

BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES OF RADIO'S
COAST-TO-COAST FAVORITES



52
PAGES

GANG BUSTERS

10¢
FEB...MAR.
NO.14



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

MOVIE STARS MAKE COMBACKS! PUGILISTS BATTLE THEIR WAY UP THE COMBACK TRAIL! BUT CAN A CRIMINAL RETURN? CAN HE REGAIN HIS FORMER POWER IN THE UNDERWORLD HE ONCE RULED WITH A GUN-CLUTCHED HAND ... AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN PRISON?

HERE IS THE ANSWER... THE CASE OF **DOC RIVERS**, CONVICT NUMBER 452,622! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MOBSTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL RECRUITS...

"The GANG THAT TURNED BACK THE CLOCK!"

1929

1933

1949

41
1937

ON MARCH 30, 1949, IRON GATES CLANGED BEHIND AN ELDERLY MAN WHO HAD PAID HIS DEBT TO SOCIETY...

THERE GOES OLD **DOC RIVERS** WITH TEN DOLLARS IN HIS POCKET AND A NEW, CHEAP SUIT ON HIS BACK! I WONDER IF HE'S CRAZY LIKE THEY SAY...?

NO, HE JUST BROODS OVER THE GOOD OLD DAYS! HE CAN'T FORGET WHAT A BIG WHEEL HE WAS. HE JUST LIVES IN THE PAST!

HOURS LATER IN SPRINGTON, THE EX-CON RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIMES, ROAMING STREETS HE HAD TERRORIZED BACK IN THE ROARING '20S...

HUH! A **Y.M.C.A.**! THE ACE POOLROOM USED TO BE THERE! THAT'S WHERE NED THE NEEDLE, SOUPY JOE, LOUEY AND DUMB MUSHY USED TO HANG OUT BEFORE THEY JOINED MY MOB AND MADE THE BIG TIME!





AND RUMMEL'S WAREHOUSE
AIN'T HERE NO MORE. NOW
IT'S THE HALL OF JUSTICE!
WE USED TO STORE THE
ALKY WE HIJACKED FROM
THE RUM-RUNNERS AT
RUMMEL'S! I REMEMBER THE
NIGHT THE COPS RAIDED IT.
I SHOT ONE OF THEM IN THE
LEG BEFORE I WAS NABBED
AND SENT UP!



RIGHT HERE WAS AL'S. IT WAS
THE BEST SPEAKEASY AROUND
HERE! HA! HOW I USED TO SHAKE
HIM DOWN FOR
PROTECTION MONEY!
BUT THEY TORE IT
DOWN AND BUILT
A THEATRE...

SAY,
BUDDY,
CAN YUH
SPARE A
NICKLE FOR
A CUP OF--?



OUTA MY WAY, YOU! GET BACK IN
THE GUTTER WHERE PANHANDLERS
BELONG!

HEY!
OWW!!



DOC! DOC
RIVERS! DON'T
YUH KNOW
ME, DOC?



HOW'D YOU KNOW
MY NAME? IT CAN'T
BE! SPIKE MARTIN...
THE BEST GETAWAY
DRIVER AND LOOK-
OUT!

YEAH, THAT'S
ME... SPIKE!
BUT YOU MEAN
I WAS THE BEST!
NOW I'M ONLY A
BUM ON THE LOOK-
OUT FOR A SOFT
MOOCH!



WANNA KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO THE OLD
GANG? SOME ARE DEAD
OR IN THE PEN. SOME
WENT STRAIGHT. OTHERS
JUST GOT OLD... LIKE
US! YEAH, TIMES SURE
CHANGE! WHAT'RE
YOU'LL GONNA DO, DOC?

I'M COMING BACK
WITH A BANG! I'M
GONNA REORGANIZE
THE OLD MOB! I'M GONNA
PICK UP WHERE I LEFT
OFF. 25 YEARS AGO!
I'M GONNA TAKE OVER
THE ORGANIZED
RACKETEERS AND BLOW
THE LID OFF THIS TOWN!



BUT BUGSY FORAN'S
KINGPIN OF THE
RACKETEERS! HE'S
SMART! HE'S WISED
UP TO ALL THE
MODERN CRIME
GIMMICKS!

BAH! BUGSY WAS JUST
A JUVENILE DELINQUENT
IN MY TIME! I'LL DUMP HIM,
THEN I'LL MOVE IN WITH
MY OWN GANG!-- CRIME
NEVER CHANGES! I KNOW
ALL THE ANGLES!-- DOC
RIVERS IS BACK NOW...
AND HOW!



GEORGE RIVERS, DOC'S SON, RAN A USED CAR LOT ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...

WOULD YOU STAND IN THE WAY OF YOUR FATHER MAKING AN HONEST LIVING? BUT I NEED A CAR TO GET THE JOB! BELIEVE ME, SON, I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!

IF I KNEW YOU'D GO STRAIGHT AND KEEP AWAY FROM SALLY AND MY KIDS...I'D GIVE YOU BACK YOUR OLD HEAP!



GET IN! I GOT THE JALOPPY AND SPENT MY LAST FIN FOR A GAT AT THE HOCK SHOP! NOW WE'RE GONNA PICK UP SOME SCRATCH MONEY SO'S I CAN ROUND UP THE OLD GANG!

YOU SAID IT, BOSS! WE'RE IN BUSINESS AGAIN!



WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?

YOU CAN COUGH UP A HUNDRED SMACKERS TO KEEP MY BOYS FROM KNOCKIN' OVER YOUR STORE! OR...A BOMB COMES THROUGH YOUR WINDOW SOME DARK NIGHT!

WHO ARE YOU KIDDING, MY FRIEND! THE DAYS OF THE PROTECTION RACKET PASSED A LONG TIME AGO. GO ON...GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T SCARE EASY!

THE ANTE'S GONE UP! AND RIGHT NOW I'LL TAKE EVERYTHING IN THE CASH REGISTER AS A DOWN PAYMENT!

THIS WILL LEARN YOU I MEAN BUSINESS!

N-N-NO! D-D-DON'T SHOOT!



THIS CHEAP ROD AIN'T GOOD NO MORE! I ONLY CREASED HIM! WHEN WE SPRING SOUPY JOE, WE'LL LAY IN A STOCK OF GOOD ARTILLERY AN AMMO!

YEAH, WON'T HE BE GLAD TO GET OUT...ONE OF THE BEST SAFE-CRACKERS IN HIS DAY, DOIN' SIX MONTHS IN A SMALL TOWN JUG, FOR HIT-AND-RUN DRIVIN'!

COME ON, SOUPY...WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A ONE WAY RIDE...OUT!

THAT VOICE! IT CAN'T BE!

HEY, DOC, LONG AS WE'RE HERE, HOW ABOUT HELPING OURSELVES TO SOME OF THEM GUNS?



ONE BY ONE, THE REMNANTS OF DOC'S OLD GANG WERE FERRETED OUT AND KNITTED INTO A HARD-HITTING MOB BY HIS SAVAGERY AND MEMORY OF HIS PAST ACHIEVEMENTS...

SO THIS IS HOW YOU WIND UP, AND YOU ONE OF THE BEST TORPEDOES! WHAT'D YOU DO... LOSE YOUR GRIP, LOUEY?

OH, I BEEN KEEPIN' IN PRACTICE! BUT I AIN'T AS YOUNG AS I USED TO BE!

SURE I'D LIKE TO HAVE THEM GOOD OLD DAYS BACK! D-U-UH, BUT I CAN'T BE A MUSCLE MAN AT MY AGE!

WHO SAYS, MUSHY! THE OTHER BOYS ARE THROWIN' IN WITH ME!

SO WHAT CAN I LOSE? THE COPS ARE GETTIN' WISE TO MY CHARITY RACKET!

YOUR CAPER IS KID STUFF, NEEDLE! YOU STICK WITH ME AND YOU'LL BE ON TOP AGAIN!



THUS, A CHEAP TENEMENT FLAT BECAME THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THE REBORN MOB.

WE AIN'T AS BIG AS WE USED TO BE IN THE OLD DAYS, BUT WE'RE SMARTER! YOU'RE ALL KEY MEN IN YOUR RACKETS! THAT'S WHY OUR FIRST JOB WILL BE A PUSHOVER. WE'RE PUTTING BUGSY FORAN ON THE SPOT!

DU-UH... MAYBE WE'RE BITIN' OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW, DOC!

SHUT UP, MUSHY! GO AHEAD, BOSS, TELL US WHAT TO DO... JUST LIKE YUH USE TO!



THAT NIGHT...

MIX WITH THE CUSTOMERS! SPOT THE ONES WITH THE HEAVY ICE AND COUGH! MEAN-TIME, ME AND LOUEY AND SPIKE WILL HAVE A TALK WITH BUGSY!

DUH... YUH WANT I SHOULD TAKE A PLANT OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE WITH THIS VIOLIN CASE, HUH, BOSS?



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BARGING IN LIKE THIS? WHO ARE THESE MEN?

I DUNNO, BOSS. THEY...

SHUT UP! I'M DOC RIVERS, YOU YOUNG PUNK! THIS CLUB IS A NICE BLIND FOR YOUR RACKETS! I'M TAKIN' OVER, SEE?



YOU! HA! HA! HA!! THE OLD WAR HORSE HIMSELF! GOING TO TAKE OVER! STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME! WHERE YOU BEEN FOR THE PAST GENERATION... SLEEPING! HA! HA! OLD MAN RIVER JUST KEEPS ROLLING ALONG! JUST LIKE A...





SLEEPIN', WAS I?
MAYBE THIS'LL PUT
YOU TO SLEEP FOR
A FEW YEARS!

LEMME OUTA
HERE! HE'S
CRAZY!

THEY'RE
ALL
CRAZY!



SIT DOWN, ALL OF YOU! IT'S
GONNA TAKE SOME TIME FOR
MY MEN TO COLLECT YOUR
GEMS AND YOUR WALLETS! THE
FIRST ONE OBJECTS GETS A
DOSE OF LEAD POISONING!



HEY, LOOK...
THERE'S TWO
MUGS WHO ARE
GETTIN' AWAY!

