

GANG
BUSTERS

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



10¢

52
BIG
PAGES

GANG BUSTERS

NO 15
APR. MAY

THE HAZARD FAMILY

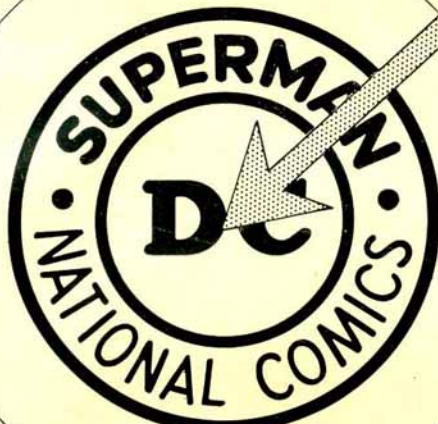
THE LONG ARM
OF THE LAW
STAMPS OUT
"The **FOUR**
SONS OF
CRIME!"



**CASE
CLOSED**

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

YOU WILL ALWAYS HIT THE BULL'S-EYE
WHEN YOU BUY A MAGAZINE
WITH THIS TRADEMARK



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GUARANTEE
OF THE BEST IN
COMICS READING**

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"YOU SUE 'EM - I SERVE 'EM!"

In the Municipal Court of the City of Los Angeles
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

AFFIDAVIT

Filing fee paid \$100
NO. 44173

Andrew Kellogg

vs.

Frank "Little Mama"
Snapper Mamey - Co-defendant
Andy Blakey - Co-defendant

PLAINTIFF

DEFENDANT



THE PAINTED FINGERNAIL ON THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW-- THAT'S METROPOLITAN'S STAR FEMALE PROCESS SERVER! HER JOB IS TO CORNER SUMMONS-DODGERS WHO PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK TO AVOID THE LAW. HERE IS VIRGINIA "RUSTY" LANSING'S PERSONAL AND PRIVATE ACCOUNT OF HER MANY MANHUNTS. THEY ALL ENDED THE SAME WAY BECAUSE "RUSTY" ALWAYS GOT HER MAN!

RUBEN-MORENO



EDITOR,
NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS,
480 LEXINGTON AVE.
NEW YORK 17, N.Y. ...

DEAR SIR:

AS PER YOUR REQUEST, I CONTACTED VIRGINIA "RUSTY" LANSING, A STAR OPERATIVE OF THE METROPOLITAN SERVICE CO., A PROCESS-SERVING FIRM ON WILSHIRE BLVD. I ENCLOSE HEREWITH THE RESULT OF OUR INTERVIEW, TOLD IN HER OWN WORDS.

SINCERELY
Philip Evans
PHILIP EVANS
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

"MY NICKNAME'S RUSTY. IT'S THE COLOR OF MY HAIR. I'M THE ONLY FEMALE AT MET WHO DISHES OUT COURT SUMMONSES. AND, BROTHER, DO I HAVE TO DREAM UP GIMMICKS TO NAIL DODGERS."

IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS, I'VE EARNED MORE THAN 3,500 SERVICE STRIPES! USUALLY, ALL IT ENTAILS IS GOING UP TO A MAN AND PRESENTING HIM WITH A SLIP OF PAPER. BUT THE BUSINESS HAS ITS RUN OF THRILLS. WHAT WAS MY MOST EXCITING CASE? WHEN I SERVED PLAYBOY JULES SHERIDAN WITH A SUMMONS AND...



"... FOUND MYSELF IN THE MIDDLE OF A GANG WAR! IT ALL STARTED ON THE MORNING OF MARCH 4TH..."

SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THESE LADS? DID THEY WALK INTO A TRUCK?

YES... A TRUCK THAT'S BY THE NAME WHY I'M SENDING YOU, SHERIDAN.

RUSTY, BECAUSE SHERIDAN'S GOONS WON'T HARM A LADY... NOT MUCH, I HOPE!



"JULES SHERIDAN WAS AS ELUSIVE AS A FLYING DISC! WHEN I COULDN'T CRASH HIS MALIBU HOME BY LAND, I TOOK TO SEA."

HELP! HELP!

LOOK! THERE'S A GIRL IN TROUBLE!

THAT'S NO GIRL. THAT'S A SUMMONS SERVER. SHE THINKS I'LL SWIM OUT AND RESCUE HER. BUT SHE'LL LEARN HER TRICK IS ALL WET, HA, HA!



"THAT NIGHT, AFTER I COMBED THE SEA OUT OF MY HAIR, I TRAILED HIM TO THE CHINESE THEATER, WHERE MOVIE STARS WERE SLATED TO LEAVE THEIR FOOTPRINTS IN THE LOBBY."

PARDON ME, BUT WON'T YOU GIVE ME YOUR AUTOGRAPH?

I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT I'M... SO IT'S YOU AGAIN? CLOSE RANKS, MEN!



HEY, WHO'D YOU THINK YOU'RE PUSHING? WAIT A MIN... WHOOPS!



"COWGIRL STAR DALE EVANS' HORSE, PAL, WAS SUPPOSED TO LEAVE HIS PRINTS, BUT I BEAT HIM TO IT."



"I SAT DOWN. IT WAS SOFT. I COULDN'T CRY, I WAS SO ANGRY, BUT I HAD A JOB TO DO, AND I WAS GOING TO HAND SHERIDAN THAT SUMMONS IF IT WAS THE LAST THING I DID... WHICH WAS VERY POSSIBLE..."

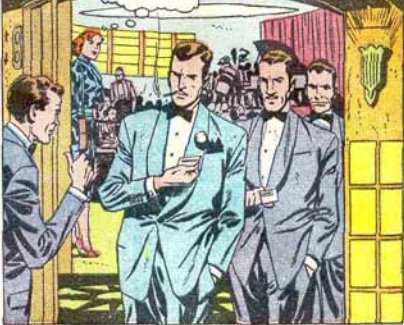


"CLUB 46, A FEW MILES OUTSIDE OF HOLLYWOOD, OCCUPIES THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE NEW KELLOGG BUILDING."

SHERIDAN AND HIS STRONG ARM STOOGES PROBABLY ARE VISITING BIG BILL PLETCHER'S GAMBLING JOINT IN THE PENTHOUSE. WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO UP, TOO, BUT I HAVEN'T A PARACHUTE IN CASE I SUDDENLY HAVE TO LEAVE!



SO YOU CAN'T GET THROUGH UNLESS YOU'VE GOT A MEMBERSHIP CARD? HMM, THINK FAST, RUSTY...



THIS DANCING COSTUME SHOULD FIT ME! NOW IF I BORROW A TRAY AND...

...BUY A FEW PACKS OF CIGARETTES!



TOP FLOOR, CHUM... BEFORE THE SAPS RUN OUT OF MONEY AND CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY SMOKES!

CIGARETTE GALS ARE ALWAYS CRACKIN' WISE! C'MON, LET'S GO!



"I SPOTTED HIM EASILY---ALONE, NOT FLANKED BY HIS MUSCLE MEN, AND SIDLING UP, I ASKED..."

CIGARETTES, MR. SHERIDAN?

YES, SOME CORK TIPS, PLEASE.



SORRY, NO CORK TIPS, BUT HERE'S A SLIP OF PAPER. MAYBE YOU'LL WANT TO ROLL YOUR OWN.

WAIT A MINUTE! YOU CAN'T PULL A TRICK LIKE THIS AND GET AWAY WITH IT!





SINCE WHEN DO YOU EMPLOY
PROCESS SERVERS AS
CIGARETTE GIRLS, FLETCHER?
IS THIS A FIX, OR DON'T YOU
KNOW HER?

WHAT'S THAT? I
NEVER SAW THIS
DAME BEFORE!
WHO ARE YOU,
SISTER...?



ISN'T THAT
SHOOTING
OUT THERE?

BLAM!
BLAM!

YEAH, I GOT AN
IDEA IT'S LITTLE
MUSSO AND HIS
MOB TRYING TO MOVE
IN ON ME! HE'S BEEN
SORE EVER SINCE I
OPENED THIS JOINT!

RUSTY, YOU'D
BETTER GET YOUR
DUDDS AND SCRAM
OUT OF THIS
POWDER KEG!
IT'S A LITTLE TOO
HOT FOR A LADY!



SCRAM, EVERYBODY,
BEFORE WE START DISHIN'
OUT LEAD INSTEAD OF
CHIPS!

SMASH EVERYTHING! I'LL
LEARN HIM. FROM NOW ON,
NOBODY--NOT EVEN BIG BILL
FLETCHER--RUNS A GAMBLING
DIVE WITHOUT LITTLE MUSSO'S
OKAY, SEE!



"I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL LATER, THEY BOTH CAME
OUT AND SURVEYED THE DAMAGE. AN EARTHQUAKE
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE DESTRUCTIVE."

SO LITTLE MUSSO LEFT
HIS CALLING CARD AND
TOOK A POWDER! THAT
CHEAP LITTLE HOOD! HOW
COULD HE HAVE GOTTEN
UP HERE ANYWAY?

MAYBE THAT
RED-HEADED
BABE TIPPED
HIM OFF...



YOU GOT SOMETHING THERE! HELLO, MIKE?
WATCH ALL EXITS FOR A RED-HEAD POSING AS
A CIGARETTE GIRL! WRAP HER UP AND BRING
HER TO ME! MAYBE SHE CHANGED HER CLOTHES







"A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, BIG BILL PUT HIS PLAN IN MOTION, AND I WAS HANDLING IT...A JUGGERNAUT GOING DOWNHILL, ONLY I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN."

HERE'S A TOUGH JOB, RUSTY! THE OWNER OF THE BUILDING WHERE BIG BILL HAS HIS DIVE, IS SUING LITTLE MUSSO AND HIS HOODLUMS FOR DAMAGES AGAINST HIS PROPERTY!

WOW! YOU MEAN I'VE GOT TO SERVE SUMMONSES ON EACH OF THOSE GORILLAS? OH, DEAR, BE SURE TO TELL MY FOLKS IN WICHITA NOT TO SEND FLOWERS!



