

NO.
4

JACKPOT

10¢

WITH

comics

ALL BRAND NEW STORIES



STEEL STERLING



BLACK HOOD



MR. JUSTICE



SERGEANT BOYLE



NEW FEATURE
ARCHIE

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

TOWN TALK

BY WALT WILLARD

IT IS A CERTAINTY NOW THAT J.F. BOWEN HAS EMBEZZLED FUNDS FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY OF WHICH HE IS TREASURER. MY INFORMATION HAS IT THAT HE WILL BE INDICTED SOON...

.....
A BROADWAY AGENT TOLD ME THE OTHER DAY THAT BOBBY JAMES IS LOOKING FOR A JOB IN BURLESQUE. I HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT THAT WAS WHERE SHE BELONGED...
.....

A WINDOW IS RIPPED OPEN AND INTO THE SUICIDES ROOM LEAPS STEEL STERLING, MAN OF STEEL.

TOO LATE!
BOWEN
DID IT
JUST AS I
THOUGHT
HE WOULD.

By
IRVING
NOVICIC

United States registered Patent Office

1

HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!
A BULLET RIGHT
THROUGH HIS TEMPLE.
POOR CHAP! THE WAY
HE WAS WORKING HE'D
SOON HAVE HAD.

ENOUGH TO
PAY BACK
THE MONEY
HE
TOOK.



HE MUST HAVE
SEEN WILLARD'S CRACK
IN THIS PAPER. THAT
SLIMY SCRIBBLER
CAUSES MORE
TROUBLE FOR
PEOPLE. I'M
GOING TO HAVE A
TALK WITH THAT GUY...
RIGHT NOW.



IN A SWANK MIDTOWN
APARTMENT, BOBBY
JAMES BROADWAY ACT-
RESS, READS WILLARD'S
COLUMN.

A BROADWAY
AGENT TOLD
ME THE OTHER
DAY THAT
BOBBY
JAMES...



THAT UNSPEAKABLE
WORM. THESE
CRACKS OF HIS
HAVE PUT ME ON
THE SKIDS.



OUTSIDE AN ELEGANT
HOTEL A BEGGAR HOPES
FOR A FEW PENNIES.



A NEWSPAPER!
I HAVEN'T SEEN
ONE IN DAYS.



LIVING THIS KIND
OF LIFE, A MAN
BEGINS TO GROW
INDIFFERENT TO
EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENS IN THE
WORLD.

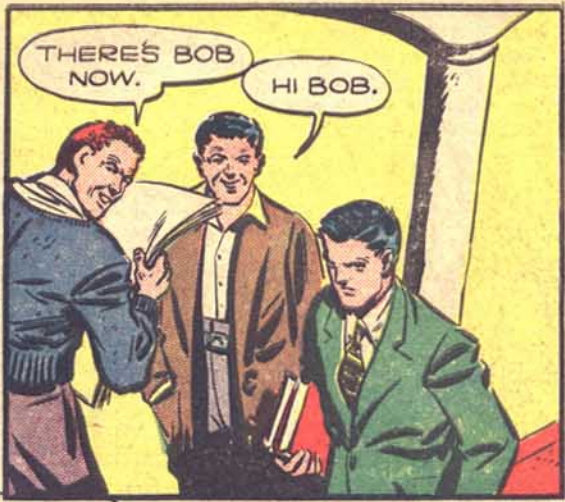


WHAT'S THIS? IS
IT TRUE THAT
GEORGE FRAZER...
WHY, IT'S ABOUT
ME, GOOD LORD, I
HOPE MY SON
DOESN'T SEE THIS.
HE MUSTN'T KNOW
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO ME.





HA, HA, DID YOU SEE THIS CRACK ABOUT GEORGE FRAZER-EX-LAWYER? WHY THAT'S BOB'S FATHER!



THERE'S BOB NOW. HI BOB.



HOW'S IT FEEL TO HAVE YOUR OLD MAN BEGGING ON THE STREETS TO PUT YOU THROUGH COLLEGE?



YOU CHEAP LYING BAG OF WIND!



IT IS ABOUT DAD--GEORGE FRAZER. AND I NEVER KNEW. HE PROBABLY THOUGHT I'D BE ASHAMED OF HIM. AND THIS WALT WILLARD OUGHT TO... BE SHOT!



BACK IN THE BIG CITY, A STAGE DOOR WATCH-MAN READS ABOUT HIM-SELF IN WILLARD'S COLUMN.

SO IMA HAS-BEEN EH-WHY, THE DIRTY RAT!



AND IN A NEARBY BEAN-ERY LOONY AND CLANCY READ ABOUT THEM-SELVES.

DID YOU SEE THIS CRACK ABOUT US?

WHAT ABOUT US?

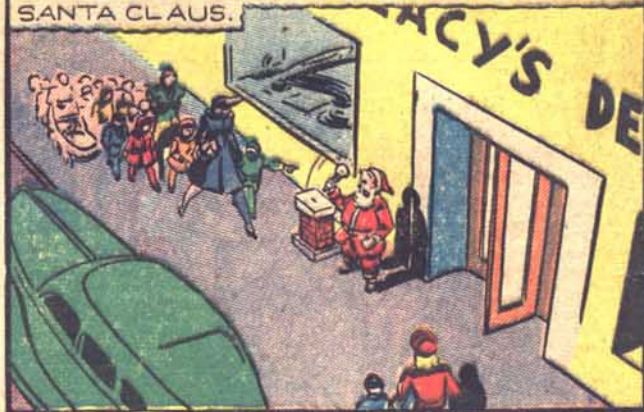


YEAH, RIGHT HERE, IN WALT WILLARD'S COLUMN. HE WANT'S TO KNOW WHAT HAPPEN-ED TO THOSE TWO BOOBS WHO USED TO HELP STEEL STERLING. CAN YOU BEAT THAT! CALLING US BOOBS.

HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT US. I WISH I DIDN'T HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK. I'D FIX THAT GUY.



LOONEY RETURNS TO HIS POST IN FRONT OF A BIG STORE WHERE HE IS PLAYING SANTA CLAUS.



HELLO, LITTLE GIRL AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE SANTA TO BRING YOU FOR XMAS?



I'D LIKE A TALKING DOLL, PLEASE.

SANTA CLAUS, HUH? THAT GUY CAN'T FOOL ME. THERE AIN'T NO SANTA CLAUS.



HIYA! SANTA, OLD KID. YOU'RE LOSIN' YOUR WHISKERS.

HEY! STOP THAT!



THAT LITTLE BRAT ALMOST GAVE ME AWAY!



HAW, HAW! HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FUN WITH THAT GUY.







I'LL BET THAT WISE KID RAN INTO THIS ROOM.



INSIDE THE ROOM WALT WILLARD LIES SLUMPED OVER A TYPEWRITER, A BULLET IN HIS HEART.

GOSH, WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?



GEE WHIZ - A GUN! I THINK MAYBE SOMETHING IS WRONG.



JUST THEN A WOMAN PASSES THE DOOR.

OH - THAT MAN! HE HAS A GUN!

HM, MAYBE HE COMMITTED SUICIDE.



E-E-E-E HELP! MURDER!



WHERE'D THAT SCREAM COME FROM. WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE? PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

HYA, CLANCY! SOMETHING WRONG?



GOSH, LOONEY, WHY'D YOU DO IT? I DIDN'T THINK YOU MEANT IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU'D FIX HIM.

WHO ME?



DID YOU SAY YOU'D FIX HIM OR DIDN'T YOU.

GULP! YEAH BUT GEE I - YOU - KNOW.

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH LOONEY?



STEEL!

NOW LOOK, FELLOWS, WHY PICK ON LOONEY? IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANYONE OF A DOZEN PEOPLE WHO KILLED WILLARD.



YEAH, WELL, ALL WE KNOW IS THIS GUY WAS SORE AT WILLARD, AND WE FOUND HIM STANDING OVER THE BODY WITH A GUN.



GEE, LOONEY, YOU SHOULDN'TA DONE IT. I NEVER THOUGHT A PAL OF MINE... SNIFF, SNIFF!

WHY, CLANCY, YOU'RE CRYING!



NO I AINT I JUST HAVE A COLD. SEE HERE'S MY COLD MEDICINE. SO LONG, CLANCY.



DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD, CLANCY, WE'LL FIND A WAY TO GET HIM OUT OF THIS JAM!



SHUCKS I'M GONNA TURN IN MY BADGE AND QUIT THE FORCE. I CAN'T STAY ON AFTER HAVING TO GET MY OWN PAL LOCKED UP.

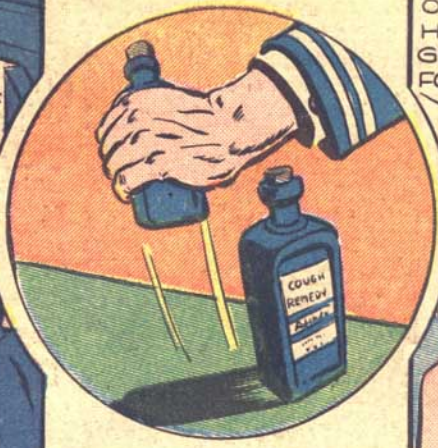


YOU'D BETTER NOT, CLANCY. YOU CAN DO LOONEY MORE GOOD BY STAYING ON THE FORCE.





DON'T FOR-
GET TO TAKE
YOUR MEDICINE
ALONG
CLANCY.



LET'S SEE NOW. ANY ONE
OF THESE PEOPLE
HAD A PRETTY
GOOD MOTIVE
FOR KILLING
WILLARD.

TOWN TALK
BY WALT WILLARD
BOBBY JAMES
GEORGE FRAZER
DAVID LAWRENCE



YOU BRING BOBBY
JAMES BACK HERE,
CLANCY I'LL TAKE
CARE OF THE
OTHERS.



AT THE HOVEL WHICH
GEORGE FRAZER CALLS
HIS HOME.

NO SON, I
CANT GO ON
AFTER THIS.
I DIDNT WANT
YOU TO
KNOW.

BUT FATHER,
I THINK
EVEN MORE
OF YOU
NOW.

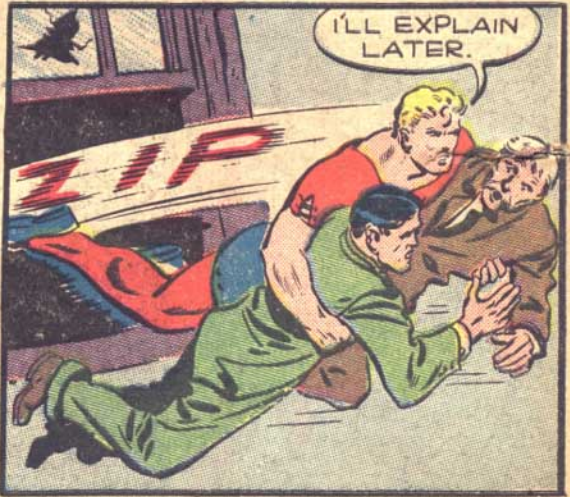


WHAT TH-
WHO'S
THAT?



YOU TWO ARE
COMING WITH ME.
I HAVE SOME QUESTIONS
TO ASK
YOU.

WHAT
DO
YOU
MEAN?



I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER.

STEEL DEPOSITS THE TWO MEN IN THE HOTEL ROOM.



JUST WAIT HERE, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



NOW, WHERE'S THAT WATCH-MAN?



HEY, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT.



HERE WE ARE, GENTLEMEN. NOW WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS.



I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE ALL SUSPECTS IN THE WILLARD MURDER.

