

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



JUNE-JULY
NO. 34

10c

GANG
BUSTERS

GANG BUSTERS

OKAY, I'M TAKING
OVER, NOW!
YOU'LL FLY THIS
PLANE WHERE I
TELL YOU!

Featuring
ESCAPE!

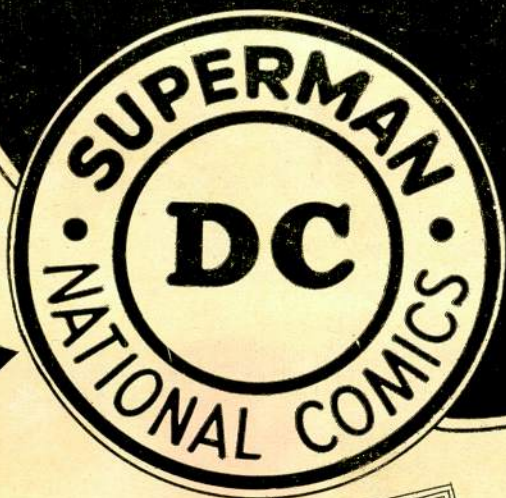


YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

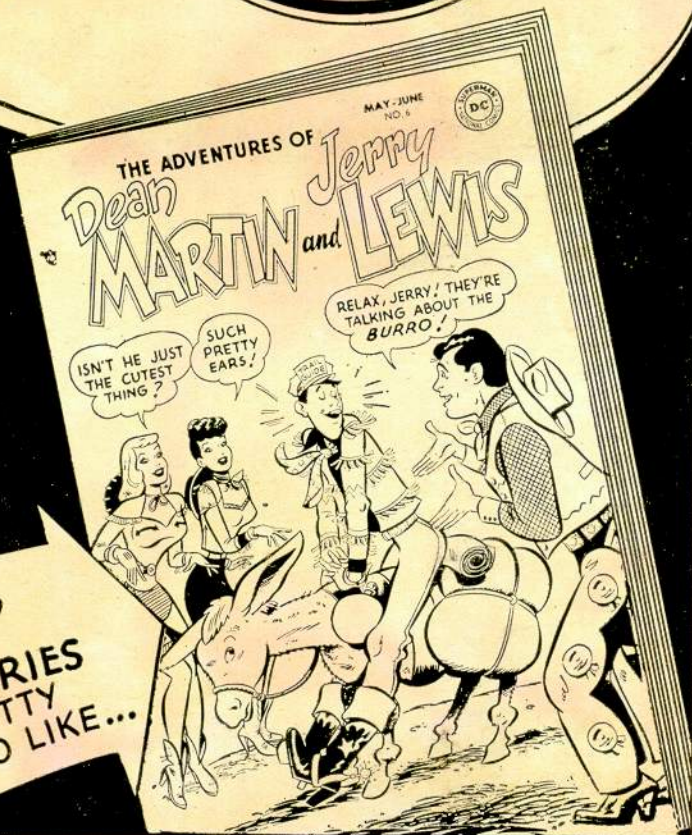
NOW MORE THAN EVER-

THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL

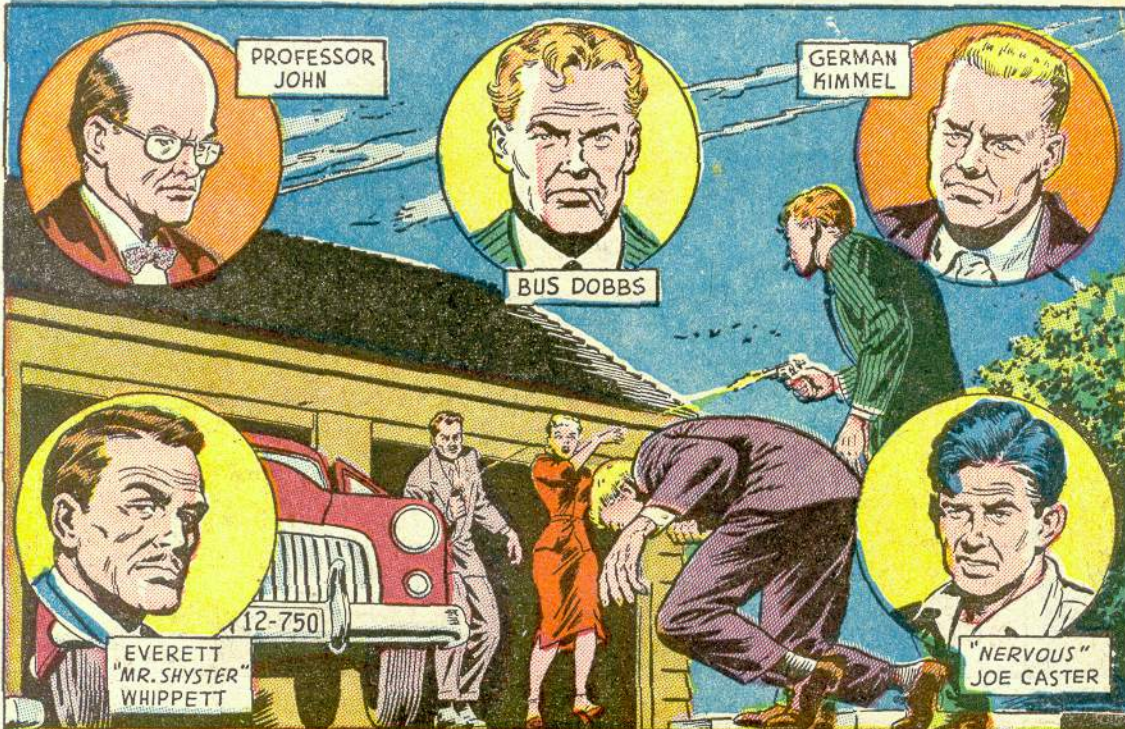
ON THE COVER OF
ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE IS **YOUR**
GUARANTEE OF THE
BEST IN COMICS
READING



YES, WITH SO
MANY DIFFERENT
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
HUMOROUS STORIES
YOU'RE PRETTY
SURE TO LIKE...



FIVE MEN WERE TO MAP OUT AND PULL ONE OF THE BIGGEST AND MOST DARING CRIMES OF ALL TIME! EVERY DETAIL WAS PLOTTED TO PERFECTION... NOTHING WAS TO GO WRONG! YES, THIS WAS TO BE THE BIG JOB--THE JOB WHOSE OUTCOME NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY HAVE GUESSED--THE INCREDIBLE, EXPLODING AND SURPRISING...

MILLION DOLLAR JOB!

SEPTEMBER 20, 1951... PRISON GATES SWUNG OPEN, AND OUT STEPPED A SMALL, BESPECTACLED MAN OF ABOUT 50, TO BREATHE THE PRECIOUS FRESH AIR OF FREEDOM...

AND THERE GOES JOHN R. RENNER--ALIAS "PROFESSOR JOHN!" THE "BRAINY" TYPE OF CROOK!

HE'LL BE BACK! THEY ALWAYS COME BACK! HE'S ALREADY SERVED TWO HITCHES--AND THERE'LL BE A THIRD! JUST WAIT!

SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, IN A CITY A THOUSAND MILES AWAY, TWO MEN SAT AT A TABLE IN A DIMLY-LIT ROOM, COUNTING MONEY. THESE MEN WERE BUSTER "BUS" DOBBS, AND ADOLPH "GERMAN" KIMMEL. SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR...

TWENTY-TWO FROGBACKS APIECE! NOT MUCH--BUT IT HELPS! UH-UH! WHO CAN THAT BE--?

KNOCK KNOCK



COPPERS!
DEY HAF'
COME!

WHO IS
IT?

AN OLD
FRIEND, BUS!
PROFESSOR
JOHN!



PROFESSOR! FRESH OUT OF
THE CHICKEN COOP! SHAKE,
PAL! AND TO
THINK, I
WAS
READY TO BLAST
AWAY!

I'M GLAD YOU
DIDN'T, BUS! I'M
AWARE OF YOUR--
ER--TALENTS WITH
FIREARMS!



BUSINESS MUST BE
BAD, BUS! THIS
ISN'T
EXACTLY
THE RITZ!

VOT'S
DIS
ALL
'BOUT, HUH,
BUS?

BUSINESS IS
AWFUL, PRO-
FESSOR! THE
GANGS WHO
USED TO HIRE
OUT MY GUN ARE
BROKEN UP AND
BEHIND BARS! SO WE
HAVE TO DO LITTLE
CORNY JOBS NOW--
LIKE A DELICATESSEN
WEGOT TONIGHT! ALL
OF 44 DOLLARS!



I AM ARTIST ENOUGH TO
HATE TO SEE GOOD TALENT
GO TO WASTE, BUS! YOU'RE
GOOD---VERY GOOD! THAT'S
WHY I CAME TO YOU FIRST!
I HAVE A PROPOSITION---IF
WE---UH---MIGHT SPEAK
ALONE!

IF YOU MEAN
GERMAN, FORGET
IT! HIM AND ME
PLAY IT TOGETHER
--OR NOT AT
ALL!



GERMAN'S OKAY! HE'S
A PAL, SEE--AND A
GOOD SHOT! LEARNED
HOW IN THE KRAUT
ARMY! I DON'T KNOW
MUCH ABOUT HIM...
PRISON CAMP... ESCAPED,
AND, WELL, ANYWAY WE
CHUM IT TOGETHER
NOWADAYS!

I'VE ALWAYS
TAKEN YOUR
WORD, BUS! IF
GERMAN IS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR YOU--
HE'S CERTAINLY
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME! ALLRIGHT,
HERE IT IS...



