



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

OCT.-NOV.
NO. 42
10c

GANG BUSTERS

*Featuring
"TWELVE HOURS
of FEAR!"*

THE ESCAPED
KILLER--HE'S FINALLY
COME! WHY DOESN'T HE
PULL THE TRIGGER AND
GET IT OVER WITH?



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW

U.S.A.

BULLY

has the answer to
"SCHOOL BLUES!"

GOSH, JOE, YOU CAN'T QUIT SCHOOL JUST LIKE THAT! THINK IT OVER AND GET SOME ADVICE!

WHAT'S THE USE? LOOK AT THIS REPORT CARD--IT GETS WORSE EVERY TIME! NO, BUZZY, I THINK I'LL QUIT AND LOOK FOR A JOB!

JUST THOUGHT I'D SEE ABOUT CHANCES FOR A JOB, MR. BROWN. I KINDA LIKE FOOLING AROUND WITH MECHANICAL THINGS.

WE COULD TAKE YOU ON, JOE, BUT FRANKLY YOU'D GET FURTHER IN THE LONG RUN IF YOU FINISHED SCHOOL FIRST. EDUCATION PAYS OFF, YOU KNOW.



I STILL DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF STAYING AT SCHOOL. I'M NOT GETTING ANYTHING OUT OF IT!

I SEE HOW YOU FEEL, SON, BUT WE'D BE PRETTY DISAPPOINTED IF YOU QUIT SCHOOL NOW. ISN'T THERE SOMETHING YOU CAN DO TO GET INTERESTED IN YOUR STUDIES?

I HAVE AN IDEA. WHY NOT TALK IT OVER WITH MR. ADAMS, YOUR SCHOOL COUNSELOR? MAYBE HE CAN SUGGEST SOMETHING.

I'M GLAD YOU HAD THE SENSE TO COME IN TO SEE ME, JOE. I'VE REARRANGED YOUR SCHEDULE, AND IT INCLUDES A NEW COURSE THAT'S RIGHT UP YOUR ALLEY.

WELL, NOW I'M GETTING SOME-PLACE! I'LL TAKE A CRACK AT IT, MR. ADAMS. THANKS!



HIYA, JOE. GOOD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL AROUND.

WHY SHOULDN'T I BE? THAT NEW COURSE I'M TAKING IS A HONEY. AND I'M DOING BETTER IN MY OTHER SUBJECTS, TOO. BOY, AM I GLAD I DIDN'T QUIT WHEN I GOT IN THAT SLUMP!

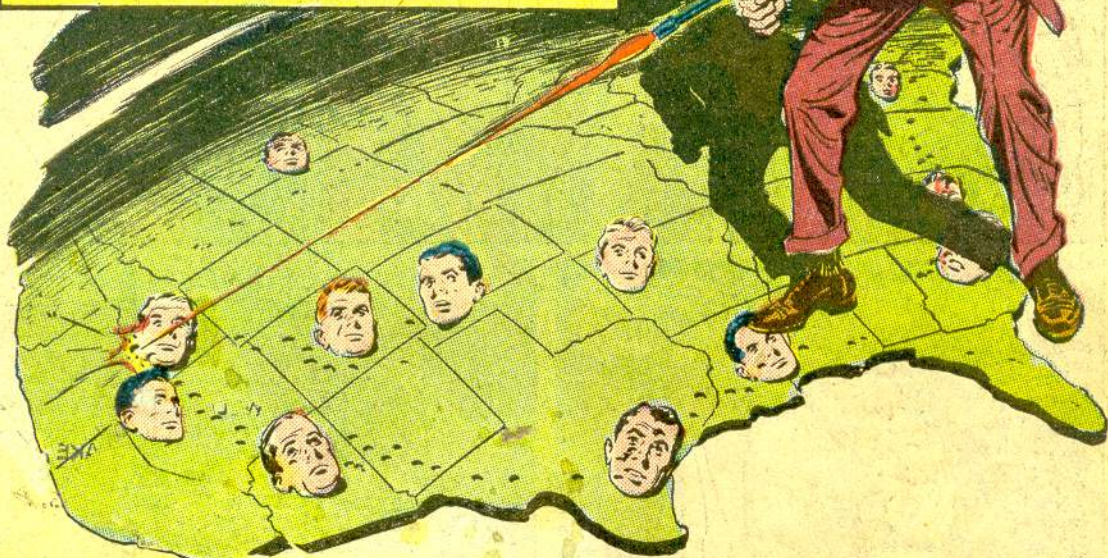
JOE SETTLED AN IMPORTANT DECISION THE WISE WAY. WHEN IT COMES TO SOMETHING THAT WILL INFLUENCE YOUR WHOLE LIFE, DON'T LET DISCOURAGEMENT SETTLE IT FOR YOU. YOUR FUTURE DESERVES REAL THOUGHT--AND THE BEST ADVICE YOU CAN GET.

AUTO MECHANICS



ONE TIME, HE HAD STOOD, SILENT AND STILL, STRAPPED TO THE EXECUTION POST, ON THE HARD-FROZEN AND WAR-TORN SOIL OF GERMANY, AND GRIMLY FACED A FIRING SQUAD! TEN YEARS LATER, HE SET FORTH IN THE ROLE OF A CRAZED ONE-MAN FIRING SQUAD TO SEEK VENGEANCE ON HIS EXECUTIONERS! HERE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, ARE THE STRANGE FACTS BEHIND THE CASE HISTORY OF...

"THE EXECUTION OF PRIVATE ENEMY NO. 1!"



THIS CASE BEGINS ON THE EVENING OF APRIL 18TH, LAST YEAR, WHEN A MAN NAMED ARTHUR FINLEY AND HIS WIFE WERE SEATED IN THE FOURTH ROW OF THE BIJOU THEATER...

ENJOYING THE SHOW, DEAR?

YOU BET! THE TUNES ARE TERRIFIC!



SUDDENLY, A LURKING FIGURE SLIPPED OUT OF THE SHADOWS, A SHOT RANG OUT AND...

NOW IT'S I WHO AM DOING THE EXECUTING!... AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER ELEVEN NEXT!



...THE KILLER
ED, BUT DURING THE
POLICE INVESTIGATION THAT
FOLLOWED...

POOR ARTHUR!
HE WENT THROUGH
THE WHOLE WAR
WITHOUT A SCRATCH--
ONLY TO BE KILLED
BY THAT MANIAC
WITH THE CROOKED
NOSE AND A
SCAR ON HIS
CHIN!

AND YOU SAID
HE SHOUTED
ABOUT HIM-
SELF NOW
DOING THE
EXECUTING--
AND HE'D
GET THE
OTHER
ELEVEN
NEXT?

IT WAS AT HEADQUARTERS
LATER THAT LT. DET. HOWARD
R. HOYT DUG DEEP INTO HIS
MEMORY FOR THE ELUSIVE
ANSWER TO THE STRANGE
AND TRAGIC OCCURRENCE...

A BROKEN NOSE, A CHIN
SCAR, AND 12 MEN HE
HATES! CAPTAIN, I
BELIEVE I CAN
GIVE YOU NOT
ONLY THE **NAME**
BUT THE **MOTIVE**
OF THAT KILLER!

YES, YES, I'M SURE OF IT
NOW! HIS NAME WAS
RAYMOND AMBLER, A SMALL-
TIME HOOD WHO'D MANAGED
TO STAY OUT OF THE
CLUTCHES OF THE LAW!

BUT EARLY
ONE NIGHT
IN JANUARY,
1943...



CLANG! CLANG!

OH-OH--
BURGLAR
ALARM!



"AND, WHILE POLICE COMBED THE ENTIRE AREA..."



I-I CAN'T
LET THEM CATCH
ME! I'D GO CRAZY
IN STIR! BUT WHERE
CAN I HIDE OUT?

**"IN DESPERATION, RAYMOND AMBLER
ENTERED A PLACE THAT INNOCENTLY
WELCOMED HIM WITH OPEN ARMS..."**



THE ARMY! IT'S THE
ONLY WAY OUT! THEY'LL
NEVER FIND ME
AMONG
MILLIONS
OF MEN!

**"BUT WHEN AMBLER CHANGED INTO THE UNIFORM
OF A SOLDIER IN THE U.S. ARMY, HIS CHAR-
ACTER DIDN'T CHANGE. IN TRAINING CAMP, AS
IT WAS LATER LEARNED..."**

THAT STUPID SERGEANT--
LEAVING MONEY IN HIS
FOOT LOCKER! I
CAN SURE USE A
LITTLE EXTRA
DOUGH ON MY NEXT
FURLOUGH! THEY'LL
NEVER SUSPECT
ME, THE BARRACKS
ORDERLY!



"AND WHEN THE ARMY PUT AN M-1 INTO HIS HANDS, RAYMOND AMBLER WAS REALLY IN HIS GLORY..."

THAT ROOKIE SURE SHOWS A LOT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR HIS WORK!

SOMETIMES I THINK HE SHOWS A LITTLE TOO MUCH!

"THE AMERICAN ARMY ENTERED GERMANY AS A LIBERATION FORCE..."

OKAY, YOU MEN WILL REQUISITION THE HOUSES ON THIS STREET AS BILLETES FOR OUR TROUPS! BUT TREAT THE PEOPLE COURTEOUSLY! REMEMBER, YOU'RE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE GOOD-WILL AMBASSADORS!



"BUT PVT. RAYMOND AMBLER HAD OTHER THINGS ON HIS TWISTED MIND..."

CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?

THOSE PAINTINGS AND SILVER-- MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE! THIS SURE IS MY LUCKY DAY!

"WHAT FOLLOWED WAS A RAMPAGE OF SYSTEMATIC LOOTING UNPARALLELED IN ANY ARMY BY A SINGLE SOLDIER..."

DID YOU SAY 500 AMERICAN DOLLARS? WHY, THAT'S A STEAL-- BUT YOU GOT A DEAL! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

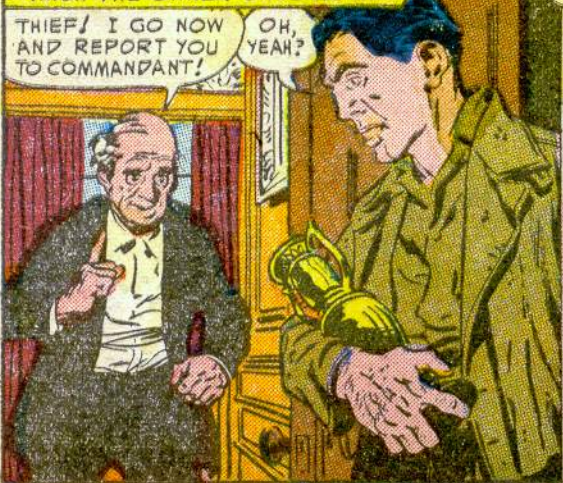


"WHEN ONE DAY, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED, WHEN THE OWNER ENTERED..."

THIEF! I GO NOW AND REPORT YOU TO COMMANDANT!

OH, YEAH?

NOBODY SQUEALS ON RAYMOND AMBLER!



"MEANTIME, AT DIVISION HEADQUARTERS..."

A G. I. JUST SHOT UP A CIVILIAN!
GET OVER TO GLUCKSTRASSE
ON THE DOUBLE!

YES, SIR!



