

LAW VS. CRIME!

No. 3
MAY-JUNE

A SUPERMAN
DC
PUBLICATION

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE



TEN
CENTS



In this issue:

A SENSATIONAL
EXPOSE
OF THE
CROOKED
FIGHT RACKET!

NBC
BASED
ON THE
SMASH
RADIO
HIT!

"Some tooting...
some strutting...some snapshots!"

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with your friends! Hard to do? Not at all, with Kodak Verichrome Film.

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...the film in the
familiar yellow box

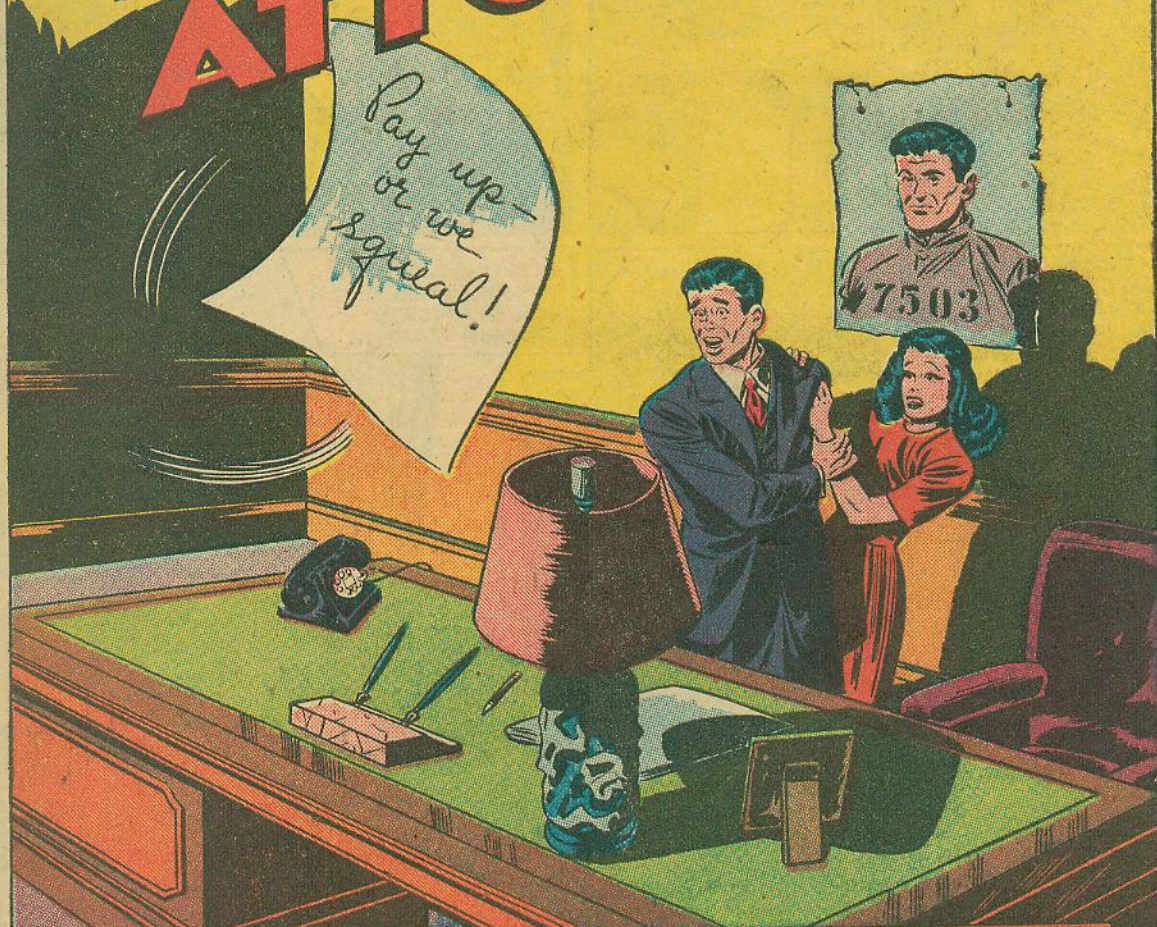


Kodak

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open. To enter your fa-
vorite photographs, get
the details from your
school camera club, or
your Kodak dealer.

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Your District Attorney Speaks:

IN MY OPINION, THERE ARE FEW RACKETS MORE VICIOUS AND BRUTAL THAN THE ONE EXPLOITING UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS WHO HAVE SERVED TIME IN PRISON! THEIR LOT IS SURELY DIFFICULT ENOUGH IN ITSELF, TRYING TO FIGHT THEIR WAY BACK INTO AN HONORABLE POSITION IN SOCIETY—BECAUSE MANY WHO TRULY WANT TO GO STRAIGHT NEVER GET A SECOND CHANCE! THAT'S WHY I FOUND GREAT PLEASURE IN CRACKING THE CASE OF...

"The HONEST CONVICTS!"

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DECEMBER 12, 1946, IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF A FEDERAL PRISON...

DON'T SLIP AGAIN, HANDLEY! YOU'VE PAID SOCIETY ITS DEBT! GOOD LUCK!

DON'T WORRY, WARDEN! I LEARNED MY LESSON! I'M GOING STRAIGHT!

HARRY "GLOVES" HANDLEY DID GO STRAIGHT, EVEN THOUGH HE WAS TEMPTED MORE THAN ONCE TO TAKE THE EASY WAY...

A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THIS WALLET SOMEONE LEFT! GEE, WITH A GRAND I COULD - NO, BETTER HAND IT TO THE COPS. I'M NO CROOK NOW!

HARRY'S JOB AS CHAUFFEUR DIDN'T PAY TOO MUCH, BUT IT WAS HONEST WORK, SO HE LIKED IT...

A STEADY SALARY AND NO RISKS. NO MORE BIG HOUSE DAYS FOR ME!

BUT ONE MORNING HANDLEY RECEIVED AN OMINOUS PHONE CALL...

HELLO, 187-22-383! HOW'S TRICKS?

MY OLD PRISON NUMBER!

SORRY THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE!

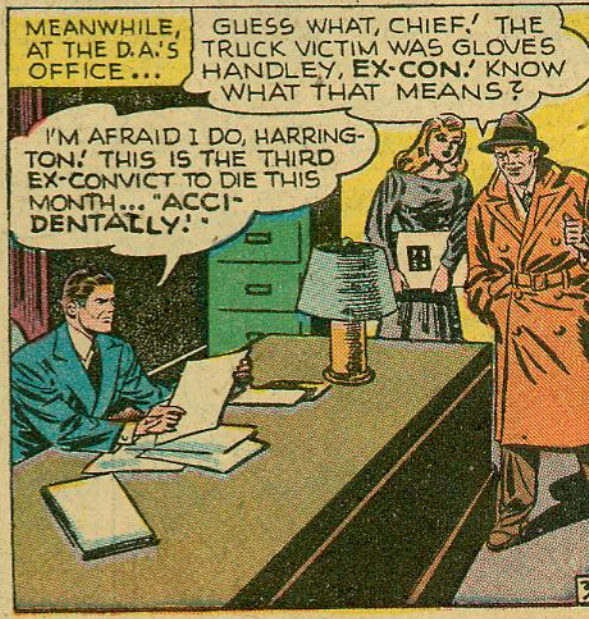
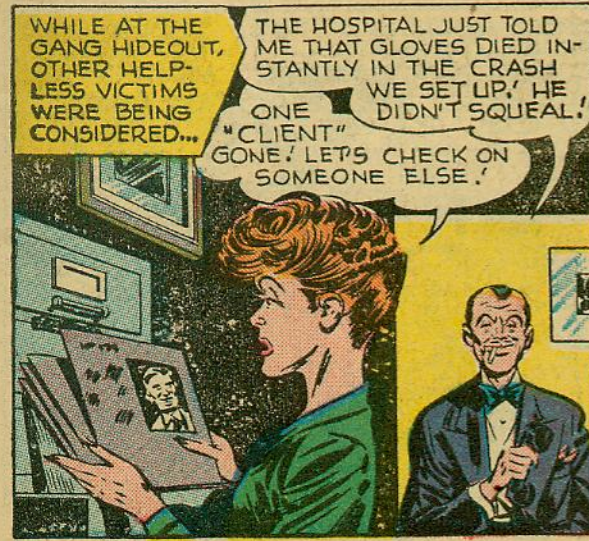
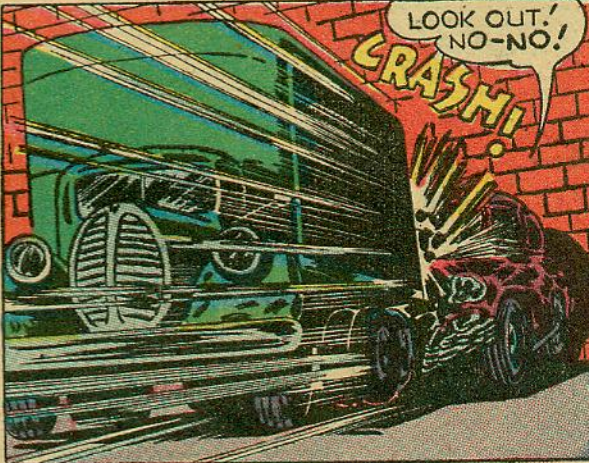
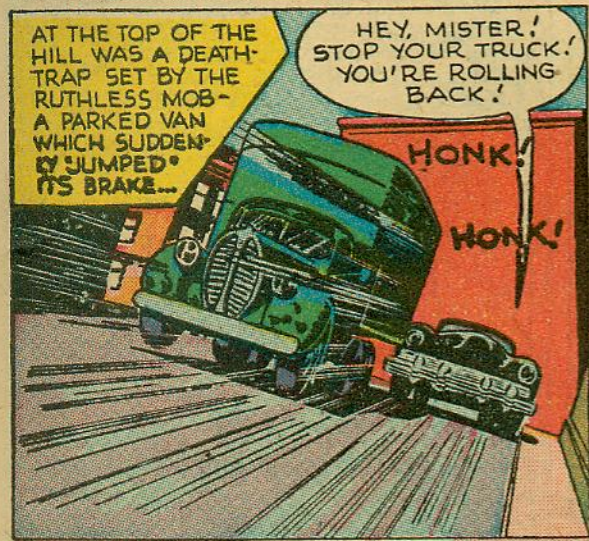
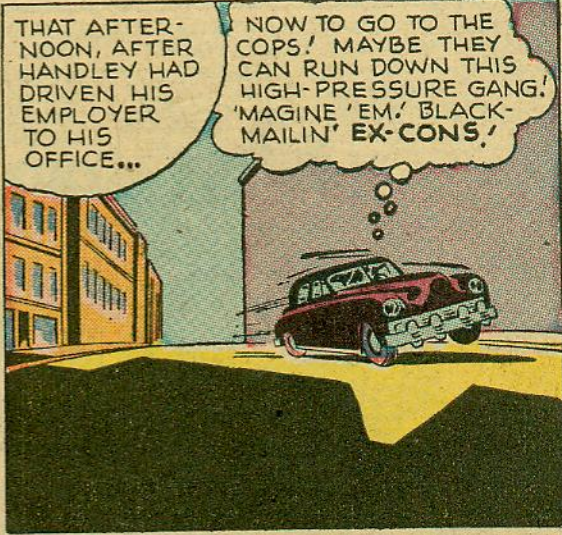
LOOK, GLOVES! DON'T KID ME! I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOUR PRISON RECORD! NOW LISTEN TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

EITHER YOU CASE YOUR BOSS' PLACE AND TELL ME WHERE HIS WALL SAFE IS HIDDEN, OR I TELL HIM THAT YOU'RE AN EX-CON.

NO, I WON'T DO IT! I'LL GO TO THE COPS FIRST!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY





WE'LL HAVE TO FIND THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF EVERY FORMER PRISONER IN THIS AREA! AND WE MAY HAVE TO SHADOW EACH ONE TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND THIS MYSTERY!

DURING THAT TIME, THE GANG RELAXED, CONFIDENT THAT ALL WAS GOING WELL...

GEE, GAVIN! I BET YOU NEVER THOUGHT WORKIN' IN DA PRISON RECORD SECTION WOULD LEAD TO SUCH A BUSINESS.

WITH OFFICES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES! HA, HA!

THE ST. LOO CREW SAYS KINARD IS IN THE BIG MONEY!

LAY OFF KINARD! HE'S A RACKETEER! WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR GUYS WHAT HAVE GONE STRAIGHT—NOT CROOKS!

YEAH—HERE'S A LEAD THE ST. LOUIS OFFICE PHONED IN.

NOT A BAD RACKET, BOYS! EITHER THE EX-CONS PAY US OUR PRICE, OR WE EXPOSE THEM—AN' RUIN 'EM. GOT ANYTHING NEW, IRMA?

THEN WHAT ABOUT THIS DAME? SHE'S CHANGED HER NAME—AND IS ENGAGED TO A RICH GUY NAMED PETERSON!

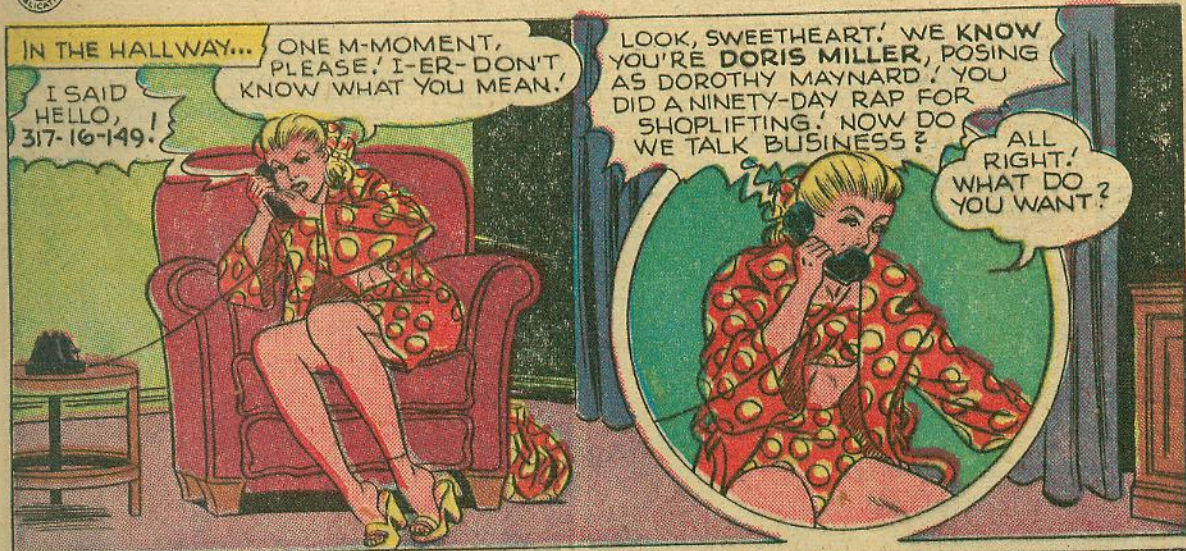
OKAY—CALL HER AND PUT THE HEAT ON!

