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NO. 21  
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52  
BIG  
PAGES

10c

# GANG BUSTERS

*In this issue:*  
HOW THE LAW  
TRACKED DOWN  
THE MYSTERY MAN  
BEHIND...

**"THE  
ICE SHOW  
GANG!"**



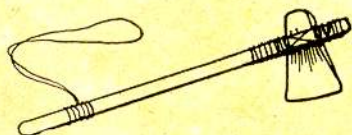
**YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!**



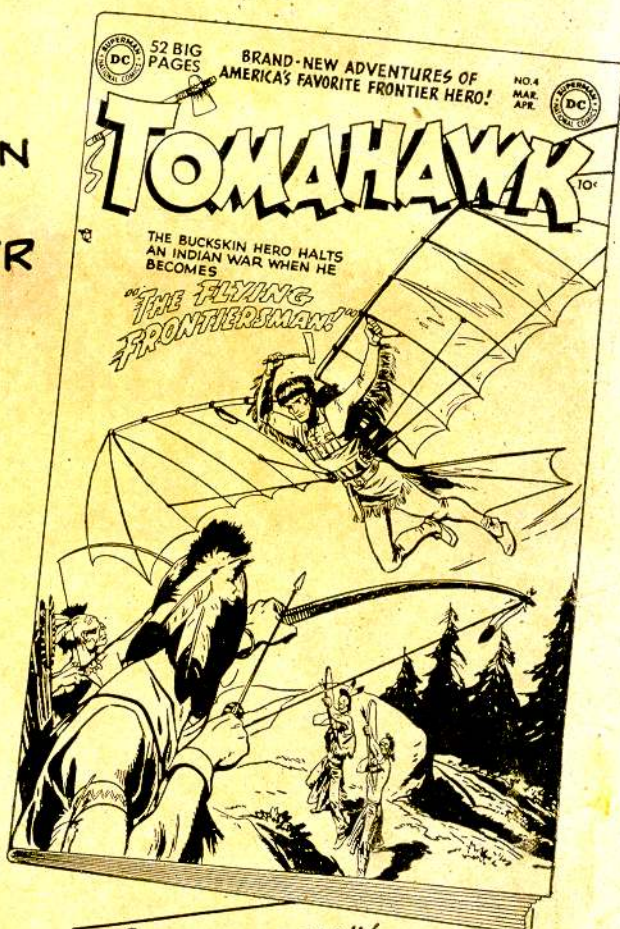


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WITH  
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INDIAN WAR,  
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# "The ICE SHOW GANG"

**C**RIME HAS FLOURISHED BEHIND MANY PHONEY FRONTS. BEHIND THE GUISE OF LEGITIMATE ENTERPRISE, ROTTEN RACKETEERS HAVE FLOURISHED... UNTIL THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW SMASHED THROUGH THESE BOGUS BUSINESSES. OF THESE RACKETS, ONE OF THE MOST BIZARRE WAS OPERATED BY HENRY FENWICK. HE WAS AS SHARP AS A SKATE-- BUT IN THE END, IT WAS PRECISELY THAT WHICH LED TO HIS DOWNFALL!











# GANG BUSTERS



MEANWHILE, JIM LANDAU DID SOME INVESTIGATION AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SURE, YOU'VE GOT A CONVINCING STORY, LANDAU, AND YOU MAY BE RIGHT. BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF THAT LAST NIGHT'S THREE ROBBERIES WERE DONE BY THE SAME GANG!



DETECTIVE BUREAU

ACCORDING TO OUR REPORTS, MRS. DAVIES' BEDROOM WAS RANSACKED WHILE THE FAMILY WAS OUT FOR THE EVENING...



"AND THE BENJAMIN FULTONS WERE STUCK UP IN THEIR OWN GARAGE AFTER ATTENDING A SHOW."



QUIT LEANIN' ON THE HORN, WISE GUY!

OKAY, LADY, I'LL TAKE YOUR FANCY SPARKLERS!

THE THIRD VICTIM, MRS. KLEIN, THINKS HER NECKLACE WAS LIFTED WHILE SHE WAS AT THE ICE SHOW! BUT SHE'S NOT SURE!

A COMPLETE BUST, EH? WELL, THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION, LIEUTENANT. I HOPE MY PARTNER, GRACE, IS HAVING BETTER LUCK!



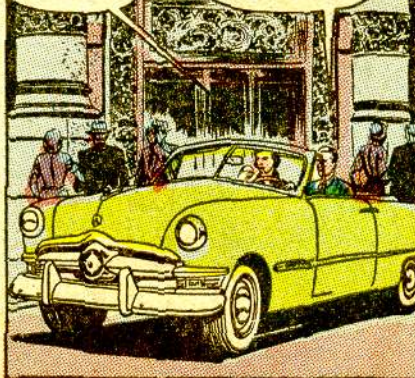
LATER THAT SAME DAY, JIM AND GRACE COMPARED NOTES AND CAME UP WITH A STARTLING CONCLUSION...

COINCIDENCE OR NOT, JIM, WHENEVER FENWICK'S ICE SHOW PLAYS A TOWN, A RASH OF GEM THEFTS BREAKS OUT!



MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, GRACE!

I LEARNED THE SHOW'S NEXT STOP IN ITS TOUR IS HANFORD.



HANFORD? WE'LL VISIT IT AND SEE WHAT WE CAN DIG UP. ER... INCIDENTALLY CAN YOU SKATE?

SKATE? I WON THE AMATEUR FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP BACK HOME! BUT IF YOU THINK I'M...!

RELAX! FROM HERE ON OUT, YOU'RE DOING THE LEG WORK!





ON AUG. 15TH, GRACE DUVALL WAS AMONG SEVERAL CANDIDATES AUDITIONING FOR A SPOT IN "THE ICE SCANDALS OF 1950," THEN PLAYING A ONE-WEEK ENGAGEMENT IN HANFORD.



NOW LET'S SEE--TO MEET BASIC REQUIREMENTS, PROSPECTIVE LINE GIRLS MUST BE COMELY AND WELL-PROPORTIONED, STAND BETWEEN FIVE-FOUR AND FIVE-SIX AND NOT BE OLDER THAN 22. ALL YOU GIRLS HAVE QUALIFIED SO FAR!

MMMMM, BUT I HAD TO LOP OFF THREE YEARS FROM MY AGE!

NOW, GIRLS, I WANT EACH OF YOU TO DO A FEW FIGURE EIGHTS ON BOTH INSIDE AND OUTSIDE EDGES OF YOUR BLADES. THEN FREE-SKATE AROUND THE RINK AND SHOW ME YOUR STYLE!



GOOD GIRL, GRACE! SHE'S GOT TO MAKE THE GRADE! WE NEED SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE IF WE'RE GOING TO PROVE THERE'S A LINK BETWEEN FENWICK AND THOSE JEWEL ROBBERIES!

THUS, GRACE PERFORMED A SERIES OF FANCY TRICKS AND TURNS...



YOUR EDGES ARE GOOD, MISS DUVALL, BUT YOU NEED PRACTICE IN POISE AND GRACE. YOU'RE HIRED AS A SUBSTITUTE LINE SKATER. WORK HARD--AND YOU'LL WIN A "D" RATING AND A RAISE!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH!



BUT I'M ONLY WAITING FOR MY GIRL FRIEND!

MISTER FENWICK DON'T ALLOW NO RUBBERNECKS IN THE ARENA BETWEEN SHOWS! GO ON, SCRAM!





**PRESENTLY...** JIM, I MADE IT! I'M A SUBSTITUTE! I START REHEARSING TOMORROW!

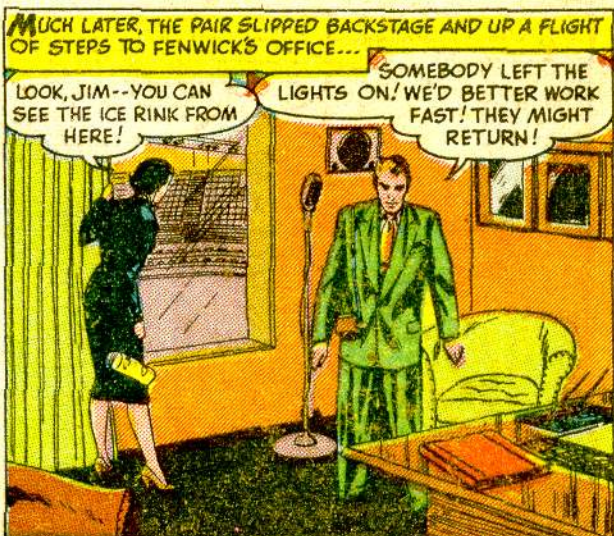
QUIET! YOU START REHEARSING TONIGHT--TO BE A SECOND-STORY WORKER!



**MUCH LATER, THE PAIR SLIPPED BACKSTAGE AND UP A FLIGHT OF STEPS TO FENWICK'S OFFICE...**

LOOK, JIM--YOU CAN SEE THE ICE RINK FROM HERE!

SOMEBODY LEFT THE LIGHTS ON! WE'D BETTER WORK FAST! THEY MIGHT RETURN!



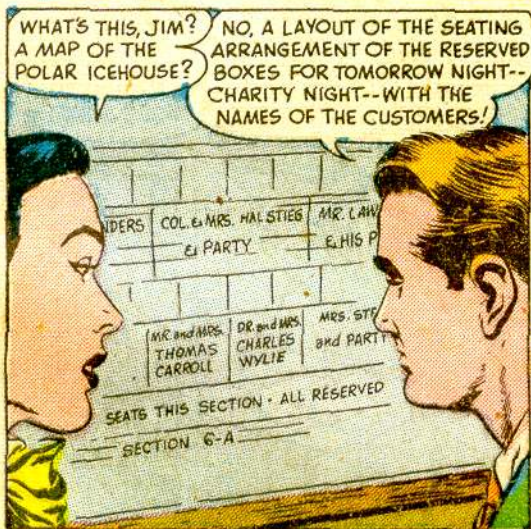
WHAT'S THIS, JIM? A MAP OF THE POLAR ICEHOUSE?

NO, A LAYOUT OF THE SEATING ARRANGEMENT OF THE RESERVED BOXES FOR TOMORROW NIGHT--CHARITY NIGHT--WITH THE NAMES OF THE CUSTOMERS!

COL. & MRS. HALSTIEG	MR. LAW
EL PARTY	EL HIS P
MR. and MRS. THOMAS CARROLL	DR. and MRS. CHARLES WYLIE
MRS. ST	and PART

SEATS THIS SECTION - ALL RESERVED

SECTION G-A



I'LL TAKE A PICTURE OF **THIS** WITH MY MINIATURE CAMERA. SOME OF THOSE SOCIETY FOLK WITH RESERVED SEATS HAVE THEIR ROCKS INSURED WITH OUR COMPANIES!

MAKE IT FAST! I HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING!




WHAT A LUCKY BREAK! THIS FIRE-ESCAPE LEADS TO THE ALLEY WHERE I PARKED OUR CAR!

IF ANY OF THE SPECTATORS LOSE THEIR JEWELS TOMORROW NIGHT, WE'LL KNOW FENWICK AND HIS PALS USE THE ICE SHOW AS A **FRONT!**



THE BOYS WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, MISTER FENWICK!

HEY, SLUGGER--THAT SMELL! **IT'S PERFUME!**







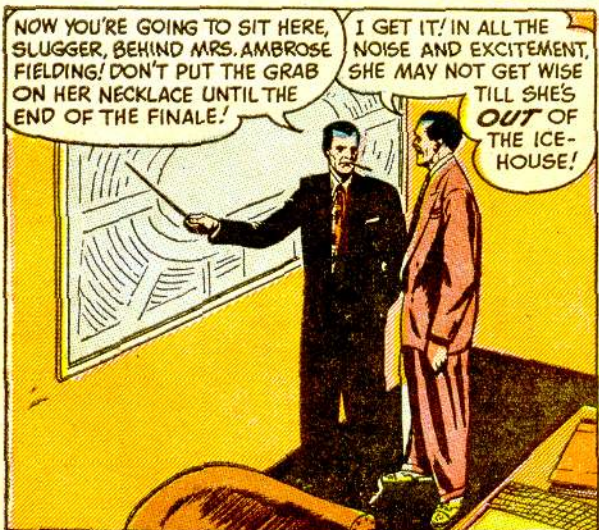
SOME **DAME** MUST'VE BEEN HERE! BUT NOthings DISTURBED!

MMM, A CAR-- AND ITS DRIVEN BY THE GUY I TOSSED OUT OF THE RINK TONIGHT! LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THE NEW LINE GALS WITH HIM!



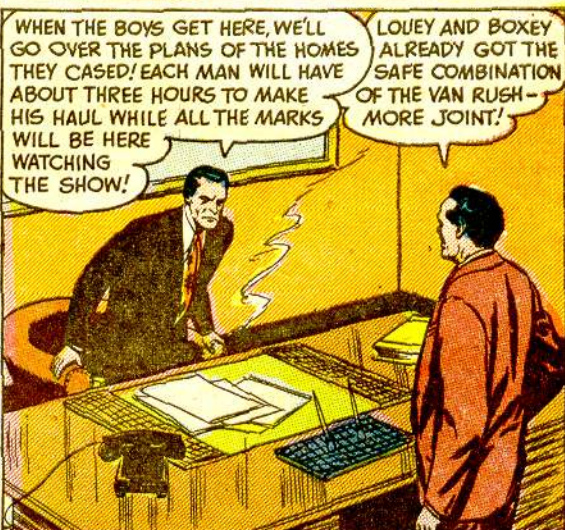
WONDER IF THEY WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND UP HERE?

MAYBE! MAYBE THE GIRL IS A PLANT. KEEP AN EYE ON HER TOMORROW! WE CAN'T AFFORD A MISTAKE AT THIS STAGE OF THE GAME!



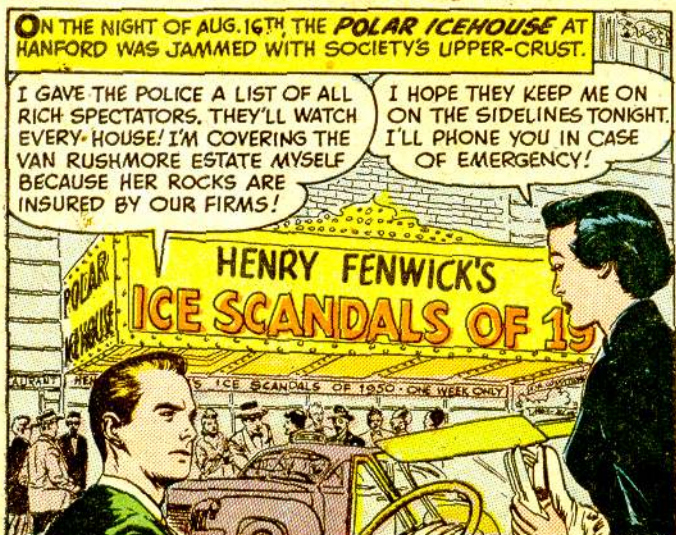
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO SIT HERE, SLUGGER, BEHIND MRS. AMBROSE FIELDING! DON'T PUT THE GRAB ON HER NECKLACE UNTIL THE END OF THE FINALE!

I GET IT! IN ALL THE NOISE AND EXCITEMENT, SHE MAY NOT GET WISE TILL SHE'S **OUT OF THE ICE-HOUSE!**



WHEN THE BOYS GET HERE, WE'LL GO OVER THE PLANS OF THE HOMES THEY CASED! EACH MAN WILL HAVE ABOUT THREE HOURS TO MAKE HIS HAUL WHILE ALL THE MARKS WILL BE HERE WATCHING THE SHOW!

