

GANG BUSTERS

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



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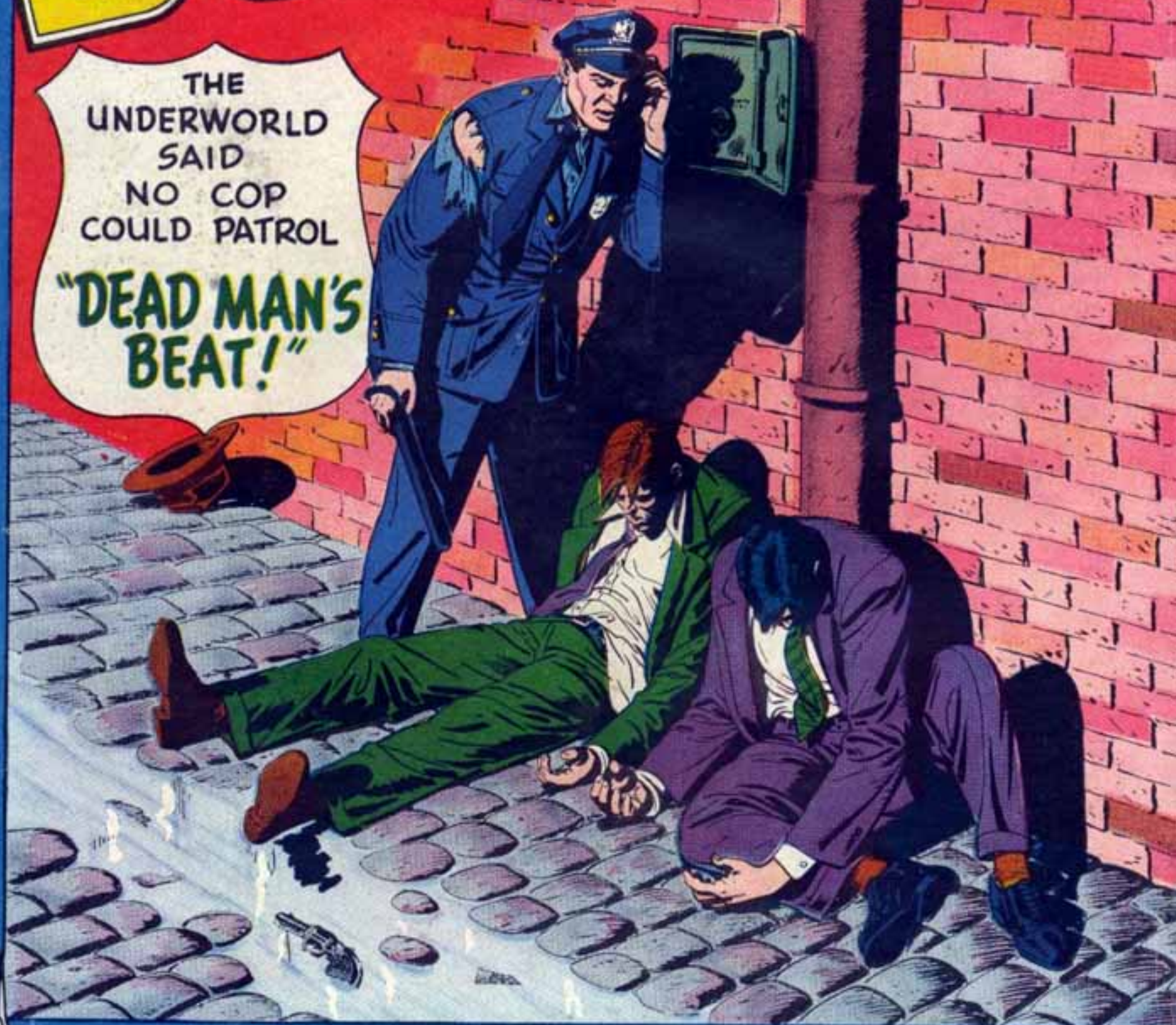
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# GANG BUSTERS

THE  
UNDERWORLD  
SAID  
NO COP  
COULD PATROL

**"DEAD MAN'S  
BEAT!"**



**YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!**

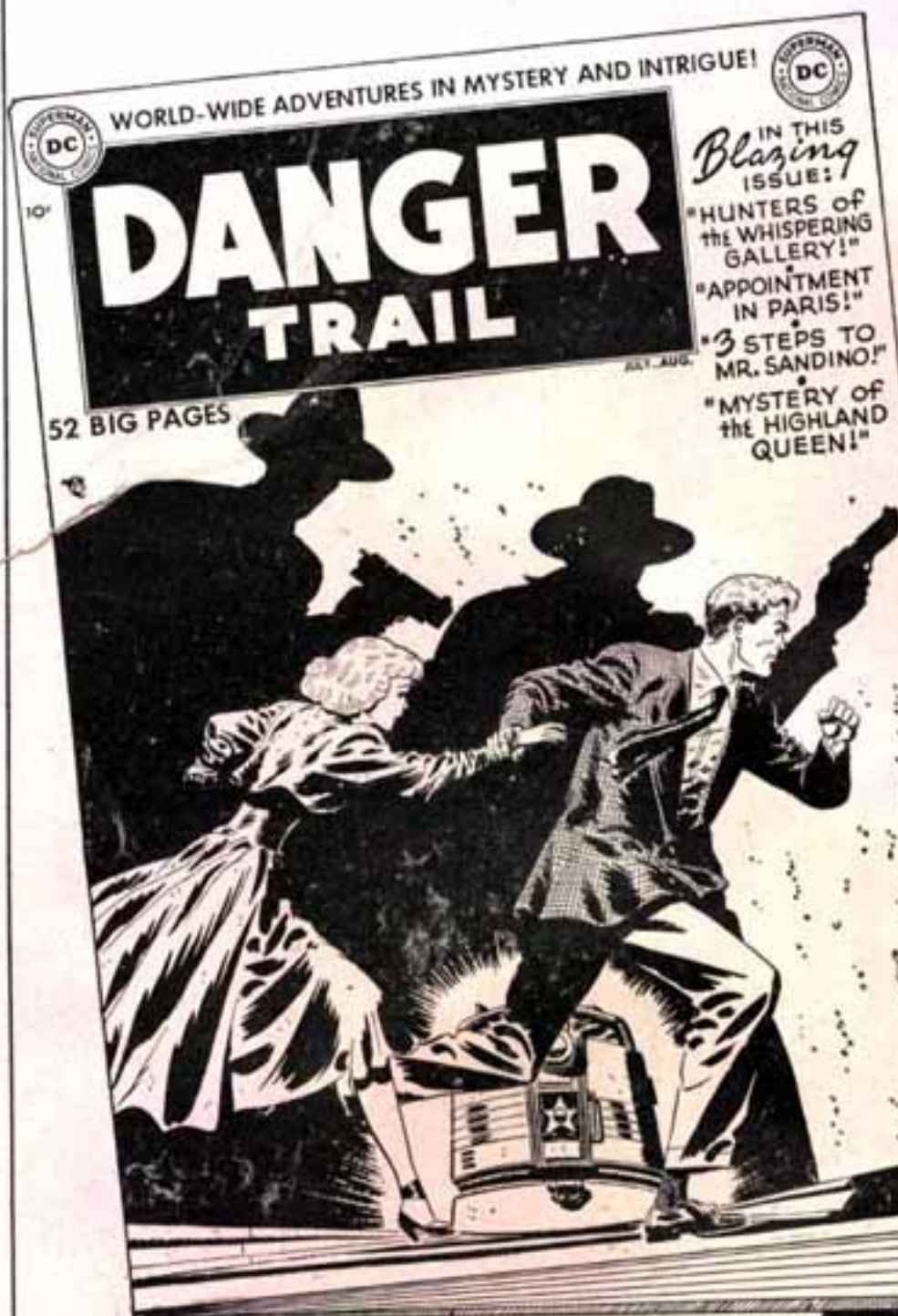


# THE KIND OF STORIES

# YOU

# LIKE BEST!

**ZOOMING ACTION!  
BREATH TAKING MYSTERY!  
CHILLING INTRIGUE!  
TWO-FISTED ADVENTURE!  
DANGER TRAIL  
HAS EVERYTHING!**



**VIVID PICTURE-STORIES SET  
AGAINST THE EXOTIC BACKGROUNDS  
OF THE FOUR CLAMORING CORNERS OF THE WORLD!**

**DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE  
OF THIS *GREAT* MAGAZINE!**

**LOOK FOR THIS  
FAMOUS SYMBOL  
ON THE COVER OF  
DANGER TRAIL**



**- AND ON EVERY  
COMICS MAGAZINE  
YOU BUY. IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE OF THE  
BEST IN COMICS!**



THREE LONELY BLOCKS ON A GREAT CITY'S LOWER WEST SIDE... OFFICIALLY THEY ARE LISTED AS BEAT NO. 3, 17th PRECINCT. BUT BY EVERY COP ON THE FORCE THEY WERE TALKED ABOUT IN HUSHED TONES AS... **"DEAD MAN'S BEAT!"** WITHIN ONE WEEK, TWO PATROLMEN ASSIGNED TO THE MIDNIGHT TO 8 A.M. SHIFT MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED! HOURS LATER, THEIR BULLET-RIDDLED BODIES WERE FOUND IN OUTLYING, DESOLATE SECTIONS OF THE CITY. WHAT SPECTRE HAUNTED BEAT NO. 3? WHAT EVIL POWER BECKONED THESE COPS TO THEIR DEATH? WHY WERE THEY AFRAID TO WALK...

# DEAD MAN'S BEAT!



ON JUNE 4, 1947, ROOKIE PATROLMAN JOSEPH MATROCCI WAS ASSIGNED TO BEAT NO. 3... THEN ONE OF THE MOST PEACEFUL PATROLS IN AN EASTERN CITY...

HERE SHE IS, JOE... ALL YOURS. I'VE HAD THIS BEAT FOR 12 YEARS!



THE NEW OFFICER QUICKLY MADE FRIENDS...

HERE'S A SHINY NEW APPLE TO WELCOME THE NEW POLICEMAN!

THANKS A LOT, TONY!





HE BECAME A GREAT FAVORITE WITH YOUNGSTERS GOING TO SCHOOL...



AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP, TOMMY?

AN OFFICER, LIKE YOU!

BUT ON THE NIGHT OF JULY 13, 1947, PATROLMAN MATROCCI DIDN'T MAKE HIS 3 A.M. ROUTINE CALL...



CAR 96 REPORTING. NO SIGN OF PATROLMAN MATROCCI ON BEAT NO. 3... WHAT ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS?

**R**ADIO CARS THROUGHOUT THE CITY WERE ALERTED AND, FOUR HOURS LATER, PATROLMAN MATROCCI'S BODY WAS FOUND IN A VACANT LOT SEVERAL MILES AWAY...



NASTY JOB, CAPTAIN! HE WAS SHOT FOUR TIMES WITH A .45 AUTOMATIC... ONCE IN THE HEART... THREE TIMES IN THE HEAD! SEEMS TO ME HE WAS KILLED ELSEWHERE... PROBABLY ON HIS OWN BEAT... THEN DUMPED IN THE LOT!



AND SO A NEW COP WAS ASSIGNED TO "DEAD MAN'S BEAT..." PATROLMAN FRANK LENNEN, EIGHT YEARS ON THE FORCE...

MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED, TONY, 'CAUSE HE WAS A ROOKIE! SOME OF THESE KIDS CAN'T TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES! ME, NOW... I'M WISE TO EVERYTHING!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT... MAYBE YOU'RE WRONG! BUT FROM NOW ON I'M NOT STAYING ON THE STREET AFTER DARK!



**T**HREE DAYS LATER...

LENNEN LASTED JUST THREE DAYS! WAIT'LL THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HEARS ABOUT THIS!





**T**HAT AFTERNOON, IN COMMISSIONER BRADSHAW'S OFFICE...

...AND IF YOU CAN'T DO IT, WETJEN... THERE'LL BE A NEW CHIEF OF DETECTIVES! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE. **CLEAN UP THAT BEAT!**

**C**HIEF WETJEN HURRIEDLY SUMMONED HIS ACE DETECTIVE, SERGEANT HARRY GROGAN...

I NEVER SAW THE OLD MAN SO MAD! I'M STILL SWEATIN'! BUT I GOT A SOLUTION... GROGAN, **YOU'RE GOING BACK INTO UNIFORM!**

YOU MEAN I'M DEMOTED? WHAT FOR?

NO, GROGAN... BUT YOU'RE GOING BACK TO PATROL "DEAD MAN'S BEAT" LIKE AN ORDINARY COP! YOU'RE GOING TO WALK THAT BEAT **DAY AND NIGHT** UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG!

