

The Trophy Case

Vol. 2 No. 4

Spring 2013

Featuring comic book reviews,
HIDEOUTS & HOODLUMS material,
and a new adventure of **MAJOR
MAGUS!**

Still only 0 cents!



In the Hideout...

--Scott Casper--



and everything

have cover art. While I could appreciate the site wanting this for the sake of uniformity and professional appearances, I did not want cover art on those first four issues because the certain newsletter TTC emulated had no cover art for those same four issues.

Some e-mail discussion followed, during which I was encouraged to bundle the first four issues together and then attach just one cover image to the bundle. This too I initially opposed, as the periodical TTC emulates did not have a "Best of" compilation during the time frame TTC is still emulating (I know, all this emulating stuff is confusing!).

But then something really exciting happened at DriveThruRPG - Wizards of the Coast finally began re-releasing all of their classic D&D materials in PDF format. I knew this was going to draw a lot of traffic to the site and I needed something new from Great Scott! Games to capitalize on all this traffic. Unfortunately, I was still months away from finishing [Supplement IV: Captains, Magicians, and Incredible Men: Part II: Harvey-Timely](#). The bundle idea started to look good to me.

And it all turned out for the best. The bundle has been downloaded (as of this moment writing this) 112 times and that is 3 more than the newest issue in the same time frame. This new lease on life has seen the first issue of TTC downloaded for a total of 424 times now. Not bad at all for a niche product.

But that's all past now. What does this issue have in it for you? For one thing, there's more color on the cover art. I'm seeing that color covers really help attract downloads. The previous issue's hand-drawn cover was colored, but most of it washed out in the scanning. I was more careful to rectify that this time.

Major Magus is back for our second illustrated text story and David Brashear's Madam Fatal continues this issue. Fan Supreme Steve Lopez has taken a break from working on helping me with [Supplement IV Part II](#) to stat a Hero overlooked in Part I and shares it with us here. And Fan Supreme-in-Training Allen Trembone's artwork graces our pages again (though you may have

already seen a sneak peek of it at the H&H Fan Club on Yahoo!Groups).

Besides that, we also take a peek at the science fiction genre in the Golden Age of comics this issue, a genre oft-neglected, though never totally ignored, by H&H. Even if your Heroes never leave planet Earth, you can still have space aliens show up on their doorsteps, right? The Golden Age Hero Index continues here from Supplement III with another look at how published Heroes of the day fit into our class scheme. There's a review of a recently released trade paperback from Marvel Comics you're going to want to see if you haven't already. We have three - count 'em, three! - new races for H&H. And we close with a seldom-seen (even by me!) H&H map. Enjoy!

Editor: Scott T. Casper

Art: Scott Casper (after C.C. Beck and George Tuska), Alex Blum, Clem Gretter, unknown (Raven), Art Pinajan, Allen Trembone.

Cover colored by Megan Griffin. Cartography by Scott Casper.

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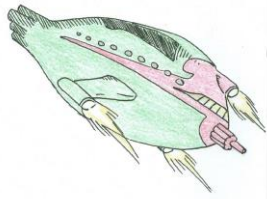
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MAJOR MAGUS #2 "Skala's Paralyzing Gas"

Story and art by Scott Casper

August 16, 1941
620 miles over
Earth



The Venusian rocket ship burnt its retrorockets before entering the atmosphere and slowed to 22 times the speed of sound as it descended into the exosphere, but on board Bebhinn Skala was looking out the window and feeling bored. The trip between worlds was old hat to her already.

This was her brother Magnus' second trip, so he was still concentrating on reading the various gauges on the control panels around him. "Thirty-five degree tilt...Outer hull temperature...2,700 degrees Fahrenheit...inside temperature..."

"Magnus?"

"I'm a little busy."

"Oh, you can talk and read gauges at the same time," Bebhinn said dismissively. She brushed her long blonde hair from her face as she turned from the window to face her brother's chiseled good looks. "Why do you want to take over the world, Magnus?"

"Seventy...seventy...what?"

"What do you want to rule Earth for? Is it just to make Father happy?"

Magnus risked a glance at his beautiful sister before turning back to the controls. "Well, of course that's part of it. But there's also just the challenge of it. We've already conquered every challenge Venus has afforded us."

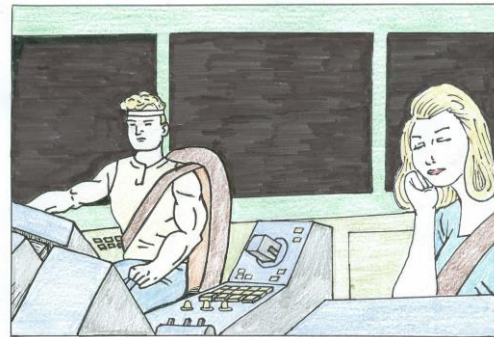
"You'll never make Father happy, you know. I've been involved in countless schemes of his to conquer the world, or at least start with the United States, and half the time he turns all paranoid and has me locked up or tries to kill me."

"Yeah, that's Father for you," Magnus said with a chuckle and a smile. But his mood soured when he glanced at some gauges he had not looked at for a minute. "Aw, Bebhinn! Look what you did with your distracting me! We just hit the thermosphere and I'm behind on the stage two retrorocket burn." He began turning dials quickly to compensate.

"Don't go blaming me because you're not used to flying these things," Bebhinn said defensively, folding her arms and staring out the window again.

There was a minute of silence as Magnus rechecked all the gauges after firing the retrorockets again. They felt a brief surge of gravity before the cabin pressurized and compensated. The rocket was back down to 12 times the speed of sound, though it would pick up speed again before the stage three retrorocket burn. "I'm sorry..." he said, glancing over at Bebhinn's pouting face in profile. "You know I've a lot on my mind, between landing this rocket safely to starting our operation in New York City."

Bebhinn perked up at the mention of New York City. She loved the city, all its hustle and bustle and fascinating people, but most of all she liked the plan because it called for dealing with that dreamy Major Magus.



Bebhinn only half-listened to Magnus after that. "Stage three retrorocket burn...entering the mesosphere...leveling out to 50 degrees..." Instead of paying attention, she had drifted off into a daydream about Major Magus and wondering how long it would take him to stop them, that was only interrupted by the entire rocket ship being shaken with such force that Bebhinn and Magnus would have been thrown from their seats had they not been strapped in with harnesses.

KRANG!

"What was that?" Bebhinn asked.

"Checking," Magnus said. He pounded a button on his control panel and the chair he was fastened into slid jarringly back, rotated, and slid into position in front of a different control panel. "Breach on desk two," Magnus said, reading this new set of displays. "I don't understand it. If we hit a plane, we should have gone straight through it without any serious damage."

"It must be him!" Bebhinn exclaimed. "Major Magus has found us already!"

"If so, then he's given us a chance to defeat him already," Magnus said as he punched more buttons on the new control panel. "Lower decks sealed...flooding with gas...there. It doesn't matter what abilities Major Magus has. Released into the atmosphere this gas would only paralyze ordinary humans, but in close proximity it should



be concentrated enough to paralyze even Major Magus. In moments, all I'll have left to do is decide how to dispose of him."

"Leave that to me..." Bebhinn said.

One hour later

The bedroom of Bebhinn Skala was sparse and

utilitarian, with few furnishings other than a bed, wardrobe, and vanity set, all made from machine-pressed aluminum instead of wood. Yet soft pink lighting gave the room a more feminine touch. In each side wall was a screen showing a different silent movie, but with no sign of a projector. And in the middle of the room stood Major Magus, as stock-still as a statue.

Bebhinn Skala had changed into what she considered her prettiest blue dress and coiffed her hair pulled back and swept to the side, curled under at the shoulders. She knew that any other man on Earth, with the exception of Major Magus, would have been tempted to grovel for her hand in marriage on the spot. It was this one exception that drove her to distraction.

"Oh, Major, what are you doing in my room? How scandalous!" Bebhinn said with mock surprise.

