

GANG BUSTERS

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



NO. 19
DEC...JAN.

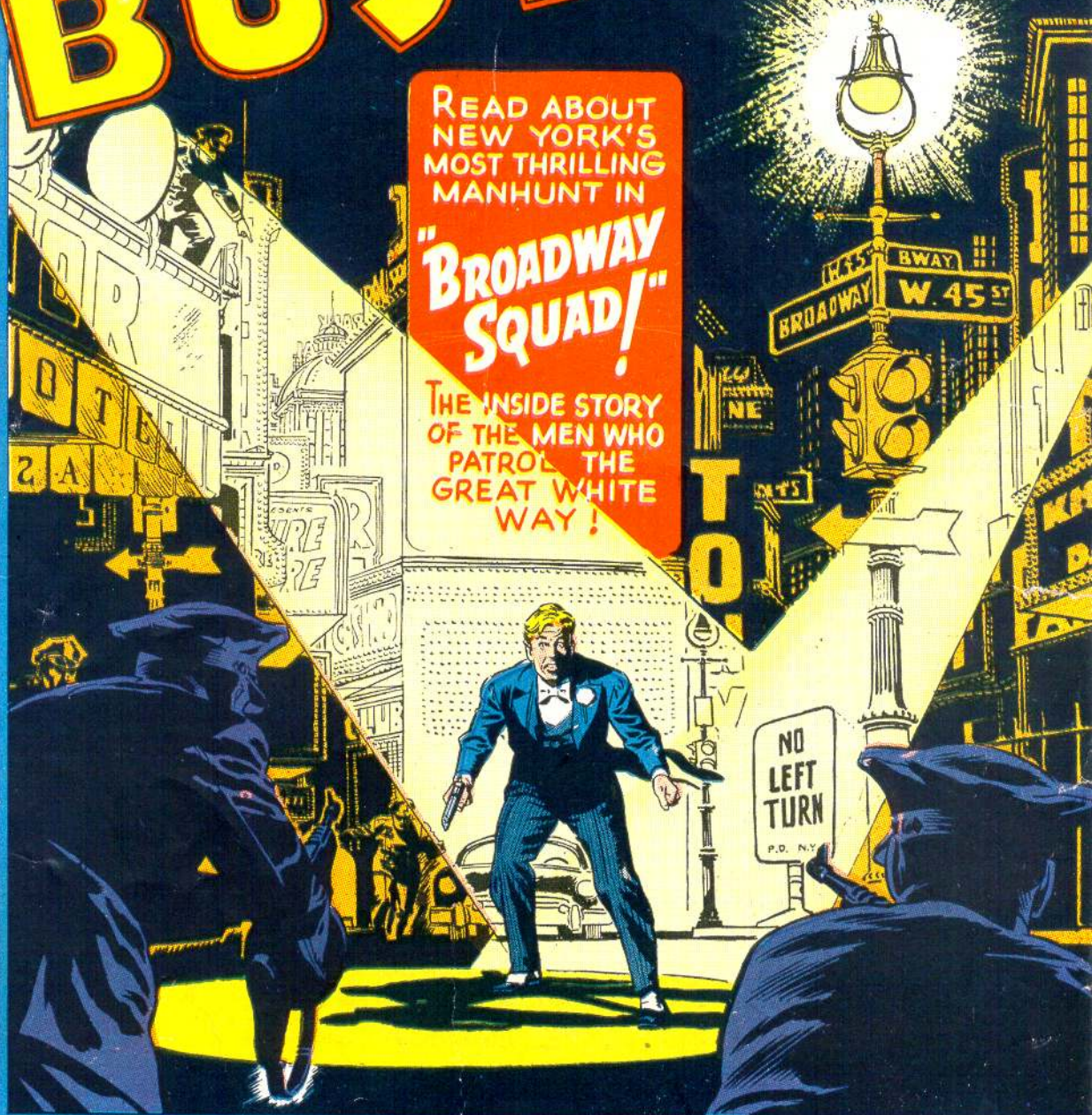
52
BIG
PAGES

GANG BUSTERS

READ ABOUT
NEW YORK'S
MOST THRILLING
MANHUNT IN

**"BROADWAY
SQUAD!"**

THE INSIDE STORY
OF THE MEN WHO
PATROL THE
GREAT WHITE
WAY!



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

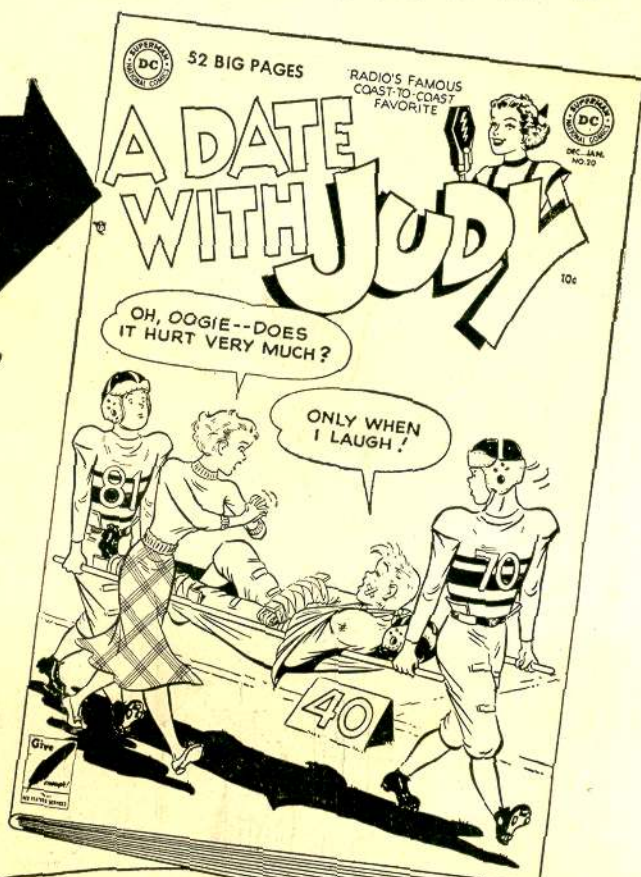
EVERYBODY-BUT *EVERYBODY*

WANTS

AND NO WONDER!
JUDY'S THE DARLINGEST,
DIZZIEST, SMARTEST,
CUTEST GAL WHO EVER
RACED THROUGH THE
FAST-ACTION PAGES OF
HER OWN MAGAZINE!

WHY DON'T YOU
MAKE
A DATE WITH JUDY
TODAY?

ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



-AND DON'T FORGET THAT
SUPERMAN AND BATMAN
AND A FLOCK OF OTHER TOP-FLIGHT
ADVENTURE HEROES **ALL** APPEAR IN THE
PAGES OF THAT GIANT 76-PAGE
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS!

ANOTHER GREAT MAGAZINE
WITH THE WORLD-FAMOUS
SUPERMAN DC SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!



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"The BROADWAY SQUAD"

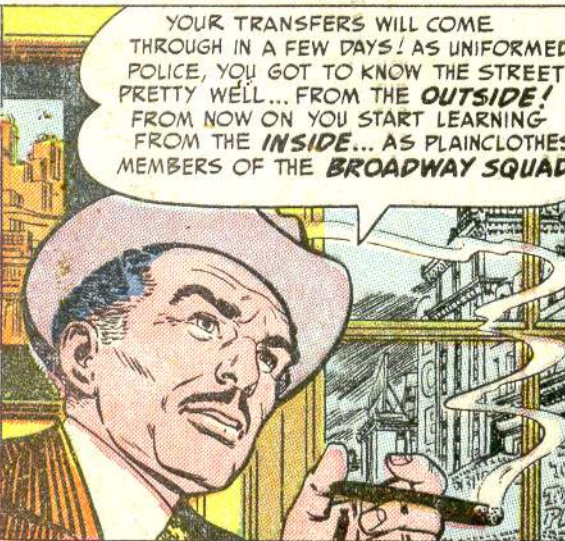
IN THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER, 1948, THERE BEGAN A SERIES OF CRIMES WHICH, FOR A WHILE, COMPLETELY STUMPED THE MEN WHO PATROL BROADWAY!

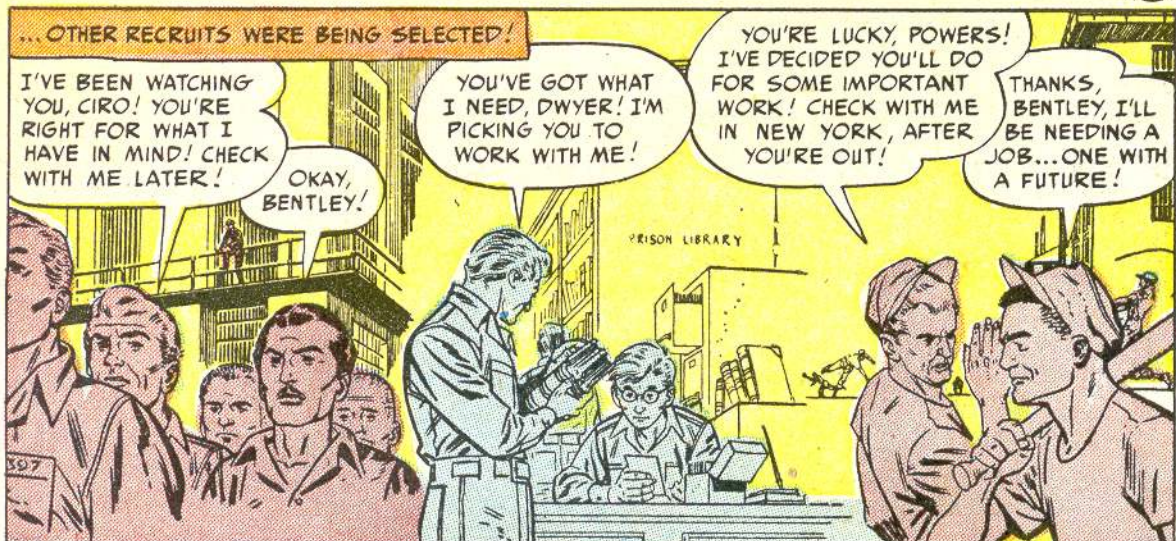
BROADWAY--THE NATION'S MOST FABULOUS POLICE BEAT--NIGHT-WORLD OF BIG-SHOTS AND SMALL-TIMERS, SQUARE GUYS AND PHONIES! INTO THIS DAZZLING, NEON-LIGHTED CANYON ARRIVED FOUR OUT-OF-TOWNERS--EX-CONS WITH LARCENY ON THEIR MINDS AND MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS! THEIR RECORDS SHOW ONE SUCCESS AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL THEY FINALLY MET THEIR MATCH IN THE HEROIC MEMBERS OF

"**This GALLANT POLICE FORCE!**"

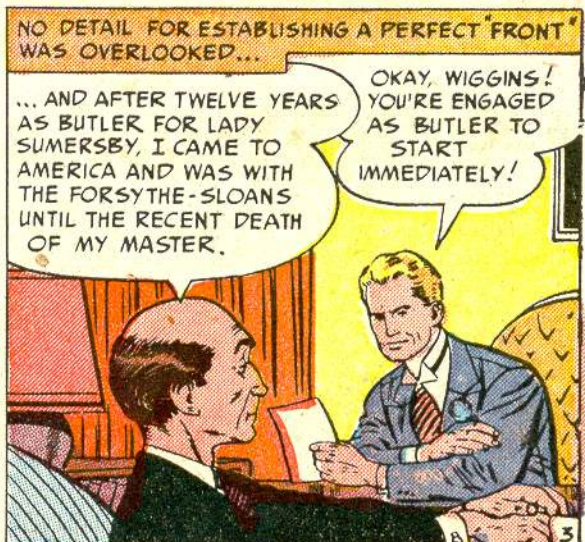
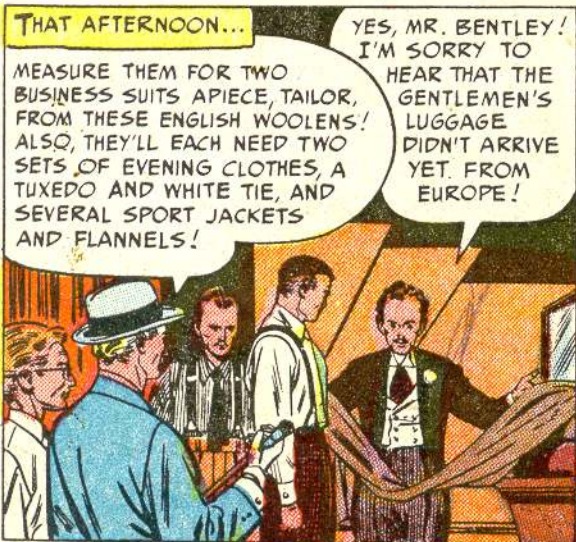
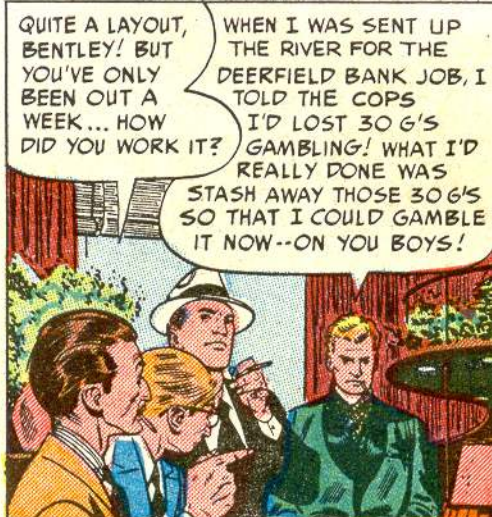


BY 9 A.M., ON OCTOBER 4, 1948, BROADWAY'S PLEASURE-SEEKERS HAD LONG SINCE SCURRED OFF IN SEARCH OF SLEEP... BUT FOR LIEUTENANT JOSEPH FALCARO, THERE WAS NO SLEEP...





