

TOP-NOTCH COMICS

ALL
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64
PAGES

10¢
NO. 4

THE WIZARD

THE MAN WITH
THE SUPER-BRAIN

APRIL



STREAK
CHANDLER
ON MARS
DICK STORM
IN SOUTH AMERICA
WINGS JOHNSO
OF THE AIR PATROL
THE
WESTPONTER

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

THE

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

WIZARD

THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN



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

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

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



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

WE ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE! IS EVERYTHING GOOT?

OUR SPIES HAF LOCATED VITAL PLACES VOR USS TO ATTACK!

JA, VE VILL BOMB TEXAS UND ESTABLISH AIRPLANE BASES!



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

YOU'LL HAVE TO HOLD THEM OFF UNTIL WE CAN SEND PLANES!

HELLO, JANE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'VE COME TO SAY GOODBYE BLANE. I COULD NEVER MARRY A PLAY-BOY. I'M GOING TO MY FATHER'S RANCH.

I HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE. THEY ARE STRIKING NOW!

UNABLE TO REVEAL THAT HE IS IN REALITY THE WIZARD, AND LACKING SUFFICIENT TIME TO MAKE ANY EXPLANATIONS, THE WIZARD ALLOWS JANE TO LEAVE.

AND THEN IN HIS SUPER-POWERED PLANE, HE TAKES OFF FOR TEXAS...

IN ABOUT 2 HOURS HE ARRIVES AT THE SCENE OF ENEMY OPERATIONS.

QUITE A SET UP DOWN THERE!

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

MAYBE I CAN PREVENT THEM FROM DOING ANY REAL DAMAGE!

THE WIZARD HEADS FOR THE ENEMY HEAD-QUARTERS!

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



DIAGRAM OF THE VB-RAY GUN



A - VB RAY TUBE
B - CONNECTING WIRE
C - CONTACT PIN
D - CONTACT PIN
E - VB-RAY BATTERY
F - GENERATOR COIL
G - FORMULA JA-VB 1000
H - REGENERATOR
I - GENERATOR POOL TANK

J - POOL PIPE
K - PUMP
L - WATER COOLER

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



OUT OF MY WAY, DOGS!

WELL, WELL, IT SEEMS I'VE QUITE A REPUTATION!

DUNDER, DER WIZARD! KILL HIM!

THE WIZARD BURSTS INTO GENERAL HEADQUARTERS!

AND INSTANTLY HYPNOTIZES THE GENERAL AND HIS STAFF!



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

JA WOHL.

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

THE MESSAGE IS RECEIVED AT A BUNDONIAN FIELD CAMP!

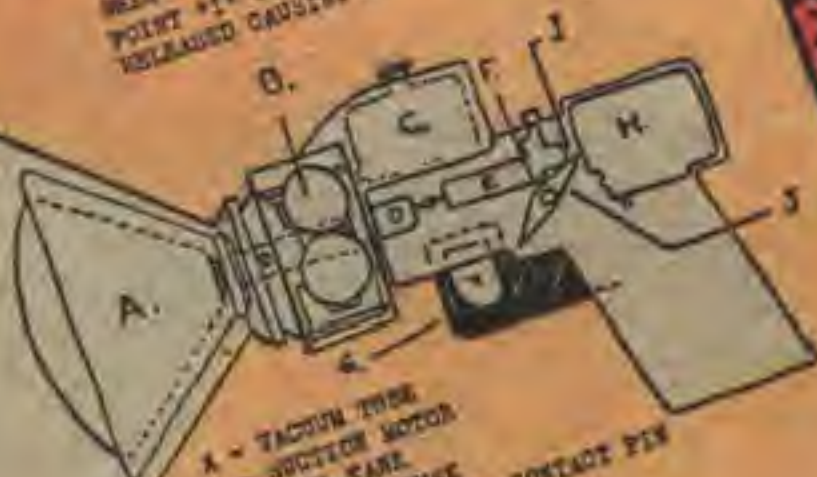


I'M AFRAID
YOUR FIGHTING
DAYS ARE
OVER, BOYS!

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

NEUTRONIC RAY GUN

WHEN TRIGGER IS PULLED, CONTACT
POINT "I" CONTACTS "E". "E"
RELEASED CAUSING CIRCUIT TO "I"



- A - VACUUM TUBE
- B - SECTION MOTOR
- C - FUEL TANK
- D - CONTACT FUSE
- E - MAGNETIC-CARBO CONTACT PIN
- F - MOVABLE VULCANUM PIN
- G - TRIGGER
- H - PLATINUM MAGNESIUM TUBE
- I - PLATINUM CONTACT POINT
- J - COPPER CONTACT POINT

SWINE. WE SHALL
TEACH YOU TO
FIGHT AGAINST
THE MEIS-
TER!

BUT THE
BUNDONIANS
ALSO HAVE A SUR-
PRISE WEAPON!

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

THE PLANE PLUMMETS
EARTHWARD. A SEETHING
MASS OF FLAMES!

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

THAT ACID HAS DRAINED
ALL MY STRENGTH!!



BUT THE WIZARD DAILS OUT,
AND RUNS EARTHWARD, USING
HIS CONTRA-GRAVITY FLASK
TO KEEP HIM FROM FALLING
TO HIS DEATH!

THE CONTRA-GRAVITY
FLASK.



- A - TOP
- B - INDICATOR DIAL
- C - STARTER DIAL
- D - STOP DIAL
- E - GAS RELEASE VALVE
- F - ADJUSTED VALVE

I'M ALL
IN!



THE REMAINING DUNDONIAN BOMBERS
DIVE AT THE WIZARD!

I'VE GOT TO
GET AWAY
FROM HERE,
OR MY
GOOSE IS
COOKED!



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



AVIATORS SEEM
TO BE CHASING
YOU. GET INTO
THE HOUSE!

WHO
ARE
YOU?

BY THE RAREST OF COINCIDENCE,
THE WIZARD COMES TO THE HOUSE
OF HIS FIANCEE'S FATHER!



NEVER MIND WHO I AM.
WE'RE ALL IN DANGER.
WE'VE GOT TO GET
AWAY FROM HERE!

BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
STRANGELY FAMILIAR
ABOUT YOU!





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



HERE HE IS, MEN. HE WILL NOT ESCAPE US AGAIN!

THEY BURST INTO JANE'S FATHER'S HOUSE!



GET OUT OF MY HOME. THIS IS AMERICAN PROPERTY!



THE AVIATORS THROW A PHIAL OF GAS WHICH RAPIDLY OVERCOMES THE THREE AMERICANS!



AND IF YOU TRY TO ESCAPE, WE WILL KILL THOSE OTHER TWO UPSTAIRS!



BUT HIS AMAZING STRENGTH IS NOT COMPLETELY GONE!

THAT'S THAT!!

HE BREAKS THE GIANT ROPES THAT BIND HIM



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



AND NOW FOR SOME ACTION!

AND HE DRINKS THE PRECIOUS WATER WHICH MUST COMBINE WITH THE SECRET FORMULA HE HAS & CAPSULE TO REVIVE HIS WANING STRENGTH!

I'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT'S
GOING ON UP THERE
BEFORE I
RISK IT!



GOOD!
WITH ONLY
ONE GUARD
UPSTAIRS,
NOW'S THE
TIME FOR
ME TO
START
SOMETHING.



HE PUTS HIS SUPER-BRAIN INTO ACTION AND VISUALIZES...

DUNDER, VARN DEM
UBSTAIRS,
FRITZ!



NOT SO FAST,
MY FRIENDS.
I'LL DELIVER
THE MESSAGE
PERSONALLY!

THE WIZARD CRASHES THRU THE DOOR!

AND INTO
ACTION!



A LITTLE
SAMPLE OF
WHAT I'M GOING
TO HAND YOUR
FRIENDS!



NOW TO
BREAK IN
AND RESUE
JANE AND HER
FATHER!

A GUARD IS WAITING!



UND NOW
YOU DIE!



BUT THE WIZARD IS TOO FAST!

MORE BUNDONIANS RUSH
TO THE FRAY!



BUT WITH HIS AMAZING
STRENGTH RETURNED, THE
WIZARD SUBDUES THEM!

I'VE GOT TO
WARN GROVER
IMMEDIATELY!



THE WIZARD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC
MIND NOW SEES THE BUNDO-
NIAN SUBMARINE PATROL
THREATENING THE U.S. FLEET
IN THE GULF OF MEXICO!



HMM. WE SHOULD BE
APPROACHING THE
DANGER ZONE PRETTY
SOON....WHAT'S THAT.
A CALL FOR ME ON
THE TRANSIVIZ!

MEANWHILE, ON BOARD SHIP, GROVER
IS MAPPING OUT HIS PLANS!

USING HIS POCKET TRANS-
MITTER, THE WIZARD
CONTACTS HIS BROTHER!



WATCH OUT, GROVER.
THE BUNDONIAN
SUBMARINES
ARE LYING
IN WAIT!

BUT BLANE,
WE'RE NOT
PREPARED
FOR A SUBMARINE
ATTACK. WE'LL
BE WIPED OUT!

BACK AT THE BARLOW RANCH!
I MUST SEND A MESSAGE TO
THE HYPNOTIZED BUNDONIAN
GENERAL!



ORDER
YOUR
SUBMARINES TO SURRENDER!

IT IS
TOO LATE!
THEY HAV
ALREADY
BEGUN TO
ATTACK!

THROUGH THE MENTAL ELECTRICITY OF HIS MIND,
THE WIZARD SENDS HIS ORDERS!



