

Featuring **THE BLACK HOOD**
TOP-NOTCH

NO. 13

COMICS **10¢**

MAR.



**THE WIZARD
ROY...**
WITH
THE SUPER-BOY!

[illegible]

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

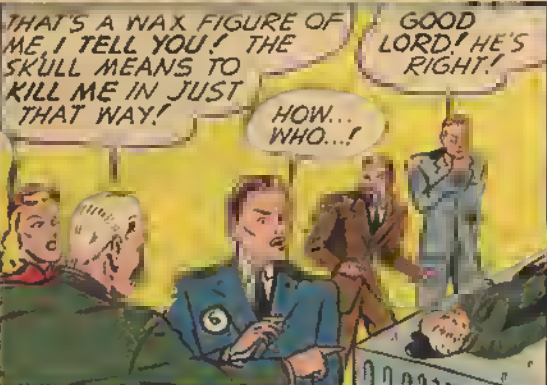
OUR SCENE OPENS IN A WAX MUSEUM WHICH FEATURES THE MOST ATROCIOUS CRIMES OF THAT MASTER OF MURDER - THE SKULL! SUDDENLY THE AIR IS RENT BY THE HORROR-STRICKEN HOWL OF ONE OF THE SPECTATORS WHO COLLAPSES DRA- MATICALLY -



THAT'S A WAX FIGURE OF ME, I TELL YOU! THE SKULL MEANS TO KILL ME IN JUST THAT WAY!

GOOD LORD! HE'S RIGHT!

HOW... WHO...!

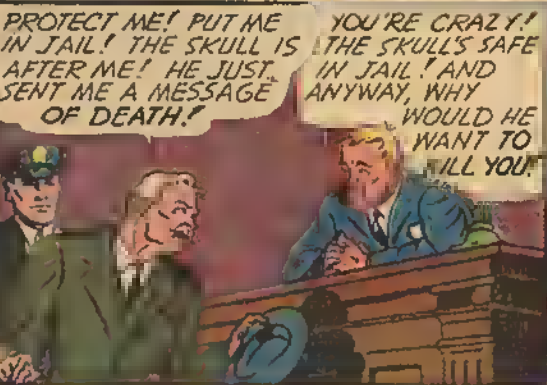


THE WAY TO THE POLICE STATION, QUICK!



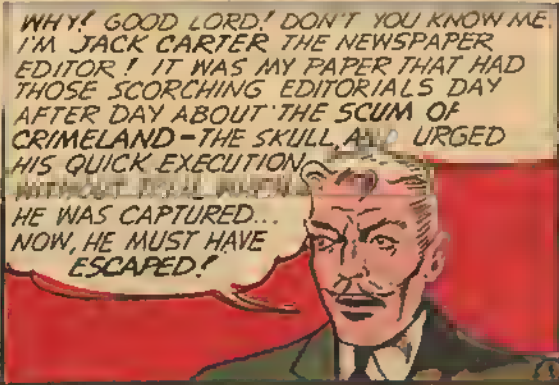
PROTECT ME! PUT ME IN JAIL! THE SKULL IS AFTER ME! HE JUST SENT ME A MESSAGE OF DEATH!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THE SKULL'S SAFE IN JAIL! AND ANYWAY, WHY WOULD HE WANT TO KILL YOU?



WHY! GOOD LORD! DON'T YOU KNOW ME I'M JACK CARTER THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR! IT WAS MY PAPER THAT HAD THOSE SCORCHING EDITORIALS DAY AFTER DAY ABOUT THE SCUM OF CRIMELAND - THE SKULL AND I URGED HIS QUICK EXECUTION!

WITHOUT REAL REASON HE WAS CAPTURED... NOW, HE MUST HAVE ESCAPED!



HAW, HAW! THE SKULL ESCAPED!
THAT'S RICH. C'MON, I'LL SHOW
YOU HE'S STILL PACKED AWAY
IN MOTH BALLS!



SEE! THERE HE
IS! HEY SKULL!
SKULL!



SAY! WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER!
MAYBE HE'S DEAD! HE'S SITTING
AWFUL STIFF. OPEN THIS
DOOR, GUARD!



HOWLIN' BANSHEES THIS
IN'T THE SKULL! IT'S A
WAX FIGURE OF HIM!
THE SKULL HAS
ESCAPED!

I KNEW IT! AND
NOW HE'S OUT
TO KILL ME FOR
REVENGE!



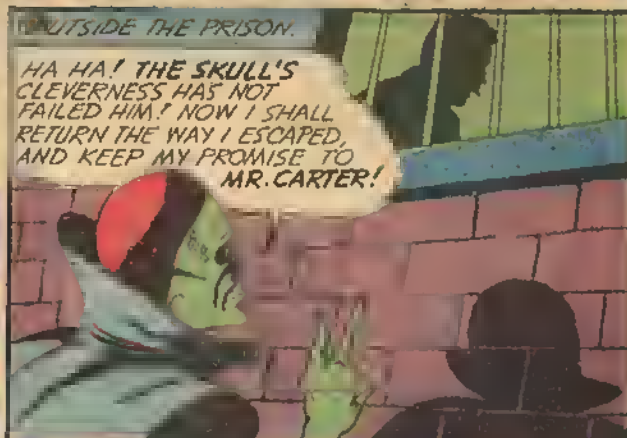
WHAT'LL I
DO! I... I'M
SCARED!

YOU STAY RIGHT IN
THIS CELL. I'M GONNA
GET THE CHIEF O'
POLICE HERE!

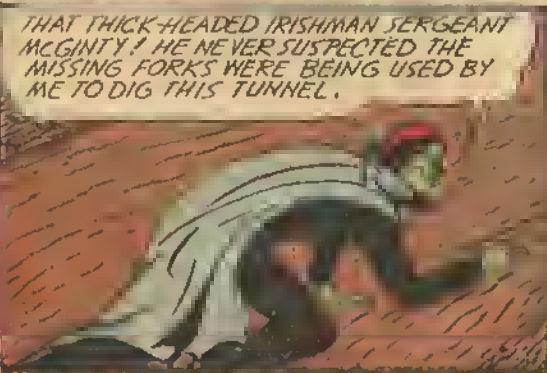


OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

HA HA! THE SKULL'S
CLEVERNESS HAS NOT
FAILED HIM! NOW I SHALL
RETURN THE WAY I ESCAPED,
AND KEEP MY PROMISE TO
MR. CARTER!

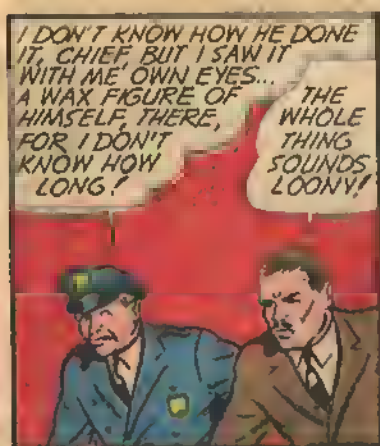


THAT THICK-HEADED IRISHMAN SERGEANT
MCGINTY! HE NEVER SUSPECTED THE
MISSING FORKS WERE BEING USED BY
ME TO DIG THIS TUNNEL.



BRRR... EVEN
THE SKULL'S WAX
FIGURE GIVES ME
THE CHILLS!





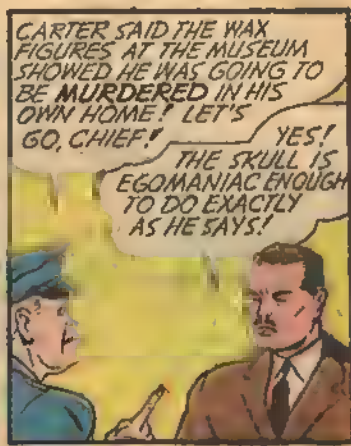
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DONE IT, CHIEF BUT I SAW IT WITH ME OWN EYES... A WAX FIGURE OF HIMSELF THERE, FOR I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG!

THE WHOLE THING SOUNDS LOONY!



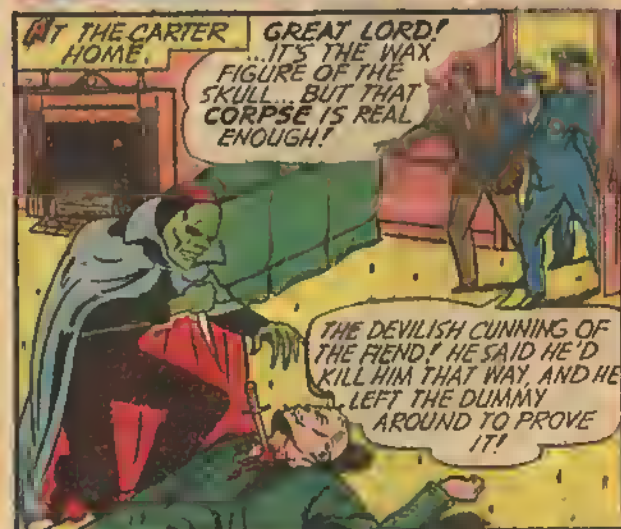
WHAT IS THIS! A GAG, MC GINTY!

SAINTS ALIVE! NOW THEY'RE ALL GONE!



CARTER SAID THE WAX FIGURES AT THE MUSEUM SHOWED HE WAS GOING TO BE MURDERED IN HIS OWN HOME! LET'S GO, CHIEF!

YES! THE SKULL IS EGOMANIAC ENOUGH TO DO EXACTLY AS HE SAYS!



AT THE CARTER HOME.

GREAT LORD! ...IT'S THE WAX FIGURE OF THE SKULL... BUT THAT CORPSE IS REAL ENOUGH!

THE DEVILISH CUNNING OF THE FIEND! HE SAID HE'D KILL HIM THAT WAY, AND HE LEFT THE DUMMY AROUND TO PROVE IT!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE I WON'T HAVE YOU AND KIP FIGHTING OVER WHO SHOULD TAKE ME HOME, JOE! YOU BOTH CAN!

NOT A CHANCE! I GOT THINGS TO TALK WITH YOU BARBARA... IN PRIVATE!

THREE ISN'T PRIVATE, JOE!



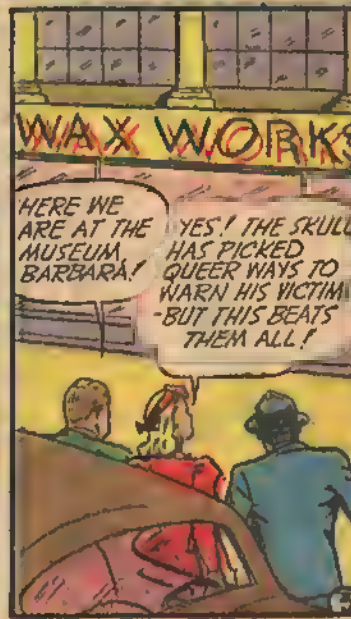
NOW LOOK! I DON'T WANNA GET TOUGH, BUT I'M TAKIN' HER HOME... ALONE -SEE!

BARBARA! WAIT A MINUTE!

NO! I DON'T SEE!



I JUST GOT A FLASH! THE SKULL'S LOOSE. HE MURDERED CARTER AFTER TIPPING OFF HIS CRIME IN THE WAX WORKS MUSEUM! GO DOWN TO THE MUSEUM AND GET SOME PICTURES!



WAX WORKS

HERE WE ARE AT THE MUSEUM, BARBARA!

YES! THE SKULL HAS PICKED QUEER WAYS TO WARN HIS VICTIM -BUT THIS BEATS THEM ALL!

I'M A REPORTER! WILL YOU PLEASE SHOW ME THE WAX DISPLAY OF THE SKULL KILLING, MR. CARTER!

THIS WAY!... GOSH I DON'T KNOW HOW IT EVER GOT IN HERE!

THE SKULL MEANS TO ROB AND KILL BARCLAY! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!

SO THE SKULL WARNS THE BLACK HOOD OF DEATH IF HE INTERFERES!

KIP JOE! LOOK! THERE'S ANOTHER DISPLAY IN ITS PLACE... THAT'S THE BLACK HOOD... AND THAT OTHER FIGURE! IT'S THE FAMOUS JEWEL COLLECTOR, GEORGE BARCLAY!

WHILE BARBARA'S BUSY PHONING AND JOE'S BUSY WATCHING HER, I'LL SLIP AWAY...!

HELLO!
HELLO! MC GINTY!

QUICK CHANGE AND KIP BURLAND BECOMES - THE BLACK HOOD!

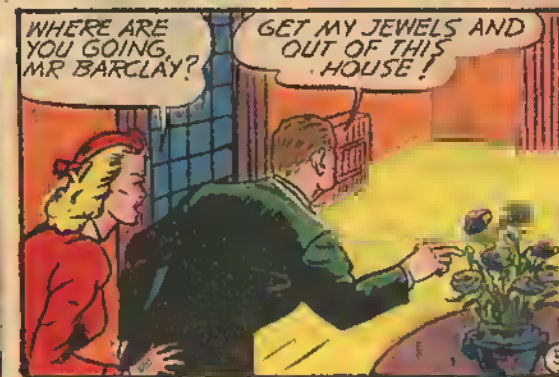
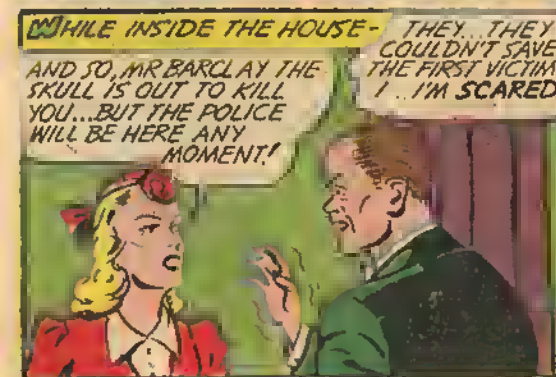
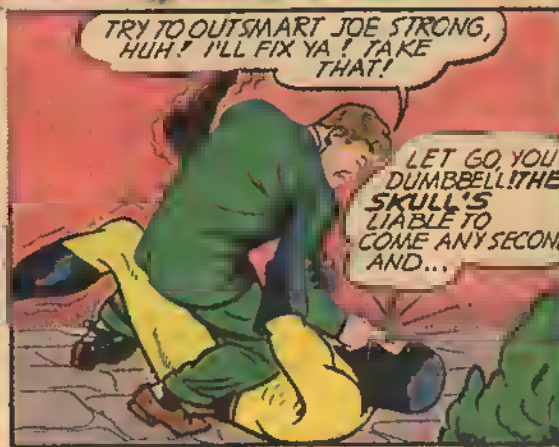
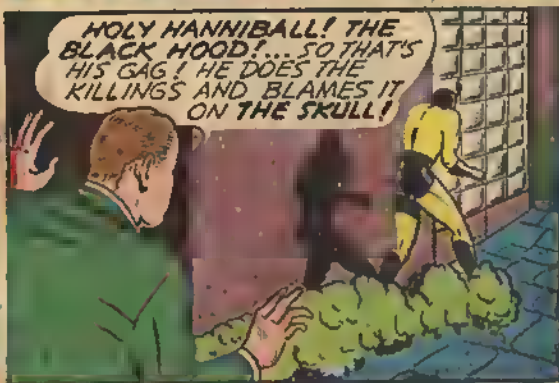
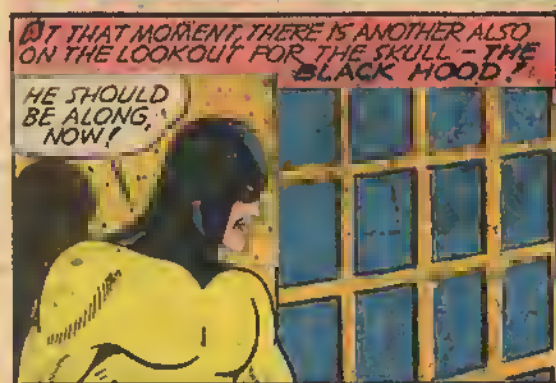
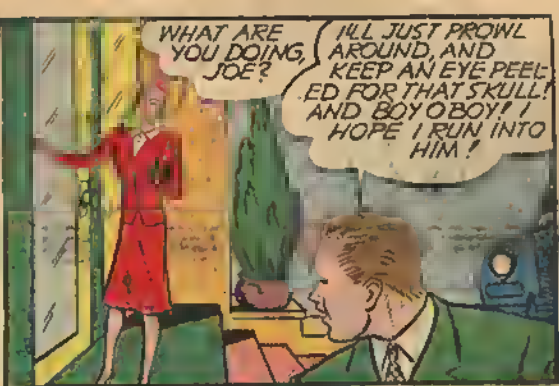
AND NOW, SKULL!
I ACCEPT YOUR CHALLENGE!

OFF INTO THE DARKNESS, STREAKS THE FIGURE OF THE BLACK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE!

I'LL BE AT THE BARCLAY HOUSE WAITING FOR YOU, SKULL!

HURF, JOE! WE'RE GOING TO BARCLAY'S NOW... WHY, WHERE'S KIP?

PROBABLY HALF WAY TO THE MOON BY NOW. HE HEARD THE WORD 'MURDER' - AND HE AIN'T A VERY BRAVE GUY!



AS BARCLAY OPENS HIS
SAFE--

BANG!

ARRHH!

HEH, HEH! I BEAT YOU
TO YOUR JEWELS, MR.
BARCLAY! VERY CLEVER
PLANTING THAT REVOLVER
THERE, WASN'T IT!
THE SKULL
ALWAYS
KEEPS HIS
PROMISE!

YOU...
HELP!

I HEARD A SHOT!
THE SKULL MUST'VE
NEAKED PAST!...
AND ALL BECAUSE
OF THIS DOPE!

YOU HAVE ANOTHER
PROMISE TO KEEP,
SKULL! KILLING
THE 'BLACK
HOOD'!

YES! YOU BLASTED
MEDDLER! AND I
SHALL, TOO, RIGHT
NOW!

NOT THAT
WAY, YOU
WON'T!

YOU ALWAYS
WERE A
SUCKER FOR
THIS TRICK,
SKULL!

OOMPH!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES WITH YOU
THIS TIME!

UGH!



KNOCKED THE WIND
OUT OF YOU, EH? I'LL
SEE TO IT YOU NEVER
GET IT BACK!

HEY!
YOU!
STOP!

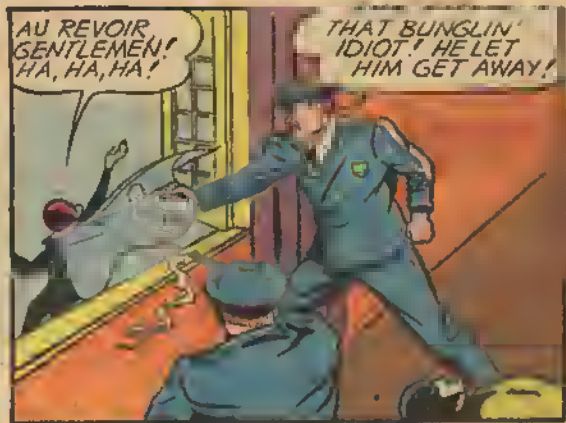


SKULL YOU'VE REALLY GOT
ME SORE NOW! AND
IT'S GONNA BE TOO
BAD FOR YOU!