AND SO APPROXIMATELY ONE MONTH LATER, FOUR EX-CONVICTS MET IN A FASHIONABLE NEW YORK PENTHOUSE! THEY WERE GEORGE (BEAU BRUMMELL) BENTLEY, THE LEADER; JOHNNY CIRO, TWICE-CONVICTED SALESMAN OF FAKE STOCKS; BRACE DWYER, DEALER IN STOLEN ART OBJECTS; AND WARREN (ACE) POWERS, WHO'D JUST COMPLETED A TERM FOR ARMED ROBBERY...



IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME WHEN FOUR FREE-SPENDING OUT-OF-TOWNERS BURST INTO BROADWAY'S NIGHT LIFE! THEY ATTENDED THE THEATRE...

MY, YOU'RE BECOMING A REGULAR "FIRST NIGHTER," MR. BENTLEY!

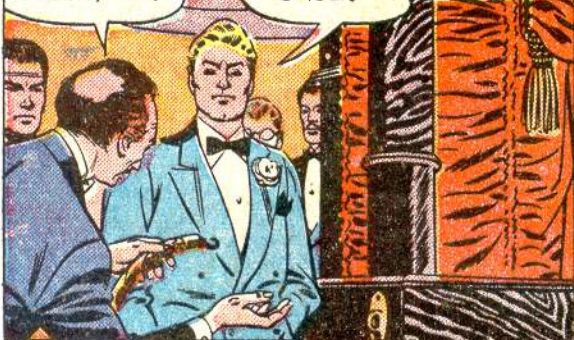
GOOD EVENING, MRS. GILFORD! YES... YOU SEE, WHEN MY FRIENDS AND I WORKED IN THE TEXAS OIL FIELDS -- BEFORE OUR GUSHER CAME IN -- WE ALWAYS DREAMED OF THE DAY WHEN WE COULD ATTEND THE THEATRE!



THEY WERE SEEN IN THE BEST NIGHT CLUBS...

AH, IT'S MR. BENTLEY AND PARTY! GOOD EVENING, SIR! YOUR USUAL TABLE IS READY, SIR!

THANK YOU, TORINO! ORDER A MAGNUM OF YOUR BEST CHAMPAGNE FOR OUR TABLE AT ONCE!



FINALLY ON THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 8, 1949, BENTLEY SAW HIS CHANCE TO RING UP THE CURTAIN ON THE PLAY HE'D BEEN PLANNING FOR SO LONG...

GLAD YOU STOPPED BY, BENTLEY! I'LL BE FREE FOR LUNCH AS SOON AS WE STORE AWAY TONIGHT'S PAYROLL! COME ON IN WHILE I PUT IT IN THE SAFE!

WITH PLEASURE, J.B.!

HERE'S WHERE MY INVESTMENT BEGINS TO PAY OFF... 1000 TO 1!



DOLLY CAME THROUGH! HERE'S A GAT IN THE CAKE SHE SENT ME!

HA, HA! SOME PRISON! HOW'D THAT CAKE EVER GET BY THE **ELECTRIC EYE** INSPECTION?

QUIET, CIRO! HOW WOULD A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU KNOW ABOUT SUCH THINGS?

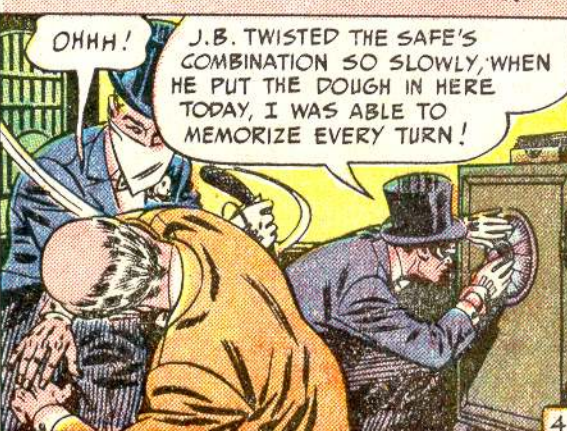


BENTLEY'S LAVISH PENTHOUSE BECAME A MEETING PLACE FOR THE SMART SET...

THIS PARTY WILL **REALLY** GET US IN WITH THE BROADWAY CROWD, POWERS! **EVERYBODY'S** HERE! DWYER'S TALKING WITH THE DRAMA CRITIC FROM THE DAILY EXPRESS! AND THAT WHITE-HAIRED CHARACTER WITH CIRO IS NEVADA PIERCE, HEAD OF THE BROADWAY ARENA!



THAT NIGHT, DURING AN INTERMISSION, TREASURER PRESCOTT E. STONE BECAME THE FIRST VICTIM IN A CRIME WAVE THAT WAS TO SHAKE BROADWAY TO ITS NEON FOUNDATIONS...



OH!!

J.B. TWISTED THE SAFE'S COMBINATION SO SLOWLY, WHEN HE PUT THE DOUGH IN HERE TODAY, I WAS ABLE TO MEMORIZE EVERY TURN!

AND AS THE PLAY RESUMED...

POWERS AND I KEPT WATCH TO SEE YOU WEREN'T DISTURBED, BENTLEY! HOW DID IT GO?

EASY! AFTER ALL, WE GOT THE SET-UP DIRECT FROM THE GUY WHO OWNS THE PLACE-- AND WHO'S OUR **PAL!** J.B. WILL NEVER SUSPECT US!



AND SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN THE CASINO CLUB, ON WEST 51ST STREET...

GOOD NIGHT, MR. BENTLEY! SORRY I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOUR FRIENDS, BUT I'M DRIVING OUT TO WESTPORT TONIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT, MR. GALE! PERHAPS WE CAN GET TOGETHER ANOTHER TIME, SOON!



LATER, A CREAM-COLORED CONVERTIBLE, DRIVEN BY DEPARTMENT STORE HEAD LEROY S. GALE, WAS SPEEDING ALONG ROUTE 1, TOWARD WESTPORT, WHEN SUDDENLY...



WOW! BENTLEY SAID GALE HAD A REPUTATION FOR CARRYING PLENTY OF CASH WITH HIM... HE WASN'T KIDDING! LOOK AT THIS!

YEAH... I MET GALE AT ONE OF OUR PARTIES! NOT A BAD GUY! WHEN WE FIND OUT WHAT HOSPITAL HE'S TAKEN TO, WE MUST SEND HIM FLOWERS!



YES, THE GANG SEEMED TO HAVE HIT THE MAGIC COMBINATION! SPURRED ON BY EARLY SUCCESSSES, THEY BECAME MORE AMBITIOUS...

NEVER MIND THE CHICKEN FEED YOU KEEP IN THE REGISTER! WE WANT THE DOUGH FROM THE SAFE-- UNDER THE BAR!

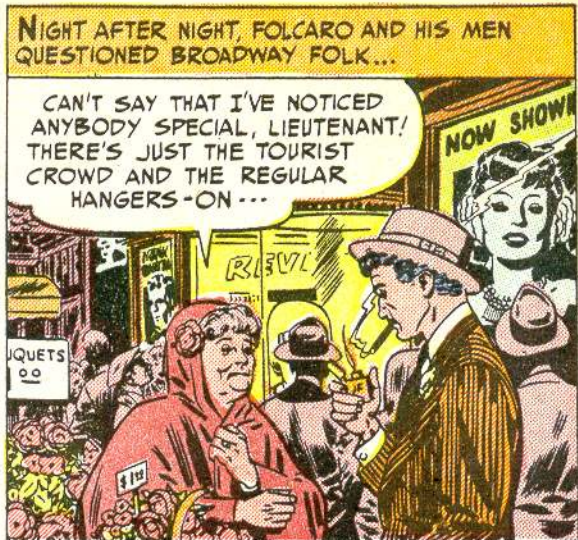
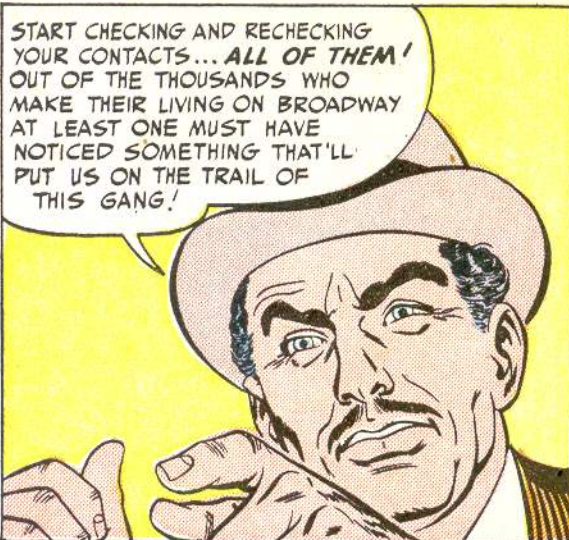
WHOEVER YOU ARE, BUDDY, YOU SURE KNOW WHERE WE KEEP THINGS AROUND HERE!



WHILE IN THE OFFICE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD'S DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT FOLCARO...

THEATRE ROBBERIES! NIGHT CLUB HOLD-UPS! **ALL IN OUR TERRITORY!** AND NOT ONE CLUE TO POINT TO THE MOB THAT'S PULLING THESE JOBS!





IT WASN'T UNTIL WEEKS LATER--MARCH 3--AT THE BROADWAY ARENA, THAT FOLCARO GOT HIS FIRST LEAD...

ANYTHING TO REPORT, HORTON?

NOT A THING, LIEUTENANT! I'M ON MY WAY TO MEET NEVADA PIERCE! HE'S WAITING FOR ME TO ESCORT HIM TO THE BANK, WHERE HE MAKES A NIGHT DEPOSIT OF THE RECEIPTS!



FUNNY--THERE'S NO ANSWER! AND NEVADA WOULD NEVER LEAVE FOR THE BANK WITHOUT YOU GUARDING HIM! GET ONE OF THE ARENA GUARDS WHO HAS A KEY, HORTON!

RIGHT, LIEUTENANT!



SECONDS LATER, IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE ARENA...

LOOK! HE'S USING NEVADA'S CAR FOR HIS GETAWAY!

COME ON... WE CAN CHASE HIM IN SERGEANT WYATT'S PROWL CAR... IT'S PARKED ON THE CORNER!



SOON, OUTSIDE PIERCE'S OFFICE...

I KNOW... HE KEEPS

NEVADA'S GOT A PRETTY TRICKY GADGET THERE! THE MIRROR SHOWS WHOEVER'S IN THE HALL, AND HE CAN SEE THEM ON A SCREEN IN HIS OFFICE!

THE DOOR LOCKED, AND OPENS IT ONLY AFTER HE RECOGNIZES THE PERSON RINGING THE BUZZER! WITH OVER \$50,000 IN GATE RECEIPTS, I CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM!



PRESENTLY...

GREAT SCOTT! HE'S BEEN SHOT, AND THE MONEY'S GONE! WHOEVER DID IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEONE HE KNEW OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE UNLOCKED THE DOOR!

AND THE MURDERER MUST HAVE LEFT BY THIS PRIVATE ELEVATOR! LET'S GO, HORTON!... WE MAY STILL BE ABLE TO CATCH UP WITH HIM!



THERE HE GOES--ACROSS 49TH! HE'S GOT A START ON US THAT'LL BE HARD TO BEAT, WITH THE THEATRE CROWDS JUST GETTING OUT!

THERE'S A SUBWAY ENTRANCE UNDER THE HOTEL WELDON WHICH WAS NEVER COMPLETED! IF WE USE IT, WE CAN REACH THE BROADWAY END OF 49TH FASTER BY FOOT!



RACING THROUGH THE DESERTED UNDERGROUND PASSAGE, THE DETECTIVES EMERGED, BUT---

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE OF THEM... AND THEY'VE SPOTTED US! THEY'RE LEAVING THE CAR!

BAD BREAK! WE CAN'T SHOOT IN THIS CROWD!



THUS, BY MINGLING WITH THE CROWD, THE WELL-DRESSED FUGITIVES ESCAPED INTO THE NIGHT-- BUT IN THEIR ABANDONED CAR, FOLCARO AT LAST FOUND A CLUE. IT WASN'T SENSATIONAL... JUST A CARELESS MISTAKE OF ONE OF THE KILLERS...

AAH... A TICKET STUB FOR TONIGHT'S FIGHT!



MINUTES LATER, BACK AT THE ARENA...

SORRY, LIEUTENANT, THAT TICKET WAS SOLD AT THE BOX OFFICE, SO WE DON'T KNOW THE BUYER'S NAME! BUT THERE'S THE SEAT HE OCCUPIED-- 3RD ROW, 2ND SEAT IN, ON THE NORTH SIDE OF THE RING!

WE'RE NOT LICKED YET! TAKE THAT SEATING PLAN OF THE ARENA, HORTON, AND COME WITH ME!



NEXT, THE SLEUTHS RACED TO ONE OF THE CITY'S NEWSPAPERS...

KRONE! YOU COVERED TONIGHT'S FIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

SURE, I GOT SOME TERRIFIC SHOTS! C'MON... I'LL SHOW 'EM TO YOU!



IN THE DARKROOM, TENSE MINUTES PASSED, AS FOLCARO SCRUTINIZED ONE PICTURE AFTER ANOTHER, SEARCHING... SEARCHING... TILL FINALLY...

HMM... THERE'S THE TIMEKEEPER, ON THE NORTH SIDE... NOW, LET'S SEE-- 3RD ROW, 2ND SEAT... GOOD GRIEF! NO WONDER NEVADA ALLOWED HIS KILLER TO ENTER! RECOGNIZE THAT MAN, HORTON?



WHY, HE'S GEORGE BENTLEY, THE OIL TYCOON--AND THOSE THREE WITH HIM ARE HIS PARTNERS! THIS MEANS HE BOUGHT THE TICKET WE FOUND IN THE MURDERER'S GETAWAY CAR!

RIGHT! AND IT ALSO MEANS WE'RE GOING TO PAY A VISIT, NOW, TO THE CASINO CLUB, WHERE THE BENTLEY CROWD USUALLY HANGS OUT! COME ON!



