

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!



No. 10
JUNE
JULY

GANG BUSTERS

TEN CENTS

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!



*Bobby and Jane tell you why they
chose **ROADMASTER*** for
their Summer Vacation*

● "When Dad said we kids could get new bicycles for summer vacation, we rushed downtown and looked at every bicycle we could find. We even tried them out, and what do you think? We both chose Roadmaster Luxury Liners. They're really super! Roadmasters have so many things just like Dad's new automobile—chromium, Gothic fenders . . . stop-light operated from the brake . . . a real searchbeam headlamp . . . broad base rims that hold more air . . . two-tone colors and shiny sparkling-embossed chrome trim. Yes, and the man who sold them to us said they were 100% safer because the frames are electronically welded. We think they're the best-looking bicycles on the road, and the safest. If you're going to get a new bike for summer vacation, be sure you get a Roadmaster just like ours. Mail the coupon and the Roadmaster people will send you a colored folder telling all about Roadmasters, 'America's Finer Bicycles.'"



**BRAKE OPERATED
STOP LIGHT** Just
Like On Dad's Car

**EMBOSSED
CHROME TRIM**

**AUTOMOTIVE TYPE SEARCHBEAM
HEADLAMP.** Not Just a Flashlight

**GOthic FENDERS
LIKE ON AUTOS**



**CHROME
FENDERS**

**CHROME BROAD-BASED
AUTOMOTIVE-TYPE RIMS**

Roadmaster
AMERICA'S *finer* BICYCLE

**MAIL THIS COUPON
NOW!**



THE CLEVELAND WELDING COMPANY
West 117th Street & Berea Road • Cleveland 7, Ohio
Gentlemen: Please rush to me a folder showing the Roadmaster
in colors.

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

PLEASE PRINT

FOURTH OFFENDER



DOES A CONVICT EVER REFORM?
WHEN HE SERVES HIS PRISON TERM, HE IS
SUPPOSED TO HAVE PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY.
DOES HE GET A FAIR BREAK WHEN HE COMES OUT?
SUPPOSE HE WANTS TO GO STRAIGHT. DO HIS NEIGHBORS
GIVE HIM A CHANCE? HERE'S THE STORY OF A THREE-TIME
OFFENDER, JIM CLARK, WHO CAME HOME TO THE PEACEFUL
TOWN OF VALLEY SPRINGS, ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF IN DANGER
OF GOING BACK FOR LIFE AS A ... **FOURTH OFFENDER!**

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UNLESS YOU'D SPENT TIME IN PRISON, YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND THE TEMPTATION THAT NEEDED JIM NOW...



WITH THIS CAR, I COULD TAKE IT ON THE LAM, JUMP MY PAROLE, START MY LIFE OVER SOME PLACE WHERE THEY DIDN'T KNOW ME.

BUT JIM DECIDED TO FACE IT OUT IN HIS HOME TOWN AMONG THE VERY PEOPLE WHO THOUGHT THE WORST OF HIM. HE SOLD HIS NEW CAR...



AND WITH HIS CAR-MONEY FOR A DOWN PAYMENT, HE BOUGHT THE BUSY BEE CONFECTIONERY NEXT TO THE BANK...



IT'S A GOOD BUSINESS PROPERTY. I HOPE YOU MAKE A GO OF IT.

THANK YOU, SIR.

JIM RESTYLED THE OLD BUSY BEE AND CHANGED ITS NAME...



JIM'S BUSINESS BOOMED FROM THE START...



THIS "JAILHOUSE SPECIAL" IS SIMPLY OUT OF THIS WORLD!

YOU'RE A 3-TIME OFFENDER TODAY, GLADYS. YOUR 4TH DISH IS FREE.

BUT, DOC, A "JAILHOUSE SPECIAL" IS ONLY TWO SCOOPS OF ICE CREAM, CHOCOLATE AND VANILLA TOPPING, WHIPPED CREAM, CHERRY AND NUTS.

YOU'LL ATTRACT A ROUGH ELEMENT HERE, JIM, BY BLATANTLY ADVERTISING YOUR PRISON BACKGROUND LIKE THOSE TWO MEN OVER THERE FOR INSTANCE.

DOC MASTERSON, PAROLE OFFICER, WORRIED ABOUT THE SET-UP...





IN TIME, HOWEVER, THE TOWNSPEOPLE BEGAN TO APPRECIATE JIM FOR HIS HONEST EFFORT. EVEN THE VALLEY SPRINGS SENTINEL GAVE HIM A BOOST...

SENTINEL

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD
JIM CLARK WITH HIS BARS AND STRIPES PURVEYS WHOLESOME REFRESHMENTS AT FAIR PRICES DESERVING OF YOUR PATRONAGE.

IN FACT, JIM DID SO WELL, HE ADVERTISED FOR AN ASSISTANT. **ONLY EX-CONS NEED APPLY**, HE SAID IN HIS AD...

I READ YOUR AD. I'M AN EX-CON, BUT THEY FRAMED ME. I NEVER DONE NOTHING TO HURT ANYBODY IN MY LIFE.

NOPE, AFRAID YOU WON'T DO.



BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER APPLICANT-- A YOUNG MAN WHO FRANKLY ADMITTED HE WAS A CROOK --OR HAD BEEN...

I SERVED TIME-- PLENTY. AND I HAD IT COMING TO ME. I WAS GUILTY ALL RIGHT, THEFT, BUT NOW I'M TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT...

YOU GET THE JOB, BUD.



JIM TESTED HIS NEW HELPER--WHO SAID HIS NAME WAS ALBERT MOORHAVEN-- IN VARIOUS WAYS...

I'LL JUST PUT THIS QUARTER HERE AND SEE.



HERE'S A TWO-BIT PIECE I PICKED UP OFF THE FLOOR, MUST HAVE FALLEN OUT OF THE CASH REGISTER.

ER-- THANKS...



BUT THE PAROLE OFFICER, DOC MASTERSON, DIDN'T SHARE JIM'S BLIND FAITH IN THE NEW HELPER...

JIM, I DON'T LIKE IT. I TOLD YOU YOUR PLACE WOULD ATTRACT CRIMINAL CHARACTERS. NOW YOU'VE EVEN HIRED ONE. I'M CHECKING UP ON HIM AND I WARN YOU...

EXCUSE MY BOARDING HOUSE REACH, DOC.



THE NEXT NIGHT, LATE, AS JIM WAS CLOSING UP...

TAKE A WALK, KID. WE GOT BUSINESS WITH YOUR BOSS.

HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU FELLOWS A COUPLE OF TIMES IN MY PLACE?

SWEET OF YOU TO REMEMBER!



INSIDE THE STORE, WITH THE CURTAINS DRAWN, THEY PUT PRESSURE ON JIM...

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE AS MUCH IN ONE NIGHT AS YOU'LL TAKE OUT OF THIS DUMP IN A YEAR?

DOIN' WHAT?

DOIN' NOTHIN'.



WE BEEN CASIN' YOUR PLACE. WE CAN GO THROUGH THE WALL AND GET IN THE BANK. EASY---

YOU CAN COUNT ME OUT. I'M PLAYING IT STRAIGHT.



WISE UP, MUG. WE CAN FRAME YOU. WE CAN SAY YOU TRIED TO HIRE US FOR THE JOB.

SURE, OUR FINGERPRINTS AIN'T ON FILE NOWHERE. IT'D BE THE WORD OF HONEST MEN AGAINST AN EX-CON!



AND IF YOU GET SENTENCED AGAIN, IT'S A FOURTH OFFENSE. YOU'D GO UP FOR LIFE!

WHO'S KNOCKING? LET HIM IN. AND WATCH YOURSELF, MUG.



I SAW THE LIGHT UNDER THE SHADES, JIM. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? WHO ARE THESE MEN?

WHY--ER--ER-- A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE, DOC---



SO THAT'S HOW JIM GOT INTO IT. THINK A MINUTE BEFORE YOU BLAME HIM TOO MUCH. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE? ...



THE NEXT NIGHT AFTER CLOSING TIME...

DID WE HAVE TO RING THE OTHER PUNK IN, TOO?

WHY NOT? HE'S A JAILBIRD, TOO. AND WE NEED THE BOTH OF THEM TO FINISH THIS JOB TONIGHT.



THE TWO YEGGS WENT THROUGH THE WALL INTO THE BANK AND WIRED DYNAMITE TO EXPLODE THE VAULT...



SHE'S ALL SET. WAIT TILL I GET OUT OF THIS HOLE.

WONDER IF I WAS WRONG ABOUT AL? HE COULD HAVE TIPPED THEM TO THIS JOB...

SUDDENLY JIM REMEMBERED SOMETHING...