DROP THAT,
YOU FOOL!



SURE I WILL... ON YOUR
HEAD!... OOPS!...
MISSED!



AU REVOIR
GENTLEMEN!
HA, HA, HA!

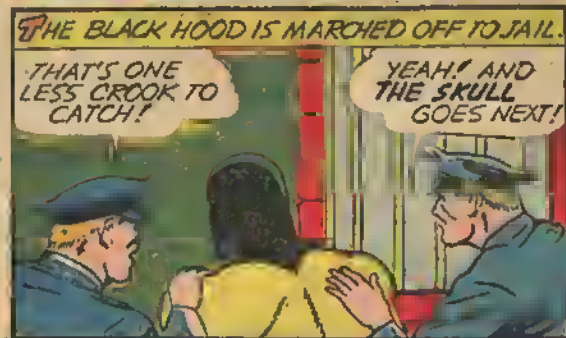
THAT BUNGLIN
IDIOT! HE LET
HIM GET AWAY!



OWW! MY
HEAD! WH...
WHAT
HAPPENED?

PLENTY! BARCLAY'S
BEEN MURDERED BY
THE SKULL - BEFORE
YOU COULD DO IT!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

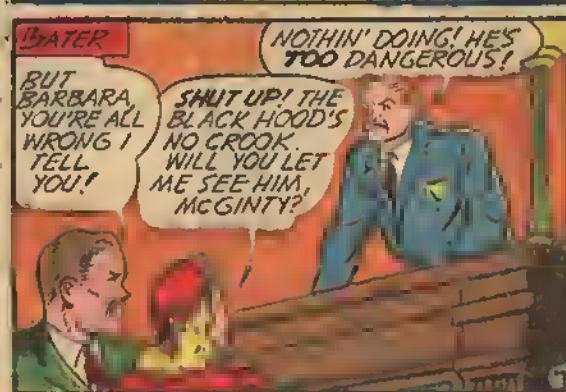
I
TOLD
YOU I'D GET
YOU, DIDN'T
I, HOOD?



THE BLACK HOOD IS MARCHED OFF TO JAIL.

THAT'S ONE
LESS CROOK TO
CATCH!

YEAH! AND
THE SKULL
GOES NEXT!



WATER

BUT
BARBARA,
YOU'RE ALL
WRONG! I
TELL
YOU!

NOTHIN' DOING! HE'S
TOO DANGEROUS!

SHUT UP! THE
BLACK HOOD'S
NO CROOK.
WILL YOU LET
ME SEE HIM,
MCGINTY?

YOU CAN'T DENY ANY CRIMINAL THE RIGHT TO SEE HIS LAWYER... AND JOE, HERE, IS A LAWYER, AREN'T YOU, JOE?

WHAT! ...YEAH ...BUT!

WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT!

FOLLER ME ...N DON'T STAY TOO LONG!

HEY, WHAT ME DEFEND THE HOOD?

SHUT UP! EVERYTIME YOU OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I FEEL LIKE PUTTING MY FOOT IN IT!

WELL, WELL! TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOR OF THIS VISIT!

HOOD! JUST CAME FROM THE WAX MUSEUM! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS PICTURE I TOOK!

ME, A LAWYER FOR THAT CROOK! ...NUTS!

SOMEHOW THE SKULL ALWAYS MANAGES TO GET INTO THE MUSEUM AND MAKE MODELS OF HIS NEXT CRIME! THIS TIME HE'S AFTER EDWARD MCINTYRE AND HIS PRICELESS COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS! I'VE ALREADY SHOWED THIS PICTURE TO MCINTYRE. MR. MCINTYRE WILL BE GUARDED BY THE POLICE!

THAT'S QUITE A BATCH OF PICTURES YOU SNAPPED! TAKE THEM ALL IN THE MUSEUM, I SUPPOSE?

WHY, YES! HERE LOOK AT THEM!

WHAT IN...! THIS PICTURE YOU TOOK OF THE MUSEUM GUARD! HIS HAT'S COVERING MOST OF HIS FACE.

GREAT HEAVENS!

LOOK CLOSE... AT THE CHIN!

THE SKULL!

I'M GOING RIGHT AFTER HIM-MY-SELF, THIS TIME!

WHOA! YOU'RE MY LAWYER, AREN'T YOU?

WAIT OR ME BARBARA!

YEAH... WHADDA YA
WANNA KNOW!
MAKE IT SNAPPY
...OOF!

IS THIS
SNAPPY
ENOUGH?



THE BLACK HOOD EMERGES, DISGUISED IN JOE'S
CLOTHING.

OKAY! LET'S
GO
BARBARA!

SO LONG,
SARGEY!
I'LL BRING
YOU THE
SKULL AS A
CHRISTMAS
PRESENT!

HAW, HAW! AL-
WAYS GAGGIN'!
WELL, SO
LONG,
KIDS!



ER... GOTTA
GUN ALONG!
SEE YOU
LATER!

HMMPH! SORE
BECAUSE I
DON'T AGREE
WITH YOU ABOUT
THE HOOD BEING
A CROOK.



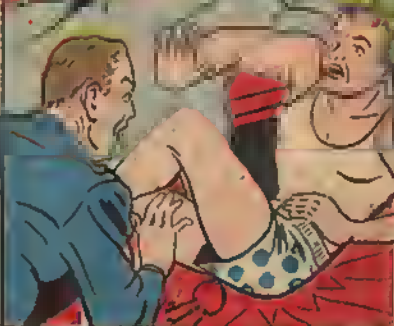
BACK IN THE CELL!

SO! THE HOOD'S
SNOOZING WITH-
OUT HIS MASK!
I'D LIKE TO GET
A SOLINT AT
THAT GUY!



HEY! YOU...
YOU'RE THE
LAWYER...
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' HERE!

WH... WHERE AM
I!... THE HOOD
KNOCKED ME
COLD!... HE
ESCAPED!



MEANWHILE BARBARA AR-
RIVES AT THE MUSEUM

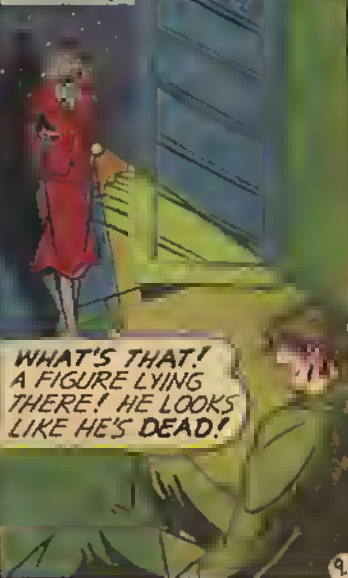
THIS PLACE
IS CLOSED!
I'LL GET IN
THROUGH
THIS
WINDOW!



UGH! IT'S CREEPY,
EVERYWHERE I
TURN I SEE THE
SKULL!



BARBARA SEARCHES THE
CELLAR!



WHAT'S THAT!
A FIGURE LYING
THERE! HE LOOKS
LIKE HE'S DEAD!

IT'S THE MUSEUM GUARD!
THE SKULL DID IT. THAT'S HOW
HE WAS ABLE TO GAIN
ENTRANCE HERE WHEN -
EVER HE PLEASSED!



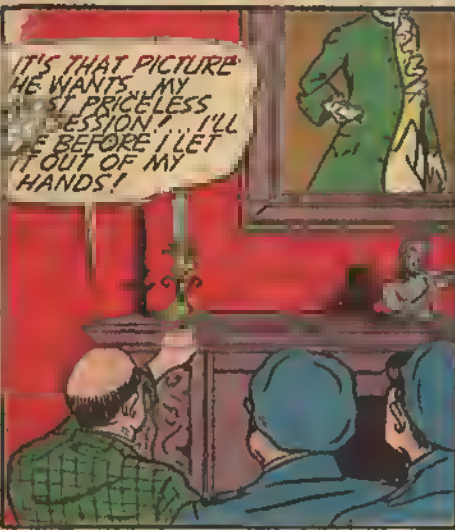
MEANWHILE, AT THE MCINTYRE HOME.

THE SKULL IS AN INHUMAN
FIEND! HE'S CARRIED OUT
HIS THREATS BEFORE, AND
HE WILL NOW! WH... WHAT
SHALL I DO?

JUST RELAX, MR. MC-
INTYRE! I TELL YA
THERE AIN'T A THING
TO WORRY ABOUT! A
WORM COULDN'T GET
THROUGH MY MEN!



IT'S THAT PICTURE
HE WANTS. MY
ST PRICELESS
SESSION! I'LL
BE BEFORE I LET
IT OUT OF MY
HANDS!



HA HA! A REMARKABLE
PREDICTION, MR. MC-
INTYRE! REMARKABLE
INDEED!



LOOK!...
THE BLACK
HOOD!

THE SKULL!
HE'S GOING
TO CUT DOWN
THE CHANDELIER!
WATCH OUT!

A HERCULEAN LEAP AND THE
HOODS HURLING FRAME PER-
FORMS AN INCREDIBLE FEAT!



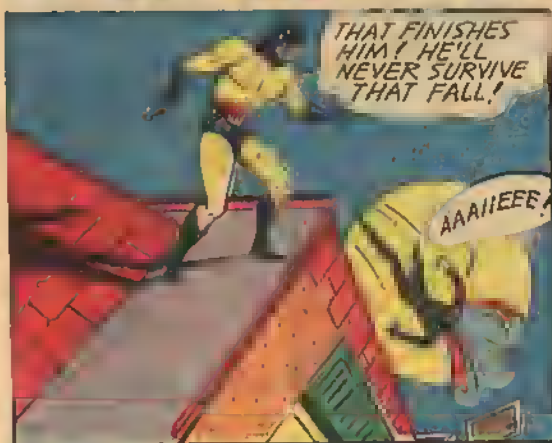
ONE SIDE,
BOYS!

THE
HOOD
SHAN'T
KEEP
ME FROM
TAKING
THE
PICTURE
ANYWAY!



THE SKULL'S
CLEVERNESS
HAS WON OUT
AGAIN HA,
HA, HA!







THE SKULL'S GONE!
AND I THINK I
KNOW WHERE!



THE HOOD / HE'S
GETTIN' AWAY /
STOP / DRAT YOU!



I WONDER WHEN MC GINTY
WILL START TO REALIZE
I'M ON HIS
SIDE!



THE HOOD ARRIVES AT
THE MUSEUM!

I'LL JUST CLIMB
IN THIS OPEN
WINDOW!



WOW / SKULLS
ALL AROUND
ME / I'M IN
A SPOT,
NOW!



ANY ONE OF THEM
MIGHT BE THE
REAL SKULL WAIT-
ING FOR ME TO
TURN MY BACK AND
KILL ME! BUT
WHICH ONE?



JUST THEN, BARBARA COMES UP FROM THE
CELLAR, AND THE OPENED DOOR CAUSES
A DRAUGHT!

HOOD!
YOU...

THAT ROBE!
IT'S NOT
WAX! IT'S
BEING BLOWN
BY THE
DRAUGHT!
THAT'S THE
REAL
SKULL!



YES, CONFOUND YOU! AND THE AXE
ISN'T WAX, EITHER!

THAT ONE
ALMOST GAVE
ME A HAIRCUT!

I'M PITCHING NOW, SKULL! CATCH!

WHOOSH!

BRINGING EVERY OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH INTO PLAY, THE BLACK HOOD LANDS A DEVASTATING BLOW!

STRIKE TWO AND YOU'RE OUT!

AND AS THE SKULL CRASHES INTO A WAX DISPLAY, A WAX IMAGE OF HIMSELF TOPPLES UPON HIM!

THE DAGGER CLENCHED IN ITS HAND BURYS ITSELF INTO THE SKULL'S THROAT.

GREAT SCOT! LOOKS LIKE THE SKULL'S A GONER! TABBED BY HIS OWN WAX IMAGE!

IT ALMOST SEEMS AS THOUGH SOME HIGHER POWER WILLED THAT HE SEAL HIS OWN FATE!

AT THAT MOMENT—

THERE HE IS! JUST LIKE I TOLD YA!... SHIPE MY CLOTHES WILL YA!... JUST LEMME LAY MY HANDS ON YOU!

LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOY FRIEND'S A LITTLE SORE, BARBARA!

WHY JOE!...

AAA! WHAT'S THE USE OF 'HOOTIN' AT HIM! WE NEVER HIT HIM, ANYWAY!

HA, HA! BET YOU DIDN'T GET YOUR VARSITY LETTER TACKLING THAT WAY, JOE!

OOF!

THE SKULL IS RUSHED TO A HOSPITAL.

THE SKULL'S NOT DEAD YET, BUT ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE HIM!

DON'T TRY TOO HARD FOR THE MIRACLE, DOC!



LATER-

WELL IT'S DONE! I NEVER THOUGHT IT POSSIBLE-BUT HE'LL LIVE!

I DON'T GET IT! WORKIN' SO HARD TO BRING A GUY BACK TO LIFE SO WE CAN SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR!



NEXT DAY!

HELL BOYS!

HIYA BABS! HOW'S ABOUT RABBIT GRUB ME!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU PROMISED ME THIS DATE! REMEMBER!



LOOK FUNK! YOU'RE STARTIN' TO ITCH ME! I DON'T WANTA TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY STRENGTH SO SCRAM!

YOU TALK A GOOD FIGHT BUT THIS DATE'S STILL MINE!



HEY! WATCH OUT YA STUPID LOOKIN'...!

OOPS!



THAT SETTLES THAT! YOU CERTAINLY CAN'T GO INTO A RESTAURANT WITH MUD ALL OVER YOU!

WELL I'LL BE!...



FUN, EXCITEMENT, THRILLS, ACTION! YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL-AND MORE IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS! A DIMES WORTH OF THE BEST READING ENTERTAINMENT YOU'LL EVER LAY YOUR EYES ON

THE WIZARD

with ROY THE SUPER-BOY

by Camy + Shorten

A CITY STREET IN THE SLUMS IS A MASS OF SEETHING EXCITEMENT AS A POLICE CORDON SURROUNDING A TENEMENT SHOOT IT OUT WITH A MOB OF TRAPPED GANGSTERS!

BACK EVERYBODY!

JUST GOT ANOTHER COPPER, BUGS!

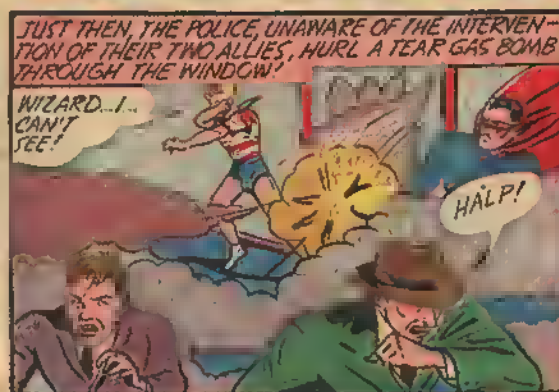
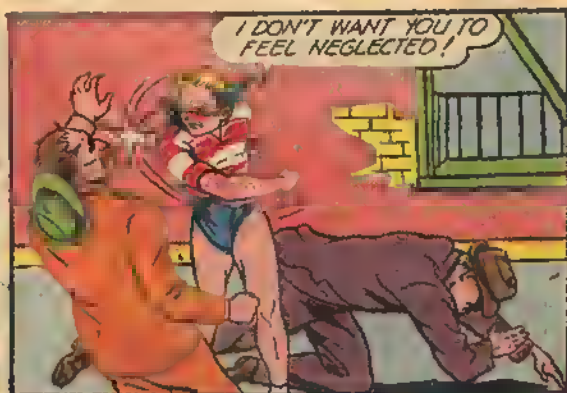
GOOD! KEEP 'EM TIGHT!

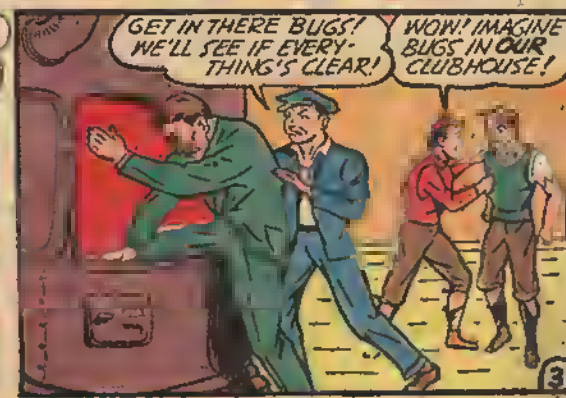
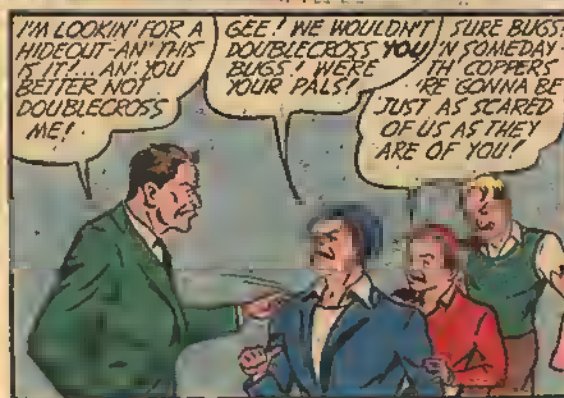
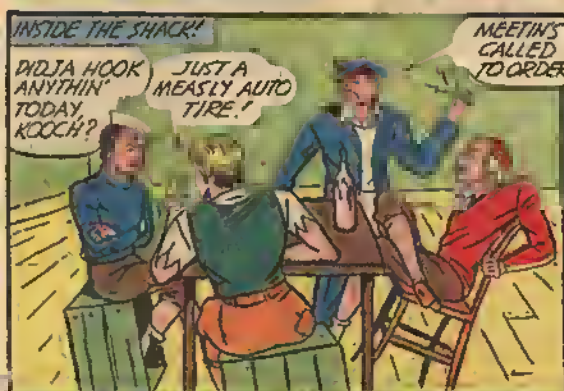
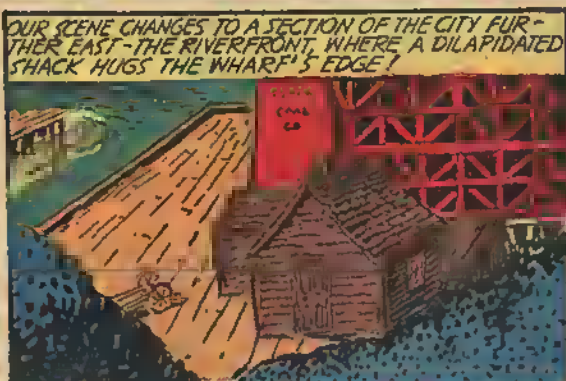
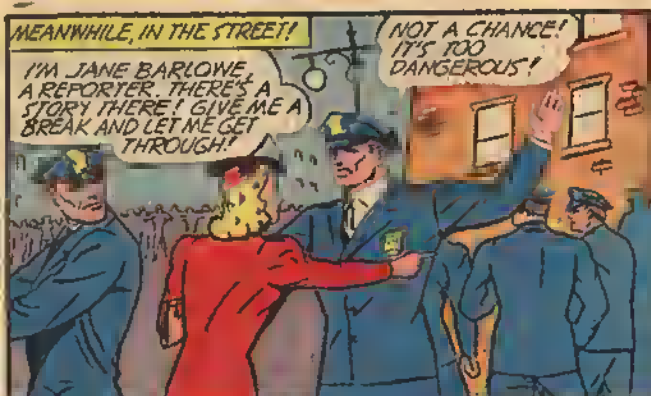
THE FLAT FOOT THAT CAN TAKE BUGS MALONE ALIVE AIN'T LIVIN'! WE'LL PUT THE HEAT ON PLENTY OF 'EM BEFORE THEY GET US!