AS SOON AS CLANCY GETS HERE WITH THE FOURTH SUSPECT, YOU'RE GOING TO TALK.



BOBBY JAMES! THIS IS IT ALL RIGHT. WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM.



WHY, HOW DO YOU DO, OFFICER.

GULP-ER I THOUGHT.



WON'T YOU COME IN AND SIT DOWN?

OH BOY, WILL I, THANKS! GOSH!



I WAS LOOKING FOR BOBBY JAMES. BUT I AINT SORRY I MET YOU.

OK BOBBY. THAT'S MY BROTHER. HE'S GONE OUT OF TOWN.



WELL HE'S A SUSPECT IN A MURDER. GOSH, THIS IS GOOD CANDY!

MURDER! GOOD HEAVENS!



I'LL GO RIGHT AFTER HIM AND TELL HIM TO COME BACK. WOULD YOU ACCOMPANY ME TO THE TRAIN?

SURE IT'D BE A PLEASURE.



SO LONG, MISS JAMES. GEE IT WAS SWELL MEETIN' YOU.



HELLO STEEL, HOW'S EVERYTHING?

WHERE'S BOBBY JAMES?



OH, HE'S OUT OF TOWN, BUT HIS SISTER WENT AFTER HIM. SHE'S GONNA TELL HIM TO COME BACK. I SAW HER TO THE TRAIN MYSELF.

HE?



WHY YOU SAP, BOBBY JAMES IS A WOMAN! YOU HAD HER AND LET HER GO!

GULP-ER-GOSH. I THOUGHT BOBBY WAS A MAN'S NAME.

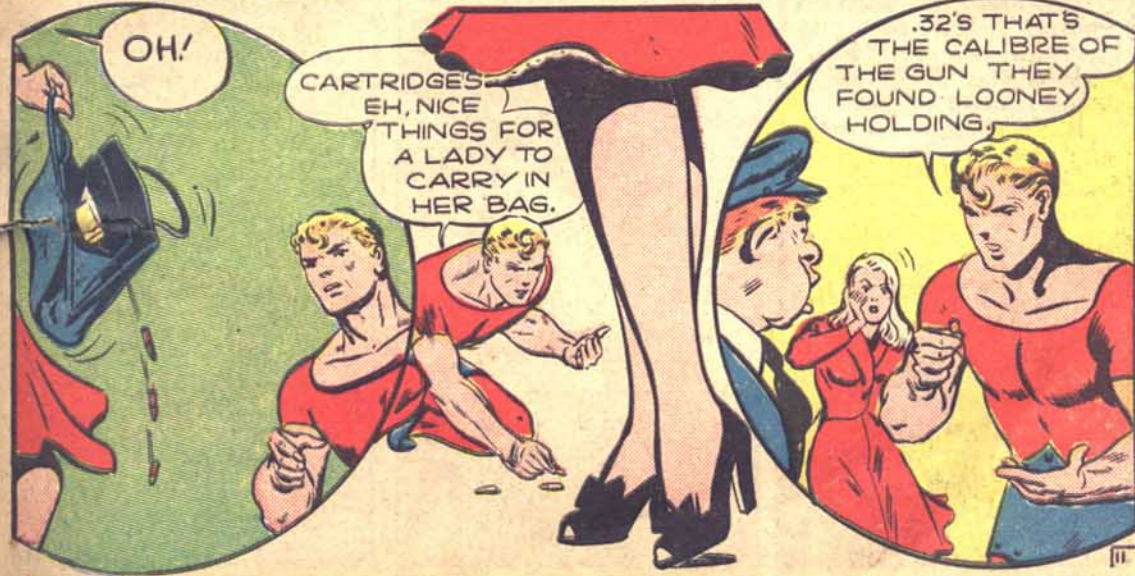


I'D BETTER GET HER OFF THAT TRAIN BEFORE IT GOES MUCH FURTHER.

WHIZZING THROUGH SPACE THE MAN OF STEEL LEAPS INTO THE SPEEDING TRAIN.



AND COMES OUT WITH BOBBY JAMES.



ALL RIGHT! I DID IT!
BUT WALT WILLARD
DESERVED IT, AND I'M
NOT SORRY.



AND ALL THIS TIME
YOU WERE READY TO
LET AN INNOCENT MAN
GO TO JAIL FOR YOU,



GOSH AND
SHE WAS
SUCH A NICE
DAME TOO.
SNIFF, SNIFF.

OH, STOP
CRYING
CLANCY.



I AIN'T
CRYING.
IT'S JUST
MY COLD
AGAIN.



HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!
LET ME SEE THAT
BOTTLE.



GOOD LORD, THIS ISN'T
COUGH MEDICINE.
WHERE'D YOU GET IT?
I REMEMBER-YOU PICKED
IT UP IN WILLARD'S
ROOM. MEET ME AT
THE MORGUE IN A
HALF HOUR.



STEEL PAYS A FLYING
VISIT TO THE DOCTOR
WHO'S NAME IS ON THE
BOTTLE.



THAT'S WHAT I
THOUGHT. THIS
BOTTLE CONTAINS
A DEADLY POISON!





LOOK! THERE'S STEEL NOW.

I WANT YOU TO PERFORM AN AUTOPSY ON WILLARD'S BODY AT ONCE.



A LITTLE WHILE LATER. YES-WE FOUND CITROPINE IN WILLARD'S BODY. HE WAS DEAD BEFORE HE WAS SHOT. THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW.



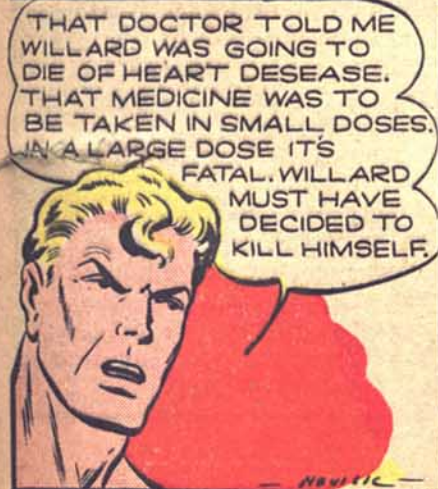
YOU'RE PRETTY LUCKY MISS JAMES. YOU ONLY SHOT A DEAD MAN. NOW WE CAN GET LOONEY OUT.



HERE IT IS, SERGEANT. A COMPLETE REPORT FROM THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT?



HIYA LOONEY I KNEW YOU'D GET ME OUT, CLANCY. YOU'RE A REAL PAL.



THAT DOCTOR TOLD ME WILLARD WAS GOING TO DIE OF HEART DISEASE. THAT MEDICINE WAS TO BE TAKEN IN SMALL DOSES. IN A LARGE DOSE IT'S FATAL. WILLARD MUST HAVE DECIDED TO KILL HIMSELF.



HAW, HAW! AIN'T THAT A LAUGH, MISS JAMES? EVERYBODY THOUGHT YOU DID IT, BUT I KNEW YOU COULDN'T HAVE. MURDEROUSLY FUNNY ISN'T IT?

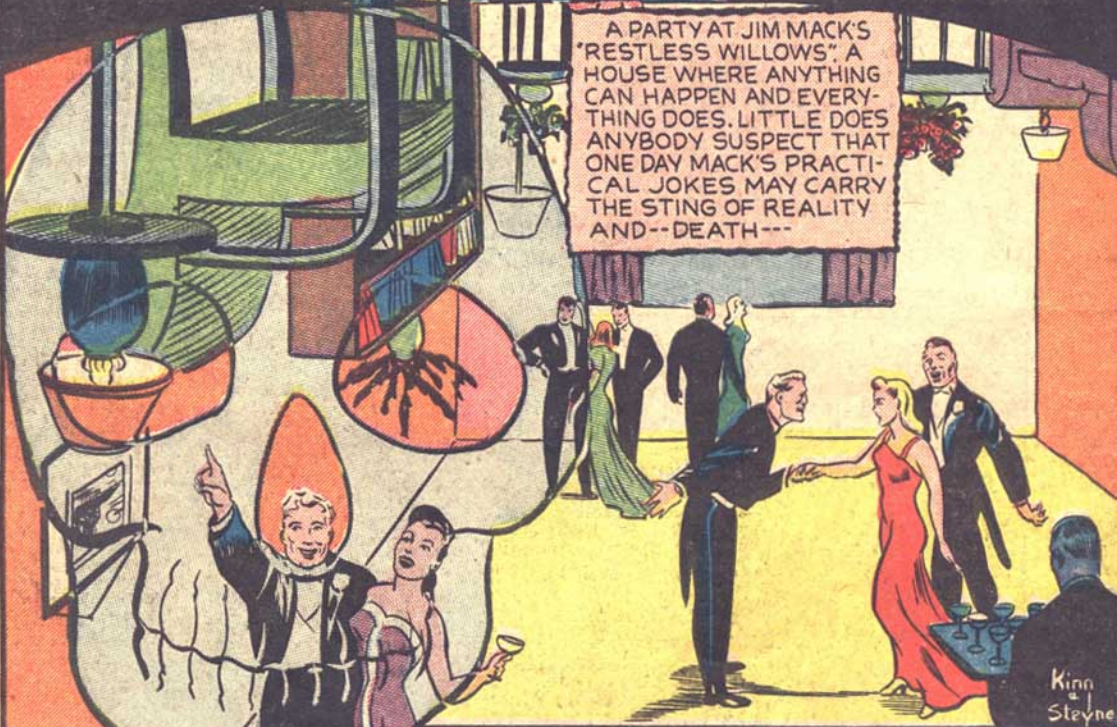
UNTIL THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE IN ZIP COMICS, STEEL, CLANCY AND LOONEY ARE GOING TO BE KIND OF TIED UP. YOU SEE, THEY'VE GOTTEN THEIR COPIES OF JACKPOT #4 AND SHIELD-WIZARD #6 - ON SALE RIGHT NOW, AND, WELL, ENOUGH SAID!

THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY



A PARTY AT JIM MACK'S "RESTLESS WILLOWS". A HOUSE WHERE ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AND EVERYTHING DOES. LITTLE DOES ANYBODY SUSPECT THAT ONE DAY MACK'S PRACTICAL JOKES MAY CARRY THE STING OF REALITY AND--DEATH---



Kinn & Steyne

MACK TAKES PLEASURE IN WATCHING HIS GUESTS ENJOY THEMSELVES...

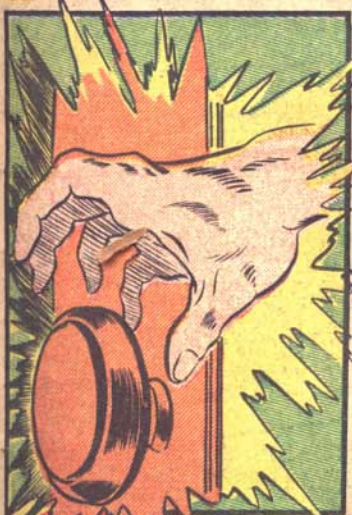


THIS PARTY SURE IS A SUCCESS!



WE HAD A LOVELY TIME, JIM!







IF YOU CAN ONLY LEND ME THE MONEY FOR A FEW WEEKS, BRENT, I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!



GOSH, JIM, I'D LIKE TO BUT THAT STOCK'S NO GOOD YOU'D BE THROWING GOOD MONEY AFTER BAD!



MACK DECIDES TO SEE HIS FRIEND, HARLOW---

BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME, HARLOW. YOU'LL GET IT BACK!



I'M SORRY, MACK, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE THE MONEY. YOU'RE IN TOO TOUGH A FINANCIAL PREDICAMENT FOR ME TO RISK IT!



