

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



No. 3
APRIL
MAY

A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

TEN CENTS

GANG BUSTERS

THE TRAGIC CAREER OF
RALPH LINWELL

THE KILLER WHO BECAME

"THE CRIMINAL
WITHOUT
A COUNTRY"

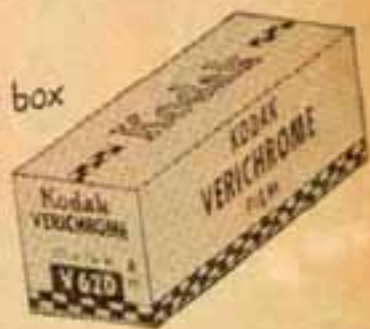


ABC
BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!

"A snack for now...snaps
for later!"

What a story snapshots tell! And how easy to
snap those pictures of fun...even indoors (with flash equipment)...when
you use Kodak Verichrome Film! You press the button—
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Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.

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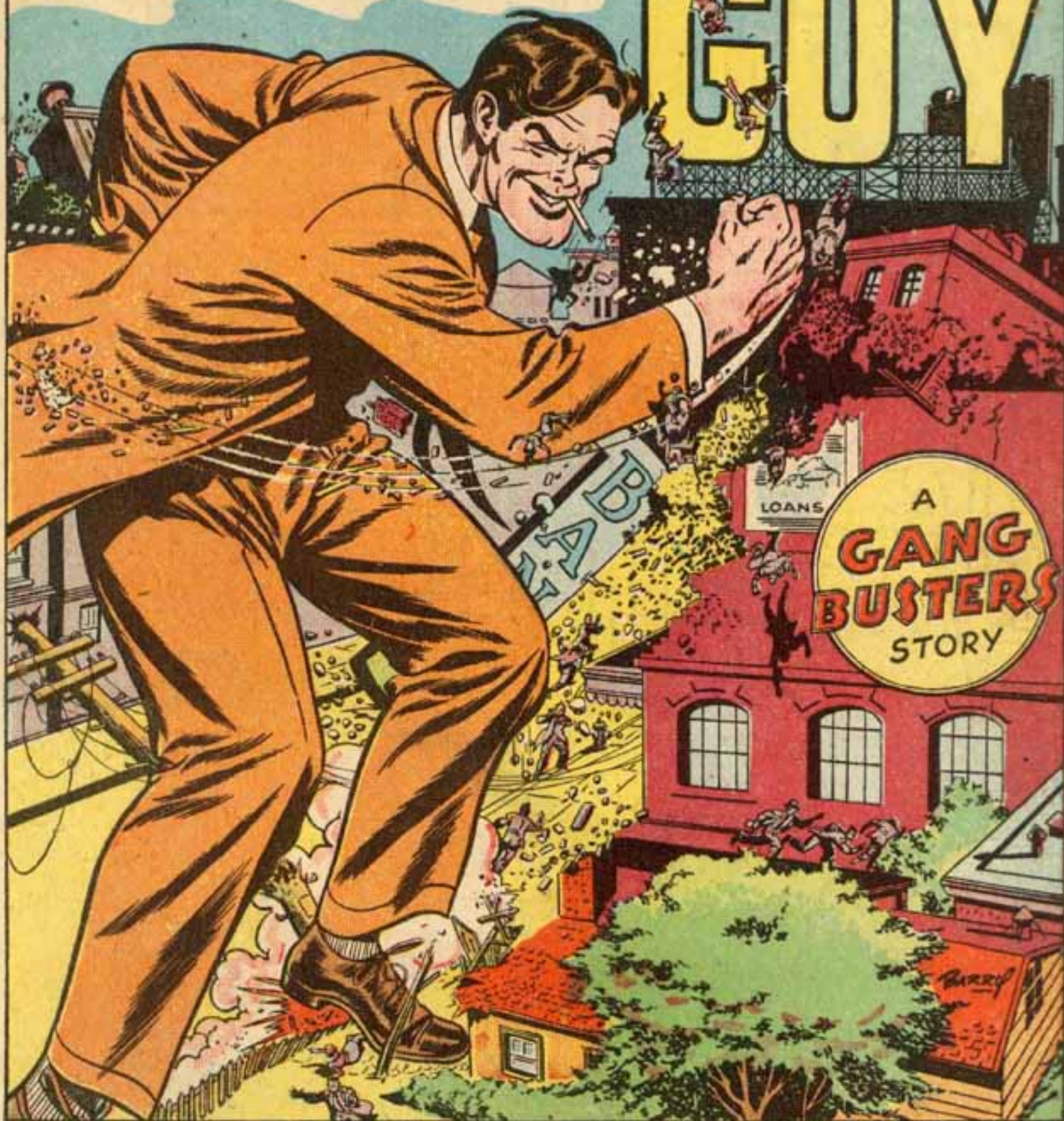
"KODAK" IS A TRADE MARK

EXCLUSIVE!

THIS IS THE STORY NO ONE
COULD WRITE BUT THE MAN WHO
WAS THERE, PATROLMAN AL FURILLO.

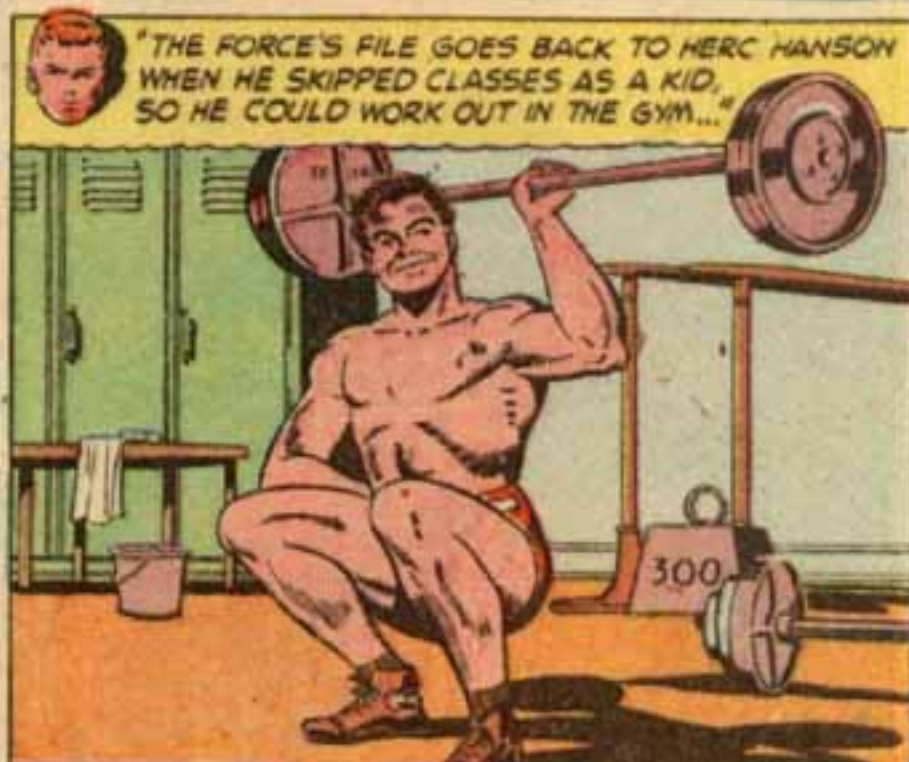
IN HIS OWN WORDS, HERE IS THE ACCOUNT OF
A COLOSSUS OF CRIME, APTLY NAMED HERCULES
HANSON. HE WAS ALL BRAUN AND NO BRAIN, AND
HE HELD THE TOWN, LITERALLY AND FIGURATIVELY,
IN HIS STEEL GRIP. FOR MOBSTERS SCHEMED
TO BUILD UP THIS MAMMOTH MUSCLE-MAN AS THEIR...

FALL GUY



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"HERC WAS ALL MUSCLE - INCLUDING HIS HEAD. THERE WAS ONE WAY TO PUT IT TO GOOD USE. HE JOINED A GANG OF TOUGH KIDS. LATER, HE WAS LOCKED UP ON A PETTY LARCENY RAP, BUT HE HADN'T LEARNED ANYTHING WHEN RELEASED."







"IN THE AUDIENCE WAS LONGSHOT GILLMAN, THE SHADIEST CHARACTER THIS SIDE OF SING SING ..."

WOTTA MAN, THIS SAMSON!

"SAMSON," MY EYE! THAT'S **HERCULES HANSON**! AND HE'S JUST THE LUG WE WANT, STELLA. LET'S GO BACK AN' SEE 'IM!



LISTEN, HERC, THE HEAT'S OFF! YOU COME IN WITH MY MOB AN' GET FIFTY TIMES WHAT THIS TWO-BIT CIRCUS HANDS YOU!

WE CAN SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER!



DOUGH AND DAMES! WHAT MORE CAN A GUY ASK? WHAT'S YOUR DEAL, LONGSHOT?

STRONG-ARMING BOOBSY CRANE'S NORTH-END MOB WHAT'S BEEN PUSHIN ME AROUND! WITH **YOU** ON MY SIDE, THEY'LL TAKE IT EASY!

"PROMISED HALF A GRAND A MONTH, HERC FELL LIKE A TON OF BRICKS—WHICH HE COULD. THEN STELLA TOOK OVER ..."

HOW DO I LOOK, SWEETHEART? RITZY, EH?

ALL MUSCLE AND A YARD WIDE! THE SUIT'S YOURS WITH LONGSHOT'S COMPLIMENTS!



THIS IS FOR YOU, TOO, HERC! LONGSHOT SAYS A BIG SHOT LIKE YOU HAS GOT TO HAVE SUCH A CAR!

HE SURE APPRECIATES MY TALENT, DON'T HE?

"AND HOW! LONGSHOT CALLED HIM OVER TO THE '4 ACES' CLUB."

BOOBSY'S GOT SOME CONTRACTS I WANT BACK IN HIS OFFICE WALL SAFE! RIP OUT THE SAFE AND BRING IT HERE!

IT'S A PUSHOVER, LONGSHOT!

