# TOP-NOTCH COMICS

ALL COLOR

64 PAGES

10¢
NO.4

## THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN

APRIL

STREAK CHANDLER ON MARS

DICK STORM IN SOUTH AMERICA

WINGS JOHNSON OF THE AIR PATROL

THE WESTPOINTER

# THE WIZARD

WITH HIS SUPER-BRAIN AND PHOTOGRAPHIC MIND, THE WIZARD IS ABLE TO VISUALIZE FAR-AWAY HAPPENINGS. WITH THESE MENTAL POWERS AND HIS SUPER-STRENGTH, HE FERRETS OUT PLOTS AGAINST THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

## THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN

THE WIZARD SOLVES ALL PLOTS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, BUT THE PLOTTERS CANNOT SOLVE HIS PLOT AGAINST THEM!

IN THE LABORATORY OF BLANE WHITNEY, THE WIZARD. THERE IS FLASHED ON HIS VIBRO-VISION MACHINE, THE IMAGE OF HIS BROTHER, GROVER, HEAD OF THE NAVAL INTELLIGENCE!

WE HAVE JUST CAUGHT SOME CARRIER PIGEONS INFORMING US OF SPY OPERATIONS JUST OVER THE TEXAS BORDER, BLANE!

THE WIZARD BRINGS HIS REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC BRAIN INTO PLAY! AND VISUALIZES . . . .

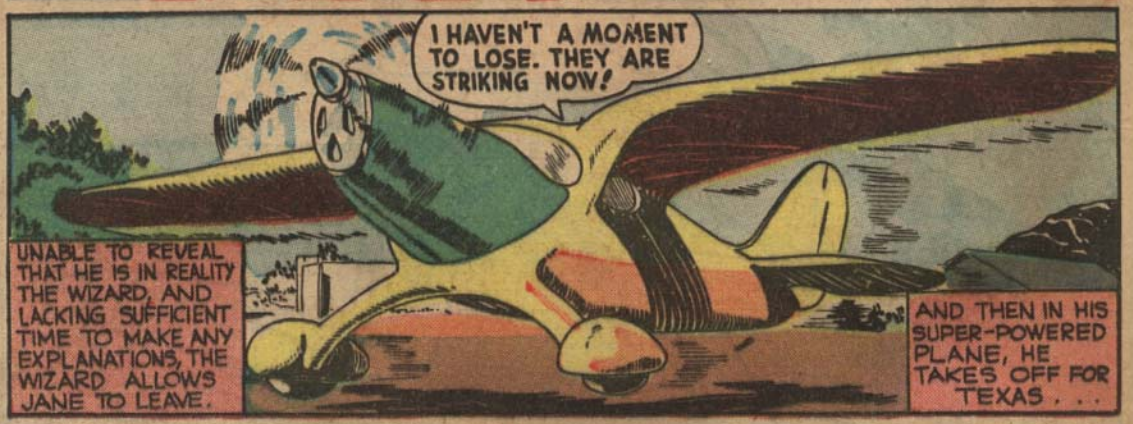
VE ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE! IS EVERYTHING GOOT?

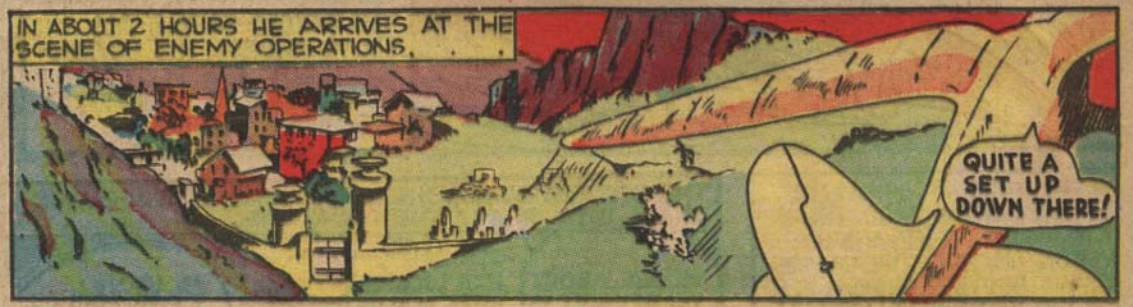
OUR SPIES HAF LOCATED VITAL PLACES VOR USS TO ATTACK!

JA, VE VILL BOMB TEXAS UND ESTABLISH AIRPLANE BASES!

IT'S MORE SERIOUS THAN YOU THINK, GROVER. RIGHT NOW THE BUNDONIAN SPIES ARE PREPARING TO STRIKE. I'LL LEAVE AT ONCE. SAY GOODBYE TO JANE, MY FIANCEE
HOLD ON, HERE SHE IS NOW!
YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL WE CAN SEND PLANES!

HELLO, JANE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME TO SAY GOODBYE BLANE. I COULD NEVER MARRY A PLAY-BOY. I'M GOING TO MY FATHER'S RANCH.


I HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE. THEY ARE STRIKING NOW!
UNABLE TO REVEAL THAT HE IS IN REALITY THE WIZARD, AND LACKING SUFFICIENT TIME TO MAKE ANY EXPLANATIONS, THE WIZARD ALLOWS JANE TO LEAVE.
AND THEN IN HIS SUPER-POWERED PLANE, HE TAKES OFF FOR TEXAS . . .

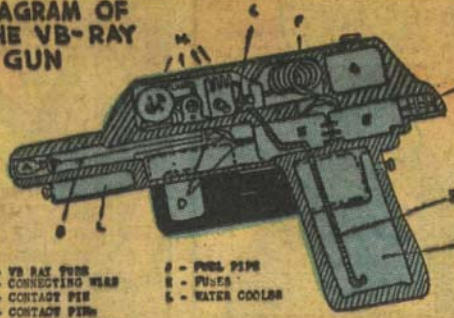

IN ABOUT 2 HOURS HE ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF ENEMY OPERATIONS. . .
QUITE A SET UP DOWN THERE!

THE WIZARD BRINGS HIS PLANE DOWN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN.
2

MAYBE I CAN PREVENT THEM FROM DOING ANY REAL DAMAGE!
THE WIZARD HEADS FOR THE ENEMY HEAD-QUARTERS!

THE WIZARD BLASTS OPEN THE STEEL GATE TO THE MAIN CAMP WITH HIS VB-RAY GUN!

DIAGRAM OF THE VB-RAY GUN



A - VB RAY TUBE
B - CONNECTING WIRE
C - CONTACT PIN
D - CONTACT PINS
E - VB-RAY BATTERIES
F - GENERATOR COIL
G - FORMULA 5J-VB ACID
H - GENERATOR
I -- GENERATOR FUEL TANK
J - FUEL PIPE
K - FUSES
L - WATER COOLER

OUT OF MY WAY, DOGS!

INSIDE THE GATES THE WIZARD ENCOUNTERS A GROUP OF BUNDONIAN SOLDIERS!

WELL, WELL, IT SEEMS I'VE QUITE A REPUTA-TION!

DUNDER, DER VIZARD! KILL HIM!

THE WIZARD BURSTS INTO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!

AND INSTANTLY HYPNOTIZES THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF!

FROM NOW ON YOU'RE TAKING ORDERS FROM ME! — FIRST, ORDER YOUR TROOPS TO WITHDRAW!

JA WOHL.

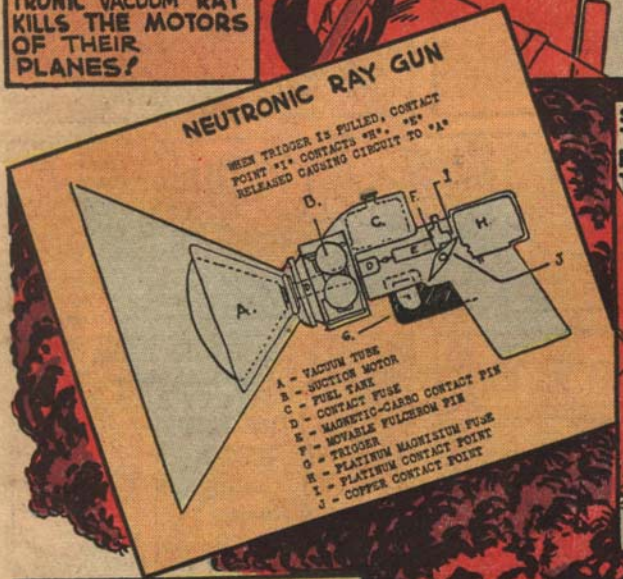
THISS ORDER FROM HEAD-QUARTERS FOR THE TROOPS TO WITHDRAW IS AMAZING! I THOUGHT.....

THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED AT A BUNDONIAN FIELD CAMP!

AND NOW FOR THE ARSENAL!
WITH THE GENERALS HELPLESS, THE WIZARD LEAVES!
THE STREETS ARE EMPTY OF SOLDIERS. THESE BUNDONIANS CERTAINLY DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME!
THIS VB-RAY GUN HAS CERTAINLY COME IN HANDY TODAY!
THE WIZARD SETS OFF A FUSE!
AND WITH A THUNDEROUS ROAR THE ARSENAL GOES UP!
THE WIZARD HAS ANOTHER VISION - THE BUNDONIAN BOMBERS HAVE ALREADY SET OUT ON THEIR MISSION OF DEATH!
THEY'RE HEADING FOR DALLAS. I MUST INTERCEPT THEM!
AND NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON. THEY'RE CIRCLING TO BOMB!
4.

I'M AFRAID YOUR FIGHTING DAYS ARE OVER, BOYS!

BUT BEFORE THE BUNDONIANS CAN RELEASE THEIR LOADS OF DEATH, THE WIZARD'S NEUTRONIC VACUUM RAY KILLS THE MOTORS OF THEIR PLANES!




SWINE. VE SHALL TEACH YOU TO FIGHT AGAINST THE MEISTER!

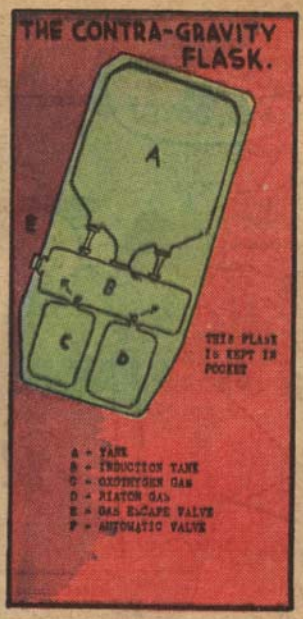
BUT THE BUNDONIANS ALSO HAVE A SURPRISE WEAPON!

MY EYES ARE LIKE FIRE. I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

THE WIZARD'S SHIP FALLS APART BECAUSE OF THE PECULIAR CORROSIVE LIQUID WHICH HAS BEEN SPRAYED OVER IT!

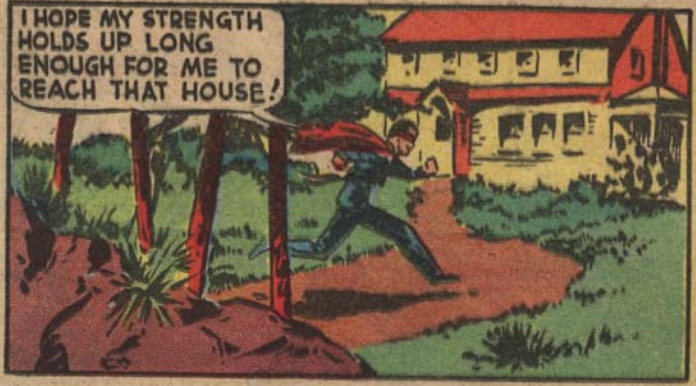
THE PLANE PLUMMETS EARTHWARD. A SEETHING MASS OF FLAMES!

THAT ACID HAS DRAINED ALL MY STRENGTH!!
BUT THE WIZARD BAILS OUT, AND RUNS EARTHWARD, USING HIS CONTRA-GRAVITY FLASK TO KEEP HIM FROM FALLING TO HIS DEATH!


THE CONTRA-GRAVITY FLASK.
A
B
C
D
E
THIS FLASK IS KEPT IN POCKET
A = TANK
B = INDUCTION TANK
C = OXOTHYGEN GAS
D = HIATON GAS
E = GAS ESCAPE VALVE
F = AUTOMATIC VALVE

I'M ALL IN!

THE REMAINING BUNDONIAN BOMBERS DIVE AT THE WIZARD!
I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE, OR MY GOOSE IS COOKED!


I HOPE MY STRENGTH HOLDS UP LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO REACH THAT HOUSE!

AVIATORS SEEM TO BE CHASING YOU. GET INTO THE HOUSE!
WHO ARE YOU?
BY THE RAREST OF COINCIDENCE, THE WIZARD COMES TO THE HOUSE OF HIS FIANCEE'S FATHER!

NEVER MIND WHO I AM. WE'RE ALL IN DANGER. WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGELY FAMILIAR ABOUT YOU!

THE BUNDONIANS WILL NOT LET THEIR QUARRY ESCAPE. THEY LAND AND GIVE CHASE

HERE HE ISS, MEN. HE VILL NOT EGGSCAPE USS AGAIN!
THEY BURST INTO JANE'S FATHER'S HOUSE!

GET OUT OF MY HOME. THIS IS AMERICAN PROPERTY!

THE AVIATORS THROW A PHIAL OF GAS WHICH RAPIDLY OVER-COMES THE THREE AMERICANS!

THE WIZARD IS BOUND AND IMPRISONED.
UND IF YOU TRY TO EGGSCAPE, VE VILL KILL THOSE OTHER TWO UBSTAIRS!

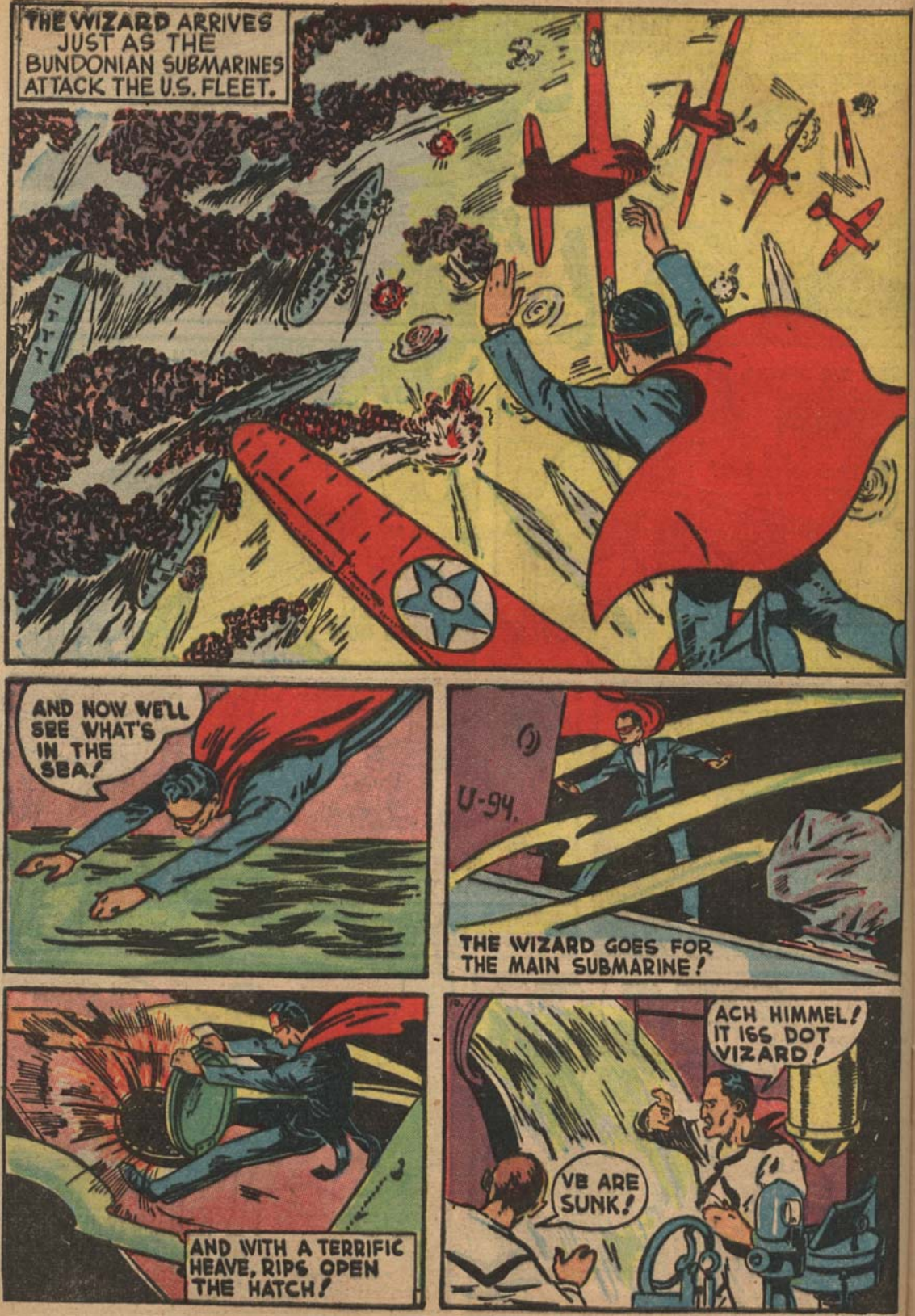
BUT HIS AMAZING STRENGTH IS NOT COMPLETELY GONE!
THAT'S THAT!!
HE BREAKS THE GIANT ROPES THAT BIND HIM . . . . . .

