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MR. DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY

NO. 15.  
MAY JUNE

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# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

*In this issue:*  
THE DYNAMITE-PACKED  
INSIDE STORY OF A

**"PRISON  
TRAIN!"**



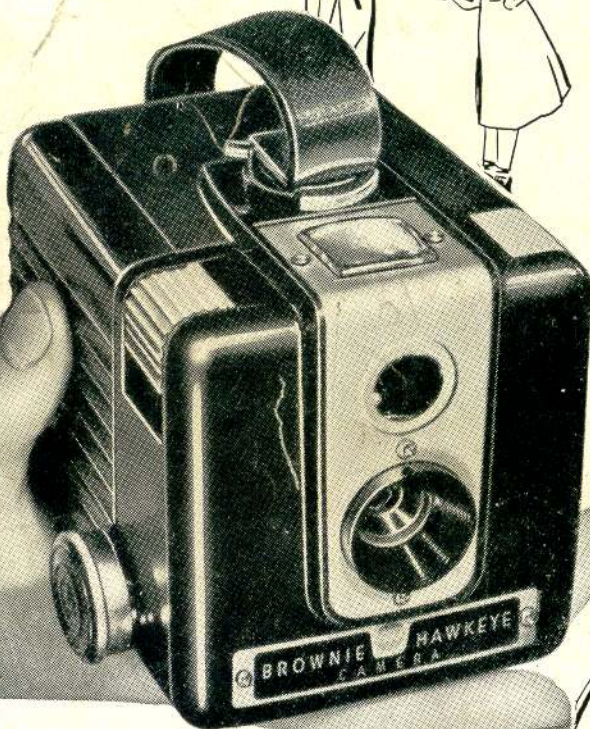
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## YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

CRIME OBSERVES NO BOUNDARIES-- ITS OCTOPUS-LIKE TENTACLES EXTEND AROUND THE GLOBE. BUT MEMBERS OF THESE FAR-REACHING CRIMINAL OPERATIONS-- THE INTERNATIONAL CROOKS-- FORGET ONE THING... THAT THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW **ALSO** EXTENDS TO THE REMOTE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD! AND YET-- STRANGELY ENOUGH-- SOMETIMES THESE TWO, CRIME AND LAW, COLLIDE RIGHT HERE AT HOME ON MAIN STREET. HERE IS AN ACCOUNT OF A TYPICAL PERILOUS JOURNEY WHICH BEGAN ON A...



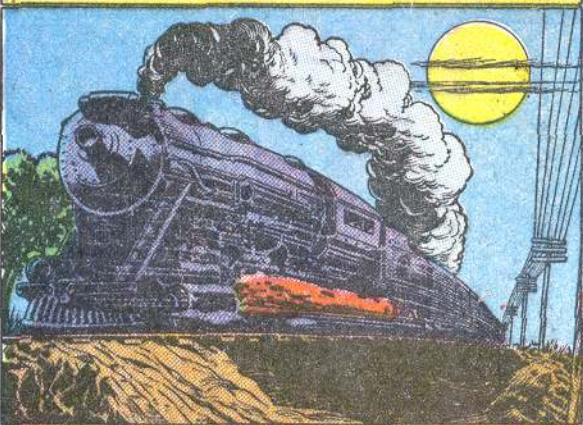
## "PRISON TRAIN!"

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CRIMINALS WANTED BY THEIR OWN COUNTRIES, OFTEN TAKE REFUGE IN THE U.S. AND HOPE TO OPERATE HERE, BUT VIGILANT LAWMEN INVARIABLY ROUND THEM UP, AND SEND THEM EAST FOR DEPORTATION FROM ELLIS ISLAND...

THE DEPORTATION TRAIN CARRYING THESE DESPERADOES IS ESCAPE-PROOF, AND SOMETIMES IT HAULS AS MANY AS 200 CRIMINALS WHO ARE ILLEGALLY IN THIS COUNTRY! JUST SUCH A TRAIN LEFT LOS ANGELES ON OCT. 14, 1948, HEADED EAST...



ON THIS PARTICULAR TRAIN WERE 157 MEN, WANTED BY POLICE ABROAD, BUT THREE OF THEM WERE KILLERS -- AND WERE CONFINED IN ONE CAR, CAGED APART FROM ONE ANOTHER...

THE MAN WHO SPOKE -- WHO LONGED FOR PARIS -- WAS M'SIEU JACQUES, RENOWNED SWINDLER AND MURDERER -- AND THE MAN WHO ANSWERED HIM, "COUNT" ANDRULLI, WAS A MEMBER OF HIS INTERNATIONAL GANG...

-- ZEY SEND ME HOME -- GOOD! I WEESH TO SEE PARIS ONCE MORE!



PARIS! HA! I LAUGH, MY FRAN! WHEN THEY SEND YOU BACK TO FRANCE IT WILL BE TO FACE LA GUILLOTINE, EH?

AND THE THIRD MAN WAS "BOND STREET" BEALE, GUNMAN, WANTED BY SCOTLAND YARD...

OUTSIDE THE CAR SAT TWO GUARDS, CHARLES AVERILL AND LARRY COLEMAN. SUDDENLY, THE TRAIN SLOWED TO A STOP...

BLIMEY! I GO ALONG WITH THE COUNT! THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL SEE PARIS, IS FROM A BLOOMIN' CELL WINDOW IN MONTRONGE PRISON -- OR WHEREVER THEY'LL PUT YOU!

WE'RE STOPPIN' -- AN' WE'RE UNDER THE COLUMBUS RIVER TUNNEL! WONDER WHAT'S UP? PROBABLY HEAVY TRAIN TRAFFIC HERE -- WE'RE ENTERING THE BIG TOWN! HO HUM -- SO WHAT? IT'S THEIR DINNER TIME -- WE GOTTA SEE ABOUT FEEDIN' 'EM!

I'LL WORRY ABOUT ZAT WHEN ZE TIME COMES! SILENCE! LET ME DREAM!





YOU'RE RIGHT-- WE MUST BE IN HEAVY TRAFFIC! THE SIGNAL LIGHT UP AHEAD IS **RED!**

OKAY-- STAY HERE! I'LL GET TO THE MESS CAR AND ORDER GRUB FOR THE PRISONERS...



WHAT THE GUARDS COULD NOT KNOW, WAS A SCENE THEN OCCURRING AT SIGNAL TOWER #7, WHERE TWO MEN, WITH GUNS DRAWN, HAD BOLDLY WALKED IN...

ACCORDING TO BULL'S PLANS, THEY SHOULD BE SERVIN' SUPPER ON THE PRISON TRAIN ABOUT NOW! KEEP THAT SIGNAL LIGHT ON RED, BUD -- UNTIL WE TELL YA TO CHANGE!

OKAY-- WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?

THIS WAS THE START OF A WILD ESCAPE PLAN WHICH INVOLVED TWO OTHER MEN LEAPING ONTO THE MESS CAR OF THE HALTED PRISON TRAIN...

THEN, CHARLIE AVERILL, GUARD, CAME IN.. BUT HE DIDN'T SEE TWO FIGURES LURKING BEHIND THE DOOR...



NEVER MIND THE ARGUMENT, PAL-- JUST DROP THAT PELLET INTO THE EMPTY COFFEE POT-- THEN CLOSE THE LID TIGHT!

AN' WHEN THAT GUARD COMES IN, WE'LL HAVE OUR GUNS ON YA-- SO DON'T TRY NOTHIN'!



HOW'S THE GRUB, CHEFFIE? HEY-- YOU LOOK WORRIED!

THE GRUB'S OKAY-- AS USUAL! WORRIED? ME? NOT AT ALL!

PERFECT, PAL, PERFECT! WE PLANTED A RUMOR WITH THE TRAIN'S GRAPEVINE! NOW WE'LL SEE IF IT WORKS!

A MOMENT LATER, AVERILL PAUSED JUST BEFORE HE ENTERED THE CAR WHERE THE PRISONERS WERE...

AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE TWO THUGS FROM THE KITCHEN RUSHED IN, OVERPOWERED THE GUARDS, AND TOOK THEIR KEYS...



THERE'S A RUMOR ON THE TRAIN THAT SOMEONE'S TRYING TO STRUGGLE A GUN TO THESE CROOKS! LET'S CHECK THIS COFFEE POT, AND-- **UNH! GAS! TEAR GAS!**

I CAN'T SEE! (COUGH, COUGH!) I'M **BLINDED!**



THEY'RE OUT COLD! COME ON -- BEFORE THE TRAIN STARTS MOVIN'! BULL'S GOT EVERYTHING PLANNED-- BUT WE GOTTA MOVE ON SCHEDULE!

THE ESCAPED PRISONERS RAN TO AN EMERGENCY EXIT WHICH LED TO THE STREET, AND THERE THEY JOINED A GIANT OF A MAN WHO WAITED IN A CAR...



BULL! WE THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL IN DENMARK!

THE BIG MAN, BULL DAGGET, WAS THE FOURTH MEMBER OF THE CROOKED QUARTET WHOSE CRIME OPERATIONS HAD CIRCLED THE GLOBE...



WITH YOU GUYS IN JAIL, THE RACKETS WILL DIE OFF - SO WHEN I GOT BACK IN THE STATES LAST WEEK AN' HEARD THE LAW HAD YOU, I SET UP THE ESCAPE PLAN! THE LAW ISN'T GOING TO GET ME, EITHER!

MY ETERNAL THANKS, AMI!

THE CAR THEN SPED THROUGH THE TWISTING BACKSTREETS... TOWARD A PREARRANGED HIDEOUT...



BULL! WE CAN'T MAKE A RUN FOR IT-- THE COPS ARE ALREADY LOOKIN' FOR US! HEAR THE SIRENS?

WAAAAA

DON'T WORRY! I'VE HANDLED EVERYTHING! I'VE GOT A GOOD HIDIN' PLACE ALL SET UP!

BULL WAS RIGHT. THEY **DID** GET TO THE HIDEOUT THAT NIGHT-- WHILE THE CITY CRAWLED WITH POLICE OFFICERS WHO SOUGHT THE CRIMINALS. AND AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

WE'LL BE MORE THAN GLAD TO COOPERATE WITH THE F.B.I. IN APPREHENDING THESE MEN, RANKIN! WE'VE ALREADY STARTED THINGS ROLLING...

WE'VE ALSO GOT CABLED INFORMATION ON TWO OF THEM FROM THE COUNTRIES IN WHICH THEY'RE WANTED! WE'RE WAITING NOW FOR WORD FROM SCOTLAND YARD ON BOND STREET BEALE...

THE ROME POLICE SENT US COUNT ANDROLLI'S RECORD-- AND THE PARIS BUREAU OF THE FRENCH SURETE CABLED US WHAT WE NEED ON M'SIEU JACQUES! RIGHT, HARRINGTON?

YES, AND WE'VE SET A DRAGNET AROUND THE WHOLE CITY, CHIEF! THEY'RE IN A TRAP!

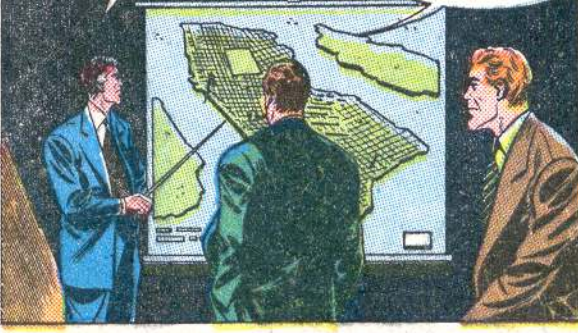




CHIEF -- HERE'S THE INFORMATION YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR -- SCOTLAND YARD'S DETAILED HISTORY OF BOND STREET BEALE ... RIGHT OFF THE TELETYPE!

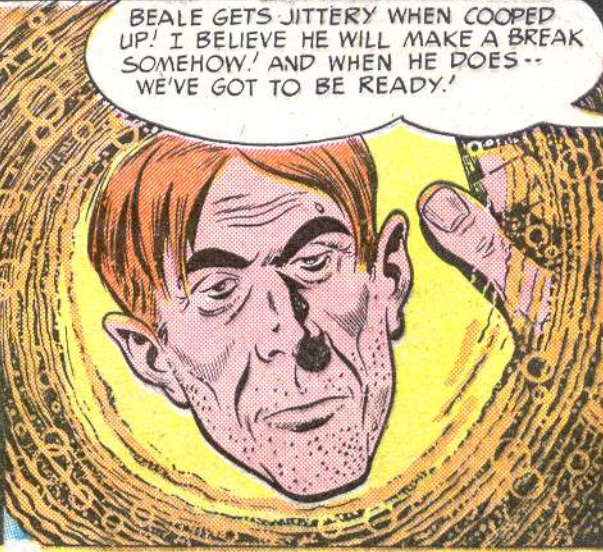
THANK YOU, MISS MILLER! NOW WE CAN MAKE OUR PLANS!

MY HUNCH IS THAT THEY WON'T ATTEMPT TO CRACK THROUGH THE DRAGNET -- THEY'RE TOO HOT! CHANCES ARE -- AS IN MOST CASES -- THAT THEY'RE HOLED UP... AND IT'S OUR JOB TO FIND THEM, BUT WHERE DO WE START?



WE DON'T START! WE LET THEM MAKE THE FIRST MOVE -- WHICH THEY'LL EVENTUALLY DO! SCOTLAND YARD POINTS OUT, FOR EXAMPLE, THAT BOND STREET BEALE IS VERY NERVOUS...

BEALE GETS JITTERY WHEN COOPED UP! I BELIEVE HE WILL MAKE A BREAK SOMEHOW! AND WHEN HE DOES -- WE'VE GOT TO BE READY!



THE D.A.'S PREDICTION WAS NOT FAR WRONG, FOR, ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE HIDEOUT...

BUT THE THOUGHT OF ESCAPE GNAWED AT BOND STREET'S MIND, AND TOWARD EVENING

BLIMEY! HOW DO YOU STAND IT -- FOUR WALLS AN' A BLINKIN' CEILIN'! H'IVE GOT TO GET AWAY! LIVIN' LIKE A TRAPPED ANIMAL IN A ROOM IS MAKIN' ME BATTY!

AH! BUT AT LEAST YOU ARE A FREE MAN, AMI! STEP OUT ZE DOOR AN' POOF! -- YOU ARE ZE CAUGHT MAN!

THEY BLOOMIN' WELL WON'T KNOW ME WHEN I GET MYSELF DISGUISED! H'I'LL SHOW 'EM, YOU BET!

WELL -- BOND STREET'S GOIN' BALDY ON US! HA, HA!





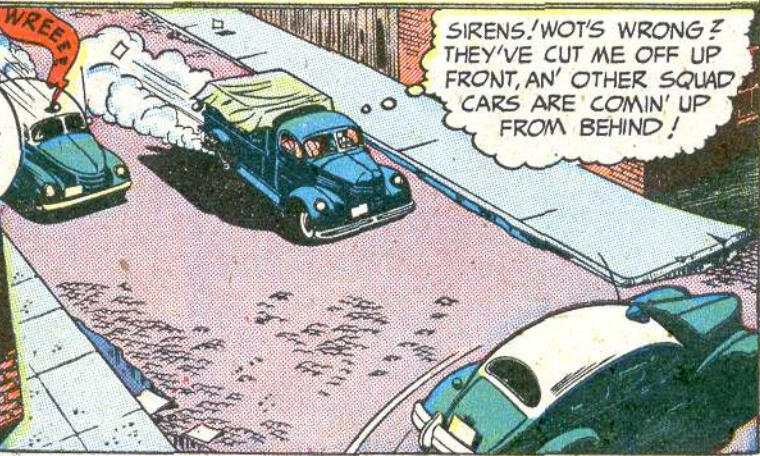
MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



USING HAIR SHEARED FROM HIS HEAD, BOND STREET CREATED A FALSE MUSTACHE AND SHAGGY EYEBROWS... AND IN THIS DISGUISE NOT EVEN HIS OWN COHORTS RECOGNIZED HIM...

