

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

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# **ZIP**

## **COMICS**

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**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

# STEEL STERLING

BY IRVING NOVIK

RIDE ALONG WITH LOONEY IN A JEEP—RIGHT SMACK INTO A NEST OF VICIOUS HUMAN RATS, THEN TO BE PLUCKED FROM A PERILOUS PREDICAMENT, THROUGH THE DETERMINED AND COURAGEOUS EFFORTS OF **STEEL STERLING**, IN THE STIRRING ADVENTURE OF **"THE DISAPPEARING DIAMONDS"**



STEEL YA GOTTA HELP ME! THEY'LL BREAK ME! I TELL YA, THEY'LL BREAK ME! OOOH MY HEAD!

STOP CHATTERING LIKE A MONKEY AND PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

NOW, TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT AND DON'T SKIP ANY DETAILS!

OKAY, STEEL - Y'SEE IT ALL STARTED OUT AT CAMP -

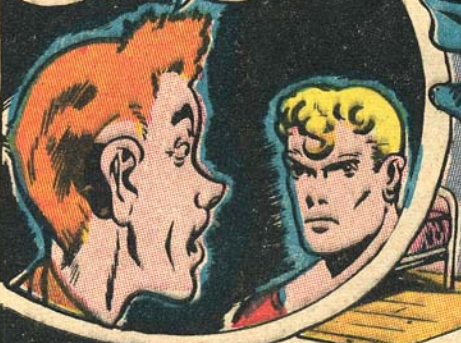
I WAS IN MY TENT CLEANIN' MY RIFLE - WHEN THE SERGEANT STICKS HIS HEAD IN AND YELLS -

HEY, LOONEY! THE CAPTAIN WANTS YOU PRONTO!

AT THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CORPORAL LUNAR?

YES SIR! I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

AW! WHAT DID I DO NOW?



HUH? SAY, I'M LUNAR - BUT I'M A PRIVATE NOT A CORPORAL!

YOU MEAN THAT YOU WERE A PRIVATE!

FOR YOUR CONSCIENTIOUSNESS AND EARNEST ENDEAVOR YOU ARE BEING ADVANCED TO THE RANK OF CORPORAL HERE ARE YOUR STRIPES!

GEE! GOLLY! DON'T THEY LOOK PRETTY! GOSH, THANKS, CAPTAIN - ER I MEAN SR! ULP!



AND NOW, I HAVE AN IMPORTANT AND DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU. DIAMONDS USED IN THE CUTTING OF PRECISION INSTRUMENTS HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM ONE OF OUR AIRPLANE FACTORIES!

THE ROBBERIES HAVE OCCURRED DURING THE TRANSFER OF THE DIAMONDS FROM THE WAR PLANT TO THE DIAMOND CUTTERS! THE COMPANY HAS TAKEN EVERY PRECAUTION FOR THEIR SAFE DELIVERY - ARMORED CARS - GUARDS, EVERYTHING - BUT TO NO AVAIL!

THE SITUATION HAS BECOME SO SERIOUS THAT THE ARMY HAS STEPPED IN AND TAKEN OVER! OUR PLAN THIS TIME IS TO USE ONE MAN, THE STRATEGY BEING THAT HE WILL BE LESS CONSPICUOUS. THAT MAN IS YOU!



YOP! UH HUH - WHO, ME? Y' MEAN ME!

YES, OF COURSE IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT -

THERE AIN'T ANYTHING I CAN'T HANDLE! WHY-DID I EVER TELL YA ABOUT THE TIME I CAPTURED THOSE -

I'M WELL ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR EXPLOITS! AT LEAST THE WAY YOU HAVE BEEN TELLING THEM! THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE JOB!



WELL - ER - KOFF, KOFF - AHM - WHAT ARE MY ORDERS, SIR?

YOU ARE TO TAKE A JEEP AND PROCEED TO THE APEX AERONAUTICS CO., PICK UP THE DIAMONDS FROM MR. PETERS, THE SUPER-INTENDENT - THEN DELIVER THEM TO THE KIEL DIAMOND CUTTERS - AND REMEMBER YOU ARE TO STOP AND TALK TO NO ONE EXCEPT MR. PETERS AND MR. KIEL!

WITH THE NEW CHEVRONS ON MY ARMS I SET OUT IN A JEEP ON MY MISSION AND SOON ARRIVED AT THE AIRPLANE FACTORY!



YES SIR! YOU CAN DEPEND ON ME, SIR!



YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER -

CORPORAL LUNAR TO SEE MR. PETERS!

MR. PETERS IS OUT NOW, BUT HE'S EXPECTING YOU! GO RIGHT INTO HIS OFFICE AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE!

MAY AS WELL TAKE A LOAD OFF MY FEET! OH BOY- DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME OR IS THAT A JAR OF HARD CANDIES ON THAT DESK!

THE ONLY THING I LIKE BETTER THAN A HARD CANDY, ARE TWO HARD CANDIES! MR. PETERS WOULDN'T MIND IF I SWIPE ONE!



OW! MY TOOTH! OW-OH--OO. WHAT'S IN THESE CANDIES?

I LIKE 'EM HARD, BUT I DON'T LIKE ROCKS!

WELL-CORPORAL LUNAR, I SUPPOSE! I'M MR. PETERS, THE PLANT SUPERINTENDENT! CAPTAIN GEORGE INFORMED ME OF YOUR COMING!

HUH? OH YEAH!



THAT'S QUITE A PLAN- WHO WOULD SUSPECT A LONE SOLDIER CARRYING AN IN-SIGNIFICANT LOOKING PACKAGE WORTH MILLIONS! THIS SHIFTS A GREAT DEAL OF RESPONSIBILITY ON YOUR SHOULDERS!

OH, THAT'S OKAY MR PETERS, MY BROAD SHOULDERS HAVE CARRIED MANY BURDENS IN THE PAST!

HERE THEY ARE- AND BE CAREFUL WITH THEM. THEY'RE VALUABLE!

DON'T WORRY, SIR! THEY'LL BE AS SAFE WITH ME AS THEY WOULD BE IN YOUR OWN POCKET!



WELL, I GOT BACK INTO MY JEEP AND STARTED OUT FOR KIEL'S - WHEN-

HI, SOLDIER!

WOO! WOO! HO NELLE!

DON'T STOP OR TALK TO ANYONE!

YES SIR!

WHILE LATER, SOME BIG TRUCK PULLS OUT OF A SIDESTREET AND TRIES TO SIDE SWIPE ME--

MY LITTLE JEEP HOPPED THE CURB AND A COUPLE OF STONE FENCES LIKE A GRASSHOPPER. I DIDN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TRUCK!

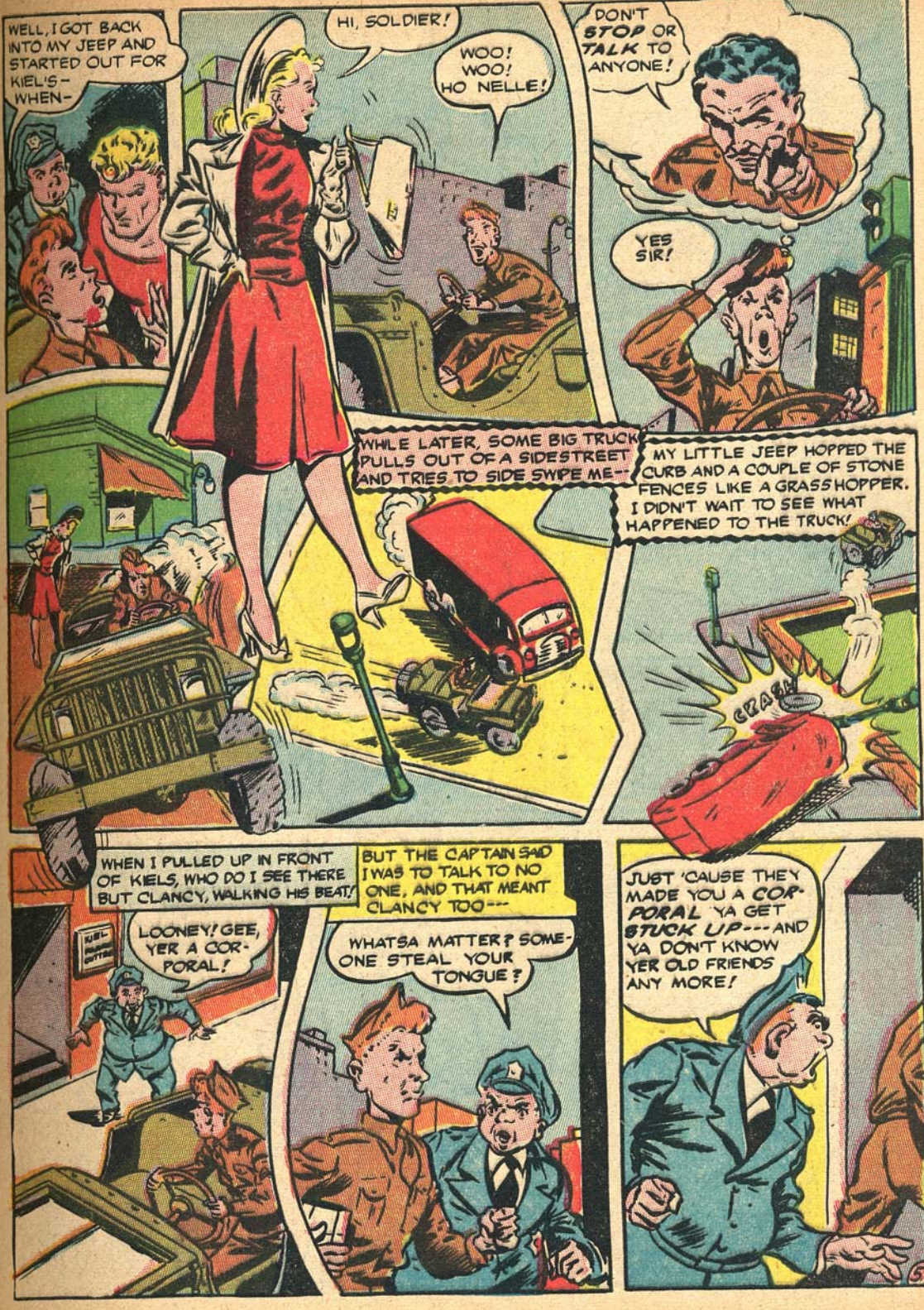
WHEN I PULLED UP IN FRONT OF KIEL'S, WHO DO I SEE THERE BUT CLANCY, WALKING HIS BEAT!

BUT THE CAPTAIN SAID I WAS TO TALK TO NO ONE, AND THAT MEANT CLANCY TOO---

LOONEY! GEE, YER A CORPORAL!

WHATS A MATTER? SOMEONE STEAL YOUR TONGUE?

JUST 'CAUSE THEY MADE YOU A CORPORAL YA GET STUCK UP---AND YA DONT KNOW YER OLD FRIENDS ANY MORE!





HERE THEY ARE, MR. KIEL. SAFE AND SOUND!

AH, YES! DER U.S. ARMY IS A VERY EFFICIENT, NO?



YES SIR! WE ALWAYS DELIVER THE - PLUP-ULP!

TIE HIM OFF UND LOCK HIM IN DER CLOSET!



WHY DID YOU COME HERE DO YOU WANT TO GET ME IN TROUBLE?

WE HAD NO ODDER CHOICE! DER SVINE ESCAPED US TWICE. GIFF US DER DIAMONDS- AND LATER YOU VILL GET RID OF THE AMERICAN PIG!



YOU WANT ME TO MURDER HIM? NO, NEFER! I'VE DONE ALL OF YOUR DIRTY WORK! BUT YOU CAN'T MAKE ME KILL A MAN!



SILENCE, FOOL! YOU VILL DO AS YOU ARE TOLD OTHERWISE YOUR FAMILY IN DENMARK SHALL TASTE A SAMPLE OF NAZISM!

AFTER THEY LEFT, THE OLD GUY SAT THERE FOR HOURS -- SAD-LIKE, WHEN SUDDENLY THE PHONE RANG--



HE WROTE A PHONE NUMBER AND ADDRESS ON A PAPER PAD ---



AND SAID HE'D BE RIGHT OVER THEN HE TORE OFF WHAT HE WROTE DOWN AND LEFT!

THAT'S WHERE I COME IN-



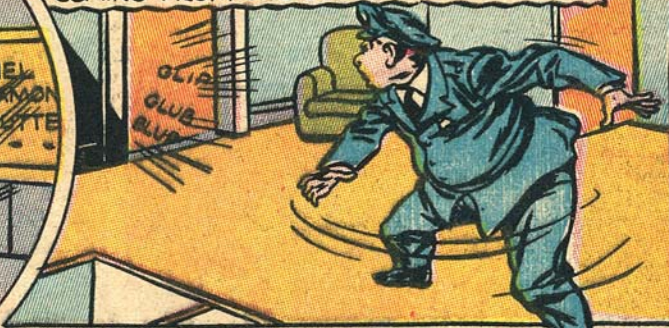


WELL SIR, YA CAN IMAGINE HOW SORE I WAS AFTER LOONEY SNUBBED ME. I DECIDED TO WAIT TILL HE CAME OUT AND LET HIM HAVE IT. I WAITED TILL IT GOT DARK-BUT NO LOONEY--

I WENT UP TO KIEL'S AND FOUND THE PLACE DESERTED--SUDDENLY HEARD MOANS AND NOISE COMING FROM THE CLOSET...



KIEL  
DIAMON  
CLOSET



LOONEY



I GOT HIM OUT AND UNTIED HIM--THEN HE STARTED TALKIN' OUTTA HIS HEAD...  
CORPORAL--STOLEN-AIN'T FAIR MILLIONS OF BUCKS--DIAMONDS SLOGGED ME-- KILL'----



SO I PHONED YA TO RUSH OVER HERE AS SOON AS YOU COULD--THAT'S AS MUCH AS THERE IS TO TELL!

THAT'S PLENTY!



NOW IF WE COULD FIND KIEL-- YOU SAY HE WROTE THE ADDRESS AND PHONE NUMBER ON THIS PAD!

YEAH! BUT HE TOOK THE PAGE WITH HIM! THERE'S NO-THING ON THE PAGE!



MAYBE NOT, BUT IF HIS PENCIL LEFT ANY IMPRESSION ON THE NEXT PAGE, THEN RUBBING A PENCIL OVER IT MAY BRING IT OUT--IT'S AN OLD GAG I ONCE SAW USED IN A MOVIE--BUT NEVER THOUGHT I'D USE IT!

WELL, I'LL BE!



IT WORKED! I CAN'T MAKE OUT THE ADDRESS, BUT I'VE GOT THE PHONE NUMBER!

A FAT LOTTA GOOD THAT DOES US - THE TELEPHONE COMPANY WON'T GIVE US THE ADDRESS!

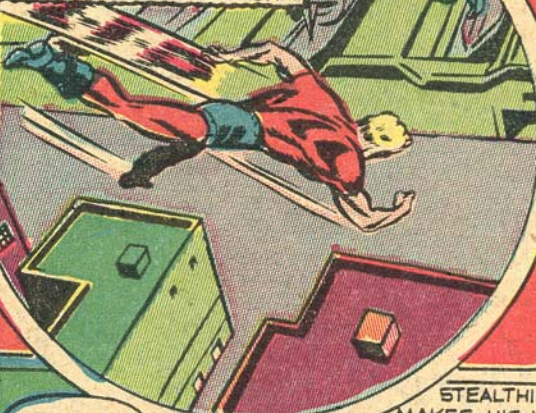
I KNOW BUT I'VE GOT A **PLAN**-CALL THIS NUMBER, **RECTOR 3925**- AND KEEP RINGING IT EVEN IF IT TAKES AN **HOUR!**

B-BUT STEEL WE DON'T GET IT!

**YOU WILL!**



THE MAN OF STEEL ZIPS DOWN AMONGST THE WAREHOUSES IN THE DARK, DESERTED WATERFRONT SECTION...



IT OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!



AH, THERE IT IS!

STEALTHILY STEEL MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE INKY BLACKNESS OF THE WAREHOUSE TOWARD THE PHONE...

HULLO-HULLO-WHO? **STEEL** HOW'D YA... WHO'D YA... WHERE'D YA... WHAT I MEAN IS--



OH SIMPLE ENOUGH- I KNEW THAT **RECTOR** WAS A TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT- SO I PROWLED AROUND UNTIL I HEARD THE PHONE RINGING- YOU AND LOONEY HOP DOWN HERE I'M AT 95 EAST STREET!

I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK AROUND  
WHILE I WAIT  
FOR CLANCY  
AND LOONEY!

OH, OH! I THINK  
THIS IS OUR  
MAN!

