

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



DEC. - JAN.
NO. 37

10c

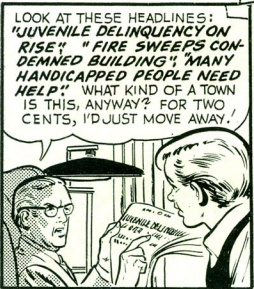
GANG BUSTERS

WE CHALLENGE YOU TO GUESS
THE SURPRISE ENDING TO THIS
SENSATIONAL POLICE DRAGNET
FOR... *"The KILLER
of CAPE BARRIER!"*



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

Binky says: "KNOW YOUR COMMUNITY!"



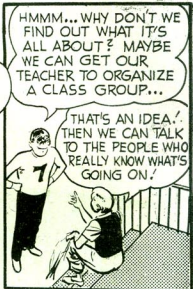
LOOK AT THESE HEADLINES: "JUVENILE DELINQUENCY ON RISE!" "FIRE SWEEPS CONDEMNED BUILDING!" "MANY HANDICAPPED PEOPLE NEED HELP!" WHAT KIND OF A TOWN IS THIS, ANYWAY? FOR TWO CENTS, I'D JUST MOVE AWAY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOE? YOU LOOK PRETTY BLUE!

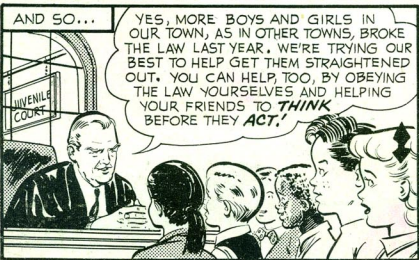


AW, MY FATHER IS DISGUSTED WITH THIS TOWN WHEN HE SEES HEADLINES LIKE THESE. I DON'T WANT TO MOVE, BINKY-- I LIKE IT HERE!



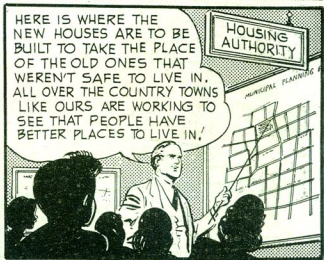
HMMM... WHY DON'T WE FIND OUT WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT? MAYBE WE CAN GET OUR TEACHER TO ORGANIZE A CLASS GROUP...

THAT'S AN IDEA! THEN WE CAN TALK TO THE PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON!

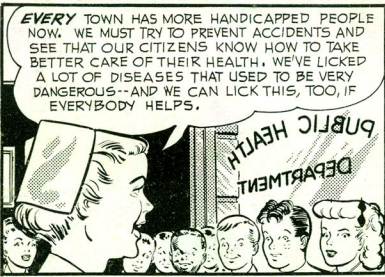


AND SO...

YES, MORE BOYS AND GIRLS IN OUR TOWN, AS IN OTHER TOWNS, BROKE THE LAW LAST YEAR. WE'RE TRYING OUR BEST TO HELP GET THEM STRAIGHTENED OUT. YOU CAN HELP, TOO, BY OBEYING THE LAW YOURSELVES AND HELPING YOUR FRIENDS TO THINK BEFORE THEY ACT!



HERE IS WHERE THE NEW HOUSES ARE TO BE BUILT TO TAKE THE PLACE OF THE OLD ONES THAT WEREN'T SAFE TO LIVE IN. ALL OVER THE COUNTRY TOWNS LIKE OURS ARE WORKING TO SEE THAT PEOPLE HAVE BETTER PLACES TO LIVE IN.



EVERY TOWN HAS MORE HANDICAPPED PEOPLE NOW. WE MUST TRY TO PREVENT ACCIDENTS AND SEE THAT OUR CITIZENS KNOW HOW TO TAKE BETTER CARE OF THEIR HEALTH. WE'VE LICKED A LOT OF DISEASES THAT USED TO BE VERY DANGEROUS--AND WE CAN LICK THIS, TOO, IF EVERYBODY HELPS.



I'M GOING TO TELL MY DAD ABOUT ALL THE THINGS WE LEARNED, BINKY. WHEN HE KNOWS PEOPLE IN OUR TOWN ARE WORKING HARD TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, I THINK HE'LL WANT TO STAY HERE AND HELP!

I BET HE WILL, JOE. IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO KNOW YOUR COMMUNITY SO YOU CAN LEARN WHAT IT NEEDS TO MAKE THINGS BETTER. THAT'S BEING A GOOD CITIZEN!

IT WAS A UNIQUE GANG. IT FUNCTIONED MOSTLY BEHIND PRISON WALLS! THE LAW KNEW THAT THIS GANG PLOTTED CLEVER ESCAPES FOR WEALTHY CONVICTS. THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO SMASH THIS MOB, AND THAT WAS BY INVADING THE HIDDEN LAIR AND ROUTING OUT THE BOSS BEHIND...

"CRASHOUT INC!"

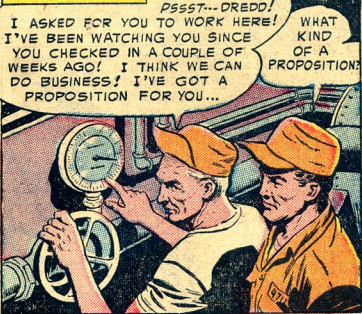


I WAS ARRESTED FOR GEM SMUGGLING, TRIED, CONVICTED... AND SENTENCED TO A GREAT EASTERN PRISON. MY IDENTITY AS ALAN DREDD WAS REPLACED WITH A NUMBER-47113...

AT THE PRISON LAUNDRY, I REPORTED TO THE CON FOREMAN, HARRY MADDERN, SERVING FOR FORGERY...



DREDD--- STEP OUT! REPORT TO THE LAUNDRY FOR WORK!



PSST--DREDD! I ASKED FOR YOU TO WORK HERE! I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU SINCE YOU CHECKED IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO! I THINK WE CAN DO BUSINESS! I'VE GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU...

WHAT KIND OF A PROPOSITION?

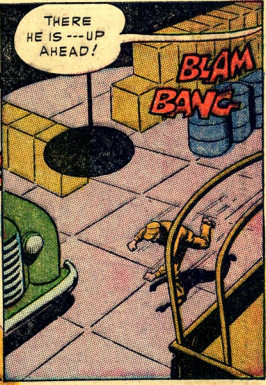
WHREEEEEE WHREEEEEE

THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY! THEY'LL SEARCH HERE FIRST! I CAN'T BE INVOLVED, HIT ME... **KNOCK ME OUT!** IT'S GOT TO LOOK AS IF YOU **FORCED** YOUR WAY IN...

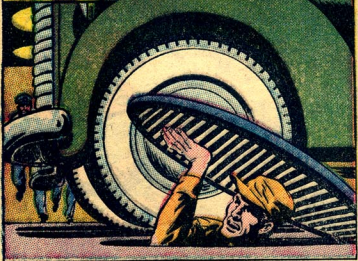


WHREEE WHREEE

OKAY, BUSTER... THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!



THEN I SAW THE DRAIN --- I REMOVED THE GRILL, AND SLID DOWN INTO THE DARKNESS BELOW...



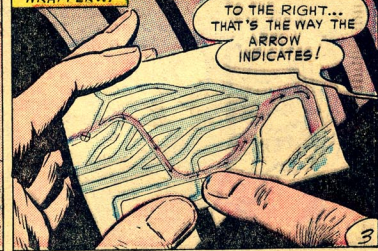
BUT I WAS FAR FROM THE CLEAR. I COULD HEAR THE SOUND OF THE GRILL BEING REMOVED AGAIN AND THE VOICES OF THE GUARDS AS THEY DROPPED DOWN FROM ABOVE...



THE CHASE WAS ON, AND THOUGH THEY WERE FAR BEHIND, THEIR LIGHTS CAST A DIM GLOW OVER THE NETWORK OF TUNNELING...

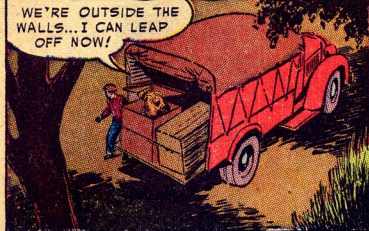


THEIR GUNSHOTS ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED, AND AT A FORK IN THE TUNNELS, I COULD HEAR THEM GAINING ON ME AS I GLANCED AT THE TINY MAP SKETCHED ON THE CIGARETTE WRAPPER...