SHORTLY AFTER 3 A.M., BENTLEY AND HIS THREE COMPANIONS WERE LEAVING THE CASINO CLUB, WHEN...



AH, IT'S LIEUTENANT FOLCARO OF THE **BROADWAY SQUAD!** ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR YOU, LIEUTENANT?

YES, BENTLEY... YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS CAN STEP OUT OF THE CAR WHILE WE SEARCH YOU FOR A CERTAIN GUN WE'RE AFTER!

BUT... SORRY, FOLCARO... WE KNOW YOUR GAME! IF YOU CHECK YOUR HEATERS AT THE LAB, YOU'LL FIND THE ONE THAT KILLED NEVADA PIERCE! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE NOW!

QUICK, HORTON... RADIO THE OTHER CARS! GIVE THEM A DESCRIPTION OF BENTLEY'S AUTO AND TELL THEM TO FOLLOW **PLAN "C"!**

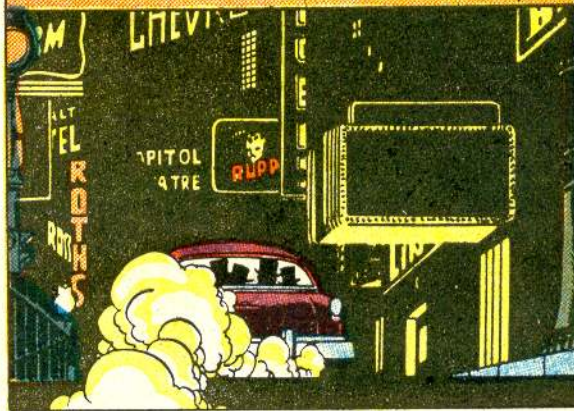


PLAN "C" MEANT THE TARGET WAS ON THE "BIG STREET," BETWEEN TIMES SQUARE AND 51ST -- AND LIKE A WELL-OILED MACHINE, THE SQUAD MOVED TO CLOSE EVERY EXIT...

I'LL WAIT HERE! YOU WAIT IN THE DOORWAY ACROSS THE STREET, HIRSH! SERGEANT MAYS WILL COVER THE 45TH STREET END OF SHUBERT ALLEY!



BY 3:28, MANY OF THE GIANT SIGNS HAD BEEN DARKENED, LEAVING GREAT BLACK HOLES IN THE SCENERY, AS THE MARKED CAR MOVED DOWN THE BROAD THOROUGHFARE...



AND INSIDE THE DOOMED VEHICLE... NO! I'VE BEEN

SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE ARE A COUPLE OF PROWL CARS UP AHEAD BLOCKING BROADWAY! WHAT'LL I DO, BENTLEY? TURN OFF ON A SIDE STREET?

NOTICING ALL THE WAY UP TOWN -- THERE'S A COP ON EVERY SIDE STREET! THEY'VE GOT US SPOTTED IN THIS HEAP! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SPLIT UP! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD... **JUMP!**



BUT AS THE FOUR MEN MADE THEIR DESPERATE LEAP FOR FREEDOM, THE "BIG STREET'S" PRE-DAWN SILENCE WAS ABRUPTLY SMASHED BY THE FIERCE DEATH COUGH OF MACHINE GUNS! THE BIG CLOCK ON THE PARAMOUNT BUILDING NOW READ 3:46..:



3:47--AND THE STREET WAS AGAIN SILENT... EXCEPT FOR THE LOW, BUSINESS-LIKE COMMENTS OF POLICEMEN MOVING ABOUT THREE BULLET-RIDDEN BODIES..

HMM... THERE WERE **FOUR** MEN IN THAT GROUP! ONE OF THEM MUST HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!



CIRO, DWYER AND POWERS WERE DEAD, BUT SOMEHOW BENTLEY HAD MANAGED TO SLIP PAST THE POLICE CORDON! HUGGING THE SHADOWS, HE MOVED DOWN THE STREET--BUT HE COULDN'T HIDE FROM THE PEOPLE OF BROADWAY... THE PEOPLE WHO WERE LIEUTENANT FOLCARO'S FRIENDS!



I HEARD FOOTSTEPS CLIMBING A METAL LADDER! TRY THE FIRE ESCAPE OF THE PALADIUM!



IT WAS 4:02 WHEN FOLCARO GAINED THE ROOF OF THE THEATRE BY MEANS OF THE FIRE ESCAPE--SUDDENLY...

WHEW! ANOTHER QUARTER-INCH AND HE'D HAVE HIT PAY DIRT!

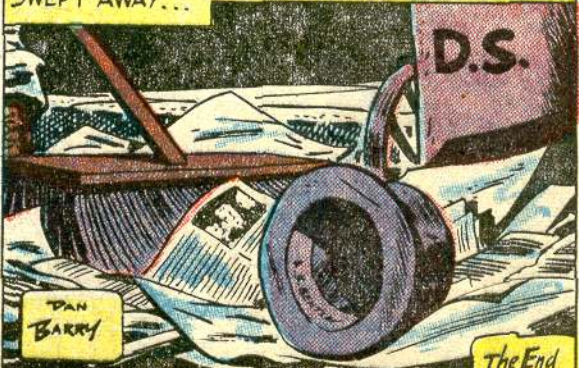


SWIFTLY, THE DETECTIVE UNSCREWED A BULB FROM THE PALADIUM'S SIGN, HURLED IT LIKE A GRENADE TO HIS RIGHT. BENTLEY SPUN AND FIRED.

I'M HIT! THAT EXPLOSION WAS A TRICK!



BEAU BRUMMELL BENTLEY DIED IN AN AMBULANCE AS IT RACED UP BROADWAY! BY 5 A.M., LIEUTENANT FOLCARO HAD COMPLETED HIS REPORT, WHILE IN AN ALLEY BESIDE THE PALADIUM THEATRE, ALL THAT REMAINED OF THE GANG THAT TRIED TO CONQUER THE "BIG STREET" WAS SWEEPED AWAY...



CALLING ALL

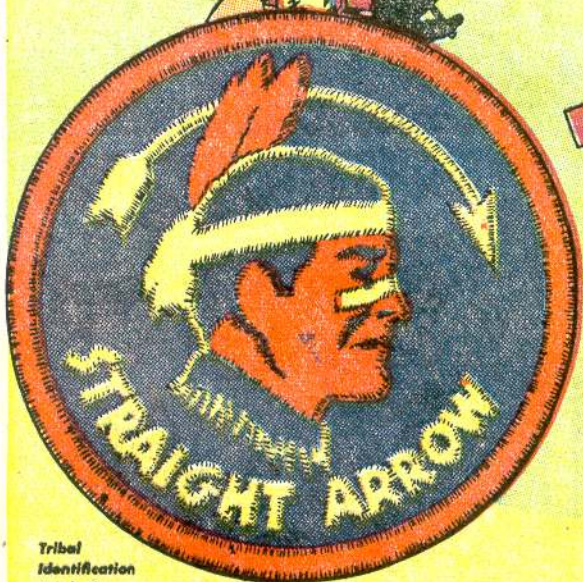
"BRAVES!"

START YOUR OWN SECRET TRIBE
GET

STRAIGHT ARROW'S

colorfully stitched

TRIBAL
PATCH!



Tribal
Identification
Patch Shown
Actual Size



MYSTIC MARK OF HONOR

Use it for your "tribe" or club badge! Looks swell on your cap or beanie! Put it on your favorite sweater or jacket!

START YOUR OWN STRAIGHT ARROW "TRIBE"!

To be a member all your friends should have this swell patch, for a "tribal" badge! Beautifully colored, made of washable twill, the designs sewn with thousands of embroidered stitches! Made by the people who made Army, Navy, and Marine patches, so you know it's first class! Stands up to lots of wear, won't fade, won't ravel! Looks like a million on sweaters, T shirts, notebooks, armbands, caps! Hurry, get this patch now, see that every member of your "tribe" gets one!

HURRY! LIMITED TIME ONLY!

ONLY 10¢ AND A
NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT
BOX TOP

You'll really "go for" this hearty, good-tasting, whole wheat breakfast! Naturally good for you 'cause it contains the bran and wheat germ! Ask your Mom to get the original NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—

the breakfast full
of POWER from
Niagara Falls!



BAKED BY NABISCO
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
Dept. N Box 200, New York 46, N. Y.

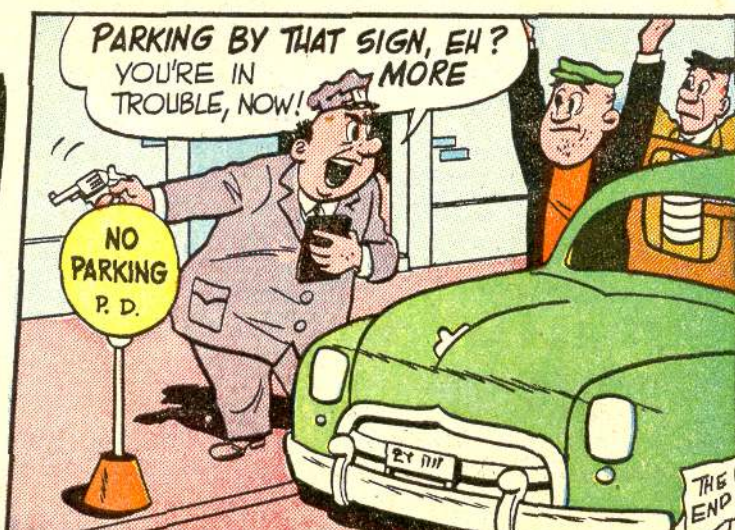
Please ask me my STRAIGHT ARROW TRIBAL PATCH. I enclose 10¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT boxtop. (Please Print)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(No stamps please. Offer good for a limited time and in the U.S. only.)



BOUGHT A JAIL!

THE TOWN COUNCIL OF HARVARD, NEB., OFFERED 10 CITY LOTS FOR SALE. BOB PICKNEY, 16, WHO HAD AN EYE FOR REAL ESTATE, BOUGHT THEM FOR \$15. THEN IT DEVELOPED THAT ONE OF THE LOTS WAS OCCUPIED BY THE CITY LOCKUP!

OH, MY ACHING HEAD!

HEY! WE'VE SOLD OUR JAIL!

I'LL PUT MORTIMER SNERD IN IT, SO HELP ME!

BOB AND HIS JAIL

YOU CAN MAKE AN AVIARY OUT OF IT AND RAISE JAIL BIRDS, CHARLIE.

Bob Pickney

THE MONEY FROM THE SALE OF HIS JAIL HELPED TO BUILD A CRUISER!

THE TOWN TRIED DESPERATELY TO GET THE JAIL BACK. BOB WOULDN'T SELL, AND NOT TO BE OUTDONE, HE PUT UP HIS CALABOOSE FOR AUCTION IN A BOND DRIVE. IT WAS BOUGHT BY CHARLIE MCCARTHY FOR 75 CENTS OF HIS OWN CASH AND \$10,000 OF BERGEN'S!



BOYS! GIRLS! HURRY! -BE THE FIRST TO OWN THIS BEAUTIFUL IDENTIFICATION BRACELET!



with **YOUR OWN NAME and BIRTHSTONE!**
(or without birthstone, if you prefer)

ONLY **25¢**

WITH FRONT COVER OF ANY SMITH BROTHERS BOX
Send to: SMITH BROTHERS,
P. O. Box 368, Providence, R.I.



HERE'S ALL YOU DO!

Just fill in the coupon below, Brothers box. You'll get a and send it in with 25¢ and beautiful bracelet finished in the front cover of any Smith Nickel Silver right away!

Please Print information below and send to:
Smith Brothers, P.O. Box 368, Providence, R. I.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Do you want birthstone? Yes ☐ No ☐

If Yes, give month of birth _____

NAME FOR BRACELET _____

(14 letters or less)

WRIST SIZE large ☐ small ☐

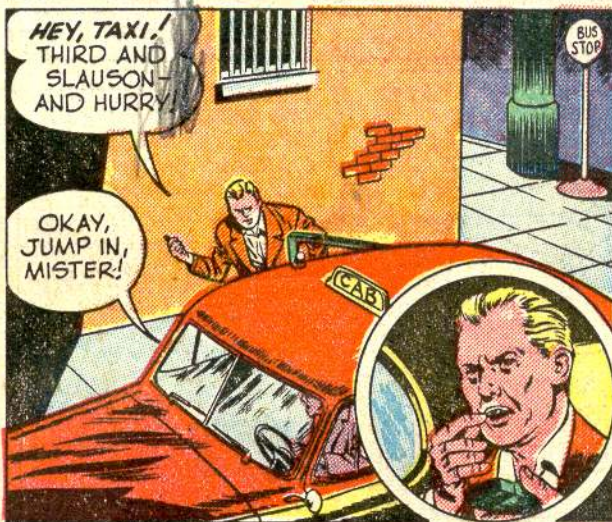
I HAD A CRIMINAL BRAIN!

IN A MOMENT, HE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE. HAS THE OPERATION PROVED A SUCCESS OR WILL HE GRASP THE JEWELS AND MONEY AND TRY TO FLEE? WHAT WILL JACK OLNEY DO?



EVER WONDER WHAT MAKES A CRIMINAL TICK? WHAT GOES ON IN HIS WARPED BRAIN TO MAKE HIM REVOLT AGAINST SOCIETY... TO CHEAT, SWINDLE, STEAL, MAIM, KILL? CAN HIS CRIMINAL TENDENCIES BE CORRECTED BY MEDICAL SCIENCE, OR IS HE DOOMED TO A CAREER OF CRIME UNTIL BROUGHT TO JUSTICE?

THE CASE OF JACK OLNEY IS ONE OF THE MOST SHOCKING IN POLICE RECORDS --AND ONE OF THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL! HERE IS THE CONFIDENTIAL POLICE FILE THAT CAN NEVER BE MARKED **CLOSED** UNTIL A FATEFUL DAY IN JUNE, 1951.





