



BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES OF T.V. NO. 51
AND RADIO'S FAVORITE!

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

GANG BUSTERS

13-13
Featuring
**"The
HARD-LUCK
BADGE!"**

HERE COMES
THAT
ROOKIE
COP!

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT HIM. HE'S
WEARING BADGE 13-13...
AND EVERY OFFICER
WHO'S WORN THAT
BADGE HAS HAD
HARD LUCK!



JEWELRY



YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

Have Extra
Cash For
Anything Your
Heart Desires!



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Look At These Exceptional
Earning Records

L.J.P., Indiana, made \$65.00
B.B., Kentucky, made \$75.00
M.D., Minn., made \$75.00
J.G., Nebr., made \$120.00
M.B., W. Va., made \$110.00
J.O., Iowa, made \$100.00
W.T., Ill., made \$55.00
R.B., Ill., made \$80.00
E.W., Ill., made \$60.00
W.D., Kansas, made \$65.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can
earn hundreds of dollars
with the easy, proven
STUART fund - raising
plan. Send coupon today
for full details.

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**Take Easy Orders For
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Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself! You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Get-Well and other year 'round occasions. We send you samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost *everybody* who sees your samples buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

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Exciting new 21-Card Assortments at \$1 are bargains that sell themselves. Yet you keep up to 50c of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit. Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 *is yours!* Our big line of low-priced All-Occasion Assortments, including sensational new "tall" cards, Personalized Stationery and many other fast-sellers make still more money for you!

**SEND NO MONEY...
GET SAMPLES ON
FREE TRIAL!**

We'll send you saleable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon. Do it Now!

It's Fun To
Earn Money
The Easy
STUART
Way!



STUART GREETINGS, INC., Dept. 52
4436-38 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

If for a club, give its name above.

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

4436-38 N. Clark St., Dept. 52, Chicago 40, Ill.

"**P**HOTO-DETECTOR," "LOCATOR," "IDENTIFIER" ARE STRANGE WORDS TO PRESENT-DAY LAW ENFORCERS... BUT TO FUTURE CRIME-FIGHTERS, THEY WILL PROVE INVALUABLE IN SOLVING THE MOST COMPLEX CASES! DETECTIVE WILLARD MORGAN DISCOVERED THIS WHEN HE TOOK A STRANGE TRIP IN TIME, TO BECOME...

THE DETECTIVE OF TOMORROW



SO THIS IS THE POLICE PRECINCT OF TOMORROW! NO WONDER FUTURE CITIZENS WILL KNOW CRIMELESS YEARS!

CRIMINAL LOCATOR M

BANK

ON JANUARY 6th OF THIS YEAR, AS DETECTIVE-LIEUTENANT WILLARD MORGAN INTERVIEWED PERSONNEL OF A JEWELRY COMPANY AFTER A DARING ROBBERY...

FORGIVE ME FOR INTERRUPTING, LT. MORGAN-- BUT WILKS IS WRONG! THE MASKED BANDITS WERE WELL OVER SIX FEET TALL AND HEAVY-SET!

THAT CONTRADICTS OTHER EYE-WITNESS TESTIMONY, SIR! SUPPOSING YOU EMPLOYEES TALK IT OVER AMONG YOURSELVES... SOMEBODY'S WRONG!

AS USUAL, DUNN, IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE HOLDUP, PEOPLE FAILED TO GET ACCURATE DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CRIMINALS! HAS OUR FINGERPRINT MAN FOUND ANYTHING?

SURE... A FEW THOUSAND PRINTS, LIEUTENANT! IT'LL TAKE DAYS TO CHECK THEM AGAINST COMPANY PERSONNEL AND CUSTOMER PRINTS!



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THUS FARE THE LONG AND TEDIOUS INVESTIGATION BEGIN--TILL FINALLY, ON THE 11th OF JANUARY...

LIEUTENANT... A SET OF JOEY BROGAN'S PRINTS HAVE JUST BEEN CLASSIFIED FROM THAT JEWELRY STORY THEFT LAST WEEK!

HMM... BROGAN CERTAINLY WASN'T THERE IN THE CAPACITY OF A CUSTOMER! I'LL SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM FOR HIM AT ONCE!



STILL MORE TIME ELAPSED AS LT. MORGAN AND THE POLICE FORCE CONDUCTED A RELENTLESS SEARCH FOR THEIR SUSPECT...

OUR ROADBLOCKS AND DRAGNET DETAILS HAVEN'T SPOTTED BROGAN YET, LIEUTENANT! PERHAPS HE FLED THE CITY RIGHT AFTER THE ROBBERY!

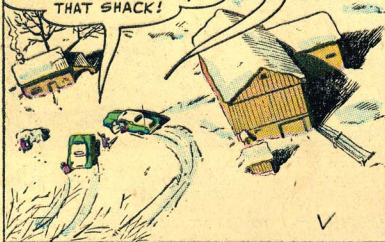
I DOUBT IT! IF HE DID PULL THAT JOB, HE'D AVOID CASTING SUSPICION ON HIMSELF BY SUDDENLY LEAVING TOWN!



IT WASN'T UNTIL JANUARY 30th THAT MORGAN AND HIS MEN MET WITH SUCCESS...

WHEN I CHALLENGED BROGAN AND HIS GANG, THEY MADE A RUN FOR IT, SIR! I CHASED THEM HERE, TO THAT SHACK!

GOOD WORK, OFFICER... NOW WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THEM!



WITHOUT HESITATION, LT. MORGAN AND HIS MEN CLOSED IN ON THEIR QUARRY...

AWRIGHT, WE GIVE UP!

THROW DOWN YOUR GUN, BROGAN, AND TELL YOUR MEN TO COME OUT WITH THEIR HANDS UP!



UPON THE CONVICTION OF THE BROGAN GANG, A FAMILIAR SCENE TOOK PLACE AT CITY PRECINCT #43...

SO LONG, BOYS--THIS DETECTIVE IS OFF FOR TWO WEEKS OF FISHING IN THE MOUNTAINS!

HAVE A GOOD VACATION, LIEUTENANT!



WELL, I GUESS MORGAN MADE IT THIS TIME! HE'S BEEN TRYING TO TAKE A VACATION FOR YEARS... BUT SOMETHING ALWAYS CAME UP!

YES, THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH BEING TOP MAN IN THE PRECINCT... WHENEVER THERE'S A TOUGH CASE TO BE SOLVED, THE CHIEF ALWAYS SENDS FOR MORGAN!

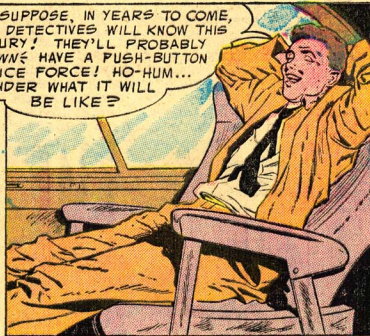


GANG BUSTERS

LATER, AS THE HARD-WORKING DETECTIVE RELAXES ON A NORTHBOUND BUS...

I SUPPOSE, IN YEARS TO COME, ALL DETECTIVES WILL KNOW THIS LUXURY! THEY'LL PROBABLY YAWN & HAVE A PUSH-BUTTON POLICE FORCE! HO-HUM... WONDER WHAT IT WILL BE LIKE?

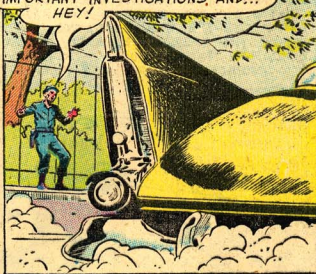
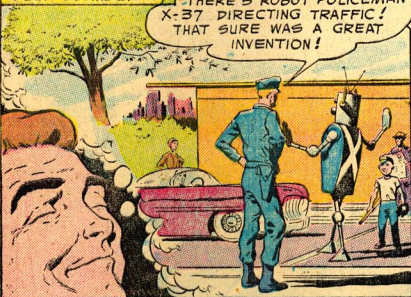
AH... THIS IS REALLY LIVING! NO INVESTIGATION--NO ROUTINE... FOR THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT BUT CATCHING FISH!



THEN, AS LT. WILLARD MORGAN FALLS OFF INTO DEEP SLUMBER...

THERE'S ROBOT POLICEMAN X-37 DIRECTING TRAFFIC! THAT SURE WAS A GREAT INVENTION!

WITH ROBOTS TO PERFORM SOME OF THE MORE ROUTINE DUTIES, WE POLICEMEN ARE ABLE TO DEVOTE MORE TIME TO IMPORTANT INVESTIGATIONS, AND... HEY!

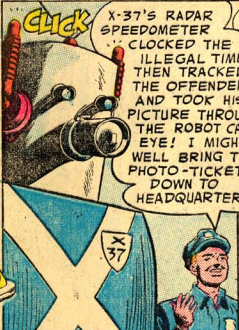
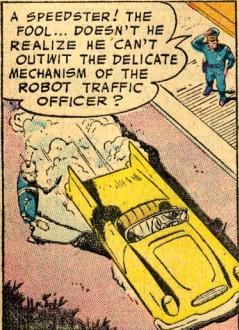


A SPEEDSTER! THE FOOL... DOESN'T HE REALIZE HE CAN'T OUTWIT THE DELICATE MECHANISM OF THE ROBOT TRAFFIC OFFICER?

Click

X-37'S RADAR SPEEDOMETER CLOCKED THE ILLEGAL TIME, THEN TRACKED THE OFFENDER AND TOOK HIS PICTURE THROUGH THE ROBOT CAMERA EYE! I MIGHT AS WELL BRING THE PHOTO-TICKET DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!

