

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE

NO. 8
FEB.
MAR.

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC

TEN CENTS

GANG BUSTERS

WAREHOUSE

MORIT
MOVING CO.

HOW DOES
THE UNDERWORLD
DISPOSE OF ITS LOOT?

Read The CASE of
VICTOR HARKER
alias
"The BLACK
FENCE"

BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!

ABC



Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera
Makes splendid snaps "around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in bright sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$. \$10.50 plus tax; Flashholder, \$2.50 plus tax.



Baby Brownie Special Camera
Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed focus lens. Negatives, $1\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$. \$2.75 plus tax.



Brownie Reflex Camera
Large image on the view finder previews your picture. So easy to make sure your snaps are "just right." Negatives, $1\frac{3}{8} \times 1\frac{3}{8}$. \$9.50 plus tax; Flashholder, \$3.45 plus tax.



Which Kodak Camera for Christmas?

Here's help in making up your mind . . .

Looking for a camera . . . a camera for a beginner . . . for an all-out ace . . . or for someone in between?

On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Chances are your Kodak dealer has these or other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester 4, N. Y.



Kodak Duaflex Camera
Big, brilliant reflecting finder shows you exactly what you're getting before you press the button. Fixed focus. Negatives, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$. \$11.75 plus tax, including protective lens shield, neck strap. Flashholder, \$2.50 plus tax.



Kodak Flash Bantam Camera f/4.5—Smallest Kodak miniature; fits pocket or handbag. Makes full-color Kodachrome transparencies—for projection on home screen—for big Kodachrome Prints. Lumenized f/4.5 lens. 1/200-second shutter. Built-in flash. \$50 plus tax. Flashholder, \$9.50 plus tax.



Kodak Tourist Camera
Finest folding model yet. Smart, modern styling. Enclosed optical view finder. New type shutter release for bedrock steadiness. Black-and-white pictures, $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$; Kodacolor Prints, about $3 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$. Range of models from \$25 to \$61.50 plus tax.

Prices subject to
change without notice

"Kodak" is a trade-mark

Kodak

GUN RUNNER

PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 2

FROM THE
FILES OF THE
FIGHTING
F.B.I.



WHERE DO GANGSTERS GET THEIR WEAPONS? WHO IS THE UNSCRUPULOUS SELLER OF DEATH... THE MAN BEHIND THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN? FOR IN THE SHADOW OF EVERY NELSON, EVERY DILLINGER, KARPIS, BARKER AND SCHULTZ, THERE LURKS ANOTHER CRIMINAL WHO IS AS MUCH AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY AS THE KILLER HIMSELF -- THE DEALER IN DOOM! -- ONLY WHEN THE CASE OF PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 2 WAS CLOSED COULD THE EXPLOITS OF BIG MATT MATTHEWS BE TOLD. HERE IS DOCUMENTED THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW THE FBI, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF OTHER LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES, RECENTLY SMASHED THE MOST NOTORIOUS GUN RUNNER IN CRIME ANNALS.

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WHAT A
CINCH-STEALIN'
THIS DOUGH!

SAME OLD STORY.
RIFLING MARKS
INDICATE THEY WERE
FIRED FROM
SHRAPENVEIST
SUBMACHINE GUNS,
CALIBER .45!

LISTEN TO THIS,
DREXEL. ARMY
INTELLIGENCE SAYS
THE SHRAPENVEIST
WAS MANUFACTURED
BY KRUEGG MUNITIONS
BACK IN 1937.

RIGHT, CHIEF. I FEEL
THE SMUGGLER
OF DEATH WEAPONS
IS AS ROTTEN AS
THE CRIMINAL WHO
PULLS THE TRIGGER--
MAYBE WORSE!



BUT IT WAS TWO RADIO PATROLMEN WHO UNWITTINGLY STUMBLED ACROSS THE FAINT TRAIL...

THE PLACE IS EMPTY! LOOKS LIKE A FALSE ALARM.

I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON GUYS WHO PHONE IN FAKE ROBBERIES!



THE REPORT FROM THE POLICE PRECINCT WAS PICKED UP BY AN FBI RADIO MONITORING STATION...

HERE'S THE LATEST FLASH RECEIVED BY THE POLICE. IT WAS A PHONEY, SO BOB IS DECIPHERING IT FOR YOU, MR. BARROWS.

"ROBBERY REPORT: HOUSE ON 25TH STREET, SOUTH-EAST CORNER, APARTMENT 10. ASK FOR PETE LOMA."



THE CODE BROKEN DOWN, THE COAST GUARD WAS PRESSED INTO SERVICE...

THE CRYPTANALYST FIGURES IT MEANT: "DUMP 25, 10 MINUTES SOUTHEAST OF POINT LOMA."

THAT MIGHT BE YOUR HOT LEAD! USING THE RADIO OF UNSUSPECTING POLICE TO RELAY CODE MESSAGES TO SEA IS A SMART CAPER!



WAIT A MINUTE! I'VE SPOTTED A LAUNCH... NO REGISTRATION NUMBER!

LOOK! THEY'RE JETTISONING THEIR CARGO! IT MUST BE CONTRABAND!

RAISE YOUR SIGHT, SAILOR! YOU'RE FIRING TOO LOW AND HITTING THE LAUNCH!



IT'S SINKING TOO FAST FOR US TO BOARD! WE'RE BEATEN, SIR!

AND DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! BUT MAYBE YOU CAN RADIO FOR THE SALVAGE BOAT!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE COAST GUARD RAISED THE SUNKEN CRAFT...

WE'LL KEEP THIS INCIDENT OUT OF THE PAPERS AND SEE IF ANYONE REPORTS THE LOSS OF A LAUNCH.

RIGHT, SIR! MIND IF I COME ABOARD WITH YOU?



HERE ARE TWO JEEP GAS CANS THEY DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO DISCARD. NOTE HOW THE BOTTOM WAS PREVIOUSLY OPENED AND THEN RE-WELDED. I'LL BUY YOUR HAMBURGERS FOR A YEAR IF THERE ISN'T A SHRAPNEVEIST GUN INSIDE!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

THE USE OF RADIO TO CONTACT A "MOTHER" SHIP, POSSIBLY BEYOND THE 12-MILE LIMIT, AND GUNS SEALED IN WATERPROOF CANS, STRIKE A FAMILIAR NOTE IN MY MEMORY!



BACK AT FBI HEADQUARTERS, THE PIECES OF A JIG-SAW OF A SLY SMUGGLING RING BEGAN TO FALL IN PLACE...

THE GUN RUNNER WHO SUPPLIED CAPONE, LEGS DIAMOND AND MACHINE-GUN KELLY DURING PROHIBITION FOLLOWED THE SAME PATTERN OF OPERATION... WHAT WAS HIS NAME?



CHIEF, REMEMBER BIG MATT MATTHEWS BACK IN '30? THIS FILM DEPICTS SOME OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE WE OBTAINED AGAINST HIM. THE SOUND NARRATION IS SELF-EXPLANATORY.



"GUN RUNNER MATTHEWS DUMPED GUNS, SEALED IN 5-GALLON CANS, AT A SPOT BEYOND THE 12-MILE LIMIT."

BIG MATT WAS A SMART OPERATOR. HE STAYED BEYOND THE 12-MILE ZONE. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO NAB HIM!



"MATTHEWS SANK A BUOY, TIED TO A HEAVY SACK OF CHLORIDE OF SODIUM. WHEN THE CHEMICAL MELTED, THE BUOY ROSE TO MARK THE CACHE FOR HIS CUSTOMERS, WHO LATER RETRIEVED IT."



"THIS IS BIG MATTHEWS JUST BEFORE HIS ARREST FOR SMUGGLING GUNS TO NOTORIOUS BOOTLEGGERS."

IN THOSE DAYS, BIG MATT WAS DEALING IN GERMAN WEAPONS HE SOMEHOW ACQUIRED AFTER THEY WERE CONFISCATED IN TOGOLAND DURING WORLD WAR I.



SEE HOW THE GIMMICK CHECKS? I'M POSITIVE WHEN WE FINALLY LOCATE OUR BIG SHOT GUN RUNNER... HE'LL BE **BIG MATT MATTHEWS!**

ONLY COINCIDENCE, BUT I'LL ASK WASHINGTON IF THERE'S ANY MORE INFO AVAILABLE ON MATTHEWS!



TO: STEVE DREXEL - (CONFIDENTIAL)

AFTER U.S. PASSED SPANISH MUNITIONS ACT OF 1937, MATTHEWS LEFT COUNTRY TO SMUGGLE GERMAN-MADE LMG'S TO GEN. FRANCISCO FRANCO, THEN GOVERNOR OF CANARY ISLANDS, TO HELP LAUNCH REBELLION IN MOROCCO LEADING TO SPANISH CIVIL WAR. PRESENT WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.

WILEY.

BUT MATTHEWS' SMUGGLING RACKET BLEW UP WHEN GERMANY AND ITALY STARTED TO EXPORT ARMS "LEGALLY" TO THE REVOLUTIONISTS. YOUR HUNCH WAS WRONG!

NO, IT'S BEGINNING TO JELL, CHIEF. BIG MATT STILL HAS HIS STOCKPILE OF SHRAPNEVEIST GUNS CACHED SOMEWHERE... BUT THE QUESTION IS, WHERE IS THE BIG GUN HIMSELF?



AT THAT MOMENT, ONLY 13 MILES AWAY, AS THE CROW-OR A RADIO WAVE-FLIES...

WHAT'S THE IDEA COMING OUT HERE, MENDOSA? I DUMPED THE TWENTY-FIVE AS AGREED!

