

IN THIS ISSUE: A GRUELLING TALE OF NAZI TERROR
AND AMERICAN GRIT WITH STEEL STERLING

NO.
33

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Jan
ZIP
COMICS



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IN ONE
MARVELOUS
BOOK

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STEEL STERLING



**WEIRD! FANTASTIC!
UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!**
YOU'LL SAY---- THAT'S
WHAT **STEEL STERLING**
THOUGHT, UNTIL HE, HIM-
SELF, PEERED THROUGH
THE LENSES OF THE AN-
CIENT, INSIGNIFICANT-LOOK-
ING PAIR OF EYGLASSES
--- ONLY TO REALIZE WHAT
TREMENDOUS EFFECT
THE POSSESSION OF THE
"CURSE OF THE ORIENT"
WOULD HAVE ON
CIVILIZATION!

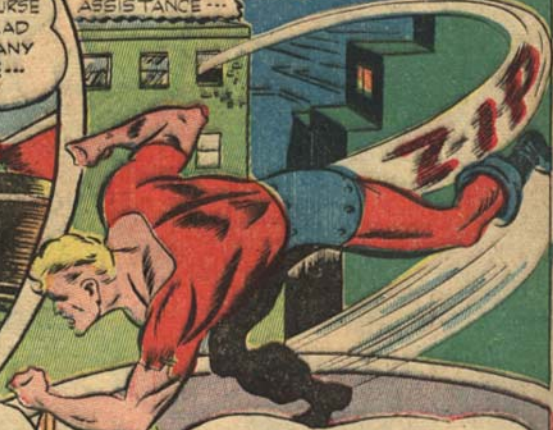
BY
IRVING
NOVICK

STEEL STERLING RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM HIS FRIEND P.G. KANE, NOTED FINANCIER AND COLLECTOR OF OBJECTS DARTS...

THE MAN OF STEEL SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT IN ANSWER TO A SUMMONS OF ASSISTANCE...



WHY OF COURSE P.G., I'D BE GLAD TO AID YOU IN ANY WAY POSSIBLE...



LATER AT THE HOME OF P.G. KANE...



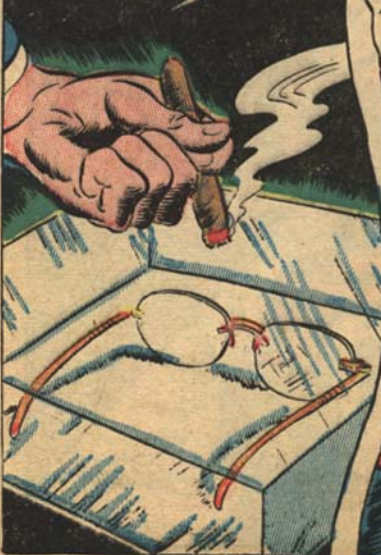
... YOU SAY THAT YOU ARE CONSTANTLY BEING FOLLOWED AND THAT A NUMBER OF ATTEMPTS HAVE BEEN MADE ON YOUR LIFE! CAN YOU THINK OF ANY REASON WHY?

YES! YOU SEE I AM THE POSSESSOR OF ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL WEAPONS IN THE WORLD...

...NATURALLY, THERE ARE CERTAIN INTERESTS THAT WOULD LIKE TO GET THEIR HANDS ON IT!

I UNDERSTAND - I'D LIKE TO SEE THIS WEAPON!

HERE IT IS STEEL, THE "CURSE OF THE ORIENT"



HA! HA! - ARE YOU KIDDING? P.G. ? DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT THIS ORDINARY PAIR OF EYEGLASSES WHICH YOU SO DRAMATICALLY CALL, THE "CURSE OF THE ORIENT" IS YOUR SO CALLED POWERFUL WEAPON!

BUT BELIEVE ME THEY ARE NOT, IF ANYTHING, THEY ARE EXTRAORDINARY! THE AMAZING SIGHTS SEEN THROUGH THESE LENSES ARE UNBELIEVABLE UNLESS VIEWED WITH YOUR OWN EYES----



THAT'S RIGHT! BUT I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR SCOFFING, AFTER ALL THEY DO APPEAR ORDINARY-



COME HERE TO THE WINDOW! YOU SEE TWO MEN APPARENTLY EN-GAGED IN AN AMIABLE CONVERSATION---



HOWEVER PUT ON THE GLASSES AND YOU WILL SEE THE INCREDIBLE!



AT TENSE MOMENT, AS STEEL STERLING ADJUSTS THE SPECTACLES AND GAZES IN SPEECHLESS WONDER UPON THE SEEMINGLY COMMONPLACE SCENE BELOW--- AND THEN---



BY GEORGE, P.G., YOU'RE RIGHT! THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING PHENOMENON I HAVE EVER WITNESSED! IT'S---IT'S AMAZING! IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES, I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!



I CAN EASILY UNDERSTAND HOW SOME UNSCRUPULOUS PERSONS MIGHT USE THESE GLASSES TO FURTHER THEIR OWN NEFARIOUS SCHEMES!-- BUT TELL ME-- HOW DID YOU COME TO POSSESS THEM?

I ACQUIRED THEM MANY YEARS AGO AS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM! HOWEVER, WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT IS THEIR HISTORY, WHICH IS ALMOST LEGEND-ARY!

THEY FIRST MADE THEIR AP-PEARANCE IN THE WESTERN WORLD AWAY BACK IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY THROUGH THE PERSON OF MARCO POLO--



THEY WERE GIVEN TO HIM AS A GIFT BY THE GRAND KHAN OF CHINA--



OH MIGHTY ONE! IT HAS CAUSED ENOUGH GRIEF WHY DOST THOU AND UNHAPPINESS AMONG US! GIVE SO PRICELESS! IT WILL PROVE A SUITABLE GIFT TO THIS WEAPON FOR THE DESPICABLE UNWORTHY AND GREEDY PERSONS? WESTERNERS-- YES--WE ARE RID OF THE CURSE OF THE ORIENT!



MARCO POLO LITTLE REALIZED THE VALUE OF THE GLASSES. THINKING THEM INSIGNIFICANT HE PLACED THEM AWAY AND PROMPTLY FORGOT THEM--



SOMEHOW OR OTHER THEY FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE BORGHIAS, WHO MADE GOOD USE OF THEM IN DEALING WITH THEIR ENEMIES.



-WHOM THEY MURDERED WITH POISONED FOOD AND WINE----



WE FIND THEM NEXT BEING USED BY QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND AT HER CONFERENCES WITH THE SPANISH! SIR FRANCIS DRAKE DEFEATED THE SPANISH ARMADA! SINCE THEN BRITANNIA HAS RULED THE WAVES!



NAPOLÉON USED THEM CONSTANTLY AND SUCCESSFULLY IN HIS WARS!



SO YOU SEE HOW IMPORTANT IT IS THAT THEY MUSTN'T FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS-- I HAVE DECIDED TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE GOVERNMENT THROUGH YOU SINCE IT'S UNSAFE FOR ME TO CARRY THEM!



SO THAT'S WHERE I FIT IN!

THE ROOM IS SUDDENLY
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS---

NOW WHERE IS THAT
LIGHT SWITCH?

AH, THAT'S BETTER!
GOOD LORD!

WHO TH-
WHAT
HAPPENED
TO THOSE
LIGHTS?

STABBED TO DEATH,
AND THE GLASSES STOLEN
TOO!-- RIGHT FROM
UNDER MY NOSE!

I'LL GET
WHOEVER
DID THIS,
P.G., I SWEAR
IT!

JUST THEN---

CLANCY,
WHAT'S GOING
ON HERE?

OW--OO-- I'VE BEEN HIT?
BY A TEN TON TRUCK---
MAYBE TWELVE TONS--
MN-N- GLUB --OOPS--

OUCH!
HEY! YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT!
OW--OY-
O-O-O--

THAT'S
COMING FROM
THE HALL!

STOP GIBBERING LIKE
AN IDIOT! WHAT THE
SAM HILL ARE YOU
DOING HERE?
WHAT HAPPENED?

HUH?--OH-- HI' STEEL -- WELL
Y'SEE, YOU'VE BEEN LEAVING
ME OUT OF YOUR CASES
LATELY! THIS TIME I DE-
CIDED TO FOLLOW
YOU! JUST AS I
GOT INSIDE THE
DOOR SOMEONE
LIT INTO ME
LIKE A TORNADO!

TELL ME! DID HE GET OUT THE DOOR?

NOT UNLESS HE WENT RIGHT THROUGH ME - AND THAT HE DIDN'T! - EXCUSE ME WHILE I PICK UP MY THINGS!

THEN HE MAY STILL BE IN THE HOUSE!

WHO IS IN THE HOUSE?

WHY THE GUY THAT KNOCKED ME DOWN, YOU BIG DOPE!



COOPS! SAY, WHO THE BLAZES ARE YOU?

I'M RAYMOND, THE NEW BUTLER!

WHAT HAPPENED TO CLARK, MR. KANE'S FORMER BUTLER!

HE LEFT MR. KANE'S EMPLOY YESTERDAY!

I SEE! AND WHERE WERE YOU FOR THE PAST HALF HOUR?



I WAS IN THE KITCHEN PREPARING A BIT OF SUPPER FOR THE MASTER WHEN I HEARD A RUMPUS IN THE HALL.

WELL, YOUR MASTER WON'T NEED HIS SUPPER! HE'S BEEN STABBED TO DEATH!

KILLED? THE MASTER KILLED? OH NO! WHO WOULD DO SUCH A GHASTLY THING?

I DON'T KNOW--BUT I AIM TO FIND OUT! WHO EVER HE IS, HE MAY STILL BE IN THE HOUSE! NOW LISTEN, CLANCY, YOU SEARCH THE WEST WING, RAYMOND, LOOK THROUGH THE CELLAR, I'LL TAKE THE EAST WING!

VERY GOOD, SIR!

LEAVE IT TO ME STEEL- IF HE'S HERE I'LL GET HIM! I'LL TEAR HIM APART!



AS CLANCY SEARCHES FROM ROOM TO ROOM AN OMINOUS FIGURE MOVES STEALTHILY TOWARDS HIM---

A HAND CLASPING A KNIFE POISES ABOVE HIS BACK WHEN---

ST-STEEL!
H-HELP!

BUT---
THE SHADOW IS NOT WHAT
FRIGHTENED CLANCY---

WHAT'S ALL
THE COMMOTION
ABOUT? I
THOUGHT YOU
CAUGHT HIM!

MAYBE I DIDN'T, BUT
LOOK AT THIS
B-BLOOD OOZING
OUT FROM UNDER
THIS CLOSET
DOOR!

IT'S NO WONDER!
THERE'S A DEAD
MAN IN HERE!

WH--WHO IS
IT STEEL?

IT'S CLARK,
THE FORMER
BUTLER!

WHICH MEANS
THAT THE PHONY
BUTLER IS
THE MURDERER!

-AND I'M GOING
AFTER HIM
RIGHT NOW!

STEEL ZIPS IN, OUT AND ALL AROUND
THE KANE MANSION,
SEARCHING FOR
THE MURDERER--

A WHILE LATER---

NO, IT'S NO USE HE'S GONE! WHAT A FOOL I WAS NOT TO SEE THROUGH HIM AT ONCE! I COULD KICK MYSELF FOR LETTING HIM GET AWAY SO EASILY!

DID YOU FIND HIM?

BACK AT THEIR APARTMENT THEY FIND---

LOONEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE? GEE YA LOOKIN' GREAT!

HIYA CLANCY, HI! STEEL! I GOT A THREE DAY PASS!

WHATS A MATTER STUCK-UP-- CANTCHA SAY HELLO? WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO-- BREAK DOWN THE MORALE OF THE ARMY?

HELLO LOONEY!

AW, LAY OFF LOONEY! CANT Y'SEE HE ISN'T FEELING WELL?

IZZAT SO! WHAT'S EATIN' HIM?

A COUPLE OF HIS FRIENDS WERE MURDERED ALMOST RIGHT BEFORE HIS VERY EYES-- NOW HE BLAMES HIMSELF FOR LETTING THE KILLER GET AWAY!

IF I ONLY HAD THE SLIGHTEST CLUE - SAY WHAT'S THAT IN CLANCY'S POCKET?

TELEPHONE RINGING, TELEPHONE RINGING!

C'MON CLANCY LET'S SEE WHO GET'S IT FIRST!

I BEAT YOU TO IT LOONEY! HELLO? YES THIS IS CLANCY- YES- YES- YES---

AW, WHO'D WANT TO TALK TO YOU?

-MEET ME IN FRONT OF 'KELLY'S WAREHOUSE DOWN BY THE WATER FRONT, IN HALF AN HOUR-OH, BY THE WAY- DON'T TELL ANYONE WHO CALLED, OR WHERE YOU'RE GOING-
 ♪ I'll BE WAITING FOR YOU,
 ♪ GOOD-BY, ♪



YEAH-O.K. YOU BET! GOOD BYE!



HEY! WHO WAS IT CLANCY?

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN, HE WANTS ME TO BEAT IT DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION RIGHT AWAY! WELL- SO LONG BOYS!

AW RATS! AND I THOUGHT WE'D GO OUT TO-NIGHT AND PAINT THE TOWN RED!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK LOONEY MAYBE THE FRESH AIR WILL BRUSH THE COBWEBS FROM MY HEAD!



I BREAK MY NECK TO GET A PASS AND WHAT HAPPENS? EVERYONE RUNS OUT ON ME! HAVE I GOT BO OR SOMETHING?

MEANWHILE LET'S FOLLOW CLANCY---

SEARGENT CLANCY AT YOUR SERVICE M'AM! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



OH MR. CLANCY MY POOR BROTHER HAS DISAPPEARED! HE WAS LAST SEEN AT KELLY'S WAREHOUSE!

DRY YOUR EYES FAIR ONE! YOUR BROTHER'S AS GOOD AS FOUND RIGHT NOW! WE'LL GO DOWN TO KELLY'S AND LOOK AROUND!

OH THANK YOU MR. CLANCY! I KNEW YOU'D BE ABLE TO HELP ME WHERE OTHERS HAVE FAILED!



SUDDENLY HANS! TORBIN! COME QUICKLY!



GET HIM INTO THE BOAT!



