

BRAND-NEW ADVENTURES OF  
RADIO'S NO.1 HIT!



52 <sup>25</sup><sub>50</sub>  
BIG  
PAGES

10¢

# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

No. 13  
JAN. FEB.

DECEMBER 12, 1949

## MURDER SUSPECT TO FACE LIE DETECTOR TEST

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... the gang in the vicinity  
... of this city.

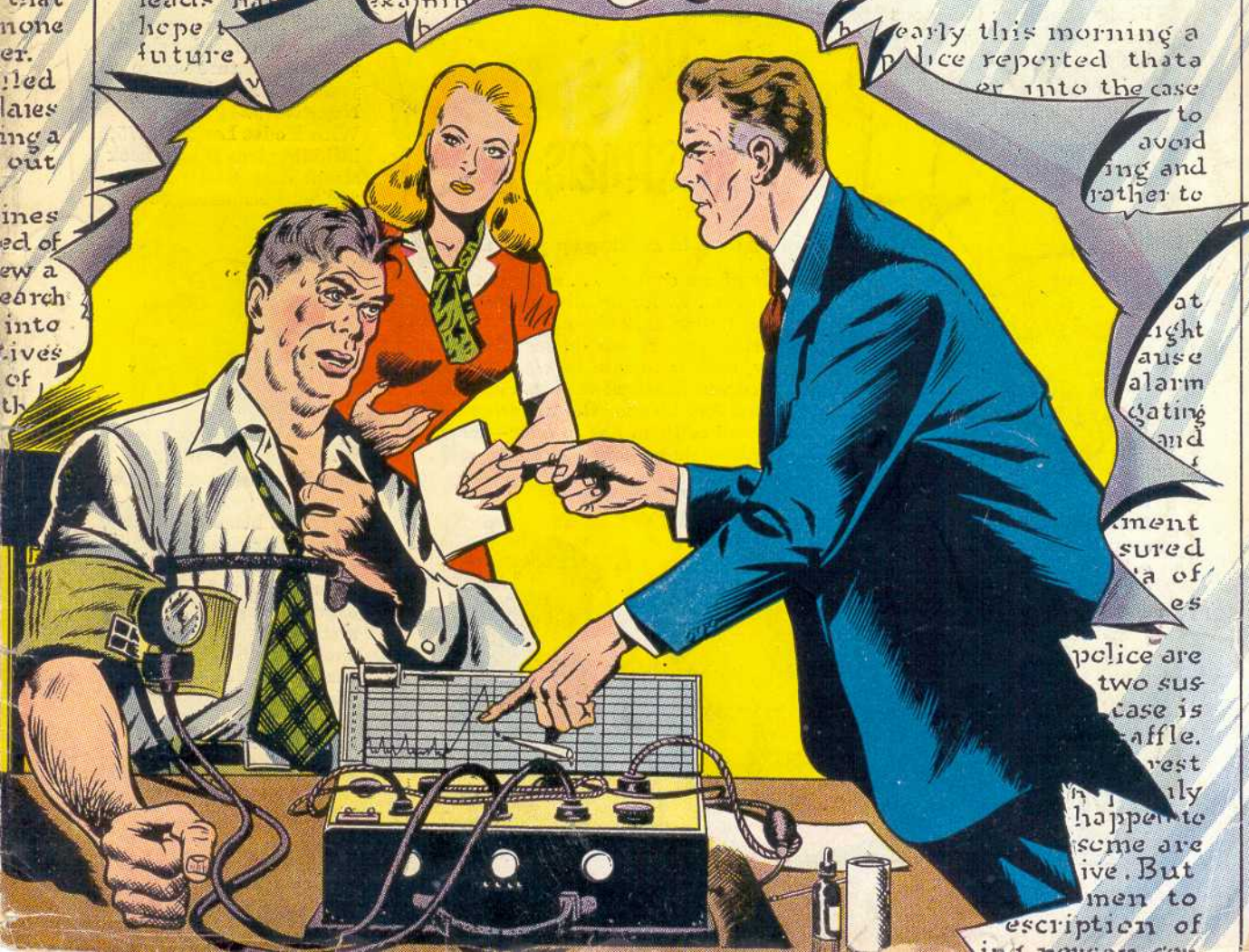
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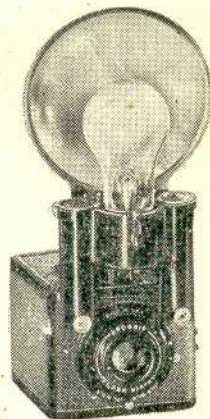




**Baby Brownie Special Camera.** Makes good snaps simple, sure. Full-color, too, in bright sunlight. Fixed-focus lens. Negatives,  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ . \$2.75.



**Brownie Target Six-20 Camera.** Brilliant vertical and horizontal view finders. Fixed-focus lens; two stops for varying light. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$5.75.



**Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera.** "Makes snaps around the clock." Full-color pictures, too, in full sun. Two-position focusing helps get sharp, clear snaps. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . \$11.75; Flashholder, \$2.92.



# Which Kodak Camera for Christmas?

## Here's help in making up your mind

Looking for a camera . . . a camera for a beginner . . . for an all-out ace . . . or for someone in between?

On this page are six cameras. For the money, each is tops in its class. Your Kodak dealer has these and other Kodak cameras. Ask him for the full story of what each of them has to offer—color shots, flash shots, action pictures, and so on.

Eastman Kodak Company,  
Rochester 4, N. Y.



**Brownie Reflex Camera.** Large image on the view finder gives you a preview of your picture. So easy to make sure your snaps are composed just right. Negatives,  $1\frac{5}{8} \times 1\frac{5}{8}$ . \$10.95; Flashholder, \$4.03.



**Kodak Duaflex Camera.** Big, brilliant finder shows you your picture before you snap. Fixed focus. Negatives,  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ . With Kodet Lens, \$12.75, including lens shield, neck strap. With Kodar Lens, \$19.85; Flashholder, \$3.33.



**Brownie Hawkeye Camera.** Newest Brownie box camera. Takes 12 black-and-white, 9 full-color pictures per roll of Kodak 620 Film. Oversize view finder. Time exposures and "B" shutter setting permit "flash" shots with Kodak Photo Flasher. \$5.50; Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.

All prices include Federal Tax

"Kodak" and "Brownie"  
are trade-marks

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK



# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

HA, HA! THEY SAID  
I HAD A YEAR TO LIVE!  
WELL, THE YEAR'S UP!  
AND I'M STILL HERE—  
AS BOSS!



## YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THE FOLLOWING CASE IS THAT OF A KILLER SO EGOTISTICAL HE THOUGHT EVEN DEATH WASN'T BIG ENOUGH TO END HIS REIGN...A KILLER WHO WANTED TO MAKE HEADLINES FROM THE GRAVE! HEADLINES WERE MADE, ALL RIGHT, BUT NOT THE WAY HE WANTED THEM! THIS MAN WAS TOLD HE HAD ONLY A YEAR TO LIVE, AND THE STRANGE PROPHECY CAME CLOSE TO BEING TRUE, FOR IT NEARLY PREDICTED...

**"The EXECUTION OF CAESAR LARSEN!"**



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IN THE ANNALS OF CRIME, I KNOW OF NO CRIMINAL WHO WAS EVER SO STUFFED WITH EGO AS THAT BIZARRE CROOK ELLISON LARSEN.. KNOWN TO THE UNDER-WORLD AS "CAESAR"...



"CAESAR LARSEN USED HIS ILL-GOTTEN RICHES TO BUY A FABULOUS ESTATE ON STORMY CAPE ISLAND..."



"VISITORS DRIVING INTO THE ESTATE WERE AWED BY A HUGE MARBLE STATUE OF THE GANG LEADER..."

HEY, CAESAR! THE STATUE LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU!

IT OUGHT TO -- I HAD THE BEST SCULPTOR IN THE COUNTRY DO THE JOB! IT COST ME A FORTUNE!



"THIS AMAZING EGOTIST BRASHLY DECORATED THE HALLS AND ROOMS OF HIS PLUSH LAIR WITH GAUDY PAINTINGS OF HIMSELF..."

SEE THAT BIG PORTRAIT OF MYSELF? COST ME TWO GRAND! I HAD IT MADE WHEN I WENT TO EUROPE LAST YEAR! GREAT, EH?

GEE, CAESAR -- THEY'RE TERRIFIC!



"HIS SHIRTS AND SILVERWARE BORE HIS MONOGRAM. A COAT OF ARMS, REPRESENTING HIS GANGSTER EMPIRE -- HUNG ON A LIVING ROOM WALL..."

YOU DON'T SEE ANY OF THE OTHER GANG LEADERS WITH STUFF LIKE THIS, DO YOU?



"AND THUS, AMID SUCH INCREDIBLE SPLENDOR, THIS EGOMANIAC LIVED LIKE A FAT SPIDER..."

EAT AN' DRINK UP, BOYS! AND, TOMMY, GET MORE WINE! ... FROM THAT BIG BOTTLE WITH MY NAME ON IT!





"BUT THEN CAME A DAY--A YEAR AGO 4TH OF JULY-- THAT MARKED THE BEGINNING OF THE END FOR CAESAR LARSON! IT WAS JUST AFTER HE FINISHED A BIG DINNER ..."

MY SIDE ... IT HURTS LIKE A KNIFE WAS STUCK IN ME! QUICK, SOMEONE-- GET DOC DRAPER OVER HERE!



"DOC DRAPER THEN PRODUCED A CARDIOGRAPH HE HAD BROUGHT ALONG ..."

MY WORST FEARS HAVE BEEN CONFIRMED! LOOK-- THIS CARDIOGRAPH I TOOK OF YOU LAST WEEK-- IS A CHART OF BAD NEWS, CAESAR! VERY BAD!

CUT THE DOUBLE-TALK! WHAT'S COOKIN'?



"DRAPER, AN UNDERWORLD QUACK IN CAESAR'S EMPLOYMENT, ARRIVED IN A FEW MINUTES, AND ..."

HMM ... I SEE ... EVERY TIME YOU'RE ACTIVE, YOU GET SHORT OF BREATH AND YOU EXPERIENCE THESE PAINS ... HMM ...

CUT THE DOUBLE-TALK, SAWBONES! WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? I THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS MY APPENDIX, BUT I HAD IT TAKEN OUT AT SING SING!



I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU ... IT'S NO GOOD HIDING THE TRUTH! CAESAR, YOUR HEART IS GONE! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! I GIVE YOU ABOUT A YEAR!

WHAT!!? WHAT'S THAT?



LISTEN, YOU NO-GOOD PILL-ROLLER! I PICKED YOU UP OUT OF THE GUTTER! I GIVE YOU MORE JOBS THAN YOU'RE WORTH! WITHOUT ME, YOU'RE **NOBODY!** NOW GIVE ME THAT AGAIN AND DON'T MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

HONEST, CAESAR-- YOUR HEART'S IN BAD SHAPE! DON'T TAKE MY WORD ... SEE A SPECIALIST!



YEAH? AN' LET ALL MY ENEMIES KNOW THAT CAESAR LARSEN IS ABOUT TO CASH IN WITH A BAD TICKER? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! I'D BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF GUYS FROM HERE TO 'FRISCO ... HA, HA! **ME--** A TICKER CASE! THIS'LL KILL 'EM! ...

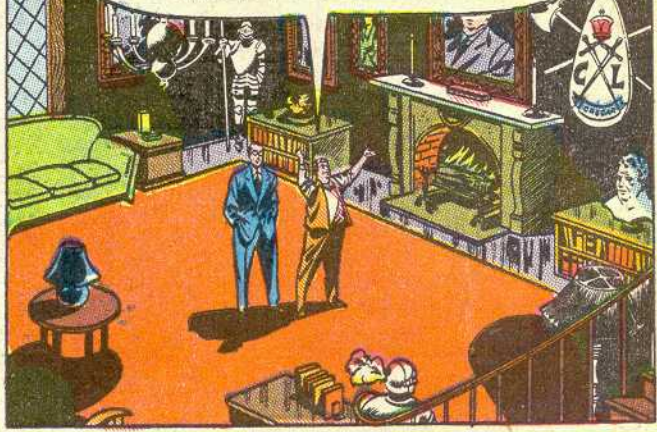




A YEAR... ONE YEAR TO LIVE! THAT'S NOT RIGHT--I'VE WORKED HARD! I'VE GOT THE BEST ORGANIZED RACKETS THE COUNTRY EVER SAW... NOW I'M GOING TO LOSE IT ALL! HA, HA! ONE YEAR! ONE YEAR TO LIVE!



TAKE A LOOK AT CAESAR LARSEN'S EMPIRE! HA, HA! IT'S NOT WORTH A DIME TO ME NOW-- NOT A THIN DIME! AND WHAT'LL THE OTHER GANGS DO-- THEY'LL LAUGH! THEY'LL LAUGH AT CAESAR!...



LAUGH, WILL THEY? LAUGH WHEN I'M DEAD! BUT I'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH, DOC... BECAUSE I JUST GOT THE CRAZIEST IDEA IN THE WORLD! I KNOW A GUY... ABOUT MY SIZE...



"THEN CAESAR MADE A LONG DISTANCE CALL, AND SUMMONED ONE OF HIS LIEUTENANTS--A MAN NAMED ANGIE ALBERT, WHO SUPERVISED HIS COAST STRONG-ARM RACKETS..."

SEE, DOC-- SAME SIZE! SAME BUILD! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

YES, WITH A PLASTIC JOB ON HIS FACE AND THAT RED HAIR DYED BLACK-- HE WOULD LOOK EXACTLY LIKE YOU!



"AND IT WAS THEN THAT CAESAR OUTLINED HIS INCREDIBLE PLAN..."

I COULD ALWAYS TRUST YOU, ANGIE-- YOU'VE BEEN MY FRIEND! BUT NOW-- YOU'RE GOING TO BE ME! DOC'S DOING YOUR FACE OVER WITH PLASTIC SURGERY! YOU'RE GOING TO BE CAESAR LARSEN!



THEN YOU TAKE OVER AS BOSS, ANGIE-- AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE BUSINESS! HA, HA! I'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH, DOC! THE OTHER GUYS WILL NEVER KNOW CAESAR DIED! I'LL STILL BE MAKING HEADLINES... FROM THE GRAVE!







