



RADIO'S NO.1 HIT!



52 PAGES

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

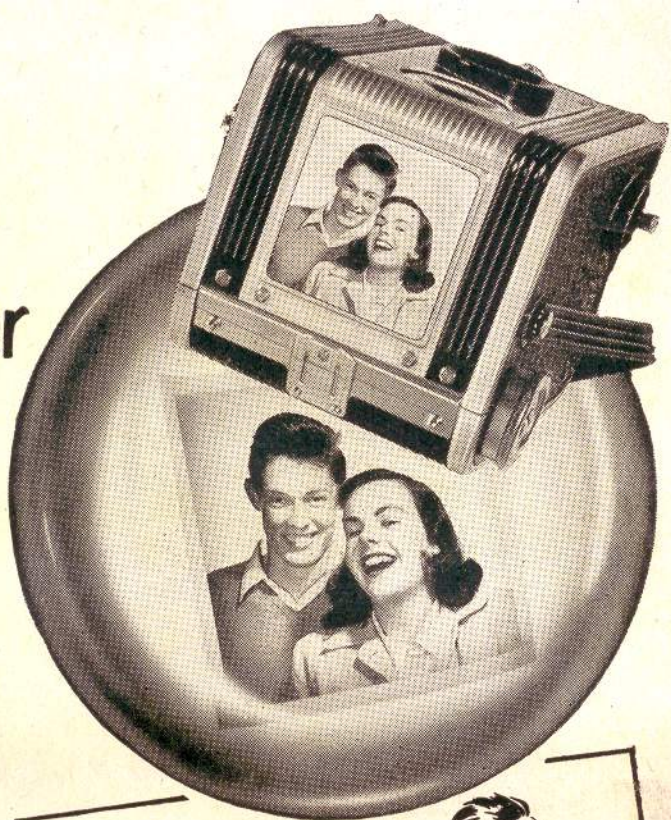
NO.11
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The D.A.
TAKES A
HAND
in
"The GAME
THAT HAS
NO WINNERS"



You see your picture
before you snap...
in the big, clear
"crystal ball" finder

It's like looking into the future . . . when you look in the big brilliant finder and see your picture *before you snap*. There it is—bright and clear, every detail just as it's going to be in the finished shot. Easy to get everything just the way you want it.



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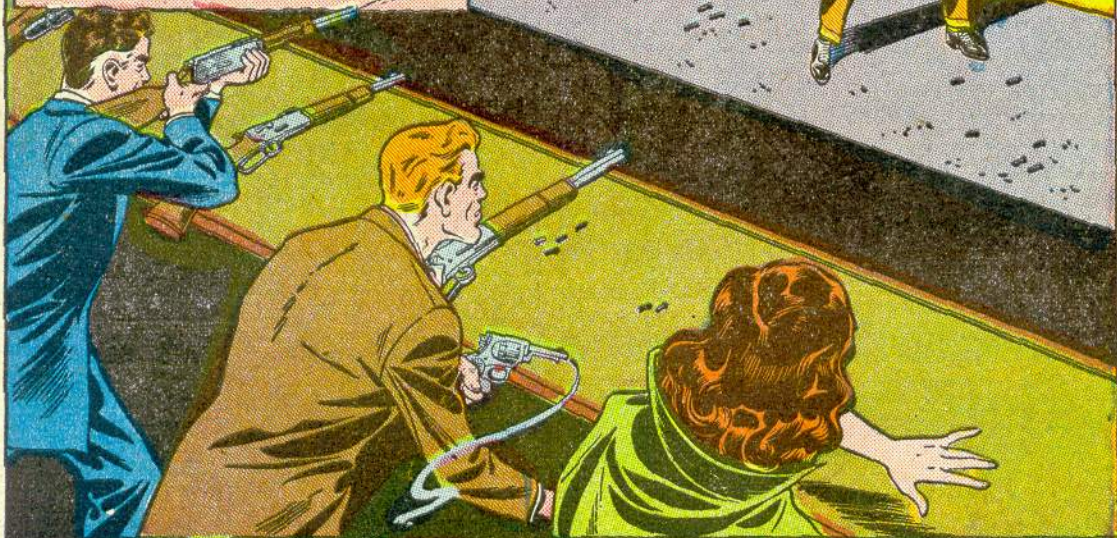
Kodak

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

INNOCENT PERSONS LOSE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS EACH YEAR AT CROOKED CARNIVAL CONCESSIONS, WHOSE POLICY IS, "NEVER GIVE A SUCKER A BREAK!" WHILE NOT ALL CARNY OPERATORS ARE DISHONEST, THERE IS AN ILLICIT LEGION OF LEECHES WHICH DESERVES PROSECUTION TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW! IN THE BELIEF THAT THE BEST WAY TO SMASH A RACKET IS TO EXPOSE ITS INSIDIOUS METHODS, I AM REVEALING AN ACTUAL CASE FROM MY FILES. I TRUST IT WILL MAKE YOU MORE VIGILANT IF YOU EVER COME IN CONTACT WITH...

"THE GAME THAT HAS NO WINNERS!"



GLOSSARY

GAFF: CROOKED WORK.
JOINT: A CARNIVAL CONCESSION.
GAFF JOINT: A STALL WHICH IS CROOKED.

SHILLS: DECOYS WORKING IN CAHOOTS WITH AGENTS.
FLAT: CROOKED GAMBLING STALL.
MARK: THE CUSTOMER; ALSO "SUCKER."

LINE: MONEY.
LONG MARK: A SUCKER WITH LOTS OF "LINE."
AGENT: OPERATOR OF A JOINT.
G-MAN: AN AGENT.

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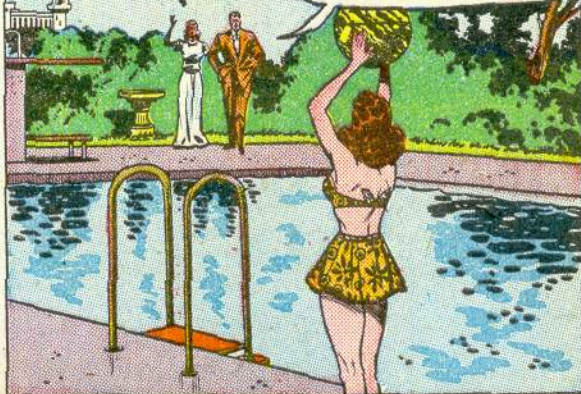
ON JUNE 28 OF LAST YEAR, AN AGENT FOR A TRAVELING CARNIVAL CONFERRED WITH A WEALTHY SOCIALITE BY THE NAME OF MRS. VAN DURKIN OF LONGACRE SOUND.

WE WANT TO PUBLICIZE OUR OPENING AT THE FREMONT PARK NEXT WEEK. THAT'S WHY WE'D LIKE YOU TO SPONSOR A CHARITY PARTY THIS WEEKEND, USING OUR CARNIVAL CONCESSIONS!

WHAT A THRILLING IDEA - ESPECIALLY IF MOST OF THE PROCEEDS GO TO A CHARITY OF MY CHOICE!

MY SECRETARY WILL CONTACT MY FRIENDS AT ONCE. OH, THERE SHE IS...! OH, YOO-HOO, ALICE!

WE'LL DRAIN THE POOL, BOARD IT OVER AND ERECT THE SHOOTING GALLERY ON TOP! THE MIDWAY CAN BE ON BOTH SIDES!



WHAT A SET-UP, ROSIE! WE DON'T NEED A LICENSE FROM THE CITY AND WE'LL HAVE A LOT OF RICH MARKS SQUANDERING THEIR DOUGH IN OUR GAFF JOINTS AT RAISED PRICES!

YEAH, AND ALL FOR SWEET CHARITY! THINK I'LL MAKE A CLASSY FLOWER GIRL, JOEY?

WE'RE IN, GUSTAV.. SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY AFTERNOON! THE OLD DAME HERSELF IS CONTACTING THE LONG MARKS!

SHE FELL FOR THE FREMONT PARK GAG, HUH? WE'RE NEVER SETTIN' UP THERE BECAUSE AFTER THE HAUL, WE'RE TAKIN' OFF FAST! THERE WON'T BE ANY COPPERS IN ON THIS CAPER!



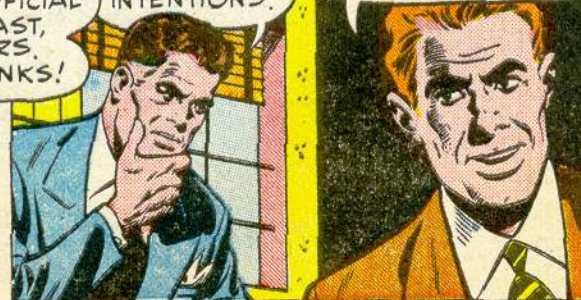
IN THE OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY, A FEW DAYS LATER...

SO I'VE GOT TO WEAR MY SOUP AND FISH, EH, CHIEF? I DON'T THINK THOSE MOTHS ARE GOING TO LIKE BEING DISTURBED!

SORRY, HARRINGTON, BUT THAT'S THE UNIFORM. WE'RE ATTENDING THE PARTY IN OUR OFFICIAL CAPACITY. AT LEAST, THAT'S WHAT MRS. VAN DURKIN THINKS!

FRANKLY, I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY A TRAVELING CARNY SHOULD DISPLAY SUCH HUMANE INTENTIONS.

MAYBE YOUR EXPERIENCES WITH CARNY AGENTS MAKE YOU SUSPICIOUS!





SO, GUSTAV'S CARNIVAL OPENED FOR BUSINESS ON THE PREMISE THAT 'THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONGED!'

HERE Y'ARE! THREE BASEBALLS FOR TEN DOLLARS! TAKE HOME A BIG PRIZE!

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, CLOCKS - LOOK AT 'EM, FOLKS! JUST STEP UP AND ROLL A LUCKY NUMBER!

EVERYBODY'S PLAYING THE WHEEL OF FATE! TRY YOUR LUCK WITH THIS GAME OF SKILL! ONLY TEN DOLLARS! EVERYBODY PLAYS!



SO NICE OF YOU TO COME, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE AFFAIR IS A HUGE SUCCESS!

FLOWER FOR YOUR LAPEL, THANK YOU, MISS.. SIR?

HMM, THAT FLOWER GIRL LOOKED VAGUELY FAMILIAR. I WONDER WHO--? OH, THERE'S HARRINGTON!

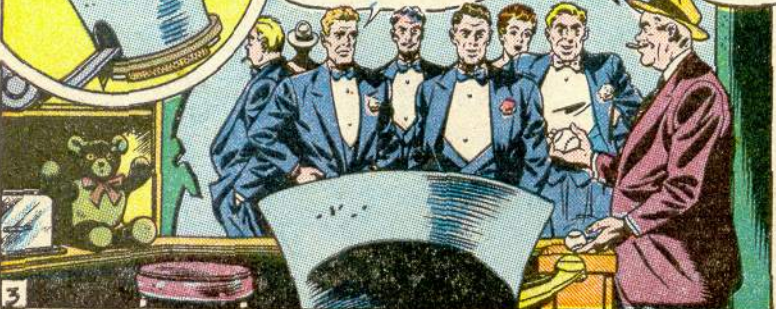
STEP BACK, FRIENDS AND GIVE ME ROOM! I'LL DO IT THIS TIME OR BUST!



DID YOU SEE THAT CHIEF? FIFTEEN BALLS I THREW AND NOT ONE STAYED IN THE BUCKET!

TOUGH LUCK. LET ME TRY IT!

HERE Y'ARE, PAL! WIN A BIG PRIZE IF THE BASEBALL DON'T BOUNCE OUT!





YAH, THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE RED CARNATION WINS!

I SAY, THAT LOOKED EASY! I'LL TRY IT MYSELF!

HOW DID YOU DO IT ON THE FIRST PITCH? I'VE ALMOST THROWN MY ARM OUT AND IT'S COST ME FIFTY DOLLARS!

EASY AS PIE. COME ON. I'LL TRY MY SKILL ON SOME OF THE OTHER GAMES!



MEANWHILE, IN GUSTAV'S OFFICE IN BACK OF THE SHOOTING GALLERY...

HERE'S ANOTHER WAD! YOU WANT A LAUGH? ROSIE SPOTTED THE D.A. AND SOLD HIM A RED CARNATION! HE'S MARKED LIKE A SHILL - AND DON'T KNOW IT!

HE WON'T GET WISE TO OUR GAFF JOINTS WITH MY OPERATORS LETTING HIM WIN! KEEP COLLECTING OFF THE OTHER STICKS, JOEY! WE'RE ROLLIN' IN LINE TONIGHT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, CHIEF, ABOUT THAT FLOWER GIRL. SHE'S ROSIE LEYTON; WITH A RECORD OF PETTY THEFTS AS LONG AS YOUR ARM!

THAT CONFIRMS MY SUSPICIONS! THIS WHOLE SET-UP IS A CROOKED DEVICE TO MAKE A FAST KILLING WITHOUT A LICENSE! THE GUESTS ASSUME THAT ALL THE MONEY, LESS OPERATING EXPENSES, GOES TO CHARITY!



KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! WE'VE GOT TO HAVE EVIDENCE THAT THE GUESTS ARE BEING VICTIMIZED. IF NECESSARY, WE'LL SEARCH THE STALLS AFTER THEY'RE CLOSED TONIGHT!

YOU SHOULD BE WISE TO ALL THE GIMMICKS, CHIEF, AFTER CRACKING DOWN ON THAT AMUSEMENT PARK MOB LAST SUMMER!

STEP UP, GENTLEMEN, AND JOIN THE LUCKY PLAYERS! TEN DOLLARS A THROW-- EIGHT DICE-- THROW A LUCKY NUMBER AND WIN ANY ARTICLE IN THE STORE!

THIS FLAT IS RUNNING A FAMILIAR GAFF AS THEY CALL IT, HARRINGTON. WATCH THEM TAKE ME!



SIXXA, FOURTEENA, ARARARA TWENTY, BLAHYA THIRTY-ONE, AYAYA FORTY-SIX! HURRAY, A WINNER! FORTY-SIX IS A RED NUMBER AND A WINNER!

LISTEN, TOBACCO AUCTIONEER, YOU'RE SCOOPING UP THE DICE FASTER'N I CAN COUNT 'EM!

THAT SURE WAS A LUCKY TOSS, CHIEF!

TCH, TCH, CAN'T YOU COUNT? THE AGENT PERMITTED ME TO WIN BY ADDING THE DICE WRONG! IF YOU'D NOTICE THE POSTED NUMBERS, THE ODDS OF ROLLING A RED NUMBER ARE OVERWHELMINGLY IN FAVOR OF THE HOUSE!

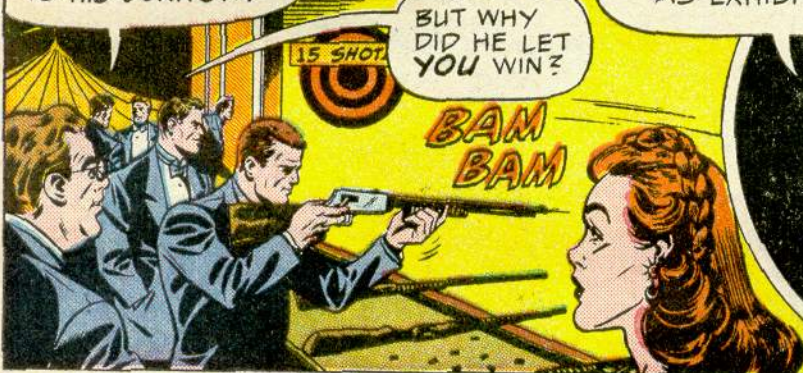


SHHH, I WON DIDN'T I?



YOU SEE, SOME CARNY MEN AREN'T CONTENT WITH THE ODDS BEING 1000 TO 1 AGAINST THE SUCKER. THEY CHEAT IN COUNTING, TOO-- AS THE NEXT CUSTOMER WILL PROBABLY LEARN TO HIS SORROW!

I DON'T KNOW-- YET! BUT NOW THAT WE KNOW THE CARNY IS CROOKED AND IS FLEEING THE UNSUSPECTING GUESTS, I WANT TO FIND SOME MECHANICAL OR CONTROLLED GAMES WHICH WILL HOLD UP IN COURT AS EXHIBITS.



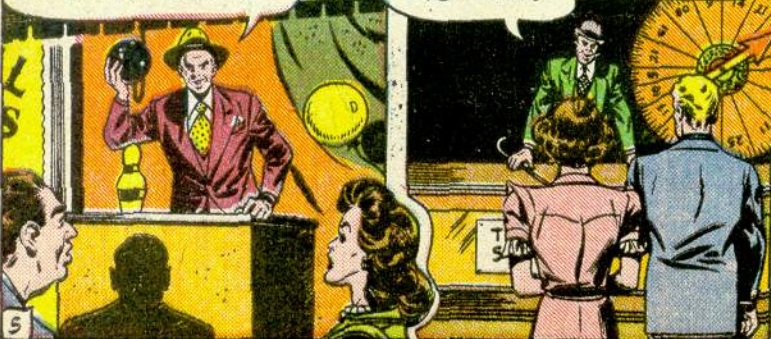
BUT WHY DID HE LET YOU WIN?



