



TOP-NOTCH

10¢
No. 3

COMICS

ALL
COLOR
FEB.
64
PAGES

THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH
THE SUPER-BRAIN



FEATURING
**AIR
PATROL**
"SKY RAIDERS
OF
WESTERN
FRONT!"
**DICK STORM
IN CHINA**

THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN

HE SOLVES ALL PLOTS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT—BUT THE PLOTTERS CANNOT SOLVE HIS PLOT AGAINST THEM!

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 U.S. GOVERNMENT!

CALLED FROM THE POLO GAME TO ANSWER A LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL, BLANE RECEIVES A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM HIS BROTHER GROVER, CHIEF OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE IN WASHINGTON.

C-2B PVX,
DON'T WORRY.
I'M ON MY
WAY.

BLANE WHITNEY PLAYS POLO ON LONG ISLAND AS TRIUMPHANTLY AS HIS GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER, GENERAL STEVEN WHITNEY, MADE WAR DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

IN A FLASH, WITHOUT CONSULTING A CODE BOOK, THE WIZARD TRANSLATES THE CODE.

CODE	BOOK
C-2B-PVX	PLANE TO DESTROY PANAMA CANAL
C-30-LV	PLANE TO DESTROY PANAMA CANAL

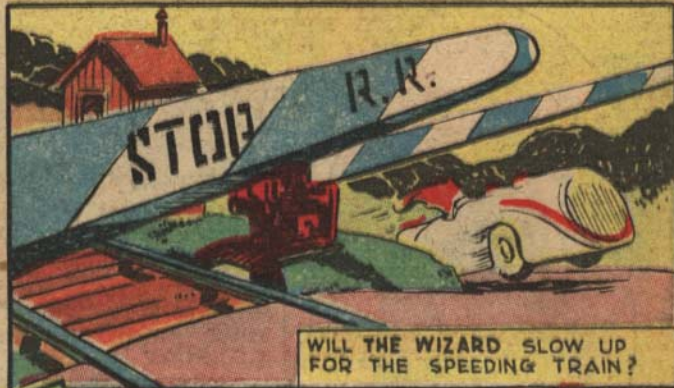
I THINK I HAD BETTER DISCOVER JUST WHAT IS UP!

AH! THE BORENTALS PLAN TO BOMB THE PANAMA CANAL. THEY ARE HIDDEN ON AN ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN. I MUST GET TO THE CANAL BEFORE THEY DO!

THE WIZARD SETS HIS SUPER BRAIN IN MOTION TO FATHOM THE PLOT.



IN HIS SUPERCHARGED SPEEDSTER, THE WIZARD RACES TO THE AIRPORT!



WILL THE WIZARD SLOW UP FOR THE SPEEDING TRAIN?



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

THE WIZARD RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE HIS COUNTRY.

A MOTOR COP PHONES AHEAD TO THE STATE TROOPERS' HEADQUARTERS TO STOP THE SPEEDING CAR.

STATE POLICE

YEAH, HE'S GOING 200 MILES AN HOUR!



THE WIZARD CANNOT REVEAL HIS MISSION AND SUBMITS TO ARREST



GET OUT, MISTER, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.



SIT DOWN AND COOL OFF UNTIL COURT MEETS IN THE MORNING

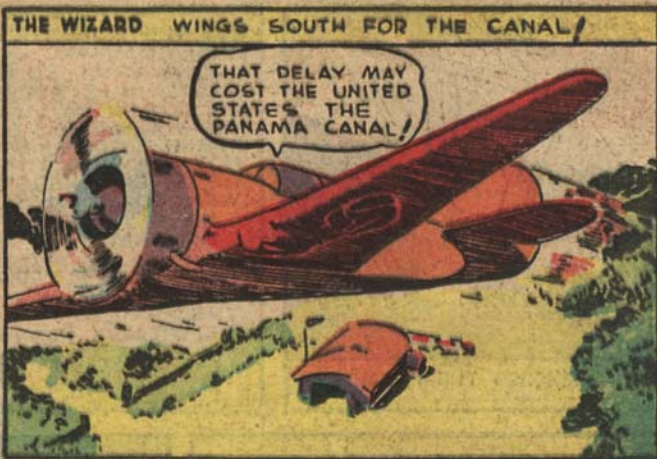


THE WIZARD ESCAPES BY MELTING THE IRON BARS OF HIS CELL WITH SECRET FORMULA, F 22 X!

I HATE TO DO THIS, BUT MY COUNTRY CALLS



BORROWING A STATE POLICE CAR, THE WIZARD DASHES ONCE AGAIN TO THE AIRPORT!



THE WIZARD WINGS SOUTH FOR THE CANAL!

THAT DELAY MAY COST THE UNITED STATES THE PANAMA CANAL!

THE WIZARD CLIMBS HIGH TO MAKE MORE SPEED BUT RUNS INTO A TERRIBLE BLIZZARD. ICE FORMS ON THE WINGS OF HIS PLANE.



ALL'S WELL UNTIL THE WIZARD SUDDENLY DISCOVERS THAT SPARKS FROM THE EXHAUST HAVE SET HIS PLANE ON FIRE!



THAT OUGHT TO FIX IT!

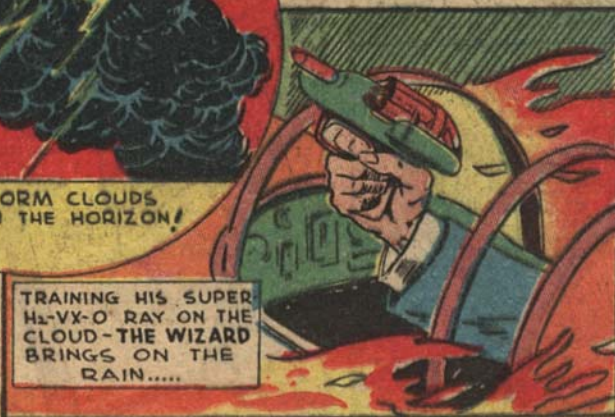
TO PREVENT THE ICE FROM FORCING HIM DOWN, THE WIZARD CLIMBS OUT ONTO A WING AND TURNS THE HOT AIR FROM THE EXHAUST PIPE TOWARD THE PROPELLER.



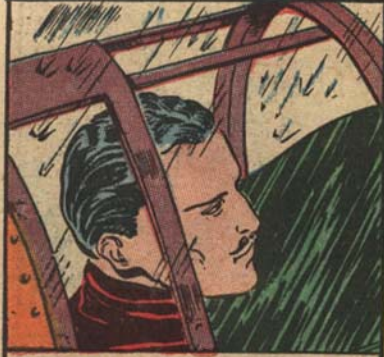
BLACK STORM CLOUDS ARE ON THE HORIZON!



IF I CAN GET INTO THE RAIN CLOUD, I'LL PUT OUT THE FIRE!



TRAINING HIS SUPER H₂-VX-O RAY ON THE CLOUD - THE WIZARD BRINGS ON THE RAIN.....



AND QUENCHES THE FLAMES—

BUT THE BORENTAL HIGH COMMAND KNOWS THAT SOME MYSTERIOUS SUPER-PERSON KNOWN AS THE WIZARD HELPS THE U.S. GOVERNMENT. NOT KNOWING WHO HE IS, OR WHERE HE WILL COME FROM, THEY SET A TRAP FOR HIM—

THREE FAST PURSUIT PLANES SEARCH THE SKIES FOR THE WIZARD'S PLANE.

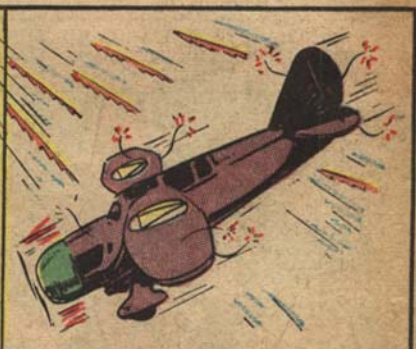


SIGHTING THE WIZARD'S PLANE, THE BORENTALS DIVE TO ATTACK!



DRAWING HIS DYNAMAGNO-SAW RAY PROJECTOR, THE WIZARD SETS THE ELECTRIC DIAL TO DESTROY ALL WIRES ON THE BORENTAL PLANES

SUDDENLY, THE WIRES ON THE ENEMY PLANES SNAP AS THE SAW-RAY BEAM OF THE PROJECTOR GUN DISABLES EVERY ENEMY CRATE!

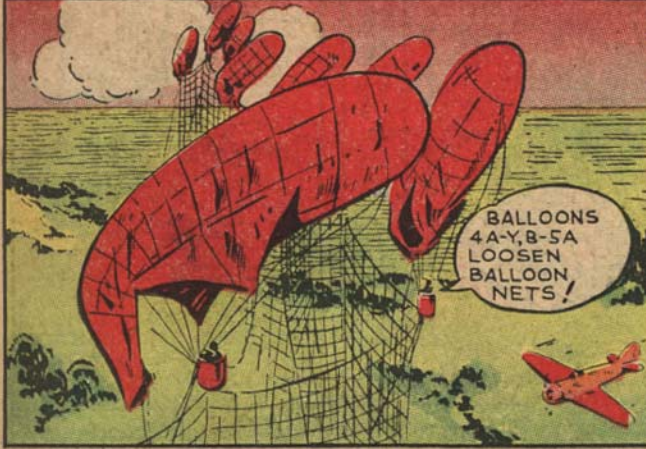


THE BORENTALS CRASH TO THEIR DOOM!



NOW TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!

THE WIZARD PUTS HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC MIND TO WORK AND LOCATES AN ADDED BORENTAL TRAP— A BALLOON BARRAGE.



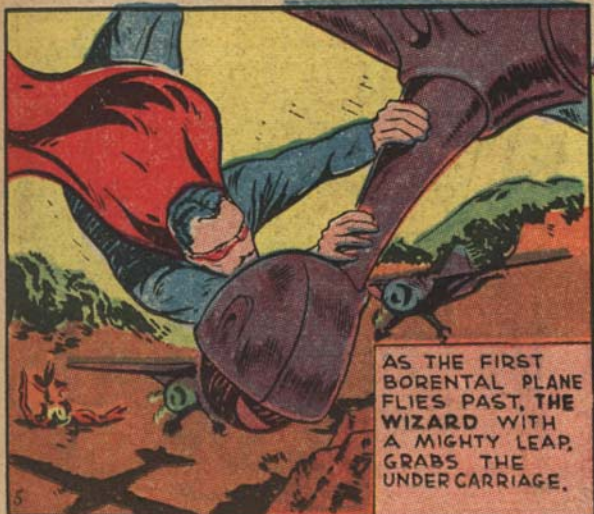
AS AN ADDED DEFENSE, THE BORENTALS HAD SENT UP THE BALLOON BARRAGE THAT THE WIZARD HAD SEEN — BUT HE IS TOO CLOSE TO ESCAPE! THE BORENTALS TRAP HIS PLANE!



MY F22X CAN BURN THROUGH THESE NETS, BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE THE PLANE!

SUDDENLY, THE WIZARD FINDS HIS PLANE ENMESHED IN THE STEEL NETS DROPPED BY THE BALLOONS!

GRABBING THE ENDS OF HIS CAPE, THE WIZARD BAILS OUT OF HIS HELPLESS CRAFT.



AS THE FIRST BORENTAL PLANE FLIES PAST, THE WIZARD WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, GRABS THE UNDER CARRIAGE.

AT THE CONTROLS OF THE BORENTAL PLANE, THE WIZARD CONTINUES TOWARD PANAMA



THOSE OTHER PLANES ARE TOO CLOSE - I'D BETTER LOSE THEM!

AN ETHYL FORMULA 2X-Y-BZ TABLET DROPPED IN THE GAS LINE, DOUBLES THE PLANE'S SPEED - AND THE WIZARD OUTDISTANCES HIS PURSUERS!



THOSE ARE THE BABIES I'D BETTER GET!

FIVE BI-MOTORED BORENTAL BOMBERS, HEADING FOR THE CANAL, APPEAR FROM BEHIND A CLOUD.



GIT ALONG LIL' GEESE!

THE WIZARD OVERTAKES A FLOCK OF GEESE AND HAS AN IDEA - ZOOMING INTO THE GEESE, HE HERDS THEM TOWARD THE FIVE BORENTAL PLANES!

THINKING THAT THE GEESE ARE AMERICAN PURSUIT PLANES, THE BORENTAL SQUADRON LEADER SIGNALS HIS PILOTS TO RETURN TO THEIR BASE.



THERE ARE A THOUSAND AMERICAN PLANES COMING. SCATTER!



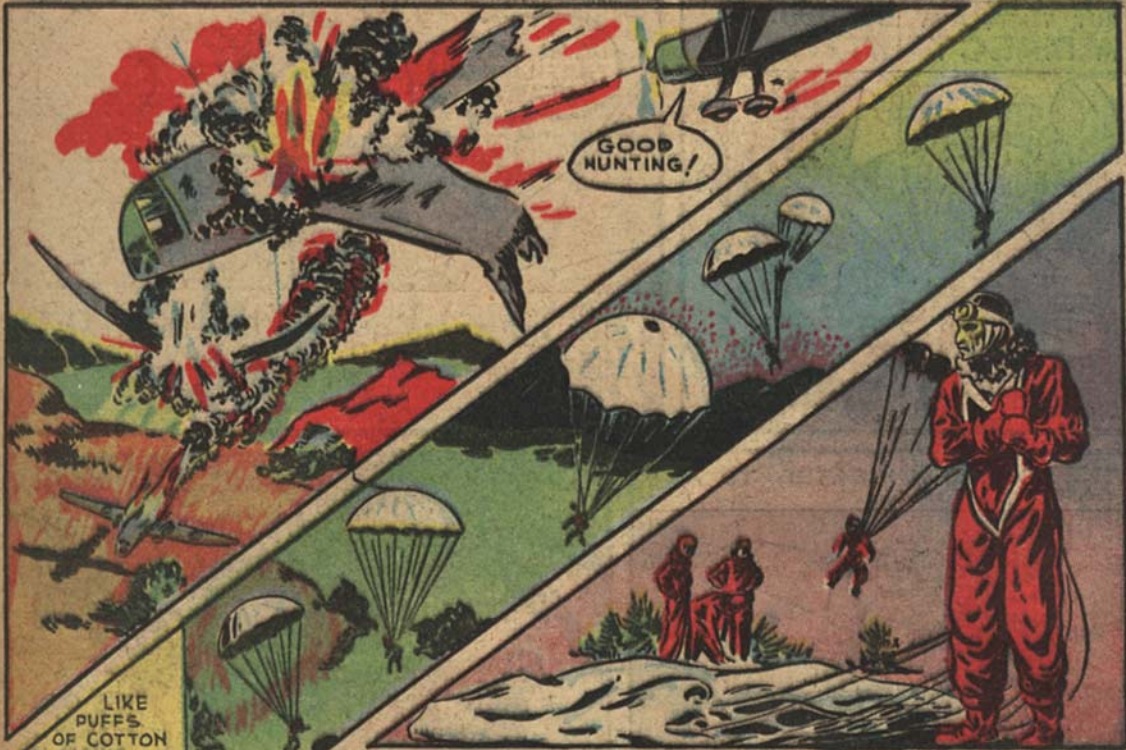
THE WIZARD GOES INTO A WING DIP TO ATTACK - AS THE BOMBERS OPEN FIRE!