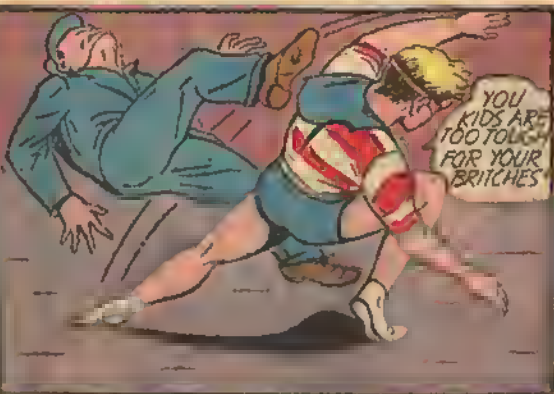
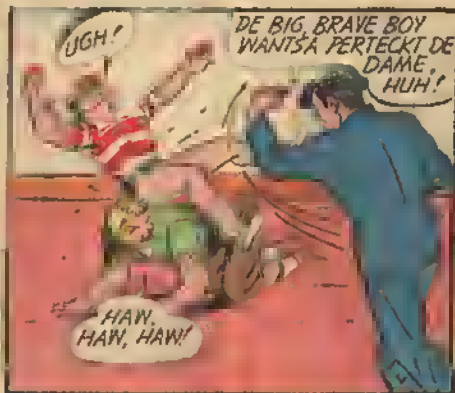
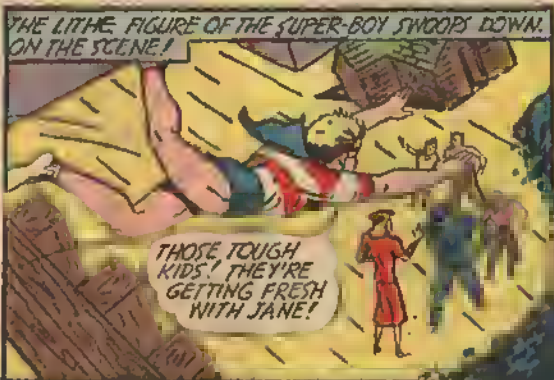
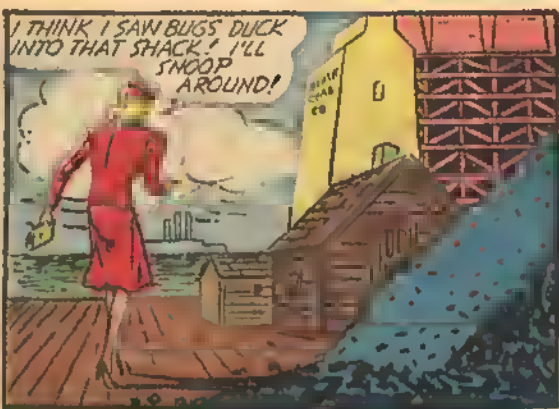
SUDDENLY, TWO FIGURES CATAPULT THROUGH THE AIR TOWARDS THE BESIEGED HOUSE - THE WIZARD AND ROY THE SUPERBOY!

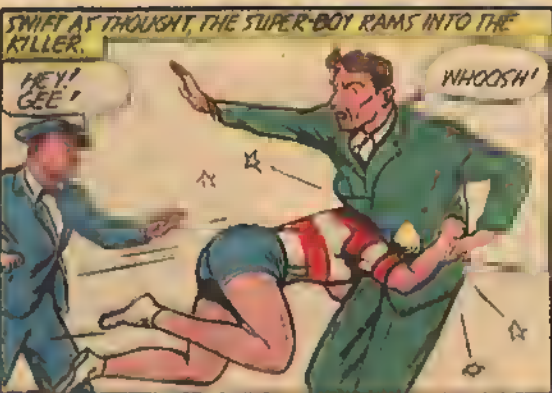
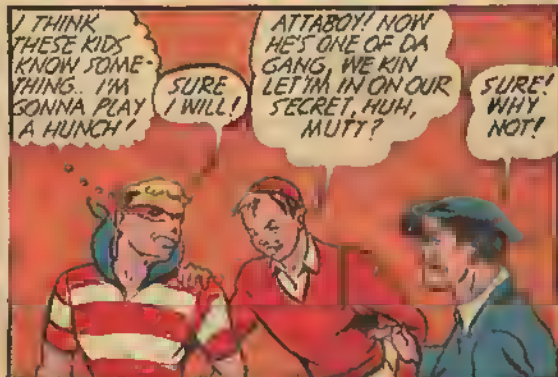
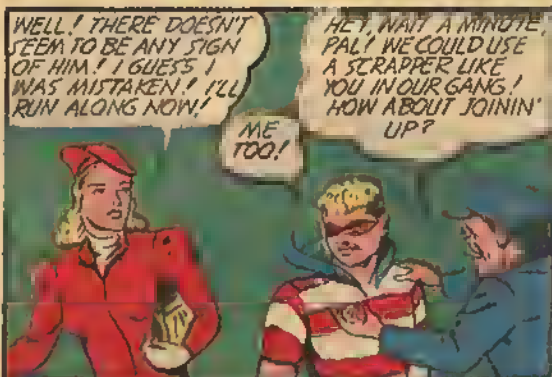
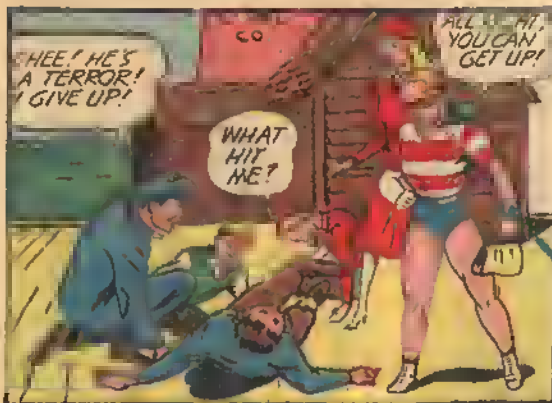
HELLO BOYS! THE ELEVATOR WASN'T WORKING!

NICE BOOTING, ROY!









BEFORE ROY CAN RECOVER FROM THE SURPRISE ATTACK -

NICE WORK, KIDS!
NOW I'LL PUT 'IM
ON ICE!

OOF!



WE GOT 'IM TIED
GOOD! WHATCHA
GONNA DO WID
HIM, NOW?

MIND YOUR BUSINESS!
I GOT ANOTHER JOB
FOR YOU!

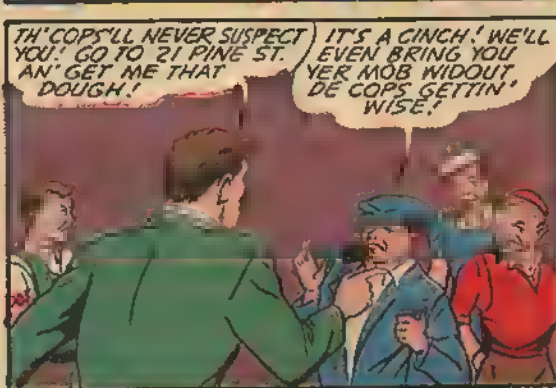


I GOTTA BLOW TOWN, AN' I NEED
DOUGH! MY MOB WON'T BE
ABLE TO GET IT TO ME
CAUSE THE BULLS WOULD BE
ABLE TO TRAIL 'EM.

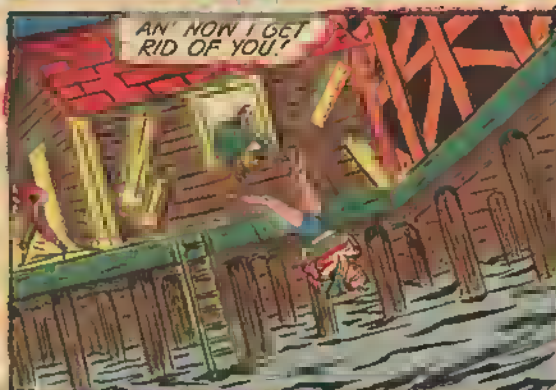


TH' COPS'LL NEVER SUSPECT
YOU! GO TO 21 PINE ST.
AN' GET ME THAT
DOUGH!

IT'S A GINCH! WE'LL
EVEN BRING YOU
YER MOB WIDOUT
DE COPS GETTIN'
WISE!



AN' NOW I GET
RID OF YOU!



HEY
MUTT!
LOOK!

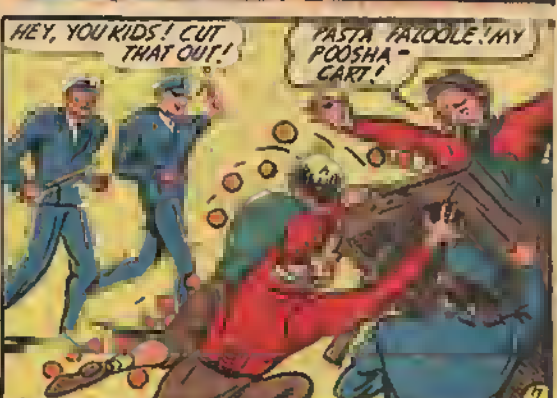
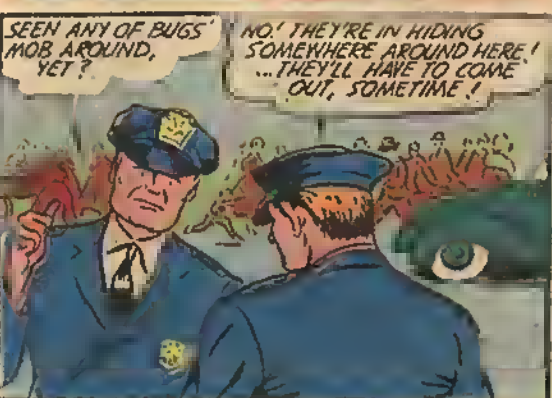
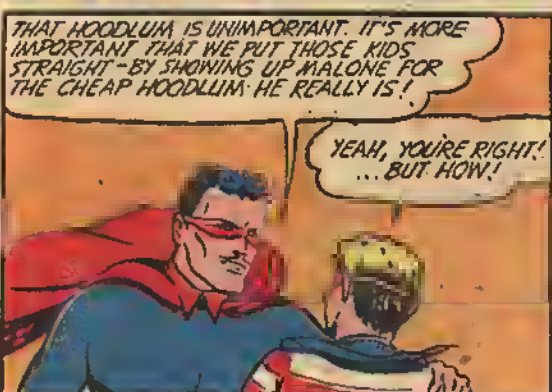
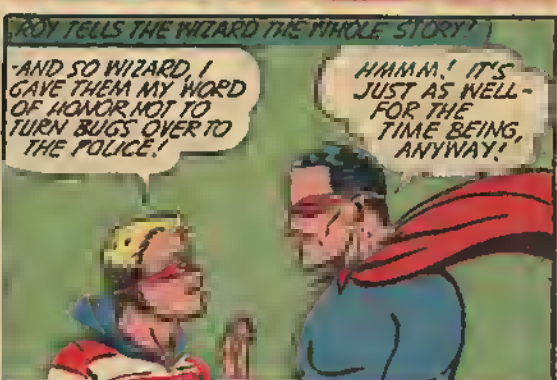
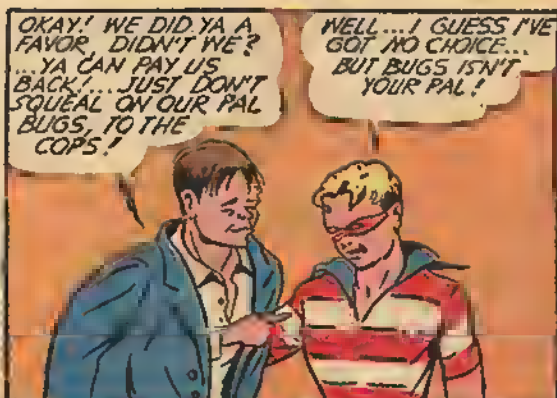
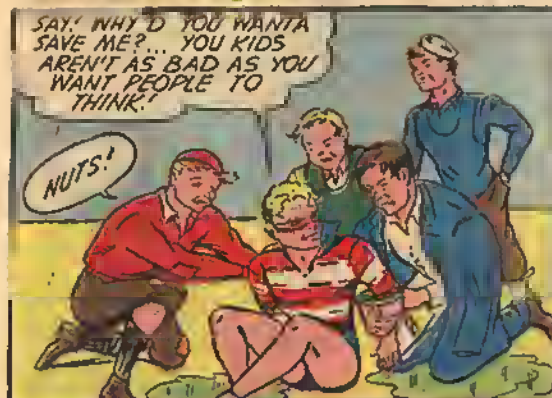


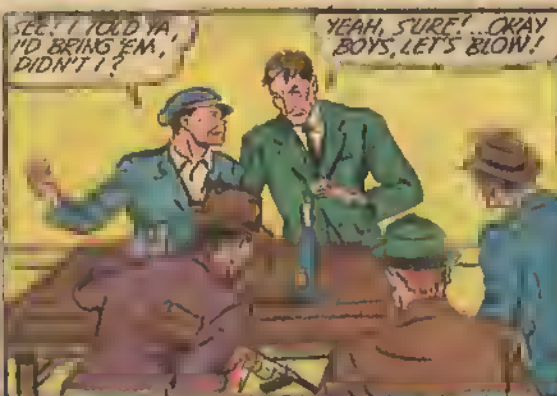
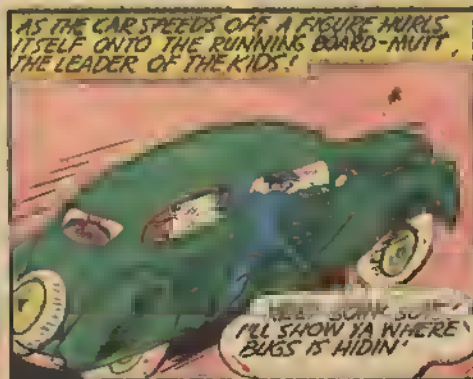
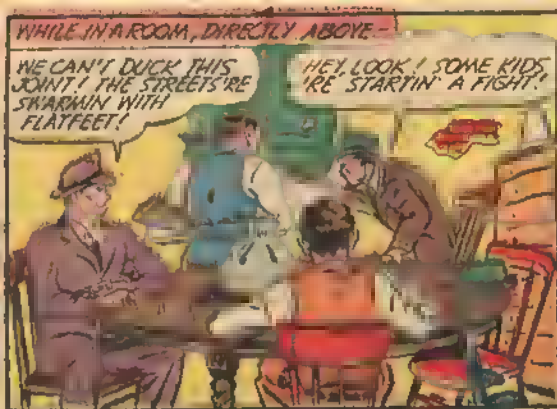
DAT KILLIN'
STUFF DON'T GO!
I'M GOIN' AFTER
'IM.

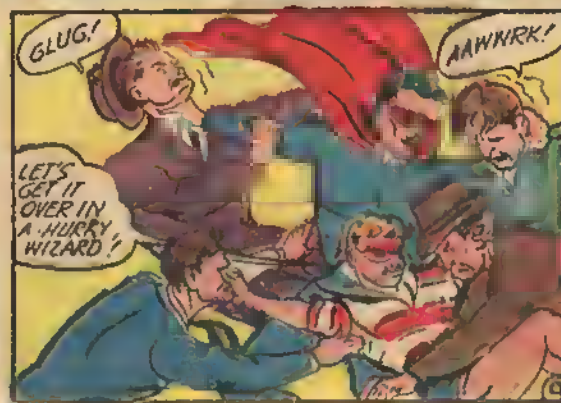


GIMME A
HAND
SPITZ!











JUST AS YOU SAY, ROY

THESE GUYS AREN'T RATS!... THEY'RE MICE!

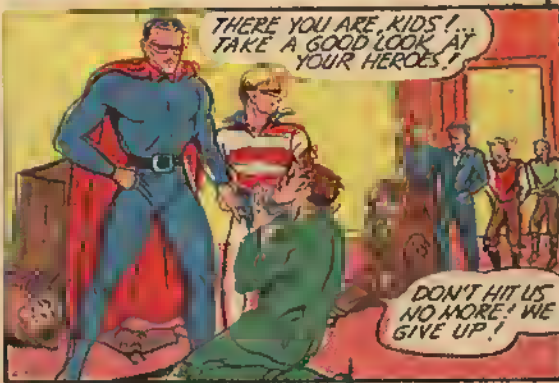


OH, OH! THERE GOES BUGS AGAIN!... JUST A HABIT OF HIS, RUNNING OUT WHENEVER THERE'S TROUBLE!



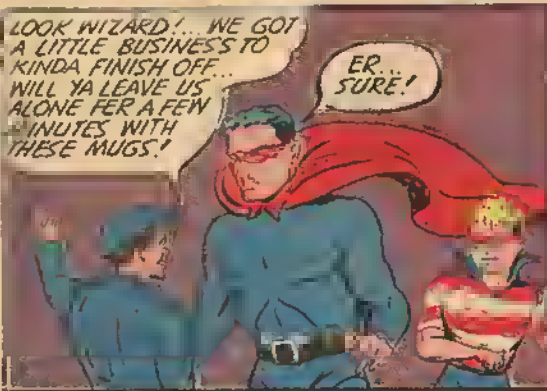
BUT THIS TIME-NO CAN DO!

OOOF!



THERE YOU ARE, KIDS!... TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR HEROES!

DON'T HIT US NO MORE! WE GIVE UP!



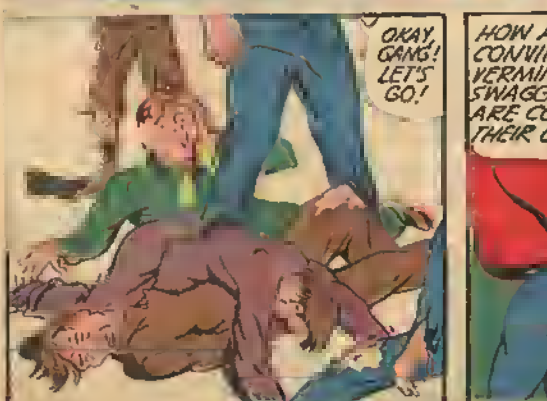
LOOK WIZARD!... WE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO KINDA FINISH OFF... WILL YA LEAVE US ALONE FER A FEW MINUTES WITH THESE MUGS!

