

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



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NO. 31

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B  
GANG  
BUSTERS

# GANG BUSTERS

WE CAN'T LET  
HIM TALK! WE GOT  
TO GET HIM BEFORE  
THE COPPERS DO!



Featuring  
"The LONE WOLF  
of CARVER CITY!"

\$25,000  
REWARD

FOR INFORMATION  
LEADING TO THE  
ARREST OF THIS  
MAN!

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!





# Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

## BUY NOW at our Low Low PRICES!

### "HAPPY" the Cowboy

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY** the COWBOY actually talk! (In your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)



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the Doll whose HAIR you CAN WAVE!

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A wonderful new doll in washable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

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complete

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#### SUPER DELUXE ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS



- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
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- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate!

Imagine Only  
**\$2<sup>98</sup>**  
COMPLETE Projector, One film and Screen!

EXTRA FILM  
3 FILMS \$1<sup>00</sup>  
ONLY

SNOW WHITE  
THE OWL AND  
THE PUSSY CAT  
JINGLE BELLS  
THREE LITTLE PIGS  
JACK AND JILL  
RIP VAN WINKLE  
TOM THUMB  
ROBINSON CRUSOE  
HOUSE THAT JACK  
BUILT  
WINKIN WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVEUE Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate—nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

### NEW! ELECTRIC REMOTE CONTROL



**3<sup>98</sup>**  
complete

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GOES FORWARD • REVERSE • LEFT • RIGHT.  
PUSH-BUTTON STEERING • TORQUE CONTROL • OUTDOORS ON PAVEMENT.  
DOORS • METAL BASE

Here is the sensationally new scale model **ELECTRA JEEP** that captivates every child! Push the button and off she goes—forward, to the left, to the right, or reverse. Runs outdoors on pavement or indoors on rug. Over 15 foot long with overall solid metal base and solid rubber wheels, and motor torque steering. Loads of fun for children and grownups alike! Rush your order today! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Gentlemen: Please send me the following:  
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

☐ Ginger \$3.98 ☐ Happy the Cowboy \$2.98

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NOVELTY MART 59 E. 8th St., New York 3, N. Y. Dept. 10



DOWN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND IN GANGLAND CIRCLES, THEY STILL TALK ABOUT THE MOST DARING FIGURE IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME! HE WAS A MAN WHO DEFIED BOTH THE LAW AND CRIMELAND... AND THUS WORE A TERRIBLE PRICE ON HIS HEAD! HE HAD THE PREDATORY CUNNING OF JOHN DILLINGER AND WAS AS FAST WITH A ROD AS "TWO-GUN" CROWLEY. BUT HE ALWAYS OPERATED ALONE... BECAUSE HE WAS...

# "THE LONE WOLF OF CARVER CITY!"

**\$25,000  
REWARD**



FOR INFORMATION  
LEADING TO THE  
ARREST OF THIS  
MAN

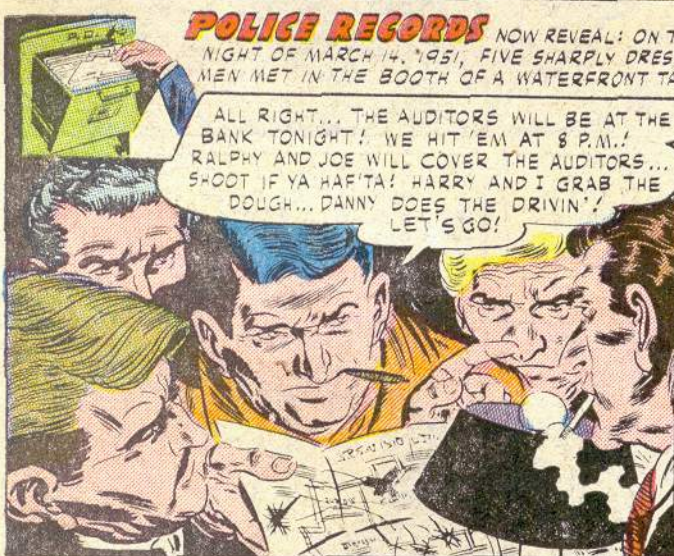


IT'S THE LONE  
WOLF, HARRY! BURN  
HIM DOWN! WE GOT  
TO GET HIM BEFORE  
THE COPPERS  
DO!

## POLICE RECORDS

NOW REVEAL: ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 14, 1951, FIVE SHARPLY DRESSED MEN MET IN THE BOOTH OF A WATERFRONT TAVERN.

ALL RIGHT... THE AUDITORS WILL BE AT THE BANK TONIGHT! WE HIT 'EM AT 8 P.M.! RALPHY AND JOE WILL COVER THE AUDITORS... SHOOT IF YA HAF'IT! HARRY AND I GRAB THE DOUGH... DANNY DOES THE DRIVIN'! LET'S GO!



THE FIVE MEN DROVE TO THE BANK, LOCATED AT SPEARY AND WEBBER, BUT WHILE THEY WERE EN ROUTE, THIS OCCURRED... A LONE MAN APPROACHED THE BANK GUARD, FLASHED SOME FORGED CREDENTIALS, AND THEN...

WAIT A MINUTE! I THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF THE AUDITORS! UNH!









AND THUS, FOLLOWING ON THE HEELS OF THE MIDTOWN BANK ROBBERY... CONSIDERED BY MANY A "LUCKY, ONE-SHOT JOE" ...CAME A SERIES OF HEADLINES THAT ROCKED CARVER CITY!

**LONE WOLF STRIKES AT JEWELRY STORE HITS JACKPOT!**

**TWO MORE BANKS FEEL FANG OF LONE WOLF**

**POLICE INTENSIFY HUNT FOR MYSTERIOUS "LONER"!**

**INSURANCE COMPANY REPORTS LONE WOLF THEFT**

BY APRIL 2<sup>ND</sup>, EVERY POLICEMAN IN THE CITY WAS ALERTED TO GUN FOR THE LONE WOLF...AND THE POLICE WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES, FOR IN THE UNDERWORLD, A GRIM ORDER WAS PASSED ALONG: "GET THE LONE WOLF!"

**\$25,000 REWARD**

NOW WE CAN SEE WHO WE'RE GUNNIN' FOR! SO HE'S THE WISEACRE WHO'S BEEN MUSCLING IN ON US, EH? UNLUCKY BOY... VERY UNLUCKY!

BUT THE ELUSIVE LONE WOLF COVERED HIS TRAIL WELL. POLICE NOW KNOW THAT DURING THE LATTER PART OF APRIL, HE BOLDLY STALKED THE STREETS, WEARING SMOKED GLASSES, PLOTTING HIS NEXT MOVE...

ACE LINOTYPING CO.

AT THE SAME TIME... AS THEY ALSO NOW KNOW... THE FROGGY HARRISON HEIST GANG WAS PLOTTING ITS NEXT MOVE, WHICH WAS DESTINED FOR A SURPRISE ENDING...

GET THIS STRAIGHT! IT'S PAYDAY AT THE FACTORY! FOURTH FLOOR, ROOM 11! WE WALK IN LIKE WORKERS, GRAB THE DOUGH, THEN BEAT IT DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE! OKAY?

OKE, FROGGY! THIS CAPER SHOULD NET US PLENTY!

BUT FROGGY DIDN'T KNOW THE WHOLE SCRIPT... NEITHER DID THE TWO PAYMASTERS IN ROOM 11, FOURTH FLOOR OF THE FACTORY...

ALL SET, BOB! TELL THE GUARD OUTSIDE TO LET 'EM IN NOW! WE'RE LUCKY THIS WEEK... TOOK LESS THAN AN HOUR!

**SUPPENLY**

SMART! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP AND YOUR YAPS SHUT! I'VE BEEN IN THIS CLOSET BETTER THAN AN HOUR!

THE DARING CROOK STUFFED THE MONEY INTO HIS CLOTHES, FLED OUT THE WINDOW, DOWN TWO FLIGHTS OF THE FIRE ESCAPE AND DROPPED THE REST OF THE WAY TO THE GROUND...

**BAM BAM**



THE UNDERWORLD GRAPEVINE HAD IT THAT FROGGY HARRISON FLIPPED HIS LID BECAUSE THE 'LONE WOLF' GRABBED 30 G'S FROM UNDER HIS NOSE...

YEAH... SMART GUY GOT THE DOUGH BEFORE WE EVER GOT TO THE FACTORY! GET YOUR BOYS OUT AFTER 'IM! ALL THE GANGS ARE PITCHIN' IN TO GET 'IM! THE COPS BROADCAST HIS LICENSE PLATES OVER SHORT-WAVE! TAKE IT DOWN!



THAT OCCURRED ON THE AFTERNOON OF MAY 5th, AND WITH DARKNESS THAT NIGHT CAME A DRIVING RAIN... AND A FIGURE IN A HOTEL ROOM STARED OUT INTO THE STREETS...

THEY FOUND MY CAR... AND THEY'RE CLOSING IN! AND IF THE COPS HAVE A DRAGNET AROUND HERE... THE GANGS ALSO HAVE ONE! I'D BETTER START MOVIN'...



HOTEL CLERK RAY JAMISON, THEN ON DUTY, LATER TESTIFIED THAT THREE MEN APPROACHED HIM AT THE DESK, AND...