DURING THE NEXT HOUR, THE D.A. SURREPTITIOUSLY STUDIED CERTAIN GAFF JOINTS FROM A DISTANCE.

MOVE IN CLOSER, FOLKS! ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS SWING THE BALL PAST THE PIN, HITTING IT ON THE WAY BACK!

TAKE A CHANCE ON THE LUCKY WHEEL OF FATE. THIRTY-SEVEN NUMBERS-- THIRTY-SEVEN CHANCES TO WIN!



CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY I CAN'T KNOCK DOWN ALL THE BOTTLES! I USED TO BE A GOOD PITCHER!





ONE OF THE MILK BOTTLES IS ALWAYS LOADED WITH LEAD! YOU KNOW, I'VE A THEORY THAT GUSTAV'S SHILLS ARE WEARING IDENTIFYING BADGES- NAMELY RED CARNATIONS LIKE THIS ONE!

I'VE NOTICED THE SAME THING! THE FLOWER GIRL DIDN'T RECOGNIZE ME SO SHE SOLD ME A WHITE CARNATION!

I'VE SPOTTED THE STALLS THAT WE'LL EXAMINE LATER AFTER THE MIDWAY CLOSES... LET'S DROP IN AND HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH OUR HOSTESS!

TOO BAD WE CAN'T PUT THE PINCH ON GUSTAV BEFORE HE BLEEDS EVERYONE DRY!



I'M SO GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY. GUSTAV JUST BROUGHT ME ALMOST A THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND THE EVENING ISN'T OVER YET!

HMM, IT WOULD SEEM YOUR CHARITY FUND IS GETTING THE SHORT END OF THE PROFITS, BUT..

LISTEN, JOE, THAT D.A. IS GETTIN' SUSPICIOUS! IF HE STARTS SNOOPIN' AROUND, LET ME KNOW! WE CAN'T LET HIM CLOSE DOWN THIS GOLD MINE BEFORE TOMORROW'S KILLIN'!

RIGHT!



EXCUSE ME, I MUST GO NOW! IT'S ALMOST TIME TO CLOSE THE MIDWAY, GOOD NIGHT!



YOU HAVE ALL THE GUESTS' NAMES, ALICE. CALL THEM IN THE MORNING AND ASK THEM HOW MUCH THEY LOST ON THE GAMES TONIGHT. I'LL NEED FIGURES TO PROVE MY CASE IN COURT!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT, EITHER MR. D.A. I KNOW THE GUESTS CONTRIBUTED MORE THAN A THOUSAND DOLLARS!

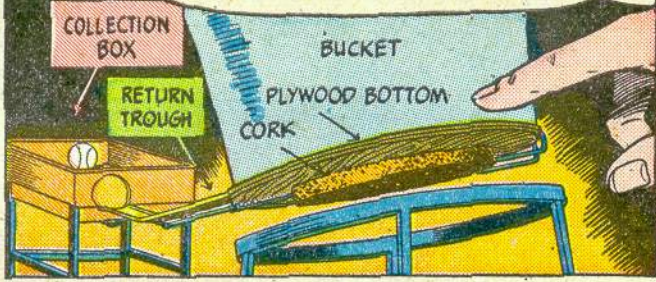
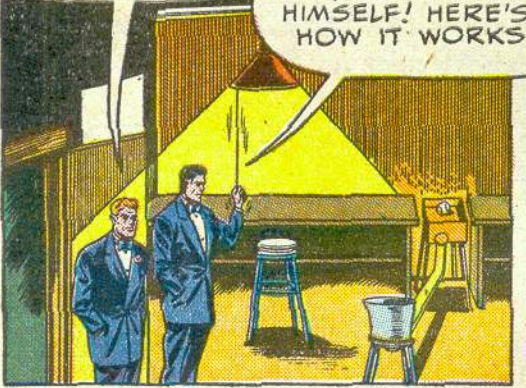
MUCH LATER, TWO STEALTHY FIGURES PROWLED THE MIDWAY...



THIS IS WHERE I DONATED 50 CLAMS, TRYING TO MAKE A BASEBALL STAY IN THAT BUCKET!

PREPARE FOR HIGHER EDUCATION, HARRINGTON. CARNY MEN LOVE THE "BUCKET SHOP," BECAUSE, AS THEY SAY, THE MARK GAFFS HIMSELF! HERE'S HOW IT WORKS...

THE PLYWOOD BOTTOM OF THE BUCKET IS AS TAUT AS A DRUM - WHICH MAKES THE BALLS BOUNCE OUT. BUT WHEN A BALL IS LEFT IN THE COLLECTION BOX AT THE END OF THE TROUGH, A LEVERAGE SYSTEM PUSHES A CORK AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THE BUCKET, MAKING IT "DEAD." THEN THE BALL WON'T BOUNCE OUT!



I SEE! WHEN THE MARK - MEANING ME - PICKS UP THIS BALL, THE CORK JUMPS AWAY FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BUCKET... AND I AUTOMATICALLY GAFF MYSELF! WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED!

THAT'S RIGHT - WHEN THE G-MAN LET ME WIN, HE ALLOWED AN EXTRA BALL TO REMAIN IN THE BOX. ITS WEIGHT FORCED THE CORK AGAINST THE BOTTOM. SIMPLE, EH? LET'S GO NEXT DOOR!

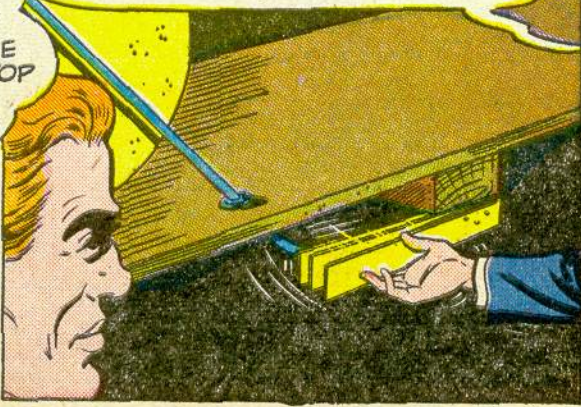


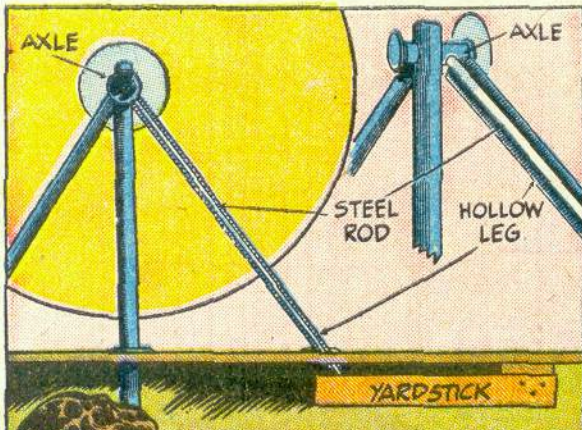
WHAT A LOT OF BOOBY-TRAPS THESE ARE - AND I DO MEAN FOR BOOBS!

UNSEEN BY THE CROWD, HE LEANS AGAINST THIS YARDSTICK UNDER THE COUNTER. IT'S CALLED THE BELLY GAFF! YOU SEE, THE THIRD LEG OF THE TRIPOD IS LOOSE, AND...

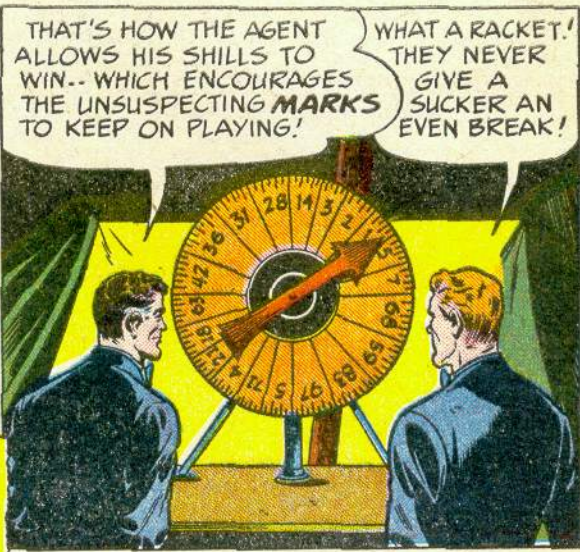
CARNY MEN CALL THIS WHEEL THE CREEPER GAFF BECAUSE THE HEAVY INDICATOR SPINS SLOWLY. IT CAN BE CONTROLLED BETTER THAT WAY!

BUT HOW DOES THE G-MAN MAKE THE WHEEL STOP ON ANY NUMBER?





"... THE YARDSTICK MOVES THE LOOSE LEG FORWARD, CAUSING THE STEEL ROD INSIDE THE HOLLOW LEG TO PUSH UPWARD AGAINST THE AXLE, 'BRAKING' IT AS EASILY AS YOU BRAKE YOUR OWN CAR!"



THAT'S HOW THE AGENT ALLOWS HIS SKILLS TO WIN.. WHICH ENCOURAGES THE UNSUSPECTING MARKS TO KEEP ON PLAYING!

WHAT A RACKET! THEY NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK!



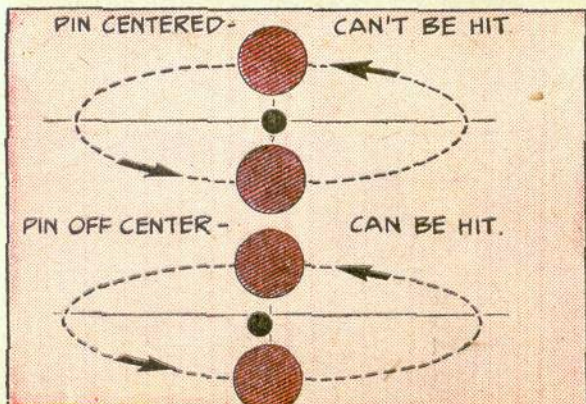
NEXT, WE'LL EXAMINE THIS SWINGING BELL CAPER FROM OUTSIDE! IF THE PLAYERS ONLY KNEW THIS GAME DEFIES ALL THE LAWS OF GRAVITATION!

I HOPE NOBODY CAN SPOT US OUT HERE!



YOU SEE, THE BALL IS IN PERFECT PLUMB WITH THE TEN-PIN. IF YOU SWING THE BALL FROM NOW UNTIL DOOMSDAY, YOU'D NEVER HIT THE PIN ON THE RETURN TRIP. IT'S SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

BUT HOW COME THE AGENT CAN DO IT SO EASILY?



IT ALL GOES TO SHOW THERE'S A SUCKER BORN EVERY MINUTE- AND A CROOK TO TAKE HIM!

AFTER SEEING THIS LAYOUT, THAT I CAN BELIEVE! IF WE COULD ONLY SAY WHAT'S THAT? I HEARD A NOISE!

"WHEN THE AGENT THROWS THE BALL, HE FIRST MOVES THE PIN A FRACTION OF AN INCH TO ONE SIDE, SO IT'S OFF CENTER. HE CAN'T MISS! WHEN THE MARK TRIES IT, THE PIN IS RETURNED TO ITS PROPER SPOT!"

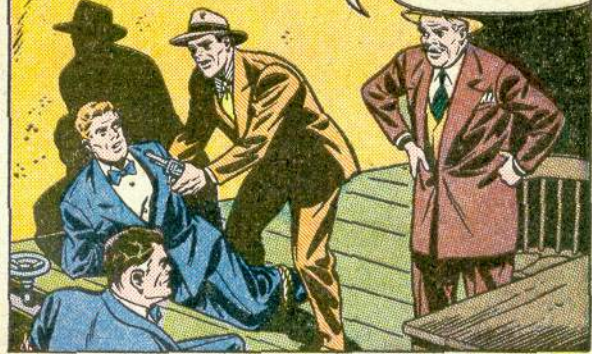
THIS IS WHERE YOUR INVESTIGATION COMES TO AN END, MR. D.A.!

UGH! LOOK OUT, CHIEF-OOHH...



THEY GOT THE GOODS ON US, GUSTAV! WE'D BETTER SCRAM NOW!

AND SKIP THIS RICH SET-UP? DON'T BE FOOLISH, JOEY! FIRST, WE'LL DESTROY THE EVIDENCE ALONG WITH THOSE TWO SNOOPERS!



LATER NEXT MORNING...

WHEN YOU SEE ME LIGHT MY CIGAR LATER, THAT'S YOUR SIGNAL.. MOVE THE GAS CAN UNDER THAT LOOSENED CANDLE- THEN MOVE OUT FAST!

I GET IT! YOU SHOOT THE LIGHTED CANDLE OFF ITS PERCH, IT FALLS INTO THE GAS... THEN BOOM! FIREWORKS FOR THOSE GUYS IN THE BACK ROOM!

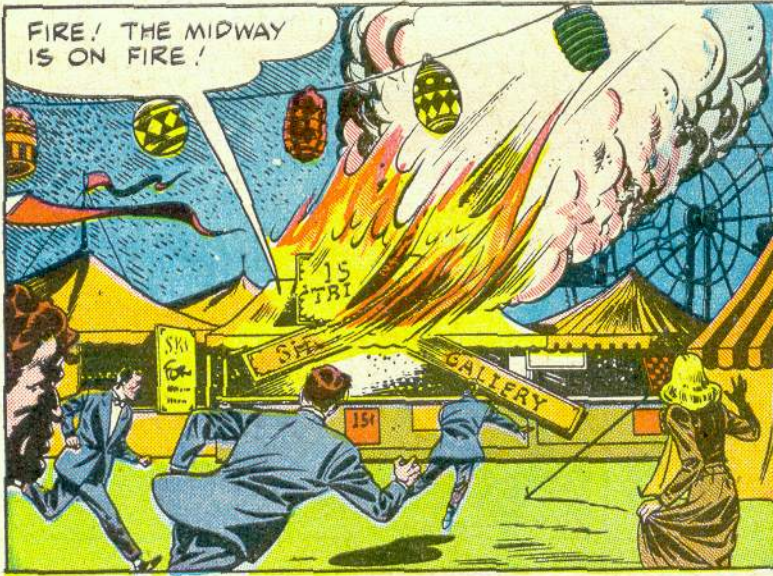


AND TOWARDS NIGHTFALL...

IT'S TIME, GUSTAV! WE GOT ALL THE DOUGH. NOW LET'S BLOW UP THE JOINT - THEN REALLY BLOW!

THE LAW WILL CATCH UP WITH YOU YET, YOU RAT!





FIRE! THE MIDWAY IS ON FIRE!



LUCKY I WAS ABLE TO TURN ON THE WATER EARLIER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE, CHIEF. IT WAS A PLEASURE TO BE ALL WET UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES! SAY, THE CONCUSSION FROM THAT EXPLOSION MUST'VE BROKEN YOUR BONDS!



THERE'S GUSTAV'S CAR... WE'LL HAVE READY FOR A FAST GETAWAY, BUT MAYBE WE CAN CHANGE THEIR PLANS!

WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO NATURAL AMMUNITION - LIKE OUR FISTS! MY PISTOLS SO WET, IT'D ONLY SQUIRT WATER!



LET'S GO...!

I'M WITH YOU! STEP ON THE GAS!



WE GROUNDED THEM WITH THAT CABLE, HARRINGTON!

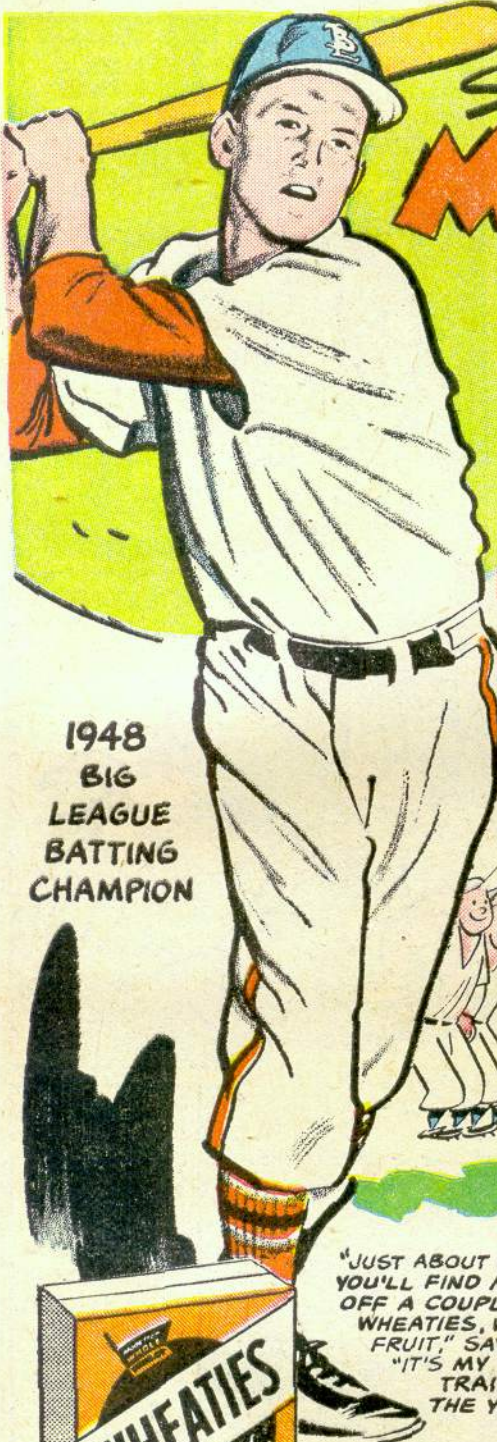
YEAH, AND LOOK AT GUSTAV SAIL THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...!



