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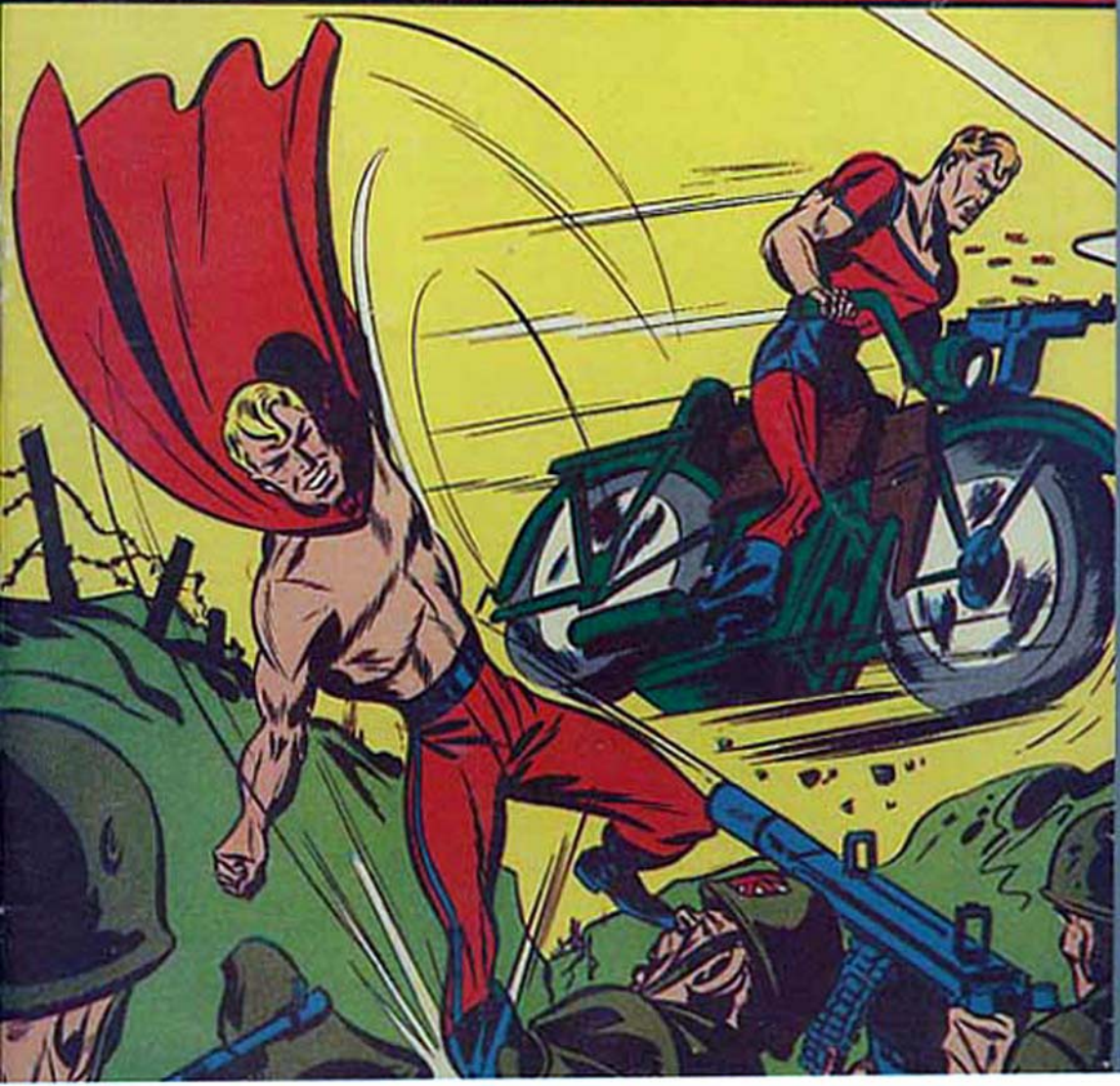
Superman
5-18-44 *28*

MAY
10¢

ZIP

COMICS

AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



Malay Jungle CHOKING STICK

WITH COMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE OF THIS AMAZING NEW JIU-JITSU TECHNIQUE

Now IT'S YOURS

FREE!

WITH EVERY COPY OF NEW COURSE ON

COMMANDO JIU-JITSU

Latest, Newest — Clearly Explained in WORDS and PHOTOS by a Famous U. S. Marine Corps Instructor



THIS MAN IS HELPLESS
Can't turn, squirm or strike. He is 100% "under control" and the man with the Choking Stick is the Master

Positive holds on ankles, arms, neck, head and crotch — gained in a flash with amazing Jungle Choking Stick Technique. Amazing in Defense — Deadly in Attack!



MORE THAN 150 HOLDS, THROWS, AND BLOWS

ILLUSTRATED WITH CLEAR NEW PHOTOS & DRAWINGS

BY A FAMOUS U. S. MARINE INSTRUCTOR

DON'T fear bullies! When threatened by someone twice your size and weight—a duck, a swivel, and a quick Commando hold will enable you to use the bully's own strength to throw him violently to his back. Big muscles and great weight are worthless against the "little fellow" who knows the Commando tricks.

This is the authentic Commando course that takes the mystery out of Jiu Jitsu and makes it easy for anyone to learn quickly. Just a few hours practice will make you a master of enough holds to give you protection from bullies, thugs or hoodlums even twice your size and weight. Each hold, blow, or throw is shown in a series of over 150 actual photographs and drawings. First, the form of attack with fist, knife, club or pistol. Second, the defense and the surprise "Disarm" hold that makes the bully drop his weapon or suffer a broken arm or leg. Third, the "Throw" that enables you to use the bully's own strength against him and stand on your feet unruined while he struggles for breath or suffers a banged head.

FIRST TIME EVER PUBLISHED

New Choking Stick technique learned from Savage Malay Jungle Fighters. Exact instructions fully illustrated for using the

vicious and deadly Malay Choking Stick. Defenses, holds, throws, and disabling blows never before put in published form. Especially valuable for service men, Civilian Defense Patrolmen, Plant Guards, Police, and Detective Officers.

MALAY JUNGLE CHOKING STICK FREE to those who hurry

We have a limited supply of Jungle Choking Sticks—same type as used in Malay Jungle, and exactly the same as used in the photographs illustrating this Commando Course in Jiu Jitsu. A practical, useful, weapon that makes a one man "blitz" in the hands of those who learn its use. **NOTE:** Must not be placed in the hands of children or irresponsible persons. Practice with this Jungle Choking Stick must be done with great care or serious injury may result. This is not a playing, but a deadly weapon.

DON'T wait until the supply of Choking Sticks is gone. Send now. Fill in the coupon, send cash, money order, or check, and we will prepay postage. Or if you prefer, put an X in the COD square and we will ship Commando Book AND Choking Stick, for \$1.98 plus COD charges and postage. Prepare now and be the "man of the hour" when the time comes.



WILCOX & FOLLETT CO., Dept. 62
1255 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Send me your new Defense Manual of Commando Jiu Jitsu, including more than 150 photographs and drawings of men and women, and including the never before published blows, holds, and "throws" now made possible by use of the Jungle Choking Stick. You will also send **ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE**, one Jungle Choking Stick for practice. Total cost, \$1.98.

- I enclose remittance for \$1.98. Send above COD for \$1.98 plus COD fees and charges. I will pay postman.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Orders from Canada must include full remittance in U.S. Exchange.

A FEW HOURS spent now practicing Commando Jiu Jitsu may save your life or your property when you are attacked—or may save you or your loved ones from severe injury. The real heroes are not the men of brawn, but the ones who have the "know how"—men who can use their heads in a cool, sure, swift, and knowing way when the emergency calls for someone to step forward and take the situation in hand.

WILCOX & FOLLETT CO. Dept. 62
1255 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago 5, Ill.

STEELSTERLING

and

**THE WAND
of
WEIRDNESS**



A MUSEUM! A TREASURE HOUSE OF THE PAST! WHAT WEIRD FORGOTTEN SECRETS OF THE AGES REPOSE WITHIN IT'S 20TH. CENTURY WALLS?

WITHIN, TWO SLINKING FIGURES SEEK TO ROB!



WOW! WOTTA HAUL, APOLLO!

SHUT UP, AN' GET TO WORK, MULEY!



DA WATCHMAN!

WHA-- CROOKS!

I'LL FIX HIM!



BLAST IT! MY GUN'S JAMMED! HE'LL SHOOT ME FULL O' HOLES!

CLICK

RELIQS OF THE MIDDLE AGES



HMM... I CAN USE THIS!

MAGIC WAND



THIS OUGHTA MAKE A GOOD CLUB!



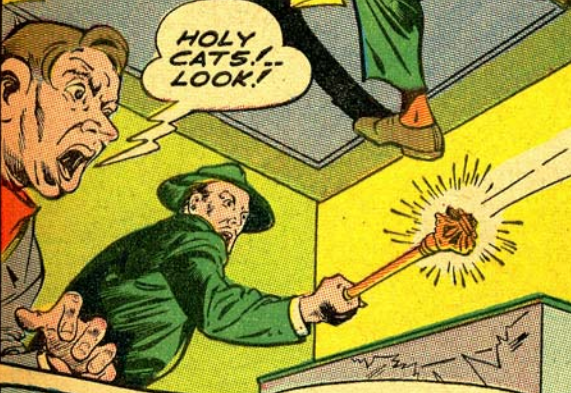


YOU FILTHY RATS! NOW I WILL SHOOT!

DO SOMEPIN' APOLLO, HE'S GONNA DRILL US!

WHADDA YA EXPECT ME TO DO? IF I WUZ A MAGICIAN, I'D WAVE THIS WAND, AND WISH LIGHTNING'D STRIKE HIM DOWN!

AND THEN MIRACULOUSLY, THE EVIL WISH IS ANSWERED!



HOLY CATS!-- LOOK!

AGHH...



WHAT IN..? DID DAT LIGHTNING COME OUTA DIS STICK?

LOOK! IT SAYS IT'S A MAGIC WAND!

WHATEVER IT IS, LET'S SCRAM! DA COPS'LL BE HERE SOON!



LATER, STEEL STERLING RECEIVES A PHONE CALL..

BUT THEY HAVE FAILED TO READ AN INSCRIPTION, IN THE GLASS CASE BESIDE THE STRANGE WAND----

AND YOU SAY THE WATCHMAN WAS KILLED BY LIGHTNING, CLANCY? OKAY, I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

LEGEND HAS IT, THAT WHOEVER USES THIS WAND FOR EVIL PURPOSES, WILL HAVE EVIL VISITED BACK UPON HIM..



LATER, AT THE MUSEUM...



HERE HE IS, STEEL! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HMM.. IT WOULD CERTAINLY SEEM LIKE LIGHTNING DID KILL HIM, CLANCY!...



.. AND YET THIS PLACE IS FULLY PROTECTED BY LIGHTNING RODS! WHAT'S MISSING, CLANCY?



THAT'S THE QUEER PART! ONLY THE THING CALLED A MAGIC WAND!



HEY, STEEL, LOOK, A GUN WITH INITIALS ON IT!



HMM-- A.B.



BOY! OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS TO DO!



I THOUGHT APOLLO BATES WAS A SLICKER OPERATOR THAN THAT!



GULP! APOLLO, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

THE WAND! SO IT WAS YOU WHO PULLED THAT MUSEUM JOB!



SURE, STERLING! AN' THERE AIN'T A THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT!!



WHAT THE! ALL I GOTTA DO IS, WISH FOR YOU TO STOP!