"AND WHILE THIS EGOTISTICAL EMPEROR OF CRIME PLOTTED MEANS OF HAVING HIS NAME LIVE ON, WE WERE ATTEMPTING TO GET EVIDENCE TO BUST HIS RACKETS WIDE OPEN ..."

WE RAIDED THOSE GAMBLING JOINTS LAST NIGHT, DA.--- AND ARRESTED THE MEN BEHIND IT! BUT WE COULDN'T TIE ANYTHING ON LARSON!

SAME STORY, EH? HIS BOYS TOOK THE RAP!

THAT'S HOW IT GOES EVERY TIME! WE CRACK DOWN ON A RACKET WE KNOW IS HEADED BY LARSEN--BUT IN EACH CASE HE'S SET THE THING UP SO CLEVERLY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO ASSOCIATE HIM WITH IT!

YEAH! AND SOME HIRELING TAKES THE RAP-- A SHORT SENTENCE AND A FAT CHECK FOR HIS TROUBLE!

BUT TONIGHT MAY BE THE NIGHT! THE WATERFRONT HIJACKING JOB WE WERE TIPPED OFF ON MAY BE IT!

THAT CARGO IS WORTH SO MUCH THAT CAESAR HIMSELF MIGHT BE ON HAND TO DIRECT THE JOB! BOY! I CAN'T WAIT TO UPSET THAT APPLE CART!



"WE WEREN'T SURE THE WATERFRONT TIP WAS CORRECT--BUT WE WERE RUNNING DOWN ALL POSSIBLE LEADS! SO, THAT NIGHT, A POWER BOAT APPROACHED A FREIGHTER IN THE HARBOR ..."

CUT THE MOTORS AND LET HER DRIFT IN CLOSE! THEN GET SET!



"THEY CAME ABOARD...BUT INSTEAD OF BEING GREETED BY A PRIZE CARGO ..."



ALL RIGHT, BOYS! TAKE 'EM!

COPPERS! WE BEEN CROSSED!



UGH!

DROP THE HEATER, JOEY!



"WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, WE TOOK THE GANG... HEADED BY JOEY CROWELL... TO HEADQUARTERS, AND ONCE MORE WE GOT THE SAME ROUTINE..."

WE KNOW YOU'RE ON CAESAR LARSEN'S PAY-ROLL, JOEY! THINGS MIGHT BE EASY FOR YOU, IF ...

NO SOAP, D.A.! THIS WHOLE DEAL WAS MY IDEA! UH... WHO IS CAESAR LARSEN?

BETTER TALK, JOEY!

NEVER MIND, HARRINGTON-COME ON!

I OUGHT TO TAKE THAT WISE GUY APART, CHIEF!

OKAY... I SERVE A SHORT RAP... BUT CAESAR WILL MAKE IT WORTH MY WHILE ...

IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT CAESAR'S PLOT OF ESTABLISHING A DOUBLE IN HIS PLACE WAS BEING CARRIED OUT-- SOMETHING WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THEN ... "

HOW'D THE OPERATION GO, DOC? IT BETTER BE GOOD!

IT WAS PERFECT, CAESAR! WATCH WHEN I REMOVE THE BANDAGES...

"IN A MOMENT ANGIE ALBERT EMERGED-- ONLY HE WAS NO LONGER ANGIE ALBERT! HE HAD BECOME CAESAR LARSEN..."

GREAT GUNS, DOC! PERFECT IS RIGHT! IT'S ME! ANGIE IS ME!

I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS POSSIBLE, CAESAR!

BLACK HAIR AND ALL! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT EVEN NOW...

UH-- YOU'RE SURE YOU TOLD NOBODY, DOC? NO ONE BUT US CAN KNOW ABOUT THIS!

NOT A SOUL OUTSIDE OF THIS ROOM KNOWS! ONLY US THREE

ONLY TWO NOW, DOC! UNFORTUNATELY, YOUR JOB IS FINISHED! S'LONG, DOC!

BLAM BAM



"THEN CAME THE LONG, TIRING HOURS OF REHEARSAL..."



"MINUTE EATING HABITS HAD TO BE LEARNED..."





"AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF METICULOUS TRAINING, THE SECOND CAESAR WAS READY FOR THE TEST... AND HE WAS TOLD TO CALL IN GANG MEMBERS FOR HIS FIRST CONFERENCE..."

I'M A LITTLE LEERY OF THIS DOUBLE IDEA ...

GO AHEAD-- CALL 'EM IN! HITLER WAS SAID TO HAVE USED A TWIN AND FOOLED MILLIONS! IF HE DID IT... I CAN DO IT!



"THEN FOLLOWED TENSE MOMENTS, WHILE THE REAL CAESAR OBSERVED HIS PSEUDO SELF FROM BEHIND AN ORNATE CHINESE SCREEN..."

WE'LL LET THINGS RIDE IN CHI AND DETROIT THE WAY THEY STAND! BUT I'LL NEED NEW MEN ON THE EAST COAST-- AND SOME FASTER CARS! CHECK?

GOTCHA, CAESAR! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF IT NOW!



"LATER, AFTER THE LAST CROOK HAD DEPARTED..."

SEE? IT WORKED BEAUTIFULLY!

YOU'RE IN--

YEAH... SURE! IT DID WORK! I'M CAESAR LARSEN--

YOU'RE ME! HA! I'M REALLY CAESAR LARSEN HEAD OF AN EMPIRE!



"BUT THE SECOND CAESAR WAS SOON TO LEARN THE PITFALLS OF HIS NEW LIFE... LIKE THAT NOVEMBER NIGHT WHEN A RIVAL GANG STRUCK FROM THE DARK..."

BAKER'S MEN... LOOK OUT... UNH!



"AN AMBULANCE RUSHED HIM TO THE HOSPITAL FOR AN EMERGENCY OPERATION TO REMOVE BULLETS FROM HIS ABDOMEN! AND HE LIVED..."



THAT'S THE LAST SLUG... HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT...

"MEANWHILE, THE REAL CAESAR'S YEAR TO LIVE WAS PASSING QUICKLY-- AND ON A NIGHT IN JANUARY, SHORTLY AFTER CAESAR II LEFT THE HOSPITAL!"

IT COULDN'T BE ME THAT GOT SHOT-- BUT I WAS IN HIDING!

YEAH, BOTH OF US CAN'T BE SEEN AT ONCE! WE'VE GOT TO BE CAREFUL!...





"AND SO, DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, THEY TOOK TURNS HIDING, RUNNING THE GANG...AND PLAYING..."

HA! I WIN 20 G'S... AND I WON'T HAVE TIME TO SPEND IT!

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, BECAUSE TOMORROW...



"THEN CAME THE FATEFUL DAY ONE YEAR LATER... JULY 4TH... AND IT PASSED UNEVENTFULLY! AND AUGUST 4TH PASSED, AND SEPTEMBER 4TH..."

THREE MONTHS PAST THE DEADLINE... WHAT'S WRONG? I'M SUPPOSED TO DIE! YET I FEEL GREAT! WHY DON'T I CROAK?



"SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.. DAYS FILLED WITH A TERRIBLE FEAR.."

DAYS-WEEKS PASSING... WHY DON'T I DIE?

CAN'T SLEEP... I'M SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD!

DIE, CAESAR LARSEN! CONFOUND YOU-- DIE!



"THEN ONE NIGHT, AS HE NERVOUSLY PACED THE FLOOR OF HIS SMALL HIDEOUT, A TERRIFYING THOUGHT STRUCK HIM..."

WAIT A MINUTE! I THINK I'VE GOT IT! DOC DRAPER NEVER LIKED ME FROM THE DAY I HAD HIS BEST PAL SENT UP! HE COULD'VE TRICKED ME... LIED TO ME!...



"DETERMINED TO END THE TORTURE, HE WENT TO A LEADING HEART SPECIALIST..."

YOUR HEART'S OKAY, CAESAR-- PERFECTLY OKAY! THE PAINS IN YOUR SIDE AND THE SHORTNESS OF BREATH COME FROM BEING OVERWEIGHT! THAT'S ALL!

WHAT?



"BACK HE WENT TO HIS ROOM, WHERE HE TOOK A GUN FROM A BUREAU DRAWER..."

WHAT HAVE I DONE? I'VE SET UP ANOTHER MAN AS ME! HE CAN TAKE OVER... HE CAN PUSH ME OUT!... UNLESS I GET HIM! WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN!





"BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT THE AMBITIOUS ANGIE ALBERT... CAESAR NUMBER TWO... HAD SIMILAR PLANS OF HIS OWN ..."

YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN IN THE WORLD WHO KNOWS I'M NOT THE REAL CAESAR, CAKEY! BUT I'M **GOING** TO BE! THE BOSS REFUSES TO DIE... HE'S LIVING OVERTIME! LET'S GET HIM ... OUR WAY!

OKAY, ANGIE!



**RATS! RATS!** TURN AROUND, CAKEY... ANGIE... I WANT TO SEE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE WHEN I KILL YOU!

ANGIE, IT'S CAESAR...



"SHOTS THUNDERED... TWO MEN FELL, AND LAY SILENTLY IN THE ROOM FILLED WITH THE ACRID SMELL OF GUNPOWDER! AND THAT'S WHERE **WE** CAME IN ..."

HA, HA, HA! I WIN! CAESAR WINS! CAESAR'S STILL ALIVE! I'M NOT DEAD! HA, HA, HA! THEY WON'T LAUGH NOW...

ALL RIGHT... TAKE HIM!



BOTH THOSE OTHER GUYS ARE DEAD, CHIEF! THIS TIME WE'VE GOT THE GOODS ON LARSEN!

BUT I'LL GO DOWN IN GANG HISTORY AS HAVING PULLED THE MOST TERRIFIC TRICK OF ALL TIME ON THE COPS... WITH THE DOUBLE GAG I WORKED!

ON THE CONTRARY-- WE **KNEW** ALL ABOUT YOUR SCHEME!

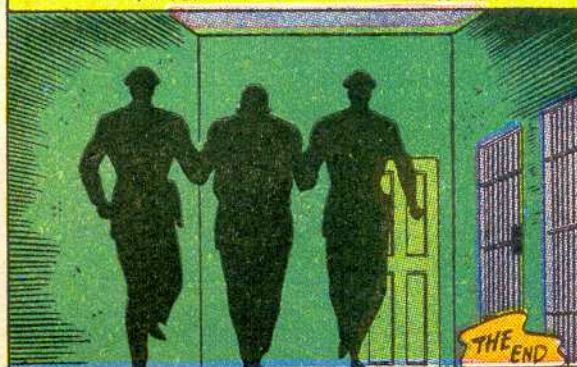


YOU **KNEW**? HOW?

FROM A HOSPITAL REPORT-- THAT STATED WHEN THE BULLETS WERE REMOVED FROM "CAESAR'S" ABDOMEN, **HIS APPENDIX WAS SEEN!** YET PRISON MEDICAL RECORDS SHOW THAT **YOUR** APPENDIX HAD BEEN REMOVED YEARS BEFORE! WE KNEW THEN THERE WERE TWO CAESARS!



"KNOWING THAT, WE WATCHED THE MANSION --AND WHEN THE REAL CAESAR CAME, WE CLOSED IN AND TOOK HIM! AS FOR DQC DRAPER'S PROPHECY... CAESAR DID DIE AFTERWARDS-- IN THE **CHAIR!**"



THE END

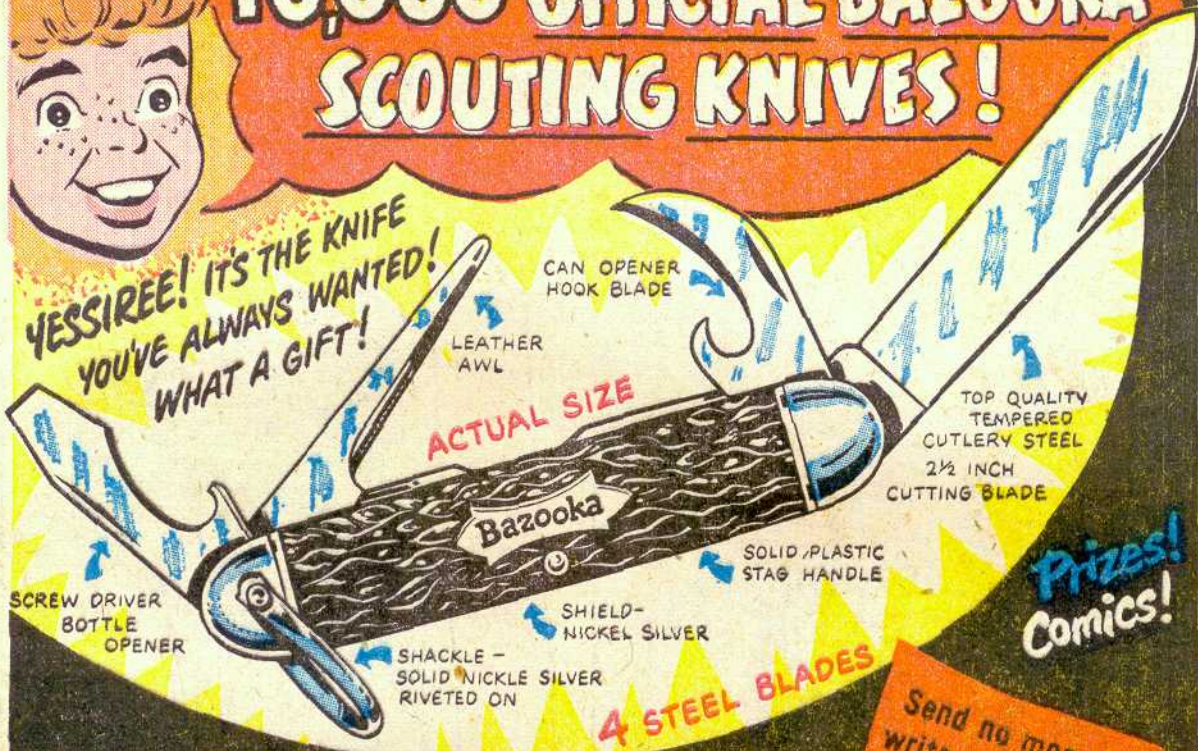


# WOW! KIDS!

# I'M GIVING AWAY 10,000 OFFICIAL BAZOOKA SCOUTING KNIVES!



YESSIREE! IT'S THE KNIFE  
YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED!  
WHAT A GIFT!