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN. OLD MAN ROONEY-- HE'S DUE AT THE BANK AT EXACTLY THIS TIME. YOU'LL KILL HIM WITH YOUR EXPLOSION!

SO WE KILL HIM. WHAT'S ONE MORE WATCHMAN MORE OR LESS?

LET HER GO!



JIM MADE A QUICK DECISION. HE COULDN'T STAND BY AND SEE A MAN KILLED...



I MAY BE GOING TO PRISON FOR LIFE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ANYONE!

GET THAT FOOL!



DW-W-W-W-W!

ATTA BOY, JIM!





GANG BUSTERS



IT LOOKED BAD FOR JIM. NOBODY TO ALIBI HIM BUT ANOTHER JAILBIRD...

I TELL YOU JIM **DID** TRY TO STOP THEM...

LOOK WHO'S TALKING!

JUST ANOTHER JAILBIRD.



THAT WAS THE MOMENT MOTHER HARPER FROM THE BOARDING HOUSE THREW A SURPRISE INTO THEM ALL...

DON'T ANYBODY CALL MY OWN DEAD SISTER'S SON A JAILBIRD!

THAT'S RIGHT, FOLKS. I'M NO JAILBIRD. I COULDN'T GET A JOB. MY AUNT WROTE ME ABOUT THE AD JIM CLARK PUT IN THE PAPER. I CAME HERE FROM INDIANA AND PRETENDED TO BE AN EX-CON...



SEEING THE WAY THINGS WERE TENDING, THE TWO CROOKS MADE A GRAB FOR THEIR GUNS...

ATTA BOY, JIM!

I PUT MY CHIPS ON JIM.

JIM'S ALL RIGHT!



FROM THERE ON, DOC MASTERSON TOOK OVER.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE STILL IN THE CLEAR, JIM...

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WATCHMAN, OLD MAN ROONEY, WHO GOT KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION---



OLD MAN ROONEY ANSWERED THAT ONE HIMSELF...

I AIN'T DEMISED, NO SIR. I SPOTTED THEIR GET-AWAY CAR PARKED IN THE ALLEY. I WAS EXAMININ' SAME WHEN THE BLAST COME...



THAT'S THE TRUE STORY OF CONVICT 25388. HE REGAINED HIS PLACE AS A USEFUL MEMBER OF SOCIETY... BY A NARROW SQUEEZE. SOCIETY HAS A RESPONSIBILITY ALSO: TO GIVE AN EVEN BREAK TO THE RELEASED PRISONER TRYING TO GO STRAIGHT



LISTEN IN TO **GANG BUSTERS** EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT ON COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM



I'm Chiquita Banana; now may I suggest
A way you'll like to eat your Kellogg's Corn Flakes best.
Try 'em soon with sliced bananas of a golden hue
For Kellogg's and bananas are so good for you!

KIDS! MAKE THIS Chiquita Banana CLOTH DOLL ONLY 10¢ and one box top from KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES

1. Fun. Just sew 'n' stuff.
2. Long-wearing cotton cloth.
3. Safe, waterproof colors.
4. 10 inches tall.

Get printed cloth to cut out and make a real "Chiquita," kids! Fun to sew with Mom; fun to keep beside your breakfast bowl every morning! Only Kellogg's Corn Flakes offers this genuine "Chiquita." Get several! For each doll, mail your name and full address with 10 cents and a Kellogg's Corn Flakes box top to: Kellogg Company, Box 221, New York 8, N. Y. Hurry. Supply limited!

Kellogg's
**CORN
FLAKES**

TRY THIS FAVORITE CEREAL
AND FRUIT COMBINATION—

Mother Knows A Best!

Kellogg Company, Box 221, New York 8, N. Y.

Dear Chiquita: Yes, I want () number of your ready-to-sew-'n'-stuff dolls. For each I enclose 10 cents in coin and a Kellogg's Corn Flakes box top.

My name _____

My address _____

City or _____ Zone, _____ State _____

RFD _____ If any _____

(In CANADA — send to Kellogg's Dept. 3-B M,
London, Ontario, Canada.)

TROUBLE IN
THE BULL RING

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S

Adventures of

SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade"
every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS)
station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY
FLY TO MEXICO FOR A DAY AT THE BULL-FIGHTS...

LOOK AT MR. TOUGH-
GUY, WITH THE
POCKET MIRROR

COMB AND MIRROR WON'T
HELP THAT HAIR! HE
NEEDS WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC!



BOY!
WHAT
TIMING!

MANUEL CAN
HANDLE 'EM,
SWEETHEART!



SAM, THAT
BLINDING
FLASH!

...LIKE A
MIRROR-
MANUEL CAN'T
SEE THE BULL!



SAM AND EFFIE RUSH TO WHERE THEY HAVE
CARRIED THE INJURED BULL FIGHTER ...

HOLD IT, BUDD!
LOOK OFFICER-
A MIRROR!

SO...SO! THAT'S
WHAT BLINDED
MANUEL!

THE COP'S SAY HE'S
MAD BECAUSE
MANUEL STOLE
HIS GIRL

YEAH... LET'S GO HOME
WHERE GUYS BEAT
COMPETITION WITH
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
AND A FEW KIND WORDS

SAM SPADE ASKS:
"CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
FINGERMAIL TEST?"

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD.
IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS
AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF
YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-
OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC
--CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN



EFFIE SAYS:

SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING
AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS
BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS
FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAIN-
ING CHILDREN'S HAIR





DEADLINE *in the* MORGUE

Daily Chronicle

WEATHER
COOL
BREEZY

NOV. 12, 1934

IN THE NEWSPAPER TRADE, THE FILE ROOM CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF RESEARCH BOOKS, REFERENCE MATERIAL, AND CAREFULLY INDEXED NEWS CLIPPINGS OF PEOPLE AND EVENTS, PAST AND PRESENT, IS KNOWN AS THE MORGUE. IN CHARGE OF THIS DEPARTMENT IS AN EXPERIENCED LIBRARIAN, WHOSE UNIQUE SERVICES OCCASIONALLY AID THE POLICE IN THE SOLUTION OF A CRIME. THIS UNOFFICIAL GANG BUSTER IS TRULY AN UNSUNG HERO... AND IT IS TO HIM, APPROPRIATELY ENOUGH, THAT WE DEDICATE THIS PRESENTATION OF A CASE IN WHICH ONE KEEPER OF A NEWS MORGUE HELPED SEND A HARDENED CRIMINAL TO THE POLICE MORGUE!



**SALUTE
TO AN
AMATEUR
SLEUTH**



AUGUST 14TH WAS THE USUAL SWeltering SUMMER SUNDAY. PEOPLE SCURRIED TO THE BEACHES, DOZED ON ELM-SHADED LAWNS... BUT IT WAS JUST ANOTHER WORKDAY FOR THE HOMICIDE SQUAD...

HI, I'M TREMAINE OF THE CHRONICLE! AM I LATE?

NOT UNLESS YOU EXPECT TO SEE COLLINS, **ALIVE!**



LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT YOURSELF ANOTHER HEADLINE, BOB! BOOK SELLER MURDERED, NO CLUES EXCEPT A WOMAN'S BROKEN COMPACT INITIALED N.R.

HERE'S THE CLERK'S ADDRESS, INSPECTOR. HER NAME IS NADINE REGAN.



HMM, "HOW TO PITCH HORSESHOES." THEY WEREN'T LUCKY FOR YOU, COLLINS!

NOTHING UNUSUAL IN THE STIFF'S POCKETS, INSPECTOR, EXCEPT A BOOKLET OF SWEEPSTAKES TICKETS



WHAT'D YOU DO-- TAKE A BOOK?

YEAH, I MIGHT WANT TO READ WHILE THE CHIEF GRILLS NADINE IN HER APARTMENT. IT MIGHT BE DULL!

HMPH! IF THIS COMPACT IS HERS, SHE'LL HAVE A NEW APARTMENT... ON CONDEMNED ROW!



CLAM UP, NADINE! DON'T SAY NOTHING TILL WE GET A MOUTHPIECE!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING WRONG IN IDENTIFYING MY OWN COMPACT. YES, I LOST IT A WEEK AGO, INSPECTOR O'RILEY!



THAT DOES IT. I'M TAKING YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS TO BE BOOKED FOR MURDER!

ON THE WAY, YOU CAN TALK TO ME, SISTER-- AND I PROMISE TO WRITE EVERY WORD FOR MY READERS!



LATER, IN THE DAILY CHRONICLE'S MORGUE...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, POP. O'RILEY SAYS NADINE REGAN HAS A POLICE RECORD. SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND ON HER. SHE WAS ARRESTED FOR SHOPLIFTING AT DAILEY'S LAST MAY.