Then, in a poor attempt at a baritone voice, she said for the Major, "Pardon me, but I just had to come see you. I've missed you so much while you were on Venus."

Bebhinn stepped right up in front of the Major and, returning to her normal voice, said, "I understand. I missed you too. Have you been...seeing anyone?"

"I'm not interested in anyone but you," Bebhinn said again in her fake voice for the Major, which made her smile.

"I've been waiting to hear you say that," she said normally. "Would you..." she paused as she slid one arm under the Major's paralyzed arm. "Would you dance with me? Music!"

A computing machine behind the wall of her room heard the word "music" and an automated jukebox began playing. Advanced speakers hidden in the room made it sound like an orchestra was nearby and Fred Astaire was crooning just for them.

*The way you wear your hat
The way you sip your tea*

Bebhinn slid her arms around Major Magus and rested her head on his chest. She closed her eyes and pretended they were swaying back and forth to the music on a dance floor. "The way you changed my life," Bebhinn sang quietly along with the song when it reached this line, then "No, no they can't take that away from me..."



No sooner had Bebhinn sang that, though, than Major Magus began to moan, wrinkle his brow, and then stretch his shoulders. Bebhinn jumped back, shouted "Music off!" to make the music stop, and smoothed out her dress.

"Ugh...Bebhinn," Major Magus said as he reached his right arm up and stretched more as if he had just woke up from a long nap. "Why am I not surprised to see you. Where's your father?"

"He's not here; Father is still convalescing on Venus. It's just me and Magnus this time."

"Your brother?" The Major put both hands on his back and stretched backwards. "Phew, that was some paralysis ray! I think I even lost cognitive functions there while my brain was paralyzed."

"Gas, actually, but thank you," Bebhinn said, nervously crossing her left arm across her body and resting her right elbow on it. "I did help make it, but I didn't expect you to be able to resist it for another hour yet."

"Magic powers," The Major said, glancing about the room. "Awfully useful. So what's the plan this time? Am I going to have to stop your brother from some mad scheme like your father's always up to?" Without waiting for a reply, he turned his back on Bebhinn and went to go try the door to the room.

Bebhinn took a few steps to keep behind him. "I suppose you'll want to," she said. "He released that paralysis gas into the air almost an hour ago over New York City and paralyzed everyone in a 10-mile radius. He's going to inoculate some mobsters that used to work for our father and have them secure City Hall and the Armory before he uses this ship to spray the gas over neighboring counties. Magnus thinks you're going to be paralyzed for hours longer."

"Is my previous exposure going to inoculate me? Can you whip up an antidote and spray it into the air?" The Major asked as he checked the narrow corridor outside the room.



Major Magus turned back to her and gently held both her arms in his hands. "I know you want to do the right thing, Bebhinn," he said calmly.

Bebhinn sighed. She knew that, to hear him speak to her like that, she would promise to float to the moon. "Your answers are yes and yes," she said.

"Great. I'm guessing we're still aboard the rocket ship?" the Major asked as he went from smiling to all serious. "I'm going to have to wreck your take-off assembly. I can't have Magnus doubling back on me and using this rocket to gas anyone else." And with that, the Major ran off down the corridor and out of sight.

Five minutes later

Major Magus wiped his hands as he stepped away from the rocket ship, having just left Bebhinn at work in the rocket ship's onboard laboratory and wrecked the take-off assembly to pieces with his bare hands. The rocket ship was 'parked' in a public park somewhere north of Manhattan. The whole city around him was unnaturally quiet and still. As the Major raced out into what should have been busy streets, he found crashed cars were everywhere - in storefront windows or plowed into hydrants or even into each other - their drivers all victims of the paralysis gas while their feet were on their gas pedals. There were drivers and pedestrians hurt and unable to move.

The Major stopped when he saw one woman lying in the street, bent out of shape after having been run over. The paralysis was so thorough that the woman was not even bleeding from open gashes. Major Magus knit his brow with frustration. His highest priority now had to be taking the injured to hospitals so that, as soon as the antidote gas was released into the atmosphere, they could be cared for quickly. He was going to have to wait to deal with Magnus Skala, which gave him time to secure men at the Arsenal, City Hall, and whatever else he had planned after that.

Two hours later

68 Lexington Avenue, Manhattan, New York City

The phone rang at the 69th Regiment Armory and one of Magnus' goons picked up. "What's that, boss? Major Magus? Coming here! Okay, boss, we'll be ready for 'em!" He hung up the phone, turned to the mobsters around him, and shouted, "You heard me! Keep your eyes peeled and shoot on sight!"

Six mobsters hunkered down in the same room, or neighboring rooms but in earshot, nodded and checked their sub-machine guns. They wore flak jackets and helmets, with belts covered in hand grenades tied to their waists. None of them had ever dealt with Major Magus and knew him only by reputation. They felt confident they could handle him as well-armed and armored as they were. They were, of course, wrong.

Without preamble, Major Magus crashed through the outer wall of the armory and flew past two mobsters with his arms extended, 'clothes lining' them both and knocking them on the floor unconscious. Flying debris struck a third mobster in the helmet hard enough to stun him and left no one in the room to attack him as he flew out through a doorway.

The remaining mobsters huddled up and, when Major Magus did not appear in their rooms, went to check on their fallen comrades. The stunned one was fine now, but the other two could not be roused. They were just starting to discuss what to do next when two tear gas grenades landed in their midst and started spewing their contents.



Major Magus used the distraction to fly into the room unchallenged and began smacking mobsters around. "You're not the only ones who can borrow from a storeroom!" he joked as he pulled every slap and still hit them hard enough to knock out teeth and leave concussions in his wake. The last of the seven mobsters was too busy choking and crying to notice he was the last until the Major grabbed him by his necktie, batted the gun from his hands, and hauled him out of the smoke and into the open air outside. "Where is Magnus?" The Major asked while the mobster frantically hung from his outstretched arm two stories up over Lexington Avenue.

Three minutes later
260 Broadway, Manhattan, New York City

The city was slowly coming back to life outside, roused by Bebhinn's antidote gas, when Major Magus crashed through the main entrance to City Hall and swatted away the first mobster in the marble-floored foyer and decked two more on his way to the central rotunda. A double, floating staircase led to the second floor where ten Corinthian columns rose to support the dome far overhead.



"Major!" Magnus Skala's voice rang out, echoing in the high chamber. "You're way ahead of schedule! I hoped to have finished securing the city and returned to the rocket ship before you escaped from whatever deathtrap Bebhinn set up for you!"

"Right. That deathtrap was...yeah, it was horrible," the Major played along as he scanned the interior of the rotunda for his adversary. "Why don't you come out of hiding and we can discuss it better?"

There were heavy footfalls on the upper level solar and then Magnus jumped over the railing. He was wearing a black jumpsuit with hydraulic pumps on his limbs and a shiny black metal frame surrounding his body, with a matching helmet and oversized gauntlets and boots. He landed on the marble floor in front of Major Magus hard enough to crack it and then launched himself fist-first into the Major.

Not on his own volition, Major Magus went flying backwards, through the doors of the building, over the stairs outside, and finally tumbled across the street before stopping himself at the far sidewalk. So hard had he struck that he left a line of potholes in his wake. He was jumping back up to his feet when Magnus - obviously enhanced by his mechanical exoskeleton - emerged from City Hall.

"My father's present to me," Magnus shouted with pride as he bounded down the front steps. "It magnifies my strength 22 times!"

When they had first met and tussled, Major Magus had been impressed that Magnus was superhumanly strong, though nowhere near in his class. But this first punch had demonstrated that Magnus's strength times 22 was indeed stronger than the Major. It would seem to be a tactical advantage, then, to be airborne and out of reach.

However, no sooner had the Major shot up into the air than Magnus leaped up after him and caught him in mid-air. Magnus' momentum carried them both into the trees on this side of the street, and hard enough to uproot one of them and tip it over. They both landed on their feet and Magnus was quick to pounce again. He swung with what would have been a double-fisted 'hay maker' had it connected. The Major had dodged to his left and slammed his fist, not into Magnus' right arm, but into the metal frame protecting the hydraulic pump on Magnus' arm. The frame buckled and bent and punctured the hydraulic tube, spraying steam from the leak.

