

Featuring **THE BLACK HOOD**
TOP-NOTCH
comics

NO. 17 JULY

10¢

THE
WIZARD
WITH **ROY,**
THE SUPER-BOY



Al. Carmy

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Here's what you get in NO. 3

SHIELD-WIZARD

comics

WHY DID JU JU WATSON
FACE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR...
AND HOW COULD THE
SHIELD SAVE HIM WITH-
OUT FIRST BREAKING THE
LAW HE HAD SWORN TO
UPHOLD?....

THE MAHARAJAH
MURDERS



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

MYSTERY OF THE
FLYING DUTCHMAN

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

DEATH BELOW



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

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



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

THE BLACK HOOD



MAN OF MYSTERY

By Camy and Shorten



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

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

HA HA HA! HE'S DEAD!

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

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

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



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

HOW TERRIBLE!

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



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

SOB, SOB! SUCH A GOOD MAN!

WE'LL ALL MISS HIM!



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

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



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



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



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

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



HOW ABOUT LETTING A REPORTER GO ALONG, SARGE!

NOTHING DOING, BARBARA! YOU STAY OUTTA' THIS!



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

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

DO YOU
HAVE A
PHONE I
MAY USE?

WHY, SURE, MISS!
COME RIGHT IN!

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

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

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

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

AND SO, OFF INTO THE NIGHT
FLASHES THE STEEL-MUSCLED FIG-
URE OF THE *BLACK HOOD*!

THE POLICE ARRIVE AT THE BLEAK HOME

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

NEVER MIND WHAT YOU THINK!



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

YES, I'M THE LAWYER!



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

A VERY GOOD IDEA, SERGEANT!



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



SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THE DOOR! IT'S OPENING!



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

WHAT IN.. WHO'S THAT WHACK?



THAT'S SLIM, THE HANDY-MAN! HE'S NOT VERY BRIGHT!

HMM! MAYBE HE'S NOT SO DUMB!



BANG BANG

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



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







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

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



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



DOWNSTAIRS, THE BATTLE IS HEARD, AND..

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



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

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



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



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

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



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



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



MOTHER O'MERCY!

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



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



UGH!

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



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



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



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



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

THERE'S NO NEED
FOR THAT,
SERGEANT!



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

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



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



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



AS MCGINTY DRIVES ALONG...



SOON....



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



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

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

JUST AS I THOUGHT!
BOTH UNCONSCIOUS!

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

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

HMM! I
SUSPECTED
THIS!
THE
HEAD
IS
MISSING!

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

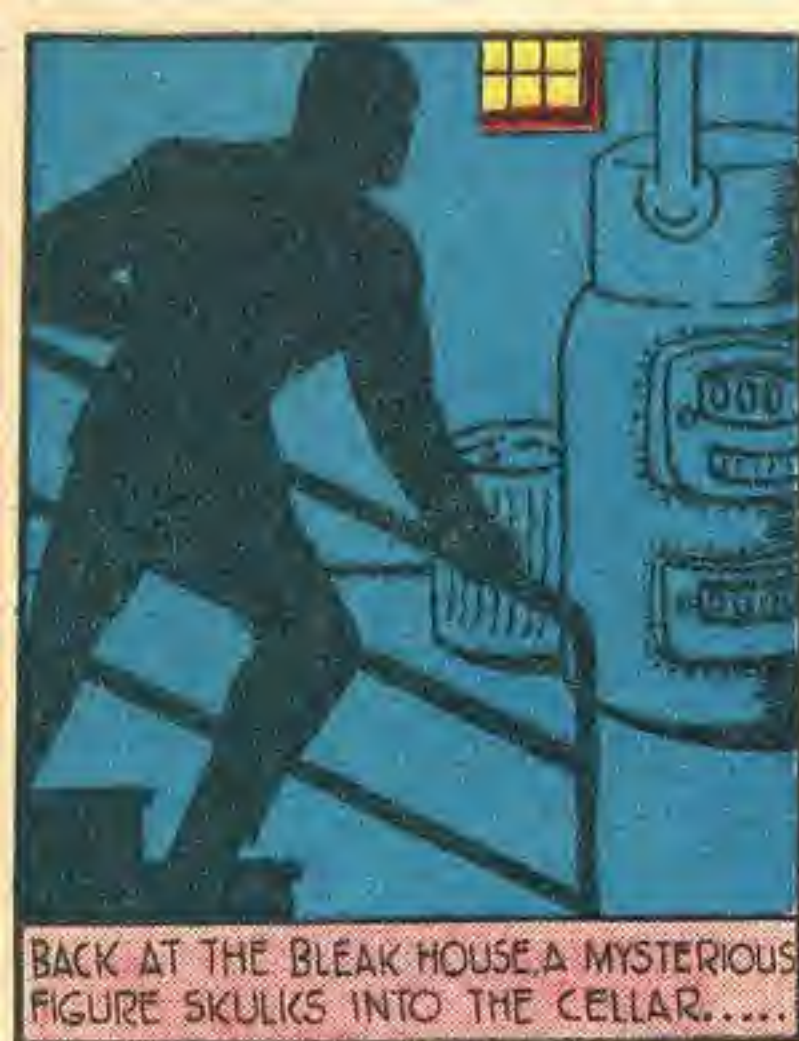
LOOK, FATHEAD! SEE THIS?...IT'S
PUTTY, STUCK INTO
YOUR EXHAUST PIPE
BY THE NEPHEW!
THAT'S HOW THE
MONOXIDE FUMES
ALMOST KILLED
YOU!

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

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

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

'N I'M GOIN'
BACK, ALSO!



BACK AT THE BLEAK HOUSE, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE SKULKS INTO THE CELLAR.....



MAKES HIS WAY TO THE FURNACE....



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



AT THAT MOMENT...

THIS IS THE WINDOW TO THE NEPHEW'S ROOM!



GOOD LORD! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!



WHILE DOWNSTAIRS...

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

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



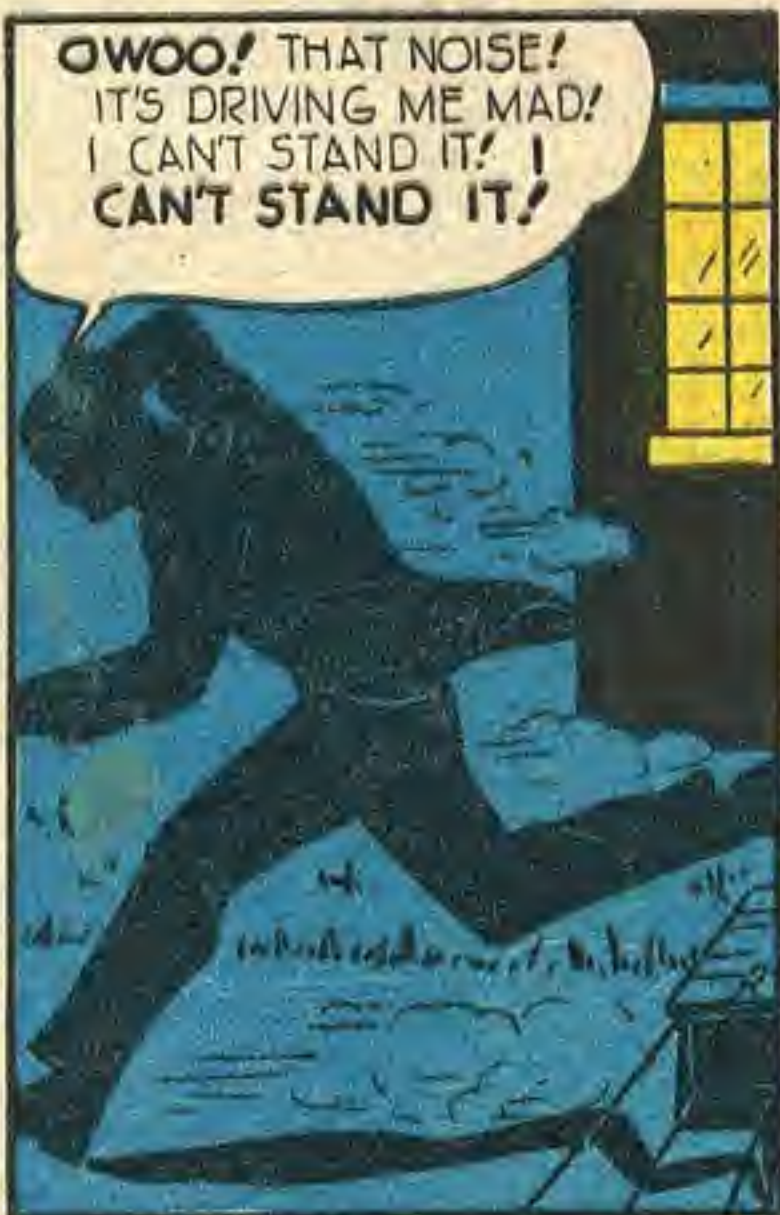
HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