LOUEY AND BOXEY ALREADY GOT THE SAFE COMBINATION OF THE VAN RUSH-- MORE JOINT!



ON THE NIGHT OF AUG. 16TH THE **POLAR ICEHOUSE** AT HANFORD WAS JAMMED WITH SOCIETY'S UPPER-CRUST.

I GAVE THE POLICE A LIST OF ALL RICH SPECTATORS. THEY'LL WATCH EVERY HOUSE! I'M COVERING THE VAN RUSHMORE ESTATE MYSELF BECAUSE HER ROCKS ARE INSURED BY OUR FIRMS!

I HOPE THEY KEEP ME ON ON THE SIDELINES TONIGHT. I'LL PHONE YOU IN CASE OF EMERGENCY!



LUCKILY, GRACE WASN'T CALLED ON...

HMM, THE FINALE IS ALMOST OVER AND I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING UNUSUAL YET!





JUST KEEP LOOKIN AHEAD, LADY. YOU WATCH ONE SHOW, WHILE I KEEP MY EYES ON ANOTHER!



THRILLING... PERFECTLY THRILLING!

LADY, YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT! WHAT A KICK I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS, TOO!



WOW! THAT WAS THE NEATEST GEM SNATCH I'VE EVER SEEN! AND I **KNOW** THAT CHARACTER IS CONNECTED WITH THIS ICE SHOW!

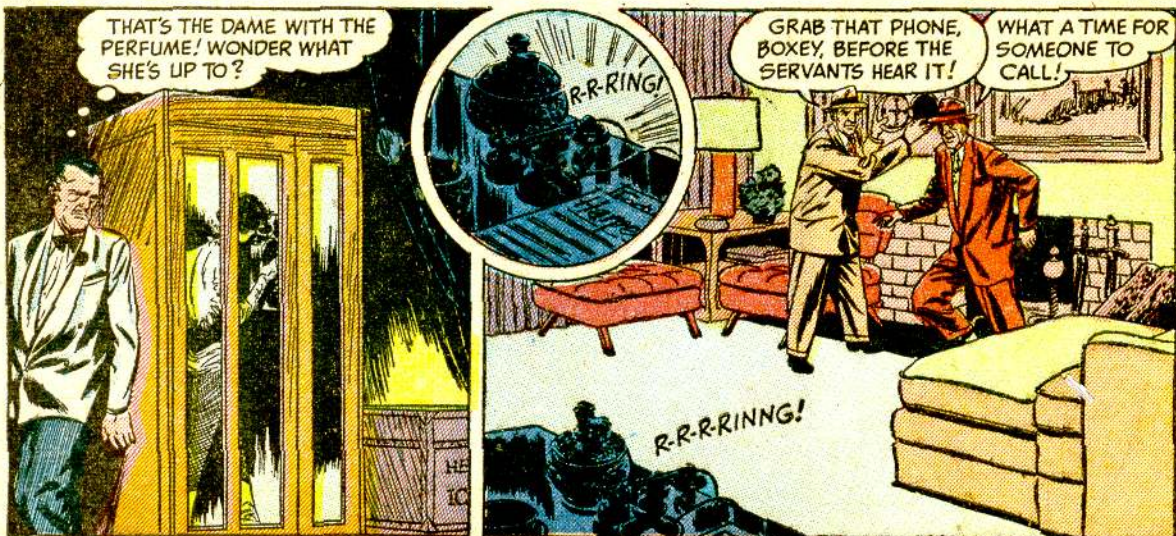


SHOW'S OVER! BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR COSTUMES, GIRLS!



I'VE GOT TO PHONE JIM... LET HIM KNOW I'VE GOT SOME **REAL** EVIDENCE NOW!

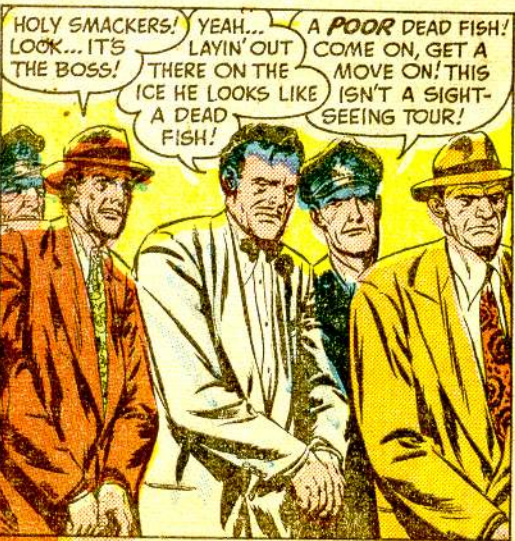
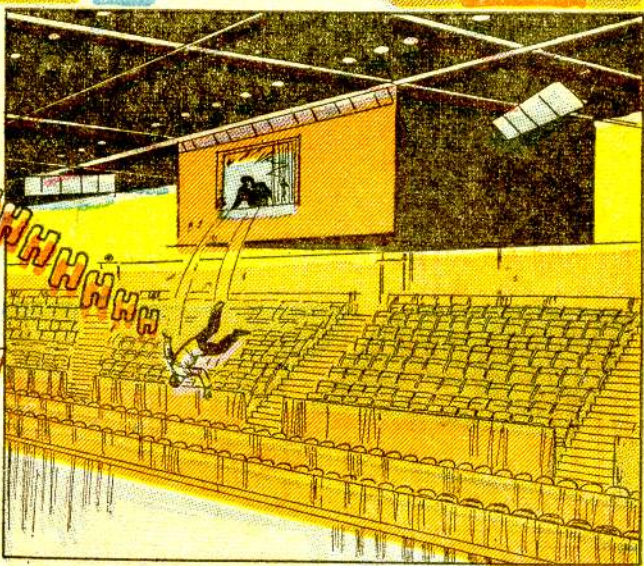












**EDITOR'S NOTE:**

ALL MEMBERS OF THE ICEHOUSE GANG--AS NEWSPAPERS NAMED THE CRIME RING--WERE TRIED AND CONVICTED ON OCT. 4TH AND GIVEN VARIED JAIL SENTENCES RANGING FROM 2 TO 8 YEARS. HENRY FENWICK WAS BURIED AT LINCOLN CEMETERY!





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the Gang!  
start  
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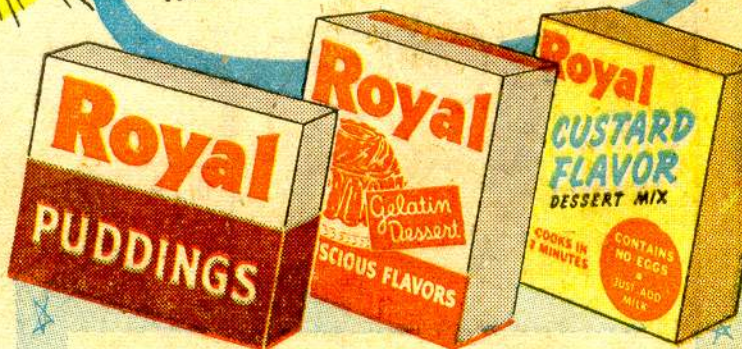
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**HERE'S ALL YOU DO**

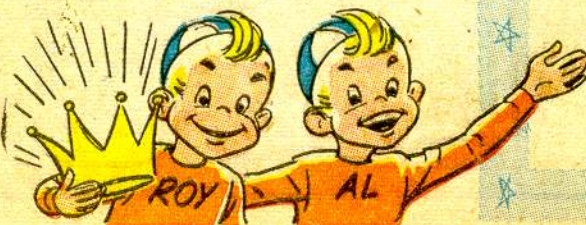
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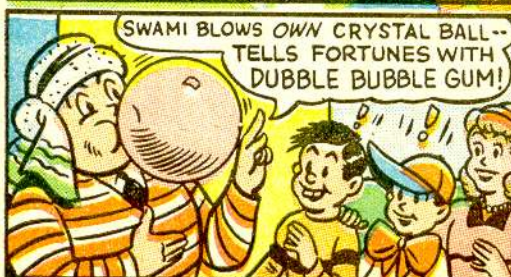
**Royal**

**DESSERTS**

ON THE PACKAGE BACKS OF ALL ROYAL PUDDINGS—  
ROYAL TAPIoca PUDDINGS — ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS—  
ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX





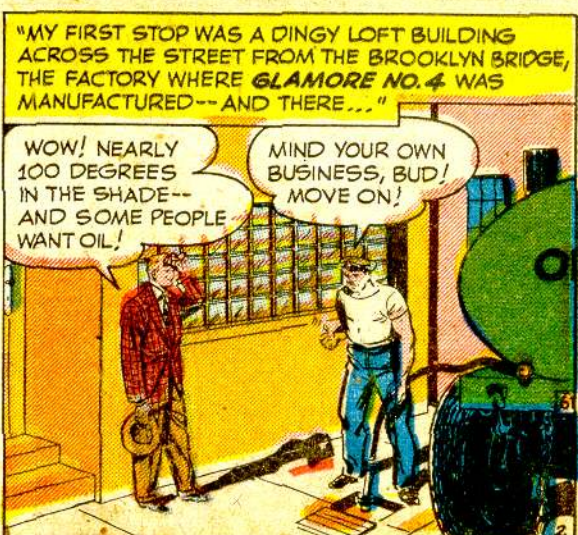
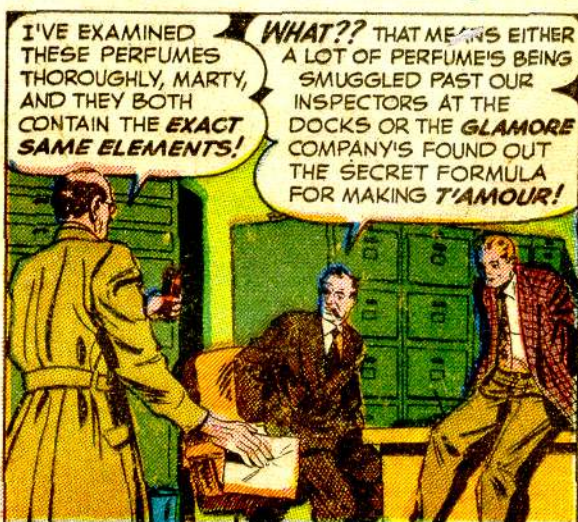
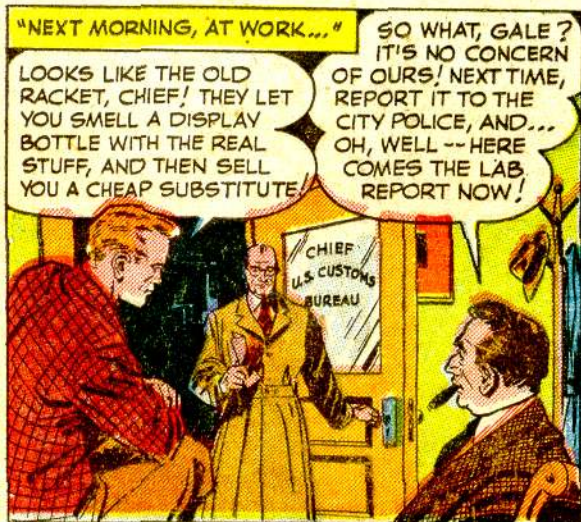




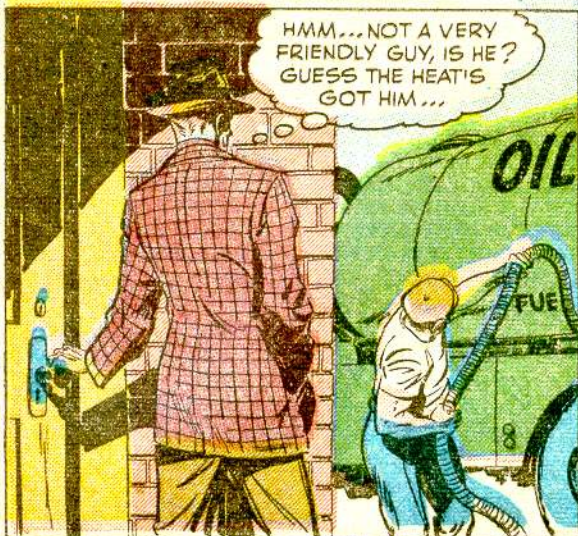
**I**T STARTED OUT LIKE ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF ROUTINE CASES WE GET EACH MONTH-- BUT IT SOON TURNED OUT TO BE AS SMOOTH A SMUGGLING GAME AS THE DEPARTMENT HAD EVER ENCOUNTERED. *PERFUME*-- A RARE, EXTRAVAGANT BLEND OF THE WORLD'S FINEST FRAGRANCES-- WAS THEIR CONTRABAND CARGO. I WAS ASSIGNED TO TRACK DOWN THIS SMUGGLING RING ~~AT~~ ITS SOURCE,... AND BEFORE MY TASK WAS COMPLETE, I FOUND MYSELF IN THE MIDST OF ONE OF THE MOST CUNNING PLOTS IN THE HISTORY OF INTERNATIONAL CRIME!

GO ON...THERE  
MUST BE A  
DIFFERENCE!









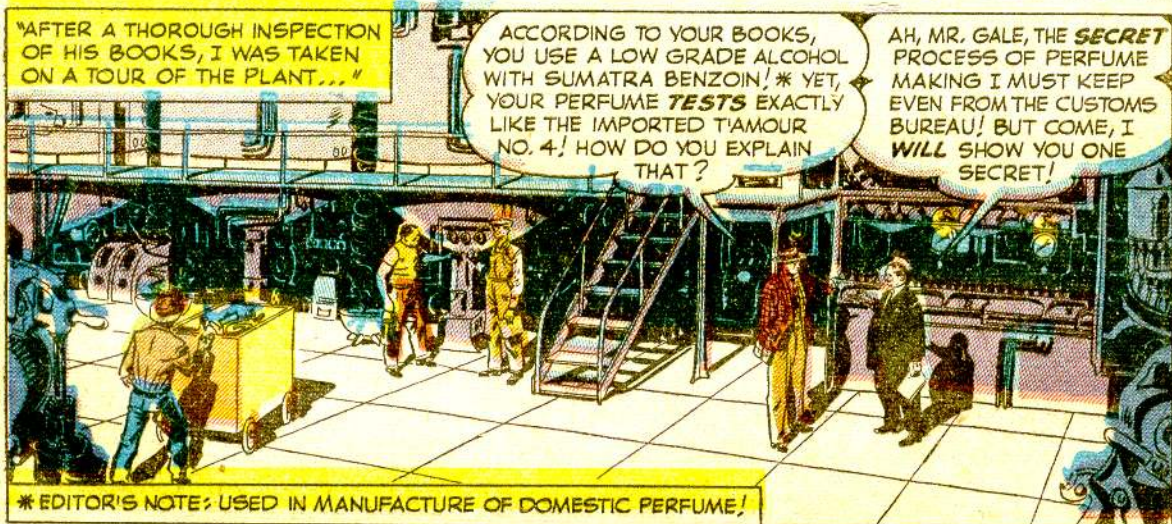
HMM...NOT A VERY FRIENDLY GUY, IS HE? GUESS THE HEAT'S GOT HIM...



"MY BADGE CLEARED THE WAY FOR A TALK WITH THE HEAD OF THE COMPANY..."

I'M MAKING A ROUTINE CHECK OF IMPORTS AGAINST PRODUCTS, MR. GONZAGUE!

OF COURSE! MY BOOKS AND PLANT ARE ALWAYS OPEN TO THE CUSTOMS BUREAU, MR. GALE!