I'VE GOT A
DEAL! A
GOOD DEAL!
A MILLION
DOLLAR
DEAL!

DIS MISTER
MAKE JOKE,
NO, BUS?
BIG JOKE,
JA?

QUIET, GERMAN!
THE PROFESSOR
IS SERIOUS
ABOUT CASH!



THE THREE MEN CONFERRED FOR TWO HOURS, AND
THEN...

WE LIKE IT,
PROFESSOR! IT'S AS SOLID
AS GOLD! LIKE A LOT OF
YOUR DEALS, IT SOUNDS CRAZY,
BUT LIKE A LOT OF YOUR
DEALS, IT'LL PROBABLY
WORK!

YOU ARE FLATTERING,
BUS! I'LL SEE
YOU TOMORROW
NIGHT!

FIVE P.M. OF THE FOLLOWING DAY, COMMUTERS FLOCKED TO THE CITY'S MAIN RAILROAD STATION. AMONG THEM WAS ONE JOE CASTER, KNOWN AS "NERVOUS"...

6
THAT GUY NEXT TO ME PULLED OUT HIS WALLET TO BUY A TICKET. HE'S LOADED WITH DOUGH! THE TRAIN'S COMIN' IN NOW--AS THEY PUSH FORWARD, I'LL GET MY CHANCE...



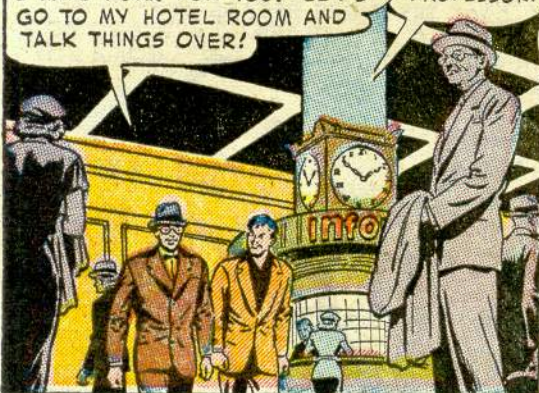
NERVOUS JOE CASTER... STILL AT THE FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS GAME OF LIFTING WALLETS!

-NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, OFFICER! I WAS JUS' STANDIN' HERE, AN'-- GREAT GUNS! PROFESSOR JOHN! YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



"YOU ARE A FORTUNATE MAN, JOE--ONE OF THE FEW I TRUST IMPLICITLY! BECAUSE OF THAT, I HAVE WORK FOR YOU! LET'S GO TO MY HOTEL ROOM AND TALK THINGS OVER!"

JUS' LEAD THE WAY, PROFESSOR!



THAT SATURDAY NIGHT, AT TEN, THE DOORBELL RANG AT THE HOME OF EVERETT WHIPPETT, REFERRED TO IN THE UNDERWORLD AS "MR. SHYSTER"...

GOOD EVENING, EVERETT! MAY WE COME IN?

HI, SHYSTER!

MISTER SHYSTER TO YOU! SORRY, I'M JUST LEAVING FOR THE EVENING!



"YOU MUST'VE LEFT YOUR MANNERS IN THE LAST COURTROOM! THEY THREW YOU OUT OF, SHYSTER! THE PROFESSOR ASKED IF WE COULD COME IN!"

"IT'S PURELY A BUSINESS CALL, EVERETT! IF WE CAN... UH... SPEAK PRIVATELY--"

THAT'S DIFFERENT! GO AHEAD, BLONDIE! I'LL SEE YOU LATER AT THE CLUB!



WELL! OF ALL THINGS... GOOD NIGHT, "GENTLEMEN!"



EVERETT, YOU'VE OFTEN BOASTED OF HAVING "HIGHER-UP" CONNECTIONS! IF YOU CAN TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THESE, WE'LL CUT YOU IN ON A MILLION DOLLAR JOB!

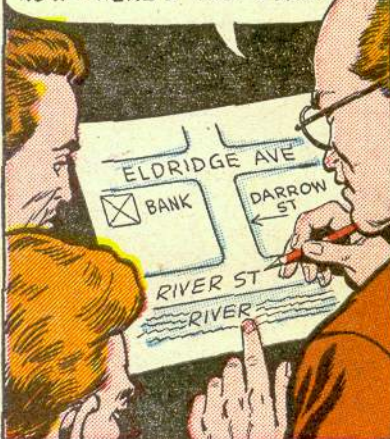
A MILLION? IF I DIDN'T KNOW YOU, PROFESSOR, I'D LAUGH! BUT SINCE I DO, GO AHEAD AND TALK!



A BANK IS MOVING A MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH TO A NEW LOCATION! THE INFORMATION IS TOP SECRET, OF COURSE, BUT I HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE ACQUIRED THAT VERY INFORMATION... IN ALL ITS DETAILS!



THE BANK IS HERE, ON ELDRIDGE AVENUE. CROSSING ELDRIDGE IS DARROW STREET -- RIGHT HERE! DARROW RUNS INTO RIVER STREET! NOW-- HERE'S THE PLAN!



AN ARMORED CAR WILL PICK UP THE MONEY. AS IT DOES, BUS AND GERMAN WILL SLUG THE GUARDS AND TAKE OVER THE CAR! THEY'LL DRIVE DOWN DARROW STREET, WHERE WE WILL HAVE RENTED A BASEMENT FLAT, DROP THE MONEY OFF AS THEY SPEED BY-- CONTINUE TO RIVER STREET, TURN THE CORNER, JUMP OFF, AND LET THE CAR CRASH INTO THE RIVER...



...THE PURSUING COPS WILL ASSUME THE CAR GOT OUT OF CONTROL AND WENT INTO THE RIVER! THAT WILL GIVE US TIME TO MEET AT MY HOTEL ROOM, DIVIDE THE MONEY-- AND CARRY OUT OUR ESCAPE PLANS!

WHERE DO I COME IN?



THE JOB IS SCHEDULED FOR OCTOBER 4th, A WEEK AWAY! DURING THAT TIME, EVERETT, YOU CAN WORK OUT FOOLPROOF ESCAPE PLANS FOR ALL OF US, WITH THOSE CONNECTIONS OF YOURS! ALSO, CHECK ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES WHICH OBSERVE NO EXTRADITION LAWS, AND ADVISE US ACCORDINGLY!



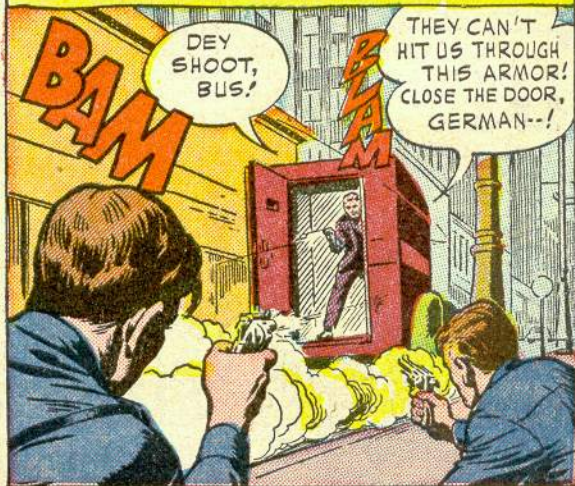
ONE OTHER THING: POLICE CARS WILL BE NEARBY-- BUT OUR MAIN WEAPONS WILL BE SURPRISE-- AND KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRANSFER OF THE MONEY! SUCCESS MEANS WE EACH EARN A FIFTH OF ONE MILLION DOLLARS!



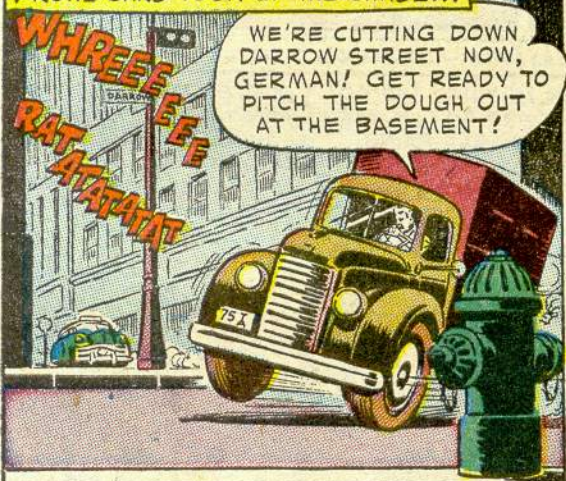
ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 4th, AN ARMORED CAR SLID INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE BANK ON ELDRIDGE AVENUE, AND BRAKED TO A STOP. SIX LARGE BAGS WERE LOADED ON, WHEN TWO FIGURES LEAPED AT THE GUARDS...



WITHIN A SECOND, BUS DOBBS AND GERMAN KIMMEL WERE IN THE ARMORED CAR, AND...



PROWL CARS TOOK UP THE CHASE...



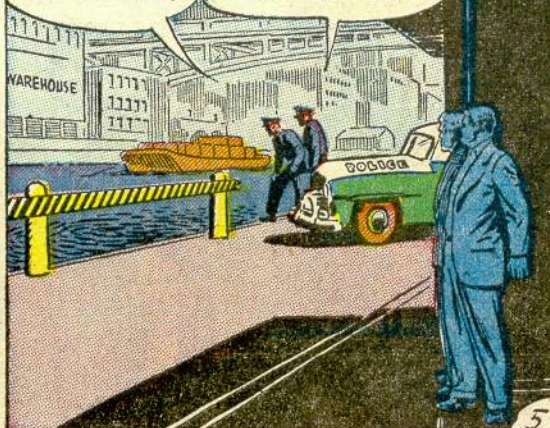
AS THE STOLEN ARMORED CAR PASSED THE RENTED FLAT ON DARROW STREET, MOMENTARILY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE PURSUING POLICE CARS, GERMAN KIMMEL HEAVED THE SIX BAGS...



