

GANG BUSTERS

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

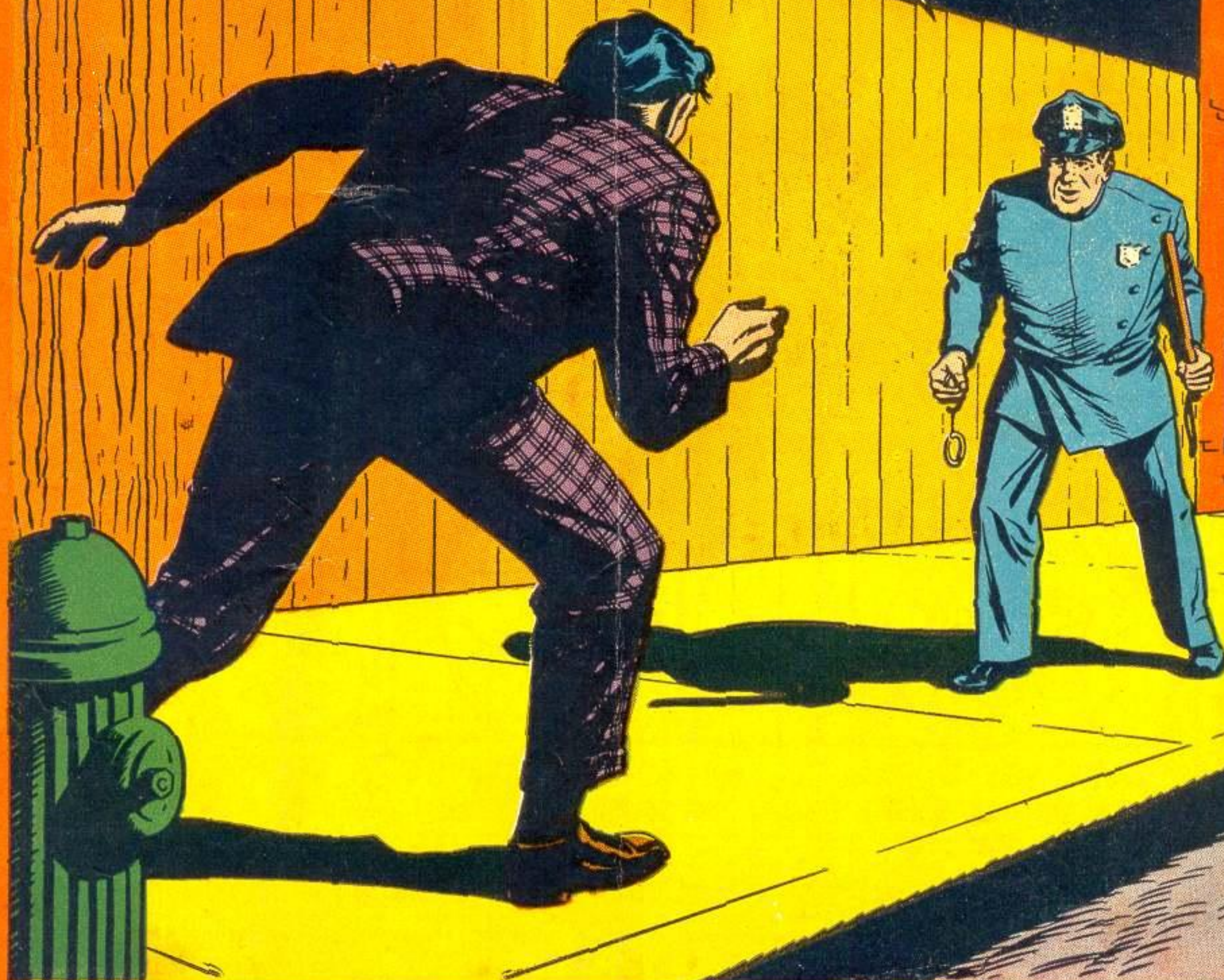


APR. MAY
NO. 27

GANG BUSTERS

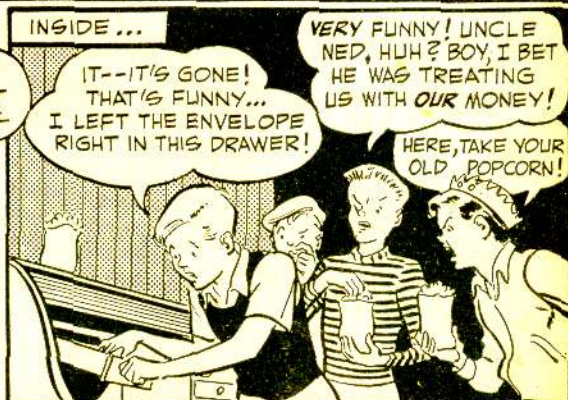
EVEN IF
YOU ARE MY SON,
I'M TAKING YOU
IN!

Featuring
**"I HUNTED
MY OWN
SON!"**



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

BULLY *says* "BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS!"

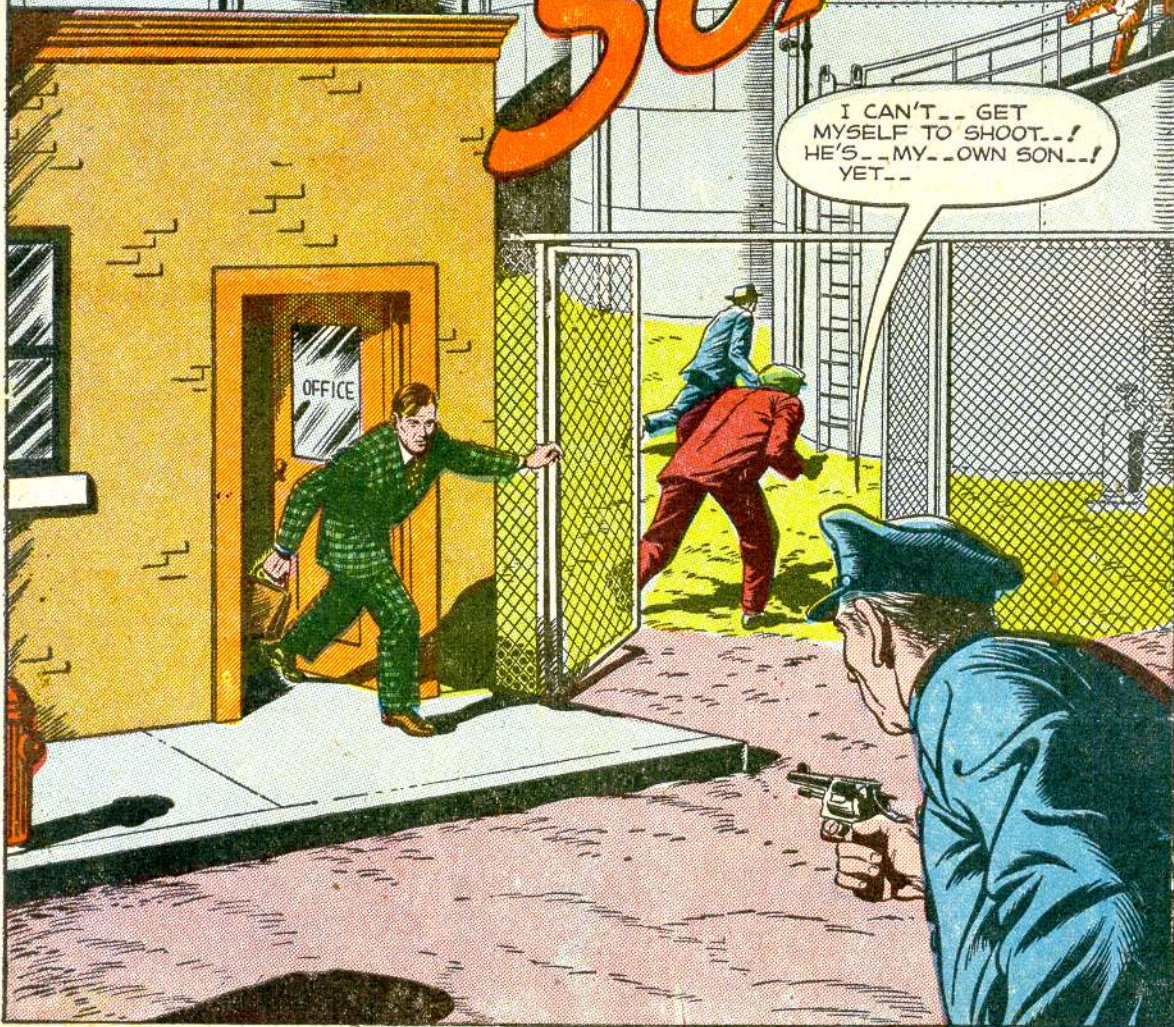


THIS PAGE IS PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS.

IMAGINE YOURSELF TO BE AN OFFICER OF THE LAW!
IMAGINE YOUR OWN SON A HUNTED CRIMINAL!
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?
THINK IT OVER-- THEN READ THIS STORY AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF IF I MADE THE RIGHT DECISION WHEN I HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN MY SWORN DUTY TO UPHOLD THE LAW, AND MY LOVE FOR MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD, WHEN.....

"I HUNTED MY OWN SON!"

I CAN'T-- GET MYSELF TO SHOOT--!
HE'S--MY--OWN SON--!
YET--



IT ALL BEGAN SEPT. 14, 1951. BY 2 A.M., THINGS HAD QUIETED DOWN ON MY RIVER FRONT BEAT, AND I WAS JUST ABOUT TO RING IN WHEN....

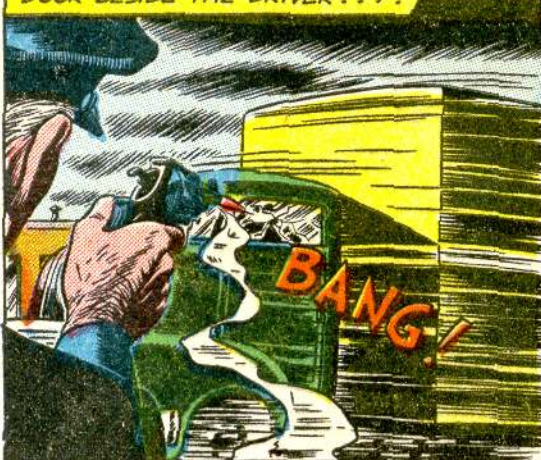
THAT'S FRED KERRIGAN ON THE NEXT BEAT AFTER IT!



THE FLEEING TRUCK CAME BEARING DOWN ON ME! I AIMED CAREFULLY, AND MY FIRST SHOT SPLINTERED THE WINDSHIELD.....



AS THE TRUCK SWUNG INTO 15TH STREET, MY SECOND SHOT SHATTERED THE GLASS OF THE DOOR BESIDE THE DRIVER....



SO... (PUFF)... THEY GOT AWAY, HUH? (PUFF) FIVE YOUNG HOODS... BROKE INTO THE GLO-SILK WAREHOUSE ON 18TH STREET! THEY... (PUFF)... TRIED TO RUN ME DOWN... (PUFF)... MAKING THEIR GETAWAY!

I'LL PHONE IN AN ALARM! THEN WE'LL GO BACK TO THE WAREHOUSE AND LOOK AROUND!



THERE WAS NOTHING BUT EMPTY SPACE WHERE BEFORE \$15,000 WORTH OF SILK HAD BEEN STORED... BUT IN THE DRIVEWAY I FOUND SOMETHING THAT FROZE MY BLOOD...

HOW DID THIS GET HERE? THE TIE CLASP I GAVE BOB ON HIS BIRTHDAY... WITH HIS INITIALS!

WELL, IT WAS PRETTY DARK, MATT! HARD TO RECOGNIZE ANYONE... FOR SURE...!

FRED... DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THOSE YOUNG HOODS?



LATER, AT THE STATION HOUSE, AS I WAS TRYING TO COMPLETE MY REPORT...

MATT SMITH'S SHOTS BROKE A LOT OF GLASS! EVEN IF HE DIDN'T HIT THE DRIVER, HE'D BE CUT UP BY THE SPLINTERS!

I'LL ALERT ALL HOSPITALS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR GUNSHOT WOUNDS OR INJURIES!

BOB CAN'T BE MIXED UP WITH THAT GANG... HE CAN'T...!



IT WAS ALMOST 4 A.M. WHEN I DRAGGED MY FEET HOMEWARD. I HADN'T FELT SO LOW SINCE MY WIFE, NELLIE, DIED THREE YEARS AGO. MY HEAD ACHED FROM ASKING MYSELF THE SAME QUESTIONS OVER AND OVER...

WAS BOB WITH THOSE HOODS...? WILL HE BE HOME WHEN I GET THERE...?



SLIPPING QUIETLY INTO HIS ROOM, I BREATHED EASIER WHEN I SAW BOB IN BED. BUT THEN, I SAW SOMETHING... **ADHESIVE PLASTER ON HIS FACE!**...

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA WAKING ME UP, POP?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY... I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR TIE CLASP! AND I WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU HURT YOUR FACE! ANSWER ME--AND NO LIES!



TAKE IT EASY, POP! THE SPRING ON THE CLASP SNAPPED, SO I TOOK IT OVER TO KRANTZ, THE JEWELER! AS FOR THESE CUTS... I WAS IN A LITTLE SCRAP AT A DANCE-HALL, THAT'S ALL! WHY ALL THE EXCITEMENT...?



YOU'RE LYING! I OUGHT TO BEAT THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU!

I'M NOT, POP-- BUT IF IT WILL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I CAN TAKE IT!



ALL RIGHT... I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD FOR IT... UNTIL I CHECK WITH KRANTZ TOMORROW!

NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!