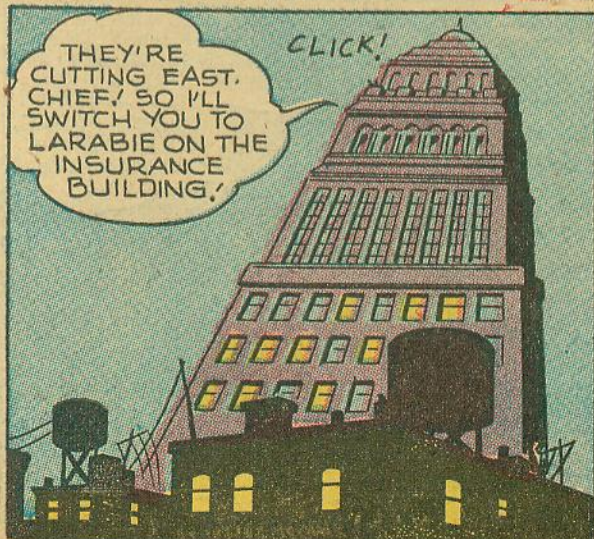
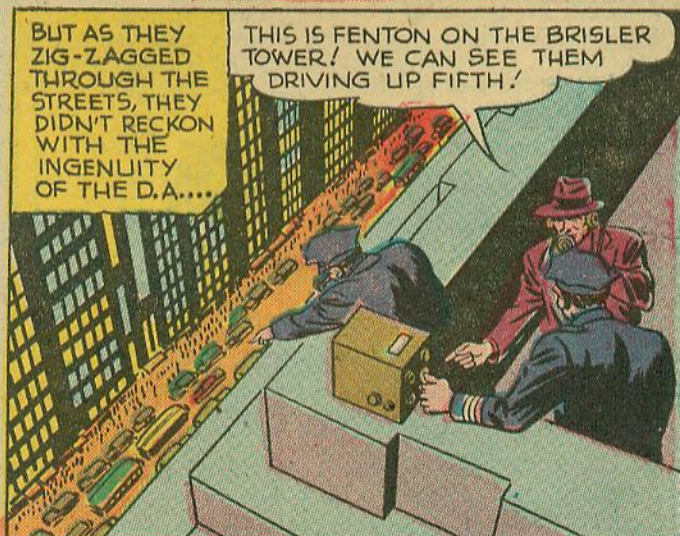
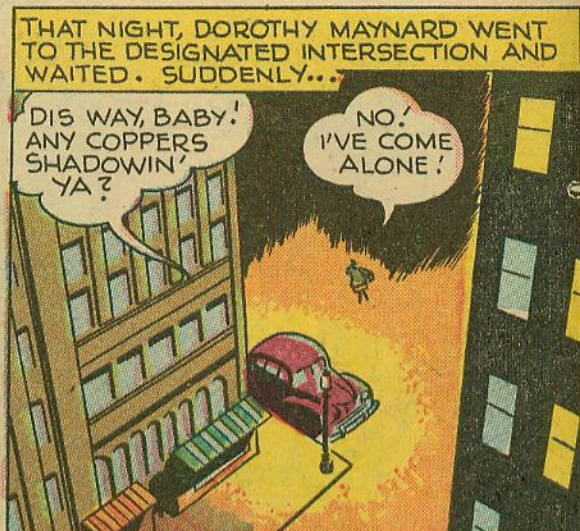
DORIS MILLER
NO. 317-18-192

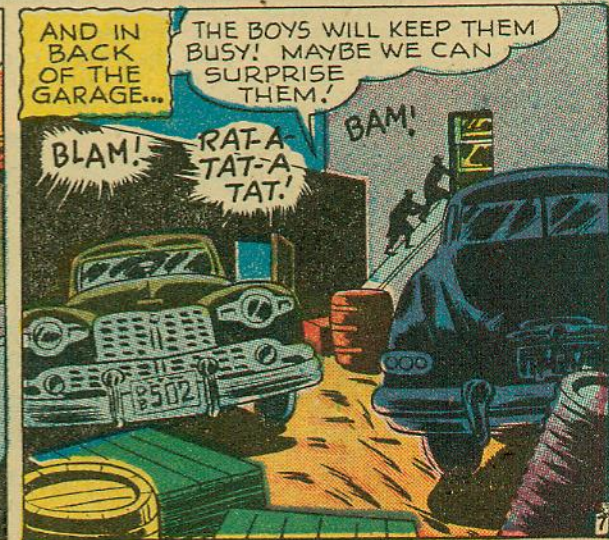
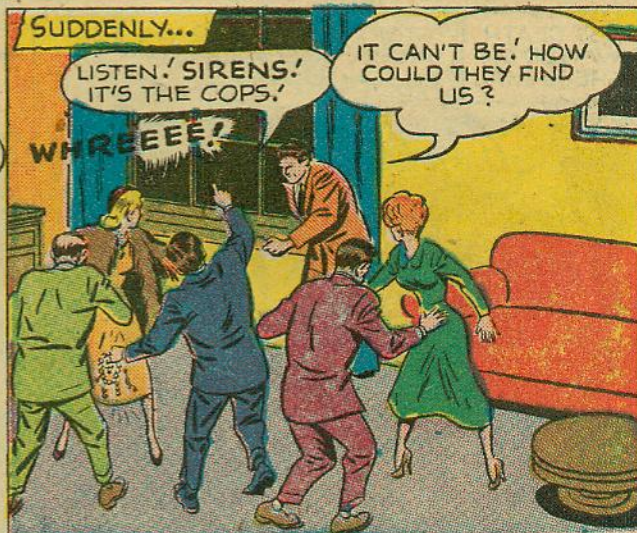
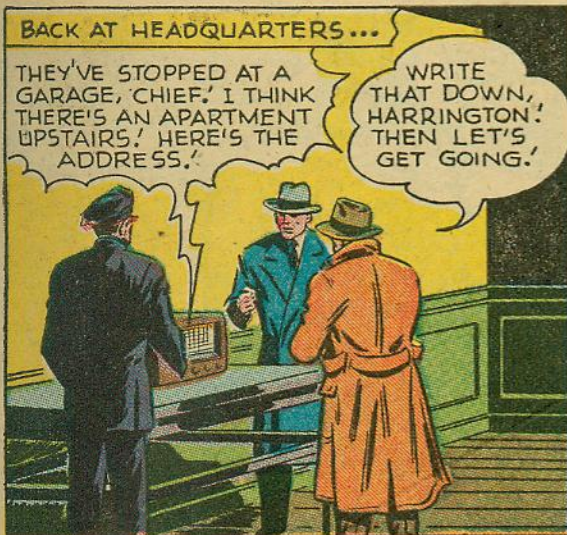
THAT MONDAY MORNING AT THE ALAN PETERSON ESTATE...

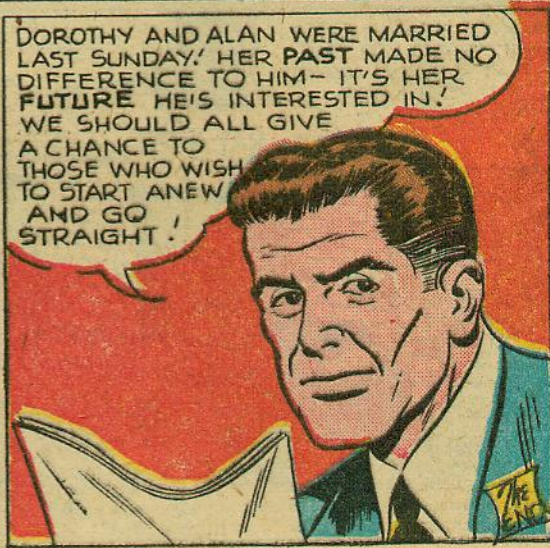
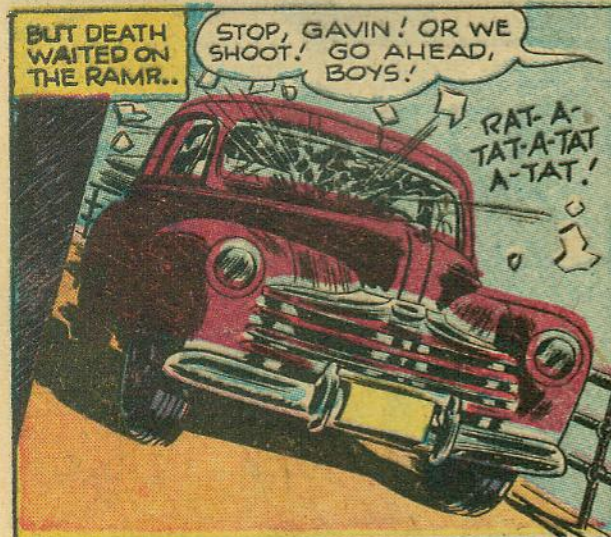
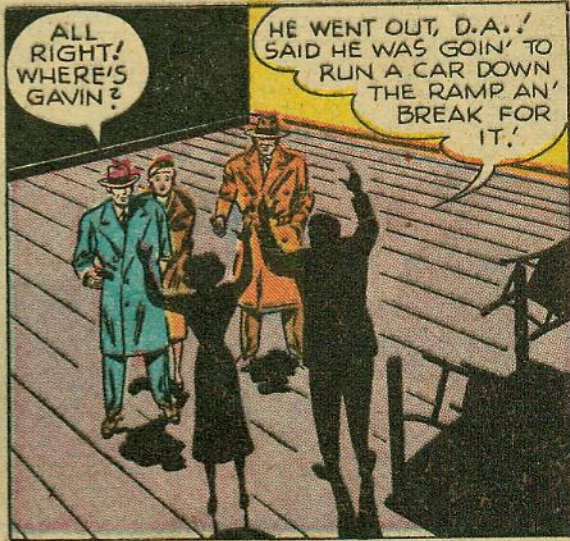
A PHONE CALL, MR. PETERSON—FOR YOUR FIANCEE!

FOR DOROTHY—SURE! THANKS, WILLARD!









TELLS TIME
BY THE SUN

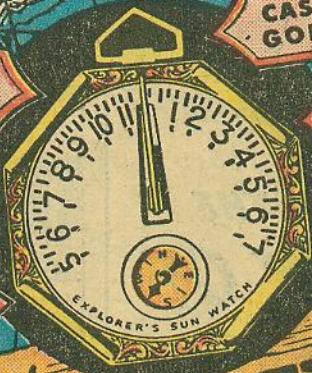
PLASTIC DIAL
GLOWS AT NIGHT

MAGNETIC
COMPASS

CASE AND STEM
GOLDEN COLOR

METAL MIRROR
FOR SIGNALING

ACTUAL SIZE
ILLUSTRATED



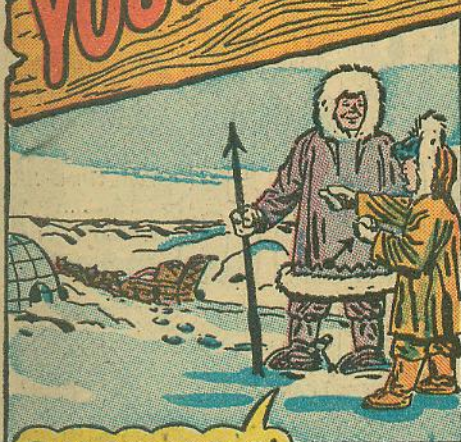
EXCITING! DIFFERENT!
YOURS!

**EXPLORER'S
SUN WATCH!**

ONLY

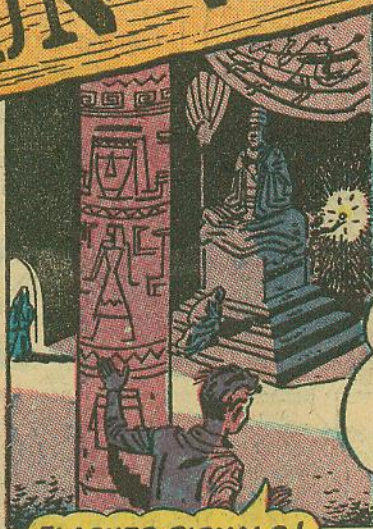
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WITH
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OLD NICK
Schutter's
Richest Milk Chocolate

IN THE
NICK OF TIME

O-O-O-PS!
WHY DON'T
YOU

PARDON
ME GUESS I'M
A LITTLE SLOW
ON THE SIDE
STEPPING

BUT SUDDENLY

THERE'S THE
MAN. HE STOLE
MY PURSE IN
THE ELEVATOR
CROWD

!

?

MADAM, YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE
MISTAKE! I'VE JUST COME FROM
MAKING A DEAL WITH THE DAILY
ZENITH—FOR RICE PAPER FROM MY
RICE FIELD HOLDINGS, IN FACT

I. I'M SORRY.
I SUPPOSE I'M A...
A BIT UPSET!

WAIT! THERE'S
SOMETHING HE
SAID....
I GOT IT!!

SORRY,
MISTER, BUT
THE JIG'S UP!

U-F-F-F!

SO, WHEN I HEARD
WHAT HE SAID TO YOU, I
KNEW HE WAS LYING
AND THAT HE WAS MOST
LIKELY THE THIEF

YOU SURE
USED THAT
HEAD OF YOURS,
OLD NICK

HOW CAN
I EVER
THANK YOU

DID YOU GUESS OLD NICK'S CLUE?

THESE ARE NO RICE IN RICE PAPER AND
NEWSPRINT IS MADE FROM WOOD PULP

OLD NICK? OH BOY,
OLD NICK IS A
WONDERFUL
CANDY BAR!

CREAMY FUDGE-
SMOOTH CARAMEL,
LUSCIOUS MILK
CHOCOLATE.
BEST BY FAR—SO TRY
OLD NICK CANDY BAR.

TRY BIT-O-HONEY—IT'S A
HONEY, HONEY, HONEY OF A CANDY BAR
—MILD HONEY-FLAVORED, CHEWY CANDY
FILLED WITH CRUNCHY,
TOASTED ALMONDS

6 SEPARATELY
WRAPPED PACKAGES



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

HOW DO THE POLICE CATCH A CRIMINAL WHEN THEY DO NOT KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE?... BY FINGERPRINTS, YOU SAY! GUESS AGAIN... THERE IS STILL ANOTHER METHOD! PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE AND TRY TO FIGURE OUT HOW YOU WOULD HAVE SOLVED —

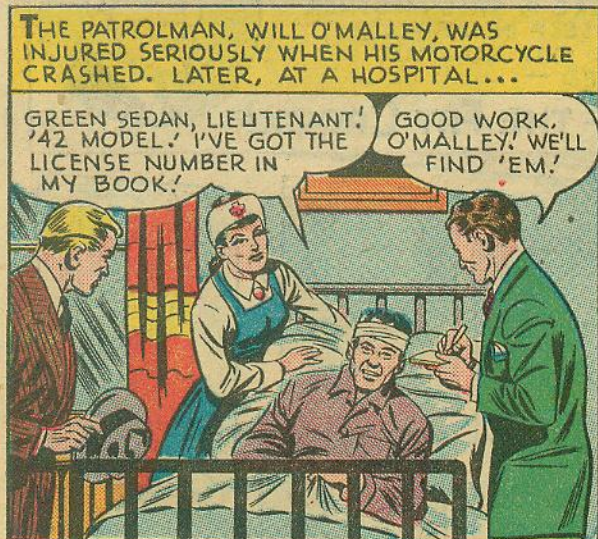
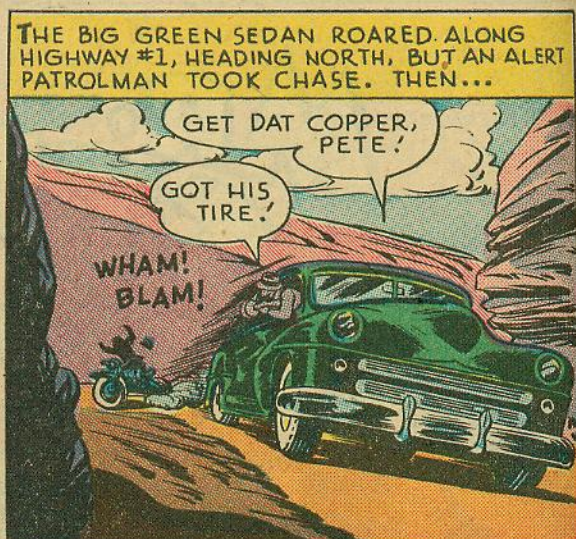
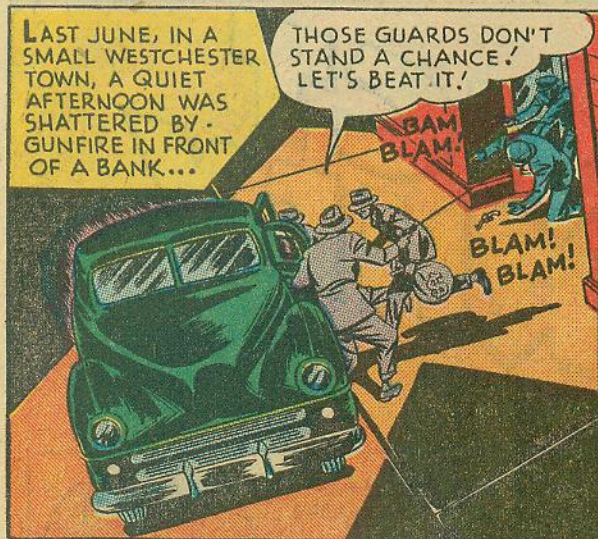


"The CASE OF THE FAT CROOK!"



