



NEW STORIES OF TV AND RADIO'S HIT SHOWS!

NOV. NO. 11



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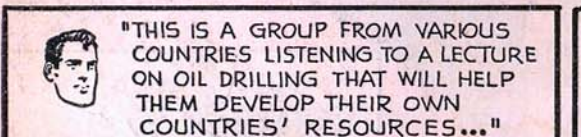
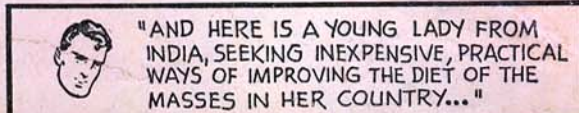
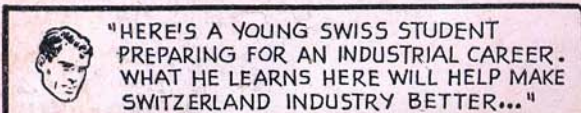
BIG TOWN



WILL ACE
CRIME REPORTER
STEVE WILSON'S
BLAZING SCOOP
TURN INTO HIS...
**"LAST
HEADLINE"**
?

SUPERMAN

"The WORLD is our SCHOOLROOM!"
says:



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BIG TOWN



WE'VE TAPPED THE CURRENT TO STATE PRISON'S DEATH HOUSE, WILSON! IN TWO MINUTES, WHEN THE EXECUTIONER PULLS THE SWITCH, SLICK EMERY WON'T DIE--BUT YOU WILL!



ALONE IN THE DEPTHS OF **BIG TOWN'S** CATACOMB-LIKE CRIMINAL WORLD, SURROUNDED BY HIS FOES, FEARLESS REPORTER STEVE WILSON FACES THE CRISIS OF HIS LIFE!

HOW DID THE BATTLING NEWSHAWK COME TO SUCH A DESPERATE PASS--IN WHICH AT ANY SECOND 20,000 VOLTS OF ELECTRICITY THREATEN TO DISPATCH HIM INTO ETERNITY? FOR THE BREATHTAKING SERIES OF EVENTS THAT LED UP TO THIS SPINE-TINGLING MOMENT, READ THE STORY OF

The Secret Underworld
of BIG TOWN!

PRESS 5¢

**JUDGE NAUGHTON
VANISHES AS COURTS
INVESTIGATION
STARTS!**

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, **ILLUSTRATED PRESS**-MAN, STEVE WILSON, INTERVIEWS THE MISSING JUDGE'S DAUGHTER...

MY FATHER DIDN'T RUN AWAY, MR. WILSON! YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT! HE HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM AN INVESTIGATION! I'M CERTAIN HE MET WITH **FOUL PLAY!**

ILLUSTRATED PRESS
JUDGE NAUGHTON
VANISHES AS COURTS
INVESTIGATION
STARTS
TRAFFIC DOUBLES
SMALL

THINK BACK, MISS NAUGHTON! DID ANYTHING UNUSUAL OCCUR IN THE LAST WEEK OR SO -- THAT MIGHT BE A LEAD TO WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FATHER?

N-NO...WELL, THERE'S ONE THING...BUT IT'S SILLY!

ANY CLUE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL-- WHAT IS **THIS**?

THE POLICE SAY IT'S MERELY SOME CRACKPOT'S WORK! IT ARRIVED...ON THE DAY FATHER VANISHED!

UNFOLDING THE PAPER, STEVE SCANS A BAF-FLING MESSAGE...

COURT ORDER
to: Judge Naughton
You are hereby directed to appear before **THE UNDER-WORLD COURT** to stand trial!

POCKETING THE QUEER NOTE, **BIG TOWN'S** ACE REPORTER TAKES LEAVE OF THE WORRIED GIRL...

IF ONLY YOU COULD FIND DAD--AND CLEAR HIS NAME! PLEASE TRY, MR. WILSON!

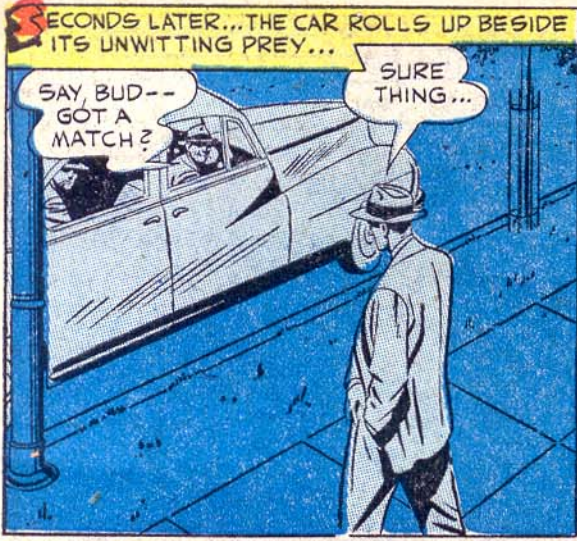
I WILL, KITTY-- THAT'S A PROMISE! GOOD NIGHT!

AS STEVE'S TALL ATHLETIC FRAME SWINGS BRISKLY DOWN THE STREET... A CAR MOVES SILENTLY FROM THE CURB...

OF COURSE... THAT "SUMMONS" COULD BE THE WORK OF A CRACKPOT--BUT IS IT A COINCIDENCE THAT I TOO RECEIVED A "COURT ORDER" LIKE THIS ONE -- IN TODAY'S MAIL?

IT'S WILSON! CLOSE IN!

SECONDS LATER...THE CAR ROLLS UP BESIDE ITS UNWITTING PREY...



A man in a suit and hat stands on a sidewalk. A car is pulling up next to him. The man is looking at the car.

SAY, BUD-- GOT A MATCH?

SURE THING...

AS A TINY TONGUE OF FLAME ILLUMINES THE CAR'S OCCUPANTS...

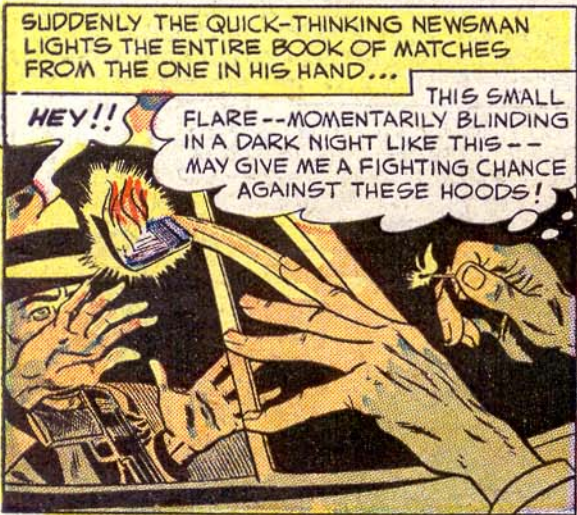


A man in a suit and hat is aiming a gun at a man in a car. The man in the car is looking out the window.

GET IN THE BACK SEAT, WILSON! TRY TO BE A HERO--AN' YOU'LL BE A DEAD ONE!

AN AMBUSH!

SUDDENLY THE QUICK-THINKING NEWSMAN LIGHTS THE ENTIRE BOOK OF MATCHES FROM THE ONE IN HIS HAND...



A man is lighting a match. The match is lit and the man is looking at it.

HEY!!

THIS SMALL FLARE--MOMENTARILY BLINDING IN A DARK NIGHT LIKE THIS-- MAY GIVE ME A FIGHTING CHANCE AGAINST THESE HOODS!

PIILING OUT OF THE CAR, THE THUGS DASH AT STEVE IN A BODY...



Several men are running towards a man. The man is looking back at them.

COME AHEAD, BOYS! THIS OUGHT TO BE A FINE PARTY--NOW THAT I'VE DRAWN YOU OUT IN THE OPEN...

DON'T SHOOT! IT MIGHT BRING THE POLICE! SLUG HIM!

A ROUNDHOUSE RIGHT SENDS THE EMBATTLED REPORTER CRASHING BACKWARDS...

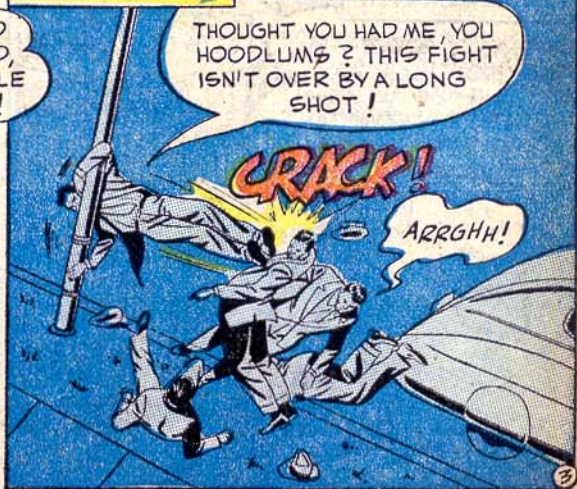


A man in a suit and hat is being hit by a roundhouse kick. The man is falling backwards.

HAW HAW! HAPPY LANDIN'S, WILSON!

YA NICKED HIM GOOD, DIVER! PILE IN NOW!

BUT AS THE RUTHLESS CREW PLUNGES IN FOR THE KILL...



A man is being hit by a club. The man is falling to the ground.

THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, YOU HOODLUMS? THIS FIGHT ISN'T OVER BY A LONG SHOT!

CRACK!

ARRGHH!

THEN...DOWN THE STREET COMES THE WAILING SCREAM OF A SIREN!...



AS THE ATTACKERS VANISH SPEEDILY INTO THE NIGHT...



LORELEI KILBOURNE, STEVE'S GIRL FRIDAY, EXPLAINS HOW SHE HAPPENED TO BE ON HAND...



LATER...AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN LISTENS TO HIS REPORTER—FRIEND'S STORY...



BRIEFLY, A DARING PLAN IS REVEALED BY THE ACE NEWSMAN...



SHORTLY, IN A DARKENED ROOM IN THE **ILLUSTRATED PRESS** BUILDING, A STARTLING TRANSFORMATION TAKES PLACE...