WHO ARE
YOU? WHO
ARE THESE
MEN?

I HAVE
NO TIME TO AN-
SWER
YOUR
QUESTIONS.
AU REVOIR,
UNTIL WE
MEET AGAIN



MY CONTRA-
GRAVITY FLASK
HAS HAD
IT'S USES
TODAY!

RUNNING THROUGH
THE SKIES, THE
WIZARD RACES
OFF TO THE
SCENE OF
BATTLE!

THE WIZARD ARRIVES
JUST AS THE
BUNDONIAN SUBMARINES
ATTACK THE U.S. FLEET.



AND NOW WE'LL
SEE WHAT'S
IN THE
SEA!



THE WIZARD GOES FOR
THE MAIN SUBMARINE!



AND WITH A TERRIFIC
HEAVE, RIPS OPEN
THE HATCH!



ACH HIMMEL!
IT IS DOT
WIZARD!

WE ARE
SUNK!

TORPE-
DOES
SPEED
PAST THE
WIZARD,
TOWARD
THE U.S.
BATTLE-
SHIPS

OH! SO THAT'S YOUR GAME,
WELL, YOU WON'T FIND ME
NAPPING THIS TIME!



A LITTLE TRICK
I LEARNED IN
THE NAVY!

WITH INCREDIBLE STRENGTH, THE WIZARD LIFTS THE SUBMARINES OUT OF THE
WATER IN FULL VIEW OF THE WARSHIPS, AND THE GUNNERS SCORE DIRECT HITS!

VERY GOOD; INFORM THEM THAT THEY
ARE TO TURN THE REST OF THEIR
SUBS OVER

HERE IS A
MESSAGE OF
SURRENDER
FROM THE
SUBS, SIR!

TO THE
U.S.
NAVY.

ABOARD THE FLAG SHIP, THE RADIO
OPERATOR REPORTS TO HIS
COMMANDER!

THE BUNDONIANS SURRENDER!

YOU HAFF BEATEN US.
VE CANNOT
FIGHT AGAINST
SUCH FORCES
AS YOU HAFF
VIT YOU!



AS THE BUNDONIAN FLEET LINES UP IN
SURRENDER, A CARD FLUTTERS DOWN!

THE
WIZARD
MEETS
THE
SHIELD
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF —

TOP-NOTE
COMICS

DICK STORM

IN SOUTH AMERICA



DICK STORM ONCE AGAIN FINDS HIMSELF FIGHTING AGAINST THE FORCES OF TYRANNY AND INJUSTICE, AS HE LENDS HIS COURAGE, AND DARING TO THE SERVICES OF FREEDOM AND INDEPENDENCE!

THE SLUMBERING VOLCANO OF THE CHILANS COMES TO LIFE WITH HORRIBLE AND DEVASTATING SUDDENNESS!

CHILANS FALL BY THE THOUSANDS AS PLAGUE SWEEPS THROUGH THE SMALL REPUBLIC. ALL CHILAN IS COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED!



FOOD! FOOD!

OUR FAMILIES ARE STARVING!



LOOTING IS WIDESPREAD!

WE HAVE HEARD MUCH ABOUT YOU, DICK STORM. WE BEG YOU TO HELP US IN THIS HOUR OF CRISIS!

I'LL DO ALL I CAN!



IN THE HOME OF SEÑOR VALERA, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHILAN!



SUDDENLY

DEATH TO THE CHILANS!

WHAT THE?

LOOK OUT! PADRE!



DICK STORM RISKS HIS LIFE TO SAVE THE PRESIDENT!



I'M HIT!!



SEIZE HIM! HAVE HIM SHOT!



OH! THE HANDSOME AND BRAVE SENOR STORM. HE'S DEAD!



BUT DICK STORM SUDDENLY RISES!

NO, RANA! IT'S ONLY A FLESH WOUND! WAIT A MINUTE, I WANT TO TALK TO THAT GUY!



THE ROOM IS CLEARED SO THAT THE PRESIDENT AND HIS DAUGHTER MIGHT HEAR DICK STORM'S PLAN!

I SHALL PLANT MINES AND SET THEM OFF WITH A BOMB FROM MY PLANE, WHEN THE PRUVIANS COME CLOSE ENOUGH.



DICK STORM QUESTIONS THE ASSASSIN

IF YOU WANT TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, TELL ME WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?

I TELL THE PRUVIANS, THEY ARE ABOUT TO INVADE CHILAN!



WE ARE LOST! OUR FORCES ARE COMPLETELY DISORGANIZED!

I HAVE A PLAN BUT YOU MUST TURN OVER YOUR ARMY TO ME FOR A FEW DAYS!



HAVE YOUR TROOPS READY TO ATTACK AS SOON AS THE MINES ARE EXPLODED!

IT SHALL BE AS YOU SAY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, DICK SETS OFF TO SCOUT THE PRUVIAN ADVANCE GUARD

AND NOW FOR THE FIREWORKS!



AT THE SAME MOMENT A SPY IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE PRESIDENT!

FLOG HIM UNTIL HE TALKS!

WE CAUGHT HIM SENDING A MESSAGE TO THE PRUVIANS!



DON'T WHIP ME! I OVERHEARD DICK STORM, AND I WARNED THE PRUVIANS OF HIS APPROACH!



I MUST WARN DICK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

NO! NO! COME BACK RANA!



RANA'S FEELING FOR DICK OVERCOMES HER BETTER JUDGEMENT!

RANA! I'LL SEND ONE OF MY AVIATORS!



DICK STORM SIGHTS AN AIR SQUADRON HEADING FOR HIM!

SAY, THOSE MUST BE PRUVIAN PLANES! LOOKS LIKE I'M IN FOR A SCRAP!



DICK SWINGS INTO ACTION!

I DON'T KNOW WHO TIPPED YOU OFF, BUT HE WASN'T ANY FRIEND OF YOURS!





RANA CIRCLES THE PLANE OVER THE MINES FOR SOME TIME, UNTIL.....



RANA SWOOPS LOW TO THE GROUND, AND DICK FIRES INTO THE MINES!



THE CHILAN TROOPS POUR OUT OF THE FOREST AS DICK SETS OFF THE MINES.



THE CHILAN AIR-PLANES HURL THEIR DEADLY MISSILES FROM THE SKIES!

THE PRUVIAN GENERAL SURRENDERS!

YOU WIN. BUT IT NEVER WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT SENOR DICK STORM!



HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU FOR HELPING US SENOR STORM.

HAVING YOUR BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER HELP ME IS THANKS ENOUGH. I WISH I COULD STAY LONGER, BUT I HAVE MORE WORK TO DO!



**MORE BLOOD STIRRING ADVENTURES OF DICK STORM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF—
TOP-NOTCH COMICS**

MOORE OF THE MOUNTED



SERGEANT MOORE, OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE, TRAILS A PAIR OF CLAIM JUMPERS TO THE ALASKA BORDER, AND PROVES THAT THE MOUNTIES ALWAYS GET THEIR MAN.

SOMEWHERE IN THE FROZEN VASTNESS OF CANADA, AN OLD PROSPECTOR DIGS FRANTICALLY.

EUREKA!
GOLD!
I'M RICH!



BUT TWO PAIRS OF EVIL EYES STARE DOWN UPON HIM.

SURE, WE CAN,
USE IT BETTERN
'HE CAN!

GOLD! THE OLD FOOL
WONT KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH IT.



THE PROSPECTOR STARTS TOWARD TOWN...

IVE GOT TO FILE
MY CLAIM, BEFORE
SOMEONE ELSE
SEES IT, AND TRY
TO STEAL IT...



HELP!

THANKS FOR
COMING OUR WAY!
WE'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU.

SUDDENLY THE
OLD MAN'S PREMONITION
BECOMES A GRIM FACT.



FINISH HIM!!
DEAD MEN
DONT TALK!



TAKE THAT POUCH OUT
OF HIS POCKET. HE WONT
NEED HIS GOLD NOW...

YEAH! NOW ALL WE
GOTTA DO IS DIG FER
A COUPLE OF DAYS,
AN' WE'RE RICH!

BUT-
SERGEANT
TERRY MOORE
OF THE N.W.H.P.
IS VERY CLOSE
AT HAND...

I THOUGHT I HEARD
A SHOUT FOR HELP...
THOSE MEN ARE UP
TO NO GOOD !!!



HALT!!! IN THE
NAME OF THE
LAW!!!

RUN FOR IT!
MAYBE WE CAN
BEAT HIM TO THE
ALASKA
BORDER.

CURSES!!
THE MOUNTED
POLICE...





DEAD! AND
ROBBED!
THE MUR-
DERER'S!
KILLIN'
POOR,
HARMLESS,
OLD-PROS-
PECTOR
JOE!



HE MUST HAVE HIT GOLD, AND
THESE KILLERS WANTED TO JUMP
HIS CLAIM! WELL THEY WON'T
GET AWAY FROM ME!



HALT! OR YOU'LL
ANSWER TO THE
MOUNTED!

SERGEANT
MOORE
SHOOTS HIGH,
TO FRIGHTEN
THE ESCAP-
ING KILLERS!



I'LL GET THEM, IF I
HAVE TO CHASE
THEM TO THE
NORTH POLE!

KNOWING THAT
ONCE THE
KILLERS CROSS
THE BORDER
INTO ALASKA,
THEY ARE SAFE
FROM THE LAW,
MOORE SETS
OUT IN RAPID
PURSUIT!



