

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



APR. - MAY  
NO. 33  
10c

GANG  
BUSTERS

# GANG BUSTERS

OKAY, BOYS--  
CLEAN THE  
PLACE OUT!  
THERE'S  
NOTHING TO  
STOP US BUT  
THIS WOUNDED  
COP!

FINE GEMS

YES, HE WAS JUST A  
WOUNDED COP-- BUT  
HE STILL HAD HIS...  
**"NIGHTSTICK!"**



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

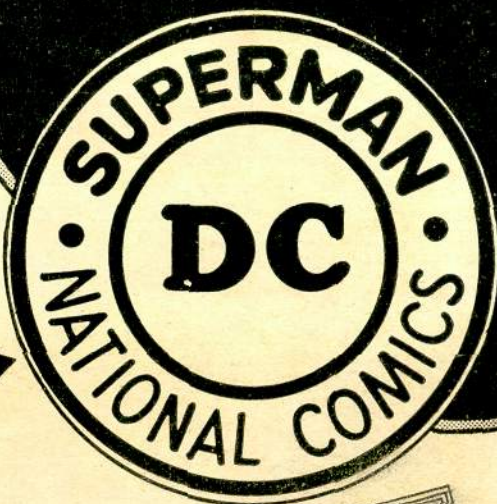


# NOW

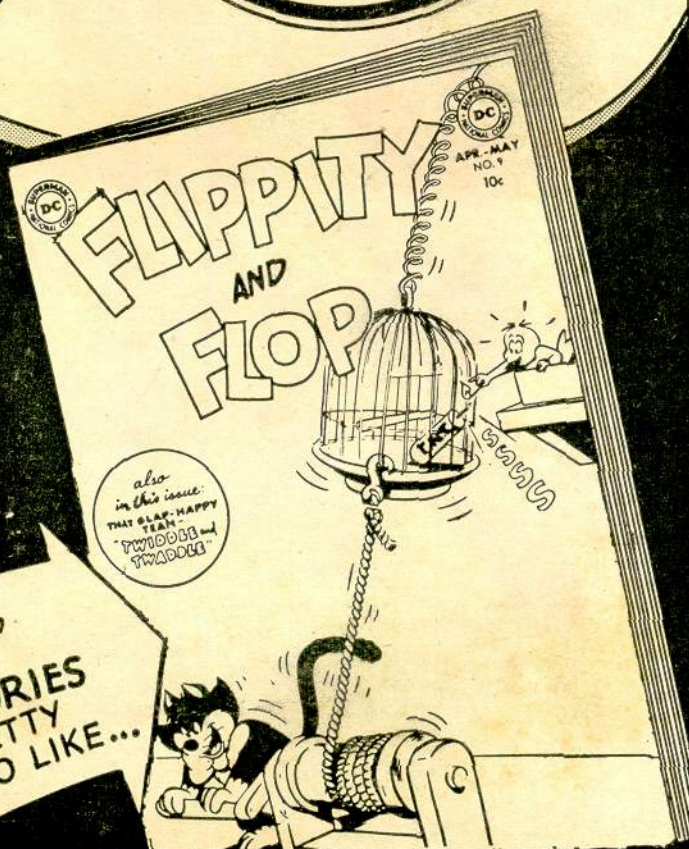
# MORE THAN EVER-

**THIS  
FAMOUS SYMBOL**

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



YES, WITH SO  
MANY DIFFERENT  
COMICS 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!

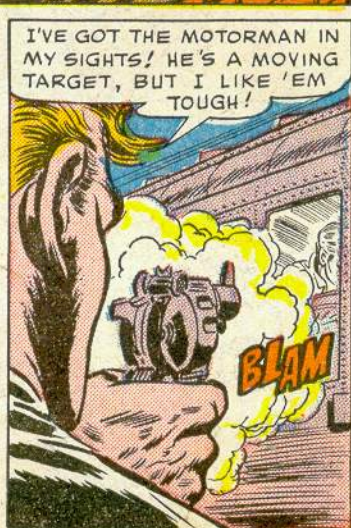
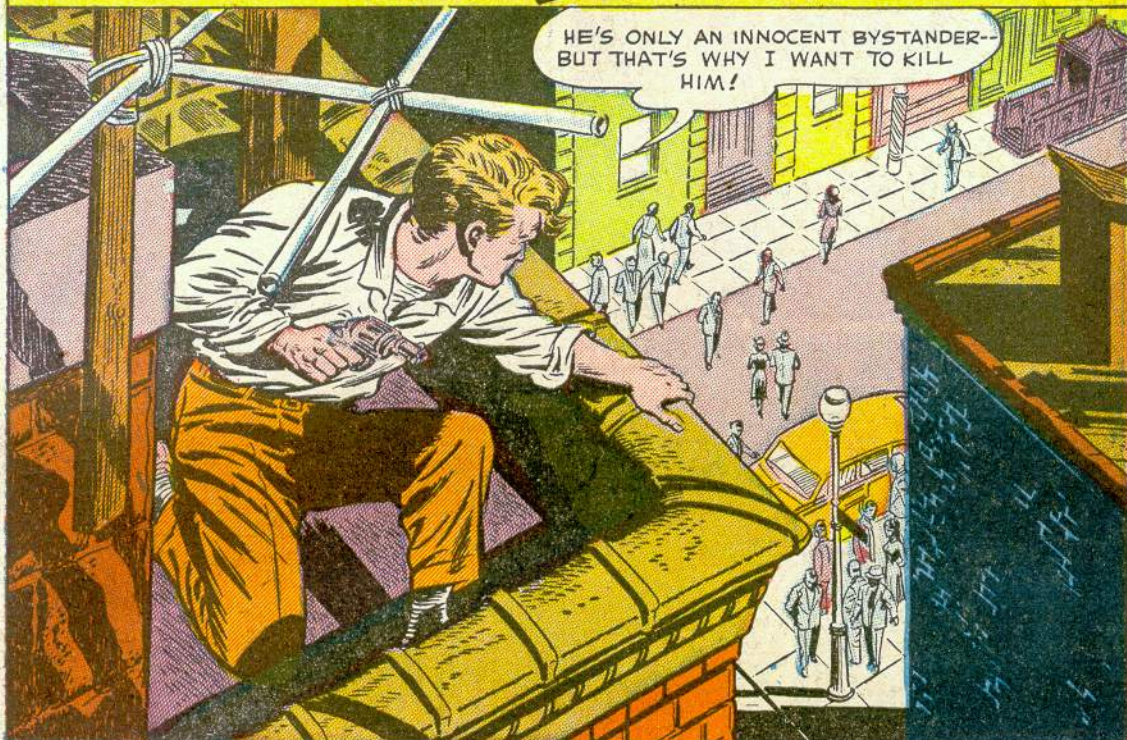


For Example,  
IF YOU LIKE  
HUMOROUS STORIES  
YOU'RE PRETTY  
SURE TO LIKE...



**CAN A SINGLE MAN WITH A .38 COLT REVOLVER TERRORIZE AN ENTIRE CITY? THE HEADLINES LAST YEAR SUPPLIED THE DRAMATIC ANSWER--FOR, DURING A PERIOD OF 10 WEEKS, NO MAN WALKED THE STREETS WITHOUT A FEARFUL GLANCE AT THE ROOFTOPS... NO MAN SAT EXPOSED BEFORE AN OPEN WINDOW WITHOUT WONDERING WHEN SUDDEN DEATH WOULD STRIKE! IT HAPPENED IN A GREAT EASTERN CITY, WHEN THE NEWS GOT OUT THAT THERE WAS A...**

# MANIAC AT LARGE





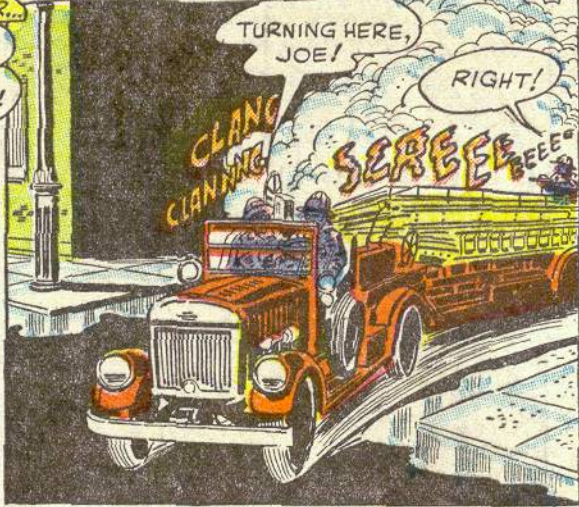
THEN, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE MID-TOWN GARMENT CENTER, DURING THE LUNCH HOUR...



**FIRE!**

BREAK THAT FIRE ALARM-BOX WINDOW!

MOMENTS LATER...



TURNING HERE, JOE!

RIGHT!

CLANG CLANGING

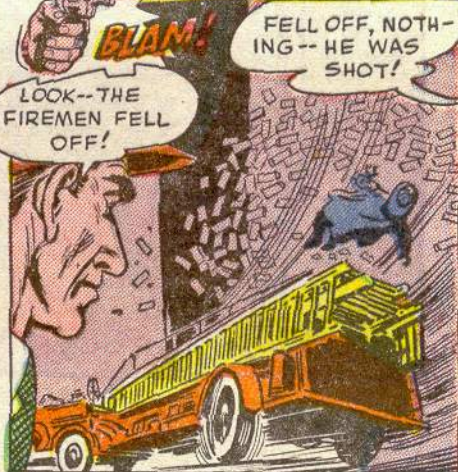
SCREEEE

BUT, IN AN EMPTY LOFT ON THE 3<sup>RD</sup> FLOOR OF THE CORNER BUILDING AT WESTMINSTER AND 31<sup>ST</sup> STREET



HEE, HEE-- ANOTHER MOVING TARGET! I'LL BLAST THAT UNIFORM RIGHT OFF HIS BACK!

AND AS A SHOT RANG OUT...



**BLAM!**

FELL OFF, NOTHING-- HE WAS SHOT!

LOOK--THE FIREMEN FELL OFF!

MEANWHILE, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



I SEE THAT THE NEWS-PAPERS ARE OPPOSED TO A "YOUNG 32-YEAR-OLD EX-ARMY CAPTAIN BEING APPOINTED POLICE COMMISSIONER! HOPE YOU DON'T TAKE THEM SERIOUSLY, SIR!

NO, I GUESS IT'S UP TO ME TO SHOW THEM I CAN HANDLE THE JOB!

BUT JUST THEN...



BAD NEWS, COMMISSIONER! ANOTHER KILLING--A FIREMAN! AND THIS ONE DOESN'T MAKE ANY MORE SENSE THAN THE FIRST ONE!

SWELL WAY TO START THIS JOB-- WITH--A--A MANIAC AT LARGE!

OKAY, MEN, IT LOOKS LIKE A KING-SIZE JOB AHEAD OF US! I WANT ALL LEAVES CANCELLED, AND ALL PROWL CARS ROLLING UNTIL WE PUT THAT LUNATIC BEHIND BARS, NO ONE IS SAFE!





