

EVERYBODY'S TALKING ABOUT-THE WEB

NO.
29

SEPT.
10c

ZIP

COMICS



ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS



① THE WEB

AND THE MADMAN OF THE CROOKED CROSS
NAZI BUTCHERS, YOUR DOOM IS APPROACHING -- MAYBE
SLOWLY, BUT DOOM IT WILL BE. AS YOU WEAVE YOUR
SKEIN OF TREACHERY, YOU WEAVE YOUR TRAP!

PAGE 3

② STEEL STERLING

IN "THE LAUGHING DEATH"

HA, HA, HA, IT'S SO FUNNY. SO FUNNY! YOU'LL LAUGH
UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD, IF YOU CROSS THE PATH OF THE
LAUGHING DEATH KILLER!

PAGE 15



③ BLACK JACK

IN "SPADES ARE THE TRUMP OF DEATH"

AS FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS TO GIVE BLACK JACK
A SPINE-CHILLING ADVENTURE!

PAGE 27



④ WORLD WONDERS

PAGE 38

⑤ WILBUR

WHO'S IN A SANDTRAP--WILBUR? WHO STRUCK OUT--
WILBUR? WHO KICKED THE HORNET'S NEST?
RIGHT! WILBUR.

PAGE 40



⑥ BLACK WITCH

THE CURSE OF DOOM

WHEN THE MISTS SHROUD THE WORLD IN A DANK, GHOSTLY
FOG! WHEN THERE'S BLOOD ON THE MOON AND DEATH IN THE
AIR, YOU'LL KNOW THE WITCH'S CURSE HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL!

PAGE 46



⑦ ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

THIS IS A TALE OF
AN UNSUNG HERO!

PAGE 54



⑧ ZAMBINI

IN "THE SINGING DOLLS OF DEATH"

DOES MAGIC ALWAYS WORK? EVEN THE GREAT ZAMBINI
HAD HIS DOUBTS WHEN HE NEEDED HIS MYSTIC SKILL DESPER-
ATELY. MORE DESPERATELY THAN EVER BEFORE!

PAGE 61



The

WEB

IN NAZI GERMANY, RELIGION IS TRAMPLED UNDERFOOT... THE HOLY BIBLE IS PROFANED AND THE NAZI HORST WESSEL IS THE NATIONAL HYMN... THIS IS THE NATIONAL "UNOCCUPIED" FRANCE WHERE THE NAZIS ARE SPREADING THEIR FANATIC INTOLERANCE..... THIS SCENE UNFOLDS..

PASTOR MICHEL, YOU HAF DEFIED DER FRENCH AUTHORITIES! DEY HAF ORDERED YOU TO STOP YOUR LYING SERMONS ABOUT RELIGION BEING FOR EVERYBODY! IT ISS ONLY FOR ARYANS! I GIFF YOU VUN LAST CHANCE TO RETRACT!

I CAN NEVER DENY THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN! IT WILL EXIST DESPITE THE BARBAROUS ACTS OF AGGRESSORS AND MADMEN!

DOT IS TREASON! YOU HAF INSULTED OUR FUEHRER! GUARDS! TAKE HIM TO THE PRISON!



HA! HA! CAPTAIN MURDER
WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT
FOR DER TEACHINGS OF
DER NAZI RELIGION!

THE MOST BRUTAL AND
TERRIBLE OF ALL NAZI
PRISONS IN FRANCE, THE
PESTHOLE RUN BY THE
MONSTER, CAPTAIN MURDER.

WELCOME, HERR PASTOR,
I HAVE A SPECIAL LIKING
FOR MEN OF THE
CROSS!

I KEEP A WHIP TO SHOW
THEM MY ADMIRATION.
HOW DO YOU LIKE
THAT, HERR PASTOR?

MACH
SCHNELL,
HERR
PASTOR!

FOOL! I'LL BREAK
YOUR SPIRIT BEFORE I'M
THROUGH! I'LL MAKE YOU
WISH YOU COULD
CHANGE YOUR
CROSS FOR A
SWASTIKA.. TAKE
HIM TO HIS CELL!

INTO DER DUNGEON, HERR
PASTOR! THE RATS AND
LICE WILL KEEP YOU GOOD
COMPANY!

OH, FATHER;
LET ME BE
STRONG IN
MY HOUR OF
TRIAL! LET ME
BE WORTHY
TO BE THY
FAITHFUL
SERVANT!

WHILE THE PASTOR PRAYS, A CROWD GATHERS OUT-
SIDE.. THEY KNOW THEIR BELOVED PASTOR IS
A PRISONER.. IN THEIR TIRED, HUNGRY FACES
THERE IS THE LIGHT OF ANGER AND
DETERMINATION.

LET US
SEE
HIM!

IF ANYTHING
HAPPENS TO
HIM, THEY'LL
BE SORRY!

GIVE US BACK OUR
PASTOR! YOU'VE TAKEN
EVERYTHING ELSE
FROM US! WE KNOW
YOU'VE GOT HIM
HERE!

THIS WILL SHUT YOUR MOUTH! GUARDS! FIRE INTO THIS RABBLE! CLEAN THEM FROM THE GATES!



A SAVAGE SLAUGHTER FOLLOWS AS DEFENSELESS MEN AND WOMEN FLEE FROM THE MURDEROUS HAIL OF FIRE.



THAT SOUNDED LIKE SHOTS! AND THAT PITIFUL SCREAMING! MERCIFUL HEAVEN! CAN IT BE THAT...



SO! HERR PASTOR... I FIND YOU ON YOUR KNEES ALREADY! THAT IS GOOD! YOU CAN PRAY FOR THE SOULS OF THE IDIOTS WHO JUST DIED ON THE PRISON GATES! YOU'RE SUCH A HOLY MAN, HERR PASTOR!



THEIR LIVES WILL SOME DAY BE AVENGED! A DAY OF RECKONING WILL COME FOR TYRANTS WHO TRANSGRESS AGAINST THE LAWS OF GOD AND MAN! YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES AS SURELY AS TRUTH AND RIGHT MUST PREVAIL!



BAH, YOU PREACHING SWINE!



THAT IS MY RELIGION, BOW DOWN BEFORE IT, HERR PASTOR! HA HA! ONE DAY YOU WILL SEE IT RULE THE WORLD!



WHILE IN AMERICA, THE OTHER END OF A WEB DRAWS TIGHT. JOHN RAYMOND IS INSTRUCTING HIS CLASS IN PSYCHOLOGY... LITTLE DREAMING WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS.



THE CONFLICT BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL IS BASIC IN HUMAN NATURE. I CANNOT EMPHASIZE THIS TOO STRONGLY!

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LECTURE
ROSE RUSHES IN...

A LETTER JUST
CAME FOR YOU,
JOHN! IT'S FROM
ARMY INTELLIGENCE!

John Raymond:
your services are
required for a mission
of extreme importance.
Report at once
(Alfred)

CLASS IS
DISMISSED!

I'M IN LUCK, ROSE!
THE ARMY NEEDS ME!
I MAY FINALLY TRADE
THIS STUFFY CLASS-
ROOM FOR SOME
REAL ACTION!

WELL, THE LEAST I
CAN DO IS
DRIVE YOU
DOWN? HOP
IN!

HURRY
IT UP,
WILL YOU?
I'M
CURIOUS!

I WANT TO FIND
OUT WHAT USE
THE ARMY CAN
MAKE OF A
PSYCHOLOGY
PROFESSOR!

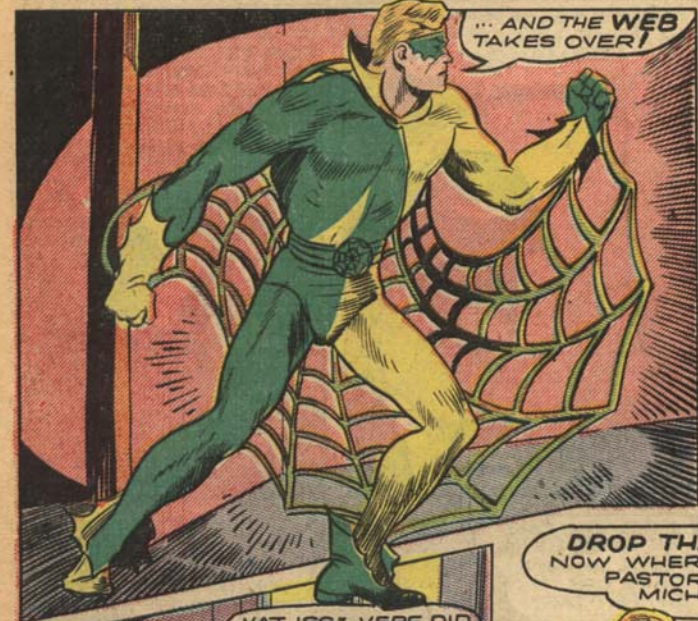
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE ANXIOUS TO
KNOW WHY WE SENT FOR YOU,
PROFESSOR
RAYMOND!

I ONLY
HOPE I
CAN BE
OF SOME
HELP,
SIR!

YOU CAN BE! SINCE
WE WITHDREW OUR
AMBASSADOR FROM
FRANCE, WE'RE GOING
TO NEED A MAN TO
OBSERVE CONDITIONS
OVER THERE? SOMEONE
WHO WON'T BE
SUSPECTED?

WITH YOUR TRAINING,
YOU CAN BE ESPECIALLY
VALUABLE IN ANALYZING
THE MOTIVES OF THE
CRIMINAL TRAITORS WHO
NOW RULE FRANCE!
WE'VE ARRANGED FOR
YOU TO TAKE A JOB
TEACHING IN
PASTOR MICHEL'S
SCHOOL!
YOU LEAVE
IMMEDIATELY!







HE ISS (GASP)
AT WÖRMER!

THAT'S ALL
I WANT TO
KNOW!

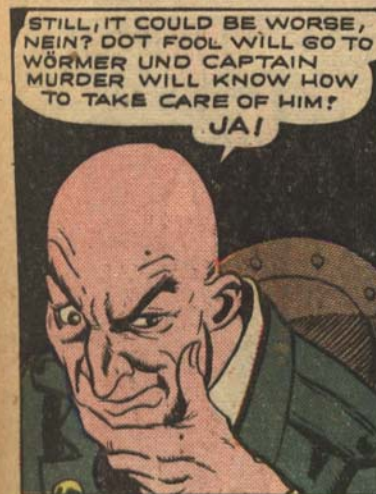


AS SOON AS THE WEB IS GONE,
THE COMMANDANT SEIZES A
PHONE..

ACHTUNG! TELL
DER GUARDS TO
SHOOT ANYONE
TRYING TO GET
OUT OF DER
BUILDING!



DUMKOPFS! YOU
LET HIM ESCAPE!
YOU WILL BE SHOT
FOR THIS!



STILL, IT COULD BE WORSE,
NEIN? DOT FOOL WILL GO TO
WÖRMER UND CAPTAIN
MURDER WILL KNOW HOW
TO TAKE CARE OF HIM?
JA!



AT THIS MOMENT, CAPTAIN
MURDER HEARS THE PLEA
OF A DYING MAN IN THE
TORTURE CHAMBER.

HAVE MERCY!
SEND THE PASTOR
TO ME! LET ME
DIE IN PEACE!



GUARD! GET DER PASTOR!
IT VILL DO HIM GOOD TO
SEE HOW WE TREAT OUR
PRISONERS!



YOU SENT
FOR ME?



JA! DIS WRETCH WANTED
YOU! LET'S SEE WHAT
YOUR RELIGION CAN
DO FOR HIM!



MY SON!
THEY HAVE
TORTURED
YOU!

PASTOR, I AM
A BRITISH
INTELLIGENCE
OFFICER.. THESE
FIENDS ARE GOING
TO USE POISON
GAS! YOU MUST
STOP THEM!







HALT? WHO GOES DERE?



YOU WOULDN'T REMEMBER THE NAME IF I TOLD YOU!

ACH!



SILENTLY, SWIFTLY, THE WEB WORKS, SILENCING THE GUNNERS, AND THEN A SEARCHLIGHT CUTS ACROSS THE DARK YARD.

DER PASTOR!



COME AWAY FROM THERE!



VY DON'T THEY SHOOT? IF ANYTHING HAS GONE WRONG... I'LL...



DER SEARCHLIGHT? VY ISN'T IT ON? ACH! I SHOULD NEFFER HAFF LEFT DOSE FOOLS TO HANDLE THIS ALONE!



