

THE WEB says: "IT'S A PIP!! READ ZIP!!"

NO.
31

NOV.
10¢

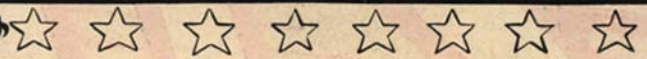
ZIP

COMICS



NOVICK

ZIP PROUDLY PRESENTS



THE WEB

VS. THE MERCHANT OF HATE

He was clever, this merchant of hate, whose wares were murder and destruction! Ingeniously clever as he struck again and again with a bloody hand and then vanished like a phantom. But he wasn't clever enough to keep from being trapped by a web... a web of his own making... "A Web of Doom." PAGE 3

STEEL STERLING

VS. THE CREEPER

The holocaust which settled over Europe stretches its tentacles across the sea and threatens to visit its horrors on America, as THE CREEPER sets foot on our shores. Thrill with THE MAN OF STEEL in his greatest adventure, "The Creeping Death." PAGE 14

BLACK JACK

VS THE CLUBFOOT

The pattern of cards and criminals reaches a crescendo of terror as a new, weird menace looms out of the deck of crime—CLUBFOOT! A deck stacked with death! A deck that has "Murder for Trumps." PAGE 28

WORLD WONDERS

Don't believe everything you see! You can't believe your own eyes! PAGE 39

WILBUR

Supposing you were the coach of Westfield High's football team. Every substitute was injured and you had no one left to put into the game except WILBUR. What would you do? Tough problem, isn't it? But the answer makes the funniest story WILBUR has ever given you! PAGE 40

ZOOM O'DAY

Here's a yarn that'll make you feel like your heart took a parachute dive. Ride with the fightingest marine of them all, pilot ZOOM O'DAY, in his "Flight to Glory." PAGE 48

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

"Is there anything you want?" President Roosevelt telegraphed to the heroic marines at Wake Island. "Yes, send some more Japs," was the answer. This is all that needs to be said about those fighting marines and their gallant commander, Major Deveraux. PAGE 55

ZAMBINI

Here is the second in the series of the strip everybody is talking about—PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT. And it's a story that you can't do without. PAGE 62





THIS IS THE TALE OF A TOWN SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE...A VERY SMALL TOWN, SMALLER THAN THE TINIEST DOT ON A MAP MEASURED IN MILES...BUT MEASURED BY THE BLOOD IN A FREE MAN'S VEINS, THE SACRIFICE IN AN UNFETTERED SOUL, IT IS GREATER THAN THE UNIVERSE. IT IS A TOWN CONCEIVED IN LIBERTY AND DEDICATED TO FREE MEN THE WORLD OVER! IN SHORT, IT IS A TALE OF THE WEAVING OF A VAST INESCAPABLE WEB...THE WEB WOVEN BY THE CRUELEST SPIDER OF ALL TIME...THE NAZI, DOOMED TO BE TRAPPED IN THE VERY MESH OF HIS MAKING..

THIS IS THE FIRST STRAND OF THAT WEB...

WATCH CLOSELY! THE FIRST STRAND OF THE WEB IS BEING FORMED, AS THE INFAMOUS HEYDRICH, COLD-BLOODED NAZI BUTCHER, IS DRIVEN ROYALLY THROUGH A CZECHOSLOVAKIAN CORNFIELD..



SUDDENLY, HEYDRICH'S FACE TURNS LIVID WITH RAGE..

VOT DO YOU MEAN BY NOT RETURNING MY HEIL?

I-I DIDN'T SEE YOU, EXCELLENCY. I WAS WORKING!

TEACH DIS SNIVELLING SWINE SOME DISCIPLINE!



UND NOW VELL SEE IF LACK OF FOOD IN YOUR STOMACH WILL MAKE YOUR EYESIGHT ANY BETTER?

RATION CARD



NOW, I'LL JUST RIP DIS UP!

NO, PLEASE! NO! PLEASE, YOUR EXCELLENCY, DON'T DESTROY MY RATION CARD! MY LITTLE GIRL IS SICK! EVEN NOW SHE HASNT ENOUGH TO EAT..



NO! NO! PLEASE!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER..

PLEASE, MRS. FRANCK.. TRY TO HOLD YOURSELF TOGETHER.

MY CHILD.. MY LITTLE GIRL!

THERE'S NOT MUCH ANYBODY CAN DO NOW!



POOR CHILD... SHE'S.. DEAD!

I SWEAR IT ON HER GRAVE! I SWEAR THAT SOMEHOW IN SOME WAY... I'LL GET THAT NAZI MONSTER... AND KILL HIM!



MY BABY! MY BABY!

OUR CHILD'S DEATH WON'T GO UNAVENGED!

AND NOW, STRAND TWO OF THE WEB IS BEING FORMED, AS NAZI SOLDIERS PUSH SAVAGELY THROUGH THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN FOREST...



WE'VE GOT TO FIND DER AMERICAN SCHWEIN!



AND DEEP IN THE FOREST...

THEY'RE... CLOSER... GETTING CLOSER...



I.. GOTTA LOSE 'EM BEFORE I KEEL OVER..



I'M SUNK... I.. I CAN'T GO ANY...



...FURTHER...



DER TRAIL STOPS HERE, RIGHT IN FRONT OF PIETER FRANCK'S HOUSE!



COME, VE'LL GO IN..IF VE FIND DER AMERICAN INSIDE, VE'LL SHOOT FRANCK IMMEDIATELY!

PLEASE! PLEASE! THE NOISE! MY HUSBAND IS SO SICK!



WHY..WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

STEP ASIDE UND LET US ENTER, VOMAN!

SEARCH THE PLACE! TEAR IT APART..BUT FIND DOT AMERICAN!

AFTER A THOROUGH BUT FUTILE SEARCH..

ALL RIGHT, SCHWEIN, VE CANNOT FIND HIM! BUT IF VE LEARN LATER DOT YOU HID HIM, VE'LL KILL YOU! YOU HEAR? VE'LL KILL YOU!



GOOD! WE'VE GOT TO WORK QUICKLY!



THANK HEAVENS! THEY'RE GONE!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN THE CHANCE..IT'LL MEAN DEATH IF THEY FIND OUT..

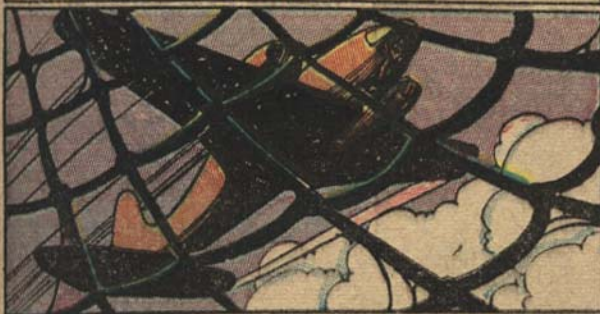


IT'S SAFE! YOU CAN COME OUT NOW!

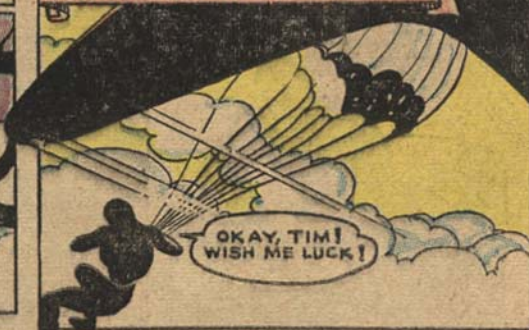


I'D RISK MY LIFE A MILLION TIMES TO PAY BACK THE DIRTY NAZIS!

AND NOW, A THIRD STRAND OF THE WEB FORMS.. AS A PLANE MOVES SILENTLY OVER CZECHOSLOVAKIA..



SUDDENLY, THE PLANE BLOWS UP AND A PARACHUTIST EMERGES..



LATER, AS A SENTRY PARADES BACK AND FORTH OUTSIDE HEYDRICH'S HOUSE..



LATER, A SECOND GUARD TURNS, AND..



IN HEYDRICH'S OFFICE..



I'LL SEE DOT VE HAF ACTION...
LIEBEN GOTT!
VOT..



IT..IT'S A WEB!



YES, HEYDRICH, THE WEB OF EVIL YOU'VE SPUN IS CLOSING IN ON YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO BE PAID BACK FOR ALL THE MURDERS YOU'VE COMMITTED AND ALL THE MISERY YOU CAUSED INNOCENT PEOPLE!

STEALTHILY, THE NAZI BUTCHER'S HAND MOVES TOWARD THE TELEPHONE..

BUT THE WEB, ON THE ALERT..



YOU'RE WORRIED, AREN'T YOU, BUTCHER?

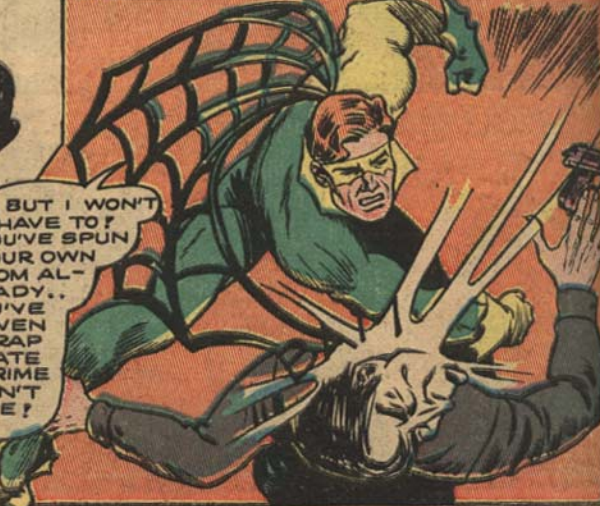
YANKS THE RECEIVER FROM HIS HAND..

..AND AS HEYDRICH, GOES FOR HIS GUN..

..WORRIED ABOUT THE TRUTH OF MY WARNING? YOU THINK THAT I, THE WEB, INTEND TO KILL YOU..



BUT I WON'T HAVE TO! YOU'VE SPUN YOUR OWN DOOM AL-READY.. YOU'VE WOVEN A TRAP OF HATE AND CRIME YOU CAN'T ESCAPE!





QUICKLY, THE WEB CHANGES INTO HEYDRICH'S CLOTHING..



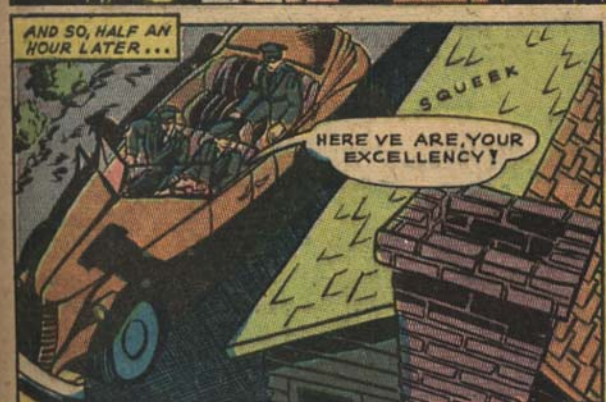
IMAGINE! MEDALS ON HIS UNDERWEAR TOO.. WHAT'S THAT? THE PHONE!



HELLO.. YAH.. DIS IS HEYDRICH.. VOT? MY CAR UND AN ESCORT TO TAKE ME TO FRANCK'S HOUSE TO SEARCH THERE FOR DER AMERICAN SPY? ..VAITING OUTSIDE? GOOT!



I'LL BE OUT IN A FEW MINUTES.. IT ISS SO-O-O COMFORTABLE HERE!

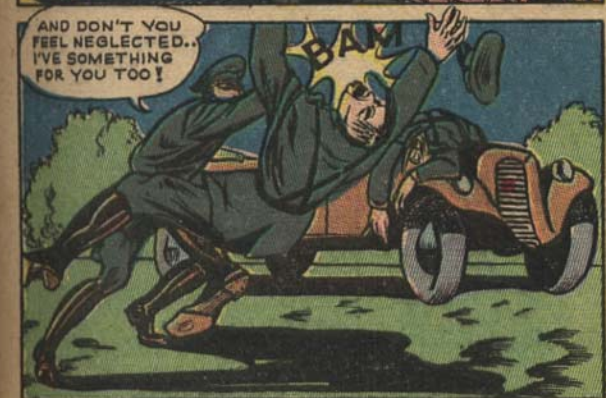


AND SO, HALF AN HOUR LATER...

HERE VE ARE, YOUR EXCELLENCY!



WE ARE, EH? THEN HERE'S A PRESENT, NAZI!



AND DON'T YOU FEEL NEGLECTED.. I'VE SOMETHING FOR YOU TOO!

THE WEB RUSHES INTO MIETER FRANCK'S HOUSE..



YOU'RE JIMMY DENNING... RIGHT?

IT'S A NAZI!



HEY, NOW! TAKE IT EASY!

I'LL HANDLE HIM, PIETER!

THE WEB REMOVES THE NAZI UNIFORM..

RECOGNIZE ME NOW, JIMMY?



WELL, FOR THE LOVE OF PETE.. THE WEB! BOY! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!



WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE, JIMMY! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE FOR THE BORDER!

I'M WITH YOU, WEB! I'VE PLENTY OF MILITARY INFORMATION TO PASS ALONG!



QUICKLY, HEYDRICH GETS TO WORK..

COMB EVERY INCH OF DER TOWN.. SEARCH EVERYWHERE! BUT FIND DER WEB UND DER AMERICAN SPY! FIND DEM!



Meanwhile..

ACHT! I DREAMED DER FEUHRER HIMSELF VAS KISSING ME ON MINE CHEEKS. IT FELT SO GOOT... VOT! I REMEMBER NOW! DER WEB! HE VAS HERE!

AND BACK AT PIETER FRANCK'S HOUSE..

MY COUNTRY WILL BE GRATEFUL TO YOU, FRANCK! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW... AND I WANT TO SAY THANKS... AND GOODBYE..

SAVE THE GOOD-BYE FOR LATER, MY FRIEND. YOU HAVEN'T RID YOURSELF OF ME YET. I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO THE BORDER!

WHAT'S THAT?



THAT MUST BE HEYDRICH AND HIS MEN! LET'S GET MOVING!

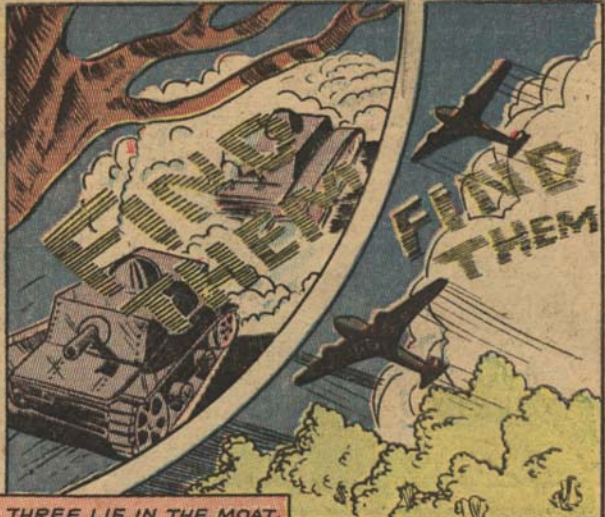


OUT THIS WAY! I HAVE A SECRET EXIT WHICH HASN'T BEEN USED FOR GENERATIONS!