"BUT PVT. AMBLER'S URGE TO KILL WAS NOT YET AT AN END. WHEN THE TWO MP'S ARRIVED,"



"THE OTHER M.P. MOVED WITH LIGHTNING SPEED..."

YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!



"PVT. RAYMOND AMBLER'S GENERAL COURT MARTIAL TOOK PLACE ON DECEMBER 8, AND FOLLOWING A SECRET BALLOT..."

HEADQUARTERS
INFANTRY DIVISION, DEC. 8 1944

TO BE DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM
THE SERVICE, TO FORFEIT ALL PAY
AND ALLOWANCES DUE OR TO
BECOME DUE, AND TO BE SHOT TO
DEATH WITH MUSKETRY.

CHEM AT HEADQUARTERS
E. WITCKE

"THE PRISONER WAS STRAPPED TO A POST, BUT MOMENTS BEFORE THE REGULATION HOOD WAS LOWERED OVER HIS HEAD..."



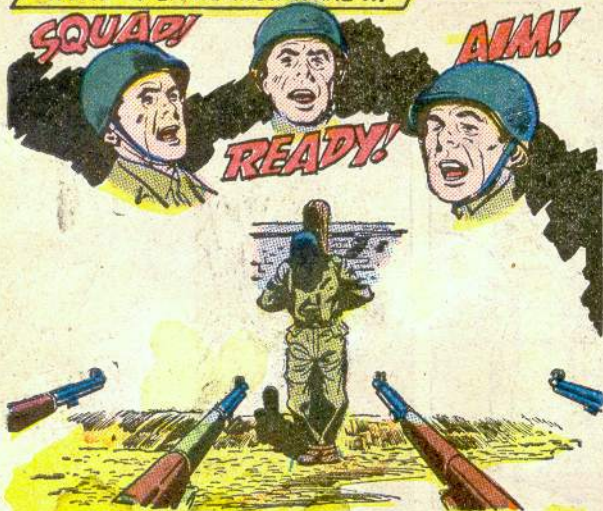
"THEN, AT 10 A.M., DECEMBER 12th, THE CONDEMNED MAN WAS LED TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION..."

SERGEANT--THE 12 MEN YOU SELECTED TO SERVE--AS THE FIRING SQUAD WILL ENTER AND SELECT THE LOADED RIFLES ON THE TABLE! ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS, ONE OF THE RIFLES CONTAINS A BLANK ROUND!

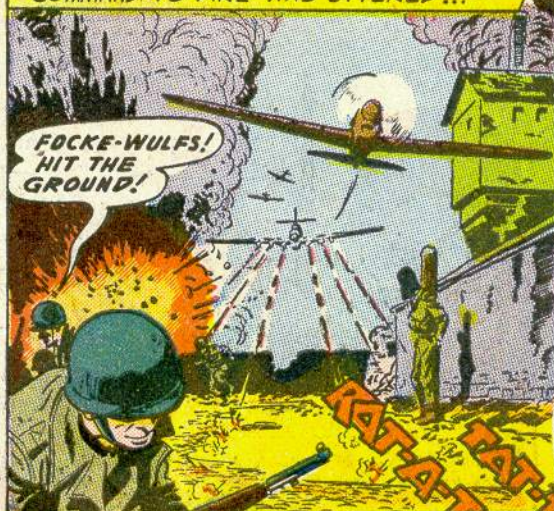
YES, SIR!



"FOR PVT. RAYMOND AMBLER, THE NEXT MOMENTS WERE A LIVING NIGHTMARE..."



"BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT BEFORE THE COMMAND TO FIRE WAS UTTERED..."



"AND IN THE CONFUSION THAT FOLLOWED..."



"BUT AMBLER WAS MORE SERIOUSLY HURT THAN HE THOUGHT, FOR LATER, IN THE BARN OF A SYM-PATHETIC FARMER..."



GERMAN PLANE GOT ME IN THE ARM! GET A DOCTOR!
YAH! YOU ALSO HIT IN HEAD! NO DOCTOR HERE! MEIN FRAU -- SHE VILL FIX YOU UP!



"IT WAS THE DEEP HEAD WOUND THAT MUST HAVE LEFT PERMANENT DAMAGE, FOR WHEN AMBLER RECOVERED WEEKS LATER, HE MADE THE VOW THAT LED TO THE MURDER OF EX-RIFLEMAN ARTHUR FINLEY..."

THAT FIRING SQUAD TRIED TO KILL ME, HUH? OKAY! I'LL GET THOSE RIFLEMEN -- EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM -- IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO!



THAT'S AS MUCH AS INTELLIGENCE WAS ABLE TO LEARN, FOR AMBLER EVADED THE SEARCH FOR HIM -- AND WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER, HE MUST HAVE SNEAKED BACK INTO THIS COUNTRY UNDER AN ASSUMED NAME!

THAT'S JUST IT! HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND HIM?





THAT SHOULDN'T BE TOO TOUGH! IF WE GOT HOLD OF THAT LIST OF RIFLEMEN, WE'D KNOW WHERE HE PLANS TO STRIKE NEXT!

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, HOYT! I'LL CALL THE PENTAGON AT ONCE!



TWO HOURS LATER, THE NEEDED INFORMATION WAS PHONED BACK...

HERE IT IS-- JAMES WHARTON-- THE ONLY OTHER EX-RIFLEMAN LIVING IN THIS AREA! HE'S ON 475 OUTWATER LANE!

I'LL POST A DAY-AND-NIGHT GUARD AROUND THE PLACE!



THE DRAGNET REMAINED IN EFFECT FOR 18 HOURS, AND AT THE END OF THAT TIME...

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, CAPTAIN; HERE COMES OUR KILLER NOW!

I CERTAINLY HOPE SO!



HOLD IT, MEN! HE'S GOT A MACHINE-GUN!

YOU BET I HAVE! I'M A ONE-MAN FIRING SQUAD! THAT'S WHAT I AM! AND I'M GONNA DO SOME EXECUTIN'!



BUT SUDDENLY, IN AMBLER'S DISORDERED MIND, THEIR UNIFORMS SUDDENLY CHANGED...

COPS! YOU CAN'T STOP ME!... WHAT--WHAT'S THIS? THEY'RE NOT COPS! IT'S TH--THE FIRING SQUAD STILL AFTER ME! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO KILL EVERY ONE OF YOU!



WILD WITH RAGE, AMBLER LIFTED HIS MACHINE-GUN, BUT...

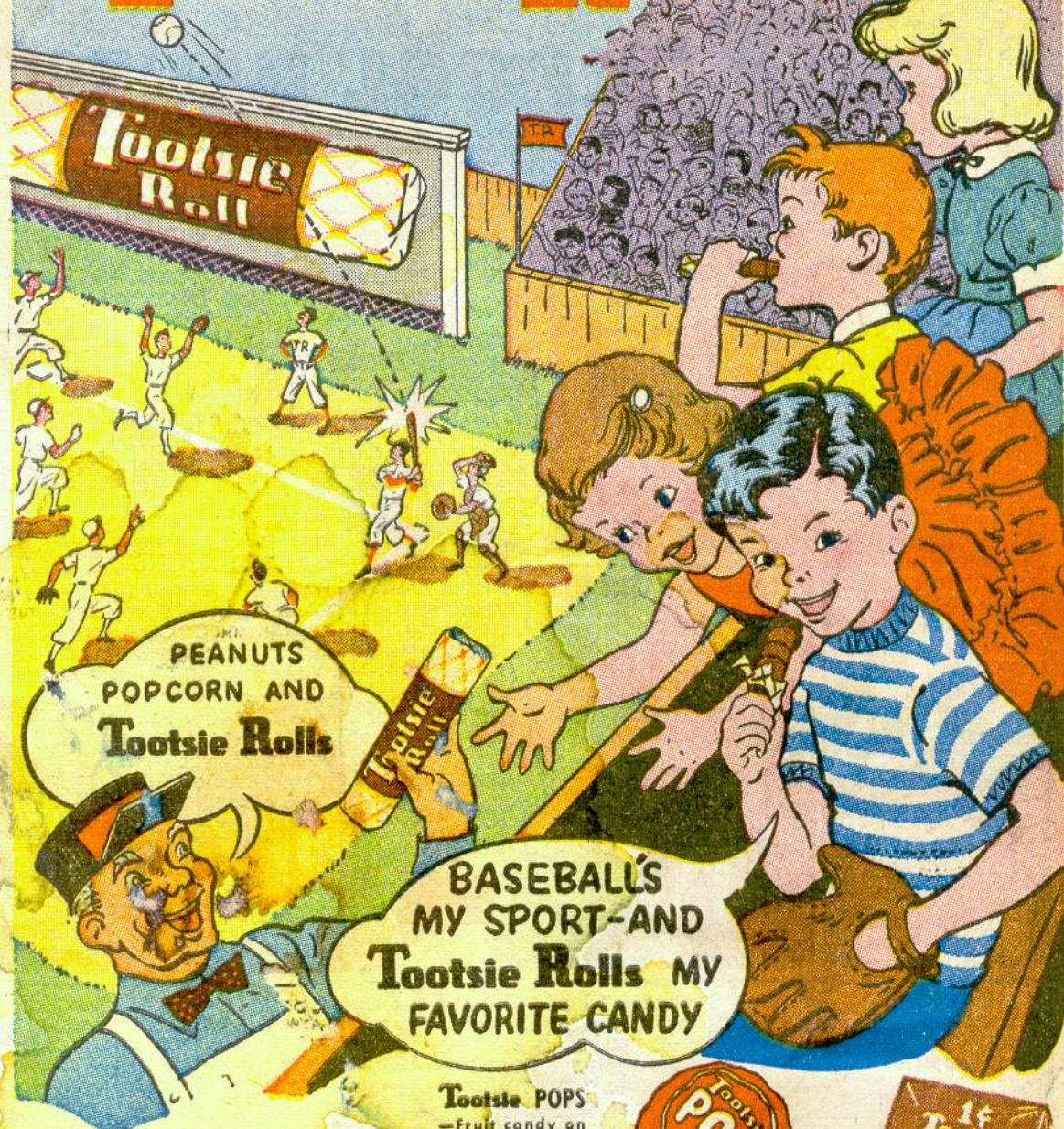


I DIDN'T ASK YOU BEFORE, HOYT! DID YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT AMBLER?

WELL, CAPTAIN--I WAS A MEMBER OF THAT FIRING SQUAD! A KRAUT AIR RAID PREVENTED ME FROM CARRYING OUT MY ORDERS THEN! BUT I GUESS I COMPLETED THEM NOW!

THE END

Tootsie Roll



PEANUTS
POPCORN AND
Tootsie Rolls

BASEBALL'S
MY SPORT-AND
Tootsie Rolls MY
FAVORITE CANDY

Yes, for baseball fans
and players, too!

Tootsie Rolls

... the All-American Champ of Candies

• CHOCOLATY

• TASTY

• LONG LASTING

Stays firm and fresh even on the hottest days.

At all candy counters — still only **5¢**

Tootsie POPS

—Fruit candy on
the outside,
TOOTSIE ROLL in-
side. Two treats
for the price of
one — only 2¢.



These delicious **Tootsie CANDIES**
are only **1¢** each.

B'ZZY *has the answer to* "SCHOOL BLUES!"