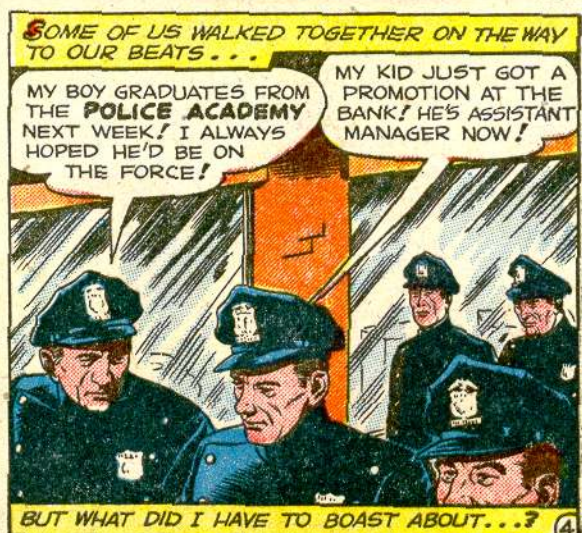
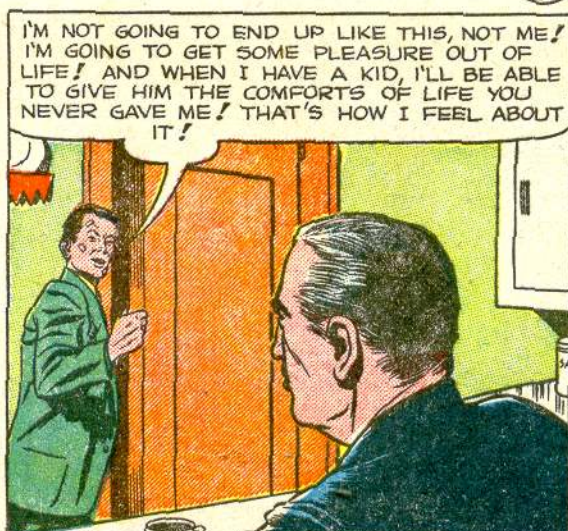


NEXT MORNING, AFTER A RESTLESS NIGHT...

THOSE HIJACKERS TRIED TO RUN DOWN FRED KERRIGAN LAST NIGHT! I SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON 'EM!

WHY WORK YOURSELF INTO A LATHER, POP? THE SILK WAS INSURED! NO ONE'S GOING TO LOSE BY IT!





THAT NIGHT, ON THE CORNER OF RIVER AND 15th,
DETECTIVE BILL FOLSOM STOPPED BY, AND . . .

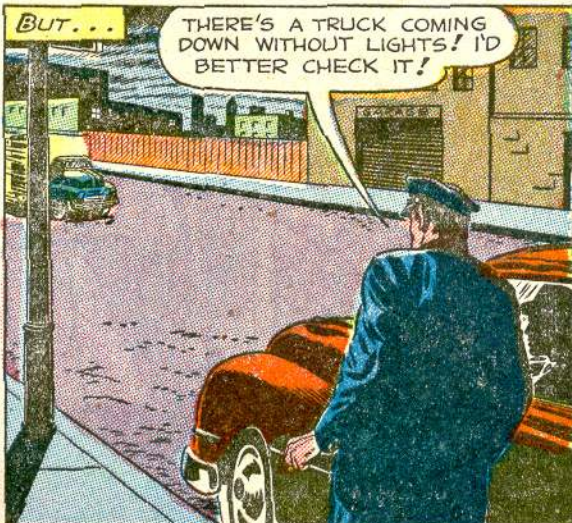
ONE OF THOSE HOODS MUST HAVE
BEEN CUT UP BY THE FLYING GLASS
FROM YOUR SHOTS, MATT! I'VE
COMBED THE NEIGHBORHOOD, BUT
NO LUCK! IF YOU HAPPEN TO
NOTICE ANYONE WITH FRESH
CUTS . . .

I MUST
TELL HIM
ABOUT BOB--
IT'S MY
DUTY--!



BUT . . .

THERE'S A TRUCK COMING
DOWN WITHOUT LIGHTS! I'D
BETTER CHECK IT!



BILL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE
SAME--! PULL OVER!



SUDDENLY . . .

LUCKY FOR YOU
YOU CAN JUMP
FAST, COPPER!



IT IS THE SAME TRUCK,
BILL! AND THEY TRIED TO
RUN ME DOWN--LIKE
KERRIGAN LAST NIGHT!

HANG ON,
MATT!



I CAN'T PUNCTURE THEIR TIRES, BILL... THEY'RE **SOLID!**

WE'LL HAVE TO CATCH UP TO THEM THEN... AND CUT THEM OFF!



FINALLY, AT THE CORNER OF RIVER AND 4th . . .



ALL RIGHT, YOU HOODS-- COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

DON'T SHOOT-- WE GIVE UP!

PLEASE, PLEASE, BOB... DON'T BE IN THERE -- **DON'T BE IN THERE!**

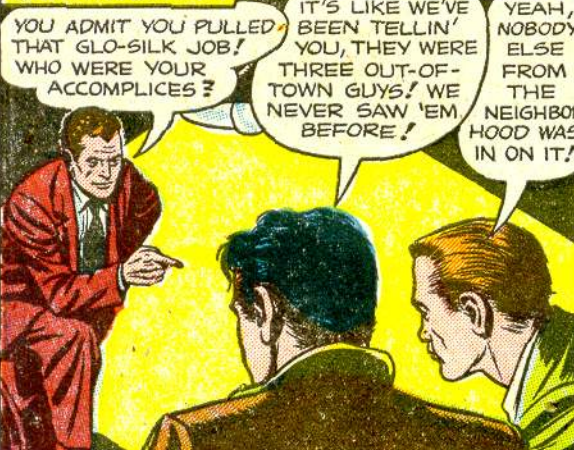
A WAVE OF RELIEF SWEEPED OVER ME WHEN THE TWO MEN CLIMBED OUT... BECAUSE NEITHER ONE WAS BOB . . .



HARRY BLEEKER AND NAT PURVIS! WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING WITH THIS TRUCK?

THE ANSWER'S BACK HERE, MATT-- THE SWAG FROM LAST NIGHT'S GLO-SILK JOB! WE'VE GOT THEM DEAD TO RIGHTS!

BACK AT THE PRECINCT, HARRY AND NAT WERE QUESTIONED FOR HOURS, BUT THEY STUCK TO THE SAME STORY . . .

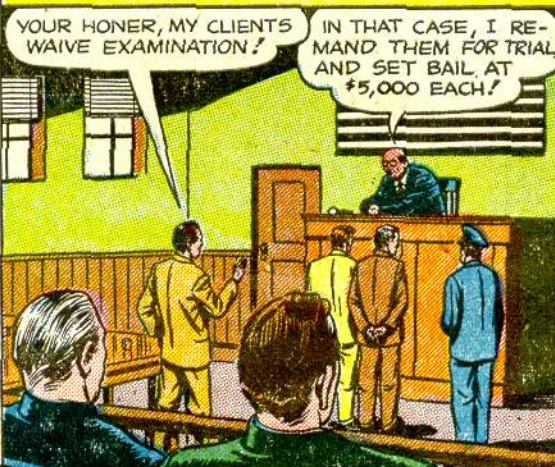


YOU ADMIT YOU PULLED THAT GLO-SILK JOB! WHO WERE YOUR ACCOMPLICES?

IT'S LIKE WE'VE BEEN TELLIN' YOU, THEY WERE THREE OUT-OF-TOWN GUYS! WE NEVER SAW 'EM BEFORE!

YEAH, NOBODY ELSE FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS IN ON IT!

IN MAGISTRATE'S COURT, NEXT MORNING, THEY WERE ARRAIGNED ON SEVERAL CHARGES . . .

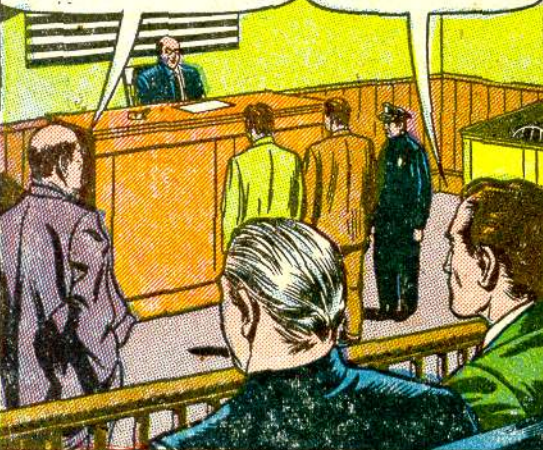


YOUR HONOR, MY CLIENTS WAIVE EXAMINATION!

IN THAT CASE, I RE-MAND THEM FOR TRIAL AND SET BAIL AT \$5,000 EACH!

I'M A BONDSMAN JUDGE! I'D LIKE TO ARRANGE BAIL FOR THE DEFENDANTS!

THEY GOT HOLD OF A LAWYER AND BONDS MAN PRETTY FAST!



THEN, OUTSIDE THE COURTHOUSE . . .



HI, POP! DID YOU HEAR WHAT THOSE GUYS SAID? NO ONE ELSE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAS IN ON THE GLO-SILK JOB! NOW WHAT DO YOU SAY?

THEY MIGHT JUST BE COVERING UP FOR THEIR PALS!



GOSH, POP, CAN'T YOU EVEN GIVE YOUR OWN SON THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT?

BOB, I'D LIKE TO--I WANT TO BELIEVE YOU--BUT--WHAT ABOUT THOSE CLOTHES? WHERE'S ALL YOUR MONEY COMING FROM?



I TOLD YOU I'M MAKING DOUGH! BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M CROOKED, DOES IT?

NO, IT DOESN'T! HE COULD BE TELLING THE TRUTH! THOSE CUTS ON HIS FACE COULD'VE COME FROM A BRAWL! AND KRANTZ DID EXPLAIN THE MISSING TIE CLASP!



BUT JUST AFTER BOB LEFT...

HEY, MR. SMITH-- WAIT A MINUTE!

KRANTZ! I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS!

JEWELER



ER--WHEN YOU CAME IN TO ASK ME ABOUT THAT TIE CLASP--WELL, BOB WAS IN EARLIER! HE--TOLD ME WHAT TO SAY TO YOU--SAID IT WAS PART OF A GAG-- BUT THEN I BEGAN TO THINK...MAYBE I SHOULD TELL THE TRUTH---HE NEVER BROUGHT IT IN.

YES, YES, KRANTZ-- THANKS... THANKS.



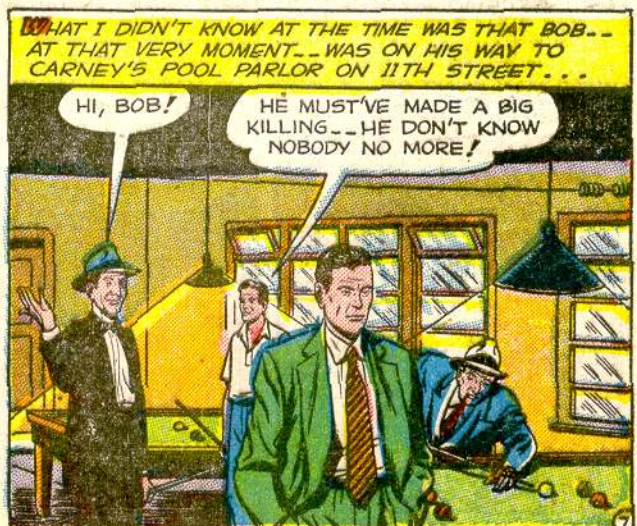
I COULDN'T HEAR THE REST OF IT. BESIDES, I HAD TO FIND FRED KERRIGAN AND ASK HIM...

IT--LOOKED LIKE BOB, MATT-- BUT I WASN'T SURE! IT WAS TOO DARK! I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING EVER SINCE! I'M--STILL NOT SURE, MATT!



WHEN I GET HOME TONIGHT-- I'M GOING TO ARREST BOB-- ON SUSPICION...

BUT, MATT-- YOUR OWN SON--!



WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW AT THE TIME WAS THAT BOB-- AT THAT VERY MOMENT-- WAS ON HIS WAY TO CARNEY'S POOL PARLOR ON 11TH STREET...

HI, BOB!

HE MUST'VE MADE A BIG KILLING--HE DON'T KNOW NOBODY NO MORE!

THERE WERE HARRY BLEEKER AND NAT PURVIS, THE TWO HOODS WHO HAD JUST BEEN BAILED OUT, LEO DUNN AND MIKE RAYMOND... **BIG MIKE, THE BOSS!**

WHICH ONE OF YOU TWO RATS TRIED TO RUN DOWN MY OLD MAN LAST NIGHT?

I DIDN'T MEAN IT! I AIN'T AS GOOD A DRIVER AS YOU... I GUESS I JUST LOST MY HEAD, THAT'S ALL!



YOU ROTTEN RAT, I'LL SEE YOU REALLY LOSE YOUR HEAD..!

CUT IT OUT, BOB! YOU KNOW FIGHTIN' IS AGAINST MY ORDERS! BESIDES, HARRY SAYS HE DIDN'T MEAN IT!



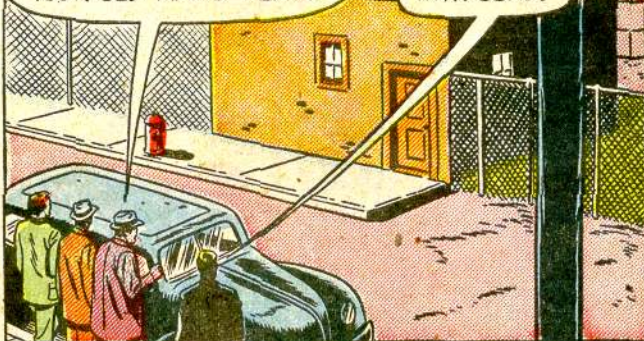
HARRY AND NAT DIDN'T DO SO BAD! NOW WE GOT TO PULL ANOTHER JOB TO PAY THE MOUTHPIECE AND BONDSMAN! I GOT A PAYROLL JOB ALL FINGERED! LET'S GO LOOK THE PLACE OVER!