OUTSIDE...



INTO THIS MOAT, MEN!
WE'LL BE WELL HIDDEN!



FIND THEM



FIND THEM,
I TELL YOU!

AS THE THREE LIE IN THE MOAT,
A PLANE SWOOPS DOWN..



DUCK,
QUICKLY!



TOO LATE!
HE'S SEEN US AND HE'S
SIGNALLING TO HEYDRICH!

NEVER FEAR, MY FRIENDS!
I HAVE A GOOD PLAN!



WAIT!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

...INTO THE WOODS,
MY FRIENDS! I'LL HANDLE HEYDRICH!
NO - DON'T FOLLOW ME! YOU WAIT HERE!

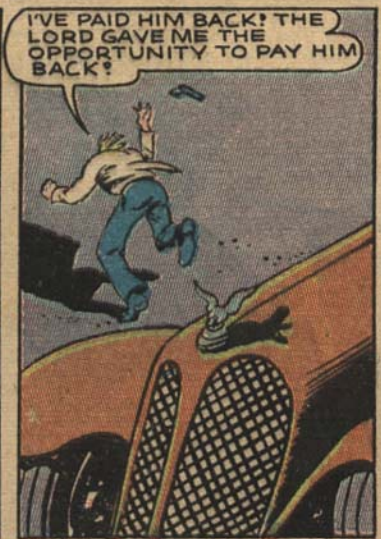
AND MEANWHILE,
HEYDRICH FUMES.



FASTER, YOU DUMBSKOPF,
FASTER! DO YOU WANT TO LOSE DER AMERICAN PIGS AGAIN!?

DONK

SUDDENLY...



READY, JIMMY?

READY!

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, BOYS!

VOT.. VOT'S HAPPENING?

...AND AS THE WEB AND JIMMY DENNING TAKE CARE OF THE NAZI SOLDIERS, THE BRAVE PIETER FRANCK CONTINUES TO RUN ON, DIRECTLY TOWARD THE WATCHERS IN THE TANKS AND AIRPLANES..

...DOES IT?

THAT...

KEEP ON DER LOOKOUT, MEN! VE'VE GOT TO FIND THEM!

Meanwhile, THE WEB AND JIMMY DENNING SPEED INTO ACTION...

WE'RE IN LUCK! THESE UNIFORMS FIT LIKE GLOVES!

THEY SURE DO, WEB... BUT I DON'T GET THE REASON FOR CHANGING. WHAT PLAN HAVE YOU IN MIND?

JUST THIS! HEYDRICH'S CORPSE IS GOING TO HELP US GET ACROSS THE BORDER... YOU DRIVE..I'LL KEEP HIM PROPPED UP!

HMM! I BEGIN TO CATCH ON!

NOW,DRIVE LIKE MAD AND PRAY WE DON'T GET STOPPED!

OKAY... ONLY, I'M SORRY THAT PEASANT HAD TO SACRIFICE HIMSELF.. I'LL NEVER FORGET HIM!

SUDDENLY, A NAZI WATCHER SPIES PIETER FRANCK..

DERE'S VUN OF THEM RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS? SHOOT HIM DOWN!



A MACHINE GUNNER COMPLIES.

GOOT! HE IS RIGHT IN DER CENTER OF MY TARGET!



FOR A MOMENT THERE'S A BURST OF MACHINE GUN FIRE...

.. THEN SILENCE .. A PAINFUL OMINOUS SILENCE, LIKE A MUTE DIRGE .. SILENCE THAT CASTS A PALL OVER THE WEB AND JIMMY DENNING..

THEY GOT HIM, JIMMY.. HE DIED TO SAVE OUR LIVES!



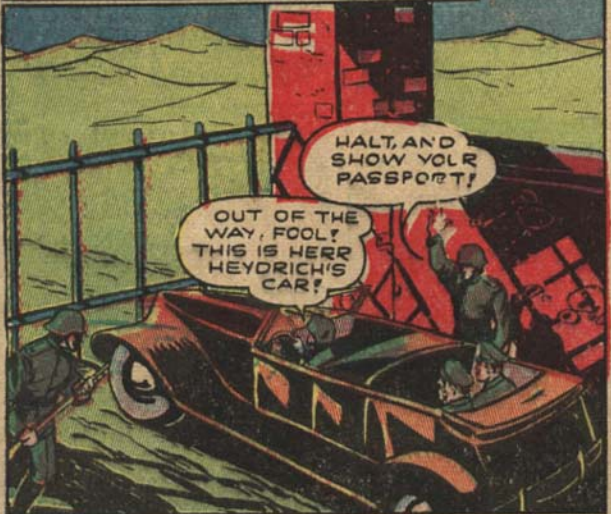
AT LAST, THE WEB AND DENNING REACH THE WATCHERS AND GO RIGHT BY THEM..



HEIL HITLER!

SURE, BOYS! HEIL HITLER!

.. STRAIGHT TO THE SWISS BORDER.



HALT, AND SHOW YOUR PASSPORT!

OUT OF THE WAY, FOOL! THIS IS HERR HEYDRICH'S CAR!

IT-IT IS HEYDRICH! FORGIVE ME, EXCELLENCY! I DID NOT RECOGNIZE... FORGIVE ME!

QUIET! CAN'T YOU SEE HIS EXCELLENCY IS TRYING TO CONCENTRATE! STEP TO VUN SIDE UND LET US PASS!



AND ACROSS..

WE MADE IT, WEB! WE MADE IT!



BOY! WHAT I'D GIVE TO SEE THE EXPRESSION ON THOSE KRAUT FACES WHEN THEY DISCOVER THAT HEYDRICH IS GOING TO CONCENTRATE FOR A LONG TIME!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, JIMMY DENNING REPORTS TO THE CHIEF OF THE BUREAU OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE BACK IN AMERICA..



YOU'VE DONE A SWELL JOB, JIMMY!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN GERMANY..

I'LL PAY DEM BACK FOR KILLING ONE OF MY MOST VALUABLE MEN! I VANT EFERY MAN IN LIDICE KILLED, EFERY WOMAN PUT IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP UND EFERY CHILD PUT IN A REFORM SCHOOL! I VANT DER ENTIRE TOWN RAZED! YOU HEAR ME? ... GOOT! IT WILL BE A DEAD TOWN BY MORNING!



The Daily Herald
LIDICE WIPED OUT!
OVER 500 KILLED IN MOST HORRIBLE BUTCHERY TO DATE!



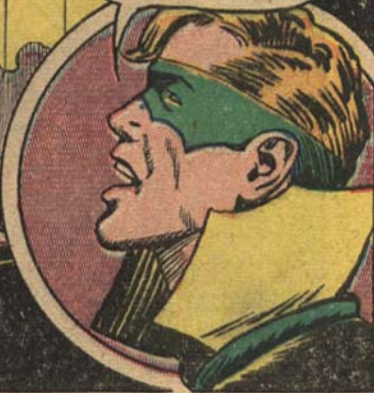
NO, YOU WERE WRONG, FEUHRER! LIDICE IS NO MORE DEAD THAN I, PIETER FRANCKAM! LIDICE WILL LIVE AGAIN AND AGAIN! LIVE WHILE A FREE MAN DRAWS FREE BREATH!

The Daily Herald
TOWN IN ILLINOIS CHANGES ITS NAME TO LIDICE!!

IT IS THE AMERICAN DUTY.. THE AMERICAN PLEASURE.. TO SEE THAT THE NAME OF THE LITTLE TOWN OF LIDICE IS PERPETUATED.. YES, MY FRIENDS, HITLER WILL DIE ONE DAY, BUT THE TOWN OF LIDICE WILL LIVE ON FOREVER!



AND YOU, PIETER FRANK, WHO GAVE YOUR LIFE IN CRUSHING THE SPIDER, HEYDRICH, IN HIS OWN EVIL WEB.. YOU'RE NOT FORGOTTEN.. THERE'S A MONUMENT FOR YOU, A LIVING MONUMENT.. IN THE PEOPLE OF EVERY DEMOCRATIC NATION.. IT WON'T BE LONG NOW, SO LOOK DOWN, PIETER FRANCK.. YOU'LL HAVE A GRANDSTAND SEAT AT THE BIGGEST SHOW OF THEM ALL.. **THE DEATH OF NAZIDOM!**



STEEL STERLING

AND THE "CREEPER"

By IRVING THOMAS



ROUND AND ROUND THE NAZI WHEEL OF SABOTAGE GOES AND WHERE IT STOPS NEXT IN ITS COURSE OF HATE AND DESTRUCTION INVOLVES STEEL STERLING IN HIS TREMENDOUS STRUGGLE AGAINST THE ARCH SABOTEUR, THE CREEPER!



WOW! DID YOU FELLOWS SEE THESE HEADLINES?

YEH, YEH, LOOK, LOONEY, THERE'S AN AD FOR THE CIRCUS YOU USED TO BE WITH! IT SAYS THEY ARE PLAYING A TOWN RIGHT NEAR HERE!

THE CIRCUS! OH BOY, I'D LIKE TO SEE MY OLD PALS AGAIN!

HEY STEEL, KIN WE ALL GO TO THE CIRCUS. IT'S ONLY ABOUT THIRTY MILES FROM HERE. THEY WON'T BE COMING TO NEW YORK AND IT'D BE THE LAST CHANCE I'D HAVE OF SEEING MY OLD GANG AGAIN!

YEAH! KIN WE, STEEL?

I'D LIKE TO GO BUT IT'S UNPATRIOTIC TO USE THE CAR FOR AMUSEMENT WHEN THE COUNTRY IS THREATENED WITH A SHORTAGE OF RUBBER AND GAS!

ALL RIGHT THEN! WE'LL GO BY TRAIN! IS THAT ALL RIGHT?

OKAY! YOU WIN! YOU SEE, PEOPLE DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE IT YET, BUT AMERICA NEEDS RUBBER AND EVERY BIT OF SAVING COUNTS!



LATER THAT EVENING AT THE CIRCUS...

GEE, IT SURE FEELS GREAT TO BE BACK! LET'S GO OVER THERE AND SEE WHAT THE ATTRACTION IS!

...HE'S MOST AMAZING... INCREDIBLE..LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... I GIVE YOU CREEPER!

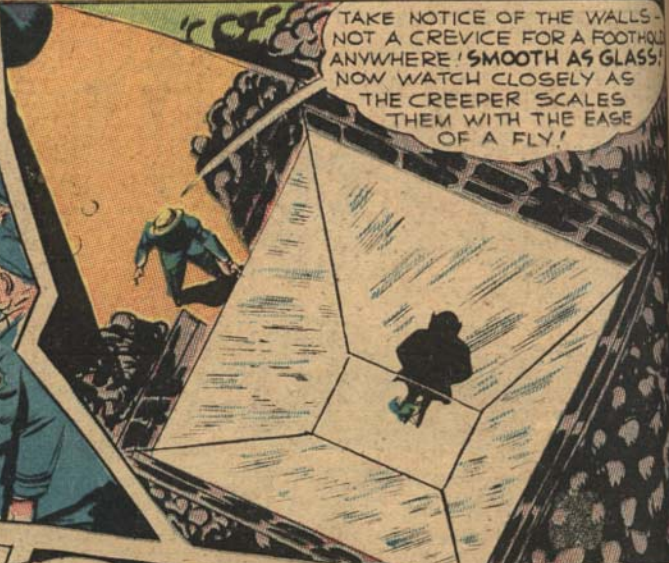


WE'VE NEVER SEEN THIS ACT BEFORE! HOWS ABOUT GOING IN, STEEL?

O.K... LET'S HAVE THREE TICKETS, BEAUTIFUL!



TAKE NOTICE OF THE WALLS - NOT A CREVICE FOR A FOOTHOLD ANYWHERE! SMOOTH AS GLASS! NOW WATCH CLOSELY AS THE CREEPER SCALES THEM WITH THE EASE OF A FLY!



TO THE AMAZEMENT OF THE AUDIENCE, THE CREEPER PERFORMS A SEEMINGLY IMPOSSIBLE FEAT...



ATTABOY, CREEPER! THAT'S SOME ACT YOU'VE GOT THERE!

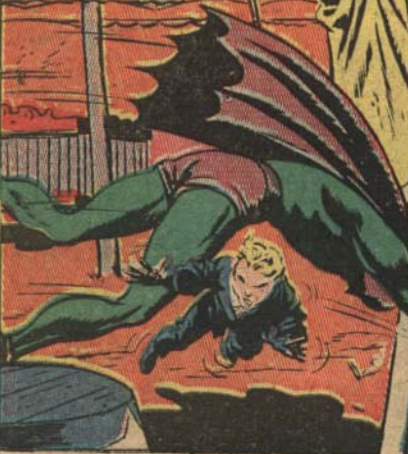
ENCORE!



BAH! STUPID, GAPING FOOLS! HOW I HATE THEM ALL!



ON HIS WAY TO HIS DRESSING ROOM, THE CREEPER TRIPS OVER THE MIDGET...



SPAWN OF A FLEA! WHY DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

IT WASN'T MY FAULT, CREEPER! I COULDN'T SEE YOU IN THE DARK!



THEN I SHALL TEACH YOU TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT!





CREEPER! YOU'RE NOT GONNA - NO! NO!



FOR GOD'S SALES! DON'T CREEPER! THOSE CATS'LL KILL ME! HELP! HELP!



GET ME OUTTA HERE! HELP! HELP! HELP!



SCREAM! GO AHEAD HA! HA!



HEY! WHO!

I HATE TO SPOIL YOUR FUN BUT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO FEED THE ANIMALS BETWEEN MEALS!

POW



THE MAN OF STEEL FLOORS THE CREEPER WITH A FLYING TACKLE...

CAN'T YOU KEEP STILL? I'D LIKE TO HAVE A CHAT WITH YOU!

NOW, MR. CREEPER, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

I'M TELLIN' YOU NOTHIN'!

WHAM

I'LL TELL YA WHAT- I'LL TELL YA! I WAS MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS WHEN THIS GUY TRIPS OVER ME! HE GETS SORE AND TRIES TO FEED ME TO THE CATS, HE'S NUTS!! TELL YOU!

AS STEEL TURNS TO THE MIDGET THE CREEPER BREAKS LOOSE AND...

NOW I'M PITCHING MISTER, AND IT AIN'T HAY!

BOP

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

OW! MY HEAD! BOY! I SURE LEFT MYSELF WIDE OPEN THAT TIME!

WELL, HE'S GONE BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT I'LL MEET UP WITH HIM AGAIN, SOON!



JUST THEN...

HI, STEEL! WHERE HAVE YA BEEN? WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' EVERYWHERE. WE'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!