OLNEY HAD GIVEN THE DRIVER THE WRONG ADDRESS TO THROW OFF PURSUERS. HE SCURRED TO HIS CHEAP ROOM ON FOURTH STREET...

SO YOU DID IT AGAIN! YOU CAN'T STOP, CAN YOU, JACK OLNEY? YOU CAN'T RESIST THE URGE TO DO THINGS THE WRONG WAY!... MY HEAD! STILL BOTHERS ME!



KNOCK! KNOCK!



DETECTIVE BECKER! YOU CAUGHT UP WITH ME AGAIN! YEEOOOWW, MY HAND!



YEAH, IT WASN'T TOUGH. A THUG DROPPED A HEADACHE TABLET IN A ROBBED CAB--THE SAME BRAND A DRUG-STORE HOLDUP MAN BOUGHT A HALF HOUR AGO!

WHEN I THINK OF HEADACHES, I NATURALLY THINK OF YOU, OLNEY! VERY SIMPLE!

TOO SIMPLE! I SHOULD'VE LEFT TOWN WHEN I GOT PAROLED! YOU'RE MY JINX, ALWAYS CATCHING UP TO ME. WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, PERSECUTE ME?



IT'S GOING TO GO HARD ON YOU THIS TIME! IT'LL BE YOUR SECOND STRETCH AT THE STATE PEN!

I GUESS THE WARDEN WAS RIGHT! HE SAID AN OPERATION MIGHT HAVE CURED MY BAD HABITS--AND MY HEADACHES! NOW IT'S TOO LATE!



POLICE

ONE MONTH LATER, ON AUGUST 15, WARDEN FRANCIS X. HEFFERNAN RECEIVED A VISITOR...

WARDEN, IF I AGREE TO THAT BRAIN OPERATION YOU ONCE SUGGESTED, WILL MY SENTENCE BE COMMUTED?

NO, OLNEY! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE LAST TIME! BUT IF YOU'RE ACTUALLY INTERESTED IN HELPING YOURSELF, I'LL TAKE IT UP WITH THE PRISON BOARD OF PSYCHIATRISTS!



THE FOLLOWING MONDAY, DETECTIVE BECKER JOINED THE WARDEN IN PRESENTING THE CASE BEFORE THE BOARD.

...YES, HE'S AN HABITUAL CRIMINAL, BUT HIS HISTORY REVEALS A STRANGE IRRESISTABLE URGE TO COMMIT CRIME SINCE HIS CHILDHOOD! THEN THERE ARE HIS HEADACHES--!

AHA! THEY MIGHT BE CAUSED BY A BONE PRESSURE! I SUGGEST WE EXAMINE THIS CASE FURTHER!



THUS, ON SEPTEMBER 3, VERNON COUNTY HOSPITAL SURGEONS PERFORMED AN OPERATION KNOWN AS A PREFRONTAL LOBOTOMY.

THE PATIENT IS MUMBLING!

SOMETIMES THIS TYPE OF ANAESTHETIC HAS THE SAME EFFECT AS A TRUTH SERUM! HE'S PROBABLY ADMITTING ALL HIS CRIMES AS HE RECALLS HIS MISSPENT LIFE!



AS EVENTS LATER REVEALED, JACK OLNEY DID SEE SCENES OF HIS LIFE FLASH BY.

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT IT SEEMS LIKE EVER SINCE I WAS A KID, I STARTED DOING THINGS WRONG...



"YOU SEE, AFTER DAD DIED, MA HAD TO WORK... SHE NEVER HAD MUCH TIME FOR ME."

BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE A BIRTHDAY PARTY, JACKIE! YOU'RE NOT WELL ENOUGH FROM THAT AUTO ACCIDENT YET! NOW BEHAVE YOURSELF, EAT YOUR LUNCH AND I'LL TRY TO GET HOME FROM THE FACTORY EARLY!



"IN 1926, I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, LIVING IN WEST-VILLE, I USED TO HAVE HEADACHES SEVERAL TIMES A DAY, BUT THERE WAS NOBODY TO COMPLAIN TO. MA WORKED ALL DAY. I STARTED BY STEALING SMALL STUFF JUST TO FORGET THESE PAINS IN MY HEAD."

YOU THIEVIN' BRAT! COME BACK WITH THAT MONEY! I'LL TELL YOUR OLD LADY!

SHADDUP! MY MA DON'T CARE WHAT I DO!



"BY THE TIME I WAS 14, I NO LONGER WAS A PROBLEM CHILD. NO, I WAS A FULL-FLEDGED JUVENILE DELINQUENT, HEADING UP MY OWN RAT PACK!"

NOW LISTEN, YOU GUYS! TONIGHT WE'LL HIT THE PARK, THEN SWOOP DOWN ON THE BEACH WHERE THE SAPS GO NIGHT SWIMMIN'!



GET OUT O'HERE, DON JUAN! I'M SHAKIN' YOU DOWN FOR YOUR DOUGH AND THIS BUGGY! YOU AND YOUR DAME CAN WALK BACK TO TOWN!



I GOT HIS WALLET, JACKIE! GIVE 'IM SOMETHIN' TO REMEMBER US BY!



WHEN WE GO THROUGH THE TUNNEL, I'LL KONK HIM AND YOU GRAB HIS WALLET!

OKAY! LET'S MAKE IT FAST, I'M GETTING A HEADACHE AGAIN!

TUNNEL OF LOVE



"WHEN MA DIED IN 1937, I GOT A JOB, BUT..."

OH, MY HEAD! IT FEELS LIKE IT'S BUSTIN'! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR WORKIN' SO HARD-- TEN HOURS A DAY IN A GROCERY STORE! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO MAKE MONEY FAST ON THE JOB SO I CAN GO IN BUSINESS FOR MYSELF!



"I BEGAN TO SHORT-CHANGE CUSTOMERS, THE **FAST COUNT** PUT AN EXTRA BUCK IN MY POCKET A DOZEN TIMES A DAY."

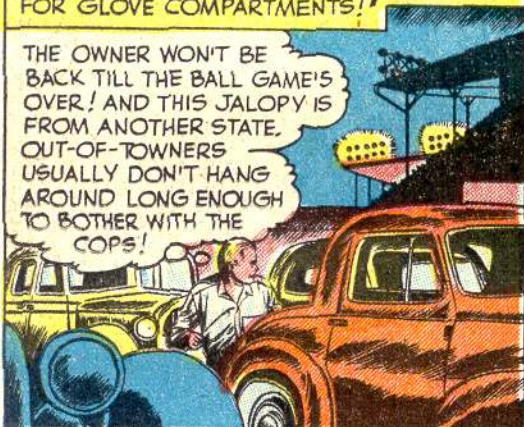
THAT WAS THREE EIGHTY OUT OF TEN. FOUR-FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT-NINE-TEN! ER, YOU WEARIN' A NEW HAT TO-DAY, MRS. SYKES? MMM, PRETTY!

WH-? OH, YES, THANK YOU!



"AT NIGHT, I DID A LITTLE CAR LOOTING, ARMED WITH A WIRE COAT-HANGER FOR WINDOW WINGS AND A BEER CAN-OPENER FOR GLOVE COMPARTMENTS!"

THE OWNER WON'T BE BACK TILL THE BALL GAME'S OVER! AND THIS JALOPY IS FROM ANOTHER STATE. OUT-OF-TOWNERS USUALLY DON'T HANG AROUND LONG ENOUGH TO BOTHER WITH THE COPS!



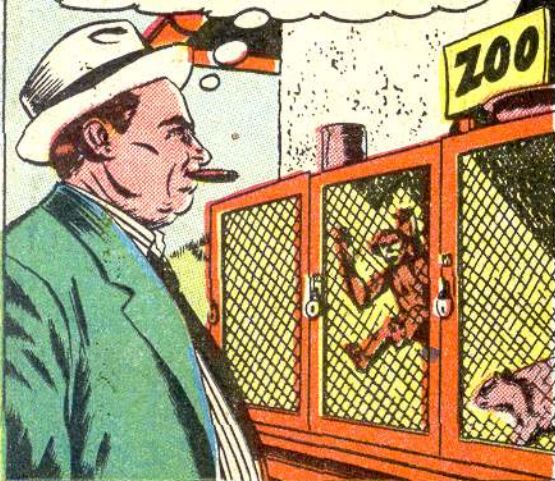
"BY 1940, I HAD ENOUGH DOUGH TO BUY A GAS STATION ON HIGHWAY 77. I HAD A SWELL CAPER WRAPPED UP IN IT--A FREE ZOO!"

A FREE ZOO, HUH? GUESS I'LL LOOK IT OVER WHILE YOU SERVICE THE CAR!

SURE, GO AHEAD, CHUM! IT'S RIGHT AROUND THE BACK!



HMMM, SO THIS IS A ZOO! WHAT'S THAT ATTENDANT TRYIN' TO HAND ME? MUST BE JUST FOR LAUGHS!



HEY, WHAT'S THE INDIAN DO--SELL BLANKETS?

NO, YOU CAN WIN 'EM FROM HIM PLAYING INDIAN DICE. ONLY THIS MORNING A CUSTOMER WON TWO OF 'EM--ONE FOR HIS WIFE AND ONE FOR HIS MOTHER, THE GAME'S THAT EASY!



"I DIDN'T TELL THE MARK THAT THE INDIAN WAS A WHITE PAL WHO MADE UP HIS OWN RULES! AFTER AN HOUR..."

HE CLEANED ME OF A HUNDRED BUCKS! I'M GONNA TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR HIDE! RUNNING A ROTTEN RACKET, BOTH OF YOU!

SIMMER DOWN, PAL! I TOLD YOU THE INDIAN DIDN'T SPEAK ENGLISH WELL!

THIS'LL KEEP YOU QUIET, YOU SOREHEAD! AND IF YOU BLAB TO THE COPS, YOU'LL GET THE SAME TREATMENT!

GAUGH!

"FOUR YEARS OF KNOCKING AROUND, PICKING UP JOBS AND RACKETS ANYTHING FOR A FAST DOLLAR--FORGERY, EMBEZZLEMENT, BUNCO, ROBBERY. MY HEADACHES SOMETIMES DROVE ME CRAZY. AND THEN THE INEVITABLE END..."

BLAM! BLAM!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? CAN ANYBODY SEE?

THEY GOT THE GUY TRAPPED WHO JUST STUCK UP THE PAYROLL SHACK!

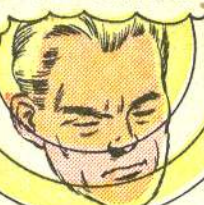
YEAH, HE GOT CAUGHT IN A DIRT SLIDE! HE'S STILL ALIVE!

STAY BACK! I'LL BLAST THE FIRST ONE WHO COMES TO GET ME!

THIS IS DETECTIVE BECKER, OLNEY! YOU'LL STAY UP THERE TILL YOU THROW DOWN YOUR GUN!

LET ME DOWN! I GIVE UP!

I WAS IN PRISON FOR FIVE YEARS... BUT IT DIDN'T HELP ME... THEY SUGGESTED AN OPERATION ON MY HEAD... BUT I REFUSED... NOW I'M OUT AGAIN... I'M FREE AGAIN... BUT MY HEAD... IT ACHES SO! I'VE GOT TO GET SOMETHING AT A DRUG-STORE TO MAKE IT STOP!



HE'S STILL MUMBLING, DOCTOR!

GIVE HIM A SEDATIVE WHEN HE AWAKENS! AFTER A FEW MONTHS REST FOR EMOTIONAL AND HABIT READJUSTMENT, WE'LL KNOW IF THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS!



ON OCTOBER 30, 1949 THE BANDAGES WERE REMOVED, AND ONE WEEK LATER...

NURSE, WHAT DOES THE DOC SAY? AM I CURED? I HAVEN'T HAD A HEADACHE IN A LONG TIME.

THEY'RE SATISFIED SO FAR, JACK! YOUR PERSONALITY IS CHANGING! YOU'RE LESS TENSE, AND YOU SHOW A GREATER WILLINGNESS TO ACCOMMODATE PEOPLE -- ALL GOOD SIGNS!



I HOPE THEY'RE RIGHT! WHEW, I GET SCARED WHEN I THINK OF MY PAST! WHEN I SAW MY WHOLE LIFE DURING THE OPERATION, IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE! BUT FROM NOW ON JACK OLNEY IS A NEW MAN! YES, SIR, I'M LIKE A KID WHO WAS JUST BORN!



BUT TWO MONTHS LATER...

MY DEAL, JACK. ER, DO YOU EVER FEEL YOU WANT TO GET BACK IN HARNESS AGAIN?

IF YOU MEAN RETURN TO THE OLD WAYS, **NO, I DON'T, HERB!**



BUT REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE! WHEN YOU'RE DIS-CHARGED FROM HERE, YOU GO BACK TO PRISON. YOU GOT A RAP COMING TO YOU.

YEAH, I KNOW. IT'S GOING TO BE YEARS, BUT I GOT SOMETHING TO COME OUT TO AND WAITING FOR ME.



DON'T BE A SAP, JACK! NO GIRL WAITS FOR A JAILBIRD! AND WHAT'LL YOU DO FOR DOUGH? JUST SLEEP ON **THAT** TONIGHT!



HMM, A JAILBIRD! A JAILBIRD!

BUT, MARY, WAIT, DON'T GO!

**NO!
NO!
NO!**

AFTER A FRETFUL NIGHT, OLNEY VISITED THE DISPENSARY NEXT MORNING...

WHAT IS IT, DOC? AM I OKAY? AM I CURED? I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I WANT TO GO STRAIGHT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? YOU'RE TENSE AND WORRIED! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND! NOW YOU MUST TAKE IT EASY, OR I CAN'T HELP YOU!

THEN ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 3, 1950 CAME THE TURNING POINT IN JACK OLNEY'S LIFE...

JACK OLNEY FINALLY BROKE AND THREW IN WITH US! WE'RE A CINCH NOW!