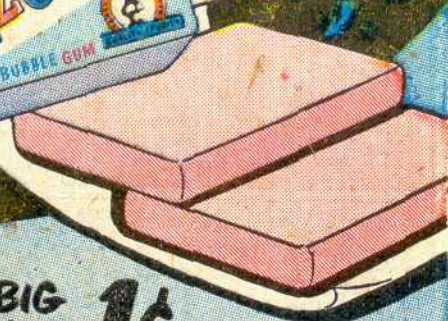
Prizes!  
Comics!

## TO THE FIRST 10,000 BOYS & GIRLS TO SEND IN 100 PENNY BAZOOKA WRAPPERS!

**YOU CAN WIN** my official scouting  
knife! Just follow these simple rules!

1. Start today to save the wrappers from delicious PENNY BAZOOKA Bubble Gum. All BAZOOKA wrappers are good for this KNIFE OFFER.
2. When you have collected one hundred of these red, white and blue silver foil wrappers, put them in an envelope, with your name and address on a slip of paper inside.
3. Mail to BAZOOKA, Dept. B, Box 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. The first 10,000 entries received in this prize award will win my BAZOOKA Scouting Knife. Entries judged by the date and hour of the postmark on your letter to give everybody, everywhere the same chance. Duplicate prizes in case of ties.
4. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, December 15, 1949, to qualify.
5. Offer open to all residents of the U. S., its territories and possessions, except employees, and their families, of Topps Chewing Gum and its advertising agency.

Send no money...  
write no letters...  
Start Collecting  
Wrappers Today



**2 BIG CHEWS 1¢**

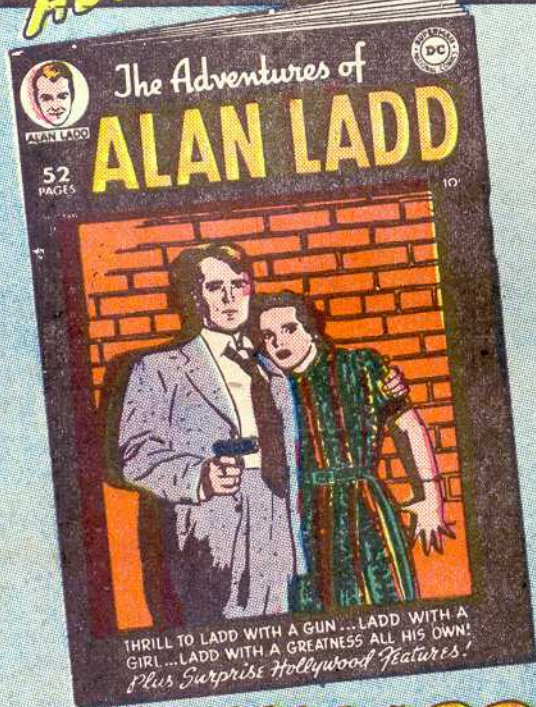
Made by the makers of Topps Chewing Gum!



# 2<sup>nd</sup> ★ SMASH ISSUES!

HOLLYWOOD'S TOP  
ADVENTURE STAR!

AMERICA'S FAVORITE  
RADIO FAMILY!



## ALAN LADD

GIVES YOU EVERYTHING!

**ACTION!**  
**DETECTIVE!**  
**ROMANCE!**  
**WESTERN!**

IN HIS OWN COMICS MAGAZINE!



## OZZIE AND HARRIET, DAVID AND RICKY, AND THEIR DOG, NICK -

WILL THRILL YOU IN THE SAME SORT OF HILARIOUS ADVENTURES THAT YOU'VE LOVED AND LAUGHED AT EVERY WEEK ON THEIR POPULAR COAST-TO-COAST RADIO SHOW!



DON'T MISS THESE LATEST HITS  
FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF  
AMERICA'S FAVORITE COMICS!





# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



## YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS RACKETS IN CRIME FILES IS THE SPREADING OF FALSE RUMORS ABOUT A PERSON OR ORGANIZATION. RUMOR-MONGERING HAS CAUSED WARS, DEFEATED PRESIDENTS, PROMOTED WORTHLESS GOODS, AND CREATED MASS HYSTERIA. WHO SETS IN MOTION THESE MALICIOUS WHISPERING CAMPAIGNS WHICH SPREAD EVIL? OFTIMES THEY ARE CIRCULATED BY PROFESSIONAL SPREADERS OF BAREFACED LIES --PAID GOSSIPS -- BENT ON EXTORTING BLACKMAIL UNDER THREAT OF UNLEASHING TREACHEROUS UNTRUTHS THROUGH...

# "The FALSE RUMOR FACTORY!"







ON FEB. 3, 1949, WILL BURLOCK, A CLEVER CONFIDENCE MAN, WAS SUMMONED FROM HIS CELL BY THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

I FINISHED TYPING THE DEPOSITION, CHIEF.

HARRINGTON IS GOING TO READ YOUR CONFESSION ALOUD, BURLOCK, JUST AS YOU DICTATED IT TO THE POLICE. IF IT'S CORRECT, YOU'LL SIGN IT WHEN HE'S FINISHED!

THIS'LL BE GOOD, LISTENING TO MY LIFE STORY TOLD BY PROXY.. AND BY A COP, YET! I HOPE YOU'RE A GOOD ACTOR!

HUH, IT TAKES A GOOD ACTOR TO PLAY A **BAD** ACTOR LIKE YOU, BURLOCK!



"WHEN I GOT SPRUNG FROM CALABASTON LAST JULY AFTER SERVING A TWO YEAR STRETCH FOR SWINDLING I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A RUMOR MILL WAS. I WAS BROKE, SO I LOOKED UP MY OLD PAL, MICKEY 'THE CLEANER' DRAPER..."

LOOKS LIKE MICKEY HAS COME A LONG WAY IN TWO YEARS. I KNEW HIM WHEN HE WAS A SLOT MACHINE COLLECTOR..NOW HE'S MANUFACTURING 'EM!



"BUT MICKEY HAD GONE STRAIGHT SINCE THE D.A. CLEANED UP LOCAL GAMBLING AND LEGALIZED SLOT MACHINES LIKE JUKE BOXES AND THE PLAYING OF PINBALL MACHINES FOR FUN."

DON'T THINK I AIN'T GLAD TO SEE YUH, WILL, ONLY I WAS EXPECTIN' A CROAKER! SO..THEY FINALLY SPRUNG YUH, HUH?

YEAH, BUT WHO'S SICK? WHY'RE YOU EXPECTING A SAWBONES?

THE GUY ON THE COUCH IS BIFF DOLAN, ONE OF MY BOYS IN THE OLD DAYS! HE GOT IN A TANGLE WITH THE COPS AND GOT A DOSE OF LEAD POISONING!

WE JUST SENT FOR A DOCTOR WHO'S RUMORED TO HAVE A PHONY DIPLOMA. BIFF CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH A LEVEL M.D.! THE SAW-BONES WILL PATCH HIS WOUNDS..AND WON'T DARE ASK QUESTIONS.





"THE DOC ARRIVED TOO LATE. BIFF CASHED IN HIS CHIPS, AND THEN..."

YOU AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE BUT TO SIGN THE DEATH CERTIFICATE! JUST SAY HE DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES. I DON'T WANT THE POLICE POKING NOSES IN MY AFFAIRS... AND NEITHER DO YOU, QUACK!

I RESENT THAT REMARK! I'M NO QUACK! I'VE A LEGAL LICENSE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE! IT'S OBVIOUS YOU BELIEVE THOSE VICIOUS RUMORS ABOUT ME.



... I'VE AN ENEMY WHO'S DETERMINED TO RUIN MY REPUTATION. HE HIRED A PROFESSIONAL RUMOR MONGER TO SMEAR ME. YOU KNOW HOW THEY OPERATE... A WORD HERE AND THERE... SOON THE STORY SPREADS UNTIL EVERYONE BELIEVES THE FANTASTIC LIES.



"AFTER THE DOCTOR LEFT AND MICKEY WENT DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS TO CLEAR HIMSELF WITH THE COPS OVER THE HOOD'S DEATH, I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THE RUMOR RACKET."

HMMM...WHAT A BLACKMAIL SET-UP! THE RICH MARK PAYS A BIG FEE--OR I START A WHISPERING CAMPAIGN TO RUIN HIS BUSINESS...



"I DECIDED TO LET MICKEY IN ON MY SCHEME."

YOUR IDEA BETTER BE GOOD... GETTIN' ME OUT OF BED THIS TIME 'O' NIGHT!

IT'S A MILLION DOLLAR SCHEME WITH NO RISK, MICKEY! ALL I NEED IS AN OFFICE. YOUR OWN COIN COLLECTORS AND INSTALLATION MEN CAN CIRCULATE THE RUMORS IN PUBLIC PLACES. WHEREVER THEY GO ON THEIR DAILY ROUNDS!



"MICKEY FINANCED ME FOR HALF OF MY FUTURE TAKE, AND THE NEXT DAY I SET UP AN ADVERTISING OFFICE AS MY FRONT..."

DUH, DON'T WORRY, OLD TIMER! BEFORE THAT PAINT IS DRY, MY SERVICES'LL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN!

HUH, DON'T WORRY, OLD TIMER! BEFORE THAT PAINT IS DRY, MY SERVICES'LL BE THE TALK OF THE TOWN!



"BUT FIRST I HAD TO LAUNCH ONE GOOD WORD-OF-MOUTH CAMPAIGN TO GET A REPUTATION."

I'VE BEEN READING ON THE FINANCIAL PAGE ABOUT YOUR HUGE PROFITS LAST YEAR, MR. AMBROSE. MY ORGANIZATION WOULD LIKE TO SUBMIT AN IDEA WHICH WILL CONTINUE TO KEEP YOUR AUTO WAX IN THE TOP SELLER CLASS!





"I GOT AMBROSE TO MEET ME ON THE BEACH. THEN I ASKED HIM FOR FIVE GRAND TO 'PROTECT' HIS COMPANY'S AUTO WAX FROM FALSE RUMORS, BUT..."

"I HAD TO MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF AMBROSE SO MY FUTURE CLIENTS COULD APPRECIATE MY TALENTS. THE WHEELS OF THE RUMOR MILL BEGAN TO GRIND."

NOW I SEE WHY YOU INSISTED ON DISCUSSING THIS MATTER WITH NO WITNESSES, MR. BURLOCK. MY ANSWER IS NO! IT'S OUTRIGHT BLACKMAIL. YOU SHOULD BE REPORTED TO THE POLICE!

AND I'D DENY EVERYTHING! WELL, I'M SORRY YOU WON'T BUY MY-ER-AHEM-- SERVICES. AFTER TODAY, IT'LL BE TOO LATE!

HOW'S TRICKS, JOHNNY? STILL DRIVING THAT NEW CONVERTIBLE?

NAW, IT'S IN THE PAINT SHOP. I BOUGHT SOME OF THAT AMBROSE CAR WAX. IT ATE OFF ALL THE PAINT! WHATTA GYP!



"MICKEY'S COIN COLLECTORS SPREAD THE WORD IN TROLLEY CARS AND SUBWAYS..."

SO WHEN THE CAR STOOD IN THE SUN A COUPLE OF HOURS, THE PAINT STARTED PEELING OFF! I'LL NEVER USE AMBROSE CAR WAX AGAIN!

YOU SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER. MY WIFE'S BROTHER, HE HAD THE SAME EXPERIENCE!

YEAH, I KNOW THE MAN WHO USED THE WAX HIMSELF--ER, PRACTICALLY KNOW HIM, THAT IS, PEELED THE PAINT RIGHT OFF!

--AND HENRY SAW IT WITH HIS OWN EYES! A BRAND NEW PAINT JOB, TOO! RUINED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



"YOU SEE, ONE YOKEL TELLS TWO, TWO YOKELS TELL FOUR AND SO ON! PRETTY SOON, THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING! IT'S LIKE A PYRAMID CLUB!"

I'M WARNING YOU, DON'T BUY AMBROSE WAX! MY HUSBAND HEARD...

THEY SAY IT EVEN EATS INTO THE METAL!

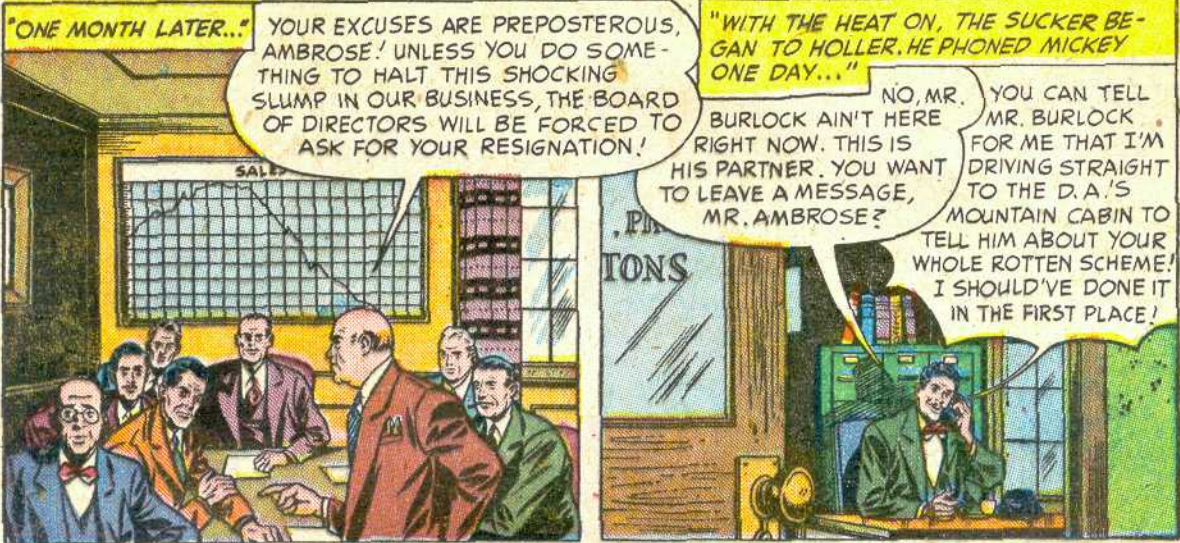
HUH, MY DAD SAYS IT'S MADE OUTA ACID!

