

GANG BUSTERS

Featuring
**"HOBBO WITH
A BADGE!"**

THIS GUY IS A
COPPER--I JUST FOUND
HIS BADGE IN HIS
BUNDLE! HE MUST BE
AFTER ONE OF US!



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

NOW-

FOR THE FIRST TIME,
YOU CAN SHARE THE
WORLD'S MOST EXCITING
EXPLOITS WITH THE
BRAVE MEN WHO
EXPERIENCED THEM!

MY GREATEST ADVENTURE

JAN.-FEB. 1947

Featuring *"My Cargo
Was DEATH!"*

IF ONE OF THEIR
SLUGS HITS THE
NITRO IN BACK,
I'LL BE BLOWN
SKY-HIGH!

*If you want to
know how it feels...*

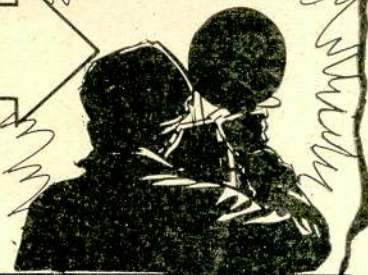
TO DRIVE A
CARGO OF
NITRO THROUGH
BLAZING BANDITS'
BULLETS...



ALSO:
"I WAS KING OF
DAGGER ISLAND!"
"I HUNTED A
FLYING SAUCER!"

TO RULE
AN ISLAND
EMPIRE...

TO PLAY
HIDE-AND-
SEEK IN THE
SKIES WITH
A FLYING
SAUCER...



*Read first
the issue
of*

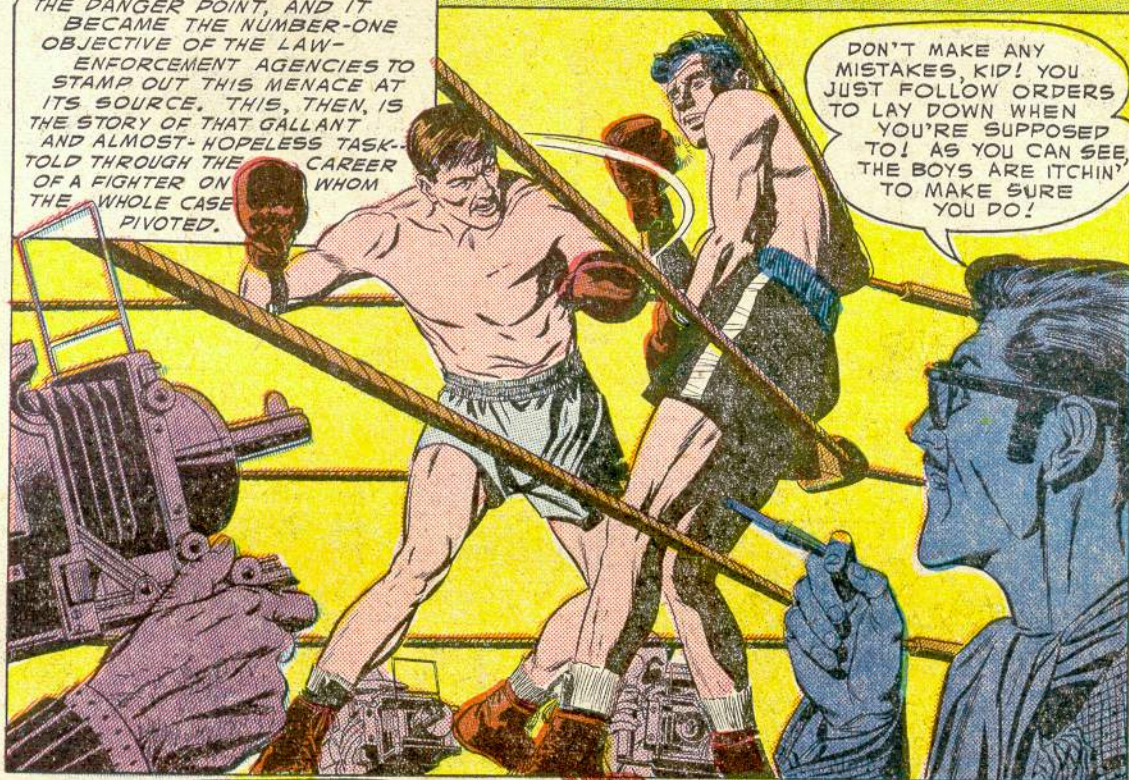
MY GREATEST ADVENTURE



NOW ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!

THE COP WITH THE K.O. PUNCH

BY THE SUMMER OF 1952, THE FIGHT RACKET IN ONE OF OUR LARGER CITIES HAD REACHED THE DANGER POINT, AND IT BECAME THE NUMBER-ONE OBJECTIVE OF THE LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES TO STAMP OUT THIS MENACE AT ITS SOURCE. THIS, THEN, IS THE STORY OF THAT GALLANT AND ALMOST-HOPELESS TASK—TOLD THROUGH THE CAREER OF A FIGHTER ON WHOM THE WHOLE CASE HAD PIVOTED.

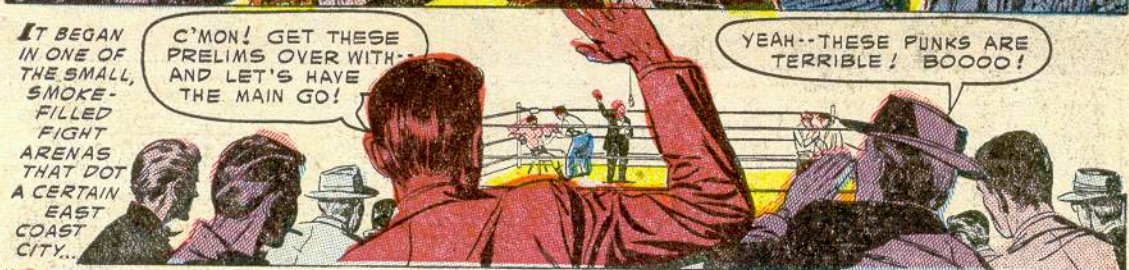


DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES, KID! YOU JUST FOLLOW ORDERS TO LAY DOWN WHEN YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO! AS YOU CAN SEE, THE BOYS ARE ITCHIN' TO MAKE SURE YOU DO!

IT BEGAN IN ONE OF THE SMALL, SMOKE-FILLED FIGHT ARENAS THAT DOT A CERTAIN EAST COAST CITY...

C'MON! GET THESE PRELIMS OVER WITH—AND LET'S HAVE THE MAIN GO!

YEAH--THESE PUNKS ARE TERRIBLE! BOOOO!



BUT EVEN THE MOST CAUSTIC CRITICS WERE SILENCED THE MOMENT HICKEY LEWIS FLASHED INTO ACTION...

SAAY! THAT HICKEY LEWIS CAN HIT!

LOOKIT HIM! HE JUST CAME IN FROM CHICAGO! CALLS HIMSELF THE ILLINOIS KID!



IT WAS AN UNIMPORTANT VICTORY, SCORED OVER AN UNKNOWN, BUT IT STARTED ONE OF THE MOST METEORIC CLIMBS IN THE HISTORY OF BOXING...

HOBOKEN PALACE
BULLETS DOUGHTY vs. THE ILLINOIS KID
4-ROUND PRELIMINARY



SCRANTON
THE ILLINOIS KID vs. HARRY PETHE
8-ROUND FINAL



IT WAS LIKE THIS EVERY PLACE, AND HICKEY RAN UP A STRING OF 17 CONSECUTIVE VICTORIES. HE RETURNED HOME AN IMPORTANT GUY--AND IT APPEARED TO GO TO HIS HEAD...

GOSH--IT'S THE ILLINOIS KID! HOW ABOUT YOUR AUTOGRAPH, KID?

G'WAN-- BEAT IT, YUH PESTS! LEMME ALONE!



BUT YOU CAN BE A NICE GUY, TOO, HICKEY-- IT WOULDN'T HURT...



YEAH? NICE GUYS GET NUTHIN'! I'LL PLAY THIS MY OWN WAY, IF YOU DON'T MIND!

BUT, KID! WHERE ARE YOU GOING? YOU'RE IN TRAINING-- SUPPOSED TO HIT THE SACK EARLY!

I'LL TRAIN THE WAY I PLEASE! AND RIGHT NOW, I'M GOING OUT!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, HICKEY ARRIVED AT ANOTHER HOTEL--ONLY THIS TIME THE ATMOSPHERE WAS SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT...

HICKEY! YOU'RE BACK! WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

THOUGHT I'D NEVER MAKE IT!



SO HICKEY LEWIS WAS HOME, EXCEPT--IT WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE!

HICKEY, MEET SGT. PETE WILSON. HE AND SGT. DAVE ROGERS, HERE, WILL BE WORKING WITH US ON THE CASE FROM NOW ON.

I CAUGHT YOUR ACT OUT-OF-TOWN! SAY! YOU'RE NOT A BAD FIGHTER-- FOR A COP!

THAT'S RIGHT! HICKEY LEWIS WAS ACTUALLY A POLICE ROOKIE, WHOSE PROWESS IN THE RING HAD PROMPTED A DARING PLAN...

HOW ABOUT YOUR MANAGER, HICKEY? HE GOT WIND OF ANYTHING?