**BUT, DESPITE THE BEST EFFORTS OF ALL OFFICES OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, THREE MORE VICTIMS FELL BEFORE THE MURDEROUS ONSLAUGHT IN THE FOLLOWING THREE DAYS...**



ON THE MORNING OF JULY 6, IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

WE FELT ALL ALONG YOU WERE TOO YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED FOR THE JOB, COMMISSIONER! NOW, WE'RE ASKING YOU TO STEP ASIDE FOR SOMEONE WHO **CAN** STOP THIS KILLER!

COMMISSIONER! NOW, WE'RE ASKING YOU TO STEP ASIDE FOR SOMEONE WHO **CAN** STOP THIS KILLER!

BUT... WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING HUMANLY POSSIBLE! WE CAN'T POST A POLICEMAN ON **EVERY** CORNER! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND-- THIS IS A MANIAC WE'RE DEALING WITH!

AND AS THE COMMITTEE FILED OUT...

SERGEANT, DID YOU CHECK THOSE NEW VICTIMS?

SORRY, COMMISSIONER-- BUT NOT ONE OF THEM HAD A SINGLE ENEMY IN THE WORLD! WE STILL HAVEN'T A CLUE WE CAN GO ON. THE KILLER CAN BE ANYONE-- **ANYONE!**



IT'S--IT'S HOPELESS, COMMISSIONER! THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN OR WHERE HE'S GOING TO STRIKE!

AND SINCE WE HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, IT'S...LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN THE HAYSTACK!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO--BUT KEEP LOOKING! SWEAR IN AS MANY ROOKIES AS YOU CAN! WARN THE PUBLIC TO BE ALERT AND REPORT ANY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING CHARACTERS! I---I DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE WE CAN DO!





IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, TERROR GRIPPED THE CITY IN AN IRON VISE...

THAT MAN'S BEEN ACTING KINDA FUNNY--! DO YOU--DO YOU THINK--?

SSHHH--BEST THING TO DO IS CALL A POLICEMAN!

HEY--I--I SAW SOMEONE ON THAT ROOF!

AND WHILE THE POLICE CONTINUED THEIR UNCEASING VIGILANCE...

WHERE? WHERE?



THE MANIACAL MURDERER WENT HIS SNIPING, MURDEROUS WAY...

HANK JONES, THE PITCHER--SOMEONE SHOT HIM!

SCATTER! IT'S THE MANIAC!



THEN, SUDDENLY, ON THE AFTERNOON OF JULY 15th, IN COMMISSIONER TODD'S OFFICE...

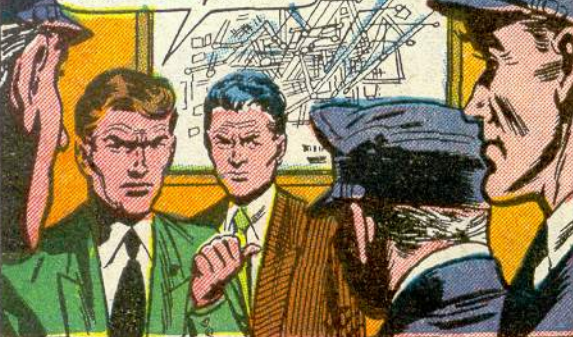
MEN, THE PEOPLE ARE ON THE VERGE OF PANIC! AND ALTHOUGH I REALIZE THERE ISN'T ANY PATTERN TO THESE CRIMES THAT YOU CAN GO ON, STILL, IT'S UP TO YOU TO--

WAIT A MINUTE! THE LATEST VICTIM WAS A BASEBALL PITCHER! WHO SAID THERE ISN'T A PATTERN TO THESE CRIMES?

THERE IS--AND IT'S BEEN UNDER OUR VERY NOSES ALL THE TIME!

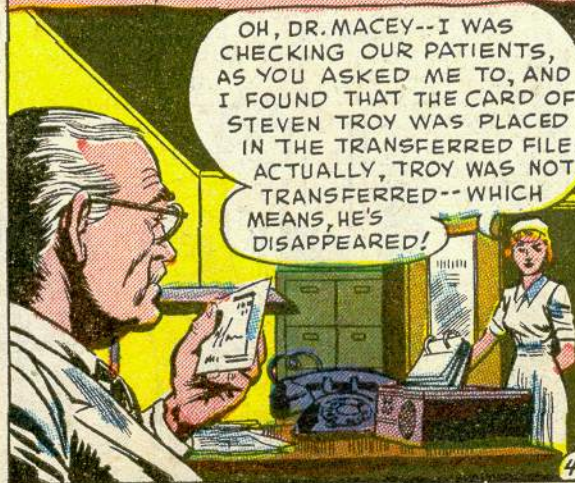


THINK BACK! EVERY SINGLE VICTIM OF THAT MANIAC WORE SOME KIND OF A UNIFORM! THE FIREMAN, THE MOTORMAN, THE PITCHER-- AND THE OTHERS! I--I'VE GOT AN IDEA! I WANT EVERY MENTAL INSTITUTION IN THIS AREA CONTACTED-- AND THEIR PATIENTS CHECKED! HOP ON IT, BOYS!



THEN, THE NEXT DAY AT THE HARVER MENTAL INSTITUTE, ON ELM STREET...

OH, DR. MACEY--I WAS CHECKING OUR PATIENTS, AS YOU ASKED ME TO, AND I FOUND THAT THE CARD OF STEVEN TROY WAS PLACED IN THE TRANSFERRED FILE! ACTUALLY, TROY WAS NOT TRANSFERRED--WHICH MEANS, HE'S DISAPPEARED!





MMM--JUNE 25th--A DAY BEFORE THE KILLINGS BEGAN! HE MAY BE THE MANIAC AT LARGE 'ALL RIGHT--I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST TROY-- HE WAS ALWAYS DANGEROUS! I MUST CALL THE COMMISSIONER AT ONCE!



THE POSSIBLE BREAK IN THE CASE HIT THE FOLLOWING MORNING'S FRONT PAGES WITH SCREAMING HEADLINES...

WHY DOES THE KEEPER HAVE TO GO TO THE POLICE STATION TO IDENTIFY THE MANIAC? DON'T THEY HAVE A PICTURE OF HIM AT THE HOSPITAL?

ACCORDING TO THE STORY, THE MANIAC CLEVERLY DESTROYED HIS OWN FILE PHOTOS! BUT THE KEEPER'S GOING TO DESCRIBE HIM TO POLICE ARTISTS, WHO'LL THEN DRAW HIS LIKENESS!



AT THE SAME TIME, THE NEWS WAS BEING AVIDLY READ BY STEVEN TROY IN A SECOND FLOOR FLAT ON SECOND AVENUE...

HA--ACCORDING TO THIS, DR. MACEY IS DUE AT HEADQUARTERS AT 12 O'CLOCK. THAT MEANS HE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE INSTITUTION AT 11:30! HA, HA--THAT'S ALL I HAVE TO KNOW!



CONSEQUENTLY, AT EXACTLY 11:18 THAT SAME DAY...

WHEN WILL YOU BE BACK, DOCTOR?

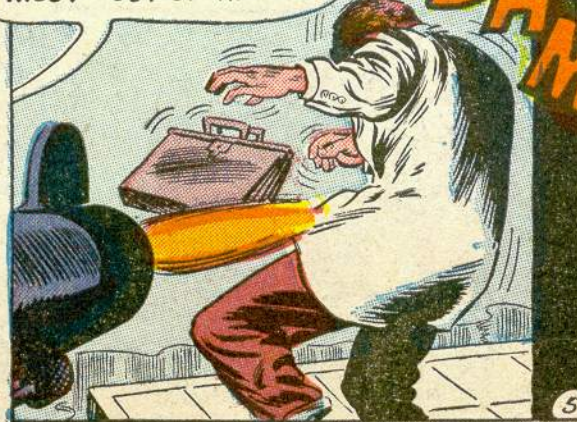
OH, AT ABOUT 1 O'CLOCK, I SHOULD JUDGE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



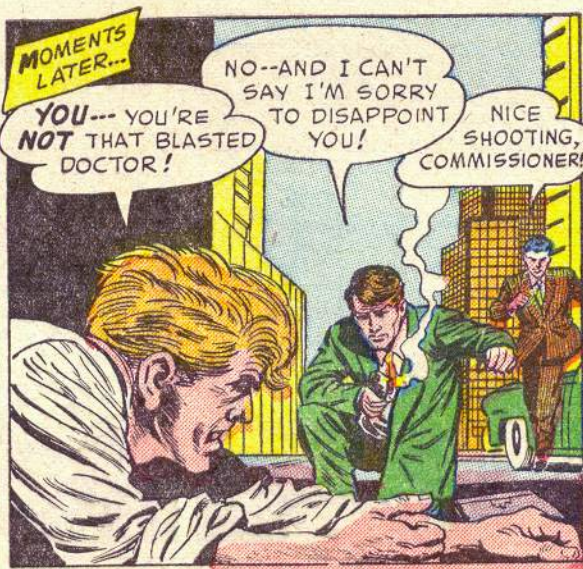
AND IN THE NEXT SPLIT-SECOND...

ONE MORE UNIFORM-- THE ONE I DESPISE THE MOST--OUT OF THE WAY!

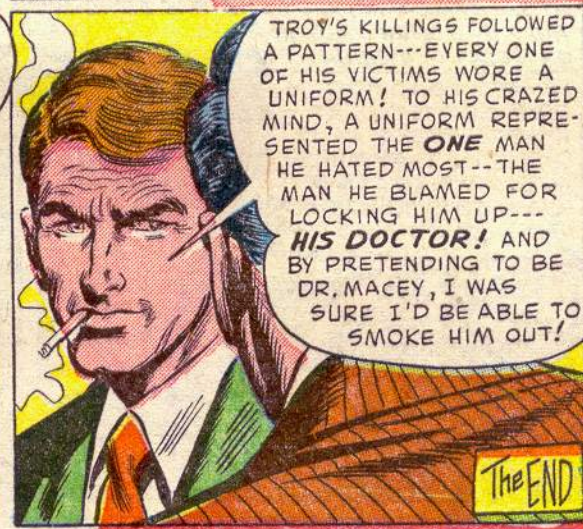




BUT, SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION...



I GUESS IT'S PRETTY LUCKY FOR THIS TOWN THAT ITS POLICE COMMISSIONER **DOES** HAVE THE REFLEXES OF AN EX-ARMY CAPTAIN! BY THE WAY, THINGS MOVED SO FAST THE LAST 24 HOURS, I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO ASK YOU HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT.



TROY'S KILLINGS FOLLOWED A PATTERN---EVERY ONE OF HIS VICTIMS WORE A UNIFORM! TO HIS CRAZED MIND, A UNIFORM REPRESENTED THE **ONE** MAN HE HATED MOST--THE MAN HE BLAMED FOR LOCKING HIM UP--- **HIS DOCTOR!** AND BY PRETENDING TO BE DR. MACEY, I WAS SURE I'D BE ABLE TO SMOKE HIM OUT!

The END

## ADVERTISEMENT



"Says he's got to save the  
"Wildroot Cream-Oil because it's  
his hair's best friend"



"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.