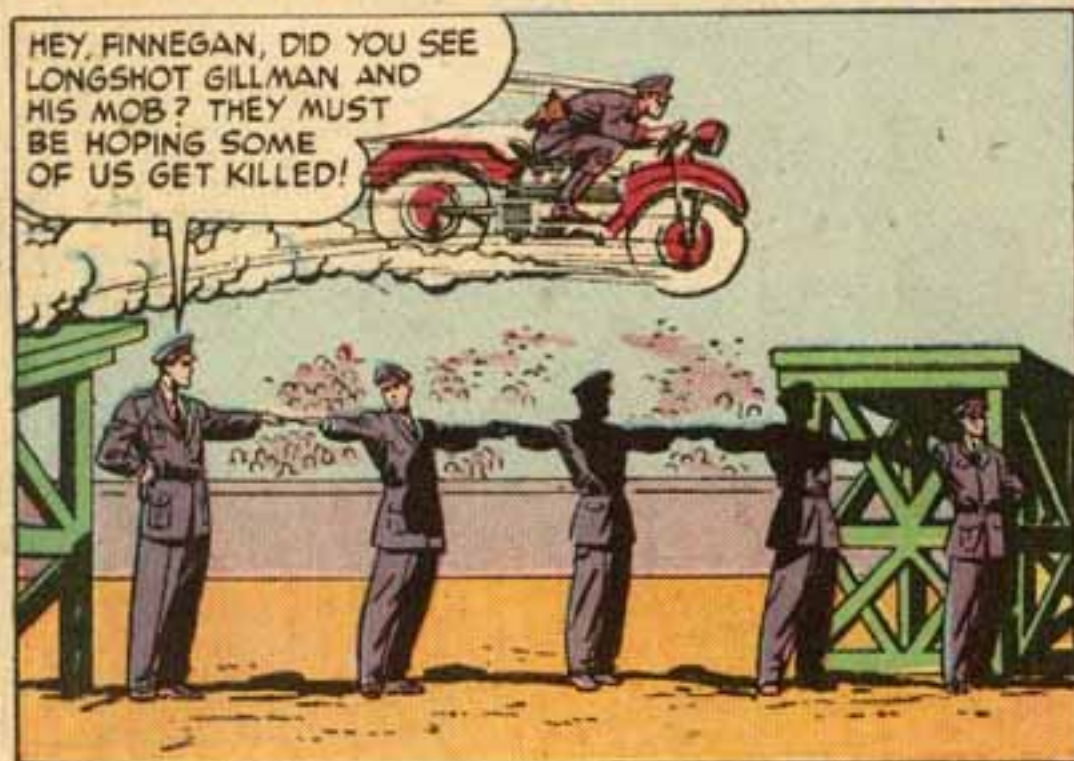




"WHEN HERC LEFT, THE PLOT BECAME APPARENT. HE WAS WALKING INTO A TRAP BAITED BY A RAT!"



"LATER, LONGSHOT ATTENDED THE POLICE BENEFIT SHOW - A PERFECT ALIBI!"





"HE WAS ON ME BEFORE I COULD GET TO MY FEET AND GRABBED MY GUN HAND IN HIS HUGE FIST. ALL OF A SUDDEN, I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE JACK THE GIANT KILLER."



"HE THUNDERED DOWN THE STAIRS--BUT NOT BEFORE O'HARA PUMPED A COUPLE OF SHOTS INTO HIM..."





"LIKE A WOUNDED BULL, HE STRUGGLED THROUGH BACK STREETS, AND FINALLY CRASHED INTO THE '4 ACES'."



I DON'T (COUGH-COUGH) LIKE DOUBLE-CROSSERS! GONNA BREAK YOUR NECKS!

STAY BACK OR WE SHOOT! I'M WARNIN' YOU!



"LIKE SOME PREHISTORIC ANIMAL, HE KEPT COMING IN."



"AND THAT'S HOW WE FOUND 'EM. ALL DEAD BUT THE GIRL. SHE WAS STANDING OVER THE APE WHO HAD ENOUGH LEAD IN HIM TO SINK A BATTLESHIP."



THAT WINDS IT UP, INSPECTOR.

FINE! GIVE THIS CYLINDER TO THE CLERK ON YOUR WAY OUT. TELL HIM TO FILE IT UNDER **FALL GUY!**





SINCE 1944, JOHNSON'S TEAMS HAVE SET THE PACE FOR THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE TRACK CHAMPIONSHIPS. THE ILLINI CLAIMED TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944, 1946, AND 1947 -- THEY PLACED A CLOSE SECOND IN 1945

Leo
JOHNSON

CHAMPION
TRACK COACH
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

"A POPULAR TRAINING DISH WITH ME -- AND WITH A LOT OF MY TRACK STARS -- IS WHEATIES. 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WITH MILK AND FRUIT. WHEATIES ARE SWELL FOR BOTH FLAVOR AND NOURISHMENT," SAYS LEO JOHNSON. "I RECOMMEND THEM TO ANY BOY OR GIRL WHO WANTS TO BUILD A STRONG, HEALTHY BODY."



JOHNSON COACHED HIS TEAM TO A TRIPLE CHAMPIONSHIP IN BOTH 1946 AND 1947. ILLINOIS ANNEXED (1) BIG NINE INDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (2) BIG NINE OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP, (3) NATIONAL COLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP



WHEATIES
"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"
WITH MILK AND FRUIT





THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

A
GANG
BUSTERS
STORY

SILENT MIKE TUROT DIDN'T HAVE SMALL IDEAS. HE HAD BIG ONES. HE DIDN'T PLAN TO KILL ONE MAN. HE PLANNED TO KILL SIX. HE DIDN'T STEAL A FEW GRAND. HE STOLE A WHOLE ARMORED CAR. THE ONLY THING HE DIDN'T PLAN - WAS TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



IN "MURDERER'S ROW" OF A NORTHWESTERN PRISON SHORTLY BEFORE DAWN ONE BLEAK JANUARY DAY, WARDEN RYKER TOOK "SILENT" MIKE TUROT'S ORDER FOR HIS LAST MEAL—

YOU CAN HAVE WHATEVER YOU WANT, MIKE! IT'S ON THE HOUSE!

YEAH—THE BIG HOUSE. OKAY, WARDEN—HERE'S MY ORDER...

BACON AND EGGS, FRENCH FRIES WITH KETCHUP. MY FAVORITE BREAKFAST! BUT I'VE LOST MY APPETITE!



AN HOUR BEFORE EXECUTION, A REPORTER, TED LENWICK, CALLED ON THE DOOMED MAN...

MY SYNDICATE WANTS YOUR EXCLUSIVE STORY! WE'LL PAY A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT.

I NEVER OPENED MY MOUTH ONCE AT THE TRIAL. I'M NOT TALKING NOW!



I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT THE GRAND. I CAN'T TAKE IT WITH ME.

WE'LL SEND THE CHECK TO YOUR WIFE. SHE NEEDS THE MONEY.



THAT DOES IT. MARGIE COULD USE A GRAND. THE STORY STARTS WITH THE DAY I FINISHED MY FIRST RAP, A SEVEN YEAR STRETCH FOR A GAS STATION HOLDUP...

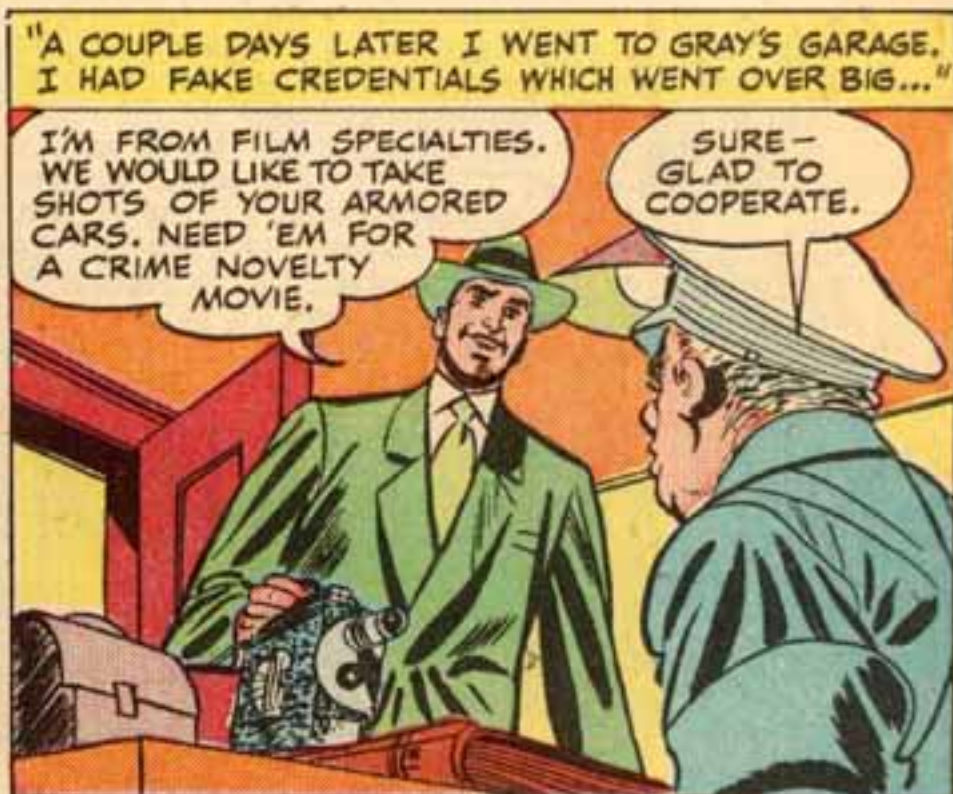
"THE WARDEN GAVE ME A TEN-DOLLAR BILL AND THE USUAL SONG AND DANCE..."

THIS ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT'LL HELP TO START YOU OFF, MIKE. YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER. I HOPE WE DON'T SEE YOU AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, WARDEN. I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!







"WE NEEDED PLYWOOD PANELS, SHEETS OF THIN METAL, PLASTIC GLUE, AND GLASS PANES. THE TOY FACTORY WHERE I WORKED HAD ALL THAT STUFF AND MORE —"

I WANNA BUY A FEW OF THESE THINGS. I GOT AN IDEA FOR A NEW TOY TO WORK ON AT HOME —

HELP YOURSELF. THE COMPANY WON'T MIND. IT GETS NEW TOY SUGGESTIONS THAT WAY.



"GRADUALLY, THE FAKE ARMORED CAR BEGAN TO SHAPE UP IN LESHKI'S GARAGE —"

THESE WALLS OF PLYWOOD, COATED WITH PLASTIC GLUE BETWEEN METAL COVERS, WILL LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING. THE SLUGS'LL RIP THROUGH THESE SIDES LIKE CHEESE!

THE GUYS INSIDE ARE SURE GONNA GET ONE BIG SURPRISE.



"MONTHS WENT BY. I MET A DAME I LIKED. WE'D GOTTEN MARRIED —"

YOU WORK LATE A LOT, HONEY. CAN'T YOU SPEND MORE EVENINGS WITH ME?

I'M AFTER BIG MONEY, MARGIE. GOTTA WORK HARD. GOTTA CATCH THE GRAVY TRAIN.