OH, I'VE BEEN AROUND. SAY WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE FORTUNE TELLER'S OUTFIT?

THAT'S THE SURPRISE! THE REGULAR FORTUNE TELLER IS SICK, SO LOONEY ASKED MR TINGLING IF HE COULD SUBSTITUTE...

AND MR TINGLING SAID, "LOONEY, M'BOY, THE PLACE IS YOURS" SO NOW WE'RE IN BUSINESS! WHATEVER WE MAKE GOES TO THE U.S.O.

THAT'S RIGHT NICE BOYS

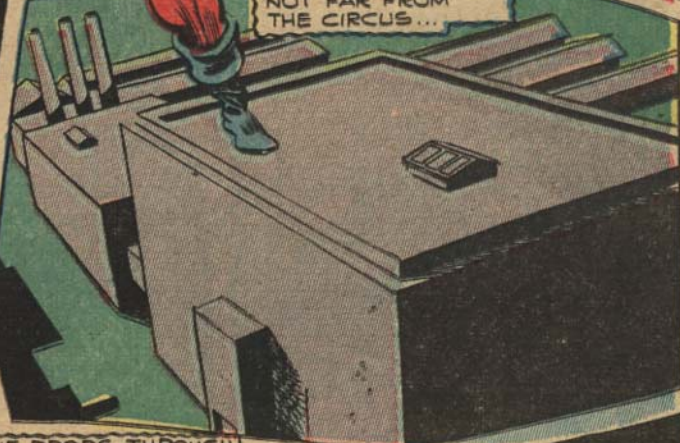


MEANWHILE AT THE U.S. ARMY ARSENAL NOT FAR FROM THE CIRCUS...

SEE, HE EVEN DUG UP MY OLD SIGN!

YEAH? WELL, YOU GUYS HAVE FUN WHILE I TAKE A LOOK AROUND!

THE GREAT ALEC BEN LUNAR TELLER OF FORTUNES



AN EERIE FIGURE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MOONLIGHT MAKES ITS WAY UP THE GLASS-SMOOTH WALL OF THE ARSENAL'S MAIN BUILDING...

AS HE DROPS THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT HE IS SURPRISED BY THE WATCHMAN...

ALL RIGHT, BUDDY! THE MASQUERADE IS OVER! YOU BETTER COME WITH ME! THE AUTHORITIES WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT YOU!





THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

AND NOW TO GO AHEAD WITH MY PLANS!



FIRST OF ALL, WE'LL SUBSTITUTE GASOLINE IN PLACE OF THE CHEMICALS IN THE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

THEN, TO WARM THINGS UP A BIT WE'LL LIGHT A LITTLE FIRE!

HA HA! THIS PLAN IS WORTHY OF MY ARYAN GENIUS!



HOW I WISH I COULD STAY TO SEE THE LOOKS OF SURPRISE AND HORROR ON THE FACES OF THE STUPID AMERICANS WHEN THEY TRY TO PUT OUT THE FIRE WITH THE EXTINGUISHERS!

THE FIRE IS DISCOVERED BY THE GUARDS.

FIRE! FIRE! MAN THE EXTINGUISHERS!

THESE EXTINGUISHERS WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF THIS BLAZE!



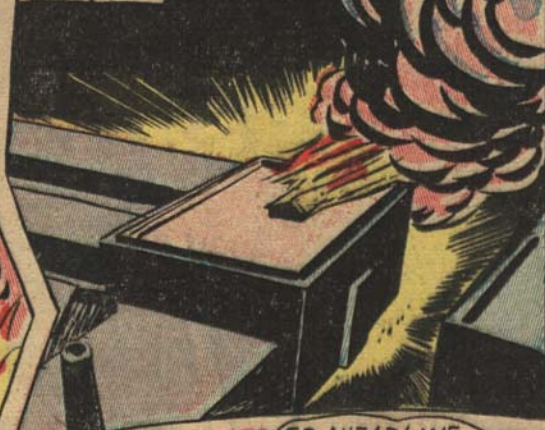
THE GASOLINE ADDS IMPETUS TO THE FLAMES...

THE FIRE IS GETTING WORSE!



AAAARGH!
I'M BEING BURNED ALIVE!

THE FIRE SPREADS RAPIDLY...



JUST THEN A FAMILIAR FIGURE ZIPS ONTO THE SCENE OF THE FIRE...

STEEL STERLING!



HAND ME THAT EXTINGUISHER, CAPTAIN... I'D LIKE TO TRY A HAND AT FIRE FIGHTING!

GO AHEAD! WE CAN'T SEEM TO DO ANYTHING TO CHECK THE FLAMES!

AS SOON AS STERLING APPLIES THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER HE IS ALMOST ENGLUFED BY A BLINDING SHEET OF FLAME...

THERE'S SOME THING MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS!

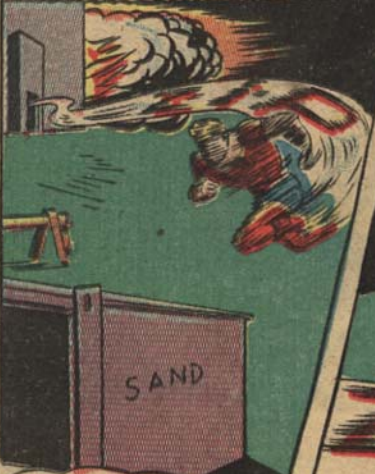
IT'S NO WONDER! SOMEONE REMOVED THE CHEMICALS AND FILLED THESE WITH GASOLINE!

SAND IS THE ONLY THING TO QUENCH THIS FIRE WITH! IS THERE ANY IN THE BUILDING?

NO! BUT THERE ARE BINS OF SAND NEAR AN EXCAVATION RIGHT OUTSIDE!



IF THAT FIRE REACHES THE MUNITIONS STOREROOMS WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!



WITH THE AID OF THE SAND, THE FIRE IS QUICKLY EXTINGUISHED.



YOUR QUICK ACTION SAVED THE ARSENAL, MR. STERLING! ITS LOSS WOULD'VE SERIOUSLY HURT OUR WAR EFFORT!

THANKS CAPTAIN! TELL ME - HOW DID THIS FIRE START?

WE DON'T KNOW! BUT IT'S SABOTAGE! THE WATCHMAN WAS THE ONLY ONE IN THE BUILDING AT THE TIME, AND HE WAS FOUND STABBED TO DEATH! NO ONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN PAST THE GUARDS. THERE ARE NO WINDOWS ANYWHERE - AND THE WALLS ARE AS SMOOTH AS GLASS, SO...

WALLS SMOOTH AS GLASS! THAT'S IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?

EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, BUT I'VE GOT TO GO TO SEE A MAN ABOUT A RAT!



SOME TIME LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

CHIEF, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A LIST OF TOWNS IN WHICH THOSE RECENT ACTS OF SABOTAGE TOOK PLACE. I'M PLAYING A HUNCH!

SURE, STEEL, RIGHT AWAY!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE CIRCUS...

WHAT IS THIS I SEE? A HOLLYWOOD CONTRACT? AND WHAT IS MORE, I SEE THOUSANDS OF MEN REACHING FOR YOUR PINK-TIPPED HAND... THE CRYSTAL FADES!

OH, PRINCE!



THEY'RE PROBABLY DROWNIN' AN' SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WITH A LIFE-PRESERVER!

OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH, PRINCE ALI! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH YOU'VE DONE FOR ME!

SISTER, NO ONE CAN DO ANYTHING FOR YOU!... YOU'RE BEYOND HELP!

BOY! WAS SHE A LULU? WHATEVER PEOPLE REALLY ARE, TELL THEM THE OPPOSITE AND THEY THINK YOU'RE HOT STUFF! OKAY, CLANCY, HOP OUT AND ROUND UP SOME MORE SUCKERS!

JUST THEN A SINISTER FIGURE MOVES SWIFTLY ACROSS THE CIRCUS GROUNDS...

IT'S GETTING TOO HOT FOR ME WITH STERLING AROUND! I'LL GET MY THINGS TOGETHER AND CLEAR OUT!



WHEN... BLAST THE LUCK! WHY DID I HAVE TO RUN INTO THAT FAT FOOL, NOW?

AW, C'MON, CREEP! IT WON'T BUT TAKE A MINUTE!

HE'S A COP SO IF I PROTEST TOO MUCH I MAY AROUSE HIS SUSPICIONS!

CRYSTAL BALL, CRYSTAL BALL, WHAT DO YOU REVEAL TO ME? A-HA! I SEE A MAN OF MYSTERY, A MAN OF GREAT RESOLUTION AND PURPOSE WHO WILL ALLOW NOTHING TO STAND IN HIS WAY! NOTHING! AND WHO WILL MAKE A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY ACCOMPLISHING HIS DEEDS!

HEY, CREEPER! HOLD ON A MINUTE, C'MON AND HAVE YOUR FORTUNE TOLD!

I'M SORRY BUT I HAVEN'T ANY TIME RIGHT NOW... I'M INER... A HURRY...

OKAY, BUT LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY!



HA, HA, YOU'RE A DANGEROUS MAN, CREEPER! IF YOU DON'T WATCH WE'LL HAVE TO SEND STEEL STERLING AFTER YOU, HA, HA!

STEEL STERLING, EH? THESE TWO JERKS MAY REALLY KNOW I'M IN THE PAY OF THE NAZIS - BUT MAYBE THEY'RE FAKING! ANYWAY, I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES!

SAY YOU GUYS ARE PRETTY GOOD. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO ENTERTAIN AT A PARTY I'M GIVING FOR A FEW FRIENDS OF MINE? I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

HA, HA, IMAGINE ME BEING DANGEROUS!

SURE! SURE! WE'D LIKE TO! SWELL! NOW WE CAN GIVE MORE TO THE U.S.O THAN WE THOUGHT



HELLO, BOYS! HOW ARE YOU MAKING OUT?

FINE, MR. TINGLING. THE CREEPER THINKS WE'RE SO GOOD THAT HE'S HIRED US TO ENTERTAIN AT HIS PARTY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

PARDON THE INTRUSION, MR. TINGLING, BUT I WONDER IF YOU'D CHECK UP ON SOMETHING FOR ME!



HAS YOUR CIRCUS PLAYED ANY OF THE TOWNS LISTED ON THAT PAPER?

WHY, YES! AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE PLAYED IN EVERY ONE OF THEM!

THEN MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! I CAN'T STOP TO EXPLAIN NOW, BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE CREEPER AROUND?

ABOUT FIVE MINUTES AGO! HE WAS WALKING TOGETHER WITH CLANCY AND LOONEY, TOWARD HIS DRESSING ROOM!

MEANWHILE IN THE CREEPER'S ROOM...

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE? I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO A PARTY!

WE ARE!



ONLY IT TAKES PLACE RIGHT HERE! A LITTLE KILL FEST IN HONOR OF MY FUEHRER! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD PIT YOUR PUNY, DECADENT MINDS AGAINST MY NAZI SUPER-INTELLIGENCE?... THERE'S A NEW ORDER COMING!...



YOU'RE RIGHT, CREEPER! AND IT'S HERE RIGHT NOW -

AND THERE'S NOTHING DECADENT ABOUT THIS EITHER!



QUICKLY RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW THE CREEPER ELUDE'S STEEL'S GRASP..

YOU GOT AWAY FROM ME ONCE, MIS-TER, BUT NOT AGAIN!

...AND DASHES THROUGH THE BIG TOP WITH STEEL STERLING IN HOT PURSUIT...

LITHE AS A CAT, THE CREEPER RACES SWIFTLY UP THE POLE TOWARD A TRAPEZE...



A FEW SECONDS MORE AND I'LL BE SAFE!



THE CREEPER LEAPS FROM ONE TRAPEZE TO THE OTHER...



I CAN'T REACH IT! I'LL BE KILLED-I-I-



RIGHT BEHIND YOU SCUM!



HE'S STILL LIVING AFTER THAT FALL BUT I THINK HIS SABOTAGE DAYS ARE OVER!



YOU SEE, HE WAS THE NAZI AGENT WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RECENT OUTBREAK OF SABOTAGE! IN THE GUISE OF A CIRCUS PERFORMER IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO OPERATE SINCE THE CIRCUS WOULD PLAY IN MOST DEFENSE TOWNS. IF I HADN'T CAUGHT HIM NOW.

YOU CAUGHT HIM? WHY WE HAD HIM CORNERED WHEN YOU HAD TO STICK YOUR TWO CENTS IN.

THE FOLLOWING DAY... HEY, LOONEY, HERE'S SOME MAIL FROM THE U.S. GOVERNMENT!

HAND IT OVER! IT'S PROBABLY A CITATION FOR MY GOOD WORK IN CATCHING THE CREEPER!



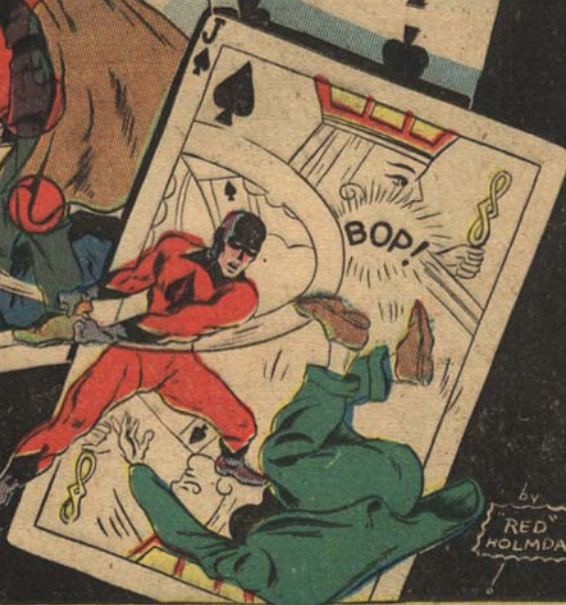
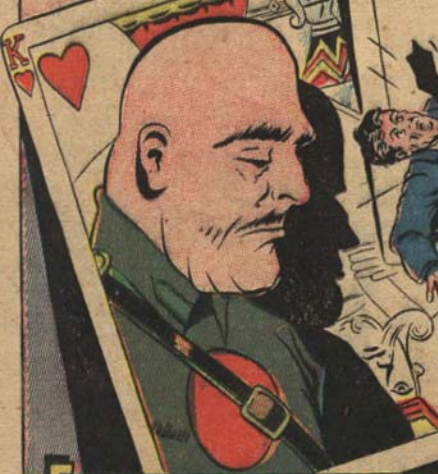
NOTICE OF CLASSIFICATION LOCAL BOARD NO. 100 REG. ALEC LUNAR IN CLASS 1A REPORT TO YOUR DRAFT BOARD IMMEDIATELY

WHAT NEW AND EXCITING ADVENTURES WILL THIS NEW SITUATION BRING ABOUT? DON'T FAIL TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS

BLACK JACK



HEH, HEH, HEH! PLAY A LITTLE GAME OF DEATH WITH ME AND LET ME TELL YOU, YOUR MISFORTUNE, BLACK-JACK! BEWARE THE CLUB, MY GALLANT KNIGHT OF SPADES! BEWARE OF THE CLUB, HEH, HEH, HEH!



