



RADIO'S NO.1 HIT!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

"DRAGNET"

THE STORY OF
BIG MIKE
MURDOCH
AND HIS
CAPTURE!

*A manhunt
you'll never
forget!*

241785

HABITS: Whiskey, Caviar
HAUNTS: East Side Lower Ma
ALIASES: Big Mike Robinson

THE CRIME FILE

EMBEZZLEMENT

The mild-mannered, bespectacled clerk nodded a cheery good-night to the watchman at the door and left the factory with rapid strides. Suddenly, his foot caught on a piece of broken pavement and he sprawled headlong, his lunchbox slithering from under his arm.

The box broke open and a half-dozen small, shiny instruments scattered over the walk. The watchman stared unbelievably. . . . So this trusted, friendly employee was the culprit responsible for the disappearance of hundreds of valuable instruments over the past year!

Embezzlements such as these, reports the American Surety Company Fidelity Department, is a major crime problem costing U. S. businesses more than \$500,000,000 annually. Workers succumbing to the get-rich-quick lure pilfer anything from cod-liver oil and face powder to typewriters and toothbrushes, the Department reveals.

These thefts are difficult to guard against in large plants because the millions of items in the factories can be inventoried only about once each year.

Why do so-called trusted employees defraud their bosses? The Chicago Crime Commission gives five major reasons:— a desperate attempt to cover up financial losses, extravagant living standards impelled by a desire to "keep up with the Joneses," sudden unusual family expenses, keeping bad company, and an inability to make ends meet with the salary earned.

LETHAL SOUVENIRS

Souvenir firearms were responsible for more than 500 deaths during the past year throughout the nation, according to a survey just completed.

The weapons were captured German and Japanese guns which GIs brought back with

them after the war. Many of the tragedies were caused when the weapons were stolen by thieves and used in holdup killings. Many others were accidental deaths; the bullet was discharged while the gun was being cleaned.

Federal authorities have issued a new appeal to all possessors of souvenir firearms: Bring them to the nearest police headquarters so that they can be rendered harmless.

"They'll be just as handsome souvenirs and they won't take anybody's life," a Federal man says.

A GEM OF A HAUL

Alert customs officers on all the nation's borders intercepted almost \$2,500,000 worth of diamonds and other jewelry which smugglers attempted to bring into the country last year.

In the Port of New York alone, a grand total of 1,800,000 pieces of baggage and 600,000 persons coming into the country were inspected by officers.

But not all of the smuggled gems are found in baggage or secreted on the persons of passengers. The Customs men know that much of it is hidden in the ships themselves and left until they can be spirited ashore.

Accordingly, clad in overalls and aided by blueprints of a ship's construction, the Customs men board some vessels in surprise checks, penetrating every part from crow's nest to keel.

In one of these surprise raids, an officer found \$100,000 in uncut stones stuffed into several peeled, hard-boiled eggs in the galley!

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, CRIME IS BUSILY AT WORK. CEASELESS VIGILANCE IS NECESSARY TO THWART ITS EVERY ATTEMPT. WHEN MEDICAL ORDERS DIRECTED ME TO CONVALESCE FROM A BULLET WOUND, HARRINGTON AND MISS MILLER, I BELIEVED, WOULD MAKE CAPABLE SUBSTITUTES. BUT A CRAFTY CROOK BY THE NAME OF COUNT ALEXI KRASNOV ABRUPTLY APPEARED AND TURNED MY LEAVE INTO A BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY, AS YOU WILL SEE IN...

"THE D.A. TAKES A VACATION!"



IT WAS IN DECEMBER OF 1947 THAT THE LAW FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH ACES BANDON... TWO WEEKS AFTER HIS SENSATIONAL ESCAPE FROM FOLSOM PRISON...

WE'VE GOT THE PLACE SURROUNDED, D.A.. HE CAN'T ESCAPE!

COME OUT OF THERE, ACES! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE!



THE DESPERATE CRIMINAL CRASHED HEADLONG THROUGH A REAR WINDOW IN HIS FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE...

THERE HE GOES! CLOSE IN!



YEAH, I'LL COME OUT! I'VE SHOT MY BOLT, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DIE ALONE!



SOMEHOW UNTOUCHED BY POLICE BULLETS, ACES MADE THE STREET ENTRANCE THROUGH A NARROW ALLEY...

YOU! THE D.A.! THE GUY WHO SENT ME UP...



I SWORE I'D GET YOU!

CHIEF!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT, ACES BANDON WAS CUT DOWN BY POLICE FIRE... HIS CRIMINAL CAREER ABRUPTLY TERMINATED...

CHIEF! CHIEF!

GET A STRETCHER! HURRY!



AND HOURS LATER AT MEMORIAL HOSPITAL...

THE D.A. WILL LIVE, MR. HARRINGTON, BUT I SUGGEST A GOOD, LONG REST, A VACATION - WHEN HE LEAVES THE HOSPITAL...

THAT'S OUR DEPARTMENT, DOCTOR. WE'LL SEE THAT HE TAKES THAT VACATION!



AND AFTER LONG WEEKS OF WEARY CONVALESCENCE...

HARRINGTON! MISS MILLER! HMMM - THIS FRESH AIR FEELS GOOD!

THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING, CHIEF... WAIT TILL YOU FEEL THAT SEA AIR!



SEA AIR? WHAT HAVE YOU TWO BEEN...?

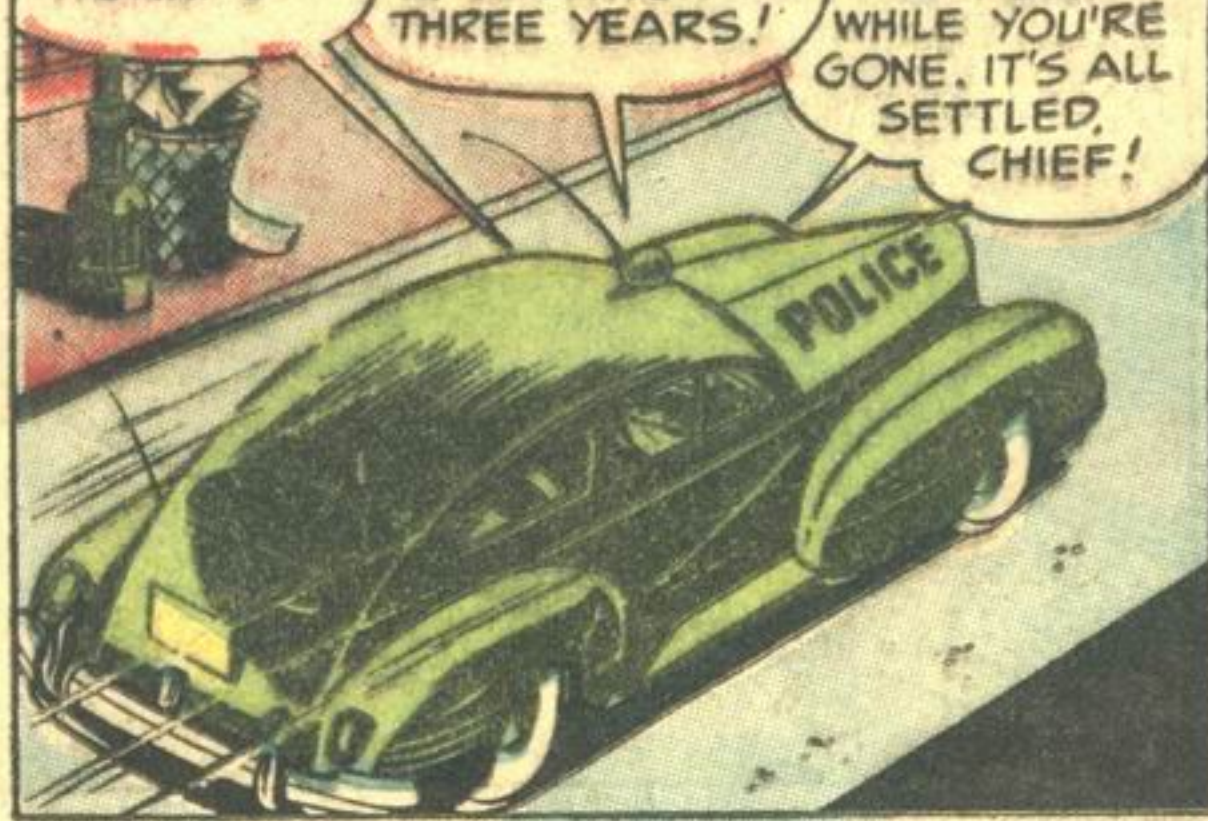
NO ARGUMENTS - WE'VE GOT YOUR TICKETS! YOU'RE SAILING NEXT WEEK ON THE GRANADA FOR SOUTH AMERICA!



WHAT? ARE YOU CRAZY? I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK! I--

DOCTOR'S ORDERS, CHIEF - BESIDES, YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VACATION IN THREE YEARS!

RIGHT! AND YOU CAN COUNT ON US TO HOLD THE FORT WHILE YOU'RE GONE. IT'S ALL SETTLED, CHIEF!



BUT ON FRIDAY, AS THE GRANADA PREPARED TO SAIL, A CURIOUS CHAIN OF EVENTS BEGAN TO UNFOLD - AT THE OFFICES OF HORNE AND SMITH, LTD., JEWELRY IMPORTERS...

AH, YES, COUNT ALEXI KRASNOV - WE'LL TAKE THIS ELEVATOR HERE.



AND FOUR STORES UP, BEHIND LOCKED DOORS - IN THE PRIVATE OFFICES OF HORNE AND SMITH, LTD....