OKAY... OKAY! YEAH, I THINK HE'S THE SAME GUY! HE'S UPSTAIRS, IN ROOM "B", THIRD FLOOR!

MAC'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR! YOU AND I'LL TAKE THE STAIRS, CLAMMY! C'MON!



IT WAS THEN THAT THE DARING CROOK STARTED DOWN THE STAIRWAY...



THAT'S HIM, CLAMMY! IT'S HIM! BLAST 'IM!



**BAM BAM**

IN HERE, PAL! HURRY!

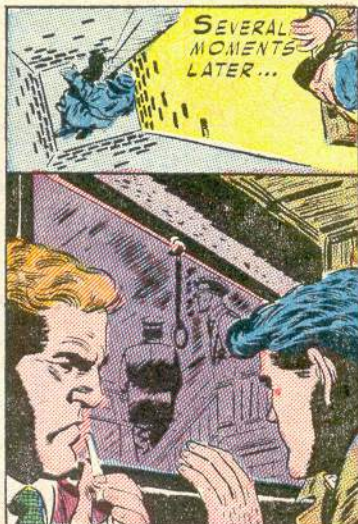


I OPENED THE WINDOW AT THE END OF THE HALL! THEY'LL THINK YA WENT OUT! UNH-UNH... DON'T REACH FOR THE HEATER!

WHAT ARE YOU... COPPER OR CROOK?











THE ELEVATOR STOPPED AT THE 12<sup>TH</sup> FLOOR. THE TWO GOT OUT AND WALKED DOWN A HEAVILY CARPETED HALLWAY, RANG A BELL, AND ENTERED A PLUSH APARTMENT WHEN THE DOOR WAS OPENED...

YOU GET A RAISE FOR THIS, BRAD! HOW'D YOU FIND HIM?

LIKE I SAID, BOSS... I JUST FOLLOWED THE FOX HUNT... AN' THERE HE WAS! I'M GONNA SHOWER AN' CHANGE CLOTHES... GO AHEAD WITH THE CONFERENCE!



I DON'T LIKE MYSTERY STORIES THAT KEEP YOU GUESSIN' EVEN AFTER YOU FINISH READIN' 'EM. WHAT'S THE SCORE?

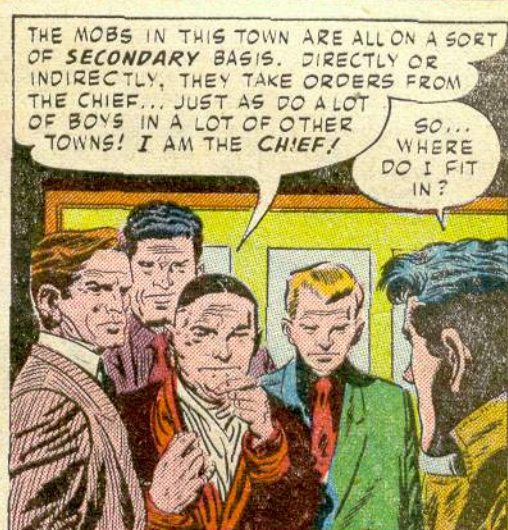
A PROPOSITION. ONE WHICH I THINK YOU'LL LIKE! ONE WHICH I THINK YOU'LL HAVE TO LIKE, SINCE ALL THE COPS AND MOBS IN TOWN ARE AFTER YOU!



EVER HEAR OF THE CHIEF? UH... WANT A DRINK?



NOPE! I'M NEW IN TOWN! ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW MONTHS! WHO'S THE CHIEF? AND THANKS, I DON'T DRINK!



THE MOBS IN THIS TOWN ARE ALL ON A SORT OF SECONDARY BASIS. DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, THEY TAKE ORDERS FROM THE CHIEF... JUST AS DO A LOT OF BOYS IN A LOT OF OTHER TOWNS! I AM THE CHIEF!

SO... WHERE DO I FIT IN?



I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR... UH... CAREER! I LIKE YOU! THE ONLY TROUBLE IS, YOU'VE BEEN HURTING ME ALONG WITH THE OTHER BOYS! SO I WANT YOU ON MY SIDE... IN MY ORGANIZATION! THAT'S WHY I HAD BRAD TAKE YOU OFF THE SPOT TONIGHT!

THANKS... VERY FLATTERING! BUT I ALWAYS WORK ALONE!



YOU DON'T FOLLOW ME! I SAID EVERYBODY'S AFTER YOU... EVEN I SHOULD BE AFTER YOU, IF YOU WANT TO FACE IT! I DON'T BELIEVE YOU HAVE MUCH CHOICE! EITHER COME IN...OR GET CARRIED OUT!

THAT'S DIFFERENT... REALLY DIFFERENT! OKAY... GIVE ME THE PITCH!

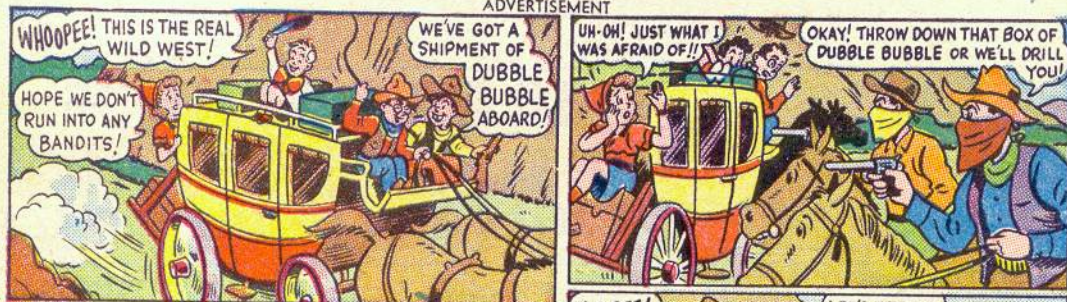












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for time and channel

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# SUPERMAN

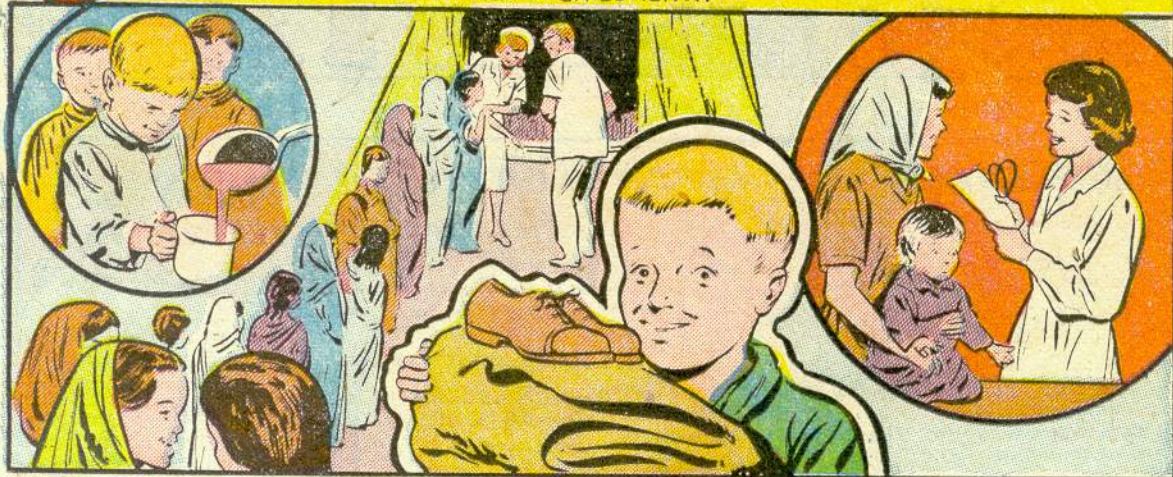
shows how

# UNICEF

SPELLS  
HELP FOR THE  
CHILDREN OF THE WORLD!



"YOU SEE, LEE REALIZES THAT IN MANY COUNTRIES, CHILDREN DO NOT GET THE PROPER CARE. UNICEF SETS UP CLINICS... TRAINS HEALTH WORKERS... HELPS OUT WITH MILK, SHOES AND CLOTHING, MEDICINE, AND PROVIDES MANY OTHER SERVICES FOR THE HEALTH AND WELFARE OF THE WORLD'S CHILDREN..."



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



IT'S QUITE A JUMP FROM BEING FIRST CHEF AT A SWANKY HOTEL TO CHIEF COOK AT A BIG PENITENTIARY! NOT THAT CATERING TO THE RITZY GUESTS AT THE HOTEL BROADMOOR WAS ALWAYS A SNAP... BUT, AT LEAST, NO ONE THERE EVER THREW A HOT CUP OF COFFEE IN MY FACE BECAUSE IT WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! BUT THAT WASN'T THE WORST THING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN...

# I WAS A PRISON CHEF

HEY-- LAY OFF MY KITCHEN UTENSILS!

IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL 'EM? WE CALL 'EM WEAPONS --TO HELP US BREAK OUT OF THIS PEN!

BIG PRISONS DON'T HAVE TO GO OUT AND HIRE EXPENSIVE COOKS-- THEY CAN ALWAYS FIND ONE GOOD ONE AMONG THEIR 3,000 CONVICTS. TAKE MYSELF, FOR INSTANCE-- I WAS ONCE FIRST CHEF AT THE RITZY HOTEL BROADMOOR! THAT WAS THE TROUBLE...