WHY DOESN'T HE STAY STILL, SO I CAN HIT HIM!

ONE BY ONE THE BOMBERS FALL BEFORE THE WIZARD'S FIRE!





GOOD HUNTING!

LIKE PUFFS OF COTTON FLOATING ON THE WIND, THE BORENTAL PILOTS DESCEND TO SAFETY IN THEIR PARACHUTES.



THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU BOYS AWHILE!



I MUST GET THERE AT ONCE - NO TIME TO LOSE!

PUTTING HIS SUPER-BRAIN TO WORK THE WIZARD GETS A VISION OF BORENTAL HEADQUARTERS - IN A SMALL DEEP VALLEY IN THE HEART OF CANAL ZONE JUNGLE!



GOSH I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED FOR THEM SOONER I HOPE THEIR AIM STAYS BAD!

BUT THEIR AIM IS GOOD—
A DIRECT HIT!



I CAN USE
THAT LANDING
GEAR!



BLOWN FROM THE PLANE BY THE EXPLOSION, THE WIZARD GIVES A CAT-LIKE TWIST TO HIS BODY AND DIVES FORWARD THRU THE AIR TOWARD THE LARGEST PIECE OF WRECKAGE!

THE WIZARD NAVIGATES TO A
SAFE LANDING.



THE GUN
CREW
BEATS ITS
WAY THRU
THE JUN-
GLE IN
SEARCH
OF THE
GROUNDED
WIZARD.

THAT'S
QUICKSAND
BETWEEN
US!



THERE HE
IS, GET
HIM!



HERE I
AM!

QUICKSAND!

THE BORENTALS FALL INTO
THE WIZARD'S TRAP!



WE'RE LOST

HOW'S
THE
WATER-
BOYS!

BUT ONE BORENTAL SOLDIER MISSED THE TRAP— HE SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE WIZARD!



UGH!

MUSTN'T BE A SNEAK— INTO THE QUICKSAND WITH YOU!



BUT THE WIZARD IS NOT FOOLED!

CAUGHT IN MY OWN TRAP!



THE WIZARD LOSES HIS FOOTING ON THE TREACHEROUS GROUND

BUT THE WIZARD IS NEVER UNPREPARED— HIS HIGH SPEED PROPULSION GUN COMES IN HANDY!



IF THE GROUND DOESN'T MOVE, I'VE GOT TO! HE BLASTS HIMSELF OUT OF THE QUICKSAND



HE SPEEDS TO THE MOUNTAIN ABOVE THE BORENTAL HEADQUARTERS!

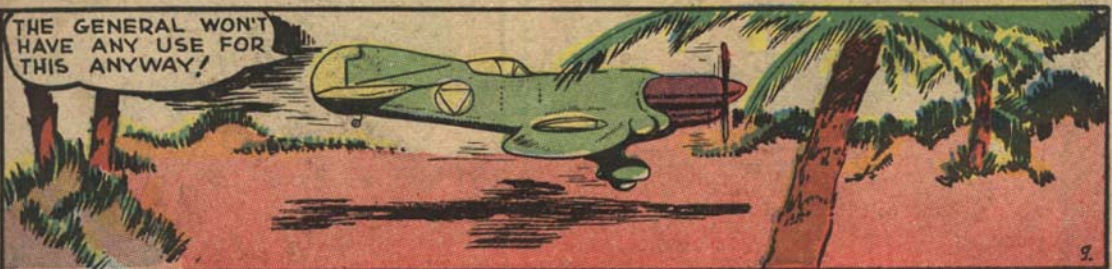
THIS'LL HOLD YOU BOYS FOR AWHILE!



THE WIZARD'S AVALANCHE CLOSES THE ONLY EXIT FROM THE VALLEY.

HIGH ON A PLATEAU IS THE BORENTAL GENERAL'S PRIVATE PLANE— THE WIZARD BORROWS IT!

THE GENERAL WON'T HAVE ANY USE FOR THIS ANYWAY!



THREE OF THE PILOTS WHO LANDED SAFELY IN PARACHUTES HAVE MADE THEIR WAY TO THE CANAL - BUT THE WIZARD'S SUPER-BRAIN REVEALS THEM!



BOMBS! I'D BETTER PUT A STOP TO THAT!

BUT THE WIZARD HAS A SURPRISE... SWOOPING LOW HE LASSOES THE BORENTALS!



THAT OUGHT TO COOL YOU BOYS OFF!

WHAT'S THIS? BENNIES FROM HEAVEN!



THE WIZARD DUMPS HIS PRISONERS AT CANAL ZONE HEADQUARTERS!



NOW TO FINISH UP WITH THOSE BORENTAL LEADERS

THEY'VE BLOWN UP THE TRAP!



THE WIZARD DISCOVERS THAT THE MEN WHOM HE THOUGHT WERE TRAPPED, HAVE MADE THEIR ESCAPE!

THE BORENTALS HAVE ONE MORE WEAPON



ALL IS NOT YET LOST!

YES, WE CAN STILL DESTROY THE ARMY GARRISON WITH OUR LAND MINES!

THE U.S. ARMY GARRISON HAS MESS, UNAWARE THAT IN ANY MOMENT THE GROUND BENEATH THEM WILL EXPLODE!



I'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE THE BORENTALS

BUT THE WIZARD KNOWS!

REALIZING THAT THE MINES MUST BE SET OFF BY ELECTRICITY, THE WIZARD DIVES —



NOW I'VE GOT THEM ALL!



THIS PLANE WILL HELP ME GIVE THOSE BORENTALS A TASTE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

HE TAKES OFF IN AN ARMY PLANE!



AND UNEARTHS THEM!



YOU BOYS WERE LOOKING FOR THESE — HERE THEY ARE!



AND HERE'S SOMETHING TO MAKE THEM COMPLETE!

AND HE SETS OFF A RAY!



Our Country Right or wrong Our Country the Wizard

DAILY TIMES

WIZARD SAVES PANAMA CANAL

TODAY THE ENTIRE NATION IS GRATEFUL TO THE WIZARD, SINGLE HANDED HE DEFEATED THE ENTIRE FORCE OF BORENTALS AND FORESTALLED AN ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE CANAL.

LONG ISLAND PLAY-BOY JAILED

BLANE WHITNEY, THE NE'R-DO-WELL BROTHER OF GROVER WHITNEY, CHIEF OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE, DISGRACED HIS FAMOUS FAMILY TODAY WHEN HE BROKE OUT OF JAIL AND STOLE THE AL-CINCIPA TERS FROM THE U.S. ARMY.

MORE ADVENTURES OF THE WIZARD IN- TOP-NOTCH COMICS

DICK STORM

IN CHINA



DICK STORMS FAME AS AN ADVENTURER HAS SPREAD FAR AND WIDE, EVEN TO THE DISTANT REALMS OF THE ORIENT. HE HAS BEEN CALLED UPON BY THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT TO RECRUIT THE MILITARY FORCES OF THE POWERFUL WAR-LORD, K'ANG, THE TERRIBLE, INTO THE SERVICE OF THE CHINESE NATION. AND TOGETHER, THEY CAN FIGHT OFF THE INVADING FOE. AT PRESENT, K'ANG IS MUCH MORE INTERESTED IN USING HIS ARMY FOR LOOT THAN FOR THE GOOD OF HIS OWN COUNTRY.

DICK HAS BEEN CALLED BEFORE THE HEAD OF THE CHINESE GOV'T

WE HAVE HEARD A GREAT DEAL OF YOU, DICK STORM. WE HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU IF YOU WILL ACCEPT.

IT IS ABOUT THE WAR-LORD, K'ANG, THE TERRIBLE. WE NEED HIS ARMIES TO HELP US REPEL THE INVADER

I AM ALWAYS AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE FORCES FOR LAW AND ORDER!

BACK IN HIS ROOM, DICK STORM WORKS OUT A PLAN!

HMM, IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!

I'LL PAY THOSE INVADERS A POLITE, IF SOMEWHAT UNWELCOME VISIT

DICK WASTES NO TIME IN PUTTING HIS SCHEME INTO ACTION!



DICK STORM HEADS FOR THE INVADER'S CAMP.



AND NOW FOR THE FIREWORKS! HERE'S MY CALLING CARD, BOYS.

AND HE LOOSES A SWARM OF BOMBS!



RETURN FIRE, DOGS! BRING DOWN THE SWINE!



AND NOW FOR THE MESSAGE!

A NOTE FLUTTERS TO THE GROUND



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT, DICK STORM REVEALS THE NEXT PART OF HIS PLAN!



IT IS A BOLD PLAN. IT SHALL BE DONE!



I AM OF KANG'S ARMY. THE TERRIBLE ONE ORDERS YOU TO LEAVE THE LAND OR ELSE FACE THE WRATH OF KANG. HEED THIS WARNING OR ELSE IT IS WAR TO THE DEATH!

DICK STORM'S STRATEGY IS SUCCESSFUL!



THE DOG DARES THREATEN THE MIGHTY IKOSI. I SHALL GIVE HIM MORE WAR THAN HIS WRETCHED CARCASS CAN BEAR!

THERE WILL BE NO SLIP-UP. YOU SHALL HAVE THE FORCES OF KANG TO FIGHT FOR YOU.

DICK NOW SETS OUT ON THE NEXT PART OF HIS TASK



DICK HOVERS OVER THE CAMP OF KANG THE TERRIBLE



I'LL USE WORDS INSTEAD OF BOMBS WITH KANG, THE TERRIBLE



THE INVADERS ARE MARCHING UPON YOUR ARMIES IF YOU JOIN FORCES WITH THE GOVERNMENT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO DEFEAT THEM

DO YOU THINK I AM SUCH A FOOL AS TO BELIEVE THAT BUT YOU, DICK STORM, HAVE MADE A MISTAKE IN COMING HERE!



KANG SUMMONS HIS SOLDIERS!

THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WILL PAY WELL FOR YOUR RELEASE

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO THINK THAT YOUR KIND WOULD RESPECT A FLAG OF TRUCE!



KANG'S SOLDIERS POUR INTO THE ROOM



DICK PUTS UP A HEROIC STRUGGLE, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT.

THROW THE INSOLENT SWINE INTO THE CELL WITH HIS COUNTRYWOMAN!



DICK IS CAST INTO A CELL



HELLO! WHO ARE YOU?

I AM LANA DRISCOLL, AN AMERICAN. KANG HAS KIDNAPPED ME AND IS HOLDING ME FOR RANSOM.



DICK PLANS AN ESCAPE

IT'S AN OLD ARMY TRICK THAT'S WORKED BEFORE.

I HOPE IT WORKS AGAIN!



HELP! HELP!



DICK PRETENDS TO CHOKE LANA

KEEP AWAY FROM HER, WHITE DOG. SHE IS TOO VALUABLE TO KILL!



LANA STEALS A GUN AWAY FROM THE GUARD



THAT WAS SWELL, AND NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE. YOU CAN DO A GREAT SERVICE TO CHINA IF YOU ARE GAME.



I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!.

WELL, THAT'S A BREAK K'ANG'S GONE. NOW GET BEHIND THAT DRAGON IN THE CORNER. KEEP YOUR GUN POINTED THROUGH IT. SHOOT TO KILL WHEN I RAISE MY ARM!



DICK AND LANA MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM OF K'ANG

HERE I AM K'ANG, IF YOU'RE STILL INTERESTED!



DICK PREPARES TO PUT HIS PLAN INTO EFFECT. HE SHOUTS...



THE INVADING FORCES OUTNUMBER THE ARMY OF K'ANG.



DON'T GIVE UP, MEN!

THE INVADERS COME POURING THROUGH THE GATE!



SUDDENLY, DICK SIGHTS THE EXPECTED HELP!

THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS ARE COMING. THANK HEAVEN. MY PLANS ARE WORKING TO PERFECTION!



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS TURN THE TIDE OF BATTLE!



THE ENEMY HAS BEEN ROUTED!

YOU HAVE SEEN HOW WELL YOU CAN FIGHT TOGETHER. NOW WILL YOU JOIN FORCES TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT AGAINST THE INVADER?

AYE! WE WILL OBEY THE WHITE GOD!



MY COUNTRY WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU!

I HAVE BEEN GLAD TO BE IN THE SERVICES OF JUSTICE!

LATER, WHEN ALL IS QUIET!



DICK, DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GIVE UP ROVING, FOR MY SAKE?

I GUESS IT'S NOT IN THE CARDS, LANA. I'M JUST A LITTLE TOO CURIOUS TO KNOW WHATS GOING ON OVER THOSE HILLS.

AND DICK IS DESTINED TO FIND OUT THAT THERE ARE PLENTY OF FIREWORKS JUST BEYOND THE HILLS. FOLLOW DICK STORM'S ADVENTURES IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS

BOB
PHANTOM
BLOWS
THE
TRIGGER
SLUM
GANG
TO
JUSTICE!

BOB PHANTOM

THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD



BILLIE BARNES IS DRIVEN HOME FROM SCHOOL
EVERY DAY IN HIS RICH FATHER'S LIMOUSINE



TRIGGER SLUM,
THE GANGSTER,
AND HIS TWO
CONFEDERATES
ARE PLANNING
TO KIDNAP
BILLIE, THE
MILLIONAIRE
OILMAN'S SON

DERE'S DE KID NOW / HIS
OLD MAN'S WORTH TWENTY
MILLION!



THE THUGS TRAIL THE LIMOUSINE OUT
INTO THE COUNTRY WHERE MILLIONAIRE
BARNES LIVES ON A LARGE ESTATE.

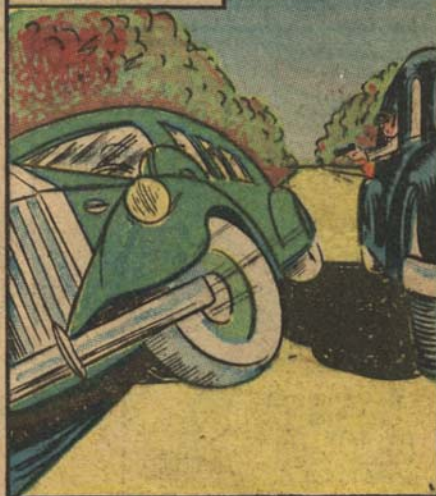


ARE YOU THE
NEW CHAUFFEUR?
LET ME SIT IN
FRONT?

