

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

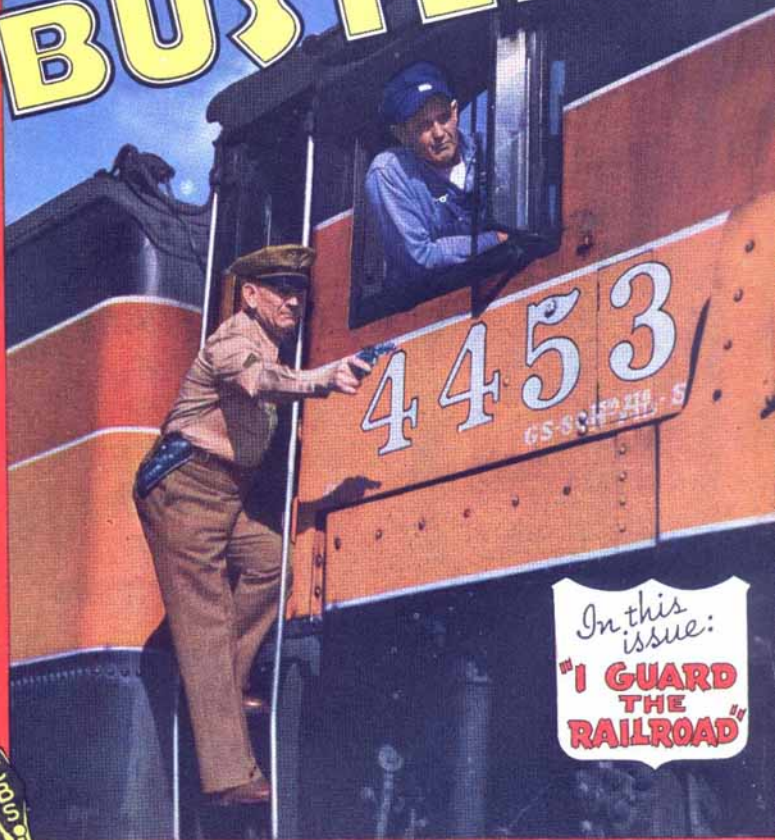
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A 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE

10c



GANG BUSTERS



In this
issue:

"I GUARD
THE
RAILROAD"

BASED ON THE SMASH RADIO HIT!

NOW—MORE THAN EVER

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~ LOOK
FOR THIS
FAMOUS
SYMBOL!



ON THE COVER OF
EVERY 52 PAGE
MAGAZINE,
IT IS YOUR
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TOP VALUE
IN THE TOP
MAGAZINES!

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THEY SMUGGLE *Human* CARGO

Dedicated to those Agents who gave their lives to Protect America's Portals against illegal entry!

DO YOU KNOW HOW PEOPLE IN FOREIGN LANDS HOPE TO COME TO AMERICA? HOW THEY TOIL AND SAVE FOR THAT GLORIOUS DAY WHEN THEY CAN FORSAKE THEIR DRAB LIVES FOR OUR LAND OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY?

YET, THERE ARE **HUMAN** SMUGGLERS WHO CRUELLY TAMPER WITH THIS CAULDRON OF MISERY AND EMOTION... WHICH SOMETIMES EXPLODES WITH VOLCANIC FURY!

THIS ACCOUNT REVEALS HOW THE INVESTIGATION DIVISION OF THE U.S. IMMIGRATION & NATURALIZATION SERVICE, WITH ITS CORPS OF 86 AGENTS, CAN SMASH THOSE WHO DEAL IN **HUMAN CONTRABAND!!**



ON JULY 26, 1947, A TRAFFIC ACCIDENT IN A LOUISIANA GULF CITY STARTED A CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH WAS TO EFFECT VITALLY THE LIVES OF INNOCENT PEOPLE A THOUSAND MILES AWAY... PEOPLE TO WHOM AMERICAN STREETS, PARADOXICALLY, WERE A SYMBOL OF HAPPINESS, OPPORTUNITY AND FREEDOM!



PRESENTLY, IN AN EMERGENCY HOSPITAL RECEIVING ROOM...



THIS INFORMATION ULTIMATELY REACHED EDGAR V. FROST OF THE U.S. IMMIGRATION AND NATURALIZATION SERVICE...



"...WHICH PRINTED AND SOLD FORGED TOURIST CARDS TO UNDESIRABLE ALIENS?"



"AND REMEMBER HOW BILL CAPTURED THOSE STONAWAYS WHO TURNED OUT TO BE AXIS SABOTEURS TRYING TO SNEAK INTO THE COUNTRY!"



TWO AGAINST ONE...FAIR ENOUGH!

AND REMEMBER THE TIME BILL...



--AND I'M SENDING YOU A COMPLETE DOSSIER ON THE CASE, HENDERSON... INCLUDING THE LATEST LEAD!



REMEMBER... THOSE RATS ARE WELL ORGANIZED! IT'S A DANGEROUS JOB, AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN!...THAT'S ALL, HENDERSON...AND GOOD LUCK!

GOODBYE, BILL DEAR... AND BE CAREFUL...



TWO WEEKS LATER, IN SAN RAFAELO, WEST INDIES... A LAND OF COLOR AND MYSTERY...THE MYSTERY BEING THE SECRET UNDERGROUND WHICH TERMINATED ON AMERICAN SHORES...



TO WHERE, SENOR?

WHO CARES? I WANT ONLY TO SEE THE SIGHTS! I AM CELEBRATING MY FIRST JOURNEY INTO TOWN IN THREE LONG YEARS! LET US GO!!





THE WATER...IT LOOKS GOOD AFTER ALL THAT TIME IN THE HILLS...NO?

IT MAKES ME YEARN TO TRAVEL! IT ALSO MAKES ME VERY THIRSTY! DRIVE TO THE **GREEN DRAGON**...YOU WILL HELP ME CELEBRATE!



...SO WHEN MY FATHER DIED, I SOLD THE FARM! MAYBE I LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND GO TO **AMERICA** AND GET RICHER!

SURE... EVERYBODY GETS RICH IN **AMERICA**... BUT YOU GOT TO GET THERE FIRST!



NOBODY GOES **THIRSTY** WHEN I HAVE MONEY...**YOU**, **BARTENDER**...SET OUT GLASSES FOR **EVERYBODY**!

PARDON ME, SENOR...I COME BACK IN ONE MOMENT!



I HEAR HIM SAY SO MYSELF! HE WANTS TO GO TO **AMERICA**! HE HAS PLENTY OF MONEY, **PIERRE**...

HE WON'T HAVE WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH HIM! TELL **MARC** TO BRING HIM TO THE BACK ROOM! IF HE BUYS PASSAGE... YOU'LL GET YOUR USUAL CUT!



IT'S LIKE **THIS**, MY FRIEND! YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT **FIVE YEARS** TO GET INTO THE COUNTRY UNDER THE QUOTA...MAYBE LONGER, MAYBE **NEVER**! AND SOMEBODY THERE MUST VOUCH FOR YOU!

BUT FOR 1,000 DOLLARS YOU CAN LEAVE **TONIGHT**!! YOU'LL BE PUT ASHORE IN THE LOUISIANA BAYOUS... **AMERICA**... FOR ONLY \$1,000!

I AM ONLY SIMPLE PEASANT, AND NOT KNOW TOO MUCH...BUT TO ME IT SOUNDS GOOD! I MEET YOU HERE LIKE YOU SAY!



IN A CHEAP ROOM ABOVE THE CAFE, THAT NIGHT...

AH...YOU ARE ONE LUCKY PEASANT! IS IT NOT SO?

YOU WON'T BE SO **LUCKY** IF THOSE MUGGS SEE THROUGH YOUR DISGUISE, **BILL HENDERSON**!

THUS, LONG DAYS OF SURVEILLANCE...OF PATIENT, WATCHFUL WAITING FINALLY BROUGHT THEIR REWARD...IDENTIFICATION OF THE SMUGGLER CHIEFTAIN AND HIS STRONG-ARM STOOGES...

IF I CAN CONTACT HIGGINS IN PUERTO RICO, HE'LL RELAY MY REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS...



BUT NOW I LET YOU LIVE! AFTER I TAKE YOUR MONEY...I SELL PIERRE THE INFORMATION THAT YOU ARE AN IMMIGRATION AGENT!

THANKS FOR TELLING ME...NOW I'LL SHOW YOU!



THAT CABBIE! I'M SUNK IF HE EXPOSES ME!!