THE WIZARD SPIES A WATER PIPE, WHICH HE RIPS APART WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH

AND NOW FOR SOME ACTION!
AND HE DRINKS THE PRECIOUS WATER WHICH MUST COMBINE WITH THE SECRET FORMULA Ho. M&A CAPSULE TO REVIVE HIS WANING STRENGTH!

I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE BEFORE I RISK IT!
HE PUTS HIS SUPER-BRAIN INTO ACTION AND VISUALIZES...
GOOD! WITH ONLY ONE GUARD UPSTAIRS, NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO START SOMETHING.
DUNDER, VARN DEM UBSTAIRS, FRITZ!
NOT SO FAST, MY FRIENDS. I'LL DELIVER THE MESSAGE PERSONALLY!
THE WIZARD CRASHES THRU THE DOOR!
AND INTO ACTION!
A LITTLE SAMPLE OF WHAT I'M GOING TO HAND YOUR FRIENDS!
NOW TO BREAK IN AND RESUE JANE AND HER FATHER!
A GUARD IS WAITING!
UND NOW YOU DIE!
BUT THE WIZARD IS TOO FAST!
MORE BUNDONIANS RUSH TO THE FRAY!
BUT WITH HIS AMAZING STRENGTH RETURNED, THE WIZARD SUBDUES THEM!

I'VE GOT TO WARN GROVER IMMEDIATELY!
THE WIZARD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC MIND NOW SEES THE BUNDONIAN SUBMARINE PATROL THREATENING THE U.S. FLEET IN THE GULF OF MEXICO!
HMM. WE SHOULD BE APPROACHING THE DANGER ZONE PRETTY SOON.... WHAT'S THAT. A CALL FOR ME ON THE TRANSIVIZ!
MEANWHILE, ON BOARD SHIP, GROVER IS MAPPING OUT HIS PLANS!
USING HIS POCKET TRANSMITTER, THE WIZARD CONTACTS HIS BROTHER!
WATCH OUT, GROVER. THE BUNDONIAN SUBMARINES ARE LYING IN WAIT!
BUT BLANE, WE'RE NOT PREPARED FOR A SUBMARINE ATTACK. WE'LL BE WIPED OUT!
BACK AT THE BARLOW RANCH!
I MUST SEND A MESSAGE TO THE HYPNOTIZED BUNDONIAN GENERAL!
ORDER YOUR SUBMARINES TO SURRENDER!
IT ISS TOO LATE! THEY HAFF ALREADY BEGUN TO ATTACK!
THROUGH THE MENTAL ELECTRICITY OF HIS MIND, THE WIZARD SENDS HIS ORDERS!
WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE THESE MEN?
I HAVE NO TIME TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS. AU REVOIR, UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN
MY CONTRA-GRAVITY FLASK HAS HAD IT'S USES TODAY!
RUNNING THROUGH THE SKIES, THE WIZARD RACES OFF TO THE SCENE OF BATTLE!


THE WIZARD ARRIVES JUST AS THE BUNDONIAN SUBMARINES ATTACK THE U.S. FLEET.
AND NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT'S IN THE SEA!
U-94.
THE WIZARD GOES FOR THE MAIN SUBMARINE!
AND WITH A TERRIFIC HEAVE, RIPS OPEN THE HATCH!
ACH HIMMEL! IT IGS DOT VIZARD!
VE ARE SUNK!

TORPEDOES SPEED PAST THE WIZARD TOWARD THE U.S. BATTLESHIPS
OH! SO THAT'S YOUR GAME, WELL, YOU WON'T FIND ME NAPPING THIS TIME!
A LITTLE TRICK I LEARNED IN THE NAVY!
WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, THE WIZARD LIFTS THE SUBMARINES OUT OF THE WATER IN FULL VIEW OF THE WARSHIPS, AND THE GUNNERS SCORE DIRECT HITS!
VERY GOOD; INFORM THEM THAT THEY ARE TO TURN THE REST OF THEIR SUBS OVER TO THE U.S. NAVY.
HERE IS A MESSAGE OF SURRENDER FROM THE SUBS, SIR!
ABOARD THE FLAG SHIP, THE RADIO OPERATOR REPORTS TO HIS COMMANDER!
THE BUNDONIANS SURRENDER!
YOU HAFF BEATEN US. VE CANNOT FIGHT AGAINST SUCH FORCES AS YOU HAFF VIT YOU!
AS THE BUNDONIAN FLEET LINES UP IN SURRENDER, A CARD FLUTTERS DOWN!
Our Country — right or wrong — Our Country
THE WIZARD MEETS THE SHIELD IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF —
TOP-NOTCH COMICS

DICK STORM
IN SOUTH AMERICA
DICK STORM ONCE AGAIN FINDS HIMSELF FIGHTING AGAINST THE FORCES OF TYRANNY AND INJUSTICE AS HE LENDS HIS COURAGE, AND DARING TO THE SERVICES OF FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE!
THE SLUMBERING VOLCANO OF THE CHILANS COMES TO LIFE WITH HORRIBLE AND DEVASTATING SUDDENNESS!
CHILANS FALL BY THE THOUSANDS AS PLAGUE SWEEPS THROUGH THE SMALL REPUBLIC. ALL CHILAN IS COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED!
MADRE MIA! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! THE PLAGUE! THE PLAGUE!
WE ARE LOST!
FOOD! FOOD!
OUR FAMILIES ARE STARVING!
SAUCERIA
LOOTING IS WIDESPREAD!
WE HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU, DICK STORM. WE BEG YOU TO HELP US IN THIS HOUR OF CRISIS!
I'LL DO ALL I CAN!
IN THE HOME OF SEÑOR VALERA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILAN!

SUDDENLY
DEATH TO THE CHILANS!
WHAT THE?
LOOK OUT! PADRE!
DICK STORM RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE PRESIDENT!
I'M HIT.!!
SEIZE HIM! HAVE HIM SHOT!
OH! THE HANDSOME AND BRAVE SENOR STORM, HE'S DEAD!
BUT DICK STORM SUDDENLY RISES!
NO, RANA! IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND! WAIT A MINUTE, I WANT TO TALK TO THAT GUY!
THE ROOM IS CLEARED SO THAT THE PRESIDENT AND HIS DAUGHTER MIGHT HEAR DICK STORM'S PLAN!
I SHALL PLANT MINES AND SET THEM OFF WITH A BOMB FROM MY PLANE, WHEN THE PRUVIANS COME CLOSE ENOUGH!
DICK STORM QUESTIONS THE ASSASSIN
IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, TELL ME WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?
I TELL, THE..THE PRUVIANS, THEY ARE ABOUT TO INVADE CHILAN!
WE ARE LOST! OUR FORCES ARE COMPLETELY DISORGANIZED!
I HAVE A PLAN BUT YOU MUST TURN OVER YOUR ARMY TO ME FOR A FEW DAYS!
12

HAVE YOUR TROOPS READY TO ATTACK AS SOON AS THE MINES ARE EXPLODED!
IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY!
A FEW DAYS LATER, DICK SETS OFF TO SCOUT THE PRUVIAN ADVANCE GUARD
AND NOW FOR THE FIREWORKS!
AT THE SAME MOMENT A SPY IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE PRESIDENT!
WE CAUGHT HIM SENDING A MESSAGE TO THE PRUVIANS!
FLOG HIM UNTIL HE TALKS!
DON'T WHIP ME! I OVERHEARD DICK STORM, AND I WARNED THE PRUVIANS OF HIS APPROACH!
I MUST WARN DICK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
NO! NO! COME BACK RANA!
RANA'S FEELING FOR DICK OVERCOMES HER BETTER JUDGEMENT!
RANA! I'LL SEND ONE OF MY AVIATORS!
DICK STORM SIGHTS AN AIR SQUADRON HEADING FOR HIM!
SAY, THOSE MUST BE PRUVIAN PLANES! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR A SCRAP!
DICK SWINGS INTO ACTION!
I DON'T KNOW WHO TIPPED YOU OFF, BUT HE WASN'T ANY FRIEND OF YOURS!

RANA'S PLANE APPEARS!
GREAT GHOSTS! THAT'S RANA! AND SHE'S RIGHT IN THE LINE OF FIRE!
DICK, TRYING TO PROTECT RANA MAKES HIMSELF AN EASY TARGET!
BAIL OUT, RANA! BAIL OUT!
HAPPY LANDINGS, UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!
I ARRIVE TOO LATE, SENOR DICK.
THEY LEAP CLEAR OF THE FLAMING PLANES
...ONLY TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE PRUVIANS.
EET EES HEEM, THE GRINGO DOG, DICK STORM!
BUENOS! WE WILL BRING THEM BOTH TO EL DICTATOR!
WE HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU SENOR STORM!
RANA YOU FOOL!
I AM THE DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT VALERA, IF YOU DARE HARM US.....
IN THE PRIVATE SANCTUM OF THE PRUVIAN DICTATOR, CALLERO!
AND NOW ONE FALSE MOVE, AND I'LL SHOOT YOU LIKE A DOG..... RANA FOLLOW ME!
AHA! YOU WILL MAKE A PRIZE HOSTAGE, SENORITA!...
NOT SO FAST BIG BOY. YOU'LL DO NICELY AS A HOSTAGE YOURSELF!

GRINGO SWINE! YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS!
DICK! LOOK OUT! BEHIND YOU!
RUN FOR THE PLANE RANA!
SHOOT HIM!
COME AND GET IT! DOUBLE PORTION FOR THE ASKING!
I SHALL HEAD THIS PLANE INTO THE PACK!
L...LOOK OUT! THE PLANE.....
ATTA GIRL! RANA!
SO LONG BOYS. SEE YOU AGAIN!
HEAD FOR THE MINES. RANA!

RANA CIRCLES THE PLANE OVER THE MINES FOR SOME TIME, UNTIL.....
THEY'RE COMING, AND NOW THE FUN BEGINS!
RANA SWOOPS LOW TO THE GROUND, AND DICK FIRES INTO THE MINES!
THOSE BLASTS WILL SET OFF THE REST OF THE MINES. NOW IF THE CHILAN TROOPS ARE ONLY PREPARED.....
THE CHILAN TROOPS POUR OUT OF THE FOREST AS DICK SETS OFF THE MINES.
THE CHILAN AIR-PLANES HURL THEIR DEADLY MISSILES FROM THE SKIES!
THE PRUVIAN GENERAL SURRENDERS!
YOU WIN. BUT IT NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SENOR DICK STORM!
HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU FOR HELPING US SENOR STORM.
HAVING YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER HELP ME IS THANKS ENOUGH. I WISH I COULD STAY LONGER, BUT I HAVE MORE WORK TO DO!
MORE BLOOD STIRRING ADVENTURES OF DICK STORM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF— TOP-NOTCH COMICS

MOORE OF THE MOUNTED
SERGEANT MOORE, OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, TRAILS A PAIR OF CLAIM JUMPERS TO THE ALASKA BORDER, AND PROVES THAT THE MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN.
SOMEWHERE IN THE FROZEN VASTNESS OF CANADA, AN OLD PROSPECTOR— DIGS FRANTICALLY!
EUREKA! GOLD! I'M RICH!
BUT TWO PAIRS OF EVIL EYES STARE DOWN UPON HIM!
SURE, WE CAN, USE IT BETTERN HE CAN!
GOLD! THE OLD FOOL WON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH IT!

THE PROSPECTOR STARTS TOWARD TOWN.....
IVE GOT TO FILE MY CLAIM, BEFORE SOMEONE ELSE SEES IT, AND TRYS TO STEAL IT...
HELP!
THANKS FOR COMING OUR WAY! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
SUDDENLY THE OLD MAN'S PREMONITION BECOMES A GRIM FACT.
FINISH HIM!! DEAD MEN DON'T TALK!
TAKE THAT POUCH OUT OF HIS POCKET. HE WON'T NEED HIS GOLD NOW...
YEAH! NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS DIG FER A COUPLE OF DAYS, AN' WE'RE RICH!
BUT- SERGEANT TERRY MOORE OF THE N.W.M.P. IS VERY CLOSE AT HAND...
I THOUGHT I HEARD A SHOUT FOR HELP... THOSE MEN ARE UP TO NO GOOD!!!
HALT!! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!!!
RUN FOR IT! MAYBE WE CAN BEAT HIM TO THE ALASKA BORDER.
CURSES!! THE MOUNTED POLICE...

DEAD! AND ROBBED! THE MURDERER'S! KILLIN' POOR, HARMLESS, OLD-PROSPECTOR JOE!
HE MUST HAVE HIT GOLD, AND THESE KILLERS WANTED TO JUMP HIS CLAIM! WELL THEY WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME!
HALT! OR YOU'LL ANSWER TO THE MOUNTED!
SERGEANT MOORE SHOOTS HIGH, TO FRIGHTEN THE ESCAPING KILLERS!
I'LL GET THEM, IF I HAVE TO CHASE THEM TO THE NORTH POLE!
KNOWING THAT ONCE THE KILLERS CROSS THE BORDER INTO ALASKA, THEY ARE SAFE FROM THE LAW, MOORE SETS OUT IN RAPID PURSUIT!
THAT MOUNTIE'S DANGEROUS! WE BETTER STOP HIM SOMEHOW!
THAT BIG ROCK UP AHEAD! WE CAN START AN AVALANCHE AND BURY HIM IN IT!
THIS IS ONE MOUNTIE WHO WON'T GET HIS MAN!
HERE GOES!
3.
3

DUCK OUT OF THE WAY OF THIS, RED-COAT!
GOSH! THIS LOOKS LIKE A HARD WINTER!
TONS OF SNOW AND DEBRIS ROAR DOWN ON SERGEANT TERRY MOORE!
IF IT'S SNOW THAT'S HITTING ME, AND NOT ROCK, MAYBE I CAN DIG MY WAY OUT!
HE'S BURIED UNDER A THOUSAND TONS OF JUNK!
THAT'S THE END OF HIM!
BUT MOORE IS FAR FROM DEAD— A FEW MINUTES LATER HE EMERGES FROM UNDER THE PILE OF DEBRIS
THOSE GUYS SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A MOUNTIE'S GOTTA BE DEAD, BEFORE HE STAYS BURIED!
4

SERGEANT MOORE TAKES THE TRAIL AGAIN, AND RACES AFTER THE KILLERS!
IF I LET THEM GET AWAY, I'LL BE A DISGRACE TO THE FORCE!