HM, THE CLIP SHOULD BE FILED UNDER 'DAILEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE-THEFTS.'



BOB, D'YOU THINK A REFORMED SHOPLIFTER COULD COMMIT COLD-BLOODED MURDER?

LET'S LEAVE THE THEORIZING TO O'RILEY, POP. JUST DIG UP SOMETHING I CAN USE FOR BACKGROUND IN MY STORY



YOU KNOW, I SEE A LOT OF LIFE, JUST SITTING HERE CLIPPING AND FILING NEWS STORIES. SOMETIMES, YOU HAVE TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES TO UNDERSTAND THE WHOLE STORY!

I KNOW, POP. BUT MURDER IS MURDER, NO MATTER HOW YOU READ IT!



FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THIS OLD BOOK YOU PICKED UP AT THE STORE. INNOCENT AS IT MAY SEEM, IT MIGHT HOLD THE KEY TO THE KILLING.

SURE, POP. THAT'S WHY I BORROWED IT FOR YOU! HAVE FUN!



NEXT DAY, AT THE INQUEST...

...SO WHEN I LEFT PRISON, I WAS DETERMINED TO GO STRAIGHT, EVEN THOUGH I WAS BROKE AND HOMELESS...



"RUBY MARKS, A FORMER ACQUAINTANCE, GENEROUSLY LET ME SHARE HER APARTMENT..."

LISTEN, KID, JUST BECAUSE YOU SERVED TIME DOESN'T MEAN YOU GOTTA GO STRAIGHT!

NO, RUBY, I LEARNED MY LESSON. I'M GOING TO GET AN HONEST JOB.





"BUT WHEREVER I WORKED, THE SHADOW OF MY PAST OVERTOOK ME..."

"...NEVER MIND WHO I AM, I THOUGHT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW YOUR NEW MODEL HAS A PRISON RECORD. IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, ASK HER!"



"THE SAME ANONYMOUS CALL DOGGED EVERY JOB..."

"I JUST GOT A TIP YOU SERVED TIME. SORRY, BUT I CAN'T RISK LETTING YOU HANDLE MY MONEY. YOU'RE THROUGH!"



"I WAS DESPERATE, UNTIL ONE DAY..."

QUIT CRYING, BABY. A BOY FRIEND OF MINE JUST OPENED A SHOP. I ASKED HIM TO GIVE YOU A JOB-- AND HE SAID TO SEND YOU AROUND-- AND IT'S LEGIT, TOO!"



SO THAT'S HOW I WENT TO WORK FOR MR. COLLINS. HE WAS VERY KIND TO ME. I WOULDN'T KILL HIM!"



SALES GIRL HELD FOR MURDER

COMPACT FOUND AT MURDER SCENE AND POLICE RECORD SWAY CORONER'S JURY

BY BOB TREMAINE

As a result of an inquest held by Coroner James P. Fletcher yesterday, Nadine Regan, beautiful clerk, will go to trial next month for the shooting of

A PERSISTENT OFFICER, O'RILEY CONTINUED TO PROBE...

THAT BOOKLET OF SWEEPSTAKES TICKETS FOUND ON COLLINS WAS COUNTERFEIT. I QUESTIONED LUCKY BARRINGER BUT HE'S CLEAN... SO FAR.

LUCKY IS KINGPIN OF THE NUMBERS RACKET-- BUT PHONEY SWEEP TICKETS, HE WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH 'EM!



I KNOW, BUT T-MEN SUSPECT HE IMPORTS AND SELLS GENUINE TICKETS. THEY SUGGESTED I SCREEN HIM.

THAT FIGURES. LUCKY WOULD HAVE

A STRONG MOTIVE FOR RUBBING HIM OUT IF COLLINS HAD BEEN SELLING FAKE DUCATS!





WHY'D YOU HAUL ME DOWN HERE, COPPER? I THOUGHT THIS CASE WAS ON ICE WHEN YOU ARRESTED NADINE!

RELAX! WE WANT TO LEARN IF YOU TWO EVER SAW THIS SUSPECT BEFORE-- ESPECIALLY AROUND THE BOOK STORE.



I'M SURE I NEVER SAW THAT MAN ANYWHERE. HE'S A COMPLETE STRANGER TO ME!

I, ER--NO, I NEVER SEEN THE PUNK BEFORE IN MY LIFE!



WON'T YOU TRY TO HELP ME, MR. TREMAINE? HOW CAN I CONVINCE YOU I'M NOT GUILTY? THINGS AREN'T REALLY THE WAY THEY APPEAR ON THE SURFACE.

GOOD GRAVY, FIRST POP TELLS ME THAT--NOW YOU. WELL, WHAT CAN I DO? I ONLY REPORT FACTS!

THE FACTS? WHAT ARE THE **TRUE** FACTS? ARE WE GETTING THEM--OR IS SOMEONE PULLING A FAST ONE? **POP!** MAYBE HE'S GOT THE ANSWER IN HIS FILES!

LATER... HERE ARE ALL THE CLIPS ON LUCKY BARRINGER SINCE HE FIRST CAME TO TOWN.

GOOD WORK, POP! MAYBE RUBY LIED AT HEAD-QUARTERS--MAYBE!



OH-OH! HERE'S SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE SOME BEARING, EVEN IF IT IS FIVE YEARS OLD!

I KNEW YOU'D PEG THAT ONE! IT'S ONE OF MY COLLECTOR'S ITEMS!



CHORINE HELPS LUCKY BARRINGER LAY CONERSTONE FOR NEW CAFE, "LUCKY HORSESHOE."

NO OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED THAT "EXCLUSIVE" OUR FORMER NIGHT CITY EDITOR RAN IT IN THE BULLDOG EDITION TO MAKE UP FOR A GAMBLING DEBT HE OWED LUCKY.

WOW! THIS PROVES RUBY **DOES** KNOW LUCKY, POP. THAT DAME IS COVERING UP SOMETHING!





WHAT A BREAK! YOUR RAG IS THE ONLY PAPER WHICH PRINTED THAT OLD PHOTO!

BUT, LUCKY, OTHER COPIES MUST BE ON FILE AT HIS OFFICE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, ON THE FRINGE OF THE CITY...

HE WON'T BE ABLE TO SWIM! IT'LL LOOK LIKE SUICIDE!

LET'S GO! WE GOTTA MEET LUCKY AT THE PAPER AFTER THIS JOB!



MEANWHILE, POP WARBURTON HAD MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

...THAT'S RIGHT, O'RILEY! MOST OF THE PAGES IN THE BOOK BOB BORROWED AT COLLINS' STORE WEREN'T READING MATTER. THEY WERE SWEEPSTAKES TICKETS THAT MERELY HAD TO BE TORN OUT!



THEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE BOOK SHOP...

POP WAS RIGHT, INSPECTOR! LOOK-DOZENS OF THESE BOOKS! COLLINS HAD THEM PRINTED ESPECIALLY AND PEDDLED THEM!

COME ON! POP'S GOT SOMETHING ON RUBY AND BOB TREMAINE IS OUT TRYING TO SCOOP US IN SOLVING THIS CASE!



BUT THE ONLY SCOOP WHICH CONCERNED BOB AT THE MOMENT WAS BEING SCOOPED-- OUT OF THE RIVER!

WHAT YOU TRY TO DO-- A STEVE BRODIE?

THANKS FOR FISHING ME OUT, SKIPPER! YOU'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE CHRONICLE--IF I GET BACK TO MY OFFICE ALIVE! CAN YOU LAND ME?





SHORTLY...

WE GOT WHAT WE WANTED! LET'S SCRAM OUT OF HERE, LUCKY!

WAIT! YOU FOOLS MUST HAVE BOTCHED THE JOB! THERE'S TREMAINE! HE'LL SPILL EVERYTHING IF WE DON'T FINISH HIM THIS TIME!



TWO MUGS HELD ME UP, STOLE THE FILE ON LUCKY BARRINGER AND THE BOUND VOLUME OF NEWSPAPERS CONTAINING THAT VITAL CLIPPING!

BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR MICRO-FILM FILE OF EVERY COPY FOR TEN YEARS BACK! START SEARCHING FOR THAT PAGE, POP!



THE LAST EDITION IS ROLLING NOW, BUT I'M GOING UP TO THE CITY ROOM TO WRITE A STORY FOR TOMORROW THAT WILL SPLATTER LUCKY BARRINGER ALL OVER PAGE ONE!