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



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

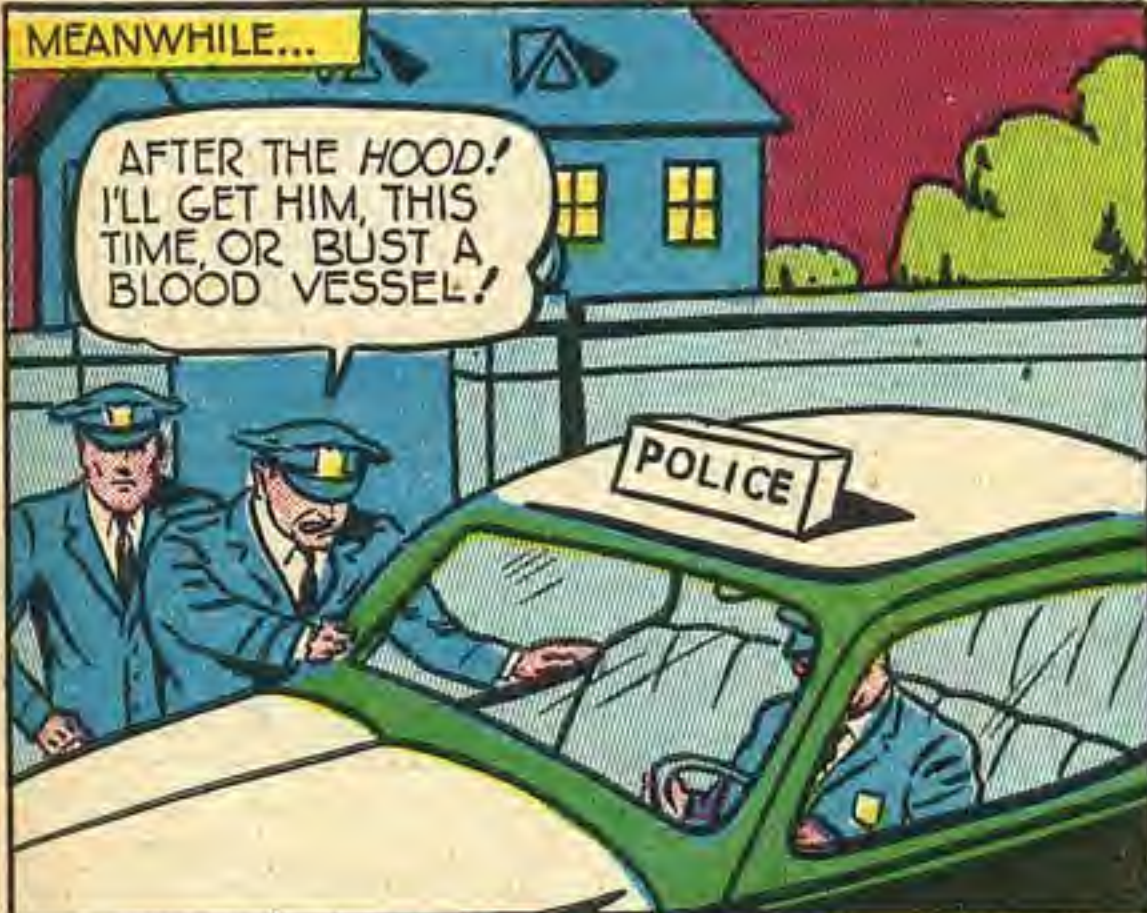
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN, MCGINTY, ...AW! WHAT'S THE USE!





MEANWHILE...

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



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

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

POLICE



WOW! IT'S
GOING OVER
THE CLIFF!



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



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



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

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

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



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

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





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

A FORTUNE HIDDEN IN A DEAD MAN'S HEAD! THIS IS GETTING WACKIER BY THE MINUTE!



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

HAW! THAT'S RIGHT!



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



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

WOW! HE SURE WAS CLEVER!



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



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

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



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

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



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

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



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



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

The WIZARD

with ROY, the SUPER-BOY



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



EEEE!

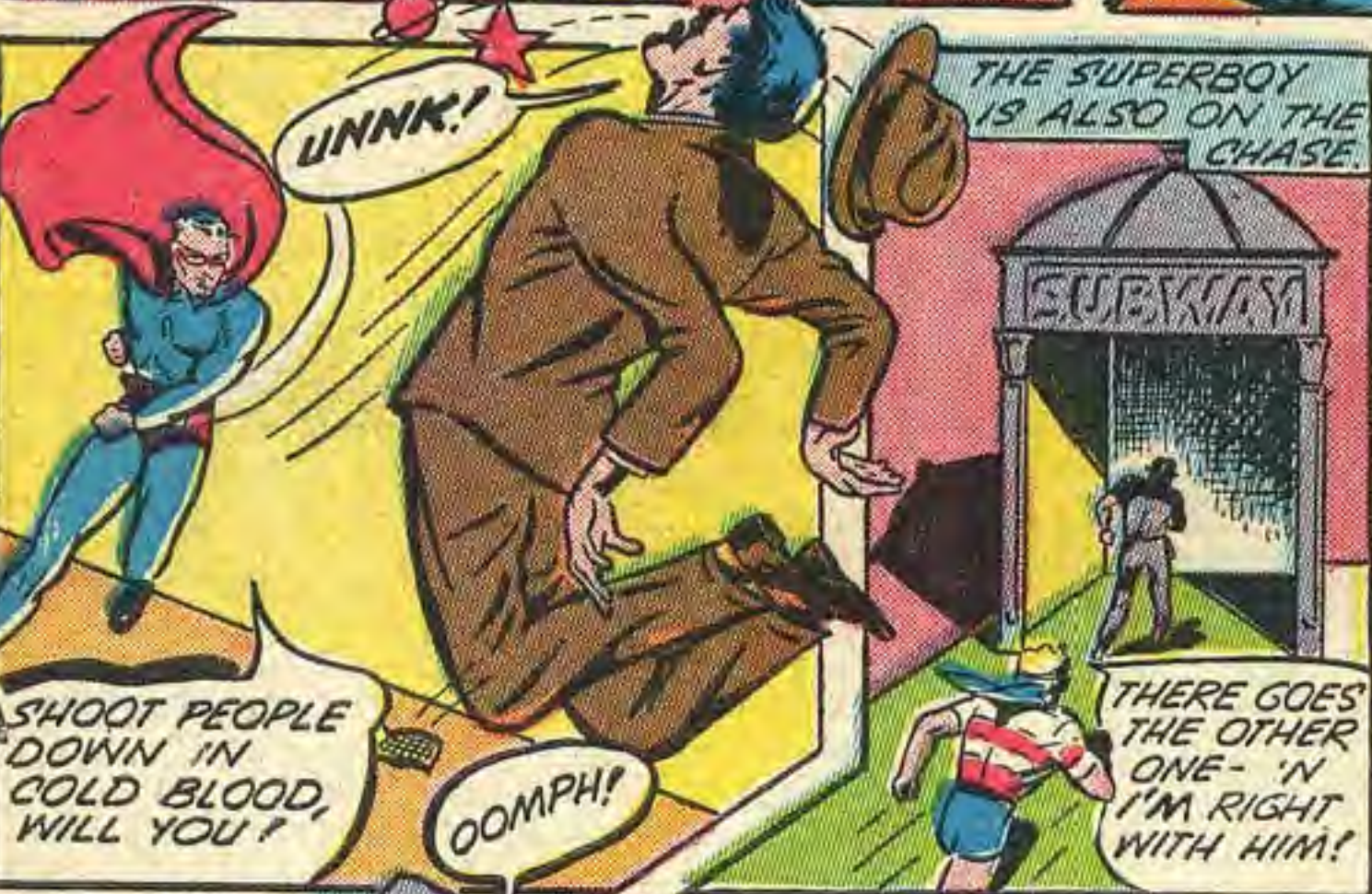
C'MON, MIKE!
OUT THE BACK
WAY!

