



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

JULY NO. 52

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



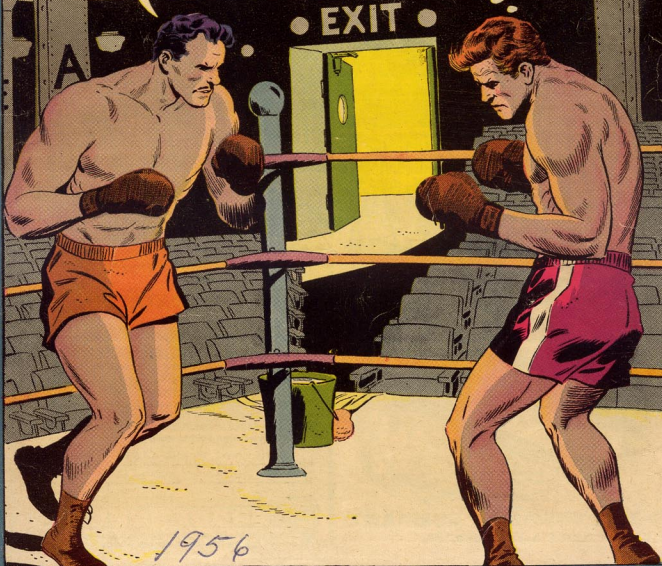
AUTHORITY

# GANG BUSTERS

WE FOUGHT TO A  
DRAW LAST TIME WE  
MET IN THE RING! BUT  
I'M FIGHTING FOR MY  
LIFE THIS TIME!

AND I HAVE NO  
CHOICE--I HAVE NO  
OTHER WAY OF  
ARRESTING HIM FOR  
MURDER UNLESS I  
KNOCK HIM OUT!

Featuring  
"The  
PRIZEFIGHT  
THE FANS  
NEVER SAW!"



1956

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

# BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! GIVEN! GIVEN!

YES WE GIVE YOU  
**PREMIUMS or  
CASH**



OUR  
62<sup>ND</sup> YEAR

BE  
THE  
FIRST!



BICYCLES  
JEWEL BOXES  
BIBLES LUNCH BOXES  
SKATES STEAK SETS

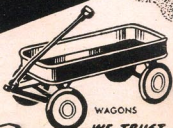
ACT  
NOW!



CAMERAS  
WATCHES  
RADIOS  
BLANKETS



CLOCKS  
PEN AND  
PENCIL SETS



WAGONS

WE TRUST  
YOU!



UKULELES



FOOTBALLS



DON'T  
DELAY!



TYPEWRITERS



CLOCKS  
ALUMINUM WARE



SWIM  
MASKS  
SWIM FINS  
WALLETS



YESSIREE, A REAL  
LIVE PONY FOR  
YOUR VERY OWN!



TELESCOPES



FLASHLIGHTS



PEARLS



BOW &  
ARROW  
SETS



ELECTRIC  
DEEP FRYERS  
WRIST WATCHES  
DOLLS



PENCIL  
SHARPENERS



PEN AND  
PENCIL SETS



22-CALIBRE RIFLES

1000-SHOT DAISY AIR RIFLES

DOLLS  
WAGONS

SOLD BY AGENTS  
AND DRUG STORES  
EVERYWHERE



GUARANTEED BY A BOARD OF  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IN ALL ADVERTISED THERAPY

## THIS IS AN AMAZING OFFER NOTHING TO BUY—ALL GIVEN MAIL COUPON BELOW

Candid Cameras with Carrying Case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35¢ a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Billfolds, Record Players, Dresser Sets, etc.

## GET BIG FREE CATALOG

### MAIL COUPON NOW

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 115-70, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME ..... AGE .....  
ST. .... R. D. .... BOX .....  
TOWN ..... ZONE NO. .... STATE .....  
PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

**WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY**  
Dept. 115-70 Tyrone, Pa.



**A** POLICEMAN'S LIFE CARRIES HIM INTO MANY A STRANGE SITUATION-- BUT NONE SO STRANGE OR SO NERVE-WRACKING AS THAT WHICH FACED PATROLMAN TOM CONRAD ON THE NIGHT HE BECAME...

# THE COP WHO LOST THE \$80,000 QUESTION

ALL RIGHT, PATROLMAN CONRAD, YOU'VE ANSWERED EVERY QUESTION CORRECTLY FOR \$40,000! NOW-- WILL YOU TAKE WHAT YOU'VE WON, OR WILL YOU GAMBLE IT ALL FOR THE BIG MONEY?

WINB-TV

THIS IS THE HARDEST CHOICE PADDY'S EVER HAD TO MAKE!



ONE MORNING, AS PATROLMAN TOM CONRAD REPORTS FOR DUTY...

WELL, HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO! ONE YEAR ON THE FORCE AND HE'S ALREADY MAKING HEADLINES!

DON'T RIB ME, SARGE... MY WIFE'S BEEN KIDDING ME ABOUT THAT ALL MORNING!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU'RE JUST A PAPER POLICEMAN, CONRAD! YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO ACTUAL EXPERIENCE...

OH, LET HIM ALONE, SARGE! HEY, CONRAD-- THE CAPTAIN WANTS TO SEE YOU!



GANGBUSTERS, No. 52, June-July, 1956 issue. Published bi-monthly by NATIONAL COMICS PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd and DICKEY STREETS, SPARTA, ILL. Editorial and Executive offices, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER at the post office at Sparta, Ill. under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American funds. For advertising

rates address Richard A. Feldon & Co., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. ©1956 by National Comics Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Except for those who have authorized use of their names, the stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this periodical are entirely imaginary and fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead is intended or should be inferred. Printed in U.S.A.

**IN THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, SHORTLY AFTERWARD.**

TOM, I'VE JUST BEEN CONTACTED BY THAT TV SHOW, **THE BIG MONEY!** THEY'D LIKE YOU TO APPEAR ON IT! CONGRATULATIONS!

THANKS, SIR, BUT I CAN'T ACCEPT! I'M PRETTY NEW ON THE FORCE, AND ALL THIS PUBLICITY ISN'T FAIR TO THE OTHER MEN!



SO--NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE A TV STAR, EH CONRAD? YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO HUNT FOR HEADLINES, BOY!

AS A MATTER OF FACT, SERGEANT, I DECIDED AGAINST IT--UNTIL THIS MINUTE! BUT AFTER THAT CRACK, YOU COULDN'T KEEP ME OFF THAT SHOW!



NOW, TOM, I'LL HAND YOU A **SINGLE HUMAN HAIR**, FOUND AT THE SCENE OF A CRIME! FOR \$20,000, TELL ME WHAT YOU DEDUCE!

WITHOUT A LAB. REPORT, I CAN ONLY GUESS, MR. HUGHES...



NONSENSE! THIS KIND OF THING HELPS THE PUBLIC TO KNOW THEIR POLICE DEPARTMENT BETTER! OF COURSE, I'M NOT ORDERING YOU TO APPEAR, TOM, BUT...

I UNDERSTAND, SIR--AND I'LL THINK IT OVER!



**THE FOLLOWING WEEK, ON THE BIG MONEY, THE POLICEMAN QUICKLY PROVES HIS METTLE, ANSWERING QUESTION AFTER QUESTION.**

HE WON AGAIN, MOMMY!

OH, TOM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO DO THIS... I KNOW YOU DIDN'T WANT TO!



LET'S SEE...THE HAIR IS EXTREMELY FINE AND HAS NO ROOT--SO I'D CONCLUDE IT WAS A **CHILD'S** HAIR THAT HAD FALLEN FREELY, NOT **PULLED OUT!**

WELL, THIS CLUE WAS FOUND NEAR AN EMPTY JAM JAR--AND THE "CULPRIT" WAS MY LITTLE BOY... SO YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER!





**WITH EACH ANSWER, THE TENSION MOUNTS...**

NOW QUIET EVERYBODY... THERE'S A TOUGH DECISION TO BE MADE! TOM, WILL YOU RISK IT ALL AND GO FOR \$40,000?

YES, I WILL!

YOU'RE A CREDIT TO THE DEPARTMENT, TOM!

ALL RIGHT, LISTEN CLOSELY... MR. SMITH PHONED THE POLICE AND THREATENED SUICIDE. THEN A SHOT WAS HEARD OVER THE PHONE! WHEN THIS CURTAIN RISES YOU'LL SEE WHAT THE POLICE FOUND! QUESTION: WAS IT SUICIDE OR MURDER?

IF DEATH WAS INSTANT, THEN, IT WAS MURDER! THE SHOT WAS HEARD OVER THE PHONE, YET THE PHONE WAS RETURNED TO THE HOOK... THEREFORE, THE MURDERER MUST HAVE REPLACED IT!

HE'S RIGHT AGAIN! AND NOW FOR THE HARDEST CHOICE A MAN EVER MADE... WHAT WILL IT BE--ALL OR NOTHING?

