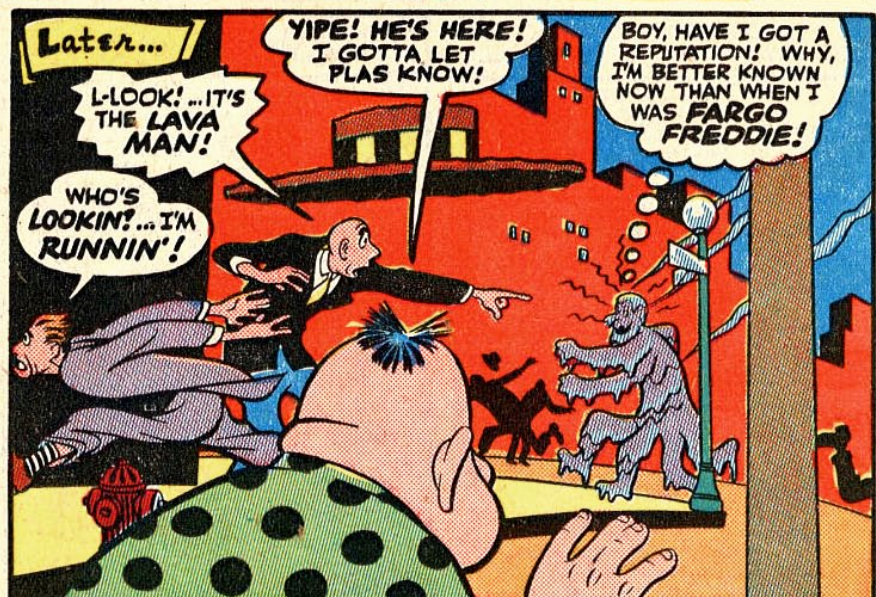
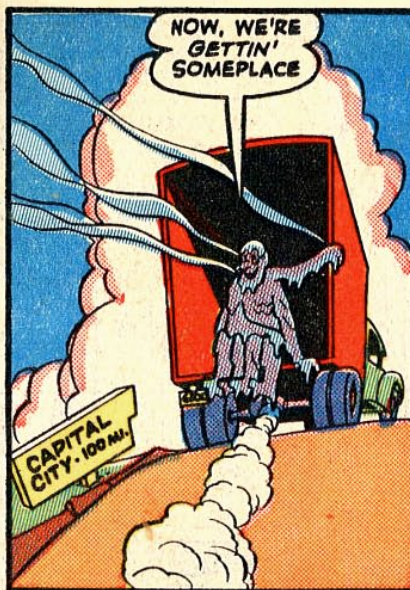
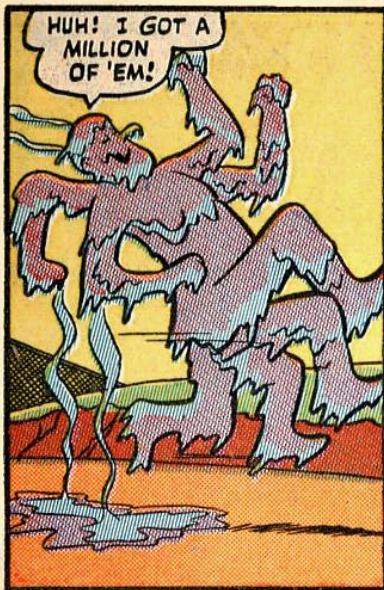


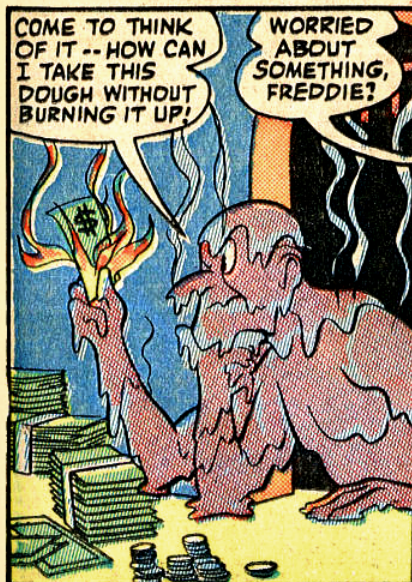
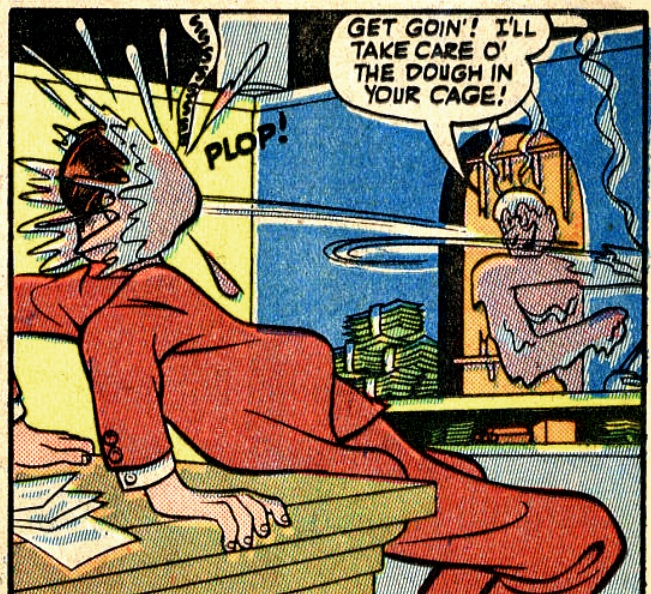
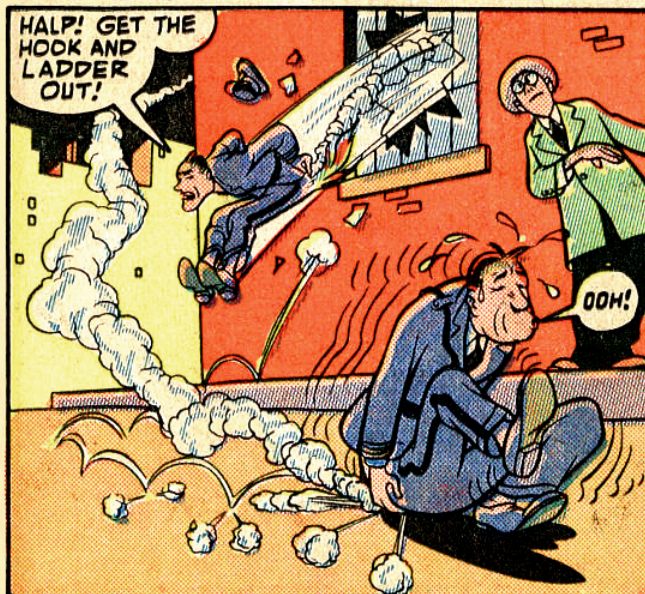
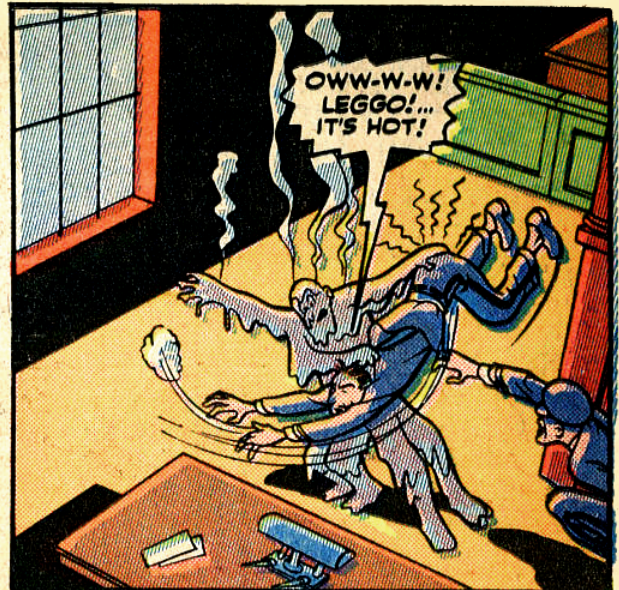
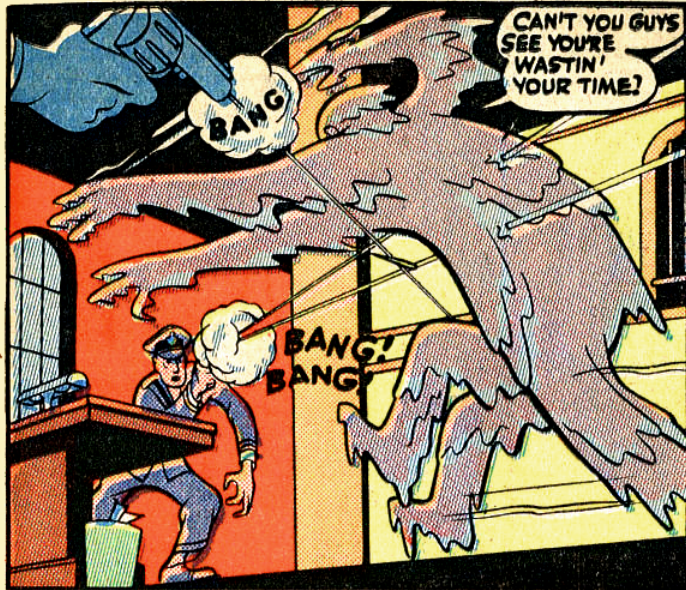
SEE, I HELP YOU UP! ...
HUMAN? PERHAPS! PERHAPS
NOT! ONCE I WAS HUMAN, SEÑOR,
BUT THAT WAS OVER FIVE HUNDRED
YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE VOLCANO
ERUPTED AND SWALLOWED
ME AND MY HOME!

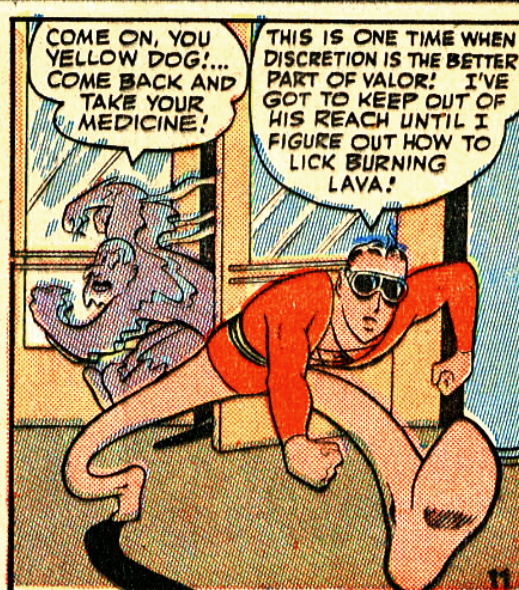
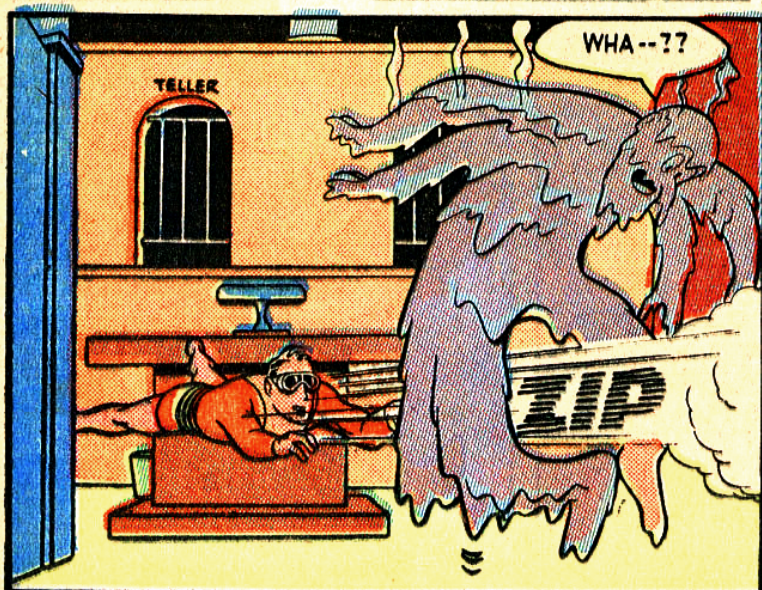
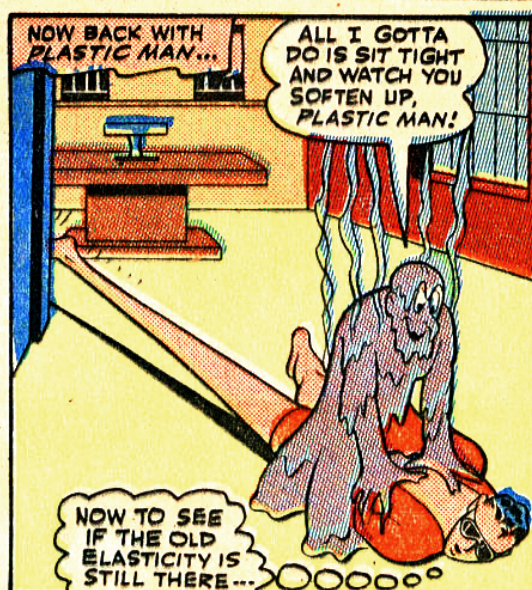
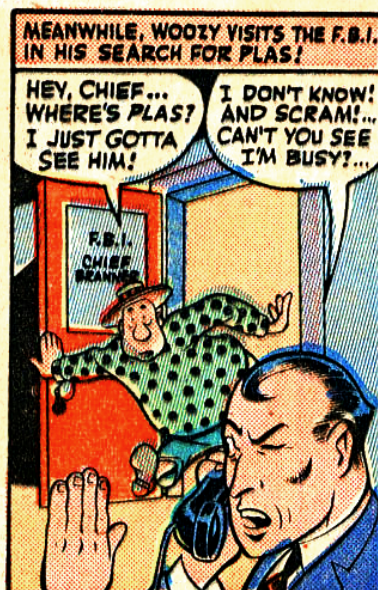
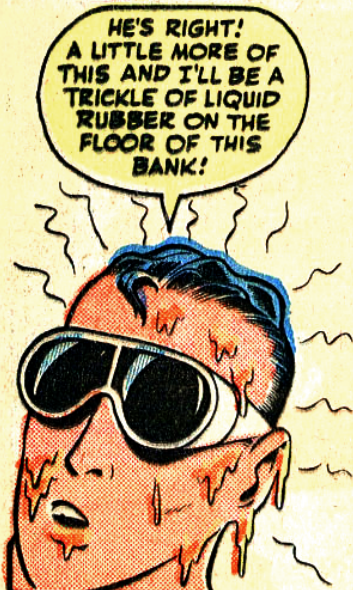
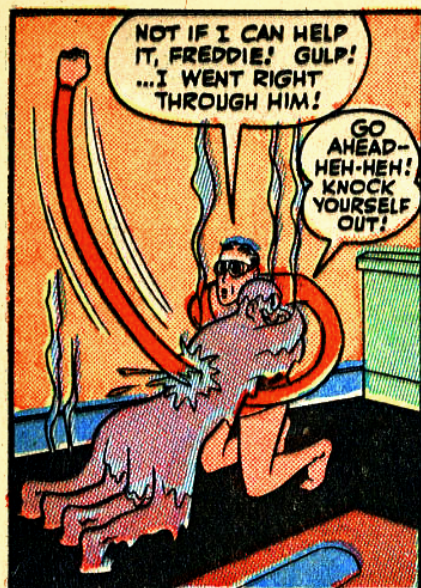


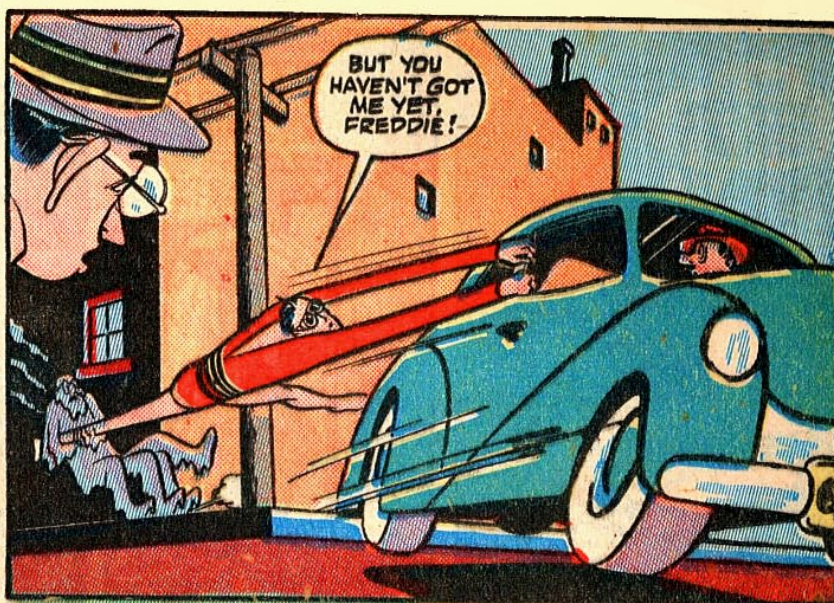


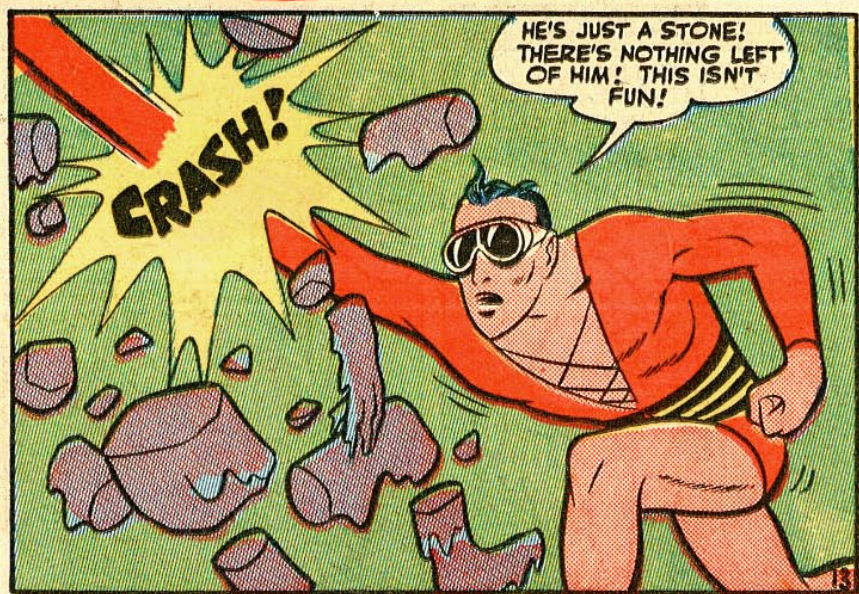
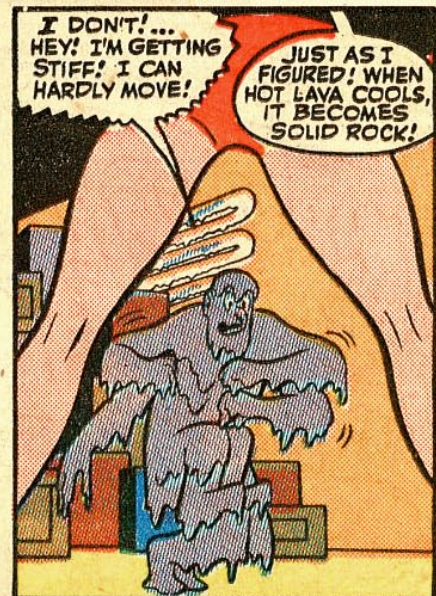
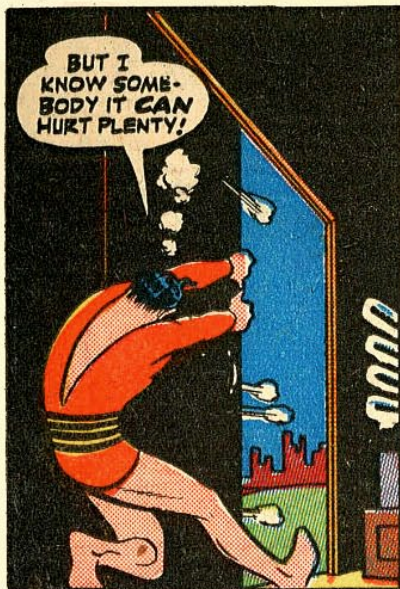


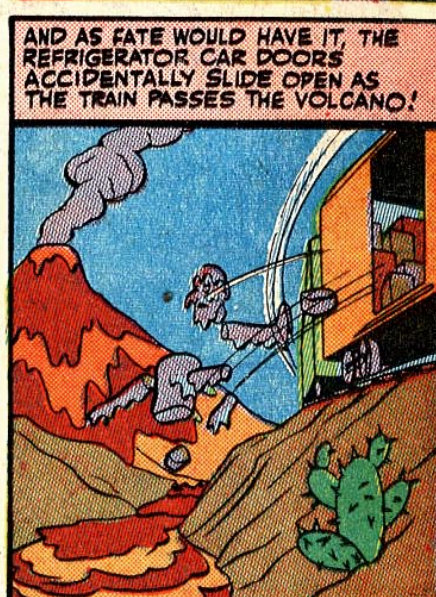


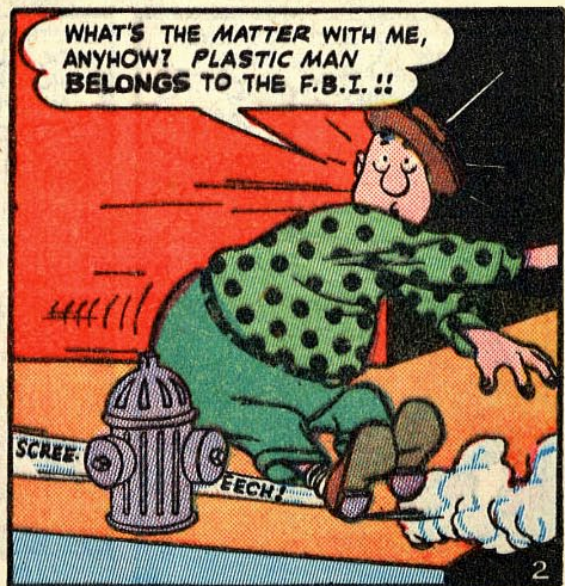
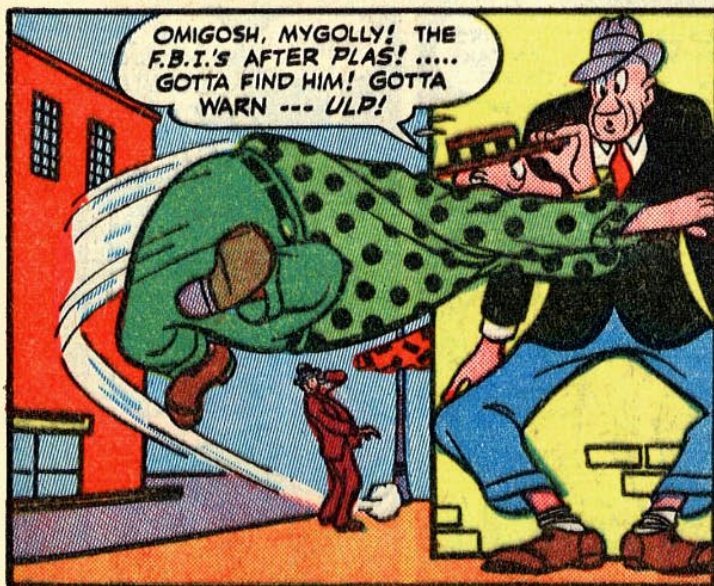
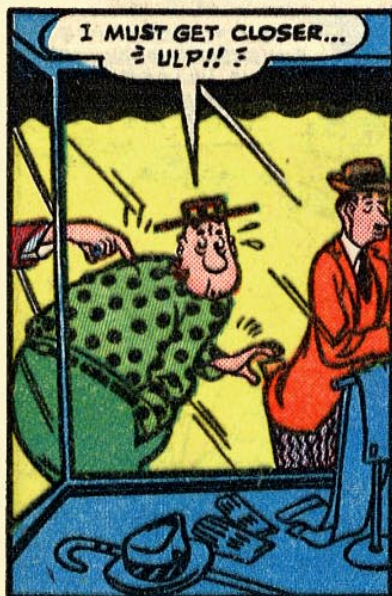
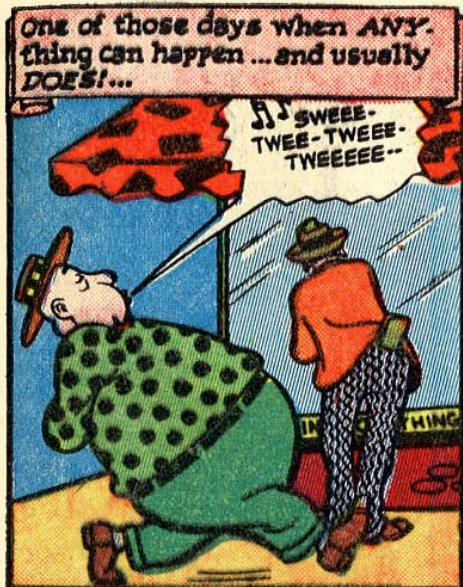


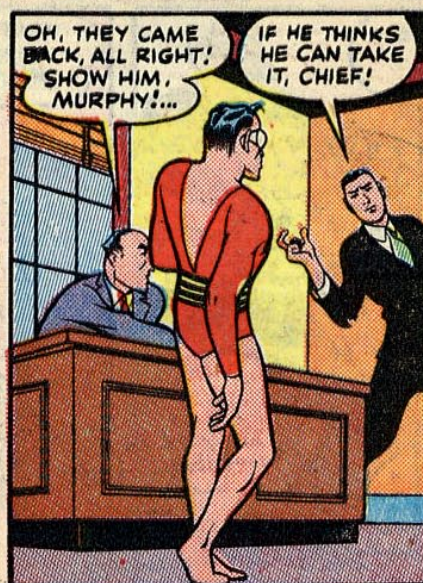
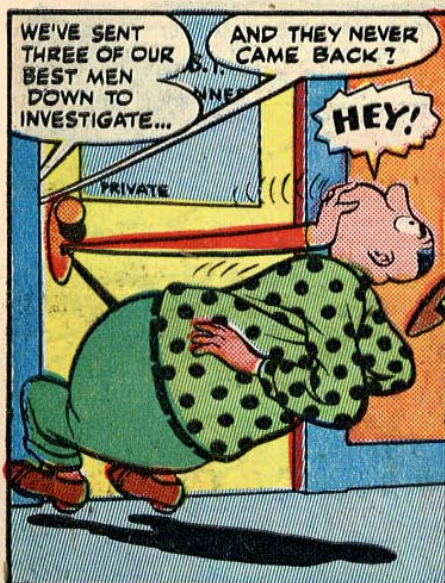
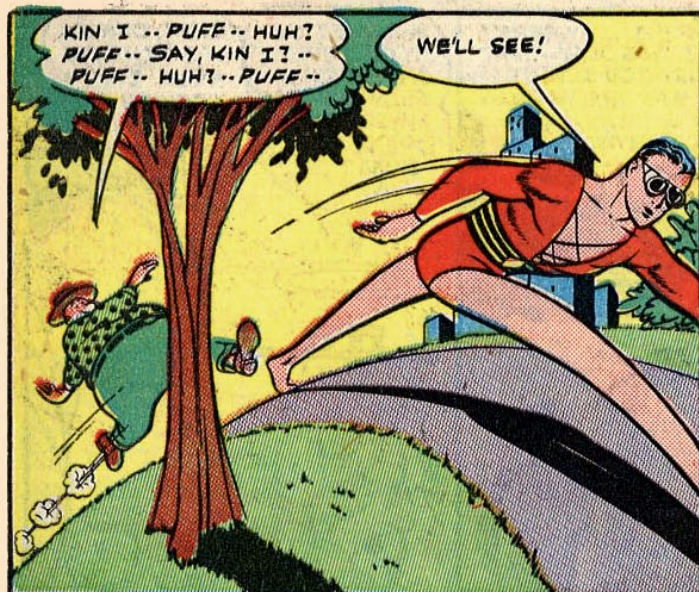
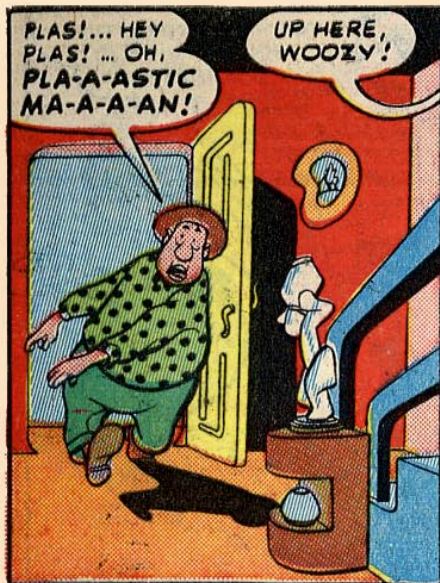


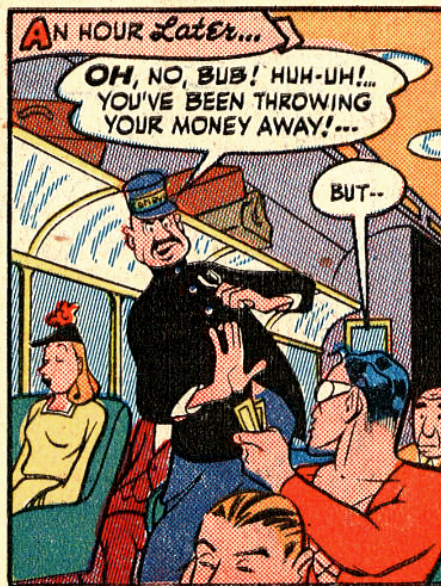
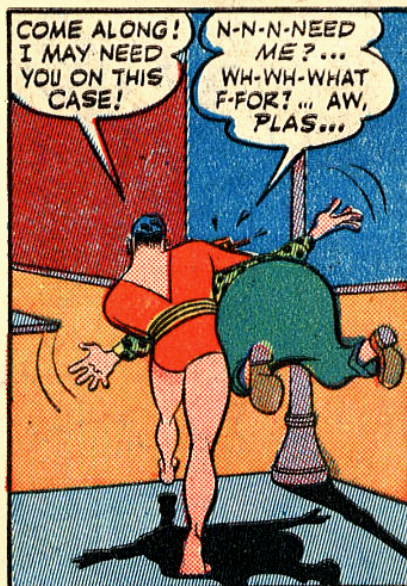
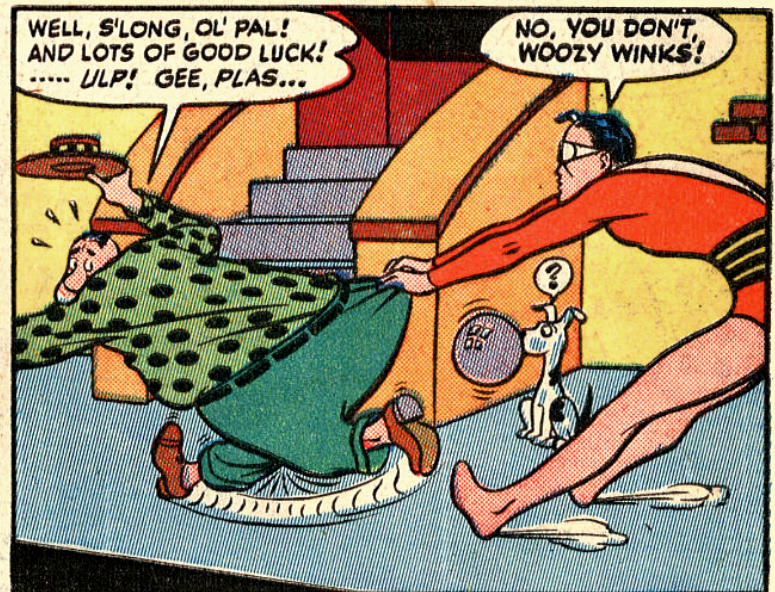
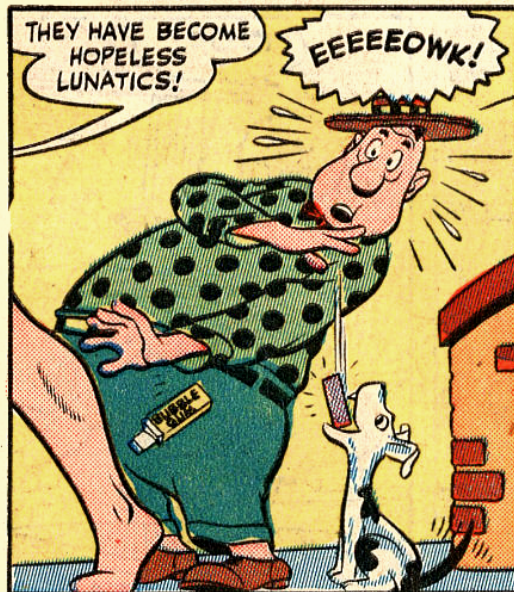
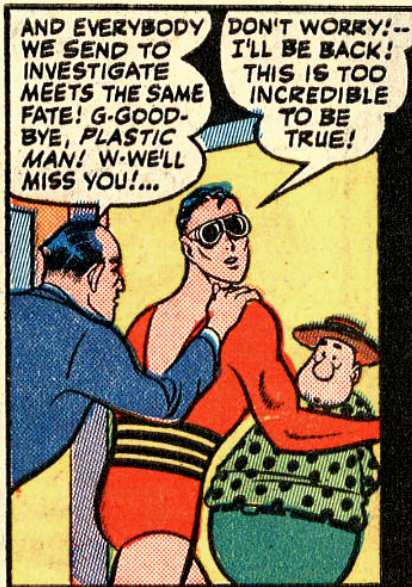


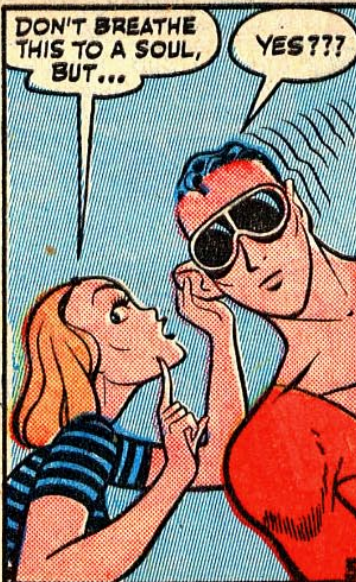
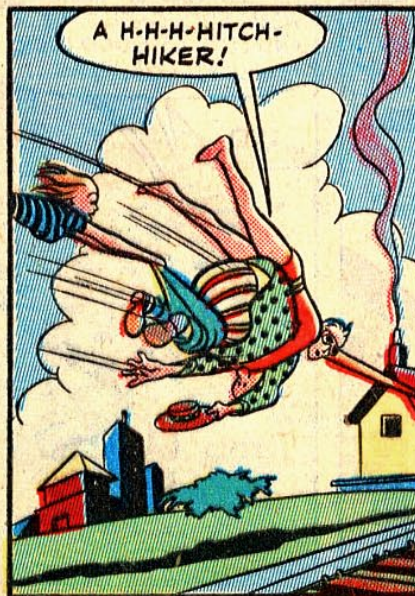
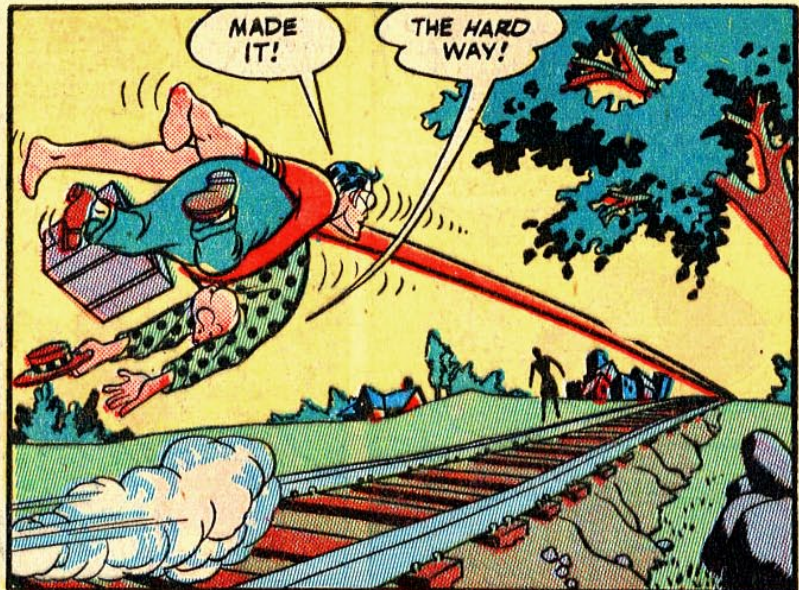
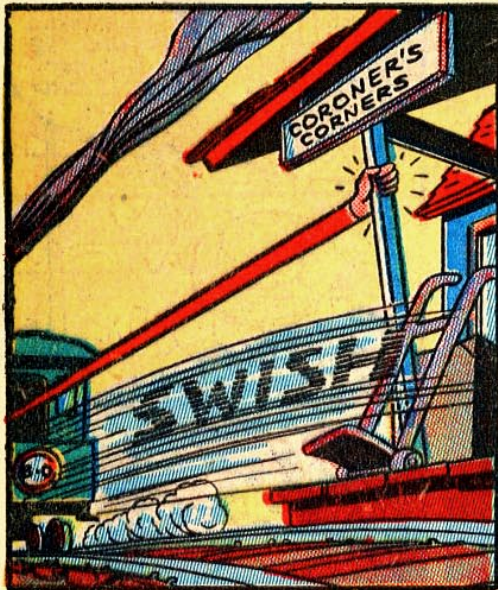