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY CHRONICLE, POLICE REPORTER STEVE (FAT STUFF) LANDIS RETURNED FROM VACATION...

FINE THING, BILL! I GO AWAY ON VACATION AND YOU LET THE WHOLE POLICE FORCE GET KILLED! AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT IT? JUST SITTING THERE MAKING LITTLE MARKS ON PAPER!

WELL, FAT STUFF, SOME OF THE BEST BRAINS ON THE FORCE ARE HAVING TROUBLE WITH THIS CASE! BUT IF MY OVERSTUFFED EINSTEIN WANTS TO FIGURE IT OUT... YOU'RE ASSIGNED!

THANKS FOR THE TOUCHING DISPLAY OF CONFIDENCE! BUT... YOU CAN CONSIDER THE CASE SOLVED!

LANDIS HURRIED TO "DEAD MAN'S BEAT" FOR A LOOK-SEE...

WELL, WELL! LOOK WHO GOT PUT BACK IN HARNESS! WHAT HAPPENED? FORGET TO SHINE YOUR BADGE?



QUIET, FAT BOY! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE...THE VOICE OF AMERICA? IF YOU HAD ANY BRAINS, YOU'D KNOW WHY I'M HERE. THE CHIEF ASSIGNED ME TO CATCH THE COP-KILLERS!



IT'S A CINCH, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, YOU WON'T CATCH ANYBODY BY FLASHING BRASS BUTTONS. JUST BLIND 'EM, THAT'S ALL!



YOU TALK BIG FOR A GUY SO FAT HE COULDN'T PASS THE PHYSICAL EXAM FOR PATROLMAN! BETTER STICK TO WRITING UP STORIES ABOUT THE LADIES' GARDEN CLUB!

BUT LANDIS, A RESOURCEFUL REPORTER, WASN'T EASILY DISCOURAGED HE VISITED A FRIEND, REGINALD DE LANIER... BACKSTAGE AT THE GAIETY...

...SO YOU SEE, I'VE GOT THE CLOTHES, I'VE GOT THE BOX AND I'VE GOT THE MONKEY. NOW I NEED THE FACE...



FAT STUFF, MY FRIEND, I HOPE MY THEATRICAL ART CAN DO FOR YOUR FACE WHAT NATURE ALREADY HAS DONE FOR YOUR BODY! AH, IF ONLY YOU COULD BE PERSUADED TO PLAY FALSTAFF!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, A NEW FIGURE APPEARED ON "DEAD MAN'S BEAT."

I GOT THE IDEA FROM TONY. NOBODY IS SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE WANDERS AROUND THE BLOCK. WHO'S GOING TO WORRY ABOUT AN ORGAN GRINDER...



FOR TWO DAYS, LANDIS STROLLED THE FATAL BEAT, UNRECOGNIZED.

HEY, KING KONG, DON'T BITE THAT COP... OR HE'LL PINCH YOU! HA! HA! THAT'S A GOOD JOKE!



BUT THE SPURIOUS ORGAN GRINDER SAW NOTHING SUSPICIOUS UNTIL HE ENTERED A PUBLIC GARAGE...

I PLAY FOR YOU MUSIC, HAH? YOU WANTA HEAR "SANTA LUCIA"?









LATER, AFTER A WILD SCRAMBLE IN THE BASEMENT...

THAT MONK FOUGHT LIKE A TIGER; MIKE! SLIPPERIEST THING I EVER SAW. HE RAN ALL OVER THE BASEMENT!



THIS SLENDER CLUE SENT LANDIS HURRYING TO SEE HIS FRIEND, LIEUTENANT DESMOND, AT THE POLICE CRIME LABORATORY...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, FAT STUFF. NOTHING BUT RED INK...AND A VERY GOOD GRADE OF INK, I SHOULD SAY! WHY DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?

LITTLE SECRET, LIEUTENANT. BUT YOU'LL READ IT ALL IN THE CHRONICLE!



THAT NIGHT, LANDIS RETURNED TO THE GARAGE...BUT BY THE BACK WAY...

**PUFF...** PUFF...TOUGH WORK ON A GUY MY SIZE. MAYBE GROGAN WAS RIGHT!



USING A CHISEL, THE FEARLESS REPORTER SNAPPED THE CATCH ON THE COAL CHUTE WINDOW...

IF I'D EATEN ONE MORE PIECE OF PIE FOR DINNER, I NEVER COULD HAVE SQUEEZED THROUGH THAT WINDOW!



FURTIVELY, HE CLIMBED DOWN THE LADDER FROM THE HUGE COAL BIN TO THE BASEMENT FLOOR.

ANYBODY WANT TO BET THEY'RE **NOT** GREASING CARS IN THAT ROOM?





**C** LIMBING ON A BOX, LANDIS PEERED THROUGH THE WINDOW...

**COUNTERFEITERS**...JUST AS I THOUGHT! AND THERE'S THE PAN WHERE THE MONKEY PICKED UP THE TELLTALE RED INK!

SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS... WE GOTTA FINISH TONIGHT. THIS PLACE IS TOO HOT!

YEAH, CHIEF, BUT REMEMBER, I SAID THIS DUMP WASN'T NO GOOD IN THE FIRST PLACE. THEM TWO COPS FOUND IT, DIDN'T THEY?

SURE THEY FOUND IT! THEY HEARD THE STAMPING OF THE MACHINE AND GOT WISE! BUT WE TOOK CARE OF THEM, DIDN'T WE? NOW FINISH THOSE SHEETS, AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

**S** UDDENLY, A STRANGE QUIRK OF FATE! THE REPORTER'S GREAT WEIGHT CAUSED HIS WOODEN PERCH TO CAVE IN...

**CRACK!**

ANOTHER COP, EH? LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?

HE'LL GET IT!

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU FOOLS... **DON'T SHOOT!** SOMEBODY WILL HEAR. GRAB HIM FIRST AND WE'LL FINISH THE JOB LATER!



DESPERATE, LANDIS THOUGHT OF A RUSE. HIS OUTSTRETCHED FINGERS TOUCHED THE CABLE LEADING TO THE DOOR OF THE COAL BIN...

I JUST HOPE I'M HEAVY ENOUGH!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, FATTY? TRYING TO CLIMB UP IN THE WORLD?



LOOK OUT! HE'S GONNA SPILL THE COAL ON US!



TWO TONS... ONE TON FOR OFFICER MATROCCI... ONE TON FOR OFFICER LENNEN!



**S**UDDENLY... A WELCOME INTERRUPTION...

SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOUR PARTY... WE HAD JUST GOTTEN IN UPSTAIRS WHEN WE HEARD THE COAL SLIDE.



BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?

FIRST, LET ME SAY I'M SORRY I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD COP! AND THEN I CAN EXPLAIN THAT I HAD YOU TAILED EVER SINCE YOU CAME ON THE BEAT! MAYBE I DIDN'T GET YOUR FACE IN THAT ORGAN-GRINDER OUTFIT, BUT FAT STUFF, I NEVER FORGET A **STOMACH!**



The END.



# TROUBLE at GHOST-TOWN!

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE DAY OUT WEST, THE BOYS AND I WERE EXPLORING A MYSTERIOUS OLD GHOST-TOWN NEAR ROCK CITY, WHEN SUDDENLY--

JIM-- THAT PLANE! IT'S GOING TO CRASH!



C'MON, BOYS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT PILOT OUT BEFORE THE WHOLE PLANE'S IN FLAMES!



MUST GET--SERUM-- TO HOSPITAL-- ROCK CITY-- DYING CHILD--

I'LL GET THAT SERUM TO THE HOSPITAL, JIM-- IF I HAVE TO RUN ALL THE WAY!



PHWW! NOT FAR TO GO NOW-- I'M SURE GLAD JIM TOLD ME ABOUT "P-F"'S!



WHAT JIM TOLD BOB ABOUT "P-F":  
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE SPEED,  
MORE ENERGY AND REAL FOOT COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION



\*TRADE MARK

SOON...

LOOK--BOB'S BACK ALREADY! HE REALLY MUST HAVE SET A NEW SPEED RECORD!



GEE, I HOPE THAT PILOT WILL BE ALL RIGHT!

HE WILL, AND -- BOB, SO WILL THAT CHILD IN THE HOSPITAL-- THANKS TO YOUR SPEED IN GETTING THE SERUM TO US!

WELL, FELLAS-- BOB'S "P-F"'S SURE HELPED HIM PLENTY!



FOR EXTRA SPEED ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES. GET YOUR "P-F"'S TODAY!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES  
MADE ONLY BY  
B.F. Goodrich AND  
Hood Rubber Co.







# Message to Parents



## WHAT TO DO IF POLIO COMES YOUR WAY

Keep children with their own friends. Keep them away from people they have not been with right along, especially in close, daily living. Many people have polio infection without showing signs of sickness. Without knowing it, they can pass the infection on to others.

Try not to get over-tired by work, hard play or travel. If you already have the polio infection in your body, being very tired may bring on serious polio.

Keep from getting chilled. Don't bathe or swim too long in cold water. Take off wet clothes at once. Chilling can lessen your body's protection against polio.

Keep clean. Wash hands carefully before eating and always after using the toilet. Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth. Also keep food clean and covered.

### WATCH FOR EARLY SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Polio starts in different ways—with headache, sore throat, upset stomach or fever. Persons coming down with polio may also feel nervous, cross or dizzy. They may have trouble in swallowing or breathing. Often there is a stiff neck and back.

### ACT QUICKLY—CALL YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE

Until he comes, keep the patient quiet and in bed, away from others.

Prepared In Cooperation with The National Foundation For Infantile Paralysis

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# I WRECKED THE CATTLE RUSTLERS!

**D**ID RUSTLING PASS OUT WITH TWO-GUN DESPERADOES, STAGECOACH ROBBERS AND THE SIX-SHOOTER LAW THAT MARKED THE TAMING OF THE LUSTY OLD WEST? **DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!** RUSTLING IS STILL BIG BUSINESS...TO A NEW CROP OF CRIMINALS WHO CASE THE VAST CATTLE RANGES, MAYBE YOU READ ABOUT THE RECENT FEDERAL INDICTMENT OF A RING WHICH SMUGGLED BEEF TO DEALERS WITHOUT GOVERNMENT INSPECTION. BEHIND THAT ROUTINE NEWS STORY WERE THE UNPUBLICIZED EXPLOITS OF TWO F.B.I. MEN WHO CRACKED THE STREAMLINED SIDE-WINDERS WIDE OPEN!



**O**N A HUMID AUGUST MORNING LAST YEAR, F.S. KRULL, CHIEF OF THE F.B.I. FIELD OFFICE IN CUSTER CITY, SUMMONED SPECIAL AGENT STEVE ORRIN...

WHAT'S IT **THIS** TIME, KRULL? BANK ROBBERS, SPIES, SWINDLERS, HOT CARS--?

GUESS AGAIN, STEVE! I HAULED YOU IN BECAUSE YOU WERE RAISED ON A CATTLE RANCH. YOU'RE GOING AFTER A MOB OF BIG-TIME CROOKS...



...A GANG OF **RUSTLERS!** AND THEY'RE HIGH, WIDE AND DANGEROUS!

ARE YOU KIDDING? I THOUGHT THE LAST OF THE RUSTLERS WAS BURIED ON BOOT HILL BEFORE I WAS BORN! WHERE ARE CATTLE THIEVES OPERATING IN THIS MODERN DAY AND AGE?







OVER IN LOESPUR COUNTY! MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF BEEF ON THE HOOF HAS BEEN STOLEN IN THE LAST SIX MONTHS! THE CATTLE ARE BUTCHERED, AND THE MEAT TRANSPORTED ACROSS THREE STATE BORDERS, WHERE IT'S SOLD AT A PRICE SO LOW BUSINESSMEN CAN'T COMPETE...



...ANOTHER AGENCY HAS THE WHOLESALE OUTLETS SPOTTED BECAUSE THE "HOT" MEAT ISN'T GOVERNMENT INSPECTED. OUR JOB...OR RATHER **YOUR** JOB, STEVE... IS TO CRACK DOWN ON THE SOURCE OF SUPPLY!



**L**OCSPUR, A CATTLE SHIPPING POINT, A FEW DAYS LATER...

KRULL SAID I'D MAKE CONTACT WITH THE LOCAL AGENT IN THIS PLACE. HE'D IDENTIFY HIMSELF WHEN I USE THE CODE WORD.



HE LOOKS LIKE A VISITOR FROM CUSTER CITY. KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, LOGAN. IF HE GETS PESKY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YOU BET, MR. FARNSWORTH! WE DON'T WANT NO ORNERY COPS OR REPORTERS 'ROUND THESE PARTS NONE!



SOMETHING COLD TO DRINK, PLEASE...A BOTTLE OF TRI-STATE SODA, IF YOU'VE GOT IT!