I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF YOU GETTING MIXED UP WITH THOSE THUGS--DUTY OR NO DUTY!

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, KIRK. JUST GET ME THE NAMES, ADDRESSES AND HANG-OUTS OF LITTLE MUSSO'S GANG. YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS ON SOMEONE WHO'LL TALK. MY FIRM WILL PAY.



I SPOKE TO THE CHIEF ABOUT THE SET-UP. YOU KNOW WHAT HE SAID? YOU'RE BEING USED AS A FALL GUY IN SOME KIND OF AN UNDERWORLD FRAME. BIG BILL FLETCHER COULDN'T AFFORD TO GO TO COURT, ESPECIALLY THROUGH KELLOGG. HE WANTS ME TO LOCATE MUSSO AND KEEP TABS ON BOTH GANGS.



"BUT KIRK CAME THROUGH. 'PRETTY BOY' BLAKE, A GRUNT-AND-GROAN ARTIST, WAS FIRST ON MY LIST."

COME ON, PRETTY BOY! WHATCHA WAITIN' FOR? GET MAD AND FIGHT!

HERE'S A LITTLE SOUVENIR, PRETTY BOY! SEE YOU IN COURT!



"NUMBER 2 WAS DANDY JIM FUSHELL. HE WAS CAGEY. I FOUND OUT HE NEVER ANSWERED HIS DOORBELL, SO I DIDN'T RING IT."

GOOD MORNING, LADIES. PLEASE ACCEPT THESE FREE SAMPLES OF KORN KRUSH BREAKFAST FOOD.

'HEY, DON'T SKIP MY APARTMENT, BEAUTIFUL! I AIN'T QUARANTINED!



I HAD NO INTENTION OF OVERLOOKING YOU, MR. FUSHELL. AND JUST TO PROVE IT, HERE'S AN EXTRA PREMIUM WITH MY FIRM'S GREETINGS!

THANKS, ER--HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA, SLIPPING ME A SUMMONS?



IN THE MUNICIPAL COURT OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES
STATE OF CALIFORNIA

AFFIDAVIT

Am Kellogg PLAINTIFF
Jim Fusell DEFENDANT

STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*

Am Kellogg *Jim Fusell*



"HANK 'MEATBALL' BONNER WAS A CINCH BECAUSE I KNEW THE OWNER OF THE MONARCH GYM AND BATHS."

HERE'S A GLASS OF 'COLD WATER, MR. BONNER... JUST IN CASE YOUR TEMPERATURE REACHES THE BOILING POINT AFTER YOU READ THIS NOTICE!

GR-R-R-!



"DEKE LUNDIGAN WAS A FAN OF WESTERN MOVIES, I LEARNED."

YEAH, I'M LUNDIGAN-- WATCHA WANT, LADY?

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE THIS PROGRAM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS. THERE'S A SWELL SHOW AT THE COUNTY COURT NEXT WEEK.



"SNAPPER MANEY WAS MORE ELUSIVE THAN THE REST. UNTIL WE ACCIDENTALLY LOCKED BUMPERS AT 3RD AND ROBINSON!"

CRASH!



WHY DIDN'T YOU PUT YOUR HAND OUT WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO STOP? I COULDN'T HELP SMASHING INTO YOU!

WHY, YOU DIZZY DAME! LEMME SEE YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE. I'LL SHOW YOU MINE!

SO YOU'RE SNAPPER 'MANEY! I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE.

HUH, WHAT'S THIS-- A SUMMONS? I BEEN FRAMED!



"BUT FINDING OUT WHERE LITTLE MUSSO HAD HOLED UP WAS THE BIG MYSTERY. I KEPT AN EYE ON HIS GIRL FRIEND WHOM HE'D PLANTED IN BIG BILL FLETCHER'S DIVE AS A HATCHBACK GIRL."

HARRY, WOULD YOU MIND GIVING ME A LIFT OUT TO A STABLE NEAR SANTA MARGUERITA RACETRACK AFTER WORK TONIGHT?

SURE, EVE. I DON'T HAVE TO DELIVER THIS PIANO UNTIL MORNING ANYWAY!



A STABLE? IF THAT'S WHERE THE LITTLE MOBSTER'S HIDING OUT, I FEEL SORRY FOR THE HORSES, HAVING TO BE IN COMPANY LIKE THIS!



"I NEVER LIKED THE SMELL OF HORSES. I LIKED THE SMELL OF MUSSO LESS, BUT LATER, THAT NIGHT..."

I FOUND OUT ABOUT BIG BILL LIKE YOU WANTED. HE'S USING THE LAWSUIT AS A MEANS OF GETTING YOUR MOB TOGETHER FOR A WHOLESALE RUBOUT WHEN YOU LEAVE THE COURTHOUSE!

HE'S CRAZY! WHAT MAKES HIM THINK WE'D SHOW UP FOR THE TRIAL?



HE FIGURES YOU LIKE PUBLICITY SO MUCH, YOU WON'T PASS UP A CHANCE TO GET YOUR PICTURES IN THE PAPERS!

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT! YEAH, MAYBE I WILL SHOW UP--BUT BIG BILL AIN'T GONNA BE THERE. I GOT AN IDEA HOW WE CAN FIX HIM FOR KEEPS!



"FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE SERVING A SUMMONS WASN'T THE MOST IMPORTANT THING."

HELLO, DETECTIVE BUREAU, PLEASE... NICE HORSE, NICE BOY... KIRK? LISTEN, DEAR, I JUST HEARD---



GOT YOU JUST IN TIME, YOU BLABBERMOUTH! I SEEN YOU SERVING SOME OF THE BOYS WITH PAPERS! WELL, I'M GONNA SERVE YOU TO LITTLE MUSSO!



NOW KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT, GIRLIE! NUTHIN'S GONNA HAPPEN TO YOU--TILL AFTER I FIX BIG BILL'S WAGON TONIGHT! MAKE SURE SHE DON'T YELL. GAG HER, BOYS! TIE HER TO THE WALL SLATS!



UNLOCK THAT DOOR AND SCRAM, EVE! I CAN'T WAIT TILL I SEE BIG BILL'S FACE--BEFORE I PUT MY .45 IN IT! HE LIKES MASS RUBOUTS, HIM AND HIS MOB IS GONNA GET ONE!



"A FEW MINUTES LATER..."

SAY, WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S BANGING ON A PIANO INSIDE THAT VAN!



OH, KIRK! THANK GOODNESS YOU HEARD ME POUNDING THE PIANO WITH MY FOOT!

I WAS AFRAID MUSSO HAD YOU WHEN I HEARD A HORSE WHINNY OVER THE PHONE. WE LEARNED ONLY TODAY WHERE HE WAS HIDING. AT THE STABLE, THE VAN DRIVER TOLD US MUSSO HIJACKED HIS TRUCK AND WAS HEADED HERE!



BUT, KIRK, I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF!

SORRY, HONEY, BUT IT'LL HAVE TO WAIT! STAY HERE TILL THE PARTY UPSTAIRS IS OVER!



IF HE THINKS HE CAN INTERFERE WITH MY JOB --! TWELVE STORIES IS A LONG CLIMB, BUT I STILL HAVE ONE MORE SUMMONS TO SERVE, GANG WAR OR NO! SO UP, UP, AND AWAY!



"MUSSO DIDN'T WANT ANY INTERFERENCE, THAT'S WHY HE PICKED MONDAY NIGHT, WHEN CLUB #6 WAS CLOSED, TO SPRING HIS SURPRISE OFFENSIVE."



SO YOU WERE GONNA SHOOT ME AND THE BOYS LIKE A LOT OF SITTING DUCKS, EH, BIG BILL? YOU NEVER FIGGERED I MIGHT TURN THE TABLE ON YOU!

UGH! MY HAND...!



AMAZING VALUE!

BE THE FIRST IN THE STAMPEDE FOR THIS

STRAIGHT ARROW

GOOD LUCK

RING

NOT A TOY—
A REAL RING
SOLID
INDIAN BRONZE



- Raised carved profile of Straight Arrow himself!
- Shines—without polishing!
- Adjustable—fits any finger!
- Straight Arrow's mystic pass words secretly engraved!
- Indian good luck charm!
- Original—Exclusive!
- No other like it!

LOOK! Full-faced carved head of Straight Arrow embossed on solid metal!



HONEST INJUN! THIS RING IS REAL JEWELRY!

A real ring with no gadgets to break! You'll wear it proudly, show it off to all your friends. Straight Arrow himself wears his always! Hear his adventures, with the ring, on the exciting Straight Arrow radio show. Look in your local paper for time and station.

HURRY! LIMITED TIME ONLY!

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Box 200, New York 46, N. Y.

Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW RING. I enclose 10¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT box top. (Please print.)

Name _____

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No stamps please. Offer good in U. S. only, closes May 31, 1950

The breakfast full of
POWER from
Niagara Falls



Baked by NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY



A Complete Picture-Story
of a Thrilling **NEW** Movie
BEFORE it Hits the Screen!



THAT'S WHAT
YOU'LL GET IN
EVERY ISSUE
OF
**FEATURE
FILMS**

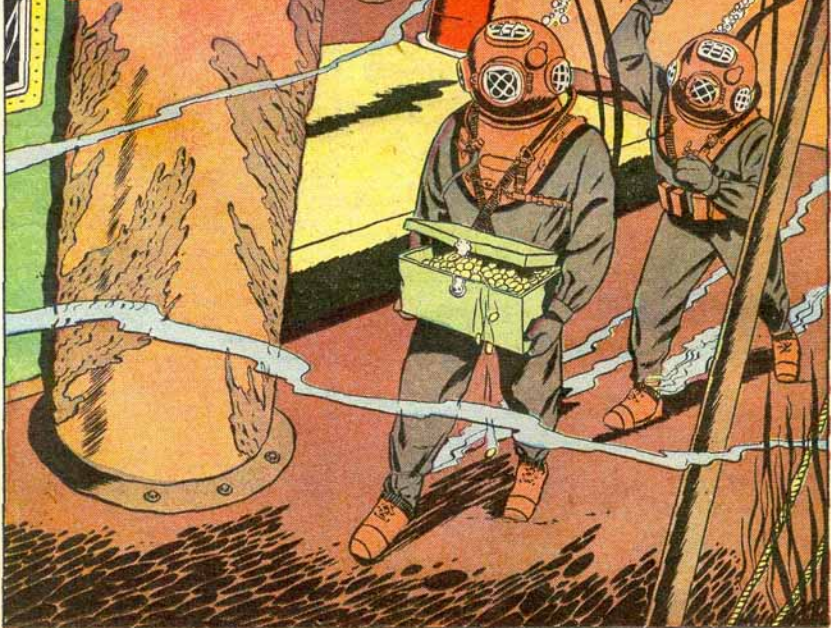
- THE SMASHING FIRST ISSUE IS A DRAMATIZATION OF PARAMOUNT'S SWASHBUCKLING TALE OF ADVENTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS... THE STORY OF THE RENEGADE SKIPPER WHO LOSES HIS SHIP AND HIS GOOD NAME BEFORE HE BATTLES HIS WAY BACK TO SELF-RESPECT AND THE LOVE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN!