HOLY MACKEREL... I CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE AN INCH!

HAW, HAW! LOOKIT DE MAN OF STEEL!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, PAL?

I COULD EASILY KILL YA NOW, STERLING! BUT I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH YOU FIRST!



I WISH, YOU'D FLY AWAY, AND LAND ON A GERMAN SUB!... DEM NAZIS GOT NICE WAYS OF TORTURIN' THEIR ENEMIES!



WHA... SOMETHING IS PULLING ME AWAY!

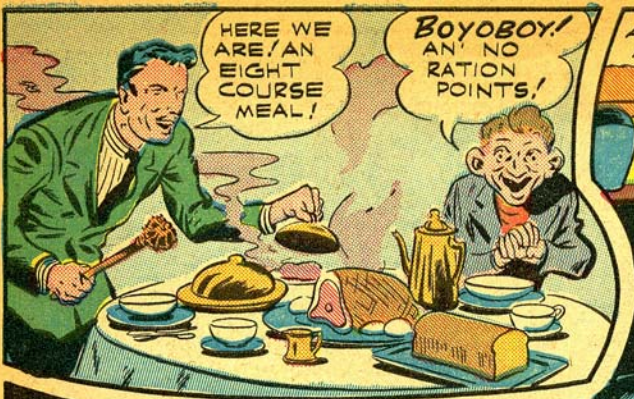
TRUE TO ITS COMMAND THE WAND SWISHES STEEL OUT TO SEA, STRAIGHT FOR A GERMAN SUB...

...AND DOWN INTO THE OPEN CONNING TOWER...



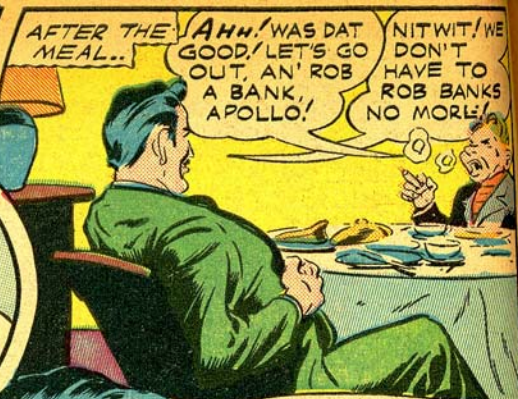
NOT A BAD IDEA! I'M KINDA HUNGRY MYSELF!
DAT'S DAT! LET'S WISH FER SUMTIN' TO EAT APOLLO!





HERE WE ARE, AN EIGHT COURSE MEAL!

BOYBOY! AN' NO RATION POINTS!



AFTER THE MEAL...

AHH! WAS DAT GOOD! LET'S GO OUT, AN' ROB A BANK, APOLLO!

NITWIT! WE DON'T HAVE TO ROB BANKS NO MORE!



I JUST WAVE DA WAND AND ASK FER A HEAP O' GOLD... AND HERE IT IS!

YII!

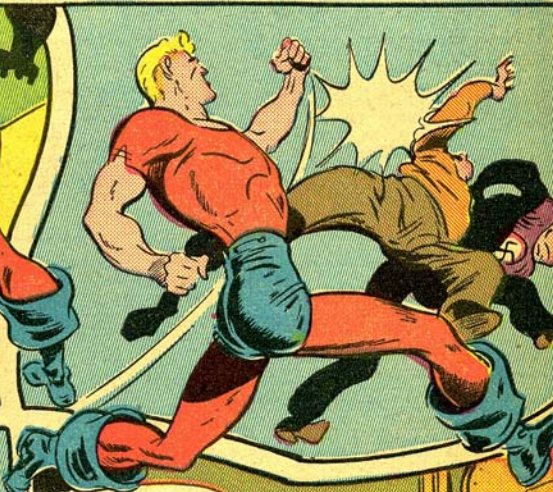


THE WORLD IS OURS! I KIN FILL THIS WHOLE ROOM WITH GOLD IF I WANNA! THE WORLD IS OUR OYSTER, MULEY, FROM NOW ON!

MEANWHILE, WHAT OF STEEL STERLING...



OH, OH... THESE GUYS DON'T SEEM TO LIKE PEOPLE TO DROP IN ON 'EM... ESPECIALLY AMERICANS!



AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I MAY AS WELL DO A GOOD JOB OF IT! WHERE'S THE TORPEDO ROOM?

THERE! THIS TORPEDO'S ON A HOT RUN!

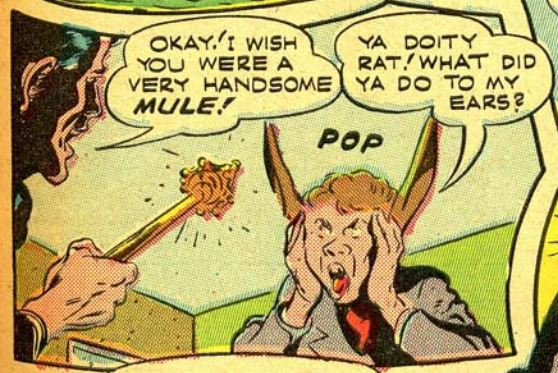




NOT BAD, NOW TO DO AS GOOD A JOB ON APOLLO AND MULEY!

YA KNOW, APOLLO, I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE GOOD LOOKING LIKE YOU!

SO, YOU WANT THIS WAND TO MAKE YOU HANDSOME, HUH, MULEY!?



OKAY! I WISH YOU WERE A VERY HANDSOME MULE!

YA DOITY RAT! WHAT DID YA DO TO MY EARS?

POP



PLAY TRICKS ON ME, WILL YA?

HEY! GIVE ME BACK THAT WAND!



I WISH YOU WUZ AS UGLY AS YOUR HEART!

POP



MY FACE! M-- MY HANDSOME FACE!



I'LL KILL YOU FOR THIS!

NOT WHILE I GOT DA WAND!



I GOT MY HAND ON IT! STRIKE MULEY DEAD, WAND!

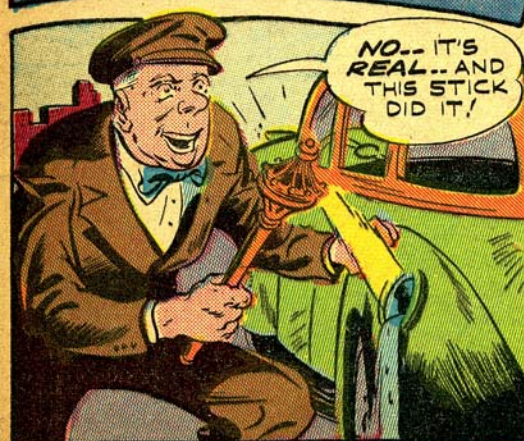
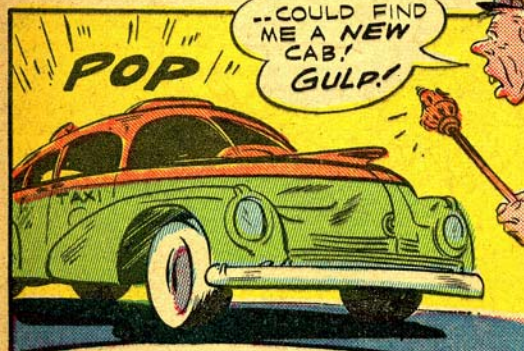
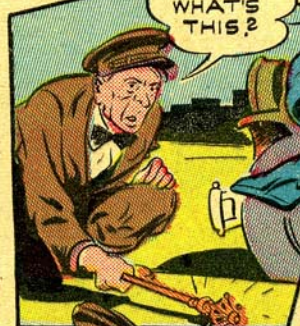
KILL, APOLLO, WAND! KILL HIM!

THE MAGIC WAND OBEYS
THE DOUBLE COMMAND,
GIVEN EXACTLY THE SAME
MOMENT...



DEAD! BOTH
OF THEM! PROBABLY
KILLED BY THE
WAND! BUT
WHERE'S
THE WAND?

THIS HAS THE WAND
FULFILLED ITS LEGENDARY
CURSE OF BRINGING EVIL TO
THOSE WHO USED IT! BUT
THIS CURSE APPLIES TO THE
GOOD AS WELL AS THE BAD!
THE INNOCENT AS WELL AS
THE GUILTY! CAN STEEL
RETRIEVE IT, BEFORE IT
WREAKS FURTHER HARM?
NEXT WE SEE THE
WAND BEING PICKED UP BY
A VERY COMMON-PLACE
CABBIE...



NOW TO TRY HER OUT!
OH, OH! HERE COMES THAT SNOOPING
FAT SLOB, CLANCY! HE'LL WANT TO
KNOW WHERE I GOT THE NEW
CAR AND EXTRA GAS!
I'D BETTER
BEAT IT!

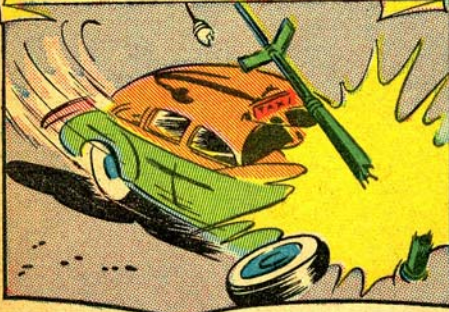
HEY! COME
BACK HERE!



IN HIS HASTE TO ESCAPE, THE
CABBY MISJUDGES A TURN, AND..

AND
SO,
ONCE
AGAIN
THE
CURSE
BEARS
FRUIT!
WHO
WILL
BE
THE
NEXT
VICTIM
??

THE IMPACT FLINGS THE WAND ONTO
THE SIDEWALK, RIGHT AT THE FEET OF
DIPPY DUGAN RACKETEER



OH, OH!
I GOT TO
HIM TOO
LATE!



WHERE'S
THAT WAND,
CABBY?

I DON'T KNOW, OR
CARE, I NEVER
WANT TO SEE
THAT CURSED
STICK AGAIN!



BUT..

I SAW DAT
CABBIE CHANGE
HIS OLD HEAP
INTO A
NEW
CAR!

CURSED
STICK IS RIGHT!
I HOPE NO ONE
PICKS IT UP!



IF IT
WORKED
FOR HIM,
IT'LL WORK
FER ME!



MONEY! ROLL OUTA DIS BANK!

GIVE ME THAT WAND!

I'M SURROUNDED!

NATIONAL BANK

NATIONAL BANK

WAND! MAKE STERLING FIGHT DE BULLS!

NOW YOU GET IT, RAT!

BULLETS GO AROUND ME!!

SPLAT!

BUT STEEL! WHY'RE YOU PUTTING IT BACK?

READ THAT SIGN ABOUT THE WAND'S HISTORY, CLANCY, AND YOU'LL SEE WHY! AND FROM WHAT'S HAPPENED TODAY, I BELIEVE IN SIGNS... BUT DEFINITELY!

TRUE TO HIS COMMAND THE BULLETS GO AROUND DIPPY, BUT RICOCHET OFF THE WALL, AND...

