

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



ALL NEW STORIES

JUNE JULY
NO. 46



GANG BUSTERS

THERE HE IS,
OFFICER--THE
SAME FACE AS
ON THE REWARD
POSTER!

TRACK
9-10



Featuring
"I PRINT
REWARD
POSTERS!"

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

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Draw this girl's head 5 inches high. Pen or pencil only. All drawings must be received by May 31, 1955. None returned. Winners notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today.

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THE SECRET LIFE OF SHIELD 612

LIUTENANT-DETECTIVE JOE MASTERSON WAS WHAT THE BOYS AT THE PRECINCT CALL A "COP'S COP"-- A WELL-LIKED, GO-GETTER OFFICER WITH A DISTINGUISHED RECORD OF DILIGENCE AND BRAVERY! THAT'S WHY THEY WERE THUNDERSTRUCK WITH ANGER AND DISBELIEF WHEN THEY LEARNED ABOUT...

DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, MASTERSON! GET OVER THERE WITH THE REST OF THE GANG--AND KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN--NOW THAT THESE CROOKS ARE IN TOW, I CAN REVEAL THAT I'M LIEUTENANT-DETECTIVE JOE MASTERSON!



ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1953, THERE BEGAN AN UNUSUAL CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF LIEUTENANT-DETECTIVE JOE MASTERSON, WHEN HE ENTERED THE OFFICE OF POLICE CHIEF DARRYL STEBBINS...

THEN, AFTER THE CHIEF COMPLETED HIS MESSAGE INTO THE RECORDER...

HELLO, JOE--COME IN! I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS TAPE RECORDING FOR THE POLICE INFORMATION LIBRARY!

BEFORE YOU ACCEPT THIS JOB WE'VE PLANNED, JOE, I WANT TO REPEAT THAT IT'S STRICTLY A VOLUNTEER ASSIGNMENT!

YES, SIR-- I KNOW THAT!



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Printed in U.S.A.



NBODY IS AWARE OF THE PLAN EXCEPT YOU AND ME, JOE! SO WHEN I MAKE IT APPEAR THAT I STRIPPED YOU OF YOUR BADGE AND FIRED YOU FROM THE FORCE--THINGS WON'T BE EASY TO TAKE!

YOU'LL BE OSTRACIZED-- LOOKED DOWN UPON BY YOUR FELLOW OFFICERS! YOU STAND TO LOSE EVERY FRIEND YOU HAVE!

IT'S GOT TO BE THAT WAY, CHIEF. IF THE PLAN IS GOING TO WORK! IT MUST BE REAL CONVINCING!



IN THE EVENT ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME, YOU'LL NEED PROTECTION! THIS CODED NOTE WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT... IT'LL BE IN MY PERSONAL FILES IF YOU NEED IT! THE DECODING BOYS CAN CRACK IT!



Will remove office furniture temporarily-- return it later...

ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, LT. MASTERSON WAS AGAIN SUMMONED TO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE--THIS TIME, UNDER GUARD!

MASTERSON, \$5,000 IN CASH WAS FOUND IN YOUR LOCKER! CAN YOU EXPLAIN WHERE THIS MONEY CAME FROM?

I--UH-- WAS AT THE TRACK SUNDAY! GUESS I... ER... HIT A LUCKY STREAK!

YOU WERE ON DOCK DUTY SUNDAY, WITH LT. PARSONS... YOU COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AT THE TRACK! NOW, MASTERSON--WHERE DID YOU GET THIS MONEY?



I CAN'T SAY, CHIEF!



IN THAT EVENT, I MUST ASSUME IT WAS EITHER STOLEN OR ACCEPTED AS BRIBE MONEY! I MUST STRIP YOU OF YOUR BADGE AND DISCHARGE YOU FROM THE FORCE!



MASTERSON'S FELLOW OFFICERS WATCHED GRIMLY, SILENTLY, AS HE WALKED FROM THE PRECINCT...



HE WENT TO HIS APARTMENT, SHARED BY LT. MIKE PARSONS, A LONG-TIME FRIEND...



PACK YOUR DUDS AND GET OUT!

BUT, MIKE--I...



EVER SINCE WE MET, I THOUGHT YOU WERE ABOUT THE GREATEST GUY I EVER KNEW! ALL THAT WENT OUT THE WINDOW, JOE, WHEN YOU TURNED CROOKED! LIKE I SAID, PACK--GET OUT... AND FAST!

THAT NIGHT, JOE WENT TO SEE HIS FIANCEE, ANNE DEVERS, WHO WAS CELEBRATING HER BIRTHDAY...

SOME PARTY... LOOKS MORE LIKE A STARING CONTEST!



HELLO, ANNE--AT FIRST I DIDN'T WANT TO COME... THEN I FIGURED YOU GET A BIRTHDAY ONLY ONCE A YEAR, AND...

JOE--I'M GLAD YOU CAME!

WHY DID YOU DO IT? JOE, WHY? LOOK AT ME, DARLING-- DON'T TURN AWAY...



MASTERTSON FOUGHT A TREMENDOUS BATTLE WITH HIMSELF TO PREVENT TELLING THAT HE WAS INNOCENT--THAT IT WAS ALL A PLAN...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, JOE... I JUST CAN'T! SOMETHING'S WRONG... YOU WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT!

I'D BETTER GO, BABY... I DON'T WANT TO BE A KILL-JOY! SO LONG...

JOE, I...

LET HIM GO, ANNE! HE'S NO GOOD... HE'S ALL THIEF NOW!



MIKE! HOW CAN YOU? HOW CAN YOU CALL HIM THAT? YOU-- HIS FRIEND!

EX-FRIEND, ANNIE... EX-FRIEND! AND BELIEVE ME, I'M JUST AS HURT AS YOU ARE!



JOE MASTERSON'S CASE PROMPTLY HIT THE FRONT PAGES...

Mirror Dispatch 5¢

POLICEMAN FIRED; MYSTERY MONEY UNEXPLAINED

BRASS THINKS SOMEONE "GOT" TO MASTERSON; FIVE-G FIGURED TO BE PAY-OFF DOUGH

NOTICE IN HIS HANDS OTHER = QUESTION

THUS IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, JOE MASTERSON--ONCE A HERO-- BECAME AN OUTCAST...

PETE-- TAKE ME TO 38th AND...

NO LAW SAYS I GOTTA DRIVE YOU, BUSTER! HOOF IT, FOR ALL I CARE! I GOT A CLEAN CAB--AND IT'S STAYING THAT WAY!



LIKE THE CHIEF SAID-- I'D GET IT, BUT GOOD! OKAY-- THAT'S HOW IT'S GOT TO BE! CAN'T BLAME 'EM--THEY THINK I'VE GONE SOUR... AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO THINK... EVERYBODY!



ONE WEEK LATER, AS JOE SAT IN A HOTEL ROOM...

THE DOOR WAS OPEN, "LIEUTENANT"! WE FIGURED WE'D BE WELCOME...



...ESPECIALLY WITH THIS! IT'S GOOD, GREEN DOUGH, "LIEUTENANT"! WE HEAR YOU LIKE THE COLOR OF THE STUFF!



HA, HA... LOOK WHO'S CALLING NAMES! REMEMBER, "LIEUTENANT," WE'RE SORT OF BIRDS OF A FEATHER--YOU AND US!

YOU CAN CUT THE CORN! WHAT DO YOU WANT?





THE BOSS WAS SAYING THAT I SHOULD GIVE YOU ENOUGH MONEY TO TOP ALL OFFERS! YOU CATCH WISE, EH, "LIEUTENANT"?

SHARPEN UP, SONNY! YOU DON'T CALL **THIS** DOUGH, DO YOU? MY SERVICES COME HIGH!

THE BOSS WAS SAYING THE SAME THING... SO HE TOLD ME TO BRING **THIS** ALONG, TOO! IF YOU CAN COUNT UP TO FIVE, YOU'LL SEE THAT IT'S **FIVE-G'S!**

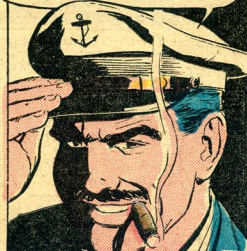
YEAH--I CAN COUNT TO FIVE, AND YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF AN EX-BADGE! LET'S GO!



