

GOLD
KEY

77 SUNSET STRIP

NOW ONLY 12c

10019-302
FEBRUARY



EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.



ROGER SMITH



EDWARD "KOOKIE" BYRNES

77 SUNSET STRIP

Stu Bailey uncovers the truth
behind a troubled friend's mask of fear.

77 SUNSET STRIP



MASK OF FEAR

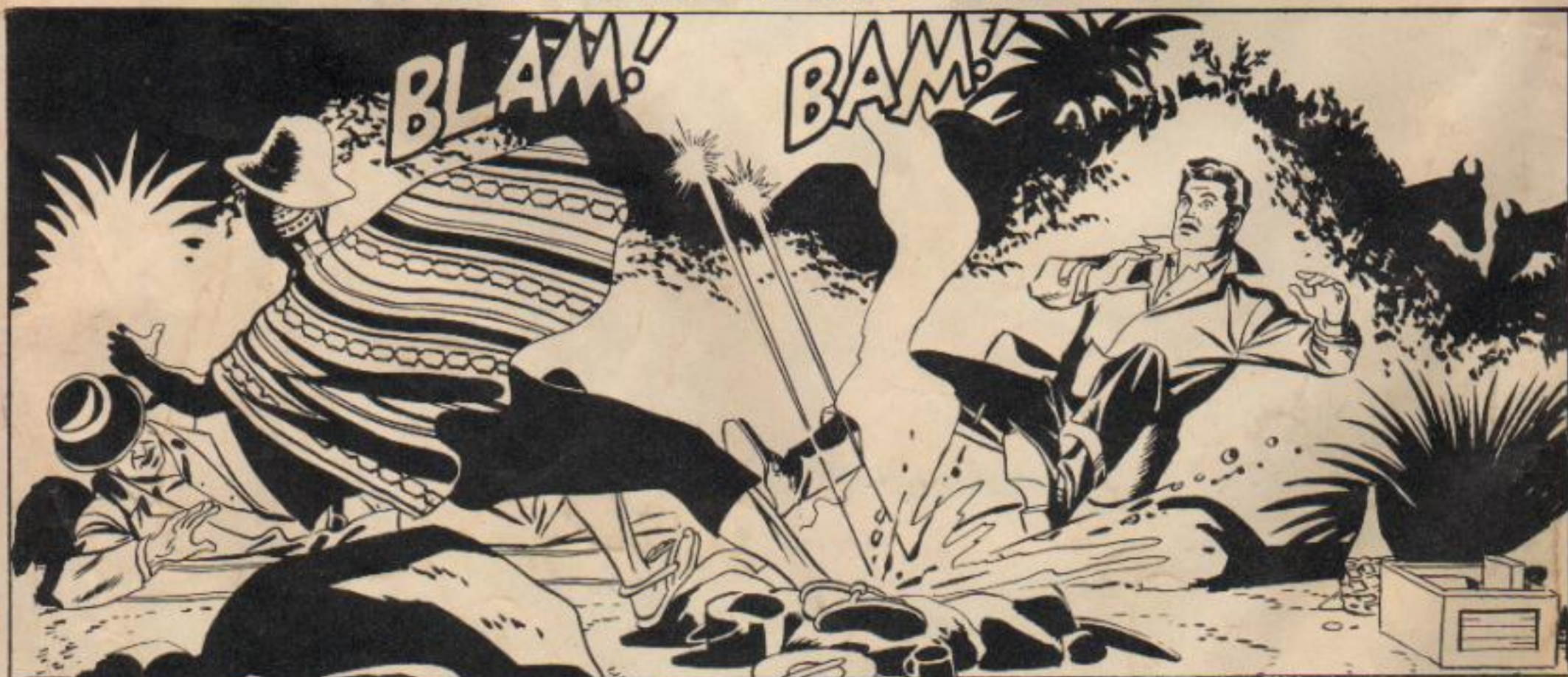


A beautiful girl seeks aid for her father, whom she feels is unjustly imprisoned.



With the help of Kookie and a cryptic message from Roscoe, Stu Bailey is able to uncover valuable information on the case and prevent a miscarriage of justice.

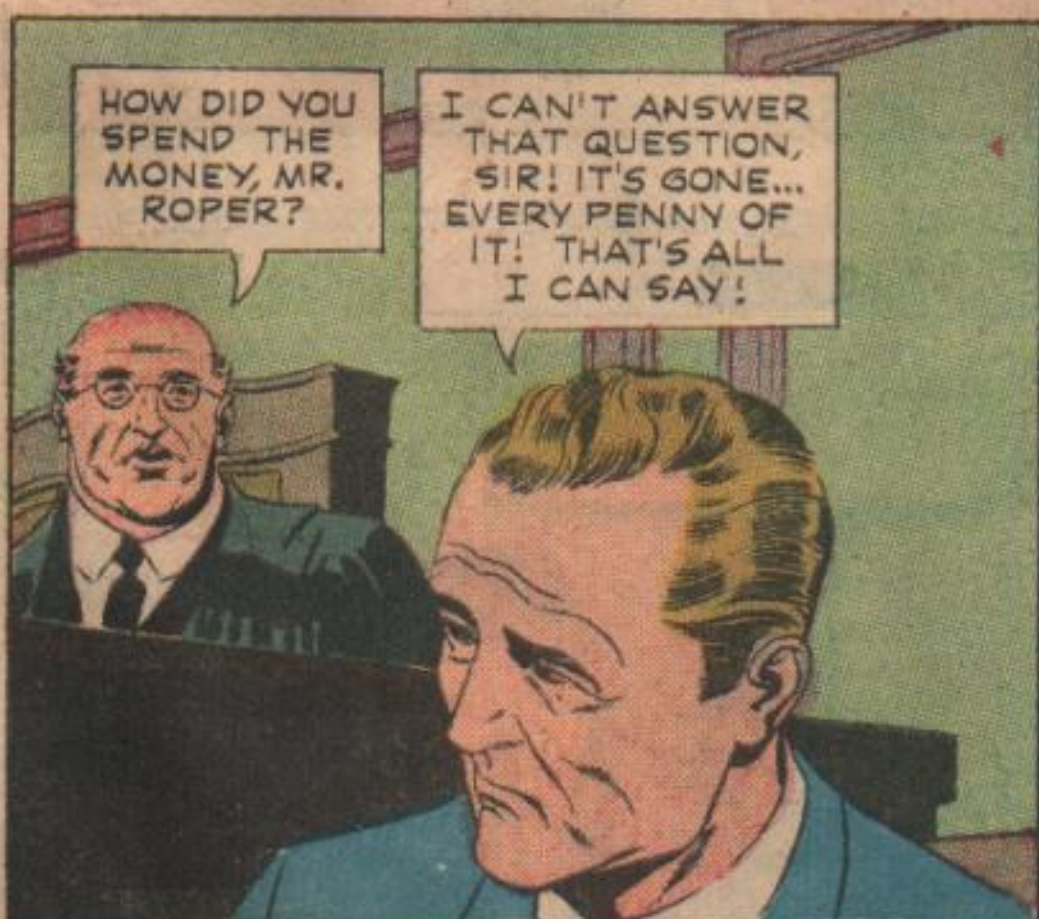
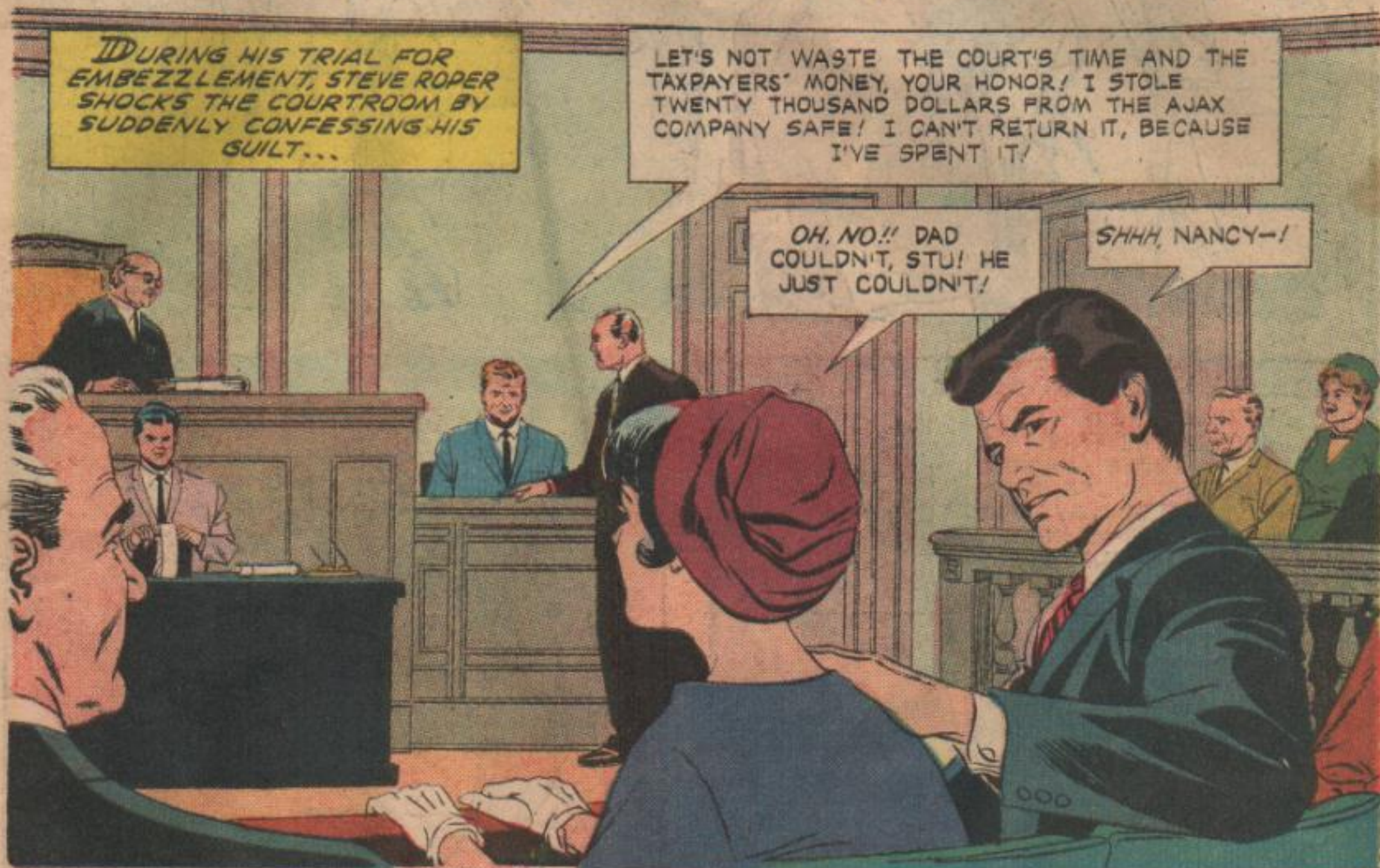
THE ALITA MINE CAPER



Searching for a missing man, Jeff Spencer encounters mysterious interference in the rugged terrain of a foreign land.

77 SUNSET STRIP

MASK of FEAR



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.

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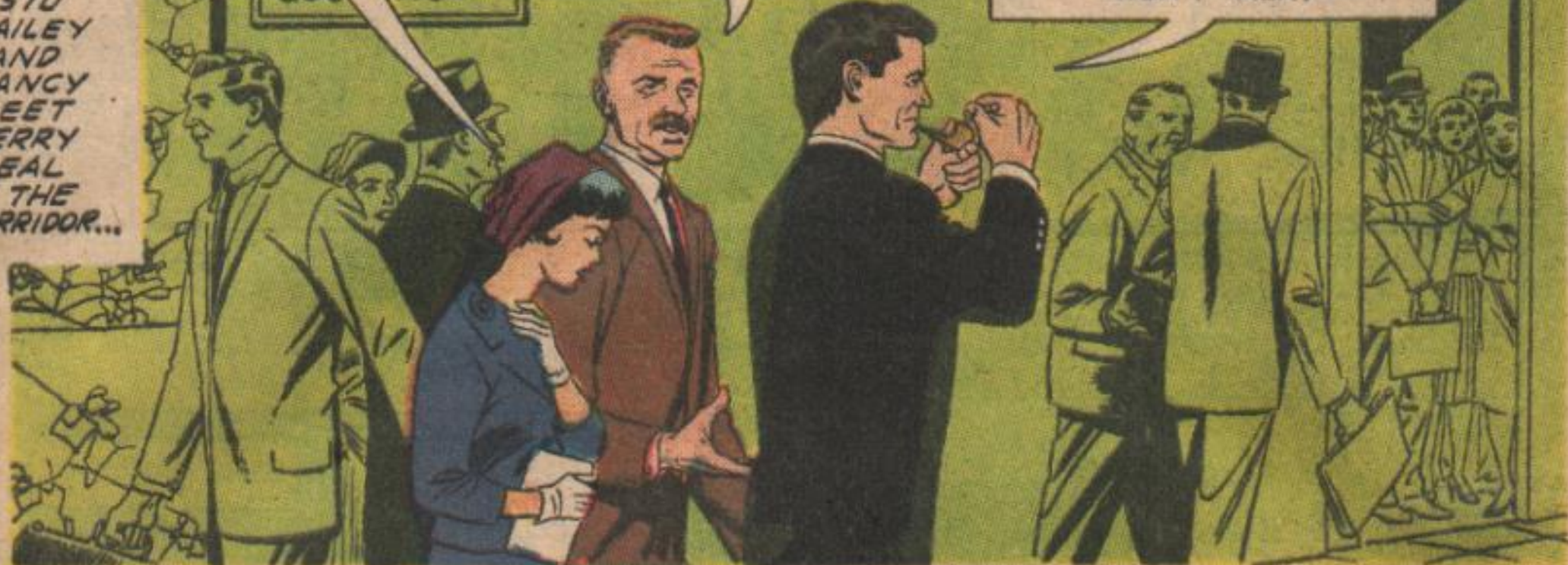
CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

LATER,
AFTER
COURT IS
ADJOURNED,
STU
BAILEY
AND
NANCY
MEET
JERRY
NEAL
IN THE
CORRIDOR...

I KNOW DAD
CONFERSED TO
PROTECT
SOMEONE ELSE!

I AGREE WITH NANCY, STU!
WHAT DO YOU THINK? YOU'VE
BEEN STEVE'S FRIEND
FOR YEARS!

I'M SURE STEVE'S NOT A
THIEF! HE'S WEARING A
MASK OF FEAR! HE'S
SO FRIGHTENED HE
WON'T TALK!



I OFFERED TO REPLACE THE
MONEY AND REFUSED TO
SIGN CHARGES AGAINST
STEVE! I ASKED THE
DISTRICT ATTORNEY TO DROP
THE CASE, BUT HE INSISTED
ON PROSECUTING!

IT IS A
FELONY,
JERRY!



YOU'RE A DETECTIVE,
STU! YOU CAN FIND
THE PERSON WHO'S
REALLY GUILTY!