A MORGUE IS A PLACE WHERE THEY GOT STIFFS, AIN'T IT? OKAY, OLD-TIMER, INTO THIS AIRTIGHT VAULT,

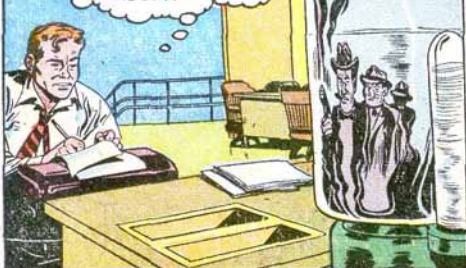
HURRY IT UP! WE GOTTA FIX THAT REPORTER BEFORE HE DOES ANY MORE DAMAGE!

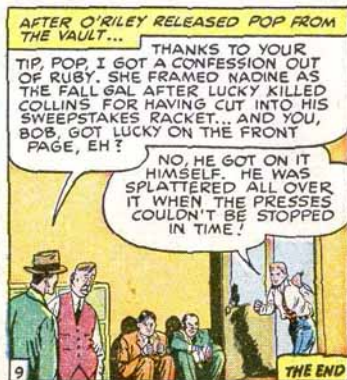


I'LL RUIN THIS FILM AND PROJECTOR!

AT THAT LATE HOUR, THE CITY ROOM WAS DESERTED...

OH-OH, HERE COMES TROUBLE! I HOPE SOMEBODY'S STILL IN THE COMPOSING ROOM!





The GAY MASQUERADER

CALLING HIMSELF LIEUTENANT FERNAND J. ROUSSELOT, A GAY YOUNG FRENCHMAN WON THE HEART OF NEW YORK SOCIETY IN 1917. HE CLAIMED TO BE A MARQUIS, AND PROMINENT NEW YORKERS URGED LOANS ON HIM WHEN "DUE TO SLOW WAR-TIME MAILS," HIS CHECKS FROM FRANCE WERE DELAYED.



HE FIRST CAME KNOWN TO THE POLICE WHEN THEY ARRESTED HIS CHAUFFEUR FOR SPEEDING. PLEADING "DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY," THE DAPPER FRENCHMAN FLASHED CREDENTIALS BEARING THE SIGNATURES OF HIGH FRENCH OFFICIALS. HIS DRIVER WAS RELEASED WITH APOLOGIES.



DETECTIVE GEORGE BUSBY DECIDED TO SHADOW THE MARQUIS AS HE WENT ABOUT RESPLENDENT IN HIS MILITARY REGALIA.



WHEN BUSBY SAW HIM OFTEN IN THE COMPANY OF NOTORIOUS GERMAN SPIES, HE ARRESTED THE FANCY FRENCHMAN.



DETECTIVE
George
Busby

THAT IS NO UNIFORM, THAT IS A MASQUERADE COSTUME!

BUSBY CALLED IN A FRENCH MILITARY ATTACHE TO INSPECT THE MARQUIS. "THAT'S NO UNIFORM," LAUGHED THE OFFICER. "IT'S A MASQUERADE COSTUME." HE POINTED OUT THAT IT INCLUDED THE COAT OF THE ENGINEER CORPS, THE PANTS OF THE INFANTRYMAN, AND THE BOOTS OF A CAVALRY OFFICER.

WIRES FROM PARIS PROVED ROUSSELOT TO BE A FORMER COOK. HIS PAPERS WERE ALL FORGED. HE WAS DEPORTED.



Can you find the
SECRET CLUES
 TO MONARK'S POPULARITY



THE NEW 1949

MONARK

Super Deluxe

ONE YEAR'S
 FIRE AND THEFT
 INSURANCE
 INCLUDED
 In Purchase Price

WHY is the Monark Super Deluxe America's fastest selling bicycle? Find the SECRET CLUES to Monark's tremendous popularity and win a big, colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button that quickly clamps on your shirt, sweater or coat. Why do YOU want a Monark? Your answer to that question may include the SECRET CLUES that bring the colorful "Air-Wing" Lapel Button and make you a full-fledged member of the Nation-wide Monark "Air-Wing" Club. It's easy! It's fun! Why not do it right now!

THIS LIST OF
MONARK FEATURES
 MAY HELP YOU!

1. Smart new "Safety-Guard" saddle grips
2. New "Rubber-Cushioned" double-spring shock absorbing front fork
3. Comfortable new "Form-Fit" saddle with weather-resistant plastic-type cover
4. New "Shooting Star" fender ornament
5. New "Kromegard" bumper-reflector
6. Colorful new "Air-Wing" headshield
7. New heavy-duty luggage carrier with gleaming chrome-plated auto-style grille
8. New super-streamlined air-flow design
9. Striking new color combinations
10. New mar-proof and chip-resistant finish
11. New whitewall U. S. Royal balloon tires
12. New air-style design headlight
13. Latest arch-design "Motor-Bike" frame
14. New built-in auto-type tank and horn
15. Airline style pedal crank, and assembly
16. Precision racing-type chain, sprockets
17. Latest auto-style fenders, chain guard
18. Triple-Plate crown tubular fork
19. Reinforced frame head, crank hanger
20. Electronic high frequency brazing
21. Double-width fork bar, kick-up stand
22. Drop-out fork ends, lock retainer ring
23. Acorn-style cap nuts, coaster brake
24. Exclusive Fire and Theft Insurance Plan

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

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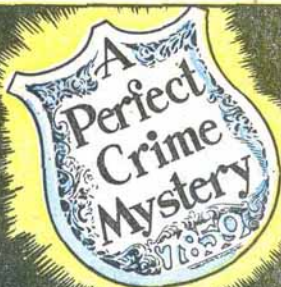
ADVENTURE OF THE SHIPWRECKED PIRATES



ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOF
THEY'RE GUARANTEED!



SEALED IN STEEL, AND SUPER-INSULATED TO KEEP POWER IN AND TROUBLE OUT. GUARANTEED: A NEW FLASHLIGHT IF YOURS IS DAMAGED BY RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOF BATTERIES,



"THE Gambler's Chance!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

IN AN EQUATORIAL ISLAND PORT, TOWARD THE END OF THE YEAR 1948, PROFESSOR THEODORE REISE COMPLETED A DIVING TANK TO AID HIS ICHTHYOLOGY (STUDY OF FISH) RESEARCH.

WALTER LUNN, THE PROFESSOR'S HELPER, AND EVA, THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER WERE CONSTANT COMPANIONS.



IT'S STOOD EVERY POSSIBLE TEST. TOMORROW WALTER AND I SHALL GIVE IT A TRIAL. IMAGINE. I'LL MAKE NOTES ON THE SEA BOTTOM.

WE HAD A WONDERFUL SWIM, DADDY.

FINE. WE'D ALL BETTER TURN IN EARLY TONIGHT, WALTER. BIG DAY TOMORROW.



BUT—UNKNOWN TO HIS EMPLOYER, LUNN WAS CURSED WITH THE GAMBLER'S FEVER. THAT NIGHT IN THE NEARBY CASINO...



I WANT TO SEE YOU IN THE OFFICE, LUNN.

HUH? OH. BE RIGHT WITH YOU...

YOU'VE STALLED LONG ENOUGH, LUNN. CLEAN UP THESE I.O.U.'s IN A WEEK—\$2,000—OR ELSE!



I—I'LL TRY, HAERLE!

IT WAS STILL EARLY. LUNN, DESPERATELY FRIGHTENED, DECIDED TO ASK PROFESSOR REISE FOR THE MONEY.

HE'S STILL UP. I'LL ASK HIM FOR THE TWO THOUSAND—TELL HIM IT'S FOR A GOOD INVESTMENT I JUST HEARD OF.



I COULD EASILY SPARE IT, WALTER, BUT I SHAN'T. EVA INHERITS MY FORTUNE, AND SOME DAY YOU AND SHE MAY—WELL, I WANT YOU TO LEARN TO HANDLE MONEY CONSERVATIVELY.

YES, PROFESSOR REISE.



LUNN WAS THE TWO-FACED TYPE, WHO ACCEPT WELL-MEANT KINDNESS WITH AN INNER SNARL.

THE OLD GOAT! I'LL NEVER GET HIS OR EVA'S MONEY IF I'M DEAD A WEEK FROM NOW!



THEN, BORN OF A FEAR-CRAZED MIND, A SCHEME OF TREACHERY AND MURDER IS HATCHED.

THE DIVING TANK! WHY—WHY, WITH OLD REISE DEAD, AND ME IN LINE FOR EVA'S MONEY, HAERLE WILL GIVE ME PLENTY OF TIME. I'LL BE RICH!



NEXT MORNING, THE BRIGHT SUNLIT SEA GAVE NO HINT OF THE DARK DEED IMPENDING.

IT'LL BE WONDERFUL TO HAVE FIRST-HAND NOTES TO WRITE MY BOOKS FROM.

THE OLD FOOL, THERE WON'T BE ANY BOOKS!



FRUSTRATED, ANGERED, COWARDLY LUNN ALWAYS SHIFTED THE BLAME FOR HIS DEEDS.

