



Featuring  
THE

# BLACK HOOD

# TOP-NOTCH

NO. 17 JULY

comics

10¢

THE  
WIZARD  
WITH ROY,  
THE SUPER-BOY



Al. Comy

Here's what you get in NO. 3

# SHIELD-WIZARD

comics



WHY DID JU JU WATSON FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... AND HOW COULD THE SHIELD SAVE HIM WITHOUT FIRST BREAKING THE LAW HE HAD SWORN TO UPHOLD?....

THE MAHARAJAH MURDERS



MYSTERY OF THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

WAS THIS A GHOST SHIP THAT CAME OUT OF THE MIST TO PLUNGE JOE, DUSTY JUJU, AND BETTY WARREN INTO THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURE OF THEIR CAREERS?..



WAS THIS A PRE-HISTORIC BEAST THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL HOLLYWOOD OR WAS IT MURDER, HUMANLY AND FIENDISHLY DESIGNED; THAT ONLY THE WIZARD COULD FRUSTRATE!

THE MONSTER OF MADNESS

DEATH BELOW



TERROR STRUCK AT ALL THOSE WHO TRIED TO WORK IN THE VITAL MANGANESE MINES, BUT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WERE STILL TO BE RECKONED WITH!....

WEIRD HORROR STRUCK AT ALL VISITORS TO THE CITY UNTIL THE WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPER-BOY DECIDED TO INVESTIGATE!..



THE CORPSES THAT WOULDN'T STAY HOME

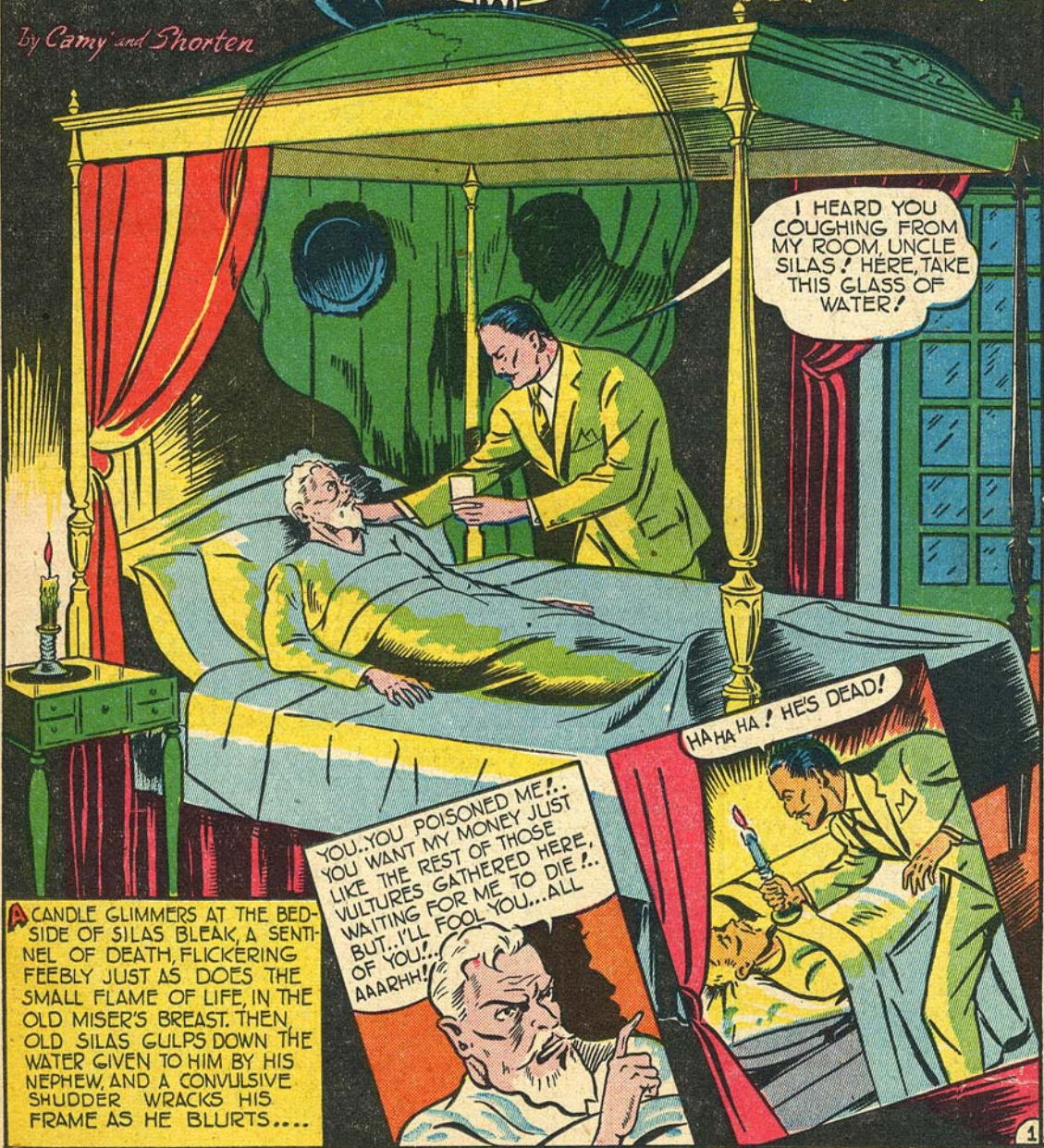
ALL THESE STORIES, AND MORE, APPEAR IN THE SPRING ISSUE, NO. 3, OF SHIELD-WIZARD COMICS, ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS ON MARCH 1st. ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!

# THE BLACK HOOD



## MAN OF MYSTERY

By Camy and Shorten



I HEARD YOU COUGHING FROM MY ROOM, UNCLE SILAS! HERE, TAKE THIS GLASS OF WATER!

YOU..YOU POISONED ME?.. YOU WANT MY MONEY JUST LIKE THE REST OF THOSE VULTURES GATHERED HERE, WAITING FOR ME TO DIE?.. BUT..I'LL FOOL YOU...ALL OF YOU... AAARRHH!



HA HA HA! HE'S DEAD!

A CANDLE GLIMMERS AT THE BEDSIDE OF SILAS BLEAK, A SENTINEL OF DEATH, FLICKERING FEBBLY JUST AS DOES THE SMALL FLAME OF LIFE, IN THE OLD MISER'S BREAST. THEN OLD SILAS GULPS DOWN THE WATER GIVEN TO HIM BY HIS NEPHEW, AND A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER WRACKS HIS FRAME AS HE BLURTS....

BUT THE GRIM TABLEAU HAS ANOTHER WITNESS, UNKNOWN TO THE MURDEROUS NEPHEW!

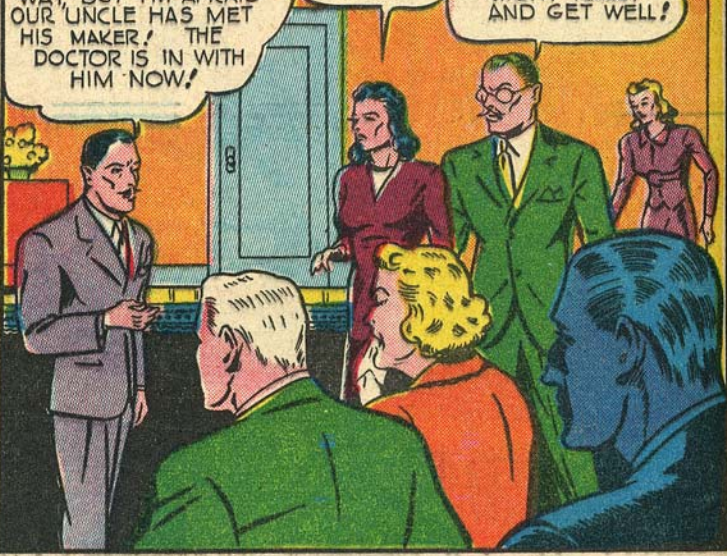


NOW, I'LL CALL THE REST OF THE RELATIVES DOWN, AND INFORM THEM OF HIS UNFORTUNATE PASSING!

SORRY TO AROUSE YOU OUT OF YOUR BED, THIS WAY, BUT I'M AFRAID OUR UNCLE HAS MET HIS MAKER! THE DOCTOR IS IN WITH HIM NOW!

HOW TERRIBLE!

TCH..TCH.. I'VE ALL HOPED THAT HE MIGHT RALLY AND GET WELL!



LOOK AT THEM, THE HYPOCRITES! PRETENDING THEY'RE SORRY! ANY ONE OF THEM WOULD HAVE MURDERED HIM, IF THEY HAD THE NERVE!

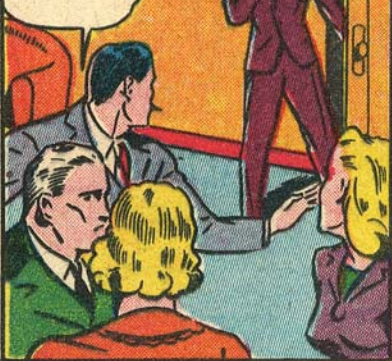
SOB, SOB? SUCH A GOOD MAN!

WE'LL ALL MISS HIM!

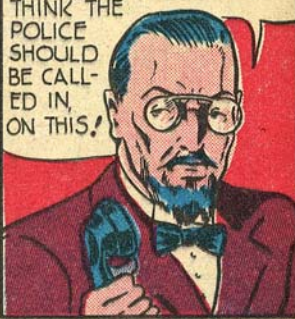


HERE COMES THE DOCTOR! HE IS DEAD, ISN'T HE, DOCTOR GORDON?

YES..HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! AN OVER DOSE OF SLEEPING POWDER



THERE'S SOMETHING VERY PECULIAR ABOUT IT, TOO! I STRICTLY FORBODE HIM TO TAKE ANY MORE SLEEPING POWDER. HIS CONDITION WAS MUCH TOO WEAK! I MAY BE JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS, BUT I THINK THE POLICE SHOULD BE CALLED IN, ON THIS!



HELLO, SERGEANT MCGINTY TALKING! WHAT'S THAT? OLD SILAS BLEAK DEAD?..SO WHAT? PEOPLE ARE DOIN' THAT EVERY DAY! I'M A POLICEMAN, NOT AN UNDERTAKER!



WHAT'S THAT?.. YOU SUSPECT MURDER?..I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

MURDER! I HAVEN'T HAD A MURDER STORY SINCE HECTOR WAS A PUP!



HOW ABOUT LETTING A REPORTER GO ALONG, SARGE!

NOTHING DOING, BARBARA! YOU STAY OUTTA THIS!



FAT CHANCE OF KEEPING BARBARA SUTTON FROM A STORY! I'M GOING TO THE BLEAK HOME, ANYWAY! SHUX !A FLAT!



I WOULD BE STUCK OUT HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE.. WELL, THERE'S A FARMER'S HOUSE, PERHAPS I CAN GET KIP BURLAND OUT HERE TO HELP ME!



DO YOU HAVE A PHONE I MAY USE?

WHY, SURE, MISS! COME RIGHT IN!



HELLO, HELLO, KIP? THIS IS BARBARA! MY CAR BROKE DOWN... CAN YOU DRIVE RIGHT DOWN HERE AND PICK ME UP! I'VE GOT TO GET TO SIMON BLEAK'S HOME!

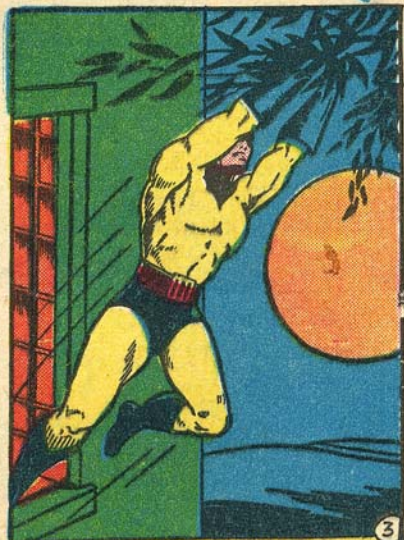


WHAT? SIMON BLEAK MURDERED... ER.. SORRY, BARBARA I'VE GOT A MUSTARD PLASTER ON.. TRYING TO SWEAT OUT A COLD, YOU KNOW... I BETTER NOT LEAVE THE HOUSE TONIGHT!



WOW! IS SHE SORE! SUCH LANGUAGE FOR A GIRL! TSK! TSK!

KIP BURLAND'S NOT GOING THERE, BUT THE BLACK HOOD IS! IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT BARBARA KEEP HER NOSE OUT OF ANY DANGER THAT MIGHT COME UP.. STORY, OR NO STORY!



AND SO OFF INTO THE NIGHT FLASHES THE STEEL-MUSCLED FIGURE OF THE BLACK HOOD!

THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE BLEAK HOME

I'M GEORGE BLEAK, THE DEAD MAN'S NEPHEW!...I'M SURE THE DOCTOR IS MISTAKEN ABOUT MURDER!... I THINK...

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THINK!



WITH A PACK OF RELATIVES HANGING AROUND LIKE SCAVENGERS, WAITIN' FER OLD BLEAK TO KICK-OFF, IT'D BE A MIRACLE IF HE WUZ'N'T MURDERED! ...IS BLEAK'S LAWYER HERE?

YES, I'M THE LAWYER!



OKAY! START READIN' THE WILL! I WANT TO KNOW WHO GAINS MOST BY HIS DEATH!

A VERY GOOD IDEA SERGEANT!



BEFORE I BEGIN, I HAVE SOME... ER...SHALL I SAY...BAD NEWS FOR ALL OF YOU! THE DECEASED DID NOT WILL A PENNY TO ANYBODY, IN FACT, THERE IS NO RECORD OF SIMON BLEAK HAVING ANY ASSETS OTHER THAN THIS OLD HOUSE!



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THE DOOR! IT'S OPENING!



HIYA, EVERYBODY! HAVIN' A PARTY? WELL, ENJOY YOURSELVES!

WHAT IN.. WHO'S THAT WHACK?



THAT'S SLIM, HMM? MAYBE HE'S NOT SO HANDY! HE'S NOT SO DUMB! HE'S NOT VERY BRIGHT!



BANG BANG

HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON? SOUNDS LIKE THE HOUSE IS COMIN' DOWN!



OWOO! THAT NOISE! IT'S BURSTING MY EARDRUMS! I CAN'T STAND IT! IT'LL SHATTER MY BRAIN!







HA, HA! ONE SWIFT STROKE... AND OFF COMES THE HEAD!



AND THEN A FLASHING FORM, EVEN MORE SHADOWY LEAPS THROUGH THE WINDOW...THE BLACK HOOD!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, YOU GHOUL..BUT I'M TAKING A HAND IN IT!



DOWNSTAIRS, THE BATTLE IS HEARD, AND...

EVERY TIME I TURN MY BACK, SOMEBODY ELSE GETS INTO THE SAME ROOM WITH THE CORPSE!

I'LL HELP! YUH GET 'EM SARGE!!



HERE THEY ARE, SARGE! OOPS...I SLIPPED!



SLIM'S FLYING HAMMER FINDS ITS MARK...ON THE BLACK HOOD'S HEAD!



I GOT ONE OF 'EM! NOW, I'LL GET THE OTHER!

I'LL BE A... THE BLACK HOOD!



SO YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS, DRAT YOU! WELL, I GOT YA, 'N....

SARGE! SARGE! PUT ON THE LIGHTS! I GOT SOMEONE ELSE BY THE HAIR!





AAIEEE!  
IT...IT'S A HEAD!  
TH..THE BOSS'S  
HEAD!

MOTHER  
O'MERCY!



HE'S PASSED OUT!  
GRAB THE BLACK  
HOOD, HE'S RES-  
PONSIBLE FER  
THIS!



SORRY, SARGE! NO  
TIME TO TRY TO  
ARGUE WITH YOU,  
NOW!