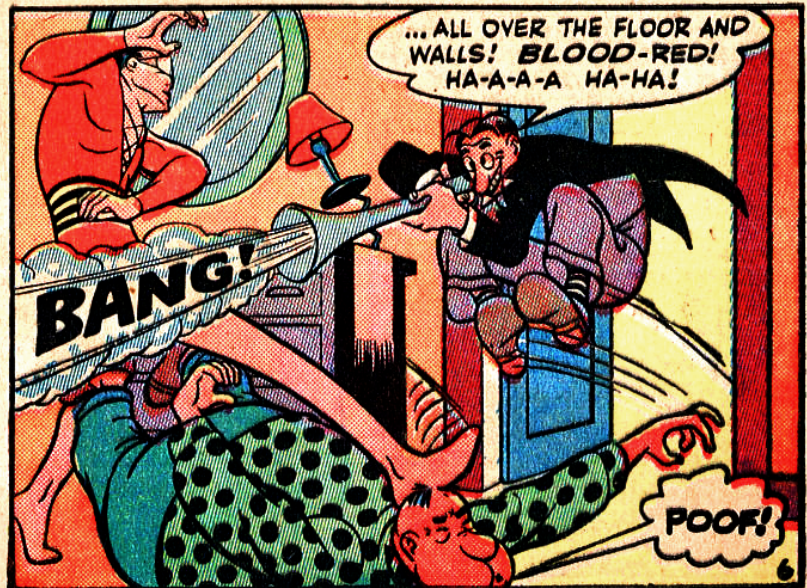
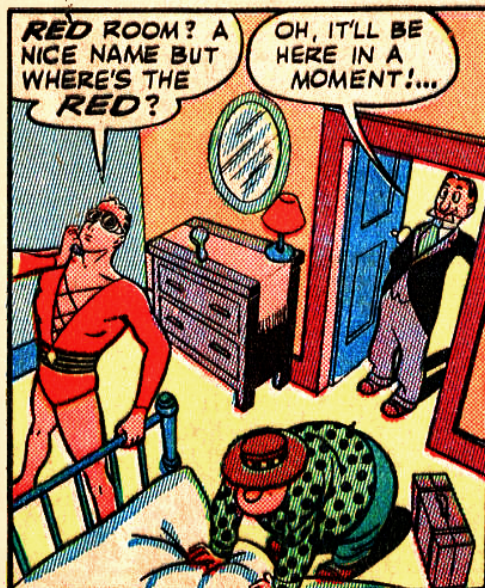
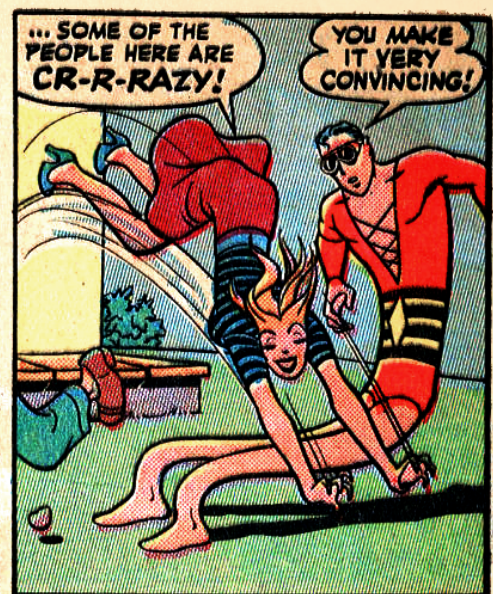


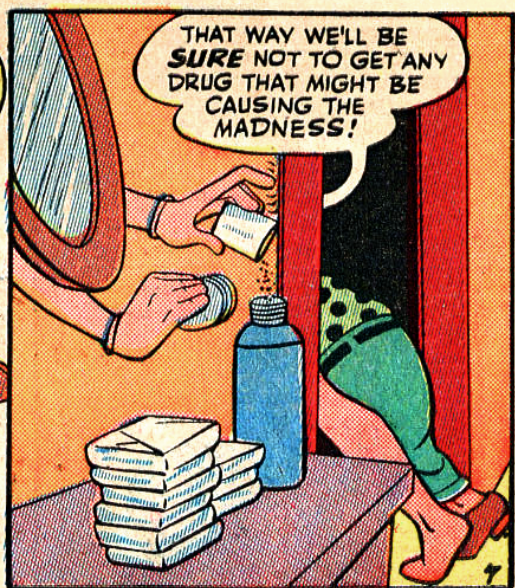
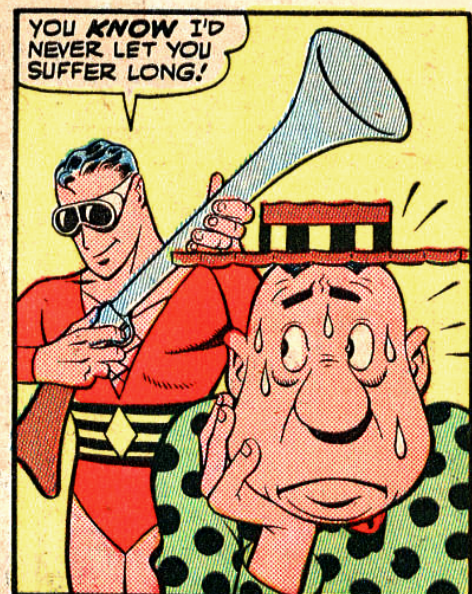
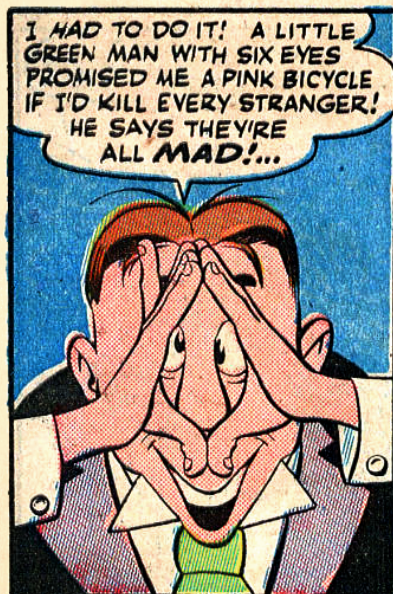
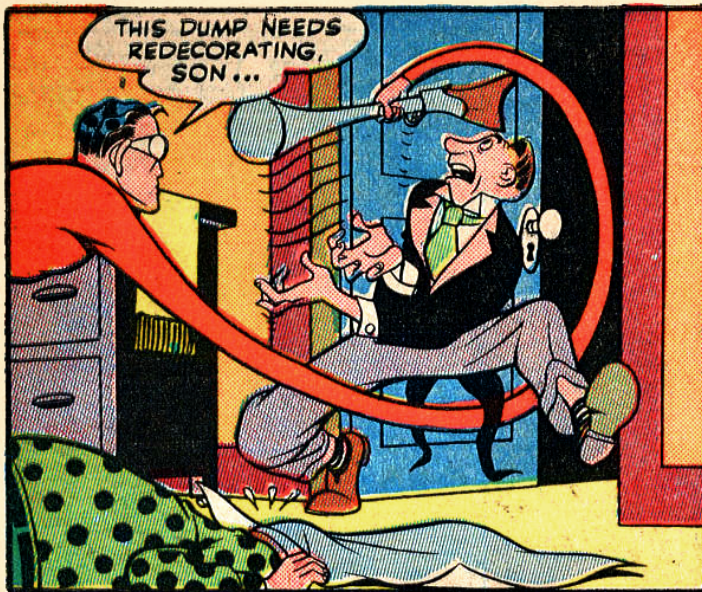


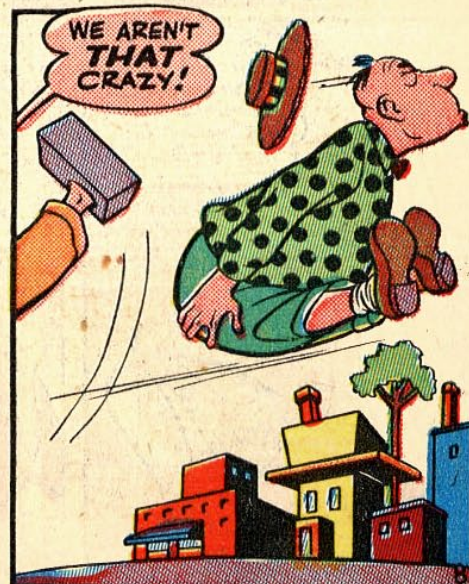


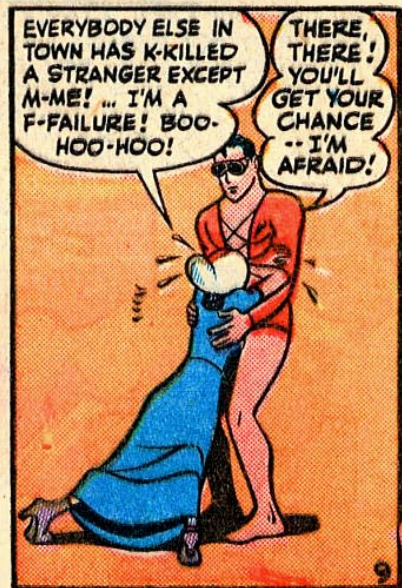
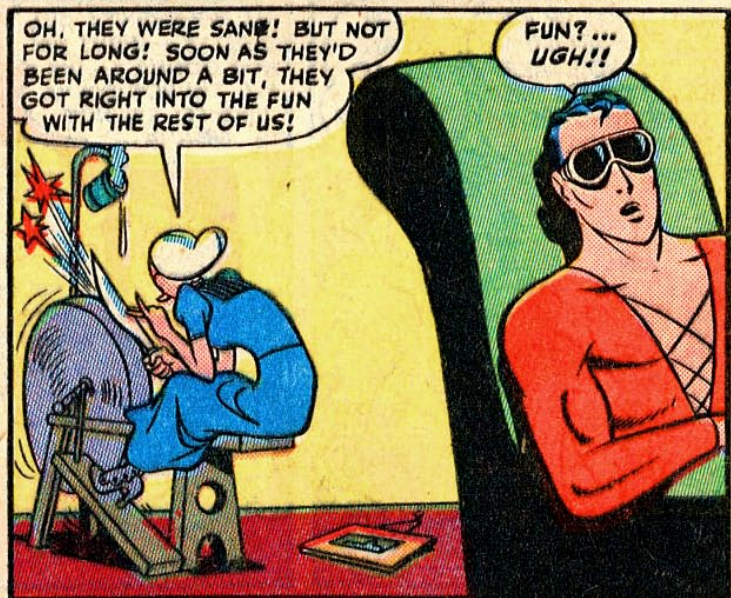
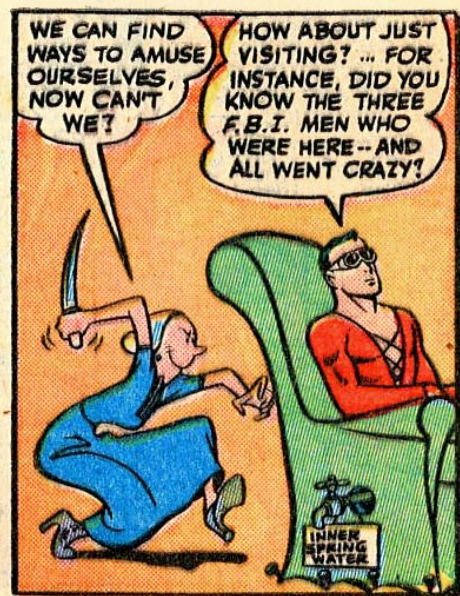


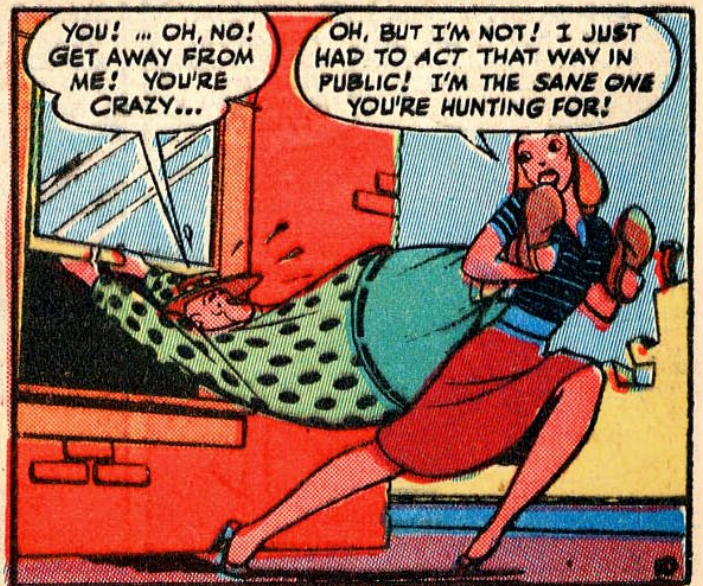
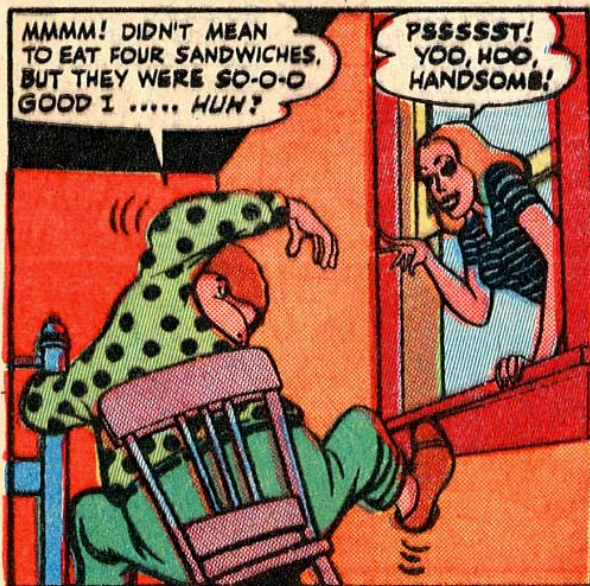
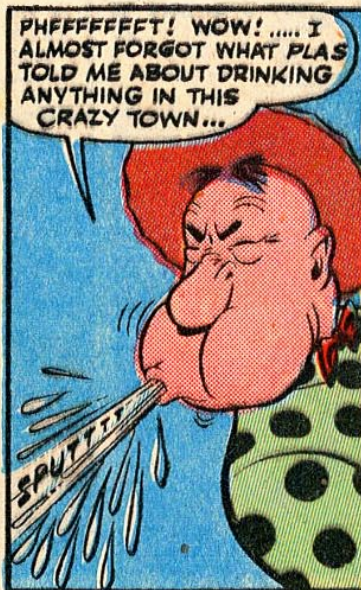


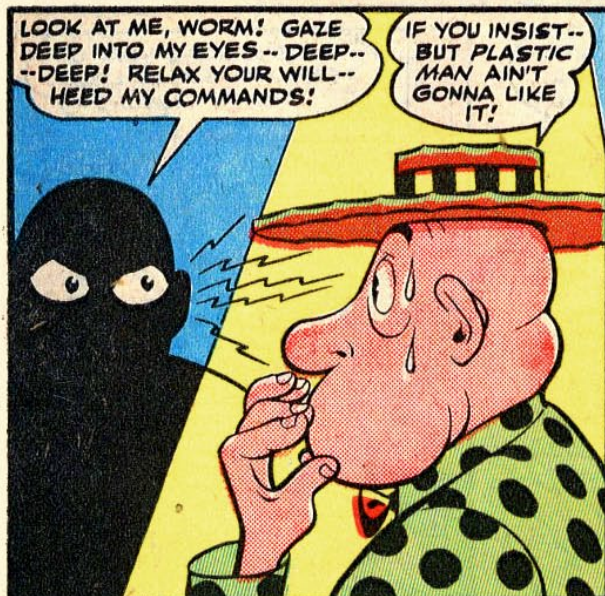
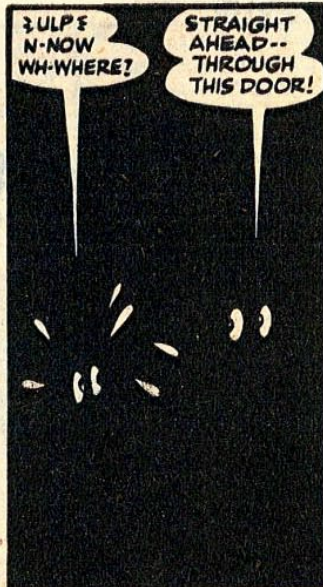


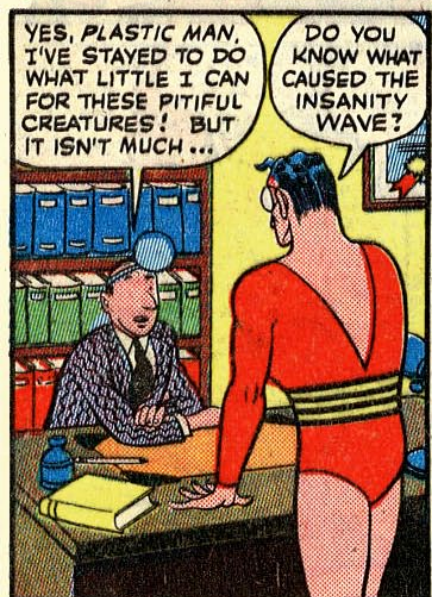
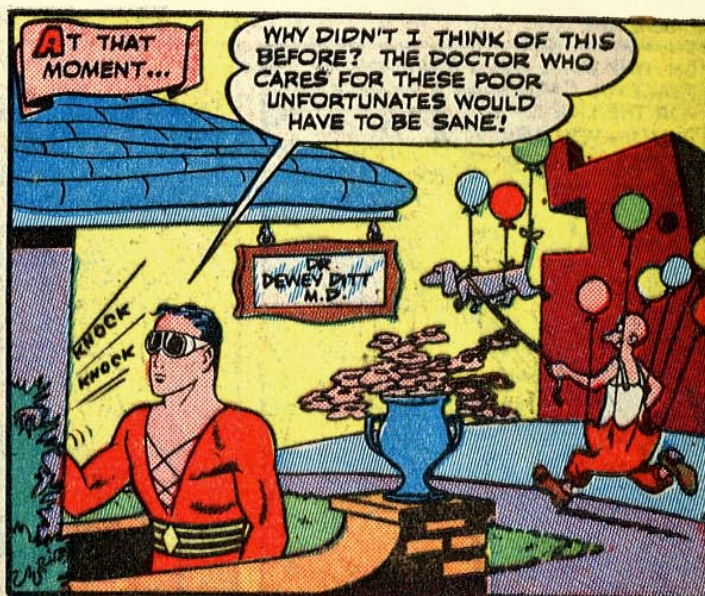


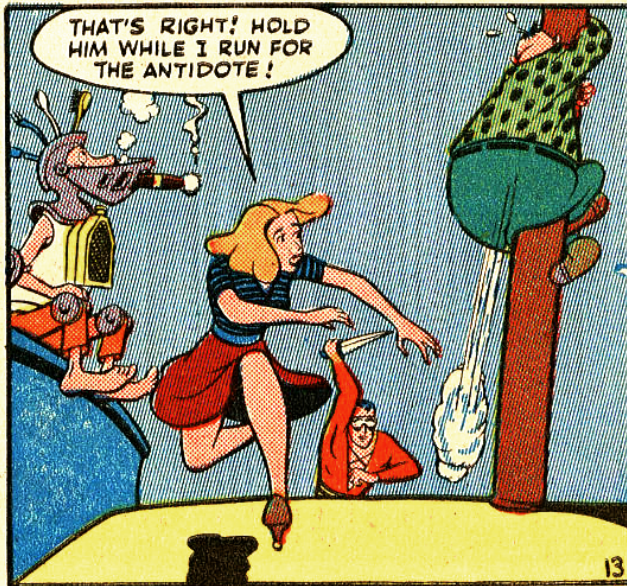
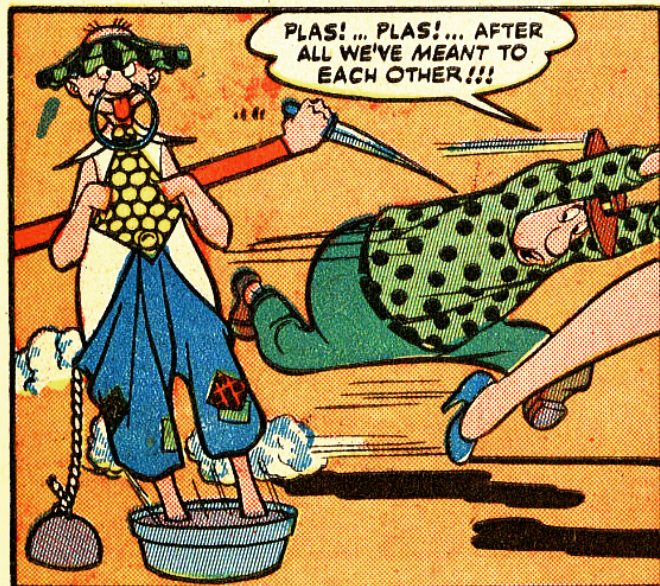
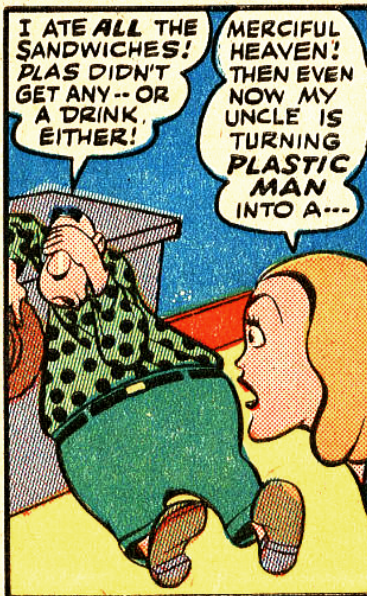
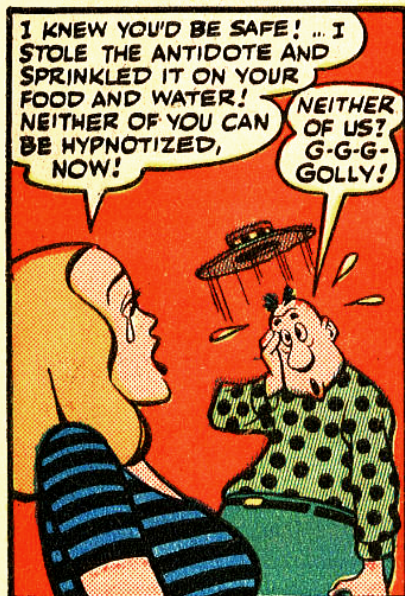
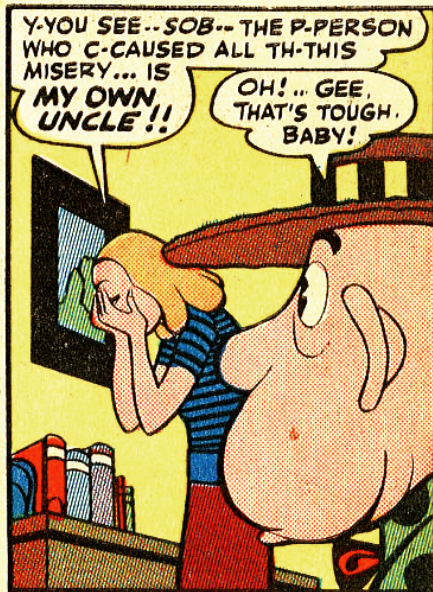
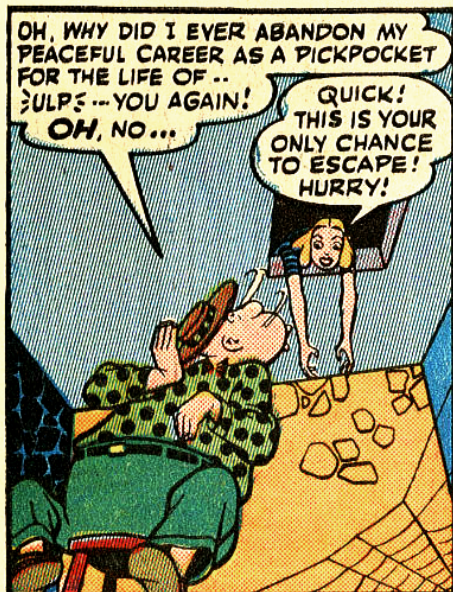


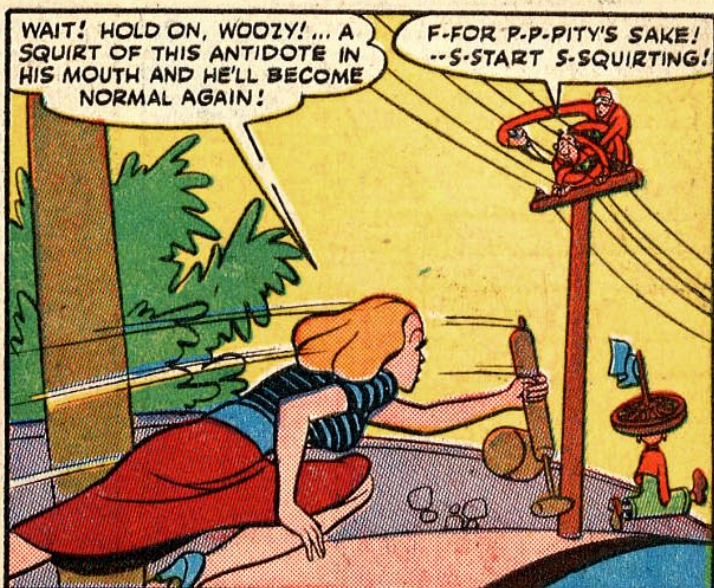
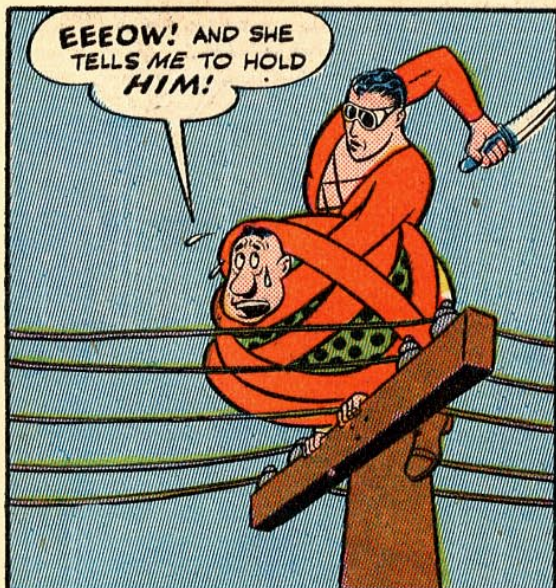
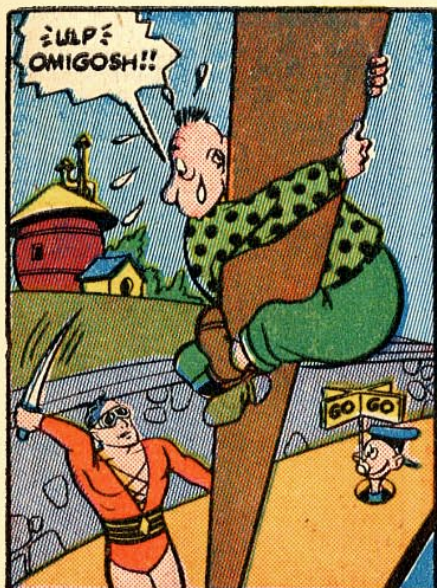


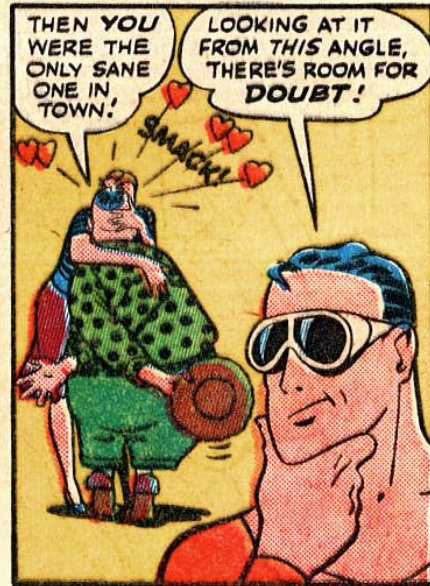
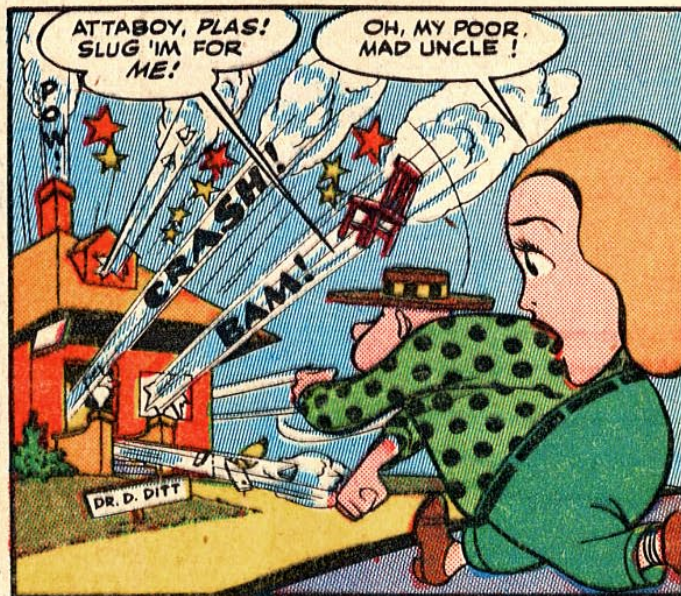
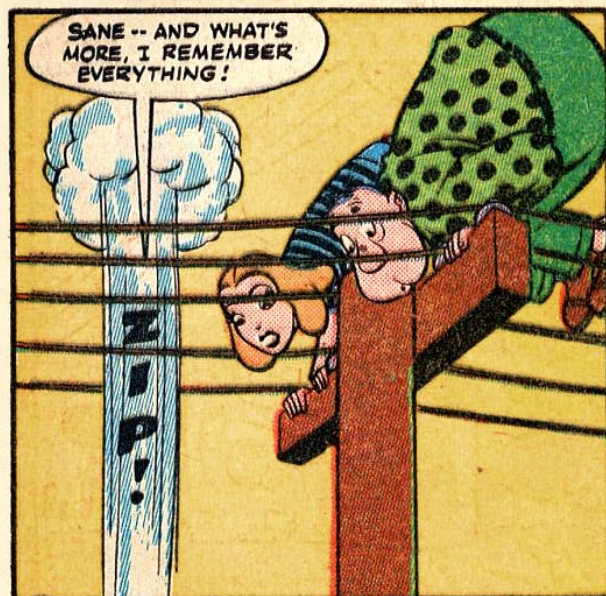
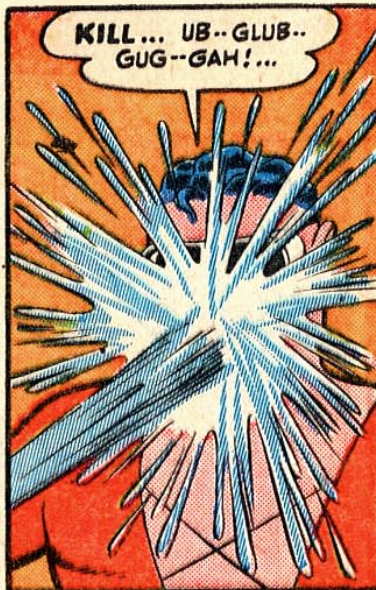












This book has been manufactured under wartime conditions
in full compliance with all orders and regulations of the War
Production Board, in particular L 245

By

VITAL PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

New York

from

material prepared and supplied

by

COMIC MAGAZINES



SPRING ISSUE
No. 3



SM
★
S

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

Laugh and Thrill
at the
ALL NEW
Adventures of
PLASTIC MAN
and his pal
WOODY!



VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

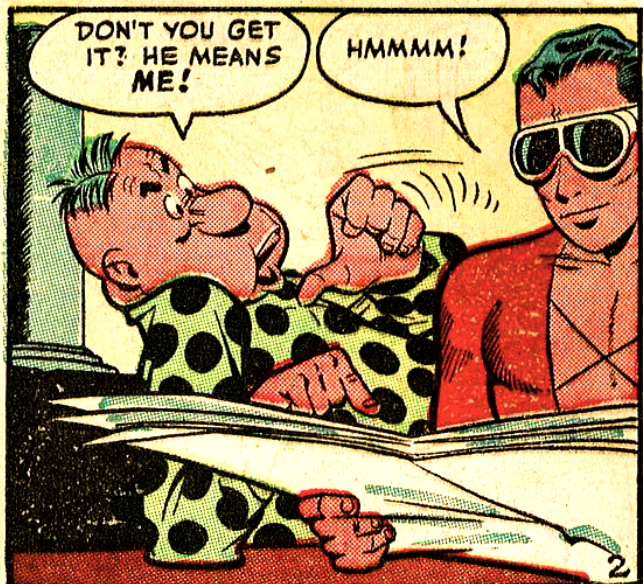
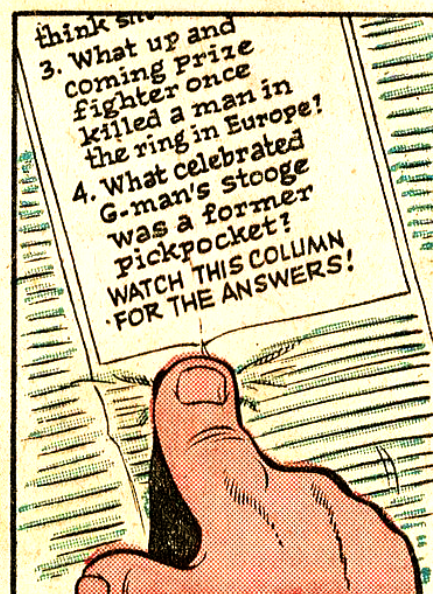
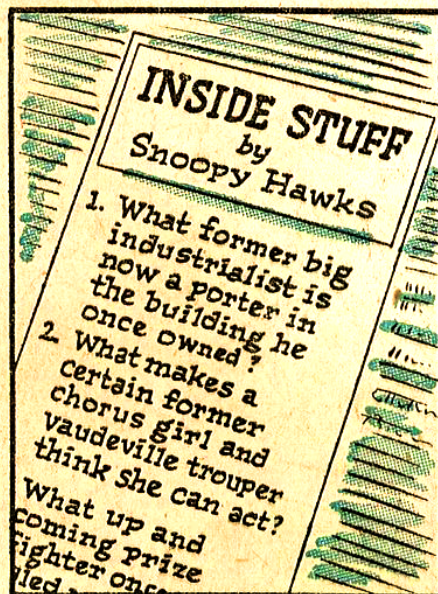
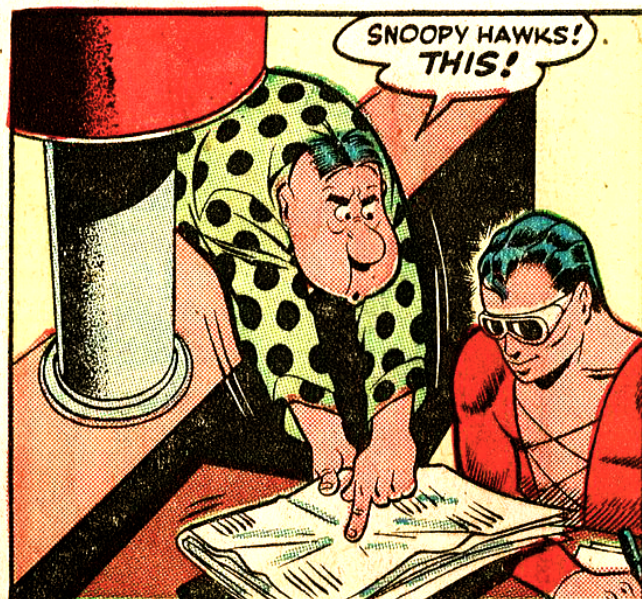
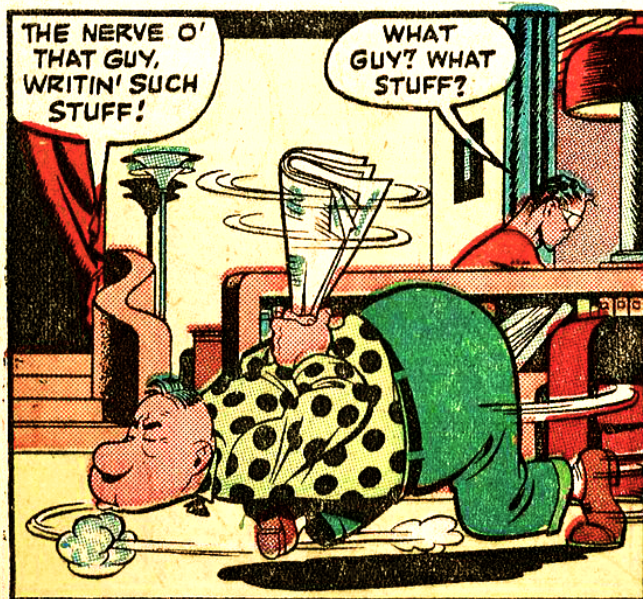
NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

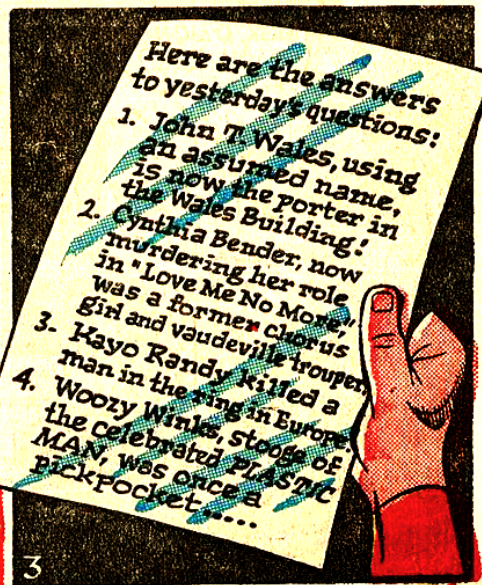
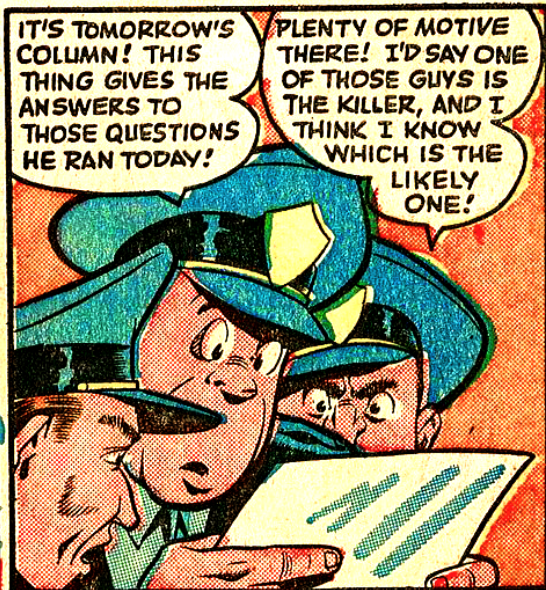
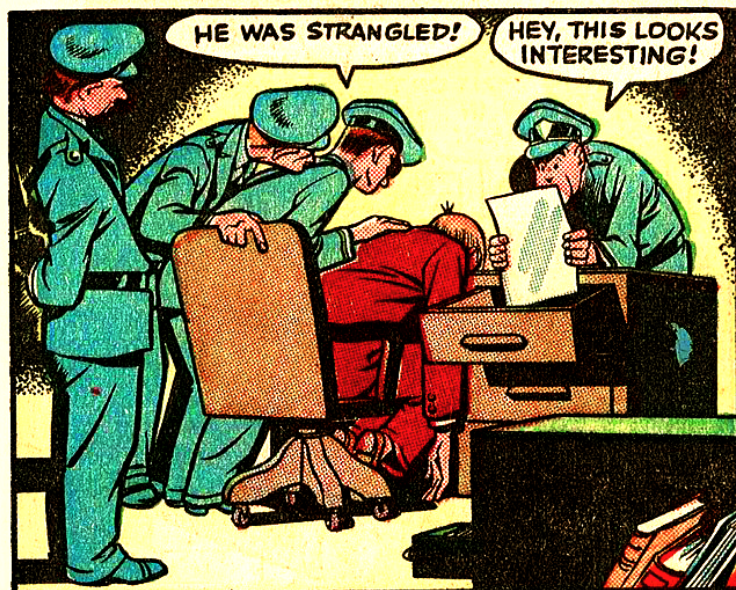
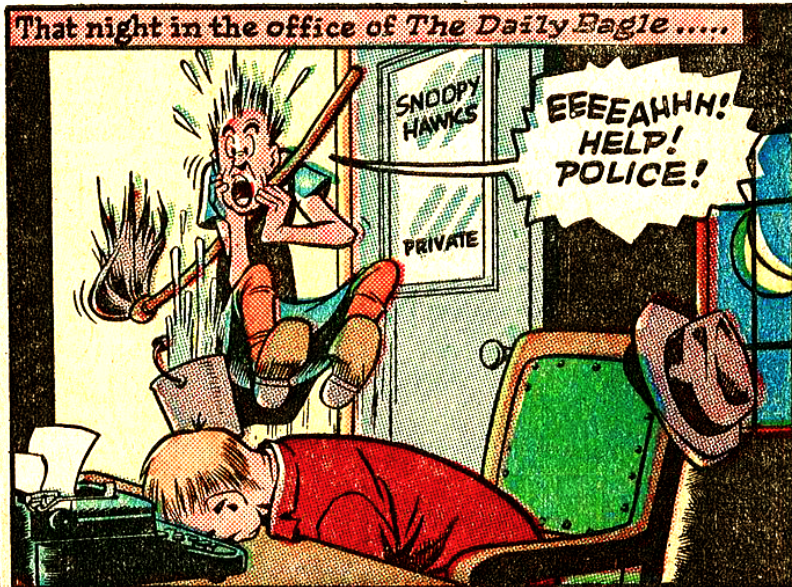
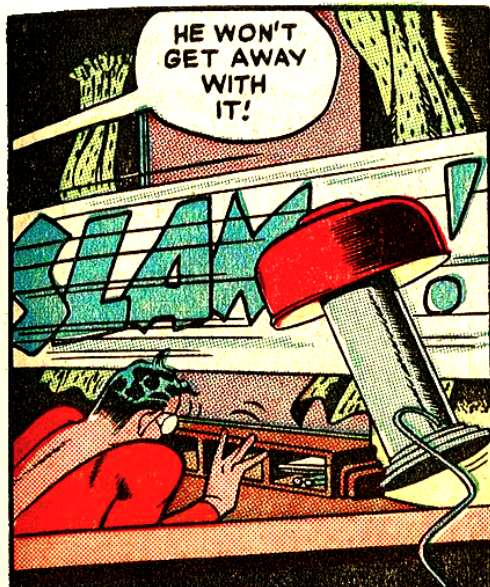
WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