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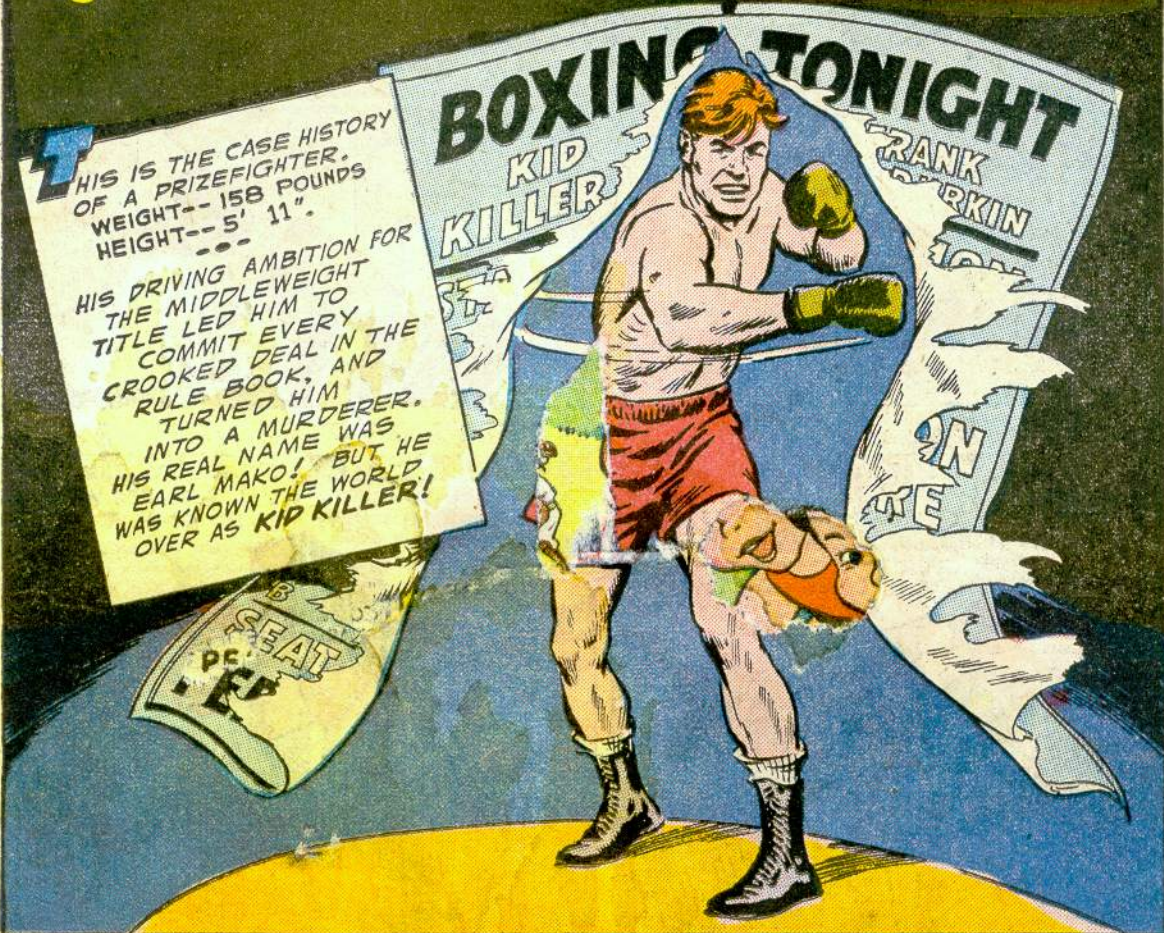


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"The KID WAS A KILLER!"



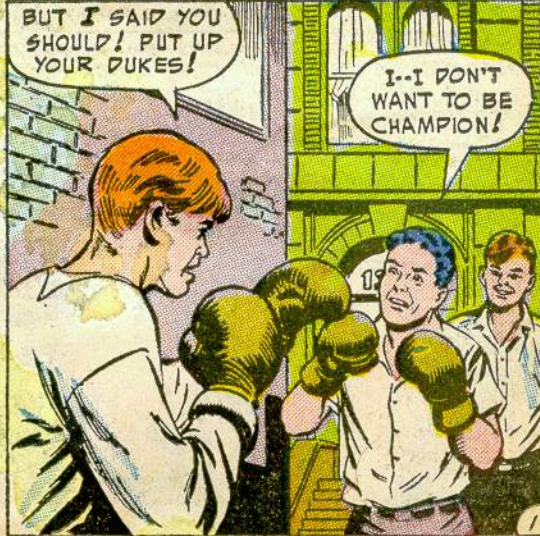
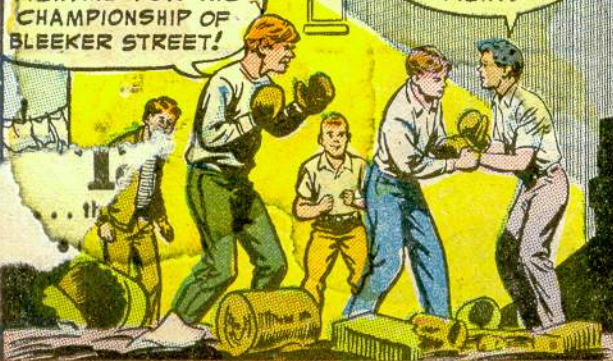
THREE SOUTH SIDE SLUM KIDS HAD BEATEN THEIR GRIMY ENVIRONMENT BY BECOMING MIDDLEWEIGHT BOXING CHAMPION. EARL MAKO, AGE 12, HOPED SOME DAY TO BE THE FOURTH...

LET'S GO, LET'S GO, DANNY-- WE'RE FIGHTING FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF BLEEKER STREET!

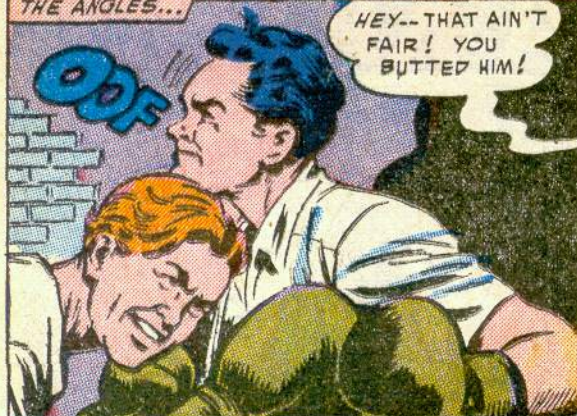
P-PLEASE, EARL! M-MY MOTHER SAID I SHOULDN'T FIGHT!

BUT I SAID YOU SHOULD! PUT UP YOUR DUKES!

I-I DON'T WANT TO BE CHAMPION!



EARL MAKO WAS TWICE DANNY FOSTER'S SIZE, BUT DESPITE THIS ADVANTAGE HE WAS WORKING THE ANGLES...



AND THAT'S HOW EARL MAKO BECAME CHAMPION OF BLEEKER STREET!

SPORTS WRITERS IN LATER YEARS SAID THAT EARL MAKO WAS BORN WITH A MOUTHPIECE BETWEEN HIS TEETH, FOR EVEN THEN...

DON'T FORGET NOW, SLUGGER-- HIT HIM LOW! THEY'LL TAKE ROUNDS AWAY FROM YOU, BUT MEANWHILE YOU'LL BE WEAKENING HIM, GET IT?

THAT'S PLAYING IT SMART, REAL SMART!



SO, THE DAY WAS BOUND TO COME WHEN...

GIMME A BREAK, MR. HILLMAN! I'M GONNA BE CHAMP SOME DAY!

I LIKE YOUR SPIRIT, SON! TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO! I'LL THROW YOU A FOUR-ROUNDER WITH ONE OF MY CLUB FIGHTERS! IF YOU'RE GOOD, I'LL GET YOU MORE FIGHTS!



BUT MAKO WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES ON HIS FIRST BOUT...

FIFTY BUCKS TO THROW A PUNK PRELIM FIGHT? SURE, EARL-- I'LL DO IT FOR HALF THAT!

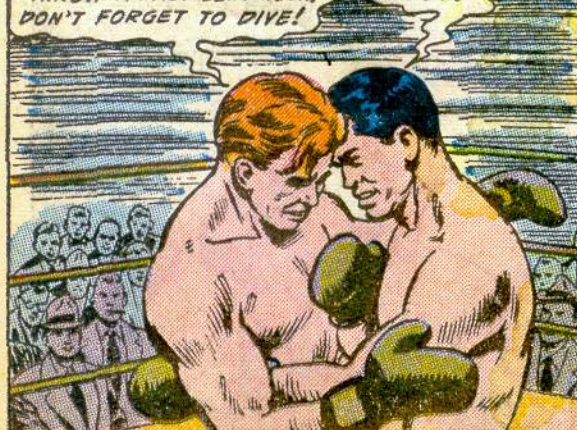
IT'S A DEAL, THEN! I'LL TELL YOU WHEN TO DO AN EL FOLDO!



THUS, IN THE THIRD ROUND OF HIS FIRST PROFESSIONAL FIGHT...

(WHISPER) OKAY, I'M GONNA THROW A FAST LEFT HOOK! DON'T FORGET TO DIVE!

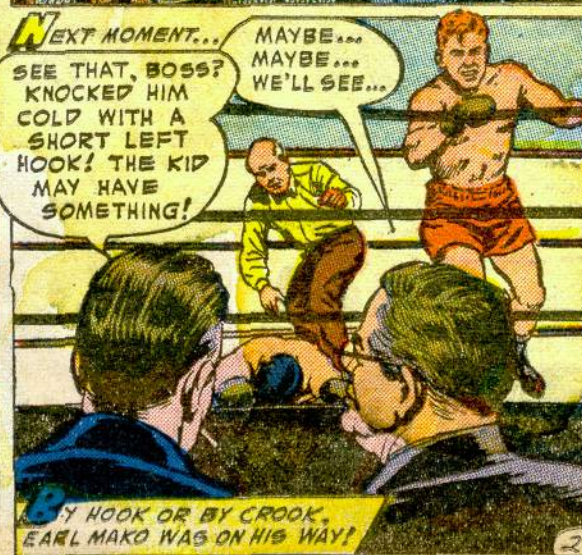
(WHISPER) GO AHEAD PAL-- KNOCK ME OUT!



NEXT MOMENT...

SEE THAT, BOSS? KNOCKED HIM COLD WITH A SHORT LEFT HOOK! THE KID MAY HAVE SOMETHING!

MAYBE... MAYBE... WE'LL SEE...



BY HOOK OR BY CROOK, EARL MAKO WAS ON HIS WAY!

1ND, WHAT ABOUT LITTLE DANNY FOSTER WHO HAD LOST THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF BLEEKER STREET AT THE TENDER AGE OF NINE?...

YOU BARELY PASSED THE PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, FOSTER! BUT YOUR I.Q. TOPS THE LIST! KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND YOU'LL MAKE A GOOD DETECTIVE SOME DAY!

THANKS, SIR!

SO, IN A WAY, BOTH SOUTH SIDE KIDS BEGAN THEIR PROFESSIONAL CAREERS ON THE SAME BEAT...

WELL, WELL, EARL MAKO KEPT RIGHT ON FIGHTING. I SEE! AT LEAST HE'S FIGHTING MEN IN HIS OWN DIVISION NOW-- A-DAYS!

