

**SCREAM** WITH LAUGHTER AT THOSE WACKS  
SENOR BANANA AND THE APPLEJACKS!

DV-23  
NO.

38

JULY  
10¢

# ZIP

## COMICS



TAKE A TIP  
WIN A ZIP!

3 BALLS  
FOR A DIME

**WARNING!**  
DON'T THROW  
TOMATOES

AN  
**MLJ**  
PUBLICATION

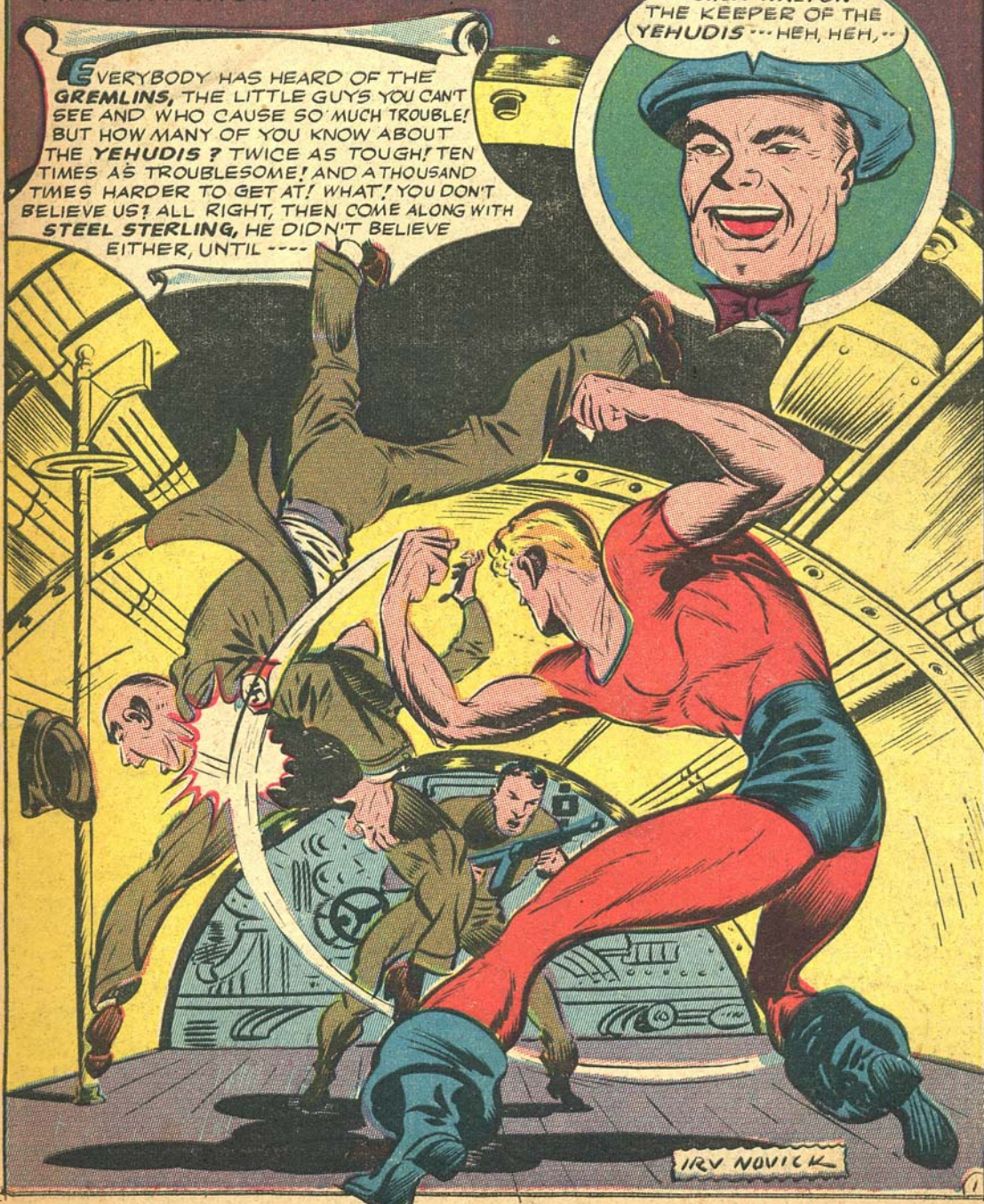


# STEEL STERLING

*The Little Men Who Weren't There!*

EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF THE GREMLINS, THE LITTLE GUYS YOU CAN'T SEE AND WHO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE! BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW ABOUT THE YEHUDIS? TWICE AS TOUGH! TEN TIMES AS TROUBLESOME! AND A THOUSAND TIMES HARDER TO GET AT! WHAT! YOU DON'T BELIEVE US? ALL RIGHT, THEN COME ALONG WITH STEEL STERLING, HE DIDN'T BELIEVE EITHER, UNTIL ----

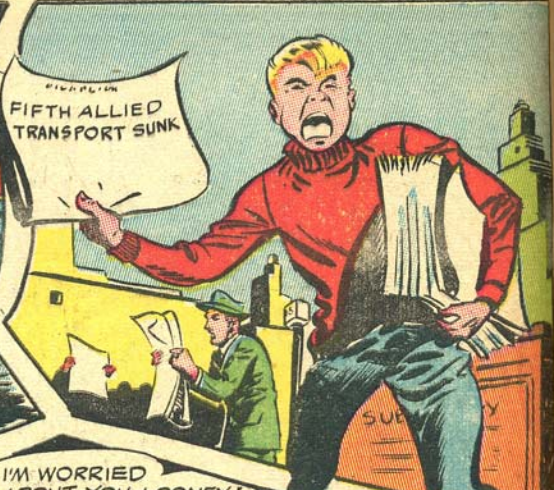
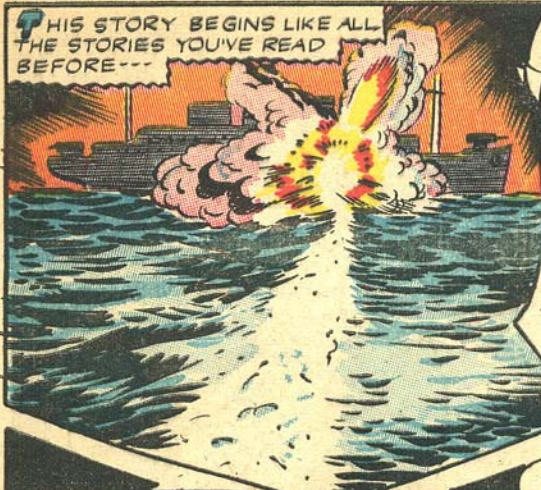
I'M  
JOSHUA WALTON -  
THE KEEPER OF THE  
YEHUDIS... HEH, HEH, --



IRV NOVICK



THIS STORY BEGINS LIKE ALL THE STORIES YOU'VE READ BEFORE---



FIFTH ALLIED TRANSPORT SUNK

YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, LOONEY! YOU'RE GOING BACK OVERSEAS! YOU'VE BEEN HOWLING FOR IT SINCE YOU RETURNED TO THE STATES!

YEAH!... I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO GET BACK AT THOSE YERMIN! JUST GATHER TOGETHER A FEW OF MY PERSONAL BELONGINGS!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, LOONEY! THOSE NAZI SUBS HAVE BEEN TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL OF OUR TROOPSHIPS, LATELY!

YEAH! BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM FOOLED THIS TIME! WE'VE CHANGED OUR SHIPPING ROUTE! IT'S SO SECRET EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE NEW ROUTE!



SO LONG, LOONEY! I WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK FOR YOU RIGHT HERE! I'LL BRING YOU BACK A COUPLE OF MEDALS!

HE'S GONE! I'M STARTING TO MISS THE POOR GOOF ALREADY! FUNNY HOW PEOPLE START TO GROW ON YOU -- I'D BETTER TAKE A WALK AND FORGET ABOUT IT!





LATER AS STEEL STERLING IS STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK

I'LL PAY CLANCY A VISIT! HE'LL CHEER ME UP! AFTER ALL, WE --- OOPS..

WHY DON'CHA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

I BEG YOUR PARDON! I WAS JUST ---- SAY WHERE ARE YOU?

RIGHT HERE, STUPID! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE!

PARDON ME! HAVE YOU SEEN YEHUDI!... I'M SURE HE CAME THIS WAY!

SAY, ARE YOU A VENTRILOQUIST? IS THIS SOME PRACTICAL JOKE?

BUT I FELT SOMETHING! THAT COULDN'T BE JUST VENTRILOQUISM! PEOPLE CAN THROW VOICES -- BUT THEY CAN THROW BODIES! ESPECIALLY INVISIBLE ONES!

COME ALONG NOW!

JUST A MINUTE! YOU MEAN THERE'S REALLY SOMEONE DOWN THERE!

BOY, THIS GUY SURE IS DUMB!

THESE YEHUDIS REALLY EXIST! UNFORTUNATELY, ONLY I AM ABLE TO SEE THEM! NATURALLY, BEING INVISIBLE, THEY NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER THEM! SO I'VE APPOINTED MYSELF, JOSHUA WALTON, TO BE THEIR GUARDIAN!

AH! THERE YOU ARE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLING YOU? I'VE GOT YOUR BROTHER HERE!





THAT MUST BE QUITE A JOB! TELL ME WHAT DO THESE YEHUDIS DO!

THEY, SIR, ARE A SOURCE OF LIVELIHOOD! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING! JUST ASK THEM SOMETHING AND SEE!

I CAN'T THINK OF ANY QUESTIONS!

THEN I'LL ASK ONE! WHAT'S THE NEW SHIPPING ROUTE FOR TRANSPORTS?



EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME SH!??\* THINGS! LATITUDE 41 LONGITUDE 13! PASSES GREENLAND TO PICK UP FIGHTER PROTECTION!

YOU SEE? GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR!

JUST A MINUTE!

HOW'D HE KNOW THAT? WHAT DID HE MEAN BY EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME QUESTIONS?

THE YEHUDIS KNOW EVERYTHING! PROBABLY THE GENTLEMEN WHO HIRE THEM ASK THE SAME QUESTIONS! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!



THIS SOUNDS AUTHENTIC! I'LL CHECK ONCE MORE TO MAKE SURE! LOONEY SAILED ON THE S.S. MARIUPOL! BUT HARDLY ANYONE KNOWS THE NAME OF THE SHIP!

DID A TROOP-SHIP SAIL FROM HERE THIS MORN - ING ?

I'M OVER HERE YOU DOPE! BUT I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! THE SS. MARIUPOL SAILED THIS MORNING AT PRECISELY 8:03! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE HAD TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION!





THAT SETTLES IT! YOU'VE BEEN PEDDLING INFORMATION ON OUR SHIPS! THAT'S WHY THOSE NAZIS HAVE BEEN RAISING HAVOC!

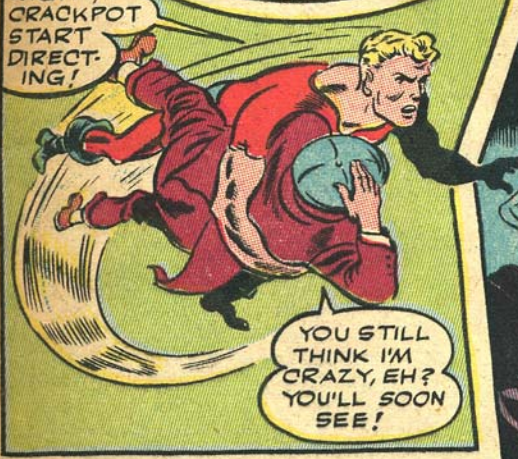
BUT-BUT I DIDN'T TELL THEM! I SWEAR IT! THE YEHUDIS DID!

ALL RIGHT, THEN SHOW ME WHO YOUR YEHUDIS TOLD IT TO-AND I'LL BELIEVE YOU!

WHY, THAT'S EASY I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE YOU CAN FIND THEM--- STAY HERE, YEHUDIS! BE GOOD BOYS TILL I GET BACK!



ALL RIGHT, CRACKPOT START DIRECTING!



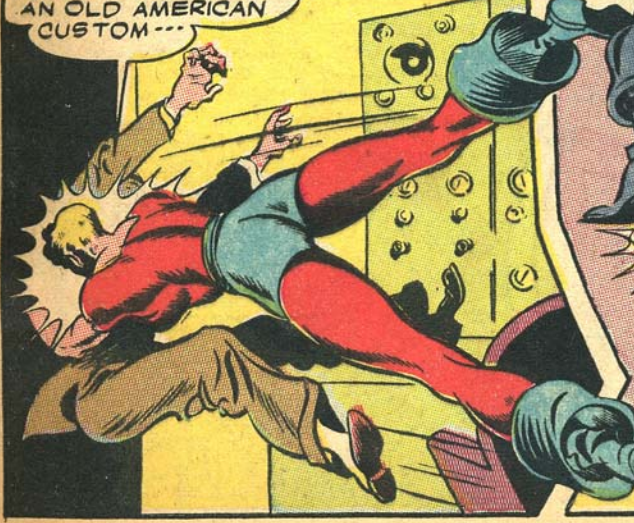
YOU STILL THINK I'M CRAZY, EH? YOU'LL SOON SEE!

THERE THEY ARE!

VAS IST?



THIS IS.... ROACH! AN OLD AMERICAN CUSTOM....



...OF GETTING RID OF VERMIN BEFORE THEY SPREAD A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE---







LIKE FASCISM!



ALL DOWN-- ONE TO GO!



NOW YOU CAN TALK WITH OR WITHOUT TEETH! DID YOU SEND OUT THE SAILING DATE OF THE S.S. MARIUPOL?

Y--YES! BUT IT IS TOO LATE FOR YOU TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT-- O'SHEA HOW'D YOU KNOW TO COME HERE?

BY THE LORD HARRY! WITH ALL THE RUMPUSS IT'S A WONDER THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ISN'T HERE TOO!



A NAZI NEST, EH? HOW'D YOU GET ON TO 'EM, STEEL!

IF I TOLD, YOU, YOU'D THINK I WAS GOOFY-- AND BESIDES I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME!