HERE'S THE REST OF YOUR GUESTS! MRS. VAN DURKIN, IT CAN BE REFUNDED TO THEM OR THEY CAN CONTRIBUTE IT TO CHARITY.

WE'LL PICK UP THE REST OF THIS CROOKED CARNY CREW AND CONTRIBUTE THEM TO OUR FAVORITE JAIL!

The End



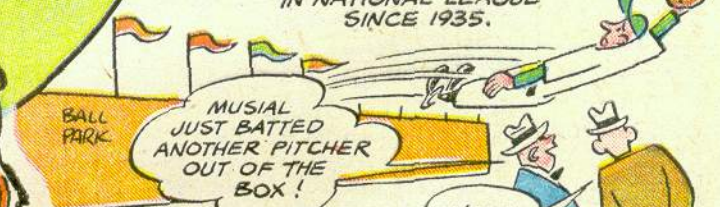
Stan MUSIAL

1948
BIG
LEAGUE
BATTING
CHAMPION

I COULDN'T EVEN GET HIM OUT WITH THIS!



OPPOSING PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED - HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING .376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST IN NATIONAL LEAGUE SINCE 1935.

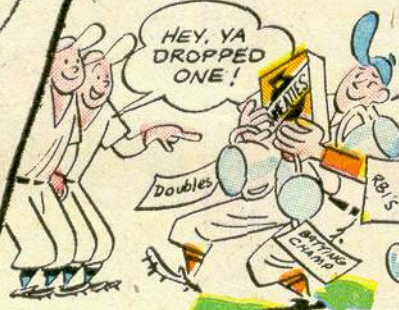


MUSIAL JUST BATTED ANOTHER PITCHER OUT OF THE BOX!



YEAH, STAN EATS WHEATIES

MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST HEADACHE TO PITCHERS WITH RUNNERS ON BASE. DONORA, PA. "DYNAMITER" DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON WITH 230 HITS.



HEY, YA DROPPED ONE!

THAT'S OKAY - I STILL GOT MY WHEATIES!

SLUGGING ST. LOUIS CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)



FOUR BOWLS OF WHEATIES?

YUP - WE'VE GOT A DOUBLEHEADER TODAY!

"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL. "IT'S MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH - THE YEAR AROUND."



BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

**SMOKEY,
THE FIRE-
PREVENTING
BEAR**

COMES TO
THE RESCUE
OF

**PETER
PORKCHOPS**

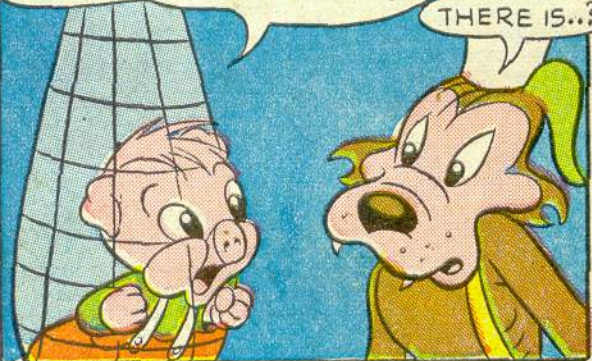


OH, WOLFIE! SPEAKING OF FIRES—DID YOU KNOW THAT 30 MILLION ACRES OF FORESTS WILL BE BURNED AGAIN THIS YEAR UNLESS PEOPLE ARE CAREFUL! DO YOU REALIZE THERE'S A **CERTAIN** WAY OF PUTTING OUT A CAMPFIRE, SO AS TO **PREVENT FOREST FIRES!**

THERE IS...?

CERTAINLY! GET ME OUT OF HERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

OKAY, PETER! IT'S AWFULLY NICE OF YOU! A PERSON CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL, YOU KNOW!



SAY, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

WELL, S'LONG, WOLFIE! YOU MUST COME UP TO MY HOUSE FOR DINNER SOMETIME!

THANKS! I'D LOVE TO COME TO DIN—

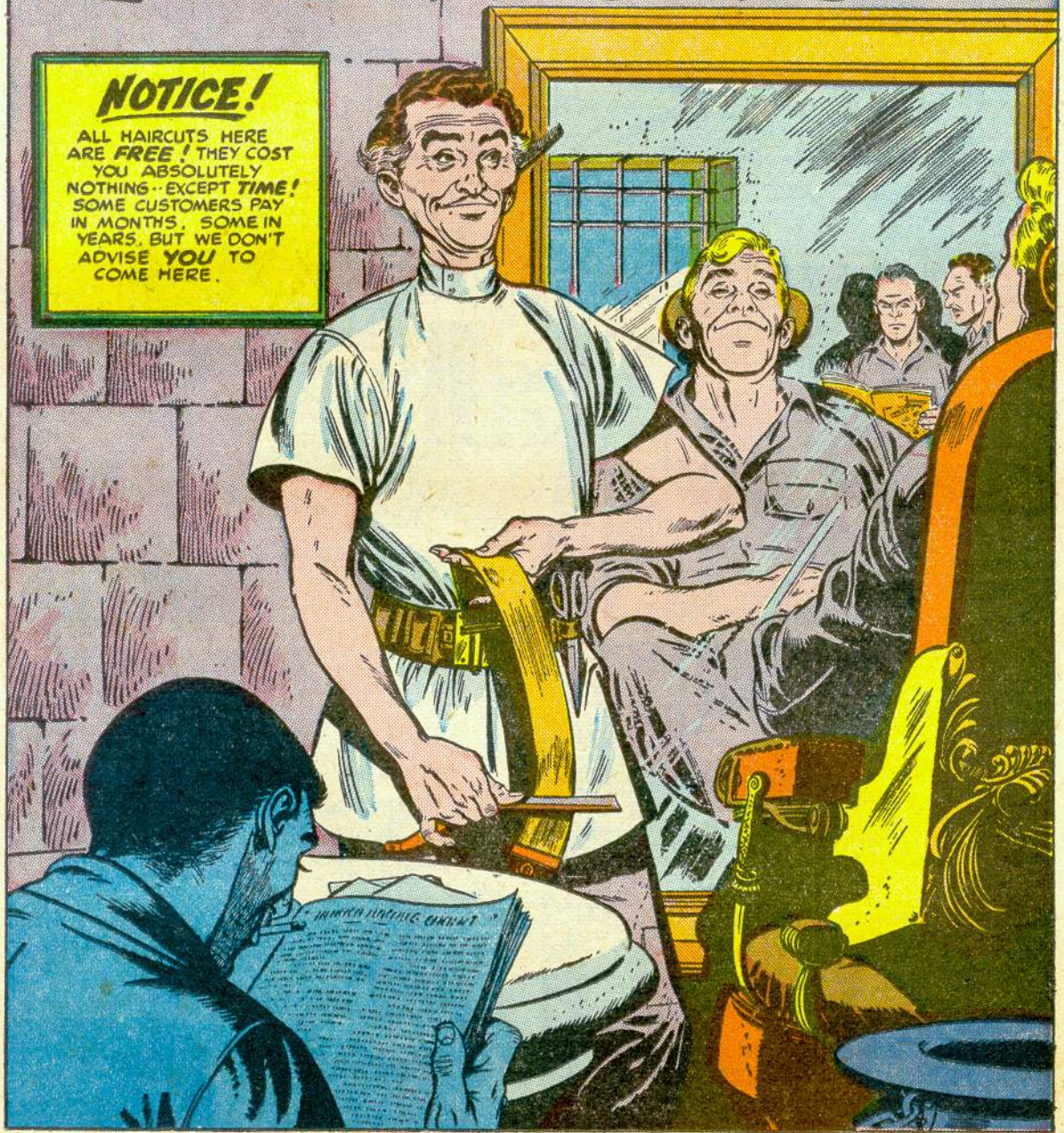
DINNER?? HEY, YOU'RE MY DINNER! COME BACK HERE!





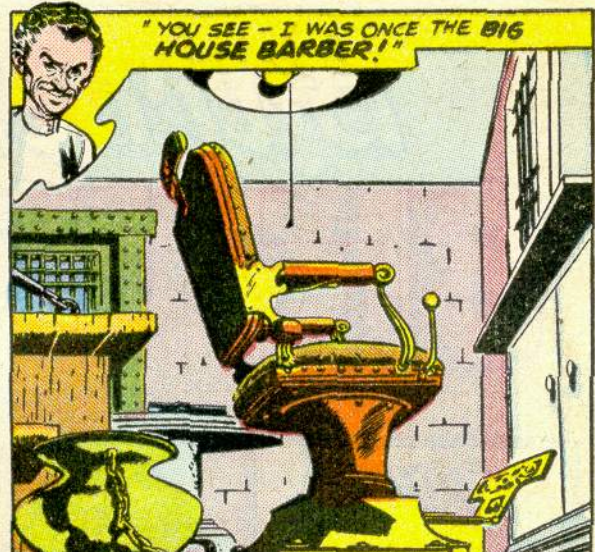
Barber of the BIG HOUSE

NOTICE!
 ALL HAIRCUTS HERE
 ARE FREE! THEY COST
 YOU ABSOLUTELY
 NOTHING - EXCEPT TIME!
 SOME CUSTOMERS PAY
 IN MONTHS, SOME IN
 YEARS. BUT WE DON'T
 ADVISE YOU TO
 COME HERE.





THEY CALL ME "SCISSORS"... SCISSORS SMITH. NO ONE EVER TALKED TO ME BEFORE ABOUT A STORY, BUT I'VE GOT LOTS OF 'EM TO TELL!



"YOU SEE - I WAS ONCE THE BIG HOUSE BARBER!"



BARBERIN' IN STIR IS A BIT DIFFERENT FROM THE OUTSIDE. FOR ONE THING I KEPT MY TOOLS LOCKED IN MY BELT! JUST IN CASE ONE OF MY CUSTOMERS GOT IDEAS-- FOLLOW ME?



I DIDN'T KEEP ANY FANCY HAIR OILS AN' STUFF ON MY SHELVES, KNOW WHY? THEY CONTAIN ALCOHOL... AND THE CONS COULD THROW IT IN THE GUARDS' EYES-- THAT'S WHY...



I WAS A CON MYSELF--A TRUSTEE, IN FACT! BUT I WASN'T ALWAYS A CON. I USED TO OWN A SLICK BARBERING BUSINESS ON THE OUTSIDE. YEAH, IT WAS QUITE A PLACE...



"I CALLED IT SMITTY'S SALON, A FANCY NAME TO KEEP THE MUGGS OUT. AND I CATERED TO THE RICH GUYS WHO COULD PAY GOOD PRICES..."

HAIR CUT, SHAVE, MANICURE AND SHINE, SMITTY! THE WORKS!

CERTAINLY, MR. CASE! I'LL ATTEND TO IT PERSONALLY! THE WORKS!

"I GAVE 'IM THE WORKS ALL RIGHT! IT WAS EASY TO LIFT A GOLD WATCH FROM AN UNSUSPECTING CUSTOMER WHILE HE WAS UNDER THE HOT TOWEL..."

I'VE AN APPOINTMENT AT MY BROKER'S AT SEVEN SHARP. WHAT TIME IS IT, SMITTY?

UH--IT'S ONLY SIX-THIRTY!

I HOPE HIS WATCH KEEPS GOOD TIME!



"MY CUSTOMERS WERE ALWAYS OUT OF THE CHAIR AND GONE--BEFORE THEY MISSED ANYTHING. SO I NEVER WAS SUSPECTED UNTIL ONE DAY I SWIPED A WALLET, OPENED IT, AND..."

THAT'S RIGHT SMITTY..TAKE A GOOD LOOK! THIS TIME YOU'VE LIFTED A COP'S WALLET! GET YOUR COAT AND COME ALONG!



"YOU WORK ON ALL KINDS OF CHARACTERS WHEN YOU'RE CLIPPING IN THE BIG HOUSE--EVERY KIND OF WRONG GUY FROM SMALL-TIME RACKETEERS WHO TELL YOU HOW GOOD THEY ARE--TO COLD, SILENT KILLERS WHO NEVER SAY A WORD..."

THAT'S HOW I LEARNED THAT THE ONLY SURE THING ABOUT CRIME IS THAT THE CRIMINAL ALWAYS GETS CAUGHT... AND THAT'S HOW I BECAME THE PRISON BARBER! NOW, ABOUT THAT BIG STORY...

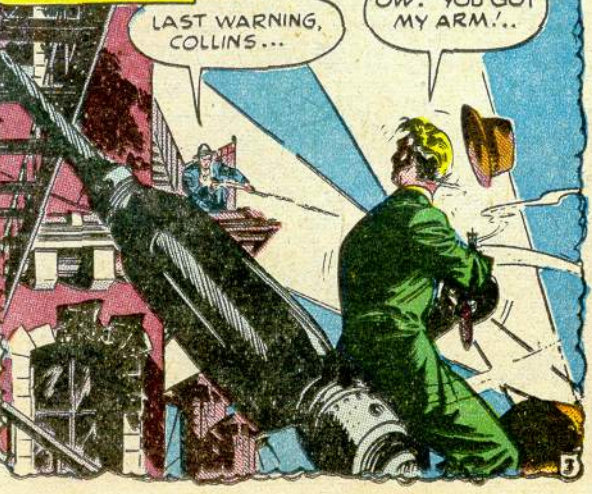


"TAKE PETIE COLLINS--TRIGGER MAN FOR THE HAMPTON BROTHERS IN L.A. REMEMBER HOW THEY CAUGHT HIM AT THE MOVIE ONE NIGHT?..."



WHAT COPPER'S GOT NERVE ENOUGH TO COME AN' GET ME? HA, HA!

"THAT DETECTIVE--WHAT'S HIS NAME?--KILEY, I THINK, HAD THE NERVE! HE CAME DOWN FROM THE ROOF AND..."



LAST WARNING, COLLINS...

OW! YOU GOT MY ARM!..

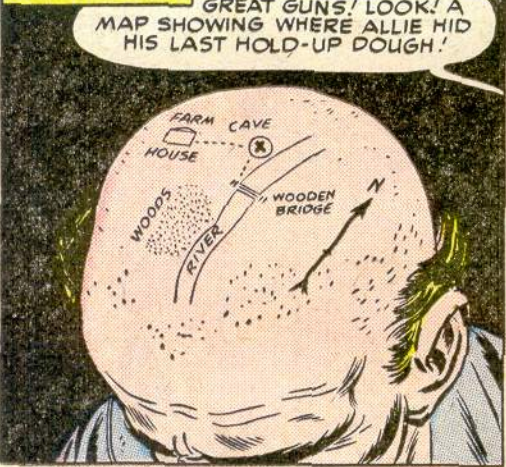
"WHEN I MET PETIE COLLINS, IT WAS TO SHAVE HIS FIRST AND LAST SITTING WITH ME... BECAUSE HE HAD A DATE WITH ANOTHER KIND OF CHAIR..."



"ANOTHER CHARACTER WAS ALLIE GORDON, HOLD-UP GENT DE LUXE, WHO WAS TRAPPED BY THE FEDS IN TOLEDO IN '46..."



"NO WONDER ALLIE DIDN'T WANT HIS LOCKS SHORN--HE HAD A MAP TATTOOED ON HIS SKULL..."



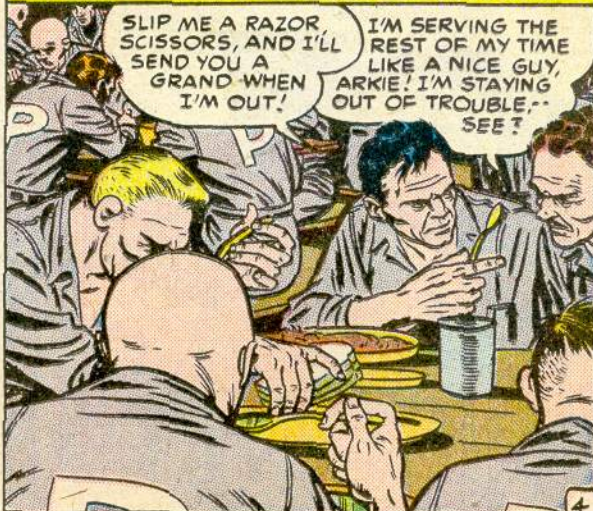
"AND REMEMBER 'BAD CURLY' MALONE, A DAPPER CROOK WHO WAS POPULAR WITH THE GALS? GUESS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE CAME IN..."