• RILLS •
PRELIMINARY
MIDDLEWEIGHTS
FOUR ROUNDS
EARL MAKO
VS.
PETEY JONES
BOX AND RESERVED
AT BOX OFFICE

MILTON SQUARE GARDEN
MAIN EVENT 8PM

YES, MAKO WAS FIGHTING WITHIN HIS OWN DIVISION, BUT HE WAS STILL WORKING THE ANGLES-- THE **CROOKED** ONES...

HEY, THAT'S IT, HOOK! COVER THE TAPE WITH THAT STUFF! WHEN IT DRIES, IT'LL HARDEN LIKE STEEL! I'LL KILL JONES!

MAKO, AIN'T YOU EVER GONNA FIGHT JUST ONE BOUT ON THE SQUARE?

LISTEN, PUNK-- SOME DAY I'M GONNA BE THE CHAMP! AND I DON'T CARE HOW I GET THERE! YES, SIR, I CAN SEE MY NAME IN LIGHTS -- **EARL MAKO, MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!**

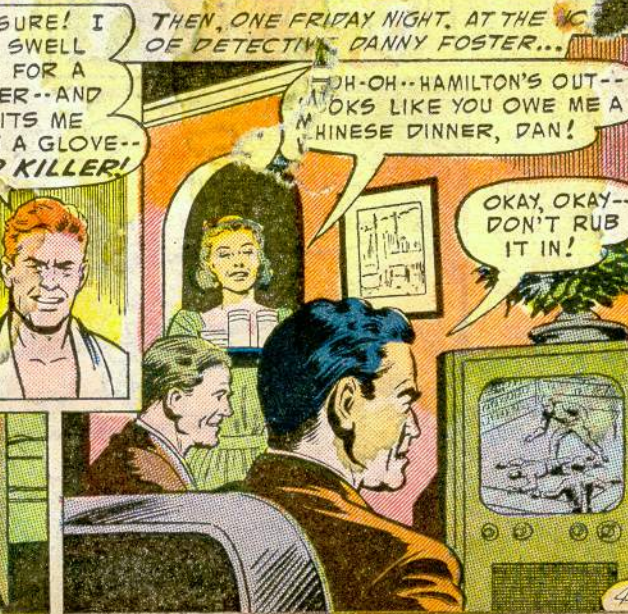
YES, SIR, AND NOBODY'D BETTER GET IN HIS WAY! IN THE TWO YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, MAKO BRIBED AND BLUFFED HIS WAY THROUGH 56 FIGHTS...

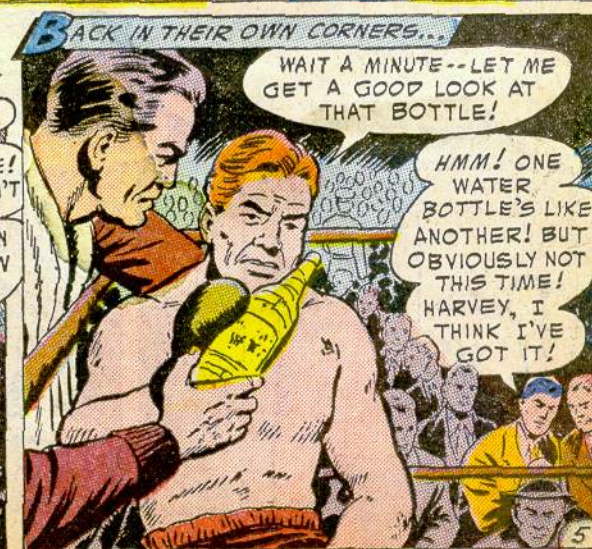
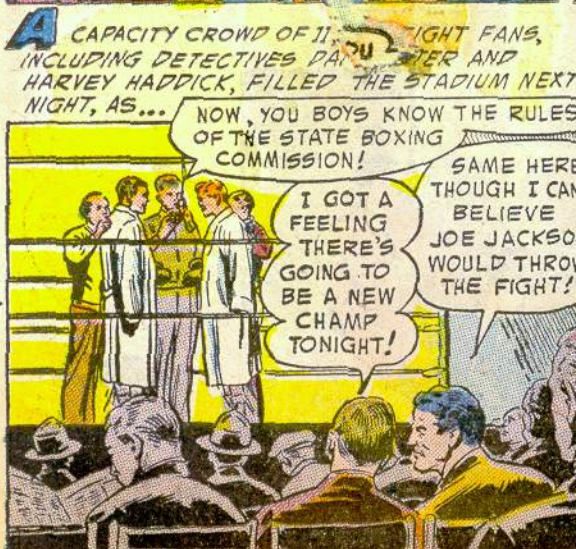
YOU RUBBED RESIN IN MY EYES! I CAN'T SEE!

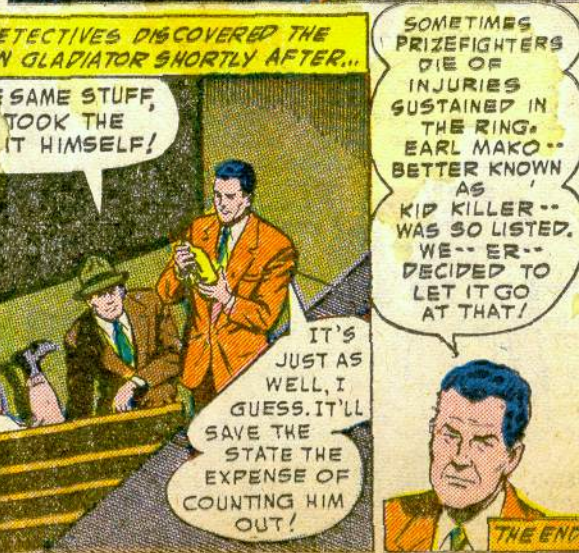
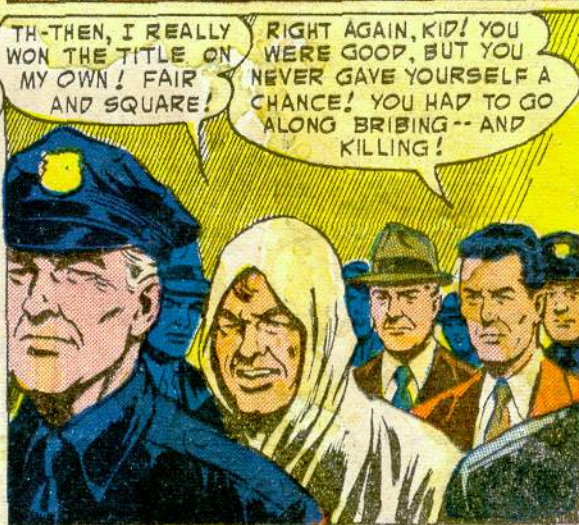
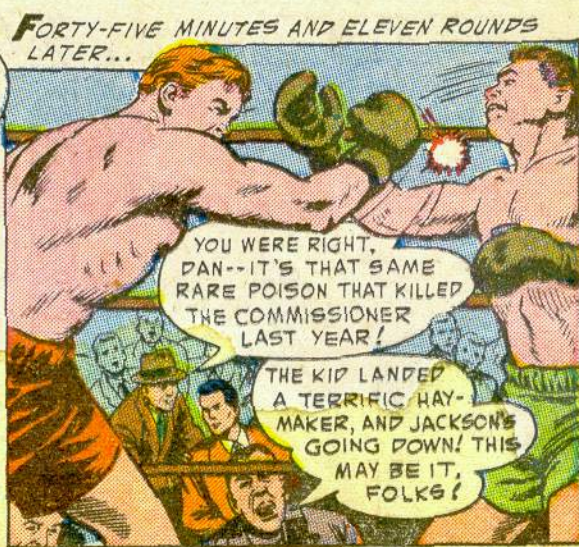
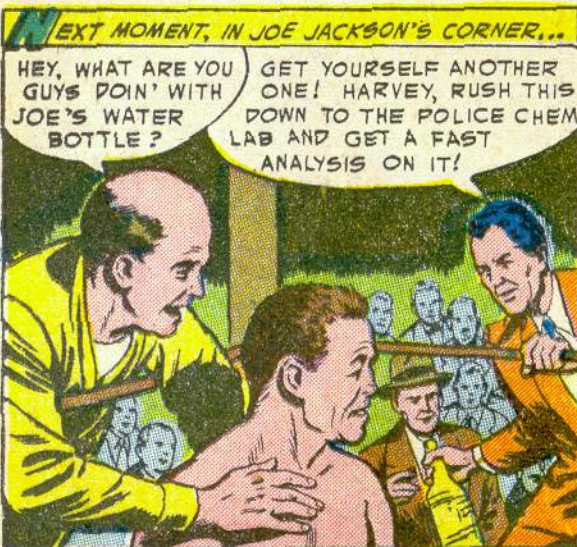
AIN'T THAT TOO BAD!

A BRASS KNUCKLE! NO WONDER YOU KNOCKED HIM COLD!

BUT, ONE DAY, MAKO WAS CALLED IN TO BOXING COMMISSIONER SWANN'S OFFICE, WHERE...







ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS



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WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

POLIO
Research
will mean
Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—

obtained from human blood—
protects for a few weeks.
But it is in very short supply.

When POLIO is around,
follow these PRECAUTIONS

- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled



A VACCINE

A safe and promising vac-
cine is being tested now, but
results will not be known
until 1955.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

March with **OUR FIGHTING FORCES** IN THUNDERING ACTION ALONG EVERY FRONT!



ZOOM WITH FIGHTER PILOTS
THROUGH BLAZING SKIES!
DIVE DEEP WITH DARING FROGMEN
IN ENEMY-HELD WATERS!
FLUSH OUT SNIPERS IN
SILENT JUNGLES!
FIX BAYONETS FOR
DEADLY COMBAT!
STAND UP AGAINST
CRASHING TANKS!
DUEL WITH SNARLING
MACHINE GUNS!
-- AND BE READY TO MEET
SUDDEN DEATH AT
EVERY STEP!



IN THE
BLAZING
PAGES OF...

Our FIGHTING FORCES



BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

Cops of All Trades

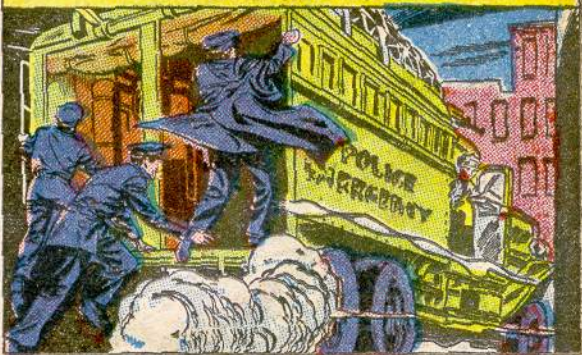


VITAL ARM OF ALL BIG CITY POLICE DEPARTMENTS, THE EMERGENCY SQUAD IS HOUSED IN BUILDINGS THAT LOOK VERY MUCH LIKE FIRE HOUSES! THIS GROUP OF FEARLESS POLICEMEN MUST BE ALL-AROUND MECHANICS, SINCE THEIR EMERGENCY TRUCK CARRIES OVER 200 SPECIAL TOOLS!