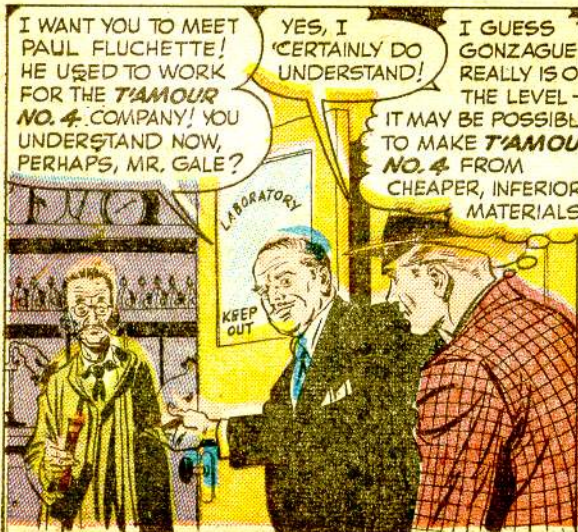


"AFTER A THOROUGH INSPECTION OF HIS BOOKS, I WAS TAKEN ON A TOUR OF THE PLANT..."

ACCORDING TO YOUR BOOKS, YOU USE A LOW GRADE ALCOHOL WITH SUMATRA BENZOIN! \* YET, YOUR PERFUME TESTS EXACTLY LIKE THE IMPORTED T'AMOUR NO. 4! HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THAT?

AH, MR. GALE, THE **SECRET** PROCESS OF PERFUME MAKING I MUST KEEP EVEN FROM THE CUSTOMS BUREAU! BUT COME, I **WILL** SHOW YOU ONE SECRET!

\* EDITOR'S NOTE: USED IN MANUFACTURE OF DOMESTIC PERFUME!



I WANT YOU TO MEET PAUL FLUCHETTE! HE USED TO WORK FOR THE T'AMOUR NO. 4 COMPANY! YOU UNDERSTAND NOW, PERHAPS, MR. GALE?

YES, I CERTAINLY DO UNDERSTAND!

I GUESS GONZAGUE REALLY IS ON THE LEVEL -- IT MAY BE POSSIBLE TO MAKE T'AMOUR NO. 4 FROM CHEAPER, INFERIOR MATERIALS.



WELL, IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE! OKAY IF I TAKE A BOTTLE OF GLAMORE NO. 4 WITH ME?

BY ALL MEANS! TAKE ANY ONE ON THE RACK!



"THAT AFTERNOON, AFTER I FILED MY REPORT..."

THIS REPORT SEEMS TO CLEAR GONZAGUE! WE CAN'T CHARGE A MAN WITH SMUGGLING JUST BECAUSE HIS PRODUCT **SMELLS** THE SAME AS ANOTHER!

DON'T BE TOO SURE, CHIEF! I'VE A HUNCH YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE LAB!



"MINUTES LATER, IN THE BUREAU LABORATORY..."

I **KNEW** IT! THE BOTTLE OF **GLAMORE NO. 4** WHICH GONZAGUE GAVE ME IS THE SAME AS **T'AMOUR NO. 4** BUT I PALMED ONE THAT HAD JUST BEEN STACKED ON THE PLANT RACK, AND **THAT IS DIFFERENT!** IT'S NOTHING BUT CHEAP DOMESTIC JUNK!

**HOLY SMOKES!** YOU MEAN GONZAGUE IS DUMPING THE CHEAP STUFF AND USING THE PLANT AS A FRONT FOR A SMUGGLING RACKET?



ALL RIGHT, GALE--GET GOING! FIND OUT WHERE OUR BOYS AT THE DOCKS HAVE BEEN SLIPPING UP... FIND OUT IF GONZAGUE IS THE LEADER OF THIS SMUGGLING RING... GO ALL THE WAY TO FRANCE IF YOU HAVE TO-- BUT GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS CASE! IT'S YOUR BABY NOW!



"SO, AT EXACTLY 3:23 OF THAT SAME DAY, THE TRACKDOWN BEGAN--STARTING IN THE SWANK, NEW YORK OFFICES OF **T'AMOUR NO. 4**..."

I'M SURE OF ONE THING, MR. GALE... OUR PERFUME **CANNOT BE MADE** WITH THE CHEAP MATERIALS YOU MENTION, EVEN WITH THE KNOWLEDGE THAT PAUL FLUCHETTE GAINED AS OUR ONE-TIME EMPLOYEE!

HOW ABOUT YOUR OTHER EMPLOYEES? COULD ANYONE OF THEM BE STEALING **T'AMOUR NO. 4** AND SELLING IT TO GONZAGUE?



NO... OUR RECORDS WOULD HAVE REVEALED THAT! BESIDES, OUR PEOPLE HERE ARE ALL TRUSTED EMPLOYEES WHO HAVE BEEN WITH US FOR YEARS!

I WAS AFRAID YOU'D SAY THAT... IT MEANS I'M ON MY WAY TO YOUR FACTORY IN FRANCE! MEANWHILE, NOT A WORD OF THIS INVESTIGATION TO ANYONE!



"AN HOUR LATER, AT LA GUARDIA FIELD..."

I'VE RADIOED FRENCH CUSTOMS TO MEET YOU AT THE AIR-FIELD! GOOD HUNTING, GALE!

THANKS, CHIEF! THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF GETTING PERFUME THROUGH WITHOUT THE ODOR BEING DETECTED! AND I'M GOING TO FIND OUT HOW!





"AT 6:09 THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MY PLANE LANDED IN PARIS, WHERE..."

MONSIEUR GALE, I AM INSPECTOR DUVAL OF FRENCH CUSTOMS. I WILL WORK WITH YOU!

GOOD! LET'S TAKE THE TRAIN TO GRASSE IMMEDIATELY!



"AND AS WE HEADED TO THE CITY OF GRASSE, WORLD'S PERFUME CENTER..."

THE PERFUME **MUST** BE STOLEN, DUVAL. IT WOULDN'T PAY AN OUTFIT TO BUY THE STUFF HERE AND SMUGGLE IT INTO THE U.S., BUT HOW COME THE **TAMOUR NO. 4** COMPANY HERE DOESN'T MISS IT?

THEY MANUFACTURE SO MUCH, AND IT GOES THROUGH SO MANY HANDS, THAT A SMALL QUANTITY WOULD NEVER BE MISSED! AFTER ALL, ONE ONE QUART IS WORTH \$1000!



"SOON AFTER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE MANAGER OF THE **TAMOUR NO. 4** PLANT..."

WHAT? STEALING IN THIS PLANT? SACRE NOM! IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! EVERY MOVEMENT OF THE WORKERS IS WATCHED!

NEVERTHELESS, MONSIEUR CORBEAU, THERE'S A LEAK SOMEWHERE! WE'D LIKE TO EXAMINE EVERY PROCESS IN THE MANUFACTURE OF **TAMOUR NO. 4**!



"ALL THE MYSTERIES OF IMPORTED PERFUME MAKING WERE UNFOLDED..."

WHY THE DONKEY CART?

THE ROSES AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS ARE BROUGHT HERE FROM THE FARMS! THESE WORKERS TEAR THE PETALS FROM THE BUSHES, MAKING SURE THERE IS NO PLANT BARK MIXED IN!

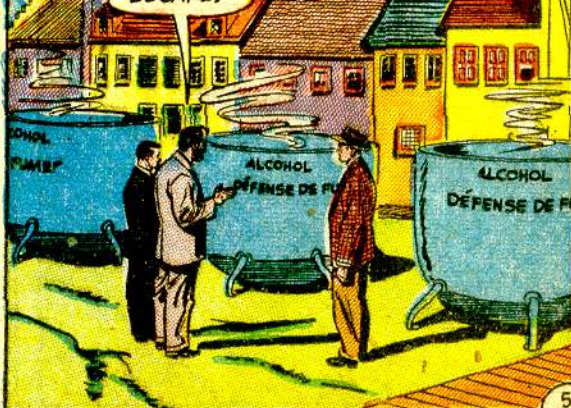


HERE, WE MIX THE MASHED FLOWER PETALS WITH BENZOIN FROM JAVA! THE CHEAP BENZOIN FROM SUMATRA WOULD NOT EXTRACT THE SCENT AS WELL!

WHAT HAPPENS THEN?



THE LIQUID IS THEN POURED INTO FIRST GRADE ETHYL ALCOHOL WHERE THE FINAL ESSENCE CLINGS! ONLY THE FUMES OF THE ALCOHOL ESCAPE!





WELL, SO FAR I'VE SEEN NOTHING, DUVAL! BUT NOW THAT THE PRODUCT IS FINISHED, WE'D BETTER LOOK SHARP! I'LL STAY WITH CORBEAU... YOU WATCH THE EXIT GATE!

OUI! PERHAPS I WILL FIND SOMETHING!

"JUST THEN..."

SAY-- WHAT'S THAT MAN WITH THE LIMP CARRYING?

THE FINISHED PRODUCT, MONSIEUR! HE SIPHONS THE ESSENCE INTO THE JAR, THEN CARRIES IT TO WHERE WE BOTTLE AND LABEL IT!

"I DIDN'T OVERLOOK A THING... BUT WHEN I REACHED THE GATE WHERE DUVAL WAS WATCHING..."

YOU HAVE DISCOVERED NOTHING?

NOTHING WENT THROUGH HERE!

I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! LET'S CHECK IN TOWN, DUVAL... MAYBE WE'LL FIND A LEAD THERE!

"IN THE RESTAURANT DISTRICT OF GRASSE, STILL UNABLE TO UNCOVER ANY SORT OF CLUE, DUVAL AND I SAT DOWN TO DINNER, WHEN..."

LOOK, DUVAL! THAT PEASANT WALKING AWAY... ISN'T HE THE ONE WE SAW AT THE PLANT--THE ONE WHO LIMPS?

OUI, OUI... IT IS HE! AND I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! **HE DOES NOT LIMP ANYMORE!**

COME... LET US FOLLOW HIM... PERHAPS HE WILL LEAD US TO SOMETHING MORE INTERESTING!

NO, NOT YET! IF HE **IS** INVOLVED IN THIS SMUGGLING RING, WE MUST CATCH HIM **IN THE ACT!** WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL TOMORROW, AFTER WORK!

"WE STARTED TAILING THIS STRANGE CHARACTER AT 5:07 OF THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, AS HE LIMPED HIS WAY TO A GARAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY..."

SHALL WE GRAB HIM NOW?

NO, WAIT AWHILE... LET'S SEE WHAT HE DOES IN THERE!



"AND BEFORE LONG, I HAD THE FIRST ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE..."

SO THAT IS WHY HE LIMPS ON THE JOB! HE SIPHONS THE PERFUME FROM THE VAT AT THE PLANT INTO THE CONTAINER ON HIS LEG! INGENIOUS! OVER A PERIOD OF MONTHS, YOU CAN ACCUMULATE QUITE A LOT OF PERFUME!

AND THE OIL TRUCK CARTS IT AWAY IN AN "OIL DRUM" FILLED WITH PERFUME WHOSE ODOR WILL BE KILLED BY THE SMELL OF OIL!

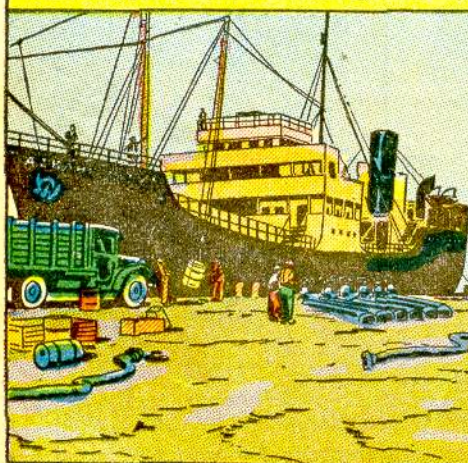


"THEN, AS THE TRUCK DROVE OFF..."

HERE'S YOUR PRISONER, DUVAL! TAKE HIM BACK TO TOWN WHILE I FOLLOW THAT TRUCK!



"SNATCHING A MOTORCYCLE FROM THE GARAGE, I TAILED THE TRUCK ALL THE WAY TO THE PORT OF MARSEILLES, WHERE..."



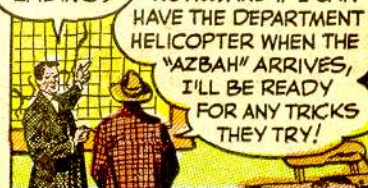
I'VE SEEN ENOUGH! WHEN THAT SHIP ENTERS U.S. WATERS, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HER! DUVAL CAN TAKE CARE OF THE REST OF THE GANG AT THIS END!



"BY NOON OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, I WAS BACK IN THE STATES..."

THAT SHIP WILL ENTER OUR 12-MILE LIMIT IN A WEEK! BUT WHY WORRY ABOUT IT? IF SHE'S CARRYING THE SMUGGLED PERFUME, WE'LL SPOT IT WHEN WE CHECK HER BILL OF LADING!

I DOUBT IT, CHIEF! THESE SMUGGLERS ARE TOO CLEVER FOR THAT! BUT I THINK I KNOW THE WHOLE STORY NOW...AND IF I CAN HAVE THE DEPARTMENT HELICOPTER WHEN THE "AZBAH" ARRIVES, I'LL BE READY FOR ANY TRICKS THEY TRY!



"AND A WEEK LATER, MY HUNCH PROVED ACCURATE..."

A FISHING BOAT! NO WONDER THE PERFUME ODOR COULDN'T BE DETECTED!



"I CIRCLED AROUND IN THE SKY UNTIL I SAW THE FISHING BOAT HEAD IN..."

THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE THEY CAN GO TO FROM HERE! I'LL LAND NEAR THERE AND WAIT!





"AN HOUR LATER -- 11:17 A.M. -- AT THE FULTON FISH DOCKS..."

I'M CHECKING THE BOATS, GALE -- NO SIGN OF ANY OIL DRUMS, AS YOU EXPECTED! AND NOTHING IN THE REFRIGERATORS, EITHER, EXCEPT FISH!



"BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."

LOOK! THAT TRUCK THAT LOOKS LIKE IT'S FEEDING OIL TO THE FISHING BOAT FURTHER UP THE RIVER! ARREST THE CAPTAIN AS SOON AS THE TRUCK LEAVES! I'LL MEET THE TRUCK... I KNOW JUST WHERE HE'S GOING!



"BY 11:52, I WAS AGAIN IN THE SHADOWS OF THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE..."

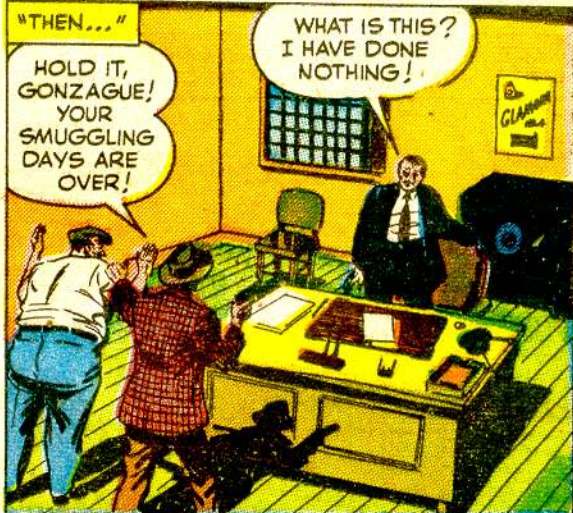
CUT YOUR FEED LINE, MISTER! THAT'S NOT OIL YOU'RE POURING! AND THIS TIME, I DON'T WANT ANY BACK-TALK!