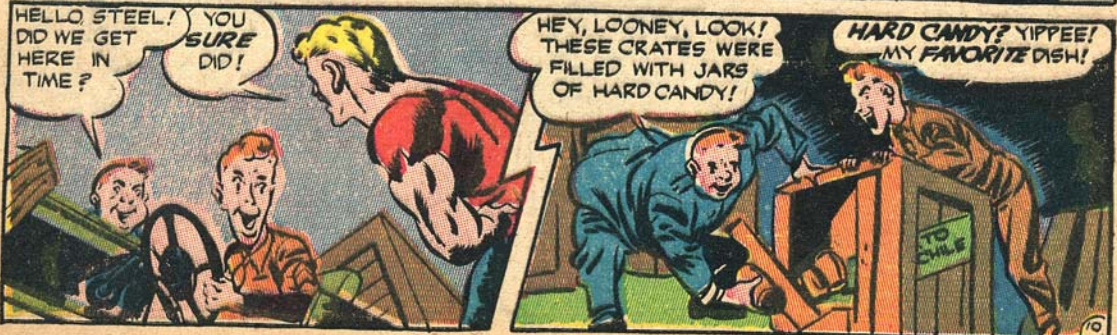
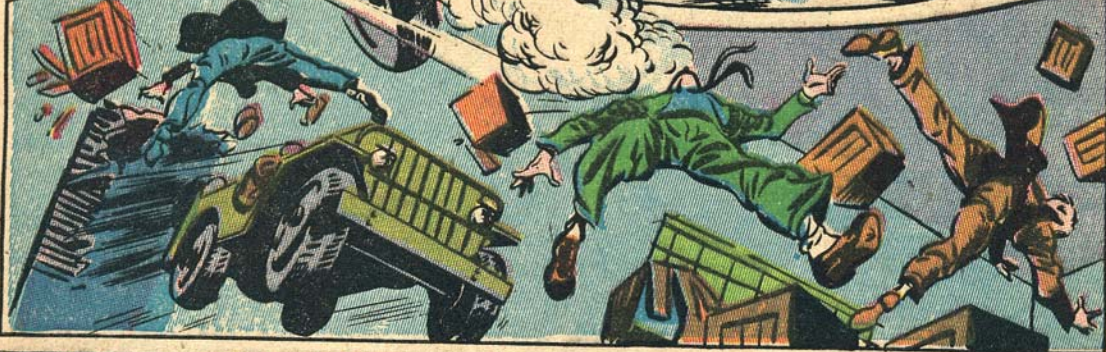
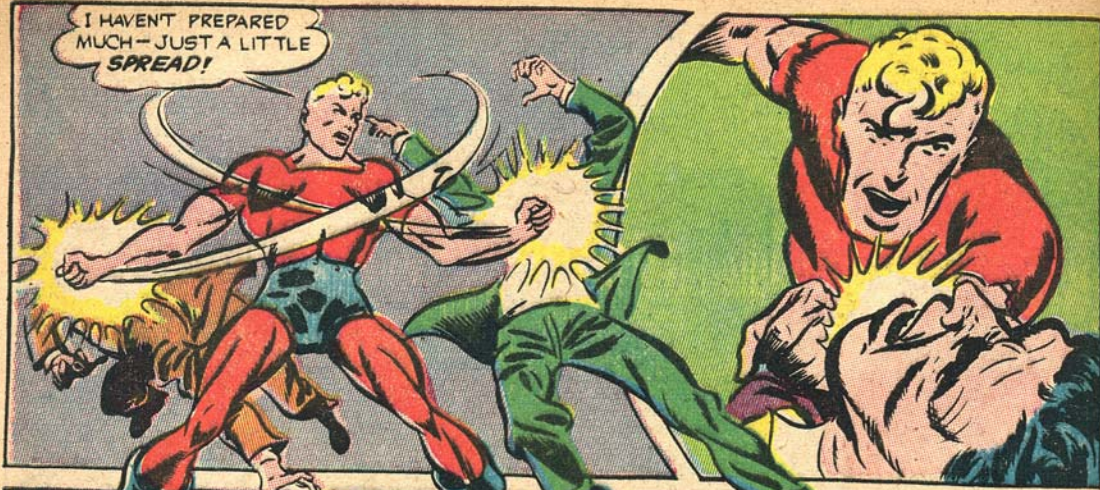
IT'S KIEL ALL RIGHT! THESE  
PAPERS I FOUND IN HIS  
POCKET PROVE IT - AND  
HE'S AS DEAD AS A  
MACKEREL!

WHICH LEAVES  
US NO NEARER THE  
SOLUTION THAN BE-  
FORE!

TRYING TO  
SNEAK UP ON  
ME, EH? DIDN'T  
YOU KNOW THAT  
PRESENT  
EVENTS CAST  
THEIR FU-  
TURE SHA-  
DOWS?

SOME MORE GUESTS FOR  
TEA, EH? SURE. WHY SHOULD  
YOU TAKE ALL THE LUMPS?

CHILE  
TO ARGENTINA





GIMME, GIMME!  
GIMME! OH  
BOY!

GEE,  
LOONEY! YOU  
SURE ARE CRAZY  
ABOUT HARD  
CANDIES!



OOP!

CLUNK  
CRACK



IT'S A CONSPIRACY!  
PHOOEY!

WHATSA  
MATTER,  
LOONEY?



CLANCY INSPECTS  
THE DISCARDED CANDY...

H-HEY, STEEL!  
C'MERE QUICK!



WOW! THIS IS  
SOMETHING - COME ON,  
WE'RE GOING TO EXAMINE  
SOME MORE OF THESE  
JARS OF CANDY!



WELL  
I'LL BE --!

AV BUNK! WHAT  
IS THIS! FIRST,  
WHEN I ATE ONE  
OF MR. PETERS'  
CANDIES I ALMOST  
BROKE A TOOTH -  
AND NOW -



WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT  
BEFORE? WHAT LOONEY JUST  
SAID MAKES IT ALL CLEAR!  
COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO  
SEE MR. PETERS!



A WHILE LATER  
IN MR. PETERS'  
OFFICE AT THE  
WAR PLANT--

THIS IS HIGHLY  
IRREGULAR, CORPORAL  
LUNAR, I SHALL  
REPORT YOU TO  
YOUR SUPERIOR!

NOW Y'SEE STEEL!  
YER GONNA GET ME  
INTO MORE  
TROUBLE!

LOONEY SAID HE THREW  
THE CANDY INTO THE WASTE  
BASKET! AH YES - HERE  
IT IS!

THE CANDY LOONEY  
ATE AT THE WARE-  
HOUSE AND THE ONE  
HE ATE HERE - BOTH  
CLEVERLY CONCEAL-  
ING DIAMONDS! NO  
WONDER HE ALMOST  
BROKE A TOOTH!



YOUR DIRTY GAME IS UP, PETERS! NOT ONLY WILL YOU PAY FOR THE STOLEN DIAMONDS WHICH YOU HAD EXPORTED TO CERTAIN SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRIES WHERE THEY COULD BE DISPOSED OF TO AXIS AGENTS,!--

--- BUT ALSO FOR THE MURDER OF KIEL, WHO WAS AN UNWILLING DUPE! HE REFUSED TO GO ANY FURTHER WITH YOUR FILTHY SCHEMES-- SO YOU KILLED HIM!

VERY CLEVER, MR. STERLING! NOW DON'T MOVE-- OR I'LL BLAST YOUR FRIENDS TO "KINGDOM COME"!

AS PETERS'S BACKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE DOOR---

GOSH, LOONEY! YOU SURE WERE BRAVE TO STICK YOUR FOOT OUT AND TRIP HIM LIKE THAT!

AW! I WAS SORRY I MIGHT IMAGINE HIM REPORTING ME TO MY SUPERIOR OFFICER-- WELL INSTEAD WE'RE GOING TO REPORT HIM TO **UNCLE SAM!**

LATER--

CORPORAL LUNAR, FOR YOUR INVALUABLE AID IN CAPTURING THIS VICIOUS BAND OF CRIMINALS, YOU ARE BEING **ADVANCED** TO THE **RANK OF SERGEANT!**

WHO SIR?  
ME SIR?  
GEE SIR!

**SERGEANT LUNAR,**  
I PRESUME!

**SERGEANT CLANCY,**  
I PRESUME!

DON'T MISS **STEEL STERLING,** AS HE GOES INTO ACTION IN A **STARTLING** NEW ADVENTURE, NEXT MONTH IN **ZIP COMICS**

The

# WEB



ACROSS THE GLOBE, FATE SPINS A WEB—A STRANGE WEB WHOSE STRANDS BEGIN IN A DIFFERENT AGE AND REACH RIGHT UP TO THE PRESENT. THE STRANDS MEET IN THE FROZEN WASTES OF ALASKA WHERE JOHN RAYMOND, THE WEB, BATTLES FIERCE VIKINGS OF OLD. WHAT IS THE SECRET BEHIND THESE MEN OF A PAST AGE WHO CAME OUT OF THE PAGES OF HISTORY TO PLAY A VERY IMPORTANT PART IN THE AFFAIRS OF TODAY?



OUR SCENE OPENS IN THE HOME OF PROF. GEORGE WELLS, WHO IS BEING VISITED BY HIS FRIEND, PROF. RAYMOND — THE WEB! HELLO, GEORGE, I'M SORRY I HAD TO BREAK IN ON YOU AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JOHN! WHAT'S UP?



I HAVE A RATHER UNUSUAL REQUEST TO MAKE, GEORGE! I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE GOING TO ALASKA!

WHY, YES — I'M GOING THERE TO INVESTIGATE THAT NEW GLACIAL SHIFT!



EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO ONE LISTENING!



I'D LIKE TO GO ALONG AS YOUR ASSISTANT!

GO ALONG WITH ME, WHY, JOHN — YOU'RE A PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY, AREN'T YOU? I DON'T THINK YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN---



I KNOW ALL THIS SOUNDS QUEER TO YOU, GEORGE, BUT I'M NOT AT LIBERTY TO GIVE YOU ANY FURTHER INFORMATION AT PRESENT!



I WILL PROMISE THAT I'LL GIVE YOU A FULL EXPLANATION AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT!

THIS IS ALL VERY PUZZLING---



BUT ALL RIGHT, JOHN, THE JOB'S YOURS! AFTER ALL, YOU'VE DONE AS MUCH FOR ME MANY TIMES IN THE PAST! MEET ME AT THE AIRPORT IN THE MORNING!



LATER AT THE AIRPORT --- ER --- LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT IT...  
WE'RE FLYING DIRECT TO NORTH BAY! THERE'S A LANDING FIELD AT THE NEW BASE THE ARMY IS BUILDING! THE GLACIER IS NEARBY --- SAY! ARMY BASE! IT JUST OCCURRED TO ME! ARE YOU ---?

AND SO FROM OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE WORLD TWO STRANDS OF A WEB ARE BEING SPUN! ONE IN THE U.S. ---

AND ONE IN BERLIN --- WE HAVV RECEIVED NO NEWS OF DER U-30 FOR FIVE DAYS, GENERAL! SHOULD I TRY TO RADIO DEM?  
NO DUMBKOPF!

VE MUST GIF DEM TIME! THEIR MISSION IS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE! KAPITAN KLAPP ISS A VERY COMPETENT MAN! HE WILL SUCCEED!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER A MENACING FORM, SLINKING THROUGH THE NIGHT, ARRIVES OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA ---

CAREFUL MIT DER EXPLOSIVES, DUMBKOPF ---

THE SABOTAGE PARTY VILL GO ASHORE AT VUNCE!  
SAY! THEY'VE CERTAINLY GOT A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF WAR SUPPLIES PILED UP HERE! GOOD HUNTING FOR SABOTEURS!

MEANWHILE, PROFESSOR WELLS AND RAYMOND ARRIVE AT NORTH BAY ---

ER -- OH YES! HOW SOON DO WE START FOR THAT GLACIER, GEORGE?

NEXT MORNING THEY START FOR THE GLACIER FIELD---

AFTER A LONG HARD TREK---

WHY, IT'S A VIKING SHIP!

PERFECT! WELLS' GLACIER IS IN JUST ABOUT THE LOCALITY THE NAZI SUBMARINE WAS SPOTTED!



GOOD LORD, WHAT'S THAT?



AND AS RAYMOND AND WELLS DISCUSS THE STRANGE PHENOMENON, AN OFFICER FROM THE NAZI SUBMARINE APPROACHES--- THAT SHIP HAS BEEN ENCASED IN THE ICE FOR CENTURIES! THE NEW SHIFT UNCOVERED IT!

LOOK AT THOSE BODIES. THEY'RE PERFECTLY PRESERVED!



YES, THEY'VE BEEN PRESERVED IN THIS ICE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS!

WE'LL COME BACK TOMORROW WITH A TRACTOR, DRAG IT TO THE RIVER AND SAIL IT DOWN TO NORTH BAY!

VY DON'T VE KILL DEM NOW, HERR LIEUTENANT?

DOSE TWO SOUND LIKE SCIENTISTS, DEY VILL NO DOUBT REPORT DEIR FINDINGS TO DER ARMY BASE! IT ISS A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY FOR US!

SHH-- QUIET, YOU FOOL! I HAFF A MUCH BETTER PLAN!



QUICK, LOAD DER DYNAMITE ON DER SHIP, THEN STRIP DER BODIES AND BURY THEM!



VE VILL PUT ON DER VIKING CLOTHES AND MAKE BELIEVE VE ARE DER REAL VIKINGS COME TO LIFE!



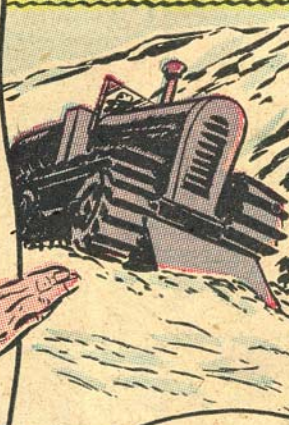
TOMORROW DER AMERICAN VILL COME MIT DER TRACTOR TO LAUNCH DER BOAT! VE VILL SURPRISE DE DUMBKOPFS AND CAPTURE DEM!



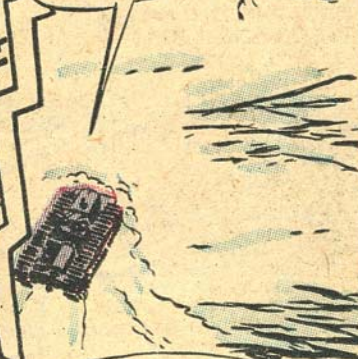
DEN VE SAIL DER BOAT, LOADED MIT DYNAMITE INTO DER NEW BASE AND BLOW IT UP!



THE NEXT MORNING THE TRACTOR APPEARS ---



GOOD LORD! THOSE VIKINGS, RAYMOND --- THEY'RE MOVING--THEY'RE ALIVE!

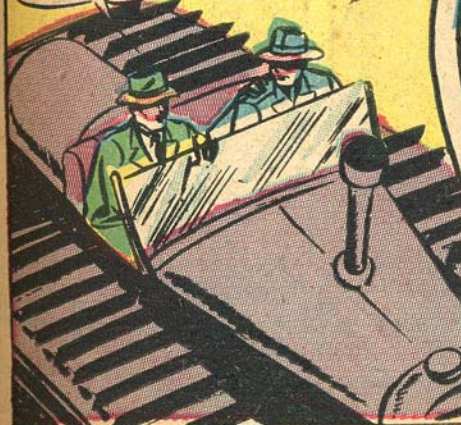


LIVE VIKINGS! THIS IS THE MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF THE CENTURY! THE HEAT OF THE SUN MUST HAVE REVIVED THEM FROM A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!

WHEW--- IT CERTAINLY DOES SEEM AMAZING --- AND YET---

HELLO!-- WHO ARE YOU? WE ARE AMERICANS! --- THEY DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND ME, GEORGE!

HA, HA! YOU COULD HARDLY EXPECT THEM TO AFTER ALL, THEY'RE HUNDREDS OF YEARS OLD!



WELL, COME ON, JOHN! LET'S TOW THIS THING BACK TO THE BASE! HA, HA! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO SEE THE LOOK ON EVERYBODY'S FACE WHEN THEY SEE WHAT WE'VE BROUGHT BACK!

JOHN! LOOK, THEY'RE TRYING TO HELP US!

THE SUPPOSED VIKINGS CHEER AS THE SHIP IS FLOATED---

REMARKABLY JUBILANT, AREN'T THEY, GEORGE, THAT WE LAUNCHED THEIR SHIP?



WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE, RAYMOND? I'M EXCITED MYSELF! THIS WILL CREATE A SENSATION WHEN I REPORT IT TO THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY!

LET'S GO BELOW AND LOOK AROUND!



WHAT'S THIS? DYNAMITE!



DYNAMITE! ... GOOD LORD! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!

QUICKLY RAYMOND PULLS OFF HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND BECOMES... **THE WEB!**



THE VIKINGS ARE NAZIS, WELLS! WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST!



WEB! WATCH OUT BEHIND YOU!

WHEW!-- A LITTLE CLOSER AND HE'D HAVE GIVEN ME A SHAVE!



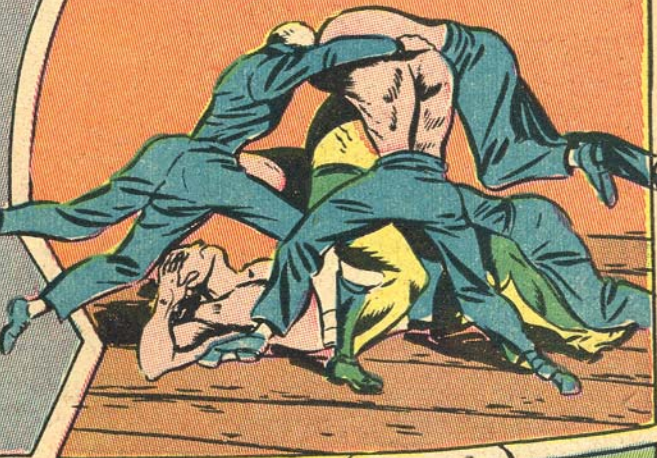
DUCK, WELLS, I'LL HANDLE THIS RAT!

UGH!

RAYMOND!-- YOU, YOU'RE THE WEB!

OH, NO YOU VON'T, WEB! HANS!  
REINHARDT---HEINRICH! DIS  
VAY! QUVICK!

THE WEB IS OVERPOWERED BY  
SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS---

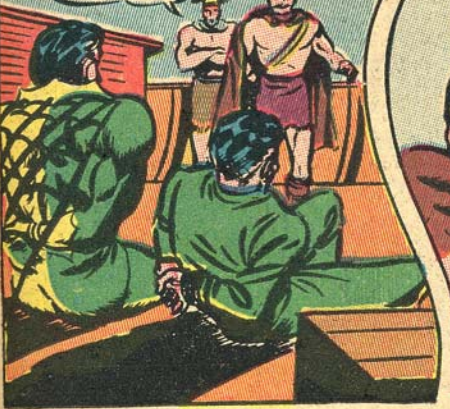


SHALL WE  
LIQUIDATE DER  
AMERICANS,  
KAPITAN?

