

STEEL STERLING says: "TAKE A TIP, READ ZIP!"

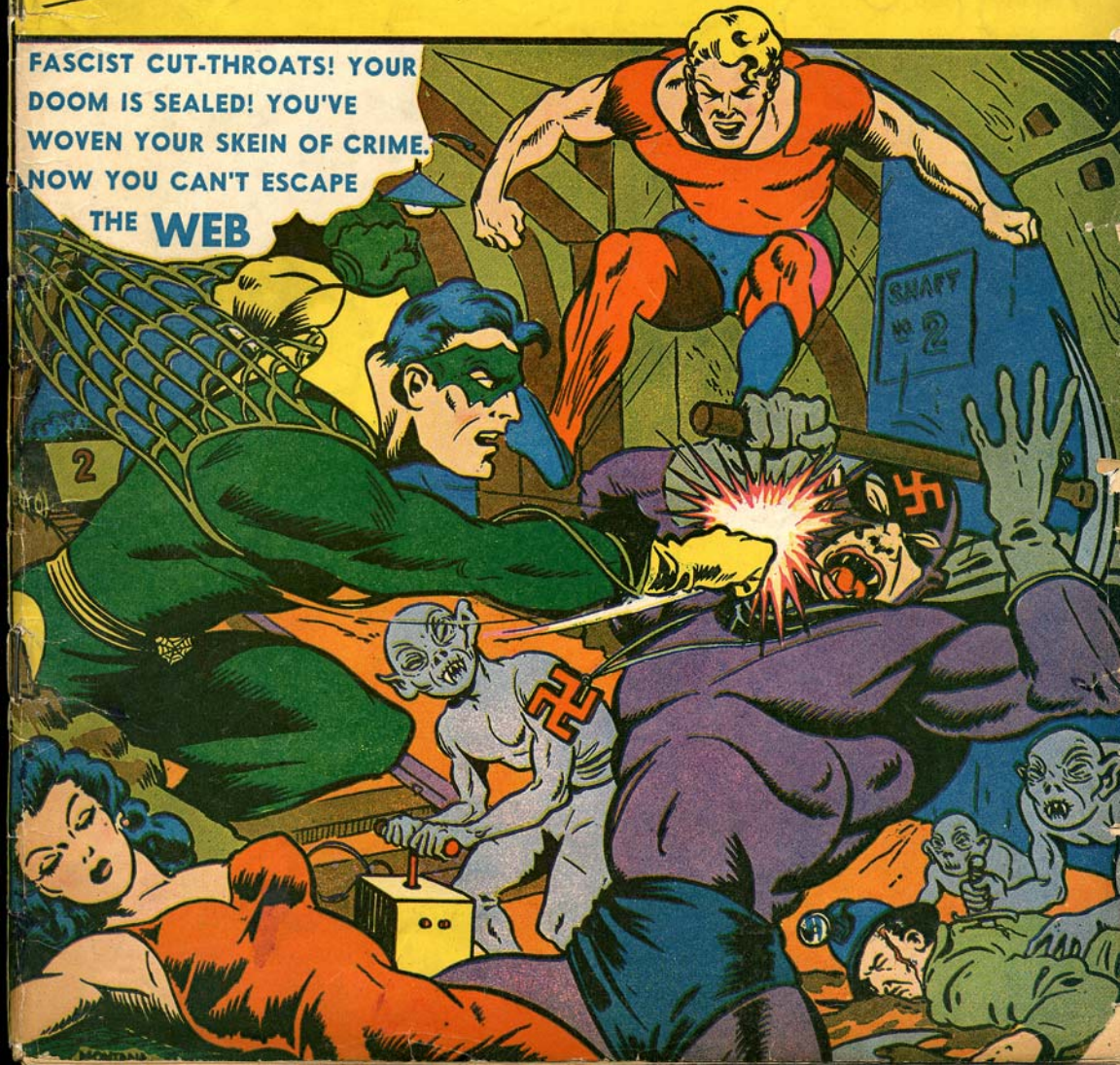
NO.
30

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ZIP

COMICS

FASCIST CUT-THROATS! YOUR
DOOM IS SEALED! YOU'VE
WOVEN YOUR SKEIN OF CRIME.
NOW YOU CAN'T ESCAPE
THE **WEB**



ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS



THE WEB

There were the shrill agonizing shrieks of humans in terrible suffering and the low piteous moans of those praying for death. And into those CATACOMBS OF HORROR strode THE WEB, one against many, as "DEATH SPANS THE SEAS" Page 3

STEEL STERLING

Lift up your hearts, men of freedom, and sing. Sing the song of THE VAGABOND! Spit on that hate-mad tyrant who may put your flesh in chains—but never your souls. For as long as those apostles of liberty, STEEL STERLING and THE VAGABOND, are with you, in your hearts and on your lips, victory MUST be yours. Page 15

BLACK JACK

Once again BLACK JACK'S destiny is linked with cards. But this time, the cards are stacked against him as he tries to unravel the weird mystery of "THE CARDS READ DEATH." Page 27

WORLD WONDERS

Who has the greatest imagination in the world? None other than mother nature. Just read about some of the things she dreamed up and you'll agree with us. Page 38

WILBUR

An open warning to the teachers of Westfield High School! WILBUR'S RETURNING FROM HIS VACATION! There's still time for you to report to your nearest draft board and join a nice, quiet war! Page 40

"ZOOM" O'DAY

If you like red-blooded flying action and plenty of it; if you like laughs mixed with thrills, then you'll love this zooming, devil-may-care fighting Irish cloud-buster and his sidekick, LIVERLIP! Page 46

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

Here is the incredible saga of the hero of Wake Island! His deeds will be like a beacon light, shining eternally, guiding the faltering steps of Americans when they are on the verge of losing hope. Page 54

ZAMBINI

Do you believe everything you see? Well, don't! Because the mystic magician has a brand new set of tricks that'll make you rub your eyes and wonder what good they are. Page 61



The WEB

LOOK, TYRANT! LOOK AT THE SKEINS OF DEATH, DESTRUCTION AND HORROR YOU HAVE SPUN! TAKE A GOOD LOOK, BECAUSE EVERY ONE OF THOSE STRANDS TIGHTENS THE TRAP YOU HAVE SPUN AROUND YOURSELF. LOOK WELL AT YOUR OWN WEB OF DOOM!



IN GERMANY

NORWAY

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

FRANCE

CRIME IS A MONSTROUS SPIDER WEAVING ENDLESS WEBS..DRAWING ITS THREADS FROM THE CORNERS OF THE GLOBE..WEBS THAT SNARE THE WEAVER..THIS IS A TALE OF SUCH A WEB..WATCH AS THE SKEIN BECOMES EVER LARGER UNTIL IT BECOMES A RELENTLESS TRAP..THE FIRST THREAD... HERE IN AMERICA...A HARMLESS SEEMING WEDDING SCENE.



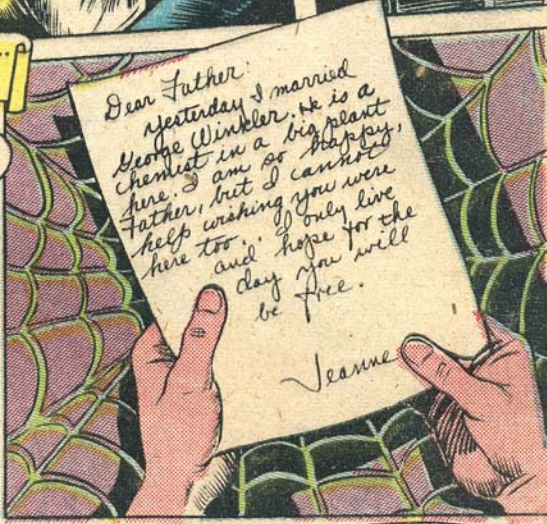
GEORGE! PERHAPS YOU WILL REGRET OUR MARRIAGE! YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT MY PAST!

I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU, JEANNE DARLING! THAT'S ENOUGH!

OUR SCENE SHIFTS, AND YET IT IS THE SAME WEB.. THREE THOUSAND MILES AWAY IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.



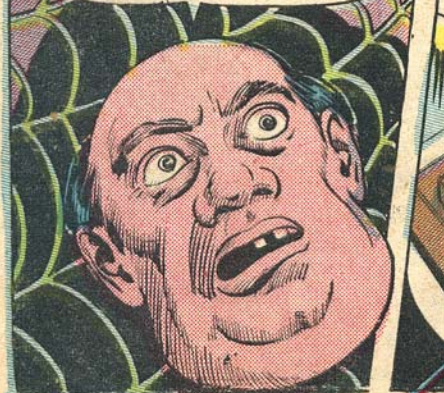
HEI! VE FOUND THIS LETTER IN JACQUES MAURIER'S BELONGINGS, HERR COMMANDANT!



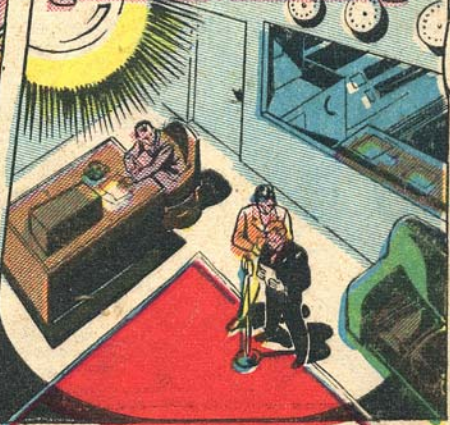
Dear Father:
 Yesterday I married George Winkler. He is a chemist in a big plant here. I am so happy, Father, but I cannot help wishing you were here too. I only live and hope for the day you will be free.

Jeanne

GEORGE WINKLER! DER GREATEST CHEMIST IN AMERICA! ACH! VOT A CHANGE DIS GIFFS US! VE MUST GET IN TOUCH MIT DER GIRL AT VUNCE!



AND THE WEB'S THIRD STRAND.. JOHN RAYMOND, THE WEB HIMSELF, IS ABOUT TO BEGIN A BROADCAST.. THE TIME.. SEVERAL WEEKS LATER..

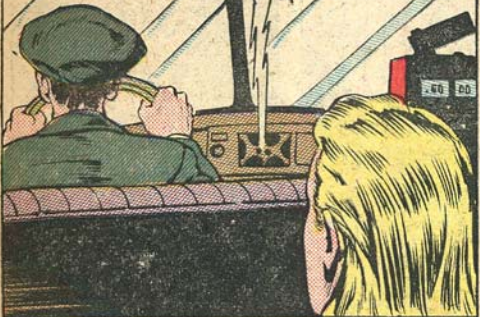


AND SO, MY FRIENDS, THE CRIME ITSELF IS BUT THE BEGINNING! THE FIRST MISSTEP SETS IN MOTION A CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH MUST END IN BRINGING THE CRIMINAL TO JUSTICE!



IN A CAB, LISTENING INTENTLY TO PROF. RAYMOND'S WORDS—THE NEWLY MARRIED JEANNE.

BEWARE THAT FIRST MISSTEP, NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE TEMPTATION!

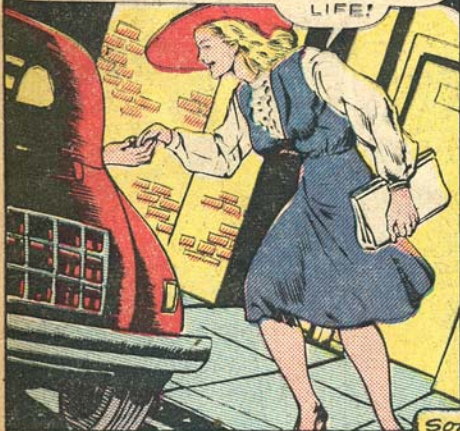


FOR YOU ARE ENMESHING YOURSELF IN A WEB OF DOOM! A WEB FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

BOY! THAT RAYMOND GUY SURE KNOWS HIS ONIONS, LADY!

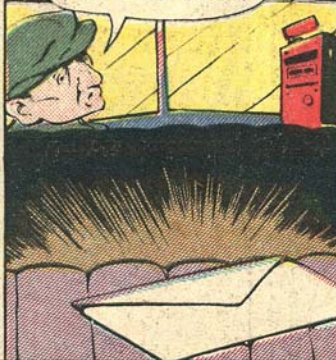


OUI, M'SIEUR. PROF. RAYMOND EES WISE MAN! HE HAS HELPED ME MAKE THE MOST IMPORTANT DECISION OF MY LIFE!



AFTER THE GIRL LEAVES, THE DRIVER TURNS, AND...

SAY! LOOK AT THAT! THE DAME'S LEFT SOMETHING ON THE SEAT!



HEY, LADY! LADY, YOU LEFT A LETTER IN MY CAB! HEY!



SOME TIME LATER, AS JOHN RAYMOND RELAXES IN HIS HOME, AFTER THE STRAIN OF BROADCASTING...

WHY, TH-THE THEATRE IS DESERTED! WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?



SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR!



MR. RAYMOND? KIN I SEE YA FER JUST A MINUTE?





...AN WHEN I WENT INSIDE, I SAW THAT THE THEATRE WAS EMPTY! THEN I REMEMBERED SOMETHIN' SHE SAID ABOUT YOU SOLVIN' A PROBLEM FOR HER. I FIGURED YOU WAS A FRIEND OF HERS. AND...WELL, HERE I AM!

HMM...I SEE! WELL, THANKS FOR BRINGING THIS. AND HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROUBLE!



THANKS! I'LL BE SCRAMMIN' BACK TO MY CAB NOW!



SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING! I THINK I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK AT THE CONTENTS OF THIS ENVELOPE.



HOLY HANNAH!



I'LL LOOK INTO THIS RIGHT NOW!

MINUTES LATER..



THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!



IT CERTAINLY LOOKS DESERTED, ALL RIGHT! I WONDER IF THE DRIVER COULD HAVE BEEN WRONG ABOUT THE GIRL GOING IN HERE..

SUDDENLY..



BOY! THAT WAS CLOSE! I MUST'VE SHAKEN A SANDBAG LOOSE!

BAM



AND DOWNSTAIRS, UNDER THE THEATRE... NAZIS?

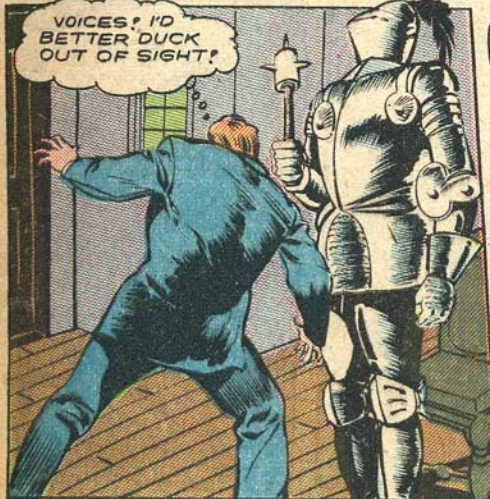
VOT'S DOT NOISE UPSTAIRS? HANS, GO INVESTIGATE, UND TAKE CARL UND ERIC MIT YOU!

AT ONCE, HERR SCHWARTZ!



IF IT'S A SNOOPER, VELL FIX HIM GOOT, EH, HANS?

YAH! VE FIX HIM!



VOICES! I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF SIGHT!



DER SNOOPER MAY HAF HIDDEN! LOOK BEHIND ALL DOT STAGE JUNK!



DERE'S NOBODY OVER HERE, HANS!



Suddenly, THE MACE DROPS AS THOUGH ACCIDENTALLY, AND...

ZOK



MAYBE DOT WUZ AN ACCIDENT! UND MAYBE NOT! ANYWAY, I'LL HAF A LOOK IN HERE!



BAM



ALL RIGHT! YOU'VE SPOTTED ME. NOW COME AND GET ME... IF YOU CAN!



BUT AS RAYMOND FLAILS INTO HIS ASSAILANTS' MORE NAZIS COME STREAMING FROM BELOW.

BAM



GRAB DER DIRTY SCHWEIN!

I'VE.. UGH.. GOT HIM!



CRACK



VE VON'T VASTE ANY TIME! TOSS HIM DOWN DER ELEVATOR SHAFT!



UND NOW TO SEND DER ELEVATOR HURLING DOWN. IT VILL CRUSH EVERY BONE IN DER SNOOPER'S BODY!



HANS RUSHES OVER TO THE NAZI LEADER.

SCHWARTZ! LOOK AT THIS!

VY! IT'S DER POISON GAS FORMULA DER GIRL SAID SHE'D LOST! WERE DID YOU GET IT?



IT DROPPED OUT OF DER SNOOPER'S POCKET! I FOUND IT LAYING ON DER FLOOR!

HMM! DER GIRL VILL GAFF PLENTY OF EXPLAINING TO DO!



AND MEANWHILE...

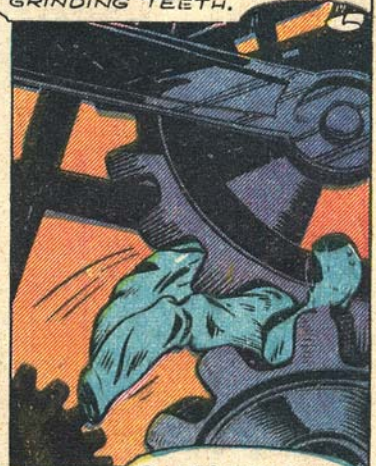
THAT ELEVATOR! IT'S COMING RIGHT AT ME!

QUICKLY, JOHN RAYMOND REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND EMERGES AS... *The Web*

I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



THE WEB FORCES HIS CIVILIAN CLOTHING INTO THE TEETH OF THE TURNING ELEVATOR GEAR, AND THE CLOTHING BEGINS TO JAM THE GRINDING TEETH.



THE ELEVATOR'S STOPPED, BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW LONG IT'LL HOLD.



Meanwhile...

WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE FRIEND TO WHOM YOU GAVE DER FORMULA... AND VE GOT DER FORMULA TOO! BUT NOW DER'S SOMETHING ELSE I WANT YOU TO DO.. AND I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU DON'T CROSS US DIS TIME!



I WON'T DO ANYTHING ELSE.. I WON'T, I TELL YOU!

OH, NO? DEN TAKE A LOOK AT THIS! DO YOU RECOGNIZE DER RING?



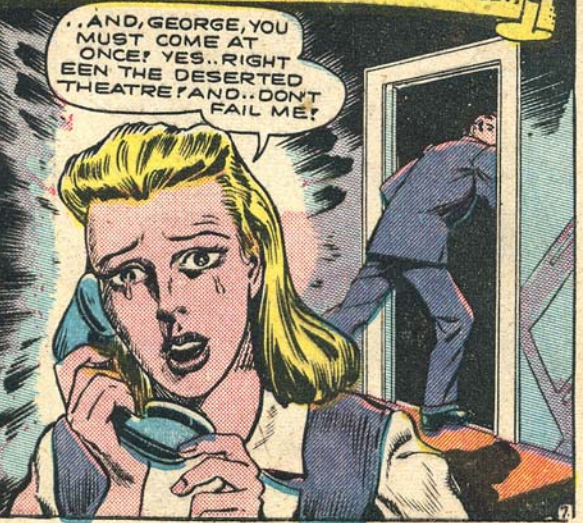
MON PÈRE! EET EES MY FATHER'S HAND!

TERROR STRICKEN, JEANNE MAKES THE PHONE CALL...

YES, MY DEAR? IT IS YOUR FATHER'S HAND? YOU'LL DO AS I SAY.. OR VELL CUT OFF HIS OTHER HAND? DEN A LEG? DEN DER OTHER LEG? AND VELL KEEP HIM ALIVE ALL DER TIME TO SEE DOT HE SUFFERS? DO AS I SAY? PHONE YOUR HUSBAND UND TELL HIM TO COME HERE AT ONCE!



.. AND, GEORGE, YOU MUST COME AT ONCE? YES.. RIGHT EEN THE DESERTED THEATRE? AND.. DON'T FAIL ME!



AT THAT MOMENT...



DER SNOOPER MUST BE FINISHED BY NOW! I VILL LOOK UND SEE!

AS THE NAZI OPENS THE SHAFT DOOR, HANDS REACH OUT.

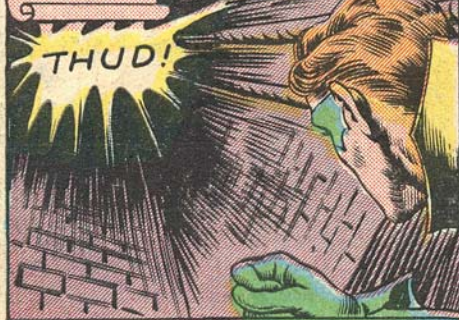


COME HERE, FRIEND!



LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT IN THAT ELEVATOR SHAFT!