HERE THEY ARE - THE FOUR RUBIES OF THE HOLLENDORF ESTATE, TINY BUT MATCHLESS AND WORTH A MILLION - WHAT?

I'LL TAKE THE RUBIES, MY STUPID FRIEND! HAND THEM OVER!





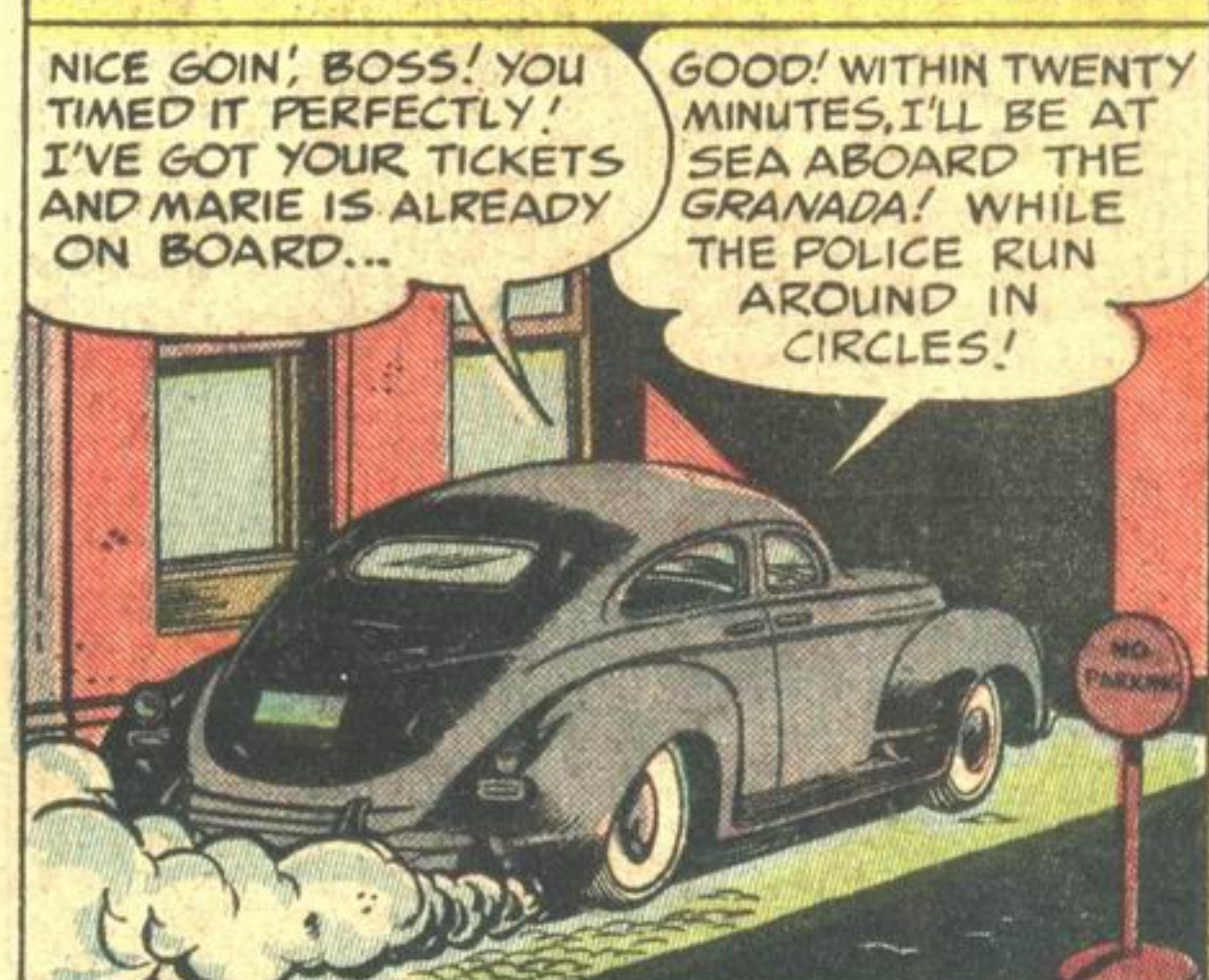
COUNT KRASNOV BOUND AND GAGGED HIS VICTIM AND THEN STRIPPED OFF HIS OWN OVERCOAT TO REVEAL...



HOOKING THE ROPE TO A REAR WINDOW, COUNT ALEXI SWIFTLY DESCENDED TO A SIDE STREET BELOW....



...AND WAS PICKED UP BY A WAITING CAR...



WITH PERFECT TIMING, ALEXI BOARDED THE GRANADA MINUTES BEFORE SAILING...

SO LONG, CHIEF! WATCH OUT FOR THOSE SEÑORITAS! RIGHT, MISS MILLER. GOOD-BYE!

WHAT LUCK! THE D.A. IN PERSON. THIS IS BETTER THAN I'D HOPED FOR!



AND EVEN BEFORE THE NEWS OF THE HOLLENDORF ROBBERY HIT THE STREETS, THE GRANADA CLEARED HARBOR AND POINTED HER BOW TO THE OPEN SEA...



AND, WITHIN TWO HOURS, THE D.A. RECEIVED A CABLEGRAM FROM HARRINGTON...

"BOGUS COUNT ALEXI KRASNOV LISTED AS PASSENGER ABOARD GRANADA - PLEASE CHECK..."

COUNT ALEXI, AGAIN.. IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE WE TANGLED LAST...



MOMENTS LATER...

BY GEORGE, D.A. HE'S LISTED HERE - STATEROOM 1-B.

SOMETHING VERY ODD ABOUT THIS, WHY WOULD KRASNOV DELIBERATELY REGISTER UNDER HIS OWN NAME...?



ENLISTING THE AID OF THE SHIP'S POLICE FORCE, THE D.A. AND DETECTIVE MORTON WENT IMMEDIATELY TO STATEROOM 1-B ONLY TO FIND...

HOLY MACKEREL, D.A., IT LOOKS LIKE A CYCLONE HIT THIS PLACE! YOU DON'T THINK SOMEBODY DID AWAY WITH ALEXI, DO YOU?

- OPEN PORTHOLE AND A PIECE OF RIPPED CLOTH! THIS COULD BE A PLANT! IT DOESN'T RING TRUE!



THE ENTIRE SHIP WAS THOROUGHLY SEARCHED, WITH INTERESTING RESULTS...

FIVE STOWAWAYS ON MY SHIP - FIVE!

AND NOT ONE OF THEM THE MISSING COUNT ALEXI -



THE WILY COUNT ALEXI HAD INDEED PLANNED WELL - AFTER FIRST SHAVING OFF HIS BEARD AND MUSTACHE AND ALTERING HIS APPEARANCE, HE HAD PROCEEDED WITH THE REST OF HIS SCHEME...

THERE - NO ONE WOULD EVER RECOGNIZE ME AS COUNT ALEXI KRASNOV NOW...



THEN THE COUNT LITERALLY VANISHED, BUT IN STATEROOM 4-B - A TALL, CLEAN-SHAVEN INDIVIDUAL, NAMED FRANCIS HAAS, MADE HIS APPEARANCE FOR THE FIRST TIME...

TWO PASSPORTS - TWO SETS OF TICKETS - NOW LET THEM FIND ME! THE D.A. IS EVEN ON BOARD TO VERIFY MY DISAPPEARANCE AND PROBABLE DEATH...





BUT ALEXI OVERLOOKED ONE DETAIL, HIS FEMININE ACCOMPLICE ABOARD SHIP...

MARIE GIBSON! ALEXI'S ACCOMPLICE, AND SHE CERTAINLY ISN'T GRIEVING FOR THE COUNT - WHICH MUST MEAN HE'S ALIVE!



BUT MARIE HAD ALREADY RECEIVED HER INSTRUCTIONS FROM ALEXI...

REMEMBER.. YOU NEVER SAW ME BEFORE IN YOUR LIFE - NOW QUICKLY! DID YOU GET MY MEDICINE?



YES, RIGHT HERE, I HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER BY MORNING, CHERI...

YOUR SOLICITUDE IS TOUCHING, MY DEAR. DON'T WORRY, NOTHING SHALL HAPPEN TO ME -- OR THE HOLLENDORF RUBIES!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE D. A.'S OFFICE...

I DON'T THINK ALEXI WAS MURDERED. I DON'T BELIEVE HE EVER BOARDED THAT SHIP AT ALL! AND BY THE TIME THE CHIEF GETS BACK, I'LL HAVE THIS PHONEY COUNT ALL WRAPPED UP FOR HIM!

MMM...



AND BACK ABOARD THE GRANADA... THE D. A. AND DETECTIVE MORTON TRIED EVERY TRICK IN THE BOOK TO UNEARTH COUNT ALEXI...

MARIE GIBSON HAS MADE NOTHING BUT ROUTINE SERVICE CALLS, D.A...

I'VE CHECKED EVERYWHERE. NO NOTES OR MESSAGES OF ANY SIGNIFICANCE IN HER ROOM...



THE GRANADA'S ENTIRE PASSENGER LIST WAS CAREFULLY SCREENED...

WE'VE NARROWED IT DOWN TO 40 MEN WHO WOULD BE ALEXI IN DISGUISE - SAME GENERAL HEIGHT, AGE, WEIGHT, ETC. WE'RE CHECKING THEIR BACKGROUNDS NOW...

GOOD! THIS MAY BRING RESULTS YET...



THE D. A. CAREFULLY WENT OVER AGAIN AND AGAIN ALL THE INFORMATION HARRINGTON HAD SENT HIM CONCERNING COUNT KRASNOV...

-ARRESTED IN SHANGHAI - IN THE HOSPITAL IN MANILA FOR -- HMM -- I WONDER...