VLADIMIR!! MY FOOT IS IN A TRAP! MY ANKLE IS BROKEN! I CAN'T WALK!
THAT'S TOO BAD, THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY!! I'LL GET TO ALASKA ALONE!
SUDDENLY!

VLADIMIR!! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'LL FREEZE TO DEATH, OR THE REDCOAT WILL KILL ME! DON'T LEAVE ME!

MOORE OF THE MOUNTED COMES UPON THE TRAPPED MAN!
DON'T SHOOT MOUNTIE! I'M CAUGHT IN A BEAR TRAP!

I OUGHT TO LEAVE YOU HERE TO DIE, DOG, BUT A MOUNTIE NEVER LEAVES A HELPLESS MAN, WHETHER HE'S A MURDERER OR NOT!

I'M CRAZY TO DO THIS. WHILE I'M SAVING YOU, I'M LETTING YOUR MURDERING PAL ESCAPE INTO ALASKA!
SPRINGING THE TRAP, MOORE CARRIES THE WOUNDED MAN TOWARD A NEARBY CABIN!

SKIS! I CAN TRAVEL TEN TIMES FASTER THAN A MAN ON SNOW SHOES!
CATCH THAT RAT VLADIMIR, MOUNTIE HE LEFT ME TO DIE!
SERGEANT MOORE CARRIES THE INJURED MAN INTO AN EMPTY TRAPPER'S CABIN.
DONT WORRY, WITH THESE EX-BARREL STAVES ON MY FEET, HE'S AS GOOD AS CAUGHT NOW!
WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, MOORE RUSHES AFTER THE ESCAPING VLADIMIR!
IN A FEW MINUTES HE COVERS THE GROUND THAT VLADIMIR NEEDED AN HOUR TO PASS
THIS'LL FINISH YOU RED COAT!
THERE HE IS!
BUT VLADIMIR'S AIM IS BAD, AND WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS, MOORE ROARS AT.... AND INTO HIM!
YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY TO BEAT THE LAW!
DID YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE SERGEANT MOORE!
NONE AT ALL SIR, WAS SIMPLE AS SLIDING DOWN A HILL!
LATER AT MOUNTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

# THE DEVIL IS A MULE

**With the evil of Satan an army mule cast the die that almost nipped Buffalo Bill Cody's career in the bud!**

THE Indians throughout Kansas had become so troublesome in 1868 that a general uprising threatened all along the border, so General Sheridan went West to personally direct operations. He took up his headquarters at Fort Hayes, where young "Buffalo Bill" Cody had applied for a position as military scout. Sheridan, familiar with Cody's qualifications, immediately accepted the applicant and he was assigned to Fort Larned.

Shortly afterward it became necessary to send dispatches from Fort Hayes to Fort Dodge. Ninety-five miles of country lay between, and every mile of it was dangerous ground. Fort Dodge was surrounded by Indians, and three scouts had lately been killed while trying to get messages through, but Cody's confidence in himself or his destiny was unshakable, and he volunteered to take the dispatches as far, at least, as the hostile redskins would permit him.

"It's a dangerous undertaking," warned General Sheridan, "but it is imperative that the dispatches should go through; so if you're willing to risk it, take the best horse you can find, and the sooner you start the better I'll appreciate it."

But to the courier's chagrin, there wasn't a single horse available, and he was compelled to select his mount from among the mules. For blundering stupidity, hostile obstinacy, and just plain ornery cussedness, the army mule stands in a class by itself. Cody realized there were few mules in government service worth their salt, but he succumbed to the inevitable, picked out what seemed to him the most enterprising mouse-colored beast in the bunch and started on his way.

When night fell he proceeded along the trail warily. Suddenly a distant light flashed into view, but before he could check his mount it had vanished. He rode back a few paces and the light reappeared. Evidently it was visible through some narrow opening, and the matter called for investigation. Buffalo Bill dismounted, tethered his beast and crept forward.

After he had covered considerable distance he found himself between two sandhills, the opening leading into a little hol-

low, within which were a large number of Indians camped around a fire whose light he had followed.

The investigator's position was somewhat precarious, as, without a doubt, an Indian sentinel was posted in the pass; yet it was his duty, as he understood it, to obtain a measurably accurate estimate of the number of warriors in the band. Himself a very Indian in stealth, he drew near the campfire, when suddenly there rang out upon the night air, not a rifle shot, but the unearthly braying of his mule. . . .

EVEN in daylight, amid scenes of peace and tranquility, the voice of a mule falls short of the not enchanting music of the bagpipe. At night in the wilderness, when every nerve is keyed to snapping point, the amorphous sound is little short of appalling.

During the ensuing excitement the scout held his ground till he had made a good guess at the number of braves in the party, then he bolted for his mount. Hurling imprecations at the mule while lashing it unmercifully by way of revenge for the inopportune braying, the pair melted into the night while the yelping savages unsuccessfully reconnoitered the locality.

Fort Dodge was finally reached, the dispatches delivered and a count of the Indians given, after which Cody retired to his bunk. When he awoke, he was assured by John Austin, chief of scouts at Dodge, that his coming through unharmed from Fort Hayes was little short of a miracle. He was also informed that a journey to his own headquarters, Fort Larned, would be even more ticklish, as the hostiles were especially thick in that direction. But the officer in charge at Dodge desired to send several messages to Larned and as none of the other scouts were willing to take them, Cody volunteered his services.

"Larned's my headquarters," Cody announced, "and I must go there any way; so if you'll give me a good horse, I'll take your dispatches."

"We haven't a decent horse left," explained the officer, "so you'll have to stick to that mouse-colored mule of yours."

The scout made a gesture of despair. Another race on mule-back with Indians was certainly not an inviting prospect, particularly when the animal had a brass band attachment. So, with something akin to antipathy, he reluctantly mounted the mule and urged it out of the fort. And neither he nor the creature guessed what was in store for each of them.

At Coon Creek the rider dismounted to slack his thirst, when the mule embraced the opportunity to pull away and start alone on the wagon trail to Larned. Cody did not suspect that he should have any trouble in overtaking the capricious beast, but at the end of a mile he was somewhat concerned. He threatened and entreated, raged and cajoled. But it was all wasted on the ornery army brute. The critter was as deaf to prayers as to objurgation. It browsed contentedly along the even tenor of its way, always so near and yet so far from the distracted man on foot. And Larned much more than twenty miles away.

What the poet calls "the golden exhalations of the dawn" began to warm the gray of the prairie. The sun was in the roots of the grass. Four miles ahead the lights of Larned twinkled. The only blot on a fair landscape was the mouse-colored mule —in the middle distance. But there was now a wicked gleam in the eye of the footsore traveler in the foreground.

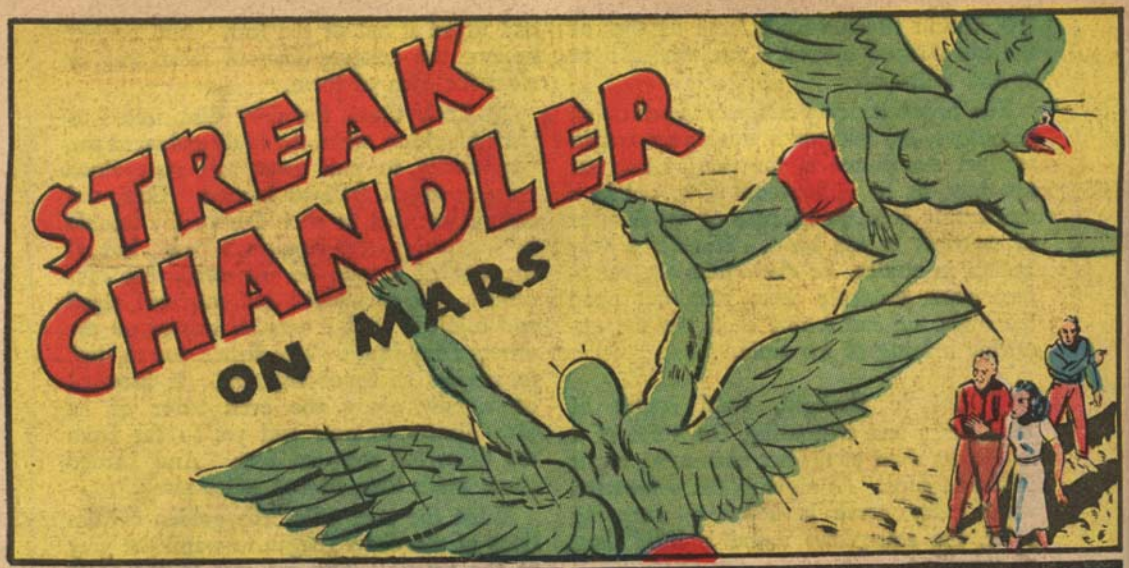
BOOM! The sunrise gun at the fort, and the dispatches still undelivered. The cantankerous mule threw back its head, waved its ears and poured forth a song of triumph, a loud exultant bray.

Crack! Cody's rifle. Down went the defiant brute. It had made the fatal mistake of gloating over its villainy. Never again would it jeopardize the life of a rider.

Altogether it had been a thiry-five mile walk, and every bone in the messenger's body ached. His shot alarmed the garrison, but he was soon on the ground with explanation, and after turning over the messages, he sought his bed.

The following morning the commanding officer offered Cody his choice of any horse in the post.

# STREAK CHANDLER ON MARS

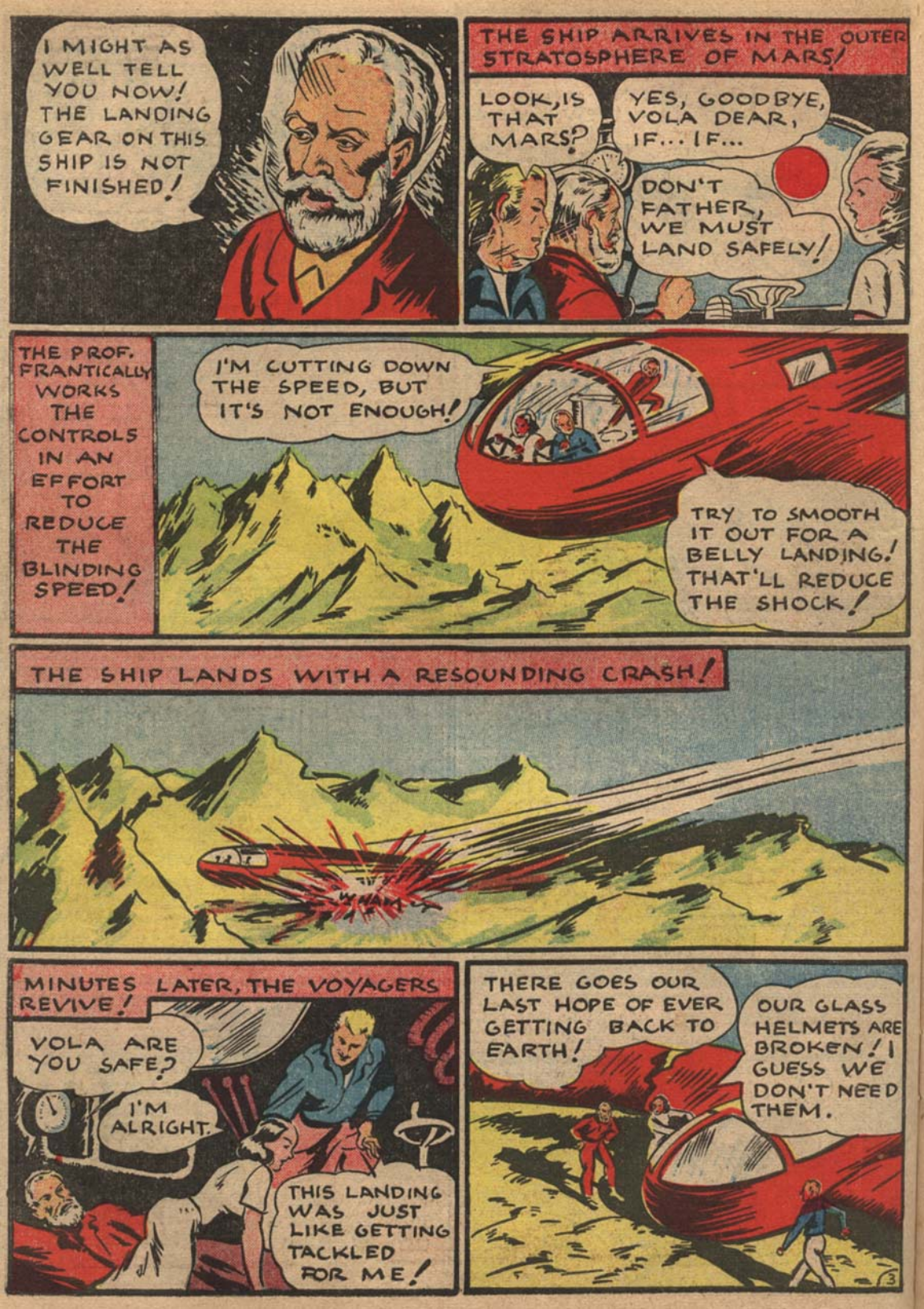


IN A SHED OFF A DESERTED COUNTRY ROAD, PROFESSOR FINLAY IS TALKING TO HIS DAUGHTER...

BUT FATE IS TO SUPPLY A PILOT QUICKER THAN THE PROFESSOR EXPECTS! ON A NEARBY ROAD A POLICE CAR GIVES CHASE TO A GANGSTER'S CAR!

THE GANGSTERS ARRIVE AT THE PROFESSOR'S FARM.

WHAT'S DAT CONTRAPTION?
THAT'S MY ROCKET SHIP! IT WILL LEAVE FOR MARS IN A FEW WEEKS.
HOLY SMOKE IT'S POIFECT! YOU'RE LEAVING RIGHT NOW!
THE GANGSTER GETS AN IDEA
PROF. FINLAY AND VOLA ARE FORCED INTO THE ROCKET SHIP!
NOW START DIS BOAT!
BETTER DO AS HE SAYS, FATHER!
BUT THIS MAY BE MURDER! I'M NOT SURE THE SHIP'S READY FOR FLIGHT!
THE ROCKET SHIP TAKES OFF!
HULLY CHEE! LOOK AT DAT THING GO!
WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE YOU? IS MORE IMPORTANT!
INSIDE THE ROCKET SHIP!
I'M STREAK CHANDLER A FOOTBALL PLAYER AT STATE UNIVERSITY. THOSE GANGSTERS KIDNAPPED ME TO KEEP ME FROM TODAY'S GAME!
WELL, YOU'VE PUT US IN AN AWFUL PREDICAMENT!
YES, THOSE GANGSTERS FORCED ME TO FLY MY ROCKET SHIP AND I CAN'T TURN BACK!
THE ROCKET SHIP SPEEDS ON ITS WAY TO MARS!
THE PROFESSOR MAKES THEM DON STRANGE LOOKING HEADGEAR.
THEY ARE TO ALLOW US TO BREATHE WHEN WE GET TO MARS!
WHAT ARE THESE THINGS FOR, FATHER?


