

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



No. 1
DEC.
JAN.

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

TEN CENTS

GANG BUSTERS

IN THIS ISSUE!
A CRIME
CONFESSION...
"MURDER WAS
MY BUSINESS!"



ABC

BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!

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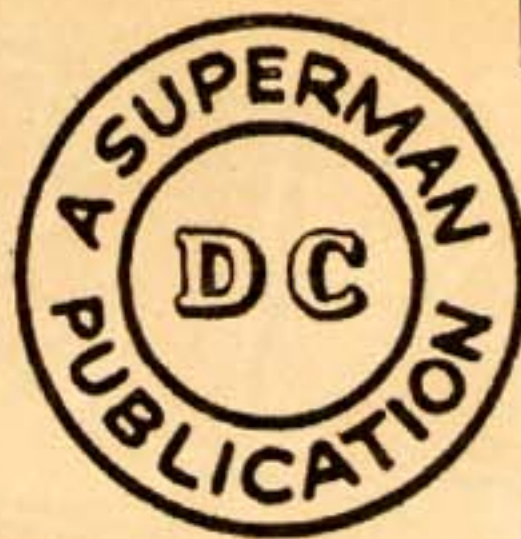
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**RADIO'S
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**THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!**

A
GANG
BUSTERS
STORY

CRIME AGENCY

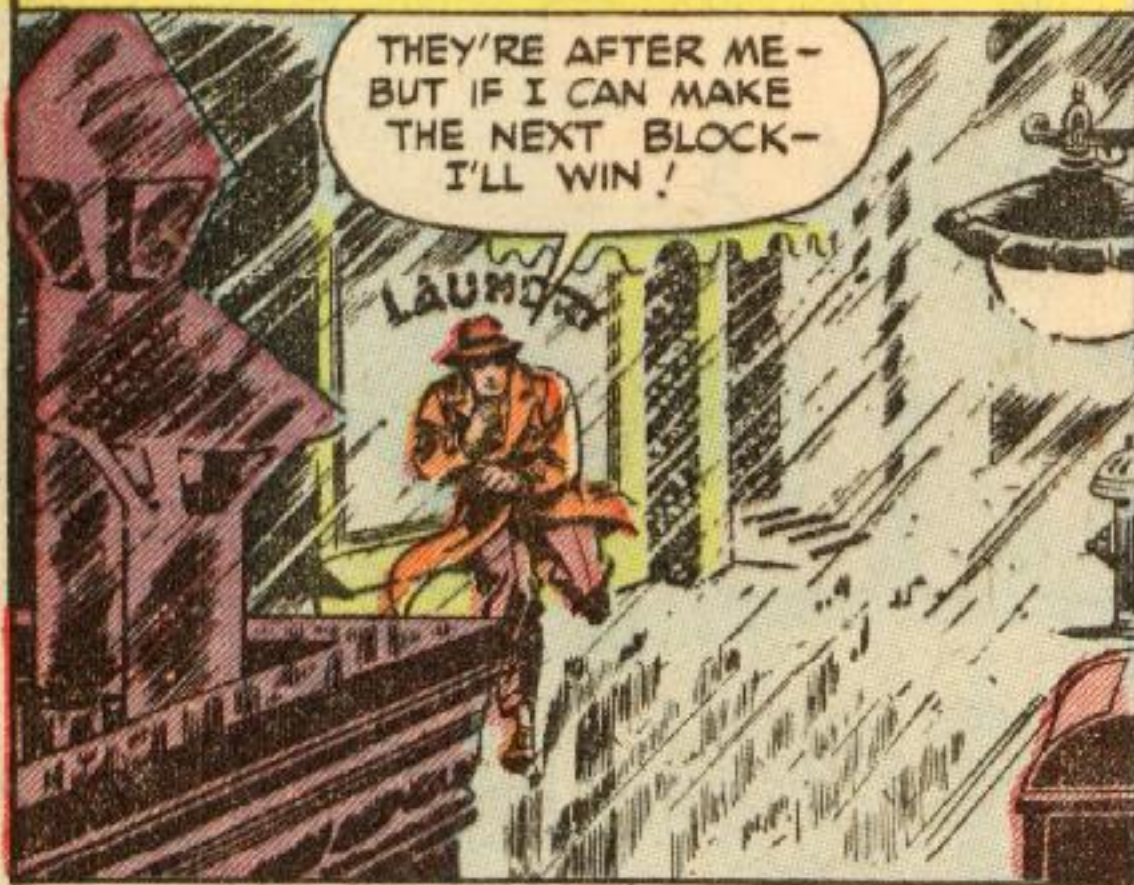
WHEN YOU'RE A MAID
WITH US, YOUR FORTUNE'S
MADE! WE'VE GOT THE PERFECT
"GET-RICH" FORMULA!

MAIDS
WANTED

POLICEWOMAN
—ALMOST UNKNOWN
HEROINE OF
THE POLICE
DEPARTMENT,
BUT KNOWN
ONLY TOO
WELL TO THE
CRIMINALS WHO
DARED SCORN
HER -- AND
LEARNED THEIR
MISTAKE TOO
LATE. THIS
IS THE STORY
OF POLICEWOMAN
MARY ANTONELLI,
SHIELD NUMBER 47392,
WHO HELPED EXPOSE
THE SENSATIONAL
CRIME RING KNOWN
AS THE...
"AGENCY FOR
CRIMES!"



ONE RAINY NIGHT SHORTLY AFTER V-J DAY, A MAN HURRIED THROUGH THE DARK STREETS OF A CALIFORNIA CITY....



AS HE DARTED ACROSS AN INTERSECTION, A SLEEK PASSENGER CAR OUTLINED HIM IN ITS HEADLIGHTS. SUDDENLY....



THE WOUNDED MAN STAGGERED COURAGEOUSLY TO A NEARBY POLICE PRECINCT, HIS LIFE EBBING AWAY WITH EACH FALTERING STEP....



THE STORY OF THIS BRUTAL KILLING WAS CONCEALED FROM THE NEWSPAPERS, FOR THE POLICE HAD TO CONTINUE WORKING IN SECRECY...

BEFORE MAYO DIED, BOYS, HE GAVE US A CLUE - THE WORD "AGENCY!" THE GANG WE'RE AFTER MUSTN'T KNOW THAT MAYO SPOKE AT ALL!

THE WORD "AGENCY" PUTS A NEW LIGHT ON THE RECENT APARTMENT ROBBERIES! MAYO MUST HAVE TRACKED THE BRAINS OF THE MOB TO AN **EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!**

WE'RE CERTAIN NOW THAT CROOKED EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES ARE PLANTING MAIDS IN WEALTHY APARTMENTS -- THEN THE MAIDS CASE THE APARTMENTS SO THAT THEY CAN BE SUCCESSFULLY ROBBED!

LIEUTENANT MORAN REPORTING, COMMISSIONER!

COME IN, LIEUTENANT! THIS CASE WILL REQUIRE AID FROM **YOUR** DEPARTMENT!

WE'VE A HUNCH THESE APARTMENT ROBBERIES ARE SUCCESSFUL BECAUSE OF A CLEVER MAID SERVICE BUREAU! WE NEED A GIRL SMART ENOUGH TO WORK HER WAY IN WITH THE GANG.

TO "PLAY MAID," EH? I THINK I HAVE JUST THE GIRL! **MARY ANTONELLI**, SINGLE, FORMERLY AN ACTRESS! SHE'S A BRAVE GIRL, SIR, AND SHE HELPED BREAK THAT KIDNAPING CASE FOR US LAST YEAR!

GOOD! LET ME SPEAK TO HER!

POLICEMAN
MARY
ANTONELLI



HERE SHE IS, SIR-- POLICEWOMAN MARY ANTONELLI!

COME IN, MARY! EVER PLAY THE ROLE OF MAID BEFORE?

ONCE OR TWICE, SIR-- ON THE STAGE!



WELL, YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY MAID ONCE MORE--FOR YOUR *LIFE*! WE ARE DEALING WITH KILLERS!

YES, SIR--



THESE WILL BE YOUR "REFERENCES." THEY'RE AIRTIGHT! REMEMBER, KEEP GETTING JOBS AT **DIFFERENT** AGENCIES UNTIL ONE OF THEM INVITES YOU TO JOIN THE GANG. THEN **WE STRIKE**!



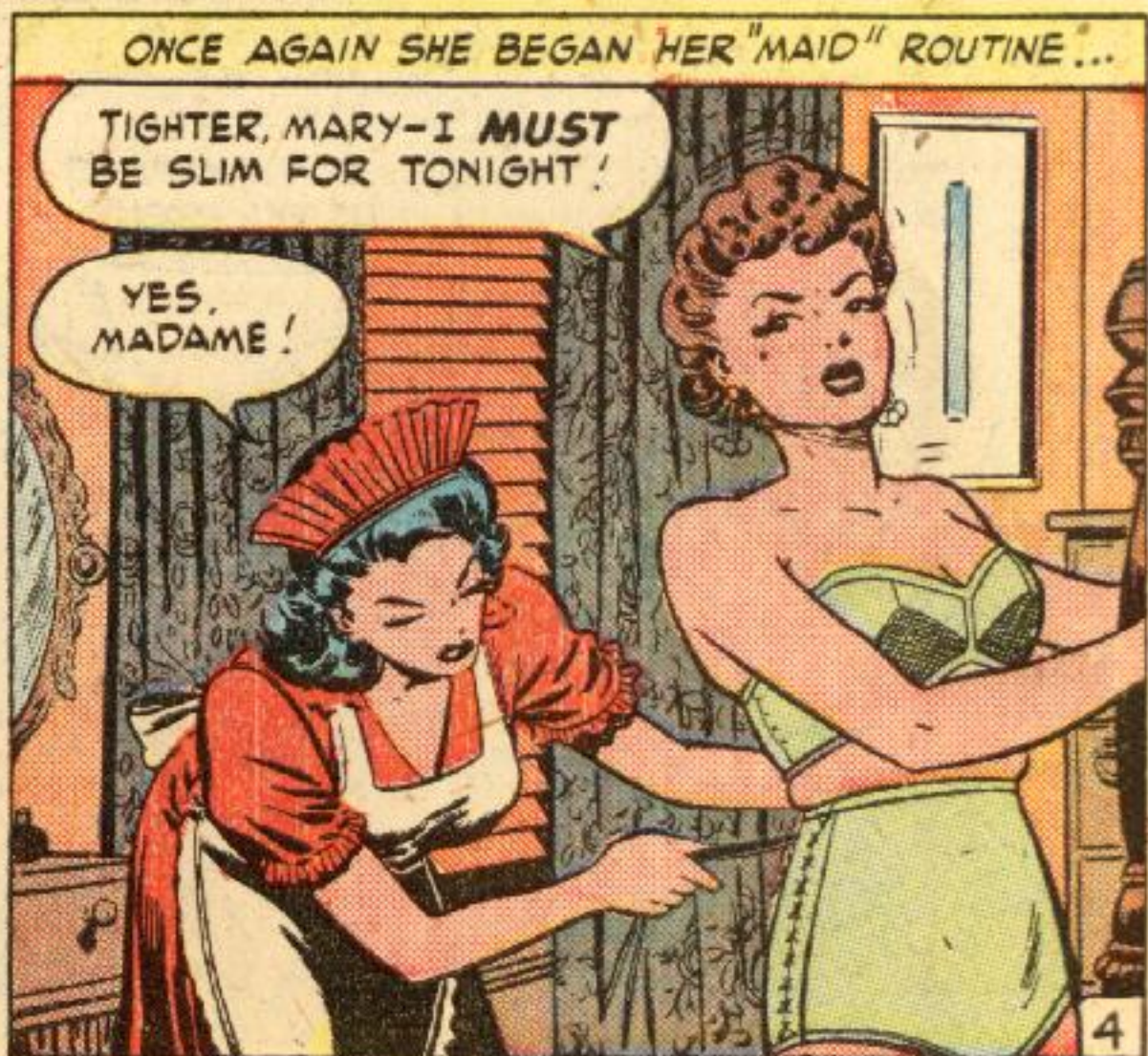
IT WAS EASY FOR MARY TO SECURE EMPLOYMENT THROUGHOUT THE HOT SUMMER MONTHS - BUT THE CROOKS FAILED TO BITE!

MY TENTH JOB AS A MAID-- AND STILL NO LEAD ON THE CROOKED AGENCY! WELL, TOMORROW I'LL APPLY AT ANOTHER PLACE.



THEN... YES, I THINK WE DO HAVE A POSITION FOR YOU-- A VERY NICE FAMILY ON LARK AVE!

I **DO** NEED THE JOB SO!



ONCE AGAIN SHE BEGAN HER "MAID" ROUTINE...

TIGHTER, MARY--I **MUST** BE SLIM FOR TONIGHT!

YES, MADAME!

THEN, EXACTLY ONE WEEK LATER, SHE REPORTED BACK TO THE AGENCY...

WELL, HERE GOES--

I SAID I'M QUITTING! THERE'S NO MONEY IN THIS MAID RACKET!

MY DEAR GIRL-- MONEY DOESN'T GROW ON TREES!

TAKE IT EASY, SUZY! MAYBE THE GAL HAS SOMETHIN'! NO ONE **LIKES** SCRUBBIN' FLOORS, EH?

THAT'S RIGHT, BIG BOY! SOME GALS LIKE MINK AND PARIS GOWNS! THAT'S MY SPEED!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE SOME **REAL** DOUGH, KID? I MEAN **BIG** STUFF?

CAREFUL, PHIL--

LET PHIL ALONE! HE'S GETTING ME AWFULLY INTERESTED! KEEP TALKING, CHUM!

OKAY, BABY--YOU'RE IN! GO BACK TO THAT APARTMENT AN' CASE THE JOINT. FIND OUT WHERE THE WALL SAFE IS AND WHERE THEY KEEP THE ICE!

WHY DON'T I JUST COP THE STUFF?

WE DON'T WANT THE COPS TO THINK MAIDS DO THE JOBS! IT'S GOTTA LOOK LIKE AN **OUTSIDE** DEAL! YOU LINE THINGS UP--AND WE RAID THE JOINT ON **THURSDAY**--MAID'S NIGHT OFF!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING MY LANGUAGE!

ON THAT FOLLOWING DAY...

THE CHECK'S IN THE BOTTLE, MILKMAN! THAT PAYS FOR THE WHOLE MONTH!

THANKS, MISS.

BUT THE "MILKMAN" WENT STRAIGHT TO HEADQUARTERS...

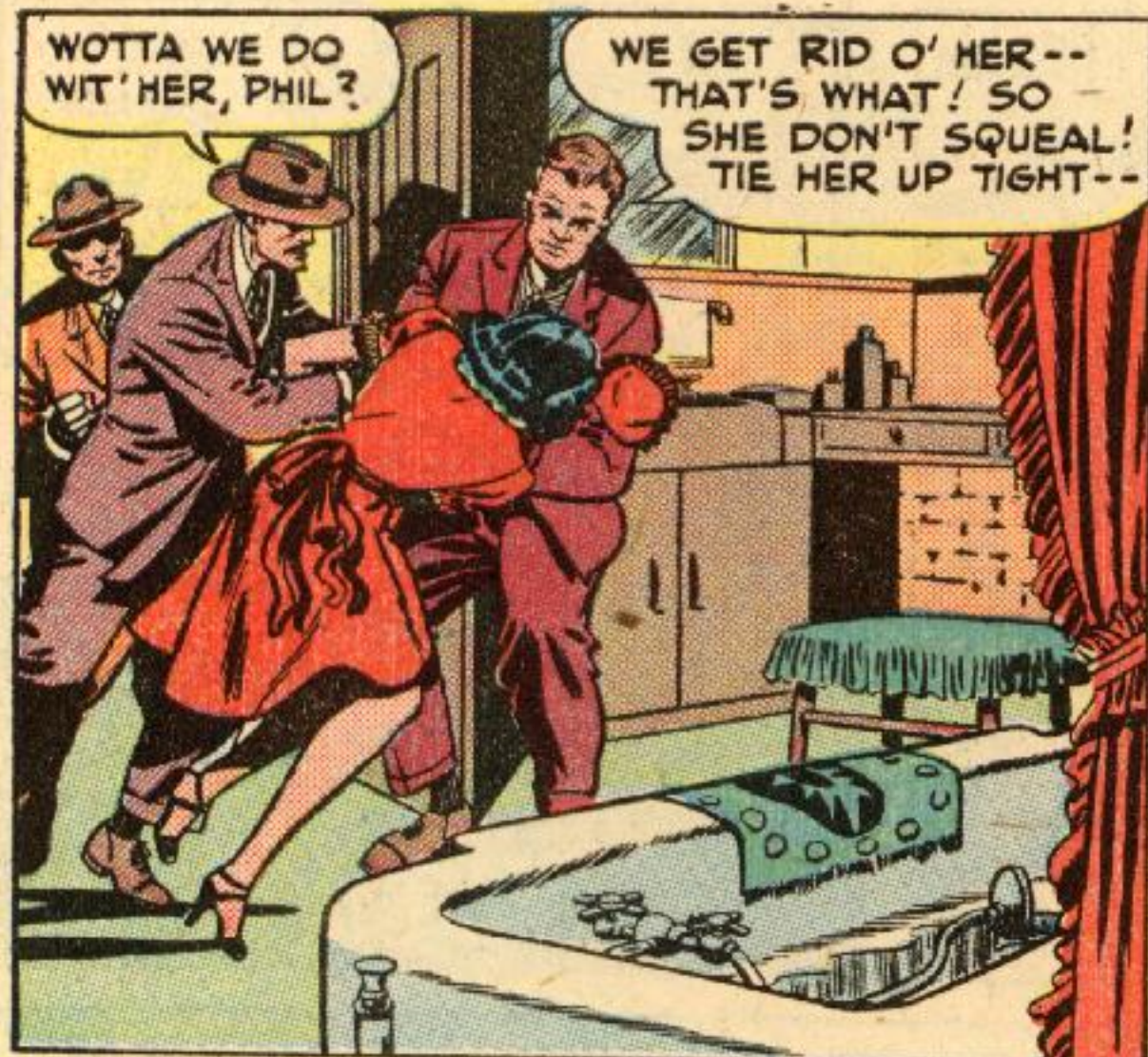


DON'T TRY TO CONTACT MARY, HUGHES-- OR THE MOB MIGHT SPOT YOU! WE'LL WELCOME THEM AT THE APARTMENT ON THURSDAY! HELLO, GET ME LT. DAVIS--

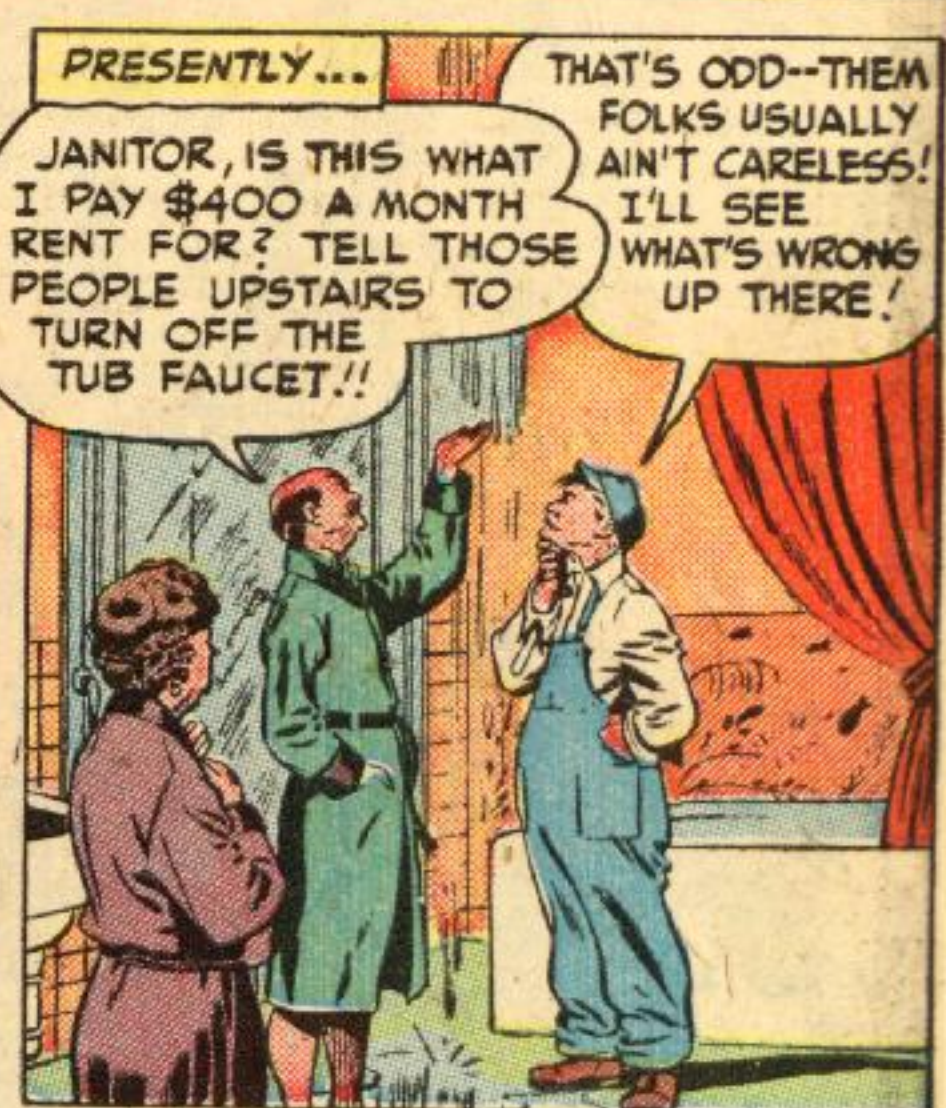
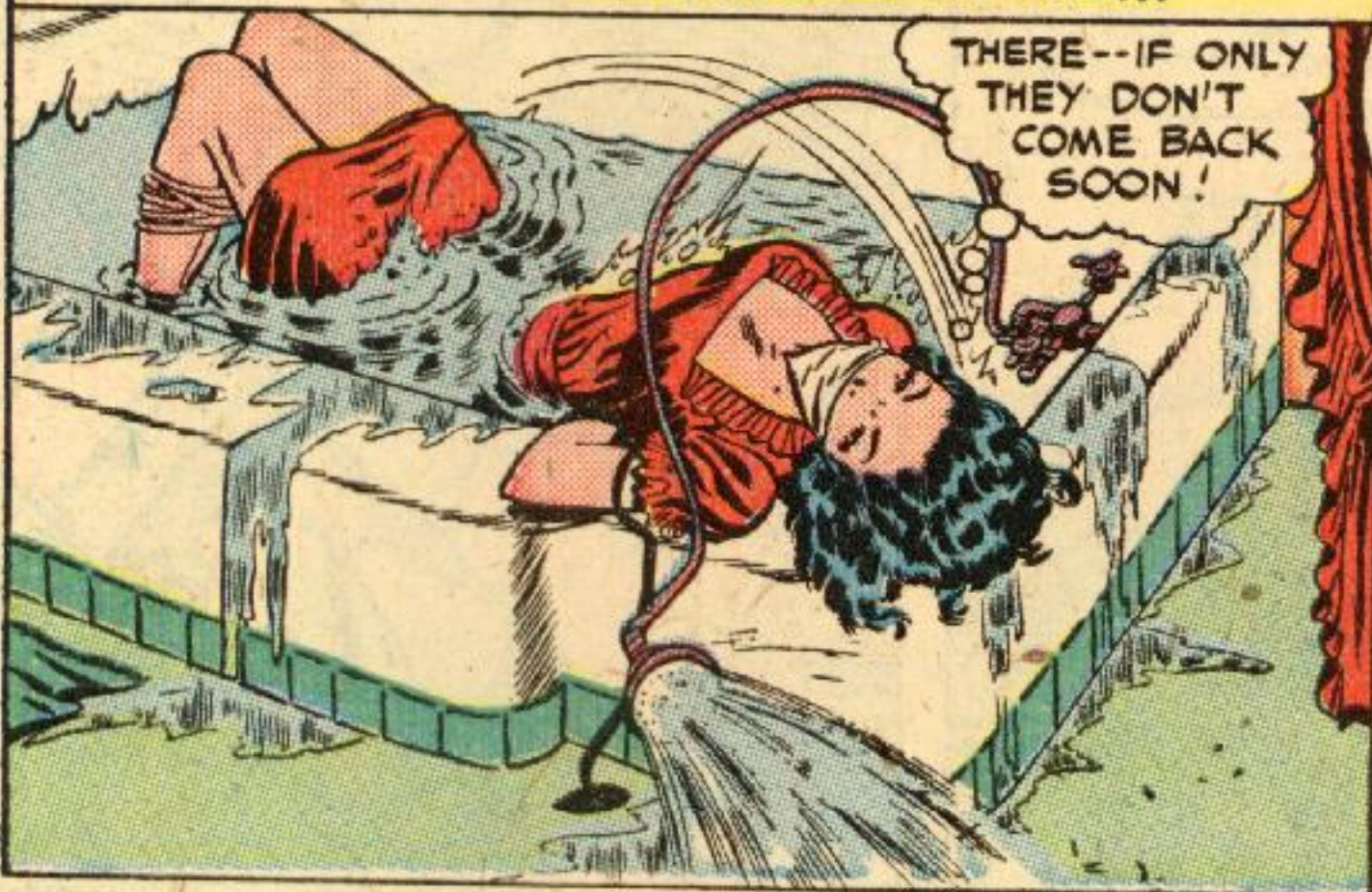


BUT DESPITE THE PLANS OF THE POLICE, SOMETHING WENT WRONG. FOR IT WAS **WEDNESDAY** NIGHT THAT THE MOB VISITED THE APARTMENT...