MMM...CLOCKED AT 55 MILES PER HOUR! THAT MOTORIST WON'T HAVE ANY ARGUMENTS WHEN HE GETS THIS "PHOTO-TICKET" IN THE MAIL!



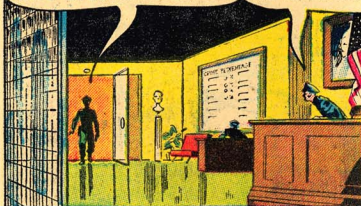
SHORTLY, AS OPERATIVE FIRST-GRADE MORGAN ARRIVES AT THE MASTER CRIME CONTROL BUILDING...

THE ONE AND ONLY POLICE ESTABLISHMENT IN THE CITY! WITH THE RAPID DECREASE IN CRIME, LOCAL PRECINCTS HAVE BECOME OBSOLETE...

OPERATIVE MORGAN! STATE COLLEGE HAS JUST REPORTED THE THEFT OF A DIAMOND LENS AT ITS OBSERVATORY!

WHAT?? THERE GOES ANY CHANCE OF A CRIMELESS YEAR, APPRENTICE DUNN! WE'LL REQUISITION THE NECESSARY ROBOTS AT SUPPLY, AND WE'LL INVESTIGATE!

RIGHT, SIR!



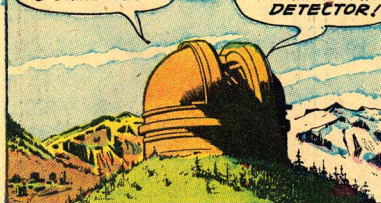
LATER, AT STATE COLLEGE OBSERVATORY...

THE ROBOT GUARD WENT OUT OF COMMISSION, OPERATIVE MORGAN... THAT'S WHY THE THIEF WAS ABLE TO REMOVE THE VALUABLE LENS FROM THE TELESCOPE AND ESCAPE! THIS... THIS IS DREADFUL!

STEADY, PROFESSOR-- THE CULPRIT WON'T BE FREE FOR LONG! DUNN-- LETS CHECK THE FILM IN THE PHOTO-DETECTOR!

THE SENSITIVE "DETECTOR" SNAPS PHOTOS OF ALL HUMAN BEINGS MOVING WITHIN THIS RANGE, PROFESSOR! IT HAD TO CATCH THE THIEF IN ACTION!

IT DID, SIR... BUT THIS CROOK, WHOEVER HE IS, KNEW WHAT PRECAUTIONS TO TAKE!

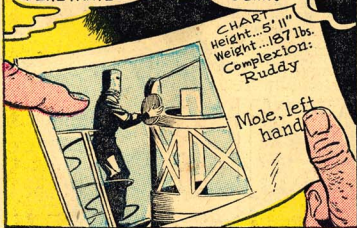


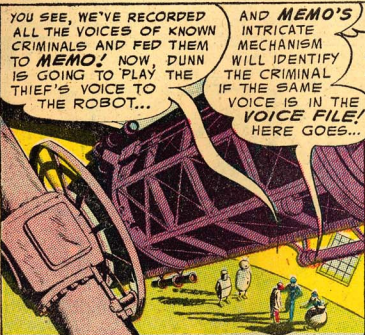
SEE?... HE WORE A MASK OF KRASTINITE-- THE ONE ALLOY WHICH THE BEAMS OF THE PHOTO-DETECTOR CAN'T PENETRATE!

THAT ALLOY IS TOP PRIORITY... WONDER WHERE HE OBTAINED IT? WELL, LET'S CHECK THE TAPE RECORDING IN THE VOICE-DETECTOR, DUNN!

WHAT KIND OF DEVICE IS THAT?

THE VOICE-DETECTOR RECORDS SPOKEN WORDS WITHIN THE AREA, SIR! WE SINGLE OUT THE VOICE OF THE THIEF, AND PLAY IT INTO MEMO-- THE MEMORY ROBOT!





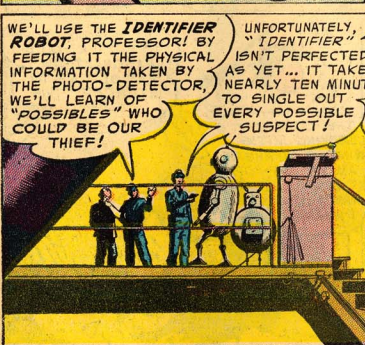
YOU SEE, WE'VE RECORDED ALL THE VOICES OF KNOWN CRIMINALS AND FED THEM TO **MEMO**! NOW, DUNN IS GOING TO PLAY THE THIEF'S VOICE TO THE ROBOT...

AND **MEMO'S** INTRICATE MECHANISM WILL IDENTIFY THE CRIMINAL IF THE SAME VOICE IS IN THE **VOICE FILE**! HERE GOES...

WITHIN SECONDS... WHRRR... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE...

NO... THE THIEF'S VOICE DOESN'T CORRESPOND TO ANYTHING IN HIS FILE! THAT MEANS OUR MAN WASN'T FORMALLY A CONVICT OR CRIMINAL SUSPECT!

WHAT NOW, OPERATIVE MORGAN?



WE'LL USE THE **IDENTIFIER ROBOT**, PROFESSOR! BY FEEDING IT THE PHYSICAL INFORMATION TAKEN BY THE PHOTO-DETECTOR, WE'LL LEARN OF "POSSIBLES" WHO COULD BE OUR THIEF!

UNFORTUNATELY, "IDENTIFIER" ISN'T PERFECTED AS YET... IT TAKES NEARLY TEN MINUTES TO SINGLE OUT EVERY POSSIBLE SUSPECT!

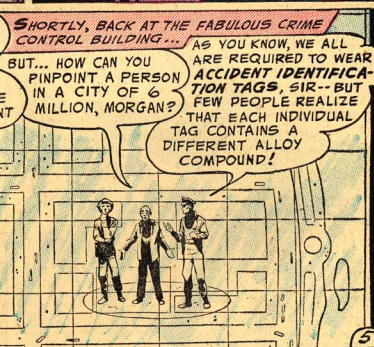
THE INGENUOUS DEVICE GRINDS FURIOUSLY, UNTIL... THE PICTURES OF SEVERAL MEN ARE COMING FROM THE MACHINE! HOW WILL YOU KNOW WHICH ONE IS GUILTY?

BY ELIMINATING THESE "POSSIBLES" THAT FIT THE THIEF'S DESCRIPTION, PROFESSOR! LET'S SEE... JOHN MARTIN, DECEASED, 1983! IT CERTAINLY COULDN'T BE HIM!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?... MR. FREDERICK KNOWLES, HEAD OF OUR **CIVIC LEAGUE**, ALSO FITS THE THIEF'S DESCRIPTION! THAT MEANS WE CAN FORGET THIS "POSSIBLE," TOO!

THEN OUR MAN MUST BE THE ONE IN THIS LAST PHOTO-- CARL DENTON! LET'S GET TO THE **LOCATOR** AND SEE IF WE CAN PINPOINT HIM!



SHORTLY, BACK AT THE FABULOUS CRIME CONTROL BUILDING...

BUT... HOW CAN YOU PINPOINT A PERSON IN A CITY OF 6 MILLION, MORGAN?

AS YOU KNOW, WE ALL ARE REQUIRED TO WEAR **ACCIDENT IDENTIFICATION TAGS**, SIR-- BUT FEW PEOPLE REALIZE THAT EACH INDIVIDUAL TAG CONTAINS A DIFFERENT ALLOY COMPOUND!

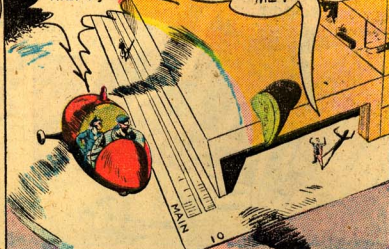
BY MATCHING DENTON'S TAG ALLOY AND FEEDING IT TO THE **LOCATOR**, THE MECHANISM'S SUPER-RADAR CAN GIVE US HIS EXACT LOCATION...

SIR... A "SPOT" BLURB IS COMING IN OVER THE **LOCATOR**! DENTON IS IN A GARAGE AT 1015 AND MAIN STREETS!

MINUTES LATER, AS OPERATIVE MORGAN AND HIS APPRENTICE ARRIVE AT THE AREA...

SURRENDER, DENTON-- YOU'RE WANTED FOR THEFT!

CLEVER, AREN'T YOU? WELL, COME AND GET ME!



THIS PARALYZER RAY WILL FREEZE DENTON UNTIL WE CAN TAKE HIM PRISONER!

GOOD SHOOTING, DUNN! SAY-- WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE 'COPTER-- IT'S LURCHING...



THE 'COPTER--IT'S LURCHING... IT'S... WHAT--? W-WHERE AM I? OF--OF COURSE... IT WAS ALL A DREAM!

LT. MORGAN... SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT HEADQUARTERS RADIOED ME TO INTERCEPT THIS BUS!



THERE'S BEEN A MILLION-DOLLAR BANK ROBBERY IN THE CITY! THE CHIEF THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT THE CASE!

A MILLION DOLLARS? OH-H... THERE GOES MY VACATION AGAIN! DRIVE ME BACK TO HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE, TROOPER!

IT'S A TOUGH CASE, LIEUTENANT... I UNDERSTAND THERE ISN'T A LEAD TO GO ON!

HMPH... THIS WOULD BE A CINCH IN THE YEAR 1985! BUT, AS THINGS STAND, I'LL JUST HAVE TO SOLVE IT THE HARD WAY!