FIRE WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT COMES ON! DON'T WAIT, OR DER PASTOR VILL ESCAPE!

DER SEARCHLIGHT WAS ON, HERR CAPTAIN! AND THEN IT WENT OUT!



AND I DON'T
THINK YOU'VE
GOT ANY ANSWER
FOR **THIS** ONE!



ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE WALL...



DEY'RE
GETTING
AWAY!



A DAZZLING BEAM OF LIGHT
SPRINGS OUT, TRANSFIXING
CAPTAIN MURDER IN ITS
GLARE.



DER
SEARCHLIGHT?
NO! NO!

PROMPTLY, THE MACHINE
GUNS START THEIR
DEADLY CHATTER.



AND SO THE WEB
OF CRIME EN-
MESHED ANOTHER
VICTIM.

IDIOTS! YOU'VE
KILLED DER
CAPTAIN!

BUT.. BUT
HE SAID TO
SHOOT WITH-
OUT WAITING.
VE ONLY OBEYED
ORDERS!



OUR SCENE CHANGES. SOME WEEKS
LATER IN ENGLAND..

I HOPE YOU WILL
BE ABLE TO MENTION
THE WEB IN YOUR
BROADCAST, MR.
CHURCHILL!

WE NEVER
MENTION
PERSONAL
HEROISM,
PASTOR!



HOWEVER, IN THIS CASE,
I THINK I CAN MAKE
AN EXCEPTION AFTER
ALL, THE INFORMATION
YOU BROUGHT US MAY
BE OF VITAL
IMPORTANCE!



AND SO IN HIS HOME, JOHN
RAYMOND HEARS A BROAD-
CAST THAT HAS A SPECIAL
MEANING FOR HIM..

LET HITLER BE NOT
DECEIVED! WE WILL
MEET POISON GAS
WITH POISON GAS!
THE FASCIST MONSTER
WILL BE CAUGHT IN
THE WEB OF HIS
OWN FOUL CRIMES!



STEEL STERLING



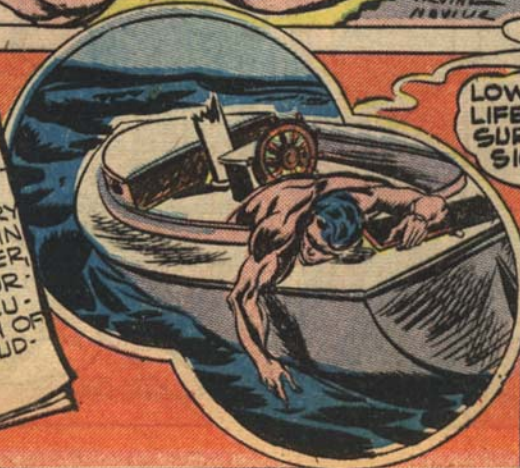
MY FRIENDS!
TODAY, WE AMERI-
CANS ARE
FIGHTING
FOR OUR
LIVES
AGAINST THE
HYENAS OF
CIVILIZATION.
AND GO IS
OUR ALLY...

...BRITAIN!
WE SHALL NOT FAIL; WE
SHALL NOT FALTER TILL
EVERY VESTIGE OF
THIS LOATHSOME
NAZIDOM IS SWEEPED
FROM THE
EARTH!



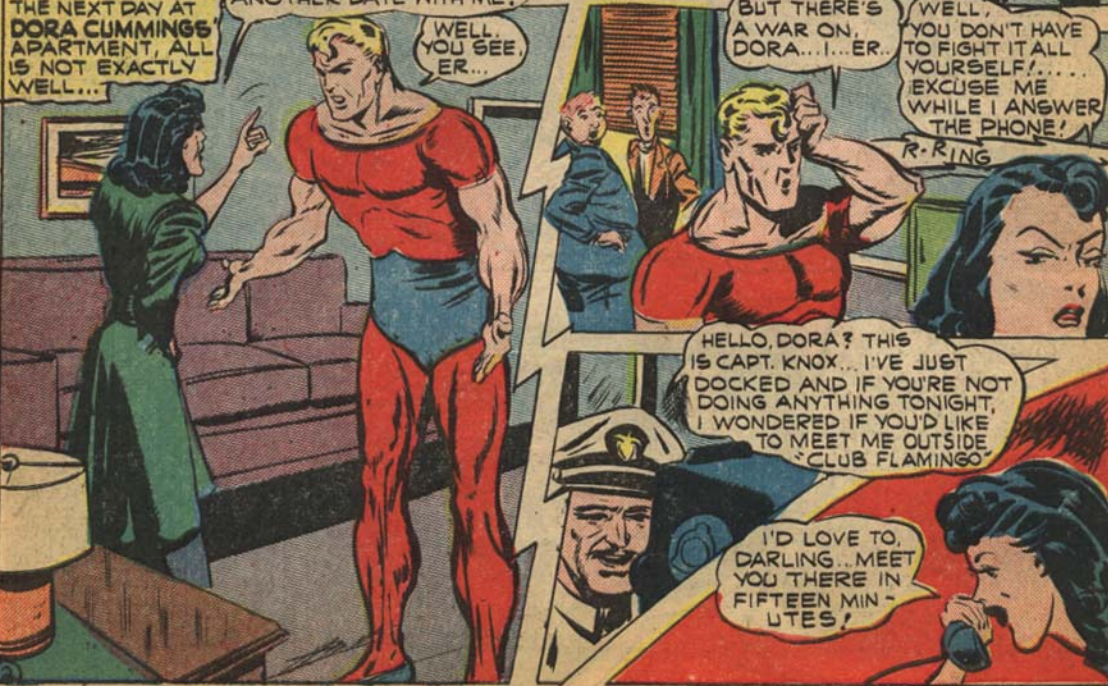
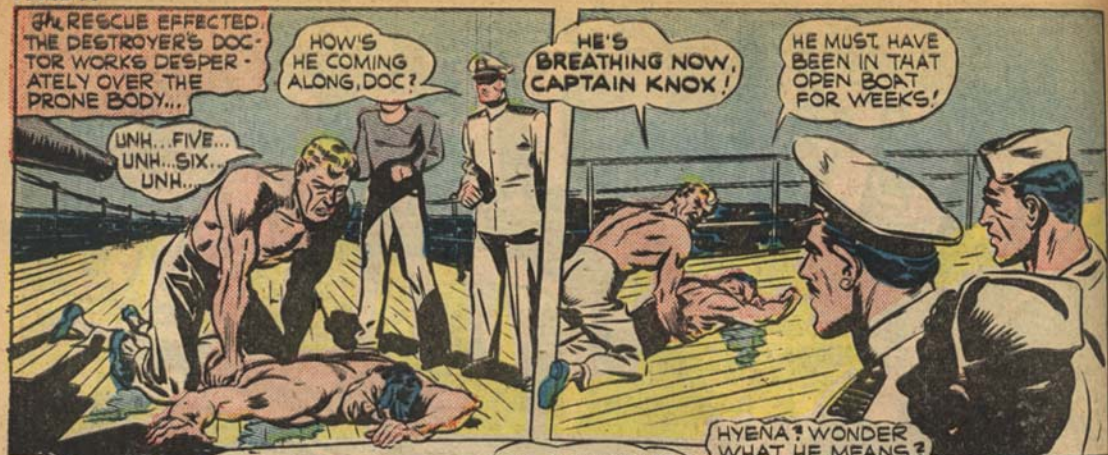
IRVING
REVUE

WHAT IS
LAUGHING DEATH
THIS TERRIFYING TALE
IS ABOUT AN INNOCENT
LOOKING PORTFOLIO
WHICH WEAVES A MESH
OF DEATH AS IT TRAV-
ELS FROM HAND TO
HAND... AS THIS STORY
BEGINS, THE CAPTAIN
OF A U.S. DESTROYER,
SWEEPING THE HOR-
IZON WITH BINOCU-
LARS IN SEARCH OF
ENEMY CRAFT, SUD-
DENLY SEES...



LOWER A
LIFEBOAT!
SURVIVOR
SIGHTED







GOODBYE, MR. STERLING!
I HAVE A DATE WITH A
GENTLEMAN AT THE
"CLUB FLAMINGO"!

G-GOSH,
STEEL! SHE'S
GOING!

GEE, DORA,
YOU OUGHTN'TA
BE MAD LIKE
THAT!

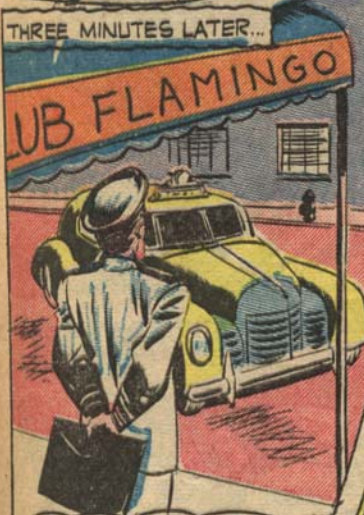
STEEL'S A
SWELL GUY.
HE CAN'T HELP
IT IF THE GOV-
ERNMENT
NEEDS HIM!

"CLUB
FLAMINGO,"
DRIVER!



KNOXY, DARLING!
HOW WONDERFUL TO
SEE YOU AGAIN!

H-HEY, SHE
WASN'T KIDDIN'!



THREE MINUTES LATER...



GREAT MARLINSPIKES!
I DIDN'T KNOW DORA CARED
FOR ME THAT MUCH!

ER...INTRODUCE ME TO
YOUR FRIENDS, DORA!

THIS IS
OFFICER CLANCY
AND ALEC BEN
LUNAR...BOYS,
THIS IS CAPT.
KNOX!

WHEN
DO WE EAT,
CAP?

WHY
CERTAINLY,
DARLING!



EAT? I WONDER IF YOU'D
DO ME A FAVOR, OFFICER
CLANCY...AND DELIVER
THIS TO THE STATE
DEPARTMENT!

OFFICIAL
BUSINESS? YOU
CAN COUNT ON
ME, CAP!

BUT LET US TURN TO THE
DOCKED DESTROYER...
WHERE THE FIRST MATE
SITS WRITING HIS RE-
PORT...

ON THE DAY
BEFORE ARRIVAL -
WE SIGHTED AND...

...PICKED UP
ONE SURVIVOR...
WHA...



"GO ON, TELL ME MORE ABOUT DIS 'SURVIVOR'!
DER HYENA IS VERY INTERESTED IN DOT!
UND ALSO IN DOT BLACK PORTFOLIO...
WHERE ISS IT?"

THAT GRIN... THAT SMILE OF YOURS!
STOP IT! TH- THE CAPTAIN HAS
THE PORTFOLIO, NOT ME!
STOP STARING AT ME!



NO! GET AWAY FROM ME!
TAKE THAT MOCKING FACE
AWAY! GET IT AWAY FROM
ME!



I... I'M
CHOKING...
I... ARRGH!

AS THE HYENA LEAVES, A
HORRIBLE GRIN MARKS DEATH
ACROSS THE MATE'S
FACE...



MEANTIME:

LOOKIT THAT
BAG, LOONEY!
LET'S BUY IT
FOR DORA!

YEAH!
AND PRETEND
STEEL SENT
IT!

THAT'S THE
ONE... WE
WANT A
COUPLE OF
FRIENDS TO
KISS AND
MAKE UP!

WRAP IT UP AND SEND IT
TO MISS DORA CUMMINGS,
150 E. 35th ST.

I'LL DELIVER IT
MYSELF, TONIGHT!
GOOD-BAY
GENTLEMEN!