"CRASHOUT, INC. HAD REACHED BEHIND THE WALLS OF SEVERAL PRISONS! FOR INSTANCE, BOBBY (THE HAND) ADDISON WAS SPRUNG BY BEING CRATED UP IN THE PRISON FURNITURE SHOP..."



WE'RE OUTSIDE THE WALLS... I CAN LEAP OFF NOW!

"AT ESCAPE-PROOF ISLAND PRISON, SURROUNDED BY SHARK-INFESTED WATERS, THE GANG KNOWN AS 'CRASH-OUT INC.' CRASHED OUT **BIG ED DELEHANTY** IN AN IMPROVISED, TWO-MAN VERSION OF THE JAP ONE-MAN SUB... FOR \$50,000..."



I MADE IT! WHAT A DEAL---A SUBMARINE!

"AND AT STATE PEN, THEY DUG A HOLE, A LITTLE EACH DAY, BENEATH A STONE PILE, UNTIL IT WAS POSSIBLE FOR **PISTOL JOE MILLER** TO SMASH OUT!"



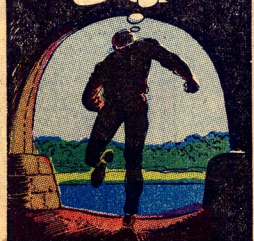
THIS TUNNEL OPENS OUT INTO A GULLEY IN THE WOODS--- I'LL MAKE IT!

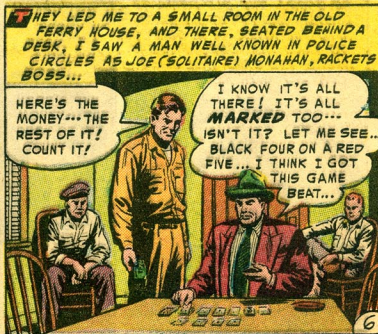
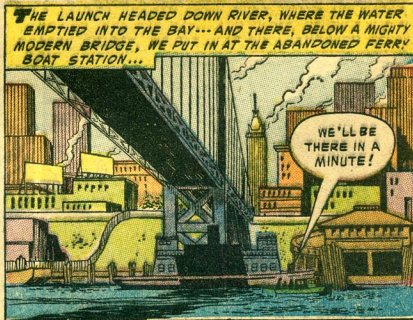
"POLICE SEARCHED FRANTICALLY... AND VAINLY... FOR THE BIG WHEEL BEHIND 'CRASHOUT, INC.," AND IT WAS THEN THAT I WAS SUMMONED BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS FROM AN EXTRADITION CASE IN CUBA..."

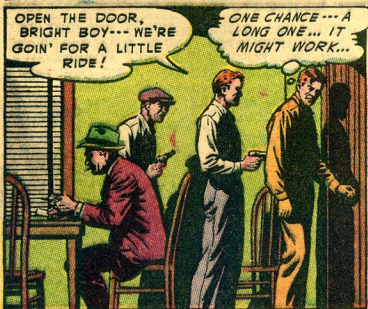
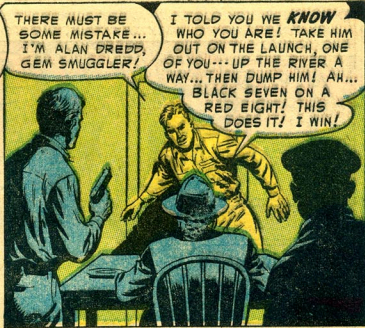


... IN PRISON, WHITMORE, YOU'LL BE KNOWN AS ALAN DREDD--- GEM SMUGGLER! YOU'LL CARRY MARKED MONEY... AND LOTS OF IT TO LURE THE GANG INTO CONTACTING YOU TO SPRING YOU! WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND "CRASHOUT INC."-- AND WHERE THEY ARE!

SO HERE I AM--- AND SO FAR, SO GOOD! THE OLD DRAINAGE SYSTEM HAS ABOUT SIX EXITS INTO THE RIVER... I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE THAT ONE, UP AHEAD... WHERE THE GANG WILL MAKE CONTACT WITH ME...









GANG BUSTERS



THEN, THE SWEET SOUND OF RIVER PATROL SIRENS... AND MORE GUNFIRE, ONLY THIS TIME, MY TEAM WAS IN ON IT!

WHRE-E-E-E-E-E-E-E-E
RATATATATATATAT



FOR A MOMENT ONLY, THE GANG TRIED TO FIGHT BACK... BUT THEN, IT WAS ALL OVER...

"THIS IS ALL OF 'EM!"

AND THAT'S THE **BIG WHEEL!** JOE "SOLITAIRE" MONAHAN HIMSELF... TOP BOSS OF CRASHOUT, INC.!



HOW DID YOU KNOW... HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

BY THIS CIGARETTE WRAPPER! WHITMORE DROPPED IT FOR THE GUARDS--- AND THEY WERE ABLE TO DETERMINE WHICH EXIT HE USED TO LEAVE THE TUNNELS! THERE WAS A MAP DRAWN ON IT BY YOUR MOB!

THE GUARDS WATCHED YOU PICK UP WHITMORE--- AND A SMALL BOAT FOLLOWED YOU HERE! A RADIO CALL WAS SENT THROUGH TO US--- AND WE GOT HERE AS FAST AS WE COULD!

YOU JUST LOST ANOTHER GAME, MONAHAN--- A BIG ONE, THIS TIME!



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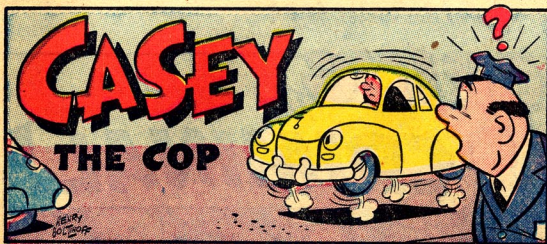
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NEAT! Jet-streamline new case.

WOW! Skyrider blue dial with red-and-chrome pointer.

SWELL! Shows your speed up to 30 m.p.h.

GREAT! Counts up to 10,000 miles



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STEWART-WARNER BIKE SPEEDOMETERS

"It's Fun to Know How Fast, How Far You Go"

STEWART-WARNER; 1840 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Illinois



TRACKING *The* CRIMINAL!

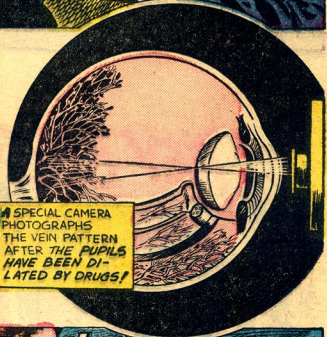
IN ORDER TO THWART THE CRIMINALS WHO SOMETIMES TRY TO ALTER THEIR FINGERPRINTS, SOME CRIME BUREAUS ARE CONSIDERING USING THE VEIN PATTERN BEHIND THE EYE AS A METHOD OF IDENTIFICATION! THIS PATTERN IS AS DISTINCTIVE IN EACH INDIVIDUAL AS ARE FINGERPRINTS!



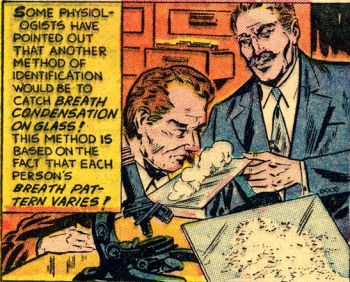
WHILE A PERSON MIGHT TRY TO CHANGE HIS FINGERPRINTS, HE OBVIOUSLY WOULDN'T RISK PUTTING HIS EYES OUT! THE VEIN PATTERN SYSTEM WOULD ELIMINATE CHECKING ON THE BOTHERSOME CULPRIT WHO HAS MARRIED HIS FINGER PATTERNS IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE THE ARM OF THE LAW!



A SPECIAL CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHS THE VEIN PATTERN AFTER THE PUPILS HAVE BEEN DILATED BY DRUGS!