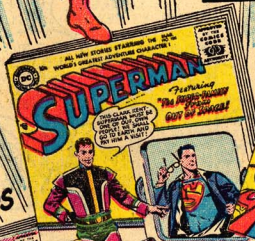
THE END.

The ONE and ONLY **SUPERMAN**



is STILL
AMERICA'S MOST
TALKED-ABOUT
COMICS MAGAZINE
CHARACTER!

ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS

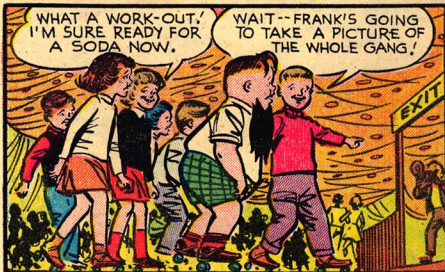
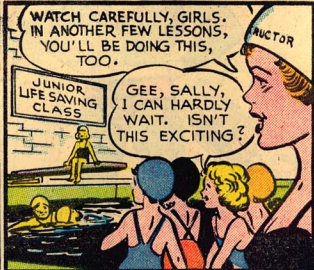
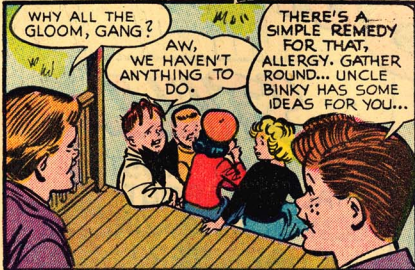


HIS AMAZING
ADVENTURES
APPEAR IN

4 GREAT MAGAZINES.



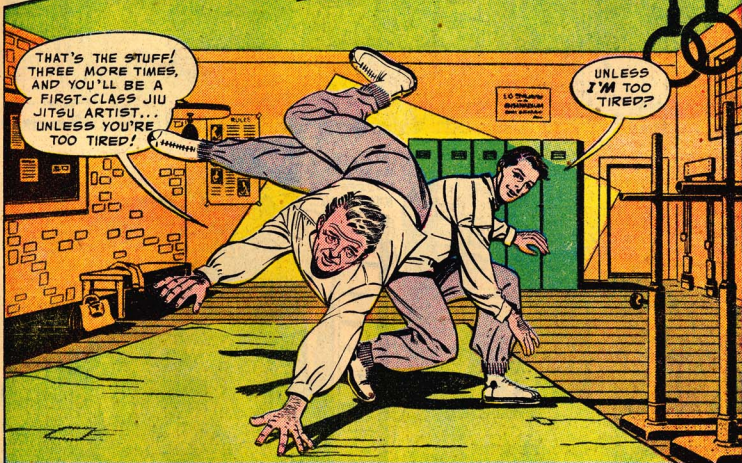
Binky says: "IT'S FUN TO BELONG!"



GANG BUSTERS

YOU MAY NEVER SEE HIS NAME MENTIONED IN THE PAPERS WHEN POLICEMEN CAPTURE A WANTED CRIMINAL, OR FOIL A HOLD-UP-- BUT THE OFFICERS HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN HIM. UP-- BUT THE MAN WHO TAUGHT THEM ALL THEY KNOW-- THE FOR HE IS THE MAN WHO TAUGHT THEM ALL THEY KNOW-- THE OLD "PROFESSOR" AT THE POLICE ACADEMY, WHO CAN TRULY BE CALLED...

THE MAN WHO MADE HEROES



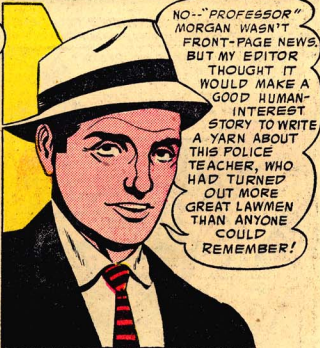
THAT'S THE STUFF!
THREE MORE TIMES,
AND YOU'LL BE A
FIRST-CLASS JIU
JITSU ARTIST...
UNLESS YOU'RE
TOO TIRED!

UNLESS
I'M TOO
TIRED?

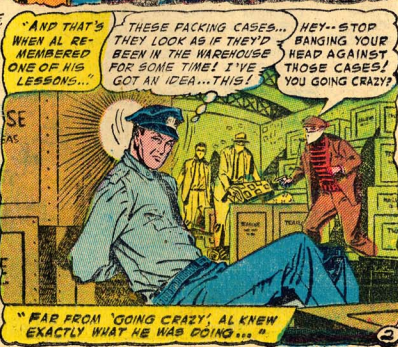
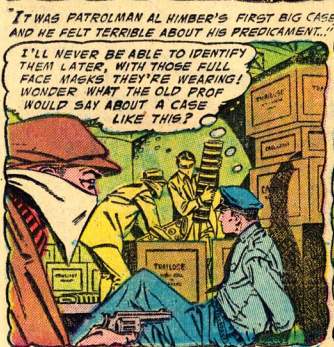
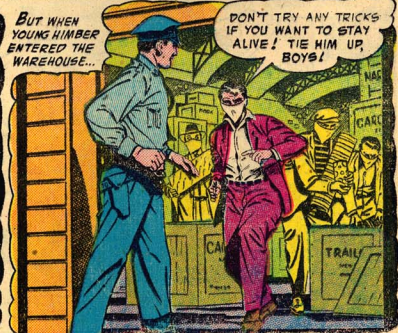
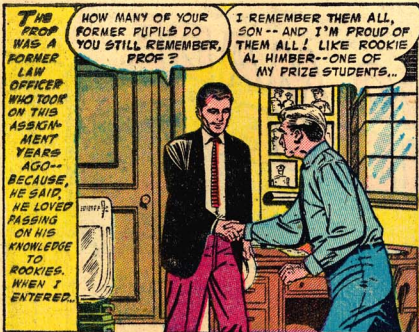
**THE
POLICE
ACADEMY--**
DEVOTED
TO
TURNING
OUT
SKILLED
AND
EFFICIENT
OFFICERS
OF THE
LAW...
IT WAS
MY FIRST
VISIT
HERE...

I'M HANK ROGERS, OF
THE **MORNING GLOBE**...
I'VE COME HERE TO
INTERVIEW PROFESSOR
BILL THOMPSON!

DON'T TELL ME
JUST BECAUSE THE
"PROF" HAS A BIRTH-
DAY TODAY, IT'S
FRONT-PAGE NEWS!
JUST A MINUTE...



NO-- "PROFESSOR"
MORGAN WASN'T
FRONT-PAGE NEWS.
BUT MY EDITOR
THOUGHT IT
WOULD MAKE A
GOOD HUMAN-
INTEREST
STORY TO WRITE
A YARN ABOUT
THIS POLICE
TEACHER, WHO
HAD TURNED
OUT MORE
GREAT LAWYERS
THAN ANYONE
COULD
REMEMBER!





"FOR AFTER THE CROOKS HAD LEFT AND HE HAD FREED HIMSELF..."

THERE-- I THINK I'VE GOT ENOUGH! SURE HOPE I GET A CHANCE TO PROVE THE OLD PROF'S THEORY!



"AL GOT HIS CHANCE SOME DAYS LATER, WHEN A SUSPECT WAS PICKED UP AND BROUGHT IN..."



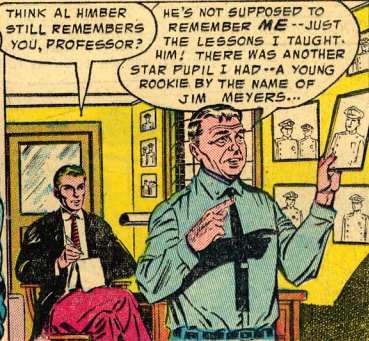
YOU GOT NOTHING ON ME... HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF VACUUMING MY COAT?



"THE CROOK GOT HIS ANSWER THAT SAME DAY, WHEN THE DUST FROM HIS COAT WAS COMPARED WITH THE DUST PARTICLES FROM THE WAREHOUSE FLOOR..."

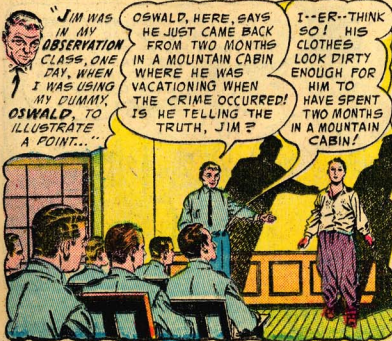
NICE WORK, AL-- SHAKING LOOSE AN INVISIBLE SHOWER OF DUST ON THE CROOKS AND THE FLOOR OF THE WAREHOUSE! IT DEFINITELY PINS THAT SUSPECT TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!

THANKS, CAPTAIN-- BUT OLD PROF THOMPSON DESERVES SOME OF THE CREDIT, TOO!



THINK AL HIMBER STILL REMEMBERS YOU, PROFESSOR?

HE'S NOT SUPPOSED TO REMEMBER ME-- JUST THE LESSONS I TAUGHT HIM! THERE WAS ANOTHER STAR PUPIL I HAD-- A YOUNG ROOKIE BY THE NAME OF JIM MEYERS...



"JIM WAS IN MY OBSERVATION CLASS, ONE DAY, WHEN I WAS USING OSWALD, TO ILLUSTRATE A POINT..."

OSWALD, HERE, SAYS HE JUST CAME BACK FROM TWO MONTHS IN A MOUNTAIN CABIN WHERE HE WAS VACATIONING WHEN THE CRIME OCCURRED! IS HE TELLING THE TRUTH, JIM?

I--ER--THINK SO! HIS CLOTHES LOOK DIRTY ENOUGH FOR HIM TO HAVE SPENT TWO MONTHS IN A MOUNTAIN CABIN!