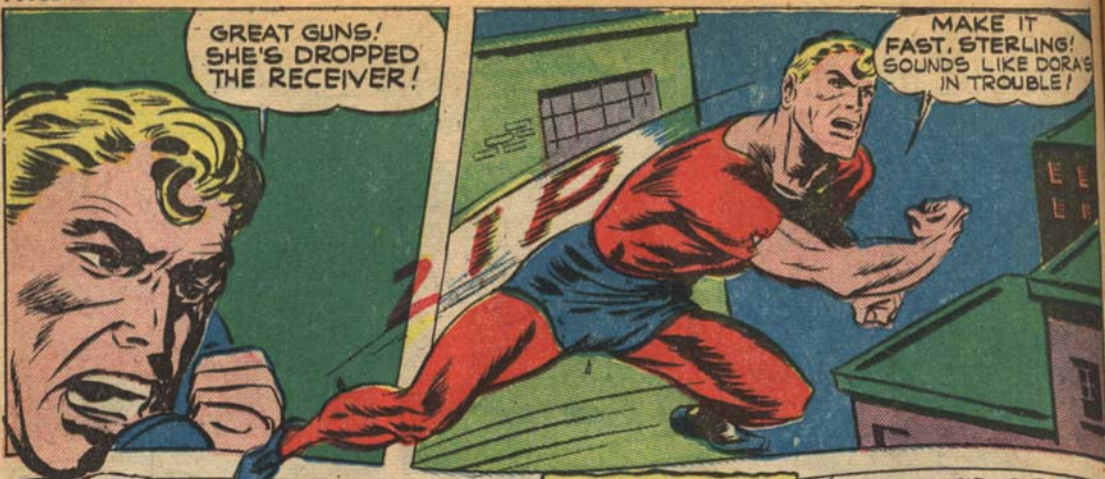
THANKS!
THAT OUGHT
TO DO THE
TRICK!





GREAT GUNS!
SHE'S DROPPED
THE RECEIVER!

MAKE IT
FAST, STERLING!
SOUNDS LIKE DORA'S
IN TROUBLE!

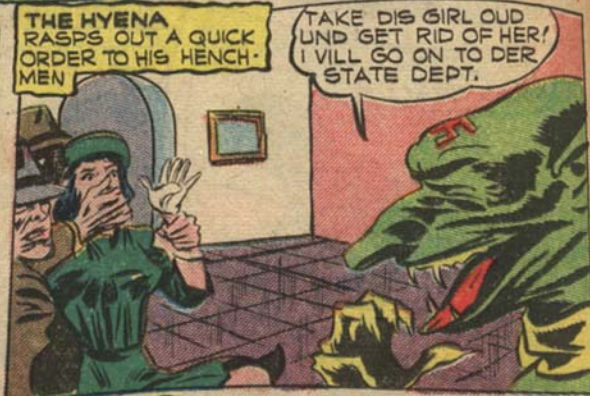


SO YOU HAD
DER PORTFOLIO
TAKEN TO DER
STATE DEPT. -
MEDDLING
FOOL! DOTS
VOT I WANTED
TO KNOW!



THE HYENA
RASPS OUT A QUICK
ORDER TO HIS HENCH-
MEN

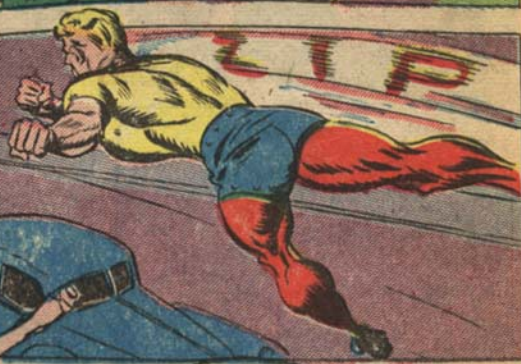
TAKE DIS GIRL OUD
UND GET RID OF HER!
I VILL GO ON TO DER
STATE DEPT.



GET IN DERE, YOU! YOU'RE
LUCKY DER HYENA ISN'T
TAKING CARE OF YOU
HIMSELF!



STEEL!
H-HELP!



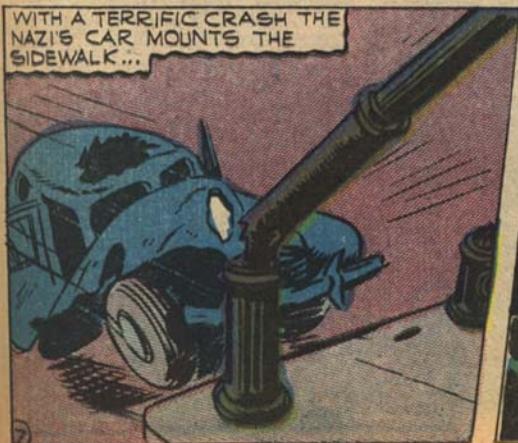
SO YOU
WERE
HAVING
A GOOD
TIME
DANCING
EH, DORA?

IT'S STEEL
STERLING! STEP
ON DER GAS
OTTO!





WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE NAZI'S CAR MOUNTS THE SIDEWALK...







WHILE STEEL WHIPS ABOUT TO FIND THE PORTFOLIO...

HEY, STEEL - THAT HYENA GOT AWAY. HE'S BEATING IT UP TO THE ROOF!

FOOLS! DER HYENA! VILL HAVE DER LAST LAUGH YET!

YOU MAKE EXCELLENT TARGETS DOWN THERE! HA, HA, HA!

BUT A MONSTROSITY LIKE YOU DESERVES DEATH!

I'VE NEVER WANTONLY KILLED A MAN!

LATER, AT THE STATE DEPARTMENT...

NOW LET'S OPEN THIS PORTFOLIO!

HOLY SOCKS! IT'S EMPTY!





I DON'T GET IT! WHY WOULD THAT HYENA BE CHASING AFTER AN EMPTY PORTFOLIO...? IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

SHUCKS! MEBBE IT WAS EMPTY ALL THE TIME, STEEL!

NOT LIKELY THAT PEOPLE WOULD BE MURDERED FOR AN EMPTY PORTFOLIO!



LATER...

OH!...

...NUTS!

I STILL CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT!

JUST A SECOND.. SOMEONE IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

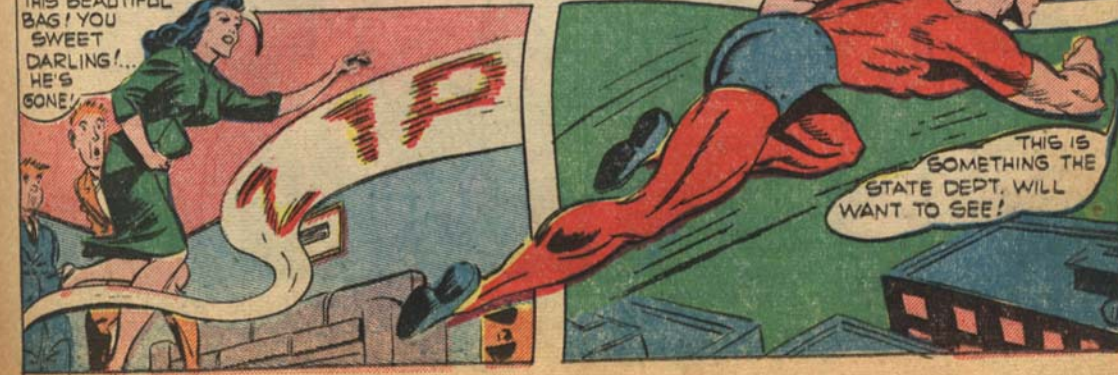
A PACKAGE FOR MISS CUMMINGS' AND THE TWO GENTLEMEN WHO CAME INTO MY SHOP.. LEFT...



...THIS PORTFOLIO!

HAND IT HERE, CHUM! THIS IS VALUABLE!

A QUICK GLANCE AT THE CONTENTS AND... SUFFERING SNAKE-EYES!!

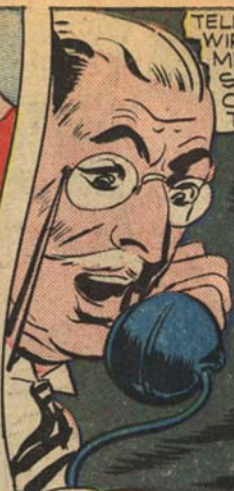


THIS BEAUTIFUL BAG! YOU SWEET DARLING!... HE'S GONE!

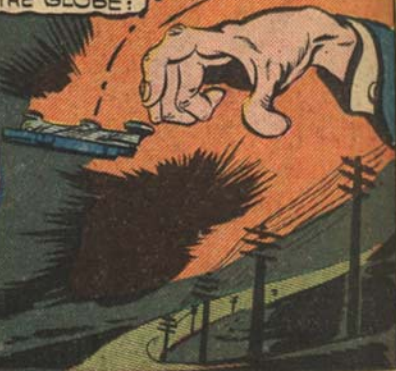
THIS IS SOMETHING THE STATE DEPT. WILL WANT TO SEE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YE GODS!
THIS CALLS
FOR ACTION!



TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH
WIRES HUM AND SECRET
MESSAGES ARE
SENT TO ALL
CORNERS OF
THE GLOBE!



...AND THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WUXTRY
PAPER,
MISTER?

SLIP
IT TO ME,
KID!

HERE'S THE SOLUTION
TO OUR ADVENTURE
WITH THE HYENA.

CLANCY!
RIGHT IN
HEADLINES!

WHAT
DOES
IT MEAN,
STEEL?



EXTRA
GLOBE
MADAGASCAR TAKEN
BY BRITISH!!!
SECRET NAZI PLANS TO INVADE
ISLAND UNCOVERED BY STATE DEPT.
BRITISH ACT TO PREVENT
INVASION!

THAT PORTFOLIO CON-
TAINED DOCUMENTARY
PROOF OF A PLANNED
NAZI INVASION OF MAD
AGASCAR. THE MO-
MENT WE INFORMED
THE BRITISH THEY
SWUNG INTO
ACTION-THAT'S
WHAT THREE
PEOPLE
GAVE
THEIR
LIVES FOR!

HOW ABOUT
THAT DATE
OF OURS NOW,
STEEL?

SURE, I'VE A
NEW CASE TO WORK
ON... COME ALONG,
DORA!

OOP!

ZOOPI!



YOU ASKED FOR IT, GANG! AND IN THE NEXT ISSUE YOU'LL GET IT....
THE MOST DARING, DEVIL-MAY-CARE ADVENTURE OF STEEL
STERLING'S VOLCANIC CAREER...
TAKE A TIP! BUY ZIP! IT'S A PIP!

J
♠

BLACK JACK



BY SOME STRANGE DESTINY LINKED JACK HAS ALWAYS BEEN FORGET HIS TITANIC STRUGGLES WITH THE KING OF DIAMONDS, THE BLACK SEVEN, POKER FACE? ... BUT NEVER IN HIS PERIL-CROWDED CAREER HAS BLACK JACK BEEN SO TERRIBLE AS HE MEETS IN "THE HOUSE OF CARDS"!!

By
"RED"
HOLMDALE

OUR STORY OPENS AT A FACTORY OF ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S LEADING PLAYING CARD COMPANIES.....



JOHN SMITH IS ONLY AN AVERAGE WORKER, BUT HE IS AN AMERICAN AND HE RESENTS PETTY TYRANNIES

I DON'T GET IT—WHAT'S THE IDEA OF ALL THESE NO SMOKING SIGNS?



AND THAT'S NOT ALL! THIS PLACE IS GETTING SO FULL OF RULES A MAN CAN'T EVEN TAKE A DEEP BREATH!

IT ALL STARTED SINCE THIS NEW MANAGEMENT TOOK OVER!



AND THESE NEW FOREMEN GIVE ME A PAIN..... OOPS, I DROPPED A CARD!



STRIKING A MATCH, THE MAN BENDS TO LOOK...

THERE IT IS!



WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

LEGGO OF ME!



FOOL! THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO STRIKE A MATCH!

SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS AINT GERMANY!

I'M FOREMAN HERE! SHUT UP OR YOU'LL GET MORE OF THE SAME!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH—I'M GOING TO SEE THE BOSS AND GET SOMETHING DONE! WE'VE GOT RIGHTS.... NOBODY CAN PUSH US AROUND!



MR BEGGS! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING!



AND JUST BECAUSE A FELLOW STRIKES A MATCH TO LOOK FOR A COUPLE OF PLAYING CARDS IS NO REASON FOR HIM TO GET SLUGGED!



GET BACK TO WORK, SMITH! YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH!

UNWITTINGLY SMITH PLACES THE CARD ON THE DESK DIRECTLY IN THE STRONG RAYS OF THE SUN!



DON'T TRY TO GIVE ME ORDERS! I'VE EXHAUSTED MY PATIENCE! GET OUT! YOU'RE FIRED!

WHAAAA... BUT I....



UNNOTICED, THE PLAYING CARDS ON DESK BEGIN TO SMOLDER AND THEN.....



HOLY SMOKE FIRE!

SAY, I GET IT NOW! WHY, YOU DOUBLE CROSSING NAZI, I'LL FIX YOUR LITTLE GAME!



HELP!