Also, from this angle, the Major could see a large metal backpack on Magnus' back, undoubtedly a power source for the exoskeleton. The Major lunged for it, but Magnus grabbed the Major's arm and threw him over his shoulder into - and through - a neighboring tree. The top of the tree collapsed since most of the trunk that had been supporting it was decimated. The Major was back on his feet in a moment, but in that time Magnus had already uprooted a third tree and used it as a club to swing downward over the Major's head. The tree splintered to pieces from the impact. Most of the surrounding trees were also being torn apart by the shock waves from their blows.

After that first blow, the Major had been concerned that he might not win this one, but by now they seemed more evenly matched. The exoskeleton was slowly losing strength. "Are you sure you want to keep doing this?" the Major asked as they continued trading and blocking punches.



"You can hear that the paralysis is wearing off all around us. I already rounded up your boys at the armory and I've disabled your rocket ship. What have you got a chance left of accomplishing?"

“Wiping that smirk off your face!” Magnus said angrily as he tried to bring two fists down on the Major in a double blow.

The Major grabbed Magnus by the forearms and, with tremendous effort, held his arms in place. With all that force pushing against each other, something had to give. It turned out to be Magnus’ exoskeleton.

“No! Ahh!” Magnus cried as he was showered with hot steam from the bursting pumps in his powered suit. His strength levels were falling rapidly and the Major was able to push Magnus backwards onto his rear.

Major Magus leaned forward with his hands on his knees. He was as sore all over as he had ever been after a fight, but he needed this breather to think more than to recover. Luckily, a new tactic had come to him in that moment of rest. “Magnus...let’s not do this. We could duke it out to the finish, or we could talk about what will happen to your sister if you lose. She’ll be stranded here on Earth with no family. And, as an accomplice to your crimes here, she’ll go to jail.”

Magnus just lay there for a moment, staring angrily up at Major Magus. Finally, though, Magnus said, “I surrender to you, but claim diplomatic immunity for myself and my sister. Neither of us are U.S. citizens, but are the only representatives of the planet Venus on Earth.”

The Major nodded. “We’ll see if the federal government buys that, but I’m willing to speak up for you if you cooperate,” he said, extending a helping hand to Magnus.

Magnus pulled off his helmet and the glove from his right hand. He started to accept the Major’s offered hand, but changed his mind and pulled himself to his feet alone. “You seem a good man, Major. I can’t imagine why my father hates you so.”

Major Magus grinned and, unsure of how to respond to that, erred on the side of tactful silence. But the two men, standing stock-still as they faced each other, now seemed unusually quiet in a city that bustled again with cars honking, emergency vehicle sirens blaring, and the din of seven million people asking what had happened. Major Magus asked himself instead, what would happen next?

Next Issue: The Skalas will have to wait as Major Magus meets with some surprise guest stars to discuss “The Question of Hitler”!

MOBSTER SPOTLIGHT The Aliens of Saro

John Carter had already been to Barsoom in

the pulps and Flash Gordon had already been to Mongo in the comic strips, but the first explorer of an alien world original to the comic books was Don Drake on the Planet Saro. Debuting in New Fun Comics #1 back in Feb. 1935, the adventures of Don and his girlfriend Betty lasted until the spring of 1938. However, because his adventures were only 1-2 pages long, they amounted to no more than 28 pages and 17 cliffhanger endings.

Though one never does get a good sense of what life on Saro is like, it must be plenty dangerous because Don and Betty cannot seem to go very far without running into weird or monstrous things that want to kill them.

Note that, given what little source material there is on these aliens, that some liberties and inferences were taken in their write-ups.

ANT PEOPLE

Armor Class: 3 [16]
Hit Dice: 4
Attacks: Bite (2d6)
Special: None
Move: 90 (30 burrowing)
HDE/XP: 4/160

The ant people appear to be gigantic black ants 9 ft. long, only with one pair of extremely long (6 ft.) front legs that can be raised like arms. The ant people are semi-bipedal, similar to bears, and can walk erect over short distances (10-30 ft.). Though ant people have below average human level intelligence individually, when connected telepathically to a hideous thing (see Hideous Thing) they have a shared intelligence that is exceptional (though they still cannot talk to non-ant people). Ant people are fiercely loyal to hideous things and need not check morale until their hideous thing is killed.

BANDARS

Armor Class: 5 [14]
Hit Dice: 4+1
Attacks: Pincer (1d10)
Special: Wreck things
Move: 150 (30’ leaps)
HDE/XP: 5/200

Bandars resemble a cross between giant crabs and huge kangaroos that stand 9 ft. tall. They only have two sets of crab-like legs on their upper halves, including the upper pair that end in large pincers able to crush metal (wreck as 1st level Superheroes). They can make 30’ running broad jumps on their powerful kangaroo-like hind legs. They have only animal intelligence.

HIDEOUS THINGS

Armor Class: 8 [11]
Hit Dice: 5
Attacks: 1-4 tentacles (2d4)/bite (1d6)
Special: Telepathy
Move: 10
HDE/XP: 5/200

Instead of being ruled by a queen that looks like an ant, the ant people are ruled by hideous things. These things look like giant, green, misshapen heads with two saucer eyes, two noses, and a fanged mouth. There are six vestigial legs under the head that cannot support the head's weight alone, so most of the hideous things locomotion is provided by slithering on its 12 tentacles (each 8 ft. long) that grow from the base of the head.



Hideous things are able to communicate telepathically with any ant people within 180 ft., as well as keeping all ant people within that range telepathically connected to each other. Perceiving their leaders as too vulnerable, ant people usually keep hideous things hidden or under heavy guard at all times in their lairs.

MIDGET-MEN OF ZETRURIA

Armor Class: 4 [15]
Hit Dice: ½
Attacks: Club (1d4)
Special: Nets
Move: 30
HDE/XP: >1/20

Resembling normal Earth midgets, the midget-men are violently evil counterparts. Two midget-men with a net between them can ensnare a man-sized foe if they both hit with rolls 2 or more higher than needed to hit the target's AC and the target misses a save against science. An ensnared target can attempt to save against science once per minute to escape the net, but at a penalty of -1 per midget-man holding onto the net. A midget-man can hold onto a net and club at the same time (though ensnaring and clubbing cannot be done at the same time).

The midget-men wear a light version of medieval platemail. They average 4 ft. tall, so child sidekicks may be able to wear midget-men armor.

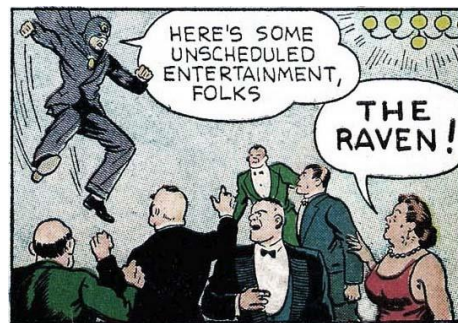
THE RAVEN By Steve Lopez

First appearance: Sure Fire Comics #1 (June 1940)

Appearances to date: Sure Fire Comics #1-4, Lightning Comics v1 #4-6, Lightning Comics v2 #1-4, Four Favorites #1-2

The Raven positively oozes "cool". Garbed in a purple mask and cowl over a purple suit, The Raven is a sort of modern day Robin Hood who robs from gangsters, crooks, and racketeers, then returns the money to the poor people who'd been fleeced.

By day, The Raven is police detective Danny Dartin who has ironically been tasked by his boss, Captain Lash, with the job of arresting The Raven. When the series began in mid-1940, only one other person knew Danny's secret: his longtime pal and sidekick Mike Collins. Danny's life was further complicated by the fact that he was engaged to Captain Lash's daughter, Lola, who refused to marry Danny until he was successful in arresting The Raven. This last little plot point was killer, and it put The Raven's adventures a notch above a lot of the other "mystery man" fare then appearing on the newsstand comic racks. Unfortunately that narrative trick didn't last very long: by The Raven's fifth appearance Lola was in on Danny's secret and was acting as The Raven's confidante, love interest, and "gal Friday".