"BUT JIM WAS MISTAKEN..."

YES, JIM, OSWALD REMEMBERED TO DIRTY UP HIS CLOTHES... BUT HE, AND YOU, OVERLOOKED ONE THING-- HIS NICE, SHINY, CLEAN SHOES! DO THEY LOOK AS IF THEY'D BEEN IN THE MOUNTAINS FOR TWO MONTHS, TOO?

GOSH... I'LL NEVER MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN!

GANG BUSTERS

"AND ONLY A FEW MONTHS AFTER BEING ASSIGNED TO A SQUAD CAR..."

ATTENTION, CAR 948! HEAD OFF GETAWAY CAR--DARK, FOUR-DOOR SEPA--LICENSE PLATE YP-49-265! BANK ROBBERS ATTEMPTING GETAWAY... LAST SEEN HEADING ACROSS MUD FLATS TOWARD HIGHWAY 15!

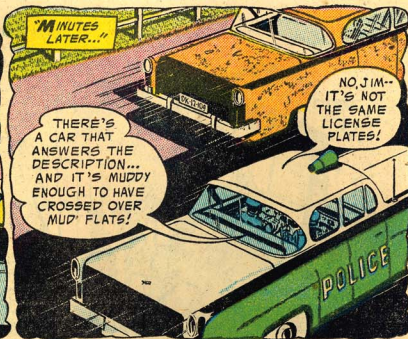
LET'S GO, BOB... THAT'S US!



"MINUTES LATER..."

THERE'S A CAR THAT ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION... AND IT'S MUDDY ENOUGH TO HAVE CROSSED OVER MUD' FLATS!

NO, JIM-- IT'S NOT THE SAME LICENSE PLATES!



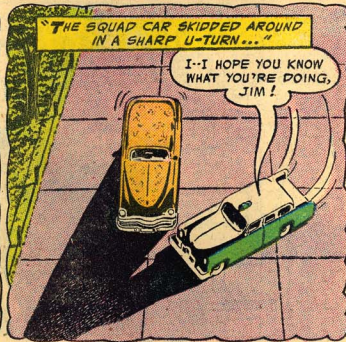
"BUT SUDDENLY..."

WAIT, BOB... SOMETHING OLD PROF THOMPSON ONCE TOLD ME! HEAD BACK-- I'M SURE THAT'S THE CAR WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



"THE SQUAD CAR SKIPPED AROUND IN A SHARP U-TURN..."

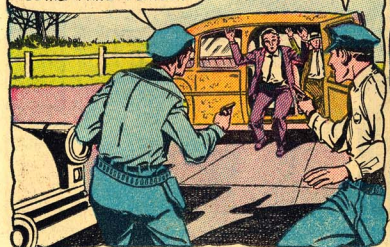
I-I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, JIM!



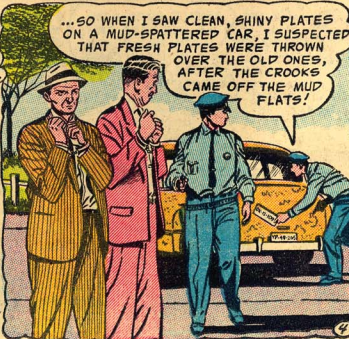
"HE CERTAINLY DID KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING--AS, A MOMENT LATER..."

RIGHT, JIM! BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU KNOW THAT WAS THE GETAWAY CAR, USING FAKE PLATES?

I JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER AN OLD LESSON, BOB-- ABOUT SHINY SHOES...



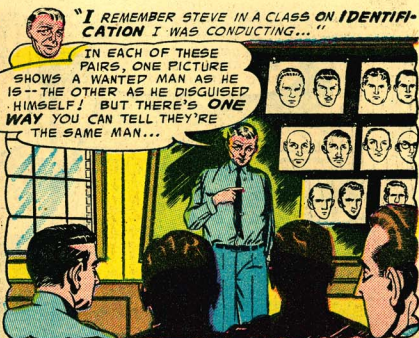
...SO WHEN I SAW CLEAN, SHINY PLATES ON A MUD-SPATTERED CAR, I SUSPECTED THAT FRESH PLATES WERE THROWN OVER THE OLD ONES, AFTER THE CROOKS CAME OFF THE MUD FLATS!





I GUESS
 JIM
 CERTAINLY
 LEARNED
 HIS LESSON,
 PROF!

HE SURE DID... AND HERE'S
 ANOTHER FELLA WHO LEARNED
 HIS LESSONS -- STEVE HOAK!

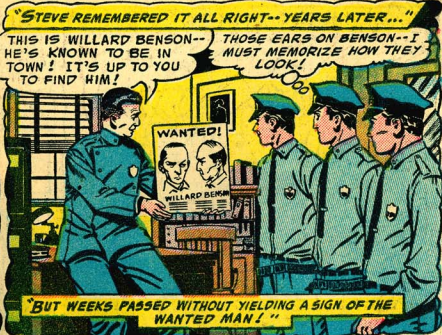


"I REMEMBER STEVE IN A CLASS ON IDENTIFI-
 CATION I WAS CONDUCTING..."

IN EACH OF THESE
 PAIRS, ONE PICTURE
 SHOWS A WANTED MAN AS HE
 IS -- THE OTHER AS HE DISGUISE
 HIMSELF! BUT THERE'S **ONE**
WAY YOU CAN TELL THEY'RE
 THE SAME MAN...



THE EARS! THE EARS ARE ALMOST
 IMPOSSIBLE TO DISGUISE! REMEM-
 BER THAT WHEN YOU'RE ON THE
 LOOK-OUT FOR A WANTED MAN!



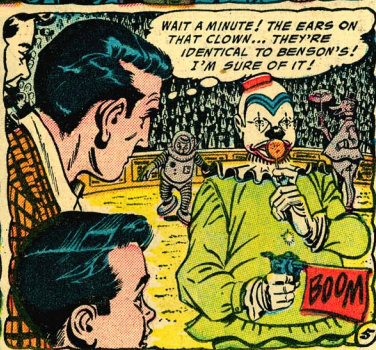
"STEVE REMEMBERED IT ALL RIGHT-- YEARS LATER..."

THIS IS WILLARD BENSON--
 HE'S KNOWN TO BE IN
 TOWN! IT'S UP TO YOU
 TO FIND HIM!

THOSE EARS ON BENSON-- I
 MUST MEMORIZE HOW THEY
 LOOK!



"THEN, ONE EVENING, AS STEVE TOOK HIS
 YOUNGSTERS TO A CIRCUS IN TOWN..."



HA, HA... ISN'T
 THAT CLOWN
 FUNNY, DAD?

HE SURE
 IS, SON!

WAIT A MINUTE! THE EARS ON
 THAT CLOWN... THEY'RE
 IDENTICAL TO BENSON'S!
 I'M SURE OF IT!

BANG!

BOOM!

DRINK
 ORANGE

THE
 CIRCUS

"ACTING ON HIS HUNCH, STEVE SOON WALKED RIGHT INTO TROUBLE..."

SURE I'M BENSON...
BUT YOU'LL NEVER LIVE
TO TELL ABOUT IT!

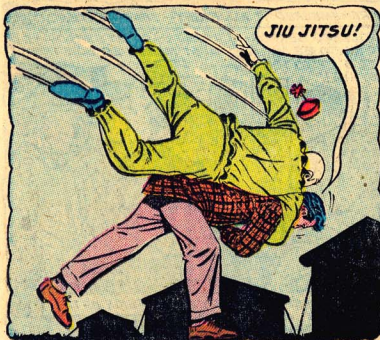


"BUT AS BENSON BROUGHT DOWN THE BUTT OF HIS GUN..."

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
THIS IS SOMETHING
ELSE THE OLD
PROF TAUGHT
ME...

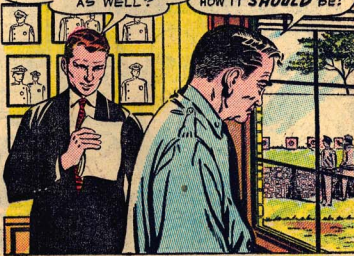


JIU JITSU!



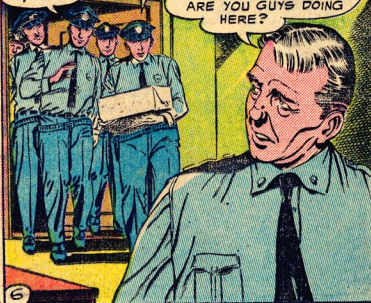
QUITE A STORY, PROFESSOR
THOMPSON... YOU SURE
REMEMBER ALL YOUR
OLD STUDENTS! I WONDER
IF THEY REMEMBER YOU
AS WELL?

OF COURSE NOT! I
WAS JUST A RUNG
IN THE LADDER THEY
USED TO CLIMB TO
THE TOP... AND THAT'S
HOW IT *SHOULD* BE!



SUDDENLY...
HI, PROF!

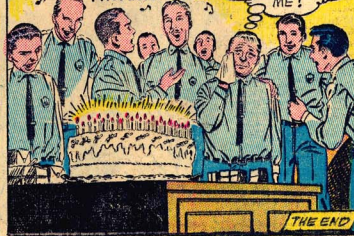
J-JIM... AL... S-STEVE...
AND THE OTHERS! WHAT
ARE YOU GUYS DOING
HERE?



THE OLD PROF GOT HIS ANSWER A MOMENT LATER, PROBABLY THE HAPPIEST MOMENT OF HIS LIFE...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU,
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DEAR
PROFESSOR--HAPPY

THEY DIDN'T CHOKE!
FORGET ME! EVERY-
ONE OF THEM! SOB!
THEY ALL
REMEMBERED
ME!