THAT MOUNTIE'S
DANGEROUS!
WE BETTER STOP
HIM SOMEHOW!

THAT BIG ROCK UP
AHEAD! WE CAN
START AN AVAL-
ANCHE AND BURY
HIM IN IT!



THIS IS ONE
MOUNTIE WHO
WON'T GET
HIS MAN!

HERE GOES!



DUCK OUT OF THE WAY OF THIS, RED-COAT!

GOSH! THIS LOOKS LIKE A HARD WINTER!

TONS OF SNOW AND DEBRIS ROAR DOWN ON SERGEANT TERRY MOORE!



IF IT'S SNOW THAT'S HITTING ME, AND NOT ROCK, MAYBE I CAN DIG MY WAY OUT!



HE'S BURIED UNDER A THOUSAND TONS OF JUNK!

THAT'S THE END OF HIM!



BUT MOORE IS FAR FROM DEAD — A FEW MINUTES LATER HE EMERGES FROM UNDER THE PILE OF DEBRIS

THOSE GUYS SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A MOUNTIE'S GOTTA BE DEAD, BEFORE HE STAYS BURIED!

SERGEANT MOORE
TAKES THE TRAIL
AGAIN, AND RACES
AFTER THE
KILLERS!

IF I LET THEM
GET AWAY, I'LL
BE A DISGRACE
TO THE FORCE!



VLADIMIR!! MY FOOT
IS IN A TRAP! MY
ANKLE IS BROKEN!
I CAN'T WALK!



THAT'S TOO BAD,
THEN YOU'LL
HAVE TO STAY!!
I'LL GET TO
ALASKA ALONE!

SUDDENLY!

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



MOORE OF THE MOUNTED
COMES UPON THE TRAPPED MAN



DON'T SHOOT
MOUNTIE! I'M CAUGHT
IN A BEAR
TRAP!



I'M CRAZY TO DO THIS, WHILE I'M
SAVING YOU, I'M LETTING YOUR
MURDERING PAL ESCAPE
INTO ALASKA!



SPRINGING THE TRAP, MOORE CARRIES THE
WOUNDED MAN TOWARD A NEARBY CABIN.

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





SKIS! I CAN TRAVEL TEN TIMES FASTER THAN A MAN ON SNOW SHOES!

CATCH THAT RAT VLADIMIR, MOUNTIE HE LEFT ME TO DIE!

SERGEANT MOORE CARRIES THE INJURED MAN INTO AN EMPTY TRAPPER'S CABIN.



DON'T WORRY, WITH THESE EX-BARREL STAVES ON MY FEET, HE'S AS GOOD AS CAUGHT! NOW!



WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND, MOORE RUSHES AFTER THE ESCAPING VLADIMIR!



IN A FEW MINUTES HE COVERS THE GROUND THAT VLADIMIR NEEDED AN HOUR TO PASS



THIS'LL FINISH YOU, RED COAT!

THERE HE IS!

BUT VLADIMIR'S AIM IS BAD, AND WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS, MOORE ROARS AT... AND INTO HIM!



YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRY TO BEAT THE LAW!



DID YOU HAVE ANY TROUBLE SERGEANT MOORE!

NONE AT ALL, SIR, WAS SIMPLE AS SLIDING DOWN A HILL!

LATER AT MOUNTED POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.



THE DEVIL IS A MULE

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

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

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

"It's a dangerous undertaking," warned General Sheridan, "but it is imperative that the dispatches should go through; so if you're willing to risk it, take the best horse

you can find, and the sooner you start the better I'll appreciate it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The scout made a gesture of despair. Another race on mule-back with Indians was certainly not an inviting prospect, particularly when the animal had a brass band attachment. So, with something akin to antipathy, he reluctantly mounted the mule

and urged it out of the fort. And neither he nor the creature guessed what was in store for each of them.

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

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

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

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

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

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



STREAK CHANDLER ON MARS



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



THINK OF IT, VOLA, A FEW MORE WEEKS AND MY ROCKET SHIP WILL BE FINISHED.

BUT WHO WILL FLY IT?

IF NECESSARY, I SHALL FLY IT MYSELF! I HAVE NOT WORKED TWENTY YEARS TO BE FRUSTRATED NOW!



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



I'M TOIN'IN OFF DIS SIDE ROAD, MAYBE WE KIN DITCH 'EM!

THE GANGSTERS ARRIVE AT THE PROFESSOR'S FARM.



LET'S DUMP HIM HERE!

WE GOT TO GET RID OF DIS JOE COLLEGE BOY, OR IT'S A TWENTY YEAR STRETCH.



PUT 'EM UP!

WH..WHAT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?



I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU NOW! THE LANDING GEAR ON THIS SHIP IS NOT FINISHED!



THE SHIP ARRIVES IN THE OUTER STRATOSPHERE OF MARS!

LOOK, IS THAT MARS?

YES, GOODBYE, VOLA DEAR, IF... IF...

DON'T FATHER, WE MUST LAND SAFELY!



THE PROF. FRANTICALLY WORKS THE CONTROLS IN AN EFFORT TO REDUCE THE BLINDING SPEED!

I'M CUTTING DOWN THE SPEED, BUT IT'S NOT ENOUGH!



TRY TO SMOOTH IT OUT FOR A BELLY LANDING! THAT'LL REDUCE THE SHOCK!

THE SHIP LANDS WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH!



MINUTES LATER, THE VOYAGERS REVIVE!

VOLA ARE YOU SAFE?

I'M ALRIGHT.

THIS LANDING WAS JUST LIKE GETTING TACKLED FOR ME!



THERE GOES OUR LAST HOPE OF EVER GETTING BACK TO EARTH!

OUR GLASS HELMETS ARE BROKEN! I GUESS WE DON'T NEED THEM.



AN ARMY OF STRANGE RED COLORED CREATURES ATTACK!

RUN FOR THE SHIP, VOLA! I'LL CARRY YOUR FATHER IN!

HURRY! HURRY!

THEY MAKE IT SAFELY!

IS... IS... HE DEAD?

NO! HE'S COMING TO! THAT RAY MUST BE TERRIFICALLY HOT! LOOK AT THE GASH!

WH..WHAT HAPPENED?

WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

AND WE'RE NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET, UNLESS, ...WAIT A MINUTE ...I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WHERE'S THE OXYGEN SUPPLY?

STREAK'S PLAN WORKS TO PERFECTION. THE OXYGEN ACTS AS A DEADLY GAS TO THE MARTIANS WHO CAN ONLY BREATHE THE THIN AIR OF MARS.

HOO RAY! BUT WE CAN'T HOLD THEM OFF FOREVER! LOOK! THEY'VE MELTED AWAY HALF OUR SHIP!

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE...

THE RED MEN SCATTER MADLY AT A NEW ONSLAUGHT OF STRANGE WINGED GREEN MEN



STRANGE! THEY'RE NOT MOVING THEIR LIPS, BUT I SEEMS TO HEAR A COMMAND TO COME OUTSIDE!

SO DO I!

ME TOO!

THE LEADER OF THE GREEN MEN INFORMS THEM IN PERFECT ENGLISH THAT THEY ARE CAPTIVES!

HE SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE!

NO. YOU ARE TALKING IT FOR ME! I AM ABLE TO READ YOUR MIND

HE EXPLAINS FURTHER /

WE ARE THE
LOKIS... WE
HAVE JUST
RESCUED YOU
FROM THE
BARBARIC
RED MEN,
THE FERRUGAS!
YOU SHALL BE
OUR SLAVES!



THE LOKIS CARRY THE EARTH
PEOPLE TO THEIR OWN DOMAIN



THEY ALL ARRIVE AT
THE EDGE OF A LARGE
SEA!

ARTIFICIAL GILLS
ARE HANDED TO
THE EARTHDWELLERS

THIS WILL LET
YOU BREATHE
UNDER-WATER



THEY PLUNGE INTO
THE SEA!

DON'T BE
AFRAID
VOLA!

I...I'LL
TRY!



INTO THE LAND
OF THE LOKIS

WH..WHY I CAN
BREATHE AND
SPEAK!!

THESE LOKIS
MUST BE FAR
MORE CIVILIZED
THAN EARTH PEOPLE.



THE
BRONTAURIS!
QUICK, TO THE
CAVE!

THE LOKIS SUDDENLY TAKE ALARM

THE UGLY BRONTAURIS..THE DREADED
MONSTER OF THE UNDERSEAS OF MARS



STOP! STOP!
YOU'LL BE
KILLED!!

CAN'T NOW, THESE
LOKIS ARE TOO SCARED
TO HELP US!

STREAK SUDDENLY SWIMS TO ATTACK
WITH ONLY A POCKETKNIFE!

STREAK
ATTACKS
THE GIANT
BRONTAURIS
WITH HIS
POCKET
KNIFE,
STABBING
AWAY
WITH
BUT
LITTLE
EFFECT
ON THE
BEAST!



I GUESS THIS IS THE
END... I CAN'T FIGHT
ANYMORE... SOON AS
HE GETS HIS WIND
HE'LL FINISH ME!



BUT SUDDENLY THE MONSTER
CEASES STRUGGLING!

THE BRONTAURIS STARTS TO SWIM

GREAT GHOSTS,
IT'S... IT'S
CARRYING
ME LIKE
A HORSE!



DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DEEP,
THE BRONTAURIS CARRIES THE
ASTONISHED STREAK.....!

IT LOOKS
LIKE A LIGHT!