THAT'S WHAT
THEY THINK!



VIOLENT GANG WAR EXPLODES!

SOME HOURS LATER...

SO LONG, BUGSY! HOPE
THIS DON'T CRAMP YOUR
SWIMMIN' STYLE...MUCH!
YOU'RE ONLY STUCK IN
HARDENED CONCRETE!

HURRY UP!
WE GOTTA
DITCH THIS
JALOPY AND
HOLE-UP TILL
THE HEAT'S
OFF!

RACKET KING AND CRONIES
WIPE OUT IN CHICAGO
STYLE MASSACRE

THE CLOCK ATOP CITY HALL
WAS TURNED BACK 25 YEARS'
LAST NIGHT WHEN A GANG-
LAND WAR FLARED UP AS IF
LEAPING FROM THE PAGES
OF THE PAST. SCENE OF

NEXT MORNING, AT THE 15TH
POLICE PRECINCT...

IT'S A STRANGE CASE, CHRIS,
AND IT'S BREAKING IN OUR
ALLEY! I CAN'T PUT THE FINGER
ON ANY MODERN GANG-
STERS. THEY MUST BE SOME
OLD MEN WHO SHOULD BE
SITTING AROUND IN
ROCKING CHAIRS!



WE PICKED UP
THE GETAWAY CAR
AND A STRIP OF
CLOTH TORN FROM
SOMEONE'S COAT!
THE LAB IS
CHECKING THEM
NOW, CAPTAIN!

THEN, DETECTIVE CHRIS ANDERSON SET IN MOTION TODAY'S INTRICATE AND RELENTLESS MACHINERY OF SCIENTIFIC CRIME DETECTION TO TRAP A GANGSTER OF YESTERDAY!

I BROUGHT OUT THE SEDAN'S EFFACED SERIAL NUMBER WITH ETCHING ACID. AND THIS CLOTH IS A CHEAP FABRIC, POSSIBLY FROM A SUIT GIVEN TO PAROLEES!

THANKS A LOT. AT LEAST, THIS IS A START!



NEXT, GEORGE RIVERS WAS QUESTIONED...

LOOK, WE TRACED THE GETAWAY CAR TO YOUR LOT, BUT YOU HAVE NO BILL OF SALE! NOW YOU SAY SOMEBODY **STOLE** THE CAR! YOU'RE GETTING CONFUSED. WHY NOT COME CLEAN? WHY ARE YOU PROTECTING YOUR FATHER?

I'M NOT TALKING... EVEN IF YOU LOCK ME UP! WHAT WOULD YOU DO, IF YOUR OLD MAN WAS A CRIMINAL INSTEAD OF A COP?



THAT NIGHT, CHRIS PACED THE FLOOR, RESTLESSLY...

SON, YOU CAN'T CRACK EVERY CASE RIGHT AWAY! BE PATIENT. BY THE WAY, THE WAY THIS MAD DOG GANG IS OPERATING JOGS MY MEMORY. IT TAKES ME BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN I WAS ON THE FORCE!



NOW, HERE'S A THEORY! DOC RIVERS WAS RECENTLY PAROLED. THAT TIES IN WITH THE CHEAP SUIT. YOU TRACED THE GETAWAY CAR TO HIS SON, GEORGE. RECENTLY, SOUPY JOE, ONE OF DOC'S BOYS IN THE OLD DAYS, WAS CRASHED OUT OF JAIL! MAYBE DOC RIVERS GATHERED THE DREGS OF HIS OLD MOB... AND IS STRIKING BACK!



PRISON PHOTOS WILL SHOW US WHAT DOC WILL LOOK LIKE TODAY. BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY UP-TO-DATE PHOTOS OF HIS GANG!

YOU COULD MAKE AN EFFECTIVE DRAGNET IF YOU HAD PICTURES OF THE WHOLE MOB!



I REMEMBER EVERY HOOD WHO WORKED WITH DOC RIVERS, ESPECIALLY HIS KEY MEN!

THAT'S FINE, DAD! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA HOW TO OBTAIN REASONABLE FACSIMILES OF THEIR PHOTOS TODAY!



ARMED WITH OLD ROGUE'S GALLERY PHOTOS AND STATISTICS OF DOC'S HENCHMEN OF YESTERYEAR, A POLICE ARTIST AND A DOCTOR SPANNED A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITHIN A FEW HOURS!

INFORMATION REVEALS THAT SPIKE MARTIN WAS HEAVYSET. HE ATE AND DRANK A GOOD DEAL AND HE WORRIED ABOUT TRIVIAL MATTERS! IN THOSE DAYS HE WAS A PROSPECTIVE ULCER TYPE!

SO WHEN I AGED HIM, I FOLLOWED THE DOCTOR'S OPINION THAT TODAY SPIKE WAS PROBABLY GAUNT AND DRAWN. OTHER CHARACTERISTICS SUGGESTED SLIGHT BALDNESS, DROOPY EYES, AND DEEP LINES AROUND THE MOUTH!

THAT IS HOW WE WORKED EACH CASE, CAPTAIN! I THINK THESE PORTRAITS RESEMBLE THE MEN WE'RE SEEKING!

THAT CROOK LOOKS LIKE THE RACKETEER WHO VANISHED BEFORE WE COULD NAB HIM! I THINK YOU HAVE SOMETHING HERE, CHRIS!



SOON, "WANTED" NOTICES, TELETYPE DESCRIPTIONS AND RADIO BROADCASTS WERE FORGING THE LINKS IN A STATE-WIDE DRAGNET.

SPRINGTOWN POLICE...ALL POINTS BULLETIN! THE FOLLOWING IS A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE SUSPECTS IN THE BUGSY FORAN GANG KILLING...FIRST, DOC RIVERS, AGE 55...

DU-UH! HOW COME THE COP-PERS KNOW SO MUCH, DOC?

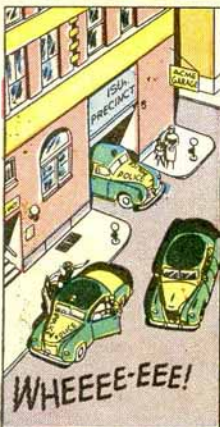
SHUT UP! AS LONG AS WE STAY HOLED-UP THEY CAN'T FIND US!



The Broadcast Resulted in an Unexpected Break...



I'M THE LANDLADY AT 147 MELFORD. I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO YOUR POLICE REPORTS-LIKE I DO EVERY NIGHT 'CAUSE THEY'RE SO EXCITING...AND DO YOU KNOW, I HAVE SOME MYSTERIOUS TENANTS IN ROOM 202 WHO FIT THOSE DESCRIPTIONS!



DON'T BE FOOLISH, DOC RIVERS! DON'T TRY TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH US! WE'VE GOT YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS!

I AIN'T DEAD YET... AND NEITHER ARE MY MEN! COME AND GET US!



NOW! Another BAZOOKA BONANZA!

10,000 Personal
Name Stamps Given Away
to 10,000 Boys & Girls
Sending in 100 Penny
Bazooka Wrappers!
Get Yours While
They Last!



It prints your own name



**SEND NO MONEY...
WRITE NO LETTERS...**

**START COLLECTING PENNY
BAZOOKA WRAPPERS NOW
AND WIN YOUR STAMP!!**

SIMPLE MAILING DIRECTIONS

1. Start today to save the wrappers from delicious PENNY BAZOOKA Bubble Gum. All BAZOOKA wrappers are good for this NAME STAMP OFFER.
2. When you have collected one hundred (100) of these red, white and blue silver foil wrappers, put them in an envelope with your name and address on a slip of paper.
3. Mail to BAZOOKA, Dept. R, Box 20, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N. Y. 10,000 entries received will win a PERSONAL NAME STAMP.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 15, 1950, to qualify.
5. Offer open to all residents of the U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees and their families of Topps Chewing Gum and its advertising agency.

Prizes!



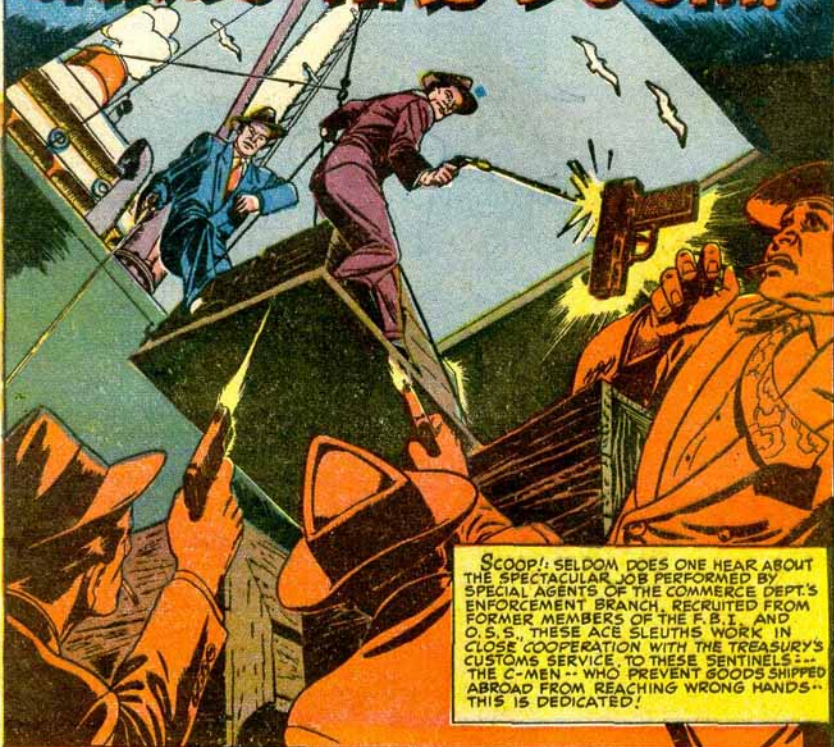
2 BIG CHEWS 1¢

Made by the Makers of Topps Chewing Gum

Editor's Note:

HERE'S THE NEWEST RACKET...! FOR YEARS, SMUGGLERS HAVE TRIED TO BRING GOODS ILLEGALLY **INTO** THIS COUNTRY. BUT DID YOU KNOW THERE'S BEEN A SWITCH TO THE OLD THEME - THAT SOME SMUGGLE **OUT** CARGO? DID YOU KNOW MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF SCARCE COMMODITIES WE SORELY NEED HERE ARE SHIPPED TO BLACK MARKETS ABROAD? LIKE EVERY NEW PAPER, IT SPAWNS A BREED OF BISHOT HOODLUMS WHO, LIKE THEIR PREDECESSORS -- THE DILLINGERS, THE CAPONES, THE BABYFACE NELSONS -- GREEDILY MOVE IN WITH THEIR BOLD BLITZES, BLAZING BULLETS, AND BRUTAL BRAWLS TO GRAB THE CROOKED PROFITS!
THIS PURPORTS TO SHOW HOW UNCLE SAM RECENTLY SMASHED SOME EXPORT RACKETEERS, WHO DISPATCHED...