DON'T
MISS THIS
GREAT FIRST
ISSUE!

READ THE PICTURE-STORY
— THEN SEE IT ON
THE SCREEN!

WHAT WAS THE MOST DARING CRIME IN HISTORY? WAS IT BROOKLYN'S GREAT ARMORED-CAR ROBBERY OF 1934?... GEORGE L. LESLIE'S LOOTING OF \$2,747,700 FROM THE MANHATTAN SAVINGS INSTITUTION OF OCT. 27, 1878?... OR EVEN THE ONE ABORTIVE EFFORT TO CRACK FORT KNOX? THESE CRIMES PALE INTO NOTHINGNESS BESIDE ONE GANG'S DARING ATTEMPT TO HIJACK A FORTUNE IN GOLD BULLION ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. YES, THIS FANTASTIC CRIME OCCURRED THREE YEARS AGO IN A COLD, SHADOWY UNDERWORLD OF DANGEROUS TIDES, WEIRD MONSTERS OF THE DEEP AND DEADLY WATER PRESSURE. HERE IS A REPORT OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING ROBBERY EVER CONCEIVED.....

"The TEN MILLION DOLLAR GRAVEYARD!"



JAN. 12 TH, 1947 - A WEST COAST CITY
NOT FAR FROM LOS ANGELES HARBOR...

IS HE ON THE LEVEL,
GUS?

LECTURE TONIGHT
do you need
MONEY?

LET H.V. FERGUSON
TELL YOU ABOUT
THE **TREASURE**
WHICH LIES IN
"THE WORLD
UNDER THE SEA"

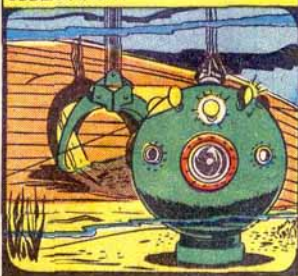
AND HOW!
FERGUSON'S A
PROFESSIONAL
TREASURE HUNTER
AND A TOP SALVAGE
ENGINEER. HE'S GOT
QUITE A REPUTATION!
LET'S GO INSIDE!

FRIENDS, THERE'VE BEEN SHIPWRECKS
EVER SINCE MAN FIRST LEARNED TO SAIL
THE SEVEN SEAS! IN THE 19TH CENTURY
ALONE, RECORDS SHOW THAT MORE
THAN 200,000 VESSELS WENT
DOWN TO DAVY JONE'S LOCKER!...

EVEN IN ANCIENT TIMES, SHIP
SALVAGE WORK WAS UNDER-
TAKEN BY MEN EQUIPPED WITH
ONLY CRUDE TOOLS. BUT THEN,
AS NOW, THE FACTOR OF WATER
PRESSURE... WHICH CAN CRUSH
A MAN LIKE A PILE-DRIVER...
WAS THE BIG OBSTACLE IN
ATTAINING DEPTH!

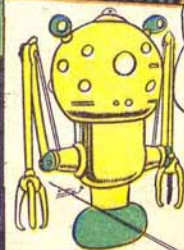
"WHEN SCIENCE MADE
IT POSSIBLE TO PENE-
TRATE DEEPER WATERS OF
200 AND 300 FEET,
SALVORS IN DIVING SUITS
MET WITH NEW OBSTA-
CLES... UNDERSEA
CREATURES NEAR THE
TREASURE HULKS!"

"NEXT, CAME THE HUGE DIVING
BELL WHICH COULD WITHSTAND WATER
PRESSURE AT 2,500 FEET. BUT
THESE WERE USED MAINLY FOR
OBSERVATION."



THE VESSEL CARRIED
\$10,000,000 IN GOLD BULLION
TO ITS GRAVE, GENTLEMEN, AND
I ONLY NEED SEVERAL THOUSAND
DOLLARS TO UNDERTAKE THE JOB
OF BRINGING IT UP!

NOW WE COME TO THE
BUSINESS AT HAND, THE
MAURA LURA, WHICH
SANK OFF THE LUPRI
ISLANDS WHILE BOUND FOR
FRISCO IN 1938, CAN BE
REACHED BY DEEP WATER
DIVERS. I'VE INVENTED THIS
NEW DIVING
BELL TO ASSIST
IN THE SALVAGE
OPERATIONS...



I CAN CONFIDE THAT I AM THE ONLY MAN ALIVE WHO HAS AN AUTHENTIC MAP SHOWING WHERE THE SHIP SANK. I FOUND IT IN THE RUBBLE OF A DYNAMITED BANK IN OSAKI!

HE'S MAKING A GOOD PITCH. IN A MINUTE, HE'LL START SELLING STOCK TO OUTFIT A SHIP AND HIRE DIVERS. IF ANY MAN CAN SNAAG THAT TREASURE, FERGUSON CAN! LET'S GO!



BUT WHERE DO WE FIT IN? ME, I'M ONLY A TUNA FISHERMAN. I AIN'T GOT MONEY TO INVEST. OH, PULL UP HERE. MY BOAT IS TIED UP AT THE NEXT PIER.

YOU FORGET I WAS A NAVY DIVER. I SPECIALIZED IN SUB SALVAGE WORK... BEFORE I WAS BOOTED OUT WITH A DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE!



YEAH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT THAT. WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

IF AND WHEN FERGUSON LOCATES AND SURFACES THAT GOLD BULLION... I AIM TO HIJACK THE TEN MILLION!



THAT NIGHT...

...SO WE NEED A THIRD PARTNER, GORDY, TO KICK IN THE DOUGH TO OUTFIT JOE'S BOAT FOR THE VOYAGE!

GUS'LL GET A DIVING JOB WITH FERGUSON, SEE? HE'LL RADIO US WHEN THE TREASURE IS ABOARD. THEN WE STRIKE!

TEN MILLION CLAMS? COUNT ME IN! I AIN'T GOT THE MOOLA RIGHT NOW, BUT I CAN KNOCK OVER A SOFT CRIB!



TWO WEEKS LATER, A NIGHT WATCHMAN WAS MAKING HIS ROUNDS AT THE UNITED SEABOARD BANK...



SAY, I'D SWEAR THIS DOOR WAS LOCKED AN HOUR AGO, NOW IT'S... IT'S OPEN!

OUTA MY WAY, OLD-TIMER, OR YOU GIT IT IN THE BELLY!

GET HIM, GORDY! HE'S GOT A GUN!



WE DITCHED THE CAR ALL RIGHT. NOW LET'S ROW OUT TO YOUR BOAT, JOE!

YEAH, WE GOT ENOUGH DOUGH TO OUTFIT MY SHIP NOW!



TO WASH., D.C. FEB 23
CHECK NICKNAME FILE AND FORWARD
LIST OF KNOWN BANK ROBBERS
KNOWN AS "GORDY."

STEVE CORRIGAN
ALAMEDA FIELD OFFICE

ON THE MORNING
OF FEB 25TH...

I RAN DOWN THE LIST OF SUSPECTS WASHINGTON SENT US, CHIEF. THEY'RE ALL CLEAN, EVEN ALEX GORDON, A LOCAL YEGG. HE ALIBIS HE WAS TUNA FISHING ON JOE SCALER'S BOAT!

KEEP GORDON UNDER WATCH, AS WELL AS HIS PALS. IF HE'S OUR MAN, THAT STOLEN MONEY'LL SHOW UP SOMEWHERE!



HMM, SO GORDON'S BEEN HANGING OUT WITH BRADEN AND SCALER! WE COULD QUESTION BRADEN OR SCALER WHERE THEY GOT THE MONEY TO GIVE FERGUSON, BUT THEY'D PROTECT GORDON!

AND SCALER JUST OUTFITTED HIS OWN BOAT. CHIEF, I THINK THIS IS BIGGER THAN WE FIGURED! THE BANK ROBBERY MAY BE TAME TO WHAT'S REALLY COOKING!



MEANWHILE... I'M STEVE CORRIGAN, ...F.B.I... THE DOC SAYS YOU'LL PULL THROUGH OKAY. YOU'RE LUCKY!

I... I DIDN'T SEE... THEIR FACES... BUT ONE OF 'EM CALLED HIS PAL... GORDY!



"MR. FERGUSON, WE'LL INVEST \$10,000 IN YOUR EXPEDITION. BUT ONLY IF YOU LET ME JOIN YOUR DIVING CREW!"

GOOD! I CAN USE DIVERS. THE VENTURE WILL BE READY IN 90 DAYS!

SAY, MAYBE YOU CAN FIND A JOB FOR A LANDLUBBER LIKE ME HUH?



I FIGURED AS MUCH. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME A DEEP-SEA DIVER! THERE MAY BE MORE TO THIS CASE THAN APPEARS ON THE SURFACE... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



UA39
HOIT

THE FIRST THING YOU DIVING STUDENTS MUST LEARN IS THAT THE DEEPER YOU GO, THE GREATER THE WATER PRESSURE ENCOUNTERED. AS PRESSURE INCREASES, MORE AIR IS PUMPED TO YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU CARRY PLENTY OF WEIGHT TO OVERCOME YOUR BUOYANCY.