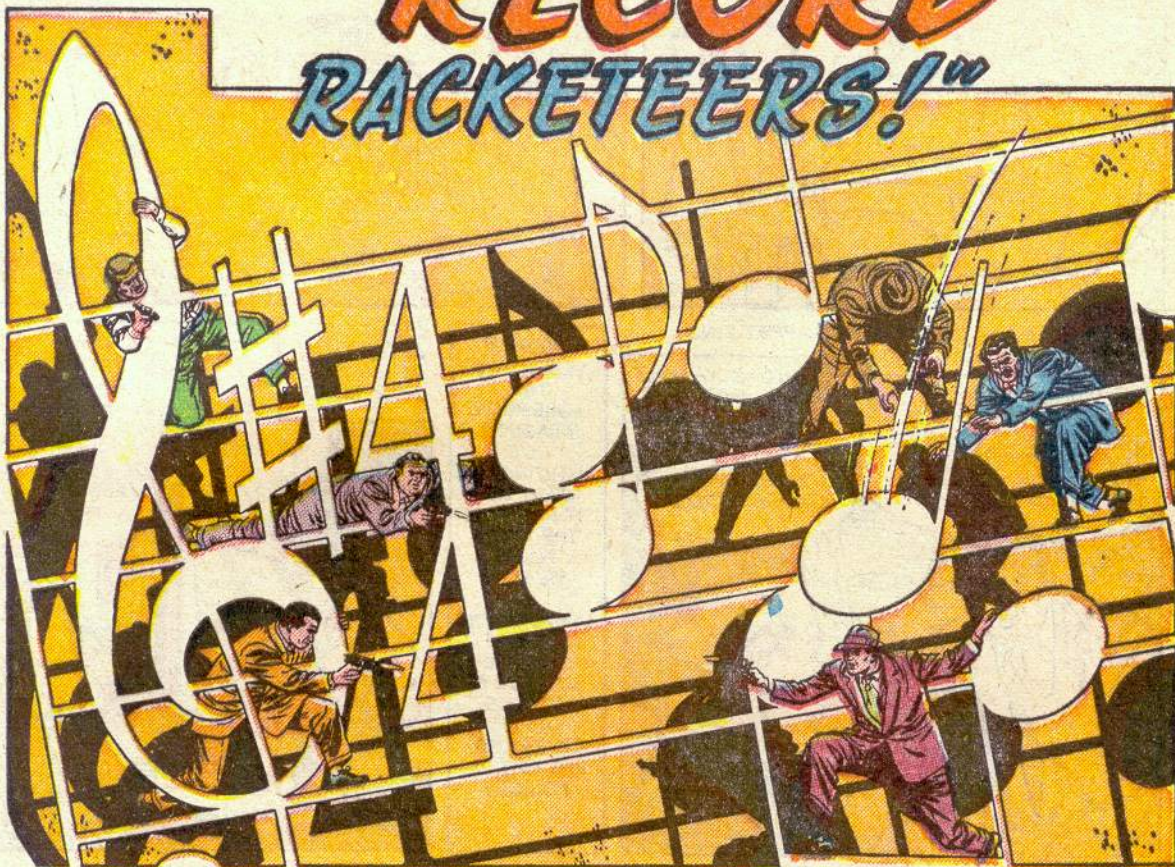
AMERICA'S FAVORITE





MAN'S GREED TO COVET ANOTHER'S POSSESSIONS IS ONE OF THE MORE FAMILIAR REASONS FOR CRIME. MURDER, THIEVERY, AND COUNTERFEIT ARE THE INEVITABLE RESULTS. TO THE POLICE, THE METHODS ARE MERELY VARIATIONS OF THE SAME THEMES--BUT EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE SOMETHING NEW IS ADDED WHICH CAUSES CONSIDERABLE BAFFLEMENT. THIS WAS TRUE IN THE CASE OF A MOB OF **PLATTER PIRATES**, WHO ENJOYED SOME DOUBLE-DEALING IN MUSICAL DISKS UNTIL THE LAW CRACKED THESE...

# "RECORD RACKETEERS!"



THE NEW YEAR DIDN'T START RIGHT FOR JOE NIGHTINGALE! IT WAS JUST LIKE THE LAST FEW WEEKS IN DECEMBER OF 1949...

GOOD MORNING, SUZY! WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE?...MORE BAD NEWS?

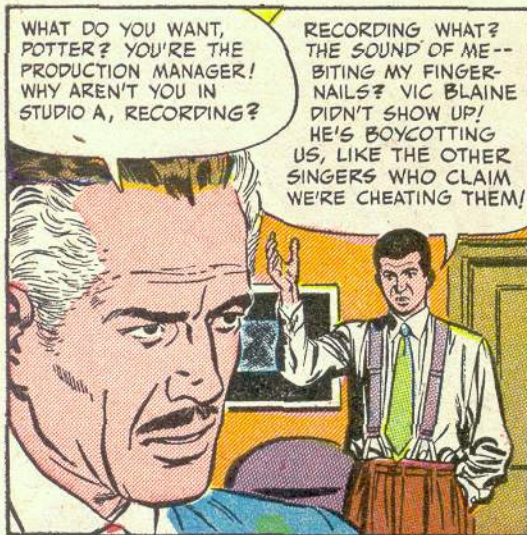
I'M AFRAID SO, MR. NIGHTINGALE... ALL THESE LETTERS FROM YOUR SALESMEN! THEY SAY THEY CAN'T SELL **NIGHTINGALE RECORDS** ANYMORE, BECAUSE SOMEONE'S SELLING THEM CHEAPER!

I'VE GOT SOME LONG DISTANCE CALLS FOR YOU, TOO--

TELL 'EM I'M NOT IN! I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE GOING TO SAY... THEY CAN'T SELL MY RECORDS WHEN OTHER STORES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD UNDERSSELL THEM!







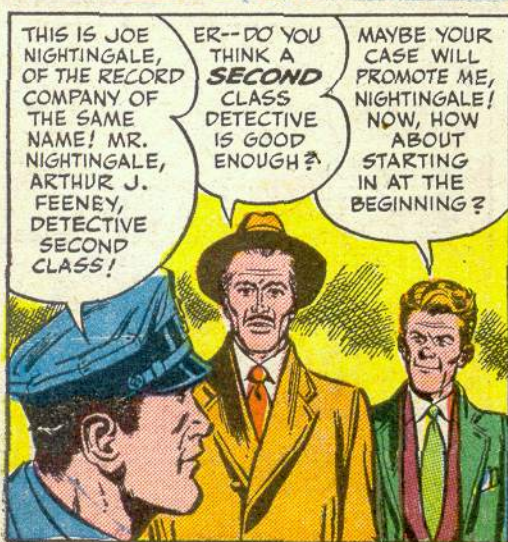
AFTER A FRETFUL MORNING, JOE NIGHTINGALE, SORELY TROUBLED, WENT TO **MARDI'S** FOR HIS USUAL LUNCH: ASPIRINS AND A BROMO SELTZER...



HE WAS NIBBLING ON HIS FIRST APPETIZING ASPIRIN, WHEN SUDDENLY...



**How?**  
YES, HOW? THE QUESTION PLAGUED JOE NIGHTINGALE, JUST AS IT HAD FOR THE PAST FOUR WEEKS! IN DESPERATION, HE CALLED HIS LAWYER, SAMUEL B. WEEKS, WHO REFERRED HIM TO THE POLICE!



FULLY BRIEFED, NEXT DAY--A BLUSTERY JANUARY 5TH-- FEENEY MADE A SPOT CHECK OF SEVERAL MID-TOWN STORES--BUT ALWAYS RAN INTO THE SAME STONE WALL...





THEN, TWO DAYS LATER, CAME THE FIRST, UNEXPECTED BREAK! FEENEY'S BREAKFAST WAS INTERRUPTED BY AN URGENT PHONE CALL FROM NIGHTINGALE. HE DASHED DOWN TO HIS OFFICE, WHERE...



THAT SAME NIGHT, JANUARY 7TH, FEENEY EMPLANED FOR ST. LOUIS, WHERE HE BOARDED A TRAIN FOR EAST MIDLAND, SOME 100 MILES WEST. AND NEXT MORNING...



THE CLERK, ALLEN DUPREE, FOUND THE NAME AND ADDRESS IN HIS FILE. FOLLOWING HIS DIRECTIONS, FEENEY BOARDED A NUMBER 22 TROLLEY, GOT OFF AT CHISHOLM STREET, WHERE...



FEENEY CALLED NIGHTINGALE AND TOLD HIM TO MEET HIM AT LA GUARDIA AIRPORT WHEN THE 5:12 PLANE CAME IN...



RETURNING TO THE CITY IN POTTER'S CAR, FEENEY UNWRAPPED HIS PRIZE SPECIMEN...





HOW DO YOU FIGURE IT WAS DONE, NIGHTINGALE?

WHILE VIC BLAINE WAS BROADCASTING, SOME CRAFTY SKUNK MUST'VE SIPHONED THE SONG OFF THE AIR ONTO A MASTER RECORD! THEN HE PRESSED HEAVEN KNOWS HOW MANY COPIES, USED **OUR SEAL--** AND HAD **HIS SALES CREW** HIT THE ROAD!



THIS SWINDLER CAN SELL HIS BOOTLEG RECORDINGS CHEAPER THAN WE CAN! HE DOESN'T PAY THE SINGER OR BAND ROYALTIES... HE HASN'T PRODUCTION, PROMOTION OR OTHER EXPENSES! WHAT A SWEET RACKET!

WELL, THIS TIME I'M AFRAID HE'S HIT A **SOUR NOTE!** TELL YOUR DRIVER TO GO TO 64 GILBERT STREET!



SOON...

WHAT'S THIS? I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO GO TO YOUR HOTEL OR--

I'M GOING TO ASK THE **F.B.I.** TO JOIN MY TEAM BECAUSE WE'VE PROOF NOW OF VIOLATION OF AN **INTER-STATE REGULATION!** SEE YOU AT YOUR OFFICE TOMORROW... G'NIGHT!



NEXT MORNING, AN ALERT WAS FLASHED TO ALL F.B.I. FIELD OFFICES TO ARREST THE SPURIOUS RECORDS SALESMEN... BUT BY NOON THE PLOT VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

THAT WAS MY MAN IN EAST MIDLAND! NO SOAP... TAKE THE PIN OFF THE MAP, FEENEY!

THE THIRD CITY! WHAT PLAYS, THWAITE? DID I REALLY SCARE OFF THE CROOKS, OR ARE THEY PLAYING DEAD TILL I GIVE UP THE CASE?



AND BY THE 16TH, A WEEK LATER...

LOOK AT THAT MAP... EVERY ONE OF 'EM GONE WITH THE WIND! DON'T TELL ME IT'S COINCIDENCE... SOMEONE WAS WISE TO OUR PLAN-- SOMEONE LIKE-- LIKE **CARL POTTER!**

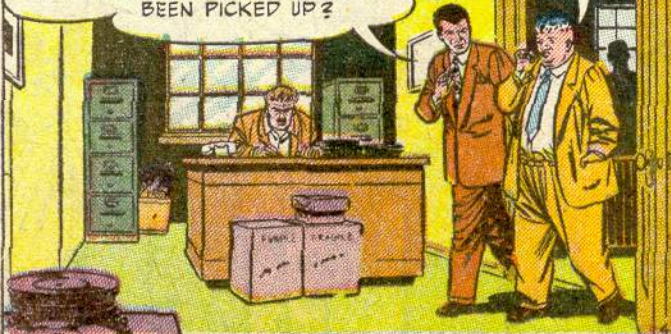
YEAH... HE KNEW I WAS SICKING YOUR F.B.I. HOUNDS ON THEIR TRAIL!