UGH!



SHOOT THAT  
BLANKETY BLANK  
SO 'N SO!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!!



TSK, TSK!  
SUCH LANGUAGE,  
AND FROM A  
POLICE OFFICER,  
TOO!



WHAT IN...NO 'SIGN  
OF HIM! HE'S DIS-  
APPEARED!



BLAST THAT HOOD AND HIS TRICKS!  
ANYWAY, WE'RE GONNA TAKE THAT  
BODY TO THE MORGUE, HEAD AND  
ALL, FER AN AUTOPSY! CALL THE  
DEPARTMENT FER A HEARSE, BOB!

THERE'S NO NEED  
FOR THAT,  
SERGEANT!



THERE IS A HEARSE  
ON THE GROUNDS WHICH  
YOU CAN USE, I'LL HAVE  
BUTLER BRING IN A  
COFFIN AT ONCE!

HMM...IT WOULD  
SAVE A LOT O'  
TIME AT THAT!

OKAY, GET THE BODY IN THERE WITHOUT ANY MORE DELAY!

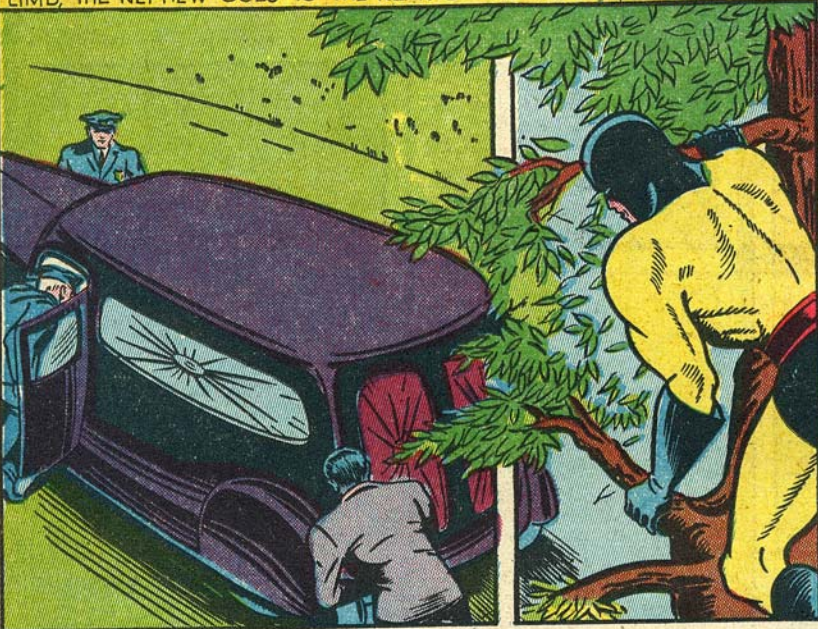


ME, 'N SLIM'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT ALONE! YOU BOYS STAY BEHIND AND KEEP AN EYE ON EVERYONE!



RIGHT, CHIEF!

UNSEEN BY ALL, BUT THE BLACK HOOD, WATCHING FROM AN OVERHANGING LIMB, THE NEPHEW GOES TO THE REAR OF THE HEARSE, AND.....



ER...SARGE, DON'T FORGET TO KEEP YOUR WINDOWS CLOSED, THE MOUNTAIN AIR IS EXCEPTIONALLY CHILLY, AND YOU MIGHT CATCH A COLD!



THANKS FER TELLIN' ME! I'M A GREAT GUY FOR CATCHING COLD, ALL RIGHT!

AS MCGINTY DRIVES ALONG...



HEY, SARGE! I'M GETTING SLEEPY!

FUNNY... I'M A LITTLE DROWSY MYSELF!

SOON....



ZZZZ

SNORE!

THE HEARSE! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! I DIDN'T GET HERE A SECOND TOO SOON!



AS THE HEARSE PASSES DIRECTLY BELOW, THE BLACK HOOD LEAPS!



I'VE GOT TO STOP IT BEFORE IT GOES OVER THE CLIFF!

JUST AS I THOUGHT, BOTH UNCONSCIOUS!



THAT MCGINTY! THE LONGER HE LIVES THE DUMBER HE GETS! IMAGINE SUSPECTING NOTHING WAS WRONG!



NOW, I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK INSIDE THIS COFFIN!



HMM! I SUSPECTED THIS! THE HEAD IS MISSING!

SO WILL YOURS, BE, HOOD, IF YOU MAKE A HEAD MOVE!



LOOK, FATHEAD! SEE THIS?...IT'S PUTTY, STUCK INTO YOUR EXHAUST PIPE BY THE NEPHEW! THAT'S HOW THE MONOXIDE FUMES ALMOST KILLED YOU!



FOR SOME REASON, HE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON THAT BODY HE TRIED TO GET RID OF!

GLORY BE! BUT WHY ISN'T THE HEAD HERE?



THAT'S WHAT I INTEND TO FIND OUT! I'M GOING BACK AND ASK THAT NEPHEW A FEW QUESTIONS!

'N I'M GOIN' BACK, ALSO!



MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FURNACE....



THIS IS ABOUT THE SPOT! NOW, I'LL JUST CLEAR THE ASHES AWAY!

BACK AT THE BLEAK HOUSE A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SKULKES INTO THE CELLAR.....



AT THAT MOMENT...

THIS IS THE WINDOW TO THE NEPHEW'S ROOM!



GOOD LORD! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



WHILE DOWNSTAIRS...

(PUFF PUFF) WHERE'S THAT NEPHEW OF BLEAK'S

WHY, HE WENT UP TO HIS ROOM, SOMETIME AGO! HE HASN'T COME DOWN YET!



HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

HELLO, MCGINTY! SEEMS LIKE A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER!



SO THAT WUZ YOUR GAME! HE PROBABLY HAD TOO MUCH GOODS ON YOU, SO YOU HAND ME A COCK AND BULL STORY, THEN COME BACK AND MURDER HIM! YER GOOSE IS COOKED THIS TIME!

IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, MCGINTY, ...AW! WHAT'S THE USE!

THE POLICE MARCH THE BLACK HOOD DOWNSTAIRS...

BRR..RR..IT'S FREEZING IN HERE! CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?

OH, BOY! THE RADIATOR'S BUSTED AGAIN!



I'LL HAVE IT FIXED IN A MINUTE!



AN EAR-SHATTERING NOISE REVERBERATES THROUGH THE FURNACE AND SENDS THE ASHES TUMBLING DOWN ON THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE INSIDE!



OWOO! THAT NOISE! IT'S DRIVING ME MAD! I CAN'T STAND IT! I CAN'T STAND IT!



JUST THEN, BARBARA WALKS ONTO THE GROUNDS...



WHEW! SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR YEARS..JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT KIP BURLAND!

OUT OF MY WAY!

OOPH! WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THE MATTER WITH HIM? HE MUST BE CRAZY!



HELLO, SARGE! I'M STILL AFTER A STORY! GOT ANYTHING FOR ME?

PLENTY! THE BLACK HOOD'S MURDERER!..AND WE'VE GOT HIM!





BARBARA...THOSE ASHES ON YOUR CLOTHING! WHERE'D YOU GET THEM?

WHY, I HADN'T NOTICED...  
HMM...MUST HAVE BEEN THAT MANIAC WHO RAN INTO ME JUST NOW, YELLING ABOUT THE NOISE! HE GOT INTO A CAR, AND...



SORRY FELLOWS! I JUST REMEMBERED AN APPOINTMENT! I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE!

OOMPS!



THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO HEAD HIM OFF, IF I CAN GET TO THE WALL, FIRST!



THERE HE GOES!



AND ME, RIGHT WITH HIM!



BLACK HOOD! YOU?...TAKE THAT!

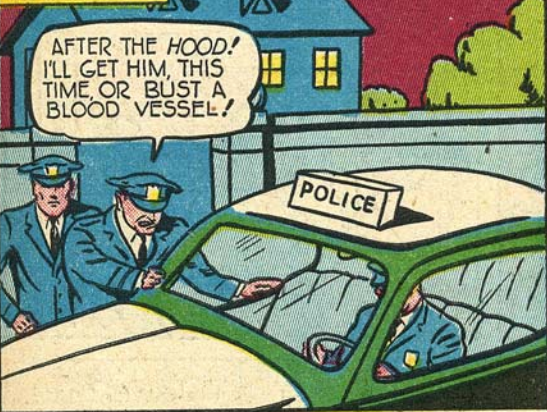
JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE LAWYER!...OOF!



POW!

YOU'VE ALREADY DISHED IT OUT! NOW, LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!

MEANWHILE...

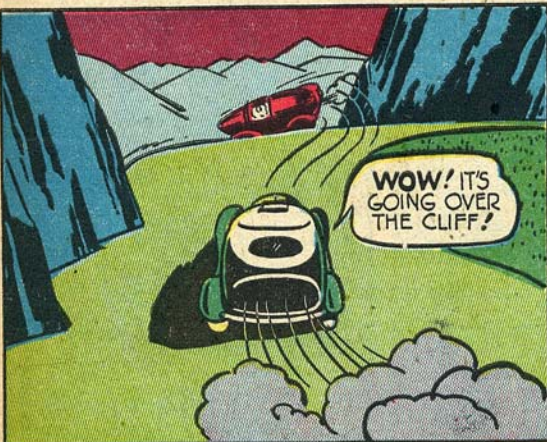


AFTER THE HOOD!  
I'LL GET HIM, THIS  
TIME, OR BUST A  
BLOOD VESSEL!

LOOK! THAT CAR  
AHEAD! THE HOOD'S  
ON THE RUNNING  
BOARD!

YES!..AND IT'S  
OUT OF CONTROL!

**POLICE**



WOW! IT'S  
GOING OVER  
THE CLIFF!



HE'S DONE FOR,  
THIS TIME! IT'S A  
DROP OF HUNDREDS  
OF FEET! LET'S  
GO AFTER THE  
REMAINS!



I'LL BE...  
HE'S GOT  
MORE LIVES  
THAN A  
CAT!

HIYA, MCGINTY! I  
KIND OF EXPECTED  
YOU! DROP ME A  
ROPE, WILL YOU?



ONE MORE BREAK,  
HOOD, AND SO HELP  
ME, I'LL BLOW YE  
INTO THE NEXT WORLD!

PUT THAT GUN AWAY,  
MCGINTY! I'M NOT GO-  
ING TO TRY TO ESCAPE!



IF ANYBODY'S GOING TO IT'S  
THE LAWYER! HE MURDERED  
BLEAK'S NEPHEW AND I  
KNOW WHY!

HE'S CRAZY!  
HE HASN'T  
GOT A SHRED  
OF PROOF!

HE'S THE ONE WHO CHOPPED OFF SIMON BLEAKS HEAD, BECAUSE HE KNEW IT CONTAINED THE SECRET OF WHERE THE MISER HAD HIDDEN HIS FORTUNE!

A FORTUNE HIDDEN IN A DEAD MANS HEAD! THIS IS GETTING WACKIER BY THE MINUTE!



COME DOWN AND I'LL CLEAR IT ALL UP! YOU TOO SLIM, THE HEAD BELONGS TO YOU, REMEMBER?

HAW! THAT'S RIGHT!



THIS IS WHERE THE LAWYER WAS WHEN SLIMS HAMMERING DROVE HIM OUT... AH, AND HERE'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR, A SILVER SKULL PLATE WITH WRITING ON IT!



BLEAK WAS FORCED TO WEAR IT BECAUSE OF A SKULL FRACTURE HE RECEIVED MANY YEARS AGO! WHEN HE DECIDED TO LEAVE HIS RELATIONS OUT OF HIS WILL, HE HID HIS MONEY IN THE FURNACE HERE!



WOW! HE SURE WAS CLEVER!

THEN HE INSCRIBED HIS SECRET ON HIS SILVER SKULL!.. AND HERE IT IS, A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT WITH A STRONG BOX IN IT!



THERE IT IS, GENTLEMEN, BLEAK'S FORTUNE - IN NEGOTIABLE SECURITIES AND CASH. BLEAK'S NEPHEW DISCOVERED HIS UNCLE'S SECRET, AND STOLE THE HEAD FROM THE COFFIN. THE LAWYER HAD TO MURDER HIM TO GET IT BACK!



YA KNOW, I KINDA HAD A SNEAKIN' HUNCH ABOUT THEM TWO ALL ALONG!

WELL, THE HEAD WAS WILLED TO YOU, SO THAT MEANS THE DOUGH'S YOURS! WATCHA GONNA DO WITH IT ALL?

I'M GONNA BUY ME BRAND NEW TOOLS 'N BECOME A PLUMBER!



AS FOR YOU, HOOD, THAT DON'T MEAN...WHAT IN! WHERE'D HE GO?



I DON'T KNOW! I DIDN'T SEE HIM LEAVE EITHER!



THE BLACK HOOD HIS WORK DONE, SPEEDS OFF INTO THE NIGHT!

AND ON GOES THE DARK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE, EVER IN SEARCH, FOR NEW AND GREATER ADVENTURES. IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP NOTCH COMICS, THE BLACK HOOD ONCE AGAIN COMES TO GRIPS WITH THE MASTER CRIMINAL, THE SKULL! AND WE PROMISE YOU A BRAND NEW SURPRISE STORY THAT'LL LEAVE YOU GASPING!



THE WIZARD

with ROY, the SUPER-BOY



A RUNNING GUN DUEL ENSUES IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BETWEEN THE POLICE AND A DUO OF BANDITS ON THE BUSIEST STREET IN THE WORLD - FIFTH AVENUE. GUNS BLAZING, THE KILLERS MAKE FOR A NEARBY DEPARTMENT STORE IN A FRANTIC ATTEMPT TO LOSE THEMSELVES IN THE CROWDS!!!



EEEE!

C'MON, MIKE! OUT THE BACK WAY!

GOOD GRIEF!

BLANE LOOK!



JANE! DON'T GO AFTER THEM! YOU'LL BE HURT!

STAY BEHIND IF YOU LIKE, BUT I'M GOING AFTER THEM AND GET A STORY!



HEY!... WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN'?

HOLY MACKERAL! DUCK, GUYS! IT'S A GUN FIGHT!



DUCK NUTHIN' I'M GONNA TRY 'N HELP THE COPS!



OKAY, TAXI-JOCKEY! THIS'LL LEARN YUH TO STAY BEHIND YER WHEEL!

UGH! MY THROAT!

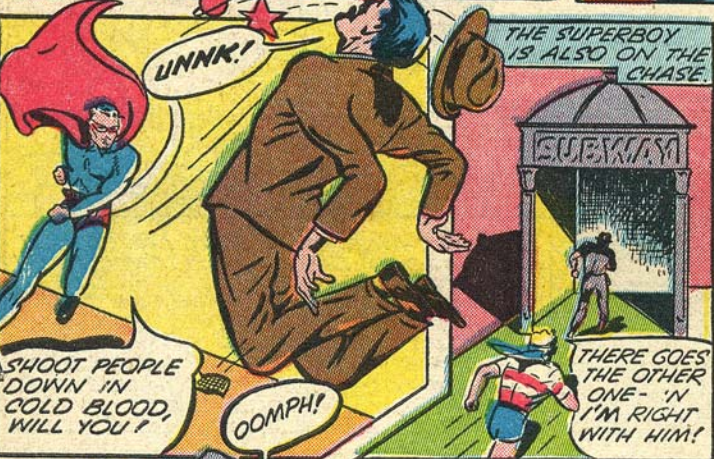


JUST THEN-

JOE! IT... IT'S THE WIZARD!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME!

YOU MISERABLE MURDERERS!



UNNK!

THE SUPERBOY IS ALSO ON THE CHASE.

SUBWAY

SHOOT PEOPLE DOWN IN COLD BLOOD, WILL YOU?

DOOMP!

THERE GOES THE OTHER ONE 'N I'M RIGHT WITH HIM!