THE NEXT STEP IN BEALE'S DARING PLAN WAS TO ACQUIRE A VEHICLE! HE STOLE A VEGETABLE TRUCK, AND DROVE THROUGH A LITTLE-USED BACK STREET... BUT SUDDENLY...

SACRE NO BLODMIN' COP WILL BLEU !ZE KNOW ME /SO LONG... DECEPTION IS PERFECT! YOU'LL GET A LETTER FROM ME IN MEXICO!



BEALE WAS STOPPED, TAKEN FROM THE TRUCK, AND WAS CONFRONTED BY THE D.A....

BUT YOU COULDN'T FORGET A DRIVING CUSTOM YOU LEARNED IN ENGLAND... WHERE MOTORISTS DRIVE ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE STREET, SUCH AS YOU WERE DOING WHEN WE SPOTTED YOU! SO, THOUGH YOU DISGUISED YOUR PHYSICAL FEATURES, YOU COULDN'T DISGUISE YOUR HABITS!

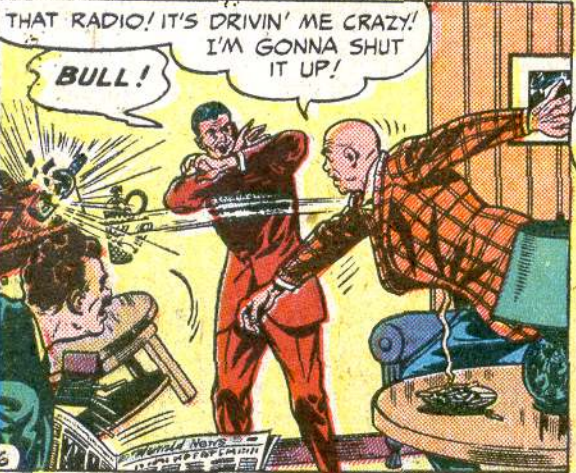
THUS, WITH THE APPREHENSION OF BOND STREET BEALE, THE SEARCH WAS NARROWED DOWN TO THREE, "COUNT" ANDROLLI, M'SIEU JACQUES, AND THE GIANT, BULL DAGGERT...

BUT WOT 'APPENED? WOT WENT WRONG? YOUR FACIAL DISGUISE WAS PERFECT, BOND STREET... YOU MIGHT'VE ESCAPED! BUT YOU MADE ONE MISTAKE!

THEY GOT BOND STREET! THREE LEFT... WHO IS NEXT?



BUT THEY WAITED... AND WAITED... AND NERVES BECAME FRAYED...







YOU, ANDROLLI? BUT HOW CAN YOU BEAT THE DRAGNET?

BY AN OLD TRICK I KNOW! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NEWS STORY, ABOUT THE LAUNCHING OF THE UNITY SHIP...

THE UNITY SHIP IS A VESSEL OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL! IT IS TO SAIL TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD... GET IT? I'LL MINGLE WITH THE DIGNITARIES... AS I KNOW HOW... THEN WITH FORGED PAPERS I'LL GO ABOARD!

BUT THE COPS! THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR YOU!

IT'S PSYCHOLOGICAL! POLICE NEVER LOOK FOR THE OBVIOUS! THEY SEEK SOMETHING WHICH THEY KNOW THEY HAVE TO HUNT DOWN! I'LL MINGLE WITH THE BIG SHOTS... I'LL BE OBVIOUS!



YOU SEE, I'LL BE WITH THE DIGNITARIES! POLICE DON'T ARREST DIGNITARIES... THEY GUARD THEM! WITH MY PHONEY PAPERS, I'LL HAVE FREE ACCESS TO THE BOAT! UH... FAREWELL!

A DANGEROUS PLAN, AMI! BUT... GOOD LUCK! AND BON VOYAGE!

BUT AT THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, THE D.A. HAD ALREADY MADE A THOROUGH STUDY OF THE RECORDS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CROOKS, AND...

ANDROLLI... A REAL SLICK PHONEY! KNOWN AS "THE COUNT"; AND RECORDED AS HAVING OPERATED IN THE "ELITE" CIRCLES!

LOTS OF PEOPLE WORK LIKE THAT, CHIEF! WE'RE DOING OUR BEST TO TRAP HIM, BUT SO FAR... NO LUCK!



THAT NIGHT... A DRIZZLY FRIDAY... ANDROLLI BOLDLY TOOK A CAB TO THE PIER, THERE TO LISTEN TO THE SPEECHES...

...AND SO WE TRUST THAT SUCH A SHIP... THE UNITY BOAT... WILL BRING GOOD WILL TO ALL NATIONS...

NOW... TO MAKE MY MOVE... JUST WHEN THE CEREMONIES REACH A HEIGHT... WHEN THEY SMASH THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE!





THEN, ANDROLLI SLIPPED TOWARD THE GANGPLANK...

I'M FROM THE ITALIAN CONSULATE. HERE ARE MY PAPERS! I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO GO ABOARD BEFORE SAILING TIME TO ARRANGE THINGS FOR MY PARTY...



UH... SURE... ONE MOMENT, PLEASE!

BEFORE THE MAN FROM "THE CONSULATE" KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, HE WAS HANDCUFFED, PLACED IN A SQUAD CAR, AND TAKEN TO THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

I WARN YOU, SIR... RELEASE ME AT THIS INSTANT OR REPERCUSSIONS WILL FOLLOW!



CAN THE ACT, ANDROLLI! YOU PLAYED YOUR HAND STUPIDLY, SO FACE THE MUSIC!

WHEN A SHIP IS LAUNCHED, ANDROLLI, IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT IT'S READY TO SAIL! IT'S TAKEN FROM ONE DRY-DOCK TO ANOTHER TO HAVE FINAL FITTINGS PUT ON! IT'S NOT UNTIL **THEN** THAT IT TAKES ON PASSENGERS!

NOBODY WAS SCHEDULED TO BOARD THE SHIP TONIGHT! THAT'S WHY THE GUARDS SUMMONED US WHEN YOU TRIED TO BOARD HER WITH FORGED PAPERS! YOU WERE AN EAGER BEAVER... AND IT CAUGHT UP WITH YOU!

BOND STREET WOULDN'T TELL WHERE YOU WERE... BUT WE CAUGHT YOU! AND DON'T WORRY... WE'LL GET M'SIEU JACQUES AND BULL DAGGET! LOCK HIM UP, BOYS!



WHAT?

YOU'LL NEVER GET THE OTHERS! I'LL NEVER TELL WHERE THEY ARE!



AND THAT VERY NIGHT THE NEWS WAS OUT THAT THE SECOND MEMBER OF THE CRIME QUARTET HAD BEEN CAPTURED...

WE CAN'T MAKE A BREAK NOW, JACQUES! THEY PICKED UP THE COUNT! FIRST THEY GOT BOND STREET... AN' NOW THE COUNT!

AND NOW EES ZE TIME FOR **OUR** MOVE... WHILE ZEY RELAX! ZEY EXPECT US TO HOLE UP... AN' STAY HIDDEN! NON Z

BUT INSTEAD, WE MAKE A BREAK! AN' I GOT ZE CLEVER IDEA. EEN PARIS I ESCAPED ZE POLICE MANY TIMES BY GOING THROUGH ZE **SEWERS**! ACES, ZEY DON'T SEEK YOU! LISSEN, GO TO ZE LIBRARY, AN'...



THAT NEXT NIGHT... A MONDAY... THE D.A. WAS UNAWARE OF M'SIEU JACQUES' DARING ESCAPE PLAN AS HE READ AND RE-READ THE CRIMINAL'S RECORD...