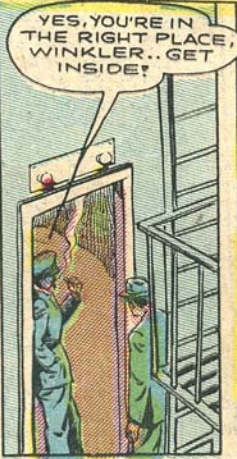
THE FORCE OF CARL'S BODY SMASHING AGAINST THE ROPE STARTS THE GEARS MOVING AGAIN, AND...



THUD!

HE'S MET THE FATE THEY PLANNED FOR ME!

SOME MINUTES LATER, GEORGE WINKLER ENTERS THE THEATRE.

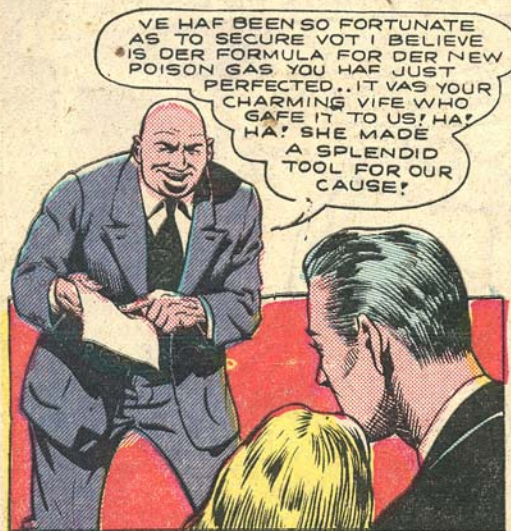


YES, YOU'RE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, WINKLER.. GET INSIDE!



JEANNE! DARLING, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

VY HELLO, MR. WINKLER I'LL TELL YOU VOT DIS IS ALL ABOUT!



VE HAF BEEN SO FORTUNATE AS TO SECURE VOT I BELIEVE IS DER FORMULA FOR DER NEW POISON GAS YOU HAF JUST PERFECTED.. IT VAS YOUR CHARMING WIFE WHO GAVE IT TO US! HAY HAY! SHE MADE A SPLENDID TOOL FOR OUR CAUSE!



YOU FILTHY NAZI LIAR! I'LL...

YOU'LL DIE RIGHT NOW! UND YOUR WIFE, TOO! I CALLED YOU DOWN HERE TO GET RID OF YOU, SO DOT ONLY CHERMANY VOULD KNOW DER FORMULA! IT MIGHT ALSO INTEREST YOUR STUPID WIFE TO KNOW THAT HER FATHER ISS ALREADY DEAD!

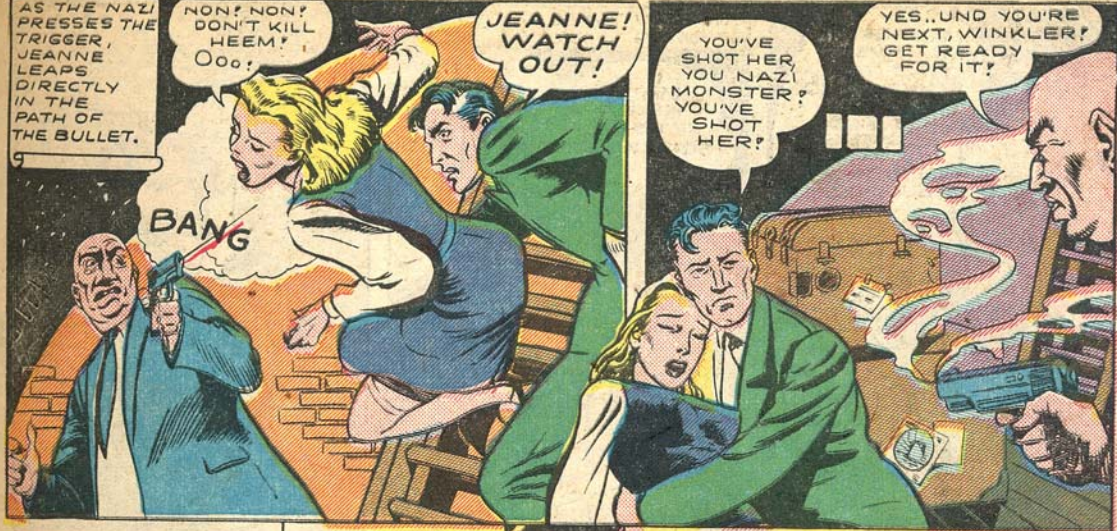
AS THE NAZI PRESSES THE TRIGGER, JEANNE LEAPS DIRECTLY IN THE PATH OF THE BULLET.

NON! NON! DON'T KILL HEEM! Ooo!

JEANNE! WATCH OUT!

YOU'VE SHOT HER, YOU NAZI MONSTER! YOU'VE SHOT HER!

YES...UND YOU'RE NEXT, WINKLER! GET READY FOR IT!

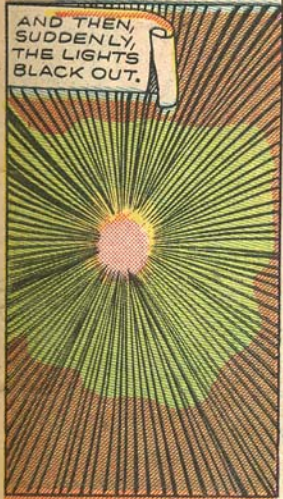


AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS BLACK OUT.

THE NAZI LEADER STRIKES A MATCH.

DER PIGS HAF DISAPPEARED?

THE NAZI LEADER AND HIS MEN RUSH OUT TO THE STAIRCASE.



SHE'S STILL BREATHING, WINKLER. GET HER TO A HOSPITAL AT ONCE! DON'T WASTE ANY TIME ASKING QUESTIONS!

BUT WHEN THE NAZIS REACH THE UPPER CORRIDOR...

GONE? DEYVE ESCAPED US AGAIN?

SUDDENLY, THE WEB'S VOICE BLARES THROUGH A LOUD-SPEAKER.

YOU'RE DEAD WRONG, RATZI! I'VE DECIDED TO STICK AROUND A WHILE. BUT TRY AND FIND ME!






SEPARATE, MEN! I'LL FIND THE SCHVEIN UND MAKE HIM SORRY FOR STICKING HIS NOSE INTO OUR BUSINESS!



ONE NAZI TRIES THE SPIRAL STAIRWAY...

MAYBE HE ISS UP HERE SOMEWHERE!




NICE GOING, FRITZ! I WAS HOPING ONE OF YOU WOULD USE THAT STAIRCASE! BOY, ARE YOU IN FOR A SURPRISE! I'LL JUST FLIP THIS SWITCH I'VE WIRED TO THE RAILING, AND...



YEEOW!

I...I...CAN'T LET GO!




NOW I'LL JUST SET THIS PROP DOWN RIGHT HERE...AND AWAIT DEVELOPMENTS!



HEY! SOMEBODY LOOKING FOR ME? HERE I AM!

AND IN ANOTHER PART OF THE THEATRE...



YOU BET I'LL GET YOU, SCHWEINHUND!



I HEARD FOOTSTEPS HERE! DER VEB IS SOMEWHERE AROUND!

I'LL LOOK AND SEE!



GOOD IDEA... MY MOVING THE DOOR DIRECTLY OVER A WINDOW!



HEY, BOYS!
HERE I AM!
UP HERE!



WELL YOU VON'T
BE UP DERE LONG!
DIS GUN'LL
BRING YOU
RIGHT
DOWN!



DON'T BOTHER, PAL!
I'LL COME DOWN
MYSELF!

RUN DER
WHOLE VALL
IS COMING
DOWN ON
OUR
HEADS!



TALK ABOUT SQUASHING ROACHES
UNDERFOOT! THIS HAS IT BEAT
A MILE!



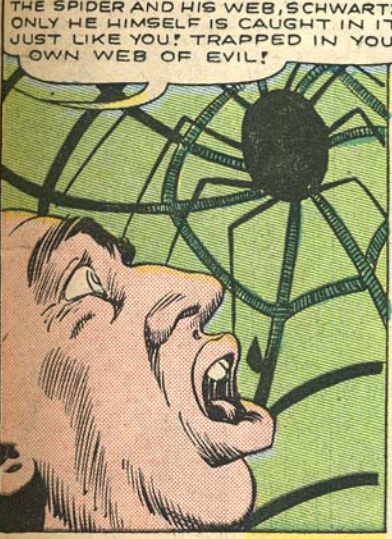
MEANWHILE, THE NAZI LEADER
IS ALSO ENGAGED IN SEARCH-
ING FOR THE WEB.

HE ISS NOT
HERE EITHER!



SUDDENLY, A SPOTLIGHT
FLASHES DOWN FROM
ABOVE.

LOOK
BEHIND
YOU,
NAZI!



THE SPIDER AND HIS WEB, SCHWARTZ!
ONLY HE HIMSELF IS CAUGHT IN IT!
JUST LIKE YOU! TRAPPED IN YOUR
OWN WEB OF EVIL!



I'M GETTING
OUT OF
HERE!



NOT JUST YET,
YOU PURE
BRAVE
RYAN!

THUMP

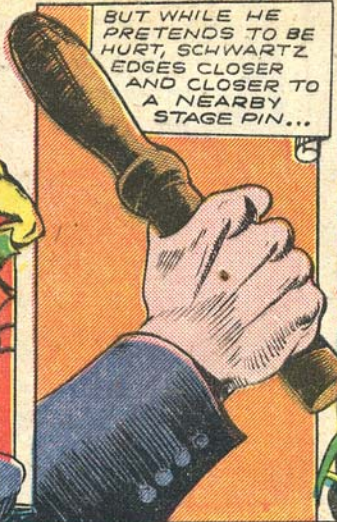
I'M SURE THE FEDERAL AUTHORITIES WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WITH YOU FIRST!



UGH! OOH! MINE STOMACH!



BUT WHILE HE PRETENDS TO BE HURT, SCHWARTZ EDGES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A NEARBY STAGE PIN...



WHAM



NOW I'LL CRUSH YOUR SKULL TO A PULP, YOU...



THERE HE IS! THE RING-LEADER NAZI!



VINKLER UND DER POLICE! I'VE GOT TO FINISH MINE WORK BEFORE DEY GET ME!



AFTER HIM, MEN! HE'S GETTING AWAY!



HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THAT ROOM? COME ON! LET'S GET IN!



HO? HO? YOU STUPID FOOLS! DER JOKE ISS ON YOU! I HAF JUST TRANSMITTED DER POISON GAS FORMULA TO DER GESTAPO IN CHERMANY, NOW YOU CAN ARREST ME!



HAH! HAH! HAH! AND YOU GERMANNS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CLEVER... YOU COULD HAVE HAD THAT FORMULA ALL ALONG WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!



THAT FORMULA YOU SENT WASN'T MY PERFECTED FORMULA...IT WAS AN IMPERFECT ONE I WAS KEEPING JUST FOR THE RECORDS. IF THE NAZI SCIENTISTS TRY TO USE IT, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT'LL HAPPEN! WHY.. AT THIS VERY MOMENT...



AND IN BERLIN, AT THAT VERY MOMENT..



HURRY, VILL YOU, HURRY! I WANT TO SEE DER RESULTS?

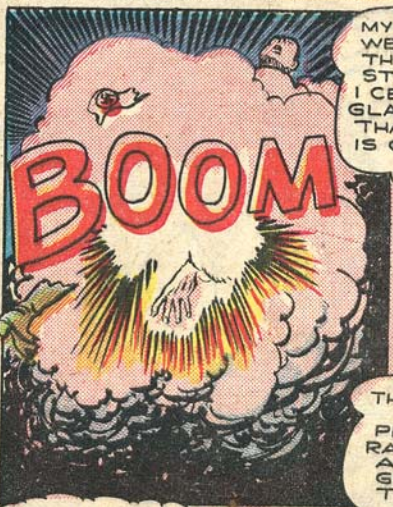
AND BACK IN AMERICA..

NOW TO MIX THESE LIQUIDS. IN EXACTLY ONE SECOND VE'LL KNOW DER ANSWER!



MON CHERI! HOW CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME AFTER WHAT I DEED? BUT EET WAS ONLY BECAUSE OF MY FATHER, AND...

FORGIVE YOU, DEAREST? HERE'S MY ANSWER!



MY FRIEND, THE WEB, TOLD ME THE ENTIRE STORY, WINKLER. I CERTAINLY AM GLAD TO HEAR THAT YOUR WIFE IS GOING TO RECOVER!

THANK HIM FOR ME, PROFESSOR RAYMOND. I'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL TO HIM!



UH-UH! LOOKS LIKE I'D BETTER DUCK OUT OF HERE!



AND SO YOU SEE HOW A WEB OF EVIL WHICH REACHED ITS SLIMY SKEIN CLEAR ACROSS THE WORLD FINALLY ENDED IN DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOR THE VERY MEN WHO HAD SPUN IT. IT WILL ALWAYS BE THAT WAY.. CRIMINALS WILL FOREVER MEET DOOM ENMESHED IN THE WEB OF CRIME THEY THEMSELVES SPIN!



STEEL STERLING

MAN OF STEEL

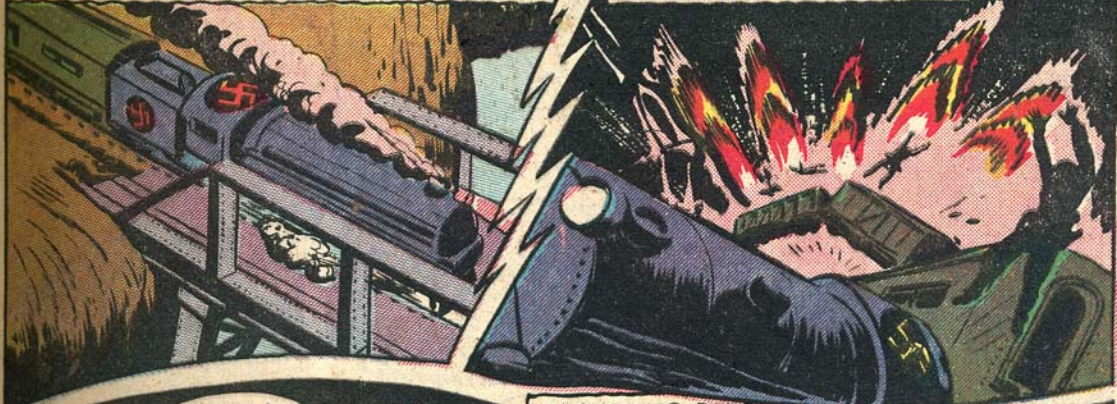
THE VAGABOND IS COMING! ONE STABBING CRY OF HOPE OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA, SUFFERING UNDER THE WHIP-LASH OF THE RUTHLESS, CRUSHING NAZI HORDES! BUT SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT IN EUROPE... THE VAGABOND IS GONE! TO THE RESCUE SPEEDS VALIANT STEEL STERLING TO STRIKE THE SPARK OF HOPE UPON THE ANVIL OF FREEDOM!

RIDE! RIDE! ON TO VICTORY!
CRUSH THE HUNS!
VALIANT SONS!
MEN ARE BORN TO BE FREE!



ON A MOUNTAIN PASS DEEP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA, A NAZI TROOP TRAIN SPEEDS SWIFTLY ALONG A NARROW BRIDGE...EVERYTHING SEEMS PEACEFUL...

WHEN SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION SENDS THE AIR...LEAVING A TWISTED MESS OF WRECKAGE IN ITS WAKE...



A "V"! DIS HAS BEEN DER YORK OF DER ACCURSED VAGABOND!

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE SHACKLED COUNTRY - TWO NAZIS PACE ALONG THE WATERFRONT... WHEN...

LOOK! A BODY IN DER WATER! GET A BOAT - QUICK!



HE IS VEARING DER UNIFORM OF OUR ARMY! UNNH!... EASY THERE...VE HAF HIM IN OUR BOAT IN A SECOND!

GOTT IM HIMMEL! IT IS KAPITAN REINMAN - DEAD! UND-UND DER SIGN OF DER VAGABOND IS BRANDED ON HIS FORE-HEAD!

THE SCENE CHANGES TO A FOOD COUNTER, ALSO IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA...

GET AWAY FROM HERE, YOU FILTHY PEASANTS! DERE IS NO FOOD LEFT!



BUT MY WIFE AND MY LITTLE BOY ARE STARVING!

WE ARE ALL DYING FROM HUNGER, PAUL! WHAT CAN WE DO?

SUDDENLY

STOP! COME BACK! THERE IS FOOD FOR ALL!

HERE YOU ARE, PAUL! FOOD FOR YOUR FAMILY AND FOR EVERYONE IN TOWN!

IT'S THE VAGABOND! GOD BLESS YOU!



HIGH ABOVE THE CRUELEST CONCENTRATION CAMP IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA -- A STRANGE GROUP OF MEN LIES IN WAIT

VALIANTS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO. THE SIGNAL WILL BE THE FIRING OF THE NAZI GUN!

THE VAGABOND HAS RISKED HIS LIFE MANY TIMES FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN, BUT THIS IS THE MOST DARING PLAN OF HIS CAREER!

THERE HE GOES DOWN THE MOUNTAIN PASS!



MINUTES LATER, AT THE CAMP...

HEIL HITLER! WHAT'S THE PASSWORD?

PASSWORD? YOU IDIOTIC SON OF AN ENGLISHMAN! WHAT DO I NEED WITH A PASSWORD?



DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM, JACKASS? I'LL HAVE YOU REPORTED FOR THIS!

B-BUT, S-SIR! I HAVE ORDERS T-TO...

ORDERS! THE MAN JABBERS LIKE A PARROT! DRIVE ME TO THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE! MACH SCHNELL!



WHO IS IN CHARGE HERE? ANSWER ME!

I..ER..DON'T BELIEVE I KNOW WHO YOU ARE... ER..SIR...

EXCUSES! NOTHING BUT EXCUSES!

Y-YES I AM- BUT I DON'T KNOW...

NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW ANYTHING HERE! HAVE YOU NOT BEEN EXPECTING ME?

ARE YOU THE HERR COMMANDANT?

B-BUT DEY ARE MANNING DER PILL BOXES! VE MUST HAF SOLDIERS ON GUARD!

YOUR OPINION IS WORTHLESS! HURRY OR I REPORT YOU TO DER FUEHRER FOR INSUBOR-DINATION!

LIEUTENANT, IT'S YOUR FAULT I VASN'T TOLD GENERAL VON GABOND VAS COMING! LINE UP OUR TROOPS FOR INSPECTION!

I'M CHIEF OF STAFF VON GABOND! LINE UP DER MEN FOR INSPECTION IMMEDIATELY!

J..JA. JA, HERR COMMANDANT!

VOT DO YOU TINK OF DEM. MEIN HERR? DIS IS DER BEST GUARDED CON-CENTRATION CAMP IN EUROPE!

HMM! VE'LL SEE! VE'LL SEE!

LIEBER GOTT! LOOK AT THIS SCHWEIN'S PANTS!.. ABSOLUTELY FILTHY!



HOW CAN VE NAZIS
RULE THE WORLD -
WHEN OUR OWN MEN
ARE SUCH INCOM-
PETENT FOOLS?
ANSWER ME!

I'LL HAVE
DOT SOLDIER
SHOT RIGHT
AWAY, EX-
CELLENCY!

YOU ARE MORE
STUPID THAN I
THOUGHT! KILLING
OUR SOLDIERS IS
NOT THE ANSWER!
HAVE THEM ALL PUT
ON FRESH UNIFORMS
AT ONCE, AND WHERE
IS THE GUN SALUTE
BEFITTING A MAN OF
MY RANK?

A MOMENT
LATER...

ACH! BUT VE
HAF NO ODDER
UNIFORMS!

DER COMMANDANT
DID NOT DARE TELL
DOT TO VON GABOND!
VE'LL HAF TO PRESS
OUR OWN PANTS
IN A HURRY!

ACHTUNG!
COMPANY DISMISS-
ED. GO TO YOUR BAR-
RACKS UND CHANGE
YOUR CLOTHES
DOUBLE-QUICK, UND
FIRE DER BIG GUN
IMMEDIATELY FOR
OUR VISITING
CHIEF OF
STAFF!



