

GANG BUSTERS

GREAT SCOTT!
THERE GOES
DETECTIVE BARTLOW--
AND THAT BOMB IN
HIS MASK IS DUE
TO GO OFF IN
ONE HOUR!

TICK
TICK

ONLY ONE
MAN KNOWS HOW
TO REMOVE THIS
CONTRAPTION
SAFELY-- THE
CRIMINAL WHO
LOCKED IT
ON ME!

Featuring:
"The SLEUTH
IN THE
IRON MASK!"

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE LAW!

Are YOU SKINNY like I was?

a 90 lb. weakling who became world's strongest man



George Jowett BEFORE

George Jowett Champion of Champions World's Greatest Builder of Champions and REAL HE-MEN out of SKINNY and FLABBY weaklings

Just RUSH me your LAST CHANCE COUPON below with YOUR NAME and ADDRESS ON IT and I'll show YOU absolutely FREE

How to GAIN UP TO 50 LBS. OF MIGHTY MUSCLES!

And Become a REAL HE-MAN like MANY THOUSANDS of My Pupils in 10 Minutes of FUN a Day

Yes! I'll Show You By My Quick, Easy Methods How To

ADD POWERFUL NEW INCHES OF MUSCLES around YOUR ARMS, CHEST, LEGS, etc.

How to IMPROVE YOUR HE-MAN LOOKS 100%.

How to BECOME A WINNING ATHLETE in ALL POPULAR SPORTS.

How to BEAT ANY BULLY.

How to DO FEATS of STRENGTH.

How to be a WINNER in EVERYTHING YOU TACKLE.

YES! Your Success Story Can Soon be like John Sill and thousands of my pupils. Think of it — a skinny weakling like you became a **MAGNIFICENT MR. MUSCLES** — won a **BIG SILVER TROPHY**, his name, accomplishments engraved on it and \$100. A few weeks before, everybody picked on John, too weak to fight for his rights. **TODAY** everybody admires John's movie star build, **he-man STRENGTH**, his mighty **ARMS**, heroic **CHEST**, slender **WAIST**, rock-like **TORSO**, broad manly **BACK**, wide military **SHOULDERS**, new popularity with the **BOYS** and **GIRLS**. His winning drive in **ALL SPORTS**, his energy at work and studies.

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are, if you are in your teens, twenties or thirties, I'll show you in just 10 thrilling minutes a day in your home, you can make yourself over by the easy, quick method I turned myself from a wreck to a **WORLD CHAMPION**.

YES! YOU'LL ADD INCH upon INCH of **MIGHTY MUSCLES** to your **ARMS**, YOU'LL DEEPEN your **CHEST**, **BROADEN** your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS**. From **HEAD** to **HEELS** you'll gain **SIZE**, **POWER**, **LIGHTNING SPEED**, **ENDURANCE**. You'll become the **SUCCESSFUL HE-MAN** in **LOOKS** and **ACTS** — a **WINNER** in **EVERYTHING**, athletics, business, studies.

DEVELOP YOUR 520 MUSCLES BY THE GREATEST METHOD!

Friend, I traveled the world, studying every secret to PERFECTLY develop your body. My "5-Way Progressive Power Method" is TESTED-PROVED by hundreds of thousands LIKE YOU! SAVE YEARS, hundreds of DOLLARS! Do as movie stars, champions — John Sill, Jim Norman, Tony Pascarella — did! Mail coupon NOW!

Pick the kind of BODY YOU WANT

Check All Your Needs —

MAIL THE COUPON TO ME NOW and I'll Send You FREE these

5 AMAZING PICTURE-PACKED COURSES

PLUS BOOK OF PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN ONCE WEAK LIKE YOU



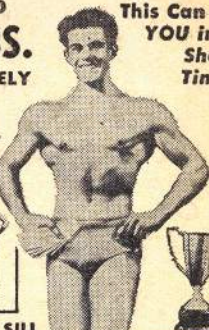
Formerly \$5.00 each. MILLIONS were sold at \$1.00. Send for them ALL FREE. Mail Coupon BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE and you have to pay \$1.00 or \$5.00.

I GAINED 60 LBS.

OF SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

BEFORE

Mailing Coupon I was a 125 lb. 6 ft. skinny weakling



AFTER

Mailing Coupon 185 lb. HEAD-TO-TOE HE-MAN POPULAR ATHLETE You can be, too!

says **JOHN SILL**

I added 7 inches to MY CHEST, 3½ INCHES to EACH ARM. No, Pa! You don't have to be a chicken-chested skinny weakling like I was only a few weeks ago.

BEFORE



THEY CALLED ME "SKINNY" — BUT NOW THEY CALL ME MR. MUSCLES

TONY PASCARELLA

Thanks to Jowett easy methods I GAINED 28 LBS. of **MUSCLE - PACKED STRENGTH** ALL OVER. I won new handsome looks—great athletic ability. Now You do it!

AFTER

I BROKE A WORLD'S STRENGTH RECORD!

BEFORE



AFTER

mailing coupon below—like you do NOW.

JIM NORMAN became Athlete of the Year. Lifted the front end of a 2700 lb. Car. Quit being a bag-of-bones weakling like I was. In 10 minutes of fun a day, **JOWETT CAN DO FOR ME! I gained 25 TERRIFIC LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES.**

JOWETT Institute of Physical Training, Dept. NC-82, 220 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dear George: I'm checking everything I need to give me the kind of body

I want: ☐ I want to gainlbs. (fill in).

☐ I want to add inches of muscle to my ☐ Arms ☐ Chest. ☐ Legs ☐ Shoulders
☐ I want to become a winning athlete ☐ I want NEW PEP, NEW ENERGY
☐ I want to streamline my body, get rid of flabby fat.

Also please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses, now all in 1 volume. ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

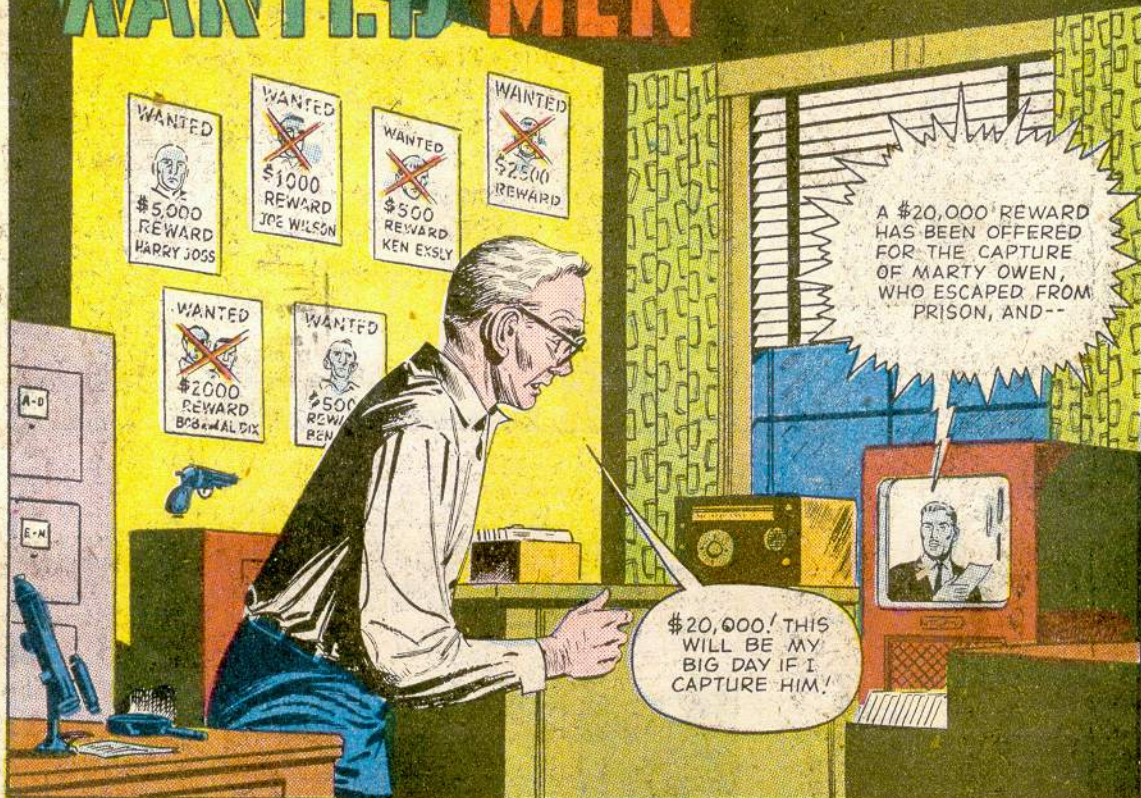
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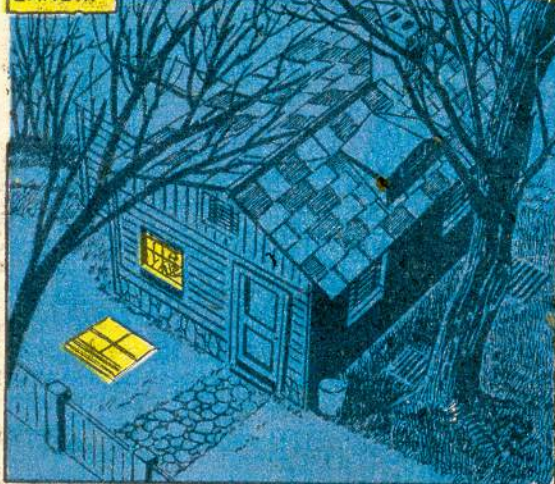
City Zone State

HE HUNTED "WANTED" MEN

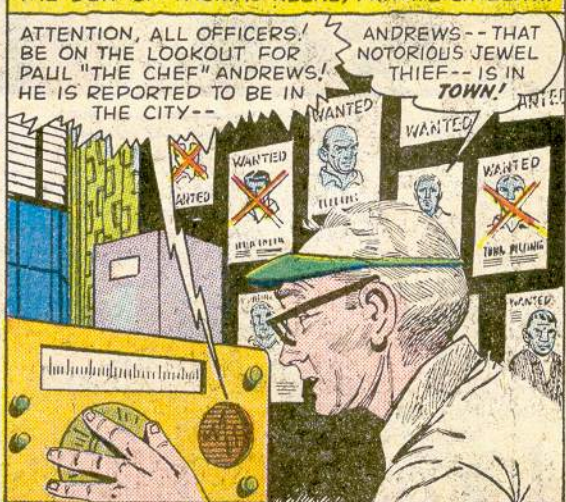
THE RETIREMENT OF "BULLDOG" KEENE DIDN'T BRING AN END TO THE OLD DETECTIVE'S ENTHUSIASM FOR FIGHTING CRIME! FOR "BULLDOG" FOUND A BIZARRE HOBBY-- STALKING DANGEROUS CRIMINALS-- WITH A PRICE ON THEIR HEADS!