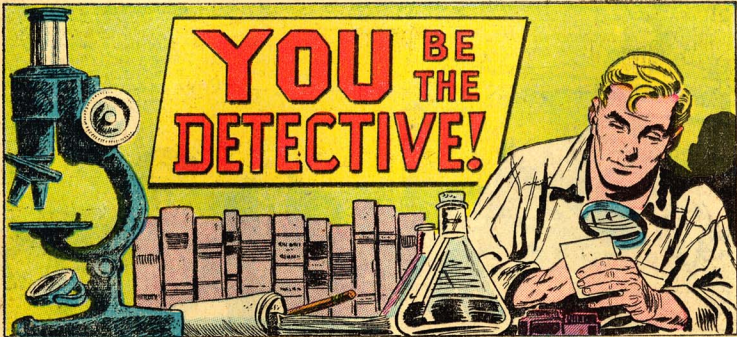
THE END



GANG BUSTERS



YOU BE THE DETECTIVE!



AT THE COUNTRY ESTATE OF MILLIONAIRE PERRY CAMERON, WHERE DETECTIVE BROWN HAS COME TO INVESTIGATE A ROBBERY...

BUT, JUST THEN...

A RIFLE SHOT! KNOCKED OUT THE LIGHT!

IT'S DIFFICULT TO BELIEVE, ONE OF MY OWN GUESTS WOULD BREAK INTO MY SAFE DURING THE NIGHT, LIEUTENANT!

THIS FINGER-PRINT MAY IDENTIFY OUR THIEF, MR. CAMERON!



AND IN THE COMMOTION THAT FOLLOWS...

BRING ANOTHER LIGHT! HURRY!

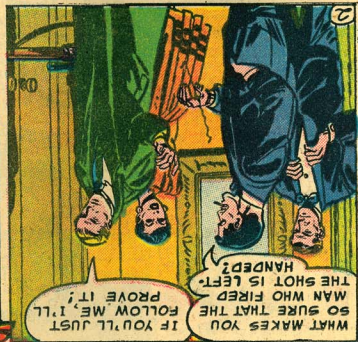
WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE RESTORED...

WHILE SOMEONE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW SHOT OUT THE LIGHT, HIS ACCOMPLICE IN HERE WIPED OFF THE TELL-TALE PRINT! AND THAT MEANS-- TWO OF YOUR GUESTS WERE IN ON THE THEFT!

INCREDIBLE!

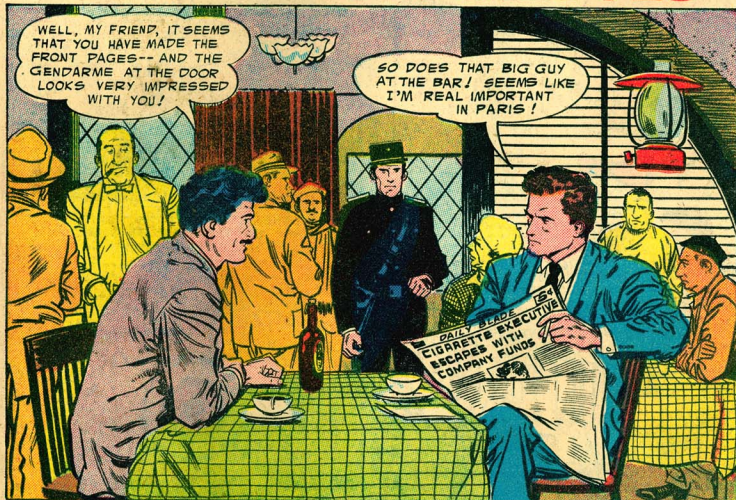
I MUST ASK YOU TO ROUND UP ALL YOUR GUESTS, AND BRING THEM INTO THIS ROOM! I WANT TO HAVE A LOOK OUTSIDE!





IT BEGAN IN A PARIS CAFÉ, WHERE I SAT AT A TABLE WITH A MAN I HAD MET ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE. IT WAS A COLD, MURKY PLACE, PATRONIZED BY THE FRENCH UNDERWORLD. BEFORE ME WAS A NEWSPAPER BEARING MY PHOTOGRAPH, BUT THE NAME BELOW THE PICTURE WAS AS STRANGE TO ME AS THE ROLE I WAS ABOUT TO PLAY IN...

THE CASE OF THE COUNTERFEIT CIGARETTES



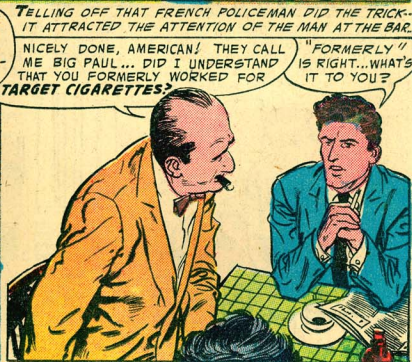
WELL, MY FRIEND, IT SEEMS THAT YOU HAVE MADE THE FRONT PAGES-- AND THE GENDARME AT THE DOOR LOOKS VERY IMPRESSED WITH YOU!

SO DOES THAT BIG GUY AT THE BAR! SEEMS LIKE I'M REAL IMPORTANT IN PARIS!



WILLIAM BEAL, YOU ARE WANTED IN AMERICA FOR STEALING FUNDS FROM THE TARGET CIGARETTE COMPANY!

SO WHAT?... YOU CAN'T FORCE ME TO GO BACK TO THE STATES WITHOUT SERVING EXTRA-DITION PAPERS! IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT THEM-- SCRAM!



TELLING OFF THAT FRENCH POLICEMAN DID THE TRICK-- IT ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE MAN AT THE BAR-- NICELY DONE, AMERICAN! THEY CALL ME BIG PAUL... DID I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU FORMERLY WORKED FOR TARGET CIGARETTES?

"FORMERLY" IS RIGHT... WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

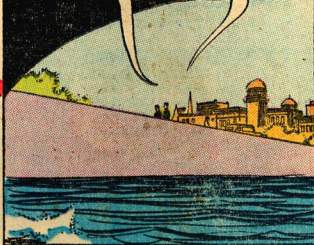
I AM ALSO INTERESTED IN THE CIGARETTE BUSINESS! YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICAN PRODUCTION METHODS MIGHT BE USEFUL--AND PROFITABLE! MEET ME AT **LE GRAND CAVE** AT NINE TONIGHT--ALONE.

SURE...IF THERE'S MONEY TO BE MADE!

WE LEFT BIG PAUL AT THE CAFE AND HEADED TOWARD THE **SEINE RIVER...**

WELL, MONSIEUR TREASURY MAN, THIS BIG PAUL MAY LEAD YOU STRAIGHT TO YOUR COUNTER-FEITERS!

YES, LT. HENRI... BUT CONTACTING THIS GANG WOULD HAVE BEEN TOUGH WITHOUT THE HELP OF YOU FRENCH POLICE...



"THE PAY I WAS ASSIGNED TO THIS CASE, WASHINGTON DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO GO ON..."

LET ME UNDERSTAND THIS, CHIEF... YOU SAY THAT FRENCH GANGSTERS HAVE BEEN COUNTERFEITING AMERICAN CIGARETTES? WHERE DOES OUR TREASURY DEPARTMENT FIT IN THIS?

EXAMINE THIS PACK OF **TARGET CIGARETTES**, PAVIS, AND YOU'LL SEE...

GREAT GUNS! IT'S A PERFECT IMITATION, EVEN DOWN TO-- THE **TAX STAMP!** THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT OUR BUSINESS!

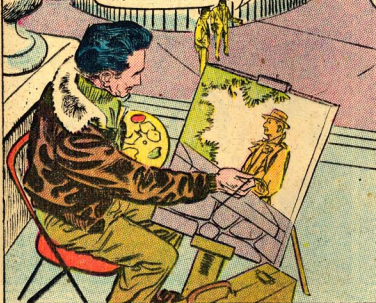


RIGHT... AND THE BRAINS OF THIS RACKET IS A MONSIEUR LE BLANC! YOU'LL BE THE ONLY MAN IN PARIS WHO KNOWS THAT NAME, EXCEPT FOR THE GANG. YOU'RE FLYING THERE TONIGHT, AND YOUR JOB'S TO FINGER HIM FOR THE FRENCH POLICE!

THAT PHONY STORY ABOUT MY STEALING FUNDS, AND THE FAKED SCENE IN THE CAFE, WERE ENOUGH TO INTEREST BIG PAUL! NOW I'VE GOT ONE LAST CONTACT TO MAKE...



WASHINGTON ARRANGED A SECRET MEETING FOR ME WITH **TARGET'S** PARIS AGENT... HE SHOULD BE ON THAT BRIDGE, WEARING A ROSE IN HIS LAPEL.



HE WAS THERE ALL RIGHT--I GAVE THE PASS-WORD, AND HE RETURNED THE COUNTERSIGN...

"PARIS IS CHILLY IN APRIL."

"BUT THE CHERRY TREES ARE BLOOMING IN WASHINGTON." HELLO, DAVIS-- I'M PETER CRANE! THE **TARGET** HOME OFFICE INSTRUCTED ME TO COOPERATE WITH YOU FULLY!



TO BRING CRANE UP TO DATE, I TOLD HIM ABOUT THAT N-WS-PAPER STUNT...

OH?... NO ONE INFORMED ME OF THAT STRATEGY! SMART MOVE... DID IT WORK?

MAYBE... DETECTIVE HENRI, AND I THINK WE'VE MADE CONTACT WITH THE GANG! I'M MEETING THEM TONIGHT...