NO, I HAF  
A BETTER  
PLAN!

VE VILL LEAVE DEM ON  
DER BOAT! NOW I VILL JUST  
SET THIS TIME CLOCK!  
HA, HA!

DER WIND WILL  
TAKE DER SHIP  
RIGHT INTO  
DER MIDDLE  
OF DER  
BASE!



DOT'S THE END  
OF DER WEB--  
AND DER NEW  
YANKEE BASE!

THOSE NAZIS HAVE THE  
RIGHT IDEA, WELLS! UNLESS  
WE CAN WORK OURSELVES  
LOOSE SOON, OUR GOOSE  
IS COOKED---AND SO IS  
THE ARMY BASE!

WEB! LOOK,  
ISN'T THAT A  
SWORD BEHIND  
ONE OF THOSE  
DYNAMITE KEGS?



LUCKY THAT NAZI DROPPED THIS SWORD! NOW IF I CAN REACH THE BLADE WITH THIS ROPE --- THERE, THAT DID IT!



I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A MINUTE, GEORGE!



C'MON, QUICK! WE'VE GOT TO GET UP ON DECK AND TRY TO STOP THIS SHIP! SHE'S HEADED STRAIGHT FOR THE BASE AND THERE'S ENOUGH DYNAMITE ON BOARD TO BLOW THE PLACE SKY HIGH!



THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TIME TO LOWER THE SAILS - WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO SHORE! I'LL SLASH THESE ROPES TO MAKE THE SAILS DROP!

THAT DID IT, WEB! THE SHIP'S SLOWING DOWN!

GOOD NIGHT! NOW THE CURRENT IS CARRYING US OUT TO SEA! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE SHIP!



ANYHOW, THE SHIP'S DRIFTING OUT TO SEA WHERE THE EXPLOSION CAN'T DO ANY HARM WHEN THAT TIME CLOCK GOES OFF!



---AND SO GENERAL, THE NAZIS DON'T KNOW YET THAT THEIR PLAN HAS BEEN FRUSTRATED! WE CAN CATCH THEM OFF GUARD NOW AND ROUND UP THE WHOLE CREW!

GREAT CAESAR--WHAT A FANTASTIC PLOT!



I WONDER IF THOSE NAZIS ARE STILL AROUND!

WE'LL ROW TO SHORE AND NOTIFY THE COMMANDING OFFICER! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH THEM!



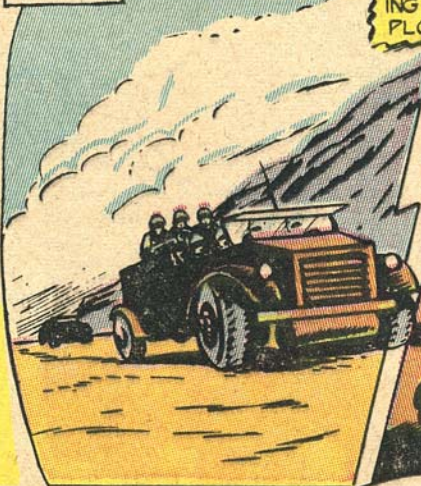
SERGEANT ORGANIZE A PATROL AT ONCE!

YES SIR!

THE ARMORED CARS SPEED AWAY---

AT THEIR CAMP, THE NAZIS ARE PREMATURELY CELEBRATING THE SUCCESS OF THEIR PLOT---

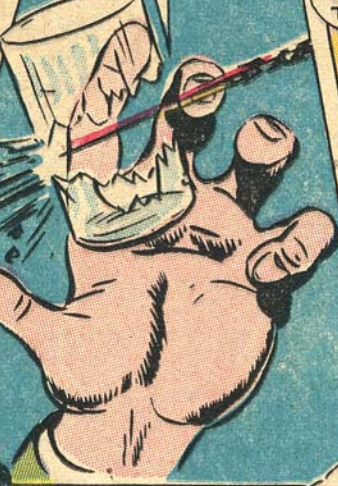
SOON YE VILL HEAR DER EXPLOSION!



TO DER END OF DER WEB!

HIMMEL! VOT...

CLOSE IN, MEN! DON'T LET ANY OF THEM ESCAPE!



IT'S DER WEB!

YES SKUNK!

SO YOU WANTED TO HEAR AN EXPLOSION EH? WELL, HERE'S ONE!

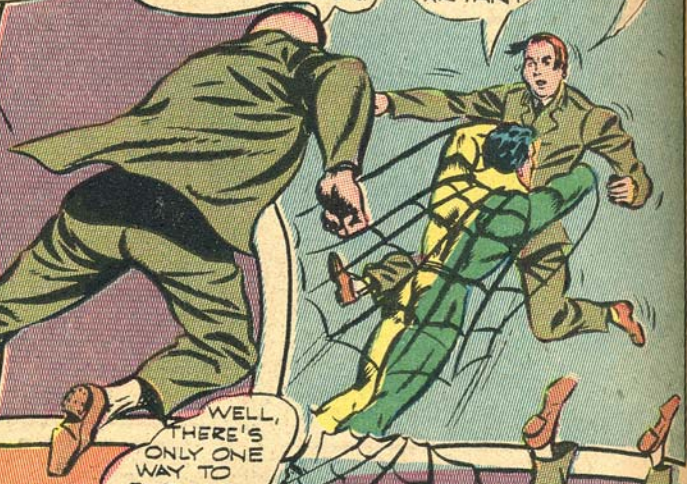
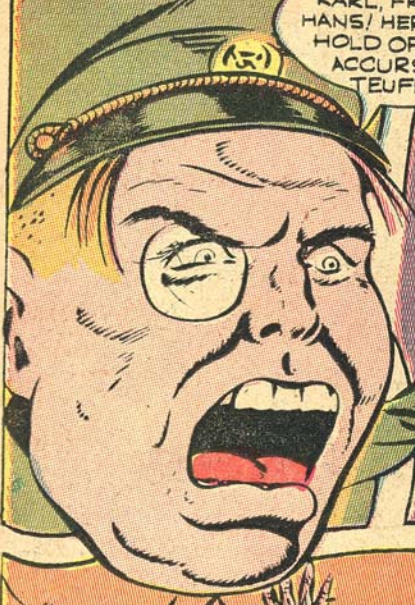


KARL, FRITZ,  
HANS! HERE, QUICK!  
HOLD OFF DIS  
ACCURSED  
TEUFEL!

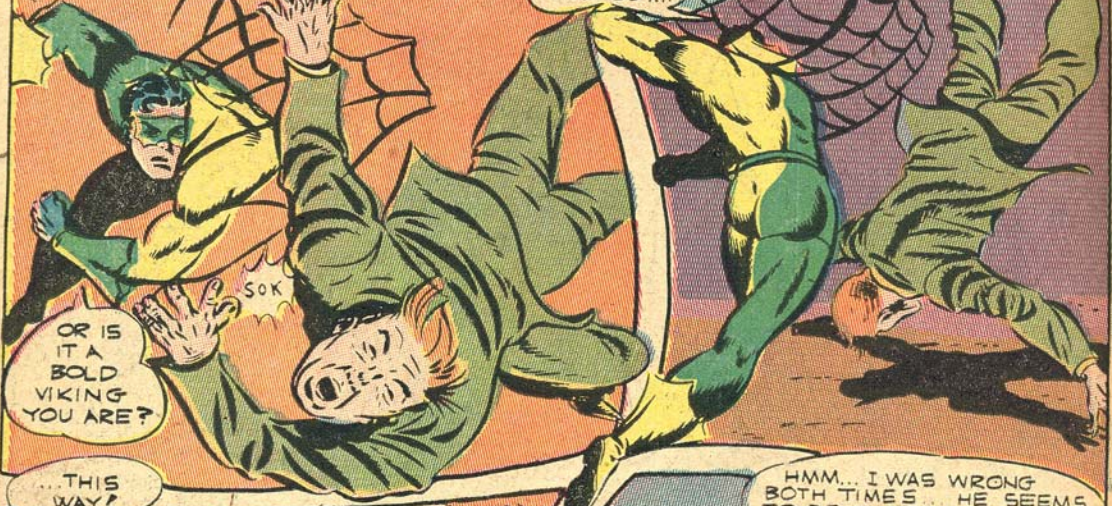
GOOT!  
NOW I TAKE  
CARE UFF MY-  
SELF... CHUST  
LIKE DER FUEHRER!

NOT SO  
FAST, YOU BIG;  
BRAVE FULL-  
BLOODED  
ARYAN!

YOU  
AGAIN...  
OOF!



WELL,  
THERE'S  
ONLY ONE  
WAY TO  
FIND OUT...

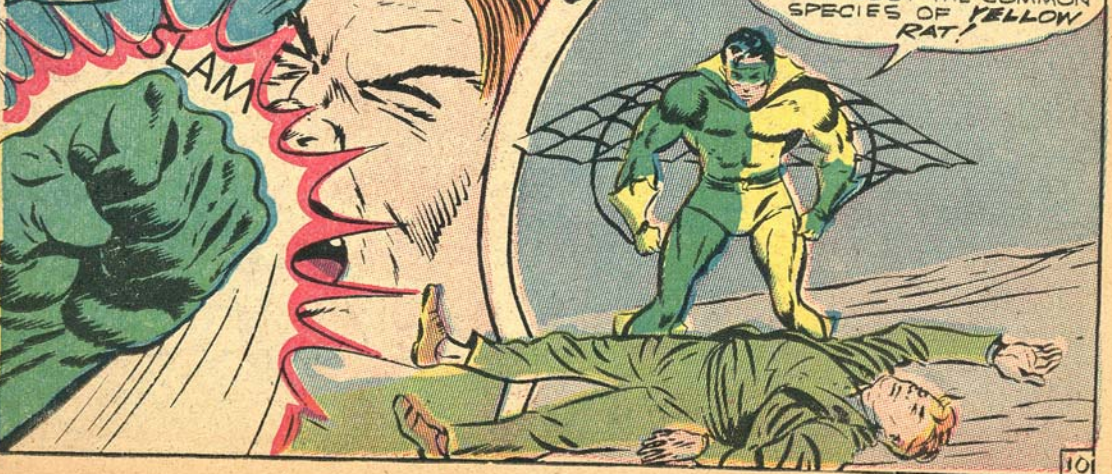


OR IS  
IT A  
BOLD  
VIKING  
YOU ARE?

SOK

...THIS  
WAY!

HMM... I WAS WRONG  
BOTH TIMES... HE SEEMS  
TO BE JUST THE COMMON  
SPECIES OF **YELLOW  
RAT!**



SLAM



HERE'S THE U-BOAT COMMANDER, CAPTAIN...OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM. WHERE'S THE REST OF THE CREW?

GOT AWAY, WEB. ESCAPED IN THEIR SUB, BUT NOT FOR LONG. WE'LL HAVE PATROLS OUT HUNTING THEM DOWN!



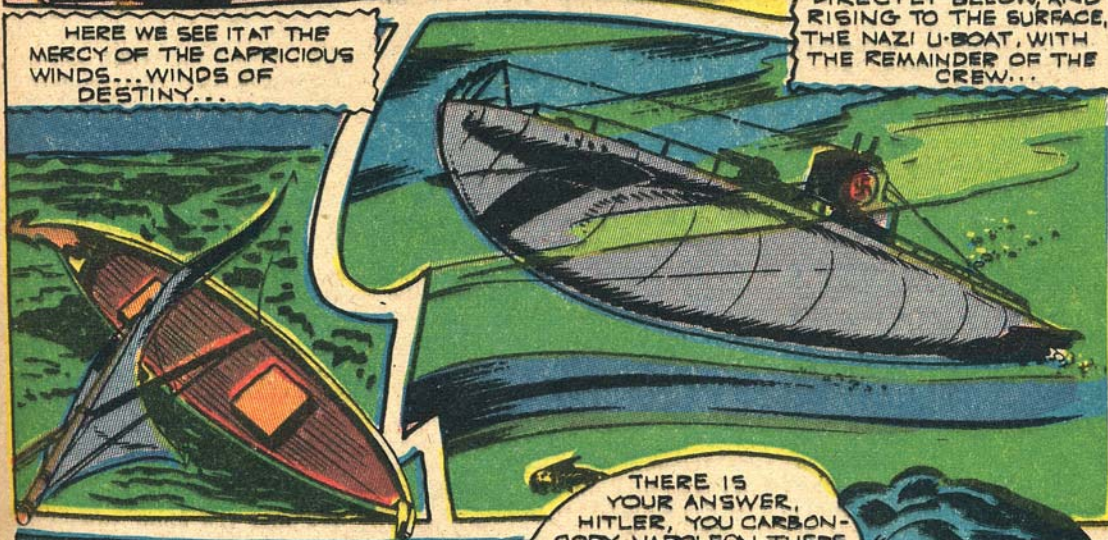
HERE WE SEE IT AT THE MERCY OF THE CAPRICIOUS WINDS... WINDS OF DESTINY...



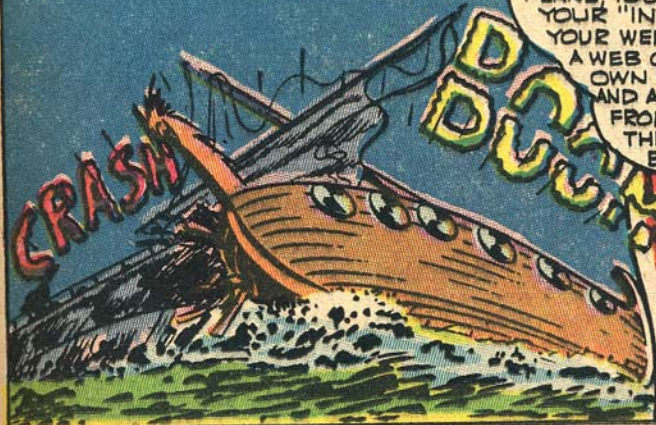
...AND WHAT OF THE VIKING SHIP LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES...THE FINAL THREAD OF THE WEB SPUN BY THE NAZIS? LET US FOLLOW IT TO ITS ULTIMATE FATE!



AND AT THAT MOMENT, DIRECTLY BELOW, AND RISING TO THE SURFACE, THE NAZI U-BOAT, WITH THE REMAINDER OF THE CREW...



THERE IS YOUR ANSWER, HITLER, YOU CARBON-COPY NAPOLEON. THERE IS THE END TO YOUR PLANS, YOUR SCHEMES, YOUR "INTUITION", YOUR WEB OF DOOM! A WEB OF YOUR OWN SPINNING- AND A WEB FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



The END

# MURDER!

## A WEB STORY

By FLYNN V. LIVINGSTON

JOHN RAYMOND went to the Kenning household for two reasons. He wanted to discuss collaboration on a criminal psychology book with Michael Kenning, the young criminal lawyer . . . and then he wanted a rest. He got the discussion.

He didn't get the rest because on the very evening of his arrival someone walked over to Michael's uncle, Lawrence Kenning, and pushed a kitchen knife into the small of his back. Kenning died instantly and noiselessly.

Matilda Kenning, a maiden aunt who lived there, saw it happen. In the darkness, she couldn't tell the identity of the murderer, but she'd been sleeping in her chair while Lawrence slept in his chair, and the footsteps of the murderer awakened her. She saw the whole thing—the stealthy approach, the swing of the knife, the blood seeping from the wound. She saw the whole thing—all but the most important part: the identity of the killer. He was male, and big, but that was as far as she could testify.

Oh, yes, one point. Matilda didn't get up to stop the killer—because she couldn't. She'd been paralyzed for the past twenty-five years . . . unable to move hands or feet.

John Raymond checked on this. He checked with Matilda's three physicians, and learned that she was paralyzed all right. No fake about that. She, at any rate, hadn't committed the murder.

That was where the trouble began. Matilda couldn't possibly have committed the murder . . . and, Raymond found to his dismay, neither could any of the others. Their alibis were perfect—altogether too perfect for comfort.

Five people lived in the Kenning household. One was Ma-

tilda, ruled out. Two was Lawrence Kenning. He was the corpse.

And as for the other three, two gave each other alibis. These two were Tom Shelley, a friend of Lawrence, and Henry Kenning, Lawrence's brother. They'd been playing chess together in Henry's room, and neither had left the room for a single minute. And they couldn't have been lying about not leaving the room, because Raymond had been reading in his own room next door, and he would have heard their door opening. The Kenning home had been standing since the Revolution, and the door joints were creaky.

That left Michael Kenning—and he couldn't have done it, either. He'd been working all evening since leaving Raymond's room, working on a brief for a court case. Raymond's room was within earshot of his, and Michael's typewriter hadn't stopped going at all. Raymond had heard the machine pounding rhythmically, continuously, until its abrupt stop a moment after Matilda's scream brought every member of the household rushing to her.

The police came, made routine examinations, posted a policeman at the outer door, and left. Then, by Michael's request, John Raymond took over the investigations.

The windows and the door were firmly locked. It was obvious that no outsider committed the crime. And yet, apparently, no insider could have committed it, either. Raymond asked some questions.

"Miss Kenning," Raymond asked Matilda, "you say you didn't see the killer's face. Haven't you any idea, though—from his build or from the clothes he was wearing—who the killer might be?"

Matilda looked at him coldly. "I have not!" she snapped. "I'll tell you why. The killer was a tall man, and from what I could see in the semi-darkness, well-built. But Tom Shelley is tall and well-built, and my brother Henry is tall and well-built, and my nephew Michael is tall and well-built. So, for that matter, are you. And as for the clothes, he seemed to be wearing a dark business suit . . . like you, or Henry, or Michael, or Mr. Shelley."

"I see," said Raymond. "Tell me something, Miss Kenning. I noticed that you employ no servants in this household. How, with your ailment, do you manage to get along?"

