

STEEL STERLING MAN OF STEEL

**NO.
20**



**NOV.
10c**

ZIP

COMICS

I'M SURE PROUD TO WELCOME YOU TO **ZIP COMICS, BLACK JACK!**

AND I'M PROUD TO BE IN THE BOOK WITH YOU, **STEEL STERLING.**

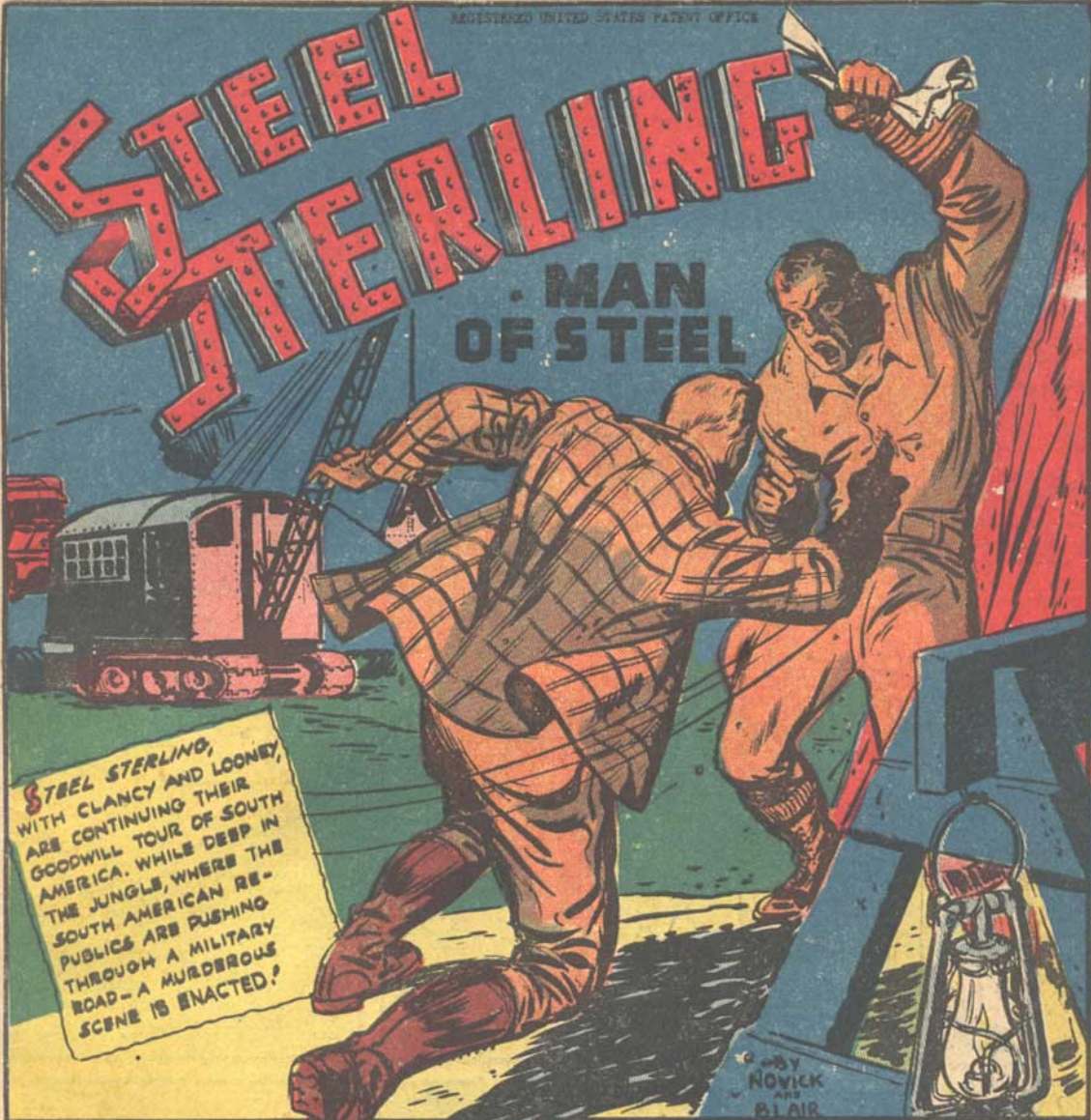
**ZIP'S
GREATEST NEW
FEATURE —
BLACK JACK!**



NOVICK

STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL



BY NOVICK AND BLAIR

STEEL STERLING,
 WITH CLANCY AND LOONEY,
 ARE CONTINUING THEIR
 GOODWILL TOUR OF SOUTH
 AMERICA. WHILE DEEP IN
 THE JUNGLE, WHERE THE
 SOUTH AMERICAN RE-
 PUBLICS ARE PUSHING
 THROUGH A MILITARY
 ROAD—A MURDEROUS
 SCENE IS ENACTED?



THE MURDERER
 SLIPS A PIECE OF
 PAPER FROM THE
 HAND OF HIS LIFE-
 LESS VICTIM...



AND SNEAKS INTO HIS SHACK...



..WHERE HE EXTRACTS A PORT-
 ABLE RADIO SENDING SET FROM HIS
 TRUNK...





BUT IT'S TRUE!
THE SHIPS LISTING!



GUESS EVERYONE'S
SAFELY OFF - BUT I'LL
MAKE SURE!



THE SHIPS BURNING - THEY
MUST HAVE DROPPED
INCENDIARY BOMBS!



HM! LOOK AT THIS
BOMB FRAGMENT!



KRUPP PLAIN
GERMANY



GERMAN BOMBS! THAT MEANS
THEY'VE GOT AN AIRPLANE
BASE NEARBY!



AND I'M
GOING TO
FIND OUT
WHERE IT IS.



I'VE GOT AN INTERESTING BIT
OF EVIDENCE HERE, BOYS!

A GERMAN BOMB FRAGMENT, IT'S THE FIRST EVIDENCE WE'VE HAD, EVERYTIME A SHIP LADEN WITH MATERIALS FOR THE NEW JUNGLE ROAD ARRIVES, IT'S BOMBED, AND THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE AT THE JUNGLE CONSTRUCTION CAMP, TOO.



IT'S AS PLAIN AS THE NOSE ON YOUR FACE THAT SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT THIS JUNGLE ROAD BUILT, AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IT IS! WE'RE LEAVING FOR THE CAMP IMMEDIATELY!



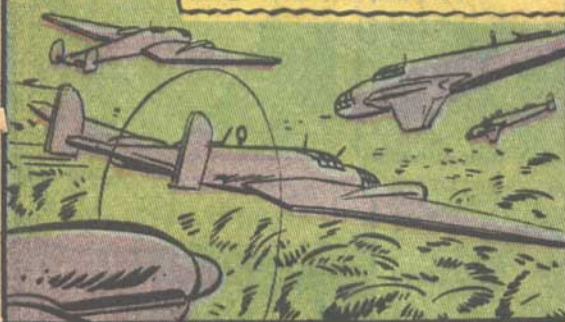
I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT, OLD BOY. I'M SURE YOU'LL CLEAR UP THE TROUBLE.



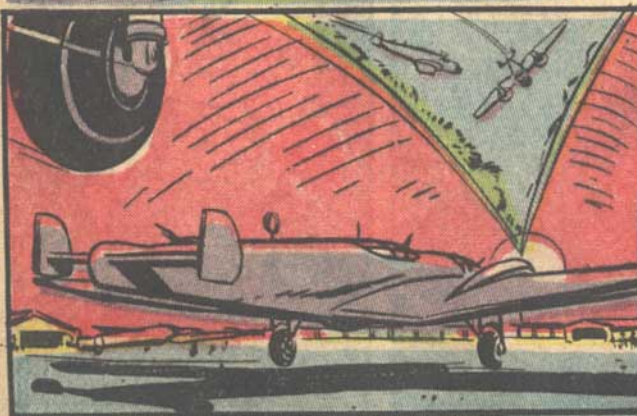
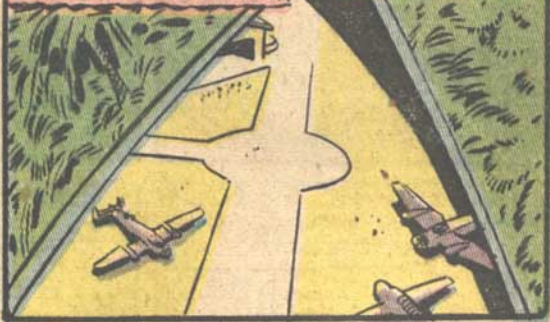
WE'LL TRY, MAJOR. GOOD LUCK, STERLING!



THE BOMBERS, MEANWHILE, HAVE FLOWN FAR INTO THE JUNGLES...



SUDDENLY, THE FOLIAGE OPENS, REVEALING A HIDDEN AIR DROME...




ONCE THE PLANES HAVE LANDED, THE FOLIAGE CLOSES—AND THE AIR DROME RESEMBLES WILD JUNGLE COUNTRY.




NEXT DAY, AT THE CONSTRUCTION CAMP SEVERAL MILES SOUTH OF THE SECRET AIRDOM...