SOON AFTER... **BIG TOWN'S** UNDERWORLD GETS A VISIT FROM A SELDOM SEEN "CROOK"...

IF IT AIN'T DANNY THE DIP! WHERE YUH BEEN ALL THESE MONTHS, DANNY?

AW, JUST ROAMING AROUND, PUFFY! WHAT'S NEW IN THIS BURG?

COMPLETELY FOOLING THE CIGAR-STORE OWNER, TO WHOM HE IS JUST A SMALL-TIME PICKPOCKET, STEVE GAINS SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION...

SLICK EMERY'S GANG IS RUNNING THINGS HERE? BUT I HEARD EMERY WAS UP FOR EXECUTION!

HE IS -- TONIGHT, DANNY! BUT HIS GANG IS BIGGER'N EVER!



GEE! THAT'S NEWS, PUFFY...

IT MEANS SLICK EMERY, HIMSELF, MAY KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT JUDGE NAUGHTON'S DISAPPEARANCE! IF ONLY I COULD CONTACT LORELEI...

USING A PHONE BOOTH IN THE STORE, THE ICY-NERVED NEWSMAN TAKES A DARING CHANCE...

THIS PHONE MAY BE TAPPED... BUT I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!

HELLO, LORELEI! LISTEN HARD!

WHAT IS IT, STEVE?



...AND REACH THE GOVERNOR! GET HIM TO GIVE EMERY A STAY OF EXECUTION! BUT WORK FAST! GOT IT?

CHECK, STEVE! I'LL TRY!

MOMENTS LATER... PUFFY, THE STORE OWNER, HANDS HIS "PICKPOCKET" FRIEND "A TICKET"...

EMERY'S BOYS HAVE ADDED SOME NEW WRINKLES TO **BIG TOWN'S** UNDERWORLD, DANNY! HERE--YUH TAKE THIS AND USE IT! I'M TOO BUSY!



A TICKET TO... **BIG TOWN'S UNDERWORLD COURT**!?
ER--THANKS, PUFFY--
SURE I'LL GO!



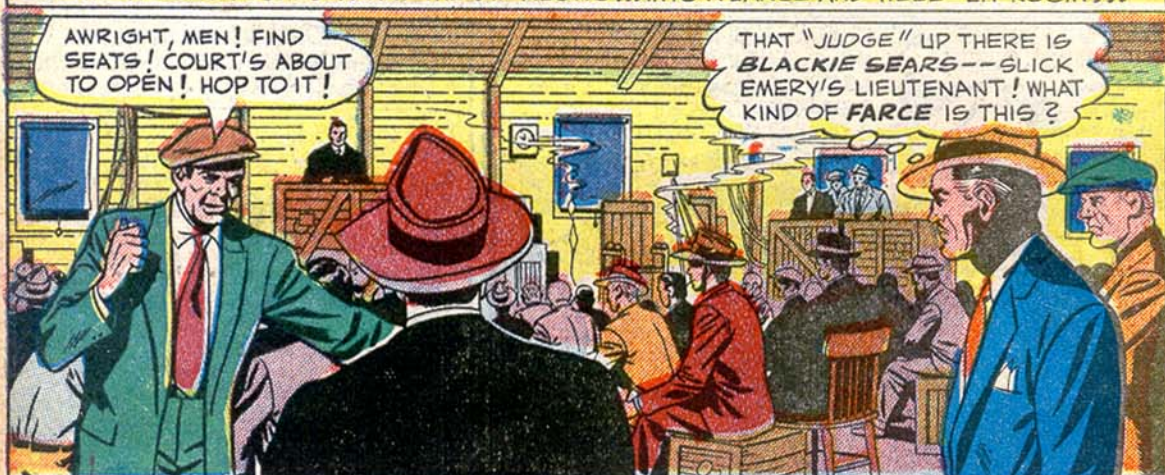
AT 121 MAPLE ALLEY... A BIG LOFT BUILDING WITH
BLACKENED WINDOWS... LATE THAT NIGHT...



I HEAR THEY'RE
GONNA PASS SEN-
TENCE TONIGHT!
THIS NIGHT SESSION
OUGHTA BE A GOOD
ONE!

PASS SENTENCE
ON **WHOM**, I
WONDER?

AS THE THROG PUSHES DANNY THE DIP ALONG... INTO A LARGE AND WELL-LIT ROOM...



AWRIGHT, MEN! FIND
SEATS! COURT'S ABOUT
TO OPEN! HOP TO IT!

THAT "JUDGE" UP THERE IS
BLACKIE SEARS--SLICK
EMERY'S LIEUTENANT! WHAT
KIND OF **FARCE** IS THIS?

SECONDS LATER... A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS
LED BEFORE "JUDGE" SEARS...

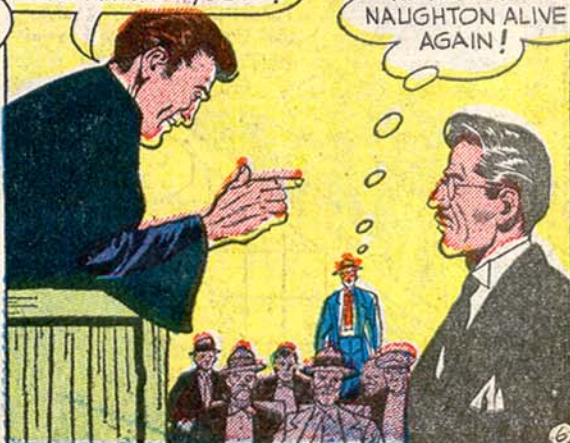
JUDGE NAUGHTON!
SO HE'S THE ONE
"ON TRIAL" HERE!

PRIS-
ONER, THE JURY HAS
FOUND YA **GUILTY** ON
ALL COUNTS!



...SO MY SENTENCE IS--
SOLITARY, NAUGHTON--
FER LIFE! HAW, HAW!
TAKE HIM AWAY, BOYS!

I'VE GOT TO DO
SOMETHING RIGHT
NOW--OR I MAY
NEVER SEE
NAUGHTON ALIVE
AGAIN!



SUDDENLY... THE DISGUISED NEWSHAWK RACES TO THE FRONT OF THE ROOM...



ALL RIGHT, SEARS! THE COMEDY'S OVER! THE POLICE HAVE THIS BUILDING COMPLETELY SURROUNDED--

WHAT ?? WHO IS THIS MUG?

WITH A SWIFT MOTION, THE FIGHTING REPORTER UNMASKS HIMSELF...



STEVE WILSON!

SURE! YOU DON'T THINK I'D COME IN HERE ALONE--IF THE POLICE WEREN'T OUTSIDE, DO YOU? GIVE UP NOW--YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

INSTEAD OF OBEYING STEVE'S ORDERS, THE THUGS CHARGE AT HIM...



GRAB HIM! IF THE COPPER COME IN--WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT!

YEAH--AN' WE'LL USE WILSON AN' NAUGHTON AS HOSTAGES!



MY BLUFF FAILED! ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW--AND THAT'S FIGHT!

BUT OVERWHELMING NUMBERS QUICKLY END THE UNEQUAL FRAY...



WILSON, WE BEEN HOPIN' TO GET YOU IN THAT CHAIR! THANKS FER MAKIN' IT EASY FER US--AN' COMIN' HERE ALONE!

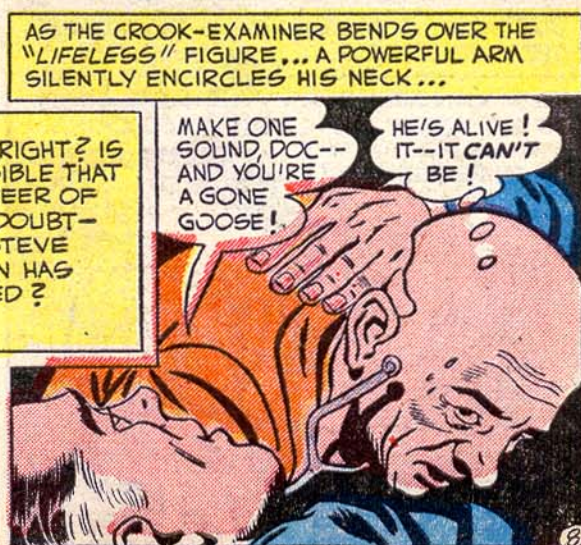
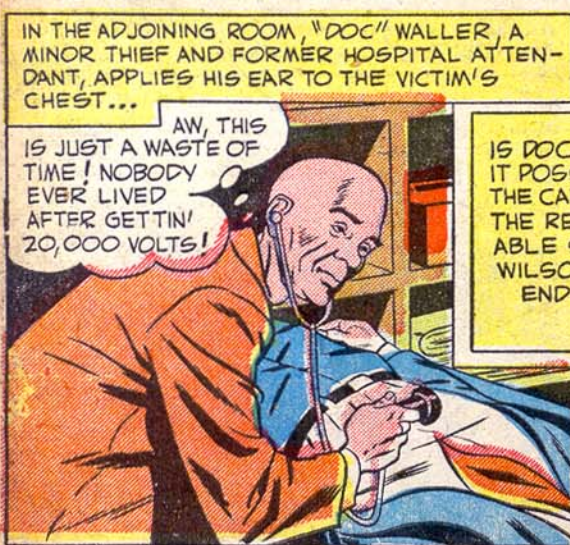
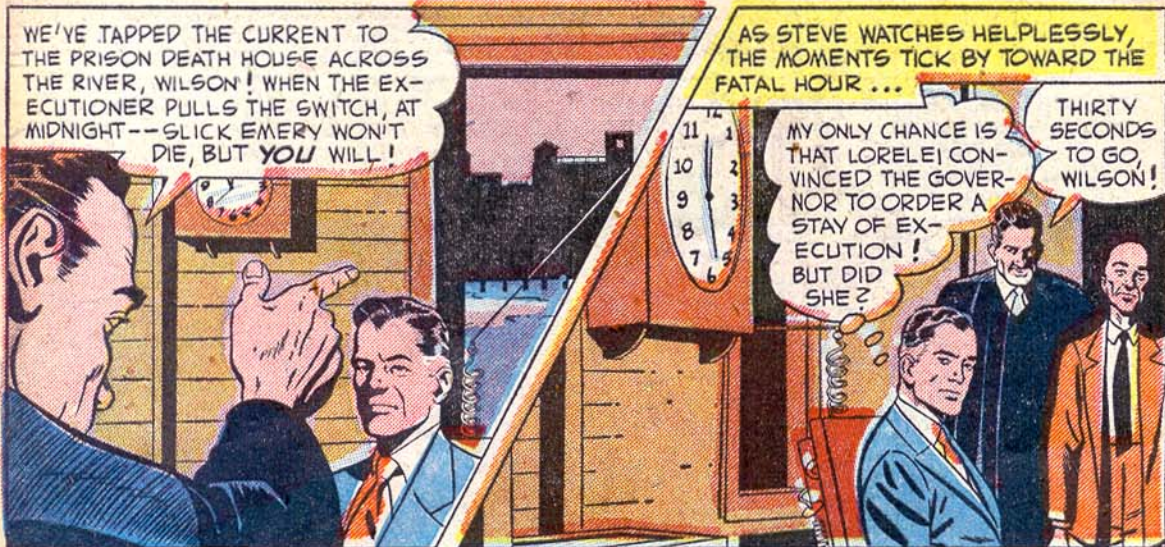
HE'S CLAMPED DOWN GOOD, BLACKIE...