THE TWO MEN--HARRY "THE SLEEVE" MANKIN AND "RAINBOW" FREDDY GILES--DROVE JOE TO A FISH MARKET ON DOCK STREET...

HI, JOE! I'M PRESTON... I RUN THIS SHOW! GOOD TO HAVE YOU ON THE PAYROLL!

KNOW WHAT, JOE? I FIGURED THIS WHOLE THING WAS A FIX, SEE? I MEAN YOU GETTIN' CANNED! I THOUGHT THE COPS WERE UP TO SOMETHIN'... BUT I'VE GOT A GRAPEVINE THAT HUMS SOME PRETTY GOOD INSIDE SONGS, SEE?



SO I LEARNED THE THING WAS ON THE LEVEL--AND I SAY TO THE BOYS, "GET A LOAD OF THIS, BOYS--THEY PUT THE BLOCKS TO MASTERSON! AIN'T THAT A SHAME!" C'MON--THE BOAT'S WAITIN'! WE'LL TALK ON THE WAY!

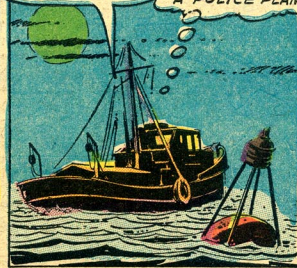
LATER, ON A FISHING BOAT PLYING ACROSS THE BAY...

GET IT? WE FRONT WITH THE FISHING RACKET, WHILE WE SMUGGLE IN WATCH MOVEMENTS, LENSES, OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS AND DIAMONDS!

WHEN I CRACK THIS CASE, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE WHEN THE CHIEF REVEALS TO MY FRIENDS THAT IT WAS ALL A POLICE PLAN...

BUT, UNKNOWN TO BADGE 612, AS HE SAILED INTO THE OPEN SEA THAT NIGHT, FATE STEPPED IN WITH THE CRUELEST TRICK OF ALL...

WHAT A SHOCK WE JUST GOT! CHIEF STEBBINS DIED SUDDENLY OF A HEART ATTACK!



YES, THE MAN WHO'D ASSIGNED MASTERSON TO THE COVER-UP JOB WAS DEAD! (5)

AND ABOARD THE FISHING CRAFT, UNAWARE OF HIS CHIEF'S DEATH, THE LIEUTENANT SECRETLY MAPPED HIS PLANS--PLANS THAT WERE DESTINED TO GO ASTRAY...

WE'LL MEET THE FREIGHTER TO-MORROW! MEANWHILE, LET'S GET SOME SLEEP!

AND TOMORROW, BUSTER, I'M GOING TO CRACK YOUR RACKET WIDE OPEN!

SHORTLY AFTER DAWN, THE FISHING BOAT APPROACHED AN ANCHORED FREIGHTER...

THERE SHE IS--OUR CONTACT SHIP FROM EUROPE! WE'LL GET THE STUFF, LOAD IT ABOARD-- THEN SAIL HOME!

SOON... SIMPLE--JUST LIKE THAT! THIS LOAD'S WORTH ABOUT 80 GRAND! WE BREAK OPEN THE BOXES AND HIDE THE STUFF IN WITH OUR FISH CATCH!

SO THIS IS HOW THEY'VE BEEN SMUGGLING IT IN--PICKING IT UP AT SEA AND HIDING IT IN FISH CARGO!

THEN, WHEN THE LOOT WAS ABOARD...

BOSS! I JUST GOT WORD ON THE RADIO THAT COAST GUARD BOATS ARE OUT ON THE PROWL!

WHAT??

GET THOSE ENGINES TURNING... WE'LL RUN FOR IT!

DON'T BE A SAP! YOU CAN'T OUTFRISK THE COAST GUARD! BESIDES, THOSE SHIPS ARE PROBABLY JUST OUT ON ROUTINE PATROL!

I CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES... THEY'VE GOT A SCREEN THROWN UP BETWEEN HERE AND SHORE! WE'LL RUN TO SOUTH AMERICA IF NECESSARY!



YOU PAY ME FOR FIGURING THESE THINGS OUT, RIGHT? IF I WERE YOU, I'D JAM MY ENGINES, CALL FOR HELP, AND HAVE ONE OF THE COAST GUARD BOATS TOW ME IN--RIGHT THROUGH THEIR OWN SCREEN!

HEY--THAT ONE'S SO CRAZY... IT JUST MIGHT WORK! SURE--WHY NOT? WE'LL TRY IT!

SO AS MASTERSON SUGGESTED, THE CROOKS FIRST JAMMED THE MOTORS, THEN RADIOED THE COAST GUARD...

HATE TO BOTHER YOU BOYS, BUT WE'VE GOT A LOAD OF FISH AND WE CAN'T GET 'EM IN! ENGINE TROUBLE!

WE'LL LOOK AT THE ENGINES! IF WE CAN'T REPAIR THEM, WE'LL TOW YOU IN!



JUST THEN, ONE OF THE SAILORS NOTICED A STRANGE OBJECT FLOATING IN THE WATER...

THE BOX WAS BROUGHT ABOARD THE CUTTER, OPENED-- AND...

ONCE ABOARD THE CRIMINAL CRAFT, THE COAST GUARDSMEN EASILY LOCATED THE CONTRABAND--AND AT THAT POINT...

SIR! THERE'S AN UNOPENED BOX IN THE WATER -- WITH A **EUROPEAN LABEL** ON IT!

HAUL IT IN-- WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT!

LOOK-- OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS! AND-- AND THIS BOX HASN'T BEEN IN THE WATER FOR MORE THAN A FEW MOMENTS!

MAKE READY TO BOARD THAT FISHING BOAT!

CAPTAIN-- I'M LIEUTENANT MASTERSON, POLICE DEPARTMENT! I WAS THE ONE WHO PUT THAT BOX IN THE WATER SO YOU'D FIND IT!

WE KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU, MASTERSON! GET YOUR HANDS UP... YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!



AT HIS REQUEST, MASTERSON WAS TAKEN TO HIS OWN PRECINCT--BUT WHEN HE REVEALED THE TRUTH THERE...

I TELL YOU, THE STORY IS **TRUE**, JOHNNY! JUST LET ME SEE THE CHIEF... HE'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

PRETTY GOOD YARN, JOE-- ABOUT HOW YOU AND CHIEF STEBBINS ARRANGED ALL THIS WITHOUT ANYBODY ELSE KNOWING IT! BUT THERE'S ONE FLAW, JOE-- CHIEF STEBBINS DIED YESTERDAY!

THE CHIEF-- DEAD? I DIDN'T KNOW IT-- I WAS OUT ON THE BOAT! BUT LOOK, JOHNNY... HE LEFT A CODED MESSAGE IN HIS PERSONAL FILE--JUST IN CASE OF SUCH AN EMERGENCY!

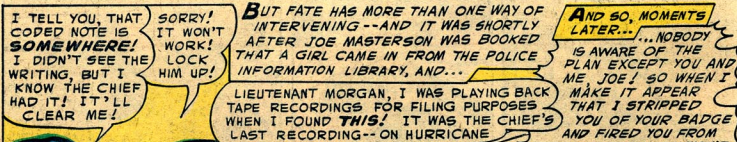
WE CAN CHECK! HIS PERSONAL EFFECTS WENT TO HIS SOLE NEXT OF KIN-- HIS NEPHEW! WE'LL PHONE HIM!



BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT, IN THE NEPHEW'S HOME...

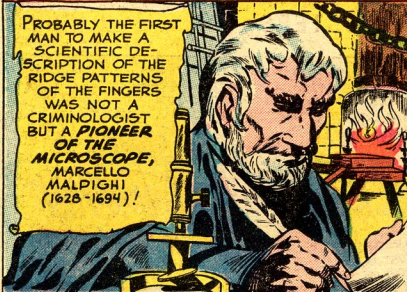
SOME MORE OF UNCLE DARRYL'S MISCELLANEOUS NOTES! I'LL BURN IT WITH THE OTHER STUFF!