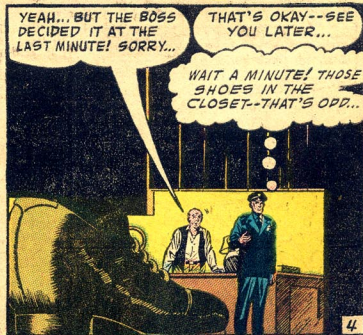
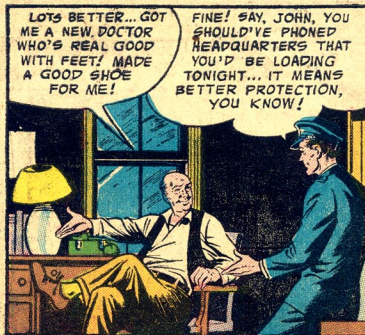
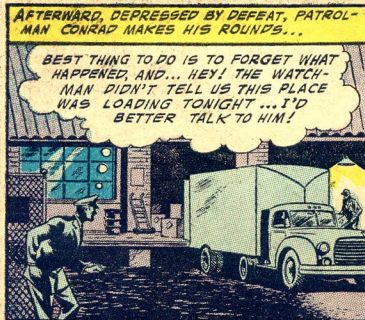
DECIDE WHAT YOU THINK RIGHT, TOM... IT WILL NEVER MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US!

I DIDN'T COME HERE TO QUIT IN THE MIDDLE, MR. HUGHES... I'LL GO ALL THE WAY!

ALL RIGHT... ON THIS SCREEN, WE WILL PROJECT PICTURES OF THREE PUBLIC ENEMIES! TELL US IF EACH IS AT LIBERTY OR IN PRISON! HERE WE GO...

BLAKE IS DOING 5 TO 10 FOR ASSAULT AT SING SING... BURNS IS A LIFER AT ALCATRAZ... GOFF WAS RE-LEASED FROM JOLIET LAST YEAR AND IS NOW AT... LIBERTY!

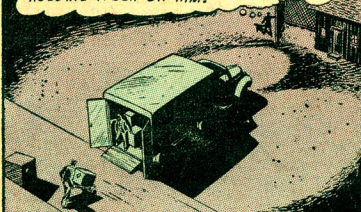
LEFTY BLAKE      JOE BURNS      DAN GOFF





**OUTSIDE, TOM WATCHES THE LOADING UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS...**

THOSE SHOES IN THE CLOSET DIDN'T BELONG TO JOHN... HE WEARS SPECIAL ONES FOR HIS FEET! THEY COULD HAVE BELONGED TO SOMEONE IN THAT CLOSET HOLDING A GUN ON HIM!



**JUST THEN...**

HEY, YOU GUYS... GET A MOVE ON! THAT PATROLMAN MAY COME BACK... GET THIS STUFF OUT OF HERE!

I WAS RIGHT... BETTER CALL THIS IN--FAST!



**AFTER ALERTING HIS PRECINCT, TOM SLIPS BACK TO THE FACTORY, WHERE...**

THEY'RE LEAVING! I'VE GOT TO MAKE MY MOVE NOW, AND HOPE THE SQUAD CARS ARRIVE IN TIME!

OKAY... LET'S GO!



ALL RIGHT, YOU MEN-- COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! THIS IS THE POLICE!



**SUDDENLY THE SHACK DOOR SWINGS OPEN...**

NO, YOU PUT 'EM UP, BUDDY! I'VE GOT THE DROP ON YOU!

GET INTO THE CAB OF THAT TRUCK... YOU'RE COMING WITH US! BLINKY AND RED, RIDE IN BACK!



OH, OH... A FOURTH MEMBER OF THE GANG!

**AND AS THE TRUCK ROLLS OUT INTO THE LIGHT...**

WHY--YOU'RE **DAN GOFF!** BUT--BUT-- I THOUGHT...

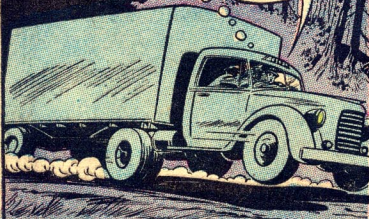
YEAH-- I KNOW... YOU THOUGHT I'M IN PRISON! WELL, I CRASHED OUT AT EIGHT TONIGHT, AND THE BOYS HAD THIS SWEET JOB WAITING FOR ME! FAST WORK, HUH?



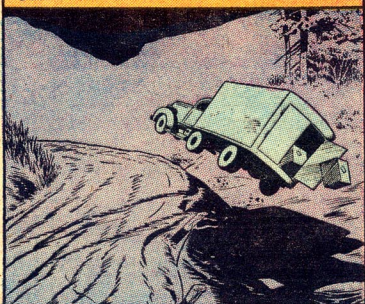
AS THE VEHICLE STARTS UP A HILL, TOM REACHES A GRIM DECISION...

GOFF WON'T LET ME LIVE TO TESTIFY AGAINST HIM... I'VE GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE!

HEY, LET GO OF THE WHEEL, YOU'LL CRACK US UP!



WITH A VIOLENT TWIST, THE GALLANT LAWMAN SENDS THE TRUCK INTO A DIZZYING SPIN...



NEXT MOMENT, AT THE FOOT OF THE INCLINE...

GOFF IS HURT... HELP ME GET HIM OUT!

NOT ME, BUDDY! THIS HEAP IS ON FIRE... I'M SAVING MY OWN SKIN!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, AS A SQUAD CAR REACHES THE SCENE...

HOLD IT! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!

TOO BAD YOU MISSED THIS, GOFF... YOU'D HAVE ENJOYED SEEING HOW YOUR PALS STUCK BY YOU TO THE END!



SHORTLY, WITH THE WHOLE GANG IN TOW...

NICE GOING, TOM...

I HAD YOU WRONG! YOUR HANDS ARE AS GOOD AS YOUR HEAD! NOW WE'D BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!

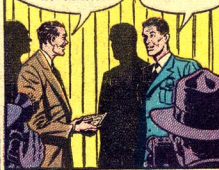
THANKS, SARGE...



BUT TOM'S BIGGEST REWARD COMES THE FOLLOWING DAY, IN THE STUDIOS OF WINB-TV...

WHEN YOU ANSWERED THAT QUESTION LAST NIGHT, GOFF HAD ALREADY BEEN FREE AN HOUR--WHICH MAKES YOUR ANSWER TECHNICALLY CORRECT... AND MAKES YOU THE RICHEST POLICEMAN IN TOWN!

G-GOSH...



THANKS, MR. HUGHES-- BUT YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME MUCH RICHER THAN I ALREADY WAS! MY WIFE AND KID HERE... THEY MADE ME THE RICHEST MAN IN THE WORLD!



THE END



# CASEY

## THE COP

BRR - IT'S COLD HERE. WHAT A BEAT TO HAVE TODAY - STANDING ALL DAY IN A PARK!

GOLLY-LOOK!

HEY YOU - WAIT RIGHT THERE!

BUT, OFFICER - I HAVE A LICENSE - LOOK!!

WHO'S INTERESTED IN THAT? I JUST WANT TO STAND HERE AND KEEP WARM!

THE END

### ADVERTISEMENT

## Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence!

Confidence begins with a smart successful appearance which naturally means well-groomed hair.

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence because it keeps you looking your best, helps you make the right impression in any situation.

Keeps hair handsome and healthy looking the way Nature intended....neat but not greasy. Get Wildroot Cream-Oil, America's largest selling hair tonic!



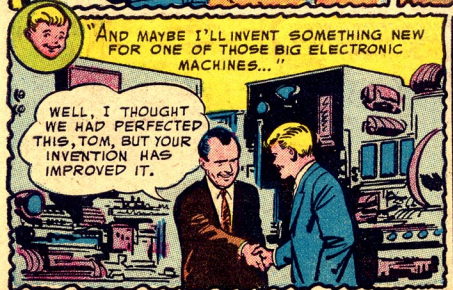
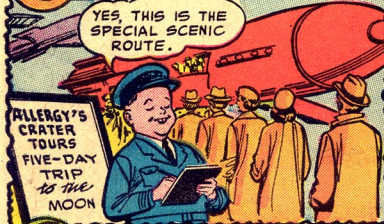
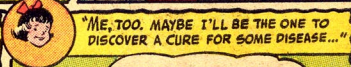
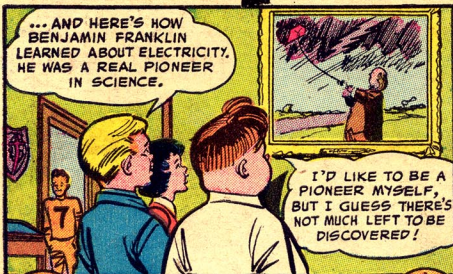
Contains heart of Lano-lin, Nature's finest hair and scalp conditioner!

### WILDROOT CREAM-OIL QUIZ SHOW



"Now for the \$50,000 question. What non-alcoholic hair tonic containing heart of Lanolin gives you confidence?"

# Binky presents "PIONEERS of 1976!"





MENTION MY NAME TO ANY CONVICT, AND HIS EYES WILL GLISTEN WITH ENVY-- BECAUSE I'M KNOWN AS A MAN THAT NO JAIL CAN HOLD. YET, I'M NOT A CRIMINAL--AND SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS ARE WARDENS, IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT...

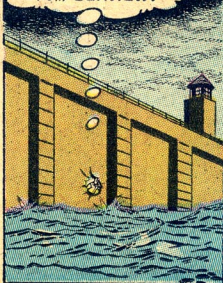
# I ESCAPED from 100 PRISONS



JULY 22<sup>ND</sup>-- I WAS ON THE THRESHOLD OF ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL JAILBREAK IN THE LIBRARY CELLAR AT SEAVIEW PRISON...