WHOA, NELLIE!

OOF!

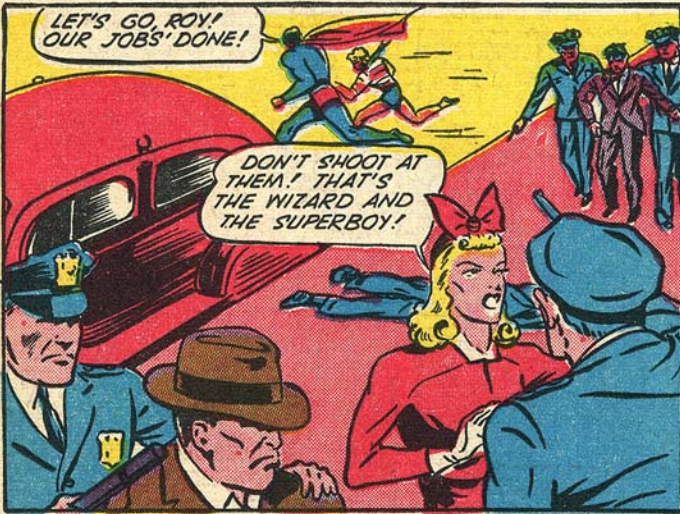


LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN STOMACH THIS!



GOT THE OTHER ONE TOO, EH, ROY? OKAY. COME ON. THE POLICE ARE COMING!

COMIN' WIZARD! SOON AS I KIN DRAG THIS HUNK OF ROTTEN MEAT OUT INTO THE STREET!



LET'S GO, ROY! OUR JOBS' DONE!

DON'T SHOOT AT THEM! THAT'S THE WIZARD AND THE SUPERBOY!



THAT'S THE BRAVE CABBIE WHO TRIED TO STOP THE KILLERS! I SAW IT ALL!

HM! HE SURE IS SHOT UP BAD! BETTER GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL, QUICK!

BLANE AND ROY QUICKLY DOFF THEIR UNIFORMS AND RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING!



ER...AH... HELLO, JANE! YOU ALL RIGHT!

I DON'T HAVE TO ASK YOU THAT QUESTION! WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE, YOU PUT PLENTY OF DISTANCE BEHIND YOU! IF I WEREN'T WORKING FOR YOUR NEWSPAPER, I'D REALLY TELL YOU, WHAT I THINK OF YOU!



YOU'RE NOT DOING SO BAD ANYHOW!

THE BANDITS ARE THIRD DEGREE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



TALK, YOU SCUTS! WHO'S THE BIGSHOT WHO'S PROTECTING YOU BANDITS!



WHEN! I GIVE UP! THE SPHINX IS A GOSSIP, NEXT TO THOSE TWO!

IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE- LOOK HERE MISTER DISTRICT ATTORNEY. THERE HAS BEEN A TIDAL WAVE OF CRIME SWEEPING THE CITY, EACH MORE BRAZEN THAN THE ONE BEFORE!



SOME HIGHER UP IS PROTECTING THEM! IT'S THE ONLY SOLUTION. JUST APPREHENDING THOSE TWO KILLERS IS NOT ENOUGH. WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE ROOTS!



I THINK YOU'RE MIS-TAKEN ABOUT SOMEBODY BEING BEHIND IT ALL, MR. MAYOR... BUT I'LL USE EVERY MEANS AT MY DISPOSAL TO BRING THIS THING TO A HEAD!



WEEKS LATER, THE BANDIT BROTHERS RECEIVE A CALLER!

IT'S ABE SHARK, OUR LAWYER!

HIYA MOUTH-PIECE! READY TO SPRING US?



THAT WAS A STUPID THING TO DO, PULLING THAT JOB IN BROAD DAYLIGHT. THE HEAT'S ON! THE D. A. IS CRACKING DOWN NOW!

HEY! YOU AREN'T GONNA LEAVE US HOLDIN' THE BAG! WE KNOW PLENTY-IN WE'LL DO SOME FANCY TALKIN' UNLESS...



QUIET, YOU FOOLS!... I'LL GET YOU OUT ALL RIGHT! BUT NOT IN THE REGULAR FASHION! THE PUBLIC'S TOO MUCH AROUSED! I DON'T DARE TO BAIL YOU OUT!

WHAT'S YER SCHEME?

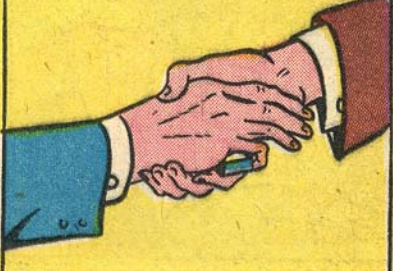


I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOME PILLS WHICH WILL GIVE YOU CATALEPSY - A CONDITION WHICH IS IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH FROM DEATH! NOW HERE'S WHAT YOU DO! BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...



WELL, GOODBYE, MIKE! GOODBYE JOE! TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES!

SURE, SHARK! WE WILL!... AND NOW! THANKS FER COMIN'!



LATER, THE GUARD LOOKS INTO THE CELL AND IS HORRIFIED TO SEE...

HOLY SMOKE PAT! EDDIE! C'MERE, QUICK!



IT'S THEM BROTHER KILLERS! THEY HUNG THEMSELVES WITH THEIR OWN BELTS!



THE PRISON DOCTOR IS IMMEDIATELY CALLED!

NO HEART ACTION AT ALL! THEY'RE DEAD, ALL RIGHT!

WELL, IT'LL SAVE THE STATE THE EXPENSE OF HANGIN' 'EM!



WHILE AT THE HOSPITAL WHERE MOE, THE CABBIE, IS RECUPERATING!

THIS IS THE DAY YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO GET OUT, MOE! WELL, HURRY AND DRESS!

SURE, MISS BARLOW, I'LL BE RIGHT UP!



READY, MOE? WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU, OUTSIDE!

A SURPRISE FER ME? GEE, WONDER WHAT IT IS?



YOU'LL FIND OUT, MOE! C'MON!

LOOK...A REWARD FOR YOUR HEROISM!



G. GOSH! GULP! A NEW CAB! WOW!

THANK MR. WHITNEY, MOE! IT WAS HIS IDEA... HE MAY NOT BE BRAVE, BUT HE'S GENEROUS!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MOE, YOU DESERVE IT! GEE WHIZ! THANKS!



I'M GONNA CRUISE AROUND WITH IT! BOY, I OUGHTA GET PLENTY OF PASSENGERS WITH THIS LIMOUSINE! S'LONG 'N THANKS AGAIN!

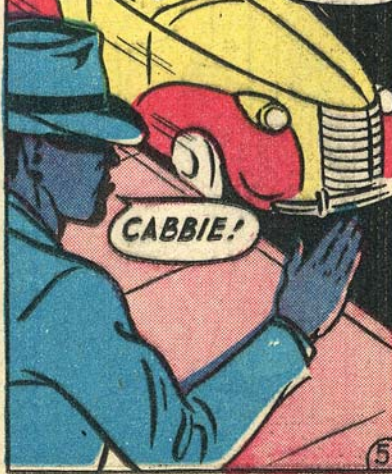


S'LONG 'N GOOD LUCK!

I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT BACK TO ME OLD CORNER! BOY, WAIT'LL THE GANG GETS A LOAD OF THIS CRATE!



OBOY! A CUSTOMER ALREADY!



CABBIE!



ER..AH.. GULP! SUFFERIN' 'CATS! AM I SEEN' THINGS? THAT'S THE BANDIT WHO PUT A SLUG INTO ME.. BUT HE... HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!



MAYBE IT'S ONLY A GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE HIM, BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES! I'LL CRUISE HIM STRAIGHT TO THE POLICE STATION!

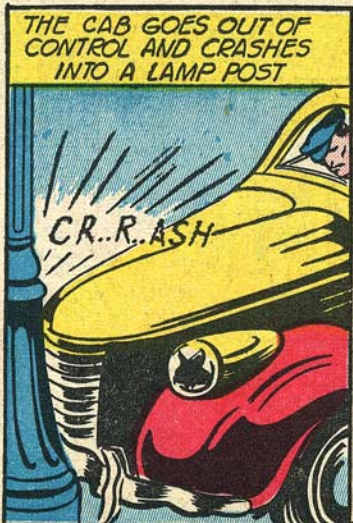


HEY! THIS AIN'T THE WAY WE'RE SUPPOSED TO GO!

UH...IT'S...IT'S A SHORT CUT, MISTER!



WELL, I DON'T LIKE NO SHORT CUTS! TAKE THAT!



THE CAB GOES OUT OF CONTROL AND CRASHES INTO A LAMP POST



THIS AIN'T NO TIME TO FOOL AROUND!



TONY! I WUZ SPOTTED BY A CABBIE!

YA SAP! I TOLD YA NOT TO GO OUT! DID YA PLUG HIM?



I COULDN'T! HE CRASHED THE CAB, 'N PEOPLE CAME RUNNIN' UP!

WELL, WE'LL HAFTA LAY LOW AGAIN, 'N WAIT FOR THE BIG BOSS TO GET US OUTTA THE COUNTRY!



LATER...

WE JUST HEARD ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT, MOE!

HIYA, FOLKS! YEAH! I GOT KINDA HOMESICK, HA, HA!



OR MAYBE, IT'S THAT PRETTY NURSE YOU HAD! ANYWAY, WHAT'S THE STORY THIS TIME?

I PICKED UP ONE O' THEM BANDITS WHO PULLED THAT FIFTH AVENUE JOB, MR. WHITNEY! HE PUT THE SLUG ON ME!



I TRIED TO TELL IT TO THE COPS, BUT THEY SAID THE SOCK ON THE CONK MUSTA MADE ME WHACKY!

NO WONDER! THOSE TWO WERE PRONOUNCED DEAD BY A COMPETENT DOCTOR! WELL, GOTTA RUN ALONG NOW! G'BYE!



OUTSIDE...

MOE MAY BE OR MAY NOT BE CRAZY, ROY! ANYWAY, THERE'S NO HARM IN CHECKING UP! WE'RE GOING TO THE CEMETERY!

YA NEVER HAD ME FOOLED FER A MINUTE, WIZARD! I KNEW YOU WERE GOING TO DO IT!



EVERYBODY SAYS I'M CRAZY! I'M BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE IT MYSELF!

WELL I DON'T, MOE!



MAYBE IT'S MY WOMANLY INTUITION, OR JUST MY NOSE FOR NEWS, BUT SOMEHOW, I FEEL THAT WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING REALLY, BIG!



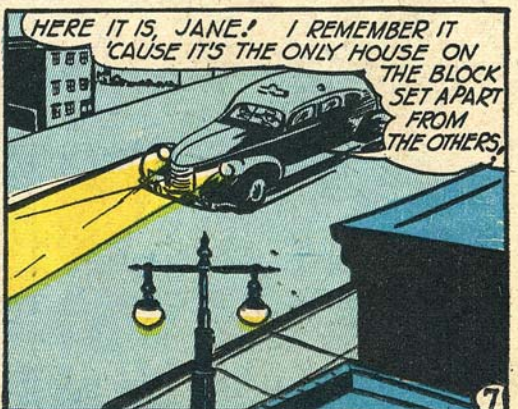
WELL, HERE ARE THE TOMBSTONES OF THOSE TWO KILLERS, WIZARD!

ALL RIGHT! LET'S START DIGGING!



DO YOU REMEMBER THE STREET WHERE YOU PICKED UP THAT FARE, JOE?

EVEN THE HOUSE HE CAME OUT OF!...N I'M GONNA TAKE YA THERE MESELF!



HERE IT IS, JANE! I REMEMBER IT 'CAUSE IT'S THE ONLY HOUSE ON THE BLOCK SET APART FROM THE OTHERS.





SMART GIRL, THAT JANE! SHE TRICKED THOSE HOODLUMS INTO DISCLOSING THE ONE BEHIND THE CRIME WAVE.. ..THE D.A. AND ALSO GAVE ME TIME TO GET TO HER!



I'LL GO AFTER THE D.A. MEANWHILE!

WHAT'S THAT? A REPORTER GIRL SAID SHE KNOWS ABOUT ME? YOU FOOLS! SHE TRICKED YOU!



YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME! KILL HER IMMEDIATELY!



ALL RIGHT, SISTER! YOU PULLED A FAST ONE, BUT IT AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD!



NO! HELP!

DROP THAT GUN, YOU MURDERING HOUNDS!



I'M GOING TO PICK UP WHERE I LEFT OFF... THE LAST TIME WE MET!



...AND DO A REAL JOB ON YOU!

OOOPH!

UGH!

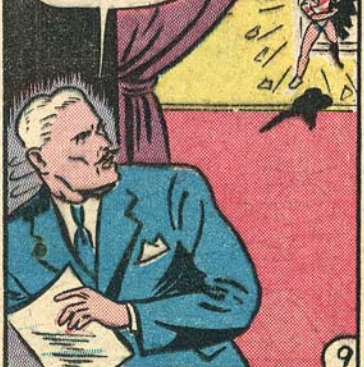
WIZARD! IT'S THE D. A.!

I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT! ROY IS AFTER HIM, NOW! YOU GET THE POLICE HERE! I'LL GO AND HELP ROY... IF HE NEEDS ANY!



AT THAT MOMENT...

I'M GOING TO BURN THESE RECORDS JUST IN CASE... WHA... WHAT'S THAT?



CRASH

WHY...THA...THAT'S THE SUPER-BOY!! THEN THE WIZARD DOES KNOW!



UH UH! MUSTN'T PLAY WITH GUNS!



HMM! WHAT HAVE WE HERE, ANYWAY?



HIYA, WIZARD! NO NEED TO HURRY! EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL!

SO I SEE! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE READING?



HERE! TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF! IT'S DYNAMITE!

WHEW! A LIST OF ALL THE HOODLUMS HE'S PROTECTED! ENOUGH STUFF HERE TO HANG HIM!



ALL RIGHT! WE'LL DUMP HIM WHERE HE BELONGS...IN THE POLICE STATION! COME ON!



NEXT DAY..

HIYA MR. WHITNEY! ...HIYA, KID!

HIYA MOE! DID YOU LEASE THIS HOSPITAL BY THE MONTH?



WELL YOU AND THE WIZARD SURE CLEANED UP THE TOWN, JANE! I JUST READ ALL ABOUT IT...IN MY OWN PAPER!

NEXT TIME MAYBE YOU'LL BELIEVE ME, MR. WHITNEY!



LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO GET YOU ANOTHER CAB, MOE!

OBOY! IF I KEEP THIS UP I'LL HAVE A CHAIN OF 'EM!



THE WIZARD AND ROY, THE SUPER-BOY WILL BE EXPECTING YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NOTCH! THEY'VE GOT A YARN THAT'LL MAKE YOUR HAIR STAND ON END!

# FRAN FRAZER

MISS FRAZER, THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR TELLS ME YOU HAVE REPORTED THE PRESENCE OF UNIFORMED GERMAN SOLDIERS IN MY COUNTRY!

YES, PREMIER! MR. DAVIS AND I ARE SURE OF IT!

BUT IT IS ABSURD! BULVANIA IS NEUTRAL AND WILL REMAIN SO. SURELY IF THERE ARE GERMAN SOLDIERS HERE, MY AGENTS WOULD HAVE INFORMED ME! YOU NEWSPAPER PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS STARTING TROUBLE. ...GOOD DAY!

NO GERMAN OFFICERS! NUTS! EITHER HE'S BLIND AS A DEAD HORSE OR JUST AS DUMB!

THEY PUT OVERCOATS OVER THEIR UNIFORMS AND WALK AROUND HERE IN BROAD DAY LIGHT!

WELL, I'M GETTING HUNGRY! LET'S GO IN HERE AND EAT!

AS HAL FOLLOWS FRAN INTO THE RESTAURANT, HE BUMPS INTO SOMEONE ON THE WAY OUT!