"D-DAY DREW CLOSER —"



"FOR THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLAN, I NEEDED A TRIGGERMAN. I VISITED CY OSBOURNE —"

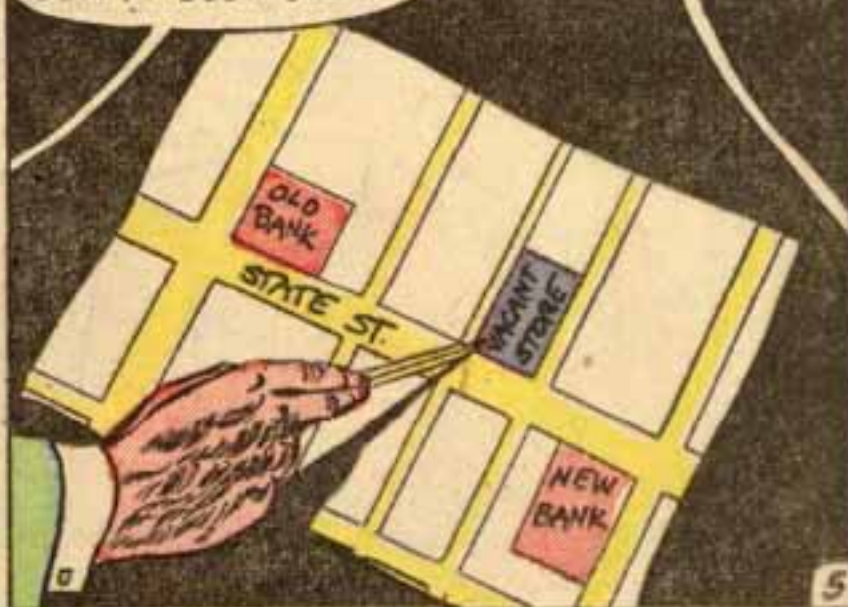
LIKE I SAID, CY, IT'S A CHOPPER JOB AND A STRAIGHT 3-WAY SPLIT ON THE LOOT. DRIVER AND GUARD UP FRONT, TWO MORE GUARDS INSIDE, MOTORCYCLE COP ESCORT. COUNT 'EM DOWN. COUNT 'EM OUT.

COUNT 'EM DOWN. COUNT 'EM OUT.



WE GOTTA TIME IT JUST LIKE A FOOTBALL PLAY. I'VE RENTED THIS VACANT STORE FOR OUR AMBUSH SPOT —

IT'S A PERFECT SPOT FOR ME AND THE CHOPPER.



"I REHEARSED THE SET-UP ON THE BLACKBOARD, USING A TINY TOY ARMORED CAR FOR A MODEL..."

THEY HAVE TO MOVE THE BANK'S ASSETS AT NIGHT, NOW, WHILE YOU MOW DOWN THE FAKE CAR, LESHKI AND I'LL BOIL OUT FROM THIS PARKING SPACE -



"A FEW DAYS LATER, LESHKI FINISHED THE FAKE CAR -

WHEN I GET THIS DOOR FINISHED TONIGHT, THE CAR WILL BE A DEAD RINGER. BEST JOB I EVER TURNED OUT!



"AND WITH OSBOURNE'S HELP, WE GOT THE HEAP FULLY EQUIPPED RIGHT DOWN TO THE TEAR GAS MASKS!"

I CASED GRAY'S GARAGE SEVERAL TIMES. THE NIGHT WATCHMAN WENT ON AT 6. HE HAD COFFEE SENT OVER FROM THE GRILLE NEXT DOOR AT 6:30 AND 12:30 -



"THE NIGHT OF D-DAY, AFTER THE GUY FROM THE GRILLE RANG THE BELL AND LEFT THE COFFEE -"



THAT'S ENOUGH KNOCKOUT DROPS. HEAR THE WATCHMAN COMING. I'LL JUST BE WALKING DOWN THE STREET.

"IT TOOK ME A SECOND TO JIMMY THE OFFICE DOOR LOCK. AND ALMOST ON SCHEDULE, LESHKI DROVE IN WITH THE FAKE ARMORED CAR -"

YOU'RE A COUPLE MINUTES LATE. HURRY. THAT WATCHMAN MAY WAKE UP.

DON'T WORRY. THOSE KNOCKOUT DROPS SENT HIM TO LULLABY LAND!



"THEN WE ROLLED THE NEAREST ARMORED CAR OUT AND PUT THE FAKE CAR IN ITS PLACE -"

"WE TOOK OFF IN THE REAL ARMORED CAR. WHEN THE DRIVER AND GUARDS CAME —"

WHAT'S KEEPING THE NIGHT WATCHMAN? THIRD TIME I'VE RUNG —

I MUSTA DOZED OFF. HO HUM. DULLEST PLACE I EVER WORKED.



"THE GUARDS DROVE THE FAKE CAR TO THE BANK AND LOADED UP —"

QUIET NIGHT. WANT TO BET ON THE WORLD SERIES?

SURE. TWO TO ONE ON THE YANKS!

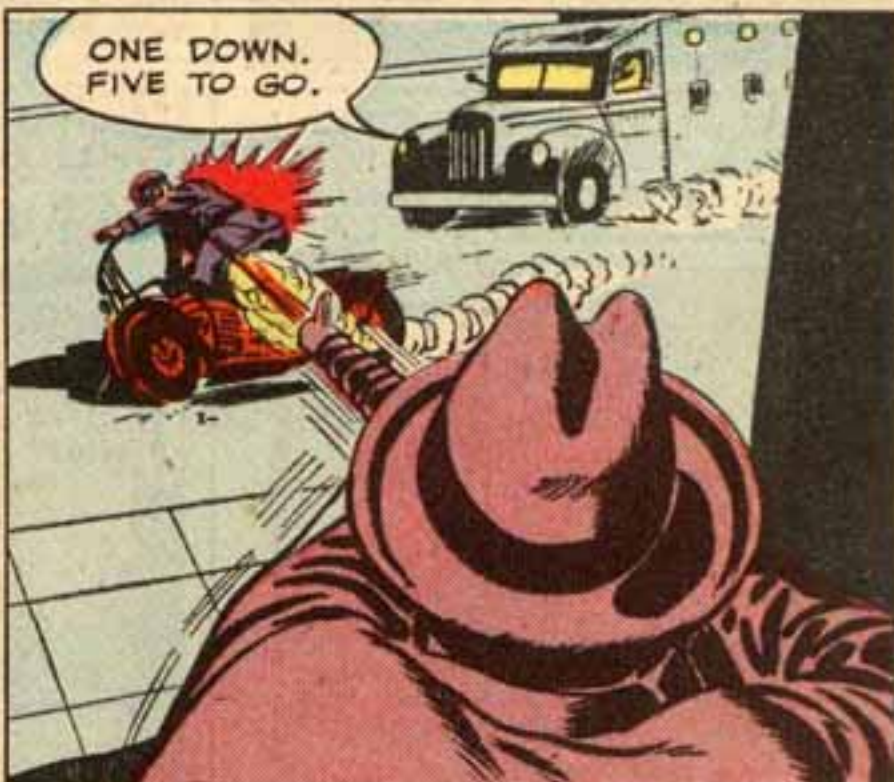


"AND IN THE PARKING SPACE BEHIND THE VACANT STORE —"

IT'S 9:10 AND — STEP ON IT, LESHKI! THAT'S THE CHOPPER!



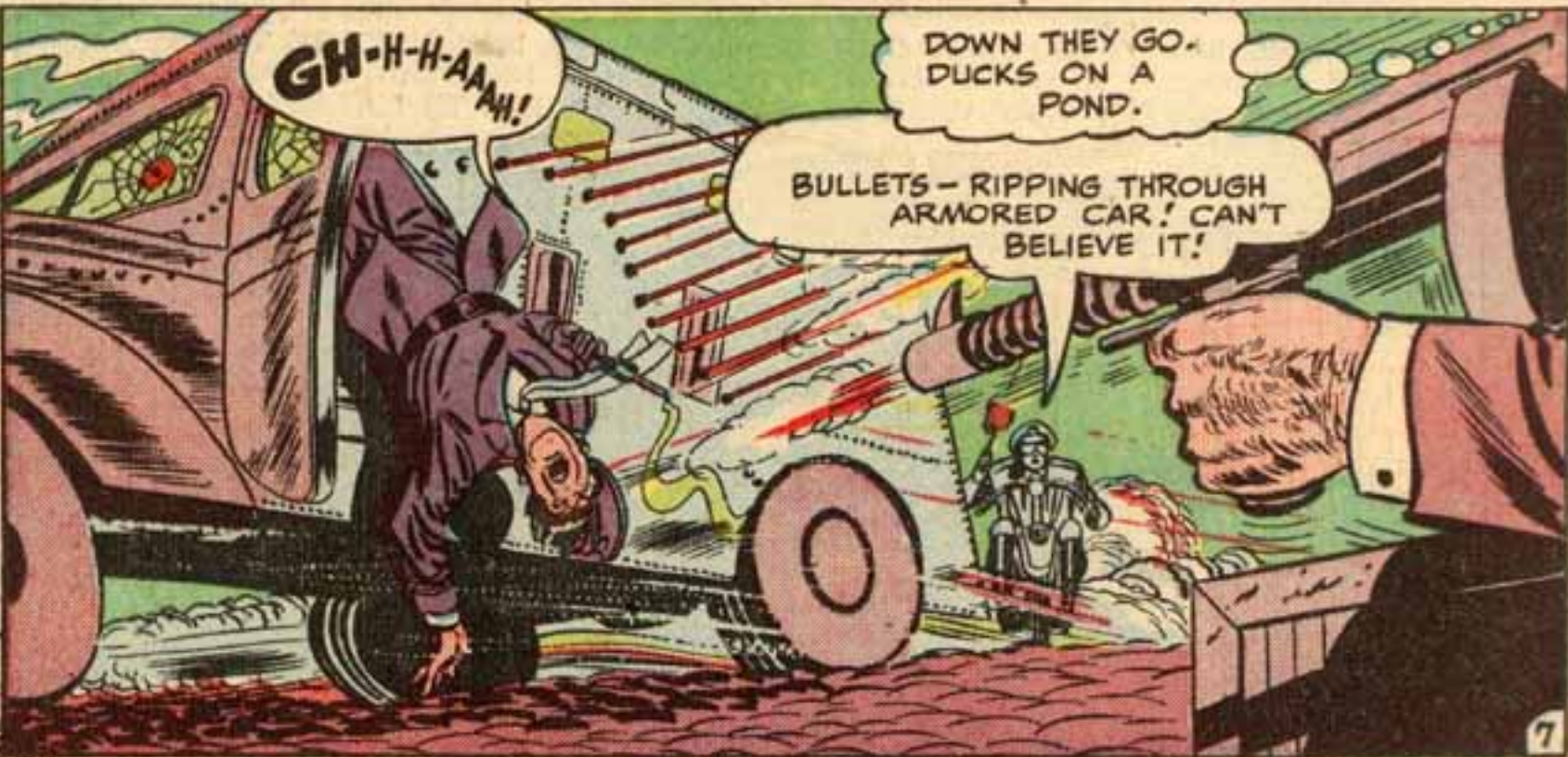
ONE DOWN. FIVE TO GO.