THE VEHICLE THEN TOOK A SHARP TURN ON RIVER STREET, AND CRASHED THROUGH THE GUARD RAIL...BUT NOT UNTIL AFTER DOBBS AND KIMMEL HAD LEAPED FREE...



CRAZY FOOLS! THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT, AFTER ALL! WE'LL HAUL UP WHAT'S LEFT OF 'EM WITH THE SALVAGE BOAT!



DOBBS AND KIMMEL CROSSED TOWN TO PROF. JOHN'S HOTEL ROOM...

THAT'S FUNNY! EVERYBODY'S HAD TIME TO GET HERE--THE PROFESSOR, NERVOUS JOE AND SHYSTER! BUT NOBODY'S HERE!

MEBBE DA OLD CROSS-DOUBLE, EH, BUS? JA?

THE PROFESSOR WOULD NEVER DOUBLE-CROSS ME! I KNOW HIM TOO WELL! MAYBE SOMETHING HAPPENED BACK AT DARROW STREET! MAYBE THEY COULDN'T LEAVE! COME ON, GERMAN--WE'RE GOING BACK!

IN THE DARK BASEMENT FLAT, DOBBS STUMBLED ACROSS SOMETHING... SOMETHING THAT EMITTED A FAINT MOAN...

PROFESSOR JOHN! WHAT HAPPENED? COPPERS?

NO...NOT COPPERS! NERVOUS JOE... HE AND EVERETT PLANNED A DOUBLE-CROSS... I'M HURT BAD, BUS... VERY BAD... ALL SHOT UP ...DYING...

VOT 'S DIS, BUS? CROSS-DOUBLE, JA?



YEAH, GERMAN---THE OLD 'CROSS-DOUBLE!' WE'RE GOIN' PLACES-- FAST! I SAID, FAST!

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR DISTANT, AT EVERETT WHIPPETT'S!

WHAT IS THIS? WE'RE SUPPOSED TO CUT THE DOUGH--HALF EACH! THAT WAS THE PLAN-- THAT'S WHAT YA SAID! LOOK, SHYSTER---

MISTER SHYSTER TO YOU! AND THERE'LL BE NO CUT, NERVOUS! JUST A CLEAN HAUL FOR ME! MY WIFE AND I ARE GOING FAR, FAR AWAY... WITH A MILLION IN CASH!



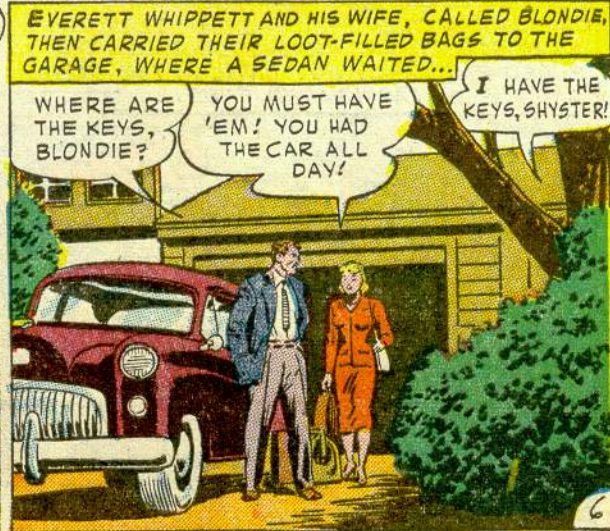
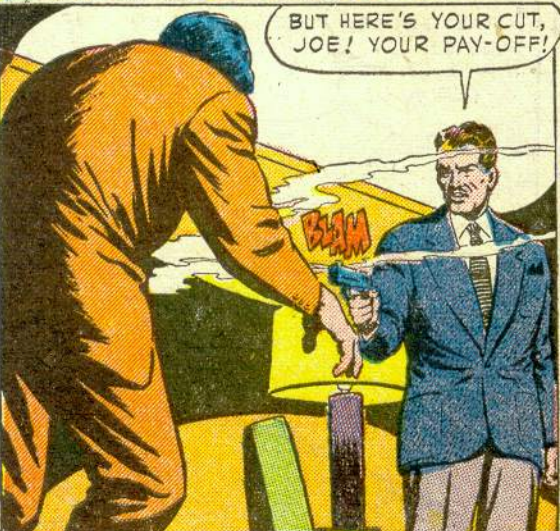
BUT HERE'S YOUR CUT, JOE! YOUR PAY-OFF!

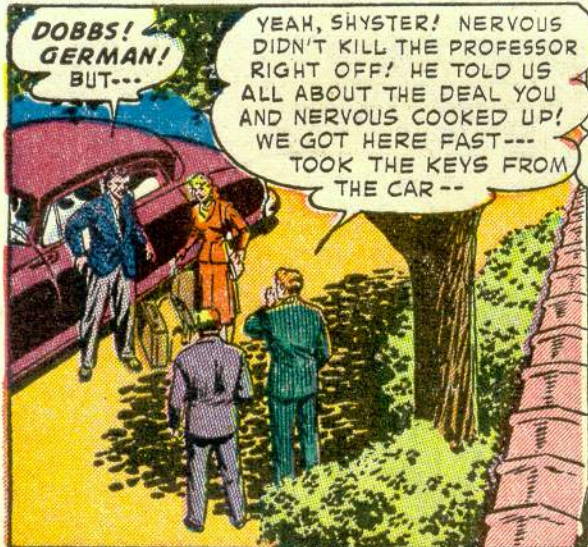
EVERETT WHIPPETT AND HIS WIFE, CALLED BLONDIE, THEN CARRIED THEIR LOOT-FILLED BAGS TO THE GARAGE, WHERE A SEDAN WAITED...

WHERE ARE THE KEYS, BLONDIE?

YOU MUST HAVE 'EM! YOU HAD THE CAR ALL DAY!

I HAVE THE KEYS, SHYSTER!





DOBBS!
GERMAN!
 BUT...

YEAH, SHYSTER! NERVOUS
 DIDN'T KILL THE PROFESSOR
 RIGHT OFF! HE TOLD US
 ALL ABOUT THE DEAL YOU
 AND NERVOUS COOKED UP!
 WE GOT HERE FAST---
 TOOK THE KEYS FROM
 THE CAR --



**WHIPPETT'S HAND SNAKED OUT. HIS GUN BARKED
 TWICE... ONE SLUG SANG BY BUS DOBBS' HEAD,
 THE OTHER CAUGHT GERMAN KIMMEL IN THE CHEST.**

YOU WON'T TAKE
 IT FROM ME, DOBBSY.
 THAT MILLION DOLLARS
 IS MINE! MINE!

**BUS! BUS, CHERMAN'S
 HIT... HIT HARD...
 VOT ISS DIS?**



YOU'RE UP AGAINST THE VARSITY,
 SHYSTER! I'VE SHOT MORE GUYS
 THAN YOU'VE TRIED TO BAIL OUT
 OF CLINKS WITH YOUR PHONY
 CONNECTIONS! YOU'RE A SITTING
 PIGEON, SHYSTER!

NEVER DID LIKE YOU, SHYSTER!
 SHOULD'VE DONE THIS LONG AGO!
 IT'S NOT THE MILLION--IT'S
 NOT THAT YOU SHOT GERMAN--
 IT'S NOT EVEN THE DOUBLE-
 CROSS! IT'S JUST THAT I
 DON'T LIKE YOU, SHYSTER!

NO, BUS!
 NO!
PLEASE!
 STOP IT,
 BUS!



MISTER SHYSTER TO YOU!



WHREEEEEEEE
 COPPERS! WHEN SHYSTER SHOT
 NERVOUS JOE, SOME NOSEY NEIGHBOR
 MUST'VE PHONED THE COPS! MY GUN'S
 EMPTY! GOTTA USE YOURS, GERMAN!
 GUESS YOU DON'T
 MIND...

THE POLICE CLOSED IN ON BUS DOBBS. THEY RAISED TOMMY-GUNS---AND THEIR FIRE CRACKLED THROUGH THE NIGHT...

**RAT A TAT
A TAT A TAT
TAT A TAT**

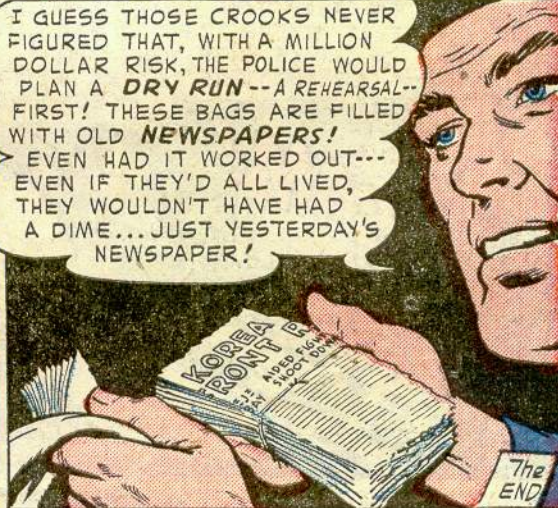
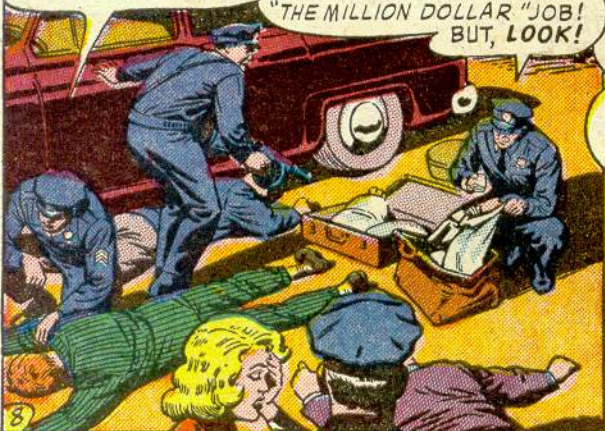
STOP THE SHOOTING!
STOP IT! THEY'RE
ALL DEAD! YOU GOT
DOBBS! HE'S FALLING
OVER! STOP
THE SHOOTING!