MAKE MINE BLACK, MISS MILLER! THANKS!

M'SIEU JACQUES SWINDLER AND SMUGGLER, DELUXE... LEADER OF THE GANG... AS ELUSIVE AS AN EEL! THE SURETE NEARLY HAD HIM SEVERAL TIMES, BUT HE ESCAPED INTO PARIS SEWERS...



WAIT A MINUTE... **THE SEWERS!** I WONDER, HARRINGTON! I WONDER IF HE'D TRY IT **HERE!** OUR CITY'S SEWERS ARE COMPLEX... HE KNOWS NOTHING OF THEM! LOST DOWN THERE, HE'D PERISH... UNLESS...

UNLESS **WHAT,** CHIEF?



I'M NOT SURE JUST YET. HE DOESN'T KNOW OUR SEWER SYSTEM... BUT IF HE **IS** INTERESTED, THERE'S A SURE PLACE WHERE HE CAN FIND OUT ABOUT THEM! HARRINGTON, TOMORROW I WANT YOU TO GET OVER TO THE LIBRARY, AND...



THE NEXT MORNING, HARRINGTON WENT TO THE LIBRARY! THEN HE IMMEDIATELY CALLED THE D.A....

CHIEF! WE'RE TOO LATE! THEY WERE HERE YESTERDAY! THEY WEREN'T ALLOWED TO TAKE THE SEWER PLANS FROM THE LIBRARY, BUT THE LIBRARIAN TELLS ME SOMEONE **WAS** HERE TO STUDY THE PLANS!

THEY **STUDIED** THE PLANS? IF THEY COULDN'T TAKE THEM FROM THE LIBRARY, THEY MIGHT'VE... HMM... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER! WAIT THERE!



AND ALL THAT TIME, MANY FEET BELOW THE CITY'S ROARING TRAFFIC, TWO MEN MADE THEIR PAINFUL WAY ALONG THE SEWER PIPELINES...

ARE YOU SURE WE'RE GOIN' RIGHT, JACQUES?

YES! ZE MAP SHOWS ZAT WE'RE ON ZE RIGHT ROUTE LEADING TO ZE RIVER! WE CAN'T GO WRONG!



NOW WHAT? WHY ARE WE STOPPIN'?

CROSSROADS! WE HAF TO TAKE ZE RIGHT PIPELINE, TO ZE EAST! EET'S A SMALLER ONE... HASN'T BEEN USED IN YEARS! BUT EET'S ZE SHORTEST ROUTE! LET'S GO!





FOR HOURS, THEN, THEY INCHED THEIR WAY ALONG THE NARROW, MUSTY PIPELINE TO FREEDOM! THEY WERE BRUISED, BATTERED, EXHAUSTED, BUT THEY CRAWLED AND SCRATCHED THEIR WAY FOOT BY FOOT...

THIS PIPE'S TOO LITTLE! I CAN...HARDLY MAKE IT...

BUT THINK...AHEAD IS FREEDOM! WE ARE **OUT** OF ZE DRAGNET! WORK, AMI...WORK! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE EET!



AIR... CLEAN, FRESH AIR! I'M FREE! BULL... **FREE!** I HAVE BEATEN THE DRAGNET! HA, HA, HA! I AM FREE!

JACQUES... YOU RAT! HELP ME! I'LL DIE HERE! HELP ME!



I **SUSPECTED** YOU'D TRY THE SEWERS, ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF YOUR GANG WENT TO THE LIBRARY AND MADE **TRACINGS** OF THE SEWER MAPS! THOSE TRACING INDENTATIONS LEFT ON THE MAPS WERE OUR CLUES! THEY SHOWED US THE EXACT ROUTE YOU WOULD TAKE! AND WE WAITED FOR YOU!

SACRE BLEU! I LOST!



LESS THAN ONE HUNDRED YARDS FROM WHERE THE OLD SEWER EMPTIED OUT INTO THE COLUMBUS RIVER, THEY HAD TO STRUGGLE THROUGH AN ELBOW IN THE PIPE AND...

JACQUES! **JACQUES!** THIS ELBOW IS FILLED WITH RUST! I'M TRAPPED! JACQUES...WAIT FOR ME! I CAN'T GET THROUGH!

WAIT? HA? WITH ZE END SO NEAR! LOOK, BULL... LIGHT AHEAD! WE ARE AT ZE END!



JACQUES IGNORED THE CRIES OF HIS TRAPPED ACCOMPLICE, AND HE SCRAMBLED MADLY TOWARD THE SEWER'S EXIT... AND THERE...

AIR... FRESH AIR! I WIN! I HAF BEAT ZE DRAGNET...

YOU HAVE BEATEN NOTHING, M'SIEU JACQUES... EXCEPT YOURSELF! HANDS UP!



BULL DAGGET, THE LAST OF THE MOB HAD TO BE FREED FROM THE SEWER PRISON BY A RESCUE SQUAD, AND WITH THE FINAL CAPTURE OF THE FOUR, A BOAT LATER PUT OUT TO SEA...

THERE THEY GO, CHIEF... PAST THE STATUE OF LIBERTY... A SYMBOL WHICH MEANT LITTLE TO THEM!

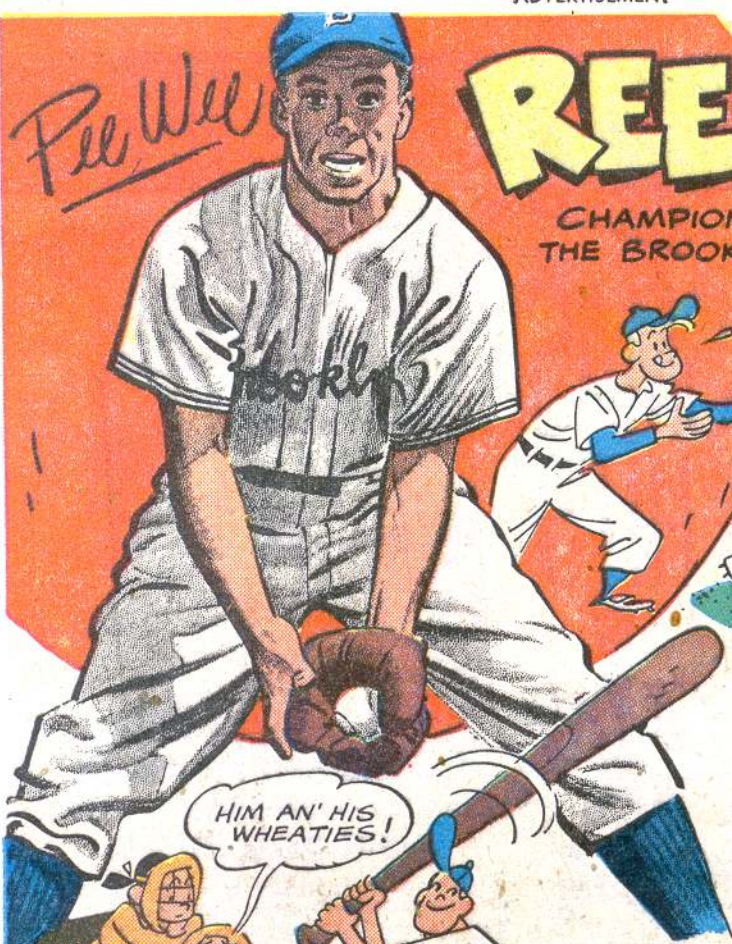
THEY'LL BE TRIED FOR THEIR CRIMES IN THE COUNTRIES WHICH WANT THEM! AFTER THAT, THE SYMBOL OF LIBERTY WILL MEAN MORE TO THEM... BUT IT WILL DO THEM LITTLE GOOD!