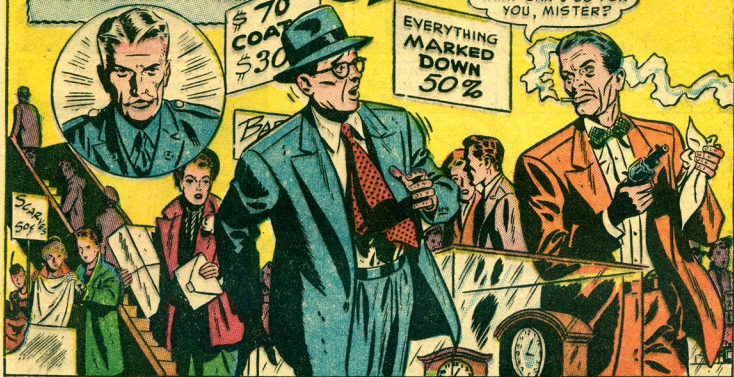
SOME PHYSIOLOGISTS HAVE POINTED OUT THAT ANOTHER METHOD OF IDENTIFICATION WOULD BE TO CATCH BREATH CONDENSATION ON GLASS! THIS METHOD IS BASED ON THE FACT THAT EACH PERSON'S BREATH PATTERN VARIES!



IT IS EVEN POSSIBLE TO IDENTIFY A FACE THAT HAS HAD PLASTIC SURGERY DONE ON IT, BY PHOTOGRAPHING WITH ULTRA VIOLET LIGHT! ALL THE CONCEALED FACIAL SCARS SHOW UP!

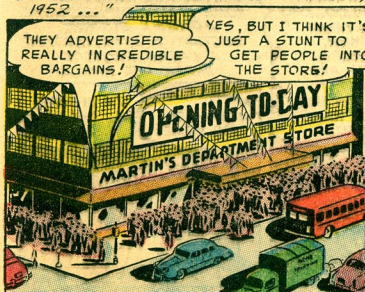
CHIEF OF POLICE MARK J. NOIAN SPEAKING! HOODLUMS ARE CONSTANTLY SEEKING MODERN METHODS OF CONTINUING THEIR GANG ACTIVITIES, AND THESE NEW MEANS OF CONDUCTING OLD RACKETS KEEP THE CRIMINAL DIVISION OF YOUR POLICE DEPARTMENT ALWAYS ON THE ALERT! WHAT FOLLOWS IS A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THIS POINT, AND IT IS UNOFFICIALLY LISTED IN POLICE FILES AS THE CASE OF THE...

"CUT-RATE CRIMES!"



"FOR PURPOSES OF THE POLICE FILE, THIS CASE OPENED ON THE DAY **MARTIN'S DEPARTMENT STORE** OPENED--- MARCH 17, 1952 ..."

"BUT OPENING-DAY CUSTOMERS, TO THEIR AMAZEMENT, FOUND THE PRICES EXACTLY AS ADVERTISED!"



THEY ADVERTISED REALLY INCREDIBLE BARGAINS!

YES, BUT I THINK IT'S JUST A STUNT TO GET PEOPLE INTO THE STORES!



LOOK, JANE--- \$1.65 NYLONS FOR 35 CENTS!

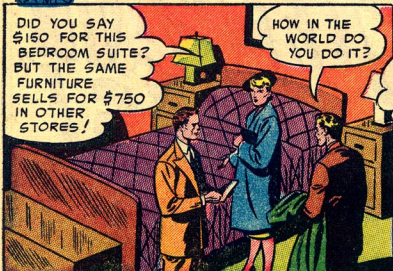
YES... AND THOSE LAMPS SELLING AT \$4.95... WHY THEY'RE WORTH FIVE TIMES THAT AMOUNT!



"AT FIRST, CUSTOMERS BELIEVED IT WAS A BIG, SPLASHY, OPENING-DAY SALE--- BUT EVEN AFTER SEVEN WEEKS OF OPERATING..."

DID YOU SAY \$150 FOR THIS BEDROOM SUITE? BUT THE SAME FURNITURE SELLS FOR \$750 IN OTHER STORES!

HOW IN THE WORLD DO YOU DO IT?



"YES, THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY WAS ASKING... HOW DID THEY DO IT? AS WE LEARNED LATER, PART OF THE ANSWER COULD BE FOUND IN HANLON'S WAREHOUSE, ON THE NIGHT OF THE PREVIOUS FEBRUARY 8th..."

BACK AGAINST THE WALL, MISTER, AND YOU WON'T GET HURT!

DON'T SHOOT-- DON'T SHOOT!



"THE HOODS WORKED ALL NIGHT, LOADING THEIR VAN WITH CRATES..."

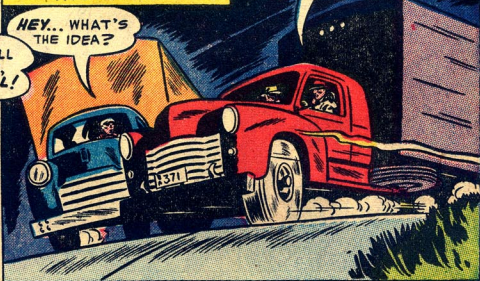
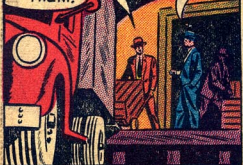
"AND AGAIN, A WEEK LATER, THREE MILES OUT ON ROUTE 4..."

YOU'LL GET THE IDEA IN A MINUTE, BUDDY!

THE BOSS'LL SURE BE GLAD THESE ARE ALL SEWING MACHINES! CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN ASKING FOR THEM!

WHY NOT? AT THE PRICE THEY'LL HAVE TO PAY, IT'S A STEAL! HA, HA --- GET IT?... A STEAL!

HEY... WHAT'S THE IDEA?



"SOON..."

WHOLE CARLOAD OF GAS STOVES, BOSS!

SWELL... WE'LL RUN A SUPER WEEKEND SPECIAL ON 'EM!

RECOGNIZE THE OLD FENCE RACKET? OF COURSE YOU DO... ONLY THIS TIME, THERE WAS A NEW AND INGENUOUS TWIST TO IT! AND IT WORKED FOR AWHILE --- BUT THEN, LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENED...

"ON APRIL 24th, A BARGAIN-HUNTER ARRIVED AT HER HOME IN THE SEMI-RESIDENTIAL FOREST MANOR SECTION OF TOWN, CARRYING A LARGE PACKAGE UNDER HER ARM..."



JOE --- ARE YOU HOME?

I'M IN HERE, DEAR!



EVERY WOMAN LOVES A BARGAIN, AND THE WIFE OF PATROLMAN JOSEPH POLANSKY WAS NO EXCEPTION, BUT WHEN SHE REMOVED HER PURCHASE FROM THE STORE BOX...



HOLY CAT, EDNA! I'M ONLY A COP, NOT A MILLIONAIRE! I'M SURPRISED AT YOU, BUYING A GENUINE BEAVER COAT!

WAIT, JOE... DON'T JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS...

CAN WE AFFORD \$125? BECAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I PAID FOR IT!

WH-WHAT? FOR A GENUINE BEAVER COAT WORTH AT LEAST \$500? WHERE DID YOU BUY IT?

DON'T WORRY... I BOUGHT IT FROM A LEGITIMATE PLACE OF BUSINESS...

MARTIN'S, EH? I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE TERRIFIC BARGAINS FOLKS HAVE BEEN GETTING THERE! IN FACT, I CAN'T HELP FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT THAT PLACE!



BUT, JOE... THIS IS YOUR DAY OFF... AND I THOUGHT WE'D GO TO A MOVIE!

NEXT TIME, HONEY! I'M ONLY AN ORDINARY POLICEMAN... NOT A DETECTIVE... BUT I WANT TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT PLACE!

"JOE DROVE OUT IN HIS CLUB COUPE JUST FOR A 'CLOSER LOOK'... BUT WHEN HE APPEARED AT THE STORE'S SIDE ENTRANCE..."



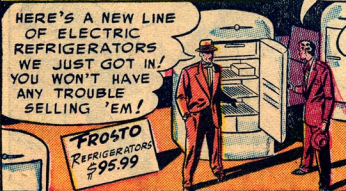
ER... UH... SURE, EVENING PART-TIME WORK! I CAN USE A LITTLE EXTRA MONEY!

WHO CAN'T? COME THIS WAY!

THUS, BY 6:30 THAT SAME EVENING, PATROLMAN POLANSKY WAS ALREADY IN DEEPER THAN HE COULD POSSIBLY IMAGINE.

I SHOULD HOPE NOT... AT THAT PRICE! THEY'RE WORTH AT LEAST \$300!