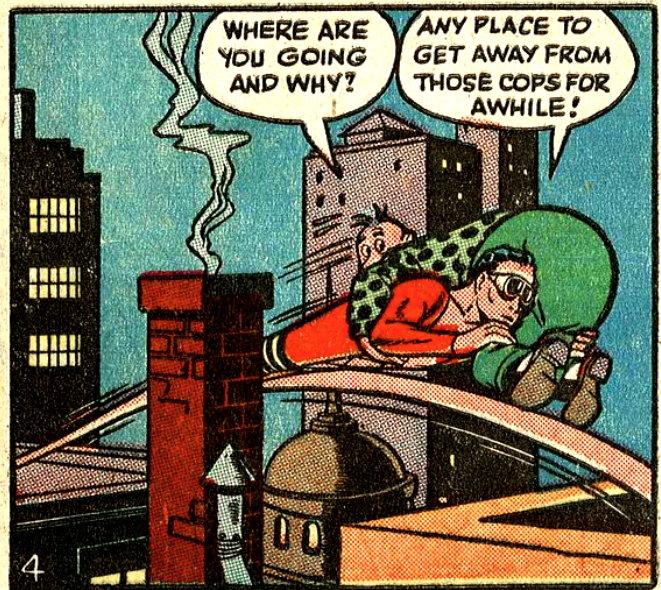
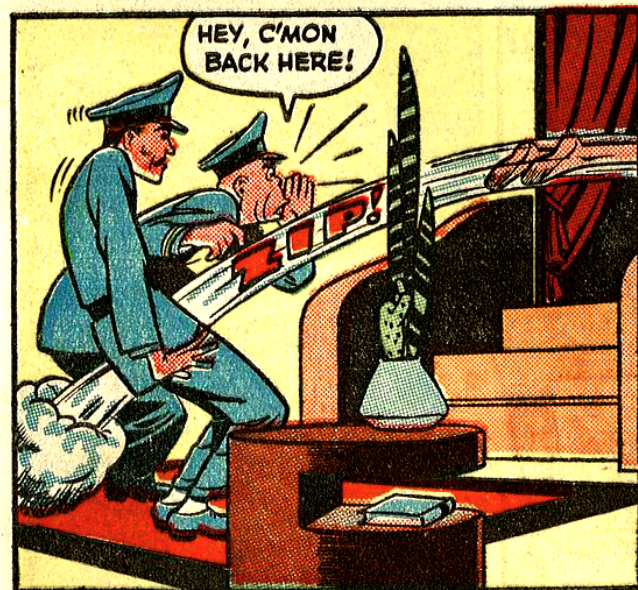
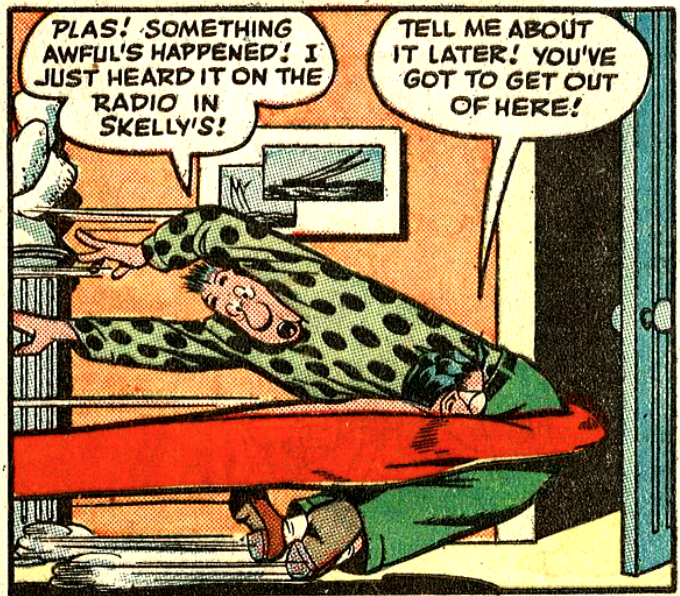
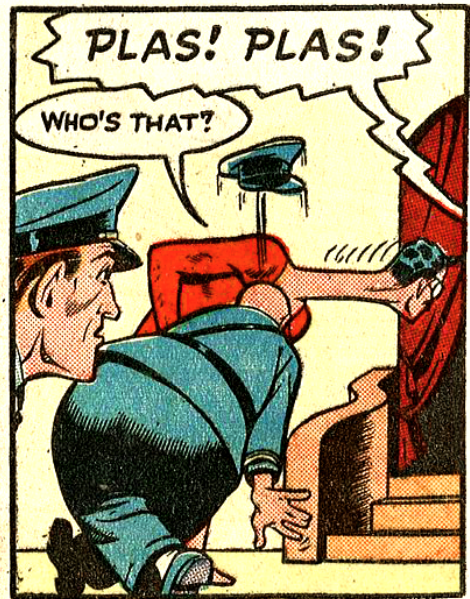
SAY! THIS IS GREAT! I THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

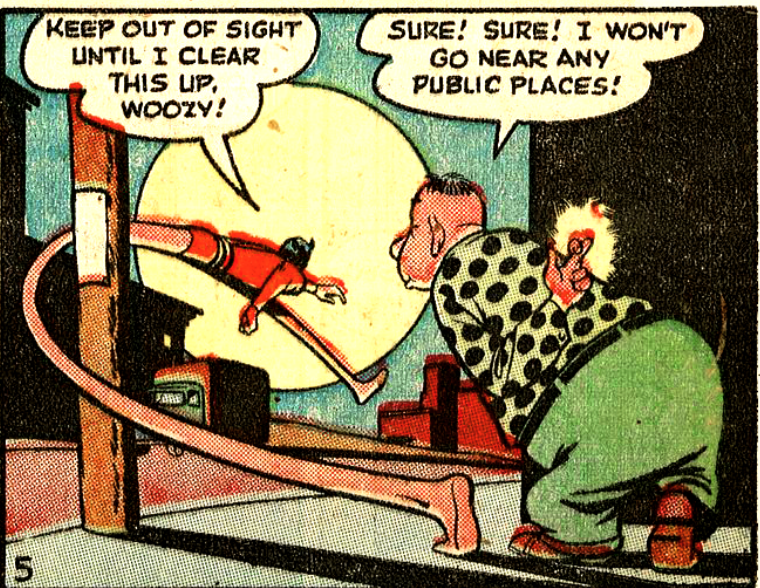
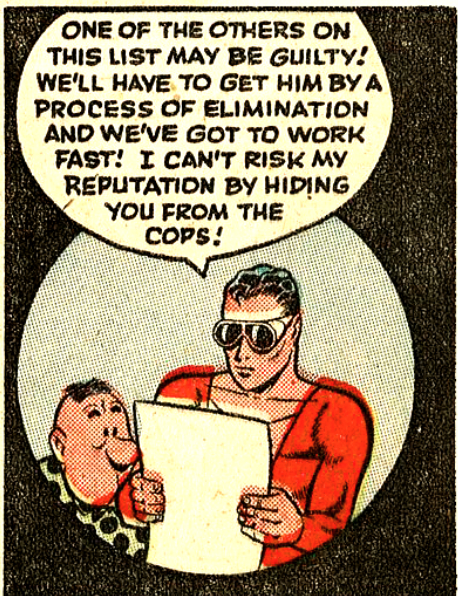
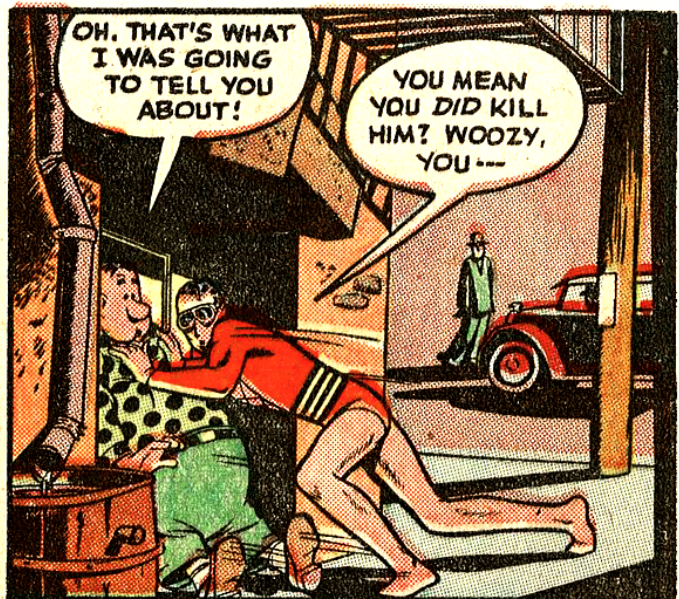
WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU- BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

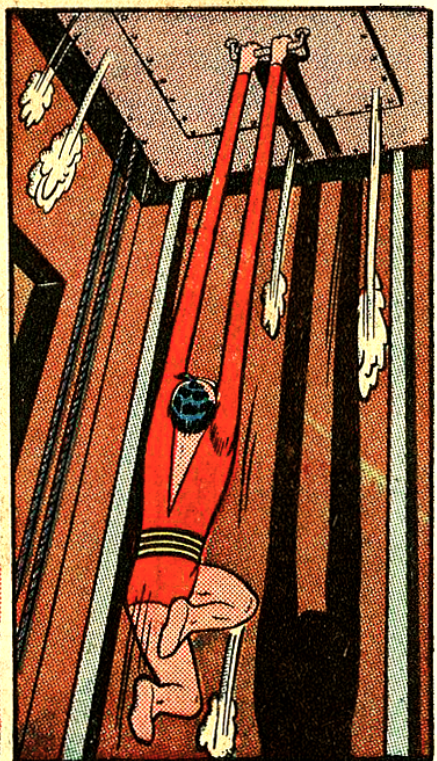
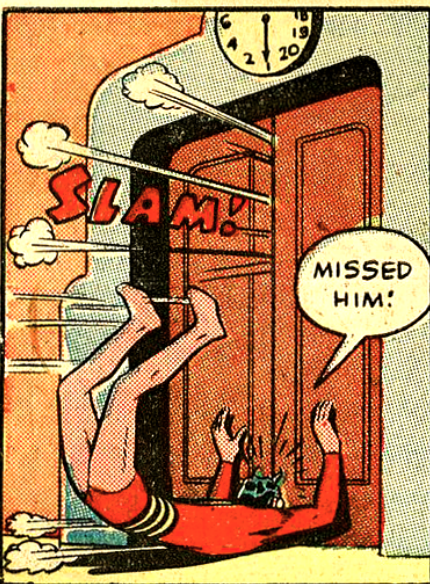
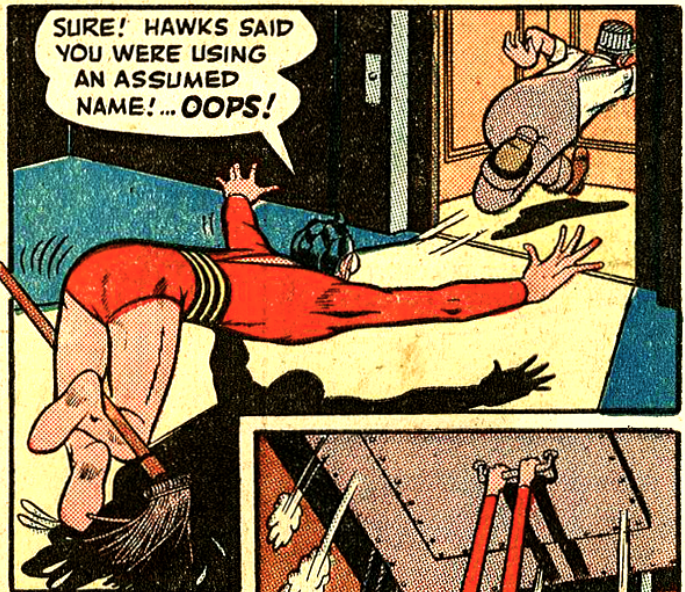
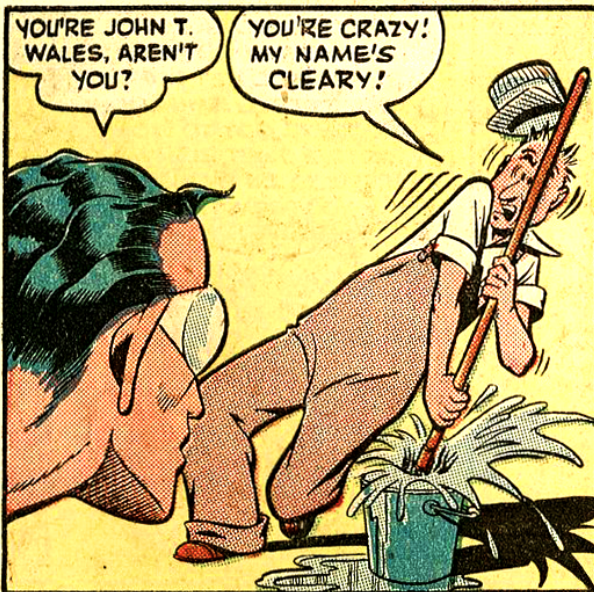
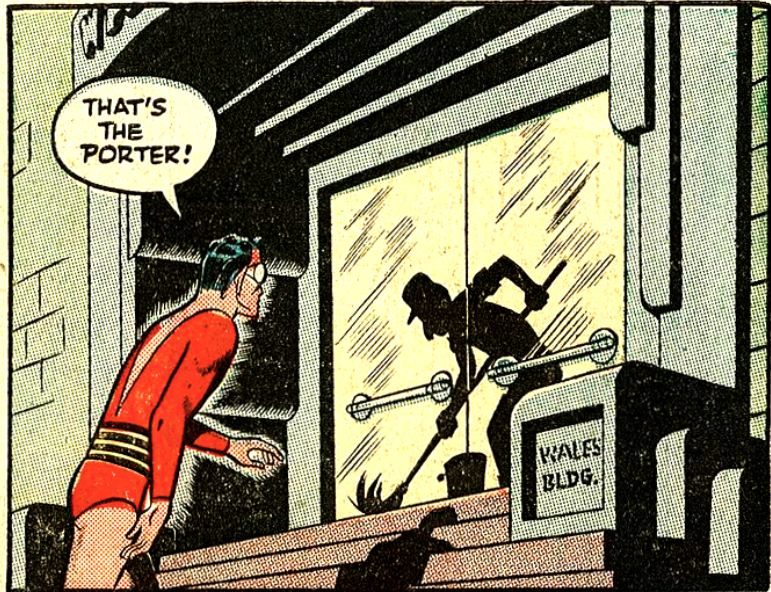
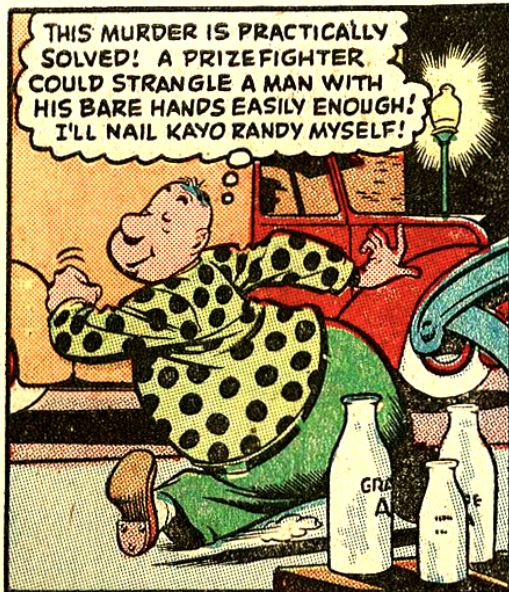


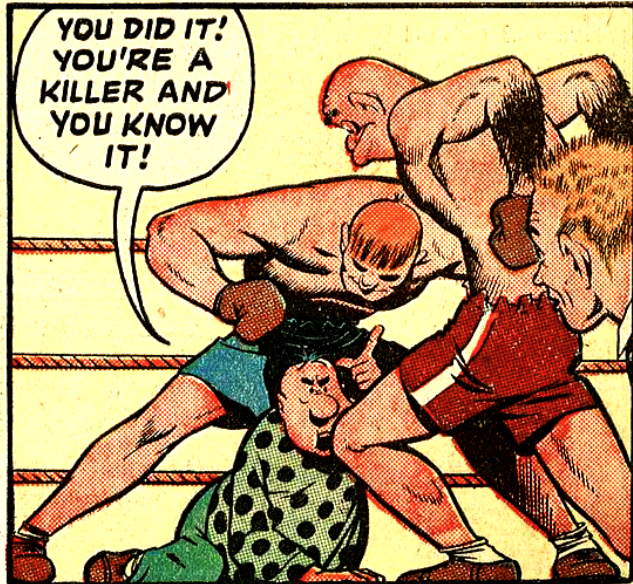
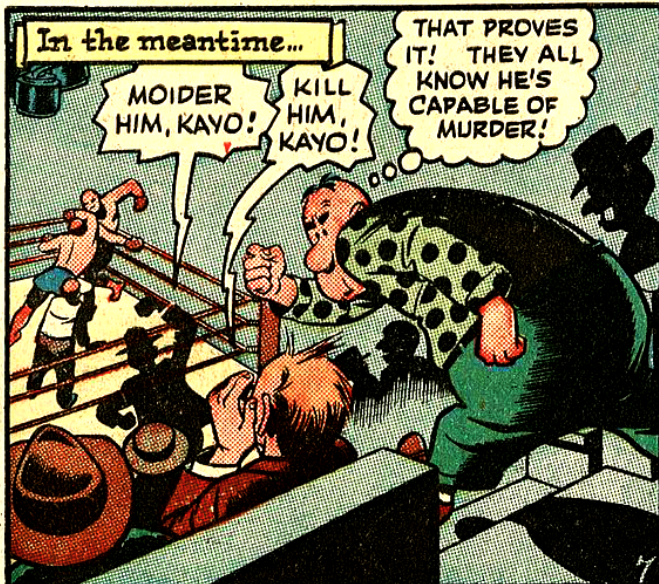
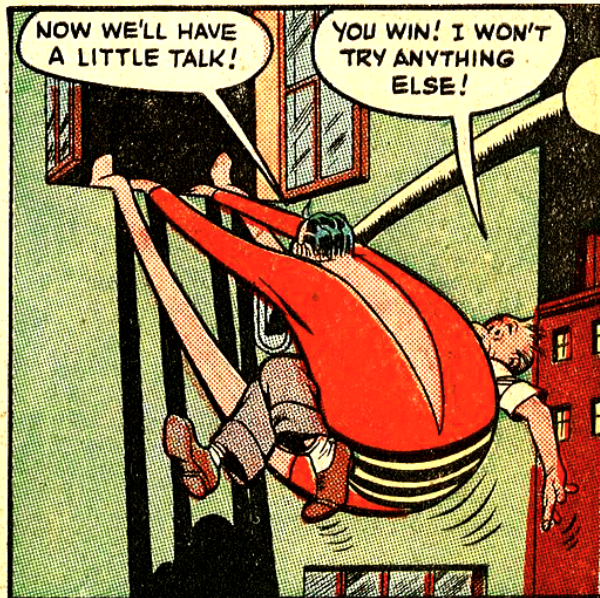
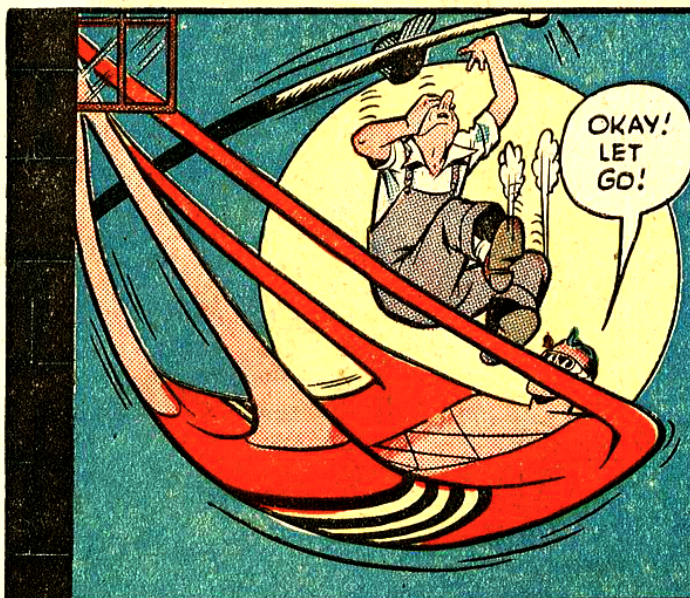
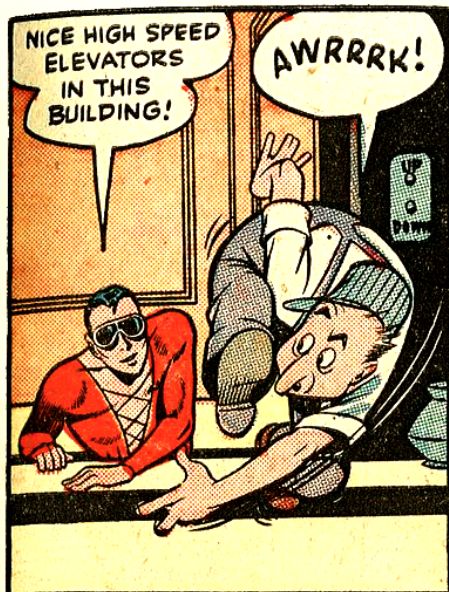


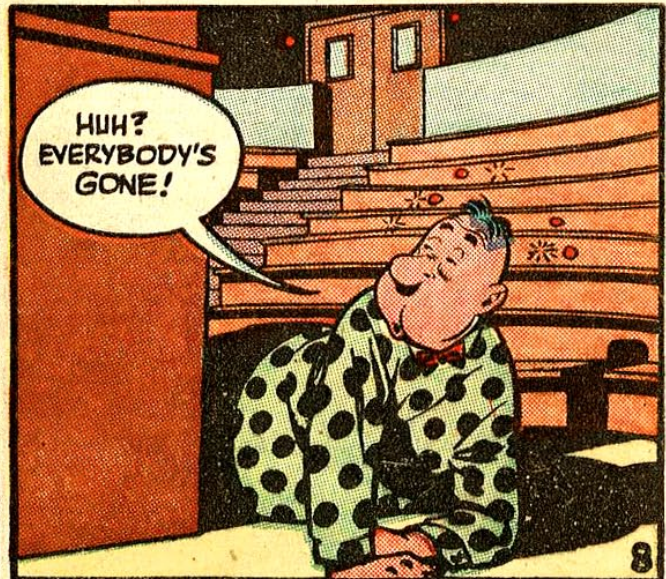
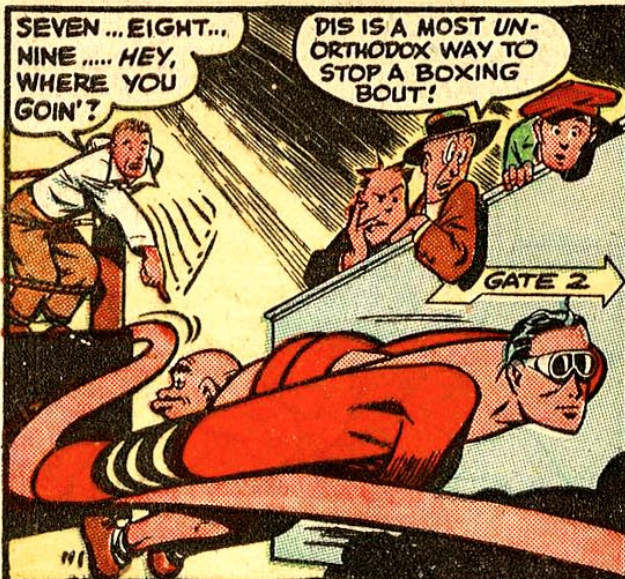
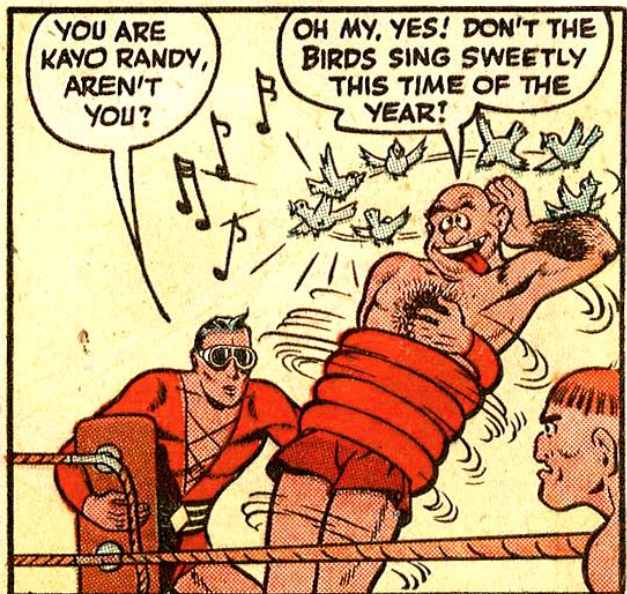
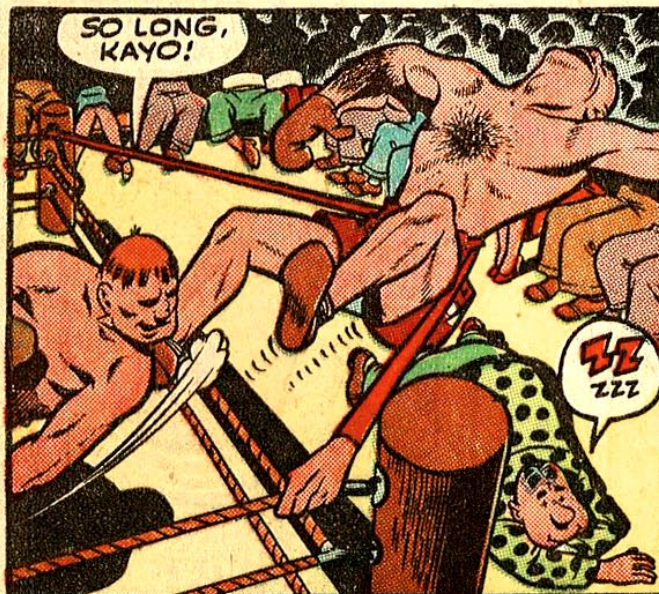
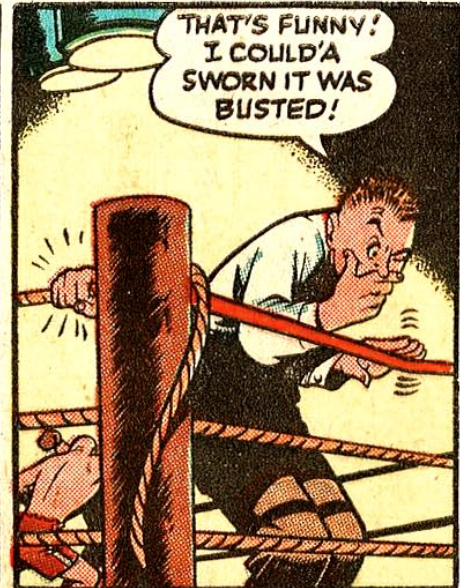
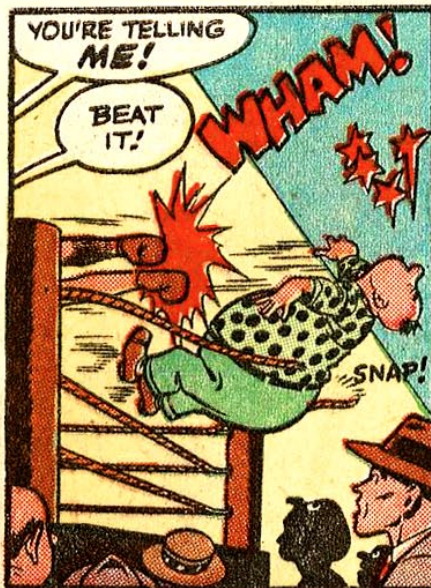


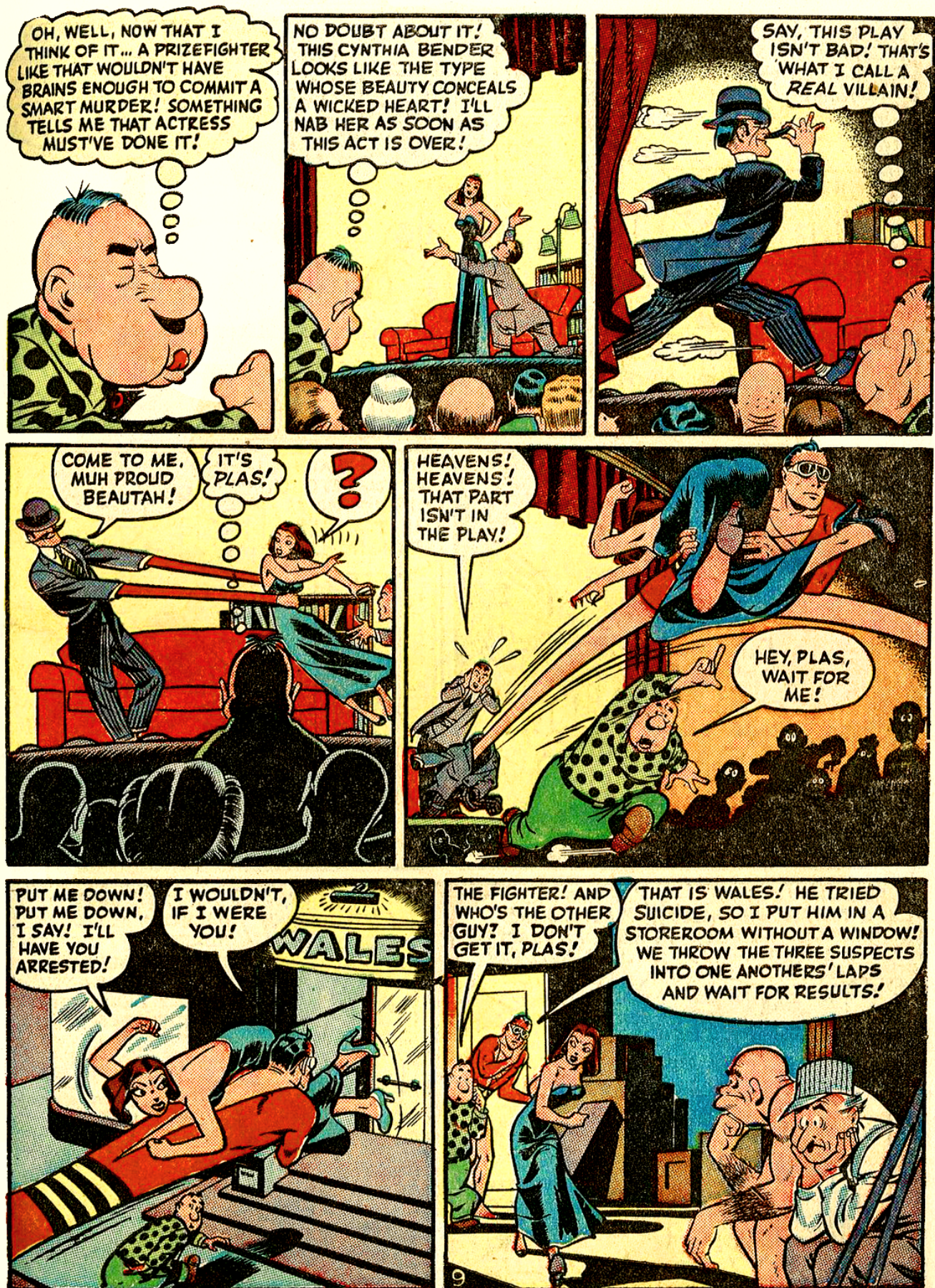


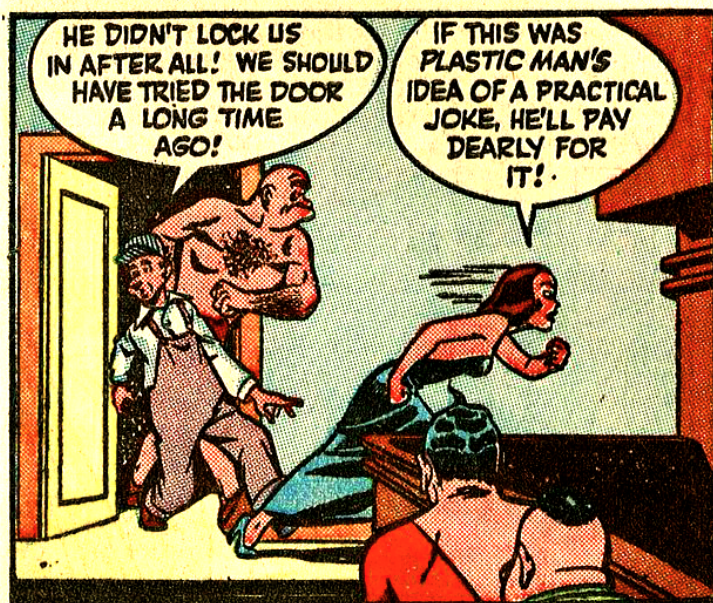
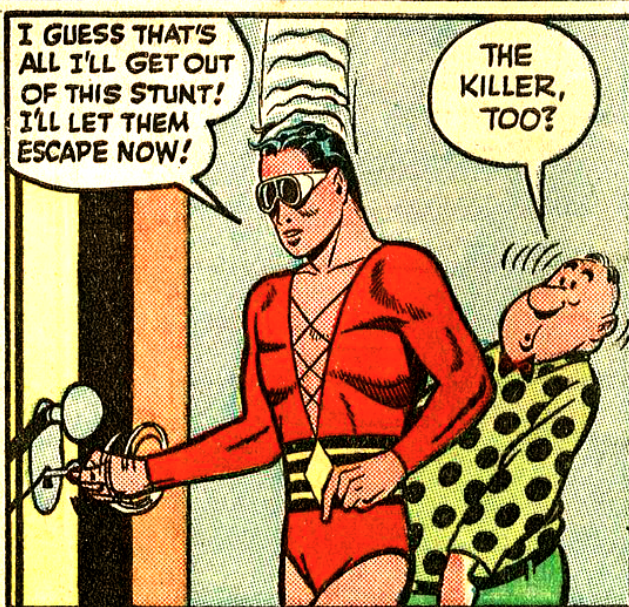
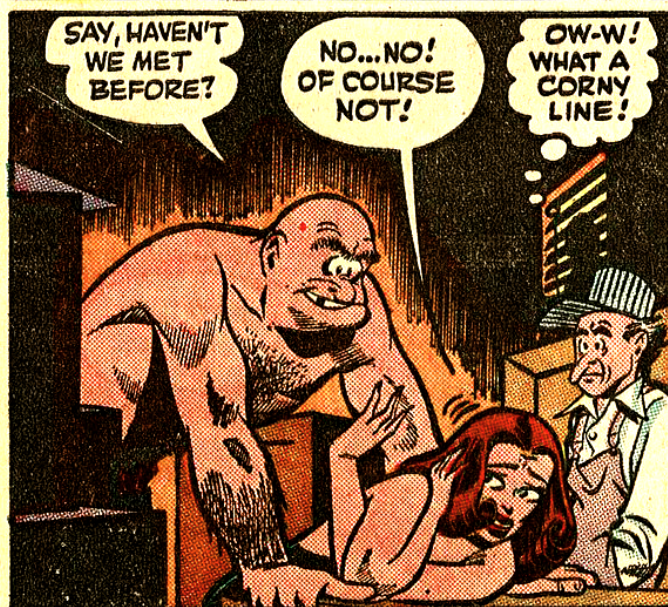
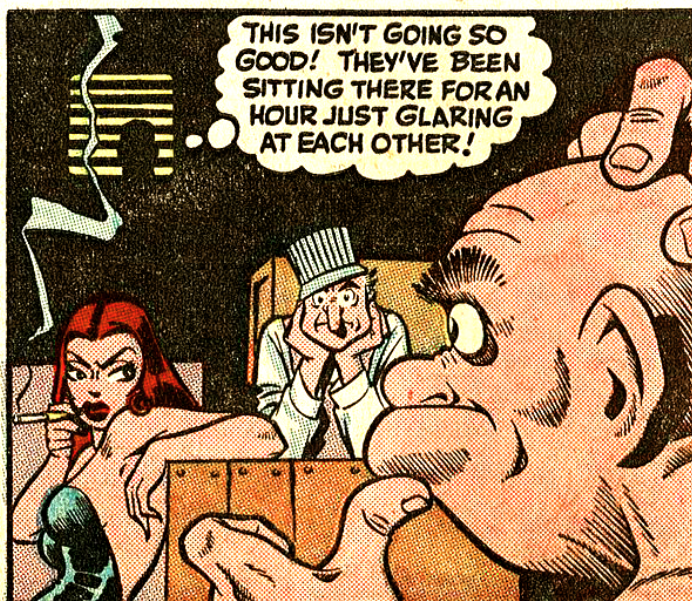
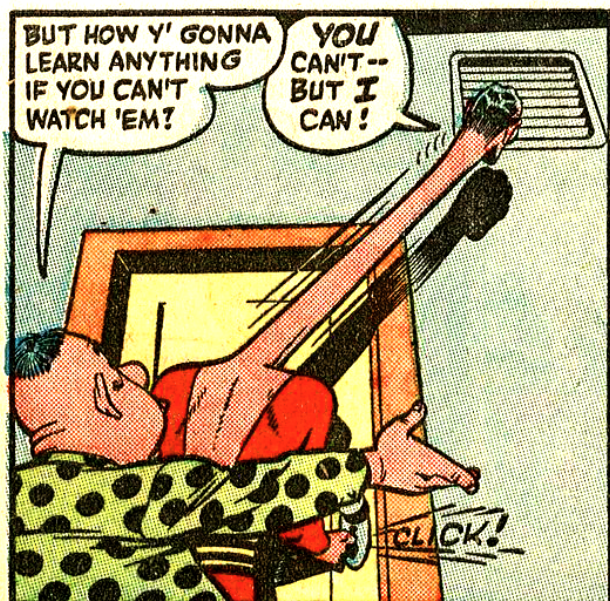