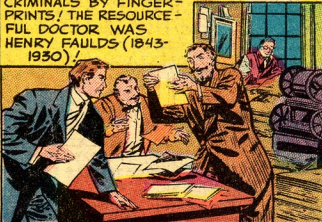


FINGERPRINT FACTS !

PROBABLY THE FIRST MAN TO MAKE A SCIENTIFIC DESCRIPTION OF THE RIDGE PATTERNS OF THE FINGERS WAS NOT A CRIMINOLOGIST BUT A PIONEER OF THE MICROSCOPE, MARCELLO MALPIGHI (1628-1694) !



A SCOTTISH PHYSICIAN IN TOKYO, MANY YEARS LATER, CREATED QUITE A STIR WITH HIS FIRST PUBLISHED ARTICLE ON THE PRACTICAL IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS BY FINGERPRINTS! THE RESOURCEFUL DOCTOR WAS HENRY FAULDS (1843-1930) !



DOCTOR FAULDS GOT THE IDEA ONE DAY WHEN WALKING ALONG THE BEACH IN THE BAY OF YEDO, JAPAN, HE FOUND FRAGMENTS OF SUN-BAKED PRAEHISTORIC POTTERY-WARE BEARING IMPRESSIONS OF ANCIENT JAPANESE POTTERS !



AFTER CONSIDERABLE STUDY, HE CAME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT FINGERPRINT PATTERNS WERE "FOREVER UNCHANGEABLE" AND WOULD BE A GREAT AID IN CRIME DETECTION !

ALTHOUGH SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL BART (1833-1917) USED FINGERPRINTS TO IDENTIFY PRISONERS IN JAIL BEFORE HIM, DOCTOR FAULDS WAS THE FIRST TO PROPOSE CATCHING CRIMINALS WITH THIS METHOD !



DERINGER PERCUSSION POCKET PISTOL—one of many guns shown in book



Illustration is about 1/2 actual size of Deringer!

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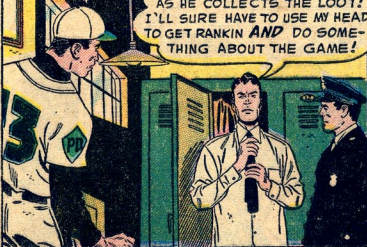
- ☐ I enclose 25¢ in coin. Send Gunbook, FREE Arrowhead Charm, Daisy Catalog postpaid.
- ☐ I enclose 10¢. Send "Junior Air Rifle Club" Brochure, postpaid.

NAME _____
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SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

THERE GOES THE GAME!
WHAT A TIME FOR RANKIN
TO SHOW UP IN TOWN!

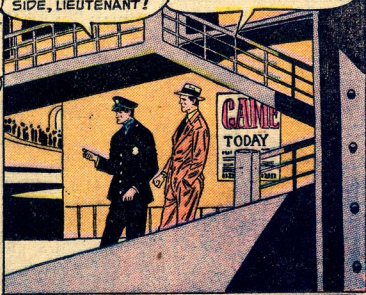
BUT THE CHIEF'S RIGHT--
I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO
KNOWS RANKIN... AND HE'LL
BE LEAVING TOWN AS SOON
AS HE COLLECTS THE LOOT!
I'LL SURE HAVE TO USE MY HEAD
TO GET RANKIN **AND** DO SOME-
THING ABOUT THE GAME!



PRESENTLY...

MY SQUAD CAR'S OUT-
SIDE, LIEUTENANT!

ALL RIGHT, JOE--LET'S
STEP ON IT! WE'LL SEARCH
EVERY DIVE IN TOWN!

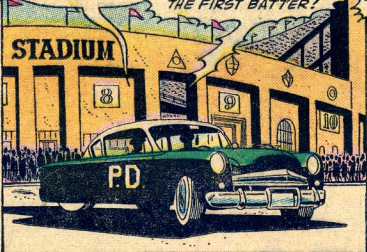


KEEP THE LOCAL
RADIO ON... I WANT
TO KNOW HOW THE
GAME IS GOING!

THE BADGES TAKE THE
FIELD--AND WE'RE READY
TO GO! CHARLIE DUNCAN,
OF THE HELMETS, IS
THE FIRST BATTER!

WE JUST GOT WORD THAT LIEUTENANT
"HOME RUN" HENDERSON IS OUT OF
THE GAME! BROTHER!... THAT CAN
MEAN THE DIFFERENCE HERE TODAY!
HENDERSON IS THE POWER BOY FOR
THE BADGES...

WE'LL START
WITH A LITTLE
TOUR OF
THE BOWL-
ING ALLEYS...



**BUT AS THEY TRAVEL FROM ONE UNDERWORLD
BOWLERS' HANGOUT TO ANOTHER...**

RANKIN'S NOT HERE!
DID YOU GET THE
SCORE?

YEAH--
THERE'S A RADIO IN BACK!
SECOND INNING--**HELMETS**
ARE AHEAD 1 TO 0! THEY
PLUNKED IN A CHEAP
HOMER...



MINUTES LATER...

OKAY--LET'S ROLL! I'VE
GOT ONLY SEVEN INNINGS
LEFT TO FIND RANKIN!
LET'S TRY MORGAN'S
POOL ROOM!

IF WE LOSE THIS
GAME, LIEUTENANT,
I OWE MY FATHER-
IN-LAW A NEW HAT!
LET'S FIND RANKIN!
AND GET YOU BACK
THERE!



THE SQUAD CAR BRAKES TO A HALT IN FRONT OF THE POOL ROOM, AND...

I'M LOOKING FOR ACE RANKIN-- BUT I SEE HE'S NOT HERE! WHAT ABOUT TURNING ON THE TV AND GETTING THE GAME!

TUBE'S BURNED OUT... BUT WE'VE GOT THE GAME ON THE RADIO!



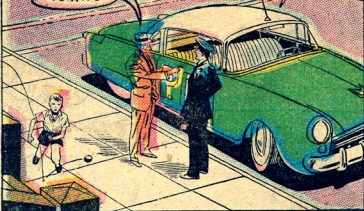
...AND THAT ENDS THE 4TH INNING! HELMETS TWO--BADGES, ZERO! LOOKS LIKE THE POLICE CAN'T SUMMON ANY POWER AGAINST THE FIREMEN'S PITCHER! HOW THEY MISS THAT HENDERSON!



OUTSIDE, A MOMENT AFTERWARD...

WAIT, JOE-- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! IF THEY CAN T.V. THE BALL GAME-- WHY CAN'T WE TV RANKIN'S ATTEMPT TO LEAVE TOWN?

HUH? I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, LIEUTENANT!



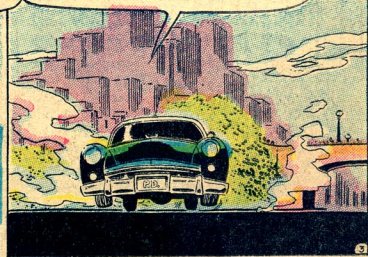
TV STATIONS HAVE MOBILE CAMERA UNITS! IN AN EMERGENCY LIKE THIS, THEY COULD ROLL UNITS OUT TO THE AIRPORT, TRAIN STATIONS, ALL TUNNEL AND BRIDGE EXITS OUT OF TOWN!



THE CAMERAS, OPERATING ON CLOSED CHANNELS, COULD PICK UP THE FACES OF EVERYBODY THAT PASSED IN A CAR! I'D EASILY BE ABLE TO SPOT RANKIN!

YEAH--BUT HOW WILL YOU BE ABLE TO WATCH IF THEY'RE ON CLOSED CHANNELS?

THEY'D BE CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC, YES--BUT OPEN TO PORTABLE SETS WE'D HAVE IN THE BACK OF THE CAR, EACH TUNED TO ONE OF THE CAMERAS! COME ON-- LET'S GET THIS PLAN STARTED!