I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU NOW! THE LANDING GEAR ON THIS SHIP IS NOT FINISHED!
THE SHIP ARRIVES IN THE OUTER STRATOSPHERE OF MARS!
LOOK, IS THAT MARS?
YES, GOODBYE, VOLA DEAR, IF... IF...
DON'T FATHER, WE MUST LAND SAFELY!
THE PROF. FRANTICALLY WORKS THE CONTROLS IN AN EFFORT TO REDUCE THE BLINDING SPEED!
I'M CUTTING DOWN THE SPEED, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH!
TRY TO SMOOTH IT OUT FOR A BELLY LANDING! THAT'LL REDUCE THE SHOCK!
THE SHIP LANDS WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!
MINUTES LATER, THE VOYAGERS REVIVE!
VOLA ARE YOU SAFE?
I'M ALRIGHT.
THIS LANDING WAS JUST LIKE GETTING TACKLED FOR ME!
THERE GOES OUR LAST HOPE OF EVER GETTING BACK TO EARTH!
OUR GLASS HELMETS ARE BROKEN! I GUESS WE DON'T NEED THEM.
3

AN ARMY OF STRANGE RED COLORED CREATURES ATTACK!
RUN FOR THE SHIP, VOLA! I'LL CARRY YOUR FATHER IN!
HURRY! HURRY!
THEY MAKE IT SAFELY!
IS... IS... HE DEAD?
NO! HE'S COMING TO! THAT RAY MUST BE TERRIFICALLY HOT! LOOK AT THE GASH!
WH.. WHAT HAPPENED?
WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
AND WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, UNLESS, ...WAIT A MINUTE ...I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHERE'S THE OXYGEN SUPPLY?
STREAK'S PLAN WORKS TO PERFECTION. THE OXYGEN ACTS AS A DEADLY GAS TO THE MARTIANS WHO CAN ONLY BREATHE THE THIN AIR OF MARS.
HOORAY! THAT STOPS THEM
BUT WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF FOREVER! LOOK! THEY'VE MELTED AWAY HALF OUR SHIP!
LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE...
THE RED MEN SCATTER MADLY AT A NEW ONSLAUGHT OF STRANGE WINGED GREEN MEN
STRANGE! THEY'RE NOT MOVING THEIR LIPS, BUT I SEEMS TO HEAR A COMMAND TO COME OUTSIDE!
SO DO I!
ME TOO!
THE LEADER OF THE GREEN MEN INFORMS THEM IN PERFECT ENGLISH THAT THEY ARE CAPTIVES!
HE SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE!
NO. YOU ARE TALKING IT FOR ME! I AM ABLE TO READ YOUR MIND

HE EXPLAINS FURTHER!
WE ARE THE LOKIS... WE HAVE JUST RESCUED YOU FROM THE BARBARIC RED MEN, THE FERRUGAS! YOU SHALL BE OUR SLAVES!
THE LOKIS CARRY THE EARTH PEOPLE TO THEIR OWN DOMAIN
THEY ALL ARRIVE AT THE EDGE OF A LARGE SEA!
ARTIFICIAL GILLS ARE HANDED TO THE EARTH DWELLERS
THIS WILL LET YOU BREATHE UNDER-WATER
THEY PLUNGE INTO THE SEA!
DON'T BE AFRAID VOLA!
I...I'LL TRY!
INTO THE LAND OF THE LOKIS
WH..WHY I CAN BREATHE AND SPEAK!!
THESE LOKIS MUST BE FAR MORE CIVILIZED THAN EARTH PEOPLE.
THE BRONTAURIS! QUICK, TO THE CAVE!
THE LOKIS SUDDENLY TAKE ALARM
THE UGLY BRONTAURIS..THE DREADED MONSTER OF THE UNDERSEAS OF MARS
STOP! STOP! YOU'LL BE KILLED!!
CAN'T NOW, THESE LOKIS ARE TOO SCARED TO HELP US!
STREAK SUDDENLY SWIMS TO ATTACK WITH ONLY A POCKETKNIFE!
15

STREAK ATTACKS THE GIANT BRONTAURIS WITH HIS POCKET KNIFE, STABBING AWAY WITH BUT LITTLE EFFECT ON THE BEAST!
I CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!
I GUESS THIS IS THE END... I CAN'T FIGHT ANYMORE..SOON AS HE GETS HIS WIND HE'LL FINISH ME!
BUT SUDDENLY THE MONSTER CEASES STRUGGLING!
THE BRONTAURIS STARTS TO SWIM
GREAT GHOSTS, IT'S... IT'S CARRYING ME LIKE A HORSE!
DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DEEP, THE BRONTAURIS CARRIES THE ASTONISHED STREAK.....!
IT LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT!
THE LIGHT TURNS OUT TO BE A CITY, ENCLOSED IN GLASS!
VOLA!.. PROF! HOW DO I GET IN THERE?
SUDDENLY A GLASS PANEL OPENS!
THANK HEAVEN, YOU'RE SAFE!
HOW DID YOU DO IT?
THE KING OF THE LOKIS GRANTS THE CAPTIVES THEIR FREEDOM!
YOU HAVE BEEN ABLE TO SUBDUE THE BRONTAURIS, THEREFORE, I MAKE YOU SUBJECTS, NOT SLAVES!
ANOTHER HAIRRAISING ADVENTURE OF STREAK CHANDLER ON MARS, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS
6

# WINGS JOHNSON of the AIR PATROL

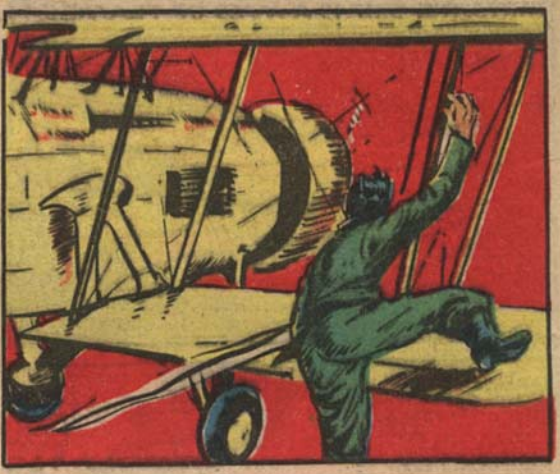
## "SKY RAIDERS OF THE WESTERN FRONT"

WINGS TRIES TO PULLOUT, BUT THE STRAIN IS TOO MUCH FOR THE NAZI CRATE
THE SHATTERED WING HAS BROKEN THE GAS LINE. THAT CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING!
FIRE! AN INSTANT AFTER THE FUEL LINE PARTS, THE SHIP IS A MASS OF FLAMES!
WALK, DO NOT RUN TO THE NEAREST EXIT!
WINGS JUMPS, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF AN ONCOMING BRITISH PLANE!
2
HIS CHUTE CATCHES ON THE WING OF THE BRITISH SHIP. JOHNSON IS LEFT DANGLING IN MIDAIR. IF THE FRAGILE SILK GIVES WAY, HE WILL BE DASHED TO HIS DOOM!

THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO CLIMB TO THE WING!

THE DEATH DEFYING CLIMB IS ONLY HALF FINISHED AND ALREADY WINGS' HANDS ARE TORN AND BLEEDING CAN HE COMPLETE THE CLIMB?

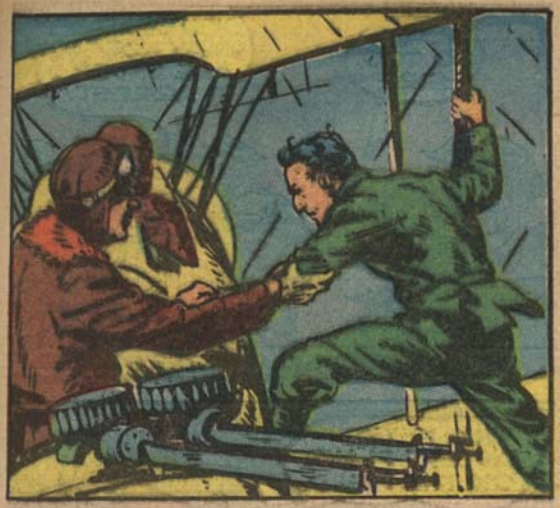
MEANWHILE IN THE PLANE.....
WHY DON'T YOU DROP THE BLIGHTER NOW- HE'S ONLY A NAZI.
A FAIR FIGHT IS ALRIGHT, BUT THAT WOULD BE MURDER!



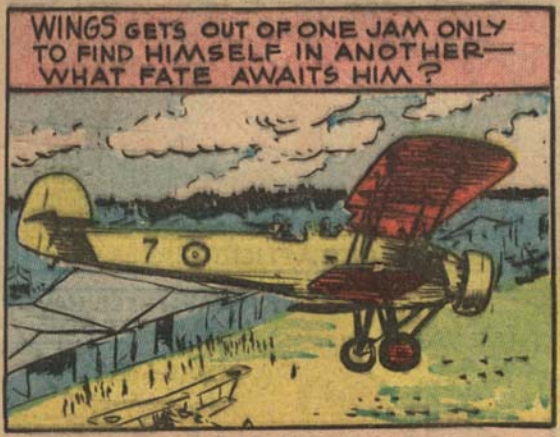
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU SAY, I'M GOING TO SHOOT THAT NAZI BEFORE HE WRECKS OUR SHIP
GREAT GUNS, MAN, DON'T SHOOT!

WELL I'LL BE! IT'S THE YANK!
WINGS IS- RECOGNIZED JUST IN TIME

THANKS, FELLAS, YOU SAVED MY LIFE.



AT LEAST YOU'RE ALIVE, YANK, BUT YOUR TROUBLES ARE JUST STARTING. FOWLER SAYS HE'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR DESERTING.
I HOPE HE'LL GIVE ME SOME OINTMENT FOR MY HANDS BEFORE HE SHOOTS ME.


WINGS GETS OUT OF ONE JAM ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF IN ANOTHER— WHAT FATE AWAITS HIM?

WHERE'S THAT PLUCKY NAZI YOU PICKED UP?
WE SAW IT ALL THROUGH THE GLASSES
MAKE WAY, HERE COMES THE C.O.

IT'S THE YANK.
YOU! OFFICER OF THE DAY, ARREST THIS MAN AT ONCE!

WHERE IS YOUR NAZI PRISONER, GUNSON?
BUT HE ISN'T A NAZI, SIR, HE IS—

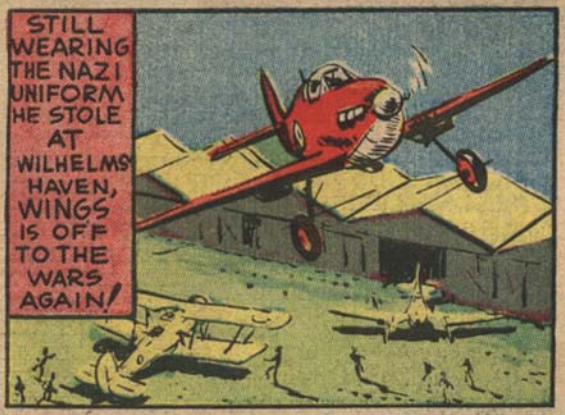
TO THE GUARD-HOUSE, MARCH!

NAZI PLANES COMING OVER, SIR!
MAN YOUR PLANES, MEN!

MAY I GO TOO, SIR?
YOU CERTAINLY MAY NOT! YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!
THE YANK'S AUDACITY AMAZES FOWLER!

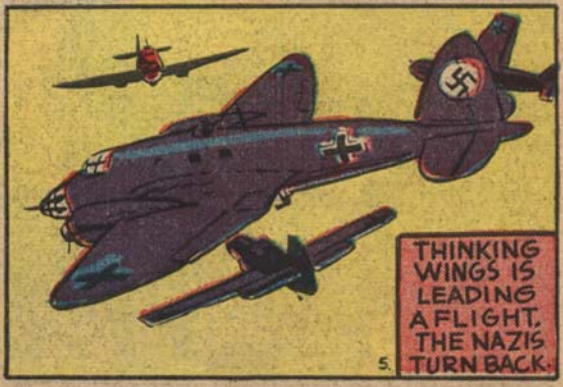
YOU MAY THINK I'M NOT GOING, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOOT TO KEEP ME HERE!

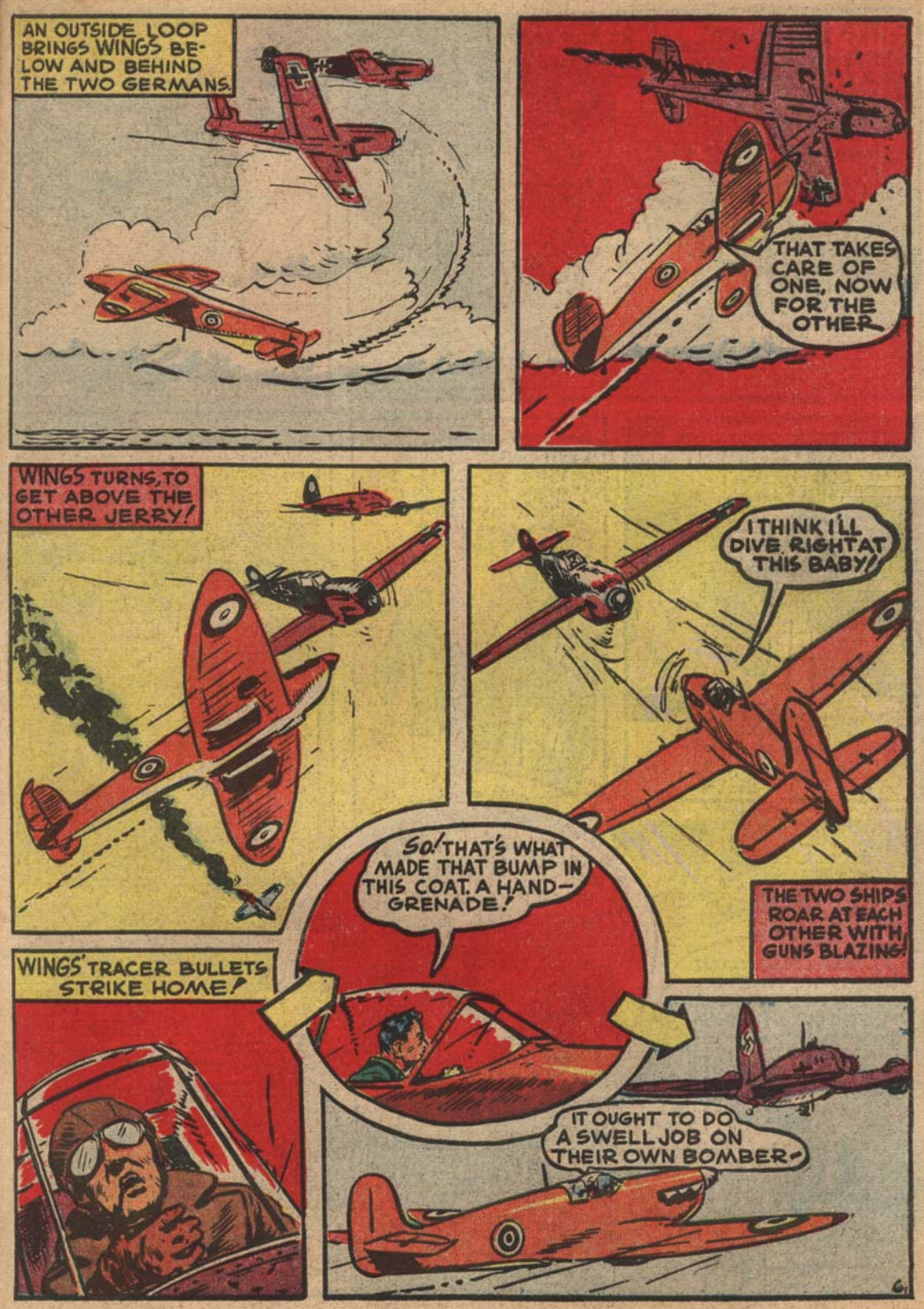
THIS IS THE FASTEST PLANE ON THE FIELD
WINGS LEAPS INTO A FLIGHT LEADER'S SHIP.


STILL WEARING THE NAZI UNIFORM HE STOLE AT WILHELMS HAVEN, WINGS IS OFF TO THE WARS AGAIN!