AND AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, FEENEY'S SUSPICIONS WERE BEING CONFIRMED IN THE LOFTY, EAST SIDE OFFICES OF **HARMONY, INC.,** MAKERS OF RADIO AND TV SINGING COMMERCIALS...

--YOU HAD TO RUSH OFF AND PUT **"GREY SKIES"** ON THE MARKET! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IF I HADN'T KNOWN THE F.B.I. WAS IN THIS, EVERY ONE OF OUR MEN WOULD'VE BEEN PICKED UP?

BUT, POTTER... WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES!







THIS ONE WOULD'VE BEEN FATAL, ESPECIALLY FOR ME! LOOK AT ALL THOSE RECORDS IN THIS SECRET ROOM... HALF A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH AND WE CAN'T BUDGE 'EM! AT LEAST, NOT YET!



MEANWHILE, FEENEY WAITED PATIENTLY--TILL FINALLY A MONTH LATER, IN STUDIO A AT NIGHTINGALE'S...

OKAY, POTTER, THAT'S NEAR ENOUGH, AND... OH, HELLO, FEENEY! SNOWING HARD ENOUGH FOR YOU OUTSIDE?

YEAH! LOOK, I JUST DROPPED IN TO TELL YOU THE CASE IS WASHED UP! I THINK THOSE CROOKS TOOK A RUNOUT POWDER, SO THE F.B.I. AND I ARE PACKING UP!

THEN, ON FEBRUARY 23RD, AS FEENEY LEAFED THROUGH SOME VACATION FOLDERS, HIS PHONE RANG...



THIS IS THWAITE, THE HUMAN BLOODHOUND! I FOUND ONE OF THOSE SALESMEN IN CULVER, TAILED HIM DOWN HERE, THEN LOST HIM! GET DOWN TO 34TH AND 7TH! I'LL BE WAITING AT THE NEWSSTAND--AND HURRY... I'M NOT WEARING MY GALOSHES!

MINUTES LATER, AT THE APPOINTED MEETING PLACE...



HE MUST'VE BEEN RETURNING TO HIS OFFICE! IF ONLY THAT TRAFFIC LIGHT HADN'T CHANGED...

YOU'RE RIGHT...THERE'S A LOT OF TALL BUILDINGS IN THIS AREA! THE OFFICE WOULD BE HIGH UP, TO AVOID STATIC AND OTHER ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCES IN PICKING UP RADIO TRANSMISSIONS!

AND BACK AT THWAITE'S OFFICE...



SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA I'VE RINGED THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO, PAL--

I KNOW, PAL... THAT'S WHY COPS ARE CALLED "FLATFOOT!"

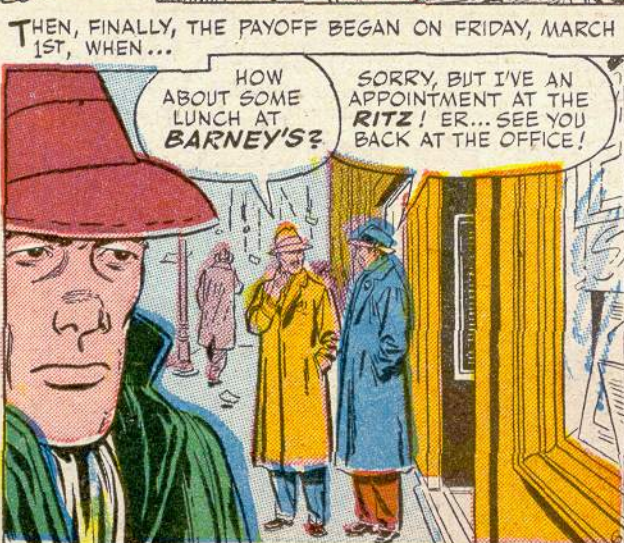
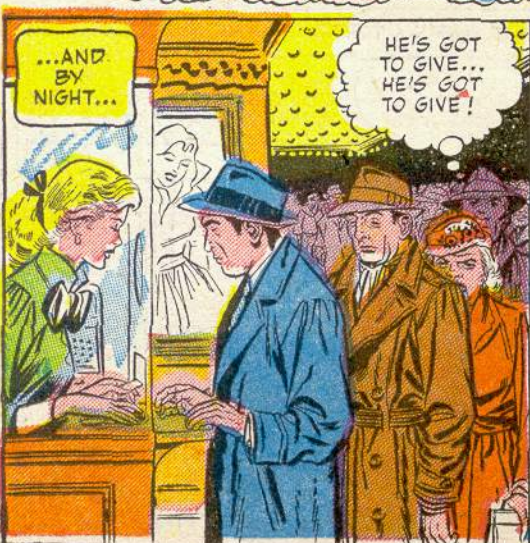
THUS BEGAN A TIRELESS, PAINSTAKING SEARCH...



JUST MAKING A ROUTINE CHECK...

COME RIGHT IN, SIR! BUT I SHOULD TELL YOU--WE'VE ALREADY BOUGHT TICKETS TO THE POLICEMEN'S BALL!



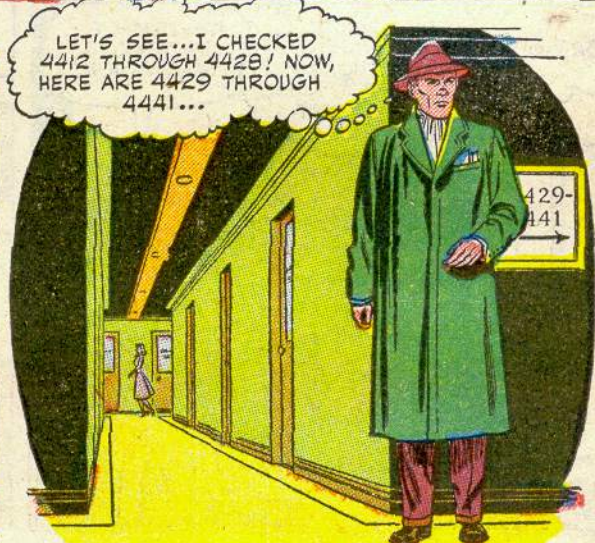
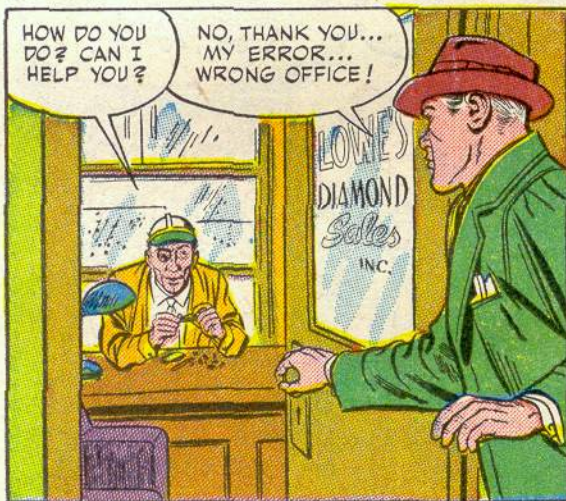




WITH MOUNTING TENSION, FEENEY SHADOWED POTTER TO THE SUSPECTED AREA, INTO THE **DOHERTY BUILDING**. BUT AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR SLID OPEN...



SWIFTLY, FEENEY GLANCED INTO EVERY OFFICE...



MEANWHILE, IN ROOM 4432...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...





RADIO AND TELEVISION COMMERCIALS! WE MAKE THEM FOR ADVERTISING AGENCIES AND SEND THEM TO ALL THE STATIONS! WANT TO HEAR ONE...?

♪ WHEN YOUR HAIR IS DUSTY AND DULL, INSTEAD OF BEING LUSTER-FUL, USE "GLOSS SHAMPOO"--- IT'S VERY GOOD FOR YOU! ♪

I'LL REMEMBER WHEN MY HAIR NEEDS WASHING... IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL MOSEY AROUND!

YOU'VE GOT A MIGHTY INTERESTING BUSINESS HERE!

THANK YOU! ER... WHY DON'T YOU STEP OVER HERE? THERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO SEE...

BR-R-RING!

WAIT A MINUTE!... WASN'T THAT A TELEPHONE? SEEMED TO RING BEHIND THAT WALL!

IT--IT MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION!

YEAH, MY IMAGINATION GETS ME INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE--

NOW, PLEASE! YOU DON'T SUSPECT ME OF DOING ANYTHING WRONG, DO YOU?

GET HIM, YOU TWO! POTTER! POTTER, COME OUT--QUICK!

HEY!

QUICK, NASON! GRAB THE FILE OF THE NAMES OF OUR SALESMEN AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

HERE'S A NUMBER THAT'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP!

CRASH!





# GANG BUSTERS



SECONDS LATER, WHEN FEENEY CAME TO...



AND AS HE STAGGERED TO THE DOOR, HE SAW HIS PRIZE CATCH SLIP FROM HIS GRASP...



BUT ABRUPTLY, AS THE FUGITIVES EMERGED ON THE MAIN FLOOR...



WITHIN  
A WEEK,  
THE 14  
SALESMEN  
WERE  
ROUNDED  
UP--AND IN  
JUNE, 1951,  
AS CO-  
CONSPIRATORS,  
THEY WERE  
SENTENCED  
1 TO 3  
YEARS FOR  
FRAUD,  
WHILE  
POTTER  
AND NASON  
GOT  
3 TO 5  
YEARS!



# FINGERPRINT

# Curios!

**F**INGERPRINT KNOWLEDGE PROBABLY GOES AS FAR BACK AS **ANCIENT BABYLON!** DISCOVERIES SHOW THAT MERCHANTS THEN IMPRESSED THEIR FINGERS IN SOFT CLAY TABLETS TO RECORD **BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS!**

**C**ENTURIES LATER, QUINTILIAN, A ROMAN LAWYER, (1ST CENTURY A.D.) DEFENDED A BLIND CLIENT ACCUSED OF MURDER, BY TRYING TO PROVE THAT THE **PALM PRINTS** ON THE WALLS AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME WERE THOSE OF A NEIGHBOR!



**A** DOCUMENT FOUND IN TURKESTAN BY SIR AUREL STEIN, THE EXPLORER, RECORDED A LOAN WHICH WAS **SIGNED AND SEALED BY THE FINGERPRINTS** OF THE PARTIES INVOLVED, IN 782 A.D.!

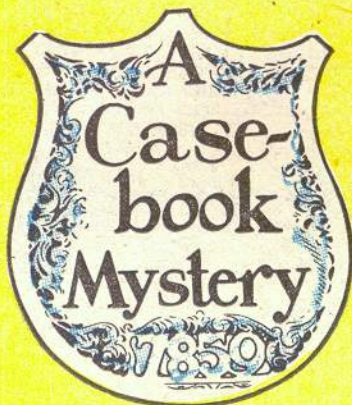
**I**N THE CYCLO-PAEDIC HISTORY WRITTEN BY DOCTOR RASHID OF THE PERSIAN EMPIRE (1247-1318), HE STATED, "EXPERIENCE SHOWS THAT NO TWO INDIVIDUALS HAVE FINGERS PRECISELY ALIKE!"