I BROKE THROUGH... AND WITHOUT ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE GUARDS! A PERFECT WAY TO ESCAPE FROM SEAVIEW!



NOW TO SURRENDER AND CONTACT THE WARDEN!

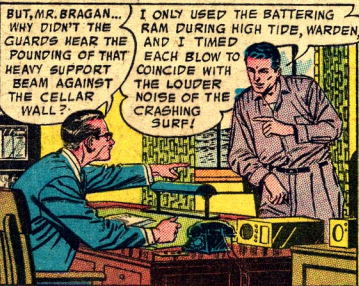




# GANG BUSTERS



**STRANGE WORDS FOR AN ESCAPED CONVICT-- BUT THAT WAS ALL PART OF MY JOB AS A PROFESSIONAL JAILBREAK ARTIST EMPLOYED BY THE LAW...**



BUT, MR. BRAGAN... WHY DIDN'T THE GUARDS HEAR THE POUNDING OF THAT HEAVY SUPPORT BEAM AGAINST THE CELLAR WALL?

I ONLY USED THE BATTERING RAM DURING HIGH TIDE, WARDEN, AND I TIMED EACH BLOW TO COINCIDE WITH THE LOUDER NOISE OF THE CRASHING SURF!

A BREAKWATER WOULD ELIMINATE THAT ESCAPE POSSIBILITY, WARDEN!

GOOD... I'LL MAKE THE RECOMMENDATION TO THE PRISON BOARD AT ONCE, BRAGAN! THANKS FOR POINTING OUT THE FLAW TO US!



**THUS DID SEAVIEW PRISON JOIN THE LIST OF INSTITUTIONS WHERE I HAD SERVED AS A "CONVICT"...**



IN ORDER TO OPERATE AS REALISTICALLY AS POSSIBLE, I ASSUME THE ALIAS OF A FICTITIOUS CRIMINAL, "WISP WILTON"! THIS KEEPS PRISON GUARDS ON THEIR TOES, AND ALLOWS ME TO MINGLE AMONG THE INMATES!

BUT DON'T GET ME WRONG... 99 OF 100 PRISONS HAVE FOOL-PROOF SECURITY! ONLY OCCASIONALLY DO I UNCOVER A FLAW... AND WHEN I DO, WELL-- LET ME GIVE YOU AN EXAMPLE OF THE DANGER IT CAN LEAD TO...



**WILLIAM BEAN, OUR FORMER POLICE COMMISSIONER, HAD JUST BEEN APPOINTED WARDEN OF A NEW STATE PENITENTIARY-- AND ONE OF HIS FIRST MOVES WAS TO CONSULT ME...**

YOU WANT ME TO ENTER YOUR PRISON AS AN INMATE AND CHECK IT OVER, EH, WARDEN BEAN? RIGHT, BRAGAN! WHITEHALL IS ESCAPE-PROOF IN THEORY ONLY... WE'D BREATHE EASIER WITH YOUR STAMP OF APPROVAL!

AS IS CUSTOMARY, I'LL BE THE ONLY ONE ON THE GROUNDS WHO KNOWS YOUR TRUE IDENTITY! SO... WHEN WILL YOU GET STARTED IN YOUR ROLE OF "WISP WILTON," CONVICT?

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING-- AFTER A GOOD NIGHT'S REST, SIR!





THUS, ON THE AFTERNOON OF OCTOBER 10TH, I WAS ADMITTED AS AN INMATE OF **WHITEHALL PRISON**, AND TREATED LIKE ANY OTHER CONVICTED CRIMINAL...

ALL RIGHT... MOVE ALONG, MEN! KEEP IT MOVING...

HMM... DOUBLE DUTY BARS SCREENED WITH MESH! THE ARCHITECTS REALLY WENT TO TOWN ON THIS PLACE!

AS I FAMILIARIZED MYSELF WITH THE GROUNDS IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I STRUCK UP AN ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE NOTORIOUS HOODLUM, **FRANKIE CULLEN**...

BULLET-PROOF PLASTIC GUARD BOOTHS... ELECTRIC DOOR OPENERS... A REAL TOUGH STIR TO BUST OUT OF-- EVEN FOR AN OLD ESCAPE ARTIST LIKE YOU, EH, WILTON?

YEAH...IT SURE IS!



CULLEN HADN'T EXAGGERATED--THE PRISON WAS PERFECTION ITSELF...ALMOST! IT WAS 19 DAYS LATER THAT MY OBSERVATIONS BEGAN TO CLICK...

HMM...THAT LITTLE DOG THE GUARDS HAVE FOR A MASCOT COULD CAUSE SOME TROUBLE!

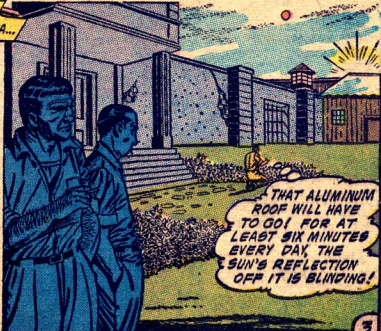


JUST AS I SUSPECTED-- A DEFINITE POSSIBILITY FOR SETTING UP AN ESCAPE! I'D BETTER NOTE IT DOWN...



IN THE NEXT WEEK, A DANGEROUS ESCAPE PATTERN FORMED IN MY MIND AS I SCRUTINIZED THE PRISON AREA...

A BLIND SPOT... THAT SHADOW CAUSED BY THE STRUCTURE MUST BE TAKEN CARE OF!



THAT ALUMINUM ROOF WILL HAVE TO GO! FOR AT LEAST SIX MINUTES EVERY DAY, THE SUN'S REFLECTION OFF IT IS BLINDING!



THAT AFTERNOON, HOWEVER, MY CALCULATIONS BOOMERANGED AGAINST ME IN A WAY I NEVER EXPECTED...

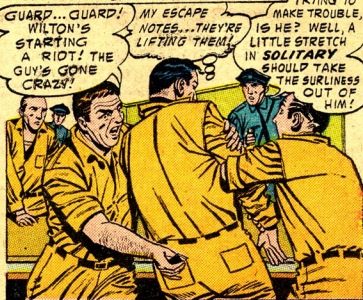


RIOT!  
RIOT!

WHAT...?

SPLAT

INSTANTLY, I REALIZED I'D BECOME THE VICTIM OF A FRAME-UP BY FRANKIE CULLEN...



GUARD... GUARD!  
WILTON'S  
STARTING  
A RIOT! THE  
GUYS GONE  
CRAZY!

MY ESCAPE  
NOTES...THEY'RE  
LIFTING THEM!

TRYING TO  
MAKE TROUBLE,  
IS HE? WELL, A  
LITTLE STRETCH  
IN SOLITARY  
SHOULD TAKE  
THE SURLINESS  
OUT OF HIM!

I WASN'T WORRIED THEN--BUT LATER, DOWN IN THE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT BLOCK, FATE DEALT ME A VICIOUS BLOW...

NEED THE WARDEN'S HELP  
IN THIS SPOT...

GUARD...DON'T PRISON  
REGULATIONS  
REQUIRE THE  
WARDEN TO HEAR  
MY SIDE OF  
THE STORY BE-  
FORE I'M STOWED  
AWAY? WHEN DO  
I GET MY INTER-  
VIEW WITH  
HIM?



WHEN THE WARDEN  
GETS OUT OF THE  
HOSPITAL! HE JUST  
HAD A SLIGHT  
HEART ATTACK!

THE FULL  
IMPACT OF  
THE SITUATION  
HIT ME  
LIKE A  
PILE-DRIVER...

SUFFERING HANNAH! AN ESCAPE  
BEING ORGANIZED WITH MY  
NOTES-- AND I CAN'T PROVE  
WHO I AM! ONLY THE WARDEN  
KNOWS...THE GUARDS WOULD  
NEVER BELIEVE ME! CONS IN  
SOLITARY ARE KNOWN TO SAY  
ANYTHING TO GET  
OUT!



MEANWHILE, FRANKIE CULLEN WAS WASTING NO TIME...

WHAT A BRAINSTORM,  
STEALING WISP WILTON'S  
ESCAPE GIMMICKS AND  
FRAMING HIM SO HE  
CAN'T INTERFERE!  
WHAT NOW, FRANKIE?

WE TAKE HIS PLAN STEP  
BY STEP! FIRST, I  
SPEAK TO JOEY AT TWO  
O'CLOCK VISITING TIME--  
AND THEN... WOW! THAT  
WILTON'S A GENIUS!



AT 4:30 P.M., JOEY "THE FOX"  
PARKER LURKED OUTSIDE  
THE PRISON WALLS, AND...

AS THE GUARDS' MASCOT  
RESPONDED WILLINGLY...

C'MON, BOY... C'MON... I  
GOT A NICE CHUNK OF  
BEEF FOR  
YOU!

FRANKIE'S REALLY  
COOKIN'... CHEWING GUM  
IMPRESSIONS OF CELL KEYS,  
CARRIED OUT BY THE  
PRISON DOG! HA, HA...  
I'LL GET THOSE KEYS  
MADE UP FAST!





AT THIS PRECISE MOMENT, I WAS IN MY SOLITARY CELL LIKE AN AUTHENTIC CONVICT...

SUDDENLY, I STRUCK UPON ONE WILD CHANCE...

A PATTERN FORMED IN MY MIND AS I MADE A ROUTINE CHECK OF THE CELL...