"I HAD JUST COOKED UP ONE OF THE RICHEST LAMB STEWS IN MY CAREER. WHEN..."

TAKE THIS UP TO ROOM 406, JIM!

NEVER MIND, WAITER-- I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

THEN THIS IS THE ANSWER TO ALL THE JEWEL THEFTS WE'VE BEEN HAVING!

EXACTLY! AND THIS IS HOW THE GANG GOT THE STUFF OUT OF THE HOTEL! LET'S GO, CARTER!





"WELL, THAT WAS 16 MONTHS AGO! SINCE THEN, I'VE LEARNED PLENTY ABOUT LIFE-- AND MEN--IN THIS PLACE. A PRISON COOK GETS AROUND. FOR INSTANCE..."

THIS IS WHAT KILLER KILROY ORDERED FOR HIS LAST MEAL, COOK! IT'S A PRISON CUSTOM TO FEED A MAN ANYTHING HE WANTS BEFORE HE WALKS THE LAST MILE!

I UNDERSTAND, WARDEN-- THOUGH I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THEY CAN EVEN THINK OF FOOD AT SUCH A TIME!



"BUT WHEN I BROUGHT THE CONDEMNED MAN HIS ORDER OF STEAK AND POTATOES..."

TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY! BEFORE I GET SICK!

I GUESS HE ISN'T AS TOUGH AS I THOUGHT!



"ON THE OTHER HAND, BABY-FACE FRANKLIN, ONLY 20 MINUTES AWAY FROM PAYING THE FULL PENALTY FOR HIS SHORT-LIVED CRIME CAREER, KEPT ME WORKING OVERTIME..."

DOUBLES ON THE TURKEY, COOK! MORE CORN-ON-THE-COB, MORE ICE CREAM, AND A PITCHER OF BEER!

WHAT? YOU'VE ALREADY HAD ENOUGH FOOD FOR SIX MEN!



WARDEN, I'LL BET HE'LL DIE OF OVEREATING BEFORE THE ELECTRIC CHAIR EVER GETS HIM!

I GUESS HE FIGURES HE WON'T BE EATING AGAIN FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!



"SOMETIMES WE GET A SMART ALECK, LIKE 'TORCHY' MORAN, WHO MADE A SPECIALTY OF TRYING TO OUTWIT JUSTICE --TO THE BITTER END..."

YOU MEAN, WARDEN... I--I CAN ORDER ANYTHING I WANT? AND--AND YOU WON'T EXECUTE ME UNTIL I'VE FINISHED EATING?

DON'T WORRY, MORAN,--I PROMISE TO LET YOU FINISH EATING BEFORE YOU WALK THE LAST MILE!

OKAY--BRING ME SIX PIGS, ROASTED TO A TURN! AND DON'T FORGET, YOU PROMISED TO LET ME FINISH EATING 'EM BEFORE I WALK THROUGH THE GREEN DOOR!

B-BUT-- THE TIME OF EXECUTION IS SET FOR 8 O'CLOCK!

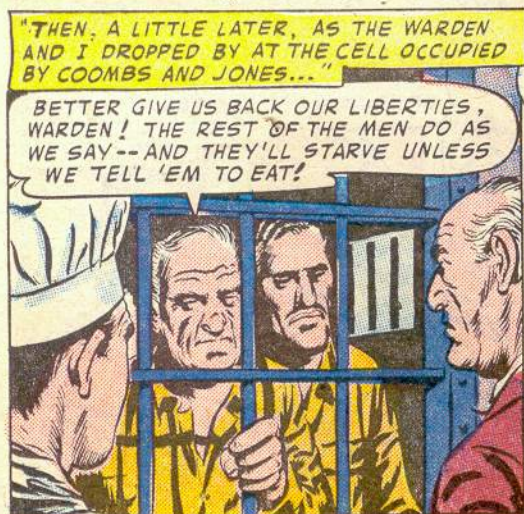
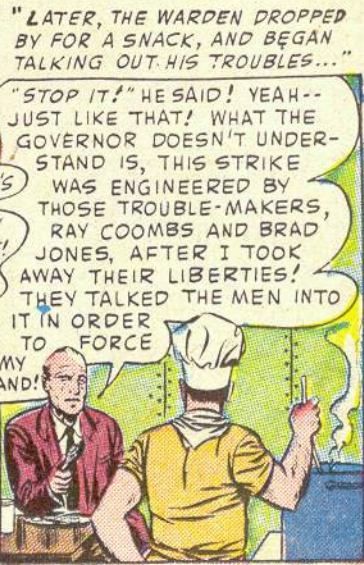
"MORAN KNEW THAT THE WARDEN WAS A MAN OF HIS WORD, AND THAT HIS TRICK PLACED HIM IN A TOUGH SPOT..."

LEGALLY, I CAN'T BE HELD TO THAT PROMISE, COOK--BUT I HATE TO GO BACK ON MY WORD --- ESPECIALLY TO A CONDEMNED MAN!



DON'T WORRY, WARDEN --I'LL GET YOU OFF THE HOOK!







"AS I LATER EXPLAINED TO THE WARDEN..."

LET ME AT THAT FOOD! NOTHING TO IT, WARDEN-- I BUILT A CONNECTION IN MY KITCHEN TO THE VENTILATING SYSTEM-- AND GAVE THE BOYS A WHIFF OF SOMETHING SPECIAL! SMELLS PRETTY GOOD, HUH?

SNIFF...GOOD! I HOPE YOU SAVED SOME FOR ME!

"BUT THE MOST DRAMATIC EXPERIENCE OF MY CAREER AS A PRISON CHEF TOOK PLACE ON THE AFTERNOON OF APRIL 12, WHEN FOUR HARDENED CONS, MEMBERS OF MY OLD GANG, SUDDENLY BROKE INTO MY KITCHEN..."

OKAY, CARTER, KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT AND YOUR EARS OPEN! WE'RE BREAKING OUT-- AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US!

ME HELP YOU? HOW CAN I HELP YOU?



THAT'S PART OF THE WARDEN'S DINNER YOU'RE COOKING, AIN'T IT?

SURE, BUT--

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS FORTRESS-- AND THAT IS BY HOLDING A GUN IN THE WARDEN'S BACK-- GET IT? HOW DO YOU SEND THIS FOOD UP TO 'IM?

I--I S-SEND IT UP WITH AN ORDERLY-- AND A GUARD! THE ORDERLY SERVES THE WARDEN!



SWELL! FROM NOW ON, I'M THE NEW ORDERLY! AND WHEN THE GUARD LEAVES US ALONE UP THERE, I'LL GRAB THE WARDEN! THE REST OF YOU GUYS WAIT DOWN HERE!

LISTEN, WISE GUY-- MAYBE YOU FORGOT THAT JOE'S STILL ON THE OUTSIDE-- AND SO'S YOUR WIFE! REFUSE TO HELP US, OR TRY TO WARN THE WARDEN, AND HE'LL TAKE CARE OF HER!

NOT EDNA--!

"WHAT COULD I DO? FOR THE SAKE OF MY WIFE, I DIDN'T DARE REFUSE! BUT I---I COULDN'T HELP THEM BREAK OUT EITHER!"

MY ONLY CHANCE

WELL? MAKE UP YOUR MIND?

IS TO TIP OFF THE WARDEN WITHOUT THEM KNOWING, BUT HOW? HOW?...?

I--I WON'T DO IT! I'M GOING STRAIGHT! BESIDES, THE WARDEN-- TRUSTS ME!





"I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO AGREE TO HELP THEM ... AND THE NEXT HALF HOUR WAS THE MOST SUSPENSEFUL OF MY LIFE..."

COME ON, CARTER-- STOP STALLING, AND HURRY UP WITH THAT FOOD!

THE WARDEN LIKES HIS SOUP VERY HOT! IF IT ISN'T EXACTLY RIGHT, HE-- MIGHT BE SUSPICIOUS!



"FINALLY, IT WAS FINISHED, BUT..."

HERE YOU ARE! I'LL-- ER--CALL A GUARD TO TAKE YOU UP!

NOT SO FAST! I DON'T TRUST THIS GUY! HE MIGHT'VE SLIPPED A MESSAGE IN HERE SOMEWHERE!

THAT'S RIGHT! I SAW HIM FOOLING AROUND WITH THE COVER OF THAT SOUP TUREEN! TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



"THEN..." THERE'S NOTHING THERE-- BUT SHOVEL SOME OF THAT FOOD AWAY-- IT MIGHT BE WRITTEN ON THE BOTTOM OF THE PLATE!

OKAY.. BUT THERE BETTER NOT BE!



"AT LENGTH..."

LUCKY FOR YOU THAT YOU DIDN'T TRY TO PULL ANYTHING! NOW CALL THAT GUARD AND TELL 'IM YOU'RE SENDING A NEW ORDERLY UP WITH THE WARDEN'S DINNER!

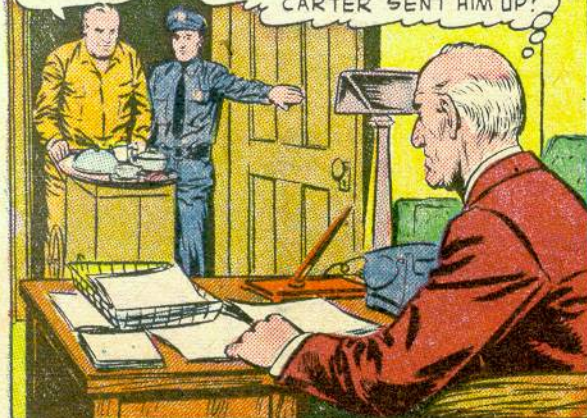
Y-YES...