**I**N 14TH CENTURY PERSIA, AMBASSADORS AND MERCHANTS ARRIVING IN THE COUNTRY WERE **FINGERPRINTED FOR IDENTIFICATION PURPOSES!**







# The Case of the DOOMED DOGS

*Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!*

LATE ONE NIGHT, ON JED MORRIS' CHICKEN FARM...

THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE CHICKEN COOP! BEEN LOSIN' A LOT OF BIRDS LATELY! WELL, I'LL FIX THE THIEF-- WHOEVER IT IS!



IT'S SILAS JENKINS' HUNTIN' DOGS! SO THEY'RE THE ONES BEEN STEALIN' MY CHICKENS, HUH! TAKE THAT, YOU ORNERY HOUNDS!

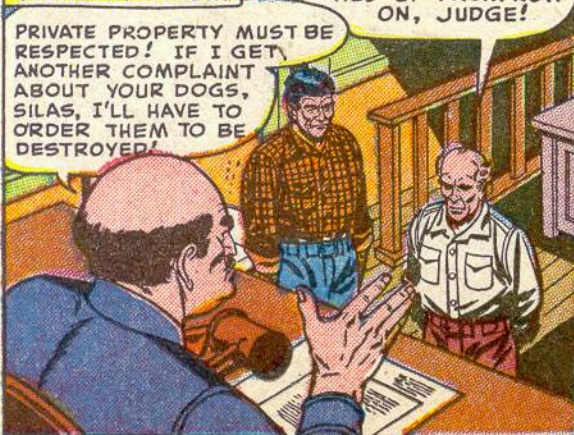


MISSED 'EM! BUT I'LL SEE THE JUDGE FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN' ABOUT PROTECTIN' MY PROPERTY!



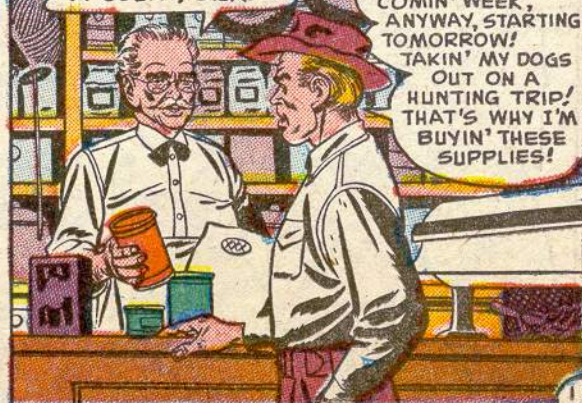
NEXT AFTERNOON, IN THE TOWN HALL...

PRIVATE PROPERTY MUST BE RESPECTED! IF I GET ANOTHER COMPLAINT ABOUT YOUR DOGS, SILAS, I'LL HAVE TO ORDER THEM TO BE DESTROYED!



I'LL--ER--KEEP 'EM TIED UP FROM NOW ON, JUDGE!

LATER, IN THE GENERAL STORE... HEARD ABOUT YOUR TROUBLE IN COURT, SILAS!



YEAH, WELL... THERE WON'T BE NO TROUBLE THIS COMIN' WEEK, ANYWAY, STARTING TOMORROW! TAKIN' MY DOGS OUT ON A HUNTING TRIP! THAT'S WHY I'M BUYIN' THESE SUPPLIES!



**BUT WHEN SILAS RISES EARLY  
NEXT MORNING...**

OOOOH, I-I'M  
SICK. MUST BE MY OLD STOMACH  
TROUBLE! I'D BETTER FORGET  
ABOUT THAT HUNTIN' TRIP!



FOR TWO DAYS, SILAS, ALONE,  
LIES IN BED. THEN, ON THE  
THIRD NIGHT...

I'M A LITTLE  
WEAK-- BUT I FEEL OKAY  
NOW! HM, I'D BETTER GO  
OUT AND FEED MY HOUNDS!  
THEY MUST BE STARVED!



**BUT AT  
THE DOG  
HOUSE...**

**THEY'RE GONE!  
BROKE THEIR ROPES,  
AND TOOK OFF!  
POOR CRITTERS!  
THEY MUST'VE BEEN  
TOO HUNGRY TO WAIT  
FOR ME TO FEED  
'EM!**



**MEANWHILE, AT JED'S FARM...**

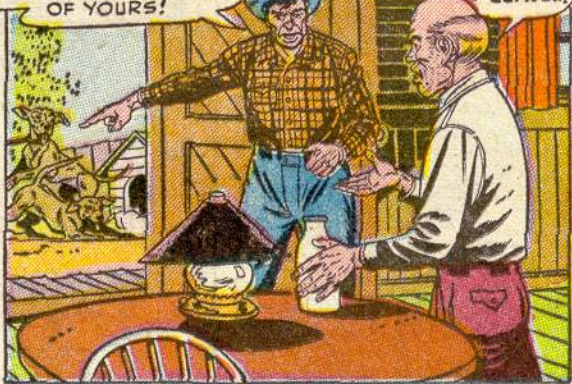
SO SILAS LET THOSE BLASTED DOGS OF HIS  
LOOSE AGAIN, DID HE? WELL, I'LL GET RID  
OF THOSE THEVIN' COVOTES, AND I'LL TELL  
SILAS SO FIRST THING IN THE MORNIN'!



**SO NEXT MORNING...**

YOU KNOW WHAT THE JUDGE  
SAID! AND I'M GOIN' RIGHT  
TO HIM, AND TELL HIM  
ABOUT THOSE DOGS  
OF YOURS!

**DON'T DO THAT, JED!  
HE'LL ORDER 'EM  
KILLED, AND  
THEY'RE ALL I GOT  
IN THE WORLD!  
PLEASE..!**



YOU SHOULD'VE THOUGHT  
OF THAT BEFORE! I'M  
GOIN' TO THE JUDGE  
RIGHT NOW!

NOT IF I CAN  
HELP IT!

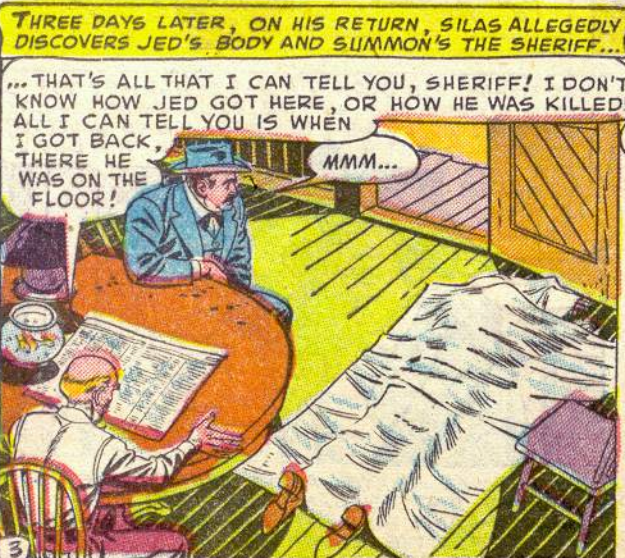
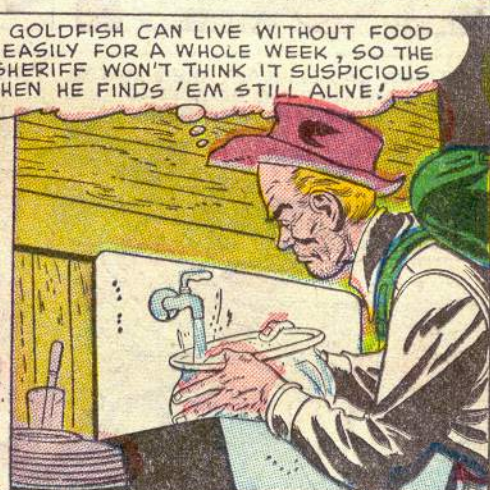
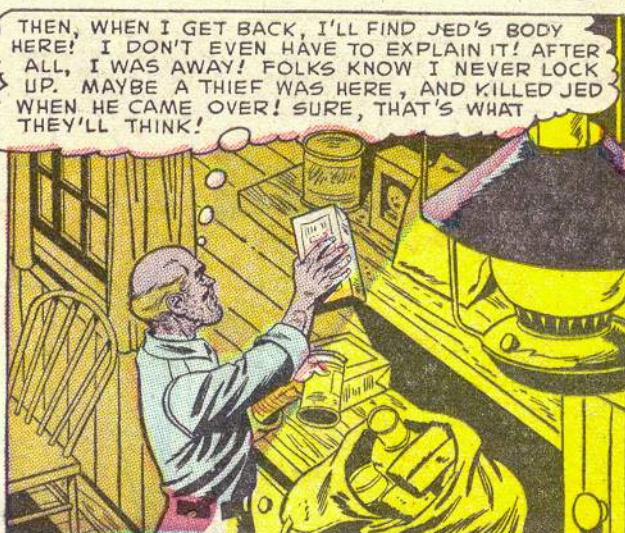
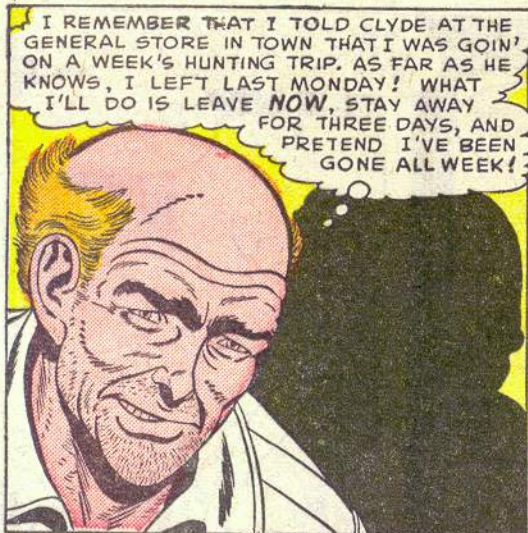
**WH  
WHAGG**



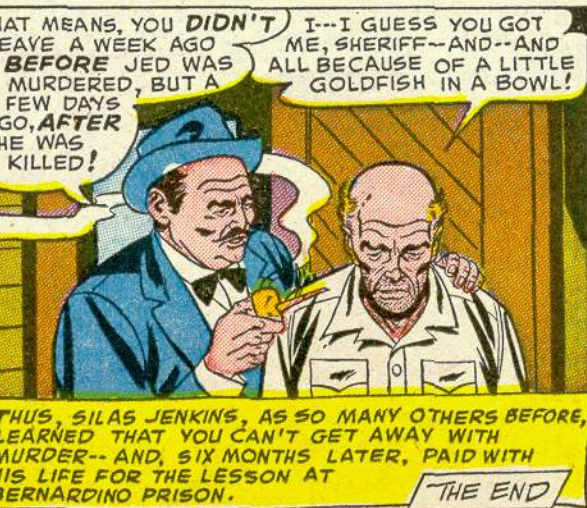
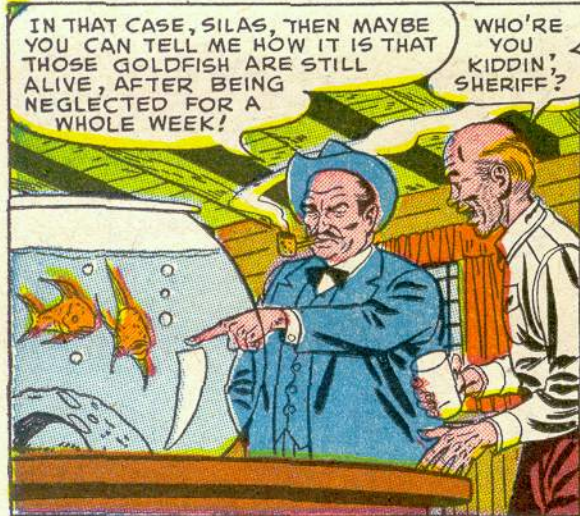
HE--- HE'S DEAD! B-BUT WHAT'LL I DO NOW?  
EVERYONE KNOWS JED AND I WERE FEUDIN'!  
I'M THE FIRST SUSPECT THE SHERIFF'LL  
THINK OF. WAIT A MINUTE-- I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!