AS IT DID ALMOST EVERY NIGHT, A LIGHT BURNED FAR INTO THE WEE HOURS AT 22 PARK LANE...



AT 1 A.M., A POLICE BULLETIN WAS HEARD IN THE DEN OF THOMAS KEENE, PRIVATE CITIZEN...



HURRIEDLY, KEENE PUT THROUGH A CALL TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

SERGEANT, HOW'S THE REWARD RUN ON PAUL "THE CHEF" ANDREWS?

GOING AFTER HIM, EH, KEENE? WELL, LET'S SEE NOW--THERE'S A TOTAL OF \$1,800 IN REWARD MONEY OFFERED FOR HIM! GOOD LUCK!

THE NEXT THING KEENE DID WAS TO OPEN HIS FILES...

HMMM! ANDREWS IS A GOURMET--LOVES EXOTIC FOODS! THAT'S HOW HE GOT HIS NICK-NAME! NOW HOW CAN THAT HELP ME?

PAUL "THE CHEF" ANDREWS

THIS IS ANDREWS' OLD NEIGHBORHOOD! CHANCES ARE HE'LL RETURN THERE TO USE A PAL'S PLACE AS A HIDE-OUT! AHA--THERE'S ONE WAY I MIGHT LURE HIM INTO THE OPEN!

LATER THAT MORNING, KEENE CONTACTED AN OLD FRIEND WHO OWNED THE EMPEROR RESTAURANT IN THE AREA HE HAD CIRCLED, AND...

WONDERFUL, ANDY! IF THAT MENU DOESN'T LURE MY FOOD-LOVING HOODLUM OUT, NOTHING WILL! THANKS A LOT!

TOM, I'D DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU CATCH A CROOK!

EMPEROR RESTAURANT

FABULOUS GOURMET DINNER THIS WEEK ONLY
OCTOPI SALAD
BEAR STEAK
10 COURSE MEAL OF RARE AND EXOTIC FOODS
FOOD EXPERTS WELCOME

FOR THREE DAYS, THOMAS KEENE SAT IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE EMPEROR RESTAURANT, WAITING! FINALLY...

HMMM! LOOKS AND SMELLS WONDERFUL! I COULDN'T HELP BUT TAKE A CHANCE AND SLIP OUT WHEN I HEARD ABOUT SUCH A FEAST!

I'LL HAVE THE BEAR STEAK AND OCTOPI SALAD--

Y-YES, SIR! AND WHAT ELSE?

Emperor



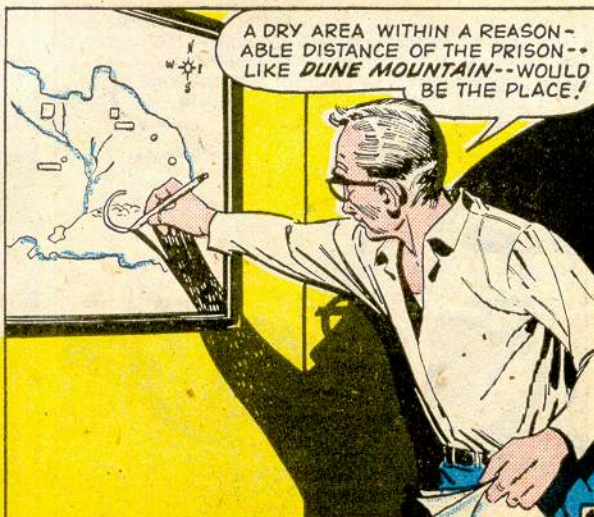
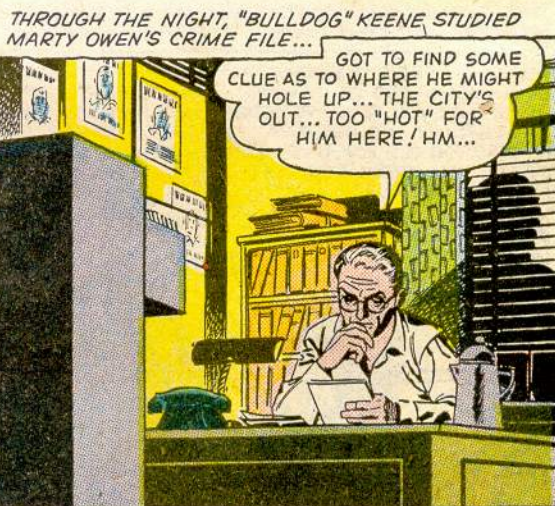
YES, THOMAS "BULLDOG" KEENE WAS A RETIRED POLICE OFFICER. AND AS GRINNING DETECTIVES SURROUND HIM...



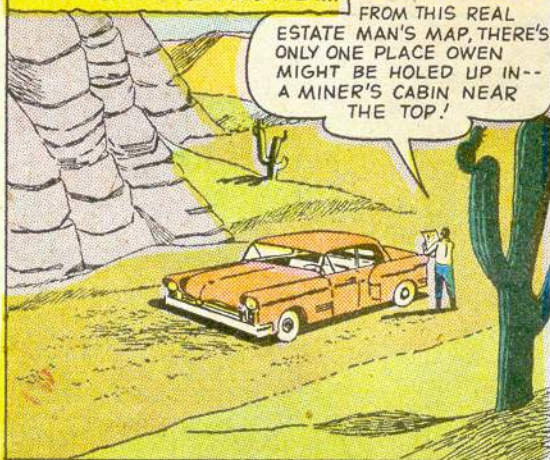
THUS, THE TENACIOUS EX-DETECTIVE HAD FOUND A UNIQUE HOBBY, INDEED--A PROFESSIONAL HUNTER OF WANTED CRIMINALS...



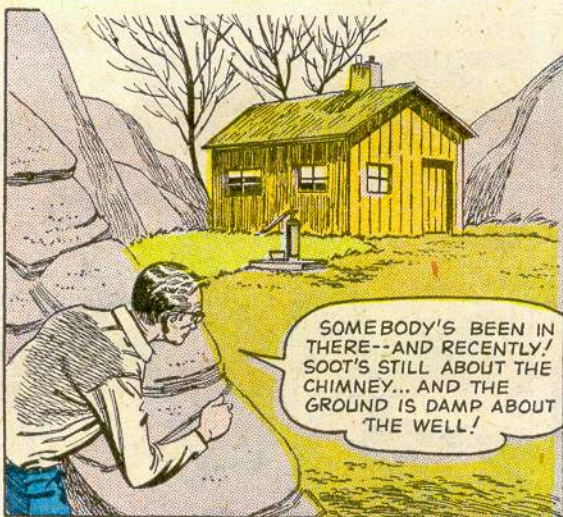
ONE WEEK LATER, A TV NEWS BULLETIN SENT "BULLDOG" KEENE RACING TO HIS PHONE...



THAT MORNING, "BULLDOG" KEENE--THE ONE-MAN POLICE FORCE BEGAN HIS TREK...



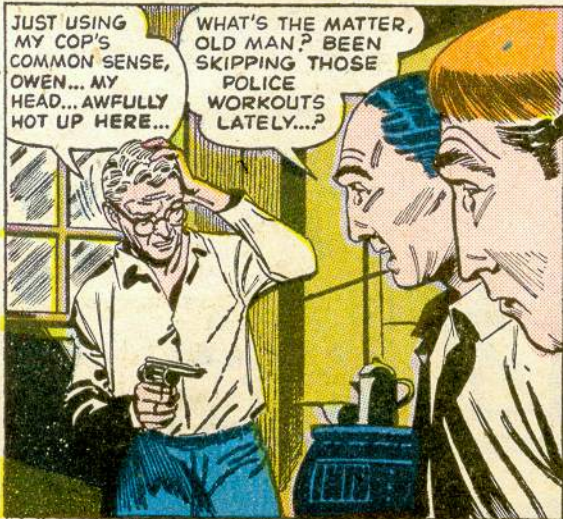
(PUFF) (PUFF)...THIS CLIMBING SURE TAKES IT OUT ON A CITY FELLER--CAN HARDLY CATCH MY BREATH 'WAY UP HERE...HELLO! THERE'S THE CABIN NOW!



THEN, APPROACHING CAUTIOUSLY...

REACH-- YOU CHARACTERS!

"BULLDOG" KEENE-- BUT HOW?



THE SHACK SUDDENLY DANCED BEFORE KEENE'S EYES--THE CONVICTS BLURRED...AND THEN...

HE'S CONKED OUT COLD!

SURE! THE OLD FOOL COULDN'T TAKE THIS THIN AIR UP HERE! GRAB HIS GUN!



WHEN THE RETIRED DETECTIVE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FACED THE MOST DANGEROUS SITUATION OF HIS LIFE...

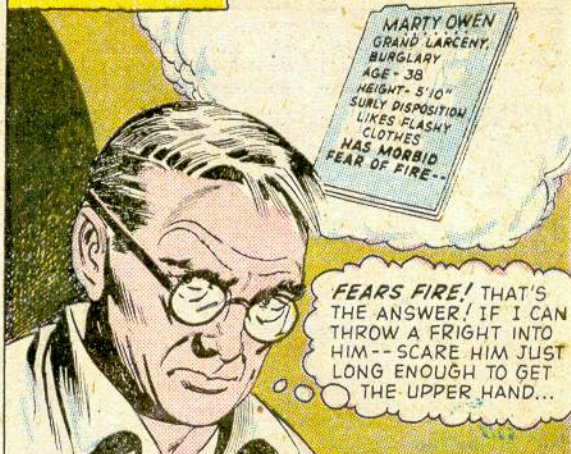
I'M TRAPPED GOOD! MUST TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING... A WAY TO OUTWIT 'EM!



KEENE'S MIND RACED DESPERATELY AS HE RECALLED OWEN'S CAREER...

MARTY OWEN
GRAND LARCENY,
BURGLARY
AGE - 38
HEIGHT - 5'10"
SURLY DISPOSITION
LIKES FLASHY
CLOTHES
HAS MORBID
FEAR OF FIRE...

FEARS FIRE! THAT'S THE ANSWER! IF I CAN THROW A FRIGHT INTO HIM-- SCARE HIM JUST LONG ENOUGH TO GET THE UPPER HAND...



CAREFULLY, KEENE INCHED HIS WAY OFF THE COT, AND...

STEADY... GOT TO TIME THIS JUST RIGHT...