YEAH, MAYBE SO, MAYBE NOT! BUT MY LAUNCH DISAPPEARED-- MAYBE HIJACKERS, NO?



OR MAYBE YOU HIJACKED THE CARGO AFTER I PAID YOU, AND THEN SOLD THE GUNS DIRECT TO THE HOODS!

TAKE IT EASY! YOUR IMAGINATION'S WORKING OVERTIME, AND YOU AIN'T BEING PAID FOR IT!







SO YOU STILL THINK I
DOUBLECROSSED YOU! YOU
LAME-BRAIN! THAT GUY IS
PROBABLY AN FBI AGENT
WORKING ON A LEAD. BUT
WE'LL FOOL HIM. TELL
YOUR DRIVERS TO
DELIVER THE GUNS TO
THE ACME WAREHOUSE
INSTEAD OF YOUR
PLACE!



LATER... YOU GUYS
SURROUND THE
STORE. I'VE GOT TO TAKE
CARE OF A MAN WHO
DIDN'T MIND HIS P'S AND Q'S.

I STILL DON'T
TRUST HIM! KEEP
AN EYE ON BIG
MATT!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK UP TO IT! YOU'VE SHOT MEN BEFORE! KILL HIM QUICK! I MUST GO TO THE ACME WAREHOUSE TO UNLOAD MY TRUCKS!

K
MEN
I
ACME? DREXEL
DIDN'T KNOW
OF THE CHANGE.
HE'LL TIP OUR
HAND BY
BRINGING THE TRUCKS
HERE! THE BOYS
WILL BE TRAPPED!
NO TIME TO STALL
MATTHEWS!



HEY! LOOKIT! HERE
COME OUR TRUCKS!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



GRAB HIM! HE TRICKED US.
MAYBE THOSE TRUCKS ARE
CARRYING G-MEN!

QUICK, MATT,
IN HERE!
THERE'S TWO
GUNS....!

YOU'LL KNOW IN A SECOND! I'M GETTING OUT TO WARN DREXEL!



ATTENTION,
DREXEL ...!



THIS IS BARROWS!
BE CAREFUL... THE
GANG KNOWS WHO
YOU REALLY ARE!



BIG MATT MATTHEWS!
MENDOSA! YOU'RE TRAPPED
IN YOUR FISHBOWL! COME
OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

NOT WHILE WE
GOT THESE HIGH-
POWERED HEATERS!
COME AND GET US!



LET'S GET THEM
BEFORE THEY
OPEN UP ON US,
BARROWS!

HOLD IT, CHIEF! WE
WANT BIG MATT ALIVE
TO TIP US OFF WHERE
HE HIDES HIS GUNS!
GOT A BOMB?



TEAR GAS! I--
I'M CHOKING!

MY OWN GUNS--
AND THEY DON'T
WORK!



I'LL GET THE OTHER
RAT! WHY DIDN'T THEY
OPEN UP ON US
WITH THEIR
SHRAPENVEISTS?

BECAUSE THE FBI
LAB SPIKED THEM
BEFORE I LEFT
HEADQUARTERS!



NOT ONLY THE GUNS BUT THE BIG GUN HIMSELF
WAS SPIKED...

BIG SHOT, EH? WELL, FROM
NOW ON, BIG MATT MATTHEWS,
YOU'RE GOING TO BE A
BLANK!





G-MAN



**LEON
TURROU**

WAS THE
G-MAN CALLED
IN WHERE AND WHEN
THE GOING WAS TOUGH-
EST, AND WAS ONE OF
THE THREE AGENTS WITH
THE RATING "PRE-EMINENT."

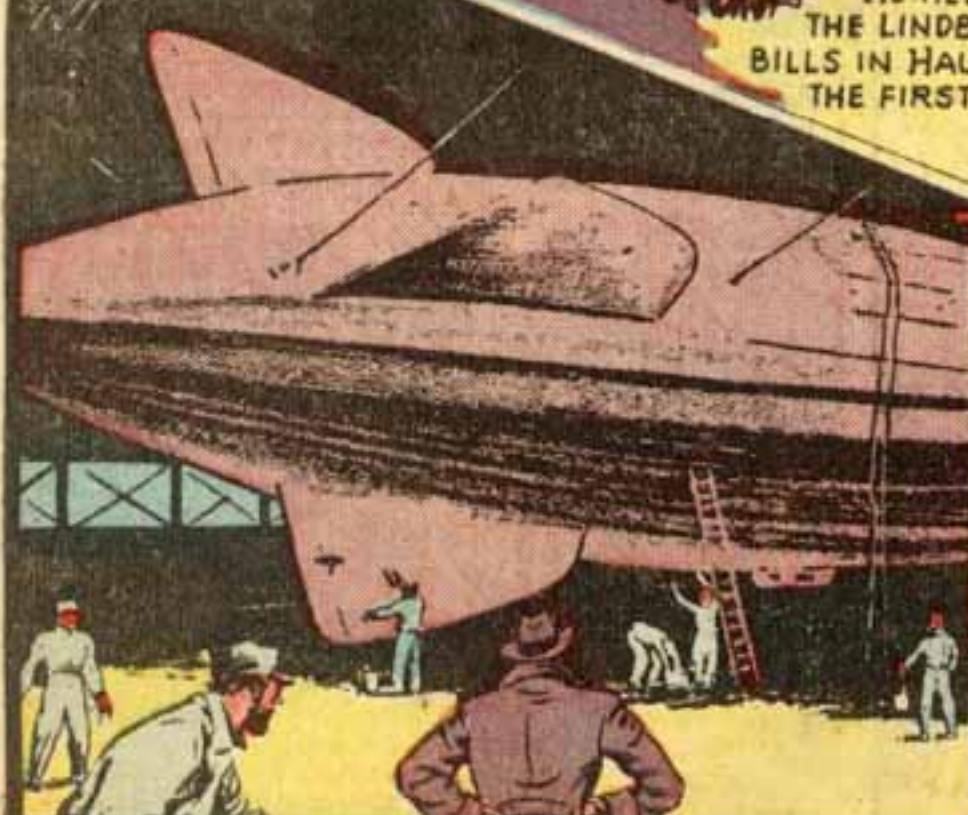


HIS KNOWLEDGE OF 7 LANGUAGES ENABLED HIM TO JOIN
THE F.B.I. AND LED TO THE QUICK SOLUTION OF HIS FIRST CASE...
--THE CAPTURE OF A LONG-FOUGHT SPY.

TURROU VISITED THE MAN'S WIFE WHO DENIED KNOWING OF
HIS WHEREABOUTS, BUT THE AGENT HEARD HER LITTLE GIRL
SAY IN POLISH THAT HER FATHER WAS AT THE BARBER'S.
TURROU WAITED AND GOT HIS MAN.



HE HELPED LOCATE
THE LINDBERGH RANSOM
BILLS IN HAUPTMANN'S GARAGE, AND SECURED
THE FIRST SAMPLES OF HIS HANDWRITING FOR
COMPARISON WITH THE RANSOM NOTES.



DURING CONSTRUCTION
OF THE DIRIGIBLE "AKRON",
TURROU GREW A BEARD, WORKED
AS A LABORER AND NABBED
SABOTEURS.

DURING 9 YEARS OF SERVICE, TURROU
HAD A HAND IN BREAKING 2,500 CASES.
HE WAS POISON TO NAZI SPIES.

IN 1944, TURROU CLOSED HIS SADDEST QUEST,
THE TRAGIC HUNT FOR HIS BOMBARDIER SON, SHOT
DOWN OVER ITALY. AT POTENZA, HE FOUND HIS
SON'S GRAVE AND BROUGHT THE BODY HOME.

BOYS! GIRLS!

MAGNETIZED NEEDLE
ALWAYS POINTS
NORTH!



HURRY! BE THE FIRST TO AMAZE
YOUR GANG WITH A GENUINE MAGNETIC

NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!

REAL MAGNETIC NEEDLE
—ALWAYS POINTS NORTH!



FITS ANY
FINGER!

PLASTIC DOME
LIKE NAVIGATOR'S BUBBLE
ON BIG PLANE!

GENUINE
NICKEL-PLATED
WON'T TARNISH!

ONLY **15¢**
plus front of one
SMITH BROTHERS
box.



You really know where you're going when you wear a GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING. A real scientific instrument, with a magnetized needle that always points to the North Magnetic Pole! You just turn the ring around so the "N" is under the needle—and you know just where all the other directions are too! That's how navigators have been doing it on ships for hundreds of years.

And boy, what a ring! Made with a lens-type transparent plastic dome—genuine nickel plated so it stays bright and shiny. Fits any finger, too. A sturdy good-looking well-made ring you'll be proud to wear! So hurry! Get your own GENUINE MAGNETIC NAVIGATOR'S COMPASS RING!



HEY NIP! THERE'S A LIGHT
FLASHING OUT THERE!
LOOKS LIKE AN S.O.S.!



SEE? THREE SHORT...
THREE LONG...THREE SHORT!
AND MY COMPASS RING
SAYS IT'S EAST-NORTHEAST!

...AND THE LIGHT-
HOUSE BEARS
SOUTHWEST!
COME ON! WE'VE
GOT TO PHONE THE
COAST GUARD!

MEANWHILE
OUT AT SEA.



LATER: IN A NEARBY
FARMHOUSE!
THAT'S RIGHT, COMMANDER.
THE S.O.S. CAME FROM
EAST-NORTHEAST, AND
THE LIGHTHOUSE WAS
SOUTHWEST OF US!



HERE SHE COMES! THE
COAST GUARD HELICOPTER!