CAMINO DEEPSEA DIVING SCHOOL

THUS BEGAN ONE OF THE MOST SPECIALIZED TRAINING COURSES EVER TAKEN BY AN F.B.I. AGENT.

HELMET AND BREASTPLATE WEIGH 60 POUNDS, SHOES 32, SUIT 20, AND WEIGHTED BELT 100 POUNDS. THIS HEADSET IS CONNECTED TO THE TELEPHONE MAN WHO KEEPS IN CONSTANT CONTACT WITH THE DIVER BELOW!

TESTING -- TESTING. CAN YOU HEAR ME OKAY, CORRIGAN?

CORRIGAN, NOW ON THE STAGE, IS READY FOR HIS FIRST DIVE! A MAN KEEPS A TIME LOG TO NOTE HIS DESCENT. THIS IS VITAL INFORMATION, AS YOU'LL SOON LEARN!

CORRIGAN OVER THE SIDE...2:11 P.M!

NOTICE HOW CORRIGAN'S BUBBLES RISE IN A STEADY STREAM... MEANING HE'S OKAY! IF A DIVER IS EXCITED OR IN TROUBLE, HE STARTS TO PANT! THEN BUBBLES COME IN FLASHES OR PUFFS!

CORRIGAN SAYS HE'S ON THE BOTTOM AT 98 FEET!

"SURFACING. A DIVER MAKES THE ASCENT GRADUALLY BY RESTING ON THE STAGE, WHICH IS LOWERED TO HIM. THIS IS KNOWN AS DECOMPRESSION. CONSULT YOUR CHART..."

DEPTH IN FEET	LENGTH OF DIVE	STOPS AT DIFFERENT DEPTHS IN MINUTES AT EACH DEPTH OF WATER NOTED BELOW	TOTAL TIME OF RISE IN MINUTES
		100 90 80 70 60 50 40 30 20 10 FT	
0-36	NO LIMIT	IMMEDIATE RISE WITHOUT DECOMPRESSION	2 MINUTES
66	60 MIN.		3 10 15 MIN.
	180 MIN.		10 30 42 MIN.
250	15 MIN.	2 3 5 7 10 10 15 20 30	106 MIN.
	60 MIN.	10 15 20 25 30 30 35 40 40 40	289 MIN.

"IF THE ASCENT IS TOO RAPID, THE DIVER CAN CONTRACT THE DREADED BENOS--CONVULSIONS WHICH TWIST HIM INTO A KNOT BECAUSE NITROGEN SEEPS INTO THE BLOOD VESSELS!"

FOR THE LAST 40 OR 50 FEET, A DIVER CAN BE HAULED UP QUICKLY. THIS IS SAFE, AS IN CORRIGAN'S CASE, IF HE IS PUSHED INTO THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER WHERE PRESSURE IS REGULATED TO REPRESENT GRADUAL 10-FOOT RISES!



TWO MONTHS LATER, ON APRIL 15TH...

THIS IS G-DAY FOR YOU, STEVE! YOU'RE BEING GRADUATED. NOW YOU'RE READY TO GO TO WORK!

READY TO GO TO WORK? IT WASN'T KID'S PLAY LEARNING DEEP SEA DIVING! YOU FIXED IT UP WITH FERGUSON TO SIGN ON AN EXTRA DIVER, DIDN'T YOU?



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE FULLY-EQUIPPED SALVAGE SHIP -- THE **VENTURE** -- EMBARKED ON AN ADVENTURE THAT LATER WAS TO MAKE SENSATIONAL HEADLINES!

THERE'S CORRIGAN, STANDING BETWEEN GORDON AND BRADEN. HE'S GOT A TOUGH JOB GETTING THEM OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE -- OR OUT OF THE SEA AND UP THE RIVER INTO THE PEN!



THEN, THAT NIGHT A LONE FISHING VESSEL DEPARTED FOR THE SOUTH PACIFIC...



IT WAS THE FIRST WEEK IN MAY THAT THE **VENTURE** REACHED ITS APPROXIMATE DESTINATION.

WIND AND TIDE MAY'VE AFFECTED THE DRIFT OF THE **MAURA LURA** BEFORE SHE MADE HER FINAL PLUNGE, CAPTAIN. WE'LL START TRAWLING A FIVE-MILE SQUARE AREA!

AYE, MR. FERGUSON



THUS STARTED THE LONG, DREARY DAYS OF DRAGGING A HUGE LOOPED CABLE BEHIND THE SHIP. THEN ONE MORNING...

WE SNAGGED SOMETHING! THE TRAWL WIRE'S TAUTENED!

STOP ENGINES! DROP ANCHOR AND MAKE READY WITH MARKER BUOYS!

GUESS IT'S DOWN TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER FOR ME!



THINK YOU CAN STAND THE GAFF, ROOKIE?

MAYBE I HAVEN'T AS MUCH EXPERIENCE AS YOU, OLD-TIMER, BUT I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, BRADEN!



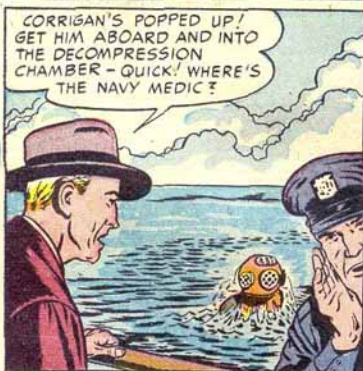




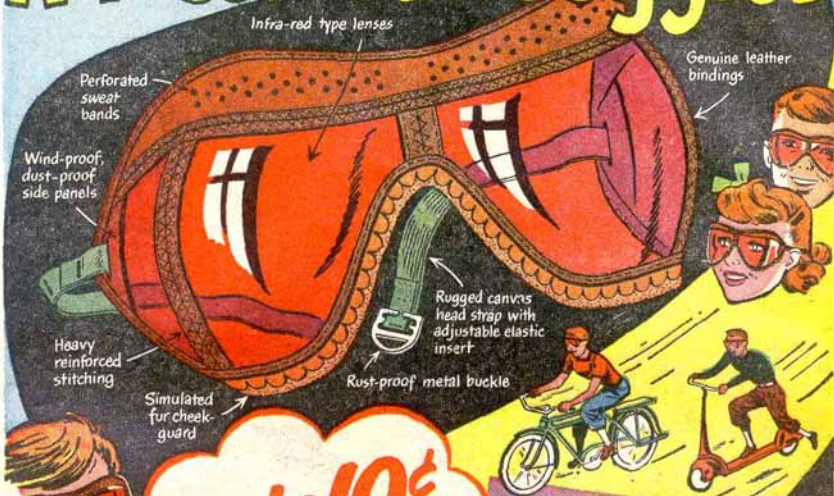
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, A TENSE WATCH WAS HELD. THEN AT 3 P.M. NEXT DAY...







Bazooka Pals! Get these Air-Combat Goggles



Only 10¢
PLUS
5 Penny Bazooka Wrappers
or
1 Big Bazooka (5¢) Wrapper

**HERE'S HOW TO GET
YOUR GOGGLES!**

Just mail 10¢ and 5 Penny Bazooka wrappers,
or one Big Bazooka wrapper and 10¢, to
BAZOOKA, Dept. R-1, Box 100, Brooklyn 32,
N. Y. Get your goggles now—they're swell.
Offer expires July 1, 1950.



These goggles are exactly like
those worn by soldiers and airmen
in training for combat. Swell for
fast bike riding—protect
you against wind, rain and dust.
See more clearly through haze and
glare.



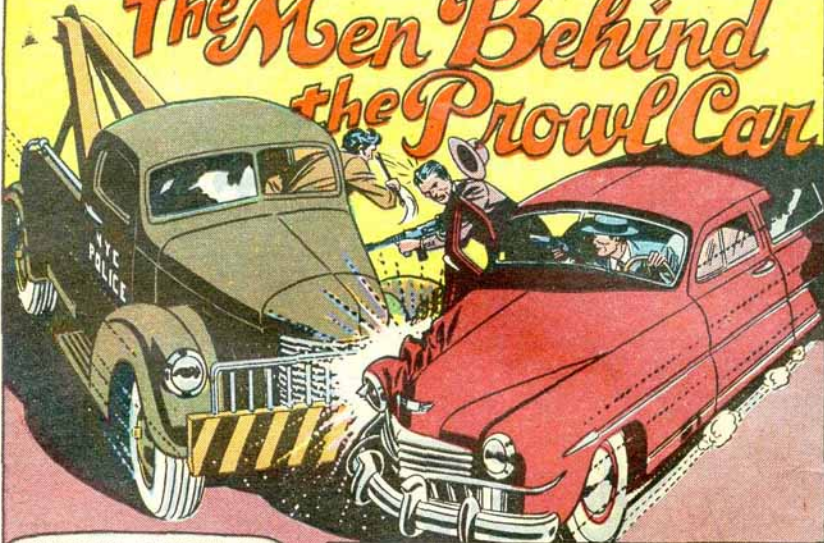
Young
America's
Favorite



Made by the Makers of Topps Chewing Gum

IN ITS RELENTLESS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME, NEW YORK CITY OPERATES 15,000 MOTOR VEHICLES. IN A YEAR'S TIME, THEY COVER **TWENTY MILLION MILES**. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING THEM IN TOP RUNNING CONDITION AT ALL TIMES? YOU PROBABLY NEVER HEARD OF THE MOTOR TRANSPORT MAINTENANCE DIVISION, BUT THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE A PROWL CAR BURN RUBBER ON A TURN, WOBBLE, STRAIGHTEN AND GO SCREAMING DOWN THE STREET IN PURSUIT OF AN OUTLAW CAR, SPARE A THOUGHT TO THE GREASE-STAINED MEN WITH MONKEY WRENCHES--

The Men Behind the Prowl Car



FIXIT SMITH, THEY CALL ME! I STARTED OUT AS A GREASE MONKEY--EXPERT MECHANIC TO YOU--AT POLICE SERVICE STATION 6 IN BROOKLYN...