WOW!! HE'S FALLING RIGHT INTO THE COURTYARD...AND PIERRE WILL PASS THERE ANY SECOND!



MOMENTS LATER, BELOW...

AH, PIERRE! THIS MAN...I THINK HE DRINK TOO MUCH WINE! HE FALL AND BUMP HIS HEAD ON STONE FLOOR! COME WITH ME...I GET MY BAG!

NEVER MIND YOUR BAG...WE'RE LATE! MARC'S WAITING AND THE TIDE'S RISING...COME ON!

BLAST IT! WHEN THE RADIO IS FOUND IN MY ROOM, THE JIG WILL BE UP...AND I'LL HAVE NO WAY TO CONTACT HIGGINS! WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST TO LUCK!

A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

THINK OF IT, ROGET! SOON WE'LL BE IN AMERICA!

BUT DID IT HAVE TO BE THIS WAY? STEALING INTO A COUNTRY LIKE CRIMINALS...WITH THIS THIEVING GANG OF...

HURRY UP!! GET INTO THAT TRUCK!



SO BEGAN THE TREK THROUGH THE DEVIOUS, WEARYING UNDERGROUND! IN A DESERTED COVE, SHORTLY AFTER, THE FUGITIVES WERE TRANSFERRED TO A FISHING VESSEL...



NOW YOU MUST BE BLINDFOLDED...

WHY IS THAT, SENOR?

SO NO DOUBLE-CROSSER CAN SQUEAL ABOUT OUR ROUTE...IT'D BRING THE LAW DOWN ON US!

DEPOSITED ON A BEACH AT DAWN, THE GROUP WORKED INLAND, THREADING THE WOODS TOWARD THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND...



SOON, DEEP IN THE HUMID HOLD OF THE CRAFT...

...FINALLY REACHING THE TRAMP SHIP THAT WOULD BEAR THEM TO FREEDOM!



YOU PAY PASSAGE HERE! HAVE YOUR MONEY READY... \$1,000 EACH!

AND REMEMBER, ALL OF YOU...**NOBODY** IS TO GO ON DECK DURING THE VOYAGE! ANYBODY CAUGHT GETS THROWN TO THE FISHES... **KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!!**



NICE HAUL, EH, SKIPPER? BETTER THAN RUNNING RUM IN THE OLD DAYS!

DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF EDGAR V. FROST...



HERE'S AN INTERCEPT FROM SAN RAFAELO! LISTEN...SOMEONE IS TRYING TO CONTACT UNIDENTIFIED SHIP AT SEA! SENDER REVEALS AGENT DISGUISED AS PEASANT! AGENT LEFT HIS RADIO AT GREEN DRAGON! SIGNED, HIGGINS, PUERTO RICO...

BILL MUST BE ABOARD THAT SHIP! WHEN HIS IDENTITY BECOMES KNOWN...OH! HOW TERRIBLE...CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?

BUT HENDERSON'S SECRET WAS SAFE... SO LONG AS THE SHIP'S RADIO WAS SILENCED TO AVOID DISCOVERY!



POOR SOULS... EXPLOITED BY CONTEMPTIBLE CROOKS WHO DEAL IN HUMAN MISERY! I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE DREAMING ABOUT?

"MY SON WILL STUDY HARD AND BECOME A GREAT SURGEON!"

"I WILL BE A FAMOUS BALLET DANCER!"

"MY WIFE AND I WILL SPEND THE REST OF OUR DAYS IN PEACE AND CONTENTMENT!"



THE SIXTH DAY, AS LAND WAS SIGHTED... THE RADIO BLACKOUT WAS LIFTED...

HUH? WHAT'S THIS? AN IMMIGRATION MAN ON BOARD! I GOT TO RUSH THIS TO THE SKIPPER!



THAT MUST BE SPARKS WITH A MESSAGE! THE RADIO MUST BE WORKING! IF HE GETS WORD ABOUT ME, THE FISH WILL HAVE FRESH FOOD FOR SUPPER!



DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO STAY BELOW? WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' IN THE RADIO ROOM?

UGH!

DIT-DIT-DA-DIT-DIT



NEVER SNEAK UP BEHIND ME, MISTER!!







SUPERMAN *on* SAFETY FIRST!

HIGH ABOVE A BUSY STREET, SUPERMAN SIGHTS IMPENDING DISASTER!



A HURLING DIVE... AND THE MAN OF STEEL WHISKS THE YOUTH FROM THE PATH OF DANGER!

WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!



GEE, TH-THANKS, SUPERMAN! IT'S A LUCKY THING YOU WERE AROUND!

DON'T DEPEND ON LUCK! I MAY NOT BE AROUND NEXT TIME! JUST BE CAREFUL WHEN YOU CROSS A STREET!



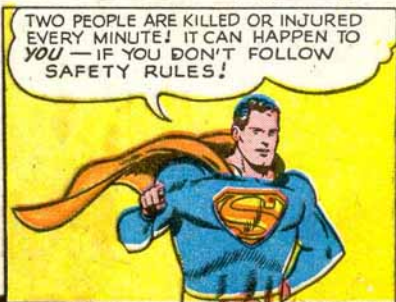
32,300 PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND 1,150,000 INJURED IN TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS IN A SINGLE YEAR! MANY CASUALTIES WERE DUE TO CARELESS, OR RECKLESS DRIVERS...



... BUT MANY OTHER ACCIDENTS ARE CAUSED BY JAYWALKING PEDESTRIANS. LOOK BOTH WAYS BEFORE YOU CROSS A STREET! AND NEVER CROSS AGAINST A RED LIGHT!



TWO PEOPLE ARE KILLED OR INJURED EVERY MINUTE! IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU — IF YOU DON'T FOLLOW SAFETY RULES!



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BOB LEMON

STAR PITCHER
OF WORLD
CHAMPION
CLEVELAND
INDIANS

LEMON'S PITCHING—
HAD HIS WHEATIES

PICKED BY
SPORTING NEWS AS
TOP PITCHER IN AMERICAN
LEAGUE LAST SEASON, LEMON
WAS A TWENTY GAME WINNER.
ADDED TWO MORE VICTORIES IN
WORLD SERIES.

WHO SEZ
PITCHERS CAN'T
HIT!

GEE, NOT
EVEN A
SCRATCH!

YEAH—HE
EATS WHEATIES

SWITCHED FROM
OUTFIELD TO PITCHING,
LEMON TOOK BATTING
EYE WITH HIM.
BELTED FIVE HOME
RUNS LAST SEASON!

LEMON'S AMAZING
RECORD INCLUDED TEN SHUTOUTS.
REACHED PEAK WHEN HE TAMED
DETROIT TIGERS WITH BRILLIANT
NO-HIT, NO-RUN PERFORMANCE.

JUST IN CASE---

LEMON WAS HARDEST-WORKING
PITCHER IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.
PITCHED 294 INNINGS—SPARKED
CLEVELAND'S PENNANT DRIVE.
"I CALL ON WHEATIES OFTEN,"
SAYS BOB. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT
FLAKES TASTE SWELL, AND
GIVE YOU REAL NOURISHMENT."

WHEATIES

BREAKFAST
OF
CHAMPIONS
WITH MILK
AND FRUIT



HIDE OUT

WHEN THEODORE DOLAN CROSSED HIS MOB BY HIJACKING \$75,000, THEY VOWED THEY'D KILL HIM--BUT ONLY ONE THING STOPPED THEM. HE COULDN'T BE FOUND; NEITHER COULD THE LOOT! HOW DID THIS SLIPPERY THIEF ESCAPE BOTH COPS AND CROOKS WHO SOUGHT HIM? AND WHERE DID HE HIDE THE HOT MONEY?

ONLY THEODORE DOLAN KNEW--AND HIS ANSWER TURNED OUT TO BE THE SURPRISE OF THE CENTURY, ESPECIALLY TO THE 20,000 PAIRS OF EYES WHICH UNKNOWINGLY GUARDED HIS SECRET!

GO AHEAD AND SHOOT! BUT WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO **YOU** IF I FALL OFF?



ON APRIL 2, 1946,
AT THE SITE OF
THE DRUHR
CONSTRUCTION
CO., IN MADISON
CITY...

DO AS I SAY, MISTER,
AND EVERYTHING
WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HUH? OKAY--
BUT PUT
DOWN THAT
GUN!



SO, THE GETAWAY CARS TOOK
DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS, AND THE ONE
BEARING THE LOOT...