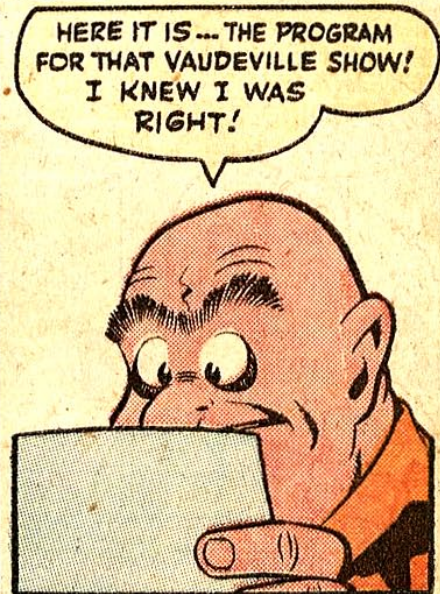
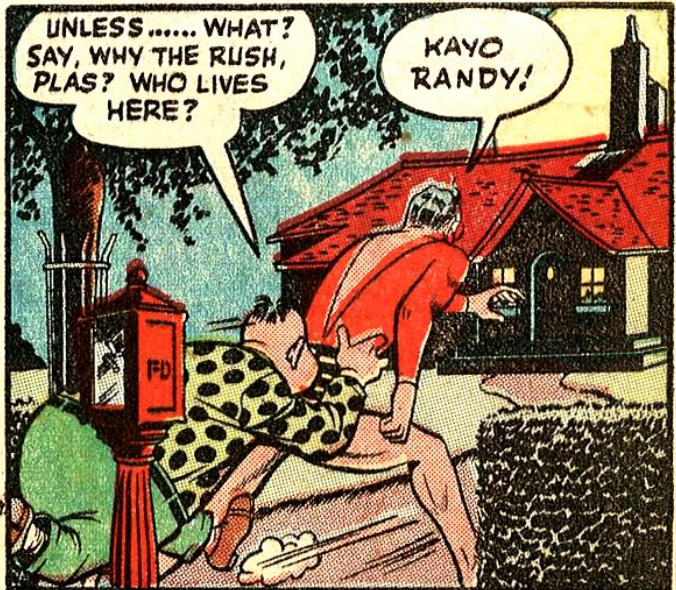


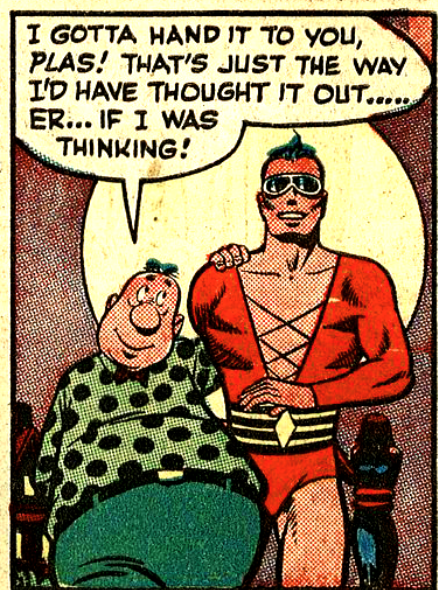
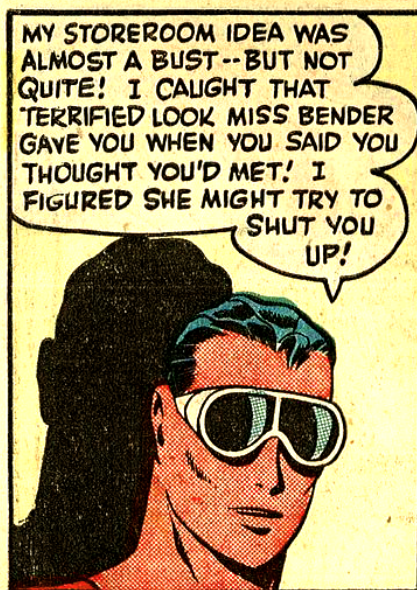
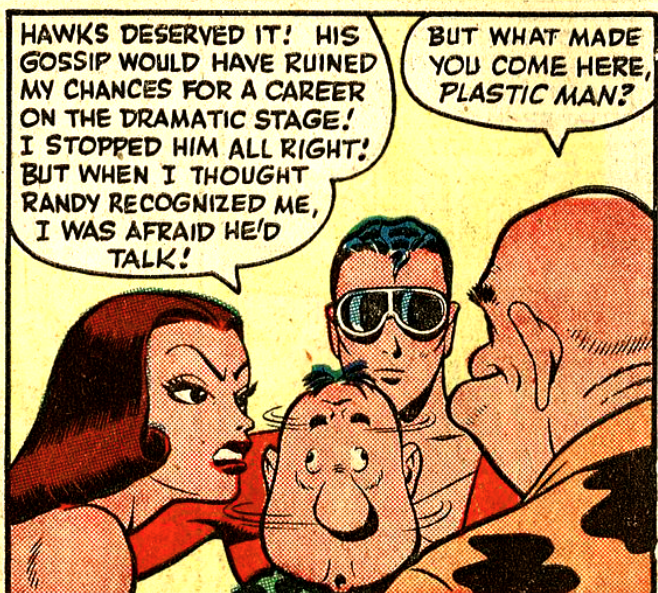
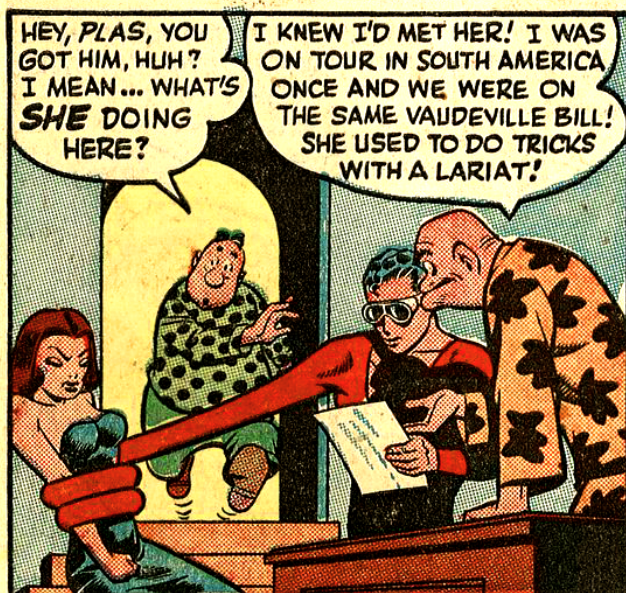


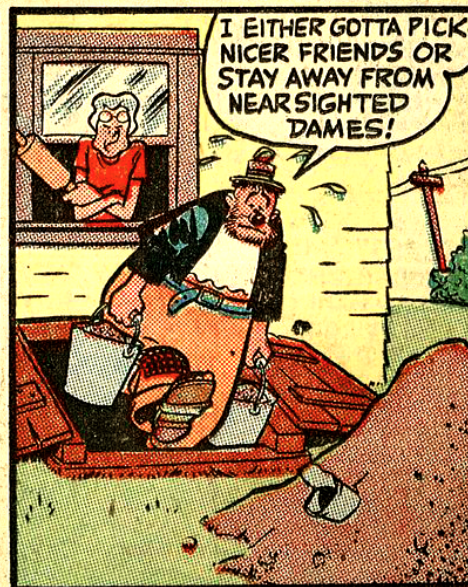
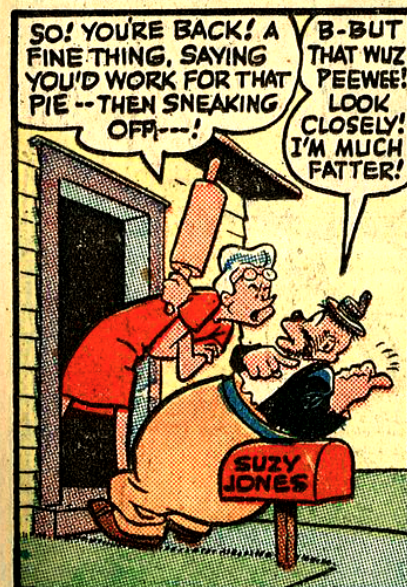
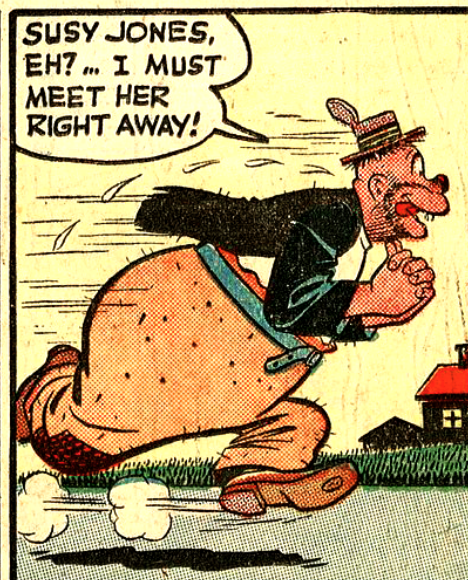
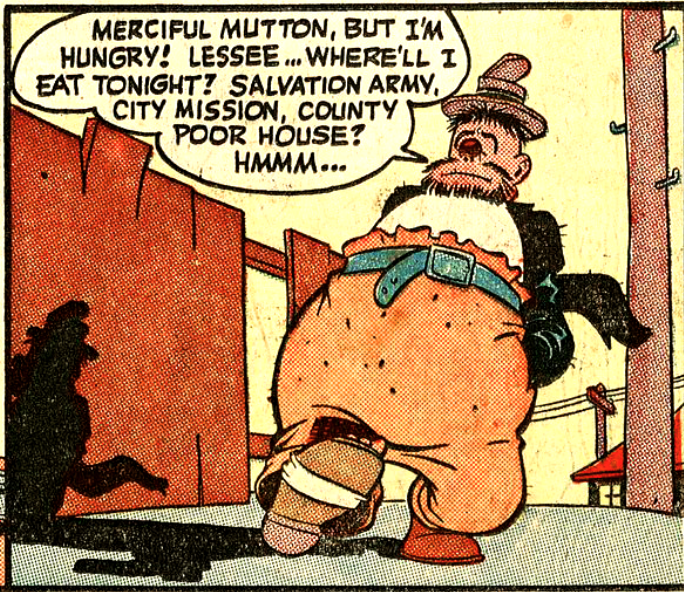
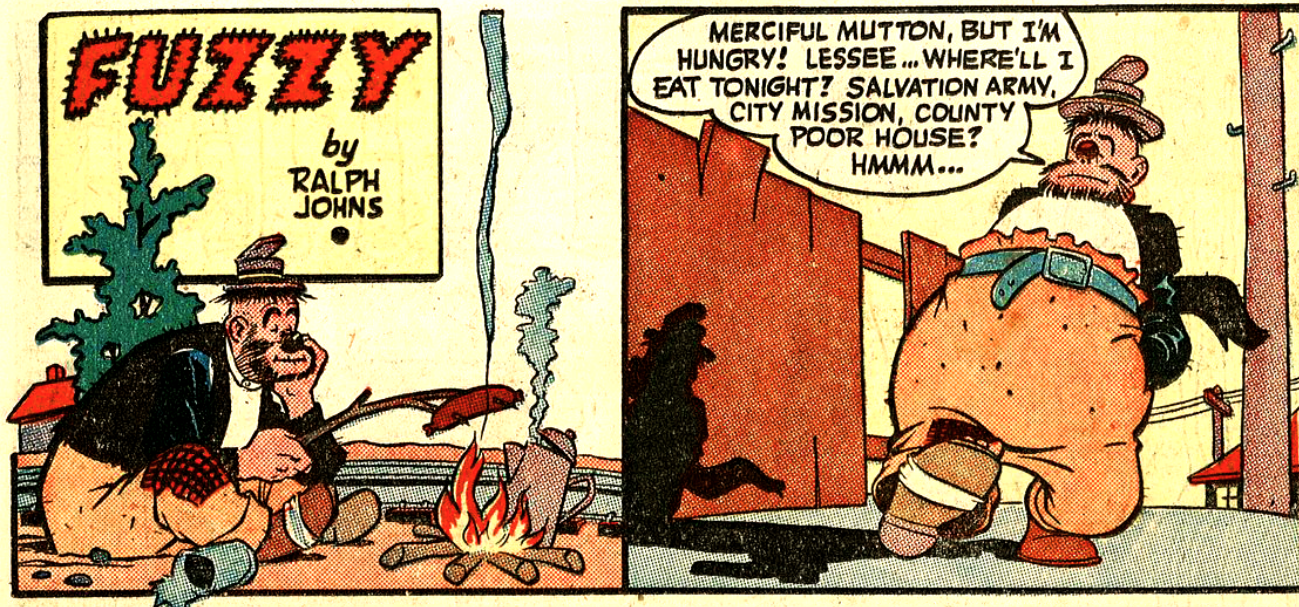












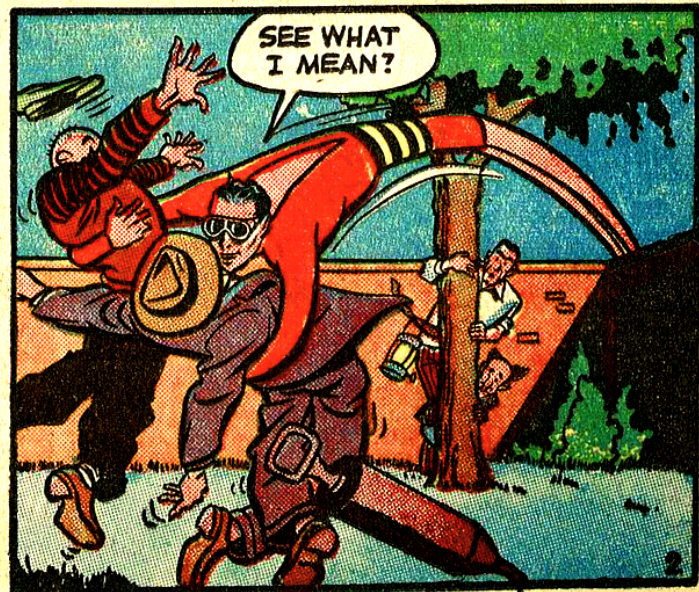
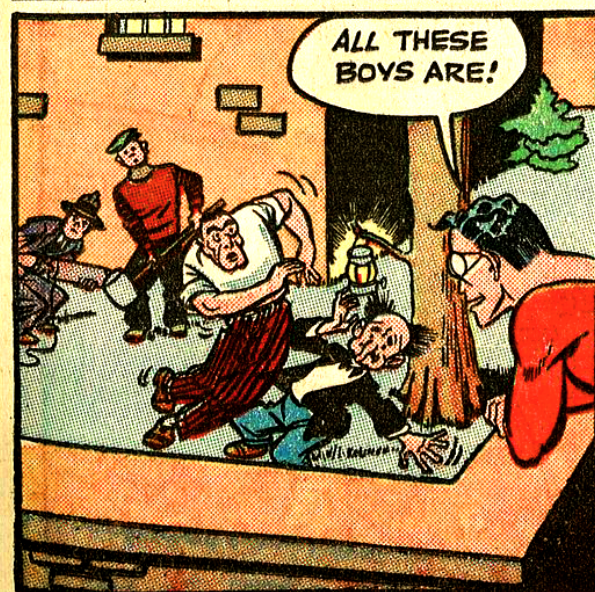
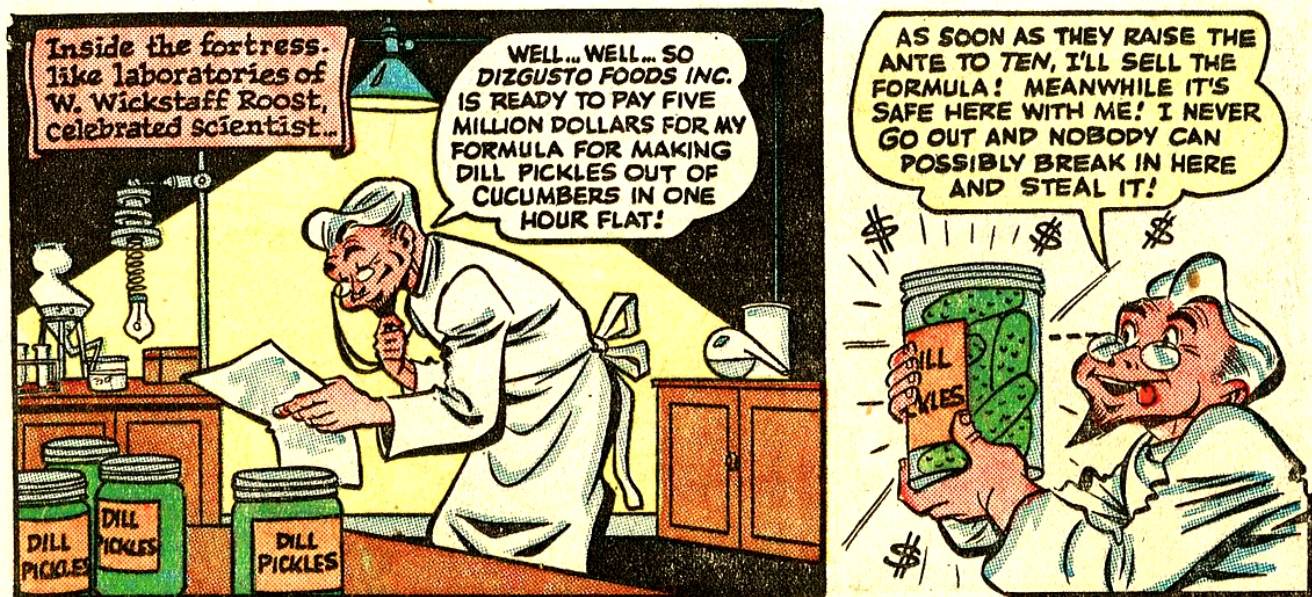
PLASTIK MAN

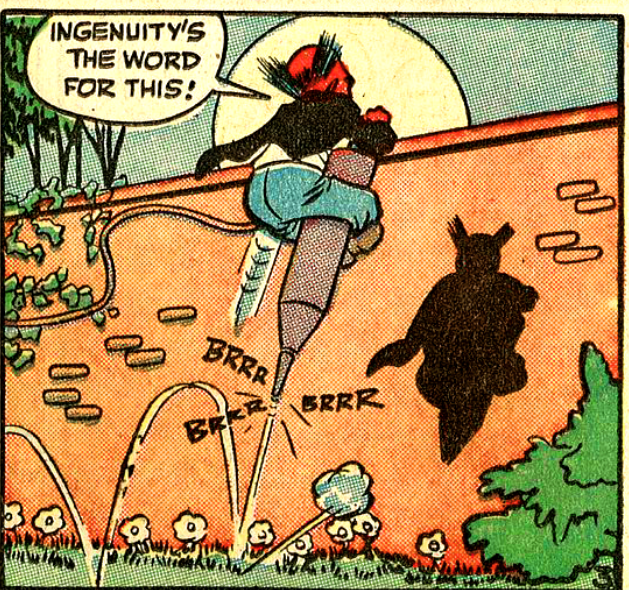
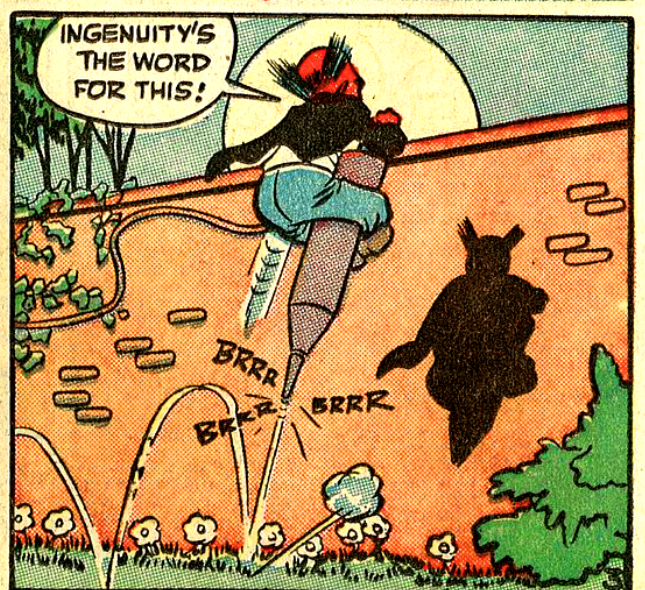
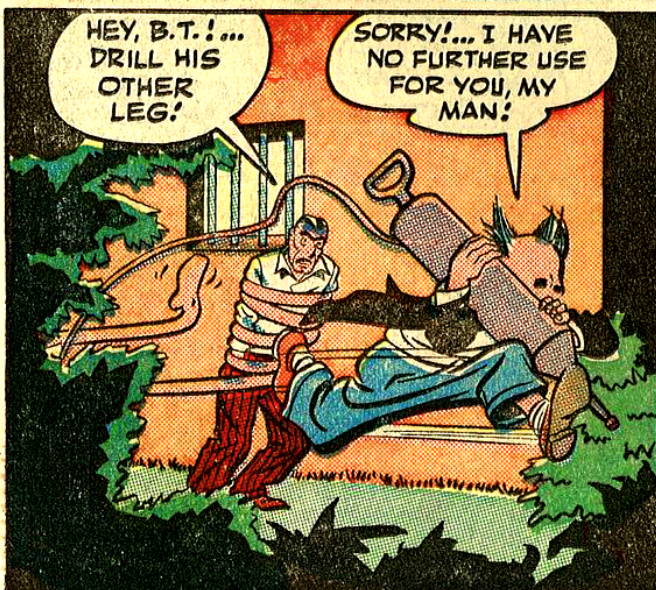
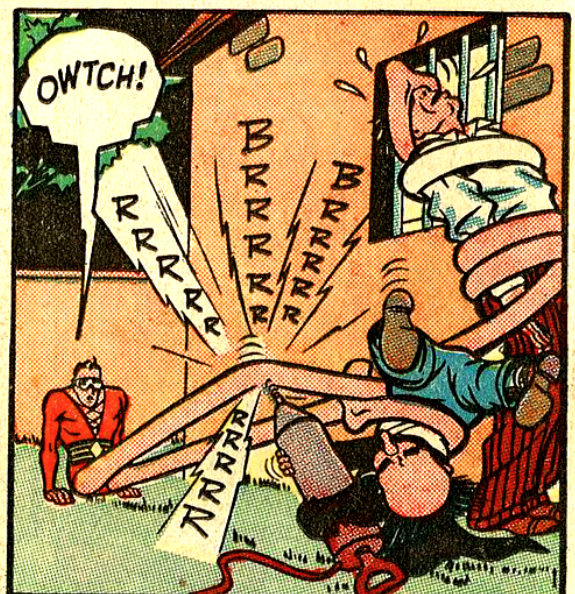
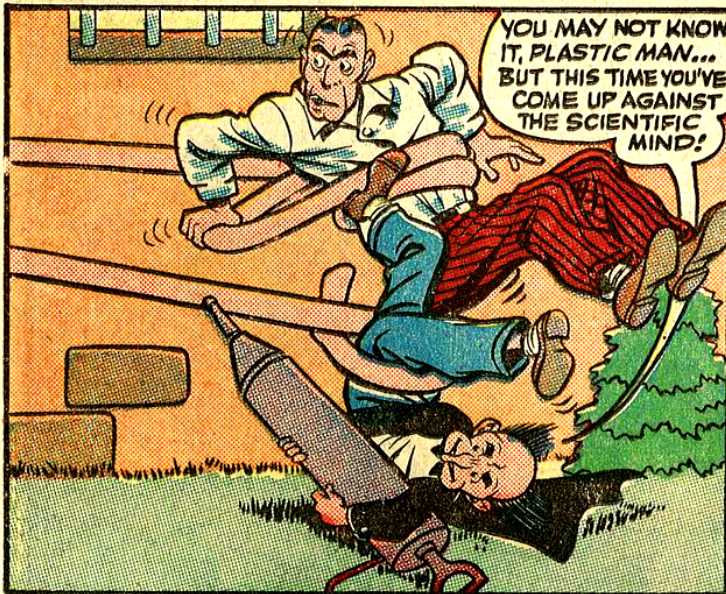
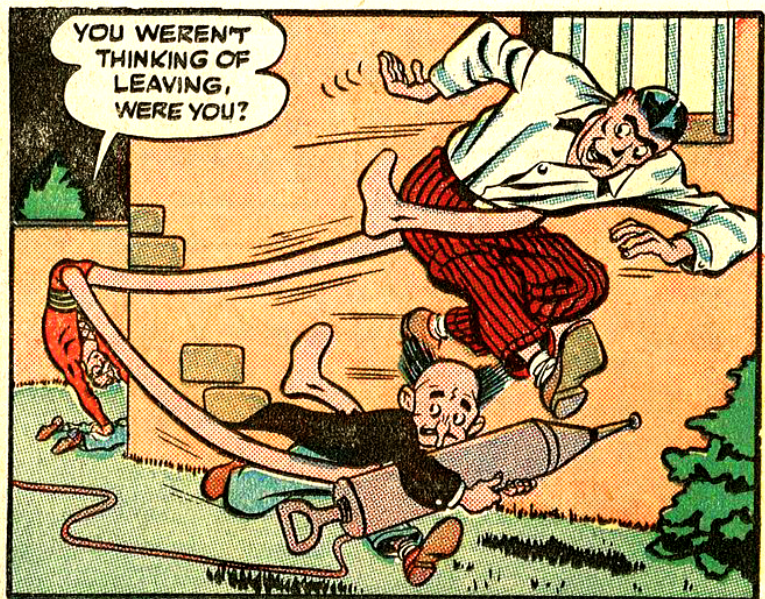
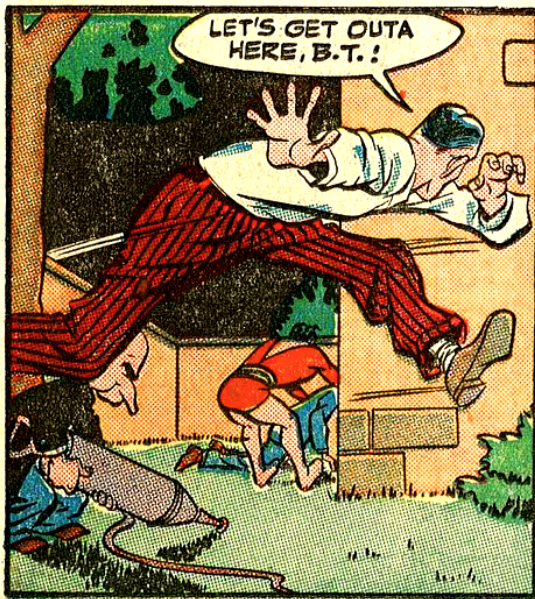
THOUGHT YOU
WERE **HOT**
STUFF,
DIDN'T YOU,
PLASTIC
MAN?

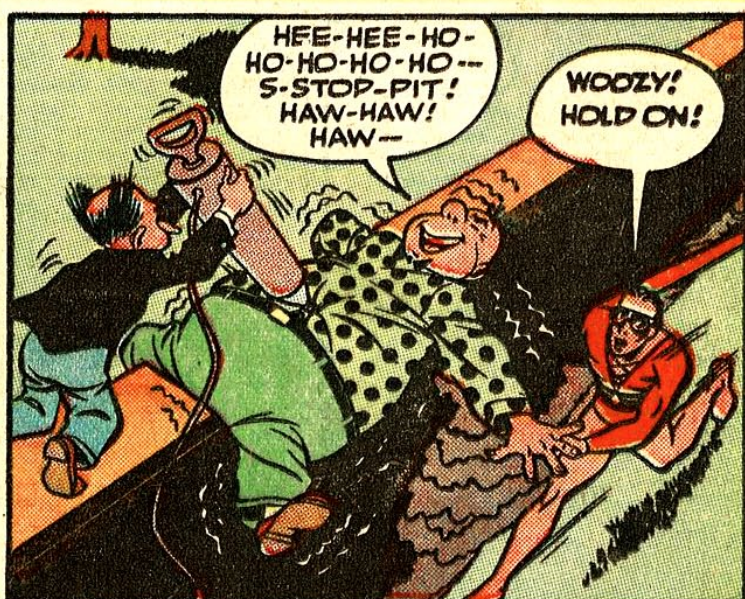
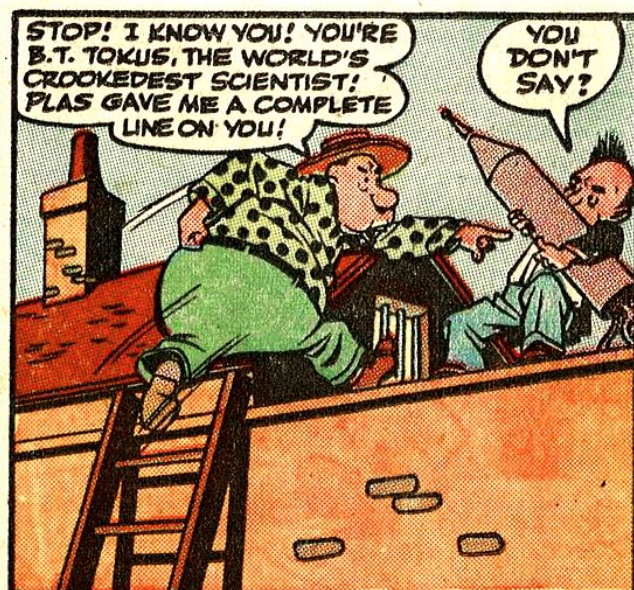
BROTHER,
I
AM!

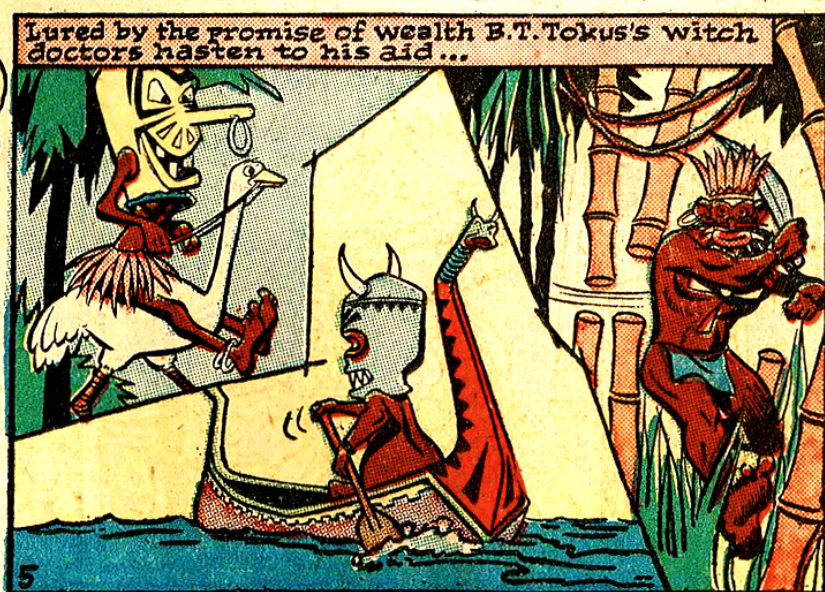
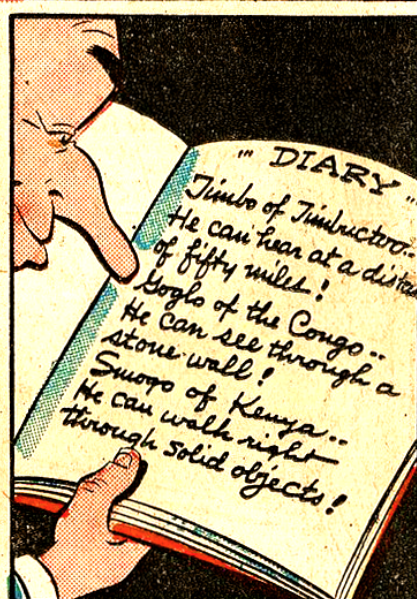
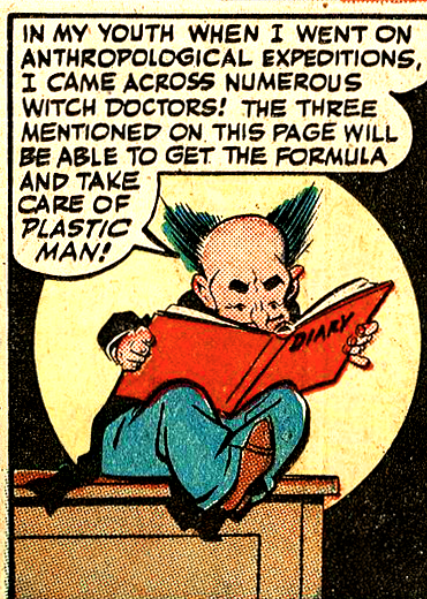
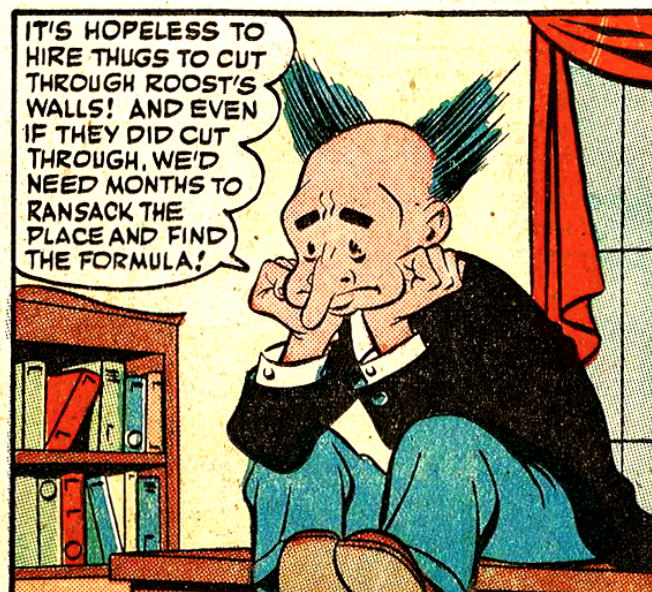
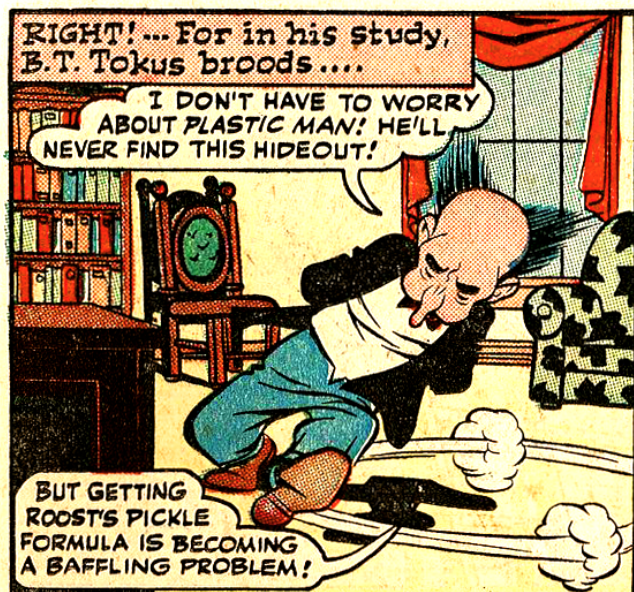
PLASTIC MAN
THOUGHT HE
COULD HANDLE
ANY EVIL-DOER...
UNTIL THREE
WITCH DOCTORS
CAME FROM THE
DARKEST CORNERS
OF THE WORLD TO
HURL A DEFIANT
CHALLENGE INTO
HIS TEETH!