DID YOU SAY...TRI-STATE? NEVER HEARD OF IT... I GOT PURTY NEAR EVERYTHIN' ELSE.



THERE'S PLENTY OF TRI-STATE IN MY ROOM...202... CHEROKEE HOTEL. I'LL BE THERE IN 15 MINUTES! MY HANDLE'S TEX GRIFFIN!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, TEX! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT A CASE BETWEEN US...AND I DON'T MEAN **SODA!!**



## IN ROOM 202, LATER...

HERE'S THE TRI-STATE SODA, ONLY IT COMES IN **RADIO TUBES**, NOT BOTTLES, EH, PARDNER? I SET UP THIS RIG AND GOT A JOB AT THE EXCELSIOR... THAT'S THE EXTENT OF MY GROUNDWORK. YOU CALL THE SHOTS FROM NOW ON, STEVE!

WE'LL NEED CLOSE TEAMWORK, TEX! I'LL STAKE OUT AT ZEB COM-STOCK'S RANCH. I'LL PRETEND I'M A NEWSPAPER REPORTER DOING A STORY ON THE RUSTLING, SEE?



YES SIR, MR. COMSTOCK, THE WEST ISN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE! EVEN THE RANCHERS HAVE PLANES... LIKE THAT ONE UP THERE!

YEP, THAT'S GEORGE FARNSWORTH'S! HE OWNS A SMALL SPREAD NEXT TO MINE. MOST ALL THE CATTLE-MEN OWN PLANES, EXCEPTIN' ME! YUH KIN COVER A PASSEL O' TERRITORY IN ONE OF THEM!



LATER...

NOW THIS IS WHERE WE LOST SIGN ON FARNSWORTH'S 50 HEAD O' BEEF THE OTHER NIGHT. THE TRAIL JUST DISAPPEARED IN THE THIN AIR!

OR THE BACK END OF A **TRUCK**! HERE'S A TIRE MARK, STILL UNMARKED BY THE SEARCHING PARTY. MOBILE RUSTLING'S A NEW WRINKLE!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SAME ARROYO BORDERING FARNSWORTH'S PROPERTY...

A PLASTER MOULAGE OF THIS TIRE TRACK MIGHT PROVE TO BE A VITAL CLUE. I'LL HAVE TEX TRACE THE TRUCK, AND... **WHAT'S THAT?**



WELL! WELL! DON'T TELL ME I'VE WORN OUT MY WELCOME!



OWW! YOU GOT ME IN THE HAND, CONFOUND YOU! WHAT YOU DOIN' SNOOPIN' AROUND FARNSWORTH'S PROPERTY?



LOGAN, HIS FOREMAN... THAT'S ME! FARNSWORTH IS GONNA WANT AN EXPLANATION!

HE'LL GET IT WHEN I SEE HIM! MEANWHILE, SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH BEFORE YOUR GUN NEXT TIME... YOU'LL LIVE LONGER!





The NEXT THREE DAYS WERE SPENT ON LEGWORK, THE ROUTINE OF COMPILING FACTS AND FIGURES UPON WHICH TO BUILD A PLAN OF ACTION. BUT OTHER FORCES WERE SECRETLY BUSY, AS THE G-MEN SOON LEARNED...

LISTEN, TEX, I'M AT COMSTOCK'S SOUTHEAST SECTION. TOMORROW, I'M VISITING FARNSWORTH, THE LAST RANCH VICTIM! ANYTHING DOING?

PLENTY! I TRACED THAT TIRE TO THE PEMBROOKE FARM IMPLEMENT COMPANY, 20 MILES NORTH OF LOCSPUR. THEY RENT A FLEET OF BIG TRUCKS TO RANCHERS FOR HAULING...



I COULDN'T LATCH ONTO A LIST OF THEIR CUSTOMERS, BUT, STEVE, I MARKED EVERY TRUCK IN THEIR GARAGE! SO WE'LL... HEY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

WHREEE!



A-WREE-EEEE!!

IT'S A PLANE...WITH A SIREN! BUT WAIT A MINUTE! CAN YOU HEAR THAT ROAR FROM THE FAR SIDE OF THE KNOLL? IT'S A HERD OF CATTLE... STAMPEDING THIS WAY!



GOT TO REACH THAT TREE... OR I'M A GONER...



I'LL FIND OUT WHOSE PLANE THAT IS BY PHOTOGRAPHING IT WITH MY WRIST-CAMERA. THE INFRA-RED CAN PENETRATE THE DARKNESS!

CLICK!



THE BRAND READS ZC! SO THAT GANG OF GOONS RUSTLED POOR ZEB COMSTOCK'S STOCK TONIGHT! THERE'LL BE A PAY OFF ONE DAY SOON, AND THEY'LL BE ON THE RECEIVING END!







WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' ON MY PROPERTY, FARNSWORTH?

LOGAN AND I WERE ROUNDING UP A FEW OF OUR STRAYS OVER YONDER. WE HEARD A SIREN, THEN WE SAW YOUR HERD.

THERE'S THE HOMBRE WHO WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND ON YOUR PROPERTY, BOSS! MAYBE HE DID IT!



MAYBE! HMM... RADIO EQUIPMENT! GUESS IT WAS EASY TO AMPLIFY A SIREN SOUND TO SCARE COMSTOCK'S CATTLE INTO RUNNING WILD!

YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE! THAT SIREN WAS ON A LOW-FLYING PLANE! THE RUSTLERS PROBABLY ARE ROUNDING UP ZEB'S BEEF RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING AFTER THEM!



YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE... EXCEPT TO THE TOWN MARSHAL WITH ME! LOGAN, PUT SOME OF THAT RADIO EQUIPMENT IN YOUR SADDLE BAG FOR EVIDENCE. COMSTOCK, I THINK WE GOT THE CRITTER AFTER ALL!



KEEP YOUR HANDS STILL AND YOUR EARS OPEN WHILE I TELL YOU SOMETHING! I'M AN F.B.I. AGENT, AND I'M LOOKING FOR EVIDENCE. ZEB, I'M BORROWING YOUR HORSE... SEE YOU LATER!

DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY, ZEB! HE'S BLUFFING!

I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES! GET GIT GOIN', SON... I'LL COVER FARNSWORTH AND LOGAN!



MEANWHILE, SOME MILES AWAY, AT THE EDGE OF A DIM ROAD LEADING TO THE STATE HIGHWAY...

HURRY IT UP, MEN! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! PICK OUT THE BEST BEEF AND LET'S GET ROLLIN'!

THE 'CRITTERS ARE STILL WILD-EYED, GREGG. THAT SIREN SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF 'EM!





FIRST, AN AIR-PLANE, NOW A 'COPTER! THE AIR'S CERTAINLY GETTING THICK! WONDER WHAT THIS BIRD'S UP TO?



STEVE! I CAME LOOKIN' FOR YOU. I WAS WORRIED WHEN THAT HERD BROKE YOUR WAY. SO I BORROWED THIS 'COPTER AT BARSTOW AIR BASE!

WHOA, THERE! YEAH, THINGS ARE BREAKING FAST, TEX! --- THE RUSTLED BEEF IS PROBABLY HEADED FOR THE STATE LINE BY NOW! LET'S GO UP IN YOUR 'COPTER!



HOW D'YA LIKE MY HANDIWORK ON THE TRUCKS? IT'S LUMINESCENT PAINT!

GOOD WORK! THAT "X" DOESN'T MARK THE SPOT, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE US WHERE THE CATTLE IS BEING HIDDEN! WE NEED VITAL EVIDENCE. SUSPECTING FARNSWORTH ISN'T ENOUGH!



HE MUST'VE GOTTEN AWAY IN THAT 'COPTER! IF WE'D RUSHED ZEB AND KNOCKED HIM OUT EARLIER...

COME ON, LOGAN. I'VE GOT TO PHONE GREGG AT THE OLD TIMBERLINE MINE TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THAT MEDDLING G-MAN! THEN WE'LL RIDE UP THERE OURSELVES!



HOW D'YA LIKE THAT! WE WERE TRAILING THEM UNTIL THEY TURNED OFF THE MAIN HIGHWAY INTO THIS WOODED COUNTRY. CAN'T SEE HIDE NOR HAIR OF 'EM NOW!

YEAH...THE THICK TREES EVEN BLOCK OUT THE TRUCKS' HEADLIGHTS! BUT HERE'S AN IDEA...



WE CAN SPOT THEM WITH OUR RADAR EQUIPMENT! THE MICROWAVES CAN PICK UP THE LOCATION AND MOVEMENT OF THE TRUCKS IF THEY'RE DOWN THERE!



LOOK HERE, TEX! THERE'S PLENTY OF ACTIVITY DIRECTLY BELOW US!



**S**TEVE'S REPORTS LATER REVEALED HOW THE DEFUNCT TIMBERLINE MINE SERVED AS THE "BEEF BANK". HERE, THE CATTLE WERE BUTCHERED AND PICKED UP BY REFRIGERATOR TRUCKS FOR DELIVERY TO THE BIG CITIES...



**HEY, GREGG!** FARNSWORTH JUST CALLED. HE WANTS YOU TO SHIP OUT ALL YOU CAN TONIGHT! SAYS THERE MIGHT BE TROUBLE! TELL ALL YOUR MEN TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A COUPLE OF STRANGERS!

GO ON, NOBODY COULD LOCATE THIS PLACE! EVEN IF HE DID... HE'D NEVER GET OUT OF THE WOODS **ALIVE!**



THERE ARE THE LAST TWO TRUCKS HEADED FOR THE BRIDGE! THAT BEEF WILL BE IN COLD STORAGE TRUCKS SOON, HEADING OUT OF THE CANYON... ALL IDENTIFICATION GONE!

GET BACK INTO YOUR 'COPTER AND FLY IN SOME REINFORCEMENTS, PRONTO, TEX!

I'VE GOT TO BOTTLE UP THIS MOB UNTIL TEX BRINGS HELP! THIS DYNAMITE WILL WRECK THE BRIDGE!



**M**EANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...  
**LOOK!** THERE'S THE 'COPTER! DON'T LET IT GET OFF THE GROUND! PLUG ITS GAS TANK!

**BULL'S-EYE!** THAT WINDMILL WON'T FLY FOR AWHILE!

BLAM!  
BLAM!



TIE HIM UP AND DROP HIM IN THE FRONT SEAT! REST OF YOU CLIMB IN THE BACK! **HURRY!** I JUST HEARD AN EXPLOSION AND GUN SHOTS UP YONDER!







STEVE ORRIN AND "TEX" GRIFFIN SHARED THE CREDIT FOR SMASHING THE RING AND OBTAINING EVIDENCE THAT RESULTED IN 14 FEDERAL INDICTMENTS! CASE CLOSED!



# THUNDERING OUT OF AMERICA'S MOST DANGER-FILLED DAYS...

FEATURE FILMS MAGAZINE

## THE Eagle AND THE Hawk

Thundering hoots...  
Plundering guns...  
And the strong men  
and dangerous women  
of old Texas!

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PAYNE  
Rhonda  
FLEMING  
Dennis  
O'KEEFE

...COMES A THRILLING  
CHAPTER OF OUR  
NATION'S UNSUNG  
HEROES!

Paramount's  
DRAMATIC STORY  
OF A BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN WHO HELD  
IN HER HANDS THE  
FATE OF A NATION...  
AND IN HER HEART  
THE LOVE OF A  
TWO-FISTED MAN  
WHO FOUGHT FOR  
IT!

BOOM!

A COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY  
OF A THRILLING  
**NEW** MOVIE **BEFORE**  
IT HITS THE SCREEN!

Read it -  
then see it  
on the screen!







# NEVER OFF-DUTY



NO OTHER PUBLIC SERVANTS PERFORM SO MANY UNSELFISH SACRIFICES AS POLICEMEN. THEIR OVERTIME VOLUNTARY WORK ENHANCES THE DIGNITY OF THEIR JOBS!

DAN FERRIS, OF MIAMI, WAS TIRED AND ON HIS WAY HOME WHEN HE SAW A MAN SEALING THE WALL OF AN ESTATE. DAN FOLLOWED AND AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE SUBDUED MIAMI'S FAMOUS CAT-MAN...WANTED FOR 32 ROBBERIES!

IN DETROIT, A MOTORCYCLE COP WAS HURLED FROM HIS MACHINE WHILE CHASING BANDITS. AN OFF-DUTY COP GRABBED HIS GUN AND JOINED THE BATTLE, ALTHOUGH WOUNDED, HE PUT A BULLET IN THE GAS TANK OF THE FLEEING CAR AND THE BANDITS WERE CAUGHT.



YOUNG JOHNNIE LAWLOR, A ROOKIE COP IN SAN FRANCISCO, HAS SAVED 3 PEOPLE FROM DROWNING AND RECENTLY RESCUED A MAN FROM A BURNING BUILDING.... ALL DONE OFF-DUTY.