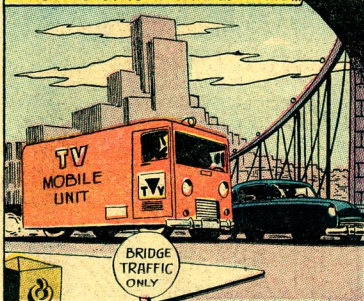




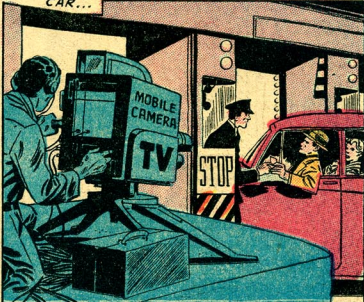
GANG BUSTERS



WITHIN A FEW SHORT MINUTES, MOBILE TELEVISION UNITS ROLL OUT TO DESIGNATED SPOTS...



AT EACH BRIDGE AND TUNNEL APPROACH, CAMERAS FOCUS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF EVERY PASSING CAR...



...TRANSMITTING THE PASSENGERS' FACES TO PORTABLE RECEIVERS IN HENDERSON'S SQUAD CAR!



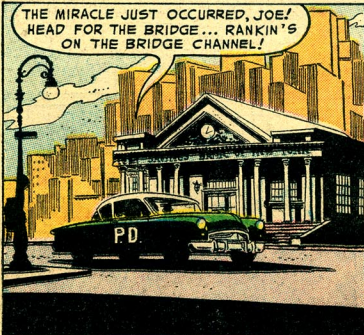
ANY LUCK YET, LIEUTENANT? THE GAME'S GOING INTO THE SEVENTH INNING!

NO--NO SIGN OF RANKIN YET!

I'M BEGINNING TO LOSE HOPE, LIEUTENANT! IT'D BE A MIRACLE IF WE FOUND RANKIN NOW!



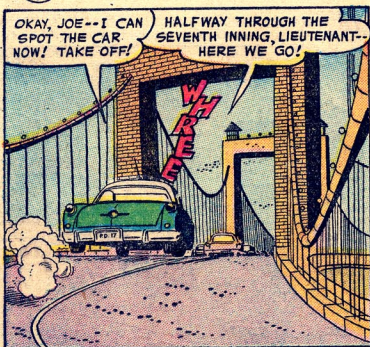
THE MIRACLE JUST OCCURRED, JOE! HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE... RANKIN'S ON THE BRIDGE CHANNEL!



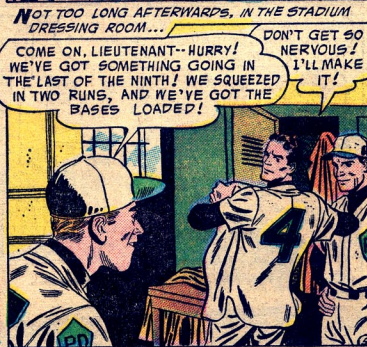
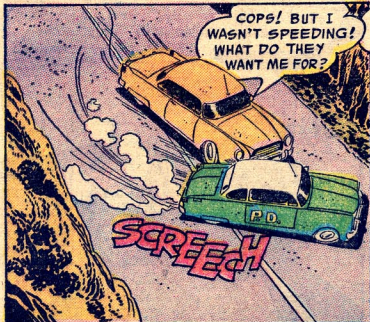
SECONDS LATER... WE'RE APPROACHING THE BRIDGE NOW, LIEUTENANT! YOU SURE THAT'S RANKIN?

DEFINITELY! I COULD SPOT HIM TWO BLOCKS AWAY! I'LL SEE IF I CAN GET A DESCRIPTION OF HIS CAR-- AND THE LICENSE PLATES!





THE RACE CONTINUES OVER A BROAD HIGHWAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER...





GANG BUSTERS



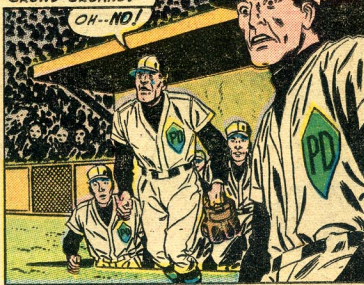
AND SUDDENLY, WITH THE APPEARANCE OF HENDERSON, ON THE FIELD, A ROAR FILLS THE PACKED ARENA...



THEN, AFTER HENDERSON WAITS OUT THREE BAD ONES...



THE PITCHER, IGNORING THE RUNNER AT THIRD, TAKES A FULL WINDUP--THROWS, AND... THE CROWD GROANS!



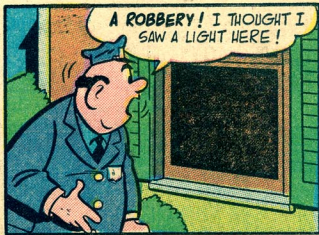
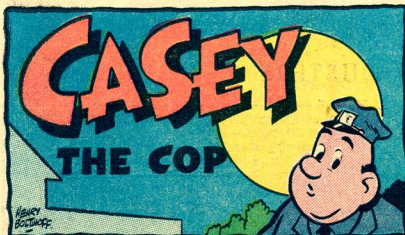
AFTERWARDS, IN THE DRESSING ROOM...



... BUT NOT THE WAY I EXPECTED TO! I ACCIDENTALLY CAUGHT THAT LAST PITCH ON THE NOGGIN!



THE END.



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FEARLESS FOSDICK[®] by Al Capp





GANG BUSTERS



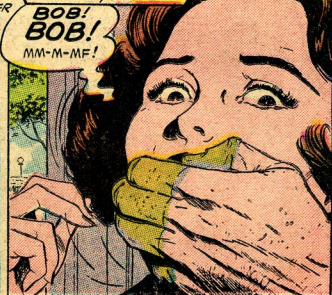
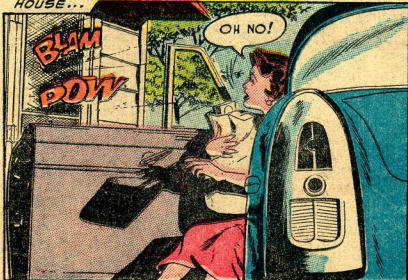
JANE CLEARY WAS MARRIED TO A POLICE DETECTIVE FOR FIVE YEARS. SHE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO THE RIGORS OF HER HUSBAND'S JOB-- THE LATE HOURS, THE TIRELESS TRACKING DOWN OF CRIMINALS-- THE DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENTS! BUT SHE NEVER DREAMED THE TIME WOULD COME WHEN THAT SAME JOB WOULD BE HERS-- THAT A TRAGIC ACT OF FATE WOULD MAKE OF HER A...

LADY WITH A BADGE!

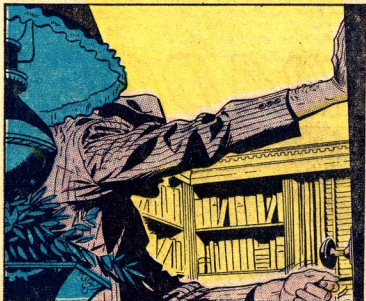


RETURNING HOME FROM A SHOPPING TRIP--JUST A YEAR AGO--JANE CLEARY, WIFE OF POLICE DETECTIVE BOB CLEARY, HEARD TWO SHOTS RING OUT FROM HER HOUSE...

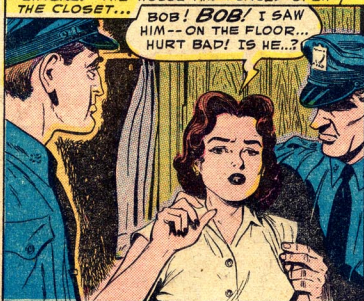
IN AN INSTANT, MRS. CLEARY DASHED INSIDE, WHERE...



THE LURKING FIGURE FLUNG MRS. CLEARY INTO A CLOSET AND LOCKED THE DOOR ...