WHERE ARE YOU SURVEYING GOING, IBANEZ?
FLIGHT, SMITH!

WERE FLYING UP-RIVE TO CHECK OUR ROUTE FOR THE ROAD!



GOOD. GET BACK AS SOON AS YOU CAN.

THE FOOLS! THEY'LL NEVER GET THERE. I FIXED THE PLANE WITH PERCUSSION CARS IN THE MOTOR. I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET A PLANE GO ON SURVEYING FLIGHTS - THEY MIGHT SPOT MY COUNTRY'S SECRET AIRDOM!



JUST THEN, STERLING'S CAR ROLLS UP.....


I'M SMITH - CHIEF ENGINEER IN THIS PROJECT.


I'M JONES REPRESENTING THE U.S. ARMY.

WHERE'S THE SHIP GOING, SMITH?


WHY - ER ON A -


AT THAT MOMENT, THE PLANE EXPLODES IN MID-AIR.

GOOD LORD! THEY'LL BE BURNED ALIVE IN THAT INFERNO!


THE PLANE EXPLODED ON SCHEDULE!

TOO LATE, POOR DEVILS!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE CAUSED THAT EXPLOSION, SMITH?

WHO KNOWS? ALL I KNOW IS THEY WERE GOING UP A RIVER ON A SURVEY FLIGHT. YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED JUST AS I DID.

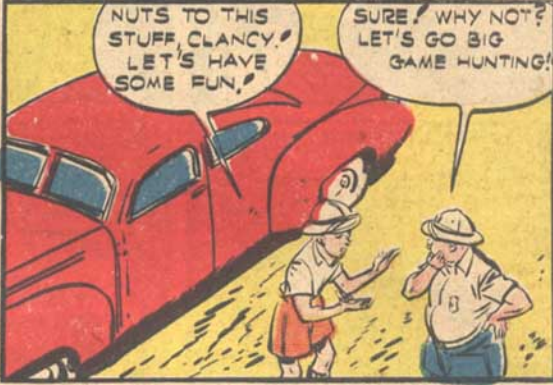


GET SOME STRETCHERS AND TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE PILOT AND THE SURVEYOR OUT OF THE PLANE!



NUTS TO THIS STUFF, CLANCY. LET'S HAVE SOME FUN!

SURE! WHY NOT? LET'S GO BIG GAME HUNTING!



BOY, WE'LL PROBABLY KNOCK OFF A HALF DOZEN LIONS AND-

TIGERS ARE MY MEAT!



WHERE'S THE BEST PLACE TO GO BIG - GAME HUNTING SMITH?

WHY RIGHT OVER THROUGH THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE.

HEH! THEY'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE!



LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE MONKEYED WITH THIS, ALL RIGHT!



THE INTREPID ADVENTURERS SET OUT FOR THE HUNT.

AS THE MAN OF STEEL EXAMINES THE MOTOR OF THE BURNING PLANE...



YOU'RE A DIRTY SPY, YOU...
SO YOU HEARD, EH? TOO BAD.



SMITH SHOTS THE MAN
IN COLD BLOOD!



STEELING HEARING THE SHOT,
RACES TO THE SCENE!

NOW WHAT'S HAPPENED?



SMITH, WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHO'S THE MAN?



OBVIOUSLY, HE WAS A SPY!
I CAUGHT HIM SENDING A
MESSAGE SOMEWHERE ON
THAT PORTABLE SENDING SET.
HE TRIED TO KILL ME - BUT
I FIRED FIRST.



I SEE! WELL, SMITH,
WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS! I WANT
YOU TO FLY ME
UP THE RIVER - I
HAVE A HUNCH!

SURE, JONES!
ANYTHING
YOU SAY!

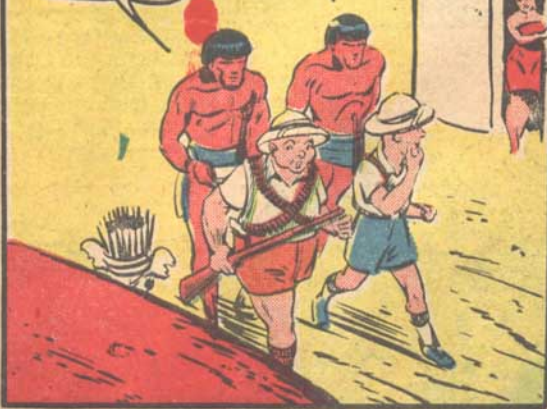


MEANTIME, THE 'BIG GAME
HUNTERS MEET A STRANGER..



OH, FER HEAVEN'S SAKE!

QUICK, MOVE 'EM!
WE TAKUM YOU TO
BIG CHIEF!



UGH!



HM, FAT PIG MAKE GOOD STEAK,
SKINNY PIG MAKE LOUSY STEAK,
COOK 'EM ANYHOW!



TWO HUGE POTS
ARE FILLED WITH
WATER AND BLAZING
LOGS PLACED BE-
NEATH THEM!



MY GOSH! AIN'T
THEY EVEN GONNA
TAKE OUR CLOTHES
OFF? I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK THESE
GUYS AIN'T CIVILIZED!



HO, STOP! MY
DAUGHTERS HAVE
CHANGED MY MIND!



YOU ARE ABOUT TO
BECOME MY SON'S
DINNER!

SEE, HE
LIKES US,
INSTEAD
OF MY DINNER!

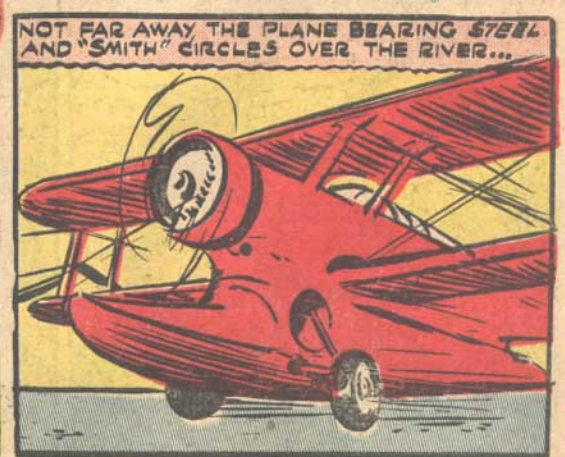


WOW, NOW I GET IT!
HE WANTS TO MARRY
US TO HIS
DAUGHTERS!



PHOOEY ON
THAT!

YOU SAID
IT!



NOT FAR AWAY THE PLANE BEARING
"SMITH" CIRCLES OVER THE RIVER...

WHAT THE HECK IS GOING ON DOWN THERE? LOOKS LIKE INDIANS ARE CHASING — HEY, WHERE ARE MY BINOCULARS?



STERLING FOCUSES HIS GLASSES ON THE SCENE...



SET THE SHIP DOWN ON THE RIVER, SMITH. CLANCY AND LOONBY ARE IN A TOUGH SPOT.



SURE?



TAKE THAT, LUG!



SO THIS GUY IS THE ONE BEHIND THE WHOLE PLOT. I'LL PLAY POSSUM 'TIL I FIND OUT WHAT HIS GAME IS.



HERE COMES THE PLANE. REMOVE THE CAMOUFLAGE!



COMMANDANT! THE INDIANS! THEY ARE TRAITORS! THEY ARE COMING THIS WAY IN WAR REGALIA!

HEY! LOOK! WE'RE SAFE NOW! SEE ALL THE WHITE MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS!



UNAWARE THAT THE INDIANS ARE MERELY PURSUING CLANCY AND LOONEY, THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE!!

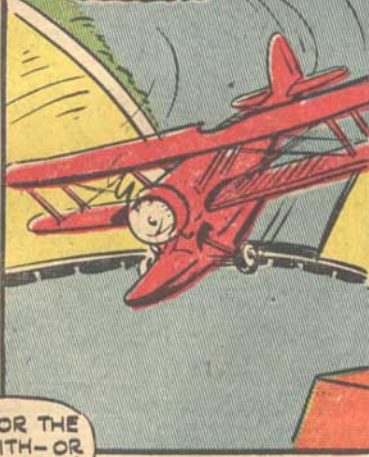
JUST AS THE NAZIS OPEN FIRE, CLANCY AND LOONEY STUMBLE INTO A PIT!!



AND THE INDIANS, ENRAGED AT THE UNEXPECTED FUSILADE, RETURN THE FIRE!



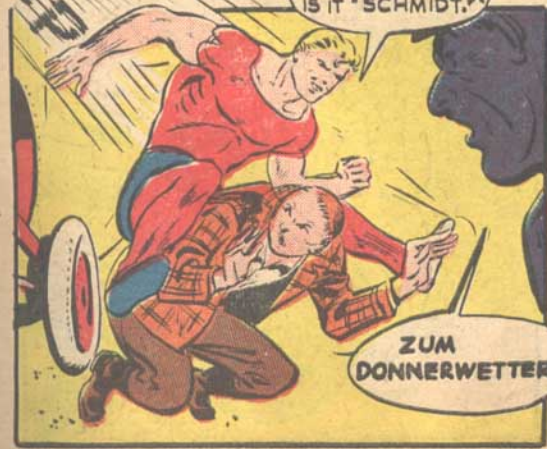
AND SMITH'S PLANE SWOOPS INTO THE AIRDROME FOR A LANDING...