OF COURSE, THE REALLY IMPORTANT MAN IS THIS MONSIEUR LE BLANC! SORRY I DON'T HAVE ANY INFORMATION ON HIM FOR YOU!

WELL, MAYBE I'LL GET A LEAD TONIGHT! THANKS ANYWAY, CRANE.



AFTER WE LEFT CRANE, HENRI TOOK ME TO **LE GRAND CAVE**, A NIGHT CLUB...

THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE BIG PAUL SAID YOU WERE TO COME... IT GETS ITS NAME FROM THE HUGE WINE CELLAR BUILT UNDER IT!

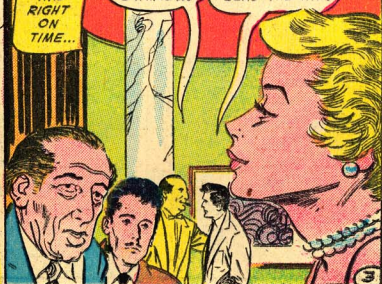
WAIT HERE FOR ME... THIS FIRST MEETING SHOULD BE BRIEF!



INSIDE, BIG PAUL WAS RIGHT ON TIME...

YOU AMERICANS ARE VERY PROMPT! COME-- WE CAN TALK BETTER IN MY OFFICE DOWN-STAIRS!...

LEAD THE WAY!



FIRST CAME A SPIRAL STAIRCASE GUARDED BY A TOUGH CUSTOMER-- AND THEN...

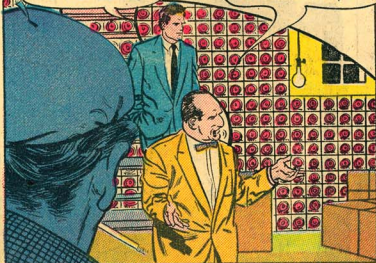
SOME OPERATION, BIG PAUL! IS YOUR CIGARETTE BRAND SO POPULAR?

VERY... WE CALL IT-- **TARGET!** HA-HA... A GOOD NAME FOR A CIGARETTE, EH?

WITH A SINGLE WINK OF THE EYE, BIG PAUL MADE ME A PART OF HIS DIRTY GAME...

BIG PAUL, TELEPHONE!

I'M BUSY NOW, JACQUES... SO, MONSIEUR, THIS IS FRANCOIS, ONE OF OUR PACKERS!



BUT THIS STOP BOTHERING ME! NOW WHERE WERE WE? AH, YES... THIS IS THE IMPORTANT, BIG PAUL! PRESS WHERE WE PRINT THE PRETTY LITTLE LABELS!



YOU STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND, BIG PAUL! THIS CALL IS FROM-- MONSIEUR LE BLANC!

WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO, BEFORE, FOOL? I'LL SPEAK TO HIM!



THIS WAS IT-- MISTER BIG HIMSELF... A TREASURY AGENT? MON DIEU-- WE WILL HOLD HIM TILL YOU ARRIVE!

GRAB HIM, JACQUES... HE IS AN AMERICAN T-MAN!

ME A FEDERAL AGENT? WH-- WHERE'D YOU GET THAT IDEA?

THEY TIED ME UP, WAITED--TILL SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AND...

HEY, WHAT IS THIS? GET THAT LIGHT OUT OF MY EYES!

OH, OH... THERE'S BEEN A LEAK SOMEWHERE! AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH WHO'S RESPONSIBLE!

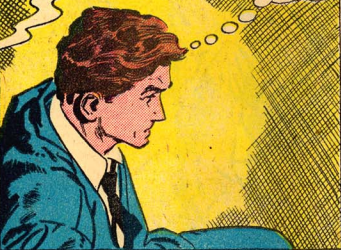


STOP WORRYING, MONSIEUR... WE'RE NOT STUPID ENOUGH TO KILL A TREASURY AGENT AND BRING THE WHOLE U.S. GOVERNMENT DOWN ON US!

I KNOW THAT VOICE-- EVEN WITH THE PHONY FRENCH ACCENT..

CUT THE COMIC VOICES, CRANE... I SHOULD HAVE SUSPECTED YOU ON THE BRIDGE TODAY, WHEN YOU MENTIONED MONSIEUR LE BLANC! OUTSIDE OF YOUR GANG, ONLY I KNEW THAT NAME!

ALL RIGHT--TURN ON THE LIGHTS, BIG PAUL!

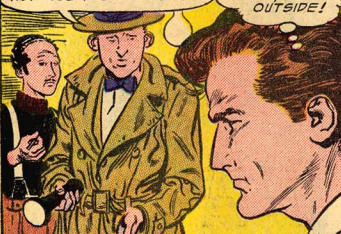


I ONLY PLANNED ON HOLDING YOU UNTIL WE MOVED OUR OPERATION, DAVIS... BUT NOW YOU KNOW TOO MUCH...

I'VE STILL GOT AN ACE IN THE HOLE... DETECTIVE HENRI, WAITING OUTSIDE!

BUT CRANE TRUMPED MY ACE...

I SPOTTED YOUR DETECTIVE FRIEND OUTSIDE, BUT WE'LL GET RID OF HIM WITH A NOTE FROM YOU! UNTIE HIM, BIG PAUL...THE REST OF YOU, CLEAR OUT!



HE DICTATED THE NOTE, WORD FOR WORD...

WRITE THIS... "HENRI, BIG PAUL DIDN'T SHOW UP, SO I'VE RETURNED TO THE HOTEL. WILL PHONE TOMORROW. SIGNED, DAVIS."

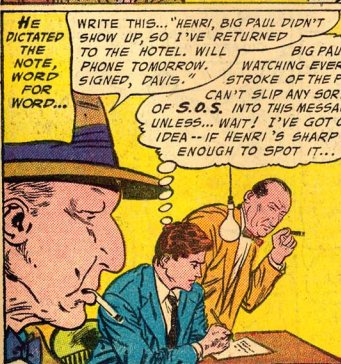
BIG PAUL'S WATCHING EVERY STROKE OF THE PEN! CAN'T SLIP ANY SORT OF S.O.S. INTO THIS MESSAGE, UNLESS... WAIT! I'VE GOT ONE IDEA--IF HENRI'S SHARP ENOUGH TO SPOT IT...

SATISFIED, BIG PAUL DELIVERED THE NOTE UPSTAIRS-- AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, JUST AS I'D HOPED...

TWEEEEEEET!

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

WHAT'S GOING ON UP THERE? POLICE WHISTLES! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

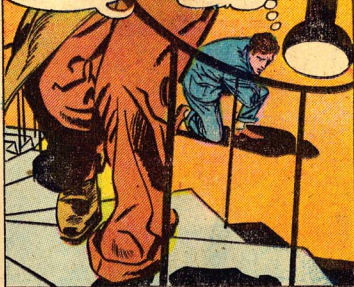


I KNOCKED THE GUN FROM HIS HAND, BUT HE STILL HAD ANOTHER WEAPON...
OH NO YOU DON'T!

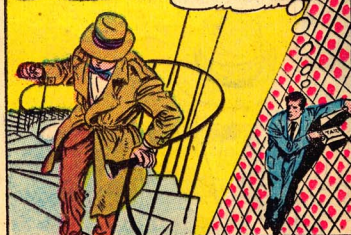
OWW! MY SHOULDER--!

I CAN STILL GET OUT... THE POLICE DON'T KNOW I'M LE BLANC!

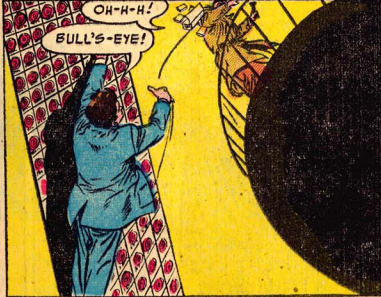
ONLY ONE WAY TO CUT HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS UP THOSE STAIRS...



STRAIGHT UP IS FASTER THAN ROUND AND ROUND! AND ONE OF THESE CASES OF CIGARETTES IS JUST THE THING TO SLOW HIM DOWN...



OH-H-H!
BULL'S-EYE!



IT WAS ALL OVER WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED... NICE WORK, MON AMI!

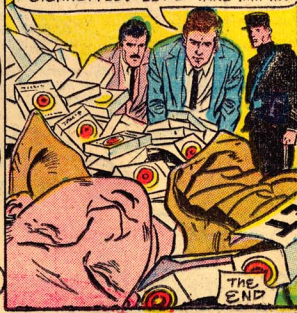
THIS NOTE WAS A SMART TRICK, THE WAY YOU SLIPPED A MESSAGE INTO IT IN MORSE CODE!



Henri... Big Paul didn't show up so I've returned to the hotel-- Will phone tomorrow...
Davis

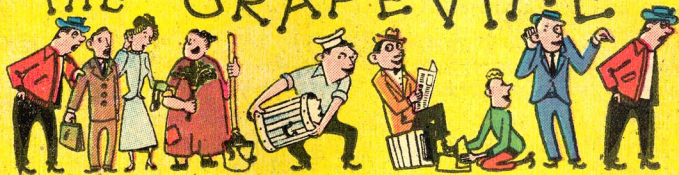
THREE DOTS, THREE DASHES, THREE DOTS-- S.O.S. AND YOU WROTE IT RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES!

AS FOR CRANE--OR MONSIEUR LE BLANC HE GOT "BURNED" BY HIS OWN PHONY CIGARETTES! LET'S TAKE HIM IN!