GREAT JUMPING CATS! THE VERY METHOD WE'VE EMPLOYED TO PREVENT JAILBREAKS IS ABOUT TO **CREATE** ONE! HOW CAN I GET OUT?... HOW CAN I STOP IT?

HMM... THAT BARRED WINDOW IS BENEATH GROUND LEVEL-- BUT IT FACES THE VENTILATING SHAFT IN THE PRISON YARD! I WONDER...?

FORTUNATELY, THESE CELLS ARE KEPT IN GOOD CONDITION...THE DOOR HINGES ARE WELL GREASED-- SO AT LEAST MY IDEA HAS A CHANCE!

NEXT MORNING, CULLEN'S ESCAPE PLAN MOVED AHEAD SMOOTHLY...

JOEY CAME THROUGH! WE'VE GOT THE CELL KEYS NOW-- AND AT 11:45, WE PULL STEP #2 OF THE WISP'S PLAN!

WHEW! NO WONDER THEY COULDN'T HOLD WILTON IN ANY CLINK! WHAT A BRAIN!

BY 11:48, CULLEN AND ZEPPU HAD LET THEMSELVES OUT AND SLIPPED INTO THE SHADOWS OF THE MACHINE SHOP... YOU MEAN THE WISP FIGURES WE CAN'T BE SEEN HERE?

HE **KNOWS** A MAN CAN'T! AT THIS EXACT TIME OF DAY, THE SHADOWS CAST FROM THE WALLS DARKEN THIS CORNER FOR 20 MINUTES! AT 12:05, WE PULL THE THIRD AND LAST STEP!

WHILE CULLEN AWAITED HIS BIG MOMENT, I WAS RACING THE CLOCK IN SOLITARY...

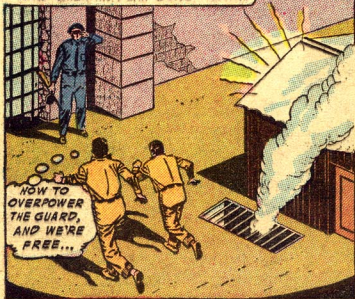
MUST BE ALMOST NOON... IF CULLEN'S PLANNING TO MAKE THE BREAK TODAY, I ONLY HAVE MINUTES LEFT! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO RUB ENOUGH GREASE OFF THE HINGE ONTO MY SHIRT...

NEXT, I BROUGHT MY BOY SCOUT TRAINING INTO PLAY...

IF I CAN CREATE ENOUGH FRICTION WITH THESE PIECES OF WOOD I TOOK FROM THE COT, IT SHOULD START A FIRE! AH... THERE SHE GOES...



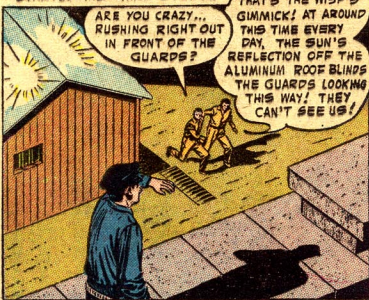
CULLEN AND ZEPP0 WERE HALFWAY ACROSS THE YARD WHEN MY PLAN BORE FRUIT...



LATER, THE GUARDS TOLD ME CULLEN'S WRATH WAS SOMETHING TO BEHOLD...



AS I LATER LEARNED, CULLEN HAD ALREADY STARTED HIS THIRD STEP...



BUT AT EXACTLY 12:06, FRANKIE CULLEN'S ESCAPE BLEW UP IN A BLAST OF GUNFIRE...



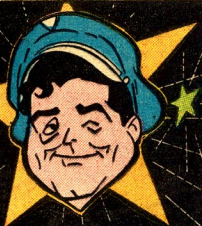
IT WAS TWO DAYS AFTERWARD THAT WARDEN BEAN FINALLY RETURNED...



THE END



# A NEW STAR



HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE SUPERMAN-DC  
"LINE OF STARS"!



**BOB HOPE**

**MARTIN and LEWIS**

**DATE WITH JUDY**

**BATMAN**

YOU'LL ROAR WITH LAUGHTER AT THE ANTICS OF THE HONEYMOONERS! REGGIE VAN GLEASON THE III! FENWICK BABBITT! CHARLIE BRATTON, *the LOUDMOUTH!* THE POOR SOUL! RUDY *the REPAIRMAN!* AND ALL THE OTHER WONDERFULLY FUNNY CHARACTERS JACKIE GLEASON HAS MADE FAMOUS!

**MUTT AND JEFF**

*As*

# JACKIE GLEASON

*says:*

"IT'S A DAN-DAN-DANDY COMICS MAGAZINE!"

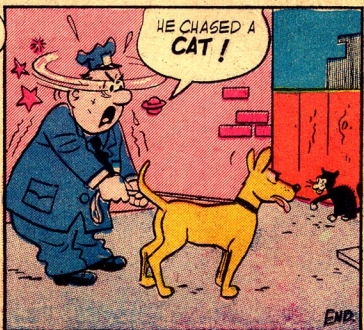
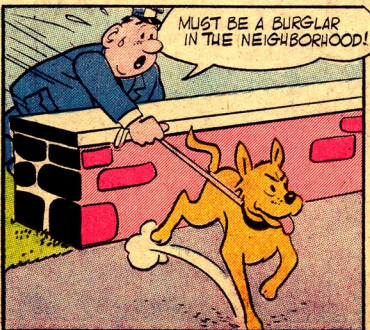
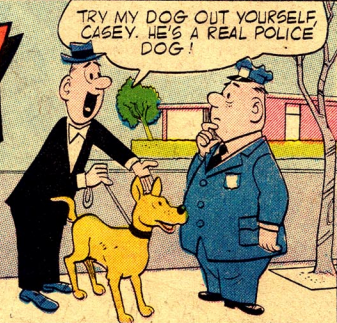
LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWS-STAND!



# CASEY

## THE COP

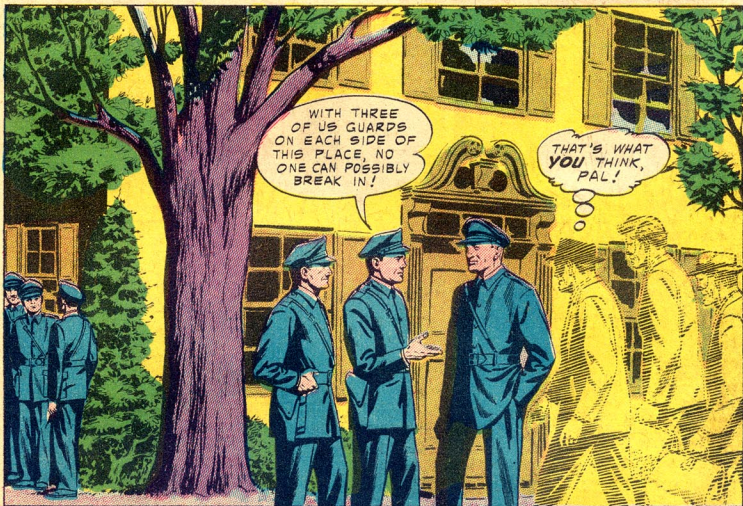
HENRY BOLTROFF





**F** RONT AND REAR DOORS HAD BEEN TRIPLE-BOLTED... ALL WINDOWS HAD BEEN SECURELY LOCKED... YET, THE HOUSE HAD BEEN LOOTED--AND THERE WAS NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE TO SHOW THAT ANY ENTRANCE HAD BEEN FORCED! WHEN THIS HAPPENED AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE ENTIRE POLICE FORCE WAS ALERTED IN AN ALL OUT DRIVE TO CRACK THE CASE OF...

# THE INVISIBLE BURGLARS



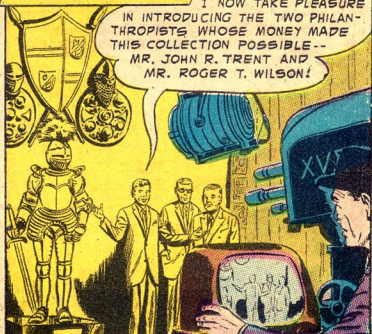
ON APRIL 14<sup>TH</sup>, LAST YEAR, A ROVING TV TRUCK DREW UP IN FRONT OF THE SWANK CARVEL MUSEUM...

OKAY, MAKE IT SNAPPY... THE MUSEUM'S DIRECTORS ARE WAITING TO BE INTERVIEWED! EASY WITH THAT MONITOR SCREEN, JOE!



HUGE 4,000-WATT LIGHTS BLAZED INSIDE THE MUSEUM--AND SOON...

I NOW TAKE PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING THE TWO PHILANTHROPISTS WHOSE MONEY MADE THIS COLLECTION POSSIBLE-- MR. JOHN R. TRENT AND MR. ROGER T. WILSON!



I'VE ALWAYS FELT IT MY DUTY TO USE PART OF THE PROCEEDS FROM THE TRENT ESTATE TO HELP THE MUSEUM!... AND THAT GOES FOR MY FRIEND ROGER WILSON, TOO, I KNOW!

IT CERTAINLY DOES, JOHN!

