

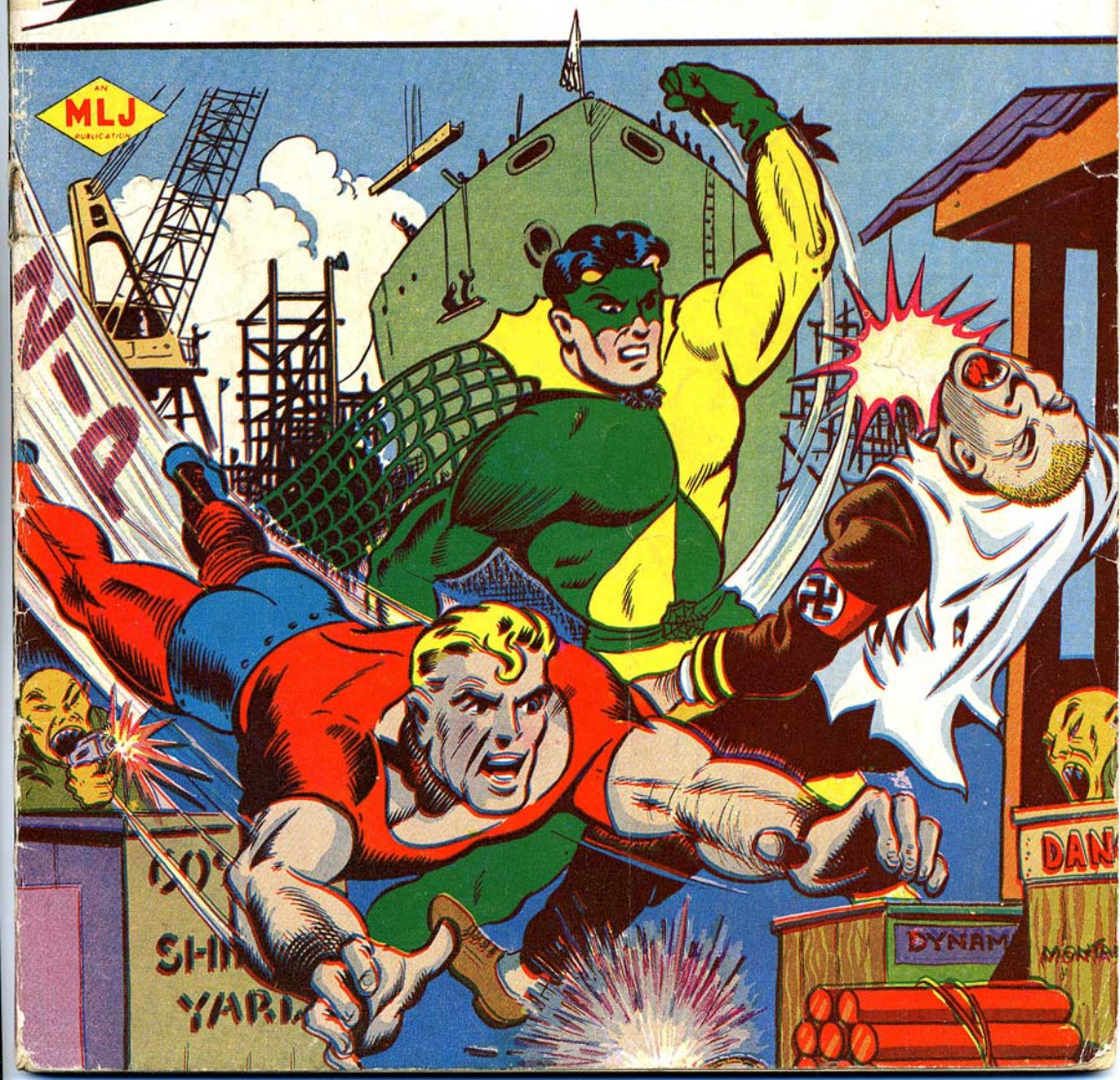
A NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN TALE!
STEEL STERLING UPHOLDS AMERICA'S HONOR!!

NO.
35

MARCH
10¢

ZIP

COMICS



ALL THIS
IN ONE
MARVELOUS
BOOK

17 COMPLETE
SECTIONS

How To Handle
A ROPE



You can easily do these Tricks and Stunts with a Cowboy Rope!

Playing Winning
PING-PONG



Illustrated lessons to show you form, standard shots and tricks

How To Train
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Dogs, their care and training; teaching tricks and stunts.

It's Fun To
BUILD THINGS



Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles.

Building Model
PLANES



Full instructions on building a Glider, Solid Model and Flying Model!

Spotting
Planes



Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.

FUN-SPORT-THRILLS-GAMES For You to Enjoy!

Here for the first time in one book, are all the zestful activities—sports—hobbies—games—magic—art—jokes—puzzles—stunts—tricks—money-making hints—craftsmanship—Commando tactics—etc., which are part of every red-blooded, intelligent, energetic boy. Imagine—you can become a whiz at ping-pong, a champ at wrestling, you'll teach your dog tricks; you'll learn a "tumbling" routine and perform a "magic" show, you'll have a million things to do!

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No longer will it be a question of "what to do"—but rather what to do *first*, and then, and then. You can become the *best* player, a crack athlete and strong-man, you can earn money, you can build useful things. You can learn to "Spot" airplanes. You can train to become a real, tough Junior Commando or Ranger. There are innumerable suggestions for things to do and fun to enjoy—for indoors and outdoors—summer or winter—alone or with your crowd.

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BEST-VALUE
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STEEL STERLING

Man of Steel



OUCH!
HELP!
SOMEONE
HELP!

by IRV
NOVIK

LISBON-THE LAST REFUGE IN EUROPE FOR THOSE MOST HATED AND FEARED BY THE GESTAPO, LISBON-CRAMPED WITH POLITICIANS, DIPLOMATS, SOLDIERS, PRINCES AND PAUPERS, ALL FLEEING FROM THE BLOODY NAZI HORDES THAT HAVE INFESTED THE ENTIRE CONTINENT! HERE IT IS THAT OUR STORY BEGINS- HERE IN THIS VAST CONCENTRATION CAMP OF HOPES, DOUBTS AND FEARS! LISBON.

SAIN
SOUE

BOY! THIS FAT SLOB
IS SURE ONE
TOUGH BABY!

THAT FINISHED
HIM! NOW FOR
LOONEY-I
HOPE HE HAD
ENOUGH STRENGTH
TO HOLD ON!

STRONG HANDS GRASP LOONEY'S
ARMS AS TIRED FINGERS RELAX
THEIR GRIP ON THE COLD STONE
BALUSTRADE!

ANOTHER SECOND
AND HE WOULD
HAVE BEEN A
GONER!

NOW TAKE IT EASY, CHUM!

THANKS, MISTER-
JUST LET ME SIT DOWN
A WHILE AND
GET MY BEAR-
INGS!

H-H-H-HOLY SMOKE!
IT'S STEEL! HOW THE
WHO THE --- WHERE THE.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY, AND SINCE WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME, I'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT SHORT!

YOU REMEMBER, OF COURSE, WHEN THE COLONEL IN CHARGE OF INTELLIGENCE SENT FOR YOU—

SERGEANT LUNAR HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON A TRIP?

Y'MEAN IM GOIN' INTO ACTION? BOY! SHOW ME THEM JAPANAZIS, I'LL TEAR THEM APART, I'LL MOW 'EM DOWN— I'LL--I'LL---



HAI HAI HOLD ON A MINUTE, SERGEANT, WE APPRECIATE YOUR ENTHUSIASM, ALTHOUGH YOUR MISSION MAY SEEM LESS SPECTACULAR THAN COMBAT DUTY— IT IS JUST AS IMPORTANT!



THE HEAD OF OUR SECRET SERVICE IN PORTUGAL HAS BEEN ARRESTED ON EVIDENCE UNEARTHED BY GERMAN AGENTS!



THESE GESTAPO MEN DISCOVERED THAT OUR SECRET SERVICE AGENTS WERE GETTING INFORMATION FROM PAID SPIES, ON POLITICAL CONDITIONS EXISTING IN OCCUPIED TERRITORY, PREPARATORY TO OPENING A SECOND FRONT!

WHERE DO THOSE DIRTY NAZIS COME OFF HAVING OUR MEN PINCHED? THEY HAVEN'T TAKEN OVER YET! NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



THAT'S JUST WHAT THE PORTUGUESE ARE AFRAID OF! AT THE SAME TIME THEY DO NOT WISH TO OFFEND THE UNITED STATES! IF, WHEN THE TRIAL COMES UP, THE EVIDENCE IS PRODUCED, THEN IT MEANS DEPORTATION FOR ALL AMERICANS IN PORTUGAL! THAT MUST NOT HAPPEN! IT IS VITAL THAT WE MAINTAIN A LISTENING POST THERE!



THIS "EVIDENCE" IS IN THE HANDS OF GERHARDT VON KLUNE, THE LOCAL GESTAPO AGENT! YOUR JOB WILL BE TO OBTAIN THESE PAPERS AND DISPOSE OF THEM BEFORE THE TRIAL COMES UP!

SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD! WHEN DO I START?



IMMEDIATELY-- YOU ARE TO PROCEED TO LISBON BY CLIPPER! THERE, TO TAKE QUARTERS AT THE HOTEL SANS SOUCI, A RENDEZVOUS FOR WEALTHY REFUGEES AND NAZI AGENTS BECAUSE OF ITS LUXURIOUS GAMBLING ROOMS! YOU WILL BE COVERED BY DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, SINCE YOU'LL BE TRAVELING AS A MILITARY ATTACHE TO OUR CONSULATE! GOOD LUCK, SERGEANT!

THANK YOU, SIR!



HOW'D YOU FIND ALL THAT OUT? YOU WEREN'T THERE!

OH NO? I WAS BEHIND THE SCREE ALL THE TIME!



AFTER YOU HAD LEFT TO MAKE PREPARATIONS FOR YOUR DEPARTURE---

OKAY, STEEL, IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW!

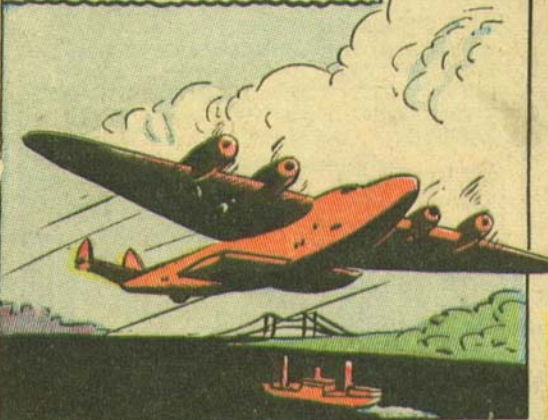


OUR AGENTS HAVE RELIABLE INFORMATION THAT VON KLUNE AND HIS NAZI GANGSTERS ARE PLANNING TO OVERTHROW THE PORTUGUESE GOVERNMENT AND SEIZE CONTROL OF IT! YOU'RE TO TRY AND DISCOVER PROOF, IF ANY, OF THE CONSPIRACY! SERGEANT LUNAR WILL ACT UNKNOWINGLY AS A DECOY!

HE'S NAIVE ENOUGH TO BE A PERFECT ONE!



AND SO, WHEN THE CLIPPER LEFT THAT DAY FOR LISBON, I WAS ALSO ON BOARD----



AS A MATTER OF FACT, I SAT RIGHT NEXT TO YOU! REMEMBER? I WAS THE CHAP WHO TROUNCED YOU IN TWO-HANDED PINOCHE!

I WIN AGAIN, SARGE!

SAY MISTER, YER PRETTY GOOD! YOU BEAT ME FIFTY TIMES IN A ROW! A FRIEND OF MINE, STEEL STERLING, THINKS HE'S A HOT PLAYER!



AND THEN LATER, AT THE HOTEL...

WELL, WELL - IF IT ISN'T THE PINOCHLE CHAMP! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING HERE TOO!

SANS SO...

BOY, WHAT A SWELL DUMP! "SAY SUZIE" WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

IT'S A FRENCH EXPRESSION MEANING "WITHOUT CARE OR "WITHOUT WORRY!"

-WHEN YOU CAME OUT OF YOUR ROOM? WELL, WHADDA YA KNOW? YOU'VE GOT THE ROOM RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO ME! SAY HOW ABOUT GOING DOWN TO THE BAR AND HAVE A BEER ON ME?

I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER!



-'N, SO Y'SEE, I'M WORKING FOR THE U.S. INTELLIGENCE! I'M AFTER A GUY NAMED VON KLUNE, HE'S ONE OF THE ---

Y'KNOW, SOLDIER, I WOULDN'T TALK SO MUCH IF I WERE YOU, YOU NEVER KNOW WHOM YOU'RE TALKING TO, OR WHO MAY BE LISTENING IN!

HUH? OH! YEH, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PAL! I'D BETTER BUTTUN MY LIP!



WOO! WOO! LOOK AT THAT! ALL ALONE, AND GIVING ME THE GLAD-EYE! PAL, WATCH MY SMOKE!

HIYA, BABY! SERGEANT LUNAR, U.S.A! THAT'S ME! MIND IF I PULL UP A CHAIR?

BUT OF COURSE NOT, YANGUI! SIT DOWN!





I HAVE BEEN WATCHING YOU FOR SOME TIME, YANOU! I THINK ZAT YOU ARE CUTE!

Y'THINK SO, HUH? ALL THE GALS DO! AS A MATTER OF FACT-



I DON'T HAPPEN TO SHARE DER SAME OPINION!

NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD, WHO ASKED YOU TO PUT YOUR TWO CENTS IN? HIT THE ROAD, BLUBBER!



YOU ARE ANNOYING DIS YOMAN-WHO IS MY FIANCEE! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TAKE A WALK!

TAKE A WALK? ANNOYIN' WOMEN? GO 'WAY, YA 'HIPPO! I WANTA HAVE A COUPLE OF BEERS!



I TINK IT YOU'D BE BETTER IF YOU YOULD TAKE A WALK! MAX! FRANZ!

WHAT IS THIS -A BUMS RUSH?



AND YOU WERE UN CEREMONIOUSLY THROWN OUT OF THE COCKTAIL ROOM!

HEY! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!

THAT'S A VERY FAMILIAR PHRASE!



OH, IT'S YOU, PAL! SAY, WHO WAS THAT OVERSTUFFED PIG THAT HAD ME BOUNCED?

HE IS THE MAN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, VON KLUNE!

VON KLUNE! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! WHY, THE DIRTY NAZI SKUNK! I'M GOIN' IN THERE AND BUST 'IM WIDE OPEN!

HOLD ON A MINUTE, SON! YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU! LISTEN TO ME, I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT HELP YOU!

WHY DON'T YOU GET AT VON KLUNE THROUGH HIS LADY FRIEND? I THINK SHE LIKES YOU BETTER ANYWAY! LET'S GO IN THE GAMBLING ROOM! EVERYBODY GOES THERE ABOUT THIS TIME! PERHAPS WE'LL FIND HER THERE!

FAL, Y'KNOW IN SOME WAYS YOU'RE SMARTER THAN STERLING! BUT OF COURSE I WUZ THINKIN' OF THE GAME THEM MYSELF!

ALL THERE SHE IS NOW! AND SHE SEEMS TO BE ALONE! I DON'T SEE VON KLUNE OR HIS HENCHMEN ANYWHERE - NOW'S YOUR CHANCE, SARGE!

SHE WOULD BE IN THE GAMBLING CASINO! ONLY WAY FOR ME TO KEEP AN EYE ON THEM WITHOUT EXCITING SUSPICION IS TO PLAY AT ONE OF THE TABLES MYSELF - AND I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT ROULETTE AS LOONEY KNOWS ABOUT ESPIONAGE!



NUMBER SEVEN WINS - LUCKY SEVEN THE WINNER!

SEVEN? ER - IS THAT ME?

HOW D'YA LIKE DAT LUCKY BUM! WINS TEN G'S, AND DON'T EVEN KNOW IT!

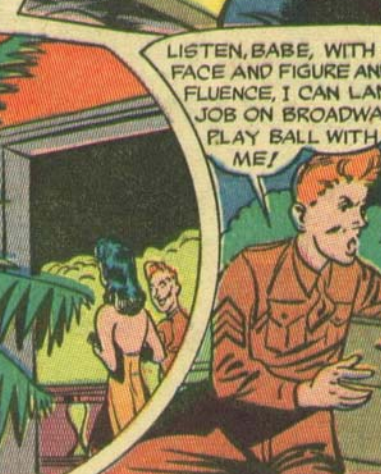
SAY --- HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE, BEFORE, MISTER --- ER --- MISTER ---

YER OFF YER NUT, PAL! YOU AIN'T NEVER SEEN ME --- SEE? I'M A NATIVE IN DIS BOIG!