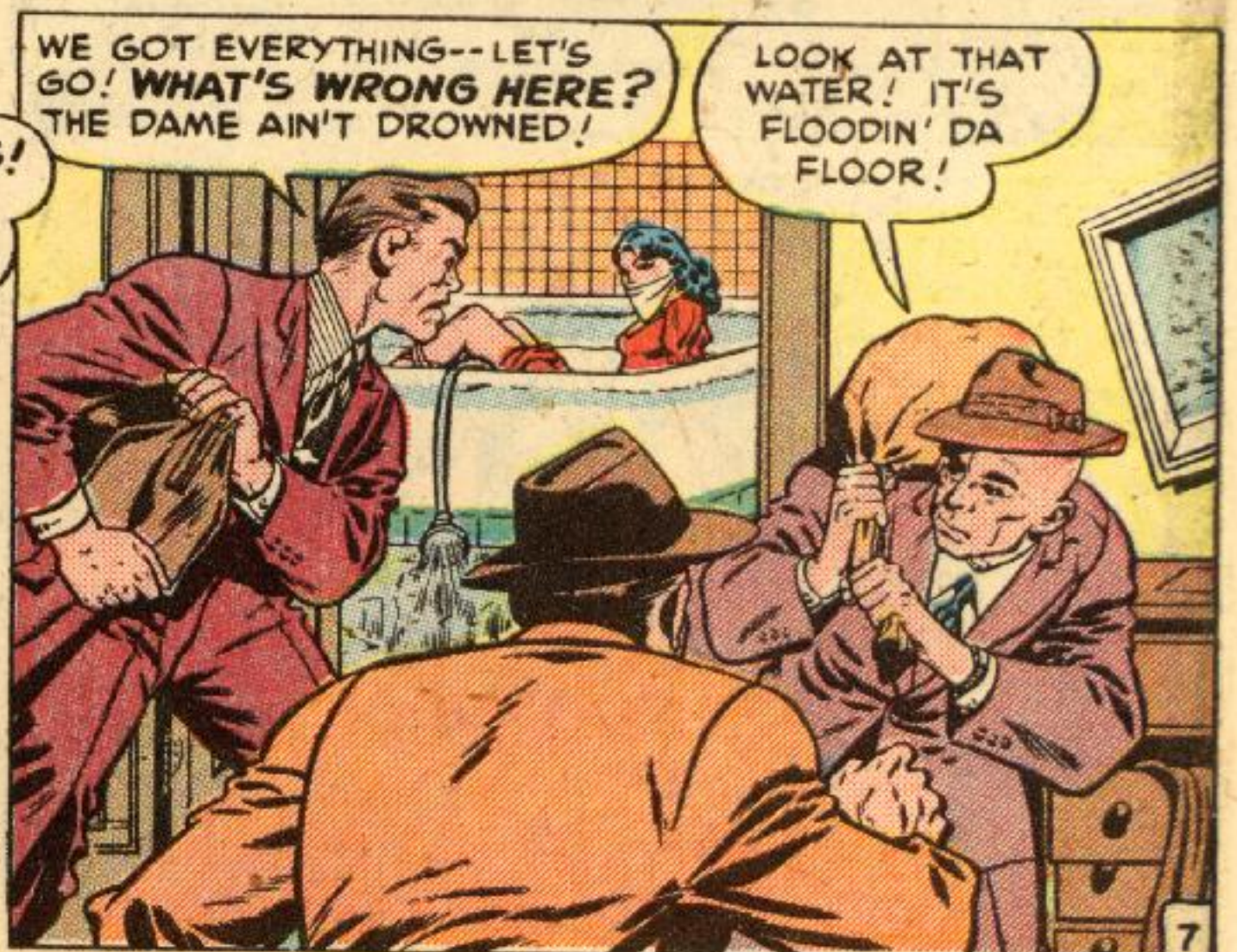


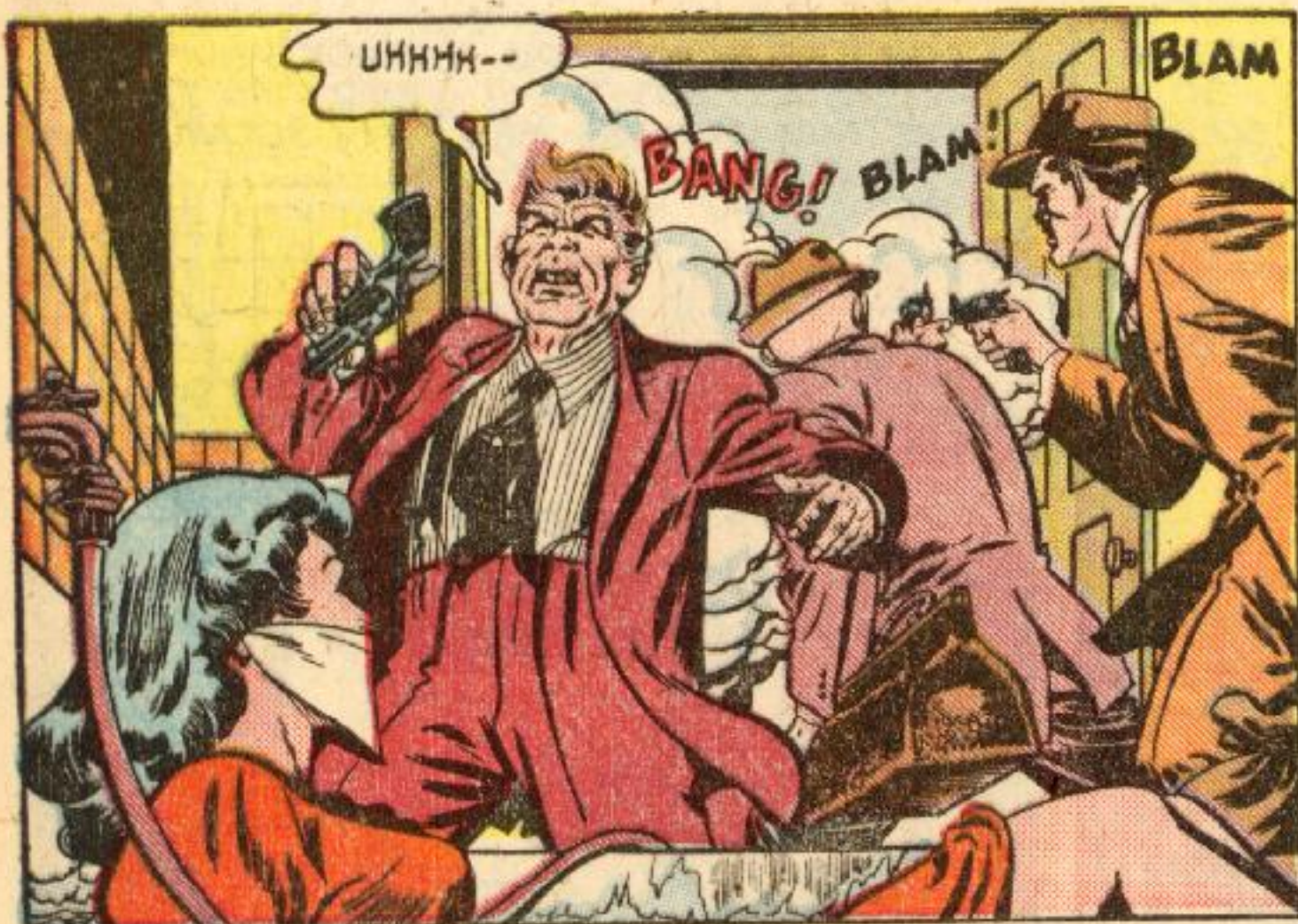


MARY WAITED UNTIL THE THUGS BEGAN RANSACKING THE LIVING ROOM. THEN, STRIKING THE HOSE WITH HER HEAD, SHE MANEUVERED IT OUTSIDE THE TUB...



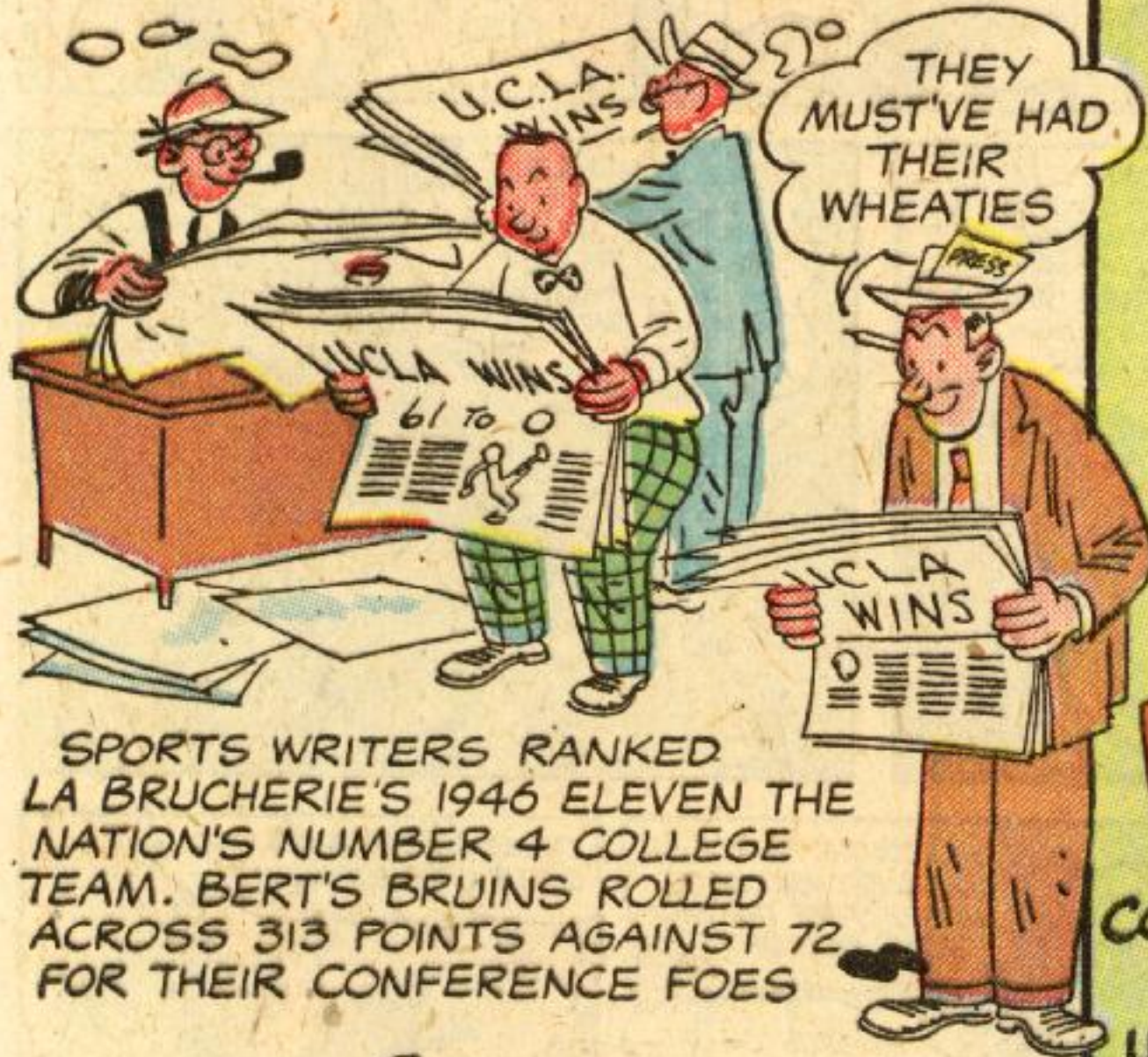
AS THE JANITOR STARTED TO RING THE DOORBELL, HE OVERHEARD VOICES FROM WITHIN...







IN 1946 -- ONLY HIS SECOND YEAR AS U.C.L.A. COACH -- LA BRUCHERIE LED THE CALIFORNIANS TO AN UNDEFEATED CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE PACIFIC COAST CONFERENCE



SPORTS WRITERS RANKED LA BRUCHERIE'S 1946 ELEVEN THE NATION'S NUMBER 4 COLLEGE TEAM. BERT'S BRUINS ROLLED ACROSS 313 POINTS AGAINST 72 FOR THEIR CONFERENCE FOES

MY BOYS OFTEN HEAR ME RECOMMEND A BIG BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' AS A TOP-FLIGHT TRAINING DISH," SAYS BERT LA BRUCHERIE. "IT'S MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST DISH. THOSE CRISP WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAVE A FLAVOR THAT'S HIT IT OFF WITH MY APPETITE FOR YEARS"

NOW I'LL DEMONSTRATE

BERT

LA BRUCHERIE

COACH OF THE CHAMPION U.C.L.A. BRUINS

WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

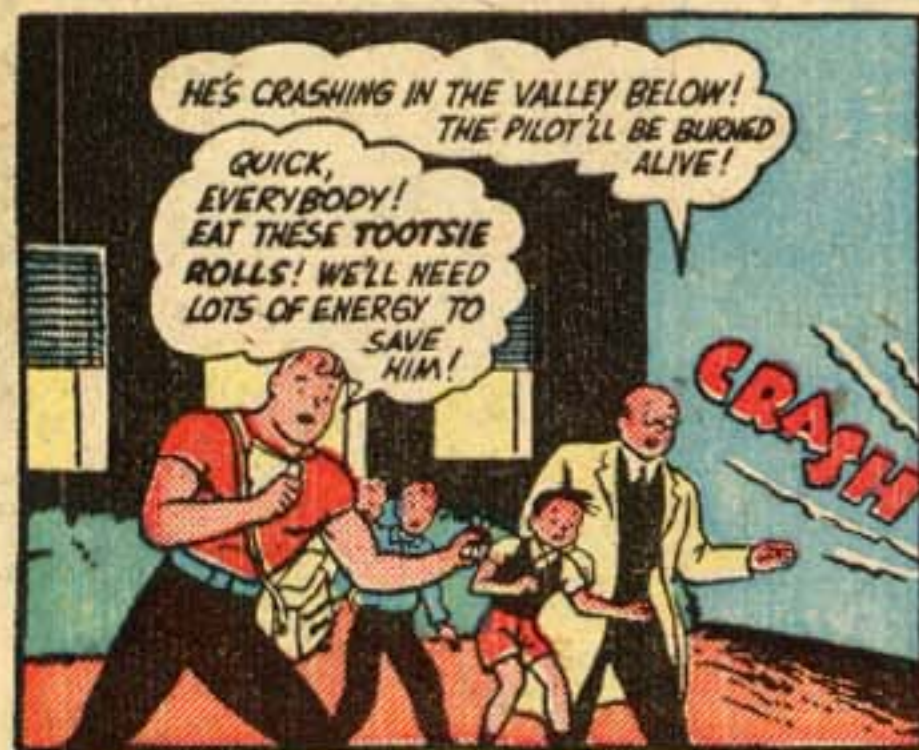
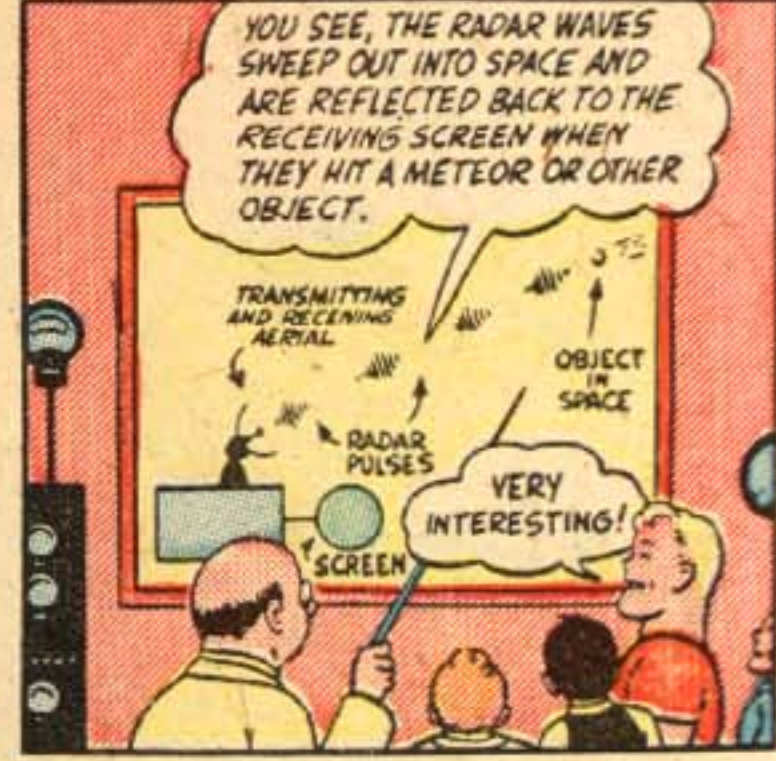
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.



TOOTSIE and the **RADAR RESCUE**

BY CC BECK AND PETER COSTANZA



HOT MONEY

A
GANG
BUSTERS
STORY



THIS IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO BET HIS LIFE ON A NEW WAY OF SWAPPING COUNTERFEIT MONEY FOR REAL.

HE'S DEAD.

BUT THE LATE FRANK (FRENCHY) LAVOIS AND HIS SEA-GOING MOBSTERS WORRIED THE GANG BUSTERS OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE UNTIL AGENT JOHN TOBIN FOUND THE DANGEROUS TRAIL THAT LED TO A FINAL RECKONING.

HERE'S THE UNVARNISHED RECORD OF THAT DRAMATIC MANHUNT AND ITS VIOLENT END.....

ON A RAINY AFTERNOON IN MAY, SECRET SERVICE AGENT JOHN S. TOBIN CHECKED IN AT HIS DISTRICT OFFICE IN A GEORGIA CITY...

HELLO, TOBIN. CAN YOU BREAK THIS TEN-SPOT FOR ME?

I THINK SO...

HMM...

SAY, DO YOU THINK I'D SLIP A COUNTERFEIT TO AN EXPERT LIKE YOU?



SORRY, CHIEF! MAKING SURE THEY'RE GENUINE IS JUST A HABIT. THAT ONE'S OKAY!

WAIT A MINUTE. I WANT YOU TO SEE SOMETHING!

GET SET FOR A SHOCK! GIVE ME BACK THAT TEN.

WHAT-? YOU DON'T MEAN-?



NOTICE THE MISSING PINPOINT PERIOD AT THE END OF THE LINE, "SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY". ALSO, THREE LINES OF SCROLLWORK ARE SMUDGED, AND THERE ARE OTHER LESS OBVIOUS DEFECTS.

WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!

ALMOST PERFECT COUNTERFEITS - TENS, TWENTIES AND FIFTIES! LAB TESTS ARE NECESSARY TO DETECT THE DIFFERENCE IN PAPER AND INK.

WHERE ARE THESE UNDERWORLD MASTERPIECES CIRCULATING?



IN THE SEAPORT CITIES I'VE MARKED! MOST WERE TRACED TO WEALTHY MEN WHO LIKE TO GAMBLE. THEY DIDN'T KNOW THE BILLS WERE PHONEY.

THEY COULDN'T SAY WHERE THEY'D GOT THE STUFF. BUT I HAVE A THEORY AND A PLAN—IF YOU'D LIKE TO TRY TO CRACK THE CASE!

THAT'S MY JOB!

THAT NIGHT, JOHN TOBIN BEGAN A TOUR OF COASTAL TOWNS, MAKING CASUAL FRIENDS, ACTING A PLAYBOY ON THE LOOSE...

TO THE BEST HOTEL. THEN I'D LIKE TO SAMPLE THE LOCAL NIGHT LIFE.

MISTER, YOU PICKED THE RIGHT TOWN AND THE RIGHT CABBIE!

THEN, TWO WEEKS LATER, IN NORTH CAROLINA, CAME THE FIRST BREAK!

I WON PLENTY ON THE **GREEN PARROT**. FRENCHY LAVOIS' GAMBLING SHIP, LAST NIGHT—BUT DROPPED IT ALL HERE!

A GAMBLING SHIP... HMM... THAT COULD BE THE LINK!

LATER, A VISIT TO THE POLICE HARBOR PATROL...

JOE CONNORS, OF ALL PEOPLE!

IF IT ISN'T JACK TOBIN! COME ABOARD AND TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE BEEN DOING SINCE YOU GOT SHOT UP ON TARAWA!

I'M WITH THE SECRET SERVICE, JOE—WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT A GAMBLING SHIP, THE **GREEN PARROT**?

NOT MUCH. SHE ANCHORED OUTSIDE THE LIMIT THE OTHER NIGHT. CUSTOMERS ARE PICKED UP AT PIER 43.



ONLY—IT WASN'T AN HONEST GAME. TOBIN SUSPECTED THAT THE ROULETTE WHEELS WERE OFTEN RIGGED—
IN THE PATRONS' FAVOR.



BUT FRENCHY LAVOIS KEPT AN EYE ON HIS CUSTOMERS. MISSING TOBIN, HE ORDERED A SEARCH OF THE SHIP.

YES, I USED TO BE A MASTER ENGRAVER. GAMBLING RUINED ME. I GOT IN DEBT... TURNED CROOKED...

... AND TURNED OUT NEAR-PERFECT PLATES!



NOW, WHAT, FRENCHY? DO WE BUMP HIM AND DUMP HIM?

NOT HERE. THE BODY'D FLOAT ASHORE. DRAG HIM TO MY OFFICE, DAVE.



A SECRET SERVICE GUMSHOE! IF THOSE GUYS ARE WISE TO US, WE GOT TO HEAD FOR THE HIGH SEAS. WHEN WE GET THERE, WE'LL FEED HIM TO THE FISHES.

YOU WERE LOOKING FOR HOT MONEY—TAKE A GOOD LOOK! IT'S ALL YOURS!

AIN'T THAT GENEROUS OF US, COPPER?—GIVIN' YOU MONEY TO BURN BEFORE WE BUMP YOU OFF?



DAVE WAS JOKING—BUT NOT TOBIN, AS HE LABORIOUSLY HITCHED HIS CHAIR CLOSER TO THE DESK...

MONEY TO BURN!... IF I CAN MAKE THIS CIGARETTE LIGHTER WORK...

CAN'T WORRY ABOUT BLISTERING MY NOSE AT A TIME LIKE THIS...



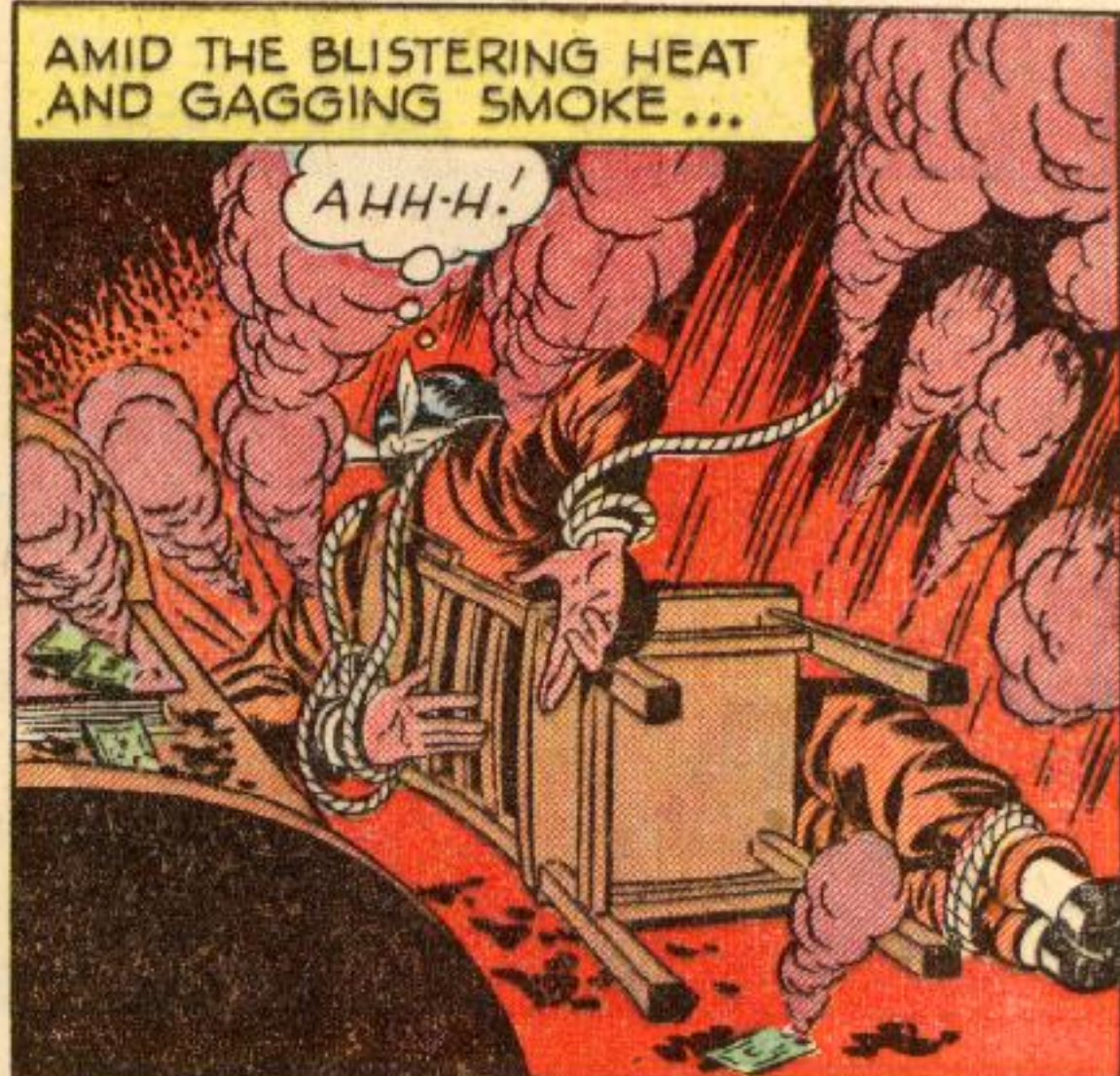
NOR DID TOBIN ENJOY TURNING HIMSELF INTO A HUMAN TORCH! TO THIS DAY, HE BEARS THE SCARS OF HIS DESPERATE ESCAPE...

IF THE FLAMES GET TOO MUCH OF A START BEFORE THE ROPES GIVE, THEY WON'T HAVE TO WASTE LEAD ON ME!



AMID THE BLISTERING HEAT AND GAGGING SMOKE...

AHH-H!



I'LL SWIM FOR ONE OF THE SPEEDBOATS... UNTIE IT... AND TRY FOR A HEAD START BEFORE THE SHOOTING BEGINS!



THE LONG CHANCE PAID OFF!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

HAVE TO HURRY. THEY'LL RUN FOR IT. HOPE JOE CONNORS IS ON THE JOB!



ABOARD POLICE LAUNCH PD7, COMMANDED BY LT. CONNORS...

I CAN HEAR SHOOTING, LIEUTENANT!

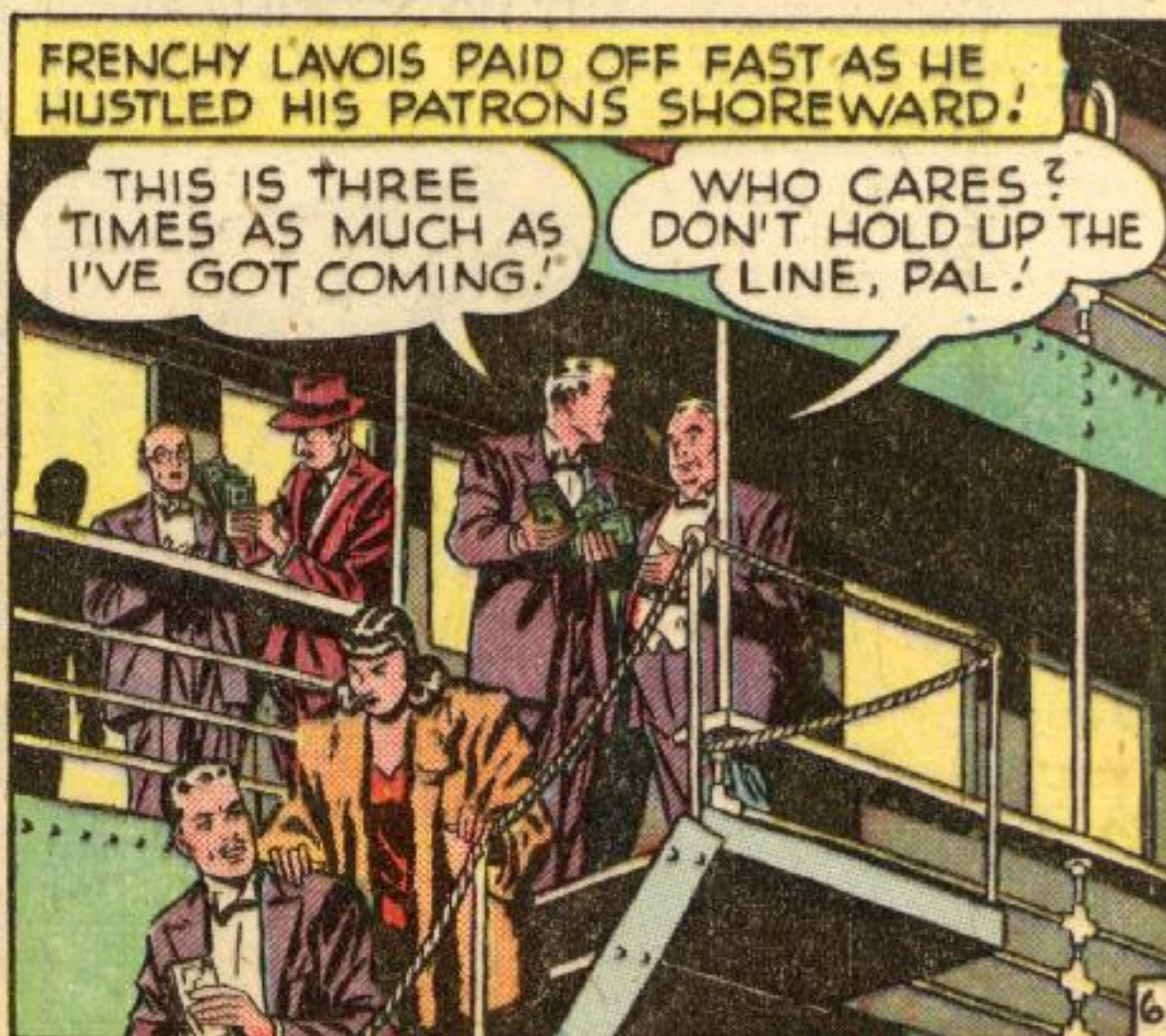
MUST BE TOBIN IN TROUBLE - HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SIGNAL! FULL SPEED AHEAD TOWARD THAT SPEEDBOAT!