COME ON! WE'VE GOT A DATE WITH THOSE YEHUDIS!

BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE MY MOST PRICELESS POSSESSION! I COULDN'T BEAR TO HAVE ANYTHING HAPPEN TO THEM!

ALL ABOARD! WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

BOY! THIS OUGHTA BE FUN!



NOW I WANT YOU TO BE NICE BOYS WHEN YOU GO WITH MR. STERLING!

NOW REMEMBER TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM!

DON'T WORRY!



IMAGINE REALLY FLYING! IT'S THE MOST AMAZING THING I'VE HEARD OF!

AMAZING! HMM--I SUPPOSE THEY THINK THEY'RE PERFECTLY ORDINARY PEOPLE!

FAR OVER THE ATLANTIC RANGES STEEL STERLING WITH HIS STRANGE PASSENGERS!

GO TWENTY FIVE MILES AND TURN TO THE RIGHT!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'LL FIND THE MARIUPOLE!



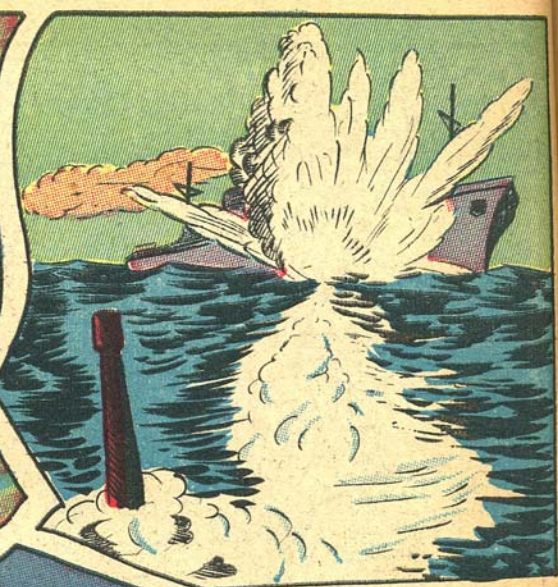
AT THIS MOMENT--

AMERICAN TRANSPORT DEAD AHEAD! LEVEL OFF FOR ATTACK!

YIPPEEE! WE'RE OFF!







DEY ARE  
ABANDONING DER  
SHIP! SURFACE!  
VE VILL SHELL  
DER LIFE BOATS!



WE GOT HERE TOO LATE -  
BUT NOT TOO LATE TO PREVENT  
THOSE NAZI RATS FROM SHELL-  
ING THOSE LIFE BOATS!



HIMMEL!  
VASS ISS?  
SHUT DER  
HATCH UND GET  
BELOW QVICK!



TOO LATE,  
HEINIE!





YOU YEHUDIS STAY  
HERE, WHILE I CLEAN  
UP THESE RATZIS!

LIKE  
THIS---

--AND  
THIS!

I FIX HIM  
NOW, ABER  
GOOT!

YEEOW W!--  
SOMETHING  
BIT ME!


I DID, YOU  
LUNKHEAD!  
AND I DIDN'T  
LIKE IT! DON'T  
YOU GERMANS  
EVER WASH  
YOUR FEET?









WHAT TH---!  
WE'RE  
STILL  
DIVING!




THIS SUB WILL GO  
STRAIGHT TO THE  
BOTTOM! WHERE  
ARE THE  
YEHUDIS!



GOSH! I DON'T  
KNOW WHERE TO  
LOOK FOR THEM!  
AND I'LL NEVER  
BE ABLE TO  
FIND THEM!  
THEY'RE  
INVISIBLE




TOO LATE!  
I'VE GOT TO  
GET OUT  
OF HERE  
MYSELF!



WELL, I  
SAVED THE  
LIVES OF THOSE  
SAILORS!--- BUT I  
HATE TO THINK OF  
WHAT JOSHUA  
WALTON WILL  
SAY WHEN  
I COME BACK  
WITHOUT THE  
YEHUDIS!




MEANWHILE  
JOSHUA WALTON  
HAS BEEN WAIT-  
ING FOR STEEL  
STERLING TO  
RETURN---



BRACE  
YOURSELF FOR  
SOME BAD NEWS  
WALTON!

YOU---  
YOU MEAN---



HERE HE  
COMES! BUT--  
BUT HE  
HASN'T GOT  
MY YEHUDIS!



HERE HE  
COMES! BUT--  
BUT HE  
HASN'T GOT  
MY YEHUDIS!



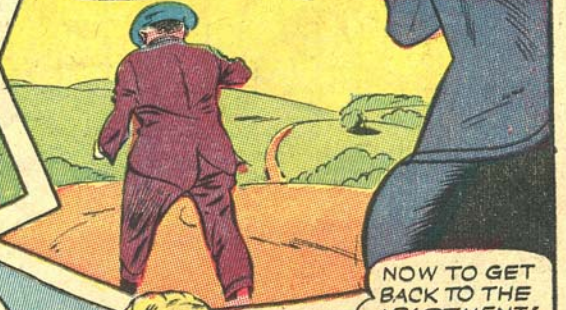
BRACE  
YOURSELF FOR  
SOME BAD NEWS  
WALTON!

YOU---  
YOU MEAN---



SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED! THEY PROBABLY DROWNED WHEN THE SUB WENT UNDER!  
I WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER SAW THEM! NOW I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!

POOR FELLOW! HE WAS REALLY FOND OF HIS YEHUDI!  
I GUESS HE'S PUNISHED ENOUGH FOR THE HARM HE DID!



I KNOW HOW HE FEELS! I'D HAVE FELT THE SAME WAY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO LOONEY! ---ANYWAY LOONEY IS SAFE NOW --- AND HE'LL GET HIS CHANCE TO SEE ACTION AFTER ALL!

NOW TO GET BACK TO THE APARTMENT!



HI, STEEL!

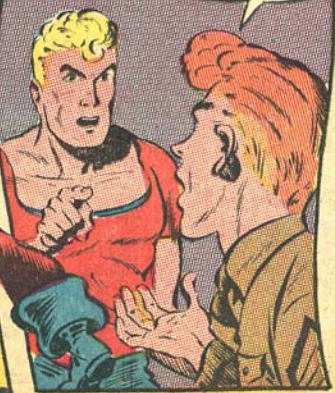
LOONEY!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU SAILED ON THE MARIUPOL!

AW, THEY CHANGED MY ORDERS AT THE LAST MINUTE! I'M GONNABE STUCK HERE FOR THE DURATION!

WELL, I'LL BE A-A--- YEHUDI!

WHO'S YEHUDI?





# the SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

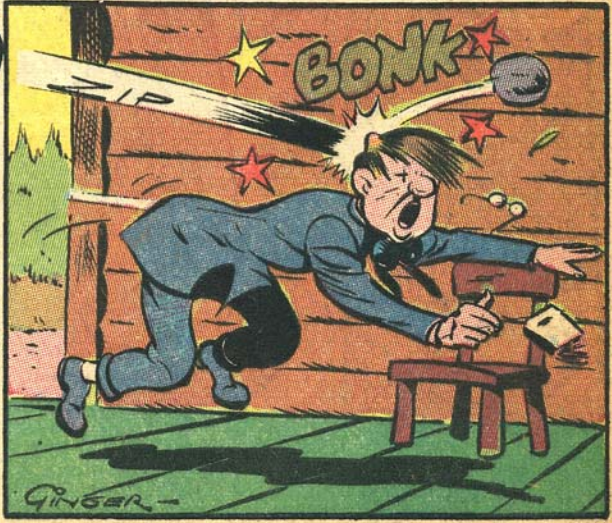


DO YOU, SLAPPY AN' HAPPY TAKE THESE MEASLY--ER--I MEAN MEASLES TWINS TO BE YO' LAWFUL WEDDED WIVES?

OUR STORY OPENS ON A TENDER SCENE! SLAPPY AND HAPPY APPLE-JACK ARE BEING LED TO THE ALTAR BY MAW MEASLES TO MARRY THE MEASLES TWINS!

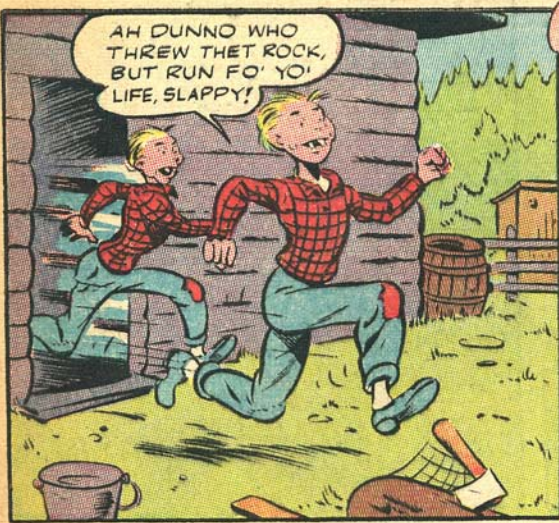


NAT'CHELLELY YO' DO! SO NOW I PERNOUNCE YO' MEN AND---

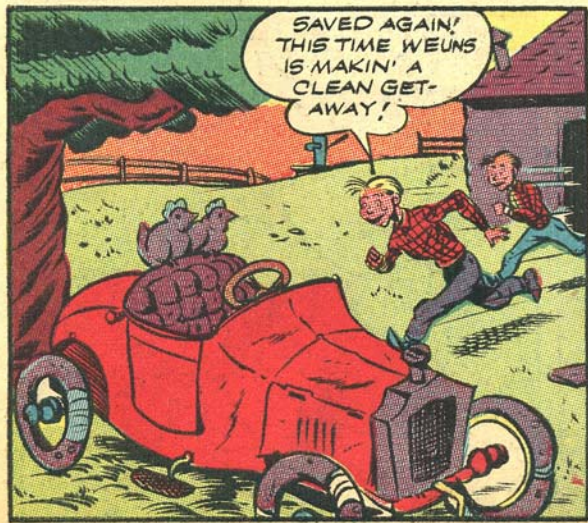
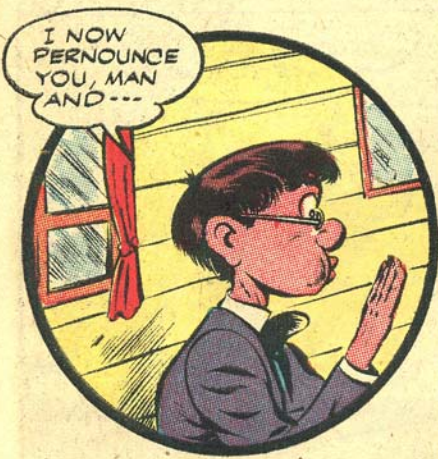


GINGER

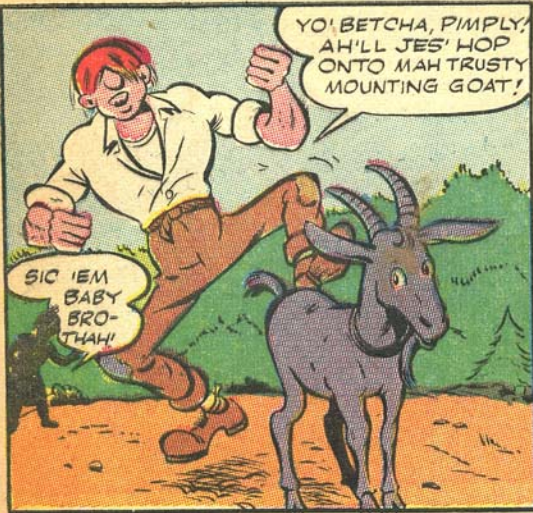












YO' BETCHA, PIMPLY!  
AH'LL JES' HOP  
ONTO MAH TRUSTY  
MOUNTING GOAT!

SIC 'EM  
BABY  
BRO-  
THAH!



AN' HEAD  
'EM OFF!

FLOP FLOP



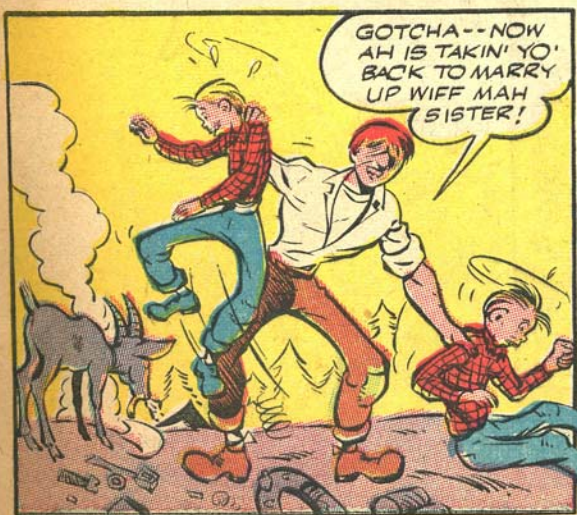
WHEW! SHO!  
WUZ A NARRER  
EGGSCAPE,  
SLAPPY!

YO' SAID  
IT, HAPPY!

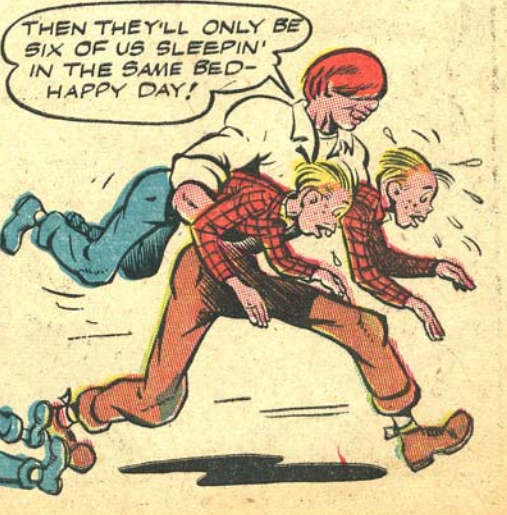
AH HEARS  
A' INJUN!  
MUS' BE  
PURTY CLOSE  
NOW!