"SOME OF THE BOYS LIKE TO KID ABOUT TIPPING ME. BINKIE KELLER, COUNTERFEITER, HAD A STANDARD GAG..."



"AND, OF COURSE, I GOT MY SHARE OF OFFERS..."



"ALL IN ALL, YOU'D THINK A PRISON BARBER HAD IT EASY, BUT, PAL, HE CAN GET IN PLENTY OF HOT WATER! REMEMBER WHEN STRANGLER ED WILLS CAME UP?..."



HERE HE COMES, BOYS! THAT'S THE CAR CARRYIN' THE STRANGLER!

IT TOOK TEN COPS TO DRAG 'IM OUTA HIS HIDEOUT, THEY SAY!

"STRANGLER WAS A GIANT OF A MAN WITH FLAMING RED HAIR..."

HIYA, STRANGLER! HOW'S THINGS IN ORLEANS?



NOT BAD, SAPS! AN'I'LL BE BACK THERE SOON! HAW, HAW!

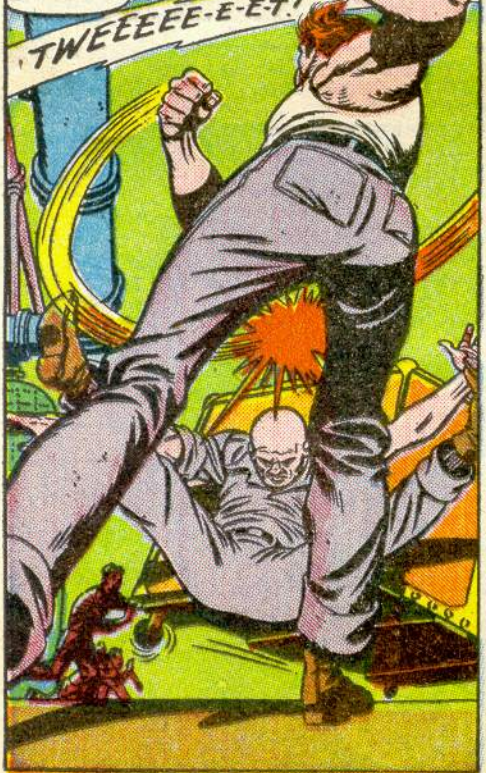
"ON HIS FIRST DAY UP- A THURSDAY- STRANGLER MADE ONE THING CLEAR -- THAT HE WAS BOSS CON OF THE BIG HOUSE..."

SO YOU'RE BAT DAYTON, EH? THEY TELL ME YA RUN THINGS AROUND HERE!

RIGHT, YA BIG HIPPO! SO FALL IN LINE WIT' DA REST O' DA FISH AN' I'LL BE NICE TO YA! OR I'LL CONK YA!



YA ASKED FOR IT, DAYTON! YER THROUGH HERE AS HEAD CON-- AN' I'M TAKIN' OVER!



FIGHT! FIGHT!

TWEEEEEE-E-E-T!

"I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY GUARDS IT TOOK TO HANDLE THE BIG GORILLA IN THE LAUNDRY THAT DAY-- BUT THEY GOT 'IM..."

DAYTON'S HURT PRETTY BAD! THEY TOOK HIM TO THE HOSPITAL!

I KNEW HE'D EVENTUALLY GET HIS! AS FOR STRANGLER-- LOCK HIM IN SOLITARY!



"SO STRANGLER WAS PUT IN THE DUNGEON ON BREAD AN' WATER-- WHERE HE COULD THINK THINGS OVER FOR A WHILE-- WHICH IS JUST WHAT HE DID..."

YEAH-- WHATTA YA KNOW? DOWN HERE ALL ALONE YA BEGIN TO GET IDEAS! SUDDENLY, YA KNOW HOW TO BREAK OUTA THIS JOINT-- AN' STAY OUT! HAW, HAW!



"STRANGLER, BANGED ON THE CELL DOOR. THE GUARD SLID BACK THE VIEW-PLATE, AND..."



I'M GONNA BE COOPED UP IN THIS BOX F'R A WEEK! WHAT ABOUT SENDIN' THE BARBER DOWN TO CUT MY HAIR?!

DON'T WORRY! WE'RE HAVING AN INSPECTION! YOUR HAIR HAS TO BE CUT!

"SO ON FRIDAY NIGHT I WAS SENT TO THE DUNGEON TO CLIP OFF THE STRANGLER'S RED MOP..."



MY ORDERS ARE TO STAY OUT HERE, SCISSORS-- AWAY FROM THAT MUG'S BIG PAWS! BUT CALL IF YOU NEED ME!

"THE SOLITARY CELLS AT STATE PEN HAVE SOLID WALLS, SO THE GUARD DIDN'T SEE A HUGE HAND GRAB MY FACE AND SQUEEZE IT LIKE A VISE..."



ONE YAP OUTA YA, BUSTER-- AN' I'LL CRUSH YA LIKE AN EGG SHELL! Y' HEAR?!

"STRANGLER GRABBED THE TOOL BELT AROUND MY WAIST AND BROKE IT LIKE A TWIG..."



THAT'S THAT! NOW LISTEN TO WHAT I TELL YA, BARBER-- AN' DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

"WITH ONE OF MY ARMS TWISTED BEHIND ME, AND FEELING A PAIR OF MY OWN SCISSORS AT MY BACK-- I HAD TO DO WHAT HE SAID..."



HEY, GUARD! GIVE ME A HAND! STRANGLER FAINTED DEAD AWAY!

THAT WAS PERFECT, CHUM!

GUESS BREAD AN' WATER DON'T AGREE WITH 'IM!

"THE GUARD DIDN'T EXPECT A TRAP, SO WHEN HE OPENED THE DOOR-- THE ROOF FELL ON HIM..."



HAW! OUT LIKE A LIGHT!

CRACK!

UHH!



"STRANGLER CARRIED ME THROUGH DARK, EMPTY CORRIDORS..."



WHAT? YOU'RE TAKING ME WITH YOU?

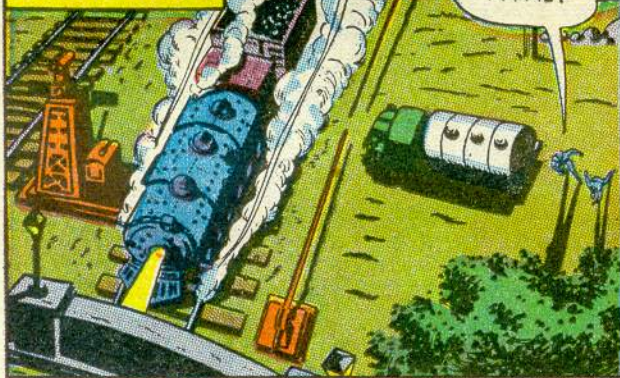
SURE.. SO YA WON'T SQUEAL, AN' SO YOU'LL CUT MY HAIR AFTER WE GET OUT! THAT'S PART O' MY PLANS!

"...TO WHERE A MILK DELIVERY TRUCK WAS PARKED OUTSIDE... AND WHILE THE DRIVER WAS IN THE KITCHEN HAVING A CUP OF COFFEE, STRANGLER CUT A HOLE IN THE TANK..."



WE'RE SAFE IN HERE! THE DRIVER'LL BE LEAVIN' IN A MINUTE! WE'LL BE FAR AWAY BEFORE WE'RE MISSED!

"SOMETIME LATER, WHEN THE TRUCK STOPPED AT A RAIL CROSSING NEAR NEWTOWN WE DROPPED OUT..."



C'MON! HEAD FOR THE WOODS! WE'LL HIDE OUT TILL MORNIN'! THEN I'LL PHONE A PAL!

"BY MIDNIGHT, A FIVE-STATE ALARM WAS FLASHED..."



STRANGLER ED WILLS, WHO ESCAPED WITH SCISSORS SMITH, PRISON BARBER, MAY BE ... IDENTIFIED EITHER BY FLAMING RED HAIR OR BALD HEAD! POLICE THINK THE BARBER MAY HAVE SHAVED HIS HAIR!

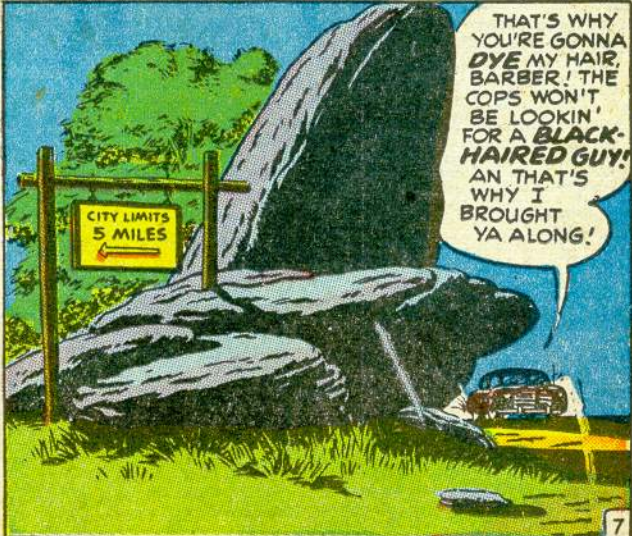
"STRANGLER" ED WILLS
HT: 6'7" WT: 298 LBS.
DANGEROUS!

"NEXT MORNING, STRANGLER CALLED A FRIEND, BILLY DANDERSON, WHO PICKED US UP IN A CAR. THEN..."



NO, PAL! THE COPS EXPECT TO SEE ME EITHER WITH MY RED HAIR..OR A BALD HEAD!

UH..GUESS YOU'LL WANT ME TO SHAVE YOUR HEAD, EH?



THAT'S WHY YOU'RE GONNA DYE MY HAIR, BARBER! THE COPS WON'T BE LOOKIN' FOR A BLACK-HAIRED GUY! AN THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YA ALONG!

"LATER, BILL DANDERSON WENT TO A DRUG STORE AND BOUGHT A LIST OF CHEMICALS I WROTE DOWN. WHEN I PREPARED THE DYE, STRANGLER DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT I TOOK A CHANCE ON A TRICK-- AND..."

PERFECT, BARBER! I'M A NEW GUY NOW! HA, HA! LOOKA THIS BLACK HAIR!

WOT ABOUT DA BARBER, STRANGLER? YOU TAKIN' 'IM WIT' YA TO MEXICO?



"STRANGLER DIDN'T WANT TO KILL ME-- SINCE HE THOUGHT I'D HELPED HIM. SO HE TIED ME UP AND LEFT ME UNDER A LINCOLN HIGHWAY CULVERT."



SAWING THESE ROPES AGAINST THE ROUGH CONCRETE IS GOING TO CUT THEM. BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME. HM-- TOO BAD I WON'T SEE THE COPS GET STRANGLER! AND THEY WILL GET HIM BECAUSE I TRICKED HIM!

"AND THIS IS HOW IT HAPPENED. BILLY TOOK STRANGLER TO A TRAIN TERMINAL IN JERSEY, AND-- SINCE STRANGLER WITH HIS BLACK HAIR WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT BEING IDENTIFIED-- HE BOLDLY TOOK THE TRAIN..."



"I HEARD ALL ABOUT IT LATER--HOW THEY NABBED STRANGLER IN A TERRIFIC BATTLE BEFORE THE TRAIN PULLED OUT OF THE DEPOT..."



GET HIM! HOLD ON TO HIM!

WHAT A DUMB GORILLA-- SHOWING HIMSELF HERE!

"YOU SEE, THAT ALCOHOL-BASED CHEMICAL I'D USED ON STRANGLER'S HAIR WAS NOT MIXED RIGHT--AN IMPORTANT INGREDIENT WAS OMITTED. SO THE BLACK DYE JUST DRIED UP AND FELL OFF..."

THAT DOUBLE-CROSSIN' BARBER! MY HAIR IS STILL RED!

SCISSORS JUST OUTSMARTED YOU, TOUGH BOY!



ANYWAY, I GOT AN EARLY RELEASE BECAUSE OF THAT-- AND I'M BACK AT MY OLD JOB-- EXCEPT THIS TIME I'M STARTING UP THE LADDER IN A BARBER'S COLLEGE! GOT A SPARE DIME? DROP BY SOME TIME! I'LL GIVE YOU A SHAVE AND A STORY.

HAIR CUT 10 CENTS



THE END

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DOUBLE-FEATURE 10 WILD WEST CARDS FRONT TRUE COLOR PORTRAITS • BACK MASKED ACTION SCENES

Plus MAGIC SPY GLASS



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FULL COLOR!

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



THEIR BULLETS CAN'T HURT US, TOMMY! HANG ON! WE'RE TAKING THIS TANK-ON WHEELS RIGHT THROUGH 'EM!

SURE! LET 'EM FIRE! WHO CARES? HAW, HAW!



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THE CRIMINAL IS ON THE PROWL EVERY DAY. SOME OF THE CRIMES ARE SMALL, SOME LARGE, SOME ARE ROUTINE, SOME **SURPRISING!** IN THE CASE OF **M (FOR MURDER) 31827**, WE RAN ACROSS A TWIST SO OLD-- AND FORGOTTEN-- THAT IT WAS WHAT WE CALL "**NEW!**" IT IS THE CASE HISTORY OF SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW, A SHARP-SHOOTING KILLER WHO ENJOYED TAKING POT-SHOTS AT HIS VICTIMS, **AND** WHO DIDN'T MIND GETTING SHOT AT IN RETURN! BECAUSE, WITH THE UNIQUE RACKET HE EVENTUALLY SET UP, SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW BECAME...

"The MAN WHO LAUGHED AT BULLETS!"

JUST TWO YEARS AGO, ON A RAINY MARCH NIGHT, A MAN SAT IN A SHABBY WEST-SIDE ROOM, DESPERATELY HOPING THAT ANOTHER MAN WOULD DIE...

THE MAN IN THE ROOM, WHO PACED AND SAT, PACED AND SAT, WAS SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW, WHO AT THAT TIME, FOUND NO OCCASION TO SMILE...

WHY DON'T LITTLE WHINEY CROAK? HE'S THE ONLY STOP-GAP BETWEEN ME AND THE CHAIR! CONFOUND IT, WHINEY -- **CROAK!** GO AHEAD AND DIE!...

THEY'RE TRYIN' TO SAVE YOU AT THE HOSPITAL -- TRYIN' TO FIND OUT WHO PUT FIVE SLUGS IN YOU! DIE, WHINEY! KICK OFF, CONFOUND YOU!....



ON THAT SAME NIGHT, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WAS SUMMONED TO CITY HOSPITAL...

THE D.A. AND HARRINGTON WERE IMMEDIATELY USHERED INTO A ROOM WHERE A MAN WAS BREATHING HIS LAST...

OKAY, CHIEF! LET'S GO IN... AND **HOPE!**

LITTLE WHINEY MAY GO ANY MINUTE NOW, D.A.! I THOUGHT YOU SHOULD TAKE A LAST CHANCE!..

THANKS DOCTOR! WHINEY -- **WHINEY!** LISTEN TO ME -- WHO SHOT YOU, WHINEY?



YOU'RE GOING, WHINEY - NOT MUCH TIME LEFT! YOU CAN STILL DO YOURSELF AND EVERYBODY A FAVOR -- WHO DID IT, WHINEY - WHO SHOT YOU?

DOC... SAVE ME... SHOT UP... LOOK, TOMMY, I'M YER PAL, SEE?... UNH... YEAH -- TOMMY LUDDOW AN' ME ARE PALS -- **DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT, TOMMY!**

HE WAS DELIRIOUS, D.A. -- TOO BAD! HE'S GONE!

BUT IN HIS DELIRIUM HE RELIVED HIS LAST MOMENTS! HE TOLD US WHO KILLED HIM...

SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW!



ONE OF TOMMY LUDDOW'S HENCHMEN, POSING AS A REPORTER AT THE HOSPITAL, GOT THE REPORT AND WENT TO A PHONE...

LISSEN, TOMMY--WHINEY SQUEALED! YOU'RE HOT--YA GOTTA MAKE A RUN FOR IT...

THANKS, CAREY! I WON'T FORGET THIS... S'LONG, PAL!



LUDDOW IMMEDIATELY LEFT HIS SHABBY FLAT, HEADED STRAIGHT FOR A GARAGE AT EVERS AND CONEY STREET...