The Raven had no real "origin" story; we never learn what first prompted Danny to become a masked vigilante. In his initial appearance (in Ace's Sure Fire Comics #1), it's established right from the git-go that The Raven's been around for a while; in the story's fourth panel a crook sees The Raven and immediately recognizes him, calling him by name.

Unlike DC's Batman (of whom The Raven is mildly reminiscent), The Raven doesn't carry a ton of gear: his entire inventory consists of a pocket knife, a pistol, and a climbing rope (which he uses frequently to scale the sides of buildings, and is the main reason why I've classed The Raven as a Mystery Man instead of as a Fighter). He also owns a vehicle which is referred to as a "supercar" in The Raven's first couple of

appearances, but which never exhibits any extra features over and above any other fast roadster of the era; after the first two or three Raven stories the prefix "super-" was dropped completely. The Raven had a couple of different hideouts in his first few appearances; after Lola discovered his first hideout (during the period when she didn't know The Raven's identity), he relocated to an old warehouse.

Supporting cast members:

Mike Collins - sidekick (Level 1 fighter)
 Lola Lash - fiancée
 Captain Lash - boss

<u>HIDEOUTS AND HOODLUMS HERO RECORD</u>																								
Hero Name	<u>The Raven</u>					Alignment	<u>Chaotic</u>																	
Real Name	<u>Danny Dartin</u>					Armor Class [AAC]	<u>7 [12]</u>																	
Class	<u>Mystery Man</u>					Level/Title	<u>5/Puzzling Man</u>																	
Race	<u>Human</u>					Move	<u>60</u>																	
Strength	<u>15</u>	Saves				Experience Points:	<u>12,900</u>																	
Intelligence	<u>15</u>	Missiles	<u>8</u>			Hit Points:	<u>25</u>																	
Wisdom	<u>13</u>	Poison	<u>8</u>			Money, on hand:	<u>variable</u>																	
Constitution	<u>13</u>	Plot	<u>9</u>			Money, available:	<u>\$21,000</u>																	
Dexterity	<u>16</u>	Science	<u>9</u>			AC [AAC]	<u>9</u>	[10]	<u>8</u>	[11]	<u>7</u>	[12]	<u>6</u>	[13]	<u>5</u>	[14]	<u>4</u>	[15]	<u>3</u>	[16]	<u>2</u>	[17]	<u>1</u>	[18]
Charisma	<u>12</u>	Spells	<u>10</u>			To Hit	<u>8</u>	<u>9</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>11</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>14</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>16</u>									
Equipment (& location)	Trophies (& location)					Special Abilities (racial, class-based)																		
Penknife (pocket)						9 in 10 Climb																		
Climbing rope (belt)						4 in 10 Invisible																		
Pistol (belt)						8 in 10 Track																		
Supercar						4 in 10 Notice things																		
Costume						4 in 10 Pilfer																		
						+2 Signature move																		

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MADAME FATAL
Ch. 3: "Alliances"
 By David Brashear

Daniel Dyce sat at his desk, staring at photos that covered it as a cup of coffee congealed into a brown mass beside him. Each photo showed different views of the ruins of Richard Stanton's home. If he closed his eyes he could picture how the pictures would have looked before the fire. He

shook his head and studied the photos again. There had to be some clue as to what Stanton was up to. Something!

He looked up when he heard a knock on his office door. A smiling man with slicked-back black hair and a well-tailored suit stood there. "Mind if I come in?" he asked.

"Good to see you, Brian," Dyce said as he stood. He walked around the desk and shook his guest's hand, then led him around the desk. "I could actually use your help."

"What's this?" Brian O'Brien asked.

"Richard Stanton's house. You know, the actor. It burned about a week ago."

O'Brien nodded. "I remember. How does it involve the DA's office?"

"Stanton's a friend of mine," Dyce said. "I know he'd been in a bad place lately, but I don't think he was suicidal."

"It wouldn't have to be suicide," O'Brien said as he picked up a picture and studied it a moment before returning it to its place. "A man gets drunk and all sorts of calamities can happen."

"I know," Dyce said. "I've seen it plenty of times. There's one problem, though." He shuffled through the photos. He pulled one free and handed it to O'Brien. "Stanton had a bird. The cage would have been sitting right here." Dyce pointed at the picture. "Stanton loved this bird like a child and there's no sign of the cage. Nothing."

O'Brien shrugged. "I wish I could be more help, but I just don't see anything." He sat down in a chair in front of the desk. "Maybe you should let the fire department run their investigation."

"Maybe you're right," Dyce conceded, "but I can't let go of this." He glanced over at O'Brien. "Ever think about coming back?"

Brian smiled. "And try taking your job back? No, thank you. I've done my time as DA."

Despite himself, Dyce chuckled. "You're just saying that because you're at the head of the line for a judgeship."

As Brian kept making small talk with Dyce, one thought rose up in his mind that he couldn't let his face betray: Maybe the Clock should look into this.



Later that night, Madam Fatal stood in the old fire station. She set up a discarded chair and sat down with her back to the wall while her eyes scanned the darkness. Her fingers drummed on her cane as she waited for the others.

She turned as a rustle of cloth alerted her that she wasn't alone. The cane was instantly in her hand and she stood, ready to strike. The emerald-clad form of Lady Luck emerged from

the shadows, chuckling. "I'm surprised you heard me."

"This time I wasn't distracted by a thug, Dearie," Madam Fatal said. "Is the Clock with you?"

"No," Lady Luck said. She glanced at a clock atop a building that was visible through a dirty window. "Odd for someone named the Clock to be late."

A gentle laugh behind them caused them both to whirl around. The Clock stood there. "He's only late when the clock you're looking at is fast," he said.

"It isn't nice to sneak up on an old woman," Fatal chided as she shook a finger at him. "What have we found?"

"One of my sources may have given us exactly what we need," the Clock said. "The only problem is that Carver's on an island."

"I've got some sources inside the police department who concur," Lady Luck said. She spread a map out on an empty crate and pointed at the island.

"No land access," Madam Fatal muttered as she stroked her chin. "We'll need transportation."

"I've already got it taken care of," Lady Luck said with a smile. "Come with me."

"Good to see you!" A man wearing a blue costume with a white helmet extended a hand to Lady Luck as she, Madam Fatal, and the Clock arrived at the Docks.

"Allow me to introduce William Dunn," Lady Luck said. "I met him when he helped me smash a group of Fifth Columnists a few months ago. He's our transportation."

"Come on inside," Dunn said as he led the others toward a warehouse with light shining from within. "My partner's getting the Blue Tracer ready to go."

Fatal gasped as she entered the room. The Blue Tracer was a monstrous blue craft, with the same star on the tail as on Dunn's shirt. A young man looked up as Dunn called up to him. He waved, slapped an ammunition belt into the large machine gun on the craft's roof, and hurried down.

"Boomerang Jones," Dunn introduced.

"G'day," Jones said. Jones ran a hand over his head to smooth his red hair before clasping hands with each of the others.

"I owe him my life," Dunn smiled. "But you're not interested in that story. Lady Luck's already filled me in on our destination." He led the others

to a map table. Carver's island was shown at the center of the map. "We don't know what sort of nastiness that this Carver may have been able to cook up, so we're going in guns blazing."

"Better to be safe than sorry," Lady Luck said. "When do you want to leave?"

"No time like the present," Dunn said. "Follow me and we'll get everybody strapped in."

Minutes later, Madam Fatal watched from the Tracer's cockpit as the craft rolled forward on what appeared to be tank treads. Dunn pushed a button on his control panel and the far end of the warehouse split apart. When the doors had opened, the Tracer began to gain speed as it rolled faster and faster. Fatal's jaw dropped as the ungainly Tracer reached speeds she hadn't expected. The craft shook as wings snapped out from its sides and it became airborne.