THE LIGHT TURNS OUT TO BE A
CITY, ENCLOSED IN GLASS!

VOLA!... PROF!
HOW DO I GET
IN THERE?



SUDDENLY A GLASS PANEL OPENS!

THANK HEAVEN,
YOU'RE SAFE!

HOW DID
YOU DO IT?



THE KING OF THE LOKIS
GRANTS THE CAPTIVES
THEIR FREEDOM!

YOU HAVE BEEN
ABLE TO SUBDUCE
THE BRONTAURIS,
THEREFORE, I MAKE
YOU SUBJECTS,
NOT SLAVES!



ANOTHER
HAIRRAISING
ADVENTURE
OF STREAK
CHANDLER
ON MARS,
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF

TOP-NOTCH
COMICS

WINGS JOHNSON of the AIR PATROL

"SKY RAIDERS OF THE
WESTERN FRONT"

I'M IN A SPOT
NOW! I DON'T DARE
SHOOT TO
DEFEND MYSELF,
AND I'VE NO WAY
TO SHOW THOSE
GUYS I'M NOT A
NAZI!

FOR THE SECOND TIME, WINGS JOHNSON, YANKEE FLIER IN THE R.A.F., HAS SUNK A GERMAN U-BOAT COMMANDED BY HIS MORTAL ENEMY, VON SCHILLER. THIS TIME HE DID IT WITH A NAZI SEAPLANE, STOLEN IN HIS ESCAPE FROM WILHELMSHAVEN. EVEN MORE OMINOUS THAN THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING COURT-MARTIALLED WHEN HE REACHES HOME, IS HIS PRESENT PRE-DICAMENT OF FLYING OVER ENGLISH WATERS IN A GERMAN PLANE. TWO BRITISH PLANES ARE SPEEDING TOWARD HIM EVEN NOW.

I'LL DIVE
INTO THE
CHANNEL—
THAT'S ALL!
I CAN DO.

I HAVEN'T EVEN
GOT A
HANDKERCHIEF
TO WAVE AS A
FLAG OF TRUCE!

WINGS
DIVES!

GOOD GOSH!
A BRITISH SUB!
RIGHT IN MY
PATH!

DEATH LIES IN EITHER
DIRECTION. WINGS WILL
BE KILLED IF HE HITS
THE SUB, OR IF HE PULLS
OUT OF THE DIVE, THE
BRITISH FLIERS WILL
SHOOT HIM DOWN.

WINGS
TRIES
TO
PULL OUT,
BUT THE
STRAIN
IS TOO
MUCH
FOR THE
NAZI
CRATE



THE SHATTERED WING
HAS BROKEN THE GAS
LINE, THAT CAN MEAN
ONLY ONE THING.



FIRE! AN INSTANT AFTER THE FUEL LINE
PARTS, THE SHIP IS A MASS OF FLAMES!



WINGS JUMPS,
ONLY TO FIND
HIMSELF
DIRECTLY
IN THE PATH
OF AN
ONCOMING
BRITISH
PLANE!



HIS CHUTE CATCHES ON THE WING OF THE
BRITISH SHIP, JOHNSON IS LEFT DANG-
LING IN MIDAIR. IF THE FRAGILE SILK
GIVES WAY, HE WILL BE DASHED TO
HIS DOOM!



THE ONLY WAY
OUT IS TO CLIMB
TO THE WING.



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



WHY DON'T YOU DROP
THE BLIGHTER NOW-
HE'S ONLY A NAZI.

A FAIR FIGHT
IS ALRIGHT,
BUT THAT
WOULD BE
MURDER.



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

GREAT GUNS,
MAN, DON'T
SHOOT.



WELL I'LL BE!
IT'S THE YANK!

WINGS IS-
RECOGNIZED
JUST IN TIME



THANKS, FELLAS,
YOU SAVED
MY LIFE.



AT LEAST YOU'RE ALIVE, YANK, BUT YOUR TROUBLES ARE JUST STARTING. FOWLER SAYS HE'LL HAVE YOU SHOT FOR DESERTING.

I HOPE HE'LL GIVE ME SOME OINTMENT FOR MY HANDS BEFORE HE SHOTS ME.

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



WHERE'S THAT PLUCKY NAZI YOU PICKED UP?

WE SAW IT ALL THROUGH THE GLASSES

MAKE WAY, HERE COMES THE CO.



IT'S THE YANK.

YOU! OFFICER OF THE DAY, ARREST THIS MAN AT ONCE!



WHERE IS YOUR NAZI PRISONER, GUNSON?

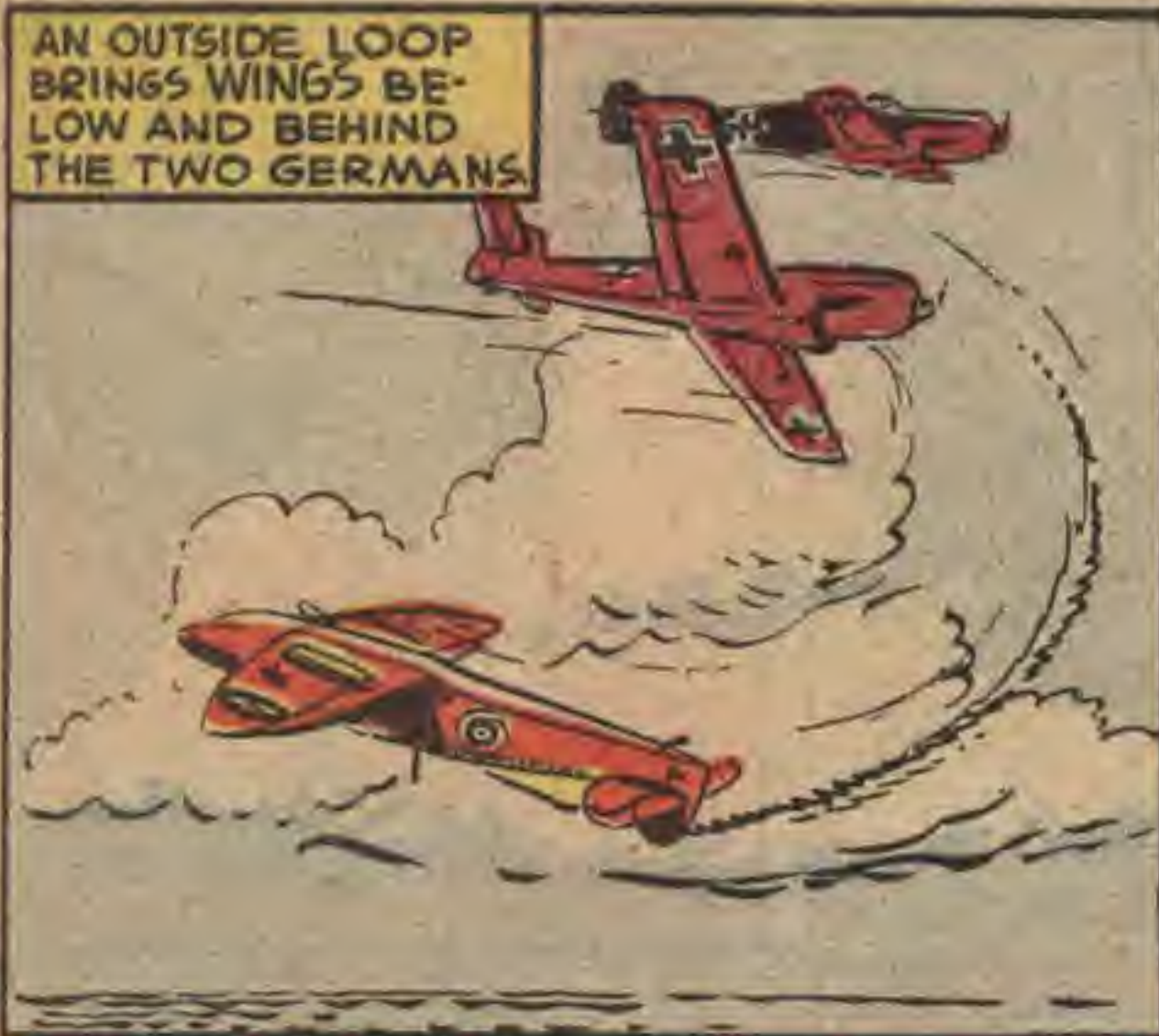
BUT HE ISN'T A NAZI, SIR, HE IS—



TO THE GUARD-HOUSE, MARCH!



AN OUTSIDE LOOP
BRINGS WINGS BE-
LOW AND BEHIND
THE TWO GERMANS.



THAT TAKES
CARE OF
ONE, NOW
FOR THE
OTHER.



WINGS TURNS, TO
GET ABOVE THE
OTHER JERRY!



I THINK I'LL
DIVE RIGHT AT
THIS BABY!



THE TWO SHIPS
ROAR AT EACH
OTHER WITH
GUNS BLAZING!

SO! THAT'S WHAT
MADE THAT BUMP IN
THIS COAT. A HAND-
GRENADE!

WINGS' TRACER BULLETS
STRIKE HOME!



IT OUGHT TO DO
A SWELL JOB ON
THEIR OWN BOMBER.



WINGS
BLOWS
UP THE
BIG
BOMBER
WITH THE
GRENADE

THAT
GUNNER GOT
MY MOTOR!



THIS ISN'T SO
GOOD. I'LL HAVE TO
LAND IN GERMAN
TERRITORY. THAT
CHASE WAS
LONGER THAN I
THOUGHT!