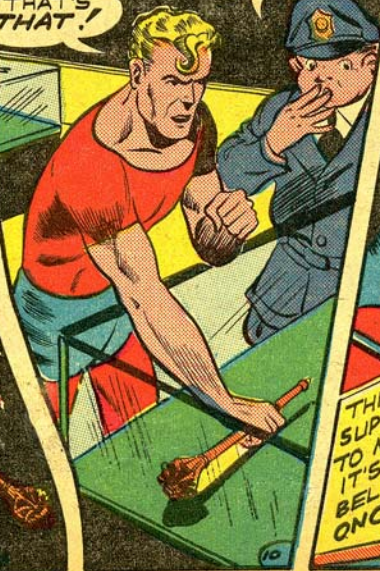
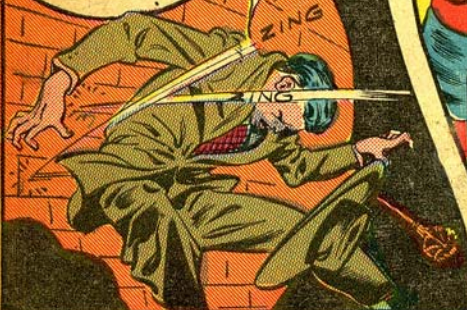
LATER...

THAT'S THAT!

THIS IS THE MAGIC WAND! SUPPOSED TO HAVE BELONGED TO MERLIN, THE MAGICIAN! IT'S MAGIC POWERS ARE BELIEVED TO EXIST ONLY ONCE EVERY THOUSAND YEARS...



AGG-UH



HEY GANG!
HERE'S YOUR
CHANCE TO PUT
MUSCLES ON YOUR
UNCLE SAM-AN!
MAKE SOME SPENDING
MONEY AT THE
SAME TIME!

RIGHT! OUR COUNTRY
NEEDS PAPER AND IT'S
UP TO YOU KIDS TO SEE
THAT YOUR OLD **UNCLE**
GETS IT. HERE ARE SOME
SIMPLE RULES ON HOW
TO HELP - AND MAKE
MONEY AT THE SAME
TIME!

1. - SAVE YOUR WASTE PAPER.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES,
CARDBOARD BOXES, PAPER
RAGS, ETC.

2. WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GOOD
PILE, TIE IT INTO A BUNDLE
AND GET IN TOUCH WITH
A SALVAGE COLLECTOR.

3. EVERY CITY, TOWN
OR VILLAGE HAS A
COLLECTION DEPOT. IT
MIGHT BE YOUR C.D.V.O.
HEADQUARTERS, OR THE
BOYSCOUT HEADQUARTERS,
OR THE RED CROSS, OR
YOUR LOCAL CHURCH. IT'S
EASY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT.
THEY'LL GIVE YOU A NICE
PRICE FOR YOUR SCRAP
PAPER!

MLJ
MAGAZINE



Señor BANANA

STENCHO ODORA



ARE YOU SURE, YOU DON'T HAVE A WIFE, STENCHO ? ? ?

HA! EEF I HAV' THEN MAY I BE STRUCK DOWN THEES MEENUTE!



STENCHO.. I SEE BY FAMILIAR FACES, THAT WE ARE EEN YOUR HOME. TOWN, NO?

NO! I MEAN.. YES! I AM HOME. SEEK FOR MY LEETLE WIFE, AND BESIDES MY LAUNDRY NEEDS TO BE DONE!

YAH MY DEAR.. DEAR WIFE.. MANY MILES HAV' I TRAVELLED TO SEE YOU AGAIN.. TRULY I LOV' YOU!

HMPH!

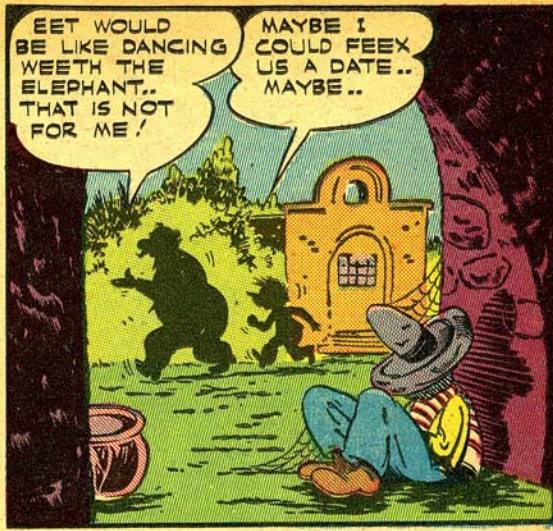
HMM.. MAYBE EET EES THE TRUTH, MAYBE!

ALL RIGHT! I'WEE GEEVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO PROVE THAT YOU LOV' ME!



STENCHO, YOU WEEEL TAKE ME TO THE FIESTA TONIGHT, NO?

NO! HO-HUM.. I AM TOO TIRED AFTER MY LONG JOURNEY!



EET WOULD BE LIKE DANCING WEETH THE ELEPHANT.. THAT IS NOT FOR ME!

MAYBE I COULD FEEX US A DATE.. MAYBE..



HMM.. I WONDER EEF HE EES TRUE TO ME! HOW CAN I FIND OUT?



AH! I HAV' EET! OR I WEEEL HAV'!



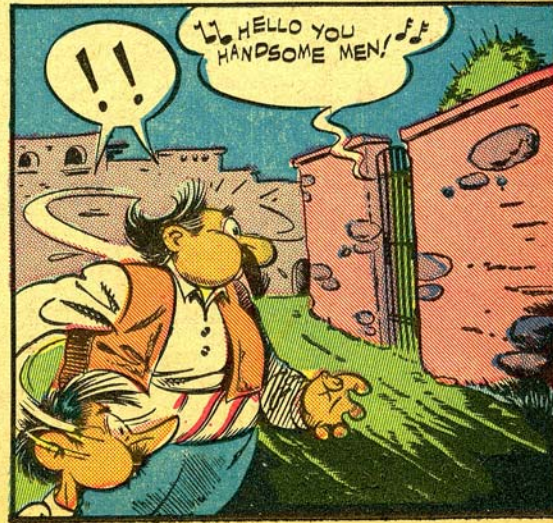
THIS RED WIG AND A NEW DRESS WEEEL DO THE TREECK!



A LEEETLE LATER...

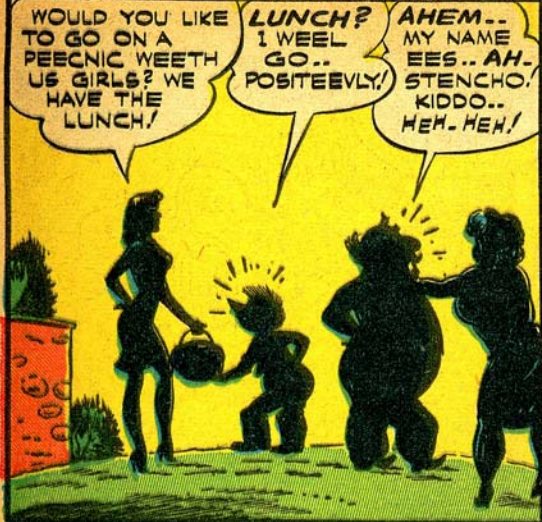
HELLO, ROSITA, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE? AND WHY THE WIG?....

I HAV' COME TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU.. AND PLEASE CALL ME DOLORES! NOW LEEESTEN



!!

HELLO YOU HANDSOME MEN!



WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO ON A PEECNIC WEETH US GIRLS? WE HAVE THE LUNCH!

LUNCH? I WEEL GO.. POSITEEBVLY!

AHEM.. MY NAME EES.. AH.. STENCHO.. KIDDO.. HEH.. HEH!



YOU LOOK KIND OF FAMILIAR.. HAV' I SEEN YOU' BEFORE?

WHY, OF COURSE NOT! YOU SEELY BOY...!



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE A CANOE RIDE, DOLORES? I WEEL MAKE WEETH THE OAR...!

HOW ROMANTIC... LET'S GO!



SHE REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE.. BUT WHO?

DO YOU LIKE THE RIDE, YES?

YES.. EET EES SO RELAXING..

THE BEEG FATGO WOULDN'T DO THIS FOR ME!



I WEEL FEEX HEEM...

YOO.. HOO.. CONCHITA EES LUNCH READY?

HEY! DOLORES! SEET DOWN! YOU WEEL FALL OUT.. GULP!



SPLASH

HA-HA HA...



OH, STENCHO, I AM SO SORRY.. EES THE WATER WARM?

..NOW COMES THE BEEG TEST!

SHE EVEN ACTS LIKE SOMEBODY I KNOW... BUT WHO?



SMACK!



THEES LEEETLE SANDWICH WEEEL FEEEX YOU OPP, STENCHO!



MMM..BOY! THEES EES GOOD!

EET TASTES ALMOST AS GOOD AS..



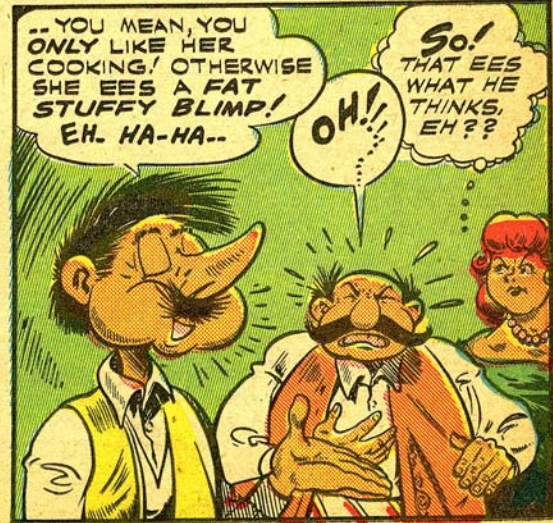
MY WIFE'S! GULP!..



I THEENK I SMELL A RAT.. HMM..

THEES LUNCH EES ALMOST AS GOOD AS MY WIFE'S, EH, BANANA?

YOUR WIFE'S? HEH-HEH... YOU'RE NOT MARRIED.. STENCHO, OH..



.. YOU MEAN, YOU ONLY LIKE HER COOKING! OTHERWISE SHE EES A FAT STUFFY BLIMP! EH. HA-HA..

So! THAT EES WHAT HE THINKS, EH?? OH!!



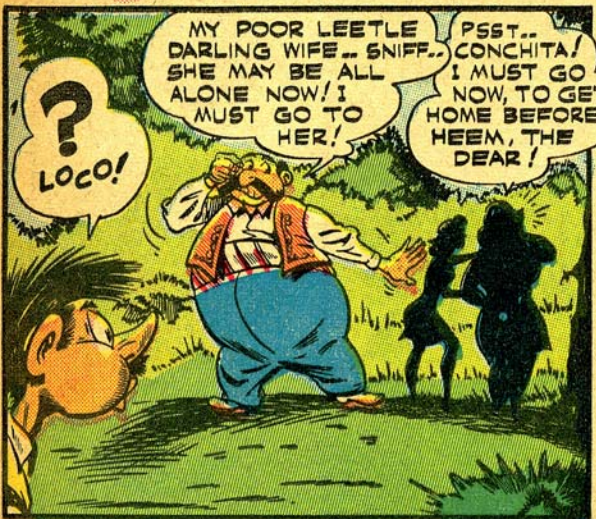
SO YOU ARE MARRIED, STENCHO..!

AH..YES!
TO A MOST GORGEOUS
BLIM-- ER..
CREATURE!



BUT STENCHO!
YOU SAID EET
YOURSELF..SHE
EES A FAT--
MPFF-- GLUB!

HEH..HEH..
HE MAKES
THE JOKE..!



?
LOCO!

MY POOR LEETLE
DARLING WIFE.. SNIFF..
SHE MAY BE ALL
ALONE NOW! I
MUST GO TO
HER!

PSST..
CONCHITA!
I MUST GO
NOW, TO GET
HOME BEFORE
HEEM, THE
DEAR!



BAH! THAT
BANANA.. ALMOST
PUT A CREEMP IN
THE BUSINESS!



HELLO..
MY DARLING
WIFE! I I
HAV' MEESED
YOU!