"THEN..."

HOLD IT, GONZAGUE! YOUR SMUGGLING DAYS ARE OVER!

WHAT IS THIS? I HAVE DONE NOTHING!



"ONCE WE GOT A CONFESSION OUT OF GONZAGUE, ROUNDING UP THE REST OF THE GANG WAS A CINCH, AND THAT SAME EVENING..."

...AND THE COAST GUARD FOUND THE EMPTY DRUMS SMELLING OF PERFUME?

RIGHT! THE DRUMS WERE EMPTIED INTO THE FISH FREEZERS AND PUMPED OUT BY A SUCTION VALVE INTO THE OIL TRUCK! THE TRUCK, IN TURN, FED THE PERFUME INTO THE SIDE-WALK RECEIVER WHICH EMPTIED INTO A **GLAMORE NO. 4** TANK! THERE WAS NO ODOR BECAUSE OF THE REFRIGERATION!



"I NEVER NOTICED WHICH WAY WE WERE WALKING, UNTIL..."

OOH, LOOK! T'AMOUR NO. 4!

OH, NO... NOT AGAIN! I NEVER WANT TO SMELL THE STUFF! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE -- BUT QUICK!



The End



**NOW...****WRITE SECRET MESSAGES  
IN THE DARK AND  
ERASE WITH A LIGHT !!!!!**

WITH

**STRAIGHT ARROW'S  
GOLD COLORED PLASTIC****RITE A LITE****ARROWHEAD  
AND****RADIANT MESSAGE  
PASS CARD****Straight Arrow says:**

"This exciting Rite a Lite Arrow Head and Radiant Message Pass Card was designed exclusively for me and my fans! I want all of you to have one... the only thing of its kind in the world!"

**SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE!**

Straight Arrow's very own Rite a Lite Arrow Head in Gold Color Plastic! Writes in the dark on Radiant Message Pass Card! Message glows in the dark! Erase with same light! Rite a Lite sends signals, too!

Along with this amazing RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD, you get a special Radiant Message Pass Card. One side is luminous, for your secret messages that can be read in the dark! The other side identifies you as a member of Straight Arrow's tribe. There's a hole for a leather thong or chain in the light plunger of the Rite a Lite Arrow Head so you can wear it on your wrist, on your belt, or on a cord around your neck. Use it always—and use it for years—regular 716 Rayovac cell batteries fit it.

**BUT HURRY!**

This is the only Rite a Lite of its kind in the world—and the only way you can get it is by sending in the coupon with 25 cents and your box top from NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT—the grand-tasting 100% whole wheat cereal you'll want every breakfast.

the breakfast full  
of **POWER** from  
Niagara Falls!

**ONLY  
25¢****AND A  
NABISCO  
SHREDDED  
WHEAT  
BOX TOP  
FOR BOTH**

NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

Dept. S, Box 200, New York 46, N. Y.

Please rush me my STRAIGHT ARROW RITE A LITE ARROW HEAD and Radiant Message Pass Card. I enclose 25¢ and a NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT box top. (Please print)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**



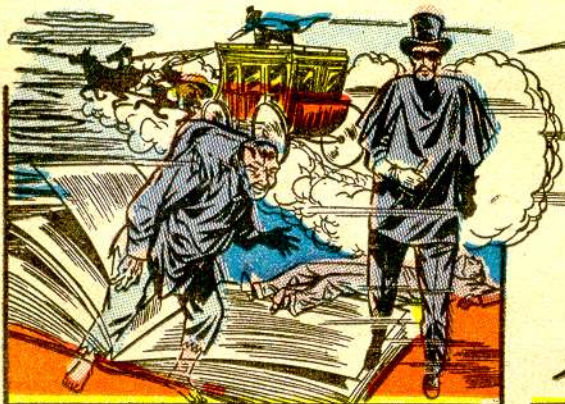


# History of DETECTIVE Mystery



EDGAR ALLAN POE WROTE THE FIRST REAL DETECTIVE STORY, "MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE," IN 1841! THIS STORY SEEMED TO SET A PATTERN OF SLEUTHING, AND CRIME DETECTION, WHICH IS FOLLOWED IN PRESENT DAY DETECTIVE FICTION!

EUGENE VIDOCQ, A REFORMED THIEF, WROTE A LENGTHY TREATISE ON CRIME IN 1817! HE ALSO ESTABLISHED THE WORLD'S FIRST DETECTIVE AGENCY IN FRANCE!

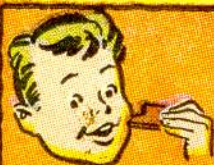


BALZAC, HUGO AND DUMAS, ALTHOUGH NOT CONSIDERED MYSTERY WRITERS, USED VIDOCQ'S WRITINGS AS A REFERENCE AND A SOURCE OF IDEAS!

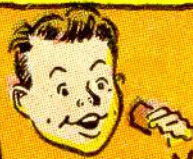


CHARLES DICKENS' ONLY MYSTERY STORY, "THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD," WAS UNFINISHED AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH! EVEN TODAY, NO ONE HAS BEEN ABLE TO UNRAVEL ITS MYSTERY! DICKENS LIVED FROM 1812 UNTIL 1870!

## ADVERTISEMENT



OUR BUNCH  
ALL MUNCH



WON'T YOU  
JOIN US, TOO?



*Delicious-Different*





# The INVISIBLE BANK ROBBERS!

ON SEPT. 3, 1948, TWELVE PATROLMEN AND PLAIN-CLOTHESMEN, ON AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL GUARDING THE CONSOLIDATED, SPRANG INTO ACTION AT THE FIRST RUMBLE OF A FAMILIAR SOUND...

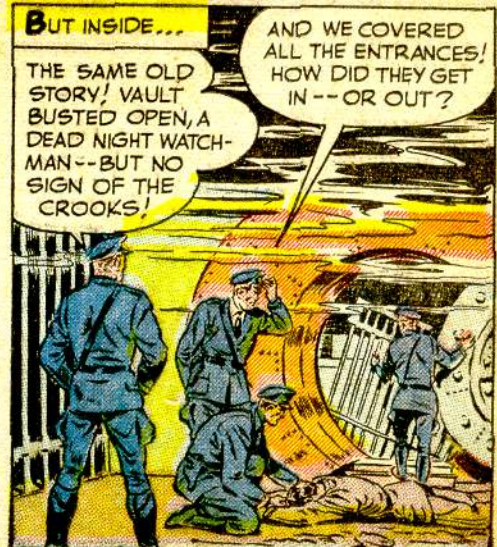
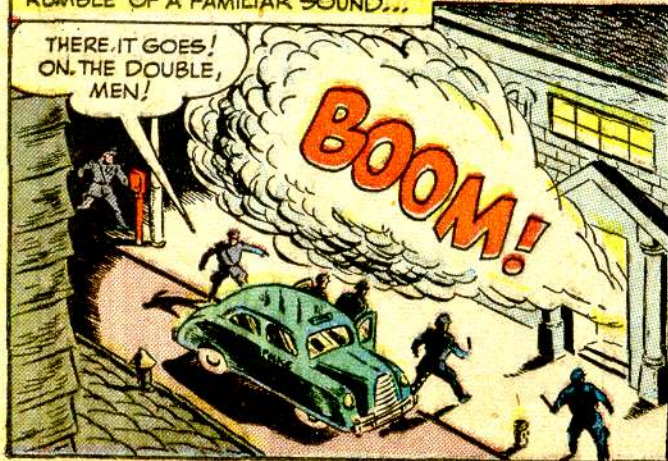
THERE IT GOES! ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!

**BOOM!**

BUT INSIDE...

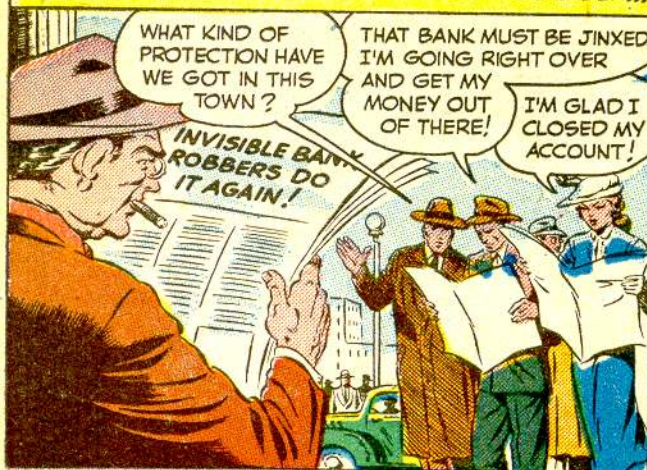
THE SAME OLD STORY! VAULT BUSTED OPEN, A DEAD NIGHT WATCHMAN--BUT NO SIGN OF THE CROOKS!

AND WE COVERED ALL THE ENTRANCES! HOW DID THEY GET IN--OR OUT?





ON THE MORNING OF SEPT. 4th, THE CITY ROCKED UNDER THE IMPACT OF THE THIRD HAUL AND SHOCKING MURDER...



WHAT KIND OF PROTECTION HAVE WE GOT IN THIS TOWN?

INVISIBLE BANK ROBBERS DO IT AGAIN!

THAT BANK MUST BE JINXED! I'M GOING RIGHT OVER AND GET MY MONEY OUT OF THERE!

I'M GLAD I CLOSED MY ACCOUNT!

THAT SAME MORNING, POLICE COMMISSIONER J. T. SCARPA LAID DOWN AN ULTIMATUM TO CHIEF FRANCIS REYNOLDS...

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ALL THIS ROT ABOUT INVISIBLE BANK ROBBERS IS EYE-WASH! I'M TELLING YOU HERE AND NOW, IF WE DON'T BREAK THIS CASE--AND **SOON**--THEY'LL HAVE MY SCALP--BUT NOT BEFORE I HAVE **YOURS**, CHIEF REYNOLDS!

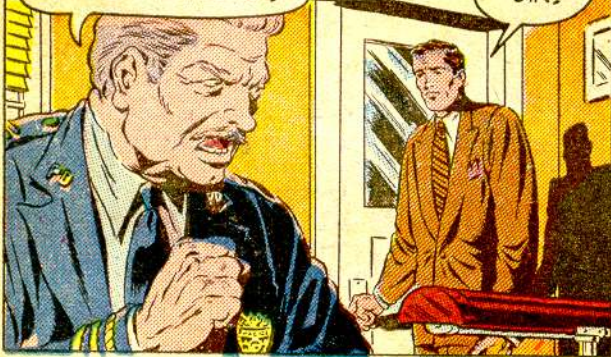
YES, SIR!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN CHIEF REYNOLD'S OFFICE...

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ALL THIS ROT ABOUT INVISIBLE BANK ROBBERS IS EYEWASH! I'M TELLING YOU HERE AND NOW, IF WE DON'T BREAK THIS CASE--AND **SOON**--THEY'LL HAVE MY SCALP--BUT NOT BEFORE I HAVE **YOURS**, LIEUTENANT HALLECK!

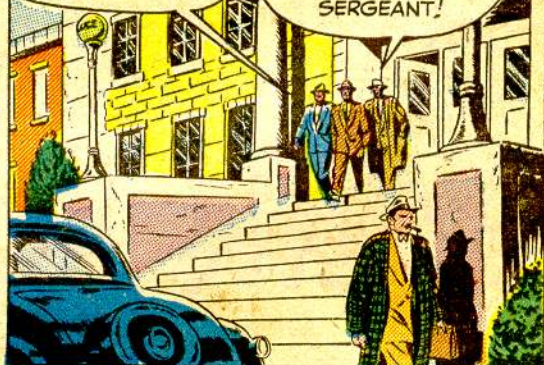
YES, SIR!



AS LT. HALLECK LEFT HEADQUARTERS SOME MINUTES LATER...

SO YOU'VE BEEN HANDED THE IN-VISIBLE BANK ROBBERS JOB!

TSK! TSK! HERE'S WHERE THE FORCE LOSES ANOTHER LIEUTENANT--BUT GAINS ANOTHER SERGEANT!



THAT SAME DAY, LT. HALLECK BEGAN HIS INVESTIGATION BY CALLING ON BANK PRESIDENT JOEL J. STEVENS...

SHOW YOU AROUND? SURE I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND! BUT WHAT'S THE USE? I'VE GONE THROUGH ALL THIS TWICE BEFORE WITH OTHER DETECTIVES!

I KNOW--AND THEY'RE BOTH POUNDING THE PAVEMENTS NOW. I DON'T INTEND TO LET THAT HAPPEN TO ME!



STEVENS ESCORTED HALLECK ON A TOUR OF THE BANK...

WHAT REALLY WORRIES ME IS THAT PEOPLE MAY GET AFRAID ENOUGH TO START A RUN ON THE BANK! YOU KNOW, SINCE LAST NIGHT, I HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN ABLE TO HIRE A NIGHT GUARD!

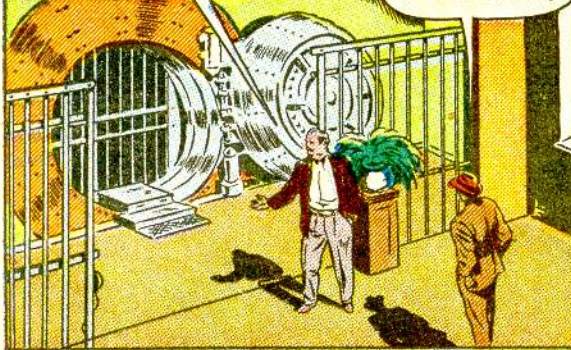
I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT! YOUR LAST TWO WOUND UP IN THE MORGUE!





WELL, YOU'VE SEEN ALL THE OUTSIDE EXITS. EACH ONE HAD TWO POLICEMEN GUARDING IT-- YET THE BANK ROBBERS GOT PAST THEM! AH, HERE'S THE VAULT... THE MECHANICS SPENT ALL NIGHT REPAIRING IT!

HMM... ARE THOSE GATES ITS ONLY PROTECTION?



**CLANG! CLANG!**  
**CLANG! CLANG!**

WHAT'S THAT-- THE ALARM?



THAT'S THE PROTECTION YOU JUST ASKED ABOUT. IT'S AN ELECTRIC EYE ALARM-- WHEN YOU PASSED THESE TWO POINTS, YOU SET IT OFF! THE THIEVES ARE APPARENTLY FAMILIAR WITH IT BECAUSE THEY NEVER SET IT OFF!

I GET IT--THE ONLY WAY TO GET PAST THE PATH OF THE ELECTRIC EYE WOULD BE TO CRAWL UNDER-IT-- ON THE FLOOR!

DON'T GET EXCITED, FOLKS-- THEY'RE ONLY TESTING THE BURGLAR ALARM SYSTEM!



BUT AS THEY RETURNED TO STEVENS' OFFICE...

HEY-- WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY PRIVATE FILES?

LOOK OUT, STEVENS! I'LL NAB HIM!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T AL MACÉK! WHAT ARE YOU SNOOPING AROUND HERE FOR?

THIS HAPPENS TO BE ONE OF MY FIRM'S ACCOUNTS--AND IF YOU'LL BE KIND ENOUGH TO RELEASE THAT COMMANDO HOLD, I'LL SHOW MR. STEVENS MY CREDENTIALS!



I CAN VOUCH FOR MACEK, MR. STEVENS-- HE RATES A-1 WITH THE DEPARTMENT! IN OUR OPINION, HE'S THE BEST INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR IN THE BUSINESS!

I WASN'T SNOOPING, MR. STEVENS, JUST ROUTINE FAMILIARIZATION. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE IN THE MARKET FOR A NIGHT WATCH-MAN? HOW ABOUT ME?

YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN! THAT'S LIKE SIGNING YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!



UNFORTUNATELY, THAT'S PART OF MY JOB!

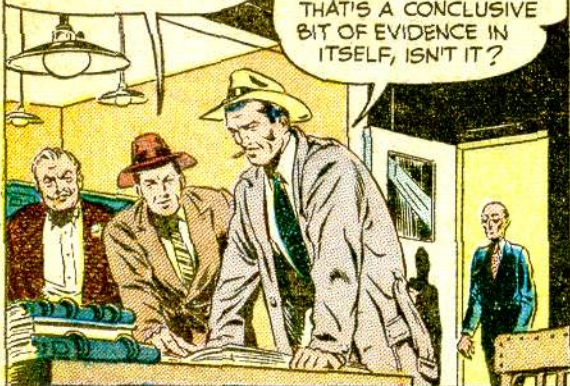
ALL RIGHT, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT-- AFTER ALL, IT'S *YOUR* LIFE! LET'S GO INTO THE ACCOUNTING OFFICE. I'LL SHOW YOU OUR RECORDS!





YOU'LL NOTICE THAT EVERY ONE OF THE ROBBERIES TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE FIRST AND THE FIFTH OF THE MONTH!

THAT'S RIGHT--AND EACH HOLDUP PRECEDED THE REGULAR MONTHLY VISIT OF THE STATE BANK EXAMINER! THAT'S A CONCLUSIVE BIT OF EVIDENCE IN ITSELF, ISN'T IT?



BY THE WAY, IF THERE'S ANYTHING YOU WANT EXPLAINED ABOUT OUR BOOKS, MR. BILLINGS, OUR VICE-PRESIDENT WILL BE GLAD TO WORK WITH YOU!

THANKS -- BUT MY COMPANY'S GOT ALL THOSE FACTS. I'VE ALREADY GOT A HUNCH HOW THE THEFTS OCCURRED. ALL I WANT TO FIND OUT IS **WHO!**



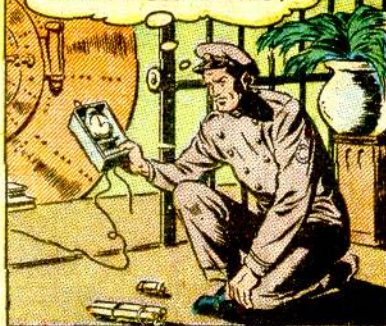
SOME WEEKS LATER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 4th, AL MACEK, PLAYING THE ROLE OF WATCH-MAN, WAS MAKING HIS NIGHTLY ROUNDS WHEN HE HALTED ABRUPTLY...

IS THAT A TICKING I HEAR, OR IS IT JUST MY IMAGINATION?



SWIFT INVESTIGATION SOON UNCOVERED A TIME BOMB, TICKING AWAY MINUTES TO DEATH AND DESTRUCTION!...

WHEW! AT LAST, I'VE GOT THIS MURDEROUS CONTRAPTION DISCONNECTED!



MR. BILLINGS, EH? I KNEW IT WAS AN INSIDE JOB-- BUT I HADN'T GOTTEN AROUND TO SUSPECTING YOU--!

AND I'M AFRAID YOU NEVER WILL, MACEK! IT'S A VERY DANGEROUS BIT OF INFORMATION-- IN FACT, IT MIGHT BE **FATAL!**



YOU ROBBED THE BANK DURING REGULAR BANKING HOURS. THEN, TO COVER YOUR SHORTAGES BEFORE THE STATE EXAMINER ARRIVED, YOU STAGED FAKE HOLDUPS TO MAKE IT SEEM AS THOUGH THIEVES HAD BROKEN IN! WHAT'S MORE YOU HAD A PERFECT ALIBI-- YOU WERE MILES AWAY WHEN THE VAULT WAS BLOWN OPEN!

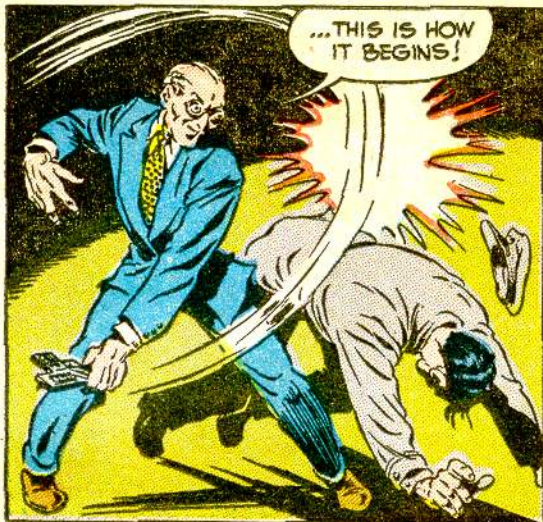
CORRECT-- FAR AWAY IN THE COMFORT OF MY OWN HOME, ENJOYING A GOOD CIGAR. TOO BAD YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL THE STORY!



AH, NO, MR. MACEK, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO SHOOT YOU, DO YOU -- AND ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THOSE POLICE DOWN THERE? NO, I'VE ANOTHER PLAN IN MIND, FOR INSTANCE...



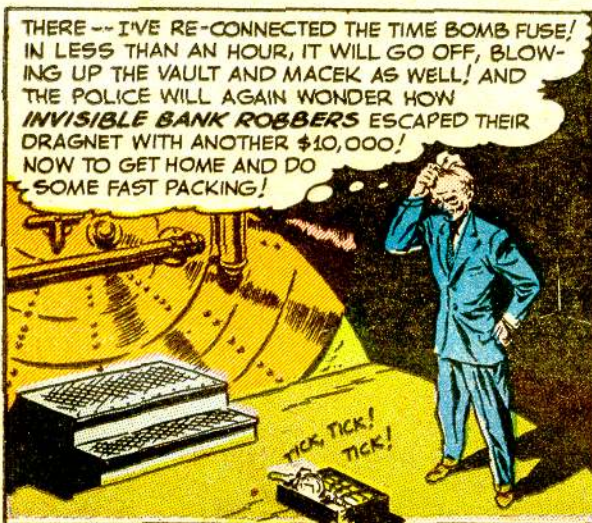




...THIS IS HOW IT BEGINS!



WHEW -- HE'S HEAVIER THAN HE LOOKS! BUT THIS WILL KEEP HIM TIED UP... TIED UP, HA, HA! -- TILL I'VE FINISHED MY LITTLE JOB!



THERE -- I'VE RE-CONNECTED THE TIME BOMB FUSE! IN LESS THAN AN HOUR, IT WILL GO OFF, BLOWING UP THE VAULT AND MACEK AS WELL! AND THE POLICE WILL AGAIN WONDER HOW **INVISIBLE BANK ROBBERS** ESCAPED THEIR DRAGNET WITH ANOTHER \$10,000! NOW TO GET HOME AND DO SOME FAST PACKING!

TICK! TICK! TICK!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, BILLINGS EMERGED FROM THE BANK...

HAD A STRETCH OF WORK TO FINISH. AAH, THE NIGHT AIR SURE FEELS GOOD. ANY SIGN OF THE ROBBERS? THINK THEY'LL TRY BREAKING IN TONIGHT?

I HOPE THEY DO, MR. BILLINGS! WE DOUBLED THE GUARD. THEY'LL REALLY HAVE TO BE INVISIBLE TO GET BY US!



WHEN AL MACEK REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FOUND HIMSELF BOUND AND GAGGED, HIS HEAD THROBBING...

TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK!

THAT TICKING -- IT MUST BE THE BOMB -- HOW CAN I GET OUT OF THIS FIX? GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING -- SOON!



HALLECK AND HIS MEN ARE DOWN THERE -- BUT HOW CAN I WARN THEM -- AND SAVE MYSELF? WAIT A SECOND! I'VE GOT AN IDEA -- IF IT WORKS!

TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK! TICK!



NOT TOO HARD --NOT TOO EASY--JUST ENOUGH OF A KICK TO MAKE IT LAND BETWEEN THE TWO POINTS OF THAT ELECTRIC EYE ALARM!



**CLANG! CLANG!**  
**CLANG! CLANG!**

I DID IT! RIGHT SMACK BETWEEN BOTH POINTS! A FIELD GOAL!



**ALERT POLICE BARRELED INTO THE BUILDING, AND MINUTES LATER...**

NEVER MIND UNTYING ME! DETACH THAT FUSE FROM THE TIME BOMB OVER THERE OR WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN SKY HIGH!



**HALF AN HOUR LATER, SIX POLICE CARS, THEIR SIRENS SILENCED, DREW UP IN FRONT OF THE MODEST BACHELOR HOME OF OMAR BILLINGS IN THE FOX HILLS SUBURBS...**

WHO SAYS CRIME DOESN'T PAY? IT'S GOING TO PAY **ME** WITH A LIFE OF EASE AND COMFORT SOUTH OF THE BORDER! HMMM--SOUNDS LIKE AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF TRAFFIC. BETTER HAVE A LOOK...



GOING SOMEWHERE, MR. BILLINGS?

YEAH, **ALONE!**



OH, NO YOU'RE NOT, BILLINGS! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY...ON YOUR WAY TO JAIL!

I--I'M HIT!



THANKS FOR THE STRAIGHT-SHOOTING, AL!

CUT IT OUT, LIEUTENANT! I'M GLAD YOU BROKE INTO THE BANK IN TIME, FOR A WHILE, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO WIND UP BEING AN **INVISIBLE INSURANCE INVESTIGATOR!**



*The End*





# BEWARE *the* RACKETEERS

YOUR LINE OF FORTUNE TELLS ME YOU ARE ABOUT TO HAVE LOTS OF GOOD LUCK! I ALSO SEE PLENTY OF MONEY COMING TO YOU!

GOOD...I CAN USE IT!



THE GYPSY POSES AS A FORTUNE-TELLER TO GAIN ENTRANCE TO PRIVATE HOMES!

IF YOU'LL GET ALL THE MONEY YOU CAN LAY YOUR HANDS ON, I'LL DOUBLE IT FOR YOU!

WONDERFUL! BUT ALL I HAVE IS \$20!



HERE'S THE \$20!

TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE \$40!



CLOSE YOUR EYES WHILE I GIVE IT THE GYPSY BLESSING! THEN, I'LL WRAP IT AND YOU KEEP IT UNDER YOUR PILLOW FOR 12 HOURS...OPEN IT THEN...AND IT WILL BE DOUBLE!



THIS IS WHEN THE "SWITCH" WAS MADE!

...AND TOMORROW, I'LL HAVE \$40 INSTEAD OF \$20!

...THEN THE PACKAGE WAS OPENED!



NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS!

OH, DEAR! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO HAVE BELIEVED THAT GYPSY...NOW I HAVE NOTHING!



ALWAYS KEEP YOUR MONEY IN A BANK! AND NEVER TELL ANOTHER PERSON OF YOUR SAVINGS!

BE CAUTIOUS...  
**BE ON GUARD!**

## ADVERTISEMENT

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**THRILLING** for FEATURES and FUN!

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MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY →



# THE UNIVERSE IS THE LIMIT

IN EVERY  
ISSUE

# OF

THE  
MAGAZINE  
THAT UNLOCKS  
THE SECRETS  
OF THE  
FUTURE!

 **AMAZING**  
TRIPS INTO THE  
UNKNOWN!

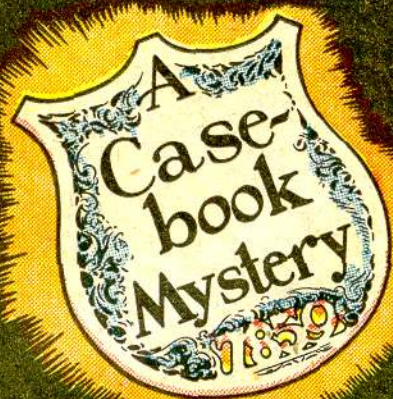
 **ASTOUNDING**  
ADVENTURES  
ON UNCHARTED  
WORLDS!

 **ASTONISHING**  
EXPERIMENTS  
OF SUPER-SCIENCE!

THE BRIGHTEST STARS  
IN COMICS MAGAZINES BEAR  
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL  
ON THE COVER!







# DEATH Takes the LEAD!

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!*

LATER, IN PENNY'S DRESSING ROOM...

THIS CASE BEGAN BACKSTAGE AT A CHICAGO THEATER-- DURING REHEARSALS FOR A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY...

RITA! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, **ME...** THE STAR OF "MIDSUMMER HAYRIDE!"

THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR ROUND, PENNY! I THOUGHT I HAD THAT PART!

LISTEN, HONEY, ANYONE CAN GET A PART BY BEING THE PRODUCER'S NIECE, BUT IT TAKES TALENT TO KEEP THE PART!

WHY, RITA CANAY! I GOT THE LEAD BECAUSE I WAS THE **TYPE!**

PENNY'S FIANCE, JERRY BURGESS, WASN'T HAPPY ABOUT PENNY'S SUCCESS EITHER...

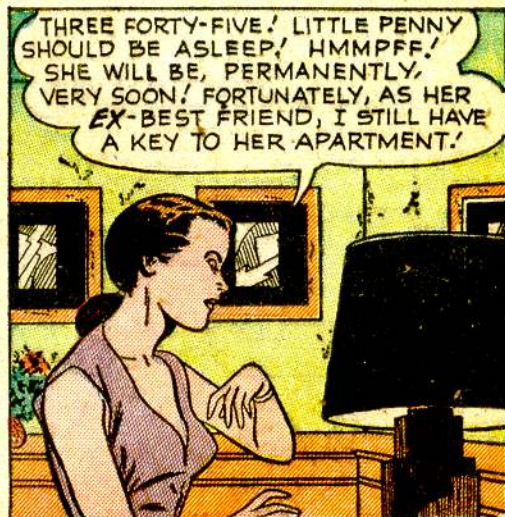
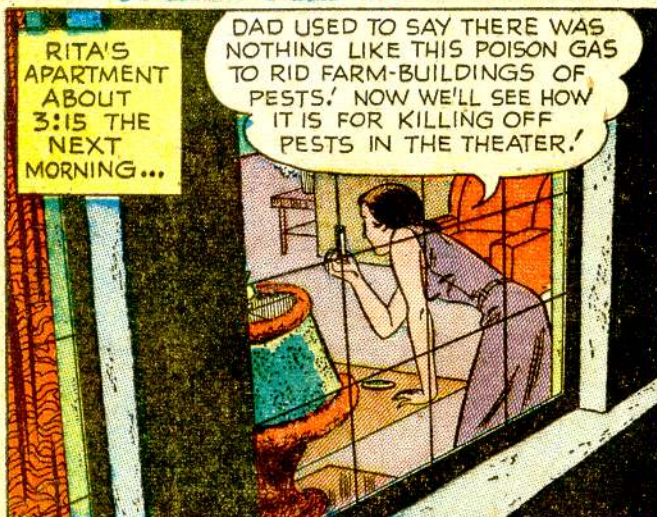
PENNY! I JUST HEARD YOU GOT THE LEAD! DOES THAT MEAN...?

YES, JERRY, THAT MEANS OUR MARRIAGE IS OFF! I'VE WORKED TOO LONG FOR THIS BREAK TO GIVE IT UP FOR MARRIAGE!

YOU'RE A NICE BOY, JERRY! I LOVE YOU, BUT I'M NOT MARRYING, NOT NOW!

BUT, PENNY, OUR PLANS! EVERYTHING! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!