"The SHIP WHOSE CARGO WAS DOOM!"



SCOOP!: SELDOM DOES ONE HEAR ABOUT THE SPECTACULAR JOB PERFORMED BY SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE COMMERCE DEPT.'S ENFORCEMENT BRANCH, RECRUITED FROM FORMER MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I. AND O.S.S., THESE ACE SLEUTHS WORK IN CLOSE COOPERATION WITH THE TREASURY'S CUSTOMS SERVICE, TO THESE SENTINELS -- THE C-MEN -- WHO PREVENT GOODS SHIPPED ABROAD FROM REACHING WRONG HANDS -- THIS IS DEDICATED!

I'M SPECIAL AGENT "X" OF THE COMMERCE DEPT.'S OFFICE OF INTERNATIONAL TRADE. BECAUSE OF THE CONFIDENTIAL NATURE OF THIS CASE--ONLY CERTAIN PHASES OF WHICH MAY BE PRINTED--I'M ASSUMING THE IDENTITY OF BARRY DONOVAN HERE.



"ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 3, 1947, A CUSTOMS INSPECTOR SUMMONED ME TO A DOCK IN NEW YORK, GATEWAY TO THE WORLD'S SHIPPING LANES."



DONOVAN, I WANTED YOU TO EXAMINE THIS BOILER PIPE, CONSIGNED TO A LATIN AMERICAN PORT AS "FENCE POSTS!"

HM, THIS IS STRANGE! THESE ARE CUT IN 25-FOOT LENGTHS!

I'M AINSLEE, THE EXPORTER. YOU'LL NOTICE HOLES ARE BORED AT REGULAR INTERVALS, THAT'S FOR THE FENCE WIRE. THE PIPE'LL BE CUT INTO SHORTER LENGTHS WHEN IT REACHES PORT

YES, BUT IF THE HOLES ARE WELDED SHUT, IT'LL MAKE GOOD BOILER PIPE. THAT CRITICAL MATERIAL MUST BE LICENSED BY THE COMMERCE DEPT.



TOO MANY OF YOU ARE CLASSIFYING ITEMS AS NON-CRITICAL TO GET AROUND THE LAW. THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP YOUR LATIN AMERICAN IMPORTER, WHO WOULD RELAY THIS VITAL MATERIAL TO AN OVERSEAS BLACK MARKET WHERE IT'LL BRING A FABULOUS PROFIT!



SORRY I MADE A MISTAKE. I'LL APPLY FOR A LICENSE AT ONCE!

THIS ISN'T HIS FIRST TRY AT VIOLATING THE LAW. TELL YOU A SECRET. HE'S TOP MAN ON OUR WATCH LIST. THAT'S WHY I HOT-FOOTED UP HERE WHEN I GOT YOUR CALL.



"TWO WEEKS LATER, I HAD THE LAB EXAMINE AINSLEE'S NEW EXPORT LICENSE."

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, MR. DONOVAN. THIS IS A CLEVER FORGERY--THE PRINTING, PAPER AND HANDWRITING!

AINSLEE'S GOING TO GREAT LENGTHS TO AVOID THE LAW. IF HE GOT THIS LICENSE FROM THOSE NEW FORGERS, IT'S JUST THE LEAD WE NEED!



"NEXT DAY, AGENT IRA FULTON JOINED ME IN THE HUNT."

COME CLEAN, AINSLEE! WE KNOW THIS IS A FORGERY! WHO SOLD IT TO YOU?

YOU MIGHT AS WELL TALK! WE'VE EVIDENCE YOUR SHIPMENTS ULTIMATELY WIND UP ON THE EUROPEAN BLACK MARKET!



ALL RIGHT, I KNOW WHEN I'M THROUGH! I WAS A FOOL TO THINK I'D GET AWAY WITH IT! YOU'LL FIND ALL YOUR INFORMATION IN THE TOP DRAWER OF THAT FILE!

NOW YOU'RE MAKING SENSE! I'LL JUST TAKE A LOOK...



IRA! DON'T TOUCH THAT FILE! HE'S MAKING A BREAK!



BEST WAY TO HOLD A FISH LIKE THAT WHEN YOU CATCH HIM! SIT ON HIM! WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT ME TO OPEN THE FILE, BARRY?

HE MOVED TOO FAST TO GET OUT OF HERE. HE KNEW IT WAS LOADED!



SURE I BOOBY-TRAPPED IT. I EXPECTED YOU HERE SOONER OR LATER. I WANTED OUR TALK TO END WITH A BANG!

SEND OVER THE WAGON! AND A DEMOLITION EXPERT TO DEACTIVATE A HOT JOB!



"WITH AINSLEE PUT AWAY ON ICE, I DROPPED IN TO REPORT TO MY BOSS..."

AINSLEE REFUSES TO TALK, SIR!

HE WON'T HAVE TO. I SENT AN AGENT ALONG WITH HIS SHIPMENT OF "FENCE POSTS". WHEN HE REACHES THE FINAL PORT, WE'LL KNOW THE BLACK MARKET MOB'S ROUTE. COFFEE?



I'VE A TOUGHER ASSIGNMENT FOR YOU-- GETTING **BEHIND** THOSE EXPORTERS! WE'VE GOT TO CRACK THE RING SELLING THEM FORGED LICENCES! THAT'S YOUR BABY!

I'LL SEE WHAT IS IN AINSLEE'S FILES. THEY PROBABLY WERE LOADED WITH MORE THAN DYNAMITE!





"ON APRIL 19, I WAS ALL SET TO GIVE UP HUNTING FOR A CLUE WHEN A MISTAKE IN IDENTITY PUT ME ON THE TRAIL."

AINSLEE, YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT WE'RE GONNA SEE A LOT OF EACH OTHER. YOU BEEN BUYIN' YOUR FORGED LICENSES FROM SALVATORAN, HUH?

WHO ARE YOU?—ER—WHAT'S THIS ABOUT SALVATORAN? YOU MEAN THE RACING DRIVER?



NOBODY ELSE BUT! DOOLEY'S MY NAME, AND I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE BUYIN' YOUR EXPORT LICENSES FROM MY BOSS, DIMETRIK! HE'S MOVIN' IN AN' TAKIN' OVER ALL OF SALVATORAN'S CLIENTS! NICE, EH?



HOW ABOUT MY MEETING DIMETRIK?

FORGET IT! IF YOU GOT BUSINESS, CALL ME AT THE NUMBER ON THAT CARD! OUR PRICES ARE THE SAME—\$1,000 PER LICENSE, AND REMEMBER—SALVATORAN IS RETIRING TONIGHT! YOU'LL BE NEEDIN' US!



"SO TYPICAL GANGLAND RIVALRY GRIPPED THE NEW RACKET, I CAUGHT UP WITH IRA..."

LISTEN, YOU'RE TO STAKE OUT AT SALVATORAN'S HOME WHILE I'M AT THE SPEEDWAY BOWL! DIMETRIK'S GOONS MAY TRY TO TAKE HIM FOR A RIDE TONIGHT!

THEY'LL HAVE A TOUGH JOB! SALVATORAN HAS A FAST HAND-WITH A GUN, TOO!



"IF IRA HAD REACHED SALVATORAN EARLIER, HE'D HAVE CRACKED THE CASE THROUGH HIS DOUBLE-CROSSING COUSIN, AL, AN EXPORT FORGER..."

YOUR GUYS JUST LEFT, DIMETRIK! THEY TOOK MY COUSIN'S PRESS AND COUNTERFEIT PLATES!

LIKE I PROMISED, YOU START WORK FOR ME IN THE MORNING—FOR A HALF-INTEREST! I WON'T GYP YOU LIKE YOUR COUSIN!



I'M IRA FULTON, SPECIAL AGENT FOR THE COMMERCE DEPT. WHERE'S SALVATORAN?

YOU COULD'VE SAVED YOURSELF A LOT OF SHOE LEATHER COMIN' OVER HERE IF YOU READ THE PAPERS. HE'S AT THE TRACK RACING HIS CAR.





"IRA EXPLAINED THE REASON FOR HIS VISIT, THEN..."

SEE, LIKE I TOLD YOU, SAL'S ALL WRAPPED UP IN THESE BOATS. IT'S STUPID, THINKING HE DEALS IN PHONEY EXPORT LICENSES!

WELL, THIS IS AN EXPENSIVE HOBBY! SAY, HAVEN'T YOU A TELEVISION SET? LET'S SEE HOW HE'S DOING, AFTER THE RACE, WE'LL HOLD A FAMILY REUNION AT HEADQUARTERS!



"MEANWHILE, I'D JOINED THE FANS AT THE SPEEDWAY BOWL JUST AS THE BIG HANDICAP GOT UNDERWAY."

ON THE TWELFTH LAP, IT'S SALVATORAN IN NUMBER 4 IN THE LEAD APPROACHING THE STRAIGHTAWAY... OLSEN IN NUMBER 2 FADES TO SECOND PLACE...!

I'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN THIS IS OVER AND I GET SALVATORAN IN PROTECTIVE CUSTODY FOR QUESTIONING.