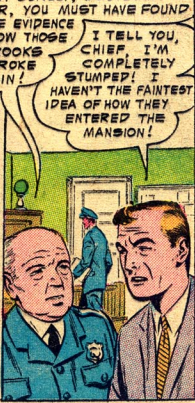
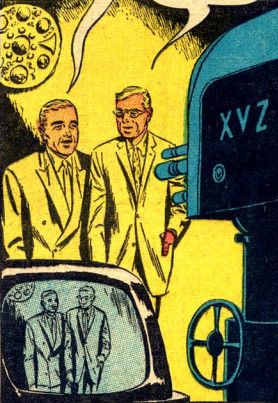
EXACTLY THREE DAYS LATER, FOUR MEN QUIETLY ENTERED THE JOHN R. TRENT ESTATE ON PARK PLACE, AND...

AL, YOU LOOT THE ROOMS UPSTAIRS... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE DOWNSTAIRS! AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!

THE HOLDUP TOOK AN HOUR, AND NEXT MORNING, AT HEADQUARTERS, POLICE PONDERED THE FIRST OF WHAT WAS SOON TO BECOME A MAJOR WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS BREAK-INS.

BUT SURELY, LIEUTENANT RADER, YOU MUST HAVE FOUND SOME EVIDENCE OF HOW THOSE CROOKS BROKE IN!

I TELL YOU, CHIEF, I'M COMPLETELY STUMPED! I HAVEN'T THE FINEST IDEA OF HOW THEY ENTERED THE MANSION!

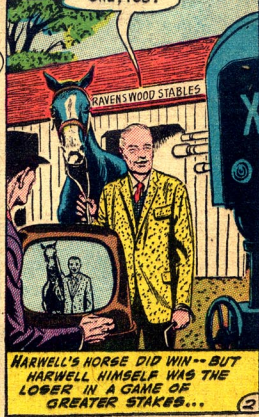


AND THAT VERY NIGHT, THE SAME MEN ENTERED AND LOOTED THE SUTTON AVENUE HOME OF ROGER T. WILSON...

YET THIS WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING-- FOR SOME DAYS LATER, AT THE RAVENSWOOD RACETRACK...

AND HERE HE IS, FOLKS-- THE OWNER OF LUCKY BOY HIMSELF... THE INTERNATIONALLY-KNOWN HORSEMAN-- RALPH HARWELL! TELL US, SIR, IF YOU EXPECT LUCKY BOY TO WIN TODAY?

LUCKY BOY HAS WON EVERY RACE HE'S ENTERED-- AND I EXPECT HIM TO WIN THIS ONE, TOO!



...THE SECOND BREAK-IN BEING MADE UNDER THE SAME MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES!

HARWELL'S HORSE DID WIN-- BUT HARWELL HIMSELF WAS THE LOSER IN A GAME OF GREATER STAKES...



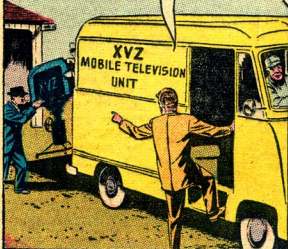
...WHICH BEGAN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TELECAST!

OKAY, BOYS--PILE THE STUFF INTO THE TRUCK, AND LET'S MAKE TRACKS! THE BOSS IS WAITING!

THE TRUCK RACED TO A CONVERTED BARN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, WHERE A STRANGE EVENT TOOK PLACE.

GET THAT X-RAY MACHINE OFF THE CAMERA! I'VE GOT TO BRING THE TRUCK BACK TO THE STUDIO!

TAKE IT EASY, JEFF... YOU'LL BE BACK ON TIME!



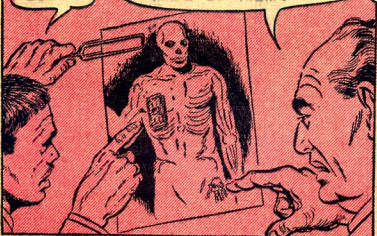
IN A DARKROOM INSIDE THE BARN, AN X-RAY PLATE WAS DEVELOPED, AND THEN...

TAKE A LOOK AT THAT FAT BANKROLL, BOSS!

NEVER MIND THE BANKROLL... THESE KEYS ARE WHAT WE'RE INTERESTED IN! HURRY! GET SOME BLOW-UPS MADE OF THEM!

WORKING WITH SPEED AND THE MOST MODERN EQUIPMENT, THEY SOON HAD WHAT THEY WERE AFTER...

NICE WORK, SAM! THIS KEY'S PROBABLY FOR HIS OFFICE--AND THIS ONE MUST BE FOR HIS HOUSE! WE'LL BE USING THE HOUSE KEY TOMORROW NIGHT!



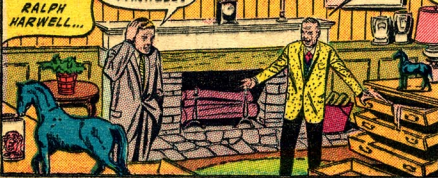
TWO DAYS LATER, A PUZZLED LT. RAPER INVESTIGATED THE MYSTERIOUS LOOTING OF THE HOME OF RALPH HARWELL...

I-I DON'T GET IT... NOT THE SLIGHTEST SIGN OF A BREAK-IN! ARE YOU SURE YOU JUST DIDN'T LEAVE YOUR FRONT DOOR OPEN LAST NIGHT, MR. HARWELL?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, LIEUTENANT! THE SERVANTS CHECK ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS BEFORE RETIRING AT NIGHT!

YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT THIS BREAK-IN IS ONLY ONE OF A WHOLE SERIES THAT HAS STRUCK TOWN! WHEN ARE YOU POLICE GOING TO STOP IT ANYWAY?

WE'RE WORKING ON IT--AND WE'LL FIND OUT HOW IT'S BEING DONE!



LT. RADER, ON HIS WAY TO HEADQUARTERS THAT SAME DAY, DIDN'T REALIZE HOW CLOSE HE'D ACTUALLY COME TO THE SOLUTION OF THE CASE...

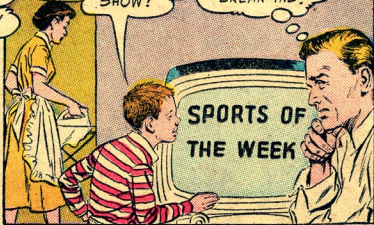
FOLKS, NOW MEET THE PRESIDENT OF THE DAIRY DELL CHAIN HIMSELF-- MR. ALFRED DELL!

THEY SURE MAKE A FUSS WHEN THEY OPEN A NEW STORE NOWADAYS!

THAT EVENING, WHILE LT. RADER TRIED TO RELAX WITH HIS FAMILY AT HOME...

"SPORTS OF THE WEEK," DAD-- MY FAVORITE SHOW!

W-WISH I COULD STOP THINKING ABOUT THOSE BREAK-INS!



LOOK, POP, THAT'S MY LUCKY BOY-- THE HORSE THAT WON THE BIG RACE!

HMM... AND THAT'S HARWELL-- ONE OF THE VICTIMS!

REPORTING FOR DUTY NEXT MORNING, LT. RADER RECEIVED ANOTHER BLOW...

ANOTHER BREAK-IN, RADER! THIS TIME IT'S THE HOME OF ALFRED DELL-- THE SUPERMARKET MAN!

WHAT--? THAT'S ODD... BOTH DELL AND HARWELL WERE ON TELECASTS BEFORE THEIR HOMES WERE ROBBED! I WONDER IF ALL THE OTHERS WERE ON TELEVISION, TOO!



IT TOOK LT. RADER LESS THAN 30 MINUTES TO LEARN THE STARTLING TRUTH--WHICH SENT HIM ON A FLYING VISIT TO THE STUDIO...

LATER THAT SAME DAY, BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...

MR. SMITH-- I WANT THE TIME AND PLACE OF THE NEXT JOB YOUR PORTABLE TV TRUCK IS SCHEDULED FOR!

THEY'LL BE AT THE PREMIERE OF THE NEW PLAY, "LOVE IS ALL," AT THE HADLEY THEATER-- FOR AN INTERVIEW WITH A NEW PRODUCER, JASON FLINT... TONIGHT!

GREAT SCOTT, RADER--WHERE ARE YOU BOUND FOR? A PARTY?

NOT QUITE, CHIEF! I'M GOING TO THE HADLEY THEATER TONIGHT--WHERE I'M PLAYING THE ROLE OF THE SHOW'S PRODUCER, JASON FLINT!

YOU SEE, I THINK I KNOW HOW THAT GANG IS OPERATING-- AND THIS IS HOW I HOPE TO UNCOVER THEM!

GOOD BOY... BUT REMEMBER, THIS CASE WON'T BE SOLVED UNTIL YOU'VE CAUGHT THE BRAINS BEHIND THAT OPERATION!





THUS, THAT EVENING, AT THE STAR-STUDDED OPENING OF "LOVE IS ALL"...

AND HERE HE IS, FOLKS-- JASON FLINT, THE PRODUCER OF TONIGHT'S SHOW! THINK YOU'VE GOT A HIT, MR. FLINT?

CAN'T MISS, WITH JUDY MASON IN THE LEAD PART!

HADLEY  
JUDY MASON IN "LOVE IS ALL"

THEN, INSIDE THE TRUCK, AFTER THE INTERVIEW...