GOOD IDEA!
MAYBE STEVE
WILL TELL YOU
THE TRUTH,
STU!



WILL YOU
TAKE THE CASE?

OF COURSE!
I DON'T WANT
STEVE TO GO
TO PRISON!

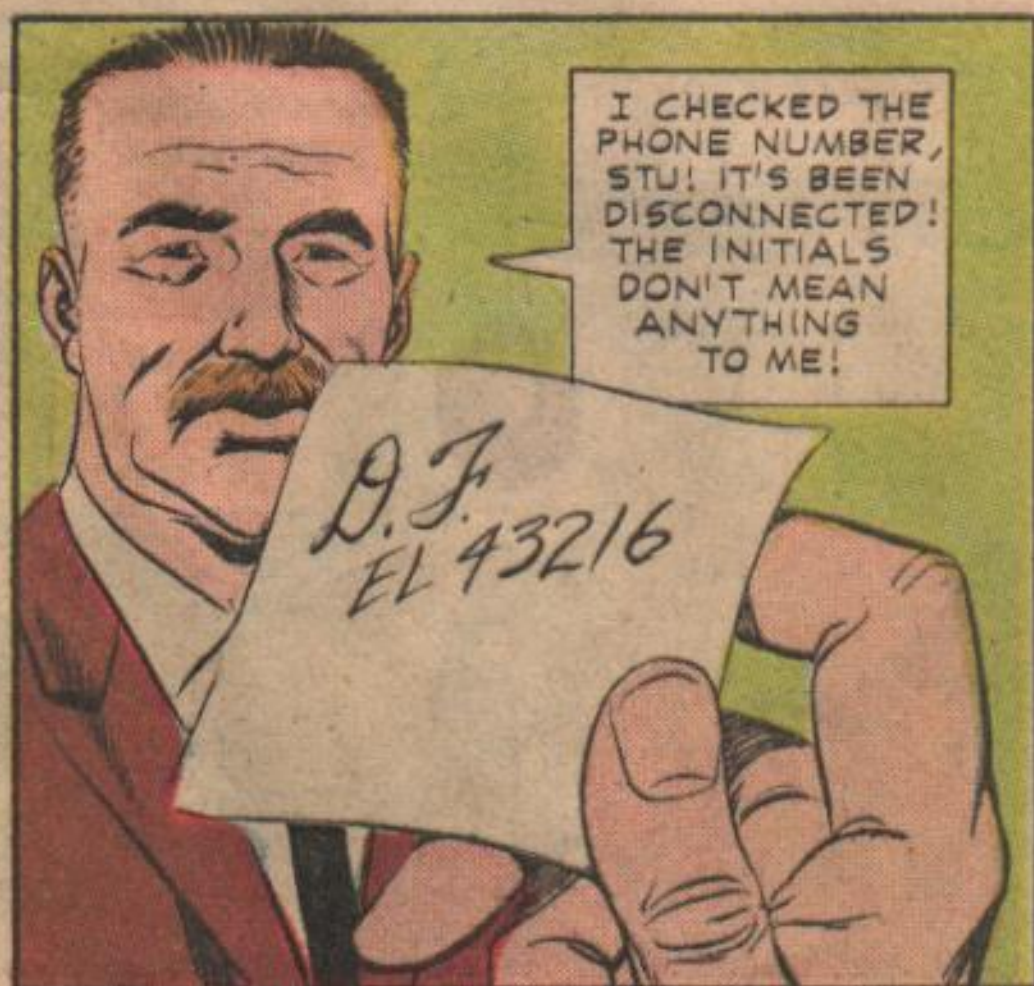
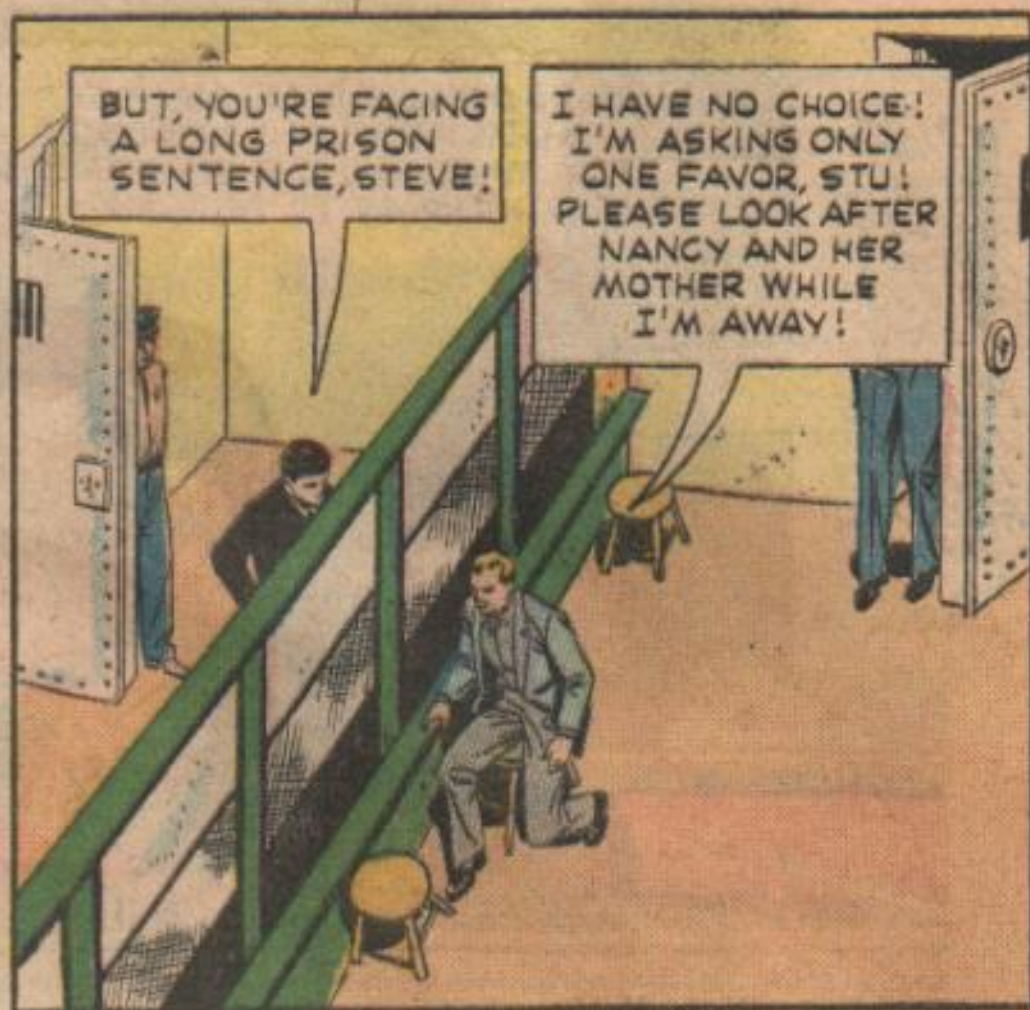


STU GOES IMMEDIATELY TO THE JAIL...

NANCY AND JERRY
ARE SURE YOU'RE
NOT GUILTY,
STEVE!

THEY'RE WRONG!
I'M SORRY FOR
THEIR SAKES,
BUT I HAD TO
DO IT!



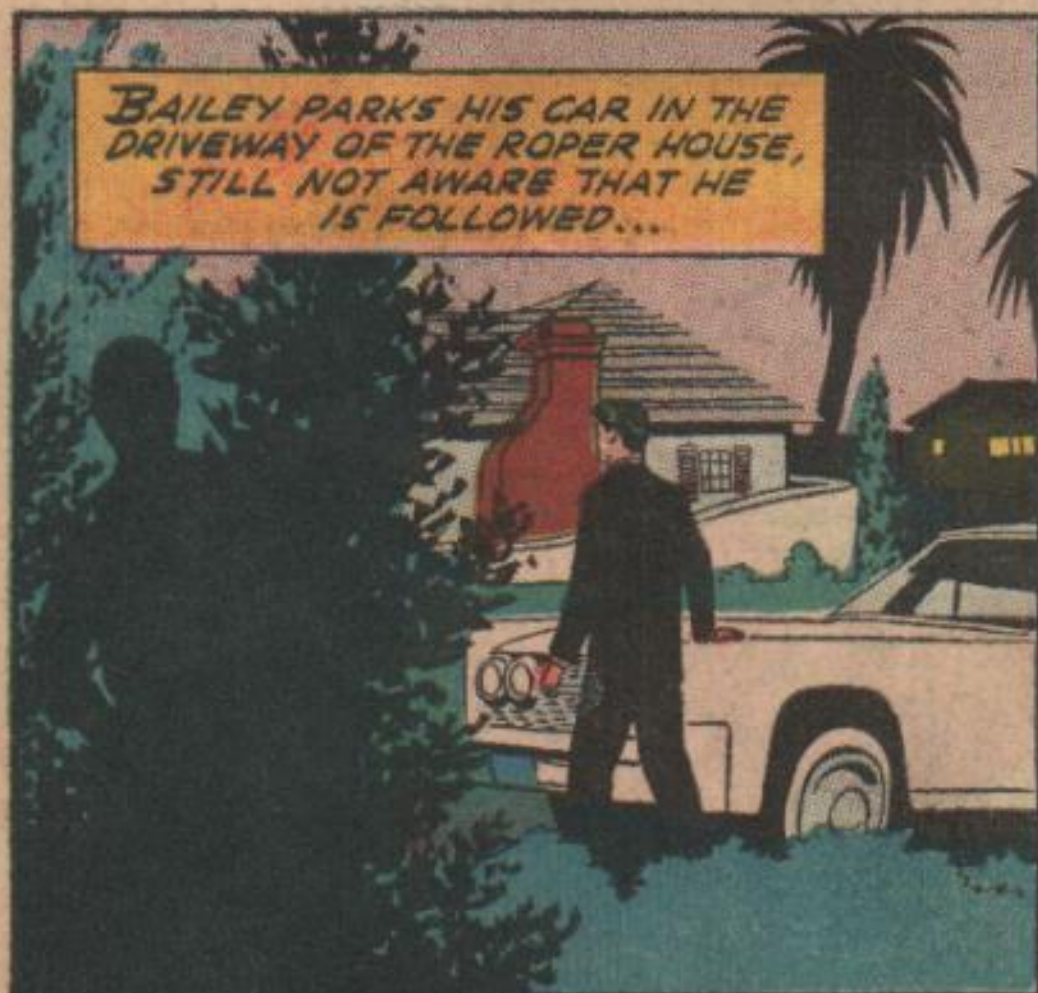


THAT EVENING, BAILEY DRIVES TO THE ROPER HOME, UNAWARE THAT HE IS BEING FOLLOWED BY A SMALL CAR...

STEVE'S DONE ALL RIGHT FOR HIMSELF! WHAT COULD MAKE HIM GIVE UP EVERYTHING AND GO TO PRISON?



BAILEY PARKS HIS CAR IN THE DRIVEWAY OF THE ROPER HOUSE, STILL NOT AWARE THAT HE IS FOLLOWED...



THEN...

SNAP!

WHO'S THERE?



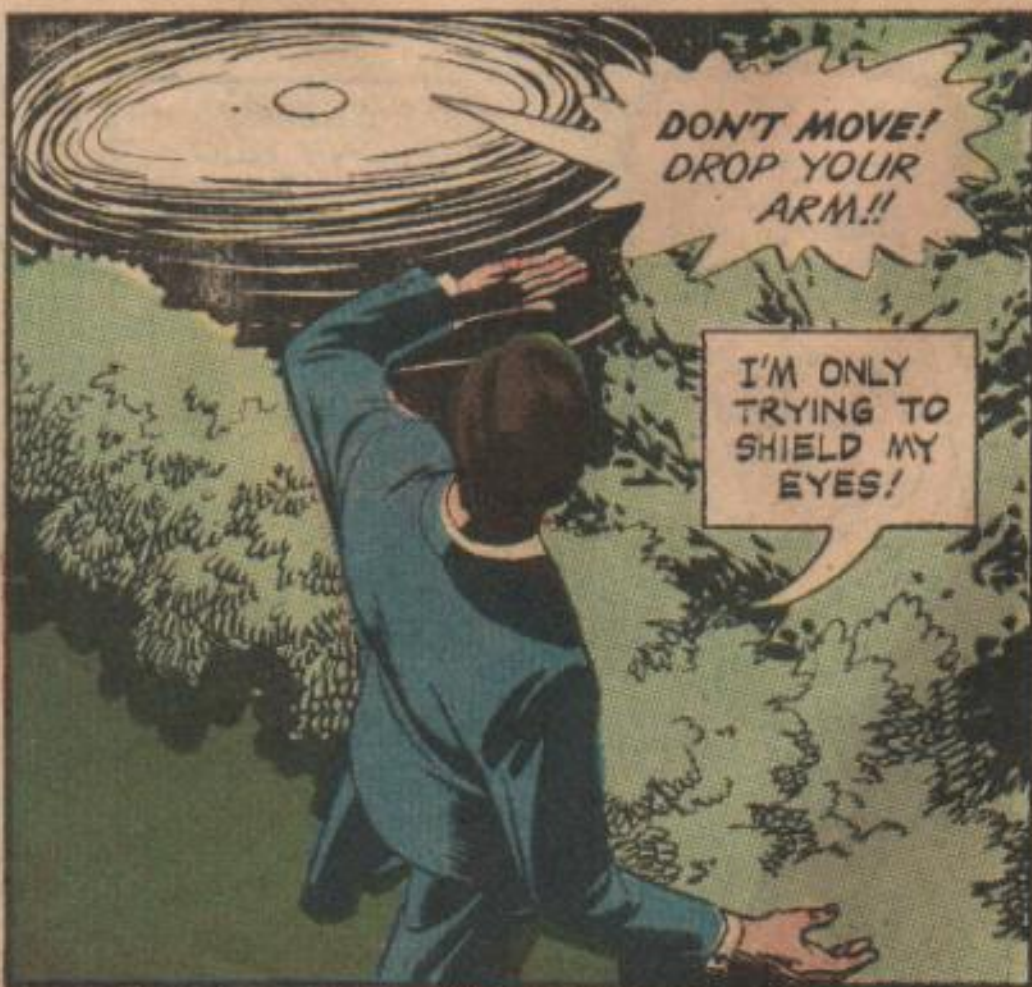
WHO...?