"THEY WERE RIGHT--THE MERCHANDISE SOLD LIKE HOT CAKES, BUT THE FOLLOWING NIGHT..."



HERE'S A NEW LINE OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS WE JUST GOT IN! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE SELLING 'EM!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, SELLING ME A REFRIGERATOR THAT DOESN'T WORK?

NEITHER DOES MINE!

OKAY... OKAY, FOLKS... JUST TAKE IT EASY!



COULD THIS BE THE GIMMICK BEHIND THE TERRIFIC LOW PRICES... SELLING DAMAGED GOODS? SOUNDS CRAZY! HOW LONG CAN THEY EXPECT TO STAY IN BUSINESS?

"AND THIS TURNED OUT TO BE THE FIRST BREAK IN THE CASE--- FOR WHEN JOE CHECKED BEHIND THE REFRIGERATOR FOR DEFECTIVE WIRING OR PARTS ..."

WAIT A MINUTE! THE MOTORS IN THESE BOXES ARE BUILT FOR D.C., DIRECT CURRENT.... BUT THIS STATE USES A.C., ALTERNATING CURRENT, ONLY! THESE REFRIGERATORS WERE NOT MEANT TO BE SOLD IN THIS STATE AT ALL!

ER... LOOK, FOLKS... I'LL SPEAK TO THE MANAGER AND SEE THAT THIS SITUATION'S REMEDIED! WE'LL... UH... SEND REPAIRMEN TO YOUR HOMES, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH... THANKS, MISTER!

HMPH... YOU BETTER!

50% OFF

REFRIG

ELEVATOR

"YET EVEN AS HE WATCHED THE IRATE CUSTOMERS DISPERSE, JOE WAS PUTTING TWO-AND-TWO TOGETHER..."

THE WRONG CURRENT TYPE AND THE RIDICULOUSLY LOW PRICES... THEY ADD UP TO JUST ONE THING --- HIJACKED MERCHANDISE! THIS CALLS FOR A CLOSER LOOK AROUND!

"THE POLICEMAN WAITED UNTIL AFTER HOURS, THEN DRIFTED CASUALLY TOWARD THE SHIPPING DEPARTMENT, WHERE HE GOT HIS FINAL BIT OF PROOF!"

THEY'RE REMOVING THE MANUFACTURER'S MODEL NUMBERS FROM THOSE TELEVISION SETS! THEN I WAS RIGHT... EVERY PIECE OF MERCHANDISE HERE IS **STOLEN!** MUST REPORT THIS TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!

"BUT AT THAT MOMENT..."

HUH?

LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE, BUDDY?



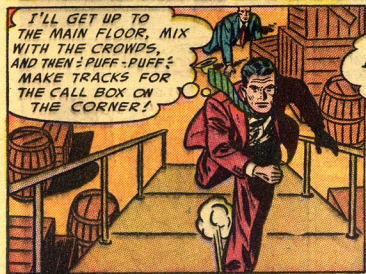
GET HIM, MIKE--- HE'S PROBABLY A COP!

NO PROBABLY ABOUT IT, YOU HOOD--- I **AM** A COP! AND YOU GOONS ARE GOING TO SEE A **LOT** OF COPS IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF YEARS!

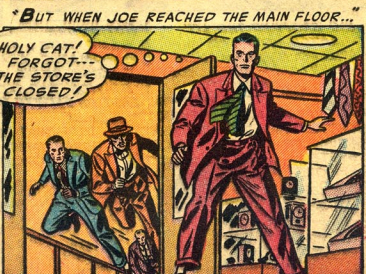
NOT SO FAST!

GRAB HIM!

YOW! WATCH OUT!



I'LL GET UP TO THE MAIN FLOOR, MIX WITH THE CROWDS, AND THEN **POFF-PUFF** MAKE TRACKS FOR THE CALL BOX ON THE CORNER!



BUT WHEN JOE REACHED THE MAIN FLOOR...

HOLY CAT! I FORGOT--- THE STORE'S CLOSED!



AND IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

MAYBE YOU WEREN'T SO SMART AFTER ALL, HUH, COP? THE STORE'S EMPTY, AND ALL EXITS ARE LOCKED!

HEY, BOSS... I JUST THOUGHT OF A GOOD ONE... TOMORROW WE CAN PUT A DEAD DETECTIVE UP FOR SALE--- **CHEAP!** HA, HA...



WHAT A SPOT! SHOULD'VE REPORTED MY SUSPICIONS TO HEADQUARTERS INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PLAY DETECTIVE! IF--- IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY TO CONTACT THE STATION, BUT... BUT THERE ISN'T---

"THEN, AS JOE POLANSKY SCRAMBLED TO ELUDE HIS PURSUERS..."



OOPS... BLASTED WASHING FLUID!!! WASHING FLUID? HEY... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

M-MY ONLY CHANCE... GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO LIGHT A MATCH!



BLASTED STUFF... I CAN HARDLY WALK!

"JOE DROPPED THE LIT MATCH INTO THE SPILLED INFLAMMABLE SOLUTION--- AND ALMOST INSTANTLY..."

"BUT AT THE SAME TIME, AN AUTOMATIC ALARM WAS RINGING IN THE FIRE STATION TWO BLOCKS EAST ON SELWYN ROAD..."

"MINUTES LATER, JUST AS THE HOODS BEGAN CLOSING IN ON JOE..."

HEY! THAT FLAME NEVER STARTED THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM WORKING!



IT'S THAT NEW DEPARTMENT STORE! LET'S HOP IT, BOYS!



HOLD IT... THE COPS!

NOT QUITE... BUT THEY'LL DO FINE!



"IT TOOK JOE ONLY A FEW SECONDS TO EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO THE VISITING FIREMEN--- AND BEFORE LONG..."

GLAD YOU SENT FOR US, JOE... I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A CHANCE TO PLAY COP!

YEAH... AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A CHANCE TO PLAY DETECTIVE!



JOE POLANSKY GOT HIS CHANCE WHEN, ON MAY 23rd, HE WAS PROMOTED TO THE DETECTIVE BUREAU! THE DEPARTMENT FEELS IT GOT A PRETTY GOOD BARGAIN IN HIM! WHAT DO YOU THINK?



The END.

JAMES E. MACUSKER WAS, BY LEGAL DECREE, DECLARED *SANE IN THE DAY BUT INSANE AT NIGHT!*

INSANE DECREE



MACUSKER HAD BEEN EDITOR OF A PHILADELPHIA FINANCIAL PAPER. ONE DAY HE WAS HAULED INTO COURT AFTER A SERIES OF NIGHTLY QUARRELS WITH HIS FRIENDS!



AFTER HEARING THE TESTIMONY, JUDGE MARTIN RULED THAT THE EDITOR'S MIND DID NOT FUNCTION SOUNDLY AFTER 8 P.M. EACH NIGHT! THEREFORE, HE MUST SURRENDER HIMSELF AT NIGHT TO A MENTAL INSTITUTION AS AN INMATE!

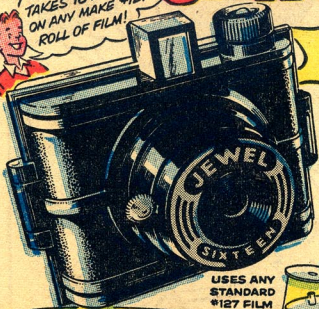


NOT UNTIL 1931 DID A JURY CONDEMN THIS ARRANGEMENT! IT WAS DECLARED THAT POOR MACUSKER HAD *BEEN SANE ALL ALONG!* HE WAS FREED EVENTUALLY AND DIED IN 1945!