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE FOR YOU, PAL!

ALL I EVER DO IS FIX 'EM. SOME OTHER GUY TAKES 'EM OUT AND GETS ALL THE EXCITEMENT AND FUN--



NOBODY HAD MUCH FUN IN THIS WRECK, FIXIT --

A BANDIT CAR RAMMED IT. HUH? EVERYONE HAD THEIR GUNS OUT, BLASTIN'! HECK, NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME--NOTHING!

LOOK OUT, YOU'LL STEP INTO THAT PIT!



ALL RIGHT, FIXIT. YOU'VE HAD YOUR EXCITEMENT FOR TODAY. NOW COME UP AND GET BACK TO WORK. INCIDENTALLY, NOTHING ROMANTIC ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SQUAD CAR--UNLESS YOU CALL IT ROMANTIC BEING SANDWICHED BETWEEN A BUS AND AN ELEVATED PILLAR!

THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES. EVERY POLICE CAR HAS ITS ADVENTURES. SOME OF 'EM, I'LL ADMIT ARE ROUTINE, BUT SOME ARE ANYTHING *BUT* ROUTINE! LIKE A CAR THEY BROUGHT IN UNDER ITS OWN STEAM LAST APRIL 17th...

I CAN USE A NEW FRONT WINDOW, FIXIT. THIS ONE IS *DRAFTY*!

WOW! TWICE IN A MONTH! WHAT'D THE OLD SIEVE NOSE INTO THIS TIME?



"THE SIEVE" IS WHAT WE AFFECTIONATELY CALLED SQUAD CAR K28-40. IT HAD COLLECTED SO MANY BULLET HOLES, YOU COULD ALMOST HAVE USED IT FOR A NET TO CATCH FISH IN...

THE LAST TIME YOU CAUGHT 'EM THROUGH THE HOOD. WE FIXED IT UP SO YOU CAN HARDLY TELL--

THIS TIME WAS ON NOSTRAND AVENUE--

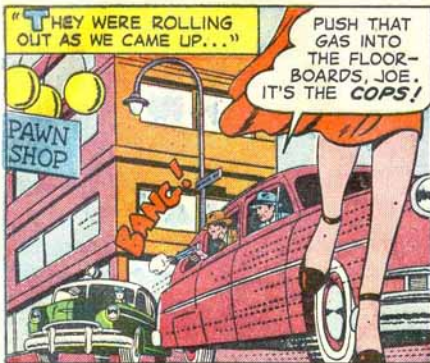


THE NEWSHAWKS CAME IN WHILE LEO WAS TELLING ME...

"THE SIEVE'S" ADVENTURES ARE ALWAYS GOOD READING. WE'LL BLOW UP THIS PICTURE FOR THE FRONT PAGE!

WASN'T MUCH TO IT, BOYS. WE ANSWERED A RADIO CALL... COUPLE OF HEIST-MEN CLEANING OUT A SAFE IN A PAWNSHOP ON MYRTLE AVE...





BOY, WOULD I LIKE TO BE PILOTING A SQUAD CAR! BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE OLD SIEVE-- BUT NOTHING EVER HAPPENS TO ME... NOTHING--

LOOK OUT!



KEPT AT IT. IT WAS *SOME* CONSOLATION JUST TO BE NEAR THAT FAMOUS OLD HEAP, "THE SIEVE"...

YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, RECONDITIONING THE SIEVE. I'M GOING TO RECOMMEND YOU FOR A TRANSFER--

TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT? AT LAST! BOY, I'LL BE DRIVING THIS VERY SAME SQUAD CAR BEFORE I'M THROUGH--



MADE THE PAPERS THAT NIGHT, BUT IT SURE WASN'T ANYTHING TO BE PROUD OF...

TOWN HOTEL BUSINESS AT MEETING

GREASE MONKEY IN A HOLE!

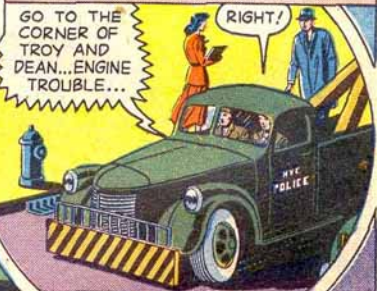
POLICE DEPARTMENT'S ONLY CASUALTY AS "THE SIEVE" BATTLES WITH THE UNDERWORLD AGAIN, THE NEW LAURELS

FOREIGN POLICY CONGRES DEBATES ISTMO

BUT I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN NOTHING LIKE THAT COULD HAPPEN TO ME. MY TRANSFER WAS TO A ROVING POLICE DEPARTMENT REPAIR TRUCK...

GO TO THE CORNER OF TROY AND DEAN...ENGINE TROUBLE...

RIGHT!



A TRUCK IS A LONG WAY FROM BEING A PATROL CAR, BUT AT LEAST IT KEPT ME MOVING-- AND FAST!

GET A MOVE ON, FIXIT. WE'VE GOT A BEAT TO PATROL.

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. IF I WAS ANY FASTER, I COULDN'T STOP THIS SIDE OF ALBANY.



THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES ALL DAY. FIXIT SMITH--HE KEEPS THE PATROL CARS ON THE PROWL...

TROUBLE WAS IN YOUR CARBURETOR --BUT I'VE GOT IT FIXED--

JUST IN TIME... LISTEN!

CALLING FIXIT SMITH... GO TO TAXI STAND IN FRONT OF ST. GEORGE HOTEL. PATROL CAR WITH GENERATOR TROUBLE...



BUT, DO WE GET ANY APPRECIATION? NO!

MAMA, IS THAT A REAL POLICEMAN?

NO, NO. THAT'S ONLY A POLICE MECHANIC, DEAR.

ONLY! IF IT WASN'T FOR GUYS LIKE ME, THERE COULDN'T BE ANY COPS!

HELLO, KID...YOU BEAT THE AMBULANCE AND EVERYBODY. THE CAR'S OKAY, BUT THEY GOT HANNAHAN. WE CLIMBED THE CURB, AND THE RATS GOT AWAY...

WHAT RATS? WHO? WHERE?...

MAY BIG MOMENT CAME ONE AFTERNOON IN APRIL ON FLUSHING AVENUE... WE WERE ROLLING TOWARD ANOTHER JOB WHEN...

LOOK, STEVE! THAT'S "THE SIEVE" AND IT'S HAD BULLET TROUBLE! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT?



COUPLE OF THE DUKE RUFFO MOB IN A HOT CAR. WE SIGHTED 'EM COMING OFF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE. AND--LOOK OUT, HERE THEY COME BACK!

HUH? WHERE?



LOOK OUT!

TAKE OVER, STEVE. I'VE GOT AN IMPORTANT APPOINTMENT!

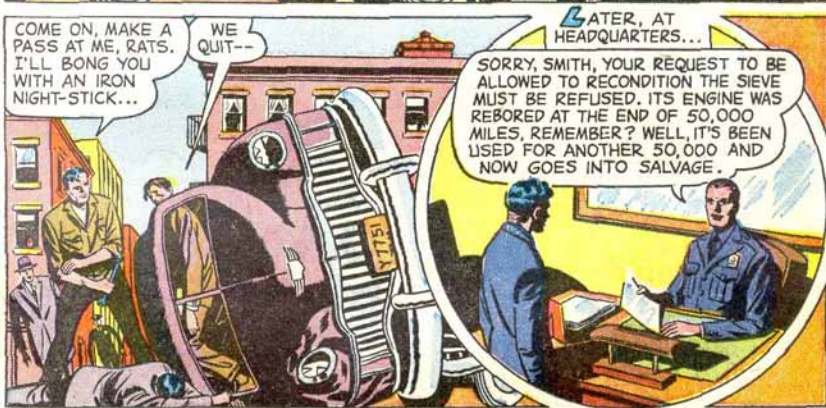
RAT-A-TAT-TAT



RAMMED THAT "SIEVE" AROUND AND JUICED IT DOWN THE STREET...

WOW, I FORGOT! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY GUN!





AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
FUNNY MAN

BOB HOPE

IN HIS OWN
COMICS MAGAZINE!



52

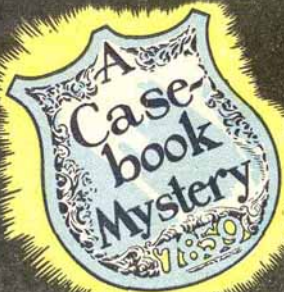
BIG LAUGH-LOADED PAGES
FILLED WITH JUST THE
SORT OF HILARIOUS BRAND-
NEW STORIES THAT'LL MAKE
YOU *HOWL WITH HOPE!*

BOB HOPE
will soon be seen in
PARAMOUNT'S
"FANCY PANTS"

*Don't
Miss
This Big
2nd Issue!*

IT'S ON
SALE
EVERYWHERE!





"The Case of the STOLEN PLOT!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

THE PREMIUMS ON THE LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES FOR STUART AND BROWN ARE DUE, MR. TRAXTON. SHALL I SEND OUT THE CHECKS THIS MORNING?

I SUPPOSE SO. NEITHER HAS WRITTEN A TOP MYSTERY THIS YEAR, BUT WE MIGHT AS WELL CONTINUE THEIR INSURANCE. BY THE WAY, I EXPECT BROWN THIS MORNING. SHOW HIM IN AS SOON AS HE ARRIVES.



H'YA, GORGEOUS! IS THE OGRE IN? I'VE A HOT IDEA FOR A NEW MYSTERY.

HELLO, MR. BROWN. HE EXPECTS YOU. GO RIGHT IN.



SOMETIME LATER...

...SO THAT HEEL, STUART, STOLE MY PLOT! HE'LL NEVER DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL MAKE SURE OF IT!

COOL OFF! YOU CAN DISCUSS IT WITH HIM. GET HERE AT 5 O'CLOCK! BETTER USE MY PRIVATE OFFICE DOOR. MISS DALE LOCKS THIS FRONT ONE WHEN SHE LEAVES AT 4:30.



WHEW! HE WENT IN SMILING AND CAME OUT READY FOR MURDER.