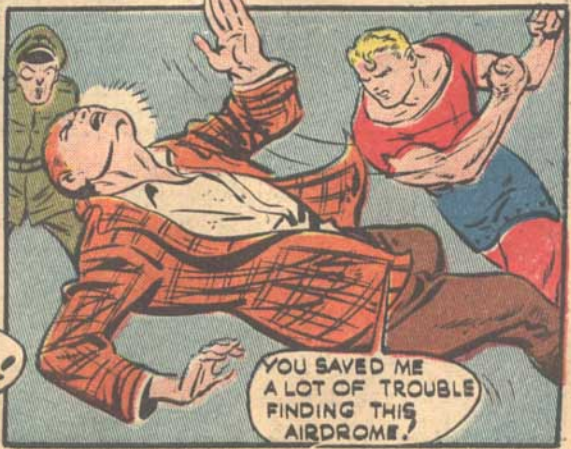
HEIL, CAPTAIN SCHMIDT! YOU ARRIVED JUST IN TIME! THE INDIANS, UNFORTUNATELY HAVE TURNED ON US, BUT WE HAVE DRIVEN THEM OFF!



THANKS FOR THE RIDE, SMITH—OR IS IT 'SCHMIDT.'



ZUM DONNERWETTER!



YOU SAVED ME A LOT OF TROUBLE FINDING THIS AIRDROME.



YOU BOYS REALLY OUT-SMARTED YOURSELVES THIS TIME!



SORT OF HELPS MAKE THE PLACE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY INSTEAD OF HYPOCRISY! I KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



CLANCY IS THAT STEEL FEVER-OR AM I SUFFERING WITH JUNGLE FEVER?

YOU'RE PROBABLY SUFFERING WITH STEEL FEVER-BUT IT'S STEEL ALL RIGHT.

ZING

MEANWHILE, CLANCY AND LOONEY ARE STILL HIDING FROM THE INDIANS.

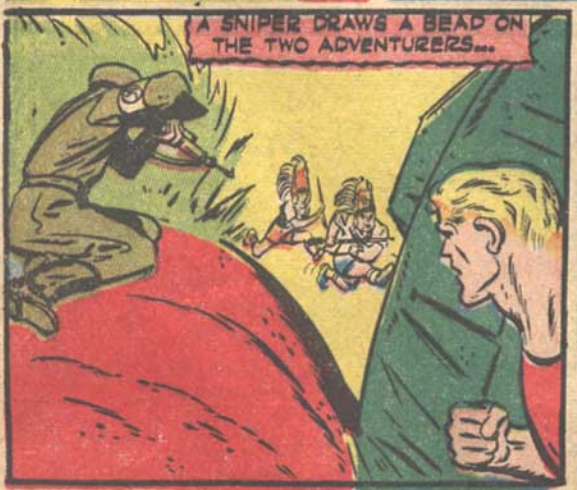


YI!
HERE COME THE INDIANS AGAIN!
YEOW!

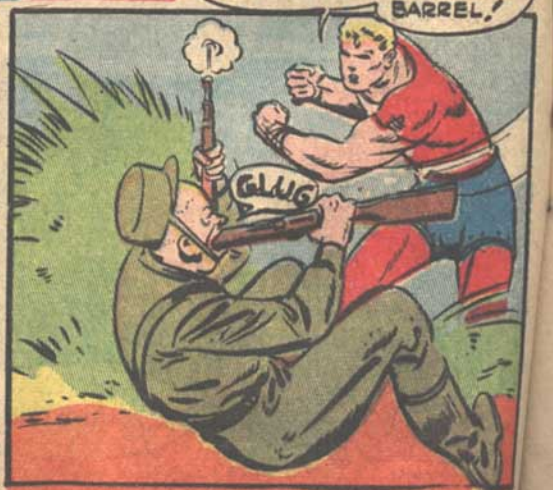


THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTERS ARE WITH THEM! RUN! EVEN DEATH IS BETTER THAN MARRYING THEM!

PAUSE AND REFRESH YOURSELF WITH A RED HOT GUN BARREL!



A SNIPER DRAWS A BEAD ON THE TWO ADVENTURERS...



GLUG

OK, YEHUDI, SET EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY!



ISN'T THAT JUST LIKE A DICTATOR'S ARMY? AS SOON AS YOU TURN YOUR BACK, THEY DECIDE THEY'RE TOUGH!



LOOK CLANCY! STEEL IS WAVING TO US!

YEAH! HELLO STEEL!



MY, MY! DON'T THEY LOOK HAPPY?

SURE DO, PROBABLY DREAMING HITLER MADE A PEACE FACT WITH ST. PETER!



WELL, BOYS, WE HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME OF IT, BUT WE CLEANED UP ON THE CAUSE OF THOSE MYSTERIOUS BOMBING RAIDS!

YES SIR!

WE SURE DID!



AND THIS LITTLE WEASEL HERE - WHOSE NAME IS REALLY SCHMIDT - WAS THE SPY FOR THE NAZIS, HE TIPPED 'EM OFF TO EVERYTHING THE GANG WAS DOING!

SHAME ON HIM!

IF THERE'S ANYBODY I HATE, IT'S A TATTLE-TALE LIKE HIM!





GEE! AND WE THOUGHT SMITH WAS A RIGHT GUY!

YEAH! HE EVEN TOLD US WHERE TO GO BIG-GAME HUNTING!

SURE! AND YOU GUYS WERE THE BIG-GAME!

LOOK AT OUR TWO HEROES, FATHER! WE'VE FINALLY FOUND THEM!



OH BOY! AM I HAPPY! WE CLEANED UP ON THE GERMANS AND DITCHED THE DAMES!

YOU SAID IT, BOY! DID WE OUT-SMART THEM DUMB WRENS!



YIP! WE SPOKE TOO SOON!



SO! YOU'RE UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, EH, BOYS? ALWAYS A COUPLE OF LADIE'S MEN

HAVE A HEART, STEEL!

YEAH! GET US OUT OF THIS, WILL YA?



GO ON LOONEY! DON'T BE SO SLOW! YOU'RE HOLDING ME UP!



GLOB, GLUM, GOOP! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

HUT SUT ON THE RIBERALE, THEY SHOULD LIVE SO LONG!



THOSE TWO GUYS GET INTO MORE JAMS THAN A BUSHEL OF STRAWBERRIES! I'LL LET THEM GET SOME EXERCISE THROUGH THE JUNGLE WHILE I RADIO ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS TO COME OUT HERE. THEN I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GO RESCUE THEM UNLESS THE PREACHER CATCHES UP WITH THEM FIRST!

THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY THE BOY DETECTIVE APPEAR ONLY IN PEP comics AND SHIELD-WIZARD comics

**CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE!!! YOU CAN'T ESCAPE THE HANGMAN!
IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE, READ OCTOBER PEP COMICS, ON SALE NOW!**



A KILLER, BROUGHT TO THE GALLOWES BY THE HANGMAN, PAYS THE PENALTY...



DON'T MISS THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF PEP COMICS IN WHICH THE HANGMAN ENCOUNTERS HIS WEIRDEST CASE - "THE MAN WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE THE HANGMAN."



AND THEN, AS HIS MORTAL REMAINS ARE CARRIED AWAY...



OKAY, IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW!
WHEW! IT SURE WAS HOT IN THIS COFFIN!

BUT THOUGH HE ESCAPED THE GALLOWES HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE HANGMAN



HANGMAN READERS! BEWARE OF IMITATORS. THERE ARE ALWAYS THOSE EAGER TO SNAP UP ANOTHER'S SUCCESSFUL CHARACTERS. THIS IS ALREADY BEING DONE. THE ORIGINAL HANGMAN APPEARS ONLY IN PEP COMICS!

BLACK JACK



BEWARE THE BLACK JACK!
HE WILL BE YOUR DOOM!

BUCKY LAVITTO, KING OF THE UNDERWORLD, MAKES ONE OF HIS REGULAR CALLS TO A FORTUNE TELLER—EXPECTING TO HEAR WHAT HE HAS HEARD YEAR AFTER YEAR—THAT HE IS STILL BOSS OF THE TOWN... BUT FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS—AND THE LONG ARM OF DEATH REACHES OUT OF THE SHADOWS TO WARN THE GANG CHIEFTAIN THAT HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED—**BLACK JACK IS COMING!!**



THE JACK OF SPADES, EH? THE BLACK JACK! SO HE'S THE DARK MAN COMIN' INTO MY LIFE TO RUIN ME!



HA, HA, HA, HA! THAT'S A HOT ONE! THE BLACK JACK! NOBODY IS GONNA SPELL MY DOOM.

REMEMBER! I HAVE WARNED YOU!



HA! HA!
HA! HA!

LEAVING THE FORTUNE TELLER
LUCKY LAVITTO GOES TO HIS
GANG'S HIDEOUT...

WHAT'S THE BELLY-
TICKLER, LUCKY?