ABRUPTLY, HIS FOOT LASHED OUT, AND...

YEOW! FIRE!



WITH SPLIT-SECOND TIMING, KEENE HURLED HIMSELF TO THE FLOOR...

DON'T MAKE A MOVE-- NOT ONE MOVE OR I'LL FIRE!

NOW, ONE OF YOU UNTIE ME!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE CABIN WILL GO UP IN FLAMES!



SHORTLY... RELAX, OWEN! THE FIRE'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU! BUT THINGS ARE GOING TO BE PLENTY HOT FOR YOU BACK AT PRISON!



THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE PRECINCT, "BULLDOG" KEENE'S FORMER COLLEAGUES LEARNED A SURPRISING FACT ABOUT HIM.

WHAT'S THIS? YOU DON'T WANT THE REWARD MONEY FOR BRINGING IN OWEN? NO, I'M QUITTING! I LEARNED UP THERE IN THE MOUNTAINS I'M TOO OLD TO PLAY THE GAME! AND HERE'S ALL MY OTHER REWARD MONEY! I WAS SAYING IT TO BUILD A NEW BOYS' CLUB! I'M DONATING IT ALL TO THEM!



THE END



YOU'VE GOT A COMET BY THE TAIL



WHEN YOU ROCKET INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH EVERY ISSUE OF THE TWO MOST EXCITING SCIENCE-FICTION MAGAZINES ON EARTH!



AMAZING TRIPS INTO THE UNKNOWN!
ASTOUNDING ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS!
ASTONISHING EXPERIMENTS OF SUPER-SCIENCE!

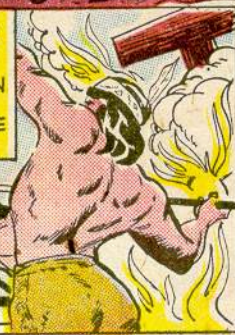
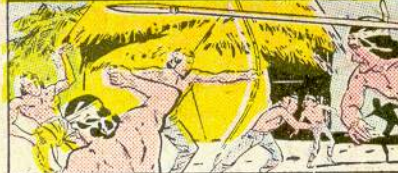
LEGAL ODDITIES

IN ANCIENT TIMES, CERTAIN MONASTRIES WERE RECOGNIZED AS PLACES OF SANCTUARY, WHERE AN ACCUSED PERSON COULD FLEE AND BE IMMUNE FROM THE LAW FOR A SET PERIOD OF TIME!

IN 300 B.C., IN THE NEAR EAST, IF A LADY OPENED A WINE SHOP OR ENTERED ONE, SHE WAS SENTENCED TO DEATH!



AMONG PRIMITIVE INDIAN TRIBES, WHEN AN OFFENDER COULDN'T BE CAUGHT, THE VILLAGERS WOULD PUNISH HIS RELATIVES--THIS OFTEN RESULTED IN COMMUNAL WARFARE, SINCE THE FAMILY'S VILLAGE FRIENDS OFTEN INTERVENED!



ALTHOUGH IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IS NOW ILLEGAL IN THE U.S., A PERSON WHO CANNOT PAY A FINE TODAY CAN GO TO PRISON... FOR DEBT TO THE STATE!



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF GANGBUSTERS, published bi-monthly at New York 1, N. Y. for October 1, 1957.

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

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc., H. Dorenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, G. Dorenfeld, S. U. Sampliner, F. Iger, J. Dorenfeld, S. Iger, A. Dorenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz and A. S. Herzog as Trustees for I. Dorenfeld and S. Dorenfeld, A. S. Herzog & J. I. Golinko as Trustees for L. Liebowitz and J. Liebowitz, H. Dorenfeld Foundation, Inc. (a non-stock corp.), H. Dorenfeld, Pres., A. S. Herzog, Sec'y.), Estate of R. Liebowitz, all at 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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

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

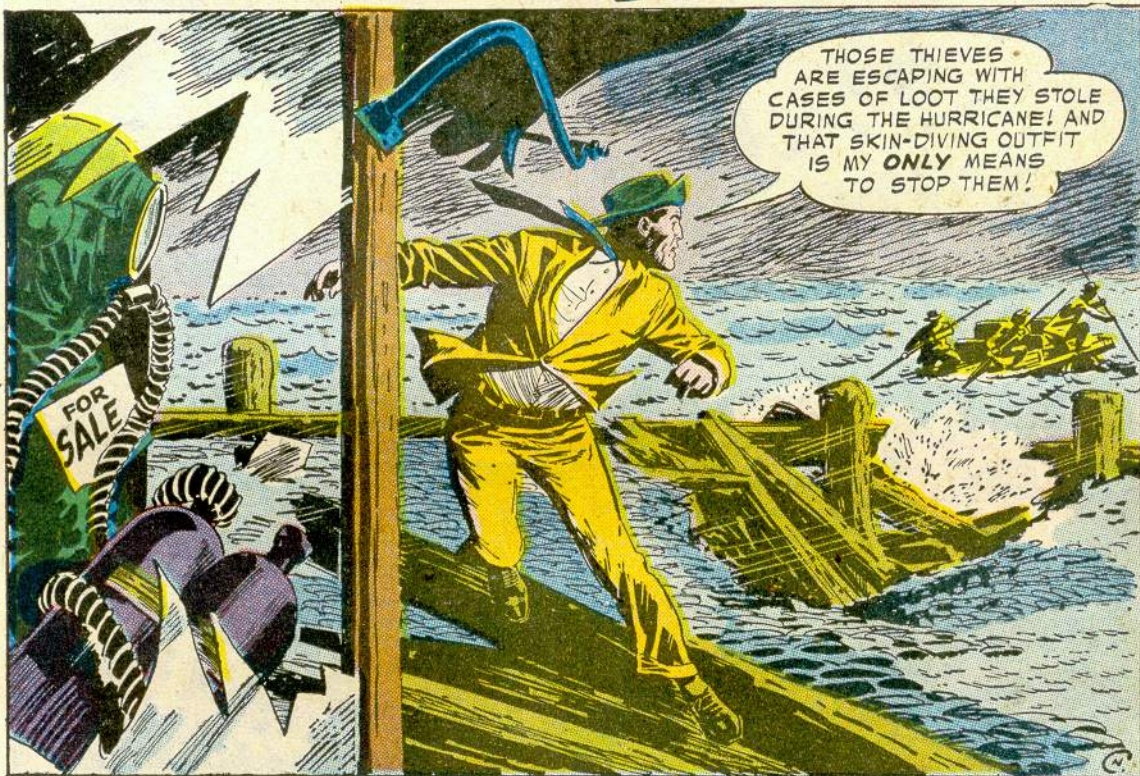
J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of September, 1957.

ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public
(Commission expires March 30, 1958.)

OF ALL THE CRIMINAL CATEGORIES, THERE ARE FEW MORE VICIOUS THAN THOSE HUMAN VULTURES WHO PREY ON CITIES MADE HELPLESS BY DISASTERS! TO THWART SUCH SCAVENGERS, DETECTIVE ARTHUR "HURRICANE" CUMMINGS TOOK SPECIAL ONE-MAN TRAINING, AFTER WHICH HE COULD TRUTHFULLY SAY...

MY BEAT IS DISASTER



IT WAS IN JUNE OF LAST YEAR THAT MY NAME WAS MENTIONED AT THE SCENE OF A MAJOR DISASTER IN A MID-WEST CITY NAMED BRADFORD...

THE DAM'S STILL OVERFLOWING FROM THE SWOLLEN RIVER! WE'VE GOT A FLASH FLOOD ON OUR HANDS, MR. MAYOR!

AND THE MAN TO HANDLE SUCH A PROBLEM IS DETECTIVE CUMMINGS! I'LL PHONE HIM AT ONCE!

AS A DISASTER SPECIALIST, I WAS ON CALL 24-HOURS A DAY! SHORTLY, I REQUISITIONED A NATIONAL GUARD AMPHIB TO DRIVE ME TO THE STRICKEN COMMUNITY...

GOSH, MR. CUMMINGS, YOU'RE ALWAYS BROUGHT IN WHEN THERE'S AN EMERGENCY! HOW DID YOU EVER BECOME A... DISASTER EXPERT? I MEAN, WHAT MADE YOU GO INTO SUCH A BUSINESS?

WELL, THAT STARTED QUITE A WHILE BACK WHEN I LEARNED THERE WAS REAL NEED FOR A FELLOW WITH MY KNOWLEDGE!



"FOUR YEARS AGO, AS A REGULAR DETECTIVE I WITNESSED THE AFTERMATH OF THE TERRIBLE CYCLONE IN BARTON..."

THE CYCLONE DIDN'T DO TOO MUCH DAMAGE-- BUT THAT FIRE, CAUSED BY THE HIGH TENSION TOWER FALLING ON WOODEN STRUCTURES, IS WHAT RUINED HALF THE TOWN!

YES... AND IT COULD'VE BEEN AVOIDED! THE VOLTAGE RUNNING THROUGH THAT TOWER SHOULD HAVE BEEN SHUT OFF THE MINUTE A CYCLONE THREATENED!

"JUST SIX MONTHS LATER, I READ WHAT A CLOUDBURST DID TO OCEAN POINT..."

WHAT A PITY! IF AUTHORITIES HAD DYNAMITED THAT SEA WALL, THE DOWNPOUR WOULD HAVE SIPHONED OFF INTO THE OCEAN-- INSTEAD OF BACKING UP INTO THE TOWN!

DAILY PRESS
CITY SWAMPED IN CLOUDBURST

WHEN THESE CATASTROPHES ENCOURAGED LOOTERS, I DECIDED TO SPECIALIZE IN BEATING THEM!

AS SOON AS WE REACHED BRADFORD, I PUT INTO OPERATION A TESTED SAFETY PLAN...

HAVE ALL POWER CUT OFF! I'LL NEED BATTERY-OPERATED SEARCHLIGHTS!

BUT IT'S GETTING DARK-- WON'T THAT HAMPER YOU?

WITHOUT POWER, LOOTERS CAN'T OPEN ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED SAFES, OR USE ELEVATORS TO REACH OFFICES! ALSO WATER CONDUCTS ELECTRICITY-- A SHORT-CIRCUIT WOULD IMPERIL PEOPLE AS WELL AS PROPERTY!

WITHIN MINUTES, OUR AMPHIBIOUS VEHICLE WAS CRUISING THROUGH SIX FEET OF FLOOD WATERS...

THE JEWELRY STORES AND BANKS WHERE LOOTERS MIGHT STRIKE ARE ON LOWER MAIN STREET, SIR! SHALL WE HEAD THERE?