NERVY LAD, THAT YANK, BUT A BIT WILFUL.
HUMPH—I'LL HAVE HIM SHOT FOR THIS, IF HE COMES BACK.

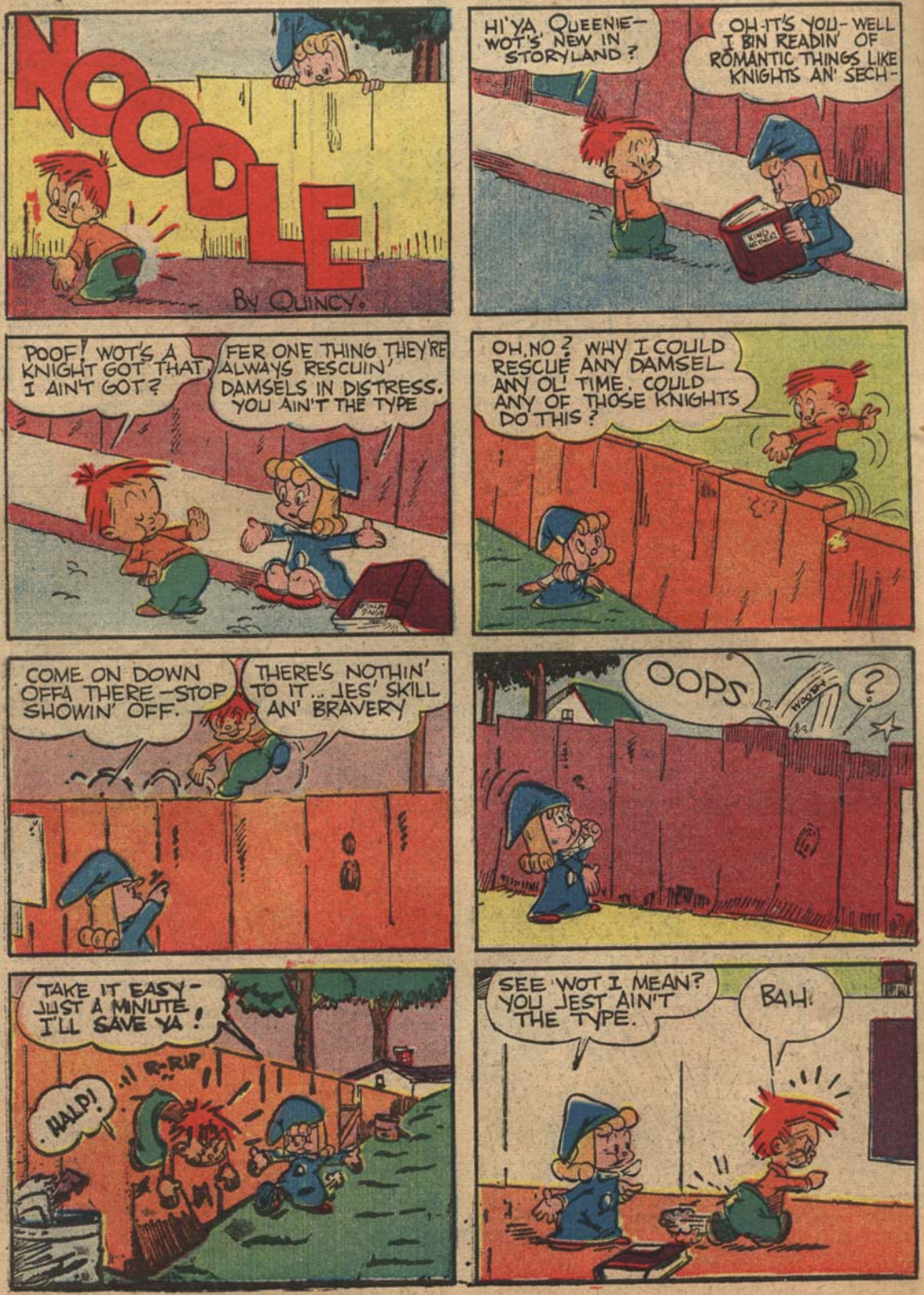
OVER THE CHANNEL—
THERE THEY ARE, THREE OF THEM, I'LL TRY TO SURPRISE THEM!


THINKING WINGS IS LEADING A FLIGHT, THE NAZIS TURN BACK.
5.


AN OUTSIDE LOOP BRINGS WINGS BELOW AND BEHIND THE TWO GERMANS.
THAT TAKES CARE OF ONE, NOW FOR THE OTHER
WINGS TURNS, TO GET ABOVE THE OTHER JERRY!
I THINK I'LL DIVE RIGHT AT THIS BABY!
SO! THAT'S WHAT MADE THAT BUMP IN THIS COAT. A HAND-GRENADE!
THE TWO SHIPS ROAR AT EACH OTHER WITH GUNS BLAZING!
WINGS' TRACER BULLETS STRIKE HOME!
IT OUGHT TO DO A SWELL JOB ON THEIR OWN BOMBER-

WINGS BLOWS UP THE BIG BOMBER WITH THE GRENADE
THAT GUNNER GOT MY MOTOR!
THIS ISN'T SO GOOD. I'LL HAVE TO LAND IN GERMAN TERRITORY. THAT CHASE WAS LONGER THAN I THOUGHT!
MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME DIFFERENT CLOTHES AT THIS FARM.
ON GERMAN SOIL IN A NAZI UNIFORM. WINGS CAN BE SHOT AS A SPY IF HE IS CAUGHT—
LUCKY FOR ME, THESE CLOTHES ARE JUST MY SIZE! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
NAZI TROOPS!! IT WILL BE CURTAINS FOR WINGS, UNLESS HE FINDS A PLACE TO HIDE, QUICKLY!
NAZIS! THEY SAW ME LAND! I BETTER DUCK!
SEARCH THIS PLACE. HE MAY BE HIDING HERE
THAT MOTOR SOUNDS LIKE A BRITISH SHIP AND HE'S HEADING THIS WAY!
THAT FLIER HAS TO BE CAUGHT! HE MAY DISCOVER THE AMMUNITION WE'VE HIDDEN HERE!
MUNITIONS DUMP. MAYBE I CAN DESTROY IT!
I'M TAKING A CHANCE BUT I MUST GET WORD TO THAT BRITISH SHIP!

WINGS BUILDS A SIGNAL FIRE.
IF I CAN ONLY GET MY MESSAGE SENT BEFORE THE NAZIS COME!
WINGS DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE, BUT HE'S NOT SAFE YET!
IT'S THE YANK! I'LL DIVE TO RESCUE HIM!
BUT THE NAZIS ARE RACING TOWARD WINGS TOO!
GET THAT SPY, DEAD OR ALIVE! BEFORE THAT PLANE LANDS!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!
SAVED!
TWO BOMBS TAKE CARE OF THE MUNITIONS DUMP—
YOU DID A SWELL JOB YANK, BUT YOU'RE STILL IN A BAD WAY. FOWLER SAYS VON SCHILLER ESCAPED FROM THE SECOND U-BOAT YOU SANK!
WHAT! VON SCHILLER ALIVE! THAT MAN HAS MORE LIVES THAN A CAT!
'LOOKS LIKE WINGS WILL HAVE TO GET VON SCHILLER AGAIN—OR DOES HE FACE A COURT-MARTIAL. SEE—
TOP-NOTCH COMICS


NOODLE
BY QUINCY.
HI'YA QUEENIE— WOT'S NEW IN STORYLAND?
OH-IT'S YOU- WELL I BIN READIN' OF ROMANTIC THINGS LIKE KNIGHTS AN' SECH-
POOF! WOT'S A KNIGHT GOT THAT I AIN'T GOT?
FER ONE THING THEY'RE ALWAYS RESCUIN' DAMSELS IN DISTRESS. YOU AIN'T THE TYPE
OH, NO? WHY I COULD RESCUE ANY DAMSEL ANY OL' TIME. COULD ANY OF THOSE KNIGHTS DO THIS?
COME ON DOWN OFFA THERE—STOP SHOWIN' OFF.
THERE'S NOTHIN' TO IT.. JES' SKILL AN' BRAVERY
OOPS
?
TAKE IT EASY- JUST A MINUTE I'LL SAVE YA!
R-RIP
HALP!
SEE WOT I MEAN? YOU JEST AIN'T THE TYPE.
BAH!

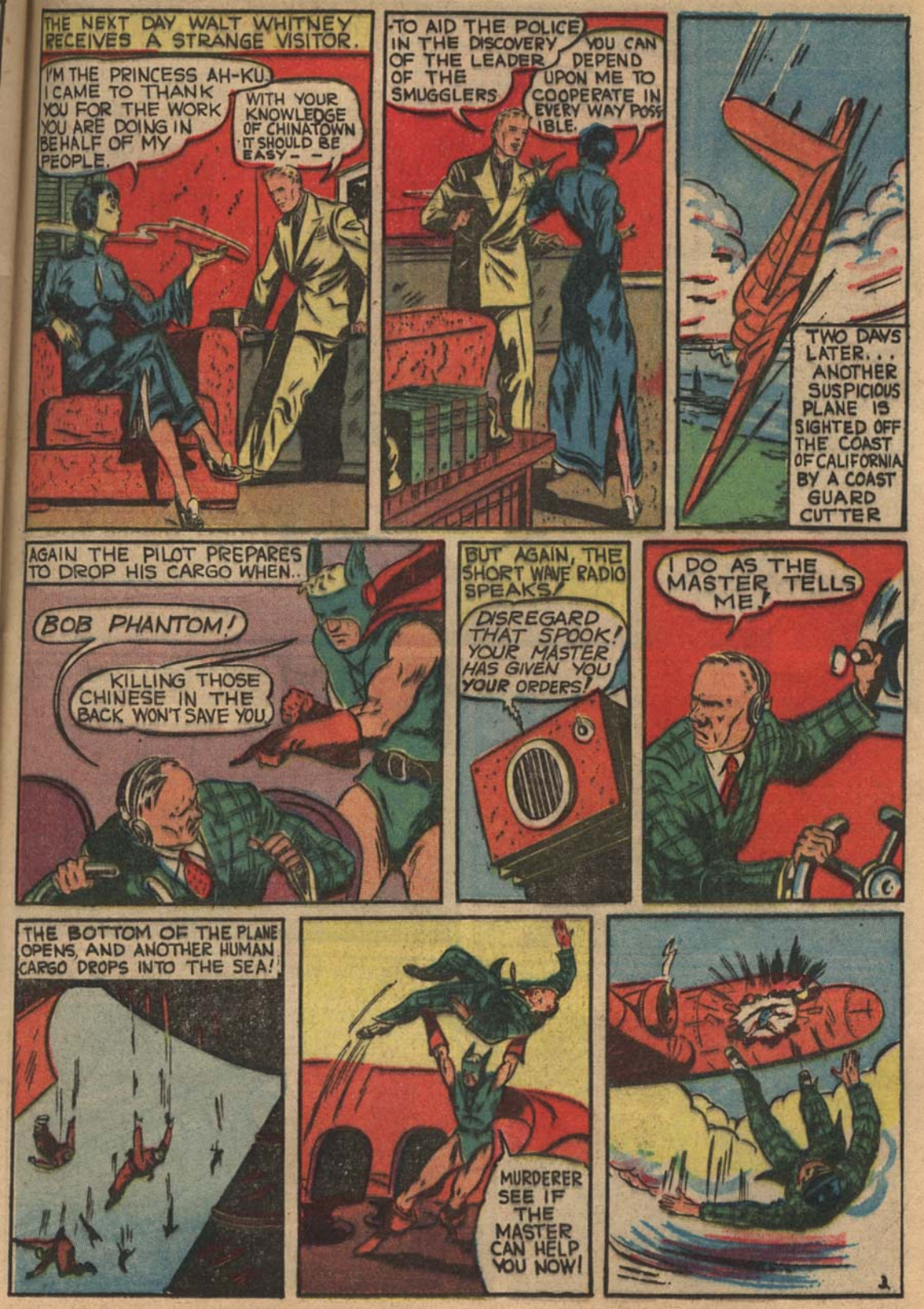
BY IRVING NOVICK

# BOB PHANTOM

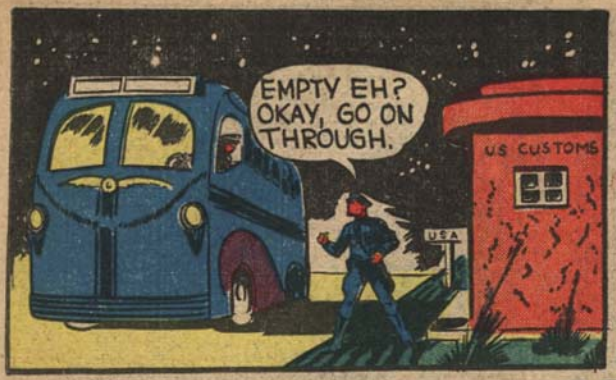
IMMIGRANT SMUGGLERS MEET WITH DOOM, WHEN BOB PHANTOM RIDES THE SKYWAYS!

## THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

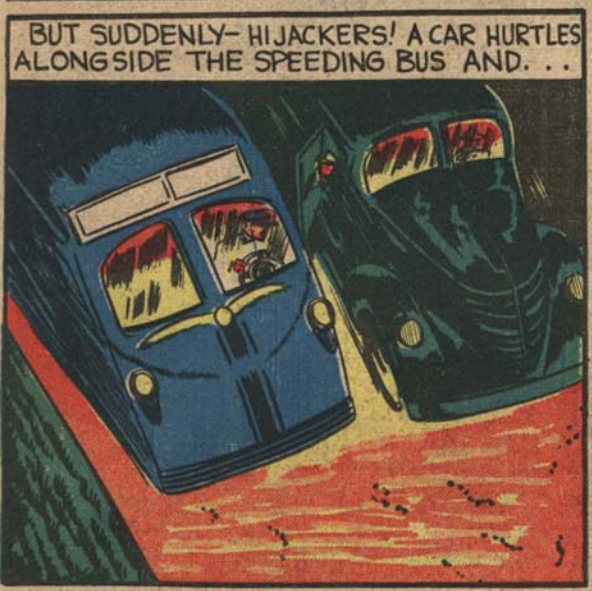
A SWIFT TUG ON A LEVER..
-SENDS THE CARGO OF CHINESE HURTLING TO THEIR DEATH!
ANGERED BY THE WANTON KILLINGS BOB PHANTOM SPRINGS UPON THE RUTHLESS THUG
SPOOK EH? I'LL SHOW YOU!
SEE HOW YOU LIKE THE AIR!
ROARING WITH ANGER, BOB PHANTOM WRECKS THE PLANE!
BOB PHANTOM DISAPPEARS IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE, AS THE PLANE CRASHES TO A WATERY GRAVE.
On Broadway
BY WALT WHITNEY
IT SEEMS TIME THAT THE POLICE PUT A STOP TO THE WHOLSALE MURDERS OF CHINESE IN THEIR ATTEMPTS TO BE SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY ALL DECENT ORIENTALS AS WELL AS THE WHITE AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN OUTRAGED BY T!-!


THE NEXT DAY WALT WHITNEY RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR.
I'M THE PRINCESS AH-KU. I CAME TO THANK YOU FOR THE WORK YOU ARE DOING IN BEHALF OF MY PEOPLE.
WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF CHINATOWN IT SHOULD BE EASY - -
TO AID THE POLICE IN THE DISCOVERY OF THE LEADER OF THE SMUGGLERS
YOU CAN DEPEND UPON ME TO COOPERATE IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE.
TWO DAYS LATER... ANOTHER SUSPICIOUS PLANE IS SIGHTED OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER
AGAIN THE PILOT PREPARES TO DROP HIS CARGO WHEN..
BOB PHANTOM!
KILLING THOSE CHINESE IN THE BACK WON'T SAVE YOU.
BUT AGAIN, THE SHORT WAVE RADIO SPEAKS!
DISREGARD THAT SPOOK! YOUR MASTER HAS GIVEN YOU YOUR ORDERS!
I DO AS THE MASTER TELLS ME!
THE BOTTOM OF THE PLANE OPENS, AND ANOTHER HUMAN CARGO DROPS INTO THE SEA!
MURDERER SEE IF THE MASTER CAN HELP YOU NOW!