MAYBE I CAN FIND
SOME DIFFERENT
CLOTHES AT
THIS FARM.



ON GERMAN SOIL IN A
NAZI UNIFORM, WINGS
CAN BE SHOT AS A SPY IF
HE IS CAUGHT—

LUCKY FOR ME, THESE
CLOTHES ARE JUST
MY SIZE! WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?



NAZI TROOPS! IT
WILL BE CURTAINS FOR
WINGS, UNLESS HE FINDS A
PLACE TO HIDE, QUICKLY!



NAZIS! THEY
SAW ME LAND!
I BETTER DUCK!

SEARCH
THIS PLACE,
HE MAY BE
HIDING HERE

THAT MOTOR
SOUNDS LIKE A
BRITISH SHIP AND HE'S
HEADING THIS WAY!



THAT FLIER HAS TO BE
CAUGHT! HE MAY DIS-
COVER THE AMMUNITION
WE'VE HIDDEN HERE!



MUNITIONS DUMP.
MAYBE I CAN
DESTROY IT!

I'M TAKING A CHANCE,
BUT I MUST GET
WORD TO THAT
BRITISH SHIP!





WINGS
BUILDS A
SIGNAL
FIRE.

IF I CAN ONLY
GET MY
MESSAGE
SENT BEFORE
THE NAZIS COME



WINGS DELIVERS HIS MESSAGE, BUT
HE'S NOT SAFE YET.



IT'S THE YANK!
I'LL DIVE TO
RESCUE HIM!



BUT THE
NAZIS ARE
RACING
TOWARD
WINGS
TOO.

GET THAT SPY
DEAD OR ALIVE!
BEFORE THAT
PLANE LANDS!



WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

SAVED!



TWO BOMBS TAKE CARE OF THE
MUNITIONS DUMP—

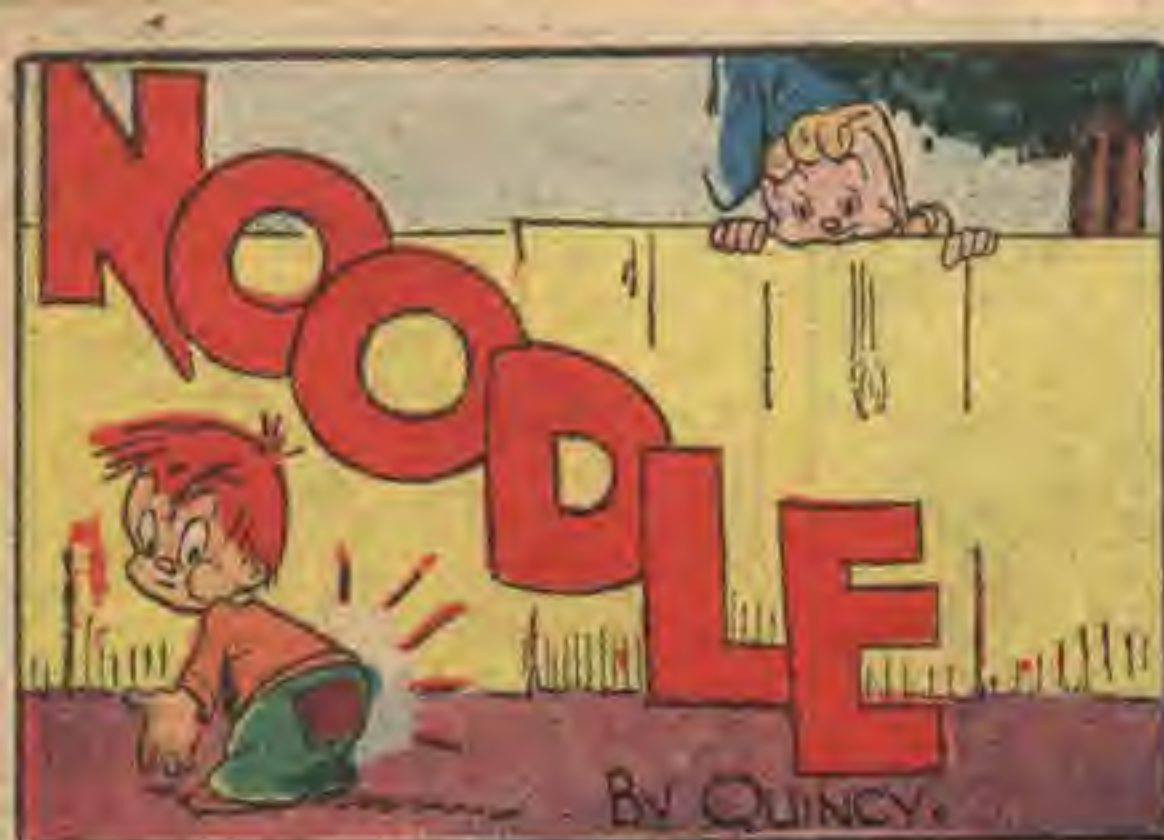


YOU DID A SWELL
JOB YANK, BUT YOU'RE
STILL IN A BAD WAY,
FOWLER SAYS
VON SCHILLER
ESCAPED FROM THE
SECOND U-BOAT
YOU SANK!

WHAT!
VON SCHILLER
ALIVE!
THAT MAN
HAS MORE
LIVES THAN
A CAT!

'LOOKS
LIKE
WINGS
WILL HAVE
TO GET
VON
SCHILLER
AGAIN—
OR DOES
HE FACE
A
COURT-
MARTIAL.
SEE—

TOP-NORTH
COMICS



BY
IRVING
NOVICK

BOB

PHANTOM

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

THE SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD



AGIANT TRANSPORT, WINGING ITS
WAY TOWARD THE UNITED STATES
IS HAILED BY A COAST GUARD
CUTTER



LAND AT COAST
GUARD AIRPORT
IN SAN FRANCISCO.
WE WANT TO IN-
SPECT YOUR
CARGO!

YES SIR,
WE'LL GO
THERE
DIRECTLY...



IN THE FUSELAGE OF THE PLANE, A FRIGHTENED CARGO OF
SMUGGLED CHINESE CRINGE BEFORE AN ARMED GUARD —



STEP OFF THE TRAP
DOOR BUTCH, WE
GOT TO DROP THESE
FUTURE
LAUNDRY
MEN
INTO THE
OCEAN.

QUIET!



SUDDENLY, THE PILOT IS
STARTLED BY A STRANGE
FIGURE

TOUCH THAT LEVER TO DROP
THOSE MEN, AND YOU DIE
TOO!

BOB PHANTOM!
OKAY- I'LL LET
'EM LIVE!



FOOL! I HEAR EVERY WORD YOU
SPEAK. I COMMAND YOU TO
DO AS I HAVE ORDERED!
DROP THOSE MEN, OR YOU
WILL NEVER LIVE TO SEE
LAND AGAIN!



HEARTENED BY
THE VOICE OF HIS
CHIEF, THE THUG
SPEAKS WITH
BRAVADO!

I'M NOT AFRAID
OF YOU SPOOK,
THE MASTER KIN
HANDLE YOU!



A SWIFT TUG ON A LEVER...

- SENDS THE CARGO
OF CHINESE HURLING
TO THEIR DEATH!



ANSWERED
BY THE
WANTON
KILLINGS
BOB
PHANTOM
SPRINGS UPON
THE
RUTHLESS
THUG



SEE HOW YOU
LIKE THE AIR!



ROARING WITH ANGER, BOB PHANTOM
WRECKS THE PLANE!



BOB PHANTOM DISAPPEARS IN A
CLOUD OF SMOKE, AS THE PLANE
CRASHES TO A WATERY GRAVE.



THE NEXT DAY WALT WHITNEY RECEIVES A STRANGE VISITOR.

I'M THE PRINCESS AH-KU. I CAME TO THANK YOU FOR THE WORK YOU ARE DOING IN BEHALF OF MY PEOPLE.

WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF CHINATOWN IT SHOULD BE EASY --

TO AID THE POLICE IN THE DISCOVERY OF THE LEADER OF THE SMUGGLERS

YOU CAN DEPEND UPON ME TO COOPERATE IN EVERY WAY POSSIBLE.

TWO DAYS LATER... ANOTHER SUSPICIOUS PLANE IS SIGHTED OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER

AGAIN THE PILOT PREPARES TO DROP HIS CARGO WHEN...

BOB PHANTOM!

KILLING THOSE CHINESE IN THE BACK WON'T SAVE YOU

BUT AGAIN, THE SHORT WAVE RADIO SPEAKS!

DISREGARD THAT SPOOK! YOUR MASTER HAS GIVEN YOU YOUR ORDERS!

I DO AS THE MASTER TELLS ME!

THE BOTTOM OF THE PLANE OPENS, AND ANOTHER HUMAN CARGO DROPS INTO THE SEA!

MURDERER SEE IF THE MASTER CAN HELP YOU NOW!

AGAIN BOB PHANTOM
DISAPPEARS, AS ANOTHER
PLANE CRASHES TO ITS DOOM!



On Broadway

FATE MUST BE CATCHING
UP WITH THE IMMIGRANT
SMUGGLERS... FIVE OF
THEIR PLANES HAVE
BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY
WRECKED, BUT STILL
THEY GO ON.
WILL THE POLICE
NEVER DISCOVER
THE BRAINS OF
THIS ORGANIZATION?

Small, illegible text block, likely a newspaper article snippet.

IN A SECRET MEETING ROOM,
SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY.



SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO.