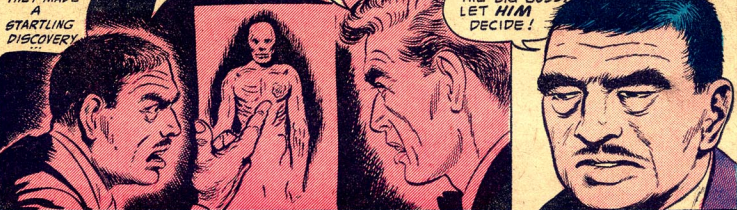
PULL THAT X-RAY PLATE OUT NOW! THE BOSS WANTS US TO DEVELOP IT BEFORE WE LEAVE--IN CASE THE PRINT ISN'T CLEAR AND WE NEED ANOTHER PICTURE!

BUT WHEN THE PLATE WAS DEVELOPED, THEY MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE... A POLICE BADGE!

HUH--? THEN THE COPS MUST BE ON TO US... THIS GUY MUST'VE TAKEN FLINT'S PLACE! WH-WHAT'LL WE DO?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO--GET HOLD OF THAT COP AND TAKE HIM TO THE BIG BOSS! LET HIM DECIDE!



SO APPROXIMATELY THREE HOURS LATER, AS THE SHOW ENDED...

HOW ABOUT SAYING A FEW WORDS TO OUR LATE TV WATCHERS, MR. FLINT? OUR CAMERA IS IN THE ALLEY NEAR THE TRUCK!

BUT WHEN THE DISGUISED LAWMAN STEPPED INTO THE ALLEY...

IN YOU GO-- AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



HALF AN HOUR LATER, AS THE TRUCK SQUEALED TO A STOP IN FRONT OF THE BARN OFF HIGHWAY 17...

WHAT'S GOING ON?  
WHO DID YOU BRING HERE,  
YOU FOOL?

TAKE IT EASY, BOSS... THAT  
"PRODUCER" WE WENT TO  
INTERVIEW TURNED OUT TO  
BE A COP! LOOK FOR  
YOURSELF!

HE WAS SMART ENOUGH TO CATCH  
ON TO OUR GIMMICK-- BUT HE WAS  
DUMB ENOUGH TO WEAR A  
BADGE UNDER HIS COAT!  
HERE IT IS ON THE  
X-RAY PLATE!

AND  
HERE'S  
THE BADGE  
ITSELF, BOSS!



ALL RIGHT--DRIVE THAT TRUCK  
BACK TO THE STUDIO BEFORE  
THEY GET SUSPICIOUS! I'LL  
TAKE CARE OF THIS COP  
RIGHT NOW!

NEXT INSTANT, A SHOT  
RANG OUT...

...BUT IT WASN'T FROM THE  
GANG LEADER'S GUN!



I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU,  
MR. BIG SHOT... I **PURPOSELY**  
WORE THAT BADGE AFTER  
TUMBLING TO YOUR  
RACKET!

B-BUT...  
WHY?

I FIGURED YOUR HOODLUMS WOULD  
BE ANXIOUS TO DELIVER ME STRAIGHT  
TO THE BIG BOSS--THE MAN WE  
SPECIALLY WANTED! THAT  
TV TRUCK WAS TRAILED  
BY THREE SQUAD  
CARS!

GET IT,  
MISTER?...  
WHEN  
YOU THOUGHT  
YOU'D CAPTURED  
THE LIEUTENANT,  
YOU WERE ACTUALLY  
PLAYING RIGHT INTO  
HIS HANDS!





# The GRAPEVINE



## OFFSTAGE TRAGEDY

Moments after the call had come into the precinct, Detective Groh was striding into the dressing room of Carleton Standish. He tossed a cursory glance at the body, lying just inside the threshold.

"Now let's have it from the beginning," said Detective Groh. "All I know is that you shot and killed young John Frobish, there."

"That's right. I did. I shan't deny it," said Carleton Standish. "But it was in self-defense."

Detective Groh plucked a notebook from his pocket, poised a pencil over it.

"John Frobish was my understudy. A rather capable young man. During the week that I was unable to appear in my play, he carried on. When I returned to the cast tonight—the play really hinged on me, its star, you know—Frobish excitedly burst into this room and threatened me."

"Go on," said Detective Groh.

"I didn't even know he was here until I heard his voice. I was sitting at my dresser, making up in front of the mirror, when he accused me of having had him fired. Shouted something about my being jealous of his success in my part."

"He was good, wasn't he?" interrupted

Detective Groh. "I remember reading about him."

"Yes, and more's the pity of it. I wheeled around at him. He had a gun in his hand. I told him not to be foolish. But nothing would stop him. He had a wild look. He was ranting about exacting vengeance, when, all of a sudden, I leaped at him. There was a struggle for the gun. It went off. Young Frobish fell to the floor. The company manager and cast, alarmed by the shot, raced into my room. The rest you know."

"Yes, the rest I know," said Detective Groh. "But I'm not so sure about what preceded it. In the meantime, suppose you come down to the precinct for questioning," he added, eyeing the aging juvenile.

"Questioning about what?" demanded Standish, startled.

"Well, for one thing, whether it's true that someone overheard you invite young Frobish to your dressing room. For another, whether you might have been piqued by professional jealousy and wanted Frobish out of the way because he did such an expert job in replacing you temporarily, he might have done it permanently. Why were you away for a week? Just a burst of temperament, I imagine. And, finally, if you were making up at

your dressing table mirror. how is it that you didn't see Frobish enter? That is a flaw in your new characterization—Mr. Carleton Standish, murderer!"

## TEEN-AGE JURIES

Teen-agers are now deciding the fate of traffic violators their own age. Recently, one 17-year-old youth was acquitted of a reckless driving charge. A 16-year-old lad was found guilty and sentenced to attend a traffic school for three months, for not having stopped while a school bus was discharging its passengers.

This novel idea in justice for young drivers was initiated by County Judge John D. Darnell of Franklin County's Juvenile Traffic Court in Frankfort, Kentucky. Judge Darnell says that he is not bound by law to accept the verdicts of the young juries, but he will do so as long as they exhibit wisdom and a practical approach to the problems. In trying juveniles in the future, he plans to have each jury represented by at least one student from a high school in the county.

## PRISONER'S BLUES

Warden Clinton T. Duffy of San Quentin is the son of a prison official. For 54 years, he has run many institutions. He met his wife while running San Quentin. His daughter, who was born in the prison hospital, married a prison captain. It is no wonder, then, that Warden Duffy said not long ago:

"Each time I hear a police siren, I turn to my wife and whisper into her ear, 'Sweetheart, they're playing our song.'"

## KISS OF DEATH

Many a criminal awaiting death has sworn that he would take his own life rather than die as the law prescribed. Red O'Brien, sentenced to die in the electric chair, was one to make such a boast. Vigilant guards scrutinized every visitor carefully the day before O'Brien was slated to be executed. But on the morning of his date with death, Red O'Brien was found dead in his cell.

Prison officials were plainly baffled by the cause until the warden demanded an investigation. It was revealed that Red O'Brien's girl friend, who had visited him for the last time, supplied the means. As she kissed him farewell, she had slipped him a poisoned pill, which she held between her teeth.

## MILITARY COURTESY

New rules at Missouri State Penitentiary, in Jefferson City, emulate the Army's system. Prisoners must now salute guards, address guards and other prison officials as "Sir;" must approach, stand at attention, and depart in a sharp about-face when interviewed by the warden; walk in a brisk, military manner within the confines of the buildings, and observe other military-type regulations.

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

MEMPHIS, Tenn.: An illiterate suspect was arrested and convicted for forgery when he signed an X on another man's check.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich.: Arrested for street-fighting, two men asked the police to put them into the same cell so that they could continue their scrap.

DALLAS, Tex.: Eager to blast the thief who had robbed him for the 25th time in four years, a restaurant owner rigged up a shotgun as a booby trap, next morning discovered that he had been robbed for the 26th time, among his losses the shotgun itself.

PASADENA, Calif.: A resident brought a new complaint to police, who thought they'd heard them all. Someone was breaking into his home every few nights—and leaving money in his wallet.

ASTORIA, Ore.: Observing a dutiful policeman tagging cars for overtime parking, a citizen dashed across the street to deposit a coin in the parking meter to avoid a 50 cent parking fine, promptly was fined \$1 for jaywalking.



# HOW PRISONS BEGAN!

THE WORD, "PRISON," TODAY DENOTES A PLACE WHERE A PENALTY IS SERVED... BUT IN OLD ROMAN LAW, "PRISON" WAS A PLACED USED ONLY FOR **DE-TAINING** AND NOT PUNISHING ALLEGED OFFENDERS!



IN MEDIEVAL TIMES, THE "KEEP" OR DUNGEON OF THE LORD'S CASTLE WAS THE PLACE OF DETENTION PENDING PAYMENT OF A FINE OR FULFILMENT OF A SENTENCE!



THE GROWTH OF POPULATION, AND A CONSEQUENT INCREASE IN LAWBREAKERS MADE IT NECESSARY TO PROVIDE FOR PRISONERS' CARE! KING HENRY II, IN 1166, ORDERED THAT "GAOLS" BE BUILT IN ALL COUNTIES AND BOROUGHES!



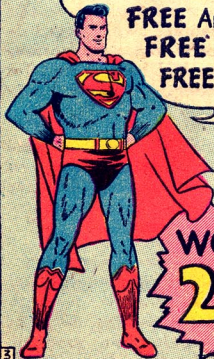
THE PRESENT-DAY INDIVIDUAL CELL DID NOT COME INTO BEING UNTIL THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY! ORIGINALLY, ALL PRISONERS WERE HOUSED IN **ONE** ROOM!