AND SLADE, TOO, TURNS HIM DOWN---



THERE IT IS! I'M WIPED OUT!

MY FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS! ANY ONE OF THEM COULD HAVE SAVED ME FROM THIS. BUT, NO - I'M ONLY THE GOOD TIME PAL WHO THROWS SWELL PARTIES!

HIS HEART FILLED WITH HATRED FOR THE FRIENDS WHO HAVE FAILED HIM, JIM MACK RETURNS TO "RESTLESS WILLOWS"; HIS BRAIN SEETHING WITH THOUGHTS OF REVENGE---



A FEW DAYS LATER AT SLADE'S HOME -

IT'S FROM JIM MACK!

LET'S SEE!

HA, HA! IT'S AN INVITATION TO ANOTHER PARTY. JIM NEVER GETS TIRED OF THEM!

BUT I THOUGHT MACK WOULD BE ANGRY BECAUSE YOU REFUSED TO GIVE HIM THAT LOAN!

OH, NOT JIM. HE WOULDN'T BEAR A GRUDGE AGAINST ANYBODY!

AND AS THE HARLOWS AND BRENTS PLAY BRIDGE ---

ARE YOU PEOPLE GOING TO MACK'S PARTY?

WE WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR THE WORLD!

KIP BURLAND READS THE SOCIETY PAGE ---

THIS IS ODD. ONLY YESTERDAY THE FINANCIAL PAGE HAD A STORY ABOUT MACK LOSING A FORTUNE - AND NOW HE'S RUNNING ANOTHER OF THOSE EXPENSIVE PARTIES!

HELLO, BARBARA. HOW'RE CHANCES OF WRANGLING A COUPLE OF PASSES TO MACK'S PARTY? I'D LIKE TO SEE ONE!

A MAN WHO'S BEEN THROUGH WHAT MACK HAS MAY HAVE SOME PRETTY UNFUNNY REASON FOR GIVING A PARTY!

HOW'RE CHANCES OF GETTING INTO MACK'S PARTY CHARLIE?

NOTHING TO IT BARBARA JUST WALK IN. THEY NEVER CHECK UP ON THE GUESTS AT THOSE WACKY AFFAIRS!

WELL, KIP, ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GO - IF WE WANT TO!

GOOD, I THINK I'LL GO AS THE BLACK HOOD, JUST FOR A GAG!

AS THE GUESTS ARRIVE FOR ANOTHER OF MACK'S PARTIES-



THEY ARE STARTLED BY THE SIGHT OF A ROW OF TOMBSTONES--



HA, HA! JIM HAS A BRAND NEW GAG THIS TIME - LOOK AT THESE GRAVES!



LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU?



HERE LIES JAMES MACK



THERE'S YOURS, JOHN!



AND HERE'S MINE! I WONDER WHAT SORT OF STUNT HE'S GOING TO WORK WITH THESE!



HERE'S MINE - ALL READY FOR ME, HA HA!



BUT THERE IS ONE IN WHOM MACK'S GAG STRIKES A NOTE OF SUSPICION - THE **BLACK HOOD**

IT'S KIND OF A GRUESOME GAG - IF YOU ASK ME.



COME ON OUT, JIM! WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE!



HA!
HA!

HELLO, FOLKS!
WELCOME TO
RESTLESS
WILLOWS!



ANYWAY, THEY ALL
THINK IT'S FUNNY. I HOPE
THEY DON'T CHANGE
THEIR MINDS
BEFORE THE
NIGHT'S OVER!



WELL, WELL, THE
BLACK HOOD - EH?
THAT COSTUME IDEA
IS ALMOST
GOOD
ENOUGH
FOR ME
TO HAVE
THOUGHT
OF IT!



I'LL TAKE
YOUR HAT, TOO, SIR!



THE
BUTLER
TAKES THE
GUESTS' WRAPS

NOW WATCH, FOLKS! THIS IS
GOOD FOR KEEPING MOTHS
OUT OF YOUR
CLOTHES!



JUST JUMP ON THEM LIKE
THIS - SEE?



INSANE,
ISN'T IT?
THE WHOLE
ROOM UP-
SIDE DOWN!



LET'S ALL
GO INTO
THE
POISON
BAR -
EVERY-
BODY!



BOY, THIS IS THE GOOFIEST PARTY OF 'EM ALL!...MACK EVEN HAS ONE OF HIS STOOGES DRESSED UP AS THE BLACK HOOD!



HA, HA! YOU FELL FOR IT, BRENT. THAT'S KNOWN AS MACK'S AUTOMATIC LEFT TO THE BUTTON!





SOMEHOW HE DOESN'T LOOK AS IF HE'S JUST PLAYING!



IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER



I'LL GET THE OTHER GUESTS. YOU PEOPLE HAVE A GOOD TIME. MEANWHILE!



I WONDER HOW THIS MEDIEVAL TORTURE RACK WORKS?



BRENT VOLUNTEERS TO DEMONSTRATE -

I'LL SHOW YOU! IT'S A CINCH!



-IN THE BAR--

GOOD HEAVENS! HE LOOKS GHASTLY!



WHY - HE'S DEAD!



HOOD-COME INTO THE BAR-QUICK! SOMETHING'S REALLY HAPPENED TO SLADE!



BUT IN BARBARA'S ABSENCE MACK RETURNS TO THE BAR---

NOW--- MY DEAR FRIEND, SLADE. WE'LL PUT YOU IN YOUR NICE, FUNNY TOMB!



THIS LEVER DOESN'T SEEM TO BE WORKING?



THERE'S NO CURRENT COMING THROUGH HERE! IT'S BEING OPERATED FROM SOMEWHERE ELSE!



IN ANOTHER ROOM MACK OPERATES THE LEVERS, WHICH CONTROL THE RACK-

DIE, BRENT, YOU DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!



HEY! LET GO OF THAT THING!



SEEING THE BLACK HOOD, MACK RUNS OUT OF THE ROOM --



HE'S DEAD! HIS BACK'S BEEN BROKEN!



THIS PALACE OF FUN IS TURNING INTO A CHARNEL HOUSE!



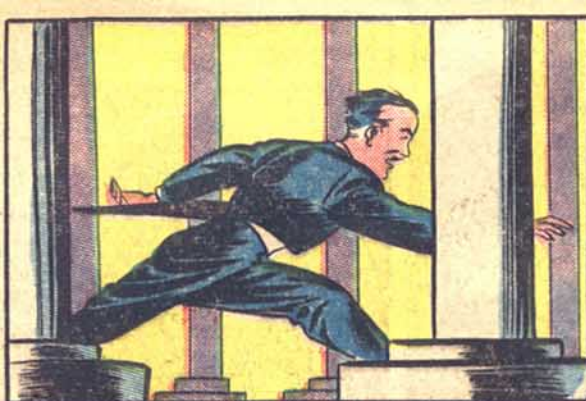
THE SIGHT OF BRENT'S BROKEN BODY MAKES HARLOW QUAKE WITH FEAR--



I SEE, NOW, WHY HE INVITED US DOWN - HE WANTS TO KILL US ALL!

IT BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE HE GETS TO ME!





SUDDENLY A TRAP DOOR OPENS UNDER HARLOW'S FEET---



AND HE FALLS INTO A BED ON THE FLOOR BELOW-



MACK! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT, MY DEAR "FRIEND?"



DOES THIS EXPLAIN IT?

NO, NO, MACK! DON'T HELP!



HELP!

THAT'S COMING FROM THE BASEMENT! MACK ISN'T LOSING ANY TIME!



I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!



NO YOU DON'T MACK!

YOU FOOL! I'LL
KILL YOU.
TOO!

I DOUBT
THAT
VERY MUCH!

AS MACK GOES DOWN HE
PRESSES A LEVER IN THE
WALL -



AND THE FLOOR BEGINS TO
HEAVE LIKE A STORMY SEA-

THIS USED TO
AMUSE MY GUESTS
TERRIBLY. I HOPE
YOU LIKE
IT
TOO!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!
I MUST GET OFF
THIS THING!

IF I CAN
REACH
THAT
LEVER!

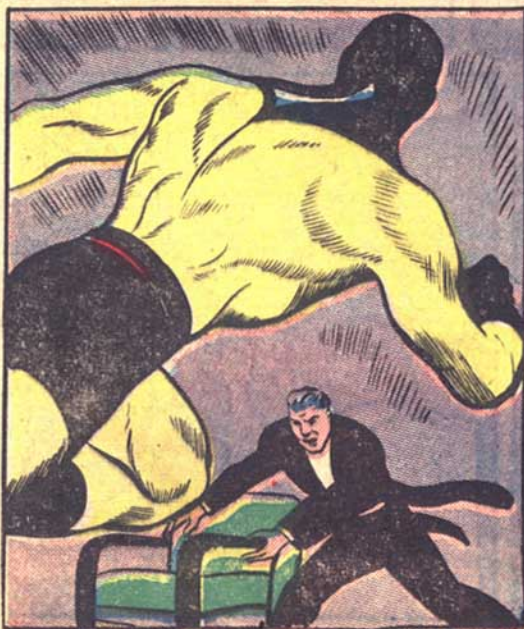


NOW TO PUT
FRIEND
BRENT
IN
HIS
GRAVE!

COME, MY GOOD
FELLOW. I HAVE A
MUCH BETTER REST-
ING PLACE FOR
YOU!

THERE! MAYBE WHERE YOU'RE GO-
ING THEY'LL
TEACH YOU
SOMETHING
ABOUT
HUMAN
KINDNESS!





BUT EVEN AS HE GOES DOWN, THE HOOD'S FIST LASHES OUT---



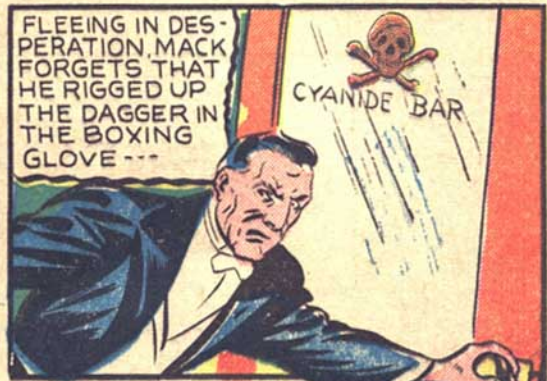
NOT RIGHT AWAY- YOU WON'T!



HE'S TOO MUCH FOR ME TO HANDLE / I MUST GET OUT!



FLEEING IN DESPERATION, MACK FORGETS THAT HE RIGGED UP THE DAGGER IN THE BOXING GLOVE ---



THAT'S ONE PRACTICAL JOKE THAT BACK-FIRED ON JIM MACK!



I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THOSE GRAVES AGAIN!



WELL, HE GOT BRENT, TOO! WHAT A MACABRE ENDING!

IT'S ONLY BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I'M STILL ALIVE, BLACK HOOD!



LUCK HAD A LOT TO DO WITH IT, TOO, MR. HARLOW. IT SEEMS MACK WENT AS CRAZY AS 'RESTLESS WILLOWS' LOOKS!



BLOODY GOLD

A STEEL STERLING STORY

Night hovered over the valley in which lay the long deserted ghost mining town of Goldville. Looking down from a ridge, Clancy and Looney nervously clutched each other as the sudden howl of a coyote split the air. "Nothin' to be scared of," Clancy said. "C'mon, let's look fer gold while we're waitin' for Steel." Looney's homely face lit up. "Good idea, Clancy. Let's go." As they entered the town several menacing figures bearing six shooters came out of the shadows at them. A tall, grim faced man stepped forward. "What are you two doing here?" he growled. Looney looked at Clancy. Clancy looked at Looney. Both gulped. Looney finally answered. "We..we were just lookin' for gold."