Fatal watched as the ground below gave way to water. Her mind raced with one thought - soon Mary would be safe.

"Boss!" Carver turned as a technician came running up to him. "Got something weird on radar."

Carver frowned. He hadn't cashed in this many favors to let anyone catch him this easily. But who would go to these lengths to catch him? "If they come within range, shoot them down," he ordered.

The technician smiled and returned to his console. He picked up a microphone and began relaying instructions to the gunner crews. Carver smiled and relaxed. It was good to have friends who knew how to defend their smugglers' hideouts.

"Strewth!" Boomerang yelled as anti-aircraft fire started bracketing the Tracer. "Looks like they're waiting for us!"

"And we're ready, too," Dunn replied. "Let's give them a little something back." Dunn opened fire with the Tracer's front mounted Gatling guns while Boomerang took his place at the top-mounted machine gun. Beneath her veil, Lady Luck wore a concerned look.

Madam Fatal's seat was empty.

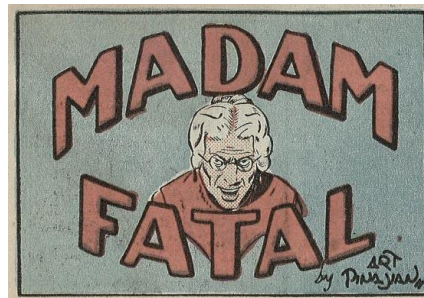
Fatal exhaled as her feet hit the beach. She crouched down as she freed herself from her parachute. It looked as if their plan to drop her on the far side of the island before revealing themselves in the Tracer had worked. She was alone.

She quickly stuffed the parachute into the underbrush and gripped her cane before rushing into the green jungle. In her mind she replayed the directions to Carver's likely location that they'd discussed on the Tracer.

She heard a loud boom and looked upward. Her jaw dropped as she saw smoke billowing from the Tracer through holes in the jungle canopy. She heard a massive splash as the gunfire stopped.

"They're gone," Fatal whispered. Resolute, she gritted her jaw. "This ends now, Carver." She continued through the jungle, less carefully than before.

She didn't realize she was being followed. Everything soon went black as a gun butt smashed into the back of her head.



Fatal's eyes fluttered open. She found herself tied to a chair in a room lit by only a bare bulb.

"Well, well, well," Carver said as he stepped into sight, her cane in his hands. Carver paused as he continued examining the cane. "You interest me, old woman. I've never met you before and yet you've come here in some sort of super-airplane to try and find me. You'll have to excuse my guard for the bump on your head. He simply felt that it would be unfair for you to come all this way and not get to meet with me."

Carver reached out with the cane and placed the silver head of it under Fatal's chin, then used it to raise her head to look into his face. "I think we need to have a little talk. And then you can join your dead friends in the ocean."

Fatal stayed silent as Carver laughed.

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FAN ART

Fan Supreme-in-Training Allen Trembone again graces our pages with two submissions. His art can also be found at the H&H Fan Club on Yahoo!Groups. Last time we saw Daredevil, Bulletman, and Bulletgirl. This time it's Firebrand,

and Blue Beetle facing off against the Claw!



GOLDEN AGE INDEX

Every H&H Supplement up until the fourth one has included an appendix of a Golden Age Heroes index, expanding the initial index in **Book III: Underworld & Metropolis Adventures**. Each index has been useful as a “snapshot” of what characters were being published within a certain time frame, as well as showing how each Hero class is best represented (though not every Hero is a perfect fit for a Hero class and, indeed, some characters have since needed to be moved to new classes to reflect closer readings of their stories).

What follows is a continuation of the index past Supplement III, this time covering just the cover date of July 1941. As before, boldface entries are known not to be in the public domain. All characters are from the adventure, jungle, occult, superhero, urban crime, and war genre stories, excluding historical and futuristic settings. Humor strips and boys genre stories are also omitted. Villains are only included who have made more than one appearance within this time frame.

For the first time, comic strip characters appearing in more than one comic book per month are included, as are characters prominently featured in comic book serials, but without title recognition.

Aviators

- Black Condor (Crack Comics #14)
- Capt. Derek West (Wings Comics #11)
- Capt. Desmo** (More Fun Comics #69)
- Capt. Kidd (Fantastic Comics #20)
- Capt. Midnight (Funnies #57)
- “Clipper” Kirk (Wings Comics #11)
- “Cloud” Curtis (Silver Streak Comics #12)
- F-4 of Air Intelligence (Wings Comics #11)
- “Greasemonkey” Griffin (Wings Comics #11)
- Hawkman** (Flash Comics #19)
- “**Hop**” Harrigan (All American Comics #28)
- “Loop” Logan (Blue Ribbon Comics #14)
- Martin, Jane (Wings Comics #11)
- Masked Pilot (Popular Comics #65)
- “Prop” Powers (National Comics #13)
- “Scorchy” Smith (Famous Funnies #84)
- Shane, Tim and Tom - War Eagles (Zip Comics #16)
- Sky Ranger (Funnies #57)
- “Spin” Shaw (Feature Comics #46)
- “Suicide” Smith (Wings Comics #11)
- Tom, Dick, and Harry (Jumbo Comics #29)
- Williams, Wally (Popular Comics #65)
- “Wing” Turner (Wonderworld Comics #27)
- “Wings” Johnson (Top-Notch Comics #17)
- “Wings” Wendall (Smash Comics #24)

Cowboys

- “Bulls-Eye” Bill (Target Comics v. 2 #5)
- Cyclone (Crackjack Funnies #37)
- Golden Arrow (Whiz Comics #19)
- Hatfield, Jim (Exciting Comics #11)
- Jones, Buck (Master Comics #16)
- Keane, Rance (Feature Comics #46)
- Masked Rider (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
- Maxon, Tex (Wonderworld Comics #27)
- “Nevada” Jones (Zip Comics #16)
- Silver Scout (Silver Streak Comics #12)
- Whip (Flash Comics #19)
- White Rider (Blue Bolt v. 2 #2)

Explorers

- Abdul the Arab (Smash Comics #24)
- Beatty, Clyde (Crackjack Funnies #37)
- Black Marvel** (All Winners Comics #1)

Crosby, Cliff (Detective Comics #53)
"Congo" Bill (Action Comics #38)
 "Congo" Jack (Lightning Comics v. 2 #2)
Conrad, Steve (Adventure Comics #64)
 Dr. Voodoo (Whiz Comics #19)
 Hale, Lance (Silver Streak Comics #12)
 "Jungle" Jim (Ace Comics #52)
 Jungleman (Champ Comics #14)
Ka-Zar (Marvel Mystery Comics #21)
 Kaanga (Jungle Comics #19)
 Lance, Roy (Jungle Comics #19)
Larkin, Lance (More Fun Comics #69)
 Lion Boy (Hit Comics #13)
 O'Casey, Lance (Whiz Comics #19)
Phantom (Ace Comics #52, King Comics #63)
 Red Panther (Jungle Comics #19)
 Samar (Feature Comics #46)
 Sheena (Jumbo Comics #29)
 Tad of the Tanbark (Reg'lar Fellers Heroic Comics #7)
 Ty-Gor (Blue Ribbon Comics #14)
 Wambi the Jungle Boy (Jungle Comics #19)