A CRUEL MOCKERY OF A TRIAL IS RAPIDLY RUN THROUGH... AND SOON...



... FER HELPIN' THE POLICE CATCH SLICK EMERY--THE UNDERWORLD COURT SENTENCES YOU TO DEATH, WILSON! IN FIVE MINUTES, THE STATE EXECUTIONER'LL CARRY OUT THE SENTENCE!

THE STATE EXECUTIONER!



AS STEVE SPRINGS ERECT...A CLENCHED FIST SMASHES FORWARD...

I'LL HAVE TO COUNT ON A SURPRISE APPEARANCE TO GET THE JUMP ON THE REST OF THOSE THUGS-- IF I HOPE TO RESCUE NAUGHTON!



MOMENTS LATER, A STUNNING "APPARITION" DARTS INTO THE PACKED COURTROOM...

YOU CUT THROATS CAN'T KILL ME! HA HA! NOTHING CAN KILL ME!

W-WILSON! HE'S ALIVE!

NO!



THE STARTLED GANGSTERS GUARDING JUDGE NAUGHTON ARE SWIFTLY BOWLED OVER...

BUT, WILSON--I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES--

DON'T STAND THERE, JUDGE! MAKE FOR THE DOOR! QUICK--



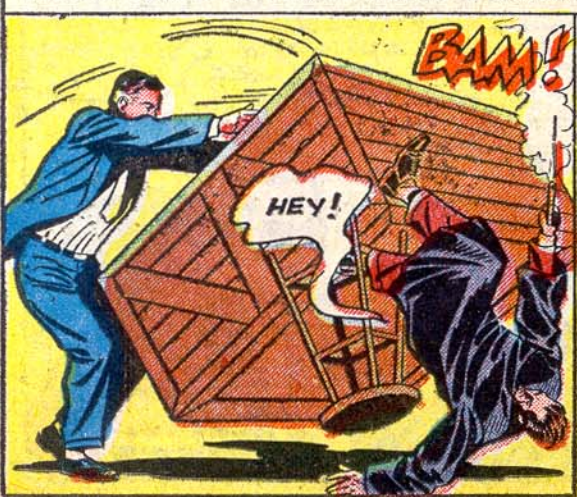
OF ALL THOSE IN THE ROOM, ONLY BLACKIE SEARS KEEPS HIS HEAD IN THE EXCITEMENT!

I DUNNO WHY YUH AIN'T DEAD, WILSON! BUT IF YUH AIN'T--YUH'RE SURE GONNA BE NOW!

GOT A BEAD ON MY CHEST!



WITH ONE SURGE OF HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS, STEVE UP-ENDS THE FLIMSY "JUDGE'S BENCH"...



SEIZING UP THE DAZED GANG CHIEFTAIN, THE BATTLING NEWSMAN USES SEARS AS A SHIELD...

KEEP BEHIND US, JUDGE! IF ANYONE SHOOTS IT'LL BE BLACKIE HERE WHO GETS THE LEAD!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, YUH GOONS! RUSH HIM! HE HASN'T A CHANCE!



SUDDENLY--A FAMILIAR AND **WELCOME** VOICE RINGS OUT FROM BEHIND THE GRIM NEWSHAWK...

WRONG AS USUAL, BLACKIE!
I'D SAY STEVE HAS AN
EXCELLENT CHANCE--
BUT **YOU'RE**
DONE FOR!

INSPECTOR
CALLAHAN!

FROM EVERY DOOR AND WINDOW,
UNIFORMED FIGURES SWARM INTO THE
ROOM...WITH GUNS ON THE READY...

STAND WHERE
YOU ARE!

DROP YOUR WEAP-
ONS--OR WE'LL
DROP YOU!

IN SECONDS...THE ROUND-UP IS COMPLETE...

...AND YOUR CALL TO LORELEI MADE US
REALIZE SOMETHING IMPORTANT WAS
UP, STEVE! SO WE CAME DOWN HERE
IN FORCE--AND TRACKED "DANNY
THE DIP" FROM THE CIGAR
STORE TO THIS BUILDING...

GREAT GOING,
CALLAHAN!

AS STEVE TAKES JUDGE NAUGHTON HOME...
AFTER BLACKIE SEARS AND THE REST HAVE
BEEN JAILED...

WHEN I
DIDN'T FEEL ANY CURRENT,
JUDGE--I KNEW LORELEI
HAD SUCCEEDED IN HER
MISSION! BUT I DECIDED
TO PUT ON AN ACT TO
FOOL THE GANG!

YOU CERTAINLY
DID FOOL THEM...
AND ME TOO,
STEVE!

LATER...PRETTY KITTY NAUGHTON JOYFULLY
WELCOMES BACK HER FATHER...

I **KNEW** YOU'D FIND
DAD AND DISPROVE
THOSE HORRID,
RUMORS, MR.
WILSON!

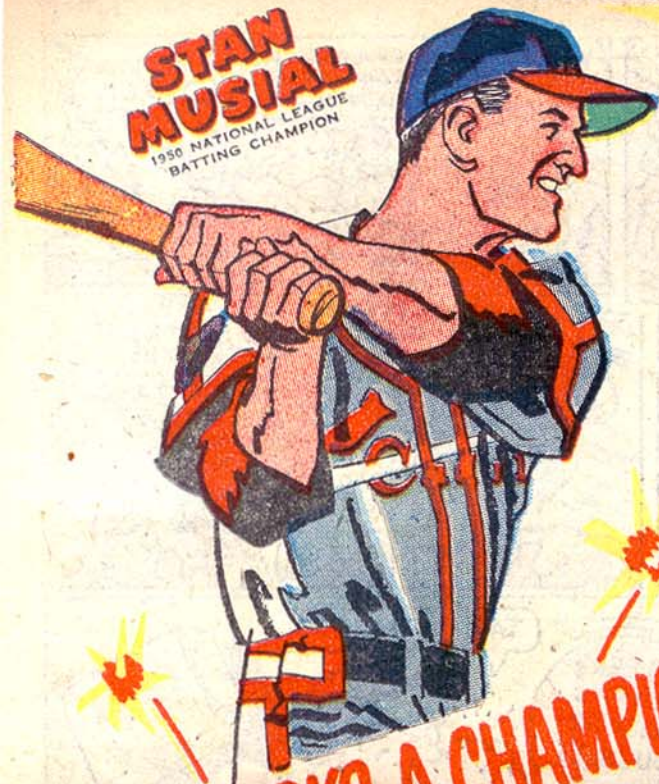
THE **ILLUSTRATED
PRESS** WILL CARRY
THE ENTIRE STORY IN
THE MORNING EDITION,
KITTY...

...ALL ABOUT HOW SEARS AND
HIS CREW TRIED--BY A PHONY
TRIAL--TO TERRORIZE YOUR
FATHER INTO PLAYING BALL WITH
THEM--AND HOW HE BRAVELY
REFUSED! HE'LL BE THE HERO
OF THE HOUR IN **BIG TOWN**!

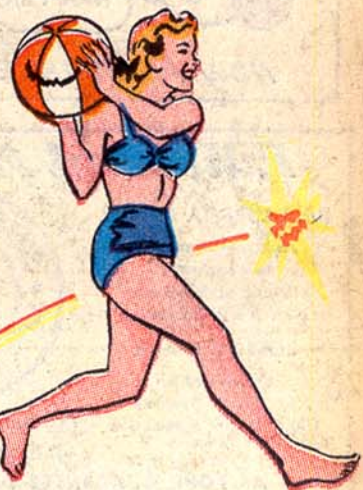
PERHAPS...
BUT THE
REAL HERO
WILL BE
YOU, STEVE
WILSON!

THE END

STAN MUSIAL
1950 NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING CHAMPION



WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!
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WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
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"Breakfast of Champions"

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BROTHER, THAT SPELLS
PLENTY OF WHEAT
POWER TO ME!





FUNNIES, FORTUNES, FACTS ON EVERY WRAPPER!

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TASTES GOOD, TOO!

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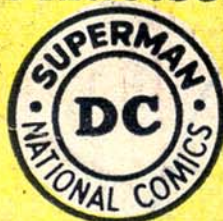
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BIG TOWN



WHAT'S A NEWS STORY WORTH? A SINGLE DOLLAR--OR A MILLION? A DAY'S WORK--OR A LIFETIME? STEVE WILSON, ACE CRIME REPORTER FOR BIG TOWN'S ILLUSTRATED PRESS, AND HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, LOR-ELEI KILBOURNE, FOUND OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT QUESTION, WITH SUDDEN DEATH HAUNTING THEIR EVERY STEP, IN WHAT SEEMED TO BE FOR THEM...