STAY WHERE
YOU ARE!



TRIGGER RUNS THE BARNES' CAR
INTO A DITCH

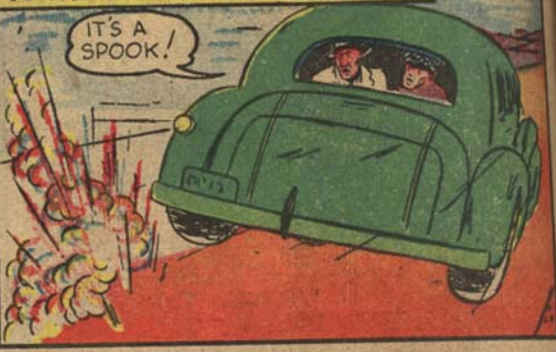




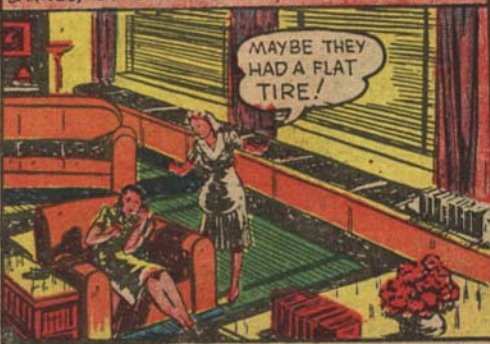
SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF NOWHERE, BOB PHANTOM APPEARS,



WITH A CURSE, TRIGGER RUNS DOWN BOB PHANTOM WHO DISAPPEARS AS MYSTERIOUSLY AS HE CAME



BILLIE HAS FAILED TO COME HOME, MRS. BARNES, ALMOST HYSTERICAL, PHONES HER HUSBAND



A WHILE LATER....MR BARNES AND THE STATE TROOPERS HAVE FOUND THE CHAUFFEUR LYING IN THE DITCH.



THE TROOPERS QUESTION THE CHAUFFEUR ABOUT THE KIDNAPPING



THE KIDNAPPERS DRIVE UP TO A SHACK IN A SHUT DOWN OIL FIELD



NEWS-CHRONICLE

On Broadway

BY WALT WHITNEY

SIDE TIPS
 NO CLUES HAVE BEEN FOUND BY THE POLICE IN THE KIDNAPPING OF LITTLE BILLIE BARNES, SON OF THE OIL TYCOON. INSTEAD OF TEARING HIS HAIR, WHY DOESN'T THE D.A. MAKE THE BARNES CHAUFFEUR TALK? MAYBE HE KNOWS MORE THAN HE SAYS!

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY TRAPS THE CHAUFFEUR INTO A CONFESSION



MEANWHILE AT THE ABANDONED OIL FIELD



OK!
BRING IN
THE KID

BOB PHANTOM APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED THUGS



THIS IS THE
FINAL WARNING
TRIGGER!

LET'S TURN
THE KID LOOSE
TRIGGER. I'M
SCARED!

BUT THE BULLETS ARE BLOWN RIGHT BACK



TRY AND
DIGEST THIS,
SPOOK!

WATCH OUT FOR
THE BIG WIND, TRIGGER.
YOUR BULLETS ARE HARM
LESS AGAINST THAT!

BOB PHANTOM VANISHES INTO THIN AIR

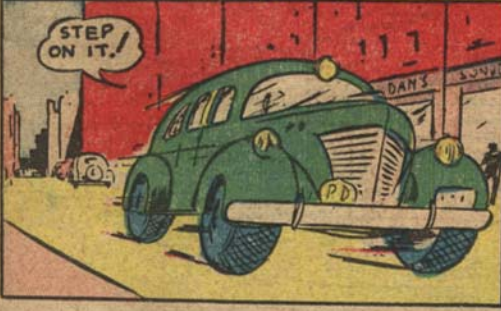


WHAT DID THAT
SPOOK MEAN, LOOK
OUT FOR THE BIG
WIND!

SHUT UP, NO
SPOOK CAN BLAME
ME.

WE'LL ALL
BURN FOR THIS,
TRIGGER!

AFTER HEARING THE CHAUFFEUR'S CONFESSION, THE STATE TROOPERS AND MR. BARNES SPEED TOWARD THE ABANDONED OIL FIELD.



STEP
ON IT!



BETTER STAND
BACK, MR. BARNES

I'D GLADLY
GIVE MY LIFE
TO SAVE MY BOY!

A DESPERATE GUN BATTLE RAGES BETWEEN THE TROOPERS AND THE GANGSTERS





BUT TRIGGER IGNITES THE KEROSENE SOAKED RAG AND SETS FIRE TO AN OIL WELL.



THE OIL FIELD BECOMES A RAGING INFERNO



BOB PHANTOM STARTS A CYCLONE AND DUST STORM BY WAVING HIS CAPE



THE SHACK IS LIFTED INTO THE AIR BY THE CYCLONE.....



BOB PHANTOM APPEARS INSIDE THE SHACK.



WHAT THE!

JUST TAKING YOU OUT FOR A RIDE, BOYS!

THE FREAKISH STORM SETS THE SHACK DOWN ON THE BARNES' ESTATE.



BILLIE DASHES OUT OF THE HUT INTO THE ARMS OF HIS MOTHER WHO WAS ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE BY THE AMAZING SPECTACLE.



MY DARLING BOY!

MOTHER!

WITH THE KIDNAPPERS SAFELY IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW, BOB PHANTOM VANISHES IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE.



IT'S THE PENITENTIARY FOR YOU BIRDS!



WELL CHIEF, WE CAUGHT THE KIDNAPPERS

NICE WORK! I'LL PHONE THE NEWSPAPERS AND...

GOOD EVENING. THIS IS WALT WHITNEY AGAIN BRINGING YOU THE NEWS, BEFORE IT'S NEWS.

IN THE BROADCASTING ROOM OF STATION W566, WALT WHITNEY REPORTS THE NEWS

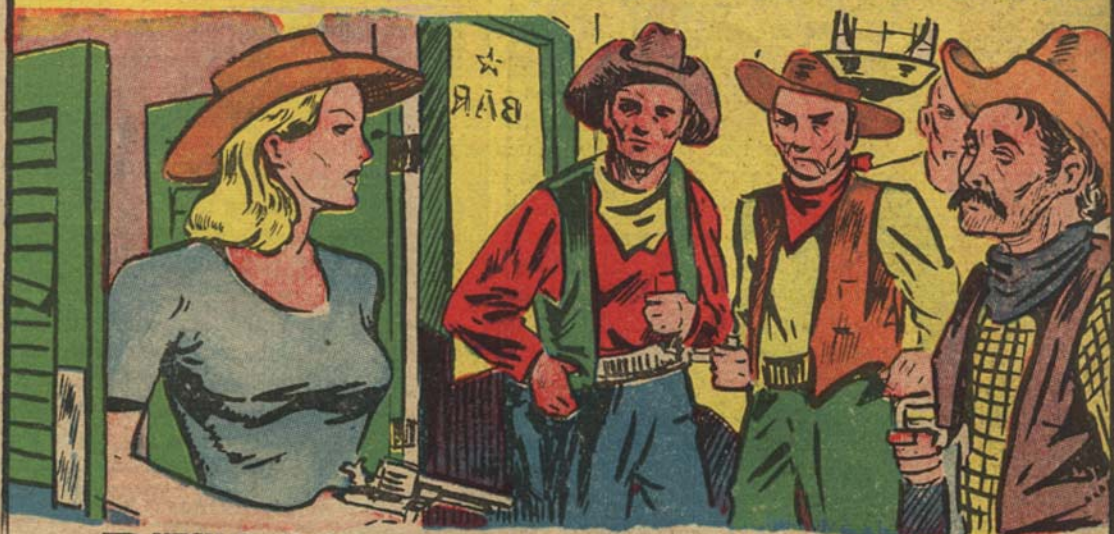


Flash! THIS AFTERNOON A CYCLONE BLEW A HOLE THROUGH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT AND THE D.A.'S OFFICE, BY CAPTURING THE KIDNAPPERS AND RETURNING BILLIE BARNES TO THE HOME OF HIS PARENTS.

ADVENTURES OF BOB PHANTOM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF — TOP-NOTCH COMICS

BEFORE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY CAN TELEPHONE THE NEWSPAPERS, HE HEARS SOMETHING ON THE RADIO.

BISCUITS AND SIX-GUNS



BUTCH Cassidy had just beat a man to death with his bare fists. The booming gold camp at Trinidad, Colorado, was toasting the hero with Forty Rod. Sucking his bruised knuckles, Butch's eyes bugged when they fell on the slip of a girl standing, timid, half-afraid, in the batwings of the saloon, slanting sun filtering through her yellow hair, carpet-bag heavy in her left hand. Her right hung close to the butt of a .38 at her shapely hip.

The first woman in camp. Half pint in size, pretty and sound as a new Winchester And perfectly capable of whittling a man down to her stature with that .38 cutter.

A hush fell over the saloon. Woman-starved men gulped. Stared at the apparition in the batwings. Nobody had seen her come. Nobody knew why she was there until with a gallant sweep of his JB hat, Butch, who soon afterward was to become known as the King of Western Outlaws, hackled up to quiz her.

And then it was learned that Pearl Hart had come to Trinidad to sling biscuits—if Trinidad would have her—for fifty a month and chuck. Biscuits for hungry bellies, hot lead for empty heads with a hankering to be fresh. The camp boss was in the crowd. He put thumbs down


on Pearl's application for the job for the reason that he did not want his men killing each other off over her. A spark of romance flaming in his wild young soul, Butch speedily changed his mind for him with battering fists. And so Pearl Hart, whom devotion was to drive on the owl hoot, became head cook and innocent storm center of the Trinidad gold camp.

Butch hung around like a faithful dog. But he couldn't get to first base with the devastating little hashier. Then she told him why. She was still legally married to a deserting husband, John Hart, and the mother of a baby girl with her parents back east, all of whom she was supporting out of her meager wages.

Some stories say that this was why Butch Cassidy went on the prod. His love spurned, Butch stuck up a train near Trinidad and left one jump ahead of a posse. Scarcely was he out of camp before Joe Hazlett, mucker boss, tried his luck with Pearl.

Biscuits for empty bellies, bullets for empty heads. Pearl fought like a caged bobcat for her honor against Joe. And when the smoke cleared, the mucker boss had his empty head filled with lead so effectively that he lost all further interest in women.

Pearl Hart was an expert at gunswift.



Her husband had driven her to it for her own protection. Fearful that someday she might be compelled to defend the lives of herself and her baby from his brutality, she had learned much gun-wisdom which stood her in good stead in Hazlett's case.

His shooting ended her employment in Trinidad. She went to Phoenix in search of another job. There she received word that her mother had died and her baby was destitute. Frantic and without funds she oiled up her .38 and was starting on her career of banditry when she banged into John Hart, as worthless a cuss, they say, as ever broke a girl's heart.



And John Hart, like Joe Hazlett, learned about honor from her.

DRIVEN to sheer desperation by her child's predicament—and they didn't have foundling homes as they have today—she headed for Globe. Fired by her great love for the helpless waif, she was determined to get money at any cost. But not John Hart's way.

Enroute to Globe she met an old friend from Trinidad. Now Joe Boot was a member of Butch Cassidy's famous Hole-In-The-Wall Gang. There was no love between them. Just solid friendship. She unburdened her heart to him. And like the honest outlaw he was, he offered to help her stick up a stage and give her all of the loot. Owl Hoot charity, that.

They halted, midway between Phoenix and Globe. A bend in the highway where they knew the Butterfield would slow down to make the hairpin turn. There they staked out in the mesquite. Waited. Then came wheel-thunder. Creaking harness leather in the twilight. Boot and

Pearl unlimbered, gripping their gun-butts tensely. The crack of her commanding voice, the menace of a .38 and a .45 halted the Butterfield. It contributed a mere \$390 to Pearl's cause.

Maternal love rode the owl hoot with Pearl Hart. From the town of Mammoth she sent the money to her destitute offspring. Sent it just as the Globe sheriff and a posse racked into sight. Joe and Pearl hit saddle-leather on the fly with the posse fanning death down their necks.

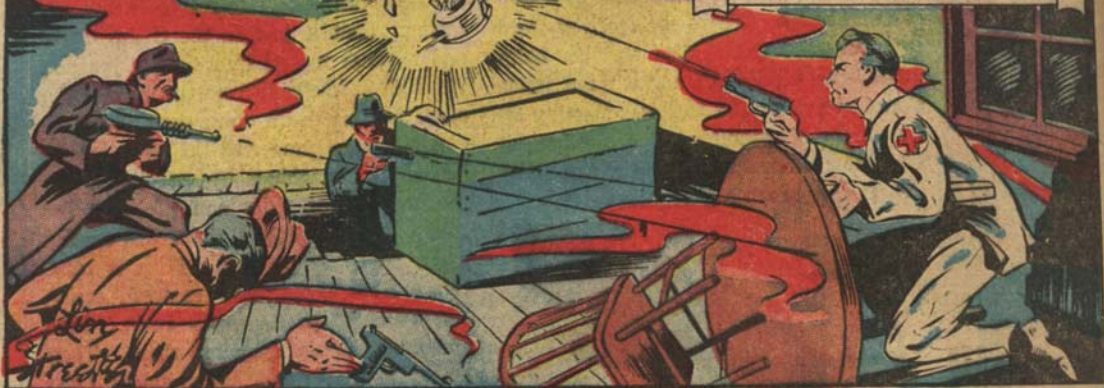
A running fight. And the posse proved lead-shy. Laughing hysterically, Pearl rode on. Boot, grim and silent, at her side. The posse dogged them, just beyond pistol shot. Night fell. With it came rain. Boot could have escaped, easily. But he chose to stay with Pearl. Rain and mud combined against them. Their horses bogged down about thirty miles from Benson. Pearl begged Joe to escape. He refused and fought by her side as the posse closed in. They were taken. But Pearl didn't care now. She had sent the money to her baby, would be out of jail in time to send more as needed.

But Pearl suffered a surprise. They handed her a five-year jolt in the Pinal County calaboose at Tucson. Boot took twenty-five. Pearl was frantic. In five years . . .

She hid out a knife and with it dug her way to freedom through the 'dobe walls of her cell. Again love rode the owl hoot with her. Three years later she was arrested at Deming, N. M. by Sheriff George Scarborough, charged with aiding Butch Cassidy in holding up a train near there. But there being insufficient proof, she was released. She finally dropped from sight and her trail became lost until some twenty-five years later she appeared in Tucson, a little, motherly old lady, and asked the jailor for permission to once more see her old cell. The request was granted, after which she thanked the jailor and disappeared, nobody seems to know where.

