

BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES OF T.V.  
AND RADIO'S FAVORITE!



GANG  
BUSTERS

NO. 30

OCT.-NOV.

10c

# GANG BUSTERS

Featuring  
"WARDEN of the  
BIG HOUSE!"

WE CAN'T LET  
THEM ESCAPE!  
THIS IS OUR LAST  
CHANCE TO HOLD  
THEM OFF!



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!





# Binky asks

## "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE?"

IT'S BEEN WONDERFUL BEING WITH YOU THESE PAST FEW WEEKS. I'VE LEARNED SO MUCH ABOUT AMERICA...

SURE, COSETTE, YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE ALL ABOUT OUR BIG BUILDINGS AND ELECTRIC GADGETS AND...



OH, NO, BINKY! THEY KNOW ABOUT THOSE THINGS. I'M GOING TO TELL THEM ABOUT THE WAY YOU LIVE. THEY'LL BE AS SURPRISED AS I WAS.



"...WHEN I TELL THEM HOW THE FAMILY DISCUSSES THINGS..."

WAIT A SECOND, LUCY! LET ALLERGY GIVE HIS SIDE OF THE STORY!

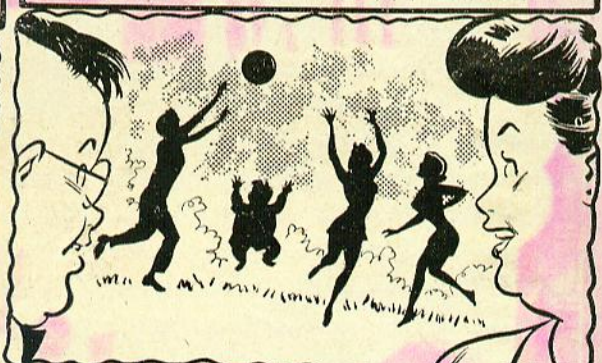


"... HOW LUCY TAKES CHARGE WHEN MRS. BIGGS HAS TO GO TO A SCHOOL COMMITTEE MEETING ..."



HMMM...THIS IS ALMOST AS GOOD AS MOM'S, LUCY!

"... AND HOW WE ALL WENT TO CHURCH TOGETHER AND LATER TO A PICNIC ..."



BUT-- BUT WHAT'S SO SURPRISING ABOUT THOSE THINGS? DON'T YOU HAVE ALL THAT IN FRANCE?

YES-- BUT I HAD A DIFFERENT PICTURE OF AMERICAN FAMILIES!

YOU SEE, BINKY, PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT COUNTRIES SOMETIMES HAVE FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT EACH OTHER.



WE KEEP FORGETTING THAT EVEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE ARE OFTEN PRETTY MUCH ALIKE IN THE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR HAPPINESS.

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, POP! COME TO THINK OF IT, MAYBE I HAVE A FEW FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT PEOPLE IN OTHER COUNTRIES, TOO!



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**J**IM CLARK ISN'T HIS REAL NAME, BUT, WHILE HIS NAME AND APPEARANCE HAVE BEEN CHANGED FOR THE PURPOSE OF THIS TRUE-LIFE STORY, YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM. IN HOLLYWOOD, HE ALWAYS PLAYED A ROUGH CHARACTER... WITH A SMIRK ON HIS FACE AND A CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER! SOME CLAIMED HIS PARTS WENT TO HIS HEAD... BECAUSE HE WAS THE SAME IN REAL LIFE. FRIENDS SAID HE WAS WORSE. HERE IS A CHANCE TO JUDGE FOR YOURSELF, AS YOU EXAMINE THIS SWAGGERING ACTOR WHOSE MEANEST ROLE WAS THE FOUR-STAR HEEL HE PLAYED OFFSCREEN AS...

# TOUGH GUY!



**F**OR A GLIMPSE OF JIM CLARK'S PRIVATE LIFE, LET'S LOOK IN ON HIS LAVISH HOME IN THE EXCLUSIVE BEL-AIR SUBURB OF LOS ANGELES ONE DAY LAST MARCH...



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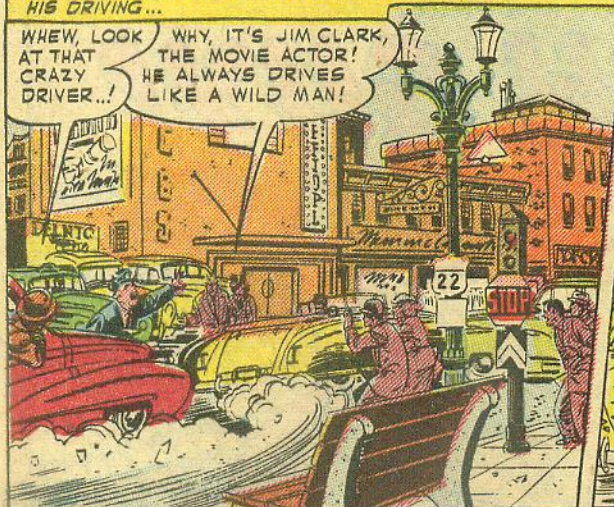
# GANG BUSTERS



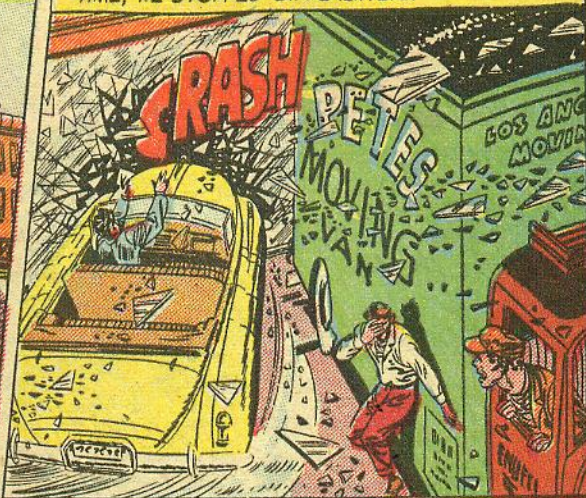
JIM'S SCORN FOR THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS SHOWED UP IN HIS DRIVING...

WHEW, LOOK AT THAT CRAZY DRIVER...!

WHY, IT'S JIM CLARK, THE MOVIE ACTOR! HE ALWAYS DRIVES LIKE A WILD MAN!



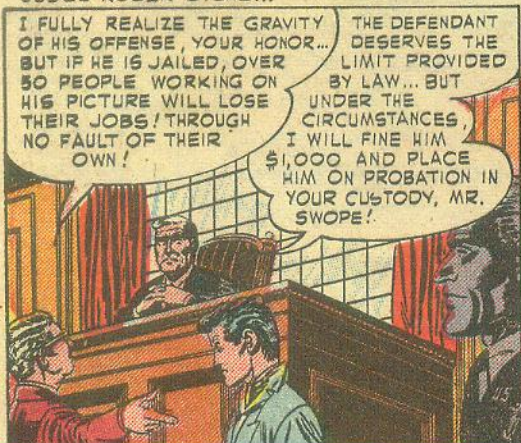
YES, JIM CLARK ALWAYS DROVE LIKE THAT... BUT THIS TIME, HE STOPPED DIFFERENTLY...



NEXT MORNING, WHEN JIM, ACCOMPANIED BY PRODUCER STEVE SWOPE, APPEARED BEFORE JUDGE ROGER STONE...

I FULLY REALIZE THE GRAVITY OF HIS OFFENSE, YOUR HONOR... BUT IF HE IS JAILED, OVER 50 PEOPLE WORKING ON HIS PICTURE WILL LOSE THEIR JOBS! THROUGH NO FAULT OF THEIR OWN!

THE DEFENDANT DESERVES THE LIMIT PROVIDED BY LAW... BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I WILL FINE HIM \$1,000 AND PLACE HIM ON PROBATION IN YOUR CUSTODY, MR. SWOPE!



THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL GO TO BAT FOR YOU, JIM! NEXT TIME I'LL LET YOU GO TO JAIL... MAYBE IT WOULD DO YOU SOME GOOD!

STOW IT, STEVE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH LECTURING FOR ONE DAY FROM THAT GRANDPA ON THE BENCH!



DESPITE THEIR AVERSION TO JIM CLARK, MOST PRODUCERS YIELDED TO HIS BOX-OFFICE POPULARITY AND HIRED HIM FOR THEIR PICTURES.

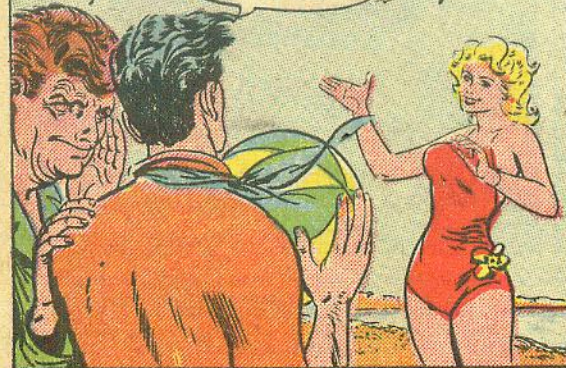
BUT WHEN, DURING THE LATTER PART OF APRIL, ONE DARED TO DEFY HIM, JIM REACTED TO THE INSULT LIKE AN UNCOILED SNAKE.



IT HAPPENED AT MALIBU BEACH...

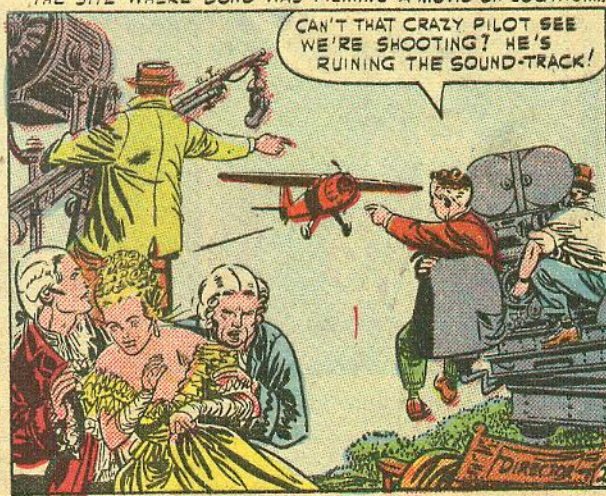
I'M TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE WE'RE PALS, JIM... BUT HENRY BOND, THE DIRECTOR, SAID HE WOULDN'T CAST YOU IN ONE OF HIS PICTURES IF YOU WERE THE LAST ACTOR ON EARTH!

HE DID, HUH? I'LL FIX HIM!

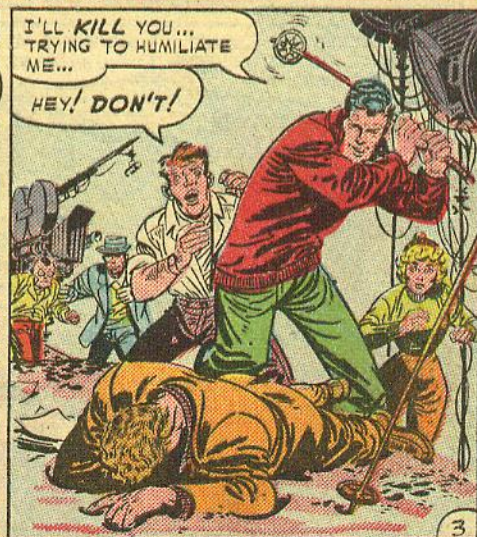
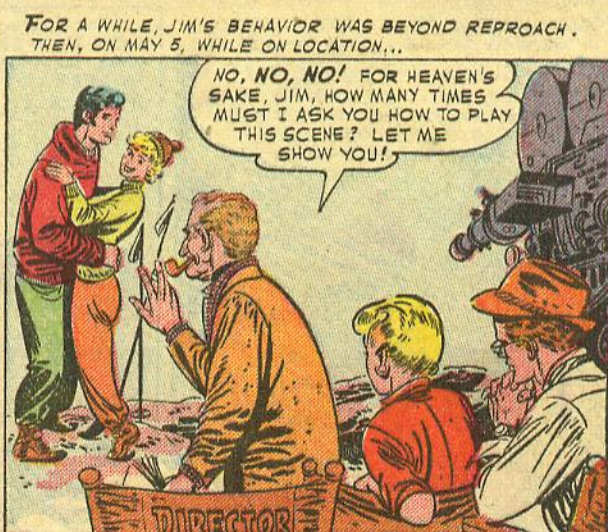
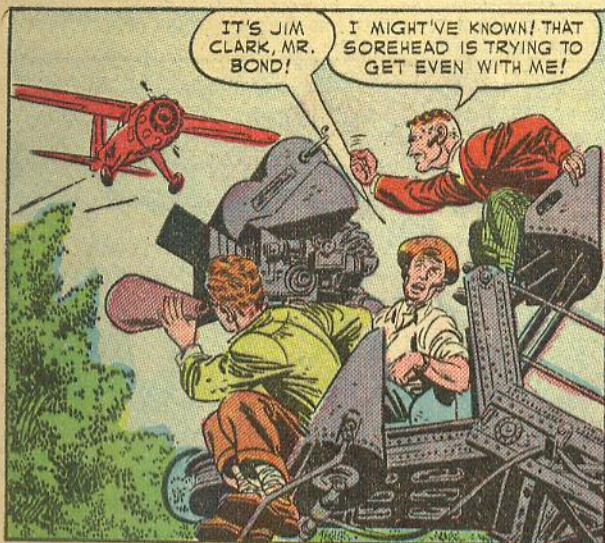


THAT AFTERNOON, JIM HIRED A PLANE AND FLEW OFF TO THE SITE WHERE BOND WAS FILMING A MOVIE ON LOCATION...