"SOON AFTER..."

DINNER IS SERVED, WARDEN!

MM--I'M SURPRISED THAT THE VICE-WARDEN MADE BLACK AN ORDERLY WITHOUT TELLING ME! BUT I GUESS IT'S ALL RIGHT IF CARTER SENT HIM UP!



"THEN..."

AAH--- THIS SOUP SMELLS GOOD!

I'LL BE LEAVING NOW, WARDEN!

YEAH--- AND WHEN YOU DO, I'LL GRAB THE WARDEN!





"BUT SUDDENLY..."

ER--BEFORE YOU GO, GUARD, WILL YOU TAKE BLACK BELOW AND PUT HIM IN SOLITARY? HE HAS A GUN!

NO, YOU DON'T! TAKE THAT! OOF--

HOW'D YOU FIND OUT? CARTER DIDN'T TELL YOU! HOW'D YOU FIND OUT?

THE SOUP--IT SENT UP SMOKE SIGNALS, BLACK!



"THE WARDEN WASN'T KIDDING! AND BLACK NEVER DID FIND OUT HOW I HAD WARNED THE CHIEF! YOU SEE, I HAD OUTLINED THE WARNING WITH MY FINGER ON THE INSIDE OF THE SOUP TUREEN COVER..."

"BUT THE WORDS DIDN'T APPEAR UNTIL THE HEAT VAPORS OF THE SOUP HIT THEM! TRY IT YOURSELF, SOMETIME!"

"THE NEXT DAY..."

CARTER, AT THE SACRIFICE OF MY LOVE FOR GOOD COOKING, I'M RECOMMENDING YOU FOR A FULL PARDON! GOOD LUCK IN THE RESTAURANT YOU'RE GOING TO OPEN!

WARDEN, I'VE BEEN YOUR GUEST FOR A LONG TIME! WHENEVER YOU GET INTO TOWN, DROP INTO MY PLACE--AND BE MY GUEST!



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**S**OME TRIALS WERE CONDUCTED BY FORCING THE ACCUSED TO GRASP A RED-HOT IRON! IF THE INJURY HEALED IN A FEW DAYS, HE WAS JUDGED INNOCENT!



**I**N ANCIENT CHINA, 2600 B.C., THE ACCUSED WAS TRIED IN THE PRESENCE OF A PHYSICIAN WHO STOOD BY WITH HIS HAND ON THE ACCUSED'S HEART!



**I**F THE ACCUSED'S HEARTBEAT QUICKENED AS HE ANSWERED QUESTIONS PUT TO HIM, THE PHYSICIAN REPORTED TO THE COURT THAT THE MAN WAS LYING!



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(ANY KIND)

FIRST NAME  
OR INITIALS!

ELECTRONICALLY  
SEALED  
(no stitches!)



AND THE BEST  
TASTING COUGH  
DROPS TOO!

I enclose front cover of 1 Smith Bros. box plus 35¢, for which please send PERSONALIZED WALLET.

COLOR: Black ☐ Red and Blue ☐

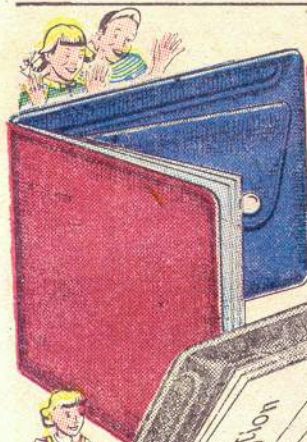
First Name or Initials \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print in pencil)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Send to SMITH BROTHERS, Box 1369, New York 46, N. Y.



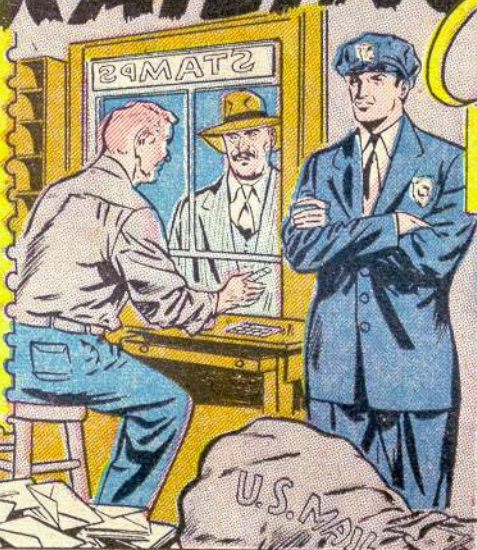
SECRET  
MONEY  
POCKET!

PURE VINYL,  
EMBOSSED CALF  
GRAIN!



# TRAILING Crime!

AMONG THE MANY CLEVER DEVICES USED BY MODERN POLICE IS THE **CODED POSTAGE STAMP** USED IN TRAPPING WRITERS OF **POISON PEN LETTERS!** THE POLICE, AFTER CUTTING AWAY SEVERAL SMALL EDGES FROM THE PERFORATIONS ON THE STAMPS, CONTRIVE TO GET THE STAMPS INTO THE HANDS OF THE SUSPECTED WRITER!



WHEN THE UNSUSPECTING CULPRIT USES THE STAMPS ON HIS NEXT VICIOUS LETTER, HE PRACTICALLY SIGNS HIS OWN SENTENCE!



ANOTHER DEVICE, THE **COLORIMETER** IS OF INVALUABLE AID IN CRIME DETECTION BECAUSE IT ACCURATELY AND QUICKLY ANALYZES ANY TRANSPARENT SOLID SUCH AS **BLOOD AND INK!**

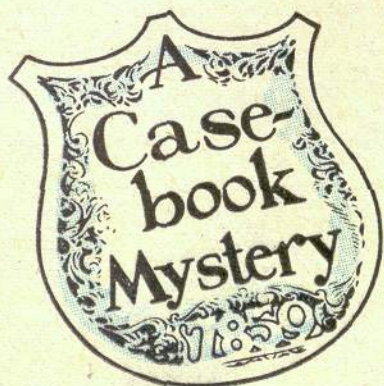
BY MEANS OF AN ELECTRIC PHOTOMETER, THIS MACHINE INDICATES ANY DIFFERENCE IN COLOR BETWEEN TWO SOLUTIONS OF TRANSPARENT SOLIDS!



THE "**BLOOD GAS APPARATUS**" ANOTHER GREAT AID IN DETECTING CRIME, CAN QUICKLY DETERMINE THE PRESENCE OF CARBON DIOXIDE IN THE BLOOD SUCH AS IN CASES OF **POISONING!**







# SUDDEN DEATH IN DEATH VALLEY

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!*

THIS CASE BEGAN AT THE JUNCTURE OF TWIN FORKS ROAD AND THE OLD CANYON TRAIL, AT THE EDGE OF DEATH VALLEY...



WELL, SHERIFF, THIS IS WHERE WE TURN OFF FOR THOSE OLD, ABANDONED GOLD STAR MINE FIELDS...

YAH, AND WE WON'T BE BACK 'TIL OUR PACK'S LOADED FULL O' GOLD!

THERE HASN'T BEEN ENOUGH GOLD OUT OF THAT FIELD TO FILL A TOOTH IN THE LAST 10 YEARS! BUT HERE'S GOOD LUCK TO YUH ANYWAY!



BUT SUDDENLY THE ROAR OF A SHOTGUN SHATTERED THE STILLNESS OF THE DESERT AIR...

WHO IN TARNATION WAS THAT?

OH, THAT'S ONLY RUBE HARKNESS -- I FORGOT TO WARN YOU ABOUT HIM... HE BLOWS THAT SHOTGUN OF HIS OFF EVERY TIME HE FIGGERS SOMEONE IS GOIN' TO POACH ON THAT DRIED UP PIECE OF LAND OF HIS. TOO BAD YOU FELLOWS DIDN'T TAKE ALONG A SHOTGUN, TOO--FOR PROTECTION!

BANG!



THESE 45'S WILL JEST HAVE TO DO!

YAH, WE'LL GIVE RUBE'S STAKE A WIDE BERTH!

SO LONG, AND GOOD LUCK AGAIN, BOYS!



NEXT DAY, THE TWO HOPEFUL PROSPECTORS LEFT THEIR HORSES AND PACKS IN THE SHACK ON THE OLD GOLD STAR MINE SITE, AND BEGAN THEIR PAINSTAKING DIGGING FOR THE ELUSIVE GOLD...

YOU WORK THESE MOUNDS, ELMO! I'LL START DIGGING YONDER NEAR THAT VALLEY! JUST HOLLER IF YUH FIND SOMETHING!

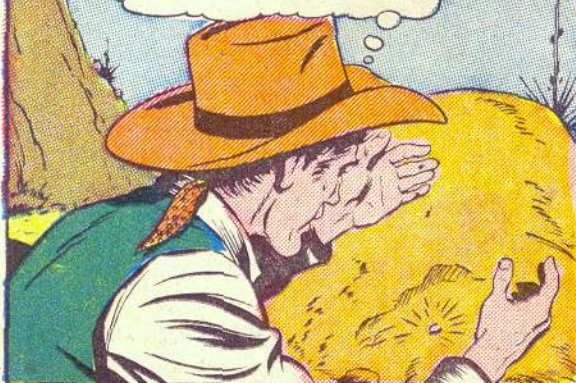
DON'T YOU WORRY--I'LL HOLLER GOOD AND LOUD!