BUT ONE PASSENGER ABOARD THE
BUS IS A STOWAWAY.



THROUGH THE NIGHT, THE BUS ROARS
ON ITS WAY TO THE BORDER.





EMPTY EH?
OKAY, GO ON
THROUGH.



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

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



A GUN
FIRES
THROUGH
THE
WINDOW

I CAN USE THE
LOAD YOU'RE
CARRYIN'!



A HAND ON THE
BRAKE SAVES
THE BUS FROM
DESTRUCTION!



TRIGGER
SLUMM,
ESCAPED
FROM JAIL,
AND BACK
AT HIS
EVIL
DOINGS!



GOOD THING THOSE
BOYS IN THE BIG HOUSE
TOLD ME ABOUT THIS
RACKET. WE CAN
MAKE THIS DELIVERY
AND PUT SOME SCREWS
ON FOR A BIG
PAYOFF!



TRAILED BY THE CAR THE BUS SPEEDS ON!

THROUGH DARKENED STREETS
THE BUS RACES ALONG...



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



INTO THE THRONE ROOM OF THE MASTER, TRIGGER SLUMM HERDS THE COWERING CRINESE.

SO, YOU HAVE HI-JACKED THE CARGO FROM MY DRIVERS.

YEAH, WE'RE DECLARIN' OURSELVES PARTNERS IN THIS RACKET.

I GOT ALL THE DOPE ON YOU I NEEDED, FROM BUDDIES IN THE BIG HOUSE. NOW FORK OVER THE DOUGH FAST!

FOR A LONG TIME, I NEEDED SOMEONE WITH BRAINS, ON THE DELIVERY END! WITH PLEASURE.

BUT SUDDENLY THE STOWAWAY OF THE BUS APPEARS.

I WARNED YOU, BUT YOU RATS FAILED TO HEED ME. NOW I'LL TEACH YOU TO RESPECT MY WORD!

BOB PHANTOM!

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

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

PRINCESS AH-KU!

YES! BUT YOUR AMERICAN JUSTICE WILL NEVER PUNISH ME!

THE PRINCESS' HAND SUDDENLY REACHES UP AND PULLS A CORD

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

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

LATER AT RADIO STATION WS 66, THE WALT WHITNEY NEWS BROADCAST—

IF THE POLICE ARE INTERESTED, THEY'LL DISCOVER THE LEADERS OF THE SMUGGLING RACKET IN BACK OF THE WANG-PO JOSS HOUSE IN CHINATOWN. IT SEEMS THAT TRIGGER SLUMM BROKE JAIL, AND ACCIDENTLY WENT THERE..

HE MUST HAVE QUARRELLED WITH THE SMUGGLERS, AND FOUGHT, BECAUSE THE UNCONCIOUS BODIES ARE STILL THERE, WAITING TO BE PICKED UP BY THE POLICE!

MORE ACTION PACKED BOB PHANTOM ADVENTURES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE NEW PAPER

STACEY KNIGHT, M.D.

STACEY KNIGHT, M.D., AFTER A SERIES OF HAIR RAISING ADVENTURES, BRINGS A GAMBLING RING TO JUSTICE!



Lin Steffen

LIKE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS, DR. KNIGHT IS INTERESTED IN THE COMING RING BATTLE BETWEEN KID BURNS AND BATTLING BUTLER!



A SUDDEN SWERVE, AND A CAR CRASHES INTO A TREE ON THE HIGHWAY!



ALL RIGHT, BE RIGHT OVER THERE!



GAVE PEDRO THE DRUG---DOC---A DOSE--AN HOUR AGO---



HE'S DEAD!

I KNOW HIM--NAME IS BARNETT. A STOOGE FOR MORIARITY, THE GAMBLER!





KNOW THIS GUY, CHIEF?

YEAH! HE'S A DOCTOR AND SORT OF A DETECTIVE. BET HE KNOWS PLENTY! BUT WE'LL FIX THAT!



PUT HIM ON THE SLOOP AND TELL THE BOYS TO TAKE HIM OUT A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MILES...

OK. WE'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL THE FIGHTS OVER!

MORIARITY'S GANG TAKE THE UNCONSCIOUS DR. KNIGHT FOR A RIDE.



THE GANGSTERS LEAVE DR. KNIGHT PRISONER ON THEIR CHIEF'S BOAT.

OK. CHIEF, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DOC 'TILL AFTER THE FIGHT.

WHEN THE FIGHTS OVER, DR. KNIGHT WILL BE HISTORY



AFTER A NIGHT AT SEA, THE DOCTOR AWAKENS WONDERING HOW IT ALL HAPPENED...

THEN I WAS HIT. THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER.



WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED???

WELL, DOC! TO BE EXACT, YOU'RE A HUNDRED MILES AWAY FROM HOME MORIARITY'S ORDERS.

THERE'S A SQUALL COMING UP, CAP!



A SUDDEN SQUALL HITS THE SMALL SLOOP... THE SAILORS HURRY TO THEIR POSTS...



LOOK OUT JOE! THE MAST'S COMING DOWN



WOW! ME LEGS, THEY'RE CRUSHED!!

AS THE STORM SUBSIDES, THE INJURED MAN IS TAKEN TO THE DOCTOR!



GOOD WORK, DOC!

HE'S ALRIGHT NOW. COMPOUND FRACTURE IN BOTH LEGS...

NOW THAT HE IS FREE THE DOCTOR PLANS AN ESCAPE!



TAKE ME TO THE GALLEY, I WANT SOME HOT WATER.

O.K. DOC, FOLLOW ME...



IN THE SHIP'S GALLEY THE DOCTOR DECIDES ON THE MOST DARING OF DEEDS...

HOW ABOUT SOME KEROSENE, THE STORM PUT THE STOVE OUT!

RIGHT ALONG SIDE OF YA, DOC! I AINT YOUR VALET!



STACEY KNIGHT SPILLS THE KEROSENE ON THE HOT STOVE!

WELL, HERE WE GO BOYS. RING IN THE FIRE ALARM!



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF



KNIGHT'S PLAN WORKS. THE GANGSTERS RUSH MADLY FROM THE BURNING SHIP!

THE BURNING SHIP IS SIGHTED BY THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD...

LOOKS LIKE FIRE AT SEA, CAPTAIN. FULL SPEED AHEAD!





THE COAST GUARD SPEEDS AHEAD.



THE PLAN WORKED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!

STACEY KNIGHT ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE COAST GUARD CUTTER



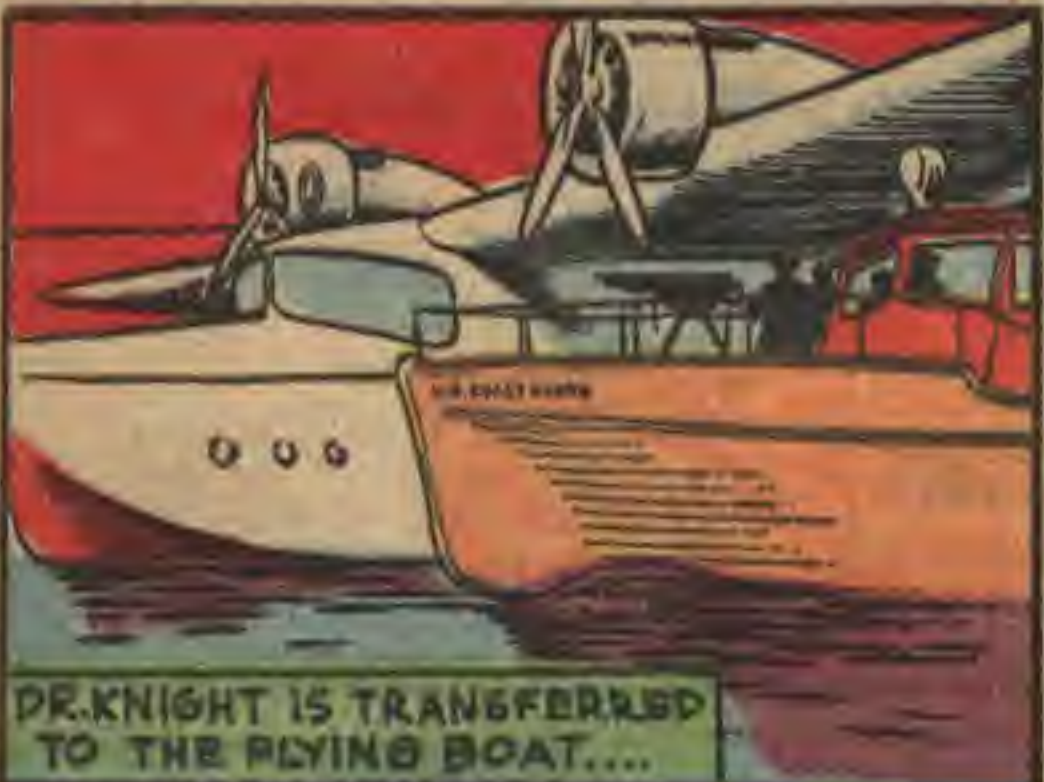
ABOARD SHIP, DR. KNIGHT TELLS HIS STORY...

AND IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I GET TO THE GARDEN BEFORE THE FIGHT!

O.K., SIR. SIGNAL THE FLYING BOAT, MATE



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



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



SEE IF YOU CAN CONTACT AN AUTO-GIRO AT ROOSEVELT FIELD. I'VE GOT TO SAVE TIME.

CALLING R.O.O. S.E.V.E.L.T. FIELD. U.S. COAST GUARD CALLING.