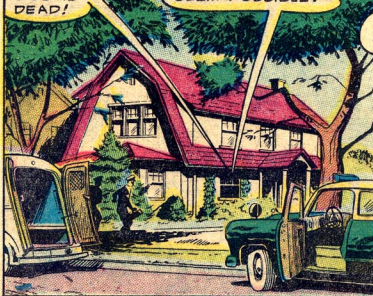
IT WAS TEN MINUTES LATER THAT POLICE ENTERED THE HOUSE AND FORCED OPEN THE CLOSET...



BOB! **BOB!** I SAW HIM-- ON THE FLOOR... HURT BAD! IS HE...?

YES, JANE... BOB IS DEAD!

BOB... **DEAD**... IT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE!

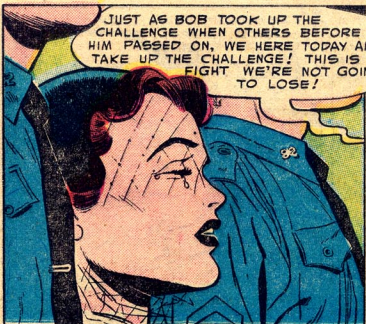


A MONTH LATER, DETECTIVE CLEARY WAS ENSHRINED IN THE **POLICE HALL OF HONOR**...

BOB CLEARY DIED ON A FIELD OF BATTLE... LET'S NOT FORGET THAT! HE DIED TRYING TO MAKE IT SAFE FOR A LOT OF OTHERS TO LIVE!



JUST AS BOB TOOK UP THE CHALLENGE WHEN OTHERS BEFORE HIM PASSED ON, WE HERE TODAY ALSO TAKE UP THE CHALLENGE! THIS IS A FIGHT WE'RE NOT GOING TO LOSE!



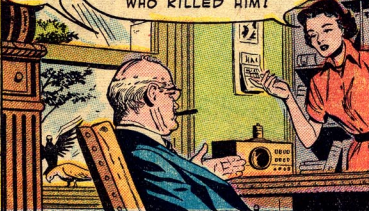
THROUGHOUT THIS SOLEMN CEREMONY, NONE COULD GUESS THE FIRM RESOLVE THAT HAD BEGUN TO TAKE SHAPE IN THE GRIEF-STRIKEN MIND AND HEART OF MRS. BOB CLEARY--



--FOR IT WASN'T UNTIL THREE DAYS LATER THAT SHE CALLED AT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE WITH A STARTLING REQUEST...

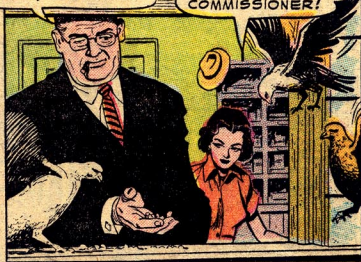
YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN THE FORCE, JANE?

YES, COMMISSIONER-- I'D LIKE TO GET IN ON THIS FIGHT YOU REFERRED TO! IT WON'T BRING BOB BACK-- BUT I MIGHT HELP GET THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM!



BOB WAS ON A GEM-SMUGGLING CASE, JANE, AND WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING TO FIND HIS MURDERER! BESIDES, POLICE WORK ISN'T EXACTLY A WOMAN'S TYPE OF JOB, YOU KNOW!

YES-- I KNOW, COMMISSIONER!

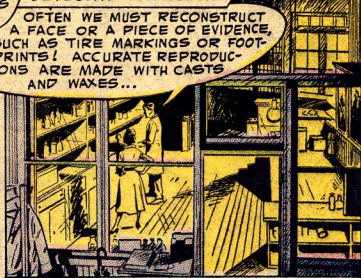


...BUT, NEVERTHELESS, THERE ARE SUCH THINGS AS POLICEWOMEN-- AND I THINK I'D MAKE A PRETTY GOOD ONE! REMEMBER, I USED TO HELP BOB QUITE A BIT ON HIS CASES!

I SUPPOSE YOU ARE RIGHT, JANE... YOU'RE YOUNG AND INTELLIGENT--THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOU CAN'T BECOME A POLICEWOMAN, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU REALLY WANT!



AND SO, AFTER COMPLETING HER COURSE OF STUDY AT THE POLICE ACADEMY, JANE CLEARY WAS ASSIGNED TO THE DETECTIVE DIVISION...



OFTEN WE MUST RECONSTRUCT A FACE OR A PIECE OF EVIDENCE, SUCH AS TIRE MARKINGS OR FOOTPRINTS! ACCURATE REPRODUCTIONS ARE MADE WITH CASTS AND WAXES...

SHE LEARNED THE INTRICACIES OF LAB DETECTION...



TAKE, FOR INSTANCE, A SLIGHT STAIN FOUND ON WOOD OR CLOTH AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME! LAB ANALYSIS CAN PINPOINT THE CRIMINAL!

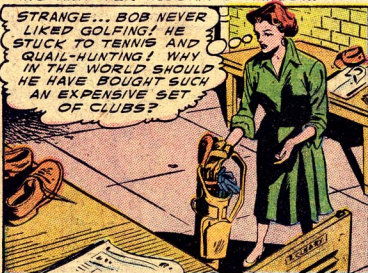
THE HAND THAT COVERED MY MOUTH THE DAY BOB WAS KILLED... IT SEEMS TO ME, NOW, THAT HAND HAD SOME SORT OF STAIN ON IT!

SUCH A CLUE COULD BE HELPFUL! SOMETIMES CHEMISTS, FOR EXAMPLE, HAVE TELLTALE STAINS ON THEIR HANDS!



AND NOT TILL SHE COMPLETED HER FULL COURSE OF STUDY DID SHE GET AROUND TO THE TOUGHEST JOB OF THEM ALL--PACKING AWAY HER HUSBAND'S THINGS...

STRANGE... BOB NEVER LIKED GOLFING! HE STUCK TO TENNIS AND QUAIL-HUNTING! WHY IN THE WORLD SHOULD HE HAVE BOUGHT SUCH AN EXPENSIVE SET OF CLUBS?



YES, FOR A MAN WHO DIDN'T LIKE GOLFING, BOB CERTAINLY GOT ALL THE EQUIPMENT... EVEN A GOLF GLOVE! I'LL MAKE A GIFT OF ALL THIS TO THE COMMISSIONER... HE'S CRAZY ABOUT THE GAME!



JUST THEN, IN THE POCKET OF THE GOLF BAG, SHE FOUND A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER...

A PHONE NUMBER! I WONDER WHOSE... IT MAY BE A LEAD!

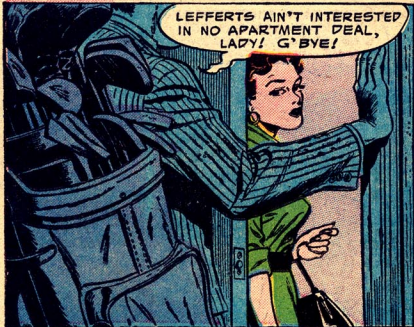
FOLLOWING AN OFFICIAL CALL TO THE TELEPHONE COMPANY, JANE TOOK A SWIFT TRIP TO A SWANK APARTMENT BUILDING IN THE HEART OF THE CITY... THE PHONE NUMBER BELONGS TO A MAN NAMED HAPPY LEFFERTS, AT THIS ADDRESS! I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO TALK TO HIM WITHOUT LETTING HIM KNOW I'M A DETECTIVE!

YEAH-- WHATTA YA WANT?

WE'RE CONSIDERING PUTTING THIS APARTMENT HOUSE ON A CO-OP BASIS-- AND I'D...ER... LIKE TO FIND OUT IF MR. LEFFERTS IS IN AGREEMENT...