THE END

The GRAPEVINE



HEALTHY, WEALTHY AND UNWISE

From the door of his grocery store, Hank Perkins watched the funeral procession of old Abner Crabapple. As soon as it turned the corner and was lost from sight, he darted to the rear of the store and raced to the house of the former owner. Old man Crabapple had been a recluse, but almost everyone in town knew that he hoarded secret wealth.

He rummaged through the house greedily, finally clasped a package of 10 and 20-dollar bills. Swiftly, Hank Perkins retreated to the safety of his store.

When Crabapple's mourning family returned, they fanned out through the house for an intensive search of the fortune. When their efforts proved futile, they turned to the police for help. Questioning finally produced testimony from a neighbor, who claimed that he saw a man who looked very much like Hank Perkins enter the house and emerge furtively a short time later.

The police interrogated Hank Perkins. Unable to throw off their suspi-

cions, Perkins confessed to the theft. So excited had he been at the prospect of reaping a fortune, he had driven to the river bank and buried part of his loot in one hole, another part beneath a rock, still another at the base of a tree, and so on.

Hank Perkins was about to lead the police to the hiding places when Ben Libby, an attorney, elbowed his way into the throng. "Just a minute, there," he cried. "I just read old Crabapple's will. He left all his money to Hank Perkins, here, for his many kindnesses—giving him groceries for free, extending him credit, and so on."

Counsellor Libby turned to Hank Perkins, and added: "It's all yours—the whole \$20,000!"

"Guess I can't hold a man who steals from himself," commented the sheriff.

Without a word, Hank Perkins ran to his jalopy and hurried back to the river bank. But Fate, alas, was not to be kind to a man who had larceny in his soul. In his haste to hide the money, Hank Perkins didn't note the locations of his caches too well. He recovered a mere \$1,500, but the hiding places of

the rest of his inheritance eluded him. Hank Perkins, embittered, realized that he had cheated himself.

BULLDOG DETERMINATION

In a New Hampshire town, a sheriff also doubles as a veterinary. One night, the telephone at his bedside rang.

"This is Alec Wimple," said an excited voice. "Can you come right over to my house?"

"In what capacity—as a veterinarian or the sheriff?" he asked.

"As both of them," was the curt reply. "I can't open my bulldog's mouth—and there's a chicken thief caught in it!"

PIGEON POLICEMAN

Recently, a man received a note from a blackmailer, urging him to send \$1,000 in cash via the three homing pigeons that accompanied the letter. Each pigeon was to be released on a successive day. The victim promptly brought the matter to the attention of the police, who recommended that he follow the instructions.

Then, the police captain alerted three pilots and their planes to watch for the birds and their burdens.

The first pilot reported that he had sighted the pigeon but had lost it in the clouds.

The second also met with failure when the pigeon's colors blended with the sky.

But the last pilot succeeded in tailing the pigeon to the hideout of the blackmailers—because the police captain had ingeniously dyed its feathers a *bright red!*

A CONVICT'S CONFESSION

When two youths, aged 20 and 21, were brought before him for minor infractions of the law, Judge John W. Mahan, of Helena, Montana, devised a wise way to show the lads the errors of their ways and set them on the straight and narrow.

He confined them to a cell—to listen to a convict's tale of woe of his 12 wasted years in jail. The story had its effect; the youths promised His Honor they would be law-abiding citizens henceforth.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

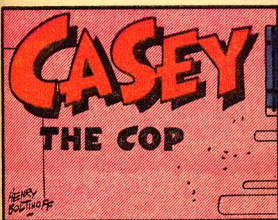
WAREHAM, Mass.: An intruder who had slept four nights in the city jail without permission was sentenced to two months there.

IOWA CITY, Ia.: Unable to pay a \$25 fine, a painter was remanded to the pokey to work out his sentence by painting the city jail.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.: Guards of the Eastern State Penitentiary, rounded up to halt a man obviously digging a tunnel into the prison, apparently enabling a pal to escape, converged on the suspect shoveling earth along the wall. They were surprised to learn that he was merely digging for worms for a fishing trip.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.: Sentenced to 13 years in jail, a native pleaded with the judge that he was superstitious, had his sentence reduced to 12 years.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.: The City Council voted a \$25 fine for the use, possession or sale of peashooters.

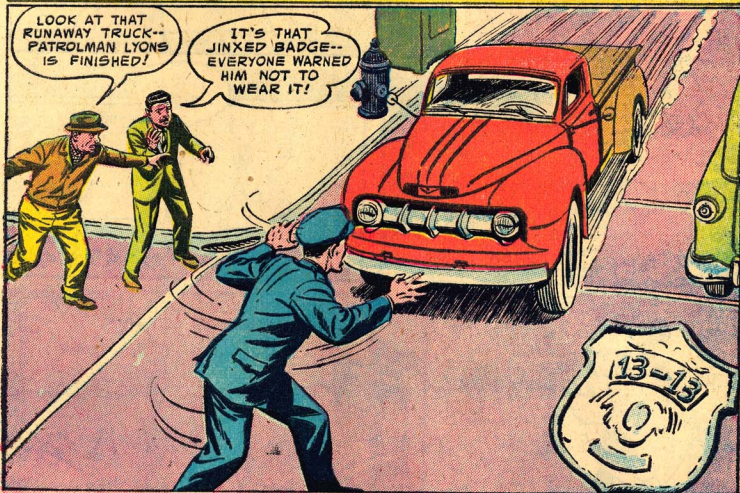


ADVERTISEMENT



MISFORTUNE HAD COME TO ALL OFFICERS OF THE LAW WHO HAD WORN BADGE 13-13! WAS THIS SHIELD REALLY A JINK--OR HAD FATE SIMPLY BEEN UNKIND? THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE OF CARVER CITY STOOD BY ANXIOUSLY WHEN ROOKIE OFFICER ED LYONS DEFIED SUPERSTITION AND REQUESTED TO WEAR...

THE HARD LUCK BADGE



IT WAS ON JANUARY 4TH OF THIS YEAR THAT EXCITED REPORTERS INTERRUPTED THE DAILY POLICE ROUTINE AT A BUSY PRECINCT...

SERGEANT... WE JUST GOT A TIP FROM OUR EDITORS! WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A ROOKIE OFFICER REQUESTING TO WEAR BADGE 13-13?

AND WHAT'S SO CRAZY ABOUT THAT, REPORTER PHELPS? THAT BADGE CARRIES AS MUCH AUTHORITY AS ANY OTHER!

SURE... BUT IT'S A JINK BADGE! WE'VE CHECKED THE RECORDS AT OUR PAPER... EVERY OFFICER WHO EVER WORE IT BOUGHT HIMSELF A PACK OF TROUBLE!

THAT'S A LOT OF HOOEY, MY FRIEND!



BOYS, MEET THE MAN WHO REQUESTED THE BADGE... OFFICER LYONS!

SO YOU'RE THE ROOKIE WHO'S DEFYING SUPERSTITION! BOY, YOU'VE GOT NERVE!

YOU FELLOWS ARE JUST TRYING TO DREAM UP A HEADLINE FOR YOUR SHEETS! JINXES ARE THE BUNK!

SURE, WHY DON'T YOU STOP ALL THIS NONSENSE, PHELPS?

NONSENSE, MY NECK! MAYBE YOU WOULDN'T BE SO CONFIDENT IF YOU CHECKED THE HISTORY OF BADGE 13-13, OFFICER LYONS...



"TOM KELLY WAS THE FIRST MAN BEHIND THAT BADGE-- BUT HE DIDN'T STAY THERE LONG! FOR ON HIS FIRST BEAT..."

THE BANK ROBBERS... ESCAPING IN THAT GET-AWAY CAR! I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

"THE PATROLMAN STOPPED THE THIEVES, ALL RIGHT--BUT HE HAD TO TAKE A SWIM IN THE ICY DEPTHS OF CITY RIVER TO DO IT..."

I--I FELL OVER THE RAILING TRYING TO AVOID THEIR CAREENING CAR...



KELLY GLANCED OFF A FLOATING ICE CHUNK IN THE RIVER-- THE INJURY BROUGHT ABOUT HIS RETIREMENT! THEN, THERE WAS PAT MOORE...

"THE DAY HE WORE SHIELD 13-13

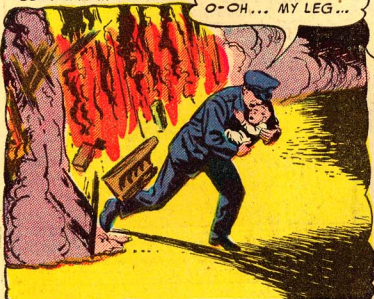
A FIVE-ALARM FIRE BROKE OUT ON HIS BEAT! POOR PAT WAS POLICING THE DANGER ZONE..."

LOOK! THE WALL... IT'S FALLING!

GREAT SCOTT! THAT CHILD WILL BE HIT BY THE DEBRIS!



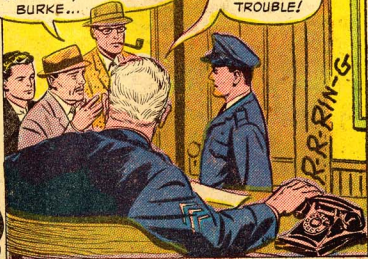
"PAT DID HIS DUTY AS HE SAW IT-- BUT IT NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE..."



O-OH... MY LEG...

AFTER THAT ACCIDENT, MOORE WAS TRANSFERRED TO INACTIVE DUTY! THEN, THERE WERE THE CASES OF WHITE, GIVENS AND BURKE...

NOW LISTEN TO THE TALK... YOU'D THINK AN OFFICER WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO HAVE ANY TROUBLE!