HMM --- HE CERTAINLY DOES LOOK FAMILIAR, BUT I CAN'T PLACE HIM! OH, OH, THERE GOES LOONEY AND HIS GAL! I'D BETTER CASH IN MY CHIPS AND TAG AFTER THEM! TEN THOUSAND BUCKS IS PRETTY GOOD WINNINGS FOR A FEW MINUTES!



THERE THEY GO, OUT ONTO THE TERRACE!



LISTEN, BABE, WITH YOUR FACE AND FIGURE AND MY INFLUENCE, I CAN LAND YOU A JOB ON BROADWAY, IF YOU PLAY BALL WITH ME!

BUT OF COURSE, MY LITTLE LOONEY, WHAT IS THEES BALL YOU WANT ME TO PLAY?

THIS LUG, VON KLUNE, HAS SOME PAPERS THAT I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON—NOW I FIGGER YOU BEIN' A SPECIAL PAL O'HIS Y'MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE KEEPS 'EM!

BUT YES, CHERI! HE KEEPS ZEM EEN A WALL SAFE EEN HIS ROOM—I KNOW ZEE COMBINATION—COME, I WEEL TAKE YOU ZERE!

WOW! DID THIS DAME FALL FOR MY LINE! WHO DO I KNOW ON BROADWAY—EXCEPT MAYBE BENNY THE BUM!

JUST WHAT I HOPED FOR!

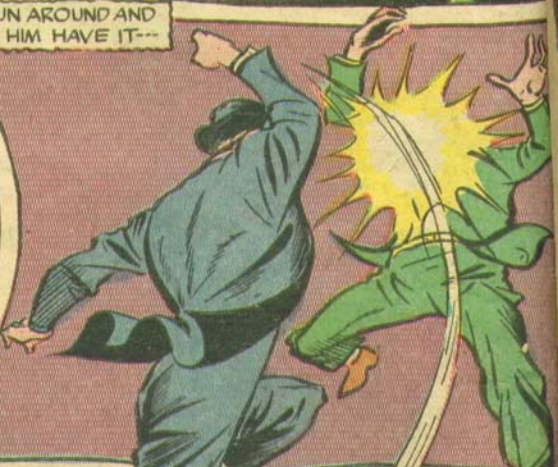


WHEN SUDDENLY—

WHAT THE SAM HILL!

I SPUN AROUND AND LET HIM HAVE IT—

DON'T MOVE, CHUM—OR THIS ROD MIGHT GO BOOM! HAND OVER THOSE **TEN THOUSAND SMACKERS!**



YOU AGAIN! WELL I'LL BE! I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED YOU BEFORE! YOU'RE "REMBRANDT" LOUIE, **CONMAN** AND FORGER EXTRAORDINARY!

HOW DYA KNOW WHO I AM? WHO ARE YA?



PERHAPS YOU'LL RECOGNIZE ME **NOW!**

STEEL STERLING!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, REMBRANDT? ROBBERY ISN'T IN YOUR LINE!

WELL, Y'KNOW I'M WANTED FOR A FORGERY JOB I DID BACK IN THE U.S. I BEAT THE RAP BY COMING HERE! AFTER FIVE YEARS I'M SICK OF THE WHOLE BUSINESS!

I'D RATHER SERVE MY SENTENCE THAN STAY HERE ANOTHER MINUTE! I TRIED TO GET ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY PASSAGE ON THE CLIPPER! TO NIGHT WHEN I SAW YOU WIN ALL THAT DOUGH, I FIGURED ID HEIST IT, AND KISS THIS RAT HOLE GOODBYE!



LISTEN TO THE PLAN IF SA...

LISTEN, REMBRANDT, I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET BACK TO THE STATES, AND WHAT'S MORE I'LL PUT IN A GOOD WORD FOR YOU. IF YOU HELP ME—AND, AT THE SAME TIME, YOU'LL BE HELPING YOUR COUNTRY!

O. K.! WHAT CAN I LOSE?— I'LL DO WHAT EVER YOU WANT!

GOOD! MY ROOM NUMBER IS FORTY TWO! GO UP THERE AND WAIT FOR ME! MEANWHILE I'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

I THEN ZIPPED UP TO VON KLUNE'S ROOM AS FAST AS I COULD!

NOW WHAT HAPPENED FROM THEN, TILL THE TIME I PULLED YOU OFF THE LEDGE?

AH, IT'S OPEN! PERHAPS WE WILL FIND ZEE PAPERS YOU WANT! YOU ARE EXCITED, NO?

WELL, WHEN WE GET UP TO VON KLUNE'S ROOM, THE DAME OPENS THE SAFE—

I AM EXCITED, YES! HURRY UP, BABY! HAND OVER THOSE PAPERS!

I WUZ DYING TO GET MY HANDS ON THESE!

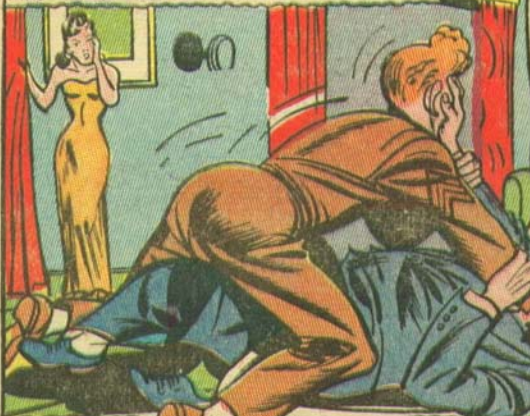
GOOD! THEN THIS WONT INTERFERE WITH YOUR PLANS!

HEY! WHAT GIVES HERE?— OH, I GET IT— THE WELL KNOWN DOUBLE CROSS!

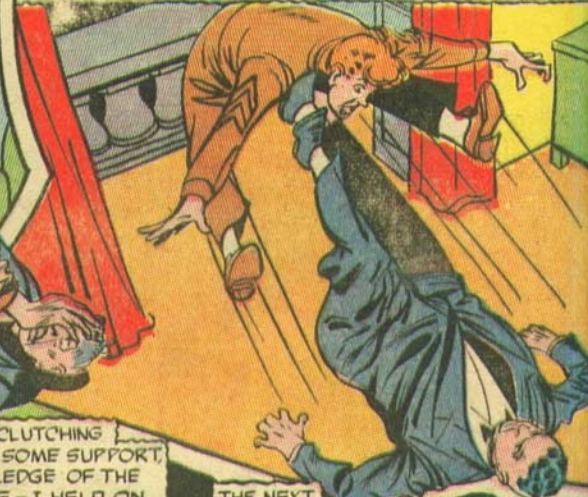
I DID THE SAME THING YOU DID TO THAT REMBRANDT GUY—

OOF!

WE WRASLED AROUND FOR A WHILE--
AND THEN THE NEXT THING I KNEW---



I WAS GOIN' THROUGH THE AIR LIKE "THE MAN ON THE
FLYING TRAPEZE" ONLY I DIDN'T HAVE A TRAPEZE---



I KEPT RIGHT
ON GOING
THROUGH AN
OPEN WINDOW
OVER A BALCONY---



MY HANDS CLUTCHING
WILDLY FOR SOME SUPPORT,
FOUND THE LEDGE OF THE
BALUSTRADE-- I HELD ON
FOR DEAR LIFE---



THE NEXT
MINUTE, THE
FAT RAT WAS
WHACKING
AWAY AT MY
FINGERS WITH
A PIECE OF
LEAD PIPE---



AND IF YOU HADN'T COME
ALONG WHEN YOU DID, I WOULD
HAVE BEEN A **DEAD PIGEON**
SURE-- SAY, I WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO THAT DAME!



SHE PROBABLY
WENT FOR VON
KLUNE'S MOB--SO
WE'D BETTER
HUSTLE!

PICK UP THE REST OF
THOSE PAPERS AND LET'S
BEAT IT DOWN TO MY
ROOM!



A WHILE LATER IN STEEL'S ROOM---
HURRY UP, REMBRANDT,
WE HAVEN'T MUCH
TIME!



I DON'T GET IT,
FIRST YOU DESTROY
THOSE PAPERS
AND NOW **THIS!**
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?

SUDDENLY—

WELL, WELL— VISITORS!
COME ON IN! WE'RE
EXPECTING YOU!

MAKE YOURSELVES COMFORTABLE
— ON THE FLOOR!

THIS IS FOR ALL
YOUR DIRTY "SHENANI-
GINS", RATZI!

COME ON! THESE
BIRDS AREN'T GOING
TO SLEEP FOREVER!
WE'VE GOT TO HURRY AND GET
THESE PAPERS TO THE
PRESIDENT'S RE-
SIDENCE BEFORE
IT'S TOO LATE!

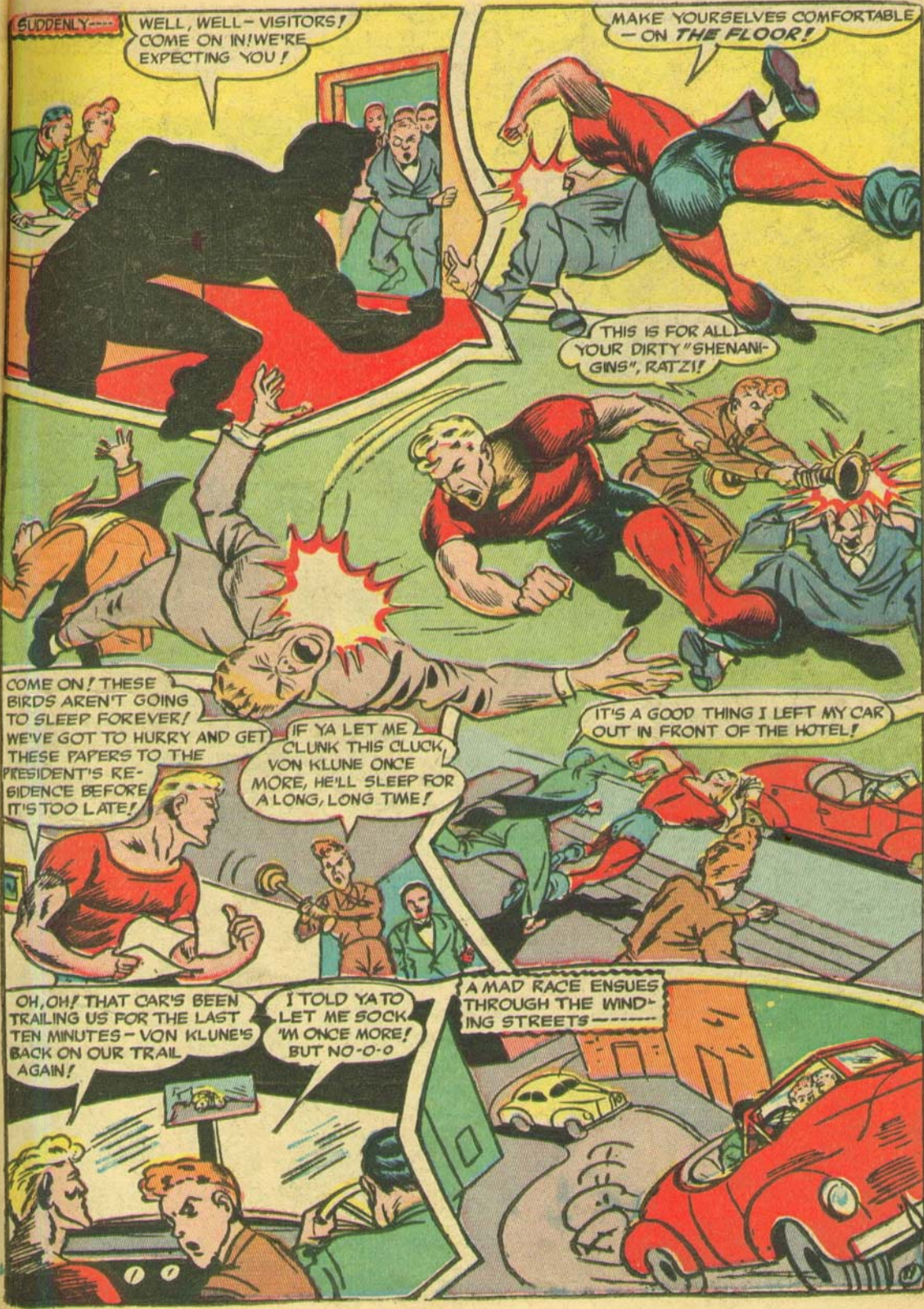
IF YA LET ME
CLUNK THIS CLUCK
VON KLUNE ONCE
MORE, HE'LL SLEEP FOR
A LONG, LONG TIME!

IT'S A GOOD THING I LEFT MY CAR
OUT IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL!

OH, OH! THAT CAR'S BEEN
TRAILING US FOR THE LAST
TEN MINUTES— VON KLUNE'S
BACK ON OUR TRAIL
AGAIN!

I TOLD YATO
LET ME SOCK
'M ONCE MORE!
BUT NO-O-O

A MAD RACE ENSUES
THROUGH THE WIND-
ING STREETS—



ENDING UP IN THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAMBERS---

GUARDS! WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

WE WERE UNABLE TO STOP THEM, MR. PRESIDENT!

MR. PRESIDENT PARDON THIS INTRUSION, BUT I HAVE HERE DOCUMENTS OF THE UTMOST IMPORTANCE CONCERNING THE FUTURE WELFARE OF YOUR COUNTRY!



READ IT, SIR, AND YOU SHALL SEE CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF A PLOT BY VON KLUNE AND HIS GANGSTERS TO OVERTHROW THE REPUBLIC AND SEIZE CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT! YOU WILL SEE THESE DOCUMENTS ARE WRITTEN AND SIGNED BY VON KLUNE!

HE TRIED TO PLACE AMERICANS IN A BAD LIGHT--WHILE ALL THE TIME HE WAS CONSPIRING AGAINST THE STATE!

JUST THEN VON KLUNE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE---

I SEE DER PRESIDENT HAS READ DER DOCUMENTS AND IS BY NOW CONVINCED OF THE INFIDELITY OF THE AMERICANS!

GUARDS, ARREST VON KLUNE AND HIS MEN!

GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S TRUE!



BUT--BUT DER PAPERS, MR. PRESIDENT! I DON'T UNDERSTAND, AREN'T DEY PROOF ENOUGH?

YES! PROOF ENOUGH OF YOUR TREACHERY! TAKE HIM AWAY!

I AM GIVING ORDERS TO RELEASE YOUR AMERICAN COLLEAGUE IMMEDIATELY! FURTHERMORE AMERICANS CAN COME AND GO FREELY HERE IN THIS COUNTRY!

LATER, ON THE CLIPPER, BOUND FOR AMERICA---

THAT WASN'T RIGHT HAVING REMBRANDT FORGE THOSE DOCUMENTS!

DON'T LOSE ANY SLEEP, LOONEY THERE REALLY WAS A CONSPIRACY!



--AND BESIDES, WHEN YOU'RE DEALING WITH NAZIS A LITTLE MATTER LIKE ETHICS ISN'T IMPORTANT!

THAT'S RIGHT, STEEL! Y'GOTTA FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!

BY THE WAY, STEEL, I SURE WAS NAIVE, WASN'T I?

YOU SURE WERE, BROTHER! YOU SURE WERE!



Follow... THE COLORFUL ADVENTURES OF STEEL STERLING EVERY MONTH IN ZIP COMICS! STEEL, CLANCY AND LOONEY ALSO APPEAR IN JACKPOT COMICS!

The END

THE WEB

IT WAS ONLY A BOOK! MUSTY AND DRAB THAT REPOSED IN A SECOND HAND BOOK STORE FOR YEARS, GATHERING DUST! BUT WHEN IT FINALLY WAS TAKEN OFF THE SHELF, A **WEB OF CRIME** WAS BEGUN WHICH WAS DESTINED TO BE WOVEN WITH STRANDS OF **DEATH!** IN SHORT, THIS IS A TALE OF—
THE WEB AND THE BOOK!



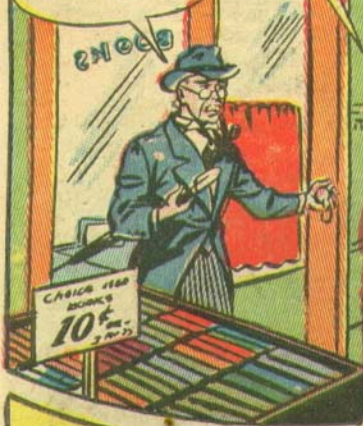
GOOD EVENING, GOOD EVENING, MIND IF I BROWSE AROUND A BIT, MR. WITHERS?