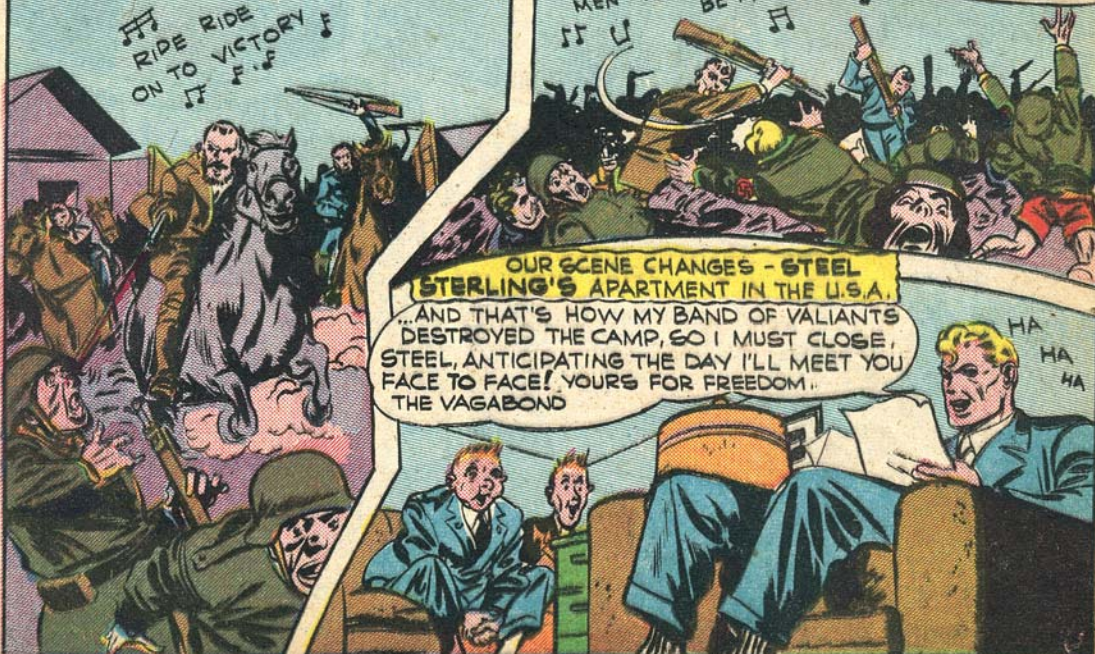
AND WHILE THE
GERMANS ARE CAUGHT
WITH THEIR PANTS
DOWN...

♪ RIDE RIDE
ON TO VICTORY ♪
♪ F.F. ♪

♪ CRUSH THE HUNS!
VALIANT SONGS
MEN ARE BORN TO
BE FREE ♪
♪ U ♪

OUR SCENE CHANGES - STEEL
STERLING'S APARTMENT IN THE U.S.A.
...AND THAT'S HOW MY BAND OF VALIANTS
DESTROYED THE CAMP, SO I MUST CLOSE,
STEEL, ANTICIPATING THE DAY I'LL MEET YOU
FACE TO FACE! YOURS FOR FREEDOM!
THE VAGABOND

HA
HA
HA



THEN, WHEN STEEL GOES TO TURN ON THE WAR NEWS...

HOLY HOWITZERS!
IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

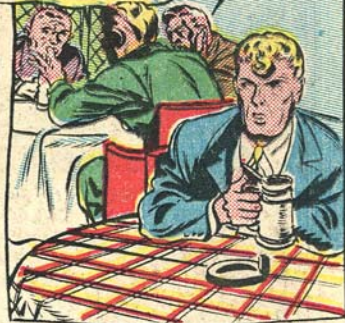
FLASH! THE VAGABOND, LONG THE AVENGER OF THE CZECHS, HAS TURNED QUISLING AND HAS BEEN MADE NAZI CHIEF OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA!

A LOT HAS HAPPENED SINCE THE VAGABOND WROTE THAT LETTER 3 MONTHS AGO! I'VE GOT TO GET OVER THERE TO FIND OUT FOR MYSELF! IT'S ALMOST TOO IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THE VAGABOND TURNED TRAITOR!

TIME PASSES... ENOUGH TIME FOR STEEL TO HOP A CLIPPER AND BY DEVIANT MEANS TO LAND IN THE CAPITAL OF CZECHO-SLOVAKIA ITSELF!

THE GREATEST TRAGEDY OF ALL TIME HAS BEFALLEN US! WHAT COULD'VE MADE HIM DO IT?

JUST NOW WHEN WE NEED THE VAGABOND THE MOST!



STEEL RETURNS TO HIS APARTMENT - GREATLY WORRIED...

THOSE POOR CZECHS WERE RIGHT! I MUST SEE THE VAGABOND!

HELLO? IS THIS THE MINISTRY OF STATE? THIS IS AN OLD FRIEND OF THE VAGABOND'S - I'D LIKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE HIM!

STEEL STERLING YOU SAY? HOLD DER VIRE! I'LL SPEAK TO DER VAGABOND UND SEE!



STEEL STERLING FROM AMERIKA VOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU! HE SAYS HE IS AN OLD FRIEND OF DER VAGABOND'S!

STEEL STERLING, HERE?

NO! I WON'T SEE HIM!

BUT YOU MUST! STERLING VILL BE SUSPICIOUS UNLESS YOU SEE HIM! BLUFF HIM!



JA, JA, JA! HERR STERLING! DER VAGABOND WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU IN AN HOUR!

OKAY! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

LATER...AS THE APPOINTMENT IS KEPT...

HELLO, VAGABOND, OLD BOY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, STEEL! HAVE A DRINK, YES? NO?

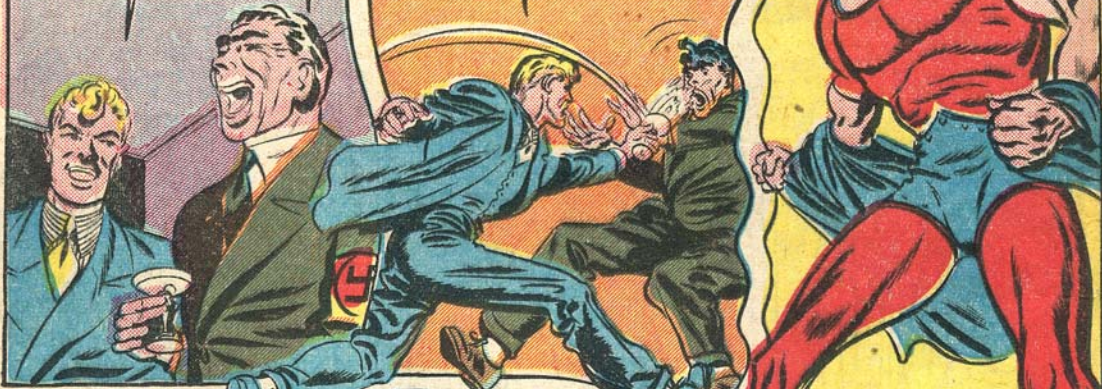


YOU FILTHY IMPOSTER!

REMEMBER THE GREAT TIMES WE USED TO HAVE ON THE RILAH-RAH! AT THE HUT-SUT CLUB?

HOW COULD I FORGET THEM? THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

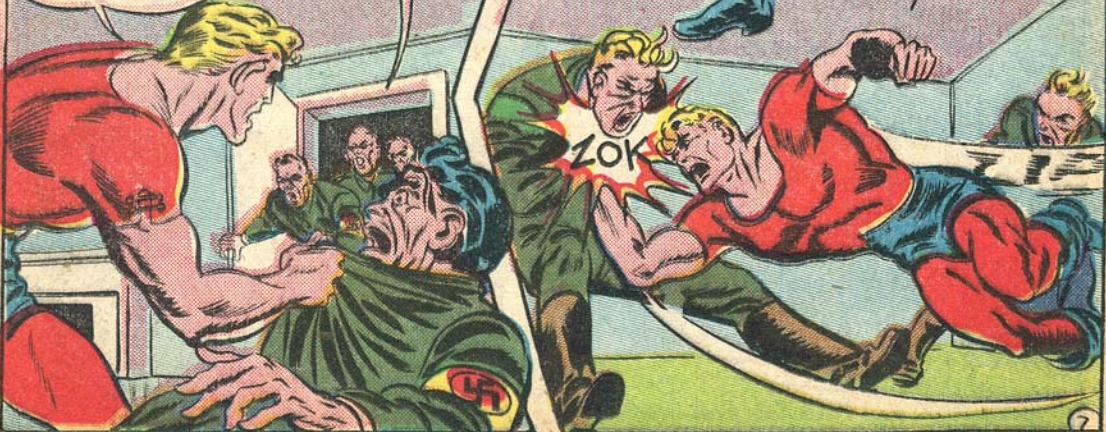
YOU'VE GOT A GOOD MEMORY, NAZI - FOR SOMETHING THAT NEVER HAPPENED!

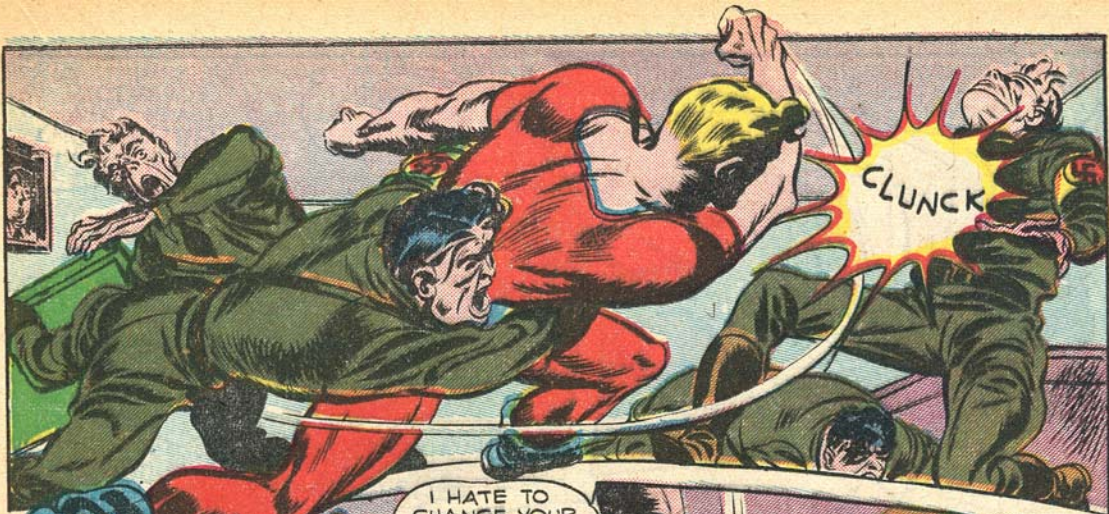


WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE REAL VAGABOND? SPEAK UP BEFORE I BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HEAD!

DONNER-WETTER! HELL BE NO MATCH FOR ALL OF US!

NO MATCH, EH? WELL - I'M STRIKING ANYHOW!





I HATE TO CHANGE YOUR PLANS, RATZI!

I'M GOING WHILE DER GOING IS GOOD!



SMASH

NOW TALK FAST! WHAT HAVE YOU LICE DONE WITH THE VAGABOND?

I-I-HAF NOTHING TO SAY!

DON'T BE BASHFUL, ROACH! I WANT TO HEAR YOUR STORY!

I VON'T SAY ANYTHING! I'M A LOYAL PARTY MEMBER!



CRACK

COME ALONG, CHUM. I'M STARTING A LITTLE PARTY OF MY OWN!

D-DON'T DROP ME - I'LL BE KILLED!

I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU A LESSON YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

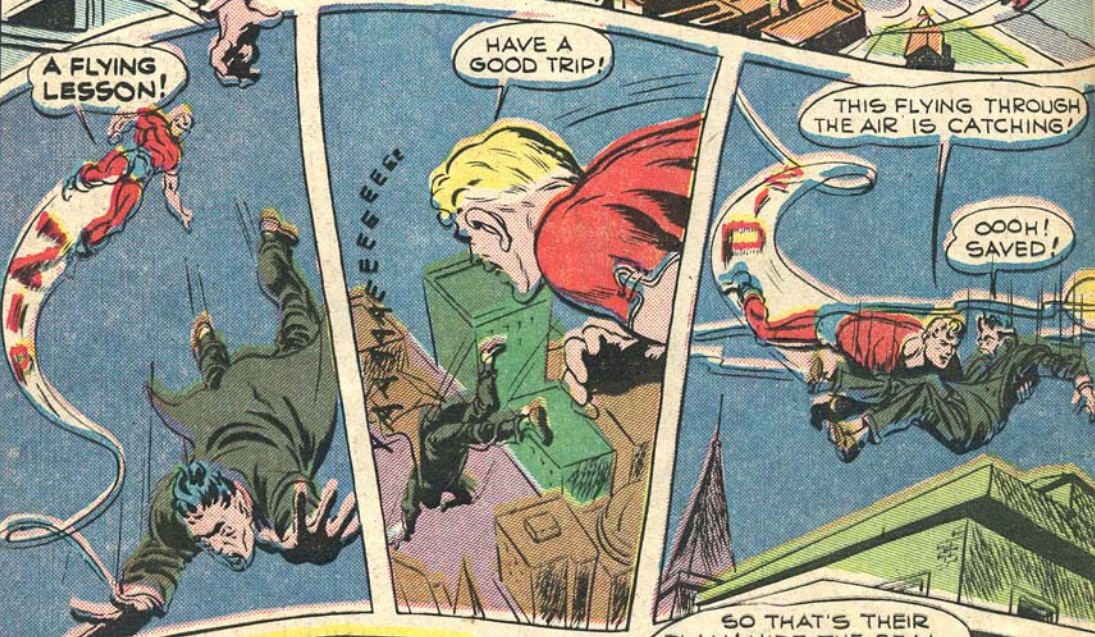


A FLYING LESSON!

HAVE A GOOD TRIP!

THIS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR IS CATCHING!

OOOH! SAVED!



NO MORE! I CAN'T STAND THIS! DER VAGABOND IS IN DER STATE PRISON!

SO THAT'S THEIR PLAN! HIDE THE REAL VAGABOND AND PUT A QUISLING IN HIS PLACE!



MEANWHILE AT THE STATE PRISON ...

HEADQUARTERS!
SEND OBER A
MESSENGER MIT
MORE INSTRUMENTS
OF TORTURE FOR
DER VAGABOND!

JA! JA!
TELL DEM
OUR VHPs
ARE VEARING
OUT!

AFTER THE PHONE-CALL
IS COMPLETED, THE NAZIS
RETURN TO THEIR
TORTURE.

AS THE MESSENGER GETS
OUT FOR THE PRISON...

THIS BOZO LOOKS
LIKE HE'S HEADING
FOR THE STATE
PRISON!

MIND IF I BORROW
YOUR SCOOTER?

QUICKLY STEEL DONS
THE MESSENGER'S
UNIFORM...

THIS IS
ONE GOING
TO JAIL!

AS STEEL NEARS
THE FRONT GATE...

HEIL! STOP!
GIF DER PASS-
WORD!

THE PASSWORD
IS SCRAM-
SKLINKS!



YOU'VE BEEN AT IT FOR AN HOUR, HANS! IT IS MY TURN NOW!

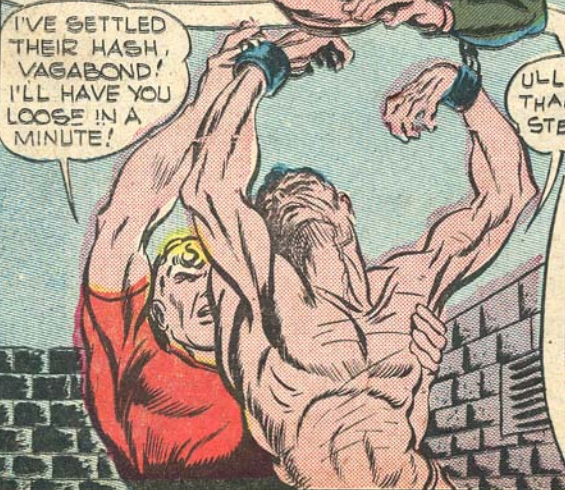


YOU'RE WRONG, SCUM! IT'S MY TURN!



I'M DISHING OUT THE BEATINGS FROM HERE ON!

LET'S SEE IF YOU CAN TAKE IT!



I'VE SETTLED THEIR HASH, VAGABOND! I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A MINUTE!

U-LL! THANKS, STEEL!



I-I'M AFRAID I'M...DONE FOR...STEEL!
DON'T GIVE UP, VAGABOND YOU MUST STAY ALIVE!

S-STEEL! KEEP UP THE FIGHT FOR LIBERTY! MEN AND WOMEN EVERYWHERE ARE SOBBING FOR FREEDOM. H-HELP THEM!

YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, VAGABOND! I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE HILLS!

YOUR VALIANTS WILL TAKE NEW HEART WHEN THEY SEE YOU!

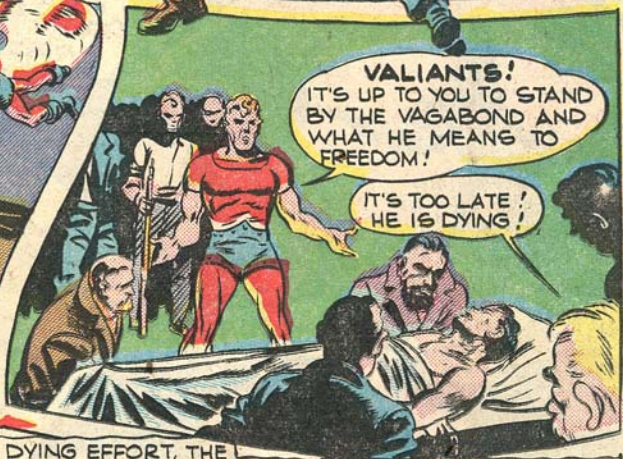


LOOK! THE VAGABOND! HE'S COMING HOME!



VALIANTS! IT'S UP TO YOU TO STAND BY THE VAGABOND AND WHAT HE MEANS TO FREEDOM!

IT'S TOO LATE! HE IS DYING!



THE NAZIS CAN CONQUER OUR CITIES, OUR ARMIES, BUT THEY WILL NEVER SUBDUCE OUR SOULS. WE SHALL FIGHT TILL THE LAST NAZI IS SCOURGED FROM THE EARTH!



IN A DYING EFFORT, THE VAGABOND RAISES HIS HEAD... MY SPIRIT WILL NEVER DIE, VALIANTS! I'LL LEAD YOU EVEN IN DEATH-FOLLOW ME!

SLOWLY STEEL COVERS THE FACE OF THE DEPARTED VAGABOND, GRIEVING FACES ARE AVERTED... BUT THEIR SORROW GIVES THE VALIANTS NEW-FOUND COURAGE!



♪ RIDE! RIDE! ON TO VICTORY! ♪
♪ RIDE! RIDE! MEN ARE BORN TO BE FREE ♪



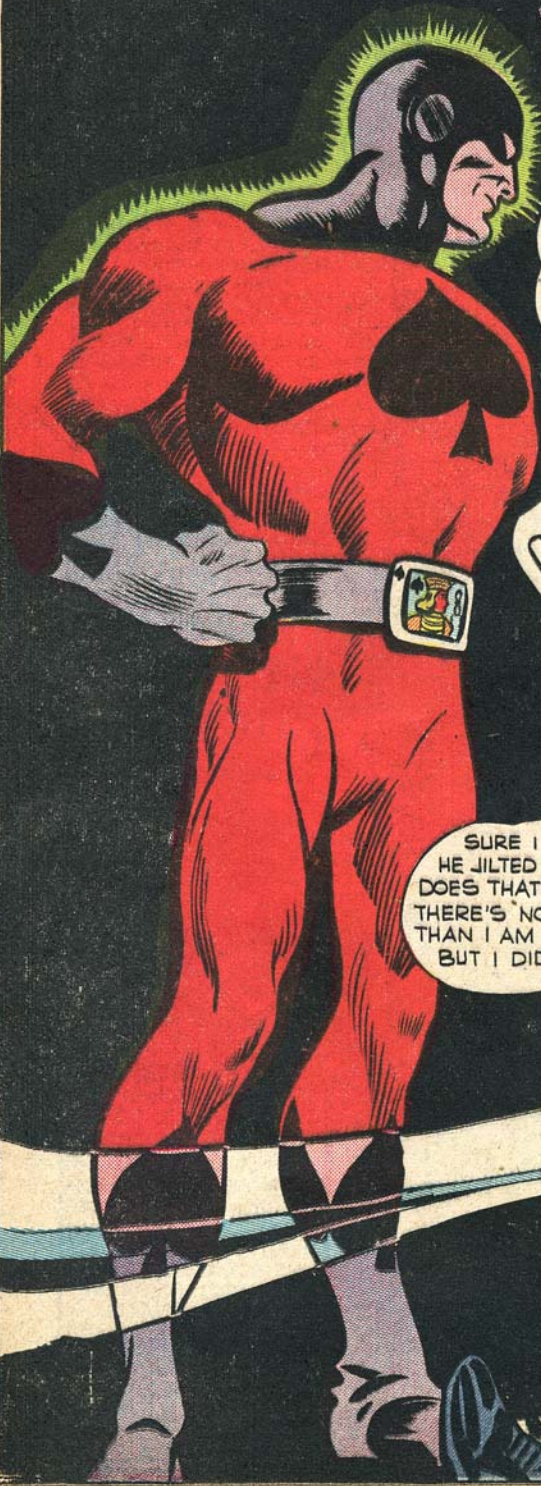
The VAGABOND IS COMING! STILL THE RINGING GONG OF VENGEANCE ROCKS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS-AS THE CONQUERED ONES OF EUROPE TAKE NEW HEART! FREEDOM WILL LIVE FOREVER! FREEDOM WILL NEVER DIE, SO LONG AS MEN DRAW BREATH!