GOOD
GRIEF!

BLANE
LOOK!

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

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





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

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



THAT'S THE BRAVE
CABBIE WHO TRIED
TO STOP THE KIL-
LERS! I SAW
IT ALL!

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

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



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

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



YOU'RE
NOT DOING
SO BAD
ANYHOW!

THE BANDITS ARE THIRD DEGREE
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



TALK, YOU
SCUTS! WHO'S
THE BIGSHOT
WHO'S PRO-
TECTING YOU
BANDITS!



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

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



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



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



WEEKS LATER, THE BANDIT BROTHERS RECEIVE A CALLER!

IT'S ABE SHARK, OUR LAWYER!

HIYA MOUTH-PIECE! READY TO SPRING US?



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

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



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

WHAT'S YER SCHEME?



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



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

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



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

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



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







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



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

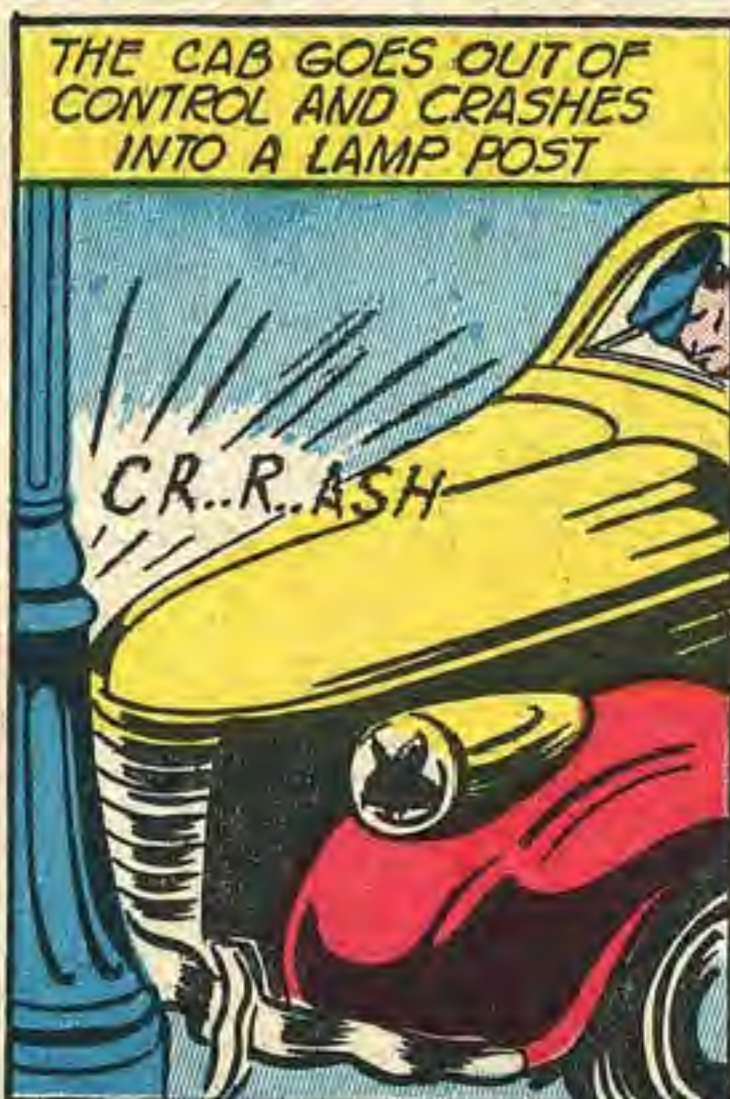


HEY! THIS AIN'T
THE WAY WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO GO!

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



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



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

CR..R..ASH



THIS AIN'T NO
TIME TO FOOL
AROUND!



TONY! I WUZ
SPOTTED BY
A CABBIE!

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



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

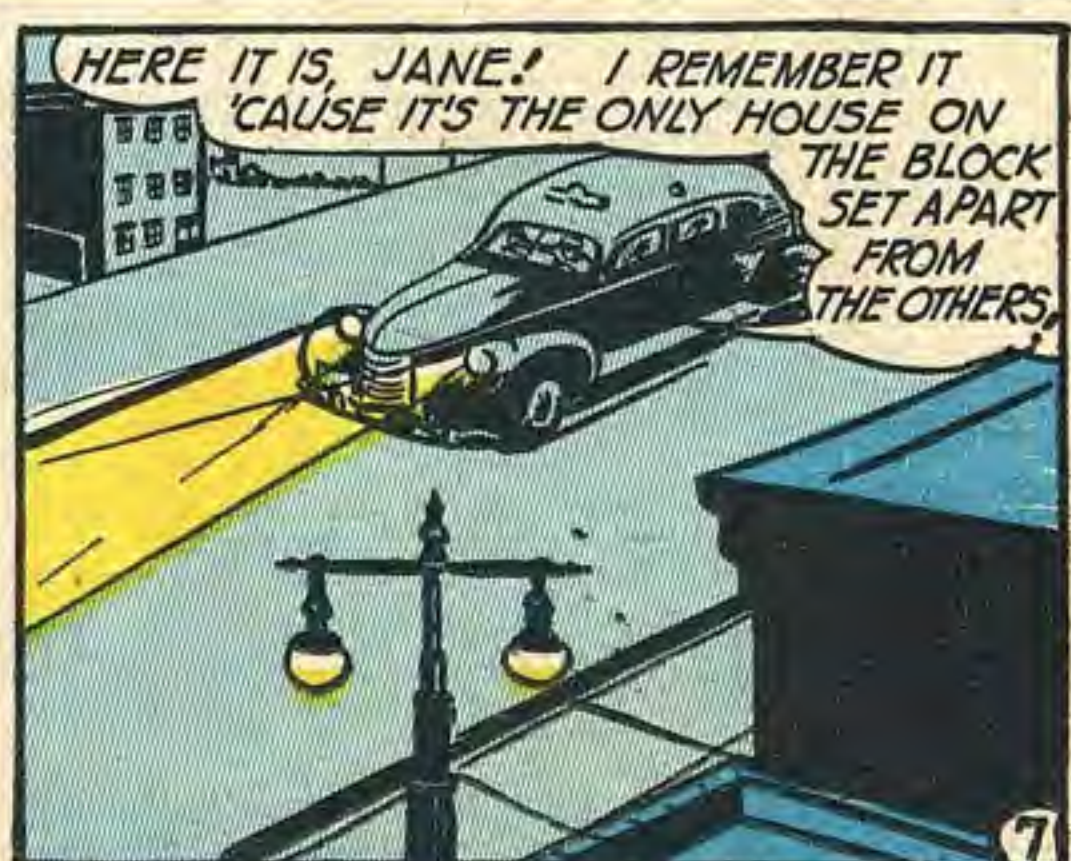
WELL, WE'LL
HAFTA LAY
LOW AGAIN,
'N WAIT
FOR THE
BIG BOSS TO
GET US
OUTTA THE
COUNTRY!



LATER...

WE JUST HEARD
ABOUT YOUR
ACCIDENT, MOE!

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





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

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

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

YOU NEVER SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME! KILL HER IMMEDIATELY!

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

NO! HELP!

DROP THAT GUN, YOU MURDERING HOUNDS!