CRASH



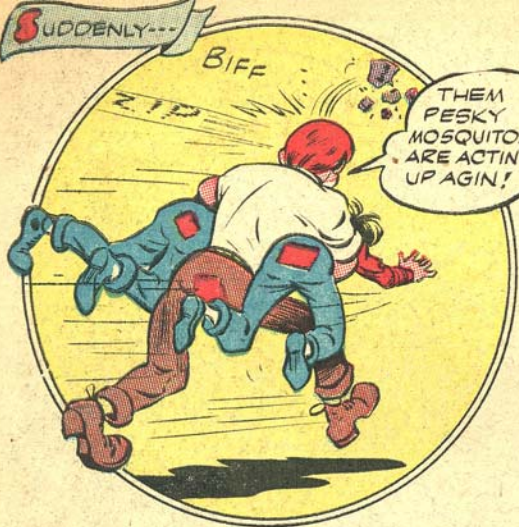
GOTCHA-- NOW  
AH IS TAKIN' YO'  
BACK TO MARRY  
UP WIFF MAH  
SISTER!



THEN THEY'LL ONLY BE  
SIX OF US SLEEPIN'  
IN THE SAME BED-  
HAPPY DAY!



SUDDENLY---



BIFF

THEM PESKY MOSQUITOS ARE ACTIN' UP AGIN'!

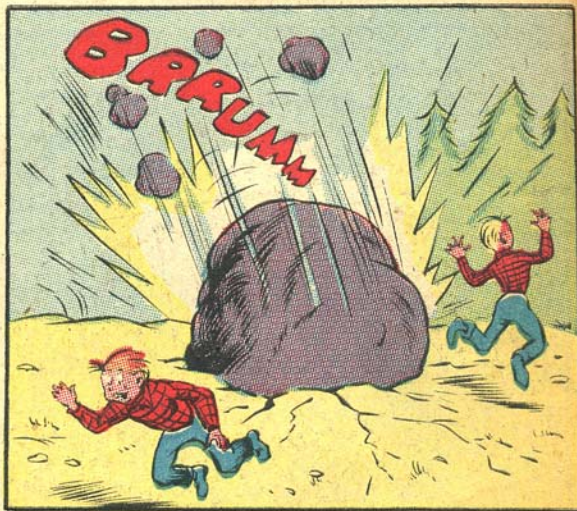


CONSERN THEM BIRDS--! WISHT THEY'D STOP FLYIN' OVER MAH HEAD!

CRACK



LET US GO, BABY BROTHAH, OR I'LL BASH YO' HAID IN!



BARUM



FRY MAH BONES! HIS HEAD'S BEEN BASHED IN ALL RIGHT, YUK, YUK!

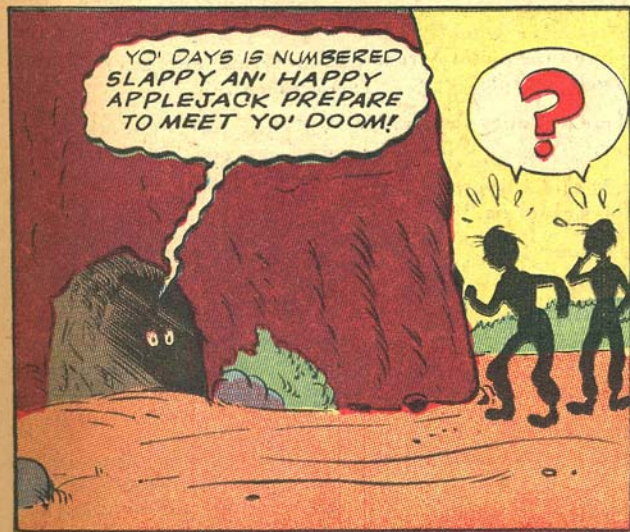
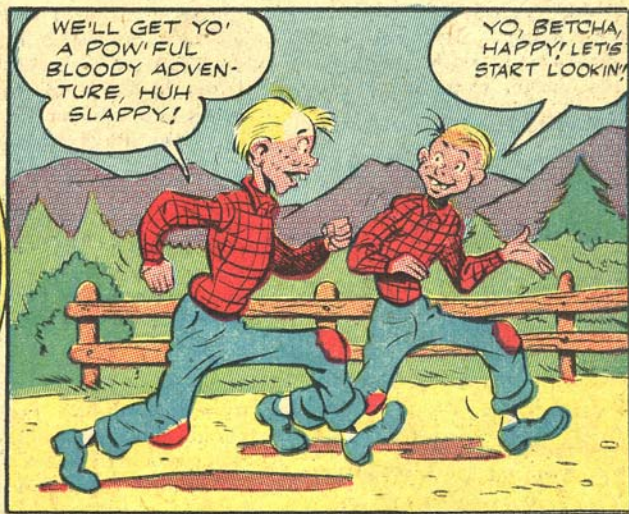
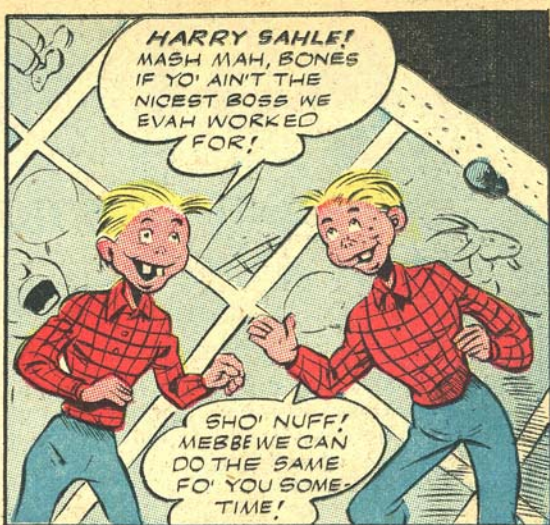
YUP! BUT WHO DID IT!



YO' GOT ME! 'PEARS LIKE SOMEBODY'S JEST AS ANXIOUS FO' US NOT TO MARRY UP WIF THEM MEASLES TWINS AS WE ARE!

NOBODY ELSE COULD BE THAT ANXIOUS! BUT WHO'S BEEN SAVIN' US?







# LAST LAUGH

wherein a smart crook meets  
his betters

**S**KEETS SAMPSON walked into Mac's Diner, according to plan, and sat down at the left. It was ten to midnight and the diner was empty.

Suddenly the swinging doors, behind the center of the counter, flapped open. A small, blond man, with white coat and apron, came in.

"What'll yuh have?"

"Bacon an' eggs," ordered Skeets.

He pulled his black fedora over his eyes and kept his head lowered. The next moment stars burst in his head. The right hand of the counterman, encased in brass knuckles, had crashed against his chin.

When he had regained consciousness, ten minutes later, he was lying on the kitchen floor.

A groan from the left attracted his attention. A white-capparioned man was seated in a chair, bound and gagged. Skeets released him.

"Thanks, pal," said the fellow. "Did that mug get you too?"

"He didn't miss," snapped Skeets. "But he overlooked two fifties in my watch pocket. All he got was eight singles, even. Say, what is it all about?"

"Must be the same guy who slugged me. He come in here about twenty minutes before you. Ordered ham an' eggs. Next thing I knew I was smacked on the conk. Lucky I had only a few bucks in the till."

"I thought Valley Center was a nice, quiet town. Or is this the tough neighborhood?"

"It aint the neighborhood," said the other. "It's the tough eggs that come in it. This is the second time I bœen tapped off in two weeks. I'm gettin' scared. My health ain't so good. I should be in Arizona. If I could find a buyer I would sell this jernt at a terrible sacrifice."

"Who's Mac?" asked Skeets.

"Me. I'm Mac. And I got this trap all paid up last month. Costs me a even grand. I'd sell out for half, if I could find some guy I could trust to send me the payments."

Skeets Sampson did some quick thinking. Perhaps he could make a deal with this sap, pay a little down and, when the chump got out in Arizona, he'd keep stalling him off for the other payments. Meantime, some other sucker would drop in and buy the joint from Skeets. Swell setup!

"Live here in Valley Center?" asked Mac.

"Nope," said Skeets. "I'm headed for California."

"What's your line?"

"Oh, a little of everything. Last job I had was bouncer in a New York night club."

"Ever work in a greaseteria, like this?"

"Sure; twice. But it ain't no profit working for the other guy. If you have your own joint, okay."

"How'd you like to take this one over?" asked Mac.

"That ain't the question," said Skeets. "I'd like it swell, but I ain't got the dough to take it over."

"How much can you lay down on the line?" went on Mac.

"All I have is two fifties, one hundred berries."

Mac scratched his head and did some figuring on a paper napkin.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Mac. "I'll turn the joint over to you for one hundred down, and you can easily send me fifty a month, until the whole five hundred is paid. That, so help me, is half price. I got a nice trade and all you gotta do is shove them some service."

"I'll go you," said Skeets. "Scribble me out a bill of sale."

Mac found a sheet of paper and wrote out a crude legal document.

"This just says that you paid me one hundred bucks," explained Mac. "And that you agree to pay fifty a month for the next eight months. Brother, you got a bargain!"

"I need one," said Skeets. But in the back of his mind he knew there would be no more payments. He'd hook some passing sucker for at least \$500, cash, then head for California.

"The milkman comes around at four," said Mac. "Get ten milk and five cream. Bread and



cake guy lands at four-thirty. Get fifteen white and about five rye, one whole wheat. The meat feller comes about five. This town loves hamburgers. Get fifteen pounds. I buy vegetables from three or four different fellers. Use your own judgement on that."

Mac put on his hat and coat.

"Well, so long and good luck," he said. "I think I'll be pulling out at daylight on the bus. It's gonna be Arizona or bust!"

"Drop me a line as soon as you get settled," said Skeets.

"Okay," said Mac and walked out.

Skeets began to examine his bargain. Swell! How could he lose? No one knew him in Valley Center. And if nobody bought the joint from him he could always stall off the payments until Mac came rushing back from Arizona to yell for his dough. A great relief permeated the spirit of Skeets Sampson. He'd no longer have to dodge the cops. His last diner hold-up had been pulled three states to the east. Here in Valley Center he would be considered a respected and honorable citizen and businessman. Boy, what a feeling!

He opened the refrigerator and found some ham and baloney. About two pounds of butter was on the lower shelf. The joint, thought Skeets, was not overstocked. He'd have to order a load of things. He cut himself a fat slice of ham, placed it between two pieces of rye bread, and began to eat.

It was after 6 a. m. when the first customer arrived. At least, Skeets mistook him for a patron. He was a small ruddy-faced man, with several freckles on his pudgy nose.

"Where's Sweeney?" asked the caller.

"Who's Sweeney?" demanded Skeets.

Before replying the stranger squinted at Skeets suspiciously.

"Sweeney," he said, "is the man who bought this place from me two months ago. He paid me fifty dollars, down, and he was to pay fifty a month until one thousand dollars was paid. But he ain't made no second payment, yet."

"You mean Mac, not Sweeney!" snapped Skeets.

"Mac—hell!" snorted the little fellow. "I'm Mac!"

Skeets' brain began to buzz. So he was the sucker, after all!

"Say, what is this?" yelled Skeets. "It looks like the old runaround! I just bought this joint from the guy who says he was Mac!"

"Really!" sniffed the little lad. "How do I know that you and Sweeney ain't working together? Nobody ain't never took me for a chump. I think I just better call the cops and have you looked over. Runaround, hey? I think I'm the one who's getting the runaround!"

The mere mention of cops made the blood of Skeets freeze. He had been caught once. His very first job, and his fingerprints were in the tender care of the FBI.

"Well," said Skeets, "where do I stand on this phony deal? I paid that mug one hundred dollars, real dough!"

"Can I help it if you need a keeper? Anyway, I still think you and that guy are working together to gyp me out of my restaurant!"

"Okay, okay," said Skeets. "If it's your jernt, it's your jernt. But listen, I ain't got a dime. Honest, I can't even get out of town!"

For a long moment Mac looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said finally, "I have decided to give you a break. If you promise to beat it out of town right away I'll stake you to ten bucks."

Just then the Chicago-Los Angeles bus stopped across the street.

"For seventy-fifty," went on

Mac, "that bus will take you to California. Going or staying?"

"Going!" said Skeets. "Gimme the ten."

He grabbed his hat and coat and walked to the door.

"Well, s'long," Skeets said.

"S'long," echoed Mac. "Don't forget to keep your nose clean!"

Skeets boarded the bus and took a middle seat. "Boy," he mused, "am I a prize s'ap!"

One hour later, two gentlemen sat in the kitchen of Mac's Diner. In the right hand of the freckled-nose bird were nine ten-dollar bills.

"There's ten for you," said he, "and there's ten for me. There's ten for me and—(say, next time don't soak a guy so hard, that simp was almost gone)—and there's ten for you—"

Quietly the kitchen door, directly in back of the two men, opened slowly. Quietly, also, the buxom figure of Sheriff Josiah Jonesby tiptoed in. As he reached the table, his two large and chubby hands streaked out like a pair of serpent's tongues and grabbed the ninety dollars.

"Now, gents," began Sheriff Jonesby, "I'll just take this as part payment on your past-due notes and also in the name of the law and John Patrick MacKilligan, the original Mac. More, since your record ain't so bright I have also been requested to take this place over at once and likewise immediately."

"What—" began freckle-nose.

"Say—" mumbled the other.

"Furthermore and to wit," went on the sheriff, without noticing the interruption, "I would suggest that you take the next bus out of Valley Center. Going or staying?"

The two gentlemen exchanged knowing glances across the table.

"Going!" they said, as one man.



# Ginger



JUMP! JIVE!!  
 GINGER'S GONE  
 JITTER-MAD!  
 BUT NO MATTER  
 HOW WACKY IS  
 HILLWOOD'S OWN HELLION.  
 (BEAT ME DADDY TO  
 ANY OLD BAR!)  
 SHE'LL NEVER BE ABLE  
 TO EXPLAIN TO HER  
 "FOLKS WHAT A  
 HEP-HEP-CAT" IS!  
 NOR CAN SHE  
 EXPLAIN THE REASON  
 FOR...  
**ANDY CLIVE**  
 AND HIS  
**JIVE FIVE!**

SAUCE!