"We'll soon find out about that. March."

Their knees quaking Looney and Clancy were marched to a house at the edge of the town, near the entrance of the mine. Inside, a tall, monocled man greeted them. When he heard their stories, he said, "I frankly don't believe you. I had heard that someone by the name of Steel Sterling was looking for a source from which gold was being smuggled out of your so rich country. I thought for a moment, one of you might have been him, but I see now I was wrong. You look too stupid."

"Now, wait a minute," Clancy started to say. But the monocled man broke in. "Well, as long as you two are so anxious to look for gold, we shall see that you do so." His voice hardened. "Take them to an abandoned section of the mine and seal them up there. They'll have plenty of time to dig for gold."

"Hey," Clancy blustered. "You can't do that to us--wait when Steel gets here, he'll--" A swift kick from Looney silenced him, but it was too late.

"Ah, so Mr. Sterling did send you? Well, rest assured he shall receive an excellent welcome."

A sudden splintering of wood announced the presence of Steel Sterling as the Man of Steel came flying through the door. "I'm not waiting for your reception, Mister. But here's my way of saying hello to your kind." And he sailed into them. Soon Steel looked down at a group of badly mauled thugs. Looney and Clancy still circled around the room, yelling, "Bring 'em on, we'll moider 'em." Steel smiled at them, then said, "You two were perfect decoys for me." Looney looked at Clancy then said slowly..."decoys?"

"Yes. You see when we traced those smuggled gold shipments to this section, we knew that if we descended with a squad of FBI men on this gang, it might give them a chance to escape. So..I sent you two, knowing that you would be bound to start things moving in your usual blundering manner. And you came through. Now we've found the men who have been smuggling gold out to Germany." "Aw," muttered Looney, "we knew it all the time. That's why we did what we did. Didn't we Clancy." "Bah?" Clancy gulped. "Sure, you didn't fool us."

MARCH

ZIP COMICS

NO. 24

STARRING **STEEL STERLING MAN OF STEEL**

AND

CO-STARRING **BLACK JACK** THE NEW SMASH HIT OF COMICS PLUS

SUCH SENSATIONAL FEATURES AS : **WILBUR-CAPTAIN VALOR-DICKY-WAR EAGLES - NEVADA JONES AND ZAMBINI**

ALL ADD UP

TO GIVE YOU THE BEST BUY IN COMIC BOOKS

ON SALE NOW

Exclusive Photo... Zip News Service
STEEL STERLING AND BLACK JACK IN DARING CHINATOWN EXPLOIT FOIL WOULD-BE ASSASSINS!



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He seemed to-sena

Archie

A STRANGE CALM HANGS OVER THE STREETS OF RIVERDALE. BUT IT'S THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM..... AND THE GOOD PEOPLE OF RIVERDALE SEND UP DAILY PRAYERS THAT THE PLAY, ARCHIE AND HIS GANG ARE REHEARSING LASTS FOREVER.

TAKE HER UP SOME MORE, JUGHEAD! COME ON, BETTY! COME ON! GIVE OUT WITH SOME ACTING! YOU'RE DEAD!

I'M NEARLY DEAD TOO! HEY ARCHIE ARE YOU SURE THE STAGE MANAGER DOES ALL THE WORK!

DIRECTOR

PROPS

OKAY JUG! THAT'S FAR ENOUGH. NOW LISTEN BETTY.... IN THIS SCENE...

YEEOW!
I'M STABBED!

OOF!

by Montana



UMPH... HEY!
GET ME OUT
OF HERE!



AROO!

THERE
GOES ARCHIE
IN THE LAKE!



NICE GOIN'
DE MILLE!
THERE GOES
OUR BLOOD
HOUND!



LISTEN ARCHIE ANDREWS! ANW...
YOU BETTER GET A NEW HE WAS
BLOODHOUND OR A NEW LEADING LADY!
HE WAS ANEMIC. ANYWAY.

QUIET! PLEASE!
LET ME THINK.



I'VE GOT IT!
WE NEED A DOG... THE DOGS
WON'T COME TO US SO
WE'LL GO TO THE DOGS!

YEAH!
YOU'RE GOIN'
FAST!



WHO'S GOT
THE MOST
DOGS IN
TOWN?

AUDITORIUM

KELLY'S
HOT DOG
STAND!



NO! NO! WISE GUY!
I MEAN MR. SNITCH THE
DOG CATCHER. THERE
HE IS NOW WITH A
FULL HOUSE.



I'LL CATCH
THIS RUNT
AND CALL
IT A DAY!



IT WOULDN'T BE
HONEST TO OPEN
THE DOOR SO I'LL
JUST UNLOCK IT!

BOY BUSINESS SURE IS PICKIN' UP!



AND MR. SNITCH GETS THE BUSINESS FROM A STAMPEDE OF DOGS.



HALP!

OH BOY! HERE COMES A SWELL BIRD DOG! STAND BACK I'LL JUMP OUT AND GRAB HIM!



HEY!



PHEW! HE DIDN'T EVEN SHIFT GEARS.

WHACK

THATS GRATITUDE FOR YOU! AFTER ME LETTING HIM OUT AND GIVING HIM A LEAD IN MY PRODUCTION.



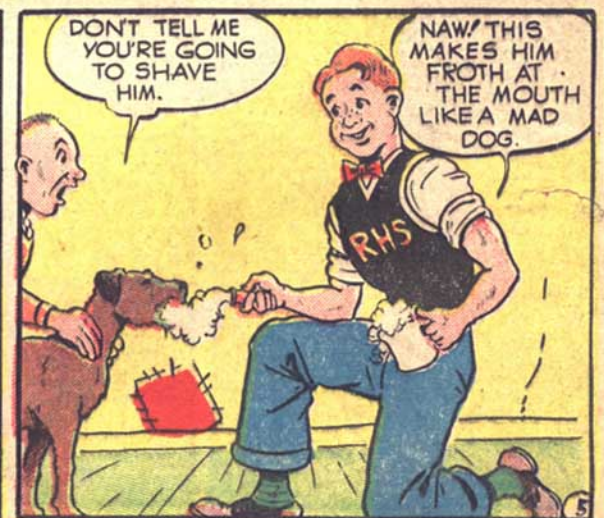
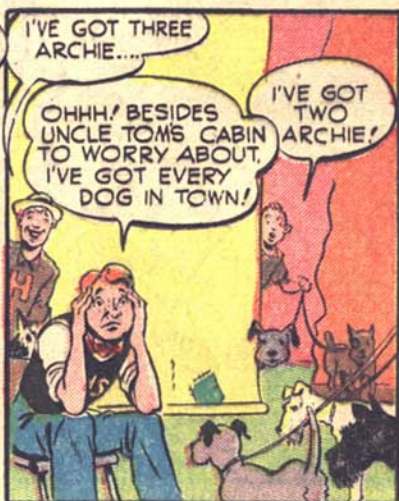
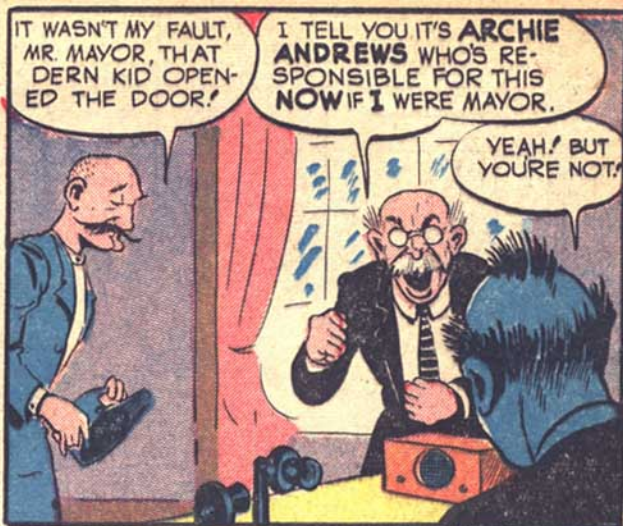
ARCHIE, BETTY AND JUG-HEAD LIGHT OUT AFTER THEIR RELUCTANT STAR!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME SHOULD-N'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!



YIII!





NEXT NIGHT...THE BIG SHOW IS ON...

HOW IS THE SHOW ARCHIE?

IT'S TREMENDOUS, COLLOSAL, MR.ZATCH. IN FACT, IT'S GOOD! STEP RIGHT IN!



AND NOW, MEET MRS. GRUNDY, THE PRINCIPAL

HMMPH! DISGRACEFUL THE WAY THE YOUNGER GENERATION CARRIES ON. ONE TICKET PLEASE... FREE, OF COURSE!



BOY OBOY! THE HOUSE IS FILLED, JUGHEAD!

OH!..... MR. SIMON LEGREE! PULEEZE, DONT WHIP MY LITTL' FRIEND!



WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG NOW! THE SHOW IS READY TO BEGIN!



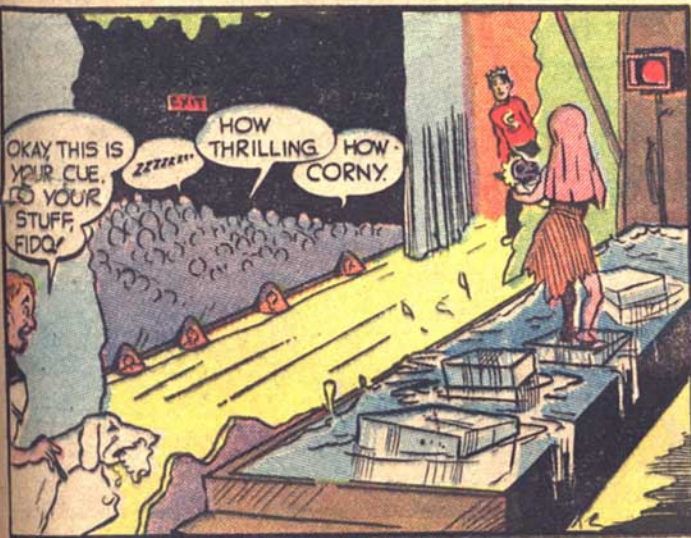
I'LL DO AS I PULEEZE I'LL LASH HIM 'TIL HE'S BLACK AND BLUE, HEH, HEH!



OKAY THIS IS YOUR CUE, DO YOUR STUFF, FIDQ!

ZZZZZZ

HOW THRILLING HOW CORNY.



EEK...THE FEROCIOUS BLOOD-HOUND IS GAINING ON US. COURAGE MY LITTL' BABBY ALL IS NOT YET LOST!

SLUP, SLUP



SUDDENLY, THE BIRD DOG
TURNS AND SEES THE BIRD
ORNAMENT ON MRS.
GRUNDY'S HAT!



AND HIS TRAINING
GETS THE BEST OF
HIM.



JUGHEAD! OH
JUGHEAD! C....
C'MERE 'N HELP
ME! THESE
DOGS ARE
STAMPEDIN!'



OOO! NEVER
MIND, JUGHEAD
IT DOESN'T
MATTER ANY
MORE!

BOW
WOW

WUF,
WUF!



A RIOT SOON
ENSUES

MAD DOG!

EMMY! PLEASE
THIS IS NO
TIME TO FAINT!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!
PLEASE BE CALM! THOSE
DOGS HAVEN'T GOT
ANYTHING!