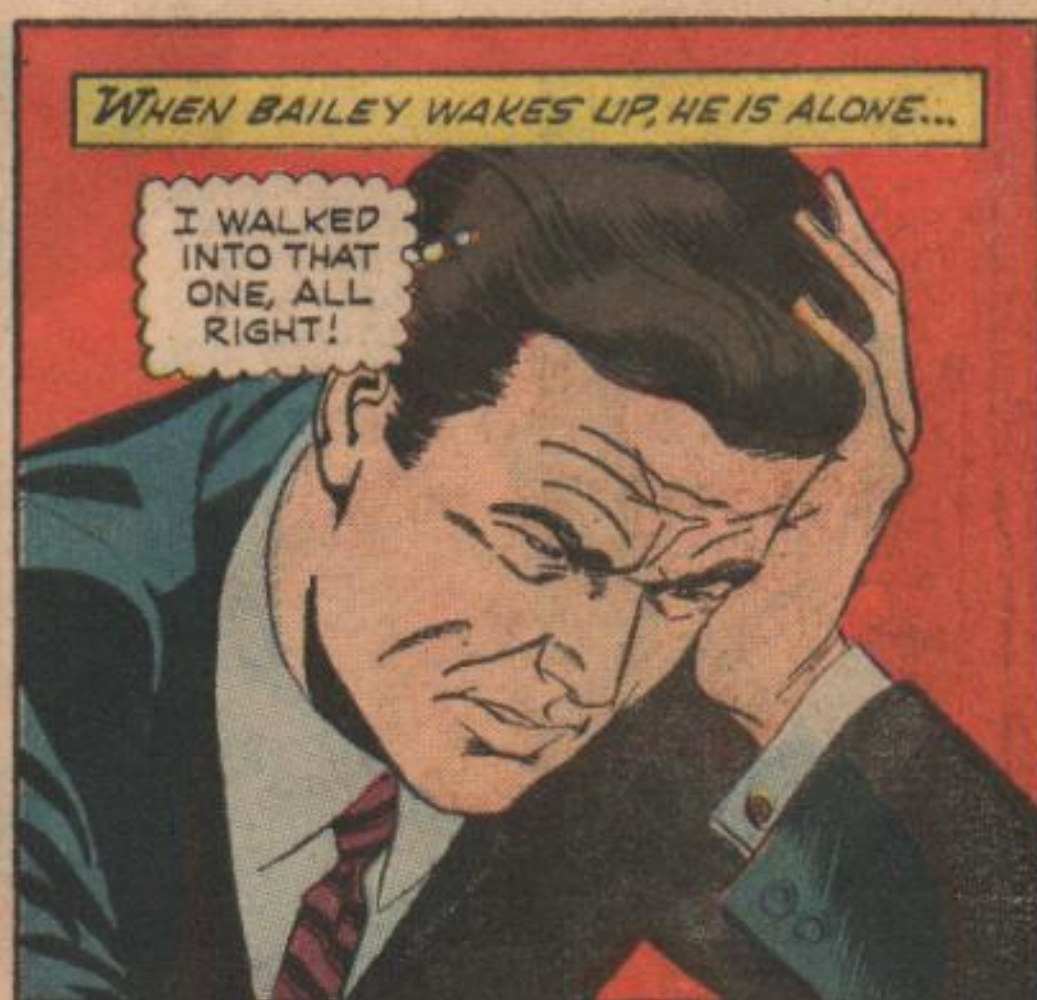
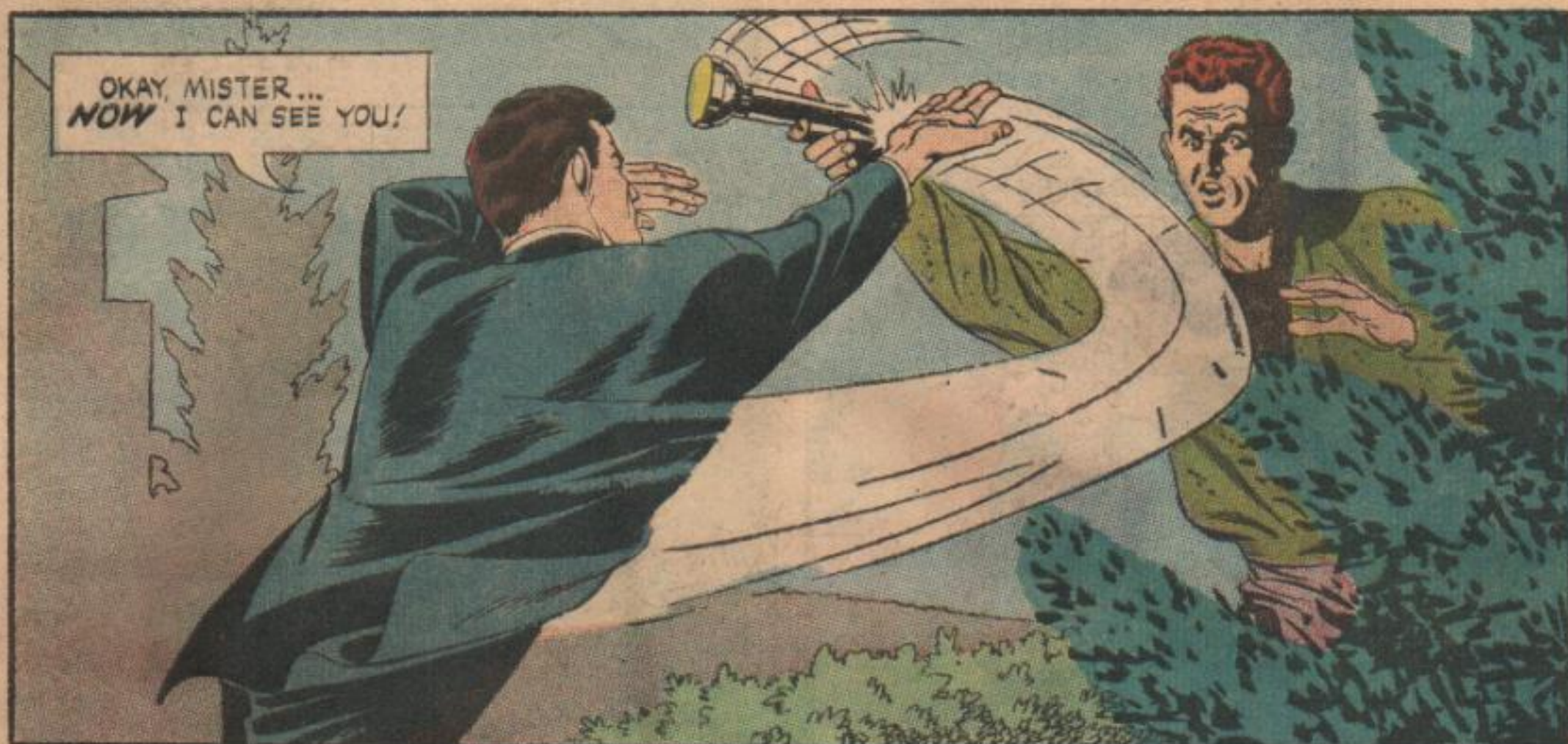
YOU DON'T KNOW ME... BUT I'M WARNING YOU, BAILEY! STOP PRYING INTO STEVE ROPER'S BUSINESS! STAY AWAY FROM HIM AND HIS FAMILY!



DON'T MOVE! DROP YOUR ARM!!

I'M ONLY TRYING TO SHIELD MY EYES!







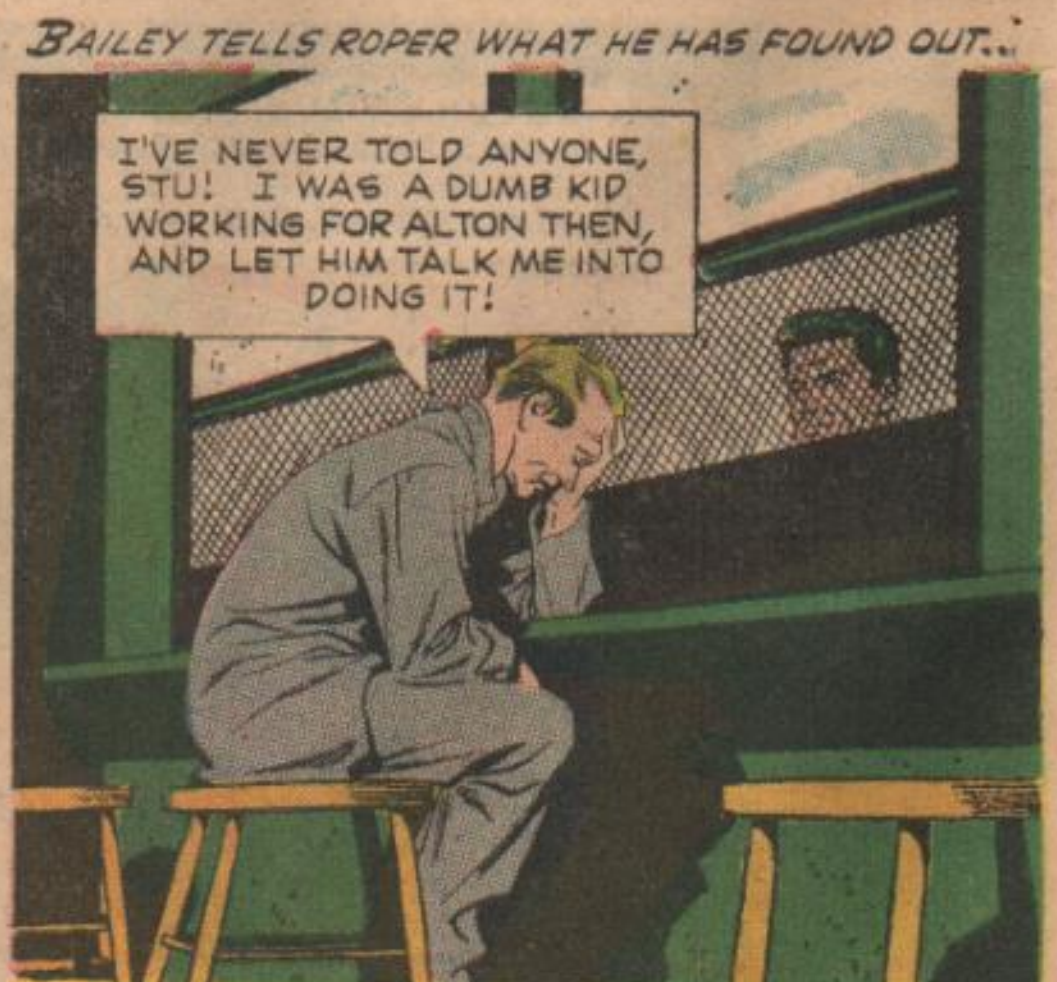
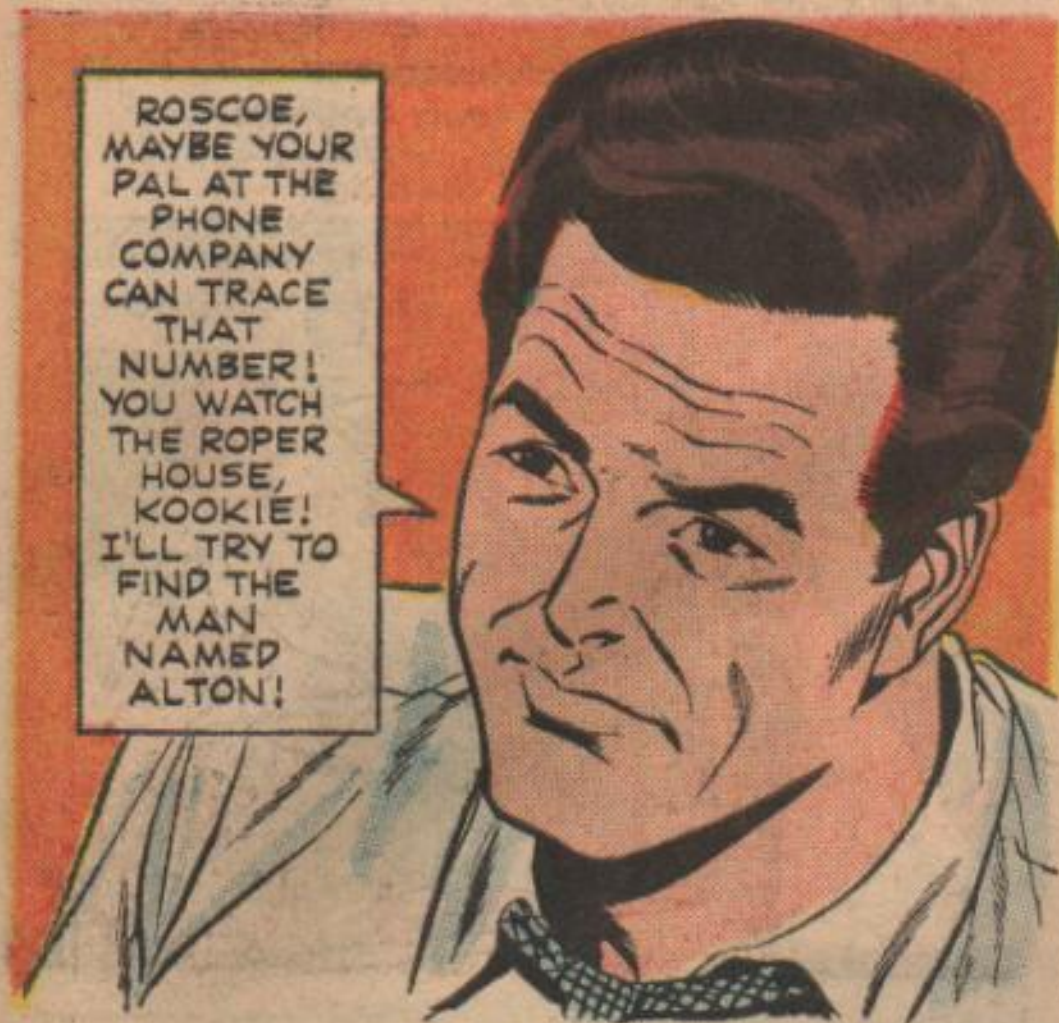
BAILEY SHOWS THEM THE PAPER NEAL FOUND IN STEVE'S DESK...