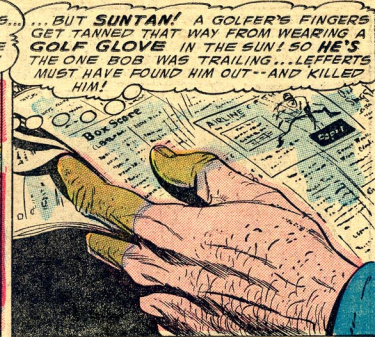
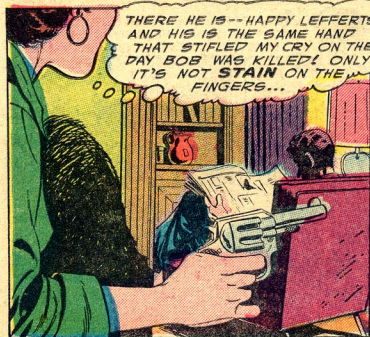
LEFFERTS AIN'T INTERESTED IN NO APARTMENT DEAL, LADY! G'BYE!



AND AS SHE DEPARTED...

A GOLF BAG WAS ON THE FLOOR! I SAW IT! MAYBE BOB DID HAVE A REASON FOR BUYING HIMSELF GOLF EQUIPMENT--EVEN THOUGH HE DISLIKED THE GAME!





GANG BUSTERS

BUT AS JANE MOVED TO TAKE HAPPY LEFFERTS INTO CUSTODY...

OH DEAR! HE'S **ALREADY DEAD!** THAT SHOT I HEARD-- MUST'VE BEEN THE ONE-- THAT KILLED HIM!

AT THAT MOMENT, AS POLICEMEN CAME SWARMING INTO THE ROOM...

LEFFERTS IS DEAD!

WE KNOW--KILLED BY HIS OWN MEN! THEY SPOTTED YOU AT THE DOORWAY AS BOB'S WIDOW--AND REALIZED THE TRAP WAS CLOSING ON LEFFERTS--SO THEY GOT HIM BEFORE HE COULD TALK!

WE WERE ON THE SAME CASE, JANE, AND GOT THEM AS THEY WERE LEAVING VIA THE FIRE ESCAPE! THEY CONFESSED EVERYTHING!

JUST WHY DID THEY KILL BOB?

LEFFERTS WAS THE KEY MAN IN A GEM-SMUGGLING RING-- BUT SINCE WE HAD NO EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM, BOB WAS ASSIGNED TO TRAIL HIM AND GET THE GOODS ON HIM!

HOW DOES THE GOLFING ANGLE FIT IN?

LEFFERTS TURNED A CUTE TRICK TO GET THE GEMS MOVED! HE WAS INSERTING THEM IN GOLF BALLS...

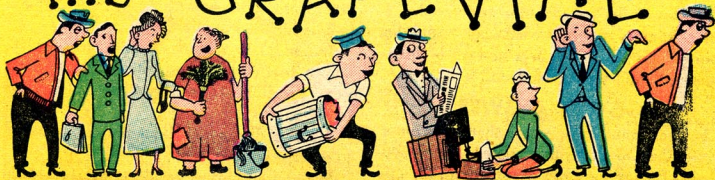
HE SEALED THE GOLF BALLS TOGETHER AGAIN, AND AT THE RANGE, HE'D DRIVE THEM OFF-COURSE TO WHERE HIS CONTACT MAN WAITED! BOB TUMBLED TO THE TRICK, HOWEVER, AND LEFFERTS GOT HIM!

YOU'RE A GOOD POLICE-WOMAN, JANE! YOU TUMBLED TO THIS WHOLE THING BY YOURSELF-- AND YOU WOULD'VE CAUGHT LEFFERTS EVEN IF WE HADN'T BEEN ON THE CASE! BOB WOULD'VE LIKED THAT!

YOU THINK SO? I'M GLAD... HE WAS ALWAYS KIDDING ME ABOUT STICKING TO THE KITCHEN! BUT NOW I LIKE THIS JOB BETTER, AT LEAST FOR AWHILE...

THE END.

The GRAPEVINE



UNIQUE STORE

Few residents of Berkeley, Calif., are aware that in their midst is an arsenal that hides behind the store facade of George F. Cake. On its window front is lettered "Law Enforcement Equipment," but on its shelves rest enough shooting stock to wage a short-term war.

Across Mr. Cake's counter, deputy sheriffs, FBI agents, private detectives, bank guards and police from far-flung communities have done business. For Mr. Cake is the foremost dealer in anti-crime weapons. His inventory includes such items as a new type tear-gas grenade that releases gas as it hops around a room; every type of pistol, rifle and revolver; blackjacks, handcuffs, leg irons, gas masks, nightsticks, cartridges, Yawara sticks (Japanese billies), gun holsters, shotguns and submachine guns.

Mr. Cake keeps abreast of new developments in his line. As a result, he has added during the past few years a new type of fingerprint powder, a fountain pen that ejects tear gas, an instrument for picking tumbler locks, a fountain pen telescope, miniature cameras, fluorescent powders that stick to the palms of counterfeiters and arson-addicts, a tiny wire recorder that fits inside a wrist-watch.

In 20 years, Mr. Cake hasn't failed to fill an order, even from such far-off places as Alaska, India and the Fiji Islands. Naturally, during that time, he has had some strange encounters with wily customers who tried to buy his goods, but Mr. Cake has succeeded

in reserving his merchandise exclusively for law enforcement agencies. In most cases, permits are required to be shown. In cases where they're not, Mr. Cake takes the precaution of having his customer return, giving him sufficient time to check his background and authority.

This has led occasionally to a payoff for the police, as illustrated not long ago when a suave stranger wanted to buy half a dozen submachine guns and an assortment of side arms allegedly to protect his company's payroll. Mr. Cake told him to return later while he filled the order. No sooner was he out the door than Mr. Cake hastily called the FBI. When the customer returned, agents were waiting for him, for a prompt check had revealed him to be the head of a gun-smuggling racket that flourished in Latin America.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Frankie Szymanski, Notre Dame's star center not so long ago, was summoned to court to appear as a witness in a civil suit. He was accompanied by Coach Frank Leahy, who remained in his seat among the spectators when Szymanski was called to the stand.

"I understand you are on the Notre Dame team. What's your position?" asked the defense attorney.

"I'm the center," said Szymanski.

"Are you a good center?"

"Why, I believe I'm the best center in the country."

Coach Leahy was surprised by Szymanski's boastful reply. When Szymanski returned to his seat, the coach couldn't help but whisper,

"I thought you were a very modest person. How come you said a thing like that?"

Szymanski looked at him wide-eyed. "I didn't want to do it, Coach, but," and he shrugged his shoulders in a gesture of helplessness, "but I was under oath!"

AGE-OLD ANSWER

Another amusing anecdote that concerns a witness has to do with a noted Hollywood actress. During the cross-examination, the opposing attorney was doing his best to discredit her testimony by getting her to admit that she had lied about her age. She was 43, but admitted to being around 35.

"I ask you, how old are you—and remember that you are under oath," snapped the lawyer.

"I don't know for sure," she replied without batting a mascaraed eye.

"You don't know? Are you sure?"

"I'm sure that I'm sure. My birth certificate was lost in a fire. I never tried to get another."

"But your parents," said the lawyer, winding up to unleash his Sunday punch, "your parents must have told you when you were born, so we can easily calculate your age."

"Don't ask me to reveal that," she said sternly. "After all, that's hearsay evidence, and isn't admissible."

"What? Are you trying to—"

"Am I right or wrong?" interrupted the actress, turning to the judge.

"You are indeed correct," replied His Honor, with a smile.

STRANGE LAWS

Years ago, custom required passing and enforcement of many unusual laws. Time went on, custom and habits changed, yet nobody remembered or bothered to repeal them. Here are some of the freak laws which still exist on the books today:

According to a city ordinance, residents of Barre, Vermont, must take a bath every Saturday night.

More than one person is prohibited from using the same fingerbowl in Omaha.

There are laws against arresting a dead

man in New York, marrying your mother-in-law in Washington, D. C.; singing in a restaurant in Wisconsin; driving a red automobile in Minneapolis.

Indiana law regards a moustache as "a known carrier of germs, and a man cannot wear one if he frequently kisses human beings."