THE POWERFUL AND STRANGELY-EQUIPPED TRUCK WHICH STANDS INSIDE THE EMERGENCY HOUSE IS READY TO ROLL AT THE CLANG OF A GONG WHILE IN A COMFORTABLE LOUNGE, UPSTAIRS, ABOUT SIX POLICEMEN IDLE AWAY THE TIME AT HOBBIES, READING OR STUDYING FOR PROMOTION!



THE GONG SOUNDS... THE MEN SPRINT SWIFTLY TO THE TRUCK! A GAS EXPLOSION IN A TENEMENT OF A DOZEN FAMILIES HAS LEFT DESTRUCTION AND PANIC! THE EMERGENCY CREW DONS COVERALLS OVER THEIR UNIFORMS AS THE TRUCK SPEEDS TO THE SCENE!



ON ARRIVAL, THEY LEARN THAT PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED ON THE THIRD FLOOR, WHERE THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED! TWO MEN QUICKLY DON GAS MASKS AND ENTER THE BUILDING! A CALL FOR A STRETCHER SOON COMES FROM THE WINDOW ABOVE AND, MOMENTS LATER, A WOMAN IS CARRIED DOWN THE CRUMBLING STAIRS!

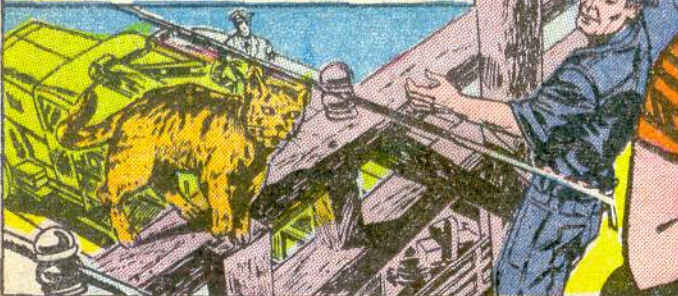


OUTSIDE, THREE CREWMEN GO IMMEDIATELY INTO ACTION! ONE GIVES ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION... ANOTHER APPLIES A RUBBER OXYGEN MASK TO THE VICTIM'S FACE, WHILE A THIRD OPERATES THE VALVE SYSTEM ON THE INHALATOR!



OTHER CREW MEMBERS, MEANWHILE, SCURRYING THROUGH THE GUTTED BUILDING, HAVE CUT OFF THE GAS AND ELECTRICITY. EVERY ROOM IS CHECKED AND ALL DEBRIS IS PROBED FOR POSSIBLE VICTIMS!

HUMOROUSLY ENOUGH, A GREAT MANY EMERGENCY CALLS CONCERN CATS STRANDED ON TELEPHONE POLES OR POWER LINES... AND MANY CHILDREN WHO HAVE MANAGED TO GET THEIR HEADS CAUGHT IN IRON SCHOOL FENCES! IN THE LATTER CASE, A TINY SCREW-JACK PLACED BETWEEN THE BARS ABOVE THE CHILD'S HEAD, QUICKLY PRIES THE BARS APART!



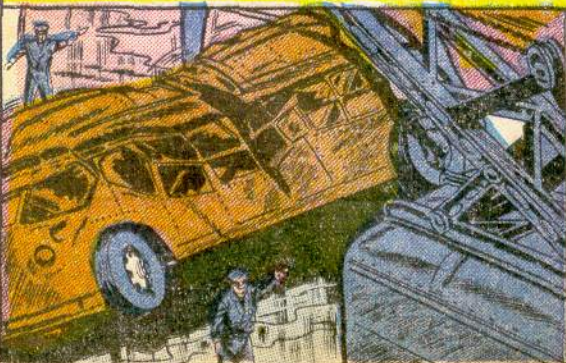
AN URGENT CALL! AN OVERTURNED BUS FULL OF PASSENGERS... GASOLINE ALL OVER THE STREET... MANY INJURED BY FLYING STEEL AND GLASS! "SAVE LIVES FIRST!" IS THE ORDER... AS THE CREW CRAWLS INTO THE SHAMBLES AND THE DAZED, THE SHOCKED, THE UNCONSCIOUS AND OFTEN THE HYSTERICAL ONES ARE FREED WITH ACETYLENE TORCHES!



BLEEDING VICTIMS GET FIRST ATTENTION, THE OTHERS, ACCORDING TO THEIR INJURIES, WAITING AMBULANCES QUICKLY TAKE THE SERIOUSLY INJURED TO THE HOSPITALS AND HURRY BACK FOR MORE! MEANWHILE, THE HAZARDOUS GASOLINE-COVERED PAVEMENT IS NEUTRALIZED!

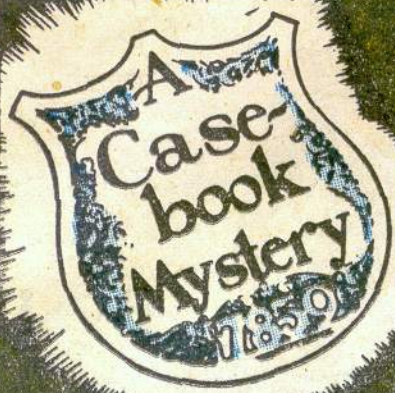


THE PONDEROUS HOOKS AND JACKS OF THE EMERGENCY TRUCK GO INTO ACTION AND THE BUS IS SOON RIGHTED AND HAULED TO THE CURB! THE CROWD IS DISPERSED AS THE STREET IS HOSED DOWN BY THE CREW!



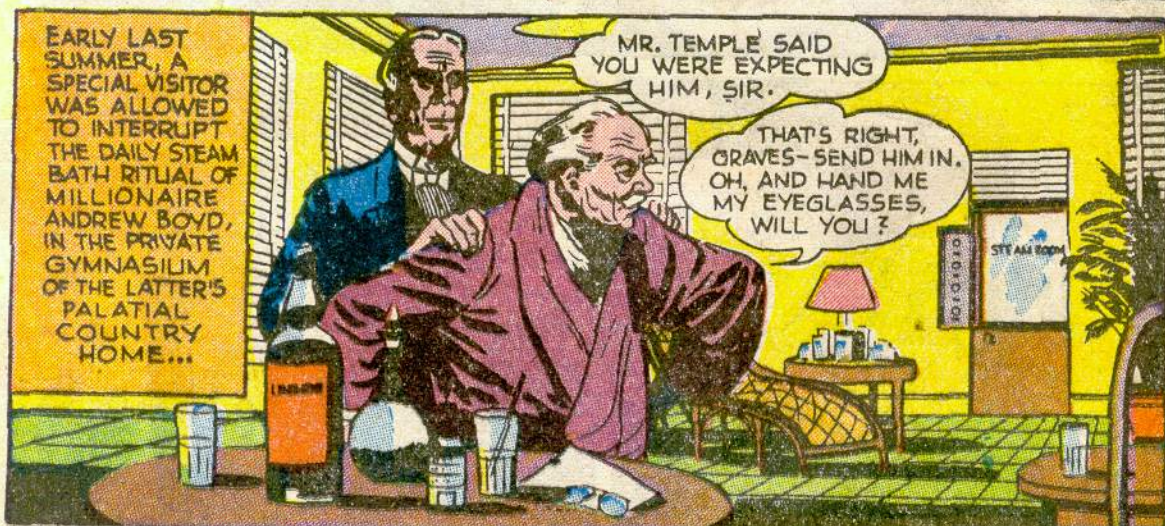
TRAFFIC RESUMES IN AN UNBELIEVABLY SHORT TIME! SOON, THE TIDE OF THE CITY ROLLS OVER THE SPOT, UNAWARE THAT A TRAGEDY HAS OCCURRED... THANKS TO THE SPEEDY, HEROIC AND OFTEN UNSUNG ACTIONS OF THE JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES POLICEMEN, THE POLICE EMERGENCY CREW!

The End



"DEATH Turns on the STEAM"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!



THE ENRAGED TEMPLE STRUCK OUT AT BOYD, KNOCKING HIM SENSELESS WITH A BLOW JUST BELOW THE HEART.

I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS BEFORE! IF I KILL HIM, EVERYTHING WILL BE MINE **RIGHT AWAY!** BUT I MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT—

THE STEAM ROOM.

MINDFUL OF FINGERPRINTS, THE TREACHEROUS TEMPLE USED A HANDKERCHIEF AS HE TURNED THE DIAL TO **MURDER.**

HE'S STILL OUT— I'LL TURN THE DIAL JUST ENOUGH TO DRIVE OUT ALL THE OXYGEN IN HERE. HE OUGHT TO GO QUICKLY. THEN I'LL RETURN THE DIAL TO NORMAL.

WHEN THE POLICE COME, THEY'LL THINK HE COLLAPSED FROM AN OVERDOSE OF STEAM.

MINUTES LATER...

THAT DOES IT!

RETURNING TO THE HOUSE PROPER, THE BRAZEN MURDERER PLAYED HIS PART TO THE HILT...

MR. BOYD IS FINISHING HIS STEAM BATH. GRAVES. I THINK I'LL JOIN PATRICIA.

SHE'S IN THE GARDEN, SIR.

NOT UNTIL BOYD FAILED TO APPEAR FOR DINNER WAS THE TRAGEDY DISCOVERED ...

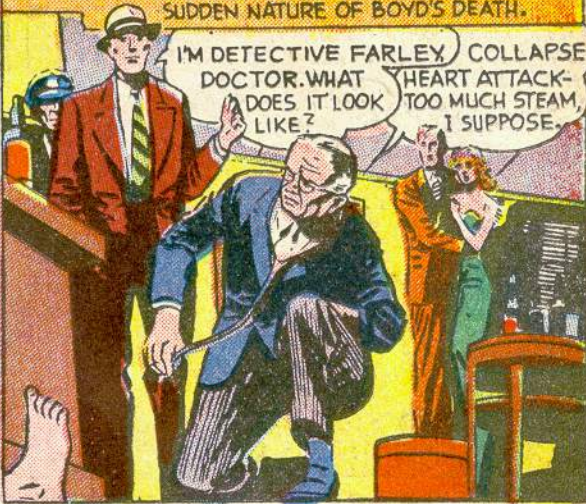
MR. BOYD... HE'S - HE'S DEAD!

STEADY, DARLING - I'LL HANDLE THIS. GRAVES, CALL THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY.



DR. GRAFF, THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN, CALLED THE POLICE MERELY AS A ROUTINE MATTER IN VIEW OF THE SUDDEN NATURE OF BOYD'S DEATH.

I'M DETECTIVE FARLEY. COLLAPSE - DOCTOR. WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE? HEART ATTACK - TOO MUCH STEAM, I SUPPOSE.



FARLEY DUTIFULLY ASKED THE ROUTINE QUESTIONS.

YOU WERE THE LAST TO SEE HIM ALIVE, MR. TEMPLE. DID HE SEEM ILL, OR AT ALL OUT OF SORTS?

NO, HE WAS IN FINE SPIRITS. WE WERE DISCUSSING MY FUTURE MARRIAGE TO PAT, HERE - WE EVEN SET A DATE.

LET THEM TRY TO PROVE DIFFERENTLY.



WE WERE TO MAKE THE FINAL ARRANGEMENTS THIS EVENING. THEN HE WENT BACK TO FINISH HIS STEAM BATH - HE WAS A BUG ON THAT, YOU KNOW.



YEAH - TOO BAD IT WAS HIS UNDOING...