FOLLOW THE DAZZLING ADVENTURES OF STEEL STERLING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS!

BLACK

I AM DUVAL, ZE FAMOUS KNIFE-THROWER. WHEN CASINO FIRE ME FROM HEE'S NIGHT CLUB, I WEEESH I COULD CUT HIS HEART OUT, BUT I DEED NOT MURDER HEEM!

SURE I HATED CASINO! HE JILTED ME, AND NOBODY DOES THAT TO DIAMOND LIL! THERE'S NOBODY MORE GLAD THAN I AM THAT HE'S DEAD! BUT I DIDN'T KILL HIM!



JACK



CASINO WOULDN'T LEAVE ME, JUDY SLOANE, ALONE! I COULDN'T BEAR THE SIGHT OF HIM! BUT I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS DEATH!

WHO KILLED CASINO?
FATE DEALT CASINO HIS LAST HAND, DEALT IT TO HIM CUNNINGLY, MALIGNANTLY, DEALT HIM A ROYAL FLUSH IN THE SUIT OF DEATH! HERE IS A TALE AS BAFFLING AS IT IS BIZARRE! JOIN **BLACK JACK** AS HE DEALS HIMSELF A HAND IN THIS GAME OF MURDER!

OKAY! SO I DID THREATEN TO KNOCK OFF THE RAT! AFTER ALL, HE CHEATED ME, MIKE ANGELO, OUTTA MY NIGHT CLUB IN A CROOKED CARD GAME! I SWORE TO GET HIM FOR IT! BUT THAT DON'T MEAN I DID IT!

LOOK AT ME, LEGS THOMPSON, ONCE CASINO'S STRONG ARM GUY, NOW AN IRON-LUNG CRIPPLE, PUT HERE BY CASINO! BUT ACCUSING ME OF GIVING CASINO WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM, HA, HA, HA, THAT'S THE JOKER ALL RIGHT!

King

AT THE GRAND OPENING OF THE SWANK CLUB CASINO...

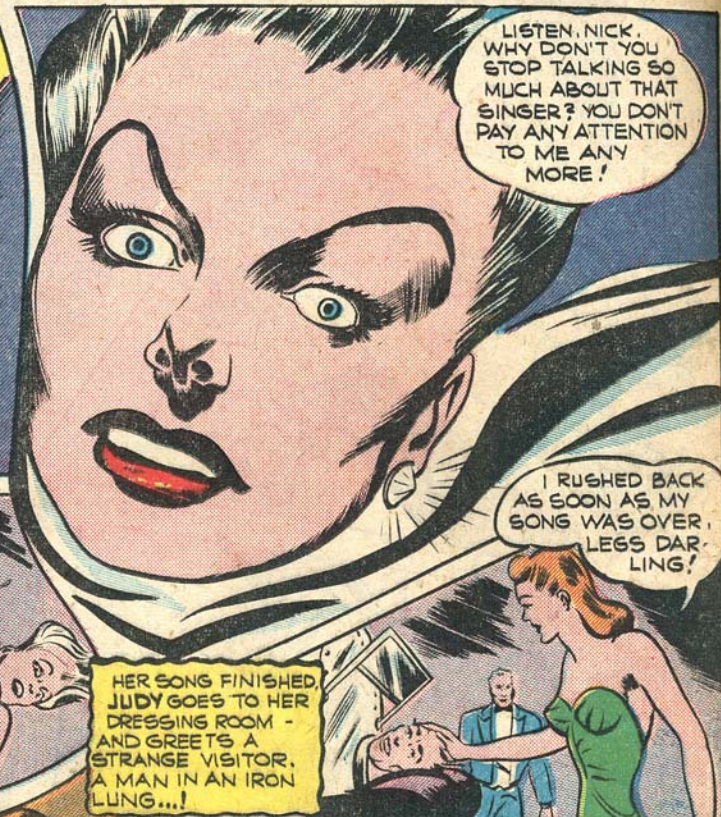


COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY

NICK CASINO, OWNER OF THE CLUB, LISTENS APPRECIATIVELY...



I'M SURE GLAD I HIRED THAT JUDY SLOAN KID, LIL... SHE'S GOT PLENTY OF CLASS!



LISTEN, NICK, WHY DON'T YOU STOP TALKING SO MUCH ABOUT THAT SINGER? YOU DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME ANY MORE!

SHUT YOUR TRAP! NOBODY GIVES ME ORDERS - AND YOU BETTER GET THAT INTO YOUR HEAD RIGHT NOW!



HER SONG FINISHED, JUDY GOES TO HER DRESSING ROOM - AND GREET'S A STRANGE VISITOR, A MAN IN AN IRON LUNG...!

I RUSHED BACK AS SOON AS MY SONG WAS OVER, LESS DARING!

NICK CASINO ENTERS THE ROOM...

WHILE OUTSIDE, ANOTHER GUEST ENTERS THE CLUB CASINO...



HIYA, LEGS! I SEE THEY FOLLOWED MY ORDERS AND GOT YA HERE ALL RIGHT! 'SURE MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO KNOW MY OLD BODYGUARD IS PRESENT AT THE OPENING OF MY NIGHT CLUB!

THE DIRTY RAT SEEMS TO BE DOING GOOD BUSINESS WITH THE NIGHT CLUB HE STOLE FROM ME!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T MIKE ANGELO! HA HA, COME TO SEE MY OPENING OF YOUR NIGHT CLUB!



IT MAY BE FUNNY TO YOU NOW, CASINO - BUT I KNOW THAT THE CARD GAME IN WHICH YOU WON MY CLUB WAS CROOKED! I'LL GET YOU YET!



AT A CORNER TABLE, JACK JONES AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONER WATCH THE ARGUMENT...



I WONDER WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT. ANGELO IS PRETTY EXCITED!



GET YOUR HAND OFF ME, YA RAT!... YOU'VE WON THIS TRICK, BUT YOU'RE NOT FINISHED WITH ME! I WARN YOU!

COME ON, MIKE, ACT YOUR AGE! YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING! WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?



SO I NOTICE, AND UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING!

LIL STEPS UP TO THE MICROPHONE...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR OLD FRIEND DUVAL, THE WORLD FAMOUS KNIFE-THROWER! GIVE HIM A HAND, FOLKS!



BON SOIR, MES AMIS! TONIGHT I HAVE ZE GREAT THRILL. BE PREPARED FOR ZE GREAT SURPRISE!



I BEGIN NOW... VOILA!

AND NOW FOR MY SURPRISE OF THE EVENING...

I WEEESH I COULD SURPRISE THE AUDIENCE WEEETH A KNIFE IN CASINO'S HEART... ZE PIG! FIRING ME; ZE GREAT DUVAL!



SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS BLACK OUT...

AND WHEN THEY FLASH ON AGAIN, THE AUDIENCE STARES HORRIFIED - AT THE BODY OF NICK CASINO...

EEEEEEEEE

GOOD LORD!

HELP!

I'M THE POLICE COMMISSIONER - AND YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, DUVAL!

LOOK, ZIS KNIFE IN HIS CHEST. IT IS NOT ZE KIND I USE IN MY ACT! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOUR-SELF!

HMM... THAT'S RIGHT!

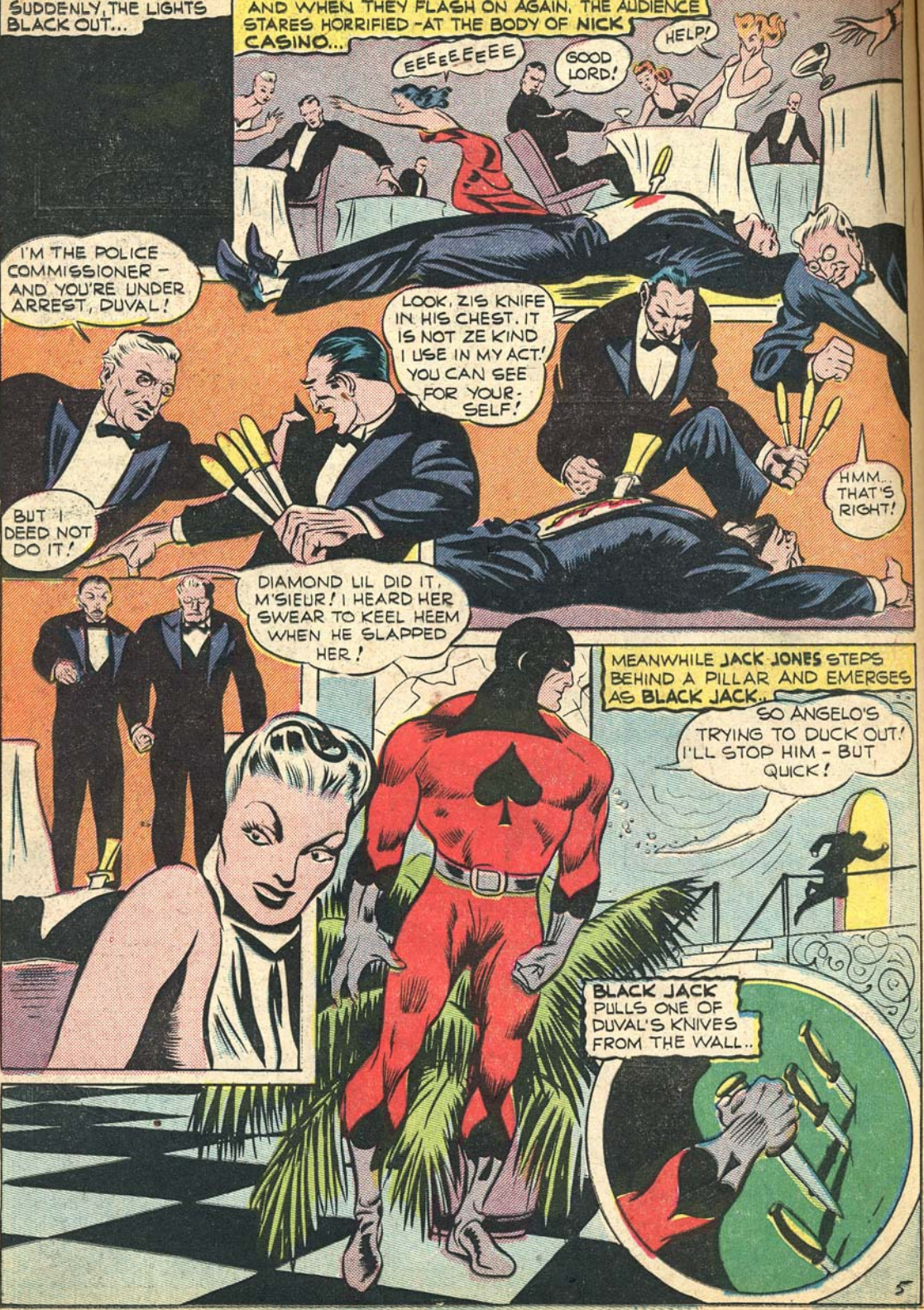
BUT I DEED NOT DO IT!

DIAMOND LIL DID IT, M'SIEUR! I HEARD HER SWEAR TO KEEL HEEM WHEN HE SLAPPED HER!

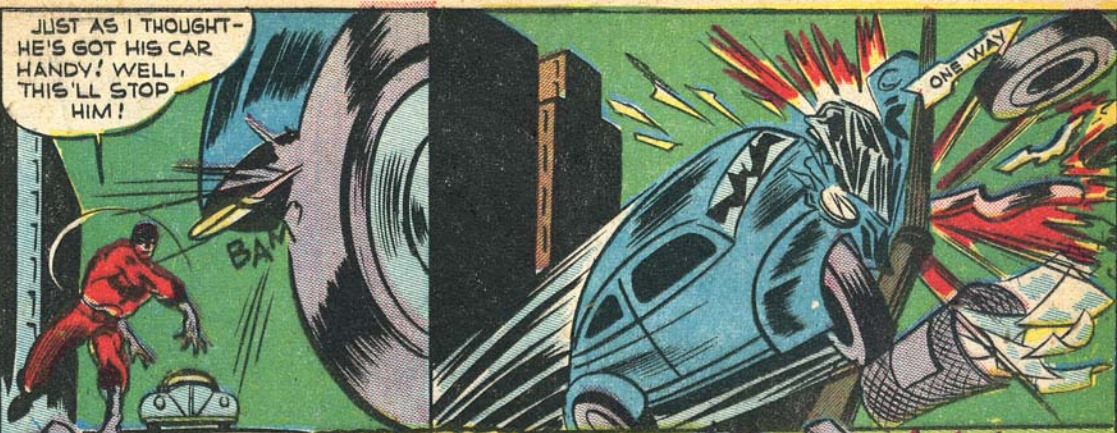
MEANWHILE JACK JONES STEPS BEHIND A PILLAR AND EMERGES AS BLACK JACK...

SO ANGELO'S TRYING TO DUCK OUT! I'LL STOP HIM - BUT QUICK!

BLACK JACK PULLS ONE OF DUVAL'S KNIVES FROM THE WALL...



JUST AS I THOUGHT-
HE'S GOT HIS CAR
HANDY! WELL,
THIS'LL STOP
HIM!



AND AS ANGELO
EMERGES FROM
THE WRECK AND
TRIES TO FLEE...



WHAT'S YOUR
HURRY?

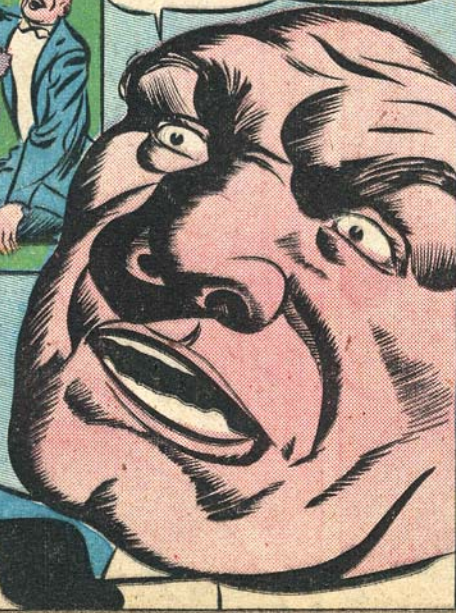
WHAM

JUST
A MINUTE,
PAL!

NOW TALK, ANGELO!
YOU KILLED CASINO,
DIDN'T YOU?



D- DON'T HIT ME! I DIDN'T
KILL CASINO - SOMEBODY
BEAT ME TO IT! I WAS RUN-
NING AWAY BECAUSE I KNEW
I'D BE BLAMED FOR THE JOB!



IF YOU'RE
INNOCENT,
ANGELO, YOU
HAVE NOTHING TO
WORRY
ABOUT! IN
THE MEAN-
TIME, YOU'D
BETTER GET
INTO THAT
PATROL
WAGON!



LATER, IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...



HOW ABOUT IT, SIR, ANY LUCK?

THIS IS REALLY A PUZZLER, BLACK JACK! WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO SHAKE THE STORIES OF ANY OF THOSE SUSPECTS AND THEY ALL HAD GOOD REASON TO WANT TO MURDER CASINO!

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN...

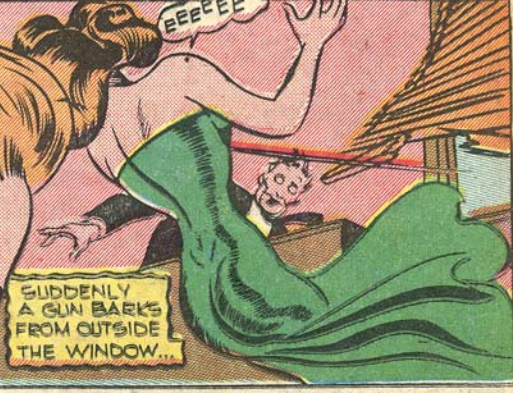


I'VE GOT TO SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE!

JUDY SLOAN!



MR. COMMISSIONER, I WAS THE ONE WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS AT THE CLUB LAST NIGHT! MY BOY FRIEND, LEGS...



EEEEEE

SUDDENLY A GUN BARKS FROM OUTSIDE THE WINDOW...

BUT THE KILLER IS READY FOR HIM...



THE SHOT CAME THROUGH THIS WINDOW!



BLACK JACK! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NEVER MIND! GET A DOCTOR FOR JUDY—HURRY!



HOW'S THE GIRL, DOC?

NOT SO GOOD. WE'VE GOT TO RUSH HER TO A HOSPITAL!

WELL, THERE WE ARE, BLACK JACK... UP A TREE AGAIN! BY THE TIME THE SLOANE GIRL RECOVERS TO TELL US, THE KILLER MAY MAKE HIS ESCAPE!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP QUESTIONING THOSE SUSPECTS AND HOPE FOR A BREAK!

THE SUSPECTS ENTER THE ROOM...



OKAY! SO I WAS JEALOUS BECAUSE I KNEW CASINO WAS ON THE MAKE FOR JUDY SLOANE! BUT LESS LARSON ALSO HAD GOOD REASON TO BE JEALOUS!

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, I TELL YOU! SOMEONE BEAT ME TO THE JOB!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THESE CONSTANT QUESTIONS! I AM AN ARTIST - NOT A MURDERER!



WAIT A MINUTE! DID YOU SAY LESS LARSON? WASN'T HE ONCE CASINO'S BODYGUARD?

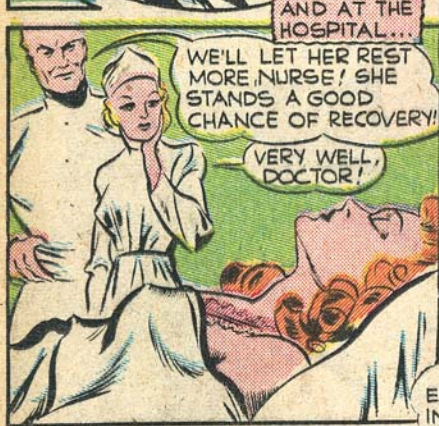




SURE BUT HE'S A HOPELESS CRIPPLE IN AN IRON LUNG BECAUSE OF IT! LEGS USED TO BE NUTS ABOUT JUDY, HIMSELF!



GREAT SCOTT! YOU'VE GIVEN ME A HUNCH! AND IF IT'S THE RIGHT ONE, JUDY SLOANE WILL NEVER RECOVER!



AND AT THE HOSPITAL...

WE'LL LET HER REST MORE, NURSE! SHE STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF RECOVERY!

VERY WELL, DOCTOR!



AFTER THE DOCTOR AND NURSE LEAVE... SLEEPING QUIETLY, IS SHE? I'LL PUT HER TO SLEEP FOR GOOD!



BUT BEFORE THE KNIFE CAN DESCEND FOR THE DEATH STROKE...

JUST A MINUTE, PAL!



YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH MURDERING FOR ONE NIGHT!

MAYBE NOT, BLACK JACK! I'LL KILL YOU TOO!

BUT BLACK JACK'S FOOT LASHES OUT...

...AND HIS FIST FINISHES THE JOB...



BLACK JACK, YOU'VE GOT THE MURDERER!



EXACTLY! IT'S OUR FRIEND, LEGS!



THERE'S THE IRON LUNG-EMPTY! THE RAT ISN'T ANY MORE PARALYZED THAN I AM!

THE NEXT MORNING...



ALL RIGHT, YOU'VE GOT ME BUT I'M NOT SORRY I DID IT! I SPENT TWO YEARS OF TORTURE IN THAT IRON LUNG - TORTURE BECAUSE I TOOK BULLETS MEANT FOR CASINO! AND THE SKUNK SHOWED HIS GRATITUDE BY TRYING TO STEAL MY GIRL! I FIXED HIM! HA, HA, HA! I FIXED HIM!



HELLO, JUDY! FEELING BETTER?

MY FRIEND BLACK JACK TOLD ME HOW YOU WERE AN INNOCENT PAWN IN LEG'S PLOT!