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

...AND DO A REAL JOB ON YOU!

OOOPH!

UGH!

WIZARD! IT'S THE D.A.!

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

AT THAT MOMENT...

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

CRASH!

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



UH, UH! MUSTN'T PLAY WITH GUNS!



HMM! WHAT HAVE WE HERE, ANYWAY?



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

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



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

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



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



NEXT DAY..

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

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



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

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



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

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



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

FRAN FRAZER



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

THAT DOES NOT EXCUSE YOUR CLUMSINESS!

SLAP!

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

EASY, HAL!

LOOK, FRAN! THAT WISE GUY DROPPED THIS MONOCLE!

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

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

HELLO, HANS! LOVELY DAY WERE HAVING,

HEY! WHO...

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

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

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

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

NO!... HE'D THINK WE FORGED IT!

THAT NIGHT, IN CAPTAIN VON STERN'S ROOM!

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

PERHAPS THEY LEFT A MESSAGE WITH THE CLERK!

I'LL CALL
AND FIND OUT!

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

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

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

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

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

YES, SIR!
COME IN,
PLEASE!

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

SUDDENLY...

CRASH

WHAT'S
THAT?

COME OUT,
OR WE
SHOOT!

OOO! NOW
WE'RE IN
FOR IT!

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

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

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

ER...AHEM..
THANK YOU!



The End

KEITH KORNELL

WEST POINTER



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



YES, SIR!

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



OKAY!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER -



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



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



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



CRASH!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OTHER SECTION OF THE PLANE /

WHERE ARE WE NOW, BEAUTIFUL?

JUST ABOUT TWO MILES ABOVE CHARON--OH!



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

JUST AN AIR POCKET, I THINK!



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

IN WASHINGTON.

WHERE IS LIEUTENANT KORNELL AND THE PLANS?

IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT, SIR!

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

HE'S BEEN SLUGGED! AND THE PLANS ARE GONE!

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

NOBODY HAD TO GET IN. HE WAS ALREADY IN!

COULD HE HAVE PARACHUTED OUT, PILOT?

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

THAT EVENING

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

ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT. GOOD LUCK TO YOU.

THE FOLLOWING DAY ON THE SAME PLANE "RUN"

THE LURCH WAS RIGHT AT ABOUT THIS POINT, LIEUTENANT

OKAY PILOT! WISH US LUCK!

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

HAPPY LANDINGS, SOLDIER

HUTCH WILL NEVER FORGIVE ME FOR PUSHING HIM OUT.

HEY!

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

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

BUT HOSTILE EYES WATCH THEIR DESCENT

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

WHAT IS THIS?

IT AIN'T A HALLOWE'EN PARTY.

LOOK WHAT WE FOUND, BOY SCOUTS!

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

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

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

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

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

MEANWHILE - A DETACHMENT WAITS TO HEAR FROM KORNELL.

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

LET ME SEE THAT!

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

HA, MY FRIEND, YOU 'AVE SUCCEEDED?

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

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

OKAY, BOSS!

MAKE 'EM COUNT, HUTCH!

HE SHOULDA STOOD IN BED, TOO!

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



UP AND AT 'EM MEN!

YIPPEE!

BUT THE TROOPS ARRIVE IN THE NICK OF TIME!



HEY, LIEUTENANT! THE BIG SHOTS ARE GETTING AWAY!

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



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

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

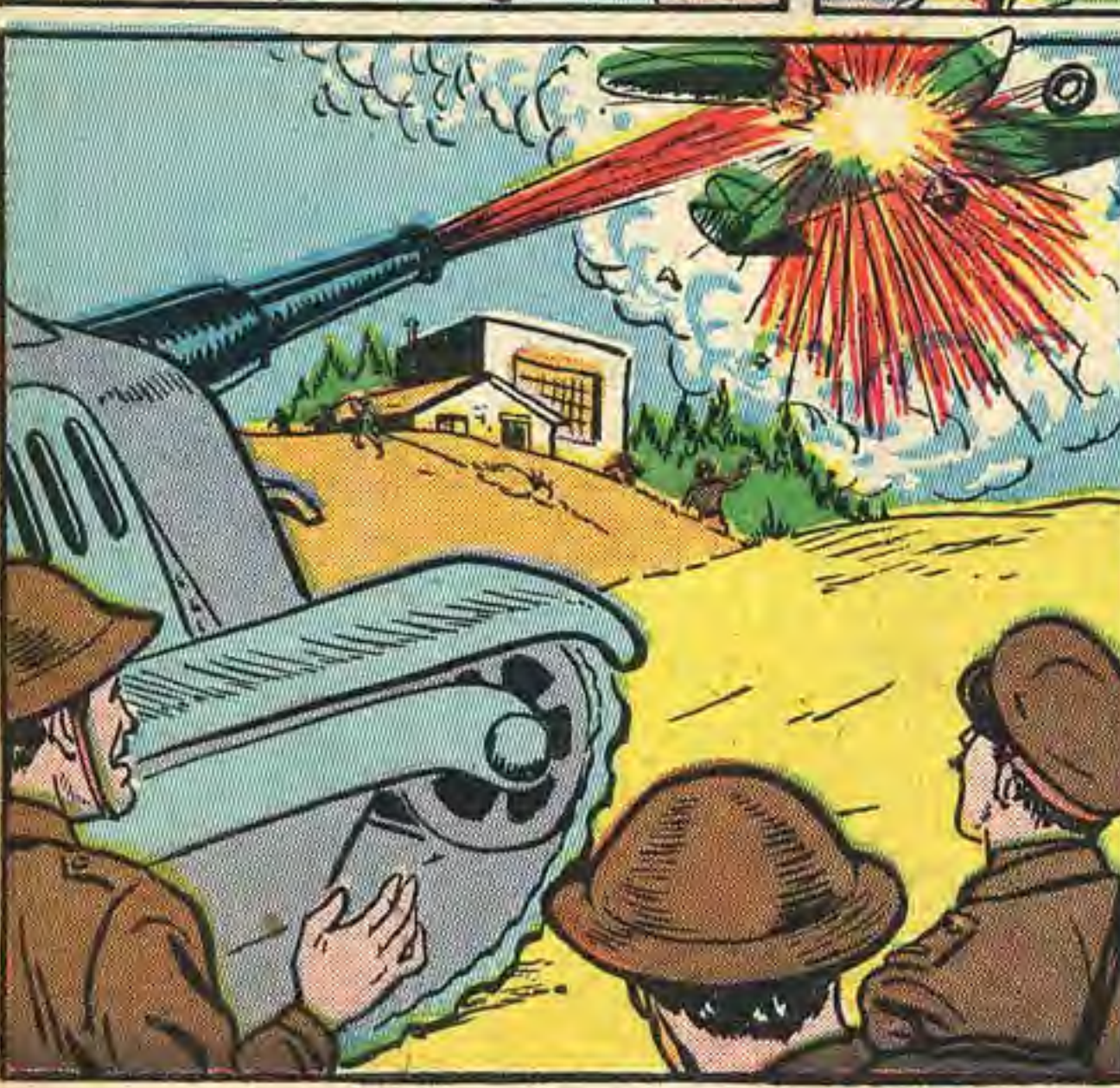


HURRY HUTCH



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

LET 'ER RIP!



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

THE END



the FIREFLY

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

Story by
JOE BLAIR

ANOTHER BLOW, AND WE'LL
HAVE IT CRACKED OPEN! MAY-
BE WE'RE FINDING A GANG-
STER'S VICTIM!

AND OUT
STEPS....

THE MUMMY!

THE
MUMMY
STRIKES!



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



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



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



LATER...IN
THE CITY MUSEUM..

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



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



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

MEN DEAD ON A SAND
DREDGE..CROWN OF EGYPT
STOLEN...JOAN GONE..THE
MUMMY IS LOOSE AGAIN,
AND IT LOOKS LIKE HE
HAS THE JUMP ON ME!..
BUT I KNOW
WHERE
HE'LL GO,
AND I'M
GOING TO..
BE RIGHT
AFTER HIM!