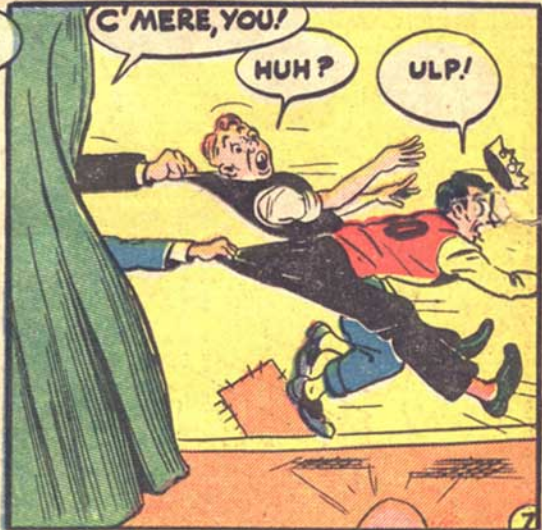
'CEPT FLEAS!



C'MERE, YOU!

HUH?

ULP!





I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE TANNING OF YOUR LIFE!

DON'T DO ANYTHING HASTY, MR. MAYOR!



COME BACK HERE, YOU YOUNG SCAMP!

I DON'T THINK YOU'RE IN ANY MOOD TO LISTEN TO REASON!



ARCHIE'S SHAVING BRUSH SLYLY CREEPS UNDER THE MAYOR'S FOOT, AND.....



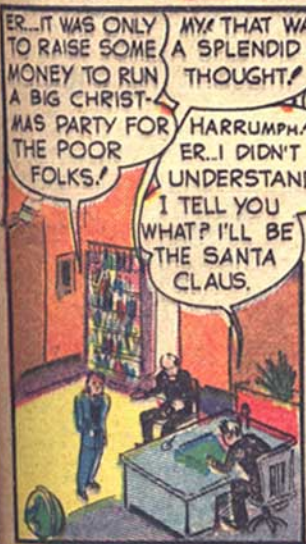
SPLASH



NEXT DAY IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.....

ER...HELLO PARSON SLOAN AND MR. MAYOR...AH...NICE DAY ISN'T IT? (GULP)OR IS IT?.....

WELL ARCHIE I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE SOME EXPLANATION! YOU'VE TURNED THE WHOLE TOWN UPSIDE DOWN! ANOTHER DAY AND YOU'D HAVE COST ME THE ELECTION.



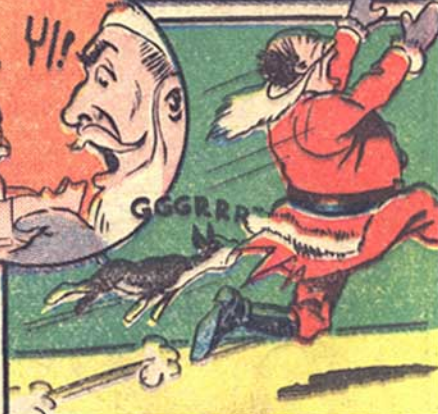
ER...IT WAS ONLY TO RAISE SOME MONEY TO RUN A BIG CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE POOR FOLKS!

MY! THAT WAS A SPLENDID THOUGHT!

AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

HERE YOU ARE, MR. MAYOR! HERE'S YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

HARRUMPH! ER...I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND!! I TELL YOU WHAT? I'LL BE THE SANTA CLAUS.



ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY MONTH IN.... PEP COMICS

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

IN THE
MARCH

NO. 25

ALSO THAT INCOMPARABLE DUO --- **THE WIZARD**

AND **ROY THE SUPERBOY** MORE

THRILLS, CHILLS AND RED-BLOODED READING PLEASURE
THAN EVER BEFORE.....

ON SALE NOW



THE CURSE OF THE HEADLESS IDOL

A BLACK HOOD STORY

John Sanford, wealthy collector of the odd and bizarre, sat in his study, admiring the latest and most valuable addition to his collection, the carved image of an oriental idol's head with a blazing ruby implanted in the center of the forehead. Sighing contentedly, the collector picked up one of the newspapers which littered the desk. It was opened to a story of the jewel before him. The story had been given to the reporters by Bart Carson, the dealer who had sold him the ancient piece in the disposal of the estate of a man recently deceased. Fantastic, he thought, as he read the article. For Carson had recounted a strange story of a curse following the jewel. "The legend behind the stone of Jandi Kama," he had stated, "dates back to ancient times. It is said that whoever touches the stone will exchange his head for the head of the idol." And then Carson had pointed out that the previous owner had been decapitated in a strange automobile accident, as an example.

Kip Burland whistled his way along the well kept street which led past the Sanford mansion. As he passed he recalled the story of the idol's head which Sanford had bought. The dealer, he thought, let his imagination run away with him, and got some nice publicity out of it. He glanced at the sumptuous mansion, then froze at what he saw skulking along the side of the house. For a moment he couldn't believe his eyes. It was the figure of a headless man, dressed in oriental trappings. And the figure was moving into the house through a large window. Swiftly, Kip ran toward the mansion.

Inside, John Sanford stood in petrified horror at the gruesome figure advancing toward him. At last, dry, choked words came from his crusted lips. "Who...who are you? What do you want?" From somewhere inside that headless figure words came. "You are a defiler of the Sambi Temple. You have touched the stone of Jandi Kama. You will return it, or lose your head." Sanford gulped, then in terrified tones cried, "Yes take the cursed thing away..I don't want it."

The Thing reached for the head. But at that instant the Black Hood came streaking into the room. Startled, the headless figure turned, and in a moment they were locked in battle. Animal like claws tried to rake the Black Hood's body. Then suddenly, the Black Hood found an opening, and his mighty blow found soft flesh that yielded. He struck again. There was a gasping sigh and the strange figure sank to the floor, unconscious.

Kneeling, the Hood ripped at the decapitated neck. "Clever, eh?" he said. "A mask to resemble a neck and shoulders. And behind it, Bart Carson. Carson planted that story in the papers about the curse. The strange death of its previous owner gave him the idea. He wanted that jewel, and thought he could scare you into giving it to him, and he almost did."

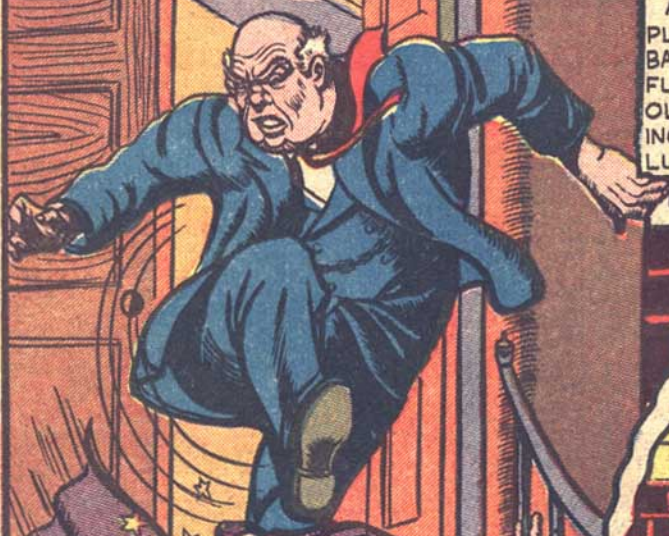
Sanford came forward. "I..I don't know how to thank you, Black Hood." The Black Hood smiled. "Never mind that..just call the police for Mr. Carson's delivery."

MR. JUSTICE

by
S. COOPER



A POOR, STRUGGLING ARTIST COMPLETES A PORTRAIT FOR A WEALTHY BANKER AND BECAUSE HE DARED TRUTHFULLY DEPICT HIS SUBJECT, IS THROWN OUT OF THE HOUSE—AND A HEART BLAZING WITH HATRED AND A TERRIFYING LUST FOR VENGEANCE IS BORN---



THE BEST AND MOST HONEST PICTURE I HAVE EVER DONE AND THAT IS THE THANKS I GET!



I'VE STOOD ENOUGH FROM THESE WEALTHY TYRANTS. THEY SHALL PAY FOR WHAT I HAVE SUFFERED!



CONSUMED WITH A FIERCE ANGER THE ARTIST CONTINUES TO WORK ON THE PORTRAIT!

SUDDENLY A CHANGE SEEMS TO COME OVER THE PICTURE ---

HIS EYES! THEY MOVED!

THE EXPRESSION ON THE FACE CHANGES -

HE'S MOVING! HE'S GOING TO TALK!

PLEASE RELEASE MY SOUL, I BEG YOU! YOUR HATRED HAS IMPRISONED IT IN MY PORTRAIT!

YAH! RELEASE YOUR SOUL, INDEED!

AFTER THE AGONY YOU HAVE CAUSED ME, EH? NEVER! YOUR MISERABLE SOUL SHALL STAY IN THE PORTRAIT AND YOUR FAT BODY SHALL DO MY BIDDING!

TOMORROW YOUR UGLY HANDS WILL STEAL MONEY FROM YOUR OWN BANK AND BRING IT TO ME, DO YOU HEAR?

NO, NO!

THE NEXT DAY-A VACANT EYED BANKER SITS AT HIS DESK---

I MUST TAKE THOSE FUNDS AND BRING THEM TO THE ARTIST. HE HAS COMMANDED IT!



I MUST BRING IT ALL TO HIM!



GOSH, THE BOSS IS TAKING ALL THE MONEY OUT OF THE VAULT. HE MUST BE GOOFY!



I MUST BRING IT TO THE ARTIST AT ONCE! IT IS HIS WILL!



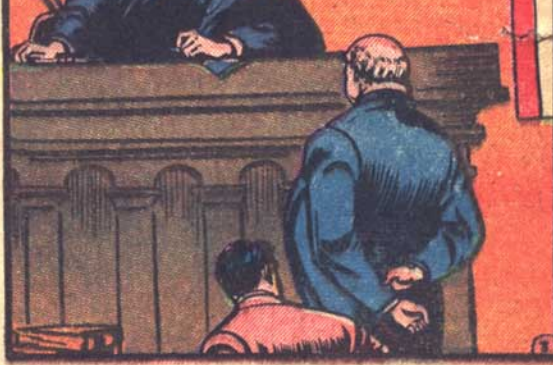
HA! NO MORE POVERTY FOR ME. NOW, I AM RICH. NOW, I SHALL HAVE THE LUXURIES I HAVE ALWAYS CRAVED!



THOUGHT YOU WERE GETTING AWAY, EH? YOU'RE THE GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



YOU HAVE NOT FOOLED US WITH THAT BLANK STARE OF YOURS. I SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY!



HA, HA! TWENTY YEARS IN PRISON FOR THAT FAT WORM. THIS IS MY GREAT DAY!



TONIGHT YOU WILL KILL YOUR HUSBAND. YOU WILL BRING HIS INSURANCE MONEY TO ME!



YOU MUST TELL THEM I AM INNOCENT!

BAH! WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?



HA, HA HA! THE WORLD IS MINE, NOW---THE SAME WORLD WHICH KICKED ME AROUND ALL THESE YEARS! AND NOW ITS MY TURN TO DO THE KICKING!



NO, I LOVE HIM!

I MUST KILL YOU, DEAR! I MUST!



YOU WILL BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY TO THE ENEMY!



YOU HAVE DONE WELL. YOUR COUNTRY'S NOW COMPLETELY OURS!



THAT WAS A GOOD JOB. WE ARE PAYING YOU WELL FOR YOUR PART IN THE PUTSCH!



SO! 'KNUCKLES' WERNER IS GOING TO TRIAL AND THE D.A. PROMISES A SPEEDY CONVICTION! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

O.K. IT SOUNDS SCREWY TO ME BUT WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU. FIFTY GRAND IF YOU TURN THE TRICK - CURTAINS IF YOU DON'T!

I HAVE NEVER FAILED YET. YOU MAY CONSIDER YOUR COLLEAGUE A FREE MAN!