CLANCY IS DUMPED UN CEREMONIOUSLY INTO A SPEEDBOAT WHICH IMMEDIATELY PUTS OUT TO SEA---



SOME TIME LATER THE SPEEDBOAT PULLS UP TO A U-BOAT FAR OUT AT SEA, WHERE UPON CLANCY IS TRANSFERRED TO THE SUBMARINE



ABOARD THE UNDERSEAS CRAFT...



YOU'RE NO LADY! YOU'RE THE PHONY BUTLER!

MARVELOUS DEDUCTION, MY FAT FRIEND- SEARCH HIM!

HERE DEY ARE HERR KAPITAN!

HEY! YOU CANT SWIPE MY GLASSES YOU DIRTY CROOKS!

BAH! THESE ARE NOT THE RIGHT GLASSES! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THOSE GLASSES? YANKEE PIG!

LISTEN YA MURDERIN RAT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN ABOUT! BESIDES I MAY BE PLUMP BUT I'M NO PIG!

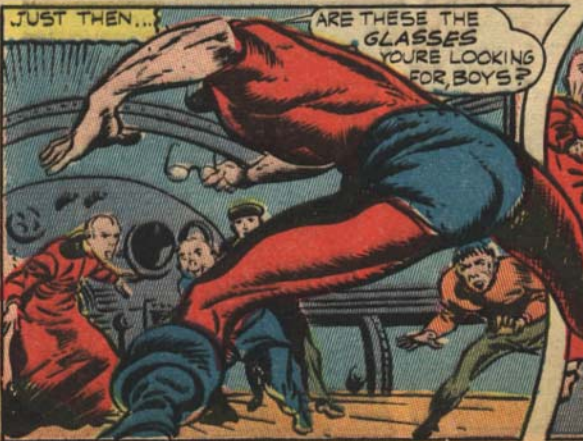


SO! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE GLASSES YOU PICKED UP WHEN I CRASHED INTO YOU, IN THE HALLWAY OF MR KANE'S MANSION EH?

THOSE WERE MY GLASSES I TELL YA! - AT LEAST I THINK THEY WERE!

PERHAPS THIS WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY- THROW HIM INTO THE TORPEDO TUBE!

WAIT A SECOND FELLAS, CANT WE TALK THIS OVER? - I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR GLASSES HONEST.



ARE THESE THE GLASSES YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, BOYS?



GET HIM!

YEAH! COME ON!

PAIN IOW



SAY WHERE DID YOU GUYS LEARN HOW TO FIGHT ANYWAY?

STEEL RELEASES CLANCY AND RADIOS THE COAST GUARD OF THE SUB'S POSITION...

I DISABLED THE ENGINES OF BOTH BOATS THEY CAN'T GET AWAY!

A SLEEK, SWIM COAST GUARD CUTTER KNIFES ITS WAY THROUGH THE SWELL TOWARD THE SUB...



...AND IS GREETED BY SHELL-FIRE FROM THE U-BOATS DECK GUN...



ACCURATE AND SKILLFUL FIRE FROM THE CUTTER HITS THE SUBMARINE'S MAGAZINE, BLOWING THE CRAFT SKY-HIGH...



STEEL AND CLANCY RETURN HOME TO FIND AN IRATE LOONEY...

SO! YOU HAD TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION AND YOU WENT FOR A WALK. EH? YEAH TELL IT TO THE MARINES-YOU PROBABLY WENT OUT AND HAD A GOOD TIME SOMEWHERE AND LEFT ME ALL ALONE-SOME PALS!

THAT ISN'T SO LOONEY!

IT ISN'T, EH? WELL WHERE THEN WERE YOU?

STEEL'L TELL YA! GO AHEAD STEEL- TELL 'M!

WELL, IT'S A STRANGE STORY! DO YOU SEE THESE GLASSES, LOOK THROUGH THEM AT ANY PERSON! YOU'LL SEE TWO VISIONS.

...ONE REPRESENTING HIS OUTWARD SELF-- THE OTHER HIS **TRUE, INNER THOUGHTS!** FOR EXAMPLE QUEEN ELIZABETH USED THEM IN SIGNING A DISARMAMENT TREATY WITH SPAIN! IN REALITY THE SPANISH WERE GOING TO DOUBLE CROSS HER! BUT WITH THE AID OF THESE GLASSES SHE WAS ABLE TO SEE RIGHT THROUGH THEIR SCHEME! HENCE SHE BUILT A GIANT FLEET OF SHIPS AND WHEN THE SPANISH STRUCK SHE WAS READY FOR THEM!

STRANGE STORY IS RIGHT! BOY WHAT BUNK!

I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT MY-SELF UNTIL I LOOKED THROUGH THEM AT TWO FRIENDS TALKING! ONE WAS ADVISING THE OTHER WITH APPARENT GOOD INTENTIONS! BUT THROUGH THESE GLASSES I COULD SEE HE WAS TRYING TO DEFRAUD HIS FRIEND!

A NAZI AGENT, REALIZING THE VALUE OF THE GLASSES TO HIS GOVERNMENT MURDERED DR. KANE FOR THEM, BUT RAN INTO CLANCY AND DROPPED THEM, CLANCY ACCIDENTALLY PICKED THEM UP! THE NAZI THEN, IN ORDER TO REGAIN HIS PRIZE KILLED THE BUTLER AND POSED AS HIM--

YES, BUT HIS PLANS WENT AWRY WHEN WE DISCOVERED THE BODY OF THE REAL BUTLER-- LATER I NOTICED THE GLASSES STICKING OUT OF CLANCY'S POCKET AS HE DASHED BY ME TO ANSWER THE PHONE, WHILE YOU BOTH WERE IN THE NEXT ROOM! I USED THE GLASSES TO FOLLOW THE PHONE CONVERSATION! NATURALLY I KNEW WHERE CLANCY WAS GOING!

WHY--THAT **DIRTY RAT** MIGHT'VE KILLED ME!

D'YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE ALL THAT-- LET ME TRY ON THOSE **EYE-GLASSES!**

TELL ME, CLANCY, HOW DO I LOOK IN A UNIFORM? PRETTY GOOD, EH?

TWO VISIONS ARE REVEALED TO LOONEY THROUGH THE GLASSES--

GOOD? YA LOOK SWELL! INFAC T YA LOOK LIKE A MILLION BUCKS!

YA LOOK JUST LIKE A **SKINNY RAT!**

I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A **SKUNK** CLANCY, BUT IT TOOK THESE GLASSES TO PROVE IT!

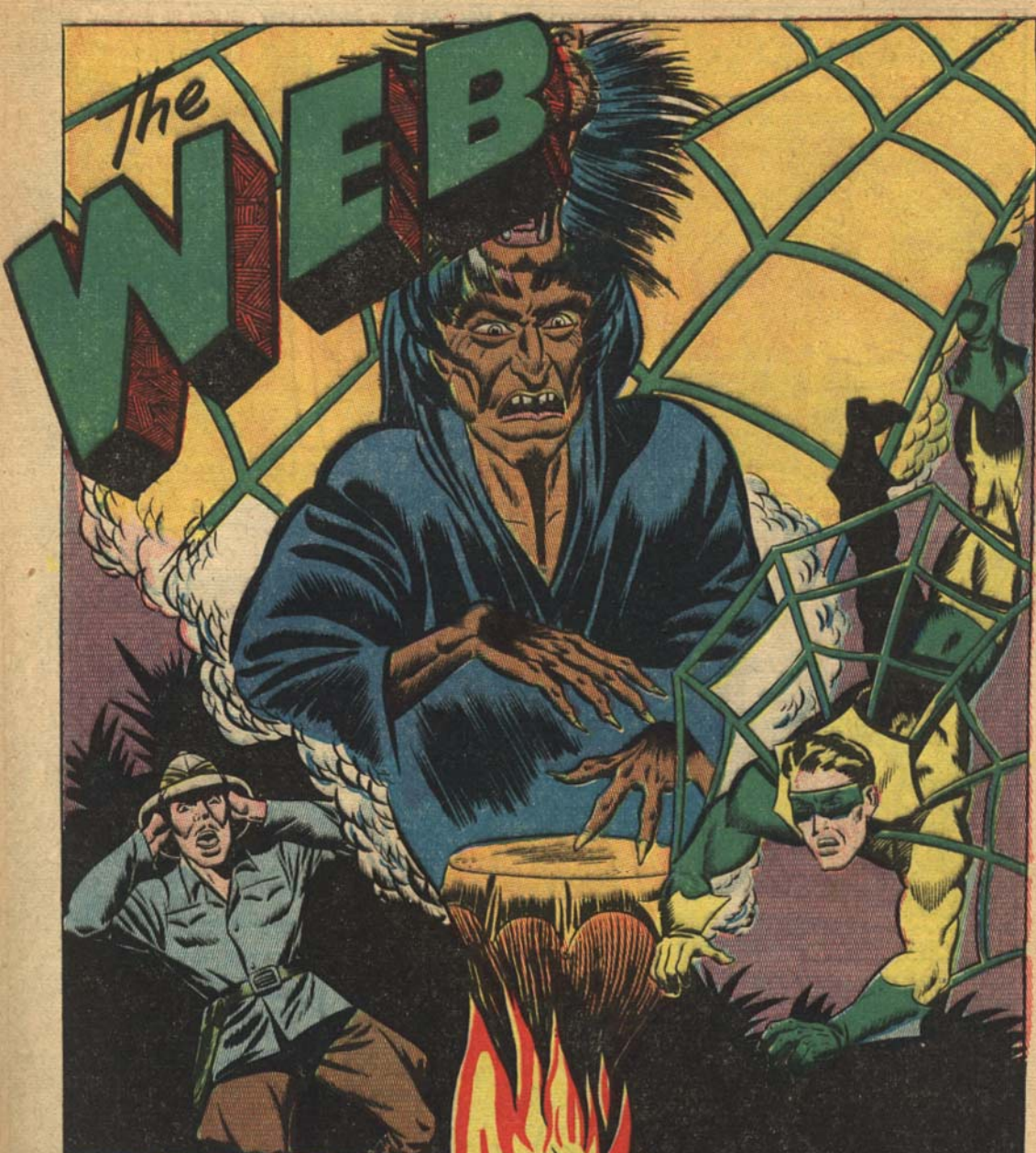
IN THE COURSE OF THE FRACAS--

OOPS! THEY'RE BROKEN!

GEE WERE SORRY, STEEL!

PERHAPS IT'S FOR THE BEST! MUCH BLOOD HAS BEEN SHED BECAUSE OF THEM! THE WORLD IS WELL RID OF THE **'CURSE OF THE ORIENT'**





HALF WAY ACROSS THE WORLD
THOSE FIENDISH DRUMS REVER-
BERATED. FROM OUT THE UN-
EXPLORED DEPTHS OF THE
SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLES, THEY
BEAT AN ETERNAL, MADDENING
TATTOO AGAINST THE TORTURED
EARS OF MARK RANDOLPH.
WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF THIS
UNHOLY, DEADLY TORTURE
FROM WHICH THERE SEEMED
NO ESCAPE BUT DEATH—
THESE—

DRUMS OF MADNESS

BURICKOFF

THIS IS THE START OF A STRANGE WEB OF EVIL---AS THE LUXURY LINER **VALENCIA** SWINGS INTO AN AMERICAN PORT---



ABOARD THE **VALENCIA** IS **MARK RANDOLPH** YOUNG AMERICAN DIPLOMAT, RETURNING FROM A TOUR TO STUDY NAZI ACTIVITY IN SOUTH AMERICA---



SURE IS SWELL TO SEE THE "UNITED STATES AGAIN!"



AND WHILE A BAND AT THE PER BLARES FORTH A WELCOME TO THE INCOMING SHIP---



SOMEWHERE, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, A PAIR OF BONY HANDS BEGIN TO BEAT A DIFFERENT RHYTHM--- SAVAGE-- UNRESTRAINED--- GRO-- TESQUE---



HELLO, RANDOLPH! GLAD TO HAVE YOU BACK!



THANKS---

THEN, SUDDENLY---

THE DRUMS! THE DRUMS! THEY'RE HAUNTING ME AGAIN!



I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THEM!



THE HORRIFIED ARMY OFFICER STARES FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN LEAPS AFTER RANDOLPH!

LET ME DIE! PLEASE LET ME DIE!

EASY, OLD MAN, EASY NOW!





AND NEXT DAY AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL---
 I'M JOHN RAYMOND I BELIEVE WHY YES
 I'M EXPECTED AS A CONSULTANT ON COURSE!
 THE RANDOLPH CASE? THE RANDOLPH RIGHT THIS WAY SIR!



WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE WITH RANDOLPH DOCTOR?
 THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HOPING YOU CAN TELL US PROFESSOR RAYMOND!

SUDDENLY, RANDOLPH BEGINS TO SCREAM---



THE DRUMS! THE DRUMS! THEY'RE DRIVING ME CRAZY!



HE'S HAVING ANOTHER ATTACK!



RAYMOND RUSHES TO THE WINDOW BUT---
 I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THEM! I'VE GOT TO!
 NO YOU DON'T!



YOU'D BETTER HELP ME STRAP HIM DOWN! THIS IS A VIOLENT CASE, ALL RIGHT!



THERE! HELP BE ALL RIGHT NOW!
 SHH! QUIET! HE'S SAYING SOMETHING!



THE DRUMS! THE DRUMS! I REMEMBER! WHEN THEY FIRST BEGAN TO HAUNT ME---

I REMEMBER I WAS STARTING BACK FOR THE UNITED STATES, AS I HEADED UP THE TRAIL I WAS SURE THIS WAS GOODBYE TO SOUTH AMERICA---



BUT I DIDN'T KNOW--- THEN--- THAT I WAS BEING WATCHED BY FIGURES LURKING BEHIND THE BRUSH---



THEN SUDDENLY---

MWALA! BOGU! KAGEN! GET HIM!



I TURNED, AND RECOGNIZED THE LEADER OF MY ATTACKERS AS A MAN NAMED HILLER--- WHO LIVED IN THE JUNGLES AND WAS TREATED AS A SORT OF WHITE GOD BY THE SAVAGES---



I LASHED OUT AT HILLER AND YELLED TO MY NATIVES---



LONO! RANG! HELP ME!

BUT HILLER'S NATIVES HAD ALREADY TAKEN CARE OF THEM---



AND THEN ONE OF THE NATIVES, A HUGE, POWERFUL SAVAGE, HIT ME FROM BEHIND---



GOOD WORK, MWALA!