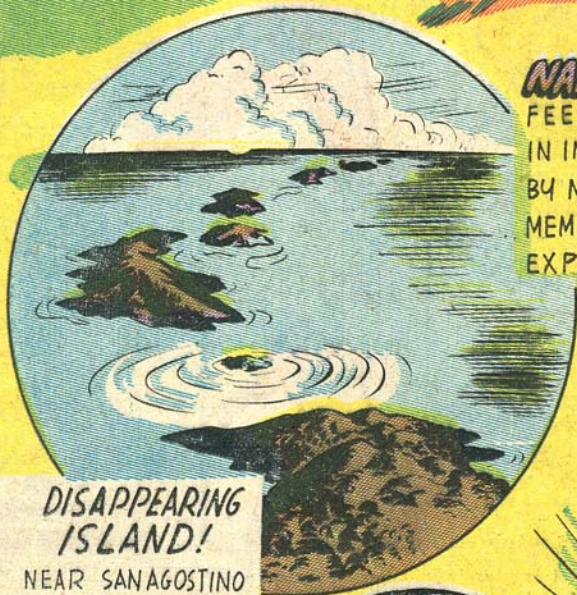


YES! I ALWAYS FELT SORRY FOR HIM - AND HE MIS-TOOK IT FOR LOVE HE TOLD ME THAT CASINO WANTED ME TO PUT OUT THE LIGHTS BECAUSE OF A NEW ACT HE HAD! I'M GLAD LEGS IS GETTING WHAT HE DESERVES!

WORLD WONDERS

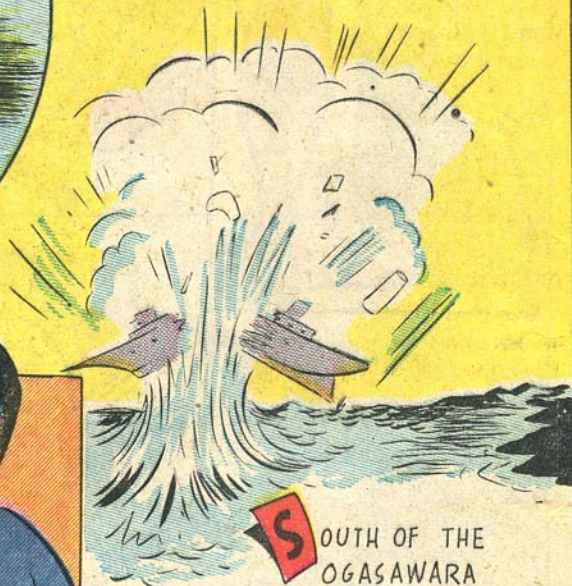


NANDA DEVI, A MOUNTAIN 25,645 FEET HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAN RANGE IN INDIA, IS THE HIGHEST EVER CLIMBED BY MAN...AFTER MANY HAD TRIED, TWO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH-AMERICAN EXPEDITION SUCCEEDED IN 1936.....



DISAPPEARING ISLAND!

NEAR SANAGOSTINO IN THE SOUTH SEAS, AN ISLAND $2\frac{1}{2}$ MILES IN CIRCUMFERENCE AROSE IN 1904 AND DISAPPEARED IN 1906.



SOUTH OF THE OGASAWARA ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC ARE MANY **SUBMARINE VOLCANOES** WHICH CAPSIZE SHIPS BY THEIR SUDDEN EXPLOSIONS!

the **GREAT NAPOLEON**, ONCE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN EUROPE, **WAS AFRAID OF CATS!**

LAUGH, KILLER, LAUGH

A WEB STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

WILLIAM SLOANE, M. D., looked at the case history for the third time. Then he turned frightened eyes up to John Raymond and gestured nervously.

"There's the entire story, John," he said. "Do you think my analysis is correct?"

John Raymond peered at him through gleaming spectacles. "Just a moment," he said. "You tell me that the three murdered doctors were found *with their ears chopped off?*"

"Exactly," said Sloane. The pouches of fat on his face quivered. "Their ears had been sliced off with their own scalpels . . . and left lying there in pools of blood."

Raymond nodded. "I begin to see your point," he said. "You think that Michael Casey is the murderer—that he's killing these men and chopping off their ears as a symbol of his revenge?"

"What else can I think?" asked Sloane. "When Casey was hit by that car and I performed the brain operation—why, I was a kid just out of medical school. I was green. It wasn't my fault that the operation was unsuccessful and Casey came out of it stone deaf and—and—well, insane is the only word for it."

John Raymond's thoughts raced back to the day Michael

Casey had been hit by a drunken driver. Casey had been rushed to the nearest hospital and operated on by Sloane . . . since Sloane had been the only brain specialist available. Perhaps it *hadn't* been Sloane's fault that the operation was unsuccessful—but there had been a great deal of talk about carelessness because it was a charity case. "Go on," said Raymond.

"Well," continued Sloane, "as I see it, there's only one explanation of all these murders. Casey's twisted mind demands revenge, to pay back the doctors whom he thinks ruined his life. You know how he was after the operation—dull, sullen, long spells in which he forgot even his own name. Well, maybe he's forgotten the name of the doctor who operated on him . . . and yet, with one of these insane twists, he remembers that the doctor was a member of the state medical board." Sloane paused and took a deep breath which shook its way out of his throat. "I tell you I'm right, John. Maniacs never believe that they're insane, so that wouldn't bother him. But his loss of hearing must have been on his mind all these years—eating at him and filling him with hate—until, with insane logic, he decided to make sure he'd get

the right doctor . . . by killing every member of the board!"

Raymond looked at Sloane, almost enjoying the pudgy doctor's fright. He didn't like Sloane. For one thing, the doctor had always used his family's wealth to help him—the fact that he became a member of the state medical board immediately upon his graduation from school, rather than after years of actual practice as a doctor, was a perfect example. And for another thing, there was the Casey operation. Raymond remembered how Sloane had airily dismissed ugly carelessness rumors by taking a trip to Europe until things blew over.

"I see," Raymond said. "But why call on me?"

Sloane reached up and clutched Raymond's shirt-front with twitching hands. "I'm frightened, John," he said hoarsely. "You're an authority on the criminal and the insane mind. You were a consulting specialist at the hospital when I operated on Casey—you remember the case. Do you think my analysis is correct? *Tell me!*"

Raymond disentangled Sloane's fingers. "No, Sloane," he said, with gravity. "I'm quite sure you have nothing to fear." He retrieved his hat

from the clothes-tree and stepped out of the door.

* * *

John Raymond looked tired. His eyes were clouded and his hair, run through many times by nervous fingers, was disarranged.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet. His eyes burned for a moment, and then the light in them quieted.

"No time to lose," he said grimly. "The Web had better swing into action—*right now!*"

* * *

The Web dropped silently through an open window leading into the hall of William Sloane's spacious home. As he did so, he heard footsteps . . . and he sprang, catlike, into a dark corner back of several bookcases.

Four men were walking to William Sloane's door. One was Sloane himself, two were police officers, and the last man The Web recognized as a detective.

Beads of sweat formed on Sloane's face. As the other men walked to the door, he waddled after them, repeating, "You've got to protect me. I tell you it's only a miracle that I'm alive."

At the door, the detective turned. "You'll be perfectly safe, Dr. Sloane," he said. "These two men will remain outside the building and make sure that Casey doesn't make another attempt on your life."

"Thank you," said Sloane. "He came in through a window and leaped right at me. If I hadn't begun to shout so

that the neighbors came rushing in, I'd be dead now. It was horrible!"

The detective nodded, gave brief instructions to the policemen, and the three left. The door slammed behind them.

This was The Web's signal. He leaped out into the open, directly before Sloane's startled eyes. Sloane backed against the wall.

"That story you gave the police is a fake," said The Web. "Casey was never here!"

Sloane stared at him. "W—who are you?" he asked.

"Never mind that," said The Web. "You might call me your justice . . . murderer!"

"I don't understand what you're talking about," said Sloane, his fat little body stiff. "Take another step toward me and I'll call the police."

The Web continued to move forward. "You killed the three doctors. They were collecting information to have you declared incompetent and to have your license to practice medicine cancelled . . . that's common knowledge. So you killed them and stole the documents—and tried to pin the murder on Michael Casey!"

"You're crazy!" said Sloane, in a harsh whisper. "Casey tried to kill me not ten minutes ago."

The Web smiled, humorlessly. "Just another trick to build your frame-up," he said. "But it won't help you, Sloane. The web of murder you've woven can only end in your own doom." He took a

step closer. "When you ruined Michael Casey's mind, he began a series of petty and stupid crimes. He was easily caught and the authorities sent him to me for analysis. I treated him for almost a year, but after your incompetent operation, he couldn't live too long. Do you follow me, Sloane? *Michael Casey died last week!*"

Sloane's lips moved. And then, strangely, he began to laugh. Laughter burst from his throat and echoed down the long hall.

He wiped tears from his eyes. "There's one thing I don't understand," he said. "Is the joke on me—or you?" He leaped forward, a gleaming scalpel in his hand.

The Web jumped to one side. He twisted, and lashed out with his left. Once, twice . . . Sloane's head shot backwards and slammed against the wall. Sloane gasped and fell to the floor.

Then The Web went to work. Speedily, he delved through Sloane's desk. In the third drawer, under a pile of unimportant papers, he found the documents stolen from the murdered medicos. With a gesture, he placed these in Sloane's unconscious hand.

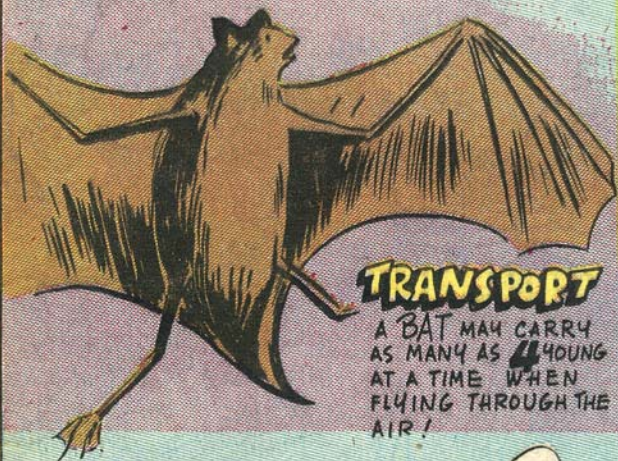
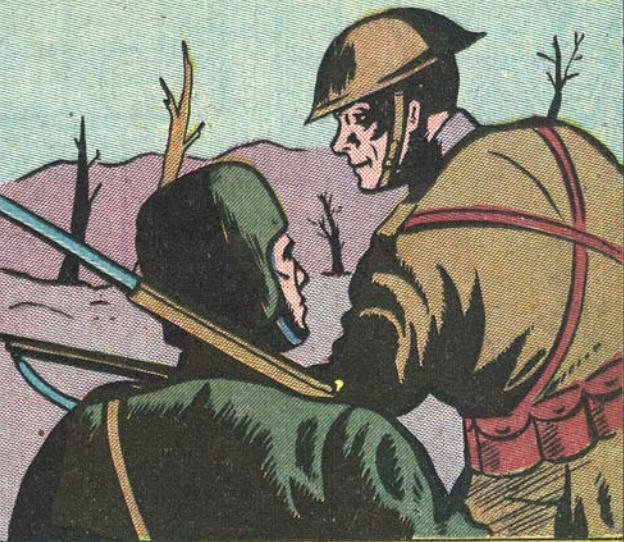
The police would be in soon to check up on Sloane's safety. They had an interesting surprise in store for them.

For a moment, The Web turned and looked at the still figure of Dr. William Sloane. Then he leaped up to the window and went out into the night.

WORLD WONDERS

RABBIT HUNT

ON CHRISTMAS DAY 1914 A TEMPORARY TRUCE WAS CALLED WHILE THE ENEMIES MET ON NO-MAN'S LAND TO KILL RABBITS!

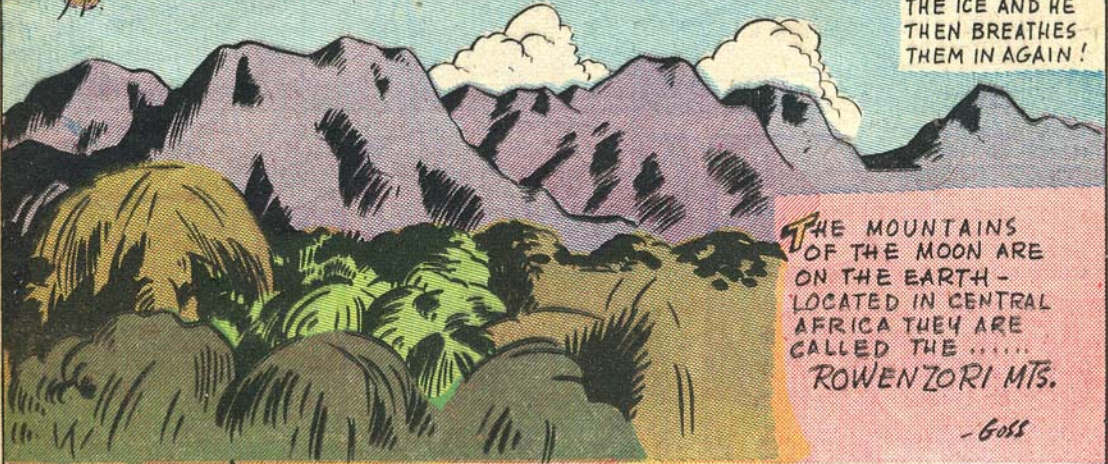


TRANSPORT

A BAT MAY CARRY AS MANY AS 24 YOUNG AT A TIME WHEN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR!

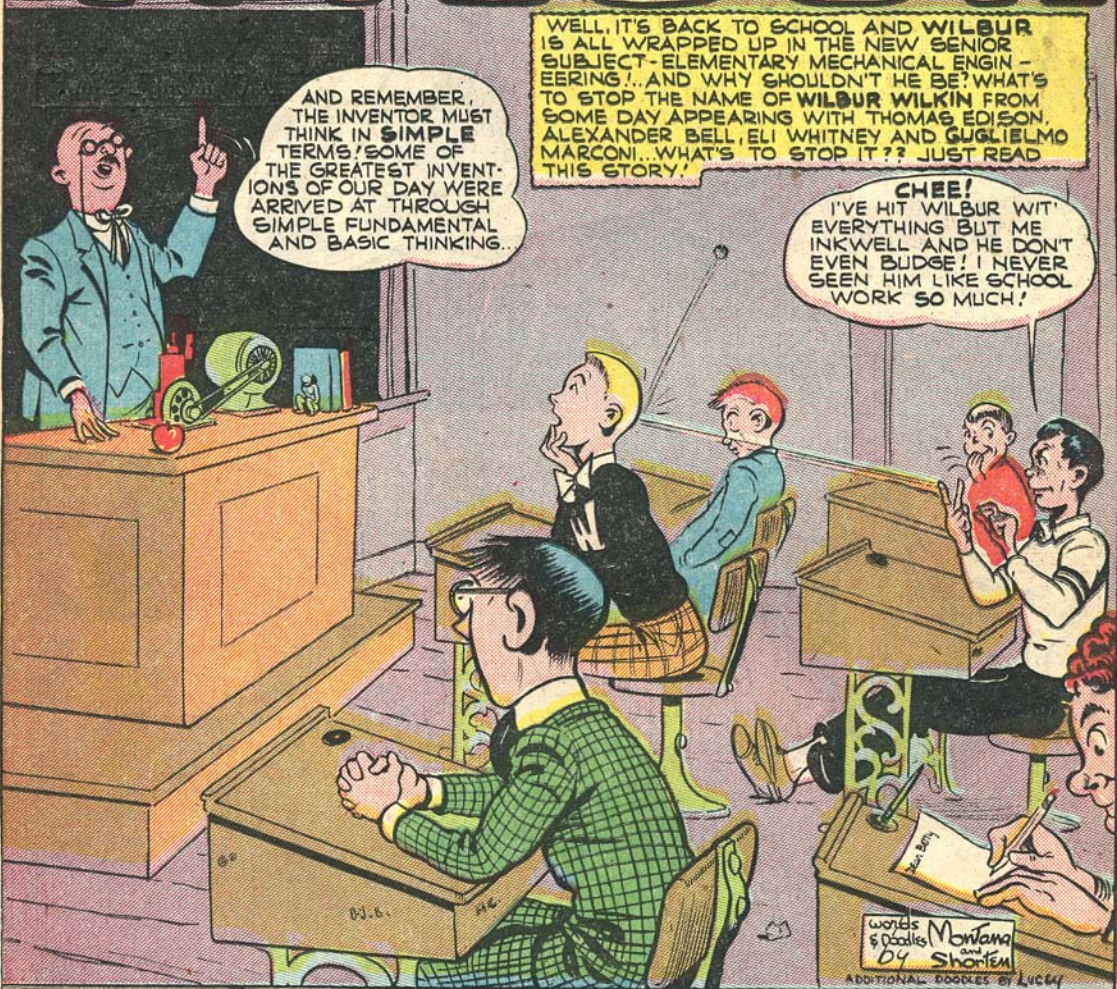


WHEN A BEAVER IS TRAPPED UNDER A CONTINUOUS SHEET OF ICE WHERE HE CAN'T BREATHE HE EXPELS THE AIR FROM HIS LUNGS. THE AIR BUBBLES FRESHEN AGAINST THE ICE AND HE THEN BREATHES THEM IN AGAIN!



THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON ARE ON THE EARTH - LOCATED IN CENTRAL AFRICA THEY ARE CALLED THE ROWENZORI MTS.

WILBUR



AND REMEMBER, THE INVENTOR MUST THINK IN SIMPLE TERMS! SOME OF THE GREATEST INVENTIONS OF OUR DAY WERE ARRIVED AT THROUGH SIMPLE FUNDAMENTAL AND BASIC THINKING.

WELL, IT'S BACK TO SCHOOL AND WILBUR IS ALL WRAPPED UP IN THE NEW SENIOR SUBJECT - ELEMENTARY MECHANICAL ENGINEERING!.. AND WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE? WHAT'S TO STOP THE NAME OF WILBUR WILKIN FROM SOME DAY APPEARING WITH THOMAS EDISON, ALEXANDER BELL, ELI WHITNEY AND GUGLIELMO MARCONI!.. WHAT'S TO STOP IT?? JUST READ THIS STORY!

CHEE!
I'VE HIT WILBUR WIT' EVERYTHING BUT ME INKWELL AND HE DON'T EVEN BUDGE! I NEVER SEEN HIM LIKE SCHOOL WORK SO MUCH!

words & doodles by Montana
by Shortem

ADDITIONAL DOODLES BY LUCY



Y'KNOW, MARMADUKE, THE PROF IS RIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO THINK SIMPLE TO INVENT - AND I'M THE GUY THAT CAN DO IT! WHO KNOWS...I MAY BE A GENIUS MYSELF!

I'VE BEEN CONVINCED THAT I AM, FOR A LONG TIME!