THE STUPID FOOL WILL NEVER KNOW THE TRUTH!



WHAT DO *you* THINK?

IS THERE A FLAW IN TEMPLE'S RECKLESS GAMBLE FOR A BEAUTIFUL GIRL AND A KING'S RANSOM - OR HAS HE HIT THE JACKPOT WITH A

Perfect Murder?

CHECK ALL THE CLUES... BEFORE YOU CHECK THE ENDING!

SUDDENLY, FARLEY NOTICED SOMETHING! HE HUDDLED QUICKLY WITH GRAVES, THEN...

PETER TEMPLE— I THINK YOU MURDERED MR. BOYD.

HE'S INSANE— INSANE, I TELL YOU!

PETER— WHAT IS THIS?



PEOPLE DON'T WEAR EYEGLASSES IN STEAM ROOMS, TEMPLE! THEY CLOUD UP— ARE USELESS! BOYD CERTAINLY NEVER DID — I CHECKED THAT WITH GRAVES...

WATCH IT, HE'S MAKING A BREAK!

STOP OR I SHOOT!



TEMPLE'S BREAK WAS AN ADMISSION OF GUILT. CONFRONTED LATER WITH THE VOLUMINOUS REPORTS OF BOYD'S PRIVATE INVESTIGATION, TEMPLE WEARIED AND CONFESSED EVERYTHING. AND SO ANOTHER "PERFECT" MURDERER ENDED UP AS A PERFECT CONVICT!

THE END

The GRAPEVINE



"BOOBY-TRAPPED" AUTOS

The city of Cleveland, Ohio, is showing considerable success with a new plan for catching car crooks. Members of the community's Automobile Dealers Association are working hand in hand with the police.

They lend the law "stake out" cars, which are placed at key points around the city, and which are easily recognized by the police. They are set up as easy marks for thieves. No sooner does a crook break into one than police swoop down on him, for an unusual spotter system has recorded every one of his illegal moves.

A police spotter is stationed at a post, high over the area where robberies recently occurred. A camera with a telephoto lens, radio transmitter and receiver, and binoculars are his equipment. The "stake out" car is not far away, either left unlocked or locked and filled with luggage and clothes to lure the thief. A prowler car cruises in the vicinity.

No sooner does the thief take the bait and try to escape with the car than the prowler car overtakes him. Alibis and any sort of explanation are futile, because the observer has photographed the thief in the act with his telephoto-lens equipped camera. Thus far, every arrest has led to a conviction.

What prompted the adoption of this plan?

Auto larceny in Cleveland increased at an alarming rate over the past years. Not only did stolen cars reach an appalling figure, but 41% of merchandise reported stolen were pilfered from cars. Consequently, a new and effective plan had to be initiated without delay.

As soon as it went into effect, the plan was successful. But since they had only a limited number of automobiles, police took a dim note of the future, for the thieves began to recognize their vehicles. It was at this point that the Dealers Association, with their thousands of cars, offered their support. Since then, their "booby-trapped" automobiles have been an efficient weapon.

JOKE'S ON HIM

To his friends, Sigmund Weil was a funny guy. He was always good for a laugh, always had a practical joke ready. This morning in April, 1949, he entered the bank in Houston, shook the rain from his coat and hat, and strolled up to the teller's window.

"I'd like to open an account here," he said. "What do I have to do?"

"Fill out some forms. One of the assistant managers will help you, sir," replied the teller.

Weil looked preoccupied for a moment, then drew an evil-looking .38 automatic from his pocket.

"On second thought, instead of depositing money, I'm going to make a withdrawal," he said.

Within a few minutes, Weil left the bank, a brown paper bag crammed with \$5,000 in his fist. By noon, FBI agents, however, had arrested him. In one of his pockets, they found a business card. On it was printed:

SIGMUND WEIL

I Move Anything; That's my Business

Always the joker, police said. But this time, the gag had backfired. It was on Weil the wit. At his trial, he was given not only 15 years for this bank theft, but 35 more years for 14 other armed robberies.

KNOW THE LAW?

Would you make a good legal eagle? A good detective? Here is a quiz to test yourself. If you don't score well, remember you learned something, at least.

1: Do murderers frequently return to the scene of the crime?

2: Can a prosecutor insist that an accused forger offer a sample of his handwriting?

3: If a murderer becomes insane while awaiting execution in the death house, is the sentence commuted or is he executed, anyway?

4: Can police officers use the mails to forward bullets or firearms to an FBI laboratory for examination?

5. If evidence is obtained by hypnosis, is it acceptable in court?

ANSWERS

1: Generally, no. But sometimes a slayer becomes so obsessed with a feeling of guilt and a latent urge for punishment that he will come back.
2: It is unconstitutional for a defendant to testify or give evidence against himself. But most judges, in such cases, have overlooked that fact and allowed the prosecutor to demand samples, just as he would footprints of a suspect.

3: No state allows him to be executed. Some retry him on the new basis that he is insane; others submit him to an examination by a panel of psychiatrists.
4: Absolutely not. Only used ammunition can be sent through the mails. Air express and railway express are the only proper means to ship bullets or weapons, and they must be clearly marked.
5: No, because the defendant can claim that the testimony had been planted in his mind.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

VANCOUVER, B. C.: A holdup man entered a local cigar store, robbed the till of \$63, bought a package of chewing gum, offered a \$5 bill, got change, and left.

SUPERIOR, Wisc.: Arrested for assault, a railway worker told the court that he beat up his bunkmates because he thought, when they slept, their snores were messages in Morse code to attack and rob him.

SAN DIEGO, Calif.: A passing tourist cashed a rubber check for \$20 at the Soft Touch Gas & Service Station.

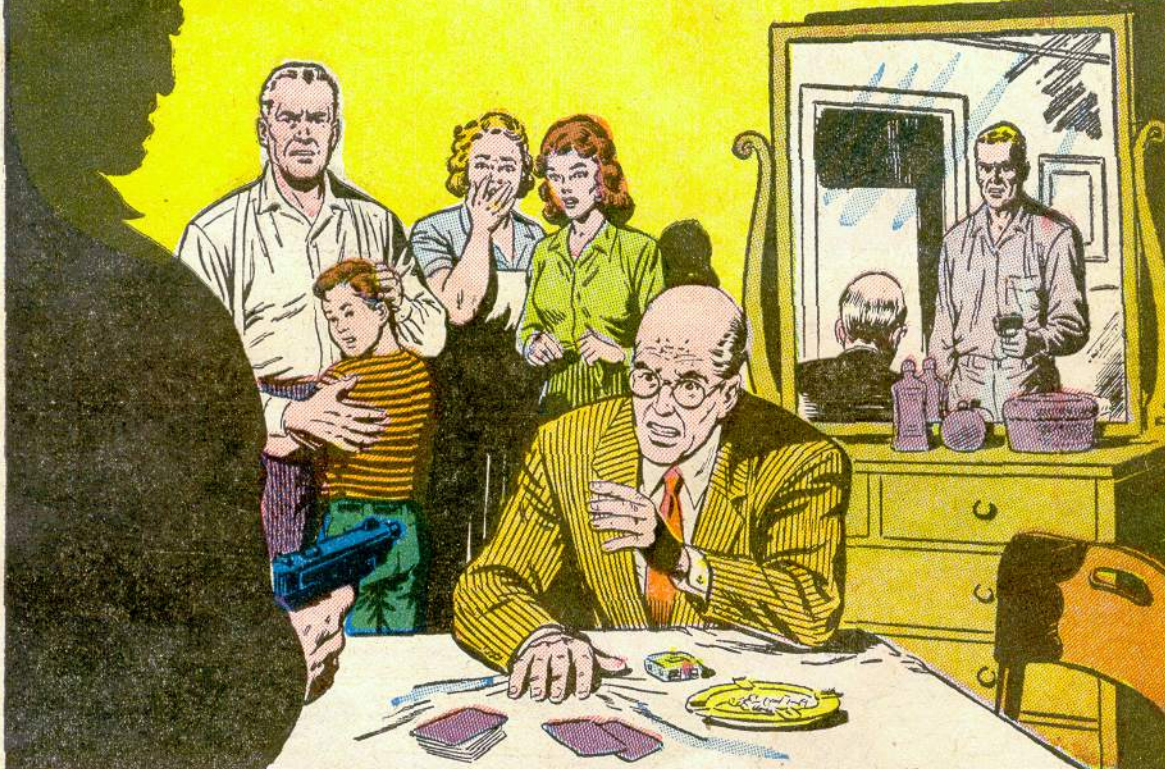
CRANSTON, R. I.: Fined \$100, a bookie stepped up to pay the fine and beamed at His Honor. "I'm glad I was pinched and this happened. I wanted to stop making book for a long time, and this is sure gonna be the clincher."

PHOENIX, Ariz.: Police easily picked up the man who had burglarized a pawn shop. While helping himself to some rings and cameras, he idly ran his fingers over a typewriter. . . and spelled out his name.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah: Answering a summons from eye witnesses, police sped to the scene of a two car collision, found nothing but fragments of glass and a note pinned to a traffic stanchion: "Everything was settled satisfactorily. Hope you weren't too inconvenienced."

YOUR NAME IS MARK ANSON-- AND YOU ARE EYEWITNESS TO A MURDER! YOUR TESTIMONY SENDS A KILLER TO PRISON, TICKETED FOR THE CHAIR! AS SO OFTEN OCCURS, THE KILLER VOWS TO ESCAPE AND GET YOU-- BUT SUCH VOWS DIE WITH THE KILLER! THIS TIME, HOWEVER, HE **DOES** ESCAPE... AND HE'S COMING AFTER YOU! THAT'S WHEN YOU BEGIN TO SWEAT OUT...

TWELVE HOURS OF FEAR!



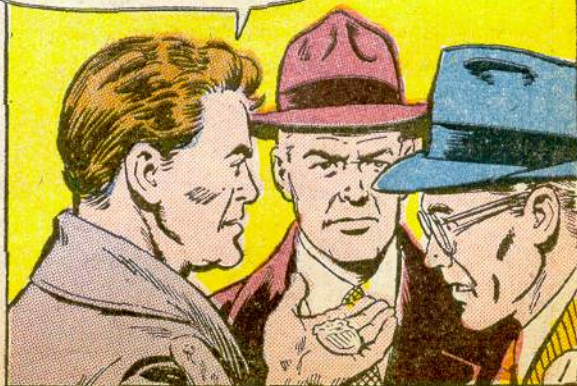
MARCH 17th, 1953, MARK ANSON'S DOOR-BELL RANG AT 9:30, JUST AS HE WAS LEAVING FOR HIS REAL ESTATE OFFICE ON-FOOTE STREET...