BUT CAN A GUY WITH TWO HOLES DRILLED IN HIS HEAD BE TRUSTED?

WHY NOT? HE'S STILL A CROOK AT HEART!

OKAY, THEN WE'RE ALL SET FOR NINE O'CLOCK TONIGHT! I ALREADY LINED UP A FENCE WHO'LL HANDLE TH' RADIUM!

THAT NIGHT, ACCORDING TO PLANS...

11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

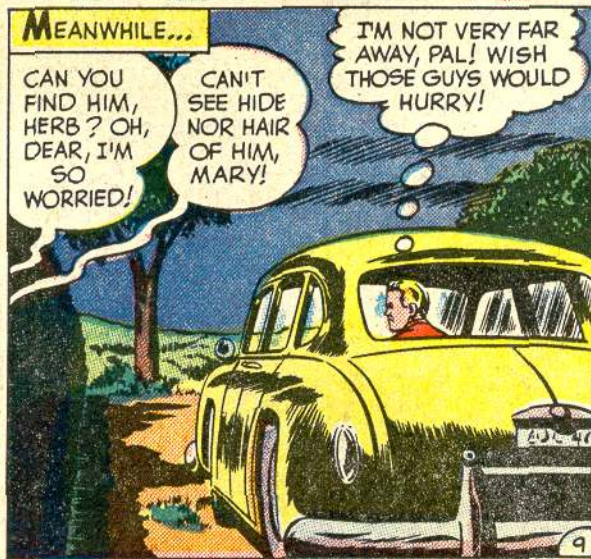
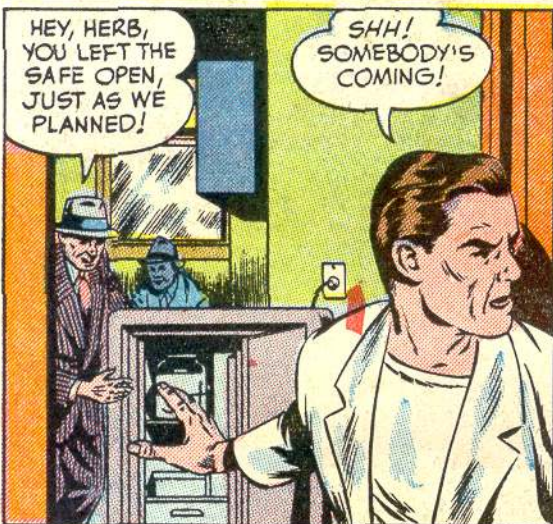
JACK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF YOUR ROOM?

MY HEAD! IT'S SPLITTING! CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!

HE'S GONE CRAZY! GET THE ATTENDANT! HE'S IN THE LAB!

OH, DON'T LET JACK GET AWAY-- PLEASE!

8





MAGIC GOP

Lieut. Estes

LIEUT. LEE ALLEN ESTES, OF THE KENTUCKY STATE POLICE, IS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER AS THE "SAFETY FIRST MAGICIAN." WITH HIS FAMOUS MAGIC ACT, HE HOLDS THE ATTENTION OF KIDS OF ALL AGES AND TEACHES THEM SAFETY RULES.

TEN YEARS AGO, ESTES WITNESSED THE TRAGIC DEATH OF A BOY WHO FAILED TO REMEMBER THE SIMPLE RULES OF SAFETY. HE DECIDED TO USE HIS TALENTS TO TEACH THE RULES.



HOW'S YOUR TRAFFIC JOB, WILLIE?

WOW! I SAW A KID TODAY WITH MORE WOOD IN HIS HEAD THAN I'VE GOT. HE CROSSED AGAINST A RED LIGHT!

ESTES AND WILLIE TALK, HIS WOODEN-HEADED STOOGES, HAVE CARRIED THE MESSAGE OF SAFETY TO OVER 1,000,000 KIDS!



LIEUT. ESTES HAS PRESENTED HIS SHOW IN MANY STATES. RECENTLY, HE WAS CALLED ON TO PERFORM AT OUR NATION'S CAPITOL.

AS SOON AS WE GET THE GREEN LIGHT, MY ASSISTANT, PAGEBOY CHARLIE, WILL ABSOLUTELY DISAPPEAR!

I STAY PUT UNTIL THE GREEN LIGHT GOES ON.



THE INTERNATIONAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAGICIANS SAY HE'S ONE OF THE BEST. A SWELL GOP DOING A SWELL JOB!

THE END

Dear Dad,
Won't you make this a
Columbia Christmas, please? *

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SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR SUPERB MOTOBIKE



WHAT FINER CHRISTMAS PRESENT could a fellow have, than this grand new Columbia-Built bike — the handsomest, flashiest bicycle of the century! It sports the new, low supersonic lines, extra dazzling chrome and sparkling new enamel finishes like the latest cars! Look at the New Tank with racy, tapering airflow trim and chrome channel strip . . . New Floating-Action Spring Fork, finished in bright chrome and enamel . . . New Super Carrier with tubular brace rods and electric tail light, automatic stop light and reflectors . . . New Front Wheel Expansion Brake in addition to Coaster Brake . . . Protecto-Lock with one year theft protection guarantee . . . New Saddle with chrome springs and Crash Rail . . . New Full Length Full Protection Chain Guard with Airflow trim to match tank . . . New All Chrome Streamliner Headlight with lock top and rocket fins . . . New Therm-O-Matic Frame with Built-In Kick Stand. Whatta Bike! And it's "Guaranteed as long as you own it".

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(Fill in below and we'll send a big color catalog and letter telling your folks why a shiny, new Columbia-Built bike is the swellest present Santa Claus could bring to you!)

My Name _____ Age _____

My Father's Name _____

Address _____

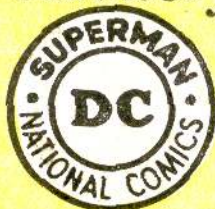
Look for nearest Columbia-Built dealer in the yellow pages of your Telephone Directory, or write us for his name.



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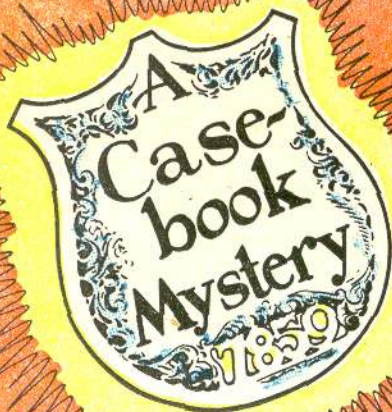
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"THE CASE OF THE ATTIC RAGS!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

DEEP IN A NORTHWESTERN LUMBER FOREST, FOUR MEN PASSED THEIR LONELY HOURS PLAYING POKER...

YEOW!-- YOU WIN WITH A FULL HOUSE! GUESS WITH TWO BROKEN LEGS, YOU JUST GOT TOO MUCH TIME FOR POKER PRACTICE, JEB!

WHAT D'YOU MEAN, PRACTICE? YOU MEN JUST AREN'T LUCKY, THAT'S ALL! WANT TO MAKE IT DOUBLE OR NOTHING FOR WHAT YOU OWE ME, WALTER?

I OWE YOU \$4,000, MY YEAR'S PAY NOW, JEB! I'M WASHED UP!

TAKE IT EASY, WALTER! IT'S JUST A CARD GAME, AND YOU'VE HAD A LONG STREAK OF BAD LUCK -- JUST LIKE THE REST OF US!

LEAVE ME ALONE! I'VE GOT SOME STUDYING TO DO FOR MY SCHOOL COURSES! I'LL BE A FOREST RANGER YET!



TO WALTER, THE LOSS OF MONEY MEANT A YEAR'S POSTPONE-MENT OF HIS MARRIAGE...

I'M SORRY I GAMBLED AWAY THE MONEY, DEAR. WE MAY HAVE TO WAIT A YEAR UNTIL I CAN EARN ENOUGH -- UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO PUT MY HANDS ON SOME FAST!

HEY, FELLAS--WHAT DO YOU SAY WE CLEAN OUT THIS ATTIC NEXT SUNDAY? SMELLS LIKE A MACHINE SHOP UP HERE! BESIDES THESE OILY RAGS ARE DANGEROUS!



A PHRASE DROPPED BY CHANCE FOUND FERTILE SOIL IN WALTER'S BRAIN...

OILY RAGS!--A FIRE COULD BREAK OUT BECAUSE OF OILY RAGS! AND WITH HIS TWO BROKEN LEGS, JEB WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE! HE'D BURN TO DEATH AND I'D NEVER HAVE TO PAY HIM THAT \$4,000!



NEXT DAY...

I'M GOING TO SEE IF THERE ARE SOME BIG TREES OVER YONDER! IT'S TOO MUDDY HERE TO GET MUCH OF A SWING!

IT SURE IS! I'M STARTING TO FEEL IT COMING THROUGH MY SOCKS!

IT'S A SHORT-CUT THIS WAY TO THE CABIN! WITH LUCK, I'LL BE BACK IN SEVEN MINUTES! AND I'VE GOT A FEELING MY LUCK'S CHANGING FROM TODAY ON!

UNSEEN BY JEB, WALTER CARRIED A LADDER FROM THE BARN AND PLACED IT BELOW THE ATTIC WINDOW...

MY LUCKY DAY, ALL RIGHT! THE SUN'S SHINING RIGHT ON THOSE OILY RAGS! AND WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY MAGNIFYING GLASS--

THERE! IT CAUGHT FIRE! AND WHO WOULDN'T THINK IT DIDN'T BREAK OUT BY ITSELF? SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION, THEY'LL CALL IT! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW I STARTED IT WITH THIS GLASS!

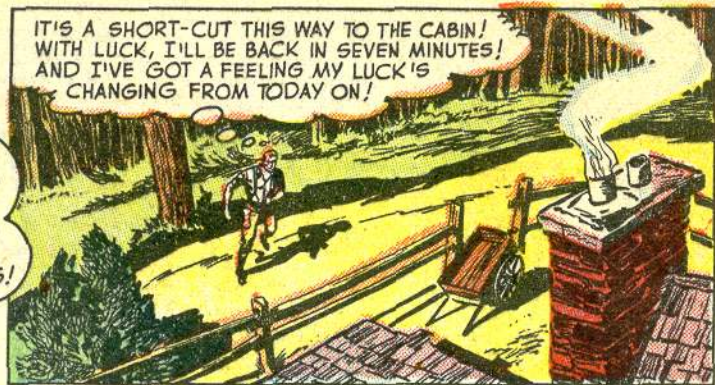
IT'S A VERY SMALL FIRE AND IT'LL TAKE TIME BEFORE IT SPREADS. I'LL BE BACK WITH THE BOYS IN THE FOREST BEFORE IT'S ANY SIZE AT ALL!

SOME TIME LATER...

HEY, LOOK! SMOKE! RECKON IT'S COMING FROM THE CABIN?

YEAH! LOOKS LIKE IT! MUST BE A FIRE! BUT JEB COULDN'T MOVE TO LIGHT THE STOVE!

LET'S GET GOING! MAYBE JEB'S IN DANGER!



BY THE TIME THE MEN REACHED THE CABIN, OR WHAT REMAINED OF IT, A FOREST RANGER WAS ALREADY THERE...



HOLY COW!
JEB--!

JEB'S DONE
FOR! -- HE
COULDN'T
SURVIVE
THAT BLAZE!

YOU MEAN THERE WAS
A MAN INSIDE? ANY
OF YOU HAVE AN IDEA
HOW THIS FIRE COULD'VE
STARTED?



THERE WERE
SOME OILY
RAGS IN THE
ATTIC! IT MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
SPONTANEOUS
COMBUSTION!

AND JEB COULDN'T
MOVE TO SAVE HIM-
SELF! HIS TWO
LEGS WERE BROKEN.
IF WE'D ONLY CLEANED
OUT THOSE RAGS
LAST NIGHT WHEN
I THOUGHT OF
IT, WALTER!

HMM-M--THE
ATTIC WINDOW
DIDN'T HAVE
A WINDOW-
PANE, DID
IT?



NO, IT WAS OPEN!
BUT I GUESS THAT
WOULD HAVE LET
THAT MUCH MORE
AIR IN TO HELP
THE FIRE ALONG!

BUT SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION
DOESN'T BREAK OUT SO EASILY
IN A WELL-VENTILATED PLACE!
SUPPOSE SOMEONE
STARTED THE FIRE
UP THERE -- IS
THERE A LADDER
AROUND HERE?

SURE--
RIGHT IN THE
BARN!



SAY, IF YOU'RE
TRYING TO PIN
THIS FIRE ON
ONE OF US,
YOU'RE CRAZY!
WE'VE BEEN
BUDDIES FOR
YEARS!

THERE'S SOME FRESH MUD ON
THIS LADDER! SO YOU WERE
ALL IN THE WOODS TOGETHER
WHEN THE FIRE BROKE OUT, EH?
HOW ABOUT SHOWING ME THE
SOLES OF YOUR SHOES?