STACEY KNIGHT, M.D.

THANKS TO THE INGENUITY OF STACEY KNIGHT, M.D. A BAND OF NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBERS ARE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!





PUT THAT WINDOW UP, LET SOME AIR IN HERE, AND LEAVE THE ROOM!

LISTEN YOU!

DO AS HE SAYS BOYS...



... STATION WXY - THIS MAN IS IN THE NOTORIOUS GANG HEADED BY BO DRISCOLL, WHO ROBBED THE NATIONAL BANK YESTERDAY ARE STILL AT LARGE - THE LEADER OF THE MOB IS REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN SHOT BEFORE HE MADE HIS GET AWAY!

CAN YOU HELP ME DOC?....

DOCTOR KNIGHT REALIZES HIS PATIENT IS THE NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER SOUGHT BY THE POLICE!



BE QUIET, AND I'LL SEE....

SPARRING FOR TIME, STACEY KNIGHT RENDERS THE BANDIT UNCONSCIOUS!



OKAY, DOC!

HEY! ONE OF YOU COME OVER HERE QUICKLY!

THE DOCTOR LURES THE GUARDS CLOSER WITH A FAKE PRESCRIPTION!



WITH ONE OF THE THUGS GONE TO GET THE PRESCRIPTION FILLED, THE DOCTOR PUTS HIS RUSE INTO EFFECT

YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET HURT PLAYING WITH GUNS!

WITH ONE GANGSTER DISPOSED OF, HE SWINGS UP ON THE OTHER!

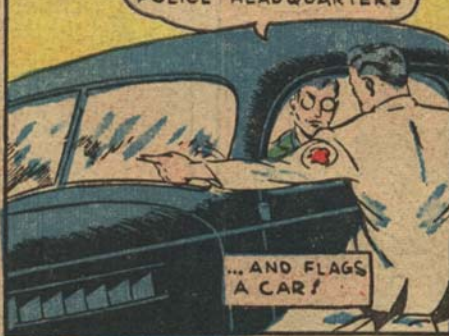


YOU CAN USE A DOSE OF SLEEPING MEDICINE!

STACEY KNIGHT RUSHES TO THE STATE HIGHWAY!



LUCKY YOU CAME ALONG— QUICK, DRIVE ME TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS



... AND FLAGS A CAR!

... AND HE'S LYING THERE CHIEF, IN A COMA— LET'S HURRY!



AT HEADQUARTERS THE DOCTOR TELLS HIS STORY!

THEY ARRIVE AT THE HIDEOUT AND PREPARE TO RUSH IT!



TAKE THIS TOMMY GUN, DOC, AND WE'LL RUSH 'EM!

LOOKS LIKE THEY RAN OUT ON US!

TOUGH LUCK, BUT WE'LL GET 'EM!



NEXT DAY DOCTOR KNIGHT RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM THE DRUGGIST WHO WAS TO FILL THE PRESCRIPTION!



I WANTED TO CHECK UP ON THAT PRESCRIPTION DOCTOR!



GOOD, LISTEN CAREFULLY TO MY INSTRUCTIONS— HOLD THE GANGSTERS UNTIL YOU SEE MY CAR ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE STREET.

IF THINGS GO RIGHT, I'LL FIND OUT WHERE THEY ARE!

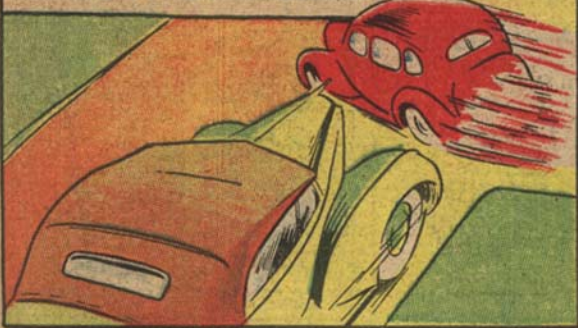


THAT'S THEM ALL RIGHT. NOW TO FOLLOW!



THE GANGSTER RECEIVES THE MEDICINE FOR THE BANDIT CHIEF!

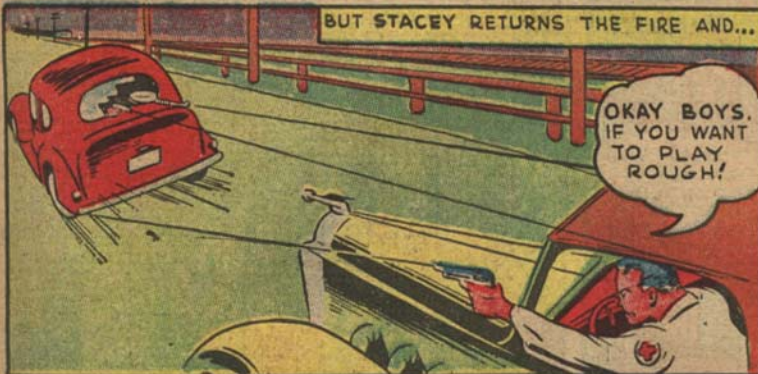
AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE GANGSTERS HEAD FOR THE HIDEOUT WITH THE DOCTOR FOLLOWING!



THAT GUY'S FOLLOWING US! TAKE A SHOT AT HIM!



BUT STACEY RETURNS THE FIRE AND...

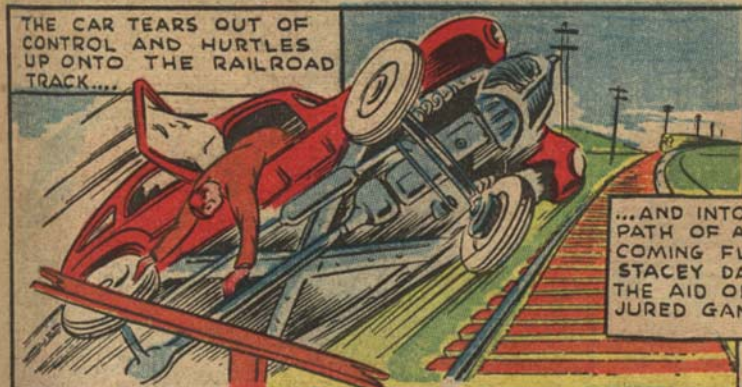


OKAY BOYS, IF YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH!

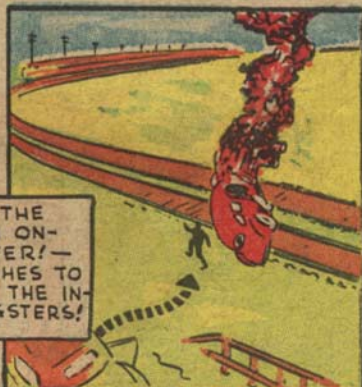
HIS BULLETS BLOW OUT A TIRE!



THE CAR TEARS OUT OF CONTROL AND HURTLER UP ONTO THE RAILROAD TRACK....



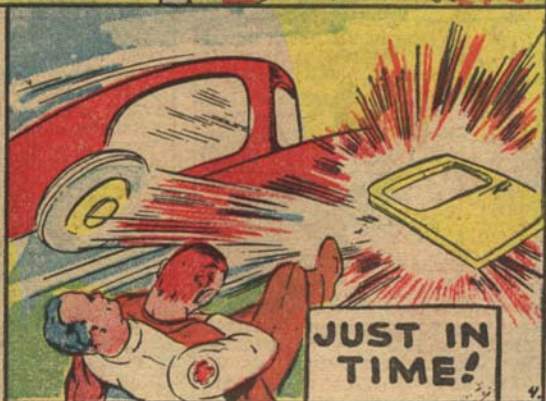
...AND INTO THE PATH OF AN ON-COMING FLYER! — STACEY DASHES TO THE AID OF THE INJURED GANGSTERS!



IF WE GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE, WE'LL BE LUCKY!



THE DOCTOR DRAGS A THUG FROM THE BLAZING WRECK....



JUST IN TIME!



HURRY UP WHERE'S THE HANG-OUT OF YOUR GANG—WHERE'S DRISCOLL?

I'M DYING DOC... I... I...



I... I'M... JOE... YOU SAVED MY LIFE, DOC... THE GANG'S HIDING OUT AT WHITEY'S PLACE!



THANK HEAVEN, I KNOW WHERE WHITEY'S JOINT IS. A LITTLE DISGUISE FROM MY BAG WILL DO THE TRICK!

DOCTOR KNIGHT MAKES A DARING DECISION— HE WILL GO TO WHITEY'S ALONE...



WELL, HERE'S HOPING I'LL BE A BIG SUCCESS....

WONDER WHO THAT GUY IS? LOOKS LIKE A DOCTOR!

IN A DISGUISE, STACEY KNIGHT ARRIVES AT WHITEY'S



JOE SENT ME. I'M DOC HOLMES FROM CHICAGO. WHERE'S DRISCOLL?

HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL?



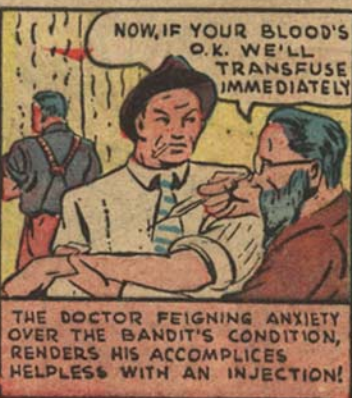
LISTEN DOC, IF YOU ARE A PHONY YOUR LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A DIME.... SO GET UPSTAIRS!



HE'S IN BAD SHAPE. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU TWO A BLOOD TEST FOR A TRANSFUSION!

O.K. DOC. WE'RE READY. MAKE IT SNAPPY. WE WANTA GET GOIN'!

AGAIN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE BANDIT CHIEF, THE DOCTOR HITS UPON A PLAN



NOW, IF YOUR BLOOD'S O.K. WE'LL TRANSFUSE IMMEDIATELY

THE DOCTOR FEIGNING ANXIETY OVER THE BANDIT'S CONDITION, RENDERS HIS ACCOMPLICES HELPLESS WITH AN INJECTION!



...LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO TWO BANDITS WERE FOUND DEAD FROM INJURIES RECEIVED WHEN THEIR CAR WAS WRECKED BY THE BROWN VALLEY FLYER— THEY HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS BUCK AND JOE, OF THE DRISCOLL GANG.

JOE SENT HIM, EH? I KNEW HE WAS A PHONY.



WHITEY SNEAKS UP BEHIND STACEY AND...

A DOCTOR, EH, WELL I'LL FIX YOU!

DUMP THIS GUY ON THE ROAD AND HURRY BACK. WE GOTTA GET AWAY!

O.K. SPIKE!

THE DOCTOR, THOUGH PAINFULLY HURT, PRETENDS TO BE UNCONCIOUS. — BUT OVERHEARS OF THE PLAN TO KILL HIM

HONK YOUR HORN, TO DROWN OUT ANY NOISE!

RIGHT!

SOUNDED OKAY, BO!

WITH A QUICK TURN, THE DOCTOR CHANGES THE COURSE OF THE GUN, AND THE GANGSTER MEETS INSTANT DEATH!

— AND DON'T YOU STOP TILL YOU GET TO HEADQUARTERS!

— COME ON CHIEF. YOURSELF AND TWO MEN IS ALL WE NEED!

COMING DOCTOR!

YES SIR! HEY!! WHITEY, COME ON. WE'RE READY.

O.K. SPIKE

CALL THE BOSS AND TELL HIM TO COME OUT

THE POLICE FORCE THE DRIVER TO LURE WHITEY INTO A TRAP!

WELL, OUR OLD PAL WHITEY— WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU!

THE PLAN WORKS AND WHITEY AND THE MOB ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY!

A FINE JOB DOCTOR KNIGHT!

NO TROUBLE AT ALL. I GAVE THEM A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE!

FOR MORE ADVENTURES — OF — STACEY KNIGHT SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF — TOP-NOTCH COMICS

WINGS JOHNSON OF THE AIR PATROL

"SKY RAIDERS OF THE WESTERN FRONT"

WINGS JOHNSON, YANKEE PICOT, WHO JOINED THE R. A. F. TO AVENGE THE DEATH OF HIS BOYHOOD CHUM, JIMMY STEPHENS, CRACKED UP AFTER SINKING THE U. BOAT COMMANDED BY HIS NAZI ENEMY, VON SCHILLER.

ALTHOUGH NOT SERIOUSLY INJURED, WINGS IS IN A BRITISH NAVAL HOSPITAL.



HIS MIND STILL FILLED WITH THOUGHTS OF VON SCHILLER, WINGS DREAMS

ONLY ONE OF US CAN ESCAPE IN THE RESCUE CHAMBER. I MUST BE THAT ONE!

VON SCHILLER RISES TO THE SURFACE!

WINGS AWAKENS, HYSTERICAL AT THE THOUGHT THAT VON SCHILLER HAS ESCAPED!



NEEBS' ESCAPE! I WON'T LET HIM!

ILL THOUGH HE IS, WINGS IS DETERMINED TO ESCAPE FROM THE HOSPITAL IN THE BELIEF THAT HIS ENEMY IS STILL ALIVE! HE RUNS INTO THE HALL-



NOT TO-DAY, LADY-

WHERE ARE YOU GOING? GET BACK INTO BED AT ONCE!

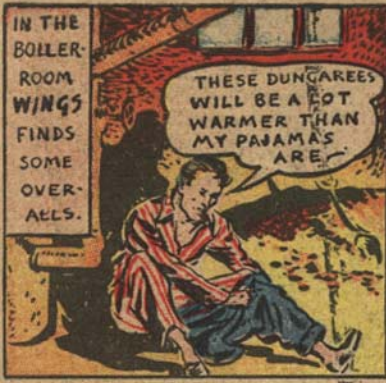


WINGS SPOTS A LAUNDRY CHUTE AND DIVES INTO IT!

THIS LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY OUT-



HAPPY LANDING- HOPE MY LUCK HOLDS OUT...

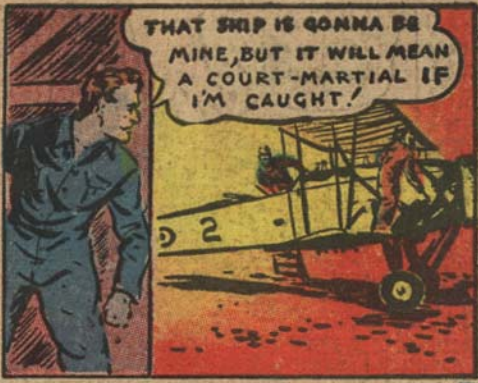


IN THE
BOILER-
ROOM
WINGS
FINDS
SOME
OVER-
ALLS.

THESE DUNGAREES
WILL BE A LOT
WARMER THAN
MY PAJAMAS
ARE.