GOOD EVENING PROFESSOR ANDIVE!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, PROFESSOR! IT'S A PLEASURE TO HAVE A CUSTOMER LIKE YOU IN MY STORE!

THANK YOU! Hmm-- I WONDER IF YOU HAVE ANY OLD COLLECTOR ITEMS FOR ME--- LET ME SEE---

INTERESTING VERY INTERESTING----



EXCELSIOR! JUST THE BOOK I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR, FOR YEARS! WHAT A COLLECTOR'S ITEM!

THIS IS A REMARKABLE EDITION OF THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL FINDINGS IN OUR TIME!

FOR TWO YEARS I HAVE THE BOOK ON MY SHELVES AND YOU FIRST NOTICE IT!



REMARKABLE, SIMPLY REMARKABLE!

HEY- WHY DONT YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

ASTONISHING--- SUCH GENIUS---

LOOK WHERE YA GOW, BOOKWORM, YA WANNA GET MODERED WALK IN AROUND LIKE THAT!



OOPS--- I'M TERRIBLY SORRY!

PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT, PROFESSOR ANDIVE!

WHY, IT'S JOHN RAYMOND! SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? YOU MUST EXCUSE ME - THIS BOOK - REMARKABLE EDITION, HERE JUST LOOK AT IT!

MUST BE AN- OTHER LONG DRY SCIENCE BOOK!

NOW LET ME SEE - IT'S BEEN QUITE A FEW YEARS SINCE YOU WERE IN MY CLASSROOM! YOU KNEW SOMETHING - I LIKED YOU!

JUST AS I IMAGINED ANTHROPOLOGICAL FINDINGS!

THAT NIGHT, A SOFT CHAIR, HIS FAVORITE PIPE AND A GOOD BOOK

THE SAME NIGHT - MINUTES LATER AT THE HOME OF JOHN RAYMOND.

THANKS FOR THE COMPLIMENT, PROFESSOR - BUT DON'T LET ME KEEP YOU FROM YOUR BOOK!

YES--YES, GOOD DAY JOHN!

AH, AT LAST-- NOW TO READ IN PEACE---

WHAT'S THAT? PROFESSOR ANDI--- KEEP EVERYTHING AS IT IS! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

LOOKS LIKE HE JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK! NOTHING ELSE BUT!

YES, YES, SERGEANT! WHAT'S THAT IN HIS HAND?

THAT'S PECULIAR! HE HAS A DEATH GRIP ON THIS BOOK MARK - BUT WHERE'S THE BOOK?



WELL, THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION, SERGEANT--- I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

NOW DON'T GO OFF ON ANY WILD GOOSE CHASES! JOHN, I TELL YA IT'S A NATURAL DEATH-- SO DON'T GO LOOKING FOR ANY MURDERER!

BACK AT HIS HOME, JOHN RAYMOND, MASTER CRIMINOLOGIST, LOOKS THROUGH HIS CRIME FILES----

C--D--E--F--F--OSTER! HERE IT IS! I KNEW I REMEMBERED THAT NAME! THIS WORK CALLS FOR THE WEB!



SECONDS LATER--A LIGHTNING CHANGE-- JOHN RAYMOND EMERGES IN THE FAMILIAR GARB OF THE WEB.

THE WEB RACES GRIMLY, STEADILY THROUGH THE STREETS TOWARD THE STATE PENITENTIARY---



WARDEN FLICK-- I THINK YOU CAN SOLVE A LITTLE QUESTION FOR ME! DO YOU HAVE A PRISONER NAMED WILLIAM FOSTER?

FOSTER?-- WILLIAM--WHY YES--- HE WAS PAROLED A FEW DAYS AGO! ANYTHING WRONG?

NO-- THING MUCH, WARDEN, JUST A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER!

MURDER? THAT TROUBLE MAKER AGAIN! WHAT WAS IT THIS TIME-- ROBBERY?

NO, WARDEN-- DEFINITELY NOT ROBBERY-- JUST AN OLD BOOK MISSING! DO YOU HAVE FOSTER'S ADDRESS?

WHAT'S THIS -- OH IT'S YOU, WEB --- WHAT'S UP?



FOSTER'S ADDRESS, WHY, YES--- HE LIVES AT 485 COLUMBIA DRIVE!

THANKS, WARDEN! I THINK I'LL PAY WILLIAM FOSTER A CALL!

HMM--- NO SIGN OF LIFE HERE--- EH, WHAT'S THAT?

WELL, WELL-- MR. WILLIAM FOSTER READING THE PROFESSOR'S BOOK!

THE WEB!

YOU WON'T GET ME, WEB! I'VE WAITED TOO LONG FOR THIS-- AND I WON'T GIVE UP NOW!

BETTER GIVE UP NOW-- AND SAVE YOURSELF A LOT OF GRIEF, FOSTER!

GIVE UP? NEVER! NOT WHILE I HAVE THIS!

A QUICK THROW BUT THE AGILE AND EVER-WARY WEB NEATLY AVERTS THE COLD STEEL BLADE----



McMurry

YOU FILTHY COWARD!
MURDER A POOR, HARM-
LESS PROFESSOR, WILL YOU?

THE ELECTRIC
CHAIR IS TOO
GOOD A FATE
FOR YOU!

NOW WHY DID
YOU DO IT?

I DIDN'T MURD
HIM! I SWEAR, I
DIDN'T! WE
STRUGGLED ON
THE BOOK - MY RE
AND HE SUDDENLY
'KEELED OVER!

STRUGGLED
OVER THE
BOOK, EH?
WHAT'S IN IT?

ALL RIGHT! I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT'S IN THAT BOOK! I
DON'T WANT ANY MURDER
RAP HUNG ON ME NOW!
NOT AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS IN THE PEN!

IN THAT BOOK
YOU'LL FIND—
OOOOOO

BANG

THAT SHOT!
IT CAME
FROM THE
NEXT
ROOM!



BUT AS THE MANTLED FIGURE OF THE WEB CRASHES INTO THE NEXT ROOM----

NOW I'LL FINISH YOU OFF, MR. WEB! WHAT'S THAT? --- FOOTSTEPS!

NO TIME TO LOSE NOW! MUST GET OUT OF HERE WITH THIS BOOK!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT? GLORY BE--- IT'S THE WEB!

WHO KILLED WHO? WHO'S FOSTER? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

WHERE'D THE KILLER GO? IS FOSTER DEAD?

THIS WAS FOSTER! AND HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT!

HMMM---

O.K. WEB, NICE PIECE OF ACTING! NOW JUST COME ALONG QUIETLY, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

YOU THINK--- WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? SORRY, OFFICER---

BUT I'LL APOLOGIZE AFTER I GET THE MURDERER!



MINUTES LATER - THE AGILE
FIGURE OF THE WEB MAKES
HIS WAY INTO A DARKEN-
ED OFFICE---

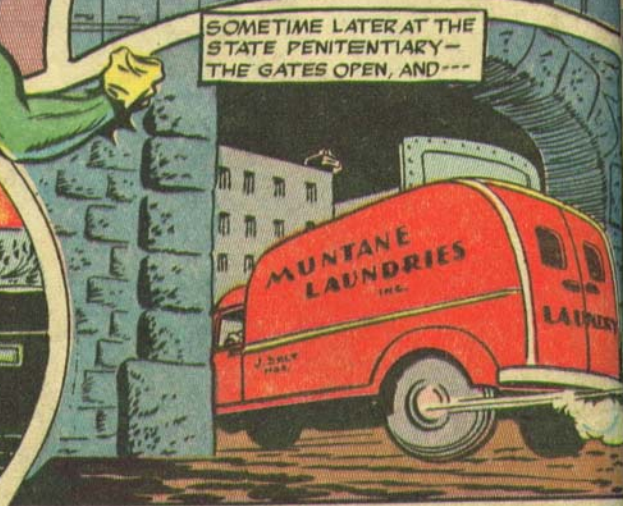


BOY--AM I IN A
SPOT NOW! I HAVEN'T
MUCH TIME TO CLEAR
MYSELF!

AH! I KNEW THIS
PAROLE OFFICE WOULD HAVE THE
INFORMATION I WANT--AND HERE
IT IS!



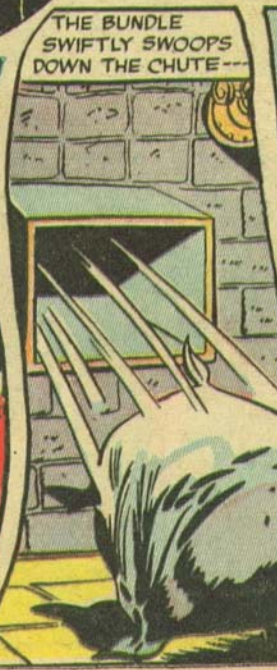
SOMETIME LATER AT THE
STATE PENITENTIARY--
THE GATES OPEN, AND---



UGH, THIS THING'S
HEAVY--SAY WHAT DO
THEY CLEAN
AT THIS PRISON, BATTLE-
SHIPS?



THE BUNDLE
SWIFTLY SWOOPS
DOWN THE CHUTE---



WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE
A FUNNY LOOKING BUNDLE
FOR LAUNDRY! I'D BETTER
LOOK INSIDE!





WHAM!
WHEW! IF MY HUNCH DOESN'T WORK, THEY'LL THROW THE KEY AWAY ON ME - WITH ALL THE DAMAGE I'VE DONE TO THE POLICE!



YES, GUARD, WHAT IS IT?

WARDEN, I JUST GOT WIND OF A PLANNED PRISON BREAK, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW!

WHAT'S THAT?



HELLO --- HELLO --- POST EVERY GUARD ON DUTY! THERE MAY BE A PRISON BREAK! SOUND NO ALARMS, I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF THIS PERSONALLY!



I'M GOING TO PERSONALLY CHECK ON EVERY CELL, BACK TO YOUR POST, GUARD!

YESSIR!



WELL, THAT WORKED! NOW I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST BEFORE WARDEN FLICK GETS BACK!



NOT A THING HERE! SO FAR—
NOT SO GOOD! BUT IF YOU DON'T
SUCCEED AT FIRST, TRY, TRY AGAIN!

SAY! THE LIBRARY,
WHY DIDN'T I
THINK OF IT
BEFORE!

HI! THE WAR-
DEN WANTS ME TO
BRING HIM THE
LATEST MYS-
TERY BOOK!

HA, HA,
SURE
THING—HELP
YOURSELF!

THIS IS THE
ONE! THE PRO-
FESSOR'S BO-
THICK BINDING
AND ALL—

LOOK! MUST BE ONE OF THE
BOYS MAKIN' A BREAK!
LET'S COVER HIM!



BREAK! THE YELL GOES THROUGH THE LIBRARY, AND IN A MOMENT ALL IS BEDLAM----



TAKE THIS, COPPER --- SORRY I COULDN'T FIND A BIGGER BOOK!



DARN THOSE PRISONERS! NOW THAT GUY GOT AWAY! THEY ALL LOOK ALIKE!



MEANWHILE, THE WEB'S SHADOWED ASSAILANT, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE PRISON---



THAT GUARD--WELL THIS GUN WILL COME IN HANDY!



WHY, THAT DIRTY MURDERER! THIS TIME HE'S COMMITTED HIS LAST ONE!



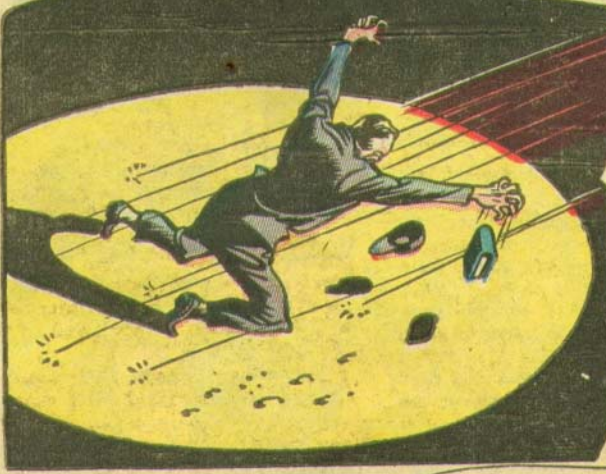
THEY HAVEN'T GOT ME TRAPPED YET! JUST ACROSS THIS YARD AND I'M ALL SET!



AH---A FEW MORE STEPS TO THAT DOOR--AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!



THERE HE GOES! LET HIM HAVE IT!



IT'S -- IT'S WARDEN FLICK!

WHAT'S HE DOING IN THAT PRISONER'S OUTFIT?

WAIT-- HE'S TRYING TO ANSWER YOU!

ALL---ALL RIGHT, MIGHT AS WELL MAKE CLEAN BREAST--- FOSTER WAS UP FOR ROBBING BANK--- HID MONEY BEFORE THEY GOT HIM!--- J-- I-- GOT HIM PAROLED--- FIGURED HE WOULD LEAD ME TO MONEY! THEN YOU HORNED IN--- HAD TO GET RID OF YOU, TOO!



YES, I SUSPECTED IT WAS YOU, FLICK! FIRST, YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW I HAD GONE TO FOSTER'S, SO IT HAD TO BE YOU WHO KILLED HIM! THEN WHEN I FOUND OUT IT WAS YOU WHO RECOMMENDED HIS PAROLE!---- FLICK--- FLICK----



--- HE'S DEAD!--- KILLED! HE WAS KILLED BY A WEB OF CRIME HE COULD NEVER ESCAPE!



The END

AND HERE'S WHERE THE MONEY WAS HIDDEN ALL THE TIME, GUARDS-- IN THE BINDING OF THIS BOOK! BUT NOW IT'S GOING BACK WHERE IT BELONGS!

THE PARALYZED THUMB

A WEB STORY

BY FLYNN V. LIVINGSTON

THE bullet bit into Michael Dean's shoulder . . . but he didn't cry out. He didn't make a sound. He couldn't. He was a mute. . . .

But his family heard the shot and they came rushing into his room. They saw him lying on the floor with blood gushing from his right shoulder . . . saw him writing awkwardly with his left hand, attempting to tell his family in a note what he couldn't tell them by word of mouth. Across the room was an open window. It was only a five foot drop to an alley downstairs, and the attacker had apparently escaped this way. The gun was lying on the ground downstairs.

Dorothy Dean, Michael's sister, had an idea. She took the note and went to see John Raymond, a criminologist friend. When she returned to the house Raymond was with her.

The note was simple.

"Madman attacked me. Came in through window, rushed at me and shot me in shoulder. Never saw him before. . . ."

When Raymond entered the house, the police had already come and gone. Ditto the doctor. Michael Dean's family was clustered around him, acting tender and sympathetic. It was a pretty little family scene, but Raymond's keen eyes fixed themselves briefly on Michael Ray's right hand . . . and he wondered if there might not be more to it than an escaped madman . . .

He stepped up to Michael Dean and examined his right hand. "What's wrong with his thumb?" he asked Dorothy.

The thumb wasn't a pretty sight. It was stiff, paralyzed.

Dorothy stared. "Why—why, I don't know," she said. "I never noticed it before."

Raymond turned to the wounded man. "You, Dean," he

said. "You can hear me, can't you?"

Michael Dean nodded his blond head. There were tears deep in his eyes. Dorothy hissed, near Raymonds' ear. "He can hear you. He's mute—but not deaf."

"All right," said Raymond. "What's wrong with your thumb, Dean?"

Dean reached for his pad. Stiffly, he scrawled:

"Can't understand it myself. It was all right this morning. I was using my right hand to hold my book up till the time I was attacked, and my thumb was all right."

Raymond nodded. "I see," he said. "Look, Dean, your note says that you never saw your attacker before. It doesn't seem logical that a man—even a maniac—would come through a window, shoot at you, and jump back out again unless he had something against you—some specific desire to hurt or kill you. Are you positive that you never saw him before? Couldn't you perhaps have forgotten?"

Dean shook his blond head. "No," he scrawled on the pad, "definitely no! I wouldn't forget. I never saw him before in my life."

"I'll take your word for it," Raymond said. "Then how about other motives. Robbery? Do you have anything valuable here that a thief might want to rob?"

Contempt flared in Dean's eyes. He lifted the pad. "Don't be a fool. There's nothing here worth robbing. And I tell you this man was insane. He opened the window and saw me—and he laughed, a shrill funny kind of laugh, and he came right in and shot me. A thief, seeing me in the house, would have rushed away."

Raymond thought for a moment then shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose you've given the police a description of the ma-

niac," he said. "What did he look like?"

"He was tall," Dean wrote, "tall and unshaven. Black stubble; heavy black eyebrows. Long black hair, dark eyes. Wearing a dirty brown suit. That's all I saw."