D.A., I'VE GOT AN IDEA...



WE'LL BE DOCKING TOMORROW NIGHT IN RIO. SUPPOSE I SLIP A MESSAGE UNDER MARIE GIBSON'S DOOR PURPORTING TO COME FROM ALEXI - ASKING HER TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM IMMEDIATELY...

TOO DANGEROUS, MARIE IS CLEVER, AND WE DON'T WANT THE COUNT TO KNOW WE THINK HE'S ALIVE. BETTER WAIT!



MEANWHILE, THE CHECKING OF THE SHIP'S PASSENGERS CONTINUED...

D.A., WE CHECKED AND RECHECKED THOSE 40 MEN. 36 OF THEM ARE WELL KNOWN. FAMILY MEN IN BUSINESS, ETC. THESE 4 WE'VE BEEN UNABLE TO CHECK UP ON AT ALL -

ONLY 4? GOOD! GIVE ME A FEW HOURS AND WE'LL HAVE OUR MAN!



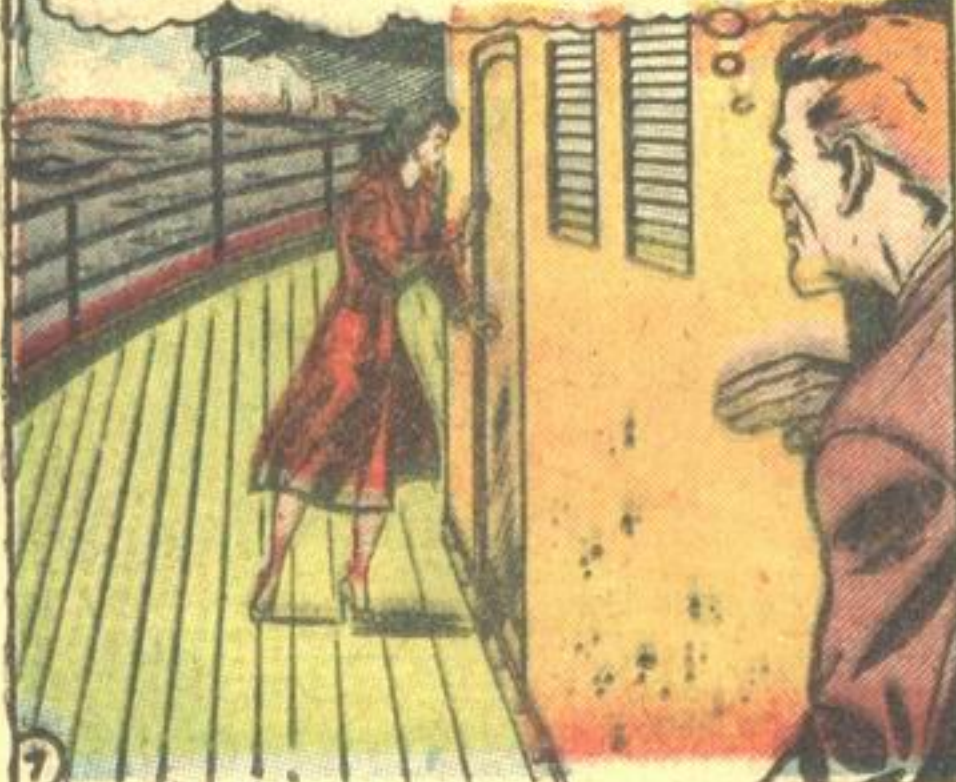
BUT THAT NIGHT, MORTON, IN SPITE OF THE D.A.'S WARNING, SLIPPED A NOTE UNDER MARIE'S DOOR AND AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL WAS STATEROOM 4-B.



SO I WANT TO SEE YOU AT ONCE - VERY URGENT, EH? HURRY, MARIE! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS BUNGLING FOOL RIGHT NOW...

MARIE HURRIEDLY EMERGED ON DECK A FEW MINUTES LATER...

SHE'S BITING QUICKER THAN I THOUGHT... NO TIME TO GET THE D.A. - DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER...



LET'S SEE... SHE WENT UP ON THE BOAT DECK... AH, THERE SHE-UH...

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, COPPER?



AS ALEXI FIRED, MORTON LEAPED FORWARD IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS LIFE...

AND HERE'S THE END OF YOUR LEAD - OOF6H!

BLAM

OOH, MY NOSE - GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE -

SCANT MOMENTS LATER...

YOU PEOPLE... GET BACK!

HE'S STILL ALIVE, D.A... BUT GOING FAST!

THIS WAS WANTON COLD-BLOODED MURDER AND ALEXI WILL PAY FOR IT!

A MINUTE EXAMINATION OF THE SCENE WHERE MORTON WAS SHOT DOWN DISCLOSED...

SEVERAL FEET FROM THE BODY, WE DISCOVERED BLOOD STAINS...

- WHICH SUGGESTS THAT MORTON MUST HAVE GOT IN A LUCKY PUNCH TO ALEXI'S NOSE OR MOUTH. IT MUST BE! MORTON NEVER FIRED HIS OWN GUN! HAVE THOSE STAINS ANALYZED.

AND IN THE SHIP'S INFIRMARY, DR. GOODMAN CONFIRMED WHAT THE D.A. HAD ALREADY SUSPECTED...

D.A., THESE BLOODSTAINS - YOU WERE RIGHT!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE GRANADA LAY OFF THE COAST OF RIO...

ATTENTION, ALL PASSENGERS! SALT TABLETS MAY BE OBTAINED AT THE DISPENSARY. PASSENGERS WHO ARE SUBJECT TO MALARIAL ATTACK MAY PROCURE QUININE TABLETS BEFORE GOING ASHORE!



AND IN THE SHIP'S DISPENSARY...

BY JOVE, GLAD YOU REMINDED ME - PICKED UP MALARIA SEVERAL YEARS AGO EAST OF BORNEO - NAME'S HORNSBY, STATEROOM 9-B.

SIGN HERE..

NO LUCK YET, D.A..



AT THAT MOMENT IN STATEROOM 4-B...

WHERE DID I PUT THOSE TABLETS MARIE GAVE ME? BETTER GET SOME MORE AT THE DISPENSARY BEFORE IT CLOSSES...



-IT LOOKS LIKE MY HUNCH WAS WRONG --I--

D.A. LOOK! THAT MAN - HE'S ONE OF THE FOUR LEFT ON OUR LIST! IF HE GETS QUININE--?



THANK YOU VERY MUCH AND - WHA--?

HE DID! ALL RIGHT, HAAS, ALIAS **COUNT ALEXI** - YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? I'LL--

IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR YOU, ALEXI! HMMM - A PIECE OF TAPE ABOVE YOUR LIP... CUT YOURSELF WHILE SHAVING? **OR DID MORTON TAG YOU WITH ONE BEFORE YOU SHOT HIM?**



I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT--I--

DON'T YOU? MORTON HIT YOU BEFORE HE DIED--WE ANALYZED THOSE BLOOD STAINS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT WE FOUND? **MALARIA! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE OUT OF OUR FOUR REMAINING SUSPECTS WHO CAME HERE TONIGHT FOR QUININE! YOU'RE COUNT ALEXI!**





AND AT THE CITY AIRPORT, TWO DAYS LATER -





BATMAN

With

ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER

TWO MEN IN THE SAME CITY LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE, THOUGH THIS FACT IS KNOWN TO ONLY ONE! THE DAY COMES WHEN THIS ONE DECIDES: "THERE IS NOT ROOM ENOUGH IN THE WORLD FOR THE BOTH OF US! ONE OF US SHALL DIE!" AND THE EXECUTION OF THIS EVIL THOUGHT BRINGS BATMAN AND ROBIN IN TO BLOCK THE DOUBLE'S ENJOYMENT OF THE FRUITS OF HIS FOUL PLAY BY PROBING TO THE DEPTHS OF THE MYSTERY OF ...

"The Amazing Masquerade!"

YOU IMPOSTOR!!
YOU'RE NOT THE REAL
GEORGE C. HUDSON—
I AM! THE MAN YOU
MURDERED!!