GH-H-H-AAH!

DOWN THEY GO. DUCKS ON A POND.

BULLETS — RIPPING THROUGH ARMORED CAR! CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



"LESHKI AND I WHIPPED OUT OF THE ALLEY IN THE STOLEN ARMORED CAR, AND..."

DON'T BOTHER WITH THE COIN BAGS. THEY'RE TOO HEAVY, AND JUST CHICKEN-FEED.

OKAY. NO SIRENS YET. LUCKY FOR THE COPS - WE COULD STAND OFF AN ARMY WITH THIS ARMORED HEAP!



"BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE TO. OUR TIMING WORKED PERFECTLY. LATER, IN LESHKI'S GARAGE -"

SO FAR THE BILLS ADD UP TO \$3,150,000. OVER A MILLION APIECE. THE WHOLE WORLD IS OURS!

AND ANOTHER TWO MILLION IN BONDS!



BURN ALL THE BONDS. THEY'RE TOO HOT TO HANDLE!

- INTERRUPT OUR PROGRAM TO BRING YOU THIS NEWS BULLETIN. SIX MEN WERE KILLED IN A SENSATIONAL ARMORED CAR ROBBERY AND -

HERE'S WHERE WE BREAK UP. SO LONG, PALS.

THIS CRATE'LL BE JUNK IN NO TIME. I'LL EVEN MELT THE MOTOR NUMBER AND THE CHOPPER. THE COPS WON'T KNOW WHERE TO START.



"MARGIE WAS ASLEEP WHEN I GOT HOME. THE NEXT DAY -"

THE 50 GRAND IN MY POCKET WILL LAST TILL THE HEAT IS OFF.



"I CHECKED IN AT THE PROBATION OFFICER FOR THE LAST TIME. I COULD HARDLY KEEP FROM LAUGHING -"

YOU'RE A FREE MAN, MIKE. I'VE CLOSED THE RECORD. TOO BAD THEY ALL CAN'T MAKE THE SHOWING YOU DID.

I SURE TRIED HARD TO DO A GOOD JOB.







"YOU KNOW THE REST, LENWICK, HOW THE COPS CAUGHT US. THE WOOD EXPERT—"

WE CHECKED EVERY MANUFACTURER OF PLYWOOD. ONLY ONE FIRM MAKES THIS KIND—THE FARBER TOY COMPANY!

START CHECKING THEIR EMPLOYEES.



"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THEY CAME ACROSS MY NAME, AND..."

SURE, HE SAID HE WANTED THE STUFF FOR SOME TOY!

OKAY— THAT DOES IT! GET PHOTOS OF TUROT TO ALL DETECTIVES. CHECK EVERY POOLROOM AND BAR. FIND OUT IF TUROT WAS SEEN WITH ANYBODY—



DON'T KNOW HIM. HE WAS HERE ONLY A COUPLE TIMES. CAME WITH ONE OF OUR REGULARS, MECHANIC NAMED LESHKI...



THE STORY PACKS A WALLOP. IT'LL MAKE THE HEADLINES.

PLAY UP THE PART ABOUT MY BIG PLAN. HOW WAS I TO KNOW IT WAS SPECIAL PLYWOOD—



TUROT PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY IN FULL—

GOTTA STAND UP. CAN'T LOOK SCARED. I'M THE GUY WHO PULLED OFF THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY—



Daily Times
TUROT TALKS, TELLS ALL: DIES IN CHAIR

THRILL

to the punch-packed action
of the fighting WEST!



ROARING SIX-GUNS!
THUNDERING HOOVES!
THUDDING FISTS!
ALL THE RED-BLOODED
EXCITEMENT IN
THE DANGEROUS
CAREERS OF THE
STRONG MEN WHO
WAGER THEIR LIVES
ON A
LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER
SURE-FIRE
WINNER
FROM
AMERICA'S
TOP COMICS
PUBLISHER!

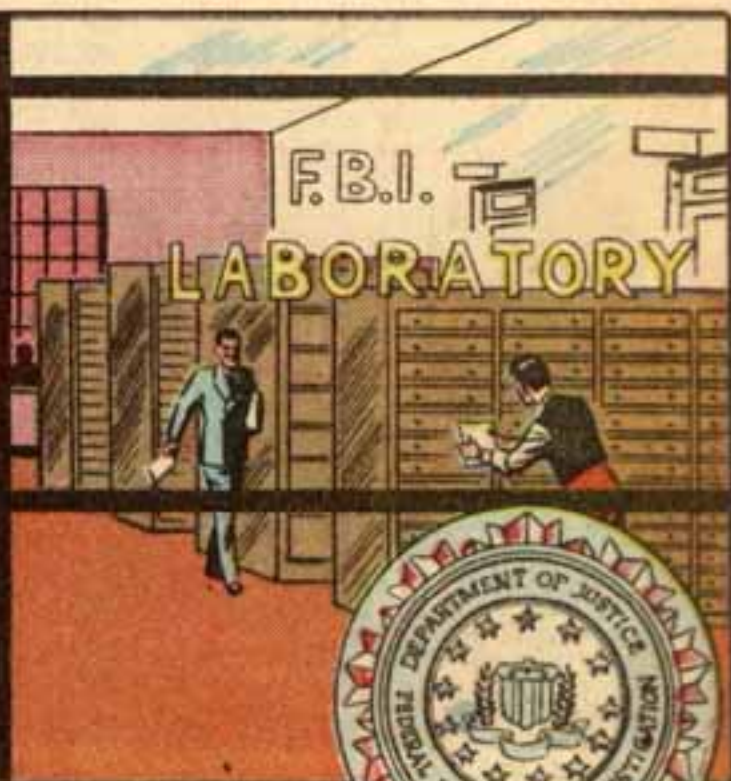
On Sale
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS!





Secrets of the G-MEN

BEHIND THE SCENES
WITH THE F.B.I. AGENTS!



THIS IS
THE DEPARTMENT
OF JUSTICE BUILDING,
IN WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE
G-MEN LEARN SCIENTIFIC
SLEUTHING...



... IDENTIFICATION OF
CRIMINALS THROUGH THEIR
FINGERPRINTS...



IN THE BALLISTICS LAB, ROOKIE AGENTS LEARN
TO FIRE A TEST BULLET INTO A WAD OF COTTON
SO THAT ITS MARKINGS WILL BE UNMARRED...



AGENTS MUST ALSO LEARN THE RECOGNITION OF FACIAL CHARACTERISTICS TO DETECT CRIMINALS WHO WEAR DISGUISES...



IN CRYPTOGRAPHY CLASS, THE G-MEN MASTER THE ART OF BREAKING CODES—



— SUCH AS THE MUSICAL ONES USED BY SPIES...

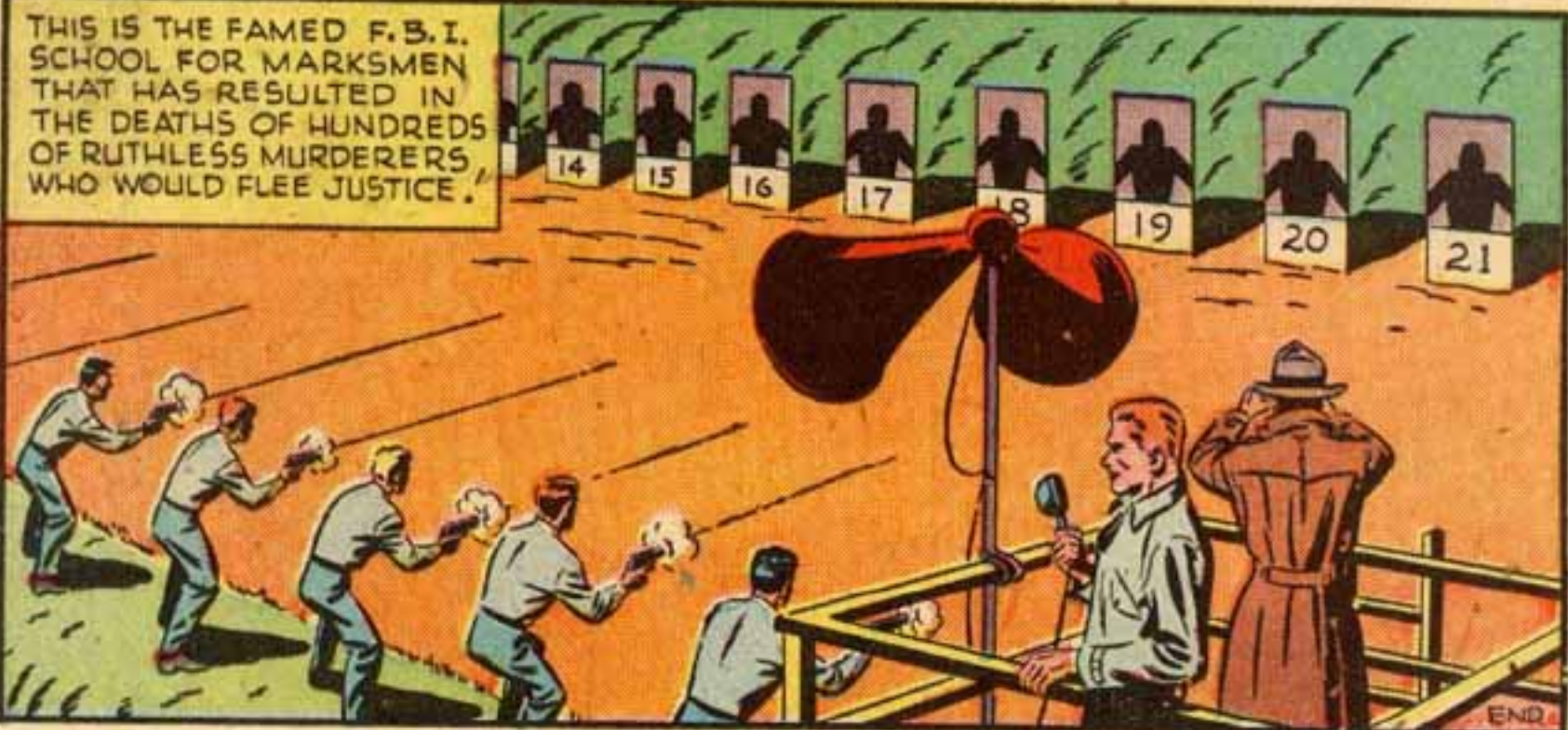
IN THE F.B.I. GYM, ROOKIE AGENTS LEARN THE SECRETS OF JUJITSU TO OVERPOWER ARMED GANGSTERS...