SAY YOUR PRAYERS, REISE. I'M LEAVING YOU ON THE BOTTOM. IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT. YOU'RE MAKING ME DO THIS.



WALTER! WALTER! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!





LUNN WAS AMAZED AT THE POLICE CAPTAIN'S NEXT STATEMENT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, LUNN. WE KNOW NOW THAT HE DID TREAT YOU LIKE A FATHER.

YES, BUT WHY... HOW ... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



NEEDLESS TO SAY, EVA'S LOVE TURNED TO BITTER HATRED ON LEARNING THE TRUTH. SIX MONTHS LATER, LUNN PAID FOR HIS FOLLY WITH HIS LIFE.



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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

KIDS! IT'S EASY TO WIN

ONE OF THESE 400 FLEXY RACERS!

YOUR OWN ROLLER COASTER



I'M the boy you see in the Bazooka Comics—having exciting adventures with my giant Bazooka bubble. I'd like you to be one of the 400 boys and girls to win an expensive Flexy Racer. You'll coast speedily over country roads or city streets. Steers like a motorcycle. Two-wheel brakes 'stop on a dime' with handle bar control. Swell for 'belly-whopping,' pulling friends or packages, too.

"Just fill out the coupon with your estimate of my birthday—and mail it with a Bazooka wrapper or facsimile! Hope you win!"

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES:

1. Judge how old you think Bazooka Boy should be to appeal to greatest number of boys and girls who read comics.
2. Send Bazooka wrapper to BAZOOKA, Box No. 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you please, but one Bazooka wrapper or facsimile must be sent with each.
3. One Flexy Racer will be awarded to each of the 400 entries that come closest to actual age, now on file with Modern Research Bureau, N. Y. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
4. Entries must be postmarked before September 1, 1949. For list of winners send a self-addressed stamped envelope to BAZOOKA, Box No. 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.
5. Contest open to all residents of the U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees of Topps Chewing Gum and their advertising agency.

LISTEN TO
"ABBOTT & COSTELLO"
KID SHOW
Every Sat. 11 A.M.
E.S.T.



SEND THIS COUPON TODAY—

Bazooka, Box 20
Madison Square Station
New York 10, N. Y.

Enclosed is a Bazooka wrapper or facsimile. I judge Bazooka Boy's birthday to be:

(Month) _____ 19 _____ (Day) _____ (Year) _____ (Hour) _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

This contest is subject to all state and local regulations

"TAKE CARE OF THE PENNIES AND THE DOLLARS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES." JOE ENGEL, FRESH FROM AN ARMY JAIL AND A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE, GAVE THIS OLD ADAGE A NEW TWIST AND IT TOOK THE SMARTEST KIND OF GANG-BUSTING DETECTIVE TO SMASH THE MILLION DOLLAR RACKET BUILT ON.....

"PENNY LARCENY"



ON THE MORNING OF NOV. 19, 1942, JOE ENGEL WAS DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY FOR STEALING AFTER SERVING A ONE-YEAR PRISON TERM...

THE U.S. ARMY HAS NO PLACE FOR MEN LIKE YOU IN ITS RANKS.

AIN'T THAT TOUGH?



AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT TWO HOURS LATER, JOE ENGEL, CIVILIAN, PUT IN A LONG DISTANCE PHONE CALL TO A FRIEND. AS HE HUNG UP...

I'VE HIT THE JACKPOT! THIS THING IS LEAKING COINS! MUST BE OVER THREE BUCKS HERE IN DIMES, NICKELS AND QUARTERS...





THAT NIGHT...

TOMORROW MORNING I START WORK, LEFTY. I WANT YOU TO KEEP YOURSELF AVAILABLE!

I'LL BE READY ANY TIME YOU SAY!



BEFORE LUNCH THAT DAY, ENGEL, UNNOTICED, ENTERED THE MAP ROOM. AFTER HIDING SEVERAL MAPS UNDER HIS COAT, HE WENT DIRECTLY TO THE DIXIE PHOTOSTAT COMPANY, WHERE LEFTY WAS WAITING.

SEE, LEFTY, EACH MAP IS FOR A DIFFERENT PART OF THE CITY. THE DOTS SHOW YOU WHERE THE TELEPHONE PAY STATIONS ARE!



TWO DAYS LATER, ENGEL, ARMED WITH PHONEY REFERENCES INCLUDING AN HONORABLE DISCHARGE, APPLIED FOR A JOB AT THE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

MR. ENGEL, YOU'RE THE FOURTH EX-G.I. WE'VE HIRED, AND WE HOPE YOU'LL BE HAPPY HERE.



AT NINE SHARP THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

ARE YOU THE NEW CLERK IN THE PUBLIC TELEPHONE DEPARTMENT?

THAT'S RIGHT, MA'AM!



THE NUMBER NEXT TO THE DOT TELLS YOU WHAT KEY OPENS THAT PHONE BOX... SNAP IT UP, LEFTY. I WANNA GET BACK ON TIME.



AFTER GAINING POSSESSION OF THE MAPS, ENGEL'S NEXT STEP WAS TO GET THE KEYS. THE METHOD HE USED WAS VERY CLEVER...

THIS CAMERA TAKES ACTUAL LIFE-SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS. AFTER THE PRINTS ARE DEVELOPED, IT'LL BE A CINCH TO DUPLICATE THE KEYS!



THE PHOTO YOU SEE BELOW IS ONE OF MANY TAKEN BY JOE ENGEL. NOTE THAT THE KEY AND THE PHOTO ARE BOTH THE SAME SIZE.



AFTER TWO WEEKS, JOE'S WORK ON THE INSIDE WAS FINISHED. HE SOON ARRANGED TO GET HIMSELF FIRED, AND HE AND LEFTY STARTED WORKING NIGHTS.

WE'LL BE SITTING PRETTY IN NO TIME!

ONE THING'S SURE, JOE. YOUR BRAIN DON'T NEED NO GREASE JOB!



TWO WEEKS LATER, TELEPHONE OFFICIALS DISCOVERED THE THEFTS AND IMMEDIATELY NOTIFIED THE POLICE. PLAINCLOTHESMEN BING CONAN AND CARL FOY WERE ASSIGNED TO THE CASE.

FOY, OVER \$5000 HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM THE PUBLIC PHONES IN THE PAST TWO WEEKS. THAT AIN'T HAY!

WHAT'S GOING TO BE OUR FIRST STEP, CONAN?



WE'LL NOTIFY THE BANKS TO CHECK ALL LARGE DEPOSITORS OF COIN. MAYBE WE'LL GET A LEAD FROM THERE!



THAT NIGHT, JOE ENGEL TOOK HIS FIANCEE DANCING AT A SWANK NITE CLUB.

BABY, THIS RACKET IS TOO BIG FOR ME AND LEFTY TO HANDLE ALONE. WE'RE GONNA HIRE A MOB. I'VE GOT IDEAS, BABY. BIG IDEAS!

YOU'RE TERRIFIC, JOE!



JOE AND LEFTY ROUNDED UP A MOB, AND THE NEWLY ORGANIZED GANG MET IN AN OLD SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

FELLAS, THE ANGLE IN OUR RACKET IS THE MACHINE. WE'RE GONNA KNOCK OFF MACHINES. ALL KINDS OF MACHINES WITH COINS. CIGARETTE MACHINES, CANDY MACHINES, ALL KINDS OF MACHINES!

MACHINES AIN'T LIKE PEOPLE. THEY DON'T SCREAM FOR HELP, PRESS ALARM BUTTONS OR GIVE YOUR DESCRIPTION TO THE COPPER, AND WHAT'S MORE THEY'RE UNGUARDED, RIGHT OUT IN PUBLIC!

I GOTTA STALL TILL TRESCU PHOTOGRAPHS THE KEYS FOR THOSE NUT MACHINES. THEY'RE IN THIS GUY'S PANTS POCKET.

GOT A LIGHT, MISTER?

GUNMEN AND THIEVES WERE NOT THE ONLY ONES EMPLOYED BY ENGEL. ALBERT TRESCU, A 60 YEAR OLD PHYSICIST, HAD SWITCHED FROM SCIENCE TO CRIME.

THIS IS THE X-RAY CAMERA I TOLD YOU ABOUT. I STOLE IT FROM THE SCIENCE BUILDING AT THE UNIVERSITY. IT CAN PHOTOGRAPH OBJECTS INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!

NICE GOING, TRESCU. WE'LL START SHOOTING TOMORROW!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN FRONT OF THE GEM VENDING MACHINE COMPANY, THE X-RAY CAMERA'S SHUTTER STARTED TO CLICK...