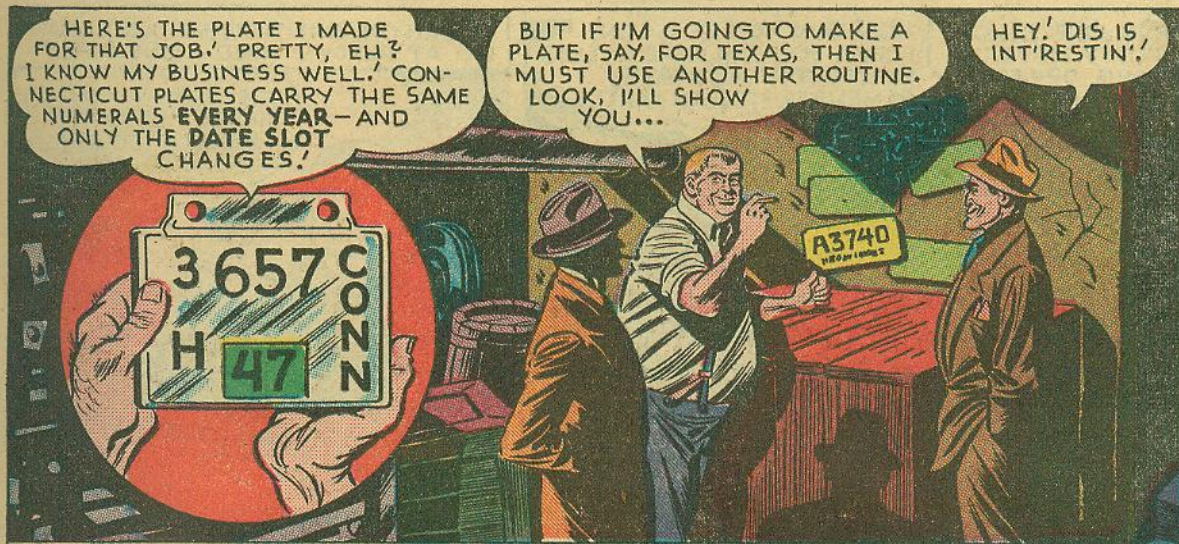


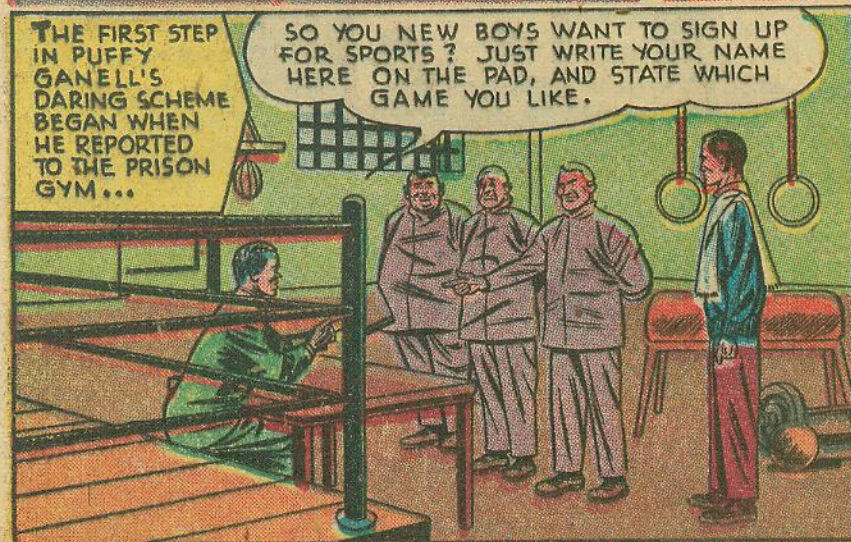
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



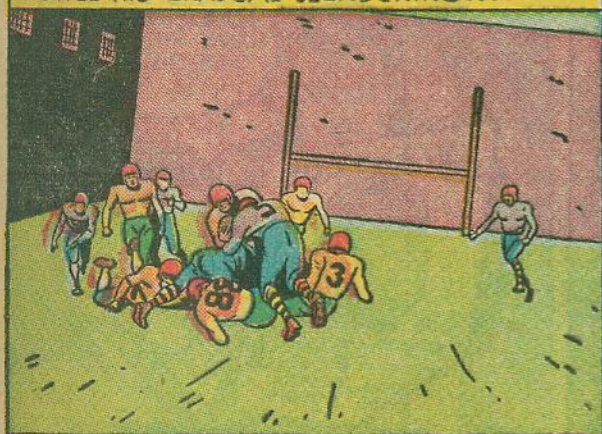




MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



PUFFY TRAINED HARD. THE STRENUOUS EXERCISE MADE HIM LOSE WEIGHT - BUT THE GUARDS WHO SAW HIM DAILY FAILED TO NOTICE HIS GRADUAL SLENDERING...



IN THE MESS HALL HE REFRAINED FROM EATING CAKES, POTATOES AND OTHER STARCHY FOODS...

IT'S KILLING ME TO PASS ALL THIS FOOD. BUT I JUST CAN'T EAT IT.

HAND PETE DA PANCAKES, PUFFY.



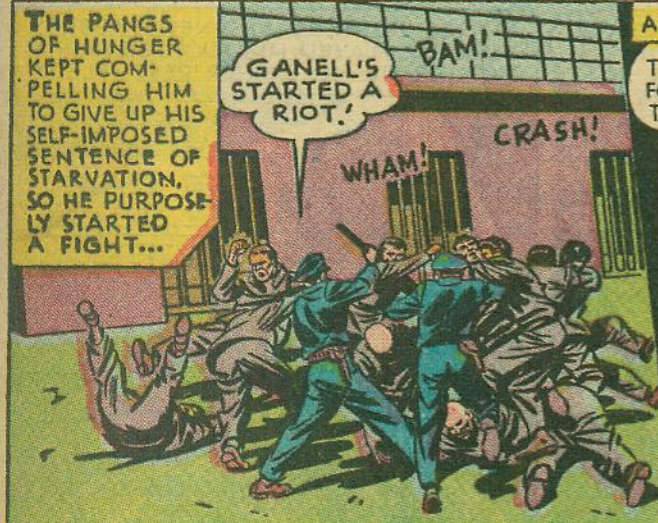
THE PANGS OF HUNGER KEPT COMPELLING HIM TO GIVE UP HIS SELF-IMPOSED SENTENCE OF STARVATION, SO HE PURPOSELY STARTED A FIGHT...

GANELL'S STARTED A RIOT.

BAM!

CRASH!

WHAM!



AND HE WAS LOCKED IN SOLITARY!

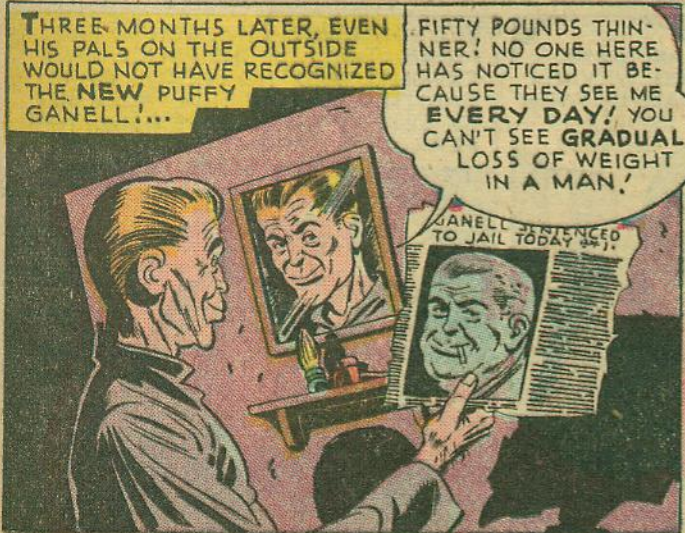
THEY PUT ME ON BREAD AND WATER FOR TEN DAYS. NOW I CAN'T EAT FATTENING STUFF, EVEN IF I WANTED TO. HA, HA, HA. MY "FORCED-DIET" PLAN WORKED!



THREE MONTHS LATER, EVEN HIS PALS ON THE OUTSIDE WOULD NOT HAVE RECOGNIZED THE NEW PUFFY GANELL!

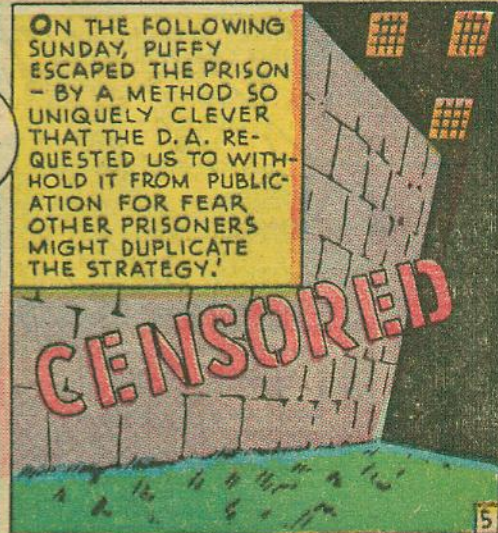
FIFTY POUNDS THINNER! NO ONE HERE HAS NOTICED IT BECAUSE THEY SEE ME EVERY DAY! YOU CAN'T SEE GRADUAL LOSS OF WEIGHT IN A MAN!

GANELL SENTENCED TO JAIL TODAY



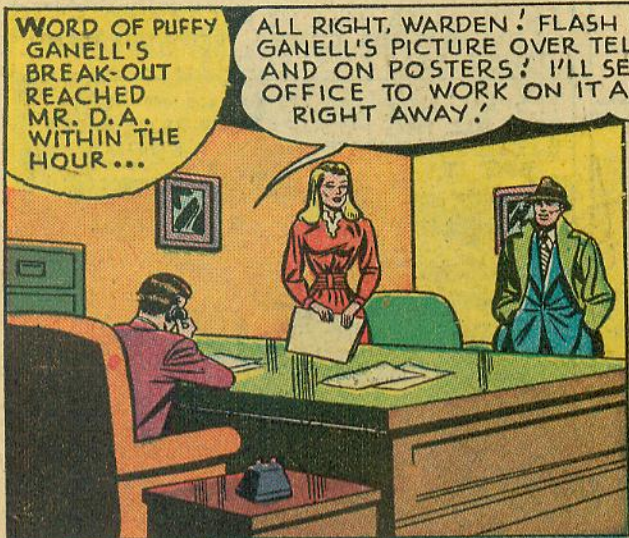
ON THE FOLLOWING SUNDAY, PUFFY ESCAPED THE PRISON - BY A METHOD SO UNIQUELY CLEVER THAT THE D.A. REQUESTED US TO WITHHOLD IT FROM PUBLICATION FOR FEAR OTHER PRISONERS MIGHT DUPLICATE THE STRATEGY!

CENSORED





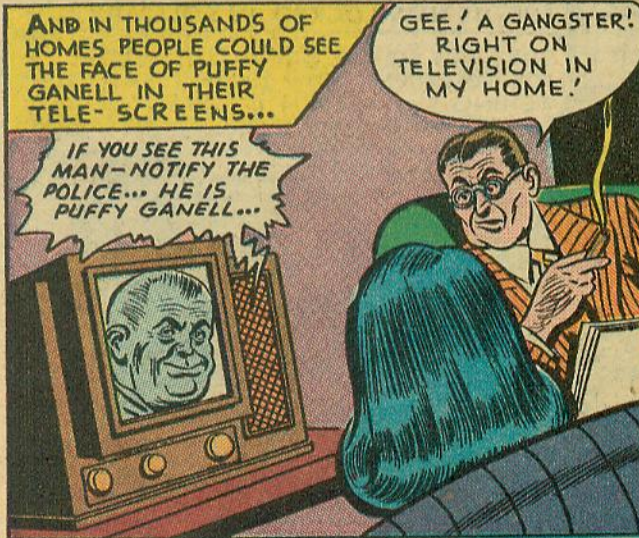
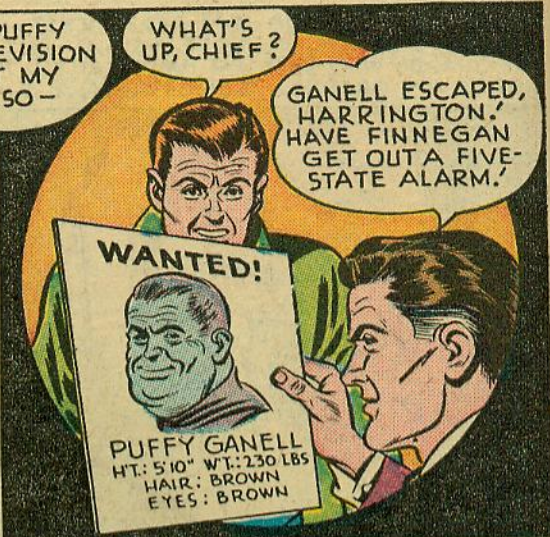
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



ALL RIGHT, WARDEN! FLASH PUFFY GANELL'S PICTURE OVER TELEVISION AND ON POSTERS! I'LL SET MY OFFICE TO WORK ON IT ALSO—RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

GANELL ESCAPED, HARRINGTON. HAVE FINNEGAN GET OUT A FIVE-STATE ALARM.

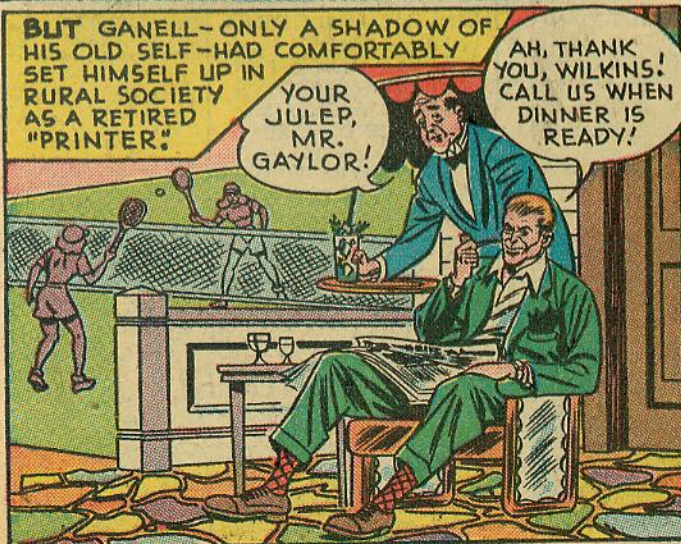


AND IN THOUSANDS OF HOMES PEOPLE COULD SEE THE FACE OF PUFFY GANELL IN THEIR TELE-SCREENS...

IF YOU SEE THIS MAN—NOTIFY THE POLICE... HE IS PUFFY GANELL...



POLICE POSTERS AND NEWSPAPERS ALSO DISPLAYED HIS PHOTOGRAPH—A PICTURE HE NO LONGER RESEMBLED!



BUT GANELL—ONLY A SHADOW OF HIS OLD SELF—HAD COMFORTABLY SET HIMSELF UP IN RURAL SOCIETY AS A RETIRED "PRINTER."

AH, THANK YOU, WILKINS! CALL US WHEN DINNER IS READY!

YOUR JULEP, MR. GAYLOR!



YET, WHENEVER ALONE, THE CRIMINAL WAS HAUNTED BY ONE FEAR...

I'VE WON SO FAR! THE POLICE HAVE NO PHOTOS OF MY NEW THIN FACE! BUT THERE'S ONE THING THAT MIGHT GIVE ME AWAY SOME DAY—MY FINGERPRINTS!



IF THEY EVER GET SUSPICIOUS,
MY PRINTS WILL IDENTIFY ME.
YET, IF I TRIED TO ALTER THEM
WITH ACID, THEY'D GET WISE!



IN THAT MOMENT A DESPER-
ATE DECISION WAS MADE...



I'VE GOT IT! I'LL BURN
'EM OFF! MY GUESTS
UPSTAIRS CAN BE
WITNESSES THAT
THIS FIRE WILL BE
AN 'ACCIDENT'!
AH! THIS KITCHEN
GREASE IS HIGHLY
INFLAMMABLE!

PRESENTLY...

THE PAIN IS -
TERRIBLE - MUST-
SUFFER - TWO
SECONDS MORE!



GOOD HEAVENS,
SIR! YOUR HANDS!
THEY'RE BURNED BEYOND
RECOGNITION!

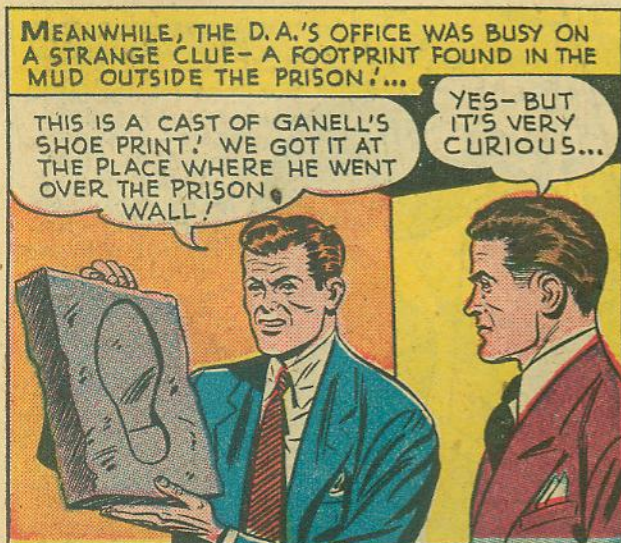
GET A
DOCTOR...
FAST!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

I'M SORRY TO REPORT, MR. GAYLOR-
BUT YOUR HANDS WERE VERY BADLY
BURNED! THE FINGERS WILL BEAR
TERRIBLE SCARS!