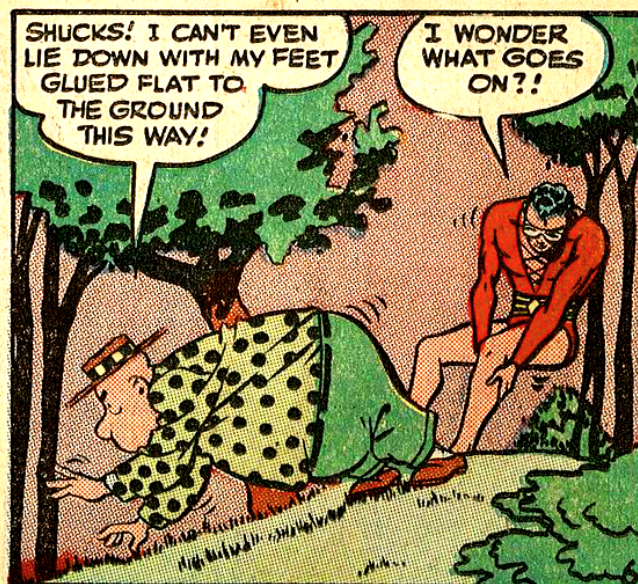
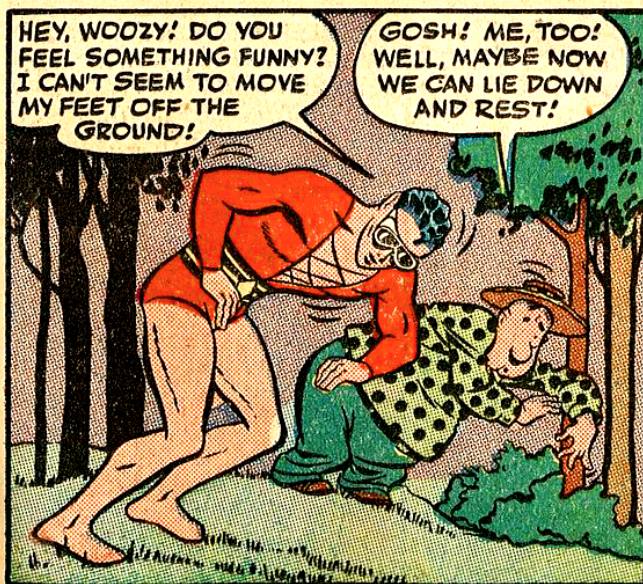
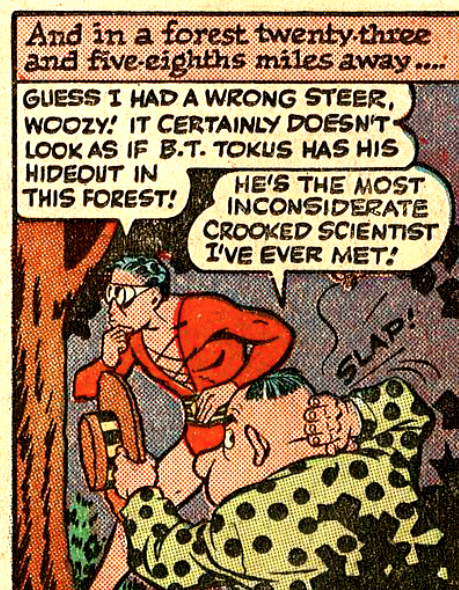
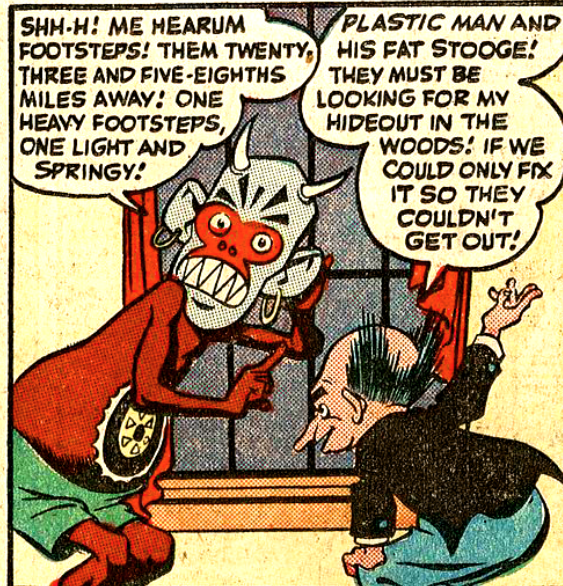
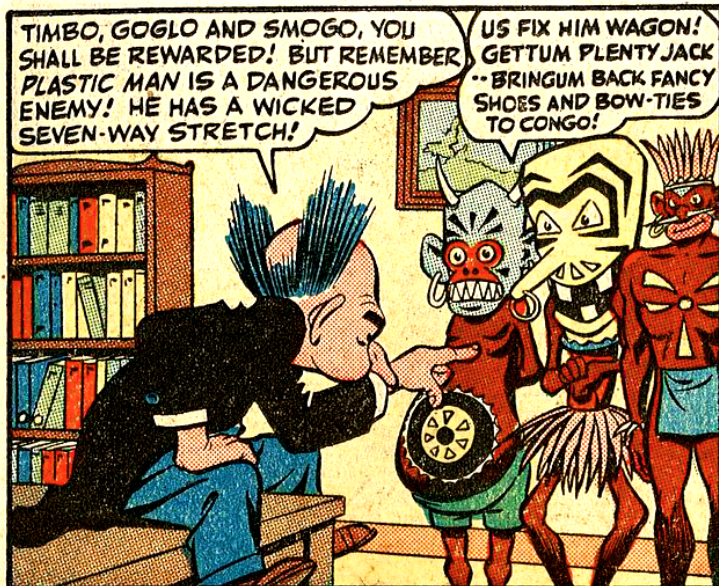
by JACK COLE

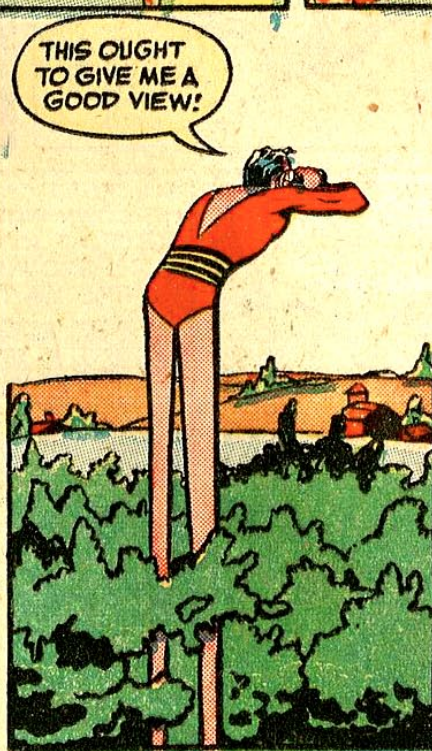
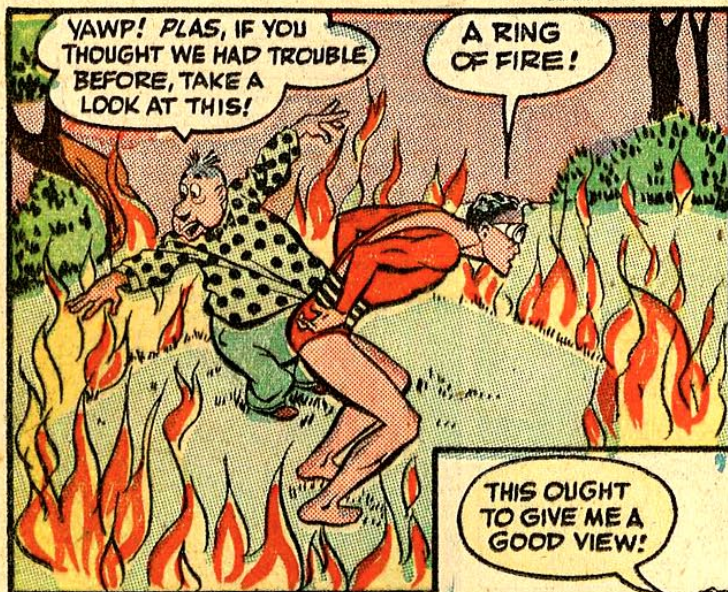


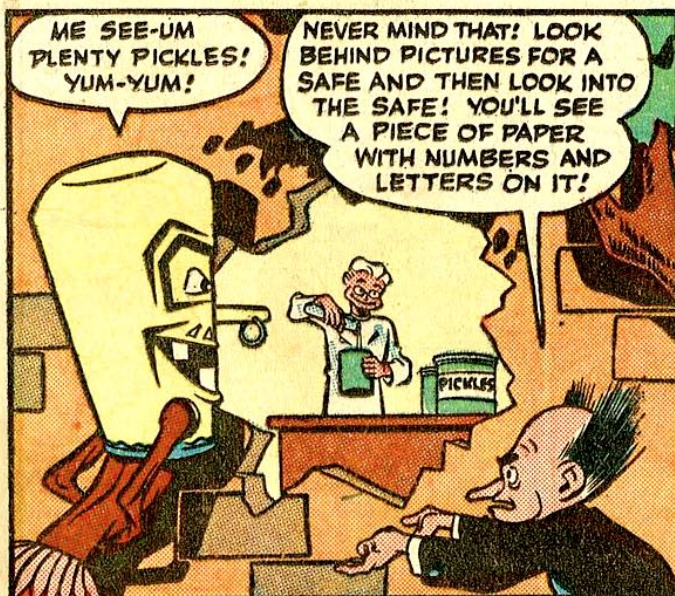
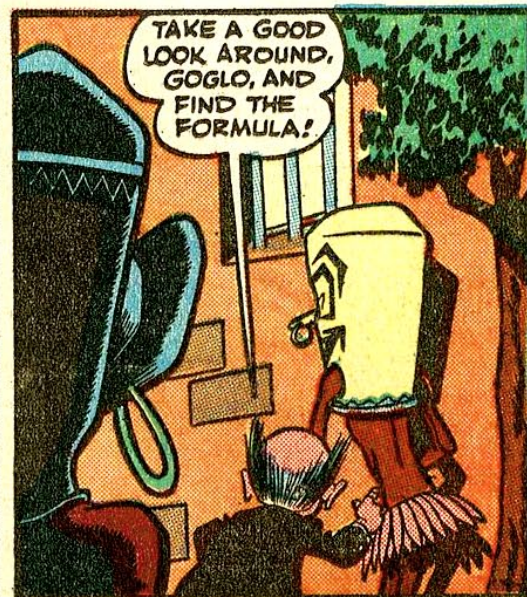
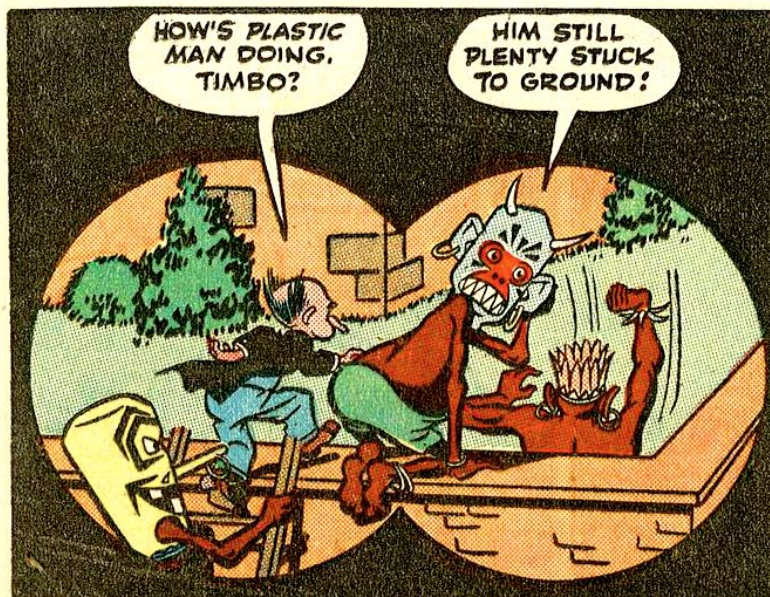


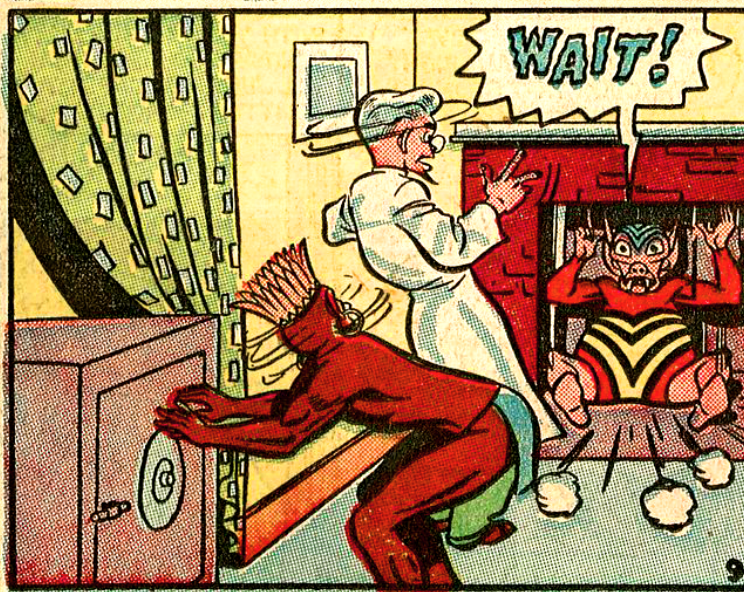
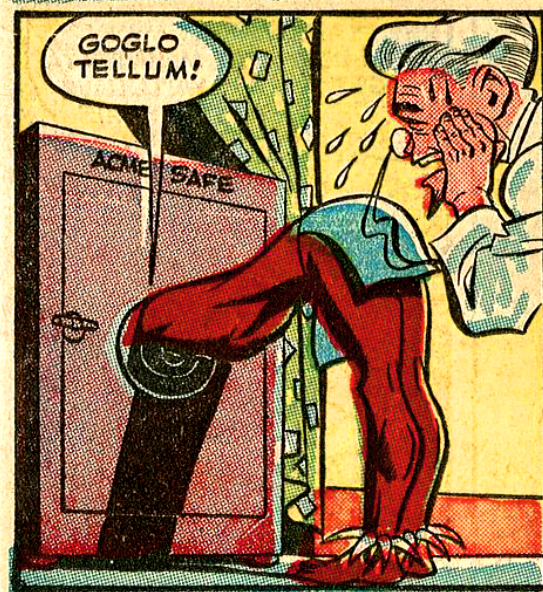
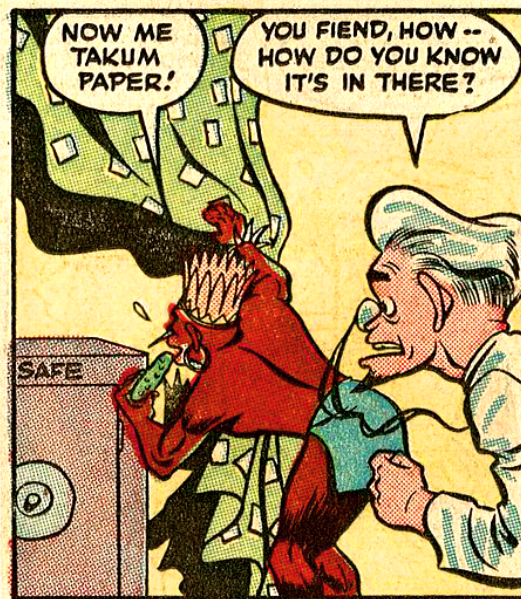
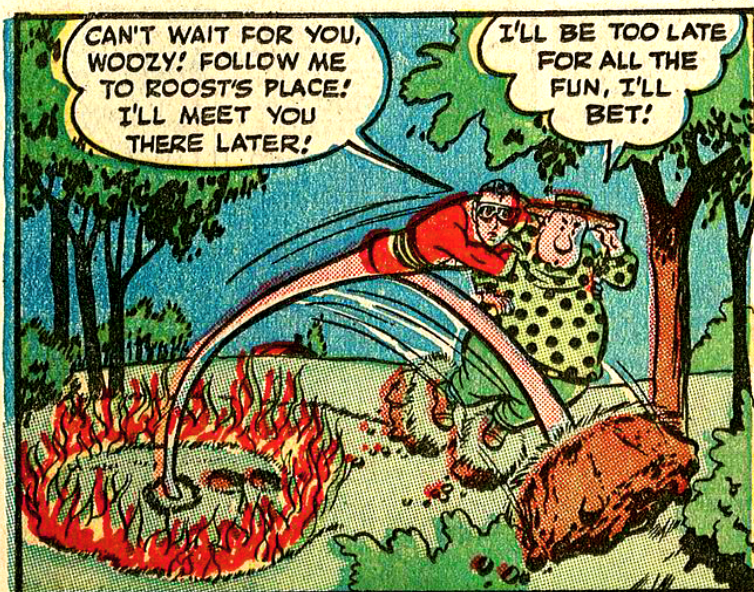


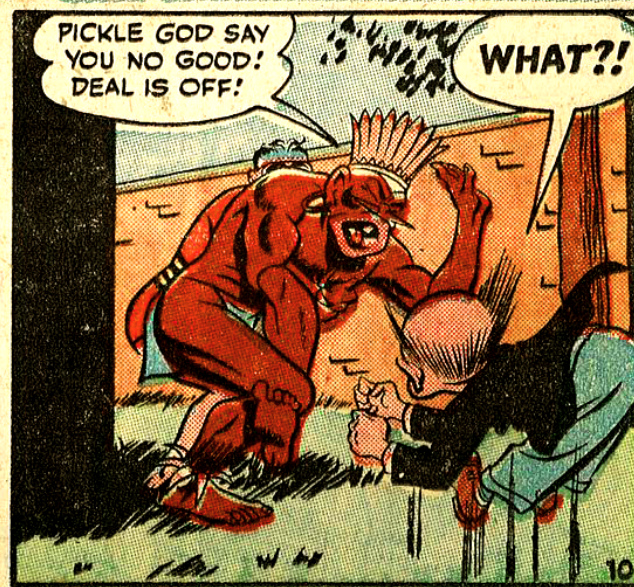
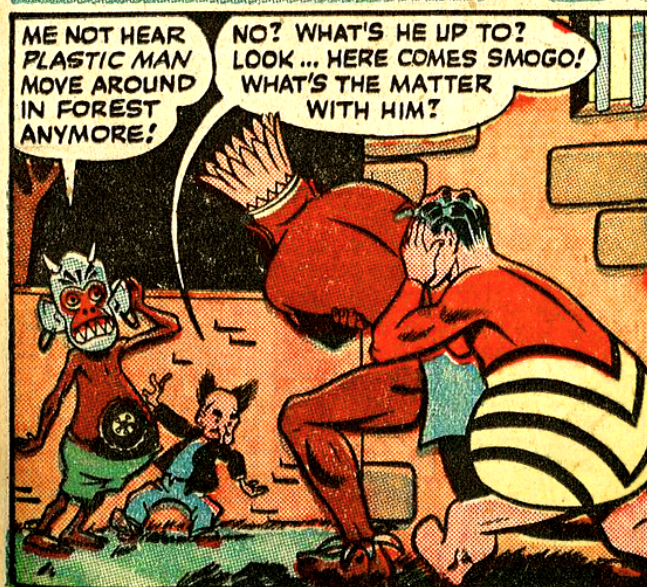
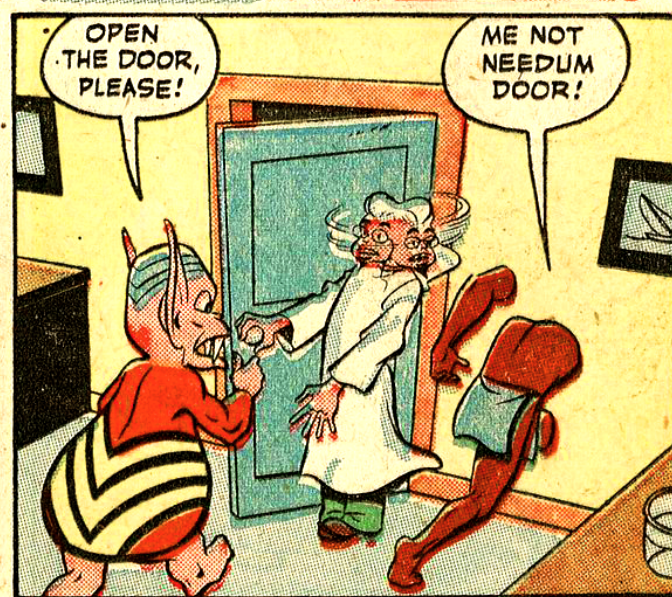
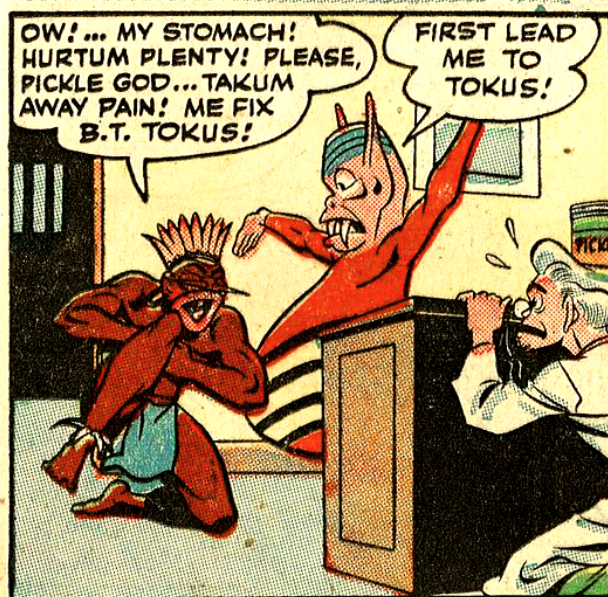
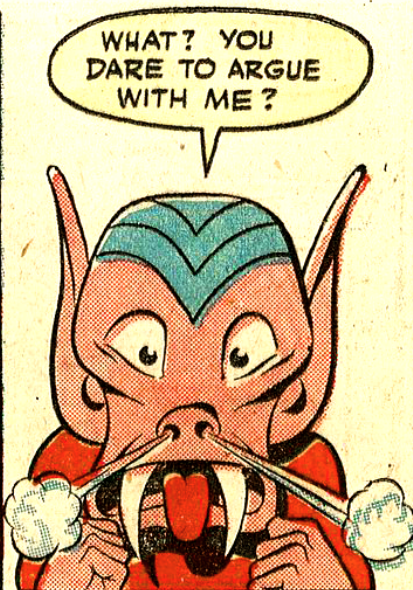


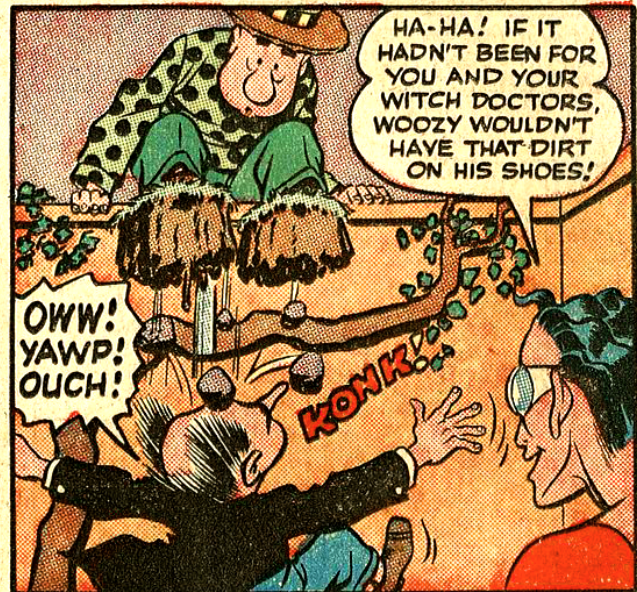
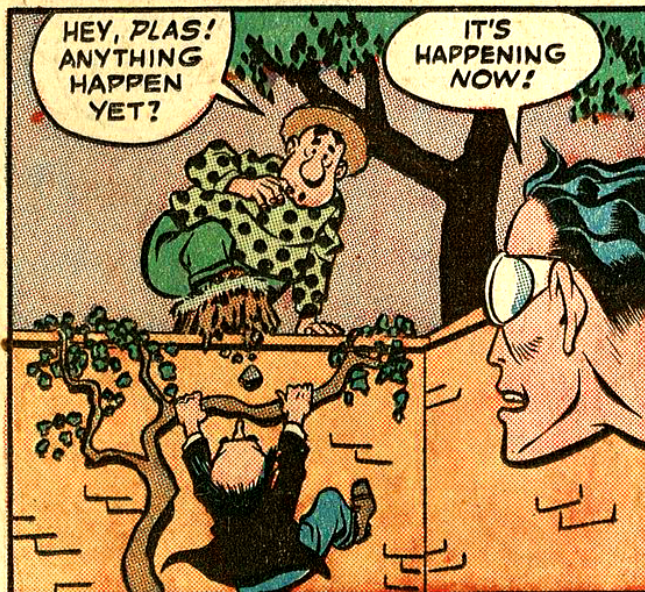
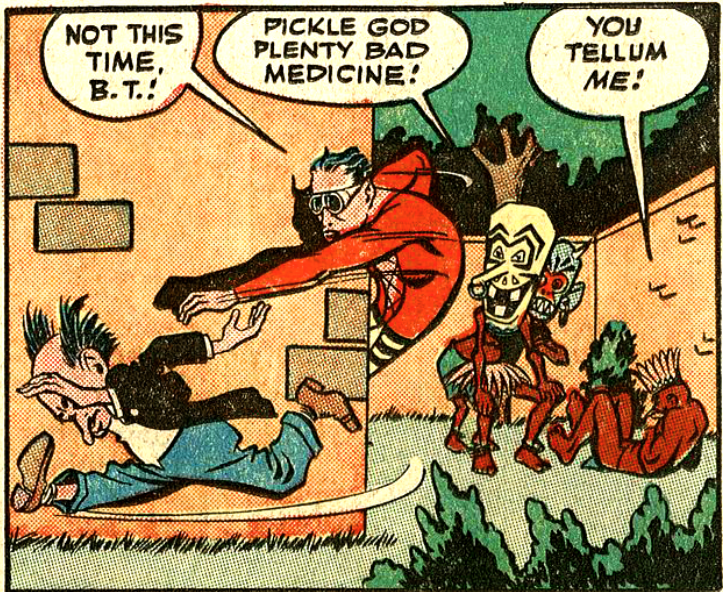






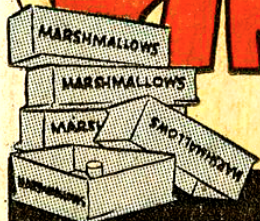




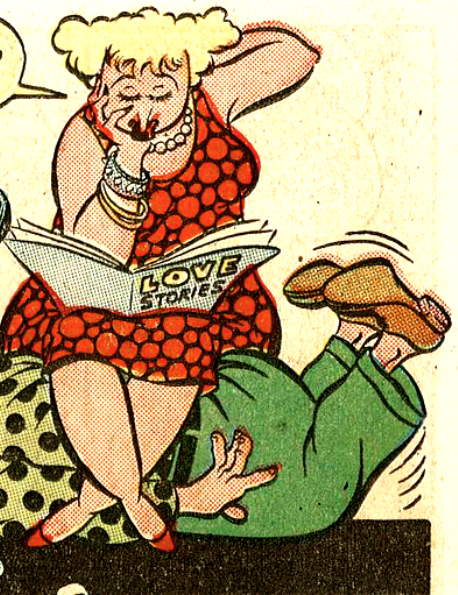


STARRING

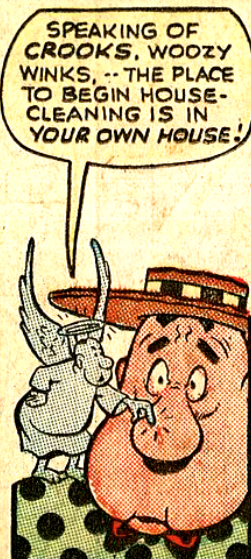
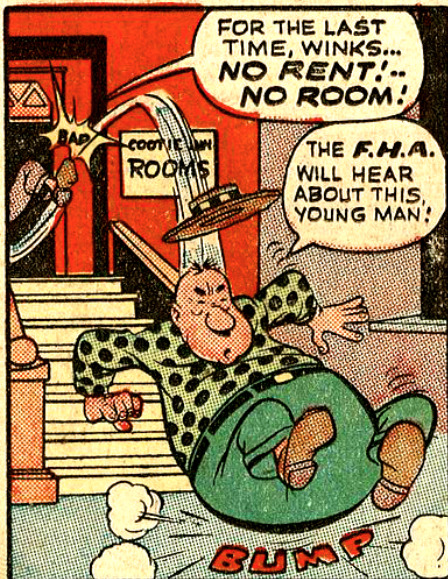
WOOZY WINKS

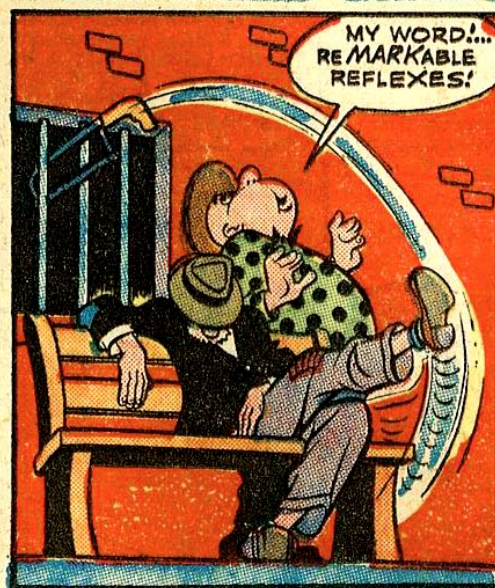
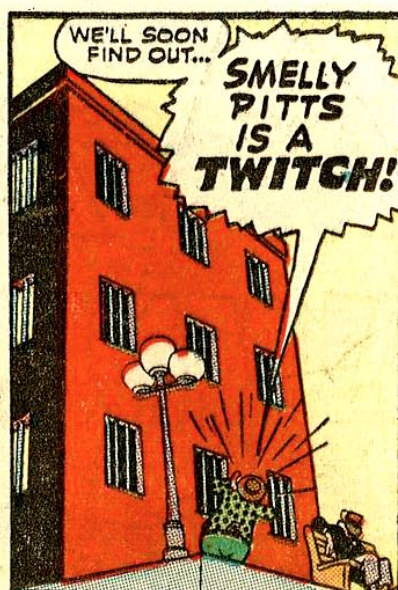
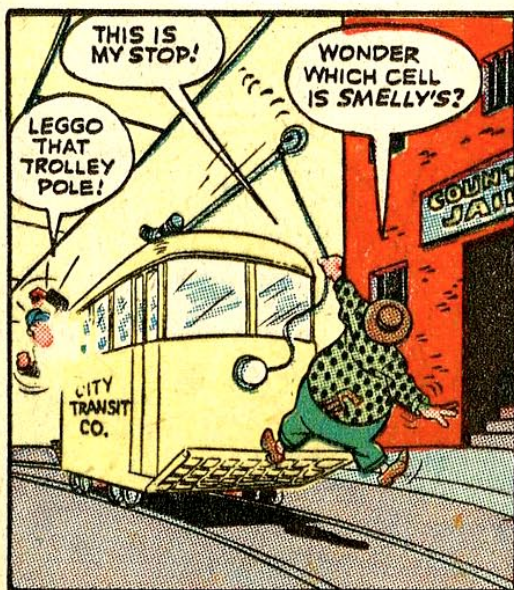


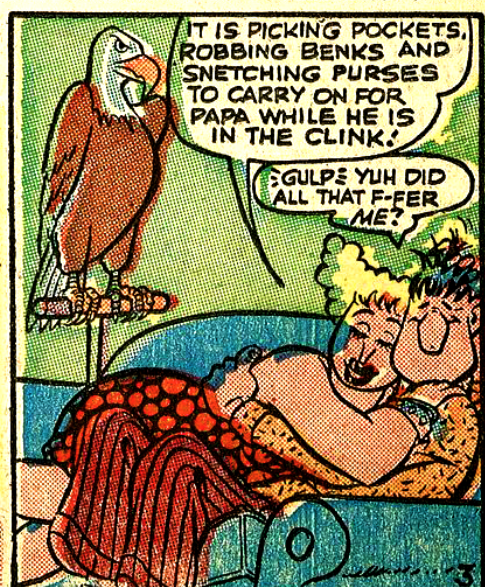
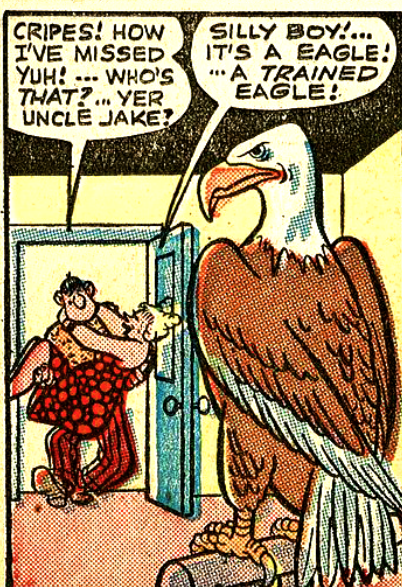
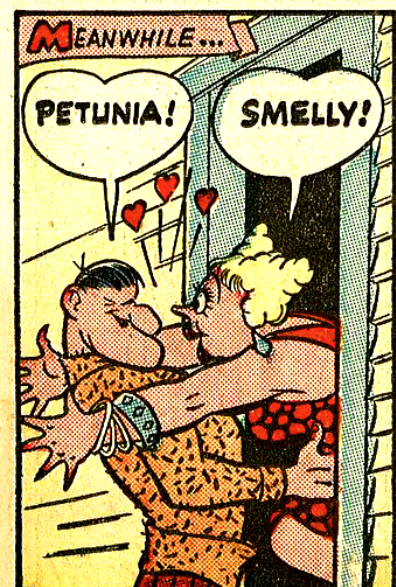
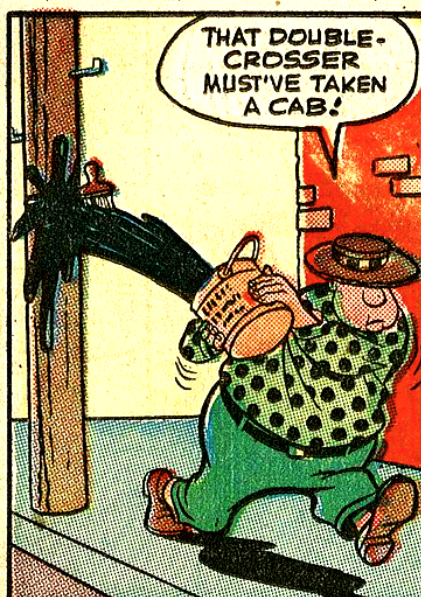
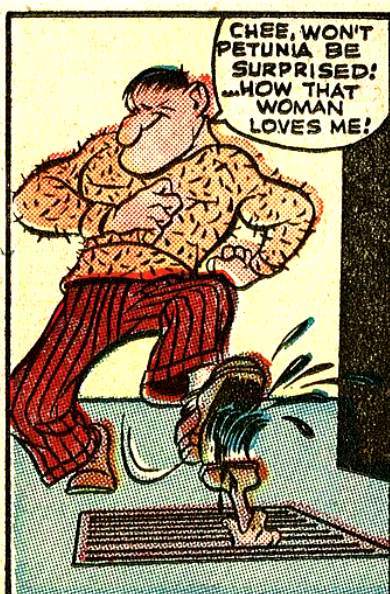
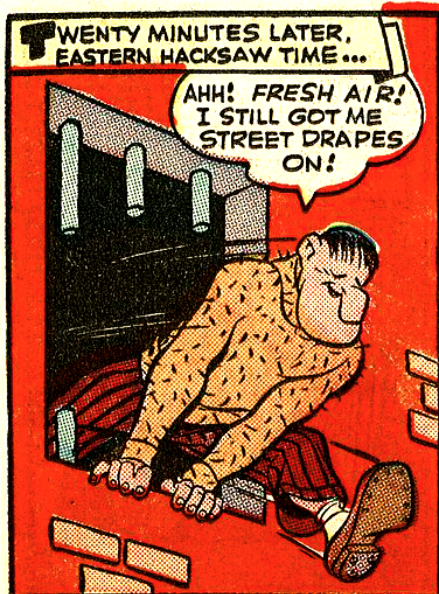
GIFF HIM SOME MORE MARSHMALLOWS, DEAR! THE SEAT'S A TRIFLE HARD!



THAT SUPER CRIME-BUSTER GOES INTO ACTION ON HIS BIG, FAT OWN!