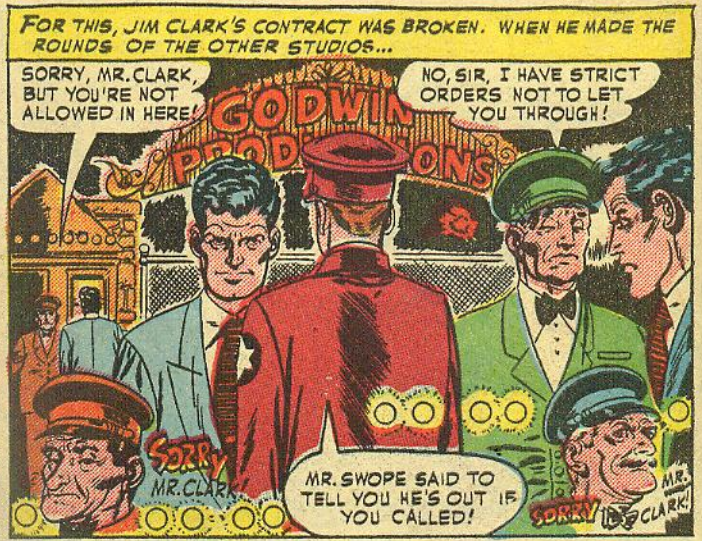
CAN'T THAT CRAZY PILOT SEE WE'RE SHOOTING? HE'S RUINING THE SOUND-TRACK!



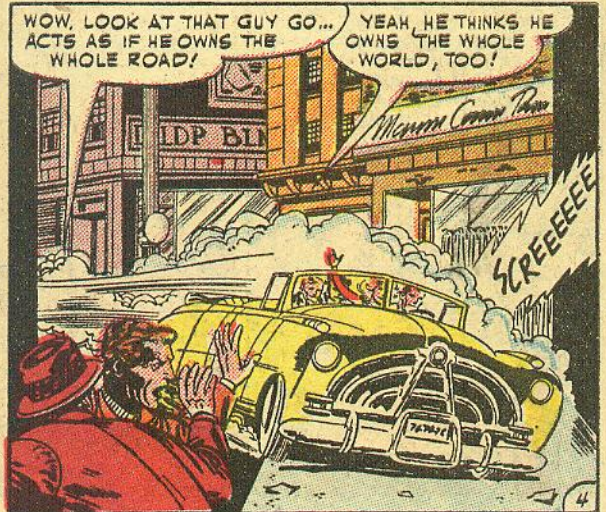








THEN, IN JUNE, HE FINALLY GOT A BREAK... IN THE YARD OF A SMALL SHOESTRING STUDIO...

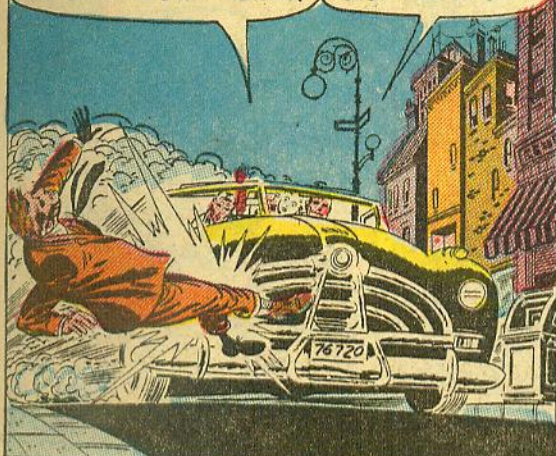




THEN, AS THE CAR ROARED SHARPLY AROUND VINE STREET...

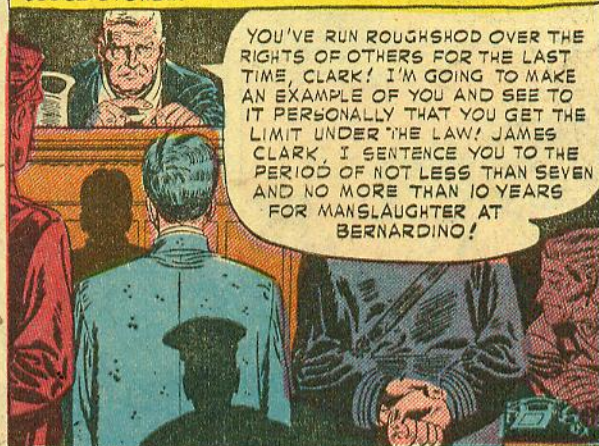
JIM, YOU HIT A MAN! AREN'T YOU GOING TO STOP THE CAR?

I DON'T HAVE TO STOP FOR ANYBODY!



BUT HE WAS STOPPED, EIGHT MILES OUTSIDE THE CITY LIMITS, BY AN ALERT BEVERLY HILLS SQUAD CAR... AND NEXT MORNING, MADE HIS SECOND APPEARANCE BEFORE JUDGE STONE...

YOU'VE RUN ROUGHSHOD OVER THE RIGHTS OF OTHERS FOR THE LAST TIME, CLARK! I'M GOING TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU AND SEE TO IT PERSONALLY THAT YOU GET THE LIMIT UNDER THE LAW! JAMES CLARK, I SENTENCE YOU TO THE PERIOD OF NOT LESS THAN SEVEN AND NO MORE THAN 10 YEARS FOR MANSLAUGHTER AT BERNARDINO!



BERNARDINO WAS SUPERVISED BY WARDEN HARRY CLOSTER, WHO GREETED HIM ON HIS ARRIVAL...

I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR ANTICS ON THE OUTSIDE, CLARK! I...I WAS AFRAID YOU'D EVENTUALLY WIND UP HERE! BUT I WARN YOU... THIS IS A MODEL PRISON... WE TREAT OUR BOYS WITH RESPECT... BUT WE EXPECT THEM TO RECIPROCATATE. LET'S GO INSIDE!



I...I DON'T THINK YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE VERY PROUD IF SHE COULD SEE YOU NOW!

NO? I HAVEN'T DONE SO BADLY... \$1,000 A WEEK IN HOLLYWOOD, FOR INSTANCE! WHAT'S YOUR TAKE, WARDEN?



WHERE SHALL I PUT HIM TO WORK, WARDEN?

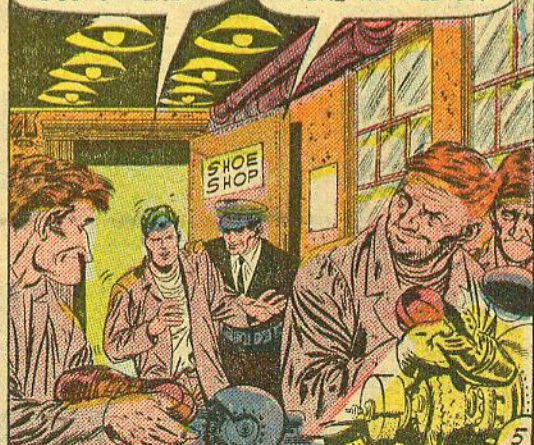
TRY HIM OUT IN THE SHOP... AND... ER... HANK, DON'T... RIDE HIM TOO HARD, WILL YOU...?

DID YOU HEAR THAT? YOUR REPUTATION AS A TOUGH GUY MUST HAVE THE WARDEN SCARED!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I'M NO SHOEMAKER! I'M AN ACTOR! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

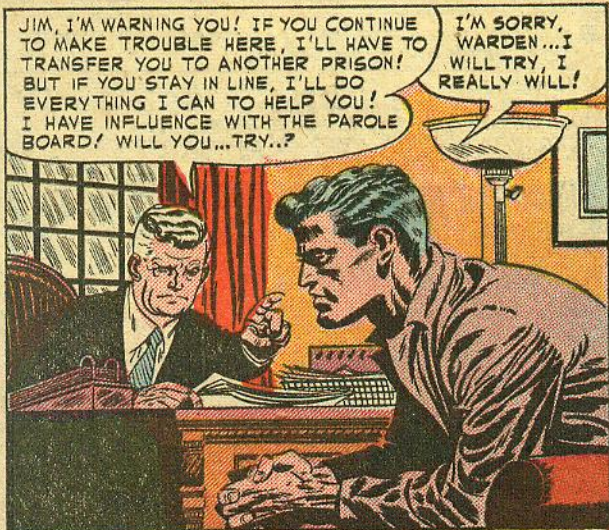
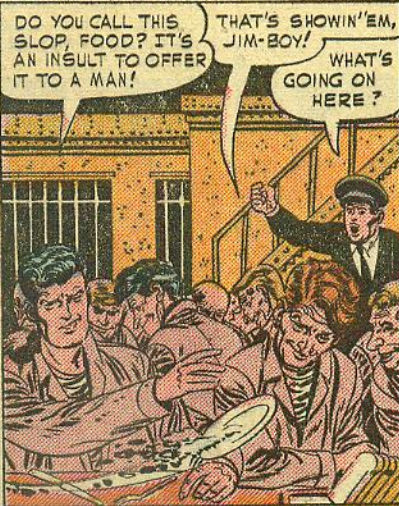
YOU SHUT UP! SAVE THAT TOUGH TALK FOR YOUR MOVIES! YOU'LL WORK WHERE WE TELL YOU!



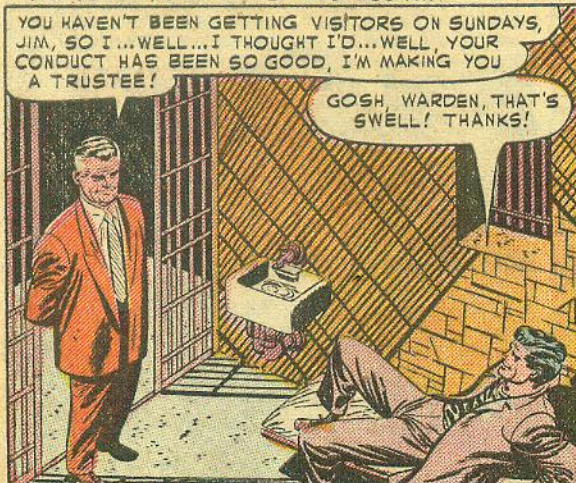




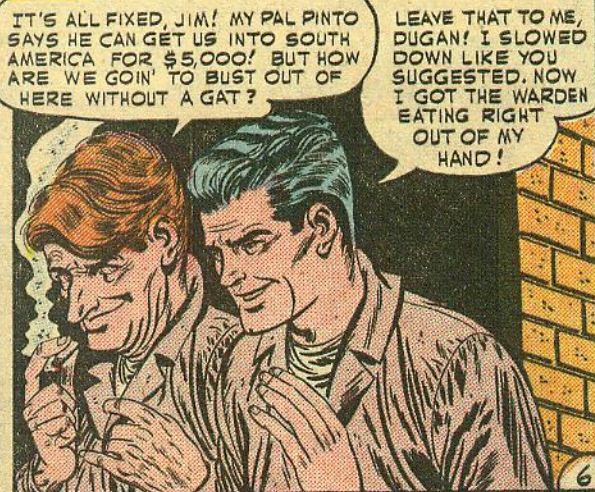
LATER, IN THE MESS HALL...



FOR TWO MONTHS, JIM'S CONDUCT WAS EXEMPLARY. ONE SUNDAY, DURING VISITORS' HOUR...



LATER, DURING THE RECREATION PERIOD...





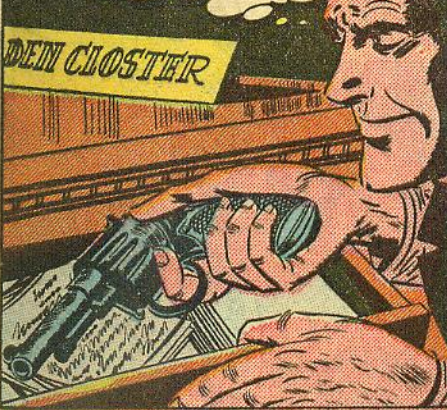


# JANG BUSTERS



THAT NIGHT... "YOUR CONDUCT HAS BEEN GOOD... I'M MAKING YOU A TRUSTEE..." HA, HA, THE OLD MAN SURE FELL FOR MY ACT, AND A GREAT JOB IT WAS, TOO!

DEN CLOSTER



THEN, TOWARDS MIDNIGHT, TWO DESPERATE MEN MADE THEIR BID FOR FREEDOM...

THAT'S ONE WAY! LET'S GO, JIM! PINTO'S WAITING IN A FAST CAR AT THE BRIDGE!

YOU TWO MEN DOWN THERE...! STOP OR I'LL FIRE!