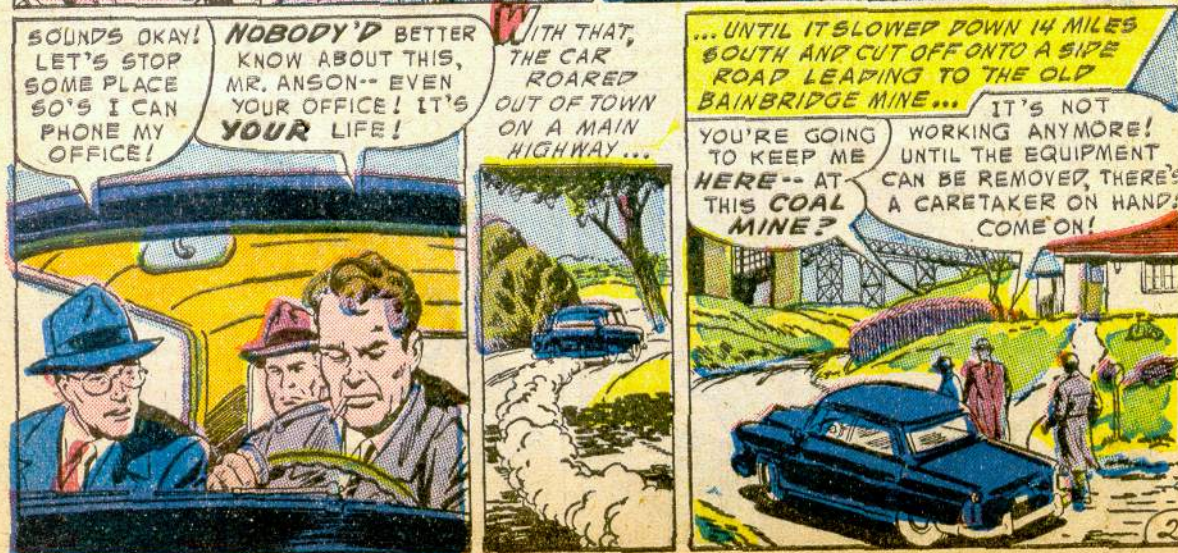
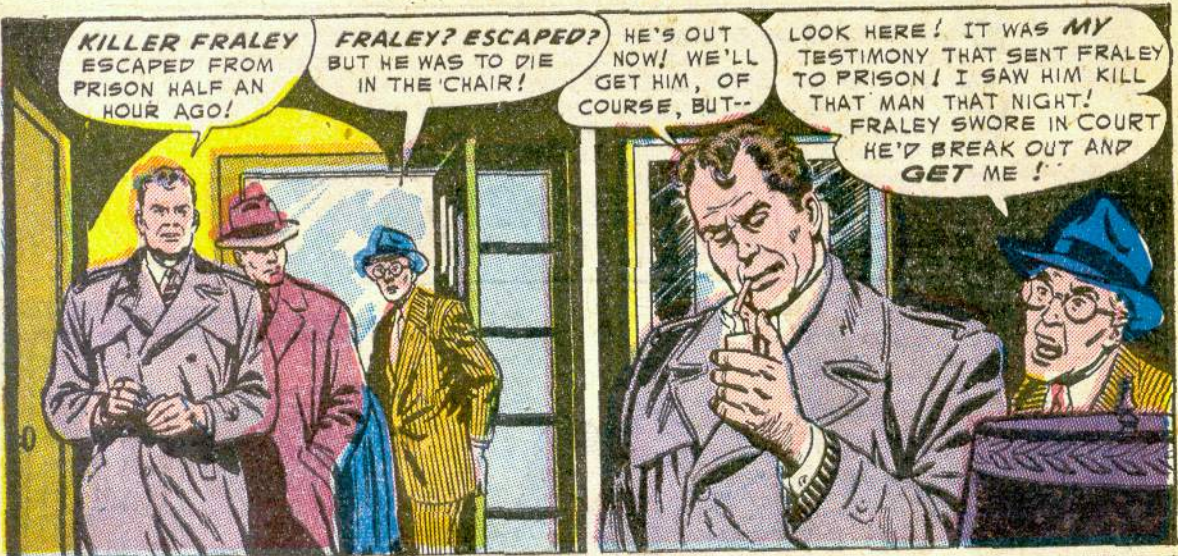
MR. ANSON?

YES! I'M IN A HURRY. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

NOTHING! WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING FOR YOU! POLICE, MR. ANSON! I'M LIEUT. BRANDON, OF THE DETECTIVE BUREAU. THIS IS SGT. BILL SHAWN!

POLICE? BUT-- I DON'T UNDERSTAND!





THEY APPROACHED THE CARETAKER'S SHACK AND...

YES?

POLICE! WE'D LIKE TO KEEP THIS MAN HERE UNTIL AN ESCAPED KILLER IS APPREHENDED!



AN ESCAPED KILLER?

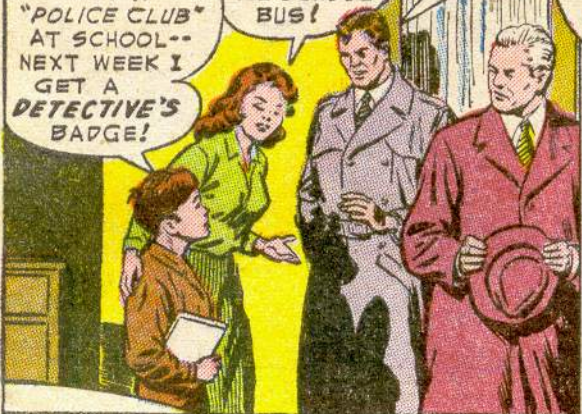
THIS MAN'S TESTIMONY SENT HIM TO THE CHAIR! WE WANT TO PROTECT HIM UNTIL FRALEY IS NAILED! NOBODY WOULD EVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR HIM HERE, AT AN ABANDONED MINE...



YOU KNOW, I'M A JUNIOR DETECTIVE! WE GOT A "POLICE CLUB" AT SCHOOL-- NEXT WEEK I GET A DETECTIVE'S BADGE!

COME ALONG, BROTHER! YOU'LL MISS THE SCHOOL BUS!

ONE MOMENT, MA'AM...



WE'D PREFER YOU DON'T SEND THE BOY TO SCHOOL TODAY! IT'S IMPORTANT NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE HERE!

BUT JOHNNY HASN'T MISSED A DAY THIS YEAR!

NOT EVEN WHEN HE HAD THE MUMPS! GOT 'EM DURING HIS VACATION.

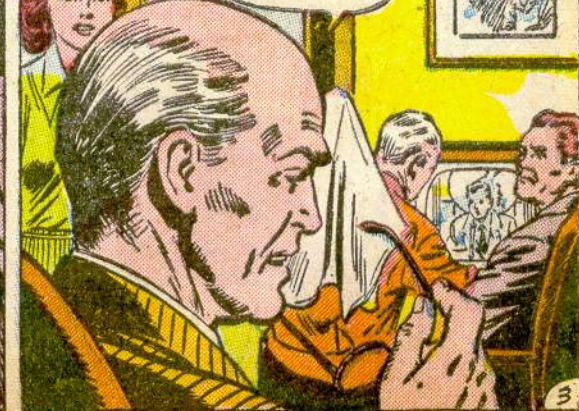


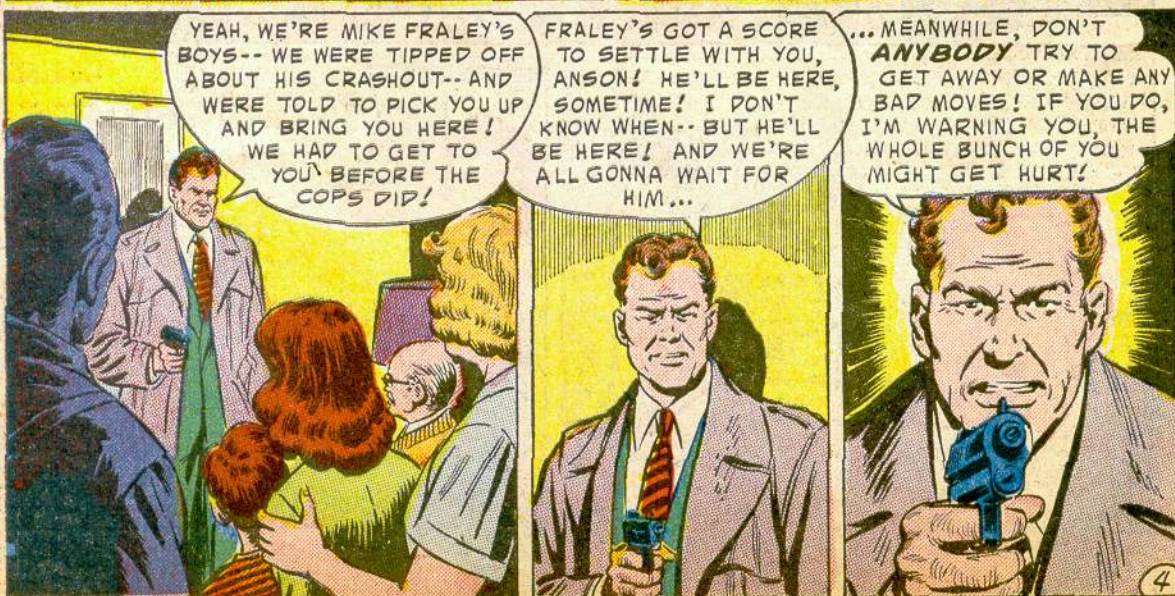
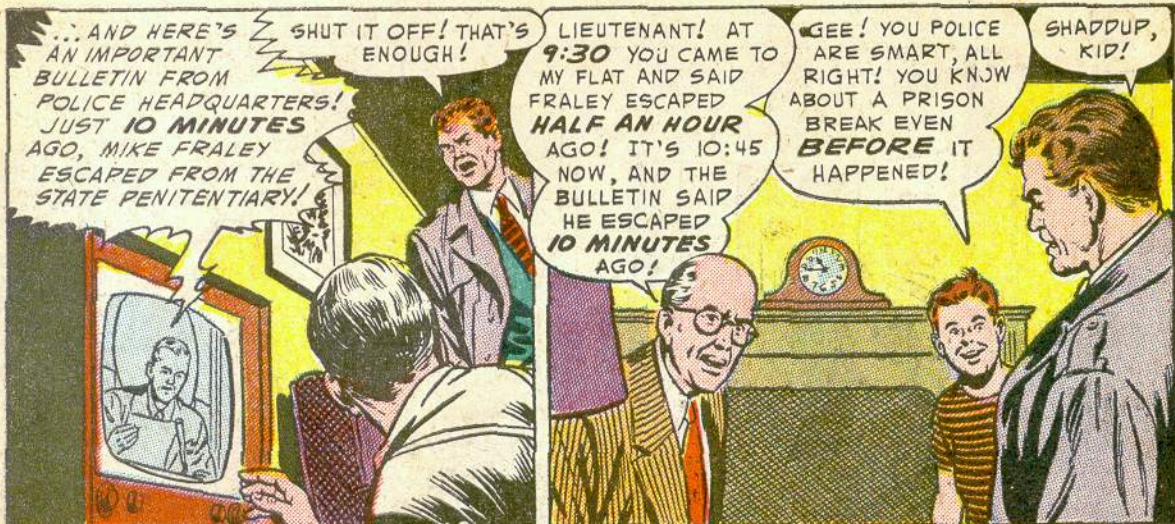
IT'S OUR DUTY TO COOPERATE WITH THE POLICE! WE'LL KEEP JOHNNY HOME TODAY! WHAT ABOUT SOME TELEVISION? IT HELPS WHILE THE HOURS AWAY HERE!