I'VE GOT TO GET
TO A PLANE!

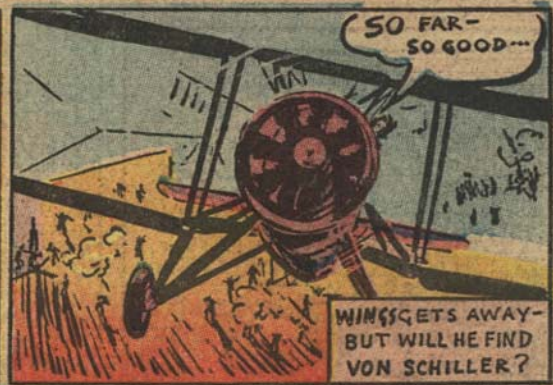


THAT SHIP IS GONNA BE
MINE, BUT IT WILL MEAN
A COURT-MARTIAL IF
I'M CAUGHT!



I'LL GET VON
SCHILLER YET!
-OR DIE IN THE
ATTEMPT

NOT REAL-
IZING, ONE
OF THEIR
OWN MEN
IS STEAL-
ING THE
SHIP, THE
BRITISH
TURN
THEIR
ANTI-AIR-
CRAFT-GUNS
ON HIM!

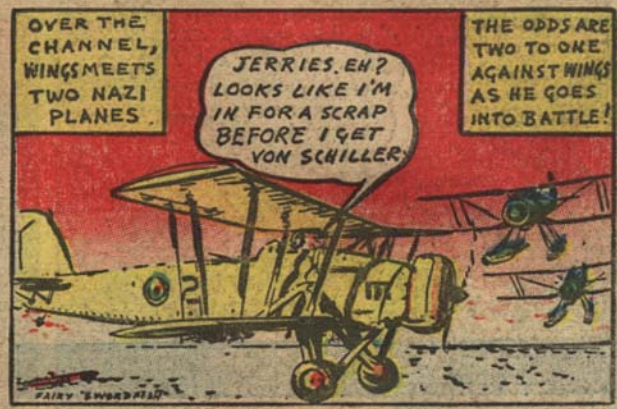


(SO FAR-
SO GOOD...)

WINGS GETS AWAY-
BUT WILL HE FIND
VON SCHILLER?



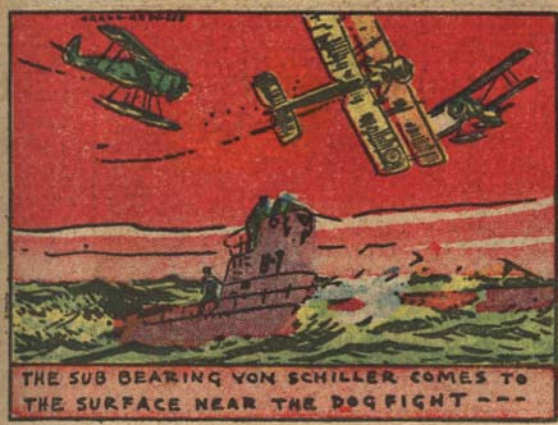
MEANWHILE
VON SCHILLER
REALLY
HAS ESCAPED
FROM THE
SUNKEN SUB,
AND
AFTER HOURS
OF DRIFTING,
HE IS RES-
CUED BY
ANOTHER
U-BOAT.



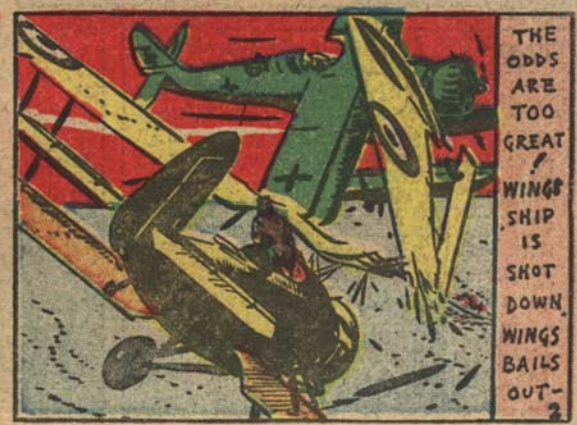
OVER THE
CHANNEL,
WINGS MEETS
TWO NAZI
PLANES.

JERRIES, EH?
LOOKS LIKE I'M
IN FOR A SCRAP
BEFORE I GET
VON SCHILLER.

THE ODDS ARE
TWO TO ONE
AGAINST WINGS
AS HE GOES
INTO BATTLE!



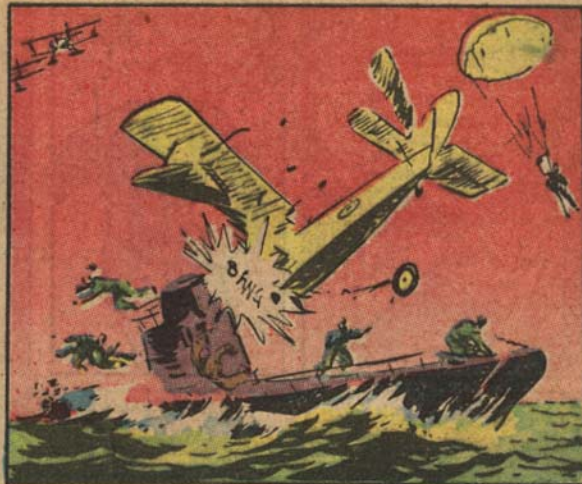
THE SUB BEARING VON SCHILLER COMES TO
THE SURFACE NEAR THE DOG FIGHT ---



THE
ODDS
ARE
TOO
GREAT!
WINGS
SHIP
IS
SHOT
DOWN.
WINGS
BAILS
OUT-

WINGS GETS OUT ALIVE TO MEET WHAT FATE?

IF LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK HAS GONE BAD!



WINGS PLANE CRASHES INTO THE U-BOAT'S CONNING TOWER, AND DAMAGES THE SUB SO IT CAN NOT SUBMERGE.



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE! WINGS HAS FALLEN INTO THE HANDS OF THE MAN HE HATES!

GOSH! IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE MET VON SCHILLER AT LAST!



SO YOU DID ESCAPE, VON SCHILLER! I'LL KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!



YOU TALK TOO MUCH! A CELL IN WILHELM-SHAVEN WILL COOL YOU OFF —



WILHELM-SHAVEN! IS WINGS DESTINED TO SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR AS A PRISONER AT A GERMAN NAVAL BASE?

YOUR PLANE DAMAGED OUR CONNING TOWER SO WE CANNOT SUBMERGE. IF WE ARE ATTACKED BY THE BRITISH, YOU WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE!



ENEMY PLANE!

UNLESS OUR OWN PLANES RETURN, WE ARE LOST!

LOOKS LIKE I'M GETTING YOU AFTER ALL, VON SCHILLER!



THE DAMAGED SUB IS A WIDE-OPEN TARGET FOR THE BRITISH PLANE.



THE FIRST BRITISH BOMB JUST MISSES THE SUB!

HERE COME, SOME OF OUR SHIPS. THEY'LL DRIVE HIM OFF--

THE BRITON GETS ONE NAZI SHIP, BUT IS FORCED TO RETREAT--



GOOD BOY! HE GOT ONE OF THEM.



AT WILHELMSHAVEN, WINGS IS IMPRISONED

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW I'M ABOUT TO START AFTER AN AMERICAN BOAT IN MY NEW SUB, THE U-51!



WINGS PLANS AN ESCAPE--

GUARD! OH GUARD, TAKE ME TO YOUR OFFICERS, I'LL GIVE THEM SOME INFORMATION THEY WANT ABOUT THE BRITISH AIR FORCE!

WILL WINGS BE-- TRAY ENGLAND



SO LONG, BOYS, HERE'S WHERE I LEAVE YOU!

WINGS' DESPERATION LEADS HIM TO A MOST POOL HARDY STUNT!

THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE AS WINGS PLUNGES TOWARDS THE WATER.



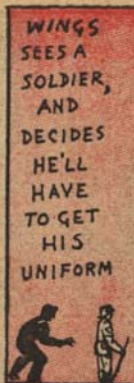
IT'S LUCKY FOR ME THAT THOSE GUARDS ARE BUN SHOTS!



WITH SEARCH-LIGHTS PLAYING ON WATER AND THE FORTRESS IN AN UPROAR, WINGS TAKES A LONG CHANCE!



THEY'LL NEVER THINK TO LOOK FOR ME IN THE SAME BUILDING I JUST ESCAPED FROM-



WINGS SEES A SOLDIER, AND DECIDES HE'LL HAVE TO GET HIS UNIFORM



IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

WINGS' GOOSE IS COOKED IF HE PERMITS THE TROOPER TO CRY FOR HELP!



I DON'T KNOW HOW FAR I'LL GET, BUT I'M ON MY WAY.

HE DONS THE NAZI'S UNIFORM-



CREEPING THROUGH THE BUILDING, WINGS SPIES A LABOR BATTALION

THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE SEAPLANE BASE. I'LL JOIN THEM!



IF ANYONE SPEAKS TO ME I'LL HAVE TO BOP HIM, MY GERMAN BEING WHAT IT IS-



BOY! IF ONLY I CAN GET INTO THAT PILOT'S SEAT!

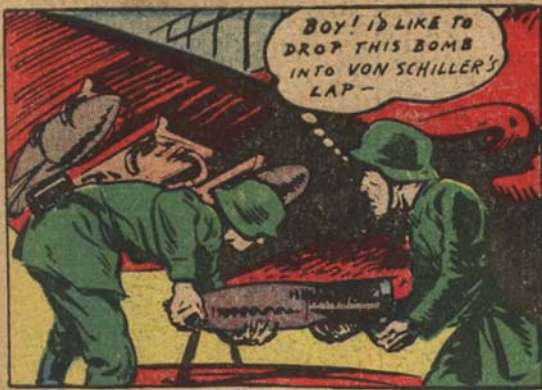
WINGS PLANS HIS METHOD OF ESCAPE.



YOU! HELP LOAD THOSE BOMBS IN THE RACKS. GET MOVING!

FORTUNATELY WINGS KNOWS ENOUGH GERMAN TO UNDERSTAND A FEW SIMPLE COMMANDS.





BOY! I'D LIKE TO DROP THIS BOMB INTO VON SCHILLER'S LAP -



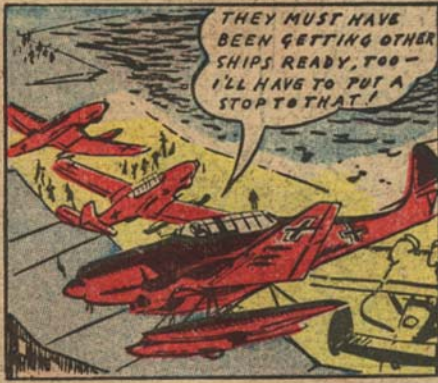
OUT OF MY WAY, FRITZIE, I'M OFF TO THE WARS!

WINGS SEES A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK, AND GRABS IT!



I HOPE I CAN GET AWAY BEFORE THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES OPEN UP!

JUNE 28 1941



THEY MUST HAVE BEEN GETTING OTHER SHIPS READY, TOO - I'LL HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT!

WINGS THANKS HIS HOSTS FOR THEIR HOSPITALITY - WITH THEIR OWN MUNITIONS!



I GUESS I CAN SPARE ONE OR TWO OF YOUR OWN BOMBS!



WINGS DIVES AGAIN !!



GOT THEM!
NOW TO FIND
VON SCHILLER-

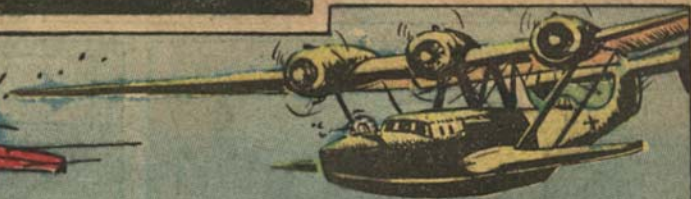


IF YOU CAN CATCH ME,
MISTER, O.K. BUT RIGHT
NOW I HAVE OTHER
THINGS TO DO --

WINGS BEATS HIS FOE FROM
THE NORTH SEA TO THE
ENGLISH CHANNEL. BUT
NOW THE LARGE NAZI SHIP
IS CLOSING UP THE DIS-
TANCE BETWEEN THEM!
THE TRAILING SHIP IS THE
ONLY ONE THAT WAS NOT
DAMAGED BY THE BOMBS
WINGS DROPPED BACK AT
WILHELMSHAVEN --

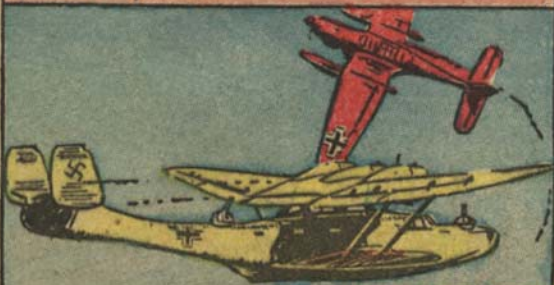


ONLY HALF A DRUM
OF AMMUNITION! WISH
I'D WAITED UNTIL
THEY HAD PUT IN NEW
DRUMS. I'M IN A
JAM AGAIN!

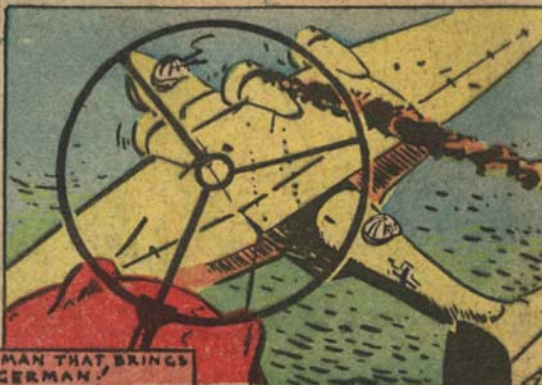


THE BIG NAZI SHIP
GETS WITHIN RANGE.
AND OPENS FIRE!

WITH ONLY ENOUGH AMMUNITION FOR A FEW
MINUTES, WINGSTRIES A SURPRISE MOVE.



HE GOES INTO A TIGHT IMMELMAN THAT BRINGS
HIM ABOVE AND BEHIND THE GERMAN!

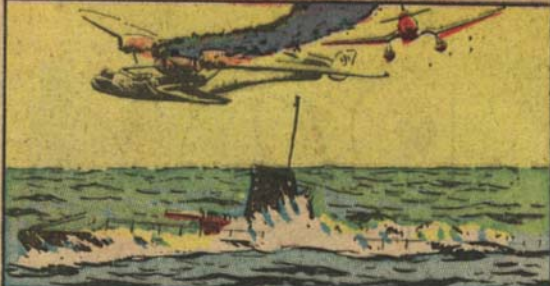


WINGS GETS THE NAZI COLD!