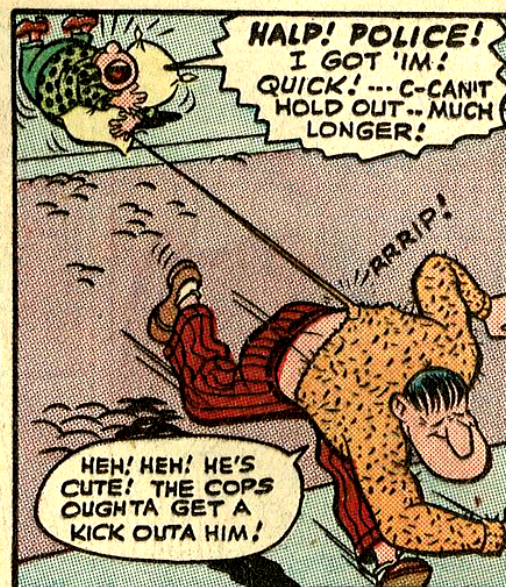
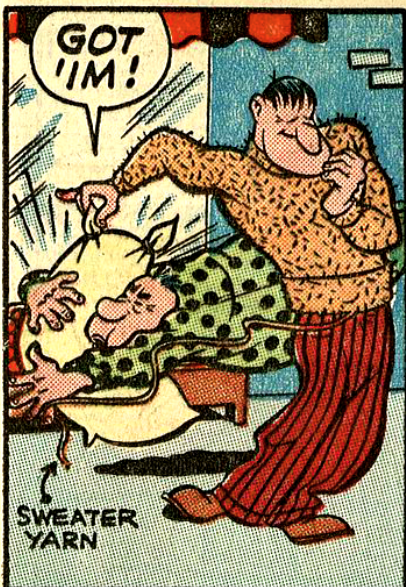
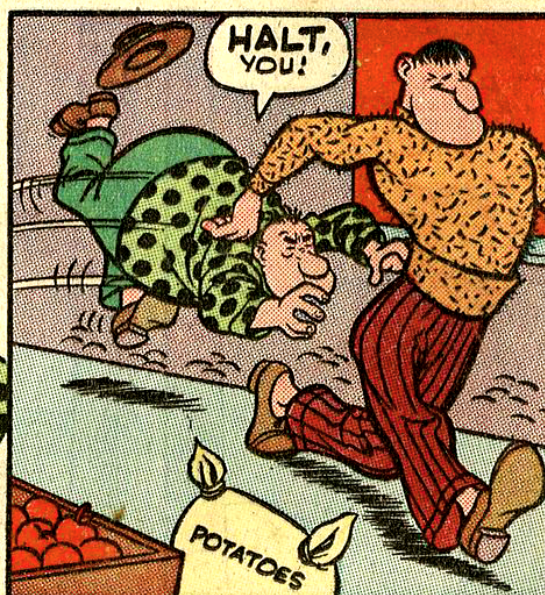
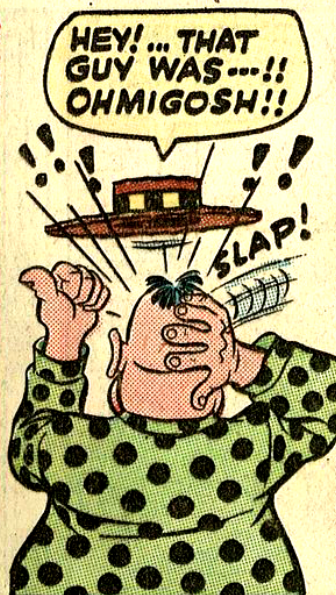
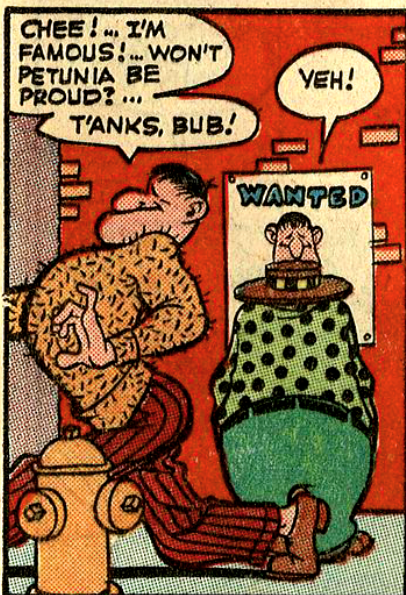


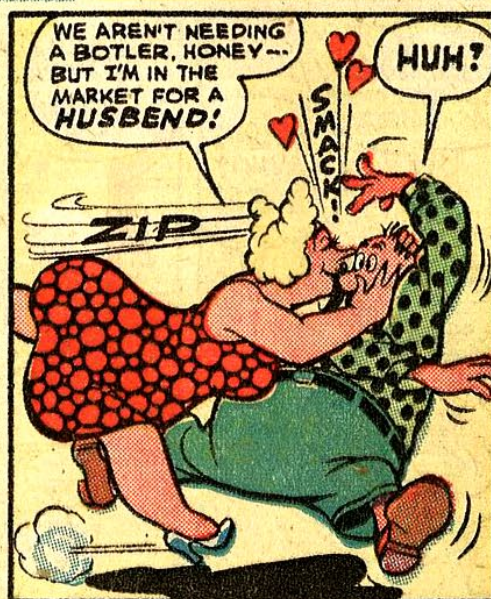


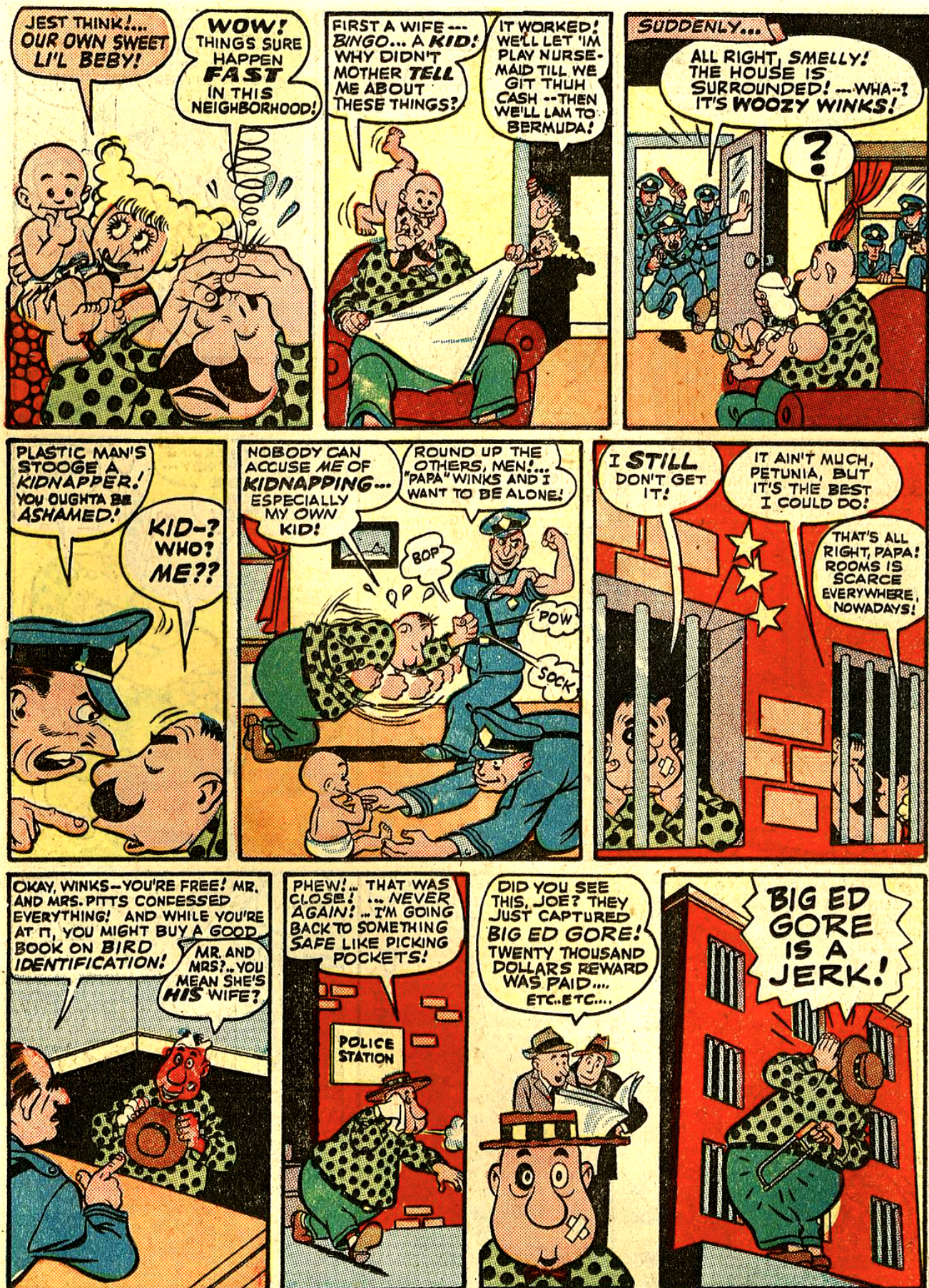




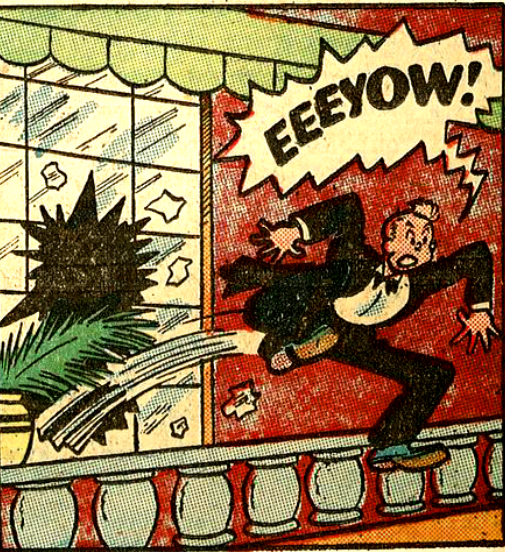
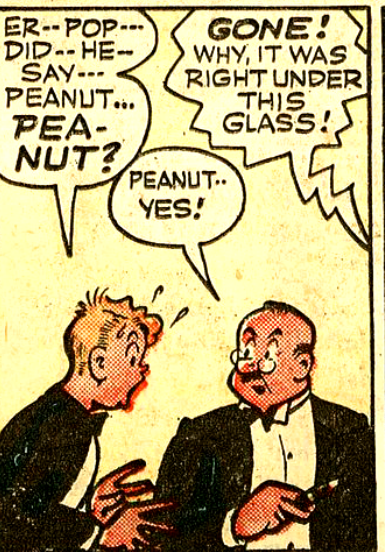
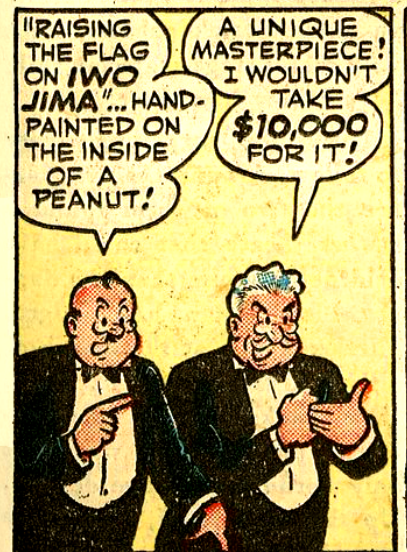
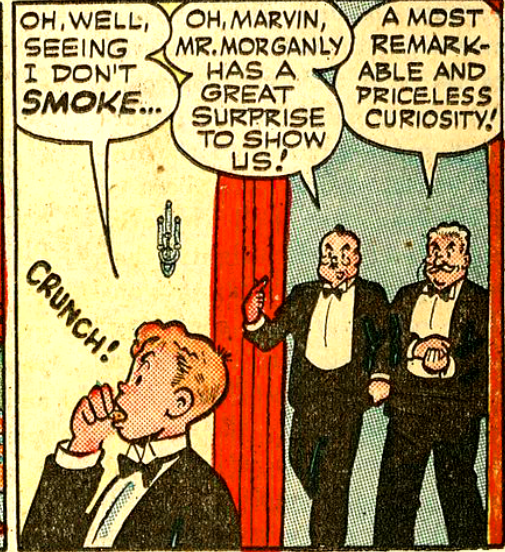
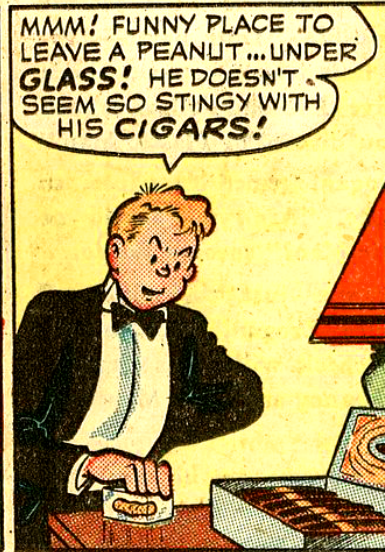
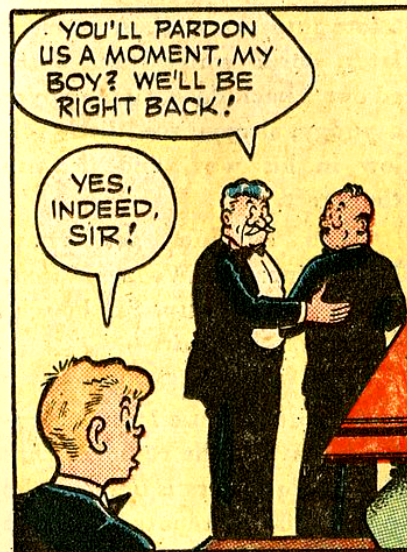
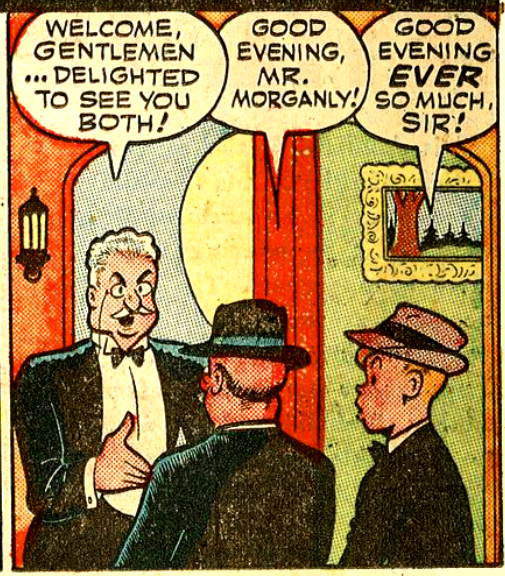
SOON A NASTY CRIME WAVE BREAKS LOOSE!... POLICE SUSPECT ONE **SMELLY PITTS**, BUT WE KNOW, DON'T WE? IT'S THAT **TRAINED EAGLE** WHO'S DOING ALL THE SWIPING!







JONES Y



THE HAND BEHIND

IT is doubtful if the reputation of Plastic Man would be so great if his enemies did not help it by offering themselves as opponents. The very fact of his triumphs, and the incredible fashion of his winning them, excites one criminal after another to challenge him; with the inevitable result of another victory and more fame for Plastic Man.

Bordo, head of the wild Seventy-Second Street Gang, was eager to make such a trial of strength and wit. Before he became a gang leader, important and influential in the underworld, Bordo had been a stage magician. Well aware of the tricks and sleights that make possible the seeming wonders of theatrical conjuring, Bordo insisted that there was some trickery about Plastic Man—that the stories about how he stretched high as buildings or condensed himself into small chunks; of his twisting his face and body into the semblance of man or animal, living thing or dead; of how he could reach across streets, down chimneys and through keyholes to seize and overpower adversaries—all these stories, Bordo said again and again, were exaggerations or myths, and he would prove as much.

"I brought you here," he said across the desk in his headquarters to a mighty man with a cauliflower ear and a broken nose, "because I know you're the most accomplished murderer in town. Right?"

"Right," nodded the other. "I not only kill on order, but I seldom leave enough of the victim to make a funeral worth while. So there aren't important clues."

"Excellent!" cried Bordo. He was a tall, sinewy fellow with a sharp-pointed moustache and two hornlike curls of hair at his temples—ever since his magician days he had tried to make himself look as satanic as possible. "Your name—Zrogan, isn't it?—goes on a check for five thousand dollars as soon as you dispose of Plastic Man."

Zrogan seemed to pause, to hesitate. "Are you afraid of Plastic Man?" sneered Bordo.

"I was just thinking," growled Zrogan, "that maybe your check will be as stretchy and bouncy as Plastic Man himself."

Bordo rose to his feet. "I didn't call you here to listen to insults," he said. "I hire you as a death specialist, but I'm something of a killer myself. Look!" He lifted an empty hand. Quick as light, a dagger appeared in it, a masterpiece of sleight-of-hand. "If you think to trifle with someone like me—"

"Good trick, Bordo," nodded the big fellow. "But can you do this?"

Zrogan's huge knuckly hands swept across his face. Zrogan shrugged out of his jacket, twitched off his hat—and Zrogan wasn't Zrogan at all, but

Plastic Man, grinning and mocking, red-clad arms folded across his chest and eyes darting mockery through his goggles.

"They tell me you don't believe in my abilities, Bordo," said Plastic Man. "Well, seeing is believing. Take a look."

Bordo screamed a curse, and threw the knife. Plastic Man sinuously writhed his shoulder out of the way, and the knife smote into the wall. A moment later, Bordo whirled and dashed out a back door, tipping over a pudgy, sleepy-faced little fellow in his way, and fled up the street.

"You let him get away, Plas'," moaned Woozy Winks, picking himself up. "I thought you'd trap him sure—"

"I let him run on purpose," interrupted Plastic Man, emerging in turn. "The rumor is that this headquarters is only a false one. Bordo is reputed to have a hidden hideout that is really an outsize trick cabinet, built with all his stage-magician skill. Let's follow him there."

Bordo was surprisingly easy to follow. Around the first corner the two of them found a leather sheath that could have held nothing else than the dagger Plastic Man had dodged. Further along, at the mouth of an alley, lay a deck of cards, their backs marked for dishonest playing in a way that only Bordo could have devised. Up the alley itself, they came to a door.

"He didn't come here, Plas'," said Woozy, trying the knob. "This door's locked."

"From the inside," added Plastic Man. "And there's a crack underneath it fully a quarter of an inch high. Leave it to me."

Dropping prone, Plastic Man flattened himself like a great rug. Carefully he edged underneath, rose in his own form inside, and unlocked the door for Woozy.

They found themselves in a dim hallway, set with two doors some distance apart. Plastic Man stretched his neck like a snake, putting his ears to one door, then to the other.

"All quiet," he whispered to Woozy. "You go in one door; I'll go in the other."

Obediently Woozy trotted to the nearest door, opened it and entered. He saw an impressive array of weapons on the walls and tables—pistols, sub-machine guns, shotguns. He saw, too, Bordo, pointing a huge revolver.

"I laid a trail for you to follow," mocked Bordo. "Now I've got you! Sit in this chair."

Woozy glumly obeyed. Into sight sprang iron clamps, catching him by wrist and ankle.

"Now we'll wait for your rubbery friend," said Bordo.

Plastic Man had moved cautiously to the other door, waiting to listen before opening it. Stepping across the threshold, he heard the door swing shut behind him and an automatic lock slip into place. A stride forward brought him against a pane of glass, beyond which grinned Bordo.

"You're just where I want

you!" jeered the magician-crook. "In an almost airtight cell, into which I'm about to release a gas that will destroy your strange substance. I've developed it for this very purpose—it rots rubber and destroys elastic."

Plastic Man backed toward the door.

"Don't try to get out, Plastic Man," warned Bordo, his voice muffled but understandable through the glass. "If you don't stand still, I'll make short work of your helpless friend," and he gestured toward Woozy.

Plastic Man relaxed, leaning on the door, his right hand behind him.

"You don't think we were foolish enough to come here alone," he suggested.

"That's just what I think," said Bordo. "You underestimated me. It will be fatal." He put his hand toward a lever on the wall. "When I turn this, the gas will enter the part of the room where you are—"

"Careful, Bordo," interrupted Plastic Man. "Somebody's coming into the room behind you."

"An old trick!" cried Bordo, hand on the lever ready to shift it. "You think I'll take my eyes off of you, and that you'll jump at me, try to break the glass. No chance of that, Plastic Man. I'll count three, and let in the vapor that will corrode you. "One—"

"He's almost upon you," warned Plastic Man.

"Two—" counted Bordo.

"He's picking up one of your loaded guns," Plastic Man went on.

"Three!" counted Bordo. And then his face went pale, and he took his hand from the lever.

Between his shoulder blades he felt the hard pressure of something that could be only a gun-muzzle.

"You're trapped," said Plastic Man. "And your effort to destroy us gives us a charge of attempted murder that will send you up for years. Set Woozy free."

Obediently, prodded along by the gun, Bordo obeyed.

"Call the police, Woozy," directed Plastic Man. "Then tie Bordo and lead him outside. I'll meet you in the alley."

In his cell, Bordo clutched the bars and glared through at Plastic Man.

"I'm finished," he said. "I'll never get out of here until I'm old and harmless. But who was it who followed you and stopped me just in time to save you?"

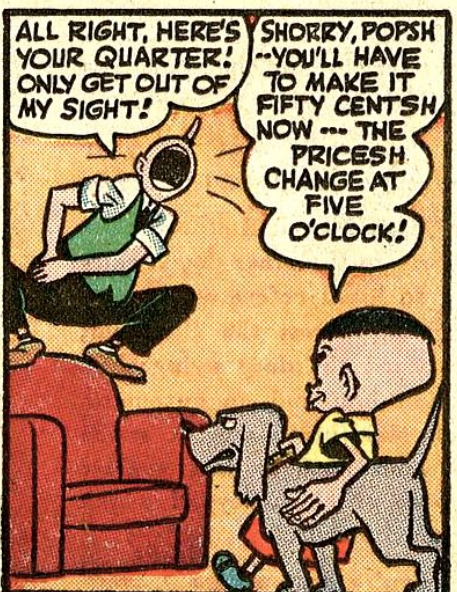
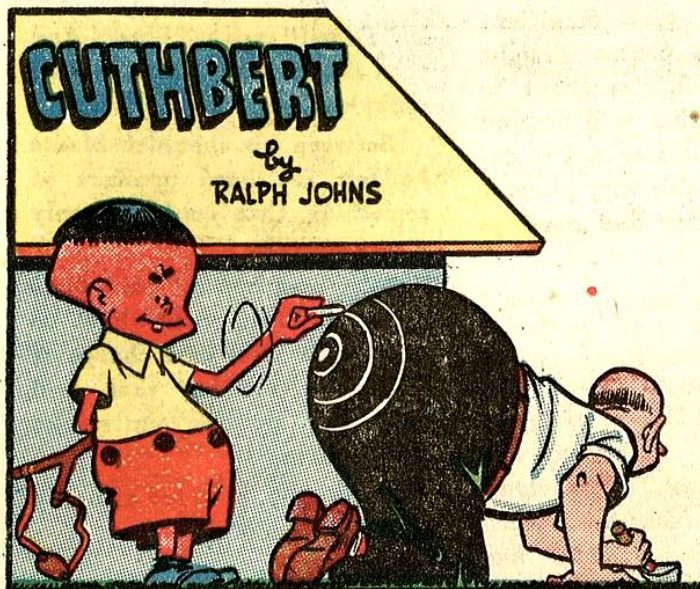
"The hand behind," smiled Plastic Man.

"I don't understand," stammered Bordo.

"Because you never believed in my talent to stretch myself. I put one hand behind me as I leaned on the door—made my arm thin as a pencil—through the keyhole, along the hall outside, through the keyhole of the other door, and in to pick up a gun behind you."

Bordo snarled. "You can do the longest stretch I ever heard of, you rubberized racket-ripper!"

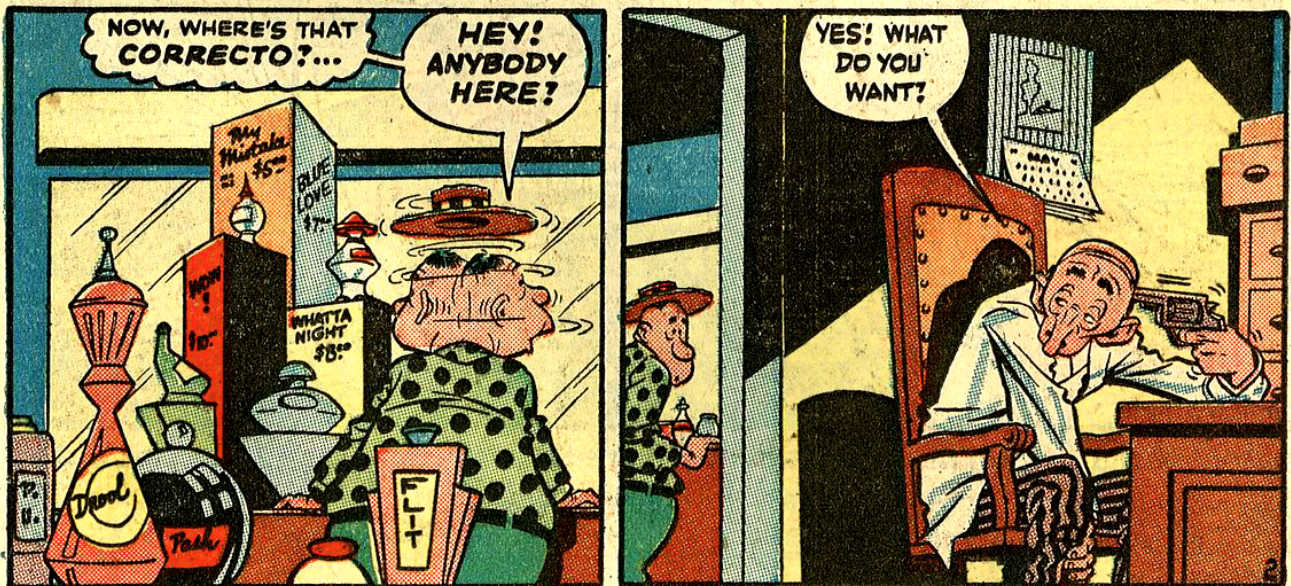
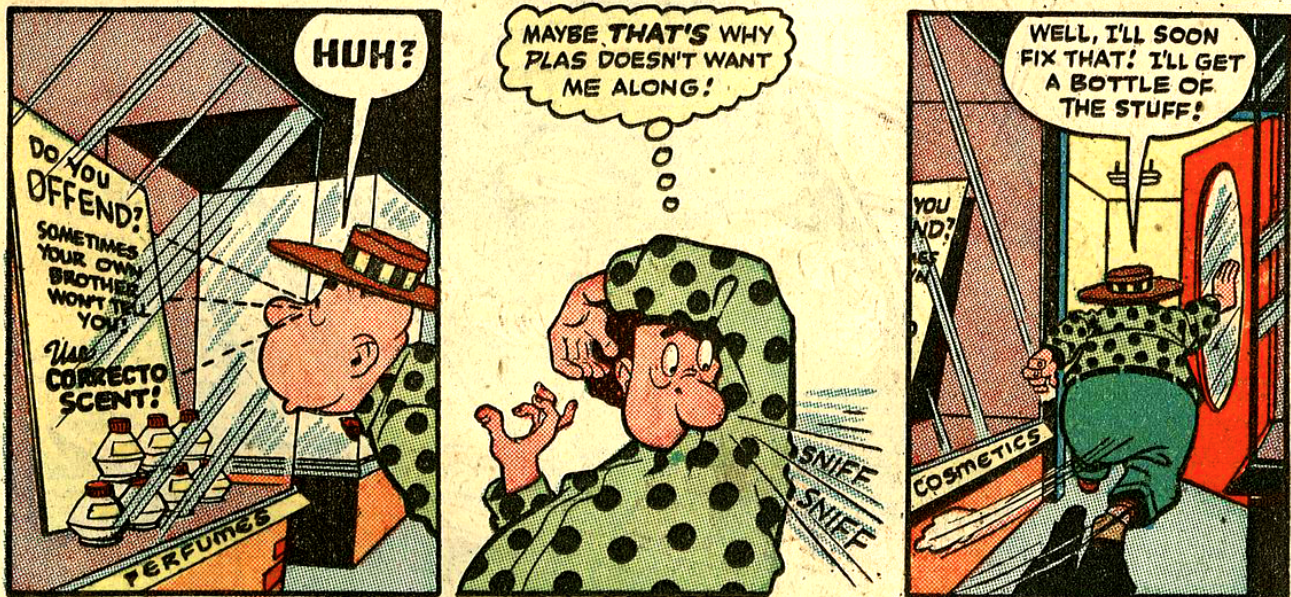
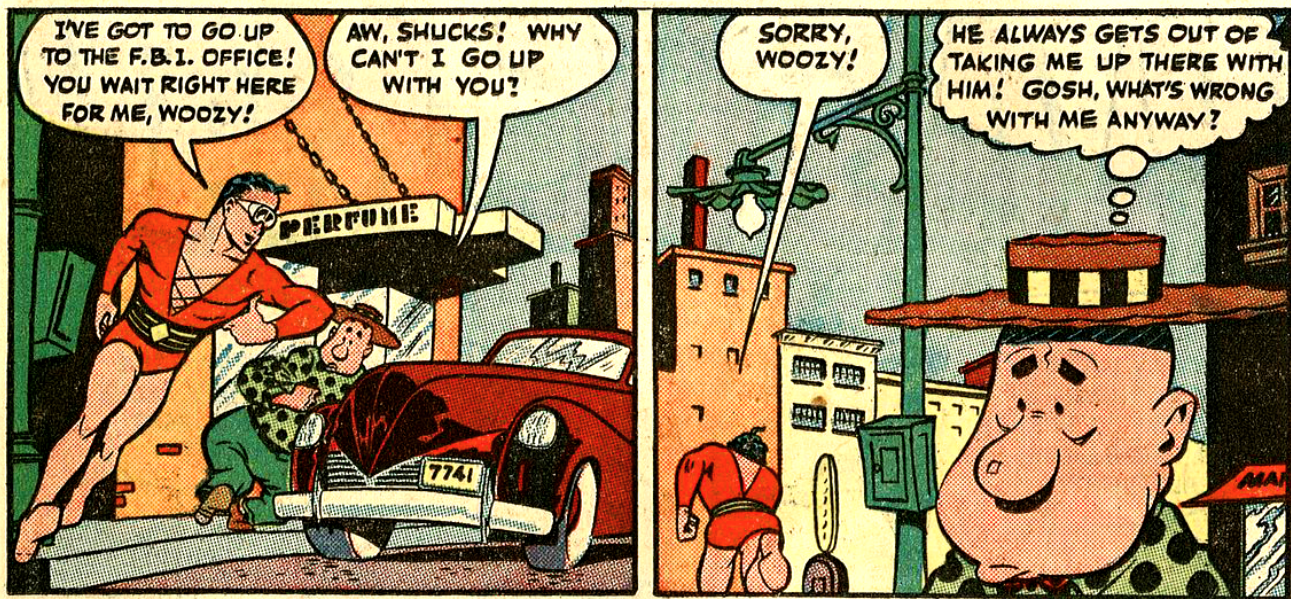
"No," said Plastic Man, shaking his head. "You're doing a longer stretch, Bordo. About twenty years, the judge tells me."

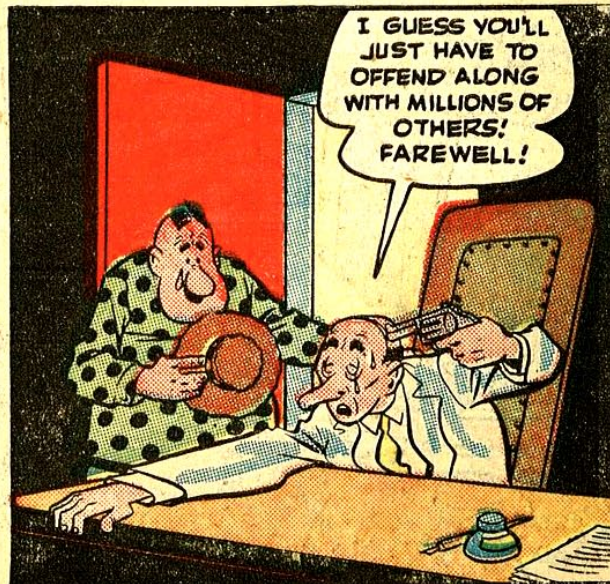
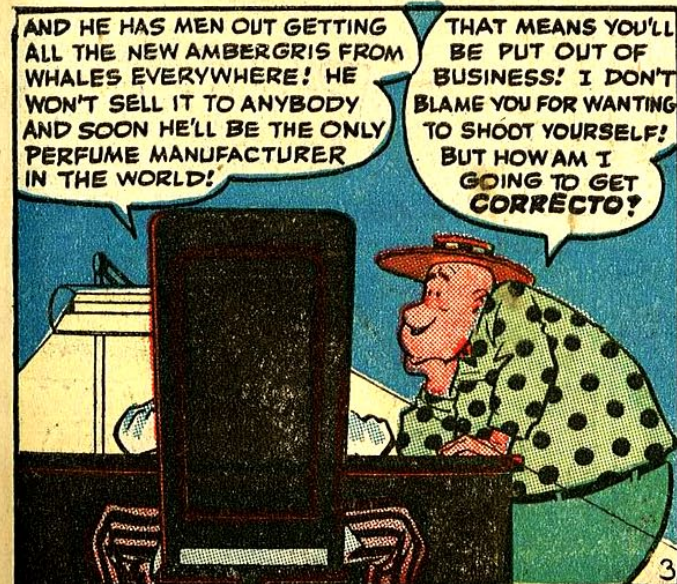
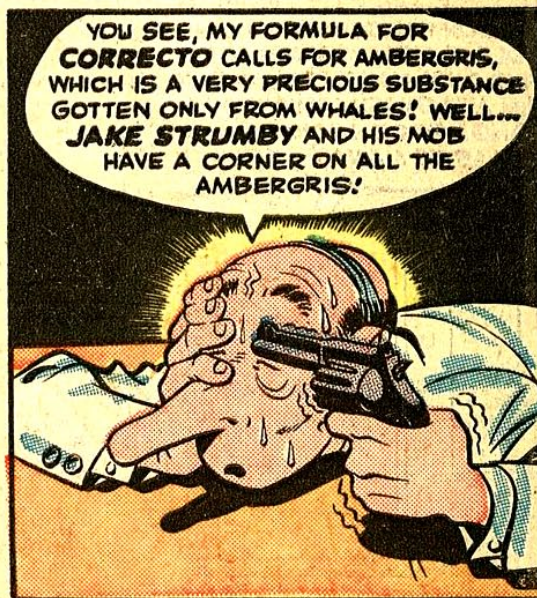
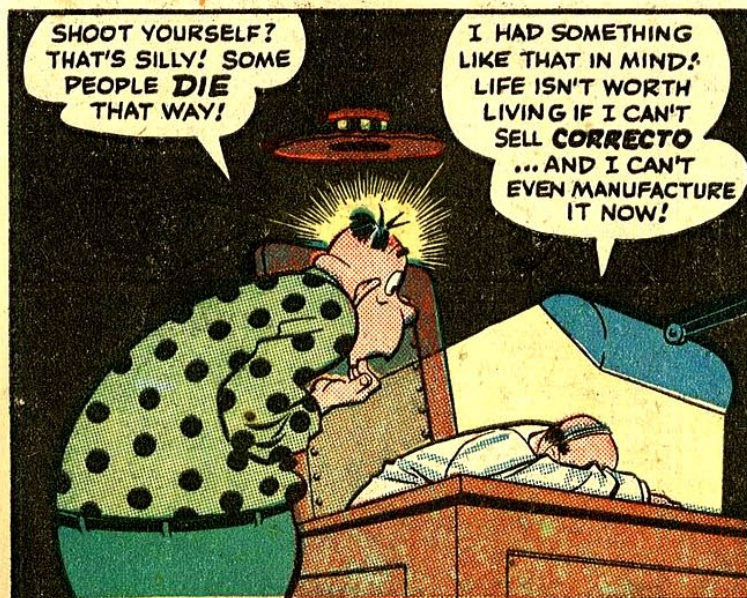


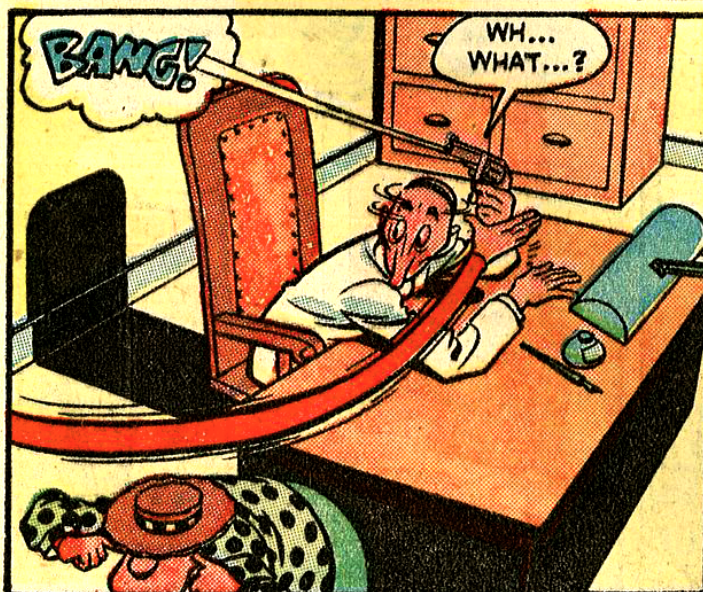
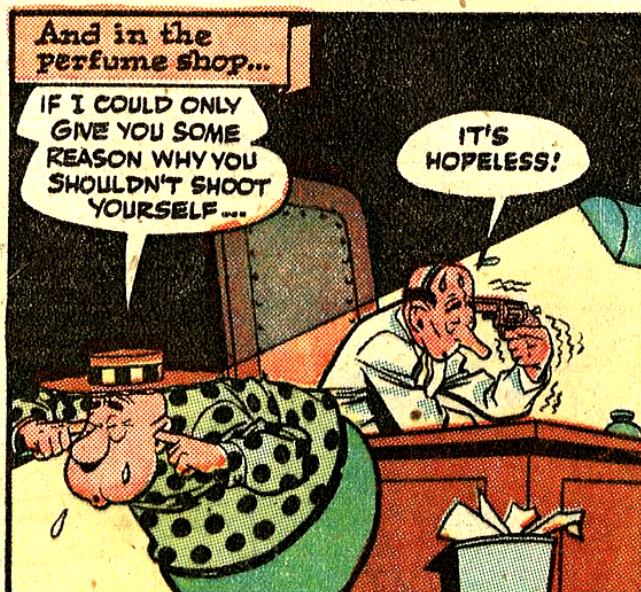
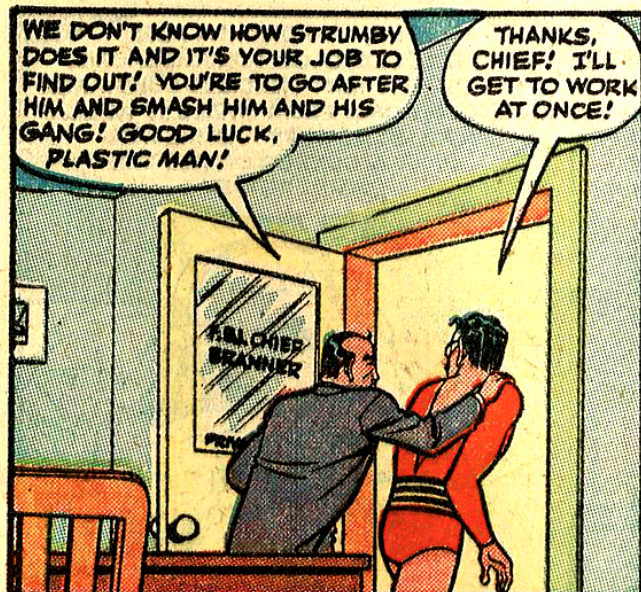
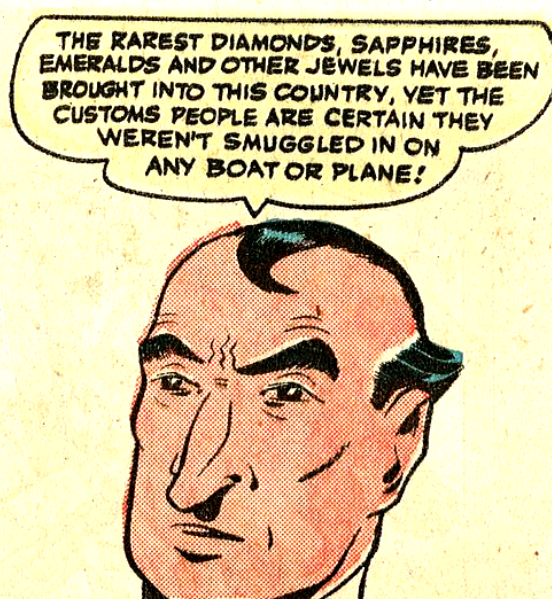
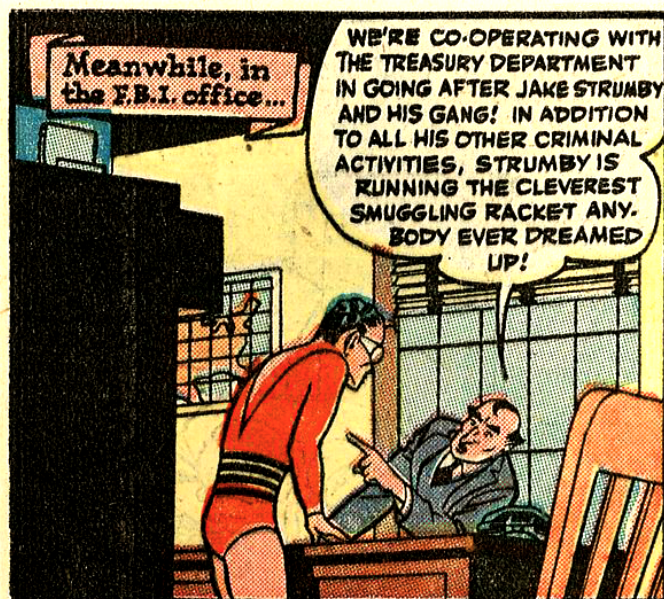
PLASTIC MAN