"That's plenty," Raymond said. "I guess this is just routine. The police'll pick him up." He walked to the door.

And then at the door, he stopped. "I almost forgot," he said. "Dorothy, will you come over here for a minute?"

She came over.

"There's something I forgot to ask," Raymond said. "Has Michael been mute all his life?"

"Why," said Dorothy, "as a matter of fact, he hasn't. He had a streak of bad luck four years ago, and the failure of his vocal cords came right on the tail end of it."

"Let's hear about this streak of bad luck," Raymond said.

Dorothy's eyes clouded. "First," she said, "Michael's business went bankrupt—and he was left without a cent. Then, suddenly, Michael's wife contracted pneumonia—and she died. And right on top of that, Michael woke one morning and found himself unable to speak and the doctor couldn't do anything about it. . . ."

Raymond nodded thoughtfully. "I see." He drew a deep breath. "Well, Dorothy, sorry I can't be of any help—but the police operate dragnets . . . and they've the facilities to capture the maniac. Any attempts I would make would be amateur stuff."

He waved goodbye to the entire family and left.

And outside, he became The Web. Then, quickly, he set to work.

He knew it wasn't any use doing so, but he checked anyway. He checked with every insane asylum and sanitarium

within two hundred miles and learned that no inmate had escaped.

And then he went back to Michael Dean's house. . . .

Dean's family was still gathered around him. They stared at the Web entered the room.

"Dean." The Web said, "listen to me. I've come to help you."

Dean breathed heavily for a moment. Then he lifted his pad and wrote, "I recognize you. How do you mean—help me?"

It was then that Dean noticed that the Web had a small, medical-type bag with him. "Dean." The Web said, "I'm going to restore your voice!"

Again Dean's pencil moved across his pad, and his fingers shook as he did so. "How?"

"I work for the happiness of people," the Web said. "I make my own law—I don't have to follow medical restrictions . . . like doctors. I'm going to attempt a treatment which doctors would be afraid to try. If you're willing to take the chance, I can restore your voice."

Dean's hands shook. "Anything. I'll take any chance. . . ."

"All right," said The Web. "Lie back in your chair."

Several members of the family protested, but The Web waved them aside. "Boiling water—quickly." He put a white rag over Dean's nostrils and lifted a small bottle from his bag.

"This won't put you to sleep," he said. "It's just going to dull your senses and lessen the pain a bit. Get ready now."

He opened the bottle and poured a few drops onto the rag. Dean's breathing became heavier.

Then The Web lifted a long pointed instrument from his bag. He dipped it momentarily in the hot water, and then, swiftly, plunged it down Dean's throat. Dean's body twitched. The Web jabbed the instrument once, gently, and then withdrew it.

"You're in luck," said The

Web. "I punctured a mucous stoppage which was keeping your vocal cords from operating. Try to talk."

A sound issued from Dean's throat . . . a gurgling sound, hideous and horrible. And then Dean shrieked, "I can speak! I can speak. . . ."

The Web smiled. "Look at your thumb—the paralyzed thumb my friend John Raymond described to me."

Dean stared downward. The thumb was normal again. . . .

"That operation I performed was a phony," The Web said. "I'm not a surgeon. I don't know anything about operating . . ."

Dean stared. "But—but I don't understand. Then how . . ."

"Look," said The Web, "I don't know anything about operations—but as a crimefighter I do know a great deal about the mental workings of people—about psychiatry. That's how I was able to analyze your case, as soon as Raymond discussed it with me, as anaesthesia."

The Web paused. "Let me tell you a little about anaesthesia," he said. "It's a funny mental disease—the strangest known to psychiatric science, perhaps. And only one person can cure it—the patient himself."

"It appears, generally, just after a man or woman has just had a series of mental shocks and bad breaks—when that man or woman is beginning to feel terribly sorry for himself or herself. It's kind of mental pleading for sympathy—a begging for people to help the patient be miserable. . . ."

"I don't understand," Dean said again. "Are you trying to tell me . . ."

"Let me finish my explanation," said The Web. "At any rate, when a man has this mental desire for sympathy—something subconscious and strange happens. He becomes paralyzed. Sometimes it's an arm—sometimes it's a leg—and sometimes, Dean, it's the vocal cords. The victim becomes paralyzed—as

definitely paralyzed as if it were a true physical paralysis. We there have been cases when patient pushed lighted cigarettes against his leg—and he hypnotized himself so thoroughly into believing that the leg was paralyzed that he didn't even feel pain.

"That's what happened with you, Michael. You just carried it further than some other. You've sat around for four years seeking sympathy—and your family was getting a little use to you by now. So you faked this whole business—actual faked a shooting so that your family's sympathy for you could be renewed. And again your hypnosis worked on yourself. Your thumb became paralyzed."

The Web walked to the door. "There's a treatment for anaesthetic patients," he said. "Your doctor must be a general practitioner with a gullible mind and no knowledge whatsoever of mental ailments . . . otherwise he would have used the treatment on you long ago. Just as the patient has hypnotized himself into thinking he's paralyzed . . . so must the psychiatrist hypnotize him into thinking he's been cured. I dropped some ordinary water on a piece of rag over your nostrils . . . dipped the surgical instrument into boiling water—just to give you the illusion of an operation. Then I simply touched your throat with the instrument—and the momentary pain, plus my talk about attempting a treatment doctors would be afraid to try, hypnotized you into thinking you'd been cured. Naturally your 'paralyzed' thumb—which had become that way during your new surge of desire for pity when you pulled that phony shooting—became normal in a hurry."

He opened the door. "Get wise to yourself, Dean," he said. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself—and go out and get a job."

Then he slammed the door behind him and went out into the night.

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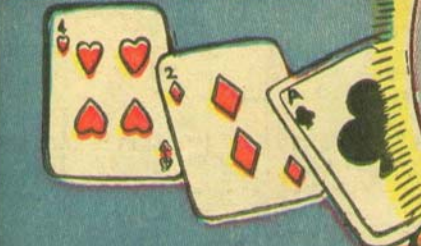
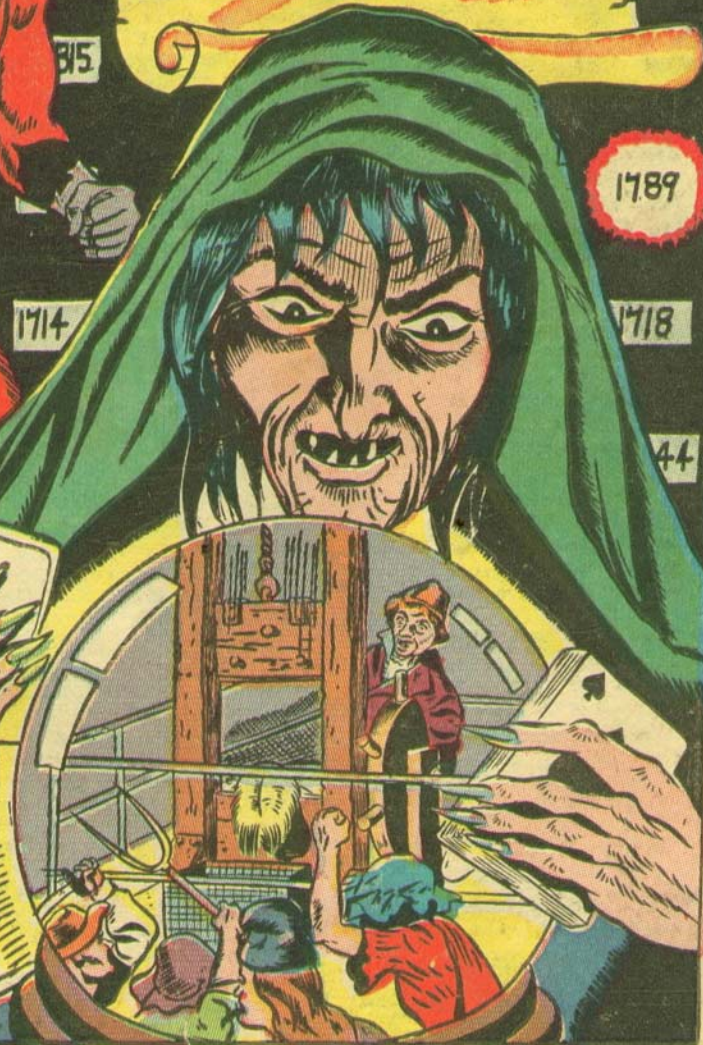
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BLACK JACK



HA! HA! WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE! SEE HOW THEY SWAGGER AND STRUT IN THEIR FALSE PRIDE, BUT THEY ARE JUST PUNY PAWNS IN A GAME OF LIFE AND DEATH! AND IT IS I, **DAME OF FATE**, WHO DEALS THE CARDS!!



AH 1789! WHAT A YEAR OF TERROR! WAR, BLOOD AND DEATH! ONLY THE STRONG COULD SURVIVE! WEAKINGS WERE SWEEP ASIDE IN THE HEAT OF THE STRUGGLE!

TODAY, MORTALS ARE AGAIN CALLING FOR MEN OF ACTION! BORN FIGHTERS, LIKE **BLACKJACK**, MUST LEAD THE STRUGGLE AGAINST INJUSTICE AND TYRANNY!

I WONDER HOW **BLACKJACK** WOULD HAVE FARED IN THOSE BLOODY DAYS. HA! I HAVE AN IDEA - A MOST INTERESTING IDEA! BUT FIRST TO FIND **BLACKJACK** - AH, THERE HE IS, IN THAT GRAND BALLROOM - - -



IT'S VERY STUFFY IN HERE, JUDY! LET'S STEP OUT ON THE VERANDA FOR A WHILE!

ALL RIGHT, JACK, YOU GO AHEAD, I'LL JOIN YOU IN A MINUTE! I WANT TO POWDER MY NOSE!



THAT'S FUNNY! I FEEL AS IF SOMEONE WERE WATCHING ME! BUT THERE'S NO ONE OUT HERE!

HA! HA! LITTLE DO YOU SUSPECT, **BLACKJACK**, THAT FATE IS ABOUT TO PLAY A TRICK ON YOU. THIS SHOULD BE VERY AMUSING, INDEED! HA! HA!

WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING JUDY! SO LONG? I FEEL AS IF I'D BEEN WAITING FOR AGES!



BON SOIR, M'SIEUR ARE YOU WAITING FOR SOMEONE?

GREAT SCOTT, JUDY WHERE'D YOU GET THAT COSTUME? IT'S TERRIFIC!

JUDY? BUT I AM NOT JUDY, I AM VIVIENNE, AND INDEED, IT IS YOUR COSTUME WHICH IS SO STRANGE, M'SIEUR, NOT MINE!

VIVIENNE? B-B-BUT--

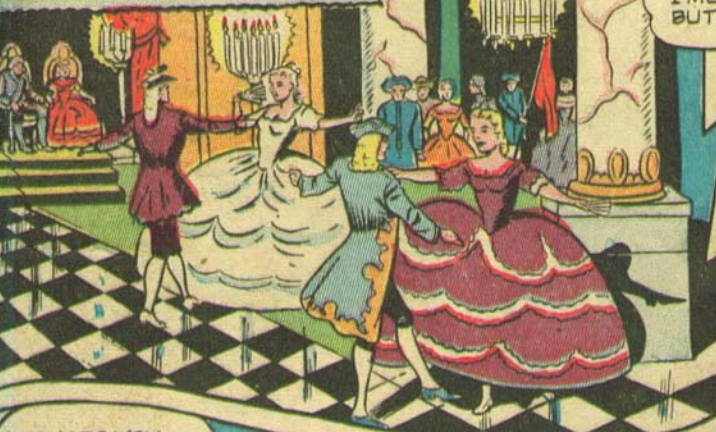
OH, ALL RIGHT! HAVE YOUR LITTLE JOKE! NOW SUPPOSE WE GET BACK TO THE DANCE?

I WOULD BE DELIGHTED, M'SIEUR!



BUT INSIDE, JACK JONES IS EVEN MORE AMAZED TO SEE---

THE BALLROOM - IT'S ALL CHANGED. I MUST BE DREAMING. BUT I'M NOT DREAMING!



PERHAPS YOU WOULD RATHER DANCE WITH YOUR JUDY?

I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM, OR HOW I GOT HERE? WILL YOU PLEASE CLEAR THINGS UP A LITTLE?

LOOK, JUDY... OR VIVIENNE... OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS...

YOU ARE IN THE GRAND BALLROOM OF KING LOUIS THE XVI, M'SIEUR!

WHAT'S THAT SHOUTING?



IT IS THE PEOPLE CLAMORING AT THE PALACE GATES! THEY ARE DYING OF HUNGER! PARDONNEZ, M'SIEU, I MUST HURRY UP TO THE QUEEN!



WHAT IS IT, LADY, VIVIANNE?

YOUR MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE ARE STARVING! THEY HAVE NO BREAD! HELP THEM, I BESEECH YOU!



COME, COME, LADY VIVIANNE! ENOUGH OF THESE COMPLAINS! IF THE PEOPLE HAVE NO BREAD, LET THEM EAT CAKE! ON WITH THE BALL! LET EVERYONE BE GAY! I COMMAND IT!



OUTSIDE —

ON TO THE PALACE!

WE DEMAND TO SEE THE KING!

FOOD! WE WANT FOOD!



YOUR MAJESTY, THE PEOPLE HAVE BROKEN THROUGH THE GATES! YOU MUST FLEE AT ONCE!

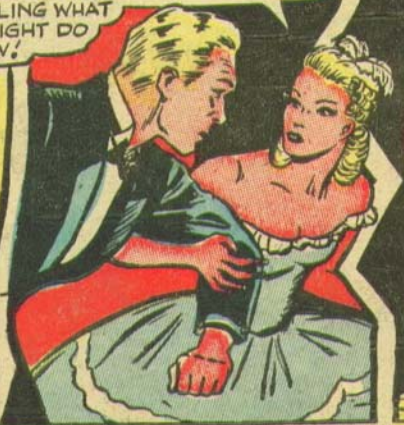
THIS IS MOST VEXING! MY LOVELY BALL-ROOM RUINED BY THAT RABBLE!

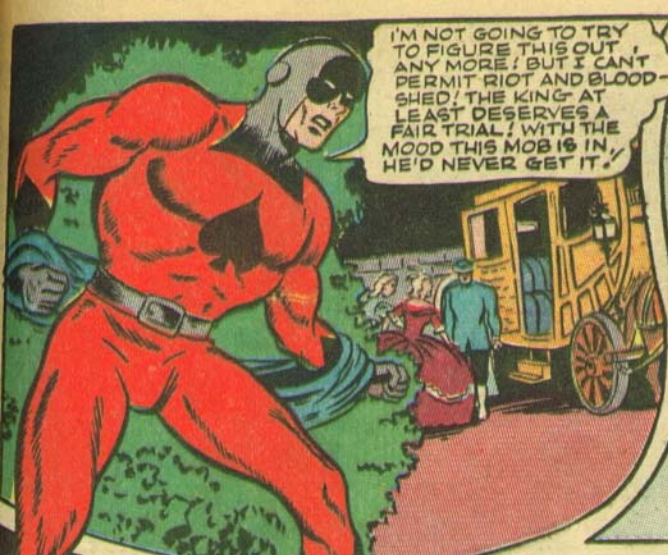


WE DEMAND AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KING!

COME QUICKLY, M'SIEUR! WE MUST HELP THEIR MAJESTIES TO ESCAPE! THE PEOPLE ARE MAD WITH HUNGER! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY MIGHT DO NOW!

THROUGH A SECRET PASSAGE THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVES THE PALACE!





I'M NOT GOING TO TRY TO FIGURE THIS OUT, ANY MORE! BUT I CAN'T PERMIT RIOT AND BLOOD-SHED! THE KING AT LEAST DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL! WITH THE MOOD THIS MOB IS IN, HE'D NEVER GET IT.



BESIDES, I'LL BE ABLE TO PROTECT VIVIENNE! I'M SURE SHE'S NOT TO BLAME FOR ANY OF THIS TROUBLE!



TAKE THIS BAG OF COINS, M'SIEUR! YOU MAY NEED IT TO GET YOURSELF ACROSS THE BORDER!



THE REBELS HAVE BARRICADED THE ROAD, YOUR MAJESTY!



WE CAN'T GET THROUGH! WHOA!

LOATH TO BATTLE, THE HUNGER-MADDENED PEOPLE, BLACKJACK TRIES TO REASON WITH THEM, BUT WITH NO AVAIL, THE RIOTERS SWARM OVER THE CARRIAGE AND BLACKJACK IS CRUSHED BEFORE THE FURY OF THEIR RUSH.