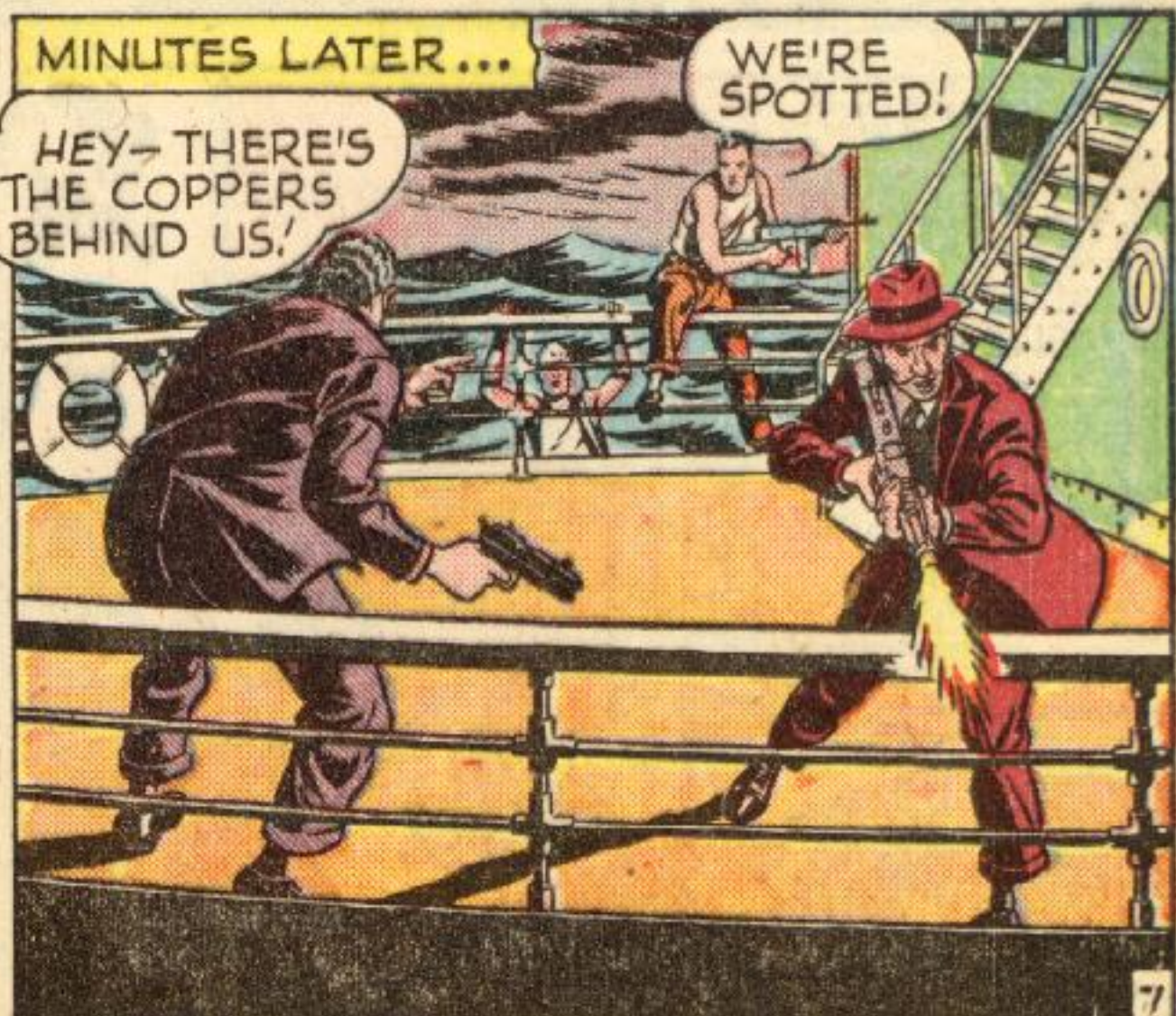
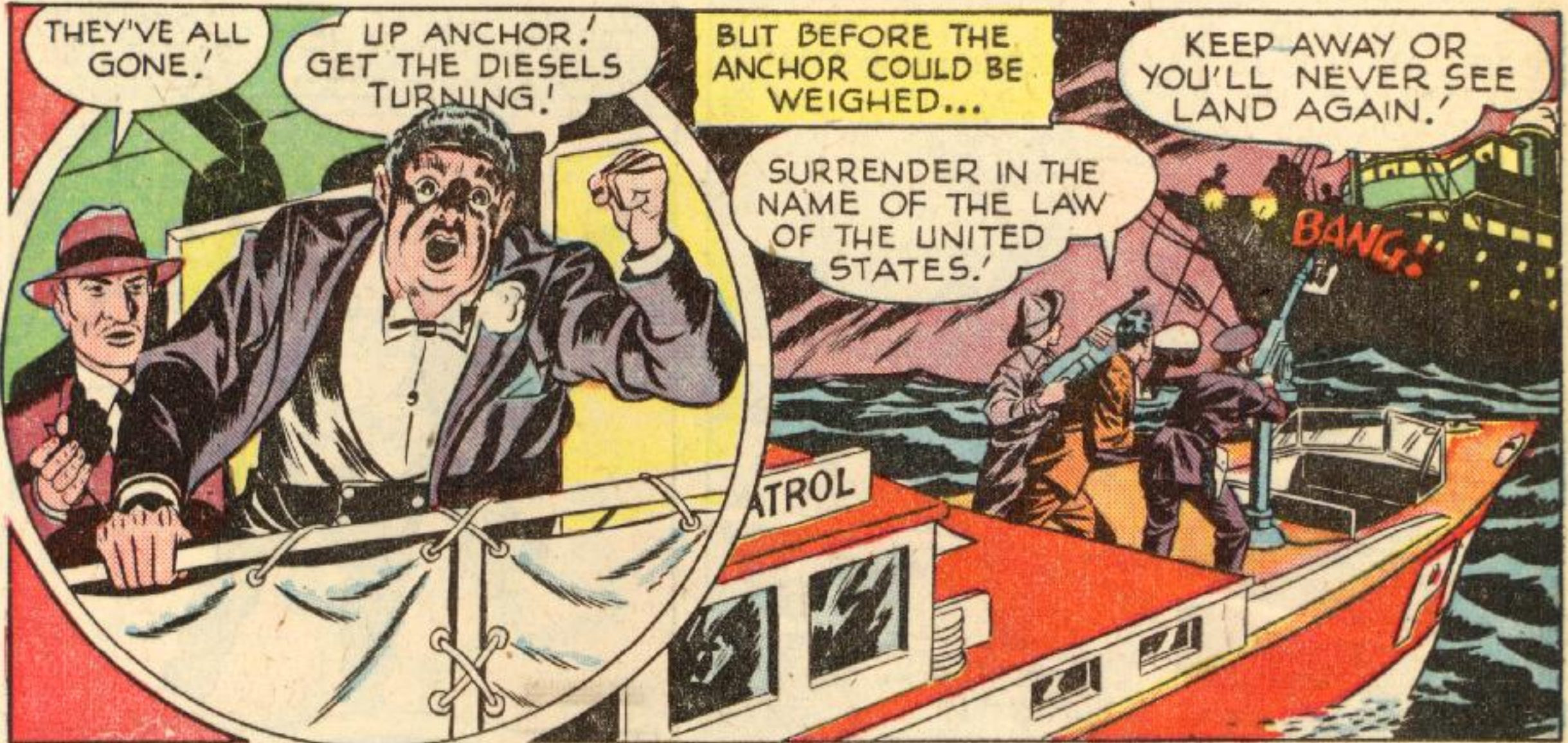


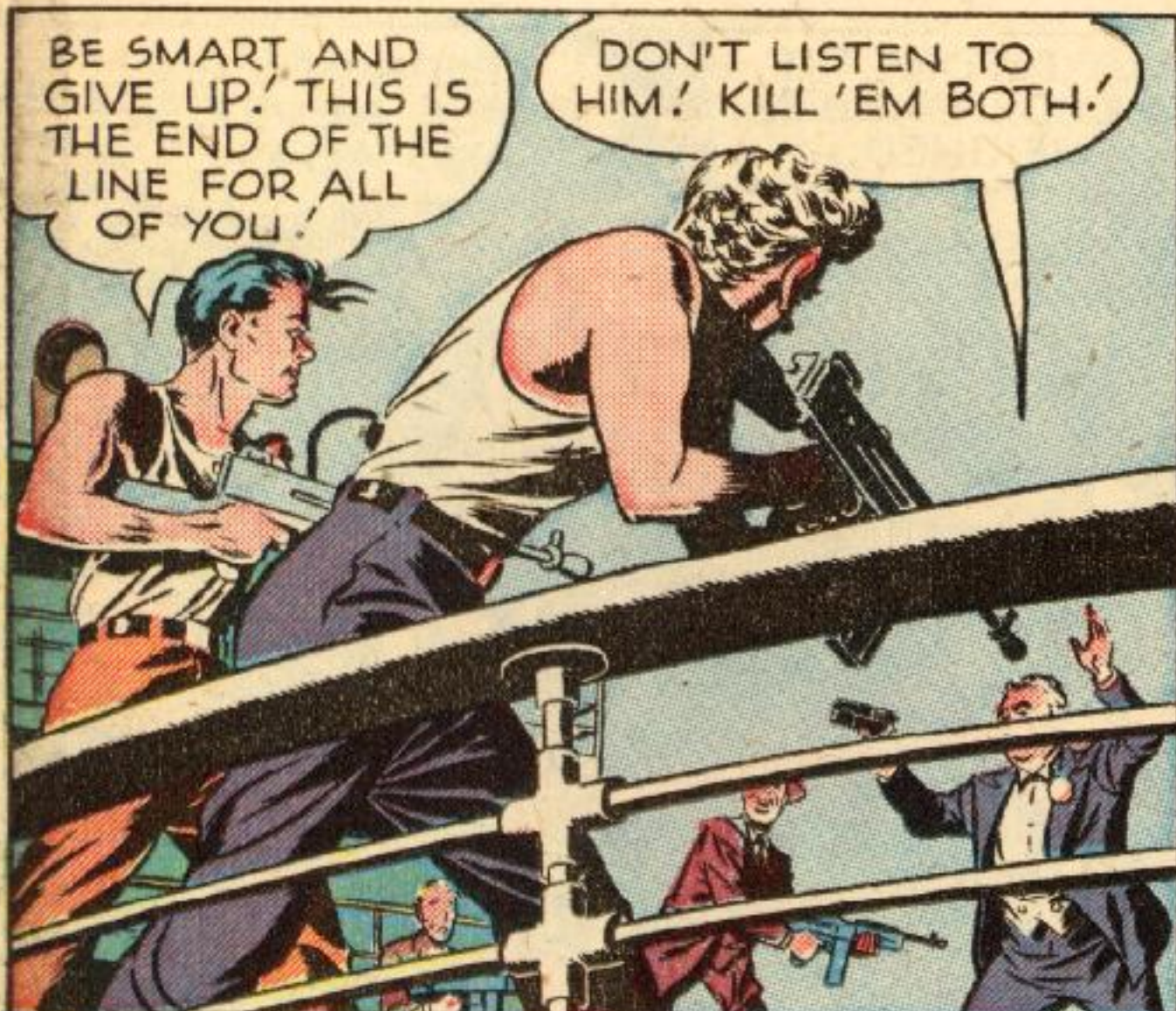
FRENCHY LAVOIS PAID OFF FAST AS HE HUSTLED HIS PATRONS SHOREWARD!

THIS IS THREE TIMES AS MUCH AS I'VE GOT COMING!

WHO CARES? DON'T HOLD UP THE LINE, PAL!







BE SMART AND GIVE UP! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE FOR ALL OF YOU!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! KILL 'EM BOTH!

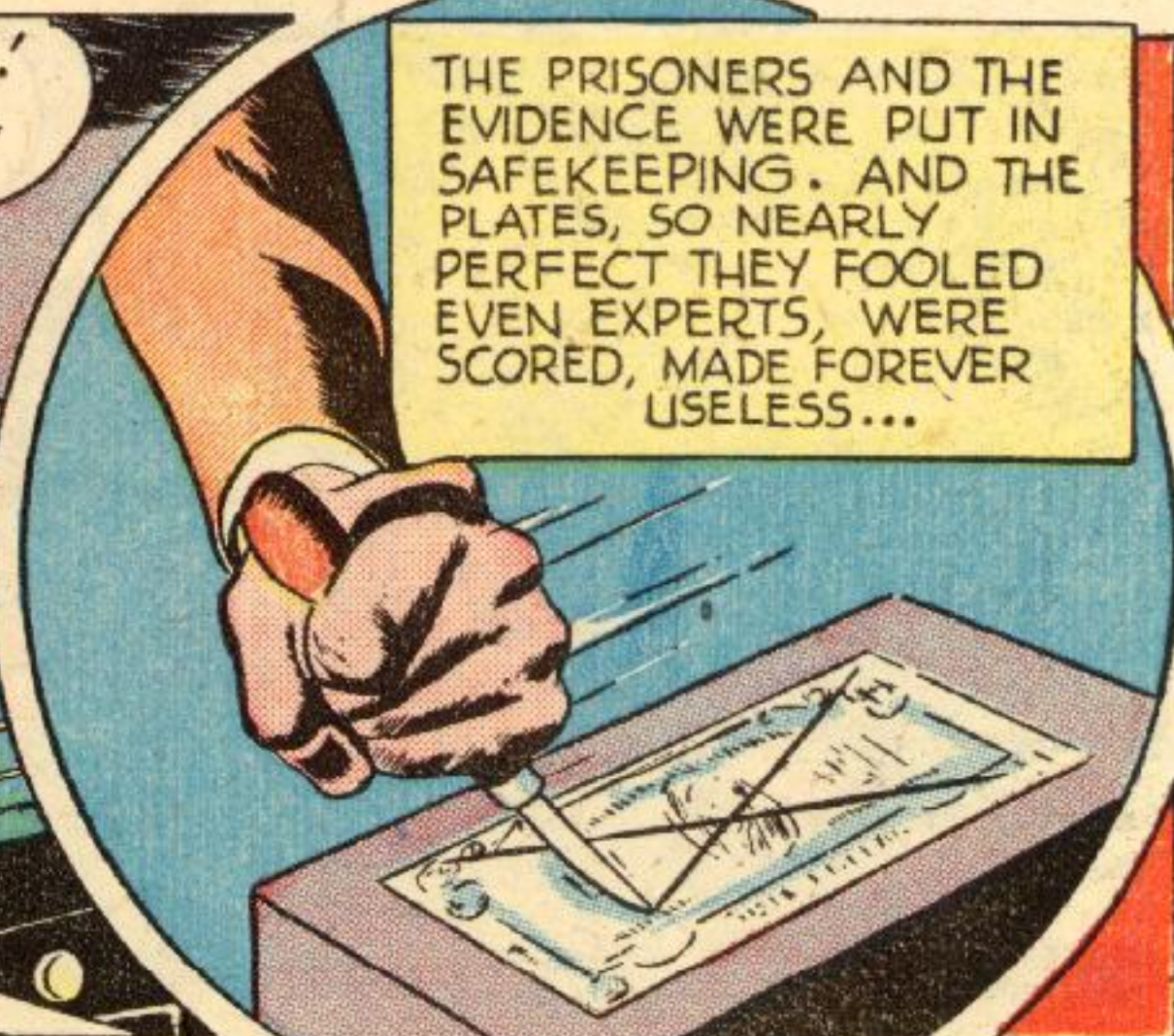


FRENCHY LAVOIS, COUNTERFEITER, CHEAT, AND KILLER, PAID ON THE SPOT FOR A LIFETIME OF LAWLESSNESS...



AND HIS HENCHMEN WILLINGLY SETTLED, ON EASIER TERMS!

AHOY THE LAUNCH! COME ABOARD - WITH HANDCUFFS!



THE PRISONERS AND THE EVIDENCE WERE PUT IN SAFEKEEPING. AND THE PLATES, SO NEARLY PERFECT THEY FOOLED EVEN EXPERTS, WERE SCORED, MADE FOREVER USELESS...



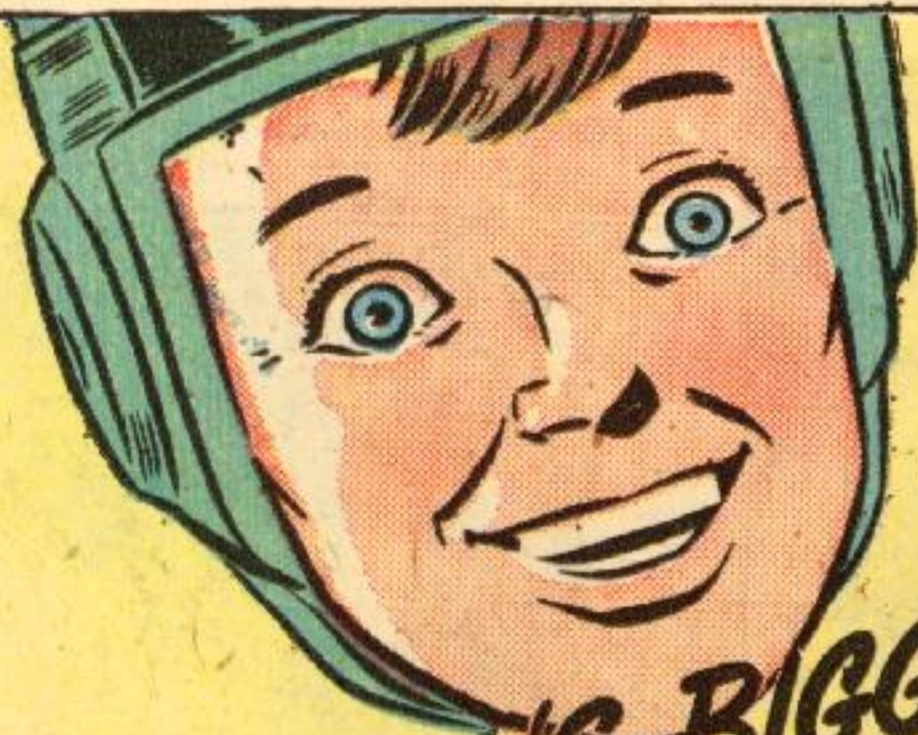
AND ADDED TO A UNIQUE COLLECTION IN THE TREASURY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, D.C. - GRIM EVIDENCE OF ANOTHER SECRET SERVICE TRIUMPH AGAINST COUNTERFEITERS!



BACK IN THE DISTRICT SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE...

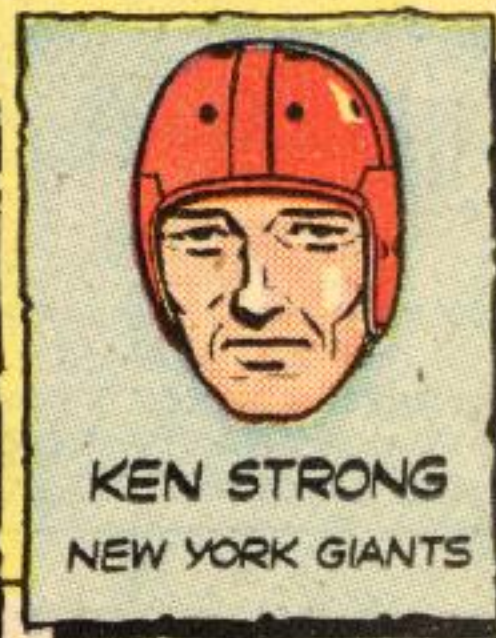
CONGRATULATIONS, JOHN, ON A JOB REQUIRING BRAINS, PATIENCE, NERVE -

AND AN ASBESTOS SKIN, CHIEF! FROM NOW ON THE EXPRESSION, "HOT MONEY," HAS A NEW MEANING FOR ME!

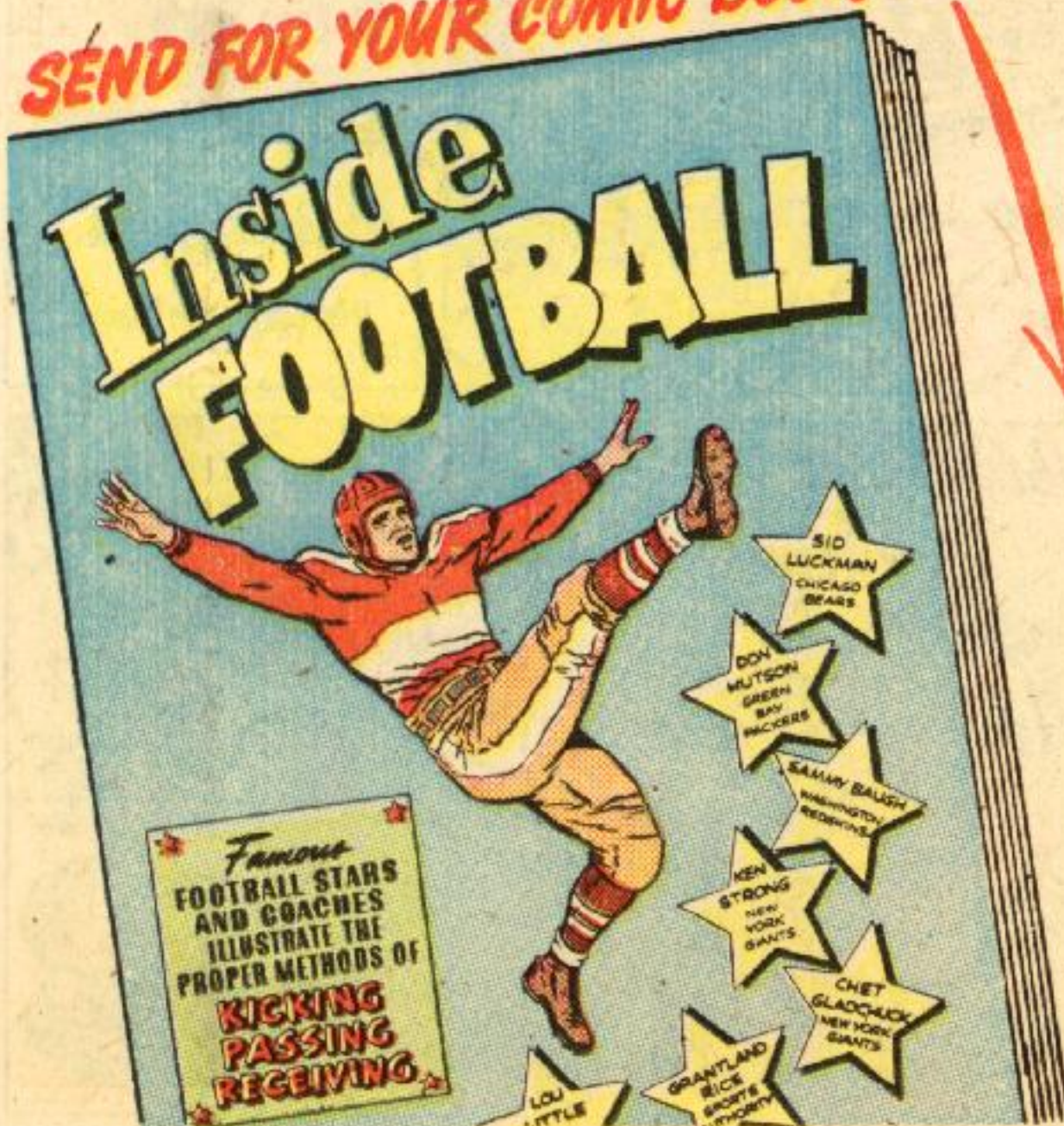


"HEY, FELLOWS
LOOK WHO WE'VE GOT!..."

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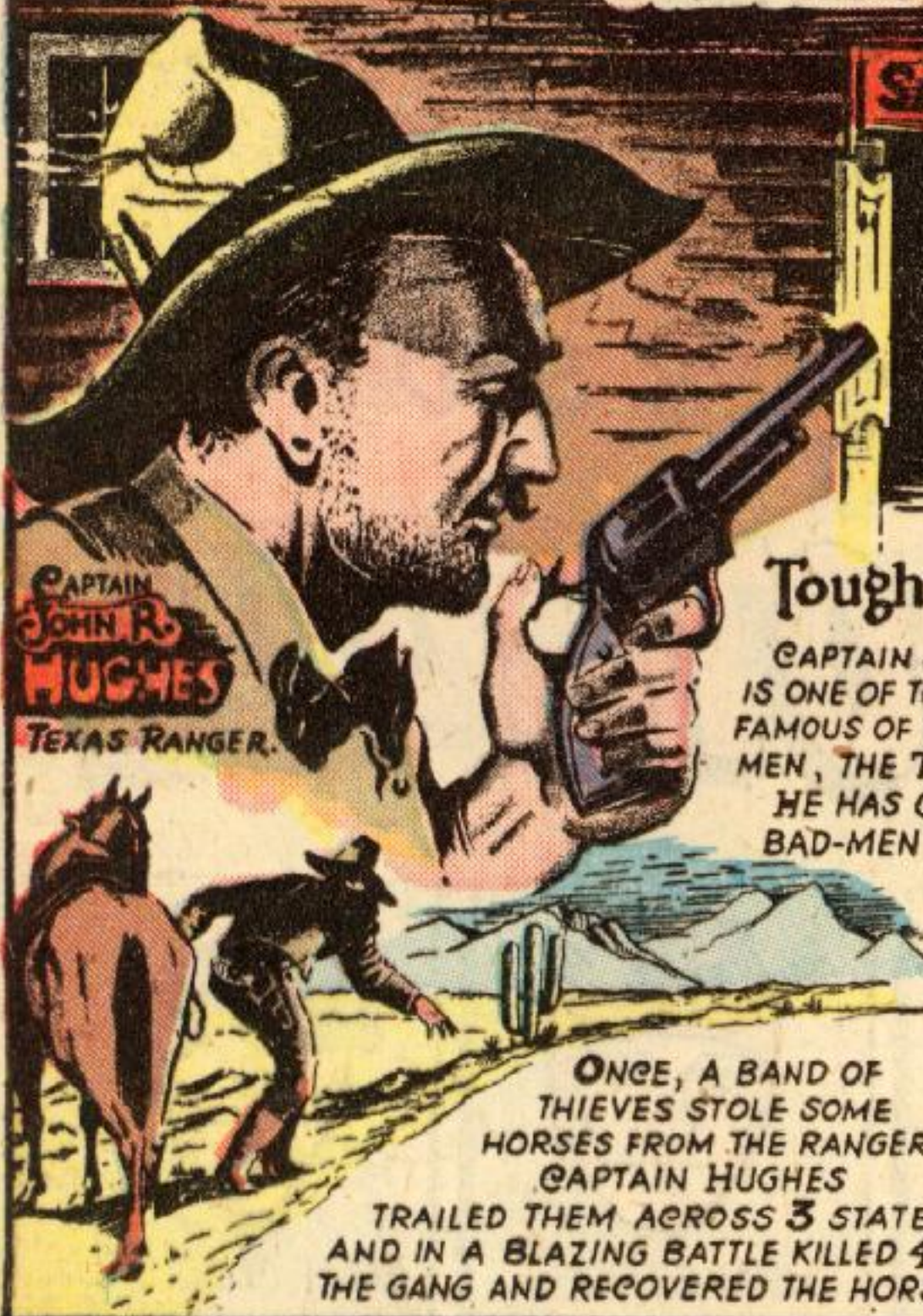
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Send me a copy of "Inside Football" comic book by return mail. I enclose 5c (in coin or stamps) to cover postage and handling.