BO
KANE

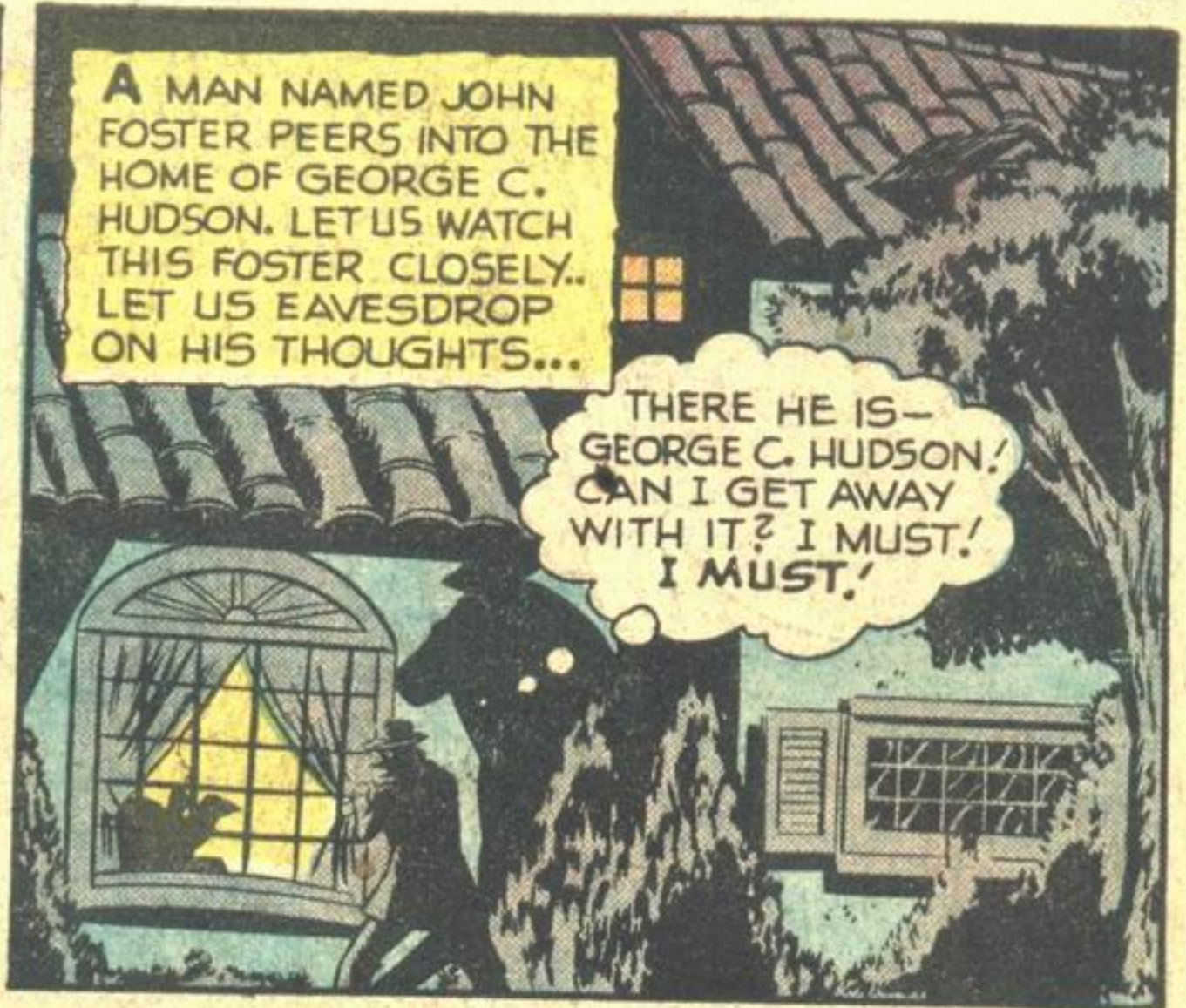




AS DUSK FALLS
ON GOTHAM
CITY...



A MAN NAMED JOHN
FOSTER PEERS INTO THE
HOME OF GEORGE C.
HUDSON. LET US WATCH
THIS FOSTER CLOSELY..
LET US EAVESDROP
ON HIS THOUGHTS...



THERE HE IS—
GEORGE C. HUDSON!
CAN I GET AWAY
WITH IT? I MUST!
I MUST!

"THROUGH THE DOOR,
QUICKLY! I MUST TAKE
HIM BY SURPRISE,
KILL HIM QUICKLY..."

WHAT IS
THIS? WHY-WHY,
IT'S INCREDIBLE!
YOU—YOU LOOK
JUST LIKE
ME!



YES! BUT I NOTICED IT FOUR
YEARS AGO—AND EVER SINCE,
I'VE PLANNED TO KILL YOU,
AND TAKE YOUR PLACE!



"CAN'T USE A GUN—WOULD SPOIL
HIS CLOTHES, WHICH I NEED!
THIS GAS CAPSULE WILL BE PERFECT!"

YOU'RE MAD!
(COUGH; YOU'LL
NEVER FOOL MY
SERVANTS, MY
FIANCEE, MY-MY
FRIENDS! (COUGH!)

BUT I WILL! THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW I'M NOT
THE REAL GEORGE C.
HUDSON, NOTED
ARCHITECT AND
DESIGNER OF
HOUSES!

IT'S DONE! NOW
TO DISPOSE OF THE
BODY—PUT ON HIS
CLOTHES...



(20 MINUTES LATER)
"MY NERVES—MUST
CONTROL MY NERVES!
THEY WON'T LOOK FOR
THE BODY—WHY *SHOULD*
THEY LOOK FOR THE
BODY? WAIT! A NOISE
IN THE DRIVEWAY..."

THAT WILL BE FELLOWS,
THE BUTLER RETURNING!
MY FIRST TEST! **CAN
I FOOL HIM?**





"I WONDER—DID HUDSON DRINK THESE QUICKLY—OR DID HE SIP THEM? SIP THEM, I SHOULD THINK..."

BUT, SIR—HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN? YOUR SLEEPING TABLET—YOU ALWAYS TAKE ONE WITH YOUR TODDY!

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT! MUST BLUFF NOW...

AH—THE DOCTOR HAS SAID I MAY TRY TO DO WITHOUT THEM FOR A WHILE, FELLOWS...

"THAT WAS CLOSE! BUT I FOOLED HIM—I FOOLED HIM! AND NOW FOR THE REAL PURPOSE OF THIS IMPERSONATION!"

PLANS FOR RICH PEOPLES' HOMES—NEARLY FINISHED! BY MAKING LAST-MINUTE ALTERATIONS ON THE ROOF STRUCTURES TO INCLUDE SECRET PANELS, I CAN GAIN ACCESS TO THEM ALL!

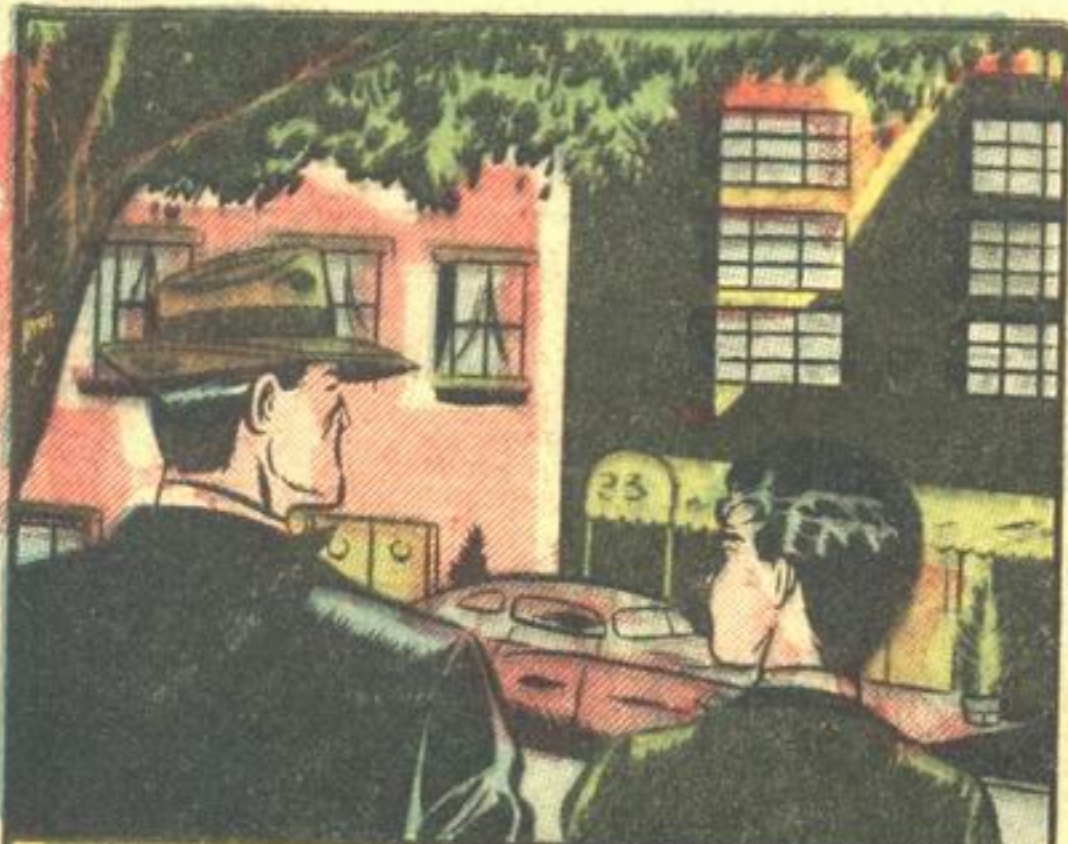


WITH A GANG TO HELP ME, I CAN BURGLARIZE GOTHAM CITY ESTATES WHEN I PLEASE!

"BUT ENOUGH FOR NOW! IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY, AND I NEED SLEEP TO REFRESH ME FOR TOMORROW'S TEST—HUDSON'S LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT WITH PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE!"

YES, I WILL FOOL YOU, TOO—BRUCE WAYNE!





NEXT DAY... BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON, ARE ON THEIR WAY TO HAVE LUNCH WITH GEORGE C. HUDSON...

AND BRUCE IS THINKING: "HOPE HUDSON CAN FIX US A NICE BUNGALOW FOR THE SUMMER. DICK COULD STAND A VACATION!... THEN - "WAIT! THAT MAN UP THERE!..."

THE "HUMAN SPIDER" MOB - LOOTING ANOTHER APARTMENT HOUSE! QUICK - INTO UNIFORM! WE'LL GET THEM FROM THE ADJOINING ROOF!

"SOMETHING'S ALWAYS POPPING! BUT THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE ROBIN AND ME VERY LONG..."

THEY'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER TOWER AND CAN'T SEE US FROM HERE. READY TO DO A LITTLE TIGHT-ROPE WALKING?



YOU BET!



BATMAN AND ROBIN.