HOWARD MEGERICH, OFF-DUTY, SAUNTERED OUT OF HIS NEW YORK HOME ONE NIGHT. HE SAW 4 SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING MEN AND INVESTIGATED. THEY SHOT HIM DOWN, BUT BEFORE DYING HE PLUGGED ONE OF THEM. THIS LED TO THE ARREST OF ALL 4!

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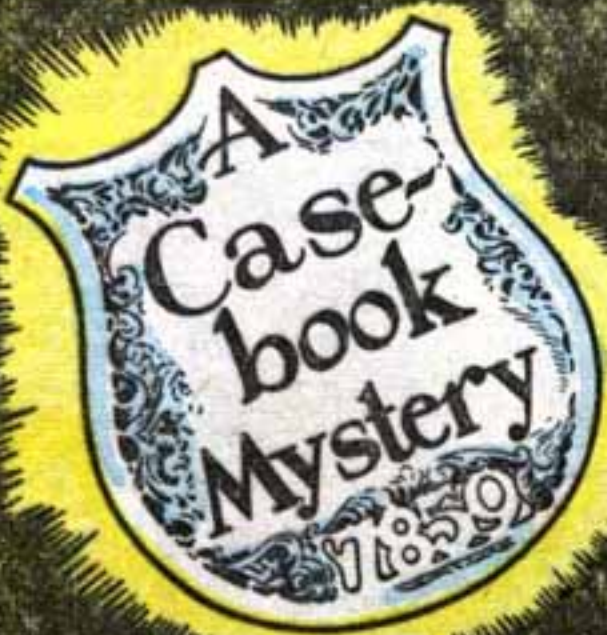
OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

**NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH**  
MILK CHOCOLATE  
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH

WON'T you JOIN US, TOO?

*Delicious-Different*





# THE CASE OF *The* PHANTOM SHOT!

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!*

AT 10 O'CLOCK THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 21, WEALTHY HOLBROOK HART, ENTERED HIS GARDEN IN RESPONSE TO A MESSAGE FROM HIS PARTNER, NEAL BONDER...

WONDER WHY NEAL WANTS TO SEE ME...? IF HE'S IN TROUBLE AGAIN, HE'LL GET NO MORE HELP!



WELL, WHAT IS IT THIS TIME? I WARNED YOU, NO MORE MONEY!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME, I PROMISE. I GAMBLLED A LITTLE, AND I'M IN DEBT UP TO MY NECK!



IT'S YOUR NECK. I TOLD YOU LAST TIME... NEVER AGAIN!

YOU WON'T RECONSIDER, WILL YOU? YOU'RE MY OLDEST FRIEND AND MY BUSINESS PARTNER!



I HAD A HUNCH HE'D REFUSE ME, SO I CAME PREPARED. I BORROWED HIS GUN, WITH THE SILENCER I ATTACHED, NO ONE WILL HEAR MY SHOT.





NEAL! WH-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? D-D-DON'T!

I LOST AT GAMBLING, HART... AND SO ARE YOU LOSING... YOUR LIFE!



BONDER'S NEXT STEP WAS TO DISCARD THE SILENCER, WHICH HE KNEW HE COULD EASILY PICK UP LATER AND LOSE PERMANENTLY.

HE'LL HELP ME IN DEATH WHERE HE WOULDN'T IN LIFE, THANKS TO HIS WILL, WHICH LEAVES ME HIS HALF OF THE BUSINESS...



I'LL CARRY THE BODY UP THE BACK STAIRS... NOBODY IS AROUND TO SEE...



GOOD! THERE'S NO ONE IN SIGHT!



LET ME SEE. I PUT THE GUN IN HIS HAND... AND NOW... TO DISPOSE OF THIS FIRECRACKER. EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT JUST AS I PLANNED!

THE LONG FUSE WILL DELAY THE EXPLOSION. WHILE THE FIRE CREEPS TOWARDS IT, I'LL BE DANCING DOWNSTAIRS.

WHEW! HIS BODY IS GETTING HEAVY. I'LL DROP HIM IN THIS ROOM. IT'LL BE THE ONE IN WHICH HE "COMMITTED SUICIDE"!





**MOMENTS LATER, A SHOT PUNCTUATED THE MUSIC!**

SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT UPSTAIRS!

LET'S GO SEE!



**BONDER LED THE CURIOUS AND FRIGHTENED GUESTS.**

THE SHOT CAME FROM HERE, THIS IS THE ROOM!

OH, I DO HOPE NOTHING SERIOUS HAS HAPPENED!



GOOD GRACIOUS! IT'S HART!

AND HE LOOKS... DEAD! SOMEONE CALL THE POLICE!



**LT. THOMAS ROSS OF THE HOMICIDE DIVISION APPEARED IN RESPONSE TO THE CALL.**

NOW, MR. BONDER, I'M TOLD YOU DISCOVERED THE BODY. WERE YOU UPSTAIRS BEFORE THEN DURING THE EVENING?

FRANKLY, WHILE I WAS HIS BUSINESS PARTNER, OUR CONFERENCES WERE CONFINED TO OUR OFFICES. I WAS NEVER UPSTAIRS. IN FACT, I NEVER WAS IN THIS HOUSE BEFORE TONIGHT!



THE BUTLER WOULD VERIFY THAT, BUT HOW COME?

I DON'T KNOW. HART NEVER INVITED ME HERE, THAT'S ALL.



YOU'RE NOT ONLY A LIAR, BONDER... YOU'RE ALSO A MURDERER... AND I'M GOING TO PROVE IT! RIGHT NOW, I'M HOLDING YOU ON SUSPICION!

THAT'S PREPOSTEROUS! GET YOUR HAND OFF MY SHOULDER! YOU COULDN'T PROVE A THING!



**CAN THE POLICE OFFICER PROVE IT? IS HE BLUFFING, OR DID HE REALLY DISCOVER A CLUE WHICH EVENTUALLY WILL BE FATAL FOR BONDER? DON'T LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE UNTIL YOU'VE CAREFULLY RE-EXAMINED THE DETAILS.**





The End



HOW DO SAFECRACKERS SMASH VAULTS, SAFES AND CONCRETE STRONGBOXES? WHAT ARE THEIR WEAPONS, THEIR TOOLS AND STRATEGY? THE SAFE AND LOFT SQUAD KNOWS, FOR IN THE RELENTLESS WAR AGAINST CRIME, THIS BRANCH OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS ONE OF THE ROUGHEST JOBS. HERE IS HOW ONE CAPTAIN OF THE FORCE CRACKED THE KROGER GANG, WHICH BOASTED ...

# THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS

# SAFECRACKERS!





THIS IS POLICE CAPTAIN VICTOR RAGONI OF THE SAFE AND LOFT SQUAD OF A LARGE WESTERN CITY...

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU ABOUT MIKE KROGER'S GANG, AND HOW WE FINALLY CAUGHT THEM, TO TEACH YOU TO BE ON YOUR GUARD AGAINST SUCH HOODLUMS. IT ALL STARTED AT HAUPTMAN'S BAKERY ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 20TH...



"KROGER'S GORILLAS HAD FORCED THEIR WAY INTO THE OFFICE..."

THIS IS A SOFT PETE, BOYS! I CAN SEE THE FELT PADDIN' DISSOLVING! GET READY WITH THE MAKIN'S, GRIPEY!

SPEED IT UP, KROGER! THE WATCHMAN'S DUE IN EIGHT MINUTES!

AW, RELAX! BIG HARRY'S ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR HIM!



"YOU SEE, KROGER WAS PREPARING A DYNAMITE JOB, PRETTY RISKY WITH 50 BAKERS WORKING THE NIGHT SHIFT NEXT DOOR!"

GRIPEY, GIVE ME THAT KITCHEN SOAP TO PUTTY THE CHINKS!

HERE YOU ARE, BOSS! BY THE WAY, DID ANYONE SPIKE THE ALARM CIRCUIT?

YEAH, I TOOK CARE OF IT PERSONAL. THE SOUP AN' DETONATIN' CAPS ARE IN YOUR BAG! I GOT THE BLANKET TO COVER THE SAFE, THE WIRE'S STRUNG TO THE ALLEY!

I WISH NED DALTON WAS HERE! HE COULD DO A QUIET **BURN** JOB! WE WOULDN'T HAVE TO TAKE SUCH A CHANCE!



"A FEW MINUTES LATER..."



"THAT WAS THE FIRST SOUND WE HEARD AS WE PULLED UP."

OH-OH, SOUNDS LIKE THEY BLEW IT ALREADY!

HI, CHIEF! I TELEPHONED FOR YOU WHEN I SPOTTED BIG HARRY HANGING AROUND IN THE ALLEY AROUND THE CORNER...

FINE, LEVY. MAYBE WE'LL NAIL 'EM WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME!







LOOK AT THAT! SOME WEISENHEIMER LOCKED THE DOUGH IN A MONEY CHEST!

HEY, COPS ARE BUZZIN' ALL OVER THE JOINT!



"BUT KROGER WAS MORE CLEVER THAN I IMAGINED..."

PUT ON THESE JACKETS! SLIP NEXT DOOR AND MIX WITH THOSE BAKERS! THEN SCRAM WHEN I START A RIOT!

NOT ME! I'M MAKIN' A BREAK FOR IT MY OWN WAY!



HEY, FELLERS, THE COPS HAVE TRAPPED SOME BURGLARS IN THE BUILDING! WE'D BETTER GET OUT BEFORE THE SHOOTIN' STARTS!

SHOOTING? I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

RIGHT AFTER ME!



HEY, LET ME THROUGH!

THIS PLACE ISN'T SAFE! GET OUT OF MY WAY!

BAM! BAM!



"ONLY BIG HARRY DIDN'T PLAY IT SMART!"

I THINK I GOT HIM!

BAM! BAM!



THE OTHERS ESCAPED THROUGH THE OVEN ROOM!

BUT THIS ONE DIDN'T MAKE IT! IT'S BIG HARRY! HE'S DEAD AND HE'S THE ONE MAN WHO COULD'VE LED US TO KROGER'S HIDEOUT!



GUESS I'D BETTER PICK UP NED DALTON, EH, CHIEF?

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO DO IT, THERE'S NO-THING ELSE TO DO. TAKE HIM IN, BIGSBY!





"NED DALTON HAD JUST FINISHED A SEVEN-YEAR STRETCH FOR SAFE-BLOWING. HE WAS OUT ON PAROLE WHEN BIGSBY PICKED HIM UP. I LIKED DALTON PERSONALLY AND BELIEVED HE HAD LEARNED HIS LESSON. BUT--"

DALTON? YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR HAT AND COAT--AND DON'T TRY ANY FANCY TRICKS! YOU'RE COMING DOWN-TOWN WITH ME!



"TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR EVERYBODY CONCERNED, MRS. DALTON INSISTED ON COMING ALONG..."

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MR. RAGONI, WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE NED ALONE? HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, SIT DOWN, MRS. DALTON. YOU, TOO, NED, THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES!



"I HAD TO WARN DALTON WE'D BEEN WATCHING HIM EVER SINCE HIS RELEASE JUST IN CASE..."

--AND SO WHEN BIGSBY SAW YOU AND BIG HARRY DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, WE SUSPECTED SOMETHING WAS COOKING.

ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING, RAGONI! AND IT'S THE TRUTH, SO HELP ME!



BIG HARRY PESTERED ME FOR WEEKS, BUT I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM A TUMBLE! THEN HE STARTED CALLING MY HOME AND WORRYIN' NANCY, WHO ISN'T VERY WELL, YOU KNOW! SO I DECIDED TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM!



"I AGREED TO MEET HIM AT THE SHAMROCK BAR..."

WE GOT ALL KINDS OF SPECIALISTS, BUT MIKE KROGER NEEDS A TOP TORCH-MAN, LIKE YOU FOR THE BIG JOBS!

GET THIS STRAIGHT. I'M NOT INTERESTED! TELL HIM THAT, OR DO I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR HIM?



LISTEN, YOU SAP! WE GOT A SOFT CRIB LINED UP FOR TO-MORROW NIGHT--A BAKERY, AFTER THAT, THERE'S A BANK JOB. YOU DO THE BURNIN' AND---

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE! TELL KROGER TO GET HIMSELF ANOTHER BOY! I'M GOING STRAIGHT AND THAT'S FINAL! BEAT IT!





SO I WENT HOME BOILING MAD AND THAT'S THAT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE KROGER IS AND WHAT HE'S UP TO AND I DON'T CARE!

OKAY, DALTON. I BELIEVE YOU. BIGSBY LOST BIG HARRY'S TRAIL. THE NEXT TIME HE SAW HIM HE WAS FIRING AT HIM AT HAUPTMAN'S BAKERY.