I HOPE NOT! WE'D BE MINUS TWO GOOD WRITERS. BY THE WAY MISS DALE, MAKE SURE YOU PICK UP THE PROOFS AT 4:30, AND BRING THEM BACK.



AT 4:25 P.M....

I WANT TO SEE THE OLD MAN, DALE! OKAY TO GO IN?

YES, MR. STUART, BUT USE MR. TRAXTON'S DOOR WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED. I DON'T WANT YOU LEAVING THIS CORRIDOR DOOR OPEN.



HELLO, STUART! YOU LOOK AS THOUGH SOMEONE WERE CHASING YOU.

NEVER MIND THE HUMOR, TRAXTON, I WANT A \$5,000 ADVANCE ON MY NEW BOOK!



NO CAN DO, PAL! IN THE FIRST PLACE, I'M STRAPPED FOR MONEY, AND SECONDLY, I DON'T THINK THE PLOT IS YOURS. MEL BROWN SAYS YOU STOLE IT FROM HIM!

WHY, HE'S CRAZY! WHERE'D HE GET THAT NOTION?



THE ARGUMENT CONTINUED...

I TELL YOU, BROWN'S STORY IS NOTHING LIKE MINE. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, TRAXTON? WHAT'S THE GAG? AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, STOP POINTING THAT TOY PISTOL AT ME!

IT'S NO TOY, STUART! IT'S REAL AND IT'S LOADED! AND IT'S AIMED RIGHT AT YOU!



TRAX...TON!

NOW TO MOVE HIM INTO POSITION AND BREAK THE WINDOW FROM THE OUTSIDE. THEN LEAVE THE REVOLVER IN THE CORRIDOR AT THE DOOR AND CALL THE POLICE.



STUART! TRAXTON. WHAT HAPPENED?

HELLO! POLICE HEADQUARTERS! I WANT TO REPORT A MURDER. A MAN WAS SHOT IN MY OFFICE NOT A MINUTE AGO. TRAXTON PUBLISHERS, ON THE FIFTH FLOOR.





I PICKED THIS UP AT THE DOOR. THE GLASS WAS BROKEN. WHO SHOT HIM?

THAT REVOLVER IS BAD EVIDENCE, BROWN. YOU'D BETTER GET RID OF IT. I KNOW YOU SAID HE'D NEVER STEAL FROM YOU AGAIN, BUT I DIDN'T THINK...



LIEUTENANT PRINCE OF HOMICIDE.

I'M GERARD TRAXTON. THIS IS MEL BROWN AND THE DEAD MAN IS TOM STUART. THEY BOTH WROTE FOR ME.



LET'S HEAR YOUR STORY FIRST, MR. TRAXTON.



STUART ASKED FOR AN ADVANCE. I REFUSED AND TOLD HIM THAT BROWN ACCUSED HIM OF STEALING A PLOT. STUART ASKED TO USE THE PHONE. HE CALLED SOMEONE THEN I HEARD A SHOT AND HE FELL. I CALLED YOU INSTANTLY.

WAS ANYTHING TOUCHED AFTER THE SHOT WAS FIRED, MR. TRAXTON?

NOT A THING, LIEUTENANT! AS I WAS SPEAKING TO YOU ON THE OTHER PHONE, BROWN CAME THROUGH THE DOOR WITH THE REVOLVER IN HIS HAND. YOU'LL FIND HIS PRINTS ON IT.



EASY, MAN, EASY!

THAT'S A DIRTY LIE, TRAXTON, AND YOU KNOW IT! YOU'RE FRAMING ME!

YOU WERE CARRYING THE GUN, AND YOU DID THREATEN TO "GET" TOM STUART. EVEN MISS DALE HEARD THAT. AND HERE SHE IS NOW!

THAT'S WHY I HAD HER RETURN WITH THE PROOFS! SHE'LL CORROBORATE EVERYTHING I SAY!



IS THAT TRUE, MISS?

YES, SIR, I'M AFRAID IT IS. I HEARD MR. BROWN MAKE THE THREAT THIS MORNING. IS...IS HE DEAD?



AS DICKENS WROTE, "AS DEAD AS A DOORNAIL."

ALL RIGHT, READER, DOES GERARD TRAXTON GET AWAY WITH A PERFECT CRIME? IS HE ABLE TO OUTSMART THE POLICE? OR DID HE LEAVE ONE CLUE WHICH WILL BE HIS UNDOING? BEFORE YOU LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE, CAN YOU FIND THE CLUE THAT MAY TRAP HIM?



The Grapevine

QUIZ PROGRAM CROOKS

LEAVE it to the gyp artists to keep up with the times. Now, the Better Business Bureau has uncovered a new fraud which is based on the popularity of radio giveaway and quiz programs.

Keenly aware that housewives are accustomed to door salesmen, demonstrators and poll-takers, the slick swindlers use a similar approach. Here's the way they work their racket:



A well-dressed man rings the doorbell, and when the woman of the house responds, he informs her in a jovial tone of voice that he represents one of the more popular giveaway programs. Within 24 hours, he assures her, she will get a phone call, announcing her selection as one of the winners of a television set or a fur coat or a washing machine or a refrigerator or an auto.

But—and here comes the kicker!—but the tax must be paid in advance of the delivery, according to government regulation, and would she mind very much paying the very small sum of \$10? He has a receipt already filled in with her name.

Suppressing her delight, Madame dips into the cookie jar, and exchanges the bogus receipt for the \$10 bill. The phoney congratulates her, licks his whiskers like the cat who's gob-

bled up another canary, and disappears.

Madame waits and waits . . . all alone by the telephone. But the refrigerator man never cometh.

The Bureau is urging all housewives to exercise caution. Thus far the ruse has been worked only in New Jersey, but it is more than probable it will reach New York and spread across the country.

THE WHOLE TOOTH

American customs agents were examining the possessions of a Park Avenue matron and her teen-age daughter, just returned from Europe, when one of them noticed the swollen cheek of the girl.

"The poor girl," the mother moaned. "She had an awful toothache aboard, and the doctor had to extract it. Would you mind hurrying with the inspection, please? I want to rush her to our dentist."



Abruptly, the girl sneezed. The startled inspectors saw several objects leap from her mouth. They were half a dozen precious stones, which mother and daughter had tried to smuggle into the country.

NO I.O.U. HERE

In most courts, it is customary for the judge to offer a man found guilty of a minor offense his choice of going to jail or paying the fine. If the defendant chooses the latter but is unable to pay, the court permits him to pay it off in installments or sets a future date for the complete payment. If a single date is skipped, the offender is penalized by serving his full jail sentence.

Not so long ago in Illinois, however, a man arrested on a petty larceny charge who had pleaded guilty, begged the magistrate for mercy. He had tried to hold up a store, he explained, in order to meet his installment date so that he wouldn't be clapped into jail.

Those were his words.

"Thirty days" were the judge's, "for the first crime—and six months for the second!"

JUST DESSERTS

When a diner in a swank Pittsburgh restaurant finished his lavish meal, he called for the check. He was staggered by the astronomical amount and asked the waiter to summon the proprietor.



"I'm not going to protest," the customer said to the owner when he arrived. "I just want to tell you that I'm surprised you charged me as much as this."

"But I charged you like all my customers," the boss said.

"That's what I thought. It seemed to me you might charge me less since you and I are in the same business."

"Why, to be sure, sir! Are you in the restaurant business, too?"

"No. I am also a crook!"

DID YOU KNOW THAT . . .

. . . About 85 percent of all burglaries are committed at night?

. . . The Statue of Liberty was erected on the site of Fort Wood Federal Prison?

. . . Thomas Osborne, when he was New York Commissioner on Prison Reform, disguised himself as a convict and served a week's stretch at Auburn Prison to study conditions?

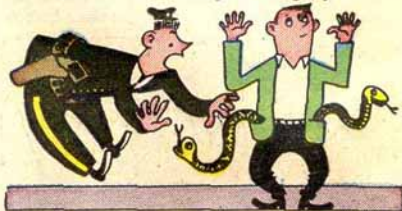
. . . The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, originally called the North West Mounted Police, was founded 'way back in 1873?

. . . An "1897" is the gangster's name for a gun or a knife because New York's Sullivan Law, Section 1897, prohibits the possession of deadly weapons and firearms?

. . . Homicide includes justifiable homicide, excusable homicide, murder, and manslaughter?

CRIME CAMEOS

A Baltimore librarian trying to track down a copy of the long-overdue copy of *Practical Course in Modern Locksmithing*, found it and the borrower in the city jail. The offender had been arrested for attempted burglary.



An Arizona guard, frisking a new arrival, found two snakes, one tarantula in his pockets.

Seven brawny prisoners escaped from their Samalayuca, Mexico, cell by pushing down the wall of the building.

A young woman arrested in Providence for auto-stealing confessed she needed the car to practice for her forthcoming driver's test.

Honolulu police hastily solved four years of unsolved burglaries when they learned that a member of the convict road gang had sneaked off frequently during chow.

Los Angeles police were startled to learn that a house-breaker had stolen nothing more than a burglar alarm.

In Chicago, thieves ransacked an office, blew the safe and made off with several thousand dollars, left a dozen roses in a vase.



CATCHES KILLER!

LEONARD "LUCKY" HAWKINS, MURDER SUSPECT WHO HAD DODGED SCORES OF OFFICERS FOR 5 DAYS, WAS CAPTURED RECENTLY BECAUSE A TEXAS BOY RECOGNIZED HIM AND DIDN'T GET SCARED.

HAWKINS' LUCK RAN OUT WHEN HE ASKED JOHNNY SMITH TO GO GET HIM SOME MATCHES.



John Smith

JOHNNY SAUNTERED INTO HIS HOME NEAR DALHART, TEXAS, AND TOLD HIS MOM TO CALL THE SHERIFF. THEN HE CALMLY TOOK THE MATCHES TO HAWKINS WHO RETIRED INTO SOME WOODS NEARBY.



CAUGHT BY AN UN-SHAVEN KID!