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



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



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

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



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



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



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



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



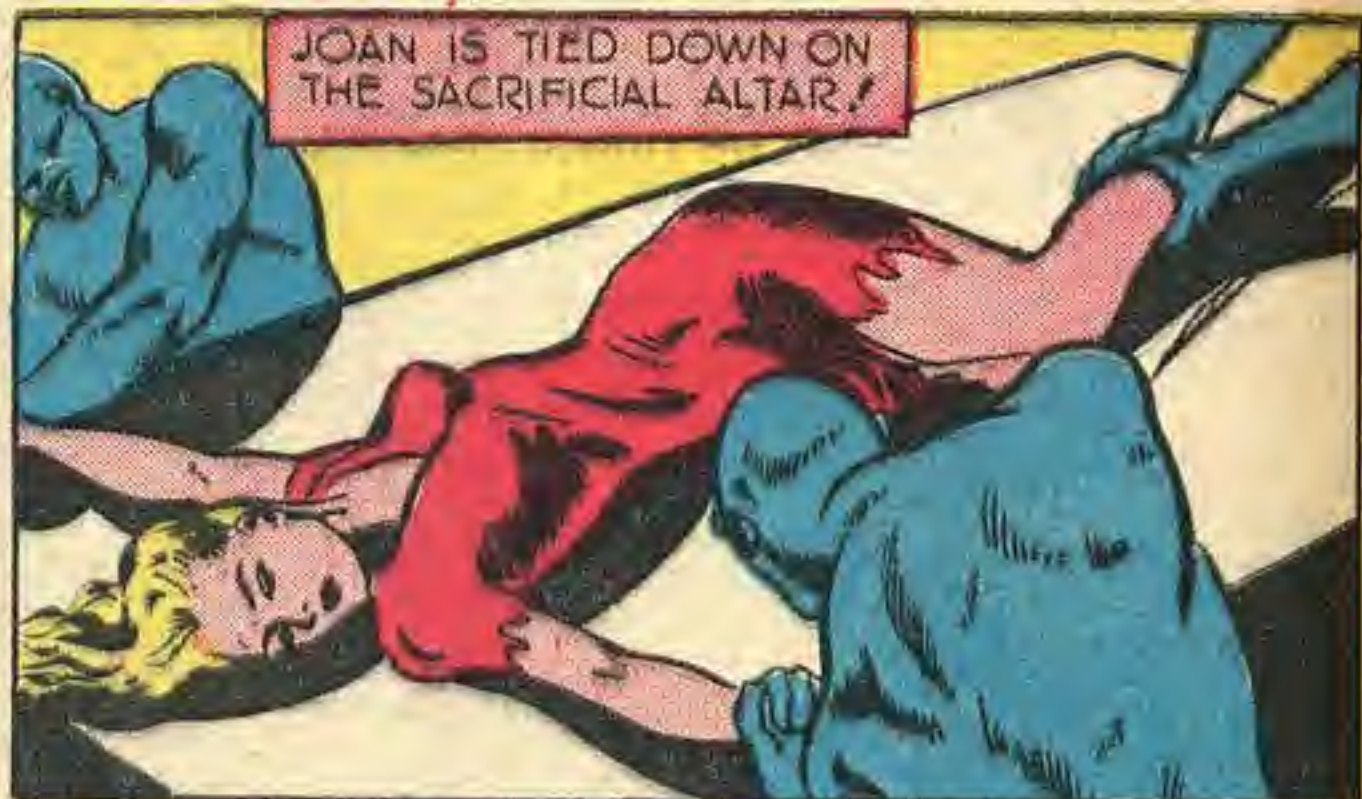
IF I COULD ONLY FIND SOME CLUE SO I'D KNOW I'M ON THE RIGHT TRACK!

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

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







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



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



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



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



I CAN SEE SOME-
ONE BETWEEN
THESE ROCKS,



DEAD!..ALL
OF THEM!



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



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



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

ST. LOUIS KID

BARRED FROM THE RING MIXED UP IN SCANDAL

College officials paid
no attention to the
sign taken by fighter
until he began to
lose his temper
in the ring.

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

IN THE TRAINING HEAD-QUARTERS OF BOMBER BENSON!

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



JUST THEN—

NOW WHICH ONE'S BENSON, POP?

THERE HE IS!



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



HAALP!



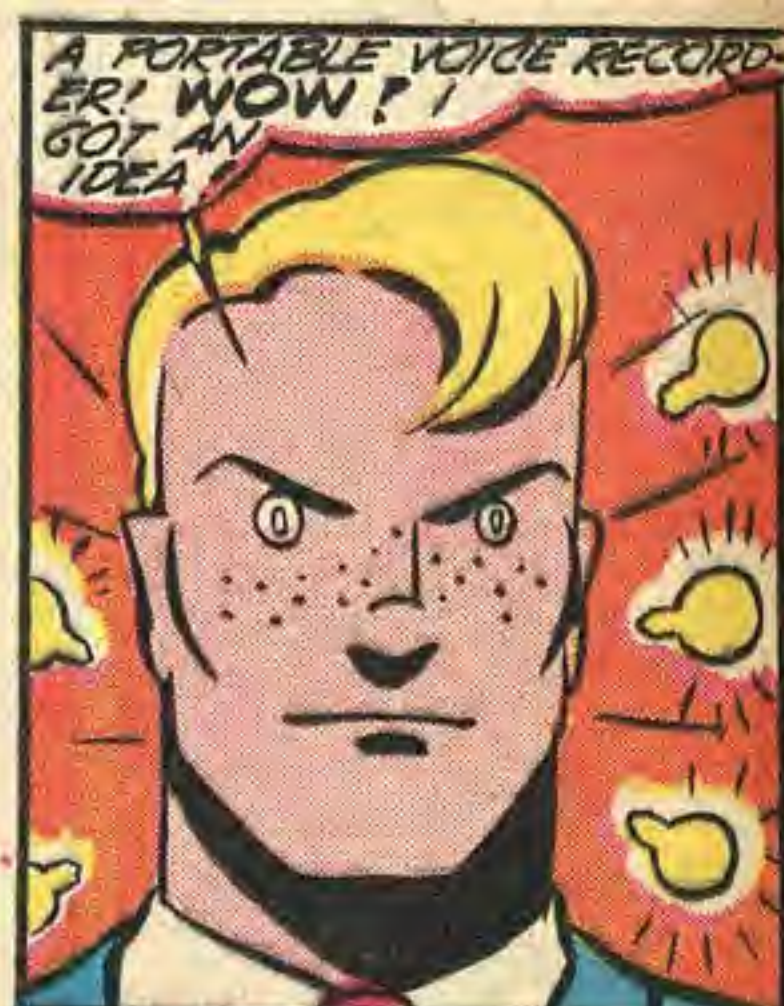


BUTTON UP WITH THAT HOWLING, WILL YA?

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE SINGING INTO?



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



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



LATER, WINDY MILL, THE KID'S MAN-AGER, ARRIVES!

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



C'MON! LET'S GO! HEY!... WHASSA MATTER!

YOU'RE STILL OUR GUEST. THERE'S NO BAIL FOR YOU!

YOU CAN ROT IN JAIL, YOU WINDBAG!



NO, WINDY! POP'S THE ONLY ONE OF US YOU'RE GONNA BAIL OUT!

WHAT? YOU NUTS? HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL OUR TROUBLES. I WON'T DO IT!



YES YOU WILL, WINDY! POP'S GONNA GET US OUT OF THIS MESS AND HERE'S HOW!

WHADDA YOU WANT ME TO DO, KID? YOU KNOW YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME!



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

OH IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL!

TROLAS

VICT



HA HA! DID YA SEE THE LOOK ON THE KID'S FACE WHEN TH' COPS CAME, BOMBER?

IN CURLY'S OFFICE?

HAW, HAW! IT SURE WUZ FUNNY!



CURLY! KIN I SEE YOU A MINUTE?

HEY! IT'S THAT POTATO-HEAD, MALLOY!



HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF JAIL?

MY DAUGHTER, MARY, BAILED ME OUT!



THE KID'S PROMISED TO MURDER ME WHEN HE GETS OUTTA JAIL. I NEED SOME DOUGH TO LEAVE TOWN! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT GOT ME IN THIS STAM. YA GOTTA HELP ME, CURLY!



I'LL GIVE THE OLD BUM THE

WAIT A MINUTE, BOMBER!



IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET HIM OUTTA TOWN. HE WON'T GIVE US NO TROUBLE THAT WAY! FIRST I WANNA CHECK WITH HIS STORY!



YEAH! THIS IS THE POLICE STATION! WHAT! SURE THE KID AND PAMPAS 'RE STILL IN THE CLINK... SO WHAT... HELLO... HELLO... HE HUNG UP!



OKAY! HERE'S YER DOUGH NOW KEEP YER LIP BUTTONED AND BEAT IT!

BOY! THANKS! THE KID KIN STAY FRAMED NOW!



POP IMMEDIATELY RETURNS TO JAIL!

I GOT IT, KID! HERE IT IS!

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



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



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

SQUAWWRRK



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

WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST?



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

HMM! IT'S WORTH A TRY!

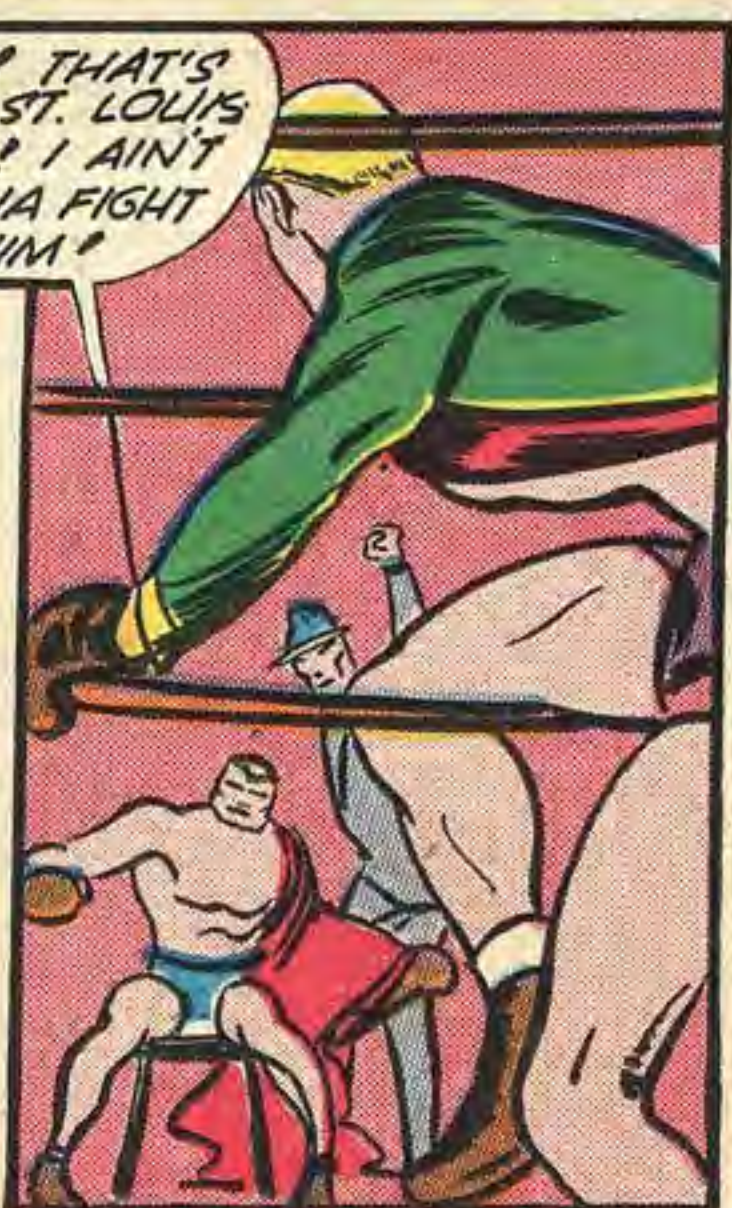


THAT NIGHT-

ATTENTION LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!



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

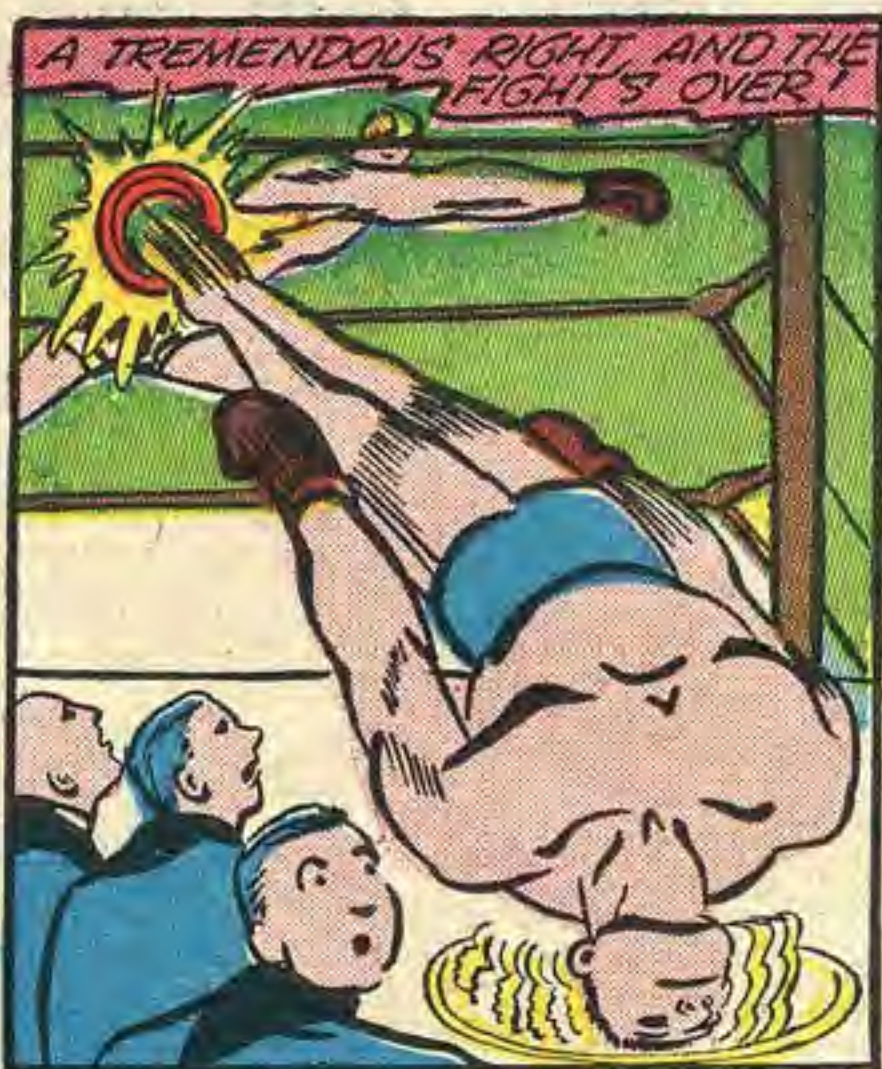
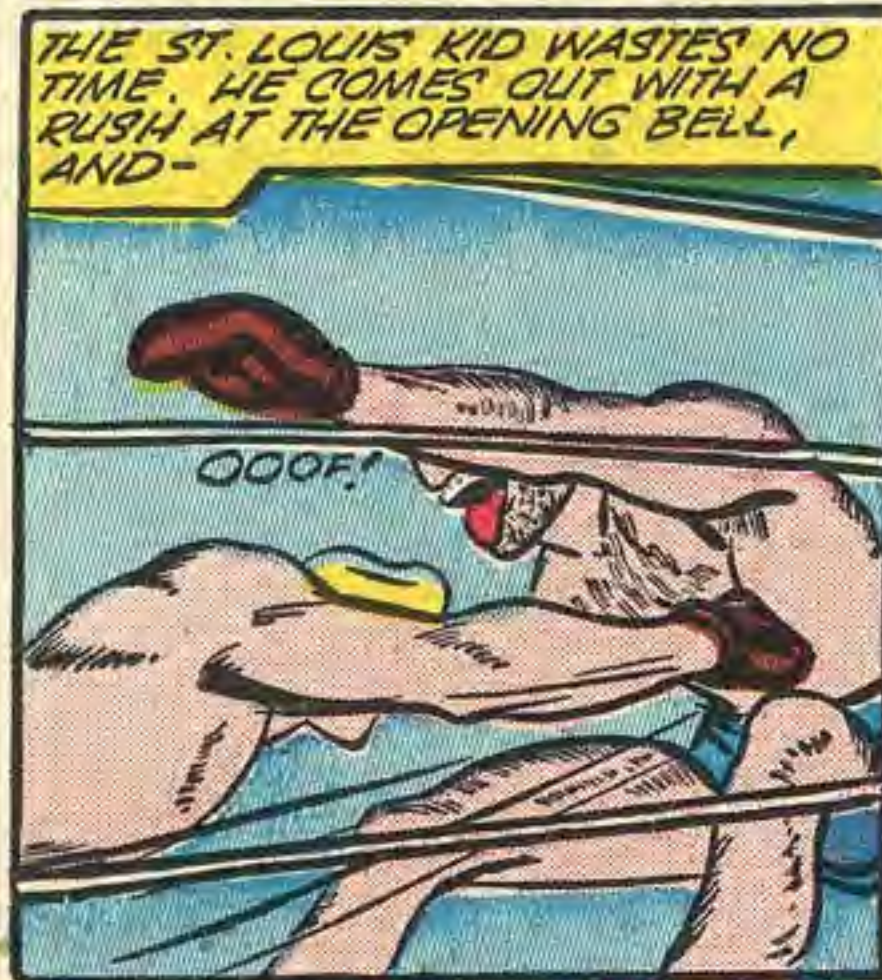