COREY GOT AWAY
SAFE, TOO. EVERYTHIN'
GOIN' OKAY, EH,
DOLAN?

YEAH, WE'RE
SUPPOSED TO MEET
HIM AND PETE AT
HIS PLACE-- ONLY
I'M CHANGING THE
PLANS **RIGHT NOW!**



BUT, DOLAN, YOU CAN'T
HEIST OUR DOUGH! I'M
WARNIN' YOU, THE BOSS
HAS GOT AN AWFUL
REP WITH DOUBLECROSSERS!

SAVE THE ADVICE!
COREY'LL NEVER
FIND ME--AND
NEITHER WILL
THE COPPERS!
THANKS FOR
EVERYTHING,
CHUMP!



THAT
NIGHT, A PRE-
SEASON VISITOR
SLIPPED INTO THE
FARNWORTH
BASEBALL
STADIUM...

THIS TIME OF THE
YEAR THE PLACE
IS CLOSED.
NOBODY'LL EVER
THINK OF SEARCHING
HERE!



THERE MIGHT
BE EXCAVATING
DONE IN THE
STREETS, BUT
NOBODY'LL EVER
DIG UP THIS
BASEBALL FIELD!
WHAT A GAG--!
THE DOUGH IN
THIS DIAMOND
CAN BUY DIAMONDS!



SOON, IN HIS NEWLY-RENTED SECRET APARTMENT, UNKNOWN TO THE MOB...

HELLO, GINNY HONEY! I DID IT! SEVENTY-FIVE GRAND, JUST FOR THE TWO OF US... NO, I'M NOT EVEN TELLING YOU WHERE IT'S HIDDEN! JUST GET YOUR PROPS READY LIKE WE PLANNED AND CALL THE POLICE!



LATER, MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE PAYROLL ROBBERY...

...AND THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU. THE BURGLAR BOUND AND GAGGED ME, THEN STOLE MY JEWELS. IT TOOK ME AT LEAST TWO HOURS TO BREAK LOOSE AND CALL YOU!

HE MUST'VE DROPPED HIS WALLET ACCIDENTALLY. SAY, HERE'S A SEASON BASEBALL PASS IN THE NAME OF JAMES DENBROOKE AND HIS ADDRESS. GUESS I'LL TURN IT IN!



PRESENTLY...

THE JEWELS ARE ALL HERE! WELL, DENBROOKE, YOU'LL BE GOING UP THE RIVER FOR A SPELL!

OKAY, YOU GOT THE GOODS ON ME!

WE'LL TEACH PUNKS LIKE YOU TO STAY OUT OF THIS CITY!



NEXT DAY, AT THE LINE-UP...

I'M NOT SURE, BUT THE MIDDLE FELLER LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE MEN WHO STOLE OUR PAYROLL YESTERDAY...

IMPOSSIBLE! HE ROBBED MY APARTMENT AT 5 O'CLOCK, AND THAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!



SO, CLOAKING HIS PARTICIPATION IN THE HUGE PAYROLL THEFT-- WHICH MIGHT HAVE JAILED HIM FOR 20 YEARS--WITH AN IRON-CLAD ALIBI, THEODORE DOLAN, ALIAS JAMES DENBROOKE, WITH NO PREVIOUS LOCAL POLICE RECORD, WAS CONVICTED OF BURGLARY AND SENTENCED TO ONE YEAR IN THE WEST NORFOLK PENITENTIARY.



75 G'S! WHAT A WELCOME HOME GIFT WHEN I GET OUT! AND IN THE MEANTIME, COREY'S TRYING TO FIND ME-- NEVER IMAGINING I'M HIDING OUT IN PRISON!

AT HEADQUARTERS, MEANWHILE ...

LARKIN, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THAT GEM ROBBERY! THE APPRAISER SAID THEY WERE WORTHLESS, AND NOW THE GIRL'S DISAPPEARED. TRY TO PICK HER UP!

RIGHT, AND I'LL CHECK DENBROOKE'S FINGERPRINTS WITH WASHINGTON. I DON'T THINK HE DROPPED HIS WALLET. I THINK HE PUT IT THERE FOR OUR CONVENIENCE!

ANYWAY, I'LL BORROW THIS BASEBALL PASS. IF I CAN GET AROUND TO IT, MAYBE I'LL COMBINE BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE.

SEASON PASS
ISSUED TO
Name James Denbrooke
Address 82 Hawthorne Rd.
ADmits BEARER TO
FARNWORTH STADIUM
SEAT A
BOX No 204

OTHERS WERE ALSO CURIOUS, BUT FROM A DIFFERENT ANGLE ...

I CONTACTED DETROIT. AND CHI, COREY, BUT DOLAN DIDN'T LAM THERE!

MAYBE HE'S SMARTER THAN WE THINK. MAYBE WE CAN'T SEE HIM 'CAUSE HE'S RIGHT UNDER OUR NOSE. YOU KNOW ALL THE JOINTS HE HUNG AROUND. LOOK IN.

THREE DAYS LATER, THE SEASON GOT UNDER WAY AT FARNWORTH STADIUM ...

DOLAN WAS A BASEBALL FAN. IF HE'S IN TOWN, HE WON'T PASS UP THE OPENING GAME.

YEAH, I HEARD HIM SAY HE BOUGHT A SEASON TICKET TO THIS BOX.

IS THIS BOX 204?

YEAH! WHO ARE YOU?

LOOK...! HE'S USIN' THE TICKET! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU TO THE BOSS CHUM, FOR A LITTLE TALK. AN' NO FALSE MOVES, UNDERSTAND?

PUZZLED, DETECTIVE LARKIN RISKED A LONG SHOT...

I DON'T KNOW FROM NOTHIN, SEE? I JUST GOT OUTA STIR. I BOUGHT THAT TICKET FROM JIM DENBROOKE. HE DIDN'T NEED IT. HE'S IN FOR A YEAR ON A BURGLARY BEEF.

IN PRISON...? SO THAT'S WHERE THE DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT IS HIDING!





LISTEN, THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET A LEAD ON THE MONEY-- AND THAT'S TO HAVE DOLAN LEAD US TO IT. WE'VE GOT TO CRASH HIM OUT, THE SOONER THE BETTER!

THAT'S RISKY. EITHER THE CHIEF OR THOSE HOOLIGANS WILL MAKE YOU SWEAT IF YOUR PLAN MISFIRES!



YOU'LL HANDLE THE GIRL. I'LL TELL YOU HOW LATER. BUT FIRST, LET'S TAKE COREY'S MOB OUT OF CIRCULATION.



SEVEN-BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET!

HEY, YOU WAS A COPPER ALL THE TIME!

DROP IT, COREY! YOU'RE BEHIND THE EIGHT-BALL NOW!



NEXT DAY...

YOU! QUIT STALLIN' AND SHOW SOME LIFE! YOU THINK YOU NEVER HANDLED A SHOVEL BEFORE, DENBROOKE!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED... YOU'D BE SURPRISED...



DON'T STOP TO ASK QUESTIONS! MOVE, DOLAN, AND FAST! THIS IS A DELIVERY!

HUH?... SURE, SURE!



HEY, WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU KNOW MY NAME? DID COREY SEND YOU?

NAW, YOUR GAL HIRED ME TO SPRING YOU! COREY WAS GONNA BUMP HER OFF TOMORROW 'CAUSE SHE WOULDN'T SING!



HOW DO I KNOW YOU'RE LEVELING WITH ME?

YOU DON'T. BUT YOU'RE TO CALL GINNY. SHE'LL EXPLAIN. YOU TWO ARE LAMMING SOON'S YOU SNAG THE STOLEN DOUGH!



MEANWHILE...

I'M GLAD YOU'RE SEEING THINGS OUR WAY AND AGREE TO COOPERATE. I'LL TRY TO SOFTEN YOUR RAP AS DOLAN'S ACCOMPLICE. NOW LISTEN: WHEN DOLAN CALLS, TELL HIM TO BRING THE **MONEY HERE!** UNDERSTAND?

YEAH, I UNDERSTAND!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE ROXY GARAGE, ON ROUTE 22...

HERE'S A NICKEL, PAL. CALL YOUR GAL, THEN LET'S VAMOOSE. I WANT TO GET THIS OVER WITH, TOO. MY JOB'S FINISHED WHEN YOU GET THE DOUGH AND THE TWO OF YOU SCRAM.