ER... SURE!

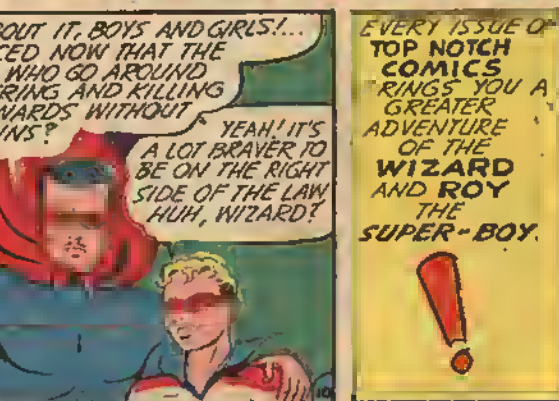


HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE? A BLITZKRIEG?

THOSE HOODLUMS TAUGHT THE KIDS A LESSON AND THEY'RE JUST GETTING PAID -THAT'S ALL!



OKAY GANG! LET'S GO!



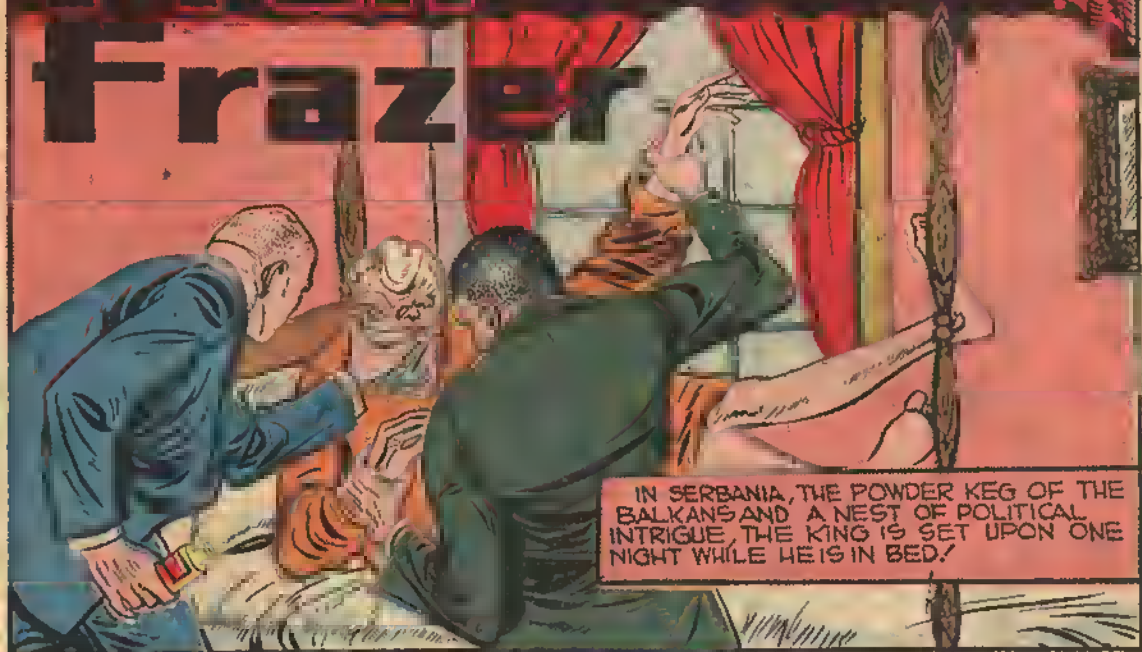
HOW ABOUT IT, BOYS AND GIRLS!... CONVINCED NOW THAT THE VERMIN WHO GO AROUND SWAGGERING AND KILLING ARE COWARDS WITHOUT THEIR GUNS?

YEAH! IT'S A LOT BRAVER TO BE ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW HUH, WIZARD!

EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS RINGS YOU A GREATER ADVENTURE OF THE WIZARD AND ROY THE SUPER-BOY.



Fran Frazer



IN SERBIA, THE POWDER KEG OF THE BALKANS AND A NEST OF POLITICAL INTRIGUE, THE KING IS SET UPON ONE NIGHT WHILE HE IS IN BED!



ALL RIGHT! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! YOU CAN TAKE HIS PLACE NOW!

HE'S A PERFECT DOUBLE! HE'LL NEVER BE RECOGNIZED!



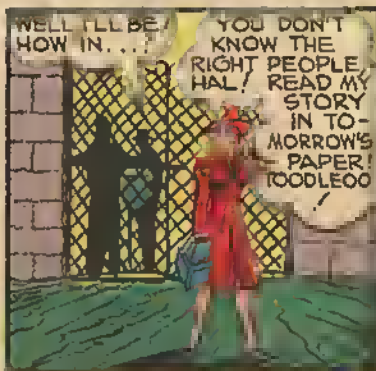
NEXT DAY, HAL DAVIS TRIES TO GET AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING!

GIVE A GUY A BREAK, WILL YA? LEMME THROUGH!

NO!

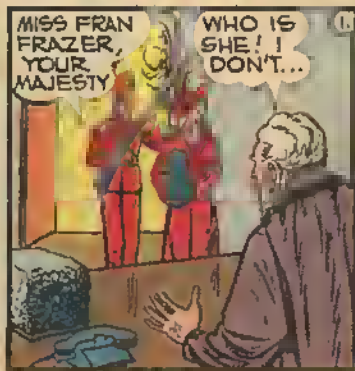


YOU MAY PASS!



WELL I'LL BE! HOW IN...

YOU DON'T KNOW THE RIGHT PEOPLE, HAL! READ MY STORY IN TOMORROW'S PAPER! TOODLEOO



MISS FRAN FRAZER, YOUR MAJESTY

WHO IS SHE! I DON'T...



FRAN STARTS TO RIFLE THE DESK FURIOUSLY WHILE HAL KEEPS WATCH

DUCK, FRAN, THE KING'S COMING

WHY DO I LET YOU GET ME INTO SUCH SCRAPES? IF WE GET CAUGHT, WE'LL BE SHOT!

SHH! HE'S CALLING SOMEONE! I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER THE DIAL CLICKS!

STOP YOWLING SO MUCH, DO AS I SAY: CALL BACK THE NUMBER AND TRY TO SOUND LIKE THE KING.

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! 10 CLICKS... 3 CLICKS... 7 CLICKS... THAT'S RIGHT! HUM!

HAL'S CALL REACHES A BOAT

WE NEED YOUR COUNTRY TO JOIN UP WITH OUR AXIS. YOUR DOUBLE SHALL SEE THAT IT DOES.

THE PHONE'S RINGING!

HELLO, HELLO! WHAT YOU HAF FORGOTTEN THE DIRECTIONS! DUNDER HEAD! I WILL REPEAT. LISTEN CAREFULL!

HAF YOU GOT IT NOW? SAY! YOUR VOICE! IT SOUNDS DIFFERENT!

ER AH... A OLD... GULD YES! THAT'S IT!

NICE WORK HAL!

AND NOW DUNDER UND BLITZEN! A COLD HE DID NOT HAF! A COLD WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM THE FIRST TIME!

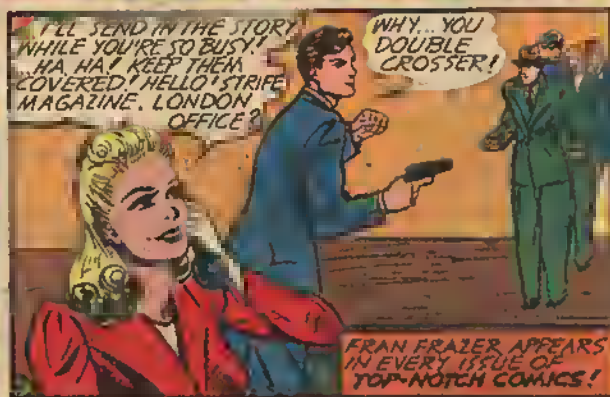
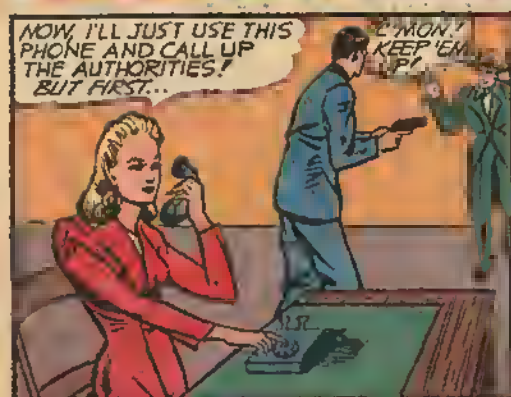
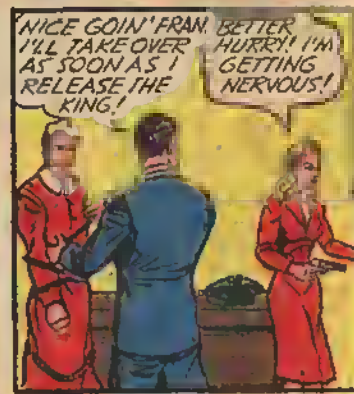
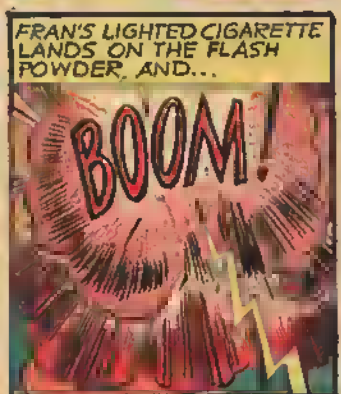
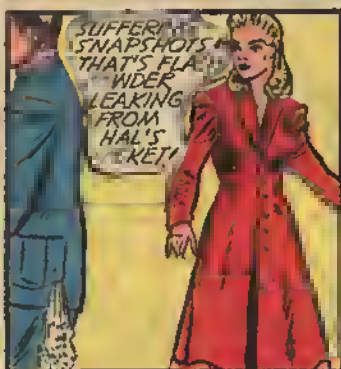
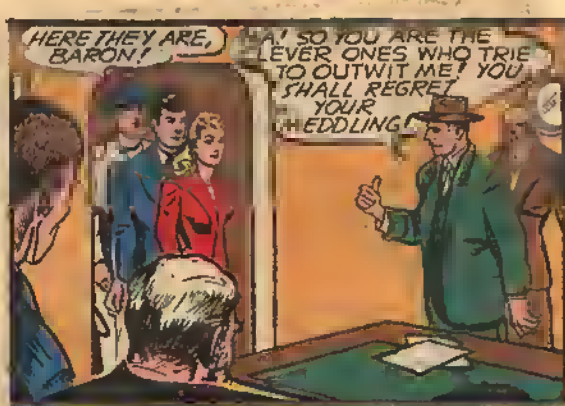
LATER

THERE'S THE BOAT JUST LIKE THAT KRAUT TOLD US, FRAN! WHAT NOW?

WE'RE GOING ABOARD!

SAY! THINGS ARE A LITTLE TOO QUIET! IT SCARES ME

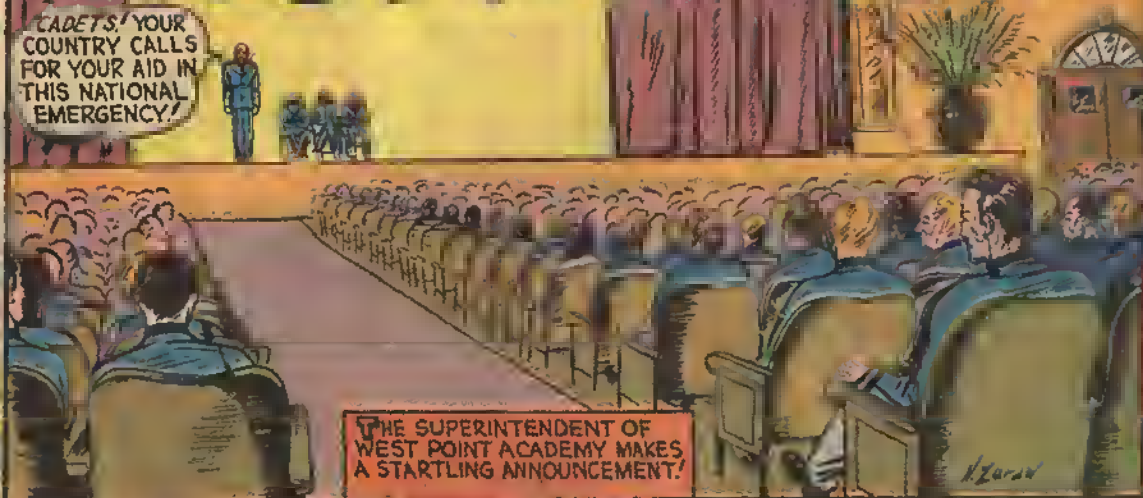
ME TOO! LET'S TROWL AROUND! AND FOR GRIEFS SAKE, DON'T STAMP THOSE BROGANS AROUND THAT WAY



KEITH KORNELL

WEST POINT

CADETS! YOUR COUNTRY CALLS FOR YOUR AID IN THIS NATIONAL EMERGENCY!



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF WEST POINT ACADEMY MAKES A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT!

YOU UPPERCLASSMEN ARE TO SERVE AS OFFICERS IN THE DRAFT—TEMPORARILY. THE OFFICE WILL ASSIGN YOU YOUR CAMP! GOOD LUCK!



KEITH ARRIVES AT HIS ASSIGNED CAMP.

NOW I'M TO REPORT TO THE CAMP COMMANDER.



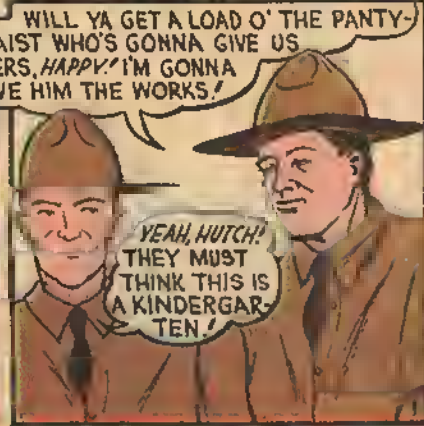
KEITH KORNELL, VERY WELL! I'LL ASSIGN YOU TO YOUR PLATOON!



MEN, THIS IS LIEUTENANT KORNELL. HE WILL BE IN CHARGE OF YOU!



WILL YA GET A LOAD O' THE PANTY-WAIST WHO'S GONNA GIVE US ORDERS, HAPPY? I'M GONNA GIVE HIM THE WORKS!



YEAH, HUTCH! THEY MUST THINK THIS IS A KINDERGARTEN!



WITH DRILLS HIS PLATOON

COMPANY
LEFT FACE!

HEY, HUTCH!
YOU'RE TURNIN'
RIGHT!



GUESS I DIDN'T HEAR
YA, LIEUTENANT. YOUR
VOICE IS KINDA
SQUEAKY.

HAW!
HAW!



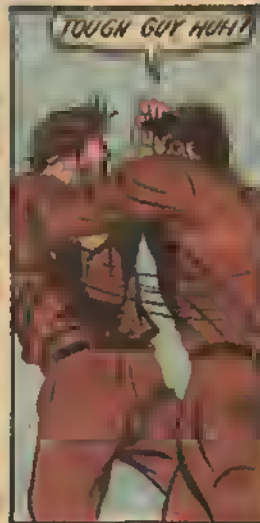
OWW!

DOOS... DID IT
AGAIN!



YA DID THAT ON
PURPOSE, YA...

DOOF!



TOUGH GUY HUH!



THERE'S ONLY ONE TOUGH GUY
IN THIS CAMP. ME—BILL
HUTCH!

UGH!



HERE! BREAK
IT UP!

WELL, HE
STARTED
IT!



THAT GUY, HUTCH, IS TRYING TO
GET MY GOAT. I CAN'T START OUT
BY HAVING TO APPEAL TO MY SU-
PERIOR TO KEEP DISCIPLINE. I'VE
GOT TO HANDLE THIS MYSELF!



A MESSAGE FROM
THE CAPTAIN FOR
YOUR PLATOON,
SIR!

I'LL READ
IT TO
THEM AT
ONCE!

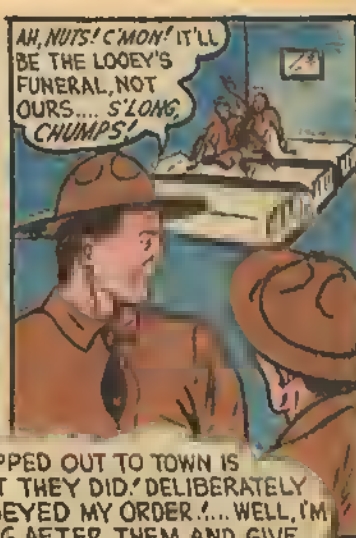


ALL LEAVES TONIGHT ARE
CANCELLED! THE ROAD HAS
BEEN MADE DANGEROUS BY
A LANDSLIDE!



WHAT NIGHT!
IF THAT NEW LOOEY
THINKS HE'S KEEPIN' ME
FROM GOIN' INTO TOWN
HE'S NUTS! COMIN'
WITH ME, HAPPY?

GEE! BUT
WE'RE LIABLE
TO GET IN
DUTCH!



AH, NUTS! C'MON! IT'LL
BE THE LOOEY'S
FUNERAL, NOT
OURS.... S'LONG,
CHUMPS!



LATER, KEITH INSPECTS, AFTER
CALL TO QUARTERS!

EVERYBODY PRESENT
AND ACCOUNTED FOR?

WHY....
ER.....

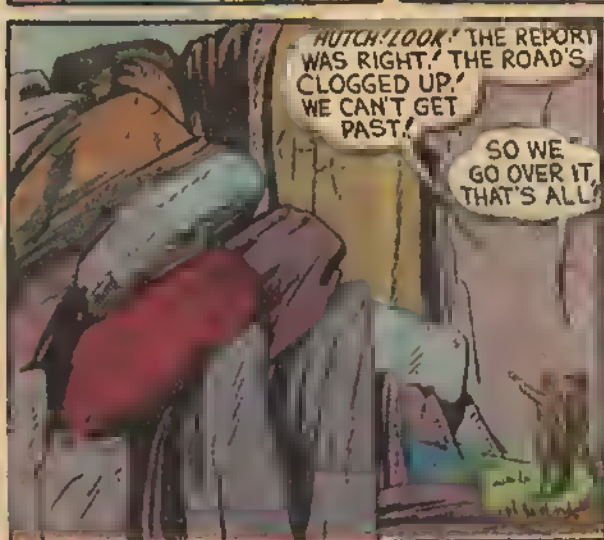


WHERE ARE HUTCH
AND MALONE?