BOY! WATCH HER HEAD
EAST-NORTHEAST AS SOON
AS SHE GETS OVERHEAD!



...SO WE PICKED UP ALL
FOUR SURVIVORS...
THANKS TO YOUR
SPLENDID DIRECTIONS

AND THANKS TO OUR
NAVIGATOR'S
COMPASS
RINGS!



GREAT FOR HIKES! Especially in
the woods, when snow covers
your tracks. Always wear it!



FISHING WITH DAD! You be navi-
gator... tell others how to get
back if a fog comes up!

WHEN A PLANE GOES BY... figure out its
course, tell what city it's headed for.

WONDERFUL FUN—all year 'round!



HERE'S ALL YOU DO—Just send front of Smith
Brothers Cough Drops box—black or Menthol—and 15¢
in coin—with coupon at right. That's the only way you
can get your Navigator's Compass Ring. We'll rush it
to you—right away. So hurry! Write to Smith Brothers,
P.O. Box #368, Providence, Rhode Island.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

SMITH BROTHERS, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.
Enclosed find front from Smith Brothers Cough Drop
box plus 15¢. Rush my ring to me at once.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LIMITED TIME ONLY!

This offer expires at midnight, June 30, 1949. HURRY!

"WARNING! PICKPOCKETS AT WORK"

DID YOU EVER HAVE YOUR POCKET PICKED? DO YOU KNOW THAT TODAY MORE PICKPOCKETS ARE OPERATING THAN EVER BEFORE-- THAT THEY TRAVEL IN PACKS? DO YOU WANT TO KEEP **YOUR** MONEY IN YOUR POCKETS? THEN FOLLOW JIMMY LANZOFF, OF THE PICKPOCKET SQUAD AS HE MATCHES BRAINS AND BRAWN WITH ED "THE EEL" GAFFNEY, THE TRICKIEST GENT OF THE UNDERWORLD'S MOST SLIPPERY PROFESSION.

EXCUSE ME, DOC! GOT A MATCH?

YEAH-- SURE, MAC!

THANKS, DOC! I GOT IT!

HERE! YOU CAN KEEP THE MATCHES...

... BUT NOT THE WALLET, BROTHER!

HEY!

...MAKE SURE IT'S NOT A COP'S!

NEXT TIME YOU LIFT A WALLET, DIP....

BUS STOP

BARRY
KLEIN

"I'M JIMMY LANZOFF-- PICKPOCKET SQUAD. THE DAY THE HAMPTON DOWNS RACE TRACK OPENED, THE COMMISSIONER SENT FOR ME..."

WITH THE TRACK AND CIRCUS BOTH OPENING, THE TOWN IS CRAWLING WITH PICKPOCKETS. FOURTEEN COMPLAINTS THIS MORNING...

I'LL GET ON IT, CHIEF!

PICKPOCKETS

THERE'S EVEN A REPORT THAT EEL GAFFNEY'S BACK IN TOWN.

EEL GAFFNEY? THAT MAKES IT MORE INTERESTING, CHIEF.

"ED 'THE EEL' GAFFNEY WAS AN OLD ENEMY. FOUR TIMES I'D ARRESTED HIM, BUT WITH NEVER ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO MAKE IT STICK. TODAY AT THE RACE TRACK I SAW PICKPOCKETS, BUT GAFFNEY WASN'T ONE OF THEM UNTIL..."

WHAT YOU LIKE IN THE SIXTH, STRANGER?

WHY-- E-ER-- I'M PICKING "EASY MONEY."

I'M THE ONE PICKING EASY MONEY.



GOT YOU!



"BUT WHEN I LOOKED IN THAT DIP'S POCKET, THE WALLET WASN'T THERE..."

I BEEN ROBBED! WHERE'S THE POLICE PROTECTION IN THIS TOWN?

TAKE IT EASY, MISTER. YOU'LL GET YOUR WALLET.



"IN THE TRACK MANAGER'S OFFICE UNDER THE GRANDSTAND, I FRISKED THAT PAIR, AND..."

MY WALLET!

IT'S WHAT WE CALL THE **MAGICIAN'S DODGE**. HE USED THIS ELASTIC SHOULDER-RIG TO VANISH YOUR WALLET INSIDE HIS COAT SLEEVE.



"MY NEXT MOVE WAS OVER TO A SALOON ON CLEMENT STREET WHERE 'JACK-ROLLERS' HAD BEEN REPORTED OPERATING. I FLASHED SOME MONEY AND PRETENDED TO BE DRUNK..."

THAT'S FOR US.

YEAH.



"I LEFT THE SALOON, THEY FOLLOWED ME..."

YOU PUT THE ELBOW SQUEEZE ON HIS NECK... I'LL CUT HIS POCKETS OUT WITH THIS RAZOR BLADE.



"A 'JACK-ROLLER' IS A CRUDE AND VICIOUS CHARACTER, NOT DESERVING OF MUCH CONSIDERATION. WHEN THEY CLOSED IN ON ME..."



"I KEPT MOVING FAST THAT DAY, ALWAYS WITH A WEATHER-EYE OUT FOR EEL GAFFNEY. PICKPOCKETS WORK IN CROWDS. AT THE SCENE OF AN ACCIDENT AT SECOND ST. AND ARCHER..."



"THE EEL WAS KNOWN AS A 'TROUSER-THIEF'. HE HAD SUCH A SENSITIVE TOUCH, HE COULD EMPTY A MAN'S POCKETS WITHOUT THE AID OF CUTTING BLADES OR HOOKS..."



"THE EEL WAS ADMINISTERING ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION! I WONDERED IF I HAD MISJUDGED HIM... HE SEEMED TO HAVE A HEART AFTER ALL..."



"BUT WHEN I LOOKED CLOSER, I SPOTTED HIM FRISKING THE VICTIM!"



"THE EEL USED TO MAKE A LIVING WITH SLEIGHT-OF-HAND IN VAUDEVILLE. NOW HE MADE IT LOOK AS IF I WAS THE ONE TRYING TO SNAG THE POKE..."





"EVIDENCE IS EVERYTHING IN A PICKPOCKET CASE, IT'S HARD TO GET. I MAKE ELEVEN ARRESTS FOR EVERY CONVICTION I'M ABLE TO PUSH THROUGH, IN THIS CASE..."

THE BIG GUY'S THE CROOK.

I GOT A NOTION TO RUN YOU BOTH IN

YEAH-- THE BIG GUY.



"I FLASHED MY BADGE ON THE OFFICER, BUT I KNEW THE EEL HAD LICKED ME AGAIN. NO ONE IN THAT CROWD WOULD TESTIFY AGAINST HIM..."

TOUGH LUCK. MAYBE YOU CAN PICK HIM UP AT THE CIRCUS GROUNDS. HE'S SURE TO SHOW UP THERE.

YES, I KNOW. WISH ME LUCK.



"FRIDAY... PAYDAY... CIRCUS IN TOWN-- A PICKPOCKET'S DREAM OF HEAVEN. I SIGHTED THE EEL AND HIS SIDEKICK IN A CURIOUS PITCH..."

RIGHT DOWN HERE IN FRONT, FOLKS...

THE EEL'S BUDDY DOING THE BARKING! WHAT'S THAT SHILL UP TO?



"I STOOD IN THE SHADOWS AND WATCHED..."

PINCH-HITTING FOR MY OLD FRIEND, THE BARKER, FOLKS, WHILE HE GRABS A CUPPA COFFEE, I WANTA WARN YOU: PICKPOCKETS CIRCULATING. BE SURE YOUR OAKUS--E-ER WALLET-- IS SAFE IN YOUR POCKET...

A PICKPOCKET WARNING AGAINST PICKPOCKETS-- THAT'S NEWS!

AS SOON AS THE EEL'S SHILL MENTIONED PICKPOCKETS, EVERYBODY REACHED TO FEEL FOR THEIR MONEY! THAT TIPPED THE DIPS OFF TO WHERE EACH PERSON KEPT IT!



"I MOTIONED A COP IN THE CROWD. WE MOVED IN... NABBED TWO PICKPOCKETS COLD. BUT NOT THE EEL!"

LATCH ONTO THIS ONE. I'LL GET THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY.



"THE PICKINGS WERE SO GOOD HERE, I WAS SURE EEL WOULDN'T LEAVE THE CIRCUS LOT... AND HE DIDN'T..."

NOW WHAT?



"AN OLD DODGE--THE SHILL PICKS A FIGHT WHILE HIS PARTNER PICKS A POCKET..."

WATCH WHO YOU'RE SHOVING, YOU CLUMSY SAP!

WHO'S A SAP? YOU SHOVED ME.



"THE MARK WAS WATCHING THE WRONG MAN, OF COURSE. HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN WATCHING EEL..."

I'LL PUNCH YOU DIZZY.

YEAH? YOU AND WHO ELSE?



"I BOUGHT INTO THAT PLAY--BUT FAST..."

ONE DOWN AND ONE TO GO.



"WHILE A COP PICKED UP THE SHILL, I DID A DASH FOR EEL..."

I'LL GET THAT DIP IF I HAVE TO RUN HIM FROM HERE TO FRISCO.