MOTHER,  
 DO YOU  
 REMEMBER  
 HOW PEACEFUL  
 IT USED TO BE  
 IN THIS HOUSE!

I CERTAINLY DO!  
 THAT RACKET IS  
 DRIVING ME MAD!!  
 WHY ONLY THIS  
 MORNING ....

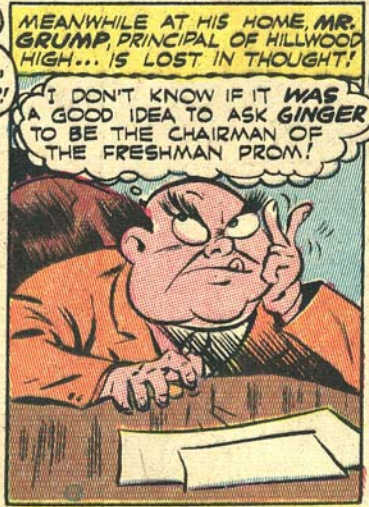


... GINGER GOT THAT LETTER!  
 LITTLE DID I THINK WHAT  
 IT WOULD ALL LEAD TO!

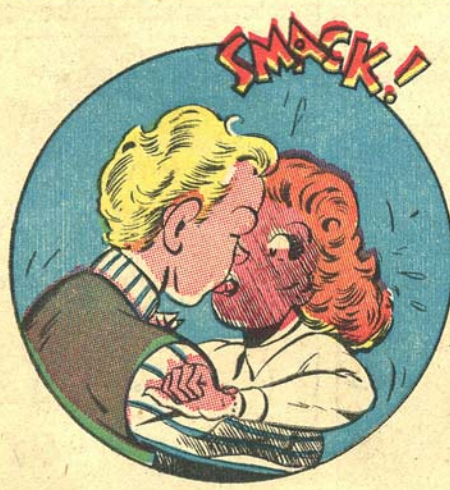
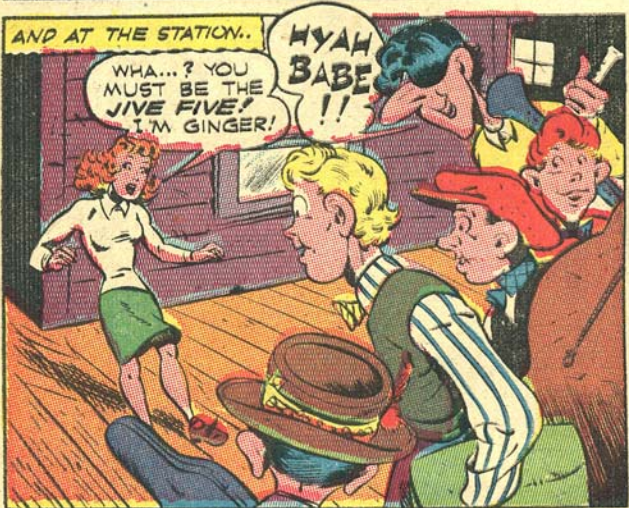
GOSH,  
 MA! A  
 LETTER FOR  
 ME?!



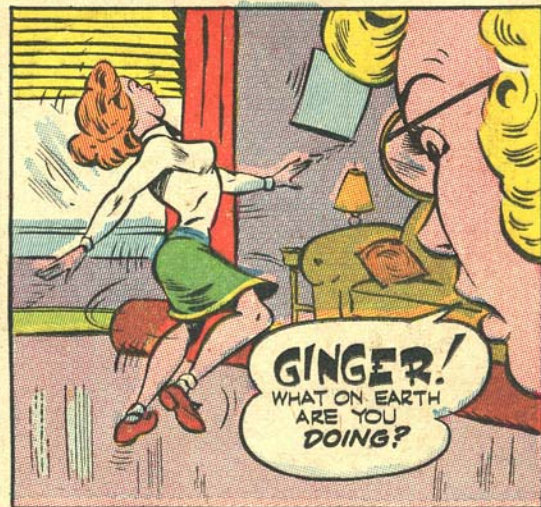
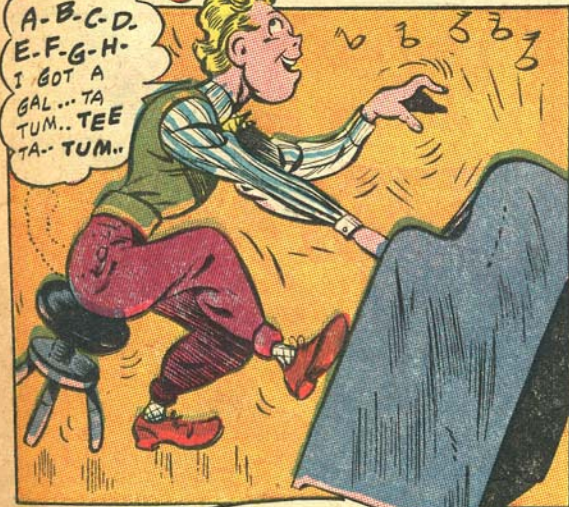
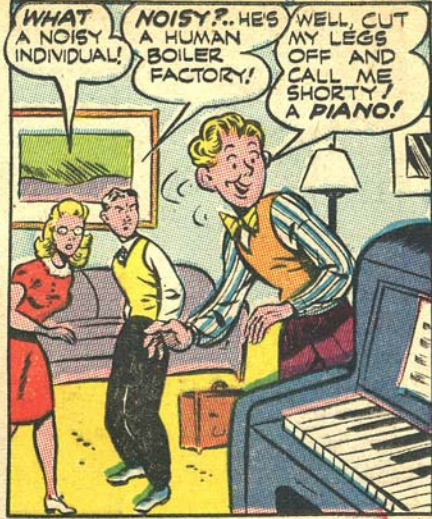
My Dear Ginger Snapp,  
 Me and my band accept with pleasure your invitation to play at your freshman prom. Your fee is okay too, especially since I can stay with your family, and won't have to foot any hotel bills...  
 Terrifically yours  
 Andy Clive  
 and his  
 JIVE FIVE



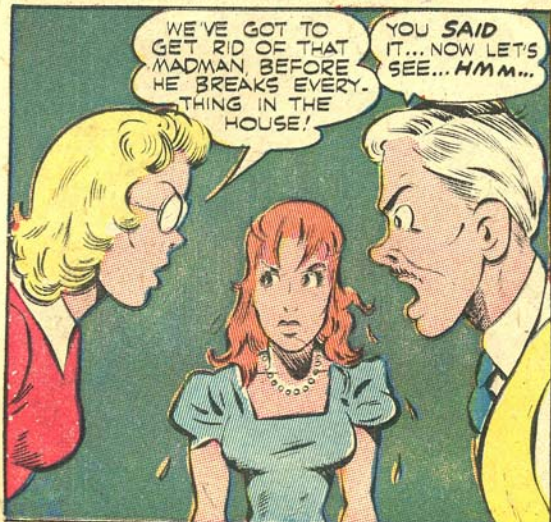














A LITTLE LATER...

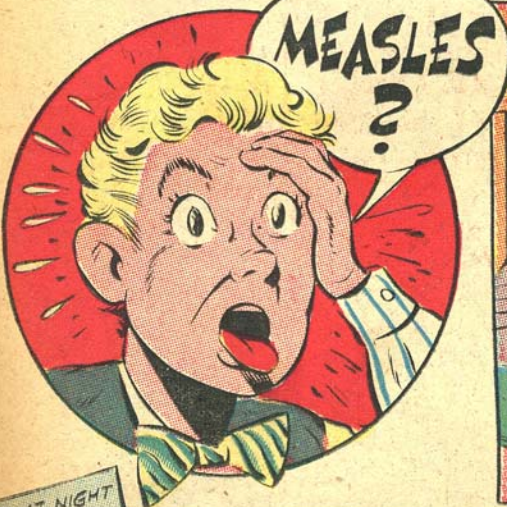
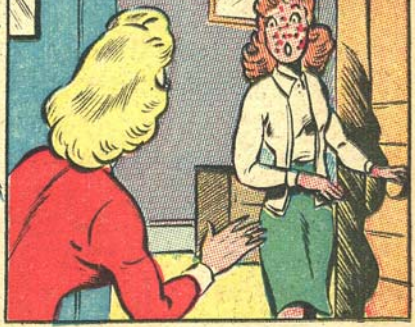
**AHHH-HHHH...**  
THAT OUGHT TO WORK!



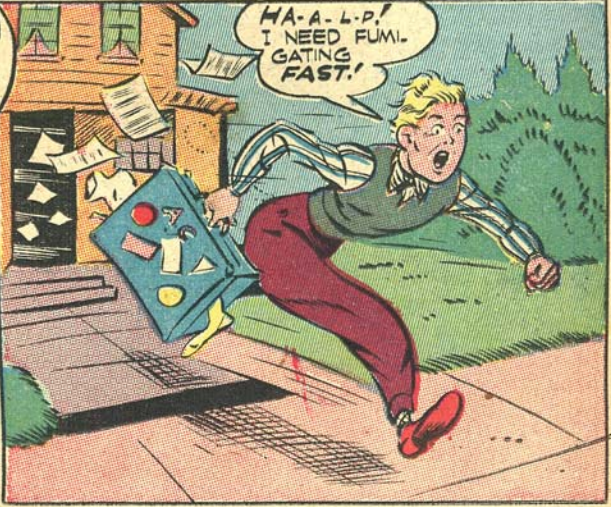
OH... MOTHER.. I FEEL.. JUST AWFUL!

MY DEAR.. YOU'VE GOT THE MEASLES!

MEASLES ???



MEASLES ?



HA-A-L-P! I NEED FUMIGATING FAST!

THAT NIGHT AT THE FRESHMAN PROM...

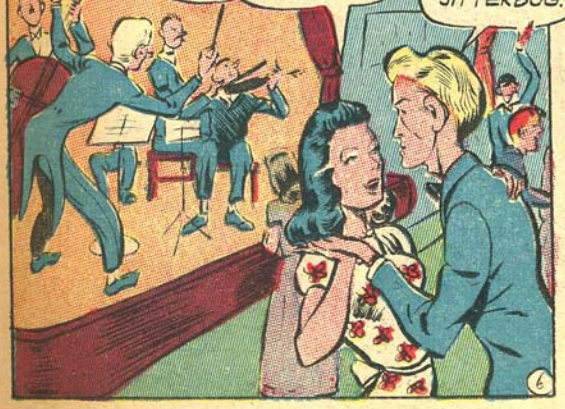
HOW D'YA LIKE THAT, I NEVER THOUGHT GINGER'D GET, MAESTRO METRONOME, FOR OUR PROM!

FUNNY! I ALWAYS THOUGHT GINGER WAS A JITTERBUG!

MRS. SNAPP I THINK GINGER DESERVES TO BE COMPLIMENTED!

GOSH, POP! EVERYONE'S HAVING SUCH A WONDERFUL TIME!

YEAH! EVEN MY HEAD FEELS BETTER NOW !!



HAVE YOU ENTERED THE CONTEST, EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT? THE ONE IN TOP NOTCH LAUGH COMICS? EVERYBODY WINS! NO-BODY LOSES! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!



**L**OOK FOR THIS PICTURE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND! .....  
IT WILL BE ON THE COVER OF THE LATEST SHIELD-WIZARD.....

## SHIELD-WIZARD #10

ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND RIGHT NOW BRINGING WITH  
IT "THE RETURN OF THE HUN" IN A TALE THAT WILL  
LIVE FOREVER IN YOUR MIND !!!





# ZIP'S

# Hall of Fame

I'LL SHOW ALL THESE "SCREWBALLS!"

**O**UT OF THIS WAR, FOR FREEDOM HAVE COME MANY YOUNG HEROES! BOYS IN THEIR TEENS WHO HAVE SHOWN THAT THEY FEEL THEIR YOUTHFULNESS IS NO BARRIER TO SERVING THEIR COUNTRY AND THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE! "ZIP'S" HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO BRING YOU THE AMAZING STORY OF ONE TEEN-AGE HERO, GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING... THE "SCREWBALL" OF MALTA...

THE STORY OF GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING STARTS IN A CANADIAN AIR-FORCE ENLISTING POST, ABOUT A YEAR AGO!...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN GO IN FOR YOUR EYE EXAMINATION, NOW!!

SORRY, BEURLING, BUT YOU'RE TOO NEAR-SIGHTED FOR THE AIR FORCE! BETTER TRY SOME OTHER BRANCH OF SERVICE!

XCWB  
ADPIN  
VSTUQ  
RMOJ  
KRFY





LISTEN, DOC, I HAVE ONE GREAT LOVE AND ONE GREAT HATE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT FLYING, IT'S MY WHOLE LIFE! AND I CAN'T STAND ALIVE NAZIS! SO SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO COMBINE THE TWO! I'VE GOT TO!!



GEORGE THEN INFORMS HIS PARENTS OF HIS PLAN!  
THIS IS HOW I'LL GET THOSE 'SCREWBALL' NAZIS! I'M GOING TO SHIP ON A 'FREIGHTER TO ENGLAND, AND ENLIST IN THE R.A.F.



SO YOU WANT TO ENLIST AS CABIN BOY, EH, SON? WELL, Y'KNOW IT'S VERY DANGEROUS WORK, WITH ALL THEM SUBMARINES IN THE WATERS!

GEORGE STARTS HIS LONG VOYAGE ACROSS THE OCEAN ABOARD A SHIP THAT PLOWS THROUGH SUB-INFESTED AREAS WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONVOY...



WELL, SON WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND! LOTS OF LUCK, LAD!



GEORGE HEADS FOR THE NEAREST R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION...  
HOW OLD ARE YOU?  
I'M EIGHTEEN SIR!



SORRY, BEURLING BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR PARENTS' SIGNATURES BEFORE YOU CAN SIGN UP IN THAT CASE!  
BUT, SIR, I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM CANADA TO JOIN UP. THAT'S WHERE MY PARENTS ARE!



I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO! THAT'S THE LAW!  
I'M NOT DEFEATED YET! I'LL SHIP BACK ON ANOTHER FREIGHTER AND GET THEIR CONSENT!