SORRY, PAL, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO ON TO FIND VON SCHILLER -



MEANWHILE VON SCHILLER'S U-BOAT COMES TO THE SURFACE JUST BELOW THE AIR DUEL -



THAT'S VON SCHILLER'S SUB! WELL BABY, IT'S EITHER YOUR LIFE OR MINE THIS TIME. HERE GOES!

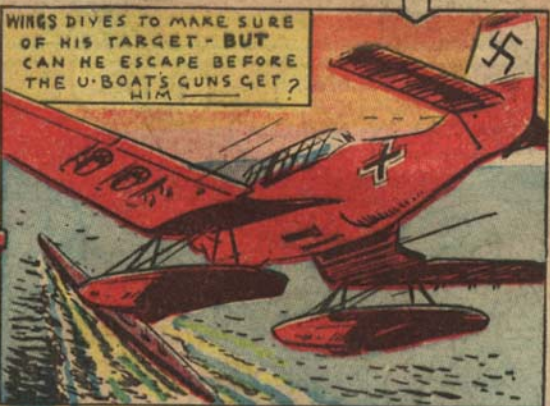


WINGS HAS ONLY TWO BOMBS LEFT. HE MUST FLY INTO THE TEETH OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE.

THAT ACCURSED YANK HAS ESCAPED - SHOOT HIM DOWN!



WINGS DIVES TO MAKE SURE OF HIS TARGET - BUT CAN HE ESCAPE BEFORE THE U-BOAT'S GUNS GET HIM?



SUCCESS! ONCE MORE WINGS HAS SENT VON SCHILLER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CHANNEL!

OKAY, JIMMY STEPHENS, I THINK WE'VE EVENED OUR SCORE WITH VON SCHILLER. NOW ALL I FACE IS A COURT-MARTIAL WHEN I GET BACK!



WILL WINGS BE COURT-MARTIALED? FOR MORE OF THIS YANKEE FLIER'S ADVENTURES, SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF

TOP-NOTCH COMICS

NOODLE



by
Kim PLATT

HELLO, DOROTHY -
WOT'CHA THINKIN'
ABOUT?

I'M THINKIN' ABOUT
HOW NICE A ICE-
CREAM SODA WOULD
BE - IF YA KNOW
WOT I MEAN...

ICE
CREAM



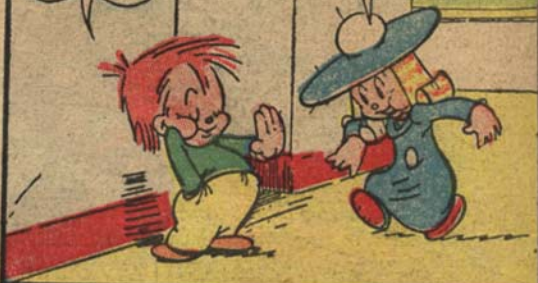
IN THAT CASE,
LET'S GO IN -
THIS IS ON ME

YA MEAN YA REALLY
GOT MONEY? WHY
NOODLE - THEY'RE TEN
CENTS APIECE



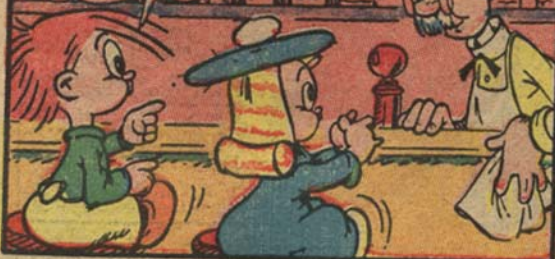
TUSH - TEN
CENTS IS ONLY
A DIME

WELL
ALL RIGHT -



TWO ICE CREAM
SODAS - MOSTLY
STRAWBERRY, VANILLA,
AN' CHOCLIT

YESSIR



EVERYTHING
ALL RIGHT? THAT'LL
BE TWENTY CENTS

SORRY - I HAVEN'T
GOT IT - YOU'LL
HAVE TO CALL YER
BOUNCER

WOT!



OF ALL TH
HOOMILIATION

YOUNG MAN - YOU'LL
HAVE TO PAY FOR THAT -
IF ONLY IN A PRIMITIVE
WAY...



HOW D'YA
FEEL NOW,
WISE GUY?

WELL - INSIDE I STILL
FEEL FINE - IT'S JUST
THE OUTSIDE THAT
BOTHERS ME!



SWIFT OF THE SECRET SERVICE



REX SWIFT, OF THE SECRET SERVICE, THWARTS THE PLANS OF SMUGGLERS WHO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR UNLAWFUL ACTIVITY!

COUNT SARLO IS ABOARD THE CITY OF BOSTON WITH A MILLION DOLLARS IN GEMS—AND WHEN HE ARRIVES—

I SEE, THEY'LL JUST EVAPORATE OR SOMETHING, EH?



INSPECTOR WILLIAMS CONFESSES HIS INABILITY TO COPE WITH THE SMUGGLING RING!

THAT'S IT EXACTLY, THERE'LL BE NO TRACE OF THEM!



HE MUST MAKE A CONTACT AT SEA—I HAVE A PLAN!

BUT HOW?

I'LL BOARD THE CITY OF BOSTON AT SEA.

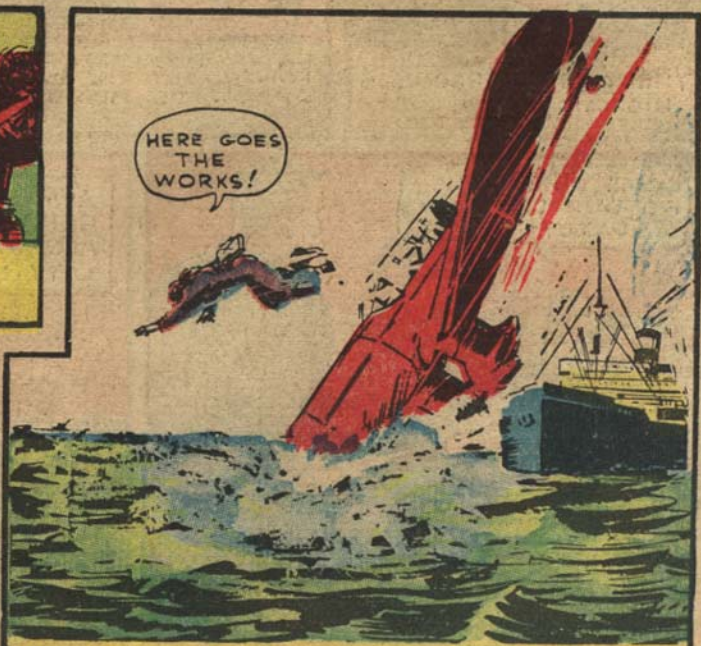


SWIFT UNFOLDS A PLAN TO THE INSPECTOR!



A PLANE WILL CARRY HIM OUT TO SEA AND MEET THE BOAT BEARING COUNT SARLO!

HERE GOES THE WORKS!



DELIBERATELY, SWIFT DIVES HIS PLANE INTO THE WATER!

THERE'S THE CITY OF BOSTON—NOW TO BOARD HER!





SWIFT KNEW HIS ACT WOULD CATCH THE ATTENTION OF THE LINER!



THE SMALL BOAT PULLS ALONGSIDE!



HIS PLAN SUCCESSFUL SO FAR, SWIFT IS HAULED TO SAFETY!



THE CAPTAIN PROMISES HIS AID!



LATER, THE CAPTAIN POINTS OUT THE OBJECT OF SWIFT'S MISSION



AFFABLE AND FRIENDLY, SARLO GOES OUT OF HIS WAY TO MEET SWIFT



NEXT DAY AND BUT FIVE HOURS FROM LANDING!



LOOK-A FISHING BOAT—
A TOAST TO YOU GENTLEMEN!



STINGY—
HOW ABOUT A DRINK!



WHY NOT— HAVE
A DRINK ON ME!



...AND NOW CAPTAIN
I HAVE TO BEAT
THAT SMACK TO
SHORE!

HOW!



EXCUSING HIMSELF,
SWIFT DISCUSSES THE
EPISODE WITH THE CAPT.

THIS MESSAGE WILL BRING A
COAST GUARD PLANE TO
TAKE ME OFF— YOU MAKE
SARLO A PRISONER!



XWYK- LYPD.
END- BXL-
QXR-

SWIFT QUICKLY REALIZES THE
BOTTLE CONTAINS THE GEMS—
THIS IS THE CONTACT!



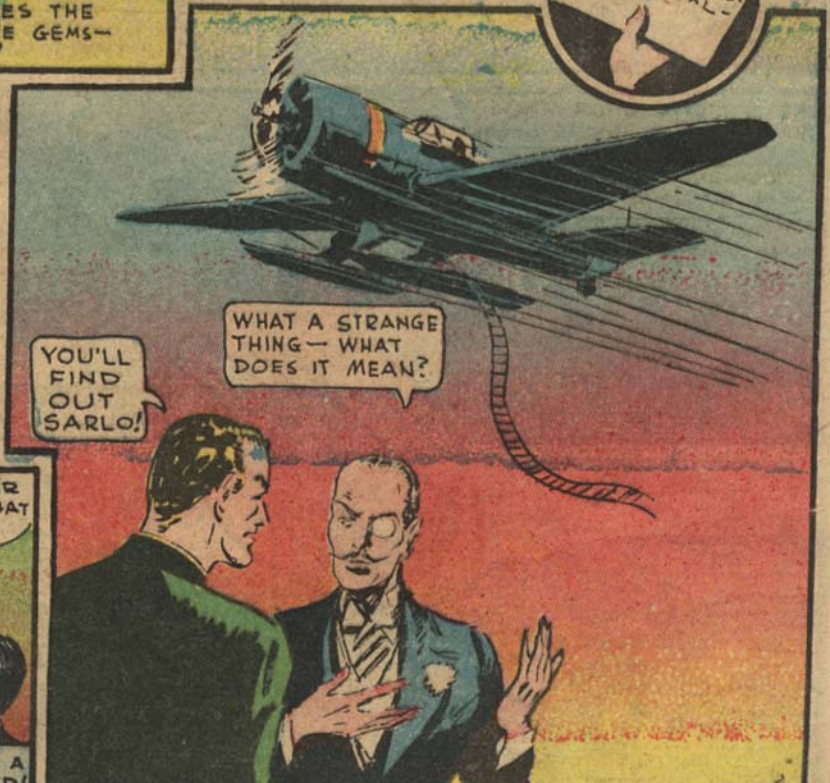
AT COAST GUARD
HEADQUARTERS---

IT'S SWIFT, OF THE SE-
CRET SERVICE. HE WANTS
A PLANE TO TAKE HIM
OFF THE CITY OF
BOSTON!



YOU'LL
FIND
OUT
SARLO!

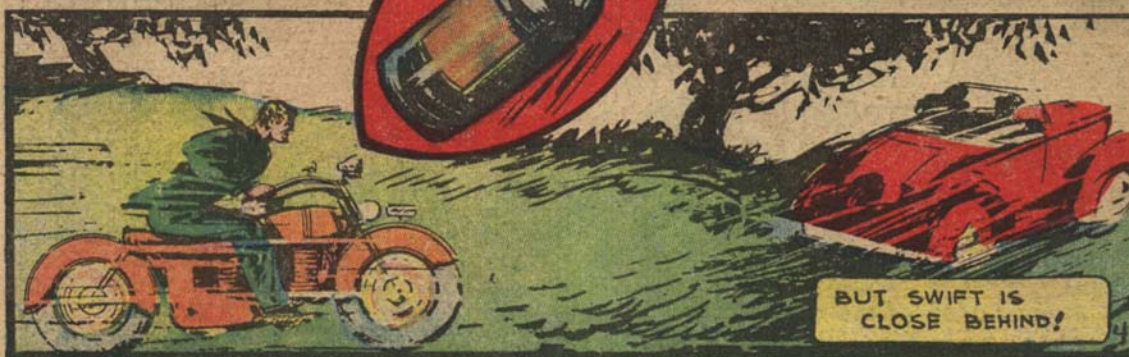
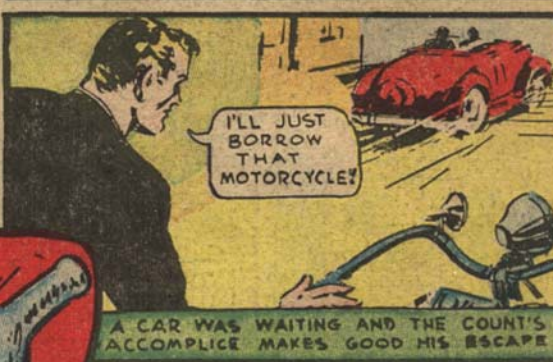
WHAT A STRANGE
THING— WHAT
DOES IT MEAN?



I WONDER
WHO THAT
IS?

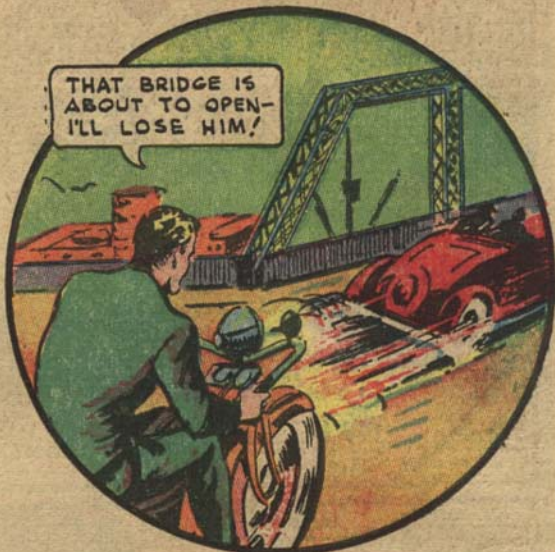
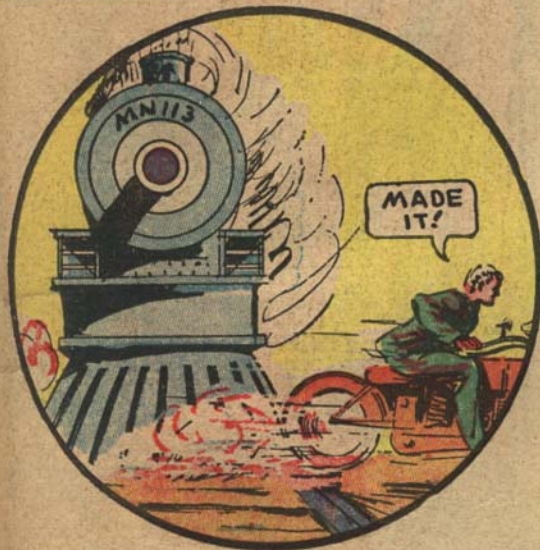


THE COAST GUARD SENDS A
SEA PLANE AS REQUESTED!