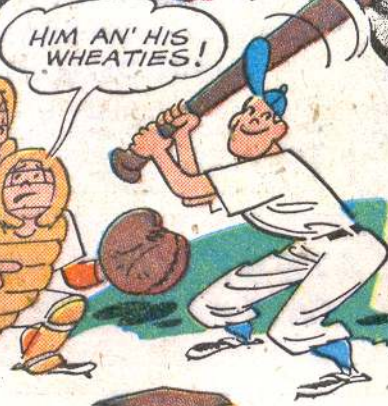
*Pee Wee*

# REESE

CHAMPION SHORTSTOP OF THE BROOKLYN DODGERS



KINGPIN OF DODGER INFIELD, REESE MAKES "IMPOSSIBLE" PLAYS LOOK EASY. NAMED SHORTSTOP ON NATIONAL LEAGUE ALL-STAR TEAM 4 TIMES.



LITTLE PEE WEE IS AT HIS BEST WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN. SWUNG BIG BAT LAST SEASON DURING DODGERS' PENNANT DRIVE. HIS 171 HITS FROM LEADOFF SPOT INCLUDED 16 HOME RUNS - PRODUCED 73 R.B.I.'S. ALSO BATTED .316 IN '49 WORLD SERIES!



**A** TEN-YEAR BIG LEAGUE VETERAN, REESE IS FIELD CAPTAIN OF DODGERS. "WHEATIES, WITH MILK OR CREAM AND FRUIT, IS MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH. IT'S EASY TO DIGEST, NOURISHING - AND LOADED WITH SWELL FLAVOR. I'D RECOMMEND WHEATIES TO ANYONE."



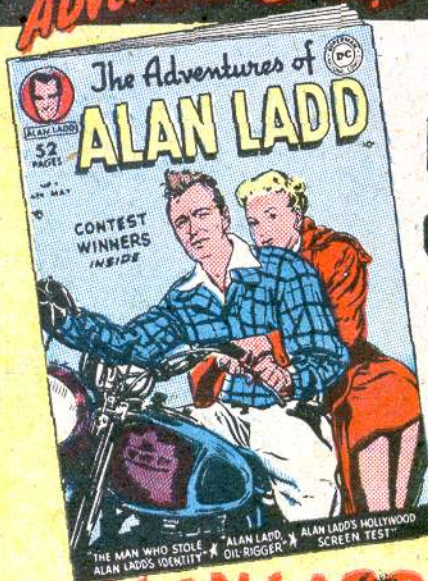
# WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS" WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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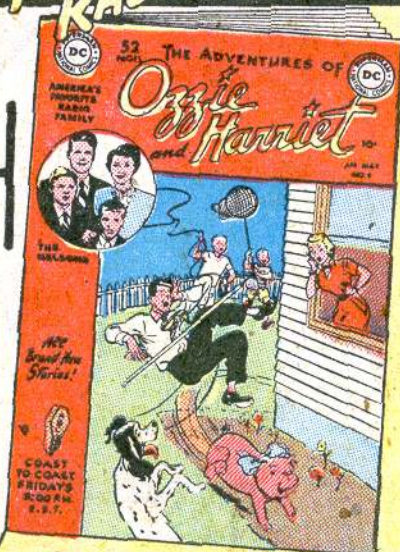
HOLLYWOOD'S TOP  
ADVENTURE STAR!

2

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# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



**YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:**

IN THIS SOCIETY OF OURS, YOU FIND PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE - THE FAMILIAR RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF, DOCTOR, LAWYER, AND -- THE MISER! BEHIND THE SHABBY, ILL-LIT WALLS WHERE THESE STINGY WRETCHES HOARD THEIR WEALTH ARE FASCINATING AND EXCITING STORIES, SELDOM WITNESSED BY THE "OUTSIDE" WORLD! THE FOLLOWING CASE HISTORY BRINGS YOU SUCH A STORY IN ...

## "MISER'S MILLIONS!"



ON A COLD WINTRY DAY LAST DECEMBER, A SHABBILY DRESSED MAN, KNOWN AS ARTIE (PICK UP) MORRISON--AGED 58--WALKED THROUGH THE SNOW ON NINTH STREET, IGNORING THE MERRY-MAKING CHRISTMAS THROG...

PICK-UP MORRISON PAUSED BEHIND JOHN DALE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, AND THERE HE BEGAN PAWING THROUGH TRASH...



CHRISTMAS! I SHOULD FIND LOTS OF THINGS! PACKAGE WRAPPINGS... STRINGS... OLD CRATES...



IT'S A SHAME THE WONDERFUL THINGS THEY THROW AWAY! I CAN COLLECT IT, AND SELL IT, AND MAKE A FEW PENNIES! OLD NEWSPAPERS... SOME WIRE...

YARDS AND YARDS OF GOOD STRING! I'LL SAVE IT! NO TELLING HOW IT WILL COME IN HANDY! GOOD STRING TOO! PRACTICALLY NEW!



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER, PICK UP MORRISON CONTINUED ON HIS WAY, CARRYING A HEAVY BAG OF ASSORTED, CAST-OFF ITEMS...

JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY...



NOT A BAD HAUL! I'LL PUT IT WITH THE REST OF MY STUFF!

HE ENTERED THE DILAPIDATED DWELLING, WALKED DOWN A STAIRWAY LEADING TO HIS BASEMENT FLAT...

LET'S SEE... I'VE HAD A GOOD DAY! STRING... WIRE... A FEW PIECES OF WOOD FOR THE FIRE... SOME TIN FOIL... PAPER WRAPPINGS... SOME OLD NEWS-PAPERS!



THERE IN HIS RUBBAGE-CLUTTERED, COLD WATER LIVING QUARTERS, WHERE CANDLE LIGHT SAVED HIM THE COST OF ELECTRICITY, HE PUSHED ASIDE A LARGE STACK OF OLD NEWSPAPERS AND LIFTED UP A SMALL SECTION OF FLOORING...

IT'S SAFE! AS ALWAYS, IT'S SAFE... JUST AS IT'S BEEN FOR TWENTY YEARS!



AND FROM THE FLOOR'S HIDING PLACE, HE BROUGHT FORTH PACKETS AND PACKETS OF MONEY! THEN, AS HE DID EVERY NIGHT, HE BEGAN COUNTING THE HOARDED BILLS...

...TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND AND FOURTEEN... TWENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND AND FIFTEEN...



LONG INTO THE NIGHT HE COUNTED THE PRECIOUS BILLS, JUST AS HE HAD DONE HUNDREDS OF TIMES! THEN HE REPLACED THE MONEY IN ITS HIDING PLACE...

I WAS HOPING THERE'D BE AN ERROR... SO I COULD RECOUNT THE MONEY... BUT THERE'S NEVER AN ERROR! I GET TO COUNT IT ONLY ONCE EACH TIME...





SOME MOMENTS LATER, HE SNUFFED OUT ONE OF THE CANDLES! THEN, UPON HEARING A BOARD CREAK, HE TURNED IN HORROR TO SEE A MASKED FIGURE STARING AT HIM...



EH, YOU! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DID YOU GET IN? I LOCKED THE DOOR! I ALWAYS LOCK THE DOOR! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

I WANT YOUR MONEY! EVERY DOLLAR OF IT! I KNOW YOU HAVE IT!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP IT... STOP IT. I SAY!