ONCE AGAIN LUCKY BEURLING BRAVES THE DANGER OF THE SUBMARINE-INFESTED ATLANTIC ABOARD A FREIGHTER...

GEORGE'S PARENTS COOPERATE WITH HIM...

GOD BLESS YOU, MY SON! YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE PROUD OF YOU! WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE OUR BOY SERVING SO GREAT A CAUSE!



THOSE SCREWBALL NAZIS WILL HEAR FROM ME YET! WAIT TILL I GET A CRACK AT THEM!



WELL, IF IT, H'AIN'T YOUNG BEURLING! YOU JUST SHIPPED TO ENGLAND, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

CAPTAIN, I HAD TO GET MY PARENTS' CONSENT BEFORE I COULD JOIN THE R.A.F.! CAN I GO BACK TO ENGLAND AGAIN ON YOUR SHIP?

FOR THE THIRD TIME, GEORGE CROSSES THE ATLANTIC... BUT THIS TIME...

FOR STRAINED MINUTES, THE FATE OF GEORGE'S SHIP IS UNDECIDED... THE CONVOY ZIG-ZAGS, IN AN EFFORT TO SHAKE OFF THE ENEMY... FINALLY THEY SUCCEED...



AFTER THREE HAZARDOUS MONTHS, FROM THE TIME HE FIRST SAW ENGLAND, GEORGE IS ONCE AGAIN ON ENGLISH SOIL...

WELL, CAPTAIN, THAT R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION HAD BETTER BE READY FOR ME! FOR THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE I'M GOING! THEN THE "SCREWBALLS" BETTER WATCH OUT!



GOOD FOR YOU, BEURLING! FRANKLY, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU BACK! BUT YOU'RE MADE OF THE STUFF WE NEED IN THE R.A.F.





HALF A YEAR LATER GEORGE F. BEURLING HAS EARNED HIS WINGS...

PHILIP O' MALLEY,  
STANLEY POST,  
GEORGE FREDERIC  
BEURLING, JAN  
GOODMAN !!

I CAN'T BELIEVE, MY CHANCE  
HAS FINALLY ARRIVED! WAIT'LL  
I GET MY PLANE AND MEET  
A COUPLE OF THOSE  
SCREWBALL  
NAZIS!

YOU MEN ARE  
GOING TO OPERATE  
IMMEDIATELY FROM  
OUR AIR BASE IN  
MALTA!

OH BOY!  
WE WILL!

I WANTED  
SOME HEAVY  
FIGHTING  
AGAINST  
THOSE  
SCREWBALLS!

BEURLING ARRIVES WITH THE OTHER  
PILOTS, AS MALTA IS UNDERGOING MANY  
OF ITS AIR RAIDS...

C'MON MEN, WE'RE  
GOING INTO  
ACTION  
IMMEDIATELY!

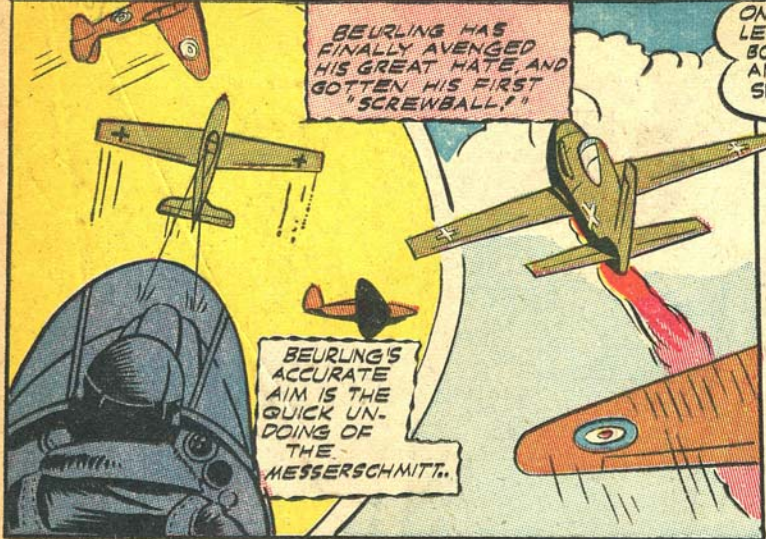
WELL, HERE IT GOES!  
NAZIS, SCREWBALLS.  
GET OUT OF MY WAY  
'CAUSE I'M COMING!

BEURLING EXPERTLY LIFTS HIS PLANE  
INTO THE AIR TO TAKE HIS DESIGNATED  
PLACE IN THE FORMATION...

THE EXPERTLY  
TRAINED R.A.F.  
PILOTS ENTER  
INTO THE BATTLE...

BEURLING GETS  
ON THE TAIL OF  
A GERMAN  
MESSERSCHMITT...





BEURLING HAS FINALLY AVENGED HIS GREAT HATE, AND GOTTEN HIS FIRST "SCREWBALL!"

BEURLING'S ACCURATE AIM IS THE QUICK UN-DOING OF THE MESSERSCHMITT..

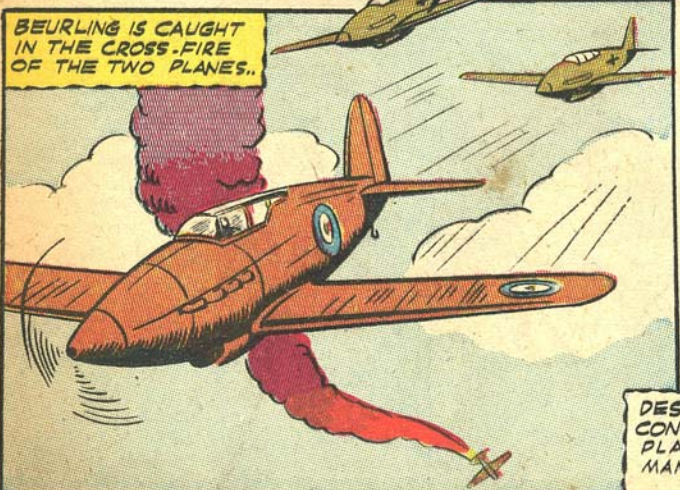
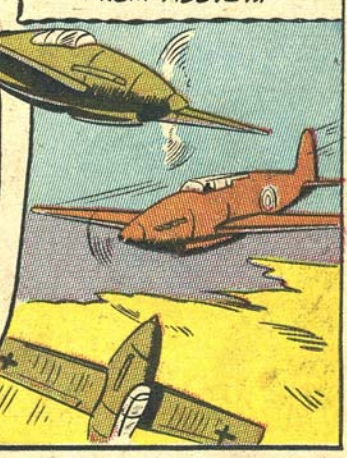
ONE MORE "SCREWBALL" LESS IN THIS WORLD!.. BOY I WISH MOM AND POP COULD SEE THIS!



A NAZI SPIES BEURLING'S PLANE AND STARTS AFTER HIM..

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT "SCREWBALL" BEHIND ME! I DON'T LIKE HIS POSITION!

ANOTHER NAZI PLANE SWOOPS DOWN ON BEURLING FROM ABOVE...



BEURLING IS CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE OF THE TWO PLANES..



DESPERATELY HOLDING ONTO THE CONTROLS, ALTHOUGH BOTH HE AND HIS PLANE HAVE BEEN INJURED..BEURLING MANAGES TO SHAKE OFF THE NAZIS..

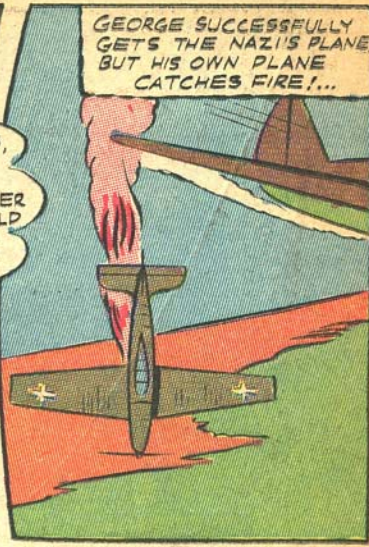




I GUESS I BETTER BRING THE PLANE DOWN NOW, AND SEE HOW DAMAGED SHE IS!



OH, OH! MICHAELS, OUR SQUADRON LEADER IS BEING PURSUED! I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN HELP HIM! NO TIME TO LAND NOW!



GEORGE SUCCESSFULLY GETS THE NAZI'S PLANE, BUT HIS OWN PLANE CATCHES FIRE!...

BEURLING IS FORCED TO BAIL OUT...



SO, FOR HIS BRAVERY, AND COURAGE, GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING HAS BEEN AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CORPS MEDAL...



SEVERELY INJURED BEURLING IS BROUGHT INTO THE MALTA HOSPITAL...

WELL, BOYS I'M JOINING YOU NOW, BUT I'M SATISFIED! I GOT SOME OF THOSE "SCREWBALL" GERMANS, IN THEIR SCREWBALL PLANES!



HEY, LISTEN TO THAT KID BEURLING TALK! EVERYTHING IS 'SCREWBALL'! WHAT SAY WE CALL HIM THE "SCREWBALL OF MALTA!"

*The*  
**ZIP'S HALL OF FAME**  
IS PROUD TO AWARD THE PALM OF THE MONTH TO **GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING**,  
"THE SCREWBALL" OF MALTA!  
HIS BRAVERY SETS AN EXAMPLE FOR ALL THE YOUTH IN THE WORLD TO HONOR AND FOLLOW!

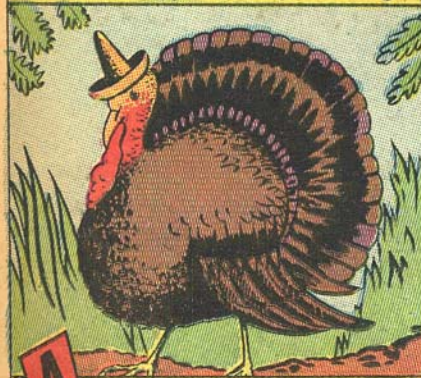


# WORLD WONDERS

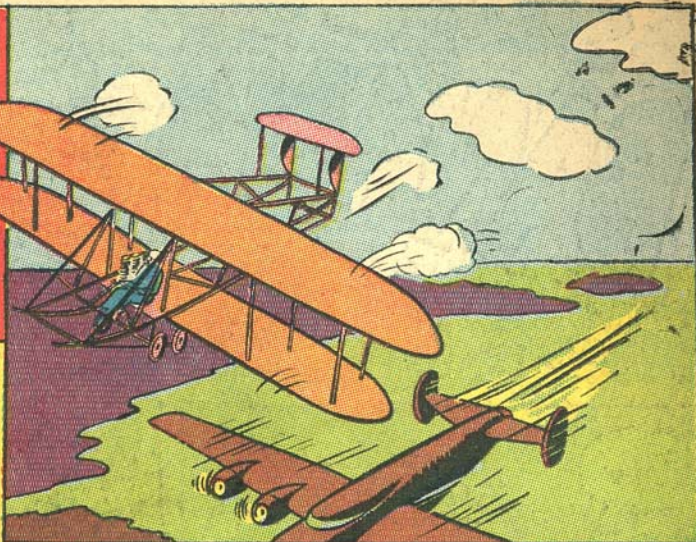


**P**EAS SPROUTING IN AN IRON KETTLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIFT A KETTLE AS HEAVY AS A MAN!

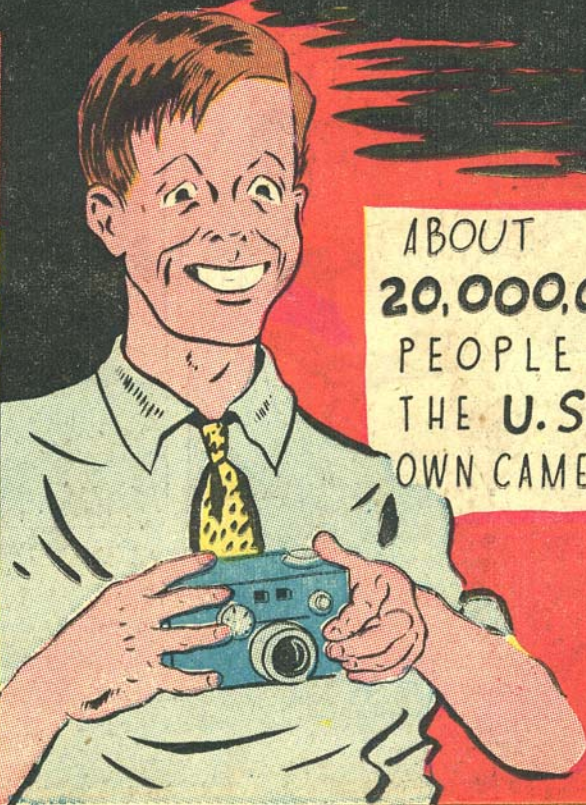
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



**A**MERICA'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY DIDN'T COME FROM NEW ENGLAND AT ALL BUT FROM MEXICO!



**40** MILES AN HOUR WAS THE SPEED OF THE FIRST MILITARY PLANE BUILT BY WRIGHT BROTHERS IN 1907.....IT COULD FLY A DISTANCE OF ONLY 125 MILES...THE BIG 4 ENGINE BOMBERS TODAY FLY OVER 300 MILES PER HOUR AND HAVE A RANGE OF 3000 MILES.



ABOUT  
**20,000,000**  
PEOPLE IN  
THE U.S.  
OWN CAMERAS.



# SEÑOR BANANA

WHEN WE LAST SAW SENOR BANANA AND HIS PAL SENOR ODORA, THEY WERE IN A HECK OF A PICKLE! POISONOUS SPEARS WERE POINTING AT THEM... WHY OH WHY DID HE COME TO THE LAND OF THE MISSING LINK?





WHAZZAT??



THAT IS MUSSO, QUEEN OF THE TRIBE OF THE NOSE HUNTERS!!



GRRA



(GULP) WH... WHERE EES THE KING?

MUSSO CHOOSES HER OWN KING! WE ARE AWAITING HER CHOICE THIS VERY MOMENT!



FAREWELL SIESTA! THIS IS OUR FEENISH!

I ONLY HOPE THEY DO NOT BOIL US IN OIL! I HATE FRIED FOODS!