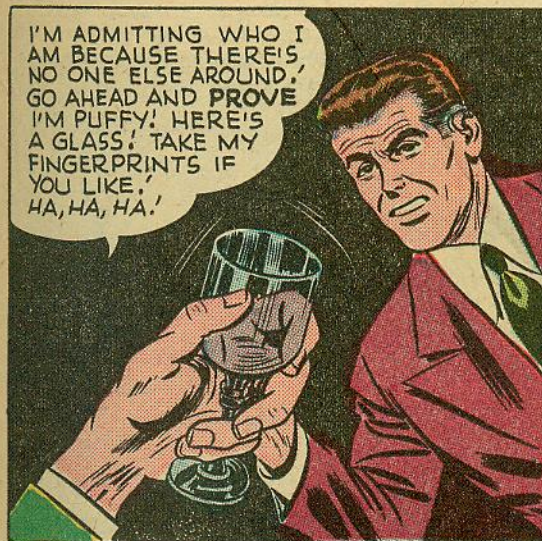
SCARRED
FINGERS! GOOD!
THE PRINTS WILL
NEVER SHOW
NOW!





WITHIN A WEEK AN ALERT CITIZEN INFORMED THE D.A. THAT A MR. ALVIN GAYLOR FITTED THE NEW DESCRIPTION. THEN ON THURSDAY THE D.A. CALLED AT GAYLOR'S HOUSE...





WHEN THE D.A. RETURNED...

SO HE GAVE YOU THIS GLASS WITH HIS PRINTS, EH, CHIEF?

YES, HARRINGTON! HE'S ACTUALLY CHALLENGING US TO GET THE EVIDENCE TO SEND HIM BACK TO PRISON! GET THOSE PRINTS 'BLOWN UP.'



WHEN THE BLOWN-UP PRINTS WERE SHOWN ON THE SCREEN THEY WERE COMPARED TO THOSE OF GANELL, AND..

CHIEF! GAYLOR'S PRINTS ARE ALL SCARRED! THEY DON'T MATCH GANELL'S!

I HAD A HUNCH THAT WAS WHY HE MADE US A PRESENT OF THAT GLASS! BUT-I STILL HAVE ONE MORE PLAN TO TRAP HIM!

THAT SAME EVENING THE D.A. MADE A QUICK TRIP TO THE PRISON, THEN CALLED HARRINGTON LONG DISTANCE...

SURE, CHIEF! WE'LL PICK UP GAYLOR! BUT WHO ARE THOSE "GRAPHOLOGISTS" YOU WANT ME TO GET FROM THE UNIVERSITY?

A "GRAPHOLOGIST" IS AN EXPERT ON HANDWRITING, HARRINGTON.



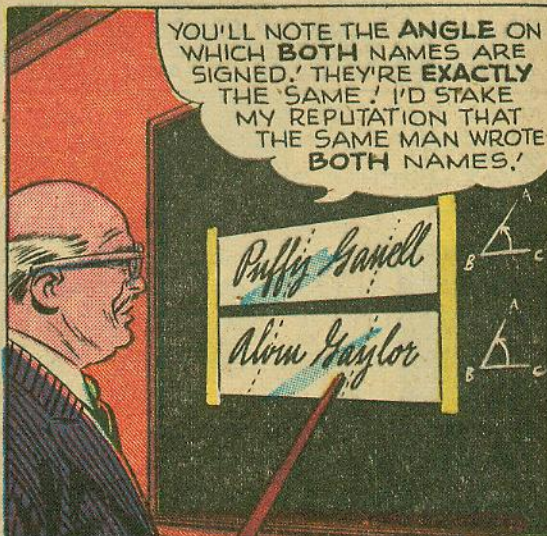
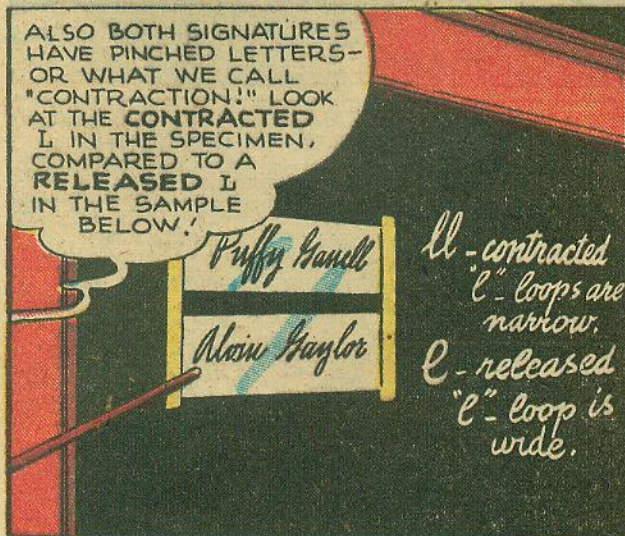
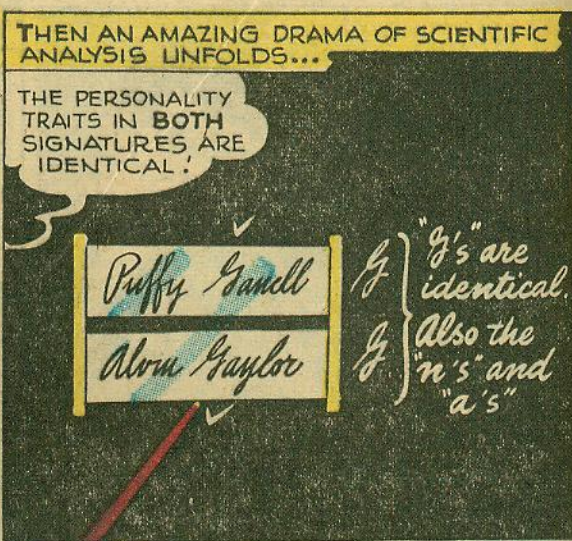
ON MONDAY, GAYLOR WAS BROUGHT IN...

YES, D.A., AS A CITIZEN I LIKE TO ASSIST THE LAW IN EVERY WAY! BUT WHY DO YOU WANT MY SIGNATURE?

LET'S CALL IT "ROUTINE" CHECKING, MR. GAYLOR!



Puffy Ganell
Alvin Gaylor



"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



ROPING THE RUNAWAY DRIVER



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB ARE RIDING PLEASANTLY ALONG A COUNTRY ROAD...

THE WAY U.S. ROYAL IS KEEPING PACE WITH US, YOU'D NEVER THINK HE WAS RIDING A JET BIKE!

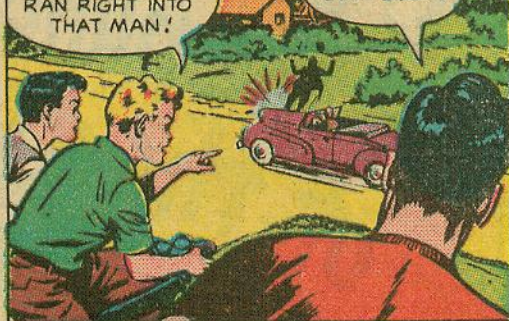
LISTEN... IF HE OPENED 'ER UP, WE'D THINK WE WERE GOING BACKWARD!



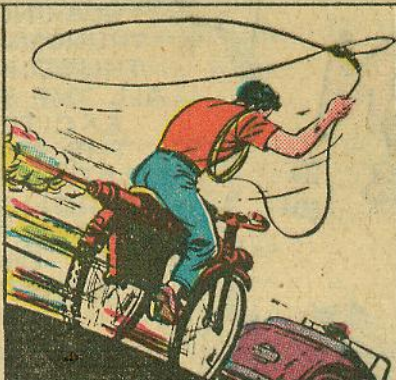
SUDDENLY...

LOOK! THAT CAR RAN RIGHT INTO THAT MAN!

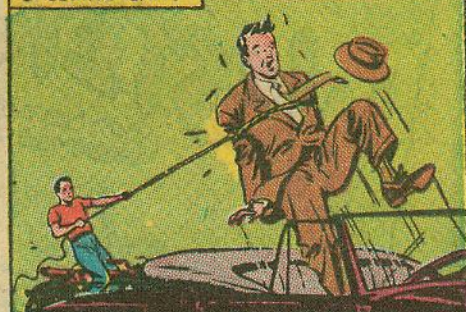
AND THE DRIVER DIDN'T EVEN STOP!



I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, BOYS! YOU, BOB, LOOK AFTER THAT POOR FELLOW WHILE TOM BIKES TO THE NEAREST PHONE FOR THE POLICE!



U.S. LASSES THE VICIOUS HIT-AND-RUN VILLAIN...JERKS HIM RIGHT OUT OF THE SPEEDING CAR!



U.S. STOPS THE EMPTY HIT-RUN CAR WITH HIS "SPARK-INTERRUPTER," SUBDUES HIS PRISONER, AND SOON...



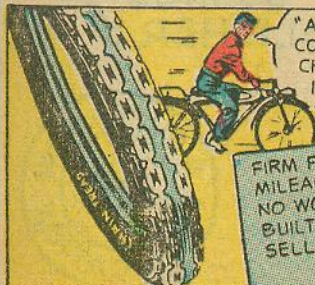
NICE GOING, FELLAS! THIS RASCAL WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOUR FAST THINKING...

AND FAST BIKING, OFFICER... THANKS TO OUR STURDY U.S. ROYALS!

FELLAS, IF IT'S BIKE-SPEED WITH SAFETY YOU'RE AFTER, INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN MEANS TOP CONTROL AT YOUR FOOT-TIPS.



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN CONTROL COUNTS, IT'S THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN THAT REALLY STOPS ME IN TIME"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



FIRM FOOTING... SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... MAXIMUM MILEAGE... SURE TRACTION... PERFECT CONTROL... NO WONDER U.S. ROYAL, WITH ITS SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN, IS AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING BIKE TIRE - A FAVORITE WITH MOST OF YOUR FRIENDS.

U.S. BIKE TIRES

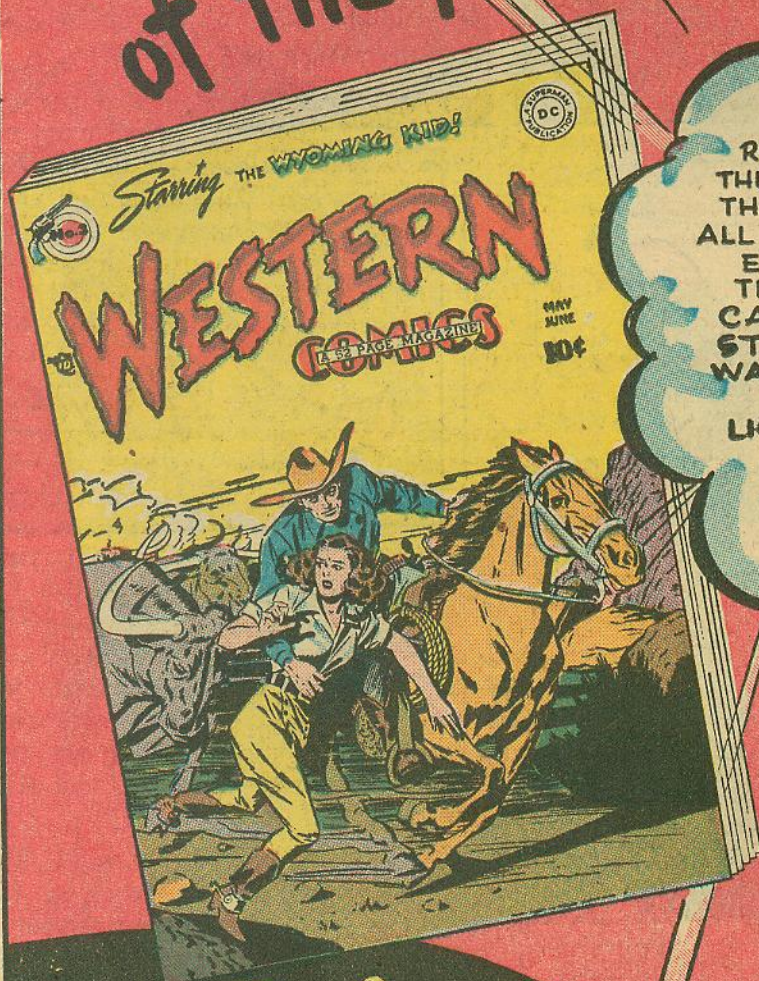
America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

THRILL

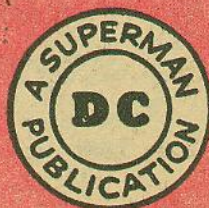
to the punch-packed action of the fighting WEST!



ROARING SIX-GUNS!
THUNDERING HOOVES!
THUDDING FISTS!
ALL THE RED-BLOODED
EXCITEMENT IN
THE DANGEROUS
CAREERS OF THE
STRONG MEN WHO
WAGER THEIR LIVES
ON A
LIGHTNING DRAW!

ANOTHER
SURE-FIRE
WINNER
FROM
AMERICA'S
TOP COMICS
PUBLISHER!

On Sale
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS!



THE CRIMIE FILE

HOW G-MAN GOT HIS NAME

There have been any number of tall stories on how the G-Man got his name. The fact is that the term was first used by "Machine-Gun" Kelly early one September morning back in 1933 after he had been traileed to a shack in Memphis, Tenn., by FBI agents ordered to arrest him for kidnaping.

Kelly put up a futile defense as the sleuths converged on the house. As they burst through the door, bristling with tommy-guns, Kelly dropped to his knees, trembling with fear.

"Don't shoot, G-Men!" he pleaded, tearfully. "Please, don't shoot! I give up!"

As the detectives hustled him towards their auto, one of them suddenly remembered Kelly had called them G-Men and asked why. "Well, you're Government men, ain't you?" said Kelly. "I would have been a dead pigeon if I had taken the time to say the whole word. So I just used the initial!"

Thus was born the nickname, which has stuck all these years. No name strikes fear into the heart of the underworld as much as that abbreviation—G-Man!

SILENCE IN SOLITARY

To discourage ingenious prisoners in solitary confinement from communicating with one another via tapped-out messages, jailers here have hit upon a splendid idea. They have distributed metronomes—an instrument for marking time in music—outside cell doors. Their constant, rhythmic ticking interferes with the reception of any dit-dot-dit.

COUNTERFEITERS' HOLIDAY

Since war's end, counterfeiters in Europe have been enjoying flourishing days. Because

of the daily fluctuation of currency in virtually every country, Europeans are anxious to exchange their money for stable American greenbacks. In their eagerness to obtain U. S. money, they are inclined to overlook the authenticity of the bills, a fact which sparks counterfeiters into action.

Thus far, counterfeit rings have been exposed in France, Italy, and some of the Balkan states, where individual governments have prosecuted the forgers. As much as they would like to discourage the miscreants, the Treasury's Secret Service is powerless because the Department's jurisdiction begins and ends within the continental confines of the United States.

This flagrant deception of Europeans is reminiscent of the phoney money foisted on unsuspecting Europeans during and after World War I. Then, they were victimized by scores of American soldiers, who made purchases with alleged American bills. When merchants visited banks to exchange the "dollars" for their equivalent, they were in for a great shock. What they had assumed to be American money was nothing more than cigar store coupons, telephone slugs, faucet washers, trolley car tokens, Confederate money, even expired furlough passes, which looked official enough.

This trickery naturally jeopardized trade between honest Americans and some merchants, who scorned their business. Fortunately, however, unscrupulous GI's were in such a minority that the problem was easily overcome.

Today, it is the Europeans who are mulcting their own people, and while some counterfeiters have been jailed, others continue to do a thriving business.

A GRAVE SITUATION

Always be careful when you bury a corpse at night, particularly when you're in unfamiliar territory, warn the authors of "Isn't It a Crime?" the new crime collection issued by Arco Publishing. A murderer, seeking a safe place to bury a body, hit upon a schoolyard. But he failed to notice that the clay he turned up in digging the grave was not the same as the topsoil. Next day, consequently, when police were summoned by schoolchildren, they found a perfectly outlined grave, which eventually surrendered the body. The discovery led to the killer's capture.

HONOR AMONG THIEVES

Some years ago, a prominent gambler was kidnaped and entrusted to four men for care until the \$25,000 ransom money was received. During his imprisonment on a New England farm, he invited his captors to join him in a poker game. A week later, when the ransom money was received, the kidnapers not only had to return the \$25,000, but also had to contribute \$725 more to the sum they had lost playing cards with their victim.

UNPOETIC LICENSE

"Oscar the Poet," a member of that notorious murder gang, "Murder, Inc.," was an automobile mechanic, who earned his nickname for his addiction to poetry. When he claimed that he had evolved a system for reducing an automobile to an unrecognizable mass, the gang agreed to turn over to him stolen cars, which had transported them on their latest jobs and thereby could be traced,

More than 30 automobiles were delivered to him for destruction before the gang learned that "Oscar the Poet" was merely disassembling them and selling the parts to an accomplice with whom he split the profits. To "Oscar the Poet" falls the dubious credit of being the only man in existence who swindled "Murder, Inc." and lived to tell the tale.

An interesting footnote to any reference to auto thieves is the disclosure that the nation's most successful gang stole thousands of cars in Brooklyn during its 12 years of operation between 1923 and 1935. When "Bla-Bla" Vigorito, its leader, finally was captured and jailed, auto insurance firms immediately reduced their rates by 15%.