SORRY, NEWSHOUNDS--BUT I DON'T BUY THAT SUPERSTITIOUS MUMBO JUMBO! I WANT BADGE 13-13 BECAUSE THE MEN WHO WORE IT IN THE PAST WERE GREAT POLICEMEN!

HOLD IT!

SO IT'S THAT SUPERSTITIOUS JEWEL THIEF LARRY "THE CAT" KEEN YOU THINK YOU'VE SEEN! JUST WHERE WOULD THAT BE, MADAM?

IT'S A GREAT CIRCUS WE'RE HAVING TODAY! AN EXCITED CITIZEN THINKS SHE'S SEEN LARRY "THE CAT" BECAUSE

A MAN RAN FROM A BLACK CAT AND WOULDN'T WALK UNDER A LADDER ON HER STREET!

THAT'S A COINCIDENCE... A SUPERSTITIOUS CROOK TURNING UP JUST AS A ROOKIE TAKES ON BADGE 13-13!

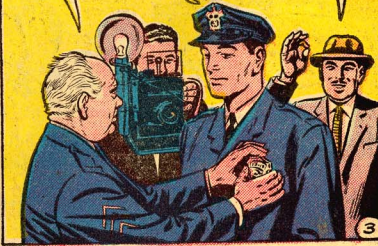


"WELL, IT'S ENOUGH COMEDY WE'VE HAD FOR ONE DAY! LYONS IS RIGHT--BADGE 13-13 IS REPRESENTATIVE OF A JOB WELL DONE ON THE FORCE AND I'M ISSUING HIM THE SHIELD!"

FRANKIE... THIS STORY IS A NATURAL FOR THE SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT! GET YOUR CAMERA!

IT'S YOURS, LYONS--BADGE 13-13! AND... GOOD LUCK!

I CAN SEE THE SPREAD NOW... ROOKIE DEFIES SUPERSTITION OF BAD LUCK BADGE!



THUS ROOKIE PATROLMAN EDWARD LYONS RECEIVE NEWSPAPER PUBLICITY THAT WAS TO MAKE HIS NAME FAMOUS...

ROOKIE DEFIES SUPERSTITION OF BAD LUCK BADGE 13-13-- PATROLMAN EDWARD LYONS SCOFFS AT JINKED SHIELD: WHAT WILL HAPPEN?



WHILE THE CITIZENS OF CARVER CITY WAITED AND WONDERED, AN AIR OF EXPECTANCY CLOAKED THE ROOKIE'S BEAT...

GRACIOUS! PATROLMAN LYONS CERTAINLY IS COURAGEOUS, ISN'T HE?

OR JUST PLAIN FOOLISH! I NEVER WAS ONE TO LAUGH OFF JINKS! HE'LL BE SORRY-- WAIT AND SEE!



THE PUBLIC DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG! FOR THREE DAYS LATER, AS LYONS WAS DIRECTING TRAFFIC...

OFFICER LYONS-- LOOK BEHIND YOU!

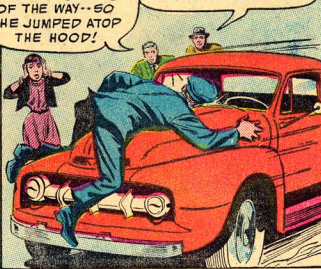
A RUNAWAY TRUCK COMING DOWN HILL DRIVE...



THE ALERT PATROLMAN ACTED INSTINCTIVELY--

T-THERE WASN'T TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY--SO HE JUMPED ATOP THE HOOD!

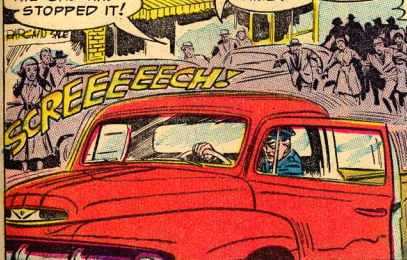
YEAH... BUT HE'S STILL IN TROUBLE! THAT TRUCK WILL CRASH!



A MOMENT LATER, THE ONLOOKERS SIGHED WITH RELIEF AS...

THAT WAS HIS ONLY CHANCE! IT'S THAT BAD LUCK BADGE-- HE WON'T BE SO LUCKY NEXT TIME!

HE SLIPPED INTO THE CAB AND STOPPED IT!



NEWSPAPERS FEATURED THE STORY IN THE EVENING HEADLINES...

EXTRA! BADGE JINK NEARLY TAKES LIFE OF PATROLMAN LYONS!

WHY DOESN'T THAT OFFICER GET RID OF THE BADGE? IF PEOPLE HADN'T WARNED HIM ABOUT THAT TRUCK, HE WOULDN'T BE ALIVE TODAY!



BUT IN SPITE OF PUBLIC OPINION, LYONS CONTINUED TO WEAR BADGE 13-13! THEN, ONE EVENING, WHILE ON NIGHT DUTY PATROL...

THERE'S LYONS NOW! BUT I STILL DON'T FIGURE WHY HIS BEING AROUND MAKES THIS JOB A CINCH, KEEN!

BECAUSE I PLAY THE LUCKY ANGLES, JOEY! EVEN IF THAT LAWMAN TUMBLES TO OUR HEIST, THAT JINK BADGE OF HIS WILL WORK ON OUR SIDE!

IT'S IN THE CARDS, JOEY... AND I COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION! WHEN LYONS PUT ON BADGE 13-13, LADY LUCK SMILED ON ME! NOW, C'MON... THERE'S A FORTUNE IN JEWELRY WAITING FOR US INSIDE!



SHORTLY, WITHIN THE ATKINS JEWELRY STORE...

HA, HA... WHAT A HAUL! THIS IS REALLY PUTTING THE JINK ON THAT COPPER...

ALL RIGHT, BOYS -- HANDS UP!



HUH? IT'S LYONS... YOU AND YOUR LUCKY ANGLES, KEEN!

SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! HOW'D YOU TUMBLE TO US?

YOU'LL FIND ABOUT THAT LATER! YOUR LUCK'S RUN OUT ON YOU, KEEN-- DON'T TRY ANYTHING...THE BUILDING'S SURROUNDED BY POLICE!

...I'VE STILL GOT AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE! HAVE SOME JEWELS, WISE GUY...

NICE WORK, KEEN! LET'S LAM OUT OF HERE... FAST!

I'VE BEEN TRICKED, THAT'S WHAT! WELL...



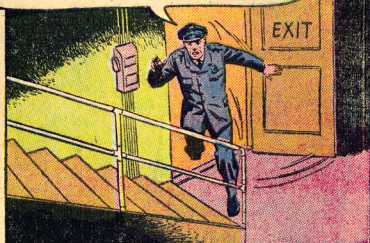
THEN, AS THE CRIMINALS REACHED THE ELEVATOR...

THE 15TH FLOOR-- I HAVEN'T A CHANCE TO BEAT THEM DOWN TO GROUND LEVEL! AND ONCE THEY REACH THERE, IT'S A CINCINCH THEY'LL TRY TO SHOOT THEIR WAY OUT...



SUDDENLY, THE QUICK-THINKING PATROLMAN RACED TOWARD THE STAIRCASE...

THERE'S ONE WAY I CAN AVOID GUNPLAY AND STILL MAKE THE ARREST! IT'S A LONG SHOT-- BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY!



MOMENTS LATER, THE BUILDING ELEVATOR JOLTED TO AN ABRUPT STOP...

T-THEY MUST HAVE CUT OFF THE POWER-- WE'RE TRAPPED!

FINE FIX YOU AND YOUR HUNCHES GOT US IN! WE GOTTA SURRENDER NOW!



LATER, NEWSMEN WERE TOLD AN INCREDIBLE STORY AS KEEN AND HIS ACCOMPLICE WERE LED OFF...

SO THIS WAS ALL A PLAN! DETECTIVE LYONS POSED AS A ROOKIE AND REQUESTED TO WEAR THE SO-CALLED JINX BADGE, HOPING TO LURE THE SUPERSTITIOUS KEEN INTO A TRAP!

RIGHT! AND WE ASSIGNED "ROOKIE" LYONS TO THIS BEAT, HOPING KEEN MIGHT MAKE THIS SWANK JEWELRY COMPANY HIS TARGET, THINKING THE JINX WOULD WORK IN HIS FAVOR!



YOUR NEWSPAPER EDITORS COOPERATED WITH US AND GAVE YOU OUR FALSE BUILD-UP ABOUT THE JINX BADGE! THE PUBLICITY HELPED LURE KEEN INTO THE TRAP!

THEN BADGE 13-13 WAS NO MORE A JINX THAN ANY OTHER BADGE! TWO THINGS STILL BOTHER ME, THOUGH...

WHAT ABOUT THAT RUN-AWAY TRUCK, LYONS?

A COINCIDENCE THAT HAPPENED TO FIT INTO OUR PLAN, THAT'S ALL! AND I KNOW YOUR LAST QUESTION--HOW DID I STOP THE ELEVATOR...

SIMPLE... I JAMMED BADGE 13-13 INTO THE GEAR MECHANISM! SO YOU SEE, THE SHIELD REALLY WAS A JINX... TO LARRY "THE CAT" KEEN!



THE END.

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SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



**I GAINED
53 LBS. OF SHAPELY
POWER-PACKED
MUSCLES!**

Which of these

**2 ME'S
is YOU?**

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-ARMED **SISSY** below
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO WAS ME

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10c**
PICTURE
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MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. As you can see in my "Before" Photo I looked like a child... years younger than my age. I was ashamed to take a picture in bathing trunks as I do now. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him **NOW**—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

**as YOU
can be
soon!**

YES! You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

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**Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME**

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as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
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and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



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