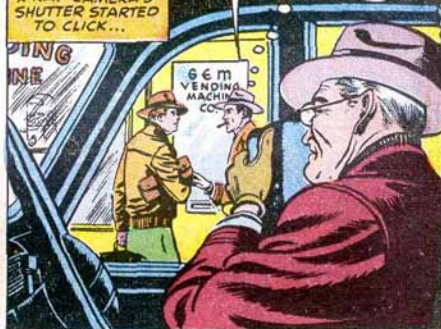
GEM VENDING MACHINE CO.

A GANG OF CRIMINALS USING AN EX-RAY CAMERA SOUNDS MORE LIKE FICTION THAN FACT. BUT SOMETIMES TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

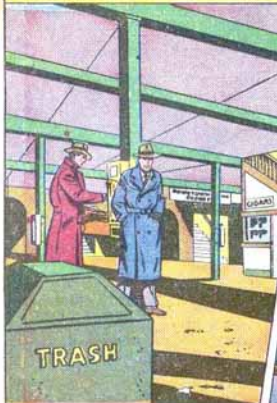
THESE SHOTS WILL TAKE CARE OF THE KEYS FOR THOSE PARKING METERS.

ARMED NOT ONLY WITH FIREARMS BUT WITH KEYS, JOE ENGEL'S MOB SWEEP DOWN LIKE VULTURES ON THE DARKENED CITY'S VENDING MACHINES...

TONIGHT'S TAKE ON THE PARKING METERS OUGHT TO BE CLOSE TO FIVE GRAND!



CIGARETTE MACHINES, GUM MACHINES, SODA MACHINES, NUT MACHINES, STAMP MACHINES, COIN CHANGING MACHINES--JOE ENGEL'S MOB LOOTED THEM ALL...



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THIS RACKET HAS SPREAD FROM PHONES TO PRACTICALLY EVERY KIND OF VENDING MACHINES. ANY LEADS FROM THE BANK YET, CONAN?

NOT A THING, FOY. WE'RE UP AGAINST SOME CLEVER OPERATORS.



THE BANKS WERE UNABLE TO OFFER ANY LEADS BECAUSE ENGEL WASN'T DEPOSITING HIS COINS WITH THEM. INSTEAD...

YOU'VE GOT TWO THOUSAND IN COIN THERE, JOE. HERE'S \$1600 IN BILLS IN EXCHANGE!

EASY MONEY, AIN'T IT, POP?.. THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DELIVERY TOMORROW... ABOUT 10 G'S.



BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

I'VE JUST SPOKEN TO THE CHIEF, CONAN. HE'S GOING TO ASSIGN AN EXTRA DETAIL TO THE NIGHT SHIFT. HE WANTS THE VENDING MACHINES THAT HAVEN'T BEEN LOOTED YET HEAVILY WATCHED!



THAT NIGHT, AROUND TWO O'CLOCK ON A SUBWAY STATION...



THAT WAS A NICE TAKE... SURE DIDN'T REALIZE SO MANY PEOPLE CARED ABOUT THEIR WEIGHT.

HEY, YOU! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, CONAN RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK.

MR. OTTO RABER, PROPRIETOR OF A PENNY ARCADE ON WATER STREET, HAS JUST DEPOSITED \$1000 WITH US. SEVERAL GRAY PENNIES WERE FOUND AMONG THEM.



ON THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS, JOE ENGEL VISITED RABER WITH \$10,000 WORTH OF PENNIES.

THIS IS THE BREAK WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, FOY. WE'RE GOING TO LET THAT GUY LEAD US TO THE ENTIRE MOB!



ENGEL'S MOB OPENED FIRE, AND A FIERCE BATTLE RAGED.

HE GOT ME IN THE CHEST... I'M GONNA DIE!



FROM THEN ON, OTTO RABER AND HIS PENNY ARCADE WERE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE.

HA, HA! CONAN'S PLAYING THE PINBALL MACHINE!



PLAINCLOTHESMEN CONAN AND FOY FOLLOWED ENGEL TO HIS HIDEOUT. A HALF HOUR LATER, A POLICE CORDON SURROUNDED THE OLD SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

WE'VE GOT THIS COTTAGE COMPLETELY ENCIRCLED. YOU MEN ARE TRAPPED. WE'LL GIVE YOU SIXTY SECONDS TO THROW OUT YOUR GUNS AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!



CONAN ORDERED THE COTTAGE BOMBED WITH TEAR GAS AND JOE ENGEL'S MOB STAGGERED OUT AND SURRENDERED

TOMORROW'S CHRISTMAS AND I WANTED TO GO BACK HOME!

YOU'RE ALL GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS! MEN LIKE YOU CAN HAVE ONLY ONE HOME-- THE STATE PRISON!



MY COLUMBIA
WOULD HAVE BEEN
FINE IN THE
GOLD RUSH
IN '49!

DAYDREAM MIKE and his WONDERFUL BIKE!

THAT'S GOLD IN THEM
CALIFORNIA HILLS, SON,
AND IT'S FUST COME,
FUST SERVED.

WITH FLYING ACTION
MY COLUMBIA WILL
BE THE FUSTEST!

CALIFORNIA
1000 MILES

CALIFORNIA HERE
I COME!...WITH
MY EASY-PEDALIN'
COLUMBIA BIKE!

THAT SMOOTH,
FRONT SPRING FORK
IRONS OUT BUMPS AS BIG
AS ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

GOLLY, THE HILLS ARE SOLID
GOLD, AND I GOT HERE
FIRST, WITH MY TRUSTY
COLUMBIA BIKE!

GET UP, MIKE.
YOU'VE BEEN
DREAMING AGAIN.

OH, WELL, MY COLUMBIA
COULDN'T BE BETTER
IF IT WAS MADE OF
SOLID GOLD!

REMEMBER! A BIKE BY
COLUMBIA IS NOT ONLY A
HANDSOMER BIKE, BUT A
BETTER BUILT BIKE...
AND WHEN A BIKE IS
BUILT BETTER IT LASTS
LONGER...PEDALS
EASIER...GOES FASTER
...AND GETS YOU THERE
FRESHER THAN "POKEY"
HARDER-TO-PUSH BIKES.

MORAL: GET A
BICYCLE BY COLUMBIA
AND BE A LEADER!

TRY THE NEW FLOATING SPRING FORK! AND COLUMBIA'S 'FLYING ACTION'!

UNTIL YOU TRY the new Columbia — until you see for yourself how the new Spring Fork smoothes out the bumpiest ride — you'll find it hard to understand how much better it rides than ordinary bikes!

Other great features of Columbias are the gleaming DuPont DuLux Enamels in new

Duo-Tone color combinations, new crank hangers for easier pedaling, silver-alloy brazed Therm-O-Matic frames and drop forged handlebar stems for greater safety, patented built-in kick stands and Protecto-Locks with optional insurance. No other bike but Columbia has 'em all!

BOYS AND GIRLS!
SEND TODAY FOR THE
BIG, FREE FOLDER
SHOWING 1949 MODELS
IN FULL COLOR!



Columbia



SINCE 1877 . . . AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE



The Westfield Manufacturing Company
46 Cycle Street, Westfield, Massachusetts

Please send, postpaid, the new Giant Broadsheet Folder
(19" x 27") showing many beautiful 1949 bicycles by Columbia.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

LIGHTNING SPEED...HEROIC DEED!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY

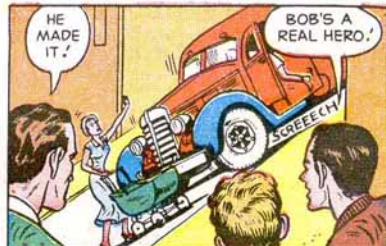


WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F"
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



The Grapevine

HOW T-MEN WORK

Just why anybody would try to beat the all-seeing eye of the United States Treasury Department's Secret Service is hard to understand.

The average American, returning from Europe after a vacation, knows that to try to smuggle anything in over and above his allowed quota is a foolish move. For the Customs men are on to all the tricks of the would-be lawbreaker. Everybody's baggage is carefully checked; nobody is above suspicion, and every dodge, from trunks with false bottoms to jewels concealed in toothpaste tubes is quickly uncovered.

But, despite Customs and Treasury Department vigilance, high-class smugglers do their best each year to import contraband materials into this country. Most of them, instead of living luxuriously by their smuggled riches, end up unpleasantly in jail. And there's no doubt that some of their inventions were extremely clever!

Each year, however, it gets tougher and tougher to fool the almost uncanny intuitions of the men in charge of tracking down these particular lawbreakers.

Until our Treasury and Customs Departments were scientifically organized and streamlined, smuggling was a relatively simple process. The time-tried methods of hollow heels on shoes, belts strapped under clothing, and food stuffed with contraband lasted for centuries.