THAT CRACK-POT HAG OF A
GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER JUST
TOLD ME THAT TH' BLACK
JACK WOULD SPELL MY
DOOM, AIN'T THAT RICH?

I WOULDN'T
LAUGH LIKE THAT,
LUCKY! MAYBE...
MAYBE TH' OLD
DAME KNOWS WHAT
SHE'S TALKIN'
ABOUT.



WHATTA YA TRYIN' TO DO, BE FUNNY?
NOBODY GETS TOUGH WITH
LUCKY LAVITTO- LEAST OF
ALL SOME PUNK LIKE YOU
N' A DUDE LIKE TH'
JACK O' SPADES!



COME ON, ALL OF
YA, WE'VE GOT TH'
CITIZENS' BANK
CASED AN' READY
TO FRISK! LET'S
MAKE IT SNAPPY!



A HALF HOUR LATER, A PATROL-
MAN SEES THE FIGURES LEAVING
THE BANK...

STOP! IN THE
NAME OF THE LAW!



"STOP" IS IT? WELL,
HERE'S SOMETHIN'
THAT'LL STOP YOU
— FER GOOD!



AS THE PATROLMAN FALLS TO
THE PAVEMENT, MORTALLY
WOUNDED, HE PASSES THE
TRIGGER OF HIS
GUN WITH THE
LAST OUNCE
OF HIS STRENGTH!

UGH!



THE COP GOT DAVE!
COME ON, LET'S GET MOVIN'!

LUCKY
AND HIS
GANG MAKE
A CLEAN
GETAWAY!



A SHORT TIME LATER IN THE GAME ROOM AT DETECTIVE HEADQUARTERS...

GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING BLACKJACK, WHITEY?

NOT ME, I LIKE THE GAME AS WELL AS YOU DO.

WELL, WELL, WELL-IF IT AINT OLD JACK JONES, DON'T YOU EVER GET TIRED OF PLAYIN' THAT CHEAP GAME?

GO AWAY, BAXTER, YOU GET IN MY HAIR.

HA, HA, GET IN YOUR HAIR, DID YOU SAY? OKAY, I'LL BE GLAD TO GET IN THAT BEAUTIFUL BLACK HAIR OF YOURS, JACK.

HEY, CUT IT OUT... OOR, MAYBE THIS'LL CONVINCE YOU I DON'T LIKE YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES!

WHY DON'T YOU LAY OFF JACK, BAXTER? YOU'RE ALWAYS HORSEIN' AROUND. WISE UP TO YOURSELF!

LISTEN, WHITEY, YOU'RE A GOOD KID. BUT DON'T GET TOUGH WITH A BETTER MAN THAN YOU ARE.

AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOU, BAXTER, LET GO OF WHITEY'S ARM.

CUT IT, THERE'S THE CHIEF!

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, BOYS? GETTING BORED WITH NOTHING TO DO?

ALL RIGHT - HERE'S SOMETHING YOU CAN SINK YOUR TEETH INTO. A PATROLMAN WAS SHOT DOWN IN FRONT OF THE CITIZEN'S BANK - AND THE GANG MADE A GET-AWAY. ALL BUT ONE MAN. HE ISN'T DEAD YET - BUT HE'S DYING. GET OVER THERE AND TRY TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF HIM.

THE THREE DETECTIVES ARRIVE AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...



... AS JACK QUESTIONS THE INTERNE ATTENDING THE DYING MAN, ONE OF THE GANG'S LOOK-OUTS WATCHES EVERY MOVE...



...AIN'T SPILLIN' NOTHIN' ... PLATFOOT!

LOOK!... THOSE RATS WITH YOU LEFT YOU TO DIE... YOU'VE GOT ONE MORE CHANCE TO GET EVEN. ARE YOU GONNA LET EM' GET AWAY WITH IT?



N-NO, I'LL TELL! THEY'RE IN THE OLD LARSON MANSION. ALL OF 'EM!



THAT GUY WAS TALKIN' THROUGH HIS HAT. EVEN A DYING GANGSTER IS STILL A LIAR.

I THINK YOU'RE WRONG, BAXTER.

COME ON, BOYS! IT WON'T HURT US TO CHECK UP. WE'RE GOING TO THE LARSON MANSION!



YOU WERE RIGHT, MAX. HERE THEY COME. DUCK OUT OF SIGHT, BOYS. WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM.



HM, NOBODY HERE.

I TOLD YOU THAT PUNK WAS LYING. THE PLACE IS DESERTED.

HEYLOOK, FOOTPRINTS!

SUDDENLY LAVITTO'S MEN STEP OUT FROM CLOSETS AND DOORWAYS ...

GET 'EM UP, COPPERS. DROP THEM GATS.



BOLT UP THE SHUTTERS, BOYS. THEN TURN ON THE LIGHTS. WE'RE GONNA GIVE THESE WISE GUYS A LITTLE PARTY.



NICE GOIN', BAXTER. YOU DID YOUR JOB WELL.

THANKS, LUCY. WELL.

BAXTER, YOU MEAN --

HE'S A TIP-OFF MAN FOR THE GANG.



SURE I'M A TIP-OFF MAN. WHY'D YOU THINK SO MANY DICKS WERE MISSING WHEN THEY WENT AFTER LUCKY? TAKE THAT. I ALWAYS WANTED TO MESS YOUR HAIR UP GOOD.



WHO IS THIS PRETTY GUY ANYHOW, BAXTER? THE BOYS AT HEADQUARTERS CALL HIM BLACK JACK - THAT'S BECAUSE OF HIS HAIR AND BECAUSE HIS FAVORITE GAME IS BLACK JACK.



WHAT?? SO THIS IS THE BLACK JACK, THE PUNK WHO WAS GONNA BE MY DOWNFALL, HUH?

VERY FUNNY! BUT WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?



WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE GAME OF CARDS. I'VE GOT A DECK HERE IN MY POCKET. I'LL FLIP OUT TWO CARDS AND THE ONE WHO DRAWS THE HIGHEST ONE GETS HIS FIRST.

DARNED SPORTING OF YOU.



THIS IS FOR THE WHITE-HAIRED KID..LET'S SEE. THE TWO OF DIAMONDS. NOW WATCH WHAT I DEAL YOU, BLACK JACK.



LUCY LAVITTO FLIPS UP THE JACK OF SPADES.

TOO BAD, BLACK JACK!
HEH! TAKE HIM OVER AND
MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE,
BOYS!

WH-WHAT ARE
THEY GOING
TO DO WITH
HIM?

WELL, SEE
THAT HOLE
IN THE WALL?
AND SEE THAT
BATCH OF CEMENT?
JUST, WATCH...

BLACK JACK IS SLUGGED AND TOSSED THROUGH
THE HOLE IN THE WALL...



HEY, BOY! WAIT A MINUTE, BEFORE
YOU SEAL HIM IN THERE, HE'S
LIABLE TO BE LONESOME! I'LL
LEAVE SOMETHING TO KEEP HIM
COMPANY!



AN HOUR LATER, JACK JONES LIFTS HIS EYES AND TRIES TO REGAIN HIS FEET...

C'CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY BREATH, AND MY HEAD. UH-WHERE AM I?...NOW I REMEMBER. THEY SHOVED ME INTO THE WALL, GOT TO GET SOME AIR SOMEHOW, GOT TO GET UP.



WITH ALMOST HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH, JACK CLIMBS TO HIS FEET AND HAMMERS FEEBLY ON THE RAPIDLY HARDENING CEMENT WALL...



NO USE. CAN'T BREAK IT DOWN, IF I HAD A KNIFE - SOMETHING SHARP. I MIGHT - SAY, WHAT'S THAT? A CARD. THE JACK OF SPADES. IT MIGHT WORK.



JACK FRANTICALLY WORKS THE THIN EDGE OF THE PLAYING CARD INTO THE CEMENT...



MINUTES LATER, THE CARD CUTS THROUGH THE WALL...



AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR IN THE ROOM OUTSIDE...



THAT THIN SLIT IN THE WALL LETS IN JUST ENOUGH AIR FOR ME TO BREATHE, BUT I... CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER.

AS JACK STRUGGLES FOR HIS LIFE, A MIDDLE AGED MAN IS APPROACHING THE MANSION...



MY, HOW DESERTED THE OLD HOME LOOKS. IT'S BEEN A LONG, LONG TIME -

I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF GETTING IN HERE. THE DOOR IS PROBABLY LOCKED.





AS THE OLD MAN STRIDES INTO THE ROOM, HE SEES.....



FEEL A LITTLE MORE LIKE TALKING NOW, SON? YOU DON'T HAVE TO IF YOU DON'T WANT TO, YOU KNOW!

AFTER ALL, YOU DID SAVE MY LIFE, SO I OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION. IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE: I'M A DETECTIVE AND WHEN MY BUDDY AND I TRIED TO CRACK A CASE, WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A PRETTY TIGHT JAM...



..WHAT HAPPENED TO WHITEY, ONLY GOD KNOWS, BUT BAXTER, ANOTHER DETECTIVE, TURNED OUT TO BE A CONTACT MAN FOR THE GANG. THAT'S ALL THERE IS.