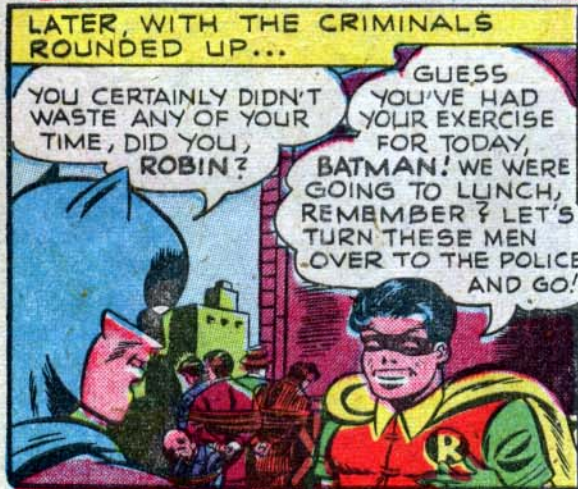
ROBIN! YOU HOLD THE FORT HERE - I'M GOING AFTER THOSE RATS CLIMBING UP!

QUICK! DOWN THE ROPE AND BACK INTO THE APARTMENT!



YEEOW!

NOW TO GIVE THESE BABIES A RIDE THEY WON'T FORGET!



A CLOSE SHAVE FOR THE IMPOSTOR! HE HAS FOOLED HIS BUTLER, CHAUFFEUR AND BRUCE WAYNE—BUT DANGER STILL LIES AHEAD!

LITTLE MISTAKES—BUT THEY CAN PILE UP AND CAUSE TROUBLE! I MUST WATCH MYSELF—PARTICULARLY WITH MARTHA, THE GIRL I'M SUPPOSED TO MARRY!



"OUR FIRST DATE! THEY SAY A WOMAN CAN'T BE FOOLED ABOUT THE MAN SHE LOVES—BUT WE SHALL SEE, WE SHALL SEE!"

HUDSON HAD EXCELLENT TASTE IN SELECTING HIS FIANCEE—I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE MY NEW ROLE VERY MUCH!

THE SHOW IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL, DARLING. I'M SO GLAD WE CAME...



SHALL WE DANCE, DARLING?



"MUSTN'T FORGET—HUDSON WAS A SLOPPY DANCER—WILL HAVE TO PUT ON THE CLUMSY ACT..."

GEORGE! BE CAREFUL OF MY DRESS...



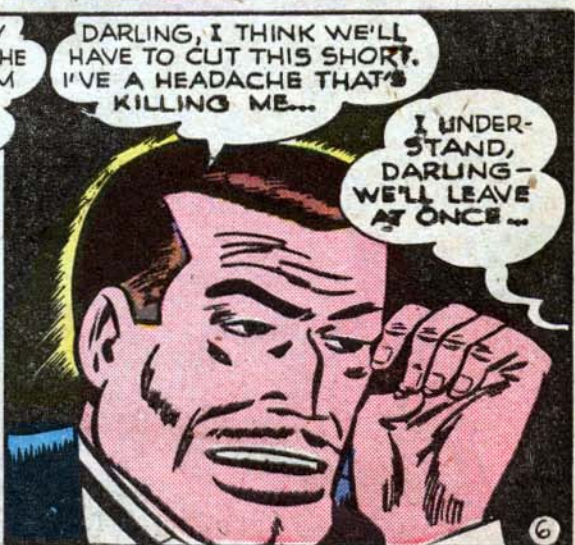
I THINK YOU'D BE JUST ABOUT PERFECT, GEORGE. IF YOU EVER LEARNED HOW TO DANCE...

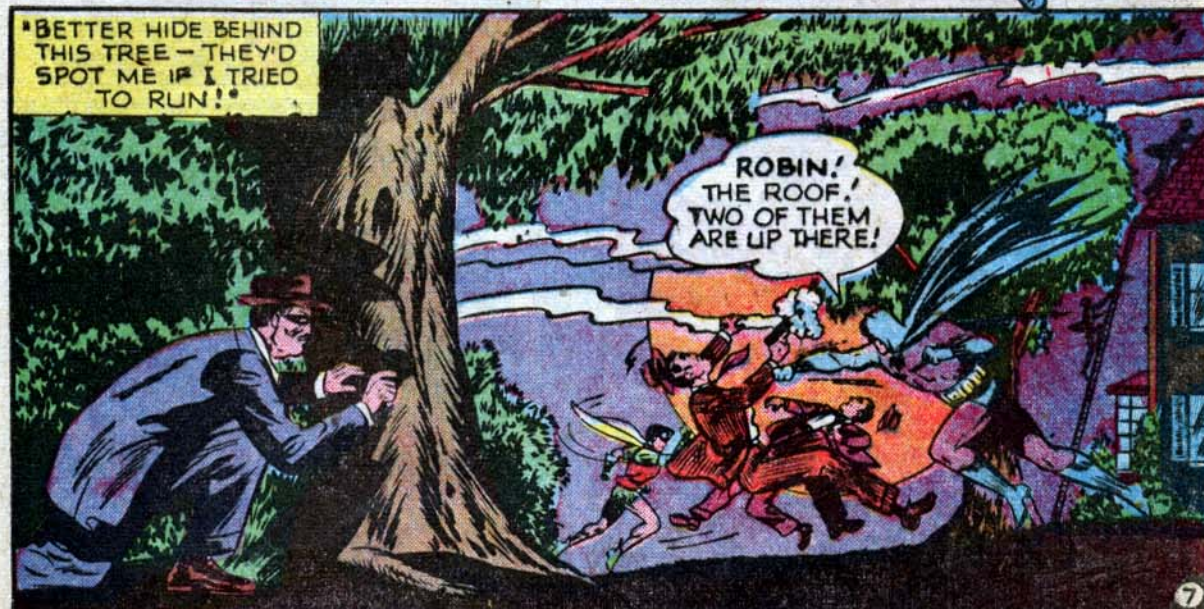
AH—IF YOU ONLY KNEW, MY DARLING, THAT I'M ONE OF THE BEST DANCERS IN GOTHAM CITY. BUT, NO—I MUST STAY IN CHARACTER...



DARLING, I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO CUT THIS SHORT. I'VE A HEADACHE THAT'S KILLING ME...

I UNDERSTAND, DARLING—WE'LL LEAVE AT ONCE...







A FEW DAYS PASS—AND THE MASQUERADE CONTINUES. BUT WHAT DOES MARTHA THINK—HAS SHE NOTICED ANYTHING? NOW WE STUDY HER AS SHE WRESTLES WITH A DIFFICULT PROBLEM...

GEORGE HAS BEEN ACTING RATHER STRANGE LATELY—BUT WHY SHOULDN'T HE? HE'S BEEN WORKING VERY HARD—SO MANY NIGHTS, TOO—HE'S PROBABLY JUST OVERWORKED...

YET—SOMETIMES—I COULD SWEAR HE WAS SOMEONE ELSE. OH, BUT THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



(AN HOUR LATER.)
"THERE IT IS AGAIN—THE WAY HE SQUEEZED MY HAND. GEORGE NEVER USED TO DO THAT... OH, I MUST BE IMAGINING THINGS..."

DARLING, YOU NEVER LOOKED MORE BEAUTIFUL...



"I KNOW—WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? THAT TINY SCAR UNDER HIS WRISTWATCH STRAP—THAT SHOULD DRIVE THOSE SILLY DOUBTS OUT OF MY HEAD..."

GEORGE, COULD I BORROW YOUR WRISTWATCH A MOMENT? THE KITCHEN CLOCK'S BROKEN AND I WANT TO TIME SOMETHING IN THE OVEN...

CERTAINLY...



"WHY—IT'S THERE—IT'S THERE!"

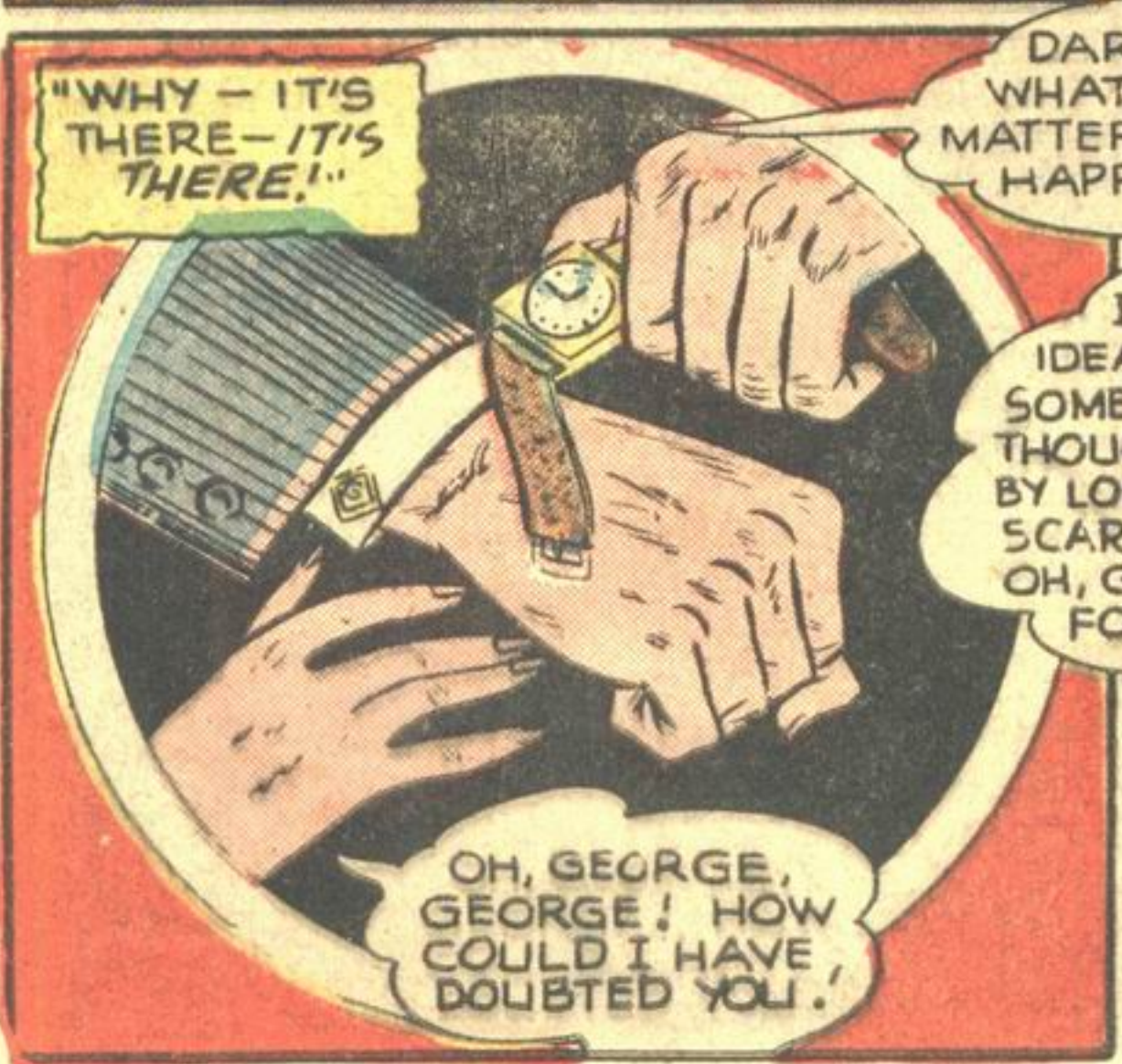
DARLING—WHAT'S THE MATTER—WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LUCKY THING I WENT OVER HUDSON'S BODY WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB, LOOKING FOR THINGS JUST LIKE THAT SCAR. MY COLLODION REPLICA FOOLED HER COMPLETELY!