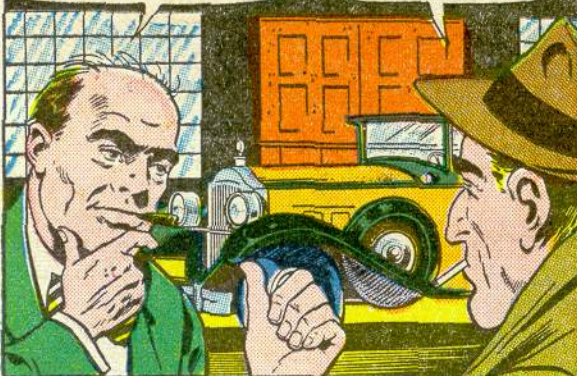
YA DONE ME LOTS O' FAVORS, TOMMY! SURE, MEBBE I CAN GIVE YA A CAR! IT'LL COST YA, THOUGH--

THAT'S FINE, FRANKIE! LET'S SEE HER!



LEFT OVER FROM THE OLD CHICAGO DAYS! SHE'S GOT PLENTY O' POWER-- AN', MOST OF ALL, SHE'S **BULLET-PROOF!**

BULLET-PROOF, EH? ROLL HER OUT! I'VE GOT TO GET STARTED!



BUT NEWS SPREADS FAST OVER THE UNDER-WORLD GRAPEVINE, AND ELSEWHERE, ANOTHER MAN-- TRIGGER-BOY COLLINS-- WAS PLANNING A SURPRISE PARTY OF HIS OWN....

WHINEY WAS ONE OF OUR BOYS, SEE? THAT MAKES TOMMY LUDDOW A MARKED MAN!

BUT HOW'LL WE CATCH UP WITH LUDDOW, TRIGGER?



LARRY SPOTTED HIM DOWN AT FRANKIE'S GARAGE-- FRANKIE LOANED HIM A CAR! C'MON-- WE'LL CUT 'IM OFF BEFORE HE REACHES THE RIVER!

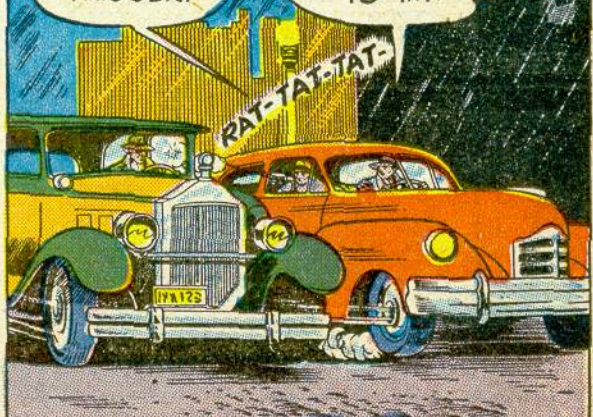
LUDDOW'S HAD IT COMIN'!



AND THUS, BEFORE POLICE EVER REACHED THE SCENE, GUNS RATTLED...

THAT'S HIM, TRIGGER!

OKAY--GIVE IT TO 'IM!



LIKE FALLING RAIN, BULLETS FROM TRIGGER-BOY COLLINS' CAR SPRAYED OVER THE ESCAPING SEDAN...

LUDDOW SLOWED DOWN, OPENED THE WINDOW A CRACK, AND...

BOSS! DA JALOPYS BULLET PROOF!

WISE GUYS, EH? NOW LET'S SEE WHO GETS IT!

HUH?

RAT-A-TAT-TAT

LOOK OUT!

MOMENTS LATER, A POLICE EMERGENCY CAR, WITH SIRENS SCREAMING, DROVE UP...

GET THAT FIRE OUT! SEE IF ANYBODY'S STILL ALIVE!

OKAY, CHIEF!

WHREEE

WORKING WITH ASBESTOS GLOVES, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND HARRINGTON DRAGGED A COUGHING FIGURE FROM THE FLAMING WRECKAGE...

THIS ONE'S STILL ALIVE-- GREAT GUNS! IT'S TRIGGER-BOY COLLINS!

COUGH-COUGH...

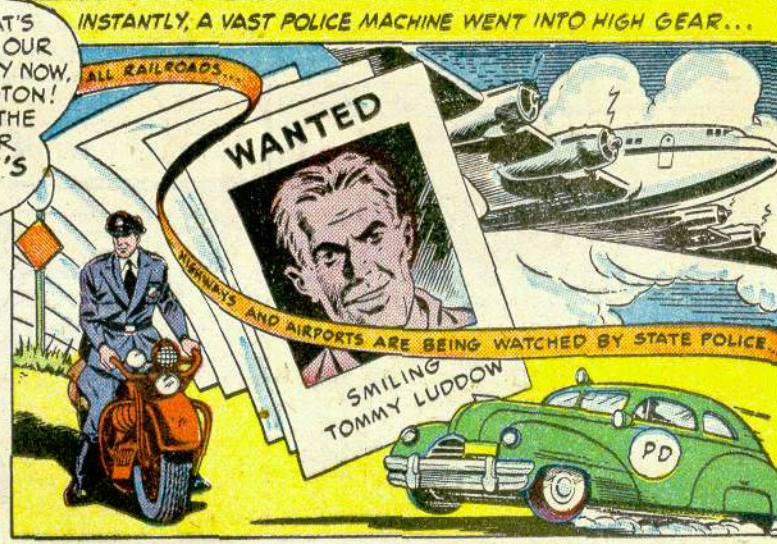
LUDDOW-- VERY SMART-- GOT AWAY (CHOKE!) THOUGHT WE HAD HIM - HA, HA-- (COUGH!) ... UNH...

THAT'S ALL, CHIEF! IT'S CURTAINS FOR TRIGGER-BOY!

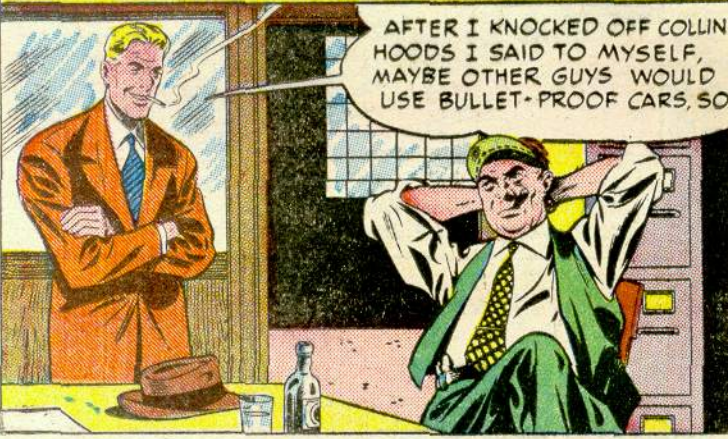
YEAH-- AND LUDDOW'S GONE!

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR, CHIEF! THAT'S LUDDOW KILLED WHINEY-- ONE OF COLLINS' BOYS! THEN COLLINS STARTED THIS PRIVATE WAR WITH LUDDOW -- AND CAME OUT SECOND BEST!...

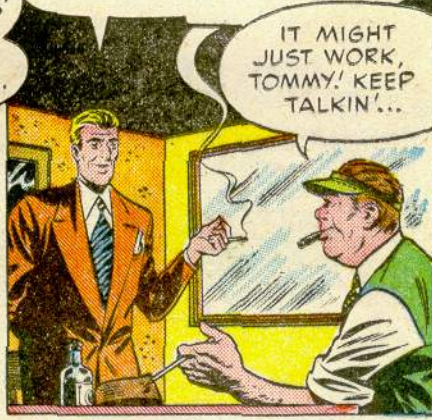
THAT'S NOT OUR WORRY NOW, HARRINGTON! SPREAD THE ALARM FOR LUDDOW! HE'S OUR MAN!



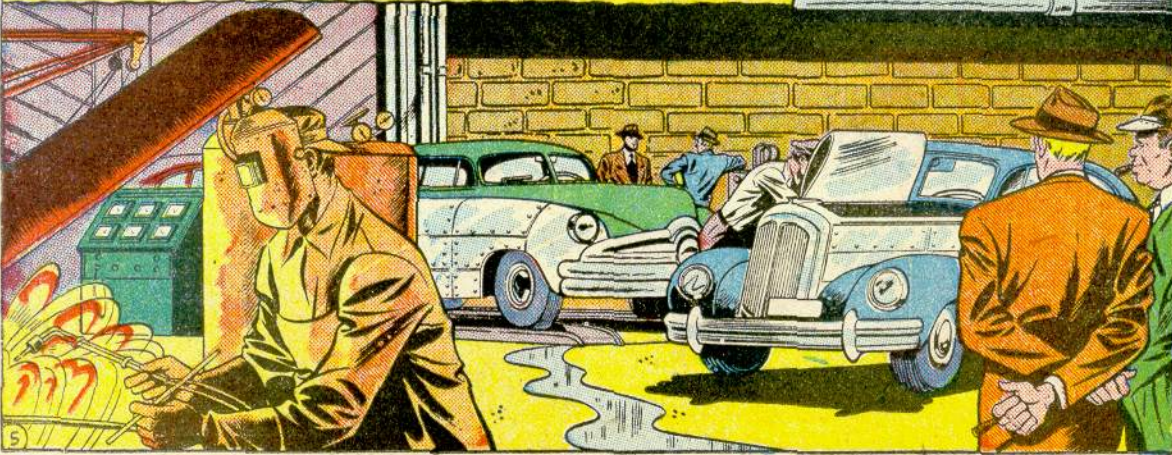
BUT THE FIVE-STATE ALARM WAS IN VAIN, BECAUSE SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW DIDN'T EVEN LEAVE TOWN! LATER, HE RETURNED TO FRANKIE'S GARAGE...



WE CAN GO INTO BIZ, FRANKIE! WE'D USE YOUR BASEMENT, SUPPLY GUYS WITH BULLET-PROOF CARS AN' CLEAN UP! WHAT SAY?



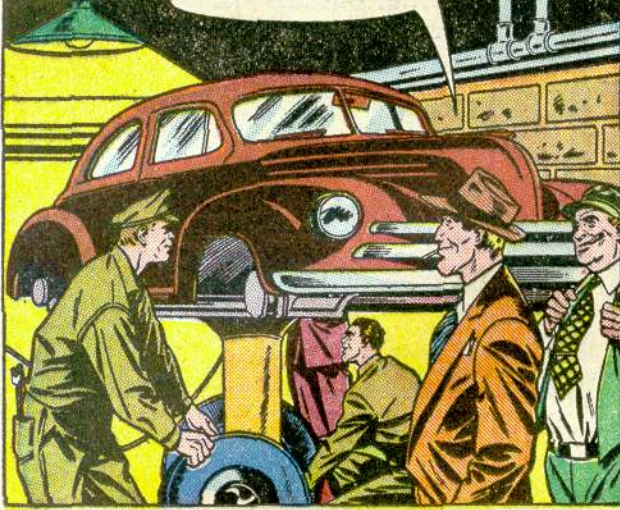
ON INTO THE NIGHT THEY TALKED, AND AN AGREEMENT WAS FINALLY REACHED. TWO WEEKS LATER, FRANKIE'S GARAGE BASEMENT HUMMED WITH A SINISTER ACTIVITY...



AFTER THE BULLET-PROOF METAL IS WELDED ON, WE EQUIP THE CAR WITH UNBREAKABLE GLASS WINDOWS AND PUT ON PUNCTURE-PROOF TIRES! NOW WATCH!

ONE OF THE MECHANICS SAT IN THE CAR, AND...

THAT BOAT CAN LAUGH AT BULLETS NOW! TIRES, WINDOWS, GAS TANK... ALL PROTECTED! HA!



THIS IS TERRIFIC, TOMMY! A GUY COULD MAKE SAPS OUTA THE COPS WITH THIS ARMORED HEAP!

RIGHT! START GETTIN' WORD AROUND TO THE GANG CHIEFS! INSIDE A WEEK WE'LL BE ON EASY STREET! UH - THE PRICE IS 20 GRAND A CAR!

AS THE D.A. LEARNED AFTERWARDS, NOTORIOUS GANG CZARS FLOCKED TO FRANKIE'S GARAGE TO BE ENTERED ON THE UNIQUE CAR LIST...

CASH ON THE LINE, BOYS... NO CHECKS! PAY ME, THEN WE'LL ROLL ONE OF THE CARS OUT ON THE STREET FOR YOU!

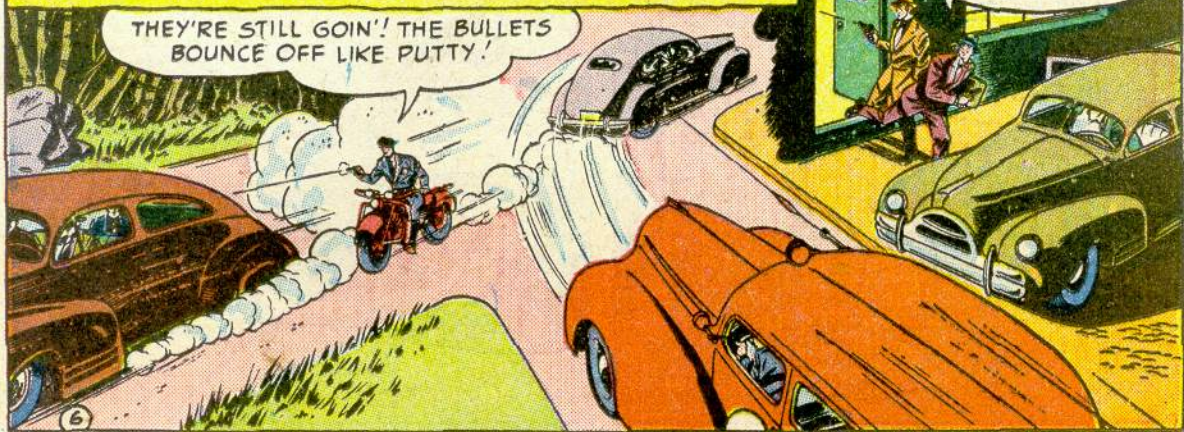
WON'T I SURPRISE DA COPS ON MY NEXT GETAWAY JOB! HAW!



IN JUNE AND JULY OF THAT SUMMER, EASTERN CITIES EXPLODED IN A NEW CRIME WAVE... AND NOT ONE ESCAPING GANG WAS APPREHENDED AS POLICE BULLETS PROVED HELPLESS AGAINST THE INVULNERABLE GETAWAY CARS...

HA! JUST MAKE IT TO THE CAR-- THEN WE'RE SAFE!

THEY'RE STILL GOIN'! THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF LIKE PUTTY!





THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND HARRINGTON HELD AN EMERGENCY SESSION WITH THE MAYOR...

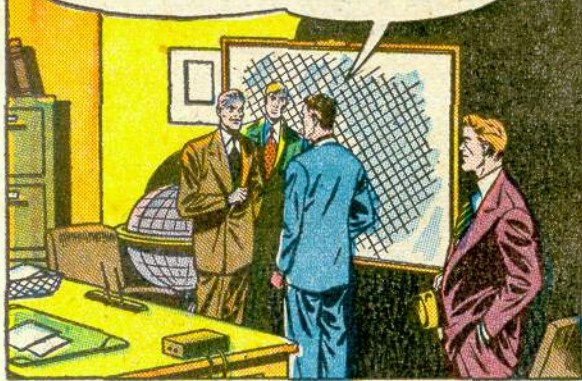
THE LAW HAS BECOME A LAUGHING STOCK, D.A.! FIRST, SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW ESCAPED FROM YOUR HANDS-- AND NOW THIS-- CROOKS IN BULLET- PROOF CARS!



AS FOR LUDDOW, YOUR HONOR - WE'RE CONVINCED HE NEVER LEFT TOWN, BECAUSE SOME OF THE KEY MEN OF HIS GANG ARE STILL HERE! WE HOPE TO FIND HIM THROUGH THOSE MEN! AS FOR THE BULLET- PROOF CARS....



.. OUR OPERATIVES ARE WORKING 24 HOURS DAILY TRYING TO TRACK DOWN THE MAN WHO BUILDS THEM! HE'S THE ONE WE MUST GET--AND ANY HOUR NOW I EXPECT TO LEARN HIS IDENTITY!



THE D.A.'S OPERATIVES WENT TO WORK. LONG, TEDIOUS HOURS OF CHECKING SHIPPING LISTS IN MAJOR STEEL PLANTS FOLLOWED...



THE MAN WE'RE AFTER STARTED BUYING STEEL JUST WITHIN THE PAST FOUR MONTHS! WE'D LIKE A LIST OF ANY NEW CUSTOMERS YOU PICKED UP SINCE THEN!

SURE THING, LIEUTENANT. GLAD TO HELP!

THE LIST OF SUSPECTS INCLUDED LARGE FIRMS AND SMALL. EACH WAS METHODICALLY CHECKED...

THEY'RE ALL CLEAR, CHIEF-- EXCEPT THIS ONE! CURIOUS-- BUT A DOWNTOWN GARAGE HAS BEEN BUYING TONS OF STEEL PLATING.

LET ME SEE THAT REPORT, LIEUTENANT!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, CHIEF? WHY IN THE WORLD WOULD FRANKIE'S GARAGE BE NEEDING STEEL PLATING? A JACKPOT QUESTION, HARRINGTON-- AND TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO FIND THE ANSWER!