BACK TO PARIS! TO THE TRIBUNAL!

THE TRIBUNAL HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY OF BETRAYING THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE, YOU SHALL DIE BY THE GUILLOTINE - ALL OF YOU!

WHEW MY HEAD! THAT MOB SURE WAS IN AN UGLY MOOD. THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THE KING, QUEEN AND VIVIENNE.



I'LL JUST BORROW THIS FELLOW'S CLOAK AND HORSE -- AND GO AFTER THEM!



THERE'S A HUGE MOB IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE! I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING!

THE KING AND QUEEN ARE BEHEADED! THE LADY VIVIENNE IS NEXT! WE WILL WIPE OUT THESE ARISTOCRATS! WHO ARE YOU?

OH--ER--I AM ONE OF THE TRIBUNAL! I DO NOT WISH TO BE RECOGNIZED! THAT'S WHY I WEAR THIS MASK!

A SPLENDID CITIZEN! FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU TOO WERE AN ARISTOCRAT!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE ROYAL PARTY?



THE TRIBUNAL MEETS
IN THE COURTHOUSE
OVER THERE!

AT THE COURTHOUSE--
I DEMAND A PARDON FOR
LADY VIVIENNE! SHE IS AB-
SOLUTELY INNOCENT
OF ANY CRIME
AGAINST THE FRENCH
PEOPLE!

NO! SHE IS AN ARISTOCRAT!
SHE MUST DIE WITH
THE REST!— UGH!
LET ME GO!

I'M NOT
GOING TO STAND
BY AND SEE
INNOCENT PEOPLE
MURDERED!

SMACK

STOP, M'SIEUR! I BEG OF
YOU! I WILL GIVE YOU
A STAY OF EXECUTION!

THIS DECREE
WILL STOP THE
EXECUTION!
IF I CAN REACH
THE MARKET-
PLACE IN
TIME!

MEANWHILE AT
THE MARKET-
PLACE.



WAIT! STOP THE EXECUTION!



WHO DARES TO INTERFERE WITH THE PEOPLES' WILL!

I HAVE A DECREE FROM THE TRIBUNAL! RELEASE THE GIRL AT ONCE!



BAH! SO IT IS! TOO BAD! SUCH A LOVELY NECK, TOO!



THIS IS ONLY A STAY, NOT A PARDON! I'LL GET HER SOONER OR LATER! SHE'LL NOT ESCAPE!



SUDDENLY...

STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE TRIBUNAL, DO NOT RELEASE THE GIRL!



SEIZE HIM! HE IS A ROYALIST SPY!



LET'S HAVE THAT GUN, SOLDIER! LOOKS AS IF I'M GOING TO NEED IT!



SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT YOU BROUGHT IT ON YOURSELF!

UGH!

I WILL FINISH YOU THIS TIME! PIG OF AN ARISTOCRAT!



YOU'VE DEALT YOUR LAST BLOW, YOU BUTCHER!

BLACKJACK GOES DOWN AS THE INFURIATED MOB SWARMS ONTO THE PLATFORM-



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE CURTAINS FOR ME THIS TIME! FATE CERTAINLY PLAYED A STRANGE TRICK ON ME WHEN IT THREW ME INTO THIS AFFAIR!



HEE! HEE! ENOUGH OF THIS BLOODY COMEDY! YOU HAVE PROVED YOUR METAL, BLACKJACK! FATE SHALL NOT DESERT YOU IN YOUR HOUR OF NEED!



FOOLISH MAN HAS NEED OF A LEADER LIKE YOU.... AND SO, BACK TO YOUR OWN TIME!

AND ON THE EXECUTIONER'S PLATFORM---

SACRE NOM DE DIEU! HE HAS DISAPPEARED! MAIS C'EST IMPOSSIBLE!

BACK ON THE VERANDA---

G-GOSH MY HEAD FEELS QUEER! I MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING!

HELLO, JUDY! WERE YOU GONE LONG?



WHY NO, JACK! ONLY A MINUTE!

IT SEEMS LIKE CENTURIES! I GUESS I DOZED OFF!

LATER--

I HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE DANCE! SIR!



OH YES, VERY MUCH! THANK YOU.

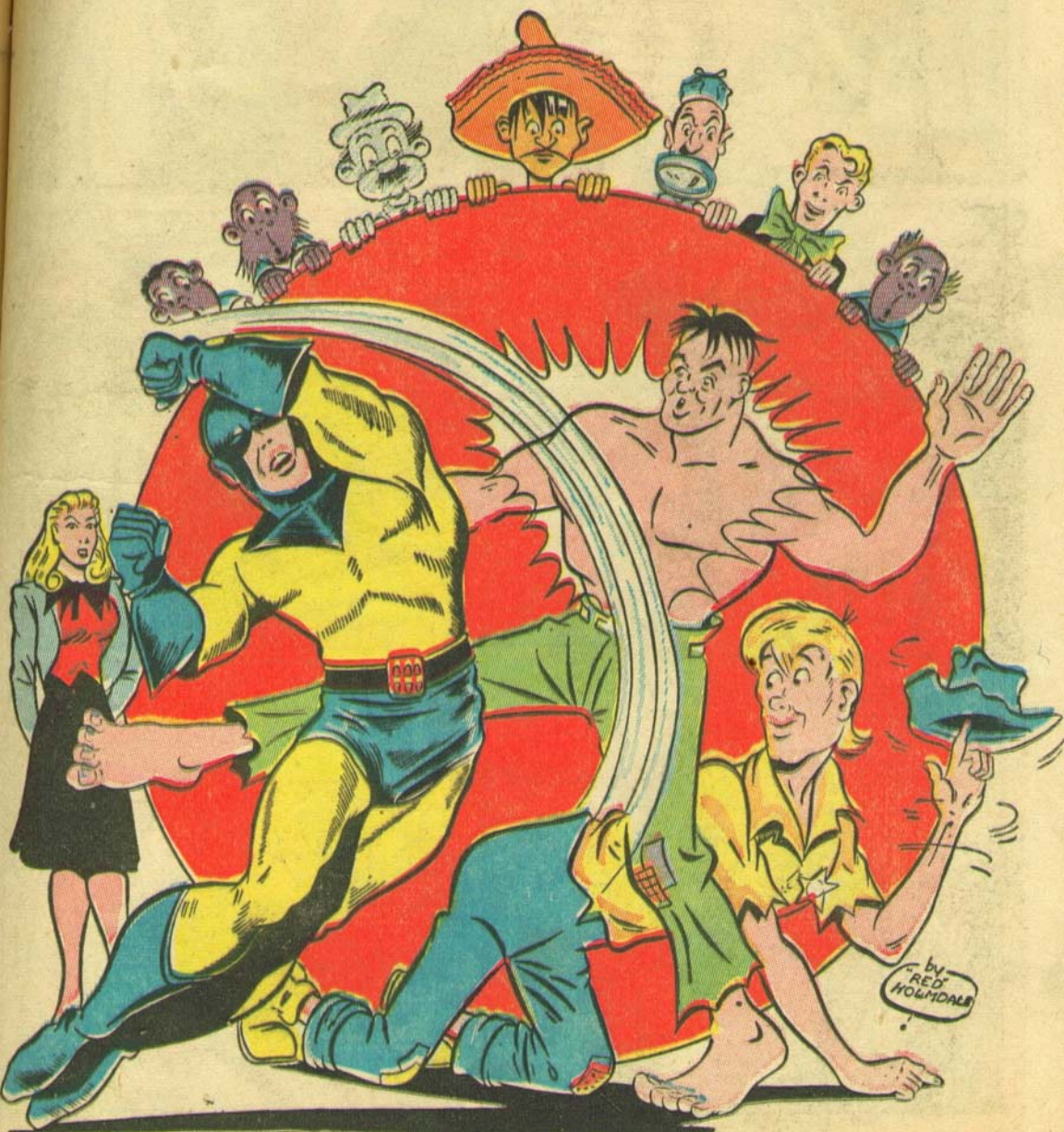
WELL, OF ALL THE QUEER TIPS I EVER GOT THIS ONE TAKES THE CAKE!

AND LOOKS LIKE REAL GOLD, TOO!

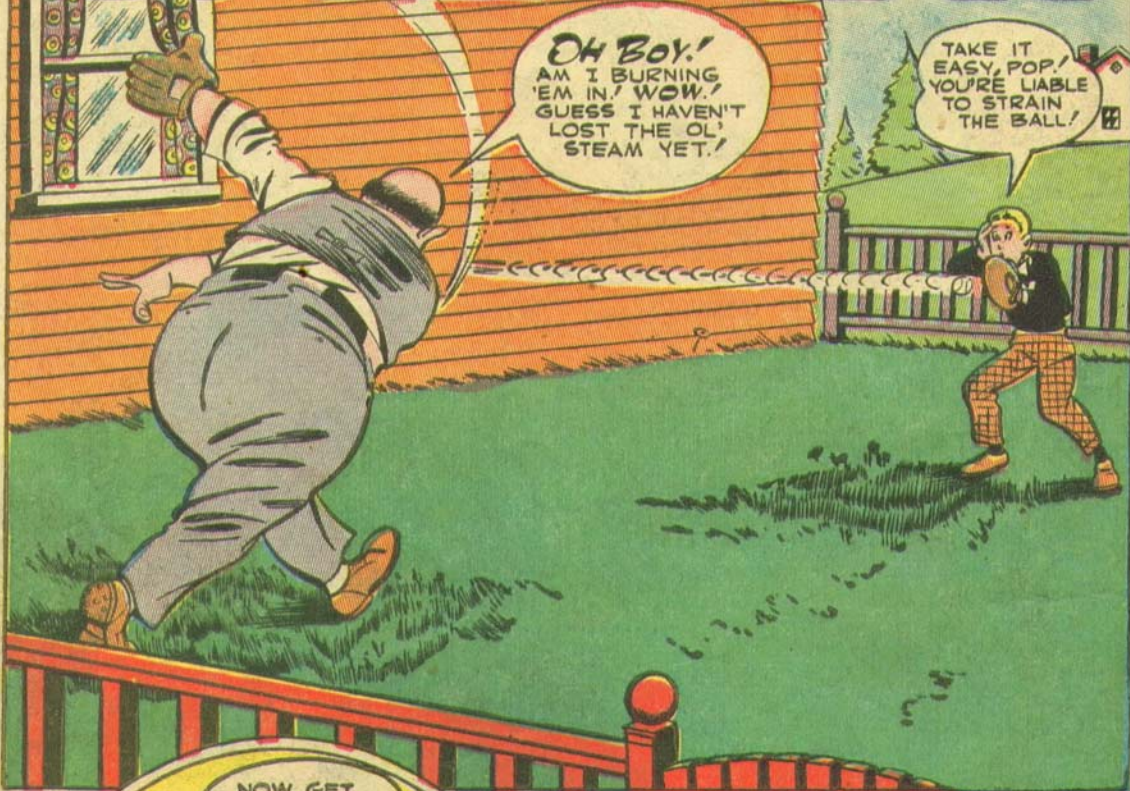


**'THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US HAPPY,
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE US BLUE,
BUT THE SMILES THAT FILL YOUR HEART WITH
GLADNESS,
ARE THE SMILES TOP NOTCH LAUGHS BRINGS
TO YOU!'**

**THE MARCH ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS
IS ON SALE NOW!**



WILBUR



OH BOY!
AM I BURNING
'EM IN! WOW!
GUESS I HAVEN'T
LOST THE OL'
STEAM YET!

TAKE IT
EASY, POP!
YOU'RE LIABLE
TO STRAIN
THE BALL!

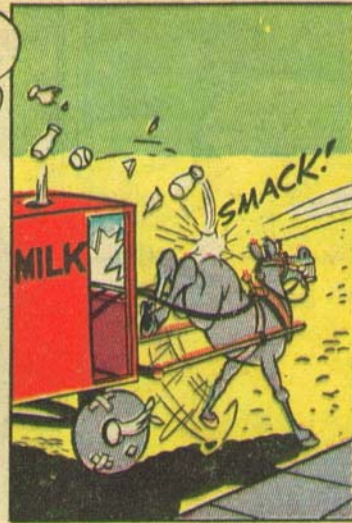


NOW GET
THIS REVERSE
CURVE WITH
A DOUBLE
DROP!



OH, ROBERT!
I JUST GOT
A WIRE THAT
MY MOTHER
DEAR IS COMING
FOR A VISIT!

?





Ooooo! ALL RIGHT!
I'LL PAINT IT!
I'LL PAINT IT!
STOP CRYING,
MOTHER!



HOW WOULD YOU AND EDDIE LIKE TO DO A LITTLE PAINTING FOR ME, SAAAY.. FOR FIVE BUCKS?

FIVE BUCKS?

KEEP TALKIN'!



WE GOTTA GET THE FURNITURE OUT FIRST AND... SHUCKS! IT WON'T FIT THROUGH THE DOOR!

HOW ABOUT THE WINDOW?



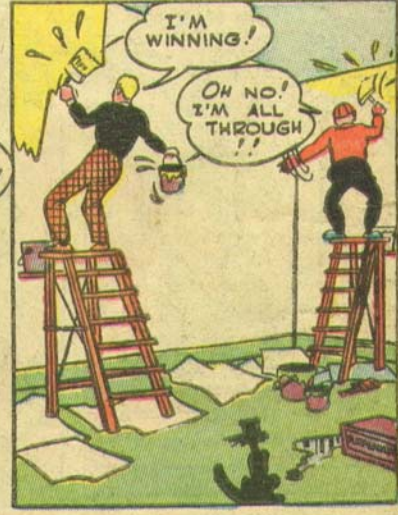
OKAY, EDDIE, CATCH!

ARE YOU KIDDIN'?



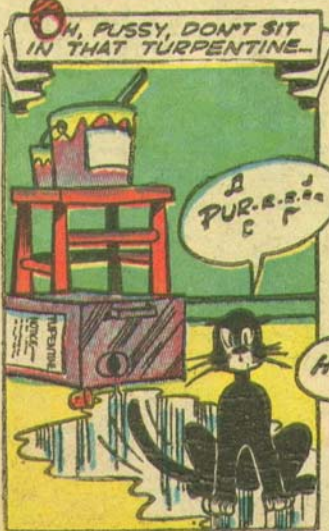
PILE 'EM THERE IN THE YARD AND COME ON UP!

OKAY, WILBUR!



I'M WINNING!

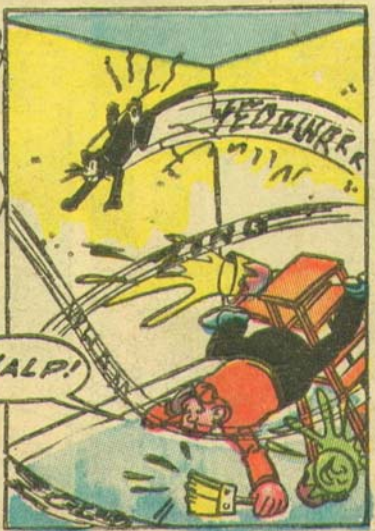
OH NO! I'M ALL THROUGH !!



Oh, pussy, don't sit in that turpentine...

PURRRR

HALP!



OooooHhhh
WILBUR! JUST LOOK AT THIS ROOM!

SHIRRRR YEOWR.RR



B. B. BRINNE
E. S. WOOD



MEANWHILE WILBUR'S MOTHER HAS RETURNED AND...

GOOD LORD!
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO THE GUEST
ROOM?



NOW, MOTHER
TAKE IT EASY...
THIS ROOM IS
SUPPOSED TO BE
EARLY ITALIAN
RENAISSANCE!



THAT NIGHT...

OH, ROBERT,
IT'S SO
GOOD TO
SEE YOU!

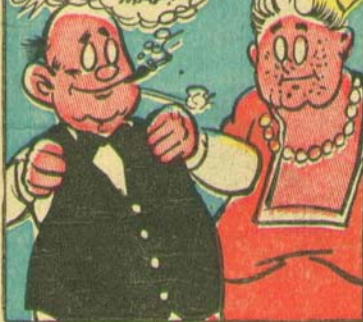
YES,
ISN'T IT!



I'VE HAD YOUR
ROOM REDECORATED,
MOTHER! NOW I
SUPPOSE YOU WANT
TO GO FIX UP!

REALLY,
ROBERT,
YOU'VE
CHANGED!

BOY! EVEN
HITLER COULDN'T
CHANGE THAT
MAD!



AWK! YOU
CERTAINLY DON'T
EXPECT ME TO
STAY IN THIS
FRIGHTFUL
ROOM! I'D
GO MAD!