MR. JUSTICE IS AMONG THE SPECTATORS ---

THAT ARTIST SEEMS PRETTY INTENT ON WHAT HE'S DOING!

IN THE COURTROOM ---

GEE, THAT GUY'S DOING AN EXACT LIKENESS OF THE D.A.

SOMETHING TELLS ME THERE'S SOME TIE-UP BETWEEN HIM AND ALL THESE BLANK-FACED CRIMINALS!



WHILE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY MAKES A FIERY ADDRESS TO THE JURY!

I TELL YOU, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IS ALMOST TOO GOOD FOR THIS VICIOUS, MURDERING REPTILE WHOSE HANDS DRIP WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS VICTIMS!



THE ARTIST COMPLETES HIS PORTRAIT - NOW YOU LOUD-MOUTHED SHYSTER. PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE!

YOUR HONOR, I HAVE MADE A BIG MISTAKE ABOUT 'KNUCKLES' WERNER!



GO AHEAD, YOU BABBLING FOOL. TELL THE COURT WHAT A FINE, MISUNDERSTOOD CHARACTER WERNER IS!





WERNER'S PAST HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION AND NEVER HAS HE BEEN GUILTY OF HARMING A FLY. IT WAS ALWAYS JEALOUS BUSINESS RIVALS WHO FRAMED HIM!



PLEAD HARDER! HARDER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT. THE D.A. IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HE'S SAYING!



MR. JUSTICE! QUICKLY REDUCES HIS SIZE - I AM YOUR CONSCIENCE! DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO THESE POOR VICTIMS OF YOURS?



THAT VOICE! I MUST GET AWAY FROM IT!



MAYBE I IMAGINED IT BUT IT SOUNDED SO REAL!



MR. JUSTICE PURSUES THE ARTIST TO HIS STUDIO.



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM ME!



THE BANKER AND THE PRESIDENT OF TOMANIA. ALL OF THEM WITH THEIR SOULS IMPRISONED IN THEIR PORTRAITS!

RELEASE THEIR SOULS FROM THE PICTURES, AT ONCE!



NEVER! YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND MY POWER! YOU CANNOT MAKE ME DO IT!

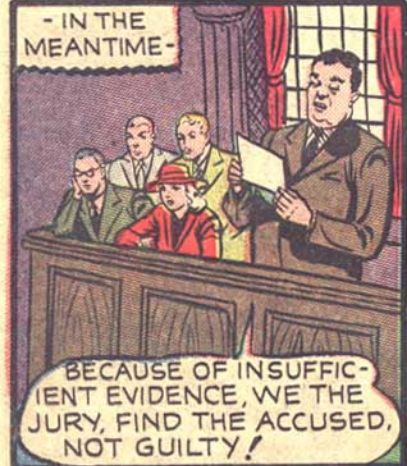
I WILL FIND A WAY!



IN THE REALM OF ETERNITY I SHALL FIND THE WAY!



- IN THE MEANTIME -



BECAUSE OF INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE, WE THE JURY, FIND THE ACCUSED, NOT GUILTY!

THE RELEASED WERNER GOES ON ANOTHER MURDEROUS ESCAPEDE!



AGH-H!

AND, MR. JUSTICE, DESCENDING FROM INFINITY COMES TO ONE OF HIS VICTIMS!

WERNER.....HE DID IT...Oooo!

I'LL SETTLE WITH THAT KILLER LATER. THE MOST IMPORTANT THING TO DO IS TO GET AT THE ONE BEHIND THEM - THE ARTIST!



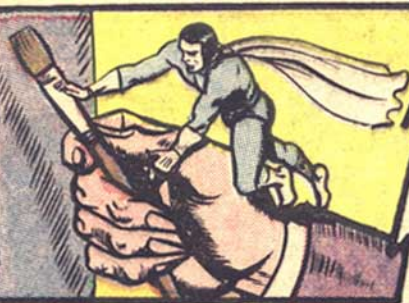
HA?...LET ME SEE, WHOM SHALL I ENSLAVE NEXT!



JUST THEN MR. JUSTICE, WHO HAS SHRUNK HIS SPIRIT FIGURE ENTERS.



AS THE ARTIST PUTS HIS BRUSH TO THE CANVAS MR. JUSTICE ALIGHTS ON HIS HAND--



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. SOME-ONE SEEMED TO MOVE MY HAND. THAT'S NOT THE STROKE I WANTED TO PAINT!



THE ARTIST'S STRUGGLES ARE USELESS. MR. JUSTICE FORCES HIS HAND TO PAINT HIS OWN PORTRAIT--



IT'S MY OWN PICTURE! MY HAND WAS FORCED TO PAINT MY OWN PORTRAIT!



THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO NOW! YOUR OWN SOUL WILL REMAIN IN YOUR PORTRAIT UNTIL YOU HAVE RELEASED THE SOULS OF YOUR VICTIMS!



YOU! YOU DID THIS TO ME! I'LL KILL YOU!



I'LL DESTROY IT! I'LL SLASH IT TO RIBBONS!



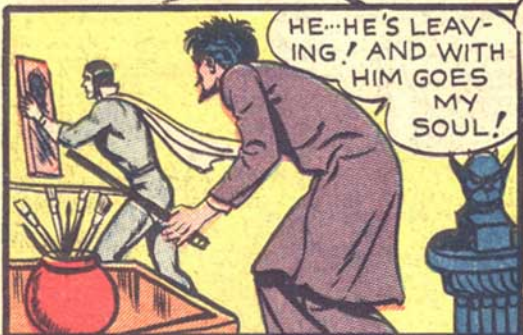
NO, YOU WON'T! I'LL KEEP IT UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES!

GRADUALLY, A TRANSFORMATION
COMES OVER THE ARTIST'S FACE



PLEASE, RELEASE
MY SOUL. I'LL DO
ANYTHING!

NOT
UNTIL
YOU DO
AS I
SAY!



HE...HE'S LEAV-
ING! AND WITH
HIM GOES
MY SOUL!



YOU SHANT
HAVE IT,
CURSE YOU.
GIVE ME
BACK MY
SOUL!



YOU FOOL!
DON'T YOU KNOW
MORTAL WEAPONS
CAN'T HARM ME!



IT'S USELESS
TRYING TO
RUN AWAY!
YOU CAN'T
ESCAPE FROM
YOUR SOUL!

SUDDENLY - THE WILD FLIGHT OF THE ARTIST
IS BROUGHT TO AN ABRUPT HALT AS AN
IMPELLING COMMAND TUGS AT HIS BRAIN



A COMMAND ISSUED TO HIS SOUL
BY MR. JUSTICE ---

I COMMAND YOUR
BODY TO
RETURN!



AH! THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG. NOW, YOU WILL ERASE THE PORTRAITS OF YOUR VICTIMS!



MECHANICALLY, THE FIENDISH ARTIST OBEYS THE MASTER OF HIS SOUL - MR. JUSTICE!



HELLO, HEAD-QUARTERS, I HAVE THE FIEND WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT CRIME WAVE!

STILL UNDER MR. JUSTICE'S INFLUENCE HE WHEW! HE'S CONFESSES EVERYTHING



DONE ENOUGH TO GET THE CHAIR.

YOU CAN TAKE HIM AWAY, NOW OFFICER.

ALL RIGHT YOU CAN HAVE IT. NOW. BLACK AS IT IS, IT'S ALL YOU HAVE LEFT.

THEN - A MYSTIC WAVE OF MR. JUSTICE'S HAND - AND THE CAPTURED SOUL IS RELEASED!



VISITOR TO SEE YOU!

MY SOUL. I WANT MY SOUL!



GIVE ME MY SOUL PLEASE PLEASE!



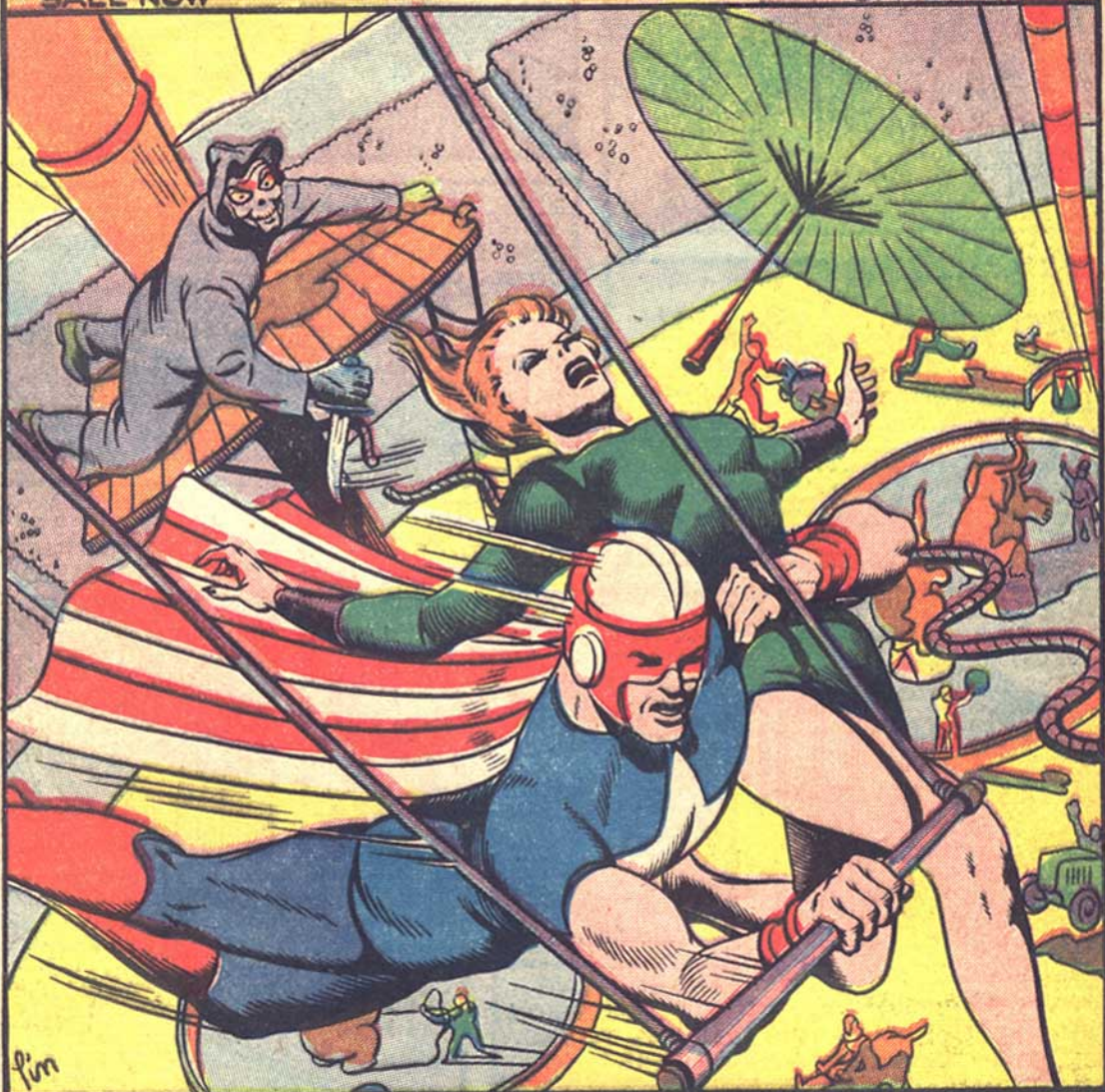
AND SO, AGAIN IN POSSESSION OF HIS SOUL THE ARTIST BEGINS TO KNOW FEAR AS HE IS LEAD AWAY TO HIS FINAL PUNISHMENT ---

HE'S DEAD AND AT PEACE. I COULD HAVE SENT HIM TO HIS GRAVE WITHOUT HIS SOUL, BUT THAT WAS TOO HORRIBLE A FATE TO INFLICT, EVEN ON HIM!