NO, WE'VE GOT A STOP TO MAKE FIRST! HEAD FOR SIXTH AND ELM!

AT SIXTH AND ELM...

A CHEMICAL SUPPLY HOUSE! BUT, SIR, DO YOU SUSPECT LOOTERS WILL STRIKE HERE?

NO, BUT SOMETHING FAR MORE DANGEROUS CAN! DRIVE THROUGH THE DOORS, SOLDIER!

BRADFORD CHEMICAL SUPPLY

6TH ELM ST.

THEN, WITHIN THE FLOODED INTERIOR...

METALLIC SODIUM! GET THOSE DRUMS STORED IN A HIGH, DRY PLACE! HURRY! IF ANY OF THOSE DRUMS LEAKS, AND THE SODIUM TOUCHES WATER, HALF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT WILL BLOW UP!



WE'LL USE THIS RUBBER SKIFF TO LOOK FOR LOOTERS WHILE THOSE BOYS ARE AT WORK!

LATER, BATTERY-POWERED ARMY SEARCHLIGHTS ILLUMINATED OUR "BEAT" ON MAIN STREET...

TWO LOOTERS, MR. CUMMINGS! SHALL WE MOVE IN?

NO! A MANHOLE, SUCKING IN FLOOD WATERS, HAS CREATED A WHIRLPOOL IN FRONT OF THE STORE! WE'D BE CAUGHT IN IT-- BUT IT CAN WORK **FOR US!**



WHEN THE LOOTERS EMERGED...

DROP THOSE GUNS, AND WE'LL THROW YOU A LINE!

LATER, AT AN OFFICE BUILDING, WE TRAPPED A LOOTER CAUGHT BETWEEN FLOORS...

THE ELEVATOR POWER WAS SHUT OFF JUST AS HE STARTED TO ESCAPE AFTER ROBBING THE JASON GEM COMPANY!

THROW THOSE GEMS OUT, MISTER! YOU'LL BE RELEASED LATER!



AND BY DAWN, AS THE FLOOD WATERS SUBSIDED, ANOTHER CASE HAD BEEN SATISFACTORILY COMPLETED...

"HURRICANE," ROCK RIVER DRAINED OFF THE WATER BEFORE IT COULD REACH THE OTHER SECTIONS OF TOWN! THE DAM'S REPAIRED AND WE'RE SAFE NOW! THANKS!

JUST AS YOU SAID, YOU'VE GOT JUST A CLEAN-UP JOB NOW, MR. MAYOR!



SUCH WAS THE ROUTINE OF MY JOB! BUT THE CASE THAT GAVE ME MY NICKNAME OCCURRED AT HARBOR CITY THREE YEARS AGO...

HERE ARE THE PLANS OF THE CITY'S UNDERGROUND! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS THE BRIDGE INTO THE CITY DURING THE HURRICANE!

I'M **NOT** GOING TO CROSS THE BRIDGE!

LOOTERS WHO REMAINED BEHIND WILL HAVE TO WORK THROUGH UNDERGROUND DRAINS DURING THE RAGING WINDS! I'VE GOT TO CHECK THE AREA-- BY **FLYING** OVER THE CITY WHEN THE EYE OF THE HURRICANE COMES!

FLY! IT'S CALM INSIDE THE HURRICANE EYE! BUT THE EYE PASSES IN TEN OR TWENTY MINUTES!



HE WAS RIGHT-- TIME WAS SHORT! BUT IT WAS VITAL THAT I ACT AT ONCE. SHORTLY...

THE BRIDGE HAS COLLAPSED! WHAT'S THAT--? THREE MEN HURRYING ALONG CARRYING SOME SORT OF EQUIPMENT!



AS I SWOOPED LOW, A FLOCK OF PANICKY GULLS HIT MY WING...

THEY'RE CARRYING A BLOWTORCH, FUEL TANK AND SATCHELS! POSSIBLE LOOTERS, ALL RIGHT-- HUH? **MY MOTOR!**



I MANAGED TO PANCAKE MY CRAFT ASHORE, THEN...

THE CALM OF THE HURRICANE EYE WILL PASS ANY MOMENT AND THE FULL FORCE OF THE STORM WILL STRIKE AGAIN! IF THOSE MEN ARE LOOTERS, THEY'LL BE WORKING FROM THE CITY DRAINS DURING THE STORM!



AS THE STORM RESUMED, I UTILIZED MY MAP TO FIND A PROTECTIVE DRAIN...



...THEN CONSULTED MY PLANS...

I'VE GOT TO **ASSUME** THEY ARE LOOTERS! AND CARRYING A TORCH MEANS THEY'RE PLANNING A **SAFE JOB!** HMM, THIS MAIN DRAIN LEADS DIRECTLY PAST THE **UNDERGROUND VAULT** IN THE HARBOR CITY BANK!



IF I WAS RIGHT, PREVENTING THE ROBBERY MEANT I HAD TO BEAT THEM TO THE LOCATION...

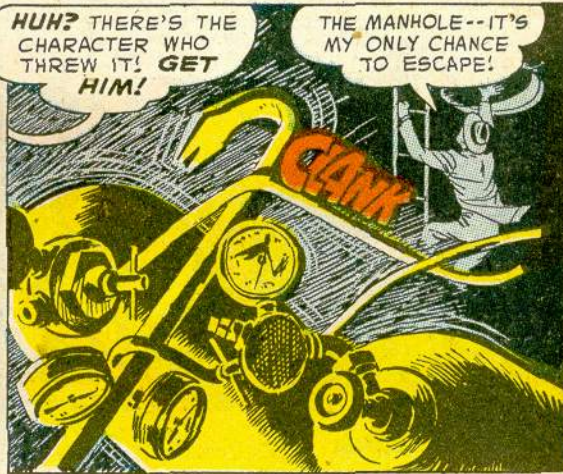
HOW CAN I PREVENT THEM FROM CUTTING THROUGH THE DRAIN INTO THE VAULT? I'VE NOTHING BUT A FLASHLIGHT FOR A WEAPON--!

I RACED THROUGH THE DRAIN! THEN, AS I REACHED THE SITE OF THE VAULT...

THEY'VE STARTED! I MUST STOP THEM... BUT HOW?



MY AIM'S GOT TO BE PERFECT! WITHOUT THAT TORCH, THEY'RE HELPLESS!



HUH? THERE'S THE CHARACTER WHO THREW IT! GET HIM!

THE MANHOLE--IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO ESCAPE!

BUT AS I BOLTED FROM THE MANHOLE...

THE STORM'S STRUCK AGAIN! GET MOVING! NEVER MIND HIM!

I MUST FIND SHELTER! THAT CAR-- I'LL CRAWL UNDERNEATH IT!

MY WIND-WHIPPED BODY HUGGED THE GROUND AS THE STORM RAGED FOR AN HOUR! THEN, WHEN IT SUBSIDED...

THEY WERE SAFE THROUGH IT ALL! IF THEY KEEP OPERATING FROM THE MAIN DRAIN, THEY'D LEAVE BY THE EXIT ON WEST HARBOR! I'VE GOT TO GET THERE!

BUT WHEN I REACHED WEST HARBOR...

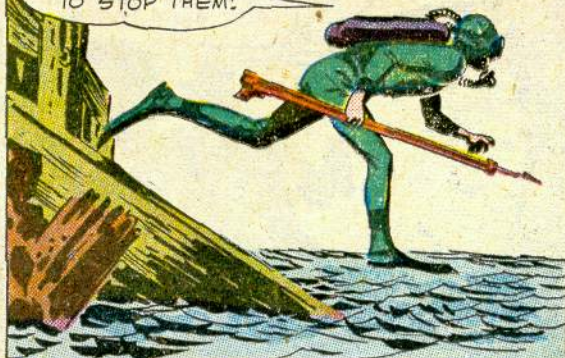
I'M TOO LATE-- THEY'RE PLANNING TO GO ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO THE MAINLAND! HOW IN THUNDER CAN I HALT THEM?





IT TOOK ONLY MINUTES TO DON IT, THEN...

ONCE THEY GET THAT ASHORE, IT WILL TAKE TIME TO ALERT THE POLICE! I'VE GOT TO KEEP WITH THEM-- AND HOPE FOR A CHANCE TO STOP THEM!



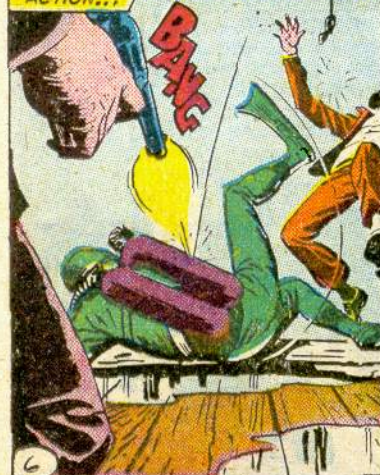
AS I SWAM UP TO THE REAR OF THE RAFT...



I RELEASED MY SPEAR, AND MOVED IN...



AS ONE OF THE HOODLUMS FIRED, I SWUNG A FLIPPED FOOT INTO ACTION...