YOU DO THAT, AND I'LL PLUG YOUR BUDDY!



WHAT'LL I DO, WARDEN? CLARK THREATENS TO SHOOT COLLINS IF I TRY TO STOP HIM!

I'M WALKING OUT OF HERE, WARDEN... WITH DUGAN!

DON'T YOU TRY TO STOP HIM! I WILL!



A HUSH GRIPPED THE PRISON YARD. FACES STRAINED AT WINDOWS TO SEE THIS DUEL OF DEATH..

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, WARDEN, OR I'LL SHOOT... I WARN YOU!

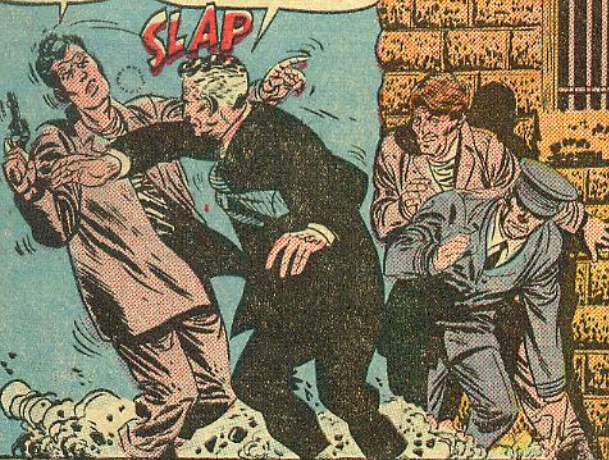
NO YOU WON'T, JIM. YOU WOULDN'T DARE TO SHOOT THAT GUARD OR ME!



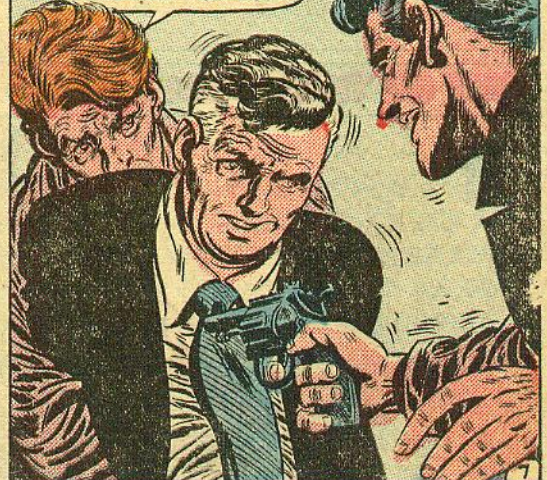
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN Y-- ...!

YOU ROTTEN BRAGGART! NOW YOU'D STOOP TO MURDER! I SHOULD'VE DONE THIS A LONG TIME AGO!

SLAP



WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU ARE ... A WISE GUY?







# GANG BUSTERS



AND AS THE SULLEN STILLNESS OF THE YARD EXPLODED INTO THE DEATH COUGH OF RIFLE FIRE...

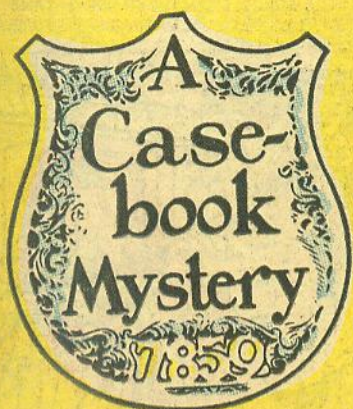


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## OUT OF THIS WORLD by Necco







# "The Case of the **GOLD DUST DEATH!**"

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!*

ON A RAINY, MID-WINTER MORNING IN A WESTERN MINING TOWN...

BUT, LUCY, YOU JUST BOUGHT SOME NEW DRESSES LAST MONTH! I JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO BUY YOU ANY MORE!

WHY NOT? YOU'VE GOT A GOOD JOB AS GOLD ASSAYER! BESIDES, THOSE DRESSES WERE JUST CHEAP COTTONS I PICKED UP IN TOWN!



I WANT YOU TO TAKE ME TO CHICAGO AND BUY ME SOME REAL FANCY DRESSES IN THE LATEST STYLES! YOU WOULD IF YOU REALLY LOVED ME! OTHERWISE --I'LL --I'LL GO BY MYSELF!

ALL RIGHT, LUCY! I'LL -- GET THE MONEY SOMEHOW--!

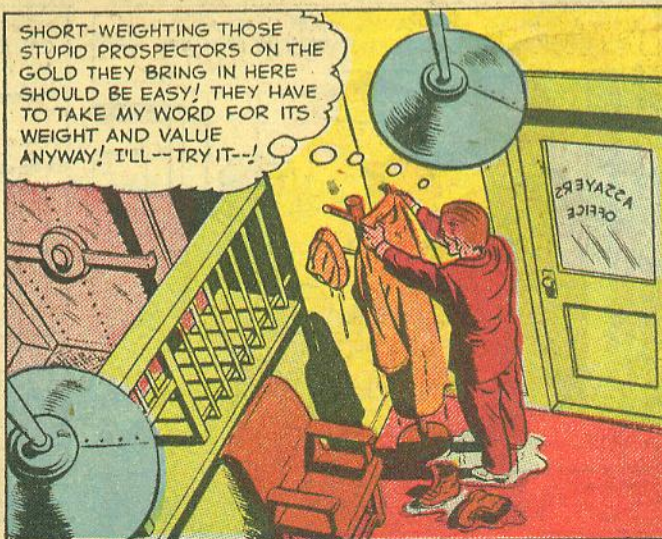


ON HIS WAY TO HIS OFFICE...

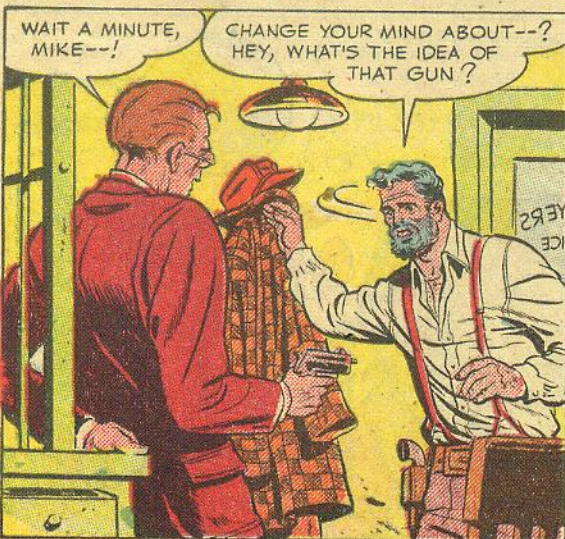
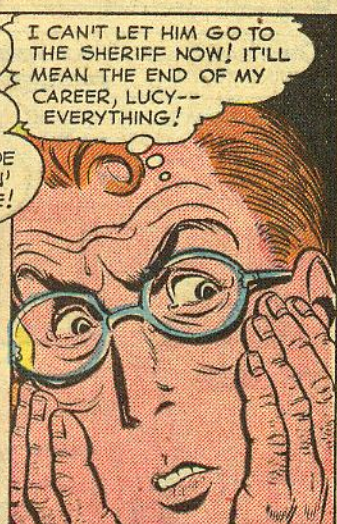
LUCY DOESN'T REALIZE THAT ASSAYERS HANDLE A LOT OF GOLD, BUT THEY DON'T GET MUCH OF IT THEMSELVES! JUST AN AVERAGE SALARY, AND THESE DAYS WHEN THINGS ARE SO EXPENSIVE... ER... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



SHORT-WEIGHTING THOSE STUPID PROSPECTORS ON THE GOLD THEY BRING IN HERE SHOULD BE EASY! THEY HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR ITS WEIGHT AND VALUE ANYWAY! I'LL--TRY IT--!

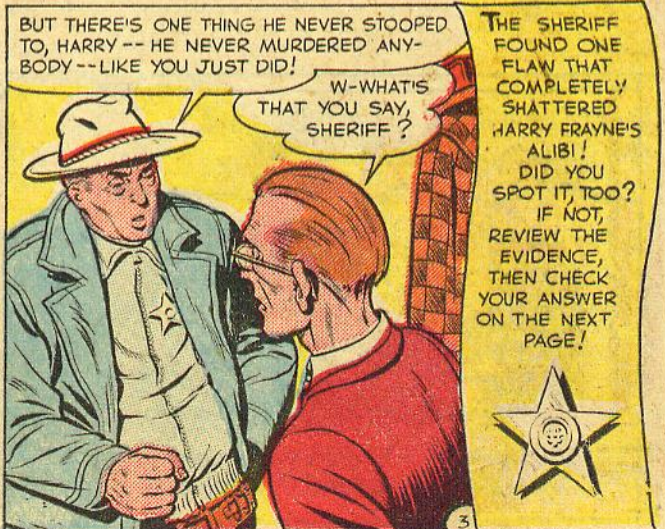
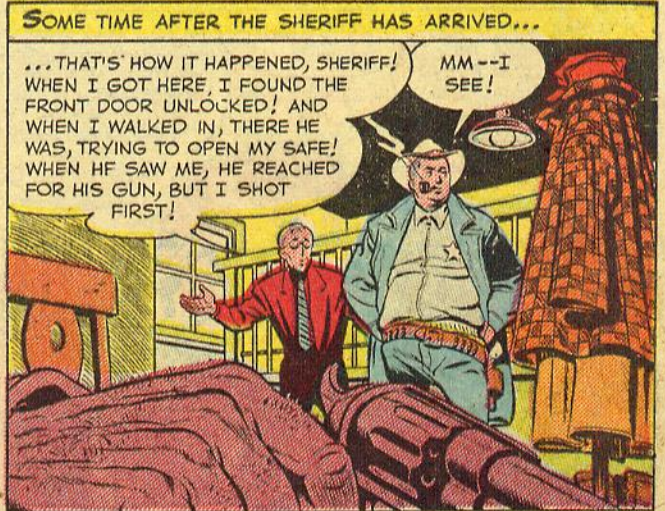
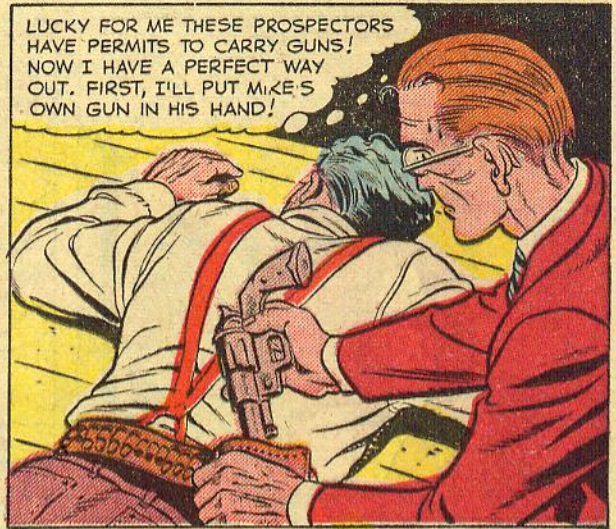








# GANG BUSTERS





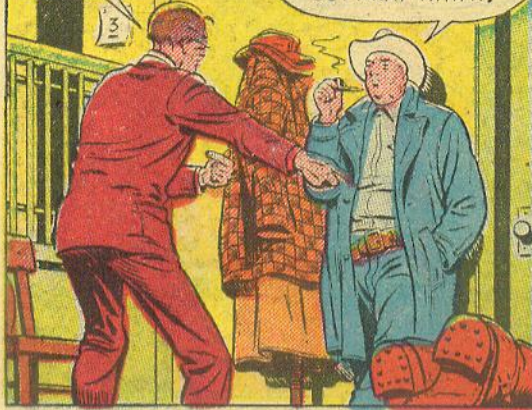


# GANG BUSTERS



YOU'RE CRAZY, SHERIFF! WHY SHOULD I WANT TO MURDER MIKE LEEDS?

I CAN GUESS WHY, HARRY-- BUT YOU'RE THE CRAZY ONE, TO THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT!



YES, YOU CAN GUESS, ALL RIGHT! AND YOU'RE GUESSING THAT I KILLED HIM, TOO -- BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T A SCRAP OF EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT!

YOU'RE WRONG, HARRY! LIKE ALL KILLERS, YOU OVERLOOKED ONE SMALL DETAIL, BUT IT MAKES YOUR WHOLE STORY A LIE!



YOU SAID WHEN YOU CAME IN HERE THIS MORNING, YOU FOUND MIKE LEEDS ALREADY IN THE OFFICE!

THAT'S RIGHT-- I DID!

WELL, TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT YOUR RAINCOAT AND MIKE'S MACKINAW ON THE COAT TREE! NOTICE-- HIS GARMENT IS HANGING ON TOP OF YOURS, ON THE SAME HOOK! IF MIKE WAS REALLY IN THIS OFFICE FIRST, HIS MACKINAW WOULD BE UNDERNEATH YOUR RAINCOAT, NOT OVER IT! THAT IS, IF HE'D HANG IT UP AT ALL UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES!