AGAIN BOB PHANTOM DISAPPEARS, AS ANOTHER PLANE CRASHES TO ITS DOOM
On Broadway
BY WALT WHITNEY
— FATE MUST BE CATCHING UP WITH THE IMMIGRANT SMUGGLERS. . . FIVE OF THEIR PLANES HAVE BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY WRECKED, BUT STILL THEY GO ON. WILL THE POLICE NEVER DISCOVER THE BRAINS OF THIS ORGANIZATION?
IN A SECRET MEETING ROOM, SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY. . .
TOO MANY PLANES AND TOO MANY CARGOS HAVE BEEN LOST!
I'VE THOUGHT OF A NEW WAY TO TAKE THEM ACROSS THE BORDER! WE'LL FOOL BOB PHANTOM!
SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO. . . . .
GET IN THAT BUS! MOVE FAST!
STAY UNDER THAT SEAT AN' KEEP QUIET!
BUT ONE PASSENGER ABOARD THE BUS IS A STOWAWAY. . . .
THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE BUS ROARS ON ITS WAY TO THE BORDER. . .
4


EMPTY EH? OKAY, GO ON THROUGH.
US CUSTOMS
USA

WHEW! I GOT THROUGH EASIER THAN I EXPECTED NOW FOR SOME SMOOTH SAILING.


BUT SUDDENLY- HIJACKERS! A CAR HURTLES ALONGSIDE THE SPEEDING BUS AND. . .

A GUN FIRES THROUGH THE WINDOW
I CAN USE THE LOAD YOU'RE CARRYIN'!

A HAND ON THE BRAKE SAVES THE BUS FROM DESTRUCTION!

TRIGGER SLUMM, ESCAPED FROM JAIL, AND BACK AT HIS EVIL DOINGS!
GOOD THING THOSE BOYS IN THE BIG HOUSE TOLD ME ABOUT THIS RACKET. WE CAN MAKE THIS DELIVERY AN PUT SOME SCREWS ON FOR A BIG PAYOFF!

TRAILED BY THE CAR THE BUS SPEEDS ON!

THROUGH DARKENED STREETS THE BUS RACES ALONG. . .

AND INTO A DIM-LIT ALLEY IN THE BOWELS OF CHINATOWN. . . .

INTO THE THRONE ROOM OF THE MASTER, TRIGGER SLUMM HERDS THE COWERING CHINESE.
SO! YOU HAVE HI-JACKED THE CARGO FROM MY DRIVERS!
YEAH! WE'RE DECLARIN' OURSELVES PARTNERS IN THIS RACKET!

I GOT ALL THE DOPE ON YOU I NEEDED, FROM BUDDIES IN THE BIG HOUSE. NOW FORK OVER THE DOUGH, FAST!
FOR A LONG TIME, I NEEDED SOMEONE WITH BRAINS, ON THE DELIVERY END! WITH PLEASURE

BUT SUDDENLY THE STOWAWAY OF THE BUS APPEARS.....
I WARNED YOU, BUT YOU RATS FAILED TO HEED ME! NOW I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT MY WORD!
BOB PHANTOM!

TRIGGER SLUMM! YOU SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN JAIL, WHERE YOU WERE WELL OFF!

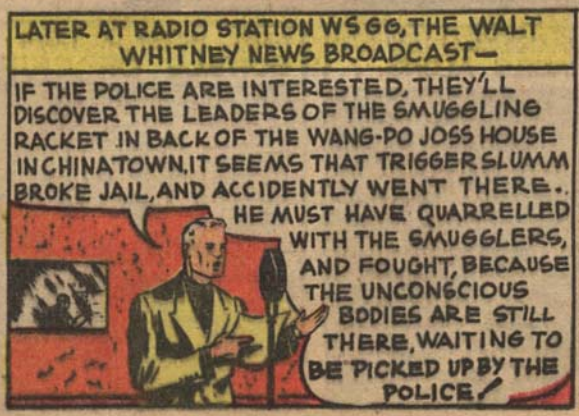
AND YOU MASTER! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO YOU ARE!

PRINCESS AH-KU!
YES! BUT YOUR AMERICAN JUSTICE WILL NEVER PUNISH ME!

THE PRINCESS' HAND SUDDENLY REACHES UP AND PULLS A CORD

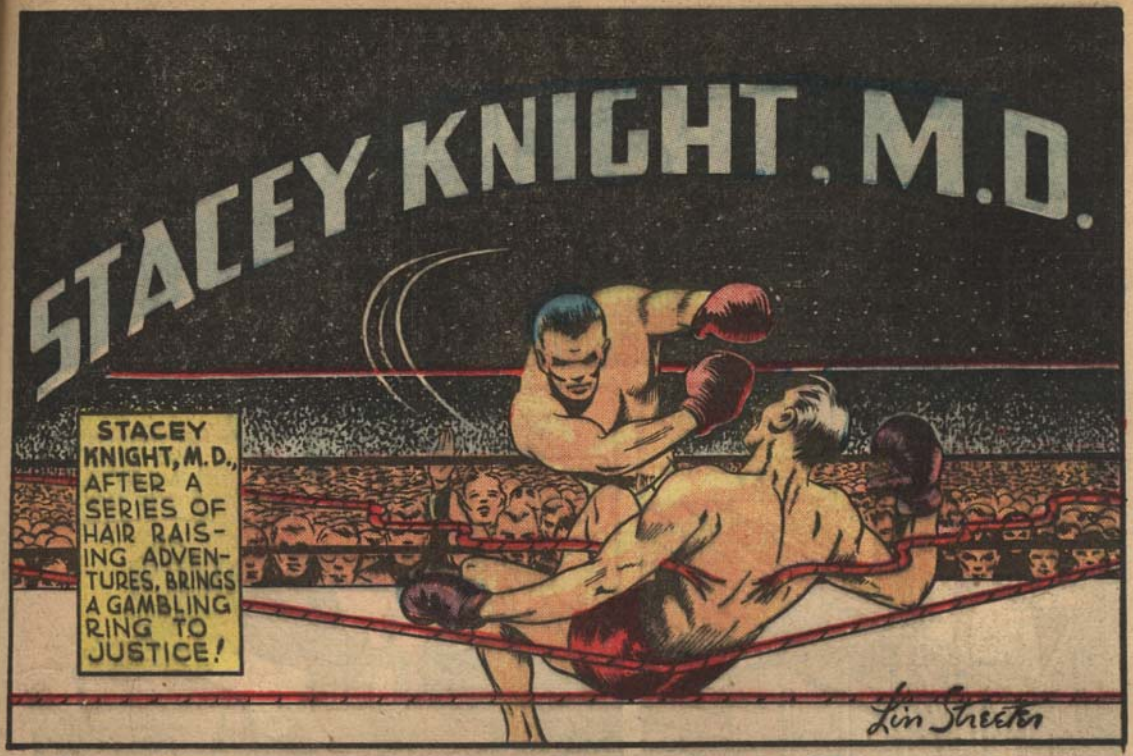
AND DOWN SHE PLUNGES INTO WHAT SEEMS A BOTTOMLESS PIT...

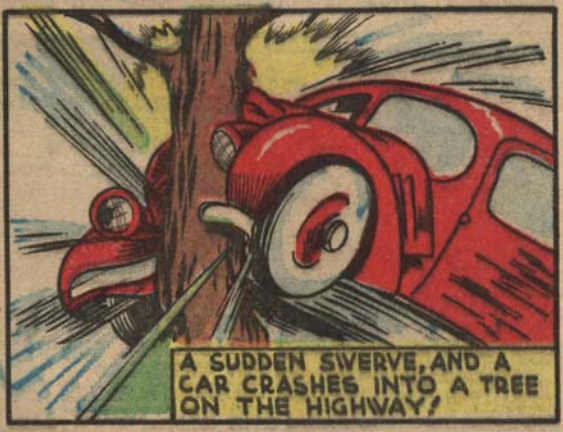
SHE WAS A CRUEL, HEARTLESS, MURDERESS, OF HER OWN PEOPLE, BUT SHE WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO TAKE HER LIFE HER OWN WAY!


LATER AT RADIO STATION WSGG, THE WALT WHITNEY NEWS BROADCAST—
IF THE POLICE ARE INTERESTED, THEY'LL DISCOVER THE LEADERS OF THE SMUGGLING RACKET IN BACK OF THE WANG-PO JOSS HOUSE IN CHINATOWN. IT SEEMS THAT TRIGGER SLUMM BROKE JAIL, AND ACCIDENTLY WENT THERE.. HE MUST HAVE QUARRELLED WITH THE SMUGGLERS, AND FOUGHT, BECAUSE THE UNCONSCIOUS BODIES ARE STILL THERE, WAITING TO BE PICKED UP BY THE POLICE!

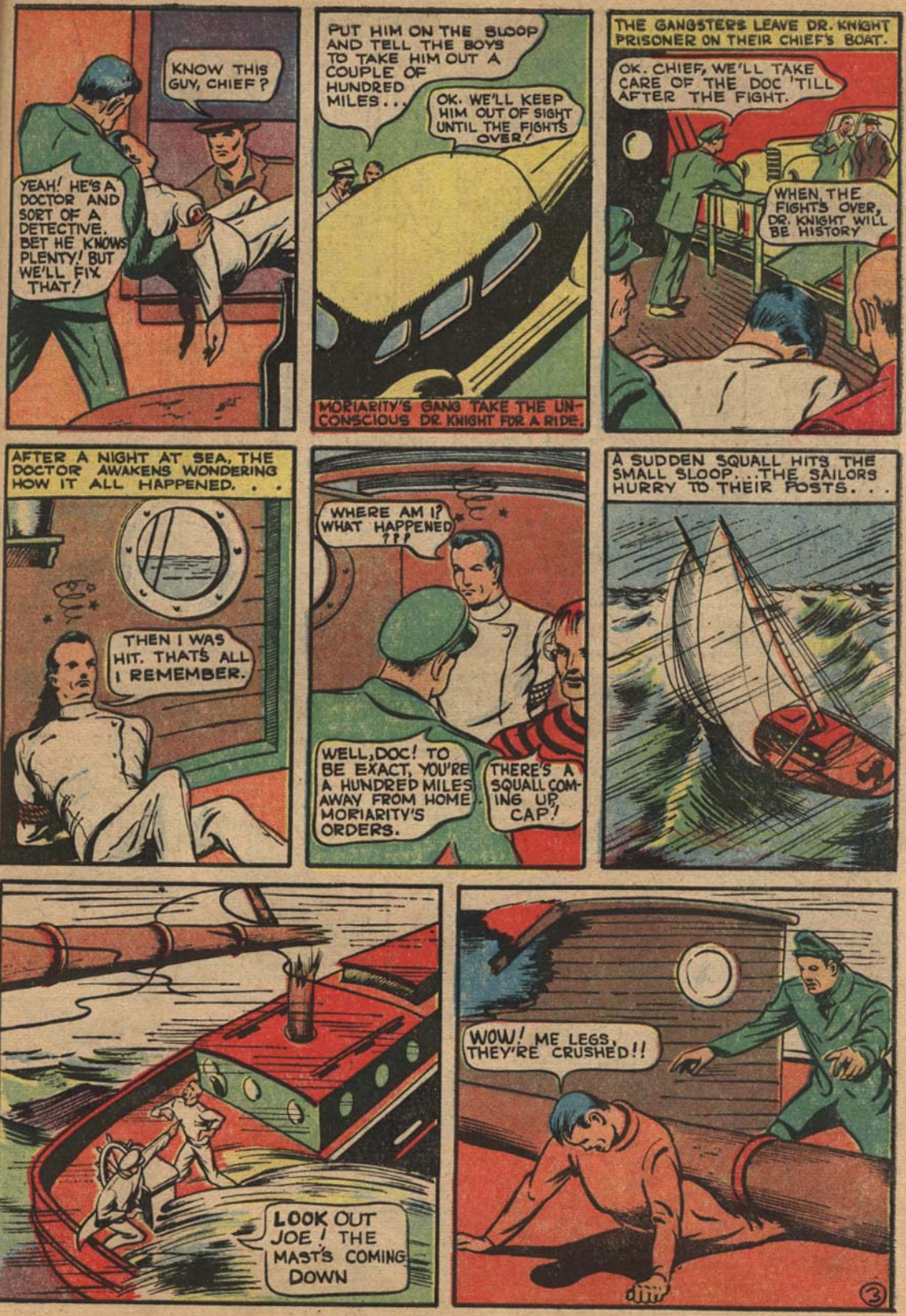
MORE ACTION PACKED BOB PHANTOM ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
TOP-NOTCH COMICS

# STACEY KNIGHT, M.D.

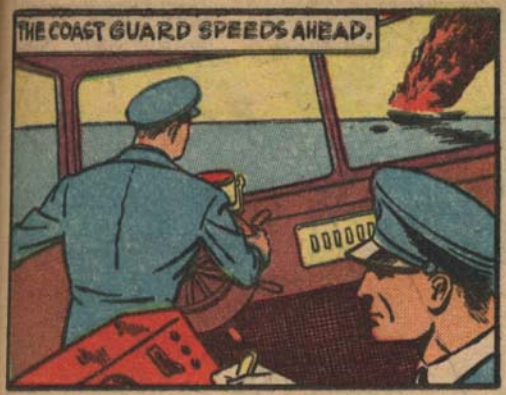




WHO IS THIS MORIARITY FELLOW?
HE'S A BIG GAMBLER. LIVES IN THE FISKE BUILDING—HE OWNS BATTLING BUTLER, THE FIGHTER
OUTSIDE THE CITY HOSPITAL
THINK I'LL LOOK HIM UP. EVERYTIME I HEAR DOPE I LIKE TO INVESTIGATE!
ALRIGHT DOC, BUT BE CAREFUL. MORIARITY'S A TOUGH GUY!
ON HIS OWN ACCORD, THE DOCTOR DOES A LITTLE DETECTING!
REP WAS KILLED! TOO BAD!
YEAH! BUT I HAD PEDRO ON THE 'PHONE. HE GOT THE DOPE!
SO WHAT! WHATTA WE DO NOW?
WE TAKE ALL THE BETS WE CAN ON BUTLER. THIS BURNS GUY WILL BE SO GROGGY FROM THE DOPE HE'LL THROW THE FIGHT.....
LOOK! SOMEONE'S ON THE FIRE ESCAPE!!
EASY WITH THE ROD, JOE—
YA BETTER SNEAK UP ON HIM. WE DON'T WANTTA WAKE THE COPS!
SPYING HEH!!
THIS'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU!