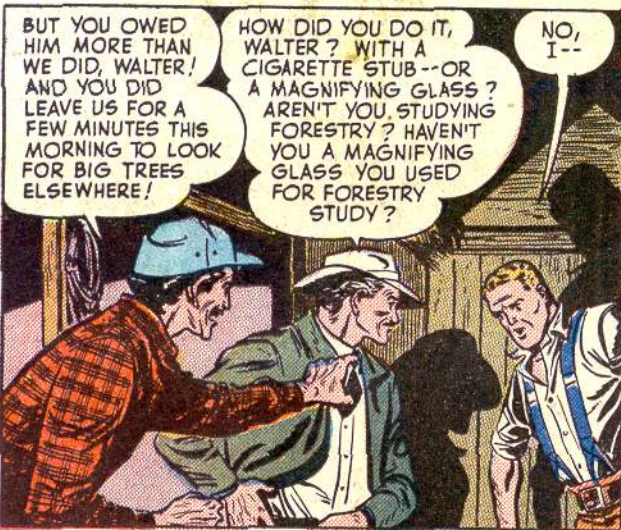
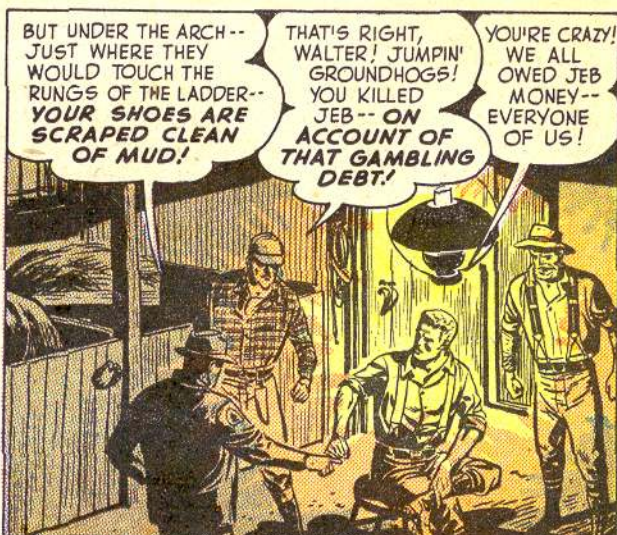


THIS FIRE WAS NO ACCIDENT!
IT WAS **MURDER**!
AND ONE OF YOU IS
THE GUILTY MAN!

HUH?

HE CAN'T SCARE ME!
WE'VE ALL GOT
MUD ON OUR
SHOES!

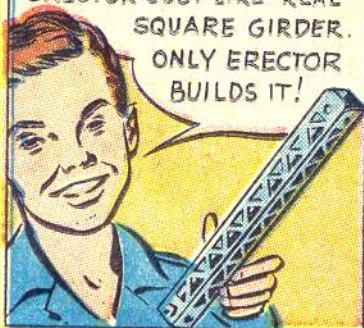
WHAT DO YOU SAY, READER? WHAT DID THE FOREST RANGER NOTICE THAT MADE HIM SURE OF THE GUILTY MAN? EXAMINE ALL THE CLUES ON THE PRECEDING PAGES AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE TELL-TALE EVIDENCE WHICH CONVINCED HIM!





HERE'S FUN! BUILD THIS ERECTOR AMUSEMENT PARK

SEE THIS? IT'S THE FAMOUS ERECTOR JUST-LIKE-REAL SQUARE GIRDER. ONLY ERECTOR BUILDS IT!



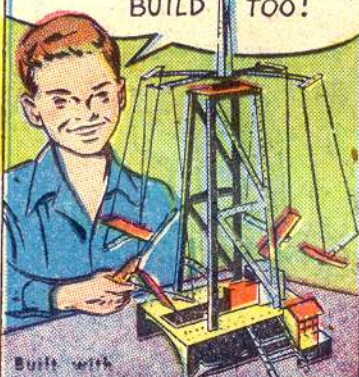
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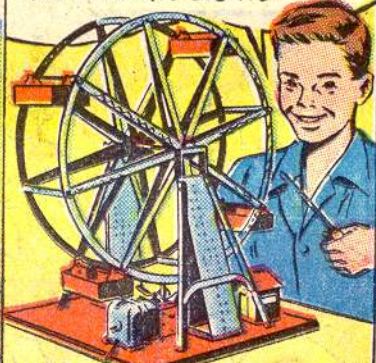


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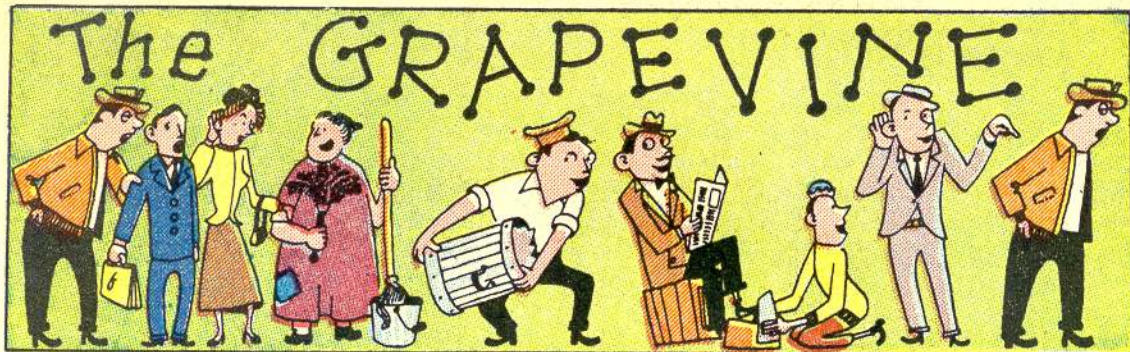
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POLITE POLICE

In England, 800 policemen have been formed into a special group, assigned to warn erring motorists. This mobile force nabs speedsters, road-hogs, reckless drivers and other violators of the law. Instead of handing them tickets, the police deliver a prepared speech on the grave consequences that might result from accidents. To further impress the motorist, they present him with a card, which reads:

You have just had your attention drawn to conduct which might have proved dangerous either to yourself or to other people on the road.

Casualties arising from similar incidents are taking place in large numbers on the roads every day.

The police are doing all they can to reduce these accidents, but safety primarily depends on each individual road-user.

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP YOU!

PERFECT TARGET

The mayor of a large New England city, known for his fierce desire to race after fire engines and police cars en route to scenes of disaster, recently figured in a scene that more or less dampened his enthusiasm. Police had cornered several desperadoes in a building, and were engaged in a bitter duel when His Honor drove up to the scene. He wanted to know where the thugs were hidden.

No sooner did he stand up behind a group of crouching officers than a burst of Tommy-gun fire crackled from the barricaded building. One of the policemen grabbed him by the arm and pulled him down. "You fool! You're a perfect target! Get down!" he cried.

The officer fretted over his sharp admonition. Admittedly, this was no way to speak to

the Mayor. His fears were dispelled some minutes later when His Honor turned to leave.

He put out his hand to shake the patrolman's and said, with a smile, "Goodbye, officer. That's the way to talk to civilians who insist on interfering and only make dangerous nuisances of themselves!"



MEET THE B-MAN

One of the guardians of our safety who basks in little glory is the B-Man (Bug Man), an inspector of the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine. Standing a watch of 24 hours a day at all ports of entry, his function is to stop the import of parasites and pests which might destroy our crops, and thus cause wholesale famine in our land. Usually, disease-ridden fruit is brought in innocently. It is these which demand unusual alertness.

For instance, one man recently brought in some Irish potatoes, rolled up in old magazines. Another smuggled in some apples, hidden in the toes of several pairs of shoes packed in his trunk. Infested with parasitic bugs, both loads were destroyed.

Recently, a planter returned from South America with samples of a new cotton seed. Inspection revealed that they were ridden with larvae of boll weevils. If the planter had succeeded in escaping the eye of the vigilant agent, all cotton production in this country would have been seriously damaged.

"Owls," as travelers bearing contraband are called by the B-Men, go to considerable lengths

to fool inspectors. They smuggle in their goods in candy boxes, clothes, flower bulbs, even children's dolls. One woman returning from Mexico was suspected when she reeked of oranges. An agent ordered her to rise and leave the train. When she protested, the inspector pulled her to her feet. From her full skirt dropped a bag of illicit oranges.

PERFECT QUESTION

The motorcycle policeman darted out of the side road, where he had sat in watchful waiting, and gave chase to the coupe speeding down the highway. Bug-eyed, he saw it cross over the white line into the path of oncoming traffic; then it skittered back, frightening other motorists. It creased the fender of a passing car; dashed by a sign which ordered drivers to slow down because of a dangerous intersection, then disappeared—on the wrong side of the road—around a curve.

When the officer caught up with it, he waved the driver to the side of the road. "Where's your license?" he finally managed to blurt out after he dismounted and approached the woman behind the wheel.

"My license?" she asked, "Why, goodness gracious, officer, who would be silly enough to give a driver like me a license?"



CRIME FOR CASH

One of the greatest robberies on record was the armored truck stickup which occurred at the Rubel Ice Plant in Brooklyn, N. Y. Precisely at noon, on August, 21, 1934, seven hold-up men helped themselves to 24 bags of cash, totaling \$430,000 in small bills, then made good their escape in a couple of cars which whisked them to a waiting motorboat at Gravesend Bay, manned by a confederate.

Not a single dollar was ever recovered. Four years later, after sufficient evidence had been

accumulated to try the robbers, one had disappeared, three had died, two were serving sentences for other crimes. Of the eight thieves involved, only two were convicted for the Rubel crime.

REEL TO REAL LIFE

In Widnes, England, the manager of the Plaza Theatre recently was called on for a bit of business above and beyond the call of duty. When the movie, "Knock on Any Door," starring Humphrey Bogart, arrived minus the last reel, he ran off the picture as far as it went. Then he mounted the stage and explained to the audience what had happened.

"However," he added, "I saw the film and know what happens. So, with your kind indulgence, I will finish it for you." He played Bogart's part, the role of a lawyer, asking clemency of a jury for his client.

The audience accepted the substitution enthusiastically. His efforts were greeted with prolonged applause. The manager's vision of a repeat performance was dissipated, however, when the missing reel arrived next day.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

ST. PAUL, Minn.: Thieves stole 300 frogs valued at \$20.

BUFFALO, N. Y.: Forty-four bowling balls, with finger holes not yet drilled, were reported missing from a truck.

NASHVILLE, Tenn.: A lifeterm convict was permitted to travel to Texas to hear a symphony orchestra play a cantata he had composed.

WAUPUN, Wis.: A convict staged a 14-hour sitdown strike atop a 50-foot water tower, climbed down when the temperature dipped. After being fed, he was sent to the hospital for psychiatric examination.

NEW YORK CITY: A new use has been found for old telephone directories. They are being used to reinforce armor plate in the walls of armored trucks.

VANCOUVER, B. C.: A woman telephoned police, demanded they quiet neighbors' children for fear they might cause her dog to suffer a nervous breakdown.

*They're a million miles
ahead of everything!*

THE NEW 1950

LIONEL TRAINS

with **MAGNE-TRACTION**



**MORE
SPEED**

**MORE
PULL**

**MORE
CLIMB**

**MORE
CONTROL**

*ALL and ONLY
LIONEL TRAINS
HAVE MAGNE-TRACTION*

Whistling
Station
—automatic
or remote
control!

SEE THESE LIONEL FEATURES!

- Real smoke—clean, white, harmless, realistic!
- Built-in, two-tone, remote-control Whistle!
- Real R.R. remote-control Knuckle Couplers!
- Steel Wheels. Die-cast trucks. Built to last!

Diesel-Type Operating
Coal Loader



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OFFER**

Only LIONEL TRAINS, with Magne-Traction can take terrific curves at top speed. Only LIONEL Locomotives, with Magne-Traction, can climb a 20% grade...pull twice as many cars twice as fast...stop on a dime...start instantly on command! Magical Magne-Traction is a LIONEL exclusive...like so many other features that make LIONEL TRAINS the finest in the world...for 50 years! Ask your dealer for the latest Lionel Catalog—or mail coupon for special offer.

LIONEL TRAINS, Post Office Box 453
Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York

1 enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train Catalog offer postage prepaid.

1. The Big New Lionel 44-page full-color catalog
2. The "Magic of Magne-Traction Book" with new track layouts, scenic effects, landscaping, etc.
3. The Lionel "Portfolio of 19th Century Locomotive Art Prints"—in color—suitable for framing.

Name

Address

City.....Zone.....State.....

**ALL FOR
25¢**



HONESTY!

Erwin Spence
16

GOD BLESS YOU, SON!

ERWIN, A CLERK IN A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE, FOUND AN ENVELOPE CONTAINING \$2,840. HE TURNED IT IN TO THE POLICE.

WE HAVE A POSITION OF TRUST FOR YOU, SON

SHORTLY AFTER, MRS. ELIZABETH WIDER WAS FOUND EXHAUSTED IN THE SNOW, BABBLING ABOUT LOSING HER LIFE'S SAVINGS.

ERWIN GOT A REWARD OF \$130, AND HIS BOSS GAVE HIM A BETTER JOB!

HONEST BOY!

A HOLLYWOOD FILM DIRECTOR ON THE WAY HOME FROM HIS OFFICE LOST A BRIEF CASE CONTAINING \$1,252 AND IMPORTANT FILM SCRIPTS.

Jimmy Nash

IT WAS FOUND BY JIMMY NASH, 14, A LAD OF POOR PARENTS WHO COULD HAVE USED THE MONEY. INSTEAD, JIMMY CALLED THE OWNER WHO GAVE HIM \$350!

JIMMY ALSO HAS A JOB IN ANY FILM HIS PAL DIRECTS!

AN HONEST MAN ALWAYS HAS A GREAT FUTURE, JIMMY!

Joan Leroy

JOAN LEROY, 14, A MIAMI, FLA., SCHOOLGIRL, FOUND A SACHEL WHICH HELD ALMOST \$10,000.

JOAN AND HER MOTHER NEEDED MONEY BADLY BUT SHE RETURNED IT TO THE OWNER. HONESTY PAID OFF, THE OWNER GAVE JOAN A NEW OUTFIT AND A FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK WITH \$400 TO SPEND!

NEW YORK DRESS SHOPS, HERE I COME!

NEW YORK

ADVERTISEMENT

The Day's Best Bite!

Not a bite all mornin'... and Neddy Nestle's yawnin'...

He munches Crunch! Oh Brother, One Good Bite Brought Another!

RICH, CREAMY, CRUNCHY GOODNESS...

NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH MILK CHOCOLATE

MADE BY PETER CALLENDER, SWISS CHOCOLATES CO. INC., FULTON, N.Y.

THE FAVORITE OF MILLIONS!

The LONE WOLF of CRIME!