THEN, AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS OF BACK-BREAKING WORK...

THIS LOOSE STONE...IT'S STREAKED WITH GOLD--AND THAT USUALLY MEANS THERE'S A HIDDEN VEIN BEHIND IT!



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER SOME FEVERISH GRAPPLING WITH HIS SORE AND BLEEDING FINGERS...

JUST AS I THOUGHT--A HIDDEN VEIN, AND THE RICHEST ONE I EVER SAW! I'LL BET MY LAST SPUR, THIS SINGLE MOUND'S HIDIN' A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS' WORTH OF PURE GOLD! I'M RICH, RICH, RICH--BUT...



SUDDENLY, GREED CREPT INTO HIS SOUL...

BUT ONLY **HALF** OF IT'S MINE! IT DON'T SEEM FAIR! I FOUND IT MYSELF! WHY SHOULD **HE** GET HALF?



THE IDEA OF MURDER HAD NOT YET ENTERED ELMO'S TWISTED MIND, BUT THAT EVENING, AS THE PROSPECTORS SETTLED DOWN TO THEIR MEAGRE GRUB...

FIND ANYTHING IN YOUR PART OF THE FIELD, ELMO?

NO--NOT A THING, DUSTY--NOT A BLAMED THING--!



BUT THAT NIGHT, ELMO COULD NOT SLEEP...

THERE'S NO OTHER WAY-- I'LL JUST HAVE TO -- KILL 'IM! BUT IF I DO, THE SHERIFF WILL PIN IT ON ME RIGHT AWAY, ESPECIALLY AFTER HE FINDS OUT WE MADE A RICH STRIKE! IF ONLY I COULD FIGGER OUT SOME WAY TO COVER MY TRACKS, AND-- **WAIT A MINUTE-- THERE IS A WAY--!**



THAT CRAZY OLD COOT, RUBE HARKNESS THE SHERIFF WAS TELLIN' US ABOUT-- AND HIS SHOTGUN! THE SHERIFF KNOWS I GOT ONLY A .45 -- SO IF DUSTY IS KILLED BY A SHOTGUN BLAST, HE'LL BLAME IT ON THE ORNERY OLD SIDE-WINDER, NOT ME! THAT'S IT, **THAT'S IT!**





LATER, AT THE CAMP OF THE OLD PROSPECTOR...

I'LL NEVER GET HOLD OF IT WITHOUT WAKIN' RUBE UP--BUT THESE SHOTGUN SHELLS GIVE ME AN EVEN **BETTER** IDEA! I'LL JEST TAKE ONE OF 'EM--!



NOW I'LL JUST STUFF AS MANY OF THESE PELLETS I DUG OUT OF THAT SHOTGUN SHELL INTO THIS BLANK CARTRIDGE FROM MY 45! IT'LL BE THE SAME AS SHOOTING A SHOTGUN-- ONLY I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!



THERE, THAT'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, AND THE GOLD IS ALL MINE NOW! I'LL BURY THAT SHOTGUN CARTRIDGE, THEN RIDE BACK FOR THE SHERIFF!



HOURS LATER, IN TOWN...

YEAH, SHERIFF, WE HAD STRUCK A RICH VEIN IN THE AFTERNOON! RUBE MUST'VE SEEN US AND GOT JEALOUS! ANYWAY, HE COME RIDIN' UP LATER AND BEGAN BLASTIN' US WITH THAT SHOTGUN OF HIS! I DROVE HIM OFF, BUT NOT BEFORE HE GOT POOR OLD DUSTY!

WELL, LET'S SADDLE UP AND TAKE A LOOK-SEE!



HE STOOD RIGHT OUTSIDE THAT WINDOW AND BEGAN BLASTING AT US, SHERIFF!

DUSTY'S RIDDLED THROUGH AND THROUGH WITH SHOTGUN PELLETS SURE ENOUGH!



JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, HUH, SHERIFF?

JUST THE SAME, I'M GOIN' TO TAKE **YOU** IN ON SUSPICION OF MURDER, ELMO!



SHERIFF LANE SPOTTED THE SINGLE CLUE THAT MADE HIM PRETTY SURE THAT ELMO WAS THE KILLER! WHAT WAS THAT CLUE? CAN YOU FIND IT? THINK IT OVER CAREFULLY-- THEN READ THE NEXT PAGE...

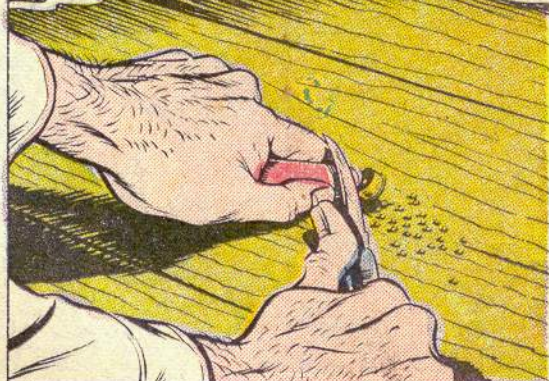


YOU MUST BE CRAZY, SHERIFF!  
YOU SAID YOURSELF DUSTY'S  
BODY WAS RIDDLED BY A  
SHOTGUN BLAST! AND YOU  
KNOW I DON'T OWN ANY-  
THING BUT MY .45!

YEP, AND YOU  
COUNTED ON ME  
KNOWING THAT, DIDN'T  
YOU? BUT YOU MADE  
ONE BAD SLIP, ELMO!  
HERE, TAKE A GANDER AT  
ONE OF MY SHOTGUN  
CARTRIDGES!

RUBE'S SHOTGUN IS A NO. 4,  
SAME AS MINE -- AND THE  
CARTRIDGES ARE JUST THE  
SAME, TOO!

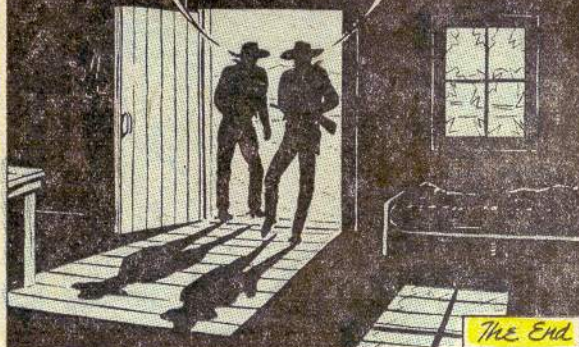
JUST WHAT ARE  
YOU TRYIN'  
TO PROVE,  
SHERIFF?



JUST THIS -- THAT A FULL CHARGE FROM A NO. 4  
SHOTGUN CONTAINS **27 PELLETS** -- BUT  
DUSTY'S BODY, WHICH WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO  
THE WINDOW TO TAKE THE WHOLE CHARGE, ONLY  
GOT HIT BY **SIX** PELLETS! WHICH IS ABOUT HOW  
MANY PELLETS YOU COULD STUFF INTO A .45  
CARTRIDGE! IT'S AN OLD TRICK, ELMO --  
BUT YOU ONLY TRICKED YOURSELF --!

YEAH -- I -- I WASN'T  
SATISFIED WITH HALF  
THE GOLD, AND NOW --  
NOW -- I WON'T EVEN  
GET THAT...

GREED IS THE FATHER  
OF CRIME, ELMO! TOO  
BAD YOU HAD TO FIND  
THAT OUT THE HARD  
WAY --!



*The End*

## ADVERTISEMENT



"I wish he'd get interested in a girl and  
start using Wildroot Cream-Oil!"

**"YOUR HAIR'S  
BEST FRIEND"**

DON'T FLUNK the  
Finger-Nail Test! Don't  
let dry, unruly hair and  
loose, ugly dandruff  
spoil your looks!  
Keep your hair neat  
and natural all day  
long with Wildroot  
Cream-Oil.

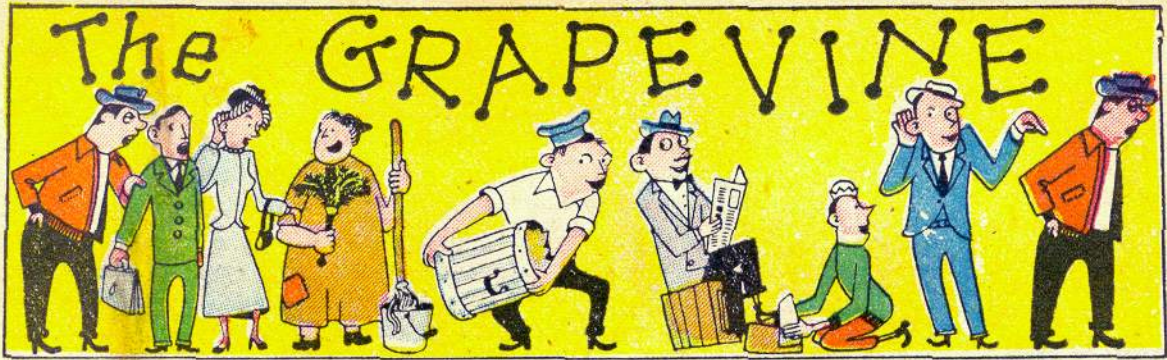
AMERICA'S FAVORITE

**WILDROOT  
CREAM-OIL  
HAIR TONIC**

GROOMS THE HAIR  
RELIEVES DRYNESS  
REMOVES  
LOOSE DANDRUFF

AS LITTLE AS  
**29¢**  
PLUS TAX





## CORPSE IN THE CREEK

An elderly employee by the name of David Paul disappeared abruptly from the Broadway Trust Co. in Camden, N. J. one October day in 1920. What marked his absence all the more grave was the simultaneous disappearance of \$100,000 in cash. Among his friends who were subsequently questioned by police for a clue was one Frank James, who reluctantly said that Paul had recently rebelled against his small weekly salary while handling fortunes.