YOU VIOLATED PAROLE BY ASSOCIATING WITH A CRIMINAL! BUT I'LL HAVE A TALK WITH YOUR PROBATION OFFICER AND EXPLAIN THE CIRCUMSTANCES!

EVERYTHING WOULD BE FINE, CAPTAIN RAGONI, IF ONLY NED COULD GET A JOB! BUT IT'S TOUGH FOR A... FOR AN EX-CONVICT!

A JOB, EH? HERE'S A COINCIDENCE, JUST THE OTHER DAY, I RAN INTO HARVEY VALE WHO RUNS A SALES AND REPAIR SHOP, HE TOLD ME HE NEEDED A MAN. WHY DON'T YOU RUN DOWN TO SEE HIM AND MENTION MY NAME?

VALE, HUH? I HEARD ABOUT HIM AND HIS SAFE WORK. A JOB WITH HIM WOULD BE RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY!

THAT'S A NICE BREAK FOR THE KID, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO BE IN HIS SHOES, RAGONI!

YEAH, I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU MEAN. KROGER IS GOING TO SUSPECT DALTON TIPPED US OFF TO THAT BAKERY JOB, IF I ONLY KNEW WHERE KROGER IS HIDING OUT--!

"YES, IF I ONLY KNEW..."

HEY, MIKE, WHATTAYE KNOW! YOU WAS RIGHT, TELLIN' ME TO TRAIL THAT DALTON CHARACTER. I SPOTTED HIM TALKIN' TO RAGONI OF THE SAFE AND LOFT SQUAD!

STAY WITH HIM! I NEED HIM FOR THIS **BURN** JOB. HE'S COMIN' IN WITH US WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!

WE BEEN CASING THAT BANK ACROSS THE STREET FOR A LONG TIME NOW. HOW MUCH LONGER WE GONNA STAY HOLED UP IN THIS PONEY DENTIST'S OFFICE?

TILL I LEARN WHAT MAKES IT TICK! IT'S GONNA BE THE BIGGEST JOB WE EVER PULLED-- WITH NED DALTON'S HELP!



"MEANTIME, DALTON THOUGHT HE KNEW ALL THE TRICKS ABOUT OPENING SAFES, BUT THERE WERE A COUPLE OF THINGS HE WAS STILL TO LEARN..."

MY PARTNER'S OUT OF TOWN! I LOST THE COMBINATION AND TONIGHT I HAVE TO PAY OFF THE CAST! I HOPE YOU CAN OPEN MY BURGLAR-PROOF SAFE, MR. VALE!

IF I CAN'T, MY ASSISTANT CAN BREAK INTO IT!

IT'D BE A PITY TO RUIN SUCH AN EXPENSIVE SAFE!

MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE TO. MOST COMBINATIONS ARE EVOLVED BY SOMETHING CONCERNING THE OWNER'S LIFE OR DAILY HABITS! SUPPOSE WE START WITH YOUR BIRTHDAY!

WAIT! YOU GAVE ME AN IDEA! MY PARTNER'S WEDDING HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE COMBINATION!



HE WAS MARRIED ON JANUARY 13, 1924. IS THAT FACT ANY HELP?

LET'S SEE. THAT DATE CAN BE BROKEN DOWN INTO SEVERAL COMBINATIONS, BUT NO LUCK YET!

JANUARY IS THE **FIRST** MONTH. TRY ADDING NUMBER **ONE** TO 13 IN A SERIES OF FOUR PROGRESSIONS -- LIKE 13-24-35-46 --!

BY GEORGE, THAT SOUNDS FAMILIAR!

IT SHOULD! THE TUMBLERS JUST FELL INTO PLACE!



"DALTON WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS KEPT BUSY. KROGER AND HIS GORILLAS WERE WORKING OVERTIME TOO."

HEY, MIKE, WHY ARE WE TAPPIN' THE SWITCHBOARD IN VALE'S OFFICE?

AND LET NED DALTON HANDLE IT ALONE...

BECAUSE ONE OF THESE DAYS VALE WILL GET A CALL FOR A BIG JOB

... AND WITH THIS HIDDEN RELAY CIRCUIT, WE'LL BE ABLE TO LISTEN IN. THEN YOU WATCH OUR SMOKE!





"ON THE NIGHT OF DEC. 23RD, DALTON WAS WORKING OVERTIME TO PAY HIS WIFE'S MEDICAL BILLS..."

... SORRY, BUT MR. VALE HAS LEFT FOR THE DAY!

BUT I MUST HAVE SOMEONE OPEN MY SAFE! THIS IS THE ELITE JEWELRY STORE. THE LOCK ON MY SAFE IS JAMMED. IT MUST BE OPENED IMMEDIATELY--



--MY CLIENTS DEPOSITED THEIR GEMS HERE AND WILL WANT TO RECLAIM THEM BECAUSE THEY'RE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

SHUT UP, YOU GUYS! THIS IS IT! DALTON'S GONNA HAVE TO HANDLE THIS JOB ALONE! GET MY CAR READY!



THAT'S DALTON IN FRONT. AND HIS TRUCK'S LOADED WITH SPECIALLY DESIGNED SAFE-CRACKING TOOLS!

I GET YOU, THEY'RE JUST WHAT WE NEED FOR TONIGHT'S BANK JOB!



THERE'S A CURVE COMING UP AHEAD. GUESS IT'S JUST THE PLACE TO SURPRISE MRS. DALTON'S LITTLE BOY NED WITH A PARTY. HOLD TIGHT, YOU GUYS!



IF HE TRIES TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT, YOU CUT HIM OFF!



SO YOU DON'T LIKE OUR COMPANY, EH? YOU BEEN TALKING TO THE COPS!

MAKE SURE HE AIN'T ABLE TO TALK FOR A WHILE, GRIPEY!



IT'S A PLEASURE, BOSS!

UGH!





"SOMETIME LATER, AT THE ELITE JEWELRY..."

YOU'LL FIND THE SAFE  
RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM.  
FOLLOW ME GENTLEMEN.

DON'T WORRY, MISTER.  
YOU AIN'T GONNA LOSE  
US. WE'RE STICKIN'  
CLOSE TO YOU!



THIS IS GONNA  
BE, A CINCH!

YEAH, WE'LL OPEN IT  
LIKE A SARDINE CAN.  
HIT IT AGAIN, GRIPEY!



OH, BROTHER,  
LOOK AT THESE  
SPARKLERS!

HEY, WHAT ARE YOU  
DOING? PUT  
THOSE  
BACK!

DROP  
DEAD!



WRAP THAT CROW-  
BAR AROUND HIS  
NECK, GRIPEY!  
WE GOTTA  
BLOW!

NO, NO!  
PLEASE  
DON'T--  
AAGH!



HEY, SLIM! TAKE THAT GAG  
OUT OF DALTON'S MOUTH! HE  
WON'T YELL COPPER! HE CAN'T  
AFFORD TO BECAUSE HE'S  
ONE O' THE GANG NOW!



NOW LISTEN, DALTON,  
YOU'RE GONNA BE  
BLAMED FOR THE  
BURGLARY. THE COPS  
WILL THINK YOU TIPPED  
US OFF... ESPECIALLY  
WHEN YOU DON'T SHOW  
UP FOR WORK TOMORROW!

SO PLAY IT  
SMART. YOU MIGHT  
AS WELL HELP US  
CRACK THAT BANK  
TONIGHT!



"ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT AS OFFICER FRANCIS X.  
GRIBBON INVESTIGATED A TRUCK PARKED IN AN  
ALLEY ALONGSIDE THE SEABOARD BANK..."

HERE, COPPER! USE THIS  
FOR A TEETHIN' RING!





"WHEN PATROLMAN GRIBBSON CAME TO, HE STAGGERED TO HIS BOX AND CALLED THE PRECINCT. THE SAFE AND LOFT SQUAD WAS HANDED THE CASE. I CALLED VALE AND ARRANGED TO MEET HIM AT THE ELITE JEWELRY."

THE CLERK WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL. HE WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS SO I COULDN'T QUESTION HIM. BUT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE DALTON WAS INVOLVED...

HE ADMITTED HE NEEDED MONEY TO PAY SOME DOCTOR'S BILLS. IF YOU'RE THROUGH HERE, LET'S GO TO MY OFFICE!

ELITE JEWELRY

WHY ARE YOU EXAMINING THE SWITCHBOARD? THINK YOU'LL FIND A CLUE THERE?

YEAH... MORE THAN A MERE CLUE. I'VE SOLVED THE WHOLE PUZZLE. THIS SWITCHBOARD WAS **TAPPED!** AND I'M GOING TO TRACE IT!

"IT LED ME STRAIGHT TO THE PHONEY DENTAL OFFICE."

EVERY CALL TO YOUR OFFICE WAS PIPED INTO THIS PHONE. IT WAS A CINCH FOR ANYONE LISTENING TO KNOW YOUR PRIVATE BUSINESS. I DON'T KNOW FOR SURE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE, MR. VALE, BUT I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA!

"I SUSPECTED MIKE KROGER, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GOING INTO THE BANKING BUSINESS. AT THE SEABOARD NATIONAL..."

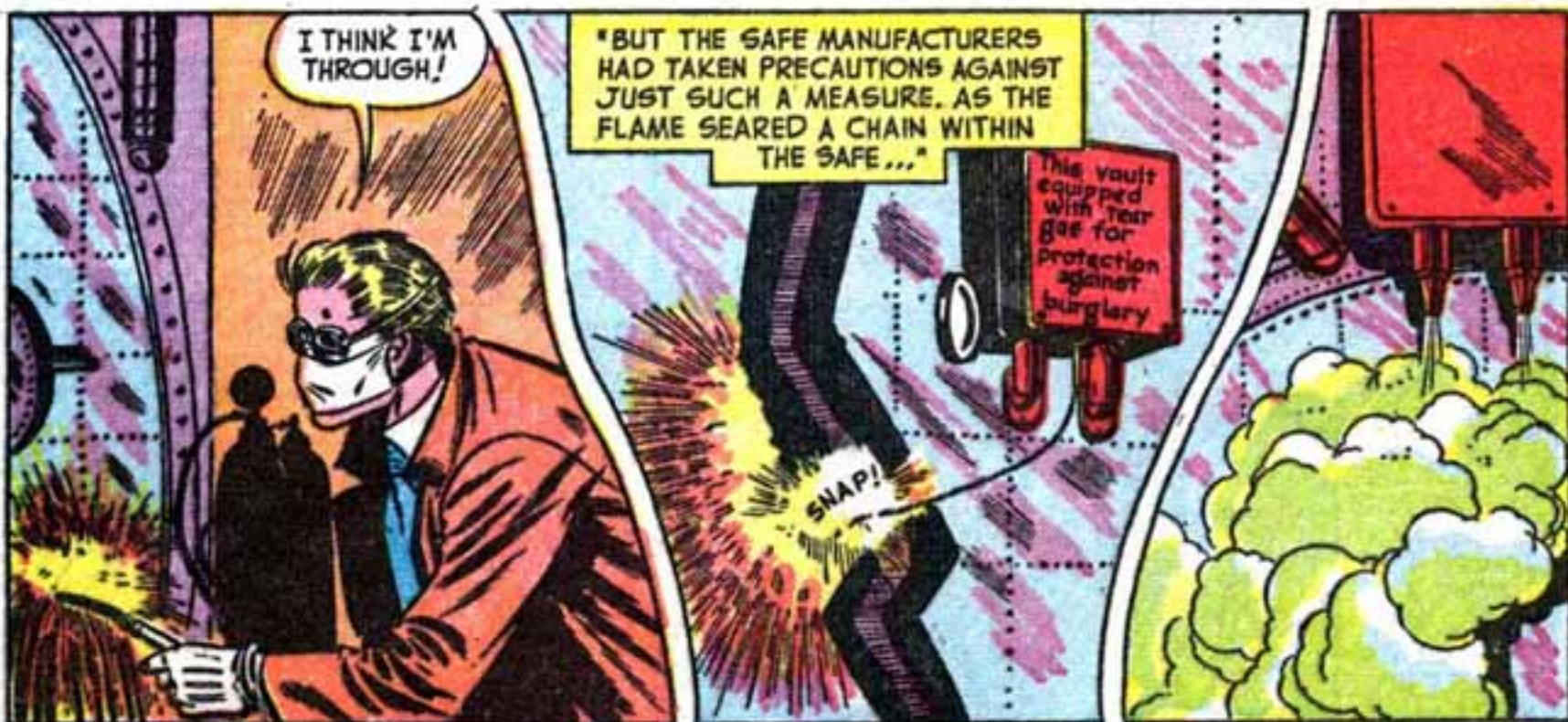
HEY, DALTON, WHAT KIND OF MASK IS THAT? WHAT'S IT FOR?