CRIME CAPSULES

A Japanese politician celebrated his election to the town's council by tendering a dinner to his supporters. Next day, he was arrested for having picked the pockets of most of his guests.

★ ★ ★

During a Los Angeles murder trial, a witness testified that he had seen the defendant fire his gun at precisely noon, according to a clock outside a corner drug store. Cross-examination revealed, however, that the witness had seen not a clock but a penny scale, whose hand was at zero.

★ ★ ★

A teen-age Arkansas convict escaped from prison and sought safety in his parents' home. Scolded by his father for having broken out of jail, the fugitive returned meekly to his cell.

★ ★ ★

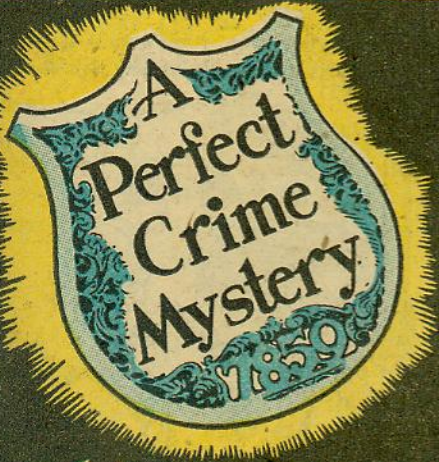
Soon after war was declared, the Secret Service ordered a specially built bulletproof automobile for President Roosevelt to protect him from assassins. While awaiting delivery of the car, bodyguards demanded that the President use an armored car, which the Treasury Dept. had acquired from crime czar Al Capone.

★ ★ ★

Young men and women, lifting their voices in song after a late party, were ordered to move along by Massachusetts police. They had paused unwittingly outside the city jail and were keeping the inmates awake.



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Death AT THE Wheel

Test **YOUR** Wits Against a Murderer!

WILBUR SLOAN HAD TRACKED HIS BENEFACTOR, PAT KEYNES, FROM THE BANK-----



I THOUGHT HE'D GO RIGHT HOME TO PUT THE MONEY IN HIS SAFE. WHY IS HE GOING IN THERE?

YOUR NEW GLASSES ARE READY, MR. KEYNES. THEY'LL GIVE YOU ALMOST NORMAL VISION, AND THE WHITE-GOLD RIMS ARE POPULAR.



I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING WITHOUT THEM!

SO HE'S HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS GLASSES! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT? I KNOW HOW I CAN GET RID OF HIM-----

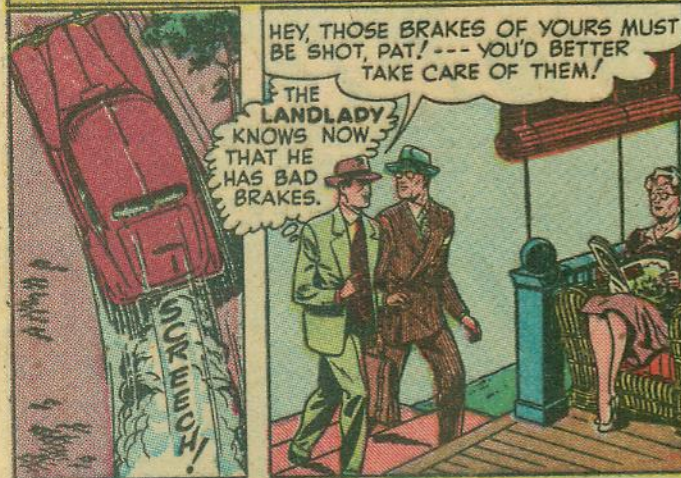


HIYA, PAT! DON'T LOOK SO GRIM BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A JOB. LET'S GO BACK TO THE HOUSE FOR A DRINK!

THANKS, BUT YOU'RE DOING ENOUGH FOR AN ARMY BUDDY BY LETTING ME LIVE WITH YOU UNTIL I GET ON MY FEET!



BOTH MEN GOT INTO PAT KEYNES' CAR, AND WHILE PARKING AT HIS HOUSE-----



BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, WILBUR. HAVE TO PUT SOME CASH IN THE SAFE FIRST!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

LET ME HAVE THOSE GLASSES FOR A MINUTE-----



GIVE ME BACK MY GLASSES, PLEASE-----!

CAN'T SEE ANYTHING, EH?



YOU WON'T NEED 'EM WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

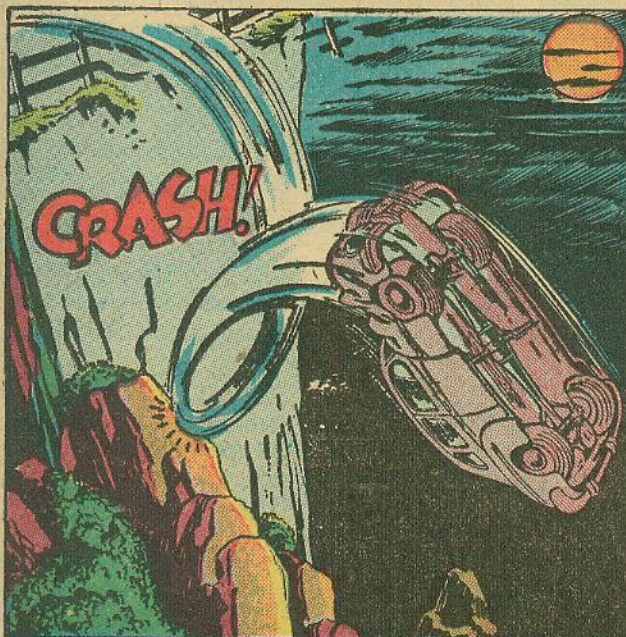
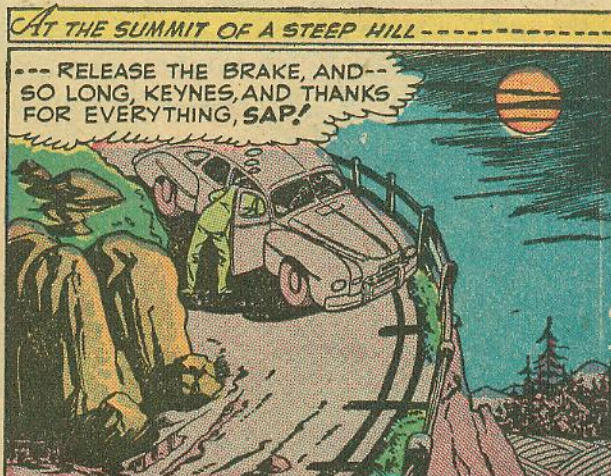


TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! I'LL GET RID OF THE BODY WHEN IT GETS DARK! ---NOBODY WILL SUSPECT ME!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



LATE THAT NIGHT SLOAN WAS AWAKENED BY THE LANDLADY, ACCOMPANIED BY A DETECTIVE!----

THAT'S THE MAN! I WAS SITTING ON THE PORCH WHEN I HEARD HIM WARN POOR MR. KEYNES ABOUT HIS BRAKES!



HE "HAPPENED" TO HAVE AN ACCIDENT! HE'S DEAD ---AND I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR HIS MURDER!



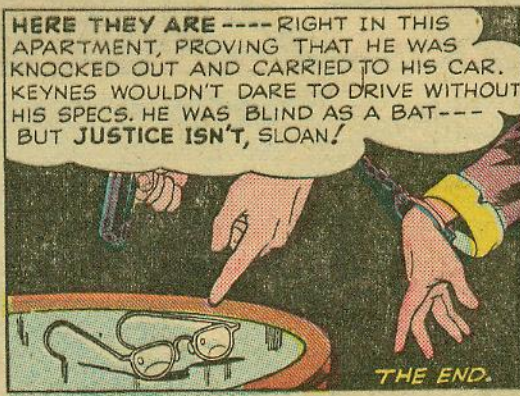
MURDER? IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! YOU HAVEN'T A THING ON ME! THIS WOMAN HEARD ME REMIND HIM OF HIS FAULTY BRAKES!

NO ONE SAW SLOAN COMMIT THE CRIME.--SO WHAT EVIDENCE CAN THERE BE AGAINST HIM? WHAT WAS THE DETECTIVE LOOKING FOR, AND WHAT DID HE FIND?

Think Carefully before you turn the page!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



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The following magazines all bear this trademark as your guarantee of the best in comic reading:

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LEAVE IT TO BINKY
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WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

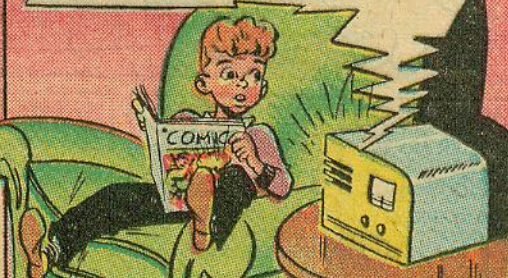
Bazooka

THE ATOM BUBBLE BOY

in
RANGER RESCUE




FLASH! THE FIRE IN GREEN FOREST HAS COMPLETELY CUT OFF THREE FOREST RANGERS. THE MEN ARE TRAPPED.



SOUNDS LIKE A JOB FOR ME! LUCKY THING THAT DAD HAS A FIRE EXTINGUISHER IN THE GARAGE!




NOW FOR A GIANT BUBBLE FROM MY BAZOOKA BUBBLE GUM- I'LL SAY THE MAGIC PHRASE... "BAZOOKA, BAZOOKA, MAKE ME A BUBBLE-AND FLY ME TO WHERE MY GOOD FRIENDS ARE IN TROUBLE!"

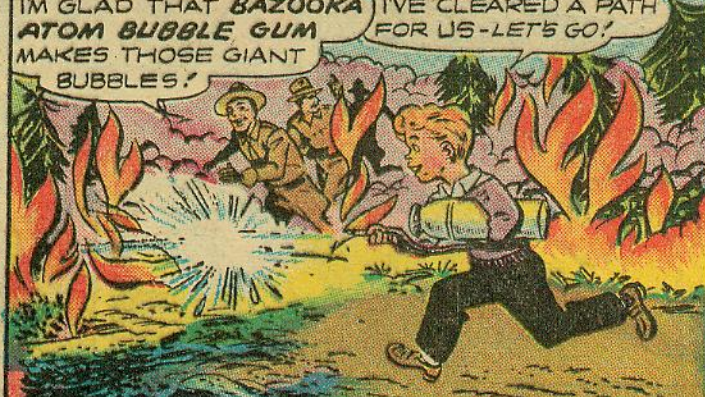
NOW THE MAGIC WORD TO GO DOWN! AKOOZAB! AKOOZAB!

HOORAY! HERE'S BAZOOKA!! I KNEW HE'D COME!



I'M GLAD THAT BAZOOKA ATOM BUBBLE GUM MAKES THOSE GIANT BUBBLES!

I'VE CLEARED A PATH FOR US-LET'S GO!



NEW BIGGER BUBBLES BETTER BUBBLES

Bazooka THE ATOM BUBBLE GUM


HEY, KIDS! HERE'S A REAL NICKEL'S WORTH! 6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢! COMICS IN EVERY PACKAGE!!

SAVE WRAPPERS!! VALUABLE PRIZES!!

GUARANTEED A PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL

AWARDED THE PARENTS' MAGAZINE SEAL

6 BIG CHEWS FOR 5¢



Captain Tootsie TAMES A TORNADO

By C. C. BECK

CAPTAIN TOOTSIE AND THE SECRET LEGION VISIT AN ARMY AIRFIELD IN THE SOUTHWEST.

HOOTIN' ZOOT! LOOK AT ALL THOSE SWELL NEW JET PLANES!

OBOY! THIS IS GREAT, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

THOSE ARE THE ARMY'S P-84 THUNDERJETS!

YES, BOYS, THIS GREAT FIGHTER PLANE HAS A SPEED OF MORE THAN 600 MILES AN HOUR! IT'LL FLY HIGHER THAN 40,000 FEET, AND HAS A RANGE OF 1,000 MILES. THE CABIN IS AIR CONDITIONED, AND ELECTRICALLY OPERATED TO PROVIDE AN EMERGENCY EXIT!

AN OFFICER EXPLAINS THE CRAFT.

HERE'S ONE COMING IN FOR A LANDING! WOW! WHAT SPEED!

CONTROL TOWER'S CALLING THEM ALL IN! WEATHER'S GETTING BAD!

THIS IS TORNADO COUNTRY, YOU KNOW! WE'VE HAD SEVERAL BAD TWISTERS ALREADY, AND BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS WE'RE DUE FOR ANOTHER ANY MINUTE!

HERE COMES A TWISTER NOW! SEE THAT FUNNEL HEADING RIGHT FOR TOWN?

QUICK! SOUND THE ALARM! CALL ALL PILOTS... I'VE AN IDEA!

GOSH!

HERE, MEN... WE'LL NEED LOTS OF ENERGY. HAVE SOME TOOTSIE ROLLS AND TOOTSIE FUDGE, THAT'LL DO THE TRICK!

YEH! TOOTSIE FUDGE GIVES QUICK ENERGY, TOO—JUST LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS!

INTO YOUR PLANES, MEN! FOLLOW CAPTAIN TOOTSIE! HE'S GOING TO BREAK UP THAT TORNADO BY FLYING THROUGH IT!

LET'S GO!

NOW HIT THAT TWISTER, BOYS! ALL TOGETHER!

WILL CAPTAIN TOOTSIE'S DARING PLAN WORK? CAN HE SAVE THE TOWNSPEOPLE FROM DEATH AND DESTRUCTION?

YEOW! LOOK AT THOSE PLANES!

WE DID IT! WE BROKE 'ER STEM CLEAN OFF!

POP!

THE TORNADO'S BROKEN UP! WE'RE SAVED!

HOORAY!

TAKING OFF IN TIGHT FORMATION, THE POWERFUL JET PLANES FLY TO PIT THEIR MIGHT AGAINST THE RAGING TORNADO!

WOW! WHAT A THRILL! YOUR IDEA SAVED DOZENS OF LIVES AND HOMES! YOU'RE A HERO, CAPTAIN TOOTSIE!

GOSH! I'M ALL IN AFTER THAT!

ANOTHER ROUND OF TOOTSIE FUDGE WILL SPARK UP OUR ENERGY AGAIN, BOYS!

TOOTSIE ROLLS AND FUDGE ARE MY FAVORITES!

HOOTIN' ZOOT! THAT SWELL TOOTSIE FUDGE SURE SHOOTS JETS OF QUICK ENERGY TO YOUR MUSCLES. MAKES YOU WANT TO ZOOM LIKE A REGULAR THUNDERJET YOURSELF! TOOTSIE FUDGE IS SURE RICH 'N CREAMY—JUST GOSH-A-MIGHTY GOOD! GOOD LIKE TOOTSIE ROLLS—AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHEWY CHOCOLATY CANDY. GET BOTH AT YOUR FAVORITE CANDY STORE TODAY!



State TROOPER

a Special CRIME Feature

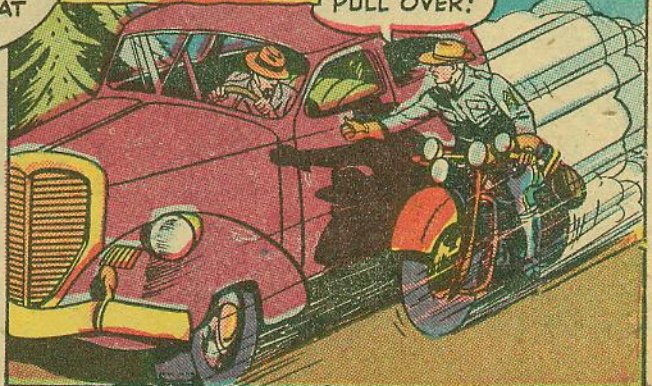
THERE'S A GALLANT BODY OF MEN WHO CARRY THE LAW WITH THEM INTO OUR OUTLYING COUNTRYSIDE! THEY'RE THE UNSUNG HEROES OF OUR POLICE SYSTEM WHO GIVE SERVICE BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY! IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ABOUT THEM, AND WHO CAN TELL THEIR STORY BETTER THAN SERGEANT ALLAN BAGLEY OF —

"The STATE TROOPERS!"

WELL, FIRST YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT SOME OF US WORK ON HORSEBACK AND PATROL FOREST AREAS! OTHERS WORK IN RADIO CARS! YOU CAN TELL WHAT SQUAD I'M IN!

"DON'T THINK THAT ALL WE MOTORCYCLE MOUNTIES HAVE TO DO IS HAND OUT TRAFFIC TICKETS! CHASING AFTER STOLEN VEHICLES IS A DAILY ROUTINE!"

PULL OVER!