NO, LIEUTENANT. HE'S A SWEET AND SIMPLE GUY! HE'S BEEN VERY PATIENT WITH ME-- AND I'VE SURE BEEN GIVING HIM A HARD TIME!

THE PLAN WAS SIMPLE. HICKEY WAS TO CONTINUE TO FIGHT AND HOPE THAT HIS ABILITY WOULD ATTRACT FEELERS FROM THE MOBE...

OKAY, HICKEY--SO FAR, SO GOOD! YOUR FIGHTING REPUTATION IS BUILDING-- AND SO IS YOUR REP AS AN UGLY CUSTOMER. WE'LL EXPECT REPORTS FROM YOU WEEKLY--AND WHEN SOMETHING POPS, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!



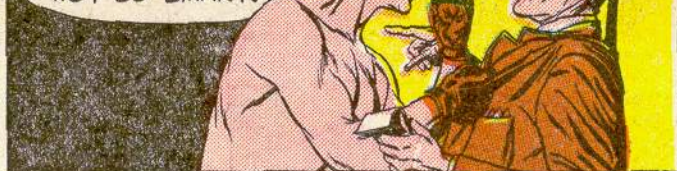
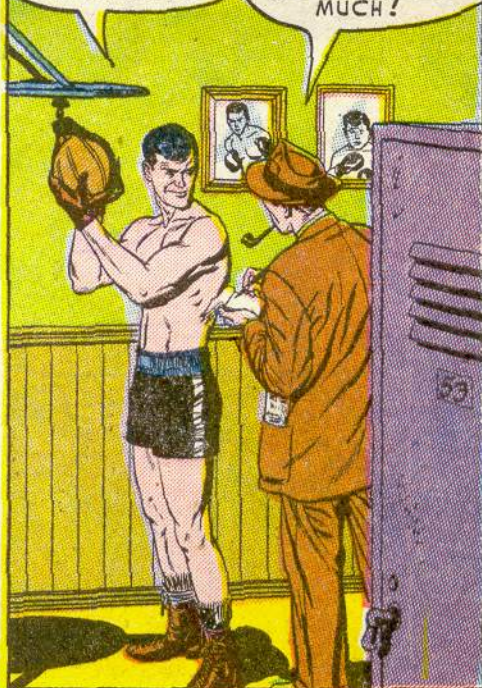
THE NEXT FEW DAYS FOUND HICKEY HARD AT WORK AT DELMAN'S GYM-- TRAINING FOR HIS NEXT BOUT...

SO YOU'RE JAKE KELVEY, DEAN OF THE BOXING WRITERS, EH? WELL-- WHADDYA GONNA WRITE ABOUT ME, MR. KELVEY?

I DUNNO. MAYBE A STORY ABOUT A FRESH PUNK WHO SHOOTS OFF HIS MOUTH TOO MUCH!

WATCH YOUR STEP, POP! JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE ONLY DAILY COLUMN IN TOWN DOESN'T MAKE YOU KING! YOUR PREDICTIONS WERE WRONG THE LAST SIX FIGHTS IN A ROW! YOU'RE NOT SO SMART!

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! SAVE YOUR STRENGTH FOR THE RING! YOU'LL NEED IT!



KELVEY WROTE A SCATHING COLUMN ON THE ILLINOIS KID, ONE THAT DID NOT ESCAPE THE ATTENTION OF ONE SCARF MCKAY--

WELL, WELL! THIS HICKEY LEWIS KID GETS MORE AND MORE INTERESTING, JO-JO! SUPPOSE YOU GET US SOME TICKETS FOR HIS NEXT FIGHT!

RIGHT, BOSS!



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, HICKEY WENT INTO THE RING AGAINST "INJUN" BLUEFEATHER, ANOTHER LEADING CONTENDER...

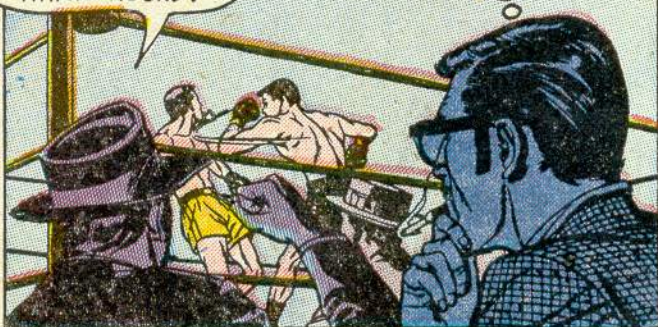
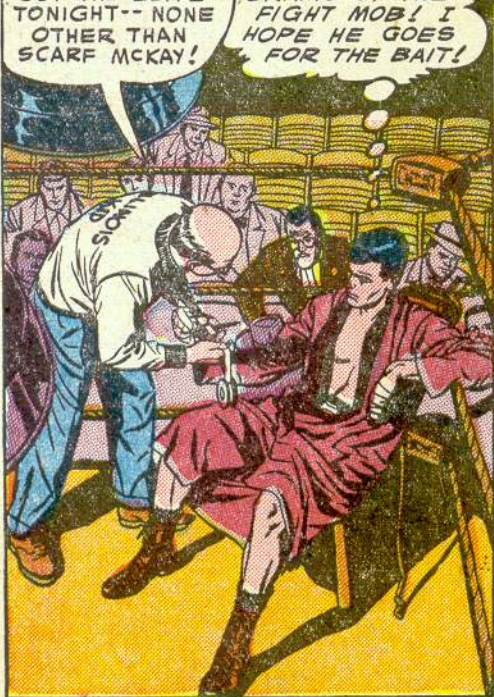
WELL, HICKEY-- YOU'VE BROUGHT OUT THE ELITE TONIGHT-- NONE OTHER THAN SCARF MCKAY!

MCKAY! OUR INFORMANTS CLAIM HE'S THE BRAINS OF THE FIGHT MOB! I HOPE HE GOES FOR THE BAIT!

THAT NIGHT, HICKEY WAGED THE MOST BRILLIANT FIGHT OF HIS CAREER, HOPING TO IMPRESS THE MOB LAND LEADER...

HE'S GOT HIM! THE KID'S GOT HIM-- AND IT'S ONLY THE THIRD ROUND!

HMM-- THE CLASS OF A CHAMPION, ALL RIGHT!



ONE ROUND LATER, HICKEY SCORED HIS KNOCKOUT. AND AFTERWARDS, IN HIS DRESSING ROOM...

BEAT IT, PUNK-- I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR BOY...

YOU HEARD THE MAN, SAM-- TAKE OFF! I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



YOU'RE OKAY, KID! MIGHT EVEN BECOME A CHAMP. ONLY--YOU GOTTA KNOW HOW TO PLAY YOUR CARDS...

YOU CAN'T PLAY CARDS UNTIL THE DEAL! WHAT'S YOUR DEAL, MR. MCKAY?

I TAKE OVER YOUR CONTRACT! I GOT CONNECTIONS--WITH-OUT THEM, YOU'RE DEAD! AND JUST SO WE START ON THE RIGHT NOTE, I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU-- THIS LITTLE KEY! IT FITS A BRAND-NEW CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE!

YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS WANTED A CAR LIKE THAT!



YOU'RE A SMART-BOY! AND NOW WE'LL CELEBRATE! I'M THROWIN' A PARTY AT MY APARTMENT!

GOOD! I'LL BE THERE, BOSS!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

FRIENDS, MEET
HICKEY LEWIS--
THE NEXT
WORLD CHAMP!

SURPRISE
NUMBER ONE!
MCKAY'S GUESTS
ARE NOT ALL
STUMBLEBUMS!

HEAR!
HEAR!

JUDD BAXTER, "THE BANANA KING"! CARSON DOOLES, THE CRIMINAL LAWYER. AND BILLY BENSON, THE BIG RESTAURANT MAN! THEY SEEM VERY MUCH AT HOME HERE!

AND THEN SOMETHING BEGAN TO BOTHER HICKEY... PERHAPS MCKAY WAS TAKING ORDERS FROM SOMEONE HIGHER UP!

BUT, BOSS-- AN HOUR AGO YOU SAID THE TOLEDO DEAL WAS SET!

NEVER MIND WHAT I SAID! CAN'T I CHANGE MY MIND??

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE YOUNG DETECTIVE SLIPPED AWAY TO INVESTIGATE MCKAY'S APARTMENT...

A BIRD'S FEATHER-- AND WHAT LOOKS LIKE A KEY TO SOME SORT OF CODE! I'D BETTER POCKET THESE FOR CLOSER EXAMINATION LATER!

AFTERWARDS, SAFELY AWAY FROM THE PARTY, HICKEY MET LT. CROUCH...

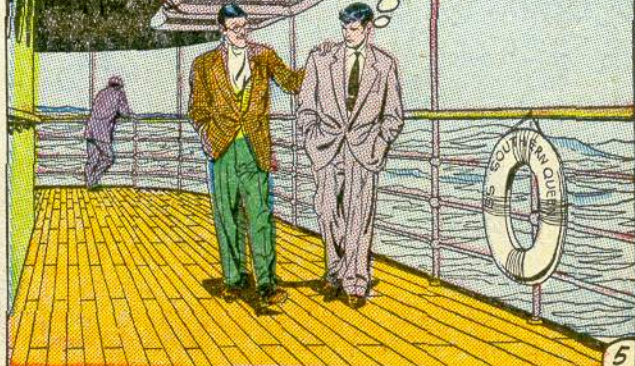
THINGS ARE MOVING! I'M SOLID WITH MCKAY-- ONLY HE MAY NOT BE THE TOP MAN! I'LL PLAY ALONG...