OOOF!

RESTAURANT

CLUMSY PIG!

HOLY HANNAH! AM I SEEN' DOUBLE?

GOOD GRIEF HAL! ARE YOU TWINS?

WE LOOK AS ALIKE AS TWO PEAS IN A POD HEY!

THAT DOES NOT EXCUSE YOUR CLUMSINESS!



WHY THE DIRTY... LEMME AT 'IM! HE CAN'T SMACK ME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

EASY, HAL!



LOOK, FRAN! THAT WISE GUY DROPPED THIS MONOCLE!

THAT PROVES IT, HAL! IF HE ISN'T A GERMAN, I'LL EAT MY HAT!



JUST THEN, SOME PEOPLE ENTER LOOK AROUND SEE HAL AND APPROACH HIS TABLE.



HELLO, HANS! LOVELY DAY WE'RE HAVING,

HEY! WHO...



LOOK, FRAN! THOSE KRAUTS LEFT A NOTE IN MY HAND! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

FATHEAD! DON'T YOU SEE? THEY MISTOOK YOU FOR THAT OTHER FELLOW... YOUR DOUBLE! WHAT DOES THE NOTE SAY?



*We will hold tonight's meeting in your hotel rooms. Captain von Stern. The time is at hand. Destroy the message as soon as you read it. Auf wiedersehen*

HOLY CAT! SO THAT'S WHO MY DOUBLE IS... A GERMAN CAPTAIN! LET'S SHOW THIS TO THE BULVARIAN PREMIER!

NO?! HE'D THINK WE FORGED IT!



THAT NIGHT, IN CAPTAIN VON STERN'S ROOM

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY HAVEN'T CONTACTED ME YET!

PERHAPS THEY LEFT A MESSAGE WITH THE CLERK!



I'LL CALL AND FIND OUT!

I GOT HER, HAL! TAKE CARE OF THE CAPTAIN!

HE'S "TOOK" CARE OF FRAN, AND HOW!

FRAN DRAGS THE STRUGGLING GIRL INTO THE NEXT ROOM WHILE HAL TOSSES THE CAPTAIN INTO A CLOSET...



BOY O' BOY! THE CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM FITS ME LIKE A CHARM... OH, OH, KNOCK AT THE DOOR? MUST BE THEM!

KNOCK KNOCK

GOOD EVENING, CAPTAIN! YOU'RE ALL ALONE OF COURSE!

YES, SIR! COME IN, PLEASE!

PHEW! THESE OVERCOATS ARE HOT... WELL, WE WON'T HAVE TO HIDE OUR UNIFORMS MUCH LONGER, HA, HA!



SUDDENLY...

CRASH

WHAT'S THAT?

COME OUT, OR WE SHOOT!

OOO! NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT!

GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I JUST UPSET THE VASE... I HOPE I DIDN'T UPSET YOU TOO

ER... AH... SO SORRY... WE HAD NO IDEA THAT IS... YOU WILL FORGIVE US, PLEASE!

OH, OF COURSE! DON'T BE EMBARRASSED... GO RIGHT ON WITH YOUR BUSINESS!

ER... AH... THANK YOU!





WHAT ARE THESE?

HA, HA! YOU JOKE HERR CAPTAIN! THOSE ARE YOUR OWN PLANS FOR THE "PEACEFUL" INVASION OF BULVANIA



IF THOSE GERMANS KNEW THIS BROOCH ON MY THROAT HAD A MINIATURE CAMERA INSIDE, WOW!



WHASSAT?

THEY'RE IMPOSTERS! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!



TRY 'N STOP ME!



RUN FOR THE FIRE ESCAPE, HAL!



HOW IN THE WORLD DID THAT DAME WRIGGLE LOOSE FROM THOSE ROPES!



BULLETS WHIZZING PERILOUSLY CLOSE, FRAN AND HAL MAKE A MAD DASH FOR SAFETY.



HOURS LATER, FRAN AND HAL BURST INTO THE PREMIER'S OFFICE..

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE'VE GOT SOMETHING INTERESTING TO SHOW YOU!



I SUPPOSE THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT NOW ABOUT GERMANY'S INTENTION. I SHALL TAKE IMMEDIATE STEPS.

SHAKE, LITTLE GAL! WE DID IT!

WHEW! BUT HE WAS HARD TO CONVINCE!

The End

4

# KEITH KORNELL

## WEST POINTER



REMARKABLE, EH?

UNCLE SAM TRIES OUT A NEW FLAME THROWING TANK AT FORT MATHEW THAT IS EXPECTED TO REVOLUTIONIZE CHEMICAL WARFARE. REPRESENTATIVES OF FOREIGN POWERS ATTEND TO OBSERVE.



IMAGINE! CAPABLE OF DESTROYING AN OBJECT MILES AWAY.

THESE PLANS MUST GO TO WASHINGTON. IT WOULD BE FATAL IF THEY FELL IN ENEMY HANDS.



THAT EVENING! YOU AND PRIVATE HUTCHINS WILL TAKE THESE PLANS TO WASHINGTON. YOU REALIZE IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THEY REACH THERE, LIEUTENANT KORNELL?

YES SIR!

THE PAPERS ARE SEALED IN A POUCH IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT! LET NO ONE INTO THAT PORTION OF THE SHIP!



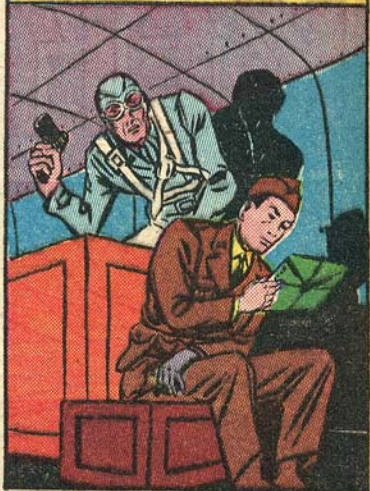
YES SIR!

WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES. I'LL STAY WITH THE PAPERS UNTIL WE REACH WASHINGTON! HUTCH, YOU STAND GUARD OUT HERE.



OKAY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER -



YOU WON'T NEED THESE ANYMORE, WILL YOU BUD?



AS THE THUG PREPARES TO BAIL OUT KEITH STAGGERS TO HIS FEET



BUT THE THUG LEAPS AND AS THE PLANE LURCHES \* KEITH IS PLUNGED HEAD FIRST INTO THE FUSELAGE WALL



MEANWHILE, IN THE OTHER SECTION OF THE PLANE!

WHERE ARE WE NOW, BEAUTIFUL?

JUST ABOUT TWO MILES ABOVE CHARON--OH!



WHAT IS THIS ---- A PLANE OR A BUCKING BRONCHO? OR IS THIS THE SERVICE YOU GIVE YOUR CUSTOMERS?



JUST AN AIR POCKET, I THINK!

\* REMOVAL OF A WEIGHT FROM THE TAIL OF A SHIP HAS THE SAME EFFECT AS HITTING AN AIR POCKET



IN WASHINGTON.

WHERE IS LIEUTENANT KORNELL AND THE PLANS?

IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, SIR!

THE OFFICERS ENTER KORNELL'S COMPARTMENT TO FIND HIM IN A DAZE!

HE'S BEEN SLUGGED AND THE PLANS ARE GONE!

BUT NOBODY COULD HAVE GOTTEN IN, SIR, THE DOOR WAS LOCKED.

NOBODY HAD TO GET IN. HE WAS ALREADY IN!

COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED OUT, PILOT?

THAT'S IT, I KNEW THERE WERE NO AIR POCKETS NEAR CHARON! HIS BAILING OUT LURCHED THE SHIP

HAT EVENING -----

SIR, I'VE A PLAN TO RECOVER THOSE PAPERS. I'D LIKE A CHANCE TO REDEEM MYSELF.

ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. GOOD LUCK TO YOU.

THE FOLLOWING DAY ON THE SAME PLANE "RUN"

THE LURCH WAS RIGHT AT ABOUT THIS POINT, LIEUTENANT

OKAY PILOT! WISH US LUCK!

I WISH I WAS HOME IN BED WHERE I SHOULDA STOOD.

HAPPY LANDINGS, SOLDIER

HUTCH WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR PUSHING HIM OUT.

HEY!

I DON'T LIKE IT. THAT'S JUST ABOUT WHERE I BAILED OUT WITH THE PAPERS YESTERDAY.

GET A COUPLE OF THE BOYS IN A CAR AND PICK 'EM UP

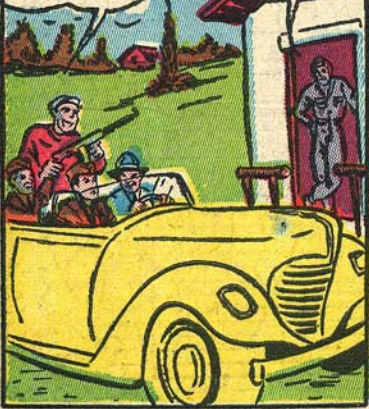
BUT HOSTILE EYES WATCH THEIR DESCENT

ALL RIGHT SWALLOW. LET'S GET BACK TO CAPISTRANO.

WHAT IS THIS?

IT AIN'T A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND, BOY SCOUTS!



TIE 'EM UP IN THE GUEST ROOM 'TIL THE SPIK GETS HERE.

IF WE SIT BACK TO BACK YOU CAN HELP ME UNTIE MY HANDS SO I CAN ASSEMBLE THE SENDING SET. THESE GUYS ARE GETTING READY TO BEAT IT.



OKAY BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU INTEND TO DO.

IT'S SIMPLE. THE SIGNAL CORPS BOYS WIRED ME FOR SOUND, PUT THE ANTENNA IN MY WINDBREAKER LINING, AND STRAPPED A BUTTON MIKE ON MY WRIST LIKE A WRISTWATCH.



KORNELL..... KORNELL CALLING! BLOWN DUE EAST. SMALL SHACK NEAR WATER TOWER. COME QUICKLY.



MEANWHILE - A DETACHMENT WAITS TO HEAR FROM KORNELL.



WE'VE HEARD FROM LIEUTENANT KORNELL, SIR. HE'S LOCATED THE SPIES, SIR.

LET ME SEE THAT!

I KNOW THAT WATER TOWER. IT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CHARON. IT'S ALMOST TWENTY MILES FROM HERE. LET'S GO! AND BRING THE FLAME THROWER!



HA, MY FRIEND, YOU 'AVE SUCCEEDED?



I SAID I'D DO IT, DIDN'T I?

WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE. GET RID OF THOSE TWO IN THERE.



OKAY, BOSS!

MAKE 'EM COUNT, HUTCH!



HE SHOULD'VE STOOD IN BED, TOO!

AT THE SHACK A PLANE ARRIVES

KEITH AND HUTCH PUT UP A FURIOUS FIGHT AGAINST TREMENDOUS ODDS!



UP AND AT 'EM MEN!

YIPPEE!

BUT THE TROOPS ARRIVE IN THE NICK OF TIME!



HEY, LIEUTENANT! THE BIG SHOTS ARE GETTING AWAY!

AND THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN STOP THEM --- HEY, THE NEW TANK.



THEY MUST HAVE BROUGHT IT TO SEE HOW IT BEHAVES ON LONG RUNS!

WHO CARES WHY THEY BROUGHT IT! THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT IT'S HERE!

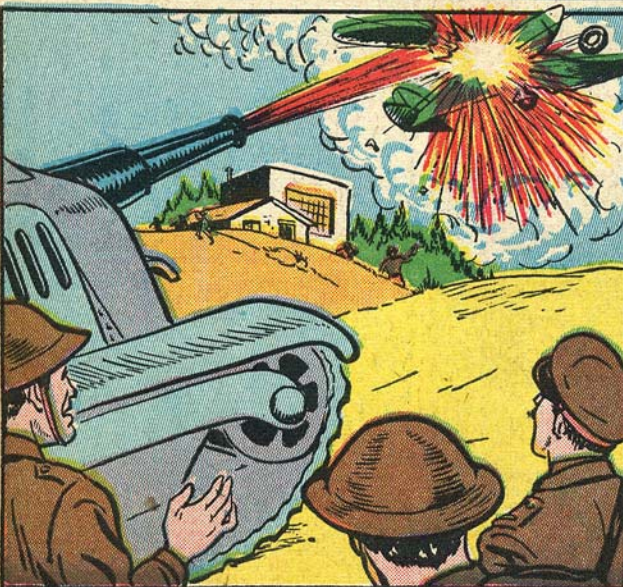


HURRY HUTCH



HERE'S A TEST THEY NEVER EXPECTED THIS TANK TO GET, KNOCKING A REAL PLANE OUT OF THE AIR IN FLIGHT

LET 'ER RIP!



WELL, THE TANK IS SAFE, AND UNCLE SAM IS WELL RID OF THOSE SPIES.

THE END

# the FIREFLY

A SAND DREDGE OPERATING IN THE NORTH RIVER HAULS UP A BLOCK OF CONCRETE FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE WATERS.....

Story by  
JOE BLAIR

ANOTHER BLOW AND WE'LL HAVE IT CRACKED OPEN! MAYBE WE'RE FINDING A GANGSTER'S VICTIM!



AND OUT STEPS.... THE MUMMY!



THE MUMMY STRIKES!



ON EACH OF HIS VICTIMS, HE LEAVES HIS MARK... THE SIGN OF THE MUMMY!



THE FIREFLY THOUGHT HE HAD IMPRISONED ME FOREVER! HOW WRONG HE WAS! NOW I SHALL STEAL THE CROWN OF EGYPT FROM THE MUSEUM AND THEN....



TAKE JOAN BURTON, THE FIREFLY'S SWEET-HEART BACK TO EGYPT AS MY QUEEN!



LATER...IN THE CITY MUSEUM..

GOOD LORD! THE CROWN OF EGYPT GONE! ...AND THIS GUARD DEAD! WHAT'S THIS ON HIS FORE-HEAD..WHY ..IT'S...THE MARK OF THE MUMMY!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY EXPRESS, THE EDITOR ENTERS JOAN'S OFFICE TO FIND HER GONE, AND THE OFFICE IN RUINS!



HARLEY HUDSON, THE FIREFLY, PICKS UP THE EVENING PAPER..

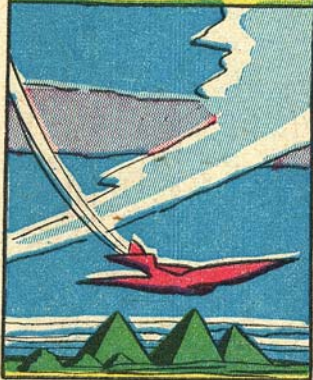
MEN DEAD ON A SAND DREDGE...CROWN OF EGYPT STOLEN...JOAN GONE...THE MUMMY IS LOOSE AGAIN, AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS THE JUMP ON ME... BUT I KNOW

WHERE HE'LL GO, AND I'M GOING TO BE RIGHT AFTER HIM!



THE FIREFLY TAKES OFF FOR EGYPT IN HIS FIRE-FLYER!

DAYS LATER, THE FIRE-FLYER SWOOPS TO A LANDING NEAR A GROUP OF PYRAMIDS.



THIS IS THE TOMB FROM WHICH THE MUMMY WAS RELEASED BY THE ARCHAEOLOGISTS! HE'LL SURELY COME HERE FIRST!

I WAS WRONG, I GUESS! NOT A SIGN OF HIM!



SEVERAL MILES AWAY, THE MUMMY IS CARRYING JOAN TO A SECRET TEMPLE!



DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH, THE ANCIENT CREATURE TAKES HIS VICTIM!



I HAVE WAITED CENTURIES FOR THE MOMENT I AM ABOUT TO ENJOY! SOON, I SHALL SET UP MY DYNASTY AND RULE ALL EGYPT WITH JOAN AS MY BRIDE AND QUEEN!