IT WAS ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, ON LORIMER STREET.

THERE'S 50 GRAND IN THAT SHACK FOR TOMORROW'S PAYROLL. YOU'LL SIT IN THE CAR WHILE WE DO THE HEIST, BOB... AND YOU OUGHTTA BE GLAD... IT'S NOWHERE NEAR YOUR OLD MAN'S BEAT!

WAIT A MINUTE, MIKE! THERE MUST BE A NIGHT WATCHMAN IN THERE! THAT MEANS GUNS... AND YOU KNOW I DON'T GO FOR A JOB WITH GUNS!



NOW, WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT GUNS? THERE WON'T BE ANY GUNS! I GOT IT FIXED SO THE WATCHMAN WON'T BE AROUND!



BUT WHEN I REPORTED FOR INSPECTION THAT NIGHT....

PATROLMAN EDWARDS IS ILL, SMITH! HE HAS THE LORIMER STREET BEAT! THAT'S THE OIL REFINERY DISTRICT, AND I WANT A GOOD MAN THERE, SO I'M TRANSFERRING YOU THERE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE!



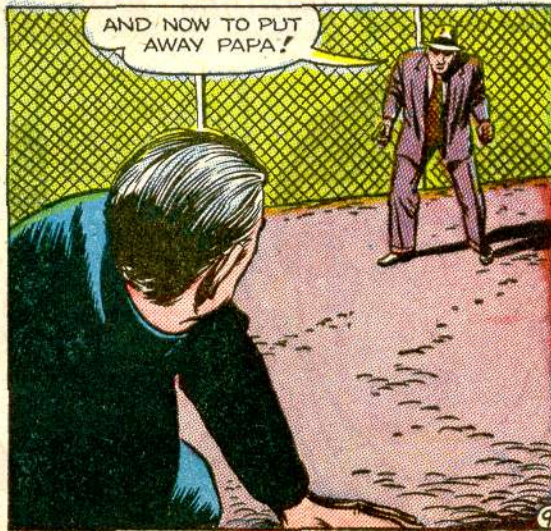
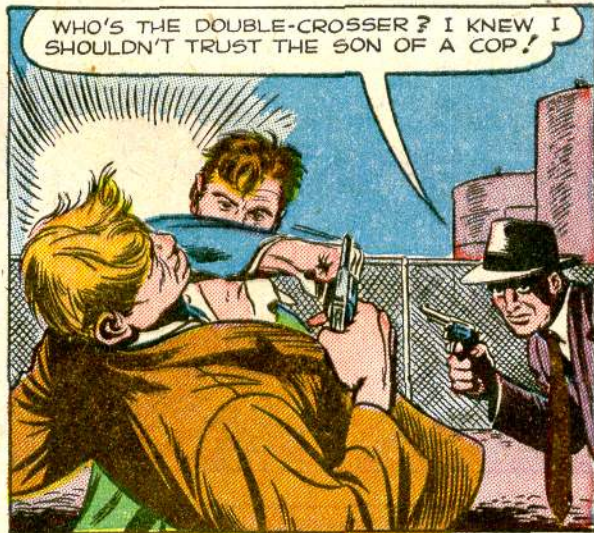
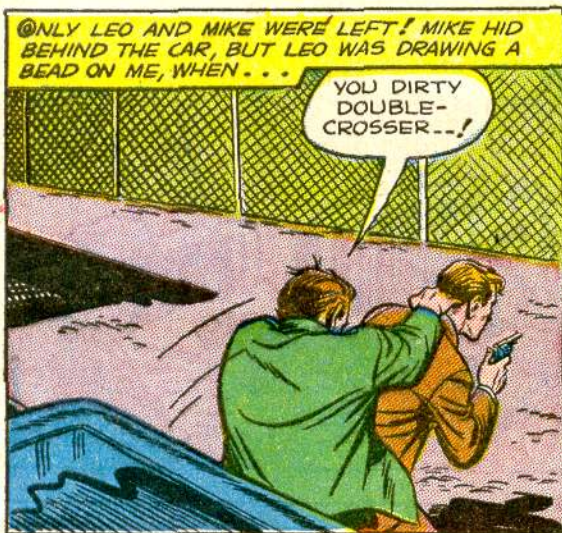
WHAT A TWIST OF FATE! THAT NIGHT, I WAS COVERING THE SAME BEAT WHERE MY SON WAS PLANNING A ROBBERY!

STAY AT THE WHEEL, BOB! ONCE WE GET INSIDE, LEO WILL HAVE THE SAFE OPEN IN A JIFFY, AND WE'LL BE RIGHT OUT!





WITHOUT WARNING, THE HOODS OPENED FIRE ON ME, AND I WENT DOWN WITH TWO WOUNDS.



IT WAS FINISHED, BUT IN THAT SPLIT-SECOND, BOB SHOWED THE STUFF HE WAS REALLY MADE OF...



BOB'S UNEXPECTED MOVE GAVE ME THE CHANCE I NEEDED...



AFTER SURGERY GOT THROUGH WITH BOB AND ME, THE CAPTAIN DROPPED IN...

YOUR SON CONFESSED HIS PART IN THE ROBBERIES, MATT! HE'LL HAVE TO PAY A PENALTY, OF COURSE, BUT IT WON'T BE A HEAVY ONE--NOT AFTER THE GALLANT SACRIFICE HE MADE LAST NIGHT!



I HAD THE WRONG SLANT, POP! BUT WHEN I GET OUT, I'M GOING TO SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS MAKING YOU PROUD OF ME! I MEAN IT, POP!

I...I'M PROUD OF YOU RIGHT NOW, SON! AND I MEAN THAT!



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BERT PARKS

TV STAR OF
"BREAK THE BANK"

HOMOGENIZED
FOR EASY FLOW.
IN HANDY
SHAKER-TOP BOTTLE.

**MONEY
BACK**

write us if you
don't agree that
it's the best cream
tonic ever!

IT'S HERE!
THE NEW CREAM
HAIR OIL THAT'S
**NOT STICKY
OR GREASY!**
GROOMS HAIR
PERFECTLY!

DIFFERENT
BECAUSE IT'S
LIGHT-BODIED.

TRY VITALIS
HAIR CREAM—
YOU'LL THANK
ME FOR THE TIP!



NEW!

VITALIS Hair CREAM

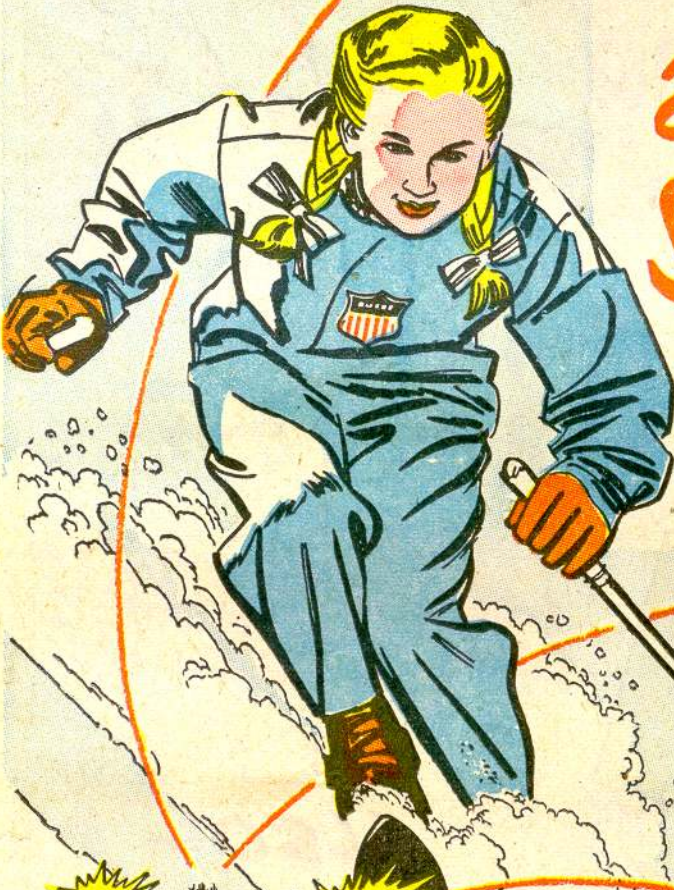
—by Bristol-Myers, makers of famous Vitalis

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MONEY!**
4oz SIZE
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OIL! (ALSO IN
2 1/2 SIZE)

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What Sparks a Champion Sparks You!

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ENERGY

VITAMINS

CUTAWAY
VIEW OF
WHEAT
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**THERE'S A
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IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

Look at the vital spark of wheat-power. Imagine what a big bowl of Wheaties can do for you . . . with a whole rich wheat kernel in every flake! Next time, *every-time*, make the champion choice—Wheaties.



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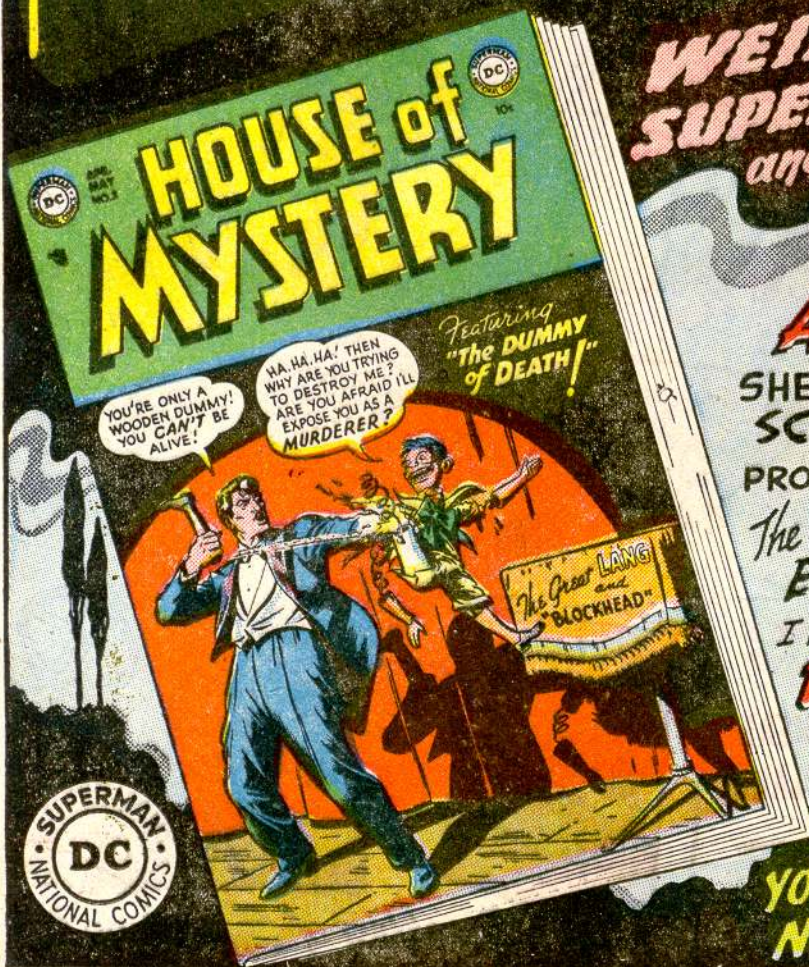
Enter here - **DARE!**

Unlock the
forbidding
portals of the

HOUSE of MYSTERY

and
learn the
secrets
of the

**WEIRD
SUPERNATURAL
and UNCANNY!**



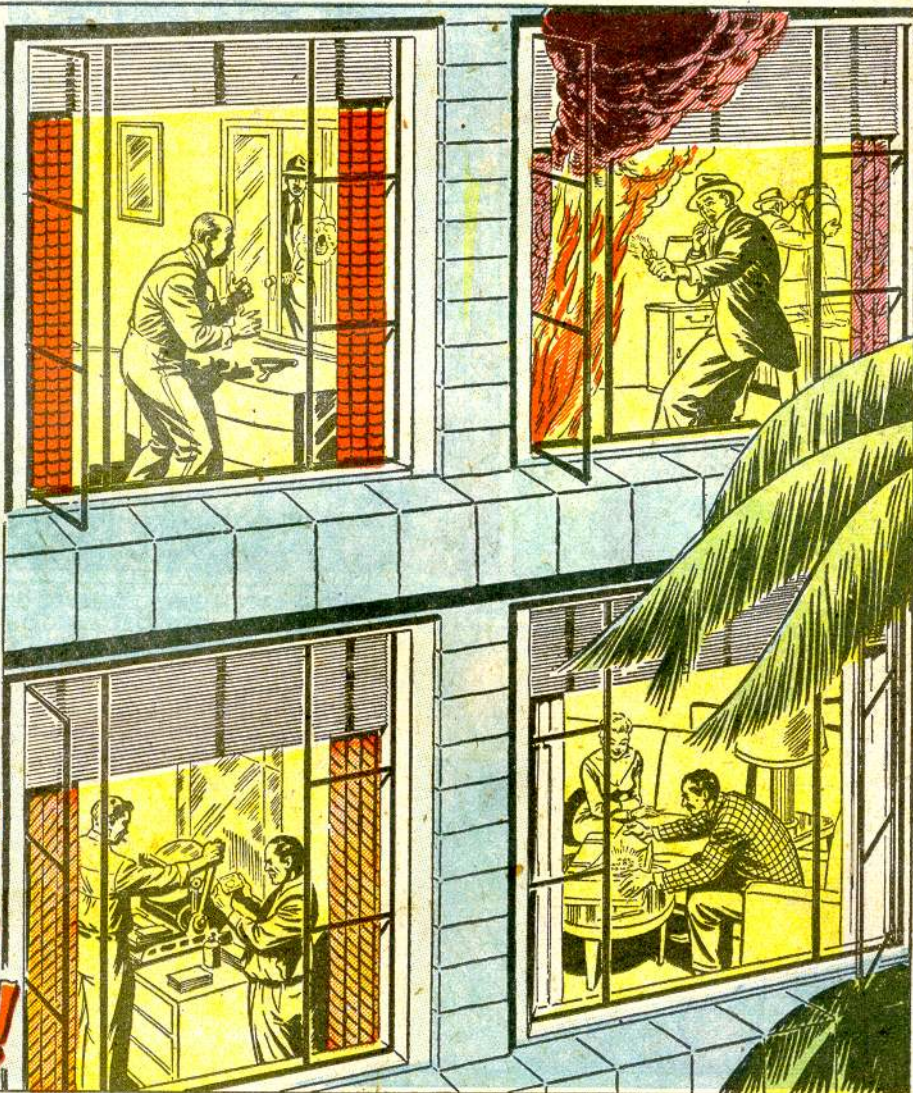
ALSO -
SHE WAKES UP
SCREAMING!
PROPHECY of DOOM!
The HOUSE WHERE
EVIL LIVED!
I Was A Victim of
**BLACK
MAGIC!**

On sale at
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND!