LATER, IN THE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT, THE D.A. ENTERED A SMALL, BLACKENED BASEMENT WINDOW BEHIND FRANKIE'S GARAGE...



A FALSE RAID AND ARREST WOULD BE BAD! I'LL GO IN WHILE THE OTHERS WAIT... HARRINGTON HAS HIS ORDERS...

HE CREEPT STEALTHILY THROUGH A HALLWAY, THEN...

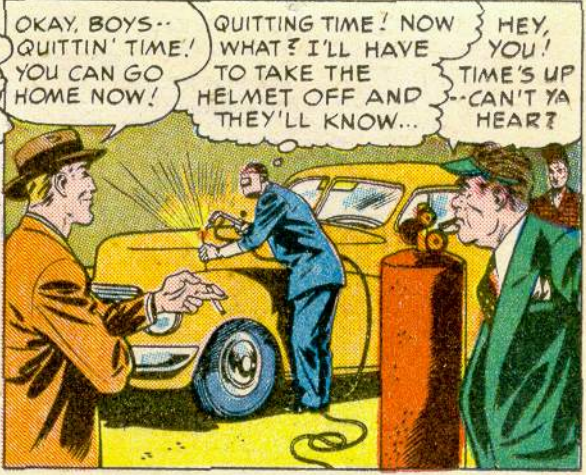


GREAT GUNS! THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE PLACE THEY MAKE STOCK CARS OVER INTO BULLET-PROOF JOBS...

AS HE TURNED TO RETRACE HIS STEPS, FOOTSTEPS AND VOICES WERE HEARD AT THE OTHER END OF THE HALL...



MADE IT JUST IN TIME! I'LL SLIP INTO THIS PROTECTIVE HELMET, AND... WHEW! THAT'S SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW!

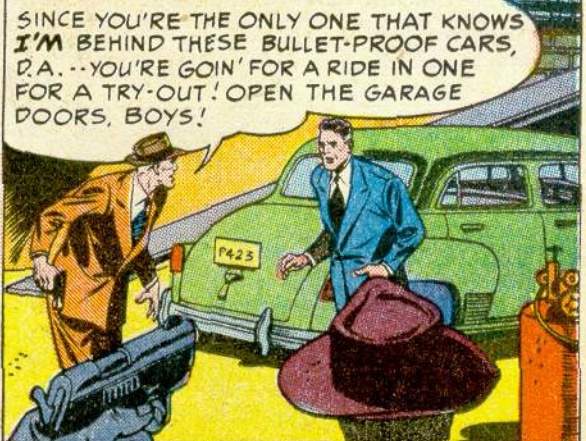


OKAY, BOYS-- QUITTIN' TIME! YOU CAN GO HOME NOW! QUITTING TIME! NOW WHAT? I'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE HELMET OFF AND THEY'LL KNOW... HEY, YOU! TIME'S UP --CAN'T YA HEAR?

WELL, HERE GOES... TOMMY! LOOK! IT'S THE D.A.! I'LL BE A PAPER WEIGHT! SO IT IS! REACH, D.A.!



SMILING TOMMY LUDDOW HAD ONLY ONE COURSE TO TAKE--AND HE TOOK IT--



SINCE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE THAT KNOWS I'M BEHIND THESE BULLET-PROOF CARS, D.A. --YOU'RE GOIN' FOR A RIDE IN ONE FOR A TRY-OUT! OPEN THE GARAGE DOORS, BOYS!

GET IN, WISE GUY!
THIS RIDE'S GOIN'
TO BE YOUR
LAST!

ONE CHANCE LEFT-- A
TRICK THAT MIGHT WORK!
TOMMY DOESN'T KNOW A
BULLET-PROOF CAR HAS **ONE
WEAKNESS...** BUT HE'LL
FIND OUT SOON! HERE GOES...

WITH A SUDDEN JERK, HE SWUNG THE HEAVY
DOOR, KNOCKED LUDDOW BACKWARDS, AND AT
THE SAME TIME...

NOW, IF THEY
DON'T CATCH ON...



UNDER THE CAR, THE D.A. DIDN'T STAND A
CHANCE -- NOT SURROUNDED BY OMINOUS GUNS...

THEN THE HUGE DOORS SWUNG OPEN, AND THE
POWERFUL STEEL-PLATED CAR ROARED OUT
INTO THE NIGHT...

THAT WAS A DUMB
TRICK, D.A.! COME
OUT FROM UNDER
THE CAR-- AN' DON'T
TRY ANY MORE
SILLY GIMMICKS!

IT WORKED! THEY DIDN'T
CATCH ON...

OKAY... I
GUESS THE
GAMES UP!

LOOK, CLANCY! ONE
OF THOSE BULLET-
PROOF JOBS! AND...
GREAT THUNDER...
THAT'S THE CHIEF IN
BACK! GET MOVING!

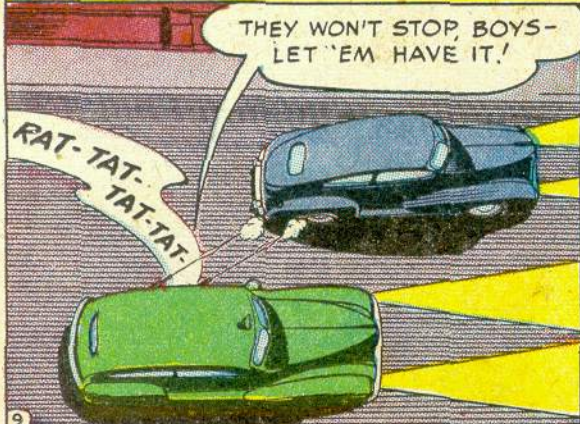


THE SQUAD CAR DREW CLOSE, OPENED WITH
RATTLING BURSTS OF FIRE, WHICH WERE LIKE
PEBBLES THROWN AGAINST THE STEEL PROTECTION...

LET 'EM WASTE THEIR BULLETS! THEY'RE
BOUNCIN' OFF! SOON'S WE HIT OPEN
COUNTRY, WE'LL LEAVE 'EM A MILE
BEHIND!

THEY WON'T STOP, BOYS--
LET 'EM HAVE IT!

IT'S GOT TO
WORK! IT'S
GOT TO...



THE WILD CHASE LED THROUGH THE UPTOWN SECTION, OUT ONTO THE BROAD HIGHWAYS, WHERE THE SOUPED-UP GANG CAR WENT INTO HIGH GEAR...



OKAY, CHARLIE! GIVE 'ER THE GUN!

THEY'RE LEAVIN' US BEHIND, HARRINGTON! WE'RE COOKED!

WE'RE GIVIN' YOUR COP PALS SOME HEEL DUST, BIG SHOT! THEY CAN'T STOP US WITH BULLETS, AND THEY CAN'T CATCH US! WHAT KINDA FLOWERS YOU LIKE? HA, HA...?



NOW-ANY MINUTE NOW!

SUDDENLY, LUDDOW'S GANGSTERS BEGAN LOOSENING THEIR COLLARS AND THEY STARTED COUGHING...



WHAT'S (COUGH-COUGH) WRONG? I CAN'T BREATHE VERY WELL!

I'M CHOKIN'-- (GASP-- COUGH!)

(COUGH)--DA WINDOW, BOSS-- OPEN THE WINDOW --PLEASE...

CHOKE!

(COUGH-COUGH) GIMME AIR!

YA SAPS! OPEN THAT WINDOW AND A HAIL O' COP BULLETS WILL COME IN --(CHOKE)-- YA GOTTA HANG ON! (GASP-COUGH!)

THE COUGHING GREW WORSE-- BREATHING BECAME MORE DIFFICULT-- AND THE THUGS PLEADED WITH LUDDOW TO OPEN THE WINDOWS...

THE DRIVER, CHARLIE FINNICK, COULD STAND NO MORE -- HE PULLED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, OPENED THE DOOR AND TUMBLED OUT...



I'M DYIN'-- AIR-I NEED AIR-- (COUGH) --(GASP) AIR!..

OKAY, BOYS-- PULL UP AN' TAKE 'EM!



WHEN I FAKED THAT ESCAPE UNDER THE CAR, I KICKED THE EXHAUST PIPE LOOSE! THEN WHILE WE WERE DRIVING, THE CARBON MONOXIDE FUMES GOT IN AT US! WHEN THAT HAPPENS - YOU HAVE TO OPEN THE WINDOWS OR GET OUT!

BULLET PROOF --

BUT NOT GAS PROOF. EH, CHIEF?



THE END

Watch for Wakely!

CAN YOU HEAR
THE STRAINS OF A
ROMANTIC WESTERN
SONG DRIFTING
ACROSS THE
MOONLIT PRAIRIE?

DO YOU HARKEN
TO THE THUNDER
OF APPROACHING
HOOFS?

THAT'S JIMMY WAKELY

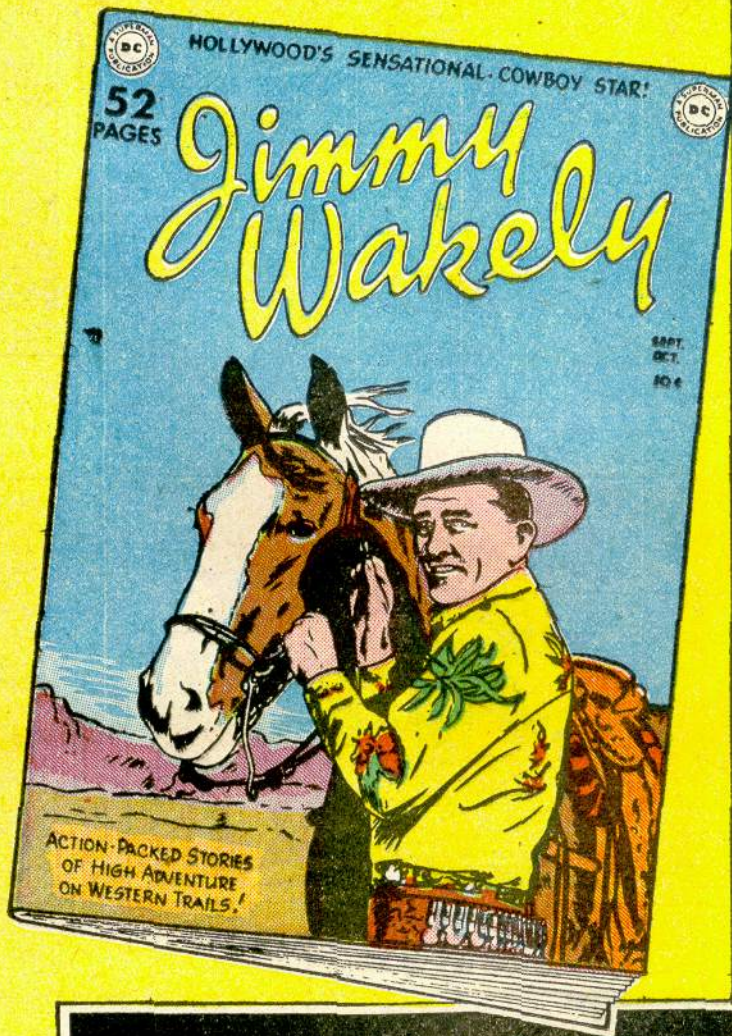
—SENSATIONAL
WESTERN STAR
OF

MONOGRAM
PICTURES

—THE COWPOKE
WHO'S PACKING 'EM
IN ON PERSONAL
APPEARANCE
TOURS

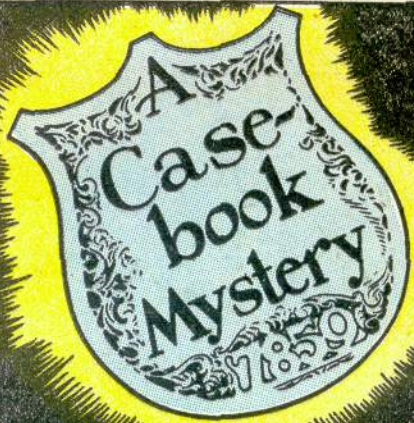
—THE RADIO
WRANGLER WHO'S
KEEPING 'EM GLUED
TO THEIR SETS

—THE PLATTER WADDY
WHOSE RECORDS ARE
SELLING LIKE SIXTY!



AND NOW WE'VE GOT HIM
IN A COMICS MAGAZINE
ALL HIS OWN

NOW ON SALE!
WATCH FOR IT! ASK FOR IT!



The Case of the Disappearing Passenger!

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

ON AN AFTERNOON IN APRIL, 1948, WEALTHY HUGO MYLAN FINISHED PACKING FOR A THREE MONTHS' EUROPEAN TRIP.

THAT'S ALL, JAN. YOU AND ROSELLE MAY COMPLETE PREPARATIONS FOR MY BON VOYAGE PARTY!

YES, SIR!



JAN, YOU MAY COMPLETE YOUR PREPARATIONS...

STOP IT! THE MASTER MAY SEE YOU, ROSELLE!



THE MASTER! WHAT MAKES HIM MY MASTER? HIS MONEY! BUT I KNOW HOW WE CAN PUT OUR HANDS ON SOME OF IT—AND THEN YOU'LL HAVE ENOUGH TO ASK ME TO MARRY YOU!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING!?



THE ANSWER BECAME APPARENT THAT NIGHT WHEN DEATH HOVERED OVER THE BEAMING HOST...





... WHOSE SPEECH SEALED HIS OWN FATE.

... AND I WANT NO FAREWELL PARTY AT THE BOAT TOMORROW. WE'LL SAY AU REVOIR NOW!

P-S-S-T! THAT MAKES OUR PLAN PERFECT!



AT 3 A.M., THE LAST GUEST DEPARTED...

HAVE A NICE TRIP, HUGO!

THANKS. SEE YOU WHEN I GET BACK!



NO SOONER DID MYLAN CLOSE THE DOOR...

RAISE YOUR HANDS, MASTER!

WHAT-WHAT!



CONVINCED BY ROSELLE THAT THEIR SCHEME WOULD WORK, JAN FORCED MYLAN TO WRITE A CHECK FOR \$50,000.

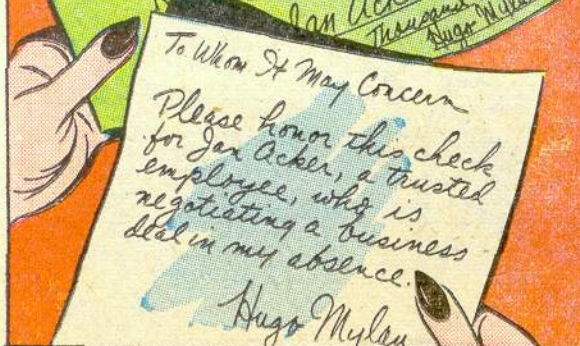
HOW SHALL I DATE IT?

DATE IT NEXT WEEK! THEN WRITE A NOTE INFORMING THE BANK THAT JAN'S HANDLING SOME BUSINESS FOR YOU!



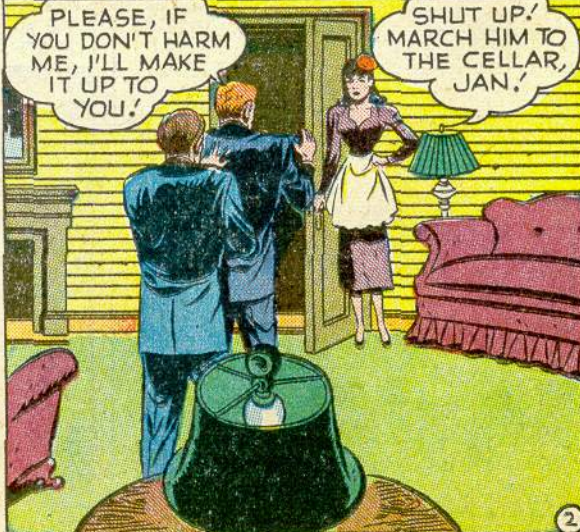
THE BANK MIGHT PHONE YOU, MASTER, IF WE TRIED TO CASH IT NOW. BUT NEXT WEEK IT WON'T CALL EUROPE!

NEW YORK April 31, 1944 No. 11 NATIONAL BANK \$50,000.00
I am Acker, a trusted employee, who is negotiating a business deal in my absence.
Hugo Mylan



PLEASE, IF YOU DON'T HARM ME, I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU!

SHUT UP! MARCH HIM TO THE CELLAR, JAN!



MINUTES LATER, A MUFFLED REPORT FROM THE CELLAR SOUNDED MYLAN'S DOOM.

YOU MADE ME KILL A MAN!

BECAUSE IT WAS THE ONLY WAY, YOU LOVE ME, DON'T YOU? YOU WANT TO MARRY ME! COME ON, WE HAVEN'T FINISHED!

AFTER FEVERISH WORK...

BUT SOMEBODY IS BOUND TO FIND HIS BODY UNDER ALL THIS BAGGAGE!

NO ONE'S GOING TO SEE HIM OFF AT THE BOAT! REMEMBER WHAT HE SAID? "WE'LL SAY AU REVOIR NOW!" HE DIDN'T REALIZE HOW TRUE THOSE WORDS WERE!