WELL....
ER.... YOU
SEE... ER....
THAT IS.. THEY
MUSTA JUST STEP
PED OUT FOR A
MINUTE!



STEPPED OUT TO TOWN IS
WHAT THEY DID! DELIBERATELY
DISOBEYED MY ORDER!... WELL, I'M
GOING AFTER THEM AND GIVE
THEM SOME WEST POINT
DISCIPLINE!



HUTCH! LOOK! THE REPORT
WAS RIGHT! THE ROAD'S
CLOGGED UP!
WE CAN'T GET
PAST!

SO WE
GO OVER IT,
THAT'S ALL!



GEE! IT'S
RISKY, HUTCH!

AH, C'MON!
DONT BE
YELLA!



HELP!
HELP!

THAT'S PRIVATE
MALONE'S VOICE!



LOOK! HUTCH'S DOWN
THERE HANGIN'
ON A VINE!

YES! AND HE'S
OUT COLD, TOO!
QUICK, TAKE OFF
YOUR LEGGINGS!



NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS. JUST
DO AS I SAY. NOW, I'LL
DOUBLE THEM UP!

Y..YES,
SIR!



NOW, HEIST
ME DOWN!!
EASY DOES IT
AND NO SLIPS!



MALONE WON'T BE ABLE TO
PULL US BOTH UP! I'VE GOT
TO MAKE HUTCH COME TO.....
COME ON, SNAP OUT OF IT!

OOO..WH...WHO?
WHERE...?



WELL, THAT DID IT!
ONE UP AND ONE TO
GO! HEY, THIS VINE,
IT...IT'S...



IT'S BREAKING!
MALONE! HUTCH!
HURRY WITH
THOSE LEG-
GINGS!



WHEW... JUST
IN TIME, ANOTHER
SECOND, AND I'D
HAVE BEEN
AN EX-LIEU-
TENANT!



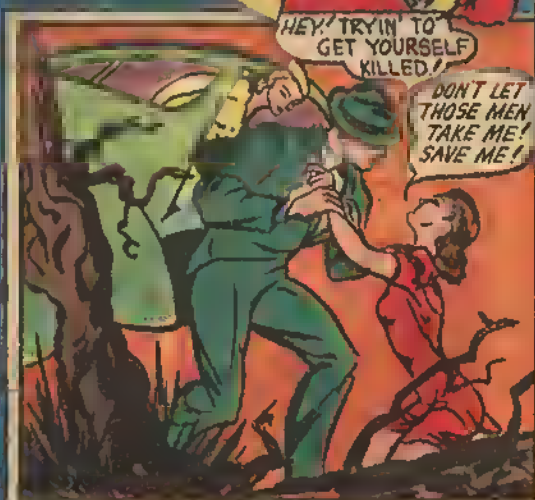
THE FIREFLY

STOP!
PLEASE STOP!



HEY! TRYIN' TO
GET YOURSELF
KILLED!

DON'T LET
THOSE MEN
TAKE ME!
SAVE ME!



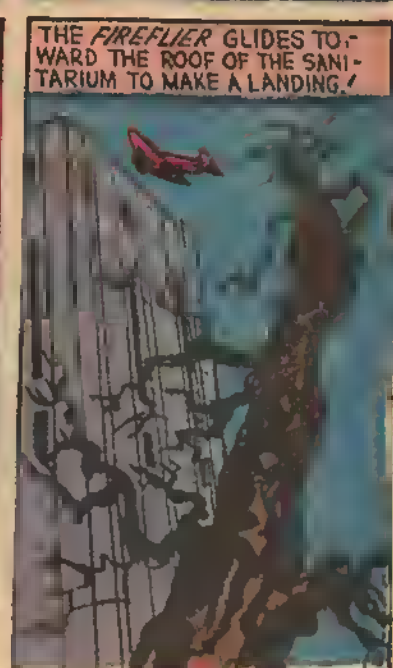
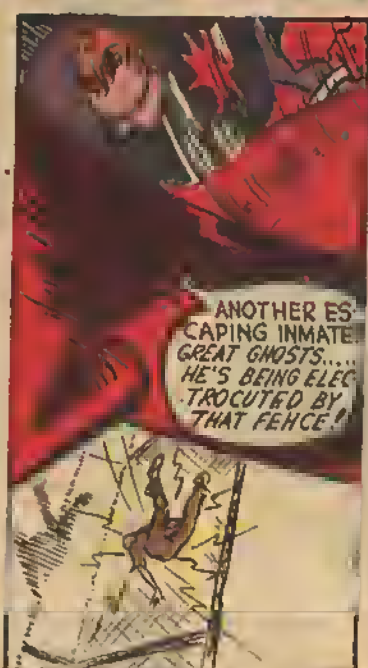
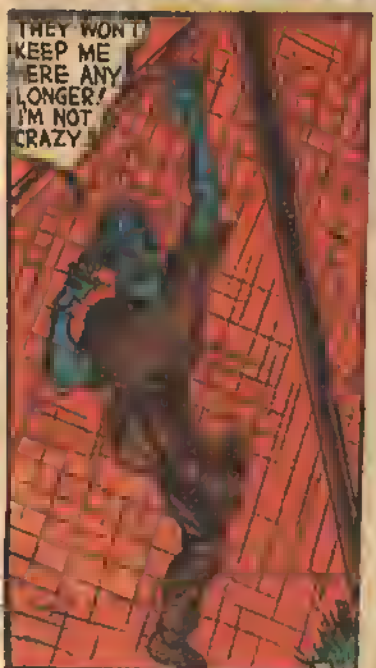
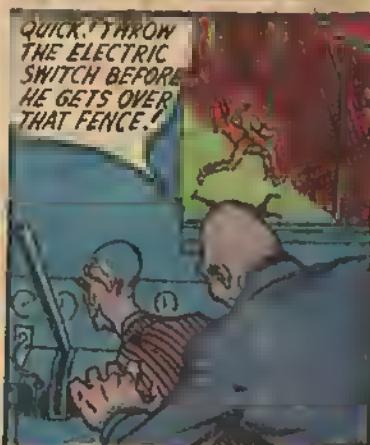
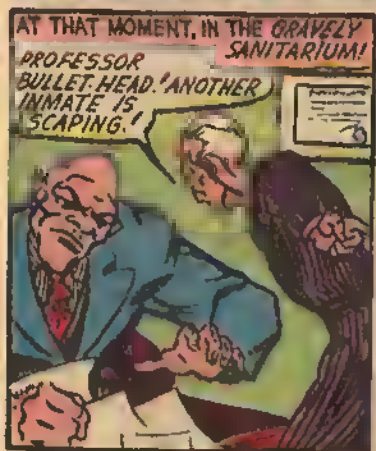
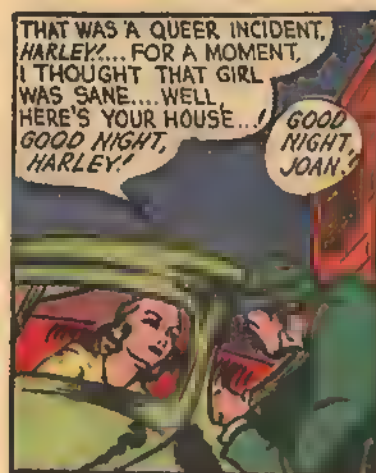
HERE THEY
COME! PLEASE,
PLEASE! I'M
NOT CRAZY!
BELIEVE
ME!

THE DAME'S AS LOONY
AS A BAT! SHE ESCAPED
FROM AN ASYLUM!
WE'RE HER KEEPERS!
HERE ARE OUR
CREDENTIALS!

NO, NO!
THEY'RE
LYING.



ONE NIGHT AS JOAN BURTON, REPORTER IS DRIVING HARLEY HUDSON HOME, THE FIGURE OF A GIRL CATAPULTS ITSELF OUT ONTO THE ROAD DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE CAR!





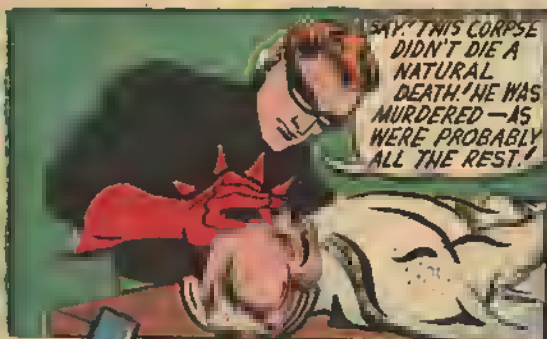
INTO THE SANITARIUM
THROUGH AN OPEN
WINDOW!



UGH! THERE'S A
QUEER ODOR OF
DEATH IN THIS
HALL! I'LL LOOK
INTO THESE ROOMS!



GOOD LORD! WHAT'S THIS?
DEAD BODIES ALL AROUND—
JUST LIKE A MORGUE!



SAY! THIS CORPSE
DIDN'T DIE A
NATURAL
DEATH! HE WAS
MURDERED—AS
WE'RE PROBABLY
ALL THE REST!



MEANWHILE A CAR
THREADS ITS WAY TO
THE SANITARIUM. ITS
OCCUPANT—JOAN!

HARLEY DIDN'T
FOOL ME ABOUT
THAT GIRL! HE
DOESN'T BE-
LIEVE SHE'S
CRAZY... AND
NEITHER
DO I!



SEE, BOTS!
ANOTHER IN-
TRUDER! WE
SHALL SOON
SATISFY HER
CURIOSITY!

THE ELECTRIC
SWITCH, EH, PRO-
FESSOR BULLET-
HEAD? HEH,
HEH!

BUT THE FIREFLY ALSO SEES THE GIRL REPORTER!

GREAT CAESAR!
IT'S JOAN! SHE'S
TRYING TO CLIMB
THAT FENCE!



SHE'LL BE ELECTROCUTED!
I MUST GET
TO HER!

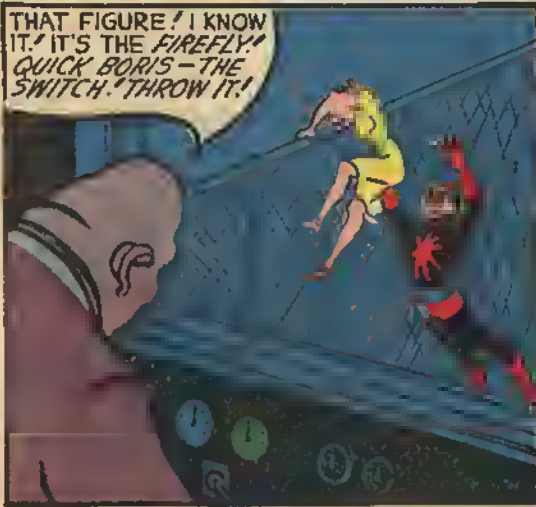


FIREFLY!
...WHAT?

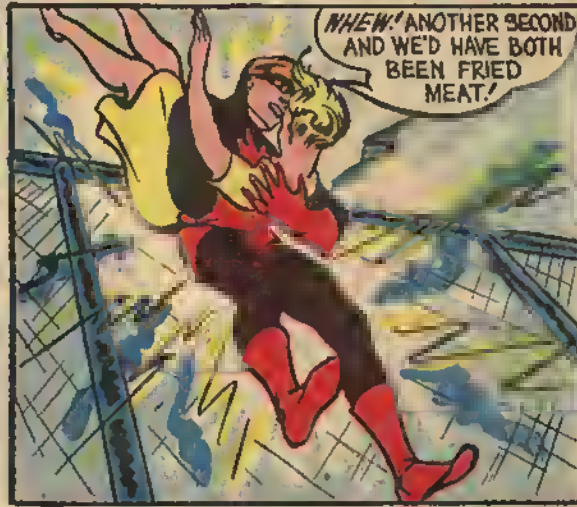
JOAN... JOAN! GET OFF
THAT FENCE. QUICK!



THAT FIGURE! I KNOW
IT! IT'S THE FIREFLY!
QUICK BORIS - THE
SWITCH. THROW IT!



WHEN! ANOTHER SECOND
AND WE'D HAVE BOTH
BEEN FRIED
MEAT!



A RAIL OF BULLETS IS DIRECTED AT THEM
FROM PROFESSOR BULLET-HEAD'S WINDOW

RUN FOR THE
SANITARIUM,
JOAN!



WE'RE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT,
ANYWAY. WE'LL GO UP
THAT STAIR CASE! IT'S
AS GOOD A PLACE AS
ANY!



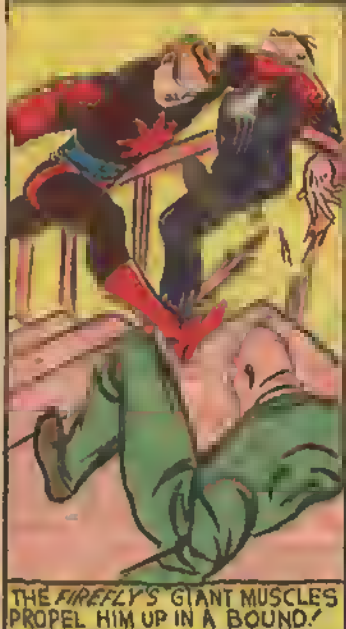
OH, OH!
BUM
GUESS!

STAND
WHERE YOU
ARE, FIREFLY!





SO YOU CAN TAKE A COUPLE OF POT SHOTS AT ME, EH? NO, THANKS! I'LL HANDLE THIS MY OWN WAY!



THE FIREFLY'S GIANT MUSCLES PROPEL HIM UP IN A BOUND!



DOWN GOES MCGINTY!



MORE CONFEDERATES SWARM TOWARD THE FIERCE-BATTLING FIREFLY!

YOU BOYS MAY NOT BE GOOD...



... BUT YOU'RE SURE PERSISTENT!



FIREFLY! LOOK! THE LEADER!... HE'S ESCAPING!

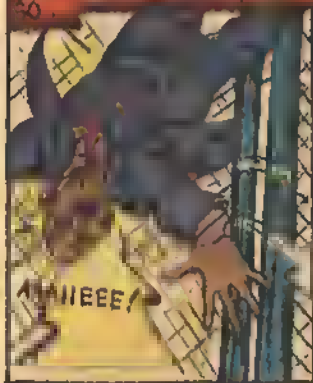


THERE JOAN! TAKE THIS GUN AND KEEP THE REST COVERED! I'LL GO AFTER HIM!



THE FIREFLY! HE'S HOT ON MY HEELS. THE FENCE... IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT!

BULLET-HEAD HAD FORGOTTEN TO THROW OFF THE ELECTRIC CURRENT AND SO...



THE LEADER'S FINISHED JOAN! NOW WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIS STOOGES!



THE FIREFLY HERDS THEM ALL UPSTAIRS!



AND THEN PROCEEDS TO THE CELLS IN WHICH THE SUPPOSED INMATES ARE HELD CAPTIVE—



HOW DID YOU HAPPEN TO FALL IN TO THIS CROOK'S HANDS? IT WAS MY BROTHER WHO HAD ME DECLARED MAD! THEN BULLET-HEAD CAME TO TAKE ME AWAY—AND I'VE BEEN HERE EVER SINCE!



HMM! I GET IT NOW... YOU'RE ALL RICH AND YOUR HEIRS STOOD TO GAIN NICE PIECES OF CHANGE IF YOU WERE OUT OF THE WAY... SO BULLET-HEAD TOOK CARE OF THAT END!



YOU CAN ALL RETURN TO YOUR HOMES, NOW. BULLET-HEAD'S HENCHMEN WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF BY THE POLICE... AS FOR YOUR OWN RASCALLY HEIRS, THEIR PUNISHMENT WILL BE ENTIRELY IN YOUR HANDS.

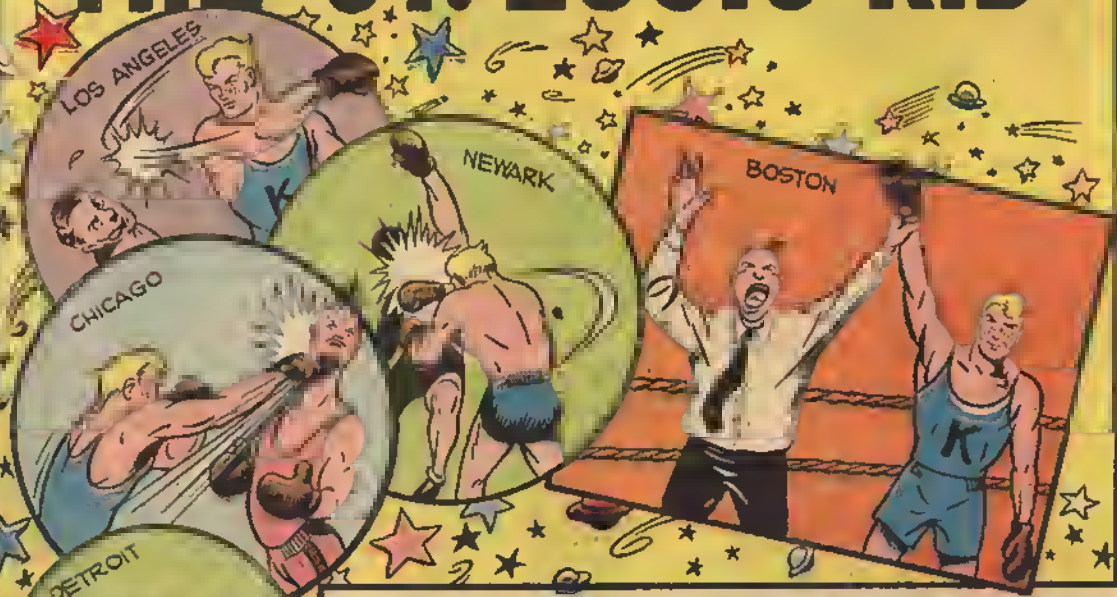


NEXT DAY! "HMM, KIND OF BUSY TODAY, EH JOAN?" "YES, I'VE GOT A GREAT STORY ABOUT A PHONY PSYCHIATRIST!" "BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT WOULD YOU?" "HA, HA!"



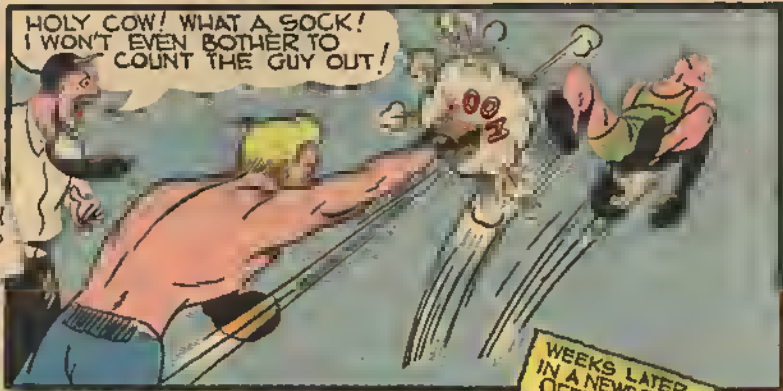
MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE FIREFLY APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS!