IN THE LABORATORY OF THE FLYING BOAT DR. KNIGHT PREPARES AN ANTIDOTE

WE CONTACTED ROOSEVELT FIELD, GIRL. SHE'S ON THE WAY.

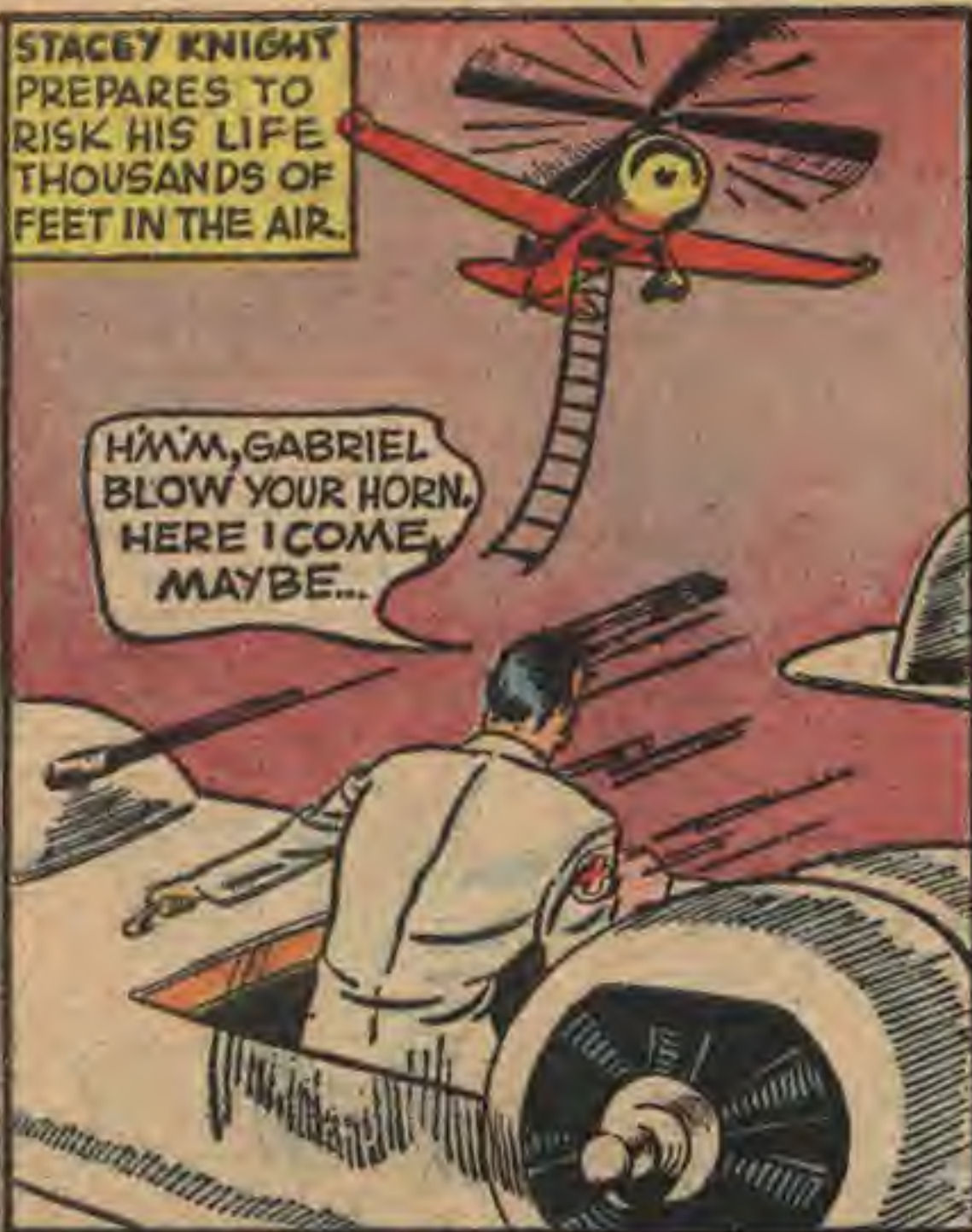
GOOD! I HOPE I CAN CLIMB A ROPE LADDER.



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

STACEY KNIGHT
PREPARES TO
RISK HIS LIFE
THOUSANDS OF
FEET IN THE AIR.

H'M'M, GABRIEL
BLOW YOUR HORN.
HERE I COME,
MAYBE...



WOW! I
MADE IT!

THE AUTOGIRO LANDS IN FRONT OF THE
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

NOT A MINUTE
TO SPARE!



I'M GLAD YOU'RE
HERE, DOCTOR.
I FEEL KINDA
SICK!

THE DOCTOR
GIVES BURNS
A SHOT OF THE
ANTIDOTE
JUST IN TIME!

SICK! MAN,
YOUR LUCKY
TO BE ALIVE!



AS A RESULT OF STACEY KNIGHT'S QUICK AC-
TION THE FIGHT LASTS ONLY A ROUND—

8-9-10-YOURE
OUT. KID BURNS
WINS AGAIN!



AND THIS, MORIARITY,
IS THE TECHNIQUE
BURNS USED...

RIGHT IN THE
HANDS OF
HABEAS CORPUS



MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF
STACEY KNIGHT, M.D. IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF **TOP-NOTCH**
COMICS

THE SHIELD MEETS THE WIZARD

AND THE

MIDSHIPMAN MEETS THE WEST POINTER



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

FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS BY FOLLOWING THE THRILLING EXPLOITS OF THESE DYNAMIC CHARACTERS IN THE PAGES OF —
MAY ISSUE (NO.4) PEP COMICS ON ALL NEWSTANDS ABOUT MARCH 12TH
MAY ISSUE (NO.5) TOP-NOTCH COMICS ON ALL NEWSTANDS ABOUT MARCH 18TH

TELL YOUR NEWSDEALER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY

The WEST POINT

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

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

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

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



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

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

THE WHISTLE! WHEW — JUST IN TIME!



by E. W. P. L.





EXHAUSTED, AND SICK FROM EXPOSURE, KEITH IS TAKEN TO THE INFIRMARY, WHILE GERRY IS TAKEN HOME

HURRY-GET THEM WARM! REVIVE THEM!



YOU MUST STAY IN BED UNTIL YOU ARE ENTIRELY BETTER!

BUT I HAVE TO PLAY AGAINST NAVY TOMORROW. IT'S OUR MOST IMPORTANT GAME!



HELLO, GERRY, ARE YOU FEELING BETTER?

I'M ALL RIGHT KEITH. I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!



KEITH SPEAKS TO GERRY ON THE PHONE.

LATER.

WE PLAY NAVY TONIGHT, AND THE DOCTOR SAYS THAT I'M NOT IN CONDITION TO PLAY!



THAT EVENING-KEITH LISTENS TO THE BROADCAST OF THE GAME!

IT'S NEARING THE END OF THE FIRST HALF, AND ARMY WITHOUT KORNELL IS TRAILING NAVY BY MANY POINTS!



DOCTOR'S ORDERS OR NOT! I'M GOING TO PLAY!!

THE SCORE IS NOW 27-12, NAVY'S FAVOR!



BUT AS KEITH SNEAKS OUT OF THE HOSPITAL ——— SUDDENLY ———

HEY—WHAT'S THIS!

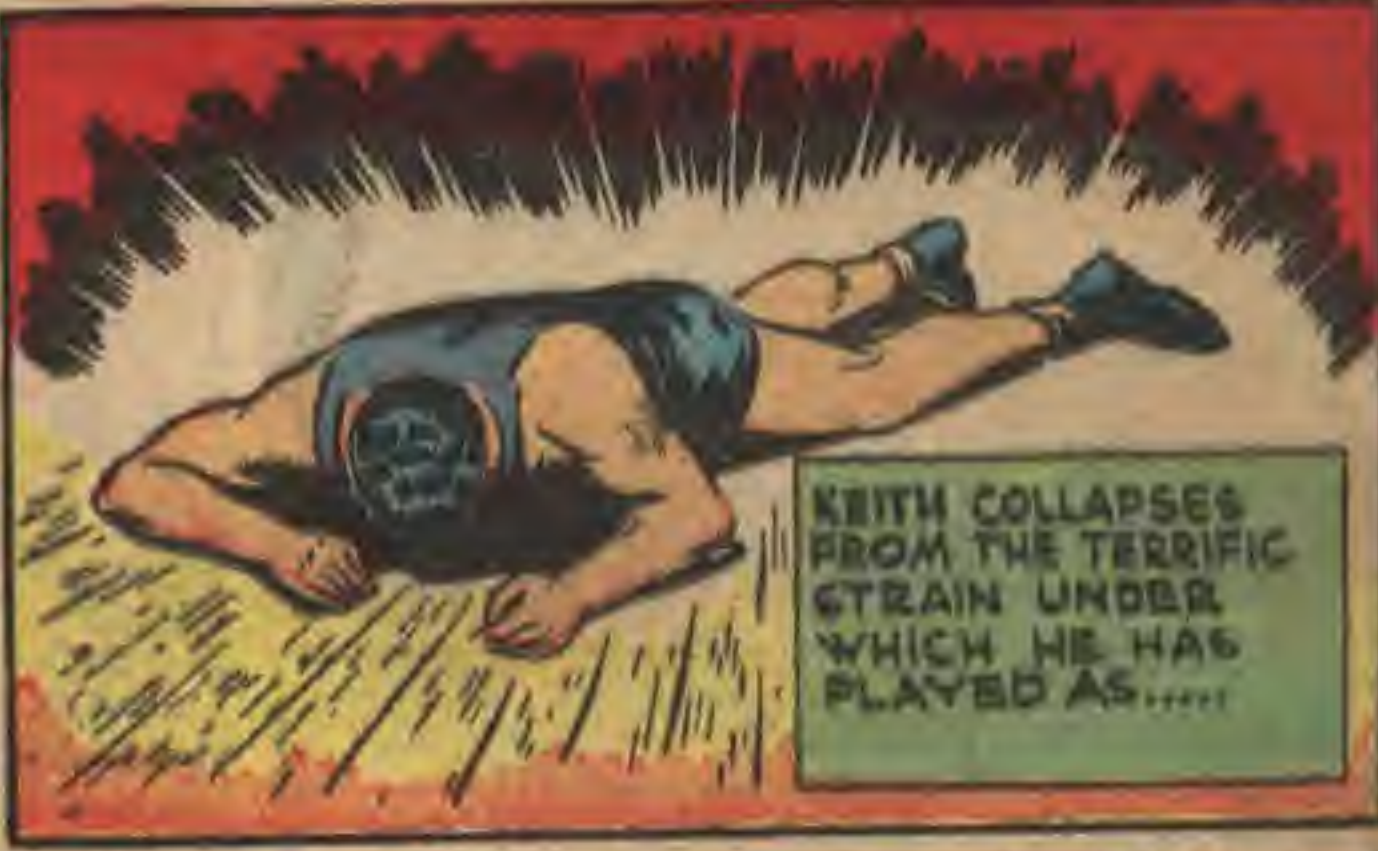
WE'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU NOW, KORNELL!