DEAD, ALL RIGHT!
DIED RIGHT THERE
ON THOSE BAGS!

HEY, BOYS! THIS WAS
THE HAUL MADE FROM
THE BANK! THIS WAS
"THE MILLION DOLLAR" JOB!
BUT, LOOK!

I GUESS THOSE CROOKS NEVER
FIGURED THAT, WITH A MILLION
DOLLAR RISK, THE POLICE WOULD
PLAN A **DRY RUN**--A REHEARSAL--
FIRST! THESE BAGS ARE FILLED
WITH OLD **NEWSPAPERS**!
EVEN HAD IT WORKED OUT---
EVEN IF THEY'D ALL LIVED,
THEY WOULDN'T HAVE HAD
A DIME... JUST YESTERDAY'S
NEWSPAPER!



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LARGEST SELLING HAIR TONIC!

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?



Don't give dandruff and dryness a chance to ruin the looks of your hair. Keep it neat and natural all day with Wildroot Cream-Oil. Made with the heart of Lanolin, so much like the natural oil of your skin! It's America's largest selling hair tonic...by far!



"Oh, boy - a whole case of
Wildroot Cream-Oil!"

FAST FOOTWORK FOILS FOREIGN AGENT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE STORY

HEY, SAM! THAT MAN'S TRYING TO WRECK A TRAIN!

I'LL FLAG DOWN THE FREIGHT. SURE GLAD JIM WISE TOLD US ABOUT "P-F's"

AND I'LL CALL THE STATE TROOPERS!

JIM WISE TELLS WHY "P-F" CANVAS SHOES HELP YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER!

1. THE IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE HELPS KEEP THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE NORMAL FOOT...DECREASING FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN, INCREASING ENDURANCE.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION®

THIS RED SHIRT MAKES A GOOD STOP SIGNAL... I HOPE!

FAST FOOTWORK, BOYS. YOU SAVED OUR LIVES AND AN IMPORTANT ARMS SHIPMENT!

AND HELPED CAPTURE A DANGEROUS FOREIGN AGENT

OUR "P-F's" HELPED US GO FULL SPEED!

TAKE A TIP FROM JIM WISE!

GET YOUR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES TODAY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW THEY HELP:

- ...LESSEN FOOT AND LEG MUSCLE STRAIN
- ...INCREASE ENDURANCE
- ...YOU GO FULL SPEED LONGER



INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES MADE ONLY BY Hood Rubber Company and B.F. Goodrich

CASEY

THE COP

THERE'S BEEN LOTS OF TRAFFIC VIOLATORS HERE LATELY.

WHY, THERE'S ONE NOW—
STOP!



ADVERTISEMENT

MAGIC TRICKS

THE MAGIC SUGAR CUBE

Have somebody mark his initials on a cube of sugar with a soft black lead pencil. Then drop the cube in a glass of water. Take his hand and hold it over the glass. When the cube has dissolved the mark will be on his hand!

HOW TO DO THE TRICK:

While he is marking the sugar, wet your thumb. When you drop the cube in the glass, press your wet thumb on the mark. It'll come off on your thumb. While you hold his hand over the glass, press your thumb on his hand and the mark will come off on it.

A Product of General Foods

MIX TRICKS

Here's a slick trick to make chocolate milk like magic—and make it disappear even faster! Just use new Baker's 4 in 1. Instantly new Baker's 4 in 1 makes luscious, more chocolate-y chocolate milk that tastes so extra-special good it'll be down the hatch in a flash! Tell Mom it's the fun way to drink milk and ask her to get you the large 1-lb. economy size of new Baker's 4 in 1 Instant Cocoa Mix.



Everything CHOCOLATE
tastes best when it's BAKER'S!

I AM A KILLER.
I DO NOT REMEMBER
EXACTLY HOW MANY
MEN I HAVE
KILLED. I BELIEVE
THE ESTIMATE TO
BE 10. I WORKED
FOR THE UNDER-
WORLD AND WAS
SOUGHT BY THE
POLICE. PERHAPS
ALREADY YOU KNOW
MY IDENTITY. IF NOT,
MAYBE YOU CAN
GUESS! BUT, REMEMBER,
I WAS...

BORN TO KILL!



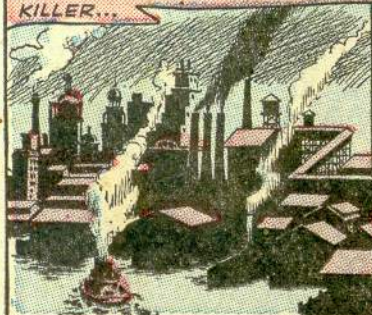
THIS IS WHITEY DEVORE,
A SMALL-TIME CROOK,
WHO HAD BIG IDEAS.
HE LIVED BY THE
GUN... BUT WAS
DESTINED TO DIE
NOT BY IT, BUT
BECAUSE OF IT!

I WAS BORN IN BRIDGEPORT,
CONNECTICUT... NOT VERY FAR
FROM WHERE I WAS LATER
TO FORGE A GRIM, DRAMATIC
CAREER FOR MYSELF... FROM
THE MOMENT I FIRST CAME
INTO THE WORLD, MY LOT
WAS TO BE THAT OF A
KILLER...

MY FIRST, AND DEADLIEST ACQUAINTANCE, IN GANGLAND WAS
WHITEY DEVORE. I STILL REMEMBER THAT DAY, OCT. 28th 1950,
IN FRONT OF THE PAWN SHOP...

OKAY...I GOT IT! LET'S GET
DOWN TO THE CORNER...
WHERE WE CAN TALK!
OKAY, WHITEY?

WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
MAC!



HERE IT IS... ABOUT THE BEST THEY HAD! LIKE IT?

A GUN'S A GUN, MAC! THEY'RE ALL ALIKE! YOU PULL THE TRIGGER AND IT GOES OFF... AND MAYBE SOMEBODY GETS HURT! NOW... WHAT'S THE STORY ON THIS GUY YOU WANT RUBBED OUT TONIGHT?

HIS NAME'S PETER SHELVIN... HE'S MR. FOSTER'S BIGGEST RIVAL... AND HE'S GOTTA GO! MR. FOSTER RUNS THIS TOWN, YOU SEE? AND LOTS OF ORGANIZATIONS WORK FOR MR. FOSTER. JOE TUTTLE WORKS FOR MR. FOSTER... AND I WORK FOR JOE TUTTLE...

SOUNDS LIKE A LOT O' RED TAPE TO ME...

WHEN MR. FOSTER TELLS JOE TUTTLE TO GET SOMEONE, JOE THEN COMES TO ME, AN' HE SAYS TO ME, "MAC, THIS GUY'S GOTTA GO." SO THEN HE GOES, YOU GUYS ARE FROM OUT OF TOWN... TOLEDO, YOU SAID. WE'RE HIRIN' YOU SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN OUT OF TOWN JOB. SEE?

SHELVIN, EH? GIVE ME THE ADDRESS!



SHELVIN'S TOUGH... SO BE CAREFUL! DO THIS JOB GOOD FOR OLD MAC, AND MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN GET TO MEET JOE TUTTLE! HE'S BIG, BOY... VERY BIG. AND THE PAY IS HIGH! OKAY, WHITEY? SHELVIN'S AS GOOD AS ON A SLAB RIGHT NOW!

DON'T WORRY!



THAT NIGHT, AT TEN O'CLOCK, WHITEY DEVORE, "ONE-EYE" PETE SELLS AND GEORGIE BLAKE WENT TO A WEST SIDE APARTMENT. GEORGIE BLAKE RANG THE DOORBELL, AND...

HI, SHELVIN! MR. FOSTER SENT ME! GET IT?

YOU GOT NERVE, SONNY! PLENTY OF NERVE! I'LL SAY THAT!



SHOTS RANG OUT FROM INSIDE, AND GEORGIE BLAKE DROPPED TO THE FLOOR, KICKING AND COUGHING... THEN WHITEY DEVORE AND "ONE-EYE" PETE SELLS MOVED IN...



SUDDENLY, IT WAS VERY QUIET. SHELVIN AND HIS TWO HOODS WERE DEAD, SO WAS GEORGIE BLAKE.



POLICE SIRENS BROUGHT WHITEY AND "ONE-EYE" TO THE HALLWAY WINDOW...

COPS!
SOMEBODY HEARD THE SHOTS... AND PHONED IN!

WE GOTTA BEAT IT, BOY!

WE'RE ON THE SIXTH FLOOR... I'LL JAM THE ELEVATOR DOOR, SO THE COPS CAN'T BRING IT DOWN! THAT'LL GIVE US TIME TO GET TO THE ROOF!



FROM THE ROOF, THEY DROPPED TO A LOWER, ADJOINING BUILDING, THEN MADE THEIR WAY TO THE STREET. AFTERWARDS, THEY WENT TO A HIDEOUT, AND JOINED A MAN CALLED CHOPPER FRANKS...