OKAY. MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE THIS STUFF YOU FOUND BACK TO THE LAB FOR ANALYSIS. BE CAREFUL!

THEN THE NEXT DAY, AN UNEXPECTED TURN. MCKAY INSISTED HICKEY ACCOMPANY HIM ON A VACATION-- A SOUTHERN CRUISE...

NOTHING LIKE THAT OCEAN AIR, EH, KID? DO YOU A WORLD OF GOOD!

I'D RATHER HAVE STAYED IN TOWN AND DONE SOME MORE DIGGING. THIS WAY I'M OUT OF TOUCH WITH EVERYTHING! BUT-- THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES!



THREE WEEKS LATER, THE VACATION WAS OVER, AND THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN FAST...

HICKEY-- WE COULDN'T MAKE MUCH OF THAT CODE-- BUT THAT **FEATHER** BELONGED TO A **PIGEON**-- AND IT WAS ENCRUSTED WITH SALT!

HMM-- WHAT WOULD MCKAY BE DOING WITH PIGEON FEATHERS-- SALTY ONES? OKAY, LIEUTENANT-- THANKS!

AND EVEN WHILE HICKEY PONDERED HIS PROBLEM, SCARF MCKAY HAD MOVED INTO ACTION...

WELL, KID-- I GOT YOU THE CHAMP, JUST LIKE I PROMISED! THE GO IS SET FOR NEXT WEEK! GOOD, HUH?

GREAT! NOW YOU'RE TALKIN'!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING, KID. YOU FIGGER TO TAKE THE CHAMP-- WHICH IS GOOD-- BECAUSE THE ODDS WILL BE ON YOU-- AND WE'LL BE BETTING THE OTHER WAY! WE'LL MAKE A BUNDLE!

YOU MEAN-- YOU'LL BE BETTING ON ME TO **LOSE**???

GET SMART! YOU'RE GONNA **DUMP** THAT FIGHT, KID! YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF TIME TO BECOME CHAMP! MEANWHILE, I'M BETTIN' 10 GRAND FOR YOU ON THE CHAMP! THAT'S **MONEY**, KID!

SO IT HAD COME--THE PROPOSITION HICKEY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR. BUT HE COULDN'T MOVE YET--THERE WERE STILL SOME PIECES TO FIT. AND THAT NIGHT...

AH, THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS! DON'T THROW YOUR QUESTIONS TOO FAST, GUYS-- OR THE NEXT CHAMP WILL START DODGING 'EM THE WAY HE DODGES PUNCHES! HA-HA!

HEY, KID-- HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT FIGHTING THE CHAMP???

AFTER THE INTERVIEW, HICKEY RAN INTO "BANANA KING" JUDD BAXTER...

NICE SEEING YOU AGAIN, KID! LOTS OF LUCK IN THE FIGHT!

I WONDER-- IS IT A COINCIDENCE THAT HIS OFFICE HAPPENS TO BE IN THIS BUILDING, TOO?



DAYS OF TRAINING PASSED QUICKLY. THE NIGHT OF THE BIG FIGHT CAME-- AND THEN IT HAPPENED!

WHERE'S HICKEY?
WHERE IS HE?

HE'S GONE DOWN INTO THE RING. WHY-- SOMETHING HAPPEN, BOSS??

I'LL SAY! WE'VE BEEN DOUBLECROSSED! HICKEY LEWIS IS A **COP**-- THE WHOLE THING HAS BEEN AN UNDERCOVER JOB! HE'S GOING OUT TO **BEAT THE CHAMP!**

A COP!! WHY, I'LL BLAST HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE RING!

NO-- WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT OUR BETS-- AND KILL HIM **AFTER THE FIGHT!** THIS STUFF MIGHT BE JUST WHAT WE NEED!

SURE! WE SLIP IT IN THE WATER-BOTTLE HE SIPs BETWEEN ROUNDS! HE'LL BE OUT ON HIS FEET BEFORE HE KNOWS WHAT HIT HIM!



THE FIGHT BEGAN WITHOUT INCIDENT. BOTH BOXERS WERE CAUTIOUS DURING THE FIRST ROUND-- AND THEN...

HE TOOK IT! HA--HA-- NOW WATCH THE FUN!



As the second round began, the crowd stood up with a roar. Hickey was tagged with a left and could not seem to shake his head clear...



KILL HIM, CHAMP! KILL HIM! HA-HA! IT'S ALL OVER NOW!

THEN THE CHAMP THREW ONE STIFF, JOLTING RIGHT... AND THE ILLINOIS KID WENT CRASHING TO THE CANVAS!

TWO--- THREE--- FOUR---

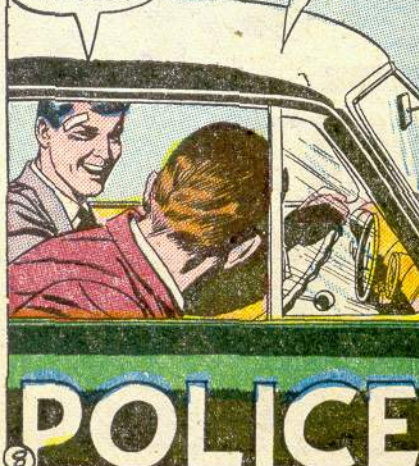
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, **COPPER?** DOUBLECROSS US, WILL YOU!!





OLD-TIMERS STILL REMEMBER THAT FIGHT—HOW HICKEY CAME BACK FROM APPARENT DEFEAT AND WENT ON TO WIN LIKE A WILDCAT!

WHEN I SMELLED THE DRUG IN THAT WATER-BATTLE, I KNEW THEY MUST HAVE TAKEN THE BAIT. AND WHEN THEY CALLED ME "COPPER", I KNEW THE TRAP WAS CLOSED!



LT. CROUCH HAD HIS ANSWER MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE CAR STOPPED BEFORE THE **DAILY SENTINEL** BUILDING...



THERE'S YOUR "BRAIN," LIEUTENANT! "SICK" TONIGHT, AS HE IS ON EVERY CROOKED FIGHT NIGHT! NO WONDER HE PICKED SO MANY FIGHTS WRONG -- HIS MOB WOULD BE BETTING THE OTHER WAY!

SO HE'S THE MAN YOU SENT THE ANONYMOUS TIP THAT YOU WERE A COP, KNOWING THAT IF IT FILTERED DOWN TO MCKAY, IT CONFIRMED KELVEY'S GUILT!

PRETTY SLICK! HE STAYED CLEAR OF MCKAY--SENT **CODED ORDERS** THROUGH HIS **DAILY COLUMN**. NO OTHER WRITER HAD A DAILY COLUMN! AND IN EMERGENCIES, HE USED **CARRIER PIGEONS!**

YES! NEWSPAPERS STILL USE CARRIER PIGEONS TO TRANSMIT PHOTO FILM FROM SHIP TO SHORE. AN OCEAN-FLYING PIGEON WOULD BE ENCRUSTED WITH SALT! IT WAS JUST A HUNCH-- BUT IT MADE KELVEY A **DEAD PIGEON!**



HICKEY LEWIS RETIRED FROM THE RING SOON AFTER. IT WAS TO HIS ETERNAL CREDIT THAT HE GAVE UP A FAR MORE LUCRATIVE CAREER TO CONTINUE AS A LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICER.

THE END

Ring around a Tootsie Roll, what a lovely treat.
With Santa Claus and Tootsie Rolls, Xmas is complete.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL
FROM **Tootsie Roll**

Tootsie Roll POPS—Fruit candy on the
outside. **Tootsie Roll** inside. Two treats
for the price of one—only 2¢.



CHOCOLATY
Tootsie Roll
CENTER

TO BE ELIGIBLE FOR THE FORCE, POLICEWOMEN CANDIDATES MUST WEIGH NOT LESS THAN 130 POUNDS, BE AT LEAST FIVE FEET FOUR INCHES IN HEIGHT AND BE OVER 23 YEARS OLD! HALF OF THOSE TAKING THE TESTS ARE COLLEGE WOMEN! OVER 20 PERCENT ARE EX-SERVICE WOMEN!

POLICEWOMAN!

IN THEIR PHYSICAL TESTS, THEY ARE EXPECTED TO SPRINT AND BROAD-JUMP AS WELL AS THE AVERAGE MAN! A SLIGHT CONCESSION IS MADE IN THE WEIGHT-LIFTING TESTS!

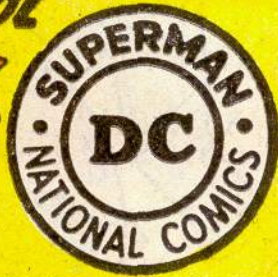
AS A RESULT OF THESE EXACTING PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS, THIS STRIKING AND ROBUST GROUP CAN GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES IN TOUGH SITUATIONS! THEIR TRAINING IN PERSONAL DEFENSE HAS ENABLED THEM, ON MANY OCCASIONS, TO DISARM DANGEROUS CRIMINALS!