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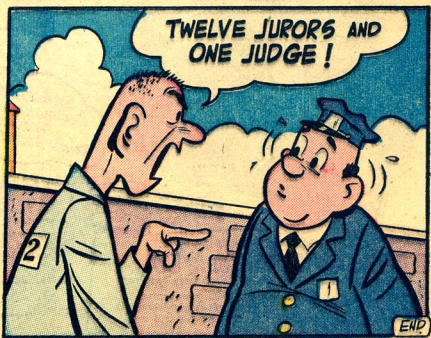
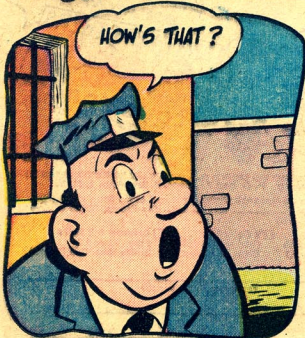
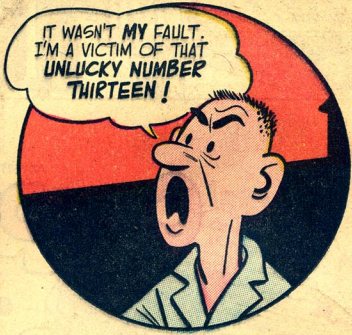
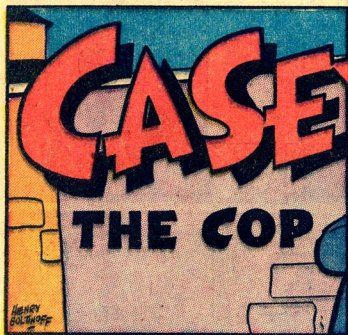
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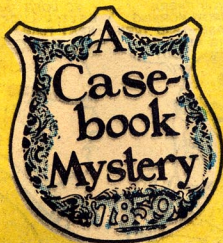
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The CASE of the GIGANTIC GAMBLE!

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

OUTSIDE A HOTEL OF AN EASTERN RESORT CITY...



BRRR... IT'S COLD OUT TONIGHT! GUESS I'M LIKE EVERY GUY WHO OWNS A SUMMER BOARDWALK SHOW... I HATE THE WINTER TIME!



HI! THE NAME'S MARTIN... JOE MARTIN! SAY, WHAT'S A STRANGER HAVE TO DO TO GET A LITTLE FUN IN A SEASHORE TOWN THIS TIME OF THE YEAR?

HUH? OH, YOU'RE JUST PASSING THROUGH, EH? WELL, I'M PRETTY LONELY MYSELF! WHY DON'T WE GO OVER TO MY PLACE? WE CAN HAVE A GAME

JIM BRIGGS IS MY NAME!

FROM RATES by day or week

LATER, AT BRIGGS' SMALL HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF PLAYING...



I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! Y-YOU WON ALMOST EVERY HAND... AND... AND I'M BROKE... FLAT BROKE!

IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO PLAY FOR SUCH BIG STAKES! BUT I MUST SAY, I WAS LUCKY... AMAZINGLY LUCKY!

BUT, AS THE WINNER MAKES A MOVE TO LEAVE...

WAIT A MINUTE... YOU---YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW! YOU MUST GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET EVEN!

BUT WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO PLAY WITH, BRIGGS? YOU SAID YOURSELF YOU HAVEN'T ANY MORE MONEY!



THAT'S TRUE... BUT I'VE GOT A GOOD BUSINESS... A FREAK SHOW! WILL YOU... WILL YOU TAKE THAT AS SECURITY?



OKAY, SINCE YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS! SIGN IT OVER TO ME, AND I'LL LEND YOU A \$1,000 ON IT!

BUT BRIGGS' LUCK GOES FROM BAD TO WORSE, UNTIL...

I---I'M BROKE AGAIN! I'VE---L--LOST EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING!

YEAH, AND I'M THE NEW OWNER OF A FREAK SHOW! WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT! WHEN CAN I SEE THE PLACE?

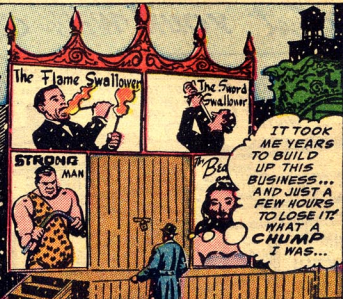
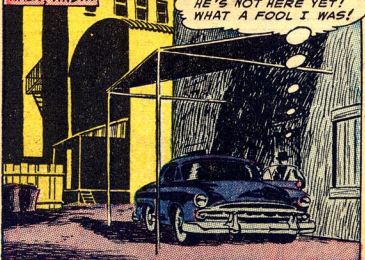
THIS IS THE ADDRESS! I'LL MEET YOU THERE TOMORROW MORNING AT 10, AND---AND TURN OVER THE KEYS TO YOU!

OKAY, BRIGGS! SO LONG, AND BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!



THUS, NEXT MORNING, A HEAVY-HEARTED JIM BRIGGS DRIVES HIS CAR UNDER A CANOPY BEHIND THE BOARD-WALK, AND...

HE'S NOT HERE YET! WHAT A FOOL I WAS!



IT TOOK ME YEARS TO BUILD UP THIS BUSINESS... AND JUST A FEW HOURS TO LOSE IT! WHAT A CHUMP I WAS...



I---I CAN'T GIVE UP THE PLACE... I CAN'T... AND I WON'T, I JUST WON'T!

B---BUT WHAT CAN I DO? I---I GAVE HIM TITLE TO THE PLACE... AND, LIKE A FOOL, I SIGNED IT! THERE'S NO WAY, NO WAY...! BUT WAIT, THERE IS A WAY... ONE WAY, THE ONLY WAY!

NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT THE CARD GAME OR THE DEAL WE MADE, AND HE'S PROBABLY CARRYING THAT DEED WITH HIM! IF---IF I GOT IT AWAY FROM HIM--- AND SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR GOOD---NO ONE WOULD EVER FIND OUT, AND I'D HAVE MY PLACE BACK!





JUST THEN...

SORRY I'M LATE, BRIGGS, BUT I GOT HELP UP BY THE SNOWFALL!

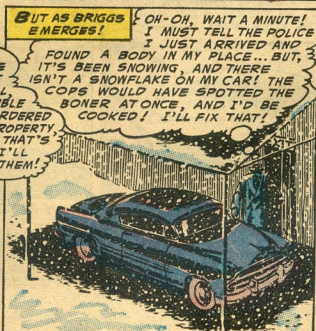
THAT'S ALL RIGHT! COME IN, AND I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND!



BE CAREFUL! IT'S RATHER DARK IN HERE! I'LL SWITCH ON THE LIGHTS...



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT! FIRST I'LL DESTROY THIS DEED AND THE ADDRESS CARD I GAVE HIM, AND THEN I'LL PHONE THE POLICE! THEY WON'T SUSPECT ME... AFTER ALL I'M---ER---NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE MURDERED ON MY PROPERTY AM I? THAT'S WHAT I'LL TELL THEM!



BUT AS BRIGGS EMERGES!

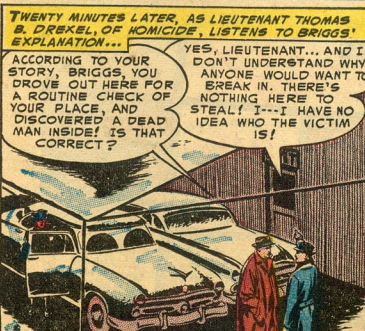
FOUND A BODY IN MY PLACE... BUT, IT'S BEEN SNOWING, AND THERE ISN'T A SNOWFLAKE ON MY CAR! THE COPS WOULD HAVE SPOTTED THE BONER AT ONCE, AND I'D BE COOKED! I'LL FIX THAT!

OH-OH, WAIT A MINUTE! I MUST TELL THE POLICE I JUST ARRIVED AND



THUS SHORTLY...

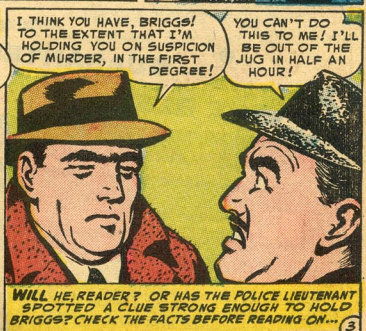
THERE... THAT'S BETTER! NOW I'LL DRIVE THE CAR BACK UNDER THE CANOPY AND PHONE THE POLICE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AS LIEUTENANT THOMAS B. DREKEL, OF HOMICIDE, LISTENS TO BRIGGS' EXPLANATION...

ACCORDING TO YOUR STORY, BRIGGS, YOU DROVE OUT HERE FOR A ROUTINE CHECK OF YOUR PLACE, AND DISCOVERED A DEAD MAN INSIDE! IS THAT CORRECT?

YES, LIEUTENANT... AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY ANYONE WOULD WANT TO BREAK IN. THERE'S NOTHING HERE TO STEAL! I---I HAVE NO IDEA WHO THE VICTIM IS!