Police pressed their futile search for several weeks when a pair of hunters in pursuit of a deer stumbled across David Paul's corpse in a shallow grave in nearby Burlington County. A single bullet hole in his head was evidence that he had been murdered. By whom, was one of the questions puzzling Ellis Parker, chief of detectives; the other riddle concerned Paul's clothing, which was water-soaked, while the ground in which he'd been buried was bone-dry.

To complicate matters further for Detective Parker, the coroner claimed that Paul had been slain not more than two days before. Evidently, he had been squandering his embezzled funds when the murderer caught up with him.

Rummaging about the murder site, Detective Parker discovered chain marks about the base of a tree, bordering the stream, which set him thinking. Recalling the corpse clad in wet clothes partly hidden in dry ground, he concluded that chain-bound David Paul had been deposited in the creek, then transferred to his dry grave.

Why? The answer came swiftly enough when he had the creek water analyzed. It contained tannic acid, a preservative for curing leather. Could this preserve a corpse

so that a two-weeks' old body might resemble one only a couple of days, Detective Parker asked the coroner? "To be sure" was the reply.

Parker rubbed his chin reflectively. Someone—the murderer, of course—knew about the unusual preservative properties of the stream, produced by the oaks which lined its banks, and had immersed David Paul's body to give the impression that he had died a few days ago, at the hands of a killer who discovered his ill-gotten wealth. Who could that be? Detective Parker thumbed through his notebook, and decided to shadow Frank James for a while.

His sleuthing paid off. James and a pal, Ray Schuck, were cornered finally in a fishing shack along the stream, while they were dividing the spoils. Schuck had been familiar with the strange elements in the water, since he had occupied the shack for years. Thus, an alert detective who took neither the word of the coroner nor the criminal concluded a case which resulted in the trial and conviction of both conspirators, Frank James and Ray Schuck.

## PENNE UP PENSACOLA

Any criminal who tries to pull a job in Pensacola, Fla., and make a getaway is going to be thwarted, and that's one reason for the city being virtually crime-free. It's because of its geographical location that Pensacola is escape-proof. For instance, its roads are guarded by the Florida Highway Patrol to the southeast, and northwest its boundary is smack against the Alabama line, where the Alabama State Patrol protects the lanes.

If the fugitive attempts escape via the water, he'll find himself in a landlocked harbor, with U. S. Naval units alerted to



dispatch sea and aircraft. Escape by air would be equally frustrating. In addition to the Municipal Airport and the main Naval Base, six auxiliary fields could launch countless pursuit planes into the sky.

For the potential Pensacola felon, it's curtains. The law has him licked—on the ground, on the sea, and in the sky!

## CANINE COPS

When, over a six months' period, thieves looted \$500,000 worth of equipment from U. S. Army supply depots in Kobe, Japan, the brass resorted to some counter strategy. Capt. F. Riddick, a crack canine trainer, was summoned, along with a task force of 85 expert German shepherds from the K-9 Corps.

Dog detectives were assigned to patrols in each warehouse. So effectively did they fulfill their mission that shortly after, Col. William Base, the base commander, was compelled to say: "Since the dogs took over, we have not had a single loss from theft after duty hours."

## H. R. H.

Back in the days of Henry the Eighth of England, H. R. H. could have stood for His Racketeering Highness because the courts generally issued verdicts in favor of the King. For instance, if a rider was thrown by a horse, the horse was found guilty and confiscated; in other words, it was dispatched to the royal stables. If passengers died as a result of a carriage accident, they were awarded the vehicle. But since they were dead, of what value was it to them? The king had a solution. He acquired it.

If a seaman happened to topple from a vessel in the harbor, and thereby suffer accident or death, the shipowner was held responsible, and the craft's cargo was confiscated by the court and transferred to the king's warehouse. Again, if a servant drowned in a body of water on his master's estate, the property was presented to the king. In all, the sovereign made a royal grab-bag out of his courts, and in his lifetime added property estimated at millions to his domain.

## LOOK, NO PRINTS!

Springfield, Mass., police recently were startled when the suspect they'd arrested on a phoney check charge was unable to produce a set of fingerprints. Even application of a special chemical, which would bring out the faintest ridges, drew a blank. "This case is one in a million," said the city's fingerprint chief.

But the prisoner had another explanation. He had been washing dishes in a restaurant for years, and the condition might have resulted from soaking his hands continually in hot water.

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

SAN JOSE, Calif.: A jurymen explained with considerable embarrassment why he could not serve on the jury. He was the defendant.

CROOKSTON, Minn.: An appreciative resident placed this ad in the town's newspaper: "Thanks to the honest person who returned my billfold with everything in it—but the money."

CLEVELAND, Ohio: For forging a check on a check-writing machine that he had bought with a bad check, a citizen was check-mated by police, plopped into the city pen.

CHARLESTON, W. Va.: A speeding motorist slowed up long enough to whisk a pedestrian's purse from her grasp . . . UNION-TOWN, Pa.: A dog trotted up to a woman, tore her handbag from her hand, fled before an alarm could be raised . . . BOLTON VILLAGE, Mo.: A wild turkey fluttered into the cabin of a local yokel, gobbled up some buckshot strewn about a table. Unable to propel itself through the window, the weighted bird raised such a ruckus that it roused the farmer, who promptly captured it.

HIGHLAND PARK, Mich.: Police nabbed a hold-up man, strangely equipped: a blackjack, switch knife, and bow and quiver of arrows.

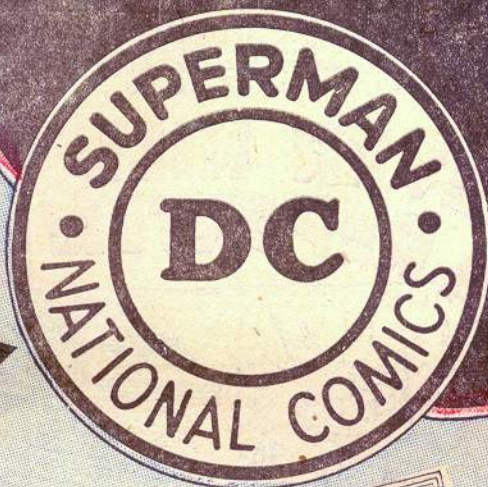


# NOW

# MORE THAN EVER-

**THIS  
FAMOUS SYMBOL**

ON THE COVER OF  
**ANY** COMICS  
MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**  
GUARANTEE OF THE  
**BEST** IN COMICS  
READING



YES, WITH SO  
MANY DIFFERENT  
TITLES ON THE  
NEWSSTANDS,  
SOMETIMES IT'S  
HARD TO CHOOSE  
A MAGAZINE  
YOU'RE **SURE** TO  
LIKE, BUT PEOPLE  
WHO KNOW COMICS  
BEST **KNOW** THAT  
THE D-C SYMBOL  
**ALWAYS** MEANS  
A **GOOD**  
MAGAZINE!



*For Example,  
IF YOU LIKE  
MYSTERY STORIES,  
YOU'RE PRETTY  
SURE TO LIKE...*

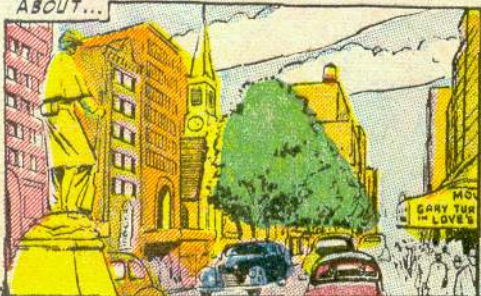


THERE ARE CERTAIN CRIMES THAT GANGDOM WILL PAUSE TWICE BEFORE COMMITTING... SUCH AS SHOOTING DOWN A POLICE OFFICER, OR A NEWSPAPERMAN! NOT THROUGH ANY RESPECT FOR THE LAW OR THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, BUT OUT OF AN UNDERSTANDING FEAR OF THE CONSEQUENCES! SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, A DESPERATE KILLER FLAUNTS THIS CODE! WHEN THIS HAPPENS, AS IT DID IN THE CASE OF ACE NEWSMAN JACK COWLEY, THE HOODLUM LEARNS, AS OTHERS HAVE LEARNED BEFORE HIM, THE REASON BEHIND THE GRIM WARNING:

**"NEVER KILL A REPORTER!"**



FOR THIS CASE HISTORY, WE GO TO THE TYPICAL AMERICAN TOWN OF BOONTON. POPULATION, 165,000. THERE ARE FIVE GRADE SCHOOLS, ONE HIGH SCHOOL, SIX HOUSES OF WORSHIP, TWO NEWSPAPERS. IT IS THE TWO NEWSPAPERS, THE COURIER AND THE SENTINEL, THAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...