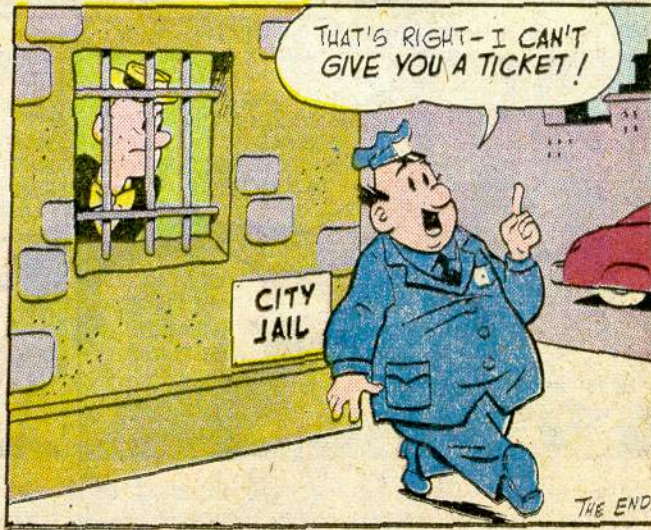
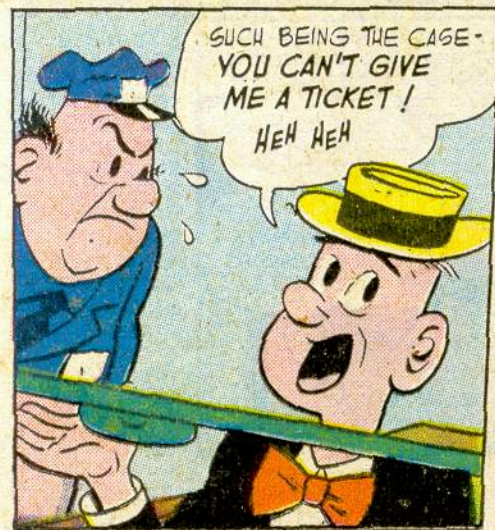
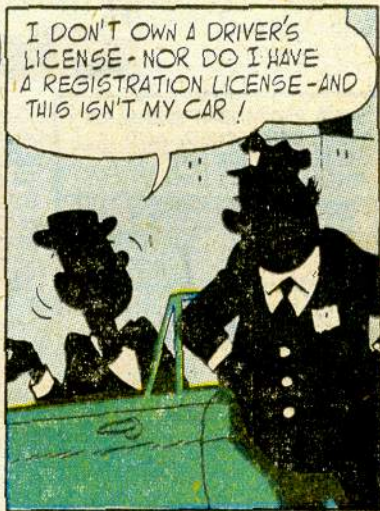
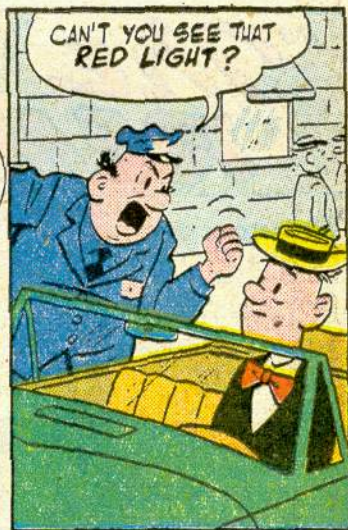
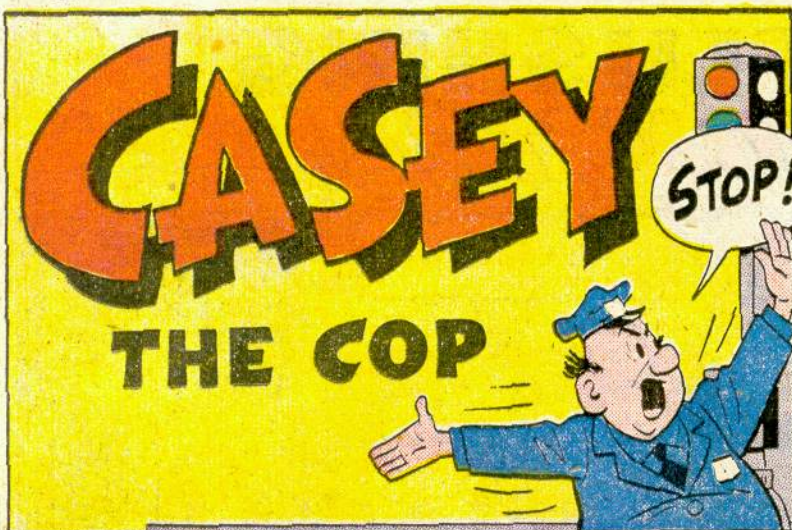
I SWUNG ABOUT AND CAUGHT THE LAST OF THE TRIO FLUSH ON THE CHIN...



I POLED THE RAFT TO SHORE. AFTER THE POLICE TOOK OVER MY CARGO...



THE END



"THE FLUSHING REMONSTRANCE"

FREEDOM OF RELIGION, GUARANTEED BY OUR BILL OF RIGHTS, WAS BRAVELY DEFENDED 300 YEARS AGO, BY AMERICAN COLONISTS. IN 1656, WHEN NEW YORK WAS A DUTCH COLONY UNDER GOVERNOR PETER STUYVESANT, A LAW WAS PASSED AGAINST THE QUAKERS...



THE TOWNSFOLK OF FLUSHING, LONG ISLAND, WROTE A "REMONSTRANCE" TO THE GOVERNOR-- A PROTEST AGAINST THE LAW...

THE GOVERNOR WILL BE ANGRY AT THOSE WHO SIGN.

WE MUST ALL SIGN. WE MUST SPEAK OUT AGAINST RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE!

SOME PROMINENT SIGNERS WERE IMPRISONED, AND SOLDIERS WERE SENT TO ENFORCE THE LAW...



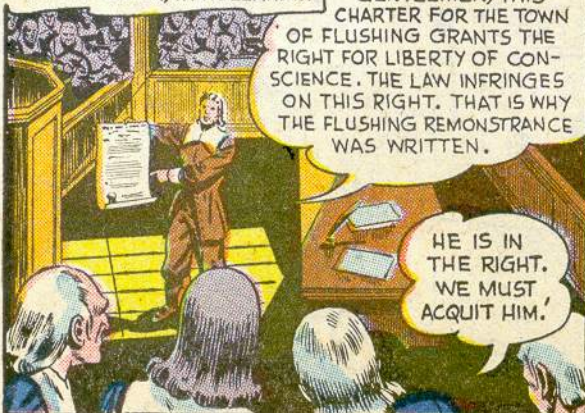
THE QUAKERS HELD SECRET MEETINGS IN THE WOODS UNTIL JOHN BOWNE DEFIANTLY OPENED HIS HOME TO THEM. BUT BOWNE'S BOLD PROTEST WAS SEVERELY PUNISHED...



THE GOVERNOR IS SENDING JOHN BOWNE BACK TO HOLLAND TO STAND TRIAL.

HE REFUSED TO PAY A FINE, OR TO ABSTAIN FROM BEFRIENDING QUAKERS. HE SAYS THE LAW IS UNFAIR.

MONTHS LATER, IN HOLLAND...



GENTLEMEN, THIS CHARTER FOR THE TOWN OF FLUSHING GRANTS THE RIGHT FOR LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE. THE LAW INFRINGES ON THIS RIGHT. THAT IS WHY THE FLUSHING REMONSTRANCE WAS WRITTEN.

HE IS IN THE RIGHT. WE MUST ACQUIT HIM.

TWO YEARS FROM THE TIME OF HIS ARREST, JOHN BOWNE RETURNED TO FLUSHING, A FREE MAN, AND IN 1667...

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE NEW LAW?

YES, AFTER YEARS OF STRUGGLE, RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IS THE LAW FOR OUR ENTIRE COLONY-- THANKS TO BRAVERY AMONG OUR PEOPLE.

LIKE THESE MEN AND WOMEN OF COURAGE, WE IN AMERICA TODAY MUST STAND READY TO PROTECT FREEDOM OF RELIGION FOR ALL-- AS PART OF OUR GREAT HERITAGE.



KEYHOLE MAGAZINE WAS AN EVIL COMPOUND OF HALF-TRUTHS AND OUTRIGHT LIES! EVERY PAGE OF THE VICIOUS SCANDAL SHEET SPILLED TRAGEDY FOR SOME POOR VICTIM...YET, IT WAS NO EASY TASK FOR THE POLICE TO EXPOSE THE CRIMINAL METHODS AND PUT AN END TO...

"The DEADLY KEYHOLE"



AS A POLICE SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR, I DEPEND ON ANYTHING FOR MY LEADS...EVEN A FIST FIGHT IN A NIGHTCLUB...



THE MAN WAS ROUTINELY BOOKED FOR DISORDERLY CONDUCT AND THEN BROUGHT TO MY OFFICE... WHICH WAS NOT ROUTINE...

I ADMIT I WAS WRONG, LT. LEADER, THOUGH WOOLEY HAD IT COMING! BUT WHY WAS I BROUGHT HERE?

FIRST, MR. BURKE, TO SHOW YOU THAT WE HAVEN'T OVERLOOKED WOOLEY'S SCANDAL OPERATION... SECOND, TO GAIN YOUR HELP IN SENDING HIM TO JAIL!



YOU MEAN YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING **KEYHOLE MAGAZINE** RIGHT ALONG?

RIGHT... FOR SIX MONTHS, WE'VE BEEN CONVINCED THAT WOOLEY USES ILLEGAL METHODS TO GET THE INFORMATION HE PUBLISHES! WATCH THIS...



WE'RE SURE HE USES A PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER AND WRISTWATCH MICROPHONE, LIKE THIS ONE, TO SECRETLY RECORD CONVERSATIONS! LISTEN TO THE LAST WORDS YOU SPOKE...



YOU'VE BEEN WATCHING **KEYHOLE MAGAZINE** RIGHT ALONG?
-CLICK!

AMAZING!

HERE'S ANOTHER SLICK DEVICE... AN **INDUCTION COIL**! WITH IT, WOOLEY CAN PICK UP PHONE CONVERSATIONS WITHOUT ACTUALLY TAPPING THE LINE! THE TROUBLE IS, WE CAN'T **PROVE** HE'S USING IT!



IF YOU COULD TESTIFY THAT SUCH MEANS WERE USED TO GET THE INFORMATION HE PRINTED ABOUT YOU, WE'D HAVE HIM!

UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T... HE WAS TOO SLICK FOR THAT! STILL, IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE AFTER THIS CROOK! GOOD LUCK, LIEUTENANT!



LATER, I EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO MY ASSISTANT, SGT. DOYLE...

SO IT WAS ANOTHER BLIND ALLEY, TIM, AND WE'RE RIGHT WHERE WE STARTED!

MAYBE NOT, MARK... I CAME ACROSS SOMETHING IN THE FILES TODAY THAT MIGHT BE OF USE!



FIVE MONTHS AGO, ONE OF OUR AGENTS REPORTED THAT **KEYHOLE** HAD A STORY ABOUT JOHN HARDY, THE BANKER, CLAIMING HE WAS DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY... BUT THE STORY NEVER APPEARED!



WHAT...?
LET ME
SEE THAT!

WOW! IF THEY HAD THIS PROOF ABOUT HARDY, AND DIDN'T PUBLISH IT, THAT SPELLS ONLY ONE THING... **BLACKMAIL!** NOW WE'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING TO WORK ON! LET'S GO, TIM... WE'RE GOING TO PAY HARDY A LITTLE VISIT!



WE TRACED THE MILLIONAIRE TO HIS YACHT DOCKED IN THE BAY, AND SPED THERE BY POLICE LAUNCH...



ANY ILLEGAL PHONE-TAPPING CHARGE WOULDN'T HOLD WOOLEY MORE THAN TWO YEARS... BUT IF WE CAN PROVE BLACKMAIL, TOO, WE'LL BE ABLE TO LOCK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

ABOARD THE FABULOUS VESSEL, I QUICKLY FILLED HARDY IN ON OUR SUSPICIONS...