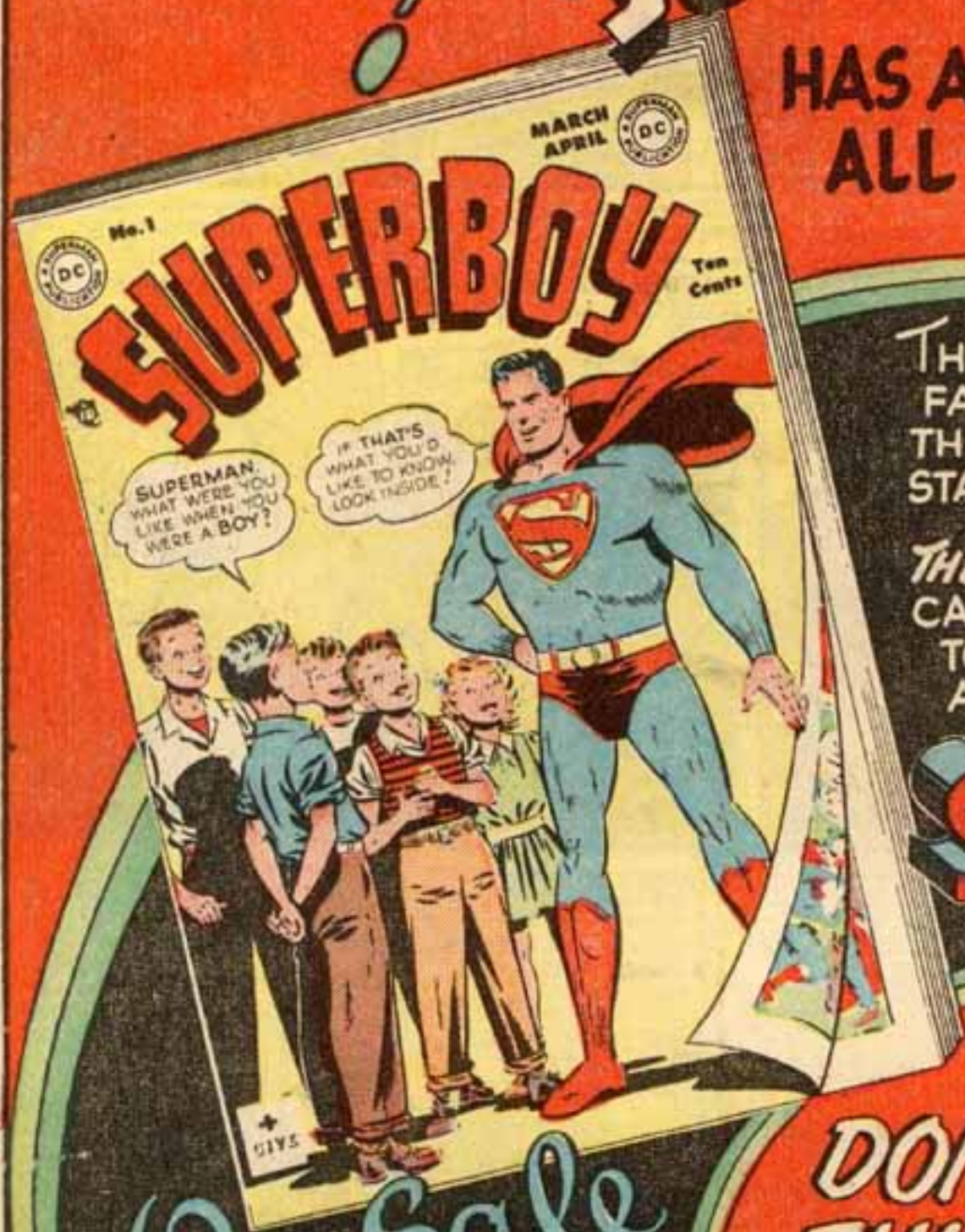


A BIG
HIT *in*
ADVENTURE
COMICS

— AND NOW

SUPERBOY

HAS A MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN!



THE MILLIONS OF
FANS WHO HAVE
THRILLED TO THE
STARTLING EXPLOITS
OF
THE MAN OF STEEL
CAN THRILL AGAIN
TO THE AMAZING
ADVENTURES OF

SUPERMAN
WHEN HE
WAS A *BOY!*

On Sale
JAN. 8th

DON'T MISS
THIS GREAT
FIRST ISSUE!



The WOMAN WHO INHERITED DEATH

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

IN THE SUBURBS OF A VERMONT CITY, AN ATTORNEY READS THE WILL OF ADAM CARLETON, ECCENTRIC RECLUSE



...AND IN THE EVENT OF MATHILDA'S DEATH, SAID LEGACY GOES TO MY YOUNGER BROTHER, HENRY.



LATER, HE PUTS HIS FIENDISH PLAN INTO ACTION...

MATHILDA, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I BROUGHT YOU SOME WARM MILK TO HELP YOU SLEEP!

I WAS ONLY UP IN THE ATTIC, HENRY, WHERE ADAM LIVED.



ADAM WAS AN ODD MAN, BUT I LOVED HIM. WITH HIM GONE, I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

DRINK THIS WARM MILK, MATHILDA, AND TRY TO GET SOME REST!



SHE'LL SLEEP SOUNDLY! I DRUGGED HER MILK WITH A STRONG SEDATIVE!

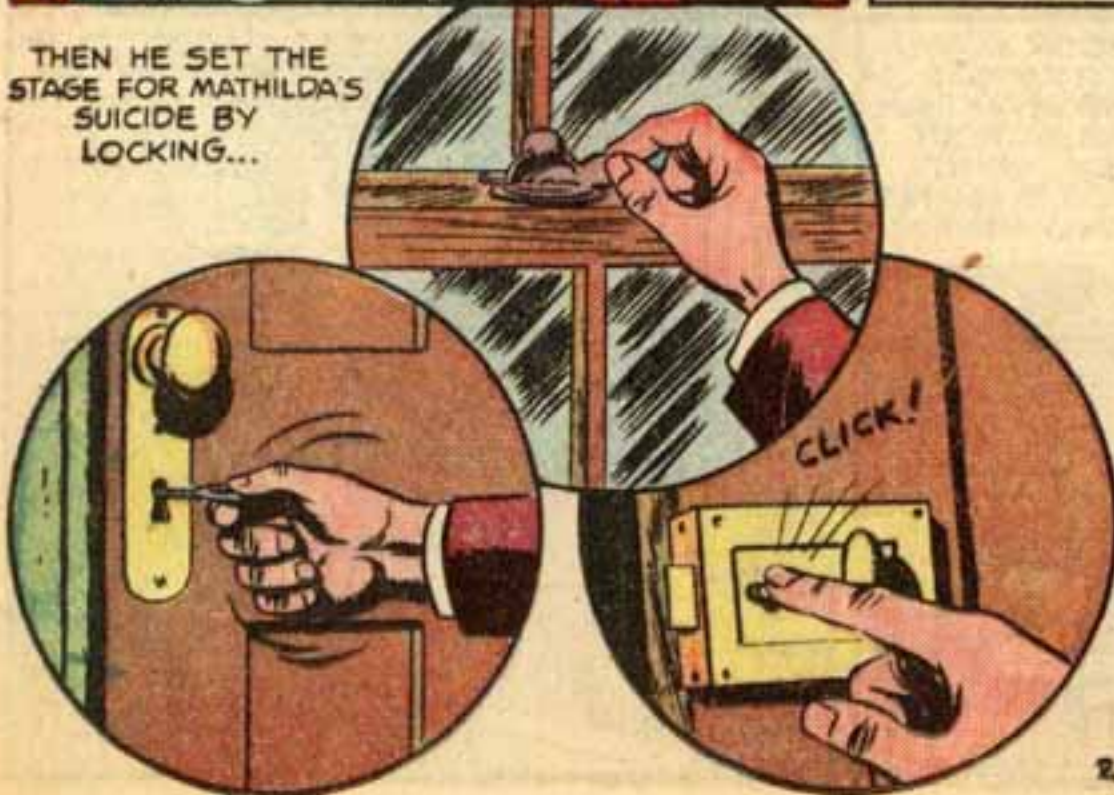


LATER, AFTER EVERYONE RETIRED, HENRY CIRCLED BACK TO MATHILDA'S UNLOCKED ROOM.

THIS RUBBER HOSE IN HER MOUTH WILL DO IT ALL RIGHT!



THEN HE SET THE STAGE FOR MATHILDA'S SUICIDE BY LOCKING...



HE WAITED PATIENTLY. THEN WHEN THE FUMES HAD TAKEN THEIR TOLL...

I'LL TURN OFF THE GAS FOR A MOMENT WHILE I HIDE THIS HOSE IN MY ROOM!







WHAT DO YOU THINK?

HENRY THINKS HE MASTERMINDED THE "PERFECT CRIME"-- BUT THE LAWYER THINKS HE SPOTTED THE ONE DEFECT THAT WILL BETRAY THE KILLER!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS? WILL HENRY DEFEAT JUSTICE?

THINK CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU READ ON!



STAN



MUSIAL

FAMOUS CARDINAL SLUGGER

Says:

"ACTIVE FEET LIKE DICK'S AND
MINE DEMAND THE BEST IN SHOES. THAT'S
WHY WE BOTH WEAR WINTHROPS
THEY'RE '4-BAGGER' VALUES
IN ANY MAN'S LEAGUE...
STYLE, COMFORT, FIT,
LONG WEAR!!"



This rugged Winthrop
with Half-Track sole
available for men and
boys. Also similar styles
with leather, crepe, and
Triple-Decker rubber
soles.



SEE, DAD,
THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE
SIZE!



DICK, SON OF HARD-HITTING STAN

Says:

"ONLY WINTHROP JRS. GIVE ME
SHOES EXACTLY LIKE DAD'S
THEY'RE '**REALLY**' RUGGED...HE-MAN
IN EVERY WAY. ALL THE
KIDS WANT 'EM."