THE ST. LOUIS KID



THE ST. LOUIS KID'S RISE TO FISTIC HEIGHTS IS ALMOST METEORIC AS HIS LIST OF KAYO VICTIMS IS CONSTANTLY SWELLED, UNTIL HE GAINS NATIONAL PROMINENCE!

Jim Strick

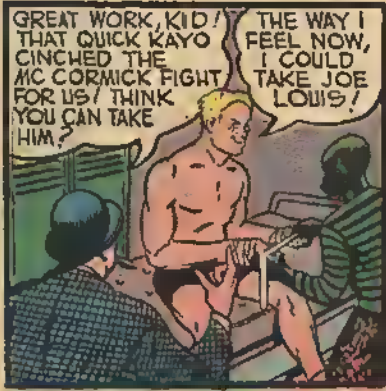


HOLY COW! WHAT A SOCK! I WON'T EVEN BOTHER TO COUNT THE GUY OUT!

WEEKS LATER IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

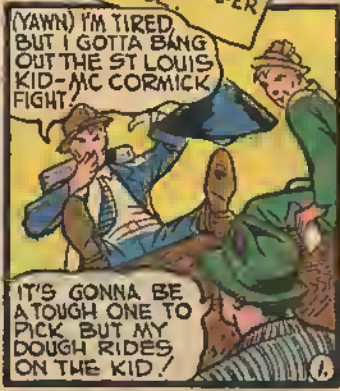


THE WINNAH! JIM JENNINGS, THE KID FROM ST. LOUIS!



GREAT WORK, KID! THAT QUICK KAYO CINCHED THE MC CORMICK FIGHT FOR US! THINK YOU CAN TAKE HIM?

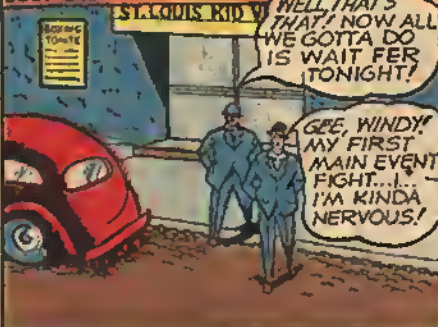
THE WAY I FEEL NOW, I COULD TAKE JOE LOUIS!



(YAWN) I'M TIRED, BUT I GOTTA BANG OUT THE ST LOUIS KID-MC CORMICK FIGHT

IT'S GONNA BE A TOUGH ONE TO PICK BUT MY DOUGH RIDES ON THE KID!

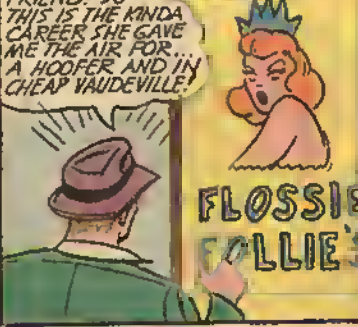
THE DAY OF THE FIGHT THE KID HAS JUST BEEN WEIGHED IN.



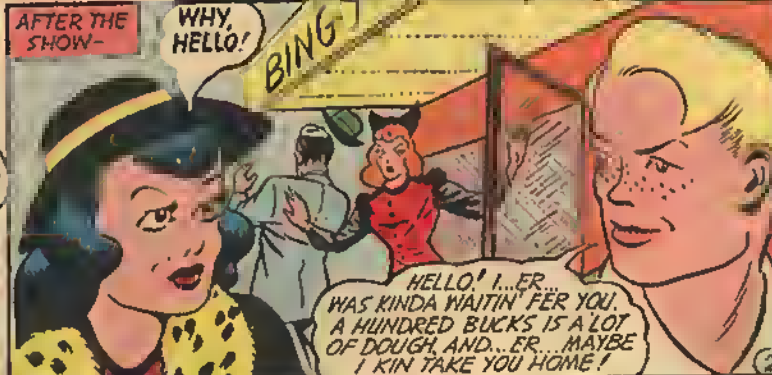
HEY! YOU'RE SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF! WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME RELAXATION. G'WAN TAKE IN A SHOW OR SOMETHIN'!

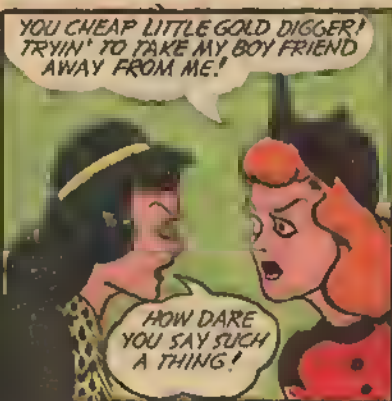


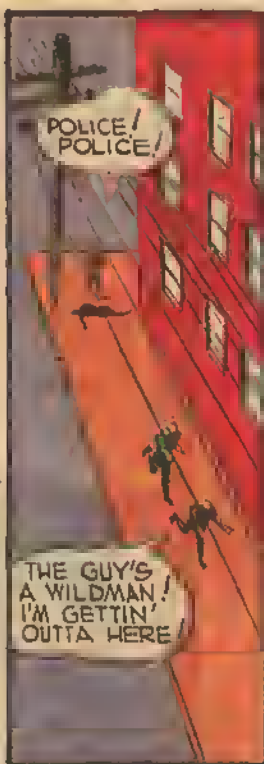
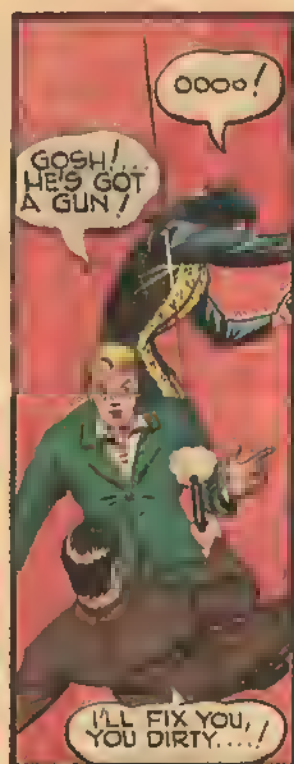
JUMPIN' JUPITER, MY OLD GIRL FRIEND! SO THIS IS THE KINDA CAREER SHE GAVE ME THE AIR FOR... A HOOFER AND IN CHEAP VAUDEVILLE!

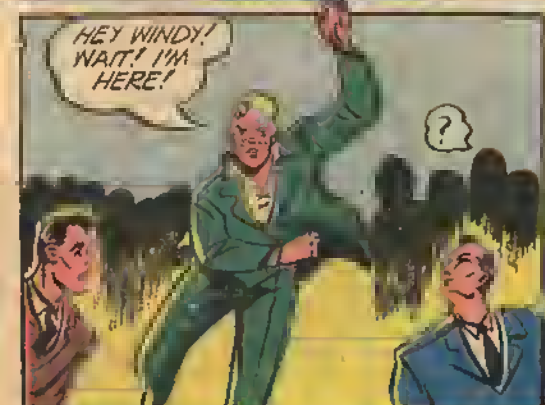
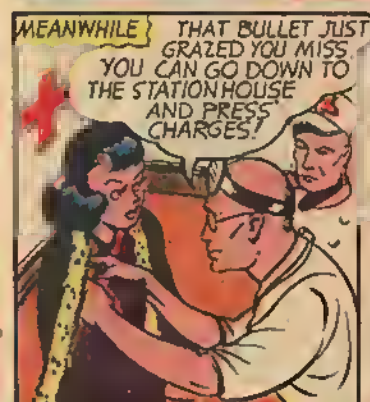
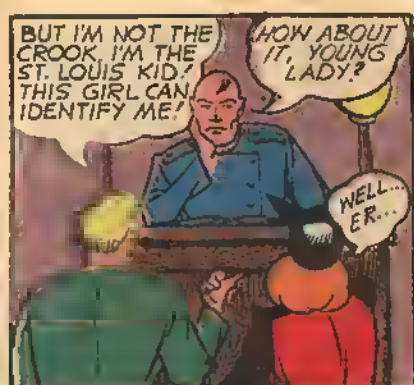


BACKSTAGE, FLOSSIE SEES HER OLD BEAU.









THE FIGHT BEGINS - BOTH FIGHTERS SPAR AROUND TO FEEL EACH OTHER OUT!



THEN - SUDDEN, DYNAMIC ACTION...TOE TO TOE, THEY SLUG IT OUT!



THIS BLOOD!...IT'S BLINDIN' ME!



UNABLE TO SEE, THE ST LOUIS KID TAKES A TERRIFIC SHELL-LACKING - BUT KEEPS GOING ON PURE INSTINCT!

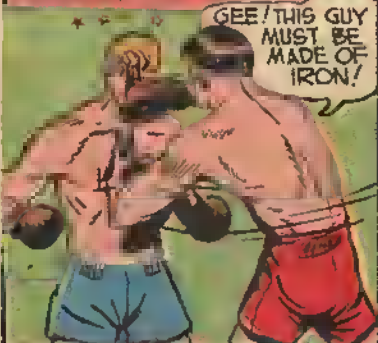


THIS CUT...I GOT IT FROM A COPS NIGHTSTICK! TAPE IT UP, WILL YA, WINDY?



KID/ DON'T GO BACK!..IT AIN'T WORTH IT!

BUT THE BLOOD CONTINUES TO POUR, AND THE KID IS ALMOST COMPLETELY BLINDED!



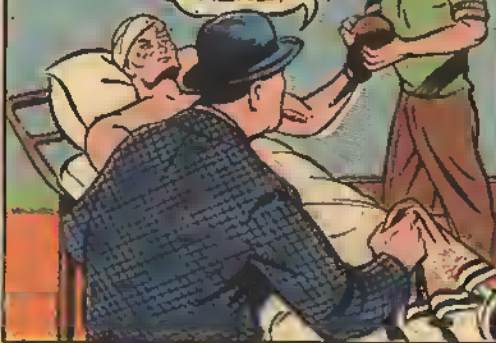
GEE! THIS GUY MUST BE MADE OF IRON!

I CAN'T STAND IT! THE KID'LL KILL ME FOR THIS... BUT I'M THROWIN' IN THE TOWEL!



IN THE LOCKERS!

HEY! NO DAMES ARE ALLOWED HERE!



I MUST SPEAK TO THE KID! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT!



AW, FORGET IT! A GUY'S GOT TO LOSE SOMETIME! SAY! I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR NAME YET! MINE'S JIM JENNINGS!



I'M MARY MALLOY! GEE! YOU'RE A GRAND GUY, JIM!

JUST THEN THE PROMOTER BURSTS IN...

THAT WAS A SWELL FIGHT, KID, AND YOU RATE A RETURN BOUT!



HOW ABOUT IT?

YOU BET SEE MARY. YOU BROUGHT ME LUCK!

BUT IS THIS REALLY A STROKE OF LUCK FOR THE ST LOUIS KID? I WILL HE BE ABLE TO TAKE MC CORNICK?

THE NEXT ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH WILL GIVE YOU THE ANSWERS!

WINGS JOHNSON OF THE AIR PATROL



WINGS AND HENRY BLAST A GERMAN ME 110 BOMBER TO ETERNITY!



BUT A BRITISH HURRICANE OPENS FIRE ON THEM!!!



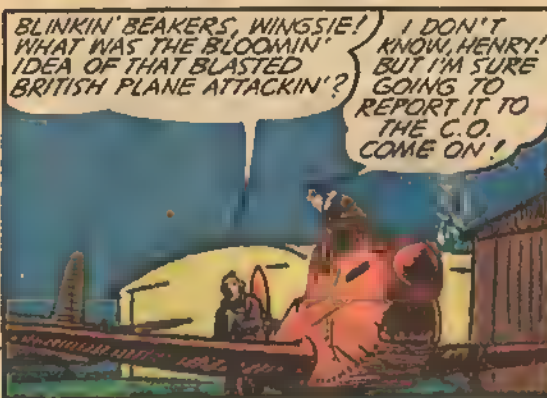
THERE'S THAT SAME HURRICANE THAT FIRED ON US YESTERDAY!



WELL, HENRY! THE RAID IS OVER! THE ENEMY SHIPS ARE ROUTED!

LET'S GET BACK TO THE BASE!





BLINKIN' BEAKERS, WINGSIE!
WHAT WAS THE BLOOMIN'
IDEA OF THAT BLASTED
BRITISH PLANE ATTACKIN'?

I DON'T
KNOW, HENRY!
BUT I'M SURE
GOING TO
REPORT IT TO
THE C.O.
COME ON!



THIS IS THE SECOND
TIME IN A ROW THAT
BRITISH SHIP BUTTED
INTO OUR FIGHT! AND
'BOTH TIMES', THEY
FIRED ON US!

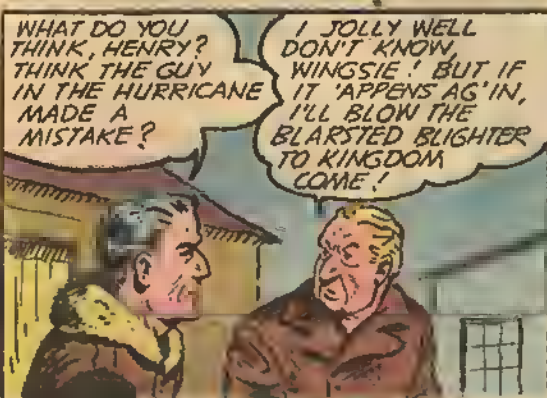


WELL JOHNSON, I TOLD YOU I
SUSPECTED A SPY WAS SOME-
WHERE ABOUT - AND TO KEEP
YOUR EYES OPEN. BUT I THINK
YOU ARE PROBABLY MISTAKEN
ABOUT THAT HURRICANE
FIRING ON YOU

I HOPE IT
DOESN'T
GET TO BE
A HABIT
WITH HIM.



I'M SURE IT WON'T
HAPPEN AGAIN, JOHNSON
IF IT DOES - WELL, THEN
WE KNOW SOMETHING
IS WRONG.



WHAT DO YOU
THINK, HENRY?
THINK THE GUY
IN THE HURRICANE
MADE A
MISTAKE?

I JOLLY WELL
DON'T KNOW,
WINGSIE! BUT IF
IT 'APPENS AG'IN,
I'LL BLOW THE
BLARSTED BLIGHTER
TO KINGDOM
COME!



LOOK,
WINGSIE!
THERE'S A
BRITISH
PLANE UP
THERE!

YEAH! AND
IT'S A HURRICANE
AT THAT! COME
ON! I'VE GOT A
HUNCH I'D LIKE
TO FOLLOW
THROUGH!



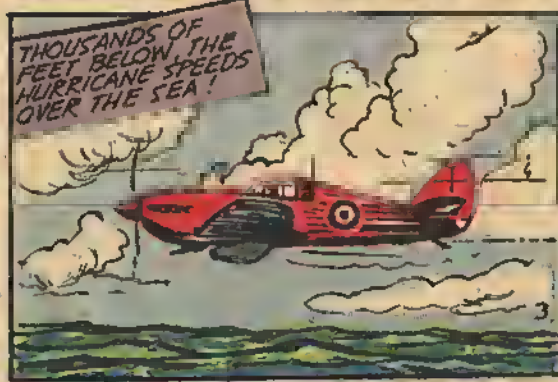
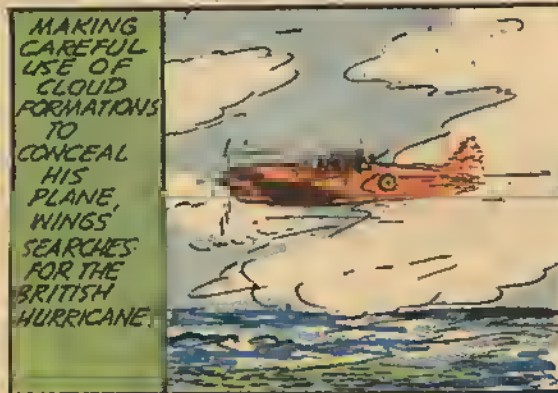
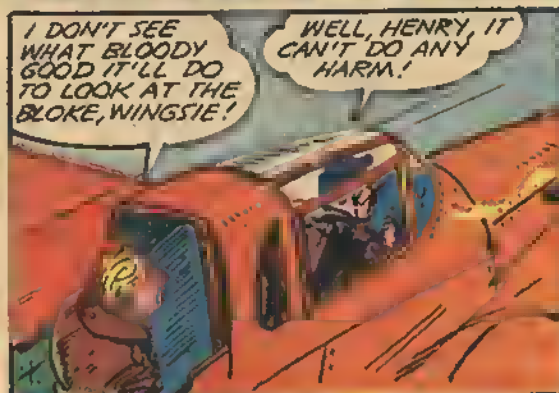
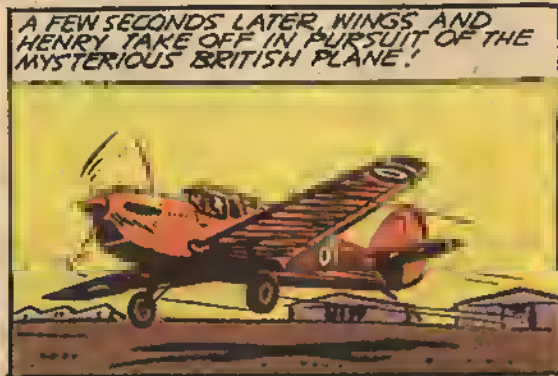
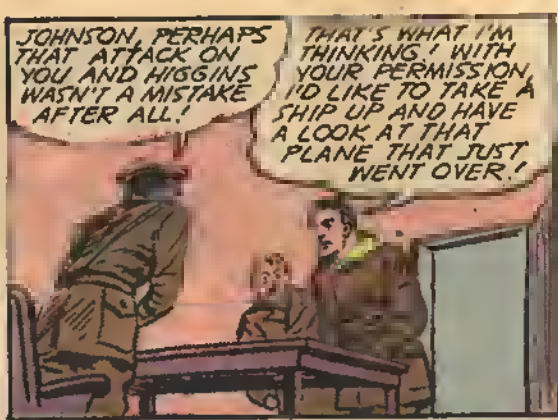
I SAY,
JOHNSON!
WHAT'S--!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY
TO BURST IN LIKE THIS,
SIR! BUT HAVE WE
ANY HURRICANES
BASED HERE?



WHY, NO! THE
NEAREST BASE
IS SOME MILES
AWAY!

I DON'T SO, BUT A
'CANE JUST FLEW OVER.
I WONDER IF YOU'D
CHECK WITH THAT SQUA-
RON YOU JUST MENTION-
ED AND ASK IF ONE OF
THEIR SHIPS IS
STILL UP!