VAS IST?... I MEAN, DID YOU CALL, MR BEGGS?

A NAZI! THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH THEM!



RECKLESSLY JOHN SMITH FLINGS HIMSELF AT THE TWO MEN! THERE IS A SHORT, SAVAGE STRUGGLE BEFORE HE IS OVERCOME..

VUN YELL UND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!



DON'T KILL HIM! I DON'T WANT ANY BLOOD ON MY HANDS!

WE HANDLE THIS FROM NOW ON. YOU BLUNDERED ONCE TOO OFTEN! DON'T FORGET—YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEPLY AS WE ARE!

I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO INTERFERE!! WON'T AGAIN!

SO YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME—YOU SNIVELING NAZI SWINE! YOU'RE AFRAID TO FIGHT LIKE MEN—IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE THOSE GUNS—I'D...



MAYBE I WILL ANYWAY! I MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT FIGHTING!

VAT?

HIMMEL!



GET HIM! GET HIM!

IF I CAN MAKE THIS DOOR...



NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO ME, THIS WILL GET OUT—AND THOSE NAZIS WILL GET WHAT'S COMING TO 'EM!

THERE, THAT'LL HOLD THEM! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!



TRAPPED! THEY'LL BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR IN A MINUTE!... THESE CARDS! SAY, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



SECONDS LATER THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN ON ITS HINGES...

GO AHEAD AND KILL ME! I'VE FIXED YOUR LITTLE SCHEME FOR GOOD!



WAIT! DON'T KILL HIM! NOT UNTIL WE'VE FOUND OUT WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT!



TALK, YOU STUPID YANKEE! YOU HAVE TOLD SOMEONE ELSE! WE WANT HIS NAME!

TRY AND FIND OUT, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED HUNS!



AND SO THEY DO TRY TO FIND OUT, AS NAZIS HAVE ALWAYS TRIED, WITH INHUMAN BRUTALITY!!

NO NAZI CAN MAKE ME DO ANYTHING!

HOW CAN HE STAND SUCH A BEATING - VY DOESN'T HE TALK?

YOU'VE KILLED HIM!

STOP WHINING! HE'S ONLY FAINTED! AS SOON AS HE COMES AROUND WE'LL GO TO WORK ON HIM AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER

SORRY, CHIEF! NOT INTERESTED. I'VE GOT A DATE TONIGHT!

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, JACK!

THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON UP AT THAT CARD FACTORY! THE F.B.I. HAS ASKED US TO KEEP A CLOSE WATCH ON THE PLACE! I CAN'T ASSIGN A REGULAR MAN TO THE JOB...

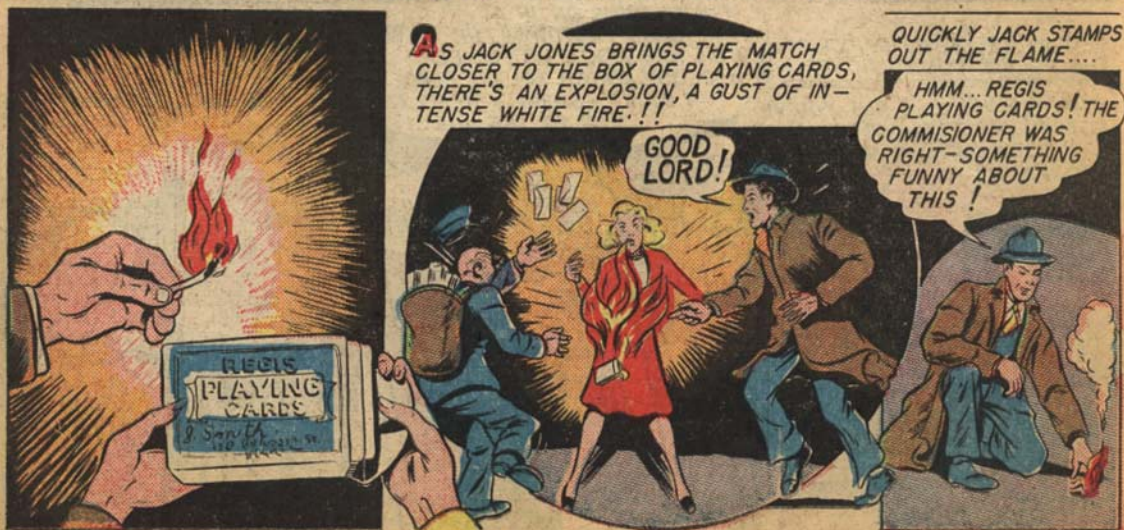
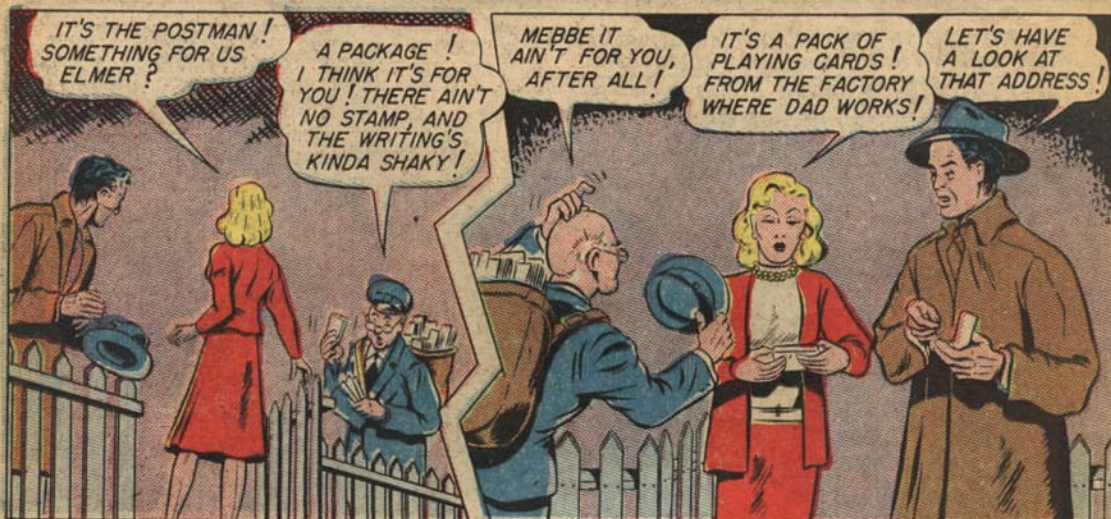
BY A SINGULAR TWIST OF FATE, JACK JONES CALLS AT THE HOME OF JOHN SMITH...

HELLO, MARY! CAN I COME IN?

OH, JACK! I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!

I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, BUT THIS DATE IS IMPORTANT!







.....SO IT CAUGHT FIRE!
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT US
TO DO... ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!

GLANCY! TAKE A RUN DOWN TO
THE REGIS PLAYING CARD COMPANY
SOME NITWIT THINKS THERE'S A
SPY RING DOWN THERE!

OKAY
SARGE!

BARELY ABLE TO CONCEAL HIS IM-
PATIENCE, JACK JONES WAITS FOR THE
POLICE TO CALL BACK.....



I SEE....!
WELL, THANKS,
VERY MUCH!



THE POLICE SAY
THAT THERE'S NOTHING
WRONG DOWN AT THE
PLANT!



AND INSIDE...

THE COPS ARE GONE!
THEY DON'T SUSPECT
NOTHING!GOOD WORK,
WATCHMAN!UNSEEN, BLACK JACK
APPROACHES STEALTHILYOOPS! SORRY
TO TRIP
YOU UP LIKE
THIS!BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYONE
TO KNOW I'M
HERE!I'M SURE YOU'LL
UNDERSTAND!LEAVING THE WATCHMAN BOUND
AND GAGGED, BLACK JACK GOES
STRAIGHT TO THE DOOR OF THE
ROOM THE WATCHMAN LEFT...IT'S ALWAYS
POLITE TO KNOCK
BEFORE ENTERING!SOMEONE'S AT
THE DOOR...WHAT'S
THAT?A CARD—
THE JACK OF SPADES
WHAT CAN IT
MEAN?IT MEANS
BLACK JACK IS
TAKING A HAND
IN THIS LITTLE
GAME!

THE OTHER MAN LUNGES AT
BLACK JACK

BALL ONE—
HIGH AND
WIDE!



BLACK JACK SURGES BACK WITH
A RIGHT, A LEFT, AND.....

STRIKE THREE!
YOU'RE OUT!



DON'T HIT ME
I—I TOLD THEM
NOT TO DO IT.
I DIDN'T WANT
TO GET MIXED UP
IN ANYTHING
WRONG!

YOU'LL
TELL THAT
STORY TO
THE POLICE!



THE TREACHEROUS
BEGGS WAITS ONLY
UNTIL BLACK
JACK IS OFF
GUARD



LOOK
OUT!

OHHHH!



I DON'T THINK
IT'LL BE NECESSARY
FOR ME TO GO TO
THE POLICE, EH
WILHELM?



MEANWHILE, MARY SMITH
HAS BECOME ANXIOUS ABOUT
HER FATHER

HE MUST BE
SOMEWHERE
IN THE
PLANT!



THIS SPACE IS JUST
WIDE ENOUGH FOR
ME TO SQUEEZE
THROUGH!



INSIDE THE PLANT

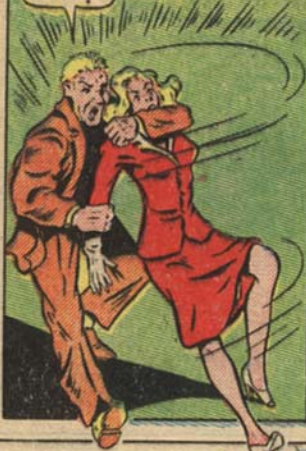
SOMEONE'S COMING
UP IN THE ELEVATOR



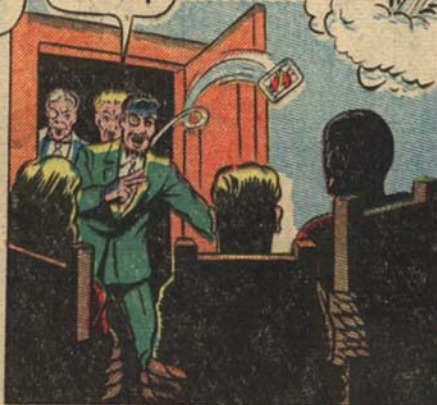


WE'LL INCREASE THE STEAM PRESSURE IN DER PIPES! WHEN THE PIPES CRACK, DER LIVE STEAM WILL SCALD THEM TO DEATH— AND IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

LITTLE SNOOPER, YOU'VE WALKED INTO MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU WERE LOOKING FOR!



GOODBYE, BLACK JACK! HERE IS YOUR CARD! BUT I DON'T THINK YOU'LL HAVE ANY MORE USE FOR IT!



ANOTHER ONE? THEY'RE ON TO US! FIRST THE POLICE AND NOW THEM!

I HAF A PLAN TO DISPOSE OF THEM ALL. DON'T WORRY!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE FINISH ... SAY WAIT A MINUTE!



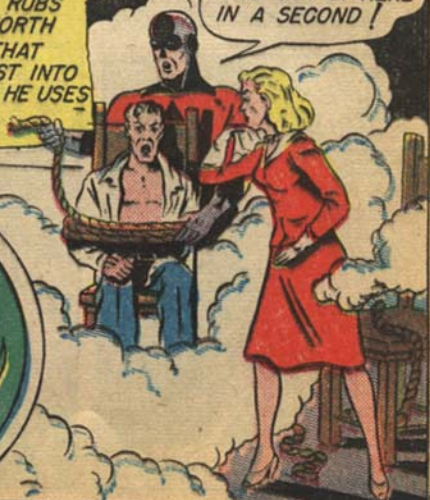
THAT ISN'T MY CARD! HE THREW ONE OF THEIR CARDS BY MISTAKE!



SWIFTLY, BLACK JACK RUBS HIS FEET BACK AND FORTH CREATING A FRICTION THAT MAKES THE CARD BURST INTO FLAME ... FLAME THAT HE USES TO BURN THROUGH HIS BONDS ... !!



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A SECOND!



THEY ESCAPE FROM A ROOM THAT HAS BECOME AN INFERNO OF WHITE-HOT STEAM!

NOW I'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

LEAPING TO THE FACTORY WALL, BLACK JACK SEES THE MEN SPEEDING AWAY FROM THE SCENE!!