OFFICERS SOON NABBED THE ARMED HAWKINS AND ENDED ONE OF THE BIGGEST MANHUNTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE PANHANDLE.

JOHNNY WAS MADE AN HONORARY DEPUTY!.



YOU WILL MAKE A SWELL OFFICER, JOHNNY!

ADVERTISEMENT

OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

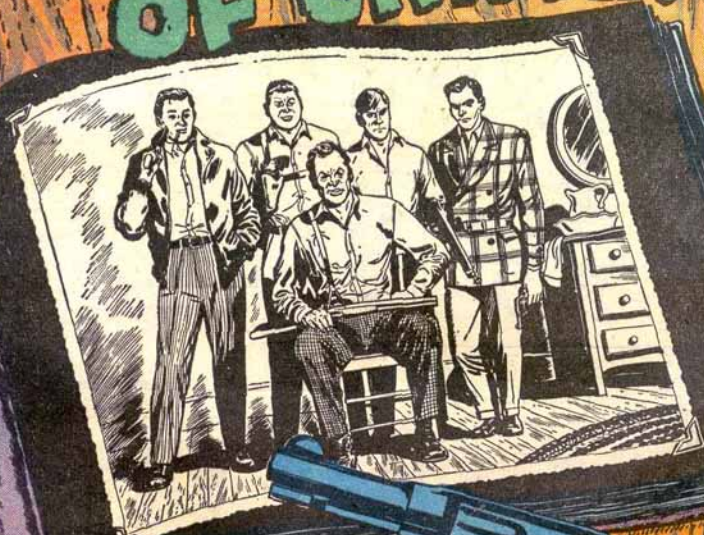
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH
MILK CHOCOLATE
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH

WON'T YOU JOIN US, TOO?

Delicious-Different



The FOUR SONS OF CRIME!



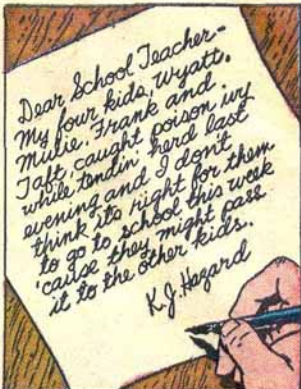
THEY ARE DEAD NOW, ALL OF THEM.
YOU COULD NAME THE REASONS
WHY. BUT PROBABLY THE BEST
REASON CAN BE SUMMED UP LIKE
THIS...THEY MADE A MISTAKE!
THEY HAVE BEEN TYPED...THE
DUPLICATES SENT TO THE PROPER
POLICE OFFICES, EXAMINED, STAMPED
AND FILED AWAY. THE CASE IS
CLOSED. SO NOW, AT LAST,

GANG BUSTERS
PRESENTS...THE CASE OF THE
HAZARD BROTHERS...A
PORTRAIT IN VIOLENCE!

KELVIN J.
(POPPA)

HAZARD LEFT CIRCULATION IN A HURRY DURING THE EARLY 1920 GANG WARS. HE WANTED TO GET AS FAR AS POSSIBLE FROM POLICE AND MOBSTERS, SO HE BOUGHT A FARM SOME DISTANCE FROM THE CITY, AND THERE, WHEN HIS WIFE DIED IN 1933...

...HE RAISED HIS FOUR SONS...



Dear School Teacher—
My four kids, Wyatt,
Mulie, Frank and
Taft, caught poison ivy
while tendin' herd last
evening and I don't
think it's right for them
to go to school this week
'cause they might pass
it to the other kids.
K.J. Hazard

THERE... THE NOTE'S GONE TO THE
TEACHER! POISON IVY, MY FOOT! I'LL
GIVE THEM BOYS THE BEATIN' OF
THEIR LIVES... CONFOUND 'EM! THEY
BEEN GONE TWO DAYS NOW!
WHAT'S KEEPIN' 'EM?



THAT EVENING, THE BOYS RETURNED. THEY
EMPTIED THEIR POCKETS TRIUMPHANTLY...

WHAT HAPPENED
TO YOU KIDS? THE
CIRCUS AIN'T THAT
FAR AWAY!

WE HAD TO HIDE IN
A CORNFIELD YESTER-
DAY AFTER WE ROBBED
THE CIRCUS BOX-
OFFICE, POPPA! A
SHERIFF AND SOME
DEPUTIES WAS
AFTER US!



OKAY... OKAY!
HAVE ANY TROUBLE,
QR WAS IT THE
SOFT TOUCH I SAID
IT WOULD BE?

NO, POPPA! ME AND
MULIE AND TAFT
STOOD WATCH WHILE
WYATT WENT IN AND
STUCK UP THE
CASHIER!



YOU FOOL! I ASKED THAT
QUESTION JUST FOR A TRAP!
NEVER BE A STOOLIE! NEVER
SQUEAL WHO DID WHAT... EVEN
TO ME! GOT THAT STRAIGHT,
FRANK?

OWW!
Y-YES,
POPPA!



at the supper table...

YOU FORGETTIN' WHAT I TAUGHT YA, MULIE! DON'T GO REACHIN' FOR THE MEAT...ASK FOR IT! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU BOYS...FORGETTIN' EVERYTHING I TAUGHT YOU!

OWCH! POPPA, MY WRIST!



POPPA HAZARD RULED THEM WITH AN IRON HAND, AWARE THAT STERN DISCIPLINE GUIDED THE JOBS HE MASTERMINDED.

TOMORROW'S SATURDAY! MANY A FARMER WILL BE GOIN' TO THE BANK IN TOWN TO DRAW OUT WEEK-END CASH! NOW, HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU BOYS TO DO...AFTER DARK...

WE'RE LISTENIN', POPPA...



SO THAT NEXT NIGHT, A FARMER BY THE NAME OF ALVIN SULLY WAS STOPPED BY A HAY WAGON DRAWN ACROSS THE ROAD...

I WANT ALL YOUR CASH, MISTER...AND NO TRICKS!

BUT I AIN'T GOT NONE!

DON'T LIE! YOU TOOK MONEY OUT OF THE BANK TO PAY YOUR HIRED HANDS! GET IT UP!



THE BOYS FLED ACROSS A FIELD TO THEIR AUTO WHICH THEY'D HID. THEN THEY DROVE HOME.

GOOD HAUL! ALMOST \$800! HERE'S TWO DOLLARS FOR EACH OF YOU! THAT'S ALL YOU GET...CAN'T SPOIL YOU WITH TOO MUCH MONEY! BESIDES, THE REST OF IT IS PUT AWAY FOR A RAINY DAY!

SURE, POPPA... ANYTHING YOU SAY!



SOME YEARS LATER, THEY TACKLED THEIR FIRST BIG JOB...FOUR COUNTRY BOYS WHO HAD COME TO THE BIG CITY FOR INFAMY AND FORTUNE...

HURRY UP, YOU! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

S-S SURE! RIGHT AWAY!

THIS IS OUR FIRST JOB AND IT'S A CINCH! POPPA'S GONNA BE PROUD OF US, HUH!



NEXT, IT WAS A ROADHOUSE ON ROUTE 1 IN THE SNOW.

C'MON, FELLERS, SOME BODY'S CHASIN' YOU THROUGH THE DOOR!

THOSE HOODS! THEY'RE SORE BECAUSE WE STOLE THE MONEY THEY TOOK FROM PATRONS IN THEIR CROOKED GAMBLING DEN!



I WINGED ONE OF 'EM! LOOK, HE'S DROPPING IN THE SNOW!

I...I...UM HIT!

BLAM! BAM!





...AND THAT BROUGHT THEM TO THE ATTENTION OF HAL LARABEE, OF THE HOMICIDE DIVISION...

WHO DID IT, MIKE?

THERE WERE FOUR OF 'EM...THREE IN THE BANK...~~COUGH~~...~~COUGH~~...ONE IN THE CAR...

OKAY, MIKE... I'LL GET 'EM! I *PROMISE* YOU! YOU TAKE IT EASY... TAKE IT EASY...

BACK AT THE 5TH PRECINCT, LARABEE WENT TO WORK. HE WASN'T CALLED "*BLOODHOUND*" FOR NOTHING!

YEAH? THEN GET ME THE REPORT! FOUR CROOKS... *FOUR!* THEY'VE BEEN PULLING CHEAP HOLD-UP JOBS, BUT NOW THEY'VE STARTED KILLING PEOPLE!

HERE YOU ARE, LIEUTENANT... FILES ON THE GAS STATION AND ROAD-HOUSE JOBS...

FOR A MONTH, HE QUESTIONED EX-CONS, STOOLIES, PETTY THIEVES...

HONEST, LARABEE, NONE O' THE GUYS KNOWS ABOUT THOSE *FOUR!* THEY MUST BE FROM OUTA TOWN!

YEAH, LIEUTENANT... YOU KNOW ME! IF I KNEW... I'D SING!

OKAY... OKAY!

HE DID PROWL-CAR, DUTY, SPEEDING TO THE SCENE OF EVERY RADIO CALL, EVERY ALARM! THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE HIT PAY DIRT... AT A JEWELER'S...

HURRY IT UP, WYATT... I HEAR THE COPS COMIN'!

I HAD TO KILL THE GUY INSIDE... HE TOUCHED OFF THE ALARM!

GET IN, YOU SAP! THEY'RE RIGHT ON TOP OF US!

TRY TO STOP US, HUH? LEMME GO... I GOT 'EM SQUARE IN FRONT OF ME!

CRASH!

WHEN "BLOODHOUND" LARABEE WOKE UP, IT WAS IN A HOSPITAL!

HOW'S IT, DOC? BAD?

YOU WERE LUCKY, LIEUTENANT... VERY LUCKY! THE HEAD WOUND IS SLIGHT... BUT YOUR LEG IS BAD! IT'LL TAKE TIME TO HEAL. A DAY OR TWO IN BED, THEN MAYBE A WEEK...

TWO DAYS... A WEEK! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I CAN'T STAY IN BED THAT LONG! I'M AFTER SOME KILLERS, DOC... REMEMBER?