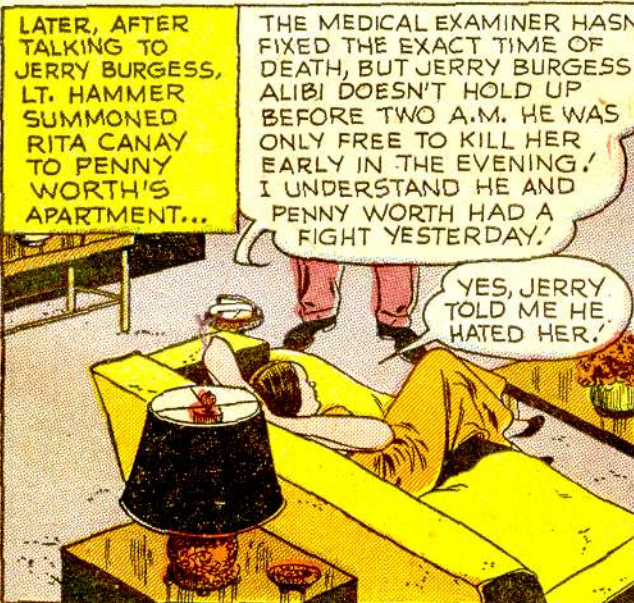




WHEW! GUESS IT'S SAFE NOW.  
CALL IN THE PHOTOGRAPHERS!



DEAD FLIES!  
THAT GAS DIDN'T  
LEAVE A LIVING THING  
IN THIS PLACE!



LATER, AFTER  
TALKING TO  
JERRY BURGESS,  
LT. HAMMER  
SUMMONED  
RITA CANAY  
TO PENNY  
WORTH'S  
APARTMENT...

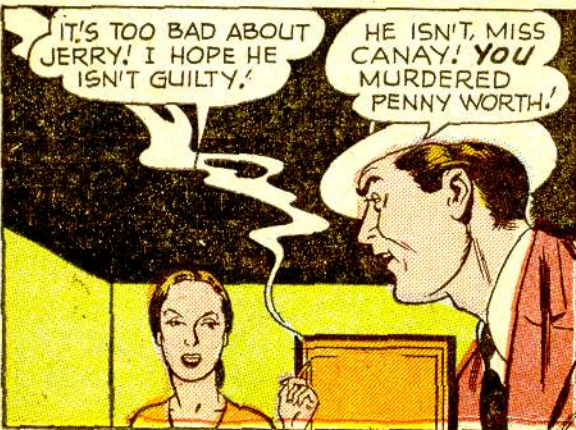
THE MEDICAL EXAMINER HASN'T  
FIXED THE EXACT TIME OF  
DEATH, BUT JERRY BURGESS'  
ALIBI DOESN'T HOLD UP  
BEFORE TWO A.M. HE WAS  
ONLY FREE TO KILL HER  
EARLY IN THE EVENING.  
I UNDERSTAND HE AND  
PENNY WORTH HAD A  
FIGHT YESTERDAY!

YES, JERRY  
TOLD ME HE  
HATED HER!



WE CHECKED YOUR ALIBI, TOO,  
MISS CANAY! YOUR FRIENDS SAY  
YOU DIDN'T LEAVE THEIR PARTY  
UNTIL ALMOST THREE!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



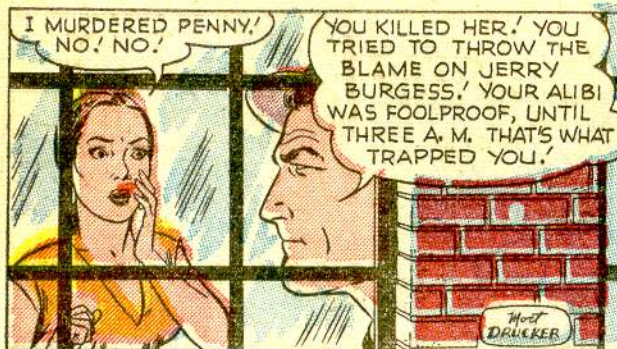
IT'S TOO BAD ABOUT  
JERRY! I HOPE HE  
ISN'T GUILTY!

HE ISN'T, MISS  
CANAY! YOU  
MURDERED  
PENNY WORTH!

## HOW DID LT. HAMMER KNOW RITA CANAY WAS GUILTY?

WHAT MISTAKE DID THIS RUTHLESS  
MURDERESS MAKE?  
STUDY THE PICTURES CAREFULLY.  
SEE IF YOU CAN FIND A CLUE.  
THEN TURN THE PAGE AND CHECK  
YOUR SOLUTION AGAINST LT. HAMMER'S!





HER ALIBI SHATTERED BY LT. HAMMER'S BRILLIANT REASONING, RITA CANAY MADE A FULL CONFESSION. SHE WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR HER COLD-BLOODED MURDER OF BEAUTIFUL PENNY WORTH. THUS ANOTHER CRIMINAL LEARNED THAT YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

THE END

4

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Director, Essex County Juvenile Clinic,  
Newark, N. J.

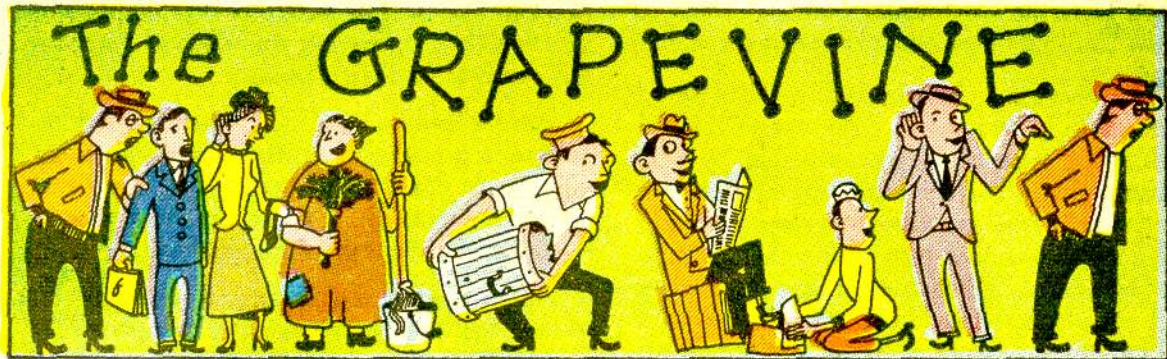
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## SLOW SUICIDE

**D**ESPITE the fact that his teachers at college and former employers had regarded him as an industrious young man with above average intelligence, dapper Cecil Yankey dreamed of an easy road to riches. When, at last, he learned about an elderly miser who hoarded a tidy fortune in his lonely house on the fringes of an Ohio city, a plan crystalized in his mind.

One stormy night, Cecil Yankey gained easy access to the recluse's study, where the money was reputed to be concealed. As he rummaged through the desk, he was startled by the abrupt appearance of the old man, menacing him with a rifle. In the brief struggle which followed, Cecil Yankey crashed his flashlight down upon his victim's skull, and fled.

Soon after the old man died, Cecil Yankey was arrested for murder, and tried. Unable to agree on a verdict, the jury was dismissed, and the judge sentenced Cecil Yankey to life imprisonment in Highland County.

Behind bars, his restless imagination and broad intelligence gave Cecil Yankey few easy moments. Eager to regain his lost freedom, he began to study law. During the next three years, he spent every available moment poring over his legal books.

Then, one day, with grim, smug satisfaction Cecil Yankey found the goal he had been so desperately seeking—a loophole in the law

which had committed him for life. Claiming that he had not been tried and sentenced by a panel of three judges as the law required, he demanded a re-trial. A higher court permitted Cecil Yankey a second chance for liberty,

Throughout his new trial, that November of 1949, Cecil Yankey felt safe in the assumption that he would be freed. But he was stunned to the point of stupefaction when the jury foreman announced the unanimous verdict of "Guilty!"

Yes, Cecil Yankey knew his law. He knew it well enough to know that according to Ohio criminal law, death is mandatory unless the jury requests mercy, which it hadn't.

Cecil Yankey may have fancied himself to be a shrewd legal eagle . . . but in the end, he was only a dead pigeon.



## SPECIAL DELIVERY

What is probably the world's greatest convey took place not during World War II but in Chicago. The date was March 15, 1929, and the city's police force was charged with the responsibility of insuring safe delivery of



almost \$2,000,000 in cash and negotiable bonds from the Continental National Bank & Trust Co. to its new quarters across the street.

The distance to be traveled by 20 armored cars was only 165 yards, but the area bristled with every type of weapon wielded by 400 officers. Sharpshooters were placed in upper windows. Special guards were poised with tear gas bombs. Machine-guns were manned from the sidewalks. Patrolmen formed a cordon, and squads of plainclothesmen mingled with the curious spectators, alert for any untoward movement. Even the fire department stood by, ready for any emergency in case of an explosion. The transfer of the money was achieved without any incident.

## HARD-HITTING LAWYER

The law professor of a mid-western college was getting his points across to his class. "Sometimes, you will find that pounding will emphasize your argument, and help put your case across," he said. "For instance, if the law is on your side, pound it into the judge. If you have the facts, pound them into the jury!"

"But," interrupted a scholar, "what do you do when you have neither the law or the facts?"

"Pound the table, of course!" said the unabashed professor.



## CULTURE MARCHES ON

A small building which once booked law-breakers is now doing a thriving business in books. In South Coffeyville, Okla., the town jail, long in disuse, recently was converted into a public library.

## NEW RACKET

West coast police have been receiving reports from outraged jewelry store proprietors,

who have been swindled of vast amounts of precious stones. The new racket is simple and effective, but police are confident of trapping the criminal in their dragnet.

Here is how he works: The fraudulent felon arrives in a new city, visits a lawyer whom he engages to draw up his will. What he leaves his non-existent heirs is a fabulous—but phoney—fortune in property, cars, and cash.

After paying the impressed attorney his modest fee, the canny culprit visits a jeweler's, selects some expensive baubles, and unable to pay for them in cash, gives the attorney's name as reference.

Naturally, when the jeweler telephones, the lawyer vouches for his credit, and the thief is permitted to leave, laden with his loot.

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

**NEW YORK CITY:** When a bottle of soda pop exploded under the counter of a delicatessen store he was robbing, the thief assumed it was a gunshot. Frightened, he scurried out the door . . . into the arms of an officer patrolling his beat.

**TEANECK, N. J.:** A local glazier was arrested when it was proved that for several nights he had been drumming up business for himself by shattering windshields of parked cars with a slingshot.

**VAN NUYS, California:** A romantic-minded thief slipped into a bakery and out again with a four-foot high Valentine's Day cake. When he learned it had been made of papier-mache, he discarded it in an alley, where police found it next morning.

**BRISTOL, England:** Despite a new number ground into the engine, a fresh paint job, and different license plates, a mechanic claimed ownership of a car stolen two years prior by an irrefutable piece of evidence: a wad of chewing gum he had once stuck under the left rear mudguard.

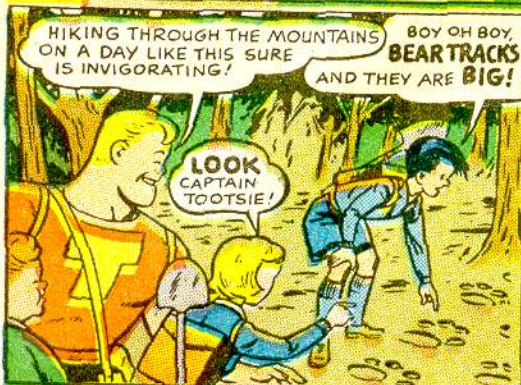
**SALT LAKE CITY, Utah:** The state prison newspaper offered these words of wisdom to inmates: "No one is entirely useless. Even the worst of us can serve as horrible examples."



# Captain Tootsie

IN THE  
**NORTH WOODS**

By BILL SCHREIBER



AFTER DIGGING A DEEP HOLE CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND HIS PALS PLACE TWIGS AND LEAVES OVER THE OPENING, USING THEIR LUNCH AS BAIT THEY PUT ALL THE FOOD ON TOP OF THE TWIGS



**Tootsie POPS** 2¢  
CHERRY CHOCOLATE ORANGE LEMON LIME

DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER

**Tootsie POPS** 2¢ each

**Tootsie Roll** INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED

FOR A TREAT OF TREATS - DEE-LISH-US, CHOCOLATY, CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL!



CAN A CRIMINAL REACH FROM THE GRAVE TO KEEP A DATE... A DATE TO KILL THE GANG THAT FRAMED HIM? CAN HIS REVENGE BE SO DEEP THAT HE CAN SLAY **AFTER DEATH**? STRANGELY ENOUGH, A CERTAIN POLICE FILE --- NUMBER F-407 --- ANSWERS THESE QUESTIONS! NEWSPAPERS NEVER REPORTED ALL THE ASPECTS OF THIS ASTONISHING CASE, BECAUSE THE POLICE COULD NEVER ADMIT SEEKING---A **DEAD MAN**! BUT HERE ARE THE FACTS, AT LAST, OF A STORY YOU'LL FIND HARD TO BELIEVE, AND THE DETECTIVE WHO "GOT HIS MAN"... A MAN WHO TURNED OUT TO HAVE AN...

# "APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH!"





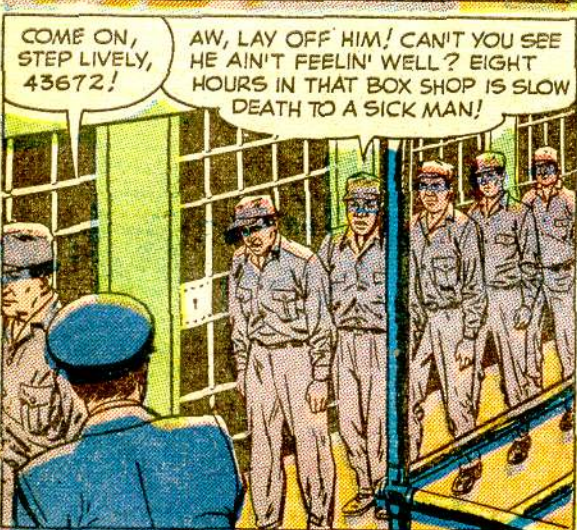
IN A NEW ENGLAND PRISON, APRIL 14, 1947 WAS JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE LIVES OF WALT "GRIPER" WILEY AND "BALDY" FARROW...



Panel 1 shows a prison common area with several prisoners. One prisoner is coughing into his hand. Another prisoner is talking to him.

THIS (COUGH) CONFOUNDED DUST IS (COUGH) KILLIN' ME, BALDY!

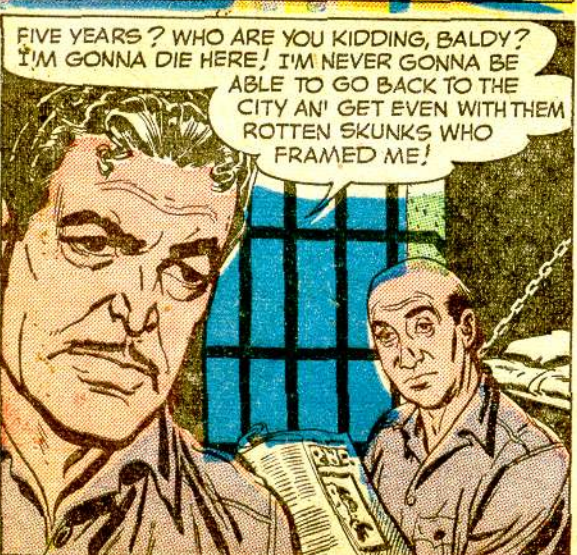
TAKE IT EASY, WALT! I'LL DOUBLE MY QUOTA SO YOU WON'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD!