Matilda's lips tightened. It was evident that she disapproved of Raymond. "If, by 'get along' you mean how we manage to serve ourselves at meals, the answer is that Henry's wife, who is visiting her mother in another state, handles that. And as for my moving around—watch, please."

Stiffly, Matilda lay backwards in her wheelchair . . . and the chair began to move. Matilda turned her back slightly to the left, and the chair turned and moved to the left. She turned to the right and the chair moved to the right.

"This is one of Michael's inventions," Matilda said proudly. "Michael's a very clever boy."

"How does it work?" Raymond asked.

Matilda smiled. "There's an apparatus in the back of this chair which controls the wheels. The pressure of my shoulders makes it move in any direction I wish . . . and if I simply wish to lean back without moving, I press a button at the edge of the chair with my right shoulder and the chair becomes stationary. Intricate, but very

# BLACK JACK



THIS IS CLEM CARTER,  
YOUR WORLD NEWSCASTER  
SPEAKING. THE NAVY DEPARTMENT  
JUST ANNOUNCED THE SINKING  
OF ANOTHER U.S. WARSHIP—THE  
EAGLE. ALL HANDS WERE  
LOST! THIS IS THE  
FOURTH SHIP SUNK  
THIS MONTH!

IN HIS PENTHOUSE ATOP THE KBC BUILDING, DONALD KING, RADIO TYCOON, LISTENS TO HIS ANNOUNCER...

U.S. WARSHIP-EAGLE-SUNK! ALL HANDS LOST!

WHAT'S THAT?

MY GOD! THAT WAS MY SON'S SHIP!

HIS FACE CONTORTED BY GRIEF DONALD KING STARES FIXEDLY AT AN OBJECT IN HIS HAND---A TORN PLAYING CARD

THEN HE REACHES INTO A DRAWER OF HIS DESK---AND---

A SHOT IS HEARD IN THE CORRIDOR...

THAT SHOT! IT CAME FROM MY HUSBAND'S OFFICE!

**BANG!**

HELLO. POLICE HEADQUARTERS?, THIS IS STAN PAT DONALD KING'S CONFIDENTIAL SECRETARY. COME AT ONCE! MR. KING HAS JUST SHOT HIMSELF!

OH, MY POOR HUSBAND! WHY SHOULD HE DO THIS TERRIBLE THING?

STATION KBC... FLASH! DONALD KING, HEAD OF KBC, JUST COMMITTED SUICIDE!

MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS JACK JONES IS DISCUSSING THE SHIP SINKINGS WITH THE CHIEF...

I TELL YOU, JACK, THERE'S A LEAK IN THIS TOWN SOMEWHERE! WE'VE BEEN WORKING NIGHT AND DAY BUT WE HAVEN'T EVEN A TRACE OF A CLUE!

HEY, CHIEF! DONALD KING'S JUST BEEN FOUND - SHOT DEAD!

A SQUAD CAR SPEEDS THEM TO THE RADIO STATION...

STEP ON IT, MIKE!

THEY ARRIVE AT DONALD KING'S OFFICE...

CLEAR CASE OF SUICIDE! HE'S STILL HOLDING THE GUN!

WHAT WILL I DO NOW? MY SON AND MY HUSBAND - BOTH DEAD IN ONE DAY!

SAY! WHAT'S THAT GUY UP TO ANYWAY? LOOKS LIKE A CARD HE'S PICKING-UP!

CALL THE CORONER, MIKE, AND THEN PHONE THE MORGUE TO PICK UP THE BODY!

AS IF WE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH SPIES STEALING INFORMATION AND SINKING OUR SHIPS - C'MON, JACK, LET'S GO!

WONDER WHY PATT WANTED THAT TORN CARD?

STEPPING INTO AN ALLEY, JONES DISCARDS HIS STREET CLOTHES AND EMERGES AS BLACK JACK!

I'M GOING BACK TO KING'S OFFICE AND LOOK AROUND!

WELL, GUESS I'LL SEE YOU LATER, CHIEF. I'VE GOT A BUSINESS APPOINTMENT!



JUST AS I THOUGHT!  
THERE'S SOME THING  
IN KING'S DESK  
THAT PATT WANTS  
PRETTY BADLY.

AH! HERE  
THEY ARE!

I'LL COLLECT PLENTY  
FOR THESE  
CARDS!

I'M CALLING YOU.  
LET'S SEE YOUR  
HAND!

JUST A  
MINUTE  
PATT!

NOW TO  
EXAMINE  
THOSE  
CARDS!

HMM. THESE  
EDGES ARE CUT  
IN A VERY  
REGULAR  
WAY!



WONDER WHAT THESE NOTCHES MEAN?

BUT SUDDENLY...

WHAC

I'M DEALING NOW, BLACK JACK, AND I'VE GOT A STRONG HAND!

LOOKS LIKE BLACK JACK LOST THAT DEAL!

I'M STILL AHEAD OF THE GAME!

THE ANTE IS GOING UP FAST!

AS THE PLANK FALLS...

YOU LOSE THE RACE, BLACK JACK!

ONE JUMP AHEAD OF YOU THAT TIME, PATT!

BLACK JACK LEAPS ACROSS THE YAWNING CHASM...



THERE HE GOES  
IN THAT CAR!

SORRY BUDDY.  
I'LL HAVE TO  
BORROW YOUR  
CAB!

BLACK JACK SPEEDS IN PURSUIT OF PATT.

HEY! WHERE  
DO YOU THINK  
YOU'RE GO-  
ING WITH MY  
CAB? HELP  
POLICE!

SURE! WHERE'S THAT  
MONEY YOU PROMISED  
TO PAY ME?

PATT ARRIVES AT A  
WATERFRONT SHACK...

VELL? DID YOU GET  
DER CARDS?

GUESS I FINALLY  
DITCHED THAT  
BLACK JACK!



HERE'S YOUR PAY! YOU'RE  
NO USE TO US ANY  
MORE — AND YOU  
KNOW TOO  
MUCH!

AND HERE'S  
WHERE YOU COLLECT  
YOUR PAY  
NAZIS!

BLACK  
JACK!







HERE'S A BIG CHECK!

YOU MEDDLING SVINE! THIS VILL CHANGE ANY IDEAS YOU HAVE.

I'M SHOT!

ONE NAZI RUSHES FORWARD...

AND I'M CHANGING YOUR FACE!

YOU KNOW THAT ISN'T NICE!

AND SWINGS, BUT BLACK JACK DUCKS...

OH! SNEAKING UP ON ME EH!

WHAM

I'VE GOT TO PROTECT THESE CARDS. CAN'T RISK LOSING THEM!

BLACK JACK SWIMS TOWARD SHORE...

THE NAZI LEADER REVIVES...

ACH! DOT BLACK JACK PUNCHES LIKE DER MULE'S KICK!

GET UP, DUMBKOPF! VE MUST GET DOSE CARDS BACK!

AFTER HIM... HE MUSN'T GET AWAY!

I'D BETTER PLAY SUBMARINE FOR A WHILE!

DERE HE ISS!

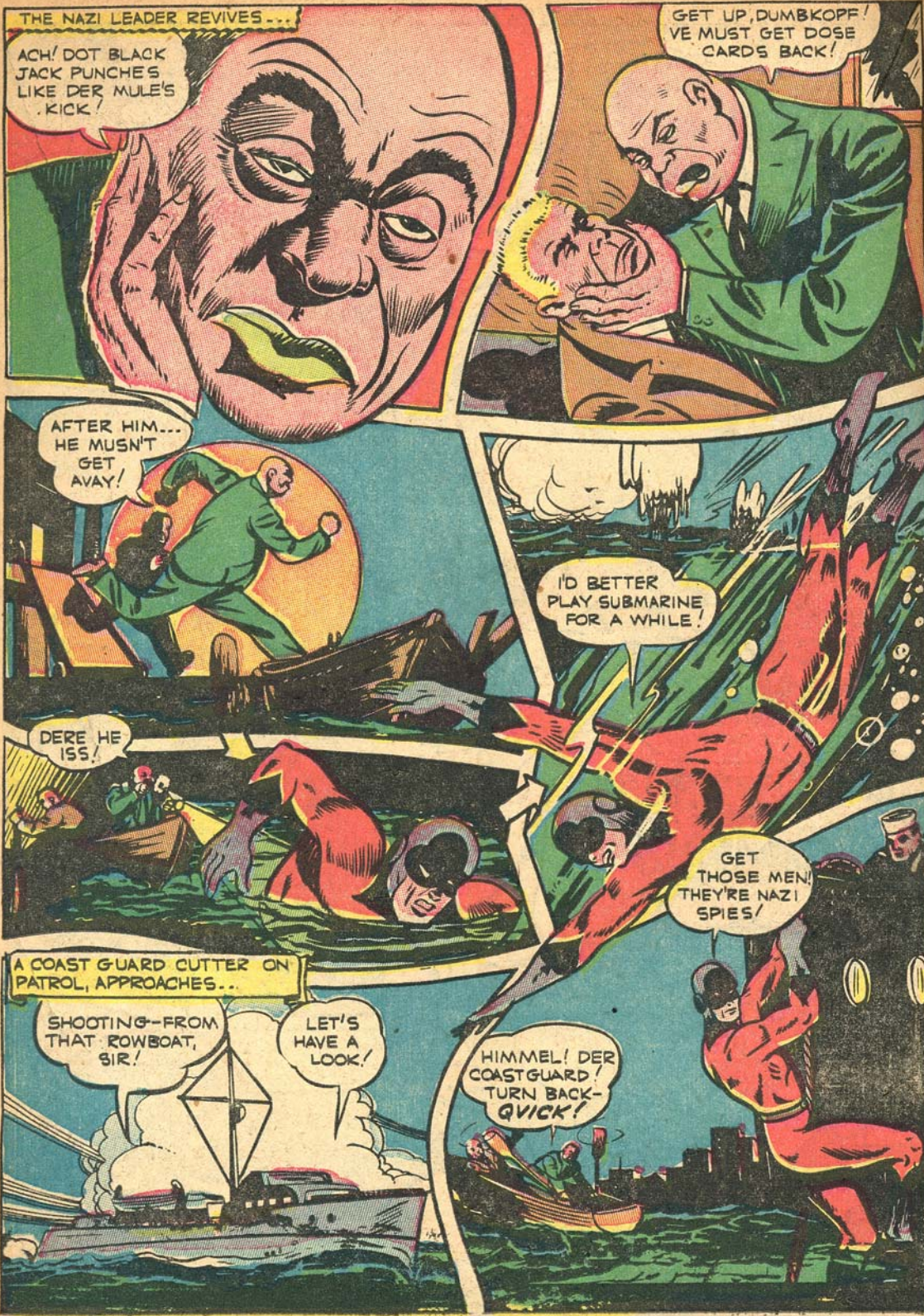
GET THOSE MEN! THEY'RE NAZI SPIES!

A COAST GUARD CUTTER ON PATROL, APPROACHES...

SHOOTING--FROM THAT ROWBOAT, SIR!

LET'S HAVE A LOOK!

HIMMEL! DER COASTGUARD! TURN BACK-QUICK!





HAUL AWAY, LADS!

AYE, AYE, SIR. WITH PLEASURE!

WHAT'S UP, BLACK JACK!

I MUST GET TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS IMMEDIATELY, CAPTAIN. I HAVE VITAL INFORMATION!

WE'LL HAVE YOU ASHORE IN NO TIME, BLACK JACK!

WE MUST ACT LIKE LIGHTNING, CHIEF. NO TIME FOR QUESTIONING NOW. HAVE YOUR MEN PICK UP EVERY ENEMY SUSPECT. TELL THEM TO LOOK FOR CARDS LIKE THESE!

BLACK JACK SPEEDS ACROSS TOWN TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS.

A GENERAL ALARM GOES OUT AND THE G-MEN BEGIN THEIR RAIDS...

WE'RE G-MEN. WE WANT TO LOOK AROUND!

BUT I AM A GOOT AMERICAN CITIZEN!

OH YEAH! THEN WHAT'S THIS CARD DOING IN YOUR POCKET?

VY--- I----I

YOU'LL GET PLENTY OF CHANCE TO PLAY SOLITAIRE WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

I--- I MUST LIKE TO PLAY CARDS!



IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE COUNTRY...

...AND ABOARD A "FISHING" BOAT...

THE FEDERAL PEN FILLS UP RAPIDLY WITH THE BIGGEST ROUND-UP OF SPIES IN HISTORY...

OKAY! TAKE HIM IN, JOE. HERE'S ONE OF THOSE TORN CARDS!

YA GOT THE TORN CARD, EH, ED? LOOKS LIKE THESE SLANT-EYES'LL DO THEIR "FISHING" BEHIND BARS FROM NOW ON!

BACK AT F.B.I. HEAD-QUARTERS, BLACK JACK EXPLAINS TO THE CHIEF...

IT WAS THE TORN CARD IN KING'S OFFICE WHICH GAVE ME THE CLUE. HE WAS THE KEY MAN IN A HUGE SPY RING!

WHAT! DONALD KING, PRESIDENT OF K.B.C. - A SPY!

YOU MEAN HE WAS COLLECTING INFORMATION ON SHIP SAILINGS?

YES, AND AT NIGHT HE SWITCHED THE POWER FACILITIES OF K.B.C. OVER TO THAT SECRET JAP TRANSMITTER, AND BROADCAST TO SUBMARINES LYING OFF THE COAST!

THE SPIES IDENTIFIED THEMSELVES WITH THOSE CARDS WHEN THEY BROUGHT INFORMATION. KING HAD THE MATCHING HALVES. WHEN HIS TREACHERY CAUSED THE DEATH OF HIS OWN SON, KING WAS OVERCOME BY REMORSE AND KILLED HIMSELF!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH **BLACK JACK** IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **ZIP COMICS!**



# MURDER! (CONTINUED)

pleasant. Michael invented it because he knows of my desire to be waited upon as little as possible."

Michael, who had slumped into a chair and put his face into his hands, looked up. "I've been playing around with that sort of thing—taking clocks apart and all, since I was a kid. When I followed in my Uncle Lawrence's footsteps and became, like him, an attorney, I continued to invent as a hobby."

"Very interesting," said Raymond. "Very interesting indeed. A question, please, Michael. Do you have a fireplace in your room?"

Michael stared at him. "Why—why, no . . . why do you ask?"

"Maybe I'm just interested in interior decorating," said Raymond. "How about windows or air shafts?"

"No, nothing," said Michael. "None of those things. There's no window at all in my room, and we have no air shafts. My room is a pretty stuffy one because of this, but we've never gotten around to redecorating."

"Very well, Michael," said Raymond. There was a queer smile playing around his lips. "Will you all excuse me for just a moment? I want to get my hat and portfolio."

While the others stared at him, he raced upstairs toward his room. And then did a strange thing

Instead of going into his own room, he entered another room and quickly examined a sheet of paper which lay crumpled in a wastebasket. He stuck this into his inside pocket, and then he went to his own room. He took his portfolio and hat and went downstairs.

"I'm afraid this case is too much for me," he said quietly. "Perhaps in the quiet of my own home I can come to some solution. Good evening."

He stepped outside, told the policeman at the door who he was, and walked rapidly down the street. Then he stepped into his car, tossed the portfolio and hat on the seat beside him,

and began to remove his outer clothing. A moment later he emerged as The Web.

There was a window in the living room, the room in which Lawrence Kenning had met his death. The Web used it.

Quickly, expertly, he jimmied it open and dropped onto the floor. Then he moved silently toward Michael Kenning's room and threw open the door.

Michael Kenning was sitting there with a gun in his hand.

"Come in, Web," he said. "I knew you were coming."

The Web felt a chill run along his back. "How did you know?" he asked.

Kenning laughed, and there was death in the sound. "I've heard about Raymond's connection with you, Web, and I knew that he'd call you into the case. His questions about fireplaces and windows and air shafts weren't lost on me. I realized that he was beginning to understand . . . and I prepared myself for your visit."

"Then you admit that you committed the murder?" The Web asked.

"Naturally," Kenning said. "Why shouldn't I? My dear Uncle Lawrence was the executor of my dad's estate—held the purse-strings—which made him mind so much of my business that I took care of him. He's been doing it ever since my father died—when I was fifteen. I've always loved mechanics and inventing—wanted to make it my profession, but he forced me to become a lawyer just because he felt it was the profession for me." He paused, and a wild look came into his eye. "I don't get control of my money until I'm thirty—two years from now. I need ten thousand to finance one of my inventions, and he wouldn't give it to me . . . so I fixed him!"

"That was a pretty clever trick you used to get an alibi," The Web said. "Too bad Raymond guessed the method."

"Too bad—for you and him," Kenning said. "I'm going to

take care of you, and then I'm going to take care of him next."

"That gadget you rigged up to make the typewriter keep going while you went out and killed your uncle had everybody fooled," The Web said. "But your Aunt's talk about your mechanical inventiveness put Raymond on the right trail. He realized that while you could rig up a typewriter to type, you couldn't rig one up to think—that is, to type words or coherent thoughts. Therefore, he ascertained from you that you had no place like a window or fireplace to throw away the typed sheet, and he went upstairs and got it . . ."

While Kenning watched carefully, The Web reached into his uniform and pulled out the sheet of paper. "This proved that he was right in thinking you were the murderer," The Web said. "This sheet is filled from top to bottom with X's . . . X's which the machine continued to type while you went out on your mission of murder."

Kenning laughed again. "Right," he said. "I killed him—and then went back and stopped the machine when my aunt screamed. I didn't get a chance to destroy the sheet—knew that tearing it up wouldn't be permanent enough . . . and I was waiting for a chance to throw it into some fire or into the street. But your pal Raymond figured it all out—and now both of you are going to die."

That was when The Web jumped. With incredible speed, he leaped through the air and slammed Kenning in the jaw. A bullet bit into the ceiling, and Kenning went glassy-eyed. Then The Web hit him again, and he slid to the floor.

There was a phone on a nearby desk. The Web used it to call the police.