HELLO, IS THAT YOU, GINNY?

YES, TED. NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY. I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE...



THAT MAN WITH YOU IS A COP! CLAM UP! HE WANTS TO--

YOU LITTLE DOUBLCROSSER! GIVE ME THAT PHONE!



SO IT'S A FRAME! BUT I NEED THAT CAR TO GET MY DOUGH AND MAKE A BREAK. I GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING. I GOT TO...



WHAT'D SHE SAY, HOT SHOT? DIDN'T I TELL YOU EVERYTHING'S OKAY?

YEAH, LIKE YOU SAY, EVERYTHING'S OKAY. COME ON, WE'LL RIDE OUT TO WHERE I GOT THE MONEY STASHED!



DRIVE TO FARNWORTH STADIUM. THE DOUGH IS BURIED IN THE FIELD!

WELL, I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! OF ALL PLACES-- BUT YOU CAN'T DIG IT UP TONIGHT. THERE'S A NIGHT GAME!



THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH INNING, AND TWO MEN ENTERED THE GRANDSTAND...

IF THIS GUY STRIKES OUT, THE GAME'S OVER-- THEN **WE** GO TO BAT!

YOU'RE NOT PULLING MY LEG, ARE YOU? WHO EVER HEARD OF HIDING JACK IN A BALL PARK?



AND SOON AFTER THE STADIUM HAD EMPTIED...

I BROUGHT A COUPLE OF SMALL SHOVELS IN THIS BAG.

YOU THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, DIDN'T YOU? OKAY, LET'S GET OVER TO THE BOX AND START PITCHIN'!



HOW DEEP DID YOU BURY IT, PAL?

NOT MORE THAN -- HEY, HOLD IT! SOMEBODY'S COMING --!



HUH...WHERE...?? GU-UGH!

I DIDN'T THINK A SMART COPPER WOULD FALL FOR A GAG AS OLD AS THIS-- BUT YOU'RE FALLING, AND HARD!



NOW I DIG UP THE DOUGH WHERE I **REALLY** HID IT--NEAR HOME PLATE!





CHAMP to CHUMP-AND BACK AGAIN

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



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

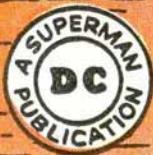
1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

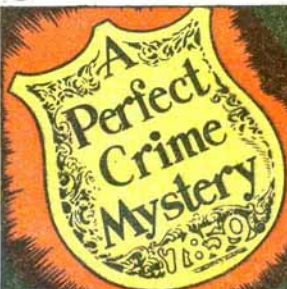




MEANS THE BEST IN WESTERNS



ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!



"DEATH Turns on the STEAM"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Murderer!

EARLY LAST SUMMER, A SPECIAL VISITOR WAS ALLOWED TO INTERRUPT THE DAILY STEAM BATH RITUAL OF MILLIONAIRE ANDREW BOYD, IN THE PRIVATE GYMNASIUM OF THE LATTER'S PALATIAL COUNTRY HOME...



MR. TEMPLE SAID YOU WERE EXPECTING HIM, SIR.

THAT'S 'RIGHT, GRAVES—SEND HIM IN, OH, AND HAND ME MY EYEGLASSES, WILL YOU?

BOYD CAME DIRECTLY TO THE POINT WITH HIS GUEST...

EVER SINCE MY DAUGHTER PAT TOLD ME SHE INTENDED TO MARRY YOU, TEMPLE, I'VE BEEN DIGGING UP YOUR PAST.

I DUG DEEP, TEMPLE—PLENTY DEEP. I KNOW ALL ABOUT CHICAGO AND DES MOINES—I HAVE THE COMPLETE STORY ON THAT EMBEZZLEMENT IN CALIFORNIA.

AS THE OIL MAN'S ACCUSATIONS STRUCK HOME, TEMPLE'S VENEER SLOWLY BLISTERED, REVEALING A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL UNDER-NEATH.

YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A CROOKED FORTUNE-HUNTER, TEMPLE! NOW CLEAR OUT AND STAY OUT.

YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!



THE ENRAGED TEMPLE STRUCK OUT AT BOYD, KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS WITH A BLOW JUST BELOW THE HEART.

I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! IF I KILL HIM, EVERYTHING WILL BE MINE **RIGHT AWAY!** BUT I MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT—

THE STEAM ROOM!

MINDFUL OF FINGERPRINTS, THE TREACHEROUS TEMPLE USED A HANDKERCHIEF AS HE TURNED THE DIAL TO **MURDER!**

HE'S STILL OUT—I'LL TURN THE DIAL JUST ENOUGH TO DRIVE OUT ALL THE OXYGEN IN HERE. HE OUGHT TO GO QUICKLY. THEN I'LL RETURN THE DIAL TO NORMAL.

WHEN THE POLICE COME, THEY'LL THINK HE COLLAPSED FROM AN OVERDOSE OF STEAM.

MINUTES LATER...

THAT DOES IT!

RETURNING TO THE HOUSE PROPER, THE BRAZEN MURDERER PLAYED HIS PART TO THE HILT...

MR. BOYD IS FINISHING HIS STEAM BATH, GRAVES. I THINK I'LL JOIN PATRICIA.

SHE'S IN THE GARDEN, SIR.



NOT UNTIL BOYD FAILED TO APPEAR FOR DINNER WAS THE TRAGEDY DISCOVERED...

MR. BOYD... HE'S—HE'S DEAD!

STEADY, DARLING—I'LL HANDLE THIS. GRAVES, CALL THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY.



DR. GRAFF, THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN, CALLED THE POLICE MERELY AS A ROUTINE MATTER IN VIEW OF THE SUDDEN NATURE OF BOYD'S DEATH.

I'M DETECTIVE FARLEY. COLLAPSE DOCTOR. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE?

HEART ATTACK—TOO MUCH STEAM, I SUPPOSE.



FARLEY DUTIFULLY ASKED THE ROUTINE QUESTIONS.

YOU WERE THE LAST TO SEE HIM ALIVE, MR. TEMPLE. DID HE SEEM ILL, OR AT ALL OUT OF SORTS?

NO, HE WAS IN FINE SPIRITS. WE WERE DISCUSSING MY FUTURE MARRIAGE TO PAT, HERE—WE EVEN SET A DATE.

LET THEM TRY TO PROVE DIFFERENTLY.



WE WERE TO MAKE THE FINAL ARRANGEMENTS THIS EVENING. THEN HE WENT BACK TO FINISH HIS STEAM BATH—HE WAS A BUG ON THAT, YOU KNOW.



YEAH—TOO BAD IT WAS HIS UNDOING...

THE STUPID FOOL WILL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH!



WHAT DO YOU THINK?

IS THERE A FLAW IN TEMPLE'S RECKLESS GAMBLE FOR A BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND A KING'S RANSOM—OR HAS HE HIT THE JACKPOT WITH A

Perfect Murder?

CHECK ALL THE CLUES... BEFORE YOU CHECK THE ENDING!

SUDDENLY, FARLEY NOTICED SOMETHING! HE HUDDLED QUICKLY WITH GRAVES, THEN...

PETER TEMPLE— I THINK YOU MURDERED MR. BOYD.

HE'S INSANE— INSANE, I TELL YOU!

PETER— WHAT IS THIS?



AM I, TEMPLE? OR ARE YOU? BECAUSE YOU FORGOT TO REMOVE THOSE EYEGLASSES WHEN YOU DUMPED MR. BOYD INTO THE STEAM ROOM!



PEOPLE DON'T WEAR EYEGLASSES IN STEAM ROOMS, TEMPLE! THEY CLOUD UP— ARE USELESS! BOYD CERTAINLY NEVER DID— I CHECKED THAT WITH GRAVES...



WATCH IT, HE'S MAKING A BREAK!

STOP OR I SHOOT!