TYPICAL IS MARY SULLIVAN, IN CHARGE OF NEW YORK POLICEWOMEN FOR MANY YEARS, NOW RETIRED. STORIES OF HER MANY DARING EXPLOITS IN WHICH SHE FACED THE UNDERWORLD ON ITS OWN GROUND HAVE BEEN WIDELY USED ON RADIO! COOLNESS AND COURAGE SAW HER THROUGH MANY SITUATIONS WHERE ANY MISTAKE WOULD HAVE SPELLED DEATH!



THE FAMOUS DC SYMBOL

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



ACTION COMICS
ADVENTURE COMICS
ALL-AMERICAN
MEN OF WAR
ALL STAR WESTERN
BATMAN
BIG TOWN
BOB HOPE
BUZZY
CONGO BILL
A DATE WITH JUDY
DEAN MARTIN
and JERRY LEWIS
DETECTIVE COMICS
DODO AND THE FROG

FLIPPITY & FLOP
GANG BUSTERS
HOPALONG CASSIDY
HOUSE OF MYSTERY
JIMMY OLSEN
LEADING COMICS
LEAVE IT TO BINKY
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY
MUTT & JEFF
MY GREATEST ADVENTURE
MYSTERY IN SPACE
NUTSY SQUIRREL
OUR ARMY AT WAR
OUR FIGHTING FORCES
PETER PANDA

PETER PORKCHOPS
REAL SCREEN COMICS
REX THE WONDER DOG
STAR SPANGLED
WAR STORIES
STRANGE ADVENTURES
SUPERBOY
SUPERMAN
THE FOX & THE CROW
THE RACCOON KIDS
TOMAHAWK
WESTERN COMICS
WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST
COMICS

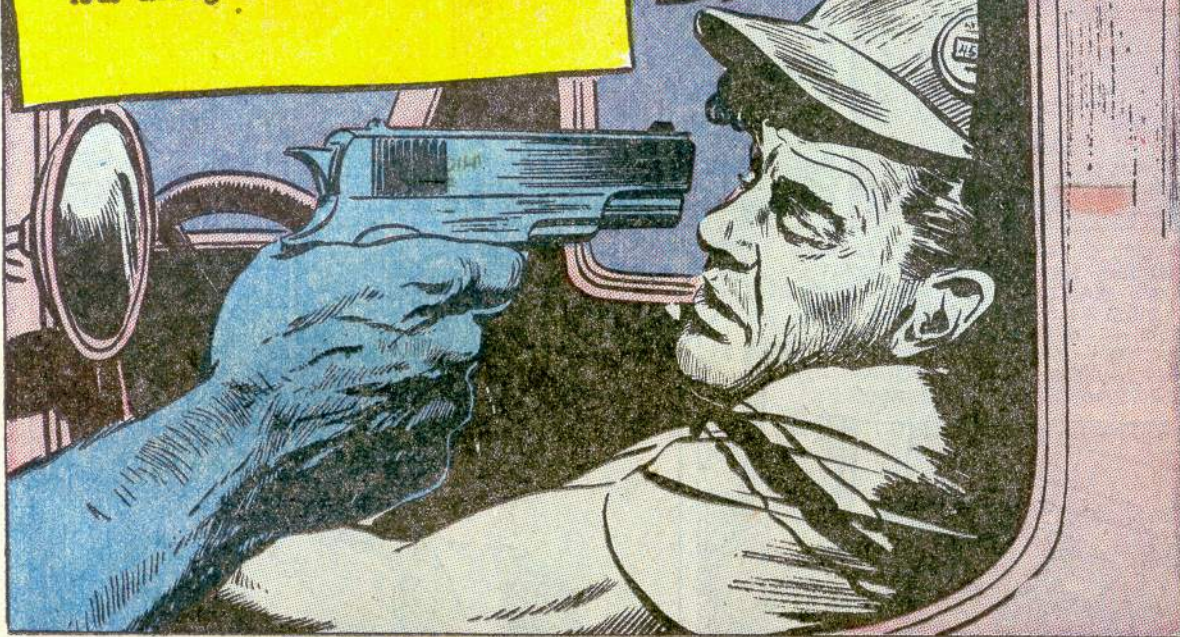
MEMO

FROM: THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE
TO: LIEUT. RALPH DARROW, HOMICIDE SQUAD

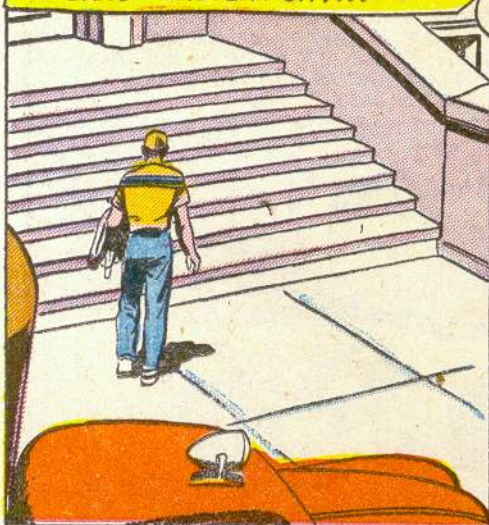
During the months of May, June and July, eleven truck drivers were fatally shot on the highways of this city. Investigation by this department has yielded no information about the mysterious killer--his identity, his next victim, or his motive.

Your assignment: Bring in.....

"THE HIGHWAY SNIPER!"



ON A WARM SATURDAY AFTERNOON LAST SUMMER, A TRUCK PARKED IN FRONT OF POLICE HEADQUARTERS OF A LARGE EASTERN CITY...



THE DRIVER ENTERED HEADQUARTERS, AND...

ALL RIGHT-- SO YOU CAN DRIVE A TRUCK! CONVINCE US!

A POTENTIAL TRUCK DRIVER MUST PASS I.C.C.--INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION--EXAMS! THE LAW REQUIRES HIM TO DRIVE ONLY 60 HOURS A WEEK! HE DRIVES TEN HOURS-- RESTS EIGHT-- ALTERNATELY!



WHEN STOPPING AT NIGHT ON THE ROAD, HE MUST PLACE A WARNING TORCH 300 FEET BEHIND HIM, IF HE'S ON A CURVE-- 100 FEET IF ON A STRAIGHTAWAY...



THE TRUCK DRIVER CALLS HIS CAB A 'HORSE' OR 'DONKEY' OR 'TRACTOR'. USUALLY, HIS LEFT ARM IS TANNED BECAUSE THE SUN STRIKES IT AS IT RESTS ON THE WINDOW...



"WHEN HE STOPS AT NIGHT FOR A SNACK, HE'LL DRINK ONLY COFFEE... NOT MILK! COFFEE KEEPS HIM AWAKE--"



ALSO, A TRUCK DRIVER ALWAYS BLINKS HIS LIGHTS AT NIGHT WHEN WANTING TO PASS ANOTHER VEHICLE... HIS REASONS ARE THAT IT MAKES FOR LESS NOISE-- AND IS AN EXTRA PRECAUTION AGAINST DEAF DRIVERS... ANYTHING ELSE?



NO, LIEUTENANT! YOU'VE BEEN LEARNING TO DRIVE A TRUCK FOR ONLY A WEEK-- BUT YOU'VE GOT IT DOWN PAT!

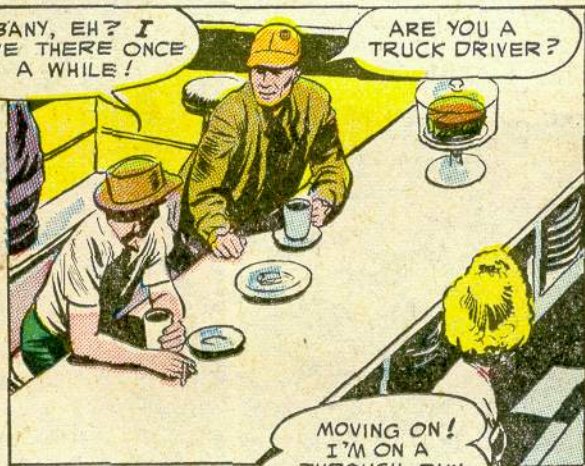


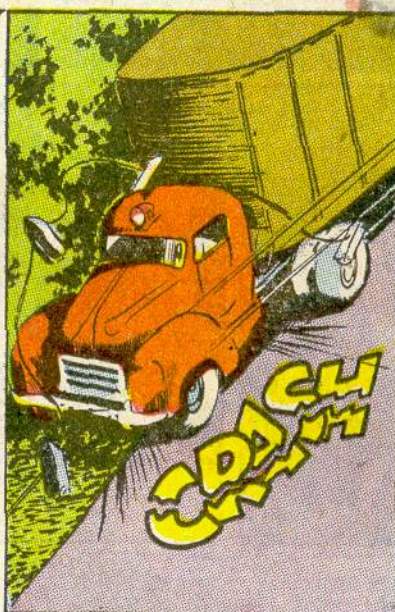
NOW HERE'S THE PAY-OFF! YOU'LL HAVE TO BE A LURE-- A **DECOY**-- TO CATCH A KILLER WHO HAS BEEN SHOOTING TRUCK DRIVERS ON THE HIGHWAYS!



"WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS-- OR WHO HE WILL STRIKE NEXT-- OR WHEN! AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HIS MOTIVE IS! IN SHORT-- WE KNOW ONLY THAT A MANIAC IS SLAYING TRUCK DRIVERS! THAT'S ALL!"