THE LAST HEADLINE!

AS INSPECTOR CALLAHAN ENTERS THE OFFICE OF ACE CRIME REPORTER, STEVE WILSON...

HELLO, STEVE!-- LORELEI, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

WE'RE GETTING SET FOR THE ANNUAL PEYTON AWARD! \$5,000 GOES TO THE REPORTER WHO WRITES THE MOST EXCITING STORY ABOUT AN UNUSUAL JOB! SO, SINCE I CAN SKATE A LITTLE, I'VE JOINED THE CHORUS OF BARNES' TRAVELING ICE SHOW!



AS IF ANYTHING EXCITING COULD HAPPEN AT AN ICE SHOW! NOW, I'M TACKLING A MAN'S JOB-- SANDHOGGING ON THAT NEW TUNNEL THEY'RE BUILDING UNDER THE RIVER!

THEN I'D BETTER SPEAK TO YOU NOW! LOOK AT THESE BILLS!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM? THEY LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO ME!



THEY'RE COUNTERFEIT! THEY'VE BEEN TURNING UP ALL OVER THE COUNTRY--NOW THE FIRST ONES HAVE APPEARED HERE IN BIG TOWN! THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS COULD HELP US BY WARNING PEOPLE TO WATCH FOR THEM!

OF COURSE, INSPECTOR! WE'D BE GLAD TO!



THANKS, STEVE! WELL, GOOD-BYE...AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH ON YOUR STORIES!

SAVE THE LUCK FOR LORELEI! SHE'LL NEED IT! ICE-SKATING...WHAT'LL THESE GIRLS THINK OF NEXT?



LATER, AT A REHEARSAL OF THE NEWLY ARRIVED ICE-SHOW...

NO...NO, MISS KILBOURNE! YOU'RE NOT KEEPING IN LINE! I WARNED YOU THIS WAS NO PLACE FOR AMATEURS! IF YOU INSIST ON STAYING, YOU'VE GOT TO DO BETTER!

I'M SORRY, MR. DEL MAY!

DON'T LET THAT CRANK UPSET YOU, LORELEI... YOU'RE DOING GREAT! AFTER REHEARSAL, I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

I WONDER JUST WHAT DEL MAY HAS AGAINST ME, CYNTHIA?

OH, FORGET HIM! HE'S ONLY THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR! NOW THOSE ARE THE DRESSING-ROOMS, AND THAT'S RUSS' WORK-SHOP! HE'S THE HANDYMAN.. KEEPS OUR SKATES SHARP, TOO!



AS THE ICE-SKATER TAKES THE GIRL REPORTER FURTHER BACKSTAGE ...

AND THOSE ARE THE REFRIGERATOR MOTORS THAT KEEP THE ICE FROZEN! DON'T THEY MAKE A RACKET?

WHEW-- THEY SURE DO! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THEM! I'LL MENTION THEM IN MY STORY TO MAKE IT REALISTIC! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!



OH-- MR. DEL MAY! I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T KNOW ANYONE WAS HERE!

THAT'S NO EXCUSE TO COME PROWLING AROUND! AS IT HAPPENS, WE WERE JUST CHECKING THE VALVES! YOU'D BETTER GET MOVING NOW... THIS CAN BE A VERY DANGEROUS PLACE!



AND AS LORELEI REJOINS HER FRIEND...

HOW MUCH DID SHE SEE?

NOT MUCH, GRANBY! BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES! WITH RUSS TURNING OUT THE DOUGH, YOU PASSING IT OUT IN THE BOX-OFFICE AS CHANGE, AND ME KEEPING AN EYE ON THINGS, WE'VE GOT THE PERFECT SET-UP! AND I WON'T HAVE IT THREATENED BY A DUMB BLONDE!



MEANWHILE, STEVE WILSON IS AT THE OTHER END OF BIG TOWN, A THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND...

THIS MAY BE HARD WORK... BUT SO FAR, IT'S AS EXCITING AS A LULLABY! NOTHING'S HAPPENING! WELL, AT LEAST LORELEI CAN'T BE DOING MUCH BETTER! I'LL DROP IN ON HER REHEARSAL TONIGHT JUST FOR LAUGHS!



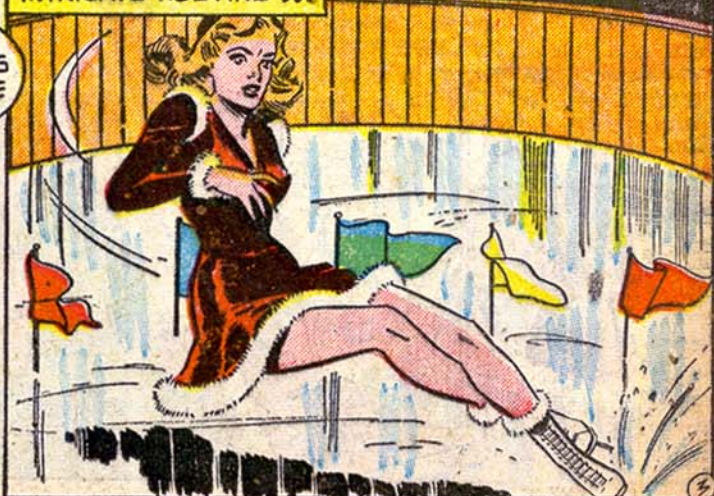
THAT NIGHT, AS STEVE'S PRESS PASS ADMITS HIM TO THE REHEARSAL ...

WHERE'S MISS KILBOURNE?

SHE'S ON STAGE NOW-- JUST GETTING READY FOR A LITTLE SOLO BIT!



BUT AS LORELEI TAKES THE FIRST STEP OF HER INTRICATE ROUTINE ...



AN INSTANT LATER, AN ALARMED CIRCLE CROWDS AROUND THE FALLEN SKATER, ...

I-I'M ALL... RIGHT!

MAYBE-- **THIS TIME!** BUT IT PROVES WHAT I SAID! THE ICE SHOW IS NO PLACE FOR AN AMATEUR! YOU COULD GET HURT!

THAT'S WHAT I SAY, TOO! COME, LORELEI, LET'S RELAX AWHILE BEFORE YOU DO A REPEAT PERFORMANCE!

ON THE SIDELINES A FEW MOMENTS LATER ...

LOOK, STEVE! HERE'S THE REASON I FEEL! MY SKATE BLADE IS BENT!

NATURALLY! YOUR OWN WEIGHT BENT IT WHEN YOU TOPPLED OVER! OR DO YOU THINK THE STAR OF THE SHOW IS SO JEALOUS OF YOUR TALENT, SHE DID IT ON PURPOSE?

SOMEBODY DENTED IT, STEVE--AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO IT WAS--AND WHY! WELL, I'D BETTER HAVE RUSS, THE HANDYMAN, FIX THESE, IF I'M TO HAVE THEM READY FOR THE OPENING TOMORROW!

THAT'S ONE SHOW I'M NOT GOING TO MISS!

THE NEXT NIGHT, AS LORELEI PREPARES FOR HER FIRST PERFORMANCE ...

LORELEI, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WE'RE ON IN FIVE MINUTES!

RUSS LENT ME THIS SPARE WHILE HE'S FIXING MY SKATES--BUT I'D RATHER HAVE MY OWN! I'M GOING TO SEE IF HE'S FINISHED YET!

AS THE LOVELY REPORTER STEPS INTO THE HANDYMAN'S WORKSHOP...

I DON'T SEE MY SKATES ANYPLACE! UNLESS RUSS IS IN THERE WITH THEM ...

AS LORELEI OPENS THE DOOR ...

A PRINTING PRESS! YOU'RE RUNNING OFF BILLS! Y-Y-YOU MUST BE THE COUNTERFEITERS!

THIS IS ONE STORY YOU'LL NEVER WRITE! OUR SILENCERS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT--AND NOBODY WILL HEAR THE SHOTS!



BIG TOWN



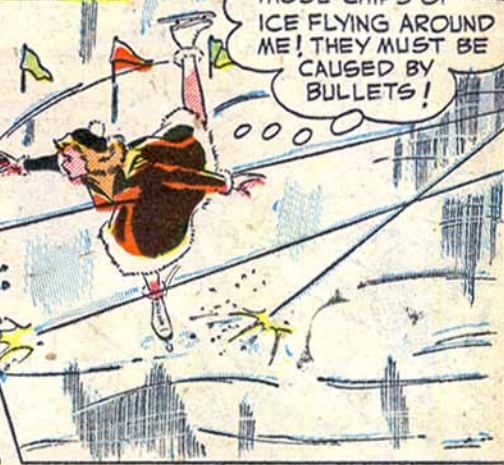
DESPERATELY, LORELEI DASHES THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY...

AND A MOMENT LATER, AS LORELEI WHIRLS OUT ONTO THE ICE...

NO WONDER DEL MAY WANTED TO GET RID OF ME...AND HAD RUSS BEND MY SKATE! I'LL BE SAFE... AS LONG AS I'M ON STAGE-- WITH PEOPLE!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! SOMEONE MIGHT BE OUTSIDE! WE'LL GET HER WHILE SHE'S OUT ON THE ICE!