♪ STENCHO ♪
WELCOME HOME..
I HAV' PREPARED A
LEETLE SNACK
FOR YOU!



AH.. ROSITA..I
WOULD KNOW
YOUR COOKING
ANYWHERE..

YOU
WOULD?
ER-- THAT'S
NICE!



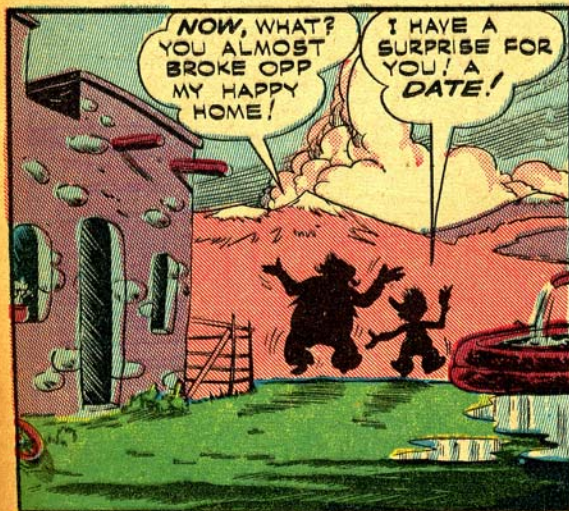
SO! I WAS RIGHT! HE ONLY LIKES MY COOKING!

THEES TIME I WEEL CATCH HEEM WEETH THE RED HANDS!



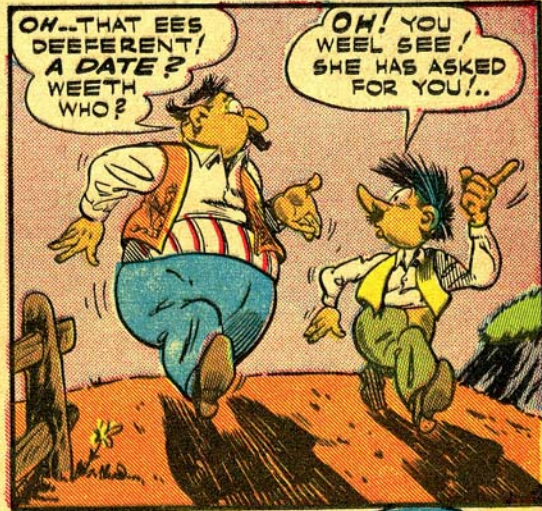
PSSEET! STENCHO! CAN YOU COME OUT?

SHHH--



NOW, WHAT? YOU ALMOST BROKE OPP MY HAPPY HOME!

I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU! A DATE!



OH-- THAT EES DEEFERENT! A DATE? WEETH WHO?

OH! YOU WEEL SEE! SHE HAS ASKED FOR YOU!..

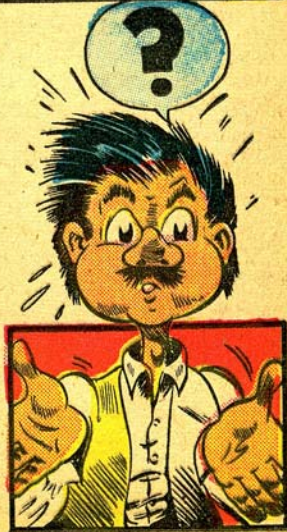


.. SEE, DOLORES! SURPRISED?

GULP!



LOVING HUSBAN' EH? TO ANYONE, BUT ME, I'LL SHOW YOU!



?

Bill Voight

Archie

IS GOOD FOR WHAT AILS YOU!

HA, HA... NEVER LAUGHED SO MUCH IN MY LIFE, DOC!



BOY! WHEN ARCHIE'S ON THE AIR, EVEN MY MOTHER-IN-LAW DOESN'T BOTHER ME!

... AND FURTHER-MORE, YOU BRUTE, I'M TAKING MY DAUGHTER HOME!



QUIET — ON THE AIR!



THAT KID, ARCHIE MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG AGAIN... YIPPEE



TUNE IN ON ARCHIE ANDREWS

5:15 P.M. EASTERN WAR TIME
4:15 P.M. CENTRAL WAR TIME
3:15 P.M. MOUNTAIN WAR TIME
2:15 P.M. PACIFIC WAR TIME

ON WOR MUTUAL

THE SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

GRRRR!

MAMMY! PAPPY!
HELP! THAR'S
A STRANGE
LOOKIN'
CREATURE
AFTER
ME!

THAR'S TH'
COUNTY FAIR,
HAPPY! BOY!
IS WE GONNA
HAVE FUN!

COUNTY
FAIR

By
SAVILE
SQUIGGS

WE IS THE FIRST
ONES HERE,
SLAPPY... TH'
SIGN SEZ
FREE
ADMITTANCE...
WONDER WHERE
WE GET
THEM!

LET'S
GET SOME
O' THIS RED
POP CORN,
AN' SEE
TH' SIGHTS!

POP CORN 5¢

YIPPEE... LOOKIT
TH' FREE
BALLOON...
LUCKY WE
SAW IT FIRST...
RECKON WE
KIN USE IT ON
TH' FARM!

IT MUST
BE TH' PRIZE
FER COMIN'
EARLY!

OOOPS! DROPPED
M' POP CORN!
BETTER CLEAN
IT UP!

GET
INSIDE,
AND I'LL
HELP YO'
CLEAN UP!

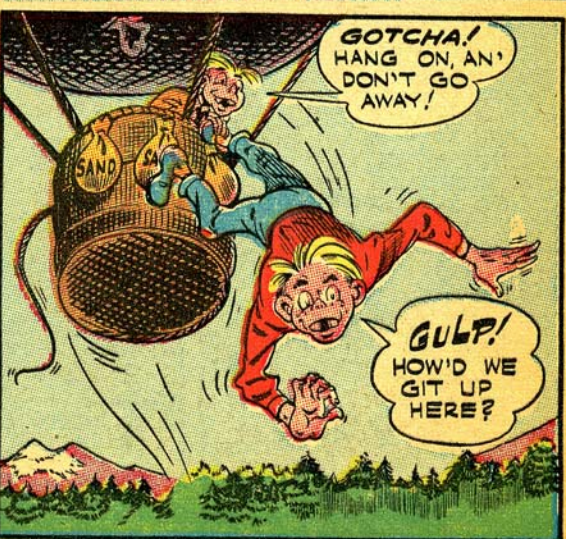
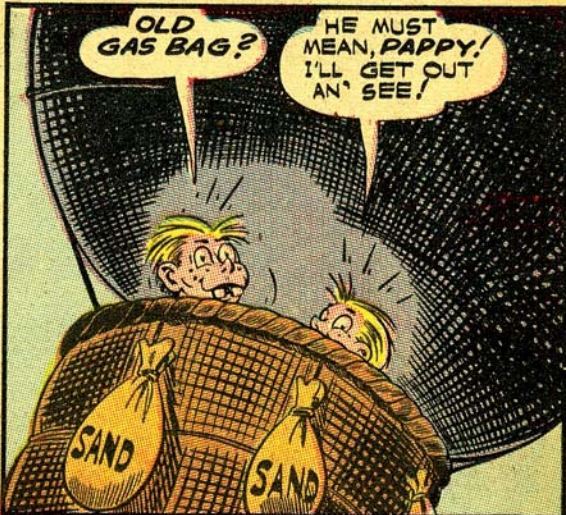
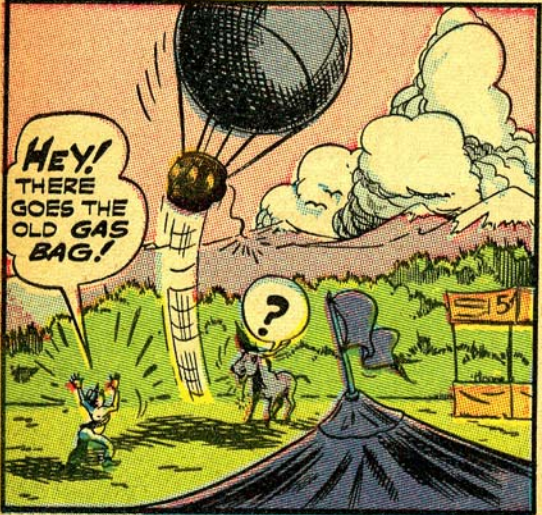
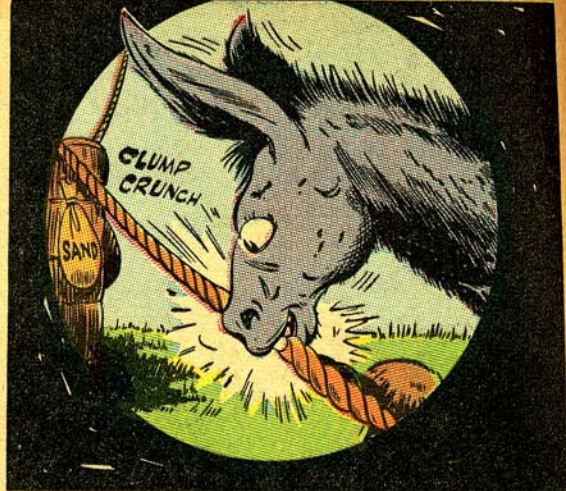
FREE
BALLOON

SAND

SAND



DON'T LOOK NOW, BOYS... **BUT!**







HAPPY, LOOK!
WE IS ON LAND!
WE IS SAVED!

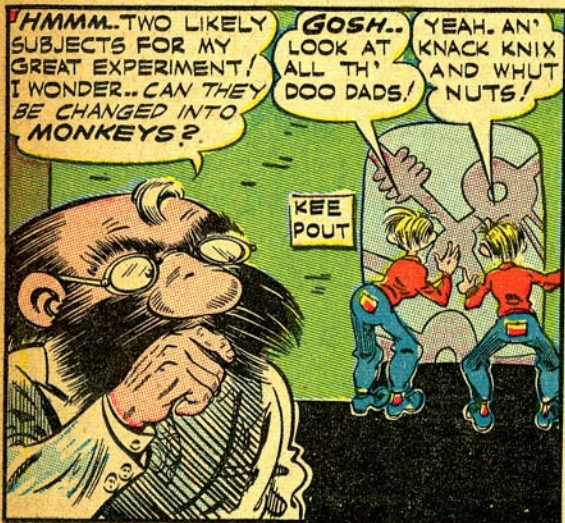
SAVED? HMM...
BEFORE I GET
THROUGH WITH
THEM, THEY'LL
WISH THEY'D HAVE
DROPPED INTO
THE VALLEY!



COME WITH ME,
BOYS.. I'VE SOMETHING
TO SHOW YOU!

IS WE
ON EARTH,
OR MARS?

AND IS
YOU A
MAN FUM
MARS?
YUK! YUK!

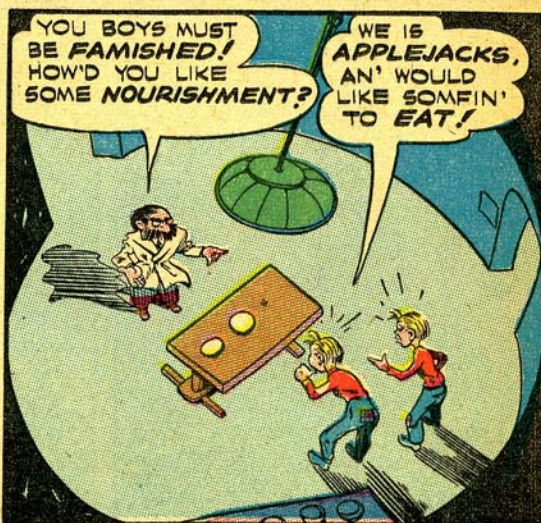


HMMM.. TWO LIKELY
SUBJECTS FOR MY
GREAT EXPERIMENT!
I WONDER... CAN THEY
BE CHANGED INTO
MONKEYS?