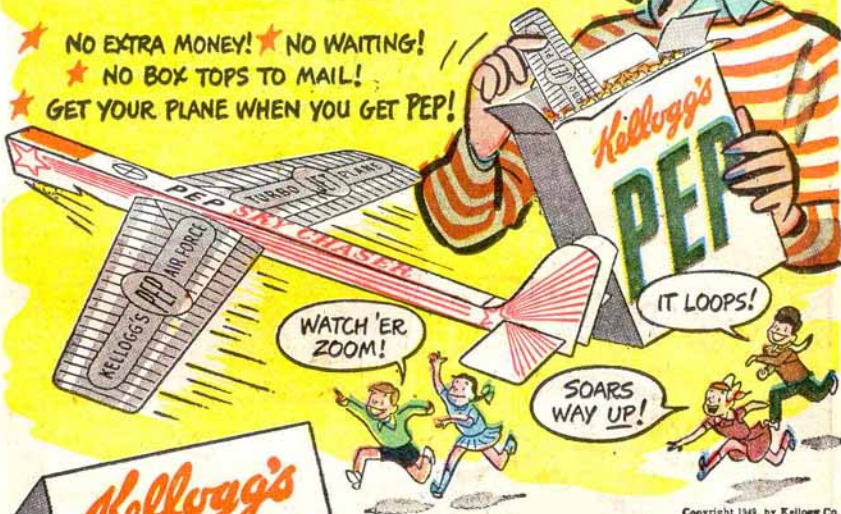
NICE SHOOTING, JOE— NOW GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

TEMPLE'S BREAK WAS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT. CONFRONTED LATER WITH THE VOLUMINOUS REPORTS OF BOYD'S PRIVATE INVESTIGATION, TEMPLE WEARIED AND CONFESSED EVERYTHING. AND SO ANOTHER "PERFECT" MURDERER ENDED UP AS A PERFECT CONVICT!

THE END

WOW! PEP packages
GIVE YOU this flying
 Model "Turbo-Jet" Plane!

- ★ NO EXTRA MONEY! ★ NO WAITING!
 ★ NO BOX TOPS TO MAIL!
 ★ GET YOUR PLANE WHEN YOU GET PEP!



Copyright 1948, by Kellogg Co.

Hurry! Don't miss NEW set of 6 designs!

Every neighborhood kid's going to be flying a set of 6 sporty Jet-type planes—with bright wings of real aluminum! Get your air fleet. No extra cost with delicious, nutritious PEP.

- Real aluminum jet-type wing inside every PEP package!
- Cardboard cut-out body printed on every PEP package back!
- Easy directions. Just cut out—put together—fly!
- Swell "air games" for you 'n' your friends, too!
- All at NO EXTRA COST with every package of Kellogg's PEP. (Also available in Canada.)

Get hep to PEP. Crispy whole-wheat flakes give you Sunshine Vitamin D, Energy Vitamin B₁. Super-good taste! Helps supply food-energy for sports. Join the lively bunch—switch to PEP!

MOTHER KNOWS  BEST!



Want
MYSTERY?



Want
ACTION?

TOPS IN COMICS!

WATCH FOR THESE MAGAZINES
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND





WASHINGTON DC

OCT 2

SECRET

SPECIAL ORDERS

TO: AGENT JOHN XAVIER O'FLANNERY

UPON NOTIFICATION FROM THIS BUREAU YOU WILL
IMMEDIATELY ASSUME CRIMINAL STATUS TO INSINUATE
SELF INTO ORGANIZATION EMPLOYING "DOCTOR X" TO
ALTER FACIAL FEATURES OF HUNTED GANG MEMBERS=
THIS PSEUDO-PLASTIC SURGEON IS CURRENTLY RAISING
HAVOC WITH OUR VISUAL IDENTIFICATION SYSTEM=HIS
APPREHENSION IS OF TOP PRIORITY=MORE INSTRUCTIONS
FOLLOW=GOOD LUCK=

COOPER=

FBI...

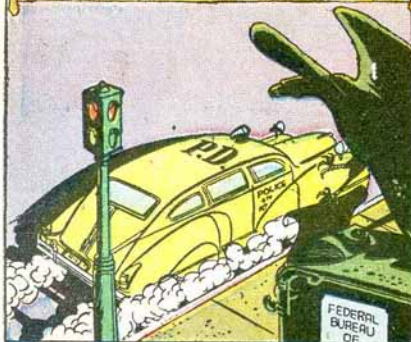


LAST WEEK, JOHN XAVIER O'FLANNERY JUSTLY RECEIVED A PROMOTION TO SUPERVISORY STATUS WITHIN THE F.B.I....TODAY, HIS BRILLIANT UNDERCOVER WORK, SO LONG HELD A SECRET, CAN BE REVEALED! HERE IS THE FIRST STORY OF THIS GALLANT AND SELF-SACRIFICING YOUNG AMERICAN TO REACH PUBLICATION! WE CALL IT---

"THE MAN WHO LOST HIS FACE!"



ON FEB. 4, 1947, A CAR SCREECHED TO A STOP BEFORE AN EASTERN OFFICE OF THE F.B.I.:-



THREE MEN RUSHED INTO THE BUILDING... TWO WERE OBVIOUSLY POLICE...



BUT THE THIRD WAS GROTESQUELY SHROUDED!



THEN...AS AN ALERT GUARD HALTED THE TRIO...

IT'S OKAY...THIS IS SPECIAL AGENT O'FLANNERY! HERE ARE HIS CREDENTIALS...

THAT'S RIGHT, TIM...IT'S ME!

O'FLANNERY!



AT THIS MOMENT...THROUGH THIS BANDAGED FIGURE...A REMARKABLE CRIMINAL CASE WAS RAPIDLY NEARING ITS CONCLUSION...

TAKE ME TO MR. COOPER'S OFFICE...

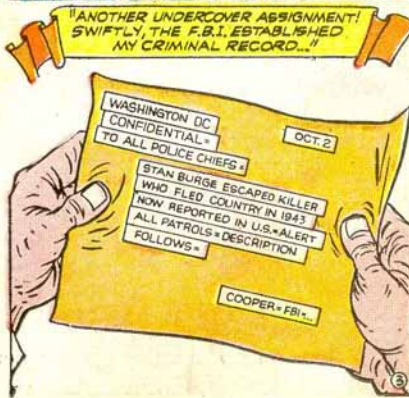


"ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO, I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE EAST! ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, THE CASE REALLY BEGAN WHILE I WAS EN ROUTE..."

HA! HA! NO PEN HOLDS DUKE THOMSON VERY LONG!



BUT SUPPOSE WE LET AGENT O'FLANNERY TELL US THE WHOLE STORY IN HIS OWN WORDS...









"ROCKY ROMAN...THE BIG-TIME GAMBLER!
I FOUND HIM AT HIS NIGHT CLUB...BUT HE
WAS A HARD MAN TO SEE..."

ROCKY DON'T LIKE
TO BE DISTURBED,
PUNK...BEAT IT!



"SO I GOT A LITTLE ROUGH...I FIGURED IT
WOULDN'T HURT "BURGE'S" REPUTATION..."

I'M AN IMPORTANT
VISITOR, CRUMB!
HERE'S MY CARD!



"A SECOND LATER, I BUSTED INTO ROCKY'S OFFICE..."

HE WOULDN'T
STOP, BOSS...
SHOULD I
PLUG HIM!

NO...WAIT A MINUTE!
HAMM...A TOUGH GUY,
BH? I ALWAYS LIKED
TOUGH GUYS...WHAT'S
ON YOUR MIND?



"I TOLD ROCKY WHAT I WANTED! HE GAVE ME
THAT TOOTHY SMILE, AND..."

SURE, BURGE...I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE
"DOC"...ONLY FIRST YOU GOTTA PASS
A LITTLE TEST! JOE! BRING IN
THAT COP WE GOT ON ICE!



"SECONDS LATER, A BADLY MAULED MAN WAS
SHOVED INTO THE ROOM! I LEARNED THAT HE
WAS A T-MAN WHO WAS TRYING TO NAIL ROCKY
FOR INCOME TAX EVASION..."

TO SAVE US SOME
TROUBLE, AND TO
MAKE SURE YOU'RE
NOT A COP, BURGE...
YOU'RE GONNA
KNOCK THIS GUY
OFF FOR US!

THAT'S THE ACID
TEST, ALL RIGHT,
BOSS...A COP
WON'T KILL
ANOTHER
COP!



"MY BLOOD CHILLED! I ALMOST GAVE AWAY THE SHOW
RIGHT THERE...BUT SOMEHOW I STEADIED, AND..."

HAH! IF
THAT'S ALL
YA WANT, I'LL
BE GLAD TO
TAKE CARE
OF THIS
COP!!

OKAY! BE HERE AT
SEVEN O'CLOCK! WE'LL
TAKE HIM FOR A
LITTLE RIDE IN
THE COUNTRY!





"I WAS ON THE WORST SPOT OF MY CAREER!... I COULDN'T KILL THAT T-MAN, YET IF I DIDN'T--- BACK IN MY ROOM, MY MIND WORKED FURIOUSLY..."