The LUSH TROPICAL ARMS HOTEL LOOMED OVER THE HOT SANDS OF FLORIDA, A PEACEFUL AND EXPENSIVE HAVEN FOR THE RICH WHO ESCAPED WINTER'S ICY BLASTS. THEN, A FUGITIVE FROM THE LAW SOUGHT THE PROTECTION OF ITS WELL-GUARDED GATES. AND WHEN MOB-STERS, TOO, MOVED IN TO SILENCE HIM, IT SEEMED FOR A WHILE THAT THE RESORT'S NAME WOULD BE CHANGED TO **HOTEL HOMICIDE**. BUT A.K. SPARLING, ITS SECURITY OFFICER, A GILT-EDGED NAME FOR HOUSE DETECTIVE, JOINED THE MAN-HUNT, AND THE BRISTLING ACTION WHICH FOLLOWED RAGED THROUGH...

TWENTY FLOORS of FELONY!



ON A BALMY WINTER MORNING LAST YEAR, A.K. SPARLING, SECURITY OFFICER OF THE POPULAR TROPICAL ARMS HOTEL IN FLORIDA, LOLLED OVER HIS BREAKFAST...

I HOPE HE'S NOT HEADED IN THIS DIRECTION! I WOULDN'T WANT A CHARACTER LIKE HAYNES ON MY HANDS!

FLORIDA COAST JOURNAL
BIG-TIME RACKETEER,
HARRY HAYNES, DIS-
APPEARS ON EVE OF
GRAND JURY INVESTI-
GATION

SUDDENLY, A METALLIC VOICE BLAST OUT...

PAGING LORD WEBBLEY... PLEASE CALL AT DESK FOR MESSAGE...
PAGING LORD WEBBLEY...

THAT'S FOR ME. THAT CODED SIGNAL MEANS I'M WANTED ON THE DOUBLE IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE!





COME IN, SPARLING. CHIEF OF DETECTIVES MULVANEY JUST TOSSED A BOMBSHELL IN MY LAP, TELLS ME HARRY HAYNES IS REGISTERED "INCognito" AT THIS HOTEL!



MULVANEY HAS GIVEN US 24 HOURS TO HANDLE THE MATTER OUR WAY, QUIETLY, WITHOUT DISTURBING OUR GUESTS!

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AND THEN WE POLICE MOVE IN IF YOU DON'T PIN DOWN HAYNES!



AND IF THE POLICE MOVE IN, WE MOVE OUT! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU, SPARLING, THAT PATRONS WHO PAY \$50 A DAY AT A RESORT HOTEL WANT EVERYTHING SMOOTH. YOUR JOB, AND PERHAPS MINE, DEPENDS UPON YOUR MAKING HAYNES' IDENTIFICATION AND ARREST PROMPTLY AND QUIETLY!



SPARLING'S FIRST STOP WAS AT THE REGISTRY CLERK'S...

THERE ARE 624 GUESTS AT THE TROPICAL ARMS AS OF THIS MINUTE--AND, NO, NONE OF THEM LOOKS LIKE THAT PICTURE!

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT. IT MEANS I HAVE TO INVESTIGATE EACH ONE PERSONALLY!



HARRY HAYNES COULD BE DISGUISED AS ANY ONE OF THOSE MEN...THE ENGLISH EARL, FOR INSTANCE, OR THAT OKLAHOMA OIL MILLIONAIRE...OR--THAT SENATOR...OR-- WAIT A MINUTE! THAT PRINCE FROM INDIA. I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM...



...YES, THERE'S A STRONG POSSIBILITY! HE'S GOT HAYNES' BUILD, AND IT WOULD BE VERY SIMPLE FOR HIM TO DISGUISE HIMSELF WITH THAT BEARD!



ALWAYS PROVIDE FOR THE GUEST'S PLEASURE IS THE HOTEL'S MOTTO, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M CONCERNED WITH 623 OTHER GUESTS. LET'S SEE IF THAT BEARD IS REAL-- HERE GOES EVERYTHING --OR NOTHING!

OH, EXCUSE ME...I--I SLIPPED!

AND ACTUALLY I *DID* SLIP! THIS BEARD IS *REAL*! IF HE SQUAWKS TO THE MANAGEMENT, I'M FINISHED...

CLUMSY OAF!



PLEASE DO NOT APOLOGIZE, SIR. YOGI DISCIPLINE HAS ROOTED MY BEARD SO STRONGLY THAT I COULD EASILY SUSTAIN THE WEIGHT OF TWO MEN THEREBY!

I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE!



SPARLING PEERED INTO THE FACES OF THE GUESTS LOUNGING ON THE TERRACE, THEN VEERED TOWARDS THE BEACH...

ROUGHLY 600 MORE GUESTS TO OBSERVE! I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN DO IT WITHIN 24 HOURS, AND FOR ALL I KNOW HAYNES MAY BE SITTING TIGHT IN HIS ROOM, SO I CAN NEVER IDENTIFY HIM...



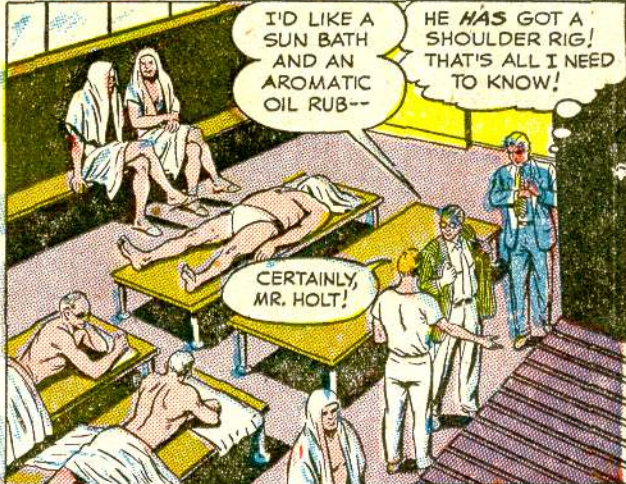
SAY, THAT CHARACTER MIGHT BE HARRY HAYNES...IF HIS HAIR WEREN'T GREY AND HE WASN'T WEARING DARK GLASSES... YES, THAT BULGE UNDER HIS COAT COULD BE A GUN IN A SHOULDER HOLSTER. GUESS I'LL TAIL HIM FOR AWHILE...



I'D LIKE A SUN BATH AND AN AROMATIC OIL RUB--

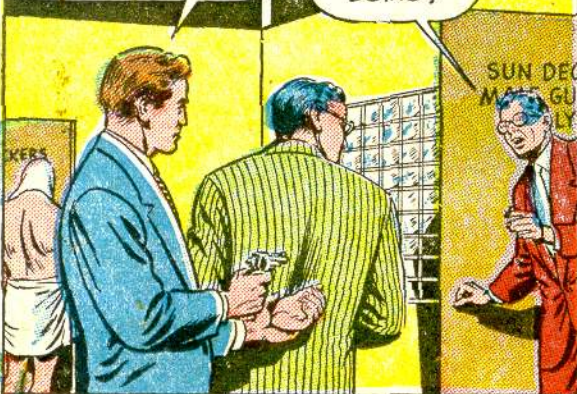
HE *HAS* GOT A SHOULDER RIG! THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW!

CERTAINLY, MR. HOLT!



KEEP MOVING, HAYNES-- STRAIGHT AHEAD WHERE MY GUN IS POINTING!

SPARLING, YOU FOOL! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

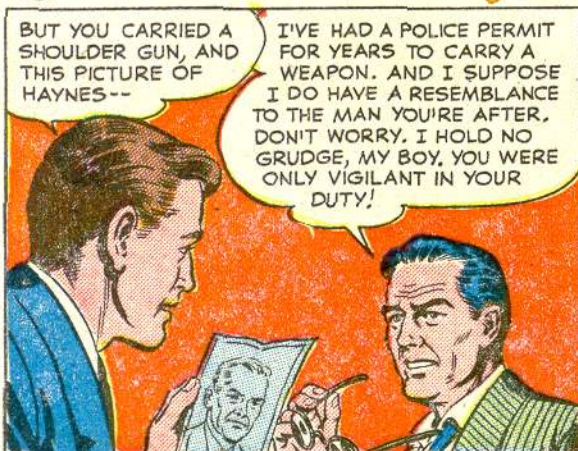


GORDON, WILL YOU TELL THIS YOUNG MAN TO CEASE HIS HORSEPLAY?

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, RELEASE HIM, SPARLING! MR. HOLT IS *ONLY* CHAIRMAN OF OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS, AND MAJORITY OWNER OF THE COAST-TO-COAST HOTEL CHAIN WHICH OWNS THE *TROPICAL ARMS*!

HUH?

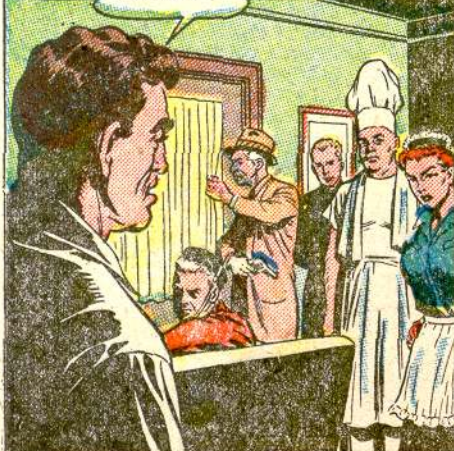




UNKNOWN TO HIM, SPARLING'S TROUBLES WERE MULTIPLYING--FOR SLUG CONROY'S MOBSTERS WERE ALSO TRYING TO NAB HAYNES--BUT GOOD! IN CABANA NO.12 ON THE HOTEL'S BEACH...



YOU ALL KNOW WHY YOU'VE BEEN SPOT- TED IN THIS JOINT. WE GOT TO STOP HAYNES FROM SHOWIN' UP BEFORE THE GRAND JURY OR WE'RE SUNK. HE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT US. BUT NOW WE GOT TO MOVE IN FAST ON HIM. THE COPS HAVE GIVEN THAT SECURITY CHIEF SPARLING 24 HOURS TO NAB HIM-- SO WE GOT TO BEAT HIM TO HAYNES!



HAVING COMBED THE HOTEL'S EXTERIOR, SPARLING NOW BEGAN PROWLING THROUGH THE INTERIOR. IN ROOM 216...



YOU AND I ARE GOING DOWN TO THE MANAGER'S OFFICE, AND--

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ANYWHERE! I'LL SHOOT--





GRACIOUS, SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL YOU--

AND I DON'T INTEND LETTING HIM HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE ELSE IS AFTER HARRY HAYNES, AND IS TRYING TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY, SO I DON'T SPOIL HIS PLANS! I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT'S COOKING IN THE KITCHEN...

I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO YOU, CHEF! SOMEONE TRIED TO BURY IT-- IN THE BACK OF MY HEAD!

PUNG!

ALERT TO ANY OTHER THREATS ON HIS LIFE, SPARLING STROLLED CAUTIOUSLY OUTSIDE THE FRONT ENTRANCE...

WELCOME BACK, MR. WOOD. HOPE YOU HAD A NICE TRIP THROUGH THE EVERGLADES...

UH-UH! THE DOORMAN IS MAKING A STRANGE SIGNAL TO THE BELLHOP!

SIX OUT.

NOW THE BELLHOP IS GIVING THE SAME SIGNAL TO THE ELEVATOR OPERATOR. WONDER IF IT'S A CON-GAME AGAINST MR. WOOD?

HOLD IT! GOING UP!

I'VE GOT SPARLING! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER ONE!

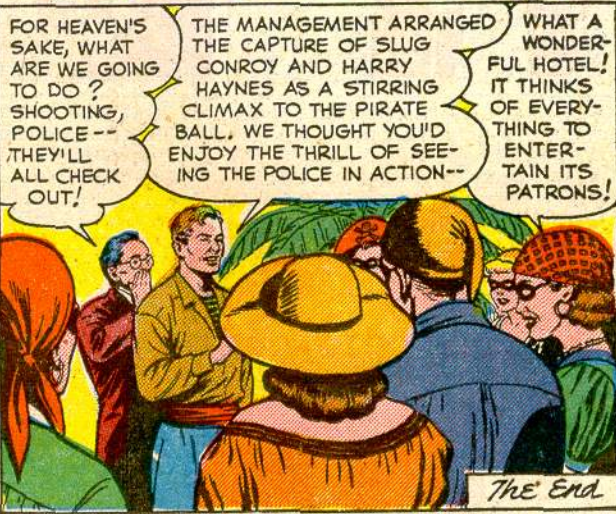
THIS ISN'T A CON-GAME! IT'S MURDER!

OW-W! MY HAND!

YOU'RE LUCKY IT WASN'T YOUR HEART! WELL, HERE GOES MY JOB NOW. MR. WOOD WILL PROBABLY SQUAWK TO THE MANAGEMENT!

BIAM!