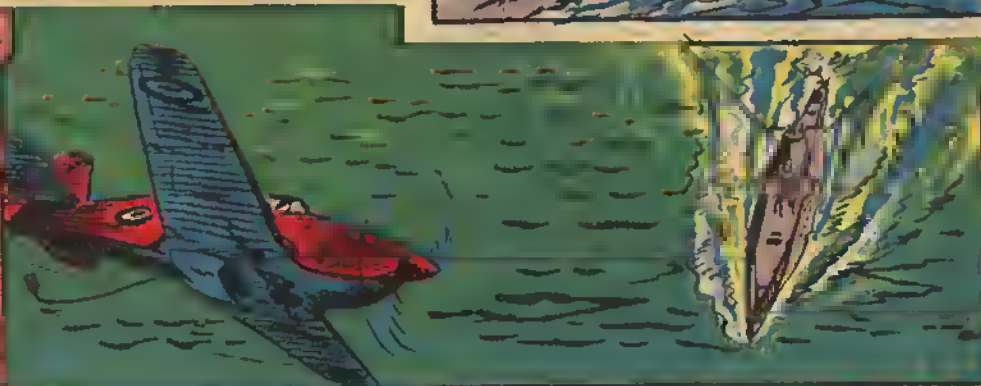
SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA - A GERMAN SUBMARINE!



QUICKLY, IT HOISTS A STRANGE CONTRAPTION.



THE HURRICANE CIRCLES AS A GERMAN SEAMAN SIGNALS THE CONNING TOWER! THEN, IT DROPS A LANDING HOOK!



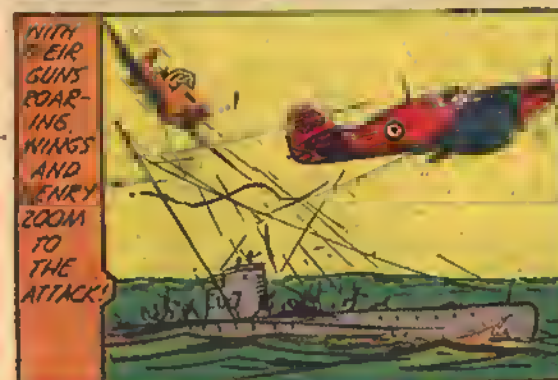
SOMETHING MIGHTY QUEER IS GOING ON DOWN THERE, HENRY!



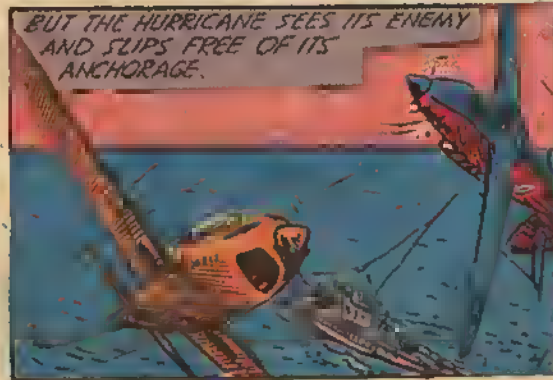
PIP! PIP! BLOW ME BLOOMIN' EYEBALLS H'IF THAT HURRICANE AIN'T IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT SUB!



WITH THEIR GUNS ROARING, KING'S AND HENRY ZOOM TO THE ATTACK!



BUT THE HURRICANE SEES ITS ENEMY AND SLIPS FREE OF ITS ANCHORAGE.



TIMING HIS LOOP TO A FRACTION OF A SECOND, WINGS CATCHES THE HURRICANE FROM BEHIND.



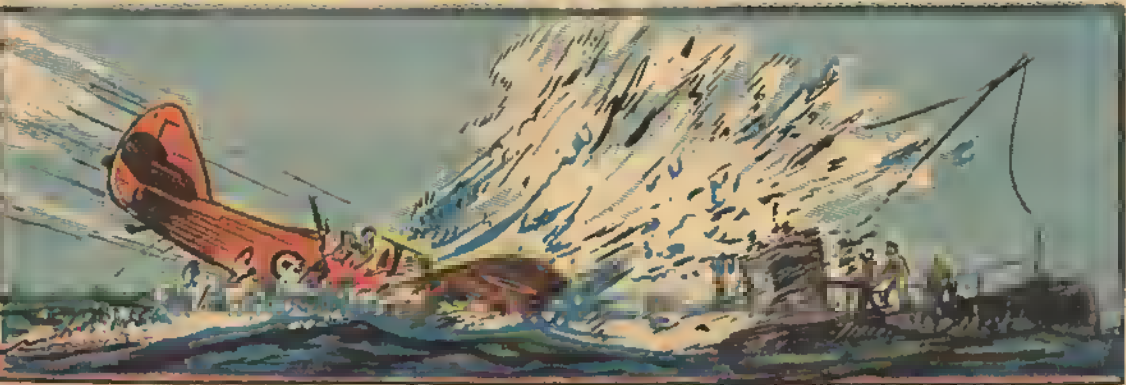
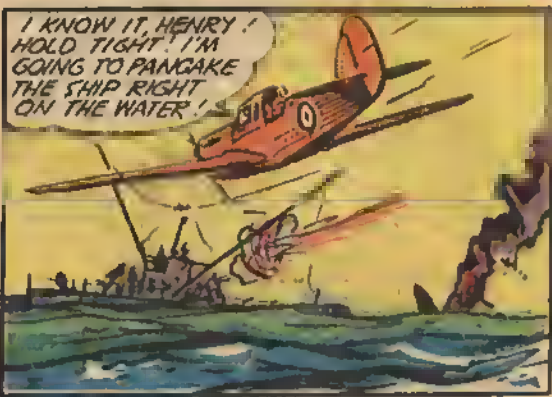
THE SHIP IS UP AGAIN, BUT AND LANDING HOOK THAT'S THE PRO OF JOHNSON'S SHIP

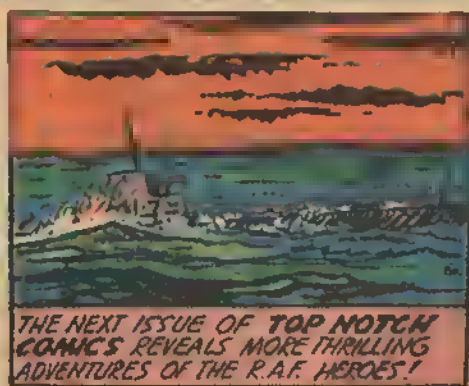
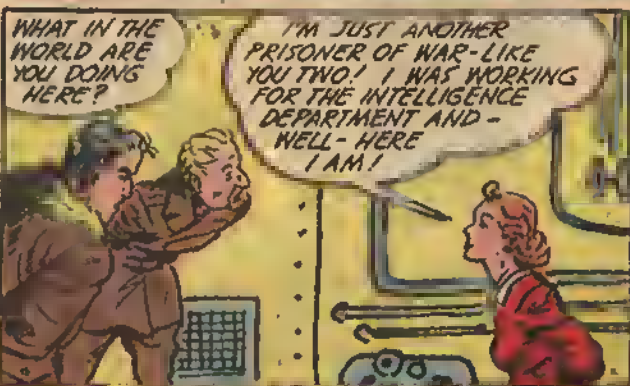
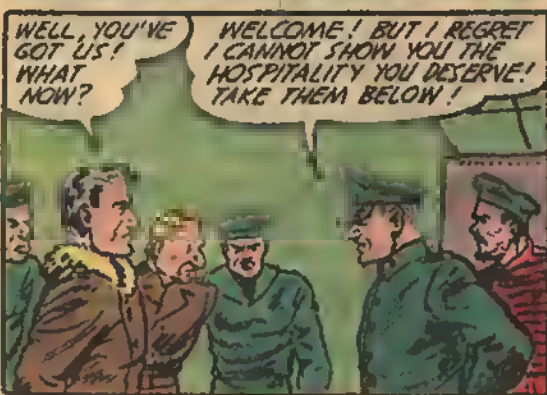
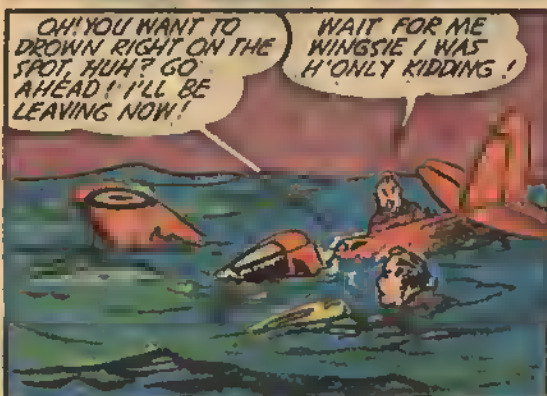
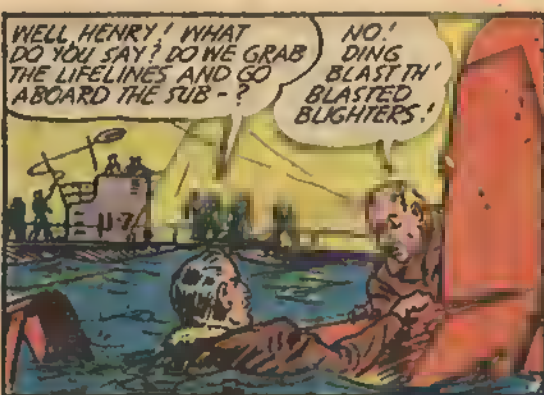


WINGSIE! OUR BLINKETY PROP IS ON THE BLINK!



I KNOW IT, HENRY! HOLD TIGHT! I'M GOING TO PANGAKE THE SHIP RIGHT ON THE WATER!





BOB PHANTOM

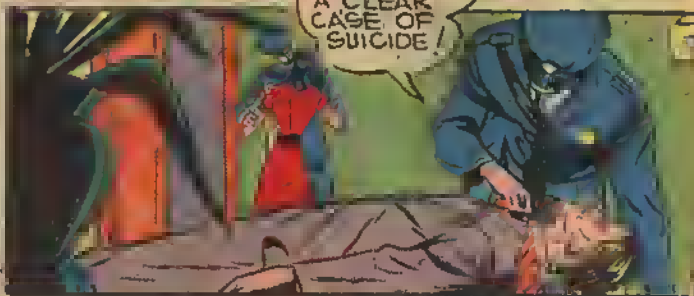
SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

by *BERNIE*

A RUSH OF WIND - A SWIRL OF SMOKE - AND THERE STANDS BOB PHANTOM!



POLICE! COME QUICK!
MY HUSBAND... JOHN
WINTERS! HANGING FROM
THE CEILING! HE'S
DEAD... DEAD!



LOOKS LIKE
A CLEAR
CASE OF
SUICIDE!

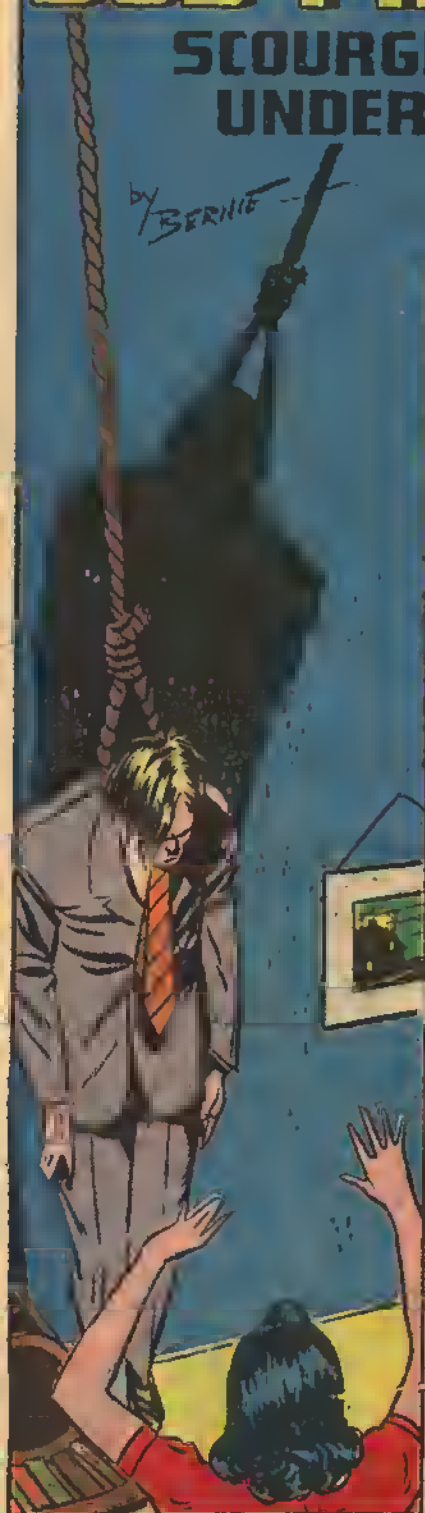
WILE AT THAT MOMENT
IN ANOTHER HOME
GREAT LORD, THE MASTER!
HE'S
DROWNED
HIMSELF!

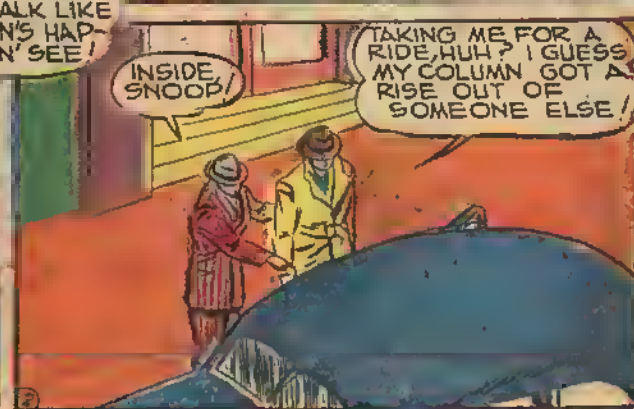
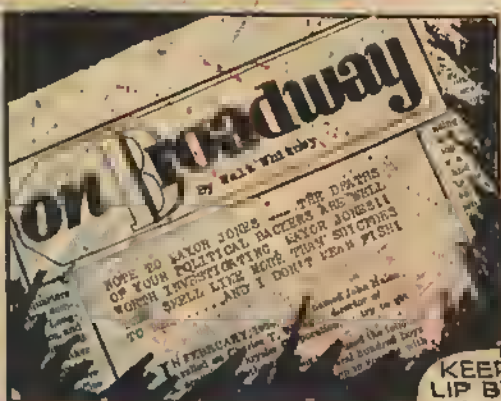
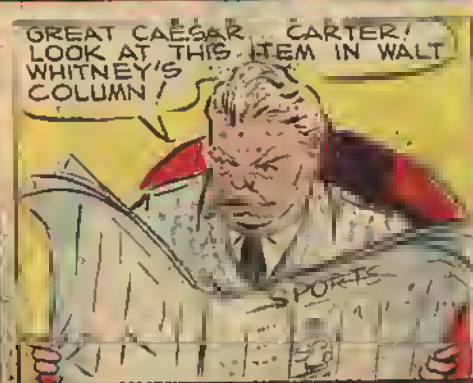


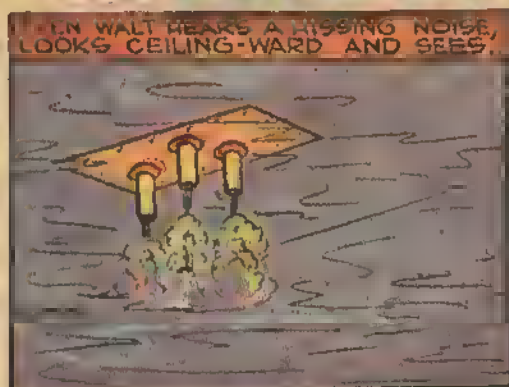
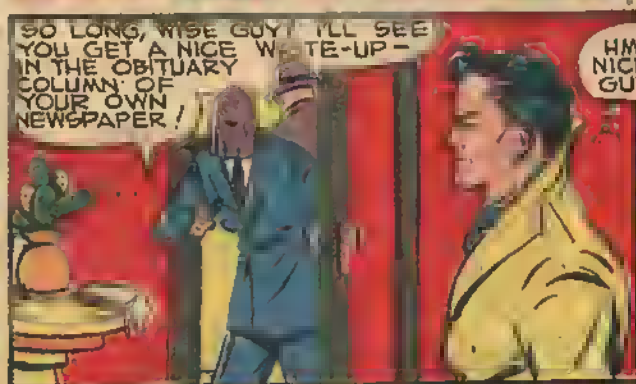
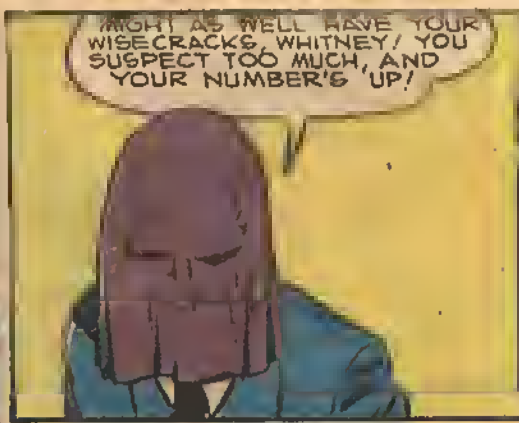
AGAIN, THE POLICE ARE
SUMMONED
AND WHEN MR. GRAVES DIDN'T
COME DOWN FOR SO LONG A
TIME, NATURALLY I WAS
ALARMED!



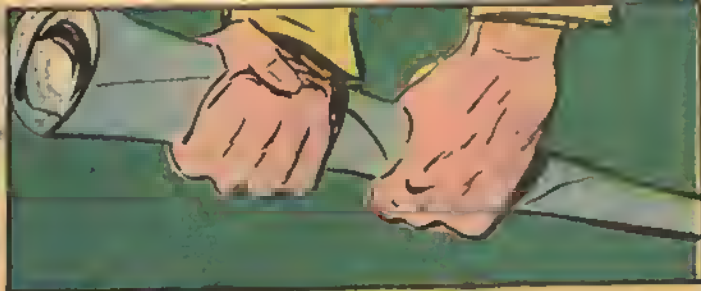
HMM... THESE
SUICIDES ARE
COMIN' THICK
AND FAST!



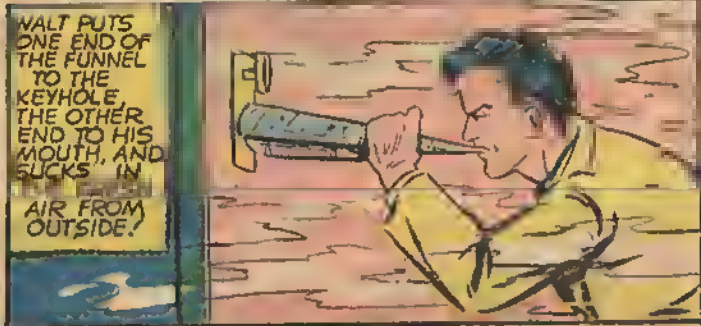




BOY, THE GAS IS GETTING THICK
(COUGH) GOTTA WORK FAST!
THIS NEWSPAPER!... I'LL
ROLL IT UP LIKE A
FUNNEL!