I HAD SOME CRAZY IDEA YOU—YOU WERE SOMEBODY ELSE. I THOUGHT I'D CHECK BY LOOKING FOR THAT SCAR ON YOUR WRIST. OH, GEORGE—PLEASE FORGIVE ME!

THERE, THERE, DARLING—IT'S NOTHING...

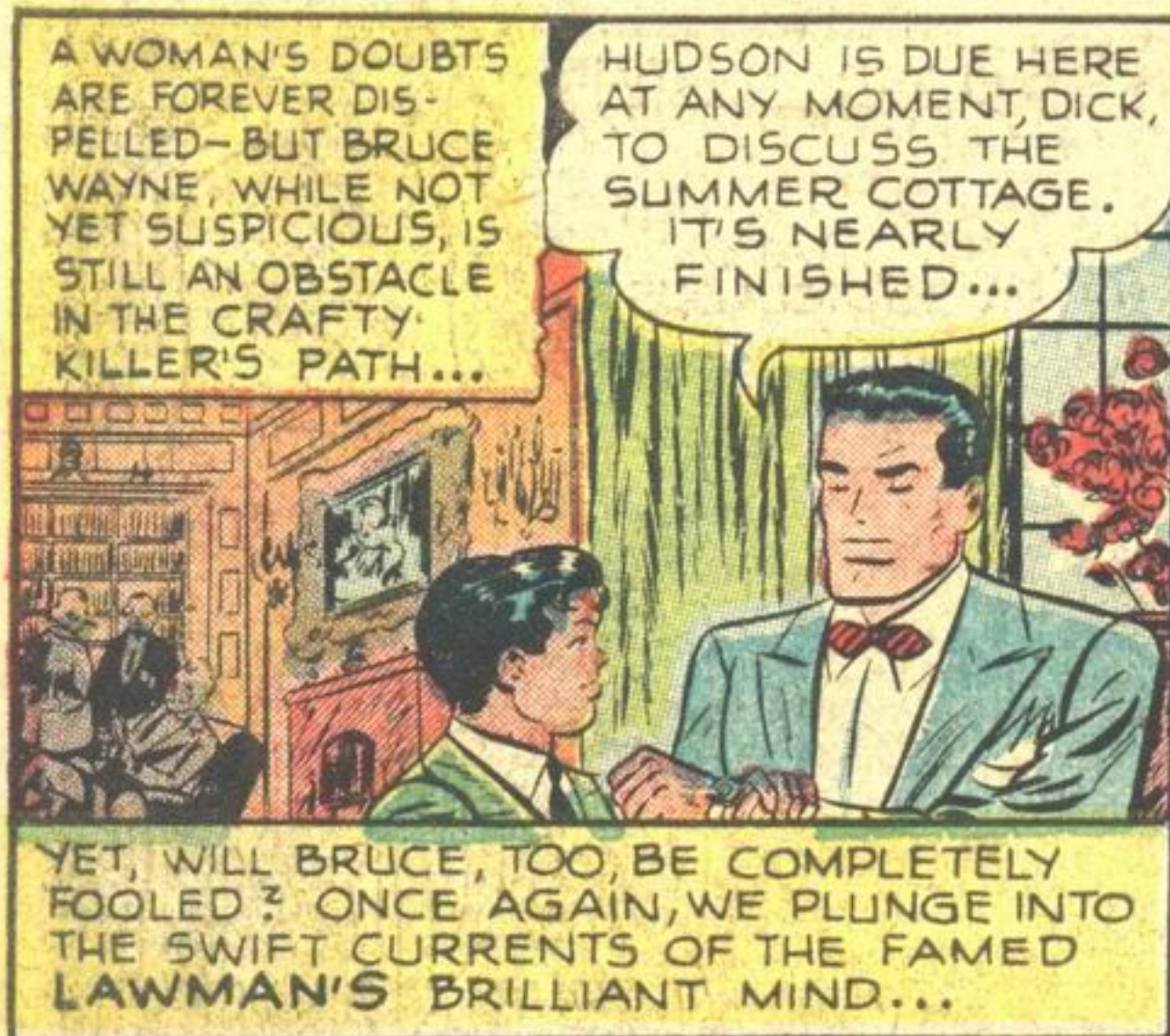
OH, GEORGE, GEORGE! HOW COULD I HAVE DOUBTED YOU!



A WOMAN'S DOUBTS ARE FOREVER DISPELLED—BUT BRUCE WAYNE, WHILE NOT YET SUSPICIOUS, IS STILL AN OBSTACLE IN THE CRAFTY KILLER'S PATH...

HUDSON IS DUE HERE AT ANY MOMENT, DICK, TO DISCUSS THE SUMMER COTTAGE. IT'S NEARLY FINISHED...

YET, WILL BRUCE, TOO, BE COMPLETELY FOOLED? ONCE AGAIN, WE PLUNGE INTO THE SWIFT CURRENTS OF THE FAMED LAWMAN'S BRILLIANT MIND...



INCIDENTALLY, DICK—THOSE ARE NOT REAL FLOWERS, ALTHOUGH THEY CERTAINLY LOOK IT. THEY'RE MADE OF SOME NEW PLASTIC AND PLACED ALL OVER THE CLUB TODAY. THE STEWARD TOLD ME ABOUT THEM.

THEY *DO* LOOK REAL...



"HUDSON WILL BE GLAD TO SEE THESE FLOWERS. AS I RECALL, HE'S TERRIBLY ALLERGIC TO REAL ROSES..."

OH, HERE HE COMES NOW...



KERCHOO! KERCHOO! SORRY, WAYNE—BUT YOU KNOW HOW ALLERGIC I AM TO ROSES! LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE... THESE ARE KILLING ME... **KERCHOO!**

THAT'S FUNNY—HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT, BUT WHY? HMMM—THIS IS SERIOUS!



(LATER) "IT'S CRAZY—BUT IT ADDS UP! HIS VOICE—HIS HABITS—THAT BUSINESS OF READING WITHOUT EYEGLASSES—AND NOW THESE FLOWERS..."

YOU SEE, DICK—WHY WOULD A MAN WHO'S ALLERGIC TO ROSES SNEEZE AT PLASTIC IMITATIONS—UNLESS THAT MAN WAS NOT REALLY ALLERGIC BUT WAS PLAYING A PART, AND DIDN'T REALIZE THE FLOWERS WERE FAKE?

YOU MEAN HUDSON ISN'T REALLY HUDSON?! BUT THAT'S ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE—AND HOW CAN YOU EVER PROVE IT?



BUT, MEANWHILE, FATE STEPS IN TO CHILL THE HEART OF THE MAD MASQUERADER!

FAKE ROSES! AND WAYNE KNEW! WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO SNEEZE! NOW WAYNE *MUST* SUSPECT SOMETHING! I CANNOT TAKE ANY MORE CHANCES—I *MUST* KILL HIM!

NO, REALLY! THOSE ARE PLASTIC ROSES—SOMETHING NEW. BRUCE WAYNE TOLD ME ABOUT THEM TODAY...





THIS MODEL OF WAYNE'S SUMMER COTTAGE GIVES ME AN IDEA! THE REAL ONE IS NEARLY FINISHED. I'LL HAVE IT COVERED WITH HIGHLY-INFLAMMABLE SHINGLES - MAKE IT A DEATH-TRAP!



(A FEW DAYS LATER) "IT'S FINISHED! THOSE SHINGLES WILL BURN LIKE GASOLINE!"

WAYNE IS DUE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT TO SPEND THE WEEK-END! IT WILL BE HIS LAST!



(THE NEXT NIGHT)
"HA-HA! ALL THE WALLS ARE BURNING FIERCELY... HE'S TRAPPED!"

HA-HA-YOU CAN'T GET OUT! GOOD BYE, MR. WAYNE!