TOMMY ANSELMO'S THE NAME-- DETECTIVE FIRST-CLASS. YOU MAY HAVE READ ABOUT ME IN THE NEWSPAPERS, DURING THE SPRING OF '50, AFTER I TRACKED DOWN ONE OF THE STRANGEST CRIMINALS IN THE DEPARTMENT'S HISTORY. HE WAS A MODERN JEKYL AND HYDE CHARACTER, WHO OPERATED NEAR CICERO, ILLINOIS. OF COURSE, YOU ALL REMEMBER CICERO--THE CITY OUTSIDE CHICAGO, MADE NOTORIOUS, MANY YEARS AGO BY AL CAPONE AND HIS MOBSTERS. WELL, THIS KILLER NEVER NEEDED HENCHMEN... SINGLE-HANDED, HE BAFFLED THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT. HE LIKED TO PLAY A SOLO HAND. AND THAT'S WHY I WAS DETACHED FROM ORDINARY SERVICE TO TRACK DOWN THE CRIMINAL WE TAGGED

THE LONE WOLF OF CRIME!



"MY INTRODUCTION TO THE **LONE WOLF** CAME ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 3, 1950! OUTSIDE, IT WAS RAINING PITCHFORKS... AND I WAS KILLING TIME AT THE 16TH PRECINCT STATION, IN CHICAGO..."

SOME CREEPS JUST KNOCKED OVER A FILLING STATION ON CICERO AVENUE! BETTER GET OUT THERE, TOMMY!



"BUT THAT FIRST STICK-UP WAS ONLY AN EYE-OPENER, BECAUSE FIVE MINUTES LATER, AT CICERO AND GOVE ST..."

MAKE LIKE I'M A TAX COLLECTOR, BUD... AND NO FUNNY STUFF!



"AND AT 8:53--AT CICERO AVENUE AND THE BLUE ISLAND BY-PASS..."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, BUD!



"IT WASN'T MUCH TO HERALD THE START OF A CRIME WAVE--A ONE-MAN STICK-UP IN A FILLING STATION, AND I WAS PLENTY SORE ABOUT IT..."

DETECTIVE TOMMY ANSELMO ON A NIGHT TOO WET FOR DUCKS... PLAYING TAG WITH A TWO-BIT HOOD! BAH! I SHOULD'VE STAYED IN THE DRY-WASH BUSINESS!



"STILL LATER-- I EVEN REMEMBER THE EXACT TIME, 8:45--AT CICERO AND PRAIRIE ROAD..."

YOU'VE GOT MY MONEY... WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?

TURN AROUND... YOU'LL FIND OUT!



"BY MORNING, EVERY PAPER IN CHICAGO WAS SCREAMING ITS HEAD OFF..."



"IMMEDIATELY, THE DEPARTMENT ROUNDED UP KNOWN HOODS AND SUSPECTS FROM EVERY PART OF THE UNDERWORLD--BUT WITH NO LUCK..."

I TELL YA I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT THEM FILLIN' STATION STICK-UPS!

ANOTHER BLANK, ANSELMO! THOSE JOBS HAD PERFECT TIMING AND HANDLING --BUT NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT THEM!



"YES, SOMETHING LIKE THAT--BY NIGHT, A RUTHLESS STICK-UP AND KILLER..."



"FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, WE HEARD NOTHING MORE ABOUT OUR KILLER! THEN, AT 9:03--ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 8--WE GOT AN URGENT PHONE CALL..."

IT'S SERGEANT HENLEIN, OF THE COTTAGE GROVE POLICE STATION! HE'S BEEN HIT WITH THREE GAS STATION ROBBERIES IN THE LAST HALF HOUR...WANTS TO KNOW IF THERE MIGHT BE A TIE-IN!

HMM...COTTAGE GROVE IS A GOOD 12 MILES FROM HERE...ASK HIM IF IT'S RAINING OVER THERE!



"LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE..."

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBILITY LEFT, CHIEF! I FIGURE WE'VE GOT A **LONE WOLF CASE** ON OUR HANDS! NO ORGANIZATION BEHIND HIM... NO CRIMINAL TIE-UPS...

YOU COULD BE RIGHT, ANSELMO... SOMETHING LIKE THE REKKER CASE IN DETROIT!



"AND BY DAY, A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN AND FAMILY MAN!"

HELLO, DEAR... DID YOU HAVE A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE?

CAN I HAVE A COWBOY GUN, PAPA? CAN I?

I'LL GET YOU A PONY, SON! BUT I'LL NEVER HAVE A GUN IN MY HOUSE!



WHAT? YOU SAY IT IS RAINING? ONE-MAN JOBS? BLACK MASKS? ALL THREE VICTIMS KNOCKED COLD WITH A GUN BARREL?

SOUNDS LIKE THE SAME MAN, ALL RIGHT!



"WELL, SINCE MY FIRST HUNCH WAS SO ACCURATE, THE CHIEF DECIDED TO RELIEVE ME OF ALL OTHER DUTIES, AND PUT ME ON THIS JOB EXCLUSIVELY..."

ANSELMO, YOU PUT YOUR FINGERS ON THE KILLER'S MAIN CALLING CARD -- **RAIN!** SO FROM NOW ON, THE **LONE WOLF CASE** IS YOURS TO THE FINISH!

YES, SIR... I'LL GET RIGHT TO WORK!



"AND SO BEGAN A LONG CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME -- TOMMY ANSELMO VS. THE **LONE WOLF OF CRIME** -- WITH **DEATH** AWAITING THE FIRST MAN WHO SLIPPED!"



"INCIDENT UPON INCIDENT KEPT PILING UP, PROVING WHAT A CRUEL, DECEITFUL MURDERER THE **LONE WOLF** WAS -- LIKE ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 17, AT A GAS STATION ON HEDZIE ROAD..."

SO YOU WON'T TURN AROUND... A TOUGH GUY, EH? WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT...



"AS WE WERE ABLE AFTERWARDS TO RECONSTRUCT IT AT HEADQUARTERS, HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED NEXT..."

IF THE DUMB-BUN HAD PLAYED BALL, I WOULDN'T HAVE HURT HIM -- MUCH!



"AND WHEN HE PULLED UP, JUST AROUND THE CORNER..."

NOW TO TURN MY REVERSIBLE RAINCOAT INSIDE OUT, SLIP THIS MASK BACK UNDER MY HAT BAND, AND RETURN TO THAT FILLING STATION FOR A LITTLE FUN!



"BY THE TIME I ARRIVED, THE DISGUISED **LONE WOLF** WAS BACK AGAIN -- AND YOU'D NEVER GUESS WHAT HE WAS DOING..."

LET'S ALL KICK IN, FELLOWS! I'M TAKING UP A COLLECTION -- FOR THIS POOR MAN'S WIDOW!... IF WE HAD A DECENT POLICE DEPARTMENT IN THIS TOWN, THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED!



"AND WHO DID HE PUT IN CHARGE OF HIS COLLECTION? YOU GUESSED IT--ME, LITTLE OLD TOMMY ANSELMO..."

YOU LOOK LIKE AN HONEST MAN, BUD! TAKE CARE OF THIS MONEY, WILL YOU? MY CARD'S IN THE HAT, IN CASE THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO!



"YOU'LL REMEMBER FROM NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS AT THE TIME--HE ACTUALLY DID OPERATE A REAL-ESTATE BUSINESS..."

YES, I REMEMBER... YOU WANTED A QUOTATION ON THAT CICERO AVENUE PROPERTY... I CAN GIVE YOU AN APPOINTMENT, AT 3... WE'LL TALK IT OVER THEN...



"NOT EVEN HIS WIFE HAD ANY SUSPICION OF THE DOUBLE LIFE HE LED..."

DEAR, I THINK YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME MORE WITH BOBBY AND ME?

DON'T WORRY, LAURA... ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL RETIRE TO CALIFORNIA! THAT'S WHY I PUT IN SO MUCH TIME AT THE OFFICE... SO THAT WE CAN LIVE IN COMFORT LATER!



"HE SURE SEEMED LIKE A NICE MAN--AND HIS BUSINESS CARD WAS CERTAINLY CONVINCING ENOUGH..."



"YOU SEE...IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT HE MADE A GOOD LIVING, HE WAS GREEDY AND WANTED TO ACCUMULATE A LOT OF MONEY AS FAST AS HE COULD..."

HA, HA... THIS BUSINESS MAKES A FINE FRONT! GIVES ME LEGITIMATE REASON TO MOVE AROUND AND CASE MY STICK-UPS! NOW, IF IT RAINS TONIGHT, I'M ALL SET FOR THOSE 3 PLACES OUT IN SKOKIE!..



"AND AS TIME RIDDLED ALONG..."

THESE RED SPOTS INDICATE THE LONE WOLF'S ACTIVITIES! HE HITS 3 OR 4 PLACES AT A WHACK--ALWAYS ON A RAINY NIGHT, WHEN THERE'S A MINIMUM OF TRAFFIC!

AND ALWAYS ABOUT 10 MILES AWAY FROM THE PLACE HE HIT BEFORE! MAN, HE'S KEPT ME JUMPING!



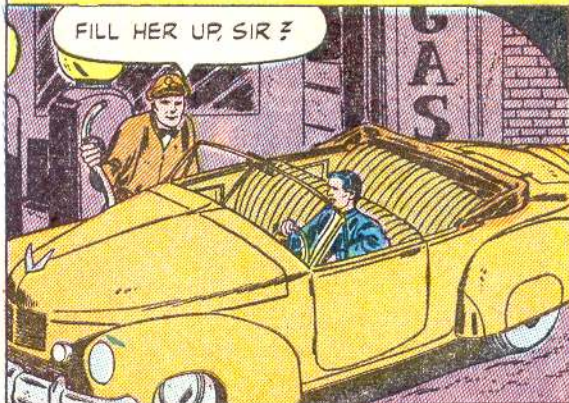
WELL, IT'S TIME WE CHANGED OUR TACTICS. WE'LL QUIT TRYING TO GO TO HIM ... FROM NOW ON, WE'LL LET HIM COME TO US! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO OPERATE A GAS STATION, MY BOY?

YOU MEAN, ONE ON A LONESOME INTERSECTION, WHERE'S THERE'S GOOD GET-AWAY AND GOOD "TAKE" IN THE TILL? IT SOUNDS, CHIEF!



"IT NEVER CAME OUT IN THE PAPERS, BUT I CAN MENTION IT NOW-- ON JUNE 8, DETECTIVE TOMMY ANSELMO, BECAME NIGHT NOZZLE-NURSE AT A GAS STATION ON CICERO AVENUE AND THE ELGIN CUT-OFF..."

FILL HER UP, SIR?



"EVER STOP TO THINK HOW MUCH TIME PEOPLE SPEND JUST WAITING? IT'S THE SAME ON A MANHUNT... TIME NEVER WENT SO SLOWLY FOR ME--AND EVERY RAINY NIGHT..."

"BUT NOTHING EVER HAPPENED--NOT TO ME! OTHER PLACES AROUND TOWN WERE STILL GETTING IT THOUGH..."

YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE AN INDIANA MAP?

THIS COULD BE IT, BROTHER...



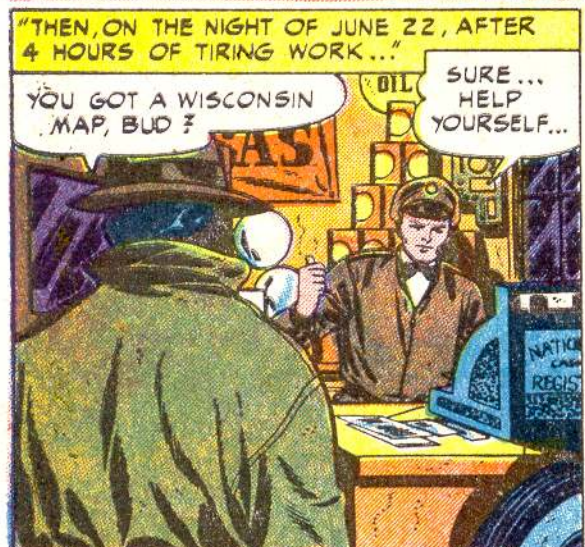
I'LL SOON BE RUNNING OUT OF PINS--RUNNING OUT OF A JOB, TOO, IF WE DON'T NAB THIS LONE WOLF. EEL PRETTY SOON!



"THEN, ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 22, AFTER 4 HOURS OF TIRING WORK..."

YOU GOT A WISCONSIN MAP, BUD?

SURE... HELP YOURSELF...



THAT'S EXACTLY MY INTENTION-- TO HELP MYSELF! THIS IS A STICK-UP-- IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED!



"THE MINUTE I'D BEEN WAITING FOR--AND I WAS CAUGHT OFF GUARD! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, EVEN FOR COPS... SO MANY GUYS TRUDGED IN AND OUT OF SO MANY STORMS, THAT I'D GOTTEN CARELESS..."

FEED OUT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT, BUD!

SURE, SURE... TAKE IT EASY... DON'T GET EXCITED---



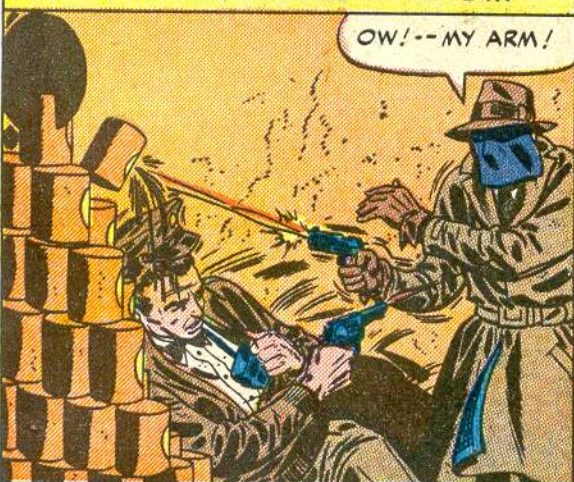
NOW TURN AROUND, TAKE A DEEP BREATH AND LISTEN FOR THE BIRDIES' SONG!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, BROTHER! I ONLY WORK HERE...WHAT'S IT TO ME?



"AND THAT'S WHEN I MADE MY MOVE..."