THEY CARRIED ME, UNCONSCIOUS, THRU THE JUNGLE TO THEIR TRIBE SETTLEMENT---



"WHEN I RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS, I WAS ALONE, DEEP IN THE FOREST--"



"I WAS UNHURT, EXCEPT FOR MY JAW WHICH THROBBED FIERCELY AS THOUGH I HAD A TOOTHACHE--"



"IT TOOK ME SEVERAL DAYS TO MAKE THE TREK BACK TO MY HEADQUARTERS! FINALLY I MANAGED TO REACH IT--"



WHY--- IT'S MARK RANDOLPH!

HELP! HELP!

LATER, THE TRADER AND I TALKED IT OVER--

HILLER'S TRIBE RESENTED NEW WHITE MEN COMING INTO THE JUNGLE! THEY PROBABLY TOOK YOU TO THEIR SETTLEMENT AND WORKED A VODOO HEX ON YOU!



HEX! BOSH! THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A HEX!

DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT RANDOLPH! THERE ARE MANY THINGS IN THE JUNGLE WE WHITE MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THE ONLY THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THEY DRAGGED ME INTO THE FOREST AND THEN DESERTED ME-- WELL GOODBYE, AND THANKS AGAIN!



"OFTEN I WAS TO REMEMBER THE TRADER'S OMINOUS WARNING ON THAT NIGHT MARISH TRIP HOME! CONSTANTLY I HEARD DRUMS, DRUMS, DRUMS--"



---WHY I HAVEN'T GONE STARK RAVING MAD UNTIL NOW, I DON'T KNOW!



HMMM---KEEP AN EYE ON RANDOLPH, DOCTOR! I'LL BE BACK SOON!

LATER, JOHN RAYMOND AS THE WEB, RETURNS AND...

NOW WE SHALL SEE!

---THE SOUND OF THE DRUMS!

THEY'RE BEATING AGAIN! LOUDER---

EASY RANDOLPH!

LOUDER! LOUDER! LOUDER!



WHILE AT THAT MOMENT IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY---

LOUDER, MOGO, BEAT THOSE DRUMS LOUDER!

BOOM BOOM

WHY DON'T THOSE DRUMS STOP! WEB, HELP ME PLEASE!



---AND STILL THOSE MYSTERIOUS HANDS KEEP POUNDING POUNDING TRANSMITTING THE MADDENING DRUM BEATS IN SOME WEIRD WAY---

--- INTO THE WRACKED AND TORTURED BRAIN OF MARK RANDOLPH!

I WANT TO DIE! I CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE!



HOLD HIM NURSE! HE'S DELIRIOUS!

I'M TRYING DOCTOR!



MEANWHILE, THE WEB RACES GRIMLY, STEADILY THROUGH THE CITY STREETS--A CURIOUS PAIR OF EARPHONES ON HIS HEAD AND A DIAL IN HIS HAND AT WHICH HE GAZES INTENTLY!



STOP MOGO! ENOUGH FOR ONE DAY! WE DON'T WANT TO DRIVE RANDOLPH MAD YET!



YES MASTER!

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE TWO, A FAMILIAR AND AWESOME FIGURE PADS TOWARD THEM---



THE SIGN OF THE WEB!



A VERY NEAT TRICK YOU'VE BEEN PULLING, HILLER! BUT YOUR GAME IS UP NOW!

STOP, OR I SHOOT!



YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A LOT QUICKER ON THE TRIGGER!

GRAB HIM, MOGO--- OOF



I KILL!



CRAZED WITH LUST FOR DEATH,
THE ENORMOUS NUBIAN CONTRACTS
HIS POWERFUL HANDS, AND---



IF THE WEB KNOWS OUR
PLAN, OTHERS MAY KNOW
IT TOO! WE HAVE NO TIME
TO WASTE! WE MUST KILL
RANDOLPH AT ONCE!



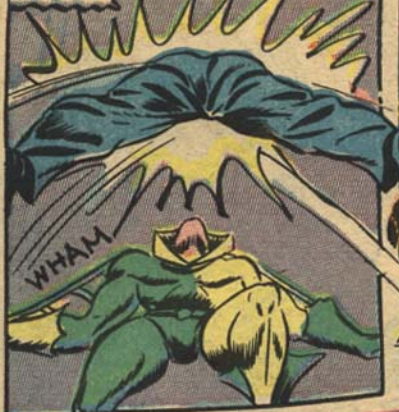
THEN INTO THE ROOM WITH
EXPLOSIVE POWER DRIVES
THE WEB!



A BLOW FROM THE BEAST-LIKE
NUBIAN SENDS THE WEB
REELING BACK AGAINST
THE WALL, THEN---



BUT, AS THE NUBIAN DIVES WITH BESTIAL FEROCITY, THE WEB ROLLS AND---

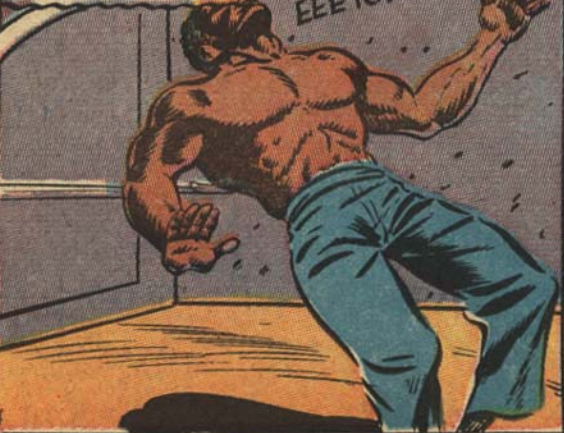


THE WEB STRIKES OUT AGAIN--AND AGAIN--



BUT THE DANGER IS NOT YET PAST--AS SILENTLY, MOGO APPROACHES THE WEB FROM BEHIND--HIS FACE HIDEOUSLY CONTORTED WITH A LUST FOR MURDER!

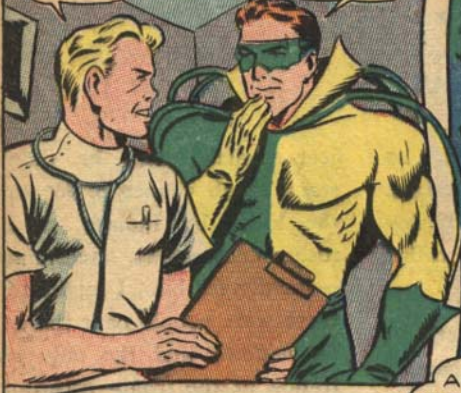
--- THRU THE AIR A SCALPEL FLASHES ---



YOU CERTAINLY DID, DOC--LUCKY FOR ME!

GOT THE BOUNDER FIRST SHOT, EH WEB?

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, WEB? WHO ARE THESE MEN?
FIRST LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT RANDOLPH'S TEETH, DOCTOR?



HIS TEETH! THIS GETS SCREWIER BY THE MINUTE ---
HELLO--THIS IS STRANGE!



WEB! WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT GADGET?



A VERY IN-GENIOUS MINI-ATURE RECEIVING SET! DOCTOR - WITH A DIRECT WIRE TO THE SENDING STATION!



AND HERE'S THE FELLOW WHO SENT OUT THOSE DRUM BEATS!

YES--I DID, THE DEVIL TAKE YOU!



THAT FOOL RANDOLPH FOUND OUT TOO MUCH ABOUT MY NAZI ACTIVITIES AMONG THE NATIVES!



KILLING HIM ONLY WOULD HAVE MEANT INVESTIGATION-- SO I DECIDED TO DRIVE HIM MAD BEFORE HE COULD EXPOSE ME! THEN EVERYBODY WOULD HAVE ATTRIBUTED IT TO JUNGLE FEVER!



WEB, I'M ETERNALLY GRATEFUL --- BUT HOW DID YOU DISCOVER--



WHEN YOU MENTIONED WAKING UP WITH A 'TOOTH ACHES' IN THE JUNGLE I FIRST BEGAN TO SUSPECT!

I TRACED THE SENDING APPARATUS WITH A RADIO DETECTOR! THE REST YOU KNOW! AS FOR KILLER HILLER, HE'LL SOON KNOW, LIKE HIS MASTER, THE FUEHRER, INEVITABLY WILL, WHAT IT MEANS TO START A SKEIN OF MURDER!



The End

THE PROFESSOR DIES

A WEB STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

Answer this one:
Why did the killer wear
a long green beard?

THE killer came upon Professor Robert Woodley at the proper time—when every student had gone for the day. He entered the school through an open cellar window and moved silently through the darkened halls until he reached Woodley's room. Then he opened the door and shot Woodley three times in the back.

The killer was a very ordinary looking man—almost. He had on a plain grey business suit, a plain grey topcoat, and his shirt and tie were in very good taste. Yes, the killer was a very ordinary looking man, except for one thing.

He wore a long green beard . . .

* * *

Gerald Lane, red-headed young professor of Mathematics at Woodley's college, told The Web about it. He met The Web by appointment, and in a taxicab which slowly wended its way through the city streets, he told The Web the entire story.

"There's no doubt," said Lane, "that the murder was committed by either Jenkins, Keller, or myself. That's why I've asked you to investigate the murder. Each of us insists that he didn't do it—but one of us is lying. We want you to find the murderer and clear the other two."

"Wait a minute," said The Web. "Let me get this straight. You say a police officer saw the murderer enter the cellar window?"

"Yes," said Lane, impatiently. "The murderer first caught the policeman's eye because he was wearing a green beard—fancy that, a green beard! The officer started toward the murderer, thinking he was a maniac or something like that . . . but before he got halfway down the block toward him, the murderer had popped into the school building through the cellar window."

"I see," said The Web. "Then the policeman jumped into the building after the green-bearded man, but lost him in the maze of rooms and stairways. Then, while he was looking around, he heard the shots coming from Woodley's room. Correct?"

"That's it," said Lane. "The officer followed the sound of the shots, and he arrived in Woodley's room just in time to see the killer rushing out. He chased the killer, but lost him again in the maze of rooms. The school is fairly small, but an inexperienced man could get lost in it easily enough . . . so many stairways and rooms, you know." He paused for breath. "At any rate, the of-

ficer realized that he didn't stand much chance of locating the killer by himself, so he rushed downstairs, ascertained—luckily for him, I might add, there were people near the cellar window and the only entrance, at the front—ascertained that the killer hadn't escaped, and summoned more police. Then they searched the building, and found that only Keller, Jenkins and I were in the building. There was absolutely no one else there. Even the janitor had gone out some hours previous."

"I see," said The Web, again. He seemed lost in thought.

"That's the set up," finished Lane. "All three of us had motives for killing Woodley. We were in the building at the time of the murder to collect our papers and belongings preparatory to leaving for good. Woodley had fired all of us because our political beliefs differed from his. . . ."

The Web sighed. "Tell me," he said, "didn't you or Jenkins or Keller hear the sounds of the shots?"

"No," said Lane, decisively. "Our offices are located on the floor below. It would be physically impossible to hear the shots from where we were situated." He smiled, suddenly. "You'll note that I say our

offices are located on the floor below. Since Woodley is dead, I'm quite sure that the new school Dean will permit us to retain our positions."

"Very interesting," said The Web. "Another question now, please. What were your next moves—you three? I mean, where would you have gone had Woodley lived and you'd been forced to leave the school?"

"Well," said Lane, "Jenkins and Keller were entering the Navy as technical officers. Jenkins is an Engineering expert; and Keller is a very competent Chemistry man." He chuckled. "You know, this murder is an especial break for me. I don't know where I would have gone from here. I tried to enter the service along with Jenkins and Keller—and my Math experience would have gained me a commission, but the doctors rejected me on one minor physical point."

The Web's eyes had lit up. Very casually, he said, "Tell me one more thing, Lane. Do you drive a car?"

Lane looked at him narrowly. "No," he said. "My license was refused."

"Well!" said The Web. "Was your license, too, refused on a minor physical point?"

Before Lane could answer the taxi ground to a halt. "Here we are," said Lane. "I live on the fifth floor. Jenkins and Keller are waiting for us."

The two men took the self-operating elevator up, and entered a wide living room. Jenkins and Keller rose to greet them.

"Sorry I took so long in arriving," said Lane, "but The Web asked me to meet him on a deserted country road several miles from here."

"That's understandable," said Keller, smiling. "I imagine The Web's uniform would arouse quite a bit of attention in the city."

Lane stared at The Web. "It is rather outstanding. That red can probably be seen for miles."

There was a split second of silence. And then Jenkins and Keller burst out, together, "Lane, The Web's uniform is —" They stopped together.

"Exactly," said The Web. "My uniform is green. You understand now what I understood minutes ago. Lane killed Woodley!"

Lane said, "No!" once, his voice choked.

"Yes," said The Web. "The green beard started me on the solution. The beard was obviously false . . . admitted. Now the reason a man would wear a false beard when about to commit a murder is obvious: for disguise purposes, of course. But why a green beard?"

He looked around him. "There are only two possible answers. One, the killer was insane . . . but the methodical manner in which the murder

was committed discounts the possibility of insanity. Then how about the other possibility? The killer wore a green beard . . . because he was colorblind!"