WINTHROP JRS for boys
Sizes 1 to 9

WINTHROP SHOES for men

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • DIV: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

You Can't Beat the Law!

FOR WEEKS, DETECTIVE FRANK KEEN OF CHICAGO HAD TRAILED A PHANTOM BANDIT WHO HAD BEEN STICKING UP FILLING STATIONS.

THE SEARCH HAD AGED THE DETECTIVE; HE HAD LOST 30 POUNDS AND SHOWED IT AS HE REPORTED TO HIS SUPERIOR:

"I KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THE PHANTOM. HE'S DANGEROUS AND I'M THE MAN TO GET HIM. HE'S MY SON."



"YOU HAVE DONE YOUR DUTY LIKE THE HONEST COP YOU ARE," THE LIEUTENANT SAID, FEELINGLY. "WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE REST. YOU STAY OUT OF IT."

KEEN MADE ONE LAST CALL TO HIS SON, ASKING HIM TO SURRENDER. THERE WAS A CLICK AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE.

AN HOUR LATER, 23-YEAR-OLD HAROLD KEEN WALKED INTO A POLICE TRAP, DREW A GUN IN ANSWER TO A CALL TO SURRENDER AND DIED UNDER A BLAST OF GUN FIRE.



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

OF GANG BUSTERS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the GANG BUSTERS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (Section 237, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given: National Comics Publications, Inc.; Harry Donenfeld; J. S. Liebowitz; P. H. Sammlinger; Gussie Donenfeld; Nina Liebowitz; Sophie U. Sammlinger; Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I.

Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, Frederick H. Isac, Arlene J. Donenfeld, all at 180 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Seen to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1948.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1950)



Me--at 12 or so in Jersey! Got a load of them fancy dudes!



This is 1937--that's Pete Janney on the right and Kid Turner on the left. Pete got it at Joliet when he went over the wall with the Barker brothers.



We and Kid Turner--our first arrest! We got picked up for beatin' up the 8th St. gang! (newspaper shot)



Here's the Kid and me with that deer head from Clancy's place! Ha! The only thing we ever hunted was dough!



The "big three"! Pete, the Kid and me--three guys the cops couldn't handle! This was mapped before the road-house raid!



Me--big shot gangster! This is a gas pose--only the cops didn't think it was a gag! Ha, Ha!

FROM THE LIPS OF A DEAD GANGSTER'S WIDOW COMES THIS TRUE-TO-LIFE, POLICE-FILES ACCOUNT OF A MAN WHO MADE A MISTAKE...ILLUSTRATED PARTIALLY BY FAMILY PHOTOS AND NEWSPAPER PICTURES! THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF...

"ME-BIG SHOT!"



BUT MOSTLY HE WAS BAD--VERY BAD. LOOK, HERE ARE SOME PHOTOS IN HIS ALBUM--SOME DATE BACK TO WHEN HE WAS A BOY...



"HE THOUGHT HE WAS BEING TOUGH AND IMPRESSIVE WHEN HE PLAYED HOOKEY FROM SCHOOL AND HUNG AROUND THE POOLROOMS..."



YOU MADE THAT SHOT, BUS! I OWE YA 20 CENTS!

I NEVER LOSE, PALLY! THAT'S SHEER GENIUS!



"BUS AND PETE LANEY AND KID TURNER ALL GREW UP TOGETHER, AND CALLED THEMSELVES THE BLACK HAND GANG. THEY WENT OUT PICKING FIGHTS WITH RIVAL GANGS..."

GET 'EM, GANG! WE'LL DRIVE 'EM OUTA THIS END OF TOWN--OR ELSE!

I GOT THIS GUY GOOD, BUS!



"WHEN THE RIVAL GANGS WERE LICKED, SOME OF THE TOUGHER ONES JOINED UP WITH BUS TO RUN THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD..."

PETE LANEY HERE, AN' KID TURNER, ARE MY LIEUTENANTS! I'M THE CAPTAIN AN' BOSS--'CAUSE THAT TAKES BRAINS! YOU OTHER KIDS'LL DO LIKE WE SAY!

OKAY, BUS--YOU'RE THE HEAD GUY!



"BUS WAS SMART LIKE A THIEVING FOX, AS HE GOT OLDER. HE MADE THOROUGH PLANS FOR EVERY JOB THE GANG PULLED..."

OKAY--PETE WILL TAKE TWO OF YOU AROUND THE OTHER SIDE TO DECOY THE WATCHMAN! THEN WE'LL CRACK THE WAREHOUSE WHILE HE CHASES YOU!

CHECK--LET'S GO!



"AND WHEN ANYBODY FAILED TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS--OR MADE A MISTAKE--IT WAS JUST TOO BAD! YOU SEE, THIS WAS HIS TRAINING FOR THE BIG TIME..."

YOU SAP! I SAID NO BROKEN WINDOWS--IT MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE! YOU SPOILED EVERYTHING!

DON'T HIT ME, BUS--DON'T!



"AND THE BIG TIME WASN'T LONG IN COMING. WHEN HE WAS 26, HIS GANG WAS GOING IN FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND HOLD-UPS..."



PETE-- YOU AN' THE KID BETTER HIT THAT ROAD HOUSE TONIGHT! I CASED THE PLACE YESTERDAY!

WHEN THE FLOOR SHOW GOES ON AT 12, THE LIGHTS GO OUT! THE KID WILL TAKE THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, WHILE PETE STAYS OUTSIDE AN' KEEPS THE CROWD COVERED.



WHAT ABOUT YOU, BUS? YOU STAYIN' OUT? 'FRAID?



I'M AFRAID O' NOTHIN' AN' NOBODY, MISTER! I'M GOIN' ACROSS TOWN AN' SET UP ALIBIS FOR YOU MONKEYS! THAT'S WHERE BRAINS PAYS OFF-- ANY QUESTIONS?

N-NO, BUS! I WAS KIDDIN'-- SEE?



"THEY WENT TO THE ROADHOUSE-- MONDAY NIGHT, IT WAS. PETE LANEY STAYED OUT WATCHING THE FLOOR SHOW WHILE KID TURNER SNEAKED TO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE..."

HOPE THE KID HURRIES-- THIS WAITIN' GETS ME...



"THE KID PUT A GUN IN THE MANAGER'S BACK, THEN..."

HURRY UP, MAC-- I AIN'T GOT ALL YEAR!

OKAY--OKAY-- JUST DON'T SHOOT!



"I DON'T KNOW HOW THE MANAGER WORKED THE GIMMICK, BUT WHEN THE SAFE DOOR OPENED, A BELL RANG OUTSIDE. SOME BOUNCERS CAME RUNNIN'-- AN' GOT IT GOOD."

C'MON, PETE! THE SAP TRICKED US!

SIT STILL-- ALL O' YA!



"THEY RAN OUTSIDE TO A CAR DRIVEN BY BEANIE ROBERTS, AND THEY GOT OUT FAST, SHOOTING BACK AS THEY WENT..."



OKAY, BEANIE-- LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YA DRIVE THIS CAR!

"BUT THE BOYS HAD LEFT SOME LOOSE ENDS, FOR WHEN THE COPS GOT TO THE PLACE..."



WE'LL WANT DESCRIPTIONS OF THE MEN WHO HELD UP THIS PLACE! ANYTHING ELSE YOU CAN TELL US?

LIEUTENANT, I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING...

"THAT DUMB PETE-- HE HAD GOT IN THE WAY OF A PICTURE BEING TAKEN AT THE NEXT TABLE!"



THAT MAN-- THE ONE BEHIND! HE HELD A GUN ON THE CROWD!

EXCELLENT! CAN'T SEE MUCH THERE-- BUT IF WE BLOW UP THE NEGATIVE 100 TIMES WE MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING!

"WELL, AT HEADQUARTERS THEY CROPPED THE PHOTO AND BLEW IT UP..."



IT'S A MUG NAMED PETE LANEY! PICK HIM UP!

"BY THURSDAY NOON, THEY HAD PETE. THEY GOT HIM IN A CARD GAME AT MIKE CLANCY'S PLACE..."



WE GOT A WARRANT FOR YOU, LANEY-- ANY ARGUMENT?

N-NO, COPPERS! TAKE IT EASY, HUH? I'M COMIN'!

"PETE DIDN'T SQUEAL ON THE KID OR BUS. HE WENT TO JOLIET, BUT GOT IT GOING OVER THE WALL WITH THE BARKER BOYS..."



BUS--BUS-- THEY G-GOT ME...

"BUS HEARD OF PETE'S DEATH AND HE FRETTERED ABOUT IT FOR A WEEK. THEN HE GOT MAD ABOUT IT..."

PETE WAS DUMB--THAT'S WHAT, PLAIN DUMB! SMART GUYS DON'T GET CAUGHT BY COPS-- BUT PETE WAS DUMB!

BUT THEY WON'T GET US, EH, KID? WE START WHERE THE DUMMIES LEAVE OFF-- AN' NO MISTAKES! SEE?

NO MISTAKES-- THAT'S RIGHT, BUS! THE COPS AIN'T GETTIN' US!

"I'M NO ANGEL MYSELF. I DID A HITCH IN THE WOMEN'S PEN AT FAIRMOUNT-- BUT I DID TRY TO STOP BUS THEN-- BEFORE HE WENT TOO FAR..."

NO, BUS-- DON'T GO! WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH NOW-- THE NIGHT CLUB JOB WAS WORTH SIXTY GRAND! WHY NOT STOP?