Fighters

"Ace" Buckley (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
 Arden, Jane (Crack Comics #14)
Atom (All American Comics #28)
 Barrister, Dan (works with Dr. Fung)
 (Wonderworld Comics #27)
 Bates, Betty, Lady at Law (Hit Comics #13)
 Battle, Steve, Undercover Agent (Champ Comics #14)
 "Biff" Powers (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
 Black X (Smash Comics #24)
 Bradford, Brick (King Comics #63)
 Buckskin (Super-Mystery Comics v. 2 #3)
Bucky (All Winners Comics #1, Young Allies #1)
 Burnham, Alan and Dave - The Hurricane Kids
 (Popular Comics #65)
 Cadet Kit Carter (Target Comics v.2 #4)
 Capt. Battle (Silver Streak Comics #12)
 Capt. Bruce Blackburn (Feature Comics #46)
 Capt. Gallant (Super-Mystery Comics v. 2 #3)
 Capt. Kidd (Fantastic Comics #20)
 Capt. Terry Thunder (Jungle Comics #19)
Carson, Steve - Federal Men (Adventure Comics #64)
 Capt. Valor (Zip Comics #16)
 Carter, Chic/Sword (Smash Comics #24)
 Chameleon (Target Comics v. 2 #4)
 Champ (Champ Comics #14)
 Chief John Winston - Gangbusters (Popular Comics #65)
"Clip" Carson (More Fun Comics #69)
 Cole, Dick (Blue Bolt v.2 #2)
 Companions Three - Don, Nifty, and Spike
 (Master Comics #16)
 Corporal Collins (Blue Ribbon Comics #14,
 Jackpot Comics #2)
"Cotton" Carver (Adventure Comics #64)
 Crane, Ted (Exciting Comics #11)
 D-13 (Mystery Men Comics #24)
 Dare, Dan (Whiz Comics #19)

Daredevil (Silver Streak Comics #12)
 Davis, Dan (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
 Det. Sgt. Burke (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
Det. Sgt. Carey (More Fun Comics #69)
 Dr. Nemesis (Lightning Comics v. 2 #2)
 Doe, Jack and Jill (National Comics #13)
 Dolan, Jim (Wow Comics #2)
 Dollman (Feature Comics #46)
 "Dusty" Dane (Feature Comics #46)
 Fife, Gordon (Reg'lar Fellers Heroic Comics #7)
 Frazer, Fran (Top-Notch Comics #17)
 G-5, Super Agent (Hit Comics #13)
 G-Man Dalton (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
 Glory, Don (Hit Comics #13)
 "Hap" Hazard (Lightning Comics v. 2 #2)
 Hazzard, Hugh (and Bozo the Robot) (Smash Comics #24)
 Inspector Bentley of Scotland Yard (Pep Comics #17)
 Inspector Dayton (Jumbo Comics #13)
 K-51 - Spies at War (Wonderworld Comics #27)
King (World's Finest Comics #2)
 Kornell, Keith (Top-Notch Comics #17)
 Krisko (and Jasper)(Blue Bolt v. 2 #2)
 Lt. Drake (Mystery Men Comics #24)
 "Lucky" Byrd (Target Comics v.2 #5)
 Madam Fatal (Crack Comics #14)
D.A. Steve Malone (Detective Comics #53)
Manhunter/Paul Kirk (Adventure Comics #64)
 Mann of India (Reg'lar Fellers Heroic Comics #7)
 Martin, Bill "Presto" (Silver Streak Comics #12)
 Masters, Bob and Swab Decker (Bob and Swab)(Hit Comics #13)
 McKay, Kay (Our Flag Comics #1)
 Minute Man (Master Comics #16)
Mr. America (Action Comics #38)
 Mr. District Attorney (Funnies #57)
 Navy Bob Steele (Funnies #57)
 Noble, Peter (Exciting Comics #11)
 O'Day, Patty (Wonderworld Comics #27)
 O'Neil, Sally, Policewoman (National Comics #13)
 O'Shay, Rick (Wow Comics #2)
Patriot (Human Torch #4, Marvel Mystery Comics #21)
 "Peewee" Wilson (Super-Mystery Comics v. 2 #3)
 "Pen" Miller (National Comics #13)
"Pep" Morgan (Action Comics #38)
 Prince Eon (Champ Comics #14)
 "Punch" Parker (World's Finest Comics #2)
 Purple Trio - Warren, Tiny, and Rocky (Smash Comics #24)
 Red Bee (Hit Comics #13)
Red Coat Patrol - Sgt. O'Malley (More Fun Comics #69)
 "Red" Reagan (Zip Comics #16)
Red Tornado (All American Comics #28)
 Red Torpedo (Crack Comics #14)
Red, White, and Blue (All American Comics #28,
 World's Finest Comics #2)
Regan, Bart, Spy (Detective Comics #53)
 Reynolds of the Mounted (Feature Comics #46)
 Scarlet Seal (Smash Comics #24)
 Sgt. Boyle (Pep Comics #17)

Sgt. Spook (Blue Bolt v.2 #2)
"Slam" Bradley (Detective Comics #53)
 Spacehawk (Target Comics v.2 #4)
Sparks, Les, Radio Amateur (Flash Comics #19)
 "Speed" Martin (Funnies #57)
"Speed" Saunders, Ace Investigator (Detective Comics #53)
 (Alias the) Spider (Crack Comics #14)
 Stacey, Steve (Blue Ribbon Comics #14)
Steele, Larry, Private Detective (Detective Comics #53)
Stone, Jimmy (All American Comics #28)
 Strange, Rodney and Douglas - The Strange Twins (Hit Comics #13)
 "Sub" Saunders (Fantastic Comics #20)
 Taylor, Stuart (Jumbo Comics #29)
Three Aces (Action Comics #38)
 Three Cheers - Sis, Boom, Bart (Our Flag Comics #1)
Trent, Larry - Radio Squad (More Fun Comics #69)
 "Typhoon" Tyson (Our Flag Comics #1)
 USA (Feature Comics #46)
 Williams, Dan (Exciting Comics #11)
 Winslow, Don (Crackjack Funnies #37)
 "Yank" Wilson (Fantastic Comics #20)
"Young Doc" Davis (World's Finest Comics #2)
 Zero, Ghost Detective (Feature Comics #46)
 Zoro (Master Comics #16)
 ZX-5 - Spies in Action (Jumbo Comics #29)

Magic-Users

Dr. Fate (More Fun Comics #69)
 Dr. Miracle (Champ Comics #14)
 El Carim (Master Comics #18)
 Fantomah (Jungle Comics #19)
Green Lantern (All American Comics #28)
 Ibis the Invincible (Whiz Comics #19)
 Kardak (Top-Notch Comics #17)
Mandrake the Magician (King Comics #63, Magic Comics #24)
 Merlin (National Comics #13)
 Mystico (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
Sargon the Sorcerer (All American Comics #28)
Spectre (More Fun Comics #69)
Starman (Adventure Comics #64)
 Tabu, Wizard of the Jungle (Jungle Comics #19)
Thunder, Johnny (Flash Comics #19)
 Tor the Magic Master (Crack Comics #14)
 Uncle Sam (National Comics #13)
 Zanzibar (Mystery Men Comics #24)
Zatara (Action Comics #38)

Mysterymen

Angel (All Winners Comics #1, Human Torch #4, Marvel Mystery Comics #21, Sub-Mariner Comics #2)
Batman (Detective Comics #53)
 Black Fury (Fantastic Comics #20)
 Black Hood (Jackpot Comics #2, Top-Notch Comics #17)
 Clock (Crack Comics #14)

Crimson Avenger (Detective Comics #53)
 Devil's Dagger (Master Comics #16)
Dr. Mid-Nite (All American Comics #28)
 Fox (Blue Ribbon Comics #9)
 Fox, Johnny (Champ Comics #14)
 Green Mask (Mystery Men Comics #24)
 Hangman (Pep Comics #17)
 Invisible Justice (Smash Comics #24)
 Jester (Smash Comics #24)
King (Flash Comics #19)
 Lynx (Mystery Men Comics #24)
 Mask (Exciting Comics #11)
 Midnight (Smash Comics #24)
 Owl (Crackjack Funnies #37)
Sandman (Adventure Comics #64)
 Target (Target Comics v.2 #4)
 Voice, the Invisible Detective (Popular Comics #65)

Scientists

Dean, Dickie (Silver Streak Comics #12)
 "Flip" Falcon (Fantastic Comics #20)
 Prof. Supermind (Popular Comics #65)
 "Space" Smith (Fantastic Comics #20)
Vance, Terry (Marvel Mystery Comics #21)
 Wizard (Shield-Wizard Comics #4, Top-Notch Comics #17)
 Wizard Wells (Crack Comics #14)