WHO ARE YOU CALLING?

THE STEAMSHIP AGENCY, TO CANCEL HIS PASSAGE!

ON THE MORNING OF APRIL 30TH, ARMED WITH THE \$50,000 CHECK AND MYLAN'S NOTE...

DON'T GET NERVOUS! JUST REMEMBER THAT IN AN HOUR WE'LL BE ON A BOAT BOUND FOR AUSTRALIA, UNDER DIFFERENT NAMES—YOU AND I, JAN DARLING—MARRIED!

GOOD MORNING! I UNDERSTAND MR. MYLAN'S AWAY!

YES. HERE'S HIS LETTER, EXPLAINING THAT I'M CLOSING A DEAL FOR HIM—AND HIS CHECK WHICH IS TO BE CASHED!

DID ROSELLE AND JAN LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER? IS THIS AN EXAMPLE OF A PERFECT MURDER, ENGINEERED BY AS RUTHLESS A PAIR OF KILLERS AS YOU WOULD FIND IN FACT OR FICTION? OR DID THEY OVERLOOK ONE SEEMINGLY UNIMPORTANT CLUE, WHICH EVENTUALLY SPELLED HIS DOOM?

BEFORE YOU READ THE NEXT PAGE, READER, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

MEANWHILE, ROSELLE FUMED AND FRETTED AT JAN'S DELAY!



HE'S BEEN GONE 20 MINUTES! WHAT'S DELAYING THE FOOL? NOTHING COULD HAVE GONE WRONG, MY PLANS WERE PERFECT!

SUDDENLY, TWO UNIFORMED FIGURES FLANKED HER...



WE'RE BANK GUARDS! YOU'RE WANTED INSIDE, MISS!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF...?



SAVE YOUR BREATH! YOUR ACCOMPLICE LOST HIS NERVE AND CONFESSED AFTER ONE ERROR WAS REVEALED IN YOUR SCHEME! POOR MR. MYLAN WARNED US SOMETHING WAS WRONG!

YOU FOOL! YOU IDIOT! HOW DID YOU LET MR. MYLAN WARN THEM?

YOU AGREED TO LET HIM POST-DATE THE CHECK! IT'S DATED APRIL 31ST, AND THERE'S NO SUCH DATE!



THE PAIR TOOK A TRIP, BUT NOT TO THE DESTINATION THEY HAD PLANNED.



ALL RIGHT, GET IN—BOTH OF YOU!

NO, I DON'T WANT TO BE NEAR HER! SHE MADE ME KILL— SHE'S EVIL!

JAN RECEIVED THE DEATH SENTENCE. ROSELLE WAS IMPRISONED FOR LIFE. HER BEAUTY GONE, SHE IS TODAY AN EMBITTERED WOMAN, WHO WILL TOIL AWAY THE REST OF HER YEARS AT MENIAL JOBS..



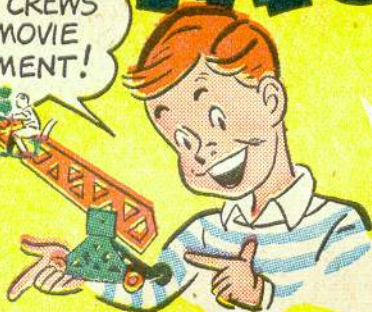
THE END

KIDS! PLAY MOVIES!



MOVIE STARS AND THEIR COSTUMES!

STAGE CREWS AND MOVIE EQUIPMENT!



Everything you need to build a Hollywood stage set at home **WHEN YOU GET**



Kellogg's VARIETY includes Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep, Rice Krispies, Corn-Soya, Shredded Wheat, Bran Flakes, Krumbles.

ON THE SIDES OF CEREAL BOXES

Models of Hollywood crews and stage equipment to cut out and place on your own Hollywood set. Cameramen, kleig lights, wind machines, microphones — 16 other models, plus a plan of a typical Hollywood set to guide you in setting up your own Hollywood show!

ON KELLOGG'S VARIETY TRAY

Life-like paper dolls of famous movie stars like Jane Greer and Glenn Ford to cut out and dress up! Authentic costumes with each actor and actress, plus props they use when acting! Glenn Ford's canteen, for example, his gun and other equipment.



GLENN FORD, first in Kellogg's VARIETY Movie Star Series—starring in "LUST FOR GOLD," a Columbia Production.

JANE GREER, second in Kellogg's VARIETY Movie Star Series—starring in RKO's "THE BIG STEAL."

Both stars selected by **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**

HURRY... ACT TODAY

Get Kellogg's VARIETY now! Start collecting the whole series of actors' actresses, and stage equipment. This Hollywood series only on Kellogg's VARIETY PACKAGE—America's favorite cereal assortment!



Mother Knows Best!

THE CRIME FILE

UN-REAL ESTATE

A loan shark went legitimate and opened a real estate office in a small town not far from the big city where he had operated. While sitting safely behind his big desk with his back to the street window, a .38 caliber slug whizzed through the plate glass and lodged itself in the newly-erected pine panelling.

The local sheriff, who knew of the shady reputation of the erstwhile realtor, came to investigate the attempted assassination. He asked the scared victim to think of all the people who might wish him harm. Fearful of publicizing his past, which would reflect on his new business, the former loan shark said that he could not remember anybody. The representative of the law told him he would be back tomorrow. In the meantime, he suggested he try to remember.

That was the rub! The mug spent a sleepless night. In the morning, bleary-eyed and worried, he told the sheriff that he would like to forget the whole incident but asked that he be given a hand moving his desk far away from the window.

With a knowing wink, as they were moving the desk, the sheriff wryly remarked, "I guess a man never knows how many people he has harmed."

DIP DANCE

A detective out in Chicago has achieved fame by his unique method of spotting pickpockets. He watches their feet.

Asked for an explanation by reporters after he had hauled in six men, the detective explained that a professional dip goes into a rhythmic dance routine as he is about to slip his hand into the pocket of a victim.

By watching this dance step, which he has labelled the "Dance of the Dips," the detective is able to nail the crook just as the haul is being made.

CON MAN'S COUP

A left-handed check book was the undoing of one of the nation's top-ranking forgers a few years ago. Successfully passing phoney checks for many years, this scratch artist had boasted that he would never be caught. For a while, judging from the trail of bad checks he had left across the country, it seemed that his boast would be all too true. But, ironic though it may seem, this smart confidence man was put behind bars through the efforts of a meek little bank clerk in a fair-sized New England city.

The bank's suggestion box had never been used by the clerk because he felt that an employee should not interfere with existing conditions. Rather humbly, then, after ten years of employment, he timidly offered the suggestion that the bank print a special check book which would open in reverse for left-handed depositors.

It was with great pride that he received the news that his idea had been adopted and that he was to receive a ten dollar bonus. Celebrating the event in a local ice-cream parlor with his wife and ten-year-old daughter, he little dreamed that soon his idea would doom the nation's leading forger, and be responsible for his own promotion to cashier.

The slick forger had spent two weeks in the town carefully building up the usual confidence routine which he used successfully for passing forged checks in the name of a reputable merchant depositor. Part of his plan was the development of friendly relations with a teller, and here he had a willing ally in the meek bank clerk who was apparently the kind of man who needed friends.

The fatal day for the confidence man's coup arrived and he casually passed a check through the teller's cage for \$10,000. Being used to this sort of operation, the little bank clerk was about to push the cash through the

window when something struck him.

The depositor's check, made out to the confidence man, was a right-handed check blank and the depositor was left-handed!

Hiding his nervousness while feeling his heart pounding, he excused himself to the forger while he purportedly went for some larger bills. Instead, he informed the manager of his suspicions, who immediately telephoned the man on whose name the check was drawn.

The rest of the story made history. The forger confessed his crimes and the nation was relieved of a master headache.

UNSOLVED MURDER

Almost 20 years ago in Oklahoma, a double murder was committed, a crime that is still labeled "unsolved" on the records.

It seems that two brothers named Smith came from Connecticut to transact some business in Oklahoma. With them were their two friendly business partners. The four men occupied adjoining rooms in one of the more prominent hotels—the Smiths in Room 819, the two partners in Room 817.

On the night of April 26, 1930, at 9 P.M., one of the partners was shaving in the bathroom of 817. When he finished, he stepped into the room occupied by the Smiths. There, lying on the floor, he saw the two Smith brothers, dead, shot by a pistol through their heads and the other friend, alive, but bound and gagged nearby.

Exhaustive investigations by the police

yielded no clues to the swift and brutal murders. So swift had been their attack, so swift their arrival and departure that the man who had been tied and gagged was unable to give a coherent description of the killers.

One of the mysterious items was the fact that the murderers had taken the time to remove the hotel key from inside Room 819. Then, on the outside of the same door, they had left a home-made key of their own, a poor facsimile that neither locked the door nor could turn the bolt.

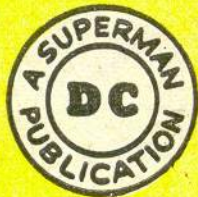
The man who was shaving in the bathroom during the assault provided another baffling angle. He had heard no shots and no commotion of any kind.

It has been almost 20 years, but police are confident that one day they will reach the solution to this bizarre murder.

CROOKS' CONFESSION

The files of Selective Service desks have yielded many identities of confessed thieves. Since unloading "hot stuff" at a pawnbroker's shop requires a signature, many a crook has written his way into the Big House, believing a phoney scrawl would be a good cover-up.

Smart detectives, tracing pawn tickets on stolen goods, check signatures with Selective Service files for handwriting. If the man has been registered with Selective Service, he is a cinch to be identified.



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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:
 EVERY MONTH, EVERY YEAR, A GRIM ARMY OF MEN MARCHES FORTH FROM STEEL PRISON GATES WHICH CLANG SHUT BEHIND THEM. THEY HAVE PAID--THEY ARE FREE! WHERE DO THEY GO--WHAT DO THEY DO--DOES SOCIETY WELCOME THEM BACK? THE REALLY HARDENED EX-CON MAY RETURN TO OLD HAUNTS OF CRIME--AND WILL LAND BACK IN JAIL AGAIN--OR EVEN IN THE CHAIR! BUT THE MAJORITY WANTS TO GO STRAIGHT, AND THEY TACKLE THE LONG, UPHILL FIGHT AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS--AS THEY DID IN THE CASE OF...

"Second Chance Farm!"

JACKIE GAFF,
EX-COUNTERFEITER

BATS KALE,
EX-TRIGGER MAN.

MICKEY DEVON,
ONE-TIME EMBEZZLER.

GIG MCKAY,
FORMER HOLD-UP MAN.



"EACH MONTH, A LIST OF NAMES - NAMES OF MEN HAUNTED BY THEIR PAST--IS HANDED TO THE D.A..."

THESE NAMES WERE ONCE NUMBERS --THEY'RE MEN WHO HAVE BEEN RELEASED FROM PRISON! NOW THEY'RE TRYING TO MAKE A COMEBACK IN DECENT SOCIETY, HARRINGTON!



"BUT THE STIGMA OF A PRISON RECORD NEVER QUITE WEARS OFF --AND MANY EX-CONVICTS, THOUGH THEY'VE PAID THEIR DEBT, ARE SHUNNED WHEN THEY SEEK HONEST EMPLOYMENT..."

SORRY - NO JOBS OPEN HERE FOR YOU!
O.KAY...



"DAY AFTER DAY, THEY MAKE THE WEARY ROUNDS OF THE CITY'S EMPLOYMENT OFFICES..."

FILL OUT THIS APPLICATION FOR THE JOB! DON'T FORGET TO LIST YOUR REFERENCES!

NEVER MIND --FORGET IT! MY REFERENCES HAVE BARS PAINTED ON THEM!



"AND SO THE REFORMED CRIMINAL CONTINUES TO PAY FOR A CRIME HE HAS ALREADY ATONED FOR..."



"AND, IRONICALLY, THE FREEDOM THESE MEN CRAVED WHILE IN PRISON BEGINS TO MOCK THEM..."

I'M FREE NOW -- FREE TO STARVE! NOBODY WILL GIVE ME A JOB!

YEAH...



FORTUNATELY, WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO HELP SOME OF THEM -- THANKS TO SECOND CHANCE FARM!

A PLACE WHERE EX-CONS GET A SECOND CHANCE! THERE'S SURE SOME STORY TO THAT PLACE, CHIEF!





"YES, HARRINGTON, IT DOES HAVE QUITE A STORY! IT BEGAN IN JUNE, 1941, WHEN "BIG BILL" RANSON WAS DISCHARGED FROM PRISON, AND HE HAD THE OLD FAMILIAR TROUBLE..."



SORRY! NO JOBS FOR EX-CONS HERE!

"HE DID LAND A JOB LATER, IN DECEMBER OF THAT YEAR, BY USING A DIFFERENT NAME, BUT HE WAS FOUND OUT..."



BUT I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN' WRONG! I'VE WORKED HARD HERE AS THE DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS!

OUR SANTA -- AN EX-CON! PREPOSTEROUS! SUPPOSING THE PUBLIC FOUND IT OUT? WE'LL HAVE TO DISCHARGE YOU!

"FIVE MONTHS LATER, IN MAY, 1942, BILL HAD A LUCKY BREAK. A DISTANT RELATIVE DIED, LEFT HIM A FARM IN AN EASTERN STATE, WITH 500 ROLLING ACRES..."



"BILL WROTE ME ABOUT AN AMAZING PLAN HE HAD IN MIND -- AND SINCE IT CONCERNED THE FUTURE OF EX-CONS, I DROVE OUT TO THE FARM..."



YOU SEE, D.A., WHEN I GOT OUT OF STIR, I COULDN'T FIND A JOB! I WANTED TO BE HONEST -- BUT NO ONE WOULD GIVE ME A CHANCE!

THEN CAME NEWS THAT I HAD INHERITED A FARM! THAT SAVED ME! IT WAS MY SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE, D.A. -- SO I'M CALLING THE PLACE **SECOND CHANCE FARM!**



NOW I WANT TO HELP **OTHER** EX-CONS WHO GO STRAIGHT! IF YOU AND OTHER OFFICIALS WILL SEND 'EM HERE, I'LL FIT 'EM IN! I'LL NEED LOTS OF MEN!



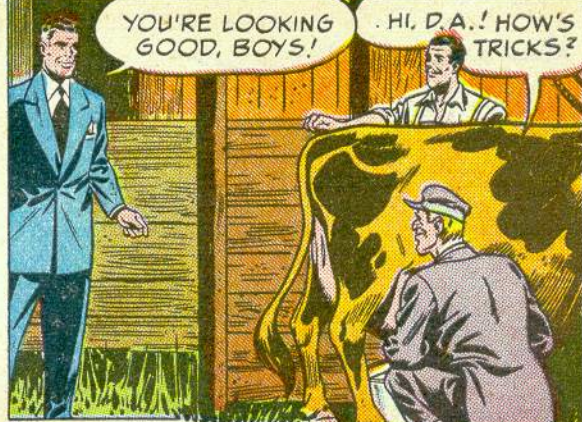
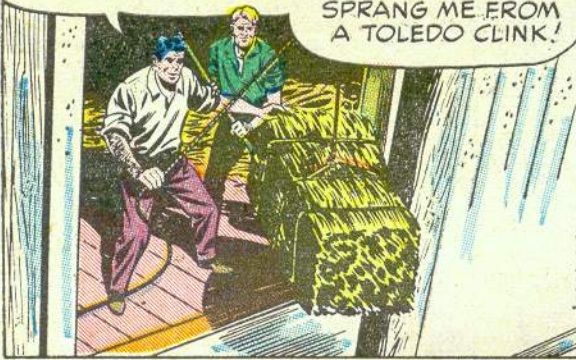
A GREAT IDEA, BILL! WE'LL HELP YOU!

"THE PLAN WORKED! WE SCREENED ALL THE UNEMPLOYED EX-CONS CAREFULLY, AND BILL STAKED THEM THE FARE TO HIS PLACE ..."

"I'LL NEVER FORGET SEEING SCRATCHY BAKER, ONE TIME COUNTERFEITER, AND LIMEY AL THOMPSON, GAMBLER DOING HONEST LABOR FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES ..."

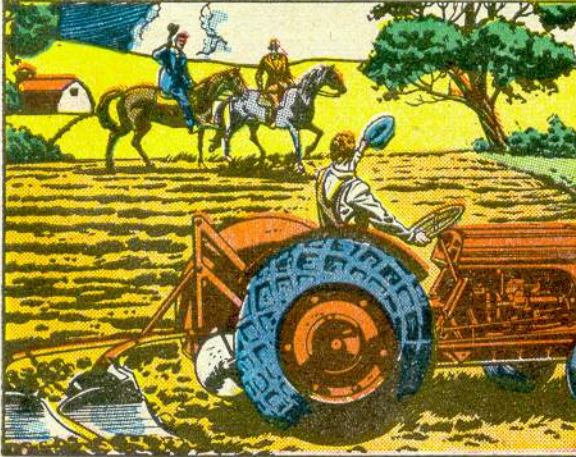
HA! HERE I'M HOISTIN' HAY BALES! LAST TIME I HEARD THE WORD "BAIL" WAS WHEN MY MOUTHPIECE SPRANG ME FROM A TOLEDO CLINK!