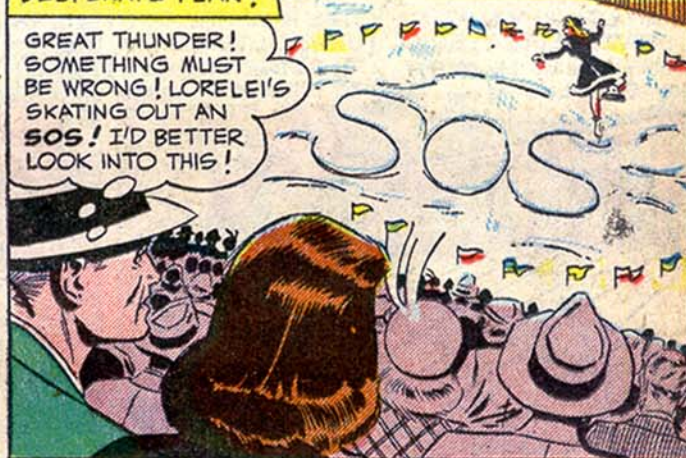
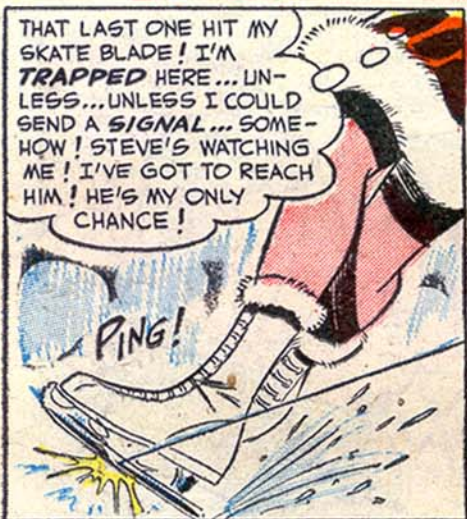
THOSE CHIPS OF ICE FLYING AROUND ME! THEY MUST BE CAUSED BY BULLETS!



THAT LAST ONE HIT MY SKATE BLADE! I'M TRAPPED HERE... UNLESS... UNLESS I COULD SEND A **SIGNAL**... SOMEHOW! STEVE'S WATCHING ME! I'VE GOT TO REACH HIM! HE'S MY ONLY CHANCE!

PURSUED BY SILENT GUNFIRE, LORELEI DEVISES A DESPERATE PLAN!

GREAT THUNDER! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG! LORELEI'S SKATING OUT AN **SOS**! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



BUT BEFORE STEVE WILSON CAN REACH LORELEI, HER SCENE ENDS... AND WITH HER FIRST STEP BACKSTAGE...

A MOMENT LATER, AS STEVE BURSTS IN...

ALL RIGHT, SISTER! YOU'VE GONE TO THE END OF THE LINE!

TAKE IT EASY, RUSS! SHE MIGHT HAVE SPILLED THE STORY TO A DOZEN PEOPLE! WE'D BETTER KEEP HER ALIVE, FOR OUR OWN PROTECTION, TILL WE FIND OUT!

LORELEI'S VOICE!

HELP!



AS THE ACE NEWSMAN FOLLOWS THE SOUND OF LORELEI'S VOICE ...

STEVE! THEY'RE THE COUNTERFEITERS!

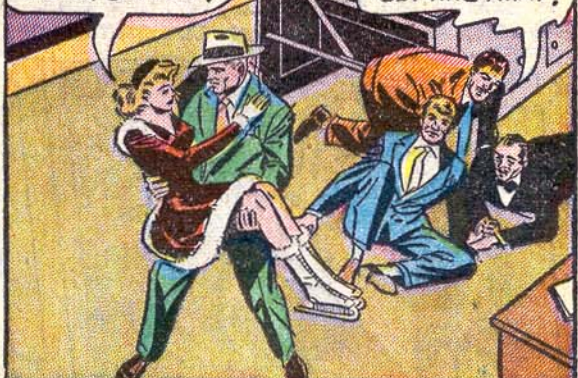
RUSS! — LOOK OUT!



BEFORE THE THUGS CAN GET TO THEIR FEET..

YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME, STEVE! I'M STILL WEARING MY SKATES!

ON YOUR FEET, YOU FOOLS--THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!



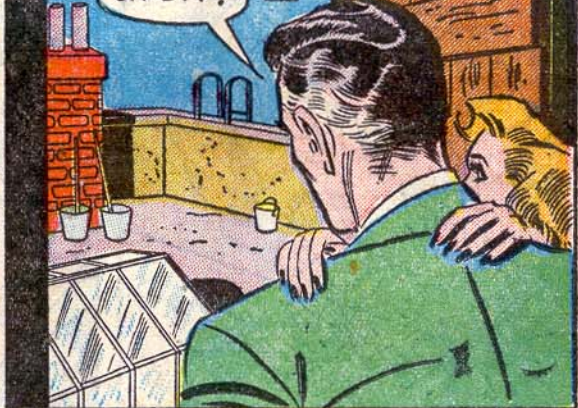
SOON--ALONG A DIMLY LIT STAIRWAY...

I'M SLOWING YOU DOWN, STEVE! BETTER LEAVE ME--OR WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!

THEY HAVEN'T... GOT US YET, LORELEI! THIS STAIRWAY GOES TO THE ROOF!



A FIRE-ESCAPE! IT MUST LEAD TO THE STREET... AND... SAFETY!



BUT AS STEVE DESPERATELY STARTS DOWN... THE KILLERS SUDDENLY STOP...

WHY'RE YOU STOPPIN'? LET'S GET 'EM!

THEY'RE TRAPPING THEMSELVES! THAT FIRE-ESCAPE LEADS TO A FENCED-IN STORAGE LOT! ONCE THEY'RE DOWN THERE, WE CAN PICK THEM OFF AS IF THEY WERE SITTING DUCKS!

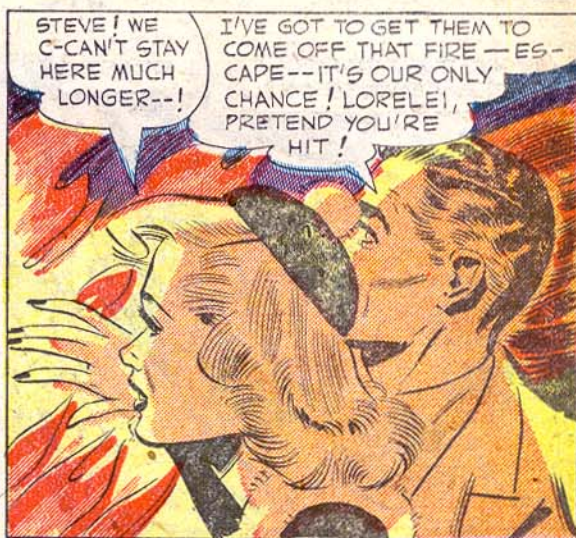
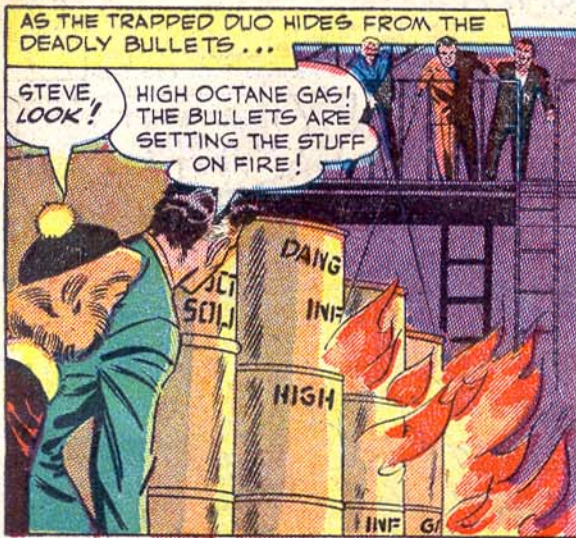


A MOMENT LATER...

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF HERE!

WE'LL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO FIND IT!





USING THE FIRE RUNG FOR LEVERAGE,
STEVE SWINGS OUT...



**AS THE BATTLING REPORTER LANDS
CROUCHING...**



THE FEARLESS NEWSMAN LUNGES FORWARD...



**AND A WEEK LATER, IN BIG TOWN'S
MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM...**

...AND FOR THEIR UNUSUAL HEROISM IN
REPORTING THE STORY OF CRIME BEHIND
THE SCENES, WE PROUDLY PRESENT THE
PEYTON AWARD TO MISS LORELEI
KILBOURNE AND MR. STEVE WILSON!



ADVERTISEMENT

RIDDLE ME THIS by Necco

WHAT WELL-KNOWN
RULER HAS THREE
FEET BUT NO LEGS?

GIVE UP?
SEE BELOW*

ANSWER:
A WARD STICK

WHAT CANDY IS ALWAYS
A ROYAL TREAT?
THAT'S SIMPLE...THAT'S
DEE-LICIOUS
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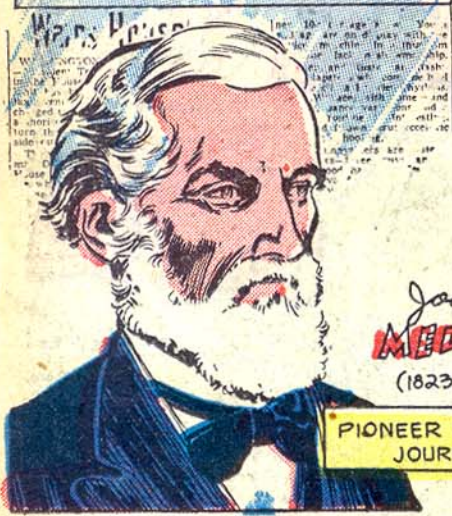
Royal
DESSERTS

ROYAL PUDDINGS—ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS

ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX—ROYAL LEMON FLAVOR DESSERT



HEADLINE HEROES



Joseph
MEDILL
(1823-1899)

PIONEER IN POLITICAL JOURNALISM

THOUGH A CANADIAN BY BIRTH, JOSEPH MEDILL'S INTEREST IN JOURNALISM TOOK HIM TO OHIO, WHERE HE SOON GAINED CONTROL OF THE CLEVELAND LEDGER...



IN 1855, HE GAINED AN INTEREST IN THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, AND TURNED THE PAPER INTO A LIVELY NEWS MEDIUM THAT QUICKLY GAINED FAVOR WITH THE PUBLIC...

THROUGH HIS NEWSPAPER, MEDILL PLAYED A PROMINENT ROLE IN POLITICS, AND IT IS BELIEVED HE WAS THE FIRST TO SUGGEST THE NAME OF A NEW POLITICAL PARTY HE HELPED TO FORM...