Speedsters

Flash (All-Flash #1, Flash Comics #19)
 Quicksilver (National Comics #13)
 Silver Streak (Silver Streak Comics #12)

Superheroes

Blue Beetle (Mystery Men Comics #24)
 Blue Bolt (Blue Bolt v.2 #2)
 Bulletman (Bulletman #1, Master Comics #16)
 Bunyan, Paul (National Comics #13)
Captain America (All Winners Comics #1)
 Captain Future (Startling Comics v.3 #2)
Captain Marvel (Captain Marvel Adventures #2, Whiz Comics #19)
 Fireball (Pep Comics #17)
 Firefly (Top-Notch Comics #17)
 Hercules (Hit Comics #13)
Hourman (Adventure Comics #64)
 Human Meteor (Champ Comics #14)
Human Torch (All Winners Comics #1, Human Torch #4, Marvel Mystery Comics #21)
 Hydroman (Reg'lar Fellers Heroic Comics #7)
 Inferno (Blue Ribbon Comics #14)
 Lightning (Jumbo Comics #29)
 Man O' Metal (Reg'lar Fellers Heroic Comics #7)
 Mr. Justice (Blue Ribbon Comics #14, Jackpot Comics #2)
 Neon the Unknown (Hit Comics #13)
 Phantom, Bob (Top-Notch Comics #17)
 Phantasm (Funnies #57)
 Ray (Smash Comics #24)
 Samson (Fantastic Comics #20)
 Shield (Pep Comics #17, Shield-Wizard Comics #4)

Steel Sterling (Jackpot Comics #2)
Sub-Mariner (All Winners Comics #1, Human Torch #4, Marvel Mystery Comics #21, Sub-Mariner Comics #2)
Sub-Zero (Blue Bolt v.2 #2)
Superman (Action Comics #38, Superman #11)
Vision (Marvel Mystery Comics #21)
Warren, Dan - Prof. Supermind and Son (Popular Comics #65)
White Streak (Target Comics v.2 #4)
Wonder Boy (National Comics #13)

Comic Book World

Marvel Firsts: WWII Super Heroes Reviewed

In case you're not aware of it, dear reader, Marvel has recently done a wonderful service to readers by putting together a series of trade paperbacks collecting first appearances by decade. The Golden Age volume, in particular, is a treasure trove of stories not easily found elsewhere. Whether they are any good, though...well, that is detailed below, in this author's opinions.

Human Torch
Grade: C. The best character development we get is a taste of the future Marvel angst -- "Why must everything I touch turn to flame?"
Angel
Grade: C+. Not a bad collection of clichés.
Sub-Mariner
Grade: A-. There is a slowly mounting sense of menace to the early pages that get their payoff when Namor goes wild, with nice world-building touches throughout.

For a longer review of Marvel Comics #1 I wrote, see <http://scottenkainenland.blogspot.com/2008/10/marvel-comics-1-reviewed.html>.

Fiery Mask
Grade: C. Zany, but meaningless fun.
Laughing Mask
Grade: C-. Slight story, highlighted by the irony of a killer wearing a smiling mask.
Electro, the Marvel of the Age
Grade: A. Pulp-y-good story with interesting, stylized artwork.
Ferret, Mystery Detective
Grade: B-. Fun story with a quirky character we get to know in the little details in the panels, marred by bad art.
Flexo the Rubber Man
Grade: D. Goofy robot surrounded by bland people in a boring plot (the goofiness of the robot is the best part).
Blue Blaze
Grade: D+. Creepy visuals give way to crude, rushed art for a disappointing ending.
Dynamic Man
Grade: D. As boring as an android super-FBI agent could possibly be.

Breeze Barton
Grade: D+. Near-future sci-fi aviator story flawed most by the boringness of Breeze himself.
Marvex, the Super-Robot
Grade: C+. Exciting premise - robot turns on his 5th dimensional creators - hampered by boringness once he gets to Earth.
Dr. Gade, the Invisible Man
Grade: A. Exciting twist story about a scientist who, when he gets his powers, becomes a vengeful killer instead of a superhero. A well-thought plot and cleverly drawn.
Falcon
Grade: D-. Badly drawn and poorly thought out story with a goofy-looking hero (and not even good goofy), saved from total failure only by an ingenious twist to how the murders are committed.
Black Widow
Grade: A. Engaging, stylized art and a fascinating idea of Satan creating an evil bounty hunter out of a murdered innocent woman to bring evil souls in early.
Mercury
Grade: A+. Simon and Kirby's first great collaboration. A brilliant morality tale about war, cleverly executed.
Vision
Grade: A-. Almost a prototype for Captain America's origin story, the Vision is intriguing, but never has a clear motivation and reads like a cipher.
Captain America
Grade: A+. Simon and Kirby hit it out of the park again.
Black Marvel
Grade: D. What starts out as an exciting story is marred by the racist origin of the Black Marvel and the nagging feeling that it would have been more interesting if the workman offered on the third page had been the hero instead.
Terror
Grade: E. What the heck? Not a panel of this makes sense.
Blazing Skull
Grade: A-. An exciting anti-Nazi story (and a dialogue between the tortured hero and Hitler himself!), with a hero who is spectacular without being invulnerable. What he can actually do isn't clear, though, as is the story on occasion. And we really need to learn more about the skull people.
The Thunderer
Grade: A-. The Thunderer has a lot going for him - he's a government code breaker and inventor, with a pet dog! The costume is striking and his inventions are plausible. Too bad the meek alter ego - superhero - girl reporter love triangle cliché was so tired out by 1941, or this feature might have taken off.
Fin
Grade: A. If you can ignore the fact he's wearing a shark fin strapped to his head, Lt. Noble is an engaging, likeable character and the setting of

underwater Neptunia, its environment and ecology, has really been well-thought out.

Silver Scorpion

Grade: E. Laughably slight Blonde Phantom prototype.

Challenger

Grade: D+. Timely's version of Mr. Terrific (derivative down to the mention of "fair play"), with a revenge angle, a city clerk job, and a willingness to kill in duels. The origin is a puzzling flashback told to the reader by breaking the fourth wall.

Patriot

Grade: D. Disturbingly prescient story about terrorists blowing up skyscrapers in NYC. No explanation for how a newspaper man became such a remarkable fighter. A slight tweak on the supporting cast is that he hangs out with both a female *and* a male reporter.

Defender

Grade: E. Shameless rip-off of their own characters! Defender and Rusty are exactly like Captain America and Bucky. The racism is particularly offensive. Dame Kackle, an old lady pirate who fights with a cat-o-nine-tails, and her hideout are worth a look, but only barely.

Whizzer

Grade: E. One of the most laughable origin stories of all time. Mongoose blood makes you 300 times faster. Who knew?

Mr. Liberty

Grade: D. Anticipating Kid Eternity, Mr. Liberty is a history professor able to summon the ghosts of long-dead American patriots. Unfortunately, he can't get them to do anything very interesting once they show up and more action is accomplished by passing boy scouts.

Rockman

Grade: A. Rockman comes from an atypical secret underground race that is run democratically and only wants to help the surface world (Rockman seems to be their prime minister and not their king or prince, as is more clichéd). A murder gets just deserts, Rockman waxes poetic about those who would destroy beauty, and you can't go wrong with Basil Wolverton art. A little creepy, though, is Rockman's ability to spy and eavesdrop on the surface world.

Jack Frost

Grade: A-. Anticipating some of Stan Lee's future standard tropes, Jack Frost is feared and misunderstood because of his powers, has to be taught morality, and is quick to turn on society if unaccepted. His powers are unusual, but his foes are as mundane as the art.

Father Time

Grade: E. Interesting time-related gimmick, but if the man really wanted revenge, going after it with a scythe against mobsters with guns seems like a death wish.