HERE'S WHERE THEY GET AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER!



CAN I SEE THE DRIVER'S LICENSE?



MY MISTAKE! ONE OF THESE RECKLESS SUNDAY DRIVERS!



A POLICE CAR HUSTLES TOWARD THE ACCIDENT....



SO YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER, BEGGS SOLD OUT TO THE NAZIS. UNDER THE GUISE OF A PLAYING CARD FACTORY, THEY BEGAN MAKING DEADLY INCENDIARY CARDS AND SHIPPING THEM OUT OF THE COUNTRY. ENROUTE, THEY WOULD BURST INTO FLAME... AND ANOTHER ALLIED SHIP WOULD GO TO THE BOTTOM!



I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY THE COUNTRY COULD SHOW ITS APPRECIATION, BLACK JACK!

IT'S JOHN SMITH WHO REALLY DESERVES THANKS!



WE MAY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER VALLEY FORGE, BUT AS LONG AS WE HAVE AMERICANS LIKE JOHN SMITH, WE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR OUR COUNTRY'S FUTURE!



WORLD WONDERS



SOME LIZARDS CAN BE FROZEN STIFF AND THEN BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THAWING THEM OUT AGAIN IN THE SUN....



THE POCKET GOPHER CAN RUN BACKWARD AS WELL AS FORWARD... HE TELLS WHEN HE IS ABOUT TO BUMP SOMETHING, WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE TAIL!



The **LOST COLONY**

HIDDEN HIGH IN THE ADEAN HIGHLANDS OF VENEZUELA 4 GENERATIONS OF GERMAN COLONISTS HAVE LIVED UNTOUCHED BY THE OUTSIDE WORLD... THEIR TYPICAL BAVARIAN VILLAGE WAS FOUNDED BY COUNT TOVAR IN 1841.....



THE WANDERING ALBATROSS WITH A WINGSPREAD OF OVER 11 FEET IS THE LARGEST BIRD THAT FLIES... IT LIVES ON THE BLEAK ANTARCTIC ISLANDS AND SPENDS MOST OF ITS LIFE ON LONG OCEAN FLIGHTS.

WATCH FOR THIS COVER ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!
HANGMAN
 NO. 3

ALSO
 FEATURING **ROY**
 and **DUSTY**
 THOSE SENSATIONAL
BOY BUDDIES

DON'T
 DELAY!
 RESERVE YOUR
 COPY OF
HANGMAN
 # 3
NOW!



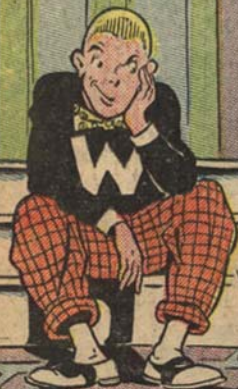
WILBUR

by
MONTANA

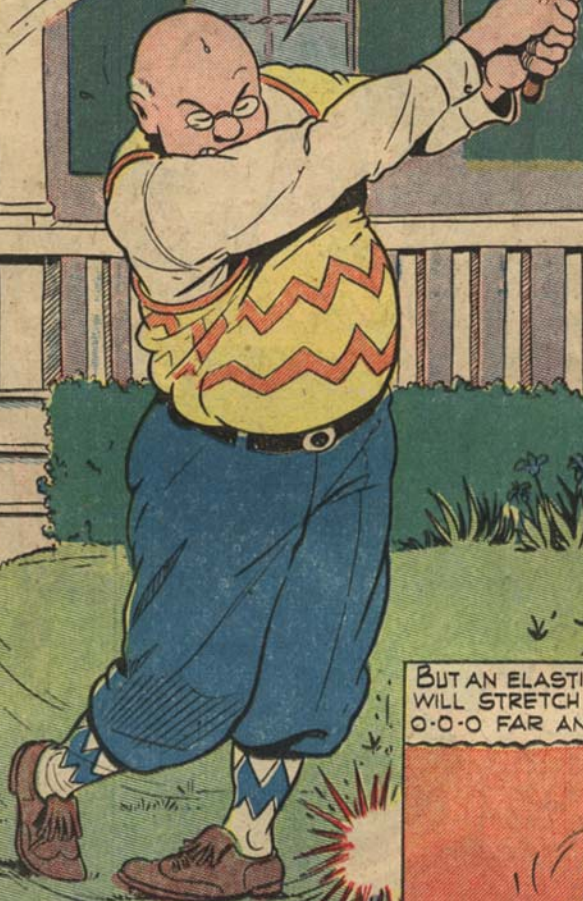
SUNDAY MORNING, THE DAY OF QUIET AND REST. BUT THERE'S NO REST FOR MR. WILKIN, AND THE ONLY REASON THERE'S ANY QUIET IS BECAUSE NO SANE CITIZEN IS WITHIN TEN BLOCKS OF THE WILKIN HOME AND THAT HARD LITTLE BALL ON THE ELASTIC...

THE OCCASION IS THE WESTFIELD COUNTRY CLUB TOURNA-MENT... AND WILBUR'S DAD IS....

UGH!
BOY - OH
BOY! WILBUR!
LOOK AT THAT FORM!
LOOK AT THAT FORM!



NICE ONE
DAD! BOY!
LOOKIT THAT
BALL GO!



BUT AN ELASTIC BAND
WILL STRETCH JUST 50-
0-0-0 FAR AND THEN....

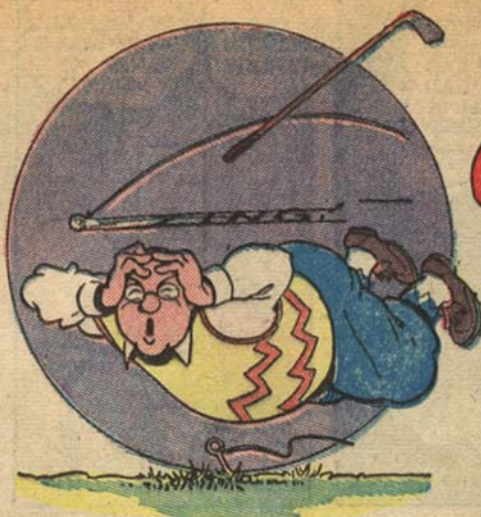


GOLF
MADE EASY!

BE A PRO!
IN 10 EASY
LESSONS

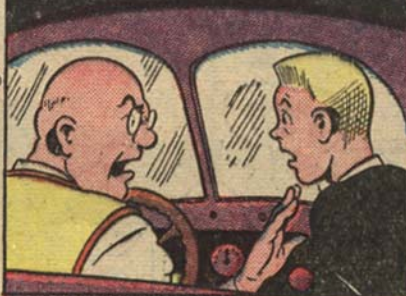
GOLF

LOOKOUT!
IT'S COMING BACK!
DUCK!



WAIT A MINUTE, WILBUR! YOU'RE NOT GOING ALONG TO THROW ME OFF MY GAME!

WHAT GAME? ...AW GEE, DAD. I WAS GONNA CADDY FOR YOU!



BUT, DAD, THINK OF THE MONEY I'LL SAVE YOU... IT COSTS A DOLLAR AND A HALF FOR A CADDY!

HMM... THAT'S RIGHT... WELL, ALL RIGHT! GET IN! BUT I THINK I'D BE SMARTER TO PAY THE \$ 1.50





MR. WILKINS BALL RICOCHETS FROM THE TREE TO THE CLUB CHAMP'S HEAD...



...AND FROM THE CHAMP'S HEAD ONTO THE GREEN.



F'GOODNESS SAKES, THAT'S DAD'S BALL... AND RIGHT UP TO THE CUP!



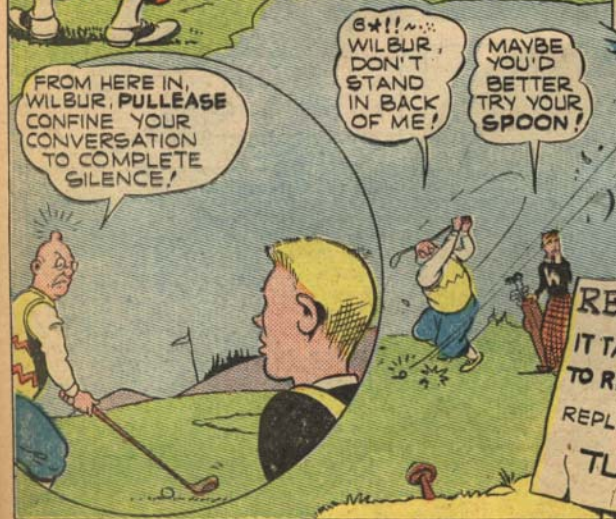
HEY! THAT'S MY DAD'S! MY DAD MADE THAT SHOT!



OH! HE DID, EH? THANKS FOR TELLING ME!



FROM HERE IN, WILBUR, PULLEASE CONFINE YOUR CONVERSATION TO COMPLETE SILENCE!



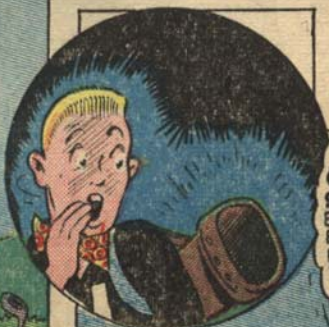
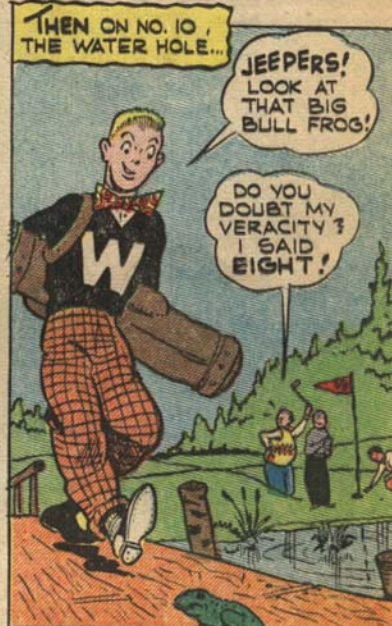
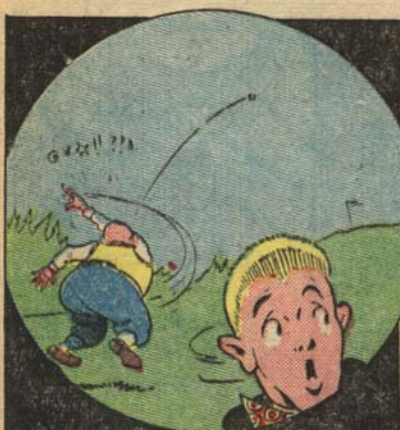
EX!!... WILBUR, DON'T STAND IN BACK OF ME!

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TRY YOUR SPOON!

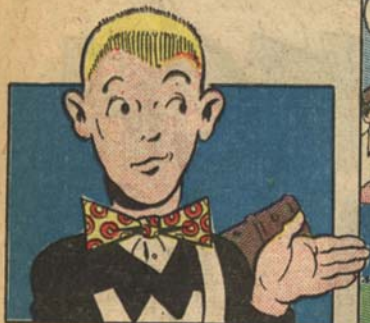
REMEMBER IT TAKES 5 YRS TO REGROW SOD REPLACE THE TURF!

OOF! NOPE! GIMME MY BRASSIE!





WELL,
GEE WHIZ,
DAD! YOU STILL
HAVE YOUR
PUTTER!



THIS
IS GONNA
BE GOOD!

WHO
EVER HEARD
OF TEEING OFF
WITH A PUTTER?
(SPUTTER, SPUTTER)



BOY!
WHAT A
BEAUTY!

DEAD
FOR THE
PIN!

PERFECT
DRIVE, MR.
WILKIN!
PERFECT!



later

I NEVER SAW ANYTHING
LIKE IT. HE'S BEEN USING
A PUTTER ALL THE WAY FROM
THE TENTH HOLE... AND HE'S
GOT PAR THREE TIMES, TWO
BIRDIES AND ONE EAGLE...
HE'S LOW MAN ALREADY!



HOT DOG!
I'LL NEVER
USE ANOTHER
CLUB IN MY
LIFE!

HURRAY!
WILKIN
WINS!



AND AS THE MATCH
WINDS UP ON THE 18TH

S'MY
POP!

YES SIRE!
IT'S ME AND MY
LITTLE PUTTER!
ONE-CLUB WILKIN!
THAT'S ME!