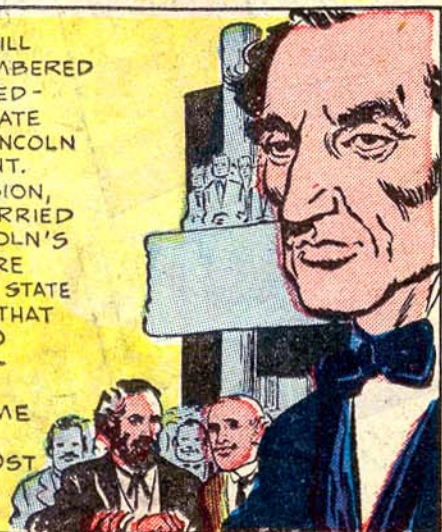
THEN IT IS AGREED THE NAME OF OUR PARTY WILL BE THE REPUBLICAN PARTY...



A COPY OF THE TRIBUNE, PLEASE!

I'LL HAVE ONE, TOO!

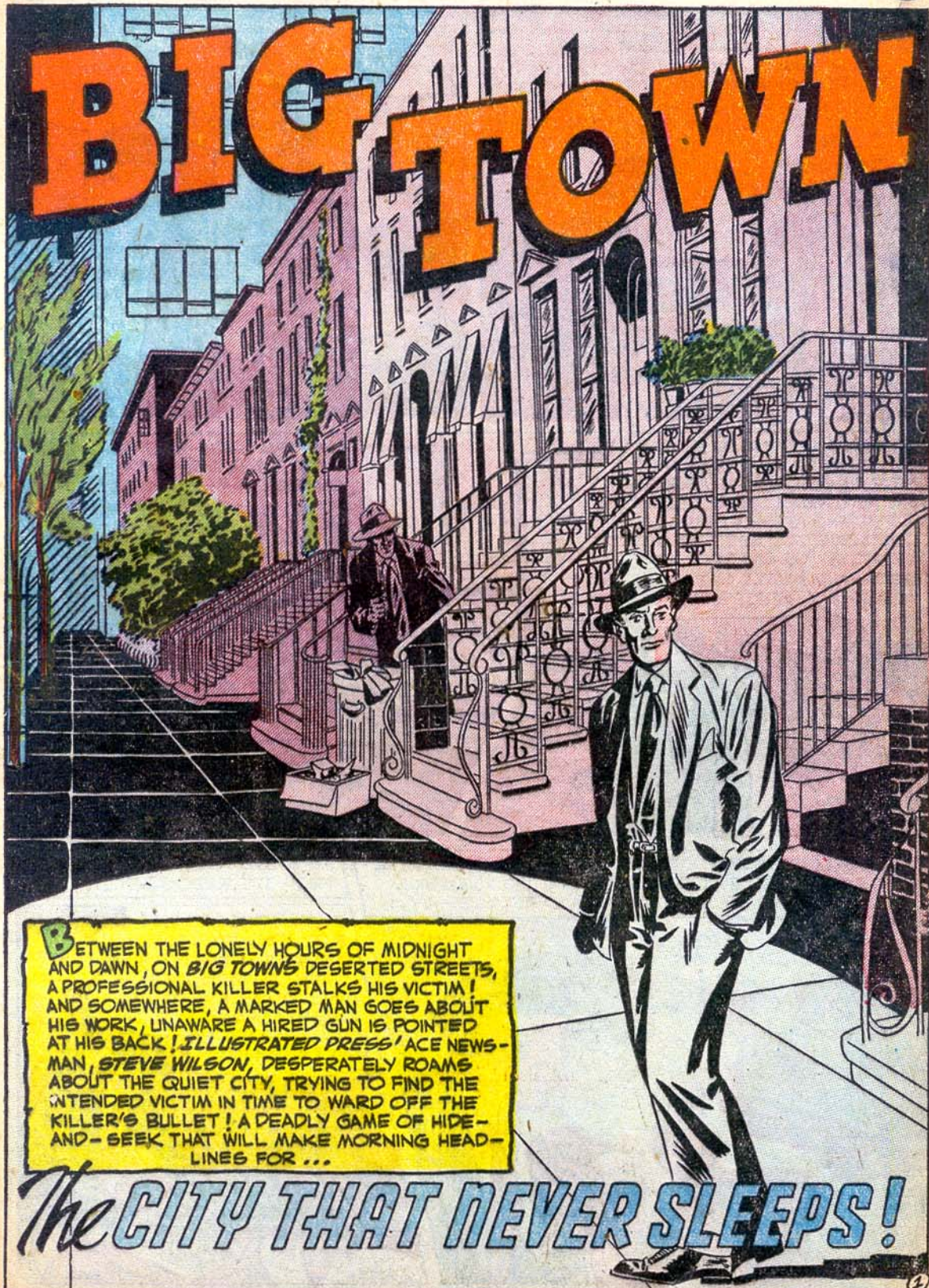
PERHAPS MEDILL IS BEST REMEMBERED AS THE CHIEF EDITORIAL ADVOCATE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN FOR PRESIDENT. ON ONE OCCASION, HE WAS SO CARRIED AWAY BY LINCOLN'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ILLINOIS STATE CONVENTION, THAT HE FORGOT TO TAKE NOTES -- AS A RESULT IT HAS BECOME KNOWN AS "LINCOLN'S LOST SPEECH"...



MEDILL WAS ONE OF THE CHIEF MOVERS IN THE PROJECT BY WHICH CIVIL WAR SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT WERE ABLE TO CAST BALLOTS IN THE NATIONAL ELECTION OF 1864...

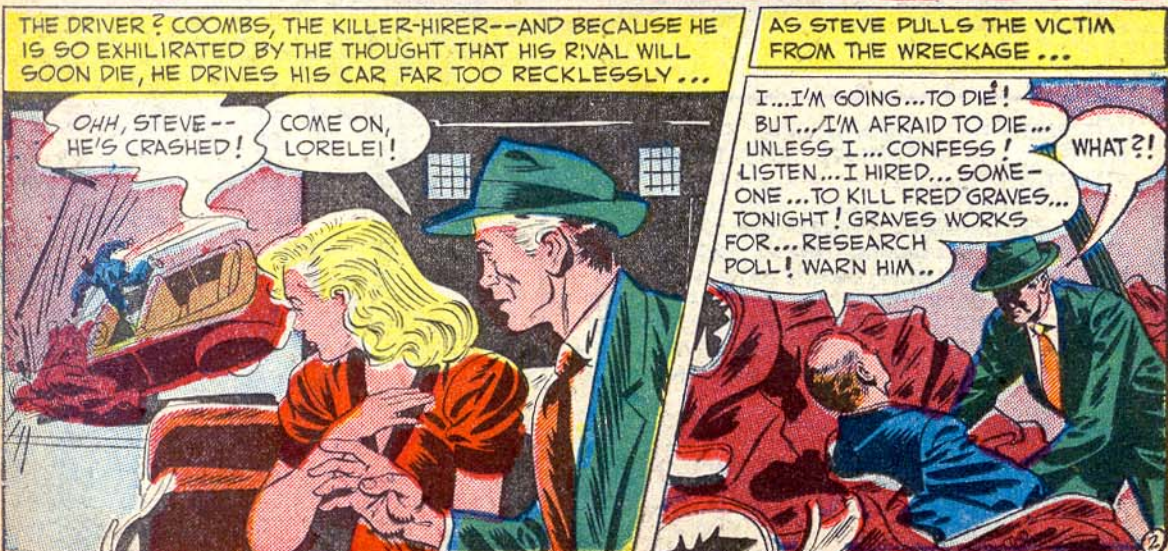
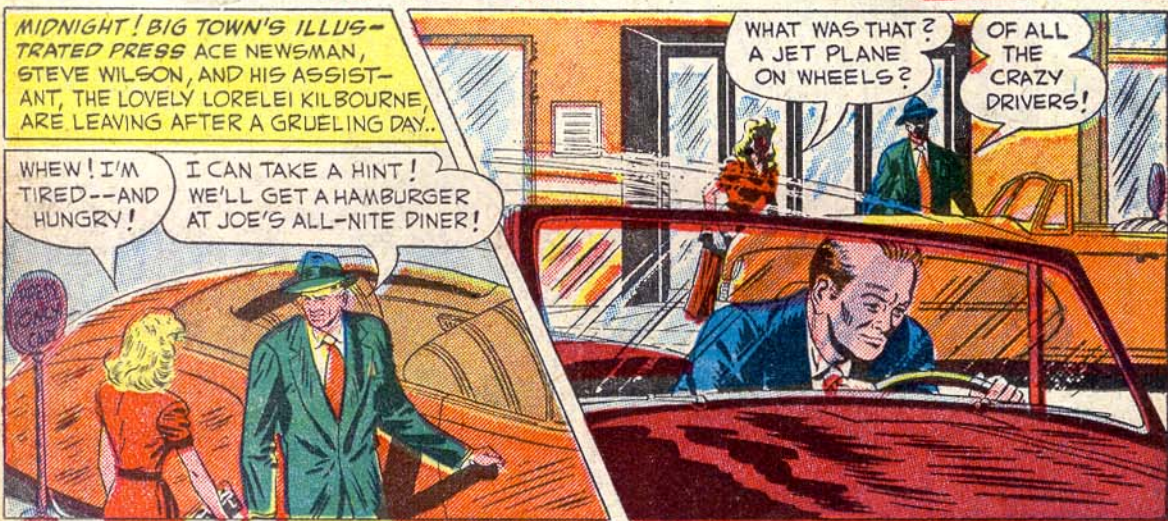


BIG TOWN



BETWEEN THE LONELY HOURS OF MIDNIGHT AND DAWN, ON *BIG TOWN'S* DESERTED STREETS, A PROFESSIONAL KILLER STALKS HIS VICTIM! AND SOMEWHERE, A MARKED MAN GOES ABOUT HIS WORK, UNAWARE A HIRED GUN IS POINTED AT HIS BACK! *ILLUSTRATED PRESS'* ACE NEWS-MAN, *STEVE WILSON*, DESPERATELY ROAMS ABOUT THE QUIET CITY, TRYING TO FIND THE INTENDED VICTIM IN TIME TO WARD OFF THE KILLER'S BULLET! A DEADLY GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK THAT WILL MAKE MORNING HEAD-LINES FOR ...

The CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS!



ABRUPTLY, THE MAN'S HEAD ROLLS BACK LIMPLY,...

DEAD! AND HE DIDN'T EVEN LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE US THE HIRED KILLER'S NAME!

BUT IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR US TO WARN FRED GRAVES, THE INTENDED VICTIM!

LATER--AT THE HOME OF THE PRESIDENT OF RESEARCH POLL, INC...

FRED GRAVES? HE'S ON A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT TONIGHT-- TAKING A POLL OF NIGHT WORKERS AND THEIR FAVORITE ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM!

WHERE WOULD HE BE NOW?

ALMOST ANYWHERE IN BIG TOWN! HE HAS A LIST OF OVER A HUNDRED PEOPLE TO INTERVIEW, BUT HE WON'T NECESSARILY TAKE THE NAMES IN ORDER!

HMMM! THAT'S BAD! BUT WE'VE GOT TO CONTACT HIM SOMEHOW! FIRST, LET ME HAVE A DUPLICATE LIST OF THOSE NAMES, PLEASE!

SOON AFTER, STEVE BRIEFS HIS GOOD FRIEND, INSPECTOR CALLAHAN...

I'LL HAVE PROWL CARS ON THE LOOKOUT IN THESE VICINITIES!

GOOD! MEANWHILE, INSPECTOR, I'M GOING TO FOLLOW UP ON THE NAMES LISTED HERE! WITH LUCK, I MAY RUN INTO GRAVES SOMEWHERE!

ONE HOUR LATER! ELSEWHERE...

PACKY, YOU GOTTA CALL OFF THE JOB I STEERED YOUR WAY! COOMBS IS DEAD!

BUT IT DON'T CHANGE THINGS! THE CUSTOMER PAID IN ADVANCE-- SO I GOT TO DELIVER!

BUT WHY? WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO? COOMBS IS DEAD! SO WHY TAKE THE RISK--?

BECAUSE IT'S BAD FOR MY BUSINESS IF I DON'T FINISH THE JOB! I BUILD UP A REP THAT WAY! GRAVES GETS BUMPED--AND IF STEVE WILSON GETS IN MY WAY HE GETS BUMPED, TOO!



UNWARE HE IS THE OBJECT OF AN INTENSE MAN-HUNT, FRED GRAVES IS AT WORK SAMPLING THE OPINION OF THE PEOPLE WHO WORK WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS...

NOW, SIR, ON YOUR JOB AS NIGHT WATCHMAN, WHAT ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM DO YOU PREFER?

THE LARRY RAY SHOW, I GUESS! 'COURSE, LARRY RAY DON'T PLAY MUCH MUSIC--JUST TALKS A LOT--BUT HE'S MIGHTY INTERESTING!

AND ELSEWHERE...

NO, MR. WILSON--I HAVEN'T BEEN INTERVIEWED BY ANY POLL-MAN YET!

WELL, IF HE DOES COME HERE, HAVE HIM CALL POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS! THERE IS A KILLER LOOKING FOR HIM!



IN A HOTEL LOBBY, SOON AFTER...

GRAVES AIN'T INTERVIEWIN' THE DESK CLERK! I'LL TRY THE TICKET GUY AT THE BUS TERMINAL! HE'S THE NEXT NAME ON THE LIST COOMBS GAVE ME!



TEN MINUTES LATER--AS THE HIRED GUNMAN MOUNTS THE BUS RAMP LEADING TO THE TICKET OFFICE...

NO, MR. WILSON, THIS MR. GRAVES YOU MENTIONED HASN'T BEEN AROUND HERE YET!

WILSON! THAT SNOOPER CAN QUEER THE JOB FOR ME! MAYBE I'LL MAKE IT EASY FOR MYSELF AND PUT HIM AWAY FIRST!



MEANWHILE, ADJUSTING HER HAIRDO, LORELEI GLIMPSES...

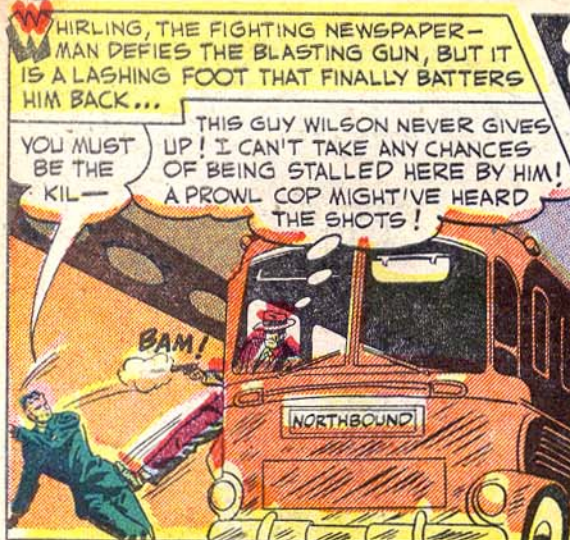
NORTHBOUND
Busses

OHH! A GUNMAN! STEVE! LOOK OUT!



MISSED! THE GUY'S CARRYIN' HORSE-SHOES!





IN MY BUSINESS YOU GOT TO KNOW HOW TO KEEP ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THE LAW! SO LONG, WILSON-- YOUR LUCKY STAR WAS SHINING TONIGHT! BUT I'LL SEE YOU LATER!

YOU MUST BE THE KIL--

THIS GUY WILSON NEVER GIVES UP! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES OF BEING STALLED HERE BY HIM! A PROWL COP MIGHT'VE HEARD THE SHOTS!

BAM!

LATER--THE BUS IS FOUND--EMPTY!

STEVE, IT'S NO USE LOOKING FOR THE KILLER! YOUR ARM'S HURT--YOU NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION!

OKAY, LORELEI!--AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I CAN CHECK ON ANOTHER NAME ON THE LIST!



SOON AFTER, A BIG TOWN HOSPITAL ...

YOU'RE TOO LATE, MR. WILSON! GRAVES INTERVIEWED ME ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO AND LEFT!

OH, NO!



LORELEI, WE'RE GOING TO PART COMPANY NOW! I WANT YOU TO VISIT EACH BIG TOWN RADIO STATION AND HAVE EVERY ALL-NIGHT DISC JOCKEY BROADCAST AN ALARM!

SWELL IDEA, STEVE-- GRAVES IS BOUND TO HEAR THE WARNING SOMEWHERE WHILE HE'S TAKING THE POLL!

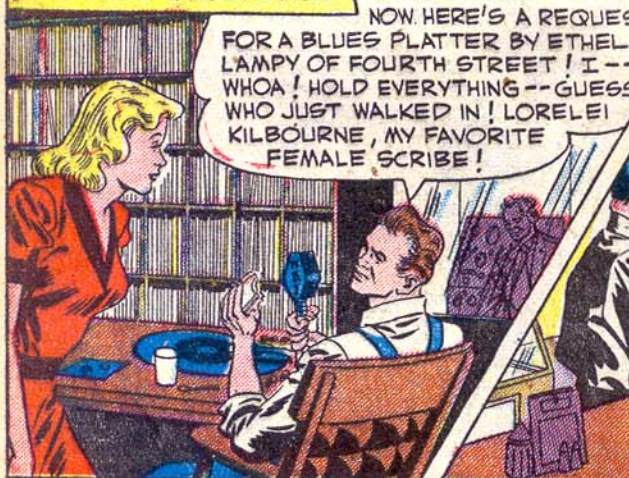


OH, STEVE--PLEASE BE CAREFUL! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES IF YOU RUN INTO THAT KILLER AGAIN!

EASY, LORELEI!--NO TEARS OR I'LL PUT YOU TO WORK ON A SOB SISTER COLUMN!



LATER, IN THE STUDIO OF DANNY DAWN'S "DAWN PATROL" PROGRAM ...



NOW HERE'S A REQUEST FOR A BLUES PLATTER BY ETHEL LAMPY OF FOURTH STREET! I -- WHOA! HOLD EVERYTHING -- GUESS WHO JUST WALKED IN! LORELEI KILBOURNE, MY FAVORITE FEMALE SCRIBE!

AND AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN AN ALL-NIGHT DINER ...



NOW, SIR, JUST WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE DISC JOCKEY PROGRAM

DANNY, I'D LIKE TO USE YOUR MICROPHONE TO GIVE A MAN A WARNING THAT HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER!

BUT FRED GRAVES IS NEVER TO HEAR LORELEI'S BROADCAST WARNING -- FOR A SUDDEN BLARE OF RAUCOUS MUSIC DROWNS OUT HER VOICE ...

WHAT DID YOU SAY, SIR?

I SAID I ENJOY LISTENING TO DANNY DAWN'S PROGRAM -- THAT INFERNAL JUKE BOX IS PLAYING SO LOUD I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!

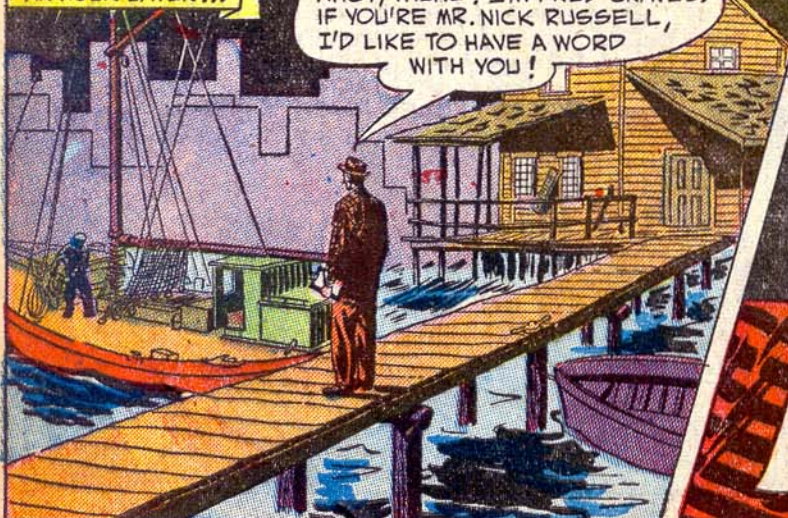


MEANWHILE, A KILLER STILL STALKS THE STREETS ...