I'M LEAVING!
HE DID IT DELIBERATELY
TO GET RID OF ME!
THAT WORM KNOWS
I ABHOR GREEN!



IF I DIDN'T
KNOW WILBUR IS
TO BLAME, I'D THINK
YOU DID IT TO KEEP
DEAR MOTHER
FROM STAYING
HERE!



PESSY!
WILBUR!
HERE'S AN
EXTRA 5 SPOT
FOR A GOOD
JOB!!

BOY!
THANKS
POP!



GOLLY! TEN
BUCKS! THAT
WOULD BUY
ONE HUNDRED
COPIES OF
ZIP COMICS..
BUT YOU ONLY
HAVE TO BUY ONE
COPY NEXT ISSUE
FOR A MILLION
LAUGHS AND
THRILLS! SEE YOU
THEN!



PLEASE!

TAKE MY MONEY! MY JEWELS!
ANYTHING! BUT LEAVE ME MY
MARCH ISSUE OF **PEP COMICS!**
I JUST GOTTA FINISH THOSE SWELL
STORIES ON **THE SHIELD**
AND **THE HANGMAN!**



Ginger

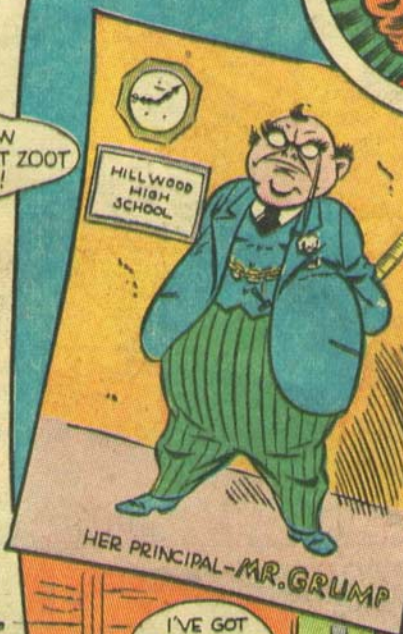
AN FRANCISCO MAY HAVE ITS EARTHQUAKES, FLORIDA ITS CYCLONES, TEXAS ITS TORNADOS... BUT THEY HAVE NOTHING COMPARED TO HILLWOOD'S OWN HURRICANE... GINGER!!!

THAT'S ME!



NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT ZOOT SUIT CHAIN IS FOR!

THIS IS HER PAL - DOTTY-



HER PRINCIPAL - MR. GRUMP

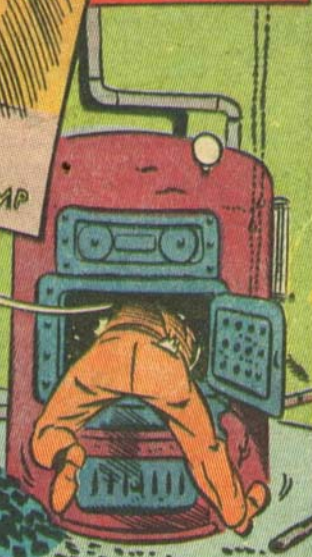
HOLD ON TO YOUR COMIC BOOK, GANG, TAKE A DEEP BREATH - CROSS YOUR FINGERS..... AND START READIN' -

HER PARENTS - **Mr SNAPS** HER MOTHER LOTTA..

WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO GIVE GINGER FOR HER BIRTHDAY, TOMORROW - JOHN?

I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR HER - DRAT THIS FURNACE!

HER FATHER J. WHIPPER



AND WHERE'S GINGER? WHAT'S THE MATTER? CAN'T YOU TURN THE PAGE ?

AND MEET GINGER!
SHE'S PRACTICING CHEERING
FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S 'BIG'
GAME!

SKEE-
DEE-
REE-

SKEE-
DEE-
RAR-R-R

HILLWOOD!
HILLWOOD!
HILLWOOD!
HIGH!!

WATCH IT, GINGER! THAT
MEGAPHONE IS GETTING
OUT OF HAND!

BUT WHO'S THIS COMING----- IN
WHAT LOOKS LIKE A REFUGEE
FROM A SCRAP HEAP? GREAT
SCOTT! IT'S HILLWOOD HIGH'S
PRINCIPAL, MR. GRUMP!

S-SAY,
WHAT'S COME
OVER ME?
I CAN'T
SEE!

GREAT HEAVENS!
HE'S HEADING FOR
THE POND-----
LOOK OUT!

GET
ME OUT OF
HERE!

MY GOODNESS!
I HOPE HE
ISN'T DROWNED!
OH DEAR!

LOOK, BUSTER,
A JAP SUB-
MARINE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE
GETTING SOME OF
OUR SCRAP METAL
BACK!



WHO IN THUNDERATION IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS OUTRAGE?

BUT MR. GRUMP, I WAS JUST PRACTICING THE CHEERS FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S GAME! I--I'M SO SORRY!

M-ME!



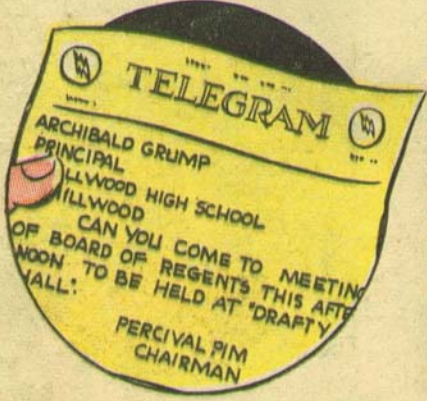
YOU'LL BE SORRIER STILL! CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES AND REPORT TO MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!



MINUTES LATER--

DARN IT! THIS SUIT'S SHRINKING ALREADY! WHAT IS IT, DOTTY?

THIS TELEGRAM JUST CAME FOR YOU, SIR.



TELEGRAM

ARCHIBALD GRUMP
PRINCIPAL
HILLYWOOD HIGH SCHOOL
HILLYWOOD
CAN YOU COME TO MEETING
OF BOARD OF REGENTS THIS AFTER-
NOON TO BE HELD AT 'DRAFTY
HALL'.

PERCIVAL PIM
CHAIRMAN



SEND A TELEGRAM TO THE BOARD OF REGENTS, TELLING THEM I'LL BE AT THEIR MEETING THIS AFTERNOON! I'M GOING HOME TO CHANGE BEFORE I CHOKE TO DEATH!

YES SIR!



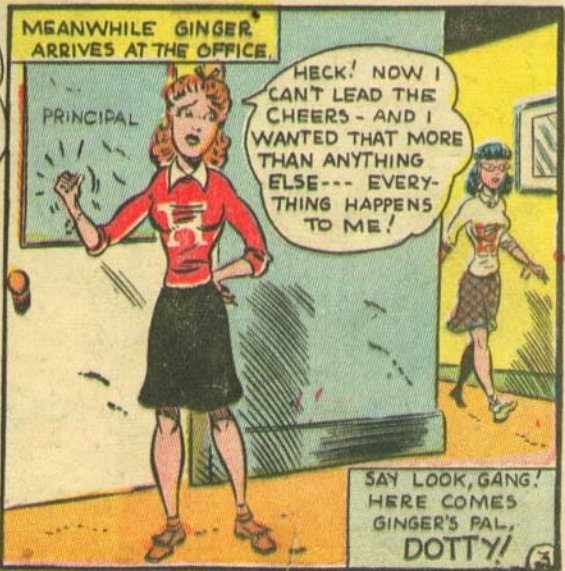
AS MR. GRUMP LEAVES THE BUILDING----

I'VE A TELEGRAM FOR YOU, MR. GRUMP!

WHAT ANOTHER?



"DON'T COME TO MEETING. MEMBERS ARE TOO SICK TO ATTEND." YE GODS! I WISH THEY WOULD MAKE UP THEIR MIND!



MEANWHILE GINGER ARRIVES AT THE OFFICE.

HECK! NOW I CAN'T LEAD THE CHEERS-- AND I WANTED THAT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE--- EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME!

SAY LOOK, GANG! HERE COMES GINGER'S PAL, DOTTY!

SO THAT'S WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU! FORGET IT, GINGER! OLD GRUMP-POTS HAS TO GO TO A MEETING. HE WON'T BE AT THE GAME, ANYWAY!

JEEPERS! HE WON'T? OKEY-DOKEY! I'LL TAKE A CHANCE--- AND GO!

THAT AFTERNOON, AS HILLWOOD HIGH PLAYS M.L.J. SUB-NORMAL ACADEMY----

--- A FAMILIAR FIGURE CLIMBS INTO THE STANDS!



OH WELL! THE FRESH AIR WILL DO ME GOOD!



3-0-0-0! THE MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF REGENTS ARE ILL, EH!

HYAH, GRUMP!

THOUGHT THE MEETING WOULD KEEP!

SIT DOWN!

OH-HO!



DO I-- OR DO I NOT SEE GINGER DOWN ON THE FIELD!



IF I DO---- IT WILL GO HARD WITH HER! OUT OF MY WAY, NINCOMPOOP!



TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!

IS THAT YOU---

OH NO! DON'T TELL US--- THAT THE MEGAPHONE AGAIN --- WELL



IT DID!

PLOP!

... G- GINGER?

GINGER DIVES INTO THE NEAREST DOORWAY!



VISITING TEAM SHOW-UP!

OH, OH! I'D BETTER HIDE NOW! IF I'M CAUGHT I'LL BE EXPELLED!

GINGER! GINGER! DRAT IT I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT GIRL WENT IN HERE! COULD IT BE THAT IT WASN'T HER AFTER ALL!



COULD BE!

WHEN THE HALF IS CALLED, M.L.J. SUB-NORMAL ACADEMY RUNS INTO THEIR LOCKER-ROOM---



IF ONLY OUR COACH, SILVER-KLEIT, HAD TAUGHT US ENOUGH PLAYS!

WE HAVEN'T LOST YET!

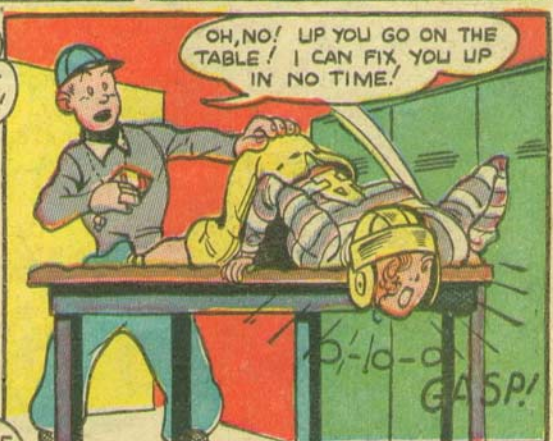
JEEPERS CREEPERS! I'M CAUGHT!

THE YOUNG M.L.J. COACH SPIES THE DISGUISED GINGER!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BUD!

I-I FEEL A LITTLE SICK! I THINK I'LL SIT THIS ONE OUT!

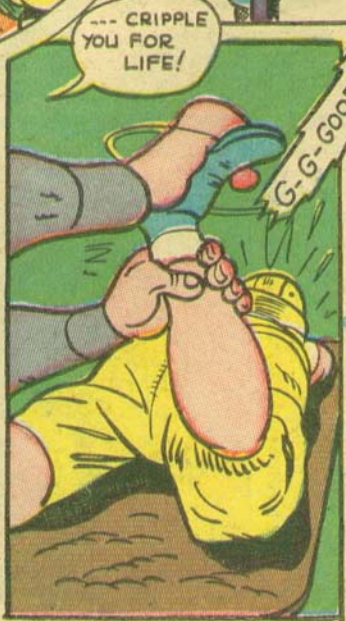


OH, NO! UP YOU GO ON THE TABLE! I CAN FIX YOU UP IN NO TIME!

GASP!



THIS'LL EITHER MAKE YOU RUN LIKE A DEER--- OR---



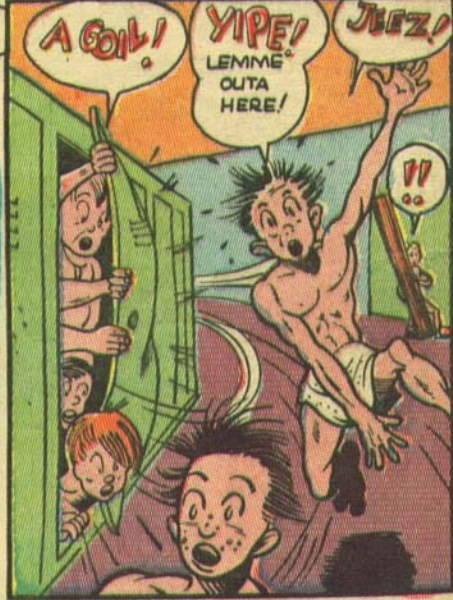
--- CRIPPLE YOU FOR LIFE!

G-G-GOODNESS!

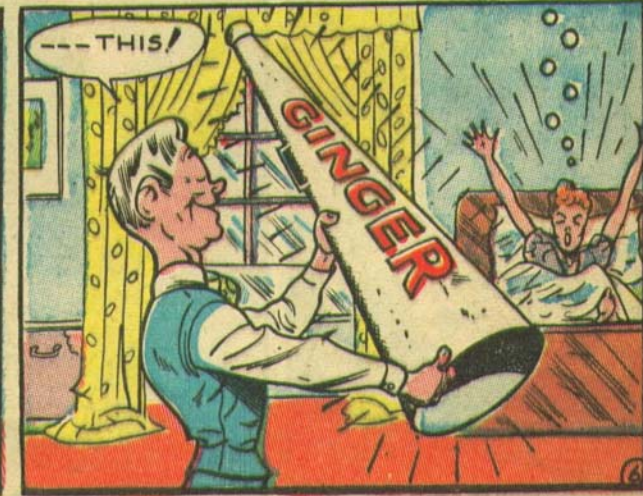


THERE YOU ARE! NINETY-EIGHT, NINETY-NINE -- ONE HUNDRED! I'M FINISHED!

30 AM 1! (GASP-GASP)



BUT UNSEEN BY THE STRUGGLING YOUTHS--- MR. GRUMP ENTERS THE LOCKER-ROOM, AND-----

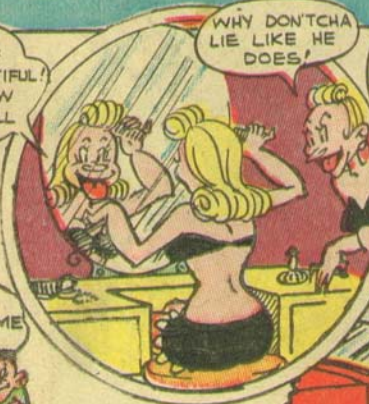


JEST JOKES



SPECIAL DELIVERY - AND
IS THE OLD MAN STAMPING!

HE TOLD ME
I WAS BEAUTIFUL!
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO TELL
HIM!



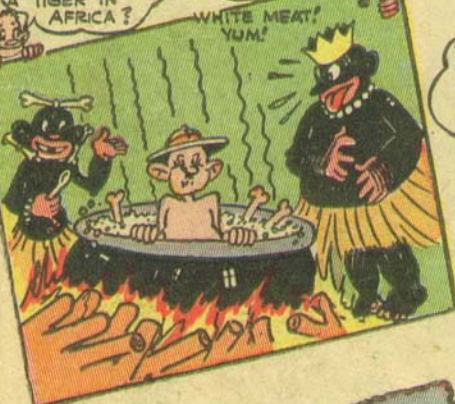
WHY DON'TCHA
LIE LIKE HE
DOES!

NABUCHADNOZOR
WATTAWOPPER ALBERT
SAMSONITSKYWITZ!
THAT'S MY NAME
'AND I'D LIKE TO
SEE YOU GIVE ME
A TICKET -
DOUBLE DARE YA!

OK. -OK. YA
DON'T HAVE
TO GET MAD!
I'M ONLY
KIDDIN'!

DID HARRY
TELL YOU ABOUT
THE TIME HE GOT
EATEN ALIVE BY
A TIGER IN
AFRICA?

NO - BUT HE TOLD
ME ABOUT THE TIME
SOME CANNIBALS
ATE HIM UP IN
WHITE SAUCE!



WHITE MEAT!
YUM!