Kenning should have been a mechanic after all. He wasn't much of a lawyer. When his case came up, he defended himself, and the jury stayed out only five minutes. . . .

He went to the chair.

WELL, HERE WE ARE, ARCHIE. YOU TELL 'EM!

HIYA, GANG! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO MEET US IN THE GREATEST, FUNNIEST COMIC BOOK OF THE YEAR—**ARCHIE COMICS!** WE'LL ALL BE THERE— ME AND JUGHEAD AND BETTY COOPER AND VERONICA LODGE! AT YOUR NEWSSTAND **ANY DAY NOW!**

AND DON'T FORGET US ARCHIE! I'M **JUDGE OWL!**

AND I'M **CUBBY THE BEAR!**

HEY, ARCHIE. DON'T FORGET ME. **SQUOIMY THE WORM!**

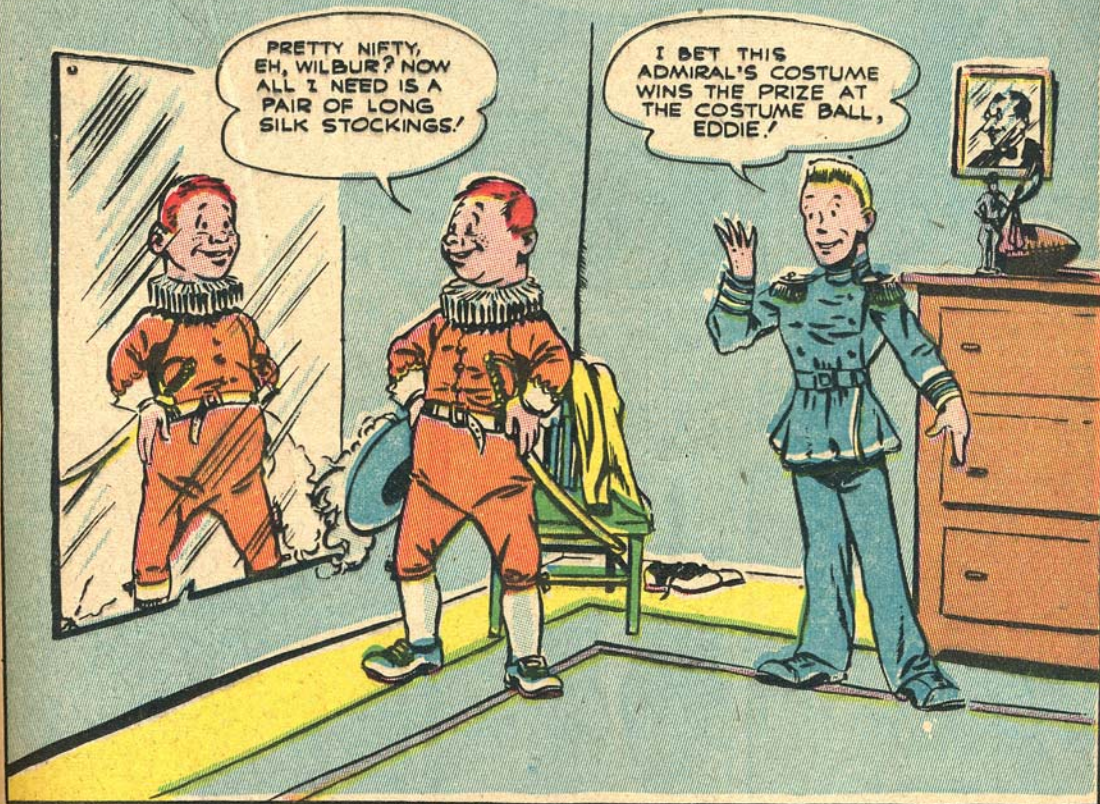
AND I'M **BUM-BIE THE BEE-TECTIVE!** I'M ALWAYS IN THERE BUZZIN'! WE'RE ALL IN THE NEW MAGAZINE! LOOK FOR US!

KEEP 'EM FLYIN'  
**S**

9858

GET YOUR COPY OF **ARCHIE COMICS!**

# WILBUR



POP, CAN I USE YOUR CAR TONIGHT TO TAKE RUTH TO THE COSTUME BALL?

ALL RIGHT WILBUR... BUT YOU BE CAREFUL!!

MOTHER!... HAVE YOU SEEN MY SILK STOCKINGS?

WHY, MARY, AREN'T THEY IN THE BUREAU DRAWER?

HOLY COW, MOM!!! I BETCHA THOSE STOCKINGS I GAVE TO EDDIE ARE THE ONES SIS IS LOOKING FOR!!!



BOO HOO! MY ONLY SILK STOCKINGS GONE! AND JACK IS CALLING FOR ME IN HALF AN HOUR!

WILBUR! YOU MARCH RIGHT OVER TO EDDIE'S HOUSE AND GET THOSE STOCKINGS BACK!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! TAKE IT EASY! I'LL GET THEM BACK FOR YOU. FIRST I'LL STOP OFF AT RUTH'S!

I HAVE TO GO OVER TO EDDIE'S HOUSE FOR A MINUTE, RUTH. WAIT RIGHT HERE, I'LL CALL FOR YOU LATER!

O.K. WILBUR, BUT HURRY BACK! I'M DYING TO GET TO THE BALL!!



GOOD NIGHT! A BLOWOUT !!!

POW BANG



WOW! I DON'T THINK POP IS GOING TO LIKE THIS! THAT WAS HIS LAST GOOD TIRE...AND HE HASN'T EVEN GOT A SPARE!



GEE!! IT'S GETTING LATE!





WHAT? EDDIE LEFT FOR THE BALL?

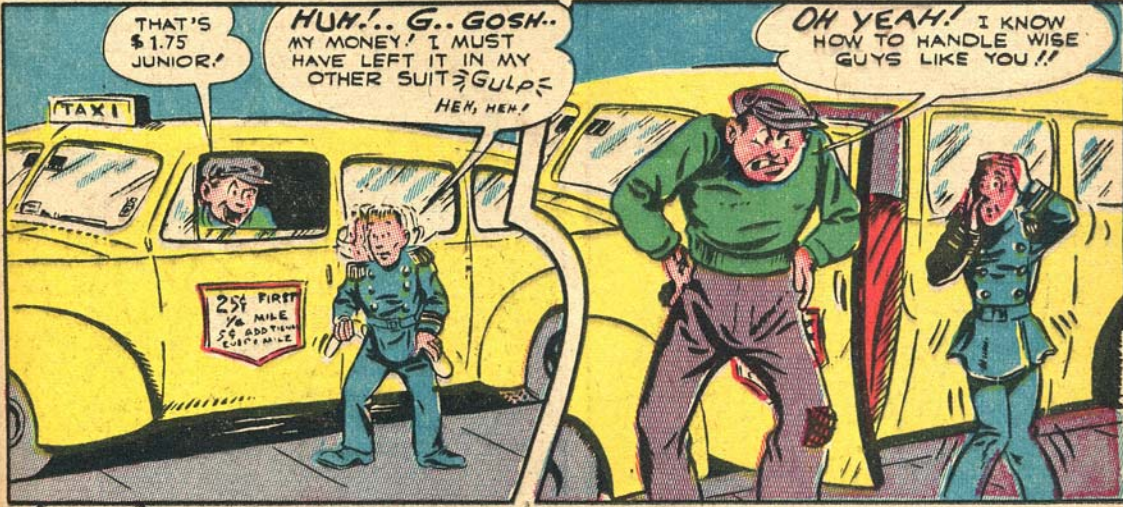
YES, JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO!



HEY! TAXI! IF I HURRY, MAYBE I CAN CATCH EDDIE!



I'VE GOT TO GET THOSE STOCKINGS BACK! STEP ON IT DRIVER! I'M IN A HURRY!



THAT'S \$1.75 JUNIOR!

HUH!.. G.. GOSH.. MY MONEY! I MUST HAVE LEFT IT IN MY OTHER SUIT! GULP! HEH, HEH!

OH YEAH! I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE WISE GUYS LIKE YOU!!



I'LL JUST HOLD THIS COSTUME TILL I GET MY MONEY!

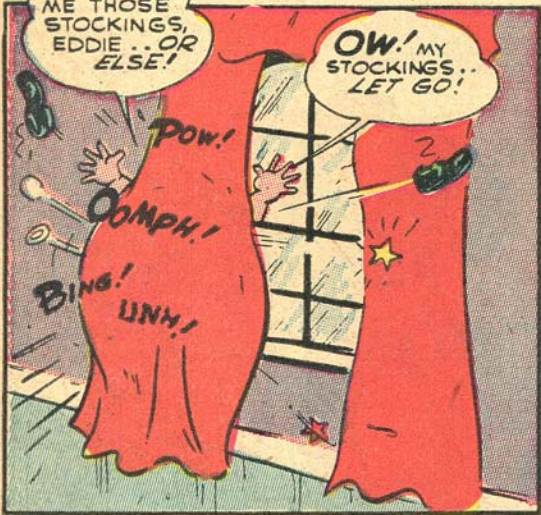
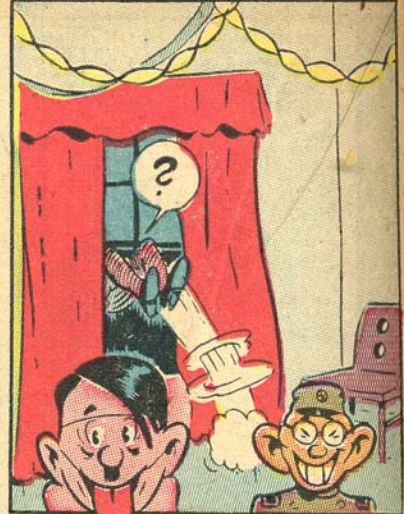
HEY..y..you.. C.. CAN'T DO THAT! (CHATTER, CHATTER) I'LL F.F..FREEZE TO DEATH!

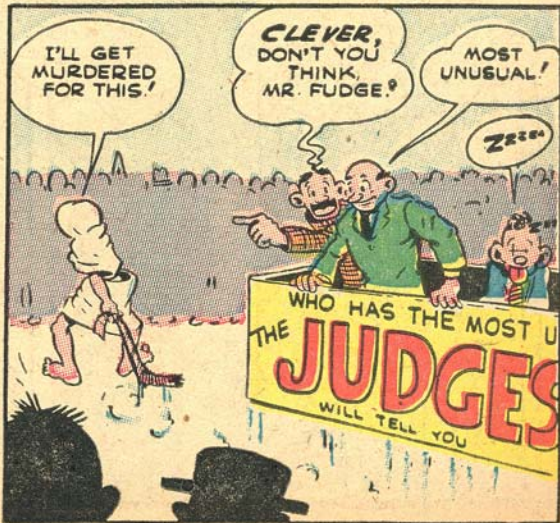
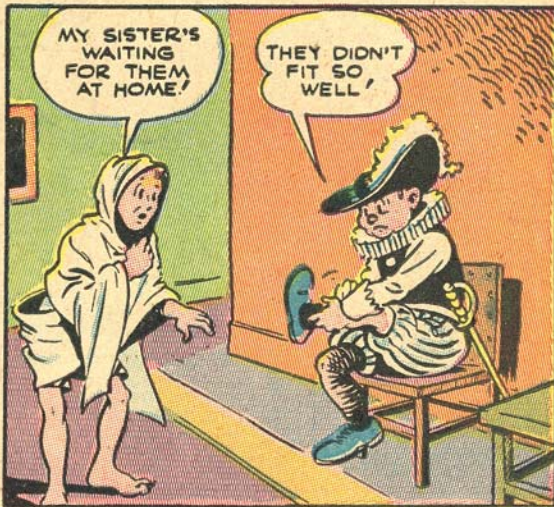


IDEA!



I'LL JUST BORROW ONE OF THESE BED-SHEETS!





LATER, AT HOME---

MR. WILKIN, THIS IS THE CAB DRIVER! YOUR SON HUNG ME UP FOR \$1.75. YOU PAY, OR I'LL...

I THINK I'LL BE A HERMIT WHEN I GROW UP!

MY SILK STOCKINGS RUINED! AND ALL THE STORES CLOSED! MY DATE IS RUINED! OH... THAT WILBUR!

VERE ISS MY ADMIRAL'S COSTUME? I'LL SUE YOU!!

WILBUR, YOU'LL PAY FOR THOSE STOCKINGS OUT OF YOUR ALLOWANCE!

WILBUR WILKIN, I'LL NEVER TALK TO YOU AGAIN!

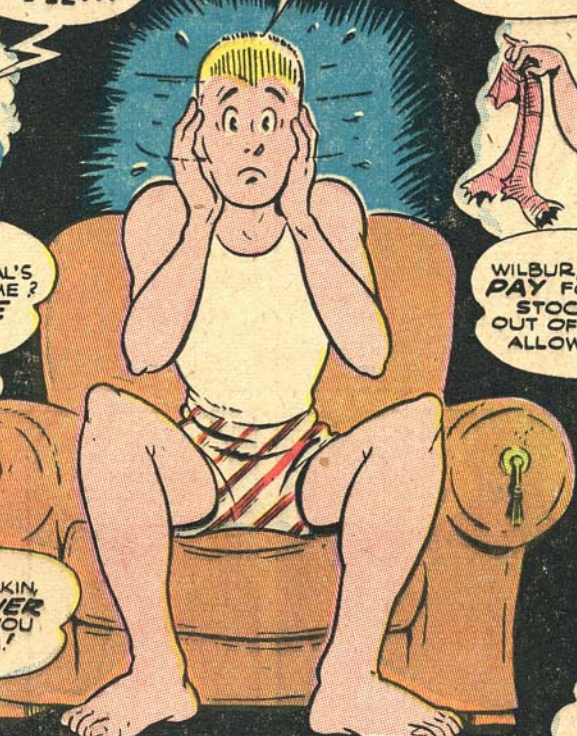
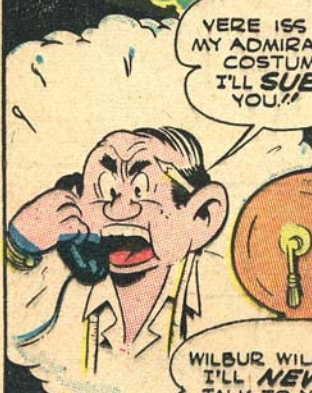
THE IDEA! STANDING ME UP ON THE MOST IMPORTANT NIGHT OF THE YEAR!

MY BEST TUBE CUT TO RIBBONS! THAT'S THE LAST TIME YOU BORROW MY CAR, WILBUR!

LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT FOR YOU, WILBUR! YOUR MAHATMA GHANDI COSTUME WON FIRST PRIZE!!

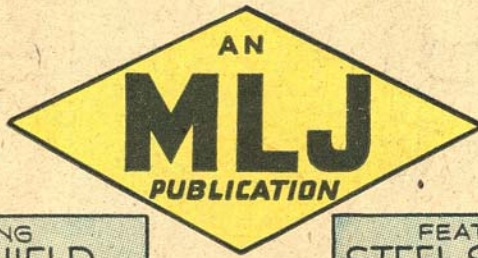
I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, TOO, EDDIE!

WELL, FOLKS, MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN! SEE YOU IN NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS !!!



# LOOK

FOR THIS TRADEMARK:



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD

FEATURING  
STEEL STERLING

FEATURING  
THE HANGMAN



FEATURING  
THE SHIELD AND  
THE WIZARD



FEATURING  
POKEY  
OKEY

FEATURING  
THE  
BLACK  
HOOD

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

# The BLACK WITCH



HEH HEH HEH! MY CAULDRON IS BOILING AGAIN, AND OUT OF THE RISING BLACK SMOKE COMES A TALE OF DOOM AND HORROR... A TALE OF THE DAYS WHEN SLAVE-TRADING WAS ONE OF THE MOST LUCRATIVE PROFESSIONS ON EARTH.

THESE SLAVE TRADERS WERE DANGEROUS MEN-- DEADLY, MURDEROUS, CRUEL. AND THE CRUEL- EST OF THEM ALL WAS A MAN NAMED *BLACK BIRDER*...



MY PLEASANT LITTLE YARN STARTS A LONG, LONG TIME AGO-- ABOARD THE SLAVE SHIP, ELECTRO...



BLAST YOU, YOU FILTHY SLAVE. TOUCH MY BEARD, WILL YOU...



I'LL SHOW YOU! I'LL BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR BLOODY LIFE!



...AND THE NEXT TIME, YOU WON'T GET OFF SO EASY! I'LL FEED YOU TO THE SHARKS. DYE. HEAR ME?



GAWD WOTTA BEATIN' HE'S GIVIN' TITO!

YEAH/AN' ALL BECAUSE HE TRIED TO TOUCH THE CAPTAINS BEARD-- THE BLOODY BEAST!

ALONE IN HIS BERTH, THE CAPTAIN  
DROWNED HIMSELF — IN DRINK ----

HA, HA! HOW THEY ALL HATE  
ME! (HIC) EVEN MY OWN MEN!  
(HIC) --- BUT THEY KNOW  
BETTER THAN TO TRY  
SHUMTHING  
FUNNY!



NO, YOU DRUNKEN SWINE!  
HERE'S ONE MAN WHO HATES  
YOU AND IS GOING TO DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT IT---  
WITH A KNIFE IN  
YER BACK!



BUT FROM BEHIND, A PAIR OF  
STRONG BLACK HANDS STOPPED  
THE MUTINOUS SAILOR DEAR IN  
HIS TRACK ---

AAAGGHH



IT'S TITO!