UNDER QUESTIONING LATER, HARRY FRAYNE BROKE DOWN AND MADE A FULL CONFESSION! AS FOR HIS WIFE, LUCY-- WELL, SHE MADE GOOD HER THREAT AND WENT OFF TO CHICAGO... ALL BY HERSELF AFTER HARRY WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH.

*The End*

## ADVERTISEMENT



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GROOMS THE HAIR  
RELIEVES DRYNESS  
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

AS LITTLE AS **29¢** PLUS TAX

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**H** HE KNEW ALL THE ANGLES, FOR SKIP-TRACING WAS HIS BUSINESS. IT WAS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR CRIMINALS TO ELUDE HIM, ONCE HE SET OUT TO TRACK THEM DOWN, BECAUSE HE WAS FAMILIAR WITH EVERY RUSE OF THE MISSING PERSON. THUS, WHEN HE HIMSELF DECIDED TO TURN AGAINST THE LAW, HE HAD AT HIS FINGERTIPS EVERY TRICK OF THE TRADE TO SHIELD HIS OWN TRACKS... AND PUZZLED POLICE FEARED THAT THEY MIGHT NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH...

# "THE TRACER WHO SKIPPED!"



IT LOOKS HOPELESS! WE'VE TRAILED OUR MAN TO THIS SPOT... AND THEN HE... VANISHED!

IT'S GOT ME STUMPED, CAPTAIN! WE'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE!

NOT EVERYWHERE! GENTLEMEN!

ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 9<sup>TH</sup>, 1951, FRANK DODDS, PARTNER IN A DETECTIVE FIRM SPECIALIZING IN TRACING PERSONS WHO HAVE "SKIPPED" FROM THE LAW, WAS WINDING UP A SEVEN-MONTH MANHUNT...

JACKSON, YOU USED A LOT OF BRAINS IN PULLING OFF THAT \$100,000 ROBBERY, BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE...IN NOT CHANGING YOUR BRAND OF CIGARETTES!

YEAH, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD'VE DONE BETTER!

I SURE WOULD! SKIP-TRACING IS MY BUSINESS! I'D KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO DISAPPEAR... AND STAY DISAPPEARED!

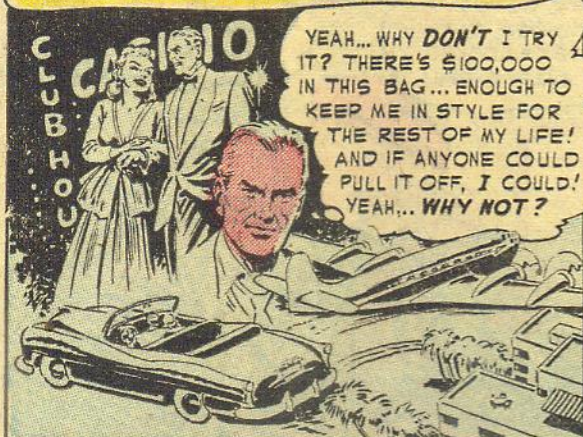
WELL, YOU'VE GOT ALL THE DOUGH IN THAT BAG! WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT, IF YOU'RE SO SMART?

HARLAN! NEXT STOP... HARLAN!





IT WAS THEN THAT SOMETHING SNAPPED IN THE MIND OF FRANK DODDS, STARTING A CHAIN OF EVENTS WHICH WERE TO BRING ABOUT ONE OF THE MOST BAFFLING MANHUNTS IN POLICE DEPARTMENT HISTORY...



ER... STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE, JACKSON... I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW MINUTES!

HUH? OH... SURE... SURE...



MOMENTS LATER...

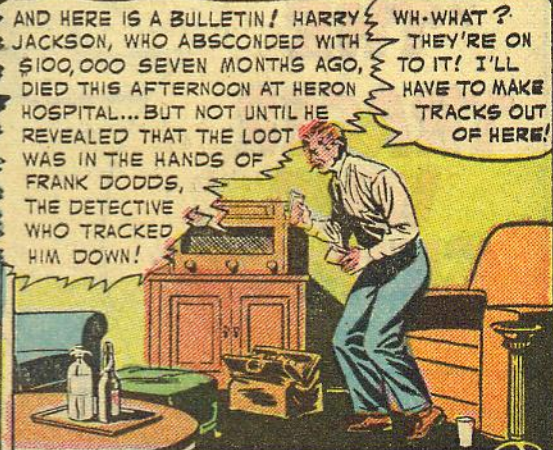
THE DUMB HOOD! HE PLAYED RIGHT INTO MY HANDS! HE'LL BE KILLED FOR SURE, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW I HAVE THE MONEY!



ARRIVING AT HARLAN, DODDS WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS FLAT... BUT WHEN HE TURNED ON THE RADIO...

AND HERE IS A BULLETIN! HARRY JACKSON, WHO ABSCONDED WITH \$100,000 SEVEN MONTHS AGO, DIED THIS AFTERNOON AT HERON HOSPITAL... BUT NOT UNTIL HE REVEALED THAT THE LOOT WAS IN THE HANDS OF FRANK DODDS, THE DETECTIVE WHO TRACKED HIM DOWN!

WH-WHAT? THEY'RE ON TO IT! I'LL HAVE TO MAKE TRACKS OUT OF HERE!



PRESENTLY, IN A CHEAP BOARDING HOUSE ON HARLAN'S SOUTHSIDE...

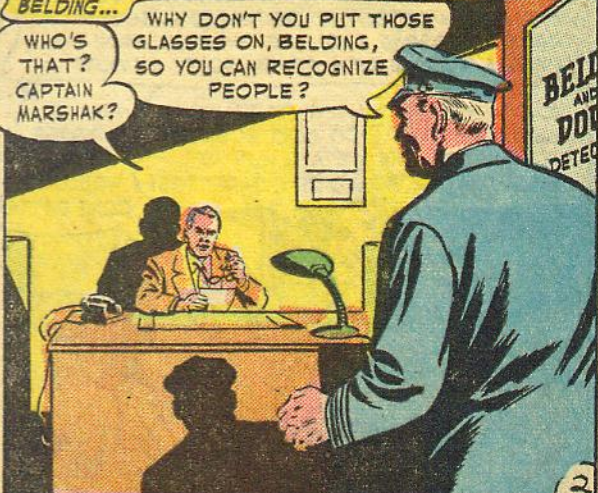
I'LL LAY LOW UNTIL I CAN GET A PERMANENT PLASTIC JOB ON MY FACE! IT'LL WORK OUT... BEING A SKIP-TRACER, I KNOW JUST HOW THE COPS WORK! THEY'LL FIGURE ME TO LEAVE TOWN, SO I'LL STAY PUT... RIGHT HERE!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF DODD'S PARTNER, DICK BELDING...

WHY DON'T YOU PUT THOSE GLASSES ON, BELDING, WHO'S THAT? CAPTAIN MARSHAK?

SO YOU CAN RECOGNIZE PEOPLE?





I RECOGNIZED YOU BY YOUR **WALK!** BESIDES, MY GIRL DOESN'T LIKE ME IN GLASSES! ANY NEWS YET... ABOUT MY PARTNER?

YEAH, **BAD** NEWS, BELDING! FROM JACKSON'S DEATH-BED STORY, IT LOOKS AS IF DODDS PURPOSELY LET HIM GO SO HE COULD SNATCH THE LOOT HIMSELF!

FRANKLY, I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH FINDING DODDS! HE'S A SMART APPLE, AND HE KNOWS HOW WE IN THE **MISSING PERSONS BUREAU** OPERATE!

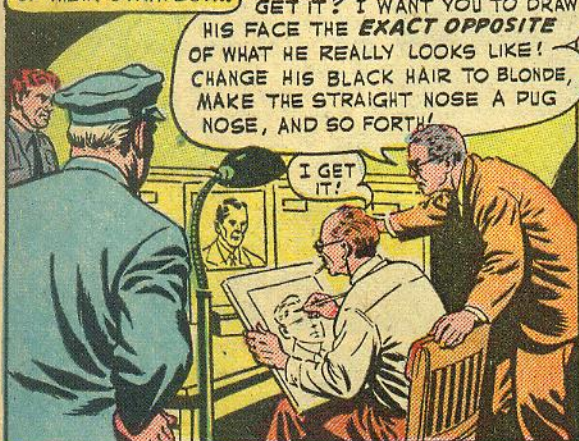
THEN IT'S OUR JOB TO OUTSMART HIM, THE CHEAP CROOK! HE'S GIVEN MY FIRM A BLACK NAME!



AFTERWARD, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE TWO 'MISSING PERSONS' EXPERTS BEGAN THE FIRST PHASE OF THEIR STRATEGY...

GET IT? I WANT YOU TO DRAW HIS FACE THE **EXACT OPPOSITE** OF WHAT HE REALLY LOOKS LIKE! CHANGE HIS BLACK HAIR TO BLONDE, MAKE THE STRAIGHT NOSE A PUG NOSE, AND SO FORTH!

I GET IT!

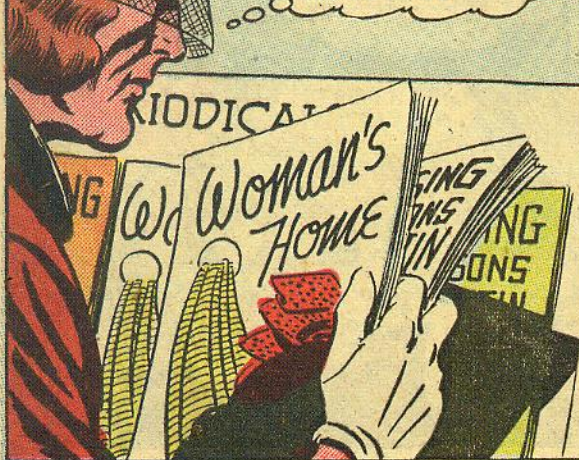


BUT, A WEEK LATER, ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 16, AT THE **GRAND STREET LIBRARY**...

I'M DYING TO GET A PEEP INSIDE THE **MISSING PERSONS BULLETIN** ...BUT THAT MAN... HE LOOKS LIKE A COP! IF I REACH FOR IT, HE MIGHT SEE THROUGH MY DISGUISE!

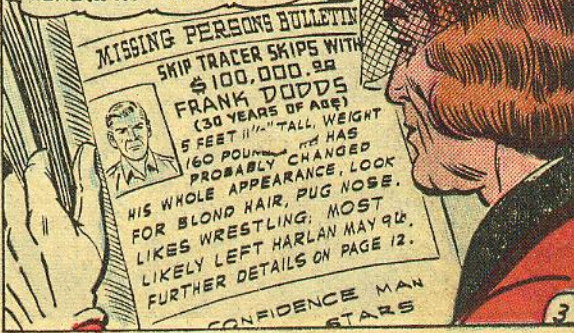


SO, IN THE NEXT MOMENT... BUT IF I CAN HIDE BEHIND THIS **WOMAN'S MAGAZINE** AND... AH... GOT IT!



AND THIS IS WHAT THE DISGUISED DODDS SAW IN THE BULLETIN...

HA, HA... LOOKS LIKE BELDING OR THE COPS HAD THE SAME IDEA I HAD ABOUT CHANGING MY APPEARANCE! BETTER FORGET ABOUT THE PLASTIC SURGERY! AND SINCE THEY FIGURE I LEFT TOWN... I'LL HIDE OUT RIGHT HERE... **IN TOWN!**



**MISSING PERSONS BULLETIN**  
SHIP TRACER SKIPS WITH \$100,000.98  
**FRANK DODDS**  
(30 YEARS OF AGE)  
5 FEET 11" TALL, WEIGHT 160 POUNDS, HAS PROBABLY CHANGED HIS WHOLE APPEARANCE, LOOK FOR BLOND HAIR, PUG NOSE, LIKES WRESTLING; MOST LIKELY LEFT HARLAN MAY 9. FURTHER DETAILS ON PAGE 12.

CONFIDENCE MAN STARS



**LATER THAT SAME DAY...**

HERE'S A HOT ONE! \$100,000 IN THIS OLD PAPER BAG, AND I HAVE TO LIVE LIKE A BUM! I CAN'T START ENJOYING THIS DOUGH UNTIL I'M SURE THE COPS HAVEN'T THE SERIAL NUMBERS! BETTER GET MYSELF A JOB WHERE I WON'T BE NOTICED... ALSO A CHEAP LITTLE CAR!

**AND AFTER 10 DAYS, AS THE INVESTIGATION PLODDED ON...**

YOU SAY HE USED TO GO FOR WRESTLING IN A BIG WAY! THIS IS THE FIFTH MATCH WE'VE SEEN... ANY SIGN OF HIM?

WAIT 'TIL I PUT MY GLASSES ON!

**AT THAT VERY MOMENT, IN A DRESSING ROOM UNDER THE STANDS...**

COME ON...USE SOME ELBOW GREASE, MADDON! GET THOSE KNOTS OUTTA MY MUSCLES!

YOU CHEAP PUNK! I COULD BUY AND SELL 10 OF YOU! AND I'D TELL YOU OFF IF THIS WEREN'T SUCH A PERFECT HIDEOUT!