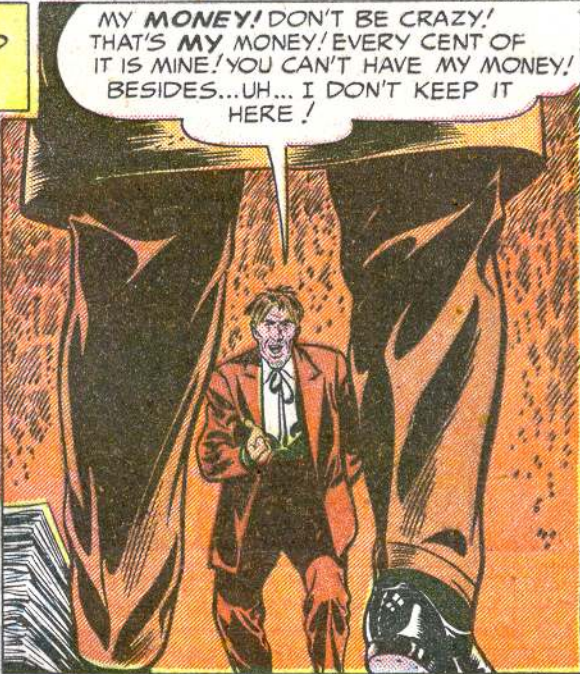
I KNOW YOU KEEP THE DOUGH SOMEWHERE HERE, YOU OLD MISER! YOU'D NEVER LET IT OUT OF YOUR SIGHT! I'LL TAKE THIS JUNK HEAP APART UNTIL I FIND IT!

THE MASKED FIGURE PUSHED THE PAPERS ASIDE AND LIFTED THE FLOORING WHILE THE MISER CLAWED DESPERATELY AT HIM...



HERE IT IS... I HIT THE JACKPOT! MUST BE 50 THOUSAND HERE!

THERE IS! THERE IS! BUT IT'S MINE! I WORKED HARD FOR IT! DON'T TOUCH IT! I'LL KILL YOU IF YOU DO!



MY MONEY! DON'T BE CRAZY! THAT'S MY MONEY! EVERY CENT OF IT IS MINE! YOU CAN'T HAVE MY MONEY! BESIDES...UH... I DON'T KEEP IT HERE!

FINALLY, WHEN THE MYSTERIOUS INTRUDER HAD EXAMINED EVERY STACK OF JUNK BUT ONE...



STAY AWAY! I WARN YOU, KEEP BACK!

HMMM...IT **MUST** BE THERE, THE WAY YOU GUARD THAT STACK OF PAPERS! I **THOUGHT** YOU'D RUN TO THE HIDING PLACE AS SOON AS I STARTED TAKING THE PLACE APART!



KILL ME, WILL YOU? YOU SNIVELING MISER! YOU DON'T DESERVE A DIME OF THIS CASH! GET BACK!



NEARLY AN HOUR LATER, A FRANTIC PHONE CALL WAS PUT THROUGH TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, AND...

TRY TO CONSOLE HIM, HARRINGTON! CONVINCE HIM THAT WE'RE DOING WHAT WE CAN TO HELP!

MY MONEY! HE TOOK MY MONEY! I TELL YOU, HE TOOK IT... ALL OF IT! MY LIFE'S SAVINGS!

EASY, MISTER...

THE LOOK WAS PICKED... BY MEANS OF A LONG, THIN, METAL INSTRUMENT!

DON'T STAND HERE WASTING TIME! GET MY MONEY! PLEASE... GET IT BACK FOR ME!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO!



MY MONEY! SOB! MY MONEY! IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

NO SIGNS OF FINGERPRINTS, HARRINGTON! THE BURGLAR MUST'VE WORN GLOVES!

AND WE CAN'T GET ANYTHING SENSIBLE OUT OF MORRISON EXCEPT THAT HE ALSO WORE A MASK!

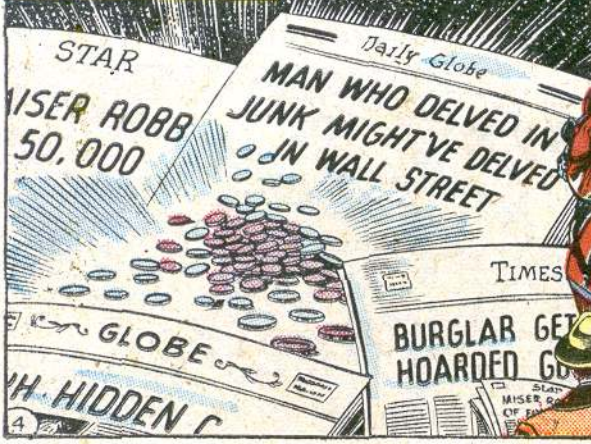
NOTHING MORE WE CAN GET HERE, HARRINGTON! TELL RILEY TO LET THE NEWS MEN AND PHOTOGRAPHERS IN NOW!

OKAY, CHIEF! THEY'LL HAVE A PICNIC IN THIS PLACE!



IT WAS A GOOD STORY, AND ON THE NEXT DAY... DECEMBER 26 TH...

PEOPLE WHO KNEW PICK UP MORRISON AS A "PENNYLESS, TATTERED BEGGAR" GATHERED ON STREET CORNERS...



IMAGINE! FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS HE HAD!

MAYBE EVEN MORE, THEY SAY!

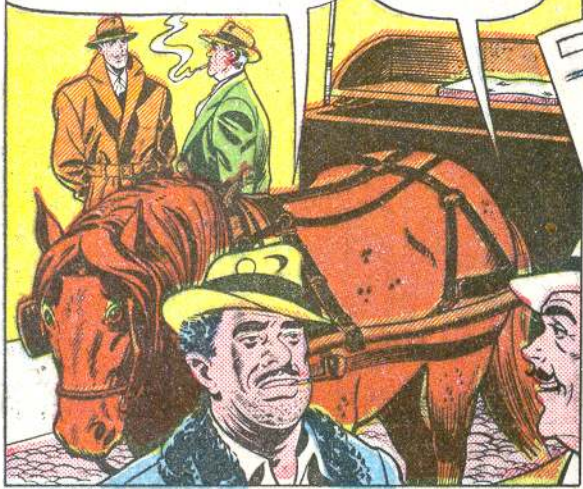
I SAW HIM ONLY YESTERDAY, PICKING UP PIECES OF STRING AND OLD NEWSPAPERS! I NEVER IMAGINED...





EVERYBODY KNEW PICK-UP SPENT YEARS TRADING JUNK FOR PENNIES...BUT NOBODY SUSPECTED HE HAD SAVED **THAT** MUCH DOUGH! WOW!

I GUESS SAVIN' JUNK SURE BEATS DELIVERIN' ICE, EH, ICE MAN! HA, HA!



IN RAPID SUCCESSION, THE MYSTERIOUS MASKED MAN ROBBED MISERS AGAIN AND AGAIN, AND THE STORIES MADE SENSATIONAL COPY FOR THE NEWSPAPERS...



AT THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, MEANWHILE, THE D.A. WAS FEELING PRESSURE FROM THE PRESS...

THE COURIER JUST CAME OUT WITH AN EDITORIAL ASKING WHAT THIS OFFICE IS DOING ABOUT THE ROBBERIES...

I KNOW...I KNOW! BUT SO FAR WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO GO ON! AND WE CAN'T PROTECT MISERS... BECAUSE WE DON'T KNOW JUST WHO IS A MISER!



YES, CHIEF! MISERS NEVER TELL ANYBODY THEY'RE MISERS! YET, HOW DOES THE BANDIT KNOW WHICH MEN TO ROB?

THAT'S THE ANGLE I CAN'T FIGURE HARRINGTON! YES... HOW DOES THE BANDIT KNOW? IF WE CAN SOLVE THAT... WE CAN BREAK THE CASE!



BUT AT THAT TIME...AS THE NEW YEAR APPROACHED... OTHER EVENTS WERE OCCURRING WHICH WERE TO PROVIDE A CLUE, FOR, AT THE HOME OF WEALTHY ALEXANDER R. GRAVES...

DON'T LIGHT TOO MANY OF THE LAMPS, BURSTON...OIL IS EXPENSIVE, YOU KNOW! AND HURRY WITH MY DINNER!

YES, SIR! RIGHT AWAY, SIR!



GRAVES, AN ECCENTRIC MAN, HAD INHERITED A FORTUNE BUT DENIED HIMSELF THE LUXURIES THAT MILLIONS OF DOLLARS CAN PURCHASE...

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF ICE WILL BE SUFFICIENT TODAY!