I CANCELLED OUR ORDER FOR AMBROSE WAX. THE CUSTOMERS ARE SCARED OF IT!

PHOOEY! YOU'RE JUST IGNORANT! HIS HANDS WEREN'T BURNT BY FIRE. HE WAS USIN' AMBROSE WAX!







"ONE MONTH LATER..."

YOUR EXCUSES ARE PREPOSTEROUS, AMBROSE! UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING TO HALT THIS SHOCKING SLUMP IN OUR BUSINESS, THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS WILL BE FORCED TO ASK FOR YOUR RESIGNATION!

"WITH THE HEAT ON, THE SUCKER BEGAN TO HOLLER. HE PHONED MICKEY ONE DAY..."

NO, MR. BURLOCK AIN'T HERE RIGHT NOW. THIS IS HIS PARTNER. YOU WANT TO LEAVE A MESSAGE, MR. AMBROSE?

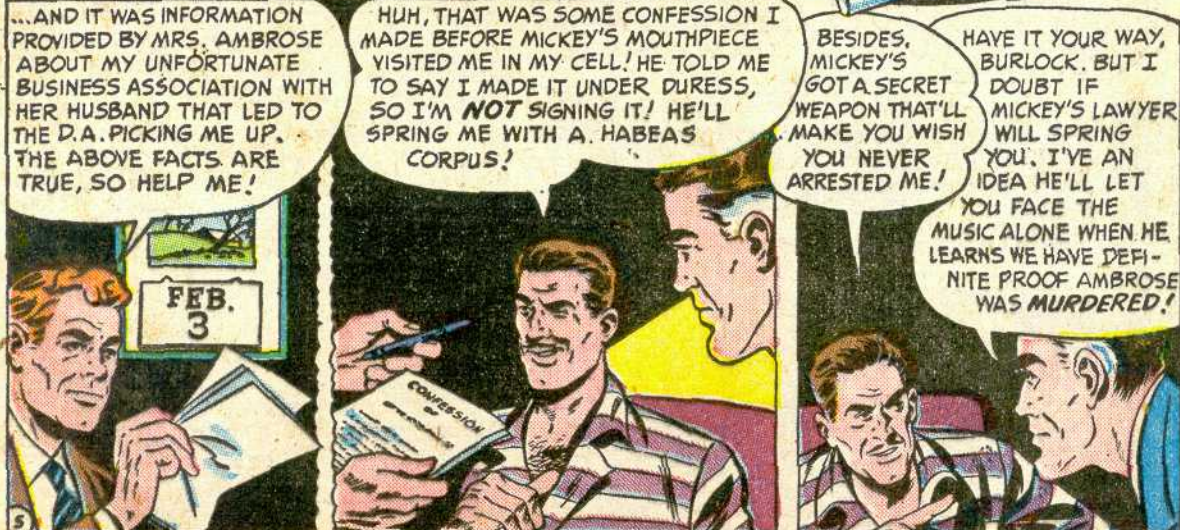
YOU CAN TELL MR. BURLOCK FOR ME THAT I'M DRIVING STRAIGHT TO THE D.A.'S MOUNTAIN CABIN TO TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR WHOLE ROTTEN SCHEME! I SHOULD'VE DONE IT IN THE FIRST PLACE!



**Tribune** \*LATE EDITION\*

**GERALD AMBROSE, LOCAL MAGNATE, A SUICIDE!**

DEPENDENCY OVER BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES IS REPORTED TO HAVE PROMPTED GERALD B. AMBROSE TO TAKE HIS LIFE LATE LAST NIGHT WHEN HIS CAR HURTLER OVER A 500-FOOT CLIFF INTO THE LAKE.



...AND IT WAS INFORMATION PROVIDED BY MRS. AMBROSE ABOUT MY UNFORTUNATE BUSINESS ASSOCIATION WITH HER HUSBAND THAT LED TO THE D.A. PICKING ME UP. THE ABOVE FACTS ARE TRUE, SO HELP ME!

FEB. 3

HUH, THAT WAS SOME CONFESSION I MADE BEFORE MICKEY'S MOUTHPIECE VISITED ME IN MY CELL! HE TOLD ME TO SAY I MADE IT UNDER DURESS, SO I'M **NOT** SIGNING IT! HE'LL SPRING ME WITH A HABEAS CORPUS!

BESIDES, MICKEY'S GOT A SECRET WEAPON THAT'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU NEVER ARRESTED ME!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY, BURLOCK. BUT I DOUBT IF MICKEY'S LAWYER WILL SPRING YOU. I'VE AN IDEA HE'LL LET YOU FACE THE MUSIC ALONE WHEN HE LEARNS WE HAVE DEFINITE PROOF AMBROSE WAS MURDERED!





AFTER BURLOCK WAS REMANDED BACK TO JAIL...

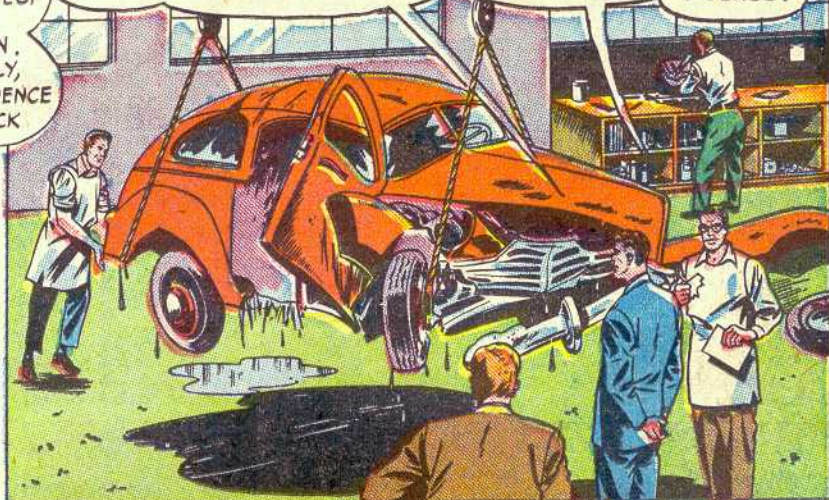
GEE, CHIEF, THAT MURDER CHARGE SURPRISED ME AS MUCH AS IT DID BURLOCK. HE MAY BE AN UNSCRUPULOUS CON-MAN, BUT MURDER!

I'LL SHOW YOU WHY I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY, HARRINGTON. BUT, FRANKLY, I'VE NO EVIDENCE THAT BURLOCK DID IT!



YOU SEE, THE DIVER WHO SALVAGED AMBROSE'S CAR FOUND A PIECE OF LICENSE PLATE ON THE LAKE BOTTOM, NEXT TO THE VICTIM'S MACHINE.

YOUR HUNCH WAS RIGHT, D.A.! PARTICLES OF PAINT FROM AMBROSE'S LEFT FRONT FENDER ARE ON THE STRANGE LICENSE!



SINCE AMBROSE'S LICENSE PLATES ARE INTACT, THIS OBVIOUSLY WAS TORN FROM A CAR WHICH DELIBERATELY SIDESWIPE AMBROSE AND FORCED HIM OFF THE HIGHWAY!



BUT THE TORN PLATE IS YELLOW IN COLOR, WITH A RED NUMERAL! THAT'S FROM AN OUT-OF-TOWN CAR. Hmm... I WONDER WHICH STATE?



WE'LL SOON FIND OUT FROM OUR COLLECTION OF PLATES FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



IT SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO ESTABLISH WHICH STATE USES A YELLOW BACKGROUND WITH RED LETTERS.

WITH THIS LAYOUT, IT'S AS EASY AS SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL!



PRESENTLY...

THE SUSPECT'S CAR WAS CARRYING A **FLORIDA** LICENSE!





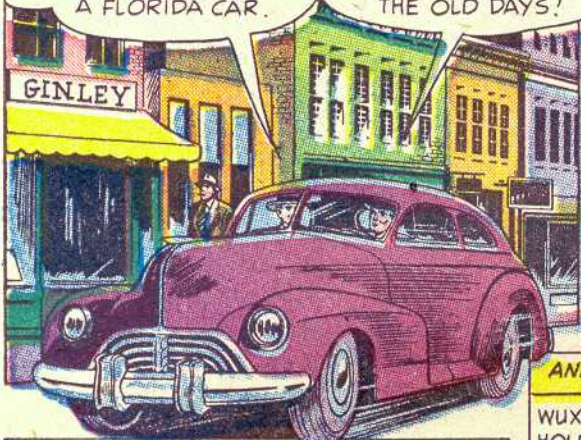
DROP ME AT THE NEXT BUS STOP, HARRINGTON. TOMORROW, WE'LL TRY TRACING DOWN WHICH MEMBER OF MICKEY DRAPER'S MOB DRIVES A FLORIDA CAR.

IT ISN'T THE RUMOR BOYS, MICKEY OR BURLOCK. I ALREADY CHECKED. YET THE WHOLE CAPER SMELLS LIKE MICKEY'S STRONGARM TACTICS IN THE OLD DAYS!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE D.A. BOARDED A BUS...

MABEL, HAVE YOU HEARD WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY?

???



AND WHEN THE AFTERNOON EDITION APPEARED...

NO, WHAT'S THE LATEST DIRT?

THEY SAY HE'S TAKING BRIBES FROM THE UNDERWORLD! ESTHER'S FATHER KNOWS A GUY, WHOSE BROTHER-IN-LAW OVERHEARD A DEAL BEING MADE--BUT ACTUALLY!

WUXTRA! THE D.A. HOLDS THE RUMOR KING ON MURDER CHARGE! READ ALL ABOUT IT! WUXTRA!

HUH, WHAT'S THE D.A. TRYIN' TO DO? PRETEND HE'S AFTER A CONVICTION?

HE'S JUST TRYING TO SHAKEDOWN THE PAYOFF BOYS FOR A LITTLE MORE SCRATCH, HA, HA!



IN A MATTER OF HOURS, THE MENACE OF A PYRAMIDING RUMOR CAMPAIGN WAS BROUGHT HOME TO THE D.A. IN ALL ITS STARK REALITY!

SO THIS IS MICKEY'S SECRET WEAPON! THE TONGUES THAT WAS BEHIND YOUR BACK SERVE AS KNIVES STABBING YOU IN THE SAME REGION!

THE NEXT MORNING...

TAKE A LETTER TO THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION, WASH. D.C. DEAR SIR, IN RESPONSE TO YOUR QUERY ON THE AMBROSE-BURLOCK CASE, EVIDENCE AT HAND INDICATES THE RUMOR FACTORY IS OPERATED BY THE LOCAL UNDERWORLD...







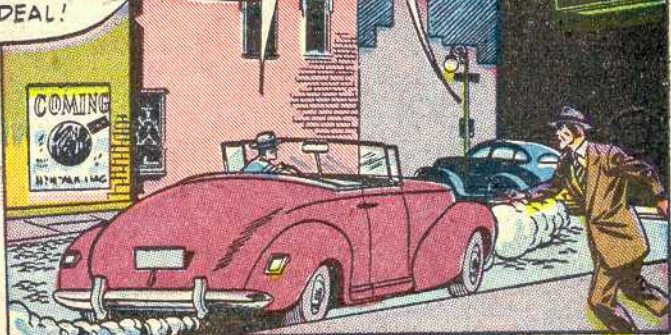


I GOT A FRIEND IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE, THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A MOTORIST WHO FORCED AMBROSE OFF HAIRPIN TURN THE NIGHT HE GOT KILLED. A PIECE OF HIS FLORIDA LICENSE STUCK TO THE DEATH CAR!

OH, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN! BUT I GOT AN ALIBI! I LOANED MY CAR TO MICKEY THAT NIGHT HE WAS AT THE BLUES CAFE ALL EVENING, AND... HOLY COW, I AIN'T GONNA LET THEM MIX ME UP IN THAT DEAL!

IT WORKED, CHIEF! HE ACCUSED MICKEY, VERBALLY, OF COURSE. HE'S ON HIS WAY TO WARN HIM NOW!

GOOD! WE CAN EXPECT THE BLOW-OFF ANY MINUTE!



STEELE'S CAR IS PARKED OUTSIDE! HE MUST BE WITH MICKEY NOW!

YOU CRAZY FOOL! ONLY A MAN FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE'D HAVE THAT KIND OF INFORMATION! HE PLAYED YOU FOR A SUCKER... AND YOU SET ME UP LIKE A CLAY PIGEON!

ANYBODY ELSE OVERHEAR YOU WHEN YOU RAN OFF AT THE MOUTH?

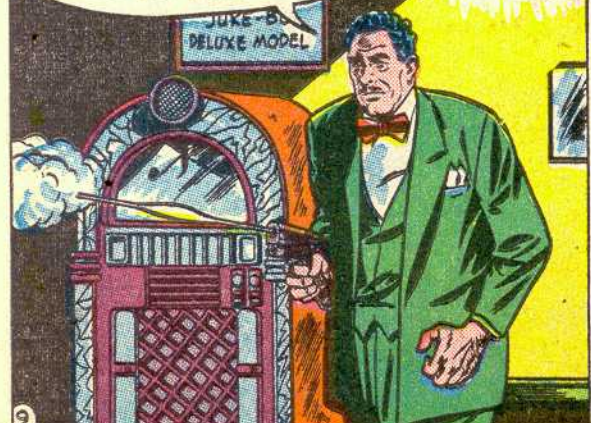
NO, HONEST MICKEY! HONEST- NOBODY WAS AROUND! GEE, BOSS, I DIDN'T KNOW--!



GOOD! THEN YOU'LL NEVER REPEAT WHAT YOU KNOW IN COURT--BECAUSE DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!

SO YOU SEALED THE LIPS OF ONE OF YOUR RUMOR-MONGERERS!