CHOPPER AND ME'S WORRIED, WHITEY! YOU USUALLY DON'T PACE THE FLOOR LIKE THAT! WHAT'S WRONG, WHITEY?

WE WERE SOLD OUT BY MAC! HE TIPPED OFF THE COPS! HE DID IT SO THE COPS WOULD GET US... I THINK IT WAS AN OLD GRUDGE FIGHT BETWEEN SHELVIN AND SOME OUT-OF-TOWN HOODS! THAT WOULD CLEAR HIM AND JOE TUTTLE AND MR. FOSTER! GET IT?

I DON'T THINK MAC SOLD US OUT TO THE COPS! BUT IF I WANNA GET WHAT I'M AFTER... I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE THESE GUYS HE DID!

I NEVER SECOND GUESS! MAC SOLD US OUT! WE GOTTA GET HIM!

HOW? THAT AIN'T TOUGH TO FIGURE OUT!

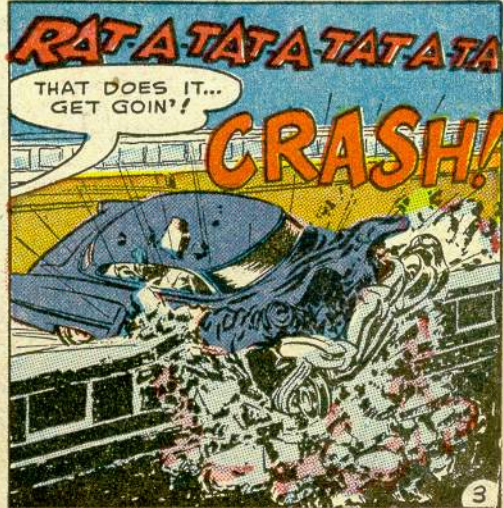
YOU SURE?



ON THE NIGHT OF THE 29th, A SEDAN CROSSED THE BRIDGE LEADING TO LONG ISLAND...

OKAY... THAT'S MAC'S CAR! GIVE IT TO 'EM, CHOPPER! MOVE OUT, "ONE-EYE!"

OKE! HERE GOES!



RAT-A-TATA TATATA

THAT DOES IT... GET GOIN'!

CRASH!



CHOPPER GOT THE OTHER TWO GUYS WITH HIS TOMMY-GUN... BUT WE GOT MAC, DIDN'T WE? YOU AND I GOT MAC, PERSONALLY! THAT'S HOW I WANTED IT!



THAT SAME NIGHT, WHITEY DEVORE WENT TO JOE TUTTLE'S APARTMENT, A PENTHOUSE OVERLOOKING THE EAST RIVER...

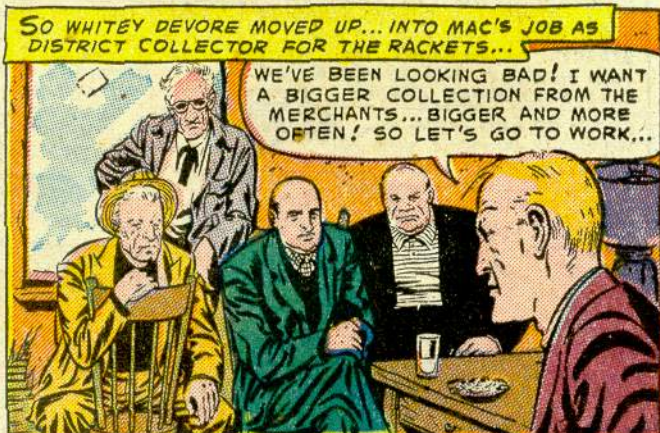
... SO AFTER YOU DID THE JOB, MAC PUT THE COPS ON YOU! THAT WAS A DUMB PLAY... CAN'T BLAME YOU GUYS FOR GUNNING HIM! I'M GLAD YOU CAME STRAIGHT TO ME! MAYBE I'VE GOT A DEAL...

I THOUGHT YOU'D THINK ALONG THOSE LINES, MR. TUTTLE!



I THINK YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES, WHITEY! AND IT TOOK PLENTY TO GUN MAC AND HIS BOYS! THAT LEAVES HIS JOB OPEN! I BELIEVE YOU CAN HANDLE IT! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

I'LL TAKE IT, MR. TUTTLE. I CAN HANDLE IT FOR YOU!



SO WHITEY DEVORE MOVED UP... INTO MAC'S JOB AS DISTRICT COLLECTOR FOR THE RACKETEERS...

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING BAD! I WANT A BIGGER COLLECTION FROM THE MERCHANTS... BIGGER AND MORE OFTEN! SO LET'S GO TO WORK...

THE LOWER WEST SIDE MERCHANTS WERE THE FIRST TO BE HIT!



THEY'LL PAY OFF NOW... BUT GOOD!

OKAY... NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE SECOND STEP! WE'RE MOVING UP ANOTHER NOTCH! I CAN COOK UP A STORY ABOUT JOE TUTTLE... AND WE GET HIM! THEN I'LL GET HIS JOB! OKAY?



THEN ONE NIGHT, WHITEY WAITED UNDERNEATH THE ELEVATED LINES WITH "ONE-EYE" PETE SELLS AND CHOPPER FRANKS... AT 11:55...

HI, JOE! BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU! YOU BEEN HOLDIN' OUT ON THE MOB... AND ON MR. FOSTER! WE DON'T LIKE IT, JOE!

ARE YOU CRAZY? TAKE IT EASY, WHITEY! I NEVER HELD OUT ON MR. FOSTER. I...

NO, WHITEY! DON'T! DROP DEAD, BUSTER, FAST LIKE!

THE KILLERS THEN GOT INTO A SEDAN AND ROARED ACROSS TOWN... HANG UP

ANOTHER MEDAL... WE GOT JOE TUTTLE! FIRST MAC... THEN JOE TUTTLE! WE'RE MOVIN' UP... FAST! NOW I SEE MR. FOSTER PERSONALLY...



NEXT DAY, MAY 4th, WHITEY WAS GREETED BY MR. FOSTER...

I'VE BEEN HEARING LOTS ABOUT YOU, WHITEY! YOU'RE MY KIND OF BOY! I LIKE YOU! YOU DON'T LET ANYBODY PUSH YOU AROUND! FIRST YOU GOT MAC... THEN JOE! WELL, THOSE TWO DESERVED IT! I'M GLAD YOU DID IT!

I CAN TRUST YOU, WHITEY... I KNOW IT! LIKE I SAY... YOU'RE MY KIND OF BOY! I WANT YOU TO TAKE OVER JOE TUTTLE'S PLACE... RUN THE WHOLE SHOW! HIS PENTHOUSE GOES WITH IT! OKAY, SON?

THANKS, MR. FOSTER! YOU WON'T REGRET THIS... AND THERE WON'T BE NO MORE GUYS CROSSING YOU!



WHITEY BECAME MR. FOSTER'S STOOGES, AND INCHED HIS WAY BIT BY BIT INTO THE CRIME CZAR'S CONFIDENCE. THEN, ON A HOT JULY NIGHT...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE GUN? I CAME OVER HERE TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBILITIES OF YOUR TAKING OVER MY WHOLE SHOW FOR ME.

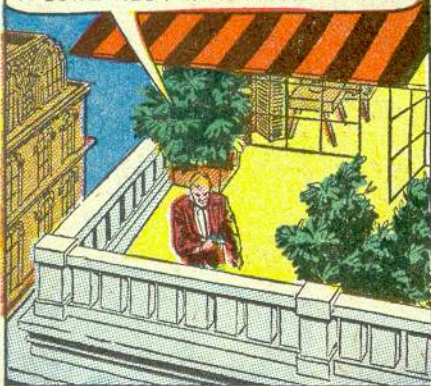
I'M TAKING OVER, MR. FOSTER... YEAH! BUT NOT FOR YOU... LET'S SAY... INSTEAD OF YOU!

DUMP HIM, ONE-EYE! YOU KNOW HOW!



AS "ONE-EYE" DEPARTED, WHITEY WALKED TO THE TERRACE BALCONY...

I HATE TO LET YOU GO, PAL! BUT THE COPS WILL THINK I'M A NATURAL FOR KILLING FOSTER... AND YOU'LL BE THE ONLY ONE TO TIE ME UP WITH IT! SO OVER YOU GO...FOR A LONG REST IN THE EAST RIVER!



NO! THAT'S **WRONG!** THEY'D DRAG THE RIVER... WOULDN'T THEY? THEY'D FIGURE ME TO TOSS YOU OVER THE TERRACE! I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! PAL, RIGHT NOW, I'M TAKIN' YOU SOME PLACE ELSE!



WHITEY DROVE ACROSS TOWN, TO THE HUDSON RIVER, AND THERE, ON A PIER...

LIKE I SAID, PAL... I HATE TO LET YOU GO! BUT NOW YOU'VE BECOME DANGEROUS... TOO DANGEROUS TO HAVE AROUND. SO IN YOU GO... SO LONG!



WHITEY WAS PICKED UP, OF COURSE, BUT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY NEEDED THE WEAPON FOR AN AIRTIGHT CASE...

WE'VE TRACED THE GUN RIGHT TO WHITEY DEVORE THROUGH OTHER CRIMES! BALLISTICS PROVE IT'S HIS GUN! NOW... WE MUST HAVE THAT GUN! DRAG THE RIVER...NEAR HIS FLAT! BUT FIND THAT GUN!



THE GUN WASN'T FOUND, OF COURSE...IN THE EAST RIVER. BUT DURING THE DAYS BEFORE THE TRIAL CAME A SENSATIONAL BREAK. SOME KIDS WERE SWIMMING OFF A HUDSON RIVER PIER...