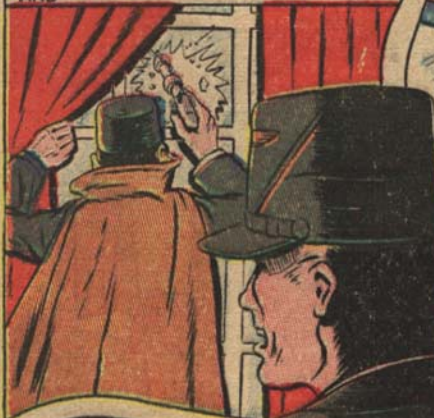
by RED HOLMDALE

FATE SHUFFLES THE CARDS, AND OUT OF THE DECK FALL ...A KING OF MANY HEARTS! BLACK JACK! A CLUBFOOT! THE OMINOUS CLUMP, CLUMP OF A CLUBFOOT RINGING LIKE A CLAP OF THUNDER THROUGH ALL OF OCCUPIED EUROPE! STRIKING BLACK TERROR AND BLOODY DEATH AMONG THE ENSLAVED MASSES!

NESTLED IN THE EUROPEAN MOUNTAINS LIES A SMALL FARM-HOUSE..... AN INNOCENT-LOOKING PLACE, YOU SAY... BUT IT IS DESTINED TO BE THE START OF THE STRANGEST OF STRANGE TALES..... !!



WITH A STRANGE HOBBLING MOVEMENT, CLUBFOOT CROSSES TO THE WINDOW, BREAKS THE GLASS AND-----



LUCKY TO GET OUT OF THERE WITH ONLY A FLESH-WOUND!

I SWEAR THE NAZIS WILL PAY WITH BLOOD FOR EVERY DROP THEY'VE SHED! YOU, ONLY A SIMPLE FARMER, WILL HAVE AN HONORED PLACE FOR-EVER IN THE HEARTS OF THE FREE!

DAYS LATER..... AS A FULL MOON RISES OVER THE SPANISH SEACOAST TOWN OF BILBAO.....

THIS WAY! I'M OVER HERE!



I HAVE COME A LONG WAY --- IS EVERYTHING READY?

IT IS!

GOD SPEED TO YOU! OUR HEARTS GO WITH YOU!

SUDDENLY THE MAN ON THE DOCK HEARS.....

A-A... CLUBFOOT!



SEIZE HIM, SCHULTZ! HE HELPED OUR QUARRY ESCAPE!

YES, I HELPED HIM ESCAPE FOREVER FROM YOUR FOUL CLUTCHES!

THERE HE GOES! IN THAT PLANE! TO THE LAND OF ETERNAL LIBERTY, AMERICA!

WHERE IS HE, YOU SCHWEINHUND? SPEAK!



HE'S FAR AWAY FROM SCUM LIKE YOU, AND I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE....

YOU TALK TOO MUCH!

BOOM

THAT'S HOW VE NAZIS DISPOSE OF DOSE AIDING OUR ENEMES!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT STUFF—BUT COME OVER ANYWAY!

YOU HAFF SLIPPED OUT OF MY GLUTCHES AGAIN! BUT I'LL TRACK YOU DOWN YET IF I HAFF TO GO TO DER ENDS OF DER EARTH! I SVEAR IT!

MEANWHILE IN AMERICA, JACK JONES (EVERY-DAY IDENTITY OF BLACK JACK) DINES WITH A FRIEND....

YES, THE PEOPLE OF MY COUNTRY STILL FIGHT FOR FREEDOM, JACK! WITH OUR KING BEHIND THEM, THEY'LL ALWAYS FIGHT THE ACCURSED NAZIS!

FORTUNES TOLD? TELL YOUR FORTUNE, GENTLEMEN? LET AN OLD WOMAN TELL YOU A NEW STORY!



THESE GYPSIES ALWAYS HAND ME A LAUGH! WELL PRINCESS FORTUNE, WHAT TALL, DARK, HANDSOME WOMAN IS GOING TO HAUNT MY LIFE?

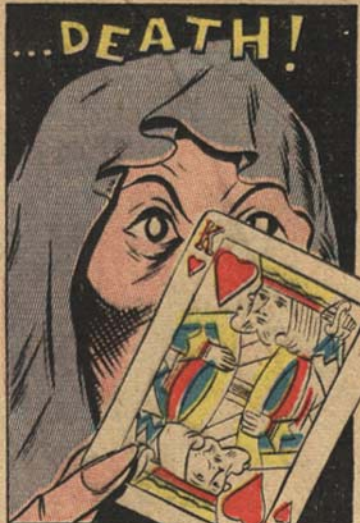
IT IS NOT WISE TO JEST ABOUT ONE'S FUTURE!

I SEE BLACK CLUBS IN YOUR LIFE! -BEWARE OF THE CLUB!

AND WHAT'S IN STORE FOR MY FRIEND, JAN MORSKI, HERE?

FOR HIM, I SEE A KING OF HEARTS, AND THAT MEANS.





...DEATH!



LATER....

YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE WHAT THAT OLD CRONE HAD TO SAY, DID YOU, JACK?

OF COURSE NOT!! I'LL WALK YOU BACK TO YOUR OFFICE!



AS JAN LETS HIMSELF INTO HIS OFFICE.....

GREAT HEAVENS! YOU....YOUR HIGHNESS!

HELLO, MORSKI! I FINALLY ESCAPED, AS YOU SEE!



MASTER, MY MASTER! HOW WONDERFUL TO FIND YOU HERE!



SAY, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT?

NOT AT ALL, MY FRIEND. I AM THE KING OF PTOMANIA! MY SUBJECTS HELPED ME ESCAPE FROM MY COUNTRY SO THAT I CAN CARRY ON THE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM FROM AMERICA!

HERE OUR KING WILL BE FREE TO DIRECT HIS PEOPLE BY RADIO!



HMM! THE GYPSY PROPHESED A KING OF HEARTS! THIS MAN IS INDEED A KING OF MANY HEARTS! I WONDER IF.....



SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR CLUMPING SOUND ECHOES DOWN THE HALL.....

GREAT HEAVNS! THAT CLUMPING! CLUBFOOT!



CLUMP CLUMP

THE LIGHTS! THEY'VE GONE OUT!

STAND WHERE YOU ARE EVERY BODY! YOU ARE SURROUNDED

CLUMP! CLUMP!

CLUMP CLUMP

AS BLACKNESS ENVELOPES THE GROUP, A MUSCULAR FIGURE STRIPS FOR ACTION-----JACK JONES BECOMES... BLACK JACK!



SO YOU LIKE PUTTING THE LIGHTS OUT, EH? WELL SO DO I!



LOOK OUT, BLACK JACK, CLUBFOOT IS USING HIS GUN!



ALL YOU NAZIS FEEL BRAVE WHEN YOU CAN STRIKE FROM BEHIND! BUT THIS IS ONE TIME YOU'RE NOT GETTING THE CHANCE!



NICE GOING, JAN! I'LL BE OVER AND GIVE YOU A HAND IN A MINUTE!



AND AS FOR YOU, MEDDLER! THIS SHOULD PUT YOU IN YOUR PLACE!



UND AS FOR YOU, TAKE DOT!



VE KILL DIS ONE TOO, EXELLENCY!

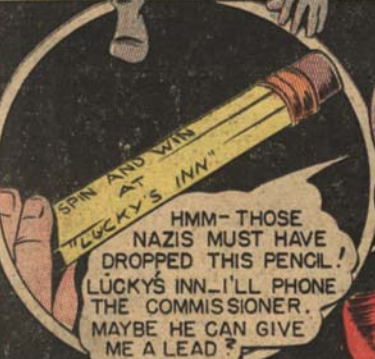
NO YOU FOOL I WANT TO TAKE HIM BACK MIT US!

LATER AS BLACK JACK AWAKENS...

BOY! I...

JAN! JAN! THEY DIDN'T...

YES—HE'S DEAD! SAY, WHATS THIS HE'S CLUTCHING IN HIS HAND?



HMM—THOSE NAZIS MUST HAVE DROPPED THIS PENCIL! LUCKY'S INN—I'LL PHONE THE COMMISSIONER. MAYBE HE CAN GIVE ME A LEAD?

OKAY, AND THANKS A LOT, COMMISSIONER! I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT WHEN I SEE YOU! YEAH—SO LONG!

DESERTED GAMBLING JOINT, EH? IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT, I'LL BET THOSE NAZIS ARE USING IT AS A HIDE-OUT!



WHAT'S THAT, BLACK JACK—LUCKY'S INN? WHY, THAT'S A DESERTED JOINT DOWN BY THE WATERFRONT! WE CLOSED IT LAST WEEK BECAUSE OF GAMBLING!



MEANWHILE INSIDE THE INN.....



NOW WE'LL GIVE OUR GUEST A LITTLE ATTENTION, EH, BOYS?

WHY, YOU FILTHY NAZIS—!! HOW DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO GET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY?

AH! YOU SHALL SEE—IN TIME!



YOU AND YOUR NAZI GANGSTERS WILL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, CLUBFOOT!

THIS GAG WILL SILENCE YOU, SCHWEIN! UND DEN VE VILL PUT YOU IN DOT PACKING BOX UND SHIP YOU BACK TO DER FATHERLAND!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A NEW ARRIVAL ENTERS THE DOOR...

AS LONG AS EVERYTHING IS READY, LET'S GET SET AND GO!

LOOK! GOT IN HIMMEL! BLACK JACK! SHOOT HIM!

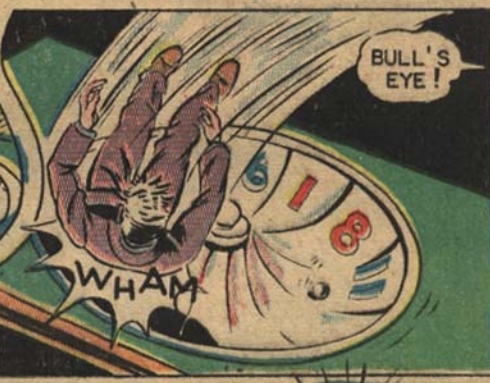


SORRY IF I PLAY A LITTLE ROUGH, BOYS....

BUT THIS GAMBLING GAME IS FOR KEEPS AND I'M OUT TO WIN!



NOW TO TEST MY AIM! STRAIGHT FOR THAT ROULETTE TABLE....



BULL'S EYE!



A-AAAALP! I'M GETTING DIZZY!



ULK!



WERE ARE YOU GOING, YOUR EXCELLENCY?

ACH, DIS IS SO SENSELESS ! DOT BLACK JACK DOES NOT REALIZE DOT VE OF DER REICH ARE A SUPERIOR RACE ! SO VY ARGUE MIT HIM!

VE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

OH OH ! LEAVING ME, BOYS ?

IF YOU BIRDS THINK YOU'RE FLYING THE COOP, THIS POOL CUE'LL CHANGE YOUR PLANS !

WITH DEADLY ACCURACY THE POOL CUE ZOOMS TO ITS MARK !

AND BY CUTTING DOWN THE NAZI'S LEAD MAN—HIS FOLLOWERS ARE ALSO THWARTED !!

HOWEVER, FROM BENEATH ONE OF THE POOL TABLES.....

I'LL FIX DOT BLACK JACK GOOT !

BUT LOOK ! AN EIGHT BALL ROLLS ALONG THE TABLE OVERHEAD, AND...

8

TWEET ! TWEET !

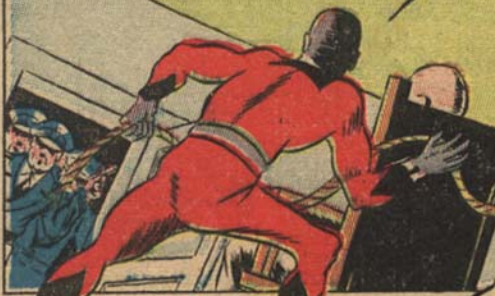
KONK!



THE POLICE RUSH IN...

GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS! YOU CAN TAKE OVER NOW!

I'M GOING AFTER CLUBFOOT!

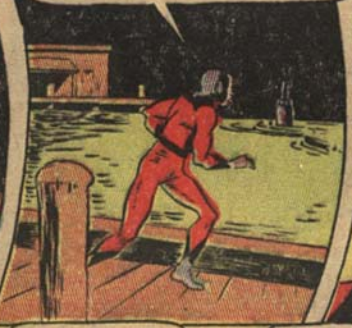


BLACK JACK REACHES THE WATERFRONT...

HE'S ESCAPING IN THAT SUBMARINE, AND I'D NEVER GET THE COAST GUARD HERE IN TIME!

BUT SOMEHOW I'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST FEELING THAT HE ISN'T JUST AN ORDINARY NAZI... THAT HE'S SOMEONE IMPORTANT... I WONDER.....

OUT OF LUCK! I'M TOO LATE!



AND BACK AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE....

THAT NAZI GANG IS THE BIGGEST CAPTURED TO DATE, BLACK JACK! HOW DID YOU EVER GET ON TO THEM?

THAT PENCIL I FOUND PUT ME ON THE TRAIL, COMMISSIONER!

BLACK JACK, I'M GOING TO REMAIN IN YOUR GREAT COUNTRY, AND BROADCAST TO MY PEOPLE ABROAD. IN THIS WAY I MAY EVENTUALLY LEAD THEM TO FREEDOM!

THAT'S GREAT NEWS, YOUR HIGHNESS! I SURE DO WISH, THOUGH, WE'D CAPTURED CLUBFOOT AND DISCOVERED HIS IDENTITY... I WONDER.....



THEN, DAYS LATER, AS BLACK JACK SITS LISTENING TO FOREIGN BROADCASTS ON HIS SHORT WAVE SET...

GERMANY'S POLICY IS DER BEST POLICY! GEMANY'S LEADER IS DER BEST LEADER! UND VE VILL KILL ALL MEN LIKE BLACK-JACK WHO DO NOT AGREE WITH US!

AND AS GOEBBELS CONTINUES TO RANT AND RAVE, BLACK JACK CLOSSES HIS EYES AND PICTURES THE NAZI'S PHYSICAL APPEARANCE. THEN HE REALIZES THAT GOEBBELS HAS A FAMILIAR DEFORMITY...



HEY, WHAT'S HE SAYING? HOW DOES HE KNOW ABOUT ME?



FAN TAN!
A MERE GAME OF CARDS, YOU SAY? BUT BLACK JACK IS TO DISCOVER ONCE AGAIN THAT THE CARDS DRIP BLOOD AS HE ENCOUNTERS THE DEADLY FAN TAN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS
!!

WORLD WONDERS

the NORTHERN LIGHTS **SPEAK**

A HISSING, CRACKLING SOUND LIKE THE RUSTLING OF LEAVES IS SAID BY SCIENTISTS TO ACCOMPANY THE DISPLAY OF NORTHERN LIGHTS!