WALT PUTS
ONE END OF
THE FUNNEL
TO THE
KEYHOLE,
THE OTHER
END TO HIS
MOUTH, AND
SUCKS IN
AIR FROM
OUTSIDE!



ALL RIGHT BOYS! THAT
NEWSPAPER GUY'S DEAD
BY NOW. YOU BOYS GO
IN AND GET RID OF THE
CORPSE!



Y...YOU.PH..
PHANTOM!

GREETINGS
GENTS!

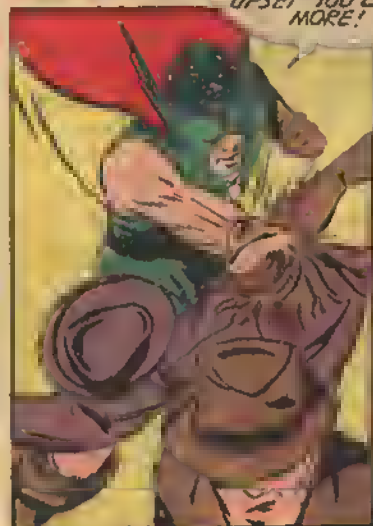
WHO
WHA



TSK TSK. MY
APPEARANCE SEEMS
TO HAVE UPSET
YOU!

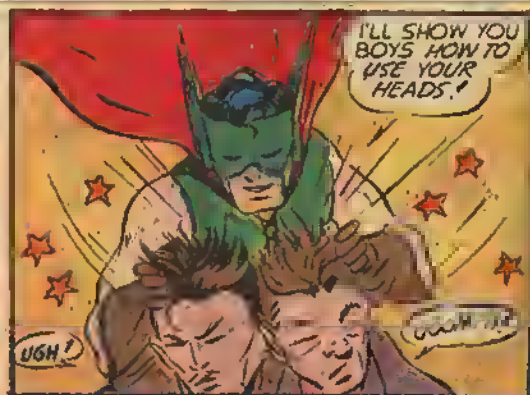
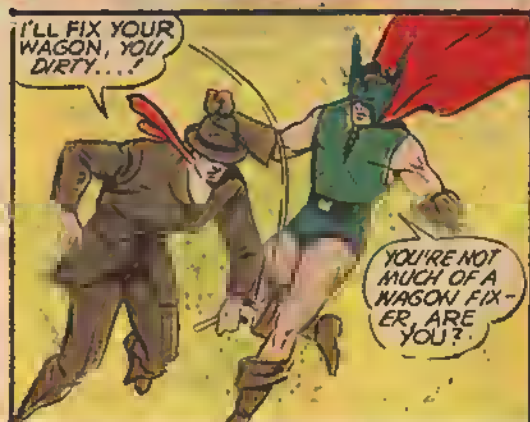
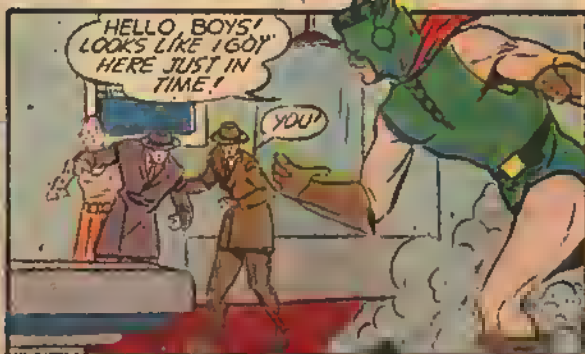
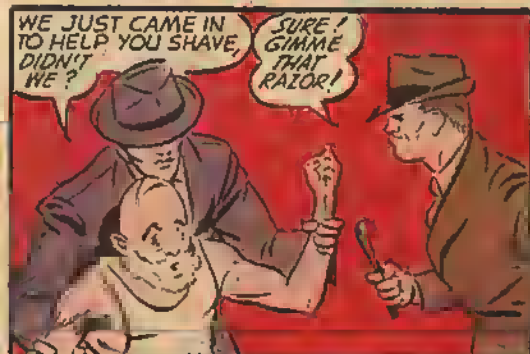
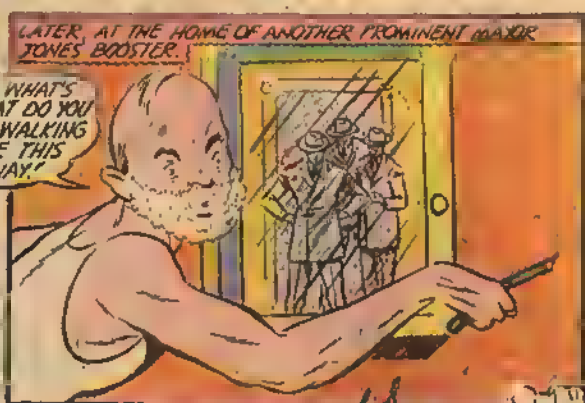
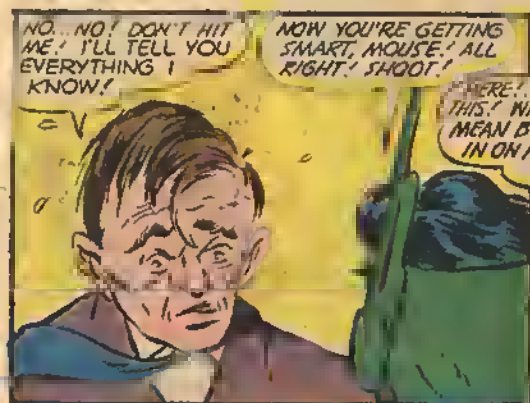


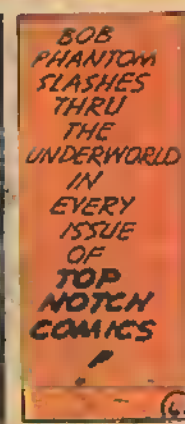
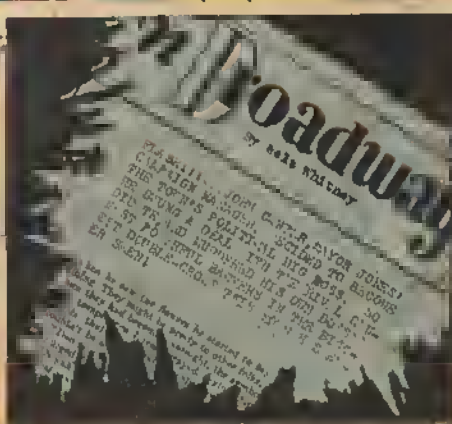
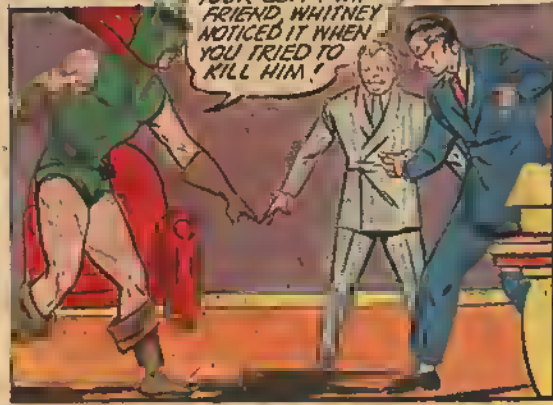
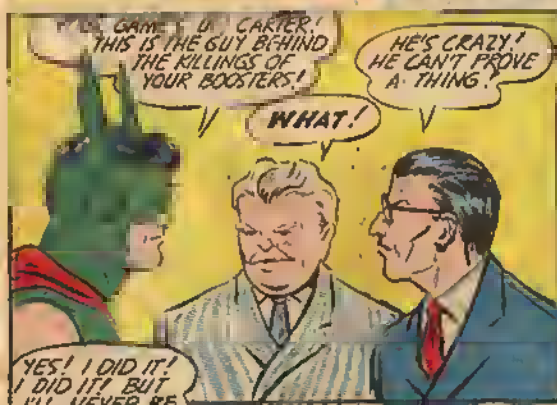
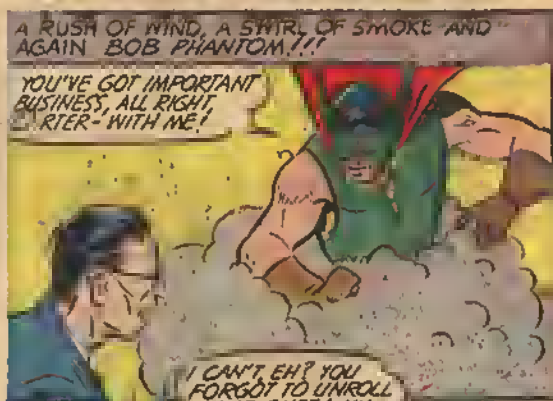
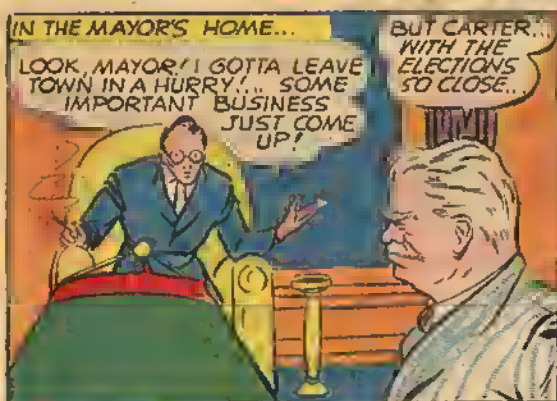
HERE'S SOME-
THING THAT'LL
UPSET YOU EVEN
MORE!



AND I'VE GOT A
LITTLE GIFT FOR
YOU TOO - UN-
LESS YOU'RE
WILLING TO WAG
YOUR TONGUE!









A GRAND NECKTIE PARTY

by
EUGENE CUNNINGHAM

IN Las Vegas, New Mexico, there are still copies of a famous poster dated March 24, 1882. Whatever the notice may lack in elegance of diction, is balanced by clearness and pointedness. . .

NOTICE

To Thieves, Thugs, Fakirs and Bunco Steerers
AMONG WHOM ARE

J. J. Harlin alias "Off Wheeler," Sawdust Charlie, Wm. Hedges, Billy the Kid, Billy Mullin, Little Jack, the Cutter, Pock Marked Kid and about 20 others.

If found within the limits of this city after 10 p.m. this night, you will be invited to attend a grand necktie party

The expense of which will be borne by

100 Substantial Citizens

NOTHING ever published in Las Vegas had the MOVING effect of this poster. The hard cases listed—or referred to—moved out of Vegas with promptness and quietness, using only part of the time allowed.

The Billy the Kid mentioned was not the Lincoln County outlaw. He had been dead more than eight months. This was some smaller caliber gun, misbranded.



HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE

STARRING THE G-MAN EXTRAORDINARY
AND THE MAN WITH THE SUPER-BRAIN

10c

SHIELD-WIZARD
comics

No. 2

ALL BRAND NEW * SMASHING ACTION



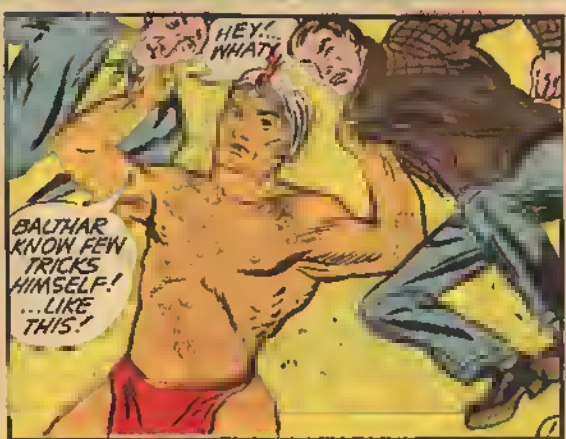
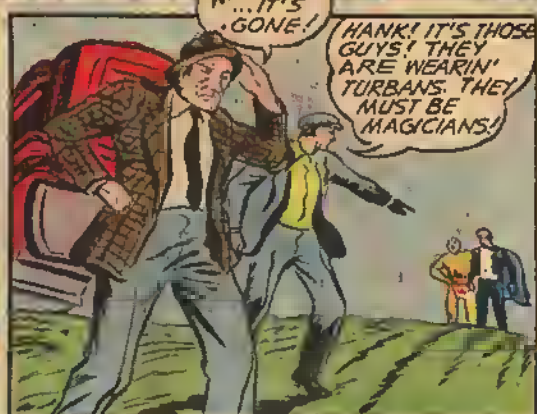
LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
**SUPER
BOY!**

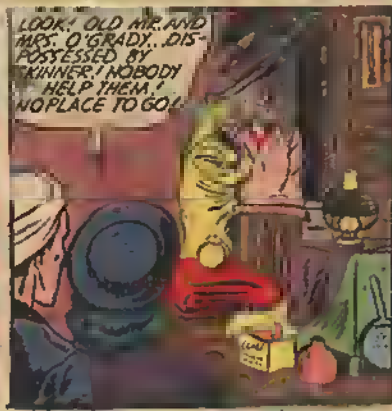
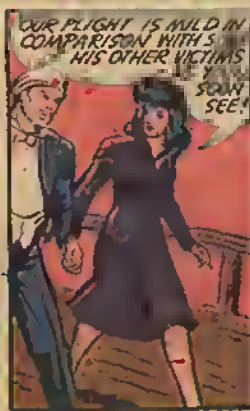
ALL
NEW!
ALL
DIFFERENT

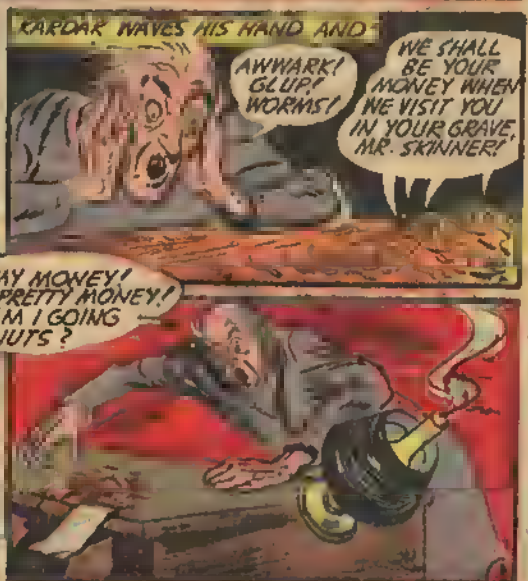
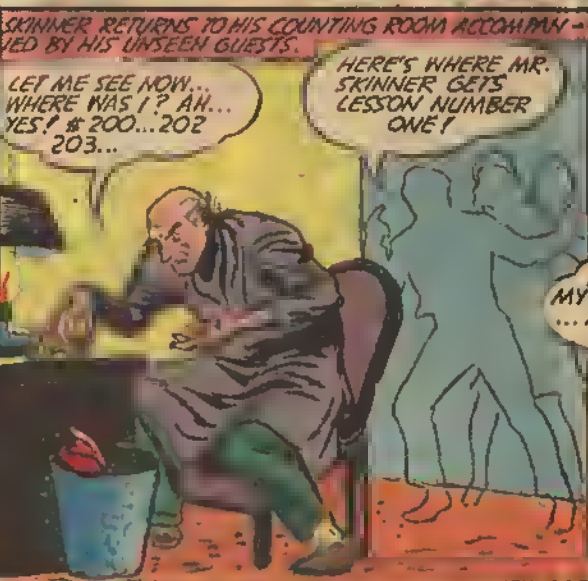
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

KARDAK

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN







I FEEL QUEER... AS
THOUGH SOMEONE WERE
WATCHIN' ME... WH...
WHAT'S THAT?



SURROUNDED BY A WEIRD
LIGHT, THE HEAD OF KAR-
DAK APPEARS IN THE SHA-
DOWY ROOM!



WH...WHO...
ARE YOU?
WHAT DO
YOU WANT?

I AM THE SPIRIT
ALL THE MISERY
YOU HAVE CAUSED
YOUR
FELLOW
MEN! I WANT
WHAT BELONGS
TO THEM!



IT'S MY MORTGAGES AND DEEDS!
YOU'RE AFTER! YOU'LL NEVER
GET 'EM...WHAT...WHAT'S
THAT DRIPPING FROM
MY STRONG BOX?



ULP!
BLOOD!



KARDAK'S GRIM JEST CONTINUES--SUDDEN
BURSTS OF LIGHT, AND BALTHAR
AND JUDY APPEAR IN DIFFERENT GUISTS!



ME DEVIL!
COME
TO GET
YOU!



NO!
NO!

KEEP
AWAY,
I TELL
YOU!

YOU GOOD
MATERIAL
FOR PLACE
I COME
FROM! I
TAKE YOU!



THE VISIONS VANISH AS SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED

YOU MUST BE
AN ANGEL...
SAVE ME! PLEASE!
I'LL DO ANY-
THING!



I WILL! I WILL!
ONLY DON'T LET
THAT DEVIL
TAKE ME!



YOU CANNOT EX-
PECT MERCY OF
OTHERS UNTIL YOU
HAVE SHOWN SOME
YOURSELF! BEGIN
AT ONCE OR IT MAY
BE TOO LATE!



NOW KARDAK HIMSELF VANISHES!...
THE ROOM'S EMPTY!
MY MONEY...MY STRONG
BOX! THEY'RE INTACT!
IT COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN MY IMAGINATION!... IT COULDN'T
HAVE BEEN!



OUTSIDE...
NO, NO! ME
NEVER LAUGH
SO MUCH!
I ALMOST DIED AT
THE EXPRESSION ON
THE OLD MISER'S
FACE!



BUT WHAT FRIGHT-
NED HIM SO,
KARDAK? I DIDN'T
SEE ANY ANGELS
OR DEVILS THAT
KINNER WAS
YELLING
ABOUT!
SIMPLE
HYPNOSIS,
JUDY!



LATER...
OH, MIKE! HERE
COMES MR. SKINNER!
MAYBE IF WE TALKED
TO HIM, HE'D LET US
STAY ANOTHER
MONTH!
NO, KATE! HIS
HEART IS MADE
OF STONE!



WHO SAID YOU HAD
TO GET OUT? GET
BACK IN THERE
AND DON'T WORRY
ABOUT THE
RENT!
WHIA...WHAT
IS THIS...
A...A JOKE?



SKINNER GOES TO THE GROCERY...
ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T PAY YOUR
NOTE THIS MONTH! TAKE MY
PLACE AND BE HANGED!



DON'T TALK TO ME THAT WAY, DRAT
YOU! I CAME TO TELL YOU, I'M GIVIN'
YOU ANOTHER YEAR TO PAY... TWO
YEARS... MAYBE THREE. IN FACT,
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY
AT ALL!
ULP!



NELL, BALTHAR! THERE'S
SOME GOOD IN ANYBODY-
IF YOU KNOW HOW TO
BRING IT OUT!
WE GOTTA DIG-UM
PLENTY DEEP FOR
SKINNER-EH
MASTER?

KARDAK
AND HIS MAGIC OF GOOD
OVERCOMES EVIL IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
TOP NOTCH COMICS