I THINK YOU HAVE, BRIGGS! TO THE EXTENT THAT I'M HOLDING YOU ON SUSPICION OF MURDER, IN THE FIRST DEGREE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I'LL BE OUT OF THE JUG IN HALF AN HOUR!

WILL HE, READER? OR HAS THE POLICE LIEUTENANT SPOTTED A CLUE STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD BRIGGS? CHECK THE FACTS BEFORE READING ON...

GO AHEAD, LIEUTENANT... LET'S HEAR HOW CLEVERLY YOU'RE GOING TO BREAK DOWN MY STORY!

GLAD TO! YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE THAT YOU DROVE UP HERE THROUGH A HEAVY SNOWFALL AND FOUND AN UNIDENTIFIED BODY IN YOUR PLACE! IS THAT RIGHT?

THAT'S RIGHT!

NO, THAT'S **WRONG!** ACTUALLY, YOU WERE HERE **BEFORE** THE VICTIM ARRIVED, AND YOU KILLED HIM! BUT, SINCE IT BEGAN TO SNOW **AFTER** YOU GOT HERE, YOU REALIZED THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE SNOW ON YOUR CAR... SO YOU SIMPLY PARKED IT WHERE IT WAS SNOWING FOR A WHILE, THEN MOVED IT BACK UNDER THE CANOPY!

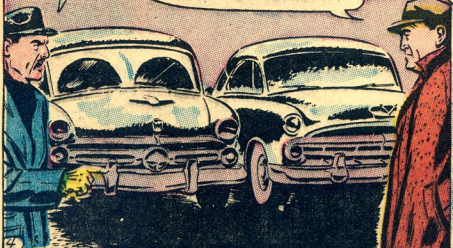


WAIT A MINUTE... HOW DO YOU KNOW I DIDN'T **DRIVE** THROUGH THE SNOW?

BECAUSE, BRIGGS, IF YOU **HAD**, YOUR WINDSHIELD WIPER WOULD HAVE BEEN IN OPERATION, AND THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN A CLEAR AREA ON YOUR WINDSHIELD, AS THERE IS ON MINE! LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

YOU'RE... YOU'RE RIGHT, LIEUTENANT! I... I LOST MY SHOW TO HIM IN A CARD GAME, AND... AND HAD TO KILL HIM!

MMM... VERY FEW PEOPLE GET AWAY WITH GAMBLING, BRIGGS... BUT **NO ONE** GETS AWAY WITH MURDER!



JAMES BRIGGS FOUND THIS OUT THE HARD WAY... ON MARCH 14th, IN THE DEATH HOUSE AT CALDWELL PRISON, WHERE HE PAID THE SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS CRIME!

THE END

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The GRAPEVINE



G-MAN AND THE JOE

Mrs. Riley was the most surprised woman in Chicago when she opened her mailbox one morning to find a questionnaire sent by the draft board after a prospective GI has registered. Mrs. Riley, after she had composed herself, wrote the draft board, calling attention to the error. She was not only a woman, but a mother, who had lost a son in the recent war.

To her astonishment, some time later, she was notified that she had been classified 1-A. And on top of that, in rapid succession, came her draft number and an order to report for induction.

Indignant and amazed by the board's lack of interest in her claim and the summons to duty, she visited the board. A shocked clerk demanded to know why, as a woman, she had registered for the draft. As proof, he withdrew from his desk a registration sheet, bearing her name and address. All the information was in proper order, except her signature. It wasn't her handwriting.

Whereupon the matter was submitted to the police, who found in Mrs. Riley's case the answer to a year-long search for a cunning thief and forger. Forty government checks, totaling \$7,000, had been pilfered from mailboxes and easily cashed when he had presented a draft card with the payee's name, for identification. Until now, the police had worked on the theory that the culprit merely had forged signatures on the draft cards, but Mrs. Riley's case now revealed his incredible audacity.

Actually, what he had done was register at various boards in the name of his potential victims, using a slightly different handwriting everytime, rifled the 40 mailboxes when the draft cards were deposited in each, then used each one for identification.

When the FBI entered the action, a course to apprehend the criminal was initiated. Each draft board was supplied with samples of his handwriting. Within a week, a youth of 22 named Robert Freimanns was nabbed in the act.

"I figured this racket would be good for years," he said. "How did you catch on?"

But the FBI was non-committal. Why should he be told that his last victim led to his downfall? . . . that Joe Willie Riley was actually a woman?

HOUZ THAT AGEN?

Motorists driving through one of the busiest streets of Port Chester, N.Y., are mystified by a three-foot sign, whose yellow letters spell C-I-D-S S-L-O. According to the Chief of Police, it was no misspelling of K-I-D-S S-L-O-W, but a psychological attempt to grasp drivers' attention to reduce speed because of an adjacent playground and school.

Might start a fad. Can you imagine R-A-L-R-O-D X-I-N-G?

HONOR HOLD-UP

The city of Adair, Iowa, has issued a special postmark to commemorate the 80th anniversary of Jesse James' first train robbery. At

that time, Jesse, his half-brother Frank, and half a dozen cronies stuck up a Rock Island Railroad train and helped themselves to a shipment of \$75,000 in silver bullion.

Stamp collectors throughout the world are demanding envelopes with this special commemorative cancellation. The postmark bears a picture of the state of Iowa, highlighted by Adair. Running across its top are the words: "Scene of world's first train robbery by Jesse James."

CRIME QUIZ

Think you'd make a good detective? Then ponder the following questions, and see how you'd score if each one is worth 20 points.

1) If the temperature of the human body drops a certain amount each hour after death, would this be a method of fixing the precise time of death?

2) Does a murder suspect have to take a truth serum test if he refuses?

3) Can a prosecuting attorney force a woman to testify against her husband?

4) How much counterfeit does the Secret Service confiscate each year, and how much does the public get stuck with?

5) Where are the largest women's prisons in the country?

ANSWERS

1) Usually, the body temperature drops about two degrees an hour, but since the fleshiness of the body, weight, and room temperature influence the change, it is not an exact scientific means.
2) Definitely not, without the consent of the suspect.
3) No.
4) Last year, T-men destroyed almost \$100,000 in phoney money, while half that sum slipped through to the unwar public.
5) In number of inmates, they run in this order: Bedford Hills, N.Y.; Alderson, W.Va.; Clinton, N.J.; Marysville, Ohio; and Tehachapi, Calif.

PRISONER VACATION

Many British convicts will be enjoying furloughs at home, thanks to an experimental plan

which was instituted last year. At that time, first offenders serving sentences of three years or more at four penitentiaries were given five-day leaves, for good behavior, "to make contacts with prospective employers, to deal with domestic problems, and to renew home ties."

Since the British Home Office regards the plan as "an unqualified success," it will be extended to include four other men's prisons.

HASTE MAKES WASTE

Counterfeiters in Hamilton, Ontario, let their enthusiasm get the better of their judgment when police nabbed a ring printing spurious \$10 bills. How were they able to trace the plates? Very easily. The dupe dough bore a portrait of Queen Elizabeth II. This made it immediately suspect, because all government currency still carries the picture of the late King George VI.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

IONIA, Mich.: When he surprised a thief in his garage, a suburbanite threatened to beat him up. The burglar fled, but returned shortly after, and at gun-point, robbed him of \$250 and his best tools. "This'll teach you to treat people better," the thief observed.

BALTIMORE, Md.: A man complained that his Doberman pinscher watch dog had been stolen while on duty during the night.

CENTERVILLE, Va.: A week after a member of a prison road gang had stepped on a hornet's nest, causing the gang to flee, police were still seeking one who presumably had fled for good.

HEMPSTEAD, N.Y.: To avoid road accidents, the Town Board unanimously passed a new ordinance: at sundown, horses must be equipped with tail and headlights.

NEW YORK CITY: An irate Manhattanite sued the subway vending machine company for the return of 46 pennies he had inserted over several months without ever receiving a single peanut or bit of gum.

BROCKTON, Mass.: The author of a book titled "Be Proud of Women" pleaded guilty to stealing \$30,000 from the local women's club.