DEADLY TARANTULA

THE BITE OF THE MUCH FEARED TARANTULA SPIDER IS DEADLY ONLY TO COLD BLOODED ANIMALS. TO A HUMAN ITS BITE IS LIKELY TO BE NO MORE SERIOUS THAN THE STING OF A WASP!

FLOWER OF DEATH

WITH ITS RICH PERFUME THE VENUS'S FLYTRAP, A CAROLINA SWAMP FLOWER LURES INSECTS TO THEIR DEATH... INTOXICATED BY THE PERFUME, THE BLUE-BOTTLE FLY ENTERS THE FOLDS OF THE FLOWER..... INSTANTLY 4 HAIRLIKE TRIGGERS CLOSE UPON IT. TRAPPED IN THE SPIKED EDGE CAGE OF DEATH, THE FLY IS DEVoured BY THE DIGESTIVE JUICES OF THE FLOWER.



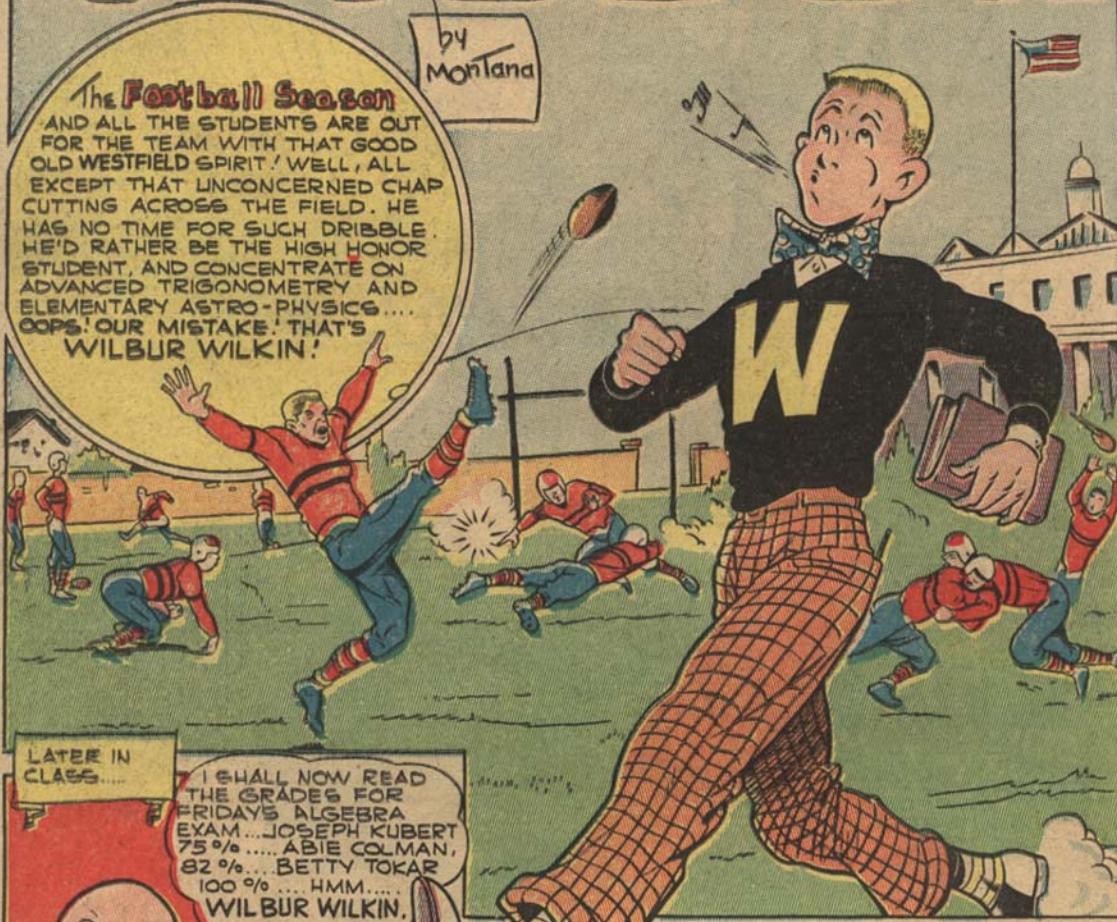
THE SWASTIKA IS ONE OF THE BUDDHIST SYMBOLS IN USE FOR CENTURIES IN CHINA.

WILBUR

by Montana

The Football Season

AND ALL THE STUDENTS ARE OUT FOR THE TEAM WITH THAT GOOD OLD WESTFIELD SPIRIT! WELL, ALL EXCEPT THAT UNCONCERNED CHAP CUTTING ACROSS THE FIELD. HE HAS NO TIME FOR SUCH DRIBBLE. HE'D RATHER BE THE HIGH HONOR STUDENT, AND CONCENTRATE ON ADVANCED TRIGONOMETRY AND ELEMENTARY ASTRO-PHYSICS.... OOPS! OUR MISTAKE! THAT'S WILBUR WILKIN!



LATER IN CLASS.....

I SHALL NOW READ THE GRADES FOR FRIDAY'S ALGEBRA EXAM..... JOSEPH KUBERT 75% ABIE COLMAN, 82% BETTY TOKAR 100% ... HMM..... WILBUR WILKIN, 23½% !



OMIGOSH! POP'LL KILL ME IF HE SEES THAT MARK! I'LL HAVE TO THINK FAST!



ER...MR. TOOTLEFRUIT... I'D LIKE TO HAVE A MAKE-UP ON THAT EXAM... I... ER... DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO STUDY!

CERTAINLY NOT! WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE A MAKE-UP? AND WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE TIME TO STUDY..... WHAT WERE YOU DOING?



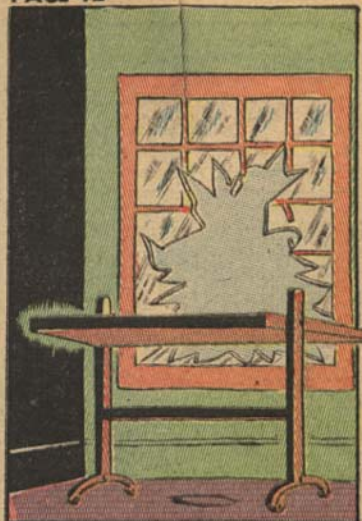


OH! FOOTBALL, HUH? THAT'S DIFFERENT! NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT EXAM, WILBUR! SO YOU'RE OUT FOR FOOTBALL, HEH? HMM, TAKES ME BACK TO MY DAYS AT OLD PADUCAH UNIVERSITY!



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY WE PLAYED "SMORGESBORD STATE"... IT WAS LAST DOWN, OUR BALL ON THE TWO YARD LINE... ONE MINUTE TO FIELD AND I CAME OUT ON THE FIELD! THE CHEERING SECTION GAVE THE OLD P-U YELL!





I MUST SAY, MR TOOTLEFRUIT... THAT'S A VERY UN-DIGNIFIED ATTITUDE!

HEY, FELLAS! IT'S TOOTLEFRUIT!

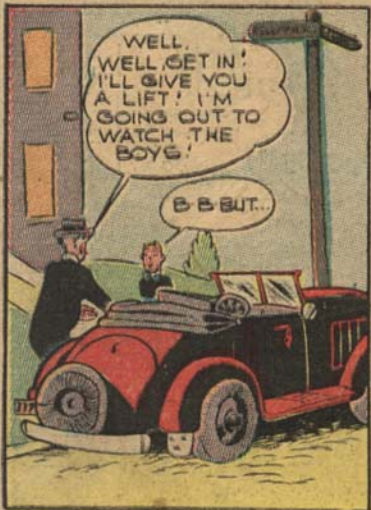
?



SSAY! ISN'T IT TIME FOR FOOTBALL PRACTICE?

WILBUR... I PREFER TO HAVE YESTERDAY'S LITTLE EPISODE FORGOTTEN..... DEFINITELY!

HUH? OH, YES. I... ER.. WAS JUST GOING ... NOW...



WELL, WE'LL GET IN! I'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT! I'M GOING OUT TO WATCH THE BOYS!

B-B-BUT...



AND AT THE FIELD...

NOW YOU GET INTO YOUR UNIFORM, WILBUR, AND I'LL SIT HERE AND WATCH!

GOSH! I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT TRY TO GET ON THE TEAM!



PLEASE, COACH, JUST LET ME WORK OUT WITH THE TEAM TODAY! WHY I... I.... CAN KICK A BALL 70 YARDS!

HMM! FIRST TIME I KNEW YOU WERE INTERESTED IN FOOTBALL! OKAY! GET A UNIFORM! I'LL GIVE YOU ONE CHANCE!



HI! MR. TOOTLEFRUIT!

AH YES! THE PICTURE OF ME IN MY YOUTH (SNIFF SNIFF)



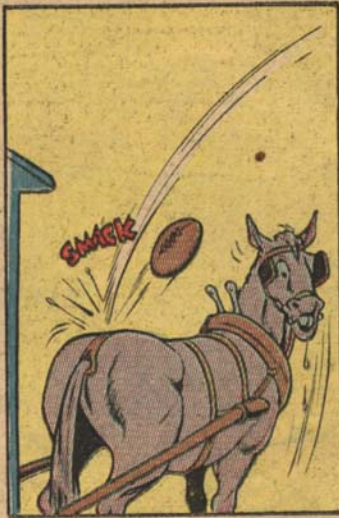
HERE! LET'S SEE YOU PUNT THIS BALL!

OOOF!



SHUX! WHY DID I SAY I COULD PUNT? I NEVER EVEN KICKED A BALL!

I'LL TRY IT WHILE HIS BACK IS TURNED!



CAREFUL OF THAT LEG! OOOH! I FINALLY GET A GUY WITH A MILLION DOLLAR LEG AND HE HURTS IT! GET THE DOCTOR QUICK!

STILL UNDER THE ILLUSION THAT WILBUR CAN KICK A BALL 85 YARDS... THE COACH HAS BEEN GUARDING HIS LEG FOR THE BIG GAME WITH CLINTON, AND HERE IT IS!



3RD QUARTER - 6:00 IN FAVOR OF WESTFIELD.

OKAY, WILBUR, WE'RE BACKED RIGHT UP AGAINST OUR OWN GOAL LINE AND I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THAT 6-POINT LEAD! GO IN AND KICK US OUT OF THERE!



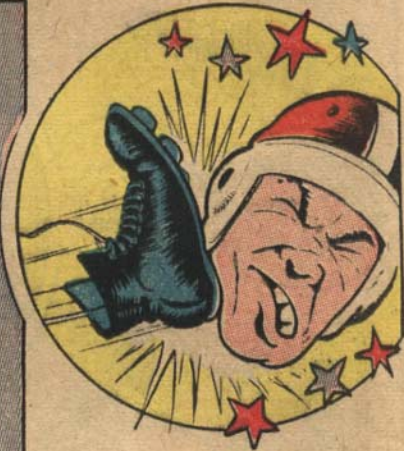
BE SURE AN' GET THIS OFF, WILBUR, OR IT'LL BE A TOUCHDOWN FOR CLINTON!



JEEPERS! I FORGOT TO TIE MY SHOES... HEY... WAIT A MINUTE, FELLAS!



KICK - WILBUR! KICK!



GEE WHIZ! CLINTON MADE A TOUCHDOWN ON WILBUR'S FUMBLE!

THAT'S NOTHIN'! HIS SHOE KNOCKED OUT OUR STAR PLAYER!



10 MINUTES LATER

YARD LINE
30 40 50 40 30 20 10

WESTFIELD	6
CLINTON	7
MINUTES TO PLAY	3

WE'VE GOT ONE CHANCE TO WIN! EDDIE, TRY KICKING A FIELD GOAL... WILBUR HOLDING!





SEE! I DON'T SEE WHY THEY DON'T LET ME KICK! AFTER ALL I'M SUPPOSE TO BE THE KICKER!

GET THAT BALL DOWN THERE QUICK, WILBUR!



JMP! DO THEY HAVE TO CENTER SO HARD?... THERE GOES MY HELMET!



W-W-WHAT?

BOP!



BOTH TEAMS MISTAKE THE HELMET FOR THE BALL...

IT'S OVER! WE WIN!



HEY! THAT'S MY HAT YOU KICKED OVER THERE!

LOOK! THAT GUY'S GOT THE BALL!

IT'S A TRICK! GET HIM!

AND WILBUR GOES OVER FOR THE TOUCHDOWN AS THE GAME ENDS

BANG



AND IN THE TOP ROW OF THE STANDS...

YEA!
WE WIN... THE OLD SPIRIT, WILBUR!
YeeooOWEEE!
JUST LIKE WE DID IT AT P.U.



HOLY COW! MR. TOOTLEFRUIT FELL OVER!



SECTION D

SECTION E

YOU'D THINK THAT WILBUR COULDN'T POSSIBLY GET INTO ANY WORSE MESSSES. WELL, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS.... WARNING! IF YOU HAVE FALSE TEETH, REMOVE THEM BEFORE READING. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE IF YOU SWALLOW THEM WHILE LAUGHING!

SOME KILLERS WORK SLOWLY

A WEB STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

JOHN RAYMOND didn't recognize him at first.

Steve Lescott, the stock broker, had thick black hair. This man's hair was thinning and streaked through with grey. Steve Lescott had sharp, burning eyes. This man's eyes were dull, hopeless. Steve Lescott was 35. This man looked over 50.

But it *was* Lescott, all right . . . Raymond realized that after a moment. In six months, the man had aged fifteen years.

"Hello, Steve," he said gently. "It's good to see you again."

Lescott turned blank eyes up to Raymond's, and stared for a moment until his eyes cleared. "John—John Raymond!" he said. "It's good to see you, too." He laughed, sheepishly. "We're talking as though the last time we saw each other was centuries ago. It was only six months . . ."

"Six months is a long time," said Raymond. "Look, Steve, I won't beat around the bush. You've changed . . . changed plenty. What's wrong?"

Steve Lescott's lips tightened, and pain shot across his features. "It's my kid," he said. "My daughter. She's dying, John."

Raymond stiffened with amazement. "Judy—dying? Steve, you're joking—you must be joking! Why, when I saw her last time I was here, she was as healthy a six-year-old as you could expect to find anywhere."

The hopelessness was back

in Lescott's eyes. "I wish I were joking," he said.

Raymond put a hand on his shoulder. "Tell me the entire story, Steve," he said.

"She won't eat, John—she can't eat," Steve said. "She's dying of slow starvation!"

John smiled, "Is *that* all?" he said, relief in his voice. "You sap, there are lots of illnesses where the patient refuses to eat. Just get the doctor to feed her through a tube, and she'll be all right."

"It's not that simple," Steve said. His face was as gray as his hair. "I tell you she hasn't a chance. Three fine physicians have been on the case since she first became ill, and they've tried everything. Her stomach won't hold food—expels it as soon as we force it in with a stomach tube. Sometimes—" his hands shook "—sometimes I get the funny idea that she's . . . afraid' to eat!"