PRIOR TO MARCH 18, 1952, THE TWO NEWSPAPERS WERE BITTER RIVALS... AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE...

JOE, BREAK DOWN PAGE ONE FOR AN EXCLUSIVE!

HA, HA... WAIT TILL THE COURIER BOYS FIND OUT WE SCOOPED 'EM ON THAT STRIKE SETTLEMENT STORY!





AND, ANOTHER TIME, IN THE PRESS ROOM OF THE COURIER...

HEY, MIKE, ROLL THAT PRESS! I JUST GOT WORD THE SENTINEL PRESS BROKE DOWN! WE CAN BEAT 'EM ON THE STREETS BY A GOOD HOUR, IF WE STEP ON IT!

SURE THING, CHIEF!

YES, THAT WAS HOW IT WAS PRIOR TO MARCH 18TH! BUT ON THAT DATE, AN INCIDENT OCCURRED THAT WAS TO ALTER THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THESE TWO MEMBERS OF A FREE PRESS! IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY MARK WALLACE...

THIS IS JACK COWLEY, OF THE SENTINEL, MR.---

DON'T BOTHER TO INTRODUCE ME, SWEETHEART! HI, MR. D.A.! HOW'D YOU LIKE ENOUGH INSIDE STUFF... NAMES, DATES, AND PICTURES... TO SEND RACKET-BOSS "BIG BOY" BROWN UP FOR LIFE?

ARE YOU KIDDING?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'VE BEEN DOING A SECRET INVESTIGATION OF THAT KILLER FOR SIX MONTHS! AND I'VE GOT IT ALL! ALL I ASK, IN RETURN, IS AN EXCLUSIVE!

YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A DEAL, MISTER! I'LL PUSH FOR AN IMMEDIATE INDICTMENT! MISS BARNES, GET JUDGE CONNORS ON THE PHONE!

THE MACHINERY OF THE LAW GROUND INTO HIGH GEAR, AND DAYS LATER, THE SENTINEL BROKE ITS SCOOP...

WITH OUR EXTRA, THE COURIER WILL BE LUCKY IF THEY SELL 10 PAPERS TODAY!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

The Sentinel Final  
**SENTINEL REPORTER GETS GOODES ON "BIG BOY" BROWN; SUMMON GRAND JURY**

OF THE SENTINEL'S 35,596 READERS, ONE PARTICULAR SUBSCRIBER READ THE STORY WITH MORE THAN PASSING INTEREST...

HEY, BIG BOY, DID YOU READ THIS MORNING'S PAPER?

YEAH, YEAH... THAT NOSEY REPORTER, JACK COWLEY... LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA SPILL TO THE GRAND JURY!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... RUB 'IM OUT!

ARE YOU CRAZY, BOSS? YOU CAN'T KILL A REPORTER!

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT, BOSS?



DON'T GIVE ME THAT CORNY GAG! IT'S HIS LIFE, OR OURS! WE'LL HIRE A TORPEDO AND TELL HIM NOT TO KILL COWLEY. TILL WE SET UP AN ALIBI! GET ON THE PHONE!!

YEAH... BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOIN'!

THUS ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH 22<sup>ND</sup>, WHILE "BIG BOY" BROWN ESTABLISHED AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI AT MARBRO HALL...

I'M DALY, OF THE COURIER, MR. BROWN! MIND TELLING ME HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT SENTINEL STORY?

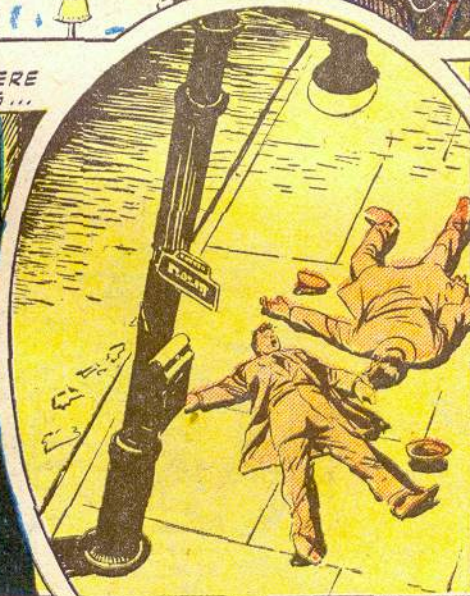
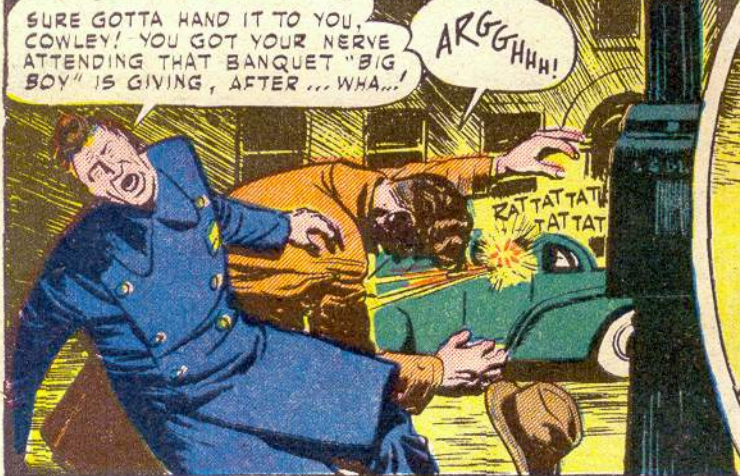
AAH, THAT JACK COWLEY'S CRAZY! HE'S GOT NOTHING ON ME! MAYBE HE'S JUST TRYING TO GIVE HIS RAG'S CIRCULATION A BOOST! I HEARD THEY CAN USE IT!



AT THE SAME TIME, AS JACK COWLEY AND HIS POLICE GUARD WERE LEAVING COWLEY'S HOME ON THEIR WAY TO THIS VERY MEETING...

SURE GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, COWLEY! YOU GOT YOUR NERVE ATTENDING THAT BANQUET "BIG BOY" IS GIVING, AFTER... WHA...

ARGGHHH!



IRONICALLY, IT WASN'T COWLEY'S PAPER THAT RECEIVED THE FATEFUL NEWS FIRST, BUT ITS COMPETITOR, THE COURIER...

JUST GOT A SCOOP THAT'S GOOD FOR A NIGHT EXTRA! JACK COWLEY WAS JUST SHOT AND KILLED ON HIS FRONT DOORSTEP! IF WE HURRY, WE CAN BEAT THE SENTINEL ON THEIR OWN STORY!

J-JACK COWLEY... KILLED---? ...CALL UP JIM LYMAN ON THE SENTINEL! GIVE IT TO HIM! I---I DON'T WANT A BEAT ON IT!

NEXT MORNING, TOP REPORTERS FROM BOTH NEWSPAPERS CROWDED THE D.A.'S SMALL OFFICE...

WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT JACK COWLEY?

WE WANT ACTION... AND WE WANT IT FAST!

BOYS, I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT! WE ALL KNOW "BIG BOY'S" BEHIND THE KILLING, BUT HE'S GOT AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI! MOST OF YOU WERE WITH HIM WHEN IT HAPPENED!

I HATE THIS THING AS MUCH AS YOU DO... BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME. "BIG BOY" DIDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER HIMSELF! HE HIRED A GOON TO DO IT! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT! NOT YET, ANYWAY. AND IF YOU FELLOWS CAN THINK OF SOME WAY OF MAKING HIM TALK... I'M LISTENING...





BUT, THERE IS A SAYING AMONG NEWSPAPER FOLK THAT NOTHING IS AS DEAD AS YESTERDAY'S NEWS... NOT EVEN A BRAVE REPORTER... AND WHEN NO NEW LEADS DEVELOPED, THE STORY SLIPPED FROM PAGE ONE. ON APRIL 9<sup>TH</sup>, IT DROPPED OUT OF PRINT ENTIRELY! THE FACT DID NOT ESCAPE "BIG BOY" BROWN!

HA, HA, NOT A LINE ABOUT IT! I GOT AWAY WITH IT! SURE, I KILLED A REPORTER, AND I GOT AWAY WITH IT!

"BIG BOY," LOOK AT THIS... ON THE OBITUARY PAGE OF THE COURIER!

IT--IT SAYS HERE I WAS KILLED! LET ME OFF HERE! I'LL DROP IN AT THAT DRUG STORE AND CALL UP THAT BLASTED EDITOR!



BUT AS HE LEFT HIS BULLET-PROOF CAR, AND STARTED TO CROSS THE STREET...

WATCH IT, "BIG BOY" ... THAT TRUCK!

THE TRUCK SCREECHED TO A FAST STOP, AND THEN...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO-- KILL ME?

YOU WERE CROSSING AGAINST A RED LIGHT, "BIG BOY"... RED FOR DANGER!



SHAKEN BY THE NEAR ACCIDENT, "BIG BOY" ENTERED THE CORNER DRUG STORE AND PUT THROUGH A CALL TO THE COURIER EDITOR...