THE D.A.! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? UH, I WAS JUST GONNA CALL THE COPS. STEELE KILLED HISSELF CAUSE HE KNEW YOU WAS GONNA PIN THE AMBROSE MURDER ON HIM!







VERY FUNNY, EH, CHIEF? ASK THE OPERATOR TO PLAY HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

NUMBER PLEASE.

HELLO, MISS MILLER. YOU CAN PLAY MICKEY'S SWAN SONG NOW!

?

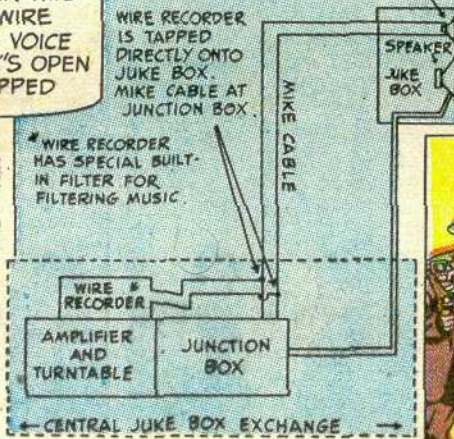


--BUT I GOT AN ALIBI... I LOANED MY CAR TO MICKEY THAT NIGHT...I WAS AT THE BLUES CAFE ALL EVENING AND... HOLY COW, I AIN'T GONNA LET THEM MIX ME UP IN THAT DEAL!

JIM STEELE'S VOICE--COMIN' OUT OF MY OWN JUKE BOX!

MISS MILLER'S AT THE CENTRAL JUKE BOX EXCHANGE! ON A GIVEN CUE FROM HARRINGTON EARLIER THIS EVENING, SHE MADE A WIRE RECORDING OF STEELE'S VOICE IN FRONT OF A JUKE BOX'S OPEN MIKE. THE JUKE WAS TAPPED AT THE EXCHANGE!...

HERE'S MY DIAGRAM OF THE HOOK-UP.



HALT, OR I'LL SHOOT!

CAREFUL, HARRINGTON! WE WANT HIM ALIVE!

REPAIR SHOP



GOOD SHOOTING, CHIEF! YOU WINGED HIM IN THE SHOULDER!



HUH, LOOK! TILT!

YES, THE SIGN OF A CHEATER... BUT MICKEY WON'T CHEAT THE CHAIR, BELIEVE ME!



MICKEY'S DEATH SENTENCE AND BURLOCKS' CONVICTION FOR CREATING HIS COWARDLY RUMOR FACTORY ARE A WARNING TO ALL RUMOR-MONGERS, PROFESSIONAL AND OTHERWISE, THAT TRUTH AND FREEDOM ARE SYNONYMOUS. PACKAGED LIES DESTROY ONLY THEIR CREATORS!

The End



# SUPERBOY says

## "GIVE YOUR TOWN A PRESENT!"

SMALLVILLE, HOME OF SUPERBOY, IS VISITED BY A GROUP OF OUT-OF-TOWN CIVIC LEADERS ...

WE'RE ANXIOUS TO SEE THE KIND OF VOLUNTEER WORK THAT THE BOYS AND GIRLS HERE HAVE DONE TO MAKE THIS A MODEL TOWN.

AND I'VE VOLUNTEERED TO SHOW YOU!



MOMENTS LATER...

WELL! THIS IS SERVICE DE LUXE! THIS TYPE OF RAPID TRANSPORTATION ISN'T AVAILABLE IN OTHER TOWNS, I'M SURE!



NEXT-- SMALLVILLE MUSEUM...

FIRST STOP-- SMALLVILLE HOSPITAL ...

THESE GIRLS PREPARE BANDAGES, SET UP TRAYS, FIX FLOWERS FOR PATIENTS, AND READ TO THEM.

I'M THINKING OF BEING A NURSE SOME DAY-- AND THIS IS A GOOD WAY OF LEARNING AS WELL AS BEING USEFUL.

WE'RE MAKING POSTERS ADVERTISING A NEW EXHIBIT NEXT WEEK.

I'M LEAVING NOW TO MAKE CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNGSTERS AT THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

SOME GET SCHOOL CREDIT FOR THEIR WORK, OTHERS DO IT JUST AS A HOBBY. BUT IN EITHER CASE THEY'RE HELPING THE TOWN!



THEN, A SCHOOL PLAYGROUND...

THERE'S AN OLDER BOY WHO'S HELPING THE COACH TEACH BEGINNERS FOOTBALL. HE'S PERFORMING A USEFUL FUNCTION-- AND AT THE SAME TIME GETTING VALUABLE EXPERIENCE HIMSELF.

FINALLY, AT THE END OF THE RAPID TOUR ...

THESE ARE ONLY SOME OF THE VOLUNTEER JOBS THE BOYS AND GIRLS HAVE UNDERTAKEN. SOME ARE BUSY NOW REHEARSING A RADIO PROGRAM TO RAISE FUNDS FOR THE COMMUNITY CHEST, OTHERS ARE WRITING COPY FOR THEIR WEEKLY COLUMN IN OUR NEWSPAPER.

THERE'S A VOLUNTEER JOB FOR YOUNGSTERS IN EVERY TOWN. PITCH IN AND HELP MAKE YOUR TOWN A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN!



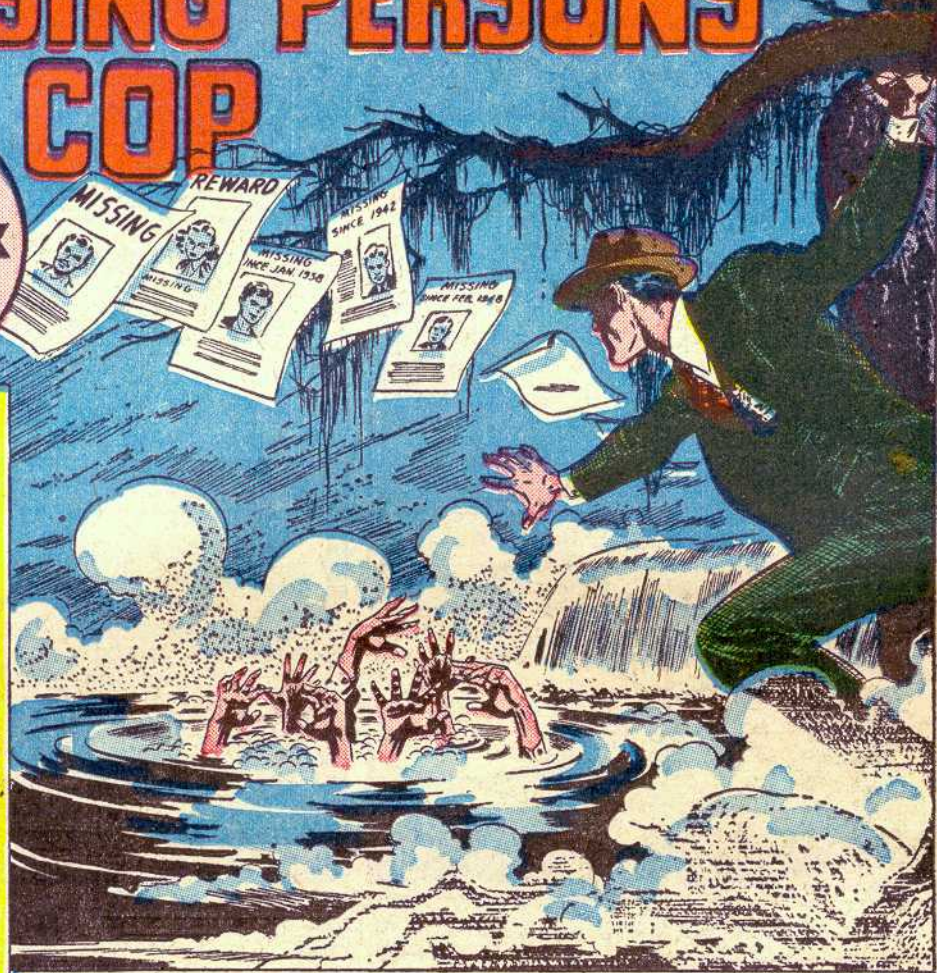
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# MISSING PERSONS COP

**A  
POLICE  
AT WORK  
Feature**



HOW CAN INNOCENT PERSONS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISH? WHAT IMPULSE GRIPS THOSE WHO SUDDENLY DISAPPEAR BY THROWING THEMSELVES INTO THE WHIRLPOOL OF DARKNESS AND OBLIVION?

THE **MISSING PERSONS BUREAU** KNOWS THE ANSWERS, FOR IT IS THIS IMPORTANT BRANCH OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT WHICH TRACES THOUSANDS OF LOST HUMANS, UNIDENTIFIED DEAD, RUNAWAY YOUTHS, AGED WANDERERS AND AMNESIA VICTIMS WHO ARE REPORTED MISSING FROM THEIR HOMES EVERY YEAR!



I'M DETECTIVE NED VERLING OF THE MISSING PERSONS BUREAU! THE HIGHWAY OF LOST PEOPLE IS MY BEAT. MY JOB IS TO FIND PEOPLE WHO VANISH...

HERE IN MASON COUNTY, WE FIND 98% OF THE 8,742 PERSONS ANNUALLY REPORTED LOST TO US. MOST ARE UNDER 21, LIKE THIS GIRL...

THIS IS THE DESCRIPTION TO BE BROADCAST, VERLING. HER NAME'S BETTY FORSYTHE, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT-- DIDN'T RETURN HOME LAST NIGHT!

PRETTY YOUNG GIRL. HOPE NOTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER.



DAN BARRY



"INSTANTLY, THE COLD, IMPERSONAL MACHINERY OF OUR DEPARTMENT GROUND INTO ACTION AS I..."



"CHECKED HOSPITALS AND ARREST REPORTS..."



"VISITED THE MORGUE..."



ALL-POINTS BULLETIN --  
MISSING PERSONS REPORT--  
BETTY FORSYTHE... AGE 18...

"TELETYPED ALARMS TO NEARBY STATES!"

"WHEN QUESTIONING FRIENDS AND RELATIVES DREW A BLANK, THE REAL DETECTIVE WORK BEGAN."

YOUR DAUGHTER WAS AN AVID MOVIE FAN, WASN'T SHE?

SHE SPENT ALL HER SPARE TIME READING MOVIE MAGAZINES AND SENDING AWAY FOR STARS' PHOTOS. OH, I'M SO WORRIED! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED--?



"WHAT? ONLY ONE THING. I CONTACTED LOS ANGELES, AND SOON..."

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

SURE, SHE HUNG AROUND HERE FOR A WEEK, PESTERIN' ME FOR EXTRA WORK. I GAVE HER A JOB THIS MORNING TO GET HER OUT OF MY HAIR!



OH, A COP! WHAT'S HE DOING HERE?



HEY, YOU, THE BLONDE! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? GET INTO THE SCENE AND MOVE INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE!



"MAYBE YOU SAW 'SOUTH OF THE PECOS!' BETTY WAS ONE OF THE EXTRAS IN THE STREET SCENE--AN UNUSUAL ROLE FOR A FUGITIVE FROM HIGH SCHOOL 3,000 MILES AWAY!"



"BETTY AND HER PARENTS WERE REUNITED AND OBJECTIONS TO HER FILM CAREER SET ASIDE UNTIL THE MOVIE-STRUCK GIRL COMPLETED HER EDUCATION. ANOTHER CASE CONCERNED A YOUTH..."

"A WEEK BEFORE SCHOOL OPENED LAST FALL, YOUNG CLAY BILLINGS SUDDENLY FELT THE CALL OF THE SEA."

UH, JUST MADE IT! THIS LITTLE OLD RATTLE'LL TAKE ME NEAR THE PORT. I'LL SHIP OUT AS A CABIN BOY AND BE A SAILOR LIKE DAD WAS!



"REPORTED MISSING, CLAY EVENTUALLY WAS TRACED THROUGH HOSPITAL RECORDS AFTER HIS HAT WAS FOUND ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACKS."

THE RAILROAD COMPANY REPORTED HE FELL OFF THE FREIGHT TRAIN AT KINGSTON PASS.

WE ASKED HIS MOTHER TO TELL HIM THE BAD NEWS. THE POOR BOY DOESN'T YET KNOW THE DOCTOR AMPUTATED HIS RIGHT LEG!



"OLDER PEOPLE ARE NOT SO EASY TO TRACE. ON JAN. 4 TH, BOOKKEEPER CARROLL FOLGER DREW \$ 3, 470 FROM HIS BANK AND WAS NEVER AGAIN SEEN ALIVE. WE LEARNED LATER HOW HE VANISHED."

WE KNEW YUH TOOK OUT A ROLL EVERY FRIDAY TO MEET THE PAYROLL!

GAUGH!



"A BARGE CAPTAIN'S TIP CAUSED US TO DRAG HOLLINGS RIVER."

THIS MUST BE HIM, VERLING! THE SKIPPER WAS RIGHT WHEN HE THOUGHT HE SAW TWO MEN DUMP A MAN OFF THE PIER YESTERDAY!

WELL, MY JOB IS DONE! IT'S HOMICIDE'S CASE FROM HERE ON IN!



"PHONEY SUICIDES ARE A POPULAR DODGE OF BUSINESS MEN WHOSE TROUBLES MAKE DEATH SEEM THE ONLY WAY OUT."

LOOKS LIKE THE LATE MR. HERBERT DRAPER DID A BRODY!

I DOUBT THAT! THE DUST ON THIS RAIL IS A HALF-INCH THICK. IF HE CLIMBED OVER IT, HE'D HAVE LEFT MARKS! I'VE A HUNCH THE ONLY DIVING HE DID WAS INTO A TAXI-CAB!







"TWELVE MONTHS LATER, WHEN AN UNIDENTIFIED MAN WAS KILLED BY A HIT-AND-RUN DRIVER..."

I GAVE THE VICTIM'S EYEGASSES TO AN OPTICIAN. HE FOUND THEY WERE PRESCRIPTION LENSES. ONLY TEN OF THAT KIND WERE ISSUED IN THIS STATE. I CHECKED THE WEARERS. NINE ARE ALIVE. THE TENTH IS **HERBERT DRAPER!**

SO YOU NEVER GAVE UP, EH, VERLING? THIS WRAPS UP THE DRAPER CASE ONE YEAR AFTER HIS ALLEGED SUICIDE!