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A FACT FEATURE



CAPTAIN JOHN R. HUGHES
TEXAS RANGER.

Tough on Bandits

CAPTAIN JOHN HUGHES IS ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST FAMOUS OF THAT GALLANT BODY OF MEN, THE TEXAS RANGERS! HE HAS GONE AFTER MORE BAD-MEN THAN ANY OTHER RANGER.

ONCE, A BAND OF THIEVES STOLE SOME HORSES FROM THE RANGERS. CAPTAIN HUGHES TRAILED THEM ACROSS 3 STATES AND IN A BLAZING BATTLE KILLED 4 OF THE GANG AND RECOVERED THE HORSES!

HIS DISTRICT, THE BAD-LANDS ALONG THE RIO GRANDE, WAS FOR YEARS THE MOST LAWLESS IN THE U.S.



ENOUGH LEAD HAS BEEN FIRED AT THE CAPTAIN TO SINK A BATTLESHIP, BUT THEY NEVER MANAGED TO DOWN HIM, EVEN FROM AMBUSH. HE'S NEVER LOST A GUN FIGHT!

ADVERTISEMENT

Junior Jim . . . by S.B. Black



THIS IS FOR YOUR COUGH!

UGH!
IT TASTES
AWFUL!



JIM'S DREAM

OUR COUGH DROPS
TASTE GOOD!

**SMITH BROTHERS
BLACK
COUGH
DROPS**

AND RELIEVE
COUGHS *
3 WAYS

**SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS HELP**

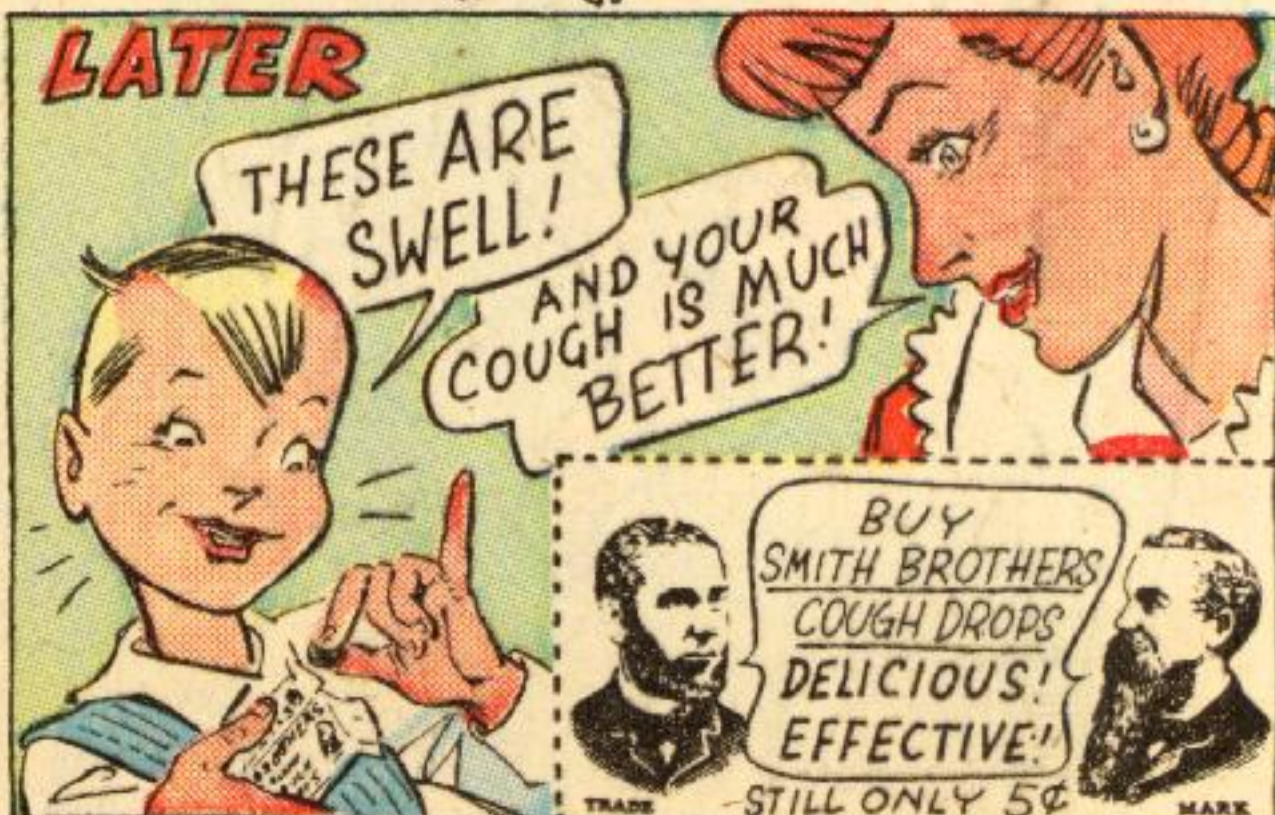
- ① Ease Tickle
- ② Soothe Membranes
- ③ Loosen phlegm

*for coughs due to colds



MOM I DREAMT
OF THE
SMITH BROTHERS

AND I
REMEMBERED
THEIR
COUGH DROPS.
HERE!



LATER

THESE ARE
SWELL!

AND YOUR
COUGH IS MUCH
BETTER!

BUY
SMITH BROTHERS
COUGH DROPS
DELICIOUS!
EFFECTIVE!

STILL ONLY 5¢



ME-MASTER CROOK

AS TOLD BY
JACK OLDS

A
**GANG
BUSTERS**
STORY

HERE'S THE CONFESSION OF AS SLICK A THIEF AS EVER GLOMMED A BUNDLE OF SWAG! DETECTIVES, STUDYING SAMPLES FROM HIS BAG OF TRICKS, ADMIT HE HAD FEW EQUALS. **JACK OLDS**, WHO PREFERRED BEING CALLED "THE OLD MASTER," INSISTS HE HAD NONE. UNHAMPERED BY MODESTY, HE DESCRIBES CRIMINAL EXPLOITS OF UNDOUBTED INGENUITY, AND LEAVES YOU TO DECIDE FOR YOURSELF JUST HOW SMART HE WAS IN THE LONG RUN!



AD FINAL *Exclusive*
5 CENTS **INGENIOUS CRIMES
BAFFLE POLICE!**
STORY ON PG. 2
CITY COUNCIL VOTES FOR
8¢ FARE

DAILY POST SPORTS FINAL
5¢ **GUARD TURNS BACK,
PAYROLL VANISHES**

The P.M. GAZETTE 3¢
**GDPS SEEK "OLD
MASTER" IN
MUSEUM ROBBERY!**

"JACK OLDS IS THE MONICKER, PAL--BETTER KNOWN AS 'THE OLD MASTER.' IF MY STORY SOUNDS LIKE BRAGGING, I CAN'T HELP THAT..."

YOU SEE, I CAME UP THE HARD WAY TO GET TO THE TOP OF MY PROFESSION. LOOKING BACK, I FEEL SORT OF PROUD OF MYSELF ...



"IN THE SLUM WHERE I GREW UP, I SOON SAW I'D NEED AN EDUCATION TO BE A SUCCESS..."

WHAT A SAP-- TRYING TO FORGE A CHECK. WHEN YOU CAN BARELY WRITE YOUR OWN NAME!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

"BUT I WAS WRONG. THEY PINCHED ME SOON ENOUGH... AND I WAS OFF TO REFORM SCHOOL..."

STEALING, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO CROOKS? ... POLICE!

LEMME GO!

"AND THERE I MET HARRY HOFFER, A YOUNG GUY WITH EXPERIENCE!"

YOU GOT TO USE YOUR HEAD TO BEAT THE LAW, JACK. WHEN WE GET OUT OF HERE ...

WE'LL WORK TOGETHER, HUH?

"HARRY HAD SAVVY, ALL RIGHT. AFTER WE GOT OUT, IN PITTSBURGH..."

I'VE BEEN WATCHING THOMPSON. HE TAKES THE CASH EVERY NIGHT--AND BANKS IT ONCE A WEEK.

THEN THERE SHOULD BE A NICE CHUNK OF DOUGH AT HIS HOUSE! HMM...

"YESSIR-- WE WERE SMART! MAYBE TOO SMART FOR OUR OWN GOOD!"

MRS. THOMPSON? THIS IS RECEIVING HOSPITAL. YOUR HUSBAND HAS JUST BEEN HURT...

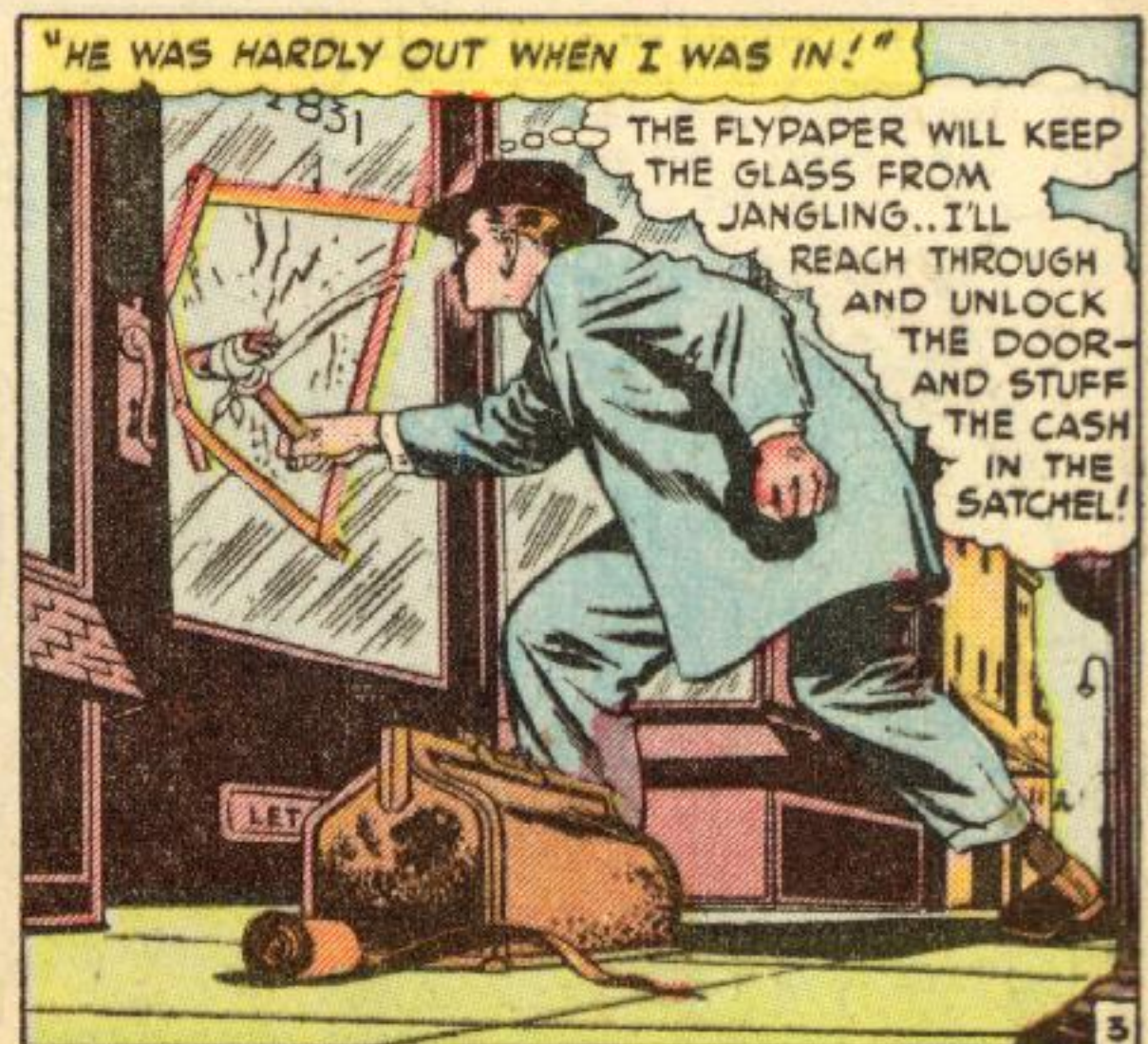
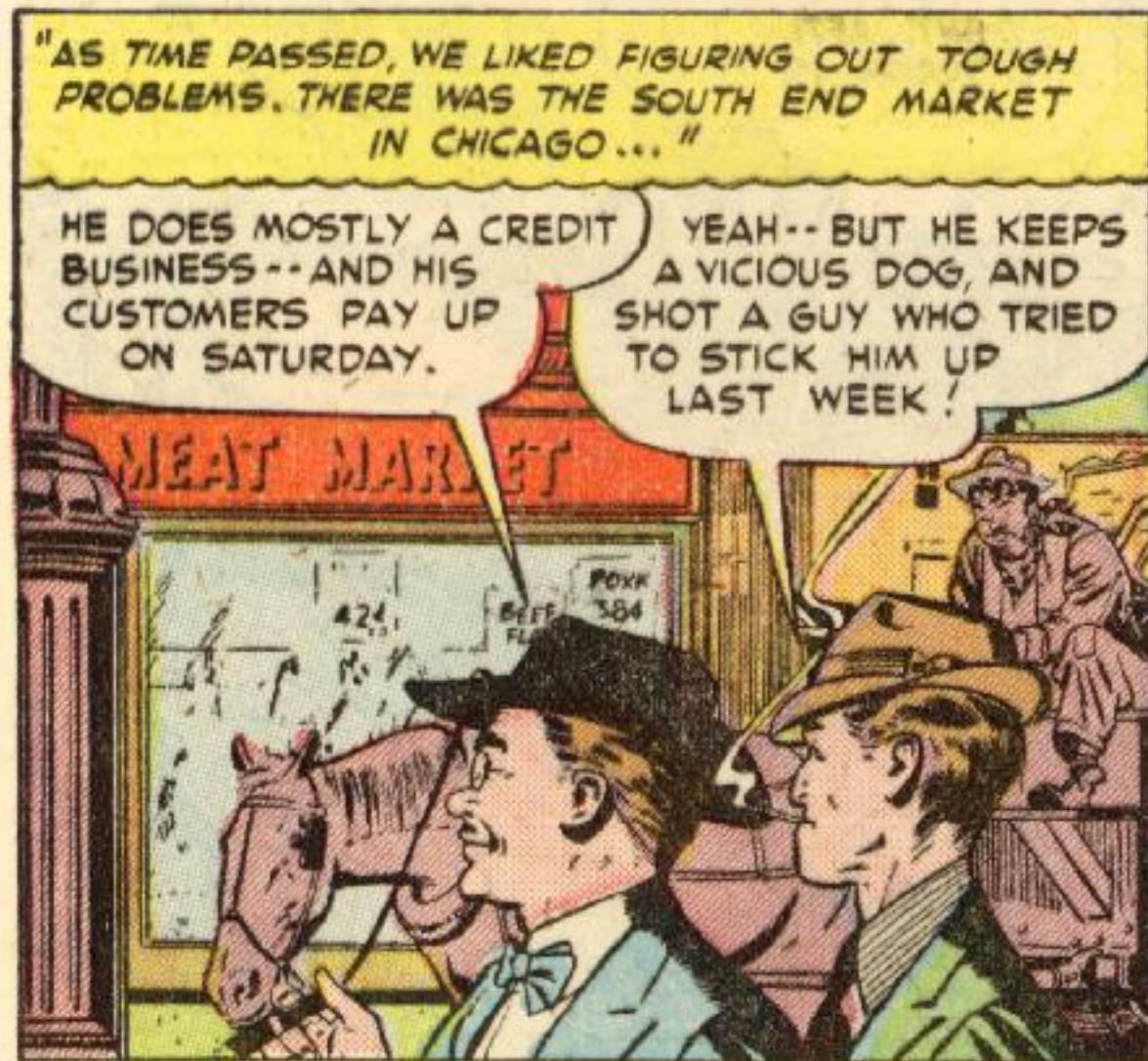
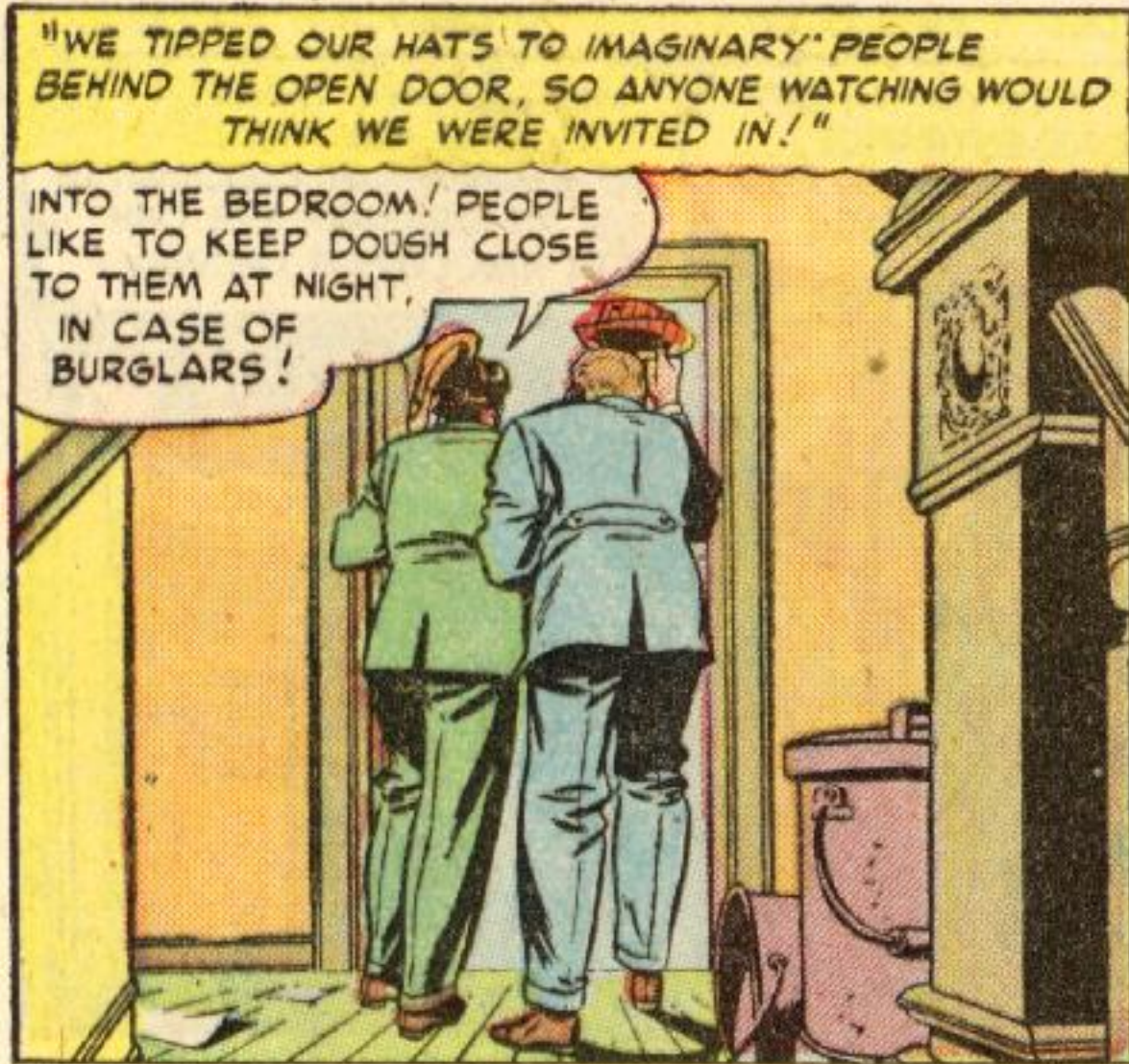
THERE SHE GOES-- CLEAR ACROSS TOWN! IT'LL TAKE HER AN HOUR BEFORE SHE FINDS OUT THAT CALL WAS A FAKE!

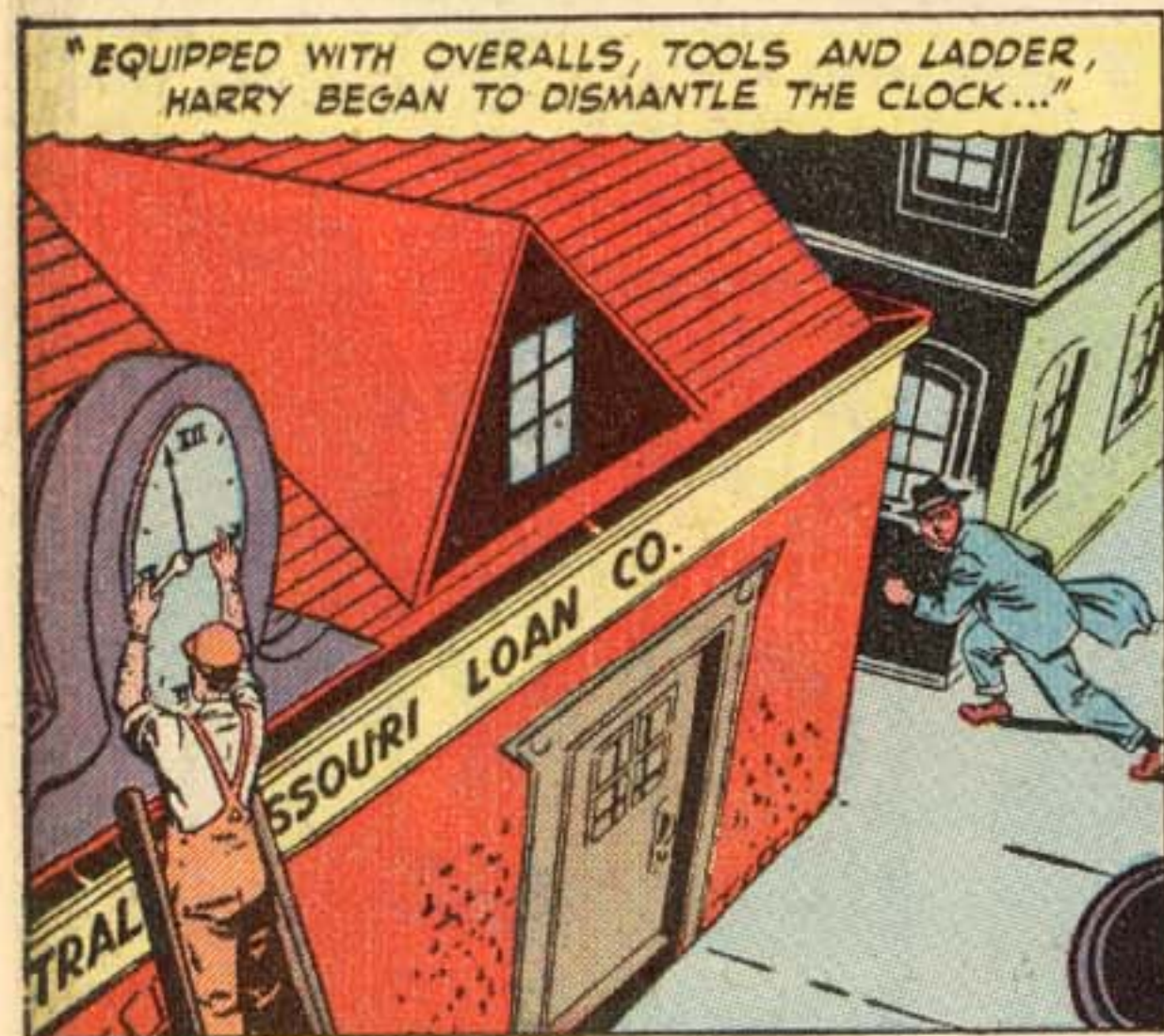
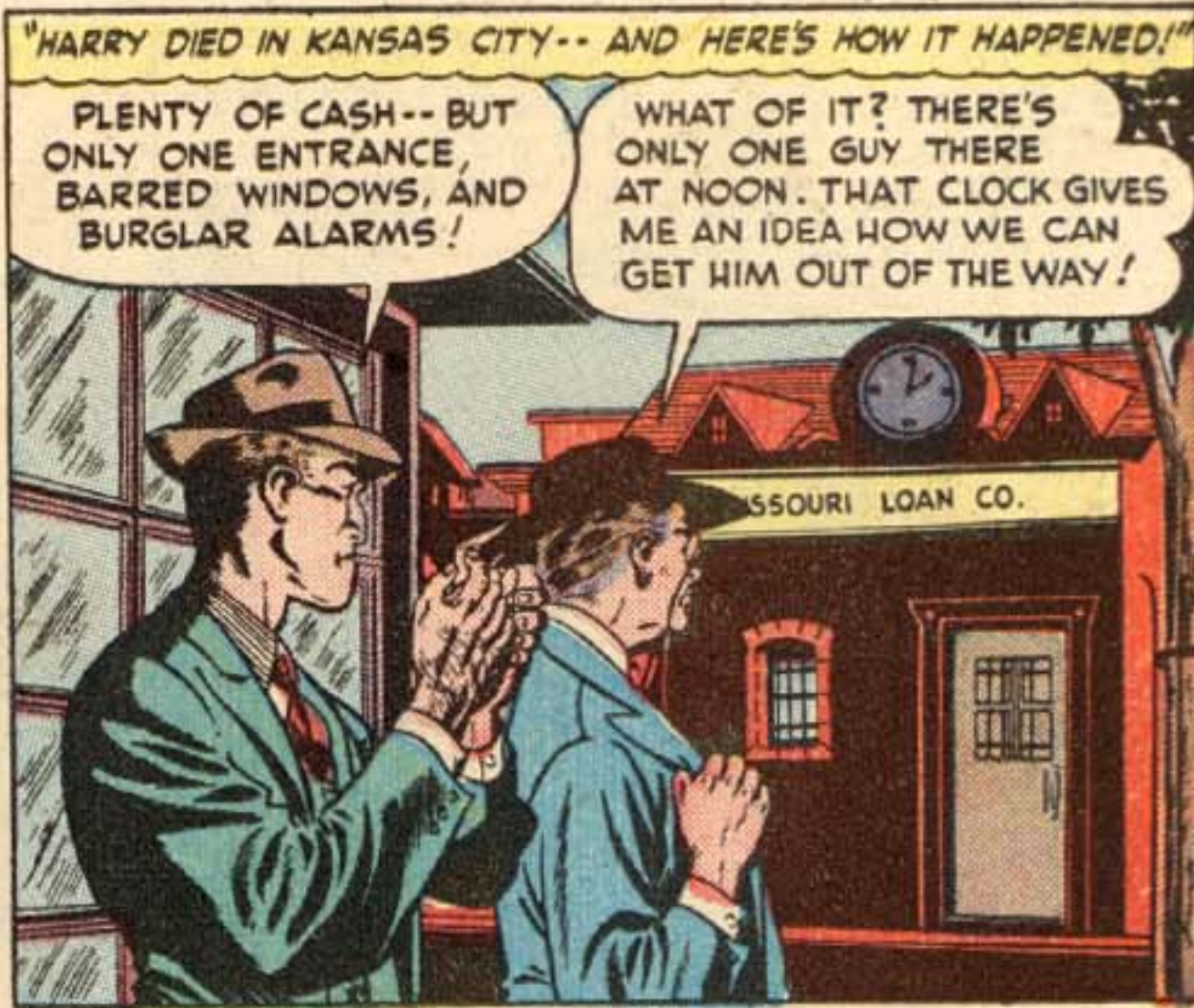
REMEMBER HOW TO ACT, NOW, IN CASE THE NEIGHBORS ARE WATCHING.