Panel 2 shows a prison hallway with several prisoners. One prisoner is talking to another.

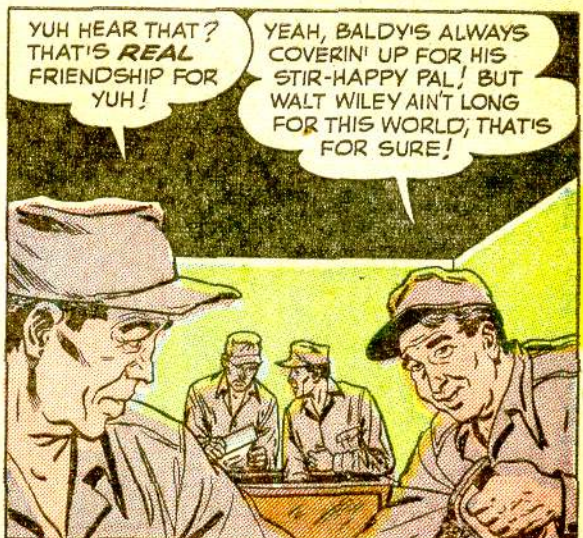
COME ON, STEP LIVELY, 43672!

AW, LAY OFF HIM! CAN'T YOU SEE HE AIN'T FEELIN' WELL? EIGHT HOURS IN THAT BOX SHOP IS SLOW DEATH TO A SICK MAN!



Panel 3 shows two prisoners in a cell. One prisoner is talking to the other.

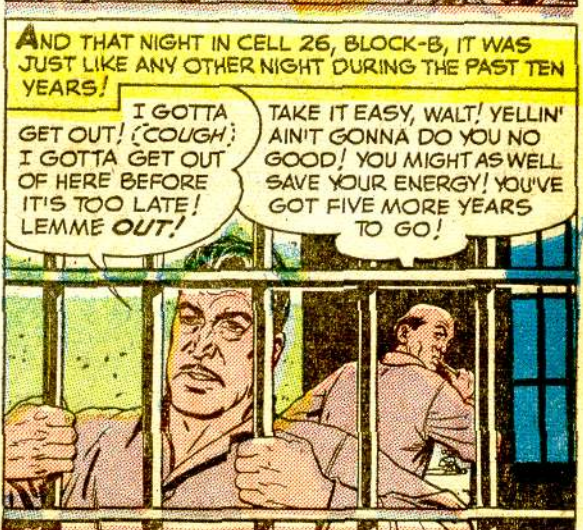
FIVE YEARS? WHO ARE YOU KIDDING, BALDY? I'M GONNA DIE HERE! I'M NEVER GONNA BE ABLE TO GO BACK TO THE CITY AN' GET EVEN WITH THEM ROTTEN SKUNKS WHO FRAMED ME!



Panel 4 shows two prisoners in a cell. One prisoner is talking to the other.

YUH HEAR THAT? THAT'S **REAL** FRIENDSHIP FOR YUH!

YEAH, BALDY'S ALWAYS COVERIN' UP FOR HIS STIR-HAPPY PAL! BUT WALT WILEY AIN'T LONG FOR THIS WORLD, THAT'S FOR SURE!



Panel 5 shows two prisoners in a cell. One prisoner is talking to the other.

AND THAT NIGHT IN CELL 26, BLOCK-B, IT WAS JUST LIKE ANY OTHER NIGHT DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS!

I GOTTA GET OUT! (COUGH) I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! LEMME OUT!

TAKE IT EASY, WALT! YELLIN' AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GOOD! YOU MIGHT AS WELL SAVE YOUR ENERGY! YOU'VE GOT FIVE MORE YEARS TO GO!

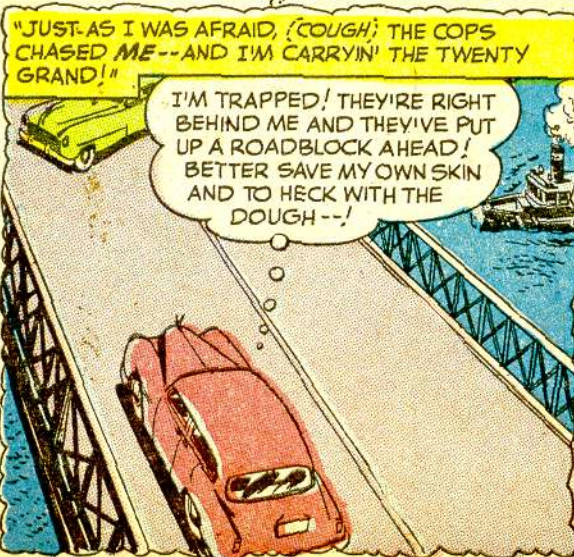
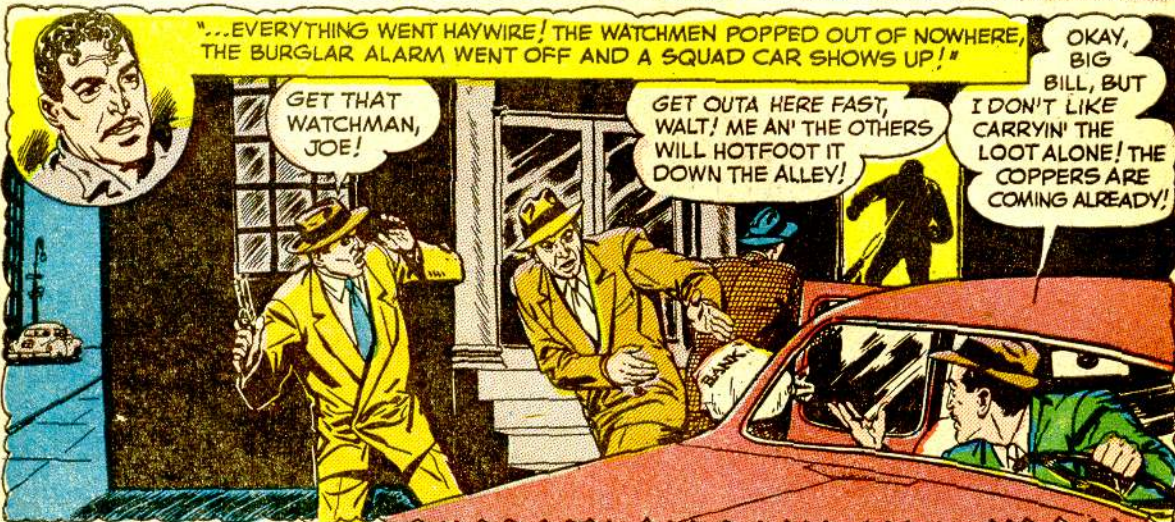


Panel 6 shows two prisoners in a cell. One prisoner is talking to the other.

NO USE GETTIN' WORKED UP ABOUT IT AGAIN, WALT! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY CON HERE WHO WANTS REVENGE!

BUT I'LL GET 'EM, BALDY! SO HELP ME! I'LL GET 'EM IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO IN THIS WORLD!







"THEY FISHED ME OUT OF THE DRINK AND DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT MORTIMER USED THE LOOT FROM THE CAR AS EVIDENCE. (COUGH) A WEEK LATER, BIG BILL BASCOMB VISITED ME!"

CHEER UP, WALT! I GOT THE BEST MOUTHPIECE MONEY CAN BUY! THE WATCHMAN DIDN'T DIE, SO THERE'S NO MURDER'S RAP. DON'T SQUEAL ON THE REST OF US AND I PROMISE TO SPRING YOU!



"BUT THEIR SHYSTER WAS AS CROOKED AS THOSE BASCOMBS, THEY LET ME TAKE THE RAP FOR THAT AN' FOUR OTHER JOBS. NO, I DIDN'T SQUEAL! I PLANNED TO PAY OFF THOSE RATS IN MY OWN WAY... BUT NOW..."

NOW, BALDY, I ONLY LIVE FOR THE DAY I GET RELEASED SO I CAN FIX THEM SLIMEY FINKS! YOU THINK I'LL LIVE LONG ENOUGH? ARE YOU LISTENIN', BALDY? HUH? (COUGH)



YEAH, YEAH, I'M LISTENIN', WALT!

HMM, POOR WALT! I KNOW THAT STORY BY HEART, BUT I'M AFRAID HE'LL NEVER GET REVENGE, UNLESS... UNLESS...



LOOK, WALT, YOU KNOW YOU'LL NEVER LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FINISH YOUR SENTENCE! BUT I GOT AN IDEA HOW YOU CAN GET REVENGE ON THE BASCOMBS ANYWAY! YOUR OLD PAL, BALDY, WILL SEE TO IT! WE'VE BEEN BUDDIES A LONG TIME, HUH? SO LISTEN, WALT—HERE'S MY PLAN...



THE PLOT HATCHED IN CELL 26 ON BLOCK-B THAT APRIL 14th NIGHT WAS NEVER LEARNED BY THE POLICE UNTIL OVER A YEAR LATER...



A FEW WEEKS LATER, ON MAY 13th, WALT "GRIPER" WILEY ESCAPED THE LONG, DREARY YEARS OF HIS REMAINING TERM BY DYING IN HIS SLEEP, ACCORDING TO OFFICIAL PRISON RECORDS.

LOOK AT BALDY! HE DON'T LOOK SO SAD ON ACCOUNT OF LOSIN' HIS OLD CELLMATE! I THOUGHT THEY WAS SUCH CLOSE BUDDIES!

YEAH, MAYBE GETTIN' A LITTLE STIR-BUGGY!

HA, HA, HA, HA! YAAH, HO, HO, HO!

GUARD, TAKE HIM AWAY! HE'S HYSTERICAL!





ON JULY 29th, BALDY FARROW FINISHED *HIS* SENTENCE. BUT UNLIKE MOST PAROLED PRISONERS, HE WALKED FROM THE DRAB, GRAY WALLS WITH A SPRINGY, PURPOSEFUL STRIDE.

SO LONG, FARROW, AND DON'T COME BACK!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST DAY OF MY LIFE! YAAH, HO, HO, HO!

HE'S SQUIRREL FOOD, IF YOU ASK ME!



BUT I'LL KEEP ON HIS TRAIL TILL I FIND HIM! NO EX-CON EVER SLIPPED THROUGH MY FINGERS WHILE ON PAROLE!

IF YOU GET A LINE ON HIM, LET ME KNOW! I WANT BALDY FARROW FOR MORE THAN PAROLE VIOLATION!



TWO MONTHS LATER, DETECTIVE MORTIMER VISITED BALDY FARROW'S PROBATION OFFICER...

...I CAN'T LOCATE HIM! THE LAST PERSON TO SEE HIM WAS WALT WILEY'S SISTER IN TRENTON! A FUNNY THING, TOO. SOON AFTER HIS VISIT, SHE ORDERED HER BROTHER'S BODY CREMATED!



YOU SEE, HIS PAL WALT WILEY NEVER KNEW IT--- BUT BALDY FARROW WAS THE WATCHMAN SHOT DURING THAT SEABOARD LOAN ROBBERY! HE WAS AN HONEST MAN, BUT HE WENT BAD WHEN THE COMPANY REFUSED TO RE-HIRE HIM BECAUSE OF A SLUG HE TOOK IN HIS HEAD! LATER, HE WAS ARRESTED FOR FORGERY! RIGHT NOW, HE'S WANTED ON SUSPICION OF **MURDER!**



SEVEN MONTHS LATER, ON APRIL 14th TO BE EXACT, DETECTIVE MORTIMER WAS STILL SEEKING THE ELUSIVE BALDY FARROW, WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN THE DATE WAS BEING OBSERVED BY THREE MEN...

TODAY'S THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF WALT WILEY'S DEATH IN PRISON! WHAT A BREAK -- HE DIED WITHOUT PUTTIN' THE FINGER ON US!

YEAH, AND HE SWORE TO GET REVENGE ON US BASCOMBS!



YEAH, THIS IS BIG BILL BASCOMB!

THIS IS A FRIEND! TUNE IN YOUR TELEVISION TO THE FIGHTS AT 10:05! LOOK AT THE RINGSIDE SEAT ON THE AISLE BEHIND THE CHAMPION'S CORNER!





WHO WAS IT, BILL?

I DON'T KNOW! HE SAID TO TUNE IN THE FIGHTS! C'MON OUT TO THE BAR!

HE SAID TO LOOK AT THE RINGSIDE SEATS BEHIND THE CHAMP'S CORNER!

THERE, YOU GOT THE FIGHTS NOW!

HOLY SMOKE! DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?

IT CAN'T BE! IT'S WALT WILEY!

BUT HE'S DEAD! I READ ABOUT IT--

AND I CHECKED WITH SOME OF THE CONS WHO SAW HIM BURIED! WHAT'LL WE DO?

SOMETHING'S SCREWY! WE KNOW WALT DIED IN PRISON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

THUS STARTED THE STRANGEST WAR OF NERVES EVER EXPERIENCED IN THE UNDERWORLD. THE NEXT MORNING, AT BIG BILL'S FASHIONABLE FOX HILLS ESTATE...

A NOTE FOR YOU, MISTER BASCOMB! THE MAN WHO LEFT IT SAID IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO WAIT FOR AN ANSWER!

A NOTE? LET ME SEE IT!

WHO'S IT FROM, BILL?

HUH?... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

This is to warn you I'm on the trail of you and your double-crossing brothers. I swore I'd get you-- and I won't give up till you all share my grave! Walt "Grifer" Wiley

IS--IS IT WALT'S HAND-WRITING?

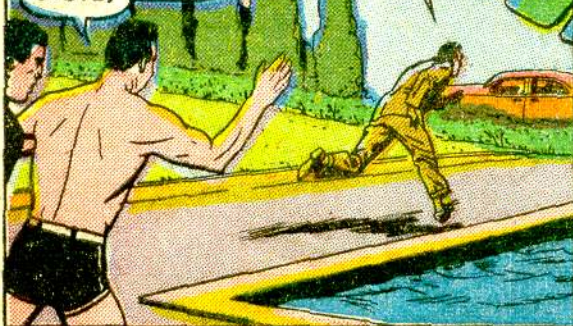
YEAH! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! IT WAS WRITTEN BY HIS HAND ALL RIGHT... A HAND THAT'S REACHIN' OUT FROM THE GRAVE--!



ACCORDING TO RECORDS LATER COMPILED BY POLICE, STEVE BASCOMB WAS THE FIRST TO BREAK UNDER THE STRAIN.

STEVE! COME BACK! WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING TO? WE'VE GOTTA STICK TOGETHER! STEVE!

NOT ME! I'M GETTING OUT OF TOWN! YOU CAN'T FIGHT A GHOST!