**AND AT 11 O'CLOCK, RIGHT AFTER THE LAST MATCH...**

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER DOLLAR! THE ONLY FUN I GET OUT OF LIFE NOWADAYS IS WHEN I GET BACK TO MY ROOM AND COUNT THAT DOUGH!

**JUST THEN...**

OH, OH... BELDING AND A COP! IF HE RECOGNIZES ME, I'LL NEVER GET AWAY IN THIS OLD-ALOPLY!

**IT'S OKAY...THEY DIDN'T SPOT ME! IT'S TOO DARK, AND I MUST LOOK MORE LIKE AN OLD BUM THAN I FIGURED!**

NOT A SIGN OF HIM, CAPTAIN!



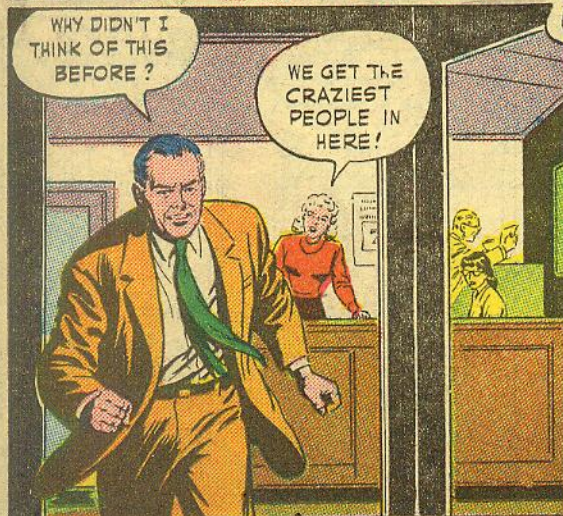
THEN, ON JUNE 2<sup>ND</sup>, BEGAN A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT HASTENED THE CLIMAX OF THIS CASE...



BETTER GET MY DRIVING LICENSE RENEWED BEFORE THE BIG RUSH BEGINS!

THAT'LL BE THREE DOLLARS, AND PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME ON THE BOTTOM LINE!

WAIT A MINUTE... SIGN MY NAME! THAT'S IT... THAT'S IT!



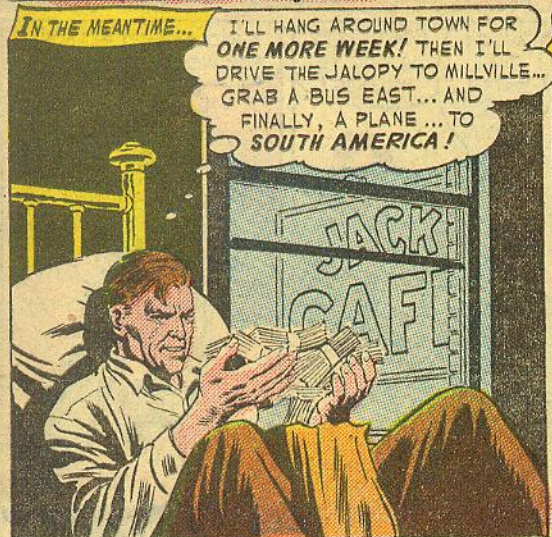
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?

WE GET THE CRAZIEST PEOPLE IN HERE!

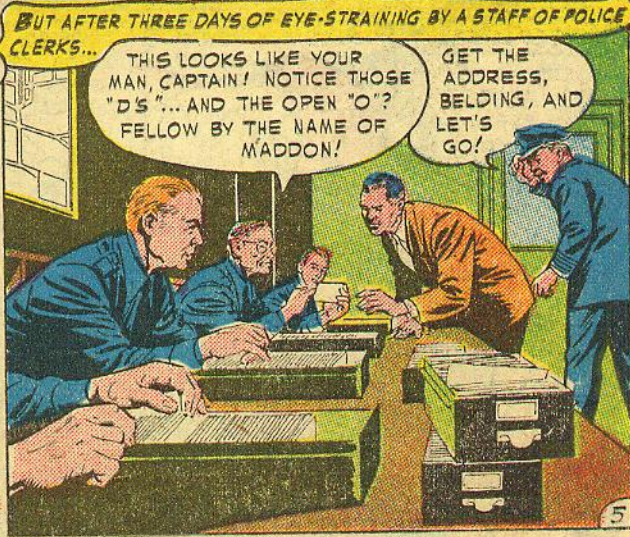


SOON... YOU SAY DODDS ALWAYS DROVE A CAR? SO WHAT? SURE WE COULD TRACE HIS HAND-WRITING IN THE LICENSE BUREAU RECORDS... BUT DO YOU REALIZE THERE ARE OVER 15,000 LICENSES IN TOWN? IT WOULD TAKE US MONTHS TO PLOW THROUGH THAT LIST!

THAT'S JUST THE POINT! WE DON'T HAVE TO GO THROUGH THEM ALL... JUST A FEW HUNDRED! LISTEN...



IN THE MEANTIME... I'LL HANG AROUND TOWN FOR ONE MORE WEEK! THEN I'LL DRIVE THE JALOPY TO MILLVILLE... GRAB A BUS EAST... AND FINALLY, A PLANE... TO SOUTH AMERICA!



BUT AFTER THREE DAYS OF EYE-STRAINING BY A STAFF OF POLICE CLERKS...

THIS LOOKS LIKE YOUR MAN, CAPTAIN! NOTICE THOSE "D'S"... AND THE OPEN "O"? FELLOW BY THE NAME OF MADDON!

GET THE ADDRESS, BELDING, AND LET'S GO!



AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE CAR...

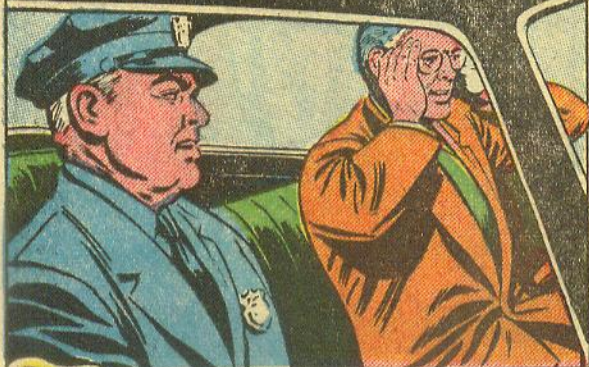
COME ON, BELDING...  
GET MOVING!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT  
ON, CAPTAIN... I  
WANT DODDS MORE THAN  
YOU DO! BUT I CAN'T DRIVE  
WITHOUT MY GLASSES!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

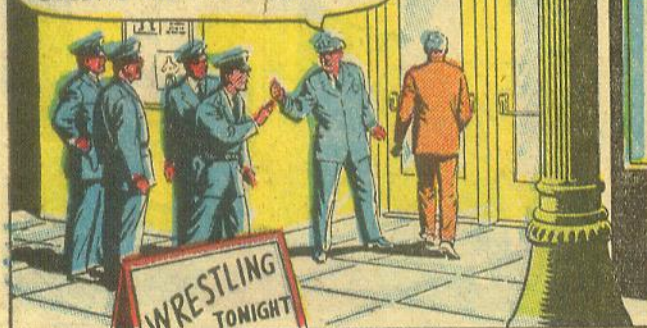
YEP, THAT'S THE MAN...  
LIVES ON THE SECOND  
FLOOR! HE'S WORKIN'  
NOW... OVER AT  
HILLMAN'S SPORTS  
ARENA!

THAT'S ALL WE WANTED  
TO KNOW! THANKS LADY!



SOON... HILLMAN'S SPORTS ARENA  
STEVE MISIAK & GOLDEN BOY

ALL RIGHT, YOU BOYS KNOW WHAT  
TO DO! SEAL EVERY EXIT BUT THE  
MAIN GATE, AND KEEP ALERT!  
BELDING AND I ARE GOING IN!



MEANWHILE...

NOW GET  
BUSY AND  
SCRUB THOSE STAINS  
OFF THE FLOOR! USE  
PLENTY OF THAT  
HOT WATER!

JUST A COUPLE  
MORE DAYS, AND I  
WON'T HAVE TO TAKE  
ANY MORE LIP FROM  
YOU!



MINUTES LATER...

WHERE'VE YOU  
BEEN, DODDS?  
WE'VE BEEN  
LOOKING ALL  
OVER FOR  
YOU!

BELDING! HOW'D  
YOU...?



LET'S GO,  
DODDS... IT'S  
THE END OF  
THE TRAIL  
FOR...  
OW!

WATCH  
THAT  
WATER...  
IT'S  
HOT!

DON'T COUNT  
ME OUT YET,  
BELDING!



I HAD A GOOD REASON  
FOR WORKING IN THIS  
DUMP, AS YOU'LL  
SOON FIND  
OUT!





**DARTING INTO A DARK CLOSET, DODDS MADE SOME HASTY ALTERATIONS OF HIS APPEARANCE...**

IT SURE PAYS TO PLAN AHEAD FOR EVERY POSSIBLE EMERGENCY! I CHECKED THE DOUGH IN A LOCKER AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT... SO NOW I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO GO BACK TO MY ROOM!

**THEN...**

WHERE IN THE WORLD DID HE...?

THERE HE GOES! HE MUST'VE COME OUT OF THAT CLOSET! AFTER HIM!



**BUT, WHEN THEY REACHED THE ARENA...**

LOOKS LIKE HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! HE **DID** HAVE A GOOD REASON FOR WORKING HERE! IN CASE WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM, THERE ARE DOZENS OF EXITS...AND BIG CROWDS HE CAN LOSE HIMSELF IN!

LOOKS BAD, BELDING! THE MATCHES ARE OVER...AND HE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME! LET'S GET OUT FRONT!



CAPTAIN! WE'VE SEALED EVERY EXIT BUT THE MAIN ONE!

GOOD! BELDING, PUT THOSE GLASSES ON! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO HAS A CHANCE TO SPOT HIM! IF HE GETS AWAY NOW, HE'S GOT ENOUGH CASH TO SKIP THE COUNTRY FOR GOOD!

**BUT AS PRECIOUS MINUTES PASSED...**

IT'S FUNNY YOU CAN'T SPOT HIM NOW...**WITH** YOUR GLASSES... WHEN YOU SPOTTED HIM BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM **WITHOUT** THEM!

CAPTAIN, YOU HIT THE NAIL ON THE...! THERE HE IS, **RIGHT THERE!** GRAB HIM, PETE!







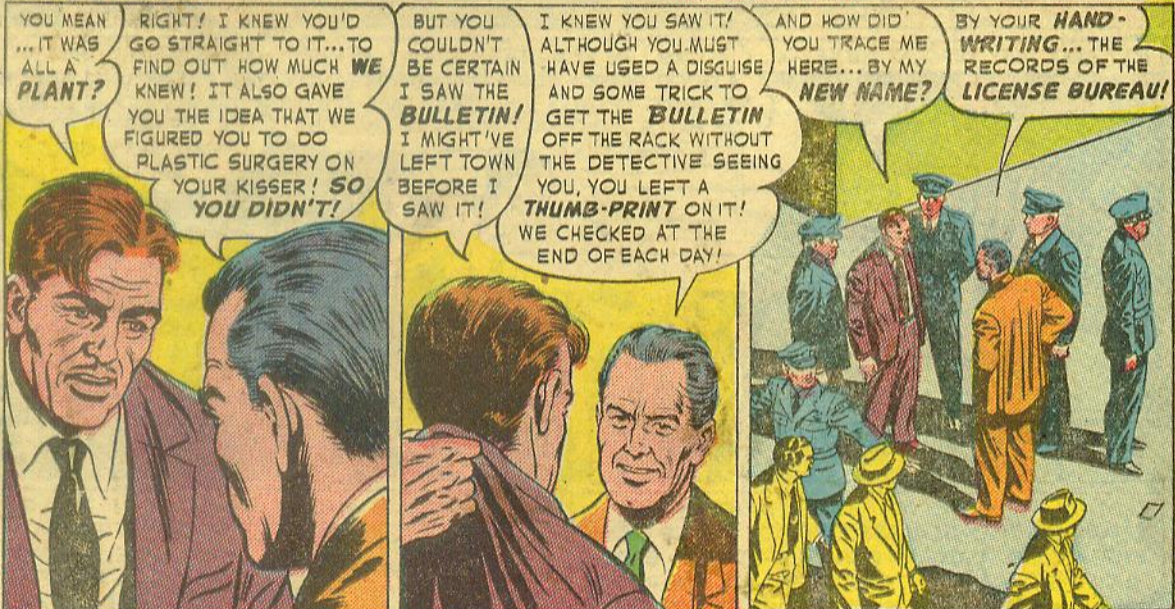
**GOT HIM!**

I THOUGHT YOU COULDN'T SEE WITHOUT YOUR GLASSES!

IN THIS CASE, I SAW **TOO WELL!** I SAW WHAT DODDS WANTED ME TO SEE... HIS NEW PHONY FRONT! BUT THEN IT SUDDENLY STRUCK ME... NEAR-SIGHTED PEOPLE RECOGNIZE THEIR FRIENDS NOT BY THEIR **FEATURES**, BUT BY THEIR **WALK!** DODDS COULDN'T DISGUISE **THAT!**

OKAY, WISE GUY, AS LONG AS YOU'RE IN THE MOOD FOR EXPLANATIONS, HOW'D YOU FIGURE I STAYED IN TOWN?