Males of Brainerd, Minnesota, are required to grow beards.

Waterville, Maine, residents are forbidden to blow their noses in public.

It is a violation for women to wear silk or nylon stockings in Providence, Rhode Island.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

AKRON, Ohio: Accused by police of having forged an \$18 check, the defendant asked for a few moments to pull himself together, revealed he actually had written \$5,000 worth of bad checks.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.: Awakened by police who had been called when he had been found asleep in an attic trunk by the house owner, a sailor-on-leave complained: "This ship has the smallest berth I ever slept in."

SUNSET BEACH, Calif.: A clothing manufacturer reported his factory had been burglarized. The robbers' loot: 60 Santa Claus suits out of a shipment being prepared for next winter.

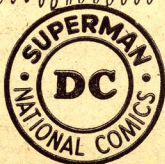
PHILADELPHIA, Pa.: A week after a resident reported the loss or theft of his wallet, he received a letter from the culprit, which read: "I invested your money in a stock. If it goes up, I'll return your money."

WEST ORANGE, N. J.: Hampered by a manpower shortage, police deputized a housewife living on a main road used by speeding motorists to jot down their license numbers. Within a week, 19 drivers received summonses in the mail.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Secret Service agents reported that during the past fiscal year, they made the biggest haul of counterfeit money in history. Of \$3,094,000 in phony money they seized, \$2,150,200 was nabbed in Marseilles, France, marked for export to this country.

To the
Boys and GIRLS
of America--

THIS FAMOUS
SYMBOL
IS YOUR



GUARANTEE

OF THE *BEST* IN COMICS READING

For Example



**ALL SUPERMAN-DC
COMICS HAVE BEEN
APPROVED BY THE
CODE AUTHORITY!**



GANG BUSTERS



EVERY YEAR, THOUSANDS OF THUGS, TRYING TO ELUDE THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW, ARE SUDDENLY AND UNEXPECTEDLY SPOTTED AND TAKEN INTO CUSTODY! THIS IS DUE TO THE MILLIONS OF REWARD POSTERS WHICH SPREAD A PHOTOGRAPHIC DRAGNET FOR THE WANTED MEN! THANKS TO THESE TELL-TALE PHOTOGRAPHIC PLACARDS, THEIR FEATURES ARE INDELIBLY STAMPED IN THE MINDS OF POLICEMEN AND PRIVATE CITIZENS EVERYWHERE! I OUGHT TO KNOW, BECAUSE...

"I PRINT REWARD POSTERS"

I'M TRAPPED!
WHEREVER I GO--
THOSE REWARD
POSTERS!



I'M POLICE SERGEANT RAY MANDATTA, IN CHARGE OF THE REWARD POSTER DEPARTMENT OF THE CLAYTON CITY POLICE DEPARTMENT! I'VE BEEN ASKED TO EXPLAIN THE INSIDE WORKINGS OF MY DEPARTMENT, WHICH HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS THE LONGEST ARM OF THE LAW! THIS IS HOW WE OPERATE...



LAST FEBRUARY 18th, FOR INSTANCE, THREE ARMED MEN BARRELED INTO THE CLAYTON CITY BANK, AND...



AN ALERT TELLER MADE MENTAL NOTES OF ONE OF THE ROBBERS...

BLACK HAIR...
BUSHY EYEBROWS... ABOUT
FIVE-FOOT-NINE... CARRYING
A LUGER!



I'M SETTING THESE KNOBS TO FIT THE DESCRIPTION! THIS KNOB'S FOR CROOKS WITH BLACK HAIR...THIS ONE IS FOR BUSHY EYEBROWS... THAT ONE'S FOR CRIMINALS FIVE-FOOT-NINE TALL... AND THE LAST ONE'S FOR THOSE KNOWN TO CARRY LUGERS!



THE TELLER'S DESCRIPTION WAS LATER RELAYED TO MY OFFICE, AND I TOOK THE INFORMATION TO MY SPECIAL AUTOMATIC FILING MACHINE...

DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN PICK THE HOOD ANSWERING THAT DESCRIPTION FROM ALL THOSE FILE CARDS, MANPATT!

THERE ARE ALMOST 10,000 FILE CARDS IN THIS MACHINE, BUT YOU WILL BE SURPRISED HOW CLOSE IT CAN COME TO PICKING THE RIGHT MAN!

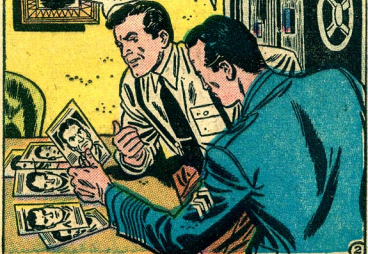


NOW, ONCE IN MOTION THE MACHINE PUTS ALL THE FACTS TOGETHER, AND EJECTS FILE CARDS OF THOSE HAVING ALL OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE WANTED CROOK! IT WON'T TAKE LONG... THE CARDS SHOOT THROUGH AT THE RATE OF 450 A MINUTE!



AND WHEN THE SIX PHOTOS WERE PLACED BEFORE THE BANK TELLER...

HMM... RALPH BLEEKER, THAT'S THE MAN-- NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
EH? THANKS, MISTER!





GANG BUSTERS



THAT SAME DAY, A POLICE COMPOSITOR BEGAN SETTING UP THE REWARD POSTER UNDER MY DIRECTION...

HOW MUCH REWARD OFFERED, SERGEANT? THE BANK IS OFFERING \$3,000, AND ANOTHER \$1,000 FROM A CITIZENS COMMITTEE! MAKE IT \$4,000 IN ALL!



BY NIGHTTIME, THE PRESS RUN BEGAN IN A PRIVATE SHOP WORKING WITH OUR DEPARTMENT...

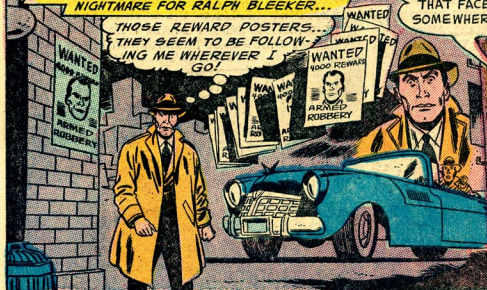
HOW MANY DO YOU WANT, SERGEANT?

MAKE IT 30,000 COPIES! WE'RE GOING TO PLASTER THEM IN RAILROAD STATIONS, POST-OFFICES AND ON TELEPHONE POLES OVER A THREE-STATE AREA! HOLD THE FORM IN CASE WE NEED MORE!



THE FOLLOWING DAYS BECAME A LIVING NIGHTMARE FOR RALPH BLEEKER...

THOSE REWARD POSTERS... THEY SEEM TO BE FOLLOWING ME WHEREVER I GO!



I'VE SEEN THAT FACE SOMEWHERE!

GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



AT LENGTH, EXACTLY THREE WEEKS AND THREE DAYS AFTER THE BANK HOLDUP...

I--I'M ALMOST GLAD IT'S OVER! THOSE POSTERS WOULD HAUNT ME FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!



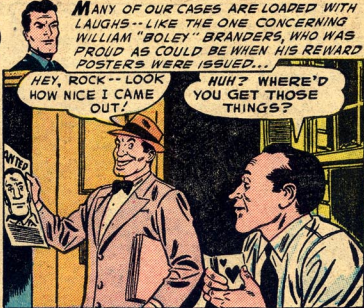
REWARD POSTERS ARE OFTEN PICKED UP BY CRIME MAGAZINES-- SO THAT, NOT LONG AGO, IN A LOCAL BARBER SHOP, WHEN A WAITING CUSTOMER PICKED UP AN 11 MONTH-OLD MAGAZINE...

ONLY CHANCE I GET TO READ NOWADAYS IS IN THE BARBER SHOP! SAY THIS TRUE-CRIME STORY IS WELL WRITTEN!

NEXT!