I SEE, NOW I'LL TELL YOU WHO I AM - MY NAME IS LARSON. I WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE!



WHEN I WAS A YOUNG MAN I RAN AWAY FROM HOME AND EVENTUALLY MADE A FORTUNE IN MY OWN RIGHT. TODAY I CAME BACK HERE AFTER AN ABSENCE OF 30 YEARS, BUT ENOUGH ABOUT ME - I'D LIKE TO MAKE A SUGGESTION TO YOU, SON!



THE GANGSTERS - EVEN THE WORLD AT LARGE - BELIEVE YOU ARE DEAD. WHY NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THAT BELIEF? NEED I REMIND YOU THAT CRIMINALS ARE AFRAID OF THE UNKNOWN? AND DOESN'T YOUR NICKNAME **BLACK JACK** SUGGEST A COURSE OF ACTION?

AND SO - JACIE JONES BECOMES -

BLACK JACK!

MR LARSON - YOU DON'T NEED TO SAY ANOTHER WORD. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE!



GOOD BOY! AND GOOD LUCK!



THAT NIGHT, IN LUCKY LAVITTO'S HEADQUARTERS. LUCKY, I THINK I BETTER GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AND REPORT.



AW-STICK AROUND, BAXTER. WE'LL HAVE A GAME OF **BLACKJACK!**

CALM DOWN, BAXTER. THAT GUYS DEAD... HEY... WHO THREW THAT CARD IN HERE?



DON'T MENTION THAT GAME AGAIN!

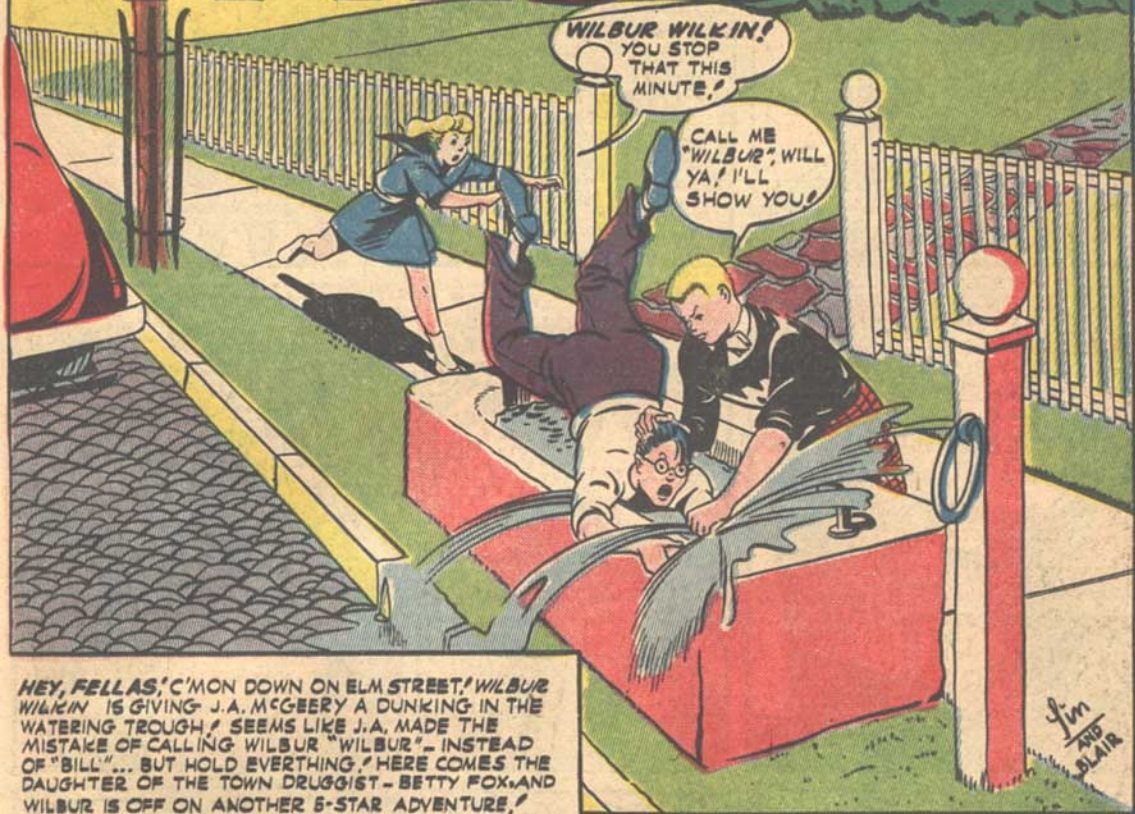
AT THAT INSTANT...





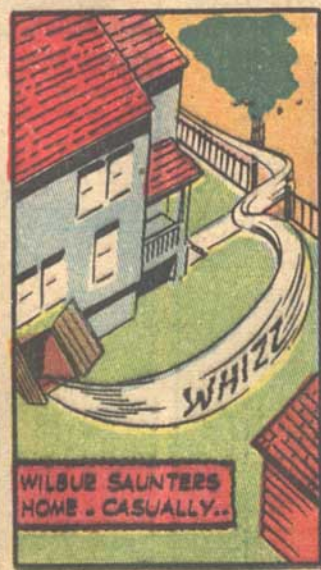
AND SO ENDS BLACK JACK'S FIRST ADVENTURE. BUT HIS CAREER IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING. NEXT MONTH, BLACK JACK BUNS HEAD-ON INTO A WEIRD DANCE OF DEATH AND HORROR IN THE CASE OF THE WALTZ OF THE CEMETERY CITIZENS! DON'T MISS IT - IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS!

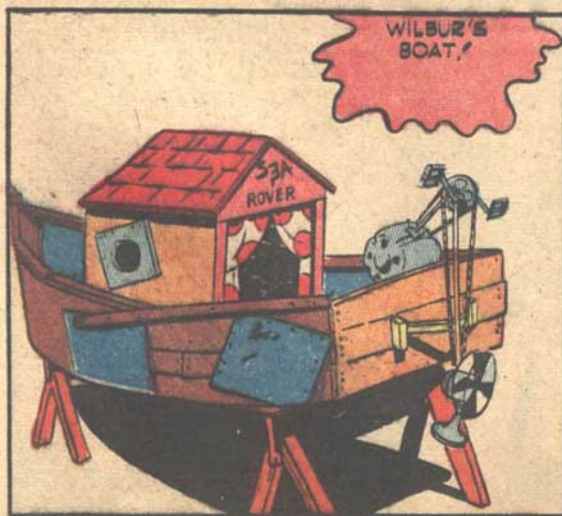
WILBUR



HEY, FELLAS! C'MON DOWN ON ELM STREET! WILBUR WILKIN IS GIVING J.A. McGBERY A DUNKING IN THE WATERING TROUGH! SEEMS LIKE J.A. MADE THE MISTAKE OF CALLING WILBUR "WILBUR" - INSTEAD OF "BILL"... BUT HOLD EVERYTHING! HERE COMES THE DAUGHTER OF THE TOWN DRUGGIST - BETTY FOXAND - WILBUR IS OFF ON ANOTHER 5-STAR ADVENTURE!

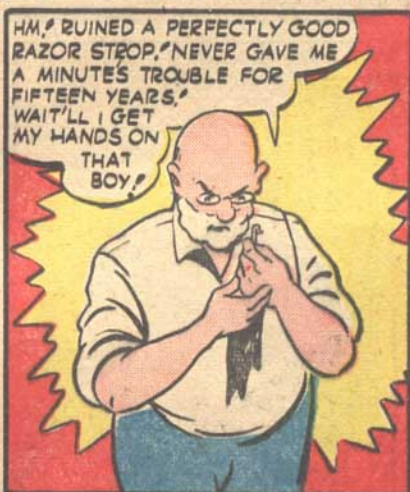








THE WILKIN FAMILY - WITH THE EXCEPTION OF WILBUR - RUSHES INTO THE BASEMENT.....





HERE COMES J.A. IN THAT TUB OF HIS!

JUST WAIT TILL HE GETS A LOOK AT THIS BABY!



YOU HOO, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SEA ROVER?

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT THING ON THE BEACH?

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT I THINK IT'S A BOAT!



WILBUR AND HIS FRIENDS PREPARE THE OFFICIAL LAUNCHING.

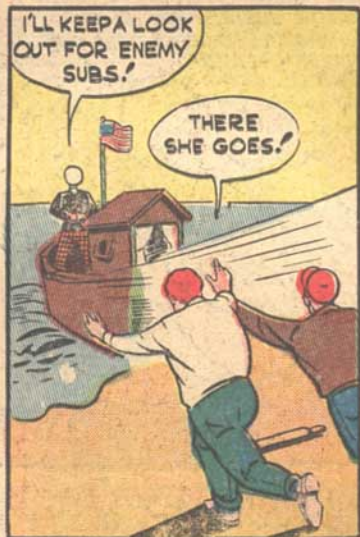
I CHRISTEN YOU THE SEA ROVER!

OWAW! I HIT IT A LITTLE TOO HARD! OH WELL THAT LITTLE HOLE WON'T MATTER!

BANG!