BE MY GUEST AT  
PALISADES AMUSEMENT  
PARK, NEW JERSEY.

THIS COUPON ENTITLES  
YOU TO

**FREE ADMISSION--  
FREE ACTS--  
FREE PARKING!**



WORTH  
**25¢**



THIS COUPON  
APPEARS IN  
**ALL MAY  
ISSUES**

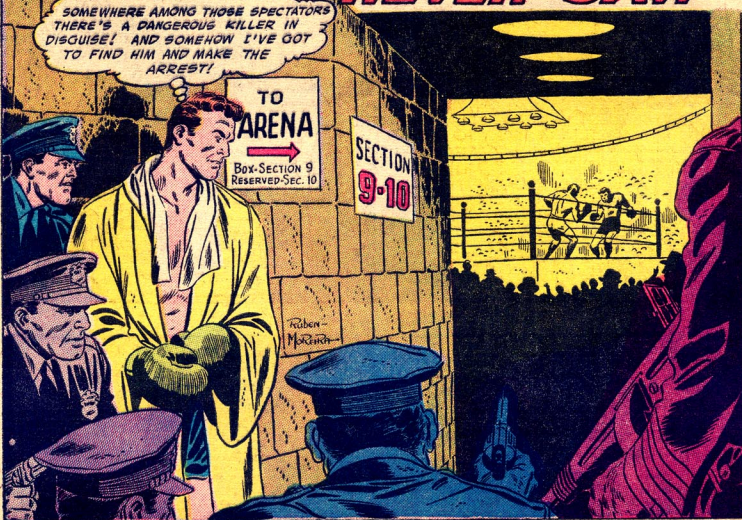
**ADMIT ONE (1) To  
PALISADES  
AMUSEMENT PARK  
NEW JERSEY**

**GOOD MONDAYS and FRIDAYS  
(EXCEPT HOLIDAYS) UNTIL 9 P.M.**

**Direct Buses from N.Y. 167th St. & B'way  
41st St. & 8th Ave.**

**D**ETECTIVE MIKE DONAVAN HAD MET "ROCK" LARSON BEFORE-- YEARS AGO IN A BOXING RING WHERE THEY FOUGHT TO A DRAW! AND NOW, DONAVAN WAS AGAIN TO FACE HIS OPPONENT, TURNED CRIMINAL! BUT THIS TIME THERE WAS TO BE NO BELL... NO REFEREE OR JUDGES TO STOP THEM-- AND IT WAS TO BE...

# THE PRIZEFIGHT THE FANS NEVER SAW



THIS STORY HAD ITS BEGINNING IN NOVEMBER, '41! MIDDLEWEIGHT CONTENDER MIKE DONAVAN WAS HAMMERING OUT A RHYTHMIC BEAT AT CITY GYM WHEN...

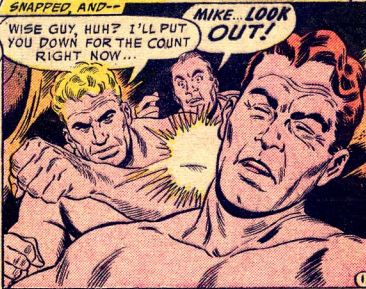
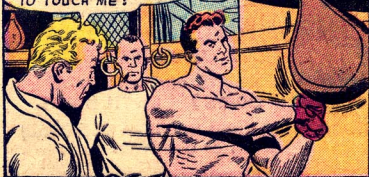
GET YOUR BLOWS IN NOW, DONAVAN! WHEN WE FIGHT FOR A CRACK AT THE CHAMP NEXT WEEK, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO TOUCH ME!

I WILL ONLY ONCE, LARSON-- TO TAG YOU FOR THE KAYO!

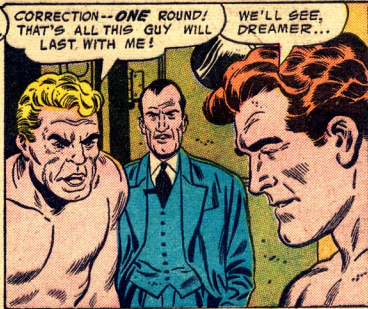
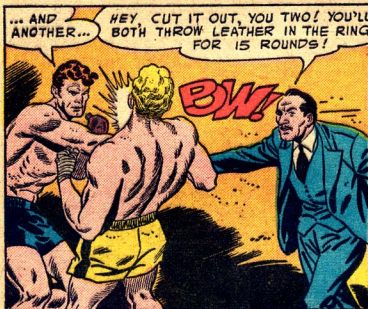
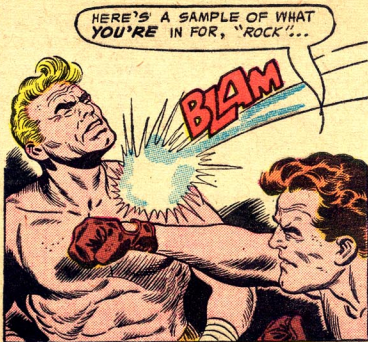
ROCK LARSON'S UNCONTROLLABLE TEMPER SNAPPED, AND--

WISE GUY, HUH? I'LL PUT YOU DOWN FOR THE COUNT RIGHT NOW...

MIKE... LOOK OUT!



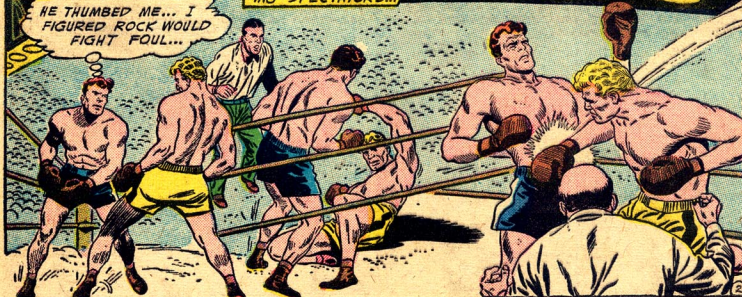


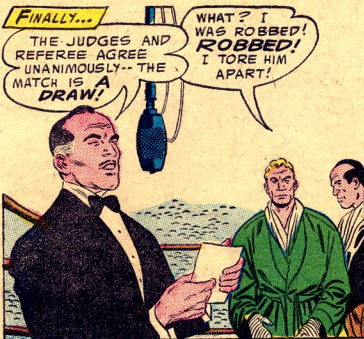


ON THE 10<sup>th</sup> OF THE MONTH, A CROWD VIEWED THE "FIGHT OF THE CENTURY" ...

THE TWO BOXERS SET A GRUELING PACE TO THE APPROVAL OF THE CHEERING SPECTATORS...

THEN IN THE 15<sup>th</sup> ...

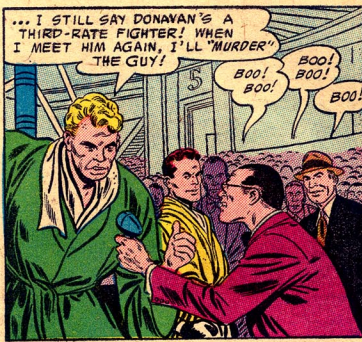
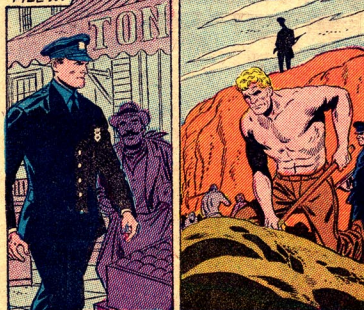




BUT THE TWO WERE NEVER TO BOX ONE ANOTHER AGAIN--IN THE RING! DONAVAN FOUGHT A MORE IMPORTANT FIGHT... IN UNIFORM...



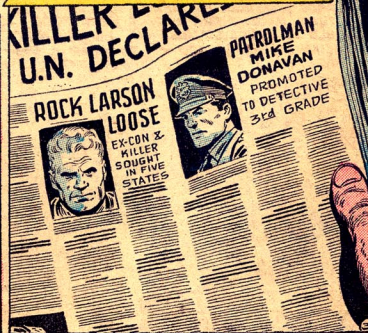
AFTER THE WAR, MIKE DONAVAN POUNDED A POLICE-MAN'S BEAT WHILE LARSON POUNDED A PRISON ROCK PILE...



... WHILE THE FBI SOUGHT DRAFT DODGER "ROCK" LARSON, WHO HAD TURNED CRIMINAL...



THE CONTRAST CONTINUED AND IN JUNE, 1964...





AND THEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE 10<sup>TH</sup>, AN IRONIC TWIST OF FATE OCCURRED...

YOU KNEW LARSON BEFORE THE WAR, MIKE--YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND HIM. HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS... **BRING HIM IN!**

HAVE YOU GOT A LINE ON HIM, SIR?

WE KNOW HE'S IN THIS CITY... THAT'S ALL! WE THOUGHT LARSON MIGHT ATTEND THE FIGHTS! BUT SPOTTERS COULDN'T LOCATE HIM AT ANY ARENA!

STRANGE... ROCK WAS A FANATIC WHEN IT CAME TO SEEING A GOOD MATCH! HOW DID THE SPOTTERS WORK?



THEY WERE STATIONED AT ALL EXITS AND ENTRANCES... BUT NO LARSON! HE MAY HAVE WATCHED THE FIGHTS OVER TELEVISION!