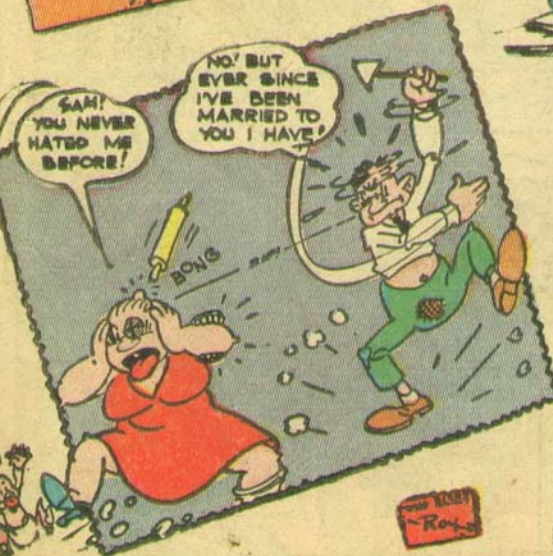
"YOU WANT TO
HAVE HER NAME
ENGRAVED ON THE
ENGAGEMENT RING?"



YEA! BUT NOT
TOO DEEP! YA CAN'T
TELL WHAT'S GONNA
HAPPEN NEXT!

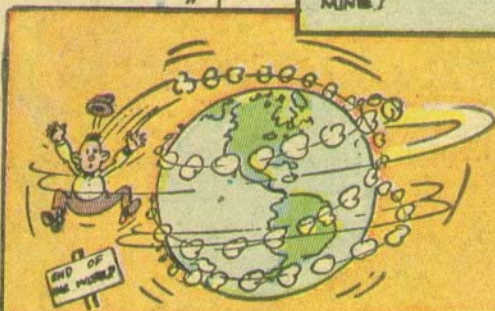


"IF YOU WANT A GOOD
STOMACH, YOU MUST
CHEW YOUR FOOD WELL!
YOUR TEETH WERE GIVEN
YOU FOR THAT!"
"OH YEAH - I HAD TO PAY
65 SMACKERS FOR
MINE!"



SAM!
YOU NEVER
HATED ME
BEFORE!

NO! BUT
EVER SINCE
I'VE BEEN
MARRIED TO
YOU I HAVE!



I WENT EVERYWHERE IN MY DAYS ON THE STAGE!
BUT HOW FAR HAVE YOU GONE?
THE FARTHEST!
TO THE END OF THE WORLD!
YEP! ONE MORE PLACE TO GO AND I WOULD OF
BEEN NOWHERES!

YES? MY!

THE
KIDNEY
ROX

Bip's HALL OF FAME



WHEN THE LIGHTS OF EUROPE ARE ONCE AGAIN KINDLED: WHEN THE SHACKLES OF SLAVERY AND BESTIALITY ARE FOREVER BROKEN; AND MAN, THE WORLD OVER, ONCE AGAIN DRAWS FREE BREATH, HUMANITY WILL OWE A LARGE DEBT, AN UNPAYABLE DEBT, TO MARSHAL **SEMYON TIMOSHENKO**.

FOR IF ANY ONE MAN HAS BEEN RESPONSIBLE FOR CHECKING THE ONRUSHING NAZI HORDES, THAT MAN IS TIMOSHENKO, BACKED BY A SUPERB RUSSIAN ARMY THAT REFUSED TO CONCEDE DEFEAT.

ZIP COMICS IS PROUD AND HONORED TO WELCOME YOU TO ITS **HALL OF FAME, MARSHAL SEMYON TIMOSHENKO**. YOURS IS A NAME THAT TIME WILL NEVER TARNISH. YOURS IS A SPIRIT THAT WILL BE A BEACON LIGHT GUIDING MANKIND THROUGH ITS DARK HOURS FOR MANY YEARS TO COME!

BORN THE SON OF A POOR PEASANT, SEMYON TIMOSHENKO HAS WON ALL THE HIGHEST DECORATIONS FOR BRAVERY AND ABILITY... AND HAS ACHIEVED THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE RED ARMY TODAY, HIS NAME IS A BY-WORD FOR UNSURPASSED BRAVERY AND FIGHTING GENIUS.. A MAN WHO BELONGS MORE TO THE WORLD FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM THAN TO THE PROUD, COURAGEOUS COUNTRY OF HIS OWN BIRTH...

SURE! AND HE'S A REAL SON O' THE FOIGHTIN' OIRISH TIM O'SHENKO IS!



HOOT MON! 'TIS A BONNY SCOTSMAN HE IS, SANDY TIMOSHENKO! ONLY A SCOTSMAN COULD FIGHT THE WAY THOT MON DOES!



ON A FARM IN BESSARABIA, A POOR PEASANT IS TOILING TO REAP HIS SCANTY HARVEST...

SEMYON, MY SON, THE CROP IS POOR THIS YEAR.. WE SHALL BE LUCKY IF WE HAVE ENOUGH GRAIN TO LAST THROUGH THE WINTER!



THE CZAR'S COSSACKS COME TO COLLECT THE HEAVY TAXES...

MONEY? HOW CAN WE PAY MONEY WHEN WE DO NOT EVEN HAVE ENOUGH FOOD TO EAT!

SO YOU REFUSE TO PAY, EH? I'LL SOON FIX THAT!



SEIZE THE GRAIN, MEN! OUT OF MY WAY, YOU DOG!



WHY THE DIRTY RATS! STEALING OUR GRAIN! I'LL ...



STRIKE AN OFFICER, WILL YOU, YOU INSOLENT PUP? THIS WILL TEACH YOU RESPECT FOR THE CZAR'S REPRESENTATIVES!



ALL RIGHT! STEAL OUR FOOD AND BEAT OUR PEOPLE, BECAUSE WE ARE TOO WEAK TO RESIST! BUT SOME DAY WE'LL BE STRONG AND WE'LL PAY YOU BACK WITH INTEREST!



YEARS PASS, AND SEMYON IS CALLED TO SERVE IN THE CZAR'S ARMY. ONE DAY, HE IS DRINKING WITH SOME FRIENDS WHEN...



HE ACCIDENTALLY SPILLS SOME VODKA ON AN OFFICER...



YOU NEED A WHIPPING TO MAKE YOU MORE CAREFUL, YOU SCUM!



GOADED BY CONTINUAL MIS-TREATMENT, SEMYON LOSES HIS TEMPER AND RETURNS THE BLOW...



SEIZE THAT MAN! THROW HIM INTO PRISON!



THIS PLACE WILL COOL OFF THAT HOT TEMPER OF YOURS!



SEMYON TIMOSHENKO, THIS COURT FINDS YOU **GUILTY** OF THE UNPARDONABLE CRIME OF STRIKING AN OFFICER OF THE CZAR. FOR SUCH A SERIOUS OFFENSE THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE PUNISHMENT! **DEATH!**



STANDING BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD, SEMYON AWAITS THE FATAL WORD, WHEN...



REVOLUTION



READY, LOAD, AIM...

THE INFURIATED PEOPLE AROUSED AT LAST, POUR INTO THE PRISON. THE CZAR IS OVERTHROWN. SEMYON IS SAVED!...

SEMYON IS MADE A CAVALRY COMMANDER IN THE NEW RED ARMY WHICH HAS BROKEN THE SHACKLES OF OPPRESSION...



MEANWHILE, IN ROSTOV, THE WHITE GUARD SUPPORTERS OF THE CZAR AND THEIR GERMAN ALLIES ARE MAKING MERRY...



WE WILL CRUSH THESE STUPID PEASANTS AND WORKMEN IN A FEW DAYS!

SUDDENLY, THE DOORS ARE SMASHED IN...



HIMMEL! IT IS TIMOSHENKO!!



THIS IS FOR THE FOOD YOU STOLE FROM US!



AND THIS IS FOR THE BEATING!



YOU PRUSSIANS SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN YOUR OWN COUNTRY! YOU DON'T SEEM TO ENJOY OUR RUSSIAN WELCOME!

WHAT A CLEANUP, COMMANDER! WE'VE CAPTURED OVER 200 OF THEM!



TIMOSHENKO THEN LEADS HIS MEN TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE WHITE GUARDS.



AND CAPTURES THE ENTIRE STAFF,
JUST THEN A WHITE OFFICER CALLS
ON THE PHONE...



DON'T SHOOT!

WE SURRENDER!

R-R-RING
R-R-RING

TIMOSHENKO ANSWERS.

HELLO. YES
THIS IS WHITE
HEADQUARTERS.
WHAT IS IT?

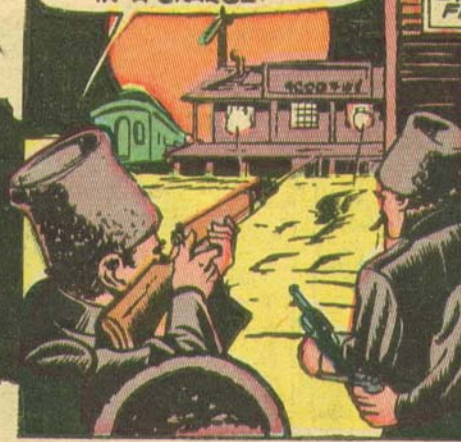
DON'T GET EXCITED!
EVERYTHING IS O.K.
I'M CALLING FROM THE
RAILROAD STATION, SIR!
DON'T SEND ANY
SUPPLY TRAINS
AWAY!
SHALL WE SEND
THE SUPPLY TRAINS
AWAY TO MAKE
SURE THE REDS
DON'T CAPTURE
THEM?



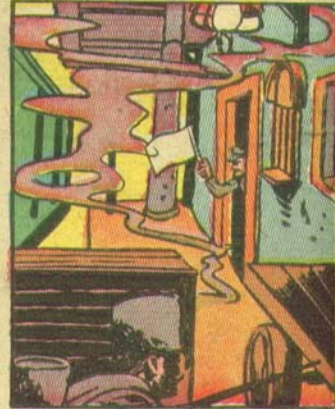
QUICK, MEN!
SURROUND THE
RAILROAD STATION!



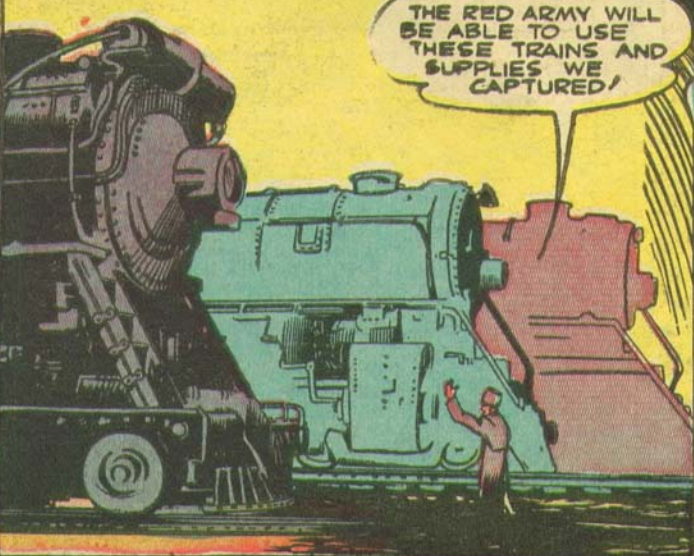
KEEP FIRING, MAN, THEY
CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH
LONGER. NO NEED
LOSING MEN NEEDLESSLY
IN A CHARGE!



TIMOSHENKO WAS RIGHT.
EVEN THEN HIS GENIUS
FOR DOING THE RIGHT THING
AT THE RIGHT TIME WAS IN
EVIDENCE.. SOON THE WHITE
FLAG OF SURRENDER WENT UP.



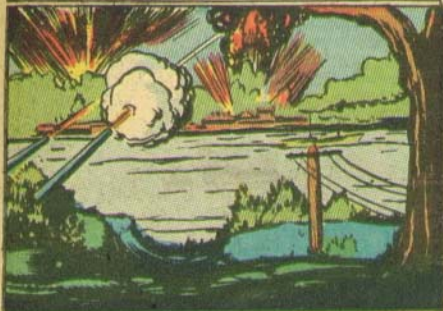
THE RED ARMY WILL
BE ABLE TO USE
THESE TRAINS AND
SUPPLIES WE
CAPTURED!



IN RECOGNITION OF HIS
SKILLFUL LEADERSHIP AND
PERSONAL BRAVERY, TIMOSHENKO
WAS AWARDED HIGH MILITARY
HONORS AND WAS PROMOTED
IN RANKS.



LATER.. TSARITSYN (NOW CALLED STALINGRAD) IS SURROUNDED BY THE WHITE GUARDS.. DAY AFTER DAY, HUGE SIEGE GUNS POUND THE CITY...



INSIDE THE CITY THE SITUATION IS GROWING DESPERATE.

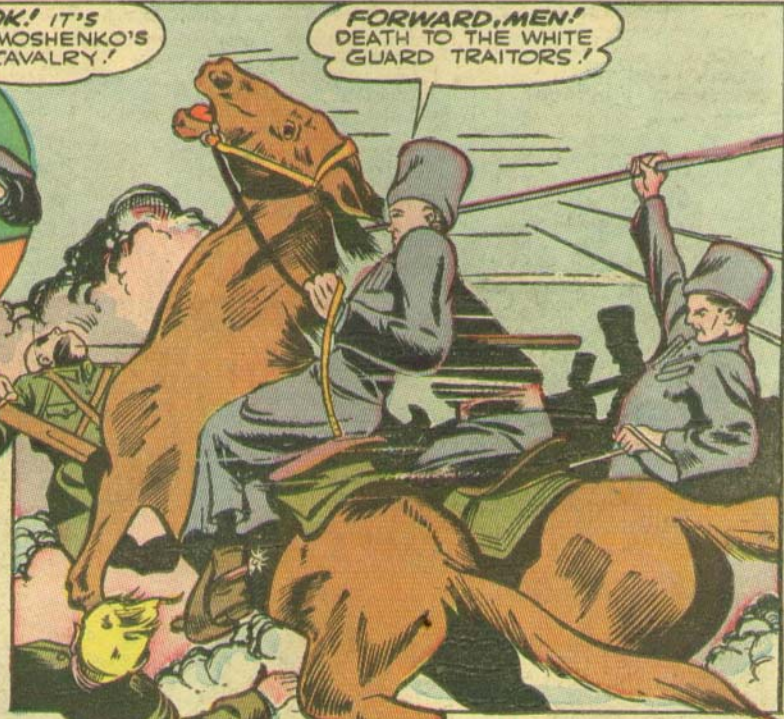
HALF OF MY MEN HAVE BEEN WOUNDED, COMMANDER!

WE CAN'T HOLD OUT ALONE MUCH LONGER. WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS.. WHAT'S ALL THAT CHEERING ABOUT?



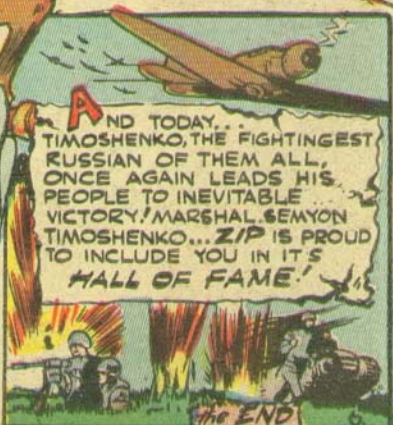
LOOK! IT'S TIMOSHENKO'S CAVALRY!

FORWARD, MEN! DEATH TO THE WHITE GUARD TRAITORS!



SWEEPING SAVAGELY INTO THE FRAY, TIMOSHENKO'S CHARGE CUTS A SWATH OF DEATH THROUGH THE FOE. BRINGS VICTORY FOR HIS CAUSE..

AND TODAY... TIMOSHENKO, THE FIGHTINGEST RUSSIAN OF THEM ALL, ONCE AGAIN LEADS HIS PEOPLE TO INEVITABLE VICTORY. MARSHAL SEMYON TIMOSHENKO... ZIP IS PROUD TO INCLUDE YOU IN IT'S HALL OF FAME!



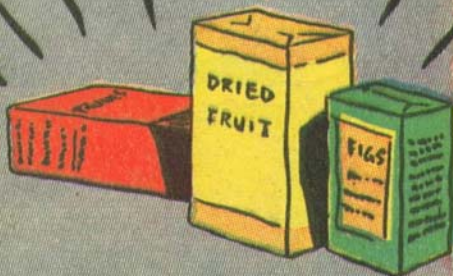
WORLD WONDERS



IN ORDER TO SATISFY THEIR THIRST, CERTAIN DESERT TRIBES OF AMERICAN INDIANS WOULD EAGERLY DEVOUR GIANT BLACK, JUICY CARPENTER ANTS.



THE FLOWER POT PLANT SHAPES ITS LEAVES INTO A POT-LIKE FORM WHICH HOLDS ITS OWN ROOTS.



IT IS LEGAL IN THE UNITED STATES FOR DRIED FRUIT TO CONTAIN 1 INSECT FOR EVERY 10 PIECES!

ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS OF SEA MONSTERS... THE BARRACUDA... WILL SELDOM ATTACK A SWIMMER WHO IS IN DARK CLOTHING.