HEY! THAT'S THE ST. LOUIS KID! I AIN'T GONNA FIGHT HIM!



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

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



WINGS JOHNSON

Air Patrol

OF
THE



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

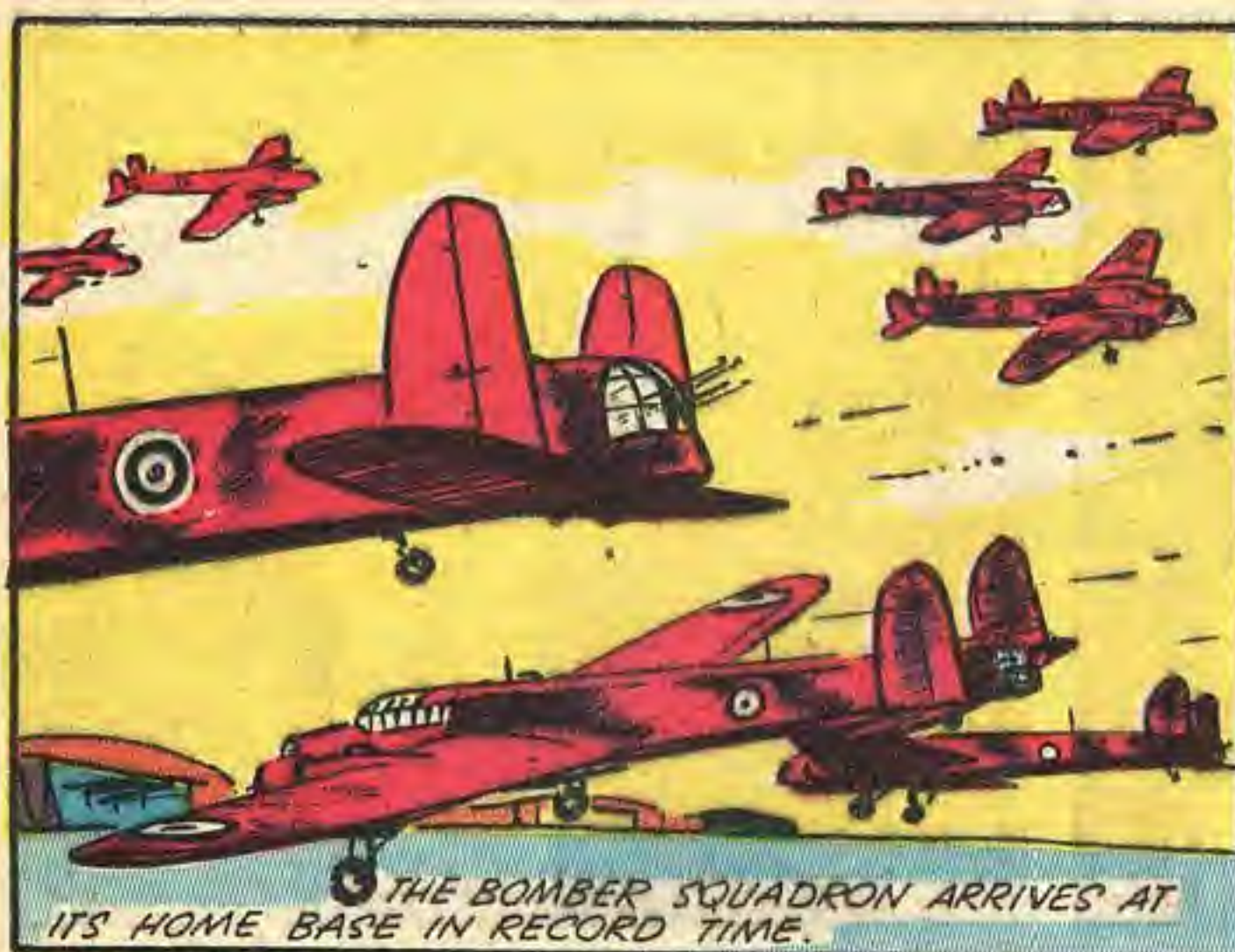


COMPLETELY DESTROYING THEIR OBJECTIVE, THE BRITISH STREAK BACK ACROSS THE CHANNEL...

HENRY, AT THE RADIO CONTROLS, PICKS UP A MESSAGE.

HEY, WINGSIE! LISTEN CAREFULLY H'IM GETTIN' SOME KIND AND WE'LL REPORT H'OF A PHONEY CALL IT TO THE STATION H'ON THIS SET! MASTER WHEN WE GET BACK TO OUR BASE!





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



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

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



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

HMM! WHAT WAS IT, HIGGINS?



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

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



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



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



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



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

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

WHAT IN TH' SAM DEVIL ARE YOU H'UP TO, WINGSIE?
YOU'LL FIND OUT IN A FEW MINUTES!



I'M WINGS JOHNSON, NURSE! I HAVE A NOTE HERE AUTHORIZING US TO -
YES, I KNOW - YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER JUST CALLED UP TO TELL US TO GIVE YOU WHATEVER YOU NEED!



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



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



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN! BUT I UNDERSTAND I'LL BE ALLOWED TO BORROW A FRIEND OF YOURS FOR A SHORT TIME!
OH - YOU'RE JOHNSON? MAJOR SMYTHE CALLED US AND SAID YOU'D BE OVER! COME IN!



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



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



GO ON AND CARRY THAT SKELETON TO OUR PLANE! IT WON'T BITE YOU!
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY - BUT CAN YOU GUARANTEE IT?



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

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



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



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

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



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

DID YOU SEE HOW SCARED HENRY WAS?

HAPPY LANDINGS, FELLOWS!

THAT GUY'S A RIOT!



MID-WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL...

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



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



WINGS PUTS HIS SHIP INTO A POWER DIVE.



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



IT LANDS ON TOP OF WINGS' HEAD AND SHOULDERS!