MUSSO HAS SPOKEN! SHE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOUR BANANA NOSE.. AND CHOSEN YOU FOR HER KING!

ME? (GULP) KEENG?



AHA! ZE SACRED DANCE FOR ME!

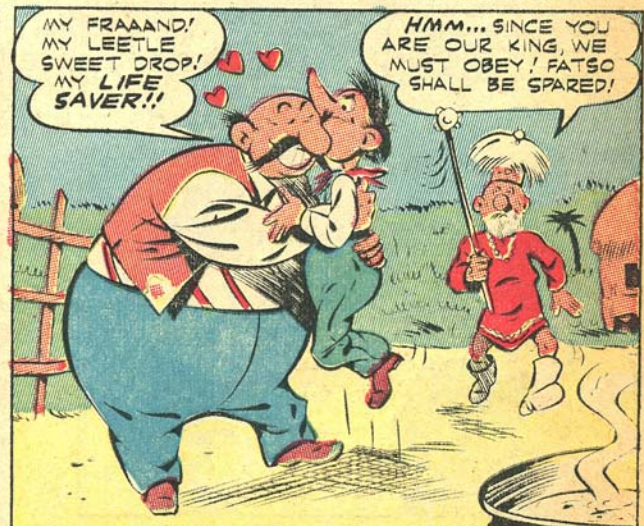
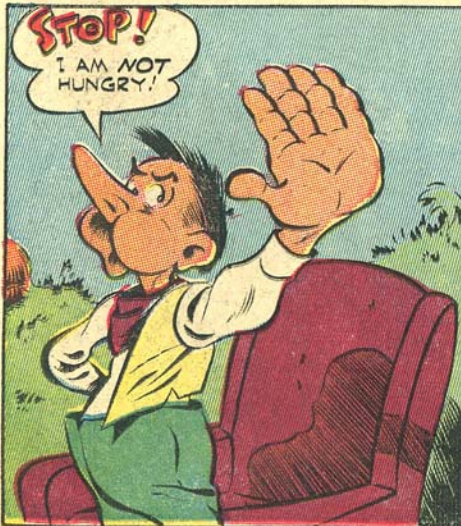
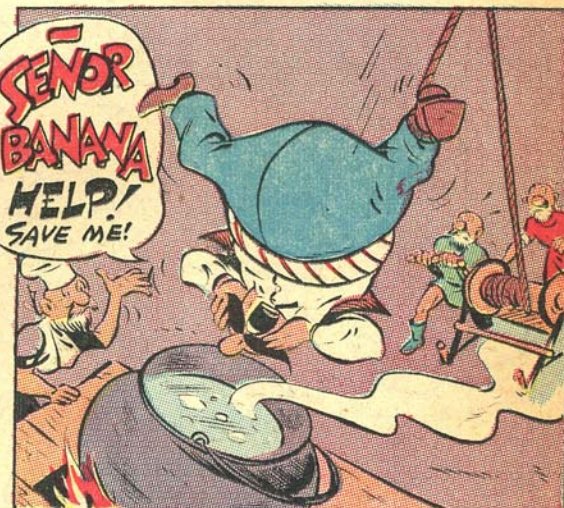
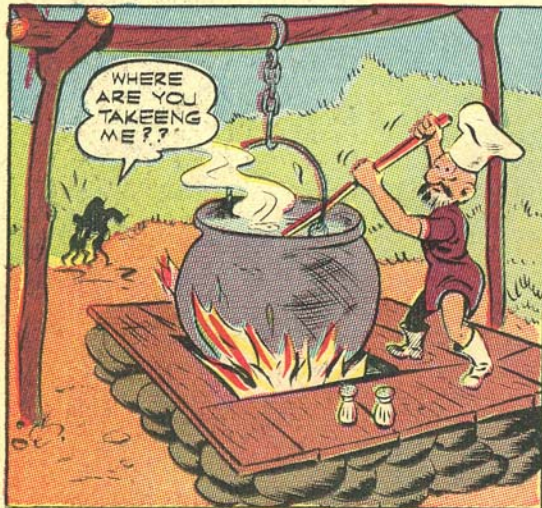


SUCH WONDAIRFUL LUCK! NOW WE SHALL EAT INSTEAD OF BEING EATEN!

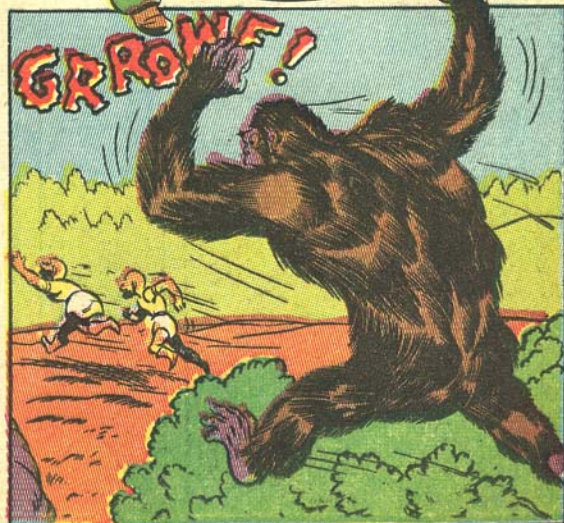


AS FOR YOU FAT ONE!







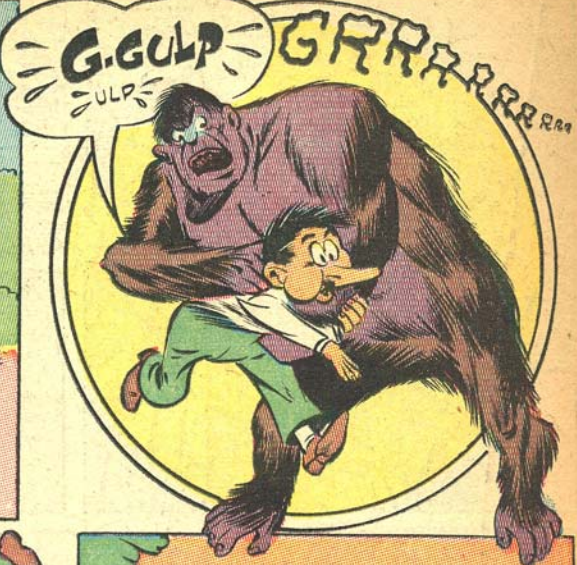




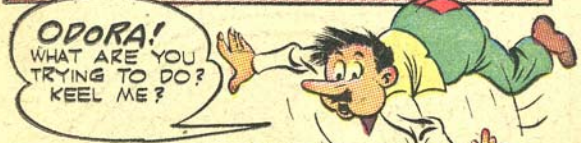


PSST, ODORA!  
VERY GOOD DEES-  
GUIGE! EVEN I  
WOULD BE FOOLED  
EEF I DID NOT  
KNOW DIFFERENTLY!  
HA, HA, HA! HA!

?



G.GULP GRRRRRRRR  
GULP



ODORA!  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO?  
KEEL ME?



WRAH!  
HAK!  
HAH!



OOO!

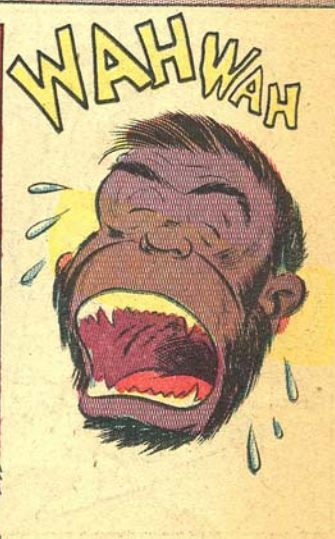


STOP EET!  
YOU FIGHT TOO  
ROUGH!!  
AGRWUWPNETHA.



WHAT EES TOO  
MUCH EES ENOUGH!  
EENSULT MY  
NOSE, WEEL  
YOU!

?



WAH WAH





A JOKE EES A JOKE! BUT TO TAMPER WEETH MY NOSE EES FAP FROM FUNNY!



HOORAY! HE HAS DONE IT! HE HAS CONQUERED MUSSO!!

THEENK NOTHEENG OF EET! EET WAS EASY!

HAIL, SEÑOR BANANA! KING OF THE TRIBE, OF THE NOSEHUNTERS!



AT THAT MOMENT...

SORRY I AM LATE, SEÑOR, BUT I COULDN'T FIND BROWN MOSS! WEEL THEES DO F.?



OWAH! I FEEL FAINT!

?

THE NEXT DAY...



KING of THE NOSEHUNTER



SUDDENLY OVERHEAD...

?



BOBK



WHAT'S IN THE SUITCASE?

SAMPLES, SILK STOCKINGS, OR JUST STUFF!

WHAT ARE SEÑOR BANANA AND SEÑOR ODORA GAZING AT IN SUCH EXCITEMENT?

BE SURE TO GRAB YOUR NEXT COPY OF ZIP COMICS AND READ THE REMARKABLE TALE OF SUITCASE FROM THE SKY!

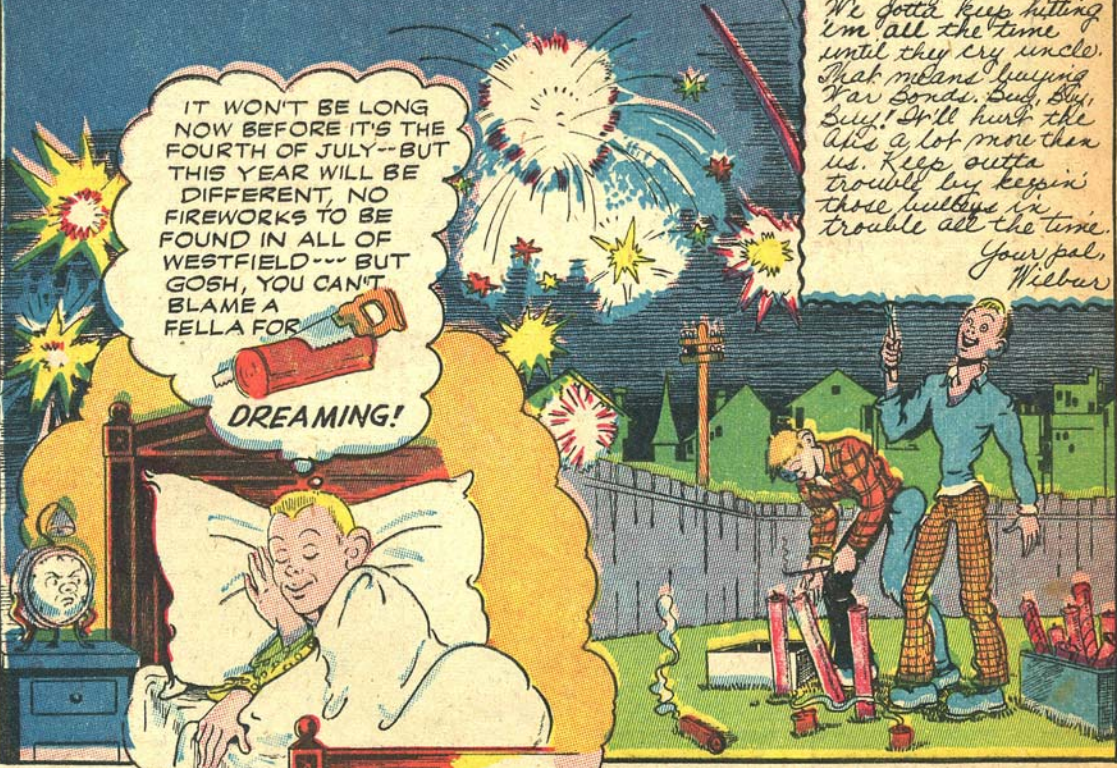


# WILBUR

Dear Folks,  
 I imagine me showing you how to avoid trouble. Will believe it or not that's exactly what I'm gonna do, but in my own way.  
 We all know that our country is gonna lick the Japs outta the Ales. But we can't let up for a minute. We gotta keep hitting 'em all the time, until they cry uncle. That means buying War Bonds. Buy, Buy, Buy! I'll haul the Ales a lot more than us. Keep outta trouble by keepin' those hulks in trouble all the time.  
 Your pal,  
 Wilbur

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE IT'S THE FOURTH OF JULY-- BUT THIS YEAR WILL BE DIFFERENT, NO FIREWORKS TO BE FOUND IN ALL OF WESTFIELD-- BUT GOSH, YOU CAN'T BLAME A FELLA FOR

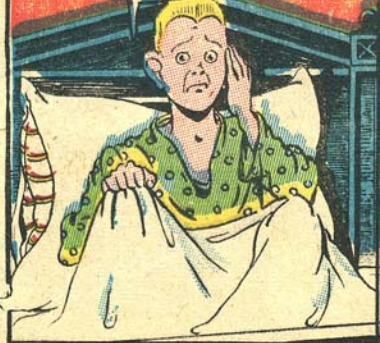
DREAMING!



TIME TO GET UP! TIME TO GET UP LAZY BONES!



WHEW! TOO BAD IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, GOSH, POP SAID NO FIRE-CRACKERS THIS YEAR! HECK!



WIL-LBURR! BREAKFAST IS READY! HURRY UP!

JUST COMBIN! MY HAIR, MA! BE RIGHT, DOWN!





GOSH! LIFE AN'T WORTH LIVIN' WHEN YOU CAN'T HAVE FUN ON THE FOURTH! WHAT'LL I DO WITH MY SPARE TIME?

YOU'LL FIND PLENTY TO DO IF I KNOW YOU!

LATER--  
HURRY UP WILBUR! I GOT A TERRIFIC IDEA!

OKAY, OKAY, I'M COMIN', EDDIE!

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT SIGN! DOES IT GIVE YOU ANY IDEAS?

DOES IT! LET'S GET STARTED EDDIE!

HOW ABOUT BUYIN' A WAR STAMP, MISTER?

NOPE! GOT PLENTY! AND BESIDES WE'RE SAFE ON THIS SIDE OF THE OCEAN!