GOLLY,
DAD - JUST
USING ONE
CLUB YOU
WON'T EVEN
NEED A
CADDIE!

I WONDER
WHAT KIND
OF A CUP
THEY'LL GIVE
ME!

AND
AS THE NEW
CLUB CHAMP
I PRESENT YOU
WITH THIS NEW
SET OF MATCHED
CLUBS!

OOOHH!
CLUBS!



A CRISIS IS AT HAND FOR
THE TEACHERS OF WEST-
FIELD IN THE NEXT ISSUE
OF **ZIP** COMICS...
VACATION'S OVER AND
WILBUR RETURNS
TO SCHOOL...

The BLACK WITCH...

SPEAK OF A HOT, DANK MOIST EARTH CHOKING BENEATH THE ENTWINING ARMS OF GIANT GREEN CREEPERS AND TWISTED TREES... AND YOU SPEAK OF THE JUNGLE! THE WILD SECRETS OF THE FANTASTIC TROPICS ARE NOT FOR THE PROBING OF WHITE MEN'S EYES! YET ONE MAN DARED INVADE ITS DEADLY SILENCES! LISTEN TO THE CACKLING WORDS OF **SAL BLACK WITCH** AS SHE TELLS THE AWESOME TALE OF THE MAN WHO DARED TO TAME THE KING GORILLA!

HEH, HEH, HEH, A HUMAN SKULL, MY FAVORITE TRINKET... REMINDS ME OF MY FAVORITE STORY... DRAW UP A CHAIR, MY DEARS! NOT LONG AGO...

...TWO HUNTERS, JACK PRICE, AND OTTO FREMING, WERE PASSING A NEW YORK THEATRE....

SO THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO THE ANIMALS WE CAPTURE! HMM

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT, OTTO! A MONKEY WHO SMOKES CIGARS!



"I BET THAT MONKEY EARN'S THOUSANDS FOR ITS OWNER!... THAT'S THE WAY TO BECOME RICH, JACK!"

"IT'S HORRIBLE! ANIMALS ARE MEANT FOR THEIR OWN KIND OF LIFE. NOT TO BE TAUGHT TO DO TRICKS!"

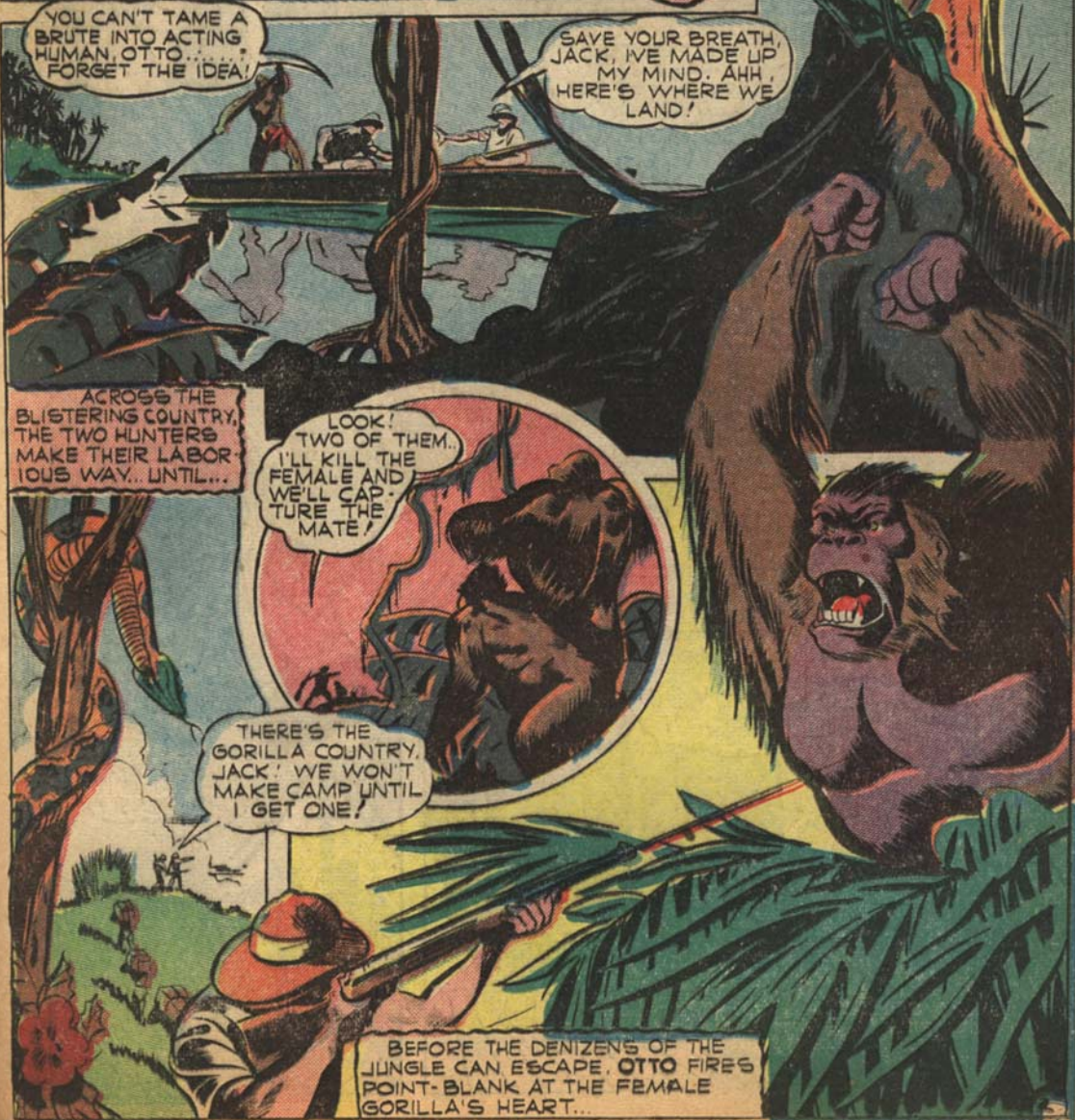
"YOU'RE A FOOL, JACK! YOU'LL LIVE POOR AND DIE POOR. ON OUR NEXT TRIP INTO THE JUNGLE I'M GOING TO CAPTURE A GORILLA AND TRAIN IT! THAT BEAST WILL MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY FOR ME!"

WEEKS LATER AS THE HUNTERS PADDLE DOWN THE WINDING RIVER, JACK IS STILL TRYING TO PERSUADE OTTO TO ABANDON HIS PROJECT



"YOU CAN'T TAME A BRUTE INTO ACTING HUMAN, OTTO... FORGET THE IDEA!"

"SAVE YOUR BREATH, JACK, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND. AHH, HERE'S WHERE WE LAND!"



ACROSS THE BLISTERING COUNTRY, THE TWO HUNTERS MAKE THEIR LABORIOUS WAY... UNTIL...

"LOOK! TWO OF THEM... I'LL KILL THE FEMALE AND WE'LL CAPTURE THE MATE!"

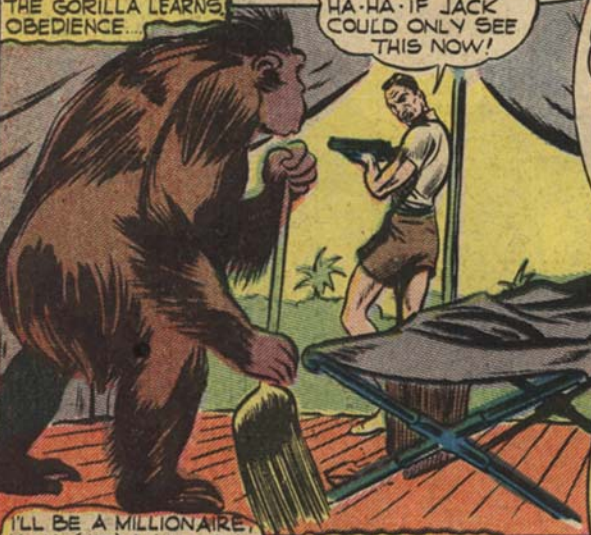
"THERE'S THE GORILLA COUNTRY, JACK! WE WON'T MAKE CAMP UNTIL I GET ONE!"

BEFORE THE DENIZENS OF THE JUNGLE CAN ESCAPE, OTTO FIRES POINT-BLANK AT THE FEMALE GORILLA'S HEART...



I GOT THIS ONE! TIE UP HER MATE!

WEEKS PASS... AND THE GORILLA LEARNS OBEDIENCE...



SO A GORILLA CAN'T BE TAMED! HA-HA. IF JACK COULD ONLY SEE THIS NOW!

I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE, HA, HA, (HIC) A MILLIONAIRE - THA'SH WHAT! HIC - HIC -

AND THEN ONE DAY THE GORILLA BECOMES SULKY.

DON'T JUST STAND THERE! BRING ME THAT CASE OF WHISKEY!



DAYS LATER AT OTTO'S CAMP...

A TOAST TO YOU, MY DEAR GORILLA! TOGETHER WE WILL REAP A FORTUNE! HA-HA-HA.

HERE'S THE END OF ANOTHER BOTTLE!



THAT'S BETTER - NOW BRING IT HERE!



BUT SUDDENLY THE GORILLA HEAVES THE ENTIRE CASE AT HIS MASTER'S HEAD...

...WHY YOU!!

FURIOUS AT THE BEASTS REBELLION, OTTO, HIS EYES CRUELLY GLEAMING, REACHES FOR A LASSO...

I'LL TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

I'LL TIE YOU TO THIS TREE... YOU'LL LEARN WHAT OBEDIENCE IS!

THE LASSO SNAKES OUT, CATCHING THE GORILLA ABOUT THE THROAT!

THE ONE THING THESE APES FEAR ABOVE ALL ARE... CROCODILES!

NOW I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS FILTHY BEAST WHERE THEY CAN GET AT HIM!

AAAAARGGH!

RRRRRAGGHHHH!

SCREAM, BLAST YOU, SCREAM YOUR LUNGS OUT!

THE TERROR-STRICKEN GORILLA, GLASSY-EYED WITH FEAR, WATCHES ITS DREAD FOE CREEP CLOSER...

LISTEN TO MY GORILLA SCREAM! HA, HA, HA, QUITE A GAME! KILL THEM JUST BEFORE THEY GET AT MY REBELLIOUS BEAST!



OWOOOOOOOOOO



... FINALLY, REDUCED TO A MASS OF WHIMPERING FLESH, THE CRAZED GORILLA WATCHES THE LAST CROCODILE KILLED...



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

WELL, WELL, (HIC) IF IT AIN'T MY OLE PAL, (HIC) JACK PRICE!

SHOULDA DROPPED IN YESHTERDAY (HIC) HAD LOTSA (HIC) FUN WITH MY GORILLA, HA, HA, HA.



OTTO, YOU FOOL, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

I'SH QUITE A SHOTRY, (HIC) I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.. SCHMART GORILLA I HAVE... LEARNS VERY QUICK, HA, HA!

WEEKS AFTER HE HAS HEARD THE STORY, PRICE RETURNS FOR ANOTHER VISIT WITH, OTTO FREMING



HELLO! HELLO! OTTO! OTTO! I'M BACK!





MANUSCRIPTS OF MURDER

A WEB STORY

JUNIUS BLAIR, the noted book collector, lit a cigarette and smiled pleasantly at the paunchy figure of Martin Ross. He had never really liked Ross, but Ross was the biggest bookseller in the business, and Blair had to admit that the Ross Company frequently offered some unusual bargains.

"What can I do for you?" asked Blair. "You're not here to offer me another swell buy like that first edition of Edgar Allan Poe's *Tamerlane*, are you?"

Ross smiled. "No, not this time." The smile remained as he talked, but his lips grew thin. "I just wanted to check what I heard about your taking that *Tamerlane* to be examined by an expert. What's the matter—don't you trust me?"

Blair took the book from the shelves, fondled it lovingly. "Don't be silly, Ross—this is no phony. The expert I'm taking it to is a friend of mine . . . I just want to show off a bit."

Ross' face was florid. "I would consider it a definite insult, nevertheless, to have you check a book I sold you.

Blair, I don't want you to take the book to an expert."

Blair stood up. "I paid \$10,000 for that copy, and it goes where I want it to go." A thought struck him. "You aren't—afraid of a check-up, are you?"

"You talk too much," said Ross calmly. He pulled a gun from his pocket and fired point-blank. Two red-hot metal pellets bit through Blair's heart.