NEW AGENTS ARE TAUGHT HOW TO STORM A KILLER'S HIDEOUT, SO THAT THERE ARE NO ANGLES OF CROSSFIRE TO IMPERIL THE G-MEN'S LIVES...



THIS IS THE FAMED F.B.I. SCHOOL FOR MARKSMEN THAT HAS RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF HUNDREDS OF RUTHLESS MURDERERS WHO WOULD FLEE JUSTICE.



A Perfect Crime Mystery
1850

X

marks the spot

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

THE "JEAN LAFITTE MURDER CASE" BROKE ON MARDI GRAS DAY IN A SOUTHERN CITY AGLOW WITH THE SPIRIT OF CARNIVAL

--- BUT ALEC WEIR DIDN'T SHARE THE FUN!

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS, LEE! PAY UP YOUR NOTE BY MIDNIGHT, OR YOU LOSE YOUR STORE!

DO YOU THINK I BUILT UP A BUSINESS TO LET YOU TAKE IT FROM ME?

LATER, AT JOE LEE'S CLUB----

HI, JOE! WANT TO HELP US PLAY A JOKE ON WEIR AT THE GRAND BALL TONIGHT?

HUH? DID YOU SAY WEIR?

YOU KNOW HOW VAIN HE IS ABOUT WINNING THE FANCY COSTUME PRIZE EVERY YEAR? THIS TIME HE HAS A BEAUT! --- JEAN LAFITTE, THE FAMOUS PIRATE!

---AND I'VE ORDERED FOUR OF THE SAME COSTUME TO GET HIS GOAT!

--- AND RAZZ HIM, EH?
COUNT ME IN!



IF WEIR DIES, I CAN GET AN EXTENSION FROM HIS ESTATE. BUT HE'LL LOOK EXACTLY LIKE US ALL! HOW CAN I MAKE SURE I KILL THE RIGHT MAN?

**I'VE
GOT
IT!**



THERE HE IS ----A
DEAD RINGER FOR
ANY OF US!

HE WILL BE --- A DEAD
RINGER! --- THERE, CHALK-
MARKS ON THEIR COATS,
SO I WON'T KILL
THEM BY MISTAKE!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHOSE IDIOTIC IDEA
WAS
THIS?



AGH-1

HE'S BEEN
STABBED

A SMART IDEA,
 BRINGING TWO
 DAGGERS AND
 HIDING ONE TILL
 NOW!





WEIR DIED INSTANTLY. MINUTES LATER, HOMICIDE CHIEF CAPTAIN SHALE, TOOK CHARGE!-----

ALL TOGETHER ----AND ALL ALIKE AS PEAS IN A POD, EH?

BUT THEY MUST'VE LEANED AGAINST SOME CHALK OR WHITEWASH!



TURN AROUND, YOU JEAN LAFITTES! UNMASK AND IDENTIFY YOURSELVES!



J.W. LEE, DEPARTMENT STORE OWNER! WEIR WAS MY FRIEND AND A GOOD CUSTOMER!



PETER BYERS, HIS FORMER CHIEF CLERK! HE FIRED ME, AND I'VE BEEN BROKE EVER SINCE!



JIM PIERCE, HIS PARTNER BEFORE HE BEGAN CHEATING ME!



YOU KNOW ME--JACK GORE! HE HAD ME PINCHED FOR FORGERY, BUT I DIDN'T STAB HIM!

DO WE TAKE 'EM ALL IN, CHIEF?

NO POINT IN THAT! WE ONLY WANT THE MURDERER, AND I KNOW WHO HE IS!



THIS IS THE
TURNING POINT

YOU KNOW WHO KILLED ALEC WEIR----
BUT HOW DID CAPTAIN SHALE KNOW?

IF YOU HAD SEEN AND HEARD NO MORE THAN HE, WOULD **YOU** BE ABLE TO PICK THE GUILTY MAN?

Think Carefully

--- THEN TURN THE PAGE! ---



LEE, YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST FOR THE
MURDER OF ALEC WEIR!

N-NO! YOU'RE WRONG!
YOU CAN'T PROVE
A THING AGAINST ME!

YOU PUT CHALK MARKS
ON THE OTHERS IN YOUR
GROUP TO DISTINGUISH
THEM FROM YOUR INTENDED
VICTIM!

MAYBE MINE
RUBBED OFF,
I MEAN-----



BUT YOU FORGOT THAT
YOU YOURSELF WOULD
REMAIN UNMARKED!

STOP IT! YOU'VE
GOT ME!



THUS, ANOTHER "PERFECT CRIME" COLLAPSED
MONTHS LATER-----



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MYSTERY on the MOUNTAIN



Ray O'Vac Soaps:

"This is a true story from a letter in our files!"

© 1937—RAY O'VAC COMPANY, HARBOR, WIS.
WINCHESTER, ENGLAND



"Man, oh man, what a swell big buck! Careful! Don't let that one get away! Steady there, Dick... steady..."



"Isn't he a dandy! I'll tie his legs with this rope. Long trip down to the car, but we can take turns toting him."



"Say, I left my flashlight up there! Had my hands full when I saw it, then forgot. Too far to walk back up there now."



"Isn't this just about the place where we got that big buck last fall? Wonder if we could find my old flashlight."



"By golly, here it is! Too big for the pack rats to carry away, I guess. Not much chance of it being any good now."



"Look! It works! Imagine—after all last winter's snow and cold, and the rain, and all summer in the sun!"



"Mystery's solved! Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof batteries! The ones that are sealed in steel. That's why they stay fresh so long."



"And read the guarantee on each Ray-O-Vac. If they ever swell or stick, damaging your flashlight, you get a new flashlight free!"

Only RAY-O-VAC makes batteries this way



Powerful battery



Ray-O-Vac

ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS



Millionaire Mobster

WHO MADE HIM A KILLER?

WHEN A MAN COMMITS A CRIME, WE LOOK FOR A MOTIVE LIKE GREED, JEALOUSY OR HATE. PROBING DEEPER, WE OFTEN FIND THAT A SORDID ENVIRONMENT PRODUCES THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL. BUT HOW EXPLAIN RICHARD HALBERT, JR., A MAN WITH MONEY, LEISURE AND SOCIAL POSITION? WHAT MADE HIM TURN TO ROBBERY AND MURDER? HERE, IN ONE OF THE MOST TRAGIC CONFESSIONS ON RECORD, IS THE STARTLING ANSWER!



A
**GANG
BUSTERS**
STORY



IN A GREAT EASTERN CITY, ONE RECENT WINTER'S NIGHT, RICHARD HALBERT, JR., LEFT HIS FATHER'S MANSION TO KEEP A DATE...

SEE YOU LATER, DAD!

GOING TO SQUANDER MORE OF MY MONEY IN CAFES? I HAD BETTER SENSE AT YOUR AGE!

YES, HALBERT WAS HEADED FOR A CAFE—NOT INSIDE, BUT OUTSIDE...

MY TURN TO WATCH OUTSIDE, RED, WHILE YOU AND MIKE HOLD UP THE PLACE.

KEEP THAT MOTOR HOT FOR A FAST GETAWAY, DICK!

SWAN CAFE

A DATE WITH GUNMEN...

ALL WE WANT IS DOUGH! NOBODY'LL GET HURT IF HE DON'T ASK FOR IT!

AND A DATE WITH DEATH...

A HOLDUP! P'LL-AH-AH...

CAN'T LET HIM NAB RED AND MIKE!

SECONDS LATER, THE BANDIT CAR SPED THROUGH ICY STREETS...

SKIDDED SICKENINGLY—AND STOPPED DEAD—FOR TWO OF ITS OCCUPANTS!

PRESENTLY...



GUNS AND MONEY! THEY MUST BE THE ONES WHO ROBBED THE CAFE AND KILLED PATROLMAN LOOMIS!

THIS FELLOW WITH THE WARM GUN IN HIS POCKET IS ONLY KNOCKED OUT!

LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



GREAT SCOTT, HALBERT! WHY DID YOU DO IT? IF YOUR FATHER—

LEAVE MY FATHER OUT OF IT. I SAID I'M GUILTY! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!

THE MYSTERY OF WHY RICHARD HALBERT JR. BECAME A BANDIT AND KILLER, DESPITE HIS FATHER'S MILLIONS, CONTINUES TO BAFFLE POLICE...

BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER WHO ALSO WAS CONFUSED.

WHY DID YOU DO IT, RICHARD? DID YOU WANT MONEY? I'D HAVE GIVEN YOU ANY AMOUNT.

GO AWAY, DAD. I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT!



AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, WOULDN'T YOU ACCEPT A PLEA OF TEMPORARY INSANITY?

SORRY, MR. HALBERT, BUT YOU CAN'T FIX MURDER! BESIDES, YOUR SON HAS CONFESSED TO OTHER CRIMES!

IN THE OFFICE OF DR. JOHN CRAWFORD, PSYCHIATRIST FOR THE CRIMINAL COURTS DIVISION...

YOU CAN FIND OUT WHY HE DID IT!

I'LL TRY. I DOUBT IF THERE'S ANY EXCUSE— BUT THERE'S BOUND TO BE A MOTIVE!



THIS BEGAN AN EXPLORATION INTO THAT MOST MYSTERIOUS REGION—THE HUMAN MIND!

BUT I TOLD YOU I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT! I SAID I'M GUILTY! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?

NO, RICHARD, WE CAN'T PREVENT OTHERS FROM REPEATING YOUR MISTAKE UNTIL WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU! LIE BACK, RICHARD, RELAX!

GO ON, RICHARD. LIE DOWN. NOW LISTEN, EVERY ACTION HAS A CAUSE. YOU OWE IT TO SOCIETY TO HELP US UNDERSTAND YOUR CASE!

I'D HELP IF I COULD—BUT HOW CAN I?

MOTIVES ARE OFTEN BURIED DEEP IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. RELAX—TALK ABOUT YOURSELF—YOUR CHILDHOOD—YOUR TROUBLES...

TROUBLES? I NEVER HAD ANY. DAD TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING—GAVE ME WHAT-EVER I WANTED...

DAD'S PARENTS WERE POOR. HE WORKED HARD TO GET A START IN BUSINESS. HE WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME ABOUT IT.