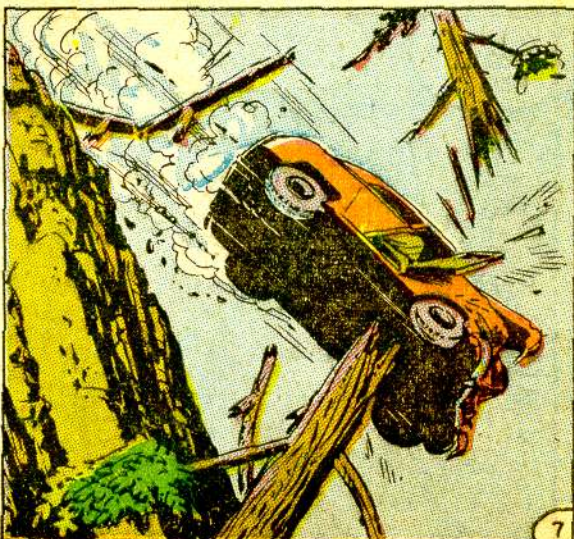
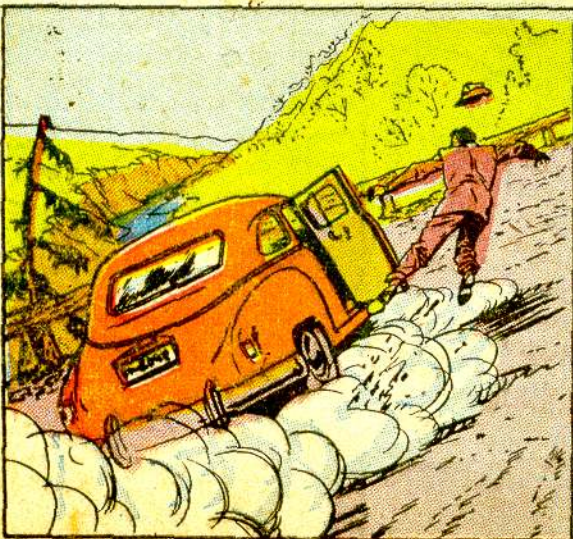


I AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL I REACH BOSTON! THEN, MAYBE I'LL TAKE A BOAT--



TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM ME? YOU CAN'T! I SWORE I'D GET YOU, AND YOUR BROTHERS!

WALT!... WALT WILEY! WHAT--?





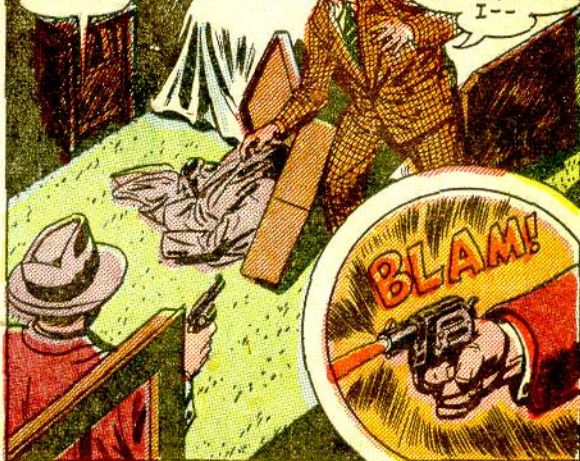
EARLY NEXT MORNING, AT JOE BASCOMB'S WEST END APARTMENT...

STEVE'S DEAD! LOOKED LIKE AN ACCIDENT, BUT I KNOW BETTER. THERE'S A HEX ON US! MAYBE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE NEXT! I AIN'T HANGING AROUND HERE TO FIND OUT!



GOING SOMEPLACE, JOE?

NO...NO... GO AWAY! DON'T SHOOT, WALT! I--



THE POLICE FINALLY ENTERED THE PICTURE WHEN BIG BILL, OUT OF SHEER DESPERATION, PLEADED FOR PROTECTION. NOON THAT DAY AT HEADQUARTERS...

LEUTENANT, THAT THREATENING NOTE **PROVES** SOME STRANGE FIEND KILLED MY TWO BROTHERS! MY OWN LIFE IS IN DANGER!

OUR HANDWRITING EXPERT SAYS THIS NOTE WAS WRITTEN MORE THAN A YEAR AGO! HE CAN TELL BY THE DETERIORATION OF THE INK!



BUT WHO IS THIS-- THIS WALT WILEY? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM!

A CONVICT WHO DIED IN PRISON! WHEN HIS SISTER ORDERED THE BODY CREMATED, THE WARDEN WAS SUSPICIOUS AND ORDERED AN AUTOPSY! WALT WILEY DIED OF **RAT POISON!** THAT'S WHY I'VE SEARCHED FOR HIS EX-CELLMATE FOR MONTHS!



I DON'T KNOW **WHY** YOU AND YOUR BROTHERS WERE HOUNDED. BUT I THINK I'LL HAVE THE ANSWER WHEN I FIND **BALDY FARROW!**

**FARROW?** WASN'T HE THE NIGHT WATCHMAN WHO WAS SHOT DURING THE HOLDUP OF THE SEABOARD LOAN COMPANY?



UH--I--ER-- SURE, REMEMBER READING ABOUT IT IN THE NEWSPAPER!

SURE, MISTER BASCOMB! WALT WILEY WAS BLAMED FOR THE SHOOTING, BUT THE DOCTORS COULDN'T RETRIEVE THE SLUG FROM THE WATCHMAN'S HEAD TO PROVE WHETHER WILEY FIRED THE SHOT--OR ONE OF HIS THREE MYSTERIOUS CRONIES!





PUT A TAIL ON BASCOMB'S CAR DOWNSTAIRS! HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT THE SEABOARD ROBBERY. IN FACT, THE PIECES OF THE JIG-SAW ARE BEGINNING TO FALL INTO PLACE AT LAST!

I'LL HANDLE IT, LIEUTENANT!



WAIT! TELL RICCI TO SEND OUT AN ALL-POINTS BULLETIN ON WALT "GRIPER" WILEY! THERE'S A DESCRIPTION OF HIM IN THE CLOSED FILES!

WALT WILEY? YOU WANT WE SHOULD PICK UP A CORPSE?



THAT SAME DAY, AS BASCOMB STEPPED INTO THE ELEVATOR OF AN OFFICE BUILDING TO MEET AN ACQUAINTANCE FOR DINNER...

FREEZE, BOTH OF YOU! OPERATOR, TAKE US DOWN TO THE BASEMENT! FAST! NO ARGUMENTS, OR I'LL DRILL YOU!

HUH?

B-BUT-- BUT..!

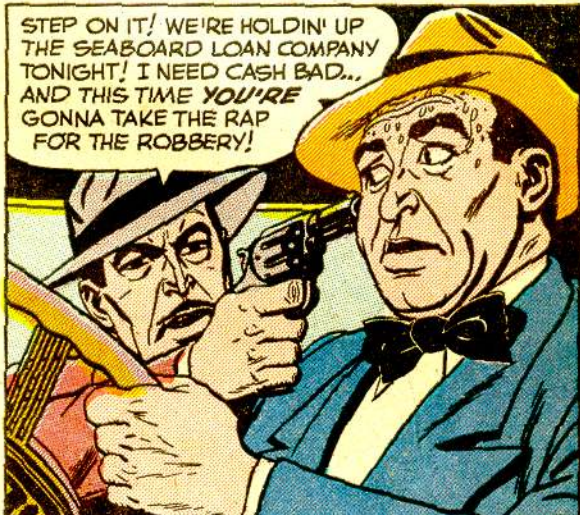


WALT WILEY! YOU'RE ALIVE!

YEAH-- AND IT'S MORE THAN I'M GONNA BE ABLE TO SAY ABOUT YOU! NOW LET'S SLIP THROUGH THE ALLEY TO YOUR CAR! THIS BOY WON'T TALK, I KNOCKED HIM OUT!



STEP ON IT! WE'RE HOLDIN' UP THE SEABOARD LOAN COMPANY TONIGHT! I NEED CASH BAD... AND THIS TIME YOU'RE GONNA TAKE THE RAP FOR THE ROBBERY!



ATTENTION ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE LOOKOUT ON WALT "GRIPER" WILEY. DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS...

RICCI! THIS IS KELLY, CAR 48! I'M TAILING BASCOMB ON THIRD AVENUE, GOING NORTH! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WALT WILEY'S IN THE CAR WITH BASCOMB!



LOOK! COPPERS! DON'T SQUEAL ON ME, WALT, AND I'LL PAY YOU ANYTHING! I'M LEVELING WITH YOU THIS TIME! I PROMISE, HONEST!

PROMISE? YOU ONCE PROMISED TO HELP ME, REMEMBER?





STEP ON THE GAS, BASCOMB, AND TURN DOWN THAT ALLEY ACROSS THE STREET! NO TRICKS EITHER. MY GUN IS IN YOUR RIBS. WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT COPS--THEY CAN'T ARREST A CORPSE!



MORE SQUAD CARS! THEY GOT A DRAGNET OUT! GIMME THAT WHEEL, YOU!

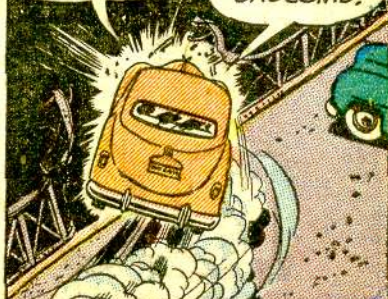
DON'T, YOU FOOL! LEGGO!



BUT FATE TOOK OVER BECAUSE, IRONICALLY, THE END CAME ON THAT SAME BRIDGE WALT WILEY HAD TRIED TO CROSS IN HIS FUTILE GETAWAY ELEVEN YEARS EARLIER!

HELP! AHHHHH!

WE'RE DYING TOGETHER, BASCOMB!



THE NEXT MORNING, POLICE BROUGHT UP THE TWO BODIES FROM THEIR WATERY GRAVE...

ONE OF THEM'S BASCOMB ALL RIGHT, LIEUTENANT!

AND THE OTHER IS THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR--**BALDY FARROW!** I GUESS HE HAD A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH THE BASCOMBS, TOO!... PROBABLY BECAUSE OF THE SLUG HE GOT IN THE HEAD AS THE SEABOARD WATCHMAN!



HERE'S A PHOTO OF WALT WILEY IN HIS POCKET!

THANKS, SERGEANT! I THINK THAT WHEN WALDY WENT BAD AND SERVED TIME, HIS STRANGE PITY FOR WILEY WAS BASED ON THE HOPE THAT **WALT** WOULD KILL THOSE THREE BROTHERS!



"BUT WHEN WILEY WAS DOOMED TO DIE IN PRISON, BALDY SPED UP THE DAY WITH POISON, AFTER FIRST HAVING HIM WRITE THE THREATENING NOTE!"

YOU SEE, WITH WALT DEAD, BALDY COULD ASSUME HIS PAL'S IDENTITY AND PAY OFF **BOTH** THEIR DEBTS TO THE BASCOMBS! THE CLINCHER IS THIS PHOTO THAT BALDY APPARENTLY SWIPED FROM WALT'S SISTER IN TRENTON!



"COMPARE IT WITH BALDY'S OWN PICTURE FROM THE ROGUE'S GALLERY. THEY LOOK LIKE A **BEFORE-AND-AFTER** ADVERTISEMENT!"

BALDY USED WALT'S PICTURE TO GUIDE HIM IN CHANGING HIS APPEARANCE. A WIG AND **PLASTIC SURGERY** DID THE JOB! WHICH IS THE FIRST TIME I CAN RECALL AN EX-CON REMODELING HIS FACE TO RESEMBLE **ANOTHER** CRIMINAL!



The End



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- Please enter my attached drawing in your April drawing contest. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

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**Amateurs Only!** Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit the lettering. All drawings must be received by April 30, 1951. None returned. Winners notified.

**Latest Winner List!** Free course winners in previous contest—from list just released: R. Lambert, 3206 Eastern, York, Pa.; H. Koch, Jr., 2339 N. Park, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. M. Palace, 916 Culbertson, Worland, Wyo.; R. Freiheit, 4261 N. 29th, Milwaukee, Wisc.; R. Hunt, Rt. 2, North Tazewell, Va.

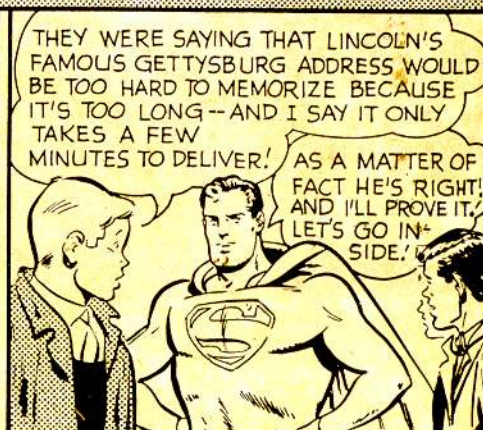
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# SUPERMAN "HUMAN RIGHTS says: for ALL!"



IN ONE OF THE CLASSROOMS, FINGERS MOVING FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, **SUPERMAN** WRITES THE ENTIRE SPEECH ON THE BLACKBOARD IN A FRACTION OF A SECOND!

THERE! EXACTLY 267 WORDS! BUT THE POINT I WANT TO GET OVER IS THAT WHETHER ALVIN IS RIGHT OR WRONG, HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN **ALLOWED TO SPEAK!** THAT'S ONE REASON WHY WE'RE CELEBRATING THE BIRTHDAY OF LINCOLN, WHO FOUGHT TO PRESERVE THE HERITAGE OF OUR COUNTRY'S BILL OF RIGHTS.



"OTHER NATIONS FEEL THE SAME WAY. THE UNITED NATIONS COMMISSION ON HUMAN RIGHTS PREPARED A DECLARATION IN WHICH THEY OUTLINED THIRTY RIGHTS EVERY HUMAN BEING IN THE WORLD SHOULD HAVE -- LIKE THE RIGHT TO SAY, WRITE AND READ WHAT YOU CHOOSE, WORSHIP AS YOU WISH, VOTE THE WAY YOU WANT."

"IN 1948, 59 NATIONS PASSED THE DECLARATION WITHOUT A DISSENTING VOTE. NOW THE COMMISSION IS WORKING ON A COVENANT FOR NATIONS TO SIGN, AGREEING TO LIVE UP TO THE DECLARATION IN THEIR OWN COUNTRIES."



LET'S SEE TO IT THAT WE LIVE UP TO THIS IMPORTANT JOB AT HOME AND SUPPORT OUR UNITED NATIONS IN HELPING OTHER COUNTRIES TO LIVE UP TO IT, TOO. THAT WAY, THE WORLD CAN BE A SAFE AND HAPPY PLACE FOR *Everybody!*

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



# WIN OFFICIAL NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION MEDALS

with your

**DAISY**



## Exciting News!

NOW—for the FIRST time in history—any Daisy owner can join in the JUNIOR PROGRAM OF NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. This puts you and your Daisy in "The Big League!" Exciting News! now you can shoot to win beautiful, official NRA Medals, Lapel Buttons, Brassards. Exciting News! NOW you can have MORE FUN than ever before, indoors and out, with year around target shooting under ADULT SUPERVISION. Boys and Girls! now you can learn to shoot SAFELY . . . STRAIGHT . . . and BECOME A CHAMPION AIR RIFLE SHOT. Your parents or Guardian will welcome this EXCITING NEWS! Ask them to read this page NOW. SEND COUPON for folder "How To Be A Champion Shot"—and details on how you can become an NRA Junior Member.



The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2½ million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.

### Parents!

Your children want to shoot. Give them a chance to shoot and learn safety through skill. Be a SUPERVISOR of a junior group of 3 or more youngsters. You need not be a crack shot. Mark and mail Coupon today for details.

### Organizations!

SPONSOR a junior group! Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rod and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others. Mail coupon today for details.

**EXCITED?** Shoot THIS COUPON  
IN NOW FOR FREE DETAILS!



**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Plymouth, Michigan, Dept. 1541, U. S. A.

Rush postpaid "HOW TO BE A CHAMPION SHOT" folder and details of how I can become an NRA Junior Member and win AWARDS with my Daisy. I enclose unused 3c stamp.

Name.....  
Street and No.....  
City..... State.....

PARENTS! ADULTS! ORGANIZATIONS! Send 25c coin for Authoritative Safety Training Book and information on SPONSORING or SUPERVISING a junior group.

YOUR NAME.....  
ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any).....  
Street and No.....

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

☐ MEN and WOMEN! If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.

# DAISY

*Air Rifles*

NO. 25  
PUMP  
GUN

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