WAR STAMPS CONTEST!  
A LARGE PRIZE OF FIREWORKS TO THE BOYS WHO SELL THE MOST WAR STAMPS BY THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BUY SOME STAMPS, MA'AM? ONLY A DIME!

WHAT FOR? WE'RE WINNING THE WAR, ANYWAY!

HEY GIRLS! LOOK! A SALE ON NYLONS!

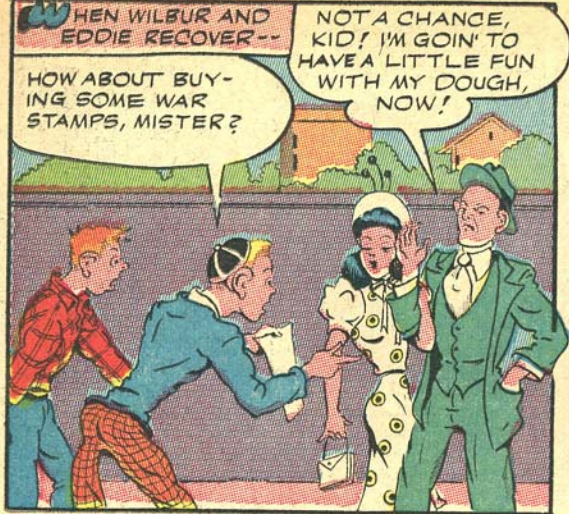
NYLONS? THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE WAR STAMPS!

SALE!  
NYLON REDUCE

OUT OF MY WAY, YOUNG MAN!

NYLONS! HOW WONDERFUL!





WHEN WILBUR AND EDDIE RECOVER--

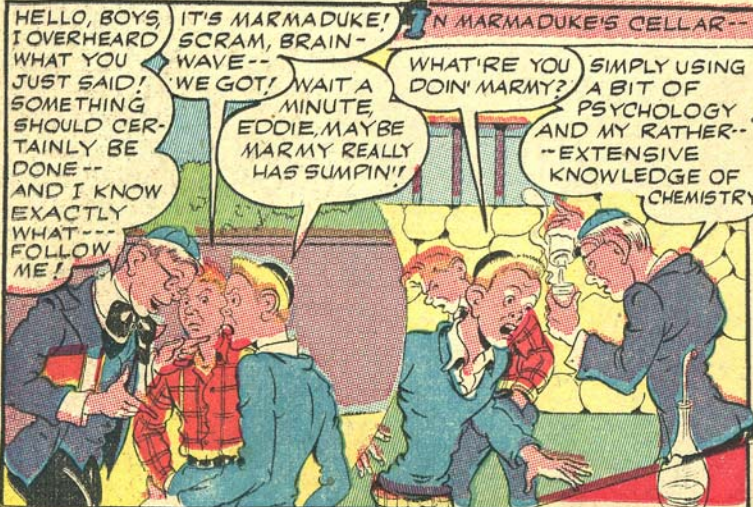
NOT A CHANCE, KID! I'M GOIN' TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN WITH MY DOUGH, NOW!

HOW ABOUT BUYING SOME WAR STAMPS, MISTER?



GEE WHIZ! YOU'D THINK THIS WAR WAS OVER THE WAY THESE PEOPLE TALK!

YEAH--AN' WE GOT A LETTER FROM MY BROTHER JIM TODAY! HE'S IN THE NAVY! HE SAYS THEY'VE ONLY JUST STARTED TO FIGHT--AND IT'S GONNA BE A LOT TOUGHER FROM NOW ON!



HELLO, BOYS, I OVERHEARD WHAT YOU JUST SAID! SOMETHING SHOULD CERTAINLY BE DONE--AND I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT-- FOLLOW ME!

IT'S MARMADUKE! SCRAM, BRAIN-WAVE-- WE GOT! WAIT A MINUTE, EDDIE, MAYBE MARMY REALLY HAS SUMPIN'!

IN MARMADUKE'S CELLAR--

WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' MARMY?

SIMPLY USING A BIT OF PSYCHOLOGY AND MY RATHER-- EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF CHEMISTRY!



LATER--- AH-- HERE WE ARE! EXPLOSIVE CAPSULES! NOW YOU KNOW THE MAIL PLANE IS DUE TO FLY OVER TOWN, AND-- BZZ BZZ---

SAY!-- THAT'S A KEEN IDEA, MARMY-- AN' IT MIGHT WORK AT THAT!



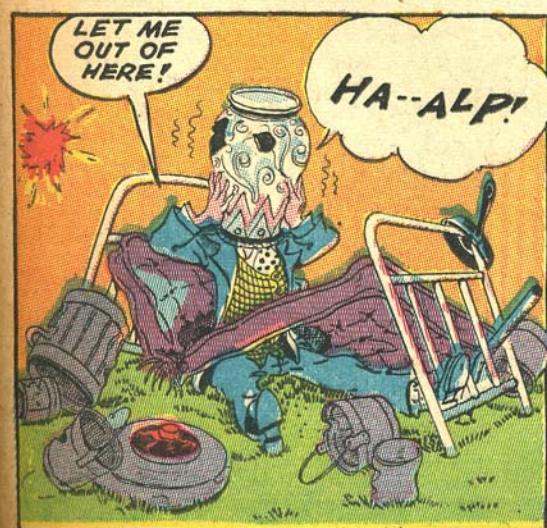
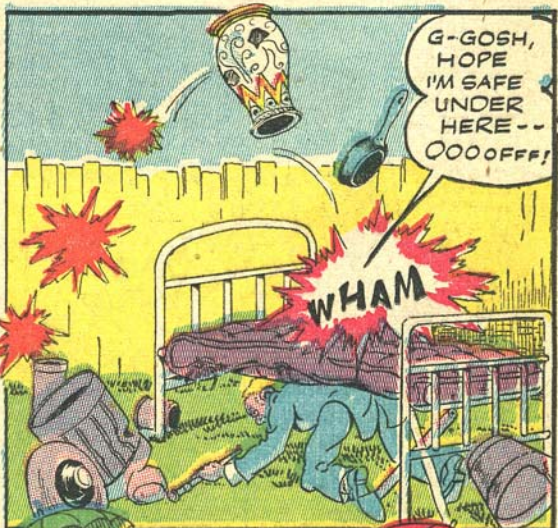
LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE LOCAL MAIL PLANE ZOOMS OVER WESTFIELD--



SUZIE! ISN'T THAT PLANE FLYING RATHER LOW?

WHY YES, ANNABELLE! I WONDER IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG?



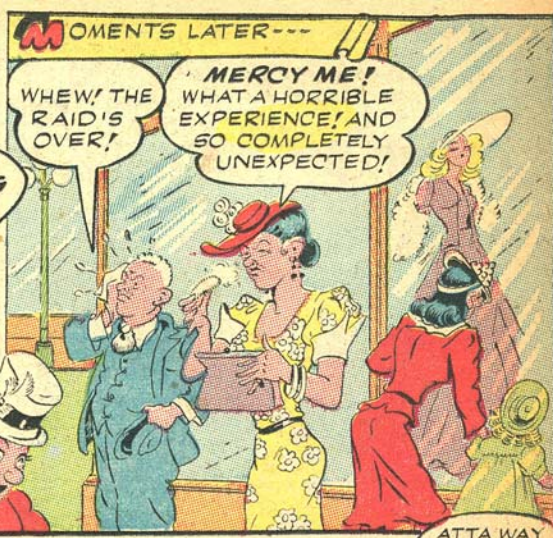






PARACHUTISTS!

WE--- WE'RE BEING INVADED!



WHEW! THE RAID'S OVER!

MERCY ME! WHAT A HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE! AND SO COMPLETELY UNEXPECTED!



GET THE ONLY KIND OF INSURANCE AGAINST AIR RAIDS -- WAR STAMPS AND BONDS!

FIFTY FOR ME!

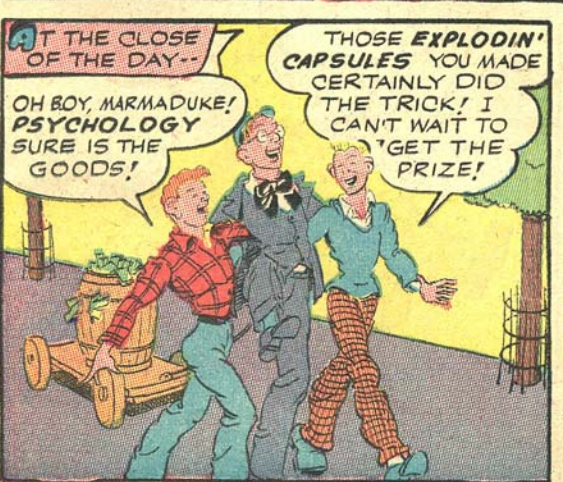
AND THAT TEN DOLLARS I HAD SAVED UP FOR A HAT IS GOING INTO BONDS RIGHT NOW!



I'LL TAKE ALL YOU'VE GOT!

LET ME HAVE THOSE CUTE GREEN ONES-- IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PILE, WILBUR!

ATTA WAY FOLKS! YA CAN'T BUY ENOUGH!



AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY--

OH BOY, MARMADUKE! PSYCHOLOGY SURE IS THE GOODS!

THOSE EXPLODIN' CAPSULES YOU MADE CERTAINLY DID THE TRICK! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THE PRIZE!



BOYS, YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING MORE THAN JUST SELL WAR STAMPS-- YOU'VE STOPPED FOLKS IN THIS TOWN FROM BEING COMPLACENT!

YES, SIR!



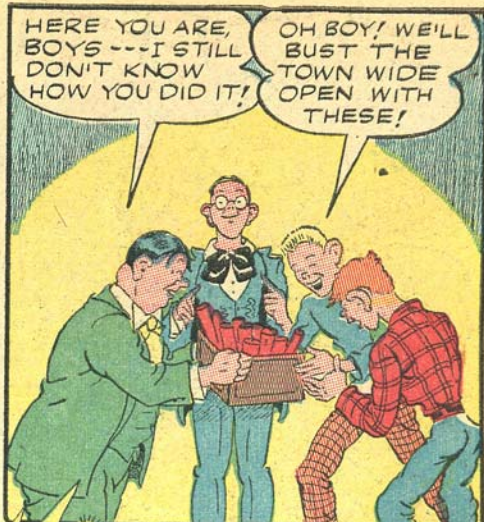


I'LL GIVE YOU BOYS YOUR PRIZE, RIGHT NOW!

G-GOSH, I GOT SOME OF THESE CAPSULES LEFT!

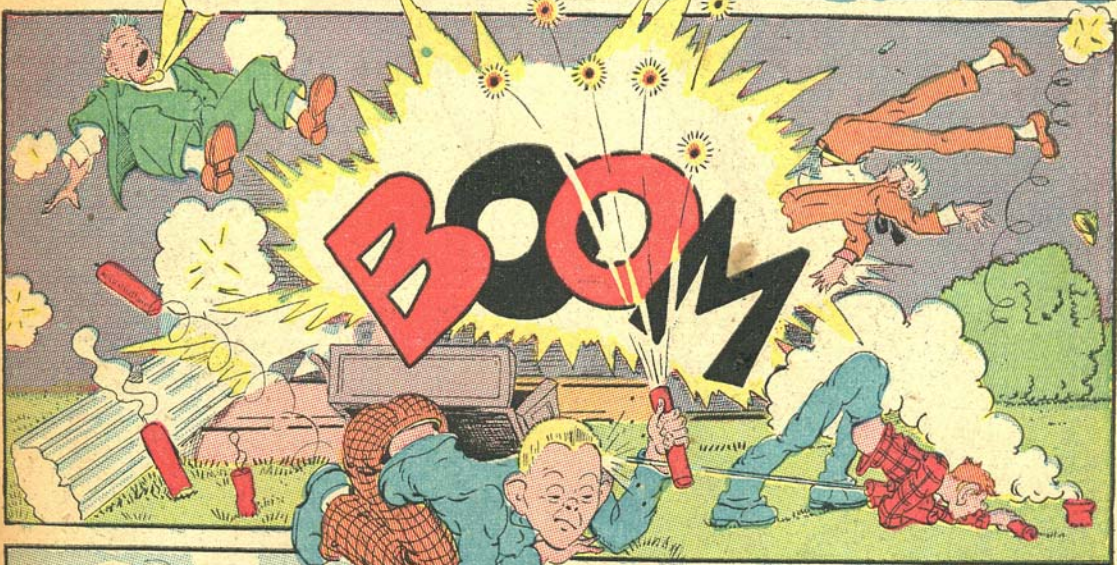


HEY WILBUR! DON'T THROW THOSE CAPSULES IN THERE! DON'T! UH-UH, TOO LATE!



HERE YOU ARE, BOYS --- I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT!

OH BOY! WE'LL BUST THE TOWN WIDE OPEN WITH THESE!



**BOOM**



MAKE THIS A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH

WHAT HIT ME?



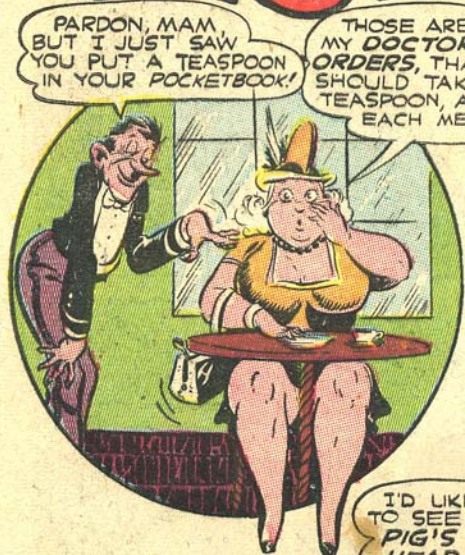
ANYWAY, YOU GET THE IDEA, GANG! LUCKY YOU CAN'T HEAR THESE GUYS, BUT IT'S A SWELL SONG JUST THE SAME AND WE'D LIKE TO KEEP IT FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!

MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THESE SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY---

Buy, Buy, Buy BONDS



# JEST JOKES



PARDON, MAM, BUT I JUST SAW YOU PUT A TEASPOON IN YOUR POCKETBOOK!