OW!--MY ARM!



"BUT..."

THAT SNEAK SHOT OF MINE HAS PUT ME BACK INTO THE CROOK-CATCHING BUSINESS...OIL! I CAN'T SEE!



BLAST THE LUCK! OIL IN MY EYES--CAN'T SEE TO SHOOT STRAIGHT!



"SO THE LONE WOLF STRUCK AND GOT AWAY AGAIN... THAT MUCH YOU MIGHT HAVE READ IN THE PAPERS! BUT HERE'S AN ITEM THAT'S NEVER BEEN RELEASED UNTIL NOW..."

HMM! HE RIPPED HIS COAT POCKET ON THE DOOR HANDLE--AND LOST THIS CARD...



AMOS P. HARMON! HE'S THE GUY WHO TOOK UP THAT COLLECTION! CAN HE AND THE **LONE WOLF** BE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON? IF NOT, WHAT'S THEIR CONNECTION? I'D BETTER TAKE A RUN OUT TO HARMON'S HOUSE, PRONTO!



"MEANWHILE, AS WE LATER RECONSTRUCTED IT, HARMON HAD DRIVEN STRAIGHT TO HIS HOME, WHERE..."

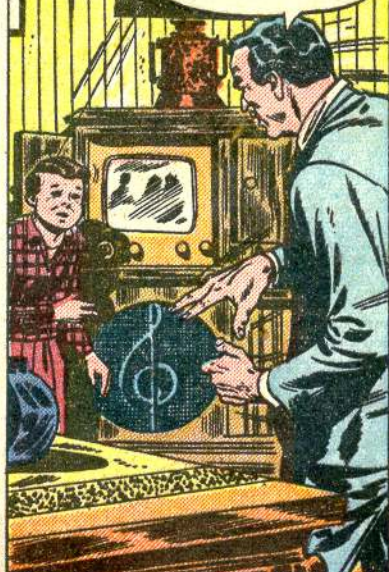
DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER?.. WHERE'S YOUR COAT?.. WHY, YOU'RE HURT!
IT'S NOTHING, LAURA... SLIGHT AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT! MY COAT AND HAT WERE RUINED... I PUT THEM IN THE INCINERATOR!



DADDY, LOOK... IT'S A NEW BROADCAST, AND THEY'RE ACTING OUT HOW THE **LONE WOLF** HELD UP ANOTHER GAS STATION...

WHAT?!

TURN THAT THING OFF BEFORE I SMASH IT!



POOR AMOS... YOU SOUND REAL UPSET TONIGHT!
HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU! I WANT OUR CHILD RAISED GENTLY... NO NOISE, NO VIOLENCE-- WAIT A MINUTE-- WHAT'S THE BOY SAYING?



DADDY, WHY ARE THOSE POLKEMEN OUTSIDE WATCHING OUR HOUSE?

COP S! HOW DID THEY--?



LOOKS LIKE YOU DID WING HIM, ANSELMO! HE'S DRIPPED BLOOD ON THE WALK HERE!

"AND WHEN WE RAPPED ON HIS DOOR..."

MR. HARMON? WHY-- WHY, YES, HE'S HERE... OH DEAR, WHAT'S THAT NOISE? IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING BREAKING IN THE BATHROOM!



"IT WAS SOMETHING BREAKING IN THE BATHROOM ALL RIGHT..."

ER... I SHUT THE CABINET DOOR TOO HARD / THE GLASS BROKE... I'VE CUT MY ARM -- QUITE BADLY, I'M AFRAID!

HMM...?



AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?



YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME CLEAN, HARMON. THIS CHART, PREPARED AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS, SHOWS THE LOCATIONS OF EVERY ONE OF YOUR CRIMINAL OPERATIONS! WE'VE SECURED WITNESSES WHO ARE PREPARED TO SWEAR...

NO...NO-- IT CAN'T BE!



BUT, DADDY, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU HAD AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT, AND YOU...

SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO, BOY! LAURA, TAKE HIM OFF TO BED!

YES, YES... COME, SONNY... YOUR FATHER'S VERY DISTURBED TONIGHT...



"WELL, WHAT *COULD* HE DO FOR US... OR, WHAT *COULD WE* DO TO HIM? HE HAD HIS WIFE SO BUFFALOED, SHE CLAIMED HE'D BEEN HOME WITH HER ALL NIGHT! SO THE NEXT MORNING..."

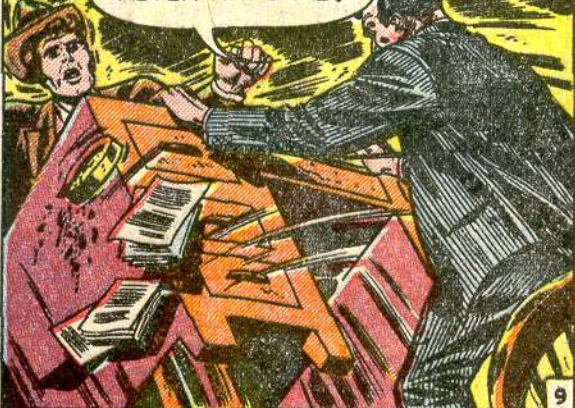
WELL, WELL -- MR. ANSELMO, ISN'T IT? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE INTERESTED IN REAL ESTATE!

NO, HARMON... BUT I HOPE TO INTEREST YOU IN A REAL ESTATE CHART OF MY OWN!



"OF COURSE, I WAS BLUFFING ABOUT THE WITNESSES -- BUT HE FELL FOR IT..."

YOU COPS WILL NEVER TAKE ME!

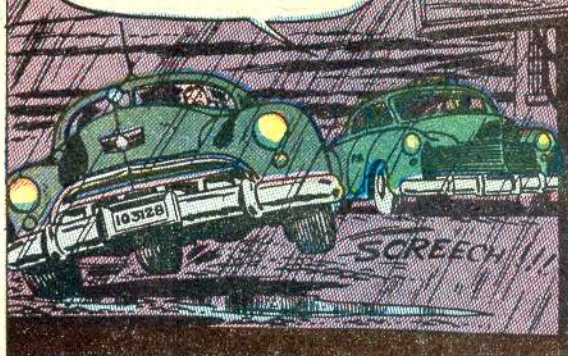


THIS IS THE END OF THE LONE WOLF'S TRAIL-- OR THE END OF MINE!

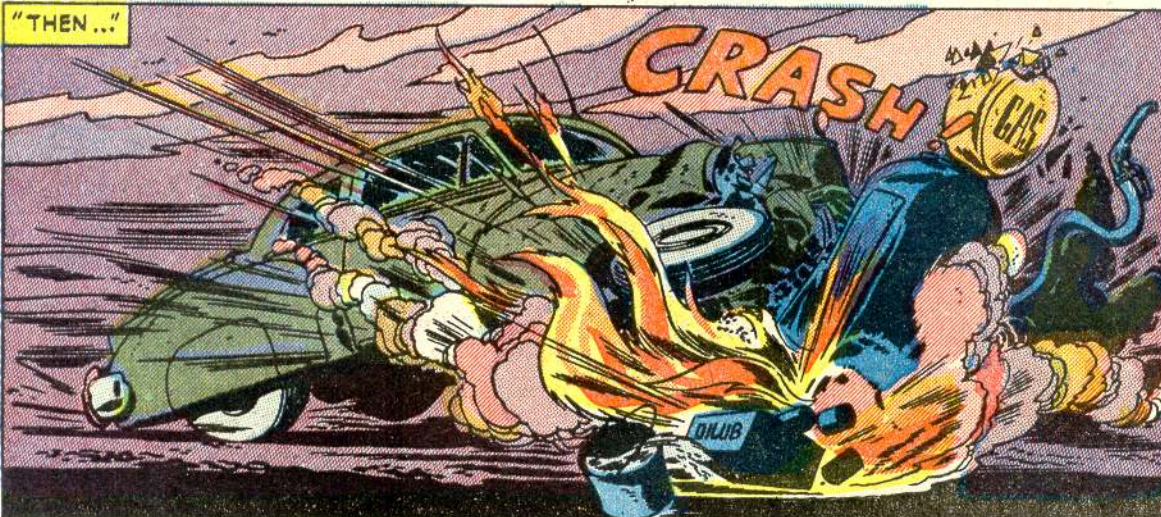


"HOPPING INTO MY AUTO, I STARTED CROWDING HIM TOWARD THE SIDEWALK! SUDDENLY, AS WE REACHED A CORNER..."

OW-WW, I CAN'T LOOK! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT AT THAT CRAZY SPEED!



"THEN..."



"TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION, THEY SAY-- AND I GUESS THIS PROVED IT..."

THE LONE WOLF'S NOTEBOOK-- WHERE HE LISTED HIS INTENDED VICTIMS! AND THIS VERY GAS STATION WAS THE NEXT PLACE ON HIS LIST!



"THAT NIGHT, AS I DROVE HOME..."

FILL HER UP, BROTHER!

GOSH! THIS RAIN AND ALL... FOR A MINUTE, YOU HAD ME WORRIED! I KEEP FORGETTING-- THE COPS KNOCKED OFF THE LONE WOLF, DIDN'T THEY? YEAH, WE WON'T BE WORRYING ABOUT HIM ANYMORE!



Hey
kids!

Get this exciting book of dog-training secrets

now revealed by

RINGLING BROS AND BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS!

Karlis Petersons, world-famous dog trainer with Ringling Bros Circus, tells you how to teach your own dog some of the breath-taking tricks his circus dogs perform. Petersons has astounded huge audiences on every continent in the world with his amazing dog acts!



GET THIS AMAZING BOOK "31 TRICKS FOR YOUR DOG!"

Brand new! You've never seen anything like it before! This new 24-page illustrated book contains 31 exciting tricks like somersaulting in the air... walking on front legs... jumping over hurdles! Every boy and girl who owns a dog needs this book. Ringling Bros' world-famous dog trainer says, "You can learn to train dogs quick-

ly just by following the simple instructions in this book. You'll learn how to have more fun with your dog, too!" Yes, kids, this is a great opportunity for you to teach clever tricks to your dog. You'll be the envy of all your friends! So don't delay! Send for your copy of this wonderful book now!

You can't buy this book in stores. Only Dash has it.
Send for your copy today!

Here's how to get this
great dog-training book NOW!

Just send 10 cents and one label from Dash to DASH DOG FOOD, Dept. N, Box 7400, Chicago 77, Illinois. Or use the order blank at right. Send for your copy today! Dash is extra good for your dog—it's fortified with liver, the richest of all meats. So get Dash at your grocer's now!



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Please send my copy of "31 Tricks For Your Dog." I enclose 10 cents and 1 label from Dash Dog Food.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

HURRY! Offer for limited time only!

SEND FOR YOUR COPY TODAY!

YOUR UNITED NATIONS AT WORK

A Story from the Files of the World Health Organization

EGYPT, 1947... IN THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF HEALTH...

CHOLERA!
ANOTHER EPIDEMIC
HAS BROKEN OUT!

WE MUST ACT
QUICKLY! ALL OUT-
GOING PLANES MUST
BE STOPPED AT
ONCE TO PREVENT
THE SPREAD TO
OTHER COUNTRIES!

SWIFTLY, DOCTORS AND HEALTH WORKERS WERE
MOBILIZED FOR THE BATTLE AGAINST THE DREAD
KILLER! BUT...

WE CAN DISINFECT HOMES AND
DESTROY THE BREEDING PLACES OF
FLIES CARRYING THE GERM-- BUT
WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH VACCINE TO
INOCULATE OUR 19,000,000
PEOPLE!

THERE'S
ONLY ONE
HOPE!

AND SOON, AT THE GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS' WORLD
HEALTH ORGANIZATION, FORMED ONE YEAR BEFORE...

MESSAGES ARE BEING
SENT OUT TO OUR
MEMBER NATIONS FOR
HELP TO EGYPT! I FEEL
CONFIDENT THAT OUR APPEAL
WILL BE SUCCESSFUL!

I HOPE SO! EIGHT
OUT OF TEN VICTIMS
DIED IN EGYPT'S
LAST CHOLERA
EPIDEMIC!

IN THE DAYS AND WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED,
PLANES FROM THE U.S., BRAZIL, CHINA,
ITALY, HOLLAND, THE USSR AND MANY
OTHERS WINGED TOWARD EGYPT-- AN
AIR CARAVAN OF MERCY CARRYING
TONS OF VACCINE, HYPODERMIC NEEDLES,
DRUGS AND OTHER WEAPONS TO
CONQUER THE DEADLY DISEASE!

FOR SIX WEEKS THE EPIDEMIC RAGED, UNTIL FINALLY...

WE'VE WON! IT'S UNDER
CONTROL! OVER 15,000,000
PEOPLE HAVE BEEN INOCULATED!

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE HAVE
DIED-- BUT MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SAVED BY QUICK INTER-
NATIONAL TEAMWORK... THANKS
TO THE WORLD HEALTH
ORGANIZATION!

THIS IS YOUR UNITED
NATIONS AT WORK! WHEN
YOU CELEBRATE UN DAY
ON OCTOBER 24, BE PROUD
YOUR COUNTRY IS A
MEMBER NATION. THROUGH
THE UN, OUR NATION IS
WORKING WITH OTHER
NATIONS FOR BETTER
HEALTH AND HAPPINESS
FOR PEOPLE THE WORLD
OVER!

THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH
LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

2 NEW DAISY

TARGET OUTFITS
READY
FOR Christmas!



Get

The Famous DAISY 1000-SHOT

RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

Licensed by
Stephen Slesinger,
N. Y.

Be a cowboy sharpshooter! Own and shoot this husky RED RYDER CARBINE! It looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. Yours for only \$4.95! OR BETTER STILL... buy Daisy's great Target Set—get all this: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BBS; SHOOTING & SCOPE MANUAL. Target R-I-N-G-S when "bull" is hit. COMPLETE SET in big carton, \$7.50.

NEW AMAZING 2-WAY TARGET SET

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