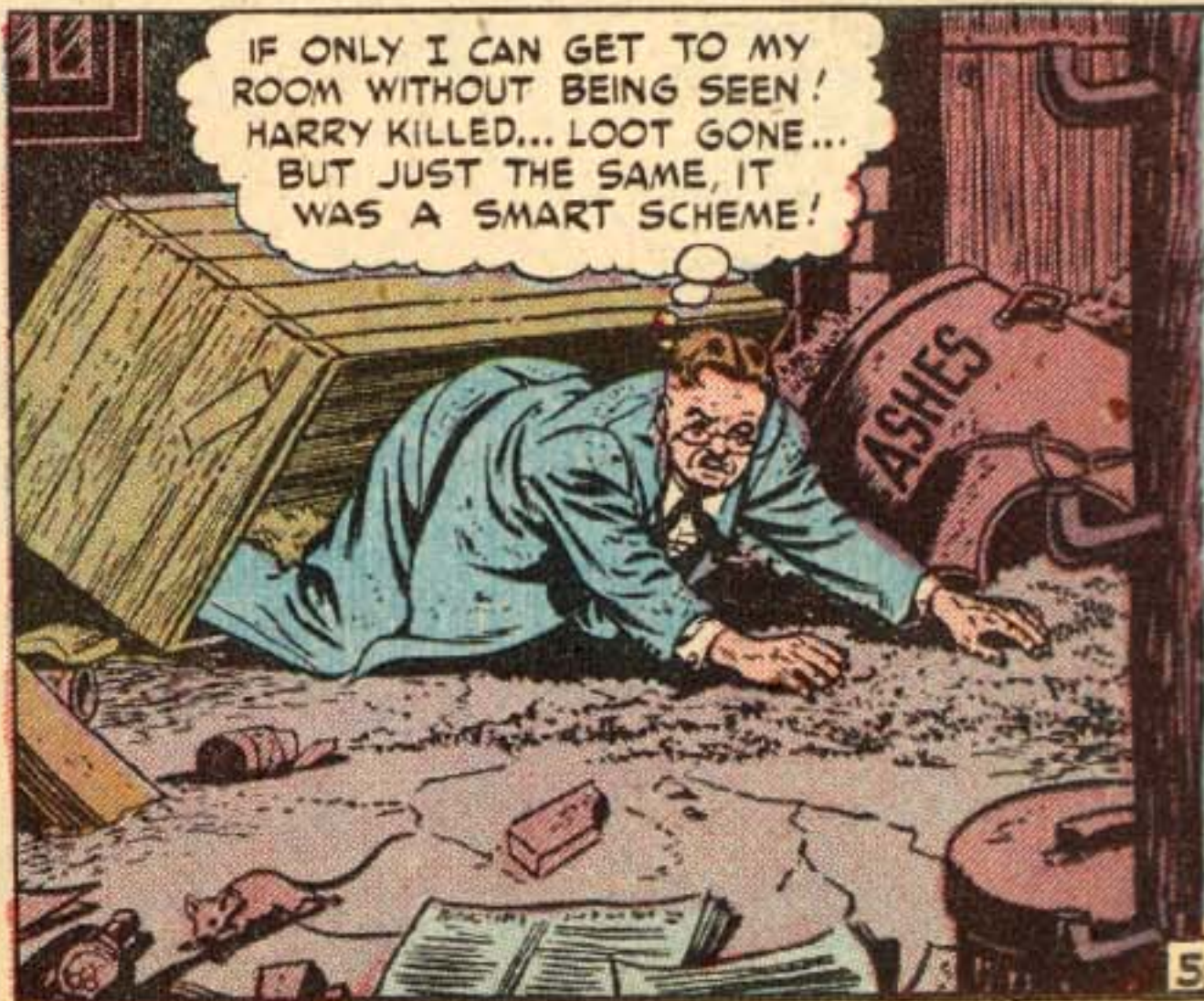
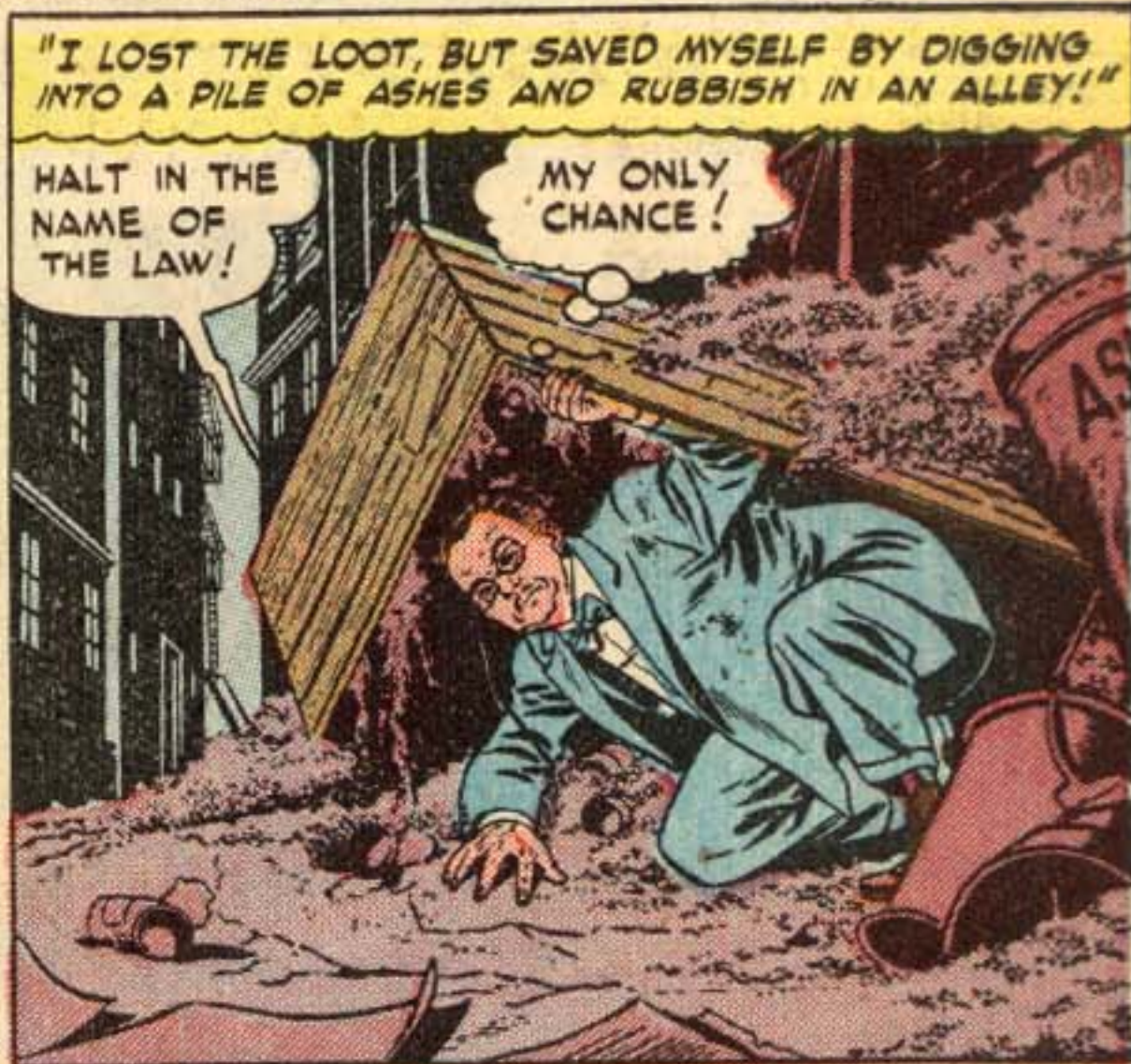
NOBODY ANSWERS. THE COAST'S CLEAR.

THERE GOES THE BOLT. IN WE GO!

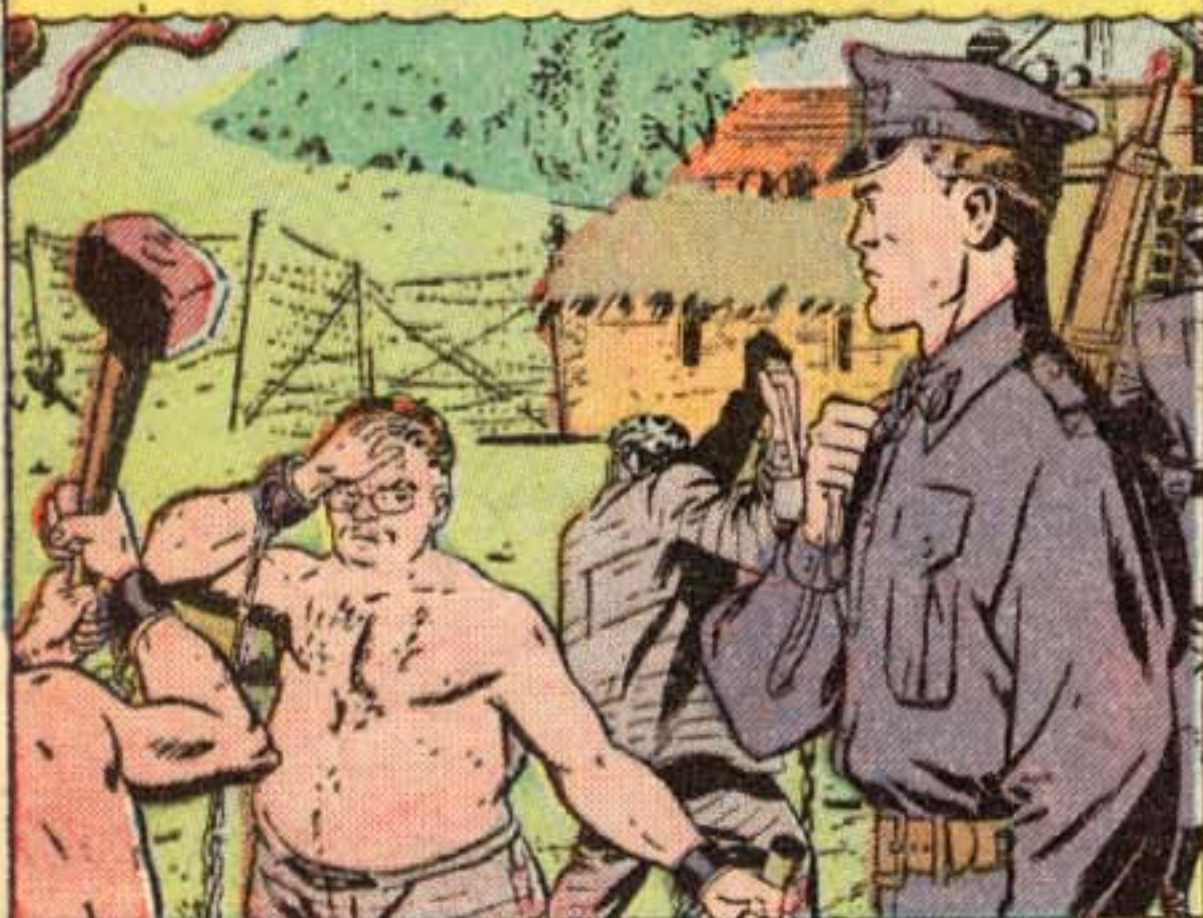
CRACK!







"JAILS? PRISONS? I SAW THE INSIDES OF A FEW. THE TOUGHEST STRETCH I HAD WAS A YEAR IN A CHAIN GANG IN GEORGIA..."



"BUT I HAD MY GOOD TIMES, TOO -- TIMES WHEN I'VE FELT MY ABILITIES WERE REALLY APPRECIATED!"

MAYBE I'M A HAM ACTOR AT HEART. READING ABOUT MY JOBS IS MORE FUN THAN WORKING AT THEM!



"FIGURING IT ALL OUT, I MADE PRETTY FAIR MONEY - AS MUCH AS I COULD HAVE MADE AT AN HONEST JOB, PROBABLY..."

RIGHT NOW, I'VE MADE A LOT OF JACK, BUT IT MAKES UP FOR THE TIMES I WAS IN STIR!



AND IT'S EXPENSIVE PAYING LAWYERS' FEES, JUMPING BAIL BONDS, BIG DOUGH FOR HIDEOUTS...



BUT I'M NOT BOTHERED ANY MORE, MR. REPORTER AS A FOUR-TIME GRAND LARCENY LOSER, I'M HERE FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!

TIMES UP NUMBER 1437!



BUT DON'T SAY MUCH ABOUT THAT. JUST TELL 'EM HOW SMART THE 'OLD MASTER' WAS AT FOOLING THE LAW! BRAINS -- THAT'S WHAT COUNTS IN THIS RACKET!



THE
END

The Grapevine

HOW THE CONDEMNED LIVE

THE pre-execution chamber is known as "The Dance Hall" by its inmates. What remains of their lives is a dull affair. Families are permitted a final visit, and the only contact prisoners have with the outside world is via newspapers, magazines and books obtained from the prison library, and a radio loudspeaker set up at one end of the corridor.

Men may smoke but, forbidden matches, their cigarettes, pipes and cigars are lit by keepers. In lieu of forks and knives, they use a specially made soft spoon. Shoes, lacking metal in the soles, are used during a brief exercise period, but indoors, only felt slippers are worn.

Food is handed to prisoners through openings in the barred doors, which are not opened except for bathing, exercising, visiting and shaving. Cells are searched frequently for hidden weapons or suicide devices.

Cards, forbidden to other inmates, are permitted here, as is checkers. Men in adjoining cells play together on boards reaching both cells. Often, the game is played by calling numbers, indicating moves, but this practice is frowned on by keepers, wary of shrewd prisoners who devise codes for exchanging information without the jailers' knowledge.

All in all, it's an unhappy life . . . and a short one.

TSK, TSK — TOO BAD

Shortage of materials during the war hit many a business, but none as hard as one "profession"—counterfeiting! The expert "craftsmen" who engrave and print "hot" money practically went out of business because they were unable to obtain the necessary items for their racket. War-time priorities prevented them from getting hold of chemicals for bleaching, ink, zinc and printing equipment—and they were forced to hang around idle until the war was over, or put out a poor product, which couldn't be passed on to a blind beggar!

LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER

The term, "Jack Ketch," applied to England's public executioners, is derived from the name of the man who was appointed public hangman in 1663. He served faithfully in his job for twenty years with only one interruption during his early days when he resigned after a quarrel with the sheriff.

The man appointed to fill the position, however, was shortly after arrested for theft and himself sentenced to be hanged. So, since he was the only expert hangman available, Jack Ketch was reappointed for the job!

UNTIL DEATH DO THEM PART

John Colt was awaiting his march down that fatal last mile, but his mind was occupied with another matter. His ears strained for the sound of carriage wheels. Soon Caroline Henshaw arrived and entered his death cell.

Then, witnessed by the warden and the prison barber, the Rev. Dr. Henry Anthon of St. Mark's Church, married Colt and his fiancée to the scraping sounds of the gallows being erected in the courtyard of New York's Tombs.

Immediately after the ceremony, a fire suddenly and mysteriously broke out at the end of the corridor. Confusion reigned as the fire spread. Energies were bent on putting out the flames and the newlyweds were momentarily disregarded. Later, in Colt's cell, the officials discovered a charred body, apparently a victim of the fire—but no trace of the new Mrs. Colt could be found.

To this day, there is some doubt whether it actually was Colt or whether he was replaced by a substitute while the condemned man fled with his wife during the disorder.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It happened when a company of Broadway actors visited one of the country's biggest prisons to repeat a performance of a hit play. In the wings, an actor was penning his autograph on a slip of paper when the warden interrupted him. "Who's that for?" he asked.

"Oh, one of your boys tending the light board asked for my autograph. It's a small request, and I'm honored to grant it."

The warden snatched the paper from him and tore it to shreds. "I wouldn't give that man my signature if I were you," he said. "You see, he's in for forgery!"

UNDERWORLD to UNDERGROUND

Most large cities periodically dispose of confiscated criminals' weapons or obsolete firearms belonging to the police departments by dumping them out at sea or converting them to scrap metal. But during the war, the Cleveland, Ohio, Police Department initiated a novel program that was quickly followed by other cities. They sent the weapons—obsolescent but still in good condition—to the various anti-Nazi underground groups in Europe.

To these gallant but poorly equipped fighters, the pistols, rifles, shotguns and other lethal weapons were like manna from heaven—and were used effectively against the Nazi killers.

LIVES FOR SALE

It's against the law in every civilized country to sell a person's life, but one firm in England gets away with it legitimately. Foster and Cranfield, London auctioneers, act as agents for heirs who want to "sell" their legators' lives. They offer to the highest bidder their interest in an estate, an insurance policy or a trust fund, collectable upon the death of the testator.

In this manner, the heirs to the fortune are able to collect their inheritance (or at least a good portion of it) without waiting for the person who is bequeathing them the money to die. And the buyers consider they have made a good investment which eventually will show a handsome profit!

FEDERAL AGENT

SOS - FBI - SOS

SOS - FBI

A
GANG BUSTERS
STORY

TAKE A DARKENED LIGHTHOUSE, A WRECKED YACHT, HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF SMUGGLED CONTRABAND... AND SCRAMBLE THOROUGHLY AND ADD SPECIAL AGENT STEVE CARTER OF THE F. B. I. — AND THE RESULT IS HAIR-TRIGGER ACTION GALORE! TAKING THE TRAIL OF THE DARING SMUGGLER, CARTER BATTLES FANATIC UNDER-WORLD GREED TO SOLVE A... "CRIME ON THE SEA!"

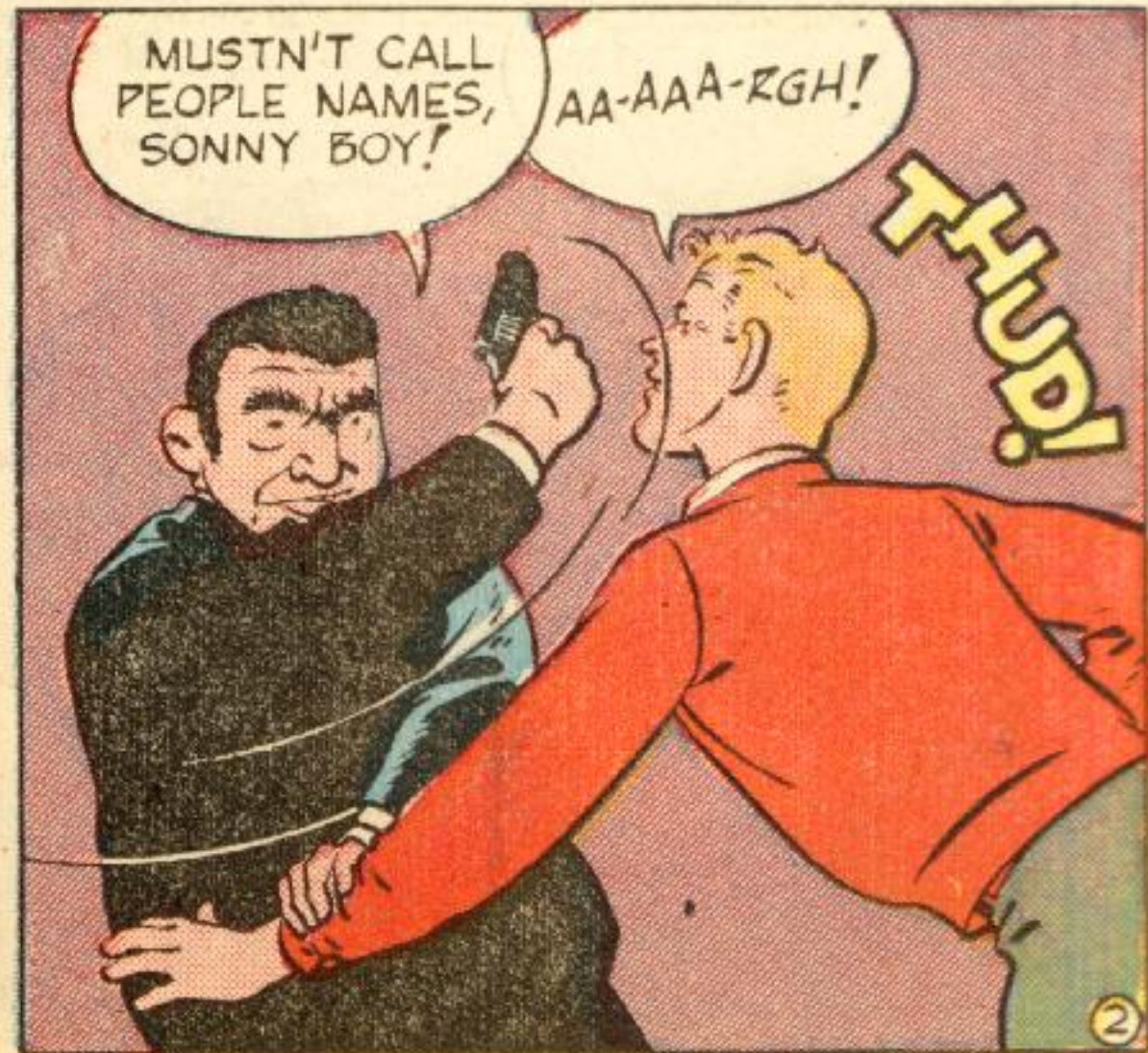
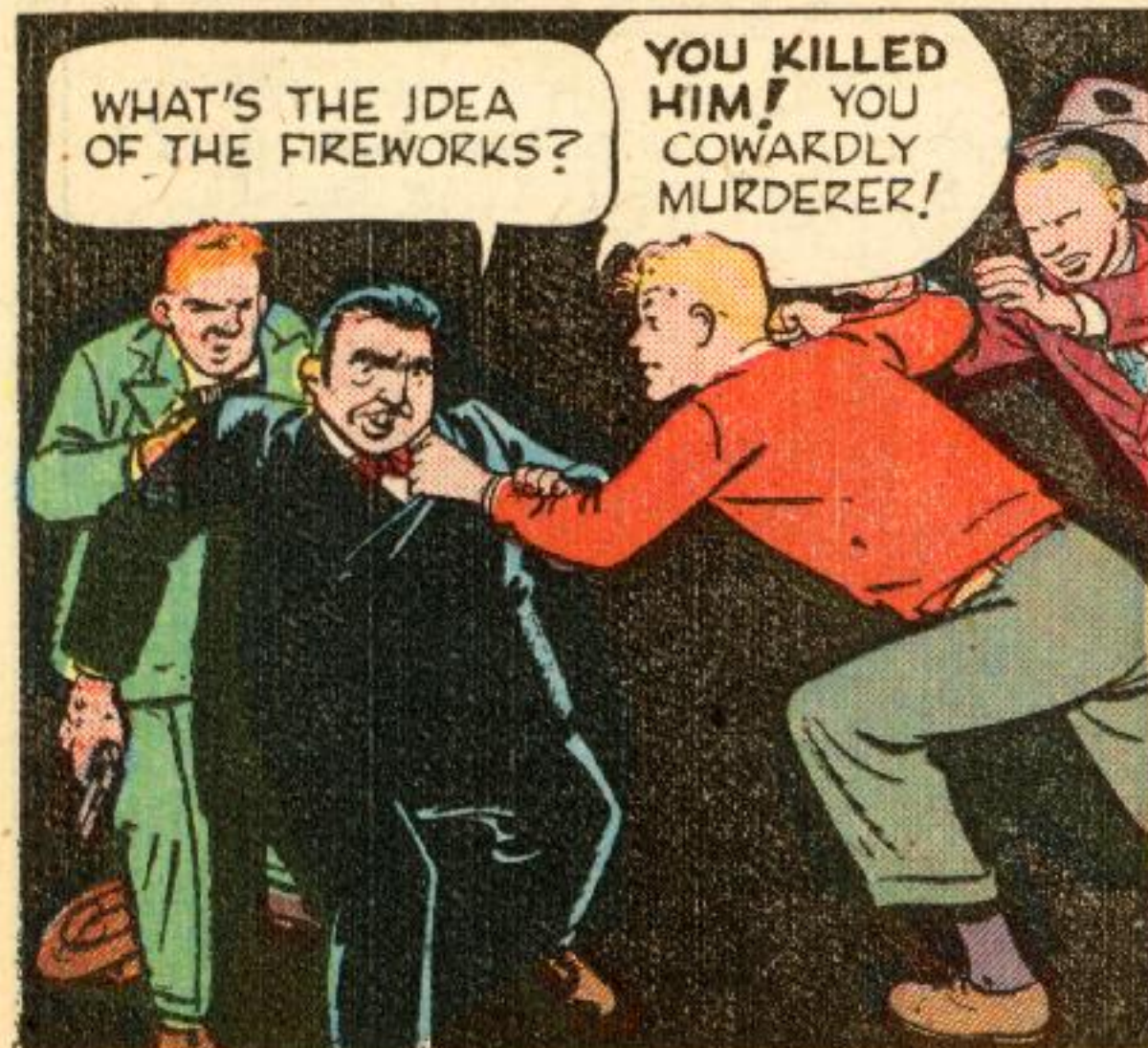
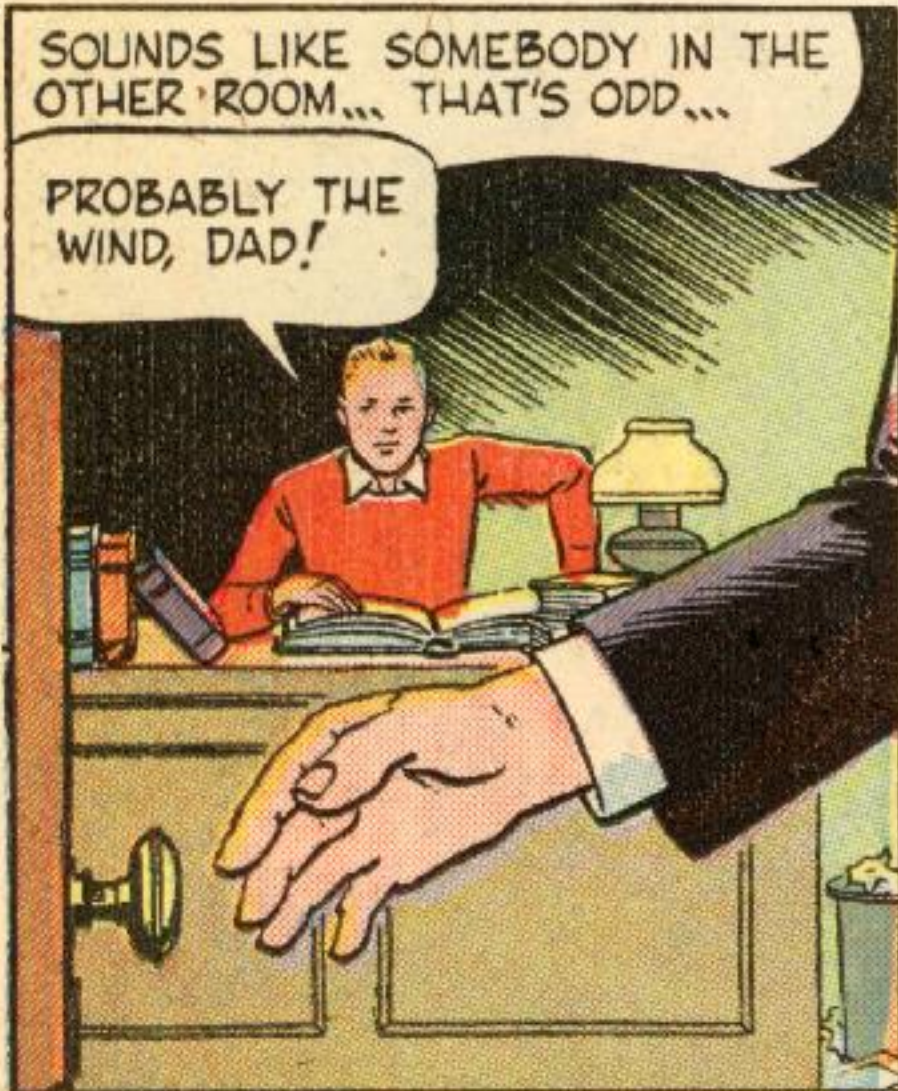
WILD AND DESOLATE SPOT IS SHARK REEF LIGHT, A TINY SPECK OFF THE ATLANTIC COAST...