YOU'RE LOOKING GOOD, BOYS! HI, D.A.! HOW'S TRICKS?



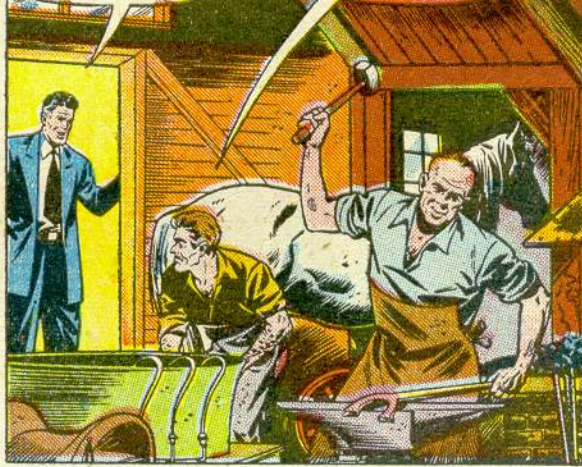
"AND CURLY DANEY--EX-BANK ROBBER! YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT CURLY COULD GET ALONG SO WELL WITH A PLOW!"

"AND THERE WERE PETIE GRANELL, FORMER TRIGGER MAN, AND TOMMY BLAKE, EX-BIG HOUSE INMATES, SHOING HORSES ..."



GRANELL - BLAKE! OF ALL GUYS-- YOU TWO! THE D.A.!

I STUDIED METALLURGY AN' CHEMISTRY IN PRISON, D.A.; BUT I COULDN'T GET A JOB! BESIDES, I KINDA LIKE FARM WORK!



IT'S GOOD FOR YOU, PETIE! STICK WITH IT!

BUT THE STORY DOESN'T END THERE, CHIEF! NO, IT DOESN'T! IN FACT, IT'S JUST BEGINNING! IN LATE '42, WHEN WE WERE HARASSED BY A CLEVER JEWEL MOB THAT WAS FLOODING THE CITY WITH IMITATION GEMS, BIG BILL CAME TO THE OFFICE ONE DAY...





BILL! BIG BILL MAHONEY! HOW ARE THINGS AT SECOND CHANCE FARM?

UH-NOT BAD! THE EX-CONS ARE GETTIN' ALONG SWELL... I GUESS! 'COURSE, WE HAVE OUR LITTLE TROUBLES...



"I KNEW IT WAS MORE THAN JUST 'LITTLE TROUBLES,' BECAUSE BIG BILL WAS WORRIED, SO I ASKED HIM..."

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BILL?

THIS-- THIS LITTLE TROUBLE-MAKER! TAKE A CLOSE LOOK!



A BOGUS DIAMOND! GREAT GUNS! THIS IS THE VERY CASE WE'RE WORKING ON! WHERE'D YOU GET THIS?

ARNIE KELLER FOUND IT IN THE PASTURE LAST NIGHT, AND TURNED IT OVER TO ME!



THESE THINGS HAVE BEEN FLOODING THE TOWN! THEY'VE BEEN SMUGGLED INTO LEADING JEWELRY STORES, AND SUBSTITUTED FOR REAL GEMS!

YEAH, I READ THE PAPERS! THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT THIS IN!



MY PLACE HAS A GOOD REP, D.A.! I KNOW MOST OF THE BOYS ARE STRAIGHT! BUT WE'VE GOT A BAD APPLE IN THE BARREL--SOMEWHERE! I WANT 'IM FOUND OUT!

YES -- OTHERWISE A DECENT THING WILL BE TURNED SOUR!



THE PRESENCE OF THIS PHONEY JEWEL SHOWS A POSSIBLE HOOK-UP BETWEEN THE RACKET AND YOUR FARM! I'VE GOT A PLAN TO PUT IN ACTION. LISTEN...

"WELL, I CALLED ON HARRINGTON! WE TOOK HIM TO THE LAB, SHAVED HIS HEAD..."

"THIS IS TOP SECRET, HARRINGTON! WE CAN'T LET YOU OUTSIDE UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN COMPLETELY CHANGED!" AND IT TOOK ME A MONTH TO GROW THOSE GOLDIE LOCKS!

ALREADY YOU'RE A DIFFERENT MAN, HARRINGTON! NOBODY AT SECOND-CHANCE FARM WILL EVER SUSPECT IT'S A MAKE-UP JOB!



"AFTERWARDS..."

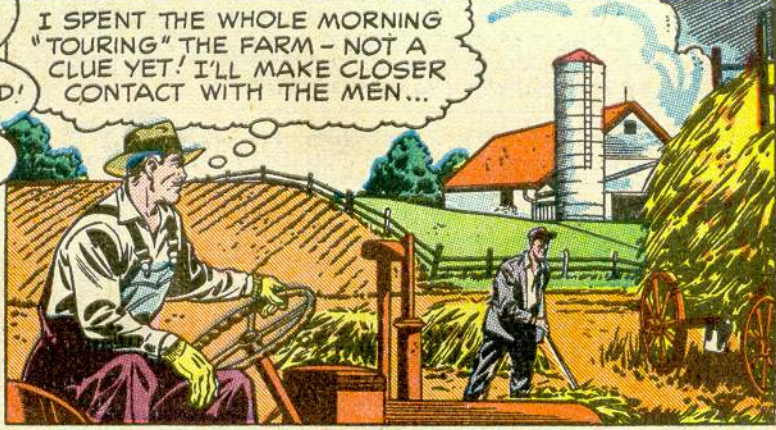
FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE **KNIFEY ARMSTRONG**, FRESH OUT OF PRISON! WE'VE GOT YOUR DISCHARGE PAPERS AND PRISON RECORD ALL PREPARED! GO TO IT, HARRINGTON!

"THE NEXT DAY, HARRINGTON REPORTED TO THE FARM. BIG BILL, COOPERATING WITH US, PUT HIM TO WORK AT ONCE."

I SPENT THE WHOLE MORNING "TOURING" THE FARM - NOT A CLUE YET! I'LL MAKE CLOSER CONTACT WITH THE MEN...



RIGHT!



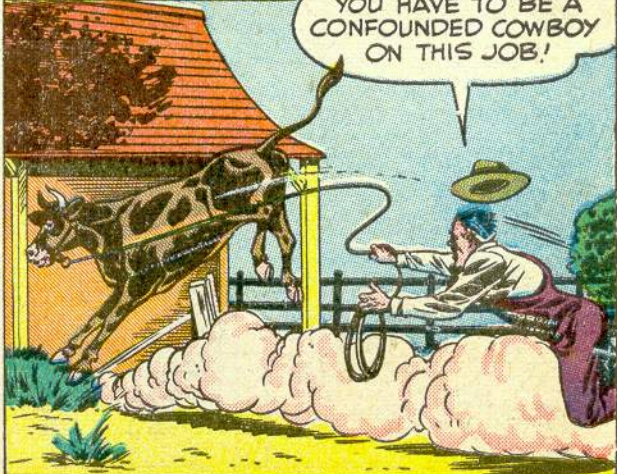
"HARRINGTON WAS GIVEN THE SAME CHORES AS THE OTHER MEN. HE MILKED COWS..."

HOLD IT, BOSSIE.. WAIT A MINUTE...



"AND HE HELPED TRAIN YOUNG HEIFERS FOR SHOW PURPOSES..."

YOU HAVE TO BE A CONFOUNDED COWBOY ON THIS JOB!

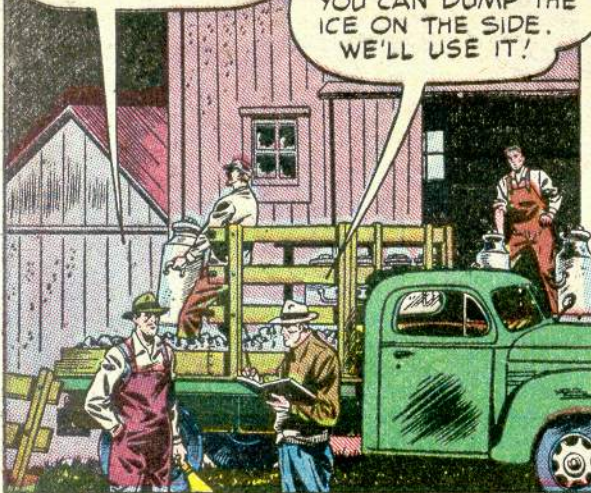




"AND AS A MEANS OF KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH ME, HE GOT THE JOB OF HAULING THE EVENING MILK INTO TOWN..."

TWO HUNDRED GALLONS! CHECK?

YEAH! AFTER THE MILK IS UNLOADED, YOU CAN DUMP THE ICE ON THE SIDE. WE'LL USE IT!



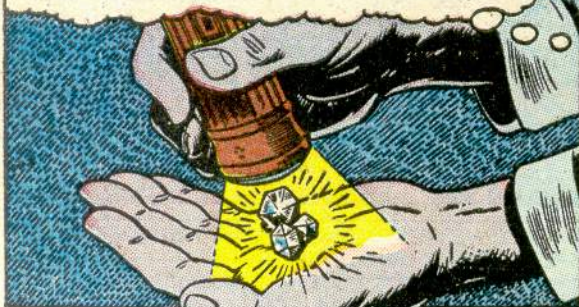
"THEN HARRINGTON, AS HE PLAYED HIS FLASH OVER THE ICE, NOTED A STRANGE PHENOMENON..."

GREAT GUNS! THAT QUEER REFRACTION OF LIGHT ISN'T CAUSED BY ICE!



"AND THUS CAME THE FIRST BREAK IN THE CASE.. HE STUMBLED ACROSS THE METHOD OF SMUGGLING THE PHONEY DIAMONDS OUT OF THE FARM..."

BOGUS DIAMONDS--HIDDEN IN THE ICE! NO WONDER WE COULDN'T FIND HOW THEY WERE MOVING-THE STUFF! IT COMES IN TOWN WITH THE MILK!



"IMMEDIATELY, HARRINGTON REPORTED TO ME, AND..."

EXCELLENT, HARRINGTON! WE NOW KNOW THEY HAVE A CONTACT MAN AT THE DAIRY--AND HE'S BEING SHADOWED DAY AND NIGHT!



"THEN CAME BREAK NUMBER TWO--BECAUSE WHEN HARRINGTON RETURNED, HE PARKED THE TRUCK, WALKED PAST THE BLACKSMITH SHOP, AND..."

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH SUPPLIES FOR ANOTHER MONTH. I BROUGHT IN SOME MORE CARBON POWDER TODAY, PETIE...

CARBON POWDER! WHY WOULD THEY NEED THAT IN A BLACKSMITH'S SHOP?



BUT THE NEXT JOB IS TO FIND OUT WHO IS SENDING THE STUFF FROM THE FARM -- AND WHERE THEY'RE GETTING IT! THEN WE'LL BREAK EVERYTHING AT ONCE!

I'LL GET BACK THERE RIGHT AWAY, CHIEF!



"THEN HARRINGTON CREEPT UP TO THE WINDOW..."

MORE OXYGEN, PETIE! THE FIRE'S NOT HOT ENOUGH!

CARBON! NO WONDER-- IT'S USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS!

"HARRINGTON WAS VIEWING AN AMAZING SIGHT--AN ULTRA MODERN SCIENTIFIC SET-UP ON A REMOTE FARM..."

THE TEMPERATURE'S GOT PERFECT, PETIE! GOT THE LEAD READY?

YEAH--GET READY TO DUMP THE STUFF OUT!

"THE MOLTEN MIXTURE OF IRON AND CARBON WAS THEN POURED INTO A CRUCIBLE OF MOLTEN LEAD..."

THAT'S IT! NOW STAND BACK!

"THEN THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE CAUSED BY SUDDEN COOLING OF THE MOLTEN MASS FORCED THE CARBON TO CRYSTALIZE...INTO NEAR-PERFECT DIAMONDS..."

THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT! GET IT TO THE ICE HOUSE AND WE'LL TURN IN!

BEAUTIES, EH?

"HARRINGTON, MEANWHILE, STUNNED MOTIONLESS BY WHAT HE SAW, HAD NOT MOVED HIS HEAD FROM THE WINDOW QUICKLY ENOUGH, AND..."

OKAY, PAL-- REACH! AN' DON'T MAKE A WHISPER!

"HE WAS LED INSIDE..."

HE SAW THE WHOLE WORKS, PETIE! HE'S WISE!

TOO WISE, ARMSTRONG--OR WHOEVER YOU ARE! START CLANGING ON AN ANVIL, BLAKE--WHILE I GIVE IT TO HIM!...



"IN THAT SPLIT SECOND, HARRINGTON SAW HIS ONLY CHANCE. HE SUDDENLY LASHED OUT AT ONE OF THE OXYGEN TANKS..."



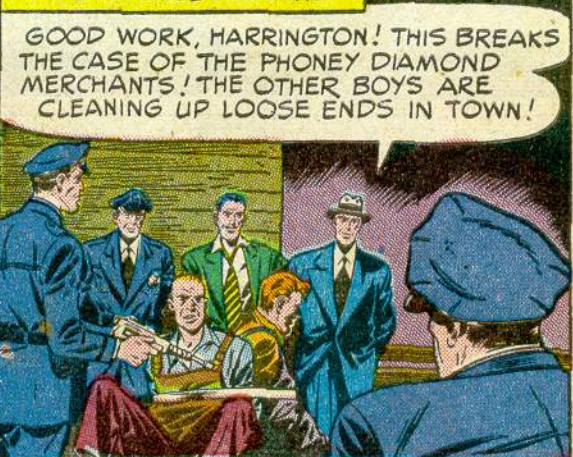
"THE STUNT WORKED! THE PRESSURE OF THE OXYGEN WAS LIKE A MIGHTY FAN, BLOWING THE CARBON DUST INTO A SWIRLING, BLINDING CLOUD!..."



"THEY STUMBLED OUT THE DOOR--AND HARRINGTON HIT THEM..."



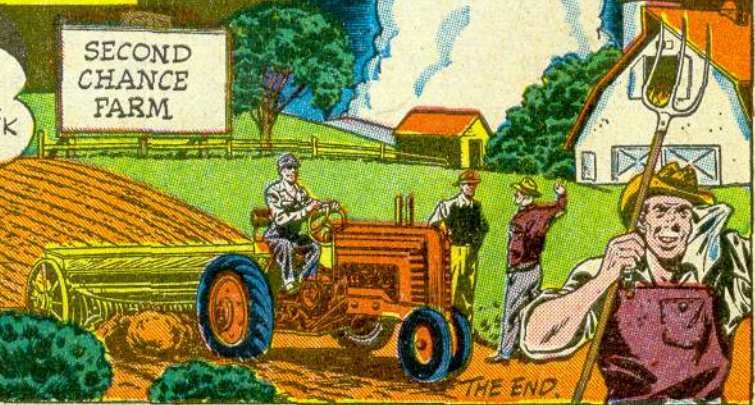
"AND WHEN WE ARRIVED, GRANELL AND BLAKE WERE NEATLY WRAPPED UP IN A WAGON WHEEL HOOP..."



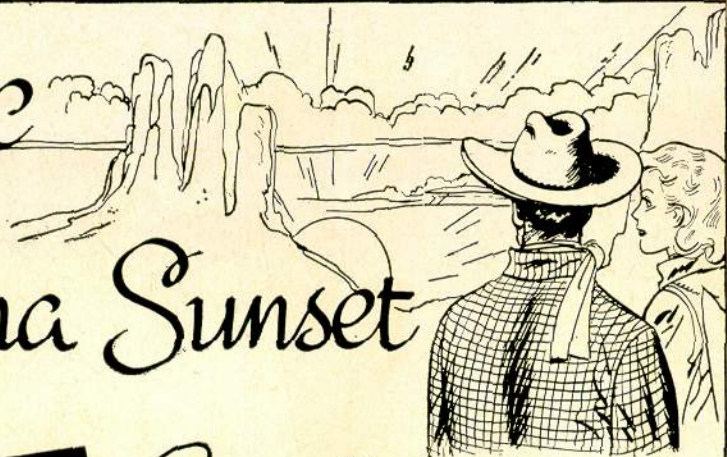
A WIDESPREAD RACKET ENDS! GRANELL'S MEN GOT JOBS IN JEWELRY STORES AS CLERKS. THEY'D RECEIVE THE PHONEY GEMS, SUBSTITUTE THEM FOR THE REAL ONES, AND THEN QUIT BEFORE THE SWITCH WAS FOUND OUT!



"AND SO THE CRACK THAT ALMOST CAUSED THE BREAKING UP OF SECOND CHANCE FARM WAS SEALED! THAT'S WHY, TODAY, EX-CONS STILL CAN GO THERE AND FIND WORK!"



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