KNOW THIS GUY, CHIEF?
YEAH! HE'S A DOCTOR AND SORT OF A DETECTIVE. BET HE KNOWS PLENTY! BUT WE'LL FIX THAT!
PUT HIM ON THE SLOOP AND TELL THE BOYS TO TAKE HIM OUT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES...
OK. WE'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE FIGHTS OVER!
MORIARITY'S GANG TAKE THE UNCONSCIOUS DR. KNIGHT FOR A RIDE.
THE GANGSTERS LEAVE DR. KNIGHT PRISONER ON THEIR CHIEF'S BOAT.
OK. CHIEF, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DOC 'TILL AFTER THE FIGHT.
WHEN THE FIGHTS OVER, DR. KNIGHT WILL BE HISTORY
AFTER A NIGHT AT SEA, THE DOCTOR AWAKENS WONDERING HOW IT ALL HAPPENED...
THEN I WAS HIT. THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.
WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED ???
WELL, DOC! TO BE EXACT, YOU'RE A HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM HOME. MORIARITY'S ORDERS.
THERE'S A SQUALL COMING UP, CAP!
A SUDDEN SQUALL HITS THE SMALL SLOOP...THE SAILORS HURRY TO THEIR POSTS...
LOOK OUT JOE! THE MAST'S COMING DOWN
WOW! ME LEGS, THEY'RE CRUSHED!!
3

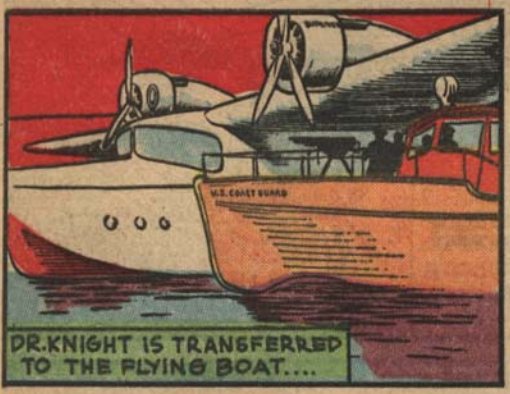
AS THE STORM SUBDUES, THE INJURED MAN IS TAKEN TO THE DOCTOR!
YOU'RE A DOCTOR! FIX THIS MAN'S LEG! UNTIE HIM BOYS!
GOOD WORK, DOC!
HE'S ALRIGHT NOW. COMPOUND FRACTURE IN BOTH LEGS....
NOW THAT HE IS FREE THE DOCTOR PLANS AN ESCAPE!
TAKE ME TO THE GALLEY, I WANT SOME HOT WATER.
O.K. DOC, FOLLOW ME....
IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY THE DOCTOR DECIDES ON THE MOST DARING OF DEEDS....
HOW ABOUT SOME KEROSENE, THE STORM PUT THE STOVE OUT!
RIGHT ALONG SIDE OF YA, DOC! I AINT YOUR VALET!
KEROSENE
STACEY KNIGHT SPILLS THE KEROSENE ON THE HOT STOVE!
WELL, HERE WE GO BOYS. RING IN THE FIRE ALARM!
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF
KNIGHT'S PLAN WORKS. THE GANSTERS RUSH MADLY FROM THE BURNING SHIP!
THE BURNING SHIP IS SIGHTED BY THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD.....
LOOKS LIKE FIRE AT SEA, CAPTAIN. FULL SPEED AHEAD!
U.S. COAST GUARD
4


THE COAST GUARD SPEEDS AHEAD.

THE PLAN WORKED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!
STACEY KNIGHT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE COAST GUARD CUTTER

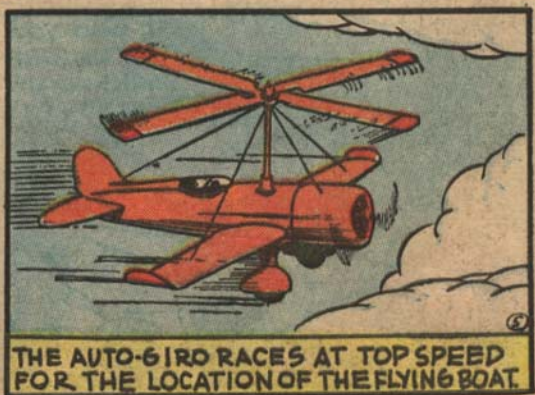
ABOARD SHIP, DR. KNIGHT TELLS HIS STORY...
AND ITS IMPORTANT THAT I GET TO THE GARDEN BEFORE THE FIGHT!
O.K., SIR. SIGNAL THE FLYING BOAT, MATE

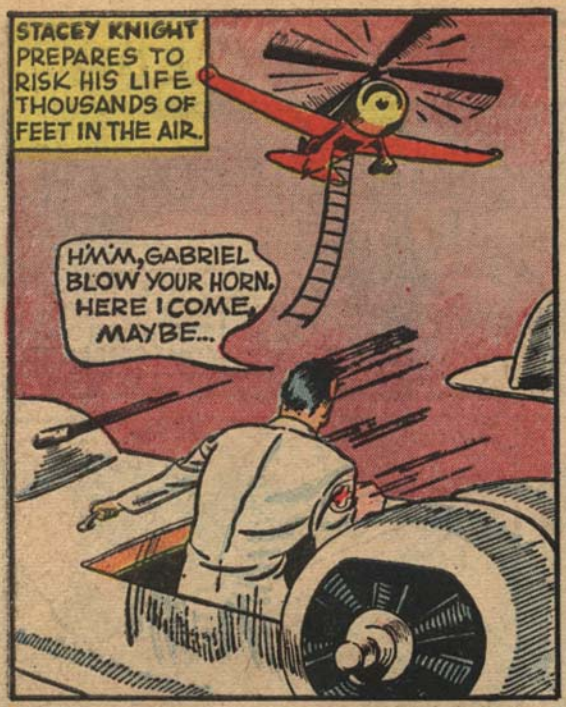
ONE OF OUR UNITED STATES COAST GUARD PLANES, PICKS UP THE MESSAGE.....

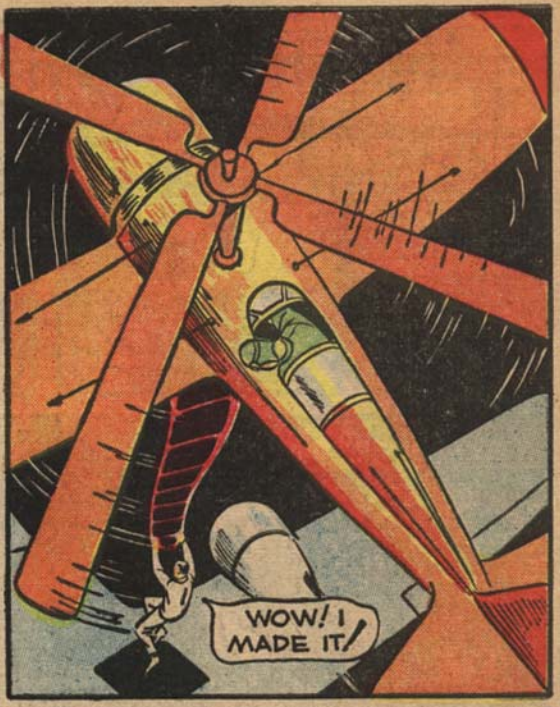

DR. KNIGHT IS TRANSFERRED TO THE FLYING BOAT....

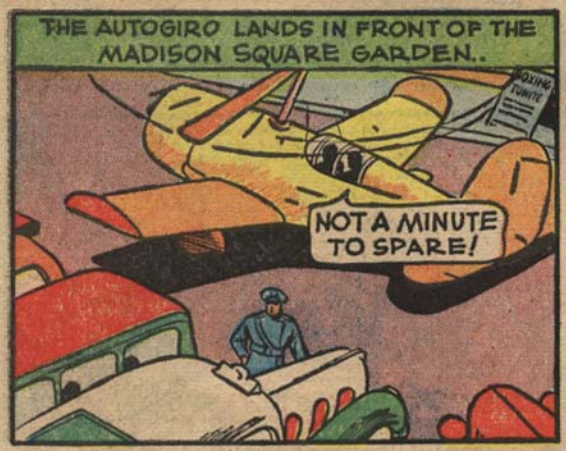
SEE IF YOU CAN CONTACT AN AUTO-GIRO AT ROOSEVELT FIELD. I'VE GOT TO SAVE TIME.
CALLING R..O..O S..E..V..E..L..T. FIELD, U.S. COAST GUARD CALLING.

IN THE LABORATORY OF THE FLYING BOAT DR. KNIGHT PREPARES AN ANTIDOTE
WE CONTACTED ROOSEVELT FIELD, SIR. SHE'S ON THE WAY.
GOOD! I HOPE I CAN CLIMB A ROPE LADDER

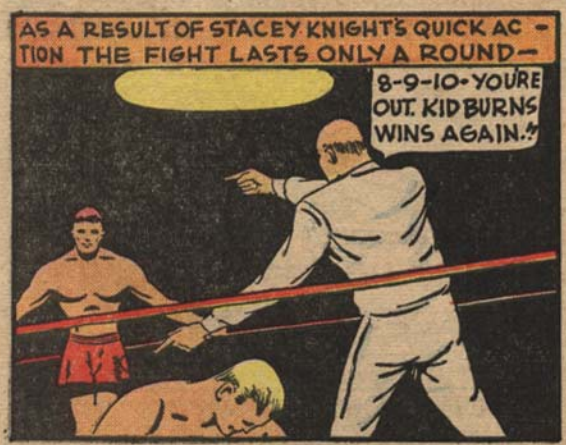

THE AUTO-GIRO RACES AT TOP SPEED FOR THE LOCATION OF THE FLYING BOAT.


STACEY KNIGHT PREPARES TO RISK HIS LIFE THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR.
HMM, GABRIEL BLOW YOUR HORN. HERE I COME, MAYBE...


WOW! I MADE IT!


THE AUTOGIRO LANDS IN FRONT OF THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN..
NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, DOCTOR I FEEL KINDA SICK!
THE DOCTOR GIVES BURNS A SHOT OF THE ANTIDOTE JUST IN TIME!
SICK! MAN, YOUR LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!


AS A RESULT OF STACEY KNIGHT'S QUICK ACTION THE FIGHT LASTS ONLY A ROUND—
8-9-10-YOU'RE OUT. KID BURNS WINS AGAIN!

AND THIS, MORIARITY, IS THE TECHNIQUE BURNS USED...
RIGHT IN THE HANDS OF HABEAS CORPUS
MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF STACEY KNIGHT, M.D. IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS

# THE SHIELD MEETS THE WIZARD

AND THE

# MIDSHIPMAN MEETS THE WEST POINTER

THE WIZARD, THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN, AND THE SHIELD, G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY, TOGETHER WITH KEITH KORNELL THE WEST POINTER AND LEE SAMPSON THE MIDSHIPMAN, COMBINE TO SMASH THE MOST DASTARDLY OF PLOTS EVER CONCEIVED FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS BY FOLLOWING THE THRILLING EXPLOITS OF THESE DYNAMIC CHARACTERS IN THE PAGES OF——

**MAY ISSUE (NO.4) PEP COMICS ON ALL NEWSTANDS ABOUT MARCH 12TH**

**MAY ISSUE (NO.5) TOP-NOTCH COMICS ON ALL NEWSTANDS ABOUT MARCH 18TH**

TELL YOUR NEWSDEALER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY

# The WEST POINTER

KEITH KORNELL, A MENTAL AND PHYSICAL MARVEL, HAS WON BOTH GLORY AND THE ADMIRATION OF GERRY STEVENS, THE MAJOR GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, WHILE PLAYING FOOTBALL FOR WEST POINT!

WEST POINT IS NOW IN THE MIDST OF ITS BASKETBALL SEASON, AND THE PLEBES HAVE BEEN UNDEFEATED SO FAR, DUE TO KEITH'S STERLING PLAYING. A GAME IS NOW IN PROGRESS!

THE WEST POINT GYMNASIUM

IN THE CLOSING MOMENTS OF PLAY, THE SCORE IS DEADLOCKED AT 23-23, AS A HELD BALL IS CALLED. KEITH EDGES UP INTO THE PLAY AND—

—GRABS THE BALL OUT OF THE MAD SCRAMBLE AFTER THE TAP!

STREAKING DOWN COURT, HE EVADES PLAYER AFTER PLAYER, CUTTING OVER THE CENTER STRIPE, HE DRIBBLES OVER TO THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE BASKET—

by Wexler

—AND SENSATIONALLY FLIPS IN THE 2 POINTER, THEREBY WINNING THE HARD FOUGHT CONTEST!

THE WHISTLE! WHEW—JUST IN TIME!

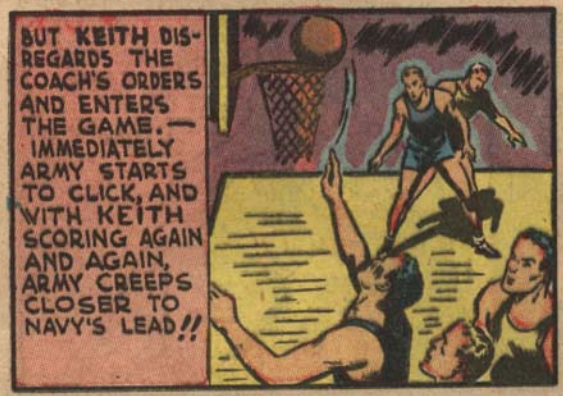
GOSH! THAT GAME WAS TERRIFIC. WE WERE LUCKY TO WIN!!
YOU PRACTICALLY WON THE GAME ALL BY YOURSELF!!
KEITH MEETS GERRY AFTER THE GAME AND ESCORTS HER HOME!
WITHOUT THE TEAM'S SUPPORT I COULDN'T HAVE DONE A THING!
OH! YOU'RE MUCH TOO MODEST!
LET'S GO SKATING TOMORROW, KEITH. CALL FOR ME AFTER CLASSES!
KEITH RETURNS TO HIS ROOMS TO FIND A "BULL SESSION" IN PROGRESS!
WHAT! NOT IN YOUR ROOMS YET
GREAT GAME YOU PLAYED-KEITH!
HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT AT RIFLE PRACTICE TODAY?
THERE GOES "CALL TO QUARTERS." WE'D BETTER HURRY!
I'LL SEE YOU IN CLASS TOMORROW FELLOWS!
OH! FOR ANOTHER HOUR'S SLEEP! —AND EXAMS TOMORROW!
NEXT MORNING REVEILLE SOUNDS, AWAKENING HIM FROM HIS SLUMBER!
AFTER CLASSES, DRESSED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES, HE CALLS FOR GERRY.
THERE CERTAINLY ARE A LOT OF SKATERS TODAY!
THERE ALWAYS ARE.
2

LOOK AT BOB SEYMOUR OVER THERE. HE SURE IS A GOOD SKATER!
BOB AND HIS CRONIES ARE SKATING TOWARDS US!
I HOPE THEY'RE NOT LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!
SEYMOUR RACES PAST GERRY, SNATCHING HER HAT, AND THEN HEADS TOWARD THE OTHER END OF THE POND!
CATCH ME!! AND I'LL RETURN YOUR HAT!
GERRY, SKATING TOO FAST FOR SAFETY, LOSES HER BALANCE AND SKIDS OVER INTO OPEN WATER!
KEITH!! HELP!!
SHE SINKS BELOW THE FREEZING WATER, AS KEITH, HORRIFIED, FRANTICALLY RACES TO HER AID!
WITH A ROPE ABOUT HIS WAIST, KEITH RUSHES BY THE COWARDLY SEYMOUR!
GRAB THE ROPE AND HOLD TIGHT!
SEARCHING THE DARK, ICY WATERS KEITH FAILS TO LOCATE GERRY!
I MUST FIND HER!
BUT SUDDENLY LOCATING AN INERT BODY, HE SIGNALS ON THE ROPE, AND IS HAULED BACK!
JUST IN TIME! I COULDN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER

EXHAUSTED, AND SICK FROM EXPOSURE, KEITH IS TAKEN TO THE INFIRMARY, WHILE GERRY IS TAKEN HOME
HURRY—GET THEM WARM! REVIVE THEM!
YOU MUST STAY IN BED UNTIL YOU ARE ENTIRELY BETTER!
BUT I HAVE TO PLAY AGAINST NAVY TOMORROW. IT'S OUR MOST IMPORTANT GAME!
HELLO, GERRY, ARE YOU FEELING BETTER?
I'M ALL RIGHT KEITH. I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!
KEITH SPEAKS TO GERRY ON THE PHONE.
LATER.
WE PLAY NAVY TONIGHT, AND THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT I'M NOT IN CONDITION TO PLAY!
THAT EVENING— KEITH LISTENS TO THE BROADCAST OF THE GAME!
IT'S NEARING THE END OF THE FIRST HALF, AND ARMY WITHOUT KORNELL IS TRAILING NAVY BY MANY POINTS!
DOCTOR'S ORDERS OR NOT! I'M GOING TO PLAY!!
THE SCORE IS NOW 27-12, NAVY'S FAVOR!
BUT AS KEITH SNEAKS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL—— SUDDENLY——
HEY— WHAT'S THIS!
WE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU NOW, KORNELL!
—BUT KEITH, ALTHOUGH HE IS SICK, FIGHTS OFF HIS ATTACKERS!
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW!!
4

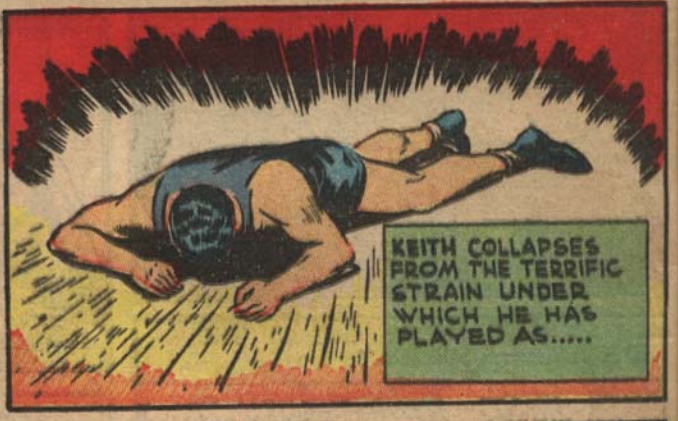
KEITH IDENTIFIES THE RUFFIANS AS THE TWO HOLD-UP MEN HE HAD THWARTED DURING THE FOOTBALL SEASON!
SORRY THAT I CAN'T STAY WITH YOU LONGER, BOYS— BUT I MUST HURRY!