BUT IN KEEPER ZEKE SAMMIS' QUARTERS, AMBITION BURNS BRIGHT...

TAKE YOUR TIME, BUD — THE F. B. I. WON'T TAKE YOU FOR QUITE A WHILE, YET.

YES, BUT I HAVE LOTS TO DO BEFORE THEN, DAD! I NEED A LAW DEGREE, SOME ACCOUNTING — AND, OF COURSE, ALL I CAN LEARN ABOUT CRIME DETECTION!





MEANWHILE, DUKE BAILEY'S LUXURY YACHT, NORALEE, CRUISES PAST SHARK REEF...

A GREAT PARTY, DUKE!

YEAH! I TOLD YOU THIS CRUISE WOULD BE A HONEY!

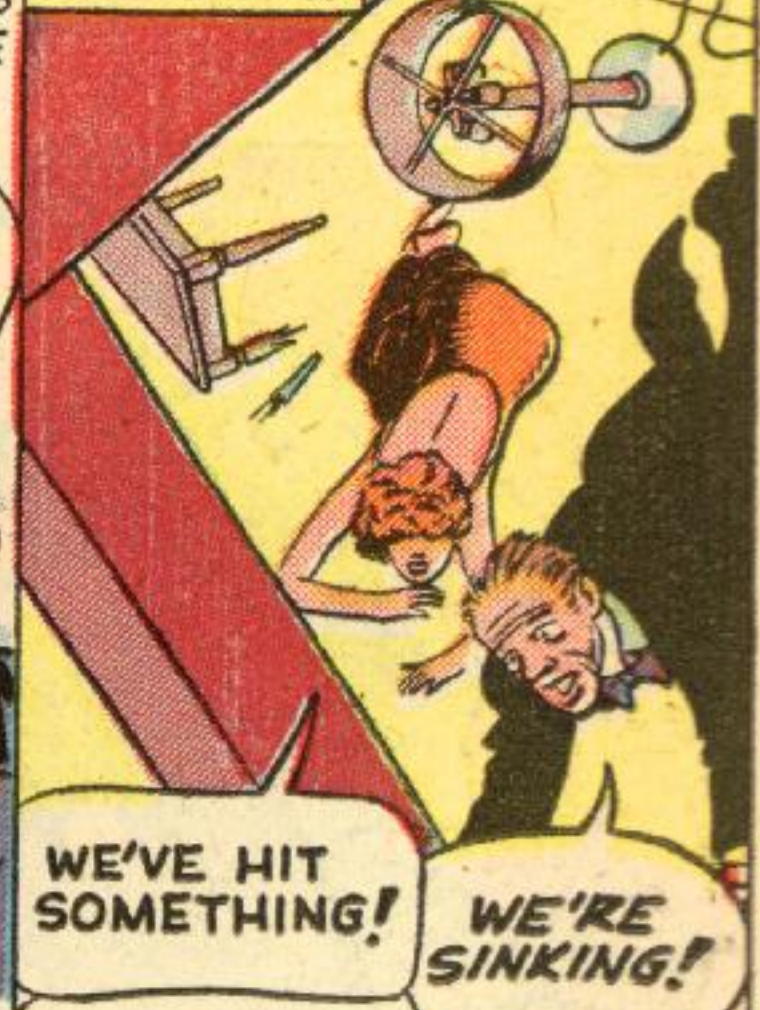


AND, UNSUSPECTED BY DUKE, AMONG HIS CREW IS — SPECIAL AGENT STEVE CARTER OF THE F.B.I. —

FOOLS! THEY'RE JUST DUPES TO COVER THE LANDING OF \$500,000 WORTH OF SMUGGLED GEMS!



SUDDENLY...



WE'VE HIT SOMETHING!

WE'RE SINKING!

EASY, FOLKS! NO PANIC!



OUTSIDE...

JOE AND I WILL GET THE STUFF — THE REST OF YOU TAKE CARE O' DUKE AND HIS PALS!



IN THE SALON...

YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US BAILEY!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU CAN'T—

OH! GIMME THAT RING!

OH, PLEASE!

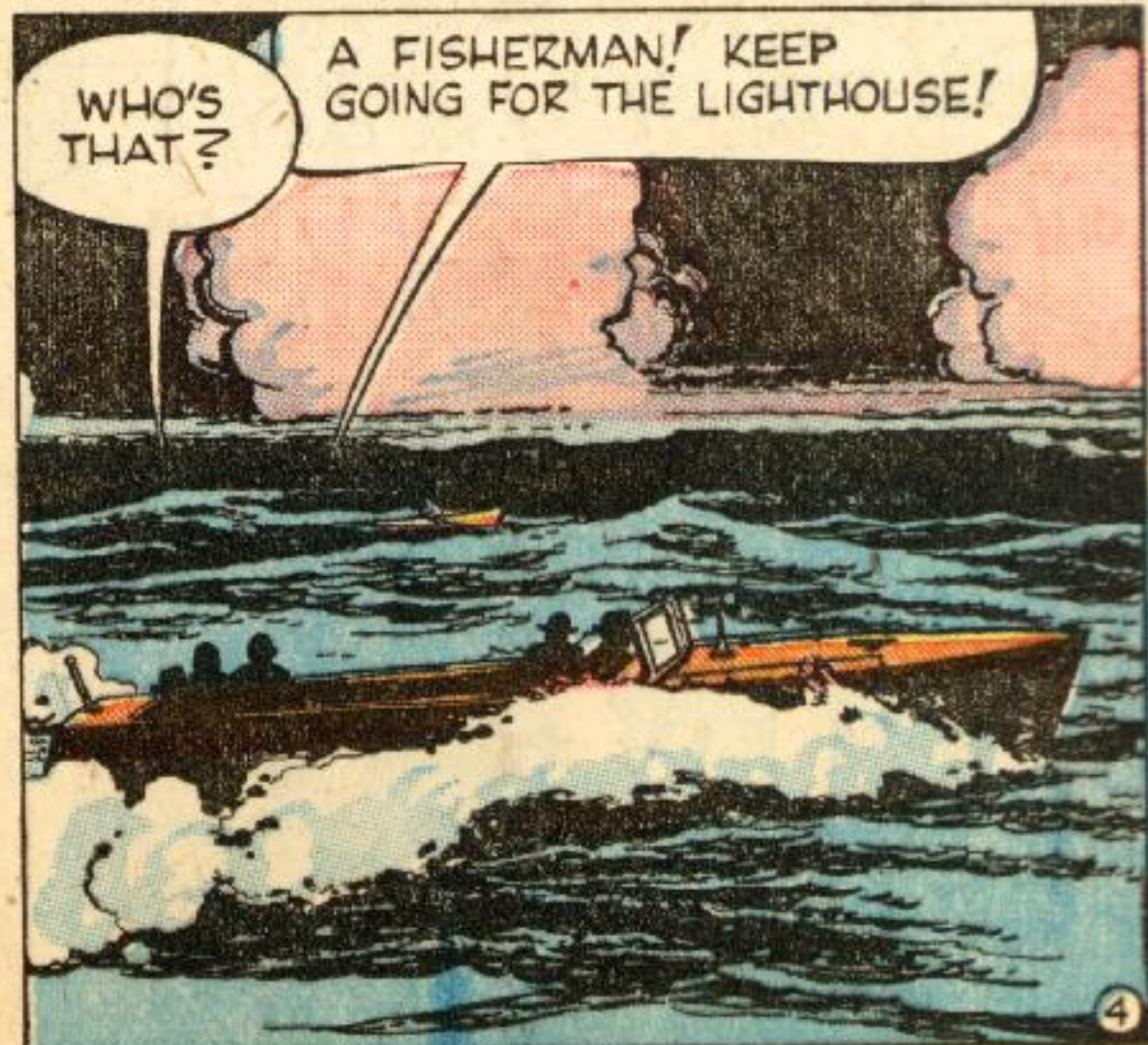
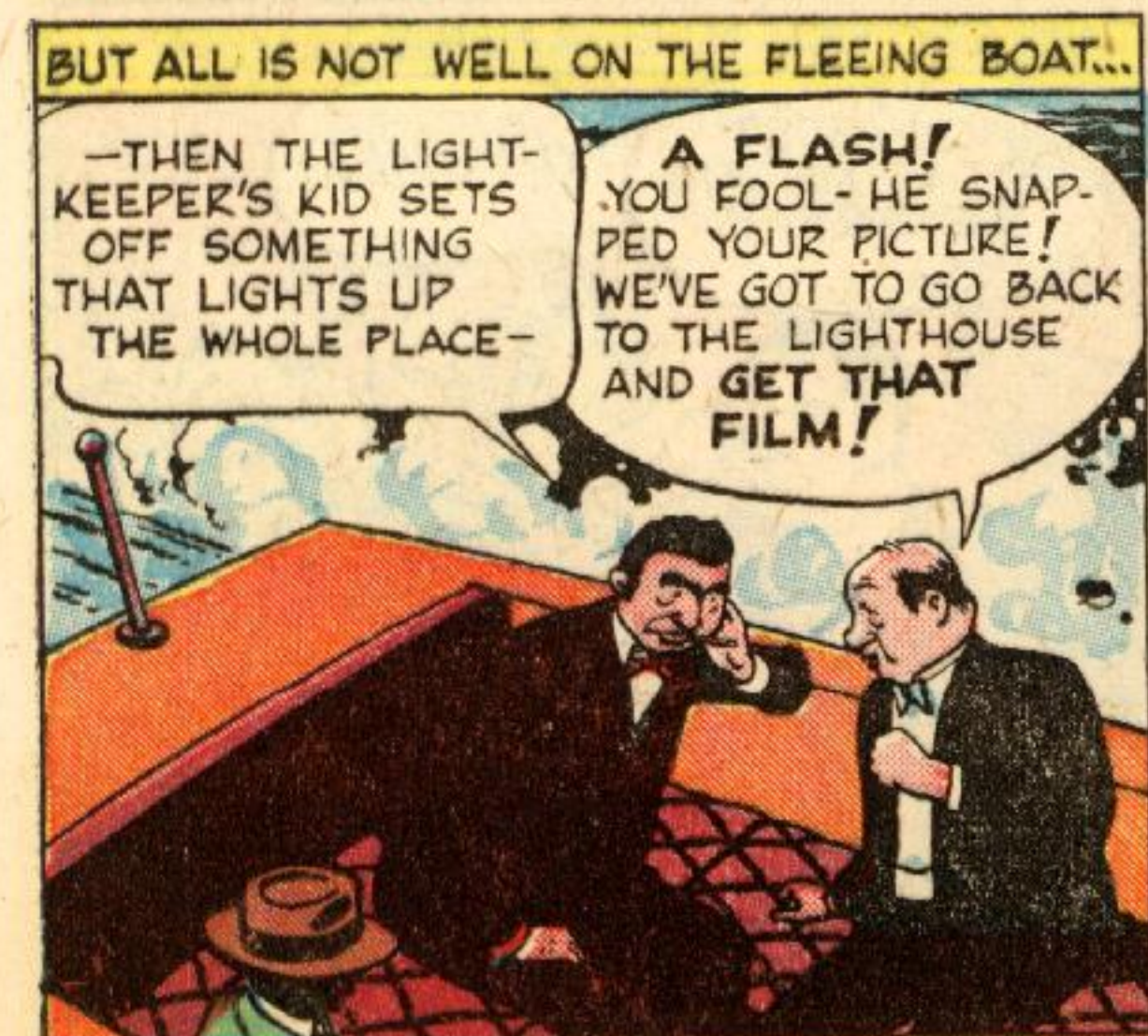


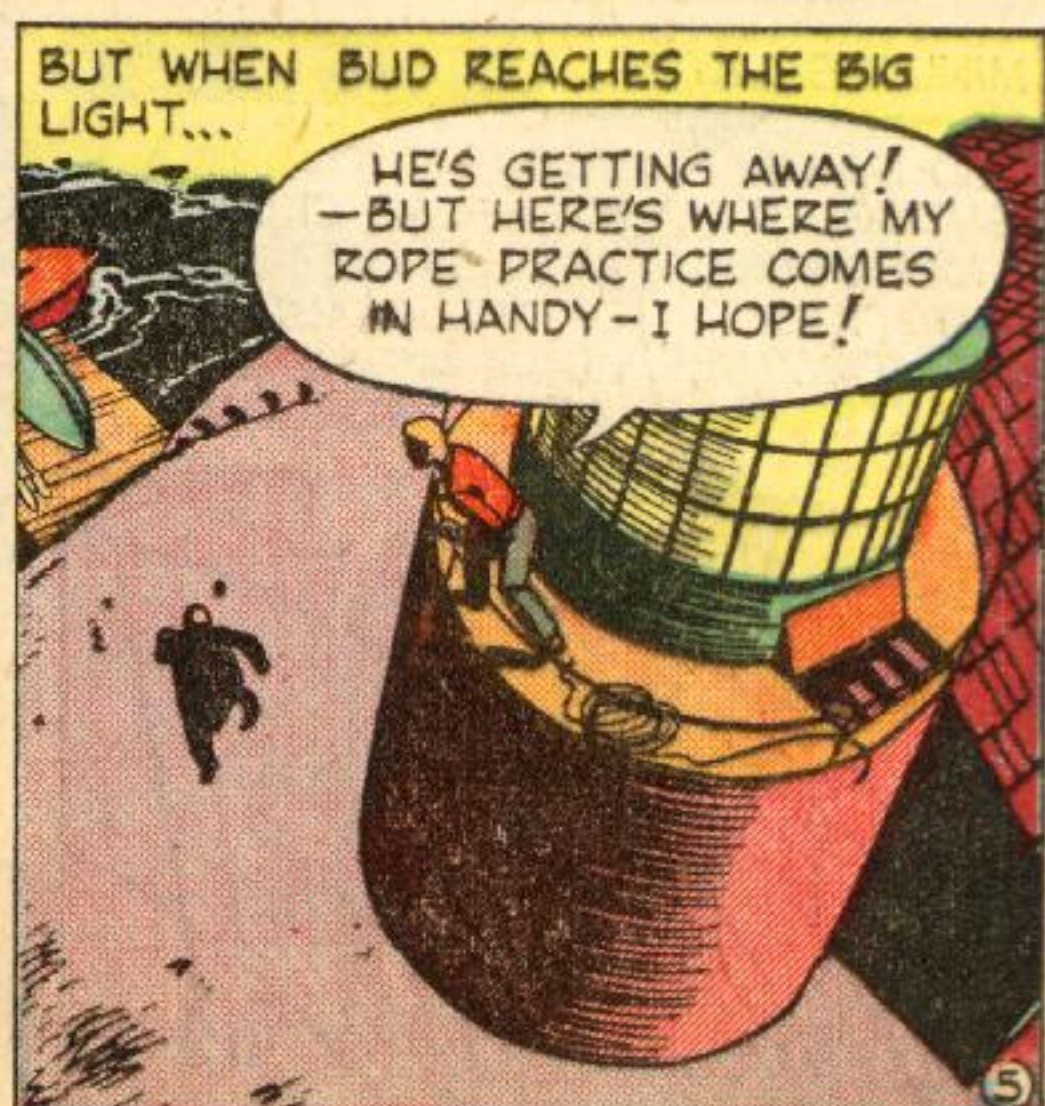
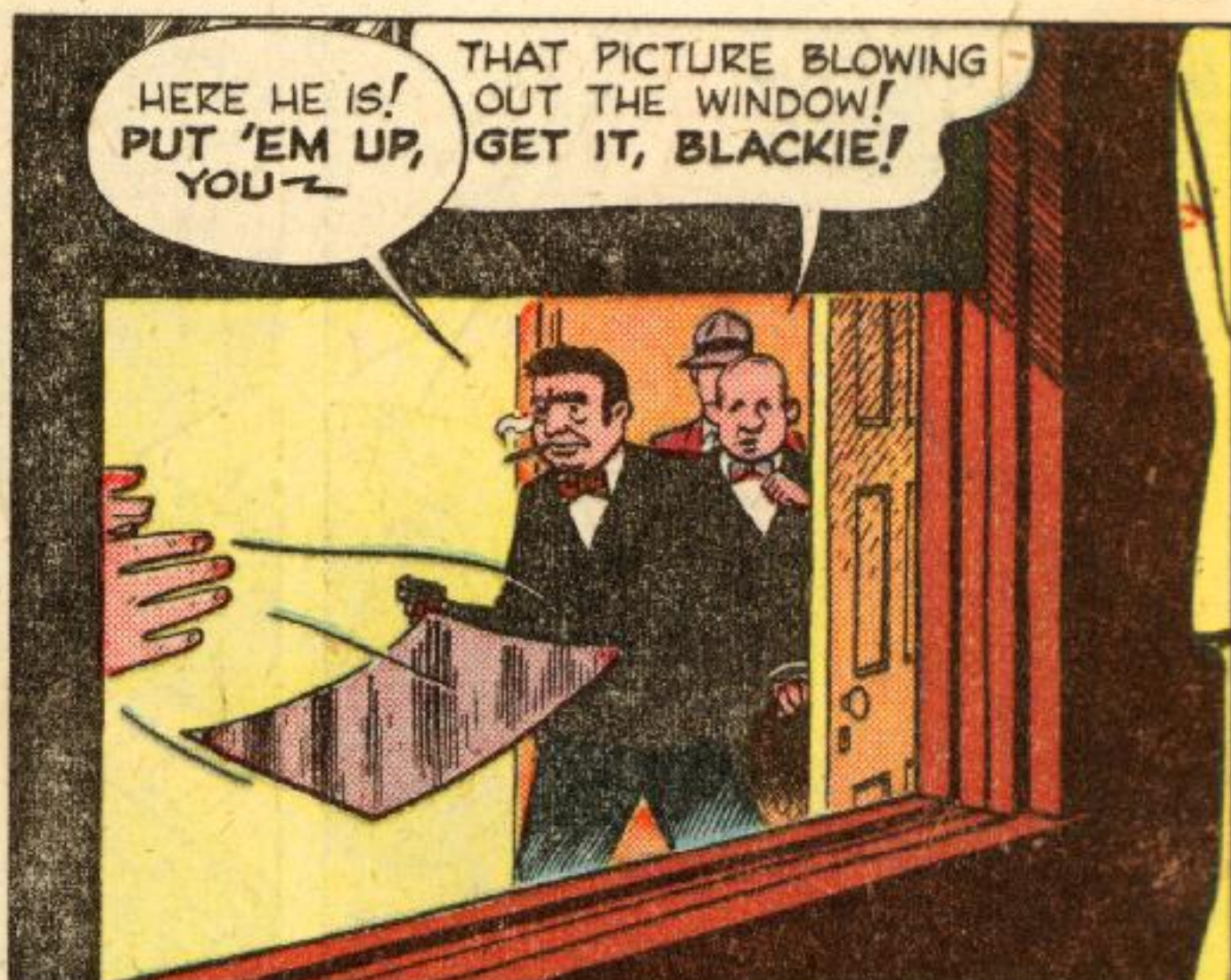
THEN THE F.B.I. TAKES A HAND!

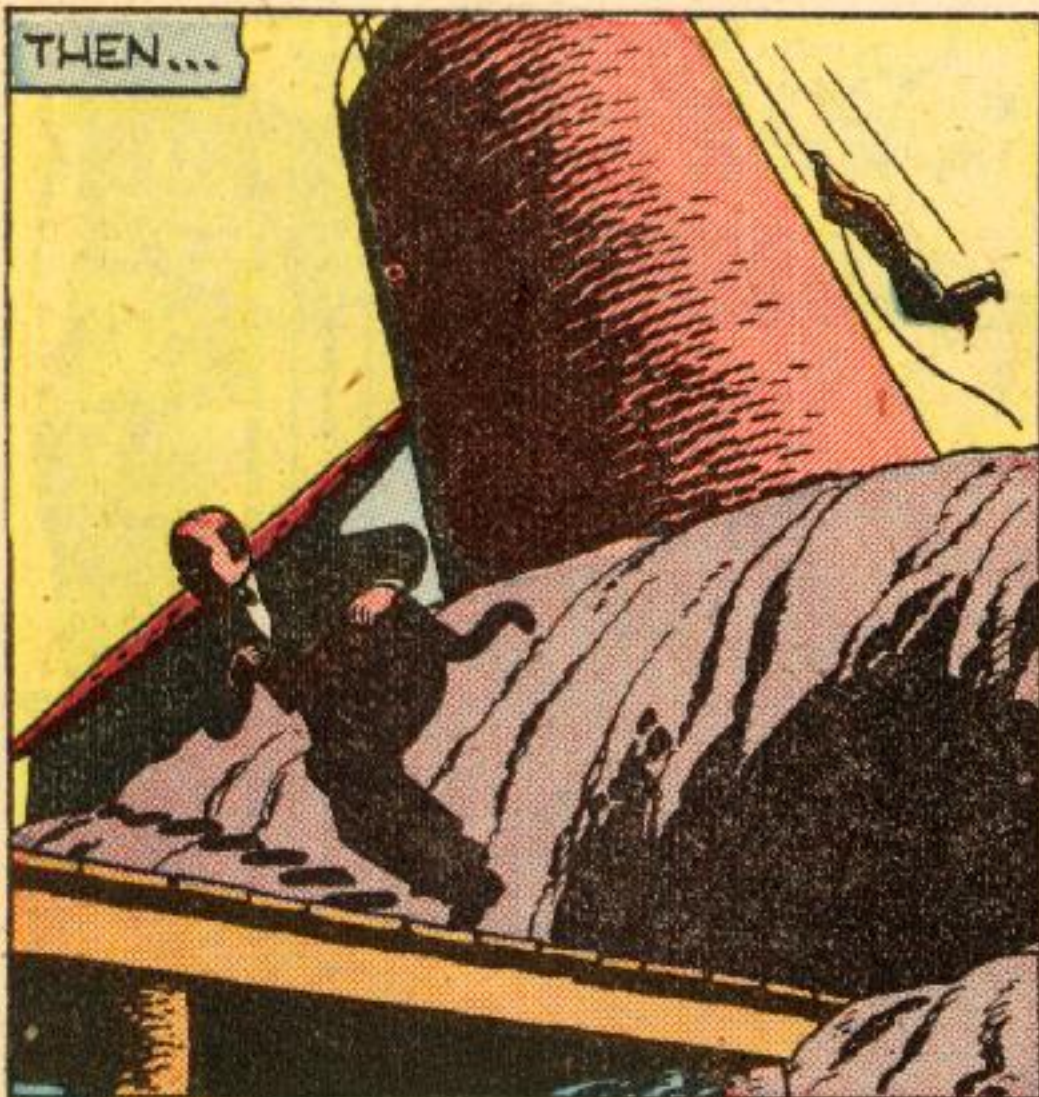
HOW ABOUT LETTING ME JOIN THE PARTY?

YI-I-I-I-I-I!









ODDITIES in CRIME

A FACT FEATURE

ON A DESERTED STREET IN MARSEILLES, FRANCE A MAN WAS STOPPED BY A PRETTY GIRL. SHE THRUST A BOX IN HIS FACE AND SAID, "LOOK, MONSIEUR." AS HE LOOKED, A JET OF GAS KNOCKED HIM OUT IN ONE OF THE MOST NOVEL ROBBERIES IN HISTORY.



THE GIRL AND THE GANG WERE EVENTUALLY CAPTURED.



HARRY TRACY, NOTORIOUS BAD MAN OF THE WEST, TRIED TO THROW BLOODHOUNDS OFF HIS TRAIL WITH RED PEPPER! IT ALMOST WORKED - BUT THE HOUNDS' KEEN SENSE OF SMELL FINALLY WON OUT!



CONTRARY TO THE GENERAL BELIEF THE SHOE OR FOOT DOES NOT FIT THE FOOTPRINT!

THE PRINT IS USUALLY QUITE A BIT LARGER, DUE TO THE FOOT MOVING.

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the CASE of the IRON-CLAD ALIBI!

Test **YOUR** Wits Against a Murderer!

RAY HOWELL WORKED IN A SMALL-TOWN BANK. ONE JUNE DAY, THE PRESIDENT SUMMONED HIM-----

I'LL PAY BACK THE MONEY I EMBEZZLED! GIVE ME A CHANCE! AFTER ALL, I'M YOUR SON-IN-LAW!

FOR MARY'S SAKE, I'LL MAKE GOOD YOUR SHORTAGES, RAY-- IF YOU SIGN A CONFESSION!



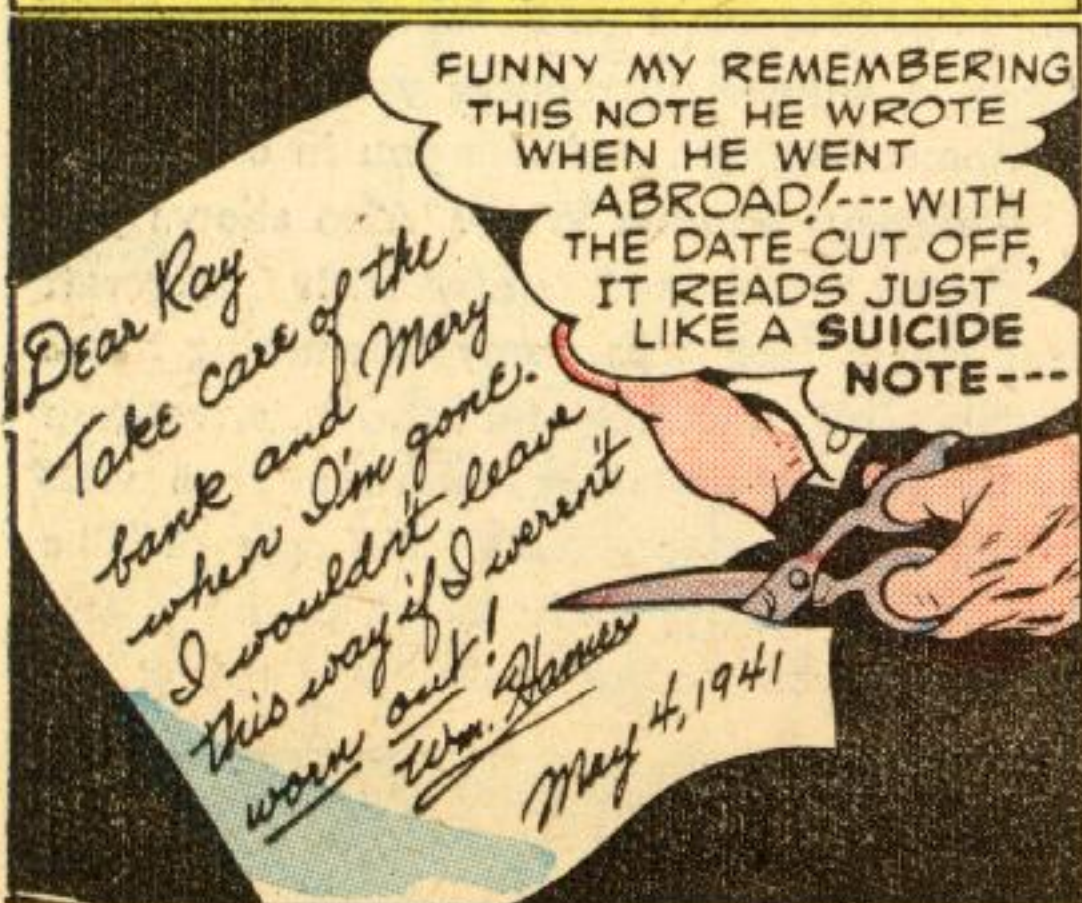
A WRITTEN CONFESSION? IT'S THAT---- OH, NO! YOU'D HOLD IT FOR PRISON! I'LL BE WORKING HERE TONIGHT! THINK IT OVER, RAY, AND COME BACK!