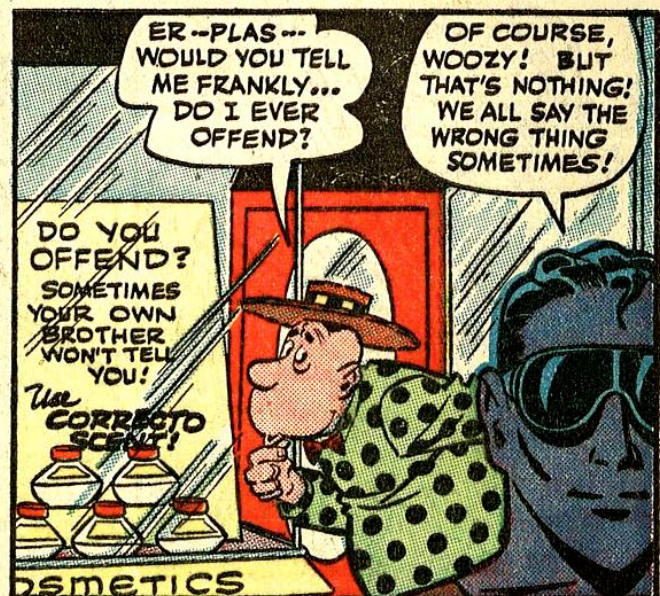
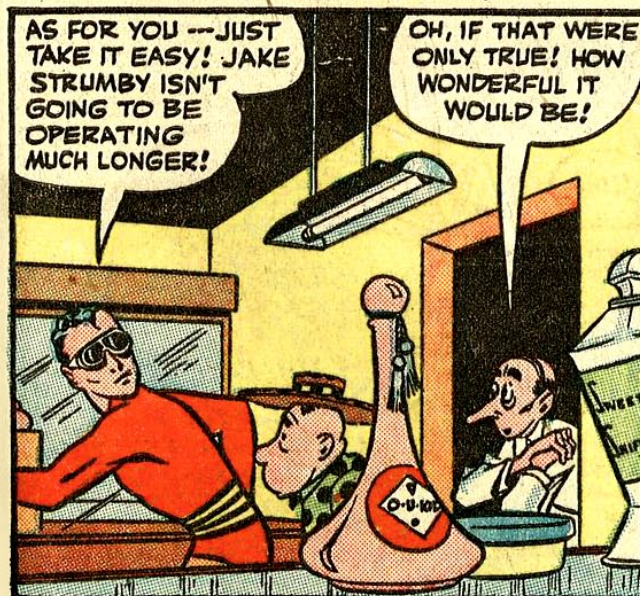
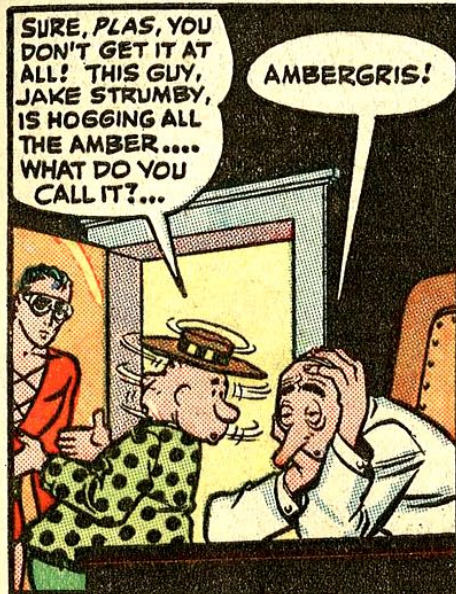


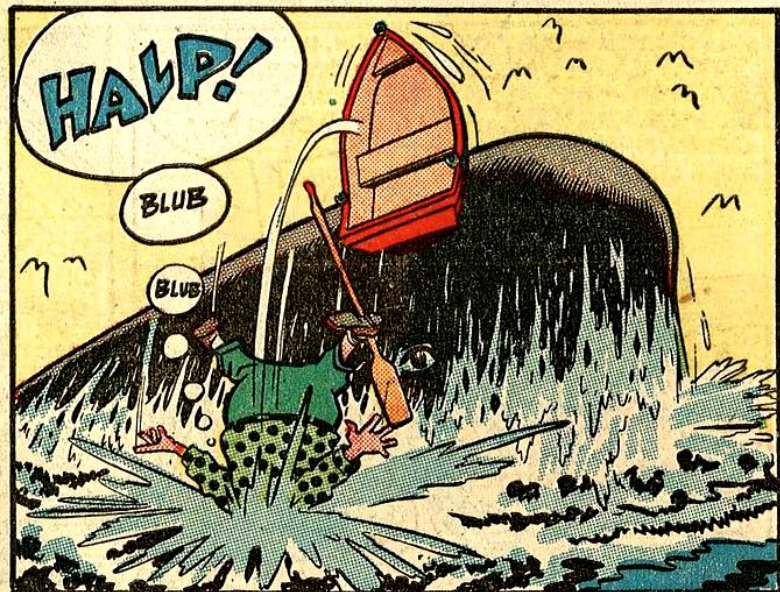
Woozy would go a-whaling ... but bit off more than he could chew! ... and he wished he could say the same for the whale! And ... since it all led to a whale of a lot of trouble, **PLASTIC MAN GOT INTO IT, TOO!**

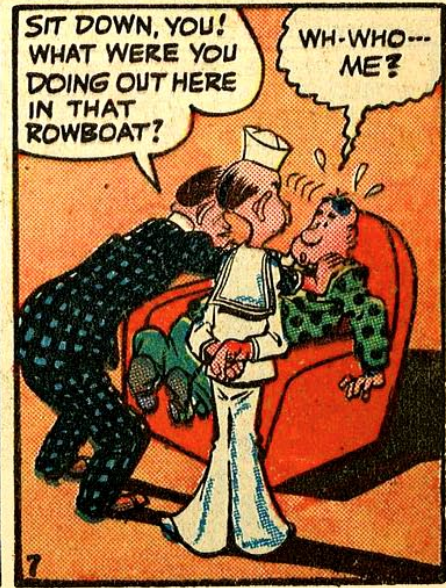
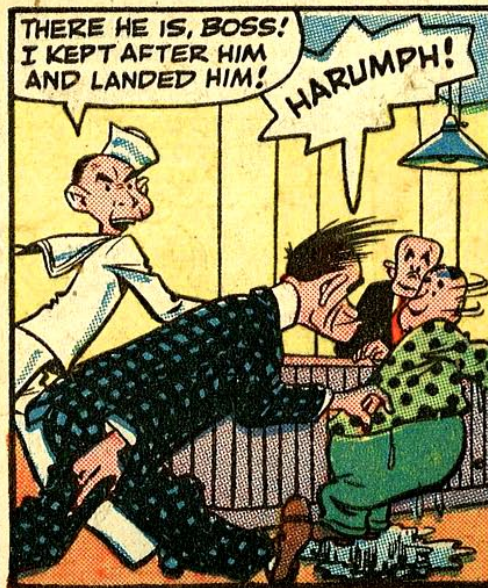
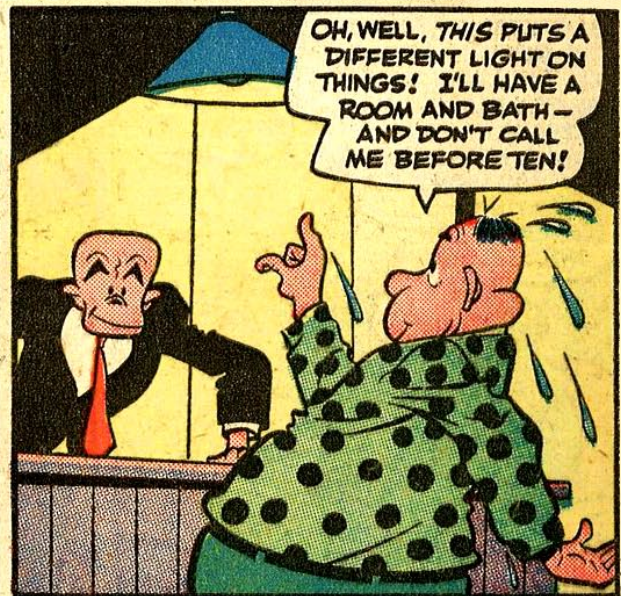
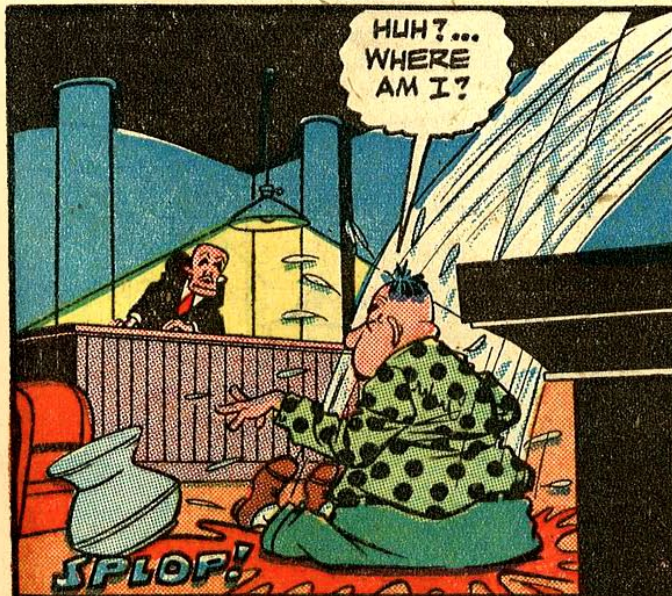
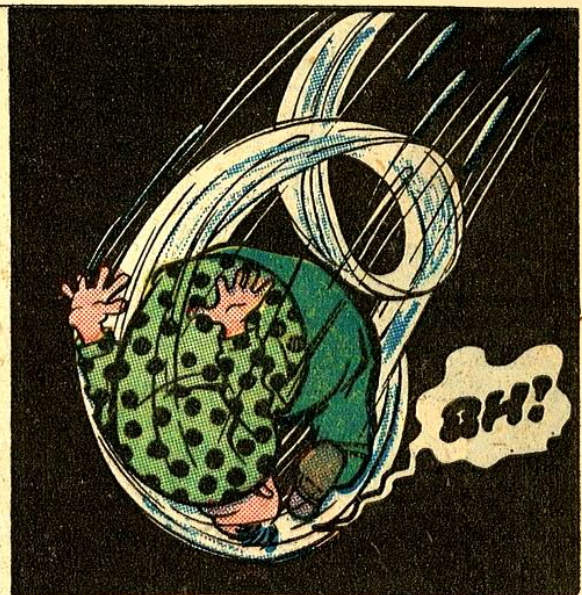
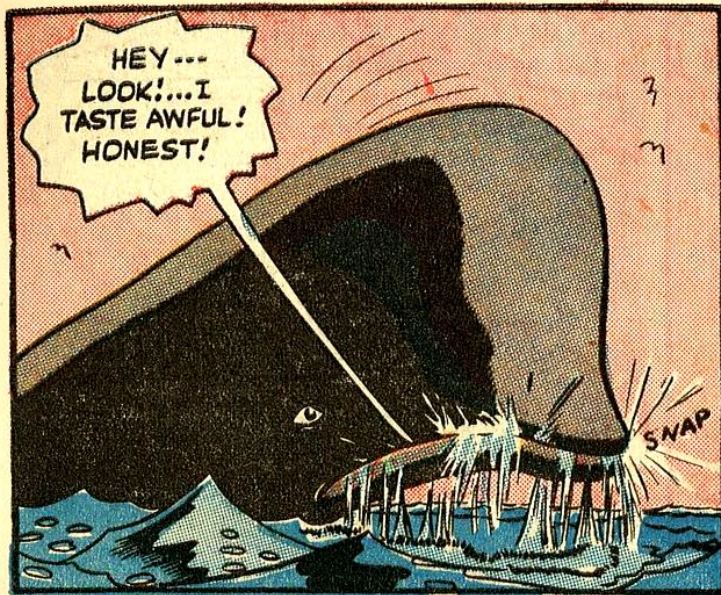


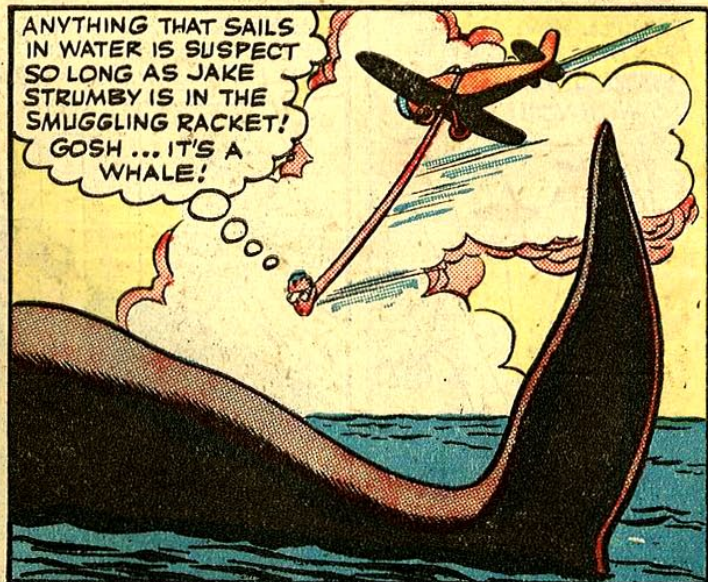
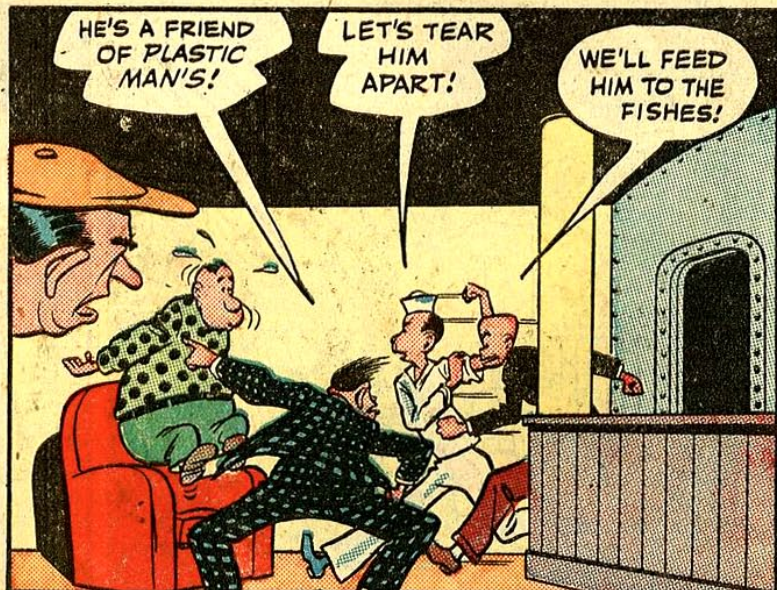
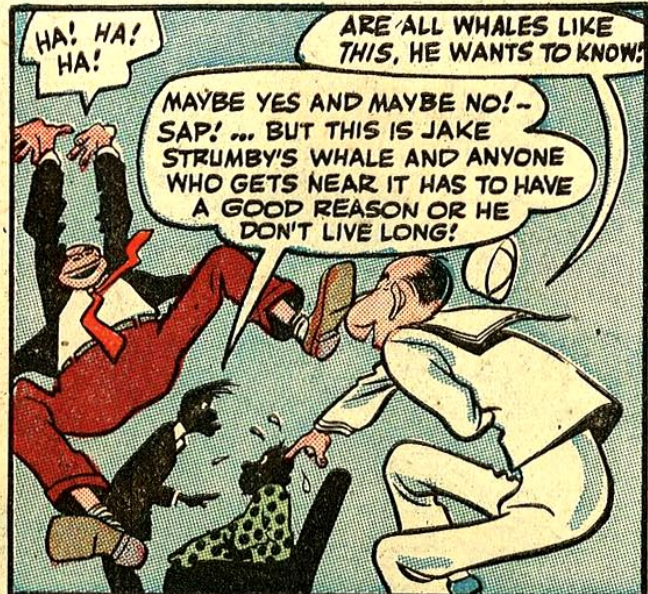
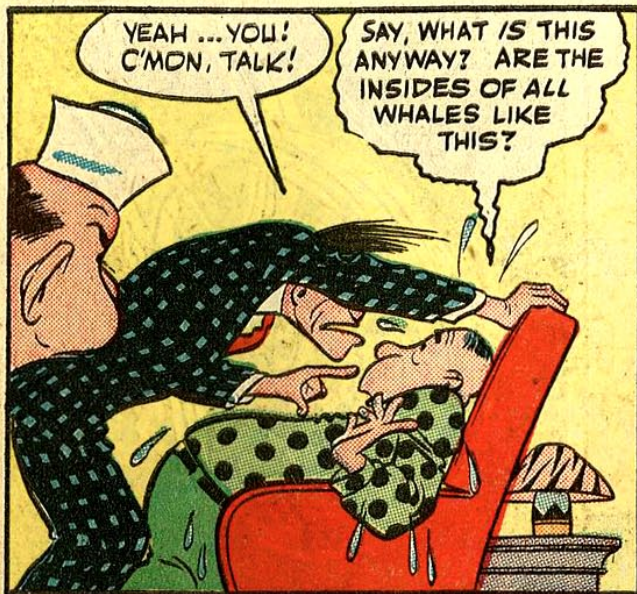


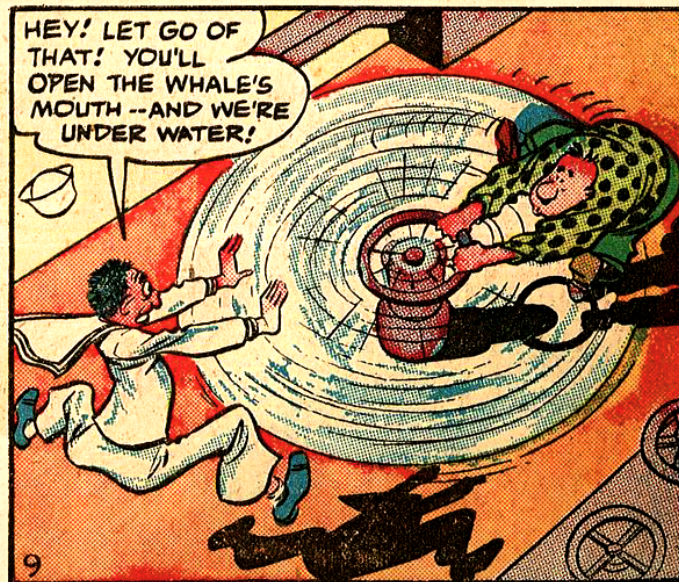
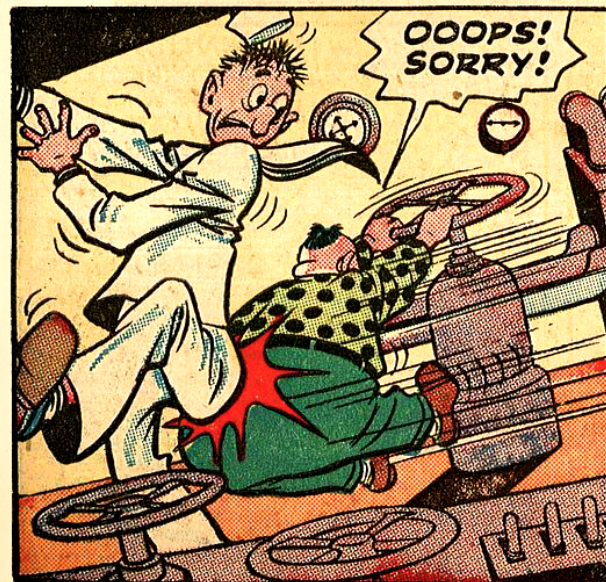
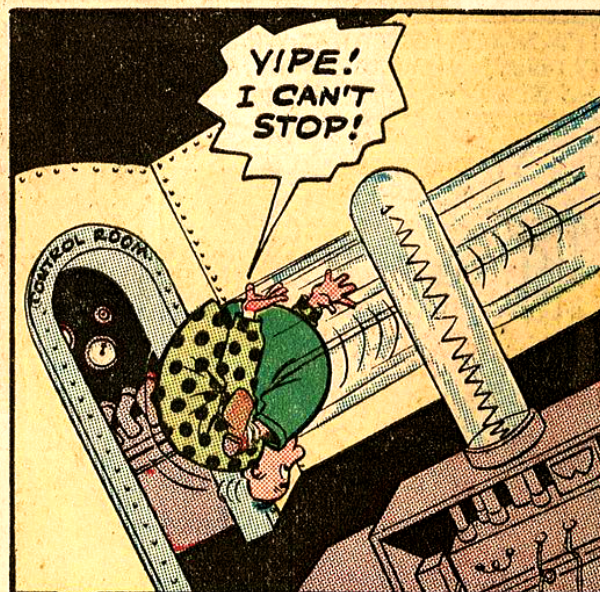
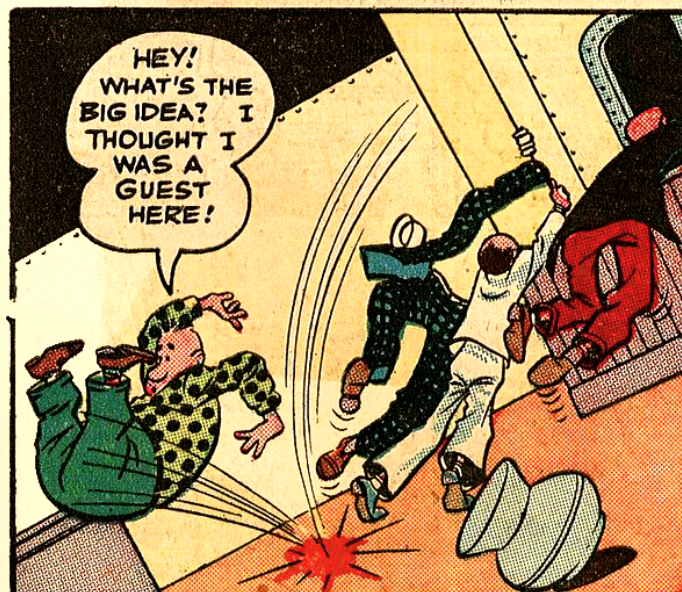
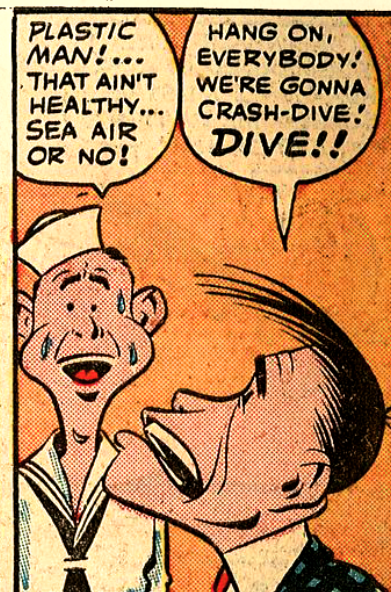


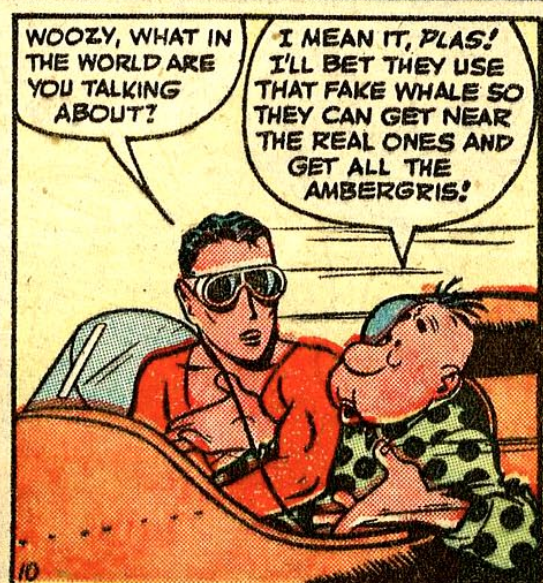
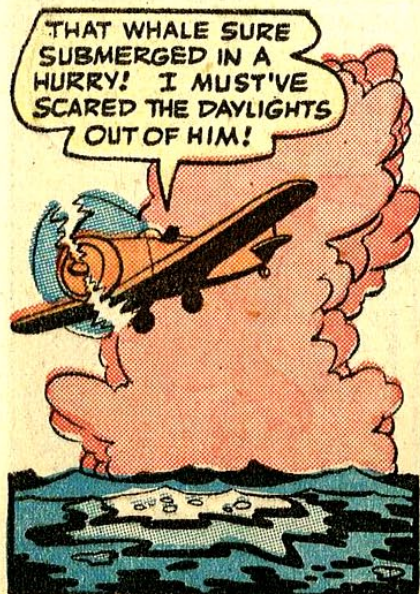


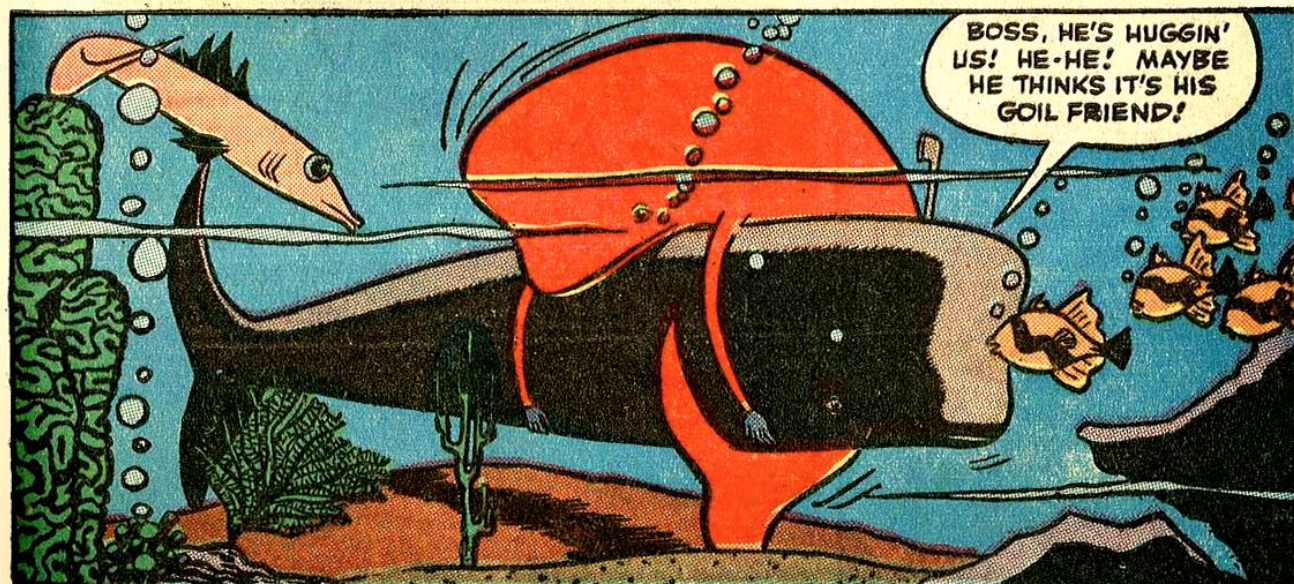
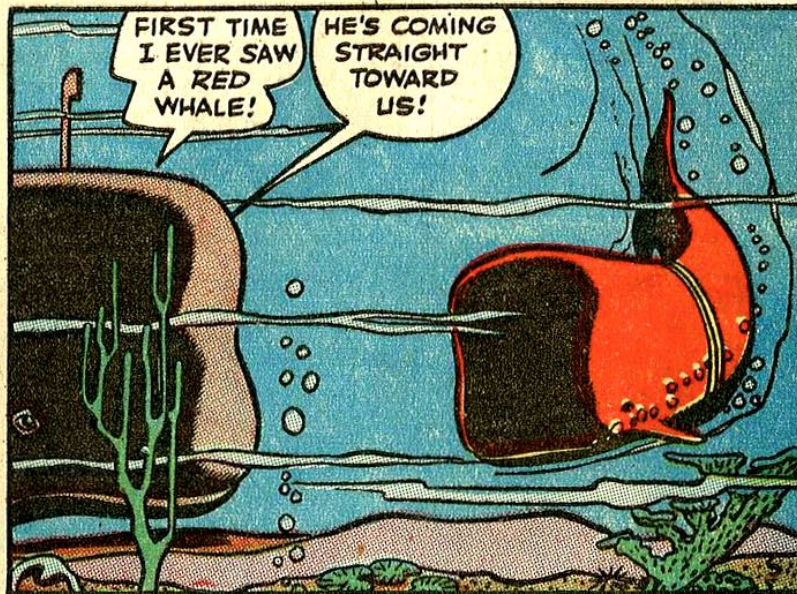
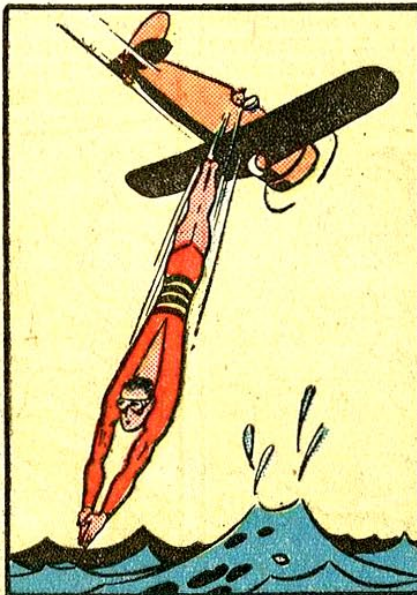


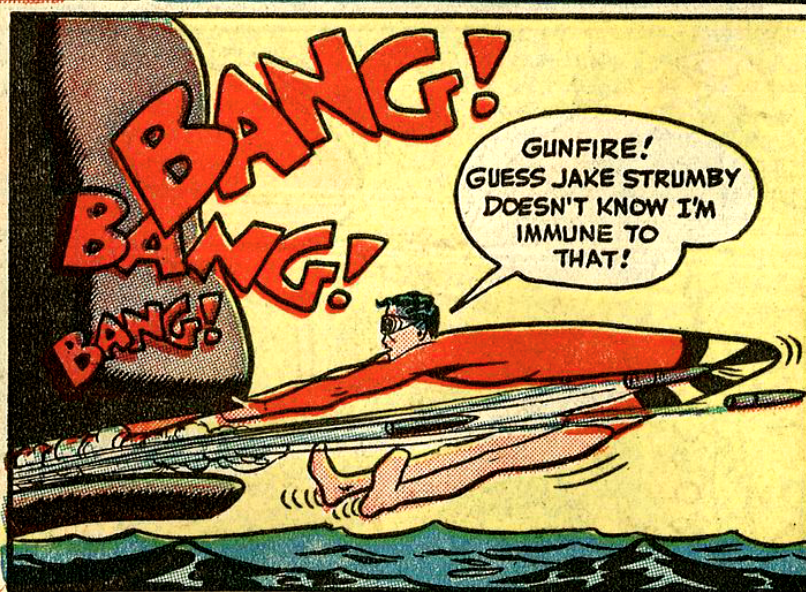
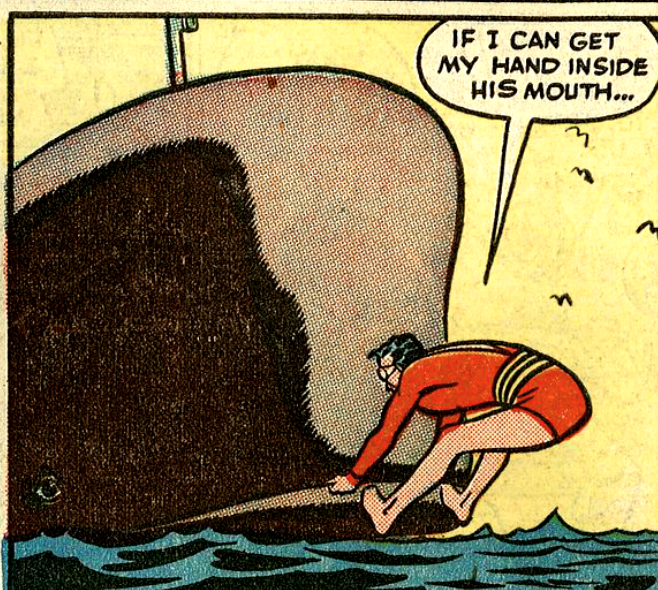
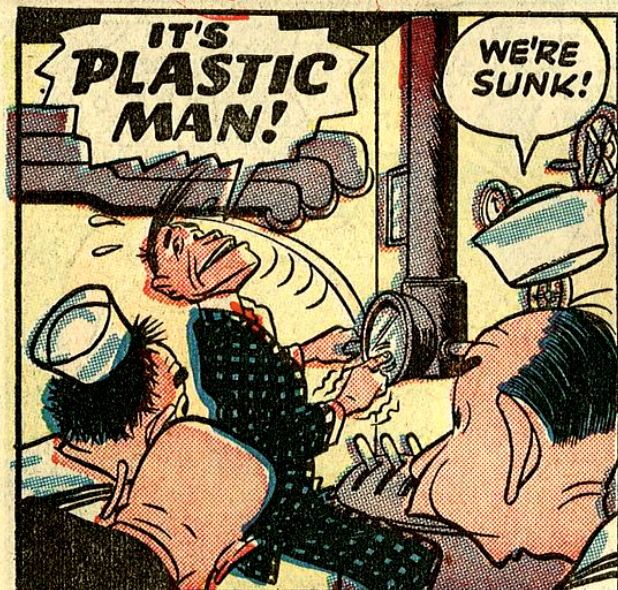
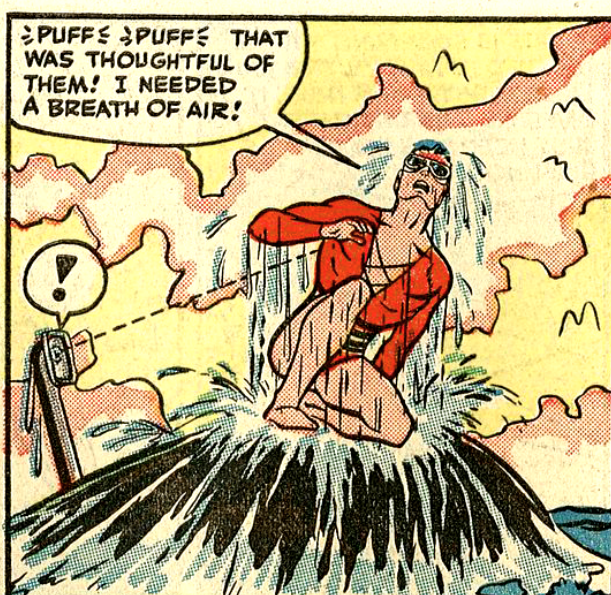
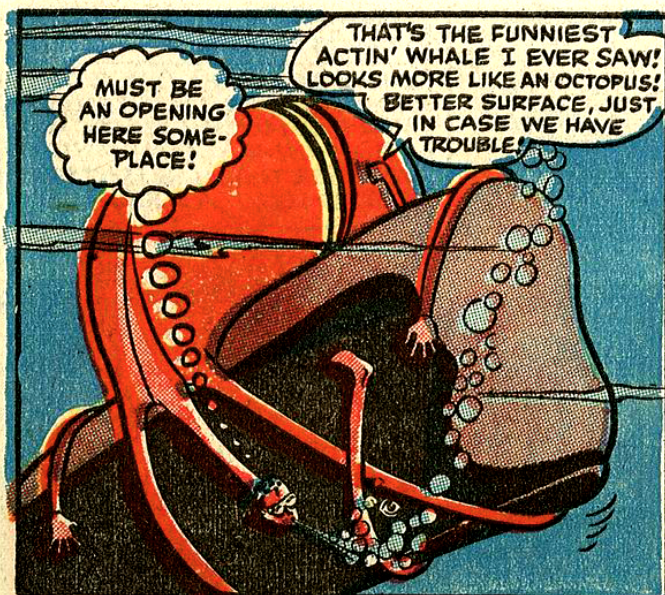


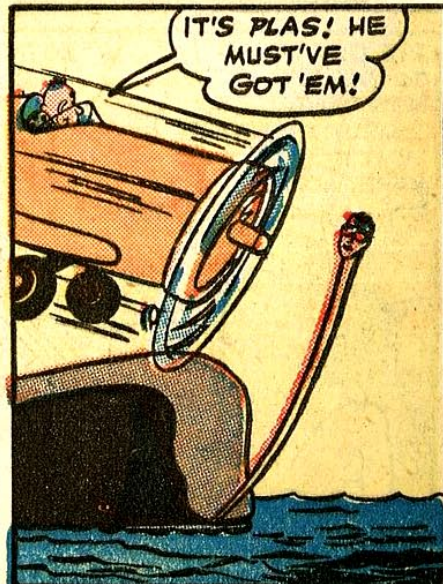
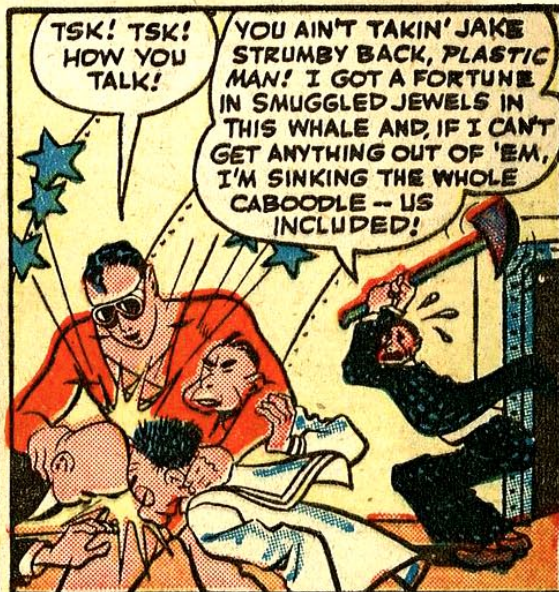
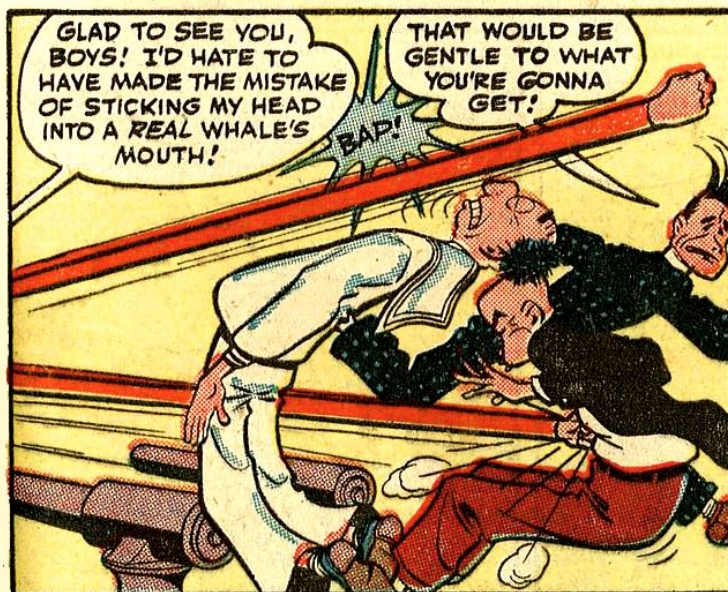
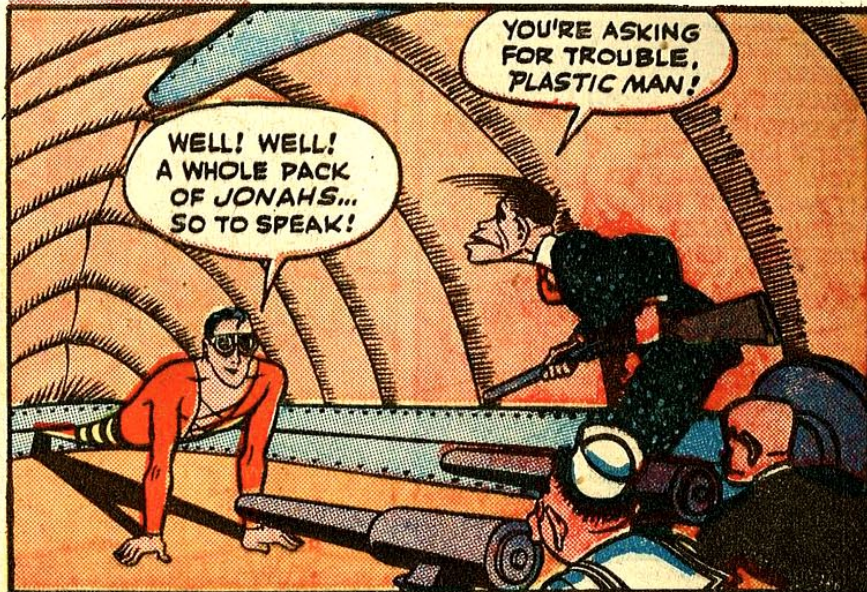