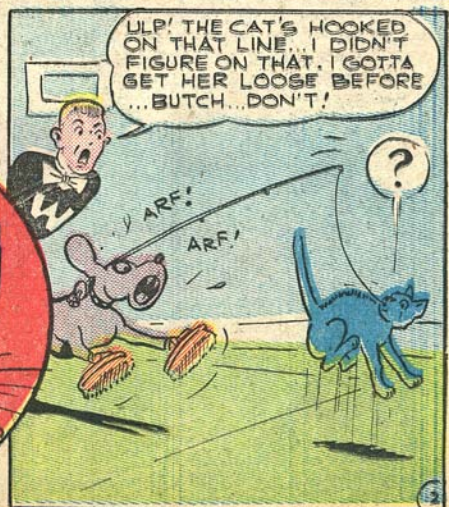
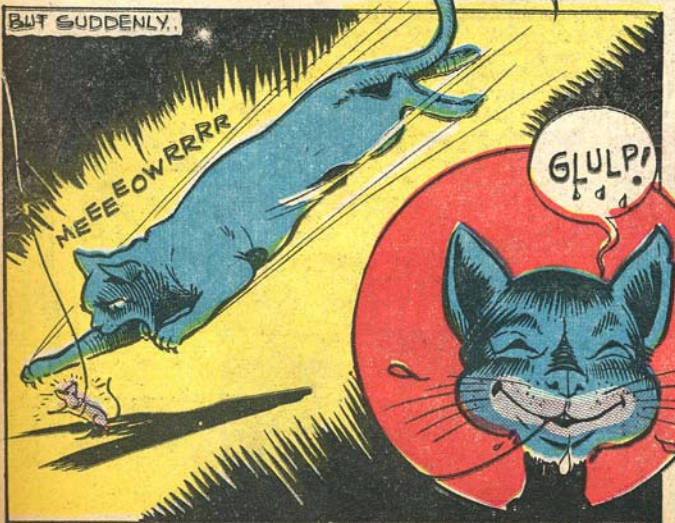
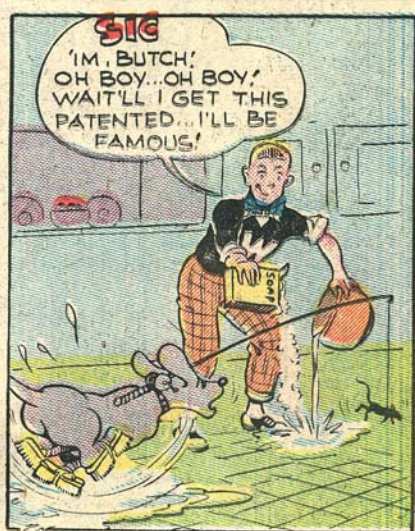
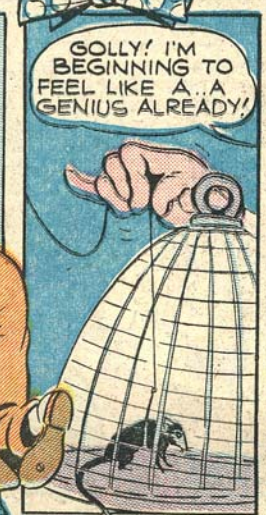
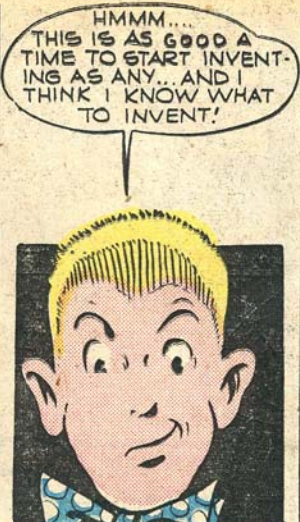


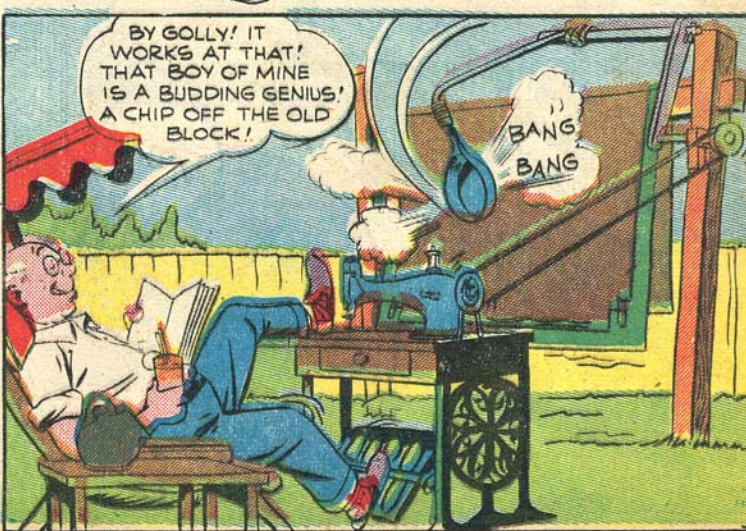
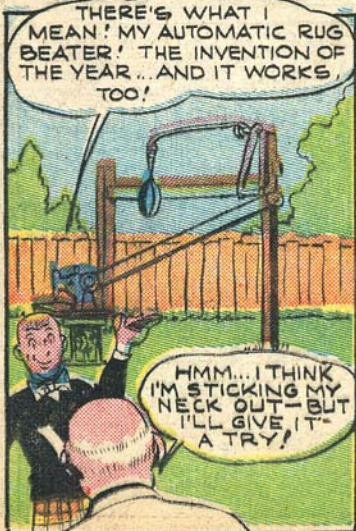
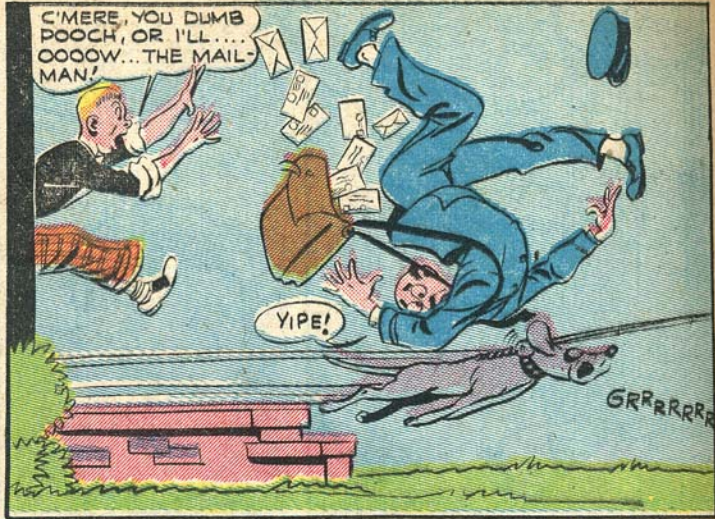
SHUX! LOOK AT THE CAN OPENER... A SIMPLE INVENTION... AND WHY WAS THAT INVENTED? SOMEONE WANTED TO OPEN A CAN!



S'LONG MARMY, GUESS I'LL KNOCK MYSELF OFF A COUPLE OF INVENTIONS TODAY!

HMMPH!. THE ONLY THING YOU'LL INVENT IS AN EXCUSE FOR NOT DOING HOMEWORK!

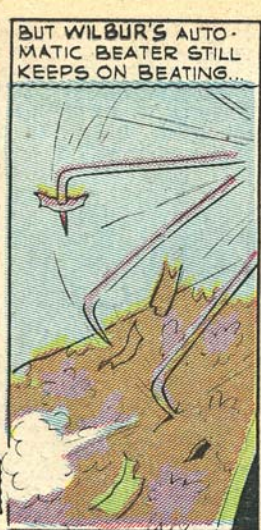






BUT THE STRING SUDDENLY TEARS... OFF SAILS THE FRYING PAN...

...AND RIGHT THROUGH THE KITCHEN WINDOW



BUT WILBUR'S AUTO-MATIC BEATER STILL KEEPS ON BEATING...



ROBERT! HURRY AND BRING THE RUG IN THE HOUSE!

COMING - DEAR! OOOW! WHAT'LL I DO NOW?



NOW WAIT, MARY! IT WAS ALL WILBUR'S FAULT... I... I...

BOO-HOO! MY BEST RUG, TOO!

LOOK, DEAR, YOU KNOW THAT MINK COAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED. WELL...



OH WELL... I'M NOT DISCOURAGED! EVERY GREAT INVENTOR HAS SOME SET-BACKS! ... GOSH, THIS NEW ONE OF MINE IS A TOUGH ONE! MAYBE I OUGHT TO GET MARMADUKE TO HELP ME SLIGHTLY!



AND SO, THAT NIGHT...

THAT'S STRANGE! WHERE COULD MY BREAD-BOX AND DOUBLE BOILER HAVE GONE TO?

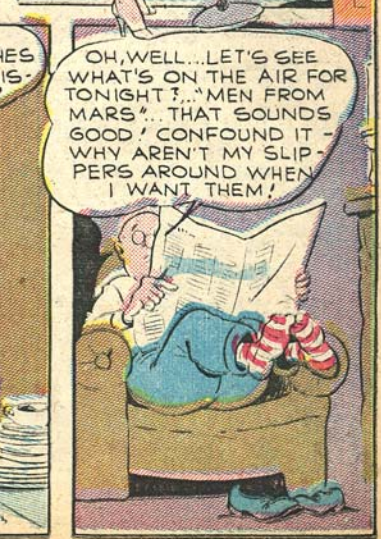


HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! I FINALLY DECIDE TO GIVE ALL THAT SCRAP THAT'S ACCUMULATED IN OUR ATTIC TO THE GOVERNMENT... AND NOW IT'S GONE!



MOTHER, HAVE YOU SEEN MY RUBBER GLOVES? THEY HAVE DISAPPEARED!

I WISH THESE DISHES WOULD DISAPPEAR!



OH, WELL... LET'S SEE WHAT'S ON THE AIR FOR TONIGHT? ... MEN FROM MARS... THAT SOUNDS GOOD! CONFOUND IT - WHY AREN'T MY SLIPPERS AROUND WHEN I WANT THEM!



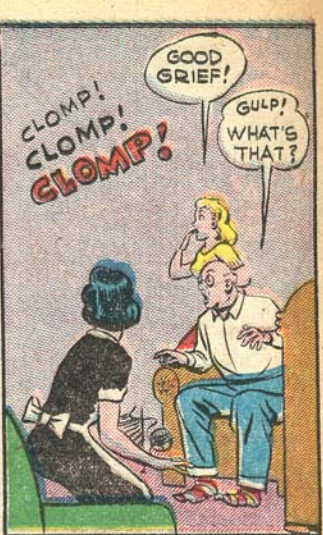
ROBERT! THE COFFEE'S READY! HAVE YOU SEEN WILBUR? HE HASN'T HAD HIS SUPPER YET!

MARY, SHHH! THIS "MEN FROM MARS" IS THE MOST EXCITING PROGRAM I'VE EVER HEARD!



YOU ARE DOOMED, EARTHINGS! DOOMED! OUR ROBOTS OBEY OUR EVERY COMMAND AND WE HAVE ALREADY COMMANDED THEM TO EXTERMINATE YOU! LISTEN, THEY ARE COMING NOW!

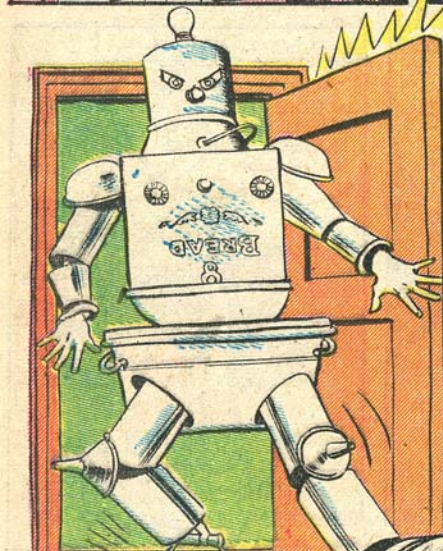
CLOMP CLOMP



CLOMP! CLOMP! CLOMP!

GOOD GRIEF!

GULP! WHAT'S THAT?



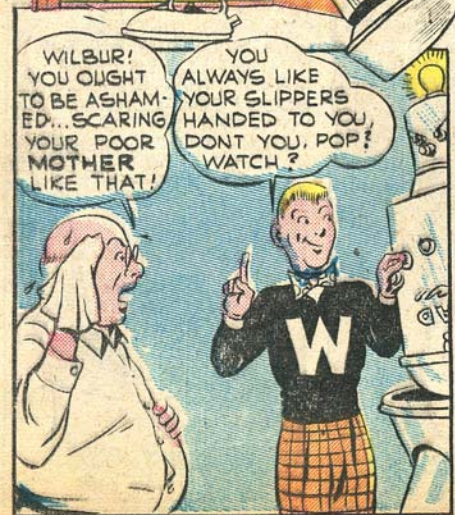
EEEE! IT-IT'S A ROBOT FROM MARS!

HELP! HELP!

HA, HA, HA! THIS ROBOT WON'T HURT YOU, POP! IT'S MY LATEST INVENTION!

WILBUR! AGAIN!

S-STAY AWAY! PULL-LL-PLEASE! WE DON'T WANT TO DIE!



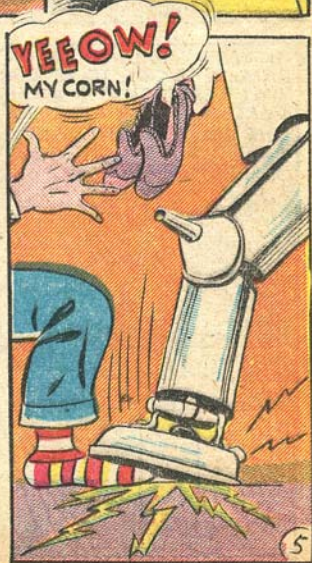
WILBUR! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED... SCARING YOUR POOR MOTHER LIKE THAT!

YOU ALWAYS LIKE YOUR SLIPPERS HANDED TO YOU, DON'T YOU, POP? WATCH?

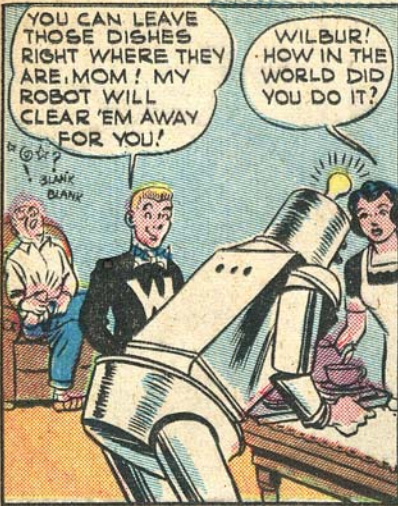


HOW'S THAT FOR SERVICE?

M--MY HEAVENS! MY GOSH!

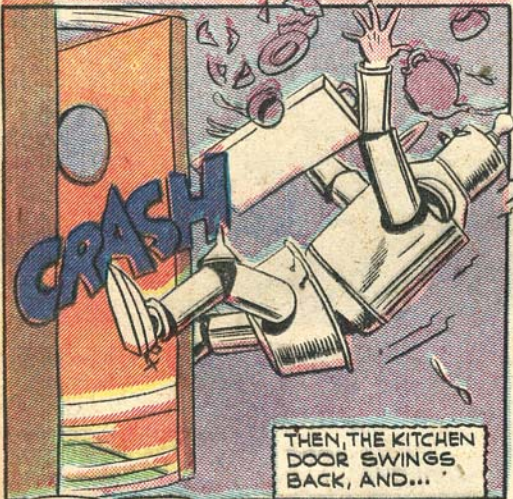
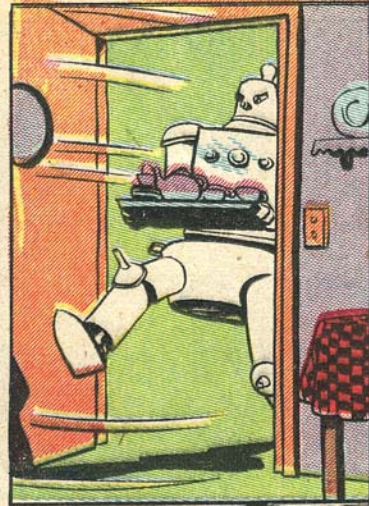


YEEOW! MY CORN!

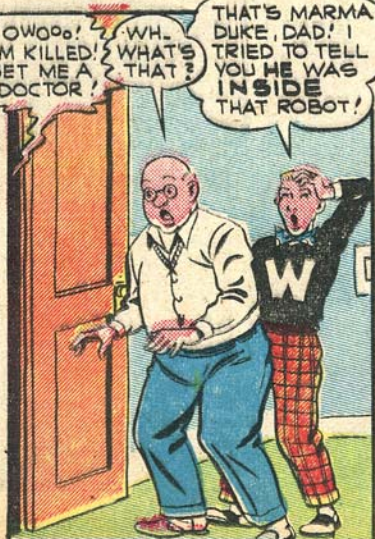
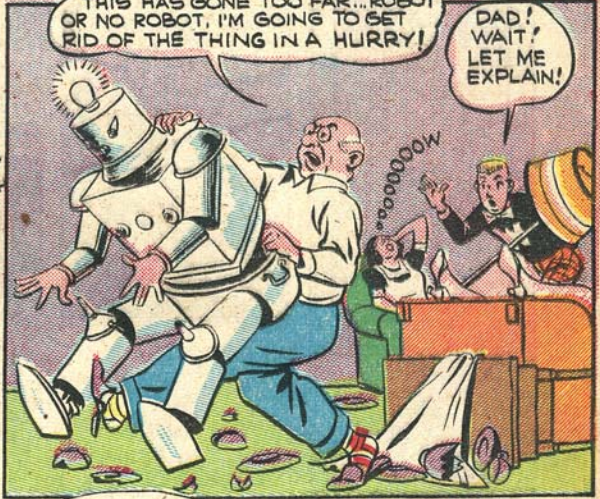


YOU CAN LEAVE THOSE DISHES RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE. MOM! MY ROBOT WILL CLEAR 'EM AWAY FOR YOU!

WILBUR! HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO IT?

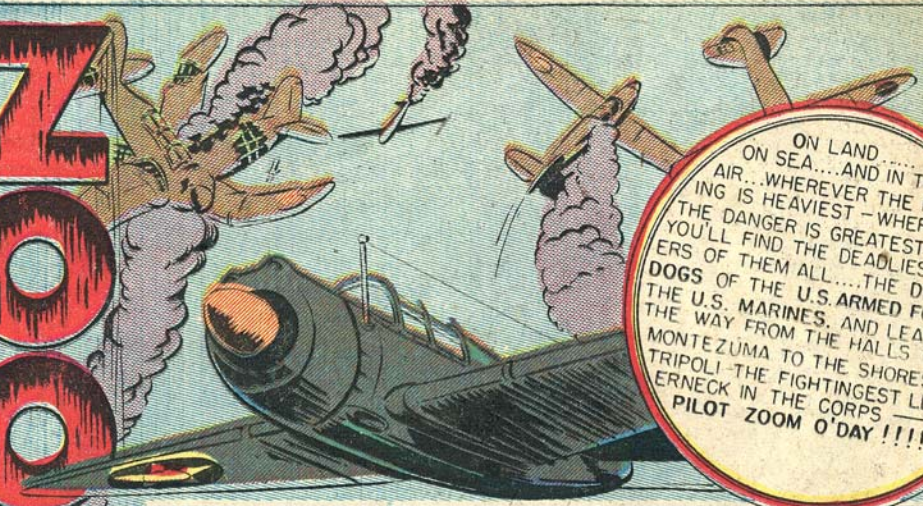


THEN, THE KITCHEN DOOR SWINGS BACK, AND...



THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! NEXT MONTH'S ZIP HAS A WILBUR ADVENTURE THAT'S TOPZ!

Z O O



ON LAND... AND IN THE AIR... WHEREVER THE FIGHTING IS HEAVIEST - WHEREVER THE DANGER IS GREATEST - THERE YOU'LL FIND THE DEADLIEST FIGHTERS OF THEM ALL... THE DEVIL DOGS OF THE U.S. ARMED FORCES - THE U.S. MARINES, AND LEADING THE WAY FROM THE HALLS OF MONTEZUMA TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI - THE FIGHTINGEST LEATHERNECK IN THE CORPS - PILOT ZOOM O'DAY !!!!

M



WELL THERE GOES THE LAST ONE OF 'EM!



I'D BETTER HEAD BACK TO THE BASE NOW - BEFORE I'M OVERDUE. OH! OH! WHAT'S THAT!

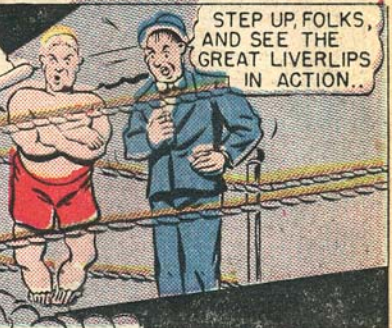
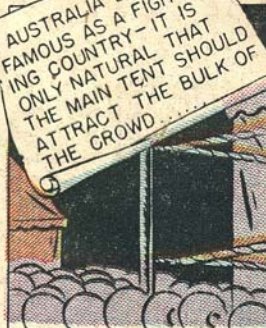


I MUSTA GOT A JAP SLUG IN MY GAS LINE - GEE, IT SOUNDS BAD! I'D BETTER SET HER DOWN AND MAKE REPAIRS -

O



MEANWHILE... DOWN BELOW, UNAWARE OF WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE TROUBLED SKIES, PEOPLE FLOCK TO A COUNTRY FAIR...



STEP UP FOLKS, AND SEE THE GREAT LIVERLIPS IN ACTION..

D



JUST WATCH ME FOLKS!



BUT BEFORE LIVERLIPS CAN GO INTO ACTION...

HEY, GREASY! HOLY COW! WHAT'RE THEY A PLANE! IT'S RUNNIN' FOR? COMIN' RIGHT I AIN'T EVEN AT US! BEGUN!



LOOKS LIKE QUITE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

A Y

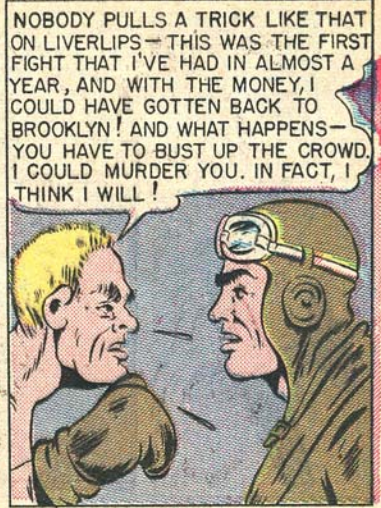
BY RED HOLM DALE



HELLO, BOYS!
SORRY TO BREAK
UP YOUR SHINDIG.
—RAN OUTTA
GAS!



JUST A MINUTE,
WISE GUY. I WANNA
SPEAK TO YOU!