ONCE IN CUSTODY, BLEEKER NAMED HIS TWO ACCOMPLICES-- AND REWARD POSTERS EVENTUALLY LED TO THEIR CAPTURE AS WELL...



THE MEN IN MY JOB RARELY GET THE CHANCE TO SEE REAL ACTION-- BUT I DID ONCE, AND IT ALL BEGAN ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 3RD IN THE OFFICE OF THE **ETON WAREHOUSE**...

FOR AN OLD PRO LIKE ME, THIS SAFE'S A SNAP! WHAT'S MORE, THE WATCHMAN FELL ASLEEP--SO I'M PERFECTLY IN THE CLEAR!



BUT NEXT DAY, A WORRIED SAFE-CRACKER, ROY EDWARDS, AS WE LEARNED LATER, FROWNEED AT A STORY IN THE LOCAL PAPER...

OH-OH... IT SAYS A SAM JACKSON, OF 423 ELM STREET, SAW ME LEAVING THE PLACE, AND HE'S GOING TO GIVE MY DESCRIPTION TO A POLICE ARTIST AT HIS HOME TONIGHT!



NEXT INSTANT, THE HOODLUM KICKED THE DOOR OPEN, AND...

GIVE ME THAT PICTURE! AND YOU COME ALONG WITH ME, YOU SQUEALER! I'LL SEE THAT YOU NEVER GIVE MY DESCRIPTION TO ANY COP ARTIST AGAIN!



AT THAT MOMENT, I WASN'T SO SURE I'D TALKED MY CHIEF INTO SUCH A GOOD IDEA AFTER ALL!

NEXT DAY, AFTER DETECTIVES RETURNED FROM INVESTIGATING THE SAFE-CRACKING...

NOTHING IN THAT **ETON** JOB FOR YOU, MANDATTA--NO PRINTS, NO EYEWITNESSES, NO NOTHING! A CLEAN SWEEP!



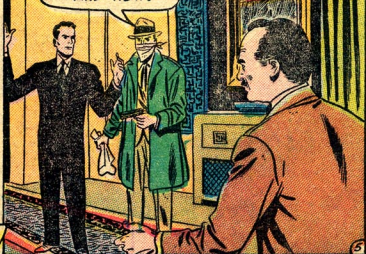
THAT EVENING, THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF ROY EDWARDS STOLE UP TO A MODEST HOME ON ELM STREET-- AND THERE...

MUST BE CAREFUL, OR MY FACE'LL BE ON 100,000 REWARD POSTERS BEFORE MORNING!

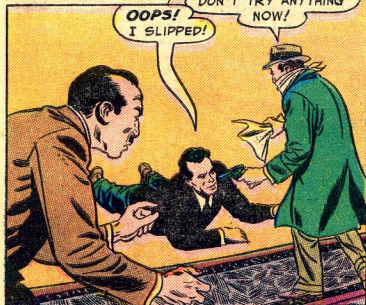


I FELT MY FLESH CRAWLING AS HE POKED HIS AUTOMATIC AT ME...

NO FALSE MOVES FROM YOU, OR I'LL LET HIM HAVE IT HERE AND NOW!



BUT A MOMENT LATER, THE POLICE ARTIST AND I MADE OUR MOVE... DON'T TRY ANYTHING NOW!



AT THE SAME TIME, MY PARTNER REACHED FOR THE EDGE OF THE CARPET RUNNER, AND PULLED!



AS THE MAN IN CHARGE OF REWARD POSTERS, I MIGHT BE CALLED THE BIGGEST EYE-WITNESS IN THE COUNTRY! LET'S GO, MISTER... THIS TIME I PROMISE YOU WE'LL REALLY MAKE UP A NICE PICTURE OF YOU-- WITH BOTH FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS!

THE
END



SAY HEY KIDS...GET ONE JUST LIKE MINE

Here's
what
you get!

- Complete Willie Mays Baseball Suit
- Willie Mays Comic Book including Willie Mays' story and hints on playing baseball
- Willie Mays identification card
- Membership card in Willie Mays Fair Play Club



THE NEW **SAY HEY**
Willie Mays
AUTHENTIC

"MOST VALUABLE PLAYER"

BASEBALL SUIT

Here it is... an exact copy of the suit worn by sensational N. Y. Giants' star, WILLIE MAYS! Just think — you can be hitting homers in this real Big League suit with Willie Mays insignia on back of shirt. Comes with 2 sets of lettering so you can press any team name on front. Order by mail now! Be the first in your neighborhood to own the super-tterrific Willie Mays Baseball Suit! In long-wearing sanforized cotton flannel... including shirt, pants, socks, cap, belt and two sets of lettering. Even sizes 4 to 14.

\$4.98 shipped
postpaid



BE A MEMBER OF THE **WILLIE MAYS**
ALL-AMERICAN FAIR PLAY CLUB
Get your **FREE**

- ★ Willie Mays Comic Book with Willie Mays' story and hints on playing baseball
- ★ Identification Card
- ★ Club Membership Card



MAIL
THIS
COUPON
TODAY

ANRA, Inc.
P. O. BOX 21
NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

ENCLOSED \$4.98 ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER
PLEASE SEND WILLIE MAYS BASEBALL SUIT.

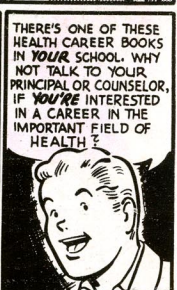
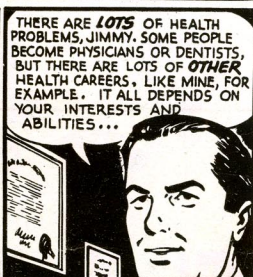
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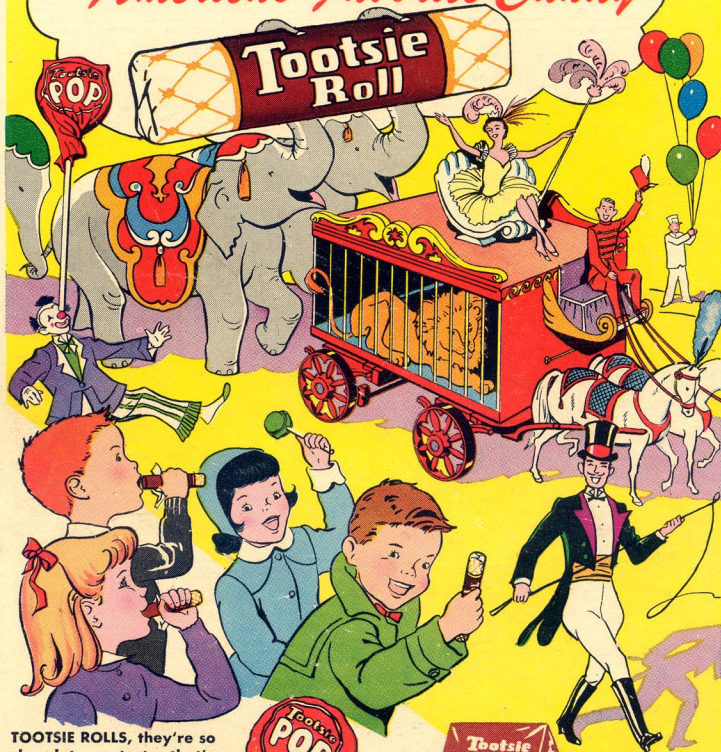
BULLY ^{BO} "THERE MAY BE A CAREER ^{BO} IN HEALTH *for* **YOU!**"



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COORDINATING ORGANIZATION FOR NATIONAL HEALTH, WELFARE AND RECREATION AGENCIES OF THE U. S.

Tootsie Roll

America's Favorite Candy



TOOTSIE ROLLS, they're so chocolaty, so tasty—that's why everybody likes them. Get some **TOOTSIE ROLLS** today at your favorite candy counter—still only 5c.

TOOTSIE ROLL POPS

—Fruit candy on the outside, **TOOTSIE ROLL** inside. Two treats for the price of one—only 2c.



1c



These delicious **TOOTSIE ROLL** Candies are only 1c each.