GOSH...
LOOK AT
ALL TH'
DOO DADS!

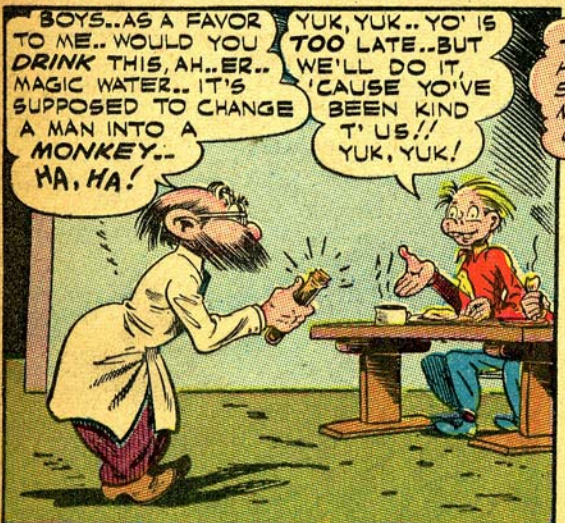
YEAH. AN'
KNACK KNIX
AND WHUT
NUTS!

KEE
POUT



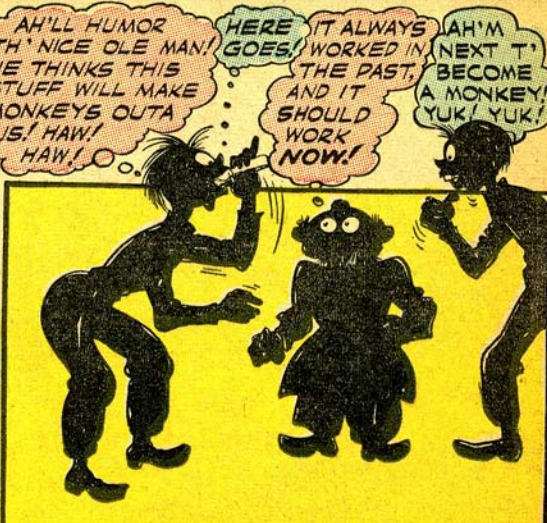
YOU BOYS MUST
BE FAMISHED!
HOW'D YOU LIKE
SOME NOURISHMENT?

WE IS
APPLEJACKS,
AN' WOULD
LIKE SOMFIN'
TO EAT!



BOYS.. AS A FAVOR
TO ME.. WOULD YOU
DRINK THIS, AH.. ER..
MAGIC WATER.. IT'S
SUSPOSED TO CHANGE
A MAN INTO A
MONKEY..
HA, HA!

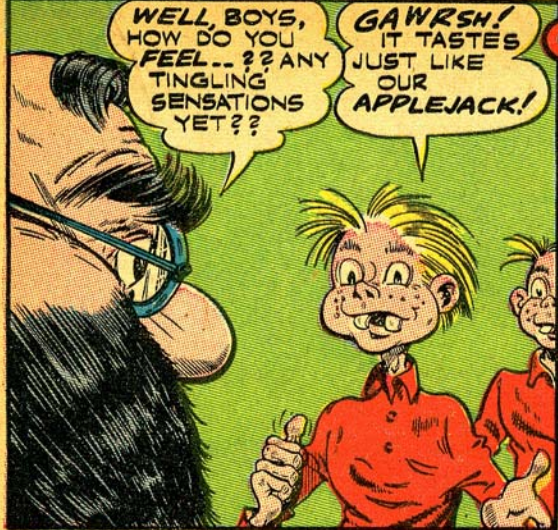
YUK, YUK.. YO' IS
TOO LATE.. BUT
WE'LL DO IT,
'CAUSE YO'VE
BEEN KIND
T' US!!
YUK, YUK!



AH'LL HUMOR
TH' NICE OLE MAN!
HE THINKS THIS
STUFF WILL MAKE
MONKEYS OUTA
US! HAW!
HAW!

HERE IT ALWAYS
GOES, 'WORKED IN
'THE PAST,
AND IT
SHOULD
WORK
NOW!

AH'M
(NEXT T')
BECOME
A MONKEY!
YUK! YUK!



WELL, BOYS, HOW DO YOU FEEL... ?? ANY TINGLING SENSATIONS YET??

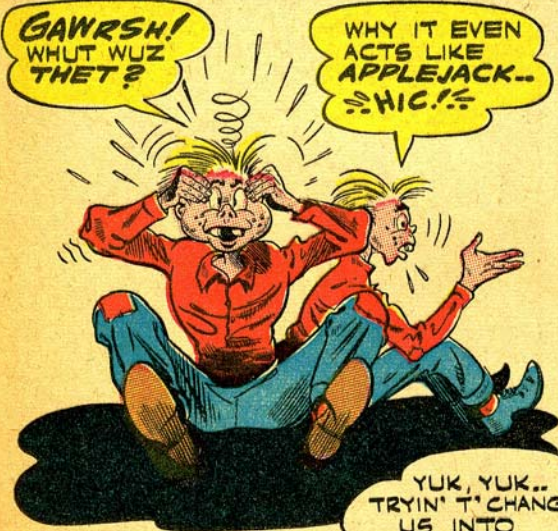
GAWRSH! IT TASTES JUST LIKE OUR APPLEJACK!



OH YEAH?

POW

ZING



GAWRSH! WHUT WUZ THET?

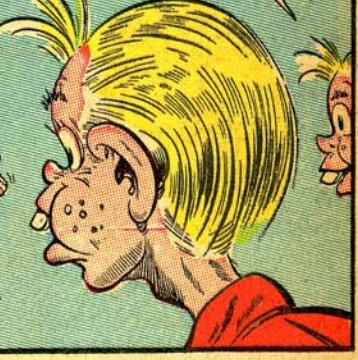
WHY IT EVEN ACTS LIKE APPLEJACK.. SHIC!..



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT.. THAT FORMULA SHOULD HAVE CHANGED YOU INTO MONKEYS BY NOW!

WE IS SORRY, WE CAN'T OBLIGE YO', BUT WE IS OF STRONG CHARACTER LIKE PAPPY...

?



YUK, YUK.. TRYIN' T' CHANGE US INTO MONKEYS, YUK, YUK..!



SO LONG, PERFFESSOR.. WE GOTTA GIT T' HOME, AFORE MAW GITS T' WORRYIN'!



IT'S INCREDIBLE, THEY TOOK ENOUGH FORMULA TO CHANGE AN ENTIRE VILLAGE INTO MONKEYS.. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE REVERSED THE PROCEEDURE.. THEY MIGHT HAVE MADE MEN!

YUK YUK

PROFESSOR.. YOU JUST CAN'T CHANGE NATURE. WHAT IS TO BE, WILL BE!

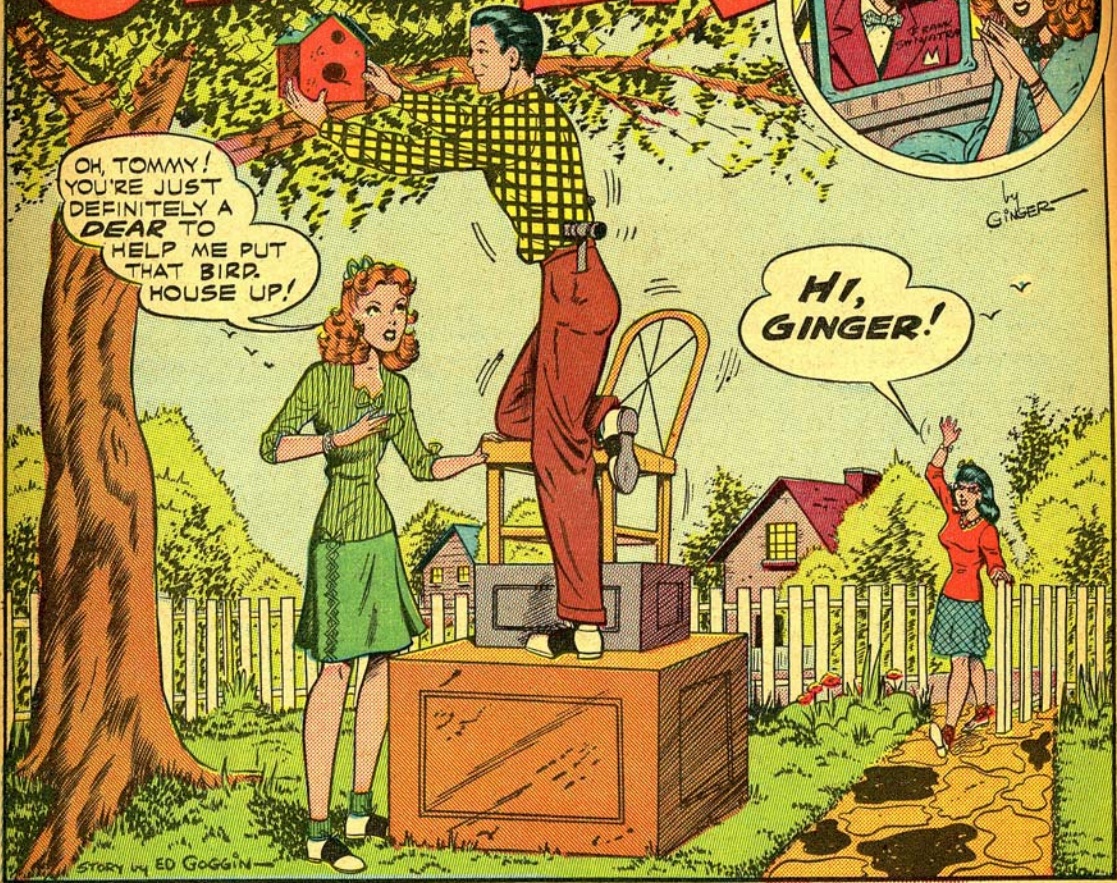
GINGER



by GINGER

OH, TOMMY!
YOU'RE JUST
DEFINITELY A
DEAR TO
HELP ME PUT
THAT BIRD
HOUSE UP!

**HI,
GINGER!**



STORY BY ED GOGGIN



GUESS
WHO'S IN
TOWN!



HE'S A FAMOUS
SINGER! YOU'LL
NEVER
GUESS!

OH, DOTTY!
IT COULDN'T
BE... NOT.. NOT..

HEY! HOLD ON
TO THAT
CHAIR,
GINGER!

YES! FRANK
SWINATRA!
OHH.. THAT
WONDERFUL
MAN!