THE FIREFLY MEANWHILE ENTERS THE AGE-OLD BURIAL TOMB IN THE PYRAMID!

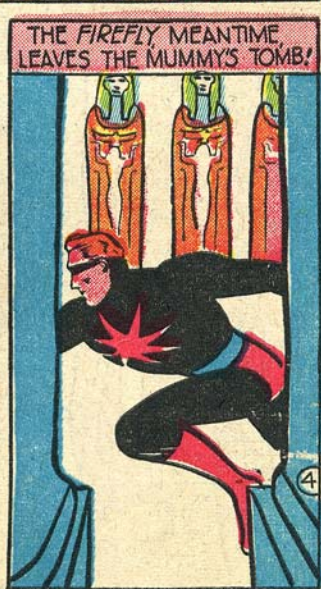
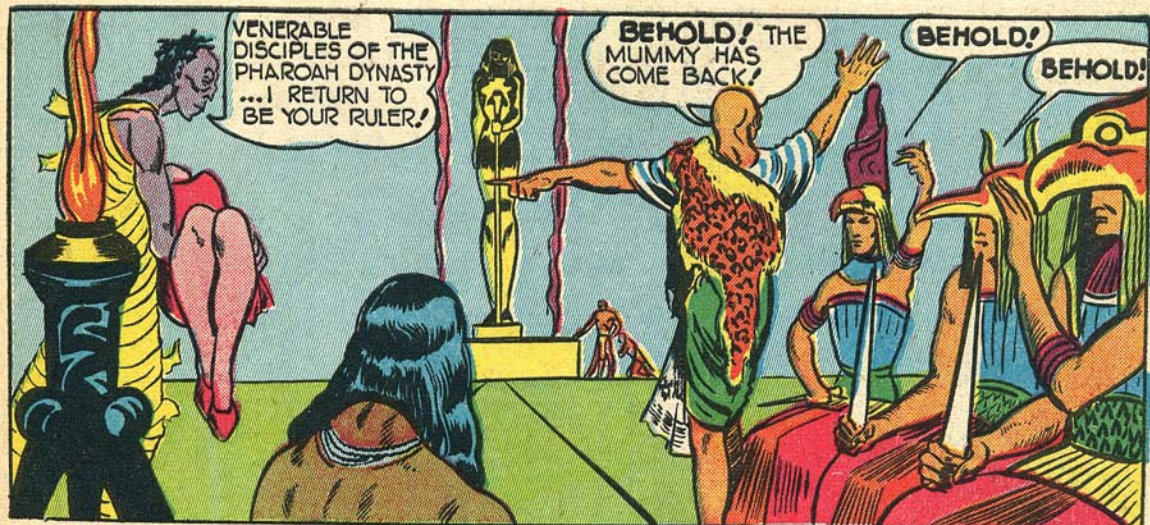
IF I COULD ONLY FIND SOME CLUE SO I'D KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!



SUDDENLY A SMALL OBJECT ON THE FLOOR ATTRACTS THE FIREFLY'S ATTENTION!

JOAN'S LOCKET! THEY HAVE BEEN HERE... NOW I KNOW I'LL FIND THEM... BUT WILL I BE TOO LATE?

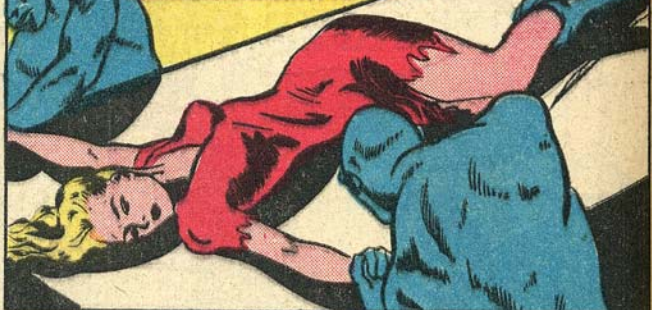




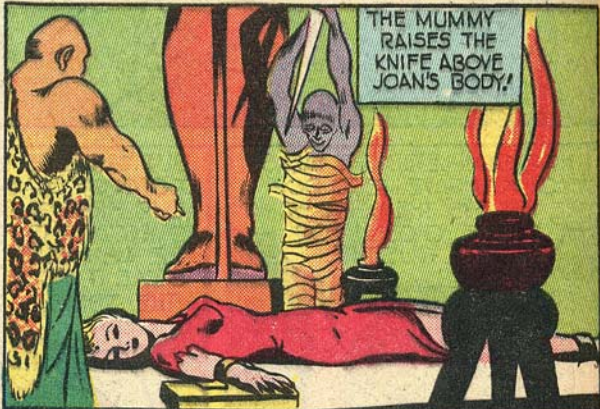
THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE...NO ALTERNATIVE! THE WOMAN MUST DIE!



JOAN IS TIED DOWN ON THE SACRIFICIAL ALTAR!



HERE IS THE SACRED KNIFE! TAKE IT...AND CUT THE LIVING HEART FROM THE BREAST OF THE WHITE WOMAN! LET THERE BE NO DELAY...IT MUST BE DONE...AND AT ONCE!



THE MUMMY RAISES THE KNIFE ABOVE JOAN'S BODY!



WHY DO YOU HESITATE? PROCEED WITH THE SACRIFICE!

I CAN'T DO IT! I LOVE THIS WOMAN! I CAN'T KILL HER!...SHE IS TO BE MY BRIDE!



KILL HER! IT IS OUR COMMAND!



REMEMBER THE CURSE OF THE PHAROAHS! IF YOU HARM ME, IT IS DECREED THAT THIS TEMPLE SHALL CRUMBLE TO THE EARTH!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE FIREFLY IS RACING ACROSS THE SANDS TOWARDS JOAN'S RESCUE!



SUDDENLY WITH AN EAR-SPLITTING RUMBLE, THE PYRAMID-LIKE TEMPLE EXPLODES AND CRUMBLES AS IF IT WERE DYNAMITED!



GOOD LORD! IF JOAN IS IN THERE?...



I'VE GOT TO GET INTO THE MIDDLE OF THIS MESS, SOMEHOW!



I CAN SEE SOMEONE BETWEEN THESE ROCKS,



DEAD!..ALL OF THEM!



JOAN'S NECKLACE! SHE IS SOMEWHERE IN THE RUINS! BUT THERE ISN'T A CHANCE IN A MILLION, SHE COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THIS DISASTER!



JOAN IS DEAD!.. AND IT'S MY FAULT! I FAILED HER! WHAT IS THERE LEFT FOR ME TO LIVE FOR?



IS JOAN DEAD?..OR HAS THE MUMMY ACCOMPLISHED THE IMPOSSIBLE AND ESCAPED FROM THE FALLEN TEMPLE? NEXT MONTH, THE FIREFLY DISCOVERS THE SECRET THAT HAS BAFLED MAN FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS...THE RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX!

# ST. LOUIS KID

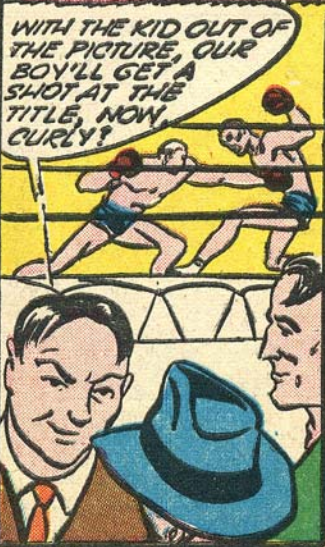
## BARRLED FROM THE RING MIXED UP IN SCANDAL

College Coach, Paul  
on page 10 of Sports  
of "Pop" to see by  
of the kid's father.  
to the kid's father.  
to the kid's father.

IN THE LAST ISSUE CURLY TAYLOR, MANAGER OF BOMBER BENSON, GOT THE ST. LOUIS KID'S SIGNATURE ON A FAKE CONTRACT THROUGH POP MALLOI, FATHER OF THE GIRL THE KID LOVES!

IN THE TRAINING HEAD-QUARTERS OF BOMBER BENSON!

WITH THE KID OUT OF THE PICTURE, OUR BOY'LL GET A SHOT AT THE TITLE, NOW, CURLY?



JUST THEN—

NOW WHICH ONE'S BENSON, POP?

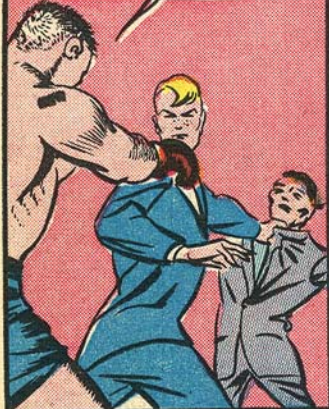
THERE HE IS!



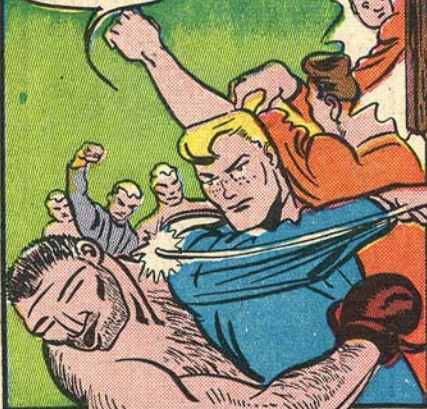
SO YOU'RE BEHIND THAT CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE GAG?... OKAY, WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!



HEY! LEGGO CURLY, OR I'LL...



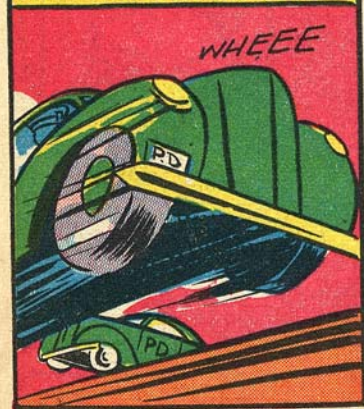
YOU'LL DO WHAT BENSON?



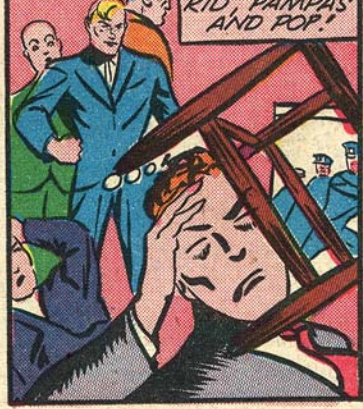
THE KID AND HIS PAL, PAMPAS, SWING INTO ACTION,



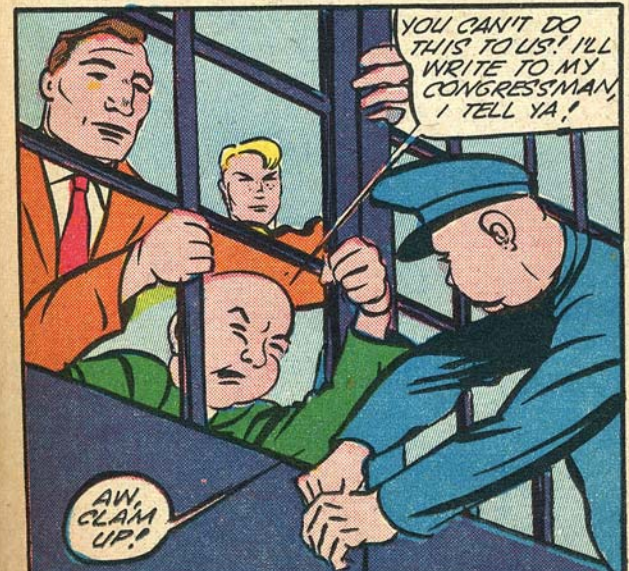
A RIOT CALL IS SENT THROUGH AND SOON THE AIR IS SHATTERED WITH THE BLARE OF SIRENS!



WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE THE ONLY ONES LEFT STANDING ARE THE KID, PAMPAS AND POP!

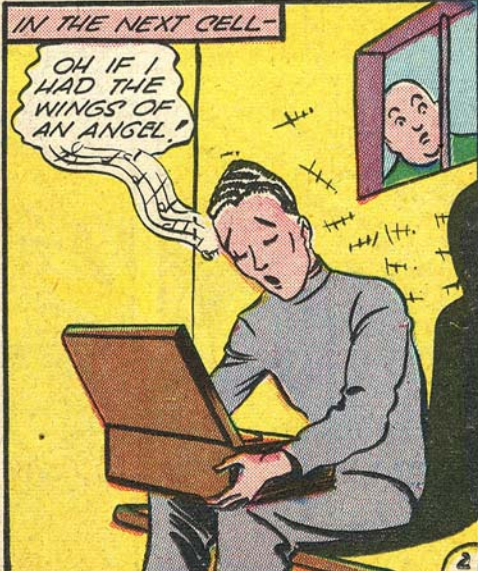


THOSE ARE THE GUYS THAT STARTED IT! THEY'RE NUTS! HAVE 'EM ARRESTED!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! I'LL WRITE TO MY CONGRESSMAN, I TELL YA!

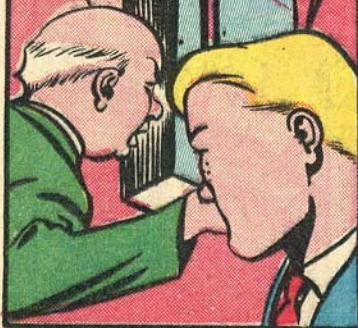
AW, CLAM UP!



IN THE NEXT CELL-

OH IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL!

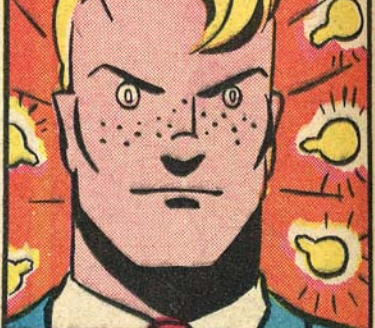
BUTTON UP WITH THAT HOWLING, WILL YA?  
WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE SING-ING INTO?



IT'S A PORTABLE VOICE RECORDER! I'M GONNA BE HERE FOR A LONG TIME, AND I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' TO AMUSE MYSELF!



A PORTABLE VOICE RECORDER! NOW! I GOT AN IDEA!



LATER, WINDY MILL, THE KID'S MANAGER, ARRIVES!



BOY OBOY! HERE COMES WINDY WITH THE BAIL KID! OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER!

C'MON! LET'S GO! HEY!... WHASSA MATTER!  
YOU'RE STILL OUR GUEST! THERE'S NO BAIL FOR YOU!



YOU CAN ROT IN JAIL YOU WINDBAG!

NO, WINDY! POP'S THE ONLY ONE OF US YOU'RE GONNA BAIL OUT!  
WHAT? YOU NUTS? HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OUR TROUBLES! I WON'T DO IT!



YES YOU WILL, WINDY! POP'S GONNA GET US OUT OF THIS MESS AND HERE'S HOW!  
WHADDA YOU WANT ME TO DO, KID? YOU KNOW YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME!



POP'S FIRST STOP AS SOON AS HE LEAVES JAIL, IS A VICTROLA STORE!



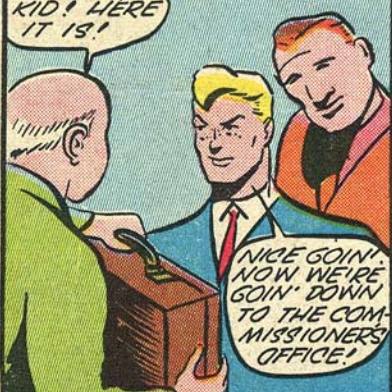
OH IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL

VICT



POP IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO JAIL!

I GOT IT, KID! HERE IT IS!



NICE GOIN'! NOW WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE!