During the French Revolution, members of the nobility fled their homes with jewels concealed in such ways. Even during the last war German spies used sausages and loaves of bread in which to transport small weapons and secret papers.

But now, woe to the smuggler who thinks he has the last word in a brand-new method. The men in the Treasury know more than any smuggler because they have on hand the methods of countless thousands of smugglers and are foolproof experts on the subject.

Down in Washington, D. C., the Treasury Department recently exhibited a display of smugglers' tricks. Obviously, the Department was so confident of its skill in apprehending smugglers that it had no fear in letting in the public on their ingenious gimmicks.

Since diamonds are small, light, and can be cached in any number of odd places, they are presumably among the easiest items to bring into a country illegally. One of the exhibits was an ordinary-looking clothes brush. This was found in the valise of a respectable-looking business man. The odd thing about the brush was that its handle was screwed on. Unscrewed, a compartment disclosed thousands of dollars' worth of uncut diamonds to the sharp-eyed Customs operator.

An apparently harmless wooden tub landed on a dock on the West Coast and was found to be full of live turtles from the Orient. It was addressed to someone who evidently was a great food fancier. Well, reasoned a Customs inspector, it's one thing to like turtle soup

and turtle meat, but a tub full of live turtles shipped at considerable expense seemed to him to be rather extravagant.

In examining the tub, he found that every second stave gave off a hollow sound when he tapped it. The suspicious tub was broken open, and the turtles were scooped out. In every second stave, which had been hollowed out, there was found a can of fabulous diamonds!

Spotting contraband is a science, based on curiosity and experience. For instance, a large shipment of toy watches arrived from Europe apparently for the Christmas trade. Since this country imports a good many toys from abroad, the cargo seemed perfectly normal. But one curious Inspector decided to check to see how well these seemingly harmless trinkets were manufactured. They were, he found, beautifully made—with all jewel movements—a clever ruse that *almost* brought into the country the most expensive watch parts ever made!

The life of a smuggler in these days of super-efficiency on the part of our Treasury Department is hardly an easy one. There just isn't such a thing as a new twist to the old racket—and if there is one, the T-Men know it beforehand!

WRONG TORCH JOB

Two inexperienced thieves decided to become safe-crackers. Rather than hone up on the subjects of equipment and technique, they decided to rob at once the contents of a safe, in which a manufacturer had stored his week's receipts.

The safe-crackers spent considerable time blazing away at the safe with their acetylene torch. Aware that they had failed in their effort, they finally gave up the job and left.

When police arrived the following morning, they found the safe-breaking equipment near the safe—among the pieces a high-powered, highly efficient *welding torch* instead of the usual cutting torch.

The poorer but wiser thugs had managed to seal up the safe so effectively that it took even the police several hours to open it and return it to its original easy-to-open condition!

SUSPECT: HANDS OFF

A case solved several weeks ago by Scotland Yard emphasizes the importance of turning in suspects in exactly the same condition as they are apprehended—and then of making careful observation of the most minute piece of evidence.

A body was found in a field not too far from London. Morbid curiosity-seekers had trampled the earth to such an extent that no footprints could be isolated, which might have launched an investigation.

Several days later, a tramp arrested for vagrancy was questioned by police. On his coat was a tiny plumed seed, much like that of the dandelion. This seed, however, belonged to a somewhat rare plant—a bush of which was found growing two feet from the spot where the corpse was found.

Confronted with this evidence, the tramp readily confessed. His original motive had been robbery. When his victim balked and threatened to cry for help, he had slain him.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

In a Texas city, a thief who had robbed an elderly couple, suffered the pangs of conscience, gave himself up in the police station.

In Chicago, a pair of thugs who pilfered a florist's shop, snatched a vehicle when a policeman gave chase. Several blocks later, they suddenly abandoned it on noting that it was a hearse.

In New York, a thief and his innocent wife were quickly apprehended when they made the mistake of wearing stolen fur coats to a policemen vs. firemen's football game.

HURRICANE HERO



BEFORE 40,000 PEOPLE, THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK PRESENTED TROOPER JOHN DORR WITH THE GOLD MEDAL OF VALOR FOR THE OUTSTANDING ACT OF HEROISM PERFORMED BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK STATE POLICE.



NEAR JONES BEACH DURING THE HEIGHT OF A BIG BLOW, DORR SAW 2 MEN CLINGING TO A SAND DUNE THAT WAS RAPIDLY DISAPPEARING. HE APPROACHED TO WITHIN 100 YARDS, THEN LASHING A ROPE TO HIS WAIST, HE PLUNGED IN AND BROUGHT THE FIRST MAN THROUGH THE RAGING WATER.



EXHAUSTED, HE NEVERTHELESS WENT AFTER THE OTHER. AN ASSISTANT HAULED THEM BOTH IN, UNDER WATER AND UNCONSCIOUS!

ADVERTISEMENT

NEW! DOG HEAD TOKENS
COLLECT 'EM! SWAP 'EM!

WEAR 'EM AS YOU COLLECT 'EM!

Check Item You Want



SANDY
The Scottie

WALLY
The Collie

6 MOST POPULAR BREEDS!

FOXY
The Terrier



They're the wonderful new caps on "junior-size" Listerine Tooth Paste.

ROCKY
The Cocker

EACH IN 6 GLEAMING COLORS!



DUKE
The Boxer

PAL
The German Shepherd



Authentic models by a famous sculptor! 6 breeds; each in 6 colors! Start collecting today. See them at any drug counter.



☐ KEY CHAIN

☐ BRACELET

Each made so 6 dog-heads screw on. Mail this coupon, with your name and address and 25¢ to Dept. GG, Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

... and get **Special Folder** that shows each breed in Action. **No Extra Cost!**



PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW.

tastes like fresh mint!

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

ON SALE NOW AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS!

FOUR HOURS to KILL!

IF YOU KNEW YOU WERE TO DIE IN FOUR HOURS, WHAT WOULD YOU DO? MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR TROUBLED SOUL, OR DO AS CONNIE FARGO... SEEK VIOLENT REVENGE? WHAT HAPPENED DURING THOSE FOUR FATEFUL HOURS AFTER THE KILLER CRASHED OUT OF THE DEATH HOUSE TO STALK THE STREETS, HIS HEART FESTERING WITH HATE? HE HAD NOTHING TO LOSE BUT HIS LIFE... AND THAT WAS ALREADY FORFEIT!

HERE'S THE STRANGE CASE THAT STUNNED THE NATION SOME YEARS AGO

ON JUNE 26, 1943, A CONDEMNED MAN AWAITED THE IMPENDING HOUR OF DOOM AT THE CALABASTON STATE PRISON. HE WAS 100 YARDS FROM THE DEATH HOUSE -- AND FOUR HOURS FROM ETERNITY...

FOR AT MIDNIGHT THE NOTORIOUS GUNMAN, CONRAD FARGO, WAS SCHEDULED TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR SLAYING A RIVAL GANGSTER!

I DIDN'T KNOW THE WARDEN WANTED ME TO GET ALL DRESSED UP FOR MY OWN EXECUTION!

LISTEN, FARGO, WHY DON'T YOU ADMIT YOU KILLED FATS CONNELL?





AS SHRILL PRISON SIRENS FADED IN THE DISTANCE...

NEWSPAPER READERS WILL REMEMBER HOW THE CONVICTS MADE THEIR DARING JAILBREAK FROM CALABASTON PRISON AT 9:31 P.M. THAT FATEFUL NIGHT... HOW THREE GUARDS AND ONE PRISONER PAID WITH THEIR LIVES... AND HOW CONRAD FARGO SEIZED ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION TO SCALE THE WALL, SPARKING ONE OF THE MOST RELENTLESS MANHUNTS IN POLICE ANNALS.

DID WE ALL MAKE IT?

THERE'S FOUR OF US. SO I GUESS WE DID!

THE GUYS ON THE OUTSIDE DID A GOOD JOB SNEAKING IN THESE GUNS! LET'S HOPE THEY REMEMBERED TO LEAVE CLOTHES FOR US AT THE BARN!

HEY, LOOK! THAT AIN'T SPIKE--IT'S CONNIE FARGO! HOLY SMOKE, A CONDEMNED MURDERER WHO'S HOTTER 'N' PISTOL!

WHY, YOU CHEAP KILLER! HOW DID YOU ESCAPE AND TAG-ON TO US? WE MAKE ALL THE PLANS AND TAKE ALL THE RISKS, THEN YOU CASH IN! I'LL FIX YOU...

YOU'LL WISH YOU STAYED BACK IN THE PEN WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

CUT THE ROUGH STUFF! COPPERS ARE COMIN' ACROSS THE FIELD! LET'S GO!

THERE THEY GO! AFTER 'EM!