"I see," said Raymond, after a moment. "Let me look at Judy, will you, Steve? Maybe I can think of something . . ."

There was the sound of death in the room. Raymond could hear it in the gasped breathing of Judy Lescott.

"Judy," he said, softly. "Judy! Look up!"

The girl opened her eyes, looked at him for a moment, and closed her eyes again.

"Judy," said Raymond. "Why are you afraid to eat?"

Again her eyes opened, and there was fear in them. Her

lips trembled . . . and then her eyes closed once more.

Raymond continued to talk to her, gently, then authoritatively, but it was no good. Nothing could induce the child to reply.

At that moment, a woman in a nurse's uniform entered the room. She was big and matronly and—comfortable, somehow. Her eyes were red and she had obviously been weeping.

Raymond recognized her as Martha Shannon, who had been employed by Steve Lescott as nurse and governess since Judy's mother had died in an auto accident just after Judy's first birthday.

Steve recognized the signs. He grasped Martha's arm. "The doctors were just here!" he blurted. "What did they say? Tell me!"

Tears, and then: "I—I'm sorry, Mr. Lescott. They admitted to me that they can't recognize Judy's illness. They—they've given up hope."

Steve Lescott put his face in his hands.

"I knew it was coming," Martha said. "I knew it, but I was afraid to tell you. I worked with doctors and psychiatrists for years before I came here, and I knew by their actions that they were puzzled. I . . ." She broke off and began to cry again, loudly.

Raymond took Lescott by the arm and led him out of the room. Martha followed behind them for a few steps . . . and then she said, "I'd better

stay upstairs and see that Judy is kept comfortable," and turned back. The door clicked shut behind her.

Downstairs, Raymond took his hat, and groped for words. "I—I wish there was something I could do," he said, "but your daughter is in capable hands, and . . ." He clamped his hat on his head, said, "Goodbye, Steve," and strode quickly out of the door.

As he walked along the street, his lips were clamped tightly together. It seemed a shame about the kid. . . .

And then, suddenly, he stopped and smiled. "I know who's behind the kid's illness," he said. He stepped into the shadows and began to remove his outer clothing. "This is a case for The Web!"

Steve Lescott looked up, startled, as The Web entered the study. "Who are you?" he asked.

"John Raymond sent me," said The Web. "I may be able to help your daughter." He swung around. "Take me to her room."

At Judy's door, The Web fished a skeleton key from his pocket, inserted it in the key slot. Gently, soundlessly, he opened the door.

Something strange was going on inside the room.

Martha Shannon was bent over Judy, and the child was staring up at her. Martha was mumbling something, and The Web heard the word, "Devil," spoken several times.

"Martha!" Lescott spat out.

The nurse turned, and flame shot into her cheeks. "Mr. Lescott," she said, hurriedly. "I was seeing what I could do toward talking the child into eating."

"No use," said The Web. "It's all over, Martha."

"What are you talking about?" said the nurse, harshly. "I haven't done anything."

"No?" said The Web. "Let me tell you what you've done. Because of some fancied hate for Steve here, you've nearly succeeded in murdering his daughter. John Raymond told me you mentioned you worked for psychiatrists . . . and that's how you must have learned this trick. By mental therapy—by telling the child over and over again that there was a devil in food and a devil would get her if she ate anything—by repeating this to her over and over and over, you induced in her a fear of food itself: the rare mental disease known to psychiatrists as *sitophobia!*"

Martha Shannon said nothing.

"You thought you'd be cleverer than other criminals," said The Web. "You decided that instead of garden-variety murder, you'd weave an intricate web of crime. Well, you've tripped up. Your web was spun with too-thin strands, and they've just snapped!"

Martha Shannon stood stiffly for a moment. Then she shrugged her shoulders. "Sure," she said boldly. "Lescott once advised me on the stock market—look at him staring blankly; he's probably never given it another thought. But I took his tip and my savings were wiped out—every cent! So I decided I'd get back at him—not by killing him personally, because that would be too good for him—but by killing his daughter! Now you know the story . . . and you can't do a thing!"

"I'm afraid you're wrong," said The Web.

"You're on your way to the State Asylum. Only a lunatic could work out a scheme as filthy as yours and I'm going to have John Raymond commit you."

Martha Shannon's handbag lay on the bed near her. She dipped swiftly into it. Her hand came out with a gleaming knife, and she bent over the child. "Move one inch toward me and I'll put this right into the brat's heart."

The Web swept into action. There was a chair near him, and with lightning speed, he slid it across the room. The chair slammed against Martha's knees, and she was pushed backwards.

Then The Web dived. He caught Martha's wrist, and twisted until the knife dropped from her fingers. Then, as she kicked and clawed and screamed insanely, he searched the back of her neck, and found a nerve center. He pressed, and Martha Shannon, would-be murderess, lost consciousness.

"Martha was pretty clever about this," The Web told Lescott. "She realized that practically every physician *will* know a bit about the commoner aspects of psychiatry, but would be absolutely puzzled by so rare an illness as *sitophobia*. But John Raymond is thoroughly familiar with it, and after some reverse and curative therapy, your daughter will be able to eat and regain her health."

He walked downstairs into Lescott's study, scooped up the telephone, and dialed the operator. "Get me the State Insane Asylum," he said.

ZOOM O'DAY



EVERY AVAILABLE FIGHTING MAN IS URGENTLY NEEDED BY THE ALLIED FORCES. NEEDED TO STOP THE AXIS ARMIES WHO ARE DAILY THRUSTING FURTHER INTO AFRICA. AMONG THE AMERICAN MARINES WHO ARE ON THEIR WAY TO GET INTO THE SCRAP ARE ZOOM O'DAY, PILOT EXTRAORDINARY, AND HIS SIDEKICK, LIVERLIPS! THEIR DESTINATION RIGHT NOW IS EGYPT. LET'S FLY WITH 'EM...

JOE



'GEE, THIS IS A SWELL RECORD... BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME REMEMBER ITS NAME... AND THE LABEL'S TORN OFF TOO!

TSK, TSK: ISN'T THAT TERRIBLE!



SUDDENLY... HEY, SHUT THAT OFF - QUICK! THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING THROUGH!

CONTACT O'DAY! O'DAY - GET THIS!



THE NAZIS HAVE SET UP AN ENCAMPMENT ON THE SOUTH BANK OF THE EUFRATES RIVER! GO TO WORK ON IT - AND GOOD LUCK!

WE'VE A JOB AHEAD OF US, LIVERLIPS!



AND AS THEY FLY ABOVE THE NAZI CAMP...

AMERIKANER PLANE OVERHEAD! SHOOT IT DOWN!

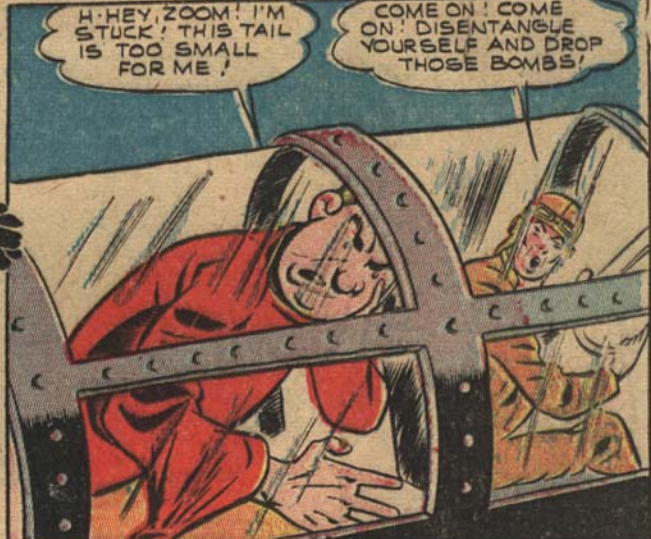
ANTI-AIRCRAFT SHELLS EXPLODE ALL AROUND THE PLANE...

THEY'RE HITTING PRETTY CLOSE, LIVERLIPS! GET GOING AND LAY THOSE EGGS!



H-HEY, ZOOM! I'M STUCK! THIS TAIL IS TOO SMALL FOR ME!

COME ON! COME ON! DISENTANGLE YOURSELF AND DROP THOSE BOMBS!



LIVERLIPS GETS LOOSE AND THEN...

THIS TIME MY ARMS STUCK! WAIT A MINUTE... I'LL... UNH... GET IT LOOSE!



NOW I'M SET! OKAY, ZOOM, I THINK THEY'RE FALLING!

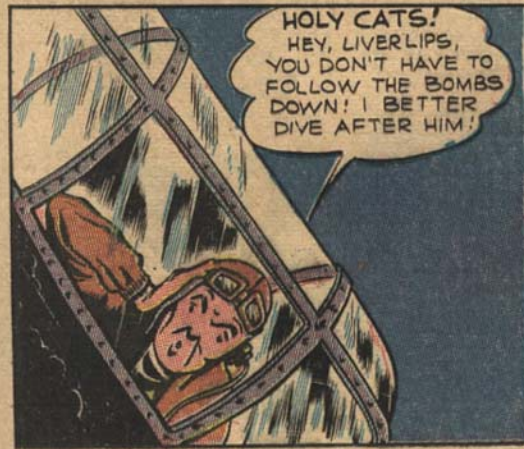


BUT ALL AT ONCE LIVERLIPS IS FALLING TOO...

HAALP! ZOOM!



HOLY CATS! HEY, LIVERLIPS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FOLLOW THE BOMBS DOWN! I BETTER DIVE AFTER HIM!



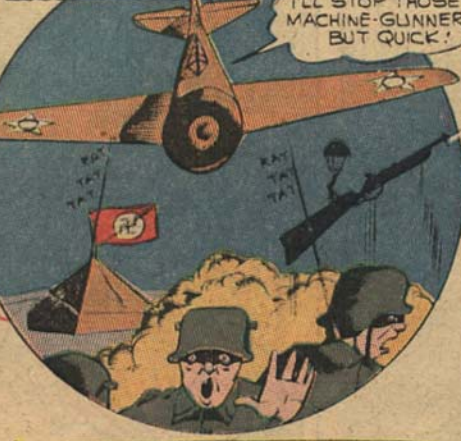
BLANKETY-BLANK! HE'S FALLING TOO FAST - I DON'T THINK I'LL MAKE IT!





OOH! THE KRAUTS ARE SHOOTIN' AT ME ZOOOOM!

ZOOM POWER DIVES RIGHT AT THE NAZI SOLDIERS.



I'LL STOP THOSE MACHINE-GUNNERS, BUT QUICK!



JUMPIN' JEEPS! THEY GOT MY WING! MY SHIPS GOING UP IN FLAMES!



I'LL HAVE TO JOIN LIVERLIPS!

QUICK CAPTURE AWAITS THEM ON THE GROUND



ALL RIGHT SCHWEIN! GET MOVING! WE ARE TAKING YOU TO GENERAL MUELLER'S TENT!



WELL, THAT MUST BE THE GENERAL, NOW! HANDSOME CUSS, ISN'T HE?

YEAH! HE LOOKS A BIT LIKE HITLER FROM THIS ANGLE!

ACH! STUPID FACES ON DEESE TWO, NO? PUT DEM IN PRISON AT ONCE. VAIT! VOT S DOT YOU'RE CARRYING YOU MIT DER FAT FACE! A VICTROLA?



W-WHY, YES? YOU WANNA PLAY IT?

ACH VOT IES DIS PUTRID STUFF! I EXPECT TO HEAR VAGNER UND OUT COMES CAT'S CHORUS... FILLIGADOOSHA SHINIMARCOOSHA. VOT KIND OF TALK IS DOT! FEH!



TAKE DEM AWAY UND GET DE ENGINEER TO FIX MINE RADIO! I'M GOING CRAZY MIT ALL DIS SILENCE!





WELL, AT LEAST WE'RE ALONE NOW, AND I CAN LISTEN TO MY MUSIC! BOY IS THIS A SWELL RECORD! I SURE WISH I KNEW ITS NAME!



DIDN'T LOOK AS IF THE GENERAL LIKED IT, THOUGH!

WELL, THE HECK WITH THE... OW! WHAT'S THAT?!

KLUNK



H A H A, H A! AND IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR NEPHEW IN THAT TREE DOESN'T LIKE YOUR MUSIC, EITHER!



SUDDENLY

HERE COME SOME MORE COCONUTS! HEY! WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S NO COCONUT!



IT'S A HAND GRENADE! THAT MONKEY MUST HAVE STOLEN IT FROM ONE OF THE SOLDIERS AND TOSSED IT AT US! BOY THAT'S A SWELL BREAK!



OH, GUARD! WOULD YOU COME OVER HERE FOR A MINUTE?

NOW VOT DO YOU VANT?



I'VE GOT A HAND GRENADE HERE! OPEN THIS DOOR OR I'LL BLOW US ALL TO BITS!



YES SIR! AT ONCE! IMMEDIATELY! QUICKLY! SOON! RIGHT AWAY!

AND WHEN ZOOM AND LIVERLIPS GET OUTSIDE THE CELL

OKAY, PAL. THANKS FOR THE FAVOR!



MEANWHILE IN THE GENERAL'S TENT...

FOR VIERZEHN JAHRE WIR HATTEN NUR SAUERKRAUT DASKANN NICHT SO WEITER GEHEN!

NOW DOT DER ENGINEER HAS FIXED MINE RADIO, LET'S SEE VOT I CAN GET.. ACH, IT'S DER FUEHRER!



GESUNDHEIT! MESHUGENEH! SHTONK!

HEIL HITLER! (OH, HE VILL NOT MIND IF I TURN TO ANOTHER STATION... I AM SOOOO ANXIOUS TO HEAR VAGNER!)

GENERAL MUELLER FLIPS HIS RADIO DIAL TO VARIOUS PROGRAMS...

ACH, DIS PROGRAM STINKS!

ACH DIS PROGRAM ISS VORSE



ACH, DIS PROGRAM ISS VORSE YET!

ACH, DIS PROGRAM IS THE VORSEST! VY CANT I GET MINE BELOVED VAGNER?

AND OUTSIDE HIS TENT...

EASY, NOW, EASY! THE GENERAL'S BUSY WITH HIS RADIO! LET'S GRAB THAT CAR THERE!



AS THEY GET INTO THE CAR, AND AWAY, NAZI SOLDIERS SPY THEM...

SHOOT DEM DOWN! NOT ONLY ARE THEY PRISONERS, BUT DEY ARE STEALING A CAR WHICH HAS FOUR NEW TIRES!



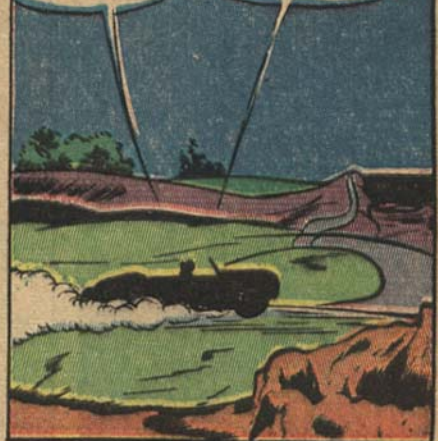
A NAZI OFFICER BARKS ORDERS

VE GOT TO GET DEM DEAD OR ALIVE! SEND A COUPLE OF PLANES UP UND MACHINE-GUN THEM FROM THE AIR!