ADVERTISEMENT

"LUCKY" LUDEN'S and his pal go exploring in a haunted house...

(COUGH - COUGH) JEEPERS! IT'S HATCHET HATTIE THE KID HATER!

COUGH! HIDE HERE!

IN A FLASH - LUCKY LUDEN'S GRABS THE CURTAIN CORD...

THAT'S AN UNLUCKY COUGH, LAD! BUT MY HATCHET WILL STOP IT! (CACKLE, CACKLE)

HAVE A LUDEN'S FOR LUCK, PAL - AND REMEMBER, THE KID WHO COUGHS IS THE KID WHO GETS CAUGHT!

HEY KIDS! FOR GOOD LUCK, EAT LUDEN'S WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS! TASTE LIKE REAL CHERRIES - AND SO GOOD FOR YOU, YOU CAN EAT EM IN SCHOOL!

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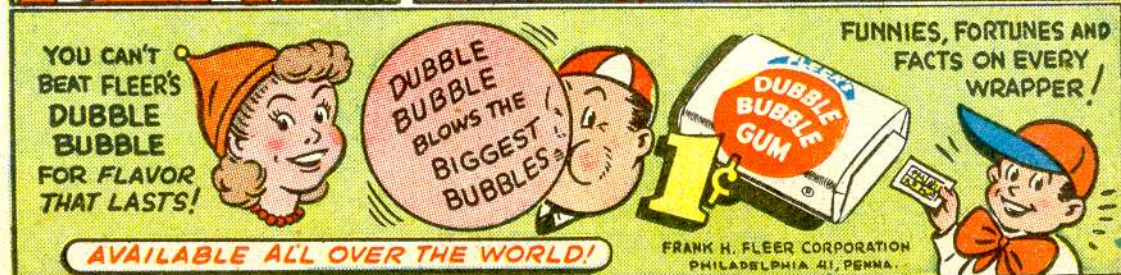
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...AND LASSEOS HATCHET HATTIE!

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Only 5¢



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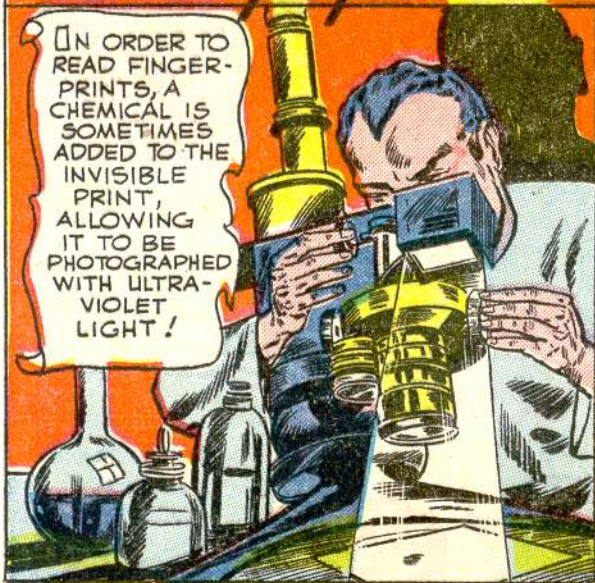
...the American
Family's favorite
daughter

See your local paper
for time and channel

AMERICAN
BROADCASTING COMPANY

Fingerprint ODDITIES!

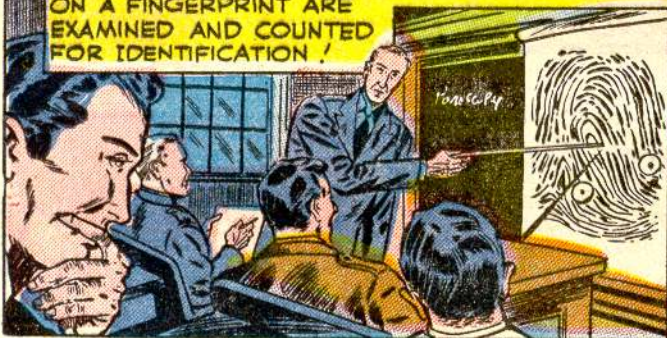
IN ORDER TO READ FINGERPRINTS, A CHEMICAL IS SOMETIMES ADDED TO THE INVISIBLE PRINT, ALLOWING IT TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WITH ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT!



SOME CRIMINALS HAVE USED FORGED FINGERPRINTS AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME IN ORDER TO THROW THE POLICE OFF THE TRACK, BUT THESE ARE SO UNNATURAL IN APPEARANCE THAT THEY FAIL TO FOOL THE POLICE!



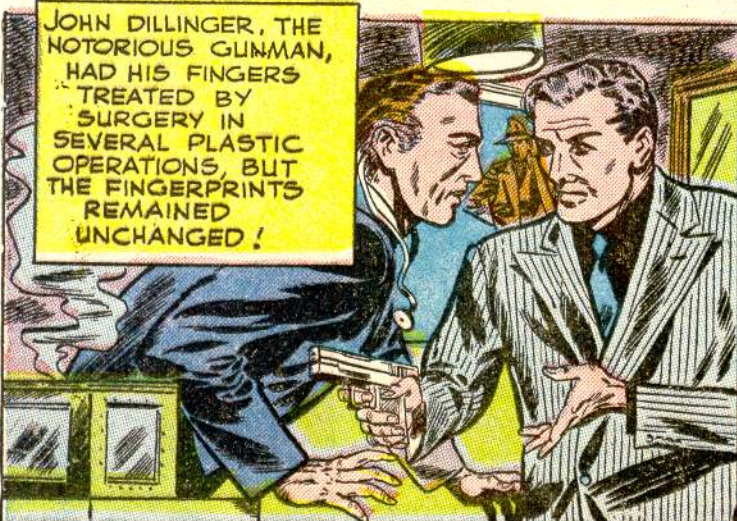
FINGERPRINTING HAS LEAD TO A COMPARATIVELY NEW SCIENCE OF POROSCOPY, IN WHICH THE PORES ON A FINGERPRINT ARE EXAMINED AND COUNTED FOR IDENTIFICATION!



HALF THE PEOPLE OF ARGENTINA HAVE THEIR FINGERPRINTS ON FILE WITH THE POLICE! IT IS COMPULSARY IN THAT COUNTRY!

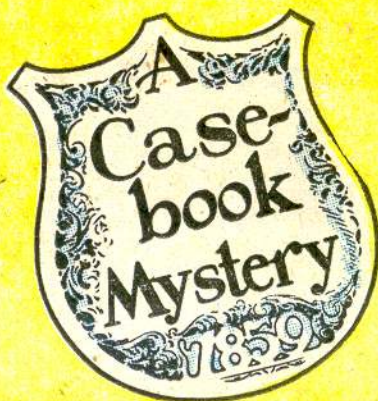


JOHN DILLINGER, THE NOTORIOUS GUNMAN, HAD HIS FINGERS TREATED BY SURGERY IN SEVERAL PLASTIC OPERATIONS, BUT THE FINGERPRINTS REMAINED UNCHANGED!



IN FACT, THE OPERATIVE SCARS MADE IDENTIFICATION EVEN EASIER!





"The **CRIME** of the **CENTURY**"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

GEORGE WELDON, GAMBLER AND RACKETEER, HAD PLANNED HIS UNIQUE CRIME CAREFULLY, AND HAD GIVEN ALMOST 10 YEARS OF HIS LIFE TO THE PROJECT--BUT HE FELT IT WAS WELL WORTH IT...

SURE! WHO WOULDN'T--FOR A COOL MILLION DOLLARS--?



YES, HE HAD PLANNED IT CAREFULLY--WAY BACK IN 1942, WHEN HE SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED TO THE PRESS THAT HE WAS LEAVING FOR EUROPE...

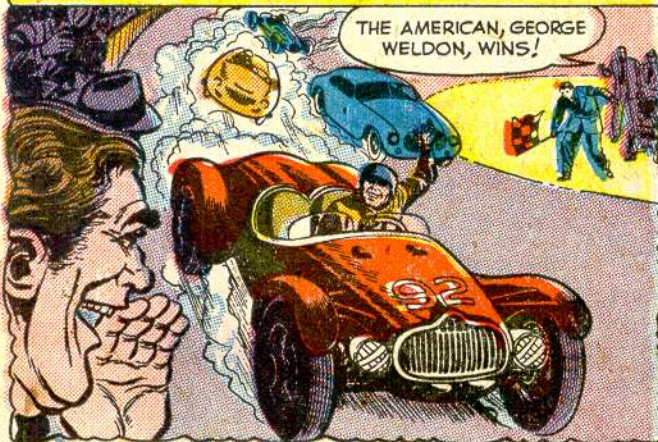
WELL, SERGEANT, IT LOOKS LIKE WELDON'S GOING TO BE OUT OF OUR HAIR FOR A WHILE!

YEAH--QUITE A SEND-OFF! YOU'D THINK HE WAS AN AMBASSADOR, OR SOMETHING!

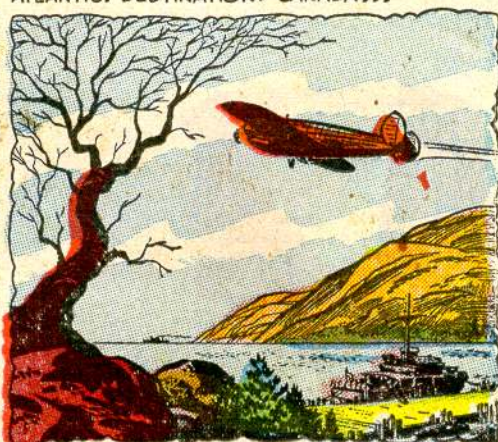


ONCE IN EUROPE...OR, TO BE PRECISE, IN BERNE, SWITZERLAND, A NEUTRAL OASIS IN A WAR-TORN CONTINENT... WELDON NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS...

THE AMERICAN, GEORGE WELDON, WINS!



BUT THEN, EARLY IN 1943, COMPLETELY DISGUISED, WELDON CHARTERED A PRIVATE PLANE AND PILOTED THE CRAFT ACROSS THE NORTH ATLANTIC. DESTINATION: CANADA...



ON A BITTERLY COLD NIGHT, HE SLIPPED ACROSS THE BORDER... THEN, EXACTLY ONE MONTH LATER, OPERATING ACCORDING TO A PRE-ARRANGED PLAN, HE SET TO WORK, A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE NATION'S CAPITOL...



THAT ARMORED TRUCK HAS NOT CHANGED ITS SCHEDULE IN FIFTEEN YEARS--WHICH MEANS I HAVE JUST ONE HOUR BEFORE DAWN TO FINISH THE WIRING--!

AT EXACTLY 4:30 A.M... WELL, EVERYTHING IS SET--AND HERE IT COMES--!



RIGHT ON THE BUTTON! NOW TO UNLOAD THAT CARGO OF FRESHLY MINTED MONEY!

WELDON'S THOROUGHNESS WAS ALSO DEMONSTRATED LATER BY HIS ELABORATE HIDING PLACE...



HA, HA! A CLEAN SWEEP... A COOL MILLION IN BILLS, QUARTERS, DIMES, NICKELS... HA, HA-- EVEN PENNIES!



AFTER DESTROYING ALL TRACES OF THE OFFICIAL GOVERNMENT BAGS, WELDON STOLE BACK ACROSS THE BORDER INTO CANADA, AND WINGED BACK TO BERNE...



THEN, AS IF HE HAD NEVER LEFT BERNE, WELDON IMMEDIATELY RESUMED HIS PUBLICITY-GRABBING ACTIVITIES-- ALWAYS MAKING SURE NEWSMEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WERE PRESENT...

FIRST PRIZE FOR WINNING THE MOTORBOAT RACE GOES TO GEORGE WELDON!

SMILE, MR. WELDON!

HOW'S THIS?



WELDON KEPT THIS UP FOR SEVEN MORE LONG, PATIENT YEARS--THEN SUDDENLY ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS LONESOME FOR HIS NATIVE LAND, AND WAS PLANNING TO RETURN...

IT HAS BEEN MANY YEARS SINCE YOU HAVE SEEN YOUR NATIVE LAND, EH, MEE-STAIR WELDON?

SURE HAS! I LEFT IT BACK IN 1942! GUESS IT'S TIME I WENT BACK FOR A VISIT, EH?



NOW OFFICIALLY BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, GEORGE WELDON, WAS UNAWARE OF THE SCRUTINY OF TWO DETECTIVES-- HAD HE KNOWN IT, HOWEVER, HE WOULDN'T HAVE WORRIED. HE WAS SURE THAT HE HAD COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME...

THERE'S OUR MAN NOW, DAVE-- LET'S FOLLOW HIM!



T-MEN DAVE BLAKE AND SIDNEY SHAW, HAD BEEN ASSIGNED TO QUESTION WELDON ON A 1940 INCOME TAX MATTER. FOLLOWING HIM, THEY WEREN'T PREPARED FOR...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, WELDON... STARTING YOUR OWN BANK?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS ALL MONEY I WON, GAMBLING! TREASURY DEPARTMENT, EH? JUST LET ME KNOW HOW MUCH TAX I OWE ON IT, AND I'LL PAY IT!



SHAW, THERE'S ALMOST A MILLION DOLLARS IN THESE TWO CHESTS!

THE AMOUNT THAT WAS IN THAT ARMORED TRUCK WHEN IT WAS BLASTED BACK IN '43!

DID YOU SAY, 1943? WELL, YOU CAN'T PIN THAT JOB ON ME... I HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE I LEFT IN 1942--AND I CAN PROVE IT!



AND I CAN PROVE THAT YOU WERE IN THIS COUNTRY SINCE 1942--AND PROVE IT BY YOUR OWN WORDS, WELDON!

YOU CAN'T-- YOU CAN'T--!



IS THE T-MAN BLUFFING? CAN HE PROVE GEORGE WELDON WAS HERE IN 1943? DON'T FORGET--THE MONEY WAS UNMARKED, AND WELDON HAD DESTROYED THE OFFICIAL BAGS THEY CAME IN! THINK IT OVER-- THEN LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE...