ALTHOUGH VERY WEAK AND FATIGUED, KEITH ENTERS THE DESERTED LOCKER ROOM, QUICKLY DONS HIS UNIFORM AND RUSHES OUT TO THE COACH
YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME PLAY, COACH!
I'M SORRY, KEITH, WE NEED YOU IN THERE. BUT YOU'RE ILL!


BUT KEITH DISREGARDS THE COACH'S ORDERS AND ENTERS THE GAME.— IMMEDIATELY ARMY STARTS TO CLICK, AND WITH KEITH SCORING AGAIN AND AGAIN, ARMY CREEPS CLOSER TO NAVY'S LEAD!!

KEITH TOSSES IN ANOTHER, AND ARMY TRAILS BY ONLY ONE POINT IN THE CLOSING MOMENTS OF PLAY
YEAH!! KORNELL!!
NAVY

—AND BEATING THE GUN BY A FRACTION OF A SECOND, KEITH FLIPS A LONG SHOT FROM PAST MID-COURT!


KEITH COLLAPSES FROM THE TERRIFIC STRAIN UNDER WHICH HE HAS PLAYED AS.....

THE BALL SAILS TRUE TO ITS MARK!

BACK IN THE INFIRMARY!
—EVERYBODY WANTS TO SEE YOU KEITH, AND CONGRATULATE YOU
KEITH KORNELL BECOMES AN UPPER CLASSMAN— BUT HIS ADVENTURES DO NOT CEASE! READ THE MAY ISSUE OF
TOP-NOTCH COMICS

KARDAK
THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN
KARDAK, THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN, PITS HIS KNOWLEDGE AGAINST THE DIABOLIC POWERS OF THE WORLD'S STRANGEST CREATURES, THE UNDERSEAS MEN. CAN HIS MAGIC PREVAIL AGAINST THEM?

I ONLY MET YOU A FEW DAYS AGO, AND YET IT SEEMS I HAVE KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE.
NATURE PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS LORNA, ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.
ABOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR INDIA

HELP! HELP!
WHAT THE..
I'M GOING TO FAINT
KARDAK'S WORDS, SPOKEN LIGHTLY, BECOME GRIM PROPHECY.

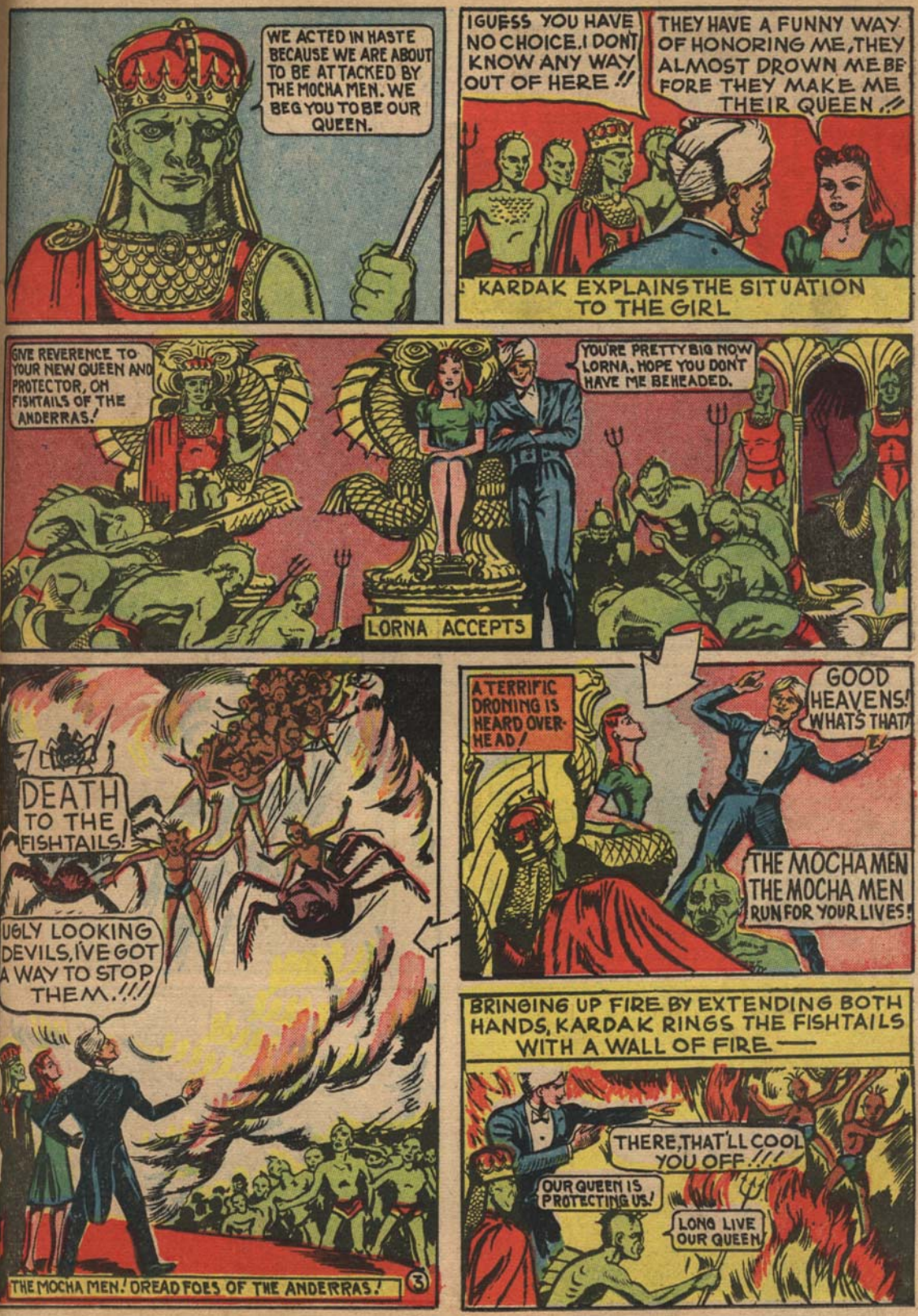
HEAVENS, SHE'LL DROWN UNLESS...
AND BACK INTO THE WATERS, WHENCE THEY CAME, GO THE UNBELIEVABLE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP!

THIS MUST ALL BE SOME HORRIBLE DREAM.
BUT TO PREVENT LORNA FROM DROWNING, KARDAK MAKES THE SEAS ROLL BACK.

LORNA, LORNA I'M COMING!
AND THEN, WITH A SUDDEN DIVE, HE FOLLOWS

THERE THEY GO! IF EVERYTHING WASN'T SO COLD AND WET, I'D BELIEVE I WAS IMAGINING IT.
DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN!
11

HE TRAILS THEM TO THE OCEAN FLOOR!
THEY WENT THRU THIS CAVERN! WELL, HERE'S HOPING!
KARDAK EMERGES FROM THE CAVERN AND SEES--- A SAVAGE MOB OF FISHTAILED CREATURES THREATENING HIM!
GREAT GHOSTS! AN UNDERSEAS WORLD. WHY, THIS MUST BE THE LOST CONTINENT, ANDERRAS!
AND NOW HAND THAT GIRL OVER, BEFORE I SEND YOUR OWN PIG STICKERS BACK INTO YOUR HIDES!
THE FISHTAILS THROW THEIR THREE PRONGED SPEARS, BUT KARDAK'S MAGIC DROPS THEM HARMLESSLY AT HIS FEET!
GOOD! SHE'LL FLOAT RIGHT TO ME.
THEN, WITH MORE OF HIS SORCERY, HE LIFTS THE GIRL INTO THE AIR ON A CLOUD OF LIGHT!
GREAT EARTH LORD, WE COME TO YOU IN PEACE. WE OF ANDERRAS WISH YOU AND YOUR EARTH WOMAN NO HARM.
THE KING OF THE FISHTAILS ADDRESSES THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN WITH AWED RESPECT.
THEN WHY DID YOU KIDNAP HER?
OUR LEGEND SAYS, THAT THE ANDERRAN FISHTAILS WILL ONE DAY BE WIPED OUT BY OUR ENEMIES, THE MOCHA MEN, UNLESS WE ARE PROTECTED BY A WHITE, EARTH QUEEN..
THE KING OF THE FISHTAILS EXPLAINS
2


WE ACTED IN HASTE BECAUSE WE ARE ABOUT TO BE ATTACKED BY THE MOCHA MEN. WE BEG YOU TO BE OUR QUEEN.
I GUESS YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. I DON'T KNOW ANY WAY OUT OF HERE!!
THEY HAVE A FUNNY WAY OF HONORING ME, THEY ALMOST DROWN ME BE FORE THEY MAKE ME THEIR QUEEN!!
KARDAK EXPLAINS THE SITUATION TO THE GIRL
GIVE REVERENCE TO YOUR NEW QUEEN AND PROTECTOR, OH FISHTAILS OF THE ANDERRAS!
YOU'RE PRETTY BIG NOW LORNA. HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE ME BEHEADED.
LORNA ACCEPTS
DEATH TO THE FISHTAILS!
UGLY LOOKING DEVILS, I'VE GOT A WAY TO STOP THEM.!!!
THE MOCHA MEN! DREAD FOES OF THE ANDERRAS!
3
A TERRIFIC DRONING IS HEARD OVER-HEAD!
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT!
THE MOCHA MEN THE MOCHA MEN RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
BRINGING UP FIRE BY EXTENDING BOTH HANDS, KARDAK RINGS THE FISHTAILS WITH A WALL OF FIRE—
THERE, THAT'LL COOL YOU OFF!!!
OUR QUEEN IS PROTECTING US!
LONG LIVE OUR QUEEN

FIGHT ON, OH FISHTAILS OF THE ANDERRAS. OUR QUEEN WILL BRING US VICTORY!
DEATH TO THE FISHTAILS!
HURLING BOMBS OF LUNG SEARING GAS, THE MOCHA MEN, MOUNTED ON LONG-LEGGED SEA SPIDERS, POUR THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAME!
THESE FISHTAILS ARE BRAVE FIGHTERS, BUT THE MOCHANS FORCES ARE TOO STRONG. I MUST HELP THEM.
KARDAK CAUSES THE GROUND TO SEPARATE AND THE MOCHANS TUMBLE INTO THE CHASM.
IF WE WISH TO DEFEAT THE FISHTAILS, WE MUST CAPTURE THEIR QUEEN!
THERE SHE IS!
MOCHAN WARRIORS MAKE FOR LORNA, THINKING SHE IS THE CAUSE OF THE MAGIC
QUICK, TO THE MAGATOR!
KARDAK
FAST, BEFORE WE ARE STOPPED!
WITH LORNA THEIR CAPTIVE, THE MOCHANS FLEE!
4

SO! THIS IS THE MAGIC WHITE QUEEN OF THE FISHTAILS!
YES, OH GREAT MAGATOR. SHE CAUSED THE DEFEAT OF OUR ARMY.
LORNA IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MOCHAN MAGATOR

THEY'VE GOT LORNA, I MUST GET THEM BEFORE THEY HARM HER!
KARDAK'S MYSTIC MIND IS ABLE TO VISUALIZE LORNA'S PLIGHT, AND HE SETS OUT TO RESCUE HER.

GREAT SCOT! THESE THINGS ARE STRANGLING ME!
BUT THE MOCHANS SIGHT THE PURSUING MYSTIC, AND SEND THEIR SEA SPIDERS TO ATTACK HIM!!

WHEW! TALK ABOUT A STRAIGHT-JACKET! THIS THING IS A LITTLE CRAMPING.
THE SEA SPIDERS WEAVE A TREMENDOUS WEB ABOUT KARDAK.!!

SO! THE PUNY EARTH MAN DARES TO FOLLOW THE MIGHTY MOCHANS! THROW HIM INTO THE SHARK PIT!
DON'T LET THEM HURT YOU!

LORNA DON'T WORRY I.....
SILENCE FOOL, INTO THE PIT WITH YOU!
THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN IS TOSSED INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT INFESTED WITH MAN EATING SHARKS

THEY SURE LOOK HUNGRY!

THE SHARKS ATTACK!
IF THIS TRICK DOESN'T WORK, I'M A GONER!

THE SHARKS' TEETH SNAP AT EMPTY AIR AS THE MYSTIC SUDDENLY DISAPPEARS, BUT THEIR TEETH CUT THROUGH THE MESH.

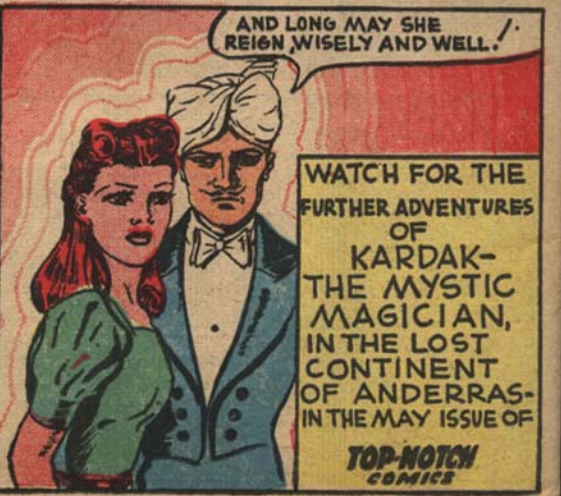
AND KARDAK SWIMS CLEAR OF HIS BONDS!

ON A COLUMN OF SMOKE THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN RISES FROM THE PIT.—

THE MOCHANS ARE TOO AMAZED TO STOP LORNA FROM ESCAPING

OUT OF SIGHT OF THE MOCHANS, THEY DASH BACK TO SAFETY!

BACK TO THE FISHTAILS, KARDAK AND LORNA MAKE THEIR WAY!




WATCH FOR THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF KARDAK—THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN, IN THE LOST CONTINENT OF ANDERRAS—IN THE MAY ISSUE OF

TOP-NOTCH COMICS