HEAVE-HO, MEN! LET'S SLIDE HER DOWN THE WAYS!



I'LL KEEP A LOOK OUT FOR ENEMY SUBS!

THERE SHE GOES!



WOW! I WONDER IF THAT BOOK HAD SOME ERRORS IN IT!



CHEEZE IT EDDIE! HERE COMES BILL'S OLD MAN!

HE LOOKS LIKE HE'S A LITTLE IRRITATED ABOUT SOMETHING DOESN'T HE?



OH, HELLO, FATHER!

GOOD AFTERNOON SON! WHEN YOU FINISH YOUR CRUISE, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!



NOW, POP! REMEMBER WHAT YOU ALWAYS TOLD ME ABOUT GIVING A MAN A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!

HALLOWEEN AND WILBUR..... 'NUFF SAID! DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S ZIP COMICS!

CAPTAIN VALOR

OF THE UNITED STATES MARINES.



CAPTAIN VALOR AND A BATTALION OF MARINES HAVE LANDED IN GREENLAND BUT, UNKNOWN TO THEM, A FLEET OF GERMAN TRANSPORTS IS LANDING A LIGHT MECHANIZED DIVISION IN AN ISOLATED CAVE AT THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND...

AT THE MARINE BARRACKS...



ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'RE HOLDING MANEUVERS TODAY! OUR OBJECTIVE IS TO REPULSE AN IMAGINARY INVASION FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND!

SERGEANT, I'M PUTTING YOU IN CHARGE OF THOSE TWO JERIES, SLIM AND SLAM! I DIDN'T WANT THEM MESSING UP OUR MANEUVERS!

YES SIR! I'LL SEE THAT THEY STAY FAR AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF ACTION, CAPTAIN VALOR! LEAVE IT TO ME!



CAPTAIN'S ORDERS, YOU TWO ARE TO GET AS FAR AWAY FROM HERE TODAY AS POSSIBLE. I DON'T CARE HOW YOU GO-BY FLYING HORSE OR OTHERWISE-BUT SCRAM, UNDERSTAND?



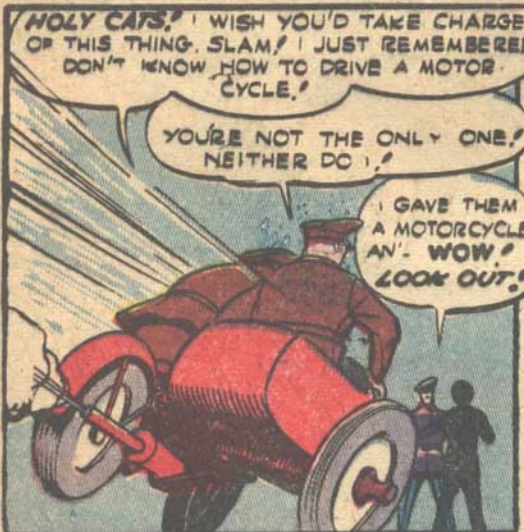
MIND IF WE GO BY MOTOR-CYCLE?

I DON'T CARE! AS LONG AS YOU GO!



I GOT RID OF THOSE TWO TROUBLE-MAKERS, SIR.

WHERE'D YOU SEND THEM, SERGEANT?



HOLY CARS! I WISH YOU'D TAKE CHARGE OF THIS THING. SLAM! I JUST REMEMBERED-DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE A MOTOR-CYCLE.

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE, NEITHER DO I!

I GAVE THEM A MOTORCYCLE AN'- WOW! LOOK OUT!



HEY!

HOW DO YOU STOP THIS THING?

WHAT??



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THEY DON'T KNOW HOW TO DRIVE THAT THING?

WITH THEM LOOSE, NOT A SINGLE MARINE ON THE ISLAND IS SAFE!



GET US A MOTORCYCLE SERGEANT! WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH THOSE FELLOW BEFORE THEY WRECK ALL OF GREENLAND!



SOMETIMES I WISH WERE JUST A \$15 A WEEK SHOE CLERK IN PEORIA. LIFE WOULD BE MUCH SIMPLER!

MEANTIME, THE NAZI MECHANIZED DIVISION STARTS TO ROLL ACROSS THE ISLAND....



SOON COMES DUSK, MAJOR! WE SHALL BLITZ THE DEFENDING FORCES EASILY!

IT WILL BE A GREAT VICTORY, GENERAL! ONCE WE SEIZE GREENLAND, WE HAVE A BASE FOR OPERATIONS AGAINST CANADA AND AMERICA!



I THINK WE HAD BETTER PLACE SOME TANKS IN THE REAR SO WE WILL BE SAFE FROM A SURPRISE ATTACK!

SLIM AND SLAM, MEANWHILE, ARE HEADING TOWARDS THE GERMANS!...

SOMEBODY ONCE TOLD ME THESE THINGS GET 40 MILES TO THE GALLON!

MY GOSH! DOESN'T THIS THING EVER RUN OUT OF GAS?



THERE'S DUST BEING KICKED UP AHEAD, SERGEANT! MAYBE IT'S SLIM AND SLAM'S MOTORCYCLE?

I DON'T KNOW SIR! IT'S TOO DARK TO SEE FAR!

UP AHEAD...

LOOK, SLAM! SEE THOSE TWO LIGHTS? MUST BE TWO OTHER MOTORCYCLES! WE'LL GO BETWEEN 'EM, AND SEE WHO THEY ARE!

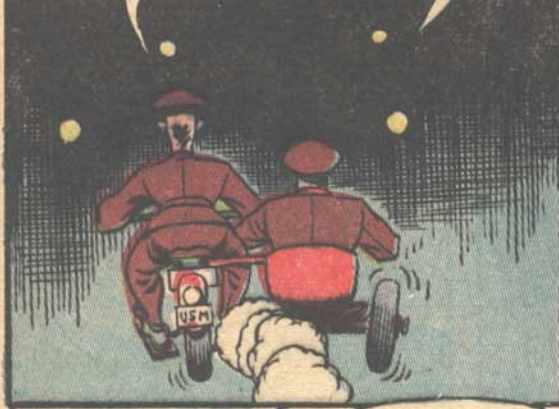
GOOD IDEA! MAYBE THEY CAN TELL US HOW TO STOP THIS THING!



UNKNOWN TO THEM, SLIM AND SLAM HAVE OUTFLANKED THE NAZI DIVISION AND ARE APPROACHING IT FROM THE REAR.

HEY! THERE ARE FOUR LIGHTS, NOW!

MUST BE FOUR MOTORCYCLES, THEN!



HOLY COW! IT'S A TANK!

WHAT'S THAT FUNNY MARK ON THE BACK OF IT?



WOW! THERE ARE MORE OF THEM! YOU KNOW, SOMEHOW THOSE CROSSES LOOK FAMILIAR! I THINK I'VE SEEN THEM IN THE NEWSREELS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SERGEANT! LOOK AHEAD! DON'T THOSE OUTLINES LOOK LIKE TANKS?

YEAR! BUT NONE OF OURS COULD BE THIS FAR OUT ON THE ISLAND.



GET THAT RADIO SET WORKING, WE'LL CALL THE BASE AND CHECK ON THIS!

HOLY HANNIBAL!! THEY'RE GERMAN TANKS!

CALLING MARINE BASE, URGENT, CALLING MARINE BASE.

CALLING MARINE BASE

I CAN'T GET ANY ANSWER, CAPTAIN! WHAT'LL WE DO? WE'RE IN AN AWFUL SPOT!





OMIGOSH, AINT THERE NO END TO THIS PARADE OF TIN-CANS ON WHEELS?



LOOK, AMERICANS, WE OPEN FIRE ON THEM, NEIN?

JA!



HERE, CAPT, SEE IF YOU CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH THE BASE. I CAN'T GET ANY RESPONSE.

OKAY, SERGEANT.

VALOR CALLING MARINE BASE!

WILL YOU GUYS ANSWER?



GERMANS INVADING FAR SIDE OF THE ISLAND! SEND OUT MARINES AT ONCE! IN THE MEANTIME DO THIS —



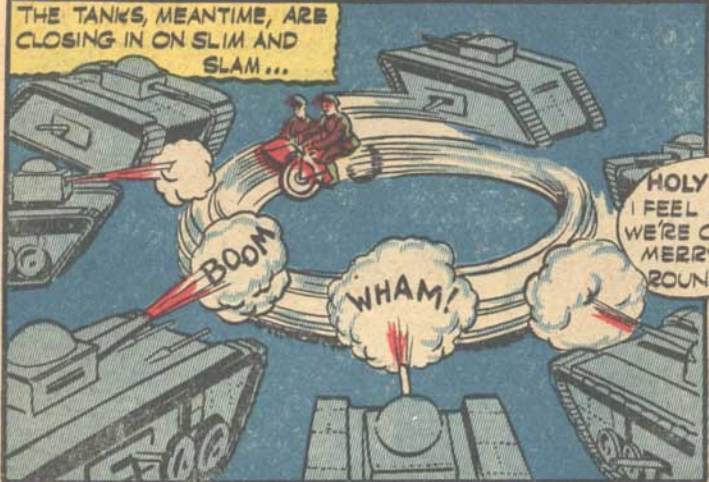
SET UP SOME CANNONS AND MACHINE GUNS TO YOUR MICROPHONE AND LET 'EM GO WHEN I TELL YOU TO!