IN SO, COMMISSIONER, I'LL LET YOU HEAR FOR YOURSELF HOW I WAS FRAMED! PLAY THE RECORD POP!



ALL RIGHT! YOU CAN SHUT IT, NOW! I'M CONVINCED!



SQUAWWRK

LOOK! REVOKIN' THEIR LICENSES WON'T KEEP THOSE RATS FROM DIRTYING THE FIGHT GAME IN ANOTHER STATE!



WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?

BOMBER'S FIGHTIN' TONIGHT! NOW, SUPEROSIN... BZZ... BZZ...



HMM! IT'S WORTH A TRY!

THAT NIGHT-

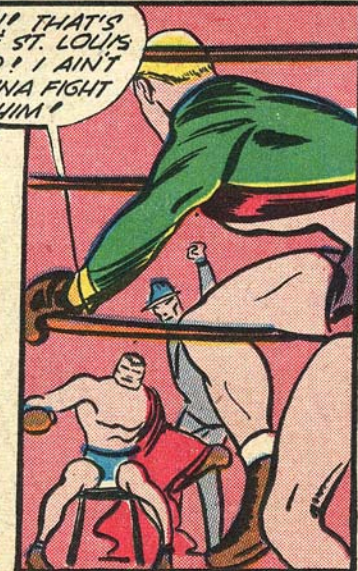


ATTENTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

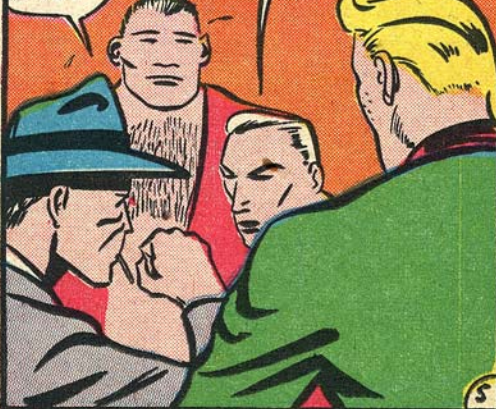
DUE TO THE SUDDEN ILLNESS OF BENSON'S OPPONENT, WE'RE FORCED TO MAKE A LAST MINUTE SUBSTITUTION!



HEY! THAT'S THE ST. LOUIS KID! I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT HIM!



YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO US! WE WON'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS!

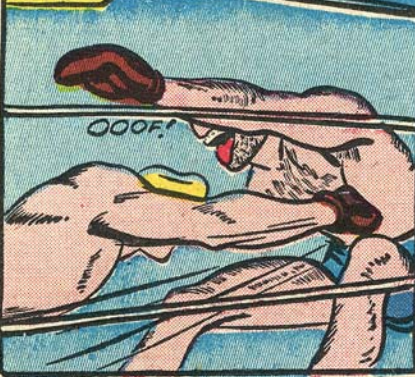


IF YOU WALK OUT ON THE CROWD NOW, THEY'LL KNOW YOUR FIGHTER'S YELLOW!

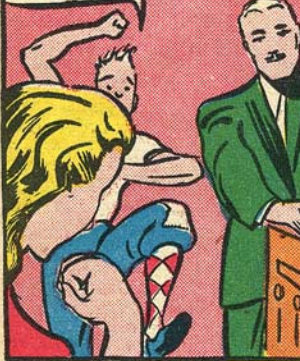
IT'S ALL SET, FOLKS! BENSON'S PUSHING HIS MANAGER OUT OF THE RING. THE FIGHT'S ON!



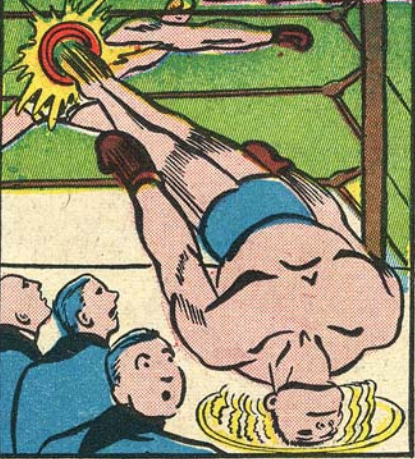
THE ST. LOUIS KID WASTES NO TIME. HE COMES OUT WITH A RUSH AT THE OPENING BELL, AND-



JUMPIN' JELLY BEANS, HE DAD! WHAT A BEATIN' THE KID'S GIVIN' THAT BENSON!



A TREMENDOUS RIGHT AND THE FIGHT'S OVER!



NEXT DAY IN THE HOS-PITAL -



JUST WAIT'LL THEY GET THESE BANDAGES OFFA ME! WHAT I'LL DO TO THAT MANAGER!

I'M NOT WAITIN' FER BENSON TO GET OUT OF THE HOSPITAL! I'M BLOWIN' TOWN RIGHT NOW!



IN THE PROMOTER'S OFFICE!

WOW! A SHOT AT TH' CHAMPEEN. WE DID IT, KID, DIDN'T WE?



HEY! GET ME OFFA THIS HOOK!



YOU TALK THROUGH YOUR HAT SO MUCH, I HANG YOU LIKE ONE!

# WINGS JOHNSON

OF  
THE

# Air Patrol



**W**INGS JOHNSON AND HIS COCKNEY PAL, HENRY HIGGINS, ARE FLYING A BOMBER IN AN R. A. F. RAID ON THE GERMAN-HELD FRENCH COAST. THE RAIDERS REACH THEIR OBJECTIVE WITHOUT RESISTANCE AND BOMB THE INVASION PORT BEFORE THE GERMANS CAN GET A SINGLE PLANE IN THE AIR.



COMPLETELY DESTROYING THEIR OBJECTIVE, THE BRITISH STREAK BACK ACROSS THE CHANNEL...

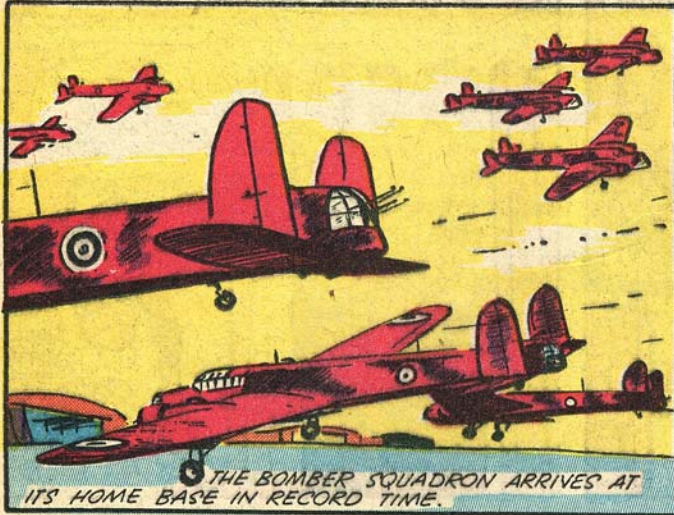
HENRY, AT THE RADIO CONTROLS, PICK'S UP A MESSAGE...

HEY, WINGSIE! H'I'M GETTIN' SOME KIND H'OF A PHONEY CALL H'ON THIS SET!

LISTEN CAREFULLY AND WE'LL REPORT IT TO THE STATION MASTER WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR BASE!







THE BOMBER SQUADRON ARRIVES AT ITS HOME BASE IN RECORD TIME.



BLINKIN' BEACONS, WINGSIE! THAT RADIO MESSAGE WAS TH' MOST PECULIAR THING H'I EVER HEARD!

DON'T TELL ME ABOUT IT! LET'S GO IN AND TELL THE BRASS HATS!



JOHNSON AND HIGGINS REPORTING, SIR," ON OUR RAID ACROSS THE CHANNEL, HENRY HERE PICKED UP A PECULIAR MESSAGE ON OUR OFFICIAL WAVE LENGTH!

HMM! WHAT WAS IT, HIGGINS??



WELL, SIR, WE 'AD JUST FINISHED BOMBING THE BLOOMIN' INVASION PORT, SIR- AND AS WE WERE ABOUT TO RETURN HOME-

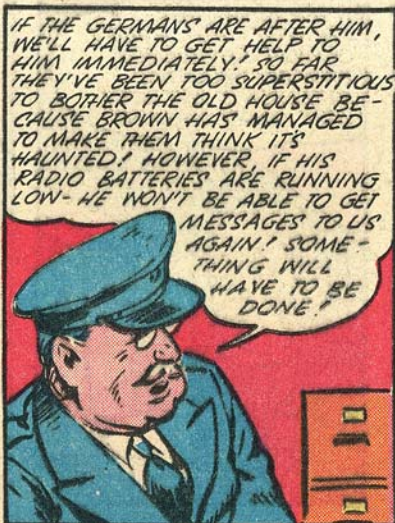
NEVER MIND THE DETAILS, HENRY! TELL HIM WHAT THE MESSAGE WAS!



WHOEVER IT WAS, HE SAID SOMETHIN' ABOUT BEIN' IN A BLOODY HAUNTED HOUSE." 'E SAID THE GERMANS WAS AFTER HIM AND 'E NEEDED 'ELP.' BESIDES, HIS BLASTED BATTERIES WAS RUNNIN' LOW, THAT'S WHY HE WAS TUNED IN H'ON OUR WAVE LENGTH!



I CAN TELL YOU WHO THAT WAS YOU HEARD. IT WAS BRUCE BROWN, ONE OF OUR SECRET AGENTS." HE'S BEEN SENDING US SHORT WAVE MESSAGES FROM AN ABANDONED FRENCH HOUSE- NEAR THE PORT YOU BOYS JUST BOMBED." THAT'S WHY WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO TAKE THE GERMANS BY SURPRISE LATELY- BROWN HAS BEEN TELLING US WHEN TO RAID!



IF THE GERMANS ARE AFTER HIM, WE'LL HAVE TO GET HELP TO HIM IMMEDIATELY. SO FAR THEY'VE BEEN TOO SUPERSTITIOUS TO BOTHER THE OLD HOUSE BECAUSE BROWN HAS MANAGED TO MAKE THEM THINK IT'S HAUNTED! HOWEVER, IF HIS RADIO BATTERIES ARE RUNNING LOW- HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET MESSAGES TO US AGAIN! SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE!



WITH YOUR PERMISSION SIR, HENRY AND I WILL TRY TO GET HELP TO HIM! I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK! FIRST, I'D LIKE A NOTE FROM YOU AUTHORIZING US TO PICK UP SOMETHING FROM THE HOSPITAL! THEN WE'LL BE OFF!

WINGS AND HENRY LEAVE THE C. O. AND HEAD FOR THE HOSPITAL...

WHAT IN TH' SAM DEVIL ARE YOU H'UP TO, WINGSIE?

YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A FEW MINUTES!



I'M WINGS JOHNSON, NURSE! I HAVE A NOTE HERE AUTHORIZING US TO -

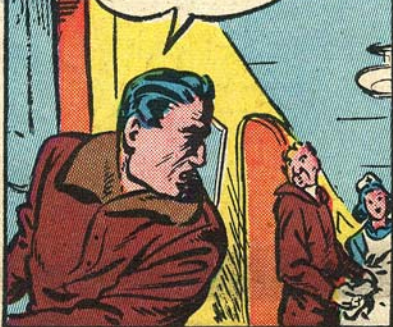
YES, I KNOW - YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER JUST CALLED UP TO TELL US TO GIVE YOU WHATEVER YOU NEED!



AHEM! H'I'M 'ENRY 'IGGINS, MISS-ER-AH-NURSE! WINGSIE AN' ME ARE GOING ON A MISSION OF MERCY, BUT WE'LL BE BACK SOON! ER-AH - WHAT ARE YOU DOING TH' NIGHT WE GET BACK?



NEVER MIND WHAT SHE'S DOING THE NIGHT WE GET BACK! WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED YET - BESIDES - I'VE GOT YOU A DATE ALL LINED UP! COME IN HERE AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU!



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! BUT I UNDERSTAND I'LL BE ALLOWED TO BORROW A FRIEND OF YOURS FOR A SHORT TIME!

OH - YOU'RE JOHNSON? MAJOR SMYTHE CALLED US AND SAID YOU'D BE OVER! COME IN!



THERE'S YOUR DATE, HENRY! GO ON OVER AND GET ACQUAINTED! YOU TWO SHOULD GET ALONG SWELL TOGETHER!



WHO-M-M-ME? OH, NO! H'I H'AIN'T GONNA BE FRIENDS WITH NO BLOOMIN' SKELETON! NO, SIR! NOT 'ENRY 'IGGINS!



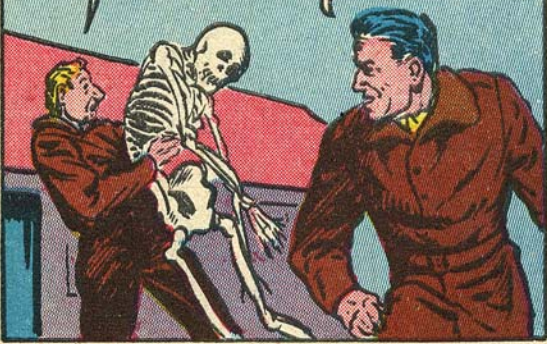
GO ON AND CARRY THAT SKELETON TO OUR PLANE! IT WON'T BITE YOU!

THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY - BUT CAN YOU GUARANTEE IT?

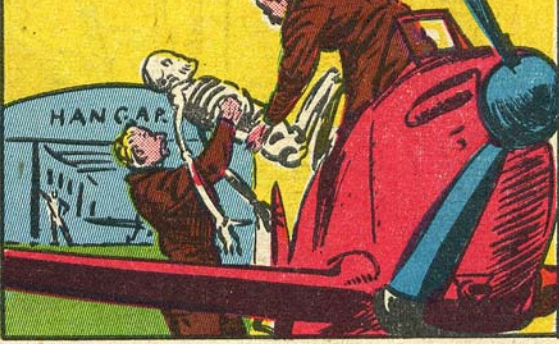


YOU H'AND YOUR BLOODY H'IDEA! WHAT GOOD IS THIS 'ERE THING GOING TO DO, ANYHOW?

IF THE GERMANS ARE GETTING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THAT HAUNTED HOUSE, WE MAY FIND THE SKELETON COMES IN MIGHTY HANDY!



NOW STOP BLUBBERING AND GET THIS THING ABOARD! AFTER ALL, IT'S JUST A FEW BONES - IT CAN'T HURT YOU!



WINGSIE - OW'S ABOUT LETTIN' ME FLY THE SHIP?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! YOU GET BACK THERE WITH THE SKELETON!



WINGS AND HENRY TAKE OFF IN A "FAIREY BATTLE!"

DID YOU SEE HOW SCARED HENRY WAS?

HAPPY LANDINGS, FELLOWS!

THAT GUY'S A RIOT!



MID-WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL...

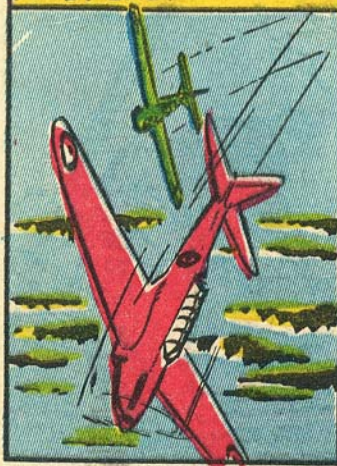
HOLD ON TO YOUR SKELETON, HENRY! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED BY MESSERSCHMIDTS!



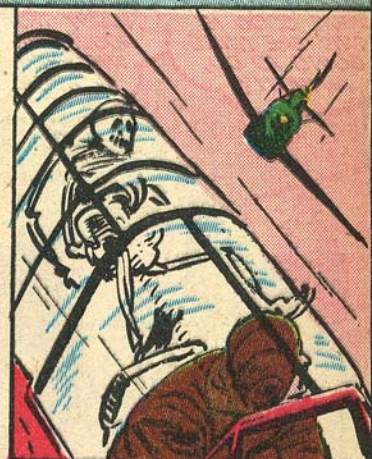
WINGS' FORWARD BROWING GUNS DOWN ONE OF THE NAZI SHIPS, BUT THE SECOND PILOT IS MORE CLEVER!