I DON'T LIKE INHALING THE FUMES FROM MY OXY-TORCH, THAT'S ALL!

C'MON, SONNY BOY. SNAP IT UP! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

I'VE TURNED ON ALL THE JUICE IN THIS TORCH. I CAN'T MAKE IT BURN ANY FASTER!









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# Ride a Bike- it's Fun!



## DOUBLE THE FUN-WITH A **BENDIX\*** COASTER BRAKE

WHY? Because it's built by the people who know most about braking—the same people who make the brakes for your family car. Ask Dad—he knows!

WHEN YOU ORDER YOUR BIKE SAY  
"Bendix Coaster Brake"  
Your dealer will do the rest.

\*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BRAKE ARM!

- PEDALS EASIER
- COASTS FARTHER
- STOPS QUICKER
- LASTS LONGER





# You Can't Beat the Law!

A FACT FEATURE



## ...BAD SPELLER...

IN 1897, THE NEW YORK POLICE HELD A KIDNAPPING SUSPECT WHO WAS PROVING TOUGH TO BREAK. ALL THEY HAD AS EVIDENCE WAS A MISPELLED RANSOM NOTE.



THE NOTE DEMANDED \$10,000. A DETECTIVE ASKED THE SUSPECT TO SEND A NOTE TO HIS LAWYER. THE SAME MISPELLED WORDS WERE FOUND IN THE TEST NOTE! SHOWN THE SIMILAR MISPELLINGS, THE CROOK CONFESSED.



## BOGUS ANTIQUES

A MUSEUM PAID \$300,000 FOR A STATUE OF THE GREEK GODDESS ATHENA FROM A MAN WHO CLAIMED HE HAD SMUGGLED IT OUT OF ITALY.

BUT JOHN MARSHAL, NEW YORK ARCHAEOLOGIST, NOTICED THAT THE GREEK STATUE HAD A ROMAN NOSE! A GANG OF CROOKS WAS CAUGHT.



A SHERIFF IN KANSAS CITY SIFTED THE ASHES OF AN ENTIRE HOUSE THAT HAD BURNED DOWN TO FIND A BULLET! IT CONVICTED A MURDERER.

ADVERTISEMENT

# Kids!

## GET THESE GREAT PRIZES for Bazooka wrappers!



Prize #110  
**Lucky Baseball Ring!**

Hit-a-Homer Baseball Ring. Gold-plated. Size adjustable. You get an official Big League baseball schedule with each ring!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 15¢.



Prize #132  
**Air-Combat Goggles!**

Exactly like those worn by soldiers and airmen in training for combat. Swell for fast bike riding. Protect your eyes from wind and dust!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.



Prize #108  
**Perfumed Necklace for your Best Girl!**

Fine, filigree pendant. Gold-plated chain with clasp. Your girl refills it with her own perfume. A handsome gift!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 25¢.

Prize #111  
**B2 Felt Sweater Letters!**

Wear 'em on your athletic duds. Mention any letter or number in the color you want. Outfit your whole team!

Send 5 Bazooka 1¢ wrappers and 10¢.

Send Bazooka wrappers, money, prize number, name and address to

**Bazooka**  
Box 14, Brooklyn 32, N. Y.

# 2 BIG CHEWS 1¢



**BAZOOKA...the Atom Bubble Gum**

Big Bubbles too!



# The GRAPEVINE



## PORTRAIT OF A HANGMAN

**A**MERICAN executioners—the men who pull the switch, smash the gas pellet, or drop the scaffold-trap—do not hide their identity. But in Canada, where capital punishment is observed by hanging, the official executioner cloaks himself in professional anonymity.

"Mr. Ellis" is what he is called. This is derived from a former English hangman named John Ellis, who, from 1900 until 1924, destroyed 203 murderers. He was quite a dandy, turning up for his night's work in frock coat, striped trousers and top hat, a freshly cut flower pinned to his lapel. He was an efficient hangman, too. He clocked himself by stopwatch, and enjoyed beating his own time.

In 1938, for some unknown reason, he committed suicide by cutting his throat.

The present "Mr. Ellis" ignores such ostentation. Normally, the county sheriffs are charged with the execution of the condemned prisoner, but lacking experience to fulfill the job, they contact "Mr. Ellis," who resides in a quiet suburb where few if any of his neighbors are aware of his occupation.

Twenty-four hours before the execution is to take place, "Mr. Ellis" arrives to survey the situation. The sheriff furnishes him with such data as the prisoner's name, his height and weight. Then "Mr. Ellis" proceeds to inspect the black hoods and to the refurbishing of the scaffold, if necessary.

In a local store, he purchases 40 to 50 feet of thick rope, then returns to the death chamber where he fashions the rope into a noose. Minutes before the prisoner walks his last mile, "Mr. Ellis" steps into the cell along with the sheriff, the clergyman, and a police escort.

As soon as the prisoner is officially pronounced dead, "Mr. Ellis" receives his fee, which generally runs around \$100, and leaves for home.

## HE HAD HIS HANDS FULL

These days, a summons server's life is a risky one. Recently, a server arrived at a radio station to subpoena the station's vice-president. Spotting his quarry, he followed him through a maze of corridors, and was surprised to find himself onstage during a broadcast—suddenly one of the participants in a quiz show!

Half an hour later, the master of ceremonies permitted him to leave—with a fur coat, a dozen bath towels, a carton of soap and 12 chocolate bars which he had won.

(P. S.—The determined server got his man. He cornered the vice-president in his office later and handed him the summons.)



## CRIME QUIZ

See how many of the following questions you can answer, then grade yourself accordingly. 80% excellent; 60% fair; 40% passing.

1. Who wrote the world's first detective story, and what was its title?.....

..... (20)

2. What are the pen names of these mystery writers: (a) Willard Huntington Wright; (b) Q. Patrick; (c) Fred Dannay and Manfred B. Lee; (d) A. A. Fair. All sub-parts of this question must be answered correctly for full credit.

..... (20)

3. Which of the following mystery writers are women? (a) Craig Rice; (b) Ngaio Marsh; (c) A. E. Fielding; (d) Leslie Ford.....

..... (20)



4. Which President of the United States once hanged a man for murder?.....  
 ..... (20)
5. In which country is the Bloody Tower, and who was killed there?.....  
 ..... (20)

## ANSWERS

1. "Murder in the Rue Morgue," by Edgar Allen Poe.
2. (a) S. S. Van Dine; (b) Patrick Quentin; (c) Ellery Queen; (d) Earl Stanley Gardner.
3. They are all women. Their real names are: (a) Craig Rice; (b) Ngaio Marsh; (c) Dorothy Fielding; (d) Mrs. Zenith Brown.
4. Grover Cleveland, when he was a sheriff.
5. It is a section of the Tower of London in England. Its name was derived from the death punishment meted out by Richard II to Edward V and the Duke of York.

## 10 MEN WANTED

Five murderers, four thieves and a kidnaper top the list of dangerous criminals recently posted by the F.B.I. Anyone knowing their whereabouts should contact his police precinct or local F.B.I. office at once—but extreme care should be exercised because these men are desperate and probably armed.

They are: Lee Emory Downs, 43, safecracker, operating in Pacific-coast states;

Omar A. Pinson, 31, who crashed out of the Oregon State Penitentiary, where he was serving a life sentence for murder;

Thomas J. Holden, 54, former mail train robber, and fugitive from a murder rap;

William R. Nesbitt, 50, who escaped from South Dakota State Penitentiary, where he was

serving a life sentence for murder and a jewel robbery;

Glen Roy Wright, 50, escaped from Oklahoma State Penitentiary, where he was jailed for armed robbery;

Henry H. Shelton, 40, for kidnapping.

Orba Elmer Jackson, 43, escaped from an "honor farm" in Missouri;

Morley V. King, 48, wanted for murder in California;

Morris Guralnick, 34, broke jail at Kingston, N. Y.;

Henry R. Mitchell, 54, wanted for a Florida bank holdup.

## NO ICE-SCAPE

Now it can be told. This past Winter, special guards with machine guns were posted outside Sing Sing Prison in New York to prevent prisoners from escaping across the frozen Hudson River.

## THEATRE DETECTIVE

Since audiences attending Broadway theatre premieres usually are attired in expensive furs and jewels, one detective is assigned to guard against their theft. Happy Mahoney is his name, and he's been on duty for many years.



Ever alert against plotting thieves, Detective Mahoney has had little time to enjoy the shows, much less see them in their entirety.

"The only time I like to see a play is when I'm off duty," he says. "Sure, I buy my ticket, but then I can take it easy and relax!"

## FELONS FIGHT FIRE

When fire recently flared up in the Manistee County Court House jail, the sheriff released all his prisoners. Instead of seizing the opportunity to escape, the men stayed to fight the fire. But the cell block was destroyed.

"You men go on home," said the sheriff. "I know you're not going to run away. When I want you to return to finish your sentences, I know you'll come."



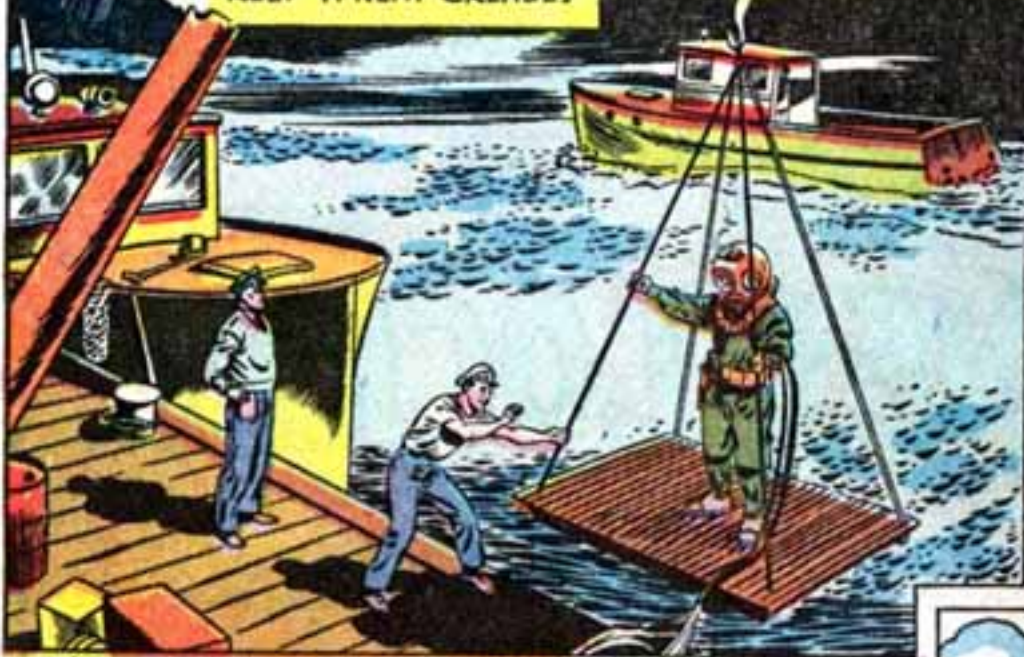
WHAT GANGLAND SECRETS ARE LOCKED IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE RIVER? THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S UNDERSEA SLEUTH KNOWS-- FOR HE PATROLS A BEAT MANY FATHOMS DEEP. TO HIM THE PITFALLS, THE CHANNELS AND THE TREACHEROUS CURRENTS OF HIS STRANGE PRECINCT ARE FAMILIAR STREETS AND ALLEYS! HE WEARS NO PRESSED, BLUE UNIFORM. HIS IS A DIVING HELMET, A BRONZE CORSELET, HEAVY LEAD SHOES, AND A BULKY RUBBER SUIT! READ THE AMAZING, TRUE-LIFE EXPLOITS OF A COP WHO CLAIMED...

# "MY BEAT IS DAVY JONES' LOCKER!"





AN UNDERWATER COP ACTUALLY ISN'T A MEMBER OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT. HE'S A MASTER DIVER UNDER CONTRACT TO THE FORCE. THE PAY IS \$50 A DAY, NO MATTER HOW MANY DIVES YOU MAKE. THIS IS ME IN MY WORK-CLOTHES. THEY DON'T KEEP A NEAT CREASE.



HERB GILLIS IS THE HANDLE. I'VE WORKED FOR THE RICHMOND POLICE EVER SINCE THE RUM RUNNING DAYS IN THE ROARING TWENTIES!

GUESS I'VE SEEN JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING THERE IS TO SEE-- UNDER WATER! I'M NO KID ANYMORE, AS YOU CAN SEE. BUT I'VE GOT LOTS OF YEARS AHEAD OF ME. IT MUST HAVE BEEN A DIVER WHO INVENTED THOSE FAMOUS LINES, "WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE..."