C. CANT YOU MAKE THIS CRATE GGO ANY FASTER, ZOOM?

THIS IS LIMIT SPEED, LIVERLIPS! JUST SIT BACK AND PRAY!





SUDDENLY...
WELL, WELL!
LOOK WHAT'S UP THE
ROAD AHEAD OF US! WHAT
A PERFECT TARGET FOR
MY.



HAND GRENADE!



BOOM



THE ENTIRE AMMUNITION SHACK EXPLODES AND...
LOOK! IT IS TOO LATE TO
SEND UP PLANES! DOT
EXPLOSION HAS SMASHED
DER RIVER DAM!
HELP!
RUN FOR
YOUR LIVES!
VE'LL ALL BE
KILLED!



AND
INSIDE
GENERAL
MUELLER'S
TENT...
VY CAN'T
I GET MINE
BELOVED
VAGNER? ACH
I AM SWEATING
SO MUCH OFER DIS
RADIO DOT I COULD
USE A GOOD COLD
SHOWER!



ACH! SUCH
QUVICK SERVICE!
DER NEW ORDER
IS WONDERFULL!
HEIL HITLER!

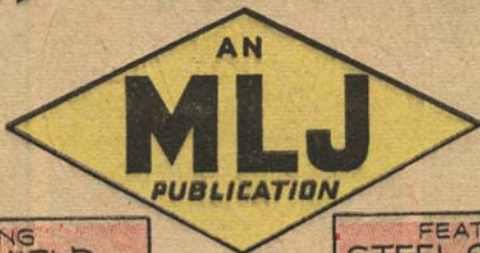


YEAH, EVERY-
WELL, LIVERLIPS, THING IS FINE
I GUESS THAT'S, EXCEPT... WELL,
THAT!
GEE, I SURE
WISH I COULD
REMEMBER THE
NAME OF THIS SONG.

BOY, WHAT A DOPE
THAT GUY LIVERLIPS
IS, EH, READER? WE
REALIZED AS SOON
AS THE GENERAL
MENTIONED "FILLE
CA DOOSHIN, SHINEA
MAROOSHIN" THAT
THE SONG WAS "ROSE
O'DAY", DIDN'T WE?
GOSH, YOU'D THINK
THAT A GUY WHOSE
BEST FRIEND IS ALSO
NAMED O'DAY WOULD
REMEMBER THE SONGS!
OH WELL! DON'T
FORGET TO LOOK IN ON
LIVERLIPS, NEXT
ISSUE, THOUGH, WHEN
HE'S WITH ZOOM O'DAY,
EXCITING THINGS ARE
BOUND TO HAPPEN!

LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING
THE SHIELD

FEATURING
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING
THE SHIELD AND
THE WIZARD

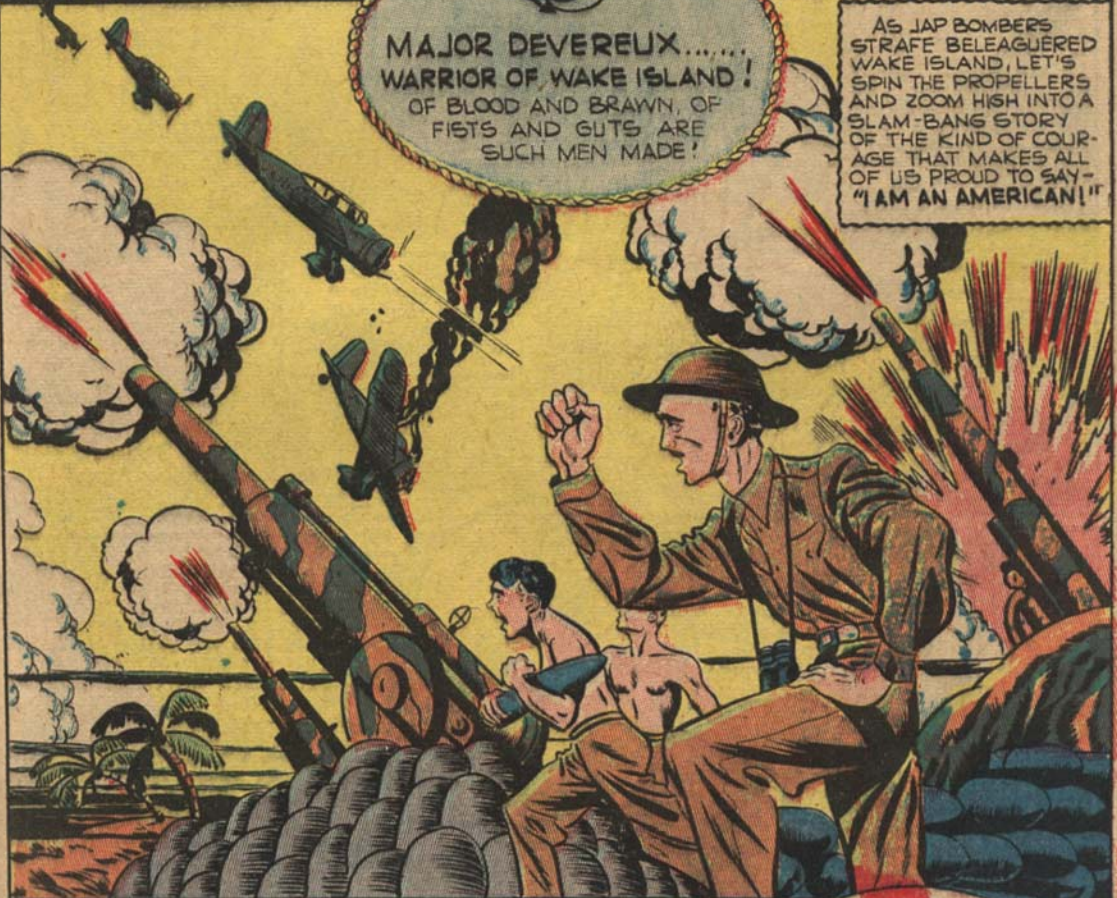


FEATURING
POKEY
OAKY

FEATURING
THE
BLACK
HOOD

**MLJ LEADS THE WAY!
REMEMBER-WHEN BETTER MAGAZINES ARE
PUBLISHED, MLJ WILL PUBLISH THEM!**

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME



**MAJOR DEVEREUX.....
WARRIOR OF WAKE ISLAND!**
OF BLOOD AND BRAWN, OF
FISTS AND GUTS ARE
SUCH MEN MADE!

AS JAP BOMBERS STRAFE BELEAGUERED WAKE ISLAND, LET'S SPIN THE PROPELLERS AND ZOOM HIGH INTO A SLAM-BANG STORY OF THE KIND OF COURAGE THAT MAKES ALL OF US PROUD TO SAY - "I AM AN AMERICAN!"

DURING A LULL IN THE FIGHTING...

OH, MAJOR DEVEREUX, SIR!

YES?

MESSAGE FOR YOU FROM WASHINGTON, SIR!

LET ME HAVE IT!

HA, HA HA
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT
ASKS IF THERE'S ANY-
THING HE CAN DO FOR US!
**TELL HIM, YES! SEND
US MORE JAPS!**

Drawn by [unclear]



LOOK, MAJOR, ENEMY PLANES! HERE THEY COME AGAIN!



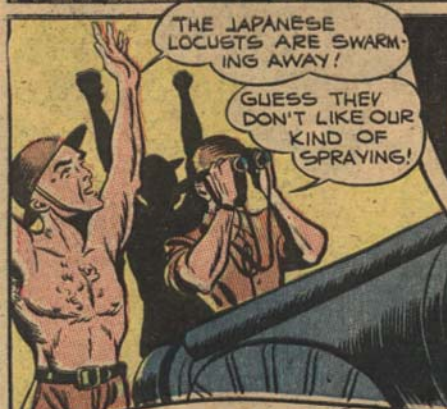
STICK TO YOUR GUN EMPLACEMENTS, MEN!



I'LL FEED 'EM AND YOU FIRE 'EM, BILL!

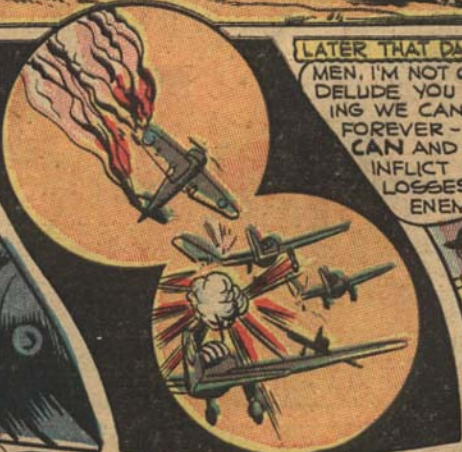


GUNS ROAR AND THE SKY BECOMES A VORTEX OF FALLING METAL AS THE MARINES ANSWER SHELL FOR SHELL...



THE JAPANESE LOCUSTS ARE SWARMING AWAY!

GUESS THEY DON'T LIKE OUR KIND OF SPRAYING!



LATER THAT DAY...

MEN, I'M NOT GOING TO DELUDE YOU INTO THINKING WE CAN HOLD OUT FOREVER - BUT WE CAN AND WE WILL INFLICT HEAVY LOSSES ON THE ENEMY!



WE, THE CONSTRUCTION MEN, WANT TO DO SOME FIGHTING TOO, MAJOR! WE'VE BUILT THE HOUSES YOU LIVE IN - NOW WE WANT TO HELP YOU FIGHT TO KEEP THEM!



JIM, YOUR SPIRIT HAS GIVEN ME MORE COURAGE! I'LL CALL ON YOU TO MAN THE GUNS, ALL RIGHT!

AND SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

MEANWHILE AT JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS

LOOK! OUR FLAG IS EVERYWHERE BUT ON THAT ACCURSED LITTLE ISLAND!



WAKE ISLAND MUST FALL IF WE HAVE TO BLAST IT RIGHT OUT OF THE SEA!



WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK OF THE JAPANESE NAVY AND ARMY IF 300 U.S. MARINES CAN HOLD US UP? THAT ISLAND MUST BE TAKEN!

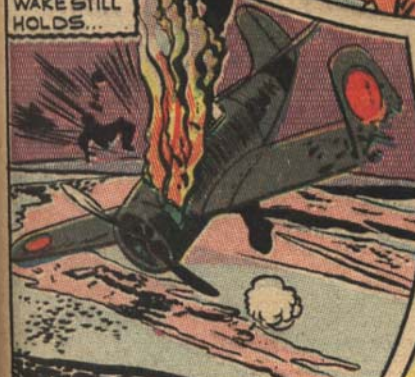


MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA, THE NEWS OF WAKE'S FIGHT HAS OTHER RE-ACTIONS.

SURE I WANT TO ENLIST! WHEN CAN YOU SEND ME DOWN TO WAKE ISLAND?



ONE AFTER THE OTHER JAP PLANES MEET THE SAME FATE. WAKE STILL HOLDS...



TWENTY-THIRD JAP ATTACK BEATEN OFF, SIR!

FINE! WE'RE GOOD FOR ANOTHER HUNDRED!

YOU BETCHA IT HOLDS, AND IT WILL - SO LONG AS THERE'S ROOM ON MY GUN TO CROSS OFF THE PLANES I HIT!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING....



SO HIROHITO'S GOING TO TRY HIS NAVY OUT ON US, EH? LET'S SEE WHAT KIND OF GUNS THEY'RE CARRYING!

HMM... THEY'RE SENDING CRUISERS WITH SIX AND EIGHT INCH GUNS!

THEY CAN OUT-DISTANCE ANYTHING WE'VE GOT, MAJOR!



AS THEY NEAR THE ISLAND, THE ENEMY SHIPS UNLEASH A TERRIFIC BARRAGE OF SHELLS OF ASSORTED SIZES.



... BUT... FROM WAKE ISLAND THE ONLY ANSWER IS... SILENCE ...



SLOWLY, ACCURATELY, THE GUNNERS UPON THIS FORT OF FREEDOM... TAKE AIM...



THEY'RE SMASHING UP THE BEACH, MAJOR! ... WHEN ARE WE LETTING LOOSE?

EASY, EASY! WAIT'LL THEY COME A LITTLE CLOSER!



CURIOUS AS TO THE STRANGE LACK OF ACTIVITY ON THE ISLAND, THE ENEMY SHIPS STEAM CLOSER... AND CLOSER...

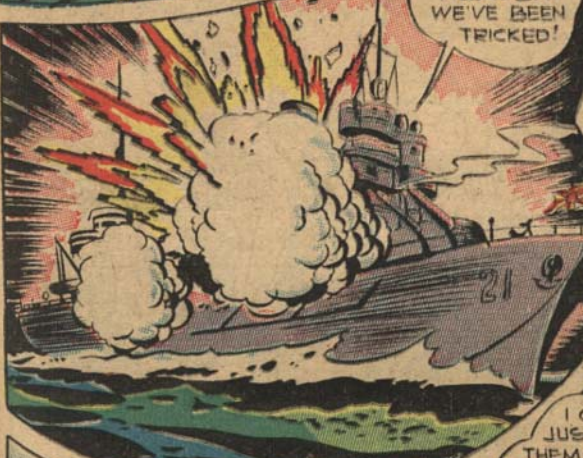
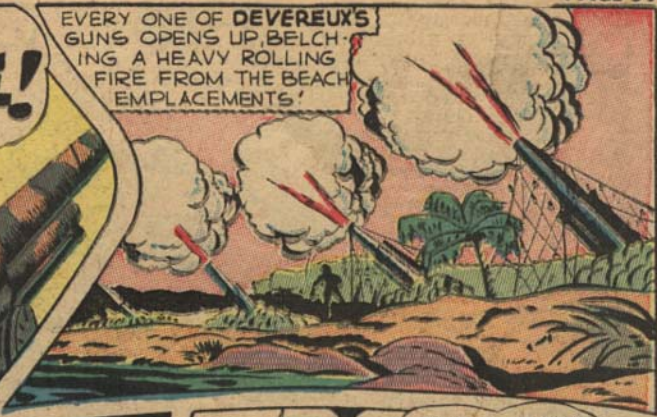




SUDDENLY

FIRE!

EVERY ONE OF DEVEREUX'S GUNS OPENS UP, BELCHING A HEAVY ROLLING FIRE FROM THE BEACH EMPLACEMENTS!



SON OF HEAVEN! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!



DIVE, DIVE FOR YOUR LIVES!

HELP! HELP!

CRUISERS AND DESTROYERS ALIKE PLUNGE MADLY BELOW THE WAVES...

WE'VE EXTERMINATED MOST OF THOSE JAPANESE BEETLES MEN!