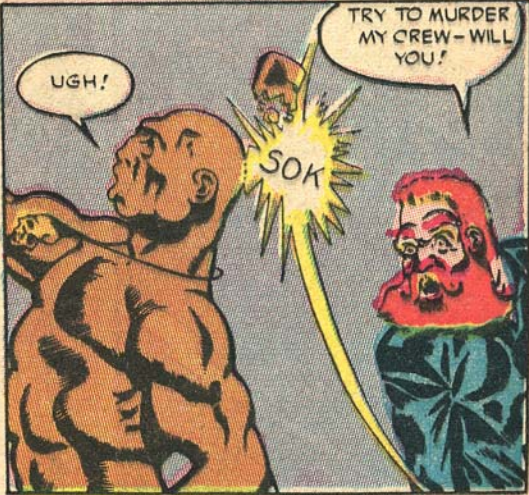


YOU AGAIN--  
DROP HIM! --  
DROP HIM I  
SAY!

UGH!

TRY TO MURDER  
MY CREW-- WILL  
YOU!

SOK

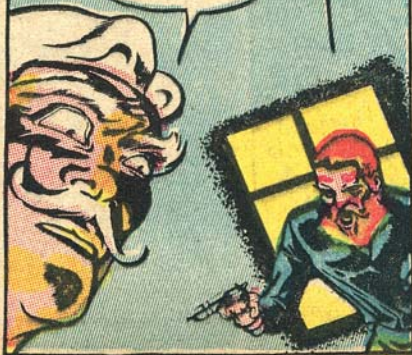


CAPTAIN-- STOP- DON'T KILL  
TITO-- HE TRIED TO **SAVE**  
YOUR LIFE! I SAW IT ALL!  
LISTEN TO ME, CAP ---



SHUT UP, YOU LYING SWINE-BACK  
TO YOUR BERTH OR THIS GUN  
WILL PROVE TO YOU WHO'S  
MASTER!

YOU  
WOULDN'T---



MUTINY, EH? MUTINY ON MY  
OWN SHIP! WELL, I'LL SHOW  
THEM WHO'S MASTER!





THIS IS THE LAST I'LL SEE OF YOU, TITO--- HA, HA, HA!

NO---NO--- HE WANTED TO SAVE YOU!

BANG  
BANG



AND NOW YOU, YOU UNGRATEFUL, MUTINOUS DOG---



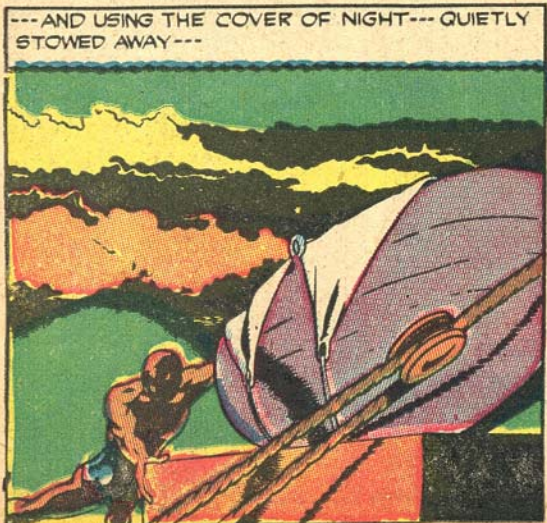
AND SO DAVY JONES ACQUIRED TWO NEW TENANTS FOR HIS LOCKER ---



BUT SLOWLY, A HAND REACHED THROUGH THE MURKY WATER -- WATER RELUCTANT TO GIVE UP ITS PREY---



YES IT WAS TITO, EXERTING HIS BRUTE STRENGTH TO THE UTMOST, CLIMBING BACK TO THE SHIP---



---AND USING THE COVER OF NIGHT--- QUIETLY STOWED AWAY---



LATER THAT NIGHT, A SAILOR IN THE CROWS' NEST SQUINTED, FIRST WITH ALARM, THEN WITH ABJECT TERROR, AS HE RECOGNIZED THE SUDDEN BLACKENING OF THE SKIES --- THE SAILOR'S CURSE--AND SHRIEKED.

HURRICANE APPROACHING!



THEN THE STORM BROKE IN ALL ITS LASHING, RELENTLESS FURY----



CAPTAIN, THE SHIP'S SINKING FAST! DO SOMETHING OR WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!

DON'T DISTURB ME! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU MUTINIOUS SWINE!



TAKE CARE O' THE SHIP YERSELF --AND IF YE CAN'T, THEN DROWN LIKE THE RATS YE ALL ARE, HA, HA, HA, HA! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!



THE SHIP'S BREAKING APART!



ABANDON SHIP! MAN THE BOATS, YOU SWABS! HURRY -- WE'RE SINKING!



BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE----



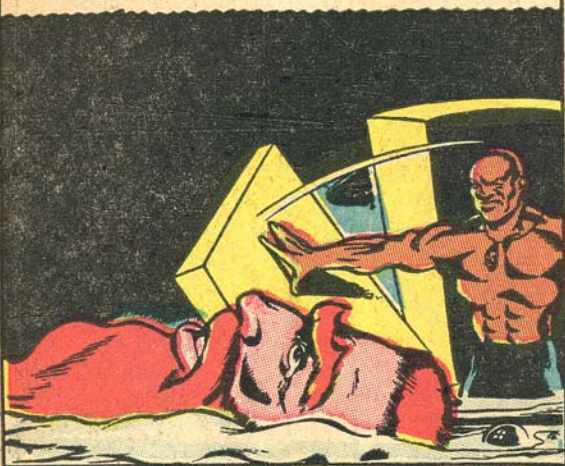
WHILE IN THE GALLEY THE HELPLESS SLAVES SCREAMED THEIR UNEARTHLY TERROR, TUGGED FRANTICALLY AT THEIR CHAINS--BUT TO NO AVAIL!



AND BELOW, IN HIS CABIN, THE CAPTAIN, EQUALLY HELPLESS, HIS MIND IN CHAINS OF LIQUOR, ALSO SEEMED DOOMED----



BUT SUDDENLY THE DOOR CRASHED OPEN AND TITO ENTERED THE CABIN---



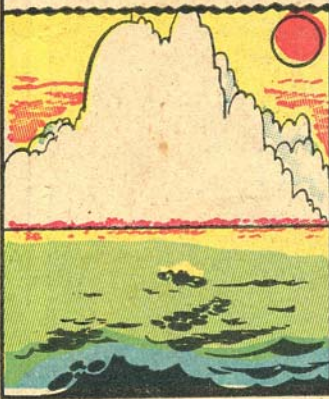
LIFTING THE LIMP BODY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS CAPTAIN, TITO MADE HIS WAY TO THE MAIN DECK---



FLOUNDERING IN THE WATER FOR HOURS, TITO HELD DESPERATELY TO THE CAPTAIN, UNTIL FINALLY HE FOUND A PIECE OF WRECKAGE TO HOLD ON TO---



THE NEXT MORNING - THE HOT SUN CALMED THE FURIOUS SEA AS THEIR TWO BODIES CLUNG TO A DRIFTING LOG---



THERE THEY WERE, TWO ALONE, SOLE SURVIVORS OF THE WRECK, LYING LIFELESS ON THE HOT SANDS OF THE BEACH---



IT WAS A STRANGE THING, LUCIFER, **VERY STRANGE**--TITO SO ANXIOUS TO SAVE THE LIFE OF THE MAN HE SHOULD HAVE HATED MOST, CARRYING HIM THROUGH THE JUNGLE--



FEEDING HIM! NURSING HIM!



ALWAYS WATCHING OVER HIM--PROTECTING HIM WHEN HE SLEPT! WHY, YOU ASK! **WHY, WHY?**



THE DAYS DRAGGED BY! DAYS OF TORTURE FOR TITO, WHO NEVER LET GO HIS BURDEN! EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY ACHED WITH FEVER---BUT STILL HE KEPT ON---



UNTIL, AT LAST HE STUMBLED INTO A CAMP HALF DEAD WITH EXHAUSTION AND FAINTED---



STOP THAT INFERNAL CRYING, LUCIFER, AND I'LL TELL YOU WHY TITO SAVED THE CAPTAIN! DID I SAY SAVE? HEH, HEH, HEH! JUST LOOK AT WHAT HE WAS SAVED FOR!



YES, LUCIFER, HE WAS SAVED, BUT FOR A MORE HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT FOR HIS SLAVE RUNNING! TITO WAS A **HEAD HUNTER!** HEH, HEH, HEH!



AND SO NOW ON THE WALL OF TITO'S TENT, THE PRIZE HEAD OF ALL THE TRIBE -- THE RED-BEARDED HEAD OF CAPTAIN BLACK-BIRDER!

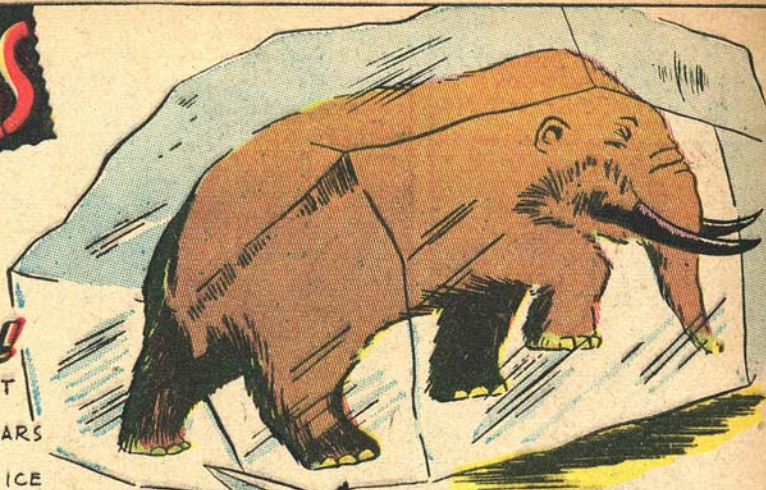
A COZY LITTLE STORY WASN'T IT LUCIFER? HEH, HEH, HEH, HEH!



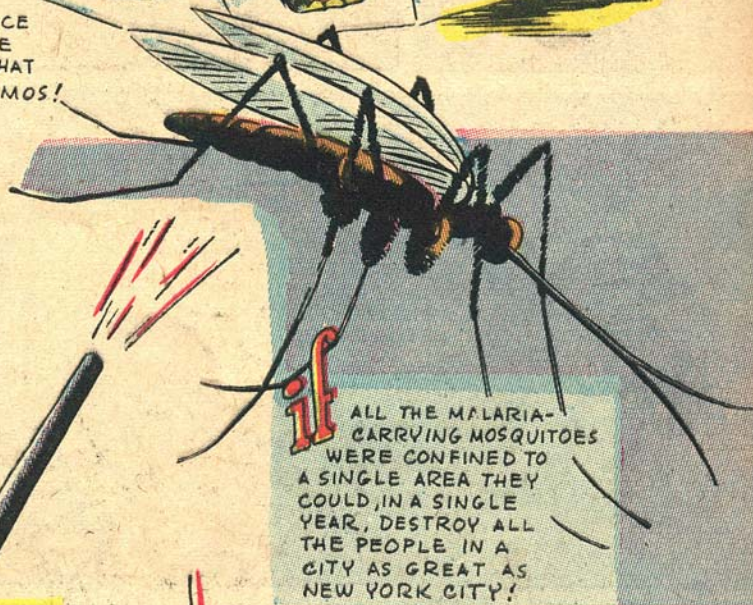
# WORLD WONDERS

## KEPT ON ICE!

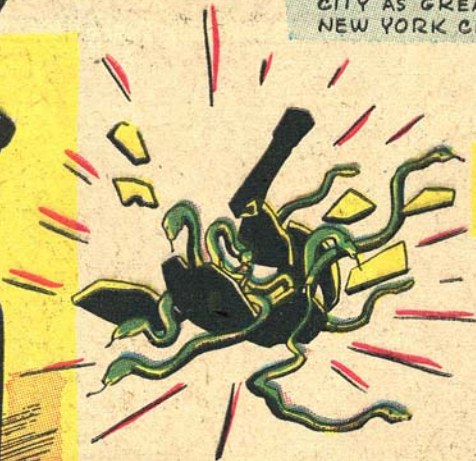
BODIES OF HUGE EXTINCT SIBERIAN MAMMOTHS MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND FROZEN IN THE ARCTIC ICE FLOWS...IN ONE CASE THE FLESH WAS SO FRESH THAT IT WAS EATEN BY ESKIMOS!



**A** DIRECT HIT BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE IS RARE, FOR IT TAKES 20 SECONDS FOR THE 75 MILLIMETER SHELL TO TRAVEL 30,000 FEET ... BY THAT TIME A BOMBER COULD HAVE TRAVELLED **2 MILES!**



**if** ALL THE MALARIA-CARRYING MOSQUITOES WERE CONFINED TO A SINGLE AREA THEY COULD, IN A SINGLE YEAR, DESTROY ALL THE PEOPLE IN A CITY AS GREAT AS NEW YORK CITY!



**T**HE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS DROPPED EARTHENWARE VESSELS FILLED WITH LIVE POISONOUS SNAKES UPON ENEMY SHIPS TO ROUTE THEIR INVADERS IN ANCIENT SEA BATTLES!

# ZIP'S HALL OF FAME

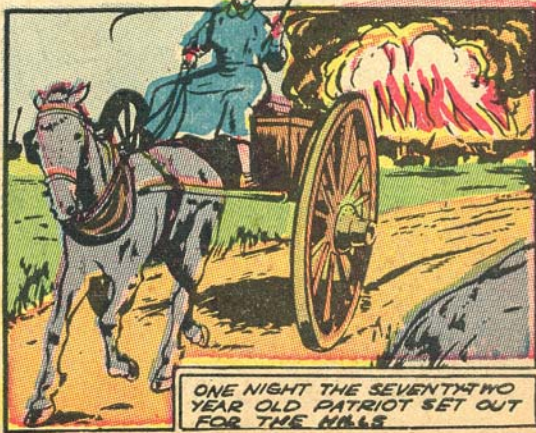
OUR HOMES ARE GOING UP IN SMOKE! OUR FREEDOM IS BEING TAKEN FROM US! THE NAZIS WILL PAY FOR THIS!

**Z**IP'S HALL OF FAME CARVES OUT A SPECIAL NICHE IN ITS HALL OF HEROES FOR **DRINA CACHALKA**

TODAY THE YOUNG MEN OF AMERICA, OF ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND CHINA ARE CHARGING TO THE BATTLE FRONTS.. YOUTH IS FIGHTING FOR THE FOUR FREEDOMS,

**B**UT IN SERBIA, THE MOUNTAINOUS PROVINCE OF THE YUGOSLAVS, AN OLD WOMAN OF 72 YEARS HAS SHOWN THE WORLD THAT ONE IS NEVER TOO OLD TO FIGHT! SHE IS **DRINA CACHALKA**, AFFECTIONATELY KNOWN TO THE STRUGGLING SERBS AS **"THE OLD SOLDIER!"**

DESTRUCTION, DISEASE AND DEATH FOLLOW IN THE PATH OF THE NAZI OCTOPUS.. BUT THIS TIME THE NAZIS MADE A MISTAKE! THEY RAZED THE TOWN WHICH WAS THE HOME OF **DRINA CACHALKA!**



ONE NIGHT THE SEVENTY-TWO YEAR OLD PATRIOT SET OUT FOR THE HILLS

FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE, DRINA CACHALKA TRAVELLED...

YOU MEN! ARE YOU GOING TO STAND BY AND SEE YOUR FREEDOM TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU?

SHE'S RIGHT! SHE'S RIGHT!

WHAT'S THE OLD WOMAN TALKING ABOUT?

SHE SAYS WE CAN RESIST THE ENEMY!

I THINK WE OUGHT TO LISTEN TO HER!

YOU THINK SO? THEN LET ME PROVE THAT I AM NOT TOO OLD TO DO MY PART!

COME WITH ME AROUND THIS MOUNTAIN PASS!

SEVERAL MEN SHOUT IMPUDENTLY.

OLD WOMAN! YOU OUGHT TO GO HOME!

BAM! YOU'RE SENSELESS!

DO YOU SEE THOSE NAZI SOLDIERS OVER THERE?

WELL, WATCH CAREFULLY!



**AEE EEE**

VOT...VOT'S HAPPENING!!

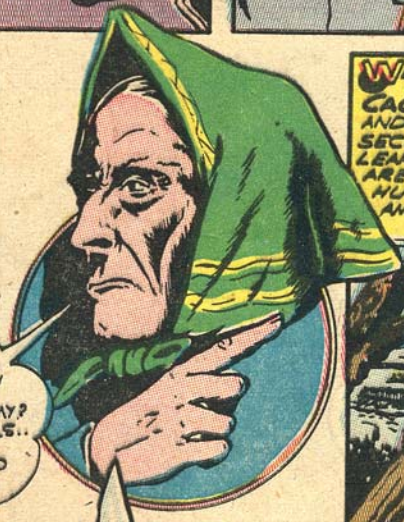


TWO RATS... WITH TWO BULLETS, AND NOW I'LL USE JUST TWO MORE BULLETS..



YAHH...!

ARE YOU CONVINCED NOW THAT WE CAN AMBUSH THE ENEMY? WE KNOW THE HILLS.. THEY DON'T LET ME LEAD YOU TO FREEDOM.

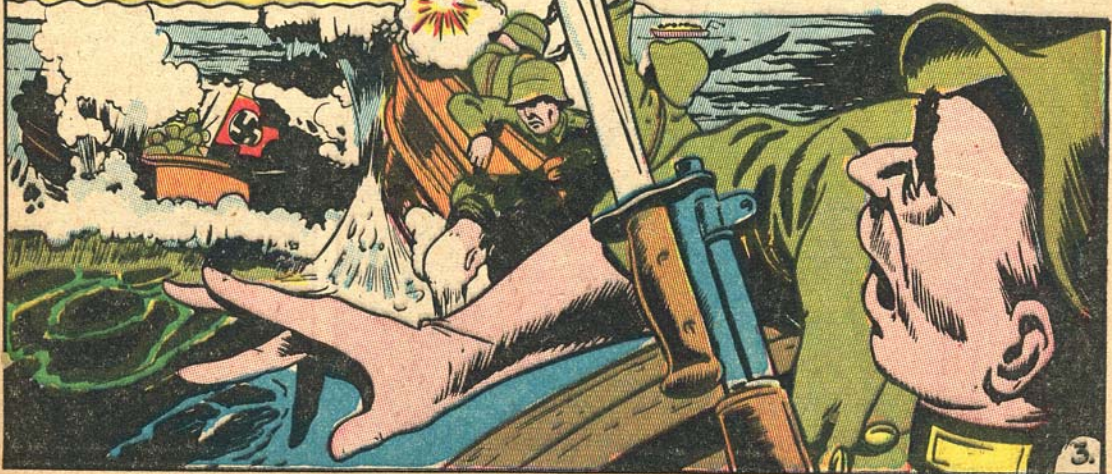


WEEKS PASS...AND VOLUNTEERS JOIN DRINA CACHALKA IN DROVES, AND THEN ONE NIGHT BY SECRET GRAPEVINE, DRINA LEARNS THAT THE NAZIS ARE STEALTHILY SAILING HUGE QUANTITIES OF AMMUNITION DOWN THE DANUBE...