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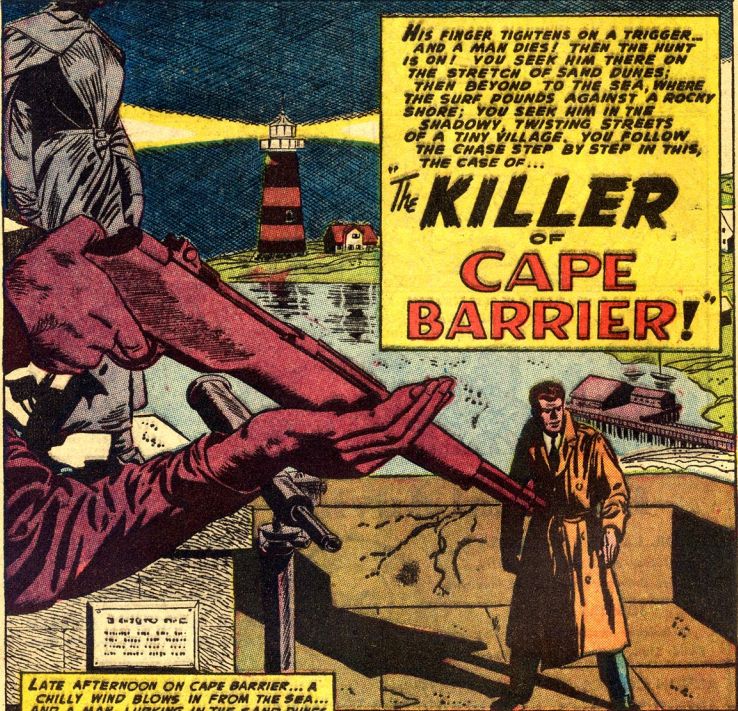
WESTERN COMICS

WONDER WOMAN

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

HIS FINGER TIGHTENS ON A TRIGGER... AND A MAN DIES! THEN THE HUNT IS ON! YOU SEEK HIM THERE ON THE STRETCH OF SAND DUNES; THEN BEYOND TO THE SEA, WHERE THE SURF POUNDS AGAINST A ROCKY SHORE; YOU SEEK HIM IN THE SHADOWY, TWISTING STREETS OF A TINY VILLAGE. YOU FOLLOW THE CHASE STEP BY STEP IN THIS, THE CASE OF...

"The **KILLER** OF **CAPE BARRIER!**"

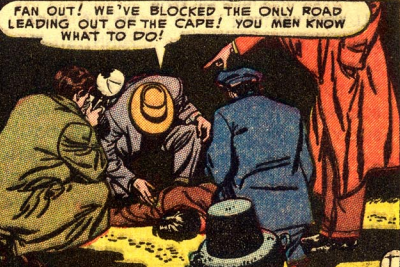


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LATE AFTERNOON ON CAPE BARRIER... A CHILLY WIND BLOWS IN FROM THE SEA... AND A MAN, LURKING IN THE SAND DUNES RAISES A RIFLE...



AND A SHORT WHILE LATER...



FAN OUT! WE'VE BLOCKED THE ONLY ROAD LEADING OUT OF THE CAPE! YOU MEN KNOW WHAT TO DO!

MEANWHILE, THE FIGURE SCUFFS ACROSS THE DUNES, DARTS THROUGH A PATCH OF WOODS, TOWARDS A CABIN ...

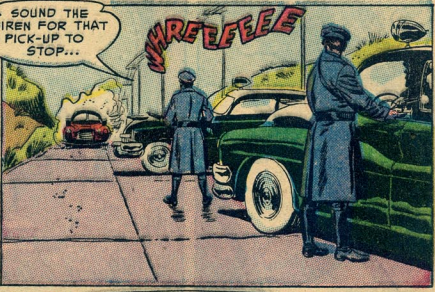
I'M SURROUNDED ... BUT THERE'S A WAY OUT... SOME WAY! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!



LUCKY FOR ME, THE KEYS WERE LEFT IN THE TRUCK... I'LL START DOWN THE ROAD, CASUALLY, TOWARD THE POLICE... THEY'D NEVER SUSPECT A KILLER WOULD HEAD TOWARDS THEM...



SOUND THE SIREN FOR THAT PICK-UP TO STOP...



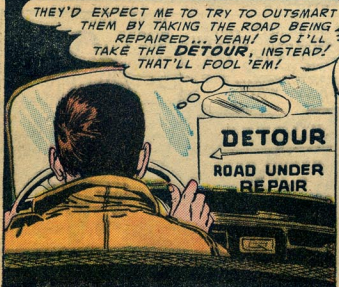
THEY DID WANT TO QUESTION OR IDENTIFY ME! THEY'LL BE AFTER ME IN A MINUTE... HERE GOES... TURN AROUND AND GO BACK THE OTHER WAY...



STAY WITH HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY...!



THEY'D EXPECT ME TO TRY TO OUTSMART THEM BY TAKING THE ROAD BEING REPAIRED... YEAH! SO I'LL TAKE THE **DETOUR**, INSTEAD! THAT'LL FOOL 'EM!



TWO MILES FURTHER, THE FUGITIVE TURNS INTO HEAVY UNDERGROWTH, AND...

DITCH THE TRUCK... THEY'LL PHONE AHEAD AND HAVE ME STOPPED... BETTER MAKE IT ON FOOT... THAT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE WAY!



MEANWHILE...

THAT WAS A WASTE OF TIME!
HE DIDN'T GO IN THERE, AS
WE FIGURED HE WOULD! COME
ON! LET'S RIDE DOWN THE
ROAD A PIECE!

YEP, THAT
WAS SMART
REASONING ON
HIS PART!



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...

LOOK... HE ABANDONED THE
TRUCK! HE'S ON FOOT! HE
CAN'T GET FAR! JONES...
YOU AND MURPHY SEARCH
OVER BY THE
BAY!

OKAY!



**AT THE BAY, A FURTIVE FIGURE
SLIDES QUIETLY INTO THE
WATER...**

I THINK I KNOW THE NEXT
STEP... MAKE IT FURTHER
DOWN THE BAY... BUT STICK
CLOSE TO THE SHORELINE!



AND NOT MUCH LATER...

HE GOT AWAY! PERFECT! HE MIGHT'VE
SLIPPED THROUGH OUR DRAGNET AND
DOUBLED BACK! LET'S CHECK! WE'VE
GOT TO MAKE SURE! BUT, SO FAR,
IT LOOKS GOOD!



**SOME TIME PASSES, THEN A DRENCHED
FIGURE EMERGES...**

LOST 'EM! THIS WAS THE
ONLY POSSIBLE WAY TO
LOSE 'EM... AND I DID
IT! NOW...



WAIT A MINUTE!
I'M LEAVING MY
TRACKS IN THE
SAND! THAT'S
NO GOOD...
BETTER GET
DOWN BY THE
SHORE...



NO SAND HERE... JUST
ROCKS... NO TELL-TALE
FOOTPRINTS. THIS
IS THE WAY TO OUT-
SMART THEM... THE
ONLY WAY!

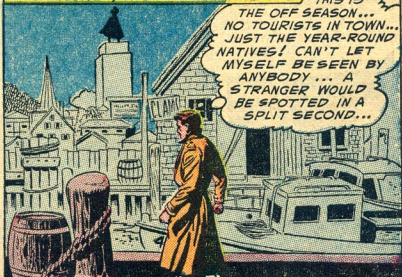


HUGGING THE CRAGGY SHORE LINE, THE MAN EDGES TOWARD THE DISTANT VILLAGE, AS DARKNESS BEGINS TO FALL...



LET'S SEE WHAT THE PLAN WAS ... I'M PUT ASHORE TO SHOOT SOMEONE. I DO KILL HIM... I SUCCEEDED IN ELUDING THE COPS... NEXT, I'VE GOT TO BE PICKED UP BY MY PALS... SURE... THAT'S THE PLAN...

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HE REACHES THE VILLAGE, ALONG THE DOCKS ...



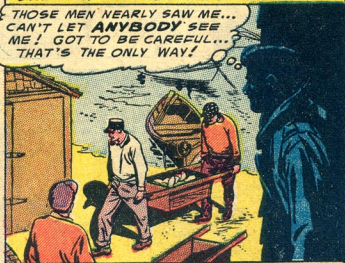
THIS IS THE OFF SEASON... NO TOURISTS IN TOWN... JUST THE YEAR-ROUND NATIVES! CAN'T LET MYSELF BE SEEN BY ANYBODY ... A STRANGER WOULD BE SPOTTED IN A SPLIT SECOND...

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE ROAD BLOCK...