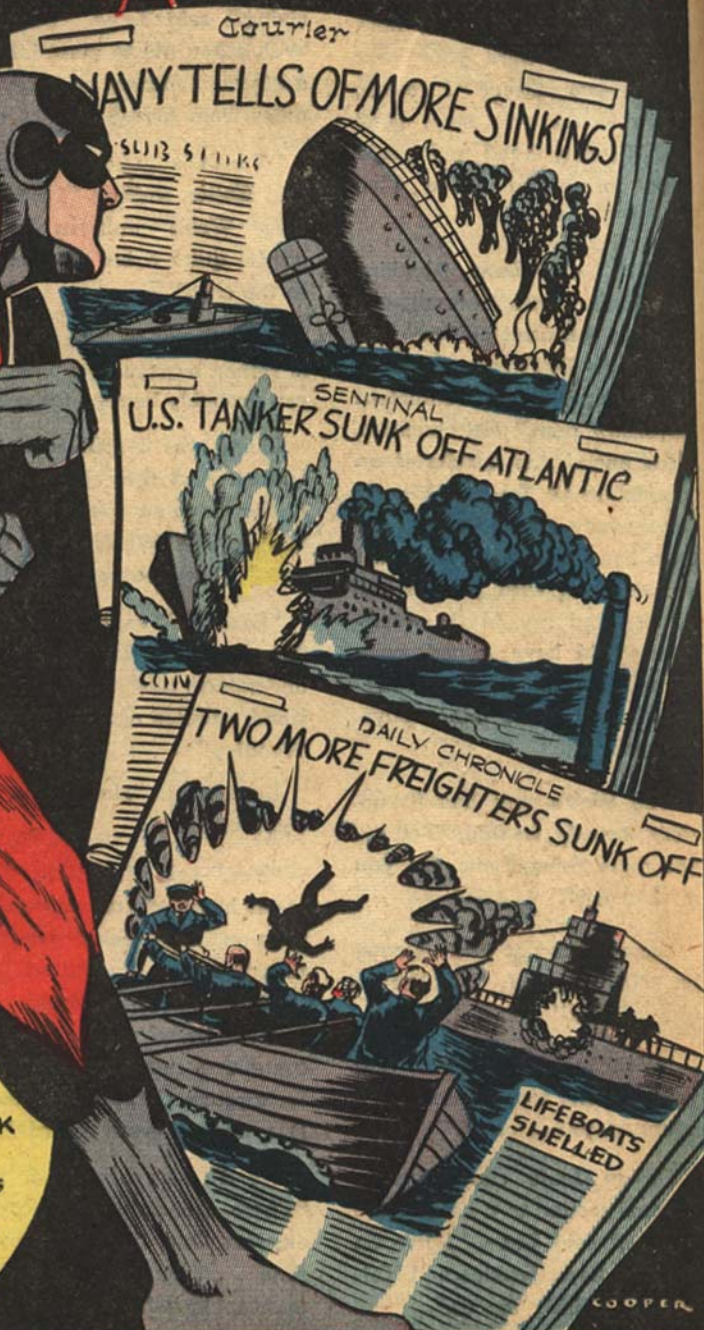
Lane cringed against the wall.

"Lane had a brilliant idea: he'd kill Woodley—but he'd do it from the outside, so that no suspicion would be thrown on him. He went into a masquerader's and selected a beard from the typical beard display you'll find in those shops. Lane has the most common form of colorblindness—where red seems green, and green seems red. So, Lane selected the green beard, and the masquerader, who is used to selling these for comic parties, sold it to him without comment. Then Lane, thinking he had bought a red beard to match his hair, proceeded to commit the murder. When he saw the policeman chasing him, he went to his office, and pretended to have been there all the time."

The Web stopped speaking, and for a moment there was silence. Then Lane laughed, a short, bitter laugh. And as he laughed, he leaped . . . away from The Web, right toward a nearby window. There was a splintering sound as he crashed through.

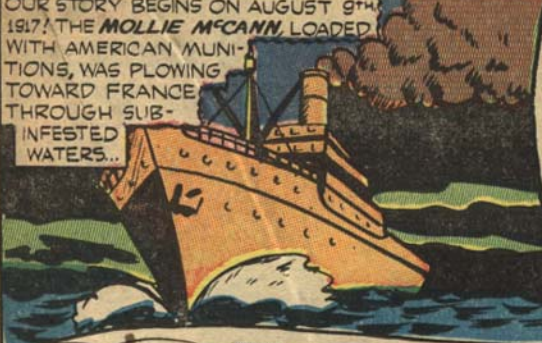
He was dead a minute after he hit the ground. His body was crushed, and blood was splattered all over the sidewalk—blood which, oddly enough, would have looked green to him, had he been alive to see it.

BLACK JACK



WITH THE EVER-INCREASING U-BOAT MENACE AT WORK DAY AND NIGHT ALONG OUR VERY SHORES, AMERICA'S LIFE LINES OF SUPPLY ARE THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION! FOLLOW **BLACK JACK** AS HE UNCOVERS THE INCREDIBLE FACTS OF THIS MENACE BEHIND THE DOORS OF "THE FULL HOUSE"

OUR STORY BEGINS ON AUGUST 9TH, 1917! THE **MOLLIE McCANN**, LOADED WITH AMERICAN MUNITIONS, WAS PLOWING TOWARD FRANCE THROUGH SUB-INFESTED WATERS...



GUESS WE GAVE THAT SUB THE SLIP! NOT A TRACE OF IT IN THE LAST COUPLE OF DAYS!

WE'LL BE DOCKING TOMORROW NIGHT! IT'S BEEN A REAL QUIET RUN, AIN'T IT, PETE?

YEAH! THAT SUB MUSTA BEEN A FALSE ALARM!

THEY'RE LAUGHING BECAUSE THEY THINK THEY SCARED THE SUB AWAY!

YEAH! HA HA HA HA!



OH SHUT UP, YOU SAPS! YOU THINK WE'RE SO SAFE! WE'RE NOT THERE YET!



HUH! WHAT'S EATIN' GRUBER?

HE SURE HAS BEEN ACTIN' JUMPY! I HEAR HE'S PART GERMAN---ALMOST DIDN'T GET HIS SEAMAN'S PAPERS!



GRUBER LEANED OVER THE RAIL SHAKING WITH EMOTION...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? WHAT DO I CARE FOR THE GERMANS? I'M AN AMERICAN CITIZEN!! AND YET----



WHAT'S THE MATTER, GRUBER? NOT SEASICK? HA, HA, HA!

NO!! I'M NOT SICK,
YOU IDIOT! LEAVE
ME ALONE!!

EX-EXCUSE ME,
BOSN'! I-- I'M A
LITTLE NERVOUS!

SUDDENLY---

HEY!!
PERISCOPE
AHEAD!!

PROBABLY NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT,
CAPTAIN--- BUT HE'S
FLARED UP A COUPLE OF
TIMES LIKE THAT.
LATELY--- HE---

SUB!
PILE ON ALL
THE STEAM WE
CAN GET.
FULL SPEED
TO PORT!

ALL HANDS ON
DECK! MAN
STARBOARD
GUNS!

TWEEEE

I KNEW IT!
WE HAVEN'T A
CHANCE! WE'LL
BE KILLED LIKE
RATS!

WHAT GOOD ARE DEPTH
CHARGES? THEY'RE TOO
FAR AWAY!

AHHH! RANGE EXCELLENT!
RELEASE TORPEDO!

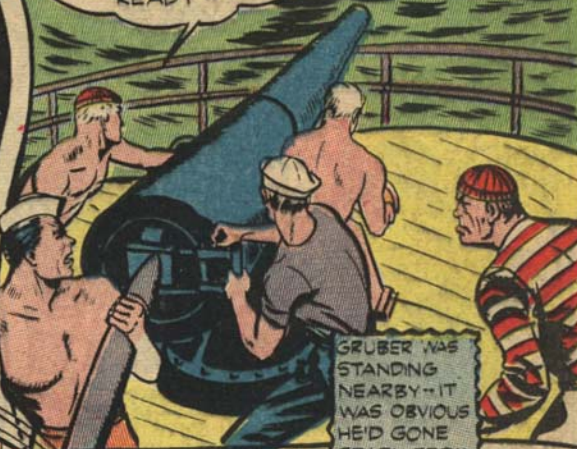


HURRY! IF WE CAN HIT
THAT FISH, WE'LL BLAST
THOSE HEINIES RIGHT
OUT OF THE WATER!
READY---

TOO
LATE
ANYHOW!
HERE SHE
COMES!



NO, THOSE MEN DOWN
THERE... THEY ARE
MY BROTHERS!



GRUBER WAS
STANDING
NEARBY--IT
WAS OBVIOUS
HE'D GONE
CRAZY FROM
THE STRAIN
AND TENSION!

THEN--

WHACK



I SAVED THEM!

HAHAHA
HAHAHA

WITH A TERRIFIC
PETONATION, THE
TORPEDO CRASHED
INTO THE MOLLIE
McCANN!

BOOM!



TWENTY FIVE YEARS ROLL BY! IT IS NOW 1942 AND ONCE AGAIN AMERICA IS FIGHTING FOR ITS WAY OF LIFE! IN AN EASTERN CITY JACK JONES BUYS A NEWSPAPER.



HM! ANOTHER SHIP TORPEDOED BY THE NAZIS! THERE MUST BE **SOME** WAY OF STOPPING THOSE DEVILS!

H'YA JACK! IMAGINE WINNING INTO YOU!

WILFRED! EDDIE! I'LL BE---! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!



YEP! WE'RE TORPEDOMEN NOW, JACK! OUR SUB--- OH--ER THAT'S PIPE WIGHT---WE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO TALK!

PIPE DOWN, DOPE!



ANYWAY, WE'RE IN TOWN FA' A COUPLA DAYS, AN WE'RE WEALLY GONNA PAINT IT WED!

WELL, YOU GUYS DON'T WANT TO USE UP YOUR WHOLE LEAVE ON THIS STREET CORNER--- SUPPOSE I MEET YOU SOME WHERE LATER?



SWELL! WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO 'THE FULL HOUSE'

'THE FULL HOUSE' I'VE HEARD OF THE PLACE! WHERE IS IT?



IT'S A CASINO DOWN ON THE WATER FWONT! THE GUY WHO WUNS IT WAS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE MOLLY MCCANN IN THE LAST WAR! WEMEMBER?

OH SURE! O.K.! MEET YOU THERE IN ABOUT AN HOUR!

HUIWVY BACK!



OUR SCENE CHANGES TO 'THE FULL HOUSE' ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR CASINOS ON THE WATERFRONT--

THE OWNER, JOHN GRUBER, IS IN CONFERENCE WITH TWO OF HIS MEN---

NOT A BAD CROWD, GRUBER! DERE SHOULD BE SOME GOOT MATERIAL FOR US! YA!



TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE, SHMULTZ! MANY SEAMEN TONIGHT?

GET OUT OF THE WAY, YOU IDIOT! I'LL SEE FOR MYSELF!

WE NEED TORPEDO MEN. DO YOU SEE ANY? WELL, DO YOU?



THOSE TWO SEAMEN LOOK ALL RIGHT! SEE THAT THEY WIN, AND SEND THE WOLF IN HERE!

YOU WANTED ME, CHIEF? BOY OH BOY! WHAT A NIFTY LITTLE NUMBER OUTSIDE! SHE ...

WOLF, YOU KNOW I DON'T WANT THE REPUTATION OF 'THE FULL HOUSE' HURT! I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE TO 'LEAVE THE CUSTOMERS ALONE! YOU DISOBEYED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN, WOLF!

OK GRUBER! RIGHT AWAY!

B-BUT LISTEN---



D- DON'T GET SORE! CHIEF! SHE SPOKE TO ME FIRST--- WAIT!
NO!



THE FOOL! FLIRTING WITH THE CUSTOMER'S GIRL FRIENDS MIGHT HAVE RUINED OUR WHOLE SET UP! GET HIM OUT OF HERE!



WONDER WHAT'S KEEPIN' JACK? WE CAN'T STAY HERE ALL NIGHT!



YOU WANT TO CASH IN YOUR CHIPS, GENTLEMEN? RIGHT BACK THERE!



THE CROUPIER'S HAND TOUCHES A CONCEALED BUTTON--



COME ON, WILFRED! WHAT'S THE MATTER?



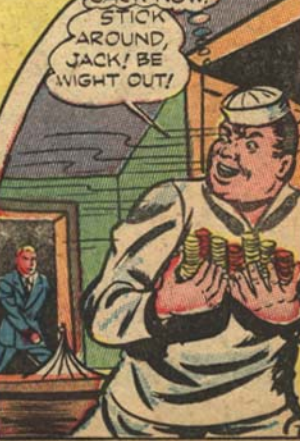
NUTS! I'M DWOPPIN' EM! GO AHEAD, EDDIE! I'LL BE WIGHT WITH YOU!



*!G???!
BLANKETY
BLANK---



THERE'S JACK NOW! STICK AROUND, JACK! BE WIGHT OUT!



THAT LOOKED LIKE WILFRED WITH ALL THOSE CHIPS! HARD TO SEE THROUGH THIS SMOKE...



HEY, ED! WHERE DO WE---
???
OH, F'GOODNESS SAKE?



GET HIM!



S--S--SAY!--

HEL--
OOF!



PUT THEM IN THE CAR WITH THE OTHERS!
I'LL DRIVE THEM DOWN TO THE SUB
MYSELF, SHMULTZ, YOU'LL
COME WITH ME!



JACK JONES
STEPS INTO
THE WASH-
ROOM AND
IN A FLASH
BECOMES
BLACK
JACK...



WH-WHAT
WAS DAT?

WHOOOSH!



THAT SOUNDED
LIKE WILFRED!
SOMETHING VERY FISHY
GOING ON HERE
OR I MISS MY
GUESS!

IMPROVING YOUR MIND, CHUM?
DON'T LET ME
DISTURB YOU!

I DON'T LIKE THE SMELL
AROUND HERE, AND I'M
GOING TO FIND OUT
WHY!



SPILL IT! WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THOSE SAILORS?

I WON'T SAY
NOTHING!

VOT...?
WHO...



OH, NO?
GUESS
AGAIN!

OW! MY ARM! STOP!
I'LL TELL! DEY VENT
IN A CAR TO...

BOP



GOOD LORD! THIS IS
THICKER THAN I THOUGHT!
THEY'RE DRUGGING
AMERICAN SEAMEN AND
USING THEM ON
NAZI
SUBS!

NOPE...NOTHING
TO REPORT! THIS
BEAT GETS DEADER
EVERY DAY...

HEY YOU DIRTY
CROOK, COME
BACK WITH THAT
CAR!



WE MUST HURRY! THE SUB SHOULD BE THERE NOW!

GRUBER, WITH THE DRUGGED AMERICAN SEAMEN, HURRIES ALONG AT BREAK NECK SPEED-

WITH BLACK-JACK IN HOT PURSUIT!



BLACKJACK EXPLAINS BRIEFLY THEN—

O.K.! GO AFTER HIM! TAKE MY MOTOR-CYCLE!

THANKS! SEE THAT THOSE SAILORS ARE ALL RIGHT!

HA HA HA HA HA JUST AROUND THE NEXT BEND! THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

I CAN SEE HEADLIGHTS, DIS MUST BE GRUBER NOW!



HEY! WAIT FOR ME! I'M--- AAARRRRGG!

GONE! BUT THEY'VE GOTTEN THEIR LAST AMERICAN SEAMAN!