Young Allies

Grade: A+. Tons of fun. The perfect mash-up of boys' adventure and superheroics. The Red Skull

at his pre-Silver Age best. Whitewash's depiction is only tolerably racist.

Destroyer

Grade: C+. An American reporter is thrown into a Nazi jail where a scientist gives him a super serum to drink so he can bust out and wreak vengeance. A combination of Captain America's origin with what will later be Iron Man's Silver Age origin, without being as good as either of them.

Captain Terror

Grade: B-. The handkerchief on his costume looks goofy, but the Captain has an interesting back story tied to the Spanish Civil War. He's not a particularly great fighter, but he fights smart and, thanks to the art by a hand I've never seen before - Mike Suchorsky - he looks good doing it.

Vagabond

Grade: D-. The assistant to the district attorney wants to help catch criminals on his own time without being recognized, so he disguises himself as a clown - well, he looks like a clown, but everyone in the story thinks he's a hobo named Chauncy Throttlebottom III. Somehow the padded suit helps him win fights. The hideout is worth a look for the trap with the razor-tipped ladder rungs.

Witness

Grade: C. Adequately written and drawn strip about a pretty bland mysteryman who only has a sixth sense going for him, but still gets beaten up by a man with a cane.

Jimmy Jupiter

Grade: B. Not a superhero feature at all, but clearly included here for being a cut above the average humor strip of the time. A modern-day version of Alice in Wonderland, Jimmy's adventure made me laugh out loud once.

Secret Stamp

Grade: E. A boy in a mask and cape who doesn't leap into adventure, but rides there on his bicycle. Could have been charming, but tried for serious and fell flat.

Miss America

Grade: A-. A breath of fresh air, quickly rising above what little was borrowed from Mary Marvel. What makes this origin story great is that the scientist and the girl both gain the same powers, but it is the strength of their characters that makes the scientist suicidal afterwards, while Madeline decides to use her powers for good. The first part of this serial, however, was painfully short.

What a shame that the volume did not include the first appearances of Powerhouse Pepper or Tommy Tyme! But even without them, there is more than enough A-quality work in here to warrant reading.

Three New Races for H&H The Alter Ego, the Half-Man, and the Half-Pint

In any survey of Golden Age Heroes, human ones predominate by a large margin. To date, the

players of H&H have rejected any effort to distinguish humans by sub-race on grounds of racism - a perfectly respectable position, but one that leaves us with no options for breaking up this large category. Or does it? What follows are three variations on the human race. One is the Alter Ego - a human who can change into another race. The second is the Half-Man - a human with animal characteristics. And the third is the Half-Pint - still a human, but with distinct physical differences because he or she is under-aged.

The Alter Ego can result from magic, either a gift or a curse, or even accident of science. At times, the Alter Ego's race is alien, half-alien, half-man, half-pint, human, or merman, but at other times, the Alter Ego is one of the other races in that same set. The player and Editor may decide on a condition that has to be met for the transformation to occur, like saying a magic word or being exposed to moonlight. If the two cannot agree on a condition, the transformation can be left random, with a 1 in 6 chance per turn of occurring.

The Alter Ego can transform only once per turn. The Alter Ego heals 1d6 hit points each time transforming. However, the Alter Ego will also have two classes, or the same class as each race, and only gains XP in the class associated with the race he is at that time. For example, an Alter Ego could be a half-pint Fighter/alien Superhero. When the half-pint transforms into an alien in order to defeat some hoodlums, he receives xp for his Superhero class. If he defeated the hoodlums without transforming, he receives the xp for his Fighter class. If he was a half-pint Fighter/alien Fighter, the xp would be distributed just the same.

The Half-Man was cursed by a gypsy or experimented on by a mad scientist, but the half-man now always (unless also an Alter Ego) exhibits physical features of an animal, most typically like a dog or cat. The player should define 1d6 physical characteristics of an animal at the time of creation that the Hero has (to be approved by the Editor). With the Editor's permission, the player can pick a more unusual animal, like a rat, wolf, or boar.

The Half-Man gets to have any two of the following special abilities (player's choice at the time of Hero creation):

- Acute hearing - 4 in 10 chance to hear noise (or one level higher if a Mysteryman).
- Alertness - 3 in 6 chance to surprise *or* 1 in 6 chance to be surprised (but never both!).
- Claws (or fangs or tusks) - unarmed combat does 1d6 damage instead of 1d4.

- Climbing - as per 1st level Mysteryman (or one level higher if a Mysteryman).
- Hide in shadows - penalty of -2 to be hit in dim light (typical hideout conditions).
- Lands on his feet - takes half-damage from a fall of 10' (or 10³ of a fall; always round up).
- Night vision - can see in complete (non-magical) darkness up to 30 ft. away.
- Notice things - 2 in 6 chance to find secret doors, clues, *etc.*
- Runs faster - up to 90 ft. move.
- Tracking - can track as well as the Explorer class, or 50% better if already an Explorer.

The Half-Pint is a human child or young adult, age 8 to 14. He or she is either an orphan or has parents that, for whatever reason, allow the half-pint to go off and have adventures.

The Half-Pint has the following ability score modifiers at the time of Hero creation: -2 to Strength, -1 to Wisdom, -1 to Constitution, and -2 to Dexterity. Furthermore, the Half-Pint has a -1 hp penalty per hit die.

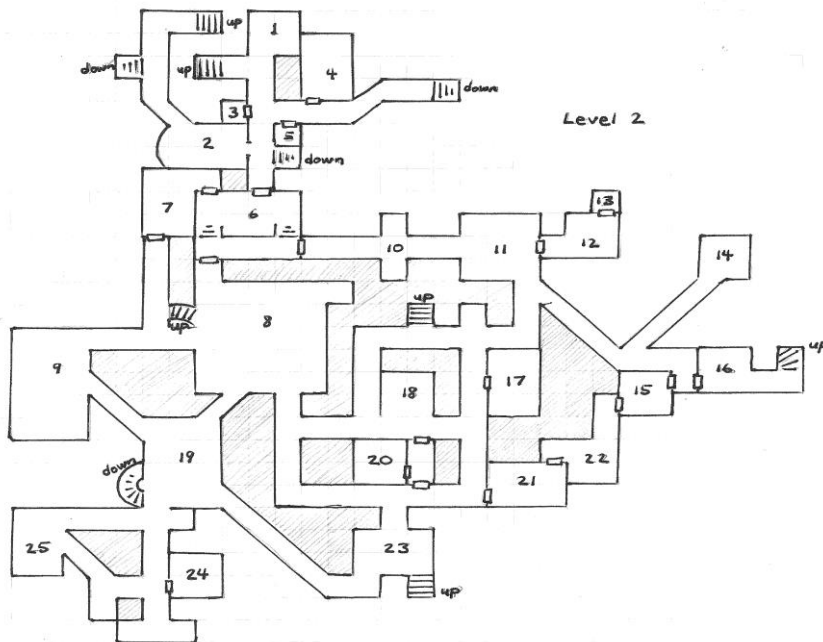
However, most beings encountered feel, at least subconsciously, protective of children. Any opponent at least semi-intelligent (an Intelligence score of 2 or higher, which includes domesticated animals) must save against plot each time before taking an action that harms a Half-Pint.

Half-Pints can hide in small places. When hiding, a Half-Pint has a 1 in 6 chance of going unnoticed (or, if a Mysteryman, is effectively invisible as if 1 level higher). Half-Pint Mysterymen forfeit their intimidate power.

A Half-Pint loses both these penalties and special defense upon attaining the age of 15, at which point he or she is treated as a regular human.

Mapping the Hideout Return to Reuter Mansion

For those who have been following the H&H campaigns online, you may recall the embarrassing incident when this Editor lost the map to the second hideout level of Reuter Mansion, tried winging it, made some mistakes, and then had to retcon in a newer version of the map. Well, long after not needing that level 2 map, of course...it turned up! Level 1 was seen in TTC v. 1 no. 5. So now, without any further ado...level 2!



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