GOSH, THEY STOPPED PUD ON THE GOAL LINE AGAIN! THAT MAKES IT FOURTH DOWN WITH ONLY SECONDS TO PLAY... -AND WE NEED A TOUCHDOWN TO WIN!

THIS IS OUR LAST CHANCE TO SCORE... GIVE ME THE BALL AGAIN. I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

SIGNALS... 49-73-62...

WHEE! PUD WINS THE GAME! HE JUMPED RIGHT OVER THE LINE! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM MADE HIM LIGHTER!

I'D HIT ANY LINE FOR A PIECE OF DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM! -THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S REAL BUBBLE GUM! -WITH THAT SECRET SWEET TASTE THAT LASTS A LONG, LONG TIME - -AND IT HAS FUNNIES, FACTS AND FORTUNES TOO!

HAVE FUN WITH GUM!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA. 41, PA.

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BE SURE  
TO GET THE  
LATEST ISSUE  
OF  
THE ADVENTURES OF  
**Dean  
MARTIN and  
Jerry  
LEWIS**  
TODAY!







**SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!**

Yes,  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE  
ADVENTURE CHARACTER  
COMES RIGHT INTO YOUR  
HOME IN  
**THRILLING LIVE ACTION!**

WATCH FOR LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THIS  
GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



# The GRAPEVINE



## FIREMEN'S LINGO

**T**HE night shift was "hitting the pads" when the "get out" sounded. Luckily, it was only a "worker," and soon it was "held" while the "buffs" looked on.

Most businesses have a jargon of their own, and fire departments aren't exceptions. If you visit a firehouse and listen to a conversation, you would be surprised by what sounded like garbled English. Here, for instance, is the translation of the paragraph above: "The night shift was asleep in their quarters when the alarm sounded. Luckily, it was only a small fire and soon it was under control while the civilians-who-chase-fire engines looked on."

Here are some of the more popular expressions used by most of the departments:

**BOOT:** An inexperienced man, recently assigned to the staff. Also called a "probie" or a "johnny."

**COMMITTEE-WORK:** Fatigue work or such duties as mopping floors, cleaning equipment, polishing all the brass in the firehouse.

**IN THE TILLER:** The man who controls the rear wheel of the hook-and-ladder.

**LINE:** The firehose.

**NO LIFT:** Damp or humid weather which prevents explosive gas and smoke from rising. This increases the firefighters' danger and makes it more difficult to get the fire under control.

**ROAST:** Any burned property.

**RAZMATAZ:** The stories printed in newspapers about the fire.

**SHRIMP:** The engineman. As a rule, tall

men are assigned to hook-and-ladder companies while short men find themselves in engine companies.

**SHOT:** A broken hose.

**STEER:** To drive a chief's limousine.

**STRETCHING THE LINES:** Laying and connecting lengths of hose.

**SYRINGE:** A watertower.

**THREE DEUCES:** Payday. This is derived from the three "2's" which are tapped out on the firehouse ticker when the paychecks are available to the men.

**WHITE HAT:** A battalion chief. This is suggested by the color of his helmet.

**WORKER:** This is any fire, generally a small one. Two, three, and four-baggers are named after the number of alarms that have been turned in.

**ZIGZAG:** A perilous route through heavy traffic.

## AMBITIOUS CON

An inmate of the Norfolk State Prison in Boston is utilizing his spare time profitably. Ben Carson creates earrings, bracelets, brooches, rings and pins out of gold. So successful has his business become that three fellow convicts now assist him in making the jewelry, which not only is sold throughout this country but South America, Italy and England as well.

## "HOT ROD" PATROL

Garwood, New Jersey, police were angered and frustrated by their occasional difficulty in overtaking automobile speedsters. At last, one



of the officers was inspired by a teen-ager's hot rod. Re-equipping one of the patrol cars with special gears, a high-compression motor and other gadgets and refinements, he souped it up until it was capable of traveling at 110 miles an hour. To date, every motorist whose speed ruffled the serenity of Garwood has been nabbed.

## MURDEROUS SOUND

For centuries, inventors have sought war weapons whose sound waves could kill. During World War II, observers of Hitler's war of nerves on the British populace claimed that many deaths attributed to his buzz bombs were, in effect, caused by the nerve-racking sound of the bombs in flight rather than the explosive war heads.

Proof of this claim—that sound actually can kill—was offered in evidence recently in an Ohio town, where a farmer protested to police officials that when a shrill air raid siren was turned on, followed soon by an "All Clear," 66 of his chickens dropped dead of fright.

Were they actually slain by sound waves?

. . .

While we're on the subject of science and crime, here is some bad news for burglars. Air-pressure alarms, infra-red lights, and photo-electric cells perfected during the last war for protective purposes are being adapted for home, bank and business use.

For instance, the air-pressure apparatus, which is being installed in bank vaults, will sound an alarm if they are opened, due to the fresh air flowing into them, after they have been locked at the end of the day. Infra-red lights and photo-electric cells are taking the place of foot patrols of private police protection agencies. Any break in their protective circuits, caused by unknowing thieves, touches off a signal at central stations, which immediately dispatches police task forces.

## ABLE ABE

Charged with defrauding the government, Franklin W. Smith and his brother were arrested during the Civil War and court-martialed. Despite a long line of witnesses who testified to their upright, excellent character, the brothers were convicted and imprisoned. Consequently, their business was ruined. However, their attorney appealed the case, which ultimately reached President Lincoln. After a thorough examination of all the evidence, Lincoln, with characteristic wit and judgement, wrote the following opinion on the papers:

Whereas, Franklin W. Smith had transactions with the Navy Department to the amount of \$1,000,250; and

Whereas, he had a chance to steal at least \$250,000 and was only charged with stealing \$2,200 and the question now is about his stealing \$100, I don't believe he, or his brother, stole anything at all.

Wherefore, the record and findings are disapproved, declared null and void and the defendants are fully discharged.

## PLEASED JURY

When one of his customers refused to pay for a \$5,000 fur coat which he had made to order, a Brooklyn, N. Y., furrier haled her into court. To best illustrate her objections to the coat, the woman donned it and paraded before the jury. Unfortunately, she did such a good job in modeling the garment that the jury turned in a verdict in favor of the furrier.

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

FT. WORTH, Tex.: A thief sneaked into the cashier's office of a delivery-service company, cocked his pistol for action. When the startled cashier looked up from the payroll he was preparing, he recognized the face of a former school chum. Embarrassed, the mug fled, empty-handed.

ANDERSON, Ind.: Picked up by police for loitering in the streets, a vagrant emptied his pockets of the following: a nail file, a hair curler, 43 rubberbands, a tire gauge, 80 keys, a gun and shells, nine pocket knives, a screw driver, three pipes, a can of tobacco, three pairs of scissors, 12 handkerchiefs, a pencil sharpener, a roll of tape, 35 needles and pins, ten boxes of matches, six spools of thread, a dozen plugs of chewing tobacco . . . and a snapping turtle.

NEW YORK CITY: During a sermon called "Who's a Thief?" at the John Hall Memorial Church, a thief snatched the purse of the choir's soprano.

PITTSBURGH: After 40 victims were unable to identify him in the police line-up, a wearied hold-up man himself finally recalled some of the scenes, thus refreshing their memories.

LOS ANGELES, Calif.: A sheriff of one of this city's suburbs easily picked up a chicken-snatcher. His evidence: one capon under the suspect's coat; a pot large enough to hold it, in one pocket; salt and pepper shakers in another.



# The UN-CHEATED GALLOWS!

**I**N 1921, WHEN IL DIAVOLOS, LEADER OF THE FEARED CHICAGO UNDERWORLD GANG BY THE SAME NAME, WAS SENTENCED TO BE HANGED, HE WENT ON A PROLONGED HUNGER STRIKE IN HIS DEATH-HOUSE CELL! HE HAD LOST 50 POUNDS, WHEN, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS EXECUTION, A MYSTERIOUS "TIP" WARNED THE POLICE OF A POSSIBLE ESCAPE ATTEMPT!

**I**T TURNED OUT THAT THE HUNGER STRIKE HAD BEEN PART OF THE ESCAPE PLAN... HIS LIGHT WEIGHT WAS TO PREVENT THE GALLOWS FROM BREAKING HIS NECK! THE PHONEY MEDIC WOULD THEN PRONOUNCE HIM DEAD!

**T**HE POLICE WERE READY, AND WHEN THE EXECUTIONER'S HEARSE ENTERED THE PRISON GATES, THEY SEIZED THE DRIVER! INSIDE THE HEARSE THEY FOUND A PHONEY DOCTOR AND CONSIDERABLE MEDICAL APPARATUS!

**T**HE APPARATUS IN THE HEARSE WAS INTENDED TO REVIVE HIM, FOR IT WAS ANTICIPATED BY IL DIAVOLOS THAT THE FALL FROM THE GALLOWS WOULD BE QUITE A SHOCK, DESPITE HIS LIGHTNESS! BUT HE COULDN'T CHEAT THE GALLOWS... HE JUST MADE A LIGHT-WEIGHT CORPSE!

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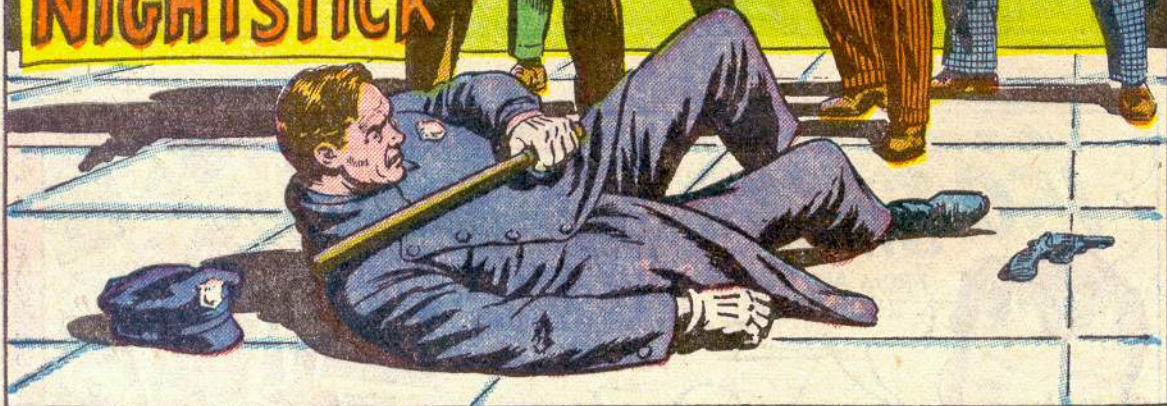
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My name is THOMAS FARRADAY. I AM A PATROLMAN, BADGE NUMBER 32009. MY DAD WAS A PATROLMAN, TOO, AND SO WAS MY GRANDDAD. WE HAVE ALL BEEN PROUD OF THE FORCE, THOUGH SOMETIMES THE JOB OF A PATROLMAN IS A LONELY ONE-- AND A VERY DANGEROUS ONE! TODAY, A POLICEMAN CAN CALL ON THE HELP OF NUMEROUS ALLIES--TELETYPE, SQUAD CARS, SHORT-WAVE RADIO AND THE POLICE LABORATORY. BUT SOMETIMES, WHEN A SMALL INCIDENT EXPLODES INTO BLAZING GUNFIRE-- AND WHEN YOUR VERY LIFE IS ON THE LINE, THERE IS ANOTHER ALLY--AN OLD ONE, AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN ONE-- THAT OLD STANDBY, THE...