I REMEMBER YOUR LEG IS IN BAD SHAPE! YOU COULDN'T EVEN STAND UP, LIEUTENANT... THAT IS, UNLESS I FIT YOU WITH A BRACE! YES... PERHAPS A BRACE WOULD DO IT...

THEY HELPED LARABEE TO DRESS AND THEY FITTED THE BRACE TO HIS RIGHT LEG, AND HE TRIED TO WALK...

IT'S A LITTLE NOISY... UNH... BUT I CAN MAKE IT! SEE? I COULD RUN A HUNDRED YARD DASH!

SURE... SURE...

HE LIMPED BACK TO THE PRECINCT...

HIYA, BOYS! NEVER MIND THE SOUND EFFECTS FROM THE GIMPY LEG... WHAT'S HAPPENED?

THE SAME GANG PULLED A WAREHOUSE JOB ON THE WEST SIDE! SAME STORY... THEY GOT AWAY! ER, WANT TO SIT DOWN, LIEUTENANT?

YES, THE HAZARD BROTHERS HAD ESCAPED AGAIN... BUT MULIE HAD BEEN HIT... AND AT THE FARM...

HOLD IT, SONS! MULIE'S AWAKE... MOANIN' AGAIN! I'LL FETCH HIM SOME WATER...

HE'S GONNA BE OKAY, AIN'T HE POPPA? YOU DUG THE SLUG OUTA HIM!

HERE YOU ARE, SON... NICE, COOL WATER TO FRESHEN YOU!

I AIN'T GONNA DIE, POPPA, AM I? AM I, POPPA?

YOU CHEATER! YOU LOW-DOWN CHEATER! I TURN MY BACK AND YOU SLIP AN ACE FROM MY HAND! I'LL LEARN YOU!



I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, THAT'S WHAT I AM! ONE O' MY OWN SONS CHEATIN' ON HIS BROTHERS! YOU DO THAT AGAIN, FRANK, AN' I'LL BEAT THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YOU! YOU HEAR?

Y-YES, POPPA! I WON'T DO IT AGAIN, POPPA!



FOUR DAYS LATER, MULIE DIED. IT WAS SUDDEN, AND POPPA'S RAGE REACHED NEW HEIGHTS...

HE'S GONE, BOYS... YOUR BROTHER PASSED AWAY! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE AND AVENGE HIS DEATH! IT WAS A COP WHO KILLED HIM! I WANT YOU TO GET ME A DOZEN COPS! THE COPS GOT MULIE! MAKE 'EM PAY FOR IT!

WE'LL GET 'EM, POPPA... YOU GOT OUR WORD FOR IT!



THE NEXT NIGHT AS A SQUAD OF THE 5TH PRECINCT LINED UP FOR INSPECTION BEFORE GOING ON DUTY SHIFT...



IN A PARKED CAR, ITS MOTOR IDLING, FARTHER DOWN THE STREET...

ALL RIGHT, FRANK... START ROLLIN'! GO SLOW TILL WE GET ALONGSIDE 'EM... THEN GIVE 'ER THE GAS!

FIFTEEN CLAY PIGEONS! EVERYTIME I GIVE THIS BABY A BURST, I'LL THINK OF POOR MULIE!



A BLUR OF A RACING AUTO... THE STAC-CATO COUGH OF TOMMY-GUNS... AND BLUE FIGURES CRUMPLED TO THE PAVEMENT...

THIS IS FOR MULIE, COPPERS! YEAH... FOR MULIE!!



SERGEANT RALPH K. CLEARY, BADLY WOUNDED, FIRED TWICE AT THE FLEEING CAR BEFORE HE COLLAPSED...



ONE OF THE BULLETS CRASHED THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW...AND FRANK HAZARD SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL...**DEAD!**

THEY GOT FRANK!
THE CAR'S OUTA
CONTROL!

GRAB THE WHEEL,
YOU FOOL...
THE WHEEL!



THE CAREENING CAR STRUCK A HYDRANT, TUMBLING WYATT AND TAFT.

THEY SEE
US, TAFT!
COME ON...
RUN FOR IT!

THEY KILLED FRANK!
FIRST MULIE, THEN FRANK...
MAYBE ONE OF US IS NEXT,
WYATT! MAYBE
IT'LL BE ME!



BACK AT THE PRECINCT...

GET THE INJURED ONES INTO THE
AMBULANCE! THE REST OF YOU
COME WITH ME! WE STOPPED
THEIR CAR. THEY'RE RUNNING FOR
IT! WE'LL GET THE SWINE!



ALL RIGHT...NOW WE'LL SPLIT UP! I
WANT EVERY INCH OF THIS SECTION
GONE OVER WITH A FINE-TOOTH
COMB! BE CAREFUL! DON'T MAKE
ANY MISTAKE...THOSE GUYS ARE
PLAYING THIS ONE FOR KEEPS!
OKAY...GET GOING!



YOU COVER
ME, MATT,
WHILE I
RUN ACROSS
THE STREET!

JUST LET
ONE OF THOSE
RATS SHOW
HIS FACE!



THEN THE STREETS WERE
SILENT AGAIN...SAVE FOR
A METALLIC CLACK...



IN A DOORWAY WAITED TAFT AND WYATT...

LISTEN...THE COPPER'S COMIN'! HEAR THAT SOUND? THAT'S HIM! GET READY...

MY FINGER'S BEEN ITCHIN' ON THIS TRIGGER!



THIS BRACE SOUNDS AS LOUD AS AN APPROACHING SIREN! I'D BETTER MUFFLE IT WITH MY HANDKERCHIEF.



THAT'S BETTER...SILENT AS A GHOST. HOPE I DON'T END UP AS ONE!



I DON'T HEAR HIM COMIN' NO MORE, WYATT!

MAYBE HE TURNED TAIL. WE MIGHT'VE SCARED HIM OFF!



ABRUPTLY, TWO SHOTS CRASHED THROUGH THE NIGHT...THEN ANOTHER! TAFT DROPPED LIKE A SACK OF FLOUR...



WYATT... HE GOT ME... HE GOT...

BLAM! BANG!

A TOMMYGUN BURST, AND LARABEE SPUN AROUND, A BULLET IN HIS SHOULDER...



LIEUTENANT! YOU ALL RIGHT?

YEAH... JUST A SHOULDER NICK! THIS ONE'S DEAD... THE OTHER ONE GOT AWAY! I THINK I HIT HIM, THOUGH! CALL FOR A PROWL CAR... MAYBE HE LEFT A TRAIL WE CAN FOLLOW!



THE TRAIL LED THROUGH BACK STREETS...
TO A HIGHWAY...

HERE'S THE SPOT! A CAR BRAKED TO A
SUDDEN STOP. HE MUST'VE HITCHED A RIDE!
DRIVE SLOWLY, SERGEANT, WHILE I PLAY
THE LIGHT ON THE ROAD! WHEN THE
BLOOD STAINS SHOW AGAIN, WE'LL
KNOW WHERE HE GOT OFF...



**POPPA HAZARD EXPECTED VISITORS. HE WAS
GOING TO GIVE THEM A HOT RECEPTION...**

YOU'RE DEAD, WYATT! WHEN THOSE COPS
COME LOOKIN' FOR YOU, WE AIN'T GONNA
DISAPPOINT THEM. I'M GONNA TAKE
YOUR PLACE! FIRST, THEY KILLED MULIE...
THEN FRANK... THEN TAFT... AND NOW
YOU! HERE COMES A COP NOW.
THINKS I DON'T SEE HIM
CREEPIN' THIS WAY!



**YOU... FOOLED... ME!
IT... WAS... LOADED...**



**THE PROWL CAR PROCEEDED FOR NINE
MILES, THEN STOPPED ABRUPTLY...**

**HERE ARE THE STAINS AGAIN!
AND LOOK... THEY LEAD TO
THAT FARM OVER THERE!
CUT YOUR LIGHTS, SER-
GEANT! YOU STAY HERE...
I'M GOING IN ALONE!**

**BE CAREFUL!
THOSE
HOODS ARE
GUN-CRAZY!**



SUDDENLY, THE STILL NIGHT EXPLODED...
SHOTGUN AGAINST SERVICE PISTOL! LARA-
BEE FIRED FIVE TIMES AS HE ADVANCED
IN THE SHADOWS... THEN HIS PISTOL
CLICKED EMPTY...

**I HEARD YER GUN CLICK, COPPER! YOU
AIN'T GOT NO MORE BULLETS! I'M
GONNA KILL YOU, COPPER! I'M GONNA
PUT FOUR SHOTS IN YOU... ONE FOR
EACH OF MY BOYS!**



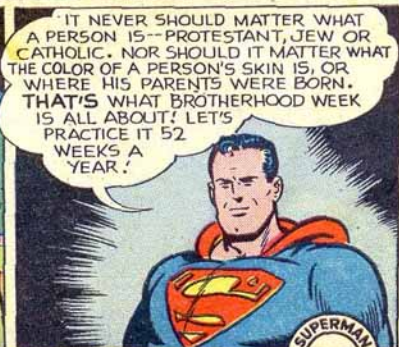
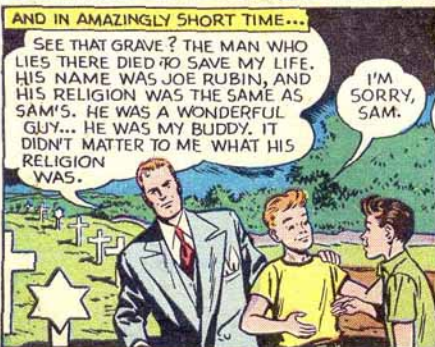
**THAT'S A KILLER FOR YOU, SERGEANT. WHEN
HE THINKS HE'S BOXED YOU IN WITHOUT A
CHANCE, HE COMES IN FOR THE KILL! THEY
ARE ALL YELLOW! THAT'S WHY I KNEW IF I
REMOVED ONE BULLET, HE'D HEAR THE
CLICK AND THINK MY GUN WAS
EMPTY! GOT A MATCH,
SERGEANT?**

**YEAH,
LIEUTENANT,
SURE!**



**THE
END.**

SUPERMAN'S CODE for BUDDIES



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