THEY'RE GOING TO BEAT THAT TRAIN TO THE CROSSING— I MUST, TOO!

WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED— I'LL GET HIM!



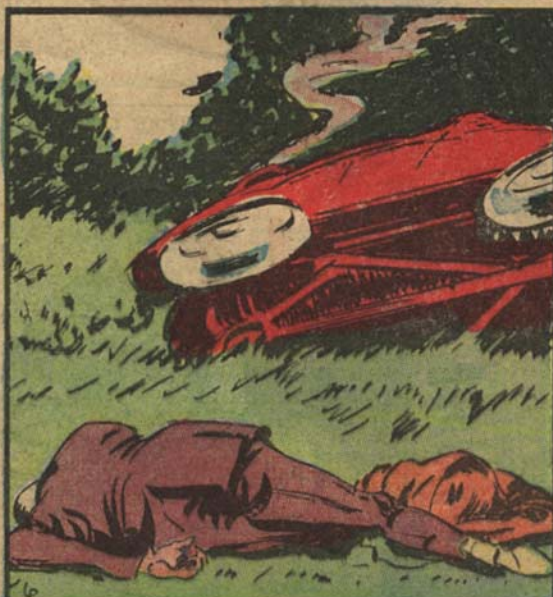
SWIFT TAKES A DESPERATE CHANCE!



HIS DARING MOVE TAKES THE SMUGGLER BY SURPRISE!



THE CAR GOES OVER AN EMBANKMENT, SENDING THE GANGSTERS TO THEIR DOOM!



SWIFT RECOVERS THE GEMS! — THE BODIES REMAIN AS MUTE EVIDENCE THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

SWIFT GRABS THE LIMB OF A TREE AND IS SAVED!



... AND THERE ARE THE GEMS, INSPECTOR— KIND OF A TOUGH TIME GETTING THEM!

SWIFT, IF THERE WAS NO EXCITEMENT IN YOUR JOB YOU WOULDN'T WANT IT, WOULD YOU?



FOLLOW THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SWIFT, OF THE SECRET SERVICE, IN— **TOP-NOTCH COMICS**

SCOTT RAND

ON MARS

BY JACK BINDER



STORY BY
FANBO
BINDER

SCOTT RAND WAS COMMISSIONED BY THE EARTH FLYING CORP TO DESIGN SOME NEW AERIAL EQUIPMENT. THOR REMAINED TO HELP HIM. BUT DR. MEADE AND PRINCESS ELDA WENT ON A SCOUTING TRIP TO SOME STRANGE ASTEROIDS. WHEN THE DOCTOR AND PRINCESS DID NOT RETURN, SCOTT TRIED VAINLY TO CONTACT THEM BY RADIO. INSTEAD OF HEARING FROM THEM, HOWEVER, HE RECEIVED A TERSE MESSAGE FROM KRUZZO, THE ICE KING OF MARS, SAYING THAT HE HOLDS DR. MEADE AND PRINCESS ELDA CAPTIVE, AND DARES SCOTT TO RESCUE THEM.

WE MUST RESCUE DR. MEADE AND PRINCESS ELDA, CAPTAIN!

I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU, SCOTT, WE'LL LEAVE WITH A SPACE FLEET AT ONCE!



LED BY SCOTT RAND AND THOR, THE EARTH FLEET TAKES OFF



BUT AS THE FLEET NEARS THE EQUATORIAL BELT OF MARS, THEY SEE A SQUADRON OF PIRATE SHIPS ATTACKING A BEAUTIFUL CITY.



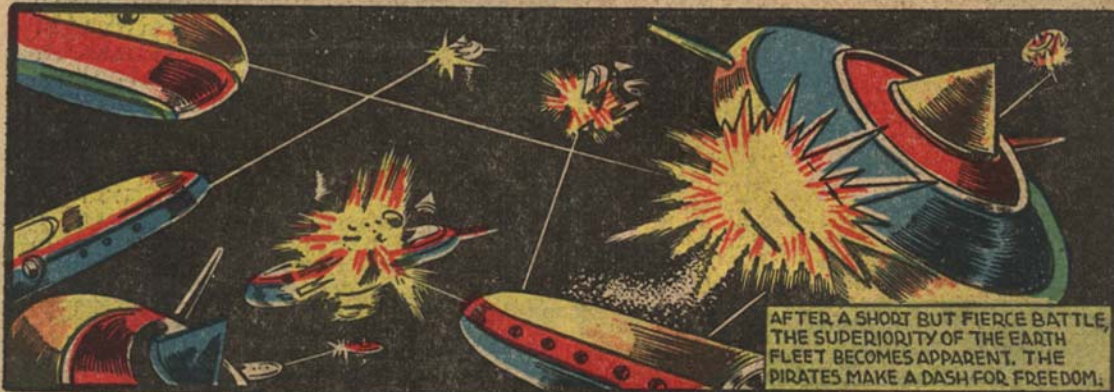
SCOTT LEARNS THE IDENTITY OF THE ATTACKING SHIPS.

HELLO! KRUIZZO'S PIRATES
ATTACKING CITY.

WE'RE ON THE
RIGHT TRAIL,
THOR!



AT SCOTT'S COMMAND, THE EARTH FLEET ATTACKS
THE PIRATES.



AFTER A SHORT BUT FIERCE BATTLE,
THE SUPERIORITY OF THE EARTH
FLEET BECOMES APPARENT. THE
PIRATES MAKE A DASH FOR FREEDOM!

WHEN THE AIR IS CLEARED OF ENEMY SHIPS, THE
EARTH FLEET LANDS.

YES, KRUIZZO WISHES TO
RULE THE WHOLE OF MARS.
HE HAS BEGUN A REIGN OF
TERROR!

IF YOU CAN TELL ME
WHERE HIS MAIN
BASE IS, WE WILL
HELP YOU.

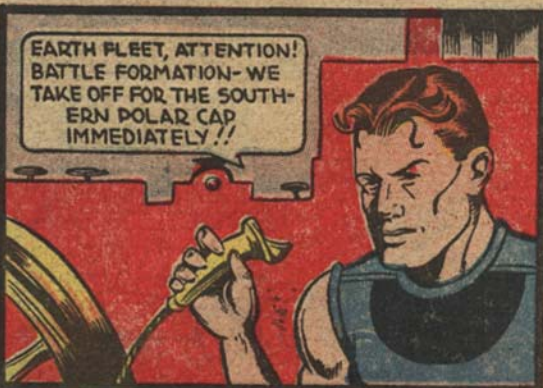


HE HAS A HEAVILY FORTIFIED
ICE FORTRESS ON THE SOUTH-
ERN POLAR CAP!

GOOD! WE SHALL
LEAVE AT ONCE!



EARTH FLEET, ATTENTION!
BATTLE FORMATION- WE
TAKE OFF FOR THE SOUTH-
ERN POLAR CAP
IMMEDIATELY !!



I'D LIKE TO GET MY
HANDS ON KRUIZZO,
BY ODIN!



AT THE SOUTH POLE OF MARS, KRUZZO'S LAIR IS FOUND.



AFTER HOURS OF VICIOUS BATTLE, SCOTT'S FORCES HAVE NOT GAINED A FOOTHOLD. SCOTT SUDDENLY ARROWS HIS SHIP DOWN—



WE MUST RESCUE DR. MEADE AND THE PRINCESS.

MY AXE YEARNS FOR PIRATE BLOOD.



SCOTT AND THOR INVADE THE ICE FORTRESS SINGLE HANDED.



SUDDENLY PIRATE GUARDS APPEAR



HO AXE!—BITE DEEP!—



WHERE ARE THE PRISON CELLS?

ANSWER DOG—OR MY AXE SPEAKS!

FOLLOW THE LEFT CORRIDOR—



THERE THEY ARE!

DR. MEADE, PRINCESS
ELDA! THANK GOD
YOU'RE SAFE-



WITH MIGHTY BLOWS, THOR SMASHES THE
LOCKS ON THE CELLS



AS THE CELL DOORS ARE OPENED, AN
ALARM IS SOUNDED...



HURRY!

THE ALARM
BELL...

... AND GUARDS SURROUND THEM.



ALTHOUGH SCOTT RAND AND THOR FIGHT
VALIANTLY, THEY ARE OVERPOWERED AND
TAKEN BEFORE KRUZZO, MASTER PIRATE OF TIME.



YOU HAVE EARNED MY WRATH.
YOU WILL BE EXECUTED WITH
THAT SAME AXE THE BIG MAN
USES. HA! THAT WILL BE GREAT
SPORT!



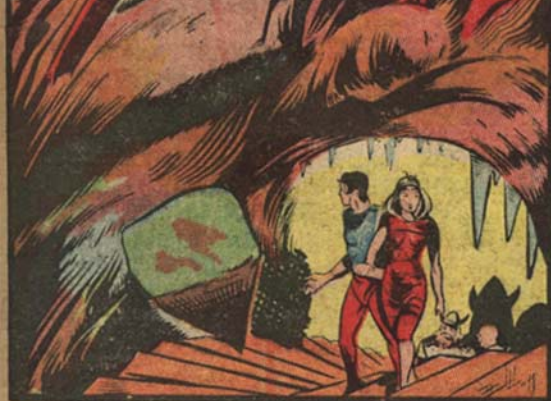
WITH A MIGHTY BURST OF STRENGTH THOR TEARS HIMSELF FREE. HIS AXE STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE GUARDS. MEANWHILE, DR. MEADE HURLS A ROCK INTO THE DELICATE AIR APPARATUS.



THE ROCK SHORT-CIRCUITS THE SENSITIVE MACHINERY, RESULTING IN A TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION WHICH SENDS GIANT BOULDERS OF ICE CRASHING DOWN UPON KRUZZO AND HIS MEN.



MAKING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE WRECKED ICE PALACE, SCOTT AND HIS FRIENDS FIND THE PATH STEEP AND TREACHEROUS. BUT THOR, USING HIS AXE AS AN ALPENSTOCK, LEADS THEM TO SAFETY.



REACHING THE OPEN, THEY SEE THE VICTORIOUS EARTH SHIPS HOVERING OVER THE ICE CAP. SCOTT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE CAPTAIN, WHO LANDS HIS SHIP AND TAKES THEM ABOARD.



BY ODIN, 'T WAS GREAT SPORT!

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW OFFERS SCOTT RAND AND THOR, ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY TO SMASH THEIR WAY THROUGH EXCITING ADVENTURES. DON'T MISS THE NEXT EPISODE OF SCOTT RAND IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS

IT'S REALLY A FACT!

"RUBBER"

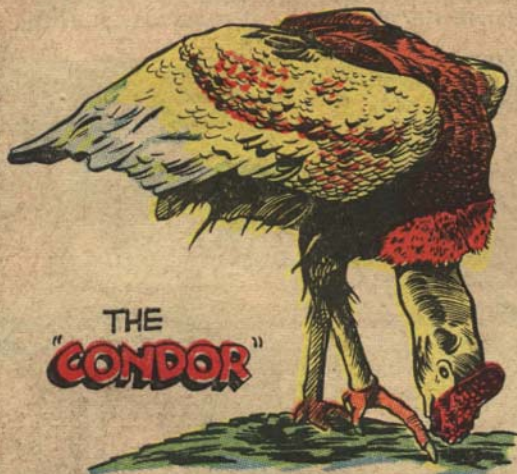
ACTUALLY GOT ITS NAME FROM THE FACT THAT IT IS USED TO ERASE OR "RUB" OUT -



L.A. PANZER, BLIND FOR THE PAST 15 YEARS, IS IN CHARGE OF ALL HARNESS MAKING FOR RINGLING BROS. CIRCUS - HE DOES MUCH OF THE WORK HIMSELF -

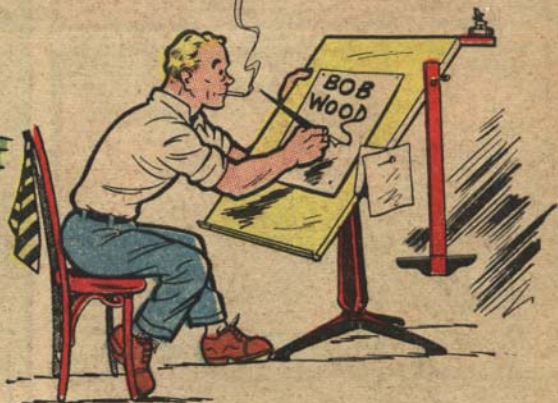


THE "DANCE OF DEATH," WEIRDEST DANCE KNOWN TO MAN, IS PERFORMED BY NATIVES OF BALI, OFF THE MALAY PENINSULAR - THE HIDEOUS "WITCH-WIDOW," SHOWN ABOVE, INCITES THE NATIVES INTO A FURIOUS, EVIL WRATH TO WANT TO KILL HER - AS THEY RUSH FOR HER WITH KNIVES, ETC., SHE CASTS A SPELL OVER THEM, FORCING THEM TO TURN UPON EACH OTHER - THE CRAZED WARRIORS, WHIPPED INTO A FRENZY, USUALLY KILL EACH OTHER - MORE DIE THAN SURVIVE THE CEREMONY.



THE "CONDOR"

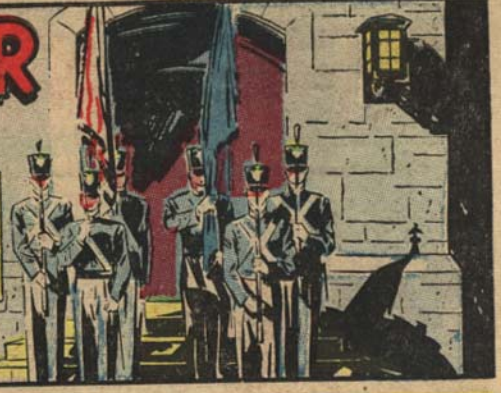
OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS IN SOUTH AMERICA, IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BIRD - SOME HAVE A WING SPREAD OF FIFTEEN FEET - CONDORS LIKE VERY HIGH ALTITUDES AND OFTEN OVER-EAT UNTIL THEY CAN'T FLY -



The WEST POINTER

KEITH KORNELL, WEST POINTER, IS RECOGNIZED FOR HIS AMAZING ABILITY, BOTH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL....

by EWYLER



ON THE GRIDIRON HE HAS PROVEN HIS WORTH AND IS A REGULAR ON THE PLEBE TEAM. IN THE BACK FIELD, HOWEVER, HE ALWAYS BLOCKS WHILE CAPTAIN BOB SEYMOUR TOTES THE BALL AND RECEIVES THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD



IN THE CONTEST BEFORE THE NAVY GAME KEITH AGAIN PAVES THE WAY FOR SEYMOUR'S TOUCHDOWNS, BUT HIS ABILITY IS UNNOTICED AS...