* * *

Leonard Lynn, the actor, waved his hand lazily. "There's no use arguing, Ross," he murmured. "That first folio Shakespeare you sold me goes to the British Museum tonight, whether you like it or not."

The cigar in Ross' mouth had gone out. He pitched it into the wastebasket. "You promised, Lynn," he said. "It was part of our gentleman's agreement when I sold you the folio for only \$75,000 that it would remain in your personal keeping always."

"Too bad," said Lynn. "I bought the folio because I thought it would be good publicity for an actor to collect the works of Shakespeare. Now I think it would be bet-

ter publicity if I present the folio to the British Museum."

"And you won't change your mind?" said Ross, softly.

"No, Ross," said the actor, "I won't change my mind."

"Very well," said Ross. He was a man of habit, and he did it exactly the same. He pulled out his gun, pumped the trigger twice, and watched with calm satisfaction as two bullets slammed into Lynn's heart and sent the actor hurtling to the floor.

* * *

John Raymond, young professor of criminology, handed the volume to Rose, a beautiful girl who was one of his students. "Go easy with that," he cautioned. "That book's been around since 1704."

Rose fingered through the pages gingerly. "I didn't know you were a rare book collector, Professor Raymond," she said.

"I'm not," Raymond said. "This book holds the earliest descriptions of criminal trials in America—trials which took place as far back as 1650—and my interest in criminology was aroused when I saw it. I—" He stopped suddenly and a frown wrinkled his brow.

"Hey, wait a minute! I know quite a bit about old book paper, and—I'll be right back!" He took the book and rushed into his home chemical laboratory.

Five minutes later, he was back. "My tests show that I'm right," he said. "This book, Rose, is a phony!"

Rose stared at him, lips parted.

"I bought it from Martin Ross, the bookseller, for \$5,000," said Raymond. "I think Ross had better be visited by—The Web!"

* * *

Ross was tossing some old account cards into the wastebasket under his desk when the shadow of The Web fell across his face. His eyes dilated and he stared upwards.

"W-who is it?" he said, fright etched over his features.

"I am The Web!" The masked figure reached into the wastebasket and retrieved the account cards. "Account cards for Junius Blair and Leonard Lynn, eh?" he said. "They were both your clients—and now they're both dead!"

Ross had been watching dazedly. Now he stood up and pushed his hand into his jacket. His fat features were pugnacious. "Get out of here!" he ordered. "Get out of here, or I'll call the police!"

The Web laughed, a cold,

humorless laugh. "You, Ross, call the police? You wouldn't call the police, you murderer!"

Ross' eyes slanted, the cold look of death in them. "What did you say?"

"I know your racket, Ross," said The Web. "You manufacture forgeries of rare and valuable books—forgeries so excellent that even experienced collectors can't detect them without chemical paper tests. Blair and Lynn were probably going to have the books you sold them tested by experts . . . and so, deliberately and cold-bloodedly, you murdered them!"

Ross said nothing.

"Pretty good business," continued the masked figure. "You sell a million dollars worth of fake rarities—what if one or two clients find out? You can always kill them."

Ross was staring now, hypnotized, his beady eyes alight.

The Web's lips were grim. "You're wrong, Ross. Like all criminals, you've spun your own web of doom. You're a man of habit, Ross. The Shakespeare folio this card says you sold Lynn—that was probably your earliest forgery . . . and to make it pass the semi-critical eye, you used old paper manufactured way back in Shakespeare's time. The forgery was successful—so,

when you needed old paper for your other forgeries, you used the same stuff. You fool, my friend Professor Raymond was the one who caught onto your racket and sent me here: and he caught on, not because the paper was too new, but because it was too old!"

Ross said, hoarsely, "You can't prove I murdered those guys."

"No, Ross," said The Web, "I can't prove murder—but because of that forged volume in Raymond's possession, I can have you put away for twenty years. Then all your other clients will check their purchases . . . and you'll spend your life in jail."

Ross leaped from his chair, the gun in his hand. Flame belched from its muzzle.

But The Web was too quick. As the gun fired, he was under it—and with a choppy little gesture, he hit Ross' wrist. The gun dropped to the floor. The Web followed this up with two rights to Ross' jaw, and the bookseller was out of the running.

The Web looked at his inert body. "This is as far as I go," he said. "I'll phone the police, and they'll take it from here."

He tipped his fingers to his forehead in an ironic gesture. "Goodbye—murderer," he said.

TIP'S HALL OF FAME



JAPS AHEAD!
ALL HANDS TO
BATTLE STATIONS!
MAN THE
GUNS!

The EPIC of the U.S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD" IN ALL THE HISTORY OF THE SEA - FROM THE DAYS OF WOODEN SHIPS AND IRON MEN TO THE PRESENT DAY... THE SAGA OF THE U.S. CRUISER "MARBLEHEAD" THAT WAS BOMBED TO HELL AND BROUGHT OUT OF IT BY THE COURAGE AND YANKEE NERVE OF OUR SAILORS... IS ONE OF THE GREATEST STORIES TO BE TOLD OF THIS WAR!

ON THE FATEFUL NIGHT OF JANUARY 24TH IN HEAVY SEAS OF THE MACASSAR STRAITS...

COOPER

CLEAR THE DECKS
FOR ACTION!

HOT SHELLS! THIS IS
WHERE WE STRAIGHTEN
OUT THOSE SLANT-
EYES!

FULL STEAM
AHEAD! ENGAGE
THE ENEMY!



HOURS LATER AT THE JAP G.H.Q.



TRUE TO JERRY'S CHALKED PROMISE, THE SHELL FINDS ITS MARK-BLASTING THE NIPPON DREADNAUGHT RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER...



DAYS PASS... AND SQUADRON AFTER SQUADRON OF JAP BOMBERS SEARCH THE SEAS FOR THEIR QUARRY...



FINALLY ON THE FOURTH OF FEBRUARY...



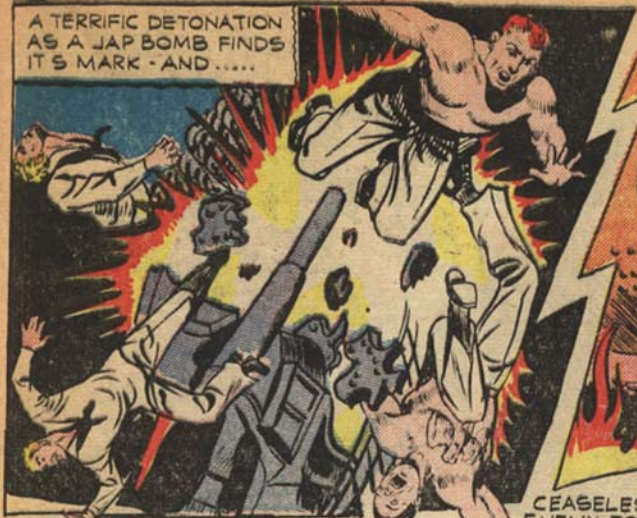


ALL HELL
IS GOING TO
BREAK LOOSE
IN A MINUTE!

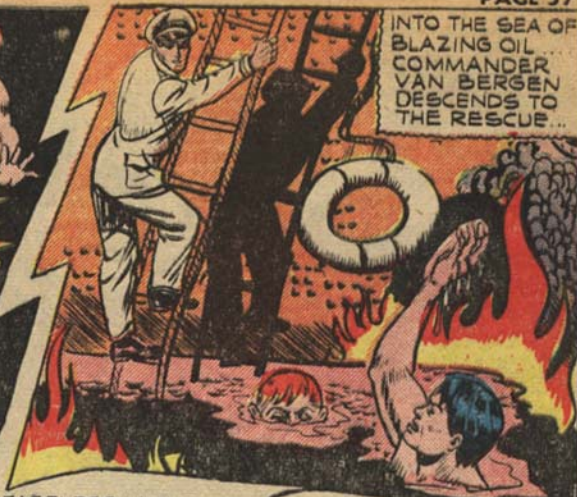
DEATH IS
FLAMING DOWN
FROM THE HEAVENS
AS BOMBER AFTER
BOMBER LETS LOOSE
THE FURY OF THE DAMN-
ED UPON THE GALLANT
MARBLEHEAD....
HOURS TICK BY, BUT
STILL THE HEROIC SHIP,
BATTERED AND
BLEEDING, WITH-
STANDS THE
ASSAULT!

KEEP POUNDING AT
THEM, MEN! OUR STEER-
ING GEARS GONE -
BUT WE'LL STEER
BY OUR MOTORS...
THEY HAVEN'T
GOT US DOWN
BY A LONG
SHOT!

A TERRIFIC DETONATION
AS A JAP BOMB FINDS
ITS MARK - AND.....



INTO THE SEA OF
BLAZING OIL...
COMMANDER
VAN BERGEN
DESCENDS TO
THE RESCUE...



CEASELESSLY, THE
ENEMY POUNDS
AWAY, BUT THE
COURAGEOUS CREW
RETURNS SHELL FOR
SHELL, SUDDENLY THE
GREAT SHIP STAGGERS AND
SLOWLY...



UP WE GO!
EASY DOES IT!



MEN, WE'RE
SHIPPING WATER BY THE
TON THROUGH A SHELLHOLE
ON THE PORT-SIDE! WE'D
BETTER ABANDON
SHIP!



NOT ON
YOUR LIFE, SIR!
WE'LL PATCH
HER UP AND
BAIL HER
OUT!

I'LL GET A BUCKET
BRIGADE STARTED.
CAPTAIN! WE CAN'T
ABANDON HER NOW!

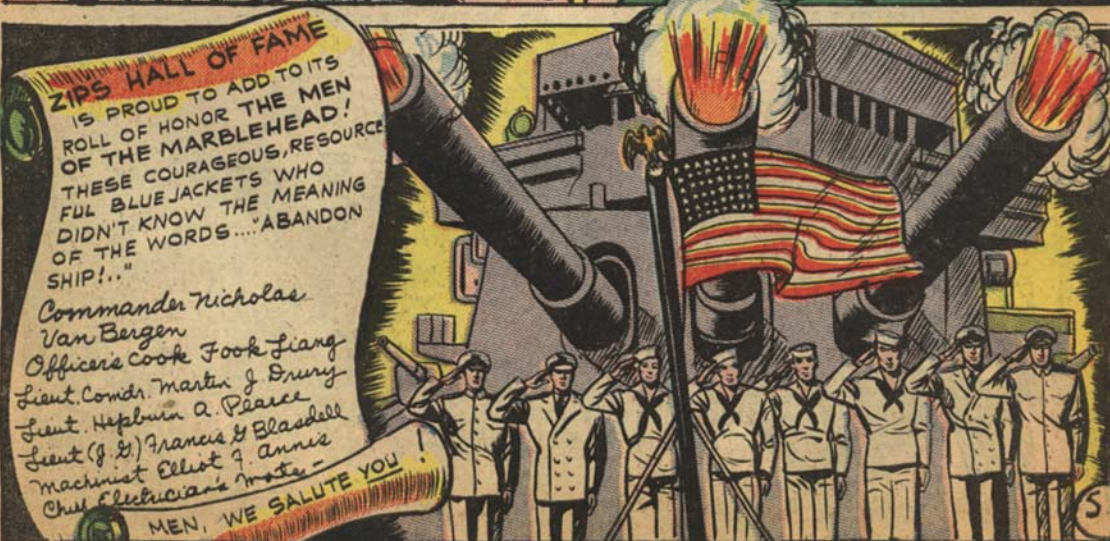


AND SO BEGAN THE GREATEST FEAT OF ENDUR-
ANCE... THE BAILING OUT OF THE 7,050 TON
MARBLEHEAD LIKE A ROWBOAT.





AS THE WATER-LINE WITHIN THE SHIP DROPS, REPAIR CREWS PLUG UP SHELL HOLES WITH COLLISION MATS...



ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

IS PROUD TO ADD TO ITS ROLL OF HONOR THE MEN OF THE MARBLEHEAD! THESE COURAGEOUS, RESOURCEFUL BLUEJACKETS WHO DIDN'T KNOW THE MEANING OF THE WORDS... "ABANDON SHIP!"