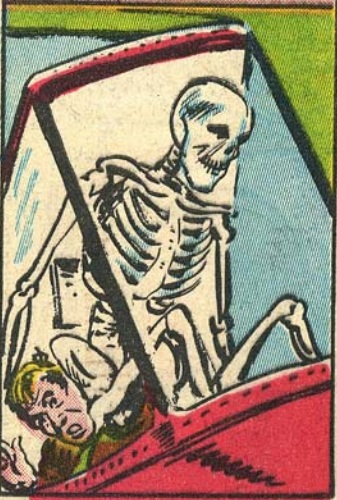
WINGS PUTS HIS SHIP INTO A POWER DIVE.



THE SKELETON SLIPS OUT OF HENRY'S GRASP AND STARTS TO TUMBLE FORWARD...



IT LANDS ON TOP OF WINGS' HEAD AND SHOULDERS!



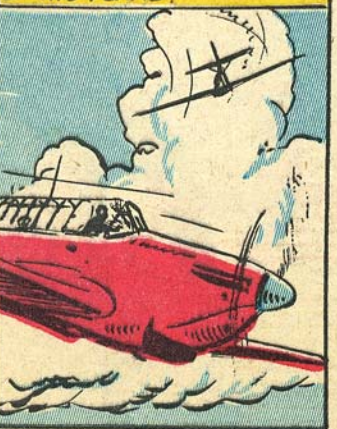
AT THAT MOMENT, THE GERMAN PILOT CLOSES IN...



HERR GOERING DIDN'T TELL ME SKELETONS WERE FLYING FOR THE R.A.F.! THERE ISN'T ROOM IN THE SAME SKY FOR ME AND IT! AUF WIEDERSEHEN!



AS THE FRIGHTENED LUFTWAFFE PILOT ZOOMS AWAY, WINGS MANAGES TO GAIN CONTROL OF HIS PLANE!



BLAST YOU, HENRY! BE MORE CAREFUL WITH OUR FRIEND HECTOR-OR WHATEVER HIS NAME IS! YOU ALMOST CAUSED US TO CRASH!



SOME TIME LATER, THE SHIP REACHES THE ANCIENT FRENCH MANOR HOUSE ON A LONELY SHORE.



AFTER HIDING THEIR PLANE IN A HAYSTACK, WINGS AND HENRY WITH HECTOR START INTO THE HOUSE.



LET'S LET HECTOR HAVE A LITTLE REST IN THIS CHAIR WHILE WE LOOK AROUND!



W-I DON'T LIKE HAUNTED 'OUSES' WINGSIE! LET'S GO BACK!

HENRY IS ATTRACTED BY A MOVEMENT - AND IS STARTLED TO SEE A PANEL OPEN IN THE WALL!



W-W-W-WINGSIE! L-L-L-LOOK!

OH, WHAT IS WRONG NOW?



YEOW!



GET 'EM UP, MR. GHOST!

LEAVE ME H'OUT OF THIS DISCUSSION!



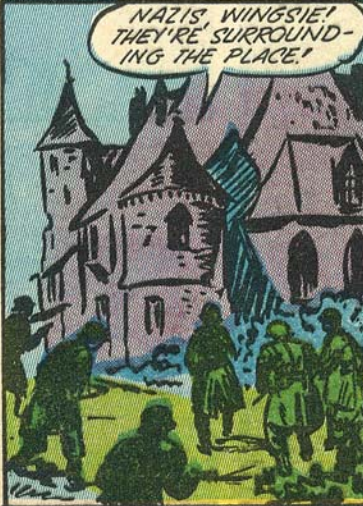
DON'T SHOOT! I'M AN ENGLISHMAN, TOO!

BRUCE BROWN, WE'RE THE RAF PILOTS WHO PICKED UP YOUR CALL FOR HELP!



I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE HAPPY TO SEE ANYONE IN MY LIFE! I - HEY LISTEN! SOMEONE'S PROWLING AROUND OUTSIDE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! SEE WHO IT IS, HENRY!



NAZIS, WINGSIE! THEY'RE SURROUNDING THE PLACE!

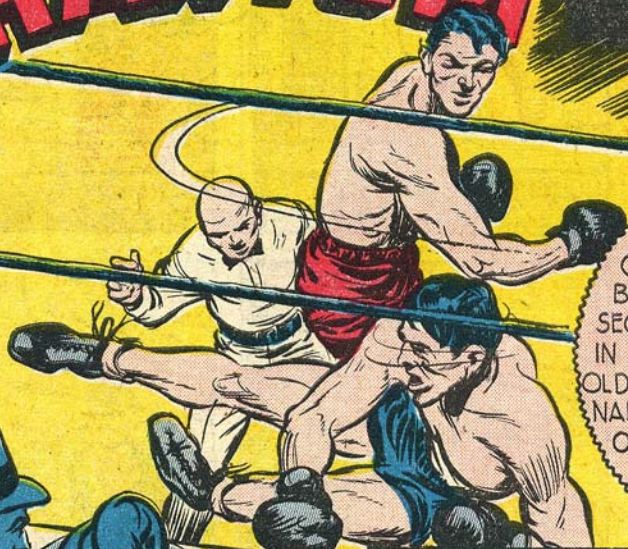


LOOK'S LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!

MAYBE - AND MAYBE NOT! HENRY - GRAB HECTOR AND BRING HIM OVER HERE! IF THIS IDEA WORKS, WE'RE ALL SAFE! IF IT DOESN'T - WE'LL ALL BE SKELETONS LIKE HECTOR!

WITH THE GERMANS SURROUNDING THE HAUNTED HOUSE, HOW WILL WINGS AND HIS FRIENDS WITH HECTOR THE SKELETON BE ABLE TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE? SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF **TOP-NOTCH COMICS!**

# BOB PHANTOM



WALT WHITNEY, FAMOUS BROADWAY COLUMNIST, IS AT A BOXING BOUT WITH HIS SECRETARY, JINX FRIDAY. IN THE FIFTH ROUND WALT'S OLD COLLEGE CHUM, JOHNNY NAPOLEON, KNOCKS OUT HIS OPPONENT WITH A SOLID RIGHT CROSS TO THE HEAD....

NICE WORK, JOHNNY! AFTER YOU GET DRESSED, COME OVER TO THE CLUB 18! WE'LL MEET YOU THERE!

OKAY, WALT!



THIS IS MY MANAGER, JERRY LESSER!

GLAD TO MEET YOU! HAVE JOHNNY BRING YOU ALONG TO THE CLUB 18 AND WE'LL ALL CELEBRATE!





WALT AND JINX ARRIVE AT THE CLUB 18 AND GO TO THEIR RESERVED TABLE...



WELL! SAUL COSTELLO, THE BIG-SHOT GAMBLER, IS SITTING OVER THERE! HE HAD HIS BANK ROLL ON THE GUY JOHNNY NICKED!



INTERESTING LOOKING FELLOW!  
JINX! HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT TO WEAR THOSE SPECS!



SUDDENLY, THE NIGHT CLUB IS THROWN INTO CONFUSION....



JOHNNY! YOU'RE... YOU'RE SHOT!



JOHNNY NAPOLEON FALLS TO THE FLOOR AT WALT'S TABLE!

GOOD LORD!  
IS... IS HE DEAD?



SAUL COSTELLO MAKES A DASH FOR THE DOOR...



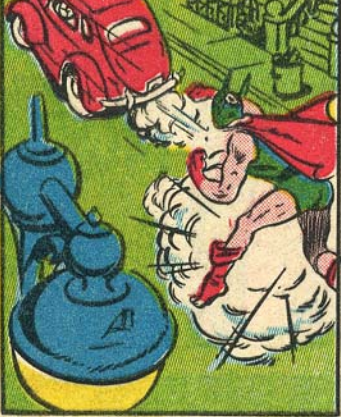
YES, HE'S DEAD JINX!  
AND THAT COSTELLO FELLOW LEFT IN AN AWFUL HURRY!

WALT RUNS AFTER COSTELLO....



THERE HE GOES!

SWIRL OF WIND, A PUFF OF SMOKE...AND BOB PHANTOM!



MEANWHILE JERRY LESSER THE DEAD BOXER'S MANAGER ARRIVES AT THE CLUB....



WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS TO MY BOY?



OH! HIS... HIS HANDS! I...

WHAT THE HECK HAS THAT DAME SEEN?



I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF WALT! HE'LL KNOW WHETHER MY HUNCH IS RIGHT OR NOT!

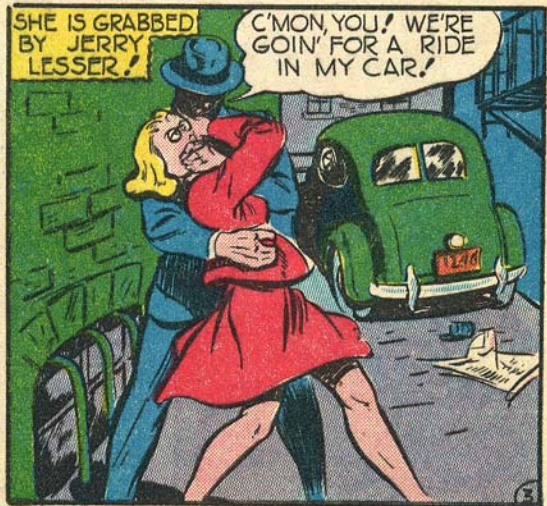


DID YOU SEE WHERE MR. WHITNEY WENT?

NO, MADAM, SORRY!



AS JINX STARTS UP THE STREET...



SHE IS GRABBED BY JERRY LESSER!

C'MON, YOU! WE'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE IN MY CAR!



IN THE MEANTIME, BOB PHANTOM OVERTAKES COSTELLO.



PULL UP AND STOP OR I'LL WRECK THIS JALOPY!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME? I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

GET OUT OF THERE!



YOU KILLED JOHNNY NAPOLEON, DIDN'T YOU? COME ON... TALK UP!



NO, I DIDN'T! SOME OF MY BOYS WERE GOING TO RUB HIM OUT, BECAUSE HE DIDN'T THROW THAT FIGHT TONIGHT... BUT SOMEBODY ELSE BEAT US TO IT!...



FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, I BELIEVE YOU! BUT, IF YOU'RE LYING... I'LL BE BACK TO GET YOU! NOW SCRAM!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, WALT WHITNEY APPEARS BEFORE THE CLUB OWNER...

WHERE'S JINX? DID YOU SEE HER?

SHE LEFT, WALT!, AND THE POLICE CAME TO TAKE NAPOLEON'S BODY TO THE MORGUE.

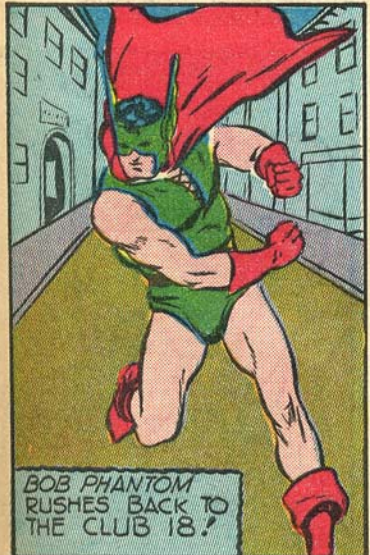


HMM! DIDN'T EXPECT JINX TO LEAVE BEFORE I GOT BACK, BUT I GUESS THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH! SHE PROBABLY WENT HOME!...

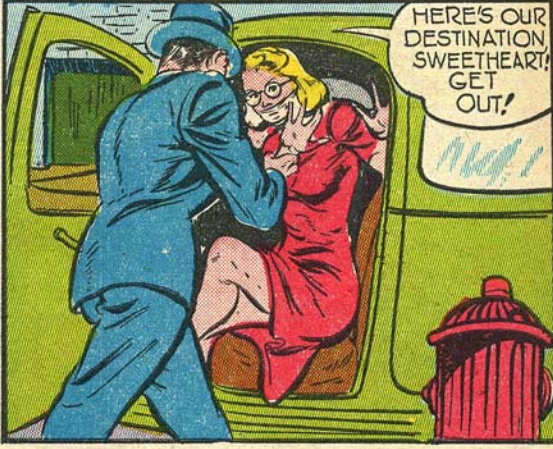
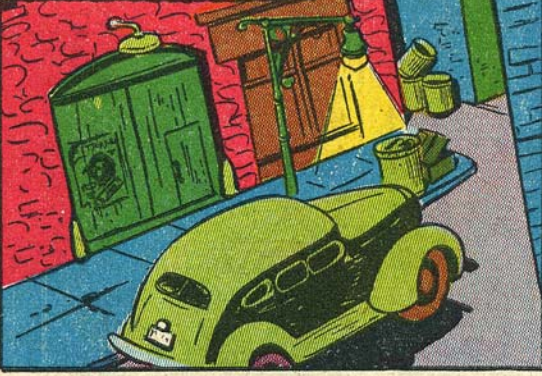
WELL, I'LL CALL ON JOHNNY'S MANAGER NOW!



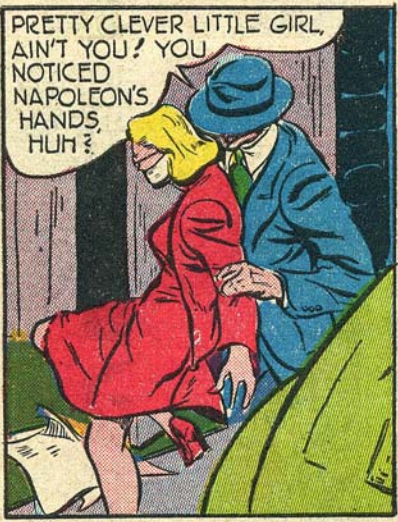
BOB PHANTOM RUSHES BACK TO THE CLUB 18!



AS WALT LESSESS TO FIND JERRY LESSESS...  
LESSER'S CAR PULLS UP BEFORE A DESERTED  
WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE.



HERE'S OUR  
DESTINATION,  
SWEETHEART!  
GET  
OUT!



PRETTY CLEVER LITTLE GIRL,  
AIN'T YOU? YOU  
NOTICED  
NAPOLEON'S  
HANDS.  
HUH?



WELL, THAT'S JUST TOO BAD!  
THAT OBSERVATION IS GOING  
TO COST YOU  
YOUR  
LIFE!



I HATE TO KILL A WOMAN,  
BUT, I'VE GOT EVERYTHING  
TOO WELL PLANNED  
TO HAVE  
YOU SPOIL IT!  
NOW, HAVE A  
CHAIR!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOUR-  
SELF COMFORTABLE! YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE  
HERE A LONG,  
LONG TIME!



I'D LIKE TO KILL YOU SOME  
OTHER WAY, BUT, I DON'T  
WANT TO LEAVE ANY  
CLUES... THEREFORE, I'M  
LEAVING YOU HERE  
WHERE YOU'LL  
JUST STARVE  
TO  
DEATH!



THAT IS...IF THE RATS  
DON'T GET YOU FIRST!

WALT WHITNEY, UNABLE TO FIND JERRY LESSER ABOUT TOWN FINALLY STOPS AT LESSER'S OFFICE.

NOT HERE, EITHER!  
HMM! WONDER WHERE HE CAN BE?



LESSER, MEANTIME, SNEAKS INTO THE CITY MORGUE BY A REAR WINDOW...



HE SLIDES THE "TRAY" CONTAINING THE BODY OF JOHNNY NAPOLEON OUT OF THE "ICE-BOX".

IF THE DAME NOTICED HIS HANDS, THE CORONER WILL, TO... SO, I'LL GET RID OF 'EM TONIGHT!