(AN HOUR LATER) "THE LAST OBSTACLE REMOVED! IT'S CLEAR SAILING FROM NOW ON! WAIT! WHAT'S THAT?..."

I'M SURE I HEARD A NOISE OVER THERE...



"WHY-IT CAN'T BE-IT CAN'T BE! NOT A SECOND TIME!"

WHO-WHO ARE YOU? YOU-YOU LOOK JUST LIKE ME!

EXACTLY! THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, AND TAKE YOUR PLACE!

"NO-NO! THIS IS CRAZY! HE DOESN'T REALIZE I'M NOT THE REAL HUDSON!"



WAIT! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE! I'M NOT THE REAL HUDSON!

I DID THE SAME THING YOU'RE DOING— I'VE ALREADY KILLED THE REAL HUDSON! LOOK— WE CAN MAKE A DEAL — BE PARTNERS...



DID YOU HEAR THAT, COMMISSIONER GORDON? COME ON IN!



YOU ARE UNDER ARREST, WHOEVER YOU ARE, FOR THE MURDER OF GEORGE C. HUDSON!

COMMISSIONER GORDON — ROBIN — AND BATMAN! I'VE BEEN TRICKED!

BY JUST A HUNCH—AND A LITTLE RUBBER MASK!



I DON'T UNDERSTAND— HOW DID YOU GET ON TO ME?

BRUCE WAYNE TIPPED ME OFF A LITTLE WHILE AGO. I CALLED ON BATMAN TO SMOKE YOU OUT. THIS WAS HIS IDEA...



BUT I KILLED WAYNE! I SAW HIM DIE!

YOU THOUGHT YOU DID! BUT LUCKILY HE FOUND A SECRET PANEL IN THE ROOF, AND MANAGED TO ESCAPE THROUGH THAT!



LATER, IN THE BATCAVE TROPHY ROOM...

YES—IF I HADN'T STUMBLED ON THAT *SECRET PANEL* THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A DIFFERENT END TO THIS STORY. HE BUILT THAT PANEL, AS HE BUILT ALL THE OTHERS, TO FURTHER HIS CRIMES. BUT IN THE END, IT WAS HIS UNDOING!



GUIDE

JUJU ALEXANDER OF WAYNESVILLE, N.C., AT 14 IS THE YOUNGEST LICENSED GUIDE IN THE U.S. NATIONAL PARK SERVICE. JUJU GUIDES DUDES THROUGH THE GREAT SMOKIES. SHE KNOWS THE MOUNTAINS AS WELL AS YOU KNOW YOUR BACK-YARD.

JUJU STARTED RIDING ON HER FATHER'S RANCH. AT 6 SHE WAS SNEAKING RIDES AND JUMPING STONE HEDGES, RIDING BAREBACK WITH NO BRIDLE!

JUJU IS FULLY RESPONSIBLE FOR HER CHARGES. SHE VARIES THE GAIT, WATCHES SADDLE GIRTHS AND WARNS OF DANGER SPOTS. SHE CAN EVEN HANDLE THOSE STUBBORN PACK MULES!

Juju Alexander

IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, JUJU MUST KNOW HER FIRST AID. THEY MAY BE MILES FROM A DOCTOR. QUITE A RESPONSIBILITY FOR A LASS OF 14!

JERRY

THE JITTERBUG

HENRY BOLTAROFF

JERRY!

I'M STAYING IN TONIGHT, SO IF YOU'D LIKE TO BORROW THE CAR, IT'S YOURS!

HONEST?

JUST ONE THING - I NEED IT EARLY TOMORROW MORNING FOR BUSINESS, SO IT MUST BE IN PERFECT CONDITION WHEN YOU RETURN IT!

YOU'RE ON, DAD! IT'LL BE TIP-TOP, A-1, AND AS SLEEK AS NEW WHEN I GET THROUGH DRIVING!

GOSH, HE FOOLED ME! I'VE GOT SOME CLEANING JOB TO DO!

THE END



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS!

AFTER A CRIME, THE CRIMINAL INVARIABLY TAKES TO FLIGHT. BUT ESCAPING FROM THE THOUSAND EYES OF THE LAW IS NOT AS SIMPLE AS MANY CRIMINALS MIGHT THINK. FOR ALL ABOUT HIM--AS IN THE CASE OF **BIG MIKE MURDOCH**--THERE BEGINS THE CEASELESS TIGHTENING OF A NOOSE...A NOOSE THAT SELDOM FAILS TO TRAP THE CROOK. THAT NOOSE, MANIPULATED BY HUNDREDS OF LAWYERS, IS KNOWN THROUGHOUT GANGLAND AS...

“DRAGNET!”

ON A NOVEMBER NIGHT, LAST YEAR, DURING A HEAVY RAIN, TWO MEN ROBBED AN EASTERN BANK. THEN THEY SHOT IT OUT WITH PATROLMAN FRANCIS J. FLANNERY...



OKAY, DAN -- FORGET THE COPPER! MAKE FOR THE CAR!

BANG!
BLAM!

AS THE CAR PULLED AWAY, OFFICER FLANNERY FIRED TWO MORE SHOTS...



I'M HIT, MIKE -- HIT HARD --

THE CAR FADED INTO THE STORMY NIGHT, THEN PATROLMAN FLANNERY CALLED HEAD-QUARTERS...

AS THE CAR TURNED A CORNER, THE DRIVER SWERVED, RUNNING OVER FRESHLY-LAID CONCRETE...



DAN, STRAIGHTEN UP! I'LL GETCHA TO A DOC -- UHPS! NEARLY RAN OFF THE ROAD...

I MUST'VE HIT ONE OF THEM, MR. D.A., BECAUSE WHEN I FIRED, THE CAR SWERVED ONTO THIS NEW CEMENT WORK!

HMM -- AND WHAT ABOUT THE BANK GUARD?



HE'S DEAD, SIR! THEY KILLED HIM!

DID YOU SEE WHO THEY WERE?

HE WASN'T CLOSE ENOUGH, HARRINGTON! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK ON ANY POSSIBLE CLUES TO FIND OUT WHO THEY WERE!



TWO POSSIBLE CLUES LOOMED VAGUELY...

PUT THE TARPULIN BACK OVER THOSE **TIRE TRACKS**, HARRINGTON -- UNTIL WE MAKE A CAST! AND TAKE THESE CAR **PAINT SCRAPINGS** DOWN TO THE LAB!



FIRST, THE PAINT SCRAPINGS WERE TESTED IN THE POLICE LAB'S SPECTROGRAPH, WHERE THE CHEMICAL COMPOSITION AND ORIGIN OF THE PAINT WERE DETERMINED...



... NEXT, THE PAINT SAMPLE WAS COMPARED TO THE PAINT FILE, MAKING IT POSSIBLE TO FIGURE THE MAKE, YEAR AND MODEL OF THE VERY CAR IT CAME FROM...



LOOKS LIKE A '48 HUDSON, CHIEF -- BUT WE'LL CHECK THE SPECTRAL LINES TO BE CERTAIN!

OKAY, CHARLIE! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

THE SPECTRAL LINES OF THE ELEMENTS ON THE PAINT SPECIMEN WERE CHECKED WITH A KNOWN SAMPLE -- AND THEY COINCIDED!...

THIS IS IT, CHIEF! THE '48 MODEL IS CORRECT!

GOOD! BY NOW THE TIRE CASTS SHOULD BE READY!



SEVEN HOURS LATER, AN AUTOMOBILE, HAVING BEEN RUN INTO A RIVER, WAS DISCOVERED BY A FISHERMAN. IT WAS HAULED OUT, AND THE TIRE TREADS -- "A CAR'S FINGERPRINTS" -- WERE COMPARED...

THIS IS IT, CHIEF! THE VERY CAR THAT WAS USED IN THE ROBBERY!

FINE! WE'LL SEND MEN TO THE CAR LOTS AND SEE WHO BOUGHT THAT CAR -- IF IT WASN'T STOLEN!



THREE DAYS LATER, A MR. EBERLY FAIRFAX OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY, A CAR DEALER, WAS BROUGHT IN, AND WAS SHOWN THE ROGUES' GALLERY FILE...

I REMEMBER THE MAN DISTINCTLY -- I DIDN'T WANT TO LET THE CAR GO, BUT HE GAVE ME -- UH -- QUITE A NICE BONUS...



FINALLY, AFTER A TWO-HOUR SEARCH...

THAT'S THE MAN! I'M CERTAIN! HE'S THE ONE WHO BOUGHT THE CAR!

ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON! SPREAD THE ALARM FOR BIG MIKE!





MEANWHILE, IN A JERSEY APARTMENT, BIG MIKE WAS UNAWARE THAT HIS IDENTITY WAS KNOWN, UNTIL...

...AND SINCE THEN, A NATION-WIDE SEARCH IS BEING CONDUCTED FOR BIG MIKE MURDOCH, FORMER CONVICT...

WHAT? BUT HOW'D THEY KNOW?...



AS THE POLICE LEARNED LATER, MURDOCH QUICKLY STUFFED THE STOLEN MONEY INTO A BRIEF CASE...

I'M GOIN' AWAY (GASP!) ON THE TRIP WITH YA, AIN'T I, MIKE-- (GASP--COUGH)...

SURE, DAN-- YOU'RE GOIN'...



THEN, RUTHLESSLY, HE FIRED A SILENCED PISTOL...

YEAH, DAN-- YOU'RE GOIN' ON A TRIP-- ALL BY YOUR LONESOME! S'LONG, PAL-- FOREVER!



THEN BIG MIKE MURDOCH WENT TO FOWLER'S DELICATESSEN TO GET SOME GROCERIES FOR A TRIP...