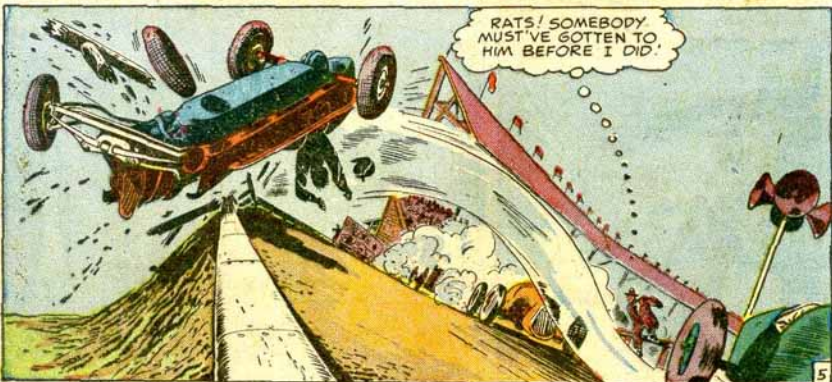
WHEN I SHOOT, IT'LL SOUND LIKE SALVATORAN'S TIRE BLEW OUT. HERE IT COMES, CHUMP, WITH DIMETRIK'S COMPLIMENTS AND MINE - THE KILLER'S!



NUMBER 4 HAS HAD A BLOWOUT! LOOK OUT! HE'S SKIDDING... SKIDDING...!



RATS! SOMEBODY MUST'VE GOTTEN TO HIM BEFORE I DID!



"MANY MILES AWAY, FULTON AND SALVATORAN'S COUSIN ALSO WITNESSED THE CRASH..."

DROT IT! THAT'S THE END OF YOUR COUSIN - AND JUST WHEN WE NEEDED HIM TO CRACK THIS CASE! I WONDER IF IT WAS AN ACCIDENT?



THIS ISN'T AN ACCIDENT! SALVATORAN RETIRED FROM BUSINESS AND DIMETRIK INHERITED IT!



"MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE TRACK..."

IT'S MIRACULOUS THIS MAN SURVIVED, DONOVAN! JUST A CONCUSSION AND SOME BRUISES!

DROP US AT HIS HOME. THEN DO ME A FAVOR, DOC. ISSUE A REPORT HE'S HOSPITALIZED -- NO HOPE FOR RECOVERY OR REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS. I'LL TAKE RESPONSIBILITY!



"NEXT MORNING, AS WE DROVE THROUGH THE SAN DIMAS MOUNTAINS..."

YOU WON'T BE SORRY YOU HELPED US TRAP DIMETRIK WHEN YOU GO TO TRIAL, SALVATORAN.

WHAT A HEADACHE AL GAVE ME BEFORE HE SCRAMMED! IF I GET MY HANDS ON HIM --

NOT BEFORE ME THE DOUBLE-CROSSER! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM AND DIMETRIK! SAY, THERE'S MY COUNTRY JOINT -- AT THE FAR END OF THE FIELD!



"WITH IRA GUARDING SALVATORAN, I POSED AGAIN AS AINSLEE..."

LISTEN, TELL DIMETRIK I CAN BUY A LICENSE FOR \$500-- FROM SALVATORAN! HE'S IN BUSINESS AGAIN!

DON'T KID ME! HE'S HALF-DEAD IN THE HOSPITAL. EVEN HIS COUSIN CAN'T SEE HIM!



I'LL HAVE THE OPERATOR CALL SALVATORAN WHERE HE'S HIDING! HE'LL CONFIRM HIS PRICE!

AHH, I WOULDN'T KNOW HIS VOICE, BUT I'LL CALL YOUR BLUFF. I'LL PHONE AL, THE SWITCHBOARD GIRL CAN CUT HIM IN SO'S HE CAN LISTEN TO BOTH OF YOU TALKING!





OKAY, DOOLEY, SURE I'LL LISTEN IN. I KNOW SAL'S VOICE-- BUT MAYBE IT'S A TRICK!

YOUR COUSIN SALVATORAN-- THE PAPERS SAY HE'LL NEVER WAKE UP!



THAT'S WHAT I SAID, AINSLEE. THE LICENSE'LL COST YOU ONLY \$500. I'LL CUT DIMETRIK'S PRICE IN HALF ANYTIME, GOODBYE!



DIMETRIK! THAT WAS SAL'S VOICE!-- AND I KNOW WHERE HE'S HIDING! **HIS MOUNTAIN CABIN!** I HEARD A PLANE FLY OVER.



DON'T HANG UP YET, DOOLEY! LISTEN, THAT BIRD WITH YOU ISN'T AINSLEE-- I KNOW AINSLEE'S VOICE! RUB HIM OUT FAST!

KNOCK OFF AL! WE'RE HEADIN' FOR THE MOUNTAINS! SALVATORAN'S GOING TO BE PUT AWAY-- BUT PERMANENTLY. HE'S NOT MUSCLING BACK IN **MY** RACKET!



AL'S RIGHT! AINSLEE **IS** IN JAIL! I'M FROM THE COMMERCE DEPT. NOW THAT AL GAVE YOU ALL THE ANSWERS, HERE'S ONE HE DIDN'T KNOW. THIS PHONE IS TAPPED AND MY MEN ARE TRACING THE NUMBER YOU CALLED. DIMETRIK AND AL SOON WILL BE UNDER ARREST!



HA, YOUR PALS WILL BE TOO LATE-- AUGH!

I KNOW! I HEARD DIMETRIK SAY HE WAS LEAVING TO GET SALVATORAN!



I'LL HAVE TO CHANGE MY PLANS! ANYWAY, I'M GETTING DIMETRIK INTO THE OPEN WHERE I CAN CATCH HIM!... THERE, YOU WON'T BE LONELY LONG. I'LL TELL THE COPS TO DROP IN AND KEEP YOU COMPANY!



Buy Christmas Seals



Help Stamp Out TB

STEP ON IT! I GOTTA FINISH THE JOB YOU MIFFED, NOT WIPING HIM OUT AT THE TRACK! KILLER! HUH, WHERE'D YOU BUY THAT NAME?!

IF DIMETRIK BEATS ME TO THE LODGE, IRA WILL HAVE HIS HANDS FULL!

"...MEANWHILE, AT SALVATORAN'S RETREAT..."

SURE I AGREED TO HELP TRAP THOSE MUGS... BUT IF THAT COPPER THINKS I'M GONNA GO TO JAIL, HE'S CRAZY! THIS COFFEE WILL PUT HIM TO SLEEP.

KILLER AND I'LL GO INSIDE AND NAIL SALVATORAN! AL, YOU STAY OUT HERE AND COVER US!

OKAY, DIMETRIK! BUT I WISH I COULD FIX THAT CHEAP CHISELER MYSELF!

SALVATORAN: SO YOU WANT TO FIX ME YOURSELF? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! GET BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THAT RACER! WE'RE SCRAMMING! REMEMBER, I GOT THAT COPS GUN ON YOU! YOU TRY TO MAKE A PHONEY MOVE AND YOU'LL NEVER MOVE AGAIN!

THAT OUGHT TO WAKE UP THE SLEEPING BEAUTY--WHOEVER HE IS! MAYBE HE KNOWS WHERE SALVATORAN IS!

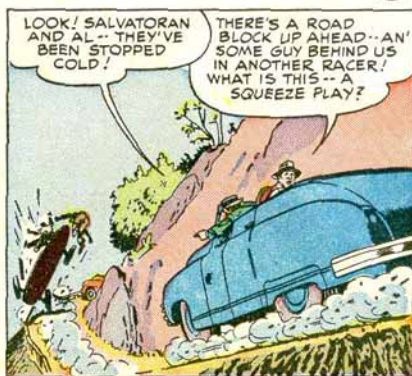
HEY, WHAT'S THAT? AIN'T IT A CAR SPEEDING AWAY OUTSIDE?

HUH, THAT'S SALVATORAN HEADING THIS WAY! I CAN TELL BY HIS BANDAGED HEAD!-- BUT WHO'S DRIVING? IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE MAKING A GETAWAY, GOT TO STOP THEM...! I'LL PARK MY CAR--!



LOOK OUT--!

I--I CAN'T MAKE IT! AHAAA!



LOOK! SALVATORAN AND AL-- THEY'VE BEEN STOPPED COLD!

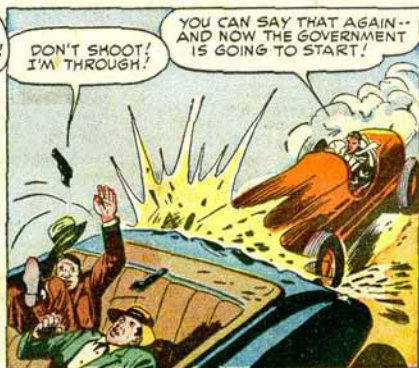
THERE'S A ROAD BLOCK UP AHEAD--AN' SOME GUY BEHIND US IN ANOTHER RACER! WHAT IS THIS-- A SQUEEZE PLAY?



CHOP HIM DOWN, KILLER!

IF HE'D ONLY STAND STILL FOR A MINUTE!

YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, YOU TWO! YOU'RE SURROUNDED! HERE COMES IRA RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



DON'T SHOOT! I'M THROUGH!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN-- AND NOW THE GOVERNMENT IS GOING TO START!



"NEXT DAY..."

WE ENTERED DIMETRIK'S HOME AFTER TRACING HIS PHONE NUMBER AND CONFISCATED THESE DOCUMENTS AND PLATES! THE GANG SELLING FORGED LICENSES IS OUT OF BUSINESS.

"FOLLOWING AINSLEE'S SHIPMENT, ANOTHER AGENT MAPPED THE ENTIRE ROUTE AND SMASHED THE ROOTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL RING!"



I'M SPECIAL AGENT "X" BUT FOR SECURITY REASONS I CALLED MYSELF BARRY DONOVAN AND DISGUISED MY LIKENESS. THIS ISN'T HOW I LOOK... SO IF ANY MOBSTERS ARE USING THIS TO IDENTIFY ME, THEY'RE WASTING THEIR TIME.



THE END

BEAR TRAPPED!

IT WAS A WONDERFUL DAY FOR A HIKE UNTIL...



THAT WOUNDED BEAR MEANS BUSINESS, MAC! HEAD FOR THAT SHACK UP AHEAD!