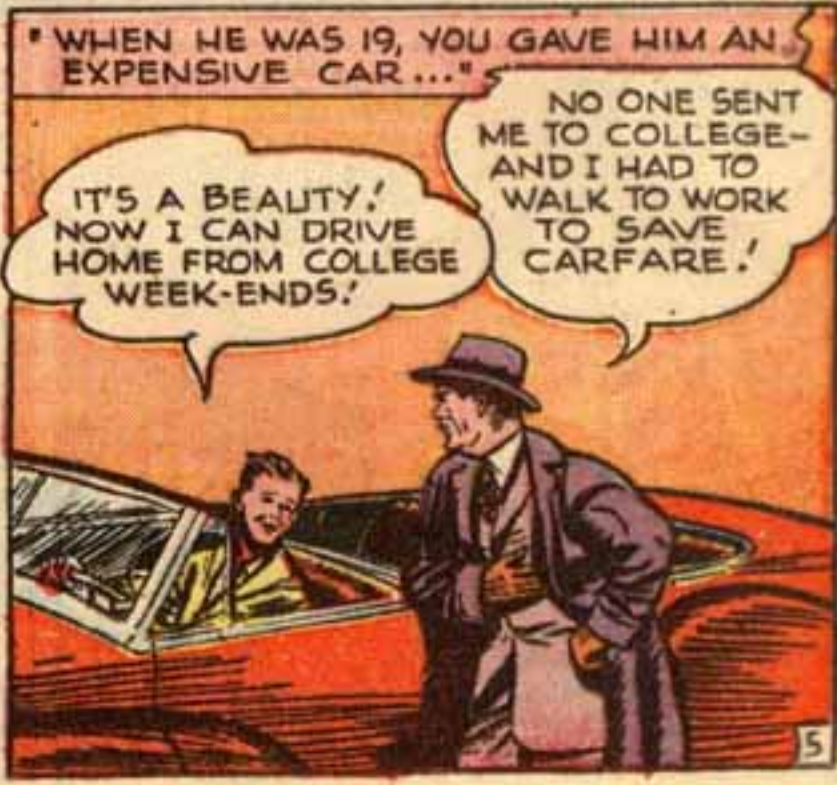
GO ON, RICHARD. GO ON...

HE SAID I NEVER KNEW WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO WORK FOR A LIVING... AS THOUGH THAT WERE MY FAULT!

DR. CRAWFORD LISTENED PATIENTLY FOR HOURS AND WHEN YOUNG HALBERT FINISHED, THE FATHER WAS SUMMONED.

WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, DOCTOR? I'VE GOT TO KNOW! YOU MUST TELL ME!

I'LL TELL YOU, BUT IT WON'T BE PLEASANT FOR EITHER OF US!







AND AS OTHER DARING ROBBERIES AND SHOOTINGS FOLLOWED IN QUICK SUCCESSION...



I STARTED AT THE BOTTOM, LIKE DAD—BUT SOME DAY I'LL BE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP JUST AS HE IS!

BUT HIS WARPED AMBITIONS WERE SHORT-LIVED!

HE WANTED TO PROVE THAT HE COULD MAKE HIS OWN WAY, AS I DID!

HE ROBBED AND KILLED DELIBERATELY, AND MUST ANSWER FOR IT! BUT HIS GUILT IS YOURS, TOO!



IF HE HAD GAINED SELF-RESPECT FROM AN HONEST JOB, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT!

IF ONLY I'D KNOWN!



THE SENSATIONAL MURDER TRIAL GRIPPED THE NATION, PACKED THE COURTROOM. SPECTATORS EDGED FORWARD IN THEIR SEATS WHEN THE FOREMAN OF THE JURY ROSE AND SAID—

WE FIND THE PRISONER GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

GUILTY—I'M THE ONE TO BLAME!



IT WAS I WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH, NOT RICHARD—BUT MY PUNISHMENT IS LIVING AND REMEMBERING THAT I HELPED MY SON DESTROY OTHERS!



AS THE CLOCK TOLLED MIDNIGHT, RICHARD HALBERT, JR., PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY FOR THE MURDER OF PATROLMAN LOOMIS...



BUT HOW CAN THIS MAN'S DEBT BE PAID?



You Can't Beat the Law!

A FACT FEATURE

AUGUST VOLLMER, FAMOUS POLICE CHIEF OF BERKELEY, CALIF., INTRODUCED THE LIE DETECTOR TO AMERICA. VOLLMER SOLVED 10,000 CASES IN 10 YEARS WITHOUT A MISTAKE!

CHIEF VOLLMER WAS ALSO THE FIRST TO USE RADIO IN POLICE WORK.

August Vollmer



BETRAYED BY ART

IN 1869, A CHECK FOR \$75,000, BEARING THE SIGNATURE OF CORNELIUS VANDERBILT WAS PRESENTED AT A NEW YORK BANK BY A MESSENGER. KNOWING MR. VANDERBILT'S HABIT OF WITHDRAWING LARGE SUMS, THE CASHIER PAID THE MONEY. THE CHECK TURNED OUT TO BE A FORGERY.

BUT THE CASHIER, THOMAS WORTH, DREW A SKETCH OF THE MESSENGER. THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY RECOGNIZED THAT JOHN LIVINGSTON HAD DONE THE JOB AND RAN HIM DOWN. THE CASHIER BECAME A FAMOUS ILLUSTRATOR!

THE SKETCH



SHERIFF

H.H. Murray

OF MULESHOE, TEXAS, TRAILED A MURDERER FOR 21 YEARS, THE LONGEST MANHUNT IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME IN TEXAS! MURRAY TRAVELED OVER 150,000 MILES TO GET HIS MAN!



A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF ST. LOUIS WAS SUSPECTED OF BEING IN LEAGUE WITH COUNTERFEITERS. HE OFTEN MET WITH THEM IN A PARK. TO GET SURE-FIRE EVIDENCE, MOTION PICTURES WERE TAKEN BY DETECTIVES OF ONE OF THESE MEETINGS. THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME MOTION PICTURES WERE USED AS EVIDENCE!

The Grapewine

FAMOUS HANGMAN

The electric chair replaced the gallows in New York State in 1884. The first prisoner to have the dubious honor of being executed was one William Kemmler in August, 1890, after a bitterly contested legal debate in which electrocution was challenged as an unusual and cruel punishment. There was considerable speculation whether the condemned man's death was painless and swift. Since then, many improvements have been introduced, which have made it possible for as many as four men to be executed within twenty minutes.

Once within the death chamber, the condemned man is submitted to a precise routine. He is seated in the death chair, which has an adjustable head rest and electrodes, and broad thongs to bind his legs, arms, chest and head. One electrode is fastened to the calf of his leg, another is fixed to his head.

According to law, the warden, two doctors, 12 citizens, seven deputy sheriffs and a clergyman of the condemned man's faith are required to be present. Seconds after the man has been officially pronounced dead, an autopsy is performed in compliance with regulations.

Before the electric chair was introduced to Sing Sing, Joe Atkinson was the state's official hangman, claiming to have sprung the trap on more than 30 men. Little Joe, as he was called, resented the replacement of man by machine, and he hotly defended the effectiveness of his gallows.

Few, if any, of his neighbors in Brooklyn were aware that this innocent-looking little

man was a hangman. But his unglamorous past was disclosed one day while moving men hauled his trunks and furniture. As his neighbors gazed in idle curiosity, they were suddenly astonished by the sight of the contents which spilled from a trunk as it crashed from the truck to the pavement—several nooses and black masks, which had concealed the distorted features of men as they were strangled.

Little Joe needed small encouragement to give an account of his exploits. "James Stephens was the first fellow I swung," he would recite with relish. "He had spiked his wife's beer with poison. I'll never forget that great day for me, February 3, 1860. My next job fell on July 30. I hanged Alfie Bicks on Bedloes Island, exactly where the Statue of Liberty now stands.

"Jack Crummins had a date with me next year, and in July, 1862, we ferried my gallows back to Bedloes Island for Nathaniel Gordon's execution. Four years later, it was back in New York to accommodate Barney Friery, who had stabbed to death a pug by the name of Larry Lazarus. When I was informed that my next client was to be a woman by the name of Bridget Dugan who had poisoned a Dr. Coriel, I took unusual care in making sure my equipment was perfect."

Business became brisk for Little Joe, his best record being three hangings in one day. This overworking of the gallows had a marked effect on the machinery. When Little Joe requested a new gallows, he was promptly refused, the sheriff explaining that a culprit could be swung into eternity from an old crossbeam as well as a new one. When Little Joe threat-

ened to appeal to the governor, the sheriff quiesced.

THESE CHANGING CRIMES

A successful thief always bears in mind changing values. In Europe, money is of so little value that burglars consequently aim for life's necessities. Recently, an Englishman who had been hoarding provisions, announced to police the theft of the following items:

Imported sardines and salmon, peanut butter, canned soup, tobacco and cigars, several large hams, chocolate bars, bushels of potatoes, razor blades, twelve suits, shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, towels, soap, coffee, tea, an overcoat, three hats, and several pairs of gloves. He ignored the cash in a desk drawer and all the expensive silverware.

RELATIVELY SIMPLE

Police have smoked out many a criminal from his unknown hideout by the simple expedient of an urgent communication. Such simple devices as a registered letter—which can only be delivered personally to the addressee—a telegram declaring him the winner of a sweepstakes or a lottery have been used with great effectiveness.

Seldom has the relative who receives the message toppled to the scheme by suspecting the detective in the guise of a postman or a telegraph messenger boy. And anxious to relay the good tidings to the fugitive, he reveals his hideout. Sometimes, the relative refuses to disclose the information but promises to deliver the message himself. To the police, it is a simple matter of tailing him en route to the secreted culprit.

THE PERFECT BUTLER

Some years ago, New York City police were conducting a

systematic search of all suspected gambling dens to eject them from the city. The story goes that one night, a squad arrived to investigate reported gambling activities in an aristocratic house in a fashionable part of town. The lieutenant in charge rang the doorbell with some persistency.

Finally, after many long moments, a haughty butler opened the door, and with a trace of annoyance, snapped: "Would you men kindly use the delivery entrance at the rear!"

DEATH DEFERRED

If you were serving on the jury in this particular case, what would your decision be—guilty or not guilty?

Not so long ago, a grocer, in trying to prevent a thief from robbing his cash register, attacked the holdup man. In the melee, the shopkeeper's left hand was severely bruised and cut before the thief was overwhelmed by pedestrians and police. Days passed before the grocer decided to visit his doctor to relieve his pain.

By now, the arm had swelled to enormous proportions. It didn't take long for the physician to recognize symptoms of gangrene, and he urged that the arm be amputated. The operation was successful, but several days later, the grocer died of blood poison, which had spread throughout his body.

At the thief's trial, the doctor readily admitted that the victim's death was attributed to neglect of his wound. But the District Attorney demanded that he be tried for murder because the injury had resulted from the holdup.