## NIGHTSTICK

GO ON, BOYS! WADE IN AND CLEAN HIM UP-- BUT GOOD! HE CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF. HE AIN'T ARMED! HE'S WOUNDED, AND CAN'T PICK UP HIS GUN!



THAT NIGHT BEGAN AS JUST ANOTHER CHRISTMAS EVE. IT WAS A FARRADAY FAMILY REUNION. WE HAD JUST EATEN AN EARLY TURKEY DINNER BECAUSE I WAS GOING ON DUTY...

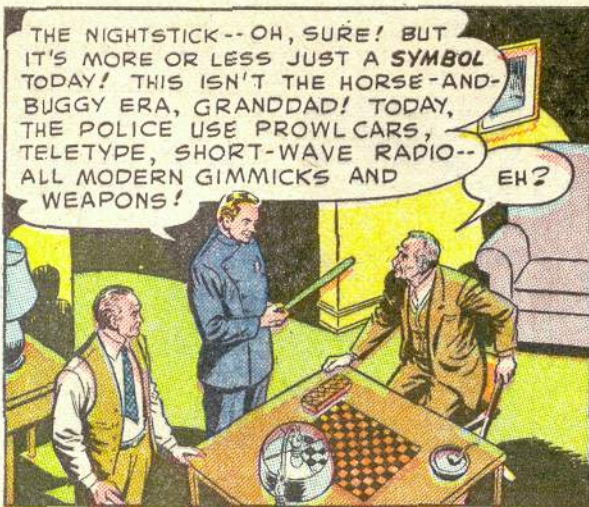
WELL, OFF WITH THE HARD-WORKING MAN--IF I CAN SQUEEZE INTO THIS UNIFORM AFTER THAT MEAL, MOM! YOU TWO CAN ENGAGE IN SOME OF YOUR CHECKER BATTLES! SEE YOU LATER...

YOUR NIGHTSTICK, TOMMY! DON'T FORGET YOUR NIGHTSTICK!

THAT NIGHTSTICK'S LONG BEEN IN THE FAMILY, TOMMY! YOUR GRANDDAD USED IT--SO DID I! AND NOW A THIRD FARRADAY CARRIES IT!







THE NIGHTSTICK-- OH, SURE! BUT IT'S MORE OR LESS JUST A **SYMBOL** TODAY! THIS ISN'T THE HORSE-AND-BUGGY ERA, GRANDDAD! TODAY, THE POLICE USE PROWL CARS, TELETYPE, SHORT-WAVE RADIO-- ALL MODERN GIMMICKS AND WEAPONS!

EH?



SEE THIS OLD PHOTO YOU KEEP ON THE MANTLE? LOOK AT ME-- PROUD AS A PEACOCK OF MY MUSTACHE AND MY BOBBY-HELMET AND MY SPLIT-TAIL COAT! BUT **MOST** OF ALL-- I WAS PROUD OF THAT **NIGHTSTICK** BECAUSE IT MEANT LAW AND AUTHORITY!



I **BROKE THE MIKE GROGAN GANG**, DIDN'T I? **HOW?** I WENT INTO THEIR PLACE ON BURGER STREET AND **CLEANED THE LOT OF 'EM OUT... WITH A NIGHTSTICK!**



AND YOUR OWN FATHER HAD IT OUT WITH SOME OF **CAPONE'S MEN!** HE DIDN'T USE A PROWL CAR OR A TELETYPE SYSTEM! NO, SIR! HE USED A **NIGHTSTICK!** AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

OKAY, GRANDDAD! OKAY!



ALL RIGHT-- OFF I GO! AND DON'T LET THIS CHECKER TOURNAMENT TURN INTO A GRUDGE-BATTLE-- OR I'LL USE THE NIGHTSTICK ON THE BOTH OF YOU!

YOUR GRANDDAD WON'T HAVE A CHANCE, TOMMY!

WHY, YOU UPSTART! I'LL SHOW YOU!

THEN, I WAS OUT ON THE BEAT. IT WAS COLD, LONELY, AND DARK... AN UNMERRY CHRISTMAS EVE...

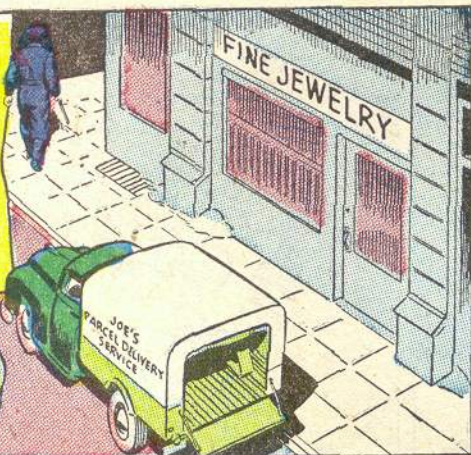
ALL'S WELL! NOTHING STIRRING ON THE BEAT... NOT EVEN A SLEIGH DRAWN BY REINDEERS!



... WONDER IF GRANDDAD WILL LET DAD JUMP HIS KING AGAIN... ALWAYS GETS HIM RIPPING MAD...



I TURNED THE CORNER AT JUNIPER AND ROE STREETS. IT WAS THEN I NOTICED THE TRUCK, A LITTLE PICK-UP...



I HAD WALKED ABOUT HALF A BLOCK DOWN JUNIPER, WHISTLING 'JINGLE BELLS', WHEN, SUDDENLY, I THOUGHT OF SOMETHING...



WHAT'S IT DOING IN FRONT OF A JEWELRY STORE AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT? I'D BETTER GIVE IT ANOTHER LOOK!

I SWUNG AROUND THE CORNER--THEN BROKE INTO A DEAD RUN! FOUR MEN WERE EMERGING FROM THE STORE, CARRYING SMALL BAGS. I PULLED MY SERVICE REVOLVER FROM THE HOLSTER, AND...



THE COP'S COME BACK! GET 'IM, HARRY!

OK!

THERE WAS AN OMINOUS WHISPER OF A SILENCED PISTOL...

GOT 'IM-- GET GOIN'!



SOMETHING TORE INTO MY ARM...



I DROPPED MY REVOLVER, AND WENT DOWN!

THE SLUG CRASHED NEAR MY ELBOW. MY ARM SEEMED TO BE ON FIRE, BUT I MANAGED TO GRAB HOLD OF THE TRUCK'S TAIL AS IT STARTED OFF...

ALL OF US GONNA STAY HERE IN THE CAB--?

QUIT YOUR GABBIN', AND GET MOVIN'! SOMEONE'S GONNA SPOT THAT COP OUT THERE ON THE STREET!

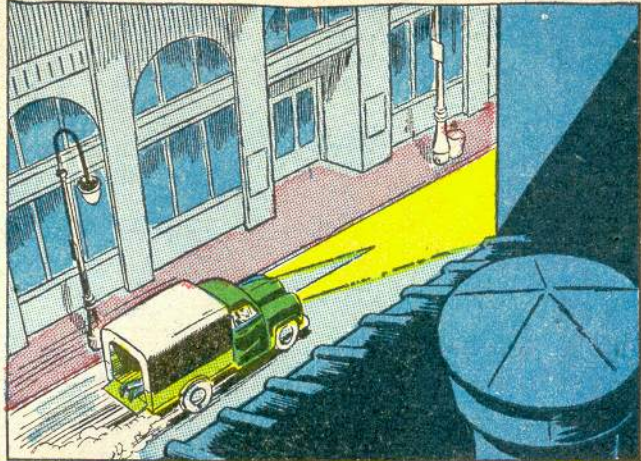
MERRY CHRISTMAS, TOM FARRADAY, MY LAD. HERE'S A SHOT-UP ARM FOR YOU--- UNGH! IT PAINS BUT GOOD--!



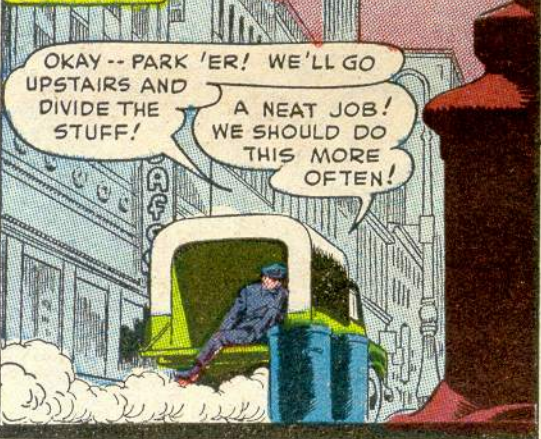




THEY TOOK THE BACK STREETS, TWISTING AND TURNING ON TWO WHEELS, AND MY ARM FELT LIKE A GRENADE HAD GONE OFF AGAINST IT...



FINALLY, IN THE NARROW STREETS OF THE DOWNTOWN GARMENT SECTION, THE TRUCK STOPPED...



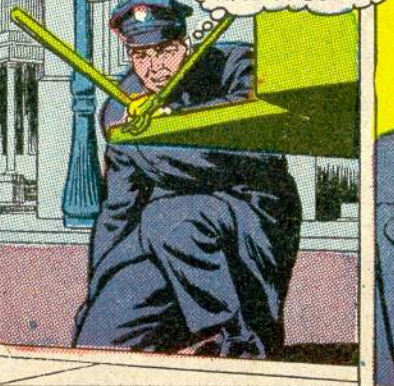
AS THE TRUCK SLID TO A STOP AGAINST THE CURB, I CLIMBED OFF THE BACK AND CROUCHED LOW-- WONDERING ABOUT THE "OLD FLANK ATTACK..."



HERE WE ARE, IN THE BACK-STREETS OF THE GARMENT DISTRICTS ... ONE AGAINST FOUR ... NO PROWL CARS-- NO TELETYPE-- POLICE LABS ... NO STREAMLINED GIMMICKS... JUST YOU, FARRADAY-- AND FOUR GUYS WHO'D KILL YOU...



JUST YOU, BROTHER-- AND A NIGHTSTICK! REMEMBER THE GROGAN GANG ON BURGER STREET? REMEMBER CAPONE'S RATS? THERE WAS A COP--



... JUST A COP-- AND A NIGHTSTICK!