YOU CLAIM THAT THE MONEY IN THESE CHESTS REPRESENTS GAMBLING WINNINGS THAT YOU CACHED AWAY BEFORE YOU LEFT THE COUNTRY AT THE END OF 1942?

THAT'S RIGHT!



NOT A RED CENT OF THIS DOUGH WAS PUT IN AFTER I LEFT! HOW COULD IT? NO ONE ELSE KNEW ABOUT THIS SECRET HIDING PLACE...AND I WASN'T HERE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, WELDON-- NOT A **RED** CENT! IF YOU'LL TAKE A CLOSE LOOK, YOU'LL NOTICE THERE ISN'T A RED CENT IN THE LOT... JUST **WHITE METAL** PENNIES -- WHICH WERE MINTED IN ONLY **ONE** YEAR--**1943!**

BUT... BUT...



AND EVEN YOU, CLEVER AS YOU ARE, COULDN'T HAVE STASHED AWAY THESE WHITE METAL PENNIES **BEFORE** THEY WERE ACTUALLY MINTED, COULD YOU, WELDON?

THINK OF IT! TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE PLANNING A PERFECT CRIME--WITH A MILLION DOLLARS HANGING IN THE BALANCE-- ALL SHOT TO SMITHEREENS BY--BY--

THAT'S RIGHT--BY A **HANDFUL OF PENNIES!**



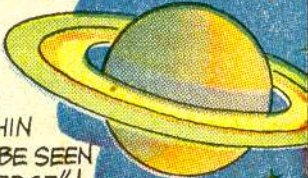
The End

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OUT OF THIS WORLD by Necco

THE RINGS OF THE PLANET SATURN ARE MADE UP OF COSMIC DUST...

BECAUSE THEY ARE VERY WIDE THEY CAST A LARGE SHADOW, YET THEY ARE SO THIN THEY CAN HARDLY BE SEEN WHEN VIEWED "ON EDGE"!



THESE DELICIOUS THIN **Necco** WAFERS ARE ALWAYS IN VIEW WHEREVER GOOD CANDY IS SOLD!



DOZEN'S 'N DOZENS IN EVERY ROLL!

The GRAPEVINE



HAIR HUNTER

Police of Tulsa, Okla., were sure they had caught the murderer of a recently-found victim. For conclusive proof, they dispatched some of the hairs, found at the scene of the slaying, to Dr. Leon A. Hausman, for confirmation. After careful microscopic examination, Dr. Hausman reported that none of the hairs came from the head of the accused. The state's case collapsed, and the innocent man was freed.

Another time, a G.I. witnessed a pedestrian being struck by a hit-and-run driver. Offering police the license number of the fleeing car, he accompanied them while they located the auto and watched them remove some strands of hair from its rear fender. Together with some specimens plucked from the victim's scalp, they were shipped to Dr. Hausman for comparison. Dr. Hausman confirmed their suspicion. The hairs, tests revealed, came from the same head. The driver was arrested, on the basis of Dr. Hausman's claim, and brought to trial.

Who is this hair hunter, whose only weapon is his microscope? Dr. Hausman is a middle-aged, genial professor of zoology at New Jersey College for Women, the nation's foremost authority on identification of human hair and animal fur. Once, he aided the Treasury Department's tax agents establish the true identity of a genuine mink coat after its owner claimed that it was only imitation mink.

Another time he was approached by the curator of the National Museum in Washington, D.C., who gingerly displayed some strands

of strange hair found in an Arizona cave. Subsequent investigation disclosed that they were bison fur. Shocked museum authorities denied this assertion because bison herds, according to history, did not roam so far South. Dr. Hausman's persistence, however, changed the course of history, for the museum officials yielded to his decision.

In his college laboratory, Dr. Hausman today treasures a unique collection of more than 1,000 varieties of hair. All the races of mankind are included as well as all the animal species.

SYMPATHETIC SAVANT

Because the average citizen is burdened with a high cost of living and heavy taxes, a Long Island City, N. Y., magistrate recently lowered the fines of defendants brought before him for such minor offenses as littering a sidewalk, obstructing a street, and carrying a lighted cigar in a subway.

A total of \$1.50 was collected for the day. Three persons were fined a nickel each, six had to surrender 10 cents apiece, and three other lawbreakers had to yield a quarter each.

As an explanation, His Honor said, "Many people are finding it hard to make ends meet. It is very hard on some people to lose a day's pay to come to court. The state and Federal governments are placing very heavy taxes on the people, and there are more to come. Some people cannot even buy soup meat at the present prices. I am not going to take bread, butter and milk away from your children."

A SWITCH IN TIME

When burly Jim Williams was strapped into the electric chair back in 1926 in Raiford, Fla., he didn't know that it would lead to a series of events that ultimately would spare and free him. The black hood was lowered over his face, and he prepared himself for the jolt of voltage. Instead, there was a long, strained period of silence and inactivity.

In the little concealed booth off the execution chamber, both sheriff and warden demanded that the other pull the fatal switch that would send the current coursing through the condemned man's body. The argument ended in a draw, and both men adjourned to the warden's office for further deliberation. Meanwhile, Williams was unshackled and returned to his cell.

An aroused citizens' committee claimed that Jim Williams had been exposed to torture, and when the matter was brought to court, it was viewed sympathetically by the judge. Williams' death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. However, ten years later, on saving the lives of two fellow-inmates during a fire, Jim Williams was awarded a full pardon and released from jail.



NO EXIT

Just before closing time, a cunning thief entered a Chicago department store, strolled up and down the aisles, casting a speculative eye at the radiant gems sparkling in the showcases. Then, he slipped into a telephone booth, and awaited the store's closing for the day.

Some time after, he emerged, and chuckling at his own ingenuity, he began the process of picking the showcases dry, dropping baubles and assorted trinkets of various values into his little overnight suitcase, always wary for the night watchman making his rounds.

When his bag bulged with booty, he decided to leave. He tried one door after the other,

but none yielded to his skeleton key. Finally, in desperation, he shouted for help. The night watchman obliged, and so did the police who arrived soon after.

LOONEY LAWS

At one time, certain statutes were devised and observed to preserve law and order, but in the ensuing years, inhabitants of the various communities have come to regard them as humorous and obsolete. Nevertheless, they still appear in the books, and local officers can, at will, enforce them. Here are a few:

In Massachusetts, it is a criminal offense to lie down and relax on the shelves of a bakery.

A sufficient number of cuspidors must be distributed in all official buildings in Topeka, Kansas.

Washington, D. C., taxicabs must be provided with brooms and shovels.

Maine law forbids anyone to lead a bear on a rope.

Matches must be kept in metal containers in Paris, Ark.

Duck-hunting by airplane is forbidden in Colorado.

A Corning, Iowa, ordinance forbids a man to ask his wife to ride in his automobile.

Cottontail rabbits and bullfrogs must not be molested in Hayden, Arizona.

In Whitesville, Delaware, a woman cannot ask a man to marry her during Leap Year.

Lakeland, Fla., directs anyone owning a rooster to seal him in a crate to prevent him from crowing.

Women's garments are not permitted to dry on wash lines in Napunee, Ind.

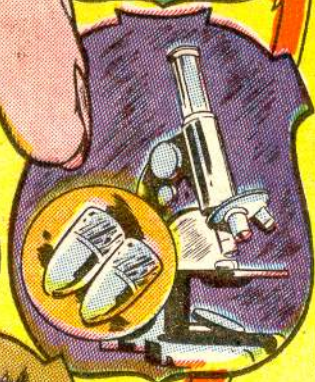
OPEN AND SHUT CASE

The safecrackers had cased the paymaster's office very well. When they knew that the safe bulged with the month's payroll, they eased into the office one night and went to work with acetylene torches. After hours of futile fumbling, the thwarted thieves departed.

Next day, when he couldn't open the safe to withdraw the money, the worried paymaster summoned a mechanic, who quickly explained the dilemma. The crooks, who had tried to scorch through the safe, obviously were inexperienced. They had used the wrong kind of torch. They had *welded* the door shut!

ALTHOUGH SOME CRIMES REQUIRE PAINSTAKING AND PATIENT SLEUTHING BY LAWMEN BEFORE THE CASES ARE CLOSED, MOST CRIMES NEED ONLY ROUTINE INVESTIGATION TO WIND THEM UP. THIS IS DUE TO THE VASTLY EFFICIENT POLICE MACHINE. THE MOMENT A CRIME IS COMMITTED, THIS INTRICATE MECHANISM IS SET IN MOTION -- ITS VARIOUS ARMS SWINGING IN ALL DIRECTIONS, BRINGING THE THUGS TO SPEEDY JUSTICE. HERE ARE SOME FACTUAL FILE-CASES OF...

"The MACHINE THAT HUNTS MEN!"



"THE NAME IS DETECTIVE SAM BRICKMAN. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SEVERAL EXAMPLES OF CASES THAT WE CALL 'ROUTINE'--THOSE SOLVED BY ORDINARY POLICE METHODS. THESE MAY SOUND SENSATIONAL TO YOU, BUT TO THE POLICE, THEY'RE ONLY ROUTINE!"



"FOR INSTANCE, LET'S TAKE THE MORNING OF DEC. 28, 1949, WHEN MY PARTNER, DETECTIVE KIMBLE, AND I REPORTED AT THE BRYAN BUILDING AND LOAN."

OF COURSE, I'M NO DETECTIVE, BUT YOU CAN SEE FROM THESE SCRATCHES THAT THE THIEF GOT IN BY PICKING THE LOCK!

MM--BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY THE BURGLAR ALARM DIDN'T GO OFF!

OF COURSE NOT! THIS ALARM WASN'T EVEN SET TO GO OFF!



"WHILE KIMBLE REMOVED THE LOCK FOR FURTHER INSPECTION, I TALKED WITH THE FIRM'S THREE EMPLOYEES..."

B-BUT--YOU DON'T THINK WE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THIS BURGLARY?

ANY ONE OF YOU COULD HAVE OPENED THE SAFE--BUT DON'T WORRY--THIS QUESTIONING IS ONLY ROUTINE!



"WHILE KIMBLE WENT OFF TO THE LAB, I CONTACTED SOME OF THE BOOKIES IN TOWN..."

SURE, SURE--LIKE I TOLD YOU, THAT YOUNG FELLOW JOHNSON WHO WORKS IN BRYAN'S HAS BEEN TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING ON THE NAGS LATELY!



"NEXT DAY, KIMBLE AND I GOT TOGETHER TO POOL OUR INFORMATION!"

THAT LOCK WAS NEVER TAMPERED WITH! THE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN, OR OPENED WITH A KEY! AND THE ALARM WASN'T SET!

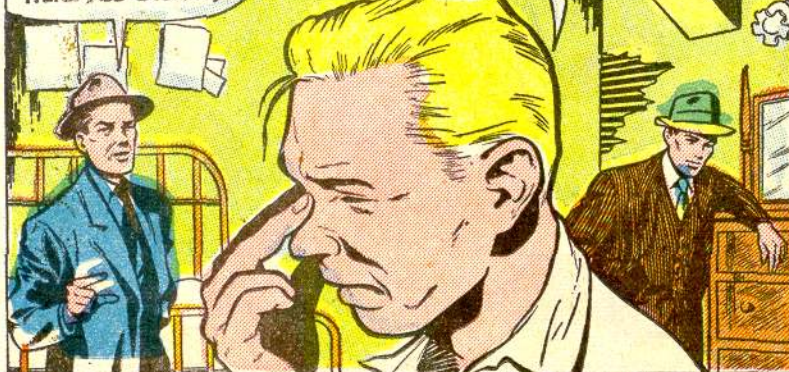
JOHNSON LOST \$750 WITH A BOOKIE LAST WEEK! THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY FOR A \$60-A-WEEK CLERK! LET'S GO SEE HIM!



"AND WE TRIPPED HIM WITH MY FIRST TRICK STATEMENT..."

JOHNSON, WE FOUND THE PICK YOU USED TO OPEN THE LOCK--YOUR FINGERPRINTS WERE ALL OVER IT!

THAT'S A LIE! I DIDN'T USE A--THAT IS--OH, WHAT'S THE USE! I THOUGHT I COULD FOOL YOU BY SCRATCHING THE LOCK AND MAKING IT LOOK LIKE AN OUTSIDE JOB!



"OF COURSE, JOHNSON WAS AN AMATEUR! BUT ROUTINE SLEUTHING CRACKED THE MCCABE CASE IN RECORD TIME, AND THE HARLAN GANG WERE PROFESSIONALS!"



"McCABE'S, A LARGE, SPRAWLING CHEMICAL PLANT, PAID ITS THOUSANDS OF WORKERS IN CASH. A POLICE OFFICER ACCOMPANIED ITS CASHIER FROM BANK TO PLANT WITH THE PAY-ROLL..."

THANKS FOR THE PROTECTION, MAC!

ALL IN THE LINE OF DUTY-- SEE YOU NEXT FRIDAY!



"BUT THE HARLAN MOB HAD CASED THIS JOB FOR MONTHS-- AND THEY WORKED WITH THE PRECISION OF A SWISS WATCH..."

I JUST GOT THE HIGH SIGN FROM TED, BOSS! THE CAR'S READY!

WALK RIGHT IN-- IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP YOU, USE YOUR RODS!



WHAT ARE YOU WORKERS DOING IN HERE?

OKAY--WE'RE LEAVING! BUT FIRST, HAND OVER THAT CASH!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED TO SOUND THAT ALARM!

OOF!

BLAM!



"MOMENTS AFTER THE THUGS LEFT, THE CASHIER CONTACTED HEADQUARTERS..."

...YES, LIEUTENANT-- THERE WERE THREE OF THEM-- TWO WERE ABOUT 6 FEET TALL, THE THIRD ABOUT 5 FEET 7!