ONLY COFFEE! I WAS WATCHING HIS EVERY MOVE THROUGH THE MIRROR ON THE CIGARETTE MACHINE! I SAW HIM SPIKE MY COFFEE! I ACTED LIKE I WAS DRINKING IT-- BUT I SPILLED IT INTO MY JACKET!

NO SUNTAN ON HIS LEFT ARM! SO I KNEW HE WAS LYING ABOUT DRIVING A TRUCK-- I DECIDED TO FIND OUT WHY HE LIED-- AND WHAT HE WAS UP TO!

WHAT MADE YOU SUSPECT HIM?



LET'S GET HIM DOWNTOWN! AND THIS TIME, I'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE SOMEBODY ELSE BEHIND THE WHEEL!

AND THAT WRAPS IT UP, CHIEF! THE KILLER WANTED TO BE A TRUCK DRIVER, BUT COULDN'T PASS THE I.C.C. EXAMS. SO HE TOOK OUT HIS REVENGE ON DRIVERS, SHOOTING THEM AS THEY NAPPED ON THE ROAD!

A REAL BEDBUG, HUH? WHO'D EVER THINK WE'D CRACK THIS CASE BECAUSE AN ARM WASN'T SUNBURNT?



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF
GANG BUSTERS, published Bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1954.

1. The names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Donenfeld, R. Liebowitz, S. U. Sampliner, J. S. Liebowitz & A. I. Menin as Trustees for I. Donenfeld and S. Donenfeld, A. I. Menin & J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, A. Donenfeld, F. Iger, H. Donenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp., H. Donenfeld, Pres., A. I. Menin, Sec'y.), I. Don-

enfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs shows the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1954.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1956.)

THE END



ADVERTISEMENT



Hey kids!

SEE IF YOU'RE SMARTER than the SMITH BROTHERS!



WHEN YOUR COUGHING BOTHERS YOU
AND YOUR HACKING BOTHERS OTHERS...

TAKE THE COUGH DROP THAT'S
DELICIOUS
GET **'WILD CHERRY'** BY SMITH BROTHERS!



Get The Cough Drop That Leads 'em All In Flavor!



How you'll go for Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops! They're so delicious—tantalizing and and good—just wait till you taste that Wild Cherry flavor! And theys-o-o-t-h-e your throat when coughing starts. Get 'em—you'll love 'em!



NOW..

See how many rhymes you can find for "Brothers"! Match wits with your family and friends—and make delicious tasting Smith Brothers Wild Cherry Cough Drops the prize. Here's how you rate:

<input type="checkbox"/> 1-2 rhymes: NOT SO HOT!	<input type="checkbox"/> 5-6 rhymes: YOU <u>REALLY</u> WORKED!
<input type="checkbox"/> 3-4 rhymes: BETTER THAN AVERAGE!	<input type="checkbox"/> 7 or more: WE DON'T BELIEVE IT!



SMITH BROTHERS WILD CHERRY COUGH DROPS

5¢

Binky's Special **CHRISTMAS** Quiz

"Christmas in Many Lands!"

(ANSWERS IN LAST PANEL)



IN WHAT COUNTRY DO THE CHILDREN MAKE AN OUTDOOR CHRISTMAS TREE OF WHEAT SHEAVES FOR THE BIRDS?

"BREAKING THE PINATA" IS A CHRISTMAS GAME IN WHICH BLINDFOLDED CHILDREN SMASH A BIZARRE CLAY POT WHICH SPILLS OUT CANDIES AND GOOD-LUCK CHARMS. IN WHAT COUNTRY IS IT PLAYED?



WHERE IS IT THE CUSTOM FOR CHILDREN TO FILL WOODEN SHOES ON CHRISTMAS EVE WITH TIDBITS FOR ST. NICK'S WHITE HORSE?



WHERE IS THE CHRISTMAS FIESTA CLIMAXED BY A GAY DANCE CALLED THE CUECA, PERFORMED OUTDOORS UNDER A SUMMER SKY BY A COWBOY AND A COUNTRY GIRL?



WHERE DO PEOPLE OBSERVE CHRISTMAS BY GATHERING AROUND A LIGHTED COMMUNITY TREE IN THE PUBLIC SQUARE TO SING CHRISTMAS CAROLS?

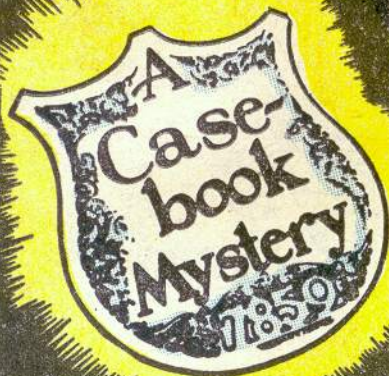


IN WHAT COUNTRY IS A CHRISTMAS CEREMONY PERFORMED IN WHICH THE MOTHER CLUCKS LIKE A HEN AND HER CHILDREN CHIRP LIKE CHICKENS, WHILE SCATTERING STRAW ON THE FLOOR OF THEIR HOME?



THE ANSWERS... READ UPSIDE DOWN

1. NORWAY
2. MEXICO
3. BELGIUM
4. UNITED STATES
5. YUGOSLAVIA
6. CHILE



The Case of the **JEALOUS SUITOR**

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY I DECIDED TO KILL
BILL THOMPSON -----"



-- AND NOW, MADGE,
FOR MY FAVORITE
\$64 QUESTION: "WHEN
WILL YOU SET THAT
WEDDING DATE?"

WALTER, PLEASE
DON'T KEEP
ASKING ME TO
MARRY YOU.
I--I'M IN LOVE
WITH SOMEBODY
ELSE!



"AND I KNEW WHO THAT 'SOMEBODY' WAS!
LATER -----"



ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D
WANT, WALTER, I'D
GLADLY DO ---
BUT MADGE ----

MADGE IS WHAT I
WANT! I MADE YOU
A PARTNER OF THIS
STUDIO, BILL. ---NOW
I'M ASKING FOR
REPAYMENT!



"I KNEW HOW INDEBTED BILL FELT TO ME, SO HIS ANSWER DIDN'T EXACTLY SURPRISE ME.-----"

IF--YOU---PUT IT THAT WAY, WALTER, ---I'LL BOW OUT---



"BILL DIDN'T KNOW HE'D JUST SIGNED HIS DEATH WARRANT!"

BECAUSE THIS WAS PART OF MY PLAN TO MURDER HIM!

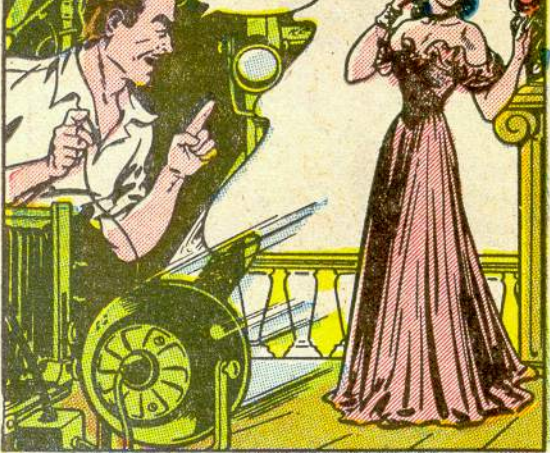
A FEW DAYS LATER---

TILT YOUR HEAD A LITTLE MORE THIS WAY---

TELL ME, WALTER--WHAT'S WRONG WITH BILL? HE'S BEEN SO LOW LATELY, HE HARDLY SAYS A WORD TO ANYBODY.



MAYBE HE'S WORKING TOO HARD. I'LL ASK HIM TO MY PLACE FOR THE WEEK-END. ---NOW HOLD THAT POSE!



"I COULDN'T WAIT ANY LONGER, FOR I KNEW THAT MADGE WOULD SOON BREAK THROUGH HIS LOYAL FEELINGS TO ME!----THAT NIGHT, AT MY HOUSE-----"

GO AHEAD, BILL, HAVE ANOTHER DRINK. THE WORLD WON'T COME TO AN END WITHOUT MADGE!

DON'T MAKE IT TOUGHER, WALTER! LET'S JUST FORGET ABOUT HER, SEE?



"I MADE SURE HE FORGOT ABOUT HER PENNIMOTH!"

HIS DRINK WAS SPIKED AND, AFTER HE'D PASSED OUT, I CARRIED HIM INTO MY CAR IN THE GARAGE"-----

NOW, I'LL JUST SHOVE YOU BEHIND THE WHEEL, LEAVE THE MOTOR RUNNING--



---CLOSE THE DOORS, AND WE HAVE A PERFECT CASE OF SUICIDE! YOU'RE OUT OF MY WAY, BILL THOMPSON!



"EARLY NEXT MORNING, IN RESPONSE TO MY URGENT PHONE CALL, THE POLICE ARRIVED---"

I DIDN'T WANT TO TOUCH ANYTHING!
I'M AFRAID SOMETHING
TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED!



"AS I EXPECTED, WHEN THEY ENTERED THE GARAGE, THEY FOUND BILL DEAD OF CARBON MONOXIDE POISONING-----"

POOR BILL! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET HIM TAKE THE CAR LAST NIGHT. HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME DRINKS AND THEN COME BACK AND DECIDED TO END IT ALL! AND THERE I WAS, ASLEEP IN MY ROOM ALL THE TIME!