I CAN JUST HEAR THEM SAYING, QUICK, HIROHITO! THE FLEET!



WAKE ISLAND WOULD FORGET THE BATTLE OF WAKE ISLAND!

EXTRA! EXTRA! THREE JAP SHIPS SUNK IN BATTLE OF WAKE ISLAND!

AND IN ANSWER, MAJOR DEVEREUX SAID QUOTE, 'WHAT CAN YOU SEND US? SEND US MORE JAPS' UNQUOTE!



AND SO THE MIGHTY DEFENDERS OF THE TINY ISLE FIGHT ON. SOON, HOWEVER, THEIR EQUIPMENT FALTERS, BATTERED BY THE SHEER WEIGHT OF OYER WHELMING NUMBERS



I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT THAT GUN, HARRY! IT'S THE LAST TO GO!

FIX BAYONETS, MEN! THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME SO MANY OF US ARE GATHERED TOGETHER! LET'S GIVE IT TO THEM!

HERE WE COME, SONS OF HEAVEN! WE COME TO GIVE YOU H---!

AWARE OF THE PLIGHT OF THE MARINES... THE JAPANESE LAND AND ESTABLISH BRIDGE-HEADS ON THE BEACHES...



THE OUTCOME OF THE HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT IS A STORY ENGRAVED ON EVERY AMERICAN'S HEART! HEAVILY OUTNUMBERED, THE MARINES WERE FINALLY CAPTURED... BUT THEIR COURAGE WILL FOREVER SERVE AS AN INSPIRATION TO ALL WHO ARE FIGHTING FOR THEIR FREEDOM....

MAJOR DEVEREUX WE SALUTE YOU! ZIP COMICS IS INDEED HONORED TO INSERT YOUR NAME IN ITS HALL OF FAME!

ZAMBINI

CASE NO. 2 of
PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT

**THE CASE OF
MAYOR DRAKE**
HAVE YOU EVER STOOD ON
THE SWAYING DECK OF A
TANKER, TO HEAR THE CRASH-
ING, SPLINTERING SOUND AS
A TORPEDO KNIFES INTO THE
STEEL HULL? HAVE YOU EVER
HEARD THE AGONIZING
SCREAMS OF A DROWNING
CREW? READ ON AND FACE
THE TERRIBLE TRUTH ABOUT
HEEDLESS PEOPLE
AMERICA CAN DO
WITHOUT!

ANOTHER U.S. TANKER
PLUNGES MADLY INTO
THE SWIRLING WAVES AS
THE CREW MAKES FOR
THE LIFEBOATS.





COME ON! JUMP FOR IT CAPTAIN BRANSON! IT'S THE LAST LIFE BOAT! YOU CAN MAKE IT!



SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STAY BEHIND, LADS, TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FOUL YOUR ROPE! GOD-SPEED AND BUY A WAR BOND FOR ME!



THE NEXT DAY THE WIFE OF MAYOR DRAKE SCANS THE HEADLINES...

CAPTAIN BRANSON SAVES HIS MEN! GOES DOWN WITH SHIP S.S. SANDRA...

BRANSON



OH DEAR! SO MUCH BLOODSHED IN THIS WAR! IT MAKES ME ILL!

NOW, HONEY, DON'T BE UPSET!

HOURS LATER...



LET'S GET AWAY FROM IT ALL, SWEETIE! I'M SURE YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HORRID MAYOR'S OFFICE FOR A LONG WEEKEND!

OF COURSE I CAN - BEAUTIFUL!

I'VE FILLED UP THE OLD GAS TANK AND WE'LL RIP RIGHT OUT TO OUR HUNTING LODGE! GOOD THING AS THE MAYOR I'M ALLOWED ALL THE GAS I CAN USE!



SUDDENLY... ZAMBINI! APPEARS...

SAY, I'M NOT TAKING ANY HITCH-HIKERS ALONG, SO SCRAM, BROTHER!

OH, LET'S TAKE HIM WITH US.. MAYBE HE'LL DO CARD TRICKS!



I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, ZAMBINI - ALWAYS BUTTING YOUR NOSE IN OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS... I MAY NOT BE ABLE TO PREVENT YOU FROM COMING ALONG - BUT I

DON'T PAY ANY MORE ATTENTION TO THAT BROKEN-DOWN MAGICIAN, DARLING - AND LET'S GO!

DON'T HAVE TO ENJOY YOUR COMPANY!

NICE CAR YOU HAVE, MAYOR! WONDERFUL THING TO BE ABLE TO DRIVE THRU THE COUNTRY WHILE OTHER PEOPLE ARE DRIVING TANKS THRU THE DESERT!

DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM - I'M ENTITLED TO ENJOY MYSELF!



THIS IS WONDERFUL, DARLING - HMM, SEVENTY MILES AN HOUR!

THIS IS THE LIFE, EH BABY?



ANGRY AT THE PRESENCE OF ZAMBINI, MAYOR DRAKE SLAMS DOWN THE ACCELERATOR...

SUDDENLY...

YEE-EOW! LOOK OUT!



THE WHEEL - SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE WHEEL --- I CAN'T.



SWEETIE-PIE, YOU'VE RUINED A TIRE! YOU SHOULDN'T TAKE THOSE CURVES SO FAST!



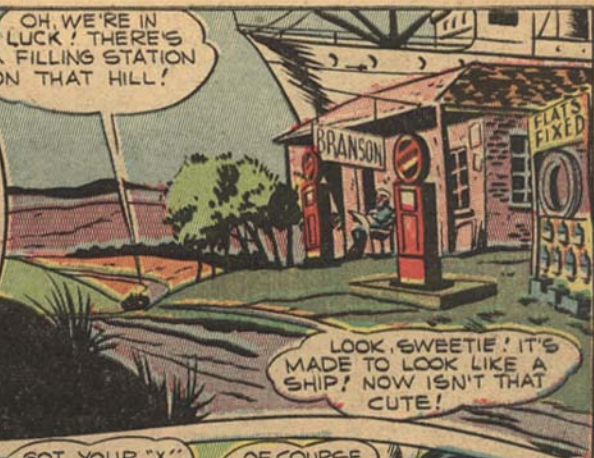
DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU! AS THE MAYOR I'M ENTITLED TO BUY AS MANY NEW TIRES AS I WANT! WE'LL HEAD FOR THE NEAREST GARAGE!



AS THE CAR LIMPS ALONG THE HIGHWAY...

CURSES! NOW WE'RE OUT OF GAS! EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

OH, WE'RE IN LUCK! THERE'S A FILLING STATION ON THAT HILL!



LOOK, SWEETIE! IT'S MADE TO LOOK LIKE A SHIP! NOW ISN'T THAT CUTE!

FILL 'ER UP, MY GOOD MAN! AND FIT ME UP WITH A NEW TIRE, ALSO!



ISN'T HE DARLING? LOOKS JUST LIKE A SEA-CAPTAIN!



GOT YOUR "X" CARD WITH YOU, SIR!

OF COURSE I HAVE! NOW MAKE IT SNAPPY!

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR PASSES...AND...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN VERY QUIET, ZAMBINI! I GUESS YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO REFORM ME - SEEING THAT I, AS MAYOR, AM ENTITLED TO GAS AND TIRES!

SLOWLY ZAMBINI RUBS HIS MAGIC AMULET...

YOU MAY BE ENTITLED TO GAS AND TIRES - BUT YOU'RE ABUSING THE PRIVILEGE FOR YOUR SELFISH PLEASURES!

ALL RIGHT, SIR! YOUR TANK'S FILLED AND YOUR NEW TIRE'S ON... THAT'LL BE \$18.75.



BRANSON

THE CAR CONTINUES ON ITS WAY...

NOW ISN'T THAT FUNNY, DARLING? THAT'S JUST WHAT A \$25 WAR BOND COSTS!

\$12.75! THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH!

AHHH... WE DON'T HAVE TO BUY ANY OF THOSE! LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT!



WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEYS UNCLE! WE'RE OUT OF GAS AGAIN! WE CERTAINLY GOT GYPED AT THAT BRANSON PLACE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THAT FILLING STATION UP ON THE HILL - THEY JUST SOLD ME SOME GAS - AND MY GAS METER READS "EMPTY" - TAKE A LOOK, WILL YOU?

GREAT KIDDER, THAT MAYOR! THERE'S NO GAS STATION UP ON THE HILL!

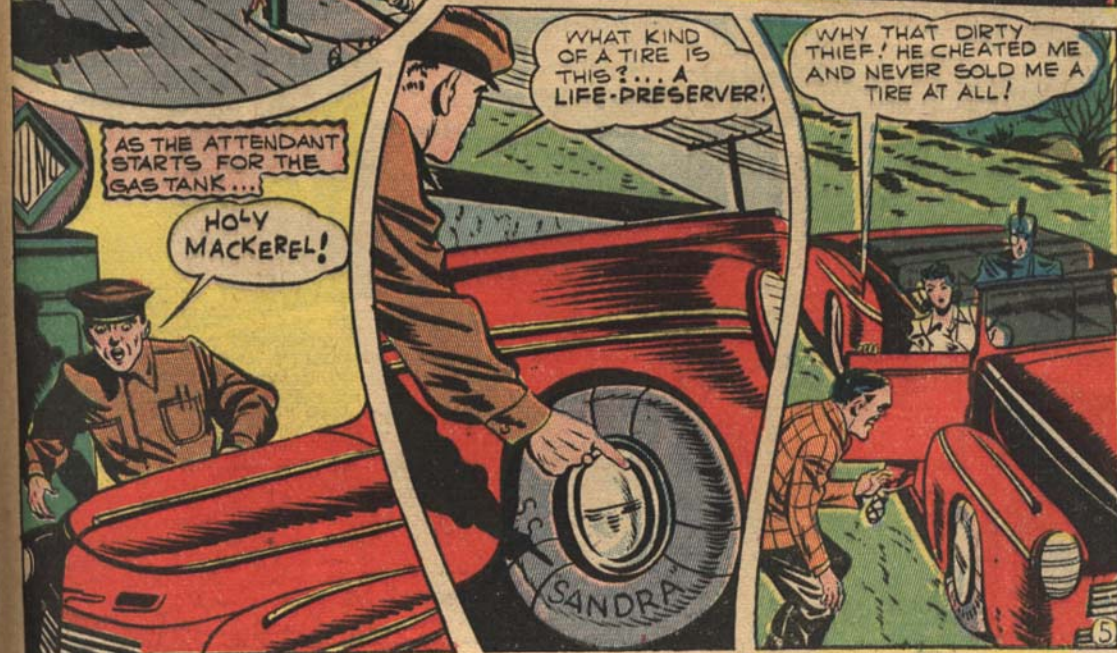


AS THE ATTENDANT STARTS FOR THE GAS TANK...

HOLY MACKEREL!

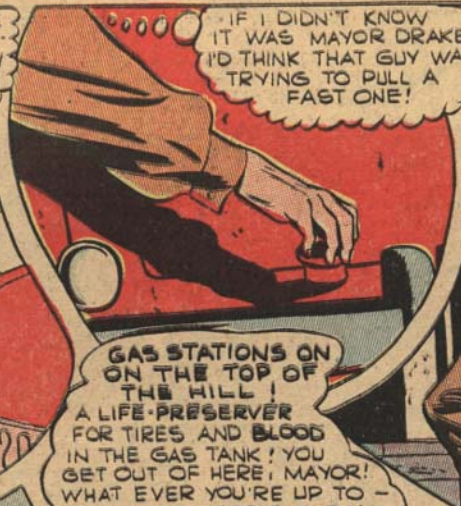
WHAT KIND OF A TIRE IS THIS?... A LIFE-PRESERVER!

WHY THAT DIRTY THIEF! HE CHEATED ME AND NEVER SOLD ME A TIRE AT ALL!





I DON'T LIKE THIS! SOMETHING UNCANNY IS GOING ON!



IF I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MAYOR DRAKE I'D THINK THAT GUY WAS TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE!



GREAT HEAVENS! THIS TANK'S FILLED WITH BLOOD!

WHAT?!

GAS STATIONS ON THE TOP OF THE HILL! A LIFE-PRESERVER FOR TIRES AND BLOOD IN THE GAS TANK! YOU GET OUT OF HERE, MAYOR! WHAT EVER YOU'RE UP TO - IT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN DEATH ITSELF!

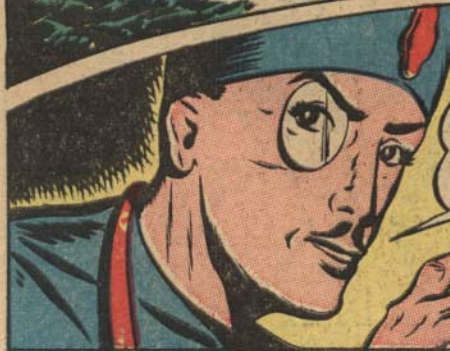


IT IS BLOOD - HUMAN BLOOD -- NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!



I-I DON'T KNOW W-W-WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT, B-BUT YOU J-JACK THIS CAR UP!

W-WERE GOING BY TRAIN! FOR THE DURATION!



BOYS AND GIRLS, MAYOR DRAKE IS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT!... HE WAS RUNNING HIS CAR ON BLOOD... AND THOSE YOU KNOW WHO ARE NEEDLESSLY USING THEIR CARS, ARE DOING THE SAME THING... RUNNING THEIR CARS ON THE SPILLED BLOOD OF TORPEDOED AND DROWNED SAILORS... SPEEDING ON THE RIMS OF LIFE-PRESERVERS THAT NEVER SAVED A LIFE... REMEMBER - MEN ARE RISKING THEIR LIVES TO BRING US GASOLINE... EVERY TIME YOU USE YOUR BICYCLE, YOUR ROLLER-SKATES --- EVERY TIME YOU WALK, YOU'RE GIVING ANOTHER SAILOR MORE YEARS TO LIVE... GIVE UP YOUR LUXURIES WILLINGLY, HAPPILY! FOR U.S. SAILORS ARE GIVING UP THEIR LIVES FOR YOU!

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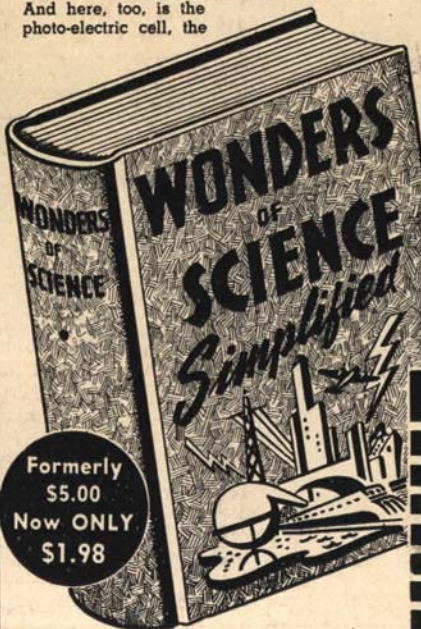
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