...SO WE DEDUCED THAT WOOLEY HAD APPROACHED YOU WITH THIS STORY AND FORCED YOU TO PAY MONEY IN ORDER TO WITHHOLD IT FROM PUBLICATION!

PREPOSTEROUS! THERE NEVER WAS SUCH A STORY, AND I PAID NOTHING TO WOOLEY! I'LL SWEAR TO THAT!

HARDY'S FRIGHTENED EYES TOLD ME THAT HE WAS LYING... BUT NOW I SAW THAT WE HAD ONE CARD LEFT TO PLAY... SHORTLY...



WITHOUT HARDY'S COOPERATION, WE'RE SUNK, LIEUTENANT!

NOT QUITE, TIM... IF WOOLEY BLACKMAILED ONCE SUCCESSFULLY, HE WOULDN'T STOP AT THAT... SO OUR NEXT JOB IS TO SEE IF OUR FILES SHOW ANY OTHER STORIES THAT **KEYHOLE** HAS WITHHELD!

HOUR AFTER HOUR, WE SEARCHED THROUGH THE PILE OF REPORTS WITHOUT SUCCESS... TILL FINALLY...



I'VE GOT IT! **KEYHOLE** HAS WITHHELD A STORY ON COWBOY BILL MCCRAY, THE TV ACTOR, FOR FOUR MONTHS! THAT'S OUR MAN, TIM... LET'S GO!

GREAT!

BUT WHEN WE ARRIVED AT THE TV STUDIO, WE FOUND THAT OUR LEAD HAD BEEN JINXED AGAIN...



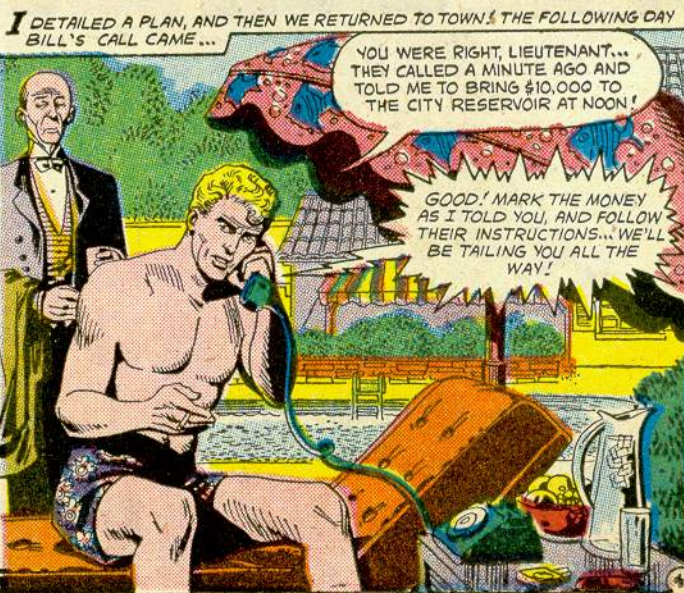
I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU, LT. LEADER, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHERE COWBOY BILL IS! HE'S DISAPPEARED!

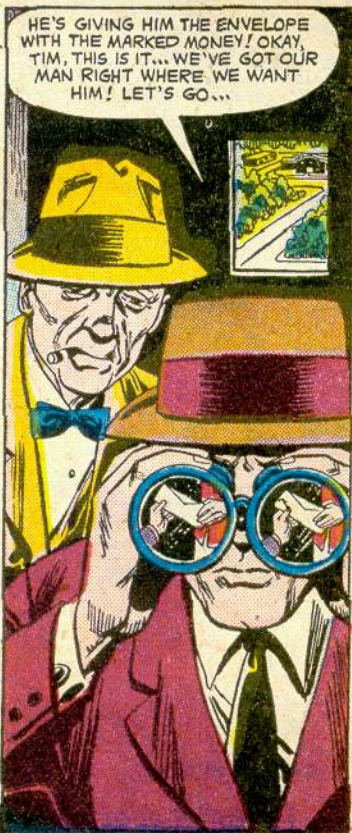
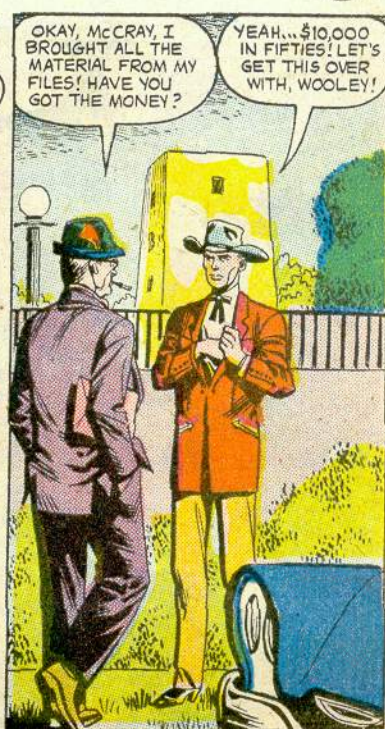
HMMM... I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS! IF MCCRAY WAS AFRAID OF BEING SWEARED BY **KEYHOLE**, HE MIGHT DO SOMETHING FOOLISH! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM!

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS CASE, LUCK WAS WITH US...AND BY MORNING, WE WERE ON OUR WAY...



IT WAS A HARRIED LOOKING COWBOY BILL WHO ANSWERED OUR KNOCK ON THE CABIN DOOR...





STYMIED BY WOOLEY'S MOVE, WE WATCHED HELPLESSLY AS HE PULLED HIS OWN GUN...



BUT OUR THREATS WERE IDLE... ANY ATTEMPT TO OVERCOME WOOLEY WOULD HAVE ENDANGERED HIS HOSTAGE... WE HAD TO COOPERATE...



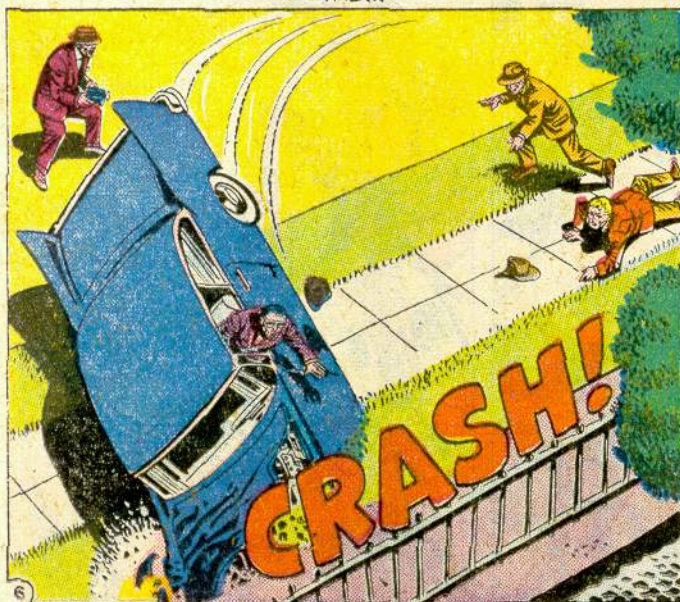
THEN, AS HE BACKED UP TO HIS CAR...



IT WASN'T TILL WOOLEY STARTED DRIVING THAT I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT I DID HAVE A WEAPON...

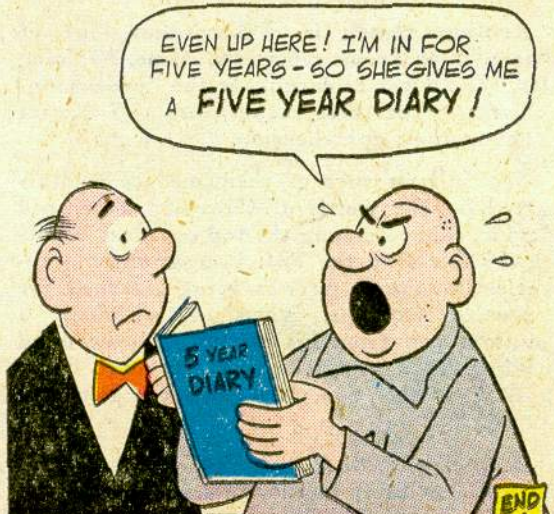
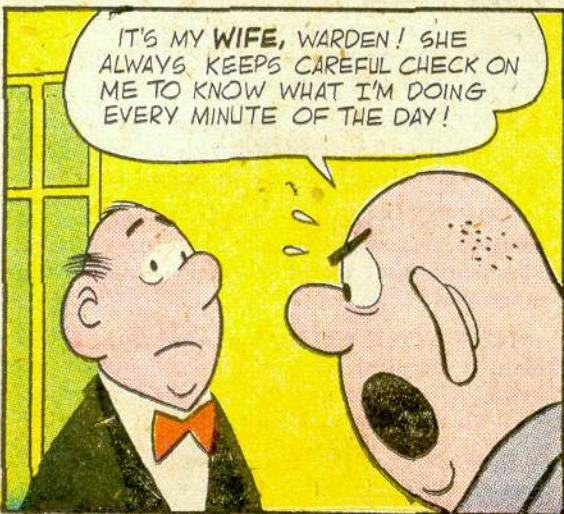
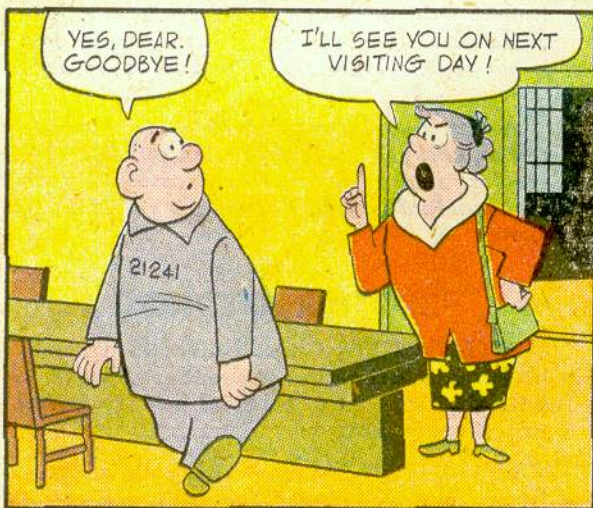
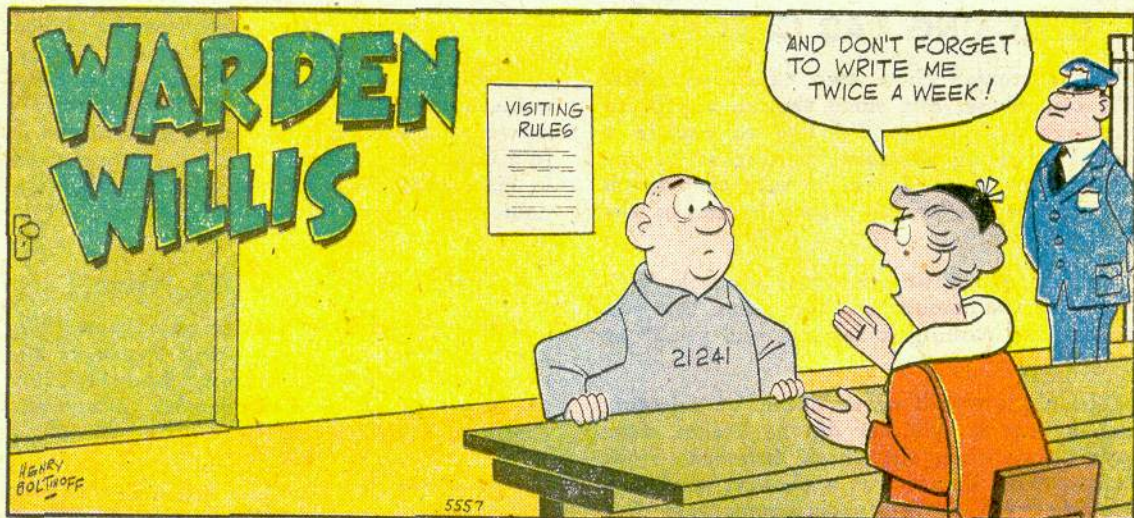