RAY HOWELL, BANK CASHIER AND LUCK-LESS GAMBLER, THOUGHT IT OVER,--- A SIX-YEAR-OLD LETTER FOUND IN HIS DESK HELPED DECIDE HIM-----

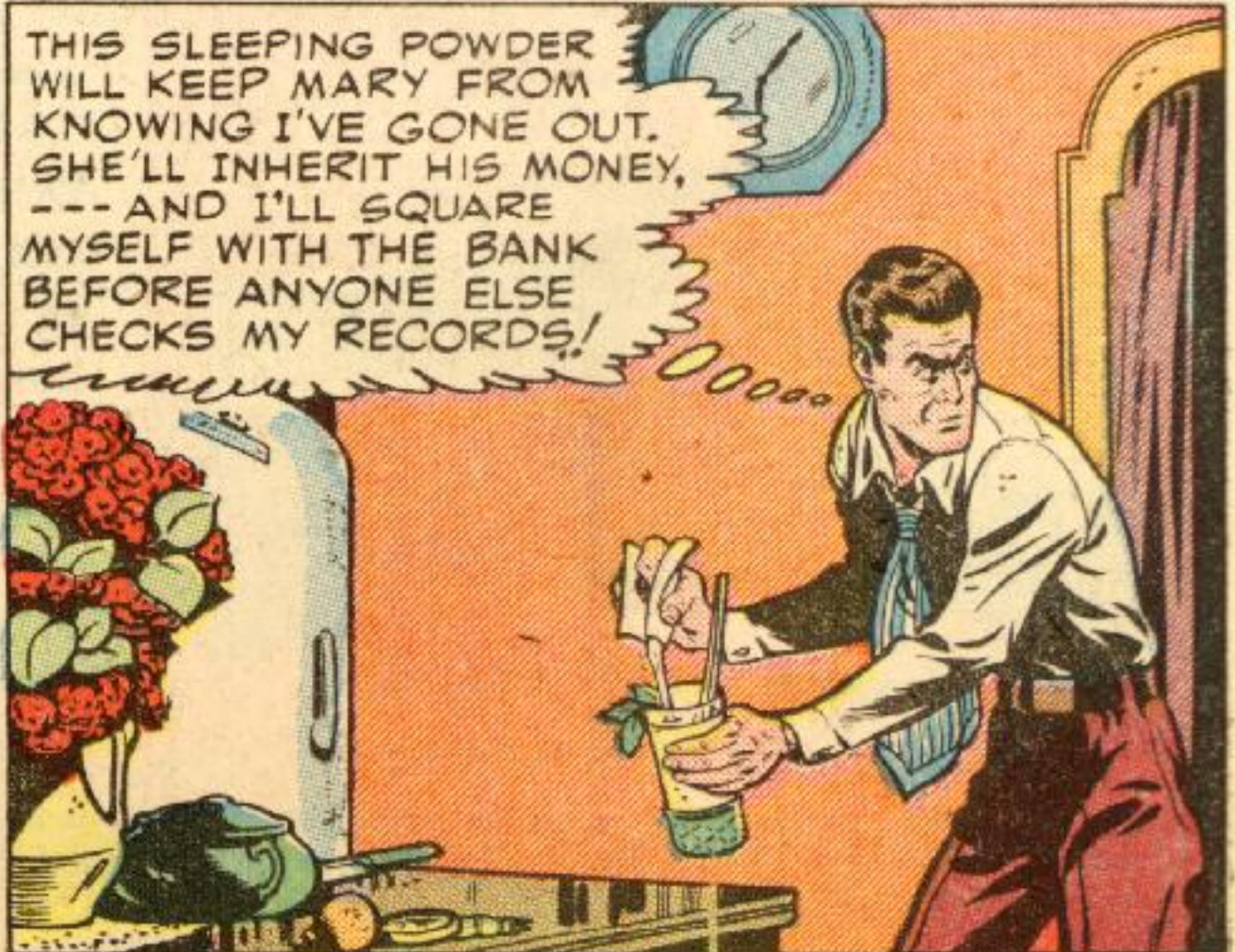
FUNNY MY REMEMBERING THIS NOTE HE WROTE WHEN HE WENT ABROAD!--- WITH THE DATE CUT OFF, IT READS JUST LIKE A SUICIDE NOTE---

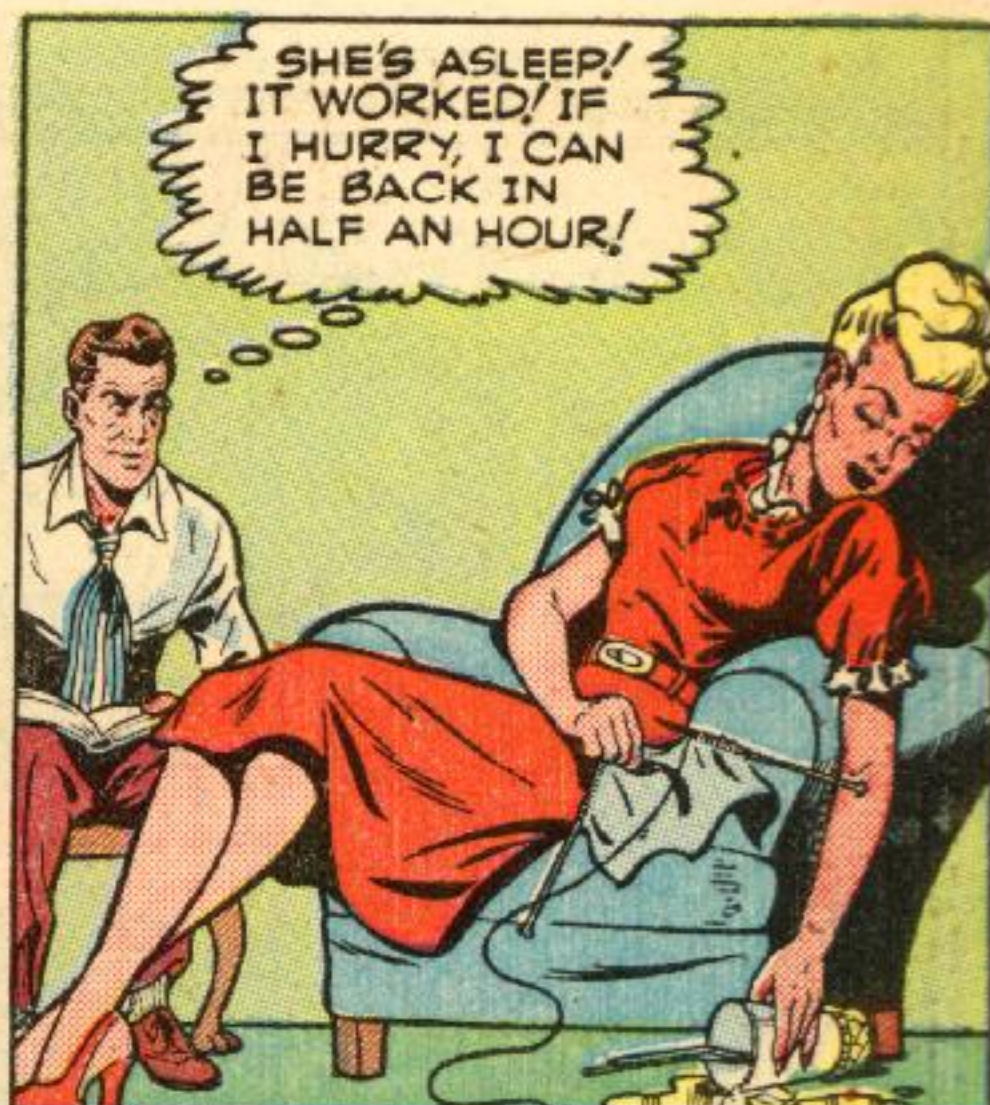
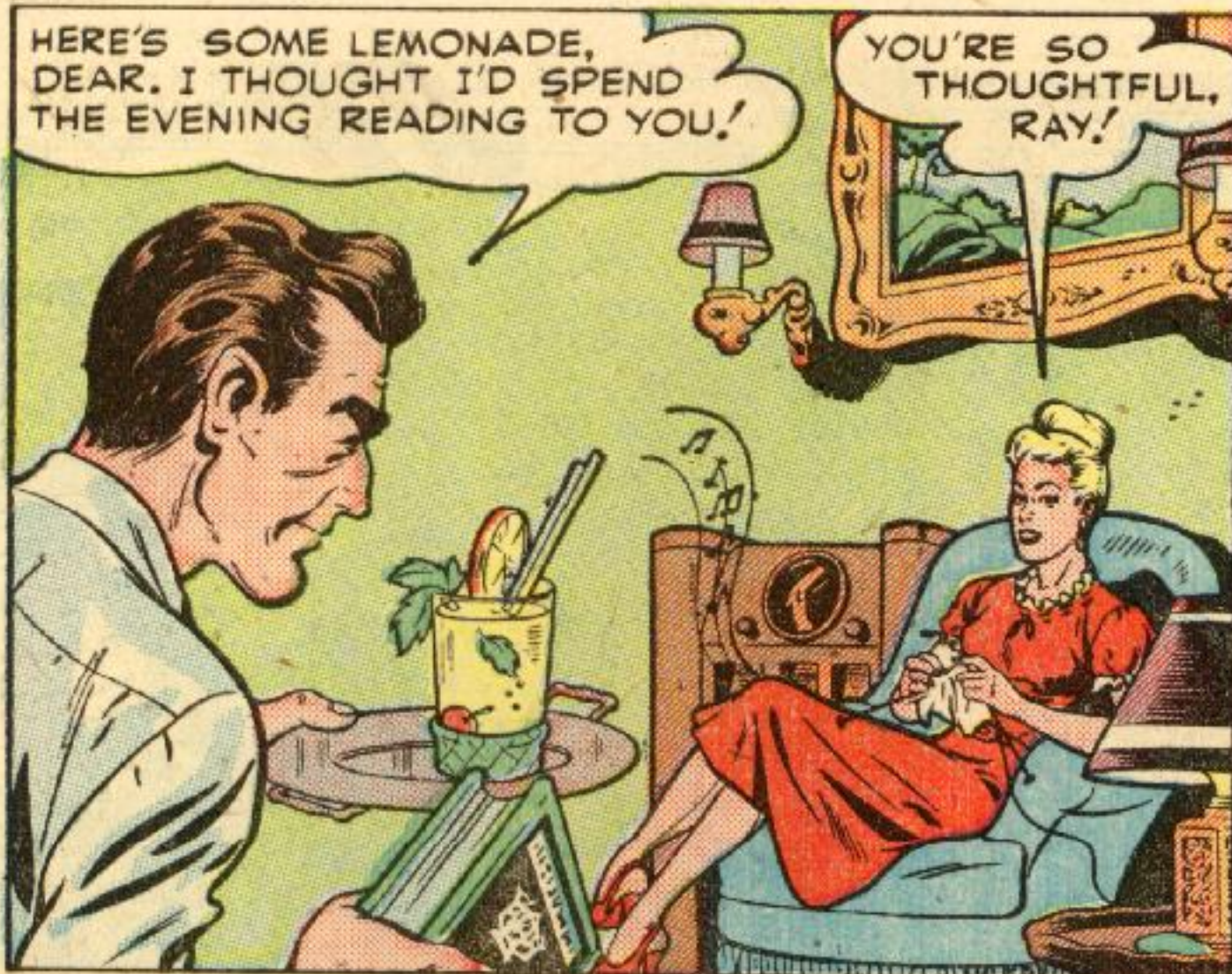
Dear Ray
Take care of the bank and Mary when I'm gone. I wouldn't leave this way if I weren't *Tom. Howell*
May 4, 1941



HOWELL PLANNED A SIMPLE BUT SOUND ALIBI!---

THIS SLEEPING POWDER WILL KEEP MARY FROM KNOWING I'VE GONE OUT. SHE'LL INHERIT HIS MONEY, --- AND I'LL SQUARE MYSELF WITH THE BANK BEFORE ANYONE ELSE CHECKS MY RECORDS!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING, BREAKFAST AT THE HOWELLS WAS INTERRUPTED BY TRAGIC NEWS ---

HE'S ----UH---- DEAD, I'M AFRAID. THEY WANT YOU TO COME TO THE BANK!

GREAT SCOTT! OF COURSE WE'LL GO!

NOT A CHANCE THEY SUSPECT ANYTHING!

HOMICIDE DETECTIVE ROY MASON WAS WAITING AT THE BANK----- WITH A SHOCK-PUNCH FOR HOWELL--

WE'RE ARRESTING YOU, HOWELL,-- ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY! THERE ISN'T A SHRED OF EVIDENCE AGAINST ME! THERE CAN'T BE!

What do **YOU** think?

THIS IS "THE TURNING POINT"! YOU KNOW FAR MORE THAN THE DETECTIVE ABOUT THE DEATH OF WILLIAM HAMER! --- BUT CAN YOU SEE WHERE HOWELL HAS SLIPPED IN ANY DETAIL THAT MIGHT GIVE HIM AWAY? HAS HE BLUNDERED? --- OR HAS HE COMMITTED THE "PERFECT CRIME"? **THINK CAREFULLY** BEFORE YOU READ ON!

HAMER WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN I LEFT THE BANK AT CLOSING TIME. I WENT STRAIGHT HOME, AND DIDN'T LEAVE THE HOUSE TILL JUST NOW!

IT'S TRUE! RAY READ TO ME ALL EVENING,-- EXCEPT FOR A FEW MINUTES WHEN I DROPPED OFF TO SLEEP.

YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE! YOU TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS AFTER YOU SHOT HIM! NO MAN ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE WOULD GROPE ACROSS THE ROOM IN DARKNESS TO SHOOT HIMSELF!

HUH?--- THE LIGHTS?

AS FOR THIS SUPPOSED "SUICIDE NOTE"--LAB TESTS WILL TELL WHEN THE NOTE WAS ACTUALLY WRITTEN TO YOU!

OH, RAY! YOU DIDN'T!---WHEN I WAS ASLEEP-----?

YOU HAD A MOTIVE FOR MURDER, BECAUSE YOUR WIFE WOULD INHERIT HIS MONEY! WE'LL CHECK YOUR ACCOUNTS TO MAKE SURE YOU WEREN'T CHEATING THE BANK!

THAT'S ENOUGH! --YOU'VE GOT ME!

YES, RAY HOWELL PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY --- TOO LATE TO LEARN --- **THERE IS NO PERFECT CRIME!**

MURDER WAS MY BUSINESS!

A
GANG BUSTERS
STORY



MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT "TORPEDO" LEE HALEY IN THE NEWSPAPERS. HIS JOBS USUALLY WERE HERALDED BY SPLASHY HEADLINES. BUT HERE IS THE NEVER-BEFORE-TOLD STORY OF A PROFESSIONAL KILLER, WHOSE GUN ALWAYS WAS FOR HIRE!

Russell



DAWN COMES TO DEATH ROW, IN A WESTERN STATE PENITENTIARY, WHERE FATHER SHEA HAS SAT ALL NIGHT WITH LEE PALEY...



THERE'S STILL A LITTLE TIME, SON, IF GUILTY SECRETS ARE TROUBLING YOU...

SECRETS? THAT COPPER, BRANIGAN, FOUND 'EM ALL OUT!

EXCEPT MAYBE THE BIG SECRET- OF WHAT IT ALL ADDS UP TO! I'VE BEEN THINKING BACK...



YES?

"I ALWAYS DID THE SMART THING EVEN 'WAY BACK WHEN I STARTED ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE TRACKS ..."



TEN BUCKS EACH FOR THEM CIGARETTE CASES WE HOOKED.. NOW, TONIGHT...

INCLUDE ME OUT. I DON'T GO FOR SMALL STUFF. I'M OUT FOR REAL DOUGH!

"A ROD MADE ME AS GOOD AS THE NEXT GUY-AND MAYBE BETTER!"



DON'T LEAVE ANY IN THE TILL, BUTTER-FINGERS!

H-HERE'S ALL OF IT!

"I NEVER FIGURED ON BUMPING ANYBODY OFF- BUT ONE DAY..."



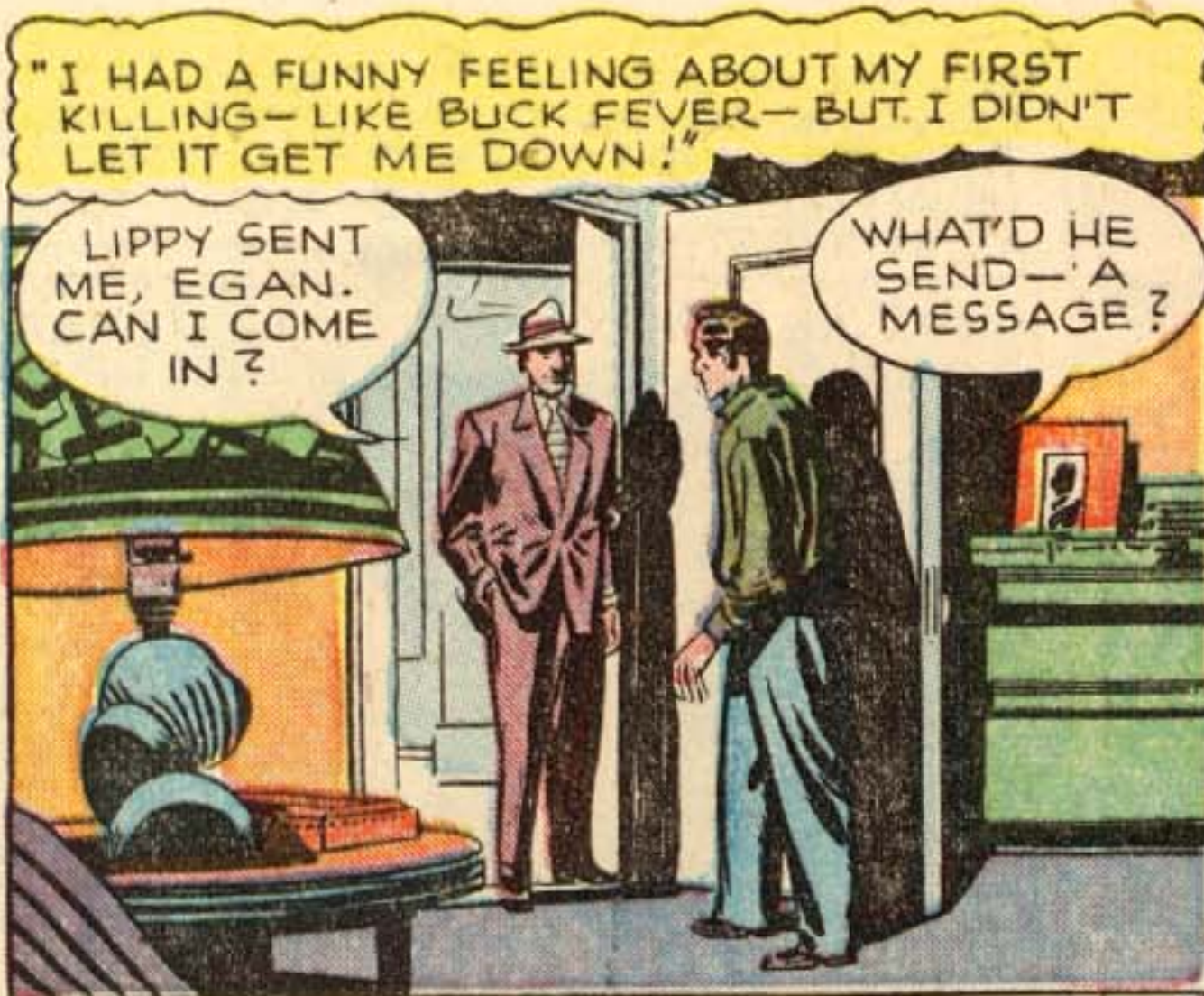
SAY, PALEY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EARN A COUPLE OF C'S BY GETTING A CERTAIN GUY OUT OF MY HAIR?

TALK SOME MORE, LIPPY- BUT NOT SO LOUD!

HIS NAME'S EGAN. HE'S BEEN CHISELING INTO MY BOOKMAKING RACKET.



HMM... I'VE RISKED MY NECK FOR LESS...



"IT WAS INTERESTING WORK, FROM ONE END OF THE COUNTRY TO THE OTHER. I SAW THE SIGHTS, AND ADDED A FEW OF MY OWN. ONCE I WENT TO A RESORT IN THE CATSKILLS, AFTER ANOTHER GUY."



THIS GUY'S SO ROTTEN, HE'LL POISON THE FISH...

"1945 WAS MY LUCKY YEAR—OR WAS IT? FIGHTING FRANK WON THE DERBY, THE TIGERS TOOK THE SERIES, AND I RAN INTO BENNY CROCKER. HE ALWAYS HAD AN ANGLE—AND HE TOOK AN INTEREST IN ME..."

HALEY! JUST THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!



HUH—! CROCKER! DON'T EVER SNEAK UP ON ME LIKE THAT!

I GOT CONTACTS WITH MOBS. I'M A FENCE FOR HOT SWAG, HIRE SPECIALISTS FOR TICKLISH JOBS...



SO WHAT?

SO WHY BE A PIKER, RUBBING OUT GEES FOR PEANUTS? I CAN GET YOU TWO OR THREE GRAND—PLUS EXPENSES!

YEAH? SOUNDS GOOD!



"GOOD? IT WAS PERFECT." NEXT DAY, NOXY NICHOLS, A PENNSYLVANIA GANG BOSS, CALLED ME IN...

THIS TUROSKE MUG WON'T PAY PROTECTION. I WANT HIM SCORCHED—BUT WHEN I'M OUT OF TOWN WITH AN ALIBI!

LEAVE IT TO ME!

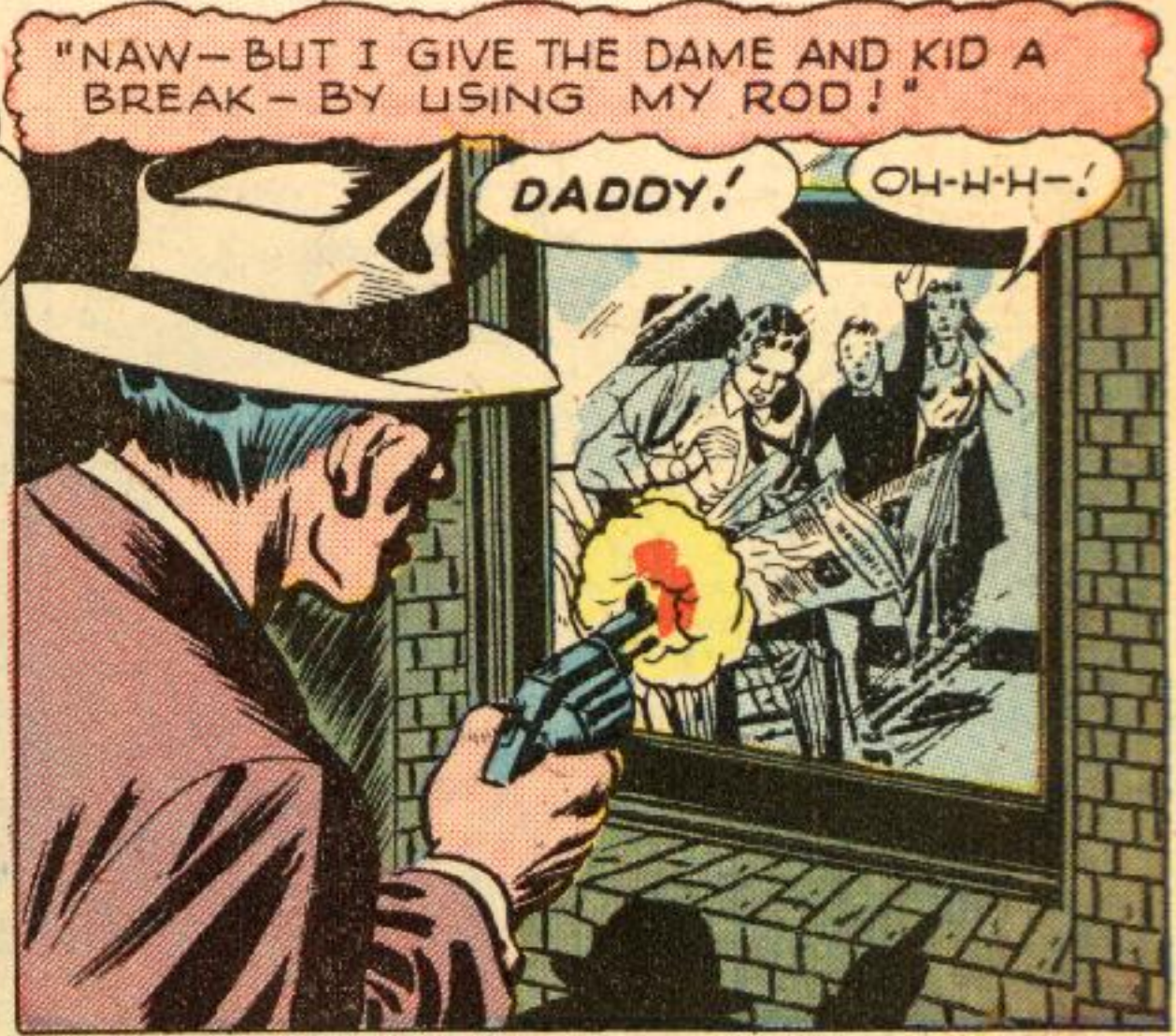
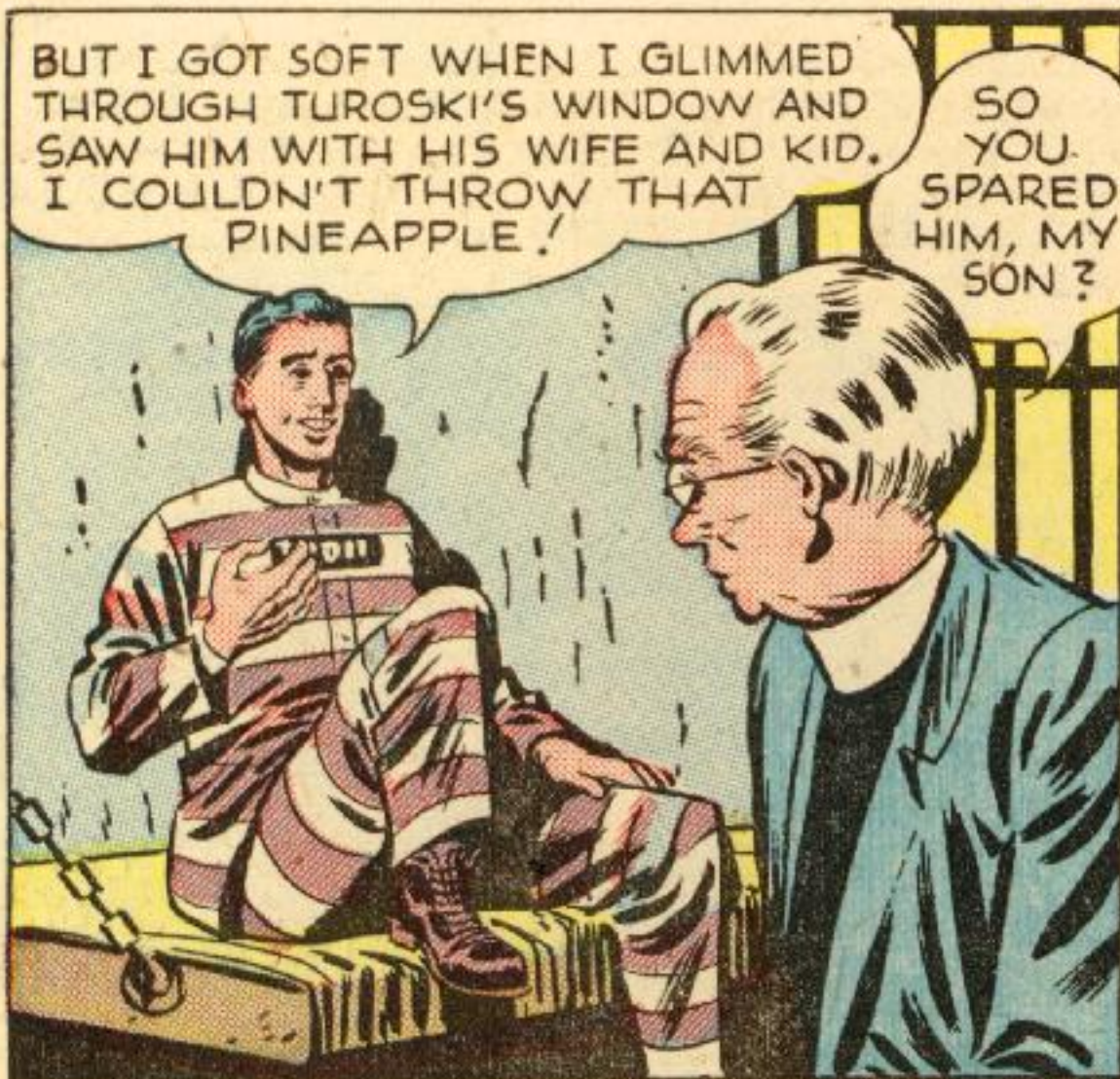


"I ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY A BLAST JOB—SO I BOUGHT A PINEAPPLE."