PHEWW! THAT WAS CLOSE! HOPE THIS BAR IS STRONG ENOUGH!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER... NIGHT HAS FALLEN... THE LITTLE SHACK TREMBLES UNDER THE BEAR'S FIERCE CLAWS!

GOTTA BARRICADE THIS DOOR! DRAG THAT BOX OVER, RAY...

RIGHT...



HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? AN OLD FLASHLIGHT COVERED WITH COBWEBS AND -- IT WORKS! NOW WE CAN SIGNAL FOR HELP...



LATER, RESCUED BY THE FOREST RANGERS...

BOY, WAS I SURPRISED WHEN THAT ANCIENT FLASHLIGHT WORKED!

I WAS, TOO... UNTIL I SAW IT WAS LOADED WITH RAY-O-VACS!

RAY-O-VAC LEAK PROOFS ARE SEALED IN STEEL-- STAY FRESH FOR YEARS.



ASK FOR
RAY-O-VAC
LEAK PROOFS
THEY'RE GUARANTEED



Powerful battery



add steel bottom



add steel top



add insulation



add steel jacket



Ray-O-Vac

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.



Look Who's Here!

BOB HOPE

IN HIS OWN
COMICS MAGAZINE!

52 BIG LAUGH-LOADED PAGES - STARRING
AMERICA'S FAVORITE FUNNY-MAN!



JUST THE
SORT OF
HILARIOUS
BRAND-NEW
STORIES
THAT'LL MAKE
YOU HOWL
WITH HOPE!



DON'T
MISS THE
FIRST
ISSUE!
ON SALE
Everywhere
NOW!



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,
AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946
OF GANG BUSTERS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1949.
State of New York }
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the GANG BUSTERS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to-wit:

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

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, G. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, R. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, S. Y. Sampliner, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Stern as

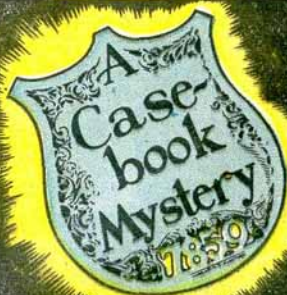
Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. I. Stern & J. I. Galtzko as Trustees for E. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc., all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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

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

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1949.
ALFRED B. YAPPE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1950).



"The Case of the Mountain Murder!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

VACATIONERS AT SWANK LOOKOUT LODGE, HIGH IN THE ROCKIES, MADE A GAY SCENE ON JUNE 12, 1949.



NICE CROWD, CHARLIE.

YES, SIR. WE'RE CROWDED TO CAPACITY!

BUT ON THAT FATEFUL NIGHT, ONE MORE GUEST—AN UNINVITED ONE BY THE NAME OF DEATH—ARRIVED!

YOU CHEATED ME WITH MARKED CARDS AND I WANT MY MONEY BACK. I'M BROKE, ECKERT!

PLAYING CARDS IS A GAMBLE AND YOU LOST. STOP SNIVELING, PRINGLE!



AFTER THE GUESTS RETIRED...



THERE'S ECKERT'S CABIN ISOLATED FROM THE OTHERS. BUT I MUST WORK FAST TO AVOID ANY PASSERBY!

DEATH WAS KNOCKING ON ECKERT'S DOOR THAT NIGHT!



ECKERT! YOU UP? IT'S ME, PRINGLE!

HE WON'T LIVE TO SPEND MY MONEY!

AS ECKERT OPENED THE DOOR, PRINGLE'S BULLET CRASHED THROUGH HIS HEART!

SO LONG, SWINDLER!
YOU CAN'T TAKE IT
WITH YOU! HA-HA!

PRINGLE WORKED SWIFTLY, FOLLOWING A CAREFUL PLAN!

WITH ONLY **YOUR** PRINTS ON THE GUN, AND THE CABIN LOCKED FROM THE **INSIDE**, IT'LL LOOK LIKE YOU COMMITTED SUICIDE!

PRINGLE USED A NOVEL DEVICE FOR BARRING THE DOOR FROM THE INSIDE!

FIRST, I'LL SUSPEND THE BAR WITH THESE DOUBLED STRINGS, THEN PULL THE DOOR SHUT AND LOWER THE BAR INTO ITS CLAMPS BY SLACKENING THE STRINGS THROUGH THE DOOR-TOP CRACK.

AH! THE BAR'S IN PLACE, NOW I PULL BOTH COMPLETE STRINGS OUT HERE BY DRAWING ON **ONE** STRAND OF EACH DOUBLED STRING!

PREPARATIONS COMPLETED, PRINGLE NOW WENT INTO ACTION.

DOOR AND WINDOWS LOCKED **INSIDE**—STRING IN MY POCKET—THAT SHOT MUST'VE BEEN HEARD... AH, SOMEONE'S COMING!

HELP!
HELP!

SOON A STATE RADIO PATROL CAR ARRIVED...

DOOR AND WINDOWS LOCKED ON THE INSIDE, SIR.

FORCE THE WINDOW, AND OPEN THE DOOR FROM INSIDE, BATES.



WHAT ABOUT IT, READER? IS EDGAR PRINGLE REALLY SAFE? ARE THE POLICE MERELY TRYING TO UNNERVE HIM—OR HAVE THEY GRASPED A SIGNIFICANT CLUE TO UPSET HIS PERFECT CRIME?

WHAT IS *your* OPINION BEFORE READING THE NEXT PAGE?



BATMAN AND ROBIN

stand up for SPORTSMANSHIP!

EVER ON THE ALERT FOR SIGNS OF CRIME, BATMAN AND ROBIN, FAMED FIGHTERS FOR JUSTICE, SPOT A NEW AND DANGEROUS MENACE.

LOOK, ROBIN, SOME REAL TROUBLE ON THAT FOOTBALL FIELD--AND IT NEEDS OUR ATTENTION!

CHECK, BATMAN!



HOLD ON, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

AW, WE DON'T WANT THIS GUY AROUND HERE. HE DON'T BELONG! HE AIN'T A REAL AMERICAN!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, DAN!



A LOT OF US DON'T AGREE WITH YOU! HANK'S A GOOD PLAYER--AND HE BELONGS ON THE TEAM SAME AS ANYBODY ELSE!

RIGHT! IT'S THE ONE WHO THINKS OTHERWISE WHO'S NOT THE REAL AMERICAN! HE'S HARMING HIS COUNTRY WHEN HE SPEAKS AND ACTS THAT WAY!



DON'T BELIEVE THOSE CRACKPOT LIES ABOUT PEOPLE WHO WORSHIP DIFFERENTLY, OR WHOSE SKIN IS OF A DIFFERENT COLOR, OR WHOSE PARENTS COME FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY. REMEMBER OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE OF FREEDOM AND EQUALITY!

DON'T WEAKEN OUR COUNTRY! A NATION DIVIDED BY PREJUDICE IS LIKE A FOOTBALL TEAM WITHOUT TEAMWORK! SO GET TOGETHER... WORK AND PLAY IN HARMONY--AND YOU'LL HAVE A SUCCESSFUL TEAM!

THANKS, BATMAN, WE WILL!



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IN THIS MECHANIZED AND MOTORIZED AGE, HORSEFLESH AND LEATHER OFTEN JOIN OTHER POLICE ELEMENTS IN THE PURSUIT OF CRIME. WHILE CRACK MOUNTED DIVISIONS ARE CHARGED WITH TRAFFIC CONTROL AND PREVENTION OF MOB DISORDERS, THEIR UNIQUE ABILITY IS OFTEN USED IN SITUATIONS WHERE ONE HORSE IS WORTH 10 MEN. LIKE THEIR CANADIAN COUNTERPARTS, THE LARGE CITY'S MOUNTY ALSO GETS HIS MAN, AS REVEALED IN...

**"I GALLOP
with DANGER!"**



YOU'VE SEEN ME IN MID-TOWN, GUIDING THE FLOW OF TRAFFIC. MAYBE YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE ME BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER LOOKED PAST MY HORSE WHEN YOU GAVE HIM AN APPLE OR A LUMP OF SUGAR. DANDY GETS ALL THE ATTENTION. ANYWAY...

LIKE MY BUDDIES, I VOLUNTEERED FOR THE MOUNTED DIVISION.

WE JUST RECEIVED AN OKAY FOR YOUR TRANSFER TO THE MOUNTED. YOU CERTAINLY MUST KNOW HORSES.

OH, WE GET ALONG, ALL RIGHT. BUT I'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP RICH DESSERTS IF I'M TO STAY IN TRIM. YOU CAN'T WEIGH MORE THAN 165.

DID I KNOW HORSES? I RODE BAREBACK ALMOST AS SOON AS I COULD WALK.

FRANK! FRANK, DO YOU HEAR ME? COME IN FOR SUPPER, GRACIOUS, THAT BOY WOULD RATHER RIDE THAN EAT!



CAME THE WAR, AND I ENLISTED IN THE CAVALRY. HOW DID I KNOW IT WAS ARMORED?

GIVE 'EM ANOTHER BLAST, JOE. WE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN!



BUT WHEN THE GOING GOT ROUGH IN ITALY...

TANKERS YESTERDAY, HORSE CAVALRY TODAY! YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO NEXT IN THIS MAN'S ARMY!

THE GENERAL'S SMART ENOUGH TO REALIZE NAGS CAN GET THROUGH WHERE TANKS CAN'T!



AFTER THE WAR, I TOOK OFF MY KHAKIS AND PUT ON POLICE BLUES. THEN CAME THE GOOD NEWS: MY TRANSFER TO THE MOUNTED, AND TWO MONTHS OF HARD, BACK-BREAKING TRAINING BEGAN.

LOOK AT THAT! LEG CONTROL! FLEMING'S A NATURAL HORSEMAN.



YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN! HE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES AND MORE!



THE HORSES ALSO GO THROUGH RIGOROUS SCHOOLING. ONE DAY, I WATCHED A NEW BATCH. YOU MAY THINK THEY LOOK ALIKE BECAUSE THEY MUST MEET STRICT SPECIFICATIONS, BUT ONE SEEMED BETTER THAN THE OTHERS.