THESE FISTS COULD HAVE SLUGGED THEIR WAY TO THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CROWN, IF HE HADN'T BROKEN 'EM TONIGHT!



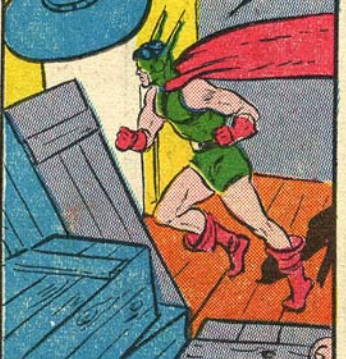
AFTER CUTTING THE HANDS OF THE DEAD BOXER, LESSER CARRIES THEM TO THE CELLAR OF THE MORGUE, AND TOSSES THEM INTO THE FURNACE!

AFTER LESSER LEAVES, A SWIRL OF WIND... A PUFF OF SMOKE... BOB PHANTOM!

NAPOLEON'S HANDS ARE GONE! WHAT FIENDISH TRICK IS THIS?



AND I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND LESSER, EITHER! HE HAD NAPOLEON INSURED... SAY! THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHY HIS HANDS ARE GONE! HE MUST HAVE BROKEN THEM IN THE FIGHT TONIGHT!



BUT WHERE IS LESSER? I GUESS THIS IS ONE CASE I'LL HAVE TO TURN OVER TO THE COPS!



BUT CAN WALT WHITNEY ALLOW THE LAW TO SOLVE THE CRIME, OR WILL JINX MEET HER END BEFORE LESSER IS CAUGHT? DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S TOP-NOTCH IN WHICH BOB PHANTOM SOLVES HIS MOST PUZZLING CASE!

A NEW EXCITING, MYSTERY-PACKED FEATURE

# THE HANGMAN



HE APPEARS IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, PIERCING THE HEARTS OF ORNIMALS WITH CHILLING, SOUL-TEARING FEARS!



WHO IS THIS GHIM HARBINGER OF JUSTICE? HOW DOES HIS LIFE AFFECT THE RESTRICTION THAT IS METED OUT TO THAT OTHER SAVIOUR OF THE OPPRESSED...THE COMET?



THE HANGMAN APPEARS IN *PEP* COMICS IN ADDITION TO THAT GREATEST OF ALL COMIC MAGAZINE FEATURES, "THE SHIELD," WITH ROY THE SUPERBOY.

STARTING IN THE JULY ISSUE OF

**PEP** COMICS

2 BIG LEAD STORIES!

**SPECIAL OFFERING FOR TOP-NOTCH FANS**



DON'T FAIL TO GET YOUR *Copy!*

ON THE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE **NEXT MONTH**

A PICTURE OF STEEL STERLING HIS PALS - CLANCY, LOONEY... AND DORA

*SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!*

# MR. JUST

**T**HE DEVIL HIMSELF APPEARS UPON EARTH, AND CALLS HIMSELF THE DICTATOR! SETTING UP THE MOST POWERFUL ARMY THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN HE LAYS WASTE TO ALL OF EUROPE...

**H**OW CAN MR. JUSTICE HOPE TO COPE WITH THIS SUPREME BEING OF EVIL?

**O**NE DAY IN A SMALL EUROPEAN VILLAGE, A HOUSE-PAINTER APPEARS! WHAT HORRIBLE FATE FOR MANKIND FESTERS IN THE POISONED MIND OF THIS MEEK APPEARING REINCARNATION OF SATAN HIMSELF?



**F**ROM THE CITY HALL OF THE GREATEST CITY OF THE GREATEST NATION ON EARTH, MR. JUSTICE, SETS OUT TO DO BATTLE WITH THE EVIL BEING!



**W**ITH THE ROAR OF GUNS AND THE POUNDING OF GOOSE-STEPPING HEELS, THUNDERING THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, THE DICTATOR, DRUNK WITH POWER HURLS HIS CHALLENGE AT THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. HOW COULD MR. JUSTICE, FIGHTING ALONE, AND WITH HIS BELOVED, ALREADY IN THE HANDS OF HELL-SPAWNED HIRELINGS OF THE DICTATOR, HOPE TO VANQUISH THIS MIGHTY MILITARY MACHINE, THAT HAD SWEEPED THE WORLD'S ONCE-GREATEST ARMIES FROM ITS PATH?

**T**HIS FASCINATING STORY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONFLICT STARTS IN THE JUNE ISSUE, AND IS CONTINUED IN SUBSEQUENT ISSUES OF

# BLUE RIBBON COMICS

# KARDAK

## THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN



GET TOUGH WITH ME WILL YOU, YOU YOUNG HOODLUM. I'LL SHOW YOU!

PLEASE LET MY LITTLE BROTHER ALONE!

AW! LET GO, YA DUMB FLATFOOT!

ONE DAY AS KARDAK WALKS ALONG THE EAST SIDE SLUM SECTION, A SCUFFLE BETWEEN A POLICE OFFICER AND A YOUNG BOY BRINGS HIM RUNNING!



THIS TIME I'M PULLIN' YER KID BROTHER IN!

JUST A MOMENT OFFICER!



NOW THERE'S NO USE ARGUIN' WITH ME. I TELL YOU! THIS KID IS A CROOK. HE BELONGS IN A REFORM SCHOOL!

WELL I GUESS THERE'S NO USE ARGUING WITH YOU THEN!



BUT MY INTUITION TELLS ME THAT BOY ISN'T REALLY BAD! AND I'M GOING TO HELP HIM!



HERE'S THAT JIMMY SMITH AGAIN, SARGE. THIS TIME I CAUGHT HIM SHOP - LIFTIN'!

ARE YOU DRUNK, HOUL-IHAN! WHAT KID ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



HOLY SAINTS! WHERE COULD HE HAVE GONE? I COULDA SWORN HE WUZ WITH ME ALL THE TIME!



BUT HOW DID YOU GET HOUL-IHAN TO LET JIMMY GO?

I DIDN'T! HE THOUGHT HE REALLY HAD HIM!



IT'S A TRICK OF MENTAL HYPNOSIS, YOU SEE I DON'T USUALLY INTERFERE WITH THE LAW, BUT IN THIS CASE WELL, SOMEHOW I HAVE CONFIDENCE IN JIMMY!

AH, NUTS!



HERE COMES THAT FLATFOOT! I AIN'T GONNA LET HIM TAKE ME!

YA LITTLE SCOUNDREL - I'LL CATCH YA IF I GOTTA CHASE YA ALL DAY!



PLEASE WON'T YOU GO AFTER JIMMY AND KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE.

WELL, I'VE GONE THIS FAR I MIGHT AS WELL GO THE WHOLE HOG!



JIMMY MANAGED TO LOSE THE OFFICER, BUT HE WON'T LOSE ME! NOW WHY'S HE HEAD-ING FOR THAT POOL PARLOR?



BACK ROOM, KID! THE GANG'S WAITIN' FER YOU!...

OKAY, TONY!



KARDAK RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE AND FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND!



HIYA, KID, WHERE YA BEEN! WE BEEN WAITIN' FER YOU!

AH, THAT FLATFOOT TRIED TO JUG ME!



THAT COPPER'LL GET HIS IF HE TRIES ANYTHING. I ALWAYS TAKE CARE OF MY PALS!

GEE! YOU'RE A SWELL GUY HOOKER!



SURE I'M SWELL! I'M EVEN GOIN' TO LET YOU GO ON A JOB WITH US! WE KIN USE YOU FOR A LOOKOUT!

I NEVER DONE NOTHING LIKE THAT... BUT WELL... I GUESS.



KARDAK BECOMES VISIBLE, AND...

CRIPES! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?

YOU'RE STAYING AWAY FROM THESE CROOKS, JIMMY!



HE'S A PHONY MAGICIAN, HOOKER. HE MUSTA FOLLOWED ME!

THAT'S TOO BAD - FOR HIM! BURN HIM DOWN, BOYS!



KARDAK TURNS THEIR GUNS TO MOLTEN STEEL!

OWOO!

OOO! MY HAND!



A WISE GUN, HUH? I DON'T NEED NO GAT TO POLISH HIM OFF!

ATTA BOY, HOOKER. SMACK HIM DOWN!

SURE HOOKER! SMACK ME DOWN-IF YOU CAN!



IF I CAN, HUH? TAKE THAT!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT GUY! HE AIN'T HUMAN! I'M BLOWIN'!

ME TOO!

YEEOW! MY HANDS BUSTED!

BUT THE MAGICIAN SEEMINGLY BECOMES A STONE STATUE JUST AS HOOKER STRIKES, AND-



ANOTHER PIECE OF MAGIC FROM KARDAK'S NEVER ENDING SUPPLY. THIS TIME...



A COP-  
PER! HE  
CAME  
OUTTA  
THIN  
AIR!



DON'T  
SHOOT!  
W... WE  
SURREN-  
DER!

LOOK AT YOUR HEROES  
NOW, JIMMY. GROV-  
ELLING COWARDS  
WITHOUT THEIR  
GUNS!

GEE! BUT  
I DIDN'T  
SEE NO COP!



WHILE OUTSIDE,  
WHADDA YA  
WANT HERE,  
HOLLIHAN?  
THIS IS A  
RESPECT-  
ABLE JOINT!

SOMEBODY  
TOLD ME THE  
SMITH KID  
CAME IN HERE  
AND MA  
SEARCHIN'!



SUFFERIN' CATFISH! HOOKER  
AND HIS MOB!  
WE BEEN AFTER 'EM  
A LONG TIME!



HOOKER!  
HE'S  
ESCAPING!

YA AIN'T GONNA  
TAKE ME ALIVE,  
COPPER!



I'M GOIN' IN THAT ROOM  
AFTER HIM!

DON'T HOLLIHAN!  
HE'S GOT TOMMY-  
GUNS IN THERE.  
HE'D MOW YOU  
DOWN!

JIMMY'S  
RIGHT! BET-  
LET ME  
HANDLE  
HIM!



NUTHIN' DOWN! I'VE BEEN  
WAITIN' FER A CHANCE  
AT THAT YELLOW RAT  
FOR A LONG TIME...  
AND I AIN'T  
GONNA DUCK  
IT NOW!



LET THAT LOUISY  
FLAT-  
FOOT SHOW HIS FACE  
THROUGH THAT DOOR  
AND I'LL BLOW HIS  
HEAD OFF!

**CRASH!**



HOULIHAN DROPS TO THE FLOOR AS MOOKER SPRAYS HIM WITH MACHINE GUN FIRE, AND



OOO! HE GOT ME IN THE HAND!



BEFORE I PULL YOU IN, I'M GONNA GIVE YOU THE BEATIN' OF YER LIFE!

YA... YA CAN'T! ME HAND!... IT HURTS!



SOUNDS LIKE A REAL IRISH PARTY! I GUESS HOULIHAN'S GOT THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

EOOON!!!  
**BANG**  
★  
**BIFF SOCK**  
★  
★  
★  
THUD  
OOOF



D... DON'T HIT ME NO MORE! I WON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE!

YER DARNED TOOTIN' YOU WON'T! GIT UP ON YER FEET, YA SCUM O' THE EARTH!



HAW, HAW!

AND YOU'RE THE GUY I THOUGHT WUZ SO TOUGH! HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF YOU, NOW!



I OWE YOU SOMETHIN' FER HELPIN' ME CATCH THAT RAT, JIMMY! NOW HOW'S ABOUT A BZZ... BZZ... SWELL!



EAT YER FILL! THERE'S PLENTY MORE!

GEE! I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, HOULIHAN!

IT'S NEVER GUESS' WORK WITH A KARDAK ADVENTURE. YOU'RE ALWAYS SURE OF AN ACTION PACKED THRILLER WITH PLENTY OF MAGIC!



# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Send Coupon  
Don't Pay Until Relieved**

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

### BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.



### DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

The cause of the disease is not a germ as so many people think, but a vegetable growth that becomes buried beneath the outer tissues of the skin.

To obtain relief the medicine to be used must first gently dissolve or remove the outer skin and then kill the vegetable growth.

This growth is so hard to kill that test shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy it; however, laboratory tests also show that H. F. will kill it upon contact in 15 seconds.

### DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

Recently H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It both gently dissolves the skin and then kills the vegetable growth upon contact. Both actions are necessary for prompt relief.

H. F. is a liquid that doesn't stain. You just paint the infected parts nightly before going to bed.

### H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

Sign and mail the coupon, and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money; don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



**GORE PRODUCTS, INC.**  
810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a bottle of H. F. for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better, I will send you \$1. If I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

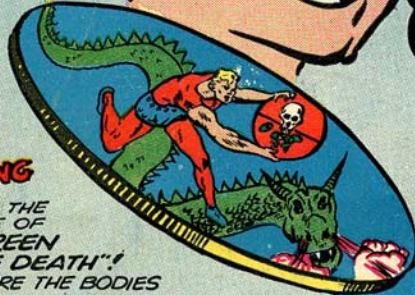
NAME.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY.....STATE.....



# WOW! DID I HIT THE JACKPOT!

## STEEL STERLING

AND THE CASE OF "THE GREEN EGGS OF DEATH"! MANY WERE THE BODIES THEY FOUND, DEAD! AND BESIDE EACH WAS A CRUSHED CHINESE GREEN EGG... AND NOW DORA CUMMINGS HAD ONE OF THOSE SYMBOLS OF DOOM, WHILE A SLANT-EYED KILLER STALKED HER THROUGH THE STREETS OF CHINATOWN ! ! !



LOOK AT WHAT I GET FOR JUST ONE DIME!

## THE BLACK HOOD

IN THE CASE OF "THE CORPSE WAS WRAPPED IN SEAWEED"! WAS THIS THE DREAD LORELEI, RETURNED, TO LURE SHIPS TO HORRIBLE DOOM ON THE ROCKS. OR WAS IT SOME HUMAN AGENCY, EVEN MORE HORRIBLE, THAT HAD WOVEN BARBARA SUTTON AND THE BLACK HOOD INTO A MESH FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE BUT DEATH! ! !



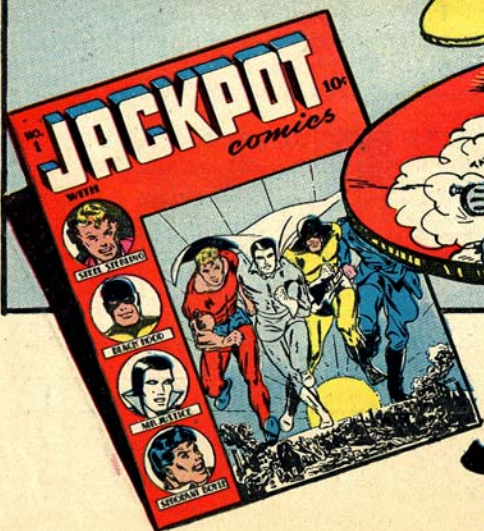
## MR. JUSTICE

AND THE "MASS PRODUCTION ZOMBIES"! WHY DID THE WORKERS OF ALL THE UNITED STATES ARMAMENTS FACTORIES DROP DEAD AT THEIR JOBS, AND WHAT HAD CAUSED THEIR BODIES TO DISAPPEAR FROM THEIR GRAVES???



## SERGEANT BOYLE

FIGHTING THE NAZIS WAS AN EVERYDAY JOB TO THAT DEVIL-MAY-CARE ACE OF THE BRITISH ARMY, SERGEANT BOYLE - BUT THE WAR TOOK ON A MUCH MORE SERIOUS COMPLEXION WHEN HIS OWN KID BROTHER LANDED IN THE HANDS OF HITLER'S HIRELINGS! ! !



# DON'T MISS THIS SMASHING NEW MAGAZINE, JACKPOT COMICS

ON SALE ON ALL NEWSSTANDS ! ! !