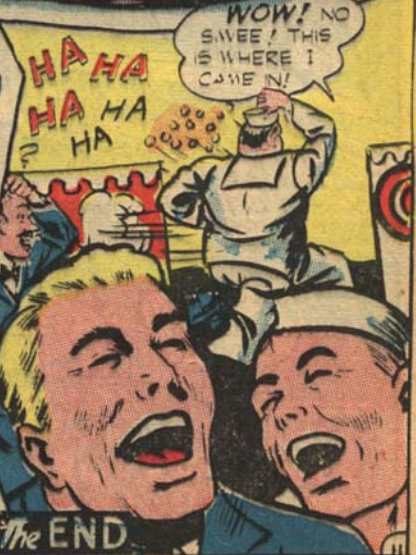
NO! LOOK! IT'S DER POLICE! LET EM HAFF IT!!



DID YA HEAR ABOUT THE FULL HOUSE, JACK? IT SEEMS THEY WERE DRUGGIN' AMERICAN SAILORS AND SHANGHAIN' THEM ONTO NAZI SUBS THE DIRTY...

YIPPEE! HIT THE JACKPOT!

HEY SAILOR! YOU CAN CASH THOSE TOKENS IN BACK HERE! WE GOT SOME REAL NICE PRIZ....



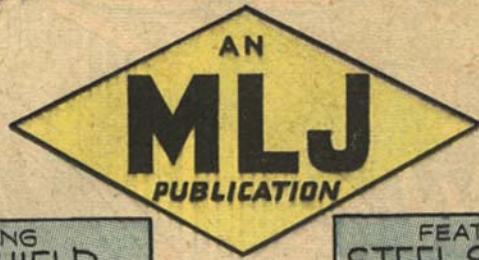
WOW! NO SWEE! THIS IS WHERE I CAME IN!

HA HA HA HA HA

The END

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!**

WILBUR



WILBUR! COME DOWN HERE THIS MINUTE AND STOP THIS FOOLISHNESS!

WILBUR! OHHHH!

by "RED" HOLM DALE

NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE! HERE, DEAR, THIS WATER'LL BRACE YOU UP!

B. BUT POP! I'M PRACTICING TO BE A COMMANDO!



COMMANDO, HMMPH! JUST MARCH YOURSELF OUTSIDE! YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME KILL THE TURKEY!



HUH! KILL TH--THE TURKEY?

YEAH! ARE YOU FORGETTING TODAY IS THANKSGIVING? AND WE'VE GOTTA HURRY IF WE WANT TO EAT TONIGHT!



NOW YOU SWING THE AXE WHILE I HOLD HIM ON THE CHOPPING BLOCK!



DON'T WORRY! WE COMMANDOS MUST KNOW THE FUNDAMENTALS OF USING AN AXE!

GULP! I DON'T THINK I CAN KILL IN COLD BLOOD! MAYBE IF I CLOSE MY EYES IT'LL HELP!



HEY WILBUR, STOP! T-THE HEAD ON THE AXE!

CAN'T STOP NOW-GOTTA GET THIS OVER WITH!



THERE! THAT DOES IT, EH, POP?

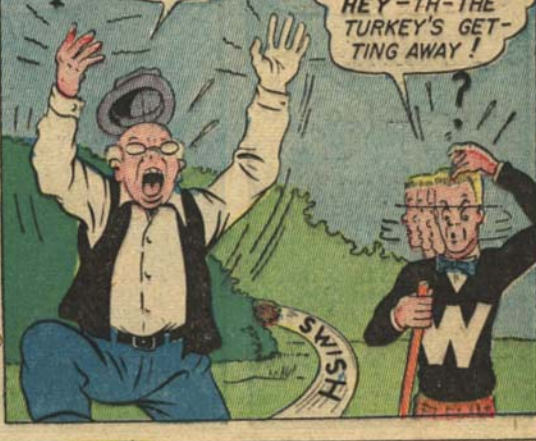


WHAM

OWW!

GOBBLE GOBBLE

YEOWW! WHY YOU --- IF YOU WEREN'T MY SON.....!



HMMH! CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THAT HAPPENED HEY-TH-THE TURKEY'S GETTING AWAY!

NEVER MIND THE TURKEY-LET'M GO-HERE'S A COUPLE OF BUGS. GO DOWN TO THE BUTCHER AN' BUY ANOTHER ONE!



B..BUT POP....!

YOU'RE NOT GONNA LET THAT TURKEY OUTSMART YA-ARE YA POP?



I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, SON!

FIRST I'LL PUT THESE FEATHERS IN YOUR HAT. CAMOUFLAGE IS VERY IMPORTANT IN STALKING PREY. WE COMMANDOS MUST BE RESOURCEFUL!



GEE - THAT'S PRETTY CLEVER, WILBUR.

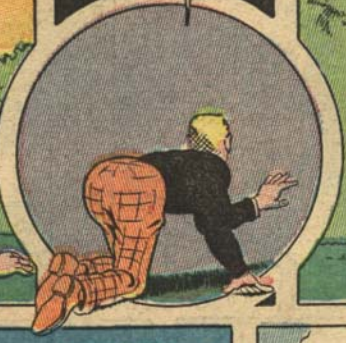
NOW WE'LL SPREAD OUT AND ENCIRCLE HIM! AND DON'T FORGET TO GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

RIGHT WILBUR! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

SOME TIME LATER... BOY, THIS IS MAKING MY COMMANDO TRAINING PRACTICAL! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

GOBBLE! GOBBLE! HEY, WHAT'S THAT? BOY IT'S THE TURKEY!

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!



I'LL JUST GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO WHEN HE COMES BY AND...

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

I GOT 'CHA!

HEY POP! HEY POP! COME QUICKLY-OH! OH!



WHY, YOU--- I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TRUST YOU!

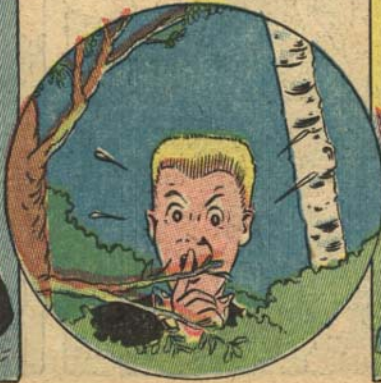
B.BUT MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN!

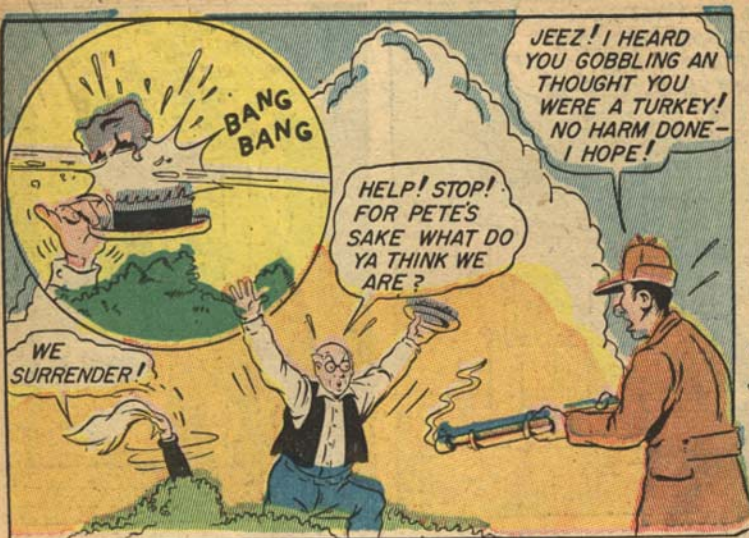
SHH-I THINK I JUST HEARD SOMETHING OVER THERE IN THE BUSHES!

IT MUST BE THE TURKEY! SHH-I'LL JUST HOLD MY HAT UP FOR A DECOY! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

GOBBLE! GOBBLE!

THIS'LL GET HIM FOR SURE!





WE SURRENDER!

HELP! STOP! FOR PETE'S SAKE WHAT DO YA THINK WE ARE?

JEEZ! I HEARD YOU GOBLING AN THOUGHT YOU WERE A TURKEY! NO HARM DONE- I HOPE!



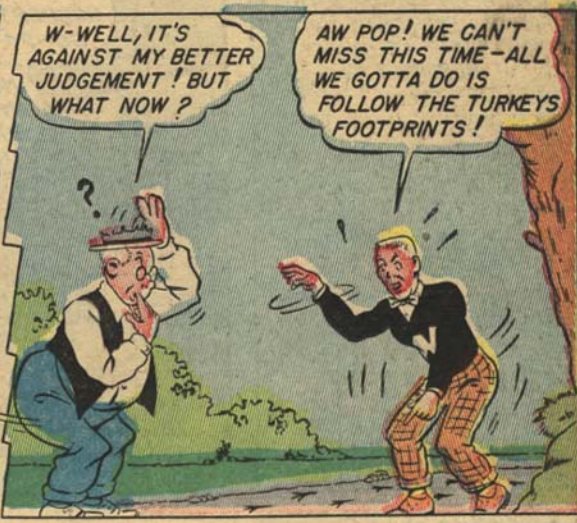
WOW, THAT WAS CLOSE! HE WAS A PRETTY GOOD SHOT EH, POP?

GOOD! THE GUY WAS PERFECT!



(SNIFF) MY BRAND NEW FEDORA! I GUESS IT'S BEYOND REPAIRS!

OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER-COME HERE QUICK-I'VE GOT A CLUE!

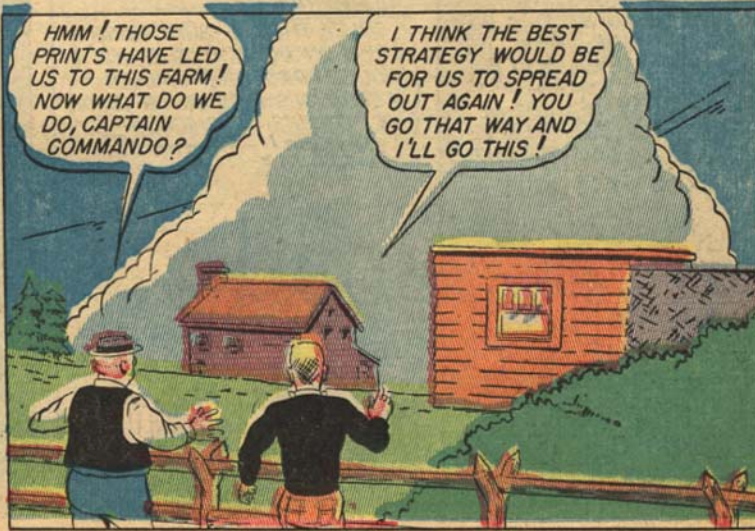


W-WELL, IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT! BUT WHAT NOW?

AW POP! WE CAN'T MISS THIS TIME-ALL WE GOTTA DO IS FOLLOW THE TURKEYS FOOTPRINTS!



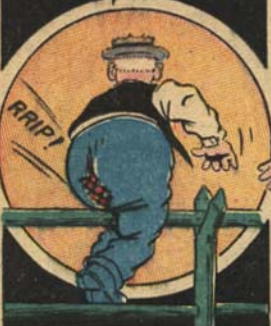
THIS SEEMS SIMPLE ENOUGH!



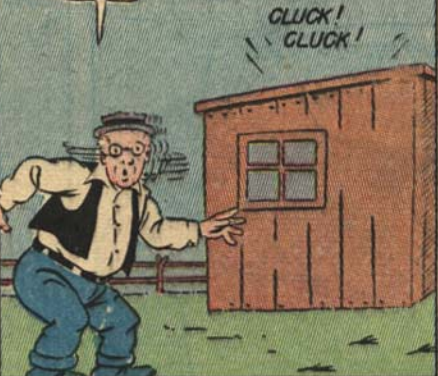
HMM! THOSE PRINTS HAVE LED US TO THIS FARM! NOW WHAT DO WE DO, CAPTAIN COMMANDO?

I THINK THE BEST STRATEGY WOULD BE FOR US TO SPREAD OUT AGAIN! YOU GO THAT WAY AND I'LL GO THIS!

I FEEL SAFER BEING ON MY OWN! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO ME AS LONG AS WILBUR'S NOT AROUND!



HMM... LET'S SEE, WHERE COULD THAT BIRD, HAVE GONE? AHA... THAT COOP! I'LL BET HE DUCKED IN THERE!



BOY, IT SURE IS DARK IN HERE - NOW IF I CAN LURE HIM OUT OF HIDING! HERE, TURKEY! TURKEY! GOBBLE! GOBBLE!



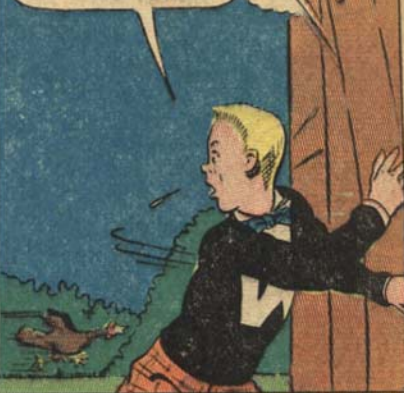
I'VE BEEN ALL OVER THIS FARM... SAY, THAT COOP! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?



GOBBLE! GO-??



POP'LL SURE BE SURPRISED WHEN HE FINDS OUT! OH! OH! THE TURKEY!



HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY FROM ME THIS TIME - HERE NICE TURKEY! TURKEY!



MEANWHILE... GOLLY, THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON DOWN AT THE HEN HOUSE! PROBABLY FARMER FELDMAN'S KIDS UP TO THEIR OLD TRICKS OF CHICKEN STEALING!



COME OUT, YER VARMINT! BEFORE I VENTILATE YOU!



B. BUT I TELL YA I'M INNOCENT!

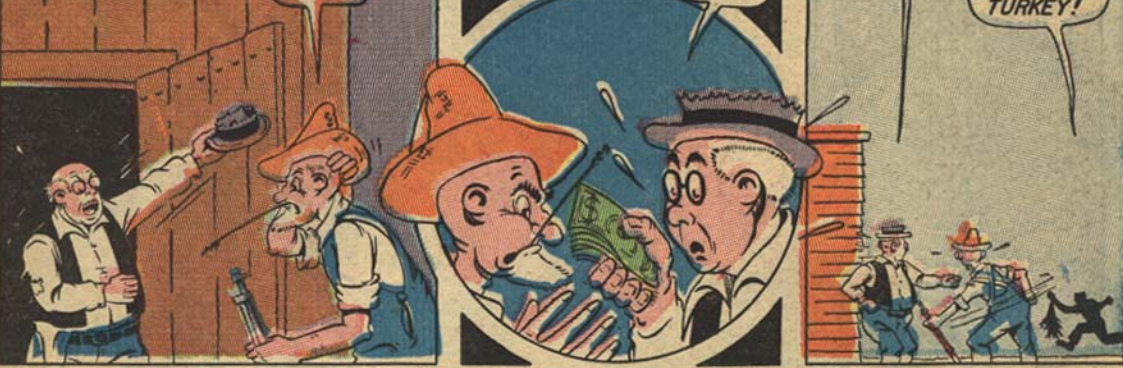
WELL, YOUR INNOCENCE WILL JUST COST YA THE PRICE OF THREE CHICKENS AND SIX DOZEN BROKEN EGGS!