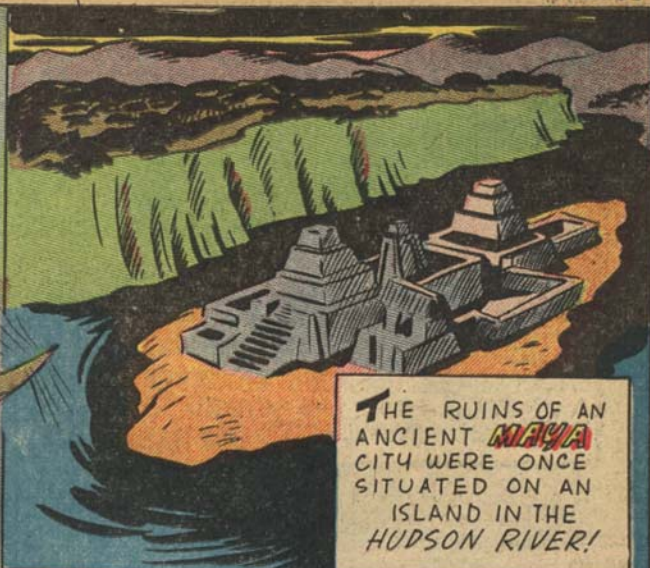
Commander Nicholas Van Bergen
Officers Cook Fook Liang
Lieut. Comdr. Martin J. Drury
Lieut. Hepburn A. Pearce
Lieut. (j.g.) Francis A. Blaschke
Machinist Elliot J. Annes
Chief Electrician's Mate -

MEN, WE SALUTE YOU!

WORLD WONDERS



UNLESS THE SHORTTAILED
SHREW CAN EAT ITS OWN
WEIGHT IN MEAT EVERY
24 HOURS IT WILL
STARVE.



THE RUINS OF AN
ANCIENT ~~MAYA~~
CITY WERE ONCE
SITUATED ON AN
ISLAND IN THE
HUDSON RIVER!



THE NEXT TIME
YOU EAT A
VANILLA FLAVORED
ICE CREAM CONE
REMEMBER
THAT THE VANILLA
THAT FLAVORED
IT CAME FROM
AN **ORCHID!**

MAN KILLERS

GIANT CLAMS HAVE BEEN
KNOWN TO TRAP PEARL DIVERS
BY CLAMPING SHUT ON THEIR
HAND UNTIL THEY DROWN,



PEP COMICS

IS NEVER SATISFIED!!

PEP GAVE YOU THE MOST DARINGLY DIFFERENT CHARACTER IN THE HISTORY OF COMIC BOOKS. A CHARACTER WHO HAS SOARED TO AN ALL-TIME HIGH IN POPULARITY - *the HANGMAN*

PEP REFUSED TO REST ON ITS LAURELS. IT REFUSED TO STAY IN THE SAME RUT MONTH AFTER MONTH. IT LOOKED FOR SOMETHING FRESH. AND SO IT GAVE YOU - **THE NEW SHIELD**

PEP ALWAYS SENSITIVE TO POPULAR DEMAND. ALWAYS ANXIOUS TO GIVE ITS READERS WHAT THEY WANT - AND MORE - REALLY OUTDID ITSELF AND GAVE YOU - **ARCHIE**



AND NOW AUGUST PEP GIVES YOU

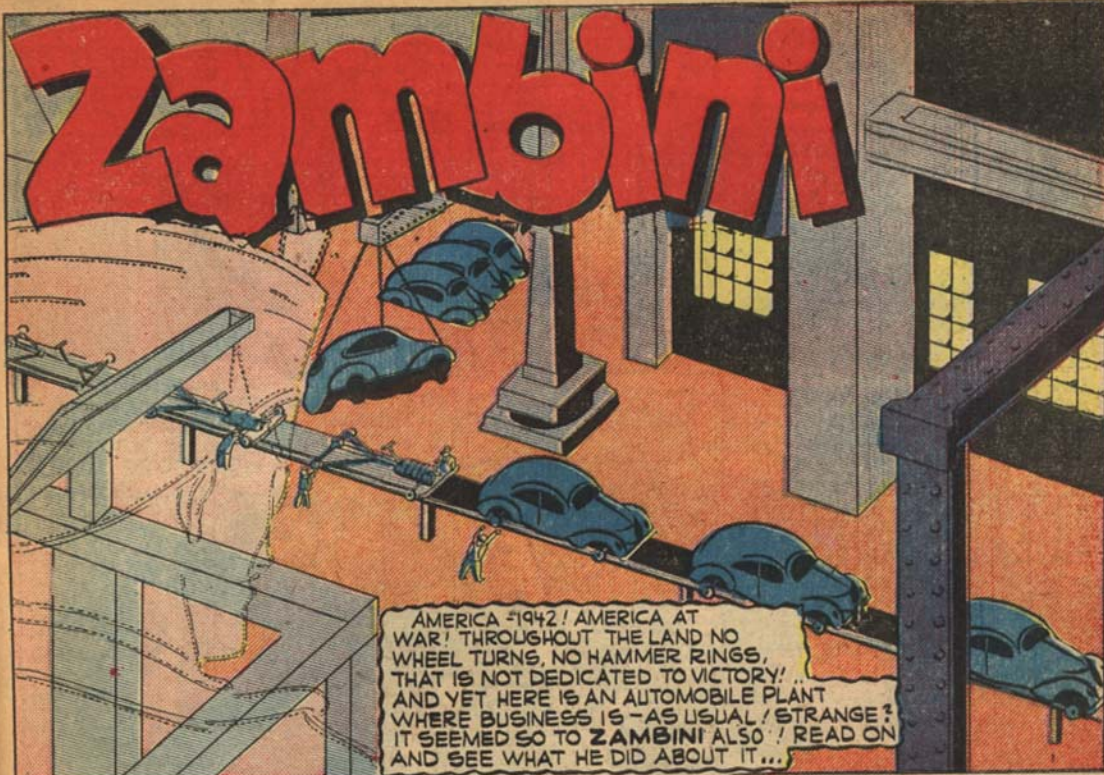
WE SAY WITH-
OUT A MOMENT'S
HESITATION THAT
YOU'LL GET
YOUR MONEY'S
WORTH IN THE
AUGUST
ISSUE OF
PEP
comics!
IF YOU BUY IT
ONLY TO
READ THIS
SENSATIONALLY
"DIFFERENT
FEATURE !.....
BOY
SOLDIERS
APPEARING
ONLY IN
PEP comics
DEFIES
IMITATION!

The **BOY SOLDIERS**

AND, AS FOR
THESE OLD
STAND-BYS

1. **SERGEANT BOYLE**
2. **DANNY IN WONDERLAND**
3. **BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD**

WE DON'T
HAVE TO SAY
ANYTHING
ABOUT THEM.
YOU HAVE
TOLD US BE-
YOND ANY
FURTHER
COMMENT
IN YOUR
THOUSANDS
OF LETTERS!



BUT IN TIMES LIKE THESE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST DELAY MAY PROVE FATAL!

POSITIVELY NOT! I TELL YOU I'VE GOT A CONTRACT! THE ARMY WILL HAVE TO WAIT!



UNLESS THE ARMY CAN GET THESE EXPERIMENTAL P-104 TANKS INTO PRODUCTION, WE WON'T HAVE THEM IN TIME FOR SERVICE ON THE FRONT! AS AN AMERICAN YOU CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!



AND AS A BUSINESS MAN, I CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE AN IMPORTANT CONTRACT! GOOD-BAY, GENTLEMEN!



DISGRUNTLED, THE TWO ARMY OFFICERS LEAVE... THEN ONE OF THEM SEES AN OLD FRIEND...

ZAMBINI! YOU'RE JUST THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!



YOU HELPED ME OUT NOT LONG AGO! I WONDER IF YOU'D DO THE SAME THING FOR ANOTHER FELLOW WHO HAS A COUPLE OF MISTAKEN IDEAS! YOU'D BE DOING THE ARMY A SERVICE TOO!

SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME THE STORY!

LATER ZAMBINI APPROACHES THE FACTORY AND.....

GET OUTTA HERE, YOU FURRIN SPY! IT'S NO TURBANED TURK LIKE YERSELF CAN SNEAK BY MICHAEL O'RILEY. THIS GATE IS FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY!

NONE OF YE GETS IN THROUGH THIS GATE!

TOO BAD I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN I'M AS MUCH AN AMERICAN AS HE IS. THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE!

ZAMBINI EMPLOYS A LITTLE MAGIC...

SURELY, MR. O'RILEY, YOU'D NOT KEEP US ALL OUT!

THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD HAVE SWORN SOMEBODY JUST WENT IN THROUGH THAT DOOR!

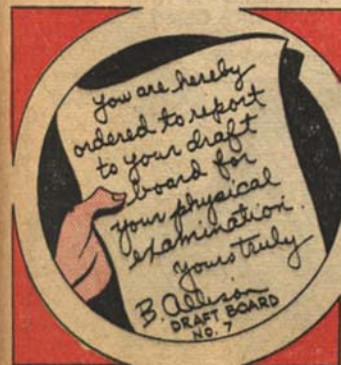
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP YOUR COUNTRY!

YOU TOO? WHAT IS THIS, ALL-PATRIOTS DAY?

INSIDE THE OFFICE JAMES WRIGHT, MANUFACTURER, SEES ZAMBINI MATERIALIZE BEFORE HIS EYES

WHY, I... YOU WEREN'T STANDING THERE A MINUTE AGO... WHAT DO YOU WANT?

JUST THEN, IN THE HUGE FACTORY BELOW, A WORKMAN RACES FRANTICALLY TOWARD A HISSING BOILER...





THE SCENE SHIFTS- IT IS ONE YEAR LATER IN A TRENCH ON A BATTLE-TORN FRONT



UP AND OVER THE VALIANT DOUGHBOYS GO IN A FINAL ATTEMPT TO BREAK THE DEADLY RING...



THROUGH SHOT AND FLAMING SHELL THEY DRIVE ON.. HEROES FALL UNDER THE BLAZING ENEMY GUNS...



A FEW SURVIVORS BREAK THE OPPOSING LINES! THEN A PITILESS HAIL OF FIRE SWEEPS DOWN ON THEM FROM THE FLANK...



THE AMERICAN COMMANDER IS HIT!



WE'LL BE SAFE HERE FOR A LITTLE WHILE! LOOKS LIKE OUR ATTACK FAILED...IT WAS HOPELESS FROM THE BEGINNING!







...FINISHED!
WHAT...WHERE
AM I? I MUST
BE GOING
INSANE!



THE PHONE RINGS...DAZED, JAMES WRIGHT LIFTS
THE RECEIVER...

THEN IT IS REAL! I'M HERE
IN MY OFFICE! NOTHING
HAS CHANGED!

HELLO, THIS IS
JAMES WRIGHT
SPEAKING!



YOU'VE GOT THE BOILER FIXED! GOOD!
I'M GLAD NO ONE WAS HURT...STAND BY
FOR FURTHER ORDERS...THERE'S GOING
TO BE SOME CHANGES MADE!



WE'RE GOING TO
MAKE TANKS!
HUNDREDS OF THEM!

NO AMERICAN
WILL EVER DIE
BECAUSE HE
LACKED THE
EQUIPMENT TO
SAVE HIM!



FIND THOSE
OFFICERS AND
SEND THEM BACK
HERE!

WE'LL SHOW THOSE
NAZIS AND JAPS
WHERE TO GET
OFF!



PARDON ME! I'M GOING NOW! AND
I WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO BE HOLD-
ING MY FRIENDS AT THIS GATE
ALL DAY!



THANKS TO YOU, ZAMBINI.
THE ARMY IS GOING TO GET ITS
QUOTA OF P-104 TANKS....
WE'VE JUST TALKED TO
JAMES WRIGHT!

NO THANKS TO ME,
GENTLEMEN. MAGIC
CAN'T MAKE AN
AMERICAN OUT OF
A TRAITOR. JAMES
WRIGHT MERELY
NEEDED TO BE
SHOWN THE TRUTH
IN ORDER TO
PROVE HIS
REAL WORTH!



AVIATION UTILITY



AVIATION METALSMITH



AEROGRAPHER



BISON AIRSHIP SERVICE



GUY CAPTAIN



SUBMARINE SERVICE



SA AFFIDAVIT



PRINTER



ELECTRICIAN'S MATE

PAINTER
CARPENTER'S MATE
PATTERNMAKERCOOK
BAKER

BUGLER



PHOTOGRAPHER



BOWLIGHT

NAVY'S EFFICIENCY
IN SUPPLYMACHINIST'S MATE
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