UP FRONT I COULD HEAR THEM TALKING...

HARRY AND I WILL RUN THE TRUCK INTO THE GARAGE LATER-- HAVE IT REPAINTED, AND THE LICENSE PLATES CHANGED--

A GUY AT DUKE'S CLUB WAS TELLING ME HOW NICE BERMUDA IS! THINK I'LL SPEND A LITTLE VACATION THERE!

LOOKING BACK NOW, I FIGURE I WAS OUT OF MY MIND-- MAYBE FEVERISH FROM THE SLUG THAT GOT ME. ANYWAY, I HIT 'EM! I CAME OUT OF THOSE SHADOWS, AND I HIT 'EM!

THE OLD FLANK ATTACK...

IT'S THE COPPER, HARRY! THE SAME ONE! NAIL 'IM!



THE ONE NAMED HARRY-- THE ONE WHO HAD PUMPED THE SLUG INTO MY ARM-- FLASHED HIS GUN AGAIN...

THIS TIME, COPPER, FOR SURE!



I SWUNG THE NIGHTSTICK AS HARD AS I COULD. IT CRACKED AGAINST HARRY'S GUN...



THEN, WHATEVER WAS LEFT IN MY RIGHT ARM, CAUGHT HARRY ON THE CHIN... AND SOMETHING ELSE CRACKED...



HARRY WAS DOWN, WITH A BUSTED CHIN, AND MY ARM WAS ALL NUMB-- AND I WAS UP AGAINST THREE OF THEM...

HANG ON, FARRADAY... HANG ON...





A FOOT LASHED OUT AND CAUGHT ME, I WENT DOWN.



I GOT 'IM!

I LOOKED UP TO SEE A FACE FULL OF HATRED --AND A FIST FULL OF GUN... AND THE GUN WAS AIMED AT ME...



RIGHT THROUGH YOUR BADGE, COPPER! NICE, SHINY TARGET!

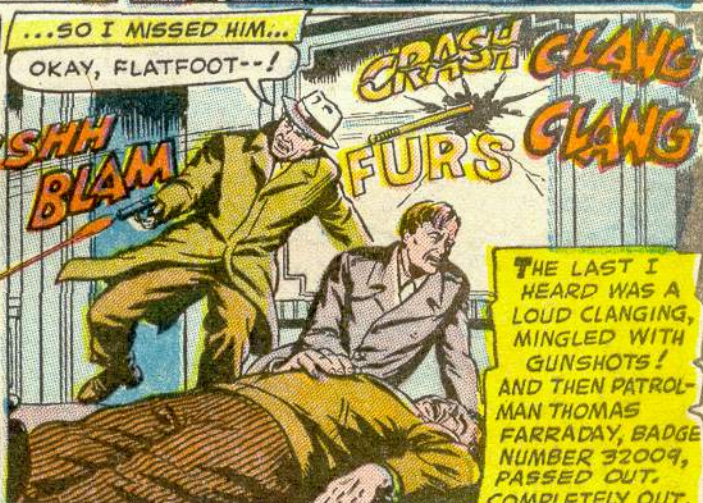
I THREW MY NIGHTSTICK... AND REMEMBER, I COULDN'T PITCH MY WAY OUT OF A BUSH LEAGUE-- EVEN WITH A GOOD ARM--- IF I HAD THE YANKS BEHIND ME...



...SO I MISSED HIM...

OKAY, FLATFOOT--!

WHISSH BLAM



CRASH CLANG  
FURS CLANG

THE LAST I HEARD WAS A LOUD CLANGING, MINGLED WITH GUNSHOTS! AND THEN PATROLMAN THOMAS FARRADAY, BADGE NUMBER 32009, PASSED OUT. COMPLETELY OUT.

WHEN I CAME TO, I HEARD NUMEROUS VOICES, AND THROUGH BLURRED EYES I SAW BLUE-UNIFORMED MEN...

HE'S ALL RIGHT... HE'LL COME THROUGH!



WHEN YOU THREW YOUR CLUB, YOU MISSED THE GUY, BUT YOU BROKE THE STORE WINDOW--AND SET OFF THE BURGLAR ALARM! THAT BROUGHT US RUNNING! DOC'S ON THE WAY TO FIX YOU UP!

THAT NIGHT, WE SAT UP FOR A LONG TIME...

GRANDDAD DID IT AGAIN--- HE LEFT HIS KINGS WIDE OPEN. I HIT 'IM WITH THE "OLD FLANK ATTACK!"

AH, TOMMY, THAT REMINDS ME OF SOMETHING! THE GROGAN GANG HAD TO BE TAKEN, AND I WENT IN THAT NIGHT AT BURGER STREET-- ALL I HAD WAS A NIGHTSTICK, AND...



The End



# SUPERMAN

says:

# "PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE!"

GREAT SCOTT! A CIRCUS LION ON THE LOOSE!



NICE WORK, LAD! I'LL HAVE HIM BACK IN HIS CAGE IN A JIFFY!



I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, SUPERMAN! A LOT OF PEOPLE WOULD HAVE BEEN IN DANGER IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG!

YOU'D BETTER THANK A YOUNG BOY OVER THERE, WHOSE QUICK THINKING AND COURAGE KEPT THIS LION AT BAY BEFORE HE COULD RUN WILD!



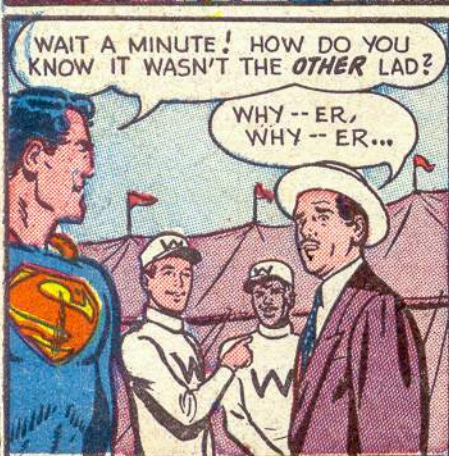
IT WAS ONE OF THESE TWO BOYS, MR. CARSON!

MY BOY, I WANT TO REWARD YOU--



WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WASN'T THE **OTHER** LAD?

WHY -- ER, WHY -- ER...



BECAUSE OF HIS COLOR? AS A MATTER OF FACT, HE **WAS** THE ONE! YOU JUST JUMPED TO A CONCLUSION BECAUSE OF A COMMON PREJUDICE!

I'M SORRY, SUPERMAN! YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT!



YOUNG MAN, THIS SHOULD SERVE AS AN EXAMPLE TO A LOT OF PEOPLE LIKE ME WHO HAVE GOTTEN SOME WRONG NOTIONS IN THEIR HEADS!

MOSTLY BE-CAUSE THEY'VE FORGOTTEN AN ELEMENTARY TRUTH: THAT PEOPLE ARE PEOPLE, AND SHOULD BE JUDGED AS SUCH, REGARDLESS OF COLOR OR BELIEFS!



**BROTHERHOOD WEEK IS BEING OBSERVED FEBRUARY 15-22... BUT THE IDEAS BEHIND IT SHOULD BE OBSERVED ALL YEAR.**

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Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these **100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!**  
 I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy  
 I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These  
 just as I did  
 in **10**  
**MINUTES**  
 OF FUN  
 A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



JOHN SILL was a 125 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING LOOK at him NOW. A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN from Head to Toe

as **YOU**  
 can be  
 soon!

John Sill  
 NOW

**I GAINED 60 LBS. OF HANDSOME MUSCLES!**

Which of these  
**2 ME'S is YOU?**

that 125 lb.—6 ft. CHICKEN WEAKLING WAS ME  
 A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you don't have to be **SKINNY** any more. Just mail **NOW** the **FREE** coupon below as I did.

Soon **YOU** can add 7 inches to your **CHEST** 3½ inches to **EACH ARM** and the rest in proportion as I did.

**Come On, PAL NOW YOU** give me **10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY** IN YOUR OWN HOME and I'll give **YOU**

**A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME**  
 says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO GET FOR ALL **5 10¢** PICTURE PACKED COURSES MILLIONS HAVE BEEN SOLD FOR \$1 AND MORE



**FREE**



**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**  
**1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN**  
**2. MUSCLE METER**

Dept. NC-34

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN"—R. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.  
 Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME..... AGE.....  
 ADDRESS.....  
 CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

**Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!**



# BILL STARTS AN AIR RIFLE CLUB

All the fun began when Bill mailed a coupon to Daisy for "HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB" booklet. A FEW DAYS LATER...

Bill and his parents eagerly read every word in the booklet...



This Club Idea sounds swell, Dad. But I'll have to have an air rifle!

OK, Bill... I'll get you one after I help you get the Air Rifle Club started... so you can learn to handle and shoot it safely under adult supervision.



(Gulp) ON BOY!

You see, Mr. Editor, an Air Rifle Club sponsored by your newspaper will render a great public service to the youngsters, parents and citizens of this town.

We'll print a story asking local groups to sponsor an air rifle program. The police like the idea... so does the school superintendent... so do the ministers. Your name will be in the paper, Bill!



The Air Rifle Club Idea spread like magic! Clubs were sponsored by the YMCA, YWCA, American Legion and V.P.W. Posts, Lions Club, Civitan, Optimists, Rotary, etc. Each club met weekly to shoot for official NRA medals and win baseball gloves, flashlights, other prizes. The short 15 foot NRA range distance made indoor shooting possible almost anywhere. Then 5 months later...

Following the city-wide Air Rifle Championship Shoot for 100 Club Members:

Congratulations on winning, Bill! You really started something wonderful when you sent for that Air Rifle Club Booklet!

Thanks, Mr. Mayor! These Air Rifle Clubs are as much sport as baseball. We didn't know organized shooting could be such fun!



Own the Famous

**DAISY 1000-SHOT RED RYDER CARBINE**

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, N.Y.

This world-famous Daisy Red Ryder Cowboy Carbine looks, feels, handles like a real Western saddle gun. Perfect for medal-winning air rifle club shooting. Loads like lightning! 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 with Red Ryder's name, picture and horse "branded" on it. See it now at your hardware or sporting goods store. Get it—own it—shoot it!

**Follow Bill's Advice!**

Mail coupon for your copy of "HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB"—just like Bill did! It should help you get a new Daisy Air Rifle—just like Bill did! Show booklet to your Dad and to the person in charge of any juvenile group to which you belong such as Cub Packs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, 4-H Club, Junior Rod & Gun, Grade Schools, etc. Don't delay another instant—rush coupon and 5c to help cover mailing-postage cost—just like Bill did! Hurry—do it right now.

with Leather Saddle Thong attached!



No. 111 only

**\$5.95**



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. 1543, PLYMOUTH, Michigan, USA  
I enclose one nickel (5c in coin) for "HOW TO START A JUNIOR AIR RIFLE CLUB" BOOKLET. Send it POSTPAID!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ST. & NO. \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**NOW!**

DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT IS approved for use in

**DAISY AIR RIFLES**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. 1543, PLYMOUTH, Michigan, USA

Catalog Page of Daisy Air Rifles Included in Booklet! Do not order air rifles or BB shot direct—SEE YOUR DEALER! Prices subject to change without notice and higher in Rockies, West, Canada.