ONE MINUTE TO GO, WE'LL SHOW THE HUNS!

THE MINUTE PASSES... THE SET TIME FOR THE AMBUSH COMES... AND THE NAZIS ARE SUDDENLY ATTACKED...



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE NAZIS ABANDON THEIR BOATS AND RUN FOR THE HILLS...



LOOK AT NAZIS!

THE COWARDLY RUN! COME, LET ME HELP YOU WITH THOSE BOATS!

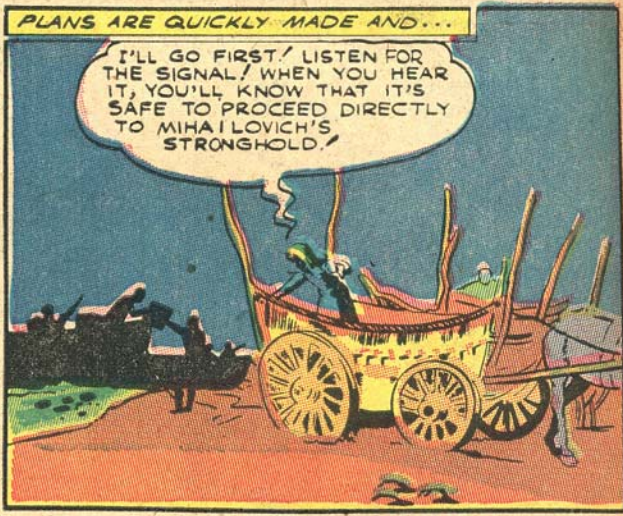
NO, LET US DO IT! YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THIS SORT OF WORK!



YOU'RE WRONG, JAN WE MUST ALL WORK TOGETHER... YOUNG OR OLD TO WIN THIS WAR!



WE MUST GET THIS AMMUNITION TO DRAJA MIHAILOVICH! BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET PAST A HEAVY ENEMY GUARD!...



PLANS ARE QUICKLY MADE AND...

I'LL GO FIRST! LISTEN FOR THE SIGNAL! WHEN YOU HEAR IT, YOU'LL KNOW THAT IT'S SAFE TO PROCEED DIRECTLY TO MIHAILOVICH'S STRONGHOLD!



THIS TIME BOMB WILL BE VERY USEFUL!



AND AS DRINA PROCEEDS UP THE ROAD...

HALT!



WHY STOP ME, SOLDIERS? I'M ONLY AN OLD WOMAN BRINGING THESE VEGETABLES TO MARKET!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SEEM INNOCENT ENOUGH - YOU CAN PASS!





GOOD! THE FIRST PART OF MY PLAN HAS SUCCEEDED!!



AH! THE MESS HALL! I SHALL GIVE YOU WONDERFUL NAZIS A GIFT OF VEGETABLES!



AND I'M GOING TO LET YOU HAVE THIS TIME BOMB ALONG WITH IT!



HERE YOU ARE, SIR! TO SHOW MY GREAT ADMIRATION, I GIVE THESE VEGETABLES!!



YOU SEE, HEINRICH, DOT PROVES MY POINT! DER SERBS LIKE DER NEW ORDER!

YAH! I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, ERICH!



I'D BETTER GET OUT OF RANGE! IT WON'T BE LONG NOW!





TOO BAD THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO ENJOY THOSE VEGETABLES !!

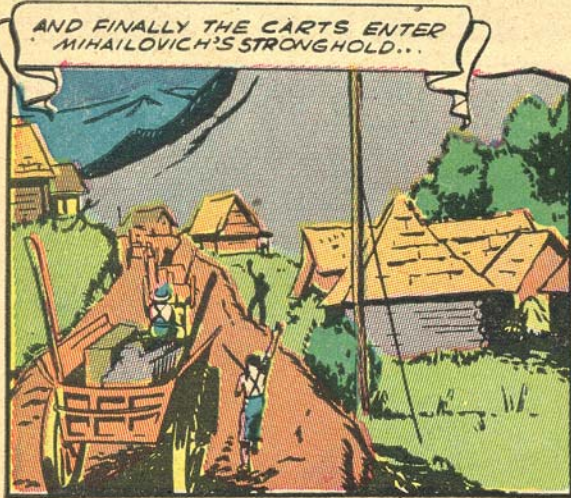


HIGH IN THE SERBIAN HILLS, THE VOLUNTEERS HEAR THE EXPLOSION...

IT'S THE SIGNAL! LET'S GO!



DOWN THE LONG PATHWAY, THE CARAVAN TRAVELS...

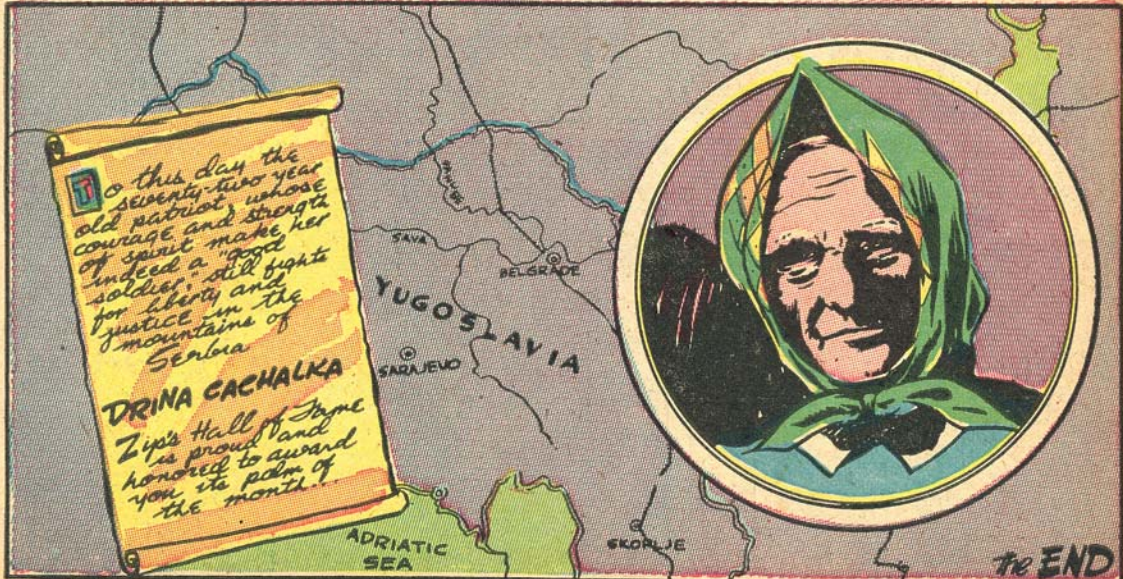


AND FINALLY THE CARTS ENTER MIHAILOVICH'S STRONGHOLD...



MIHAILOVICH GREETS DRINA CACHALKA...

YOU'RE A GOOD SOLDIER, DRINA!



To this day the seventy-two year old patriot, whose courage and strength of spirit make her indeed a "good soldier," still fights for liberty and justice in the mountains of Serbia

**DRINA CACHALKA**

Zip's Hall of Fame is proud to award you its palm of the month!

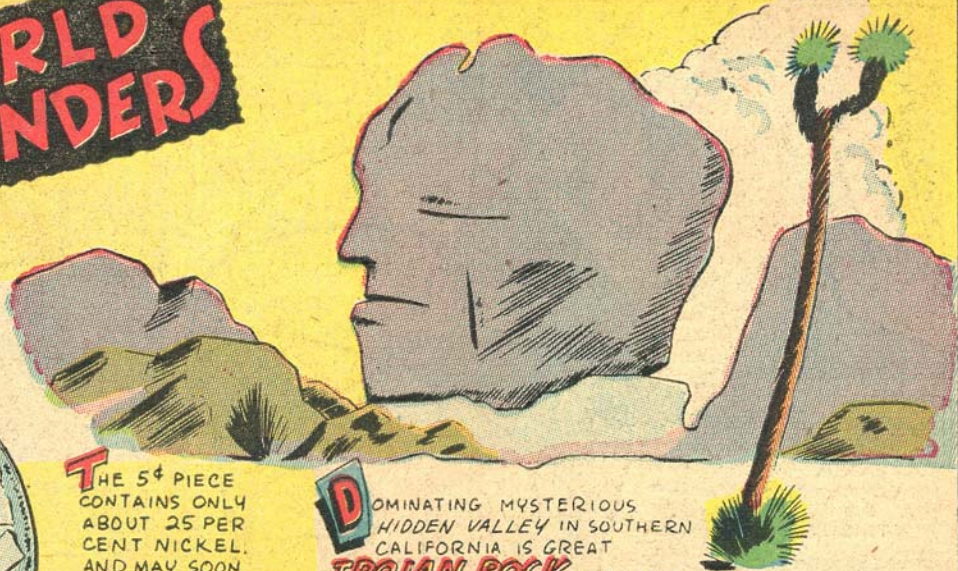
to END

# WORLD WONDERS



**T**HE 5¢ PIECE CONTAINS ONLY ABOUT 25 PER CENT NICKEL, AND MAY SOON CONTAIN LESS AS THE METAL IS A VITAL WAR MATERIAL USED TO HARDEN STEEL.

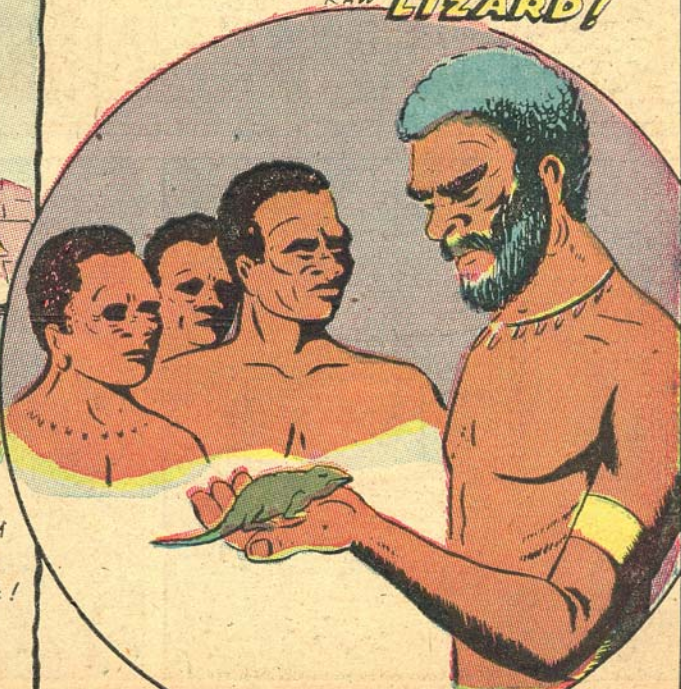
**D**OMINATING MYSTERIOUS HIDDEN VALLEY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS GREAT **TROJAN ROCK** A 50 FOOT MASS OF STONE STRANGELY SHAPED LIKE A HUMAN HEAD!



**W**HEN MEMBERS OF THE SAVAGE MAORI TRIBE OF NEW ZEALAND WISH TO BIND THEMSELVES TO AN AGREEMENT, INSTEAD OF PLACING THEIR NAMES ON A CONTRACT AS WE DO, THEY EAT A SMALL RAW **LIZARD!**



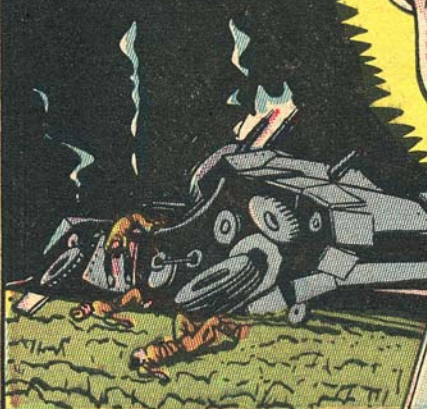
**D**URING WORLD WAR I, THE FRENCH ARMY COMPLETELY CHANGED THE APPEARANCE OF ENTIRE VILLAGES BY THE NEVER USE OF CAMOUFLAGE!



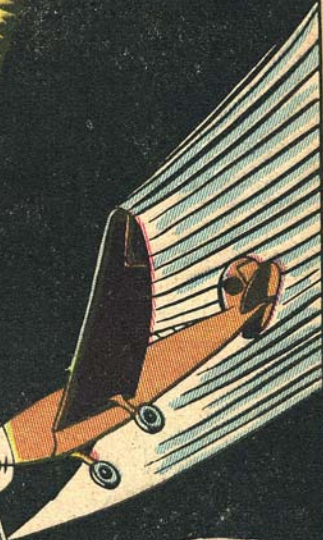
# ZAMBINI

CASE NO.5

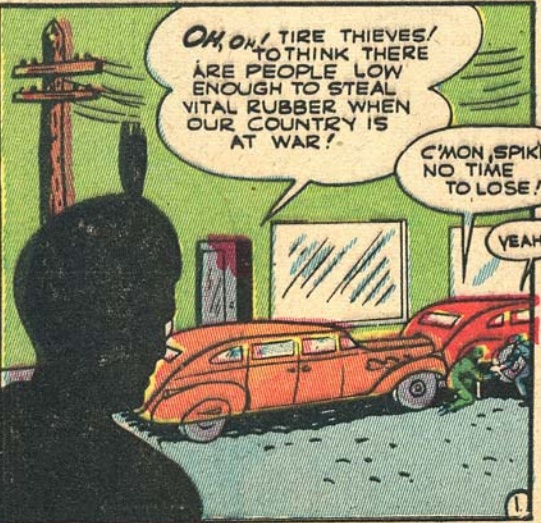
People  
AMERICA  
CAN  
DO  
WITHOUT..



**ENEMIES WITHIN!**  
THESE MEN ARE KILLING  
OUR BOYS JUST AS SURELY  
AS IF THEY HAD USED GUNS!  
ZAMBINI MEETS A PROBLEM  
WHICH IS FACING THE WHOLE  
NATION--SELFISH PEOPLE WHO  
PURSUE THEIR PERSONAL GAIN  
AT THE EXPENSE OF OUR COUNTRY!



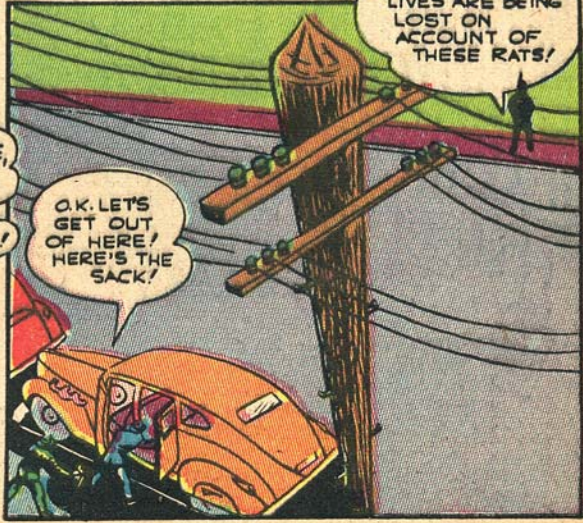
I WONDER  
HOW MANY  
LIVES ARE BEING  
LOST ON  
ACCOUNT OF  
THESE RATS!



OH, OH! TIRE THIEVES!  
TO THINK THERE  
ARE PEOPLE LOW  
ENOUGH TO STEAL  
VITAL RUBBER WHEN  
OUR COUNTRY IS  
AT WAR!

C'MON, SPIKE,  
NO TIME  
TO LOSE!

YEAH!



O.K. LET'S  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!  
HERE'S THE  
SACK!



THINK I'LL GO ALONG AND SEE WHERE THEY'RE HEADED.

BOY, WE SURE PICKED UP PLENTY OF TIRES TODAY, EH, MUGGSY?



I GOT A NICE PILE OF DOUGH COMING TO ME!

ME TOO!



HYA, BOSS... YOU'LL LIKE THIS LAST HAUL WE GOT... THE CAR'S FULL OF 'EM... JUST THE SIZE YOU WANTED, TOO.

NICE WORK, BOYS!



NOW TO CALL J.J. THROCKMORTON, JR. THAT GUY'LL PAY PLENTY FOR THESE!



THEN ZAMBINI RUBS HIS MAGIC AMULET AND...

I THINK I'LL CONNECT HIM WITH SOME PEOPLE WHO'LL BE GLAD TO HEAR FROM HIM!



HELLO, WE JUST GOT SOME NEW TIRES FOR YOU! WHO? ISN'T THIS MR. THROCKMORTON? WHAT? WHO? POLICE DEPARTMENT??



NEW TIRES FOR ME?!? HEY!! HE'S HUNG-UP! OPERATOR, TRACE THAT CALL ...



CASEY! TAKE A COUPLE MEN DOWN TO STAR WAREHOUSE... SOMETHING FUNNY GOING ON DOWN THERE!

OKAY, CHIEF!



LATER..

I DIDN'T CALL THE POLICE! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

C'MON, BOSS, WE'D BETTER SCRAM! SOMETHING'S GONE BLOOEY!