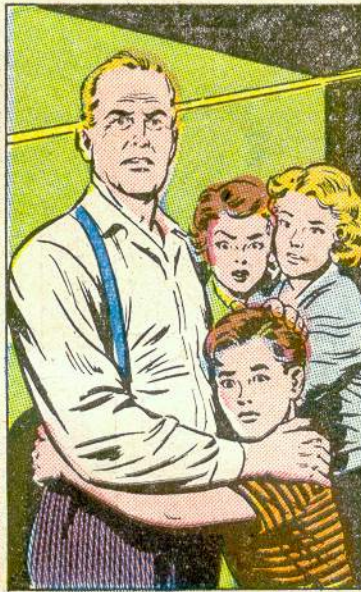
YEAH-- GET THE NEWS!



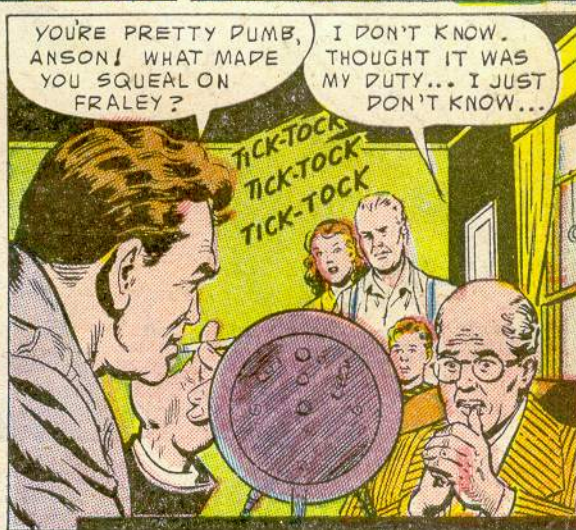
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF TO KNOW I'M SAFE, WITH REAL FRIENDS TO HELP ME!







TIME RUSHED BY: OUTSIDE, NOT A SOUND INSIDE, ONLY THE TICKING OF A CLOCK, THE SOUND OF SHUFFLED PLAYING CARDS...





TWO KIDS OUT THERE-- I SAW 'EM! GET RID OF 'EM, KELLY... I DON'T KNOW HOW-- BUT GET RID OF 'EM!

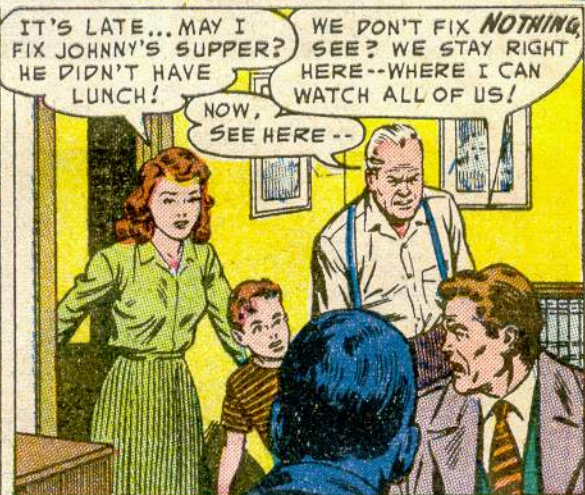
WHERE WAS JOHNNY TODAY, MR. KELLY? THE SCHOOL SERVED TREATS-- AND HE WASN'T THERE! WE BROUGHT HIS FOR HIM!

JOHNNY HAS THE MUMPS. BETTER NOT STAY AROUND OR YOU'LL CATCH 'EM! I'LL GIVE HIM THE CANDY!



THEY'RE LEAVIN'-- HEADING UP THE ROAD!

NICE JOB, KELLY! NOW EVERYBODY RELAX AGAIN!



IT'S LATE... MAY I FIX JOHNNY'S SUPPER? HE DIDN'T HAVE LUNCH!

WE DON'T FIX *NOTHING*. SEE? WE STAY RIGHT HERE-- WHERE I CAN WATCH ALL OF US!

NOW, SEE HERE--



SHADDUP! I DON'T LIKE HANGIN' AROUND THIS CREEP JOINT ANYMORE THAN YOU LIKE HAVIN' ME! BUT I'M STAYIN' TILL FRALEY GETS HERE-- AN' I'M WATCHING THE LOT OF YOU... ALL THE TIME!



LATE AFTERNOON SHADOWS FELL, LENGTHENED, THEN DARKNESS. HOURS WENT BY UNTIL... 9:00! A CAR DOOR SLAMMED OUTSIDE...

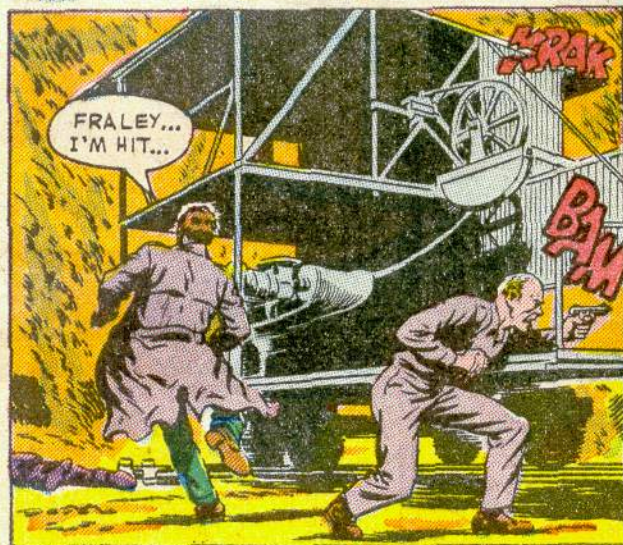


AL'S CAR! C'MON-- THEY'RE INSIDE!



H'LO, ANSON!

FRALEY!

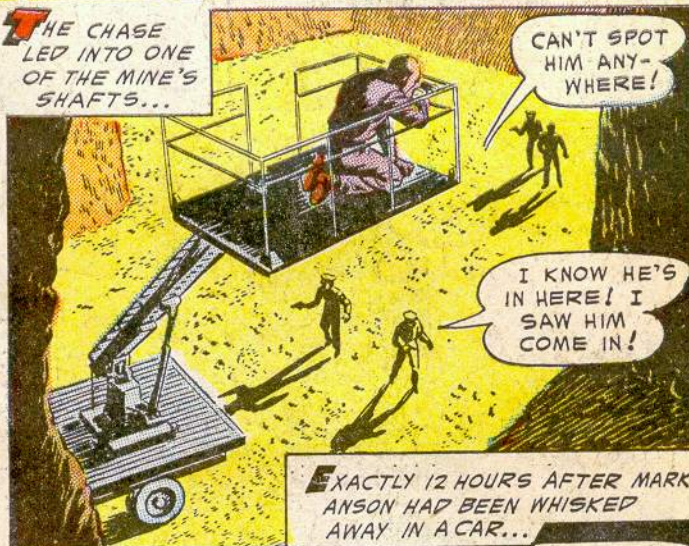


FRALEY FLED TO THE COAL CONVEYOR, ASCENDED...





THE CHASE
LED INTO ONE
OF THE MINE'S
SHAFTS...



EXACTLY 12 HOURS AFTER MARK ANSON HAD BEEN WHISKED AWAY IN A CAR...



FRALEY'S DEAD! ONE OF THE SHOTS GOT HIM-- HE MADE IT TO THE DERRICK... BUT DIED THERE!



THE TWO BOYS WHO BROUGHT THE CANDY ARE ALSO "JUNIOR DETECTIVES"! THEY KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG WHEN JOHNNY'S POP TOLD 'EM HE HAD MUMPS, WHICH HE'D HAD BEFORE-- AND WHICH YOU ONLY GET ONCE! RECKONING SOMETHING WAS WRONG, THEY TOLD US-- AND WE CAME HERE!



HOW in 10 Minutes of Fun a Day

Now,
Buddy
YOU

GET ALL THESE
5 PICTURE-
PACKED
COURSES

FREE

If you
mail
coupon NOW
as I did!

YOU Can Become AN AMAZING NEW 3-D HE-MAN

JIM NORMAN
before
NOW
I gained
1000% in
HE-MAN LOOKS
POPULARITY and
STRENGTH

Like
We
Did

May be
LAST CHANCE
before \$1
price goes
back!

Cle-
land
BEFORE

NOW

Look at
CLEVELAND'S
HEROIC
CHEST
NOW!

—HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST

LOOK
at ME and
MY PALS!
What a
Pitiful lot of
SKINNY
WRECKS like YOU
We were **BEFORE**
We mailed coupon!
Yes, PAL—**NOW**

YOU MAIL THE
COUPON
BELOW

and Get a **NEW**
HE-MAN BODY
for Your **OLD**
SKELETON FRAME!

YOU CAN WIN
\$100.00
AND A BIG 15"
TALL SILVER CUP
LIKE WE
DID!



NO! Friend
you don't
have to be **SKINNY**,
WEAK or **FLABBY** any
more—just mail the
FREE coupon below as I
did! But **DO IT NOW**—
This may be YOUR **LAST**
CHANCE!

I gained
70 lbs. of
MIGHTY MUSCLE

Won a **BIG SILVER TROPHY**
and made the football team.
I was a 90 lb. Skeleton before,
says Cleveland.

I changed myself from
this **ANEMIC SHRIMP**
to this **MUSCULAR HE-MAN**

I added 6 inches
to each **ARM**
10 inches to my **CHEST**
says Ken Grimm.

I GAINED
53 lbs.
OF SHAPELY
POWER-
PACKED
MUSCLES

I Was a
Skinny,
Scared,
Girl-Shy
Skeleton.
Now My
Body is
the Best
in the
Neigh-
bor-
hood. Pal
—Do as I
Did—Mail
The Coupon
Below.
AFTER
R. HIRSCH
BEFORE

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY ARM

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP

By **GEORGE F. JOWETT**

NOW—YOU MAIL
COUPON and GET
ALL 5 COURSES

FREE

Millions were
sold at \$1.

PLUS BIG
PHOTO BOOK
of

STRONG MEN
which also tells
how to
WIN TROPHY
and \$100!

LAST CHANCE—ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER

3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. NC-410

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jawett Courses
granted in
World for
Building
All Around
HE-MAN"
—B. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me **FREE** Jawett'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 NOW! SAVES YOU YEARS and DOLLARS!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER AND PRIZES!

MORE "That's-for-me" STYLES FOR YOU

...at Thom McAn



HERE'S COMFORT IN A SHOE THAT'S VIRILE,
OUR NEW TWO-EYELET STYLE, THE TYROL.
WEAR IT--FEEL AND LOOK YOUR BESTA
IN THE ACTIVE FALL SEMESTER!



THIS ONE'S GOING
OVER BIG,
REALLY "SOLID," MAN,
JUST DIG
THAT CHESTNUT-COLORED
HEATHER LEATHER--
(STORM WELT KEEPS
OUT ANY WEATHER)



IS THIS THE PERFECT SHOE FOR AUTUMN?
ASK THE FELLOWS WHO HAVE BOUGHT 'EM.
THE BOLDLY-STITCHED AND RUGGED LEATHER
DOTES ON CRISP OCTOBER WEATHER!

#6237



"That's for me" — Thom McAn loves to
hear it . . . and we do, every day. It takes
a lot of styles to please everybody. That's
why Thom McAn offers the biggest selection
in town (over 150 styles). Save yourself a
lot of shopping around (and money, too) by
looking first at Thom McAn — so good, it's
the best-selling shoe in all America!

\$7.95

Thom McAn

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