THE LICENSE PLATE'S NUMBER ON THE GET-AWAY CAR WAS 5849-- A GRAY CHEVY SEDAN!



"AND THEN THE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE ELABORATE POLICE MACHINERY GROUND INTO ACTION..."

NOW HERE'S MCCABE'S--AS YOU SEE, THERE ARE FOUR ROADS THOSE HOODS CAN TAKE-- ROAD BLOCK EVERY ONE OF THEM!

...THE THIRD WAS ABOUT 5 FEET 7 INCHES! THE CRIME CAR, A CHEVY SEDAN-- LICENSE PLATES...

BOTTLE 'EM UP BEFORE THEY HIT THE HIGHWAY, SAM!

LET'S GO, KIMBLE!



"MEANTIME, THE CRIME CAR WAS DESPERATELY SEEKING TO ESCAPE TO THE HIGHWAY..."

BOSS, WHEN DO WE CHANGE PLATES AND SPRAY THE CAR A DIFFERENT COLOR LIKE WE PLANNED?

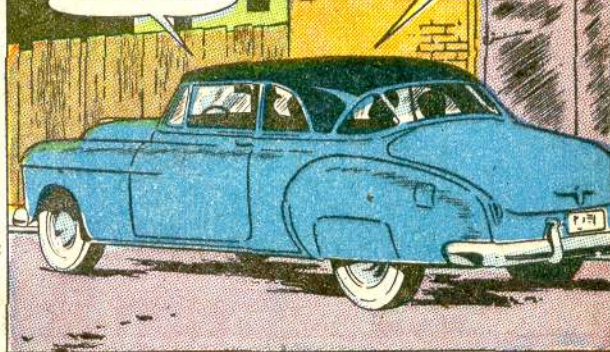
WHEN WE FIND A HIDING PLACE--AND THE COPS ARE CROWDING US TOO CLOSE! DON'T TURN DOWN THERE-- THEY'VE GOT A ROAD BLOCK!



"FINALLY, WHEN THEY REALIZED THE NET WAS CLOSING IN ON THEM..."

PULL UP HERE-- WE'LL ABANDON THE CAR-- HOP THE FENCE! THE AIRPORT IS A MILE ACROSS--LET'S SEPARATE AND MEET AT THE AIRPORT!

THOSE COPS SURE MOVED FAST-- I THOUGHT OUR SET-UP WAS FOOLPROOF!



"SHORTLY AFTER..."

FOUR ONE-WAY TICKETS TO MEXICO!

RIGHT, SIR-- THE PLANE LEAVES IN EXACTLY 15 MINUTES!



"THEY'D EXPECTED COMPANY ON THE PLANE, BUT NOT--"

COPS! HOW DID YOU KNOW WE WERE GOING TO TAKE A PLANE?

WE DIDN'T--IT'S ROUTINE TO SEAL EVERY EXIT AFTER A CRIME!

YOU PLANNED YOUR JOB WELL, HARLAN-- BUT WE DO OURS BETTER!



"SOMETIMES, OUR ROUTINE CASES ARE SOLVED ON THE POLICE LAB TABLE! MICKY WENZEL SAW RED ON THE NIGHT OF JAN. 27, WHEN..."

I'M FED UP PAYING YOU OFF ON YOUR PROTECTION RACKET, WENZEL! NOW GET OUT OR I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

OKAY, MISTER, YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT AND I AIN'T GONNA DISAPPOINT YOU!



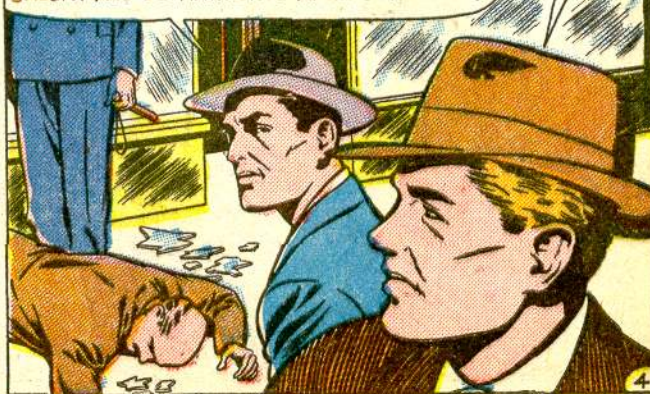
"NEXT NIGHT, JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME..."



"IN HIS HASTE TO GET AWAY FAST, WENZEL SIDESWIPE A PARKED CAR, SMASHING HIS OWN HEADLIGHT--THEN DISAPPEARED. WE GOT THERE SOON AFTER..."

HE'S DEAD, KIMBLE--BETTER CALL IN AND ALERT ALL DEPARTMENTS AT HEADQUARTERS!

RIGHT, SAM!



"WE IMMEDIATELY ROPED OFF THE AREA AND BEGAN COLLECTING EVIDENCE..."

MAKE SURE YOU PICK UP ALL THOSE PIECES FROM THE SMASHED HEADLIGHT!

THESE CURVING 50-FOOT STREAKS OF RUBBER SHOW THAT THE CAR WAS MOVING AT ABOUT 60 MILES AN HOUR!

AND THIS CHIP OF BLUE PAINT GIVES US THE CAR'S COLOR, BRICKMAN!



"LATER AT THE LAB, WE ASSEMBLED THE SHATTERED LENS, THEN COMPARED IT WITH OUR AUTO LIGHT LENSE FILE..."

YES, SIR, THIS HEADLIGHT CAME OFF A 1941 PACKARD!

OKAY, KIMBLE, LET'S HIT THE PAVEMENT--WE'RE LOOKING FOR A BLUE 1941 PACKARD WITH A SMASHED RIGHT FRONT END!



"CHECKING ALL GARAGES AND FILLING STATIONS LED THAT NIGHT TO..."

THE CAR!
THAT'S IT!

IT BELONGS TO MICKY WENZEL-- HE BROUGHT IT IN LATE LAST NIGHT!

WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET SOMETHING ON HIM--LET'S PICK HIM UP!



"TWENTY-THREE HOURS AFTER THE COMMISSION OF THE CRIME, WENZEL WAS BEHIND BARS..."

SOMETIMES, A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION RUNS INTO COMPLICATIONS BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF CLUES. THE BEST EXAMPLE THAT SPREAD OVER A PERIOD OF SEVEN MONTHS WAS WHAT CAME TO BE KNOWN AT HEAD-QUARTERS AS "THE 78TH STREET SLAYING"!



"ON THE NIGHT OF JAN. 7, 1950, RESIDENTS REPORTED HEARING SHOTS. A PATROLMAN, INVESTIGATING, IMMEDIATELY CALLED HEADQUARTERS! SOON, THE EFFICIENT POLICE MECHANISM WAS IN OPERATION-- CORONER, PHOTOGRAPHERS, FINGERPRINT AND LAB EXPERTS WERE ALL ON THE SPOT, DOING THEIR ROUTINE JOBS..."





GANG BUSTERS



"THE RIDDLED BODY WAS SCRUTINIZED... EVERY SQUARE INCH OF GROUND CAREFULLY INSPECTED."

MAN IN HIS EARLY 30'S... LIGHT SKIN... BLONDE HAIR, LEFT SIDE OF FACE BRUISED, SAME SIDE OF CLOTHING SCUFFED AND DIRTIED...

MARKS ON ROAD WHERE BODY WAS DRAGGED-- THIS LAD WAS TAKEN FOR A RIDE, BRICKMAN!



HERE'S SOMETHING, KIMBLE-- A BUTTON AND A STRAND OF CLOTH-- LOOKS LIKE PRETTY EXPENSIVE MATERIAL, I'D SAY! PROBABLY THE KILLER'S!

YES--AND THIS SINGLE HAIR I DUG OUT UNDER HIS FINGERNAIL BE- LONGED TO THE KILLER, TOO!



"OUR PRIMARY JOB WAS TO NAB THE KILLER-- BUT FIRST WE HAD TO LEARN THE VICTIM'S IDENTITY. WE GOT A BREAK IN THE FINGERPRINT DEPARTMENT..."

THE VICTIM'S NAME WAS JIM SWANSON, A PETTY NUMBERS RACKET RUNNER!

ANYTHING IN THE FILE ON HIM, KIMBLE?

JUST A SINGLE ASSAULT AND BATTERY CHARGE, SAM-- NO LONGER AT FORMER ADDRESS!



"NOW THAT WE KNEW THE VICTIM, THE SPECIALISTS BEGAN TO CREATE A PICTURE OF THE KILLER FROM OUR EVIDENCE!"

I JUST FINISHED EXAMINING THAT SINGLE HAIR YOU FOUND. THE MAN YOU WANT IS ABOUT 5 FEET 8 INCHES, WEIGHS ABOUT 150 POUNDS, AND IS IN EXCELLENT HEALTH!

THAT SINGLE HAIR TOLD YOU ALL THAT?



YES-- THE DIAMETER OF THE HAIR DETERMINES THE HEIGHT OF A MAN. THE CELLULAR STRUCTURE INDICATES THE HEALTH OF THE MAN WAS VERY GOOD. SO FOR HIS HEIGHT, A MAN IN GOOD HEALTH WOULD WEIGH 150 POUNDS!

JUST ROUTINE, KIMBLE-- YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT!

"WE TURNED OVER THE STATISTICS TO OUR ART DEPARTMENT..."

SORRY I CAN'T FILL IN THE FACE FOR YOU!

DON'T WORRY-- I'LL DO IT MYSELF! MEAN-TIME, I'LL HAVE SOME PICTURES MADE OF YOUR WAX-MAN!

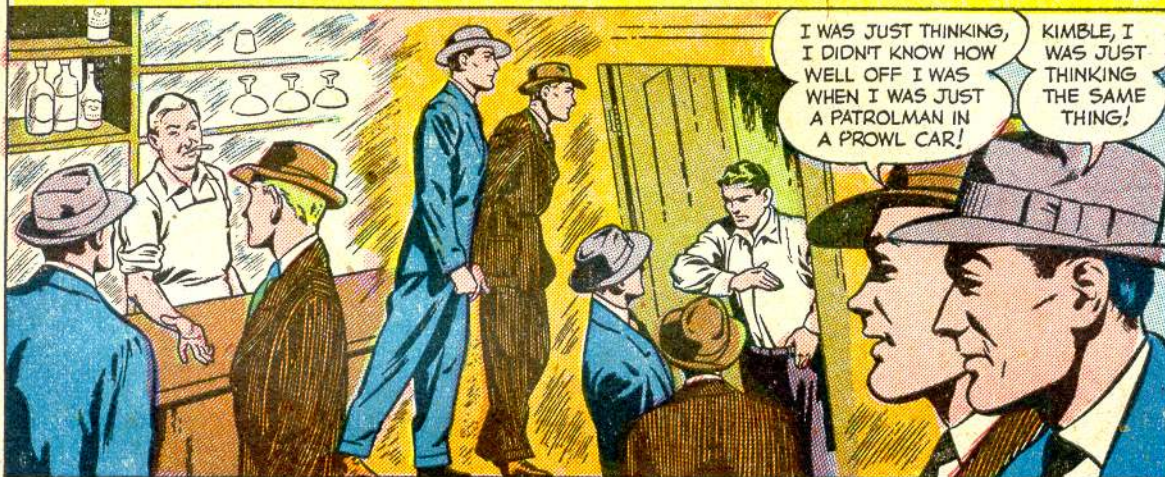
TOUGH BREAK ON THIS STRAND OF CLOTH, SAM! THERE ISN'T A TAILOR WHO RECOGNIZES IT!

"THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT HAD PITCHED IN TO CRACK THIS CASE. THE REST WAS UP TO KIMBLE AND ME!"

WELL, BOYS, WE GAVE YOU ALL THE HELP WE COULD. STAY ON THIS UNTIL YOU BRING YOUR MAN IN!



"AND SO BEGAN THE FINAL STAGE: TRACKING THE KILLER DOWN...PATIENT, PLODDING WORK, WANDERING IN AND OUT OF CHEAP CAFES, ALERT FOR A STRAY SCRAP OF CONVERSATION. KIMBLE AND I EACH WORE OUT A PAIR OF SHOES."



I WAS JUST THINKING, I DIDN'T KNOW HOW WELL OFF I WAS WHEN I WAS JUST A PATROLMAN IN A PROWL CAR!

KIMBLE, I WAS JUST THINKING THE SAME THING!

"AFTER TWO WEEKS, KIMBLE AND I BROKE UP--HE TOOK THE UPTOWN STREETS, WHILE I COMBED DOWNTOWN..."



SAY, BUDDY, EVER RUN INTO A PAL OF MINE BY THE NAME OF JIM SWANSON?

NEVER HEARD OF 'IM!

"THE WEEKS BECAME MONTHS--AND FINALLY, KIMBLE AND I MET FOR A CONFAB!"



WE'RE GETTING NOWHERE FAST, SAM!

THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH THESE THINGS, ONE DAY YOU'VE GOT NOTHING--NEXT DAY, THE WHOLE CASE IS WRAPPED UP, LET'S KEEP AT IT--SWANSON WAS IN THE NUMBERS RACKET--LET'S TRY LAYING SOME BETS ALL ALONG THE LINE!

"IN TWO WEEKS, I HAD LOST \$30. THEN ON APRIL 15, AS I PLACED A SMALL BET WITH A LOCAL NUMBERS' RUNNER."



SAY, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT FELLOW WHO USED TO TAKE MY BETS--JIM SWANSON?

JIM? OH, HE DON'T WORK AROUND HERE NO MORE!



TOO BAD! HE WAS A NICE GUY!

AND A FREE SPENDER! THAT WAS THE TROUBLE--IT WAS THE BOSS'S MONEY HE WAS SPENDING! THE BOSS HAD TO LET HIM GO!

"THEN I SHOT HIM THE JACKPOT QUESTION..."