THERE'S A HORSE I'D LIKE TO HAVE. GOT PLENTY OF SPIRIT. HE'S A DANDY!



HE'S ONE OF OUR BEST PUPILS. HE'S BEEN IN TRAINING TWO MONTHS LONGER THAN YOU, FLEMING!

I SELDOM TOOK MY EYE OFF HIM, NEAR THE END OF MY COURSE...

LOOK AT THAT! HE'S A NATURAL JUMPER!



YES, HE'S ALMOST READY NOW. IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU'LL GET HIM.

ON D-DAY (DISCHARGE DAY), WHEN WE BOTH WERE READY FOR MOUNTED DUTY...

SGT. GOSS TOLD ME YOU LIKED THIS HORSE, FLEMING. OKAY. HE'S YOUR RESPONSIBILITY FROM NOW ON!



THANK YOU, SIR. I THINK DANDY AND I WILL MAKE A GOOD TEAM!

WE DID. WE NEVER ABUSED EACH OTHER. I FOLLOWED THE RULES, LIKE RESTING HIM FOR TEN MINUTES EVERY HOUR.

DON'T GIVE IT TO HIM, KIDS. HE'S NOT ALLOWED TO EAT BETWEEN MEALS.



THE WORST TRAFFIC SNARLS WERE QUICKLY UNTANGLED.

YOU, THERE, PULL OVER! YOU'RE BLOCKING THE OTHER CARS!



A MOUNT CAN BE WOUNDED IN THE LINE OF DUTY, TOO, WHEN A CAR JUMPED OUT OF CONTROL...

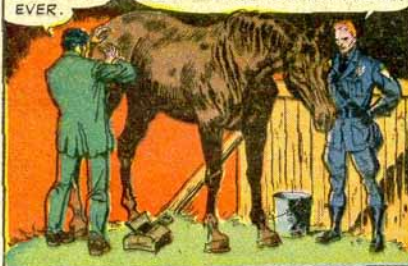
EASY, BOY! EASY!



DANDY DIDN'T GET A PURPLE HEART, BUT WHILE THE WOUND HEALED, HE GOT THE BEST VET CARE AT THE STABLE.

HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS EVER.

THAT'S FINE, DOC. I WAS WORRIED FOR A WHILE, BUT NOW I KNOW WE'LL BE TOGETHER AGAIN SOON.



DANDY AND I WENT BACK TO DUTY WHEN PRES. TRUMAN VISITED THE CITY..

THE CROWD'S BREAKING THROUGH THE CORDON. GOT TO GET THEM BACK!



A TOUCH OF MY HEEL AND DANDY PRESSED GINGERLY AGAINST THE CROWD.

REMEMBER WHAT YOU WERE TAUGHT... 5-INCH SIDESTEPS GENTLY, NOW! GENTLY! THAT'S DOING IT, BOY!



I VISITED THE RODEO WHEN IT WAS IN TOWN. ONE OF THE THINGS THAT PLEASED ME MOST WAS...

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT CHUCK CONNORS, THE FAMOUS COWBOY CLOWN AND HIS EDUCATED HORSE, SMOKEY!



ONE OF THE BEST TRICKS WAS SMOKEY UNTYING THE ROPE WITH HIS TEETH WHEN CHUCK KNOTTED IT AROUND HIS LEGS.

WOW, HE DID THAT STUNT IN LESS THAN A MINUTE!



DANDY WAS AS SMART AS THEY CAME, SO I TAUGHT HIM THE SAME TRICK...

C'MON, BOY, YOU CAN DO IT. YOU CAN DO IT AS FAST AS SMOKEY.



ONE DAY, AN URGENT CALL CAME FROM HEADQUARTERS...

INSPECTOR, WE'VE BEEN TIPPED OFF ABOUT A NOON-HOUR RIOT HERE. I HAVE A HUNCH IT'S A COVER UP FOR SOMETHING.

THAT'S A SPECIALTY FOR THE MOUNTED.



DANDY AND I WERE AMONG THE SIX MOUNTED TEAMS RUSHED TO THE SCENE IN THE GIANT POLICE VAN USED FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES.



ALMOST AS SOON AS I RODE UP TO MY POST...

LOOK OUT! MAD DOG! THERE'S A MAD DOG LOOSE!

THAT'S THE COVER-UP FOR THE RIOT PLOT!



LET ME OUT OF HERE! LET ME THROUGH!

STOP PUSHING! WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?

GET THE CHILDREN OUT OF HERE FIRST!



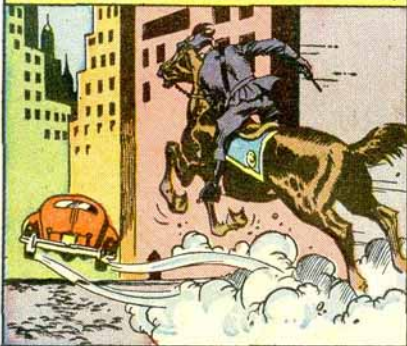
SUDDENLY I SAW A MAN RUNNING FROM THE CASTLE THEATRE...

SO THE RIOT IS A COVER UP FOR A ROBBERY!



I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE IN THIS CROWD...
CLEAR THE WAY!

THE GETAWAY CAR SOON BEGAN TO OUTDISTANCE ME.



HOLD-UP CAR! AFTER IT!

THE POLICE CAR BEGAN TO GAIN, CLOSE THE GAP BUT...



C'MON, PETE! GET ABOARD!

THEY BLOCKED US! WE CAN'T GET AROUND THIS CAR TO CHASE 'EM! ONE OF YOU MEN GET IN IT AND DRIVE IT OUT OF THE WAY!



THE OBSTACLE WAS NOTHING FOR DANDY. I GAVE HIM HIS HEAD.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT HORSE FLY!

IS HE A MOUNTIE OR IS HE AIRBORNE?



THE HOODS WERE OUTDISTANCING ME AGAIN, BUT FURTHER DOWN THE STREET...

I THOUGHT YOU HAD A PERFECT GETAWAY ROUTE. THIS STREET'S TORN UP FOR REPAIRS!

YEAH, AND LOOK WHO'S BEHIND US! THERE'S ONE KIND OF COP WE DIDN'T FIGURE ON -- THE MOUNTED.



THE FLEEING CAR HAD TO SLOW DOWN, BUT DANDY MADE IT WITHOUT BREAKING GAIT.

WE'LL GET THEM YET! THIS IS A BREEZE, EH, DANDY?



I WAS WAITING UNTIL I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH TO DRAW MY PISTOL, THEN...



ONE SHOT SHOULD DO IT, BOY, AND YOU DON'T MIND, DO YOU? THE SOUND OF A BULLET IS MUSIC TO YOUR EARS!

RUN FOR THE AUTO ENTRANCE. WE'LL AMBUSH HIM THERE! GIT GOING!



COME ON, DANDY, IT'S UP AND OVER. YOU AND I AGAINST THE THREE OF THEM! THAT'S JUST THE ODDS WE LIKE!

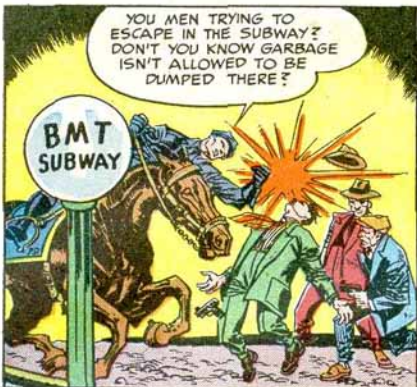


THEY WERE WAITING FOR US. IT WAS A HOT RECEPTION!

NAIL THAT COPPER!







BIG MISTAKE



Dougherty

TWO GUNMEN WHO HELD UP GEORGE DOUGHERTY AND A FRIEND ON A CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY IN 1925 WERE QUITE HAPPY WITH THE LOOT--\$20,000 IN CASH.

THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO HAPPY HAD THEY KNOWN THAT DOUGHERTY WAS AT ONE TIME HEAD OF THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE BUREAU!

"I'LL SEE YOU IN JAIL FOR THIS," HE TOLD THE THUGS AS HE MADE A MENTAL PICTURE OF THEM.

I'LL SEE YOU IN JAIL FOR THIS!



WHOA!

IN THE LOS ANGELES ROGUES' GALLERY, DOUGHERTY FOUND PHOTOS OF GEORGE DASH AND GEORGE WILLIAMS, THE TWO ROBBERS.

THE EX-COP SENT OUT THOUSANDS OF CIRCULARS ON THE THUGS TO POLICE STATIONS.

REWARD



THAT'S HIM!

AFTER 2 YEARS, DASH WAS NABBED IN A HOLDUP ATTEMPT. DOUGHERTY IDENTIFIED HIM AND SAW HIM IN SING SING.

WILLIAMS' TRAIL LED BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE U.S. IN 1928 HE ALSO WAS NABBED BY DOUGHERTY'S DESCRIPTIONS. DOUGHERTY IDENTIFIED HIM IN THE N.Y. TOMBS. HE HAD KEPT HIS PROMISE TO SEE THEM BOTH IN JAIL!

ADVERTISEMENT



OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

WON'T YOU JOIN US, TOO?

Delicious-Different

The Grapevine

WELL-WORN TWEED

Back in 1871, New York's notorious political czar, "Boss" Tweed was brought to trial for having looted the city's treasury of the fantastic sum of \$200,000,000. Despite overwhelming evidence of guilt, the jury disagreed and Tweed was freed.

The determined prosecutor didn't give up so easily. Probing for reasons for the jury's ridiculous verdict, he learned that "the 12 good men and true" had been bribed. Having proved this to the court, Tweed was indicted and tried again.

But this time the shrewd district attorney took unique precautions against a similar defeat. He hired a private detective to watch the city detective, who watched the plainclothes man whom he hired to watch each juror.

Such close surveillance paid off. The jury was not tampered with. Tweed was convicted.

FLIES, DAWN, AND DEATH

The butler's usual 8 A.M. tap on the bedroom door of multi-millionaire Abner Whittington failed to rouse him that morning back in 1939, for Mr. Whittington, as the butler later discovered, was dead. His pet canary also lay dead in its cage, both of them having been felled by a poisonous gas which had been loosed in the bedroom.