THAT'S ALL, SWEETHEART! TAKE IT OUT OF THAT TWENTY!

EXCUSE ME, SIR-- BUT WE'VE BEEN TOLD TO CHECK ALL NEW \$20 BILLS! THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE ONES STOLEN FROM A BANK RECENTLY WERE ON A SPECIAL LISTING!



WHAT A BREAK! I'M STUCK WITH FIFTY G'S THAT I CAN'T SPEND! I GOTTA BEAT IT-- FAST!-- BEFORE THE DAME GETS BACK!



THAT SAME NIGHT, A MONDAY, THE JERSEY POLICE SUMMONED THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY...

YES-- HE'S THE MAN WHO GAVE ME THE TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL! I'D KNOW HIS FACE ANYWHERE!

SO HE JUMPED THE STATE LINE! ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON, CALL BUD HALLEY OF THE F.B.I.!



AS EARLY AS SUNDAY MORNING, THE VARIOUS LAW AGENCIES BEGAN TO MAP THE PLANS OF THEIR GRIM MANHUNT...

THAT'S MURDOCH, BUD! SIX FEET TWO, WEIGHS ABOUT 180 -- DARK HAIR -- AND A VERY NERVOUS TRIGGER FINGER!

CHECK! WE'LL GET THE TELETYPES GOING AT ONCE!



THEN FOLLOWED THE THING THAT CRIMINALS FEAR MOST -- THE EVER-TIGHTENING POLICE DRAGNET!



WHILE ON A PENNSYLVANIA HIGHWAY, A SECOND CAR REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY MURDOCH, RAN OUT OF GASOLINE...

NO GAS -- AND I CAN'T BUY ANY WITH THESE TWENTIES! ROAD'S THICK WITH COPPERS -- I'LL LEAVE THE JALOPPY HERE...



ONLY MOMENTS LATER STATE POLICE CAME ALONG...

YEP -- IT'S THE CAR THAT WAS REPORTED STOLEN!

MOTOR'S STILL WARM! MAYBE MURDOCH IS NEARBY!





NO SIGN OF HIM?

LET'S GET THE DOGS OUT-- THEY'LL FIND HIM!

BLOODHOUNDS! I'M COOKED, UNLESS...

AS CASE RECORDS LATER REVEALED, MURDOCH WAITED UNTIL THE PATROLMEN DEPARTED, THEN...

GOTTA SWIM-- BLOODHOUNDS CAN'T TRACK YOU THROUGH WATER! THEY'LL NEVER GET ME-- BIG MIKE MURDOCH!...



IT'S FAIRLY OBVIOUS-- BIG MIKE TOOK TO THE WATER! NOTIFY THE LOCAL SHERIFFS AND FOREST RANGERS... AND WE'LL SEND A POSSE THROUGH THE BRUSH!



THAT NIGHT...

ANY SIGN OF A TRAIL, HARRINGTON?

THE DOGS CIRCLE AROUND, THEN STOP AT THE WATER'S EDGE!



OVER A TINY FIRE, A LONELY HOBO WAS COOKING A SUPPER OF BEANS, WHEN MURDOCH STOLE UP BEHIND HIM...

DURING THAT TIME, MURDOCH HAD LEFT THE RIVER AND MADE HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOREST...

IT'LL BE HOURS BEFORE THEY GET HERE-- MY TRAIL WILL BE COLD THEN! HMM (SNIFF! SNIFF!)... I SMELL SOMETHIN' COOKIN'...



YOU WON'T BE HUNGRY, PAL-- NOT ANY MORE!







IT WAS NEARLY TWO A.M. WHEN THE D.A.'S PARTY, LED BY THE SHERIFF, ARRIVED AT THE SCENE...

A DEAD HOBO, CHIEF-- HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH!

MURDOCH'S WORK, HARRINGTON-- BECAUSE LOOK WHAT I FOUND IN THE FIRE!



GREAT GUNS! TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS--**BURNED!**

THE TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS, HARRINGTON-- UNLESS I'M GREATLY MISTAKEN! TURN THE DOGS LOOSE AGAIN!



BUT ONCE MORE THE CHASE ENDED ABRUPTLY...

THE TRAIL STOPS HERE... RIGHT AT THE TRACKS! CHECK THE STATION MASTER AT FORREST VILLAGE AND SEE WHAT THE LAST TRAIN THROUGH HERE WAS! I'LL WAGER MURDOCH WAS ON IT!



THUS, DAY BY DAY, THE DRAGNET TIGHTENED AROUND A LONELY KILLER...

HERE I AM, HALF-STARVED-- HIDIN' OUT AT NIGHT IN THIS CONTRACTOR'S SHED! THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS-- AN' I CAN'T SPEND IT! LOOK AT THE DOUGH--**LOOK AT IT!...**



TEN-- TWENTY G'S-- ENOUGH TO BUY A YACHT--OR A CAR--OR A WAGON-LOAD OF EATS! HA, HA! AND I CAN'T SPEND IT... MONEY... MONEY... **MONEY!...**



HIS ONLY FOOD FOR THREE DAYS WAS WHAT A FEW NICKLES COULD PURCHASE FROM COIN MACHINES...

PEANUTS! HA, HA! AN' I THOUGHT I WAS RICH! I CAN'T SHOW MY FACE-- AN' I CAN'T SPEND THAT DOUGH--HA, HA! THE LAUGH'S ON YOU, MURDOCH!





ON THE FOLLOWING DAY -- NOV. 25th...

...YOU SEE, D.A., I WAS HERE WAITIN' FOR FARES TO GET OFF THE 11:20 AN' I SAW THIS BIRD GETTIN' PEANUTS! HONEST--IT LOOKED JUST LIKE THE MURDOCH GUY!

NICE WORK, DRIVER! CHECK THE MACHINE FOR PRINTS, HARRINGTON!

THE PRINTS MAY BE RUBBED OFF BY NOW! BUT, ANYWAY, WE'LL WAIT HERE UNTIL DARK! MURDOCH IS HUNGRY--AND A HUNGRY MAN GETS CARELESS...

THAT NIGHT...

MY LAST PENNY -- I GOTTA GET THEM PEANUTS! THEY'RE MY SUPPER!

HANDS UP, MURDOCH!

BIG MIKE SAW THE TRAP! WITH HIS GUN THUNDERING, HE FLED ACROSS THE TRACKS, DEAF TO AN APPROACHING EXPRESS...

BANG!

BLAM

MIKE--LOOK OUT! YOU FOOL--THE TRAIN!...

NO... NO! NO!

SCREEECH!

WHO WAS HE, D.A.?

A MAN NAMED BIG MIKE MURDOCH--WANTED FOR MURDER!... LET'S GO HOME, HARRINGTON! THE MURDOCH CASE IS CLOSED! THE DRAGNET GOT ITS MAN!

DEATH IN DISGUISE

A flashlight shot a man to death one murky night!

A watch charm drove a bullet into a victim's heart!

Impossible? Then walk through the vaults of the New York City Police Department and get the surprise of your life.

There, under lock and key, is a collection of confiscated weapons which is one of the strangest assortment of murder tools in the world. Ingenious criminals, whose wits were matched only by the superior sleuthing of the police, fashioned the odd weapons to avoid detection.

The flashlight pistol has a chamber for a single bullet mounted on top. A trigger arrangement is on the under side of the light. The flashlight throws a beam into the dark to locate the victim, while the trigger sends a bullet along the path of the light to its mark.

A small but deadly watch charm shoots a bullet about the size of a grain of rice. It's shaped like an old-fashioned flintlock pistol, looks like a harmless ornament but has been used to kill a man.

There is one murder weapon which is a combination dagger, brass knuckles and pistol. The blade protrudes from a stumpy barrel and the brass knuckles are mounted on the handle. A tiny gadget that looks like a carpenter's tape measure is actually a gun. And there are many tiny pistols, some less than two inches long, which can be completely hidden in the palm of a hand.

Says one of the sergeants:

"Sure, these killers were clever. But we've got the guns now and *they're* either dead or behind bars. So who's smarter in the long run?"

CRIME ON THEIR HANDS

Twenty miles outside of Indianapolis, a passing motorist in a jalopy stopped to help a woman whose new car had broken down. He poked around in the motor, worked busily for an hour and finally got it going. Then he got inside and drove it away, leaving his antiquated heap for the astounded woman.

Inmates of New Jersey prisons will no longer be permitted to write stories of their ad-

ventures for magazines. Authorities ordered the ban after it was learned that one convict had made \$35,000 by selling manuscripts in two years.

In Tacoma, Washington, a bandit, who was dissatisfied with his meager haul, hurled back the \$100 he had taken from the till of a finance company. Snapping angrily, "It isn't worth all this trouble," he stalked from the office.

Paris, France, gendarmes were warned to be cautious in their effort to capture a thief who had broken into the zoo. In his possession was a valise containing a live, 10 foot python.

Japan's president of the Nishi-Tsukiji Crime Prevention Society was being detained in Nagoya for complicity in embezzling the society's treasury.

LICENSE PLATE RACKET

"The getaway car, with stolen license plates, was found in a lonely spot on the edge of town."

Eight out of ten newspaper stories of holdups involving escapes in automobiles end with that fact. Stealing plates from parked cars and affixing them to vehicles used in crimes is one of the oldest dodges known to the underworld. In one city alone, 20,000 plates were stolen from automobiles last year, the majority for criminal purposes.

Now, for the first time, authorities are taking a precaution to prevent this, a precaution just as simple as the gimmick of steal-the plates and putting them on other autos.

Since the metal tags are affixed to cars only through two screw holes, motorists are encouraged to safeguard their cars by riveting the plates to the metal holders. Thus, a major racket will be stymied.