MY FIRST JOB WITH THE FORCE WAS THE YEAR JERRY CIRELLO'S MOB OF BOOTLEGGERS RAN INTO THE POLICE OFF PIEDMONT POINT.

THEY'RE GOING TO OUTFRIN US WITH THAT SOUPED-UP TUB! AIM FOR THE HULL BELOW THE WATERLINE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE BOOZE ON BOARD? WE'LL NEED IT AS EVIDENCE!

BLAM!

RAT-A-TAT!  
RAT-A-TAT!



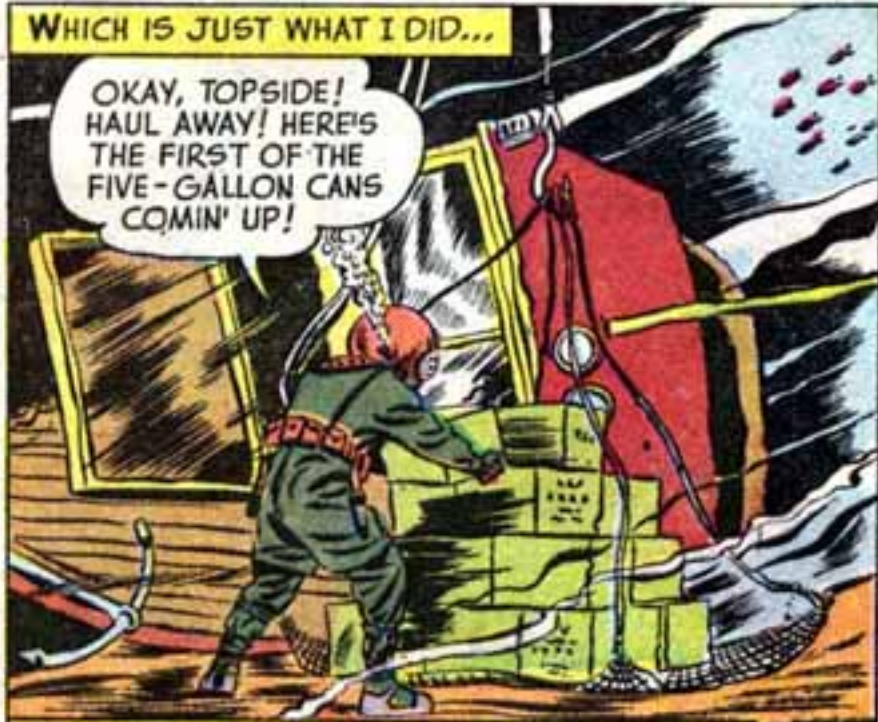
THERE SHE GOES WITH \$50,000 WORTH OF LIQUOR FOR THE FISH!

THAT'S ALL RIGHT, WE GOT THE RUM RUNNERS DIDN'T WE? AND WE'LL GET HERB GILLIS TO BRING UP THAT LOAD!



WHICH IS JUST WHAT I DID...

OKAY, TOPSIDE! HAUL AWAY! HERE'S THE FIRST OF THE FIVE-GALLON CANS COMIN' UP!



... AND THAT WAS THE EVIDENCE WHICH CONVICTED THE CIRELLO MOB BACK IN 1925!



THE JOB IS INTERESTING AND DANGEROUS, BUT SOMETIMES IT GETS GRUESOME, LIKE WHEN I HAVE TO BRING UP DROWNING VICTIMS.

THE LINKS FROM THIS ANCHOR CHAIN REMIND ME OF ONE CASE. I STILL GET NIGHTMARES THINKING ABOUT IT!



ON FEB. 23, 1932, THE COAST GUARD ACTED ON A TIP THAT THE FREIGHTER, *MILKY WAY*, WAS SMUGGLING ALIENS INTO FISHERMEN'S BAY.

HERE COMES THE COAST GUARD! DUMP THE CARGO OVER-BOARD! QUICK!



HURRY! WHEN THE COAST GUARD BOARDS US, I DON'T WANT A SINGLE ALIEN LEFT ON BOARD! TIE EACH ONE TO THE ANCHOR CHAIN!

HUH, IT'S A GOOD THING ITCHY COLLECTED PASSAGE FROM THEM FIRST!

BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW THEY WAS BUYIN' ONE-WAY TICKETS TO DAVY JONES' LOCKER!



THE SMUGGLERS WERE ARRESTED AND HELD ON SUSPICION. THE COAST GUARD BORROWED ME TO CONFIRM THEIR **WORST** SUSPICIONS.

EASY DOES IT! SAY HERB WASN'T DOWN LONG WAS HE?

WONDER IF HE FOUND ANYTHING DOWN THERE?



ANY LUCK, HERB?

YEAH--ALL BAD! I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT. I CONNECTED THIS ROPE TO 100 FEET OF ANCHOR CHAIN BELOW. HAUL IT UP AND YOU'LL FIND THE MOST SORDID CATCH EVER MADE IN FISHERMEN'S BAY!



NEEDLESS TO SAY, THE CREW OF THE *MILKY WAY* WAS TRIED AND SENTENCED FOR MANSLAUGHTER. WE DIDN'T NET ITCHY FACTOR, THE BRAINS BEHIND THE CRIME, BUT WE WERE TO RUN INTO EACH OTHER AGAIN...





THE NOTORIOUS WINTHROP MURDER OF '41, AS YOU MAY RECALL, HINGED ON A GUN BELIEVED TOSSED OFF A HUDSON RIVER EXCURSION BOAT TIED UP AT THE LANDING.

NOW, CAPTAIN FREEMAN, THE IDEA IS TO TOSS A REPLICA OF THE GUN, WEIGHING EXACTLY THE SAME, INTO THE WATER WHERE THE ORIGINAL MIGHT HAVE LANDED!

I GET IT! AND I HOLD ONTO THIS LINE ATTACHED TO IT!



IT WAS COLD, TEDIOUS WORK SIFTING THE SILT ON THE RIVER BOTTOM, BUT THREE HOURS LATER I HIT PAY DIRT!



HERE IT IS -- THE WEAPON THAT WILL PROVE WINTHROP WAS MURDERED AND THE EVIDENCE THROWN OVERBOARD!

BALLISTICS DON'T LIE -- AND NEITHER DID WINTHROP'S KILLER WHEN HE FINALLY BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED TO THE CRIME!

OKAY, CAPTAIN FREEMAN, YOU CAN DROP THE LINE! I'VE DRIVEN A STAKE TO MARK WHERE IT FELL! NOW I CAN SEARCH AROUND IT!



ANOTHER PHASE OF MY WORK IS LOCATING DITCHED HOT CARS.

I WAS HOPING I'D FIND YOU HERE, CHIEF! I FOUND THIS ENVELOPE HIDDEN BEHIND THE REAR SEAT OF THE GETAWAY CAR!

HELLO, HERB! THIS LOOKS LIKE THE LEAD WE'VE WAITED FOR!



THAT WATER-SOAKED ENVELOPE WAS THE TIP-OFF TO THE HIDEAWAY OF THE ICEHOUSE GANG WHICH HAD KNOCKED OVER THE FRIENDLY LOAN COMPANY ON MARCH 5TH, 1943. THE POLICE WASTED NO TIME...

YOU GOT US, ALL RIGHT! BUT HOW DID YOU COPPERS TRACE US HERE?

BY THE RETURN ADDRESS ON A LETTER WE FOUND IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER! PUT THE BRACELETS ON 'EM, SERGEANT!



BACK IN '45 I USED UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY WHILE WORKING ON THE FAMOUS KRUPER YACHT DISASTER WHEN WE FAILED TO RAISE THE *SEA LION II*.


THESE PICTURES WHICH I TOOK SHOW THAT THE PLANKING ISN'T STOVE IN. IT WAS **POUNDED OUT** FROM THE INSIDE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HERB! THAT BOAT WAS DELIBERATELY SCUTTLED! YOUR FILM PROVES KRUPER DIDN'T PILE UP ON A REEF, LIKE HE CLAIMED!





I HAVE OFTEN BEEN ASKED WHAT WAS MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE. I GUESS IT WAS WHEN I HELPED CAPT. FREEMAN OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD SCRAPE THE BARNACLES OFF BIG BRUNO RODAK, THAT UNDERWORLD KINGPIN WAS WANTED ON SUSPICION OF KILLING A COP!



I WENT TO WORK ON THE CASE JULY 14, 1948.

C'MON, SHAG YOUR LAZY BONES! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. MY MEN GOT A TIP THAT BIG BRUNO WAS PUT ON THE SPOT IN OLD GANGLAND STYLE!

MAYBE THE GOOD OLD DAYS ARE COMING BACK! WHO DID IT?



ITCHY FACTOR, HIS OWN TRIGGER-HAPPY PAL. THE RUMOR IS ITCHY MEASURED BRUNO FOR A CEMENT OVER-COAT AND DROPPED HIM IN LAKE GREGORY!

IT'S WELL KNOWN THEY WERE ARGUING OVER WHO SHOULD BE BOSS! ITCHY'S COME A LONG WAY SINCE HE SMUGGLED ALIENS. DID YOU PICK HIM UP YET?



WISH I COULD. BUT ITCHY'S ON THE LAM! SINCE WE CAN'T CONFIRM THE STORY, THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE!

AS IF I DON'T KNOW. YOU'RE GOING TO SEARCH THE BOTTOM OF LAKE GREGORY AND I'M ELECTED FOR THE JOB!



NEXT MORNING, FREEMAN, A COUPLE OF HIS BOYS AND I RENTED A BOAT AT THE LAKE.

IT'S THE BIGGEST BOAT I GOT, GENTS, 'LESS YOU WANT AN OUTBOARD JOB!

THANKS, BUT THIS SCOW IS OKAY. I HOPE THE FISHING'S GOOD!




ROW OUT TO THE CENTER, SO I CAN MAKE A WIDE CIRCLE, PIVOTING FROM THERE!



HELLO, MONKS?... YOU BETTER TELL YOUR BOSS THERE'S A MESS OF COPS ON THE LAKE WITH ENOUGH GEAR TO RAISE THE LUSITANIA!

BAIL AN TAC





AFTER WE ANCHORED A GUIDE LINE, I SHOWED THE MEN HOW TO WORK THE PORTABLE AIR PUMP.

I'LL SLIDE DOWN THIS GUIDE LINE AND PLANT A CENTER STAKE! YOU PLAY OUT MY LIFELINE AND LET THE SCOW DRIFT AFTER ME!

OKAY, HERB! WISH WE'D BROUGHT THE PHONE EQUIPMENT, BUT I GUESS WE'LL UNDERSTAND YOUR ROPE SIGNALS!



AND THUS STARTED MY STRANGEST UNDER-WATER SEARCH--A MANHUNT WHICH CONCERNED A HOODLUM ENCASED IN A CEMENT BLOCK!

FOR FOUR HOURS, I PROWLED THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE, FINDING NOTHING MORE IMPORTANT THAN LOST SINKERS AND TANGLED LINES OF UNLUCKY ANGLERS.

WHEW! I'M GETTING TIRED! IF THAT CEMENT SLAB OVERCOAT WAS DUMPED DOWN HERE, IT CERTAINLY WOULD BE AROUND. IT COULDN'T JUST DRIFT AWAY. MAYBE CAPT. FREEMAN GOT A WRONG STEER!



JUMPING BULLFROGS! WHAT'S THAT--? IT LOOKS LIKE--



IT IS! IT'S THE CEMENT KIMONO SURE ENOUGH--AND SOMEBODY'S WEARING IT!





I THOUGHT MY PART OF THE JOB WAS FINISHED -- BUT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING ABOVE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, MONKS! THERE'S THE COPPERS! I NEVER THOUGHT THEY'D THINK OF RAISING THAT CONCRETE COFFIN!

I ALWAYS SAID IT WAS A DUMB TRICK TO TIP 'EM OFF YOU WAS MURDERED, **BRUNO!**

YEAH, YOU FIGURED THEY'D STOP LOOKIN' FOR YOU IF YOU WAS SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!



HEY, WHAT GOES? THOSE GUYS ARE THROWING LEAD!

WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! AND HERB JUST SIGNALLED TO BE HAULED UP!