JIMMY DOVE AFTER THE DIME, OFFICER CALHOUN... AND HE BROUGHT THIS UP! A GUN!

AND IT MIGHT BE JUST THE GUN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR! I'LL CALL THE D.A. AT ONCE!



IT WAS A **POLICE SERVICE PISTOL**... LOST BY PATROLMAN DREWS TWO YEARS AGO IN A WEST SIDE GUN FIGHT! NOW IT'S COME HOME TO CONVICT A KILLER! WHATTA YOU KNOW!



THEY'VE BLOCKED UP THE BARREL! THE GUN'S BEING "RETIRED!" IT WILL STAY WITH THE OTHER HONOR TROPHIES.

IT TOOK ITS TOLL OF GANGLAND...IN THE HANDS OF A GANGSTER! BUT IT WAS ALWAYS A **POLICEMAN'S PISTOL!** IRONIC, HUH?



AND THAT'S WHERE I HANG TO THIS DAY... IN THE TROPHY ROOM. MY VIOLENT CAREER IS ENDED FOREVER! AND PERHAPS NOW YOU'VE GUESSED WHO I AM. I AM A PISTOL!

THE END

\$15,000⁰⁰ IN PRIZES!

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500 each month... Favored by experts and beginners. Professional-type eye level view finder. Synchro-nized for flash. Ansco's latest for black and white or color shots.

1531 PRIZES IN ALL

Hey Gang!

—If you're one of the first 2,000 entrants, we'll send you absolutely free Major Colby's 32 page book "Our Fighting Jets" illustrating and describing many of the Jets in action today.



Take off! Get your entry in NOW!

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MYSTERY IN SPACE
MUTT & JEFF
OUR ARMY AT WAR

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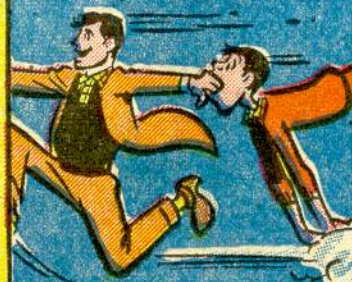
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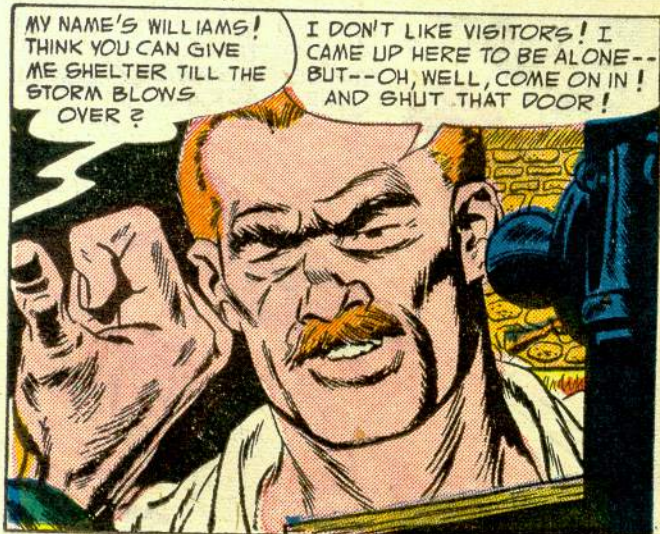
BE SURE
TO GET THE
LATEST ISSUE
OF
THE ADVENTURES OF
Dean
MARTIN and
Jerry
LEWIS
TODAY!





HUNTER'S ALIBI!

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!



MAYBE HE WON'T MIND IF I BORROW ONE! I SAW HIM DROP A PACK IN HERE LAST NIGHT!



THEN, TO HIS STUNNED SURPRISE ...

HOLY CAT--
IT'S CRANSHAW! EVEN WITH THAT MUSTACHE HE GREW, IT HASN'T DISGUISED HIM! *HMM...* WANTED FOR MURDER! NO WONDER HE LIKES TO BE ALONE!



SO YOU FOUND OUT WHO I AM? TOO BAD, MISTER-- FOR YOU!

WAIT A MINUTE! I DON'T CARE WHO YOU ARE! REALLY!

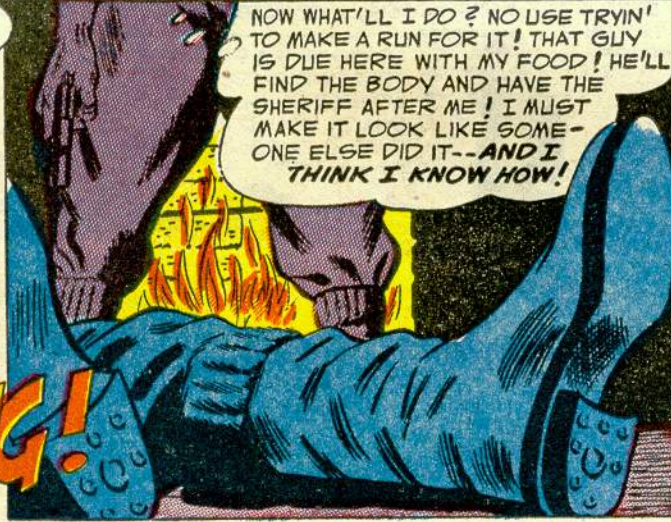


DON'T KID ME! I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY! YOU'D SPILL TO THE COPS THE MINUTE YOU GOT OUT OF HERE! BUT YOU NEVER WILL!

NO, DON'T SHOOT--!



NOW WHAT'LL I DO? NO USE TRYIN' TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT! THAT GUY IS DUE HERE WITH MY FOOD! HE'LL FIND THE BODY AND HAVE THE SHERIFF AFTER ME! I MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SOME-ONE ELSE DID IT--AND I THINK I KNOW HOW!



ROBBERY AND MURDER BY A PERSON UNKNOWN! THAT'S WHAT THE POLICE WILL SAY. FIRST I'LL TAKE HIS MONEY AND MINE AND BURY IT WITH THE GUN!



NOW I'LL MAKE TWO SETS OF TRACKS-- ONE LEADING FROM THE SHACK...

...AND THE OTHER LEADING TO THE SHACK!





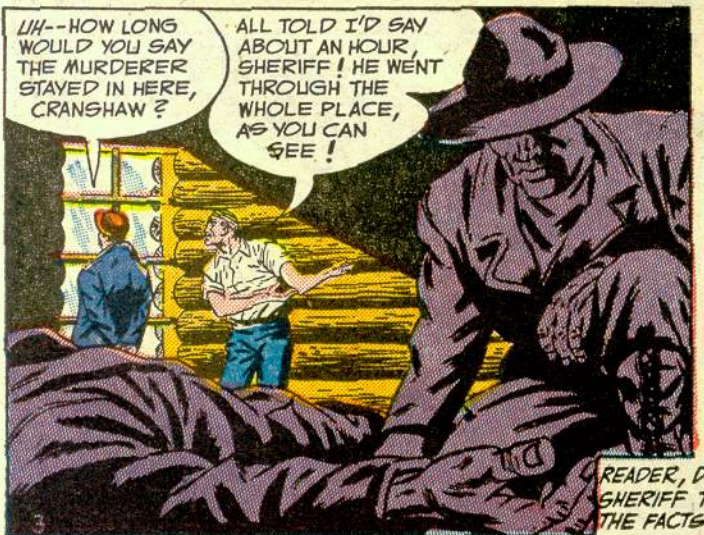
FINALLY, AFTER THE CRAFTY KILLER UPSETS THE ROOM AND INFLECTS A SUPERFICIAL WOUND ON HIS OWN HEAD...



AN HOUR LATER, SHERIFF TOM WILSON AND A DEPUTY TRUDGE TOWARD THE SHACK...



SOON, INSIDE... NO, SHERIFF -- CAN'T SAY I SAW THE KILLER BEFORE! AS I WAS SAYIN', HE BARGED IN HERE, HELD US UP, AND RANSACKED THE PLACE! THEN, WHEN THIS STRANGER RESISTED, HE SHOT HIM, AND KNOCKED ME ON THE HEAD!



SURE I CAN SEE, CRANSHAW--**I CAN SEE YOU'RE LYING, TOO?** AND BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH YOU, I'LL KNOW **WHY!**



READER, DID YOU NOTICE THE SLIP-UP THAT TOLD THE SHERIFF THAT CRANSHAW WAS LYING? IF NOT, REVIEW THE FACTS OF THE CASE, THEN READ THE NEXT PAGE!



GANG BUSTERS



DON'T RUSH ME, CRANSHAW--I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS AFTER YOU ANSWER MINE. YOU SAY THE KILLER SPENT A FULL HOUR IN HERE!



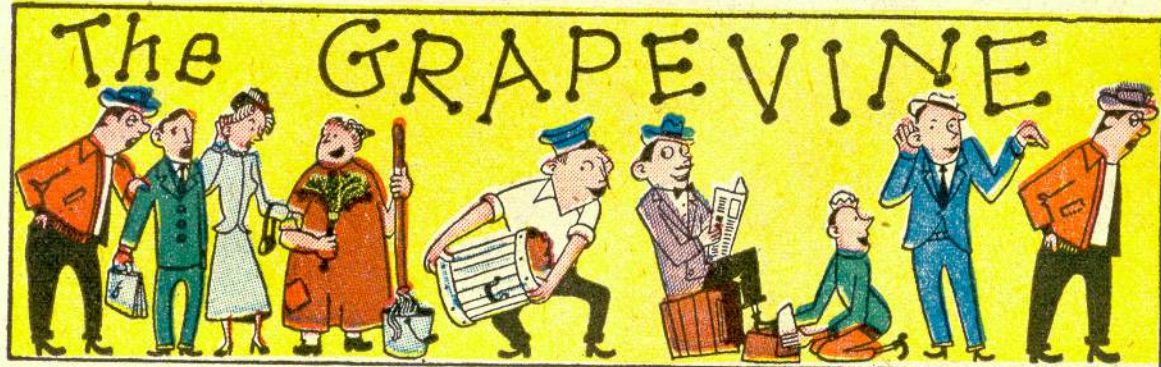
THE SHERIFF KEPT HIS PROMISE. ON APRIL 5TH, MICHAEL CRANDALL PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIMES, BRINGING TO AN END A LONG CAREER OF LAWBREAKING!