HMM! THAT'LL BE EXACTLY \$49.00

YI-I COULD JUST AS WELL MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON THIS FARM!

OH! OH! HERE COMES WILBUR! NOW WHAT'S GOIN' TO HAPPEN?

HEY POP! I GOT THE TURKEY!



I HAD TO AMBUSH HIM! BUT HERE HE IS!

WELL IT WAS KIND OF EXPENSIVE, BUT I GUESS IT'S BETTER'N NOTHING!

YEOWY-IT'S MY PRIZE BLUE RIBBON TURKEY-YOU'VE RUINED HIM! WHY, YOU.....!

HMM, THAT BIRD LOOKS FAMILIAR!

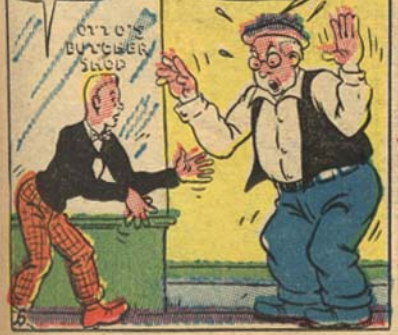


BACK IN TOWN...

COMMANDOS-BAH! AS FOR THE TURKEY I'M GOING TO DO WHAT I SHOULD HAVE DONE IN THE BEGINNING! I'M GOING TO BUY ANOTHER ONE!

I'M SORRY, MR WILKIN-BUT I HAVEN'T ANY MORE TURKEYS. IN FACT, I'VE SOLD PRACTICALLY MY WHOLE STOCK! HOLIDAY RUSH AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW! -GULP- WELL, LET ME HAVE WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT!

MORE BEANS, ROBERT? NO THANKS, DEAR-MAYBE WILBUR WOULD LIKE SOME! ER.. SOME-HOW I DON'T FEEL VERY HUNGRY!



WELL, READERS I GUESS WE COULD HAVE EXPECTED AS MUCH FROM WILBUR... BUT WAIT'LL YOU SEE HIM IN THE NEXT "ZIP COMICS"! HOLY CATS!



ZIP'S

HALL OF SHAME

THE EDITORS OF THIS PUBLICATION PRESENT, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY MAGAZINE... THE HALL OF SHAME... LIFE HISTORIES OF THE WORLD'S MOST VICIOUS MONSTERS... THESE STORIES WILL TEAR APART THE MEN AND WOMEN WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE ON THE EARTH IS OR HAS BEEN A BLOT ON THE TEAR THEM APART AND SHOW YOU WHAT MAKES THEM TICK... SHOW YOU IN GRAPHIC PICTURES THEIR LIFETIME OF CRUELTY. IT IS THOROUGHLY FITTING THAT THE FIRST IN THE SERIES FEATURES THE STORY OF "THE PRIZE RAT HIMSELF" "THE NAZI COBRA" REINHARD HEYDRICH

HEYDRICH WAS BORN IN 1905 IN THE SMALL TOWN OF HALLE. HIS MOTHER HAD GREAT PLANS FOR HIM...

I AM GLAD WE HAD A SON! PERHAPS HE WILL BE A DOCTOR... OR A LAWYER... OR A MINISTER!



BUT REINHARD HAD DIFFERENT IDEAS. AT THE AGE OF TEN, HE WAS A MEAN AND VICIOUS LITTLE BRAT...



HIS HOBBY... THE THING, WHICH GAVE HIM MOST PLEASURE IN LIFE... WAS THE STONING AND KILLING OF SMALL AND HARMLESS ANIMALS...



AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN, HEYDRICH JOINED THE GERMAN NAVY AS A CADET. ONE DAY...



IT'S DEAD! GEE, DIS ISS GREAT FUN!

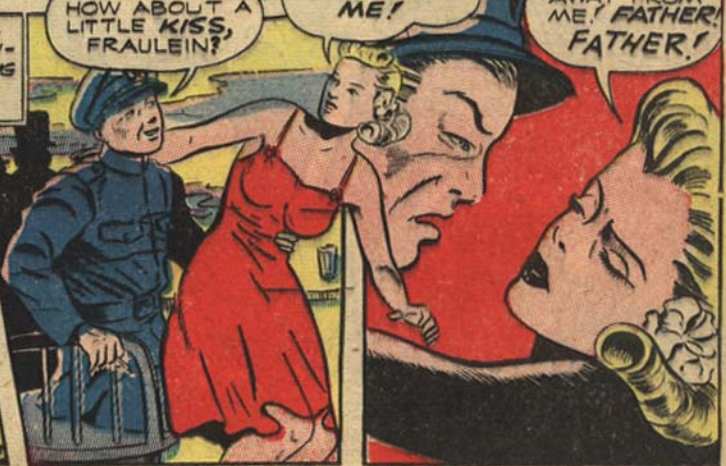
WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO HAF LEAVE UNTIL THE BOAT QUITS PORT TONIGHT, SIR?

VERY WELL, HEYDRICH! YOU HAF SIX HOURS!

AH! NOW FOR A GOOD TIME!



AS HE SAT DRINKING, THE SALOON-KEEPER'S YOUNG DAUGHTER PASSED...



HOW ABOUT A LITTLE KISS, FRAULEIN?

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME! FATHER! FATHER!

HEYDRICH THREW HER TO THE FLOOR.

QUIET, YOU FILTHY LITTLE BEAST!



WHAM!



I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!



OHO! DER PROUD FATHER COMES TO PROTECT HIS DAUGHTER, EH? I'LL FIX HIM TOO!



AND WHEN THE MAN FELL TO THE FLOOR, HEYDRICH CALMLY PROCEEDED TO GRIND THE JAGGED EDGES OF THE BOTTLE INTO HIS FACE...



HEIL HITLER!



HE ROSE QUICKLY IN THE NAZI RANKS, AND THEN, ONE DAY...

WE MUST WORK TO CRUSH DER PRESENT CHERMAN GOVERNMENT AND ESTABLISH OUR OWN! TOMORROW IMPORTANT OFFICIALS GO TO INSPECT DER STEEL PLANT. IT WILL BE A BLOW TO DER GOVERNMENT IF WE GIT RID OF DEM!



HE WAS ARRESTED, AND FOR THIS OFFENSE WAS DISMISSED FROM THE NAVY, BUT ONE MOVEMENT WELCOMED HIM WITH OPEN ARMS... THE NAZIS!

AFTER A PLEDGE OF DEATH AND OF USUAL SALUTE THE NAZI SALUTE WAS ONE HEYDRICH WAS ONE OF THEM... ONE OF THE LEGION OF HEILING HEELS!



HEYDRICH SPOKE UP...



I HAF AN EXCELLENT METHOD OF MURDER, LISTEN. MY FATHER VORKS RIGHT IN DOT PLANT...

I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU TOO, FATHER!

THE NEXT DAY, PLANS COMPLETELY WORKED OUT, HEYDRICH AND SEVERAL OTHER NAZIS APPROACHED THE STEEL PLANT...



HELLO, UP THERE! FATHER! CAN I COME UP?



SON! SON! IT HAS BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME! I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU!



BUT AS HE TALKED, HEYDRICH KEPT A CAREFUL LOOK - OUT...



AH! DER GOVERNMENT MEN ARE APPROACHING!



THEN AS THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS PASSED BENEATH A BUCKET OF MOLTEN STEEL...

THEN HEYDRICH TURNED ON HIS FATHER.

I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU LIVE TO TELL ABOUT THIS!



HIS FATHER DIED A HORRIBLE DEATH...



HEYDRICH MANAGED TO RELEASE THE LEVER! THE BUCKET TIPPED, AND...



I... I NEVER KNEW MY FATHER WAS A REVOLUTIONIST. I **SWEAR** THAT IF HE HAD NOT COMMITTED SUICIDE AFTER KILLING THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS, I WOULD **STRANGLE** HIM WITH MY OWN HANDS. HE HAS DISGRACED HIS FAMILY!

LATER, AT THE INVESTIGATION WHICH FOLLOWED, HEYDRICH LIED SKILLFULLY.



OUTSIDE, THE OTHER NAZIS WERE LOUD IN THEIR CONGRATULATIONS...

GOOD WORK! OUR FIRST STEP HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED!

REMEMBER, REINHARD... SPARE NO ONE WHO IS AGAINST THE PARTY... NO ONE... NO MATTER HOW OLD OR YOUNG... **NO ONE!!**

AND WHEN THE NAZIS DID TAKE OVER THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT.



REINHARD HEYDRICH. I APPOINT YOU CHIEF OF GESTAPO !!!



HEYDRICH TOOK ADVANTAGE OF HIS NEW POWERS TO SATISFY HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY NATURE. THE TEARING UP OF RATION CARDS FOR VERY MINOR, OR EVEN IMAGINED OFFENSES; THE WHOLESALE MURDERS OF INNOCENT JEWS; THE ORDERING OF CONDEMNED MEN TO DIG THEIR OWN GRAVES... THESE WERE HEYDRICH'S BRIGHT IDEAS. THE GERMAN PEOPLE GAVE HEYDRICH THE TITLE OF **THE COBRA**, AND THE NAME WASN'T HALF STRONG ENOUGH!

AND THEN IN 1942 A GROUP OF CZECHOSLOVAKIANS MET SECRETLY...

HE HAS KILLED OUR FAMILIES, RUINED OUR LIVES, NOW WE WILL PAY HIM BACK... IS JAN PRESENT?



PRESENT! EVERYTHING IS COMPLETED AT MY END. I HAVE THE BOMB!

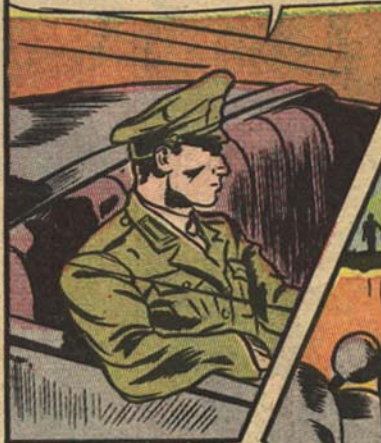
JUST GIVE ME ONE MORE MAN... AND I PROMISE THE COBRA SHALL NEVER STRIKE AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, UNAWARE OF HIS ONCOMING DOOM, HEYDRICH SAT IN A COMFORTABLE TOURING CAR AND SURVEYED THE CZECHOSLOVAKIAN LANDSCAPE...

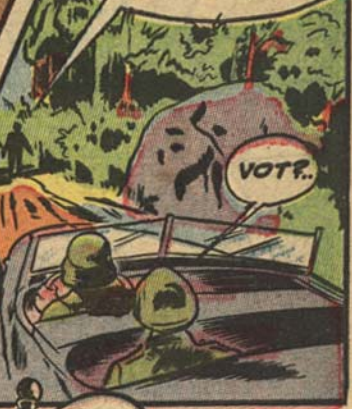


ACH, IT WAS VERY PRETTY AROUND HERE... BUT I WISH YOU WOULD ARRIVE AT LIDICE ALREADY! THERE ARE SOME MEN I WISH TO INVESTIGATE!



SUDDENLY...

THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO, COBRA!



VOT?..



THE TWO MEN WAITED UNTIL THEY WERE SURE HEYDRICH WAS DEAD...



THEIR JOB WAS DONE. THEY HAD RID THE WORLD OF REINHARD HEYDRICH, THE WORLD'S FOREMOST RAT!

the END

OUCH! NOW I'VE GONE AND DONE IT! THESE CHARACTERS WERE BEING SAVED AS A SURPRISE! OH, WELL, NOW THAT THE CAT'S OUT OF THE BAG, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW THAT YOU'LL FIND ALL OF THESE -- AND ME TOO! -- IN THE NEW...

ARCHIE COMICS!

HIYA, GANG!
ME - I'M
SQUOIMY
D'WOIM.

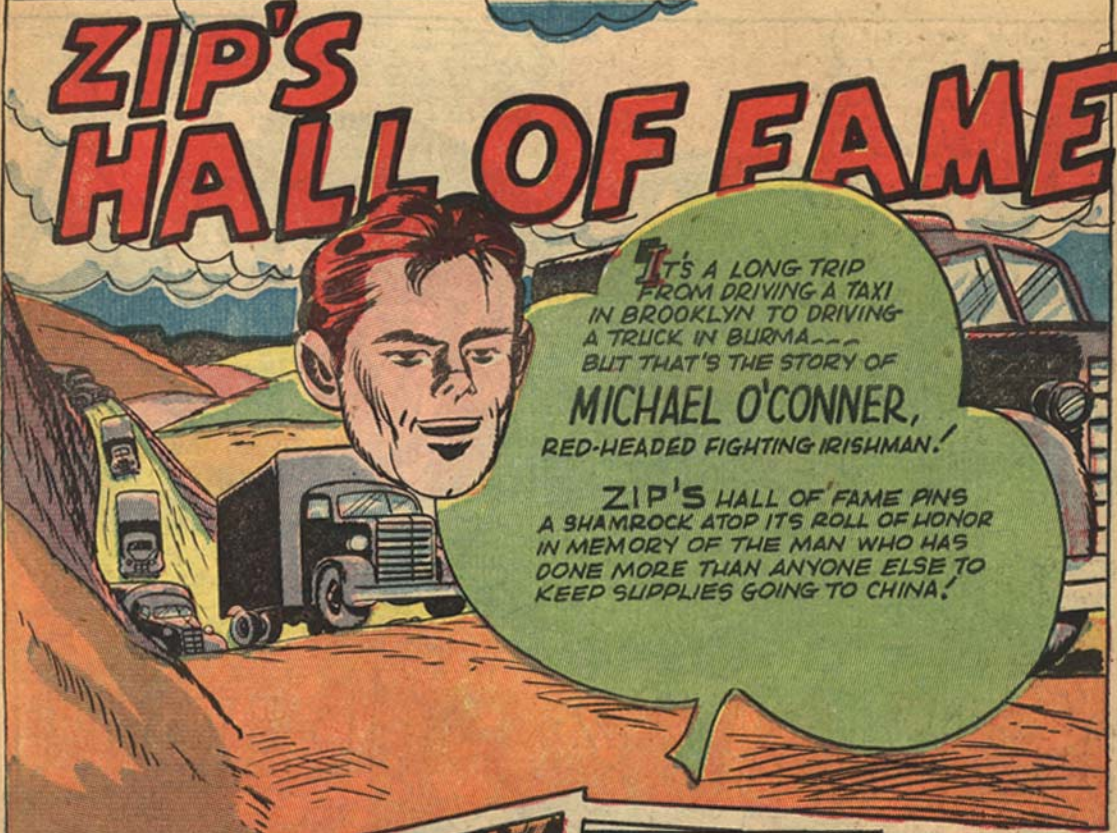
I'M KINDA BUSY
LOOKING FOR A
CLUE RIGHT NOW -
BUT I'LL PAUSE
JUST FOR ONE
MINUTE TO TELL
YOU THAT I'M
BUMBIE THE
BEE-TECTIVE!