Zambini

SINCLAIR
ALUMINUM
PLANT

BEHIND THE
GIANT MACHIN-
ERY OF THE
SINCLAIR
ALUMINUM CO
A CONFERENCE
IS IN PROGRESS...

I WONDER
WHAT'S ON
MR. SINCLAIR'S
MIND NOW?

GENTLEMEN,
THE ALUMINUM
WE'RE PRODUCING
FOR THE GOVERN-
MENT IS MAKING
MORE PROFIT THAN
WE'D HOPED FOR!

LISTEN,
AMERICANS, THE
WHEELS OF INDUSTRY
ARE HUMMING, SINGING
OUT A TUNE IN THE KEY
OF "V" "V" FOR VICTORY
TO COME... VICTORY, IF
EVERYONE OF US PUTS HIS
SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL!
HERE IS A TALE OF **HUGH
SINCLAIR**, YOUNG HEAD OF
THE ALUMINUM PLANT MAK-
ING VITAL METAL FOR THE
U.S.

IT'S A TALE FOR ALL OF
US TO THINK ABOUT AND
REMEMBER... AND BE
ASHAMED OF!
FOR **HUGH SINCLAIR**
IS ONE OF THOSE
DESPICABLE MEN
AMERICA CAN
DO WITHOUT!

... BUT I HEAR
OTHER PLANTS ARE
TO BE BUILT TO SPEED
UP PRODUCTION! THIS WILL
CUT DOWN ON OUR PROFITS!
FRANKLY I'M AGAINST IT!





WE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, SINCLAIR!

WE HAVE THE ONLY FORMULA - SO I SAY LET'S KEEP IT TO OURSELVES!



SUDDENLY...

W-WHAT'S THAT?

GREAT SCOTT...



IT'S ZAMBINI, THE MAGICIAN!

GET OUT OF HERE, ZAMBINI! I'VE HEARD OF YOU AND YOUR CONFOUNDED MEDDLING!

THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, ZAMBINI! WE'LL STICK BY SINCLAIR!

WHAT KIND OF PATRIOTISM DO YOU CALL THIS? HOW CAN YOU KEEP THE ALUMINUM FORMULA TO YOURSELVES WHEN YOUR COUNTRY IS FIGHTING FOR ITS LIFE?

AS SINCLAIR LEAVES ZAMBINI TRIES TO POINT OUT WHAT SELFISHNESS WILL LEAD TO... BUT...

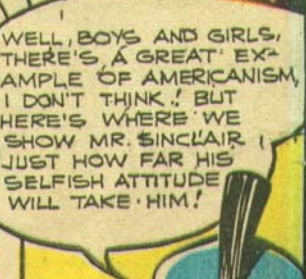


YOU CAN SAVE YOUR BREATH, BROTHER! SO LONG AS I'M HEAD OF THIS COMPANY - MY DECISIONS ARE FINAL!



I'M AFRAID THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH PEOPLE LIKE YOU - AND I WILL! DO IT!

GO HIRE A HALL FOR YOUR MAGIC TRICKS! I'M KEEPING THE FORMULA AND THAT'S THAT!



WELL, BOYS AND GIRLS, THERE'S A GREAT EXAMPLE OF AMERICANISM, I DON'T THINK, BUT HERE'S WHERE WE SHOW MR. SINCLAIR JUST HOW FAR HIS SELFISH ATTITUDE WILL TAKE HIM!

AS ZAMBINI SPEAKS - IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY SINCLAIR FINDS HE HAS DRIVEN TO THE LOCAL DRAFT BOARD...



GENTLEMEN, I WANT TO ENLIST!



WHY DID I WALK IN HERE? I CAN'T STOP WHAT I'M GOING SAYING!
JUST SIGN YOUR REGISTRATION THERE - AND WE'LL FILE YOUR APPLICATION!
I CAN'T HELP SIGNING THIS... WHAT AM I DOING? I DON'T WANT TO ENLIST!



DAYS PASS... AND OUR SCENE SHIFTS TO AN AIRPORT ON A FAR-FLUNG FRONT WHERE THE MYSTIFIED HUGH SINCLAIR FINDS HIMSELF!



ATTENTION, GROUND-CREW! STAND BY!

FIGHTER PILOTS, MAN YOUR PLANES! HURRY!

AUTOMATICALLY, SINCLAIR CLIMBS INTO HIS COCKPIT...



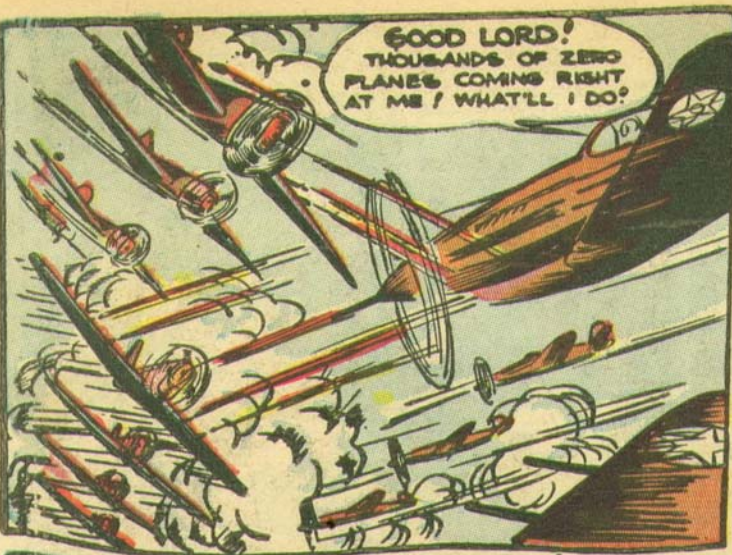
GOOD LUCK, SINCLAIR! I THINK YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING ON THIS TRIP YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

I SEEM TO KEEP HEARING ZAMBINI'S VOICE... THIS MUST BE A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE!



THIS CAN'T BE ME, HUGH SINCLAIR - UP IN THE CLOUDS IN A DOG-FIGHT... IT CAN'T BE!

FORM BATTLE FORMATION! JAPS ATTACKING AT 20,000 FEET!



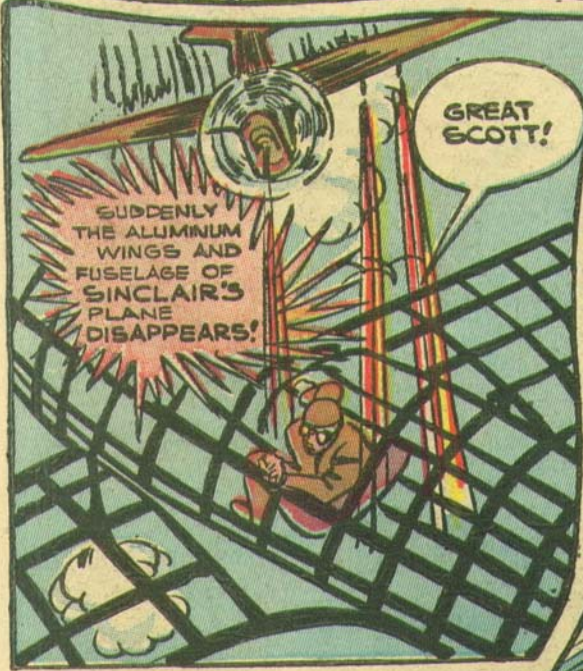
GOOD LORD!
THOUSANDS OF ZERO
PLANES COMING RIGHT
AT ME! WHAT'LL I DO?



THESE MUST BE THE
MACHINE-GUN TRIGGERS...
JUST PRESS THEM NOW...
AND...

RAT
TAT
TAT

TAT
TAT
TAT



GREAT
SCOTT!

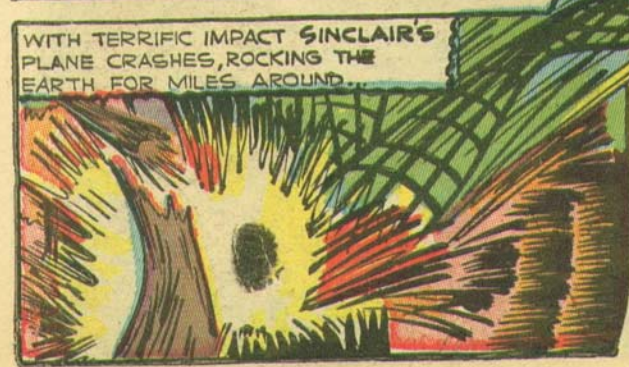
SUDDENLY
THE ALUMINUM
WINGS AND
FUSELAGE OF
SINCLAIR'S
PLANE
DISAPPEARS!



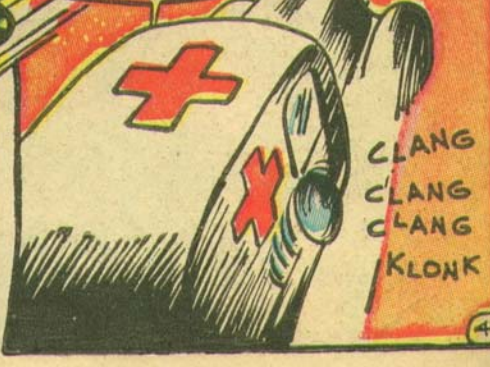
I...I'VE
BEEN
HIT!
AAAAAH!



STEP ON THE
GAG, BOYS! THE PILOT
MAY BE STILL
ALIVE!



WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT SINCLAIR'S
PLANE CRASHES, ROCKING THE
EARTH FOR MILES AROUND...



CLANG
CLANG
CLANG
KLONK

MOMENTS LATER... SINCLAIR IS TAKEN TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL!

IF ONLY WE COULD OPERATE - WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SAVE HIS LIFE!

'M SORRY, SINCLAIR - BUT THE GOVERNMENT DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH ALUMINUM TO MAKE SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS! THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!

DOC -- C-CAN YOU SAVE M-ME? AHHHHH!

AS SOON AS HE UTTERS THOSE WORDS... THE SCENE OF TERROR DISSOLVES, AND

Y-YOU! WHAT'S ALL THIS? WHAT TRICK DID YOU PULL?

NO! NO! THERE MUST BE ENOUGH ALUMINUM! THERE MUST BE! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE MY LIFE! I'LL DO ANY-THING!

YOU CAN DO SOMETHING, SINCLAIR! GIVE YOUR FORMULA TO THE GOVERNMENT!

A DREAM; HUM? I'LL SHOW YOU - MAKING ME THINK I WAS DYING! I'LL SHOW YOU JUST WHAT I'LL DO!

AS SINCLAIR, INFURIATED, STRIDES INTO HIS OFFICE HE IS STOPPED BY HIS SECRETARY.

HERE'S A LETTER FROM THE GOVERNMENT FOR YOU!

THIS IS PROBABLY THEIR REQUEST FOR MY FORMULA SO THEY CAN OPEN MORE PLANTS! WELL, THIS IS MY ANSWER! I'LL TEAR UP THE LETTER WITHOUT EVEN READING IT!



I WOULDN'T TEAR IT UP IF I WERE YOU. READ IT. YOU MIGHT BE MISSING SOMETHING!

OKAY, BUT YOU KNOW MY ANSWER!



YES - YOU'VE REALLY BEEN DRAFTED, SINCLAIR! SO YOU THOUGHT SELFISHNESS WOULD PAY! WELL, SINCE I CAN'T MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND - THE ARMY WILL SOON KNOCK YOUR GREEDINESS OUT OF YOU!



JANUARY 1945

GREETINGS:
THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE PEOPLE OF YOUR COMMUNITY HAVE CHOSEN YOU...
HUGH SINCLAIR
TO SERVE AS A MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES

YOU'VE HAD YOUR WAY, ZAMBINI - BUT YOU HAVEN'T CONVINCED ME!



BOYS AND GIRLS, NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN THE STORY OF HUGH SINCLAIR - I HOPE IT'S MADE YOU THINK! WE AMERICANS HAVE TO FORGET OURSELVES AND DO ALL WE CAN FOR THE OTHER FELLOW - WE HAVE TO MAKE SACRIFICES FOR OUR SOLDIERS! THEY'RE GIVING THEIR LIVES FOR US!



THE END

Be a RADIO Technician



J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute
Established 27 years
He has directed the training of more men for the
Radio Industry than anyone else.

**I Train Beginners at Home for Good
Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs
More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50
a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because so many Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own FULL TIME business... making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week. Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too



Men likely to go into military service, soldiers, sailors, marines, should mail the coupon now! Learning Radio helps men get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duties, **MUCH HIGHER PAY**. Also prepares for good Radio jobs after service ends. Hundreds of service men now enrolled.



Find Out What N. R. I. Can Do For You

MAIL THE COUPON for my FREE 64-page book. It is packed with Radio facts, things you never knew about opportunities in Broadcasting, Radio Servicing, Manufacturing, other Radio fields.

You'll read complete descriptions of my Course—"50-50 Method"—6 Experimental Kits—Extra Money Job Sheets. You'll see the fascinating jobs Radio offers and how YOU can train at home. You'll read many letters from men I trained telling what they are doing, earning. No obligation. Just MAIL THE COUPON! J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7, National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

TRAINING MEN FOR VITAL RADIO JOBS

THIS FREE BOOK HAS HELPED HUNDREDS OF MEN MAKE MORE MONEY

FREE TO MEN WHO WANT BETTER JOBS

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3AM7
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Mail me FREE without obligation, your 64-page book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

NAME..... AGE.....

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....



Set Servicing pays many N. R. I. trained Radio Technicians \$30, \$40, \$50 a week. Others hold their regular jobs and make \$5 to \$10 extra a week in spare time.



Radio Operators find good jobs with Government Departments, Shipping Companies and in Commercial Aviation; opportunities are increasing in these fields.

I Trained These Men

\$10 a Week in Spare Time

"I repaired some Radio sets when I was on my tenth lesson. I really don't see how you can give so much for such a small amount of money. I made \$600 in a year and a half, and I have made an average of \$10 a week—just spare time." JOHN JERRY, 1337 Kalamath Street, Denver, Colorado.

\$200 a Month in Own Business

"For several years I have been in business for myself making around \$200 a month. Business has steadily increased. I have N. R. I. to thank for my start in this field." ARLEIGH J. FROEYNER, 300 W. Texas Ave., Goose Creek, Texas.

N. R. I. Student Now Lieutenant in U. S. Army Signal Corps

"I cannot divulge any information as to my type of work, but I can say that N. R. I. training is certainly coming in mighty handy these days." (Name and address omitted for military reasons.)

HURRY! HURRY!

SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS
GET YOUR PRIZE!



\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS

in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY



GENE AUTRY COMPLETE HOLSTER SET

You can be a straight shootin' cowboy with this Gene Autry holster, cap, pistol, handkerchief and hat. Given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



NEW CANDID-TYPE CAMERA—easy to operate. Given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



"TAKE-ME-ALONG"—Girl's Overnight Case. Dozens of uses. Mirror lid. Sell only one order.



WRIST WATCHES for boys, girls, men and women. Given for selling only one order, plus 75c extra.



BASKET BALL SET given for selling only one order of American Seeds.



Given for selling only one order. Sent express collect—**SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.**



A DELUXE FISHING OUTFIT—rod, reel, line and hooks complete. Given for selling one order American Seeds, plus 25c extra.



COMPLETE CROQUET SET for 4 players. Mallets, balls, wires and stakes all given for selling only one order American Seeds.



GIRLS! You'll love this **FULL SIZE TOILET AND MANICURE SET.** Given for selling only one order.



This Genuine Gene Autry Guitar will delight you. Given for selling only one order **PLUS \$3.00 extra.**



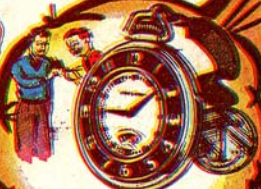
PEPPERELL BLANKET Genuine Pepperell "Warmwave" Blanket for selling only one order.



VICTORY LIGHT. Easily carried flashlight with three lenses—RED for warning, WHITE for regular use, BLUE for blackouts. Complete with batteries. Sell one order.



CHEMISTRY SET. Famous "Chemcraft" Set for interesting home experiments. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



VICTORY WATCH & FOB Handsome Modern Pocket Watch. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY—SELL SEEDS FOR VICTORY GARDENS

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given **WITHOUT COST** for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds for Victory Gardens—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. **GET BUSY**—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds.

OUR 25TH YEAR.

Send No Money—We Trust You
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 907, Lancaster, Pa.

THE "VICTORY BADGE" WE SEND YOU, HELPS YOU TO SELL SEEDS

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., Dept. 907, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send the **BIG PRIZE BOOK** and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box or Street No. _____

City _____ State _____