CLAWING AT THE STEERING WHEEL, HE SWUNG THE CAR AROUND WILDLY, AND...



DASHING INTO THE SMOLDERING WRECK, I WAS ABLE TO RESCUE WOOLEY BEFORE THE TANK EXPLODED...





The GRAPEVINE

CHECKING BAD CHECKS

The customer chose two expensive rifles. "I'll buy those, but since they're a gift to President Eisenhower, I'd like to enclose a card. He's going pheasant shooting at George Humphrey's place. Please be sure they reach him within the week, before he leaves the White House."

Swiftly, the customer wrote a check. "It's for twice the amount of those rifles. But you won't mind cashing it for me, will you?" he added.

The clerk would never dream of rejecting such a request. Neither did he dream, some days later, when the check bounced—right back at him. For it was a phoney, used in a cunning ruse by a "paperhanger," as bad check-writers are called by police.

This is one of many practices pursued by lawbreakers, whose sly methods fool businessmen and challenge police. For there are various methods of check frauds: forging signatures, which is the most common; changing dates and names, counterfeiting and/or raising the sum of a check, making out checks to accounts or banks which don't exist, like The First National Bank of Shangri-la, dreamed up by one bold "paperhanger."

One of the reasons why check frauds have increased, police explain, is because of the public's laxity and negligence. Rubber check writers always are alert for a signature, and they find their prey in open mailboxes, on blotters in writing tables at banks, on registration papers and other personal belongings in automobile glove compartments.

Another reason is that victims, out of shame, often do not report the crime. By doing this, they not only encourage the "paperhangers" to pursue their racket, but also thwart police in their apprehension.

The full measure of their menace is illustrated by the words of Courtney Townsend Taylor, ranked among the top ten Most Wanted Criminals by the FBI. Caught after a relentless manhunt, he was being searched for concealed weapons, when he withdrew a fountain pen from his pocket. "Never mind looking for a gun," he said. "I never carry one. With this pen, I got all the money I wanted."

But, despite their trickery, rubber check writers inevitably bounce into jail. There was one sly fellow who had been chortling over

his easy success for some time when he picked up the signature on a blotter in the Bureau of Fishing and Hunting Licenses in a mid-western city. Duplicating it with great craftsmanship, he forged it on a check, presented it to a bank for payment, and was stopped dead in his tracks when he was informed that the name was that of the chief of police!

THE LONG, LONG NIGHT

The scene was an Arctic courtroom. The prosecutor waved an accusing finger at the defendant. "Where were you," he asked, "on the night of October, November, December, January, February and March?"

* * *

CORRECTION NOTED: When he was here on a visit not so long ago, ex-Superintendent Robert Fabian, of the Yard, made it a point of reminding everyone that the proper name is *not* Scotland Yard but *New Scotland Yard*.

* * *

A Los Angeles mail-truck driver was arrested, charged with embezzlement. Postal inspectors said he had removed cash from several hundred letters. The culprit's name: Jesse James.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

PITRUFQUEN, Chile: Unidentified bandits broke into the state penitentiary, made off with convicts' tools, personal belongings, and prison equipment.

EDMONTON, Alta.: Writing an indignant letter to a newspaper for having described him as between 45 and 50, in a story which reported a recent theft, a robber insisted that he was 35, a clue which enabled police to identify and nab him.

BOSTON, Mass.: The sheriff announced plans to install a beauty parlor in the county jail for female prisoners due in court.

NOTTINGHAM, England: Before they are released, inmates are given lectures on employment, the world situation, and happy marriage.

NEW YORK CITY: Wounded by a holdup man, a hospital patient glanced at the man being helped into an adjoining bed, cried out: "That's the man who shot me!"

SAVANNAH, Ga.: A man who accidentally had shot himself in the foot was fined \$50 for carrying a concealed weapon.

A HOODLUM ACT OF VENGEANCE HAD SNARED PRIVATE DETECTIVE FRANK BARTLOW, TRAPPING HIM IN A WORLD OF STEEL-- A TINY WORLD OF SUDDEN DEATH! FOR A CUNNING CRIMINAL MIND HAD MADE HIM A **HUMAN BOMB**--AND THERE SEEMED NO HOPE OF SAVING...

The **SLEUTH** in the **IRON MASK!**

HA, HA... SO YOU'VE FOUND ME, BARTLOW-- BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU? THAT BOMB IN YOUR IRON MASK WILL **STILL** GO OFF AT MIDNIGHT!



H-HE'S RIGHT...WHAT CAN I DO? I--I CAN'T BREAK THE MASK OFF WITHOUT DETONATING THE EXPLOSIVE!



IT ALL BEGAN ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 14TH--WHEN DESK SERGEANT DRAKE LOOKED UP AGHAST FROM HIS PAPERS...



WHAT IN THUNDERATION...?

H-HUH?

IN STUNNED DISBELIEF, THEY HEARD A FRANTIC, FAMILIAR VOICE...

IT--IT'S ME... FRANK BARTLOW! IN THE NAME OF MERCY, GET THE **BOMB SQUAD!** HURRY!



GREAT SCOTT! THAT'S BARTLOW INSIDE THERE! AND THE MASK... IT'S **TICKING!**

TICK! TICK!



"I HAD MY ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS:
'DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH MASON!'"

STOP IT! STOP IT!
YOU'RE SMASHING
MY LIFE'S WORK!
I'VE SPENT YEARS
DEVELOPING THOSE
ELECTRONIC AND
MECHANICAL
MACHINES!

NO GOOD, MASON! WE
KNOW YOUR TRICKS...
ANY ONE OF THEM MAY
HAVE BEEN TRIGGERED
TO BLOW US UP OR
OVERCOME US!



"IN COURT, MASON'S ASSISTANT, 'MOUSE'
PARKER, NEVER HAVING DISPENSED OR
OPERATED THE GADGETS, GOT OFF WITH A
YEAR, WHILE MASON GOT 20 TO 40..."

I WON'T FORGET, BARTLOW--
I WON'T FORGET! YOU'VE
RUINED ME-- DESTROYED
MY WORKS OF GENIUS!



"I HAD FORGOTTEN HIS FAMILIAR
HOODLUM THREAT--UNTIL, THIS
AFTERNOON, WHEN I RECEIVED A
TYPICAL SQUEALER'S CALL..."

BARTLOW, YOU'RE A PRIVATE
EYE NOW, BUT IF YOU COME TO THE
ADDRESS I'LL GIVE YOU, I'LL
TIP YOU OFF WHERE "GEARS"
MASON IS HIDING OUT
AFTER HIS JAILBREAK!

ALL RIGHT...
LET'S HAVE
IT!



"MOST SIMILAR CALLS TURN OUT TO BE HOAXES--
BUT WHEN I ANSWERED THIS ONE..."

MASON!

THIS IS IT, BARTLOW!
AFTER ALL THESE
YEARS, I'LL HAVE MY
VENGEANCE!



"THE EJECTED MIXTURE SAPPED MY
STRENGTH--DAZED MY MIND..."

THIS IRON MASK IS
MY MOST MASTERFUL
ACHIEVEMENT,
BARTLOW! I SPENT
YEARS DESIGNING
IT IN JAIL! NOW, IT
WILL MAKE YOU A
HUMAN BOMB!
AT MIDNIGHT, IT
WILL DETONATE!

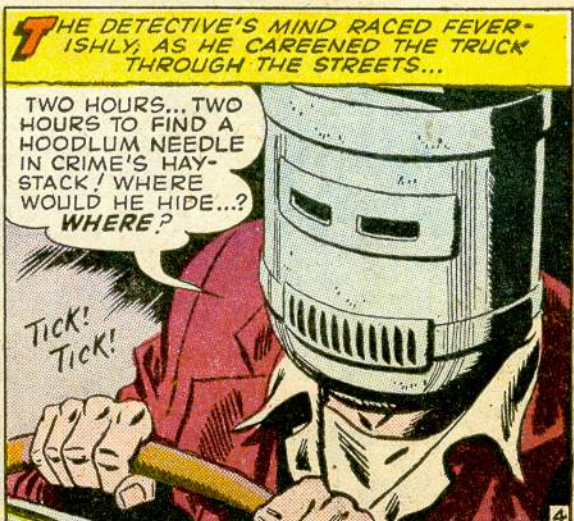
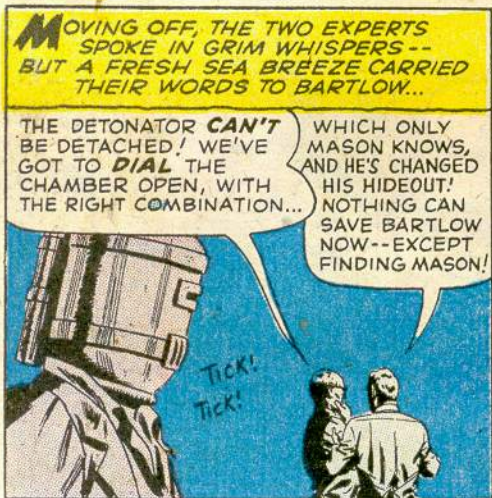
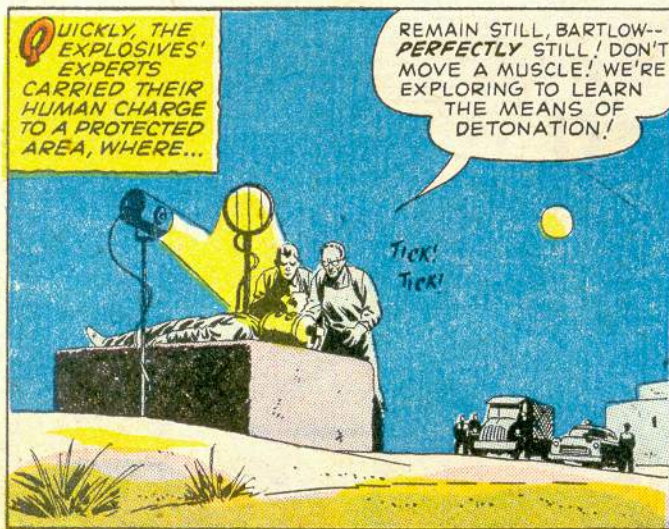
M-MIDNIGHT!
YOU'RE MAD...
MAD, MASON!