What would have been your decision?

The thief was found guilty of first degree murder and sentenced to die in the electric chair.



RALPH "GABBY" LINWELL MIGHT HAVE USED HIS BRILLIANT LEGAL MIND TO BUILD A SUCCESSFUL LIFE IN HONEST SOCIETY. BUT, INSTEAD, HE USED HIS KNOWLEDGE TO FIND LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW. HE KNEW THAT HE COULD COMMIT A CRIME AND FLEE IN "SAFETY" TO A FOREIGN LAND WHICH DOES NOT OBSERVE THE EXTRADITION LAW—A LAW WHICH WOULD MAKE U.S. AGENTS POWERLESS TO BRING HIM BACK TO JUSTICE! LINWELL'S CASE HISTORY IS LISTED IN POLICE FILES AS...

The Criminal Without a Country!

A
**GANG
BUSTERS
STORY**



ON THE FIFTH DAY OF MAY, 1946, A MAN NAMED RALPH LINWELL - A DISBARRED LAWYER - PURCHASED TWO PLANE TICKETS IN WASHINGTON, D. C. ...

TWO TICKETS, PLEASE. 'ROUND TRIP TO SAN FARO.'

CERTAINLY, SIR.



BUT LINWELL NEVER MEANT TO USE THE RETURN TICKET. FOR, AFTER HE GOT TO HIS HOTEL ROOM...

LAW TRAINING HAS ITS MERITS! I KNOW, FOR INSTANCE, THAT THE ISLAND OF SAN FARO HAS NO EXTRADITION LAW! NO U.S. LAW OFFICER CAN BRING BACK A CRIMINAL WHO HAS FLED THERE!



THE NEXT DAY, LINWELL ENTERED THE OFFICES OF A LARGE PLANT ON THE CITY'S OUTSKIRTS...

THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE UNLESS YOU BOYS START IT. JUST PACK UP THAT PAYROLL AND GIVE IT TO ME - QUIETLY!



AS ONE OF THE CLERKS ATTEMPTED TO RING AN ALARM BELL...

I DIDN'T INCLUDE MURDER IN MY PLANS - BUT I WARNED YOU NOT TO TRY ANYTHING!



LINWELL MADE HIS GETAWAY IN A CAR HE HAD OUTSIDE...

GET THE POLICE ON THE PHONE! HURRY! WE'LL AND I CAN IDENTIFY THAT KILLER!



WITHIN AN HOUR, A VIGILANT POLICE ORGANIZATION SPRANG INTO ACTION...

SO YOU AND WELLS WOULD RECOGNIZE THE KILLER IF YOU SAW HIM AGAIN!

SURE, LIEUTENANT! I'D NEVER FORGET THAT FACE!



NEXT, A SEARCH THROUGH THE ROGUE'S GALLERY...

THAT'S HIM!

YEAH—THE SAME FACE! I'LL SWEAR IT IN COURT!

HMM... SINCE BOTH OF YOU AGREE, THAT MUST BE OUR MAN! YOU CAN GO NOW!



RALPH ("GABBY") LINWELL
AGE, 42. HEIGHT, 5'11" WT. 178 LB.
HAIR: BROWN, EYES: GREY

A GUY NAMED LINWELL, SIR! HE'S AN EX-MOUTHPIECE. THE PICTURE'S OLD THOUGH! WE GOT HIM ON A SMALL RAP ABOUT TEN YEARS AGO!

FINE! BILL, SEND OUT AN ALARM ON RALPH LINWELL!



MEANWHILE, THE RUTHLESS MURDERER SAT COMFORTABLY ON A SOUTH-BOUND PLANE...



WHAT A PLAN! \$250,000 AND A SOFT LIFE IN SAN FARO! ONLY A LEGAL BRAIN WOULD THINK OF THE NON-EXTRADITION ANGLE! HA, HA! THEY CAN'T BRING ME BACK! THEY CAN'T!

BUT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW REACHED EVEN INTO THE CLOUDS...

BELIEVE ONE RALPH LINWELL NOW ON YOUR PLANE! HE IS WANTED FOR MURDER! MAKE A LANDING AT EMERGENCY FIELD—POLICE AWAIT...

HOLY MIKE! A KILLER ABOARD!



THEN, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE CREW ATTEMPTED TO TAKE LINWELL INTO CUSTODY...

NOT SO FAST! I DIDN'T COME THIS FAR TO BE TAKEN BACK AGAIN! GET THAT EMERGENCY DOOR OPEN!



RADIO THE BASE THAT LINWELL JUST LEAPED OUT! MAYBE THEY CAN PICK HIM UP!



AFTER LANDING, THE KILLER MADE HIS WAY TO A PORT AND BOUGHT A SPEEDY BOAT...

SAN FARO, HERE I COME! A PLACE WHERE LAW CAN'T TOUCH YOU! AND I HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO LIVE OUT A LIFE OF LUXURY!



TWO DAYS AFTER ARRIVING AT SAN FARO, LINWELL PURCHASED AN ABANDONED ESTATE ONCE OWNED BY A COLONIAL GOVERNOR...

WE DON'T ASK QUESTIONS HERE, SIR! NOT IN SAN FARO!

GOOD! I'LL BUY THE PLACE!



SOME OF THE STOLEN MONEY PAID FOR REPAIRING THE RUNDOWN MANSION AND THE INSTALLATION OF MODERN IMPROVEMENTS...

PUT THAT DEEP FREEZE IN THE CELLAR! SET UP THE MOVIE SCREEN IN MY LIVING ROOM!



THEN LINWELL GREW A BEARD, AND DECIDED TO PASS HIMSELF OFF IN THE COMMUNITY AS A DISTINGUISHED LAWYER...

PERFECT! I CAN SAY I'M DOWN HERE FOR MY HEALTH! BUT NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS—LEGALLY THEY CAN'T TOUCH ME UNLESS I LEAVE THE ISLAND! HA, HA!



AND FOR SEVERAL MONTHS, THE CRIMINAL LIVED IN PLUSH LUXURY SELDOM SEEN EVEN IN THE STATES...

THANKS, GUMBI! NOW TURN ON THE AIR-CONDITIONING! IT'S RATHER HOT AND STICKY TONIGHT!

YESSIR—



THUS, ON A TROPICAL, SERENE ISLAND, LINWELL BASKED AMONG HIS COMFORTS, CERTAIN OF HIS IMMUNITY FROM THE LAW. THEN, ONE DAY...

I'M SORRY, SIR, THAT I'M ON YOUR PROPERTY! I WAS CHASING A BASILARCHIA ARTHEMIS! IT GOT AWAY!

A BASI—
UH, TOO BAD! I'M SORRY!





OH— PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW! THE BASILARCHIA IS A BUTTERFLY! I CATCH THEM FOR THE MUSEUM!

WONDERFUL! PERMIT ME TO TOAST YOUR UNIQUE WORK WITH SOME CHAMPAGNE! WILL YOU JOIN ME AT DINNER TONIGHT?

THAT EVENING...

DEAR ME— CHAMPAGNE AND ICE CREAM. ON THIS ISLAND! INCREDIBLE!

OH— I HAVE MOST EVERYTHING HERE! I HAVE IT FLOWN DOWN AND STORED IN MY DEEP FREEZE!

WHY, THIS IS ABSOLUTELY CHARMING!

EVERYTHING FOR MADAME. EVEN GUMBI'S BEST JUGGLING ACT!

AFTER DINNER, LINWELL DISPLAYED OTHER ITEMS OF WEALTH...

BESIDES THE DELICACIES, I HAVE THE LATEST FILMS FLOWN DOWN! SEE— A RECENT WESTERN MOVIE!



MANY TIMES AFTER THAT, THE KILLER SAW THE LADY WHO COLLECTED BUTTERFLIES...

BUTTERFLIES ARE FASCINATING! THEY MIGRATE SOUTH LIKE BIRDS— THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES, AND— OH, YOU'RE NOT INTERESTED!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT— I AM!

BUT THAT SAME WEEK, A SHIP LANDED AT SAN FARO AND WHEN A CERTAIN PASSENGER TOURED THE ISLAND...

SWIFTY! SWIFTY! MORGAN!

I'M DOIN' SOME HIJACKIN' BIZ'NESS ON HEMP BOATS, LINWELL. FUNNY THAT I SHOULD RUN INTO YOU DOWN HERE! HOW'S TRICKS?



SWIFTY GOT TO THE POINT. HE PROMISED NOT TO REVEAL LINWELL'S REAL IDENTITY—FOR A PRICE. IN ANGER, LINWELL DREW A GUN...

THAT NIGHT, GUMBI HELPED HIM DISPOSE OF THE BODY FROM A CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE SEA...



AND WHEN THEY RETURNED FROM THE GRIM BUSINESS, THEY FOUND A NATIVE MESSENGER WAITING...

A NOTE FROM EILEEN! SHE'S DYING OF FOOD POISONING! GET OUT THE CAR, GUMBI! WE'RE DRIVING TO HER PLACE.

EILEEN! I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD! WHAT'S WRONG?

POISON—I THINK! I PICKED SOME BERRIES TODAY—



THESE BERRIES? THEY'RE POISON—COME FROM THE PLANT KNOWN AS DEADLY NIGHTSHADE! I'VE READ ABOUT IT! YOU MAY BE DYING!

IT'S AN ATROPINE POISON—AND MORPHIA IS THE ONE ANTIDOTE! THE ISLAND'S ONLY DOCTOR HAS IT, BUT HE IS IN THE U.S. ON A VISIT!

CAN'T WE GO TO SOME OTHER ISLAND FOR A DOCTOR?



THE GIRL HAD SAID
"SOME OTHER ISLAND!"
AND FOR ONE BRIEF
MOMENT LINWELL
EXPERIENCED A
THOUSAND NIGHTMARES...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS THE
SPEED BOAT SHOVED OFF OVER
CHOPPY WAVES...

IT'S THE CHAIR IF I
GET CAUGHT—BUT
WHO'D BE EXPECTING
ME TO LEAVE NOW?
I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE
BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO
LIKE THIS GIRL—VERY
MUCH!

COME ON!
I'LL GET YOU
TO ANOTHER
DOCTOR!

I KNOW OF A CAPE
OFF THE NEXT ISLAND—
A FAMED SURGEON
LIVES THERE. I CAUGHT
BUTTERFLIES THERE
ONCE...

ALL RIGHT,
EILEEN! WE'LL
GO THERE!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, LINWELL
LANDED AT THE CAPE, AND
KNOCKED AT A DOOR. THEN...

I'M VERY BUSY
IN THE LAB, SIR!
WHAT DO YOU
WANT?