PERMIT ME TO
INTRODUCE MYSELF.
I AM JUDGE OWL
... QUITE A WISE OLD
FELLOW, EVEN IF I
DO SAY SO MYSELF!

AND JUST CALL
ME CUBBY, KIDS!
DON'T FORGET, I
SURE WANT TO SEE
YOU LOOKING ACROSS
THE PAGE AT ME ... SO
GET YOUR COPY OF
ARCHIE COMICS!
IT'LL BE AT YOUR
NEWSSTAND ANY
DAY NOW!

ATTENTION, AMERICA! HERE IS OUR ANSWER TO THE THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT HAVE POURED IN... THE MILLIONS OF LAUGHS THAT HAVE ROCKED THE COUNTRY! ARCHIE IN A MAGAZINE OF HIS OWN. ON SALE SOON. LOOK FOR IT!

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME



IT'S A LONG TRIP FROM DRIVING A TAXI IN BROOKLYN TO DRIVING A TRUCK IN BURMA... BUT THAT'S THE STORY OF MICHAEL O'CONNOR, RED-HEADED FIGHTING IRISHMAN!

ZIP'S HALL OF FAME PINS A SHAMROCK ATOP ITS ROLL OF HONOR IN MEMORY OF THE MAN WHO HAS DONE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE TO KEEP SUPPLIES GOING TO CHINA!

BROOKLYN, U.S.A. ---
LAST SEPTEMBER---

TWO CABS SIDESWEEP DURING THE CONFUSION!

SLAM!

SAY, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING? YOU DENTED MY FENDER!

YEAH, WELL I'LL DENT MORE THAN THAT FOR YOU, WHAT'S THE IDEA O' PULLING OUT SO FAST?

OH, WISE GUY EH? WE IRISH KISS THE BLARNEY STONE -- BUT YOU, MY FRIEND...

--- ARE GOING TO KISS THE CURB-STONE!

UGH!

WHAM

YES, THAT WAS MIKE O'CONNOR, IMPETUOUS, QUICK TO JOKE AND QUICK TO POKE.

GOOD THING THAT HACKIE PAID ME FOR MY FENDER, I MIGHT HAVE LOST MY TEMPER!

LATER...

LOOK OUT!

WAR DECLARED!
HIYA NIKE!
WANNA PAPER?

SURE, AS SOON AS I TAKE ME HEART OUT O'ME MOUTH, WAR OR NO WAR... YOU DON'T WANT TO GET KILLED, KID!

THAT NIGHT MIKE PARKS HIS TAXI IN THE BEEZY STREET GARAGE...

HEY LITVAK!
GIVE ME SOME AIR FOR ME TIRES, HUH?

LITVAK! HEY, LITVAK!
PAL! WHERE ARE YOU-- OH, THERE YOU ARE.. WHAT'S THE MATTER?

MY COUNTRY'S BEEN INVADED!
ALL I LOVE BACK HOME ARE PROBABLY DEAD NOW! ISS DISS WORLD GOING MAD?

THOSE LOW DOWN, DIRTY---

IN A FLASH, MICHAEL O'CONNOR'S IRISH WAS UR. HE'D SHOW THOSE GOOSE STEPPING NAZIS..

THE NEXT MORNING MIKE APPEARED AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY----

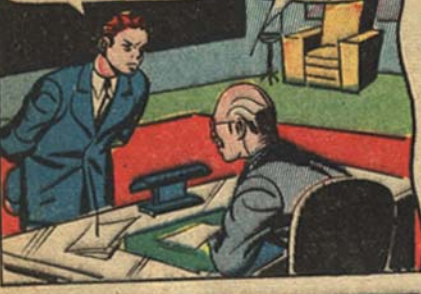
I WANT TO ENLIST IN YOUR ARMY, I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THOSE NAZIS DO BUSINESS.

NEITHER DO WE, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

I DRIVE A CAB, A CAB!

YES, I THINK THERE'S A PLACE FOR YOU IF YOU DON'T MIND TRAVELING FROM BROOKLYN TO BURMA!

BURMA! -- THE LIFE-LINE OF SUPPLIES TO THE OPPRESSED CHINESE! MONTHS LATER, FROM RANGOON STARTS A LONG CHAIN OF TRUCKS----



THIS AIN'T TIMES SQUARE, BUT WITH THOSE JAP PLANES UP THERE IT MIGHT BE ALMOST AS TOUGH TO GET THROUGH!

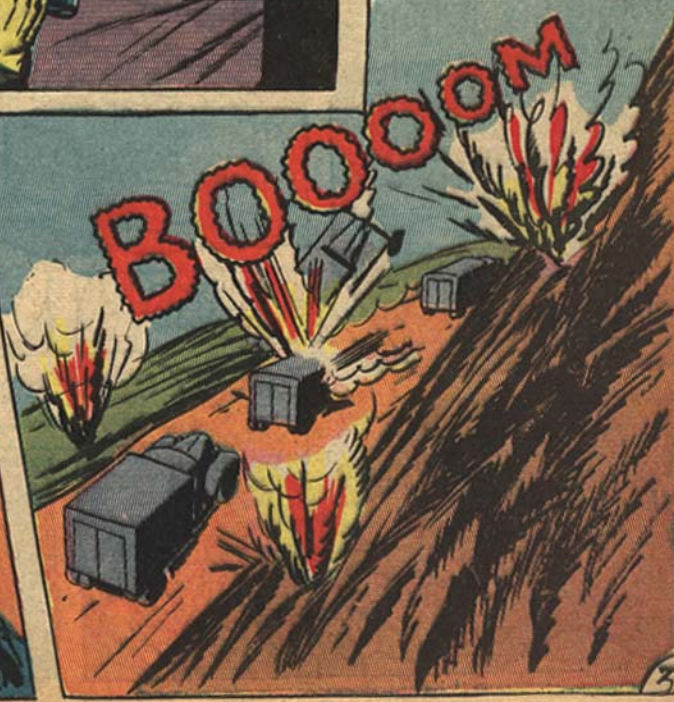


MEANWHILE, INSIDE A JAP BOMBER--



TRUCKS! COMMENCE BOMBING!

THE BOMBER DIVES FOR ITS PREY!



HEY, THEY'VE
STARTED A
LANDSLIDE...

AND INSIDE O'CONNOR'S
TRUCK...

BUT IF I WORK
FAST I CAN STOP
IT!

THE ANGLE OF
THE TRUCK
WILL WARD
OFF THE
SLIDE.

--SURE ENOUGH THE
SLIDE IS DIVERTED
FROM ITS COURSE!

THE ROAD IS
STILL CLEAR!
GOOD WORK,
MIKE.

NO BLARNEY
NOW! LET'S
GET GOING!

LET'S BREAK
OUR SPEED
RECORD THIS
TIME.

AND ONCE MORE
THE CONVOY OF
TRUCKS CONTINUED
ON ITS WAY. MONTHS
PASSED... THE NAME
OF MICHAEL O'CONNOR
MEANT... THE GOODS!
WILL GET THROUGH!

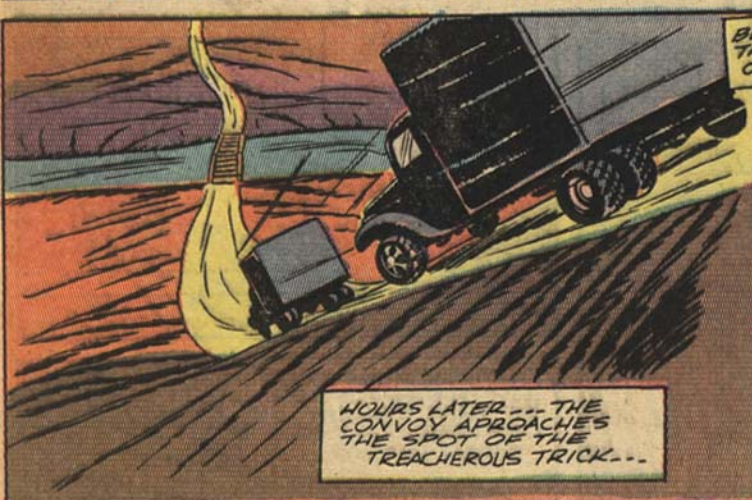
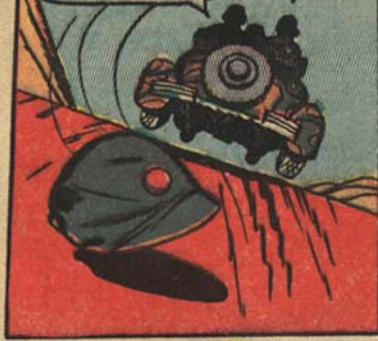
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE VALIANT DRIVERS, THE JAPANESE HAD SET A TRAP FOR THE FLEET OF TRUCKS HAD SUCCEEDED IN GETTING THROUGH TOO MANY TIMES...

THIS MINE UNDER THE BRIDGE WILL STOP THEM! THE FOOLS!

YOU! YOU WILL WATCH THE PROCEEDINGS AND REPORT WHEN OUR PLAN IS SUCCESSFUL!

HA! HA! HERE IS ONE TIME THE ENEMY JOIN THEIR HONORABLE ANCESTORS.

HA! WHITE WEAKINGS! HA! HA!



BUT SUDDENLY SOMETHING CATCHES MIKE O'CONNOR'S EYE!

LOOK! A JAP HAT! THEM SLANT-EYES HAVE BEEN HERE!



HOURS LATER... THE CONVOY APPROACHES THE SPOT OF THE TREACHEROUS TRICK...



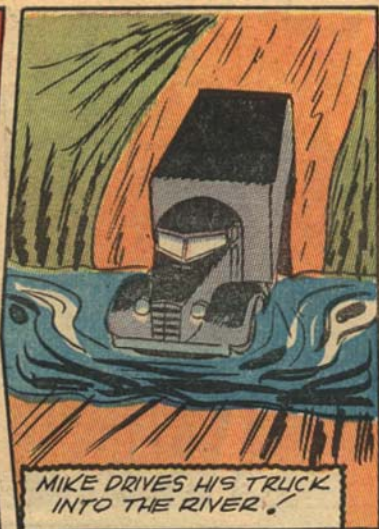
I'LL BET THEY'VE PLANTED A MINE. LET'S TOSS THIS ROCK AND MAKE SURE!



THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN US... THANKS TO MIKE IT WASN'T

HOW ARE WE GONNA GET ACROSS?

FOLLOW ME BOYS!

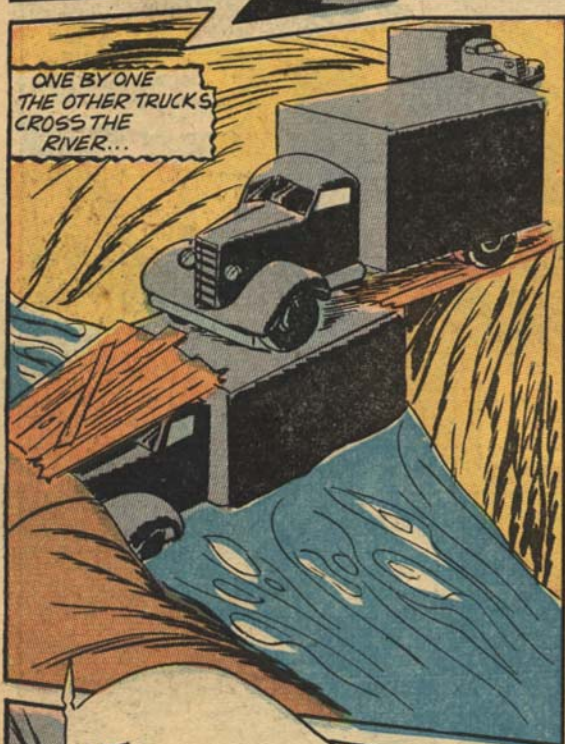


MIKE DRIVES HIS TRUCK INTO THE RIVER!

OK! BOYS USE THIS TRUCK AS A BRIDGE!



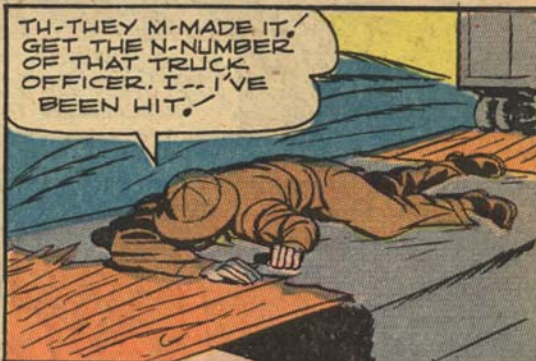
ONE BY ONE THE OTHER TRUCKS CROSS THE RIVER...



THEN SUDDENLY THE LONE JAP GUARD RAISES HIS GUN AND---



TH- THEY M- MADE IT! GET THE N-NUMBER OF THAT TRUCK OFFICER. I-- I'VE BEEN HIT!



INSTEAD OF BLACK, WE'LL BE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN. MICHAEL O'CONNOR! YOUR NAME WILL BE FOREVER ON OUR LIPS AS THE MAN WHO DIED WITH A BIT O' BLARNEY ON HIS LIPS, AND A DIRTY BULLET IN HIS IRISH HEART!



the END

WORLD WONDERS



TREE RINGS ARE DIRECTLY RELATED TO THE SPOTS ON THE SUN... THE MORE SUNSPOTS, THE MORE SOLAR ENERGY AND THUS THE MORE TREE GROWTH.