"WHEN I REJOINED ROCKY, I HAD A DESPERATE PLAN IN MIND! AND WHEN WE HAD GONE A LITTLE WAY IN THE CAR..."



"WHEN WE ALL HAD CIGARETTES IN OUR MOUTHS, I LIGHTED A MATCH, AND..."



"WHEN THE CAR STOPPED, MY HEART WAS POUNDING! I PRODDED THE T-MAN INTO A DESERTED CLEARING, AND..."



"HE FELL LIKE A SACK! I KICKED HIM SO THAT HE FINALLY TURNED OVER, HIS EYES GLASSY, HIS FACE FROZEN WITH FRIGHT..."





"IT WORKED! AND ROCKY PROMISED TO TAKE ME TO THE 'DOC' THE VERY NEXT MORNING!"



YEAH...I'M CHECKIN' OUT...WHAT'S THE DAMAGE?

"MY CHECKING OUT WAS A PRE-ARRANGED SIGNAL FOR TWO F.B.I. AGENTS TO PICK UP MY TRAIL..."



THE FELLOWS GOT THE SIGNAL! THEY KNOW I'M HEADED FOR 'DOCTOR X'S' HIDEOUT!

"BUT THERE WAS STILL ONE CONTINGENCY TO DEAL WITH! PREVIOUSLY, I HAD SENT INSTRUCTIONS..."



Possibility exists "Dr. X" may not be in hideout, but in town or elsewhere when I arrive. Cannot risk premature raid which would frighten him off. Will confirm his presence by playing "Yankee Doodle" on his piano. This is signal for agents B. and R. to radio for reinforcements and attach hideout soon as possible. B. & R. must wait signal of

"ROCKY DROVE ME TO THE HIDEOUT...NEVER AWARE THAT HE WAS DISCREETLY FOLLOWED..."

WELL, THERE SHE IS, BURGE! THERE'S WHERE YOU'LL COME OUT A NEW MAN... HA!



"MY LUCK HELD! 'DR. X' WAS THERE, AND SO WAS HIS PIANO! I STALLED TILL I COULD GET TO IT WITHOUT RAISING ANY SUSPICION..."



I TELL YA, DOC...I'M KINDA WORN OUT! I'D LIKE TO WAIT TILL TOMORROW FOR THE FACE-LIFTING!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, M'BOY! BUT THERE IS SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO DO NOW, WHILE I'M NOT BUSY...IT WON'T TIRE YOU...

"BEFORE I COULD EVEN OBJECT, HE HAD ANAESTHETIZED MY HANDS! THEY WENT NUMB QUICKLY..."



THIS IS SOMETHING NEW...AN EXPERIMENTAL OPERATION TO REMOVE FINGERPRINTS! THINK OF IT! IF IT WORKS, THE COPS CAN NEVER GET YOU!

"WHILE I SAT THERE, HELPLESS, HE OPERATED ON MY HANDS! AND LATER..."



"AND SO IT WAS...WITH HELP LYING LESS THAN 100 FEET AWAY...MY FACE WAS OPERATED ON THE NEXT DAY! I WAS LICKED!"



THIS IS KILLER BURGE, DUKE...BUT THE KILLER DON'T FEEL SO GOOD! HE WANTS SOMEBODY SHOULD PLAY "YANKEE DOODLE" ON THE PIANO, TO REMIND HIM OF HIS OLD LADY...ONLY WE CAN'T PLAY...



"I TRIED DESPERATELY TO GET SOMEONE ELSE TO PLAY THE SIGNAL! BUT THE ONLY THING THOSE HOODS COULD PLAY WAS A SLOT MACHINE... AND THE DOCTOR THOUGHT I WAS KIDDING..."



"COMPLETELY BEATEN, I SULKED IN THE LIVING ROOM! THEN, A NEWCOMER ARRIVED...DUKE THOMSON...THE GUY WHOSE JAIL BREAK STARTED THIS WHOLE THING..."



"AT LAST I HEARD IT! JUST BEFORE DUKE WENT UP FOR HIS FINGERPRINT OPERATION, 'YANKEE DOODLE' MARCHED! A LITTLE LATE FOR ME, MAYBE... BUT STILL IN TIME TO SPRING THE TRAP! AND TO THINK THAT DUKE THOMSON BROUGHT IT ON HIMSELF!"



"IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, THE HIDEOUT WAS UNDER ASSAULT..."



COME ON OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! WE'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!!

"FOR A WHILE, THE GANGSTERS PUT UP A FIGHT... LATER, I LEARNED OF THE BITTER IRONY THAT BEFELL DUKE THOMSON... WHOSE HANDS HAD JUST BEEN OPERATED ON..."



"THE RAID WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS! THE WHOLE MOB WAS CAPTURED, AND WITH THE 'DOCTOR'S' FILES WE WERE ABLE TO TRACE DOWN ALL THE CROOKS HE HAD WORKED OVER! BUT AS FOR ME..."

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO A BRAND NEW HUSBAND...

IT WON'T BE TOO HARD, JOHN! UNDERNEATH YOU'LL NEVER CHANGE... BESIDES, YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE THE SAME! THAT OPERATION WAS A FAILURE!



"AFTERWARDS, I REMEMBERED THAT THE BOYS IN THE OFFICE WERE MOST INTERESTED IN LEARNING HOW I HAD TIPPED OFF THAT T-MAN TO PLAY DEAD..."

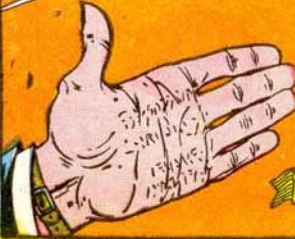
WITH MY LEFT PALM WELL-CUPPED, I WROTE THE MESSAGE SHOOTING BLANKS... FAKE DEATH ACROSS THE HORIZONTAL LINES OF THE PALM! WHEN I LEANED OVER TO GIVE THE T-MAN A LIGHT... THIS MESSAGE WAS PLAINLY VISIBLE TO HIM...



"WITH MY WIFE, IT WASN'T SO BAD... BUT MY YOUNG DAUGHTER DIDN'T UNDERSTAND! SHE STILL LOOKS AT ME IN A WAY THAT BREAKS MY HEART..."



EVEN THOUGH ROCKY WAS SUSPICIOUS AND MADE ME LIGHT HIS CIGARETTE WITH THE SAME MATCH! HE COULD SEE NOTHING WHEN I STRAIGHTENED OUT MY PALM... THE WORDS DISAPPEARED TO BECOME A SYMMETRICAL PATTERN WHICH WAS MEANINGLESS! THAT'S ALL THERE WAS TO IT!



THE END

The Grapevine

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

There was only one small clue and police were not certain that it was a clue at all . . . just a two-inch square of colored tissue paper, the kind fruit dealers use to wrap apples and oranges.

The man had been found murdered in bed, with signs of a fierce struggle apparent. And all that the police could learn from the victim's four-year-old son was that a "burglar with a flashlight" had entered the apartment through the window.

Detective Sergeant Peter J. Quinn found the small shred of paper in the room, and day after day, he stalked through the city's shopping centers, questioning hundreds of fruit merchants.

The answer was always the same: "Sure we use that kind of paper to wrap our fruit in."

Then, one day Detective Quinn found a dealer who was bewailing the fact that street corner loafers constantly stole his oranges, mentioning the ringleader in particular.

On a hunch, the detective traced the youth, secretly entered his one-room lodgings and found, hidden under a pile of clothes in a closet, a battered flashlight. Under the magnifying glass of the flashlight was a piece of orange-colored tissue paper, precisely the same paper as that found in the murdered man's room!

The suspect was brought to headquarters. Under questioning, he admitted his crime. He had used the tissue paper to dim the light so that he would not be observed quite so readily.

Detective Sergeant Quinn got his man and a promotion.

BANKNOTE BURGLARY

One of the cleverest swindles of modern times was the one perpetrated on the London firm which printed the banknotes for the Bank of Portugal. Having forged documents to identify himself as the Bank's representative, the crafty leader of the gang presented himself at the London office. There, with considerable brazenness, he managed to persuade the firm to print and deliver to him \$5,000,000 worth of currency.

The fraud was not discovered for a year, and it was not until five years later that the gang was convicted. Meanwhile, the Bank of Portugal successfully sued the London printing company for \$1,500,000 in costs for redeeming the unauthorized issue.