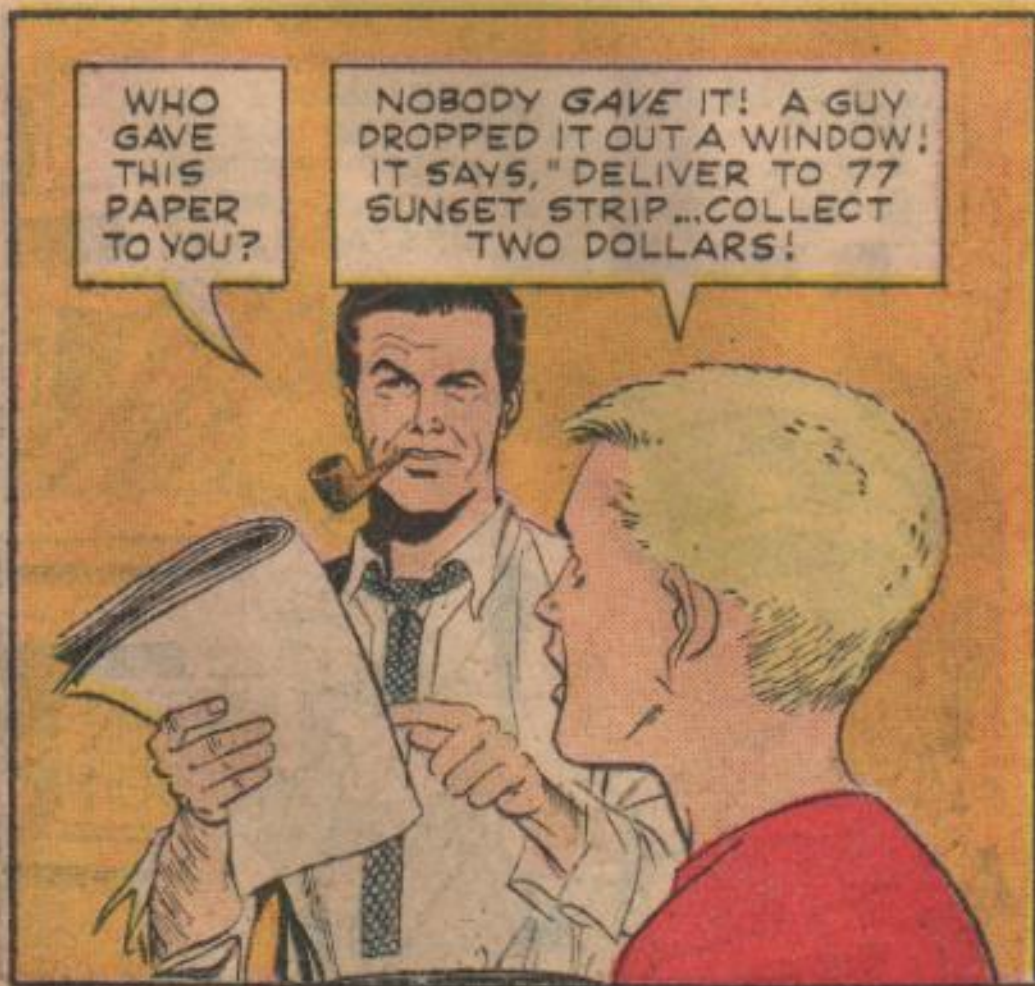
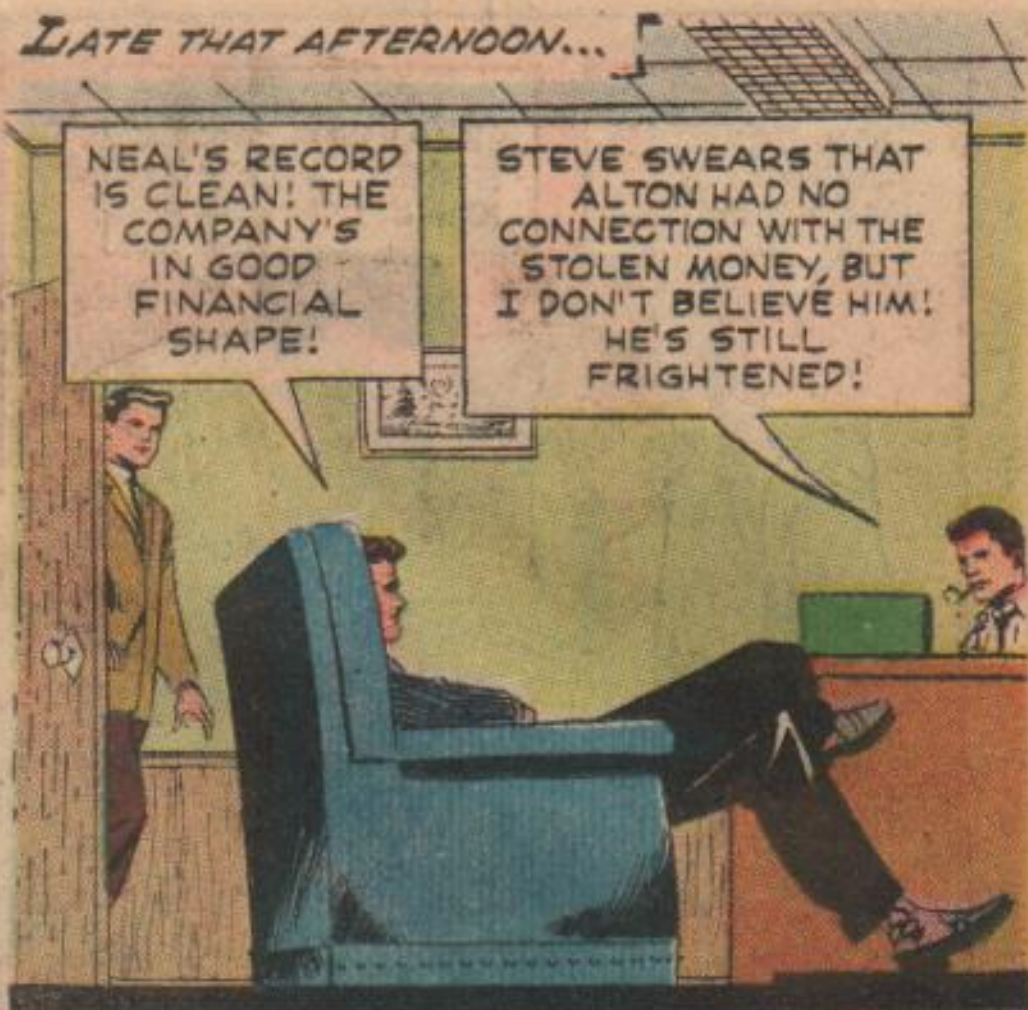




NEXT DAY, BAILEY, RECOVERED FROM THE NIGHT'S ACTIVITIES, MEETS WITH HIS PARTNERS, JEFF SPENCER, KOOKIE, AND ROSCOE, TO START WORK ON THE CASE OF STEVE ROPER...

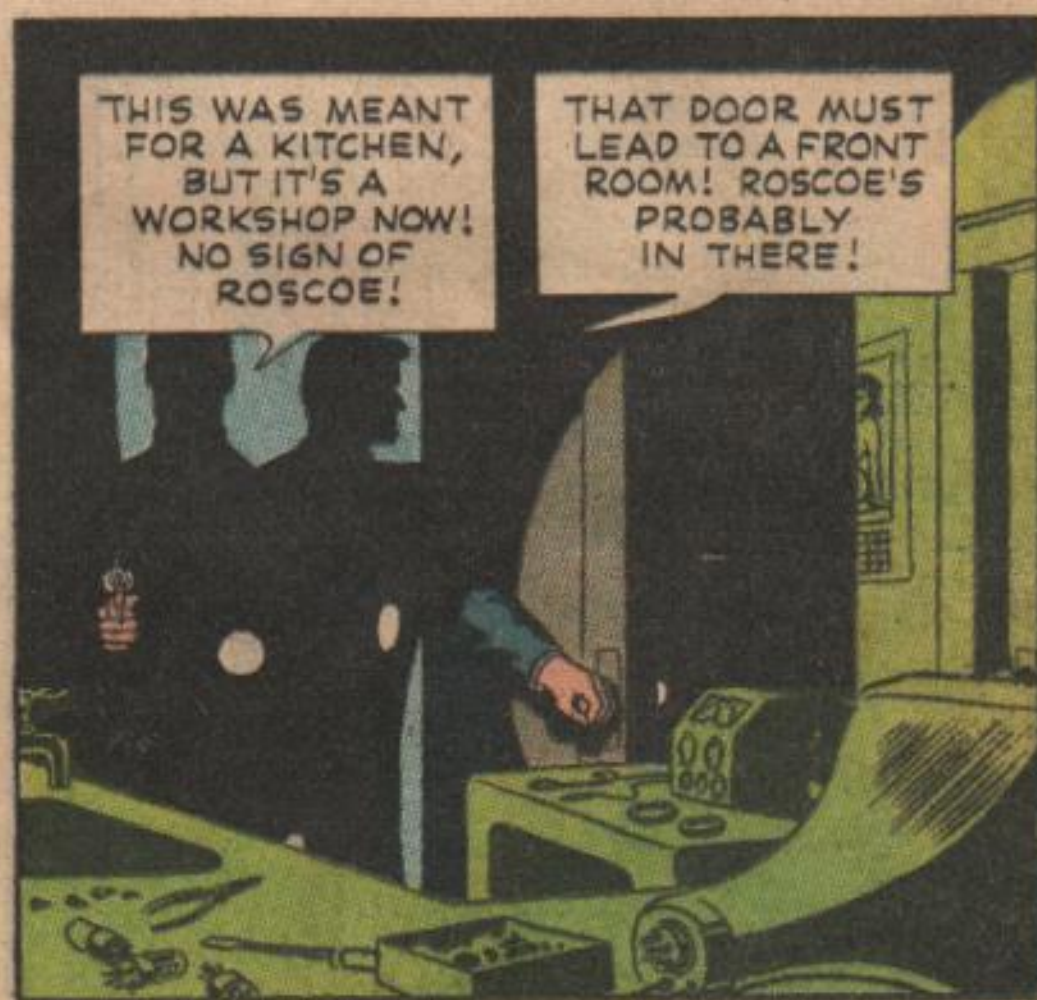






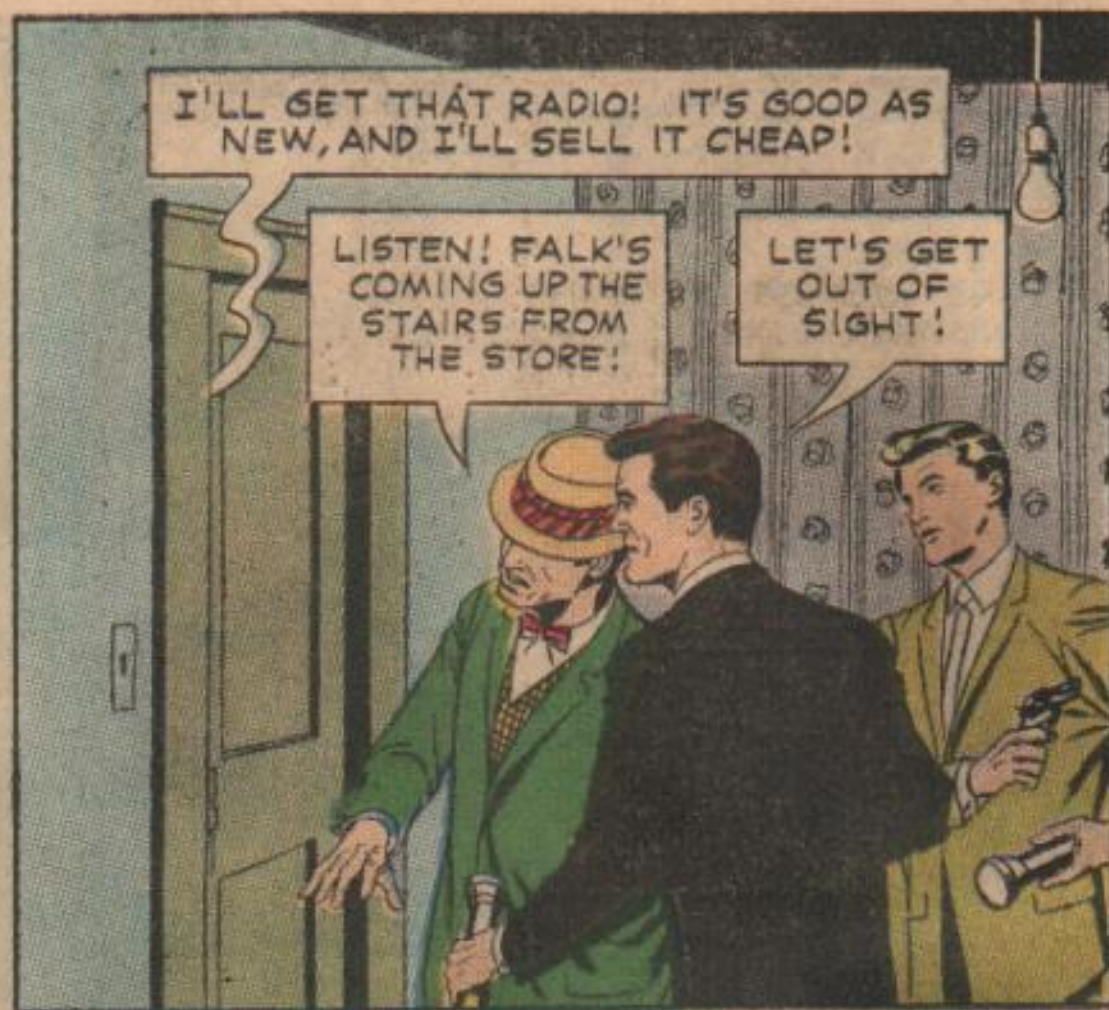


MEANWHILE, AT THE REAR OF THE BUILDING...





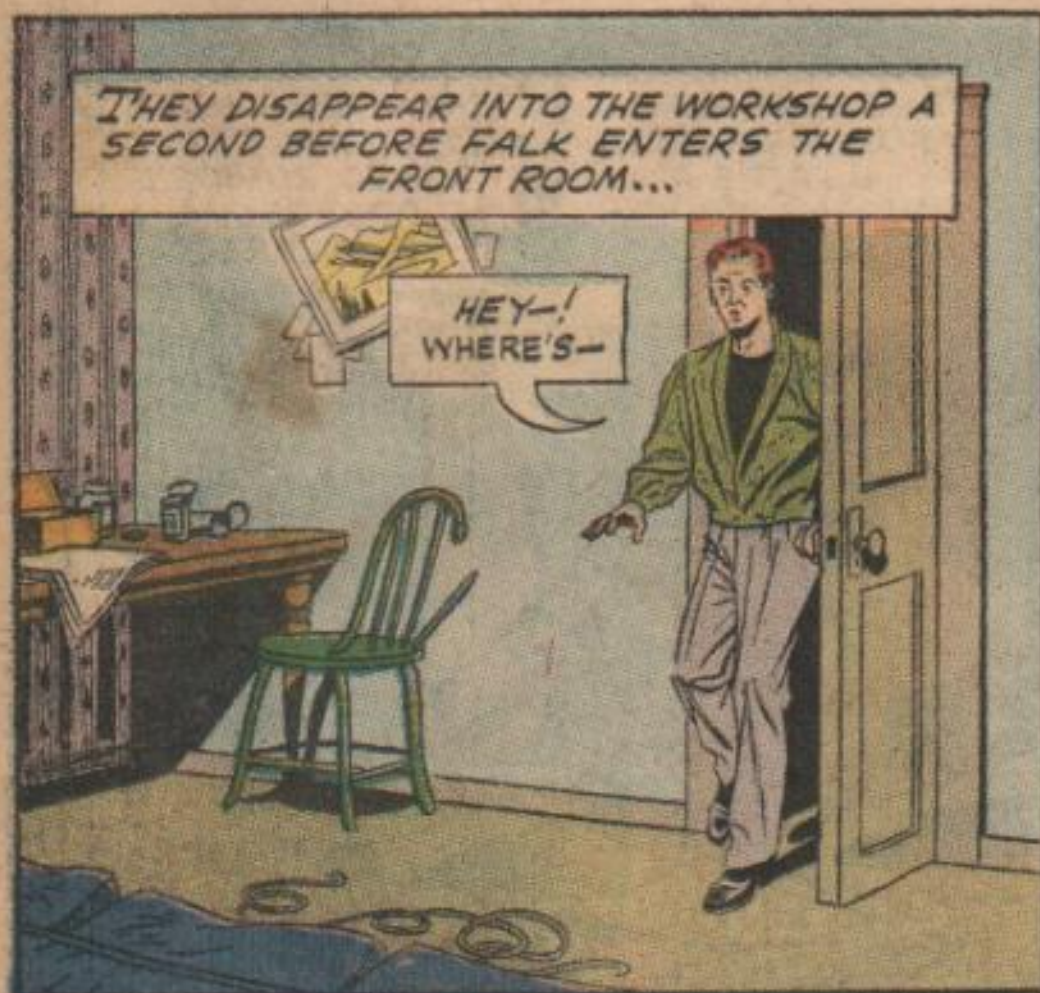
I MARKED
THE PAPER
AND
DROPPED
IT OUT THE
WINDOW
WHILE
FALK WAS
CLEANING
OUT MY
POCKETS!
HE KNOWS
WHO I AM...
AND HE'S
MIXED UP IN
THIS
SOMEHOW!