**BLAM!**

**ZING! ZING!**

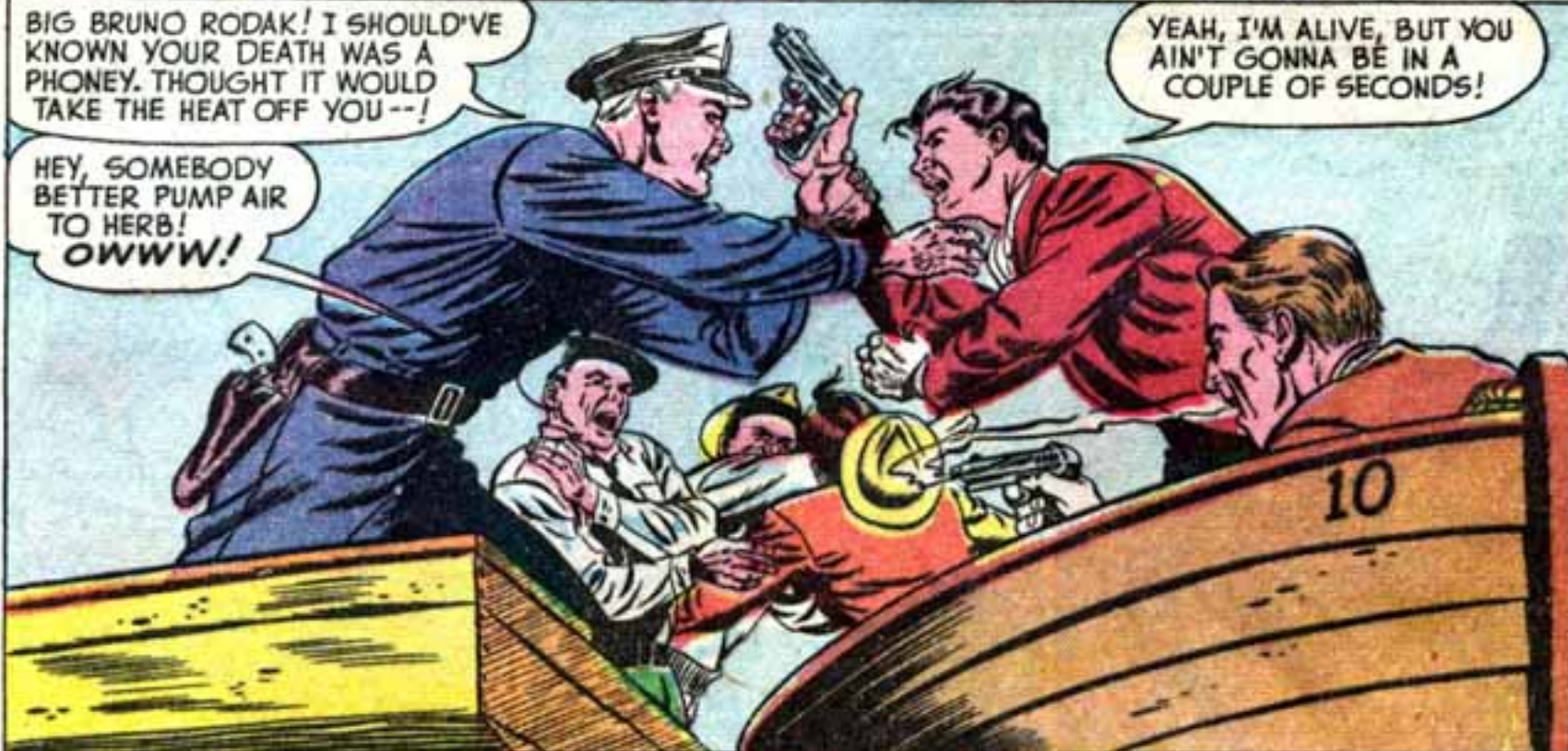
**BLAM!**



BIG BRUNO RODAK! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN YOUR DEATH WAS A PHONEY. THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE THE HEAT OFF YOU --!

HEY, SOMEBODY BETTER PUMP AIR TO HERB! **OWWW!**

YEAH, I'M ALIVE, BUT YOU AIN'T GONNA BE IN A COUPLE OF SECONDS!



WHEN MY AIR WAS SUDDENLY CUT OFF, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG UPSTAIRS.

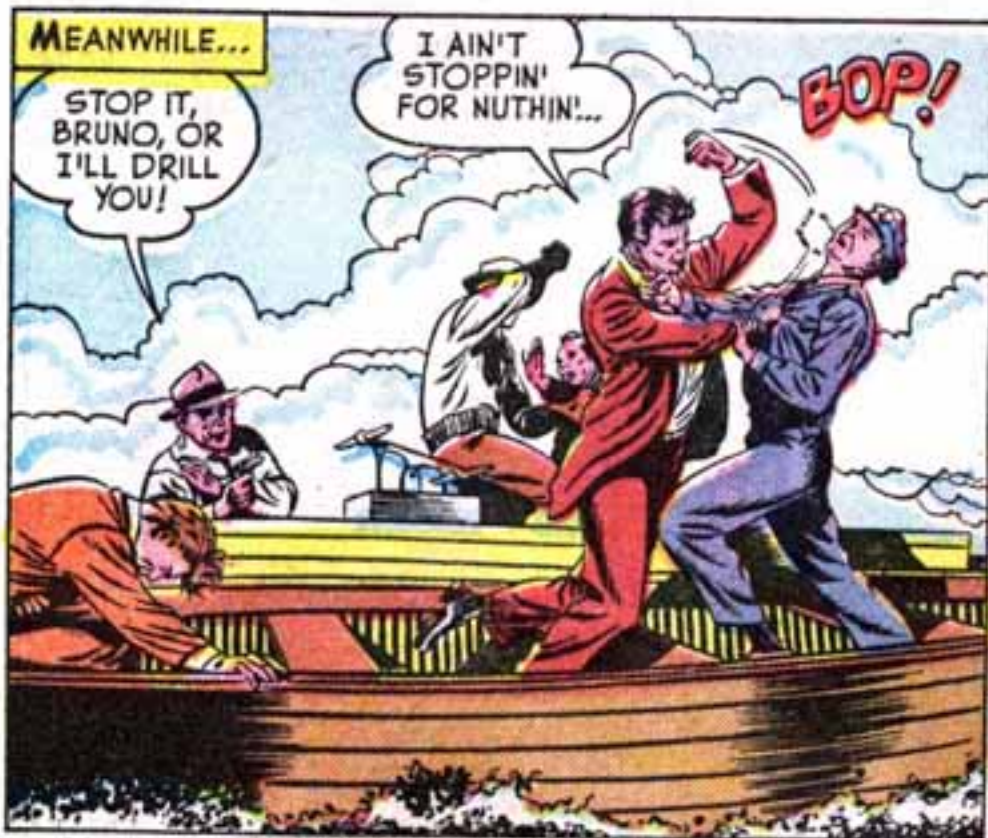
**GULP!** WHY DON'T THEY ANSWER... MY ROPE SIGNALS?... FINDING IT HARD TO BREATHE...



STILL GOT ENOUGH AIR IN MY SUIT... TO SURFACE ME... IF I CAN GET LEAD SHOES AND BELT OFF...!







**BRUNO WAS TRIED AND CONVICTED FOR TWO MURDERS...**

...THE COP KILLING FOR WHICH HE WAS WANTED AND THE MURDER OF ITCHY FACTOR! YOU SEE, IT WAS ITCHY WE FOUND WHEN WE BROKE OPEN THE CEMENT SLAB! THE NEWSPAPERS IRONICALLY CALLED IT "**THE STONE THAT KILLED TWO BIRDS!**"



*The End*





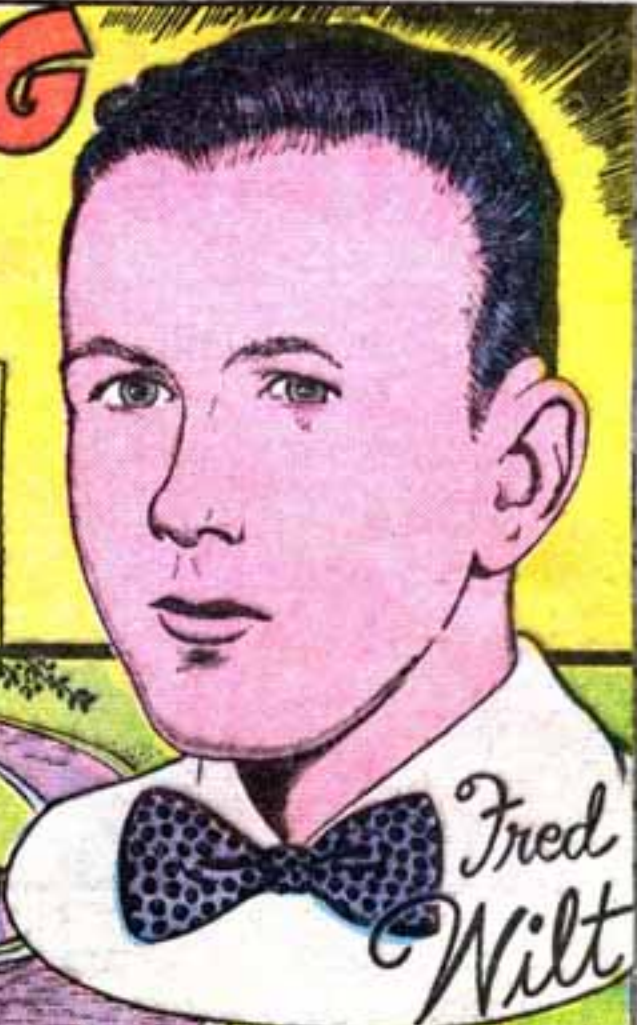
# GALLOPING G-MAN



**FRED WILT** CHASES CROOKS FOR A LIVING AND SPENDS HIS OFF-HOURS RUNNING HIS OPPONENTS RAGGED WHILE SETTING NATIONAL DISTANCE RECORDS (HE HOLDS THREE!)

**FRED DOESN'T** LOOK LIKE A CROOK-CATCHER, YET HE IS NOW IN HIS THIRD YEAR WITH THE F.B.I. IN ITS TOUGHEST DIVISION! HE LIVES IN BROOKLYN AND TRAINS BY RUNNING IN THE PARK BEFORE GOING TO WORK.

GOING MY WAY, FRED?



THERE GOES WILT AGAIN!

A REGULAR STORY-BOOK HERO, WITH NO COACH TO GUIDE HIM AND LITTLE TIME FOR TRAINING, HE HAS BEATEN THE FINEST RUNNERS IN THE WORLD IN THE DISTANCE RACES--FROM THE MILE ON UP!

LET'S ASK J. EDGAR HOOVER TO KEEP HIM IN WASHINGTON.



ALL HIS FRUSTRATED RIVALS CAN HOPE FOR IS A SUDDEN CRIME WAVE TO REMOVE HIM FROM COMPETITION!

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# SUPERBOY JOB COUNSELOR

FLYING ABOVE THE STREETS OF SMALLVILLE, THE BOY OF STEEL SIGHTS A DEJECTED-LOOKING YOUTH...

HIYA, JIM! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB AGAIN?

YES, SUPERBOY... BUT I GUESS I'M NOT AS GOOD AT SELLING AS I THOUGHT I'D BE.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

WELL, WHO SAID YOU HAVE TO STICK TO THAT FIELD? ... YOU KNOW, JIM, WHAT YOU NEED IS A QUICK VISIT TO SOME OF YOUR FORMER CLASSMATES WHO WERE GRADUATED AT THE SAME TIME YOU WERE!

AND THERE'S ED BARRY, ASSISTING THE RECREATIONAL DIRECTOR OF OUR YOUTH CENTER. THAT'S ONLY THE START OF A CAREER. I'M SURE HE DIDN'T DECIDE ON IN A MINUTE!

NO, HE USED TO BE A CAMP COUNSELOR, AND ALWAYS TALKED ABOUT MAJORING IN SOCIAL WELFARE WORK IN COLLEGE!

AND SO, A LITTLE LATER...

NOW, THERE'S JUDY HARPER STUDYING IN A COLLEGE LABORATORY FOR A SCIENTIFIC CAREER.

YES, I REMEMBER SHE WAS ALWAYS KEEN ON CHEMISTRY IN HIGH SCHOOL!

EXACTLY! TROUBLE WITH YOU, JIM, WAS THAT YOU DIDN'T THINK OF YOUR BEST APITUDES ... NOW, DIDN'T YOU WORK AT JOE'S GARAGE DURING SUMMER-MONTHS?

WHY, YES, BUT I DIDN'T TAKE THAT SERIOUSLY... HMM... I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...

AND A WEEK LATER...

GOSH, SUPERBOY, YOU SURE PUT ME ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M GOOD AT! AND I'M TAKING NIGHT COURSES IN MECHANICS TO GET AHEAD!

DON'T WAIT FOR GRADUATION TO DECIDE ABOUT YOUR CAREER! ASK YOURSELF WHAT YOU'RE BEST SUITED FOR... CHECK WITH YOUR TEACHERS... TALK TO A VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE COUNSELOR. THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR OPPORTUNITIES, WHEN YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!



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—Red Ryder

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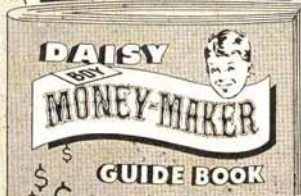
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