I'M JUST WALKIN' MY LEGS OFF FOR NUTHIN! GRAVES COULD BE ANYPLACE -- MAYBE IN A PLACE I JUST LEFT! WHAT I GOTTA DO IS MAKE HIM COME TO ME!



AN HOUR LATER ...



AHOY, THERE! I'M FRED GRAVES! IF YOU'RE MR. NICK RUSSELL, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A WORD WITH YOU!

WHY, IT AIN'T NO TROUBLE AT ALL -- NO TROUBLE AT ALL! ASK AWAY!



AS THE KILLER RAISES HIS GUN--THE SHARP CLACK OF FOOTFALLS ECHOES HOLLOWLY IN THE QUIET OF THE HOUR...

I'M MAKING A SURVEY FOR RESEARCH POLL, INCORPORATED AND--

SOMEBODY COMIN' THIS WAY! CAN'T RISK A SHOT NOW! MIGHT BE A COP!

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK
CLACK

I'LL PUT HIM ON ICE--LIKE I DID THE OWNER OF THIS BOAT, WHO WAS ON HIS LIST--AND TAKE CARE OF HIM LATER!

AFTER THE KILLER DRAGS GRAVES' UNCONSCIOUS FORM INTO THE CABIN, HE TURNS TO STARE AT THE APPROACHING NEWCOMER...

STEVE WILSON--!

MR. RUSSELL? I'M FROM THE ILLUSTRATED PRESS! I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF A MAN NAMED GRAVES HAS VISITED YOU TONIGHT!

KNOWING STEVE WILSON HAS NEVER SEEN HIS FACE, THE CALLOUSED KILLER SAVORS AND DELIBERATELY PROLONGS THIS MOMENT OF TRIUMPH.

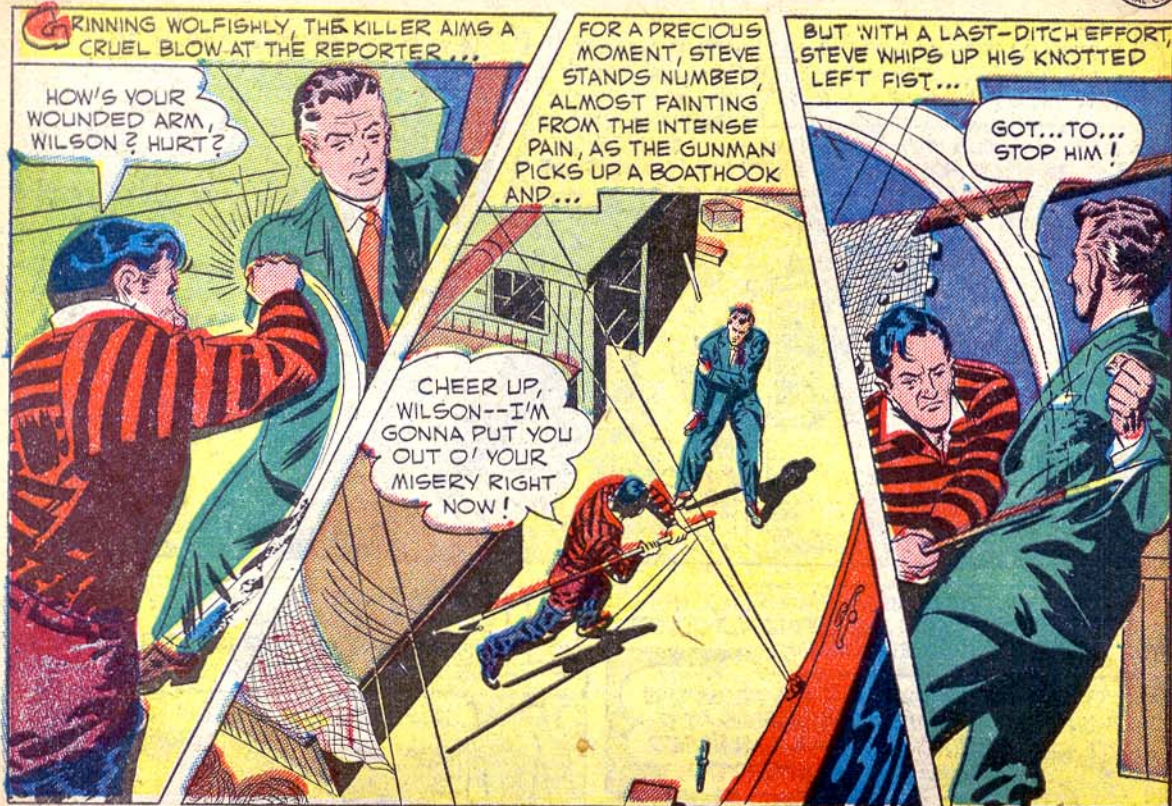
GRAVES?

THE TWO OF THEM--WILSON AND GRAVES--RIGHT HERE WITH ME! TWO SITTING DUCKS JUST WAITING TO BE PICKED OFF!

THEN, ASTONISHINGLY, BEFORE THE KILLER CAN YANK A TRIGGER...

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SHAKEN HANDS WITH ME! THAT GAVE YOU AWAY!

A DREDGE FISHERMAN'S HANDS ARE SCARRED AND LEATHERY FROM HAULING IN DREDGE NETS--BUT YOURS DON'T HAVE A SINGLE CALLOUS!



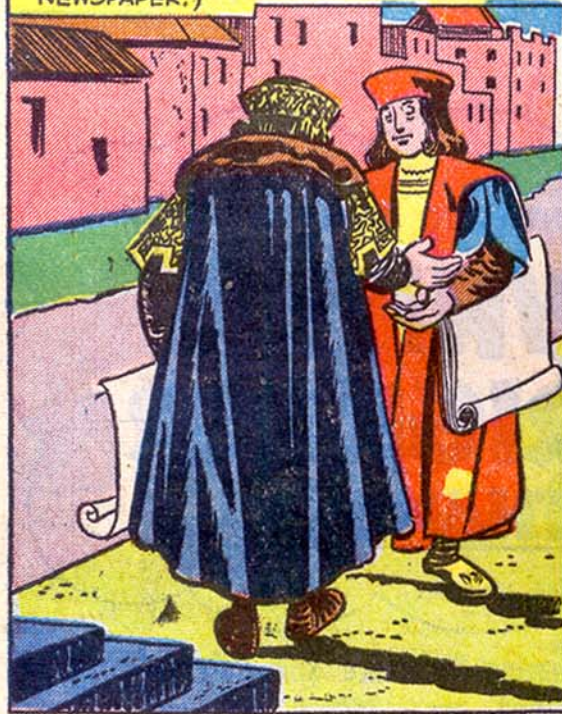
LATER, AFTER THE KILLER HAS BEEN JAILED AND THE BOAT OWNER FREED...

STRANGE, ISN'T IT? EXCEPT FOR THE NIGHT WORKERS, MOST OF THE CITY IS STILL ASLEEP! PEOPLE WON'T KNOW WHAT A HECTIC NIGHT IT'S BEEN UNTIL THEY READ THE MORNING PAPERS!



Newspaper ITEMS

THE MODERN NEWSPAPER IS BELIEVED TO HAVE HAD ITS ORIGIN ALMOST 400 YEARS AGO WHEN THE VENETIAN GOVERNMENT SOLD HANDWRITTEN NEWS-SHEETS TO THE PUBLIC FOR THE PRICE OF A SMALL COIN--GAZETTA. (THIS IS THE DERIVATION OF THE ENGLISH WORD GAZETTE--MEANING NEWSPAPER.)



THE NUMBER OF STARS PRINTED NEAR THE DATE-LINE OF A NEWSPAPER INDICATES A **NEW EDITION** OF THAT DAY'S PAPER. THE FIRST EDITION USUALLY APPEARS WITH NO STARS--BUT AS SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS APPEAR THAT DAY, A NEW STAR IS ADDED.

MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★ NOON EDITION

MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★★ WALL STREET FINAL

MONDAY, AUGUST, 6, 1951 ★★★ SPORTS FINAL

IN OLDEN DAYS, THE PEOPLE WERE CONSIDERED TO BE DIVIDED INTO THREE CLASSES -- OR ESTATES; CLERGY--NOBILITY--COMMONS. ABOUT 200 YEARS AGO, THE BRITISH STATES-MAN AND ORATOR, EDMOND BURKE, SPEAKING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, SINGLED OUT THE NEWSPAPERMEN PRESENT AS REPRESENTING THE "FOURTH ESTATE, MORE IMPORTANT THAN THEM ALL."



THE **NEWSPAPER MORGUE** IS A STOREPLACE OF NEWS CLIPPINGS AND PICTURES OF PEOPLE, KEPT FOR QUICK REFERENCE. IT COVERS THOUSANDS OF ITEMS NOT GENERALLY FOUND IN THE MOST UP-TO-DATE LIBRARIES...



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IS THE NEW STYLE THEME!
WITH HEAVY HARNESS-
STITCHING
ROUND THE MOCCASIN
SEAM.

WEAR THE TIC-TAC-TOE
AND STRUT YOUR STUFF;
THAT HEAVY OUTER-
SOLE
REALLY WEARS--
IT'S TOUGH!

THE SHARP WHITE
STITCHING
STANDS OUT SO CLEAN
'GAINST THAT SAW-
TOOTH WELT
IN DEEP HUNTER GREEN!

LOOK! MATCHING
LOOP LACES--
THAT'S WHAT I
CALL KEEN!

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