I'LL GET THAT RADIO! IT'S GOOD AS
NEW, AND I'LL SELL IT CHEAP!

LISTEN! FALK'S
COMING UP THE
STAIRS FROM
THE STORE!

LET'S GET
OUT OF
SIGHT!



THEY DISAPPEAR INTO THE WORKSHOP A
SECOND BEFORE FALK ENTERS THE
FRONT ROOM...

HEY--!
WHERE'S--



DON'T MOVE, MISTER--!
WHA--?! YOU'RE THE THUG
WHO ATTACKED ME!



YOU CAN'T GET OUT,
FALK! YOU'RE
TRAPPED!

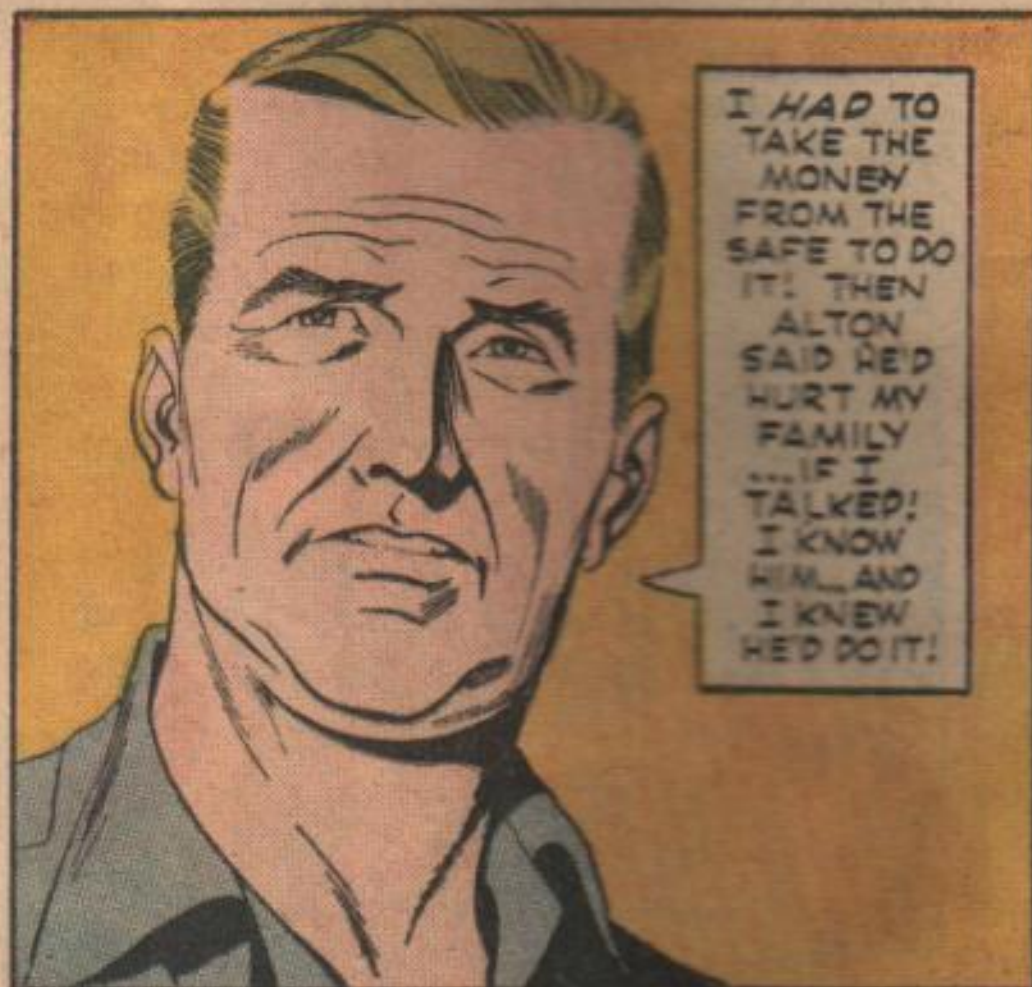
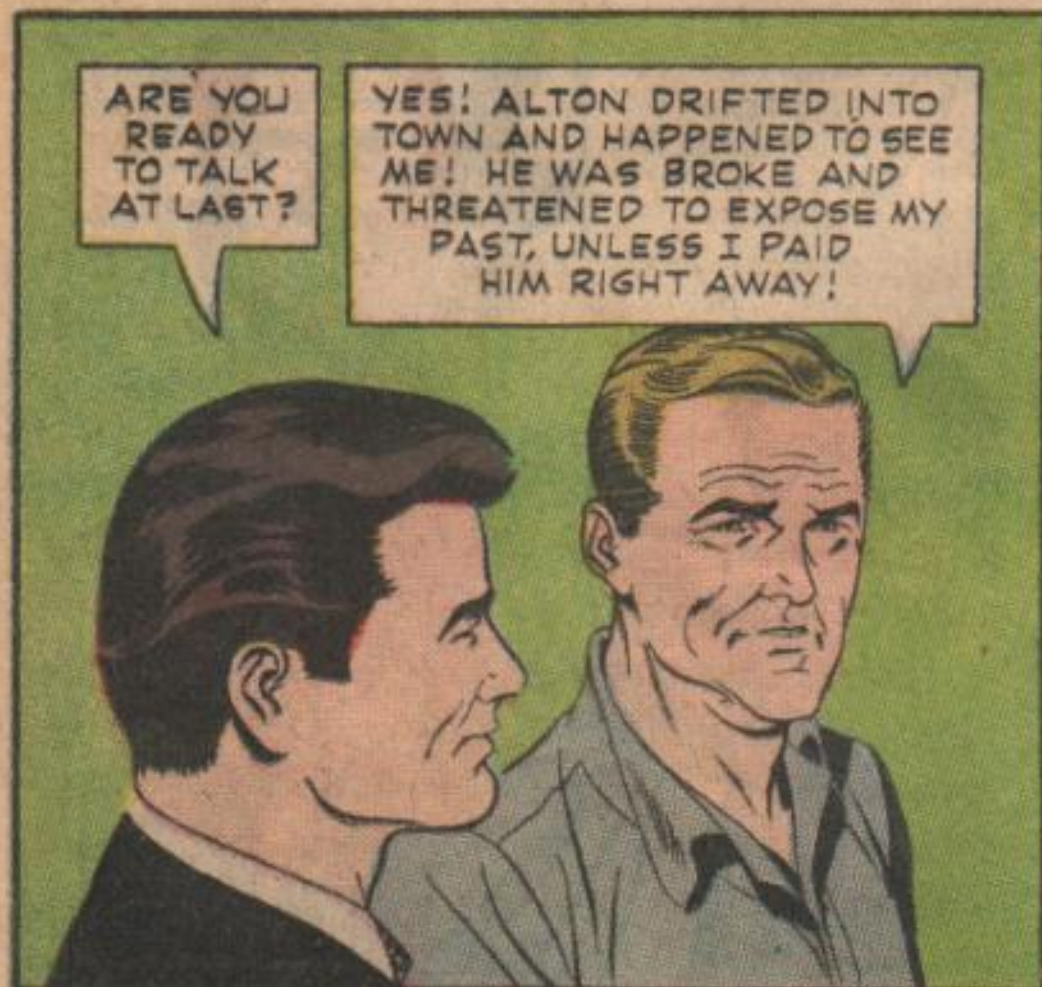
WHAT'S YOUR
CONNECTION WITH
ROPER? YOU'D
BETTER TALK
FAST!

I'LL--I'LL
TALK!
ROPER
WAS A
CUSTOMER!
I FIXED
HIS TV
ONE TIME!
THAT'S
ALL I
KNOW
ABOUT
HIM!





LATER, IN LIEUTENANT GILMORE'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...





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Said to be the oldest street in Los Angeles, Olvera Street is only a block-long, narrow alley, but it is filled with bustling activity, countless objects, and tantalizing food. Over it all hangs a constant air of carnival excitement . . . for here is a taste of old Mexico.

Located in the downtown area, a short distance from the Los Angeles Union Railroad Terminal, Olvera Street was named for Augustin Olvera, a valiant foe of Fremont, who led America's conquest of California. It is a relic of the old pueblo, which was founded in 1781.

At 14 Olvera Street stands the oldest house in Los Angeles, the Avila Adobe. It was built some time between 1818 and 1824 by Francisco Avila, a one-time mayor of the pueblo. Only one wing, of seven rooms, remains of the eighteen-room house that was the grandest home in town in its day. The walls are two-and-a-half feet thick, and remnants of the beams of cottonwood, which were taken from the banks of the Los Angeles River, can be seen.

Near the entrance to Olvera Street is a strip of red brick that marks the course of the main — or mother — water ditch, which was constructed in 1782. It brought water, raised by a water wheel, from the Los Angeles River to the pueblo and was used as a reservoir during the dry seasons. For almost a hundred years, the ditch and the many smaller ditches which branched out from it, served the community.

At the end of Olvera Street stands the El Camino water trough. It was hand-carved from a yellow sandstone boulder by the Indians at the San Fernando Mission in 1820. It stood before the mission for over a

hundred years, offering water for livestock and travelers' horses in the early times. In 1930 it was presented to Olvera Street by the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power.

For many years after the American conquest of California, Olvera Street was forgotten and neglected. It was only a muddy alley, strewn with refuse. Then, in 1929, a decision was made to reclaim and preserve this historic landmark. Old homes were restored, paving was laid, and shrubbery planted. It was renamed El Paseo de Los Angeles, meaning Walk of the Angels, but its original name persists.

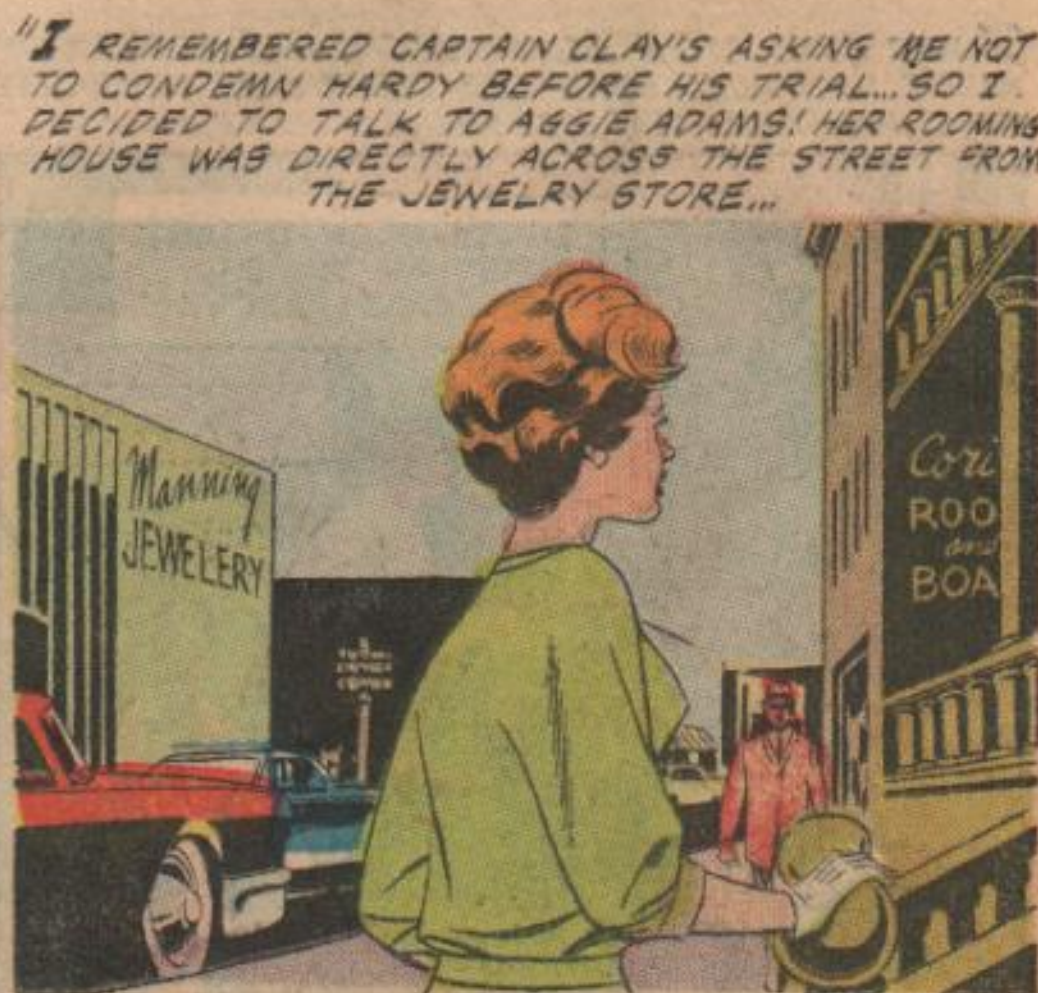
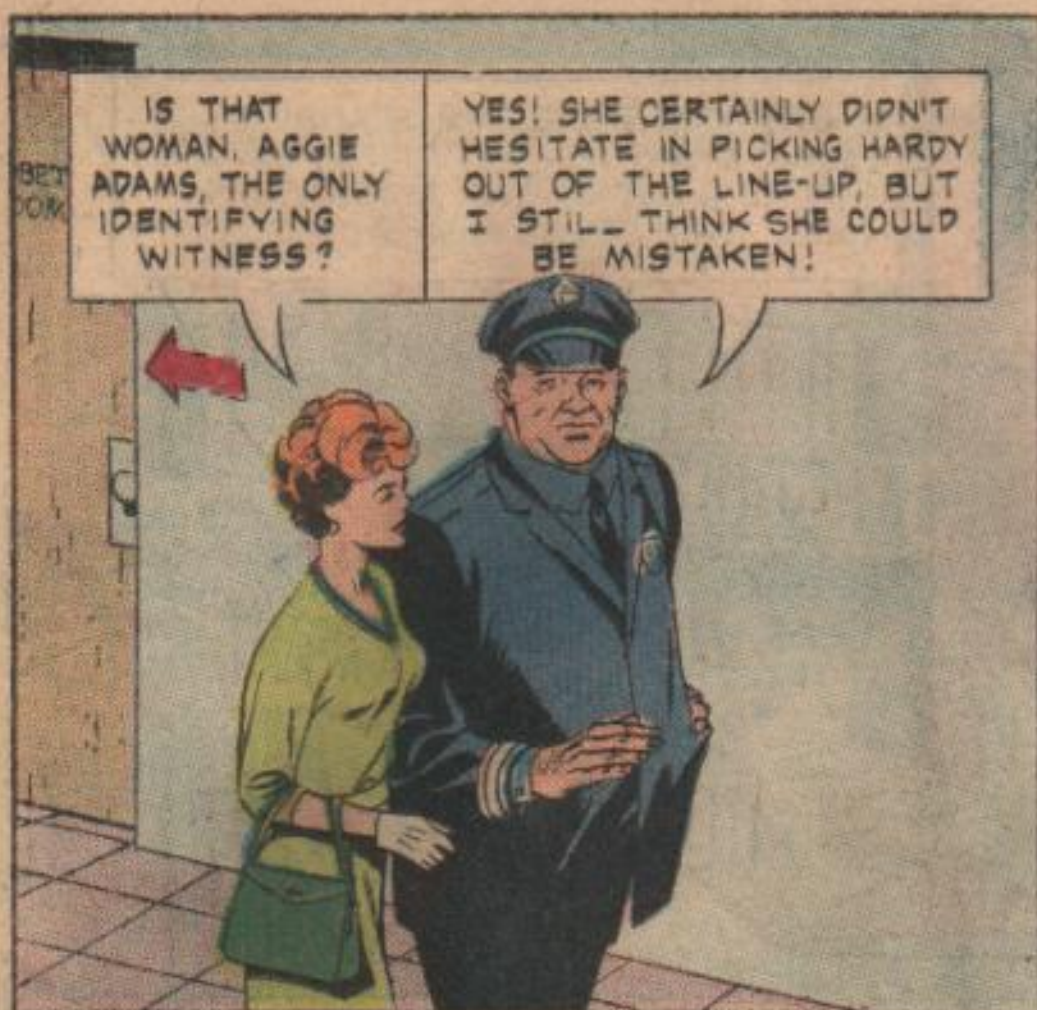
Today, Olvera Street is a gay, enchanting place. Colorful lights, gourds, and glittering ornaments are strung from end to end. Over seventy stores and booths, which are owned and operated by Mexicans, display a wealth of Mexican trinkets, pottery, and clothes. The smell of candy, enchiladas, tortillas, and other Mexican dishes fills the air. The restaurants and outdoor cafés feature Mexican music.