SURE, I'M SURE! WHAT'S THE IDEA... PRINTING MY OBITUARY? I'M NOT DEAD!

SORRY, "BIG BOY"! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

THEN, BACK IN HIS BULLET-PROOF CAR...

THOSE NEWSPAPER GUYS! THEY'RE OUT TO GET ME! THEY KNOW THE D.A. CAN'T TOUCH ME... SO THEY'RE GOIN' TO DO IT!

TAKE IT EASY, TAKE IT EASY!





FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS "BIG BOY" HOLED UP IN HIS APARTMENT... THEN, ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 23rd, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR...

HEY, "BIG BOY"... THERE'S A LADY OUT HERE WHO SAYS SHE'S RUNNIN' THE QUESTIONING REPORTER COLUMN IN THE SENTINEL! SHE SAYS SHE WANTS TO ASK YOU A QUESTION!

OH, YEAH? OKAY... SEND 'ER IN!

THE REPORTER STRODE INTO THE ROOM, AND FIRED A SINGLE QUESTION AT THE HOOD...

MY QUESTION FOR TODAY IS, WHO KILLED JACK COWLEY?

WHA...? GET OUT, GET OUT, GET OUT!

FOR "BIG BOY," LIFE BECAME A NIGHTMARE OF NEAR ACCIDENTS AND CLOSE CALLS...

HEY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "THIS IS JACK COWLEY SPEAKING"? JACK COWLEY CAN'T TALK. HE'S DEAD... DEAD, DEAD!

THE ACCUMULATION OF THESE INCIDENTS BROUGHT "BIG BOY" TO THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. ON APRIL 30th

THEY'LL NEVER LET ME ALONE! THEY WON'T STOP UNTIL THEY'VE KILLED ME!

HE'S CRACKIN' UP! WE'D BETTER GET HIM OUT OF TOWN UNTIL HE GETS HOLD OF HIMSELF!

YEAH... AND THE SOONER THE BETTER! I CAN'T STAND HIS BLUBBERIN'!

BUT, AS THEY LEFT THE APARTMENT FOR A COUNTRY HIDEAWAY...

BUY A PAPER, MISTER?

GET YOUR COURIER, MISTER!

SENTINEL, MISTER?

W-WHAT'S... GOING... ON...?

GET THESE MONKEYS OFF ME! THEY'LL TEAR ME TO PIECES!

COME ON, MISTER, BUY A PAPER!



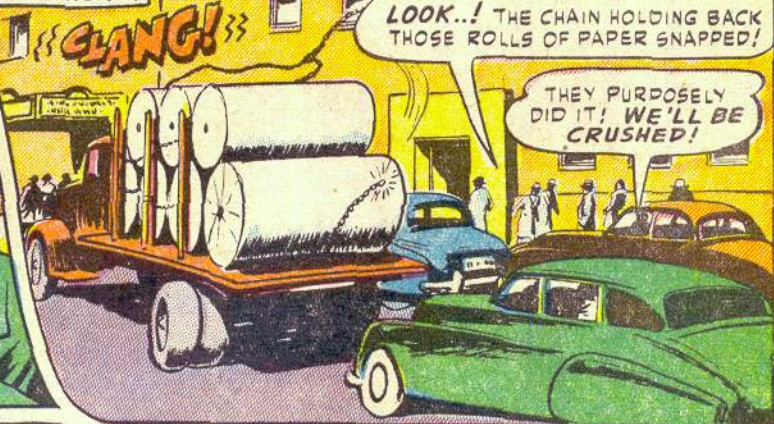
FISTS FLAILING, THE HOODLUMS MANAGED TO PILE INTO THEIR WAITING CAR...

I CAN'T STAND IT! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE!

YOU'LL BE OUT OF TOWN IN A LITTLE WHILE! JUST RELAX!



BUT AS THE BLACK LIMOUSINE CHARGED UP CENTRAL STREET, WHERE A TRAILER TRUCK WAS UNLOADING 500 TONS OF PAPER FOR THE COURIER...



AND AS THE GIANT ROLLS OF PAPER RUMBLED TOWARDS THE TERRIFIED TRIO...

STOP 'EM! STOP 'EM! I DON'T WANNA DIE LIKE THIS! I'LL CONFESS! I'LL CONFESS I KILLED JACK COWLEY! BUT STOP 'EM! STOP 'EM!



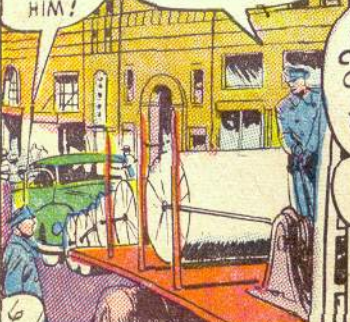
MEANWHILE, TAPE RECORDERS SILENTLY CLICKED...

OKAY, JOE! STOP THE PULLEY! WE'VE GOT HIS CONFESSION RECORDED ON TAPE!



POOR "BIG BOY"! IT SURE LOOKED AS IF THOSE ROLLS WERE RUNNING WILD, AND WOULD FLATTEN HIM!

YEAH ...HE DIDN'T KNOW THEY COULD BE STOPPED ON A DIME!



ON OCT. 11th, "BIG BOY" BROWN AND HIS HIRED KILLER PAID WITH THEIR LIVES FOR THE COLD-BLOODED CRIME, AND THE OCCASION WAS SUITABLY CELEBRATED ON THE STEPS OF THE SENTINEL BUILDING...

TO THE EDITOR AND REPORTERS OF THE COURIER FOR THEIR COOPERATION IN HELPING US, OF THE SENTINEL, TO TRAP "BIG BOY" BROWN, I PRESENT THIS SCROLL AS A TOKEN OF OUR GRATITUDE!



SINCE THEN, LIFE IN BOONTON HAS RETURNED TO NORMAL... IN ALL RESPECTS...

CHIEF, I GOT A SCOOP...THE MAYOR WON'T RUN FOR RE-ELECTION!

WE'LL GET OUT AN EXTRA! BOY, WILL THOSE SAPS ON THE SENTINEL BE SORE!



THE END



# DRAW ME!



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Draw the girl and try for a prize! Find out if you have profitable art talent. You've nothing to lose—*everything to gain*. Mail your drawing today!

**Amateurs Only!** Our students not eligible. Make copy of girl 5 ins. high. Pencil or pen only. Omit lettering. All drawings must be received by Dec. 31, 1952. None returned. Winners notified.

### BONUS FOR PROMPTNESS!

Mail drawing in next 5 days—we'll send you valuable folder on How to Start In Commercial Art—FREE!

**ART INSTRUCTION, INC., Dept. 10502-1**  
500 S. 4th, Minneapolis 15, Minn.  
Please enter my attached drawing in your December drawing contest.  
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_



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DAISYS!  
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RED RYDER  
COWBOY CARBINE**

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, N. Y.

IS ON DISPLAY AT YOUR DEALERS NOW AND IS

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That's right! Red Ryder just rode into your favorite hardware, sporting goods and department store with some new RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINES! See them there!

Daisy's famous cowboy carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Holds nearly 1000 BBs. Genuine Carbine Ring on jacket with leather thong attached. Handsomely "checkered" molded fore-end. Realistic full oval, pistol-grip molded stock. Red Ryder's name, picture, horse "branded" on stock. For help in getting one for Christmas, ask Dealer for FREE Daisy Reminder Kit or send coupon!

No. 111  
**Only \$5.75**



**NEW  
DAISY DEFENDER**

Own Daisy's newest, most beautiful gun. The first forced-feed 50-shot lever-action Daisy in 30 years! Combination peep-and-open sight. Secret "pocket" in butt. Adjustable Carrying-Shooting sling. Realistic molded full oval stock and fore-end. See at Dealers now!

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Get this 50-shot pump action repeater with "gold-engraved" jacket. Take-down model. King of All Air Rifles! See it at your Daisy Dealers' now!

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Buy this husky repeater! Holds almost 1000 shot. Top performance at low cost. See at Dealers now!



AND DAISY'S ROLL-TITE POUCH OF BULLS EYE GIVES YOU  
**MORE BB'S  
for 5c**

ASK YOUR DEALER OR MAIL COUPON FOR

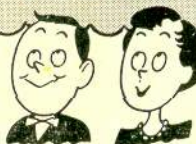
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See these beautiful Daisys at your favorite store today! Ask Dealer for FREE Daisy Christmas Reminder Kit or mail coupon enclosing unused 3c stamp! Kit will remind Dad, Mom or guardian to get you the Daisy you want for Christmas. It helped thousands get their Daisy last Christmas. Hurry!

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DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. 1592, Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover copyrighted Reminder Kit mailing cost. Rush Kit postpaid.

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ST. & NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
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RUGGED STITCHING,  
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THE "HEEL-HUG" LAST...  
FIT AND COMFORT  
UNSURPASSED!

WIDER SOLE-  
BROADER HEEL--  
AT THIS PRICE,  
IT'S SURE A STEAL!

I DON'T SEE  
HOW THEY  
MAKE 'EM FOR  
THE MONEY!

Here's an all-purpose, year-'round favorite — with extra mileage and comfort in that double-thick sole. And the handsome white-stitched storm welt keeps your feet dry in all kinds of weather! There's a pair of BULL-MOCS (Style #7251) waiting for you at your nearest Thom McAn Store . . .

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