ORDER OUT THE MARINES! GET THOSE CANNONS AND MACHINE GUNS READY!



PULL THOSE GUNS IN CLOSER, I'LL SET THIS "MIKE" UP IN THE CENTER OF THEM, GET READY FOR VALOR'S SIGNAL!

THE TANKS, MEANTIME, ARE
CLOSING IN ON SLIM AND
SLAM...



BOOM!

WHAM!

HOLY SOCKS!
I FEEL LIKE
WE'RE ON A
MERRYGO-
ROUND!

WELL, DON'T
TRY TO GRAB
THE RING!



WHIZZZZ
WHIZZZZ

WE'VE GOT TO
BREAK UP THAT
ATTACK BEFORE
SLIM AND SLAM
ARE KILLED!



BOOM! BANG!

WHO'S
GONNA MISS
'EM?

HELLO, MARINE BASE,
START THOSE GUNS
FIRING—NOW!



REOW!!

AT THE BASE...

HERE'S THE ORDER FROM
VALOR, OPEN FIRE!



VALOR TURNS HIS
RADIO ON FULL
BLAST AND—



BANG!
ZIP
BOOM!
RAT-TA-TAT BAM
SLAM
BOOP!



WHAM!
RAT-TA-TAT
BANG!
POPI BOOM!

WE ARE SURROUNDED
BY ALL KINDS
OF GUNS!

SCREECH!!

BREAK UP THE
CIRCLE AND
SCATTER!

MADE IN
GERMANY

CONFUSED BY THE TERRIFIC DIN FROM CAPTAIN VALOR'S MICROPHONES THE NAZI TANKS BREAK FORMATION....

WE ARE BEING BLITZED FROM ALL SIDES!

DER FUHRER SAID WE WERE THE BLITZERS. THE BIG LIAR!

BANG! RAT-TA-TAT BANG! POP!

AND JUST THEN, THE AMERICAN MARINES COME UP!

HERE COME THE HEINIES, BOYS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HEIL HOPKINS!

HEIL ROOSEVELT!

HEIL WILLKIE!

HEIL ANYBODY! LET US OUT OF THIS!

VALOR AND THE SERGEANT PERSONALLY ROUND UP THE NAZI OFFICERS..

QUITE A DAY'S HAUL, EH, SERGEANT?

HERE ARE THE MILITARY BRAINS BEHIND THIS INVASION, SIR!

NICE WORK, CAPTAIN! WE'LL TURN THEM OVER TO THE MILITARY POLICE!

WHO ARE THESE MANIACS COMING IN THAT MOTORCYCLE?

IF THEY'RE WHO I THINK THEY ARE - DON'T ASK QUESTIONS - JUST NOW!

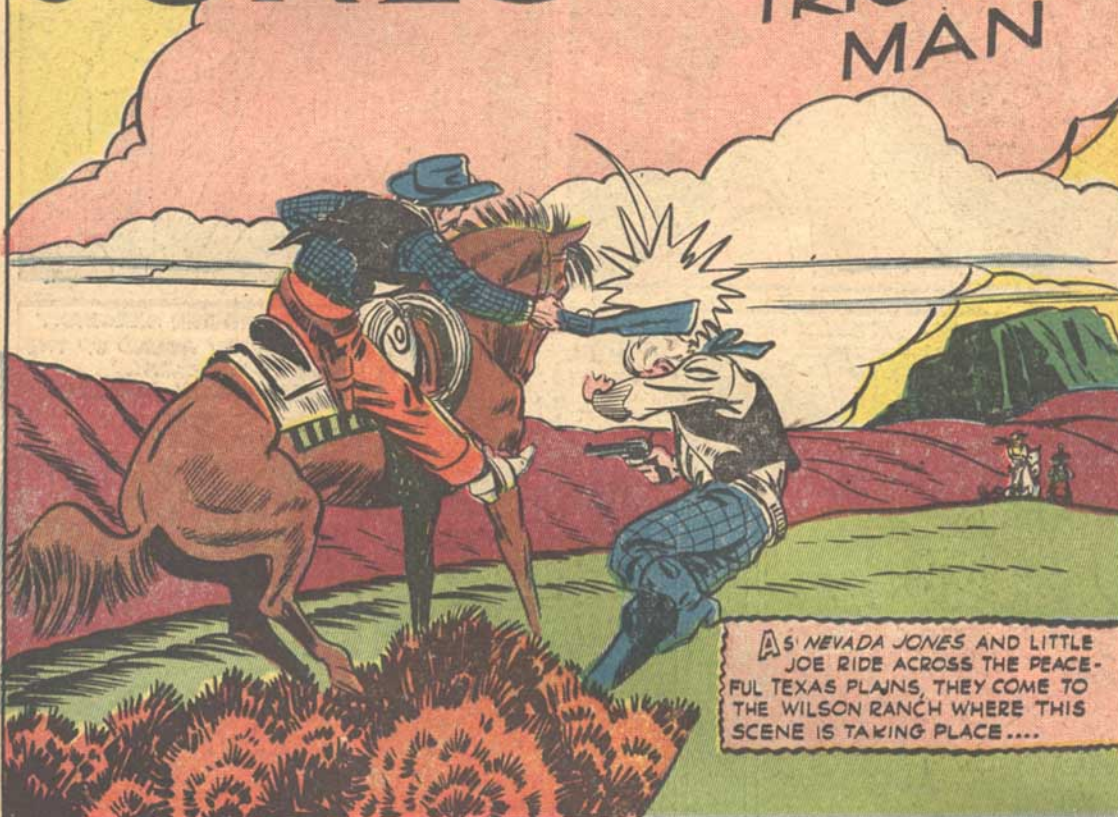
I'LL HAVE THOSE GUYS COURT-MARTIALLED AND SHOT IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

I'M SICK!

FOLLOW CAPTAIN VALOR AND HIS MARINES INTO A THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS!

NEVADA JONES

QUICK-TRIGGER MAN



AS NEVADA JONES AND LITTLE JOE RIDE ACROSS THE PEACEFUL TEXAS PLAINS, THEY COME TO THE WILSON RANCH WHERE THIS SCENE IS TAKING PLACE....





SATAN, THE WILDEST HORSE ON THE WILSON RANCH, WITH A KILLER'S REPUTATION IS BROUGHT OUT FOR NEVADA TO RIDE....



EASY, BABY!
WHOA!

AND THEN, AS NEVADA LEAPS ASTRIDE THE MAN-KILLING BRONCO!



STEADY, BOY!



STAY WITH HIM, BOY!

Wahoo!



AMONG THE WATCHING COW HANDS...

SLADE'LL WANNA HEAR ABOUT THIS!



SLOW DOWN, SATAN, YOU CAN'T SHAKE ME!

NWHEEE!



WITH THAT KIND OF RIDIN' WE CAN'T MISS, SON!

THAT WAS WONDERFUL, MR. JONES!

NOW IT'S MUH PARDNER'S TURN TO SHOW YUH HOW TO DOG A STEER!



THAT'S THE WAY, LITTLE JOE, YOU'RE STILL THE BEST STEER-DOGGER IN THE WEST.



THAT NIGHT A DARK FIGURE RIDES OFF THE RANCH...

I TELL YA SLADE THEM TWO HOMBRES
ARE GOIN' TO SPOIL THINGS
FOR US!

LATER
IN TOWN



DON'T WORRY, I KNOW
HOW TO HANDLE THEM!



THE DAY OF THE RODEO - A GAY
CROWD WATCHES THE PERFORMERS...



THE RODEO BEGINS WITH A COW-
HAND RIDING A WILD STEER!



WHEE! RIDE
'EM COW-
BOY!
YAHOO!



AND NOW
LADEEZ AND
GENTS - THE
BRONCO-
BUSTIN'
CONTEST!

THE CORRAL IS OPENED AND
NEVADA RIDES
OUT ASTRIDE A
FIERCE
BRONC.



HERE'S WHERE THAT SMART
HOMBRE GETS HIS!

WITH HIM OUT OF ACTION,
WILSON
DON'T STAND A
CHANCE!



REARING, HEAVING, BUCKING LIKE
A THING POSSESSED, THE WILD
HORSE TRIES FURIOUSLY TO RID
ITSELF OF THE MADDENING MAN -
THING CLINGING TO ITS BACK!



OOF!

SUDDENLY, AFTER A MIGHTY LURCH, THE CINCH SNAPS, LOOSENING THE SADDLE...



EASY BABY, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH THIS RIDE BARE-BACK!

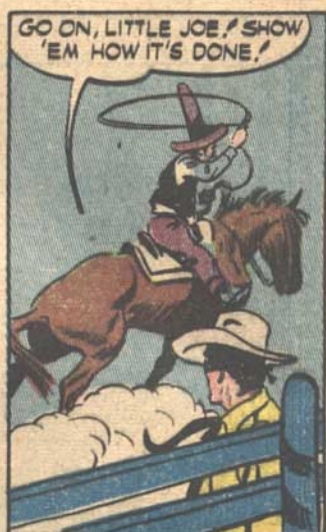


THAT WAS NO CINCH, MR. WILSON! THAT CINCH WAS CUT! I THINK I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH SLADE AFTER THE RODEO.