DON'T GET GOOSE-PIMPLES, SWEETHEART! FROM NOW ON THINGS'LL BE EVEN BETTER! S'LONG--

"SO THAT'S HOW IT WENT FOR A WHILE-- BUS ALWAYS TWO STEPS IN FRONT OF THE COPS, ALWAYS TRIGGER-HAPPY, ALWAYS HATING THE LAW..."

COPPERS-- GIVE IT TO 'EM!

AND THAT NIGHT-- AUGUST 11, WHEN HE GOT SEPARATED FROM THE KID ON THAT ARMORED CAR JOB, AND WAS CHASED IN AN ALLEY..."

BIG BRAVE COPPER, EH? THIS'LL STOP YA!

UNH...

BLAM

"MEANWHILE, KID TURNER HAD THE STOLEN MONEY AND WAS HIDING IN AN ABANDONED CELLAR, WHERE BUS WAS TO MEET HIM. THE KID GOT NERVOUS AND HE LIT A SMOKE..."

WHERE'S BUS? WHY AIN'T HE BACK YET? COPPERS ALL OVER THE PLACE--CAN'T WAIT TOO LONG...

"LIGHTING THE MATCH WAS A BONER -- HIS LAST ONE, BECAUSE OUTSIDE A ROOKIE COP NAMED JOE PELLEGRINI WAS JUST ABOUT TO WIN HIS FIRST MEDAL..."

BILL! I JUST SAW A MATCH FLARE UP IN THAT CELLAR!

FUNNY! THAT PLACE HAS BEEN VACANT TWO YEARS! THINK THOSE CROOKS ARE IN THERE?



"THEY WENT IN UPSTAIRS, SNEAKED DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS AND TURNED ON A FLASH."

TURNER! CHECK IN WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE! WE GOT'CHA!

WHAT? COPS!



"IT WAS ANOTHER CASE OF A GUY TRYING TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH THE COPS. THAT DOESN'T PAN OUT SO GOOD, YOU KNOW..."

I--I--I--I'M H-HIT...

**GANG!
GANG!**

I GAVE YOU WARNIN', TURNER-- I SAID COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



"WITH KID TURNER WENT THE DOUGH FROM THE ARMORED CAR JOB -- WHICH LEFT US FLAT BROKE, BECAUSE BUS HAD GAMBLLED THE SIXTY G'S OUT THE WINDOW..."

TURNER-- ANOTHER DUMMY! WHY'D HE LIGHT THAT SMOKE? THE SAP... THE SAP...



PETE LANEY FIRST-- NOW THE KID-- BOTH GONE! THE OTHER GUYS RAN OUT ON ME! WE'RE IN THE SOUP ALONE, HONEY!

WE CAN GO TO MEXICO, BUS-- MAYBE START ALL OVER AGAIN!

LEAVE? ME-- BUS DEMAREST-- RUN AWAY? THEY GOT THE OTHERS 'CAUSE THEY WERE DUMB! BUT I'M SMART-- SMART, YA HEAR! THEY WON'T GET ME IN A HUNDRED YEARS!





"WELL, THE REST YOU HEARD ON THE AIR A WHILE AGO. BUS STOOD IN FRONT OF THE BANK, POSED AS A FRUIT VENDOR..."

HERE COME THE MESSENGERS--
WITH THE DOUGH! CAN'T MISS
ON THIS--OR IT'S CURTAINS!

APPLES--
TOMATOES--
COME
GET 'EM...



"HE HAD LOOSENED THE FIRE PLUG VALVE WITH A WRENCH, AND JUST AS THE MESSENGERS REACHED THE CAR HE OPENED IT, AND..."

OKAY, DUMMIES!
TAKE IT!

B-BLUB--
WOT
HAPPENED?



"HE GRABBED THE SATCHEL OF MONEY BEFORE THE GUARDS KNEW WHAT HAPPENED, THEN FLED VIA THE PREVIOUSLY OPENED SIDE-WALK GRILL..."

TWEET!

GOT IT! BUT THEY SAW
ME COME IN HERE--
THERE GOES A
WHISTLE!



YEAH-- HE WENT THROUGH
THE GRATING! C'MON!

I'LL LOSE 'EM!
THIS OPENS
INTO A
CORRIDOR
LEADING UNDER-
GROUND TO
CENTRAL
TERMINAL!



THERE HE GOES! BUT
WE CAN'T SHOOT
INTO THE CROWD!

HOLD YOUR
FIRE, CASEY!

BLAM



"BECAUSE OF THE CROWD, BUS MADE IT OUT OF THE STATION AND TO THE DOCK SECTION, WHERE HE HOPPED A TANKER..."

LOST 'EM IN THE CROWD!
WELL, MAYBE THIS BABY IS
HEADED FOR FRANCE OR
SOMEWHERE!





"ONCE ON BOARD, HE TOOK OVER--JUST LIKE THAT!"--

OKAY, GUYS-- I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS TUB! AN' DON'T THINK ABOUT RADIOIN' THE COPS, SEE?



"BUT THE SHIP'S COOK, DOWN IN THE GALLEY, HEARD THE RUCKUS ABOVE AND SIGNALLED FRANTICALLY OUT OF A PORT HOLE..."

GREAT GUNS! THEY'RE SIGNALING THAT A GUNMAN'S ABOARD! MAYBE IT'S DEMAREST! LET'S BOARD HER!



"IT'S HISTORY NOW--HOW BUS CLIMBED ATOP THE SHIP AND JUMPED TO THE BRIDGE WHILE IT WAS OPENING UP..."



THERE HE GOES-- ONTO THE BRIDGE! GET 'IM!

"WELL, ANYWAY, THE PATROL CARS GOT HIM CORNERED ON THE BRIDGE BEAMS, AND-- I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE REST-- YOU KNOW IT..."

GENIUS-- THAT'S WHAT I AM-- BUT I DON'T WANNA DIE-- I DON'T--

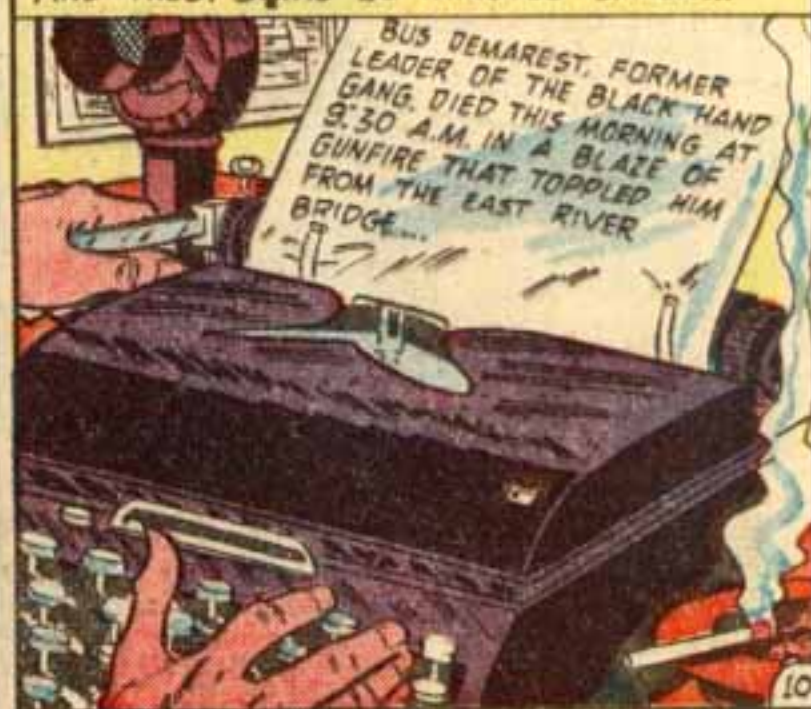


AND THAT'S YOUR STORY, MISTER-- YOU CAN GO NOW...

OKAY, AN'-- UH-- SORRY, AND MERRY CHRISTMAS-- UH-- I MEAN, THANKS--



AND THUS, SOME 20 MINUTES LATER...



The cover of All Star Comics features a collage of characters including Superman, Wonder Woman, and others in dynamic poses against a dark background with planets.

**For
THRILLS!**

**For
ACTION!**



ASK

FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!





UNDERCOVER MAN

by STOOKID ALLEN



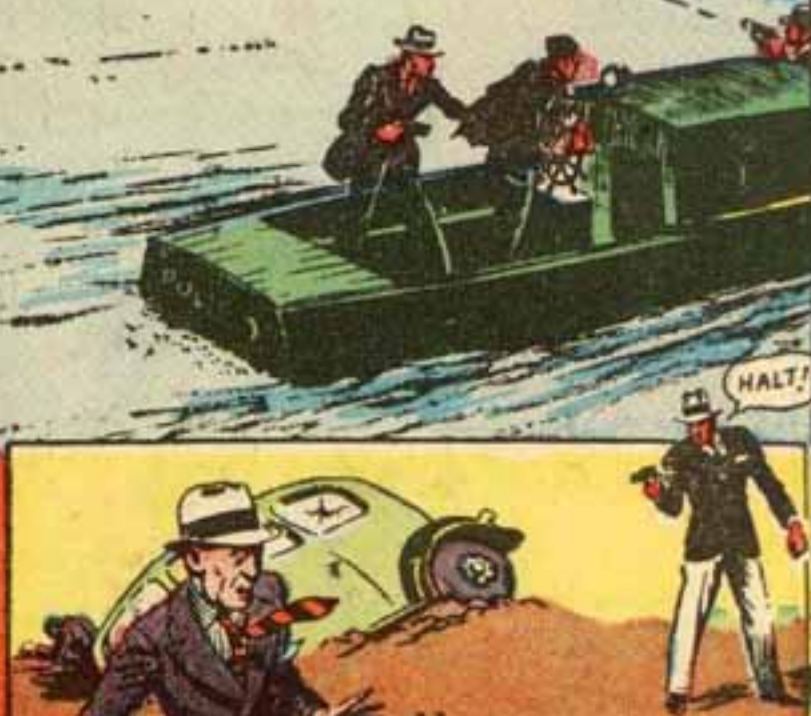
DETECTIVE SWEENEY WORKS ON THE THEORY THAT ALL CROOKS ARE DUMB. — IN 1938, POSING AS A COP WHO COULD BE BOUGHT, HE TOOK HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS AND SPENT 3 MONTHS TO GAIN THE CONFIDENCE OF A SMUGGLING RING. MEMBERS EVEN TOOK HIM INTO THEIR HOMES.