Many native craftsmen not only display their wares in Olvera Street, they produce them there, as well. The glassblower skillfully blows and twists his hot glass into delightful delicate objects. The candlemakers dip their scented candles into huge vats, as onlookers watch, almost overcome with the strong sweet scents.

The visitor to Olvera Street can have his handwriting analyzed, his portrait painted, or a sketch or silhouette made of himself. He can sip wine, feast on delectable food, and be entertained by Mexican players in this small but colorful historic spot.

KATE KING, REPORTER THE LINE-UP





"AGGIE'S BEDROOM WAS ON THE SECOND FLOOR FRONT! SHE WAS EAGER AND WILLING TO TALK..."



HERE'S WHERE I WAS STANDING WHEN I SAW HIM, MISS KING! HE WAS WALKING OUT OF THE STORE...JUST LIKE THAT POLICEMAN IS DOING NOW!

THAT'S A MESSENGER BOY, MISS ADAMS...NOT A POLICEMAN!



OF COURSE! NOW I CAN SEE HE'S ONLY A BOY! IT WAS HIS UNIFORM THAT FOOLED ME! POLICEMEN HAVE BEEN COMING AND GOING OVER THERE SINCE THE ROBBERY!



MAYBE YOU MADE THE SAME MISTAKE THAT NIGHT!

OH, NO! I'M SURE THE THIEF WAS WEARING A POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM! IT WAS SERGEANT HARDY!

"I WAS SURE AGGIE BELIEVED SHE HAD SEEN HARDY, AND I WAS ALSO SURE SHE COULD BE MISTAKEN! SO I WENT TO THE SERGEANT'S HOME..."



I HAVE AN IMPORTANT QUESTION TO ASK, SERGEANT HARDY!



DID YOU EVER ARREST OR HELP CONVICT A MAN WHO WORE A UNIFORM SIMILAR TO A POLICE UNIFORM?

I CAN REMEMBER ONLY ONE! I ARRESTED A MERCHANT SEAMAN NAMED SAM PEAKE, FOR ARMED ROBBERY!

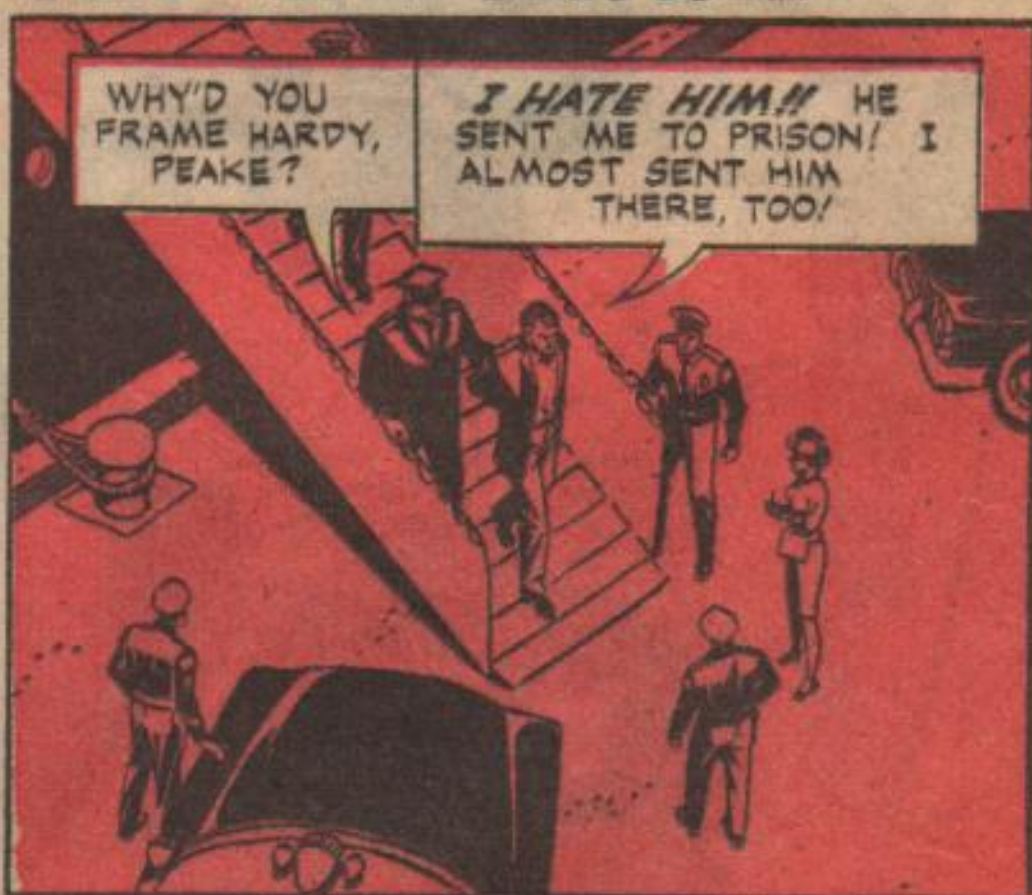
"NEXT, I HURRIED TO CAPTAIN CLAY'S OFFICE, AND HE LOOKED UP SAM PEAKE'S RECORD..."



"WE FOUND SAM PEAKE ON BOARD THE FREIGHTER..."



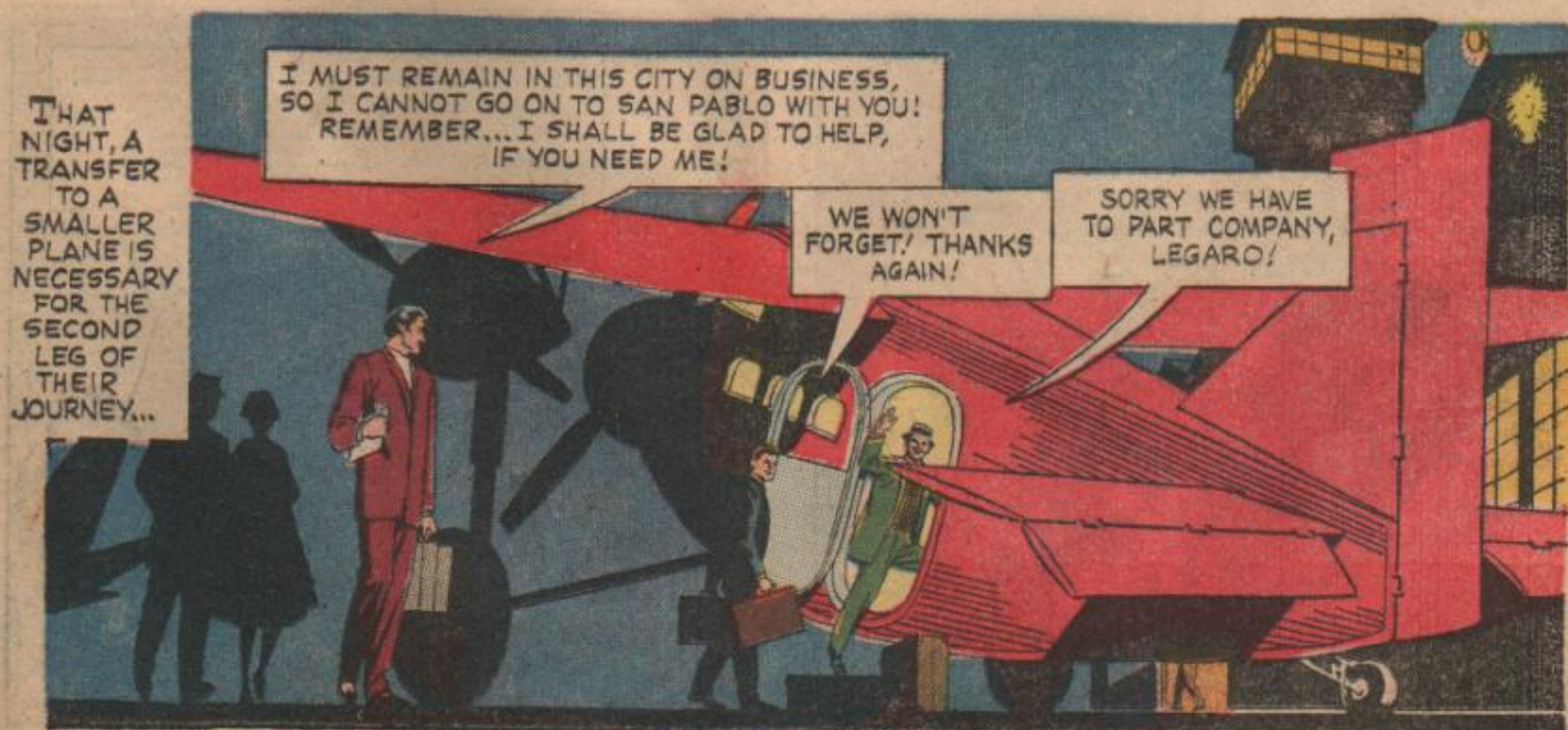
"MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THEY FOUND THE STOLEN JEWELRY HIDDEN IN PEAKE'S BUNK..."