MAN WANTED

Formerly, when law enforcement agencies wished to cover a certain territory with "Man Wanted" posters, or dodgers, they had to do the entire job themselves. This involved planning, writing, printing and distributing the posters.

The net result wasn't too happy. Some areas received many posters, while others lacked copies to make for adequate coverage. Often, the posters themselves were erroneous. Sometimes, they reached their destinations after the wanted criminal had been already apprehended. Occasionally, two or three dodgers would be issued by separate communities for

one man under different aliases. It was all confusing and immensely dissatisfying.

To clear up the situation, the FBI offered to distribute, free, any poster through any territory of any size (including foreign countries) for any law enforcement agency. The issuing office paid for the cost of printing the poster, but the actual printing is handled by the Federal Government, which also bears the cost of mailing and addressing.

Today, as a result, the "Man Wanted" posters have reached the highest degree of effectiveness. Not only is the coverage more efficient, but the posters themselves are far superior to their predecessors. Proof of their success lies in the greater number of criminals caught by means of these posters.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

When a passenger ordered him to hurry to the county courthouse, a New York taxi driver did so. After waiting for almost an hour at the curb for his fare to return, the cabbie impatiently strode into the courthouse, learned that his passenger had been tried and sentenced to jail for a year.

In a busy mid-western city, a crook who had made off with a portable television set, was picked up by a cop with swift dispatch. He had not been aware of the fact that he was advertising his theft. The set was on while the local television company was broadcasting police calls.

A Brooklyn judge dismissed the defendant before him charged with "using loud and boisterous language" when he noticed that the man was deaf and dumb.

Message to Parents

IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of head-ache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

PREPARED IN COOPERATION WITH

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



Bazooka

THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

IN
PLANE DARING



6 BIG CHEWS
FOR 5¢

GOTTA GET THE LINE
LOOSE! THIS LOOKS LIKE
A JOB FOR ME! HOLD
THE WRAPPER
FROM MY
BAZOOKA
BUBBLE
GUM!

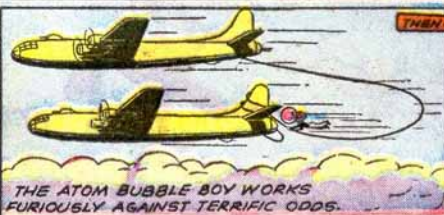


WHAT'S UP? WHY
IS EVERYBODY
WATCHING
THE SKY?



THAT'S THE ROUND-
THE-WORLD PLANE.
THE LINE TO THE
REFUELING PLANE IS
SNARLED! THEY'RE
STUCK TOGETHER!

IF THEY DON'T
GET FREE, THEY'LL
CRASH!



THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY WORKS
FURIOUSLY AGAINST TERRIFIC ODDS.

GREAT WORK!
YOU'LL READ
YOUR NAME IN
THE PAPERS FOR
THIS!



DON'T GIVE ME ALL
THE CREDIT -- I
COULDN'T HAVE
DONE IT WITHOUT
MY BAZOOKA
BUBBLE
GUM!



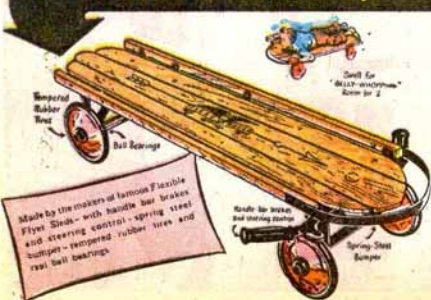
HAPPY LANDING!

NOW TO GET
BACK DOWN!
AKOOZAB!

HE DID IT!
THE PLANES
ARE FREE!

PARDON ME!

400 'FLEXY RACERS' GIVEN!



Made by the makers of famous Flexible
Flyer Slide - with handle bar brakes
and steering control - spring steel
bumpers - tempered rubber tires and
real ball bearings

Swivel for
"Belly-Whistlers"
Race for 2

Handle bar brakes
and steering control

Spring Steel
Bumper

I forgot to tell all you boys and girls who entered my "Birthday Contest" to send along, in 25 words or less, the reasons why you selected the date you gave. Just send your reasons on a penny postcard. No wrapper needed. Prizes will be awarded for best statements—not for date guessed.

If you haven't entered: Guess my birthday (month, day, year, hour) and send it with your reasons for selection in 25 words or less, plus a Bazooka wrapper or facsimile. Prizes will be awarded for reasons why you think Bazooka Boy's age, as you give it, appeals to most readers of comics.

Flexy Racers awarded to the 400 best statements. Send to Bazooka, Box 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y.



I GUARD the RAILROAD

MAINTAINING LAW AND ORDER ON TRAINS AND IN TERMINALS IS THE VITAL TASK OF THE RAILROAD PROTECTIVE DIVISION! HOW DOES IT FULFILL ITS MISSION OF GUARDING PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT? HERE IS A ROARING, EXPRESS-SPEED ACCOUNT OF THESE GUARDIANS OF THE IRON ROAD, WHO MEET THE CHALLENGE OF TRAIN RACKETEERS, STATION SWINDLERS, AND STRONG-ARMED THIEVES!

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1946...LIEUTENANT KEN MAC-ALLISTER BRIEFED A RECRUIT AS HE SWITCHED FROM UNIFORM TO PLAINCLOTHES FOR SPECIAL DUTY IN ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S BUSIEST RAILROAD TERMINALS...

HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING A RAILROAD COP SO FAR, JERRY?

IF IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR COLONEL STARLING AND ALLAN PINKERTON BEFORE THEY JOINED THE U.S. SECRET SERVICE...IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!



FOR CON-MEN...DIPS...PETTY CROOKS SUCH AS THESE WERE PREYING ON UNSUSPECTING INNOCENTS...

OH, PLEASE DON'T BOTHER! I CAN DO THIS...

...ALLOW ME, MADAME! I'LL CLOSE THE LOCKER AND GIVE YOU THE KEY!



THAT'S AN OLD DODGE, JERRY! THE CROOK PALMS THE KEY AND GIVES THE VICTIM A PHONEY DUPLICATE! LATER, HE'LL RETURN AND STEAL HER BAG!

WON'T HE BE SURPRISED WHEN I ARREST HIM AS HE TRIES IT!



ELSEWHERE...

THIS IS EMBARRASSING! I LACK TEN DOLLARS FOR A TICKET TO KINGSTON TO VISIT MY SICK WIFE! I SAY, AS A LODGE BROTHER, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT UNTIL...

DON'T LISTEN TO THIS SHORT-CHANGER, MISTER...HE'S GOT DOZENS OF PHONEY FRATERNAL PINS!



ANOTHER SCENE...

PICKPOCKETS ARE FORCED TO BE INGENIOUS, AS YOU CAN SEE...

I'M THE RAILROAD PHYSICIAN! IT IS MY DUTY TO EXAMINE ALL ILL PASSENGERS BEFORE THEY BOARD THE TRAIN!



THAT WALLET'S NOT ALL YOU'RE TAKING... HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE!!



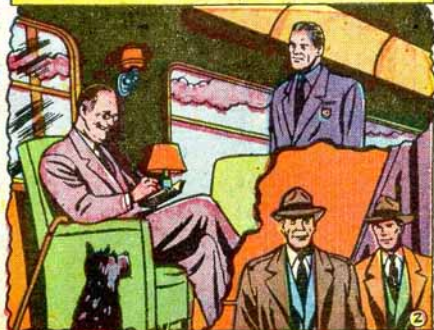
AFTER A WHILE, YOU CAN SPOT A CROOK BY HIS VOICE, HIS FROZEN SMILE... HIS SHIFTY EYES... OR JUST BY THE WAY HE SAUNTERS ABOUT THE CONCOURSE!



EXCUSE ME, LIEUTENANT! THE CHIEF WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE!



"SOMETIMES YOU'RE DETAILED TO PRESIDENTIAL TRAINS! I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO EVERY PRESIDENT SINCE WILSON! I'M PROUD OF MY AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION, TOO!"





OMHH-HH! FRANKIE!!

BOTH MEN LEFT AT ONCE! ABOARD THE TRAIN...



THIS WILL DRY HER TEARS, SOLDIER... JUST READ IT!

THE LITTLE CROOK! AND WE ALMOST FELL FOR IT!



MIND IF I TAKE JERRY COMPTON? HE WANTS ACTION!