I SAW TO THAT PERSONALLY... BY PLANTING THAT FAKE NOTICE ABOUT YOU IN THE **MISSING PERSONS BULLETIN!**



YOU MEAN ...IT WAS ALL A **PLANT?**

RIGHT! I KNEW YOU'D GO STRAIGHT TO IT... TO FIND OUT HOW MUCH WE KNEW! IT ALSO GAVE YOU THE IDEA THAT WE FIGURED YOU TO DO PLASTIC SURGERY ON YOUR KISSER! **SO YOU DIDN'T!**

BUT YOU COULDN'T BE CERTAIN I SAW THE **BULLETIN!** I MIGHT'VE LEFT TOWN BEFORE I SAW IT!

I KNEW YOU SAW IT! ALTHOUGH YOU MUST HAVE USED A DISGUISE AND SOME TRICK TO GET THE **BULLETIN** OFF THE RACK WITHOUT THE DETECTIVE SEEING YOU, YOU LEFT A **THUMB-PRINT** ON IT! WE CHECKED AT THE END OF EACH DAY!

AND HOW DID YOU TRACE ME HERE... BY MY **NEW NAME?**

BY YOUR **HAND-WRITING...** THE RECORDS OF THE **LICENSE BUREAU!**



DON'T TELL ME YOU HAD TIME TO GO THROUGH **THOUSANDS** OF LICENSES! I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT MYSELF, BUT I WAS SURE...

THERE WEREN'T THOUSANDS OF **NEW LICENSES**, DODDS! YOU GAVE YOURSELF A **NEW NAME**, SO YOU NEEDED A **NEW LICENSE!** ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS GO THROUGH A FEW HUNDRED **NEW APPLICATIONS!**

AND I...I WAS SURE I COULD MAKE MYSELF DISAPPEAR!

YOU **WILL**, DODDS... BEHIND THE WALLS OF THE STATE PRISON!

*The END.*



## RUNNING WILD

Today, the fence—the man who trades in stolen property—is an outcast, despised by both crook and cop alike, but back in the 1700's, in England, where he came into being, he was regarded as an honorable tradesman, who offered victims the opportunity of buying back their goods.

Responsible for this position was a fellow called Jonathan Wild of Wolverhampton, England, who began his career by making a bare living as a wig maker until he devised a racket, probably one of the first on record. Able to dislocate any of his limbs at will, he concocted an ointment, which, when applied, he claimed, immediately cured cripples. This salve he hawked up and down the Cornish coast to gullible townsfolk.

With the proceeds, he opened a tavern outside London. Since most of his patrons were petty thieves who preyed on city dwellers, he proposed to dispose of their loot for a percentage of the price. Occasionally, when a thug bore a price on his head bigger than his potential fee, Jonathan Wild turned him over to the police. Not only did he earn a suitable reward but the gratitude of the law as well.

It was pure inspiration, though, which cast him in the role of a Janus-faced gyp. He wheedled the names of their victims from thugs, then arranged to have their stolen goods restored—for a price. In this way, he collected fees from both parties. This scheme subsequently enjoyed such wide popularity in England that, to suppress hordes of imitators, Parliament pass-

ed an act making trading in stolen property a capital offense.

Nonetheless, Jonathan Wild was literally running wild. He opened a school for training thieves in burglary, pickpocketing, lock picking, blackmail and forgery. Students flocked to his classes in crime, and more than one had his academic training cut short by a term in jail. But returning lost possessions to rightful owners occupied most of Wild's time. Business expanded to such an extent that he set up offices throughout England and Ireland, and even toyed with the notion of invading the continent of Europe itself.

He evaded the law by scrupulously avoiding receipt of stolen property. His sole business, he cried indignantly, was locating and returning missing property to rightful owners.

But greed, like his inspiration, was the cause of his downfall. When one of his assistants was wanted by the police for a crime, Wild turned him in for the reward. The vengeful associate squealed, and in January, 1725, shocked police slapped Wild in jail. At his trial, Wild was charged on two counts—illegally receiving money for stolen goods and inciting to robbery. He was convicted of the first and sentenced to death.

In Newgate Prison, he made a futile attempt at suicide, and one March morning, rigid with fear, he was carried to the scaffold. The notorious doublecrosser died with a double knot around his chafed neck.

## PILLS FOR PRISONERS

It may well be that pills may eliminate crime some day in the not too distant fu-



ture. This is the reaction of penologists, who recently studied the results of Army tests on soldiers, court-martialed and serving sentences in stockades. Since most of them were found to be ill-tempered, rude and quarrelsome, doctors attributed these characteristics to a lack of blood calcium.

Chemistry tests and X-rays of their skulls revealed low calcium deposits. Every four days, a single pill of calcium gluconate was administered to each prisoner. At the end of five months, each man's behavior showed marked improvement. Tension had eased considerably. Temper was under control, and he seemed happy and eager to work.

Without overlooking the economic reasons for committing crime, penologists are discussing the removal of these other factors. What must be undertaken on a regional, then national, basis is a series of blood-calcium content tests of habitual criminals, juvenile delinquents, and men in prisons. Army results with calcium gluconate have been encouraging enough, they claim, to warrant such a step.

## FINGERPRINT FOOLERY

Nowadays, the possibility of forgery and transfer of fingerprints is accepted as a fact, but some time ago this feat was regarded with more than a little skepticism. One warden of a Chicago jail came to rue his cynicism when an inmate, having perfected the process during his leisure hours, asked and was refused permission to demonstrate his method before a convention of criminologists.

"Poppycock, sheer nonsense," scoffed the warden. "Imagine a grown man trying to convince anyone, especially me, that one's fingerprints can be forged. Back into your cell with you, man!"

A week later, the warden was shocked, on entering his office one morning, to find his safe rifled. His surprise turned to stupefaction some time later when the prints taken from the safe were identified as those of his own son, who was unable to explain their presence, swearing his innocence.

The dilemma wasn't cleared up until later when the forger admitted the hoax to prove his point. Yes, he had opened the safe and planted the son's fingerprints. In exchange

for the explanation and the cash, which he had withdrawn, he was permitted to address the convention—with the enthusiastic support of the warden himself!

## HAIRPIN-UP GIRL

In fiction, the heroine is forever plucking a hairpin from her coiffure and opening all sorts of complicated locks. In fact, a young woman riding a Syracuse, N. Y., bus a short time ago spotted a pair of handcuffs under a seat, retrieved them, and in a playful mood, snapped them on her wrists. To her horror, she was unable to loosen them, and finally appealed to police.

In a local precinct, the desk sergeant vainly tried to free her with a variety of tools, including all available handcuff keys on the premises. Suddenly, a glint of hope appeared in the sergeant's eye. He beamed at the despairing damsel, pulled a hairpin from her head, inserted it in the manacles, wriggled it—and the steel handcuffs sprung open and clattered to the floor!

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

**MILWAUKEE:** Examining his stolen automobile which had just been returned to him, a resident noted that its spare tire was missing, went inside his house to tell his wife, returned to find the automobile missing.

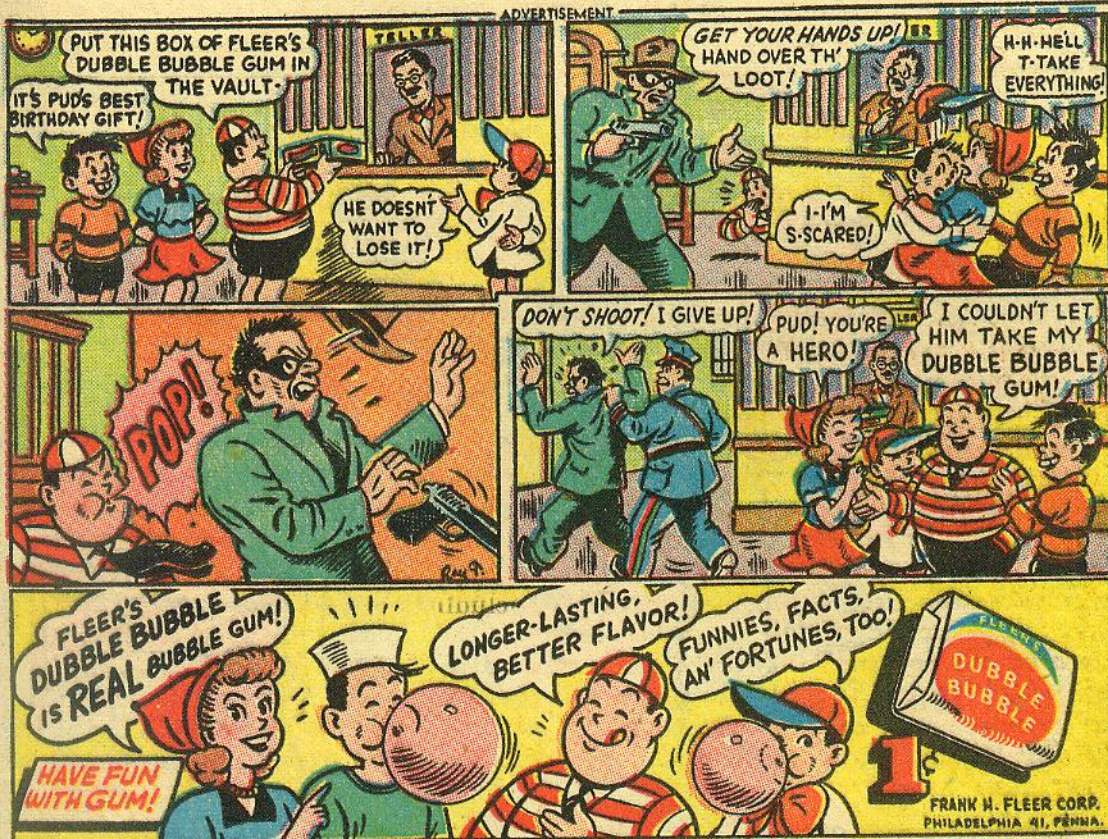
**TULSA, Okla:** Continually fluttering her left hand, a woman driver was hauled to the curb by a traffic policeman for signaling turns and failing to follow through. "Oh-my-goodness, I wasn't going to turn, officer," she explained. "I was merely drying my nail polish!"

**WASHINGTON:** Exactly \$2,876,275 in two-dollar bills are in circulation, according to the U. S. Treasury, which, informed that the sum is indivisible by two, explained that half of one of the bills is missing.

**CHICAGO:** Signing up with a private school which claimed that it trained pupils to become government agents, a student sleuth boned up on his homework at the local F.B.I. field office, where he learned identity of his instructor: an ex-con whom he had arrested.



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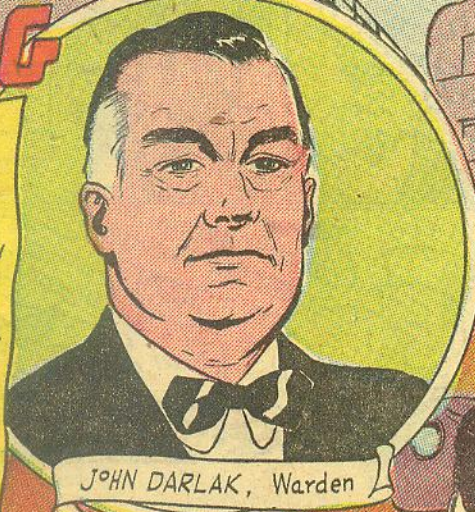
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# WARDEN of the BIG HOUSE!

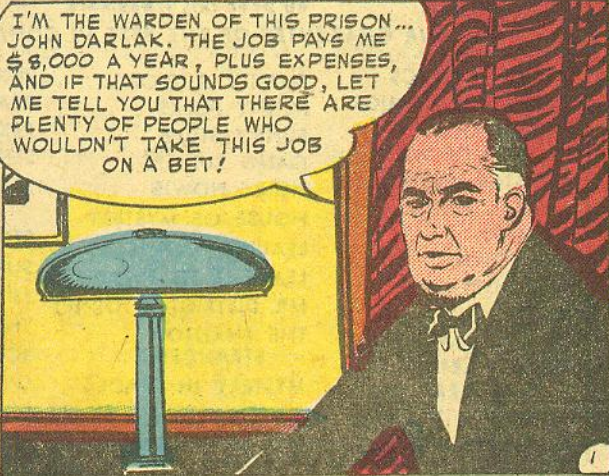
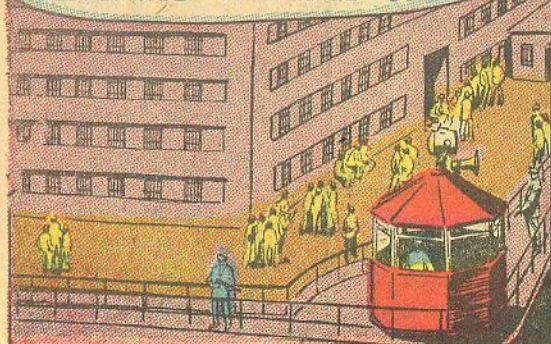
STATE PRISON... MASSIVE STRUCTURE OF STONE AND STEEL THAT INCARCERATES 3,214 CONVICTS... MORE THAN HALF OF THEM REPEATERS... AND OVER 200 OF THEM LIFERS! IN THE MIND OF EACH LURKS A SINGLE PLAN... TO CRASH SOMEHOW OVER THE BIG WALL, AND MURDER ITSELF IS NO OBSTACLE! AMONG THESE CONS WALKS A MAN, ALWAYS A PART OF THEIR GRIM LIVES, WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR KEEPING THEM THERE, FOR THAT IS HIS SWORN AND SOLEMN DUTY.