— BUT KEITH, ALTHOUGH HE IS SICK, FIGHTS OFF HIS ATTACKERS!

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE NOW!!





KARDAK

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN

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

I ONLY MET YOU A FEW DAYS AGO, AND YET IT SEEMS I HAVE KNOWN YOU ALL MY LIFE.

NATURE PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS LORNA, ONE NEVER KNOWS WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT.

BOARD A SHIP BOUND FOR INDIA

HELP! HELP!

I'M GOING TO FAINT

WHAT THE...

KARDAK'S WORDS, SPOKEN LIGHTLY, BECOME GRIM PROPHECY.

HEAVENS! SHE'LL DROWN UNLESS

AND BACK INTO THE WATERS, WHENCE THEY CAME, GO THE UNBELIEVABLE MONSTERS OF THE DEEP!

THIS MUST ALL BE SOME HORRIBLE DREAM.

BUT TO PREVENT LORNA FROM DROWNING, KARDAK MAKES THE SEAS ROLL BACK.

LORNA, LORNA I'M COMING!

AND THEN, WITH A SUDDEN DIVE, HE FOLLOWS

THERE THEY GO! IF EVERYTHING WASN'T SO COLD AND WET, I'D BELIEVE I WAS IMAGINING IT!

DOWN, DOWN, INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE INDIAN OCEAN!

HE TRAILS THEM TO THE OCEAN FLOOR!

THEY WENT THRU THIS CAVERN!
WELL, HERE'S HOPING!



KARDAK EMERGES
FROM THE CAVERN
AND SEES-- A
SAVAGE MOB
OF FISHTAILED
CREATURES
THREATENING
HIM!

GREAT GHOSTS! AN UNDERSEA
WORLD. WHY, THIS MUST BE THE
LOST CONTINENT, ANDERRAS!



AND NOW HAND THAT GIRL
OVER, BEFORE I SEND YOUR
OWN PIG STICKERS BACK
INTO YOUR HIDES!



THE FISHTAILS THROW THEIR THREE PRONGED SPEARS, BUT
KARDAK'S MAGIC DROPS THEM HARMLESSLY AT HIS FEET.

GOOD! SHE'LL FLOAT
RIGHT TO ME.



THEN, WITH MORE OF HIS SORCERY, HE LIFTS THE
GIRL INTO THE AIR ON A CLOUD OF LIGHT.

GREAT EARTH LORD, WE
COME TO YOU IN PEACE.
WE OF ANDERRAS WISH YOU
AND YOUR EARTH WOMAN
NO HARM.



THE KING OF THE FISHTAILS ADDRESSES THE
MYSTIC MAGICIAN WITH AWED RESPECT.

THEN WHY DID YOU
KIDNAP HER?



OUR LEGEND SAYS, THAT THE ANDERRAN
FISHTAILS WILL ONE DAY BE WIPED OUT
BY OUR ENEMIES, THE MOCHA MEN, UNLESS
WE ARE PROTECTED BY A
WHITE, EARTH QUEEN..



THE KING OF THE FISHTAILS EXPLAINS



WE ACTED IN HASTE
BECAUSE WE ARE ABOUT
TO BE ATTACKED BY
THE MOCHA MEN. WE
BEG YOU TO BE OUR
QUEEN.

IGUESS YOU HAVE
NO CHOICE. I DONT
KNOW ANY WAY
OUT OF HERE //

THEY HAVE A FUNNY WAY
OF HONORING ME, THEY
ALMOST DROWN ME BE
FORE THEY MAKE ME
THEIR QUEEN //



KARDAK EXPLAINS THE SITUATION
TO THE GIRL



GIVE REVERENCE TO
YOUR NEW QUEEN AND
PROTECTOR, OH
FISHTAILS OF THE
ANDERRAS!



LORNA ACCEPTS

YOU'RE PRETTY BIG NOW
LORNA, HOPE YOU DONT
HAVE ME BEHEADED.



DEATH
TO THE
FISHTAILS!

UGLY LOOKING
DEVILS, I'VE GOT
A WAY TO STOP
THEM.!!!

THE MOCHA MEN! DREAD FOES OF THE ANDERRAS!



A TERRIFIC
DRONING IS
HEARD OVER-
HEAD!

GOOD
HEAVENS!
WHAT'S THAT?

THE MOCHA MEN
THE MOCHA MEN
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

BRINGING UP FIRE BY EXTENDING BOTH
HANDS, KARDAK RINGS THE FISHTAILS
WITH A WALL OF FIRE —



THERE, THAT'LL COOL
YOU OFF.!!!

OUR QUEEN IS
PROTECTING US!

LONG LIVE
OUR QUEEN



FIGHT ON, OH FISHTAILS OF THE
ANDERRAS. OUR QUEEN WILL
BRING US VICTORY!

DEATH TO THE
FISHTAILS!

HURLING BOMBS OF LUNG SEARING GAS, THE MOCHA
MEN, MOUNTED ON LONG-LEGGED SEA SPIDERS,
POUR THROUGH THE WALL OF FLAME!



THESE FISHTAILS ARE
BRAVE FIGHTERS, BUT
THE MOCHANS FORCES ARE
TOO STRONG. I MUST
HELP THEM.



IF WE WISH TO DEFEAT THE
FISHTAILS, WE MUST CAPTURE
THEIR QUEEN!

THERE SHE IS!

MOCHAN WARRIORS MAKE FOR LORNA,
THINKING SHE IS THE CAUSE OF THE MALE



KARDAK CAUSES THE GROUND TO SEPARATE
AND THE MOCHANS TUMBLE INTO THE CHASM.



QUICK, TO THE
MAGATOR!

KARDAK



FAST, BEFORE
WE ARE
STOPPED!

WITH LORNA THEIR CAPTIVE,
THE MOCHANS FLEE!



LORNA IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE MOCHAN MAGATOR



KARDAK'S MYSTIC MIND IS ABLE TO VISUALIZE LORNA'S PLIGHT, AND HE SETS OUT TO RESCUE HER.



GREAT SCOT! THESE THINGS ARE STRANGLING ME!

BUT THE MOCHANS SIGHT THE PURSUING MYSTIC, AND SEND THEIR SEA SPIDERS TO ATTACK HIM!!



WHEW! TALK ABOUT A STRAIGHT-JACKET! THIS THING IS A LITTLE CRAMPING.

THE SEA SPIDERS WEAVE A TREMENDOUS WEB ABOUT KARDAK!!



SO! THE PURY EARTH MAN DARES TO FOLLOW THE MIGHTY MOCHAN! THEM HURT YOU! PIT!



LORNA DON'T WORRY I....

SILENCE FOOL, INTO THE PIT WITH YOU!

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN IS TOSSED INTO A BOTTOMLESS PIT INFESTED WITH MAN EATING SHARKS



THEY SURE LOOK HUNGRY!



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



ACOUPE MORE
INCHES WITH THOSE TEETH
AND IT WOULD HAVE
BEEN THE END OF
KARDAK!

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



GOOD THING THESE
SHARKS CUT THE
NET! NOW TO
RESCUE
LORNA!

AND KARDAK SWIMS CLEAR OF HIS BONDS!



COME ON LORNA!

BY THE BEARD
OF PLUTO

THE MOCHANS ARE TOO AMAZED TO
STOP LORNA FROM ESCAPING



WE ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR
BRINGING BACK OUR QUEEN
UNHARMED.

I'LL STAY HERE
TO PROTECT AND
HELP HER IN
HER RULE!

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



AN OLD TRICK I
LEARNED IN INDIA

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



WE'VE GOT TO RUN FOR IT, LORNA!
THIS SMOKE WILL SCREEN US
FROM THEM!

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



AND LONG MAY SHE
REIGN, WISELY AND WELL.!

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

TOP NOTCH
COMICS