FOR JERRY COMPTON, DETAILED TO SHADOW THE SUSPECT, HOURS OF PATIENT WAITING WERE REWARDED...

MAC WAS RIGHT... THIS MAN WAS WORTH TAILING...



WHAT'S UP?

OUR SUSPECT... 'WAY UP ON THE BRIDGE... AND WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH HIM... HE'S GOING TO FALL WITH A THUD!

LATER THAT NIGHT...



SNAP INTO IT!! THE WATCHMAN WILL BE MAKING HIS ROUNDS IN TWENTY MINUTES!!



THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TONIGHT'S JOB! WE'D BETTER SHOVE OFF!

YEAH... IT'S SO QUIET... I'M GETTIN' THE CREEPS!



LET'S TAKE 'EM, MEN!

THE FLEET'S IN! TIME FOR THESE MUGS TO RETIRE!!



A NICE HAUL OF POOR FISH! HOW'D YOU DO IT?

THROUGH JERRY! HE TAILED THE BRIDGE PAINTER AND OVERHEARD HIM CONTACT THE MOB!



THE CASE COMPLETED...NEXT MORNING...
CAPTAIN WARREN WANTS ME TO STAY HERE...AND HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS! YOU'RE TO TAKE THE 10:45 BACK!

Keep an eye on Frank Leighton, compartment 2, car 4, carrying valuable gem consignment for Drake Jewellery Co.



THUS, SOON AFTER THE 10:45 DEPARTED...
I'M COMPTON OF THE RAILROAD POLICE! WE WERE ADVISED YOU ARE CARRYING PRECIOUS STONES! DID YOU CHECK THEM THROUGH ON YOUR TICKET, MR. LEIGHTON?

NO, SIRE!! I'M GUARDING THEM PERSONALLY!! NOBODY KNOWS I'M CARRYING THEM IN THIS BRIEFCASE... AND BESIDES, I'M ARMED!



Later...

THOSE TWO SHIFTY-EYED PASSENGERS MEASURE UP TO MAC'S ADVICE! BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM!



HELP ME, PLEASE!! WILL YOU GET SOME ICE FROM THE WATER COOLER WHILE I WIRE AHEAD FOR AN AMBULANCE TO MEET THE TRAIN? MY FATHER'S GOT APPENDICITIS!

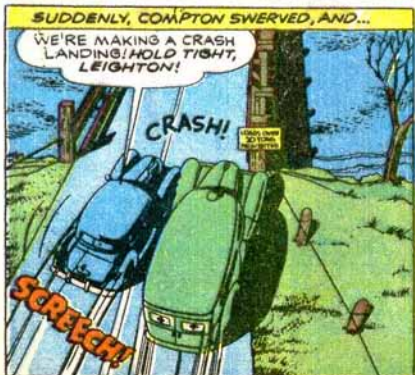
SURE THING!



MINUTES LATER...

I'M AFRAID HE'LL HAVE TO CANCEL HIS VIOLIN CONCERT FOR TONIGHT!

HIS PULSE IS NORMAL, NOW! BUT YOU'D BETTER USE THE ICE BAG UNTIL HE REACHES THE HOSPITAL IN DORANCE! IF YOU NEED ME, I'LL BE IN THE NEXT COMPARTMENT!





AH...THE ICE-BAG!! THAT'S WHAT I WANT!

THE OLD MAN LOOKS SICKER THAN BEFORE... BUT NOT FOR THE SAME REASON, I'D SAY!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU SUSPECTED US INSTEAD OF THE TWO MUGS WHO WERE HIRED TO DECOY YOU OFF THE TRAIN AFTER PASSING ME THE GEMS!

THE OLD MAN'S FINGERS GAVE YOUR SCHEME AWAY! WHEN I TOOK HIS PULSE, I NOTICED THEY WEREN'T CALLOUSED...THE MARK OF A PROFESSIONAL VIOLINIST! YOUR CONCERT STORY WAS A HOAX!!



THE TWO DECOYS WERE CAPTURED, AND...





FREE B-B'S!

TO INTRODUCE THE GREAT *New*
DAISY B-B PAK
OF BULLS EYE SHOT FOR B-B GUNS!

...we will send you FREE of extra cost, one actual B-B PAK holding about 30 B-B's... with your order for Handbook No. 2. SEE how this amazing package invention gives more for your money, air-tight-sealed protection, greater convenience in buying, carrying! SEE how this new double-thick detachable plastic B-B PAK comes in "Chains." Buy it at stores soon in any length to suit your pocket-book. Meanwhile, mail coupon with one thin dime plus an unused 3¢ stamp and we will rush to you postpaid:

128 PAGE
HANDBOOK



and
CATALOG



and
B-B PAK!



PATENTS
PENDING

Do not order
B-B Guns, or
Shot (except
Special
Champion)
Offer from
factory. Ask
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No. 118
TARGETER AIR PISTOL SET
Safe family fun gun! Air pistol, 500 shot, spinning "birdie" targets, target cards. Ask your dealer.

THE FAMOUS DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE

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Looks, feels, handles like a real western cowboy carbine! Leather saddle thong attached to genuine Carbine Ring. 1000 shot repeater. Walnut finish stock with Red Ryder name and horse branded on it.

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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☐ I enclose one thin dime (10c coin) plus unused 3c stamp for DAISY HANDBOOK NO. 2 with LATEST B-B GUN CATALOG bound in. Include FREE OF EXTRA COST, one brand new Daisy B-B PAK of genuine Bulls Eye Shot Rush POSTPAID!

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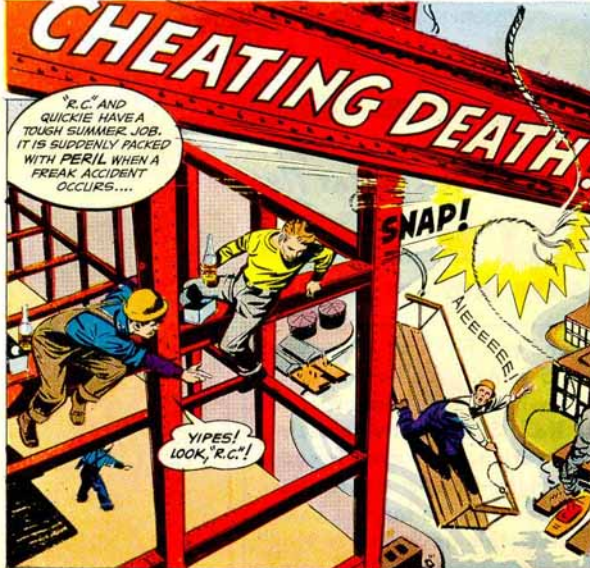
No. 25
DAISY PUMP GUN

B-B PAK BULLS EYE SHOT

FOR ALL B-B GUNS—BEST FOR

DAISY B-B GUNS

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., B-159 Union St., Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.



CHEATING DEATH!!

R.C. AND QUICKIE HAVE A TOUGH SUMMER JOB. IT IS SUDDENLY PACKED WITH PERIL WHEN A FREAK ACCIDENT OCCURS....

HURRY, LOWER US ANOTHER TWENTY FEET!

MAC'S OUT COLD! WE'LL HAVE TO LIFT HIM ONTO THIS GIRDER. BUT FAST!

LUCKY THING WE HAD THAT R.C. WE'LL NEED PLENTY OF QUICK ENERGY!

GRAB MY BELT, QUICKIE...AND HOLD ON FOR ALL YOU'RE WORTH!

OKAY! BUT HURRY! IF HE MOVES HE'S A GONER!

GOT YIN!

YEAH, BUT MY ARM'S BREAKING! LET'S GET OUTA HERE FAST!

R.C. AND QUICKIE ALWAYS DRINK THE BEST IN COLAS.... ROYAL CROWN COLA. IT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST! COMES IN THE 336 BOTTLE!

WOW! WE MADE IT!

YEAH...PUFF...BUT I COULDN'T HAVE LASTED ANOTHER SECOND!

LATER I FEEL FINE NOW, BOYS... THANKS TO YOU!

ENJOY A COOL, FROSTY RC YOURSELF! IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3! 1 COOL REFRESHMENT! 2 TWO FULL GLASSES! 3 BEST BY TASTE-TEST FLAVOR!

GIVE THIS GREAT RC SOME OF THE CREDIT, MAC. IT REALLY PICKS A GUY UP FAST

AND HOW! LET'S ALL HAVE ANOTHER!

ROYAL CROWN RC COLA