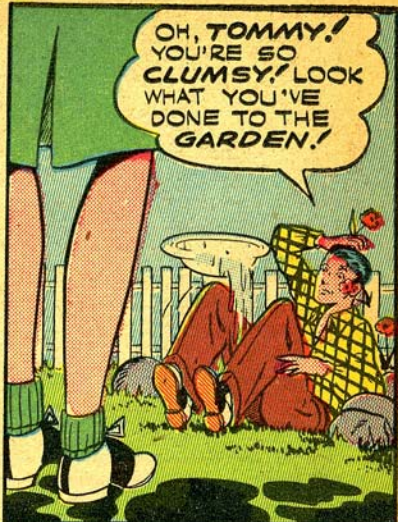




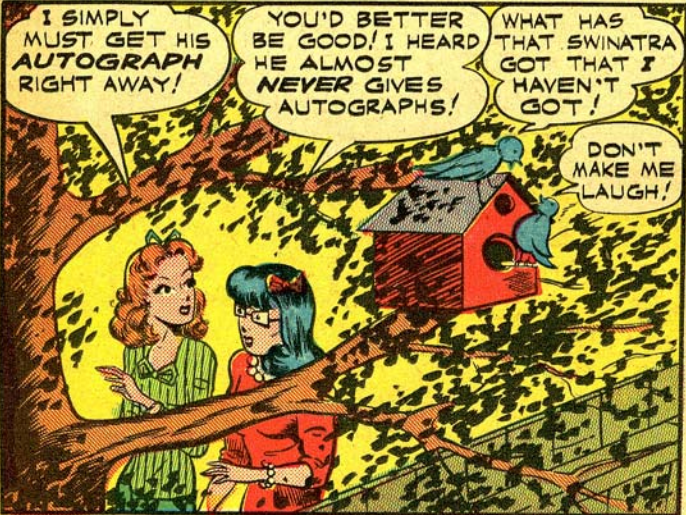
HELP!
HOLD ON
TO THAT
CHAIR, WILL
YOU?



CRASH
SMASH
BANG



OH, TOMMY!
YOU'RE SO
CLUMSY! LOOK
WHAT YOU'VE
DONE TO THE
GARDEN!



I SIMPLY
MUST GET HIS
AUTOGRAPH
RIGHT AWAY!

YOU'D BETTER
BE GOOD, I HEARD
HE ALMOST
NEVER GIVES
AUTOGRAPHS!

WHAT HAS
THAT SWINATRA
GOT THAT I
HAVEN'T GOT!

DON'T
MAKE ME
LAUGH!



HE'S STAYING
HERE! MAYBE
I CAN SNEAK
UP TO HIS
ROOMS!

AND I'LL
CATCH YOU
WHEN THEY
TOSS YOU
OUT!



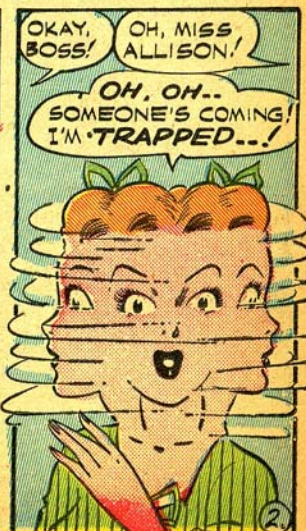
FRONT! TAKE
THIS TO SWINATRA,
IN 315!

AH!



WALK UP, AND
DON'T LET
ANY OF THOSE
CRAZY KIDS
TO SEE YOU!

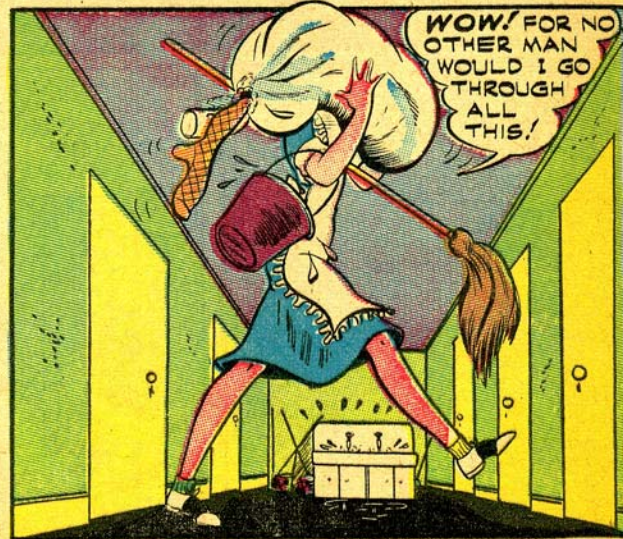
I'LL JUST RUN
UPSTAIRS, AND
WHEN HE OPENS
THE DOOR,
I'LL...



OKAY,
BOSS!

OH, MISS
ALLISON!

OH, OH...
SOMEONE'S COMING!
I'M TRAPPED...!









OH, KIDS, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT!

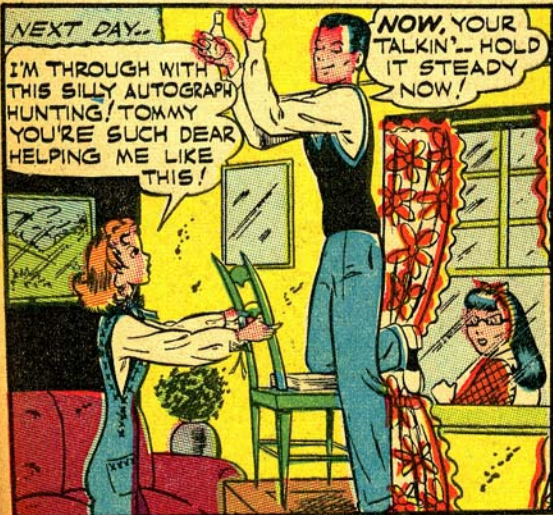
FRANK SWINATRA FOR PRESIDENT



OH, YEAH! WELL, GUESS WHAT WE'VE GOT!



AUTOGRAPHED PICTURES OF FRANK SWINATRA!



NEXT DAY...

I'M THROUGH WITH THIS SILLY AUTOGRAPH HUNTING! TOMMY YOU'RE SUCH DEAR HELPING ME LIKE THIS!

NOW, YOUR TALKIN'-- HOLD IT STEADY NOW!



GINGER! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO JUST FLEW INTO TOWN!

WHY, DOTTY, WHO?



RONALD COLMAN!

RONALD COLMAN? LET'S GO!

HEY!



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT??

NOT MUCH TOMMY! AND IF YOU THINK THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMING ...BUT DEFINITELY!

RED RUBE



Wm. Vigoda

THE WICKED SCIENTIST, DR. KARVALLA, INVENTED A FORMULA THAT ENABLED HIM TO TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION. AS LONG AS HE HAD HIS FORMULA, HE COULD LAUGH AT THE MIGHTY POWERS OF RED RUBE!

WHAT TH... MY FIST WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM!

IKCOH24... YOU CAN'T HURT ME, RED RUBE!



REUBEN REUBEN IS HELPING OUT HIS SICK FRIEND BY SELLING HIS PAPERS...

THANK YOU, SIR! GOOD NEWS TODAY?

BAH! NO FIGHTING! THAT MEANS NOBODY WAS KILLED!



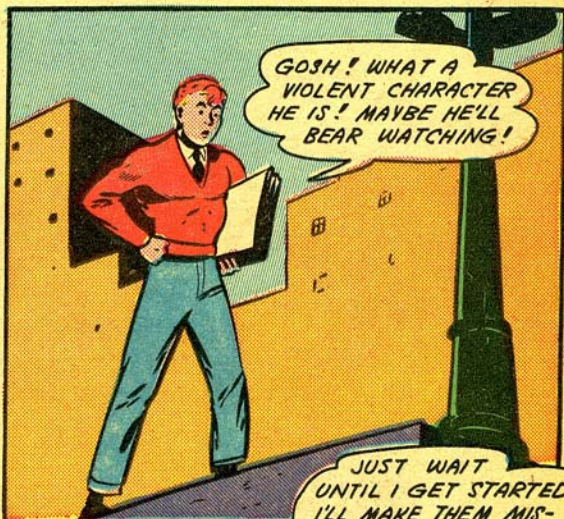
YOUNG MAN, THE BEST THING TO DO WITH PEOPLE IS GET RID OF THEM! I HATE PEOPLE! I HATE YOU TOO!



I HATE EVERYBODY! BAH!



GOSH! WHAT A VIOLENT CHARACTER HE IS! MAYBE HE'LL BEAR WATCHING!



JUST WAIT UNTIL I GET STARTED! I'LL MAKE THEM MISERABLE! THEY'LL CURSE THE NAME OF DR. KARVALLA!

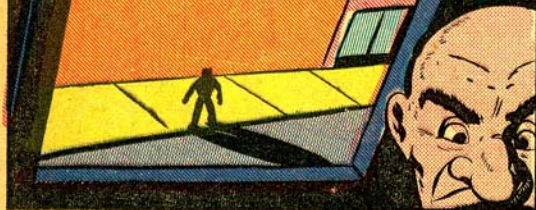
LOOK AT THOSE HAPPY PEOPLE! THEY'RE SMILING BECAUSE THEY'VE GOT MONEY IN THE BANK! BAH!

NATIONAL BANK



LATER, REUBEN KEEPS A CLOSE WATCH ON DR. KARVALLA'S APARTMENT-

I WISH I COULD SEE WHAT HE'S WORKING ON!



AT LAST! I'VE DISCOVERED THE FORMULA! THIS TIME I KNOW IT WILL WORK!



DR. KARVALLA WALKS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE DOOR AND THEN-

EUREKA! I'VE DONE IT!



I CAN TRAVEL IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION! I CAN PASS THROUGH ANY KNOWN SUBSTANCE!

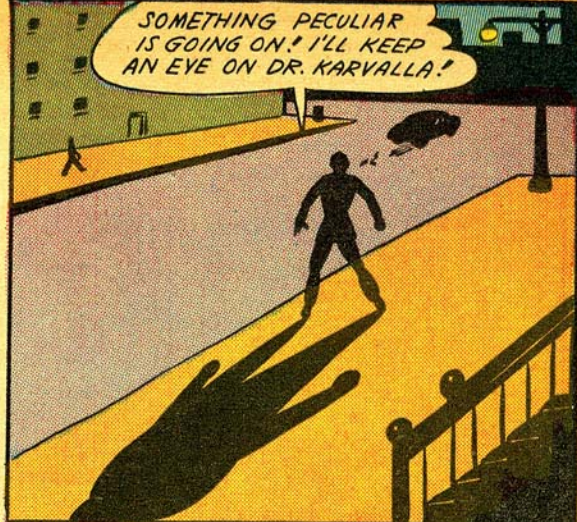


NOW I'LL START MAKING PEOPLE MISERABLE! AND NO LIVING PERSON OR THING CAN STOP ME!





THAT'S QUEER! I DIDN'T SEE THE DOOR OPEN OR CLOSE - BUT THERE'S DR. KARVALLA!

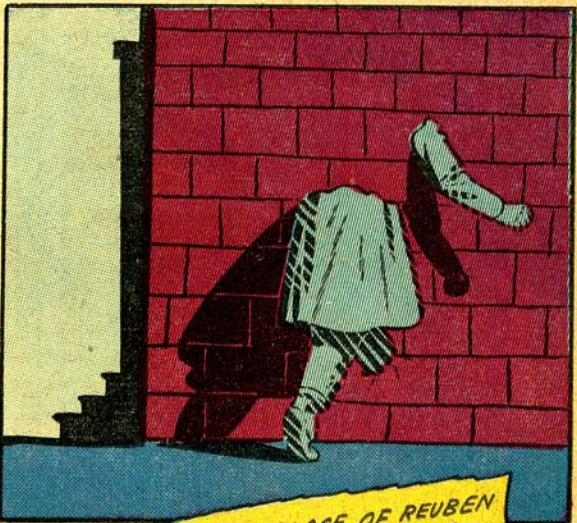


SOMETHING PECULIAR IS GOING ON! I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON DR. KARVALLA!