THE CROWD SWINGS SEYMOUR ON THEIR SHOULDERS. ARMY IS TRIUMPHANT AGAIN!



THANKS, GREAT GAMES! THAT LAST RUN WAS A BEAUTY BOB. NICE PLAYING!

IN THE LOCKER ROOM KEITH'S TEAMMATES CROWD AROUND SEYMOUR WHO ACCEPTS THEIR PRAISES WITH FALSE MODESTY

THE FOLLOWING DAY SCREAMING HEADLINES PLAY UP THE TALE OF ARMY'S VICTORY AND SEYMOUR'S PICTURE DOMINATES THE FRONT PAGE. CAPTAIN SEYMOUR VAINLY CLIPS MORE WRITE-UPS FOR HIS SCRAP BOOK!



SAY KORNELL WHY DO YOU ALLOW ALL THE CREDIT TO GO TO SEYMOUR, HE CAN'T DO A THING WITHOUT YOU!

I'M JUST DOING MY JOB, SIR. I HAVE TO CARRY OUT ORDERS, NOT GIVE THEM!



THAT UPPER CLASSMAN WAS RIGHT. IF I MISSED A FEW BLOCKS SEYMOUR WOULD GET STOPPED EASILY. BUT NO! ARMY MUST WIN REGARDLESS.

KEITH, HOWEVER, LAYS ASIDE ALL THOUGHTS OF FOOTBALL, AND, DURING THE REMAINING DAYS BEFORE THE NAVY GAME, BUCKLES DOWN TO HIS STUDIES



MEANWHILE, WE FIND SEYMOUR IN HIS ROOM GOLLY' LOOK AT THESE WRITE UPS. IF KORNELL KEEPS UP THE GOOD WORK, I'LL CINCH THE VARSITY BERTH



ON THE EVE OF THE NAVY GAME, SEYMOUR CALLS THE MAJOR GENERAL'S DAUGHTER, GERRY STEVENS



HELLO GERRY, HOW'S CHANCES OF MY SEEING YOU TONIGHT? IS IT A DATE?

ALRIGHT BOB, I'LL BE READY IN A HALF AN HOUR



DONT KEEP HIM OUT LATE GERRY, BIG GAME TOMORROW

I WONT DAD. WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE TEA SHOP.



AT THE TEA-SHOP THEY FIND KEITH THEY APPROACH HIS TABLE WHEN SUDDENLY



H'YA KORNELL, ALL SET FOR TOMORROW?

TAKE IT EASY FOLKS, THIS IS A STICKUP!



STANDING IN THE DOORWAY WITH MENACING GUNS, ARE TWO UGLY FIGURES.

GET THEM KEITH!!



FORGETTING THE DANGER TO GERRY SEYMOUR SNATCHES THE SUGAR BOWL AND HURLS IT AT THE THUGS



KEITH PUSHES GERRY ASIDE AND BRINGS THE OTHER MAN DOWN WITH A BONE-BRUIISING TACKLE.



THE GANGSTER'S BULLET RIPS THROUGH THE FLESHY PART OF SEYMOUR'S ARM.



NICE WORK LADS WE'VE BEEN AFTER THEM

KEITH HOLDS THE PAIR AT BAY UNTIL THE POLICE ARRIVE SEYMOUR'S WOUNDS GO UNNOTICED UNTIL-



WHY BOB! YOU'RE WOUNDED!

IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND GERRY BUT--



IT'S ENOUGH TO KEEP ME OUT OF TOMORROW'S GAME! THE COACH MUST NOT FIND OUT.



KORNELL, THIS WOUND WILL STOP ME FROM CARRYING THE BALL TOMORROW. IT'S UP TO YOU

BUT I DON'T KNOW YOUR PLAYS



YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN THEM TONIGHT IN MY ROOM.



THE STADIUM IS JAMMED AS THE CADETS MARCH OUT THE NEXT DAY FOR THE BIG GAME OF THE YEAR- THE ARMY-NAVY GAME!

MEANWHILE IN THE ARMY LOCKER-ROOM AS THE TEAM PREPARES FOR THE CONTEST, THE COACH APPROACHES SEYMOUR.

LET'S SEE YOUR ARM BOB. NO SENSE HIDING IT!

SORRY BOB. I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO PLAY IN THAT CONDITION.

DON'T DENY IT! YOU TOLD KORNELL!

BUT-

THE TEAM BELIEVES SEYMOUR, AND ANGRILY THEY LEAVE THE LOCKER ROOM.

HERE WE ARE FOLKS FOR THE BIG GAME OF THE YEAR. THE TEAMS ARE LINED UP. THERE'S THE WHISTLE---

SEYMOUR CALLS KEITH A SQUEALER. KEITH TRIES TO DENY IT BUT...

THE KICK OFF!

KEITH RECEIVES NO CO-OPERATION FROM HIS TEAM AND REPEATEDLY HE IS HELD FOR NO GAIN. MEANWHILE, NAVY DRIVES DOWN THE FIELD FOR A TOUCH-DOWN BEFORE THE FIRST QUARTER ENDS.

TO NO AVAIL, KEITH TRIES TO EVEN UP THE SCORE, BUT NAVY WILL NOT BE STOPPED. NAVY SCORES AGAIN!

AND AGAIN!

THERE GOES ANOTHER NAVY SCORE! IT IS 19-0 NOW. BUT WHERE IS ARMY'S ACE, SEYMOUR?

THE SECOND HALF HAS BEGUN AND NAVY IS KNOCKING AT ARMY'S GOAL AGAIN. NO! THEY'RE GOING TO TRY FOR A FIELD GOAL.

NAVY'S KICK IS GOOD! THE SCORE IS 22-0 GERRY STEVENS COMES OUT OF THE STANDS TO SPEAK TO BOB SEYMOUR.

I MUST SPEAK TO YOU BOB, IT'S IMPORTANT.

I TOLD THE COACH ABOUT YOUR ARM, BUT I CAN SEE THAT THE TEAM IS BLAMING KEITH.

THE THIRD QUARTER ENDS, AND THE TEAM STILL IGNORES KEITH, AND ARMY SUFFERS. WITHOUT BLOCKING, ANY BALL-CARRIER IS LOST.

ALRIGHT, ORDERS OR NOT, I'M GOING IN! MAYBE ARMY CAN STILL WIN IF THE BOYS PLAY FOR KORNELL.

WHEN SEYMOUR TELLS WHAT HAD HAPPENED, ARMY STARTS CLICKING. THREE TIMES KEITH SCORES. THE TELLING IS 22-21 NAVY'S FAVOR.

WHAT NOW? ONE POINT TO GO AND ONLY A FEW MINUTES TO PLAY.



KEITH FADES BACK ON A FAKE SPINNER AND WHIPS A LONG PASS TO RIGHT END FOR A 40 YARD GAIN.

WHAT A GAME FOLKS! ARMY CAME BACK WITH A RUSH. AND WHAT A BALL PLAYER THAT KEITH KORNELL IS, HE SCORED EVERY ONE OF ARMY'S POINTS, BUT THERE IS ONLY TIME FOR ONE MORE PLAY! CAN ARMY MAKE IT A GOOD ONE?

IT'S OFF TACKLE! HE'S SLAMMING HIS WAY THROUGH! HE'S OVER! KORNELL SCORES AGAIN!

ARMY TRIUMPHS 27-22 UNLIKE SEYMOUR, KEITH ACCEPTS THE PLAUDITS OF THE CROWD WITH TRUE MODESTY. THAT EVENING AS THE PLEBES WATCH THE UPPER CLASSMEN PARADE KEITH AND GERRY STAND HAND IN HAND. GERRY HAS DISCOVERED THAT THE ATHLETE WHO SCORES THE GREATEST NUMBER OF TOUCHDOWNS IS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST MAN.

ANOTHER THRILLING WEST-POINTER ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS

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"INFANTRYMAN"

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS

TAYLOR, FEARING GANG REVENGE, SOUGHT REFUGE IN THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS WITH TWO OTHERS.



ENROUTE SOUTHWARD, THE TRIO, HELD UP A SERVICE STATION.—TO PROVE TO HIS FELLOW-THUGS THAT HE WASN'T "YELLOW," TAYLOR SHOT THE HELPLESS OWNER

NOW WHO SAYS I'M YELLOW?



IN A HIDEOUT IN NEW ORLEANS, THE THREE PLANNED A DARING HOLD-UP JOB.

I TELL YA, IT'S A PERFECT SET-UP, AND THERE'S ONLY THREE OF US TO SPLIT THE CASH AMONG!—WHAT SAY—ARE YOU GAME??



NEXT DAY, THE BANDITS' CAR PULLED UP IN FRONT OF A NEW ORLEANS BANK! TAYLOR AND O'DAY ENTERED, LEAVING RAUCH OUTSIDE TO WATCH FOR POLICE!

DON'T MOVE, ANYONE!— THIS IS A STICK-UP!



TRYIN' TO SET OFF AN ALARM IS UNHEALTHY, BUD!



TAYLOR!— RAUCH LEFT IN THE CAR! WHAT'LL WE DO? COPS ARE COMIN'!!

THAT RAT!



GO OUT AHEAD OF US, MISTER, AND KEEP THE KID IN SIGHT!

THEY WON'T RETURN FIRE WITH THE KID IN THE WAY!

TAYLOR SHOT AND KILLED ONE OF THE CROWD— THEN HE AND O'DAY FLED.

TWO POLICEMEN FOLLOWED ON A MOTORCYCLE

THERE THEY ARE!!— LET EM HAVE IT!

BUT ONE OF TAYLOR'S SHOTS PUNCTURED A TIRE!

BAM!

THROWN OFF BALANCE THE OFFICERS CRASHED INTO A BRICK WALL—

AS THE POLICEMEN ROSE, BULLETS CUT THEM DOWN AGAIN !!!

PRESENTLY, A SQUAD CAR CAME BRINGING REINFORCEMENTS—

DON'T STOP FOR US—GET THEM !!



SIGHTING TAYLOR
POLICE OPENED FIRE-

BOOOOH

REMOVED
TO A HOSPITAL,
TAYLOR WAS
QUESTIONED
AS TO THE
WHERE--
ABOUTS OF
HIS GANG.
EAGER TO
SAVE HIS
OWN NECK,
HE SQUEAL-
ED!!

I DONT REMEMBER
THE ADDRESS, BUT
THE HOUSE HAD A
RED CROSS STICKER
ON THE FRONT DOOR!



AT HEADQUARTERS,
CHIEF OF POLICE, KRAFT
ISSUED ORDERS

COMB EVERY
NEIGHBORHOOD UNTIL
YOU FIND THE HOUSE
WITH THAT STICKER
ON THE DOOR!



A DAY OF SEARCH-
ING BROUGHT RESULTS-

BEGORRA!
THERE SHE IS!
LET'S GET
THE BOYS!



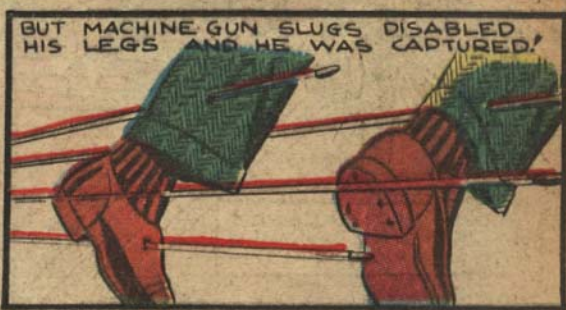
ARMED WITH MACHINE
GUNS, REVOLVERS AND
TEAR GAS GUNS, POLICE
SURROUNDED THE HOUSE-



PUT EM
UP!!



ONE THUG TRIED TO ESCAPE



BUT MACHINE GUN SLUGS DISABLED
HIS LEGS AND HE WAS CAPTURED!

TAYLOR AND RAUCH WERE PLACED IN PRISON, - THEY IMMEDIATELY BEGAN PLOTTING ESCAPE -

SMITH, IN THE NEXT CELL HAS A LITTLE SCHEME THAT WILL BUST US RIGHT OUT OF HERE! - NOW LISTEN! -



SUDDENLY, THE CONVICTS BEGAN TO YELL AND POUND ON CELL BARS -

STOP THAT NOISE! THIS MEANS A DOSE OF SOLITARY FOR YOU LUGS!

SAYS YOU!



SMITH, TAYLOR AND RAUCH WERE PLACED IN SOLITARY -

SEE! - WHAT DID I TELL YA! - THE WALLS ARE LIKE PUTTY! - WE CAN HOLE OUTTA HERE IN NO TIME!



USING SPOONS, THE TRIO DUG OUT TO FREEDOM! -

AH, AIR!



AN ALARM WAS SOUNDED BUT TOO LATE! - THE MURDEROUS THREE HAD MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE, AND VANISHED INTO THE GREAT SWAMP - LAND!!

I'VE GOT A SHACK ON ONE OF THESE ISLANDS! - WE CAN HIDE OUT FOR YEARS IN PERFECT SAFETY!



THERE SHE IS!



UNMOLESTED THE THUGS LIVED A LIFE OF EASE - UNTIL ONE DAY WHILE HUNTING! -



OH! I'M SHOT!!





GET A DOC-QUICK!
I'M BLEEDIN' BAD!

AGAIN TAYLOR SHOWED HIS TRUE YELLOW COLOR AS HE LEFT HIS OWN PAL TO DIE IN THE SWAMP-LAND!



NO! NO!
DON'T LEAVE ME!- I-ILL DIE!!

THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK, SMITH! ADIOS!



BUT SMITH WAS DISCOVERED AND TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL, WHERE HE WAS QUESTIONED:

OUT WITH IT, SMITH!- WHO SHOT YOU?



I'LL TALK!-THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS!- IT WAS TAYLOR AND RAUCH!-THEY'RE HIDING OUT ON AN ISLAND IN GRAND BAY!



THERE'S A LIGHT! THAT MUST BE THE HIDEOUT!

THAT NIGHT, POLICE WENT TO THE ISLAND—



LET'S GO!



DONT SHOOT!
WE GIVE UP!

THUS ENDED THE CAREERS OF HERMAN TAYLOR AND HIS HENCHMEN— ALL WERE SENTENCED TO BE HANGED, AND ON JAN. 1, 1932, THEY PAID THE PENALTY FOR THEIR CRIMES.

NOTE:— ALL NAMES OTHER THAN ACTUAL CRIMINALS INVOLVED ARE FICTITIOUS TO PROTECT INNOCENT CITIZENS.

ANOTHER TRUE MANHUNTERS STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS



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