THE DANGEROUS JUNGLE TIGER FEARS ONLY ONE LIVING THING THE SOLITARY WILD BOAR OUTCAST FROM HIS HERD BECAUSE OF HIS AGE AND VISCIOUSNESS.



CONTRARY TO POPULAR OPINION, GAME ANIMALS MULTIPLY MORE RAPIDLY IN TIME OF WAR THAN IN TIME OF PEACE.

SUB CHASERS

DURING WORLD WAR I, THE BRITISH EQUIPPED SEALS WITH MUZZLES AND RED FLOATS AND TRIED TO TRAIN THEM TO SPY ON GERMAN SUBMARINES!

JUST

JOKES

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOUR GUN CAPTAIN'S HEAD WERE BLOWN OFF IN THE MIDST OF A BATTLE?
SEAMAN—NOTHING.
CHIEF PETTY OFFICER—WHY NOT?
SEAMAN—I'M THE GUN CAPTAIN.



"WHEN I LOOKED OUT OF THE WINDOW, JOHNNY, I WAS GLAD TO SEE YOU PLAYING MARBLES WITH BILLY."
"WE WASNT PLAYING MARBLES, MA. WE JUST HAD A FIGHT AND I WAS HELPING HIM PICK UP HIS TEETH."



BUG HATCH

CAPTAIN—WHY DIDNT YOU SALUTE ME YESTERDAY?
PRIVATE—I DIDNT SEE YOU, SIR.
CAPTAIN—GOOD. I WAS AFRAID YOU WERE MAD AT ME



"EVERYBODY IS CRAZY OVER ME," SAID THE INMATE OF THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE INSANE ASYLUM.



DRINK (TO SPLENDIDLY UNIFORMED BYSTANDER)
—SHAY, CALL ME A CAB, WILL YA?
SPLENDIDLY UNIFORMED BYSTANDER—MY GOOD MAN, I AM NOT A DOOR-MAN; I AM A NAVAL OFFICER.
DRUNK—AWRGT, THEN, CALL ME A BOAT. I GOTTA GET HOME.



—WHY HAVE YOU TAKEN A PECULIAR POSE?
FRIEND—GIVEN A SCULPTOR—YOU SEE, IT WAS STARTED AS A HORSE AND RIDER STATUE, AND THEN THE ART COMMITTEE FOUND THEY COULDN'T AFFORD THE HORSE

JIMMY—WHICH PART OF MY SAX SOLO WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR?
TOMMY—THE PART WHERE I BREAK THE HORN OVER YOUR HEAD.

BEST GAG ON THIS PAGE!



—HERE LIES THE BODY OF RABBITMAN WHO WENT TO SLEEP ON A RAILROAD TRACK HE WENT TO SLEEP



AFTER THE MEETING...



GOOD EVENING MISS TALBOT, YOUR FATHER SURE MADE A FINE SPEECH TONIGHT!

THANK YOU MR. THOMAS!

ARE YOU TAKING THIS BUS TOO MARY?

YES, MISS TALBOT!



AND THEN MY FATHER SAID, SOME OF OUR BOYS ARE LEAVING FOR AUSTRALIA, VERY SOON! BUT DON'T TELL IT TO ANY STRANGERS!



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA HAVE, BILL, HAIRCUT AND SHAVE? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE STEPPING OUT TONIGHT! GOTTA NICE GIRL, YES, NO?



DID YOU KNOW THAT 25 BOYS FROM OUR TOWN ARE LEAVING THIS COMING SUNDAY FOR AUSTRALIA! SUPPOSED TO BE A BIG CONVOY, MAYBE 30 OR MORE SHIPS...

COME ON, TONY CUT OUT THE CHATTER AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



THAT EVENING WE SEE BILL AND HIS BEST GIRL AT THE TROCADERO...



I REALLY SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT IT! PROBABLY IT'S JUST A RUMOR, BUT THEN AGAIN I THOUGHT---



I WOULDN'T SAY IT IF I WERE YOU, YOUNG MAN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS!



NOW YOU SEE HOW THOUGHTLESS IT IS TO SPREAD RUMORS AND GOSSIP! THEY GROW LIKE SNOWBALLS AND BECOME AVALANCHES! JUST READ ON AND SEE---



IMAGINE THAT GUY, TELLING ME WHAT TO DO!

AS I WAS SAYING, ELAINE, I'VE HEARD FROM SOMEBODY THAT SO BOY FROM THIS TOWN ARE GOING TO LEAVE VERY SOON FOR THE PACIFIC!



HELLO, BILL, MIND IF I CUT IN?

THANKS, OLD MAN! YOU KNOW YOU DID THE ARMY A GREAT FAVOR! YEP, I'M ENLISTING TOMORROW MORNING!

OH, HOW WONDERFUL PHILIP!



MAYBE, YOU ARE ONE OF THE BOYS WHO ARE GOING TO LEAVE FOR AUSTRALIA VERY SOON? I REALLY SHOULDN'T TALK ABOUT IT!

NEXT MORNING



HELLO PHILIP, WHERE ARE YOU GOING SO EARLY IN THE MORNING?

ME, I'VE JUST ENLISTED IN THE ARMY, UNCLE GEORGE!



I'M NOT WAITING AROUND TILL THEY DRAFT ME, NO SUREE! I WANT TO GET IN THE SCRAP AS SOON AS POSSIBLE! WHY ONLY LAST NIGHT I HEARD THAT 35 SHIPS ARE LEAVING VERY SOON, FOR THE PACIFIC!



I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THAT'S THE ONLY FURLINED JACKET I HAVE!

WELL COULD YOU MAKE ME ONE?



SLEEVE 25, ALL RIGHT, SIR, I'LL TRY TO FINISH IT BY THIS COMING SATURDAY!



THAT'S FINE MR. TALBOT! BUT DON'T FORGET! **I MUST** HAVE IT BY THAT TIME OR IT'LL BE TOO LATE! I'M LEAVING THIS SUNDAY NIGHT!



HMM, FIRST PHILIP TELLS ME THAT A CONVOY LEAVES FOR THE PACIFIC, AND NOW THIS OFFICER SEEMS TO BE IN A HURRY TO LEAVE BY SUNDAY, PROBABLY FOR ALASKA!



YES, DEAR READER, THERE'S YOUR FIRST-CLASS RUMOR MONGER! HE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH WHAT HE HEARD! HE ADDS A LITTLE OF HIS OWN! HE **MEANT** NO HARM, OF COURSE! BUT WAIT AND SEE!



HELLO, DEAR, HOW'S JUNIOR? BEEN A GOOD BOY TODAY?

WHY ARE YOU SO LATE, GEORGE?

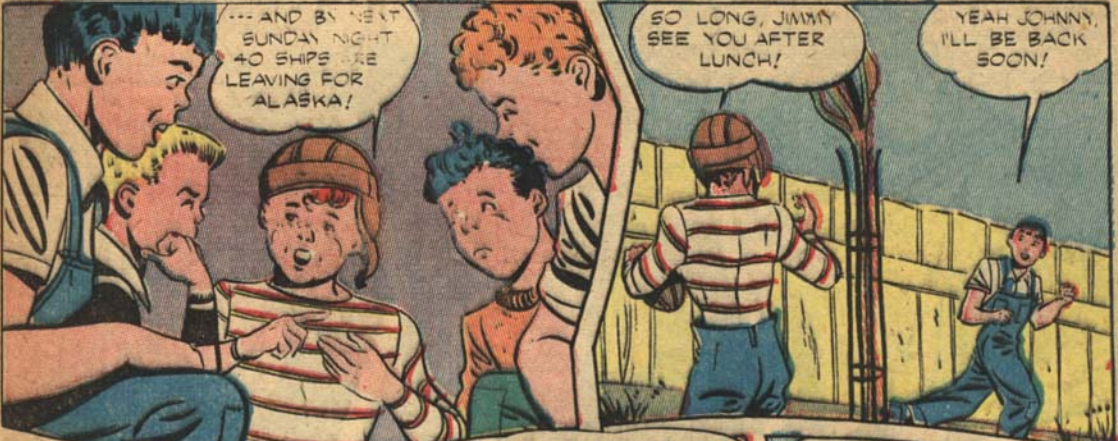


I'M SORRY BUT I COULDN'T MAKE IT SOONER! AN ARMY OFFICER CAME IN AND ORDERED A FURLINED JACKET! IT HAS TO BE FINISHED BY SATURDAY, BECAUSE HE SAID HE'S LEAVING SUNDAY FOR ALASKA!



WIDE-EYED, JUNIOR LISTENED VERY CAREFULLY TO HIS FATHER'S WORDS---AND LATER WITH HIS FRIENDS---

HEY FELLAS, COME HERE QUICK! I GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YA!



... AND BY NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT 40 SHIPS ARE LEAVING FOR ALASKA!

SO LONG, JIMMY SEE YOU AFTER LUNCH!

YEAH JOHNNY, I'LL BE BACK SOON!



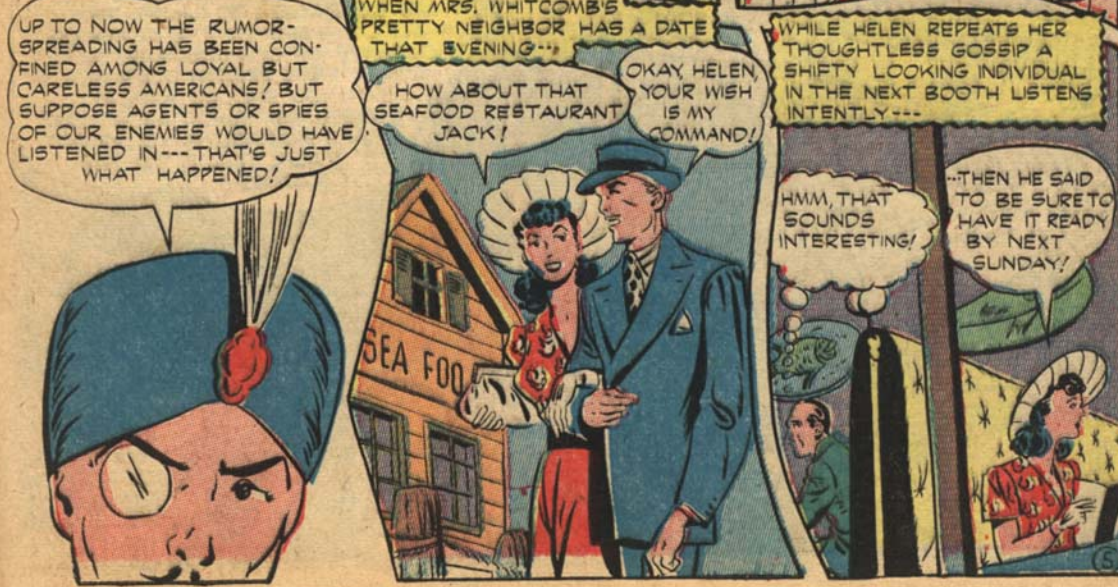
HELLO, MOM, WHEN DO WE EAT? I'M HUNGRY!

WHY, JOHNNY, IS THAT WHAT BROUGHT YOU BACK SO SOON? DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME?

... AND HIS FATHER SOLD TWO DOZEN FURLINED COATS TO THE OFFICERS, AND THEY GOT TO HAVE THEM BY SUNDAY NIGHT! THAT'S WHEN THEY LEAVE FOR ALASKA IN A BIG CONVOY!

--- I REALLY SHOULDN'T TELL YOU HELEN! IT'S A SECRET!

IS THAT SO, MRS. WHITCOMB?



UP TO NOW THE RUMOR-SPREADING HAS BEEN CONFINED AMONG LOYAL BUT CARELESS AMERICANS! BUT SUPPOSE AGENTS OR SPIES OF OUR ENEMIES WOULD HAVE LISTENED IN--- THAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED!

WHEN MRS. WHITCOMB'S PRETTY NEIGHBOR HAS A DATE THAT EVENING---

HOW ABOUT THAT SEAFOOD RESTAURANT JACK!

OKAY HELEN, YOUR WISH IS MY COMMAND!

WHILE HELEN REPEATS HER THOUGHTLESS GOSSIP A SHIFTY LOOKING INDIVIDUAL IN THE NEXT BOOTH LISTENS INTENTLY---

HMM, THAT SOUNDS INTERESTING!

... THEN HE SAID TO BE SURE TO HAVE IT READY BY NEXT SUNDAY!

THANK YOU SO MUCH DECADENT AMERICAN YOU ARE SO HELPFUL TO US!

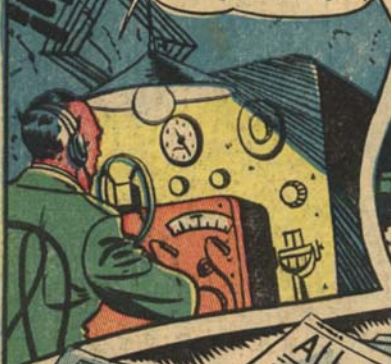
YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T TALK SO LOUD, HELEN! SOMEBODY MIGHT HEAR YOU, BESIDES. DON'T SPREAD RUMORS!

BUT THE SHIFTY LOOKING GUY DID HEAR IT AND HURRIEDLY LEAVES THE RESTAURANT...

ANY WAY IT SOUNDED PLAUSIBLE. GOT TO TRANSMIT THAT TIP!



MFZX REPORTING, MFZX REPORTING! TROOPSHIP LEAVING SUNDAY FOR ALASKA FROM AMERICAN EAST PORT, EXACT NUMBER UNKNOWN!



THERE IS THE TERRIBLE CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY, AND THERE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO CAUSED IT! PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND ME! ALL THEY DID WAS SPREAD A LITTLE RUMOR! BUT IT WAS BIG ENOUGH TO CAUSE THE SINKING OF A SHIP OR THE DEATH OF THOUSANDS OF OUR SOLDIERS! REMEMBER FREE SPEECH DOES NOT MEAN YOU SHOULD REPEAT GOSSIP AND RUMOR ABOUT OUR ARMED FORCES! IF YOU'VE GOT TO TALK, TELL IT TO THE MARINES!

ATTAC... SABOTAGE HINTED... ALL ABOARD... Times... Daily Press... Express Glo... TROOPSHIP SUN

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