MR. JUSTICE, THE MOST UNIQUE CHARACTER IN COMICS APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF BLUE RIBBON COMICS!

REMEMBER THIS PICTURE
WHEN YOU SEE IT ON THE COVER OF THE MARCH ISSUE OF
ON SALE NOW BLUE RIBBON COMICS ON SALE NOW



FEATURING THE TOPS OF THEM ALL CAPTAIN FLAG IN A BLACK HAND STORY THAT WILL LEAVE YOU GASPING.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AND MARCH 4, 1933.

of Jackson County, published weekly at St. Louis, Mo. on October 14, 1941.
 State of New York
 County of New York
 before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, did come or appeared Louis H. Silberstein, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the publisher of the Jackson County and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a weekly paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 14, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 1103, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
 Publisher, Louis H. Silberstein, 145 West Broadway, N. Y. N. Y.; Editor, Harry Houston, 145 West Broadway, N. Y. N. Y.; Business Manager, Samuel Hirschman, 145 West Broadway, N. Y. N. Y.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stock holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given; if owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given.)
 M. A. S. Magazine, Inc., 145 West Broadway, N. Y. N. Y.; Maurice Sypre, 145 West Broadway, N. Y. N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are, (if there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the full names, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation from whom such trustee is acting; (if none)

show that the said two paragraphs contain statements concerning alien's full knowledge and belief as to the citizenship and residence of each such stockholder and security holder who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, bond stock, and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; that this affidavit has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said work, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is — (THIS INFORMATION IS REQUIRED FROM DAILY PUBLICATIONS ONLY.)
 LOUIS H. SILBERSTEIN: 1217

Wishes to see published before me this 14th day of October, 1941, before me (My commission expires March 28, 1942); Notary Public, State of New York, Reg. No. 19742; Exp. 2nd of N. Y. Civ. Serv. Law, Pub. C. 141; (MCA) C.W. 208 in Kings Co. No. 144, Reg. No. 2114.

GRIMLY, THE
BOY DE-
TECTIVE,
DUSTY BATTLED
AGAINST OVER-
WHELMING
ODDS IN
"ONE NIGHT
OF TERROR"

THE NEW
SHIELD-WIZARD
NO. **6**
COMES TO
YOU
WITH A
BANG
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW!

THE BREATH
OF DEATH
WAS HOT ON
JUJU
WATSON'S
FACE WHEN
THE SHIELD
CAME CHARG-
ING TO HIS
RESCUE,
AGAINST "THE
HOODED
PLAGUE"

THE WIZARD FLUNG
HIMSELF AT THE INSANE
DOCTOR WHO BE-
LIEVED "THE DEAD
CAN WALK AGAIN"

SERGEANT BOYLE

By
HUBBELL

GIVE SOME MEN AN INCH AND THEY'LL TAKE A MILE. SERGEANT BOYLE HAS BEEN GIVEN THAT INCH BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.... ONE SPECTACULAR RENDEZVOUS AFTER ANOTHER WITH THE NAZIS HAS GIVEN HIM A COMPLETE FREEDOM OF ACTION ON THE BRITISH BATTLE FRONTS.....

AS THE BATTLE FOR THE CAUCASUS OIL FIELDS CONTINUES, A SMALL DETACHMENT OF VOLUNTEERS - LED BY SERGEANT BOYLE IS CUT OFF FROM THE MAIN FORCES, AND THE NAZIS START TO CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL ---

C'MON, BOYS!
THEY'RE WEAKENING!
LET'S GET
'EM!

WE'LL TEACH THESE
LIVERWURSTS A THING
OR TWO ABOUT
FIGHTING!





LESSON ONE- HEINIES - NEVER GET IN THE WAY OF A PINEAPPLE!



OY! A GRENADE!



BOY, CAN THESE GUYS TAKE IT! WE HIT A COUPLE AND THE REST POWDER THEIR NOSES! LOOK AT 'EM RUN!



TWERP! C'MON! WE'RE GOING BACK TO OUR CAMP! HEY TWERP! TWERP!



WHAT'S THAT, SARGE? YOU TALKING TO ME?

WE'RE LEAVING! DO YOU WANT TO STAY THERE ALL NIGHT?



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO. IMAGINE LEAVING ME OUT THERE ALONE!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!



UNSEEN, A DELAYED ACTION BOMB LIES ON THE GROUND A FEW FEET AWAY--



GOSH! SARGE! WHERE ARE YOU? GOSH!

BACK AT CAMP--

WE CAN'T HOLD OFF THESE ATTACKS FOREVER. UNLESS WE GET REINFORCEMENTS IT LOOKS LIKE THE END FOR US!



HOW ABOUT IT, BUDDY? ANY ANSWER, YET?

I'VE BEEN POUNDIN' THIS SENDER FOR EIGHT HOURS STRAIGHT AND NO SIGN OF LIFE!



WE'RE BOUND TO ESTABLISH CONTACT SOONER OR LATER. KEEP ON PLUGGING!

CHANCES ARE OUR FORCES HAVE THEIR HANDS FULL ALREADY. IT LOOKS HOPELESS!



WELL, WERE NOT DEAD YET! ...WONDER WHERE TWERP IS?..

IS CAPTAIN TWERP AROUND?

NO SEE SARGE



YOU SEEN TWERP CHARLIE?

NOPE, WHY, IS HE MISSIN'?



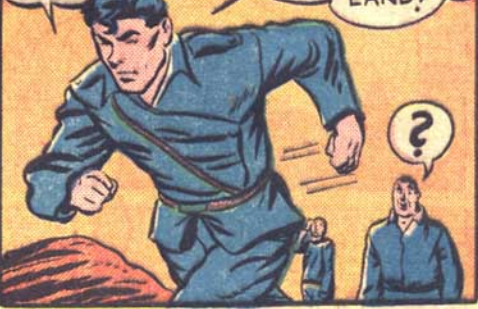
LISTEN CLAUDE, MAYBE YOU KNOW WHERE TWERP IS?

WISH I DID. HE OWES ME A COUPLA BUCKS!



WHAT IN THE DEUCE CAN HAVE HAPPENED?

HE MUST STILL BE OUT THERE IN THAT SWAMP-LAND!



MEANWHILE TWERP IS CATCHING UP WITH THE ENEMY FORCES---

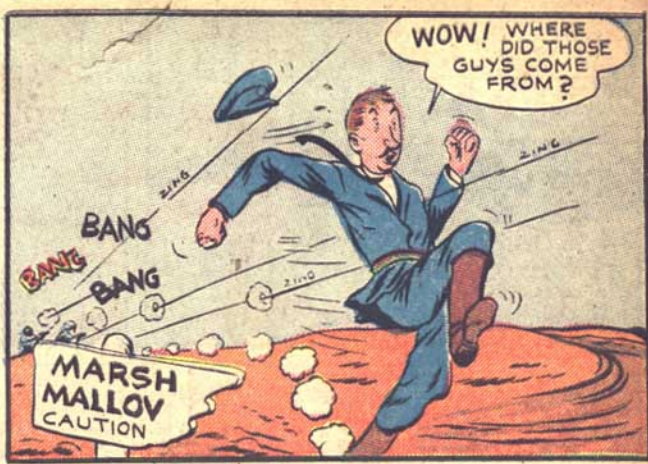
HOT DOG! THERE ARE THE BOYS AT LAST!

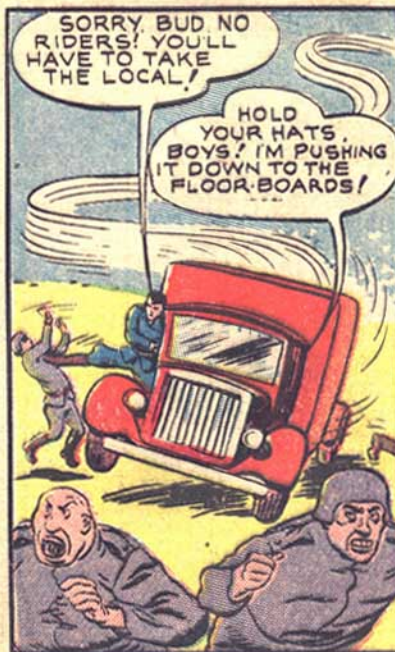


BOYBOY, WE SURE SHOWED THOSE !?@X!?! SOURKRAUTS -ER ?? D-DIDN'T WE? -ER- ULP!

WASS?







SO, IT'S YOU AGAIN! WHERE DID YOU DROP FROM THIS TIME? MOVE OVER, TWERP!

I MIGHT ASK YOU THE SAME! SEEMS LIKE I HEARD YOU WERE BEING HELD FOR OBSERVATION AT SOME ASYLUM!



OH, THAT! I KNEW I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT SOMETHING! REMIND ME TO TAKE IT UP WITH YOU LATER!



RIGHT NOW, WE'RE IN A PRETTY TIGHT SPOT. BY THE WAY, HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE HERE?

HOW DID WE KNOW? YOUR S.O.S. HAS BEEN COMIN' IN FOR HOURS. WHY DIDN'T YOU ANSWER US? YOUR RECEIVER MUST BE SHOT!



OK, BUDDY, YOU CAN STOP NOW. THEY GOT IT!



WHERE DID YOU FIND THIS TWO-SOME?



A COUPLE OF THE BOYS CAUGHT 'EM PLANTING LANDMINES BUT THEY WONT TALK!

BOYBOY! BEER - CHEESE - HAM -- WOW!

OH, NO? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT... TWERP! MOVE THE TRUCK OVER BEHIND THOSE ROCKS!



CORP SAID THIS WAS A SUPPLY TRUCK. THIS LOCK OUGHT TO BE A CINCH -- I'VE GOT IT!



BOYLE'S GETTIN' AWFULLY BOSSY LATELY...

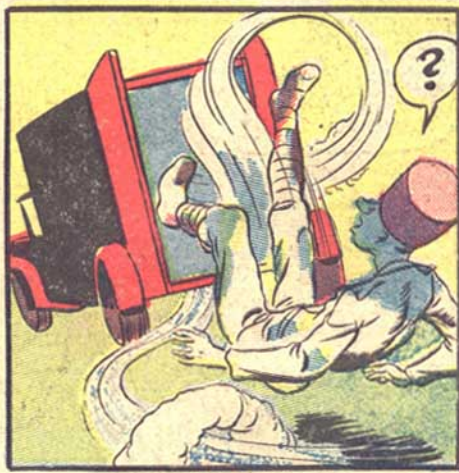
WONDER WHAT'S IN HERE?



APPLES? COOKIES? PICKLES?



JUST THEN THE TRUCK LURCHES FORWARD...





HALT! WHOEVER YOU ARE! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

PLOP!



SLAPSIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

H'YA, CORP



BOY! THOSE HEINIES SURE CAN RUN! I COULDN'T SEE 'EM FOR DUST!

I WONDER WHERE THEY PICKED UP THAT HOOEY ABOUT SIBERIAN'S?



I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF, AS THEY SAY, THE WHOLE NAZI ARMY EXPECTS A SIBERIAN ATTACK, WE MAY HAVE AN OUT!

IF YOU'RE THINKING WHAT I THINK YOU ARE - YOU CAN STOP RIGHT THERE. I'M NOT GONNA SMEAR MYSELF UP WITH THAT STUFF



NO! WE WON'T HAVE TO! SUPPOSING WE WENT INTO THEIR LINES AND NABBED A FEW SOUR-KRAUTS..