IT'S FUNNY ABOUT OLD GRAVES! WITH ALL HIS CASH YOU'D THINK HE'D BUY AN ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR! BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING!



THE MASTER IS CONSERVATIVE! IN THIS VAST HOUSE, HE MAINTAINS ONLY TWO SERVANTS... THE COOK AND I! AND HE DOESN'T CARE TO INVEST THE FUNDS TO INSTALL ELECTRICITY!

BUT AT LEAST HE CAN GET A NEW CAR! THAT JALLOPPY HE OWNS MUST BE THIRTY YEARS OLD! OH, WELL... IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS!



A LONG TIME BEFORE... AS THE D.A. LATER FOUND OUT... GRAVES HAD LAID DOWN A HOUSE RULE WHICH WAS NOT TO BE BROKEN BY HIS TWO SERVANTS...



NOBODY IS TO ENTER THIS ROOM... EVER! I HAVE THE ONLY KEY... AND IF ANYBODY EVER ATTEMPTS TO ENTER, I'LL DISCHARGE HIM ON THE SPOT! THAT IS ALL!

THE SERVANTS, BOTH HONEST, FORGOT ABOUT THE FORBIDDEN ROOM! THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT EACH NIGHT GRAVES ENTERED QUIETLY, HEAPED STACKS OF CASH UPON THE TABLE AND COUNTED IT! FOR ALEXANDER GRAVES WAS A MISER!



BANKS! BAH! THEY'LL NEVER GET MY MONEY! IT WILL NEVER LEAVE THIS ROOM!

THUS, SOME TIME LATER, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 3RD, GRAVES WAS GREEDILY COUNTING HIS STACKS OF HOARDED CASH WHEN HE HEARD THE DOOR CLOSE SOFTLY BEHIND HIM!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS ROOM? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR MONEY, YOU OLD MISER! YOU WERE CONCENTRATING ON IT... SO MUCH, YOU DIDN'T HEAR ME PICK THE LOCK!

AT THE THOUGHT OF LOSING HIS MONEY, GRAVES WAS GRIPPED WITH MIXED FEELINGS OF TERROR AND ANGER... AND HE REACHED FOR A PISTOL...



SHOOT ME, WOULD YOU? YOU GREEDY OLD GOAT!

CRACK!

THE MASKED MAN STUFFED THE MONEY INTO A BAG AND ESCAPED BY THE WINDOW AND RACED INTO THE NIGHT! THEN...



HE ROBBED ME! HE STOLE MY MONEY!

YES, SIR! I'M CALLING THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY NOW!

DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING IN THAT ROOM! WE'LL BE OVER, IMMEDIATELY!

IT WAS ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE THE D.A. AND HARRINGTON ARRIVED IN A SQUAD CAR...

MY MONEY... GET MY MONEY BACK! HE STOLE IT!

THAT IS WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO, MR. GRAVES! NOW, IF YOU WILL LEAVE HARRINGTON AND ME ALONE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP!



LEFT ALONE, THE D.A. PRESENTED A CURIOUS PROBLEM TO HARRINGTON...

YOU SEE, HARRINGTON, IT HAS NEITHER RAINED NOR SNOWED OUTSIDE... BUT LOOK... THE BANDIT WHO WALKED IN HERE HAD WET SHOES!

SURE, CHIEF! HE LEFT A DAMP SPOT IN HIS FOOTPRINTS!



I NOTICED THE SERVANTS SHOES... THEY WERE DRY! SO WE CAN ELIMINATE THEM AS SUSPECTS!

SPEAKING OF THE SERVANTS... THEY WERE BOTH ON DUTY TONIGHT! HOW DID A ROBBER BRAZENLY WALK INTO THE HOUSE AND ENTER THIS ROOM... WITHOUT BEING SEEN?



HARRINGTON, I THINK I NOW KNOW WHO THE MASKED BURGLAR IS! I ALSO KNOW WHY HE HAD WET FEET ON A DRY DAY... AND WHY THE SERVANTS DIDN'T SEE HIM! BUT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN BEFORE WE CRACK DOWN!



THAT NIGHT, THE D.A. OUTLINED HIS PLAN TO HARRINGTON, AND ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

HEY, JACK! DROP THE ICE! TELEPHONE!

OKAY, BILL, I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!

NOW WHO COULD THAT BE?

WILBERFORCE ICE CO.



THEN...

WHAT'S THAT? THE POLICE! YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME?

YEAH-- WAIT THERE AT THE ICE PLANT! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



BUT INSTEAD OF WAITING, THE ICE MAN RAN OUT ONTO THE STREET, HAILED A TAXI, AND SPED AWAY FROM THE ICE PLANT...

STEP ON IT, DRIVER... THERE'S A TWENTY IN IT FOR YOU!

FOR A TWENTY, I CAN MAKE LIKE A JET PLANE! HANG ON, PAL!



HOW DID YOU KNOW? BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER... I'LL KILL YOU!

WHEN ICE MELTS IN AN ICE TRUCK...AND ICE MAN GETS FEET WET... AND LEAVES WET FOOTPRINTS ON A DRY DAY!



I WONDERED WHY GRAVES' SERVANTS DIDN'T SEE THIS BURGLAR THAT NIGHT! THEY SAW YOU, BUT WERE SO USED TO SEEING YOU DELIVER ICE THAT THEY THOUGHT NO MORE OF YOU THAN A PIECE OF FURNITURE! YOU GOT BY UNNOTICED!



ONCE IN HIS APARTMENT, THE FUGITIVE ROLLED BACK A RUG, OPENED A SQUARE IN THE FLOORING, AND DREW FORTH PACKETS OF MONEY... THEN HE HEARD A VOICE BEHIND HIM...

I CAN GRAB A PLANE, FLY TO MEXICO... AND THEN...

ALL RIGHT! THE LAW IS TAKING OVER NOW!



AS AN ICE MAN, YOU KNEW THE PEOPLE WHO COULD AFFORD REFRIGERATORS... BUT DIDN'T BUY THEM! YOU KNEW ABOUT PEOPLE WHO SAVED SCRAPS OF FOOD... WHEN THEY COULD AFFORD MORE. IN SHORT, YOU KNEW THE MISERS! DROP THE GUN!



TAKE HIM IN... AND RETURN THE MONEY TO THE RIGHTFUL OWNERS! I HOPE THIS TEACHES THEM A LESSON! THERE ARE WISER THINGS ONE CAN DO WITH HIS MONEY BESIDES HOARDING IT!



THE END.

# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



## "LASSOING THE LION"



CIRCUS-TIME AGAIN, FELLAS! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT ELEPHANT!

I'M GLAD THOSE BARS ARE BETWEEN ME AND THAT LION THERE... HE SURE IS HUNGRY-LOOKING!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB BOYS ARE ABOUT TO MOVE ON, WHEN SUDDENLY...

GET THE TRAINER... THEN FOLLOW ME, BOYS!

ROYAL JETS OFF AFTER THE ESCAPED LION...

HE'S HEADING FOR THE ORPHANAGE WALL! GOTTA HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE GETS INSIDE!

THE HUNGRY BEAST CROUCHES FOR THE SPRING!

... BUT ROYAL'S LASSO HITS ITS MARK... AND MR. LION IS LEFT CLAWING THE AIR!

AND SOON...

I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU HADN'T GOTTEN TO THAT LION IN TIME!

I'M MIGHTY GLAD I WAS RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS... THEY ALWAYS SAVE TIME!

...AND THIS TIME THEY SAVED LIVES!

BOYS, WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY! DON'T TAKE CHANCES... GET THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"AT TOP SPEED, WHEN TOP CONTROL COUNTS, YOU CAN COUNT ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.