JUST PULL THE LEVER AND TOSS IT. THE FUSE TAKES FIVE SECONDS.

LIKE A HAND GRENADE, HUH?





"I WAS GETTIN' FAMOUS! THE COPS DIDN'T KNOW ME, BUT THEY KNEW MY METHODS—AND THE NEWSPAPERS CALLED ME "X"..."

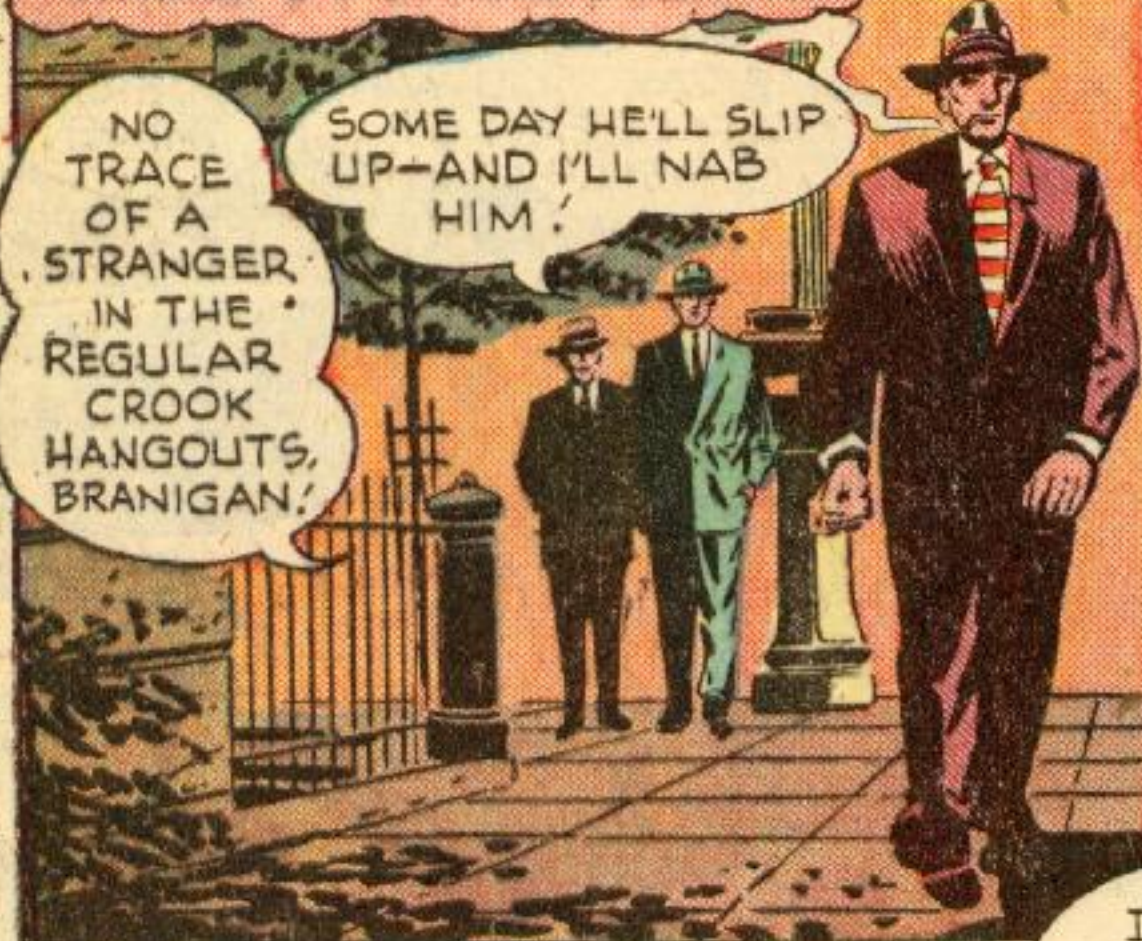
WOW! ANOTHER ONE! I READ HE KILLED BUGS MINOR LAST WEEK IN NEBRASKA!



"LT. BRANIGAN, THE SMARTEST DICK IN MY HOME TOWN, WAS ASSIGNED TO RUN DOWN "X"! I SAW HIM ONCE IN DENVER, WHERE I DID TWO JOBS..."

NO TRACE OF A STRANGER IN THE REGULAR CROOK HANGOUTS, BRANIGAN!

SOME DAY HE'LL SLIP UP—AND I'LL NAB HIM!



DOES CROCKER PAY YOU OFF FOR SOMETHING? YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF DOUGH BUT NO JOB!

I GOT A SYSTEM FOR BEATING THE RACES. I MET CROCKER ONLY ONCE AT THE TRACK!

I GOT NO POLICE RECORD. I GOT A DRAFT CARD AND MY INCOME TAX IS PAID. EVERYTHING'S ON THE UP AND UP!

HE'S RIGHT! TURN HIM LOOSE, BRANIGAN!



I COULDN'T STAND IT! I WANTED TO STOP PEOPLE IN THE STREET AND TELL 'EM WHO I WAS—THE GREATEST TORPEDO ALIVE!

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF YOU HAD!



"BRANIGAN DIDN'T KNOW ME, BUT HE WAS GETTIN' WARM. WAS I SURPRISED WHEN HE RANG MY DOORBELL AND..."

SO YOU'RE LEE HALEY! HOW ABOUT COMING DOWNTOWN TO ANSWER SOME QUESTIONS ABOUT BENNY CROCKER?

HUH? OH, SURE, WHY NOT? I'M ALWAYS HAPPY TO GIVES THE BULLS A HAND!



"THEY DIDN'T HAVE A THING ON ME, SEE— BUT I WAS PLENTY WORRIED..."

CROCKER'S HOT! HOW DO I KNOW HE WON'T TALK WHEN THEY PUT THE PRESSURE ON HIM?

BENNY, THE HEAT'S ON! CAN YOU MEET ME AFTER DARK, WITH NOBODY TAILING YOU?

SURE, PAL! NAME THE TIME AND PLACE!

"I SURE HATED TO DO IT! BENNY WAS A PAL..."

SORRY, BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY WHO CAN PUT THE FINGER ON ME... AND THIS IS TO MAKE SURE YOU NEVER GET THE CHANCE!

HUH-? LISTEN— YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT—

NOBODY SAW ME! I'LL DITCH THE ROD—AND NOBODY CAN PUT THE FINGER ON ME!

"BUT NEXT DAY..."

WITH THE CONTACTS BENNY MADE FOR ME, I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTIN' JOBS...

WE'LL GO DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AGAIN—THIS TIME FOR MURDER!

YEAH? I MADE A MONKEY OF YOU ONCE, AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN! YOU CAN'T PROVE NOTHING!



GANG BUSTERS



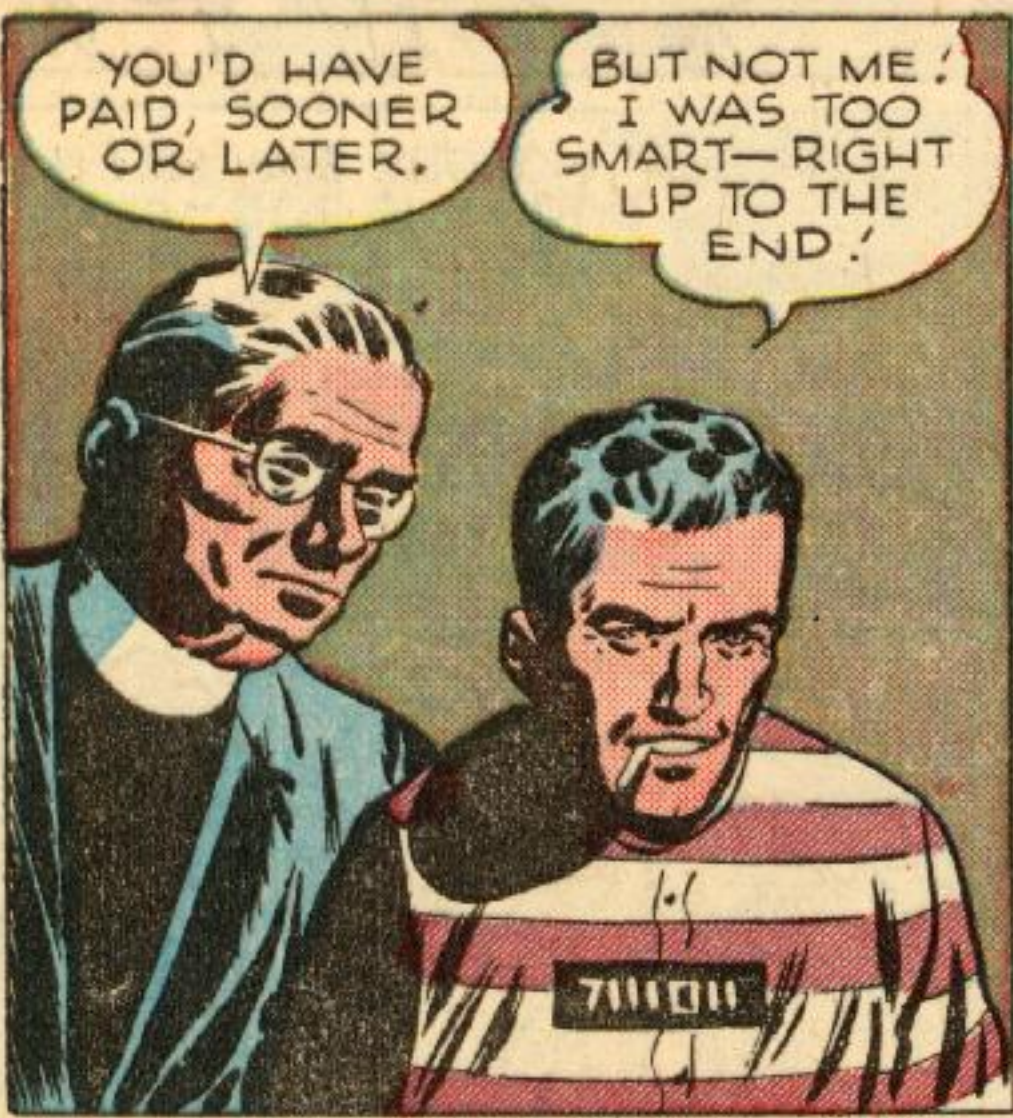
"THIS WAS THE PAY-OFF, THOUGH! THE COPS HAD FOUND A SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX KEY IN BENNY'S POCKET..."



LOOK, HALEY—HIS RECORD OF CASH PAID TO YOU FOR 19 KILLINGS IN A DOZEN CITIES.

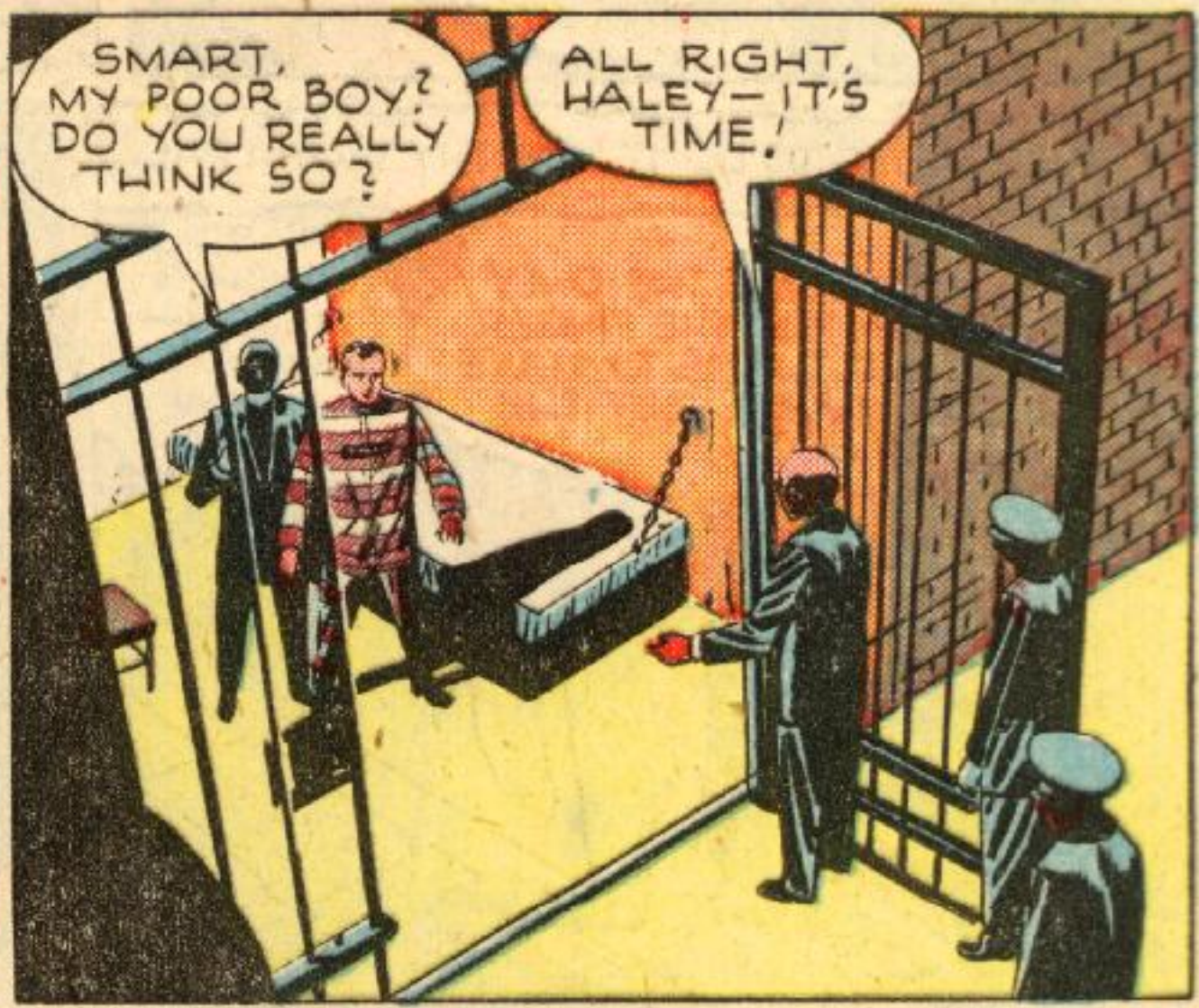
SO WHAT? I WANT A MOUTHPIECE!

WHAT A JOKE ON ME! THOSE RECORDS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN FOUND IF BENNY HAD LIVED. IT WAS THE FIRST JOB I DIDN'T DO FOR PAY—AND NOW I'M DOING THE PAYING.



YOU'D HAVE PAID, SOONER OR LATER.

BUT NOT ME! I WAS TOO SMART—RIGHT UP TO THE END!



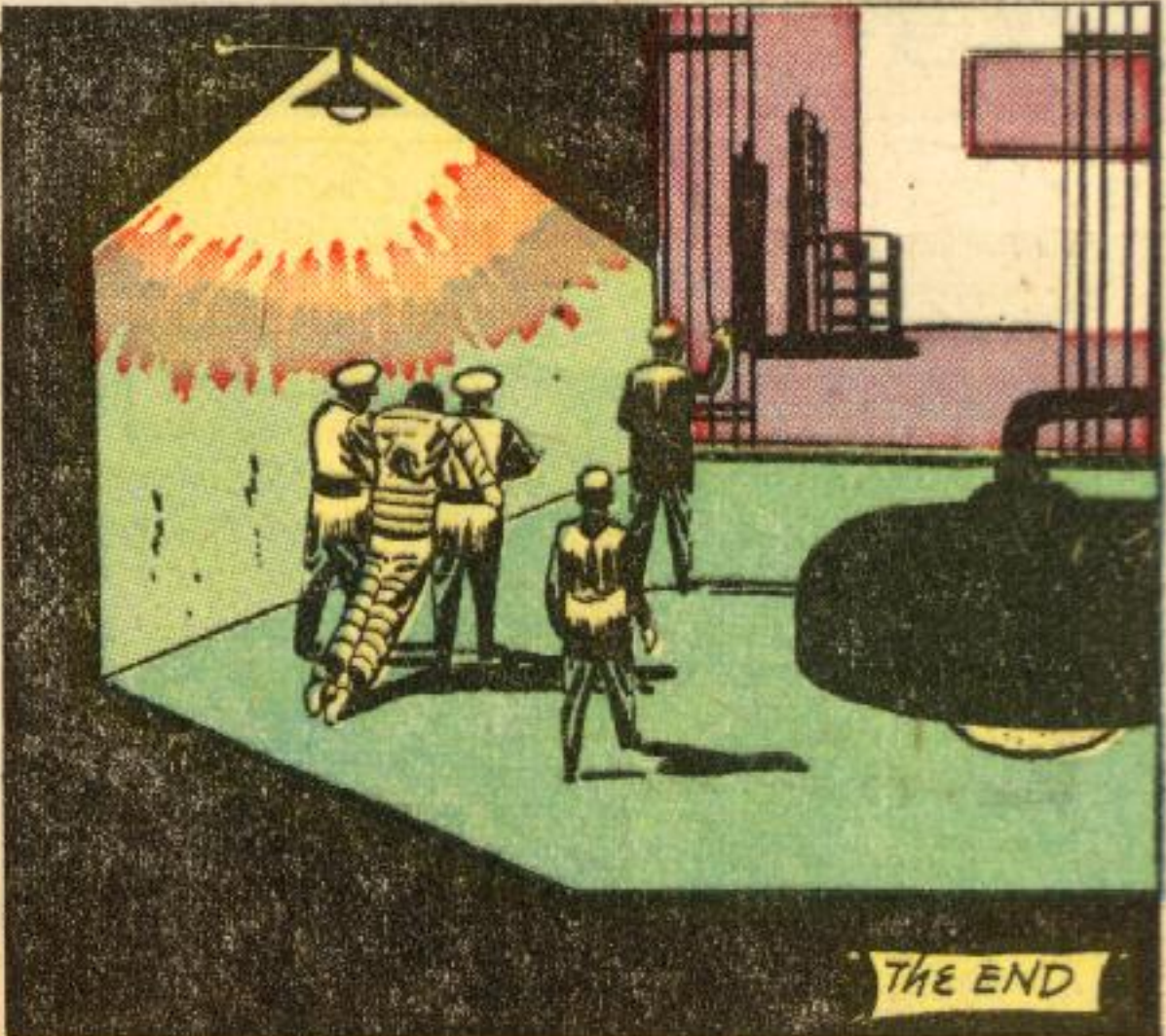
SMART, MY POOR BOY? DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?

ALL RIGHT, HALEY—IT'S TIME!



TIME—? IT CAN'T BE! I—I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE CHAIR! I'M AFRAID—AFRAID...

THINK OF THE ONES YOU DESTROYED. DYING WILL BE NO HARDER FOR YOU THAN IT WAS FOR THEM!



THE END

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USE the soap that famous Champs use—men and women in all sports. Bathe daily with Lifebuoy. Refreshing? Oh boy! In tub or shower, Lifebuoy's creamy lather makes you feel good all over. Lifebuoy is grand for hands, too. Gets off grime and dirt in a flash. Cleanliness and good health, you know, go together. So use Lifebuoy every day.



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Get your Magic Book today—amaze your friends

More than 60 baffling tricks! Number tricks! Match tricks! Mind-reading tricks! Yes, this fascinating book is chock-full of clever tricks of all kinds . . . with simple explanations of Blackstone's own secret ways of doing them.

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Please rush me one copy of "MY SECRETS OF MAGIC" by Blackstone. I enclose one Lifebuoy Soap box top and 15 cents in coin.

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(This offer good only in U. S., Hawaiian Islands, and Puerto Rico. Offer expires February 14, 1948)



Calling All DICK TRACY Fans!

You Can Actually SEND and RECEIVE With This

**Genuine
DICK TRACY
RECEIVES TWO-WAY TRANSMITS
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For only \$3.98
Complete with
Aerial and
Ground Lead-in
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THESE TWO-WAY WRIST RADIOS
ARE A TERRIFIC TOY-
AND TO THINK THEY WORK
WITHOUT BATTERIES
OR TUBES!



AH! THIS PROGRAM
COMES IN CLEAR AS
A BELL.



JUNIOR USES
AN AERIAL
TIED TO A TREE

THIS METAL WINDOW
FRAME MAKES A
GOOD AERIAL!



DIET SMITH GETS
STOCK REPORTS
ON HIS WRIST RADIO

NOW I CAN LISTEN TO
RADIO PROGRAMS
WITHOUT DISTURBING
ANYONE!



TEEN
ENJOYS
A QUIET
EVENING

OH BOY! IT WORKS TWO
WAYS! RECEIVES BROADCASTS
AND IS A PRIVATE TWO-WAY
TRANSMITTER BETWEEN ME
AND ALL MY FRIENDS WHO
OWN A DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO



It Really Works



**No Batteries
No Electricity
No Tubes**

The Most Compact
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You've Seen It In The Comics...

NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids... the one and only DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio that actually transmits your voice over short distances... and receives regular radio broadcasts up to 50 miles away. Yes, we've strived to make this TWO-WAY Wrist Radio as much like DICK TRACY's as possible, and we're offering it to real DICK TRACY Fans at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay for even a one-way radio.

WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH... LISTEN IN LIKE ANY RADIO

Just think of the fun you'll have using it... listening in to ball games... getting the low-down on things the very moment they happen. With a DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio you'll quickly become the most popular kid in town. But remember, quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

USES RADAR DETECTOR SIMILAR TO THAT DEVELOPED DURING WAR!

Not just a dream... but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a combination radio receiver and telephonic transmitter so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful RADAR detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with aerial and ground connections. Order one and use it to listen to radio stations. Order TWO and you'll actually be able to transmit your voice from one building to another with amazing results. Get on the road to popularity! Amaze friends! Send for your DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio today.

Supply Limited! Clip This Coupon and Mail!

Parker-Johns, 180 W. Randolph, Chicago 1, Ill., Dept. ^{DTR}40

☐ Please send me ONE Dick Tracy Wrist Radio for \$3.98
☐ I want to receive and transmit to a friend. Please send me TWO Dick Tracy Wrist Radios for only \$7.96

CHECK ONE ☐ Ship postpaid. I am enclosing cash.
☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman total plus postage.

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We... *The Boys of America*

believe in these OUR RIGHTS: the right to LIBERTY, hard-won by our forefathers & the right to HAPPINESS that comes with the growth of a healthy body and mind & the right to TRAINING, thoughtfully planned by parents, school and church & the right to OPPORTUNITY, to live, learn, play and grow up in the time-honored traditions of a free people & and the right to learn to SHOOT SAFELY. We recognize and accept the responsibility imposed by these Rights. But & until we are old enough to vote & we expect YOU & our fathers, mothers and other citizens who elect America's city, county, state and federal officers & to be eternally vigilant that our RIGHTS be not abridged!

"...The rights of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

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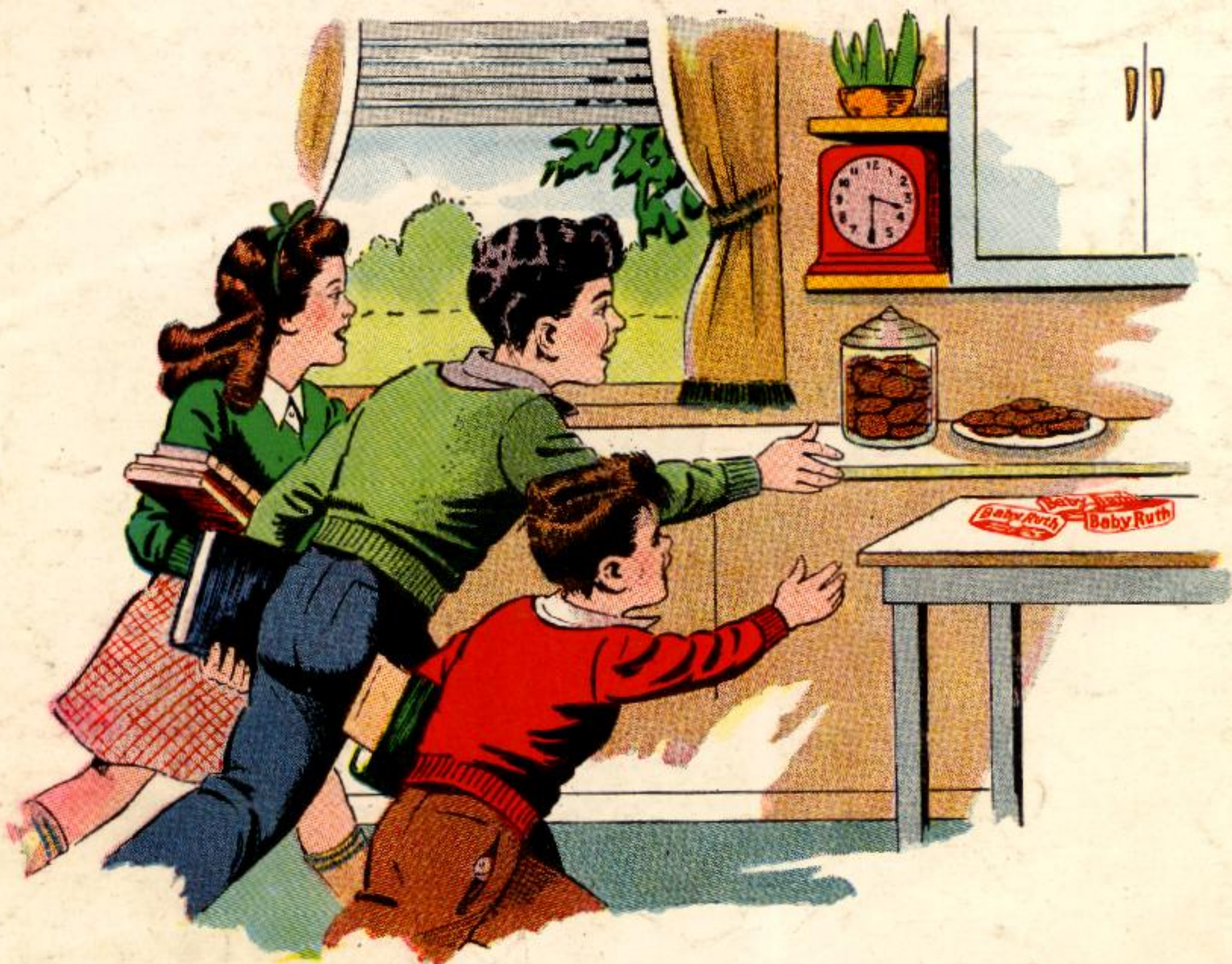
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