WE'VE GOT THE ROAD WELL COVERED TO THE SOUTH! HE DIDN'T DOUBLE BACK! HE COULDN'T HAVE GONE ONLY IN ONE DIRECTION ... TOWARD TOWN! COME ON!

DOWN BY THE DOCKS, LOBSTER FISHERMEN RETURN FROM THEIR TRAPS, UNAWARE OF A STRANGER LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...



THOSE MEN NEARLY SAW ME... CAN'T LET ANYBODY SEE ME! GOT TO BE CAREFUL... THAT'S THE ONLY WAY!

I'VE GOT TO SIGNAL THE BOYS THAT THE JOB'S OVER WITH! BUT HOW CAN I WITHOUT SOMEONE ELSE SEEING ME? IF I DON'T SIGNAL THEM, THE COPS WILL CATCH UP WITH ME... IF I DO, SOMEBODY MIGHT SEE ME...



MY TIME'S RUNNING OUT! I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT, ALL RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO SIGNAL! THEY'D BE OFF-SHORE, WAITING...



THIS THEN, IS THE RIDDLE... HOW CAN I SIGNAL MY GUYS WITHOUT BEING SEEN BY STRANGERS? SOMEHOW IT CAN BE DONE... IT'S GOT TO BE DONE ... AND I'VE GOT TO FIGURE IT OUT... AND FAST! NOT MUCH TIME LEFT!





WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S IT... **SETTLER'S MONUMENT!** HIGH OVER THE TOWN... THE NATIVES WOULDN'T SEE ME... BUT THE FELLOWS AT SEA WOULD! SURE... THAT'S IT! QUICKLY NOW...

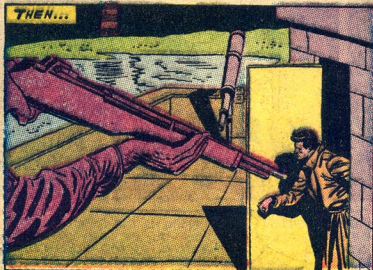


FURTIVELY, HE RACES THROUGH THE NARROW, COBBLED STREETS TO THE BASE OF THE REARING MONUMENT...

TOURISTS GO UP THERE TO VIEW THE SCENE. YOU CAN SEE ALL THE WAY TO THE HORIZON...



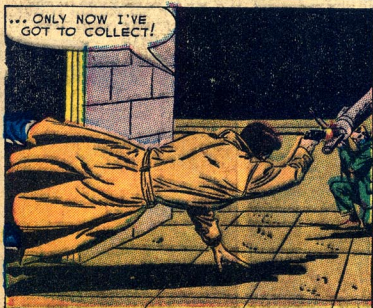
...IT WOULD BE A SIMPLE THING, TO SIGNAL WITH A LIGHT FROM UP ABOVE THERE! MY PALS WOULD SEE IT EASILY...



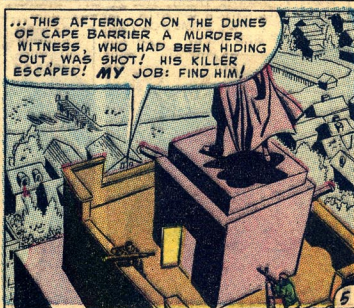
THEN...



BINGO! I HIT THE JACKPOT...



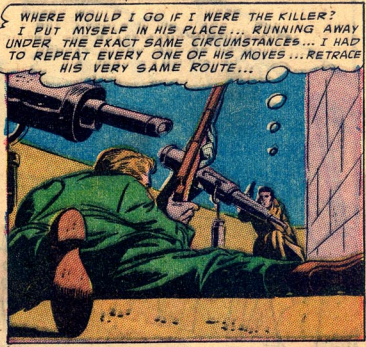
... ONLY NOW I'VE GOT TO COLLECT!



... THIS AFTERNOON ON THE DUNES OF CAPE BARRIER A MURDER WITNESS, WHO HAD BEEN HIDING OUT, WAS SHOT! HIS KILLER ESCAPED! **MY JOB: FIND HIM!**



I RE-ENACTED EVERY DETAIL OF THE MURDER, PUTTING MYSELF IN THE GUNMAN'S PLACE. I FIRED A RIFLE NEAR WHERE THE BODY LAY! THAT WAS THE SIGNAL TO LAUNCH THE "MANHUNT!" ... COOPERATION OF THE POLICE...



WHERE WOULD I GO IF I WERE THE KILLER? I PUT MYSELF IN HIS PLACE... RUNNING AWAY UNDER THE EXACT SAME CIRCUMSTANCES... I HAD TO REPEAT EVERY ONE OF HIS MOVES... RETRACE HIS VERY SAME ROUTE...



IT FIGURES THAT THE KILLER WAS DROPPED OFF BY BOAT, BECAUSE A STRANGER WOULD BE EASILY SPOTTED IN THE CAPE'S OFF-SEASON! IT FIGURES ALSO THAT HIS GANG WOULD ATTEMPT TO PICK HIM UP AGAIN BY BOAT, ONCE THE SLAYING WAS DONE...



... BUT HE'D HAVE TO SIGNAL HIS MEN, SOMEHOW, WITHOUT BEING SEEN... TO LET THEM KNOW WHEN HE WAS READY! THUS, THE TRAIL HAD TO LEAD HERE TO THE MONUMENT! IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE ANYWHERE ELSE...

BLAM
...MY GUN!



YEAH! YOUR GUN'S GONE! YOU FOUND ME, COPPER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT... BUT YOU FOUND ME! NOW, YOU GET IT...



EVER LOOK AT THE STARS, BUSTER? HERE!

CRACK
WHACK

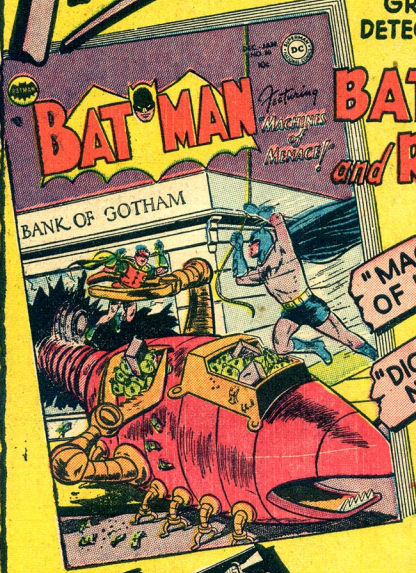


MINUTES LATER, A POWER BOAT GLIDES IN ALONGSIDE THE DOCK, AND... JERRY'S UNDER HEY, SOMETHING'S WRONG! THAT AIN'T JERRY!

JERRY'S UNDER ARREST, AND SO ARE YOU! KEEP YOUR HANDS UP AND STEP ASHORE! TAKE 'EM IN, BOYS!

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GREATEST
DETECTIVE TEAM



BATMAN

Featuring
*MACHINES
of
MENACE!*

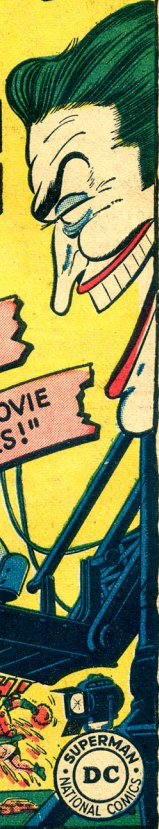
**BATMAN
and ROBIN**

BANK OF GOTHAM

"MACHINES
OF MENACE!"

"DICK GRAYSON'S
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Red
HARMAN

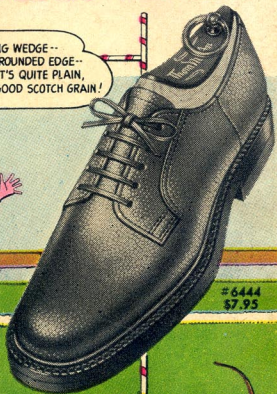
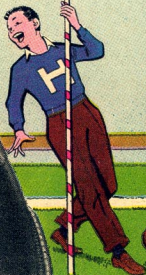
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AMONG FINE LEATHERS, IT'S QUITE PLAIN,
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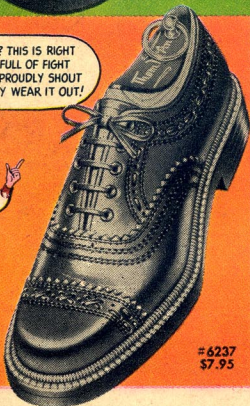
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