JOHN DARLAK, Warden

THIS IS STATE PRISON... A SELF-SUFFICIENT CITY. WITH ITS OWN POWER PLANT, VOCATIONAL SHOPS, FARM, LAUNDRY, ... AND EVEN A SCHOOL. IT'S RUN BY MORE THAN 3,000 CONVICTS... ALL OF WHOM DESPERATELY WANT TO GET OUT!

I'M THE WARDEN OF THIS PRISON... JOHN DARLAK. THE JOB PAYS ME \$6,000 A YEAR, PLUS EXPENSES, AND IF THAT SOUNDS GOOD, LET ME TELL YOU THAT THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE WHO WOULDN'T TAKE THIS JOB ON A BET!







# GANG BUSTERS



**A** WARDEN HAS COUNTLESS DUTIES...MANY OF THEM UNPLEASANT, SUCH AS WHEN RELATIVES APPEAL TO RELEASE THEIR LOVED ONES...

THEN, OF COURSE, THERE IS THE GRIM DUTY OF OFFICIATING AT EXECUTIONS...

MY BOY ISN'T **REALLY** BAD, WARDEN! GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE, PLEASE! SEND HIM HOME TO ME... I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM... PLEASE!

I'M SORRY, MRS. ANDERSON! YOUR SON WAS SENT HERE BY A COURT OF LAW! YOU SHOULD DIRECT YOUR REQUEST TO THE PAROLE BOARD!



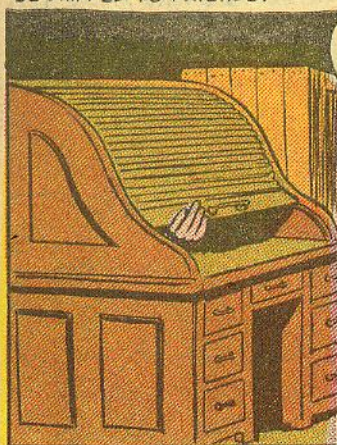
**B**UT ONE OF MY MORE PLEASANT TASKS IS MY REHABILITATION PROGRAM...TRYING TO MAKE BETTER MEN OUT OF CRIMINALS, AND KEEPING THEM OCCUPIED WHILE SERVING THEIR TIME, GIVING THEM SPORTS, RECREATION, AND TRAINING IN VARIOUS JOBS...



NEVERTHELESS, THEY STILL PLOT ESCAPE. IN 1948, DUNCAN TREPPE, A FURNITURE-SHOP WORKER, CRAWLED INSIDE A DESK, HOPING TO BE SHIPPED TO FRIENDS.

**B**UT FATE BEAT TREPPE. A SNOW-STORM DELAYED SHIPMENTS FROM PRISON FOR THREE DAYS, AND HE LAY IN THE WAREHOUSE, UNTIL HIS SHOUTS FOR HELP BROUGHT GUARDS...

WE TEST CELL BARS WITH TUNING FORKS; THEIR RING REVEALS IF THEY'VE BEEN SAWED, OR, AS IN A RECENT CASE, ARE REPLACED BY WOODEN BARS!



TREPPE! WE WONDERED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO YOU!

HELP...FOOD...WATER...



IT DIDN'T SOUND METALLIC WHEN I STRUCK THE BARS WITH THIS TUNING FORK...JUST A DULL CLONK! AND NO WONDER... FRAZER HAD PUT IN TWO **WOODEN** ONES!





HOW FRAZER OBTAINED THE BARS IS WHAT STUNNED US! A FRAGMENT OF A WHEEL-BARROW HANDLE, TWO WOODEN HORSE-SHOE PEGS, AND PIECES OF BROKEN BROOM HANDLES ARE WHAT HE USED...

FANTASTIC! FRAZER COLLECTED WOOD, LIKE THIS, OVER A PERIOD OF TIME! THEN HE SANDED THEM DOWN, GLUED THEM TOGETHER AND PAINTED THEM... ALL ON THE SLY... IN THE HOBBY ROOM!

TO ME, THE MOST INGENUOUS ESCAPE ATTEMPTED WAS ELOY DARROW'S! A HOSPITAL ATTENDANT, HE HOARDED STRANDS OF DENTAL FLOSS FOR MANY MONTHS...

JUST SO MUCH FROM EACH SPOOL SO NOBODY WILL EVER MISS IT!... THEY'D NEVER GUESS WHY IT WAS STOLEN, ANYWAY!



THEN, SKILLFULLY, DARROW TWISTED THE DENTAL FLOSS INTO A ROPE...

BUT WE DID SUSPECT SOMETHING, AND A SURPRISE SEARCH REVEALED HIS INCREDIBLE HANDIWORK... A LADDER MADE OF DENTAL FLOSS!

IT'S LONG ENOUGH TO REACH THE TOP OF THE WALL... STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT A MAN'S WEIGHT... AND CAN BE ROLLED UP AND CARRIED IN ONE HAND!



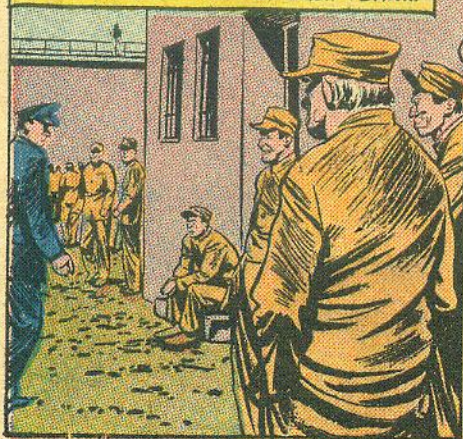
THEN, THERE ARE THE "TOUGH GUYS" WHO ENTER OUR GATES EACH YEAR...

WE KNOW HOW TO TAKE CARE OF THEM. THERE WAS DUKE CARTER, A SELF-STYLED GUARD-HATER. HE BROKE RANKS ONE DAY, AND...

DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO, COPPER!

THWACK!

IT'S CARTER! COME ON!





CARTER COULD'VE HOSPITALIZED TWO OR THREE GUARDS, SO I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING THAT ALWAYS TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF A TOUGHY...

BLUB... BLUB... SPUTTER...

MEN, TURN THAT FIREHOSE ON HIM!

THEN, THERE WAS "WIZARD" JOHNNY RYAN... A LIFER... WHO SOMEHOW GOT HOLD OF A LOADED RIFLE. FROM THE COAL BINS, HE HELD GUARDS OFF FOR 36 HOURS...

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! I GOT PLENTY OF AMMUNITION!

IT'D BE SURE DEATH TO MOVE IN ON HIM NOW! WHERE'S THE WARDEN? ISN'T HE BACK YET? WHAT'LL WE DO?

STEP ON IT, JOHN... TO MY OFFICE! I WANT TO FETCH SOMETHING. THEN WE'LL DASH OVER TO THE COAL BINS!

I WAS DELAYED AT THE PAROLE BOARD MEETING! TAKE THIS TEAR GAS! USE IT ON RYAN!

THAT DID IT! RYAN STUMBLED OUT, COUGHING AND CHOKING... AND THE SIEGE WAS ENDED...

BUT MY TRULY TOUGHEST CON WAS AN EAST COAST RACKETEER NAMED RHINO SPRINGER...

ONLY I DON'T LIKE TO BE CUT IN! I FLY SOLO, PAL!

IT'S RHINO SPRINGER!

(COUGH-COUGH!) AIR! GIMME AIR!

WE HEARD YOU WAS ASSIGNED TO THE LAUNDRY, RHINO! I'M RUNNIN' THINGS HERE, BUT I'LL CUT YOU IN!

THAT'S REAL NICE, MORRISON!

WHACK!





# GANG BUSTERS

I PUT RHINO IN "THE HOLE"... SOLITARY... FOR 10 DAYS! WHEN HE CAME OUT, I WAS IN MY OFFICE, OVERLOOKING THE YARD...

HOW WAS IT, RHINO? DID THEY "BREAK" YOU? HA, HA!

NOBODY... BUT **NOBODY**... BREAKS RHINO, EH? SHAKE, RHINO, PAL!

HI-YA, SLUGGSY... PETE... DREAMBOY! THE BOSS IS BACK!

RHINO SPRINGER, I REALIZED, WAS THE BIG GUY WHOM THE PACK FOLLOWED...

NOW YOU'RE OUT OF "THE HOLE", WE'RE GONNA HAVE SOME FUN, HUH?

SURE, BOYS! I'M BACK!



TENNIS? TENNIS IN THE BIG HOUSE! HAW! HAW! HAW! WHAT'LL IT BE NEXT... A SEWIN' CENTER OR A SPELLIN' BEE?

HO! HO! HO! HAW! HAW! LOOK AT DA SAPS!

WHAT'S THAT? TENNIS... AIN'T YOU HEARD, RHINO! WARDEN DARLAK CALLS IT HIS REHABILITATION PROGRAM! HAW, HAW! HAW!

WHEN YOU JUMP OVER DAT NET, CHUMP, JUST KEEP ON GOIN'... RIGHT OVER DA WALL! HAW! HAW!



THE NEXT NIGHT, MURPH VINSON... OUR SPORTS DIRECTOR... CAME TO MY OFFICE...

REGARDING THE TENNIS MATCHES TODAY... NOBODY PLAYED! NOW IT'S TENNIS, THEN IT'LL BE SOMETHING ELSE!

YES, MURPH! RHINO'S A LEADER OUT THERE... THEY FOLLOW HIM LIKE SHEEP! IF WE COULD ONLY USE THAT LEADERSHIP FOR SOME GOOD PURPOSE!

MAYBE WE CAN! MAYBE, I SAID! I'VE SEARCHED RHINO'S RECORDS FOR HOURS. AND GUESS WHAT? HE USED TO BE A **BASEBALL PITCHER!**

**HUH!**

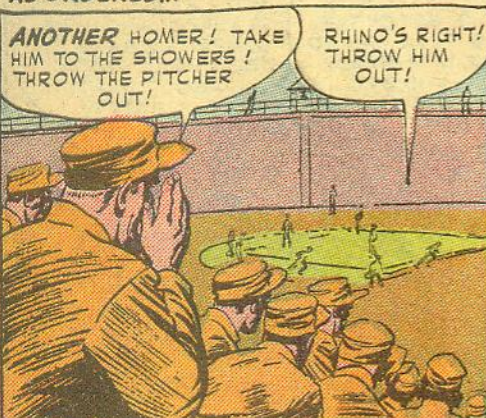
SAY THAT AGAIN!







NEXT DAY, RHINO WAS GIVING IT TO SLINGIN' SLIM ELLIS, WHO WAS OFF FORM... AS ORDERED...



RHINO STALKED TO THE MOUND... AND LIVED UP TO HIS PRESS CLIPPINGS. HE WAS OUT OF SHAPE, BUT HE STILL HAD A BLAZING FAST BALL AND A CURVE THAT DID TRICKS...



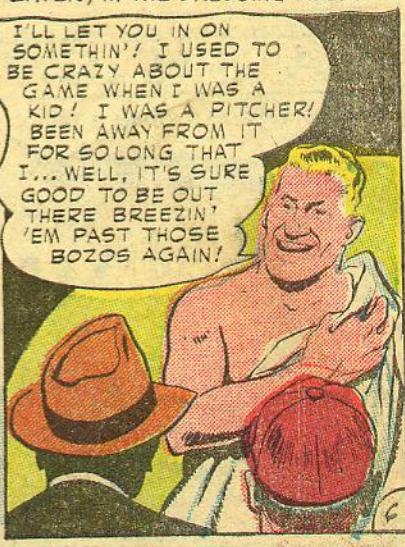
YOU DID IT, RHINO!

YOUR FAST ONE HAD SMOKE ON IT!

HE'S THE BEST PITCHER I'VE SEEN IN THE PRISON CIRCUIT! NOW... IF HE'LL ONLY CONTINUE!