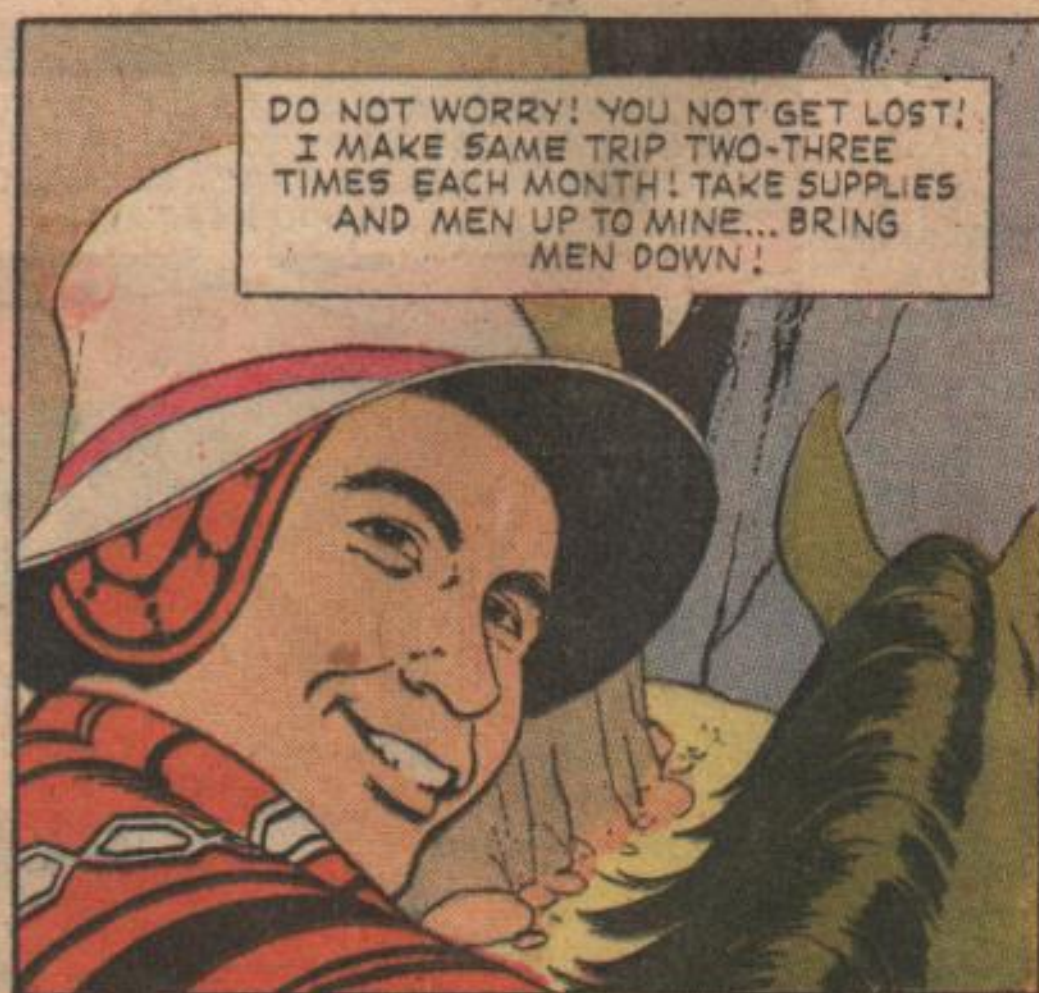
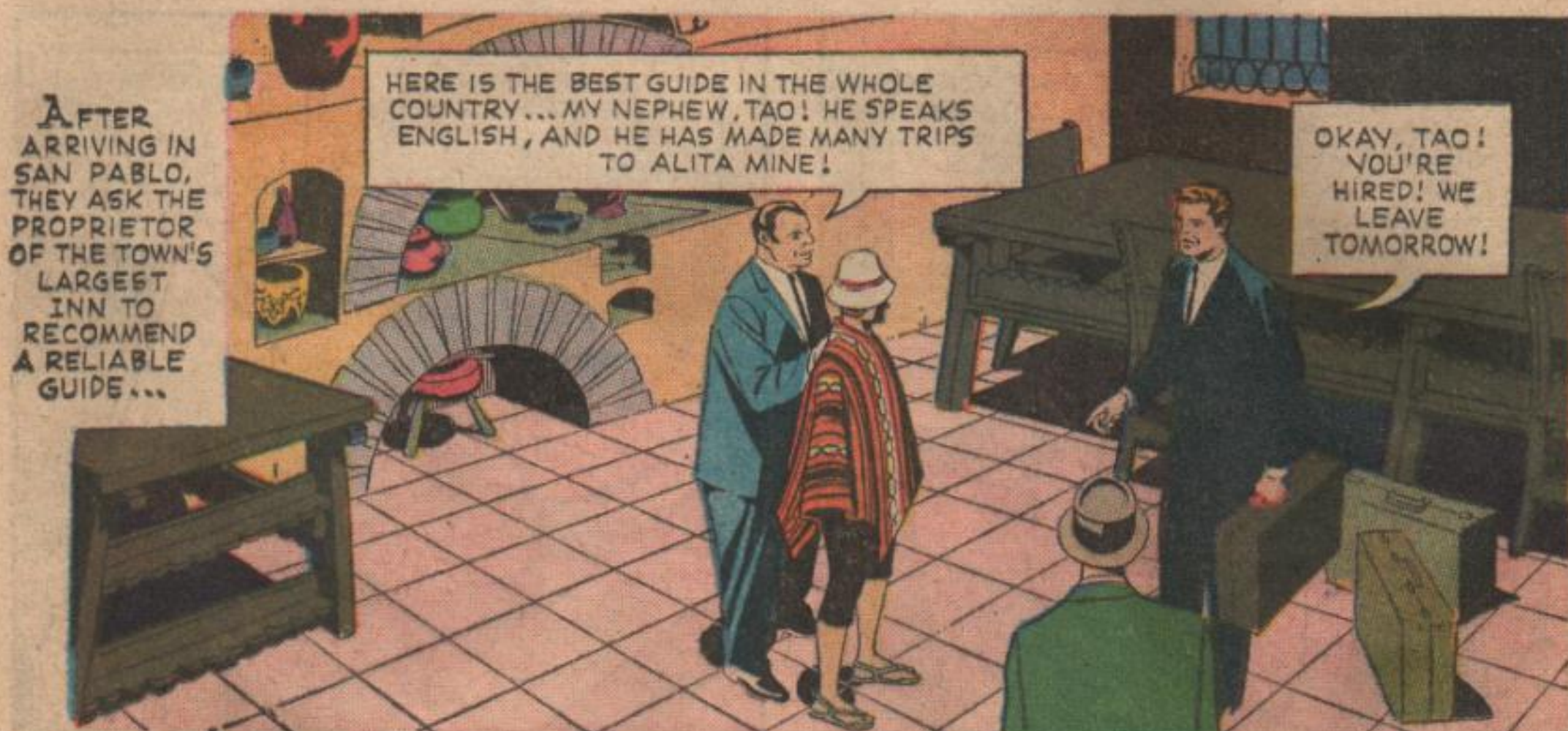


77 SUNSET STRIP

THE ALTA MINE CAPER











FINALLY, THE CHASE IS ABANDONED...

THEY GOT AWAY! WE CAN NEVER FIND THEM IN THE JUNGLE AT NIGHT!

I THINK WE BETTER NOT SLEEP... BETTER WE MOVE ON!



TAO! I WANT THE TRUTH! DID YOU LEAD US INTO THIS AMBUSH?

OH, NO, MR. JEFF! I SWEAR ON HONOR OF MY FAMILY! I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ATTACK!



LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON, THEY ARRIVE AT THE ALITA MINE...

STOP RIGHT THERE! WHO ARE YOU? AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

HALLO, MR. MIKE DAVIS! IT'S ME... TAO! I GUIDE THE TWO NORTEAMERICANOS UP THE MOUNTAIN! THEY WANT TO TALK TO MR. PLATT!

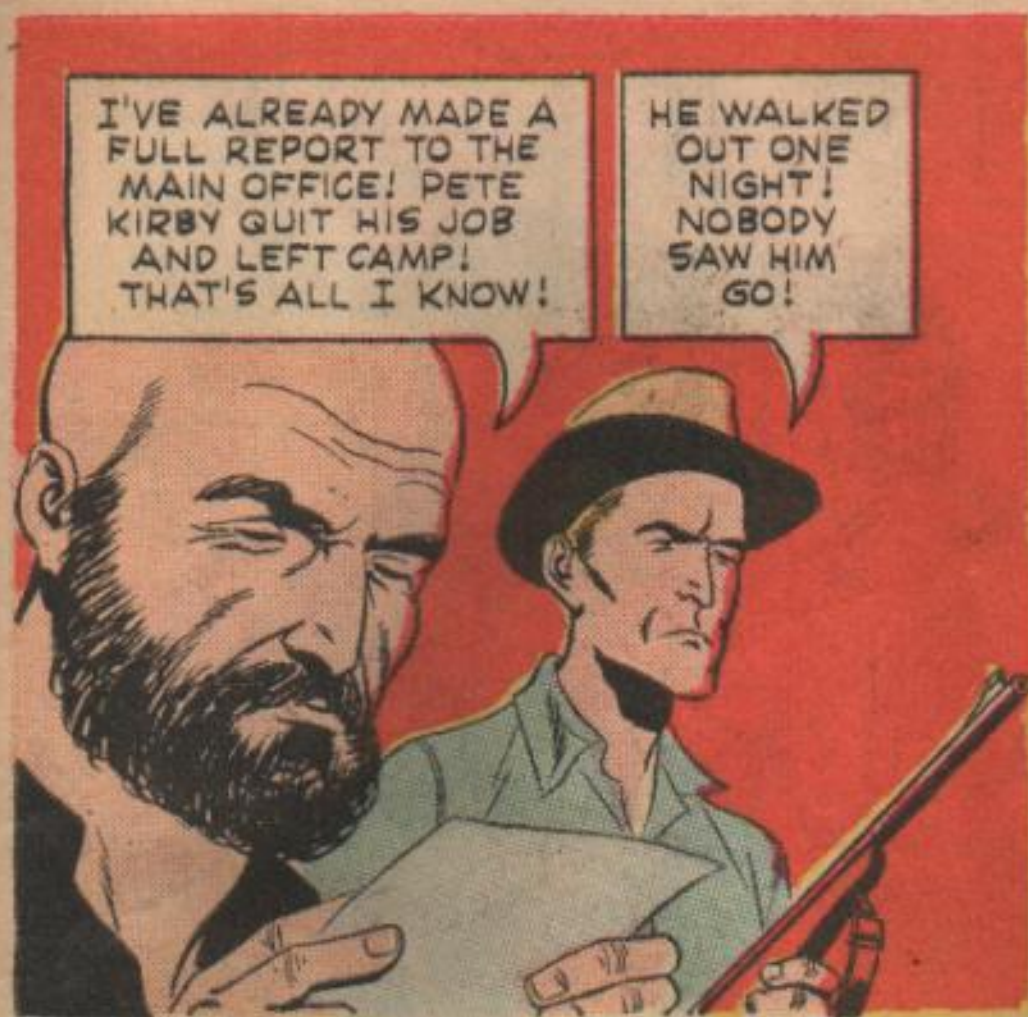


I'M PLATT! WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME'S JEFF SPENCER! MY PARTNER AND I ARE PRIVATE DETECTIVES! HERE ARE OUR CREDENTIALS!



WE'VE BEEN SENT TO FIND PETER KIRBY! THIS LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE ALITA MINING COMPANY AUTHORIZES YOU TO CO-OPERATE WITH US!



THAT NIGHT THEY EAT WITH THE OTHER THREE AMERICANS IN CAMP... PLATT, MIKE, AND AN ENGINEER NAMED HENRY BEEDE...

WE'VE TALKED TO SEVERAL MEN, PLATT! BUT, SO FAR, WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANYONE WHO WAS HERE WHEN KIRBY WAS!

MOST MEN ARE TOO SOFT AND LAZY TO LAST LONG UP HERE!



DID YOU KNOW PETE KIRBY, BEEDE?

I NEVER MET HIM, BUT I FEEL AS IF I KNOW HIM! I INHERITED HIS JOB, HIS HUT, AND THE BELONGINGS HE LEFT!



LATER, AS SPENCER AND ROSCOE RETURN TO THEIR HUT...

I THINK BEEDE KNOWS MORE ABOUT KIRBY THAN HE TOLD US! WE'LL TALK TO HIM ALONE LATER TONIGHT!



BLAM!

JEFF! THAT SOUNDED LIKE A RIFLE SHOT!

IT WAS A SHOT! LET'S SEE WHAT'S GOING ON!



WHAT HAPPENED, MIKE? WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

I DID! I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS BEEDE! HE'S DEAD!





GO BACK TO YOUR HUTS! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! THE NORTEAMERICANO ENGINEER WAS SHOT BY MISTAKE!

I SAW SOMEBODY RUNNING ACROSS THE CAMP! I THOUGHT HE WAS ANOTHER THIEVIN' PROWLER! I YELLED AT HIM! BUT HE DIDN'T STOP! SO I FIRED!



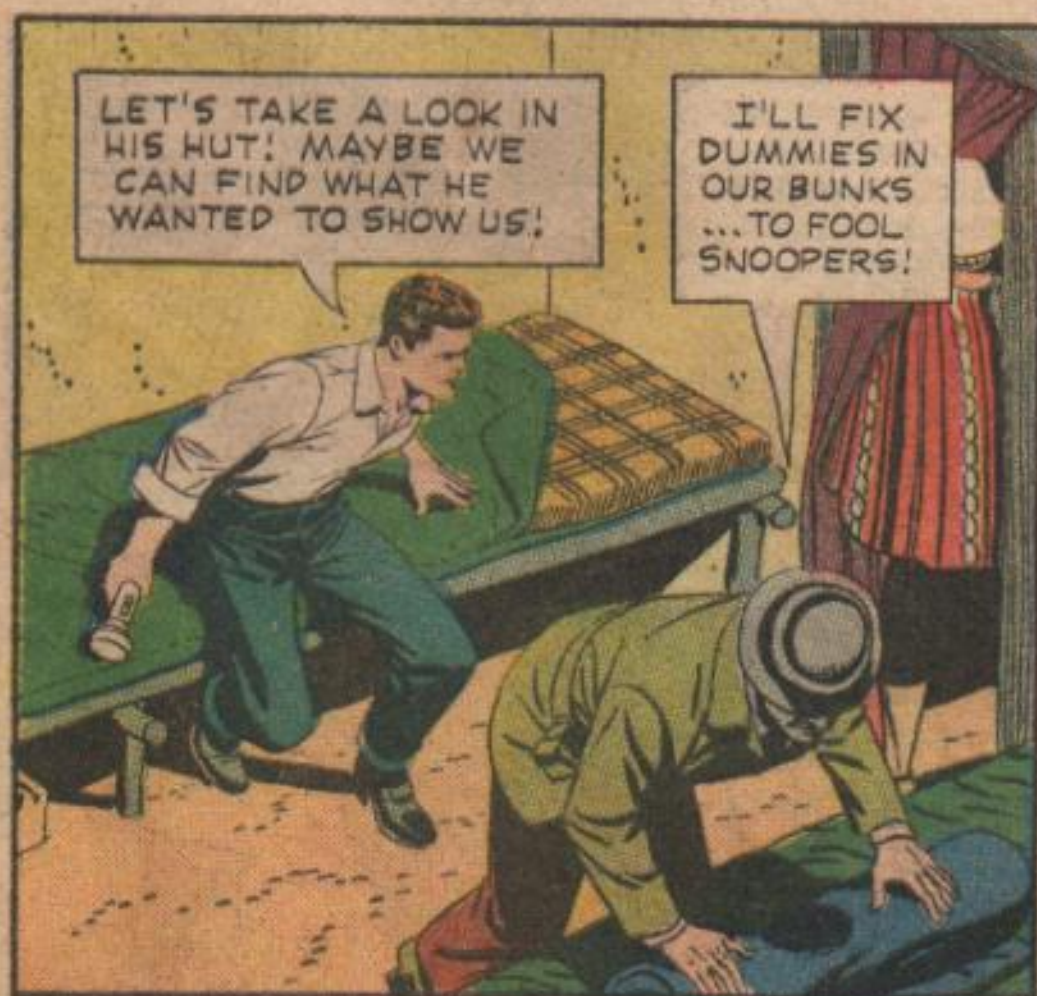
WHEN THE CAMP FINALLY SETTLES DOWN...

I SAW SHOOTING, MR. JEFF! IT WAS NOT ACCIDENT! MR. MIKE FOLLOW BEEDE AS HE TAKE WALK! MR. MIKE NOT YELL... JUST SHOOT!



I WAS ON MY WAY HERE WITH MESSAGE FROM BEEDE FOR YOU! HE SAY COME TO HIS HUT WHEN EVERYBODY IS ASLEEP! HE HAS SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU!

JEFF, YOU FIGURED BEEDE RIGHT!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN HIS HUT! MAYBE WE CAN FIND WHAT HE WANTED TO SHOW US!

I'LL FIX DUMMIES IN OUR BUNKS ...TO FOOL SNOOPERS!



THEY SLIP INTO BEEDE'S HUT, WHILE TAO STANDS GUARD OUTSIDE...

SOMEONE MUST'VE FIGURED BEEDE HAD FOUND SOMETHING IMPORTANT IN KIRBY'S BELONGINGS!



WONDER IF THEY
FOUND IT?

LOOK, ROSCOE!
THIS WAS IN A
JACKET POCKET
IN KIRBY'S
FOOTLOCKER!



RECEIVED FROM A.B. PLATT,
MERCHANDISE VALUED AT
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS
(\$10,000.00) FOR WHICH
FULL PAYMENT HAS BEEN
MADE IN CASH! SIGNED:
CARL LEGARO!

LEGARO!
THE MAN ON
THE PLANE!



NO WONDER HE WAS SO
INTERESTED IN US! HE'S
PROBABLY THE ONE WHO
AMBUSHED US, TRYING
TO STOP US FROM
COMING HERE!