ER--MAYBE SWANSON'S WORKING FOR SOMEONE ELSE--KNOW WHERE I CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM?

NAAA, THERE'S NO ONE ELSE HE **COULD** WORK FOR--CRANSHAW'S GOT A MONOPOLY IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!

CRANSHAW! A LOCAL NUMBERS RACKET BOSS! RIGHT THEN, I KNEW THAT I NOT ONLY HAD THE NAME OF SWANSON'S KILLER BUT HIS MOTIVE AS WELL!



"BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, KIMBLE AND I HUSTLED THE CHIEF INTO THE ART DEPARTMENT!"

THERE YOU ARE, CHIEF! THE MISSING FACE BELONGS TO BUD CRANSHAW!

I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, BRICKMAN, BUT GO EASY! TIE UP **ALL** THE EVIDENCE--I WANT HIM WRAPPED UP TIGHT FOR THE D.A.!



"NEXT MORNING, WE PAID CRANSHAW A VISIT..."

WELL, WELL, WELL, HELLO! HERE ON BUSINESS OR IS THIS JUST A SOCIAL CALL, BOYS?

RELAX, CRANSHAW--IT'S JUST A ROUTINE CHECK ON ALL THE CHEAP HOODS IN TOWN!



"IT TURNED OUT TO BE A VERY FRIENDLY VISIT, INDEED..."

SAY, CRANSHAW, THAT'S A HANDSOME SET OF THREADS YOU'RE WEARING--MUST HAVE COST YOU A LOT!

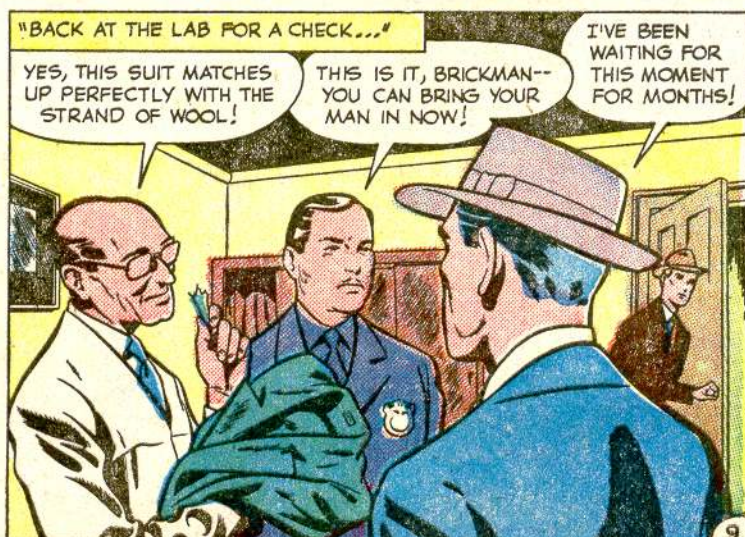
YEAH, I GET ALL MY SUITS MADE TO ORDER, SPECIAL FOR ME! THIS SET ME BACK \$250!



SAY, I WOULDN'T MIND HAVING ONE LIKE IT! WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

HIS NAME'S LAVERY--HE'S ACTUALLY A LADIES' TAILOR, BUT HE HAS A SMALL, SELECT CLIENTELE OF GENTLEMEN LIKE ME! MENTION MY NAME AND HE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU--IF YOU CAN AFFORD IT, BRASS BUTTONS!





"LIKE ALL HOODS WHO CONSIDER THEMSELVES BIGGER THAN THE LAW, CRANSHAW WAS SMUG, CONFIDENT..."

PUT YOUR HAT ON, CRANSHAW, I'M TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS!

WHY? YOU'VE GOT NOTHING ON ME!



NOTHING BUT THE MURDER OF JIM SWANSON, THAT'S ALL!

B-BUT--H-HOW? WAIT A MINUTE, BRICKMAN, MAYBE WE CAN TALK THIS OVER!



"CRANSHAW TALKED FAST--BUT WHEN HE REALIZED THE GAME WAS UP..."

YOU THOUGHT YOU WERE SMART-- BUT NOW I'M HOLDING THE WINNING HAND-- WITH A GUN IN IT! WHEN I FINISH YOU OFF, IT'LL TAKE THE COPS A MILLION YEARS TO FIND ME!



"BUT RIGHT THEN I PULLED AN UNEXPECTED TRICK..."

H-HEY--WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!



"BY THE TIME CRANSHAW RECOVERED HIS SENSES AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER..."

W-WHAT HAPPENED TO MY GUN--?

IT'S PART OF MY JOB TO KNOW ALL ABOUT GUNS--AN AUTOMATIC CAN BE LOCKED BY PUSHING ITS MUZZLE BACK INTO THE HOUSING! I'LL TAKE IT NOW. YOU WON'T BE USING IT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT TRICK YOU PULLED--

IF YOU GOT PAST ME, YOU'D STILL HAVE HAD TO PASS KIMBLE OUT HERE--AND IF YOU HAD GOT PAST KIMBLE, YOU'D HAVE FOUND THE IGNITION WIRES IN YOUR CAR CUT TO RIBBONS!



IT'S JUST ROUTINE, CRANSHAW! THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT WORKED AGAINST ONE CHEAP HOOD! YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

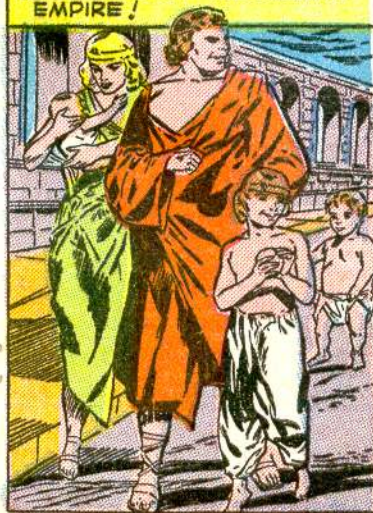


LAW CURIOS!

AN OLD ROMAN LAW PROVIDED THAT IF A PERSON DIED WITHOUT LEAVING A WILL, HE WAS **NOT** TO BE REGARDED AS DEAD!



THERE IS NO RECORDED INSTANCE OF A **LEGAL DIVORCE** DURING THE FIRST 500 YEARS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!



WHEN THE CITIZENS OF HOLLAND RIOTED AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF KING PHILLIP II OF SPAIN IN 1568, HE SIGNED A DEATH WARRANT AGAINST ALL OF THEM AFTER CONVICTING THEM OF THE CRIME OF **REVOLT!**



DURING THE MIDDLE AGES, THE STATE WOULD OFTEN TATTOO CRIMINALS IN ORDER TO MARK THEM **FOR LIFE!**



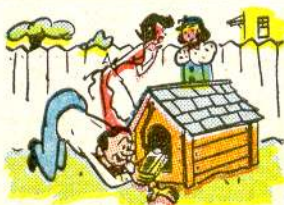
LAND TRANSACTIONS WERE MADE LEGAL IN ANCIENT ENGLAND BY THE SELLER HANDING THE BUYER A **CLOD OF DIRT** FROM THE LAND HE WAS **BUYING!**



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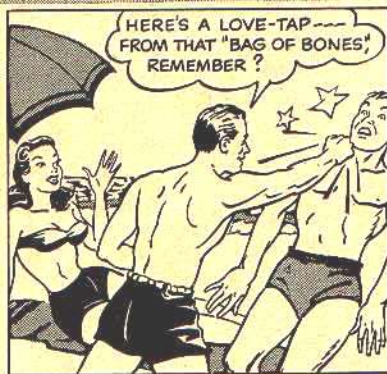
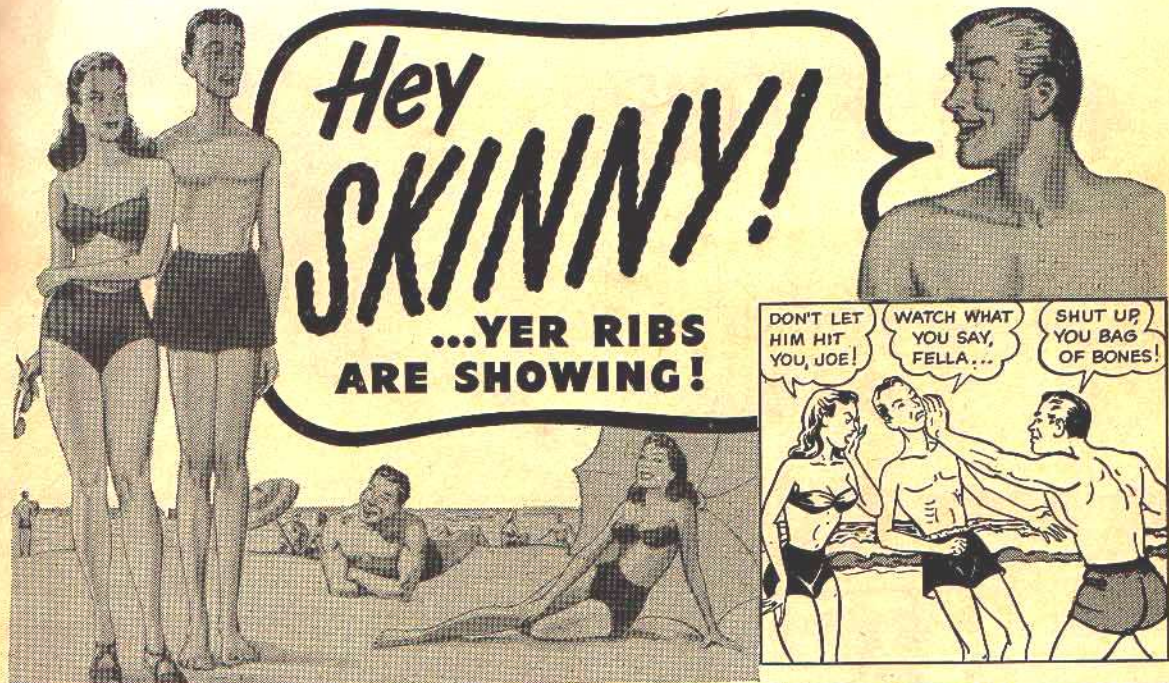
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MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. N-115, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

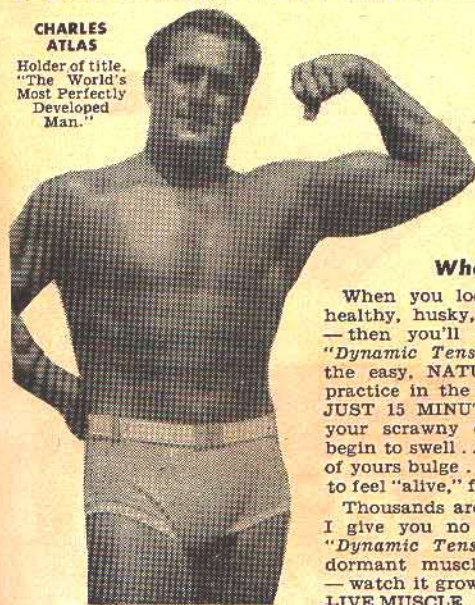
Name _____ Age _____
St. _____ R.D. _____ Box _____
Town _____ Zone _____ No. _____ State _____
Print LAST
Name Here _____
Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title.
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body - building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 48 Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 354 R, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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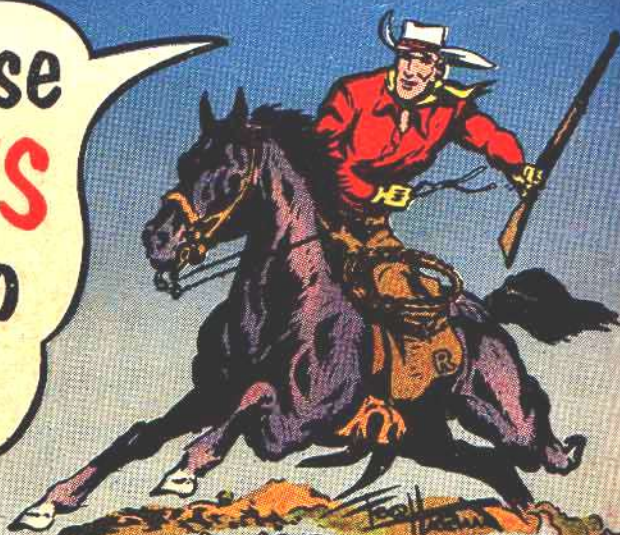
Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

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

Win one of these
4 FREE TRIPS
 to my Colorado
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 —Red Ryder



ROUTE MAP OF THE FOUR PRIZE TRIP WINNERS!



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in this exciting New Nation-wide

DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST

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2 GOLD MEDALS
 Plus **257**
 AIR RIFLES
 Plus **4** FREE
 RED RYDER
 RANCH TRIPS!

You don't even have to own a Daisy to win one of the 4 Free Trips to Red Ryder's Ranch or one of the 257 air rifles, trophy cups and medals—to be given as prizes in the thrilling DAISY SHOOTIN' CONTEST starting March 15, 1952, ending May 29, 1952. Just borrow a Daisy from a friend! Prizes to be awarded on the combined basis of best targets and aptest completions of Contest Sentence. There'll be TWO separate Divisions! NRA MEMBER'S DIVISION: shooters in this group will win the most VALUABLE PRIZES such as the 4 Red Ryder Ranch Trips, 100 Daisy

Defenders, 50 Daisy Pump Guns, 50 Daisy Red Ryder Carbines, Trophy Cups, Medals *provided* that they are paid-up Junior Members of NRA for 1952 OR if they send in APPLICATION FORM and 50-cent membership Fee with their Contest Targets *before* midnight, May 29, 1952! NON-NRA DIVISION: If you don't join NRA, you can shoot to win one of the 3 Daisy Defenders or one of the 50 Daisy Air Rifles (No. 155). Get ALL CONTEST FACTS NOW! Ask your Daisy Dealer—or mail coupon for FREE CONTEST KIT—and start shootin' to win!

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