John Sweeney
NEW YORK CITY

THE GANG WAS CAPTURED IN A GUN FIGHT WHILE TRYING TO BRING \$100,000 WORTH OF CONTRABAND ASHORE IN (OF ALL THINGS)-- A POLICE BOAT!



THE NEXT NIGHT, HIS FIRST OFF IN 8 WEEKS, DETECTIVE SWEENEY HAD JUST LEFT HIS GIRL FRIEND WHEN HE HEARD CRIES FOR HELP. TWO THUGS WERE ROBBING A MOTORIST. DRIVING WITH ONE HAND AND FIRING WITH THE OTHER, SWEENEY GAVE CHASE.



HE PICKED UP THE THUGS WHEN THEIR CAR CRASHED! SWEENEY, AN ORPHAN, WAS PROMOTED AT ONCE.

JUDGE TROY

The Grapevine

CRIME EXHIBIT

New Yorkers recently were permitted the unique opportunity of viewing the ugly implements of crime, which comprised part of the show at the city's Golden Anniversary Exhibition. Collected over a period of 150 years, the instruments had never been previously removed from the Police Department's museum on Broome Street. All had figured importantly as exhibits in trials.

An arsenal of firearms manufactured in Europe and in this country attracted most of the attention. The old and modern weapons ranged from a flintlock pistol of the 1700s to the present-day Thompson sub-machinegun.

Other displays included such items from the notorious Snyder-Gray murder case as the sashweight, which was used in the slaying, vials of poison, an exchange of letters, and the railroad ticket, which police traced to the killers and led to their capture.

Bomb fragments of the 1920 Wall Street explosion and the horseshoes worn by the horse which had drawn the explosive-stocked cart; police blotters, uniforms and shields dating back to 1800; and captured contraband also were on view as well as pass keys, varieties of brass knuckles, dies to change serial numbers on stolen automobiles, chemicals for committing arson, and counterfeiting tools.

ONE GOOD TURN, ETC.

On a lonely road at night, a driver paused to pick up a hitchhiker. No sooner had the stranger entered the car than the driver regretted his generosity. The man was big and burly, and there was an ugly look on his unshaven face.

As if in answer to the driver's thoughts, he

spoke: "Yes, I suppose you should be afraid of me. I'm an ex-con. Just got out last week for forgery and pickpocketing. I'm going to the city to find a job. I need money bad."

The driver's fright was matched only by his desire to reach his destination as soon as possible. He pressed down on the gas pedal. Moments later, he heard the shrill cry of a police siren. And a motorcycle cop waved him to the side of the road.

Relief flooded him. He could turn over the stranger because he had. . . . Had what, he asked himself? Merely been suspicious? The officer probably would laugh at him. He was embarrassed by his own fear. He tried, haltingly, to explain why he had been speeding, but his effort was futile. He pocketed the summons, then dolefully watched the policeman mount his motorcycle, listened to its motor fade away.

The stranger sat back smugly as he turned on the ignition. All the way to the city, they drove in silence.

"Broadway's good enough for me," said the stranger, as they neared the city. "You know, one good turn deserves another," he added. "Here, you can have this."

And he handed the motorcycle cop's summons book to the astonished driver!

LOST OR STOLEN

A recent survey of the various articles reported to the police as either lost or stolen included the following:

12 miles of uncut garden hose, electric bulbs of a drug store sign, a carload of automobile hub caps, 450 sleeping tablets, 88 broomstick handles, 20 pairs of oarlocks, a gross of shoe-

button hooks, two gallons of sunburn lotion; 3,000 men's belt buckles, 120 sets of Indian clubs, 16 pounds of false hair for stage mustaches and beards, a barn roof, 335 Valentine Day cards, a brick chimney, two maple trees.

SCIENTIFIC SLEUTHING

Science is playing an ever-increasing role in the capture of criminals. Police officials are now noting the growing popularity of television. In the near future, they expect to utilize this medium in hunting down fugitives, for far better than a verbal description to identify a lawbreaker would be his face flashed across the nation's television screens in railroad depots, steamship piers, airports, hotels, etc.

Another progressive step has been taken in the name of the law by one Abraham Kurnick of New York City, who has devised a camera-pistol, which literally shoots criminals in action.

According to Mr. Kurnick's invention, a tiny camera, measuring less than two inches and weighing six ounces, is fixed to the barrel of the pistol. The trigger controls the camera; squeezing it snaps the picture as well as turns the roll of film, which offers six exposures. Purpose of this contrivance is to photograph a thug in case a shot misses.

TELEVISED GHOSTS

You wouldn't think that the crime wizards would not capitalize on such a popular gimmick as television, would you? It's been put to varied use already. For instance, crooked spiritualists are exploiting the television boom by pretending to be able to televise a departed person's image by scientific means.

Naturally, the whole thing is a fraud and is perpetrated in the following manner. An ac-

complice of the spiritualist, usually disguised as a telephone or gas meter inspector, gains easy access to the victim's house. Surreptitiously, he photographs a picture of the deceased. At the seance, later, the somewhat altered picture is slowly brought into focus on a complicated electrical gadget, which hums and whirrs realistically.

Believing that the image is genuine, and he has been brought into contact with the deceased one, the victim willingly pays the fee, which usually is \$50.

A GRAVE SITUATION

Always be careful when you bury a corpse at night, particularly when you're in unfamiliar territory, runs an anecdote in "Isn't It a Crime," the popular quiz book. A killer buried a body one night in a schoolyard, and was sure that the grave would never be found. Unfortunately for him, the clay he turned up in digging the grave was not the same as the topsoil. In the morning, detectives found a perfectly outlined grave, leading to the body—and so to the killer!

Another amusing anecdote in the same book reveals that there are thousands of cases on record of persons claiming to be lost heirs to fortunes, or that they are famous missing or supposedly dead persons.

One very curious disproving of such an impostor was the case in Berlin some years ago of a woman who, after an attempted suicide had landed her in a hospital, claimed to be the late Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of the equally late Czar Nicholas of Russia. She told a fantastic but credible story of suffering loss of memory occasionally from an accidental blow on the head.

Study of photographs revealed that the Berlin woman did have a resemblance to the supposedly dead Grand Duchess. A Swiss criminologist, however, pointed out the complete difference in the appearance of her ears. And since ears do not change their fundamental form from birth to death, the Berlin woman's fraud was exposed and her claim blasted.

SCIENTIFIC SHERLOCK

A LITTLE PROFESSOR AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SOLVED MORE BAFFLING MYSTERIES THAN MOST ANY DETECTIVE IN THE U.S.A. HIS MICROSCOPES TOLD HIM SECRETS THAT NO ONE ELSE COULD FIND.

A FRAGMENT OF ROPE WAS TAKEN FROM A GARROTED VICTIM AND PUT UNDER HIS GLASS. HE TRACED IT TO WHERE IT CAME FROM, THE CLOTHES LINE IN THE YARD OF THE MURDERER!

BANDITS BLEW UP THE EXPRESS CAR OF A CALIFORNIA TRAIN. FROM A GRIMY PAIR OF OVERALLS (HIS ONLY CLUE) HE FOUND ENOUGH FACTS TO CONVICT THEM ALL! HIS MICROSCOPE TOLD THE STORY.

THE POLICE BROUGHT HIM THE TORN PURSE OF A MISSING GIRL. HE PUT IT UNDER HIS GLASS AND SAID— "SEARCH THE MARSH EAST OF SAN FRANCISCO. YOU'LL FIND HER BODY THERE." THEY DID! A FEW GRAINS OF DIRT TOLD HIM THE STORY.

EDWARD OSCAR HEINRICH

A CONSULTANT ON CRIMINAL CASES, HIS INCOME TOPS THAT OF MOST BANKERS.

ONCE, A SINGLE HAIR WHICH HE FOUND CONVICTED A MURDERER!

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"The BLACK FENCE"



**A
POLICE
AT WORK
Feature**

DAN
BARRY

"DUMB GUYS TAKE RISKS-- AND DIE... I
TAKE PROFITS -- AND LIVE."

THAT WAS THE CYNICAL WORKING-PLAN OF
VIC HARKER, UNDERWORLD FENCE, WHO BOUGHT
WHAT OTHERS STOLE, TURNING IT INTO QUICK
MONEY--UNTIL THE LAW CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

HERE IS VIC HARKER'S SORDID STORY--THE
STORY OF A SUPER-FENCE, A MAN WHO OUT-
SMARTED HIMSELF TO A LIVING DEATH.

IN A PRISON HOSPITAL, VIC HARKER, CONVICT # 63417, SITS -- WAITING TO SEE THE LIGHT...

THREE MONTHS IN DARKNESS ... AND NOW I'M GOING TO SEE AGAIN!



STAND BY, NURSE.

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T FAIL ME, DOC. I'M GOING TO SEE!