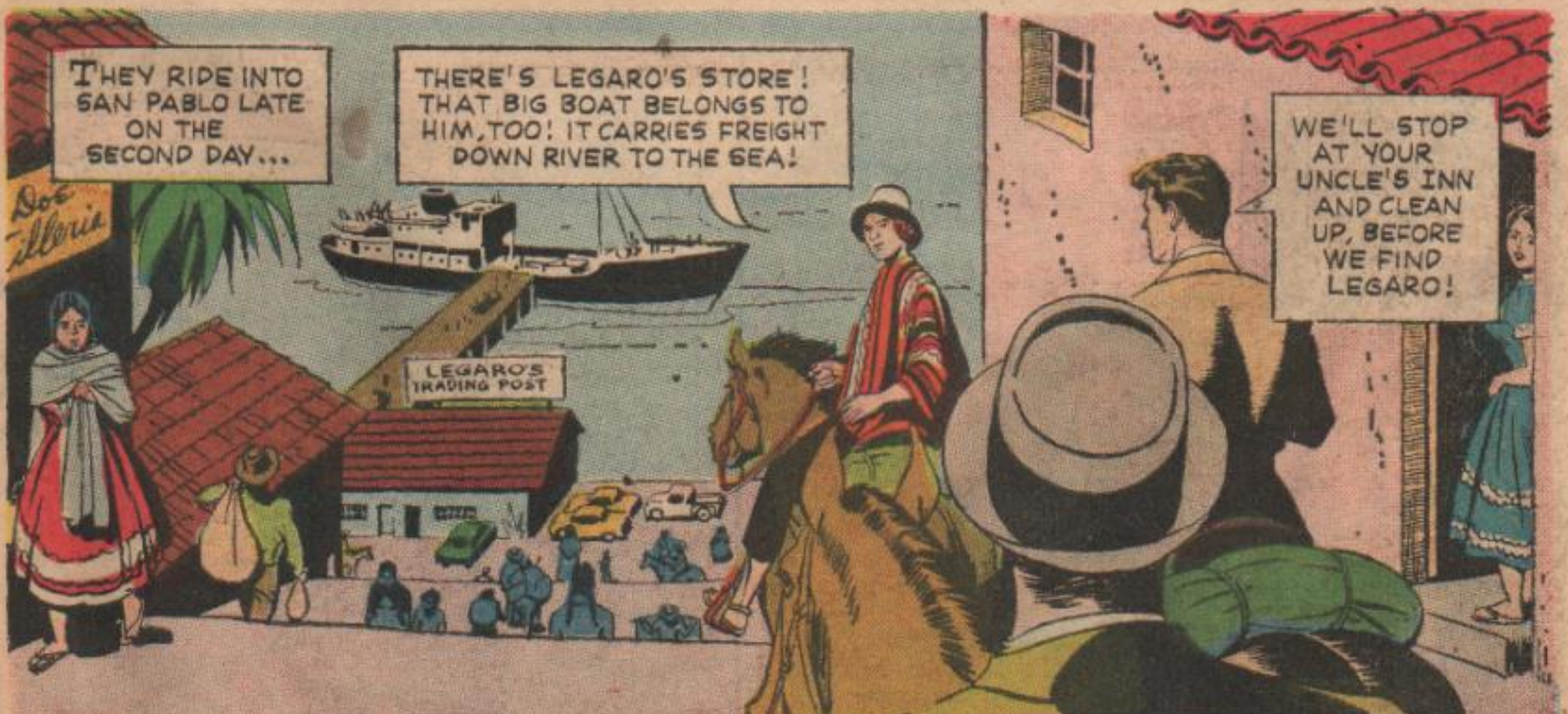
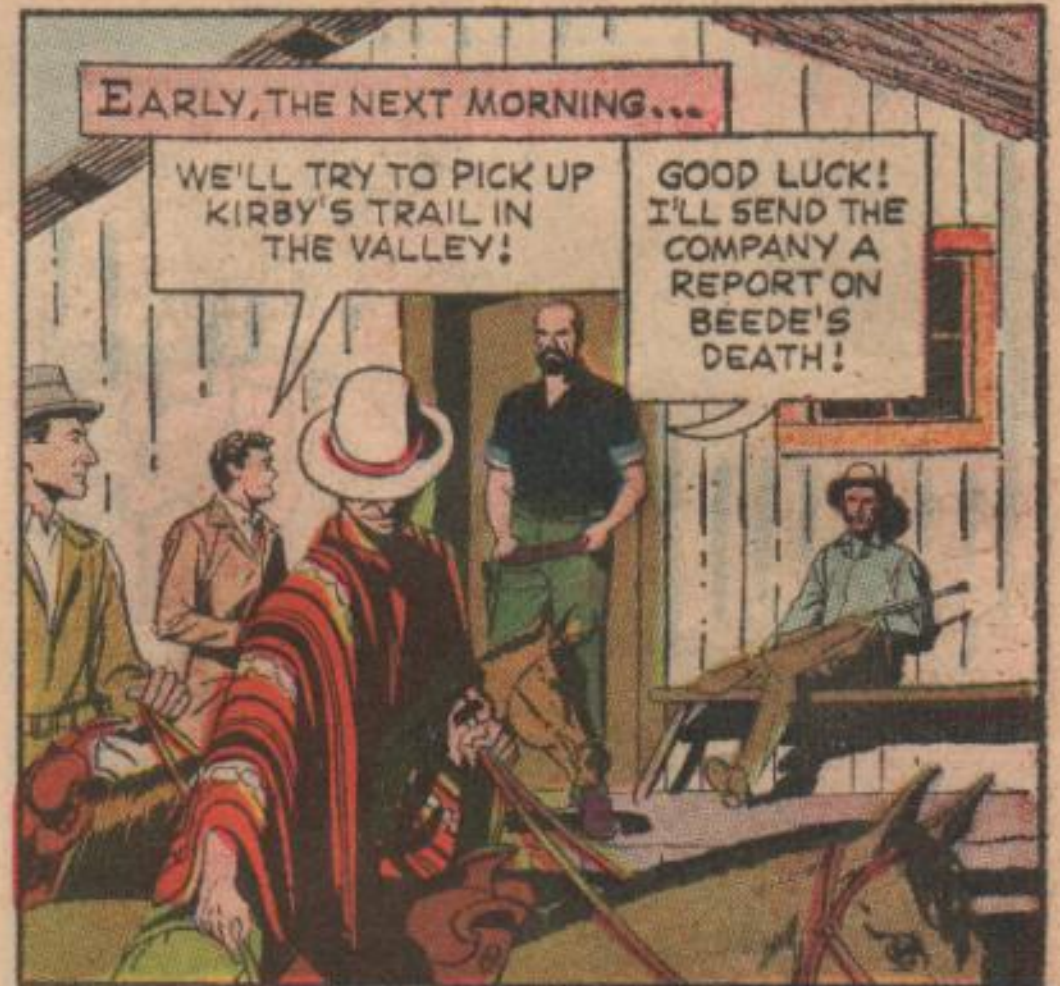


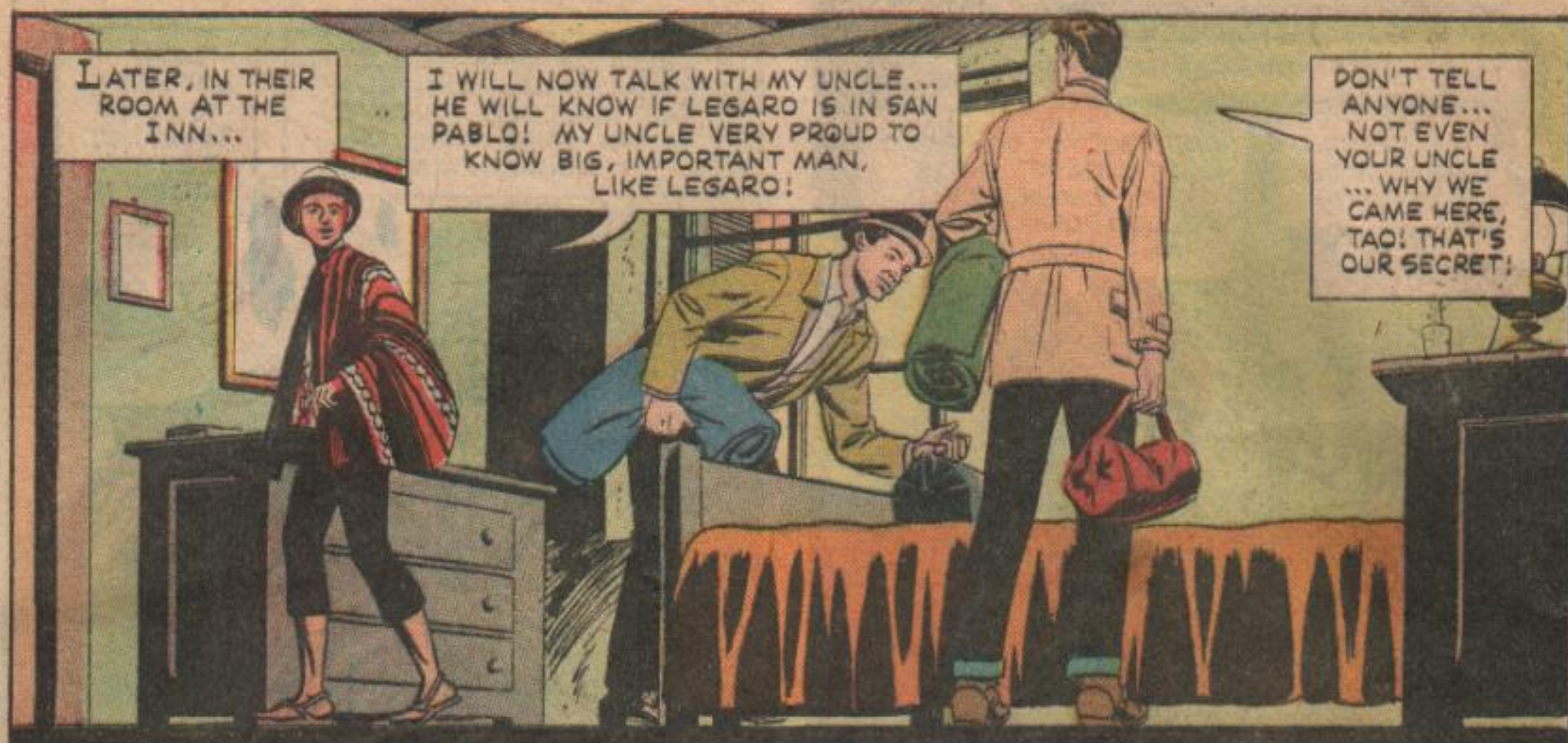
TWEEET!

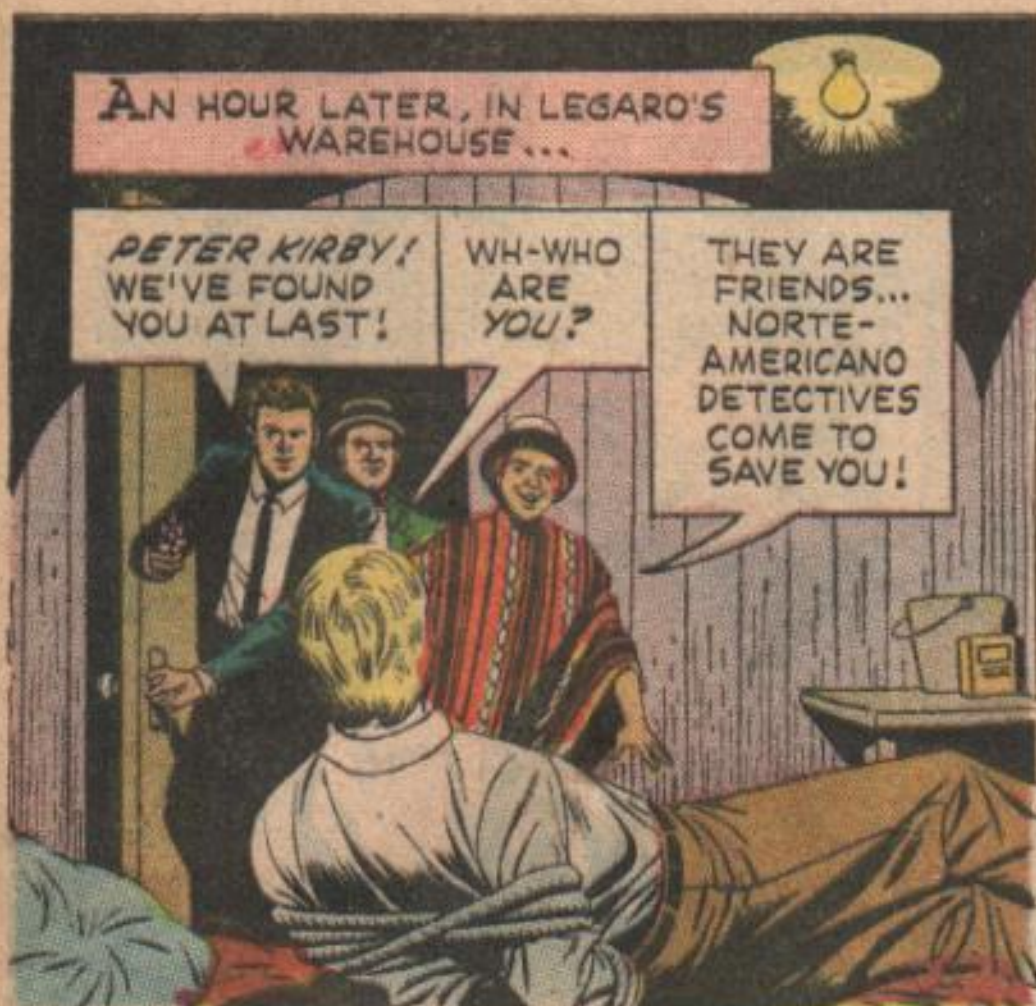
LIGHTS OUT! THAT'S TAO'S
SIGNAL! SOMEONE'S COMING!
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! WE WON'T
JUMP HIM UNLESS WE HAVE TO!



LOOKS THE WAY PLATT AND I LEFT IT!
NOBODY'S BEEN HERE! I SURE FIGURED
THOSE PRIVATE EYES WRONG! THOUGHT
THEY'D BE SNOOPING AROUND...
INSTEAD OF SLEEPING!











While law-enforcement officers make arrests of suspects, private investigators are often called upon to find proof of a suspect's innocence. If the investigator is unable to complete his work alone, he calls on other men who specialize in various fields of detection, men who are devoted to a search for the truth.



... the handwriting expert, who determines the age of paper, the make of ink or type-writer, and the authenticity of signatures.



... the symbol detective, who reads laundry and tailor marks and can tell who has serviced any article of clothing.



... the doctor, who analyzes blood samples and can tell if the blood in question is that of the suspect or of another person.



... the chemist, who can determine the kind of poison used in such deaths and how the fatal dose was administered by the killer.

77 SUNSET STRIP

PIN-UP NO. 2