SUPERMAN IS ON TELEVISION!

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

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GREAT NEW SHOW FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



ART SLEUTH

SEVERAL hundred years ago, a French painter, who was unsuccessful in selling his own works, hit upon the idea of imitating one of the masters, forging his name, and disposing it as an original. Since then, countless copyists have produced works of art ostensibly by Gainsborough, Van Dyck, da Vinci, Titian, Corot, Rubens, and Rembrandt, to name a few of the greatest. Private collectors and museums, for years, fell prey to these canvas counterfeiters until science stepped in.

Today, thanks to streamlined methods and equipment, we have the art detective. His tools are his vast, expert knowledge of painting, ultra-violet, infra-red, and X-rays, chemicals, and the microscope. Yet, despite his keen observation and analysis, skepticism sometimes persists.

For instance, when a painter was recently accused of having forged a Picasso in Paris, police were reluctant to make the arrest even after the buyer had hired a gumshoe from the gallery of the Louvre. It was only when Picasso himself identified it as a fake that the hoax was exposed, and the painter-perpetrator arrested.

Perhaps the most notorious pigment-

forgery was Hans van Meegeren, a Dutch magazine illustrator, who imitated the masters so successfully that he amassed a \$5,000,000 fortune. Most likely, he would still be engaged in a brisk trade if he hadn't been arrested and tried, a few years ago, for Nazi collaboration during the war.

To deny this charge, van Meegeren insisted that a Pieter de Hooches landscape he had sold to Herman Goering for a quarter of a million dollars was a fake. Judge and jury delayed the verdict until the canvas was examined in the courtroom. Even when it was pronounced a fraud by experts, the jury debated, until the judge instructed them to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty.

How do these art detectives operate? The Brooklyn Museum not so long ago submitted an alleged landscape by the 17th century Dutch artist Hobbema to Sheldon Keck, one of the country's foremost authorities. After close scrutiny, Keck kicked. The wormholes in the frame were as phony as the painting, whose blue paint, microchemical study revealed, contained Prussian blue. Keck knew that Prussian blue was not used until many years after the artist's death. Moreover, crackles allegedly caused by age, were actually painted.

TWIN TROUBLES

When Gene Trumbull arrived at a Southern prison, he was astonished to find his own twin brother incarcerated. Under the assumed name of Moddox, brother Bill was serving a 50-year stretch for armed robbery. Gene knew that brother Bill was a canny one, and if he could help it, Gene would not be electrocuted one certain dawn not far off, as the court had ordered.

Yet on the appointed morning, Gene was escorted through the little green door of the lethal chamber, strapped into the chair. Had his brother Bill erred, he thought fleetingly, for death was but moments away. Abruptly, the overhead lights blinked, then went out. Prisoner Gene was marched back to his cell, while the warden and a couple of guards went to inspect the cause for the sudden power failure.

They found it, all right. Someone had put emery dust into the lubricant of the power plant's generator, in an attempt to burn out the bearings. Who was guilty? They found him, all right, too, and it was easy to reconstruct what had occurred.

Brother Bill had come to check on his deviltry. Wondering whether the smoking bearings of the generator would burn out in time, he decided not to risk waiting, by hurling a crowbar into the giant flywheel, in order to wreck it instantly. But the crowbar ricocheted from the spinning flywheel, pinning brother Bill to the knife switch, controlling the power.

Brother Bill was dead by electrocution. Brother Gene died similarly soon after, as the state had prescribed.

CRIME QUIZ

Here are five questions, graded at 20 points each. Sixty is the passing

mark, but even if you don't attain that, you must admit you'll have learned something.

1) a: In which mystery story does the sound of bells figure as the murder weapon? b: When was an animal accused of being the murderer? c: In which story does the narrator eventually turn out to be the killer?

2) Not all detectives are endowed with all their faculties. In the field of fiction, for instance, can you name one who is (a) nameless; (b) carries two canes; (c) blind; (d) deaf?

3) Can a cast impression be made of a footprint in the snow so that the replica can later be used as evidence against the killer?

4) Can you name a mystery story writer who is, or was: (a) a manufacturer; (b) a professor; (c) an actress; (d) a doctor?

5) Why is gunpowder black?

color.
5) The charcoal is what gives it its color.
thur Conan Doyle.

Dine; c: Patricia Collinge; d: Sir Ar-

4) a: H. W. Roden; b: S. S. Van

be made of the hard form which results.

ness is built up. A plaster cast can then

lac—continues alternately until a thick-

added. This process—powder and shel-

der, after which a layer of shellac is

is sprayed with a layer of talcum pow-

3) Yes. The footprint in the snow

Lane," by Barnaby Ross.

Rados," by Ernst Bramah; d: "Drury

by John Jackson Carr; c: "Max Car-

by Baroness Orczy; b: "Gideon Fell,"

2) a: "The Old Man in the Corner,"

of Roger Ackroyd," by Agatha Christie.

Morgue," by Edgar Allan Poe; "Murder

othy Sayers; "The Murders in the Rue

1) a: "The Nine Tailors," by Dor-

ANSWERS

JAIL By any NAME!

"HOOSEGOW" COMES FROM THE MEXICAN-SPANISH WORD **JUZGADO**, FROM THE VERB, TO JUDGE. THE SPANISH "J" IS PRONOUNCED "H"!



ANOTHER SLANG NAME FOR JAIL IS "JUG" FROM THE REFERENCE TO A STONE JUG... A DEEP, SMOOTH VESSEL FROM WHICH ESCAPE IS IMPOSSIBLE!



"Clink," ANOTHER TERM FOR JAIL, COMES FROM LONDON, FROM A DISTRICT KNOWN AS "LIBERTY OF THE CLINK," NOT FAR FROM SHAKESPEARE'S GLOBE THEATRE!



HERE, IN A DISMAL STRUCTURE LOCATED ON CLINK STREET, DEBTORS WERE IMPRISONED! THE PRISON CAME TO BE KNOWN POPULARLY AS "THE CLINK"!



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I am enclosing 25¢ in coin plus a 3¢ stamp and one (1) Necco Wafer wrapper.

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NAME.....please print

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Void where restricted. Hurry, Hurry, offer limited to present supply.

ESCAPE!

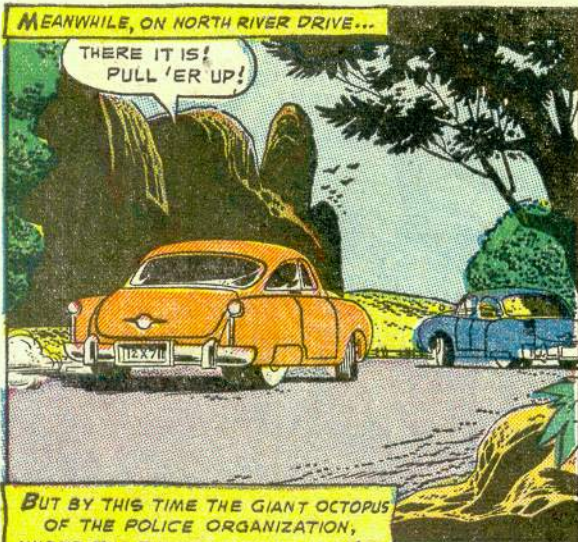
HE HAD VOWED THAT THE PRISON HADN'T YET BEEN BUILT THAT COULD HOLD HIM-- THEN, ONE BLEAK WINTER MORNING, HE MADE HIS BOAST COME TRUE!

THAT PLANE WILL CRASH, AND THE POLICE WILL NEVER FIND ME NOW... **NEVER!**



MEANWHILE, ON NORTH RIVER DRIVE...

THERE IT IS!
PULL 'ER UP!



BUT BY THIS TIME THE GIANT OCTOPUS OF THE POLICE ORGANIZATION, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF LT. MICHAEL R. HALL, WAS UNCOILING! IN A ROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR AT HEAD-QUARTERS...

THIS IS THE AREA! I WANT IT SEALED OFF AS TIGHT AS A DRUM! ROAD BLOCKS! MEN AT UNION STATION! ALL OUTGOING BUS AND PLANE SCHEDULES SUSPENDED AS OF NOW! THAT'S ALL!



THEN, 18 MINUTES LATER, AT THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED WILD WOOD AIRPORT, OUTSIDE CLINTON CITY, A FOUR-DOOR BLACK SEDAN BRAKED TO A STOP, AND...

MIKE'S INSIDE THE WAITING ROOM WITH YOUR TICKET, MR. CONRAD! STEP INSIDE, SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM, AND HE'LL SLIP IT TO YOU!

EVERYTHING'S OKAY. YOU'RE AS GOOD AS IN THE AIR RIGHT NOW!



EVERYTHING ALL SET?

SPINNING LIKE A TOP, MR. CONRAD! CHANGE INTO THESE CLOTHES --- THEN WE'LL SWITCH OVER TO THE OTHER CAR!



INSIDE...