NOT TONIGHT-- IT'S **NOT** BEING TELEVISED! IF I KNOW LARSON, HE'LL RUN THE RISK TO SEE THAT MATCH!

I'LL CONCENTRATE ON THE ARENA TONIGHT! BUT I'LL HAVE TO BE CLEVER-- LARSON'S A CINCH TO BE IN DISGUISE! SO WILL I!

DONAVAN DONNED FIGHTING TOGS AND HOVERED NEAR THE DRESSING ROOMS...

THERE'S THE INFRA RED PHOTO OF THE SPECTATORS ON THE SOUTH SIDE, MIKE!

I'LL BRING IT DOWN TO OUR MOBILE DARK ROOM RIGHT AWAY!



IN THE ARENA BASEMENT...

LARSON ISN'T SEATED THERE EITHER, MIKE--INFRA RED WOULD'VE REVEALED ANY FACIAL DISGUISE! TOO BAD... YOU HAD A GOOD IDEA!

AND HE CERTAINLY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN FOOL ENOUGH **NOT** TO WEAR A DISGUISE! STILL... I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S OUT THERE! I'M SURE OF IT!

BUT HOW IS HE AVOIDING DETECTION? I'VE GOT TO FIND THE ANSWER FAST-- IT'S ALREADY THE 8<sup>TH</sup> ROUND!





# GANG BUSTERS



BUT AS HE RETURNED UPSTAIRS...

...NINE...TEN! THE  
WINNER... COY!

THAT WINDS UP  
THE FIGHT...WHAT  
ARE YOUR  
ORDERS?

MAYBE OUR  
SPOTTERS  
WILL PICK  
LARSON OUT OF  
THE DEPARTING  
CROWD!

BUT IT WASN'T DETECTIVE  
DONAVAN'S NIGHT...

THAT'S THE LAST  
OF THEM, MIKE!  
YOU CAN'T SAY  
WE DIDN'T TRY--  
LARSON JUST  
WASN'T HERE!

YEAH... I  
GUESS THAT'S  
IT! WELL,  
I'LL CHANGE  
INTO MY  
STREET CLOTHES  
AND REPORT TO  
HEADQUARTERS!

I WAS SURE LARSON WOULD BE  
HERE TONIGHT! GUESS THERE'S  
NOTHING TO DO BUT CHALK  
IT OFF AS A BAD HUNCH...  
THOSE GLOVES...

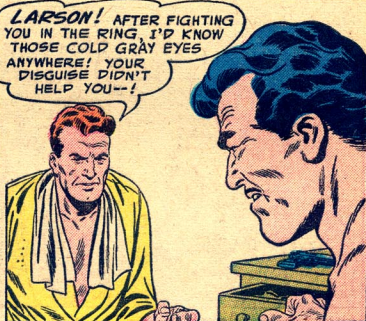


THEY'RE A SIX OUNCE  
PAIR! BUT IN THIS STATE  
ONLY EIGHT OUNCE GLOVES  
ARE LEGAL!

YOU THERE...

HUH?

LARSON! AFTER FIGHTING  
YOU IN THE RING, I'D KNOW  
THOSE COLD GRAY EYES  
ANYWHERE! YOUR  
DISGUISE DIDN'T  
HELP YOU--!



HERE'S WHERE I  
PUT YOU DOWN FOR  
THE TEN COUNT...  
FOR KEEPS!

SO YOU DISGUISED YOUR-  
SELF AS A PRELIM  
FIGHTER...!

THAT SHOULD DROP YOU! I'VE  
GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE YOUR PALS  
SHOW!





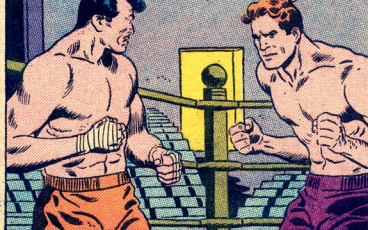
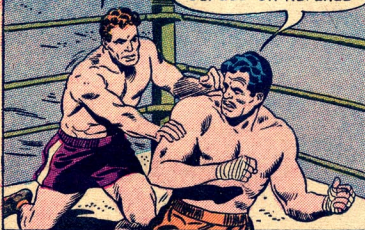
BUT DONOVAN RODE WITH THE BLOW, AND AS LARSON RACED ACROSS THE RING...

YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, LARSON!

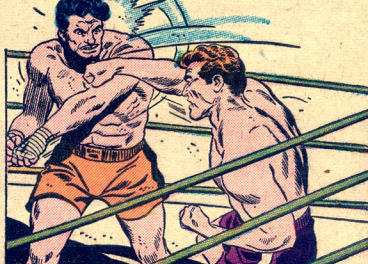
OKAY! WE'LL FIGHT OUT THAT DRAW WE HAD YEARS AGO! IT'S THE SAME RING... BUT THIS TIME NO BELL, JUDGES OR REFEREE--

AND NO DRAW! I'M FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE THIS TIME!

AND I HAVE NO CHOICE-- I HAVE NO OTHER WAY OF ARRESTING HIM FOR MURDER UNLESS I KNOCK HIM OUT!



FOR TENSE SECONDS, THE TWO MEN CIRCLED WARILY... SEEKING AN OPENING. THEN...



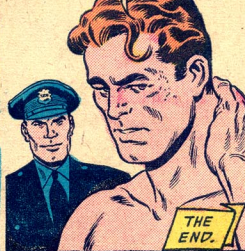
HIS KNEE-- HIT MY CHIN--!

MY JAW--!

THE TWO WENT DOWN--SECONDS TICKED OFF-- THEN, ONE FIGURE ROSE... TO WILD CHEERS...

THE WINNER--DONOVAN! WHAT A REMATCH... CONGRATULATIONS, CHAMP!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD TAKE HIM! TOO BAD I HAD TO DO IT IN... A PRIZEFIGHT THE FANS NEVER SAW!



THE END.



**100  
AUTOS, BUSES  
& TRUCKS**  
only \$1.25!

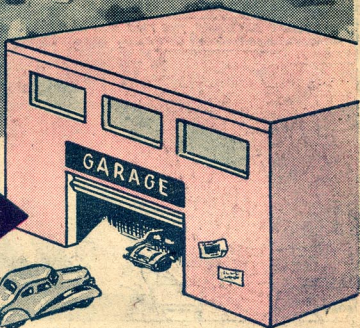


**and they're packed  
in this GARAGE!**

**Imagine!**

100 plastic autos, buses and trucks for only \$1.25! Be the first in your crowd to get this BIG collection. Become an owner of this great fleet of cars. Hours of play and pleasure! Comes packed in a garage! **LOADS OF FUN!**

*rush!*



**NO C.O.D.'s**

LUCKY PRODUCTS, DEPT. NC-6A  
Carle Place, L. I., N. Y.

Here's my \$1.25... rush 100 autos, busses and trucks to me!

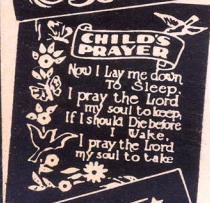
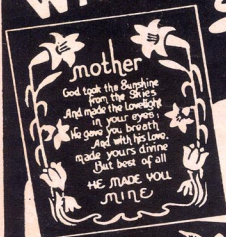
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

## *Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes*



### SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35c each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25c for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

**REMEMBER:** No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO ➡

STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

Dept. A-4 P. O. Box 1004  
Nashville, Tennessee

Up to a \$10 Portrait Studio Value Only \$1.

Any  
Photo  
Copied

20 BILLFOLD  
PHOTOS

\$1

Sent on  
Approval

Double-Weight, Silk Finish, Portrait  
Paper. Each (2½ x 3½ inch) PHOTO  
is beautifully DECKLE EDGED.

50 for only \$2

(Send No  
Money)

Just to get acquainted we will make you these NEW  
artistic, **BILLFOLD PHOTOGRAPHS** that are the rage  
for exchanging with school mates, as gifts and en-  
closures with greeting cards or in correspondence.  
**SEND NO MONEY**, just enclose your favorite  
snapshot or any size photo for 20 or 50 **BILLFOLD**  
(Wallet) **SIZE PHOTOS** (one pose) suitable for

framing and keepsakes. Used by thousands of students,  
teachers, job seekers, parents, movie stars and others.  
Original returned with your order. Pay postman on  
arrival plus a few cents for our C.O.D. and postage or  
enclose the money and we prepay. **3-day service.**  
Portrait studio quality and satisfaction guaranteed.  
Please send within 15 days to

**MOVYLAND STUDIOS Dept. 132, 211 W. 7th St., DES MOINES 2, IOWA**



At  
Almost

Please Give Me A Home

**NO COST**

Your **NEW, Real, LIVE**  
**MINIATURE DOG**

**SUPPLY LIMITED... Write Today!**

and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame **SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS** about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative **NOW** and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. Also include the **COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES** with your picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out. Mrs. Ruth Long, Gift Manager.

**Send Coupon Today!**

MRS. RUTH LONG  
DEAN STUDIOS, DEPT. X-435  
211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

I would like to receive the miniature dog.  
Please send me premium letter and 20 coupons.

Enclosed find snapshot or negative for  
enlarging.

Color \_\_\_\_\_ Color \_\_\_\_\_  
Eyes \_\_\_\_\_ Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**DEAN STUDIOS**

Dept. X-435, 211 W. 7th St.  
Des Moines 2, Iowa