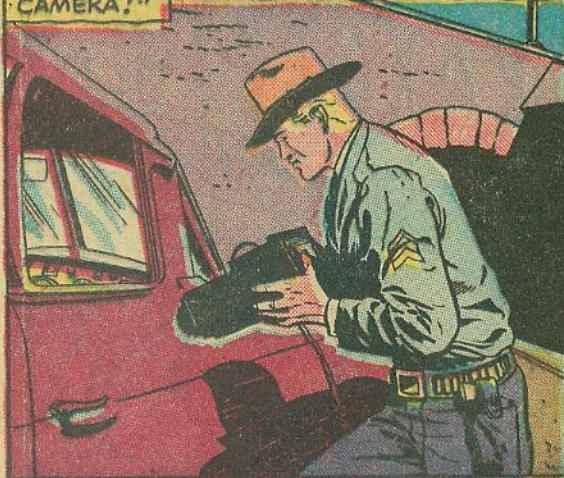




MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"IF A STOLEN CAR IS ABANDONED, IT'S DUSTED FOR LATENT PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH A SPECIAL FINGERPRINT CAMERA!"



"MANY TIMES WE USE BLOODHOUNDS, TO TRACK DOWN FUGITIVE CRIMINALS, OR MISSING PEOPLE WHO GET LOST IN OUR FORESTS..."



THERE HE IS!

HELP! I BROKE MY LEG WHILE I WAS OUT HUNTING!

"WE ALSO COOPERATE WITH GAME WARDENS IN SEEING THAT WILD GAME IS PROTECTED!"



OKAY, FELLA... HERE'S YOUR FOOD RATION FOR TODAY!

"SPRING FLOODS KEEP US PRETTY BUSY, TOO!"

GIVE ME A HAND WITH HER, TOM!



"WHEN OLD MAN WINTER COMES ALONG, SOME OF US DO PATROL DUTY ON SKIS."

HALLOO-OO!

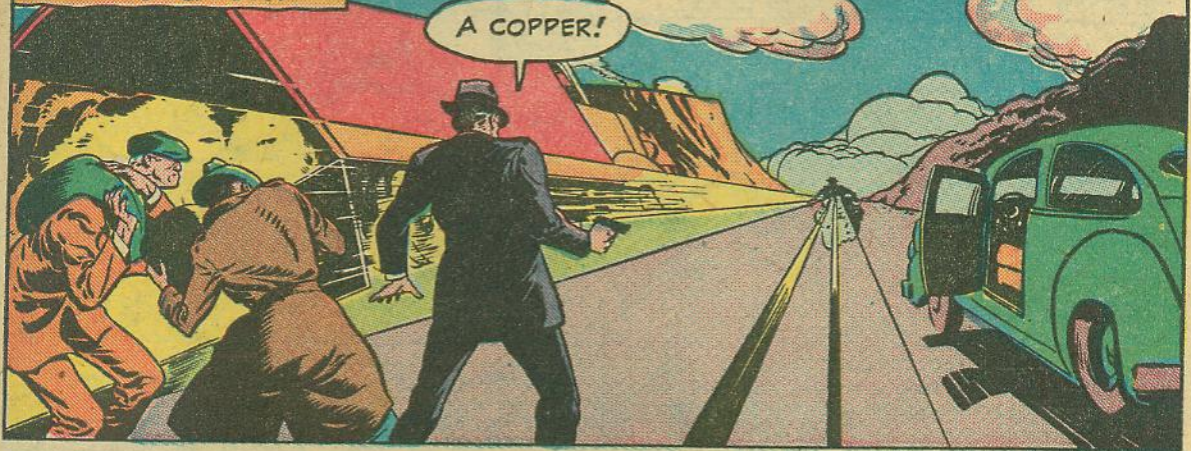


OKAY, LADY! I'M COMING!

I SUPPOSE YOU WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ONE OF OUR MORE DANGEROUS CASES, FULL OF SHOOTING AND ALL THAT! WELL, HERE'S ONE THAT HAPPENED LAST YEAR!



"IT WAS AROUND DUSK... I'D HEARD A TERRIFIC CRASH AND SHOT AROUND A CURVE TO INVESTIGATE..."



"I DIDN'T NOTICE THE OIL SLICK TILL IT WAS TOO LATE... AND THEN I SKIDDED INTO A TAILSPIN!"



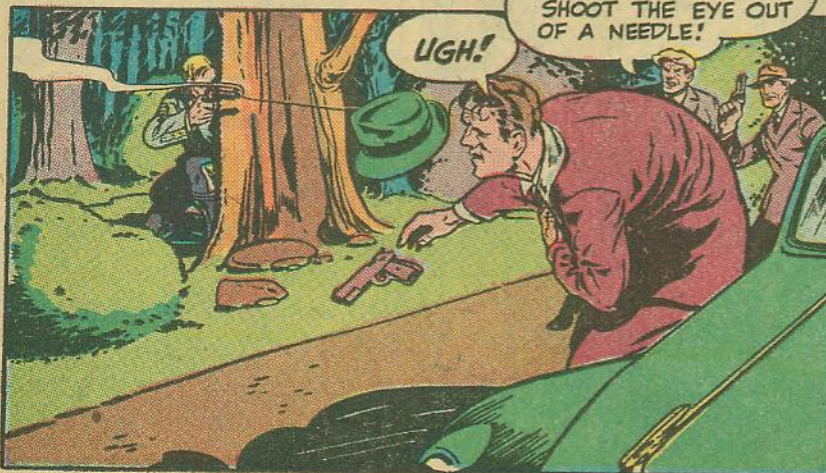
"LUCKILY, I HIT THE SOFT TURF. THAT SAVED ME!"



"I WAS DIZZY, BUT NOT OUT, AND I WOKE UP AS A BULLET FROM ONE OF THE FUR THIEVES FANNED MY CHEEK!"



PETE'S HIT! LET'S LAM! THAT COP CAN SHOOT THE EYE OUT OF A NEEDLE!



"THEY TOOK OFF FAST! MY MOTORCYCLE WAS A WRECK, SO I GAVE MY ATTENTION TO THE DRIVER OF THE FUR TRUCK."





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"I MADE MY REPORT TO LIEUTENANT HOGAN AND HE SENT OUT A ROUTINE STATE-WIDE TELETYPE ALARM TO ALL RADIO CARS..."

CALLING ALL CARS! BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A GREEN SEDAN...



"OUR NEXT STEP WAS TO NOTIFY ALL DOCTORS BY A SPECIAL RADIO BROADCAST..."

IF ANY MAN COMES TO YOU FOR TREATMENT OF A GUNSHOT WOUND, REPORT IT TO THE POLICE!



"HAROLD E. HIBBS, THE OWNER OF THE TRUCK, WAS SUMMONED! HE RAN A SILVER FOX FARM 10 MILES BACK!"

MR. HIBBS, THE CROOKS PLANNED THIS JOB IN ADVANCE! THEY SPILLED OIL HERE, KNOWING YOUR BIG TRUCK WOULD SKID AND TURN OVER WHEN IT MADE THE STEEP CURVE!



"TWO DAYS PASSED WITHOUT NEWS OF THE BANDITS, UNTIL SOME BOY SCOUTS ON A HIKE STUMBLED ON A MAN'S BODY NEAR THEIR CAMP SITE..."

TH-THERE HE IS!

THAT'S HIM! THE GUY I SHOT!



HIS "PALS" KNEW HE WAS TOO DANGEROUS TO CARRY AROUND SO THEY DUMPED HIM HERE TO DIE! THAT'S "HONOR AMONG THIEVES" FOR YOU! REMEMBER THAT, KID, CROOKS ARE NOT HEROIC CHARACTERS!



"WE TOOK HIM TO THE MORGUE AND I GOT THE REPORT..."

NO BULLET IN HIM! THE SLUG WENT OUT THROUGH A LUNG!

HE HAD A RECORD! PETE MORTIN... ALIAS PETE MAYHEW! COMES FROM OUT OF TOWN! THAT'S ALL!

THAT'S THAT!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



"ONE THING BOTHERED ME! THE JOB WAS SO WELL PLANNED, I WONDERED IF THERE WASN'T A LEAK FROM HIBBS' EMPLOYEES!"

CAN WE SPEAK SOMEWHERE WITHOUT BEING OVERHEARD?

WHY, YES! NO ONE'S IN THE FUR SHED NOW!

"IN THE SHED I WAS EXAMINING SOME PELTS, WHEN SUDDENLY A BULLET DROPPED FROM A SKIN! HIBBS WAS AS SURPRISED AS I WAS!"

A BULLET HOLE? I THOUGHT RAISERS OF SILVER FOX **GASSED** ANIMALS SO THE FUR WON'T BE INJURED!

I... I...

NOW I KNOW WHERE ONE OF MY SLUGS WENT! INTO THE STOLEN FURS!

YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY ELSE WHAT YOU SAW!

NEVER ASSAULT A TROOPER! IT DOESN'T PAY!

YOU HIRED THOSE BANDITS TO "STEAL" YOUR FURS... SO YOU COULD **RESELL** THEM WITHOUT SUSPICION! AND, SINCE YOU'RE INSURED, YOU STOOD TO COLLECT **DOUBLE!**

ARE YOU READY TO TELL ME WHERE YOUR PALS ARE?

YES! YES! THEY'RE HIDING OUT IN AN EMPTY SHACK ON THE SAWMILL ROAD! BUT THEY'RE PREPARING TO LAM ANY MINUTE!

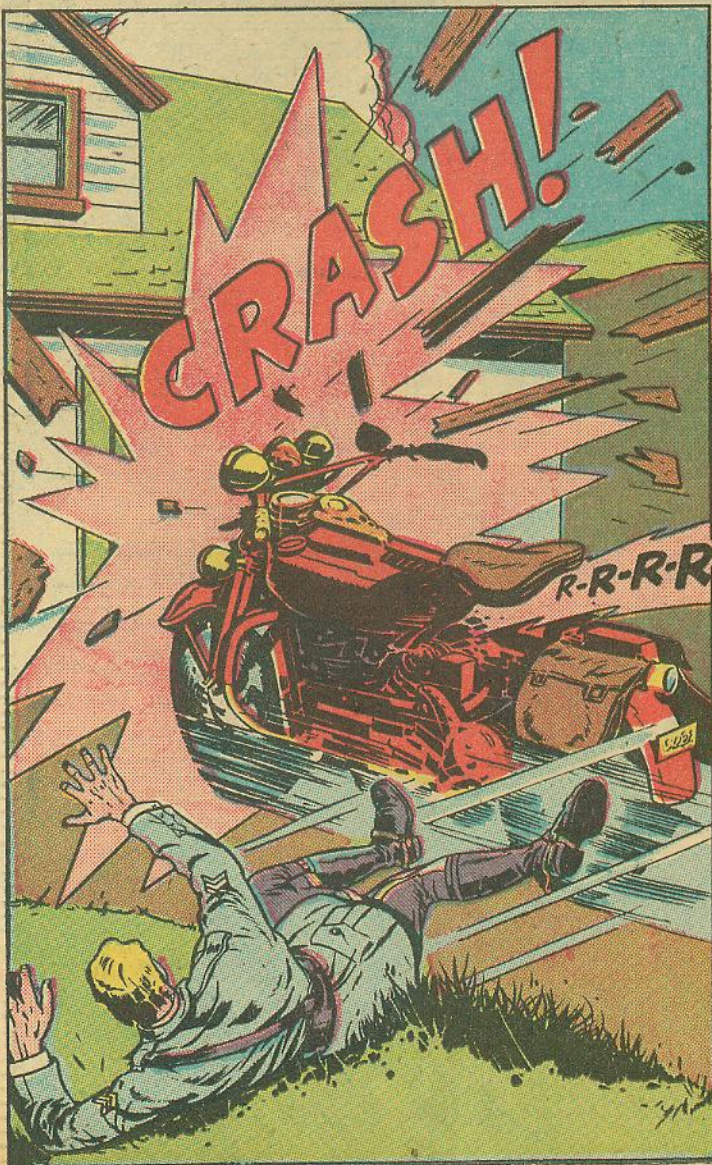
"THERE WAS NO TIME TO NOTIFY THE BARRACKS! I LOCKED HIBBS IN THE SHACK, THEN RACED OVER TO THE HIDE-OUT, BUT I WAS SPOTTED!"

IT'S THAT COPPER! MIKE, BAR THE DOOR! WE AIN'T COMIN' OUT - BUT HE AIN'T COMIN' IN EITHER!



"I'M NO HERO... BUT I WAS DESPERATE... I USED A CRASH TECHNIQUE I HAD LEARNED AS A ROOKIE TROOPER..."

HEY! THE COPPER'S GONE CRAZY OR SOMETHIN'! HE'S GONNA...



DON'T SHOOT! I GIVE UP!



THAT'S THE STORY! SORRY I CAN'T STICK AROUND AND GAB SOME MORE, BUT... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... WORK, WORK, ALL THE TIME....



The SECRET THAT SAVED The SANDLOT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



GEE, MR. WISE, WE'VE GOTTA BEAT THE "CHAMPS" NEXT WEEK!

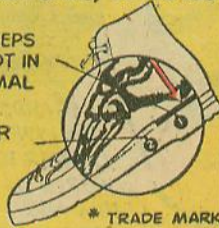
TAKE THIS TIP, FELLOWS, AND MAYBE YOU'LL TURN THE "CHAMPS" INTO CHUMPS. YOU NEED "P-F"...

"P-F"-
WHAT'S THAT?

WHAT JIM TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT "P-F" HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER, SPEEDS UP YOUR GAME, MAKES YOU A BETTER ATHLETE:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.

2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION... A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN "P-F" CANVAS SHOES

OUR BOYS ARE DOING PURTY WELL... TYING THE SCORE IN THE LAST INNING!

AND THE GAME IS NOT OVER YET, MR. JONES! WATCH...



THE SANDLOT IS YOURS, BOYS... AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO USE IT.

GOSH, GUESS WE OUGHT TO CALL IT "P-F" PARK! THE WHOLE TEAM IS WEARING 'EM.

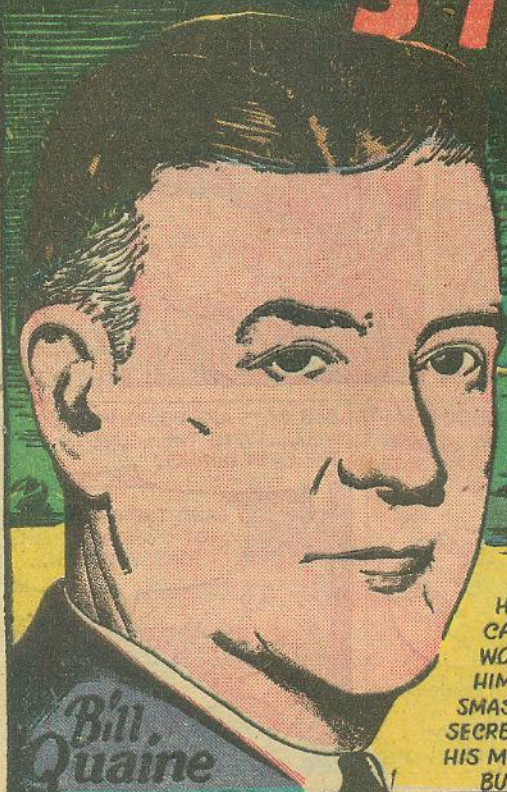
YOU'LL BE A BETTER, FASTER PLAYER, TOO... IN ALL SPORTS--IF YOU WEAR "P-F" CANVAS SHOES.

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY



B.F. Goodrich AND
HOOD RUBBER CO.

STORY-BOOK SLEUTH



HANDSOME BILL QUAINÉ LOOKED THE PART OF A HOLLYWOOD HERO, AND THE STORY OF HIS AMAZING CAREER TOPS ANY FICTION YARN. THE UNDER-WORLD OF HARLEM'S "LITTLE ITALY" FEARED HIM ABOVE ALL COPS. IN 30 YEARS THERE BILL SMASHED SIX GANGS. THE ONCE POWERFUL MAFIA, SECRET CRIME SOCIETY, POSTED \$10,000 FOR HIS MURDER. MANY TRIED FOR THE BOUNTY BUT NONE EVER COLLECTED.

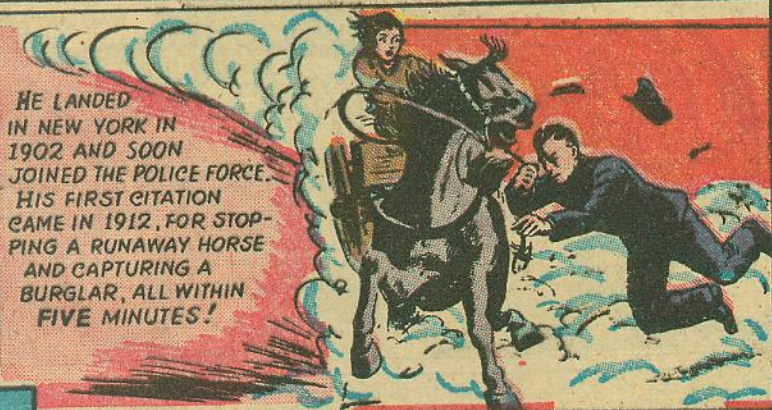
\$10,000⁰⁰
FOR THE DEATH
OF BILL QUAINÉ



BORN IN IRELAND, WILLIAM J. QUAINÉ WAS EDUCATED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN. ONE DAY HE GOT A NOTION TO WORK HIS WAY TO AMERICA ON A SHIP.