AS THE SURGEON UNWINDS THE BANDAGES FROM VIC HARKER'S ACCIDENT-BLINDED EYES, VIC'S WHOLE VIOLENT MISSPENT LIFE BEGINS TO UNREEL IN HIS FEVERISH MIND...

SO IT'S STEALING... WHO CARES?

HEY, GET AWAY FROM MY POCKET!



"IN HIGH SCHOOL, I WANTED MONEY TO TAKE THE GIRLS OUT. SO..."

YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE, BUD. I CAN MAKE YOU A KEY TO OPEN ANYTHING YOU WANT.



"WHILE THE OTHER GUYS WERE OUT PRACTICING FOOTBALL, I USED MY PASSKEY IN THE HIGH SCHOOL LOCKER ROOM..."

BOY, WHAT A HAUL!



"WOULDN'T YOU KNOW THAT JANITOR WOULD COME SNOOPING?..."

GOTCHA!

LEMME GO!





"WELL, THEY KICKED ME OUT OF SCHOOL. THAT SAME DAY I VISITED THE GENT WHO MADE THE PASSKEY FOR ME--OLD STICKY SAUNDERS, THE FENCE..."

WHERE'D YOU GET THIS WATCH, KID?

STOLE IT OUT OF THE SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S DESK.



"STICKY SAUNDERS TRIED TO TELL ME SOMETHING..."

TWENTY BUCKS-- NOT BAD FOR TWO MINUTES' WORK.

YOU COULD DO BETTER AND WITHOUT TAKING RISKS. YOU'RE A BRIGHT KID... WORK FOR ME-- I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO BE A FENCE.



"I THOUGHT I KNEW IT ALL IN THOSE DAYS. I WASN'T GOING TO BE A PENNY-PICKING MIDDLE-MAN. NOT ME, AND SO..."

SHELL OUT, BUD!

I NEVER ARGUE WITH A STICK-UP...



"BROTHER, WASN'T I BRIGHT? YOU KNOW WHO I WAS BUCKING ON THAT HEIST JOB? AN OFF-DUTY COP!"

I LET MY FIST DO THE ARGUING!



"I HAD FIVE YEARS TO THINK OVER STICKY SAUNDERS' ADVICE ABOUT PLAYING IT SAFE. STICKY CAME TO VISIT ME IN STIR..."

COME SEE ME WHEN YOU'RE OUT, KID. MY OLD OFFER STILL HOLDS.

ALL RIGHT-- TIME'S UP.



"I WENT TO WORK FOR STICKY. HIS CIGAR STORE WAS ONLY A BLIND, OF COURSE..."

I GOT 'EM FOR FORTY BUCKS. HOW'D I DO?

YOU'RE LEARNING, KID. WE'LL BREAK UP THE STRING AND GET FORTY BUCKS FOR EVERY STONE!



"ONE DAY A LITTLE FAT GUY CAME IN, BALD-HEADED AS AN EGG..."

I'M KEG MURPHY. JOE PECK SENT ME. SAID YOU'D TREAT ME RIGHT.

WHAT YOU GOT?



"NOT MUCH PROFIT IN SILVER. I THOUGHT HE'D KICK AT THE PRICE I OFFERED, BUT HE DIDN'T..."

HOW'S THREE FISH SOUND?

OKAY. IT'S A PLEASURE TO MAKE THIS BUSINESS CONNECTION. I'LL BE BACK.



"STICKY SAUNDERS WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE TRANSACTION..."

SOMETHING ABOUT THAT LITTLE FAT GUY I DIDN'T LIKE, AND WHO'S THIS JOE PECK THAT SENT HIM?

I THOUGHT IT WAS SOMEBODY YOU KNEW!



"TIME CLIPPED ALONG. I KEPT LOOKING FOR A BIG BREAK-- AND ONE DAY IT CAME..."

THIS IS THE VAN ALSTEEN DIAMOND. I WANT \$50,000.

WE'LL GIVE YOU \$2000.



I RISKED MY LIFE TO GET IT. YOU CAN RECUT AND SELL FOR HALF A MILLION.

IT'S HOT. TWO THOUSAND. TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!



"THE DIAMOND WAS THE MCCOY. I DECIDED IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO TAKE OVER..."

VIC--YOU GONE CRAZY?

HOLD IT, BOTH OF YOU! I'LL TAKE THIS DIAMOND--AND NO FUNNY STUFF!

WHY, YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!







"I SOLD THE DISGUISED ITEMS IN MY OWN AUCTION SHOP. A SWEET RACKET WHILE IT LASTED..."

SOLD TO THE LADY WITH THE FEATHER IN HER HAT... JADE FROM MING DYNASTY, 2000 YEARS OLD...

WELL, ANYHOW TWO WEEKS OLD.



"I KEPT CHECKING MY HOME-TOWN STATUS. I WAS STILL IN THE CLEAR THERE, AND AS J. B. MALLONSON, MY ALIAS, I WAS GETTING TO BE A SOLID CITIZEN HERE..."

I SAVE A PAPER OUT FOR YOU EVERY DAY, MR. MALLONSON.

THANKS, JOE.

OUT OF TOWN PAPERS



"I EVEN GOT MARRIED AND BOUGHT A HOUSE IN THE SUBURBS..."

I COULD DO THIS 'ALL DAY.

A LOVELY HOUSE... LET'S NEVER LEAVE IT!



"EVERYTHING BREEZING FINE-- THEN ONE DAY A VISITOR FROM MY PAST..."

REMEMBER ME? KEG MURPHY? I TURNED A DEAL WITH YOU AND STICKY SAUNDERS-- AND I'VE GOT SOMETHING ELSE HERE THAT'S HOT--

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.



"I WAS LYING, OF COURSE... AND I WAS WORRIED. I REMEMBERED MY OLD PARTNER HADN'T TRUSTED THIS GUY..."

GET OUT OR I'LL CALL A COP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER... AIN'T THIS CUP BIG ENOUGH BUSINESS FOR YOU?



"WHEN THINGS ARE GOING THE BEST, A MAN OUGHT TO PREPARE FOR THE WORST. STICKY SAUNDERS TAUGHT ME THAT. IT WAS TIME I WAS MOVING ON..."

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I SAID, START PACKING. I SOLD ALL MY PROPERTIES IN THIS TOWN. WE'RE MOVING.





"IN ANOTHER CITY, WHILE I LOOKED FOR A PROPER 'BLIND,' I KEPT MY HAND IN WITH A DEAL IN BLACK MARKET CIGARETTES..."

I'LL WRITE MY NAME IN SMOKE ALL OVER EUROPE.



"YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL. I CHECKED EVERY DAY TO BE SURE I WAS IN THE CLEAR IN THE CITY I LEFT SO FAST..."

THESE STANDS WHERE THEY SELL OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS ARE WONDERFUL INSTITUTIONS.

OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS Sold Here



"ONE DAY, I HEARD A FAMILIAR VOICE ASKING FOR THE SAME OUT-OF-TOWN PAPER..."

WELL, WELL, WELL-- A SMALL WORLD.

YOU AGAIN!



"I WASN'T LIKING THE WAY THIS CHEAP CROOK KEPT JUMPING AT ME FROM OUT OF MY PAST..."

JUST HIT TOWN, SPORT-- BROKE. HOW'S ABOUT YOU PUT ME TO WORK? I DON'T COME HIGH, AND I'LL DO ANYTHING.

THAT WAY, I COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HIM.



"I TOOK KEG MURPHY TO A HOODLUM GARAGE WHERE HEISTED HEAPS WERE HAVING THEIR FACES LIFTED..."

HERE'S A RELIEF MAN FOR YOU, SLIM.

GOOD. I'LL START WORKING OVER THOSE SERIAL NUMBERS ON THE CONVERTIBLE.



"I WAS BUYING THESE HOT CARS FOR EXPORT. THEY LIKE A BRIGHT PAINT JOB IN SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE..."

MY RUBBER SUIT'LL BE A TIGHT FIT FOR YOU, BUD.

YOU CAN HANG YOUR COAT ON THAT HOOK.



"WHILE KEG MURPHY WENT TO WORK WITH THE SPRAY-GUN, I WORKED OVER HIS POCKETS..."

WHY, THAT KEG-BELLIED TRICKSTER! AN INSURANCE CO. COP! HANGING AROUND ME ALL THIS TIME, GATHERING EVIDENCE... I'LL FIX HIM FOR KEEPS!



"BUT HOW HAD HE TRACED ME EVERY TIME? I HAD TO KNOW TO PROTECT MYSELF IN THE FUTURE... MY FUTURE... THAT WAS A LAUGH, ONLY I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN..."

THIS HOODLUM HANGOUT-- PERFECT PLACE FOR A KILL.



"KEG TALKED. WHY WOULDN'T HE? IT GAVE HIM ANOTHER MINUTE TO LIVE..."

YOUR HABIT OF BUYING OUT-OF-TOWN PAPERS-- THAT'S WHAT BEAT YOU! YOU WERE TOO CAREFUL...



BUT NOW YOU KNOW BETTER, DON'T YOU? NOW YOU KNOW IT'S ROUTINE FOR SKIP-TRACERS TO CHECK AROUND WITH OUT-OF-TOWN PAPER DEALERS. NOW YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



"ALL THAT WAS THREE MONTHS AGO-- THREE TORTUROUS MONTHS WITH MY EYES BANDAGED. BUT NOW..."

NOW I'M GOING TO SEE! TURN ON THE LIGHTS, SOMEBODY.



WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY TURN ON THE LIGHTS? TURN ON THE LIGHTS!



THE END

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Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

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UKULELE



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ROLLER SKATES

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