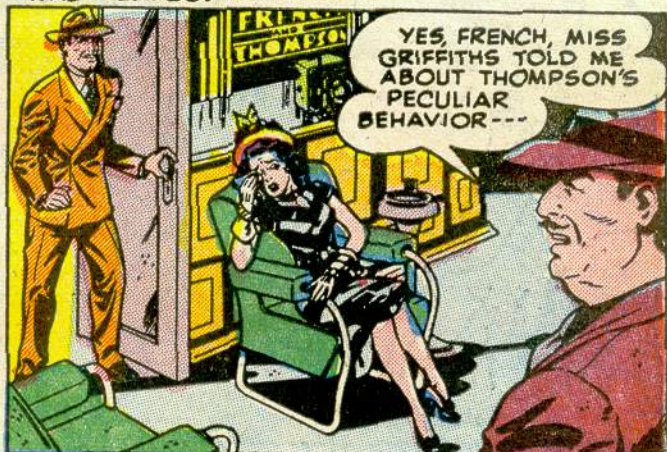


DID HE HAVE ANY REASON TO COMMIT SUICIDE?

WELL, HE WAS PRETTY DESPONDENT THE LAST FEW DAYS. MADGE GRIFFITHS, WHO WORKS FOR US, NOTICED IT, TOO!



"SEE HOW CLEVER I'D BEEN? I KNEW MADGE WOULD BE QUESTIONED!--- MY BUILD-UP WAS PERFECT-----"



YES, FRENCH, MISS GRIFFITHS TOLD ME ABOUT THOMPSON'S PECULIAR BEHAVIOR---

--- NEVERTHELESS, I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR HIS MURDER!
WHAT? YOU'RE INSANE!
BILL COMMITTED SUICIDE!



EDITOR'S NOTE:

**HAD
THEY**

BEFORE YOU TURN THE PAGE, SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE OUT WHETHER THE DETECTIVE WAS BLUFFING OR IF HE HAD ANY CLUES TO MAKE HIM BELIEVE IT WAS
MURDER!

"HE COULDN'T BLUFF ME! MY PLANS HAD WORKED OUT PERFECTLY-----"

MISS GRIFFITHS TOLD ME SOME OTHER THINGS, TOO, FRENCH, WHICH GIVES ME THE MOTIVE I WAS LOOKING FOR.



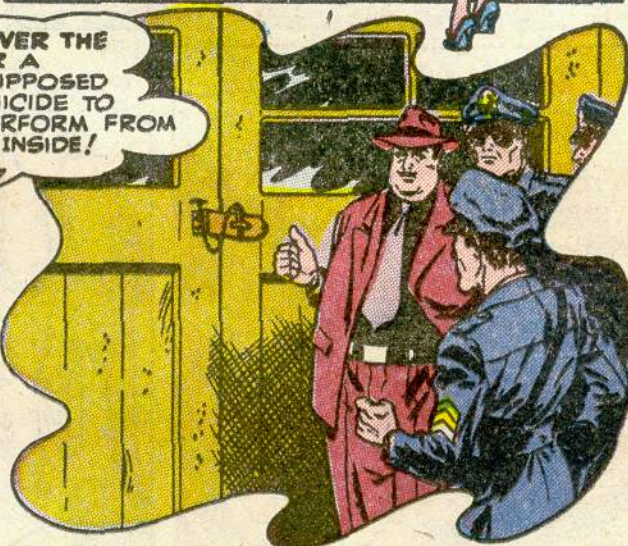
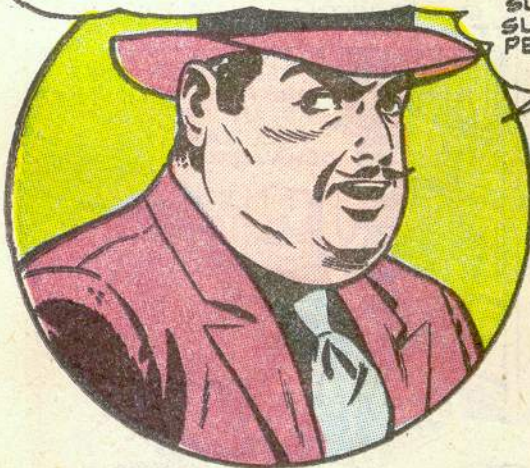
YES, I TOLD HIM THAT YOU HATED BILL BECAUSE I LOVED HIM AND NOT YOU ---YOU MURDERER!

BUT, MADGE, HE KILLED HIMSELF. I DIDN'T----

STOW IT, FRENCH, YOU MISSED ONE LITTLE DETAIL WHICH I NOTICED WHEN WE WENT TO LOOK INTO THE GARAGE-----



THE OUTSIDE HASP WAS FASTENED OVER THE STAPLE --- AN IMPOSSIBLE FEAT FOR A SUPPOSED SUICIDE TO PERFORM FROM INSIDE!



YOU MUST HAVE DONE IT AUTOMATICALLY WHEN YOU CLOSED THE DOORS---- BUT THAT LITTLE DETAIL WILL AUTOMATICALLY SEND YOU TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



"HE WAS RIGHT!"

THERE ISN'T ANY PERFECT CRIME. I'M A LIVING EXAMPLE TO PROVE THAT STATEMENT----- AND I WON'T BE ALIVE MUCH LONGER!



The GRAPEVINE



ARTISTIC SLAYING

The day wore heavily in the City Room of a Los Angeles newspaper. The City Editor signaled Ed Jorgenson to pick up a phone. The reporter wearily lifted the receiver; in a moment, his attitude was entirely changed. He felt the blood pounding at his temples as the strange voice went on: "... so, as an artist, I visited the orchard to paint a landscape, and stumbled on this man's body."

"Five cents more for three minutes—" cut in the operator.

"Oh, drat! I haven't another coin on me—"

"Never mind!" snapped Jorgenson. "Give me your number. I'll call you right back!"

But before he did, he phoned the police. Then he resumed his conversation with the artist, who identified himself as Bartley Stark. Abruptly, another voice brusquely cut in. "Okay, Jorgenson. This is Detective Haley. We got him! Maybe he's a nut and dreamed up this body, but we'll look into it."

Shortly after, Jorgenson got a call again from Detective Haley. "What do you know, there is a body! Can't identify it, or the method of death, but I'll keep in touch."

Jorgenson made a beeline for the City Editor's desk. He filled him in on the details, then added, "If it's okay with you, I'd like to run over to see that artist Stark for the complete story. Maybe take a couple of photos, too." The editor was nodding in consent as Jorgenson already was racing through the door.

By the time he reached the scene, Detective Haley had the coroner's report. The victim had been strangled to death. His identity was unknown; motive, none. Jorgenson decided to track down Bartley Stark. He found his address in a telephone directory.

In his apartment, Stark was eager to talk, omitting not the slightest detail in his discovery of the corpse. "By the way," he added, when he finished, "I've got another murder to tell you about." Jorgenson eyed him, incredulously. "Yes, I have. You can write it down as I tell it."

Some time later, Jorgenson folded the note-filled copy paper and put it into his breast pocket. "My editor will like this. You've cooperated very well. You can expect a check from my paper in the morning."

But instead of payment for his information, next morning, Bartley Stark received several bluecoated visitors, headed by Detective Haley and Jorgenson.

"What's this?" he managed to say.

"You're under arrest for murder," said Detective Haley.

Stark folded. One of the policemen had to keep him from sagging to the floor.

"Yes, I did it," said Stark. "I just wanted to be famous, to get my name in the papers. So when I was painting, you see, this man began to kid me. I must've lost my head. I killed him. And then I thought, this was a great idea to get my name in the papers. All the publicity for having found the body, see?"

So I called the paper. But how did you find out? I mean, how I did it?"

Detective Haley cued Jorgenson. "When you told me the victim had been choked to death. Until the coroner made his investigation, nobody could have known that, but the killer, and you told me, remember? You'll get your name in the papers, Stark, but not how you hoped. And one day not long after, it's going to be in the obituary."

ONE TOO MANY

Back in 1931, a plane crashed in the Rockies. Although plane company officials claimed only three employees and six passengers were aboard, an extra body was found in the wreckage. How to account for the tenth? Police were baffled for some time until, piece by piece, they constructed the shocking story.

A couple of bear hunters were probing the woods when the plane accident occurred. One of them, eager to rid himself of his partner, saw the perfect opportunity. He shot him. Then, to remove himself from suspicion, he planted the body among the crash victims.

Not long after, the imaginative slayer was arrested, tried, and hanged for the murder.

GRACIE ALLEN'S ALLEY

This is considered to be one of their best from their TV show.

Examining his bank statement, George Burns looked up perplexed at Gracie Allen. "Say, what's this check stub mean? One pull-over, \$15? Isn't that a lot of money for a pullover?"

"I don't know," replied Gracie. "The man on the motorcycle didn't say anything."

"A man on a motorcycle? You bought a pullover sweater from him?"

"Sweater? Who bought a sweater? I was speeding and the fellow on the motorcycle drove up and said, 'Pull over!'"

LAUGH FOR LAWES

Warden Lawes, who died not long ago, after retiring from Sing Sing Prison, used to

enjoy telling this story about the convict who was slated for the electric chair one particular Monday.

When Warden Lawes visited the condemned man at dawn of that fateful day, the prisoner asked:

"Can't we postpone this for Saturday, instead?"