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



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



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



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



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



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



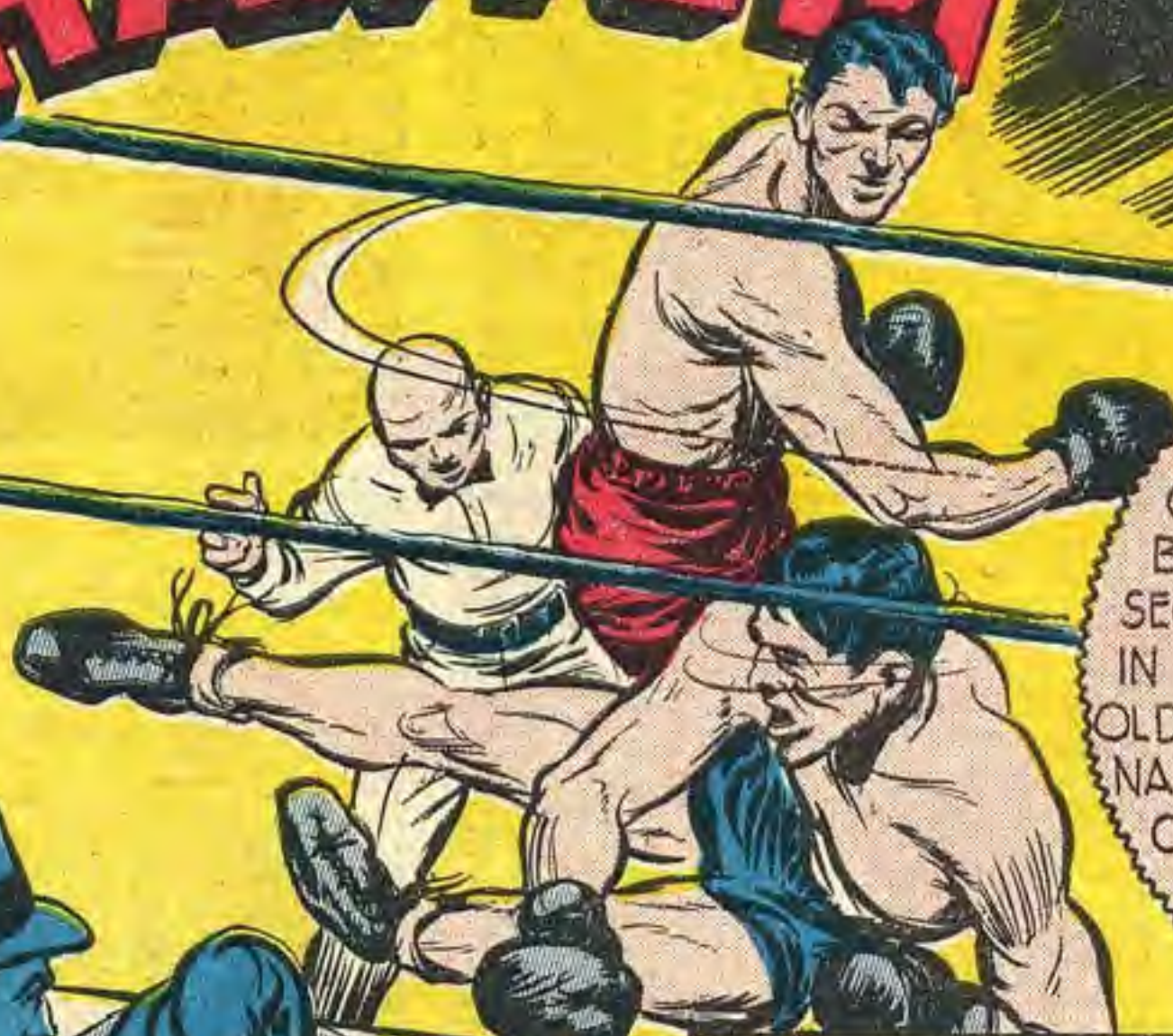
LET'S LET HECTOR HAVE A LITTLE REST IN THIS CHAIR WHILE WE LOOK AROUND!



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



BOB PHANTOM



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

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

OKAY, WALT!



THIS IS MY MANAGER, JERRY LESSER!

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





WALT RUNS AFTER
COSTELLO....

THERE
HE GOES!

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

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

WHO COULD
HAVE DONE
THIS TO MY
BOY?

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

WHAT THE
HECK HAS
THAT DAME
SEEN?

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

DID YOU SEE
WHERE MR. WHITNEY
WENT?

NO,
MADAM,
SORRY!

AS JINX STARTS UP THE STREET...

SHE IS GRABBED
BY JERRY
LESSER!

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

IN THE MEANTIME,
BOB PHANTOM OVER-
TAKES COSTELLO!



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



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

GET OUT
OF THERE!



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



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



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



BOB PHANTOM
RUSHES BACK TO
THE CLUB 18!

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

WHERE'S JINX?
DID YOU SEE HER?

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



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

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





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



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



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



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



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



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



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

A NEW EXCITING, MYSTERY-PACKED FEATURE

THE HANGMAN



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



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



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

STARTING IN THE
JULY ISSUE OF

PEP COMICS

2 BIG LEAD STORIES!

SPECIAL OFFERING FOR **TOP-NOTCH** *comics* FANS

ON THE BACK COVER
OF THIS MAGAZINE
NEXT MONTH

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

SUITABLE FOR FRAMING!

DON'T FAIL
TO GET YOUR
Copy!



MR. JUSTICE

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

HOW CAN MR. JUSTICE HOPE TO COPE WITH THIS SUPREME BEING OF EVIL?

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



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



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

HIS FASCINATING STORY OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONFLICT STARTS IN THE JUNE ISSUE, AND IS CONTINUED IN SUBSEQUENT ISSUES OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS

KARDAK

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN



Paul Reinman • Harry Shorten





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

ARE YOU DRUNK, HOULIHAN! WHAT KID ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



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



BUT HOW DID YOU GET HOULIHAN TO LET JIMMY GO?

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



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

AH, NUTS!



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

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



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

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



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



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

OKAY, TONY!



KARDAK RENDERS HIMSELF INVISIBLE AND FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND!



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

AH, THAT FLATFOOT TRIED TO JUG ME!

THE INVISIBLE KARDAK SLIPS IN-TO THE ROOM.

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

GEE! YOU'RE A SWELL GUY HOOKER!

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

I NEVER DONE NUTHIN LIKE THAT... BUT WELL... I GUESS...

KARDAK BECOMES VISIBLE, AND...

CRIPES! YOU'RE STAYING AWAY FROM THESE CROOKS, JIMMY! HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE?



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

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



KARDAK TURNS THEIR GUNS TO MOLTEN STEEL!

OWOO!

OOO! MY HAND!



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

ATTA BOY, HOOKER! SMACK HIM DOWN!

SURE, HOOKER! SMACK ME DOWN-IF YOU CAN!



IF I CAN, HUH? TAKE THAT!



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

ME TOO!

YEEOW! MY HAND'S BUSTED!

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

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



A COP-
PER! HE
CAME
OUTTA
THIN
AIR!

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

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



GEE! BUT
I DIDN'T
SEE NO COP!

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

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



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



HOOVER!
HE'S
ESCAPING!

YA AIN'T GONNA
TAKE ME ALIVE,
COPPER!



I'M GOIN' IN THAT ROOM
AFTER HIM!

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

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



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



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

CRASH!



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



OOO! HE GOT ME IN THE HAND!



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



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



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



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



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



HAW, HAW!

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



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

SWELL!



EAT YER FILL! THERE'S PLENTY MORE!

GEE! I HAD YOU ALL WRONG, HOULIHAN!

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



FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

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

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

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

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

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



DISEASE OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD

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

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

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

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

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

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

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

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



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

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

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



WOW! DID I HIT THE JACKPOT!

LOOK AT WHAT I GET FOR JUST ONE DIME!

THE BLACK HOOD IN THE CASE OF

STEEL STERLING

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

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

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

SERGEANT BOYLE

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



DON'T MISS THIS SMASH-ING NEW MAGAZINE,
JACKPOT COMICS
ON SALE ON ALL NEWSSTANDS!!!