THOSE ARE MY DOCTORS ORDERS, THAT I SHOULD TAKE A TEASPOON, AFTER EACH MEAL!



YOU MARRIED ME, BECAUSE I HAD MONEY!

NO, DEAR.. IT'S BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE ANY!  
ULP!

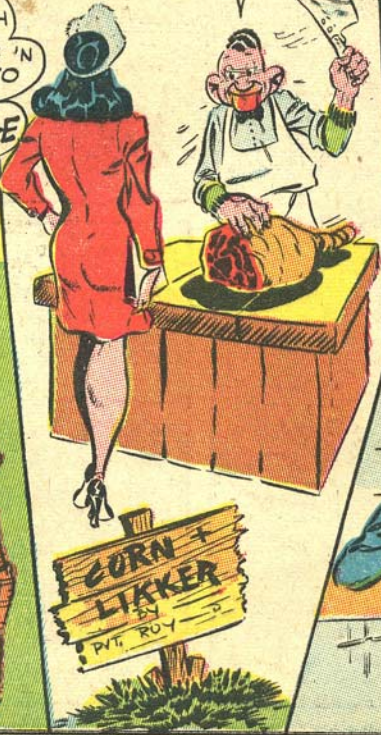


WHY DID YOU STICK YOUR KNIFE IN THIS MAN'S CHEST??

WELL, JEDGE..AH SEEN DE COPS COME 'N I WANTED TO HIDE MAH KNIFE, SOMEPLACE!

I'D LIKE TO SEE A PIG'S HEAD!

WAIT, A MINUTE, THE BOSS'LL BE HERE, SOON!!



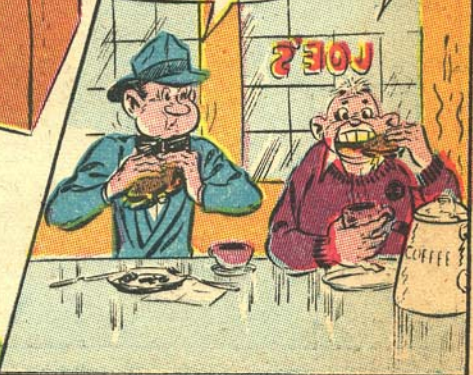
DID YOU EVER TAKE A BATH?

SURE, ONCE, BUT I NOTICED, THAT AFTER SIX MONTHS, I WAS DIRTY AS EVER, SO I STOPPED!



I THOUGHT YOUR DOCTOR TOLD YOU NOT TO DRINK ANY COFFEE!

YEA, BUT HE DIED YESTERDAY!



CORN + LIKER BY PVT. ROY



# The WEB



HE SEEMED NO DIFFERENT THAN OTHER WOMEN! BUT THREE MEN ACCOMPANIED HER ON A STROLL THROUGH THE PARK AT NIGHT --- ALL THREE AT NEVER WERE SEEN AGAIN! THEY DISAPPEARED AS COMPLETELY AS THOUGH THEY WERE PLUCKED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! **THE WEB** PLUNGES INTO THE DARK MAZES OF MYSTERY WHEN HE SEEKS THE STRANGE ANSWER TO THE BAFFLING CASE OF --- **THE MEN WHO WENT NOWHERE!**



**M**ADELINE FREEMAN IS A SALES GIRL IN THE SMALL TOWN DRUGSTORE OF ENDYMION--

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT, MR. BIRON! BUT YOU'VE JUST COME TO TOWN RECENTLY! YOU DON'T KNOW THAT I'VE BECOME A WOMAN OF MYSTERY!

AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FRIGHTENED!

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO OFFER TO WALK ME HOME! BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD--

I'VE SEEN YOU HERE ALL WEEK! THERE WON'T BE ANY SCANDAL ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'M WALKING YOU HOME!



PERHAPS YOU SHOULD BE FRIGHTENED! LESS THAN TWO WEEKS AGO MY HUSBAND, PAUL FREEMAN, WALKED HOME WITH ME, JUST AS YOU ARE NOW! AND HE **DISAPPEARED!**

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

I--I DON'T KNOW! HE THOUGHT HE HEARD SOMEONE LAUGHING! HE WENT TO INVESTIGATE-- AND HE NEVER RETURNED!

BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED! PEOPLE DON'T SIMPLY WALK OFF AND **VANISH!**

I CALLED THE POLICE! THEY FOUND HIS FOOTPRINTS WENT ONLY SO FAR INTO THE WOODS! THEN HIS FOOTPRINTS **VANISHED TOO!**



YOU SAY HE THOUGHT HE HEARD LAUGHTER--

**THERE-- THERE IT IS AGAIN!**

I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!  
NO, DON'T! I'M AFRAID!





MINUTES  
PASS, AND  
THEN---

THE LAUGHTER  
STOPPED! HE  
HASN'T COME BACK!  
HE'S NEVER COMING  
BACK!

I'VE GOT TO GET  
HELP, OR I'LL  
GO MAD!

MEANWHILE, JOHN RAYMOND, VISITING  
LECTURER AT ENDYMION COLLEGE,  
IS RESTING AFTER THE DAY'S CLASSES---

CONFOUND THE LUCK! JUST  
AS I'M GETTING SETTLED,  
THE DOORBELL  
RINGS!

RING  
RING

PROFESSOR  
RAYMOND,  
YOU MUST  
HELP ME!

BUT-- BUT  
YOU  
CAN'T--

LOOK HERE,  
YOUNG LADY,  
YOU CAN'T  
COME  
BARGING IN  
HERE LIKE  
THIS!

YOU DON'T UNDER-  
STAND! TWO MEN  
HAVE DIS-  
APPEARED AND I'M  
RESPONSIBLE!

WHY HAVE  
YOU  
COME  
TO  
ME?

I'VE  
HEARD HOW  
YOU HELP PEOPLE  
IN TROUBLE! I  
CAN'T GO TO THE  
POLICE! THEY-THEY'D  
NEVER BELIEVE ME  
A SECOND  
TIME!

--- THAT'S  
THE WAY  
IT HAPPENED!  
HONESTLY!  
I-- I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
FANTASTIC  
TO DO!

HMM-- I DON'T  
BLAME YOU  
FOR NOT  
GOING TO THE  
POLICE! IT'S A  
FANTASTIC  
STORY! BUT  
THERE MUST BE  
SOME RATIONAL  
EXPLANATION!



I'LL INVESTIGATE! IF THERE'S A REASON BEHIND THESE DISAPPEARANCES, YOU CAN BE SURE I'LL FIND IT!

BE CAREFUL! I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOME DREADFUL SECRET BEHIND THIS!

POOR GIRL! SHE'S PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS! BUT THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SHE MAY BE RIGHT!



NEXT DAY--

I'VE CHECKED MADELINE FREEMAN'S STORY! SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! I EVEN EXAMINED THE GROUND WHERE GEORGE BIRON WAS LAST SEEN! HIS FOOTPRINTS DO DISAPPEAR!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! ALL MY TRAINING TEACHES ME TO REJECT THE SUPERNATURAL! AND YET---

MISS FREEMAN TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!



I HAD TO SEE YOU! HAVE YOU FOUND-- ANYTHING?

I'M STILL WORKING ON IT!

I SHOULD TELL YOU! ANOTHER MAN ASKED TO WALK ME HOME TONIGHT!

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

FRANK MORAN! BUT I WON'T GO WITH HIM-- I PROMISE! I WON'T ADD ANOTHER MAN TO-- TO THE OTHERS!

YOU MUST GO WITH HIM! TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS MYSTERY IS ALL ABOUT!





LATER, IN THE LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I. ---

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW, SIR!

TWO OF THESE MEN ARE FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS! I CAN'T REVEAL THE JOB THEY'RE WORKING ON! THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

NOW I'M GETTING SOME PLACE! I'VE GONE AS FAR AS I CAN WITH THIS CASE AS JOHN RAYMOND! ---THE WEB TAKES OVER FROM HERE ON!

THAT NIGHT, JOHN RAYMOND ONCE AGAIN VENTURES FORTH IN THE FAMILIAR GARB OF THE WEB ---

FRANK MORAN ISN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR --- IF I CAN HELP IT!

THERE GOES MADELINE FREEMAN NOW --- TOWARD THE PARK!



MEANWHILE ---

THAT LAUGHTER AGAIN! DON'T GO PLEASE!

I'LL FIX THAT WOULD-BE PAGLIACCI!

HE'S STOPPED LAUGHING! COME OUT OF HIDING!

VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST---

AHHHH I'M STRANGLING!







HE'S GOT MORAN!



SUDDENLY THERE FLASHES THE GRIM AND TERRIBLE SYMBOL OF CRIME'S AVENGER---

THE WEB!



THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

FOOL! NO ONE CAN STOP ME!



I DISAGREE--



VIOLENTLY!

I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PRIVATE PARTY!



BUT YOU'RE ALL INVITED!





ACH! I MISSED!

DIDN'T YOU KNOW I HAD EYES IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD?



I'LL GIVE YOU A LITTLE LIFT!



I'VE GOT HIM!

AND I'M GIVING IT TO HIM!

GET THE GIRL TOO! SHE MAY HAVE OVERHEARD!

JA!



LATER, AS THE WEB FIGHTS HIS WAY BACK TO PAIN-WRACKED CONSCIOUSNESS -----

MADLINE! THEY GOT YOU, TOO!

YOU-YOU KNOW WHO I AM? WHO ARE YOU?

NEARLY SLIPPED UP THAT TIME! OF COURSE SHE DOESN'T KNOW JOHN RAYMOND IS THE WEB!

I'M A FRIEND!

THEY KILLED MORAN. I SAW THEM! THEY KILLED HIM, AND WEIGHTED HIS BODY WITH STONES, AND THREW IT INTO THE LAKE!

COMPANY IS ARRIVING! SIT TIGHT! I'LL FIGURE A WAY OUT OF THIS!





SO! YOU ARE AWAKE--!  
IT IS GOOD TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN, MADELINE!

YOU KNOW  
THIS MAN?

KNOW HIM?  
HE-HE'S MY  
HUSBAND!

YES I AM PAUL FREEMAN!  
BUT I AM ALSO DR EHRlich,  
AN... ER... REPRESENTA-  
TIVE OF THE FUEHRER  
IN AMERICA!

SPIES ARE  
TAKING FANCY  
NAMES THESE  
DAYS, EH DR.  
EHRlich!

BUT YOU'RE  
WORKING FOR  
THE FUEHRER ALL  
RIGHT! YOU BOTH  
HAVE THE SAME  
SMELL!

IMPUDENT  
DOG!

I SEE NOW THAT I WILL  
HAVE TO KILL YOU! YOU  
WILL BE FOUND MURDERED--  
WITH MY WIFE DEAD BE-  
SIDE YOU! SHE WILL HAVE  
THE MURDER GUN IN HER  
HAND! THE POLICE WILL  
BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO  
BELIEVE THAT SHE  
CLAIMED HER **FOURTH**  
VICTIM BEFORE SHE  
KILLED  
HERSELF!

VERY INGENIOUS,  
DR. EHRlich! THAT WILL  
HELP TO ACCOUNT FOR  
THE TWO FEDERAL MEN  
YOU KILLED AS WELL!  
THEY WERE GOING A BIT  
TOO CLOSE ON  
YOUR TRAIL!

EXACTLY!

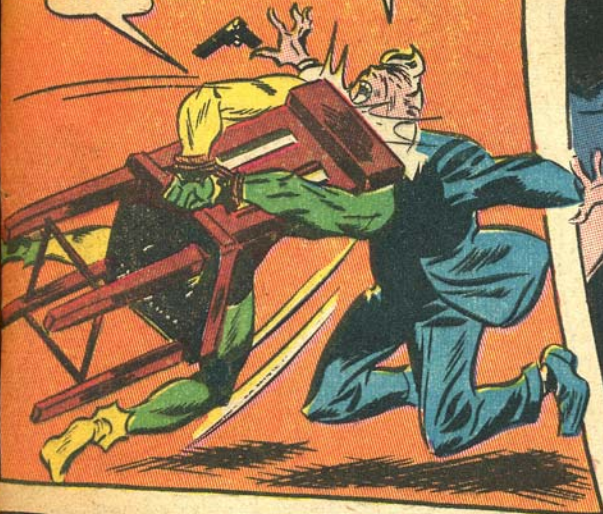
SO I DISAPPEARED AS  
PAUL FREEMAN, TO THROW  
THEM OFF THE TRAIL! BUT  
I DIDN'T! I WAS FORCED  
TO DISPOSE  
OF THEM--  
AS I SHALL  
DISPOSE  
OF YOU!



JUST THE RIGHT ANGLE! THANKS FOR COOPERATING!

OOOOFFF! GET HIM!

THESE BOYS ARE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!



SO AM I!

HEAR THE SIREN? THERE'S A BLACK-OUT TONIGHT!

CRACK!



WOW! I CAN ALMOST TASTE THE LEAD ON THAT ONE!

YOU WON'T TASTE ANYTHING FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!

SOMEONE'S COMING! --- MORE OF DR. EHRLICH'S GANG!

DIE!





I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU TWO EVER WENT OUT TOGETHER!



LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER --

GEORGE BIRON AND FRANK MORAN WERE AGENTS OF THE F.B.I.! THEY SUSPECTED THAT PAUL FREEMAN WAS REALLY DR. EHRLICH, THE MASTER NAZI SPY! SO THEY FORCED PAUL FREEMAN TO PULL HIS FAKE DISAPPEARANCE!

BUT, AS EHRLICH, HE RETURNED TO KILL THEM!



SOMETIME LATER ---

JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ALONG, MADELINE!

THAT'S ALL JUST AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY NOW, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!



I'M GLAD! YOU DESERVE SOMEONE BETTER THAN A MAN LIKE EHRLICH!

I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMEONE --

AND THIS YOUNG MAN ISN'T GOING TO VANISH EITHER!

NOT FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



WHAT A PRIZE PACKAGE THEY'LL BE FOR THE POLICE!



THINGS WERE EASY BECAUSE BOTH BIRON AND MORAN WERE KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON HIS WIFE! HE ONLY WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE! BUT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE WEB OF CRIME HE SPUN!