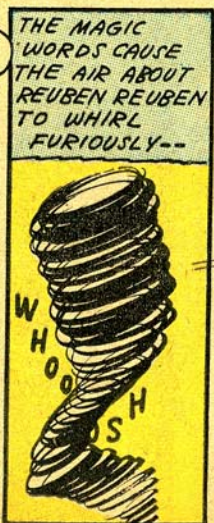


BANK

HERE'S THE BANK! AND THE VAULT SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT HERE!



DR. KARVALLA'S DISAPPEARED AGAIN! BUT I SAW HIM JUST A MINUTE AGO!.. HEY RUBE!



THE MAGIC WORDS CAUSE THE AIR ABOUT REUBEN REUBEN TO WHIRL FURIOUSLY--

AND SOON, IN PLACE OF REUBEN REUBEN, THERE NOW STANDS THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF RED RUBE!



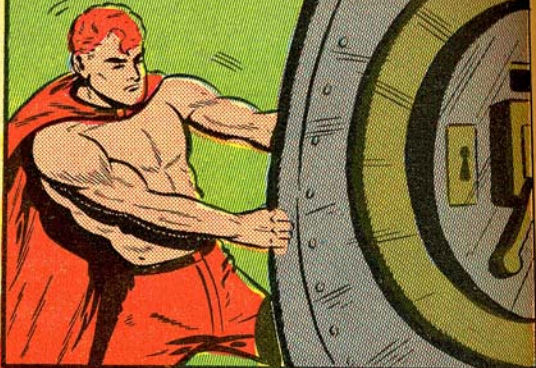
I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

MEANWHILE...

I'LL MAKE PEOPLE MISERABLE! I'LL TAKE ALL THEIR MONEY! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO NORMAL! IKCOH24!



SUDDENLY...



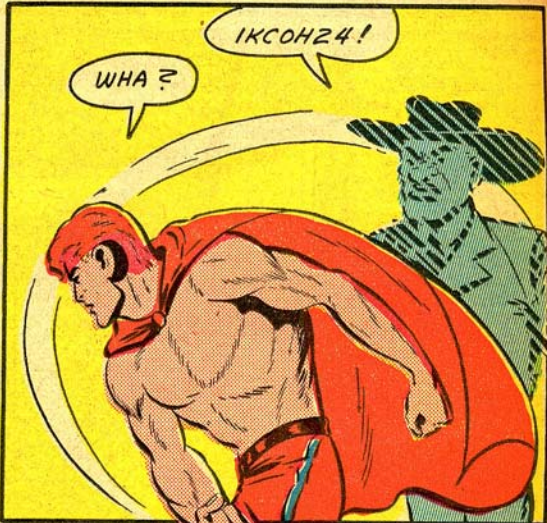
I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!

DON'T LAY A FINGER ON ME, YOU BULLY!



IKCOH24!

WHA?



HA-HA! YOU CAN'T HURT ME! AND THAT ISN'T ALL I CAN DO EITHER!



I CAN RUN RIGHT THROUGH YOU!

I-I MUST BE DREAMING!



JUST THEN...

I'VE GOT 'EM! GUARDS!



I TRAPPED TWO CROOKS IN THE BANK VAULT! CALL THE POLICE!



WE'RE LOCKED IN!

MAYBE YOU ARE!



BUT I'M NOT!
TA--TA--

HE'S WALKING THROUGH SOLID METAL!! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



IT'S INCREDIBLE THE THINGS SOME PEOPLE CAN DO!



THERE'S ONE OF THE CROOKS! STOP HIM!

HALT IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!



I WONDER WHERE
DR. KARVALLA COULD
HAVE GONE?



IT'D BETTER GET THE
POLICE OFF MY TRAIL ...
HEY RUBE!



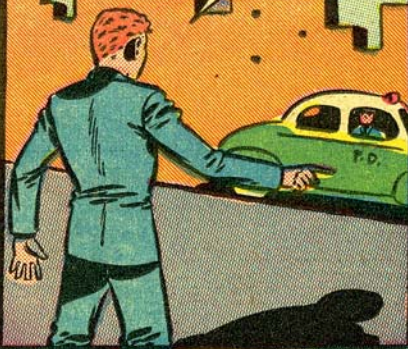
ONCE AGAIN
THE AIR
VIBRATES TO
THE MAGIC
WORDS...



AND REUBEN
REUBEN APPEARS-

DID YOU SEE A
BIG GUY IN A RED
SUIT GO BY HERE?

YES, SIR! HE
WENT THAT WAY!



THAT TAKES CARE OF
THE POLICE! NOW
I'VE GOT TO FIND
DR. KARVALLA!




BAH! IDIDN'T GET THE
MONEY AFTER ALL! I
DIDN'T MAKE ANYONE
MISERABLE EXCEPT
ME!




THAT'S WHAT I THINK
OF YOU! I HATE YOU
TOO! I WISH YOU'D DROP
DEAD SO I WOULDN'T
HAVE TO LOOK
AT YOU ANY-
MORE!





SO YOU'VE DISCOVERED HOW TO GET INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION, DR. KARVALLA!



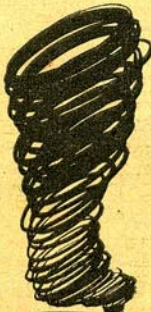
I SAW YOU WALK THROUGH THE WALL OF THAT BANK!

YOU DID?
HMM! THIS BRAT IS TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!




I'LL SILENCE YOU FOREVER!


UGGG...
GULP... HEY
RUBE!



A THOUSAND DEVILS!
WHAT HAPPENED?




YOU! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



THAT'S NOT HALF AS IMPORTANT AS WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

YOU CAN'T HARM ME...
IC052K4!



HMM! I WONDER? THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE THE REAL FORMULA!

RIGHT, DR. KARVALLA -- YOU'RE WRONG! YOU PRONOUNCED THE WRONG FORMULA AND ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN NOW!





NOT MUCH FIGHT IN HIM!
I KILLED HIM WITH A SINGLE PUNCH!



NOW I'LL TAKE UP WHERE I LEFT OFF!

HE'S CATCHING ME!



I'LL RUN THROUGH THIS BUILDING AND GET AWAY!
X47...



YIII... I FORGOT THE FORM...
OOOOOWW



SAVED ME THE TROUBLE!
I KNOW JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU!
AND I DO MEAN THE CITY HALL!



SOME TIME LATER RUBE IS IN HIS HOME ENJOYING HIS EVENING PAPER...

D EVENING MA
DEAD DR
FOUND IN
WEST SI
APARTM



WHILE DR. KARVALLA IS STILL VAINLY TRYING TO REMEMBER HIS FORMULA...

BAH! I CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING! EXCEPT HOW I HATE THAT RED RUBE! I HATE HIM TO LITTLE PIECES! AND I'LL GET EVEN SOMEDAY!

BEWARE, RED RUBE... YOU MAY HEAR FROM THE EVIL DR. KARVALLA AGAIN!

THE FUTURE AND THE PAST

by HARRY ROSE

IT WAS a corpse, a shapeless mass huddled on the warm Tahitian sand. It lay a few feet off shore, black and shriveled, untouched by swells.

I ran to it, knelt, and took a brief glance. There was little doubt. Several days—perhaps a week it had lain there. I was a doctor and knew death when I saw it.

The body bore no external marks. The cold, discolored face was sunken, unrecognizable. Death, from all appearances, had resulted from drowning.

Rising, I looked both ways along the beach. Back of me was the lazy curve of the shore line, my footprints, and in the distance the village. Before me was a lagoon, beyond it an arching cliff. But to the right, nestled in a thick foliage past the sand was a shack, charred and broken.

I stared at it, trying to assemble my thoughts. A body washed upon the shore, for days lying unnoticed on the dry, sunbeaten sand. And the cabin—it was inhabited, for as I watched the crude wooden door opened and a man emerged. He saw me and stood still, watching.

I looked down at the huddled form again, then turned for the shack. But I saw something in the sand and stopped short. It was a faint, misshapen scrawl, etched on the beach a few inches from the head of the corpse, and it said simply: Don't go.

A message. Whether or not it was complete I couldn't tell.

Nor had I any notion of what it might mean. But it was there in the sand, and it said, "don't go."

Perplexed, I moved on up the beach to the shack. I was watched carefully by a tall, thin personage, white, shabbily dressed, and a little hawk-nosed.

He put his hands in his pockets and said: "You're from the village?"

I nodded. "I'm its one and only physician. I was strolling and came upon that corpse. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No. A corpse, eh?"

"You live here?"

He nodded.

"Don't you ever come out?"

"For air—yes." He breathed deeply and glanced at the sky. "May rain tonight." He turned his back and started for the door.

"Look," I said, following him, "there's been a body out there for almost a week and you haven't paid any attention to it. Doesn't that—"

"Had I known it was a corpse," he said drowsily, "I wouldn't have gone near it. That's something that weakens me."

I started to say something, but the words didn't come out. I was in the cabin doorway, my gaze frozen on a strange mechanism that all but filled the shack's interior. Such an affair as I had never seen before. Actually, it was indescribable, a twisted, perplexing heap of machinery.

"What's that?" I gasped, "an invention?"

The tall fellow turned and faced me. "In a way."

"But—if it isn't an invention—what is it?"

"A machine."

For a moment I was lost in bewilderment. "Who are you?" I asked, "and what is this—apparatus? What does it do?"

The other rolled a cigarette slowly, and lit it. Then he said: "I'm August Wharton—a scientist, so to speak. This is my work—my life devotion. It's a machine."

"I know—obviously it's a machine. But what's it for?"

He smiled. "I don't know yet. If it does what I think it will, its purpose could be for many things."

I stepped closer, trying to make sense out of the affair. But the thing wasn't to be understood by a doctor. To me, it was like a new language.

"Tahiti," I muttered, "is a funny place for this sort of thing. How long have you been—"

"Seven months. I'm finished now. Only a few experiments remain."

I stood there awhile, completely amazed.

Suddenly I remembered the corpse on the beach, and a few duties to perform. I hurried out, promising to return.

Natives rowed the body upshore to the village. Forbes, an assistant of mine, provided transportation to my quarters, where we awaited the arrival of authorities.

I told Forbes the story, and included Wharton.

"The name is familiar," he mused. "I believe the natives mentioned him not so long ago. Someone discovered the cabin and made an investigation. There was talk of this—machine."

"I can't understand it," I said. "It's the strangest affair I've ever seen—yet it must have some purpose. Wharton seems to know what he's doing, but doesn't care to discuss it. And the dead man—Wharton completely avoided him."

"Shut-ins get that way," said Forbes, "especially in Tahiti."

"Possibly. But I'm not satisfied with things. I'm going back. Care to come along?"

"No. I want to be in on the autopsy."

"That's an idea. Keep your eyes open."

The sun had disappeared behind clouds, veiling the shack and the winding shore line in a gray gloom. A swell formed and lapped across the beach, seeping into the damp sand a few feet from where I stood.

I was looking down at the dim outline left by the corpse, and the simple, meaningless "don't go". I wondered for a moment about the message—and the machine.

Then I turned and hurried to the cabin and flung the door back. I all but tripped in my amazement.

The shack was bare—the machine was gone and Wharton apparently had gone with it. All that remained was a battered chair, a desk, and a notebook.

Shaking a little, I took the

notebook outside, knelt on the sand and began turning the dusty, half-torn pages. Here, perhaps, was the answer, or a clue.

I came upon a penciled script, and read at random:

"April 9. Framework completed. Must stop to await arrival of last shipment from Hawaii. Progress normal."

I turned a page.

"May 12. Storm receding. Progress slowed in view of exterior work necessary on cabin."