IRONICALLY ENOUGH, BY PURSUING THE OTHERS, THE POLICE ALLOWED FARGO TO ESCAPE. LATER...

NAW, NOBODY CAN GET IN THOSE NEW CARS. ALL THE DOORS ARE LOCKED AT THE FACTORY BEFORE THEY'RE LOADED ON THE TRUCK.

HA-HA! I CAN OPEN ANY LOCKED DOOR!



MIGHT BE A FLOCK OF COPS WAITING ON THE DOCK! THIS IS MY ONLY CHANCE!



AT 9:35 P.M., DETECTIVE BEN COPELAND OF THE KINGSLAND COUNTY POLICE WAS ASSIGNED TO THE INTENSIVE MANHUNT...

COPELAND, YOU NABBED FARGO LAST TIME, THINK YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN?

IN FARGO'S CASE, I THINK LIGHTNING CAN STRIKE TWICE! GIVE ME A FEW HOURS, AND DON'T REVEAL HIS ESCAPE, OR HIS CONTACTS WILL GO UNDERGROUND!



SMART COPPERS! THEY'RE ALREADY WATCHING MAE'S PLACE! BUT I'LL OUTSMART THEM IF I CAN REACH THE BASEMENT!

WHILE IN MAE'S APARTMENT...

...AND THREE OF THE FUGITIVES HAVE BEEN RECAPTURED. THE FOURTH CONVICT WHO'S NAME IS TEMPORARILY WITHHELD BY POLICE, IS STILL AT LARGE!

WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE SOMEBODY KNOCKING ON THE DUMBWAITER DOOR-- BUT-- BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



CONNIE! HOW DID...? I THOUGHT YOU...!

YOU MEAN STEVE THOUGHT I'D BURN TONIGHT-- THEN I COULDN'T STOP YOU FROM MARRYING HIM! I'D BE OUT OF THE WAY!



BUT, CONNIE, YOU'RE SO WRONG ABOUT STEVE! HE NEVER FRAMED YOU! WE'RE IN LOVE AND HE QUIT THE MOB FOR ME!

SAYS YOU! HE'S SO CROOKED HE COULDN'T FALL DOWN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT! GIMME ANOTHER PIN! THEN I WANT A JACKET... AND MY HEATER!



WHEN FARGO LEFT, MAE FRANTICALLY TRIED TO AVERT A MURDER...



BUT MR. GRISWOLD MUST BE IN HIS ROOM!

SORRY, BUT HE LEFT TEN MINUTES AGO!



DESPERATE FOR HELP, SHE FINALLY TELEPHONED FARGO'S EX-BOSS, BILLY DELANEY, A NOTORIOUS RACKETEER!

IF CONNIE CRASHED OUT AND IS GUNNING FOR STEVE, THAT'S THEIR BUSINESS! WHAT D'YA WANT ME TO DO? GET IN THE MIDDLE? LISTEN, I'M KEEPING MY NOSE CLEAN!



NOW, I'M GONNA TELL YOU SOMETHIN', AND IT DON'T GET OUTA THIS GYM, SEE? OR THEY'LL BE CARRYIN' YOU OUT-- FEET FIRST! IT WAS ME WHO KNOCKED OFF FATS AND PLANTED CONNIE FARGO'S GUN. I WANTED FATS OUTA THE WAY, AND CONNIE WAS GETTIN' TOO BIG FOR HIS BRITCHES! HE THINKS STEVE GRISWALD FRAMED HIM? THAT'S OKE WITH ME, AND YOU TWO PUNKS, SEE?



PRESENTLY...

I TRACED THE ANONYMOUS TIP TO DELANEY'S GYM. TWO OF YOU STAKE OUT AT GRISWALD'S APARTMENT UPSTAIRS. KELLY AND I WILL KEEP AN EYE ON THE GYM. I'VE A HUNCH THAT'LL BE THE HOT SPOT!



SO MAE SQUEALED TO THE COPS! SHE'D SACRIFICE ME FOR HER BOY FRIEND! SHE WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT THOUGH. I'LL HIDE OUT AT THE GYM TILL THE HEAT'S OFF! DELANEY'LL TAKE CARE OF ME!



BULL'S SWARMING ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD! BUT THEY'LL NEVER TAKE ME AGAIN! NEVER!

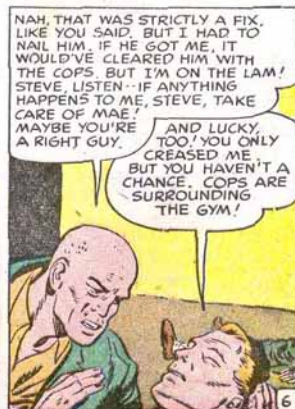


MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE GYM...

STEVE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DON'T YOU KNOW CONNIE'S OUT AND GUNNING FOR YOU?

YEAH, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I NEVER FRAMED HIM! BUT I GOT AN IDEA WHO DID! IF YOU THINK I'M GONNA BE THE FALL GUY...







FARGO CUT THE LIGHTS, MEN! COME ON, BUT BE CAREFUL...! VERY CAREFUL!



MEANWHILE, ON THE GYM ROOF...
THAT LEAD IN MY SHOULDER AND STOMACH...! KILLING ME WITH PAIN... BUT I GOTTA ESCAPE. IT'S MY LAST CHANCE... I'LL FOX 'EM BY CLIMBING TO THE NEXT BUILDING...

LOOK-- THAT DOOR LEADING TO THE ROOF IS OPEN, KELLY! HE'S UP THERE, BUT HE CAN'T HOLD OUT FOR LONG!



HERE THEY COME NOW. THIS ROPE IS MY ONLY CHANCE...!

I DON'T SEE HIM! HE'S GOTTEN AWAY FROM US SOMEHOW!



THAT BELL...! IT'S GIVEN ME AWAY...

THAT'S SOUNDING YOUR DEATH KNEEL, FARGO! WE'VE GOT YOU TRAPPED-- NO, DON'T FIRE, KELLY! IT'D BE LIKE SHOOTING A FISH IN A BARREL!

LISTEN TO THAT BELL! WONDER WHY IT'S RINGING?

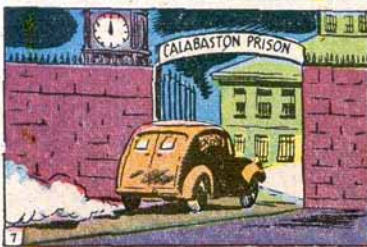
I DON'T KNOW, THE PICNIC'S FOR TOMORROW, NOT TONIGHT! LET'S GO! WE GOT ANOTHER STOP TO MAKE!

GOT.. TO... GET.. INTO.. THAT TRUCK! ONLY.. CHANCE...



HOLY COW! LOOK WHAT'S IN HERE...! A DEAD MAN!

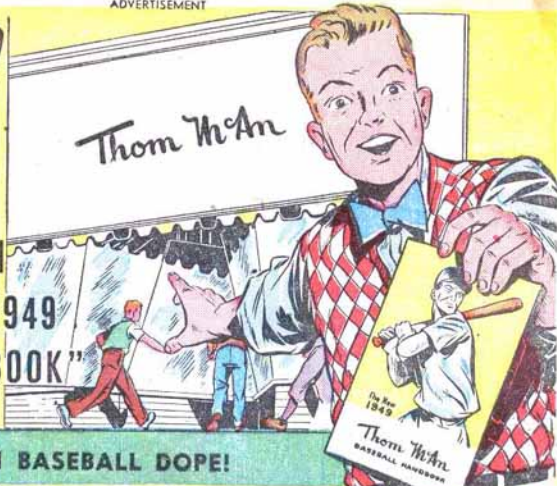
DETECTIVE COPELAND TELEPHONED ME TO EXPECT HIM. HE SAW HIM CLIMB INTO YOUR TRUCK. ONLY REAL LIFE WOULD PRODUCE A COINCIDENCE LIKE THIS-- CONNIE FARGO DIED IN PRISON AT MIDNIGHT, JUST AS THE LAW PRESCRIBED!



THE END

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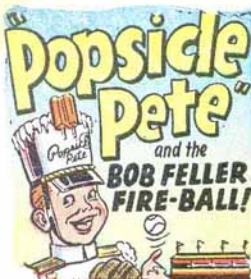
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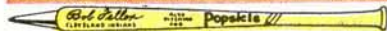


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HOPE THE BOYS DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE BEFORE I GET BACK WITH THE POLICE...



HURRY UP WITH THAT RANSOM NOTE, MUSSY, SO WE CAN SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS--WE'VE GOTTA KEEP THEM HERE 'TIL ROYAL GETS BACK! C'MON--I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HOW TH-- WHAT A TIME FOR FLAT TIRES! GET THE HAND-PUMP-- WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

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