HE LANDED IN NEW YORK IN 1902 AND SOON JOINED THE POLICE FORCE. HIS FIRST CITATION CAME IN 1912, FOR STOPPING A RUNAWAY HORSE AND CAPTURING A BURGLAR, ALL WITHIN FIVE MINUTES!



LATER, BILL INTERRUPTED A HOLD-UP AND CHASED ONE OF THE BANDITS TO A ROOF. DODGING BULLETS, HE CLOSED IN ON THE THUG. THEN, IN A HAND-TO-HAND STRUGGLE, HE KNOCKED THE BANDIT GOLD WITH A SMASH TO THE JAW. HIS CAPTIVE TURNED OUT TO BE A MURDERER WANTED FOR ANOTHER CRIME!



BILL WAS PROMOTED TO DETECTIVE AND LIFE GOT TOUGHER FOR GANGSTERS.



ONE NIGHT, SEVEN GANGSTERS TRIED TO AMBUSH QUAINÉ UNDER AN ELEVATED TO GET THE BOUNTY PLACED ON HIS HEAD. THE PLOT FAILED.



BILL SAW THE MEN DARTING BEHIND PILLARS AND OPENED FIRE SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE GANG. ONE MAN FELL, DRILLED THROUGH THE HEAD. THERE WERE SIX OTHERS FIRING BUT QUAINÉ OUTLASTED THEM. HE BROUGHT THREE DOWN WITH THE REST OF HIS BULLETS, AND CAUGHT ONE BAREHANDED AS HE TRIED TO FLEE!

HIS BEST JOB WAS THE ARREST OF THE 'MURDER STABLE,' AN EXTORTION GANG THAT POISONED MILK DELIVERY HORSES AND SHOT THEIR DRIVERS. QUAINÉ BROKE UP THE GANG BY WORKING IN THE STABLES TO COLLECT EVIDENCE, AND SHOOTING IT OUT WITH THE CROOKS.



DURING THE NEXT TWO DECADES, BILL BECAME KNOWN AS 'THE TERROR.' HE FINISHED OFF THE 'MURDER CLUB,' WHICH HAD BUILT UP A CHAIN OF STORES BY FORCING ITS OWNERS INTO PARTNERSHIPS, THEN SLAYING THEM.

AFTER ROUTING THE CARBARN GANG IN 1936, HANDSOME, WELL-EDUCATED BILL QUAINÉ RETIRED AND RETURNED TO IRELAND. NEW YORK LOST ITS MOST HARDBOILED COP.

HE SPENT HIS LAST YEARS AS A STUDENT OF LATIN, DYING OF A HEART ATTACK A SHORT TIME AGO:

"TREAT-EM-ROUGH" BILL MAINTAINED UNTIL THE LAST THAT ALL CROOKS HAD A YELLOW STREAK.



AT RIGHT, BILL BEING CONGRATULATED BY COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT FOR BRAVERY IN 1929.

THE END



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



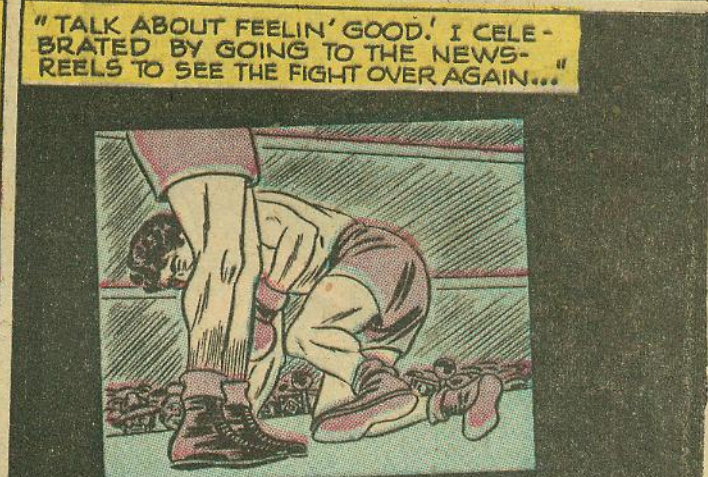
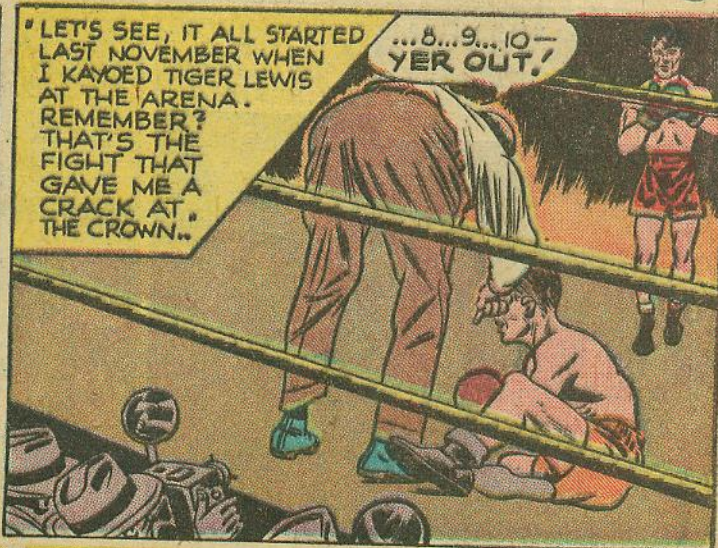
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



Your District Attorney speaks:

A LOT OF US RECALL THE SHADY CIRCUMSTANCES THAT SURROUNDED THE MCCOY-JACKSON CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT RECENTLY. BUT NO ONE KNOWS THIS STORY OF A FIXED FIGHT BETTER THAN ONE OF THE BOXERS HIMSELF—THE SENSATIONAL PUGILIST WILL JACKSON. HERE IS HIS SHOCKING EXPOSE OF THE GANGSTERS WHO TRY TO DISGRACE THE NOBLE ART OF FISTICUFFS. IT'S A STORY THAT PACKS A PUNCH LIKE A RIGHT TO THE HEART—

"IN THIS CORNER—DEATH!"

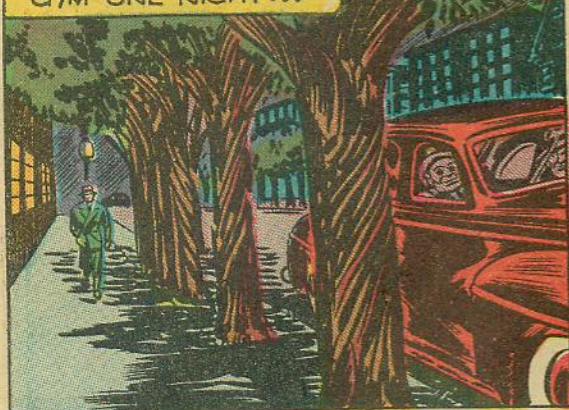




MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



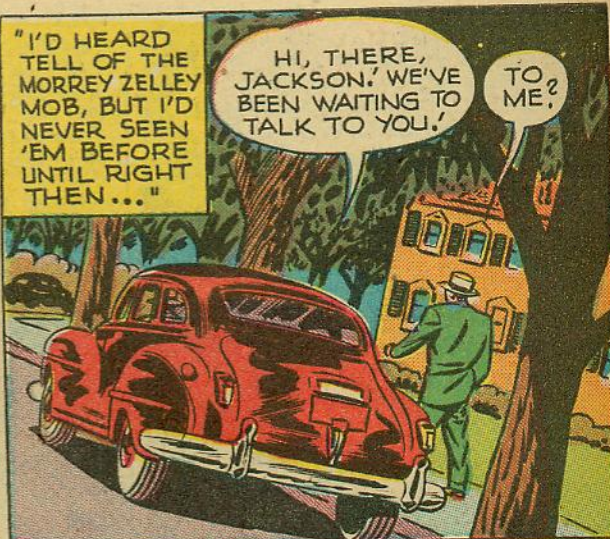
"THE BIG GO WAS IN JUNE AN' MY MANAGER, JIM WILLIAMS PUT ME ON A FULL-TIME TRAINING SCHEDULE. I WAS THE HAPPIEST GUY ON EARTH—UNTIL I LEFT BERRY'S GYM ONE NIGHT..."



"I'D HEARD TELL OF THE MORREY ZELLEY MOB, BUT I'D NEVER SEEN 'EM BEFORE UNTIL RIGHT THEN..."

HI, THERE, JACKSON. WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO TALK TO YOU.

TO ME?



YEAH, YOU.

EASY, STEVE. I THINK THE BOY WILL SEE THINGS OUR WAY. I IMAGINE WILL CAN USE FIFTY GRAND.

WHAT?



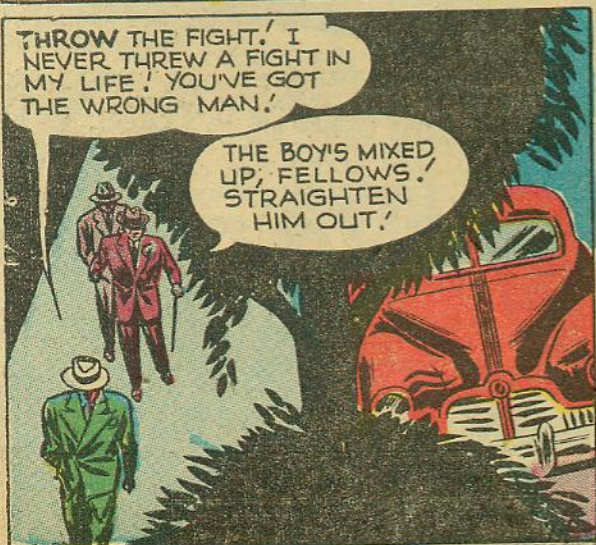
WE WANT YOU TO THROW THE FIGHT WITH SOLDIER MCCOY. SURE, MAKE IT LOOK CLOSE SO YOU'LL GET A RETURN BOLT. YOU'LL GET 50 G'S FOR DIVING INTO THE TANK.

AN' NOBODY'LL KNOW A THING, KID.



THROW THE FIGHT. I NEVER THREW A FIGHT IN MY LIFE. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG MAN.

THE BOY'S MIXED UP, FELLOWS. STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT.



WE'LL GET 'IM, MORREY!—
OOOF!

BIFF!





"I'VE FOUGHT THE BEST OF 'EM. I'VE HIT AN' I'VE BEEN HIT, AN' IT'S ALL IN THE GAME. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO A GUN—YOU SUDDENLY THROW IN THE TOWEL..."



"I GOT IN THEIR CAR. WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? ONE OF 'EM STARTED TWISTIN' MY ARM KIND OF HARD..."

IT'S YOUR BEST ARM, KID. TAKE THE FIFTY G'S AN' THROW THE FIGHT—OR I BREAK IT OFF.

N-NO.



"IT HURTS WHEN A SOLAR PLEXUS PUNCH GETS YOU, OR WHEN THE RAW LEATHER OF A GLOVE RAKES SKIN OFF YOUR FACE—BUT IT WAS NEVER LIKE THE PAIN IN MY ARM THAT NIGHT..."

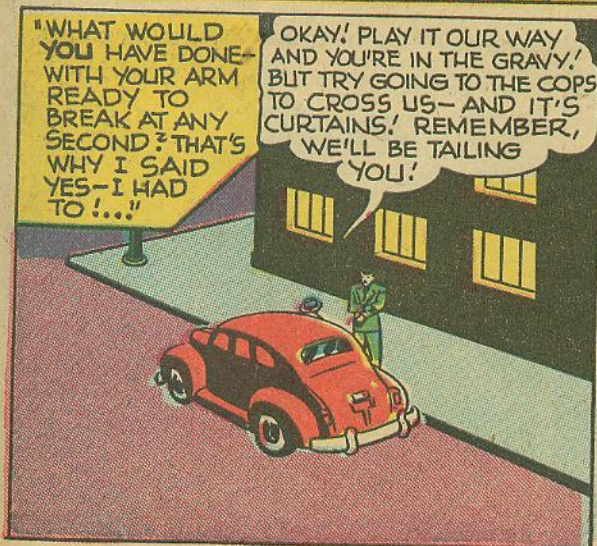
BETTER TALK, KID. ... BEFORE IT SNAPS.

ALL R-RIGHT! I'LL D-DO IT!



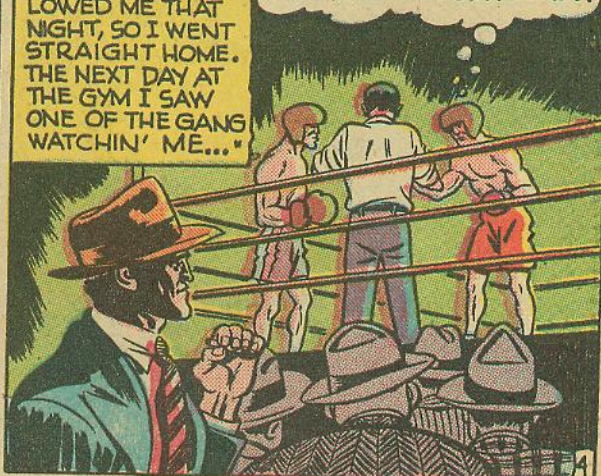
"WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE WITH YOUR ARM READY TO BREAK AT ANY SECOND? THAT'S WHY I SAID YES—I HAD TO..."

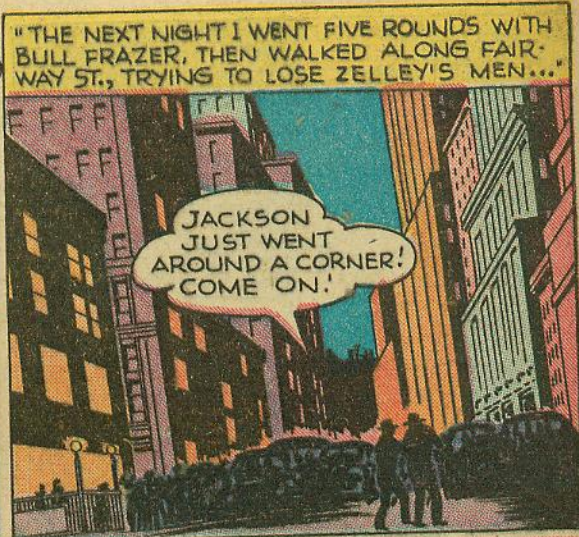
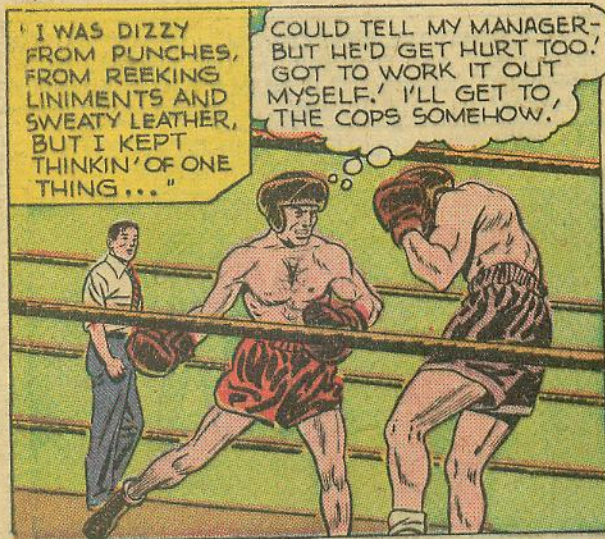
OKAY! PLAY IT OUR WAY AND YOU'RE IN THE GRAVE! BUT TRY GOING TO THE COPS TO CROSS US—AND IT'S CURTAINS! REMEMBER, WE'LL BE TAILING YOU!