LATER, IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



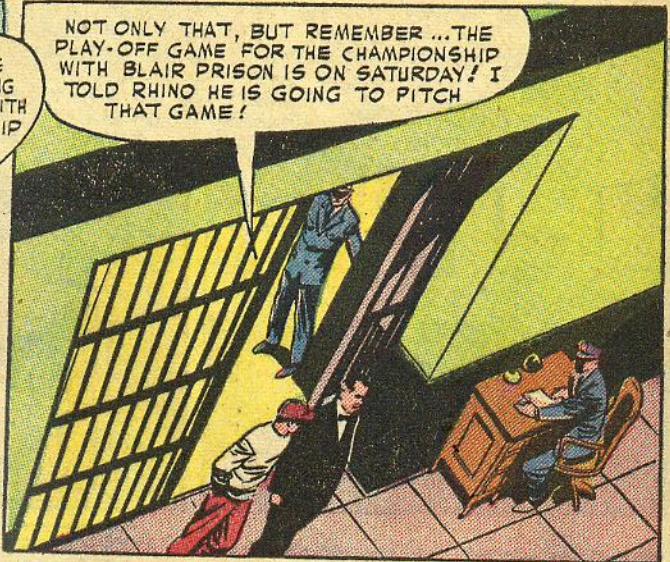
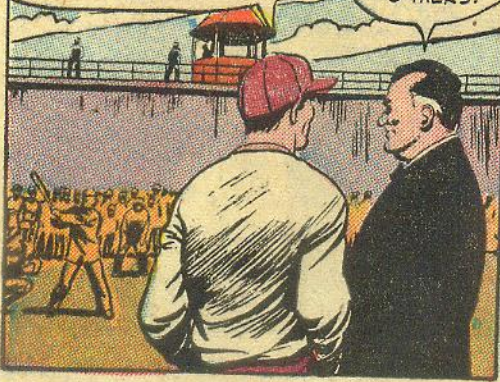


**NEXT AFTERNOON, MURPH JOINED ME...**

YOUR PLAN WAS PERFECT, WARDEN! NOT ONLY IS RHINO STAYING ON THE TEAM, BUT EVERY PRISONER IN THE PLACE NOW WANTS TO PLAY BASEBALL!

GOOD! WE'RE ACCOMPLISHING SOMETHING WITH HIS LEADERSHIP OVER THE OTHERS!

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT REMEMBER...THE PLAY-OFF GAME FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP WITH BLAIR PRISON IS ON SATURDAY! I TOLD RHINO HE IS GOING TO PITCH THAT GAME!

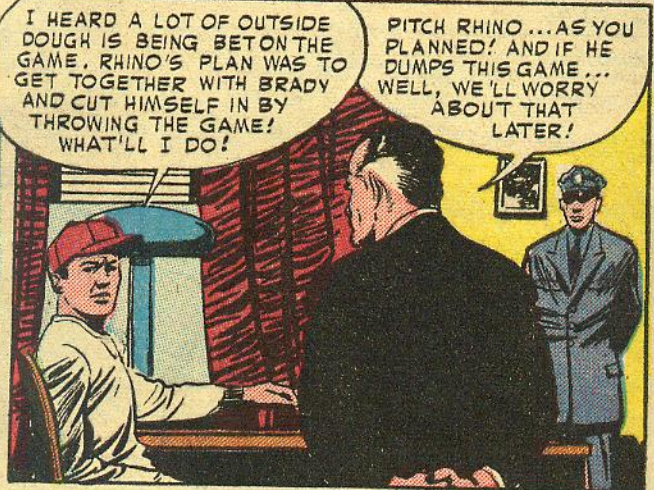


EVERYBODY WAS EXCITED ABOUT THE COMING BLAIR GAME, WHEN SUDDENLY, UNFORESEEN TROUBLE LOOMED. I LEARNED THAT RHINO AND FRANKIE BRADY, A NOTORIOUS GAMBLER, WERE HOBNOBBING...

THERE'RE BRADY AND RHINO WHISPERING AGAIN. I THINK THE WARDEN OUGHT TO KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING 'IN THE WIND!

I HEARD A LOT OF OUTSIDE DOUGH IS BEING BET ON THE GAME. RHINO'S PLAN WAS TO GET TOGETHER WITH BRADY AND CUT HIMSELF IN BY THROWING THE GAME! WHAT'LL I DO!

PITCH RHINO...AS YOU PLANNED! AND IF HE DUMPS THIS GAME... WELL, WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER!



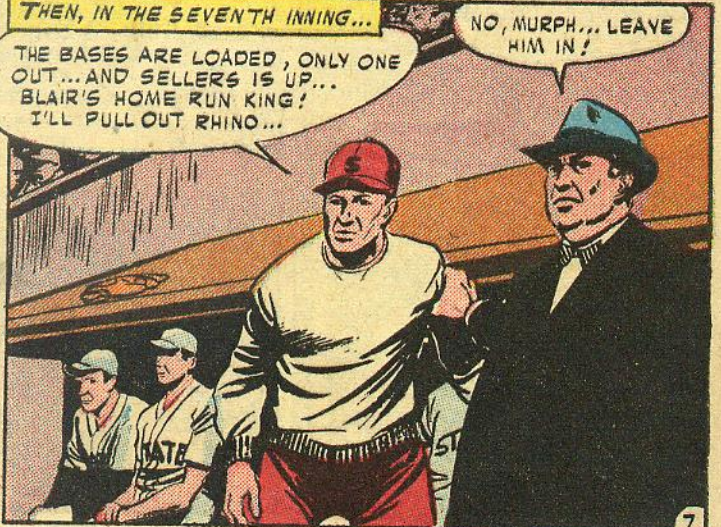
ON SATURDAY, RHINO ONLY GAVE BLAIR A SINGLE IN THE FOURTH, A TRIPLE IN THE FIFTH... BUT STILL NO RUNS...

**STRIKE THREE! RHINO STRUCK HIM OUT!**

**THEN, IN THE SEVENTH INNING...**

THE BASES ARE LOADED, ONLY ONE OUT...AND SELLERS IS UP... BLAIR'S HOME RUN KING! I'LL PULL OUT RHINO...

NO, MURPH... LEAVE HIM IN!





SELLERS SWUNG HARD AT RHINO'S SLOW CURVE, BUT THE BALL DRIBBLED TO THE MOUND. RHINO FIELDED IT AND THREW FOR THE DOUBLE PLAY... FROM PITCHER, TO HOME TO FIRST!



I SAID COME AN' GET ME! COME ON!



WE BEAT BLAIR... 1 TO 0, AND RHINO WAS THE HERO... HERO TO ALL EXCEPT A FEW, WHO WAITED IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

WE WAITED UNTIL THE REST OF THE TEAM LEFT. YOU CROSSED ME, RHINO! I'LL SWING FOR THIS... BUT NOT UNTIL I KILL YOU!



YOU COULDN'T SLUG YOUR WAY OUT OF A FOG, BRADY! NOBODY CROSSED YOU BUT YOURSELF. YOU WANTED ME TO THROW THE GAME BUT I NEVER SAID I WOULD!

GONNA KILL ME, EH? YOU'RE GONNA KILL RHINO! HA, HA, HA!

DROP HIM, RHINO! DROP HIM!



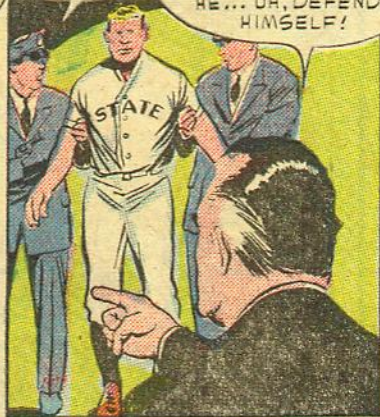
HE'S ALIVE... SO ARE THE OTHERS... ONLY I DON'T KNOW HOW!

NEVER LIKED DIRTY, CHEAP GAMBLERS! EVEN AS A KID, I HATED 'EM! I DONE LOTS O' BAD THINGS... I AIN'T NO ANGEL... BUT I NEVER THREW A GAME!



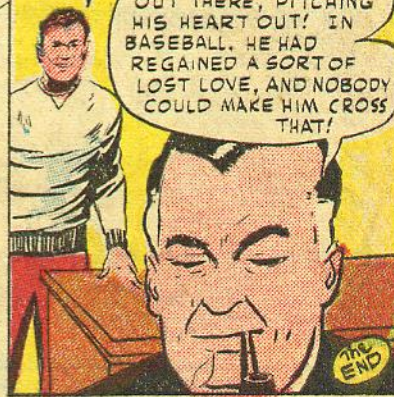
COME ON, RHINO... LET'S GO!

TAKE BRADY AND THE OTHERS. RHINO'S NOT TO BLAME! THEY ATTACKED HIM AND HE... UH, DEFENDED HIMSELF!



SO...?

SO I DIDN'T REALLY THINK RHINO WOULD THROW A GAME! HE WAS TOO MUCH LIKE A BOY HERO OUT THERE, PITCHING HIS HEART OUT! IN BASEBALL. HE HAD REGAINED A SORT OF LOST LOVE, AND NOBODY COULD MAKE HIM CROSS THAT!





# Tootsie Rolls'

## GREAT BIG Contest

HURRY!

# 100 PRIZES

HURRY!



ARE YOU A GOOD PRIVATE EYE?

HOW MANY TOOTSIE CANDIES ARE MISSING FROM THIS STACK?



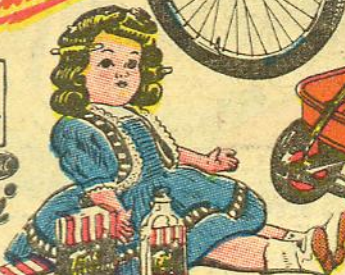
BOYS' &amp; GIRLS' BIKES



### 10 COLUMBIA 3-STAR DELUXE MODEL 1919 MOTOBIKES

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DELICIOUS CHEWY TOOTSIE ROLL CENTER



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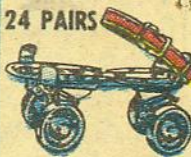
1. Complete the statement (in 25 words or less) "I like TOOTSIE ROLLS (or TOOTSIE POPS) because \_\_\_\_\_". On a plain sheet of paper—write or print CLEARLY—your name, street and number, city or town, state—and your age.
2. Send entry, accompanied with 5 wrappers from either TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS... to TOOTSIE ROLLS CONTEST, Box 877, New York 46, N. Y.
3. Send as many entries as you wish, but with each entry you must send 5 wrappers from TOOTSIE ROLLS or TOOTSIE POPS.
4. This contest is open only to boys and girls between the ages of 6 and 16—and is good only in Continental United States and in compliance with State Laws. Company employees and their families, agency employees and their families, are not eligible.
5. Entries will be judged for originality and sincerity for the particular age group; the youngest child has as much chance as the oldest. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Decision of the judges will be final and all entries become the property of The Sweets Company of America, Inc. No entries will be returned.
6. CONTEST STARTS AUGUST 1, 1952 and ENDS OCTOBER 15th, so hurry—get your entry in... but first read these rules carefully. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1952 and received before midnight October 24, 1952. Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible following selection of winners by the judges.

CONTEST CLOSING OCTOBER 15, 1952

### 10 Toni DOLLS

with washable Nylon hair that can be combed, set, waved and made up.

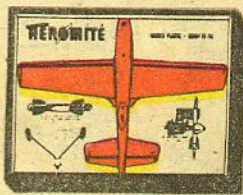
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24 TRIPLE LINED BASKETBALLS Made of Evercoid, a heavy coated pebble-grained fabric. Equipped with heavy duty valve bladders.



### 12 FIELDER'S GLOVES

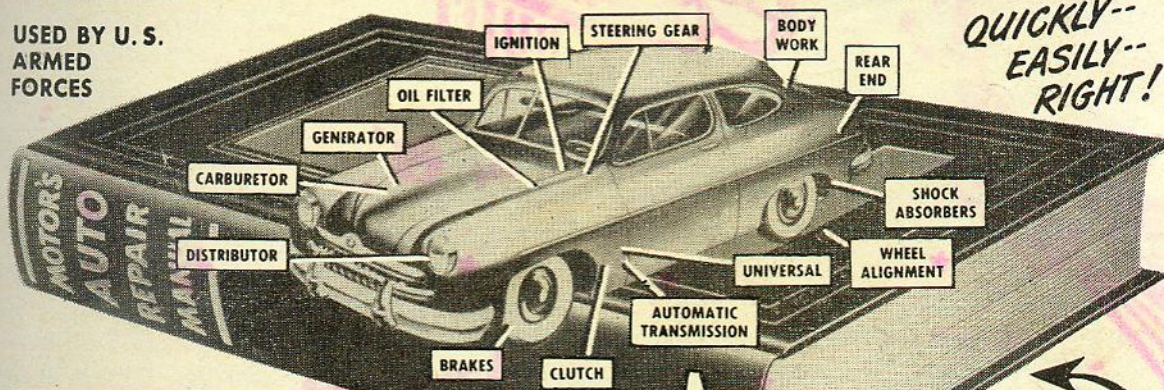
Deep-pocket glove, well-stitched fingers and thumb. A real glove!

**HURRY! HURRY! SEND IN YOUR ENTRY!**



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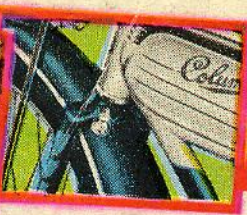
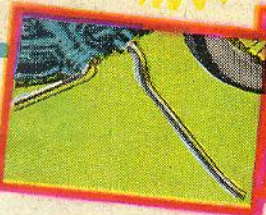
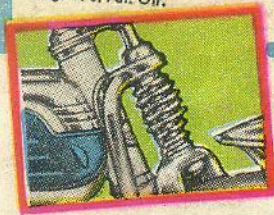
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