NOBODY PULLS A TRICK LIKE THAT
ON LIVERLIPS— THIS WAS THE FIRST
FIGHT THAT I'VE HAD IN ALMOST A
YEAR, AND WITH THE MONEY, I
COULD HAVE GOTTEN BACK TO
BROOKLYN! AND WHAT HAPPENS—
YOU HAVE TO BUST UP THE CROWD.
I COULD MURDER YOU. IN FACT, I
THINK I WILL!



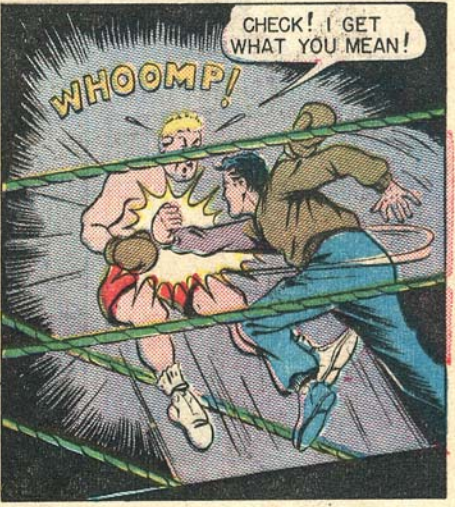
NOW LISTEN, CALM DOWN—
LIVERLIPS—I COULDN'T
HELP WHAT HAPPENED.
REMEMBER, THIS IS WAR—!

YOU BET IT'S
WAR—AND IT'S
BETWEEN YOU AND
ME! NOW ARE YOU
GONNA COME WITH
ME, OR MUST I FLATTEN
YOU RIGHT HERE?



OKAY, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU
WANT IT, I'LL GIVE YOU ALL THE
FIGHT YOU WANT!

THIS AIN'T GONNA
BE A FIGHT! IT'LL
BE A MASSACRE!



CHECK! I GET
WHAT YOU MEAN!

WHOOOMP!

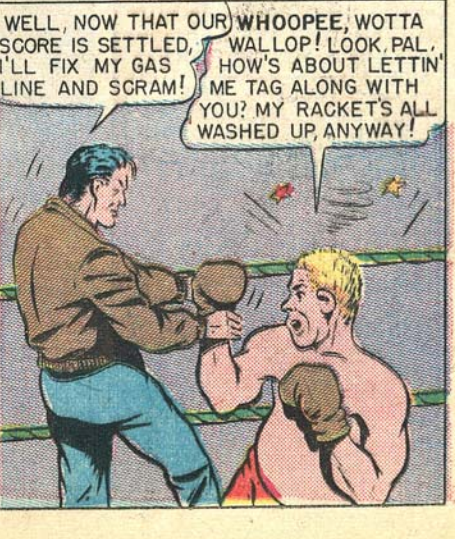


KLOP



BOY! IF THAT'S A SAMPLE OF
HOW YOU FIGHT, MAYBE IT'S A
GOOD THING I DID BREAK IT
UP FOR YOU!

TWEET
TWEET



WELL, NOW THAT OUR WHOOPPEE, WOTTA
SCORE IS SETTLED, I'LL FIX MY GAS
LINE AND SCRAM!

WALLOP! LOOK, PAL,
HOW'S ABOUT LETTIN'
ME TAG ALONG WITH
YOU? MY RACKET'S ALL
WASHED UP, ANYWAY!

SOME TIME LATER...

OKAY...OKAY!
I'LL TAKE YOU
BACK TO THE
BASE WITH
ME, BUT SOME-
HOW I DON'T
THINK YOU'RE
CUT OUT TO
BE A PILOT!



WOTTA
YA MEAN!
YOU SHOULD
HAVE SEEN
SOME OF
THE FANCY
DIVES I
TOOK IN
THE RING!

O.K., LIVERLIPS, WE'VE
ARRIVED - AND, BY THE
WAY, I'M ZOOM O'DAY!
SAY, YA LOOK KINDA
PALE, MAYBE YA
BETTER NOT SIGN
UP FOR THE MARINE
AIR FORCE!



I'M
AWRIGHT!

DON'T THINK YA
CAN GET RID OF
ME - BECAUSE I'VE
MADE UP MY MIND
TO STICK BY YOU -
EVEN IF IT KILLS
ME!



IT PROBABLY
WILL - BUT
FIRST YOU'VE
GOT TO TAKE
A MENTAL
AND PHY-
SICAL TEST!

AND SO LIVERLIPS IS
ABOUT TO TAKE HIS
PRIMARY TEST!!

IF YOU'LL JUST SIT IN
THERE - WE'LL BEGIN!

I - I DON'T
LIKE THE WAY
YOU SAY BEGIN!

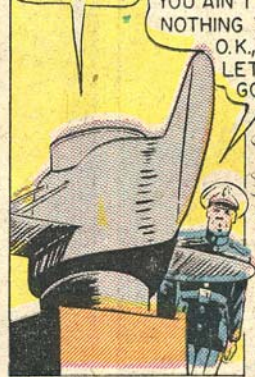


WELL HERE I AM.
NOW WHAT?

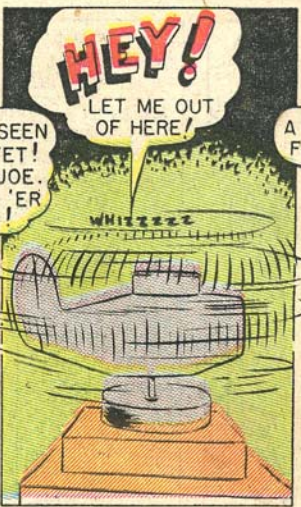


JUST SHUT
THAT DOOR!

O.K., IT'S SHUT.
BUT, GOSH - IT
SURE IS DARK
IN HERE!



YOU AIN'T SEEN
NOTHING YET!
O.K., JOE.
LET 'ER
GO!



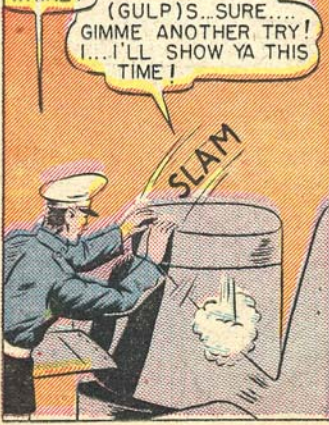
HEY!
LET ME OUT
OF HERE!

O.K., NOW TELL
ME - WHAT HAVE
I GOT IN MY
HAND?



A PICKET
FENCE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO
BETTER THAN THAT!
WE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER
WHIRL!

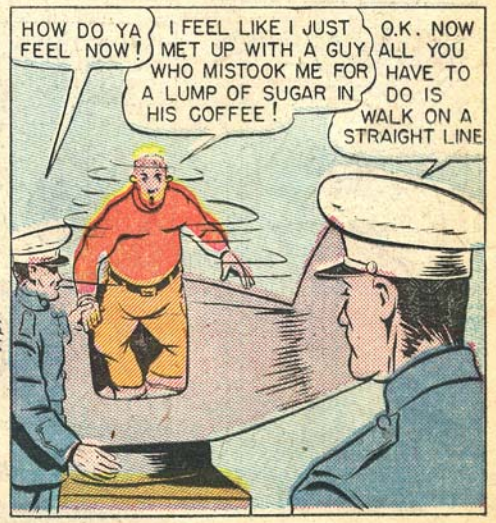


(GULP)...SURE....
GIMME ANOTHER TRY!
I...I'LL SHOW YA THIS
TIME!

SLAM



SWISH



HOW DO YA
FEEL NOW!

I FEEL LIKE I JUST
MET UP WITH A GUY
WHO MISTOOK ME FOR
A LUMP OF SUGAR IN
HIS COFFEE!

O.K. NOW
ALL YOU
HAVE TO
DO IS
WALK ON A
STRAIGHT LINE



REMEMBER YOU'VE GOT TO STAY ON THE LINE!

WHAT LINE?



I'VE NEVER SEEN A RECRUIT ACT LIKE THIS BEFORE!

WOW! THE WAY HE'S TAKING OFF YOU'D THINK HE'S ALREADY GOT HIS PILOTS LICENSE!



LATER

OH-OH-HERE COMES LIVERLIPS NOW-GOLLY, IT LOOKS LIKE HE FLUNKED THE TEST!



I SURE AM SORRY, LIVERLIPS. ANYWAYS, HERE'S WISHING YA LOTS OF LUCK!

THANKS ZOOM-I'LL GET INTO THIS SCRAP SOMEHOW!



WELL, I GOT TO LEAVE YA NOW! BUT MAYBE I'LL BE SEEING YOU SOON, EH?

YEAH, I'LL BE SEEING YA, ZOOM!

LEAVING LIVERLIPS AT THE GATE-ZOOM PROCEEDS TO GO ABOUT HIS DUTIES... AND A HALF HOUR LATER HE IS ORDERED TO TAKE ONE OF THE SHORE-BASED PATROL BOMBERS ON A RENDEZVOUS FLIGHT!!

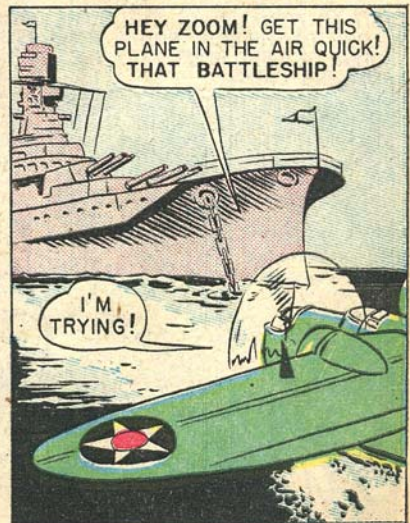


O.K. MEN! HANG ON! HERE WE GO! EVERYTHING SET?

AYE I AYE!

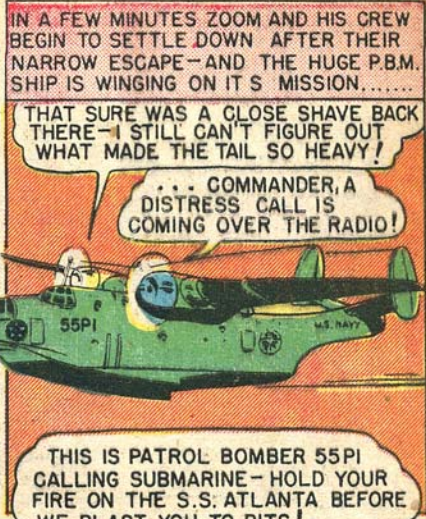
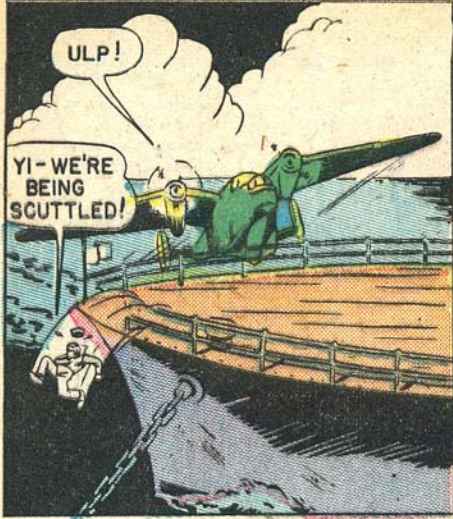


JEEPERS! THE TAIL SEEMS SO HEAVY! I CAN'T SEEM TO LIFT IT UP!



HEY ZOOM! GET THIS PLANE IN THE AIR QUICK! THAT BATTLESHIP!

I'M TRYING!



BUT AS ZOOM BRINGS THE PLANE CLOSE TO THE SUB-ROUND AFTER ROUND OF LEAD POUR INTO THE BOMBERS CABIN -



STRAINING AT THE CONTROLS, ZOOM MANAGES TO GET THE PLANE READY TO ATTACK AGAIN, BUT WHEN HE TURNS ...



BUT AT THIS MOMENT FROM THE REAR OF THE PLANE, A FIGURE EMERGES



I STOWED AWAY IN THE TAIL OF THE PLANE, HOPING TO GET BACK TO THE U.S.A! BUT, GOSH, THE WAY YOU GUYS TREAT YOUR PASSENGERS - I THINK I'D RATHER SWIM BACK!

NO WONDER THE TAIL WAS SO HEAVY!



LISTEN-THERE'S NO TIME FOR TALKING NOW! QUICK, GET OVER THERE AND START WORKING THAT BOMB SIGHT-MAYBE WE CAN STILL GET THAT SUB!

WHAT DO I DO-JUST PULL THE LEVER-IS THAT ALL?



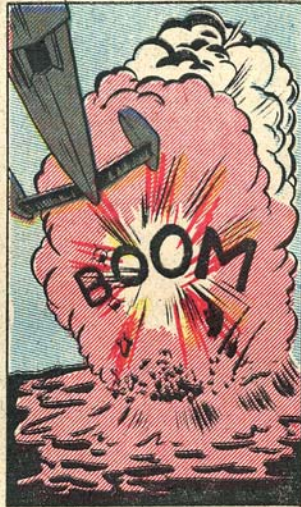
YEAH! YOU PULL THE LEVER WHEN THE TARGET COMES DEAD CENTER ON THE CROSS-HAIRS. OKAY! GET SET. HERE WE GO!

MMM...TARGET-DEAD CENTER-CROSS-HAIRS-I HOPE I CAN REMEMBER ALL THAT STUFF!



AS ZOOM SWEEPS THE PLANE DOWN TOWARD THE SUB-LIVERLIPS HAS HIS HAND ON THE BOMB RELEASE.....

(GULP) I'M SWEATIN' LIKE I JUST FINISHED 10 MILES O' ROADWORK!



BULL'S EYE, LIVERLIPS! BOY, I COULD KISS YOU! WHAT AN EYE! YOU HANDLED THAT BOMBSIGHT LIKE A VETERAN!!

IT WAS JUST LIKE PLAYING ON A PIN BALL MACHINE!

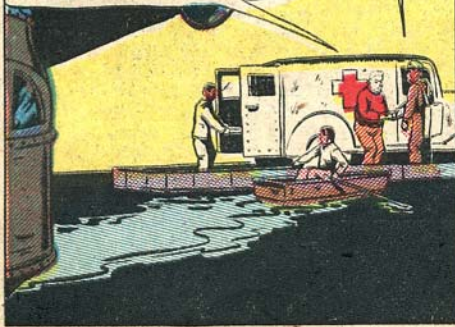


YOU SURE DID A SWELL JOB BANDAGING MY CREW, LIVERLIPS-AND YOU'LL BE ABLE TO GET SOME WELL-DESERVED REST NOW THAT WE'RE BACK AT THE AT THE BASE!



WELL ZOOM, I GUESS YOUR CREW'LL BE ALL RIGHT, NOW THAT THEY CAN HAVE HOSPITAL CARE-(GULP) SO YOU WON'T NEED ME AROUND ANY MORE-(GULP) W-WELL SO LONG- GOLLY IT SURE WAS SWELL MEETING YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SO LONG? SAY-YOU'RE NOT LEAVING ME! NO, SIR!



FROM NOW ON YOU'RE STAYING RIGHT HERE AT THE BASE WITH ME, AND YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY OWN PERSONAL BOMBARDIER!

(GULP) GEE! GOSH-GOLLY-ZOWIE-WHO SAID THERE'S NO SANTA CLAUS!



WITH LIVERLIPS AT THE BOMBSIGHT, THINGS SHOULD REALLY START POPPING NEXT MONTH- SO DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF ZOOM O'DAY !!

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

GENERAL
DRAJA MIHAILOVICH



MIHAILOVICH

LEADER EXTRAORDINARY OF THE CONQUERED YUGOSLAVS... A LEADER WHOSE NAME SPELLS HOPE FOR THE OPPRESSED!

MIHAILOVICH

A NAME THAT STRIKES FEAR INTO THE HEART OF THE NAZI SOLDIER, CLANKING DOWN THE LONG STREET, KEEPING THE CURFEW IN THE CONQUERED VILLAGES! FEAR INTO THE GESTAPO AND EVEN INTO THE VERY CENTER OF HITLER'S CANCEROUS CAMP! ZIP COMICS IS PROUD TO INSCRIBE THE NAME OF GENERALE DRAJA MIHAILOVICH IN ITS "HALL OF FAME", A NAME THAT IS A PRAYER AND A BLESSING ON THE LIPS OF 4,000,000 YUGOSLAVS!



IN AN OCCUPIED TOWN IN VANQUISHED YUGOSLAVIA, AN OLD WOMAN KNEELS BEFORE THE NAZI HEEL!

SCRUB DOT V OFF, YOU HAG!



I CAN WASH THIS "V" FROM THE STREETS - BUT IT CAN'T BE ERASED FROM OUR HEARTS!



HURRY, YOU OLD WITCH! VE NAZIS WILL BE OBEYED -- UND QUICKLY!



SUDDENLY, A THIN RED LINE POURS DOWN THE NAZI'S SHIRT, HE SWAYS ... AND FALLS!

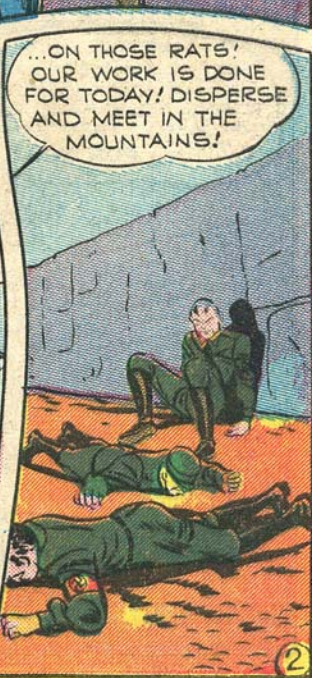
ACH! GOTT!



RUN!...RUN FOR YOUR LIVES...IT'S MIHAILOVICH!



TRUE! IT IS MIHAILOVICH!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! CEASE FIRING! DON'T WASTE MORE BULLETS THAN YOU NEED...

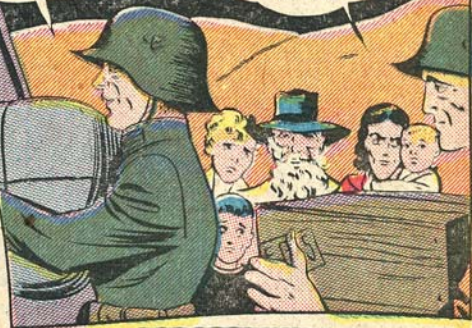
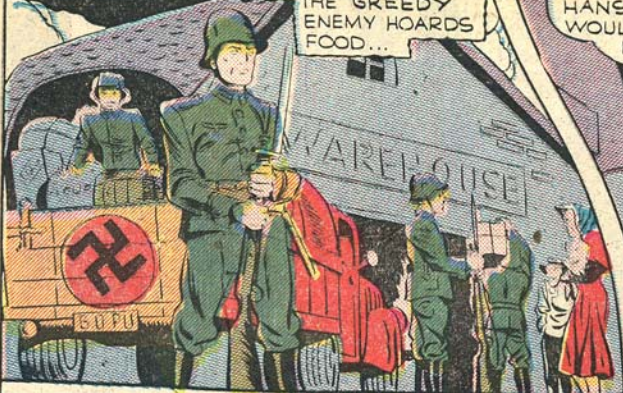


...ON THOSE RATS! OUR WORK IS DONE FOR TODAY! DISPERSE AND MEET IN THE MOUNTAINS!

AND IN ANOTHER VILLAGE, WHILE STARVING PEASANTS WATCH WITH HUNGRY EYES... THE GREEDY ENEMY HOARDS FOOD...

LOOK AT DOSE WEAK-LIVERED PEASANTS, HANS! HOW DEY WOULD LIKE DIS FOOD!

JA! DEY GROW DER WHEAT UND VE EAT IT, HA, HA HA, HA!



GEHT NACH HAUSE IHR SCHWEINE-HUNDE! DER FOOD IS ONLY FOR LOYAL NAZIS!

COME, MY SON! TONIGHT WE WILL HAVE NO SUPPER!

THAT NIGHT AS A LONE SOLDIER GUARDS THE WAREHOUSE...

...A SWIFT MOVEMENT AND ONE OF MIHAILOVICH'S GUERRILLAS STIFLES THE SENTRY...



MINUTES LATER, THE DOORS SLIDE BACK MYSTERIOUSLY AND...

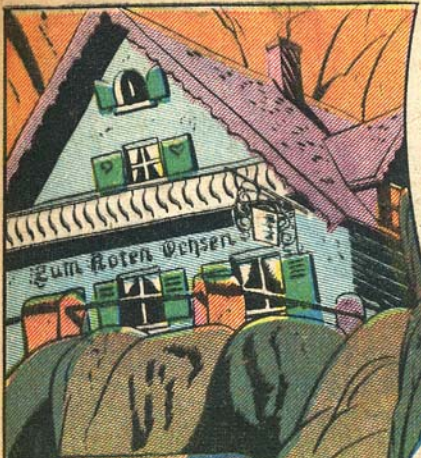
TAKE THE SUPPLIES TO THE MARKET PLACE QUIETLY AND QUICKLY! THE TOWN'S-FOLK HAVE BEEN INFORMED! THEY ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

IN THE MARKET-PLACE...