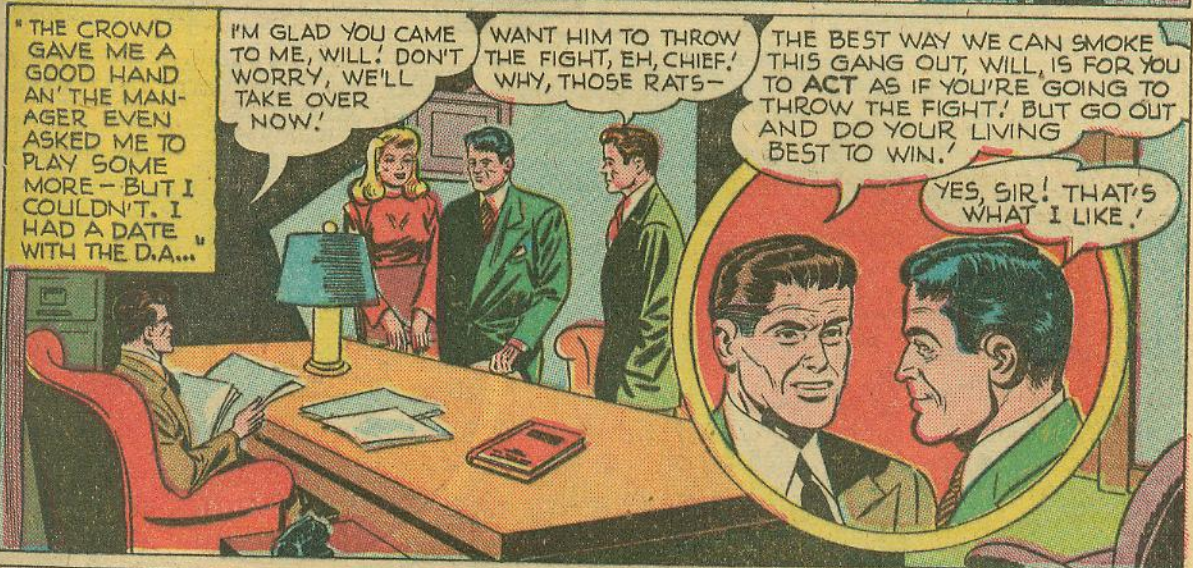


"I WAS SURE SOMEONE FOLLOWED ME THAT NIGHT, SO I WENT STRAIGHT HOME. THE NEXT DAY AT THE GYM I SAW ONE OF THE GANG WATCHIN' ME..."

HMM—THEY'RE TRAILIN' ME LIKE BLOODHOUNDS!







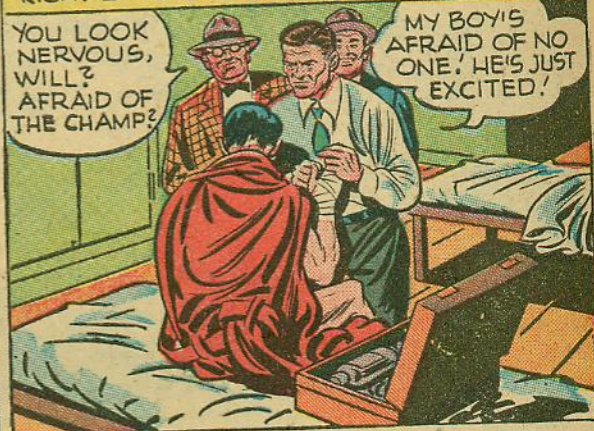
WHEN WE LOST YA, WE HAD A HUNCH YA'D SING, SO WE WAITED OUTSIDE THE D.A.'S OFFICE AN' SAW YA. REMEMBER, KID-IF YA DON'T PLAY BALL, NO ONE CAN SAVE YA, NO ONE!



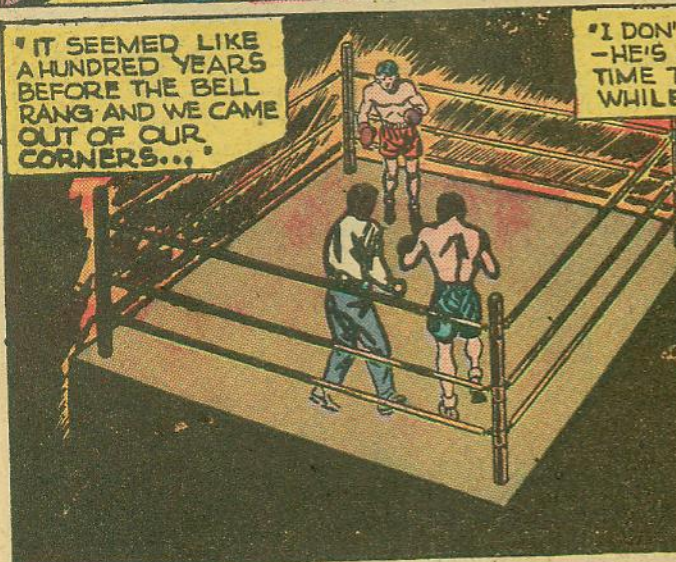
"THEY TOLD ME THEY'D SHOOT ME IF I WHIPPED SOLDIER MCCOY- D.A. OR NO D.A.. THE THREAT BEGAN TO GNAW AWAY AT ME, RIGHT UP TO THE EVE OF THE FIGHT..."

YOU LOOK NERVOUS, WILL? AFRAID OF THE CHAMP?

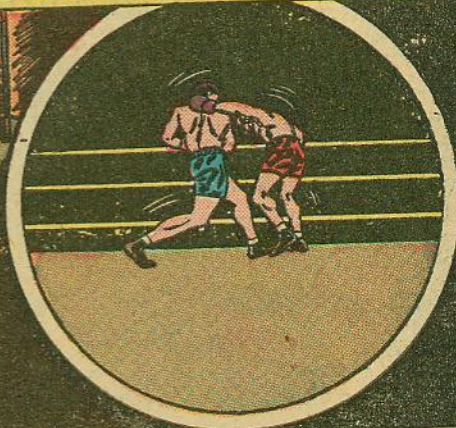
MY BOY'S AFRAID OF NO ONE, HE'S JUST EXCITED!



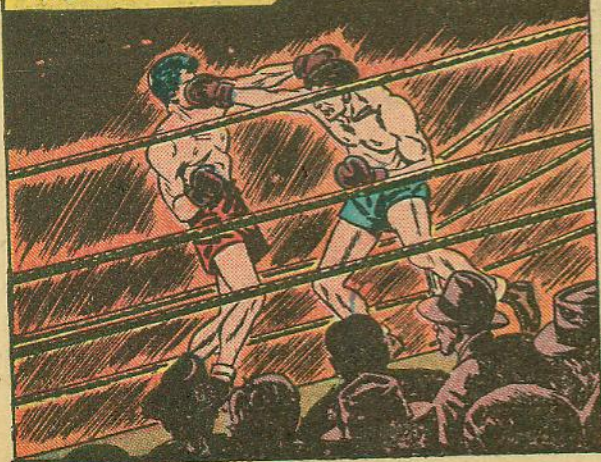
"IT SEEMED LIKE A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE THE BELL RANG AND WE CAME OUT OF OUR CORNERS..."



"I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE SOLDIER -HE'S A GREAT FIGHTER. YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT BEIN' SHOT AT WHILE HE'S DANCIN' AROUND YOU..."

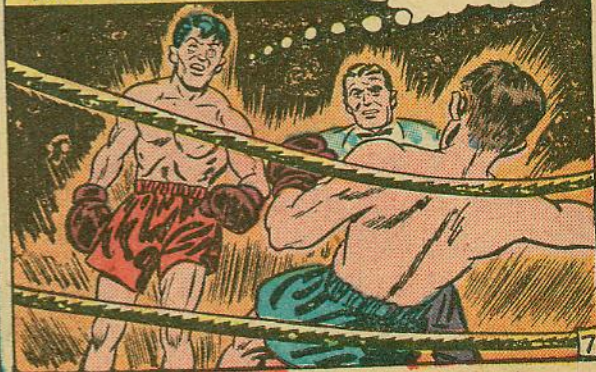


"I GOT TAGGED PLENTY IN THE FIRST TWO ROUNDS..."

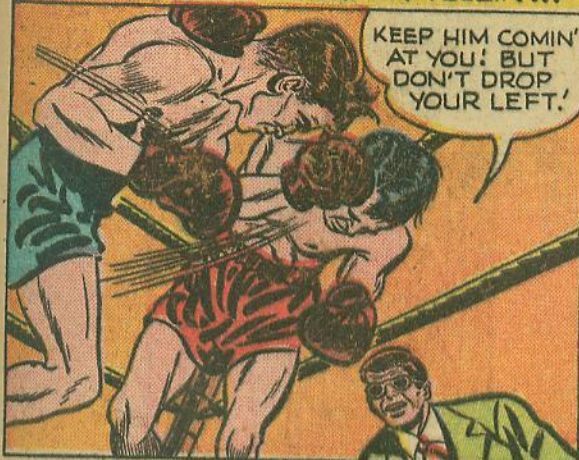


"AN' EVERY TIME I SLUGGED THE SOLDIER I KEPT THINKIN' ABOUT WHAT THE CROOKS SAID, - 'WE'LL GETCHA IF YA WIN.' ..."

SUPPOSIN' THEY ARE AIMIN' AT MY BACK RIGHT NOW, MAYBE I'D BETTER PULL MY PUNCHES!

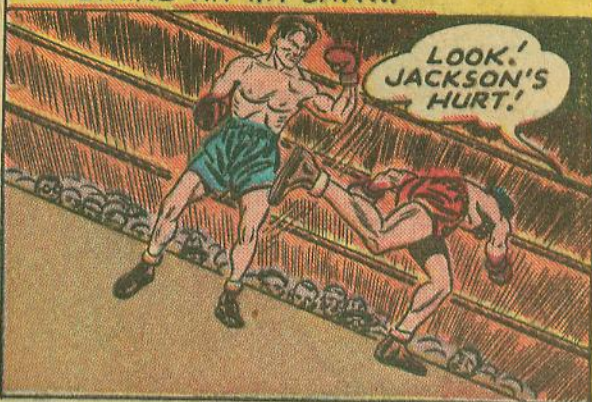


"THEN I'D FEEL SAFE AGAIN, 'CAUSE I'D HEAR HARRINGTON IN MY CORNER YELLIN'..."



KEEP HIM COMIN' AT YOU! BUT DON'T DROP YOUR LEFT!

"THERE'S A GUN IN MY BACK—THAT THOUGHT FROZE MY MUSCLES. WHAT COULD THE D.A. DO ONCE A TRIGGER WAS PULLED? I WAS ALL MIXED UP, AND THEN SUDDENLY SOMETHING HIT MY JAW..."



LOOK! JACKSON'S HURT!

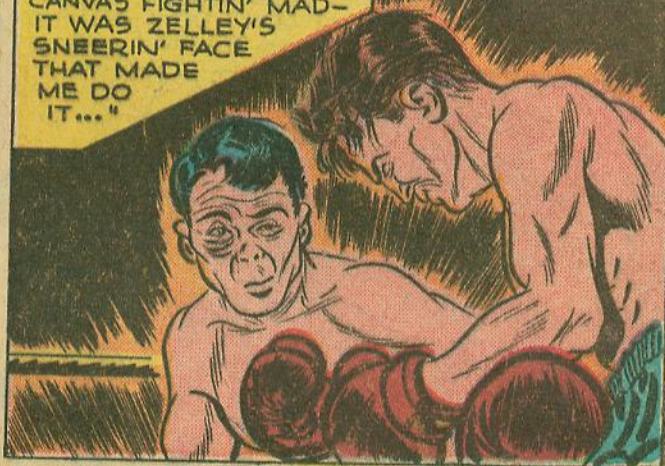
"ANY THERE ON THE CANVAS I SAW A SNEERIN' FACE LOOKIN' AT ME..."

THAT CROOK! HE THINKS HE'S GOT ME IN THE PALM O' HIS HAND! GOT ME, HAS HE? GUN OR NO GUN—I'M SHOWIN' 'IM,...

...3...4
...5...



"IT WASN'T SOLDIER'S FAULT I GOT UP OFF THE CANVAS FIGHTIN' MAD—IT WAS ZELLEY'S SNEERIN' FACE THAT MADE ME DO IT..."



"WELL, YOU READ IT IN THE PAPERS AND SAW IT IN THE NEWSREELS. FIRST THING I KNOW THEY COUNTED OVER SOLDIER..."

JACKSON'S CHAMP—BY A KAYO!



"ZELLEY WAS RAVIN' LIKE A CRAZY MAN, AS WE LATER FOUND OUT..."

NO, BOYS, I HANDLE THIS ONE ALONE! JACKSON CROSSED ME—AND I'M GOING TO KILL HIM! I'M GOING OVER TO HIS APARTMENT NOW!





MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



LISTEN IN TO MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY EVERY WED. NIGHT OVER N.B.C. NETWORK

GANG BUSTERS

First-



A TOP RADIO HIT!

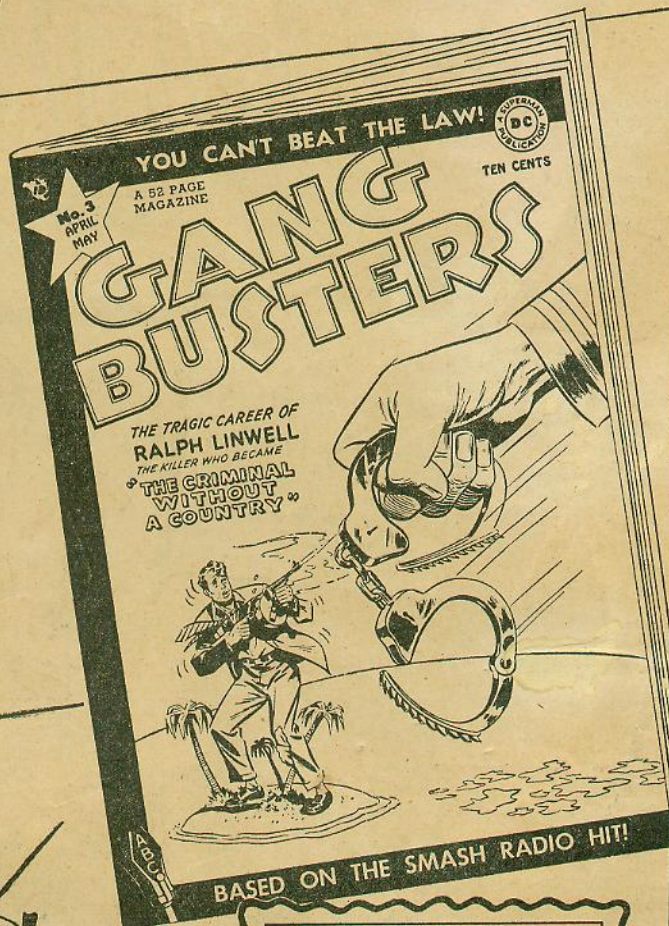
Now-

A

SENSATIONAL

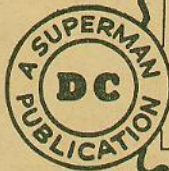
COMICS

FAVORITE!



**ACTION!
EXCITEMENT!
DRAMA!**

THE PUNCH-PACKED
CASE-HISTORIES
OF MEN WHO TRIED
TO BEAT THE LAW
—AND OF THE
LAWMEN WHO BEAT
THEM TO THE
FINAL DRAW!



WATCH FOR THE THIRD
SMASH ISSUE
OF **GANG BUSTERS** AT YOUR NEWSSTAND

HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMPS" OF AMERICA by Thom McAn

WATCH THIS SPACE FOR
THE HIGH SCHOOL "CHAMP"
OF YOUR LOCALITY.

ALLEN MURRAY

"OUTSTANDING BOY"

IN HIS CLASS AT SOUTH HIGH
SCHOOL, DENVER, COLORADO



ALLEN MURRAY just won a college scholarship—and no wonder! Top-notch athlete and student, he was picked as Outstanding Boy of his school. Enjoys fishing, hunting, camping—he loves to travel. "Al" is almost 6 foot tall. He says Thom McAn's famous Gro-Chart (described below) is a great idea, because it helps keep kids from stunting their foot growth!

HE'S AN
EXPERT SKIER



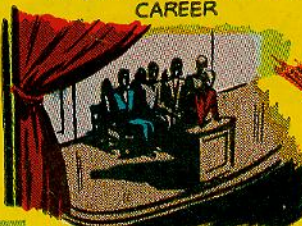
"AL" CHOOSES

THIS RUGGED "HE-MAN"
STYLE WITH HEAVY
FLEXIBLE RUBBER SOLE.
(BOYS' STYLE X-33;
MEN'S STYLE #611)

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SHOE



HE LIKES BOTH PHYSICAL
EDUCATION AND MEDICINE.
MAY COMBINE BOTH FOR A
CAREER

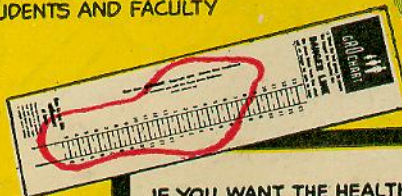


PLAYS A
HOT
TROMBONE



LOVES MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.
HIS AMBITION: TO CLIMB
EVERY PEAK IN COL-
ORADO OVER 14,000
FT. HIGH.

CHOSEN AS OUTSTANDING
BOY OF SCHOOL BY BOTH
STUDENTS AND FACULTY



IF YOU WANT THE HEALTHY FEET OF A "CHAMP,"
DON'T LET OUTGROWN SHOES DAMAGE YOUR
FEET BEFORE YOU EVEN KNOW IT! DEPEND
ON THOM McAN'S WONDERFUL **SCIENTIFIC**
GRO-CHART FOR PROTECTION. IT'S YOUR
INSURANCE AGAINST **STUNTING YOUR FOOT**
GROWTH. GET YOUR FREE GRO-CHART
TODAY AT THE NEAREST THOM
McAN SHOE STORE.



Thom McAn

503 STORES - IN 299 CITIES