

IN HIS HIDE-OUT IN WILDWOOD CEMETERY, THE SPIRIT TINKERS WITH A STRANGE LOOKING WINGED CAR.



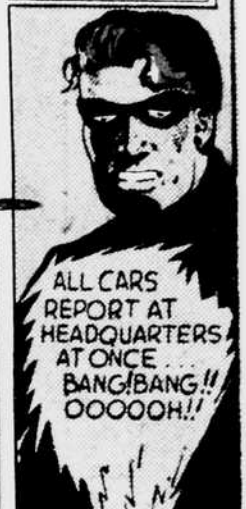
THERE!  
IT'S FINISHED!

LOOKS LIKE AN  
ORDINARY CAR. PRESS  
A BUTTON AND THE WINGS  
TELESCOPE OUT. THE  
HOOD FOLDS BACK.



BOSS,  
DAT SHO'  
IS SMART!

SUDDENLY THE  
CAR'S RADIO  
BLARES FORTH  
A POLICE CALL.



ALL CARS  
REPORT AT  
HEADQUARTERS  
AT ONCE  
BANG! BANG!!  
OOOOOH!!

AT POLICE  
HEADQUARTERS...

GET IN, EBONY!  
SOMETHING IS  
HAPPENING  
IN MANHATTAN..



WITH A POWERFUL ROAR, THE  
CAR ZOOMS FROM THE HANGAR,  
WHOSE CAMOUFLAGED DOORS  
CLOSE IT FROM VIEW.



..AND I'M  
GOING  
TO FIND  
OUT WHAT  
IT IS!

I SAID, DON'T  
TOUCH DAT  
RADIO!



STILL SHOWIN'  
FIGHT, EH, COMMISSIONER?  
I HAFTA ADMIT  
Y'GOT IT !!

WHY YOU  
UGH



IN ANOTHER  
PART OF  
THE CITY....

WE'VE GOT  
THE SUB-  
TREASURY  
SURROUND-  
ED. NOW, OPEN  
FIRE !!



AND UNDER A HEAVY BARRAGE,  
FIFTY GANGSTERS ARMED WITH  
SUB-MACHINE GUNS DROP FROM  
THE SURROUNDING SKY-  
SCRAPERS IN SPECIAL  
INFLATED PARACHUTES..