...YES, LIEUTENANT, I UNDERSTAND--- ALL FLIGHTS ARE TO BE CANCELLED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE! YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE HAVE A PLANE DUE TO LEAVE IN FIVE MINUTES!

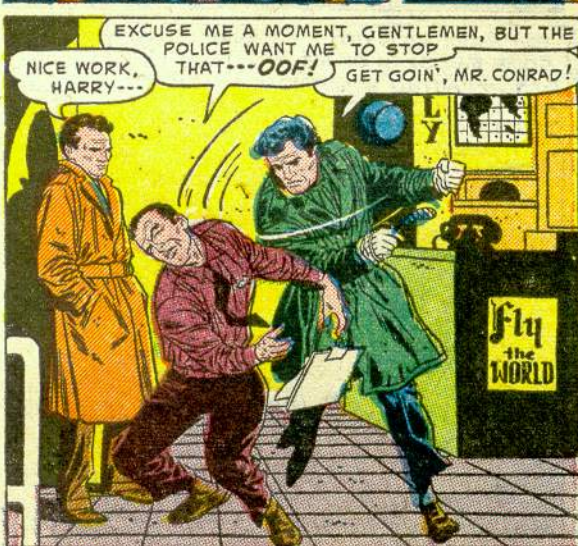


EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, GENTLEMEN, BUT THE POLICE WANT ME TO STOP

NICE WORK, HARRY---

THAT--- OOF!

GET GOIN', MR. CONRAD!



SPLIT SECONDS AFTER THE TAKE-OFF...

STOP! WHERE'S THAT PLANE GOING? I ORDERED ALL PLANES GROUNDED!

IN HERE, LIEUTENANT, QUICK!





ISN'T THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO, LIEUTENANT? HOW ABOUT SENDING UP SOME ARMY PLANES?

THAT'D BE DANDY--IF WE HAD ANY IDEA WHERE HE WAS HEADING! BUT THERE AREN'T ENOUGH ARMY PLANES TO PATROL EVERY SQUARE MILE FROM HERE TO CHICAGO! WAIT--- YOU GAVE ME AN IDEA! BACK TO HEADQUARTERS--- I WANT TO SPEAK TO COLONEL MASON!



MEANWHILE, ALOFT, IN THE SPEEDING PLANE...

THAT'S IT! NOW VEER SOUTH FOR 15 MILES AND WE'RE THERE! JUST FOLLOW THIS COURSE! BUT MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE AND YOU'RE A DEAD BIRD!

OKAY, OKAY---



MINUTES LATER...

HERE WE ARE! AND THERE'S NOTHING BUT A CORNFIELD DOWN THERE! WANT ME TO PUT THE PLANE DOWN NOW?

PUT THE PLANE DOWN?

WHAT D'YA TAKE ME FOR, A SUCKER? HOW LONG WOULD IT TAKE YOU TO GET TO THE COPS AND SPILL AFTER I GOT OFF, HUH? HOW LONG?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

BUT IF THIS BOAT CRASHES AND BURNS TO A CINDER, WITH EVERYBODY IN IT--- MAYBE THE COPS WILL STOP LOOKIN' FOR ME! YOU KNOW WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS WILL SAY? EVERYBODY ABOARD KILLED! HA, HA --- NOT SO DUMB, EH, FLYBOY?

NO, NO-- YOU COULDN'T-- THERE ARE WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE CABIN BACK THERE!

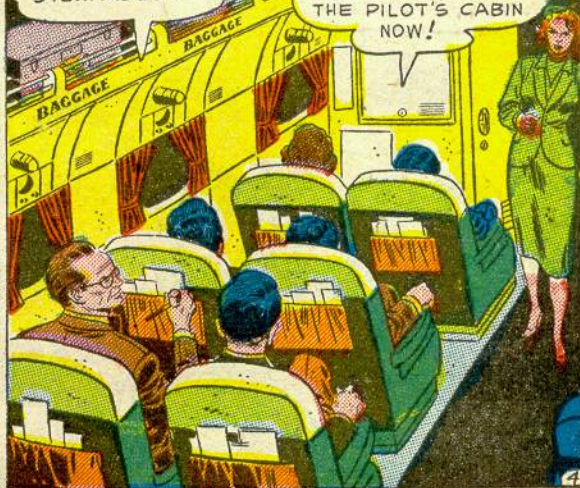


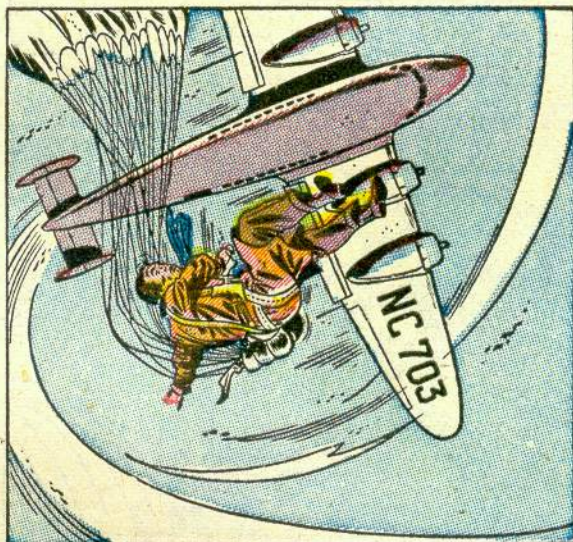
STOP, SISTER, YOU'RE BREAKING MY HEART! I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYBODY BUT ME!



SAY, WHERE IS THAT STEWARDESS?

THAT'S PROBABLY HER COMING OUT OF THE PILOT'S CABIN NOW!





THAT PLANE--- I
JUMPED FROM--- **IT'S**
LANDING
SAFELY!

YES, WE KNOW CONRAD---
WE'VE BEEN IN CONTACT
WITH IT BY RADIO!

THE STEWARDESS KNEW HOW TO
HANDLE THE PLANE UNTIL ONE OF
THE PILOTS YOU CONKED
RECOVERED--- YOU'RE LUCKY
SHE DID OR YOU'D BE FACING
A MURDER RAP, INSTEAD OF
AN **ATTEMPTED MURDER**
CHARGE!

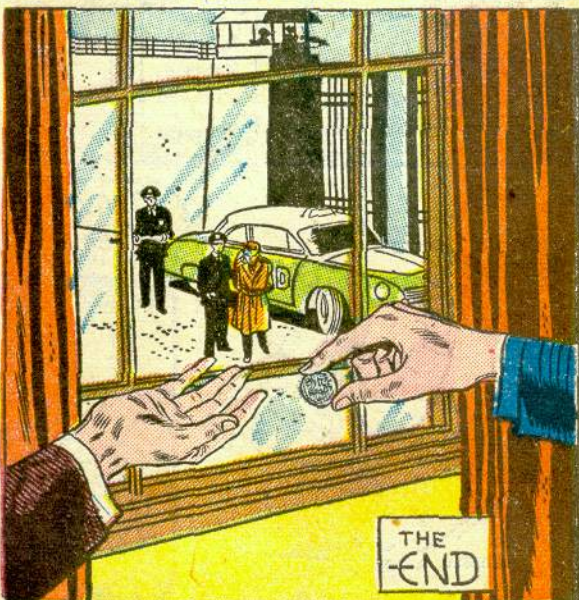
N-**NOTHING**
WENT RIGHT---
NOTHING!



NEXT DAY AT CLINTON PRISON...

DO YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE?

SURE DO, AND I
REMEMBER, WARDEN--- YOU
BET ME TWO BITS THAT HE'D
BE BACK HERE WITHIN
48 HOURS!



THE
END

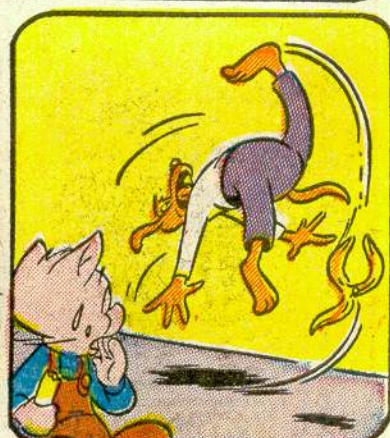
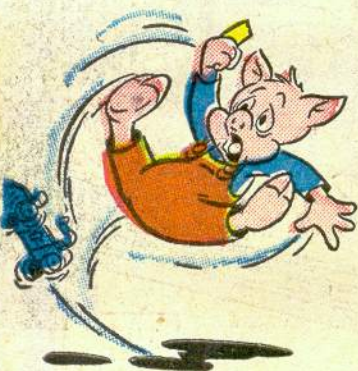
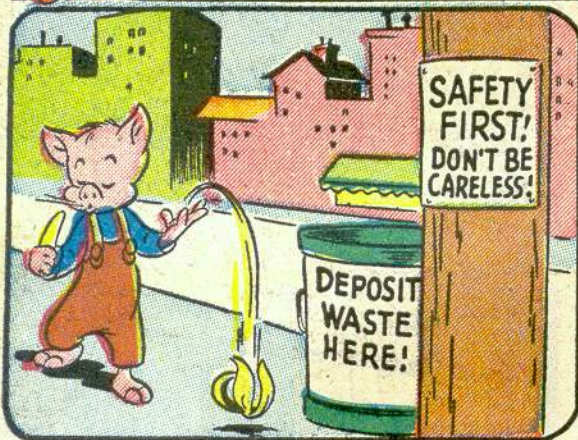


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of the **BEST** in
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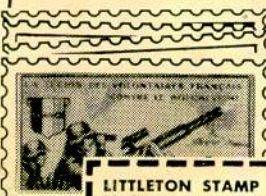
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