HE'S THE LUCKIEST CUSS I EVER SEEN!

HIS PARTNER'S ON NEXT, I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM MYSELF!



GO ON, LITTLE JOE! SHOW 'EM HOW IT'S DONE!



A SHOT RINGS OUT AND LITTLE JOE'S HORSE FALLS... TOPPLING HIM INTO THE PATH OF THE RUSHING STEER!



TWISTING DEFTLY, LITTLE JOE MANAGES TO ESCAPE THE FLYING HOOPS AND GOUGING HORNS!



SLADE FIRED THAT SHOT, I SAW HIM!

HERE'S SOMETHIN' FOR YOU, TOO!



YOU'RE SO CROOKED YOU CAN'T EVEN SHOOT STRAIGHT, SLADE!



HERE Y'ARE SHERIFF! THESE VARMINTS ARE ALL TIED UP, READY FOR DELIVERY TO THE HOOSEGOW!



LADDEEZ AND GENTS, YOU WILL NOW BE TREATED TO AN EXHIBITION OF TRICK RIDING BY THE WORLD'S CHAMPION COWBOY AND HIS WONDER HORSE, BLAZE!



YIPEE YAY, BLAZE, AWAY!

NANNYNEE!



WELL, MR. WILSON, I GUESS SLADE WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE, AND I'M SURE THIS PRIZE MONEY WILL HELP TIDE YOU OVER!

GEE, SON, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO START TO THANK YOU FOR ALL THIS!

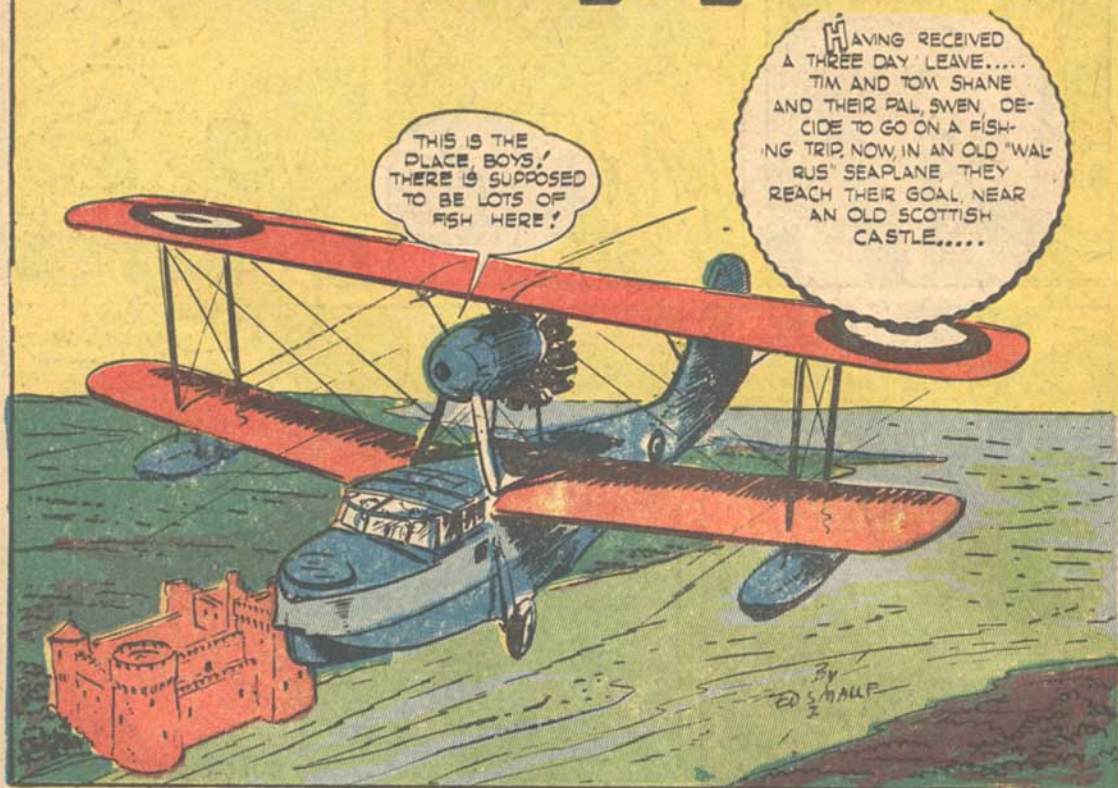


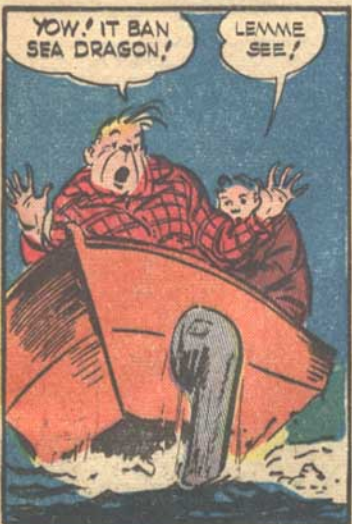
THEIR WORK DONE, NEVADA AND LITTLE JOE TAKE TO THE TRAIL.

IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME REAL TWO-GUN ACTION, DON'T FAIL TO READ THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF NEVADA JONES AND LITTLE JOE IN ZIP COMICS

War Eagles

the devil's flying twins







IT'S NO USE,
TIM, WE'RE TOO
FAR FROM
SHORE!

HEY!
WAIT FOR
ME!



TAKE DEM
TO DER
CAPTAN!



OKAY, YOU'VE GOT
US, BUT YOU'LL
NEVER GET OUT OF
THIS RIVER! IT'S
TOO FAR AWAY
FROM YOUR
BASE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK,
MY FRIEND, BUT JUST
LOOK AT DER
CASTLE!....



AS THE SUB APPROACHES, A HIDDEN
GATE SWINGS OPEN IN THE CASTLE
WALL....
...YOU SEE,
WE ARE NOT
FAR FROM OUR
BASE AT
ALL!



LATER, IN THE CASTLE'S DUNGEON...

SO THAT'S WHY THERE'S BEEN
SO MANY SINKINGS IN
THIS AREA, LATELY!... A HIDDEN
U-BOAT BASE WITHIN
OUR OWN SHORES!



WE'VE JUST GOT
TO GET WORD
TO THE ADMIRALTY!

GEE, I
WISH I'D
BRUNG MY
MAGIC
BOOK
ALONG!

YOU'RE
RIGHT, BUT
HOW?



THEY'LL HAVE TO
FEED US SOMETIME...
THAT'S WHEN WE'LL
MAKE A BREAK! ONCE
WE GET TO THE WOODS,
THEY'LL NEVER
FIND US!

WHEN FOOD IS BROUGHT, THE TWINS ARE READY....

VATE!
WHERE'S DER UDDER VUN?

GIFF IT TO HIM GUDE,
TOM!

HERE
I AM,
FRITZY!

HALP!

QUIET, PUNK!

OH, OH...MORE
GUARDS! THEY
MUST'VE HEARD
THAT GUY
SQUAWK!

GUDE
SHOOTING,
TOM!

GRAB THOSE GUNS,
QUICK! THERE'S
MORE OF 'EM
COMING!

TIM AND TOM FIGHT THEIR WAY UP
THE STAIRS.....

THOSE SHOTS
AROUSED THE
WHOLE BUNCH
OF 'EM! WE'RE
TRAPPED!

QUICK!
THROUGH
THIS DOOR-
WAY!

THERE'S A
DOOR LEADING
OUTSIDE!

GOOD!..SWEN,
BARRICADE THIS
DOOR WITH
THOSE BARRELS
OF OIL!

BUT, AS TIM STARTS THROUGH THE
SECOND DOOR....

WE'RE ON
THE WATER SIDE
OF THE CASTLE!
OH, OH, MACHINE
GUNS!





IT.. IS! IT'S TIM! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



TIM DIVES ON THE NAZIS...

AHA! THE BOYS HAVENT GIVEN UP YET!



...AND DROPS HIS BOMBS!

KEEP YOUR CHINS UP, FELLAS!



THE ANCIENT CASTLE WALLS CRUMBLE TO BITS!



NOW, IF THEY'LL ONLY KNOW ENOUGH TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!



GOOD BOYS! THERE THEY GO! GOOD THING TOO, THOSE BARRELS OF OIL WILL CATCH FIRE SOON!



TIM LANDS THE SHIP AND PICKS UP TOM AND SWEN...

TIM, WE - THOUGHT THEY GOT YOU! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER.

THEN, MY ACT WAS GOOD, EH? BOY, LOOK! THERE GOES THE CASTLE!



WELL, I GUESS WE WON'T HAVE TO BOTHER THE ADMIRALTY AFTER ALL!

DOT'S GUDE! NOW, WE CAN GO BACK TO FISHING!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE DEVIL'S TWINS IN ZIP COMICS!