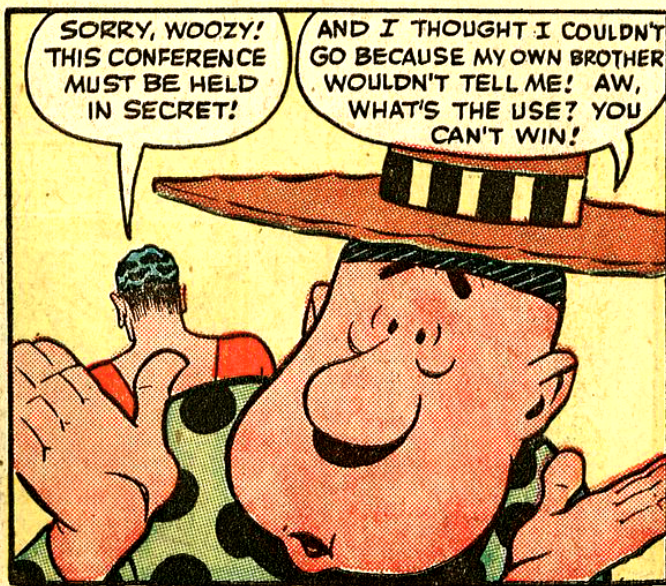
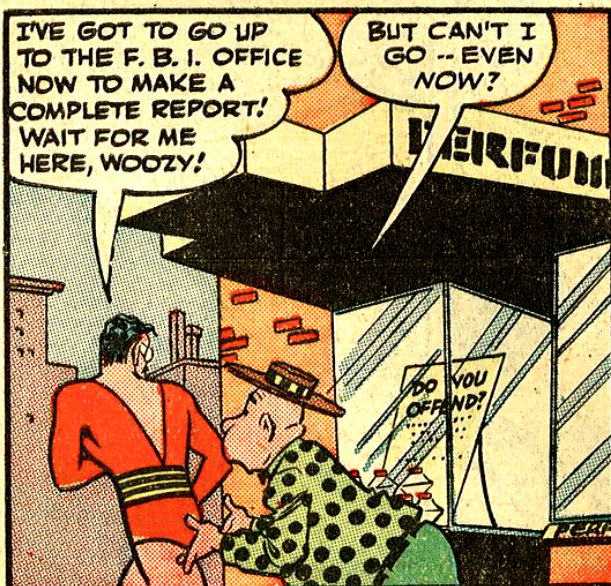
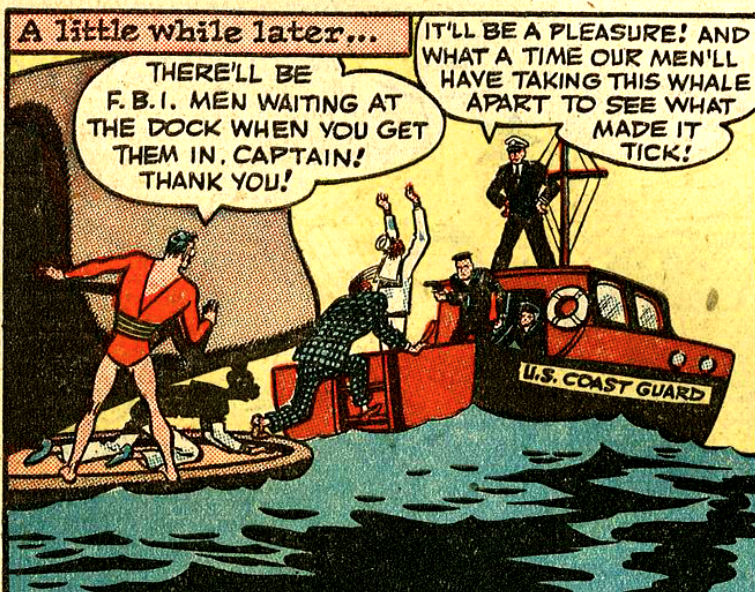
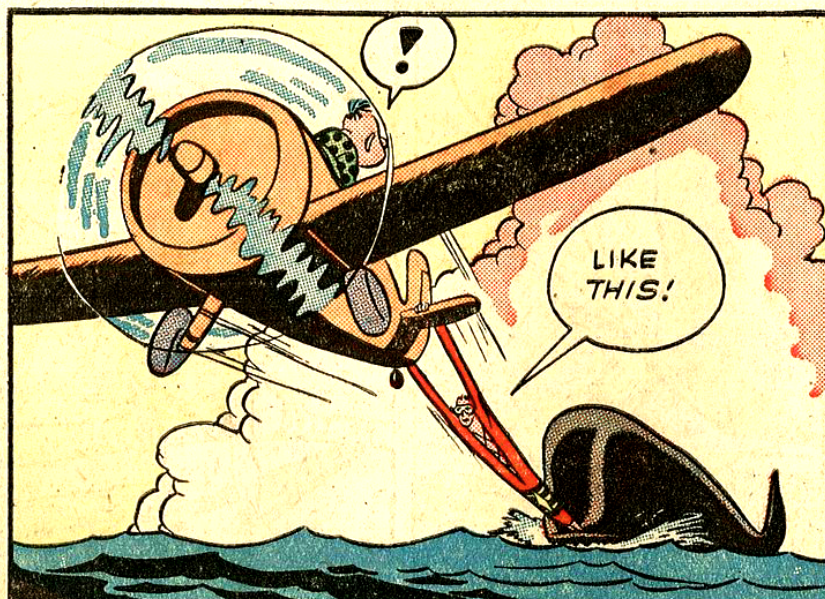
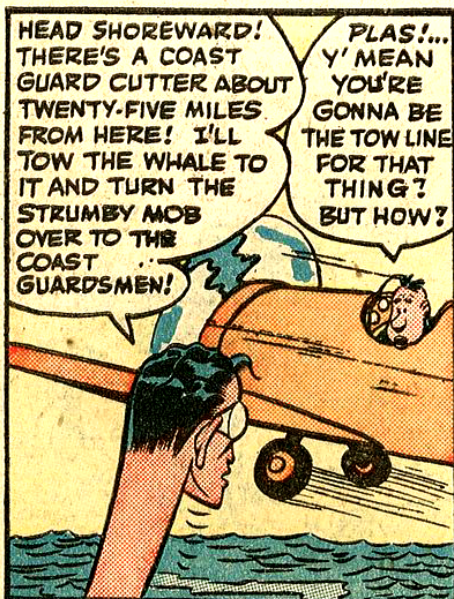








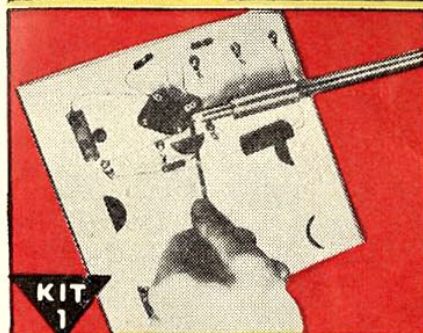






I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

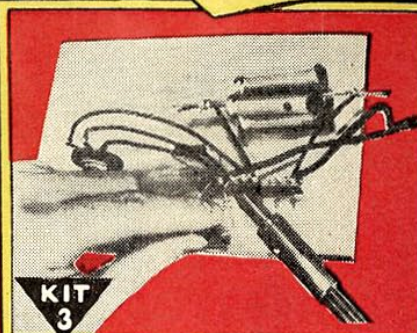
**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



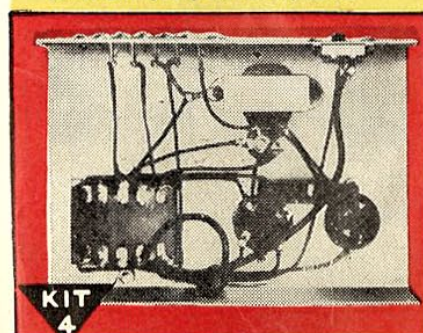
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



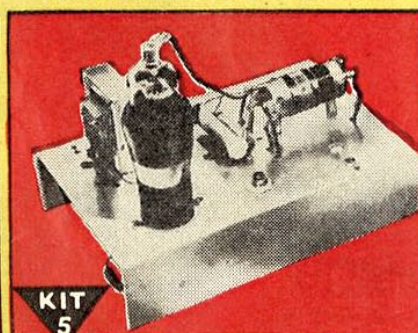
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6BA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State..... 4FR

**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



"VEST POCKET" POWER

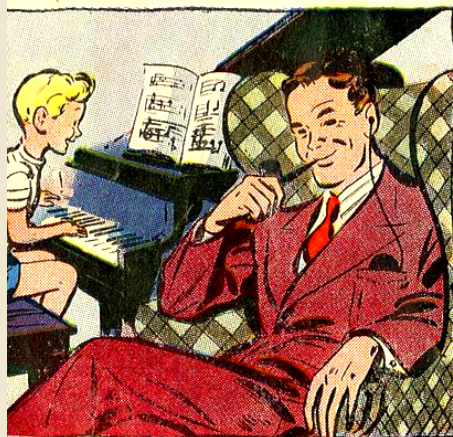
Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



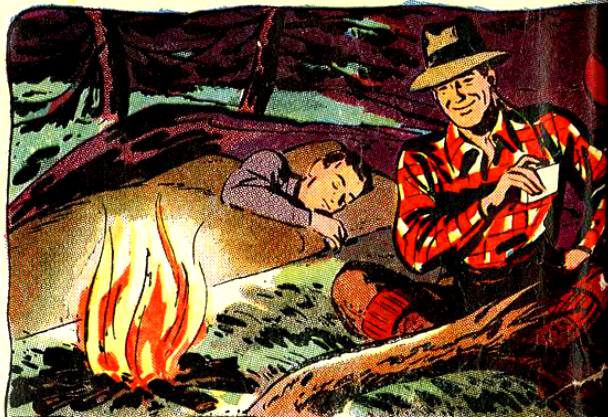
HANDIE-TALKIE — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.



BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.



An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before. For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!

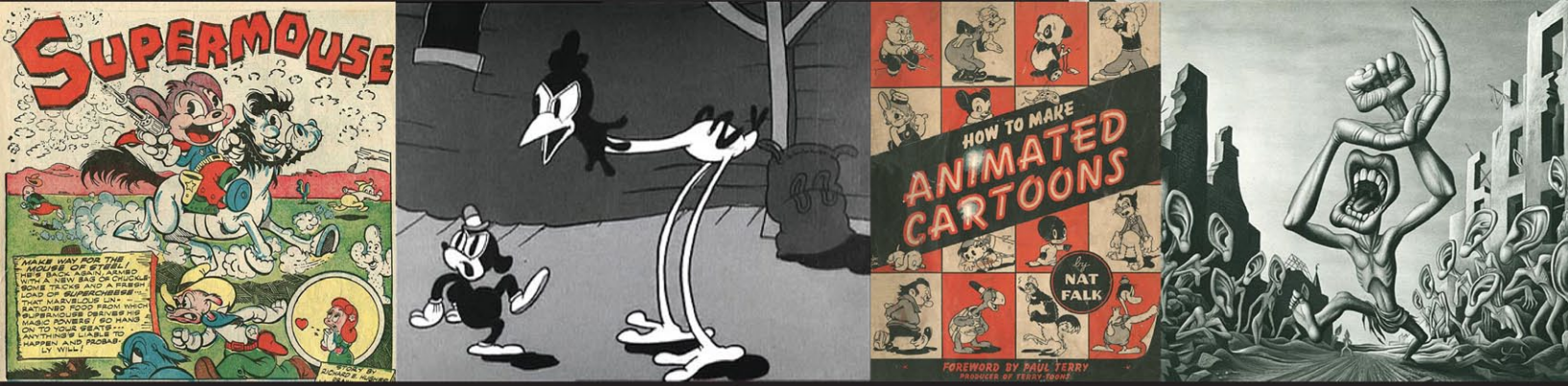


SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

* The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.



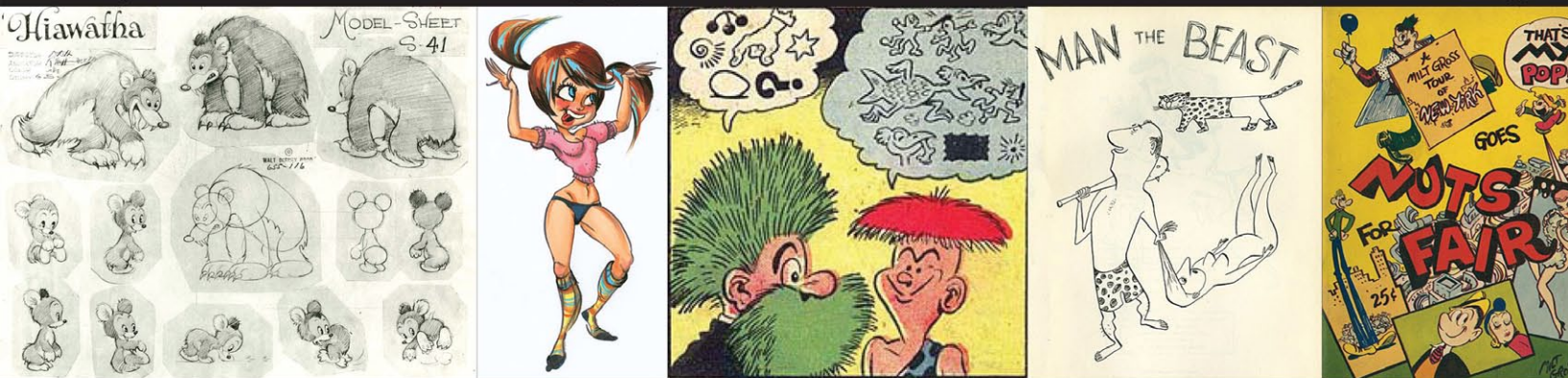
Art Babbitt's Best Scene • John Canemaker on Bill Tytla • Gustaf Tenggren's Wonderbook • Swing, You Sinners • Natwick on Iwerks • Terry



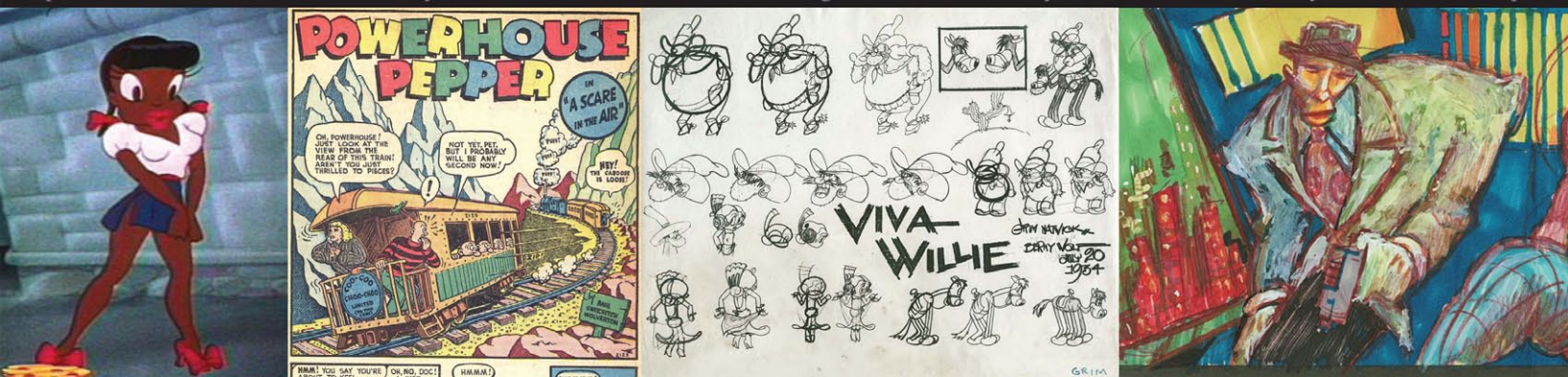
John Kricfalusi on Doodles • Early 50s UPA Model Sheets • Jules Engel's Alvin Show Keys • Cliff Sterrett's Polly & Her • Mary Blair's

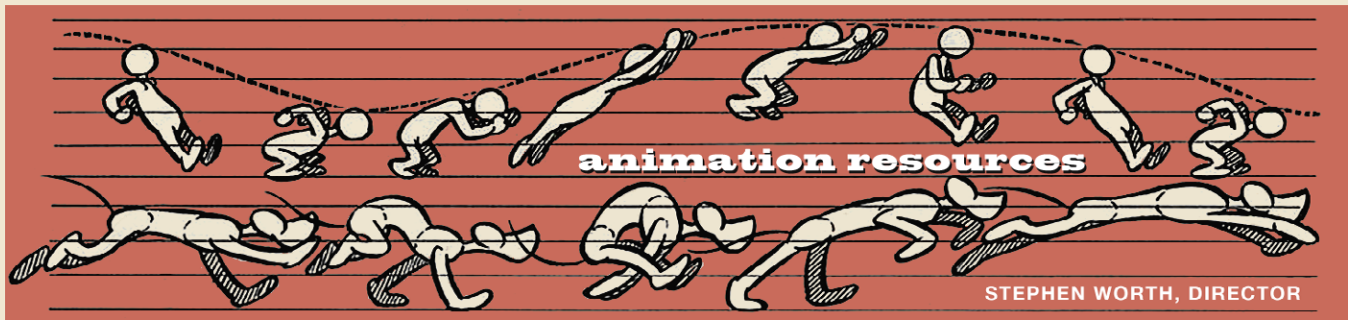


Huckleberry Hound Golden Book • Carlo Vinci Biography • Milt Gross' Cartoon Tour of New York • Basil Wolverton's Powerhouse Pepper



Ralph Bakshi's Phone Doodles • Early 50s UPA Model Sheets • Jules Engel's Alvin Show Keys • Cliff Sterrett's Polly & Her Pals • Vip Par





Building A Foundation For The Future Of Animation

The Genesis of the Project

In 1982, Stephen Worth was a student at UCLA studying design. He attended an event hosted by The International Animated Film Society: ASIFA-Hollywood and had the opportunity to speak with the organization's President, the legendary cartoon Producer, Story Man and Voice Artist, Bill Scott. Scott shared with Worth an idea he was nurturing. He described his plans to create an "Animateque"—a research facility for animation professionals and students. Steve never forgot that meeting. "The resources weren't there to pull it off during Bill's tenure as President of ASIFA-Hollywood. But a few years ago, I remembered Bill's idea and realized that computers had made organizing educational material much easier. The concept of a "digital Animateque" excited me. I guess you could say that when Bill passed away, his passion for the idea was transferred to me."

After 20 years as an animation Producer, Stephen Worth decided it was time to give back to the muse.

He went to work full time at ASIFA-Hollywood to try to build support for Bill's concept of the Animateque. "The animation business is in dire need of inspiration and new ideas," Worth explains. "I kept reading in the trades that traditional animation techniques were dead and artists would soon be replaced by technology. But I know from working with innovative filmmakers like Ralph Bakshi and John Kricfalusi that the principles that created Pinocchio and Bugs Bunny are the same ones that will lead new technologies to the same heights reached in the 'golden age' of animation. The technol-

ogy is just a tool. The artist is the one who creates. We need to invest in artists."

Almost overnight, Worth established a world class facility for self-study and research into the art of animation. Housed in a storefront in Burbank, the ASIFA-Hollywood Animation Archive provided information, digitized animated films, assembled biographical information and

prepared high resolution scans of artwork for use by countless animators, educators, art students and researchers. The facility became world famous through its exhaustive website and extensive collection of material from the personal files of legendary animators like Grim Natwick, Les Clark, Michael Lah, Herb Klynn and John Kricfalusi. A dedicated group of volunteers worked tirelessly digitizing and cataloguing the material, guaranteeing that future generations will be able to benefit from the valuable information.



Cartoonists refer to Animation Resources' extensive collection of digitized images, animated films and artists' biographies. The database is available to the public by appointment without charge.

In January of 2011, ASIFA-Hollywood informed Worth that regrettably they were no longer able to sponsor his project. Worth wasn't willing to let Bill Scott's dream end there, so he scrambled to create a permanent organizational umbrella for the collection. He established Animation Resources, a 501(c)(3) California non-profit organization dedicated to supporting and encouraging animation education. The core of Animation Resources' offerings is Stephen Worth's valuable research and curation efforts and the generous efforts of the dozens of dedicated volunteers who dedicated their time and energy to creating this resource.

About the Collection

The archive database of Animation Resources consists of biographical information, images and filmographic data culled from a variety of sources. In a remarkably short span of time, the collection grew to contain over 6,000 digitized animated films and over 125,000 high-resolution images. These assets are searchable by keywords, and all of the data is cross-linked within the database structure.

This means that it is possible to search for an artist's name and find his biography and filmography, then click through to watch a digitized movie file of a film he worked on. One more click reveals animation drawings by that artist from that particular film. "It's a way of organizing information that's never been attempted before," says Worth. At this point, the database is not available on the internet, but plans are in the works to build the infrastructure required to share the entire collection online with the world.



In the "golden age" of animation, production designers didn't look to other cartoons for inspiration on how their films should look... they looked to classic illustration, like that of Gustaf Tenggren. Animation Resources's archive database includes hundreds of illustrated children books, each one bursting at the seams with new ideas for how animated films can look.



Animation Resources's archive database contains information on influential women animators like Lotte Reiniger, the creator of the oldest surviving animated feature.

"The purpose of Animation Resources is to be an archive FOR animators, not just an archive OF animation," Worth explains. "Because of this, the collection doesn't just include animated films and related artwork, but art instructional material and a wide range of items dealing with the history of cartooning and illustration as well." The collection is basically the world's largest artist's "clip file"- children's book illustrations by Rackham and Dulac, magazine cartoons by Virgil Partch and Erich Sokol, superhero comics by Jack Kirby and Jack Cole, newspaper comics by Cliff Sterrett and Milton Caniff, drawing instruction by Preston Blair and Willy Pogany... a whole world of inspiration for artists and cartoonists.

The animation related material in the collection includes storyboards, animation drawings, production correspondence, exposure sheets, publicity materials, production photos, model sheets, pencil tests, background paintings, and more.

Digitized films in the collection include rare cartoons by the Fleischers, Terry-Toons, Iwerks, Lantz and Columbia studios. "These are primarily films that have never been released to home video. Many of them haven't been broadcast on television since the 50s or 60s. We're specializing in the studios that don't currently have extensive commercial distribution," says Worth. Animation historians like John Canemaker, Leonard Maltin, Jerry Beck and Mark Kausler have been supporting the project as well by sharing valuable research and helping to acquire rare animated films for digitization.

How unique is the material in this collection? Animation Director, John Kricfalusi writes, "Animation Resources has collected decades of lost cartoons, comics, children's books, and classic illustration and made them available to cartoonists, illustrators and fans all over the world. But that's not all. Steve has also given

the whole history context. You can trace styles across studios, across different media and back through time to see where artists got their influences and how whole schools of styles evolved. There are a lot of great cartoon blogs out there, but Animation Resources has to be the most extensive. It takes a much wider view of illustrative art and cartooning than my own blog does. I mostly promote very cartoony styles, mainly because no one else was doing it when I started, but Steve shows you where everything came from and how all the styles are interrelated."

to actively solicit outside sources for material that fills in gaps in the rest of the collection and relates to the concepts he is trying to put across. Most collectors are more than happy to share a digital copy of their items.

(Below) Ralph Bakshi, the animator who was responsible for bringing about the modern age of animation has written several inspiring articles for the Animation Resources blog and has contributed material to the collection. The storyboard section above is from Bakshi's "Cool World" and was drawn by Louise Zingarelli.



A Non-Traditional Approach

Traditionally, libraries and archives have limited access to their collections in the interest of preservation. Delicate paper and film stock requires special handling and cannot stand up to the rigors of general circulation among artists and students. In most archives, collections are donated unsorted by the boxload. An archivist must go through piece by piece inventorying, stabilizing and storing the items before they can begin to be utilized. This process typically takes several years. Once the collection has been inventoried and shelved, a curator is brought in to examine the holdings and determine a contextual format- a book, an exhibit, an article- that will make the public aware of the collection and its importance. Curation can take another year or longer, and by this time five or six years may pass before the public is even aware that the collection exists.

In the era of YouTube and Google, this is beginning to change. Digital technology removes the problems associated with storage and preservation of vintage artifacts. Once digitized, a film or piece of artwork can efficiently and inexpensively be backed up and distributed, making open access a possibility. Without physical objects to catalog and store, archivists are able to shorten the time it takes to prepare a group of items for public access. This allows the collection to be curated as it is assembled. The curator isn't limited by the pool of material that he has to work with. He is free

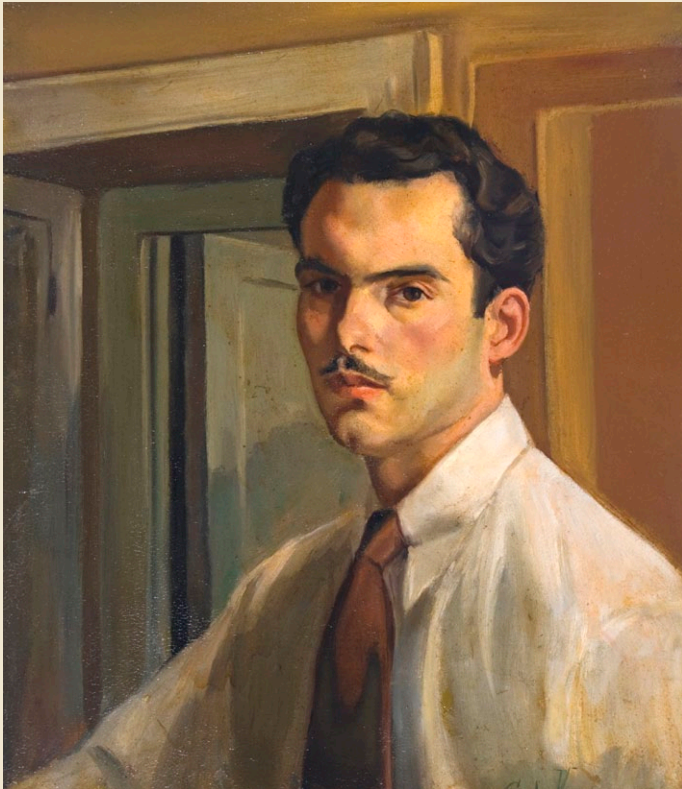
Supplementing Animation Education

Animation Resources is intended to serve creative professionals and students of the artform who are looking to develop the necessary skill set to become an accomplished animator. These artists have a tough road to haul. They are facing an industry where the quest for technical knowledge has often times eclipsed the need to develop artistic proficiency. Schools and universities don't have the time and resources to provide their students with all of the experience required to be a professional animator. So they focus on the most immediate and practical elements and expect the students to acquire the creative and artistic aspects of their education on their own.

In tough economic times, the studios cut budgets for in-house training, so the young artists aren't able to pick up the fundamentals on the job either. It's a difficult situation, and many students of animation aren't even aware of the vital need for self-study until after they have graduated and joined the ranks of job hunters. By that time, it may be too late for them to pick up the creative skills they need to be a productive employee in animation.

Joseph Baptista, a student intern on the project who is now a professional animator comments, "Doing an exercise for a class at school, you're not really sure how it fits in functionally and how those principles apply to a

real world job. You just do it for a letter grade and you move on. But if you are trying to learn to animate, the best way is to first learn about the principle, and then to try to understand how it was applied through analyzing and imitating the work of great artists." Worth set out to fully integrate an educational mission into the structure of Animation Resources. Educational material is accompanied by contextual information to help a student fully understand and absorb it and is accompanied by real-world examples of the principles in use. Through self-study, a student learns to recognize principles among the art in the vast collection and, with practice and determination, begins to master the techniques for themselves.



The family of legendary animator, Carlo Vinci has been sharing artwork from Vinci's fifty year career in animation. The collection includes a number of class assignments from his studies at the prestigious National Academy of Design, documenting the education of a golden age animator.

The animators who created the classic cartoons of the 1930s and 40s did not attend animation schools. They studied fine art- life drawing, sculpting, and painting- and learned the nuts and bolts of animation after graduation on the job. In those days, animators were trained as a part of apprenticeship systems. An experienced animator would take fledgling artists under his wing and train them to assist his scenes as they worked their way up the ladder of production. A young artist would start as an assistant, then graduate to animator, and perhaps eventually to director, learning as he worked.

However, changes in the business environment in animation in the 1960s and 70s stopped this system in its tracks. Studios were downsizing and sending work overseas. Experienced "old timers" who possessed the accumulated knowledge of decades of experience were retiring without passing along their techniques to the next generation. By the mid 1970s, it looked as if animation was a dying artform in the United States. A few animators, most notably Eric Larson, Ralph Bakshi and Richard Williams refused to let the artform die, and acted as a bridge across the gap, instituting training programs at the studios where they worked. Most successful animators today who got their start in the early 1980s have one of these three men to thank for their careers.

In the 21st century animation business, the employment of an animator only lasts the life of the project, and the ladder of upward mobility is either weak or non-existent. Art schools have largely shifted towards a "trade school" approach, focusing on technical skills like proficiency in Flash and Maya instead of classical art training. This leaves young animators without a means of developing their craft and growing as an artist. Animation Resources steps into the breach, acting as an adjunct to animation schools and training programs, encouraging students to begin an organized program of creative self-study early on so they will be prepared when the time comes to find a job in the industry.

"Everything an animator needs to know is in those old films and sketches." Worth explains. "The great animators of the past may no longer be with us, but that doesn't mean that we can't still learn from them. It doesn't matter if artists animate using a pencil or a computer. The fundamental principles are the same. All a student of animation today needs is access to the material, a mind for analyzing what makes a scene work, and lots and lots of practice." Animation Resources is trying to help fill the gap by providing a facility for artists to study core art skills and encouraging them to carry the art form forward.



Students at the National Academy of Design in the early 1920s. Traditional art studies from the past form the foundation for artists of the future.

Future Plans

You might wonder where the funding to accomplish all of the things Animation Resources is doing is coming from. "We're very much flying by the seat of our pants." Worth admits. "Thankfully, there are a lot of great people who believe in this idea who are willing to support it through individual donations. The student volunteers are enthusiastic too and are willing to roll up their sleeves and make it happen. Everything is on an achievable level and momentum is building to allow us to take on even more in the future."

The full collection is not yet able to be shared online, but a wonderful selection of images and information are available on the Animation Resources blog, which can be found at www.animationresources.org. The website contains thousands of images and streaming videos, along with biographical articles and information on the progress of the project itself. According to Stephen Worth, the blog serves over a quarter of a million articles a month to over 1.5 million unique visitors. "Our web traffic comes from around the world. We've heard from artists as far away as Japan, Kazakhstan and Italy who follow our progress on the internet every day."

There are also plans to syndicate the database to schools and universities around the world. John Kricfalusi writes, "Animation Resources's collection should be available to as many people as possible."

I think it would make sense for art colleges to support this project and take advantage of all of its vast resources. I would have killed to be able to find so much knowledge and inspiration when I was at Sheridan College."



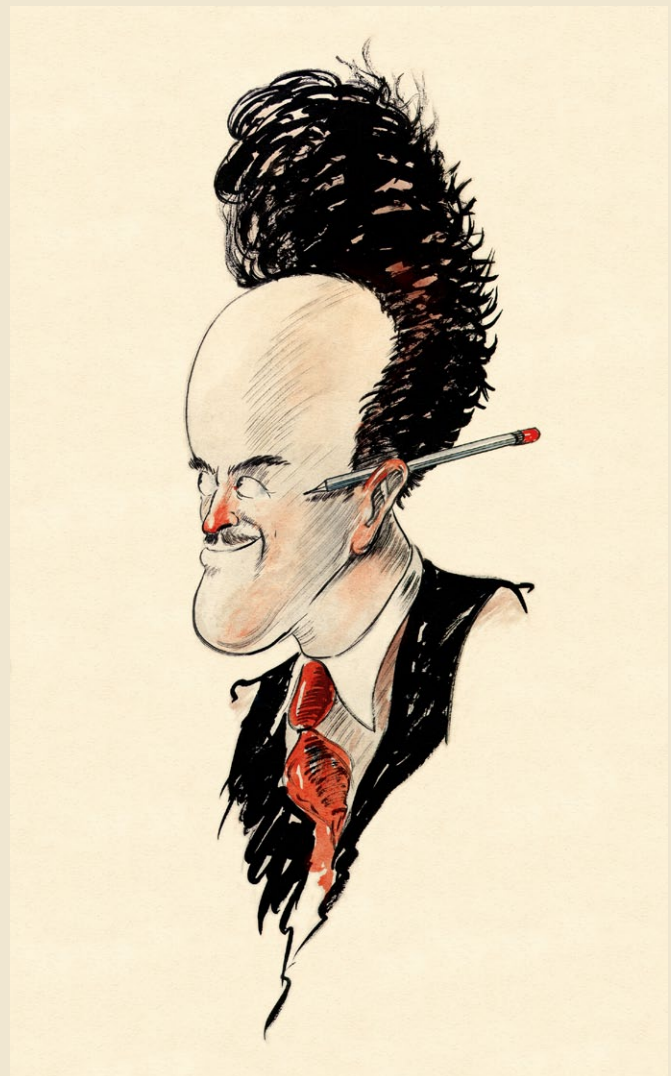
Story artist Eddie Fitzgerald offers storyboarding tips to volunteers Michael Fallik, Max Ward and Art Fuentes.

"The next step for us is to establish a steady stream of revenue to fund the sustained growth of the project," says Worth. "I see in my head a full brick and mortar museum dedicated to animation with satellite facilities all over the world. I'm willing to do whatever I can to make this a reality. There are a lot of other people here who love animation and are happy to help. I don't think it's an unattainable goal."

Do You Know This Man?

Though few would recognize his name, and even fewer his face, nearly every person on earth knows of this man's work. This is Ub Iwerks, the man who created Mickey Mouse.

This self portrait from 1931 was found in a trash can at a local TV cartoon studio. No one knows how the drawing got there and no one at the studio could identify him. At a reunion of animators from the most successful animated feature of recent times, this sketch was shown to a hall full of employees from the studio this man made famous- not a single person recognized him.

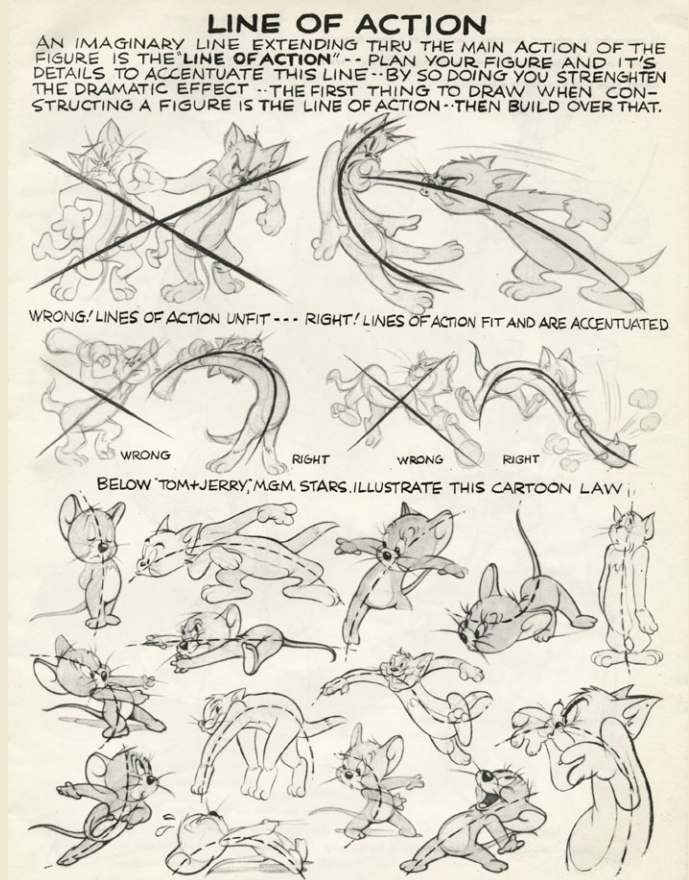


Conclusion

Part of what makes Animation Resources so unique is that they are so progressive and yet so willfully different from other archives. Their unique vision is encapsulated in a remark from Worth, "I'm not a library science person, I'm an animated film-maker, so I don't know what normal is for a facility like this. I do know what animators need and how they need it organized so they can use it. That's what I'm trying to build." This process and pro-digital approach is refreshing. Animation Resources is clearly designed by and for animators. These specialized artists not only need to understand the basic elements of form, design, and nuances of character performance, but how to rigorously time and structure the creation of their art down to 1/24th of a second. It's a big challenge and it requires a good education.

Certainly the professional world contains a scattered sampling of people as committed to their medium as Stephen Worth and his group of dedicated volunteers, but it's extremely rare to find such a concentrated few in any one place. Their passion and co-operation are achieving great things. Archivists and librarians might have a lot to learn from these animators. Animation Resources is rapidly becoming the model of what the "21st century archive" must become.

Most importantly however is the impact Animation Resources is having on the artform. John Kricfalusi writes, "I hope that seeing some of the incredible work of artists and cartoonists from the first half of the 20th century will inspire us to set our standards of quality higher. This could help spawn a new renaissance in



Animation Resources hosts an online drawing course led by John Kricfalusi based on Preston Blair's book, "Advanced Animation".

cartooning as more and more young cartoonists discover how much great work has been done in the past and how much potential for variety there is in our field."

Worth expands upon this point, "What point is there pickling the past in formaldehyde and setting it up in bottles on a dusty shelf? The past should be put to work informing the present and helping to improve the future." It's clear that the people behind Animation Resources don't think small.

Animation Resources depends on the support of the people who benefit from it. If you feel that this website is of value to you, we encourage you to contribute, volunteer and support the project. With your help, Animation Resources can grow. Together, we can take the project forward.

(Left) A rough animation drawing by the legendary Milt Kahl. The animation of the past is being put back to work, educating and inspiring the animators of the future.