"AMNESIA IS A CONVENIENT DEVICE COVERING VARIOUS ESCAPADES. FRANKLY, WE'RE SKEPTICAL ABOUT MOST CASES--LIKE THIS ONE..."

HE JUST WALKS IN AND SAYS HE CAN'T REMEMBER WHO HE IS! HIS FINGER-PRINTS CHECK WITH YOUR MISSING PERSONS REPORT ON FRANK LENOX.

MAYBE HE DOESN'T REMEMBER SWIPING HIS WIFE'S SAVINGS AND DISAPPEARING. NOW THAT THE MONEY RAN OUT--OH, WELL, I HOPE HIS WIFE BELIEVES HIS STORY!



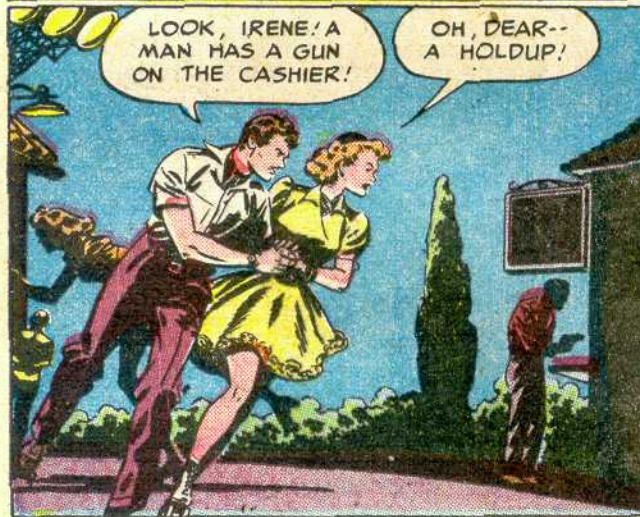
"ONE OF THE STRANGEST CASES I EVER HANDLED INVOLVED A MAGAZINE ARTIST, DEREK FARNUM. HE AND HIS FIANCEE WERE ROLLER SKATING ONE NIGHT LAST SUMMER, WHEN..."

LOOK, IRENE! A MAN HAS A GUN ON THE CASHIER!

OH, DEAR-- A HOLDUP!

TRY TO SOUND THE ALARM, EH? GIMME THAT DOUGH!

MY - MY SHOULDER!



"MY BACKGROUND FOR THE CASE REALLY BEGAN WHEN I WAS A POLICE ROOKIE ON ROBBERY DETAIL. DEREK PROVED TO BE A VALUABLE WITNESS."

"ARMED WITH THE SKETCH, IT WASN'T DIFFICULT TO NAB IRONHOUSE KROLL. HE GOT TWO YEARS AT MORRISTOWN PENITENTIARY."

I'M DRAWING THE GUNMAN'S FACE FROM MEMORY, YOU KNOW, BUT EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF, THIS IS A GOOD LIKENESS! DON'T YOU THINK SO, IRENE?

YOU'RE A GREAT HELP, FARNUM. I'D RECOGNIZE THAT CROOK ANYWHERE!

I GOT A LOT OF TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER HERE, BUT I'M KEEPIN' MY MIND ON ONLY ONE THING - 'GETTIN' MY MITTS ON THAT TWO-BIT ARTIST WHO PUT THE FINGER ON ME!





"A YEAR LATER, SOON AFTER I'D BEEN TRANSFERRED TO MISSING PERSONS BUREAU, ONE OF MY FIRST VISITORS WAS IRENE."

REMEMBER ME-- DEREK FARNUM'S FIANCEE? YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME! DEREK HAS DISAPPEARED!

I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN--AND MORE. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN HOW HE HELPED ME CATCH IRONHOUSE KROLL!



"WHEN I LEARNED OF IRONHOUSE'S PAROLE..."

THOUGHT I'D FIND HIM HANGING AROUND HIS OLD HAUNTS...



CARRYING A ROD IS VIOLATION OF PAROLE. YOU WOULDN'T BE GUNNING FOR DEREK FARNUM, WOULD YOU?

SURE, I WAS, BUT HE MUST'VE SCRAMMED OUT OF TOWN AFTER I TELEPHONED HIM!

"WHAT I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL LATER WAS THAT FARNUM, TERRIFIED BY THE THREAT, HAD SKIPPED UPSTATE..."

I REMEMBER A MAN WENT TO A SMALL TOWN, SELECTED A NAME FROM THE DEATH NOTICES, THEN ASSUMED HIS IDENTITY WHEN HE RETURNED TO HIS OWN CITY. HMM, THIS AND DARK GLASSES AND DYED HAIR...



WOLFE, JOHN... Beloved son of Barbara Wolfe, born in New Haven, 1917. Services 1 P.M. at Ethem Brothers Mortuary.

"MONTHS LATER, WITH NO CLUE YET, I GOT AN IDEA. I MADE THE ROUNDS OF LOCAL ART DEALERS WITH IRENE..."

THAT'S IT! I'M SURE OF IT! I'D RECOGNIZE DEREK'S WORK ANYWHERE!

BUT IT HAS NO SIGNATURE!

I DON'T KNOW WHO PAINTED IT! I PICKED IT UP AT A FIRE SALE!



WHY, THAT'S McNEIL SQUARE OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN! IRENE, THERE'S JUST A SLIM CHANCE THAT-- COME ON, LET'S GO!



THIS IS McNEIL SQUARE! ACCORDING TO THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE PAINTING, THE ARTIST SAT IN AN UPSTAIRS ROOM IN THAT APARTMENT HOUSE!

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT! TO THINK HE'D BE SO FRIGHTENED, HE COULDN'T EVEN CONTACT ME!





NO, THERE AIN'T ANYBODY IN THIS HOUSE LOOKS LIKE THIS! AND I NEVER HEARD OF DEREK FARNUM!

YOU'RE RIGHT! IF HE'S HIDING, HE WOULDN'T USE HIS OWN NAME. HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!



- APT. 1  
MRS. W.M.F.  
NORIEL GOTTSWALK
- APT. 2  
FELIX STRUTHERS
- APT. 3  
MARY NEILSON
- APT. 4  
JOHN WOLFE
- APT. 5  
MRS. JAMES  
BARTLEY EVANS

MR. VERLING, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

NEVER MIND! THAT LIST OF TENANTS ON THE BELLS JUST RANG A BELL IN MY HEAD!



OH, DEREK, IT'S REALLY YOU!

DARLING! I WAS A FOOL!-- BUT I THOUGHT THAT THUG WOULD KILL ME! HOW DID YOU FIND ME?

BY ONE OF YOUR RECENT ANONYMOUS PAINTINGS --AND THE NAME YOU ADOPTED! INCIDENTALLY, FORGET IRONHOUSE. HE'S BACK IN JAIL FOR VIOLATION OF PAROLE!



A FEW MONTHS AGO, A BANK TELLER EMBEZZLED MONEY AND DISAPPEARED. HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF RETURNING LATER TO HIS OWN CITY. POLICE KILLED HIM DURING A GUN DUEL. HIS NAME WAS JOHN WOLFE!



"YOU SEE, IF HE'D READ THE FRONT PAGE OF HIS OUT-OF-TOWN PAPER INSTEAD OF ONLY THE OBITUARIES, FARNUM WOULD'VE CHOSEN A DIFFERENT NAME!"



THE END



# CAN YOU FORETELL YOUR OWN FUTURE?

PAUL TURNBULL THOUGHT  
HE COULD--

Then, TEN YEARS LATER,  
MR. ALPHA  
STRUCK!!

*My Prophecy*  
By Paul Turnbull  
Ten years from tonight  
I will begin my career  
as **Mr. Alpha**, the  
most unique and daring  
criminal of all time!



FOR THE BREATH-TAKING SOLUTION  
TO THIS EXCITING MYSTERY-  
ADVENTURE, READ --

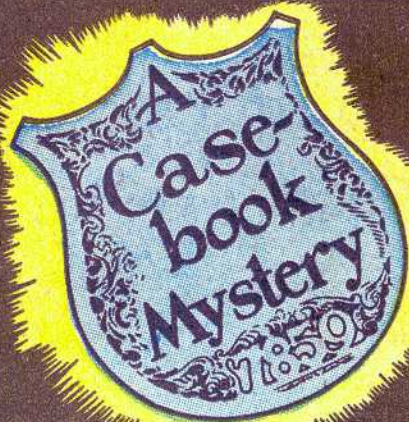
## "THE PROPHECY OF PERIL!"

IN THE DECEMBER-JANUARY  
ALL-STAR COMICS!



ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE!





# "THE TELL-TALE FROST!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

THE WEATHER WASN'T TOO FAVORABLE ON THE DAY CANADIAN TRAPPER HENRI LE DOUX INTENDED TO SET OUT FOR THE TRADING POST TWENTY MILES AWAY.



HMM... SLEET WILL FREEZE AS SHE COME DOWN, BUT I TAKE MY FURS INTO POST ANYWAY.

LE DOUX THOUGHT HE WAS ALONE, BUT THE GREEDY EYES OF LON YAGER, NE'ER-DO-WELL TRAPPER, WERE WATCHING HIM!



STEALING UP BEHIND THE UNWARY LE DOUX...



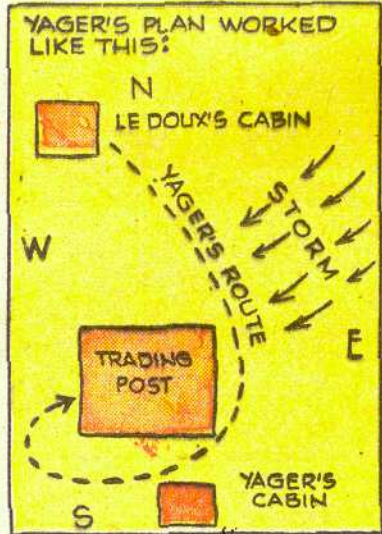
THAT'S THAT! I'LL TAKE THE BEST SKINS, MIX 'EM IN WITH MY OWN, AND NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER!







HOURS LATER, THE MURDERER PASSED THROUGH THE SHELTERED RAVINE AND APPROACHED THE POST FROM THE SOUTH.



BUT WHEN YAGER CASUALLY MENTIONED THAT HE HAD COME UP FROM THE SOUTH, THE EYES OF CAPT. BRANT OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTED NARROWED.





MEANWHILE, SGT. COOPER, ON HIS NORTHERN TOUR, DISCOVERED THE FOUL MURDER!

DEAD! STABBED IN THE BACK!



NOT A SIGN OF THE MURDERER'S TRAIL! THE STORM'S BLOTTED IT OUT!



HOURS LATER, COOPER REACHED THE POST WITH HIS GRIM CARGO!

GOT LE DOUX OUTSIDE, CAPTAIN. MURDERED! AND NOT A TRACK OR A CLUE!

HMM...



CAPT. BRANT AND SGT. COOPER HELD A BRIEF PRIVATE CONFERENCE.

LET 'EM WHISPER BETWEEN THEMSELVES ALL THEY WANT! NO ONE CAN PROVE I WAS ANYWHERE NEAR LE DOUX TODAY!



I DON'T REMEMBER, YAGER-DID YOU SAY YOU CAME UP FROM THE SOUTH?

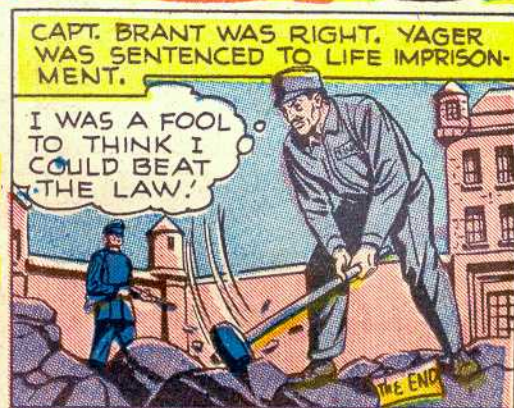
THAT'S RIGHT.

WHY'S HE ASKING ME THAT?



WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK? HOW GOOD A WOODSMAN OR DETECTIVE ARE YOU? YOU SAW THE MURDER COMMITTED. CAN YAGER MAKE HIS LIE STICK? OR HAS HE SLIPPED SOMEWHERE?





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# THE CRIME FILE

## PRISON PEN PALS

Of all places, Hollywood provides the nation's prison mail censors with the most headaches. Every time a film starring a glamour girl is presented, most inmates next day address fan letters to her. Betty Grable, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Dorothy Lamour are their favorites in that order. Some dog-lovers have even penned notes to Lassie. Humphrey Bogart, George Raft and other screen toughies have come in for their share, too, but on the whole, it's the girls for whom the postman rings twice a day.



All letters funnel through censors, both at federal and state institutions. Although they are concerned with handwriting, they must be on their toes—constantly on the alert for ingenious methods of including code in letters, messages in invisible ink, sly ways of hinting at escape, cunning requests to smuggle in guns, chisels, and knives. •

When a prisoner arrives and is processed for admission into the jail, he must fill out a card, on which he lists only his immediate relatives, that is, wives and children, parents, brothers and sisters. Only with these approved persons can he correspond.

Special permission of the warden is required to write others.

Prison-wise convicts, who return to serve another turn, generally outsmart eagle-eye officials, but their triumph is brief. In one way or another, they soon give themselves away and the wary censor cracks down. The result is cancellation of the mail privilege.

In one particular case, a convict frequently wrote his "elderly mother," promising to reward her patience when he was discharged. The ruse might have gone undetected if the "mother" hadn't written a reply unaware that incoming mail as well as outgoing mail was censored: ". . . okay, I'll wait, pal, but I'm using up all my dough. Yesterday, I spent my last two bits on a couple packages of razor blades."

Prompt investigation by authorities led to the discovery of a bundle of money, hijacked from an ice manufacturing company, cached by the culprit before his arrest.