HEY! THAT'S NOT BAD, BOYLE! AN' THAT GIVES ME A THOUGHT, SLAPSIE! C'MERE!



SLAPSIE, YOU REMEMBER THOSE SIGNPOSTS THAT POINT TO THE MARSHES? YOU AN' SOME OF THE OTHERS HOP OUT AN' CHANGE 'EM AROUND!

WAY OUT THERE! GEE, CORP THAT'D BE SUICIDE!

NO, IT WON'T! YOU CAN TAKE THE TRUCK AND TWERP'LL GO WITH YOU!



SO LONG, BOYS. KEEP A LIGHT BURNING IN THE WINDOW FOR US!

WELL BE BACK SOON WITH SOME PLAY-MATES FOR YOU!



LATER - SH-H-H! QUIET, COLLINS! HEINIES!

NO KIDDIN'? I THOUGHT THEY WERE SNOW-BIRDS!

CAN'T BE MORE N' A HANDFUL OF 'EM! I'LL SCOUT AROUND!

IF YOU NEED ANY HELP, YELL



HMM- THIS OUGHTTA BE THEIR GENERAL'S TENT! I WONDER IF IT'S TOO EARLY TO PAY MY RESPECTS!

WHO ISS OUDT THERE? SPEAK UP! WHO ISS IT?



TSH, TSH, AND I THOUGHT I HIT HIM SO EASY! NOW FOR THE REST OF MY PLAN.



ZZZ MPFF - VOT ISS? IT'S STILL DARK!



QUIET, YOU! GET UP! DO AS I SAY OR YOU'RE A GONER!

O.K! NOW BLOW!



TA TA TA TA TA

VOT GIFFS? ARE VE ATTACKED?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? IT'S ASSEMBLY!

DON'T ASK! JUST RUN!



TOUGH JAW ON THAT BUGLER... WELL, HERE GOES!



VE VILL HAFF A SPECIAL INSPECTION UND DRILL!

SO LINE UP! FORM A SINGLE COLUMN!

PSST! ISS DOT DER KAPITAN?

I CAN'T MAKE HIM OUT! IT'S TOO DARK!



SOME OF THESE GUYS CAME PREPARED! I'LL LIFT THEIR GUNS

COME! COME! EFEN UP DOT RAGGED LINE!



IF VE HAFF BEEN TOO EASY ON YOU VE CAN ALWAYS PUT SOME DISCIPLINE INTO YOU! YOU VILL RACE TO DOT LINE OF ROCKS UND BACK!





READY?...
GET SET!...

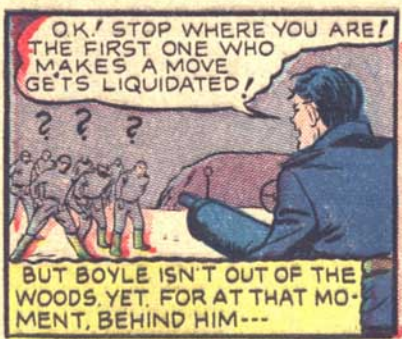
BANG!

GET GOING!



THEY'RE MAKIN' BETTER TIME THROUGH THAT SNOW THAN I EXPECTED!

HERE THEY COME BACK, BUT I'VE GOT THEIR GUNS!



OK! STOP WHERE YOU ARE!
THE FIRST ONE WHO MAKES A MOVE GETS LIQUIDATED!

???

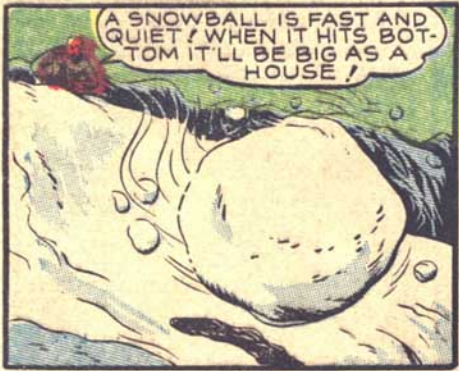
BUT BOYLE ISN'T OUT OF THE WOODS, YET. FOR AT THAT MOMENT, BEHIND HIM---



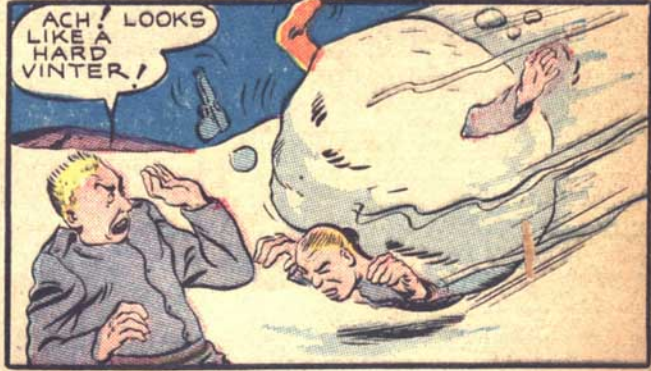
HE HASN'T SEEN US!
SHH! VAIT TILL I SAY 'FIRE' UND VE GET HIM!



LOOKS LIKE BOYLE IS IN A SPOT!
SAY THIS SNOW PACKS!



A SNOWBALL IS FAST AND QUIET!
WHEN IT HITS BOTTOM IT'LL BE BIG AS A HOUSE!



ACH! LOOKS LIKE A HARD VINTER!



THANKS!
DADDY'S LITTLE HELPER!

PLEASURE WAS MINE!
WHO ARE YOUR UGLY FRIENDS?



WHAT A TOUGH BUNCH OF BOYS!
TAKE THEIR GUNS AWAY AND THEY'RE GENTLE AS LAMBS!

YEAH, THEY WOULDN'T HURT A FLY, WOULD THEY?
MOVE ALONG, YOU LUGS!



THEY'RE BACK! WE KNEW THEY'D DO IT!

RAY FOR COLLINS AND SARGE!



SO YOU GUYS GOT ALL THOSE SIGNS FIXED? GOOD! BUT WHERE'S SLAPSIE?

WELL, ER - YOU SEE WELL-IT WAS THIS WAY. SARGE



WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T MUTTER. WHERE IS HE?

HE GOT SEPARATED FROM US. COLLINS! WE LOOKED HIGH AND LOW - BUT -



SLAPSIE'S LOST! I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! LET ME GO! YOU APE!

HEY! WAIT! USE YOUR HEAD, COLLINS!



BELIEVE ME, I KNOW HOW YOU MUST FEEL BUT WE CAN'T LOSE OUR HEADS, NOW!

GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT - IT'S PROBABLY TOO LATE, BY NOW - - - POOR SLAPSIE!



SARGE! OUR SCOUTS JUST REPORTED THE HEINIES ARE COMING UP FROM THE SOUTH!

WHAT? ALREADY? HOLY SMOKES!



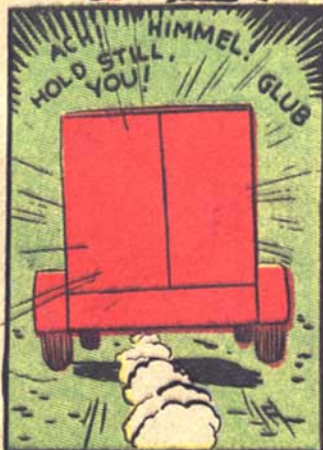
BRING ALONG THE PRISONERS, CORP! I'LL GET THE TRUCK!



INTO THAT TRUCK HEINES! I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY!



START DRIVING, CORP! I'LL SEE THAT OUR CAST GET THEIR MAKE-UP ON STRAIGHT



ACH! HIMMEL! GLUB HOLD STILL, YOU!



HEY, BOYLE, WE'RE NEARLY THERE! YOU MAKIN' OUT O.K.?

YEAH! BOY, WAIT'LL YOU GET A LOAD OF THESE BUMS!

SOME JOB YOU DID ON 'EM, BOYLE! IF I DIDN'T FEEL SO BAD ABOUT SLAPSIE I COULD ALMOST LAUGH!

FORGET THE LAUGHS... THE HEINIES ARE JUST OVER THAT HILL!



PSST/OSKAR! YOU SEE ANY SIBERIAN YET?

NEIN! BUT KEEP PEELING YOUR EYES!



YAAAAAH
MNL FFFFFFFF
AGGGHHHHH
GLUMPHHHHHH



HOLLOOOOOO...
URRRRG!
FWHLUFFE

GLANK!
BLOOJFCH
THWLOORGHOOO



VE HAFF BEEN LED INTO A TRAP!

ACH DU LIEBER! RUN- QVICK!



ARE DEY STILL BEHIND US? DON'T STOP TO LOOK!

DIS VAY! DE MARSHES ARE DOT VAY!



HOORAY FOR US! VE ARE LEAVING THEM BEHIND!



NOT REALIZING THAT THE SIGNPOSTS HAVE BEEN REVERSED THE HEINIES' DASH FOR SAFETY CARRIES THEM INTO THE SWAMP ---





HERE COMES OUR GANG!

C'MON, MEN! WE'LL SCOOP 'EM UP!



WHAT'S UP?

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? IT'S SLAPSIE!



OH, NO YOU DON'T! TAKE THIS!

CLANG



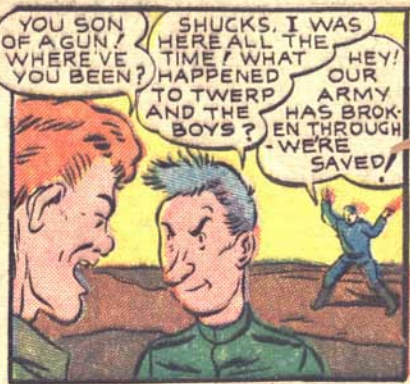
DON'T POUND 'EM IN TOO DEEP, SLAPSIE, WE'LL HAVE TO GET 'EM OUT!

?



I WON'T CORP THIS IS JUST FOR LUCK!

BANG



YOU SON OF A GUN! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

SHUCKS, I WAS HERE ALL THE TIME! WHAT HAPPENED TO TWERP AND THE BOYS?

HEY! OUR ARMY HAS BROKE EN THROUGH - WE'RE SAVED!



WITH THE NAZIS LOCKED UP THEY ARE CONGRATULATED BY THE BRITISH LIAISON OFFICER --

WE THOUGHT WE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THEM OFF?

WELL, WE'D HERE SOONER IF COLLINS HADN'T.

GO ON! IF I WHAT? IF YOU- ALIVE, HOW DID YOU HOLD THEM OFF?

PSST: CORP- HEY!



WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DO I KNOW WHAT DAY IT IS? HUH - OH!

SPS P55 BZZ



SURE! OKAY BY ME! WHAT DO YOU SAY, MAJOR?

OF COURSE! GO TO IT IF YOU LIKE!



PFUI! CHRISTMAS UND VOT DO VE GET? COLD MUSH!

AN' YER LUCKY TO GET THAT MOVE ALONG!

HIMMEL! LOOK VOT'S COMING - OR AM I DREAM- ING?



HEY YOU HEINIES! LOOK AT ALL THE HOT BUTTERED RUM SANTA LEFT FOR YOU!

YEAH, THE XMAS TREE AN' STUFF ARE COMIN' ALONG BEHIND!



JUST A WORD FROM TWERP AND MYSELF TO WISH ALL YOU BUDDIES A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

AN' THAT GOES DOUBLE FOR ME AN' SLAPSIE!

REMEMBER, YOU'LL SEE SARGE EVERY MONTH IN PEP-AND THE CORP IN BLUE RIBBON-COMICS!