"Why?" asked the Warden. "Have you anything against Monday?"

"Well, Sir, it seems like such a poor way to start the week."

P.S.: Warden Lawes was amused but unable to comply with the request.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

MARTINSBURG, W. Va.: The following ad appeared in "The Journal": *All thieves, please quit breaking into our store. We never leave any money around the place after closing hours.*

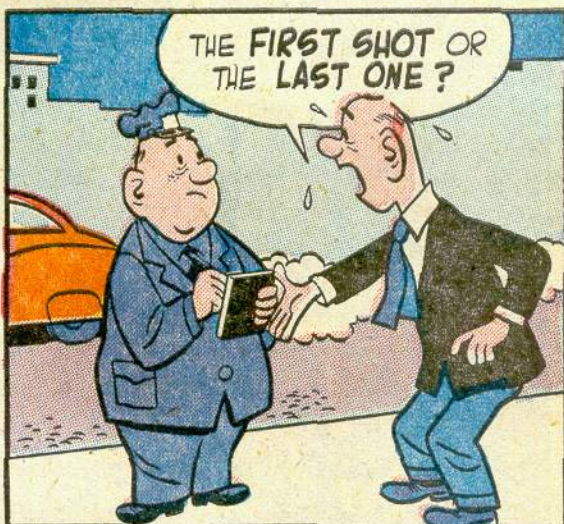
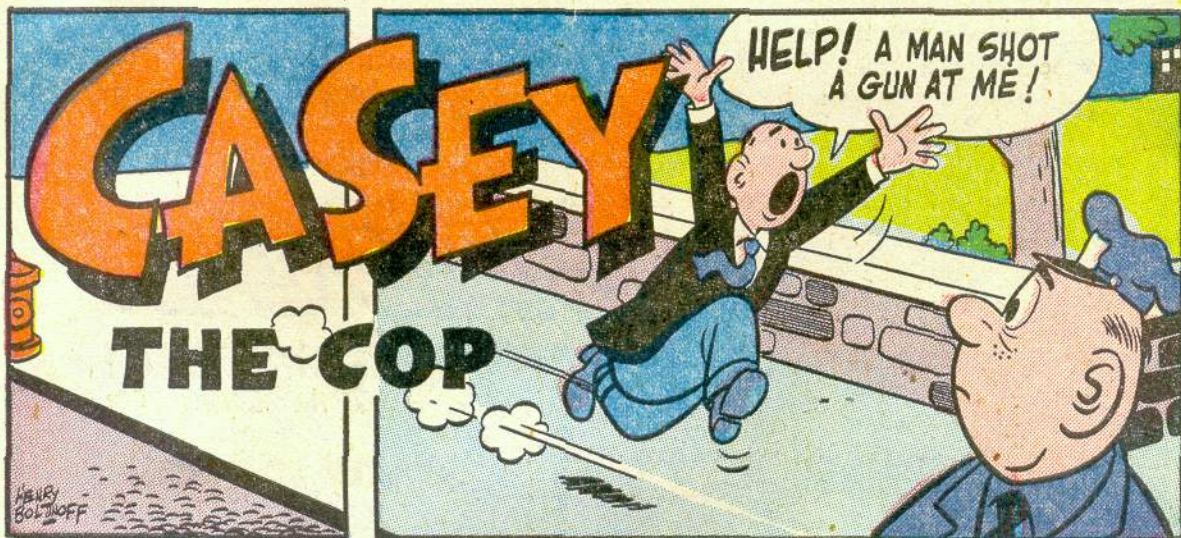
DALLAS, Texas: To get the burglar who had entered his Busy Bee Cafe 25 times, owner G. H. Ford rigged up a 12-gauge shotgun with a string from the window to its trigger. Next morning, Mr. Ford reported burglary No. 26. Stolen: one shotgun.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.: Caught after leading seven patrol cars on a chase through town, and drawing gunfire, an 18-year-old explained: "My foot got wedged on the accelerator."

MINNEAPOLIS: An alert motorist noticed a woman plunge from the bridge into the Mississippi River, dove after her, rescued her from drowning, turned her over to police, then returned to his car to find a ticket for illegal parking affixed to his windshield.

COLUMBUS, Ohio: His house ransacked, a native complained to police that the burglar also had taken a bath, left a ring around the tub.

CRAIGMONT, Idaho: A farmer told the judge that he was merely tossing stones into a creek, but His Honor preferred to believe the game warden who claimed he was trying to hit fish. The fine: \$10.



THEY BELONG TO THAT STRANGE BROTHERHOOD KNOWN AS THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD! THEY "GRAB A STRING OF FLATS" (CATCH A FREIGHT TRAIN); "MOOCH A NOSE BAG" (BEG A MEAL); AND LIVE IN THE "JUNGLE" (A WOODED AREA ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN). THEY'RE HOBOES AND THEY ARE HARMLESS! YET, SGT. HARRY MARTIN WAS HANDED THE MOST DIFFICULT CASE IN HIS CAREER, WHEN HE BECAME...

The HOBO WITH A BADGE!



ONE OF YOU IS A COP -- AND WHEN I FIND OUT WHO, HE'LL NEVER LEAVE THIS JUNGLE ALIVE!

POLICE SGT. HARRY MARTIN WAS USUALLY THE LAST WORD IN NEATNESS -- BUT NOT ON THE MORNING OF MAY 23rd, WHEN HE CHECKED INTO HEADQUARTERS...

AND IN THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE...

YES, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD ROUGH UP YOUR SHOES A BIT...THERE'S STILL A LITTLE SHINE LEFT!

GO RIGHT IN, SERGEANT-- THE COMMISSIONER IS EXPECTING YOU!

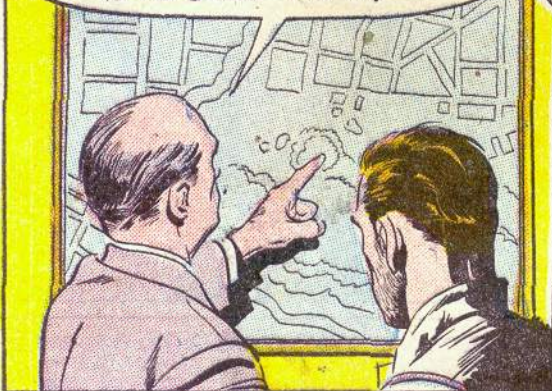
RIGHT!

NOT BAD-- NOT BAD AT ALL, SERGEANT!



OKAY, MARTIN--THIS IS IT! AS YOU KNOW, WE'RE DEAD CERTAIN THAT ONE MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING HOODS OUT OF TOWN--AND HE'S POSING AS A TRAMP IN THIS HOBO JUNGLE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN! YOUR JOB IS TO BRING HIM IN!

WELL, THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN. IT HAD TAKEN ME SIX MONTHS TO LEARN ALL I COULD ABOUT "JUNGLE" LIFE! I WAS SURE I COULD PASS MYSELF OFF AS A TRAMP IN ORDER TO FIND THE HOOD WHO WAS ALSO PASSING AS ONE!

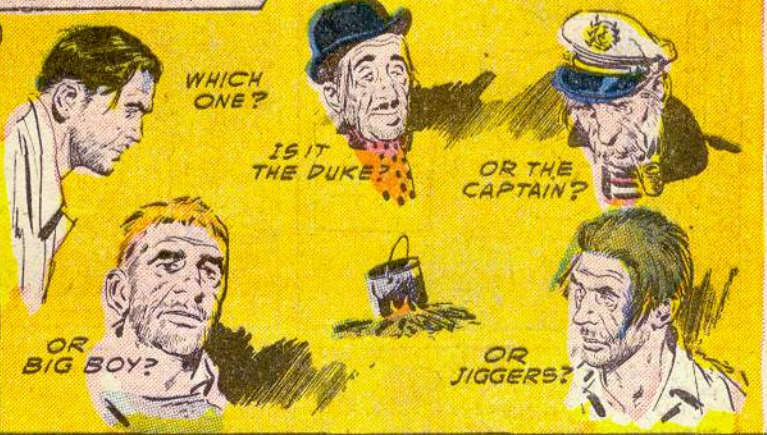


IT'S NO TROUBLE GETTING INTO A HOBO CAMP! YOU'RE ALWAYS WELCOME-- IF YOU'RE A HOBO...

IT TOOK ME ANOTHER SIX WEEKS IN THE JUNGLE TO ELIMINATE ABOUT 20 TRAMPS! NOW, I WAS DOWN TO THE LAST FOUR HOBOES--ONE OF THEM HAD TO BE OUR MAN...

GOT ROOM FOR ONE MORE, GENTS?

STEP RIGHT UP, BO-- ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE!



I WENT TO WORK ON THE DUKE FIRST...

SAY, DUKE, HOW ABOUT THE TWO OF US HOBNAILING IT INTO TOWN AND MOOCHING SOME SCOFF?*

WHY NOT?