HERE, BREAD FOR ALL! BE CAREFUL AND LOCK YOUR DOORS WHEN YOU EAT TONIGHT!

AGAIN, MIHAILOVICH, THE SAVIOR OF YUGOSLAVIA, HAS STRUCK! HE FIGHTS SO HIS KINSFOLK MAY EAT...





LET US LEAVE THE VALLEYS OF OPPRESSION AND FOLLOW A WINDING PATH UP TO A TINY MOUNTAIN RETREAT...

YES, WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

NOBODY KNOWS! NO NAZI HAS EVER LIVED TO DESCRIBE HIM!



BUT LOOK! THIS NAZI... ISN'T HE...? YES HE IS MIHAILOVICH HIMSELF...



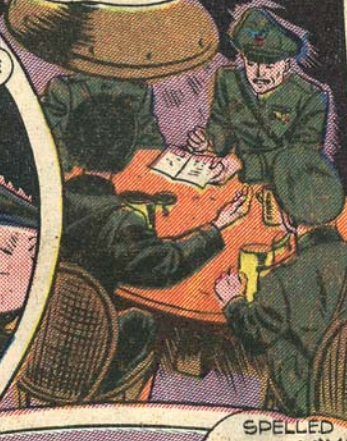
NO, AND NOT MUCH OF THE NAZIS, EITHER!



INSIDE, THE BAR TENDER DRAWS STEIN AFTER STEIN OF BEER FOR HIS GUESTS!

NAZIS! HOW I HATE THOSE BEASTS! AND TO THINK I HAVE TO SERVE THEM THIS GOOD BEER!

BUT I HAVE A MESSAGE SENT TO ME FROM HIM! HE SAYS HE WILL EXCHANGE EACH ITALIAN PRISONER FOR ONE CAN OF GASOLINE!



ACH! MIHAILOVICH! SPOILED WITH A "V" AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!



VE HAF REASON TO BELIEVE MIHAILOVICH HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS NEAR HERE! VOT VE DON'T KNOW IS VOT HE LOOKS LIKE!

HA, HA, HA! HE CERTAINLY DOESN'T T'INK MUCH OF DER ITALIANS, DOES HE?



AU REVOIR, GENTLEMEN, AND SEND MY OFFER TO EXCHANGE PRISONERS FOR GASOLINE TO HEAD-QUARTERS! I'M SURE THEY'LL BE INTERESTED!



LIKE A MOUNTAIN DEER,
THE YUGOSLAV LEADER,
SCRAMBLES UP THE
SIDE OF A CLIFF...

GET HIM!
SHOOT HIM!

HE MOVES
TOO QUICKLY
FOR US TO
TAKE AIM!

HE WENT
DIS VAY!

CRACK

JUST A LITTLE
CLOSER... AND

CAUGHT UNAWARES
THE NAZIS TUMBLE
DOWN... DOWN TO
THEIR DOOM!

THAT TAKES
CARE OF THE
GOLDIERS! NOW
WE'LL DISPOSE
OF THE OFFICERS
AT THE INN!

THAT EVENING...

THE INNKEEPER SHOULD
HAVE LEFT BY THIS TIME!
ALL RIGHT, PAUL, BRING
THE NAZIS THEIR PRESENT!

TO UNKNOWING
EYES, A YUGOSLAV
PEASANT IS
STROLLING DOWN
THE MOUNTAIN
PATH CARRYING
AN INNOCENT
LOOKING PACKAGE

BUT HE IS NOT A PEASANT, NOR DOES THE PACKAGE HE PLANTS AT THE BACK OF THE INN CONTAIN PRETZELS! IT CONTAINS...

EXPLOSIVES!
THOSE NAZIS WILL TAKE A LONG TRIP... AND IT WON'T BE HEAVEN!

WE'LL TEACH THE NAZIS WE CANNOT BE CONQUERED! OUR NEXT STEP IS TO HELP OUR RUSSIAN ALLIES BY HAMP-ERING THE NAZI LIFE-LINE OF SUPPLY!



THE SECRET PASSWORD IS GIVEN - AND FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER - TERROR TRAILS THE NAZIS! YUGOSLAVIA HAS BEEN INVADIED BUT NOT -- SUBDUED!



MEANWHILE AT HITLER'S HEAD-QUARTERS...

START DER SECOND OFFENSIVE ON RUSSIA AT ONCE!

BUT MEIN FUEHRER, VE CANNOT GET SUPPLIES THROUGH TO DER FRONT, VE ARE BEING SAB-OTAGED BY MIHAILOVICH!

WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TELL ME THESE THINGS! !!??*!!

VE MUST PUT AN END TO DOT MAN! I'LL NEFER GET DER WAR VON AT DIS RATE!



NO, SCHICKL-GRUBER... YOU WON'T! YOU AND YOUR FILTHY KIND WILL BE EXTERMINATED LIKE RATS... SO LONG AS MEN LIKE DRAJA MIHAILOVICH FIGHT TO BE FREE!

COMING AT YOU LIKE MACHINE GUN FIRE IN THE NEW
JACKPOT NO. 6

BLACK HOOD

MR. JUSTICE

ARCHIE

STEEL STERLING

CLANCY AND LOONEY

JACKPOT

NO. 6

THRILLS WITH
STEEL STERLING AND
SERGEANT BOYLE!
CHILLS WITH
THE BLACK HOOD
AND MR. JUSTICE!
GIGGLES WITH
ARCHIE AND
CLANCY AND LOONEY!
THE MAGAZINE THAT'S
GOT EVERYTHING!

SERGEANT
BOYLE

BIGGER AND
BETTER THAN EVER
ON SALE
AT ALL NEWS-
STANDS
**RIGHT
NOW!**



PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT
NO. 1 — THE CASE OF MR. HOOKER



LISTEN,
MR. HOOKER!

THAT ONE-LUNG RAILROAD
OF YOURS WHICH IS ONLY USED
AS A HOBBY COULD FURNISH
THE U.S. WITH VALUABLE
SCRAP METAL. I KNOW YOU HAVE
A RIGHT TO KEEP IT, BUT DON'T BE
SELFISH--GIVE IT TO UNCLE
SAM. HE NEEDS IT! DO YOUR
BIT LIKE THE BOYS AND GIRLS
OF AMERICA! REMEMBER!
"THE SCRAP YOU TURN IN
WILL MAKE SCRAP
OF BERLIN!"

The
MiracleMan

BUY BONDS NOW!

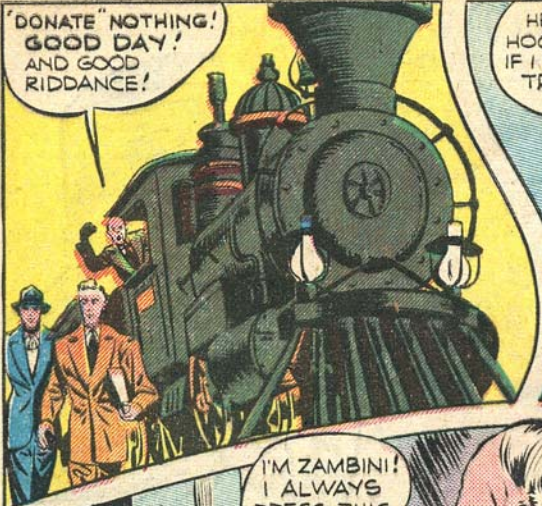
NO, I WON'T! THIS IS
MY PRIVATE RAILROAD AND
YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! SO
LONG AS I MAKE ONE
TRIP ---

...BEFORE TONIGHT,
THE GOVERNMENT
CAN'T REVOKE MY
FRANCHISE!

WE KNOW THAT,
BUT WE HOPED
YOU'D DONATE..



"DONATE" NOTHING!
GOOD DAY!
AND GOOD RIDDANCE!



HELLO, MR. HOOKER! MIND IF I TAKE THIS TRIP WITH YOU?

WHAT MASQUERADE PARTY DID YOU ESCAPE FROM? WHO ARE YOU?



OKAY! AS LONG AS YOU DON'T GET IN MY WAY, YOU CAN STAY! THIS TRIP IS IMPORTANT TO ME!

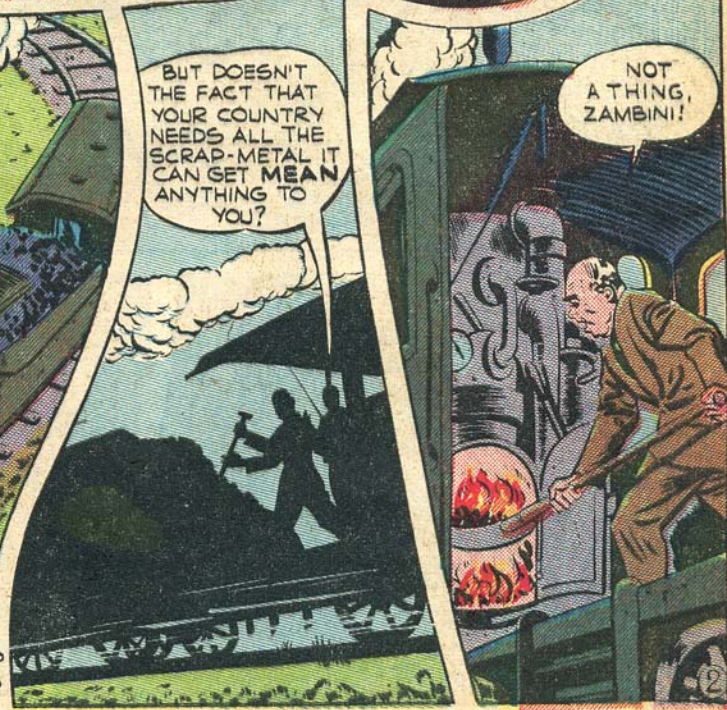
I'M ZAMBINI! I ALWAYS DRESS THIS WAY! START UP YOUR ENGINE!



THIS LITTLE RAIL ROAD'S MY HOBBY AND BY LAW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE ONE TRIP A YEAR!

BUT DOESN'T THE FACT THAT YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS ALL THE SCRAP-METAL IT CAN GET MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

NOT A THING, ZAMBINI!



CHOO-CHOOOO
CHOOOOOO
CHOO-OO

AS MR. HOOKER SHOVELS IN COAL TO GET UP STEAM, ZAMBINI FINGERS HIS 'MAGIC AMU-LET'!

HOLY SEMAPHORES!

THE COAL! IT'S STUCK TO THE SHOVEL!



I CAN'T GET IT OFF!

YOU SEEM BURNED UP ABOUT SOMETHING, HOOKER!

YOU'VE DONE THIS, ZAMBINI! BUT I CAN'T BE TRICKED INTO GIVING UP MY RIGHTS!



BUT YOU'RE DELAYING UNCLE SAM'S WAR EFFORT BY YOUR SELFISHNESS! DON'T BE PIG-HEADED! HOOKER!

ANYTHING YOU SAY! BUT YOU'LL REGRET THIS!

A SHOVEL IN MY POCKET!

OW! MY HANDS!

YOUR MAGIC CAN'T DELAY THIS TRIP, ZAMBINI! MY MIND'S MADE UP!

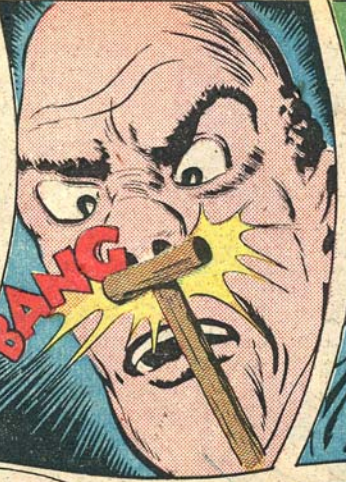
GET ME ANOTHER SHOVEL, IF YOU'RE SO SMART!

ROARING WITH PAIN HOOKER TOSSES THE SHOVEL INTO THE FIRE-BOX





MORE OF THEM!



BANG



HERE YOU ARE!
TAKE YOUR PICK!

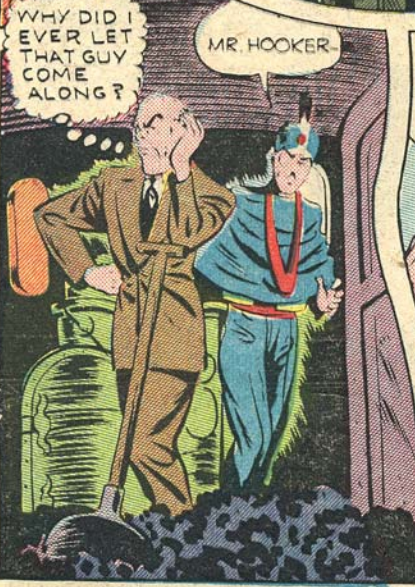
OOH!
MY NOSE!



I'LL TAKE YOUR
SHOVELS AND GET
RID OF THEM
PRONTO!



THAT'S THE
LAST OF THEM!
YOU CAN'T BAM-
BOOZLE ME,
ZAMBINI!



WHY DID I
EVER LET
THAT GUY
COME
ALONG?

MR. HOOKER-



BEAT
IT!!!
BEFORE
I GET
MAD!

DON'T YOU
REALIZE HOW
CHILDISH YOU'RE
ACTING?



NO MORE CHILDISH
THAN YOU WITH YOUR
MAGIC! I'M KEEPING
THIS TRAIN GOING IF
IT'S THE LAST THING
I DO!

SUDDENLY THE COAL TURNS TO...

CORN



YOU CAN'T STOP ME! I'LL USE ANYTHING—EVEN CORN—TO KEEP THIS GOING!



INSIDE THE ENGINE'S FIRE BOX...



WITH CORN AS FUEL, THE ENGINE SLOWS DOWN—SPRAYING BUSHELS OF POP-CORN INTO THE SKY...



WE'RE ALMOST THERE! H-HEY, LOOK! IT'S SNOWING!

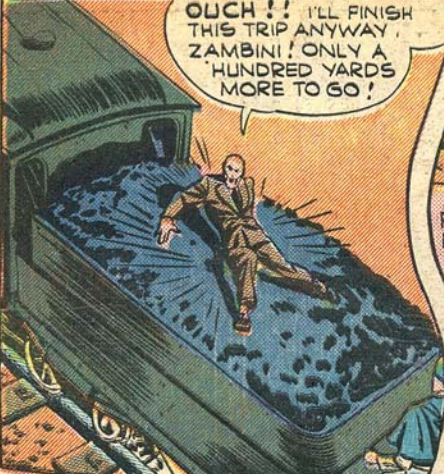


...SENDING HOOKER SAILING OUT OF THE CAB!

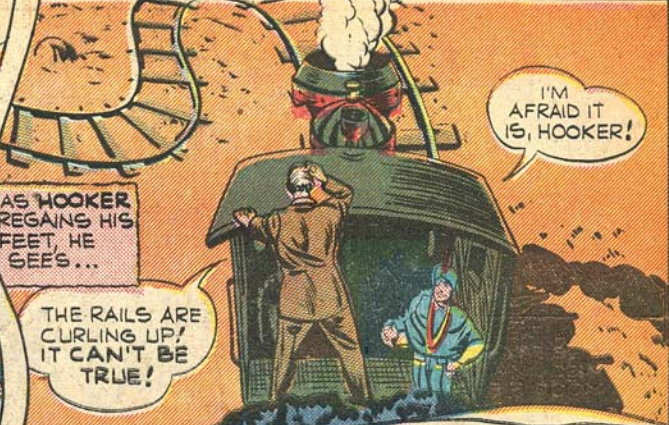
WITH A TERRIFIC DETONATION THE BOILER EXPLODES.

I'D BETTER ADJUST THE DAMPER OR THE SNOW WILL GET INTO THE ENGINE!



A man in a brown suit, Hooker, is falling from a train car. The car is tilted and appears to be moving on a track that is curving upwards. The background is a hazy, orange-tinted sky.

OUCH!! I'LL FINISH THIS TRIP ANYWAY, ZAMBINI! ONLY A HUNDRED YARDS MORE TO GO!

Hooker is standing on the edge of a train car, looking down. A man in a blue uniform with a red sash is standing inside the car. The train is moving on a track that is curving upwards.

AS HOOKER REGAINS HIS FEET, HE SEES...

THE RAILS ARE CURLING UP! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!


I'M AFRAID IT IS, HOOKER!

A steam locomotive is on a track. The track is curving upwards. A man in a brown suit is standing on the track next to the locomotive.

NOW I CAN'T FINISH MY TRIP! I'LL LOSE MY FRANCHISE, AND THE GOVERNMENT WILL CLAIM MY RAILS!

YOU AND YOUR CONFOUNDED TRICKS! THIS IS HIGH-WAY ROBBERY!

LOOK HERE, HOOKER, I'M NOT INTERESTED ANY MORE IN TRYING TO MAKE YOU SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY. THE GOVERNMENT NEEDS THE SCRAP FROM THE RAILROAD AND I'M GOING TO SEE IT GETS IT!

A steam locomotive is on a track. The track is curving upwards. A man in a brown suit is standing on the track next to the locomotive.

YOUR KIND ARE MORE DANGEROUS THAN OUTRIGHT FIFTH COLUMNISTS, HOOKER - SELFISH, THOUGHTLESS INDIVIDUALS WHOSE ONLY CONCERN IS FOR THEIR OWN PRIVATE INTERESTS. YOU'RE A SHINING EXAMPLE OF WHAT IT MEANS NOT TO BE AN AMERICAN!

DON'T BE A HOOKER, BOYS AND GIRLS! GIVE WILLINGLY! .. EVERYONE PULL TOGETHER - AND WE'LL SET THE

THANK HEAVENS THERE ARE SO FEW AMERICANS LIKE YOU - AMERICANS WHO WANT THEIR PLEASURE AS USUAL WHILE OUR BOYS ARE FIGHTING AND DYING ON THE FRONTS!

BAH! THIS WAR IS NO CONCERN OF MINE!

RISE UP AND GET THOSE NAZI SCUM! START RIGHT IN BY BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!





FOOT ITCH

ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

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

BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

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

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



Disease Often Misunderstood

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

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

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

DOUBLE ACTION NEEDED

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

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

H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

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



GORE PRODUCTS, INC.

810 Perdido St., New Orleans, La

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

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

A.



Special to the Readers of ZIP COMICS
A PORTRAIT PICTURE OF
GEN. DOUGLAS MacARTHUR

FREE!

To the readers of this magazine we are giving a copy of a portrait picture drawn by a famous American artist of America's number one hero in the Battle of the Pacific. This picture of General MacArthur is 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches and is most suitable for framing. This picture can be obtained by reading the instructions below.

AMAZING

The COMICSCOPE is a camera PROJECTOR that measures seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide. By attaching it to any electrical lamp or socket which you have at home, AC or DC current, it is ready for use. Any one can operate it easily. All pictures, comic magazine strips, newspaper comics, daily and Sunday newspapers, can be used as "film" in the COMICSCOPE and flashed on the wall or screen. You can draw your own pictures, make your own "film" and project them. Now you can take your own Hollywood screen tests by projecting your own and family snapshots. There are no coupons to save. Astonish your friends and win new popularity. Give picture parties, charge admission, make money.



A REAL PROJECTOR

REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE PAT. PEND.

Actual size of the COMICSCOPE is seven inches long, seven inches deep and three inches wide

SCREEN YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR



HOW TO GET YOUR GEN. MacARTHUR PICTURES ABSOLUTELY FREE!!

By simply cutting the coupon or making a facsimile of it, mail together with twenty-five cents in coin, plus a three cent stamp for handling and shipping, and you will receive, absolutely free, about FIFTY pictures of "MEET THE NAVY" together with a GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE projector. Everything else included, tube, lens. Act immediately, send the coupon and you will get your pictures and COMICSCOPE quickly, together with your picture portrait of General Douglas MacArthur suitable for framing.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

M. L. J. MAGAZINES, Inc. DEPT. A
160 West Broadway New York City

Please rush at once the "MEET THE NAVY" series of pictures, absolutely free, and one GIANT CAMERA COMICSCOPE PROJECTOR, for which I am enclosing twenty-five cents in coin and a three cent stamp for handling and shipping. And a copy of a picture portrait, suitable for framing, of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, WITHOUT ANY ADDITIONAL COST.

Name (print clearly)

Address

City State

(Offer good in U.S.A. only. In Canada 5¢ extra)



Not necessary to send coupon - A facsimile will do.