"May 21. Visitors last night. Natives, perhaps, whose curiosity overcame them. No harm to the apparatus, though future precaution may be of value."

Another page.

"June 4. Final touches completed. Had another visitor—a white man—first to see the machine. In a few moments I shall experiment, before he returns. He discovered a corpse on the beach, and when he left I investigated. There was a strange scrawling in the sand which I did not understand. However, it is none of my concern . . ."

Running footsteps interrupted me. I looked up, and Forbes, puffing and wildeyed, came to a halt.

"The queerest," he panted, "case we've seen. At the autopsy—they took fingerprints—the corpse is Wharton!"

"Wharton! But I saw him in the cabin—at the same time!"

"I know—but the prints don't lie—the fellow is Wharton!"

"That's crazy," I growled. "One man can't be in two places—" I paused, remembering the script. "Wait. There's more to this diary."

We read the last entry:

"Everything is in good order. My only danger lies in the rotation of the earth. If my theories are wrong, I may land in the ocean. If not, I will be transported safely seven days into the past . . ."

The same thought came to both of us. A time traveller!

Suddenly it was clear. Wharton had left for the past, had landed in the ocean, and had swum ashore. The corpse—had it been recognizable—

I sat there in a stupor, unable to move. "That's it," I managed at length, "Wharton became the corpse after his time journey. You see, Forbes—the cabin is empty." I handed him the diary, and he read the last page.

Then he stood there a moment, thinking. "My God!" he exclaimed. "I see it all now. The message in the sand. He was going to warn himself, but he didn't finish—don't you see?"

"What are you babbling about?" I demanded.

"Look—the diary says Wharton saw the message before he left. So, when he swam ashore and fell exhausted on the beach, he began writing, but stopped because he remembered seeing the message before. It fits perfectly—"

"What fits? What do you mean?"

"That's right, I didn't tell you. Wharton's death wasn't caused by drowning or exhaustion. It was caused by the fact that after he had scrawled two words in the sand, he remembered that the message had ended there, and that he was going to become the corpse. The autopsy explains that. He died of heart attack."

The

FLYING DRAGONS

BY Bill Vigoda



WE OPEN OUR STORY IN THE MESS HALL OF THE FLYING DRAGONS, AMERICAN VOLUNTEERS IN THE CHINESE AIR FORCE... THE COMMANDING OFFICER SPEAKS...

ORDERS FROM WASHINGTON, BOYS! WE'RE BEING DISBANDED -- YOU CAN REENLIST IN THE ARMY AIR CORPS, IF YOU WISH!

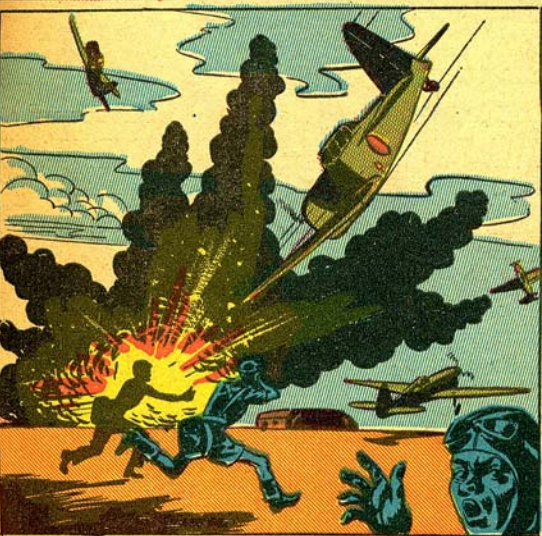


SUDDENLY...

JAP PLANES!! LET'S GIVE IT TO 'EM!! AND MAKE IT GOOD!!



THAT YANKEE IS A FIEND! HE IS SHOOTING OUR PLANES DOWN LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!

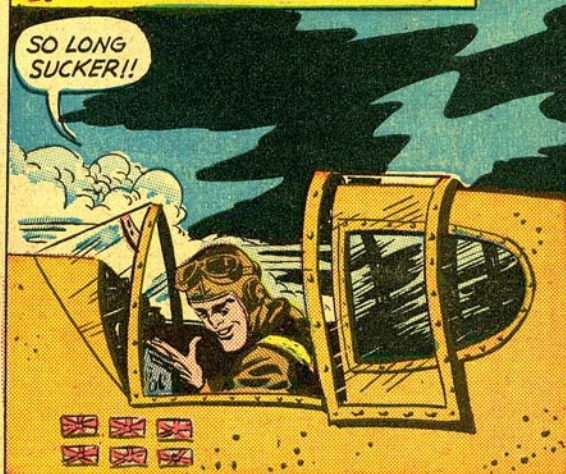


WHO IS THIS INTREPID CLOUD-BUSTER SPREADING HAVOC AMONG THE NIPS? LET'S TAKE A PEEK INTO HIS PLANE AND MEET...



HANK O'TOOLE.. ACE OF ACES...

SO LONG SUCKER!!





ME THANKEE...
HECK! WISH I
COULD REMEMBER
MY CHINESE!!



JAP.. BOAT...
HIDE!!



HALLO.. THERE...
CHINESE DOG!!
STAND BY FOR
INSPECTION!!



LATER...

EVERYTHING IN
ORDER.. YOU CAN
PROCEED.. BARBARIAN!



WHEW!! GLAD
THEY'RE GONE! THIS
FISH STINKS! THAT
VELLY CLOSE!!
YOU UNDELSTAND??

SURE! BUT I'D
UNDERSTAND A
LOT BETTER IF YOU
GAVE IT TO ME IN
STRAIGHT ENGLISH!



WHAT TH'...??
WHAT GOES??



HA.. HA!! I'M WEAR-
ING A DISGUISE I'M
A YANK LIKE YOU...
MY PARENTS WERE
MISSIONARIES...THEY
WERE KILLED BY
THE JAPS!



I VOWED VENGEANCE!!
I'M FIGHTING WITH CHINESE
GUERILLAS!! HERE WE
ARE!!



OUR HIDEOUT
IS HIDDEN IN
THAT PASS!!





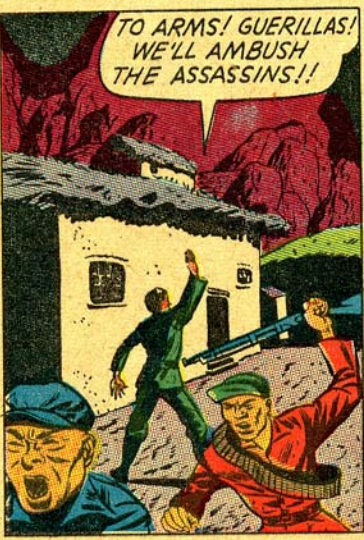
GREETINGS, SPUD! SEE YOU HAVE BROUGHT US A MOST WELCOME GUEST. ONE WHO FLIES THE IRON FALCON.



SPUD! THAT'S ME, HANK! SEE-- JUST ADHESIVE TAPE TO SLANT MY EYES..AND A LITTLE MUD TO COLOR MYSKIN!



SUDDENLY... JAP SCOUTS!! THEY DRIVE IN IRON HORSE NEARBY!!



TO ARMS! GUERILLAS! WE'LL AMBUSH THE ASSASSINS!!



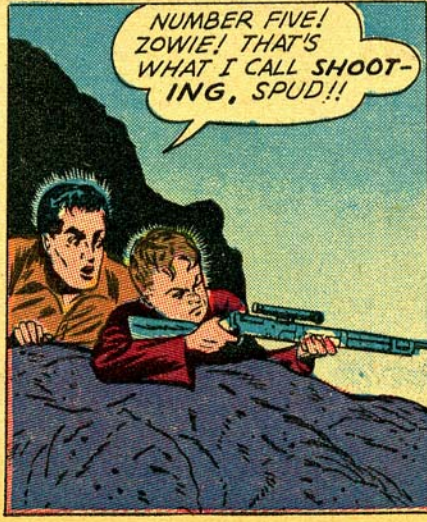
THERE THEY ARE!! QUIET NOW!! WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!



FIRE!



THAT'S YOUR FOURTH ONE, KID-- YOU DON'T MISS!!



NUMBER FIVE! ZOWIE! THAT'S WHAT I CALL SHOOTING, SPUD!!



THEY ARE DEAD!! BRING THE IRON HORSE AND LET US GO!!

I'VE BEEN THINKING IT OVER... I'M NOT GOING!! I'LL STAY IF YOU'LL LET ME!!

WONDERFUL!!



WE HAVE A SALVAGED PLANE THAT YOU CAN USE!! BUT YOU'LL NEED A REAR GUNNER!



WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'D LIKE TO HAVE SPUD! HE'S TERRIFIC!

AS YOU WISH!



COUNT ME IN, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A FLYING DRAGON!

OKAY KID, YOU'RE ON THE VARIETY. WE'RE A COUPLE DRAGONS NOW!



BIG BOATS



LONG HOURS OF PATROLING IS AN ARDUOUS TASK... PLANE ACCOMMODATIONS ALLOW SUFFICIENT RELAXATION... THIS SCENE IS IN THE HULL OF A PBY



THE GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION OF THE U.S. DEMANDS A GREAT AMOUNT OF PATROLING. IT IS FOR THIS REASON THE AMERICAN PATROL-BOMBER WAS DEVELOPED !!

HEY GANG.. NOW THAT YOU'VE MET OUR FRIENDS SPUD AND HANK ... HOW ABOUT DROPPING ME A LINE LETTING ME KNOW HOW YOU LIKE THEM.. JUST ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO: THE FLYING DRAGONS % M.L.J. MAGAZINES 241 CHURCH ST. N.Y.C.



KNOCKING OUT SUBS IS ONE OF THE DUTIES OF THE VPB. (PATROL WINGS, U.S. FLEET)

PRIZES for You -- COME an' GET 'EM



--and MONEY, too!

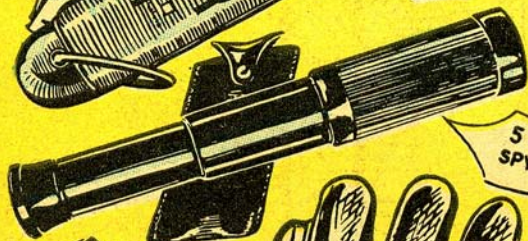


SIGNAL KNIFE



FLASHLIGHT

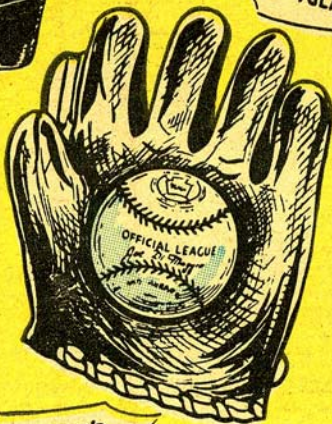
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5 POWER SPYGLASS



HAND AXE



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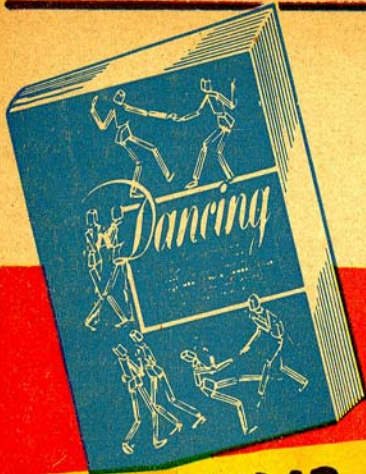
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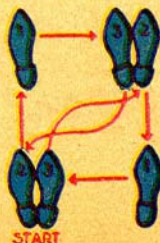
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