## PISTOL PACKIN' PATTER

In a town named Pistoia, in the province of Florence, Italy, the first pistol was manufactured back in the 16th century. Only in name was it similar to our present-day pistols. A single-load weapon, it took a dangerously long time to reload. Since adequate defense was impossible in hand to hand combat, prevalent in those days, users sought a more dependable weapon to supplement it. Thus the dagger came to be regarded as its companion piece.

Subsequently, the concealed pistol came



into being. It was secreted in hats, in canes, in coat sleeves, even in knives. During World War I, spies employed fountain pen pistols, and in the last war, some Nazi officers were equipped with a particularly high-powered weapon, which was camouflaged by a large belt buckle. To fire it, the wearer pretended to adjust his strap. Instantly, the tiny barrel swung out of concealment in the buckle and discharged two .32 calibre bullets.



## CHOP SHOP TALK

When a former chief of New York City's Homicide Bureau questioned "Kid Twist" Reles about the many murders that had occurred throughout the country in the past years, Reles readily obliged. He recounted sordid stories by the dozen, furnishing the complete history of each: names, dates, and places. The lawyer admitted that he was amazed by Reles' knowledge.

"How do you know all these things?" he asked, impressed.

"Look, when two guys in the same business get together, they talk over things, don't they? Well, when I ran across guys I knew, we used to talk shop, too," was Reles' callous reply.

## CRIME ODDITIES

When a midget in a Montreal circus recently went berserk and threatened to kill the entire troupe of performers, radio cars were dispatched to subdue him. An expert knife-thrower, he kept a squad of police at bay. Finally, one stalwart moved in, parry-

ing the shower of sharp blades with a house broom. One heavy, well-placed whack sent the midget sliding along the floor. Then, the others quickly handcuffed him before he could rearm himself.

★ ★ ★

An Oklahoma oil driller recently complained that crooks had stolen a thirty-five foot derrick, several hundred feet of casing, and 100 pounds of dynamite.

★ ★ ★

A Kentucky judge, confronted by a hit-and-run driver, passed out a unique sentence. He remanded the guilty man to jail for thirty days, specifying that he must dig a hole six feet deep and six feet square every day in the courtyard and fill it up again.

★ ★ ★

During a recent minor quake in Southern California, a dozen burglar alarms went off simultaneously in one town.

★ ★ ★

Yeggs have put the "fountain pen" to various uses, but it took a Paris footpad to fill it with tear-gas. By simply unscrewing the cap and leaving the pen on an unsuspecting merchant's counter, he was able to rifle thousands of francs from cash tillers each day.

★ ★ ★

The law's opinion on what constitutes premeditated murder is a lot different today than it was years ago. In ye olde days of chivalry, a man who rose from his chair to draw his sword from its scabbard was guilty of premeditated murder. But if the bare sword was within easy reach as he sat, the crime was considered to be manslaughter.

★ ★ ★

The purchaser of a watch returned to the shop in Milwaukee to protest it was no good. Police were waiting for him. The money he had given the jeweler in payment for the watch was counterfeit.



# The OLDEST

**E.W. AGNEW, 88-YEAR-OLD POLICE CHIEF OF FRANKLIN, NEBR., CLAIMS THE HONOR OF HAVING SERVED AS A PEACE OFFICER LONGER THAN ANY MAN IN THE U.S. — 61 YEARS!**

AGNEW STARTED AS A DEPUTY IN 1888 IN SMITH COUNTY, KANSAS. THERE WERE SOME REAL BAD MEN IN THOSE DAYS.

ONCE, AGNEW WAS AFTER AN OUTLAW WHEN THE CHASE LED ACROSS THE BORDER. THE DEPUTY CAUGHT HIS MAN OUTSIDE OF HIS JURISDICTION. THE OUTLAW DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE HOWEVER AND WAS BROUGHT BACK. LATER, HE COMPLAINED, "IF I'D MADE IT ACROSS THE BORDER, EVERY THING WOULD HAVE BEEN ALL RIGHT."

THE SLENDER CHIEF STILL IS VIGOROUS AND NIMBLE AS HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BY MEN 50 YEARS HIS JUNIOR!

*E.W. Agnew*

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ALL MUNCH



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# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



**YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:**

MANY TIMES HELPFUL CITIZENS COME TO THE POLICE WITH INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF CRIMINALS, AND THEY DO THIS BRAVELY, IN THE FACE OF POSSIBLE UNDERWORLD REPRISALS. IT IS OUR JOB TO PROTECT THESE PEOPLE--AND WE DO! THE FOLLOWING IS JUST SUCH A CASE--A CASE OF A MAN WE WANTED TO PROTECT, BUT COULDN'T FIND--AS BOTH THE LAW AND GANGLAND LAUNCHED A NATIONWIDE SEARCH FOR A MISSING PERSON, AND THE CRY FROM COAST TO COAST WAS...

"Where is **MARVYN MOON?**"





"THE STRANGE CASE HISTORY OF MARVYN MOON BEGAN 12 YEARS AGO, WHEN A RACKETEER NAMED GEORGE (GUNNER) KALEY WAS ARRESTED ON AN EAST COAST HIGHWAY..."

"I WAS THERE THAT APRIL. THEY BROUGHT GUNNER IN... BRACELETS DECORATING HIS WRISTS AND A SNARL ON HIS FACE..."

WHAT'S IT **THIS** TIME, COPPERS? YA GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!

D.A.'S ORDERS, KALEY! WE'RE TAKIN' YOU IN!

I'LL GET YOUR BADGES FOR THIS, WISE GUYS! YOU CAN'T PIN ANYTHING ON ME! AN' I DON'T LIKE FALSE ARRESTS, **SEE?**



"I WAS ASSISTANT D.A. AT THAT TIME, BUT THE BOSS WAS IN WASHINGTON ON BUSINESS AND I WAS HANDLING THIS ONE, SO..."

"GUNNER LATER CALLED IN HIS ATTORNEY, LEOPOLD CARRUTHERS, NOTED CRIMINAL ATTORNEY..."

GET THESE IRONS OFF! WHERE'S THE D.A., ANYWAY?

I'M REPRESENTING THE D.A., KALEY! AND BEFORE THIS IS OVER YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF IRON... THE IRON OF **PRISON BARS!**

THEY'VE GOT NO EVIDENCE, SEE? SPRING ME, CARRUTHERS! GET ME OUT!

DON'T WORRY, GUNNER!



WE'VE GOT 'EM LICKED BEFORE WE SET FOOT IN COURT! THEY HAVE NOTHING ON YOU... **NOTHING!** I'LL HAVE THE CASE THROWN OUT!

DO THAT, MOUTHPIECE-- AN' YOU CAN NAME YOUR OWN TICKET!

"WE WENT TO COURT IN JUNE. CARRUTHERS PARADED IN HIS WITNESSES, BUT I WAIVED ALL CROSS-EXAMINATION. INSTEAD, I WALKED TO ONE OF THE COURT ROOM DOORS..."



THE STATE'S WITNESS, YOUR HONOR! MR. **MARVYN MOON**, WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE THE STAND?





"WHEN THEY SWORE IN MARVYN MOON, I KNEW I HAD HIT HOME -- GUNNER AND HIS LAWYER WENT INTO A FRANTIC HUDDLE ..."

MOON... **MOON!** NOW I REMEMBER-- ABOUT A YEAR AGO HE WORKED FOR ME AS AN ACCOUNTANT WHEN I WAS OPERATIN' OUT OF COLUMBUS!

BAD... **VERY BAD!**

"I FIRED THE QUESTIONS, MOON ANSWERED THEM."

IS IT TRUE, MR. MOON, THAT YOU WORKED FOR GUNNER KALEY IN GOOD FAITH, UNAWARE THAT HE WAS FENCING JEWELS, AND THAT WHEN YOU FOUND THIS OUT YOU QUIT?

THAT IS TRUE!

"MOON NAMED NAMES, DATES AND PLACES! BIT BY BIT, WE TOOK GUNNER'S CASE APART-- AND WE HAD HIM!"

... AND SO I SENTENCE YOU TO TEN YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY...

TEN YEARS! **TEN YEARS!** THAT'S A LIFETIME!

I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS, MOON! I'LL GET YOU! IT MIGHT TAKE ME 10 YEARS-- OR 20... BUT I'LL GET YOU! WAIT'AN' SEE!

COME ALONG, YOU!

"LATER, AT MY OFFICE, MOON SEEMED SHAKEN-- DISCONSOLATE ..."

YOU DID YOUR JOB, MARVYN, AS ANY UPSTANDING CITIZEN WOULD DO IT! DON'T WORRY ABOUT EMPTY THREATS BY CRIMINALS...

IT-- IT'S NOT THAT, D.A.--IT'S MY EYES! THEY HURT AGAIN! THEY BOTHER ME A LOT! GUESS I'D BETTER SEE A DOCTOR...

"AND FOR A LONG TIME, THAT WAS THE LAST I SAW OF MARVYN MOON, WHO LATER MOVED TO ANOTHER CITY, CHANGED HIS NAME TO BRUCE CLAY, MET A GIRL AND MARRIED HER ..."



"AND AS FOR GUNNER, HE WAS BEHIND STONE WALLS NEVER FORGETTING THAT A MAN NAMED MARVYN MOON HAD SENT HIM THERE..."

WHEN I GET OUT, I'LL GET ME A RANCH, MAYBE... AN' SOME COWS AND HORSES...

I'M GOING TO GET ME A MAN! A MAN THAT PUT ME HERE!



"IN HIS EIGHTH YEAR, SOME OF THE MORE DESPERATE CONS PLANNED A BREAK! LEFTY BURGESS SPOKE TO GUNNER IN THE MESS HALL!

GOIN' OVER THE WALL WITH US, GUNNER?

NO, SAPS! THAT WOULD RUIN MY PLANS! I CAN'T BE ON THE RUN WHILE LOOKIN' FOR A GUY! IT'S GOTTA BE STRAIGHT!



"AND ALL THE TIME GUNNER KALEY LAY ON HIS BUNK, SMILING AND THINKING..."

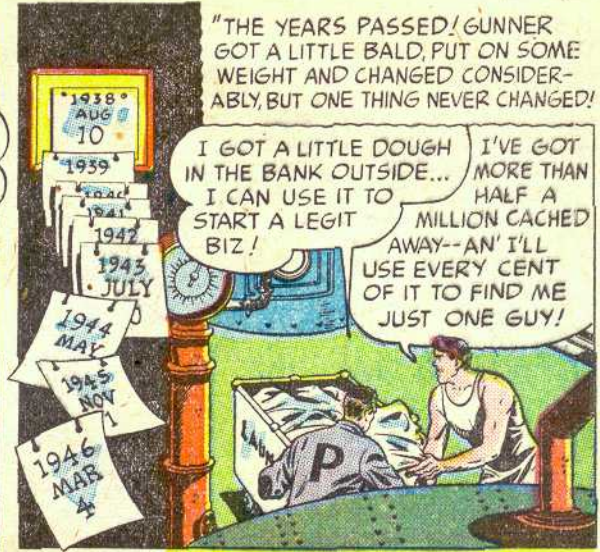
THE SAPS! IF THEY ONLY KNEW WHY I DIDN'T TRY TO CRACK OUT WITH 'EM! I SQUEALED TO THE WARDEN ABOUT THE BREAK--AN' MY REWARD FOR SINGIN' IS A YEAR CHOPPED OFF MY SENTENCE--LEAVIN' ONLY ONE TO GO!



"THE YEARS PASSED! GUNNER GOT A LITTLE BALD, PUT ON SOME WEIGHT AND CHANGED CONSIDERABLY, BUT ONE THING NEVER CHANGED!

I GOT A LITTLE DOUGH IN THE BANK OUTSIDE... I CAN USE IT TO START A LEGIT BIZ!

I'VE GOT MORE THAN HALF A MILLION CACHED AWAY--AN' I'LL USE EVERY CENT OF IT TO FIND ME JUST ONE GUY!



"THAT NIGHT THE BOYS TRIED TO CRACK OUT! LEFTY BURGESS GOT IT, SO DID JACKIE VANES AND FLOYD KIPP AND SONNY MONTELL--AND SOME OTHERS..."



"THE DAYS PASSED--THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE OF THEM! PRISON GATES CLANGED AGAIN... ONLY THIS TIME GUNNER KALEY WAS ON THE OUTSIDE!"

OKAY, MARVYN MOON-- HERE COMES KALEY!





"BY THAT TIME, MARVYN MOON--OR BRUCE CLAY-- WAS THE HAPPY FATHER OF TWO CHILDREN-- A BOY AND A GIRL! THEN HE SAW THE EVENING PAPER ...."



"MOON TRUMPED UP A FAIRLY GOOD STORY ABOUT A BUSINESS DEAL THAT WOULD SEND HIM ON THE ROAD, AND HE CAUGHT A TRAIN OUT..."

BE A GOOD GIRL, KATHY-- I'LL WRITE WHEN I CAN! HELP MOMMY, EH? THAT'S MY SWEETHEART-- NO TEARS...



... BUT I NEVER TOLD HIM I KNEW! IT WOULD'VE RUINED EVERYTHING! HE TRIED SO HARD TO KEEP THE WHOLE THING FROM ME, AND... OH, D.A. ... FIND HIM, PLEASE-- BEFORE THEY DO!

YOU BET WE WILL, ELLEN! GO HOME-- LEAVE THIS TO US!



I'M NOT AFRAID FOR MYSELF-- IT'S ELLEN AND JACKIE AND LITTLE KATHY! I DON'T WANT THEM MESSSED UP IN THIS! SO-- I'VE GOT TO RUN! UNH... MY EYES ACHE AGAIN...

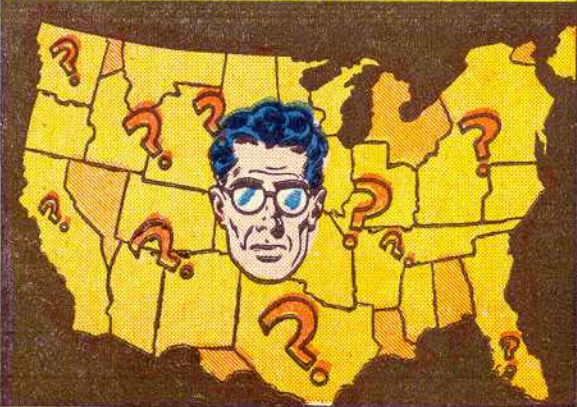


"MARVYN MOON THEN VANISHED--AND TWO DAYS LATER HIS WIFE SHOWED UP AT MY OFFICE..."