THE REST--
YOU ALREADY
KNOW...

I SEE! THEN WE HAVE
NO IDEA OF THE TYPE
OF APPARATUS HE USED!
TRY TO RELAX, BARTLOW...
WE'RE AT THE BOMB
DISPOSAL SITE!



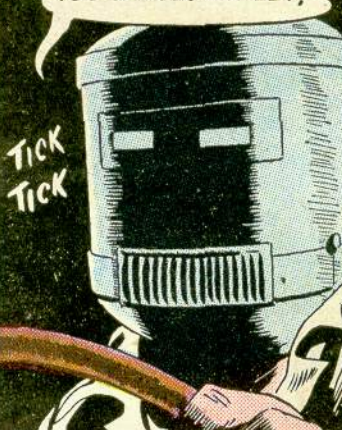


EVERY KNOWN CRIMINAL LAIR FLASHED THROUGH FRANK BARTLOW'S MIND--TOO NUMEROUS, TOO SEPARATED TO COMB--TILL FINALLY, ONE NAME ALONE STOOD OUT...

"MOUSE" PARKER... HIS ASSISTANT! OF COURSE... IF MASON IS BACK IN BUSINESS MAKING HOODLUM GADGETS, HE'LL NEED THE MOUSE'S HELP! HE'S THE ONE PERSON MASON CAN TRUST!



HIS ADDRESS...WHAT WAS IT IN MY FILES? **VARSEY STREET!** YES, THAT WAS IT-- **100 VARSEY STREET!**



AT 10:45, ON DOWNTOWN **VARSEY STREET**, CITIZENS RUBBED THEIR EYES IN DIS-BELIEF AS...

YIPE! WHAT'S WITH THIS CRAZY GUY?

THE LIGHTS ARE OUT... HE'S NOT HOME! WILL HE COME BACK IN TIME? HE MUST... HE **MUST!**



BARTLOW'S FIRST BREAK CAME AT EXACTLY 11:35 WHEN HENRY "MOUSE" PARKER ENTERED HIS RUNDOWN FLAT...

GOOD EVENING, PARKER!

YEOW!



IT--IT'S YOU! YOU'RE THE FELLER IN THE PAPER!

EDWARD MASON... WHERE IS HE, PARKER?



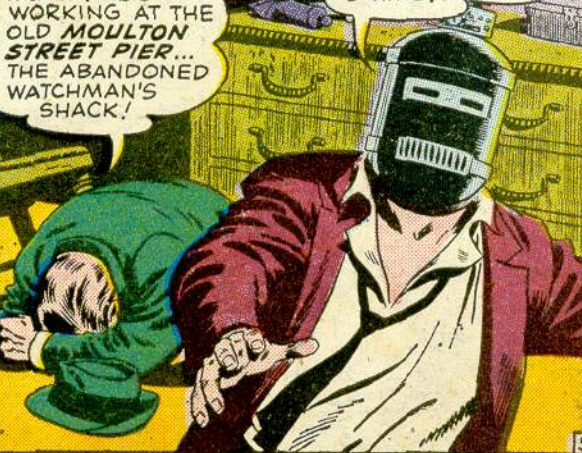
STAND BACK! GO AWAY! Y-YOU'RE WALKING DEATH!

MASON! WHERE IS HE?



STOP! I--I'LL TELL YOU... DON'T BLOW ME UP! HE'S WORKING AT THE OLD MOULTON STREET PIER... THE ABANDONED WATCHMAN'S SHACK!

THAT'S ABOUT TEN MINUTES AWAY! HAVE I TIME?



AT 11:46, AS FRANK BARTLOW STARTED DOWN THE PIER, HIS LEGS WANTED TO RACE FORWARD-- BUT REASON SLOWED HIM TO A WALK...



I'VE GOT TO BE CALM...CALM! DON'T HAVE A REVOLVER...MASON TOOK IT...GOT TO BE CAREFUL...

11:50--THE DOOR OF EDWARD "GEARS" MASON'S WORK SHACK SLAMMED OPEN, AND...



BARTLOW!

YES, MASON, I'VE COME TO PAY YOU A VISIT! **DEACTIVATE THIS BOMB-- FAST!**



HA, HA... SO YOU FOUND ME! WELL, THAT DOESN'T SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM, BARTLOW! THE BOMB WILL **STILL** GO OFF AT MIDNIGHT--AND YOU DON'T HAVE A GUN TO THREATEN ME...HA,HA,HA!



YOU'RE RIGHT! I **CAN'T** PREVENT THE BOMB FROM EXPLODING, NO MATTER WHAT I DO...

HUH?



...SO WE'LL JUST WAIT HERE FOR IT TO BLOW... **TOGETHER!**

NO...NO! LET ME GO... THERE ARE ONLY MINUTES LEFT!



ONE...TWO...THREE MINUTES TICKED OMINOUSLY BY-- AND THEN, MASON CRACKED...

BEND DOWN! BEND DOWN, YOU FOOL, BEFORE WE'RE BOTH BLOWN UP!

WITH PLEASURE, MASON...



AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I HAD IT ALL PLANNED...SO PERFECTLY!

THEY'VE FOUND THE BOMB TRUCK-- LOCATED ME! I NEVER WANT TO SEE THAT TRUCK AGAIN... EVER! A SHAVE-- AND A STEAK DINNER...THAT'S ALL I WANT RIGHT NOW!

THE END

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What's more, you also get — FREE — 50 "Mystery" stamps. ALL DIFFERENT! These stamps have not been sorted as to value. Who knows what prized stamps you may find among them! In addition, you also get a Free copy of the informative "How to Collect Stamps."

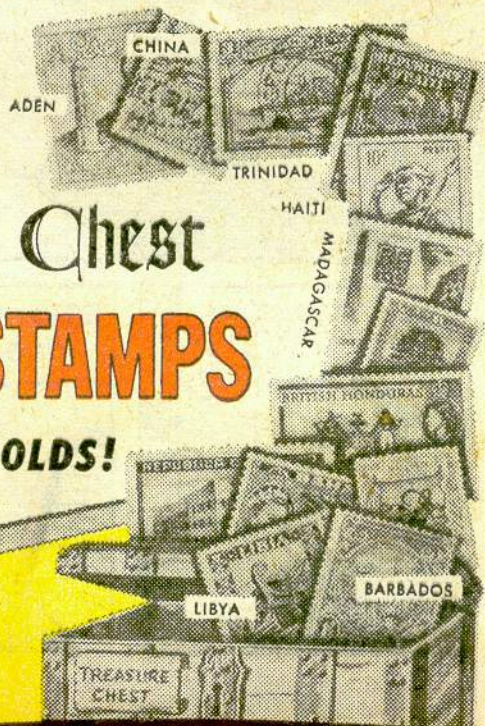
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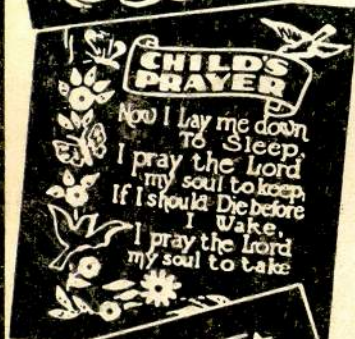
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JUST MAIL COUPON

HURRY

GET YOURS WHILE THE SUPPLY LASTS!

STUDY
INSECTS
PLANT
LIFE •
ROCKS •
STAMPS
FINGER
PRINTS
ETC.
ETC.

MAGNIFIER
SENT ABSOLUTELY
FREE!



JUST CLIP AND MAIL COUPON

for FREE Magnifier, Big Catalog and Order of Salve
Yes - we'll send you the MAGIC MAGNIFIER absolutely FREE! Also - we'll send Salve, Pictures and Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Fishing Outfits, Dolls, Rifles, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). SIMPLY GIVE pictures with WHITE CLOVERINE brand SALVE easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c a Tube (with Picture). Rush coupon to start.

MAIL COUPON BELOW! FIND OUT HOW
WE GIVE YOU
MANY WONDERFUL
PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!

**MAGIC MAGNIFIER HELPS
BETTY & JIM
SOLVE BIG "JEWEL MYSTERY!"**
↓ WHILE "BUG WATCHING"
THIS MAGNIFIER

THIS MAGNIFIER
MAKES THESE ANTS
LOOK LIKE ELEPHANTS!

THIS MUST BE A
ROBBER'S
HIDING
PLACE!

OH NO

YES, ANY BOY OR GIRL CAN EARN
SWELL PREMIUMS - JUST MAIL COUPON
TO GET
STARTED

-THAT'S MY SECRET HIDE-OUT FOR ALL THE SWELL PREMIUMS I EARNED SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE TO MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

GOSH,
YOU
TOO?

ACT NOW

DOM

MAIL COUPON

MAIL COUPON



RADIOS
BLANKETS TELESCOPES
ALUMINUM WARE CLOCKS

ESSIREE, A REAL
LIVE PONY FOR
YOUR VERY OWN

**BE
THE
FIRST**

WE TRUST YOU



**WE TRUST
YOU**



WATCHES



WALLETS

FOOTBALLS
BIBLES

FLASHLIGHTS SKATES



BO
AR



ELECTRIC
DEEP FRYERS




COUPON • Mag

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 115-12 Tyre, Pa. Date
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14
tubes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube (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. Be sure to send my
FREE "MAGIC MAGNIFIER"!

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET NO. _____ R.D. NO. _____ BOX NO. _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____[illegible]

 Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 115-12 Tyrone, Pa.