The police immediately suspected two men of the crime. Each had sufficient motive. Ken Whittington, the slain man's nephew and only surviving relative, was to receive one-half of the fortune. Lionel Bennett, the victim's private secretary, was to receive a similar share.

Loudly protesting their innocence, both suspects offered airtight alibis. Young Ken Whit-

tington had returned unexpectedly from a business trip to Philadelphia. Awakened by his arrival, the butler offered to scramble him some eggs and boil some coffee, but Whittington declined. The butler then returned to his room, where, unable to sleep, he read until just before dawn before dozing off. No one, he swore, could have entered the old man's room, which adjoined his, without having been overheard.

The secretary, Lionel Bennett, claimed that he had stayed up late with the victim, discussing some phase of their business. He had let himself out the rear door about midnight, and returned to his apartment, which he shared with his wife. Mrs. Bennett confirmed this.



The problem of the police, therefore, resolved itself into determining when Whittington had died. If the time had been *before* midnight, Bennett obviously was guilty. If it were *after*, young Whittington would be arrested.

Then, one of the inspectors on the homicide squad remembered having noticed some dead flies on the windowsill of the bedroom. Reconstructing the image of the room, he remembered vividly that they'd been seen *only* on the sill. Obviously, they had been attracted by something. But what? And then the bright sleuth saw the "light"—literally and figuratively.

Dawn must have been breaking, and the flies—which enter only in daylight—saw the open window. They must have been attracted to the open window at dawn just when the

butler fell asleep . . . just when the nephew entered his uncle's room.

Under questioning, young Whittington broke down and confessed. Yes, he had sneaked into his uncle's room, and held his own breath while he had mixed the chemicals. He had overlooked such a remote possibility as being trapped by flies.

COLLEGE CRIME-BUSTERS



Don't underestimate the college boy. Up at Harvard University, the Department of Legal Medicine has been teaching future legal eagles all about sudden death. Students give microscopic attention to each case, and seldom does one elude solution. Among the classroom's paraphernalia are complete reproductions of the scenes of the crime. These are precise miniatures, exact in every detail, from the room and the corpse to match scratches on the wall.

PISTOL PACKIN' MAMA

Residents of Paducah, Kentucky, call Mrs. Barkley Graham a "Pistol Packin' Mama," but it just isn't so. Because even if she is the lady sheriff of McCracken County, she admits she doesn't like guns and prefers to keep a blackjack in her purse to subdue any law-breaker.

Thirty-three years old and weighing all of 95 pounds, Mrs. Graham, however, has earned the respect of the entire community. When her husband vacated the sheriff's post to accept the appointment as police chief, Mrs. G took on the job. In addition to enforcing the law, she also collects county and state taxes, which often run into more than \$1,000,000 each year.

It must be fun. What woman wouldn't enjoy handling that amount of money?

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

During a raid, a Carolina deputy smashed his axe down on a slot machine. There were whirring sounds, the ringing of bells, and out poured the coins. He had hit the jackpot!

A New Jersey policeman bringing in a pick-pocket complained that his pockets had been picked while delivering the suspect to the precinct.

A Seattle jury delivered its verdict to the judge after ten hours' deliberation: the defendant was found guilty of having re-used a five-cent stamp.



"This Man's Army" is becoming more and more a thing of the past. Now, women have invaded the Military Police Corps. The MP School at Camp Gordon, Ga., graduated the first seven members while others are being enrolled. In addition to learning the procedure of paper work, students become proficient in judo and the use of the .45 caliber automatic, M-1 Garand rifle and bayonet.

When a player hit the ball over the wall in a Massachusetts' prison in a game between two jailbird teams, a guard permitted an inmate to retrieve it. Four convicts offered to assist him. All five strolled out the gate . . . and escaped.

"THEY GUARD the WATERFRONT!"

WHO ARE THE DARING CRIMINALS THAT PLUNDER THE NATION'S PORTS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OF SHIPPING EACH YEAR? HOW DO THEY ROB THE WORLD'S RICHEST CARGOES? THE HARBOR COPS CAN TELL YOU! IN THIS DRAMATIC ACCOUNT, THEY REVEAL HOW THEY SECRETLY GUARD THE ZOB PIERS STRUNG ALONG ONE OF THE KEY CITIES ALONG THE EASTERN SEABOARD, WHERE MORE THAN 20,000 SHIPS UNLOAD EACH YEAR...



THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PORTS ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST. IT IS ONE OF THE SCENIC WONDERS OF THE WORLD IN TRAVEL FOLDERS... BUT IN THE FILES OF THE F.B.I., U.S. CUSTOMS BUREAU, AND CITY POLICE, IT IS MERELY A HOT SPOT FOR CRIME...



THE CARGO WHICH IS STOLEN FROM ITS PIERS ANNUALLY IS ESTIMATED TO BE TWICE AS MUCH AS THAT LOST IN ALL MARITIME DISASTERS!

LOWER AWAY... HEY, RUDY, SEE THESE CRATES OF IMPORTED PERFUME ARE LOCKED UP SAFE IN CRIB FOUR!



MOST DOCK WORKERS ARE HONEST AND HARD-WORKING. BUT THE WATER-FRONT DEMANDS NOTHING BUT BRAVING. IT DOESN'T CARE ABOUT A MAN'S PAST... NOR, FOR THAT MATTER, HIS FUTURE!

THAT'S WHY THE DISCOVERY OF JIM CLANCY'S BODY FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER ON JAN. 26, 1949 CREATED LITTLE ATTENTION IN THE PRESS...

THIS MUST BE THE DOCK WALKER REPORTED MISSING LAST NIGHT! THINK IT WAS A SUICIDE?

NOT BY THAT MARK ON HIS HEAD! LOOKS LIKE IT WAS BASHED IN WITH A BAILING HOOK!



BUT WHEN THE NEWS OF THE STEVEDORE'S VIOLENT DEATH REACHED I.V. CREEL, FORMER SECRET SERVICE AGENT, AND NEW CHIEF OF THE INTELLIGENCE DIVISION OF THE MARITIME SAFETY AGENCY...

CLANCY WAS AGENT X-8, ONE OF MY BEST UNDERCOVER MEN. I ASSIGNED HIM TO A SPECIAL JOB... CRACKING A SERIES OF THEFTS ON PIER 301!



HIS IDENTITY MUST'VE BEEN LEARNED. THE MUSCLE BOYS HAVE A DEEP-SEATED HATRED FOR AGENTS!

THE AGENCY, ORGANIZED BY SEVERAL MARINE INSURANCE FIRMS TO COMBAT DOCKSIDE PIRATING, RECRUITS ITS MEMBERS FROM OTHER LAW ENFORCEMENT FIELDS. THEY WORK UNDERCOVER AS LONGSHOREMEN, TRUCKDRIVERS AND WATCHMEN... ARE CALLED BY THEIR ENEMIES, THE PHANTOM CARGO COPS!

IN THE PAST, SHIPPING THEFTS WERE COMMITTED BY LONE WOLF THUGS WHO SOLD TO FENCES. BUT NOW SOMETHING NEW HAS BEEN ADDED!

A WELL-ORGANIZED RING OF THIEVES IS SYSTEMATICALLY LOOTING THE WATER-FRONT! IT BECOMES BIG BUSINESS! ONLY YESTERDAY \$25,000 WORTH OF RARE PERFUME DISAPPEARED FROM PIER 301... THE MOST TROUBLESOME HOT SPOT!



YOU'LL CARRY ON WHERE X-8 LEFT OFF! YOU'LL WORK AS A DOCK HAND. I WANT EVIDENCE THAT'LL CONVICT THE WHOLE GANG! REMEMBER YOUR PREVIOUS F.B.I. TRAINING... YOU WILL NEED IT!



I'LL ALSO REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED TO AGENT CLANCY!



... THEN AT NOON, FEB. 2, ON PIER 301...

WHEEEEEE-EEEE!

LUNCH! KNOCK OFF, MEN! SEE YOU AT POP'S!

YOU'RE THE STRAW BOSS, BLACKJAW! THAT'S ONE ORDER YOU DON'T HAVE TO GIVE TWICE!

LIKE HIS 24 FELLOW-AGENTS, WHOSE IDENTITY EVEN HE DIDN'T KNOW... AGENT X-15 WAS SOON SWALLOWED UP BY THE CONFUSION OF THE SPRAWLING HARBOR...

HEY, FELLERS... ALL EATS ARE ON ME! I'M FLUSH TODAY!

HUH, YOU MUST'VE MADE A KILLIN' ON THE ALBANY WATER FRONT BEFORE COMIN' DOWN HERE, EH, DUSTY?

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, RILEY! STICK TO DRIVIN' YOUR TRUCK! AAH, HERE COMES A COP!

YOU DUSTY DEERING? I GOT A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST! SEEMS YOU LIFTED SOME SWEATERS FROM A BRITISH FREIGHTER LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S A LIE! I NEVER SWIPED A THING! WHO SAYS I DID!

SO DUSTY'S LIGHT-FINGERED! MAYBE ONE OF YOU BIRDS SQUEALED ON HIM!

YEH... ONE OF US COULD BE A **STOOLIE**... A PHANTOM CARGO COP!

DON'T LOOK AT ME, RIPPER!

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK 'AT YOUR OWN 'MUG... YOU DON'T LOOK SO HONEST!

WHY, YOU LITTLE FOUR-FLUSHER... I DON'T TAKE THAT KINDA TALK FROM NOBODY, ESPECIALLY A **STOOLIE**!

WORK HIM OVER, RIP!

BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO! YOU MAKE ME SICK! WHATTA YA GETTIN' JUMPY ABOUT? THE CARGO COPS ARE AFTER **BIG TIMERS**... NOT SMALL FRY!

AAAAH, LEMME FINISH 'IM!





SOON AFTER THE MEETING...

REPORT OF AGENT FEB. 14, 1949
X-15 TO H.Q.