I KNOW HE ISN'T REALLY BRUCE CLAY-- THAT HE'S MARVYN MOON! AND I KNOW ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED YEARS AGO... I STUMBLED ON SOME CLIPPINGS IN THE ATTIC...



"THE RACE WAS ON-- A GRIM RACE BETWEEN GANGLAND AND THE LAW, AND THE PRIZE WAS A MAN LOST SOMEWHERE IN 48 STATES, AMONG 148,000,000 PEOPLE! WHERE WAS MARVYN MOON-- ALIAS BRUCE CLAY?"





"OUR MEN WATCHED AIRPORTS, BUS LINES, DINERS, HIGHWAYS, RAILROAD STATIONS--AND WE CIRCULATED POLICE BULLETINS OF MOON'S DESCRIPTION--BUT HE DIDN'T TURN UP..."

TENTH BUS TERMINAL TODAY-- STILL NO MOON! THIS LOOKS HOPELESS!



HIS WIFE SAID HE LIKES BALL GAMES, HISTORICAL MOVIES, BOOKS--FICTION--PRIZE FIGHTS...

CHECK THE LIBRARIES, THEATERS, PRIZE RINGS.



"AND GUNNER KALEY, MEANWHILE, CALLED IN TOP HOODS FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, AND LAUNCHED HIS OWN MANHUNT..."

I WANT MARYVN MOON... **ALIVE!** I'VE GOT THE DOUGH--I'LL PAY YOU WELL! BUT DELIVER THE GOODS! NOW LISTEN...



"GUNNER, FOLLOWING POLICE PROCEDURE, HAD PRINTED UP THOUSANDS OF POSTERS TO BE CIRCULATED IN UNDERWORLD QUARTERS..."

MARYVN MOON



HERE'S THE CHARACTER I WANT! SO TURN YOUR BLOOD-HOUNDS LOOSE!

**WANTED - ALIVE**

HEIGHT..... ABOUT 6 FT.  
WT. .... ABOUT 160 LBS.  
HAIR ..... THICK BLACK.  
AGE ..... ABOUT 40.

NOTE: THIS MAN WEARS GLASSES, HAS BAD EYES MAY BE USING ALIAS. SEND INFORMATION CONCERN MARYVN MOON TO THE UNTIL BUREAU BOX 244

WE'VE GOT AN ARMY OF MEN ON OUR PAYROLL --A NETWORK OF 'AGENTS' LOOKING FOR MOON! WE WON'T STOP TILL WE FIND HIM!



"IN COLUMBUS--MOON'S HOME TOWN--GUNNER'S MEN WENT TO WORK... HIS 'BLOODHOUNDS' WERE LOOSE!"

YOU SEE, MA'AM, I'M FROM THE INSURANCE COMPANY! I HAVE SOME MONEY TO PAY TO A MR. MARYVN MOON-- I HEAR HE ONCE LIVED HERE ...

MOON? MOON? MAYBE I DO REMEMBER HIM...





"THEY USED MANY RUSES BUT EVERY ONE SEEMED TO LEAD TO A DEAD END! THEN IN LATE JULY, GUNNER GOT A PHONE CALL FROM OMAHA ..."

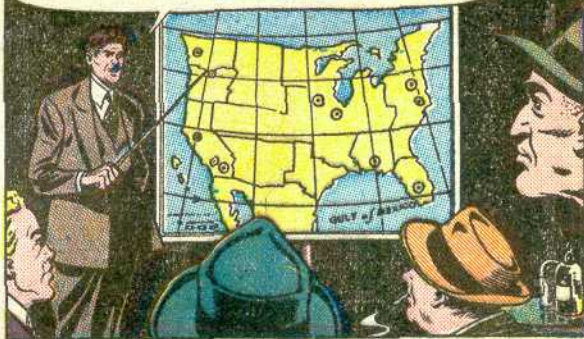
YEP--WE FINALLY GOT A LEAD ON HIM! HE MOVED TO A SMALL TOWN OUT THIS WAY, CHANGED HIS NAME TO BRUCE CLAY--BUT SKIPPED OUT THE DAY YOU LEFT THE BIG HOUSE!

EXCELLENT, PERRY!  
EXCELLENT!

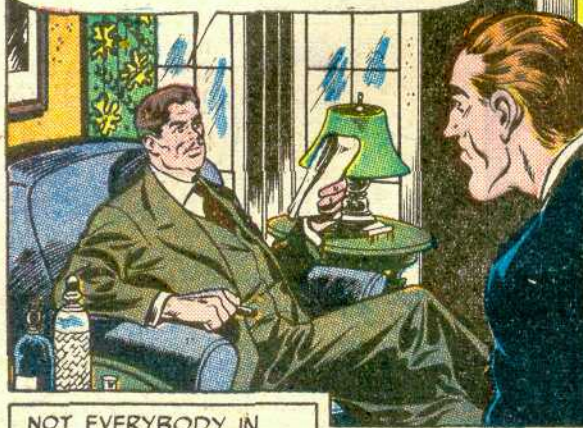


"ONCE MORE GUNNER CALLED IN HIS BRAIN TRUST!"

A GUY LEAVES A HICK TOWN TO GET SWALLOWED UP SOMEWHERE! WHERE WOULD HE GO? TO THE BIG TIME! YOU CAN LOSE YOURSELF IN THE BIG CITY! HE'S GOT TO BE IN ONE OF 'EM!...



IN PRISON I KEPT RECALLING EVERYTHING I COULD ABOUT MOON--AND I KEPT NOTES ON HIM! I'VE GOT ONE CLUE--**HIS EYES!** HE HAD BAD EYES, THE GUY DID!



MOON HAD TO GO TO DOCTORS TO GET STUFF FOR HIS EYES--THE STUFF WAS CALLED **BELLADONNA!** MAYBE THAT'S THE BREAK WE WANT, BOYS--AN EYE MEDICINE CALLED BELLADONNA!...



NOT EVERYBODY IN THIS COUNTRY GOES TO DOCS FOR THAT STUFF--AND NOT EVERYBODY GOES AS OFTEN AS MOON DOES! CHECK THE BIG TOWN DOCS--FIND OUT WHO THEIR STEADY CUSTOMERS ARE ... I WANT MOON TRACKED DOWN!...



"IN PITTSBURGH, THE BIG JOE ADDISON GANG TEAMED UP WITH GUNNER; IN CLEVELAND, IT WAS THE BURT BROTHERS MOB, AND IN NEW YORK THE JOHNSON BOYS."

NEW ORDERS FROM HEADQUARTERS, BOYS! GUNNER WANTS US TO CHECK DOCS FOR STEADY CLIENTS WHO USE BELLADONNA!  
PRONOUNCE THAT AGAIN, WILL YA, JACKIE?





"AND **THUS** THE RACE CONTINUED AT A FASTER PACE NOW! GUNNER WORKED ONE ANGLE, WE WORKED ANOTHER, FOR HARRINGTON CAME IN ONE AUGUST SATURDAY, AND..."

CHIEF! I JUST SPOKE LONG-DISTANCE TO MOON'S WIFE! SHE FINALLY GOT A LETTER FROM HIM-- POSTMARKED FROM **THIS CITY!**

OUR FIRST BREAK!



SO LET'S ASSUME I'M MOON! I'M HERE IN A BIG CITY! WHERE WOULD I GO? WHAT WOULD I DO? WHAT WOULD I THINK ABOUT? MY WIFE - FAMILY - MY HOME TOWN...

HARRINGTON - I THINK YOU JUST HIT IT!



YEAH, CHIEF? WHAT'D I HIT? WIFE AND KIDS... **HOME TOWN NEWS!** SURE, THAT'S IT! AND WHERE WOULD HE FIND NEWS ABOUT THEM? I'LL TELL YOU-- AT ONE OF THE NEWSSTANDS THAT SELLS **OUT OF TOWN PAPERS!**

"IT WAS A LONG, **LONG** CHANCE-- BUT WE HOPPED ON IT! WE HAD THE NEWSSTANDS SHADOWED DAY AND NIGHT..."

GOT A DALLAS PAPER? WRONG NUMBER!

YUP-- BELIEVE I HAVE!



"AND ALL THIS TIME GUNNER KALEY WAS GOING AHEAD WITH HIS CRAZY SCHEME. HIS MEN CALLED AT DOCTORS' OFFICES..."

YOU SEE, DOCTOR, I'M WORKING ON AN ARTICLE FOR A NATIONAL MAGAZINE-- AN ARTICLE DEALING WITH **BELLADONNA**...

I SEE...



WE WON'T USE PATIENTS' NAMES, OF COURSE, BUT IF I COULD INTERVIEW SOME OF YOUR CLIENTS WHO REQUIRE THE MEDICINE REGULARLY, AND...

WHY, YES-- BE GLAD TO HELP.







"IT WAS LIKE THAT IN EVERY MAJOR CITY FROM COAST TO COAST..."

...IF I COULD TALK TO SOME OF THE PATIENTS...

IT'S FOR A NATIONAL MAGAZINE, ON BELLA-DONNA ...

"DID I CALL THE SCHEME CRAZY? BELIEVE IT OR NOT--IT **WORKED!** INCREDIBLE, MAYBE--BUT IT **ACTUALLY WORKED...**!"

AT LAST! PUT GUNNER! WE FOUND MOON-- MEN ON HIM DAY AND NIGHT-- THROUGH A DOWNTOWN DOC! I FOLLOWED HIM AND GOT HIS ADDRESS!

DON'T LOSE HIM! AT THE RIGHT MOMENT WE'LL CRACK DOWN!

"THE RACE WAS LIKE A DERBY PHOTO FINISH, BECAUSE ON THE NEXT NIGHT--THE 18 TH--WE ALSO STRUCK PAY DIRT..."

OUR MAN, HARRINGTON! LET'S GO!

"MOON GOT ACROSS THE STREET BEFORE WE DID, AND THEN HE SPOTTED GUNNER AND LAMMY PERKINS COMING AFTER HIM-- AND HE RAN DOWN THE STEPS OF A SUBWAY ENTRANCE..."

GET HIM, LAMMY! GET HIM! I WANT HIM ALIVE!

"THE THREE OF THEM-- GUNNER, LAMMY AND MOON-- MADE THE EXPRESS TRAIN... WE DIDN'T! A DOOR SLAMMED IN OUR FACES..."

LICKED, CHIEF! WE'RE LICKED AT THE LAST MINUTE!

NOT YET! GET UP-STAIRS--FAST! I'VE GOT ANOTHER PLAN!

"ON THE SUBWAY THE LONG CHASE ENDED-- MOON SURRENDERED WITH A GUN POKED IN HIS RIBS..."

WE'RE GETTING OFF AT THE NEXT STOP, MOON-- ONE PEEP AND I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT... UNDERSTAND?

YEAH... SURE! I KNOW WHEN I'M BEATEN!...



"WELL, THE THINGS THAT POPPED NEXT MADE WONDERFUL COPY FOR THE LOCAL FEATURE WRITERS... YOU SEE, GUNNER HAD LONG AGO PURCHASED AN ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, AND...



SEE WHY I WANTED YOU ALIVE, MOON? YOU'RE GOING TO BE A CON--LIKE I WAS--IN MY PRISON! HA, HA, HA!

IN WITH HIM, GUARD! HA, HA! PUT HIM IN A CELL LIKE HE PUT ME IN ONE! YOU GET TEN YEARS, MOON-- TEN YEARS!



"WITH HIS AMAZINGLY INCREDIBLE PLOT SEEMINGLY SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, GUNNER KALEY SUDDENLY CRACKED--WENT BERSERK..."

"GUNNER'S REVENGE WAS SHORT-LIVED, BECAUSE IT WAS ROUGHLY HALF AN HOUR LATER THAT WE BROKE IN..."



COUNT THE DAYS--LIKE I DID! LOOK AT NOTHING BUT BARS--LIKE I DID! TRY IT FOR TEN YEARS--LIKE I DID! HA, HA, HA! TEN YEARS FOR YOU, MOON--REVENGE FOR GUNNER KALEY!



THERE'S A JAIL BREAK! STOP THEM! AS WARDEN, I COMMAND YOU, HA, HA, HA! STOP THE BREAK!



I'M G-GUNNER KALEY--BIG HOUSE WARDEN--I... UNH --I'M H-H-HURT... HA... AH...

LOOK OUT! HE'S FALLING!

"AND THAT WAS HOW WE FOUND MARVYN MOON, MISSING MAN..."

IT'S A LONG WAY BETWEEN STOPS ON EXPRESS TRAINS, AND WE RADIOED PROWL CARS TO WAIT AT EVERY STOP! WHEN GUNNER CAME OUT, THEY FOLLOWED HIM HERE--THEN CALLED US!

IT'S FINISHED, D.A.-- FINISHED AT LAST!



THE END




# Bud and Sis



**BUD, COULD I GET A WRISTWATCH THE SAME EASY WAY YOU GOT THAT AIR RIFLE**

**YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON TO START, LIKE I DID**



**AND SIS MAILS IN THE COUPON AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS PAGE**

**LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH**

**YOU'LL SELL THEM FAST!**



**THANKS, SIS THIS IS A WONDERFUL ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE GIVING ME WITH THIS FINE SALVE**

**YES! GIVING THE PICTURES MADE IT FUN TO SELL ALL I NEED FOR MY WATCH**



**IT SURE IS - I'M GOING TO GET A BIKE NEXT**

**LOOK AT MY NEW WATCH ISN'T IT LOVELY**



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**MAIL THIS COUPON SEND NO MONEY NOW WE TRUST YOU**

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Gentlemen—Please send me on trial 12 colorful art pictures with 12 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start

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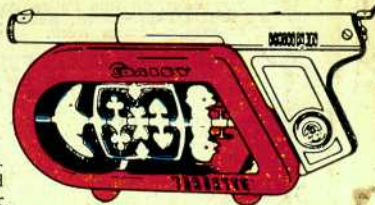
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