A FRIEND OF
MINE'S DYING
FROM NIGHTSHADE
POISONING, DOC!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP HER! YOU'VE
GOT TO!

IT WAS THEN
THAT THE
"DOCTOR" DREW
A PISTOL...

PUT DOWN THE LITTER,
LINWELL! I'M TAKING
YOU IN FOR MURDER!

WHAT IS THIS,
A BIG GAG, DOC?





NO GAG, LINWELL! I'M AN F.B.I. AGENT! WE'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME TO GET YOU OFF THAT ISLAND! NOW YOU'RE IN TERRITORY THAT OBSERVES EXTRADITION LAW! WE CAN TAKE YOU BACK!

HIT—I'M HIT!



INSTEAD OF SUBMITTING TO ARREST, LINWELL WENT FOR A GUN...

NOT ME, G-MAN! YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME BACK!

BANG!

BANG!



BANG!
BANG!



SO THIS WHOLE POISONING DEAL WAS A FRAME, EH? THE BABE CROSSED ME! NOW I'M DYING—

SHE DIDN'T "CROSS" YOU, LINWELL! SHE BROUGHT IN A KILLER! YOU SEE, SHE IS SGT. EILEEN BYRNS, POLICE-WOMAN!

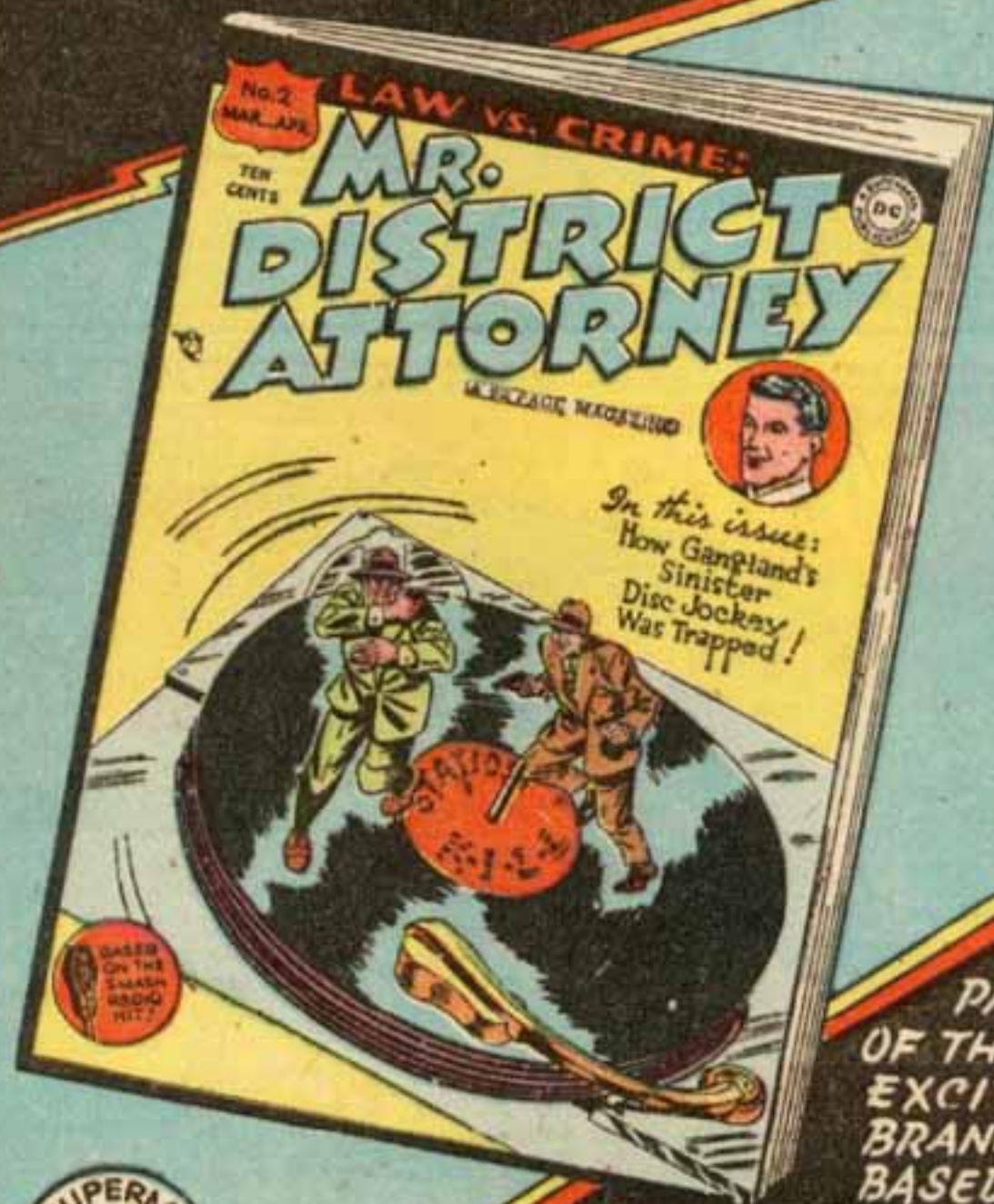


AND I WAS J-JUST ANOTHER B-BUTTERFLY IN HER NET—FUNNY, ISN'T IT? THE ONLY DAME I EVER FELL FOR! HA, HA—B-B-BUTTERFLY... UH.. UH...



IN A WAY, LINWELL GOT HIS WISH. HE WAS NEVER BROUGHT BACK TO THE UNITED STATES. HE WAS BURIED IN A DESOLATE FIELD... A CRIMINAL WITHOUT A COUNTRY!

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YOUR RADIO CRIME-SMASHER
Now in a
COMICS MAGAZINE!



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THE TORTUOUS
CRIME-TRAIL
AS HARD-HITTING
**MR.
DISTRICT
ATTORNEY**
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ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

ODDITIES in CRIME



Unusual Shot

A LOCAL "BADMAN" WAS SHOOTING UP THE TOWN OF WHARTON, TEXAS. AS SHERIFF W.W. PITMAN APPROACHED, THE BANDIT DREW HIS GUN. THEY BOTH FIRED. THE SHERIFF'S BULLET WENT DOWN THE BARREL OF THE BADMAN'S GUN AND STOPPED HIS BULLET!



The PAINTED SAFE

IN TROY, N.Y., YEGGS USED A PAINTING TO PUT IN PLACE OF A SAFE TO ALLAY SUSPICION WHILE THEY CRACKED THE REAL SAFE IN THE BACK ROOM!



MATT McGRATH, OLYMPIC CHAMP WEIGHT THROWER OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE, ONCE OUT-DUELED A KILLER IN AN UNUSUAL WAY. AGAINST THE KILLER'S GUN, MATT USED BRICKS!

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Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What Dynamic Tension Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps — yes, on each arm — in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day — right in your own home — is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost, if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

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No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

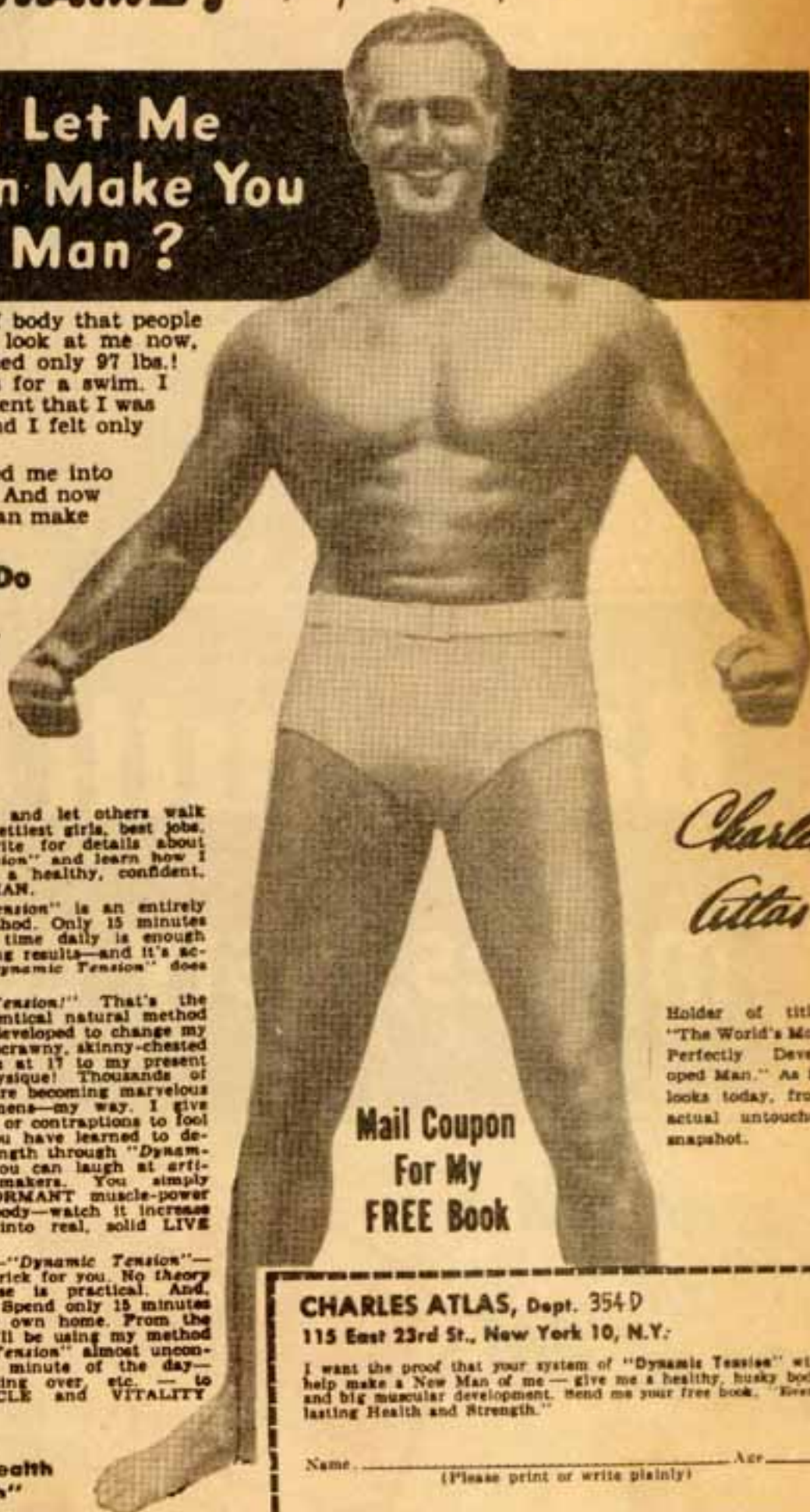
"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results — and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens — my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body — watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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