- 1... INFILTRATION INTO MOB AFTER FAKE ARREST.
- 2... BLACKJAW KRUGER, EX-RACKETEER, LEADER OF RING OPERATING PIER 301.
- 3... TALKED SMALLER FRY INTO DEALING WITH MACKEY, OUR PLANTED FENCE.
- 4... GANG PLANS THEFT OF IMPORTED SHOE SHIPMENT TOMORROW NIGHT.
- 5... WAS BIFF BAILY AN AGENT?



X-15? BIFF WAS NOT AN AGENT, HE'LL LIVE. POLICE ARE HOLDING RIP FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER. GO THROUGH WITH THE SHOE ROBBERY. THE GANG WILL BE UNMOLESTED, AS YOUR PREDECESSOR ALREADY KNEW ABOUT PLANNED THEFT AND TIPPED OFF THE FOREIGN EXPORTER. STUDY GANG'S PATTERN OF OPERATION, AND GET NAME OF HIGHER-UP. THAT IS ALL!

I WISH IT WERE, CHIEF!





DUSTY, MEET SLIM, RUDY, AND TELESCOPE. YOU SAW 'EM WORKING ON THE PIER! I'VE GOT OTHER MEN ON SHIPS' CREWS AND IN TRANSPORTATION. MY ORDERS IS LAW AROUND HERE. I ANSWER TO NO ONE BUT THE BIG BOY HIMSELF, WHO TAKES A 50 PERCENT CUT!

YEH, AND BLACKJAW AIN'T TELLIN' WHO THE BIG BOY IS!



WE BEEN PLANNIN' TO ROB THIS SHIPMENT OF IMPORTED SHOES FOR WEEKS! THEY JUST ARRIVED, AND THE BOSS HAS A BUYER WAITIN'. DRIVE RIGHT INTO THE TERMINAL WAREHOUSE LIKE A PICK-UP. THE WATCHMAN IS FIXED!

ENGLISH OXFORDS IN TWO TON LOTS OUGHTTA BRING A HIGH PRICE!



HEY, BLACKJAW, THESE CRATES ARE ALL MARKED "SPLITS." WHAT'S THAT MEAN?

I DUNNO... OPEN A CRATE AND FIND OUT!

HEY... THESE SHOES DON'T COME IN PAIRS... THERE ALL LEFTS!

WE'VE BEEN FOOLED BY AN OLD TRICK. THE EXPORTER SENDS ONLY THE LEFTS... THEN SENDS THE RIGHTS ON ANOTHER SHIP... TO FOOL CROOKS LIKE US!



SOME CARGO COP IS WISE TO US! A STOOLIE TIPPED OFF THE EXPORTER! IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON EITHER ONE OF 'EM...

...YOU'LL KILL HIM LIKE YOU DID CLANCY! I'M GOING TO PROVE THAT YET, TOO!



THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME BLACKJAW'S GOONS WERE CHEATED. OTHER ATTEMPTS WERE THWARTED, TOO...

WE BEEN FOOLED, BLACKJAW! THE AUTO RADIO IN EACH CAR IS RIVETED INSTEAD OF BOLTED!

WHAT AGAIN?



ON MARCH 3RD THE "LURA LURENE" WAS BEING UNLOADED AT PIER 301...

EASY THERE! THAT CRATE'S FRAGILE! DUSTY, LOCK IT UP IN CRIB FOUR OVER-NIGHT... IT'S VALUABLE CARGO!

NUMBER FOUR? YOU GOT IT!



THE CONTINUED REVERSES ONLY MADE BLACKJAW BOLDER...





BLACKJAW BAITED HIS TRAP BY SECRETLY PASSING OUT PHONY INFORMATION TO EACH MAN...

I DON'T WANT NOBODY EXCEPT YOU, TO KNOW WE'LL DELIVER THE STUFF TO THE THIRD AVENUE WAREHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT!



THE TRUCKS'LL UNLOAD AT THE PIEDMONT STORAGE COMPANY AT MIDNIGHT! KEEP IT UNDER YOUR HAT!



THAT'S WHAT I SAID... THE REYNOLDS WAREHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, MUM'S THE WORD!



THE TWELFTH STREET WAREHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, CUSTY!--I DON'T WANT NONE OF THE BOYS IN ON IT... SO THERE CAN'T BE A LEAK, SAVVY? THE BOSS'LL BE THERE!



NEXT NIGHT, AT A FEW MINUTES TO 8...



I THOUGHT WE'D USE TRUCKS TO SWIPE THE STUFF! HOW WE GONNA LOAD THEM BARRELS INTO THIS TUB?

A WHOLE MOB OF COPPERS ARE CRAWLIN' ALL OVER THE PIER TONIGHT! THIS DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!

SHUT UP!

WE'RE RIGHT UNDER THE CRIB! START DRILLIN' STRAIGHT UP!

WE BORE THROUGH THE PLANKS INTO THE BARRELS AND LET THE STUFF DRAIN OUT! BOY, DO WE FOOL THEM COPS ABOVE!



YOU CERTAINLY DO, MY FRIEND... BUT WE'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU WHEN YOU DELIVER IT TO THE TWELFTH STREET WAREHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT! I TIPPED OFF CHIEF CREEEL, AND HE HAS A RECEPTION COMMITTEE READY FOR YOU!

AT 11:30 P.M.,-- WITH ALL THE WHISKEY SIPHONED OUT...

I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU... WE AIN'T DELIVERIN' THE SCOTCH!

YOU AIN'T TAKIN IT TO THE THIRD AVENUE WAREHOUSE?

THIRD AVENUE? YOU MEAN THE PIEDMONT STORAGE!

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA? YOU TOLD ME REYNOLDS!

OH-OH! I SMELL A TRAP... AND I'M THE CHEESE THAT'S IN IT!



SHUT UP... ALL OF YOU! I GOT A BUYER WHO'S PICKING IT ALL UP TOMORROW! IN THE MEAN-TIME, WE'RE GONNA SETTLE SOME PRIVATE BUSINESS!



I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHICH ONE OF YOU GUYS IS A **STOOLIE!** I SENT A DRIVER TO EACH WAREHOUSE. THEY'LL CALL ME HERE AT MIDNIGHT. THE ONE THAT'S GOT POLICE STAKED OUT AROUND IT... WILL GIVE AWAY THE DOUBLE-CROSSER WHO KNEW THAT ADDRESS!

THE GUILTY GUY DESERVES A BELLY FULL O' LEAD!

RING-G-G!

YEH... HUH? NO COPS AROUND REYNOLDS? OKAY, YOU EARN YOUR FIN. SCRAM ON HOME!

SO I DIDN'T TIP OFF THE POLICE! THAT LET'S ME OUT, HUH?



RUDY'S IN THE CLEAR! SO'S THE OTHER TWO. THAT, DUSTY DEERING, IS WHAT WE CALL THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION!



COAST IS CLEAR AT THE THIRD AVENUE WAREHOUSE! OKAY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO HANG AROUND!

WHEW!

SO THE PIED-MONT STORAGE COMPANY IS DEADER'N A MORGUE, EH? THAT'S NOT AS DEAD AS SOMEBODY'S GONNA BE IN A MINUTE



WAIT, BLACKJAW!

THERE AIN'T A COP NEAR THIS WAREHOUSE! WHAT WAS THE IDEA, ASKING ME TO CHECK?

I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS, RILEY. I ONLY WANT ANSWERS FROM YOU! OKAY, TAKE OFF... YOU DID YOUR JOB!



"FOR WHAT? SO WHEN HE CALLS, HE'LL TELL ME ABOUT THE COPS AT THE TWELFTH STREET WAREHOUSE? AND IF HE DON'T CALL... IT MEANS HE WAS PICKED UP!

MAYBE HE HAD AN ACCIDENT! MAYBE HE...



I DON'T GET IT! EVERY ONE'S IN THE CLEAR! SOMETHING'S WRONG SOMEPLACE! I DON'T UNDERSTAND...

MAYBE I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND, BLACKJAW!

GOT TO THINK FAST... GOT TO NAIL HIM SOMEHOW...



GIMME THAT GUN, YOU STOOLIE!

STOOLIE? ME? YOU'RE CRAZY!



YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO AIN'T GOT AN ALIBI! YOU'RE THE RAT WHO'S DOUBLE-CROSSING US! HE WAS GONNA KILL THE STOOLIE, EH, BOYS? WE AGREED WITH HIM!

YEAH! HOW DO WE KNOW HE AIN'T PLAYED US FOR SUCKERS?--HE NEVER TOLD US WHO THE BIG BOY IS!



GET HIM! HE'S TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!

HE'S GUILTY, ALL RIGHT!

HAUL UP, BLACKJAW! YOU'RE THROUGH!

BLAM!



THERE AIN'T NO BIG BOY! I RAN THIS MOB SO I COULD TAKE MORE THAN MY SHARE OF THE CUT! AND I AIN'T NO STOOLIE... A STOOLIE WOULDN'T KNOCK OFF AN UNDERCOVER AGENT... AND I KILLED JIM CLANCY THEY FISHED OUT OF THE RIVER IN JANUARY! OW... MY SHOULDER STILL HURTS...



I'LL HAVE A DOC LOOK AT IT... A PRISON DOCTOR! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST... YOU, BLACKJAW, FOR MURDER!

HELLO, BLACKJAW! YOU KNOW A LOT, BUT YOU DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A CARGO COP WHEN YOU SENT ME TO THE TWELFTH STREET WAREHOUSE!



I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PHONE CAPER, BUT WHEN I SAW ALL THE COPS PLANTED, I GAVE BLACKJAW THE ALL-CLEAR SIGN, FIGURING HE'D SHOW UP. WHEN HE DIDN'T, I RACED OVER HERE, SUSPECTING SOMETHING WAS UP!

YOU DID A FINE JOB OF COVERING UP, RILEY! ALL THE TIME I NEVER KNEW YOU WERE ON MY TEAM. IF ONE COP CAN FOOL ANOTHER, IT'S EASY TO TAKE GOONS LIKE BLACKJAW FOR A RIDE!



THE END.

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THE MASQUERADE

BOY! WOULD
I HAVE FUN
WITH THAT
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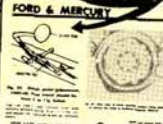
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