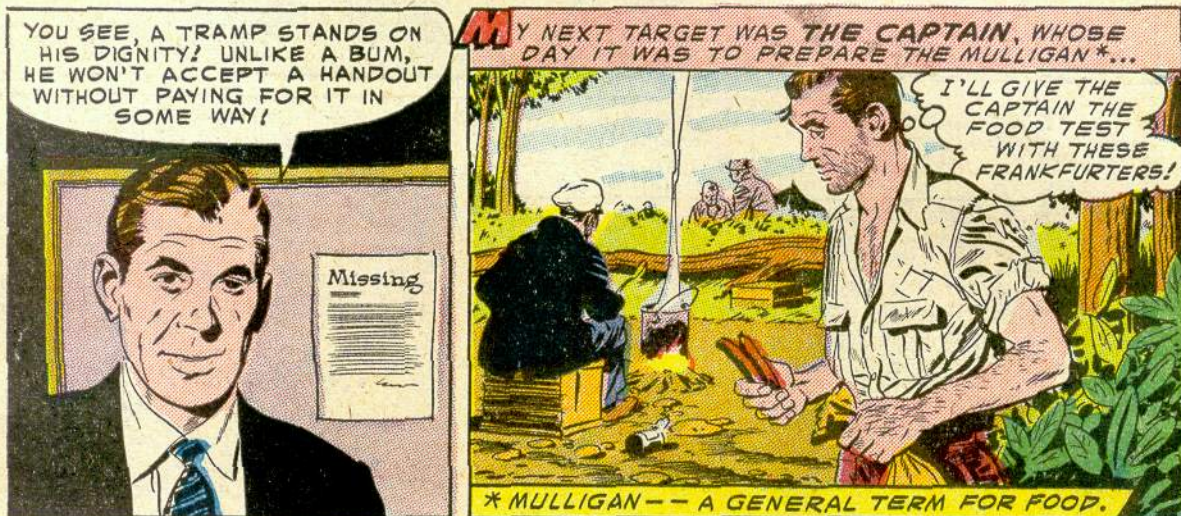
I LET THE DUKE DO THE TALKING, WHILE I KEPT MY EYES AND EARS OPEN...

LADY, CAN YOU SPARE A BIT OF GRUB?

WHY, I BELIEVE THERE MAY BE SOME LEFTOVERS FROM LUNCH! JUST A MINUTE!



*TRANSLATION: HOW ABOUT WALKING INTO TOWN AND BEGGING SOME FOOD?



...WHOM I TOOK TO TOWN WITH ME, TO SNAG SOME SCAGS*...

HERE'S A COUPLE OF CANDY STORES, BIG BOY! LET'S TRY THEM FIRST!

DELIBERATELY, I POINTED TO THE FIRST STORE WE REACHED...

HOW ABOUT TRYING THIS PLACE, BIG BOY?

ARE YOU BLIND, SMITH*?

*"SNAG SOME SCAGS"--TO BEG SOME CIGARETTES.

*"SMITH" IS THE NAME I WENT BY.

NO USE GOING IN HERE--TAKE A LOOK AT THE CHALK MARK!

OH-OH...THE DOUBLE ARROW-HEAD! I DIDN'T NOTICE IT!

YOU SEE, EVERY TRAMP CARRIES A PIECE OF CHALK WITH HIM! WHEN HE'S TURNED AWAY FROM A STORE WITHOUT A HAND-OUT, HE WARNS OTHER TRAMPS AWAY BY MARKING THE STORE WITH A DOUBLE ARROW-HEAD!

BUT IN FRONT OF ANOTHER STORE, HALFWAY DOWN THE STREET...

AH--A BIASECTED CIRCLE! WE'LL GET A HANDOUT HERE ALL RIGHT!

WE DID, TOO--AND BIG BOY PROVED HIMSELF TO BE A GENUINE TRAMP! THAT LEFT JIGGERS!

IF JIGGERS PASSED HIS TEST, IT MEANT THAT I'D HAVE TO START RIGHT OVER AT THE BEGINNING, AND TEST ALL THE OTHER TRAMPS AGAIN! SO THAT NIGHT, BACK IN THE JUNGLE...

IT'S GETTING LATE--TIME FOR SOME HORIZONTAL EXERCISE*.

I WAITED UNTIL THE ENTIRE CAMP WAS ASLEEP, AND THEN...

HOBOS SLEEP IN THEIR CLOTHES--BUT TAKE THEIR SHOES OFF! THAT FACT SHOULD HELP ME TEST JIGGERS!

*HOBLO LANGUAGE FOR "SLEEP".

TRAMPS PROTECT THEIR SHOES BY PLACING THE LEGS OF THEIR COTS INSIDE THEM--TO MAKE SURE THEY'RE NOT STOLEN!

JIGGERS' SHOES ARE LYING ABOUT LOOSE--SOMETHING NO REAL TRAMP WOULD DO! HE MUST BE OUR MAN!

THUS, THE FOLLOWING DAY, I PULLED A VANISHING ACT! WHEN I RETURNED, I WAS CARRYING A LITTLE BAG AND ACTING SUSPICIOUS... I-- I JUST PULLED A JOB IN TOWN! AND I GOT THE COPS AFTER ME! M--MUST GET AWAY, SOMEHOW!

WHAT'S UP, SMITH?

ON THE LAM, HUH? WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU GET OUT OF TOWN, IF YOU MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE!

I CAN PAY-- BUT I'M NOT TRUSTING JUST ANYBODY! HOW DO I KNOW YOU CAN GET ME OUT?

DON'T BE A FOOL... I'M NOT A REAL TRAMP! GETTING HOODS OUT OF TOWN IS REALLY MY BUSINESS! COME INTO MY CAVE-- AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

IT WON'T BE TOO LONG NOW, YOU HOOD!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

A TUNNEL! WONDER WHERE IT LEADS TO?

I RECEIVED MY ANSWER MINUTES LATER, AS... QUICK--HOP INTO ONE OF THOSE BOXCARS! I'LL FOLLOW YOU IN SO YOU CAN PAY ME OFF!

OKAY, JIGGERS-- HERE GOES!

I NOW HAD MY MAN--AND HIS METHOD... BUT JUST THEN, I MADE ONE FATAL MISTAKE!

I PICKED THE FIRST BOX-CAR I CAME TO...

THIS ONE'S AS GOOD AS ANY!

OH, YEAH?

YOU'RE NO TRAMP! A TRAMP WOULD NEVER ENTER A BOX-CAR WITHOUT A DOOR ON THE END-- IN CASE HE WAS CHASED... I KNOW THAT MUCH! YOU MUST BE A COP-- AND YOU'RE GONNA GET IT!

THE GUN IN JIGGERS' HAND WAS READY FOR BUSINESS-- BUT AS I STEPPED AHEAD...

OOPS! SLIPPED!

DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS-- THIS IS NO WATER PISTOL I'M HOLDING! NOW GET BACK IN THE CAR!



OKAY, COPPER-- THIS IS IT!

--BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT, TO MY INTENSE RELIEF-- GIVE IT TO HIM, BOYS!



HEY-- WHAT'S GOING ON?

AT THAT MOMENT, IT LOOKED AS IF MY CAREER WAS AT AN END--

AND SOON...

YOU'RE RIGHT, JIGGERS-- THEY'RE GENUINE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD...

I DON'T GET IT! THEY'RE NOT COPS--THEY'RE JUST TRAMPS! SO WHY'D THEY HELP YOU?



AND ALL GOOD KNIGHTS WILL ATTACK A MAN WITH A **DOUBLE CROSS** CHALKED ON HIS BACK-- A SIGN MEANING HE'S AN ENEMY OF ALL GOOD HOBOES! I CHALKED IT ON WHEN I PRETENDED TO SLIP A MOMENT AGO--AND IT WAS ALL I NEEDED TO BRING THIS CASE TO A QUICK CLOSE!



THE END.

AMAZING OFFER

DO YOU NEED EXTRA MONEY?

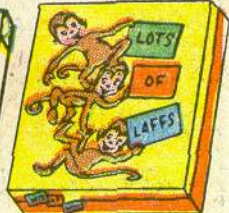
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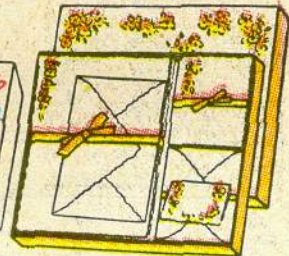
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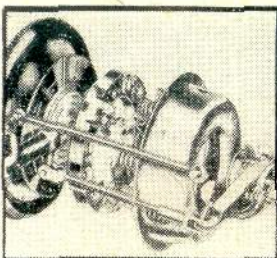
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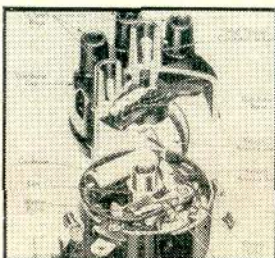
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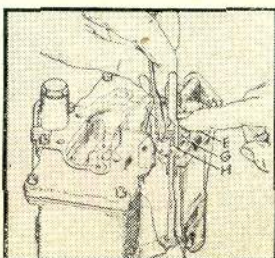
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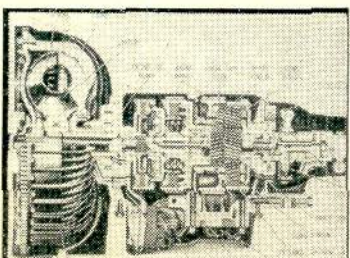
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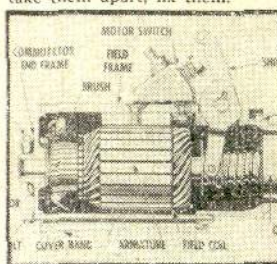


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