WHAT'S YOUR RUSH, GENTLEMEN? LET'S WAIT FOR SERGEANT CASEY, EH?

ZAMBINI!

ULAH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MUGGS... HOIST 'EM... HIGH!! ... NICE WORK, ZAMBINI!



NOW, I'D BETTER HAVE A CHAT WITH MR. THROCKMORTON, JR.!



SOME TIME LATER...

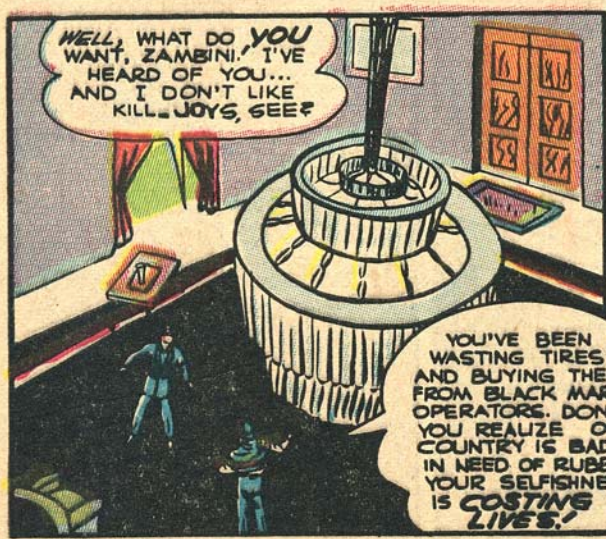
DRINK UP, EVERYBODY! SPARE NOTHING. THERE'S PLENTY OF EVERYTHING!

YES! HIS FATHER'S A MILLIONAIRE ... HE CAN PAY FOR ANYTHING!



BEGGIN' YO PARDON, SUH! MR. ZAMBINI TO SEE YO ALL, SUH!

JUST WHEN I'M HAVING FUN!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT, ZAMBINI. I'VE HEARD OF YOU... AND I DON'T LIKE KILL-JOYS, SEE?

YOU'VE BEEN WASTING TIRES AND BUYING THEM FROM BLACK MARKET OPERATORS. DON'T YOU REALIZE OUR COUNTRY IS BADLY IN NEED OF RUBBER.. YOUR SELFISHNESS IS COSTING LIVES!



MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU MEDDLER! AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I HAVE YOU THROWN OUT!

YOU'RE HEADING FOR TROUBLE THROCKMORTON!!



HAVE ANOTHER DRINK, EVERYONE... JUST THAT OLD SNOOPER, ZAMBINI! HA, HA! SAYS I'M WASTING TIRES!

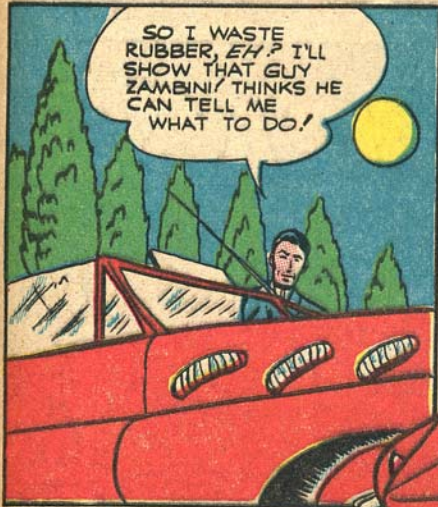
HA! HA! NEVER MIND HIM, THROCK! IF YOU USE UP YOUR TIRES, YOUR OLD MAN CAN AFFORD TO BUY YOU A NEW SET!

THAT'S TELLING HIM, THROCKY!

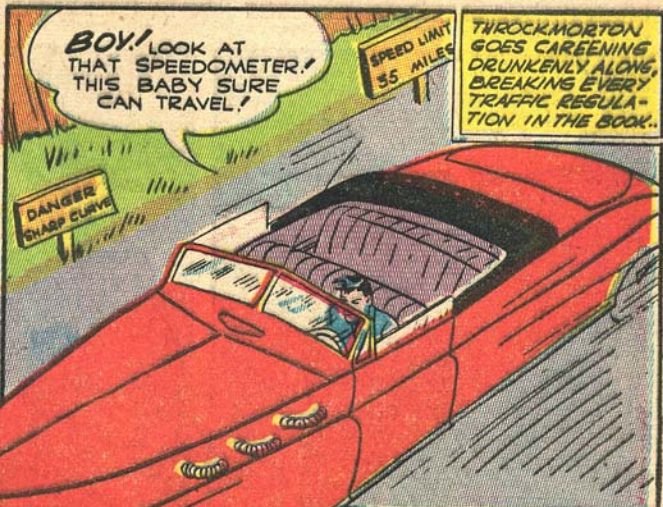


HEY, I GOT AN IDEA! THINK I'LL TRY OUT MY CAR! JUST HAD THE CARBURETOR ADJUSTED FOR HIGH SPEED. BET IT'LL DO NINETY! SO LONG, FOLKS... JUST KEEP GOING.. DON'T MIND ME!

OK, THROCK! WE'LL CARRY ON!

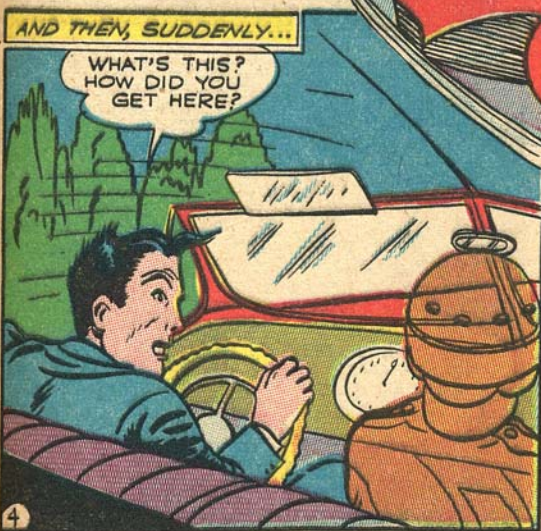


SO I WASTE RUBBER, EH? I'LL SHOW THAT GUY ZAMBINI! THINKS HE CAN TELL ME WHAT TO DO!



BOY! LOOK AT THAT SPEEDOMETER! THIS BABY SURE CAN TRAVEL!

THROCKMORTON GOES CAREENING DRUNKENLY ALONG, BREAKING EVERY TRAFFIC REGULATION IN THE BOOK..



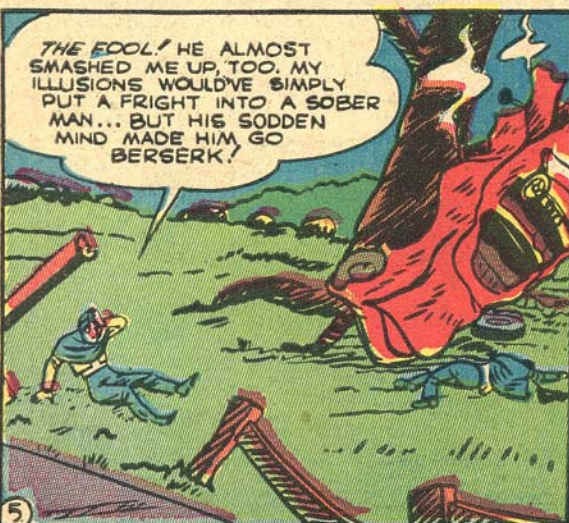
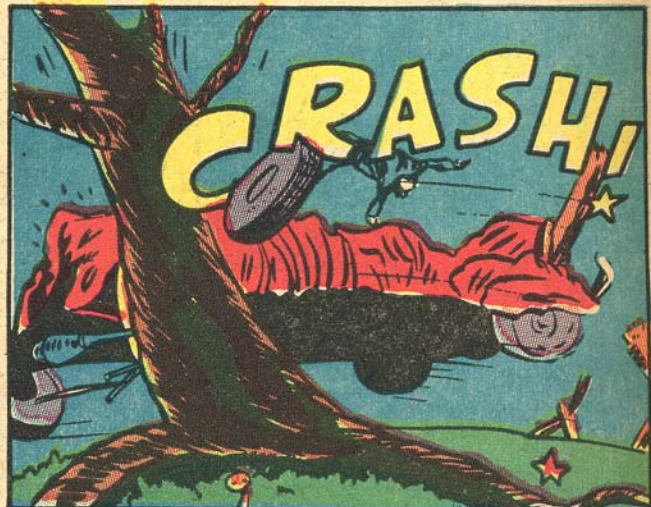
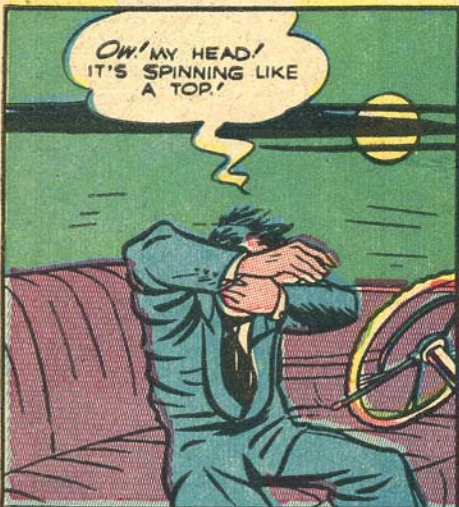
AND THEN, SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S THIS? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?



DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, THROCK? I'M ONE OF THE MEN YOU KILLED! MY TANK THREW A TREAD IN LIBYA. HAD METAL TREADS! SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE OF RUBBER.. BUT THE RUBBER SHORTAGE DIDN'T PERMIT IT!

GOOD LORD!





THROCKMORTON, YOU DON'T DESERVE THIS GOOD SERVICE, BUT I'LL DO MY BEST TO GET HELP FOR YOU!



AND AFTER THE DOCTOR MAKES HIS EXAMINATION...

THIS MAN WILL BLEED TO DEATH IN HALF AN HOUR UNLESS OPERATED ON. WE MUST GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY. I CAN'T HELP HIM HERE... DON'T HAVE THE PROPER EQUIPMENT!



HELLO, MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL? THIS IS DR. BROWN. EMERGENCY CASE... MAN DYING... SEND AN AMBULANCE! HURRY! THE SLIGHTEST DELAY MAY BE FATAL!



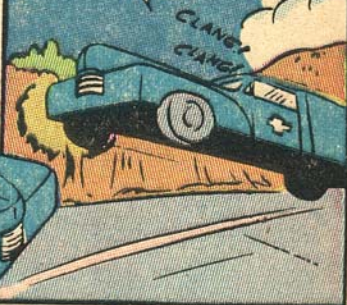
YES, DR. BROWN, AT ONCE! LUCKILY WE'VE GOT JUST ONE AMBULANCE AVAILABLE NOW!



STEP ON IT, JERRY! THIS IS AN EMERGENCY!



HOPE MY TIRES HOLD UP AT THIS SPEED! THEY'RE PRETTY WORN. WISH WE COULD GET NEW ONES AS EASILY AS WE USED TO!



GOOD NIGHT! ANOTHER FLAT! AND THE SPARE'S STILL BACK AT THE GARAGE BEING REPAIRED!



THAT INNER TUBE MUST BE BADLY CUT. THIS IS GOING TO TAKE AN HOUR TO FIX UP! BETTER CALL THE HOSPITAL AND TELL THEM. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO PICK UP THAT ACCIDENT CASE!

THROCKMORTON'S UNHAPPY FATE WAS THE RESULT OF HIS OWN HEARTLESSNESS! HE DIDN'T CARE HOW MUCH HIS SELFISH ACTIONS HARMED OTHER PEOPLE! HE HAD NO ONE BUT HIMSELF TO BLAME!



FOR ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH ZAMBINI AND PEOPLE AMERICA CAN DO WITHOUT, SEE THE NEXT ISSUE OF ZIP COMICS!



THE END..

# PUZZLES ...

- ACROSS
1. THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NAME OF THE FIRST MONTH OF THE YEAR.
  2. AN UNRULY CROWD.
  3. A MAN WHO TELLS JOKES.



4. IT LIVES IN A HIVE.
5. THE FIRST LETTER OF THE NAME OF THE COLOR THAT IS OPPOSITE OF GREEN.

3. CONNECT THE NUMBERS STARTING WITH NO. 1 THEN SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW IN THE REST OF WILBUR'S FIGURE.



THESE TWO LITTLE GIRLS REGISTERED FOR THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL. THIS IS WHAT THEY TOLD THE TEACHER

EACH ONE WAS NAMED SMITH. EACH WAS BORN IN THE SAME ROOM IN THE SAME HOUSE. EACH ONE HAD A MOTHER NAMED MARY SMITH, AND A FATHER NAMED JAMES SMITH. EACH WAS BORN ON THE SAME DAY IN THE SAME YEAR. AFTER THEY FINISHED TELLING THE TEACHER THIS, SHE SAID TO THEM, "ARE YOU TWO SISTERS?" THEY REPLIED, "YES." THEN SHE SAID, "YOU LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE. ARE YOU TWINS?" THEY REPLIED "NO" SINCE THEY ANSWERED EVERYTHING CORRECTLY AND HAD THE SAME MOTHER AND FATHER. HOW CAN YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THEY WEREN'T TWINS?



HERE IS A COIN TRICK FOR YOU TO DO. PLACE A DIME ON A FLAT TABLE. PRESS DOWN ON IT WITH YOUR HAND JUST BELOW THE BASE OF THE INDEX FINGER. WHEN YOU LIFT YOUR HAND, THE COIN WILL STICK TO IT.



THIS COURT JESTER HAS WRITTEN A MESSAGE WHICH YOU WILL BE ABLE TO READ IF YOU SUBSTITUTE LETTERS FOR NUMBERS AND FILL IN THE MISSING LETTERS. EXAMPLE: 1-9-? = AID

20+8+9+? 9+? 14+?+20 ?+5+18+25  
 8-1+?+4 ?+15 4+? 15+?+3+5 ?+15+21  
 8-1+2+5 6+9+?+2+21+?+5+4 15+?+20 20+?+5  
 1+?+16+?+1+2+?+20

FOR ANSWERS TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN.

# Get TIGER POWER Now It's EASY!

Here is your opportunity to build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. Now, more than ever, you must be STRONG to get ahead in the world . . . you can get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

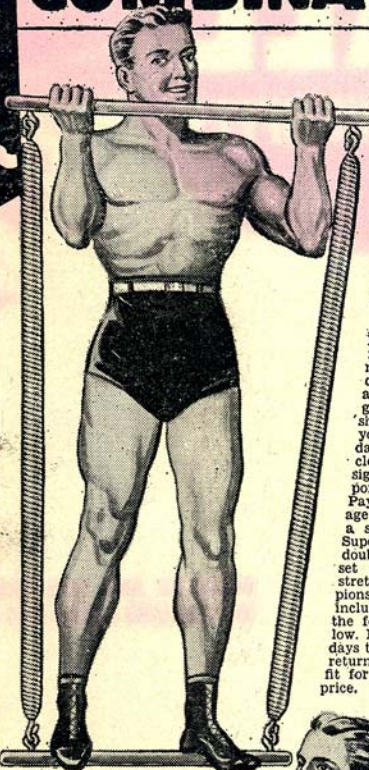
## GET BURSTING STRENGTH QUICKLY

No matter if you are a weakling or no matter if you already boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit and instructions that go with it to be just what you need. The entire equipment which contains dozens of individual features are all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet the actual resistance of your strength and to increase the power progressively as you build a body of mighty muscles. Men in training and men who have reached the top in performing strong-man feats unanimously acclaim this new progressive chest pull and bar bell combination as being a great advancement in the invention of practical equipment to quickly get strong and develop bursting strength.

The combination is complete in every detail. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out and loses its resistive strength, but very heavy and strong tension springs. These tension springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. In a short time you will find yourself able to easily accomplish strong man feats which now seem difficult. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts . . . permits you to practice for weight lifting and at the same time brings into play the muscles of your legs, chest, arms, and grip so that you build as you train.

In addition to these valuable features there is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do all kinds of bending and stretching exercises so necessary for speed and endurance. You also have the features of a rowing machine which is as great an abdominal builder and fat reducer. The hand grips included to help develop a mighty grip. The entire outfit is shipped to you along with pictorial and printed instructions so as to progressively enable you to get stronger day by day.

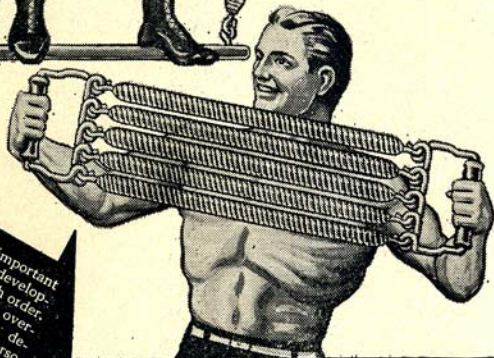
# New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION



Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on your biceps, on your chest, have a mighty back, have mighty legs, or a mighty grip, or build any part of your body by fanning the air. No indeed. You need equipment and instructions such as we offer you here. BUT . . . we not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

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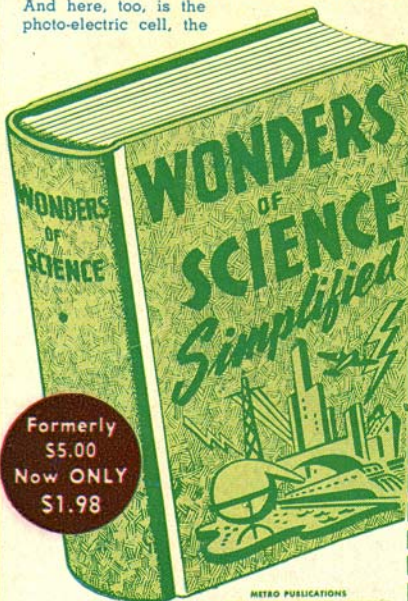
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