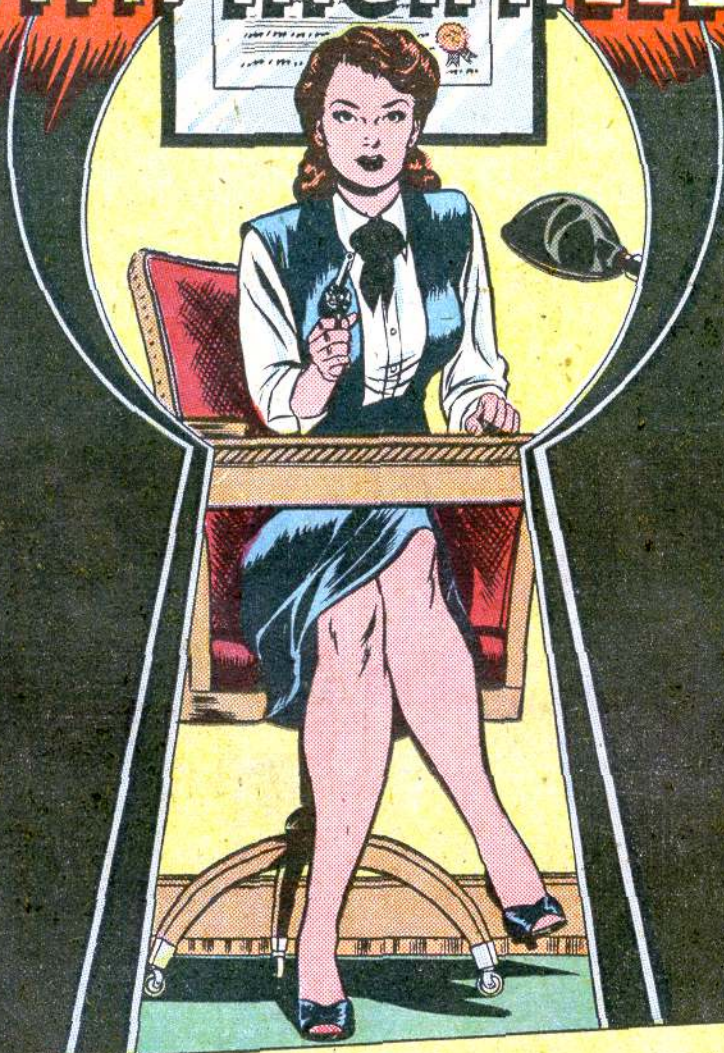
## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of  
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



# The DETECTIVE WITH HIGH HEELS!



WHAT'S YOUR PICTURE OF A PRIVATE EYE? HEAVY JOWLS, CIGAR, FEET ON THE DESK? OR MAYBE YOU'VE BEEN IMPRESSED BY THE MOVIES AND BELIEVE THEY RESEMBLE HUMPHREY BOGART? WELL, THEY ALL DON'T FALL INTO EITHER CATEGORY. HERE'S ANOTHER KIND OF SLEUTH, AND SHE PROVES THAT THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES IS JUST AS DEADLY AS THE MALE.

HER NAME IS TERESA HARLING. SHE WAS BORN IN NEWARK IN 1923 AND USED A STEEL HANDCLIFF FOR A TEETHING RING. FORMER JUDGE WILBUR THATCH ONCE CITED HER FOR HER ETHICS, DARING, AND RESPONSIBILITY. TO TERRY HARLING, THE EDITORS ARE INDEBTED FOR ASSISTING THEM IN THE PREPARATION OF HER PERSONAL STORY



I'M TERRY HARLING... LICENSE NUMBER 25487! THE BOYS DOWN AT HEAD-QUARTERS CALL ME AN OPEN-TOE GUMSHOE!



BUT THEY'LL BE THE FIRST TO ADMIT THAT A PRIVATE DETECTIVE IN SKIRTS IS BETTER EQUIPPED TO SOLVE SOME CASES. THE REASONS ARE IN THIS SCRAP-BOOK!

MAYBE YOU REMEMBER HOW I SOLVED THE INFAMOUS "BATH HOUSE MURDER" AT CONEY ISLAND IN 45 BY POSING AS A SWIMMING TEACHER...



...AND HOW I POSED AS A BEAUTY OPERATOR TO SOLVE THIS CASE LAST WINTER!



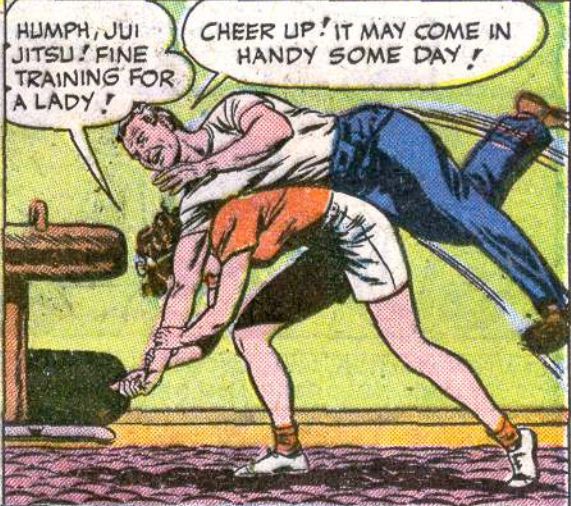
IT ALL STARTED A FEW YEARS AGO. DAD WANTED ME TO FOLLOW IN HIS FINGERPRINTS.



BUT DAD, I'VE GOT A TENNIS DATE!

NONSENSE! I ARRANGED FOR TED BARLOW TO TAKE YOU TO THE POLICE PISTOL RANGE!

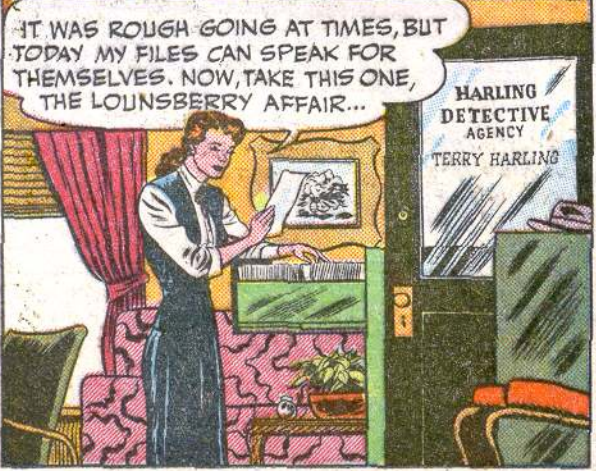
COMBAT TRAINING IN "NO-MAN'S LAND" OCCUPIED TWO AFTERNOONS PER WEEK DURING MY SENIOR YEAR AT HIGH!



HUMPH, JUI JITSU! FINE TRAINING FOR A LADY!

CHEER UP! IT MAY COME IN HANDY SOME DAY!

I INHERITED THE BUSINESS WHEN DAD PASSED AWAY ON DEC. 5, 1943. SINCE THEN I'VE CARRIED ON THE HARLING TRADITION.



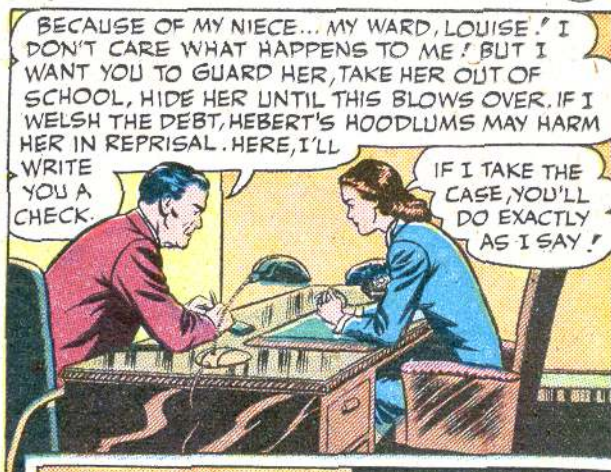
IT WAS ROUGH GOING AT TIMES, BUT TODAY MY FILES CAN SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. NOW, TAKE THIS ONE, THE LOUNSBERRY AFFAIR...

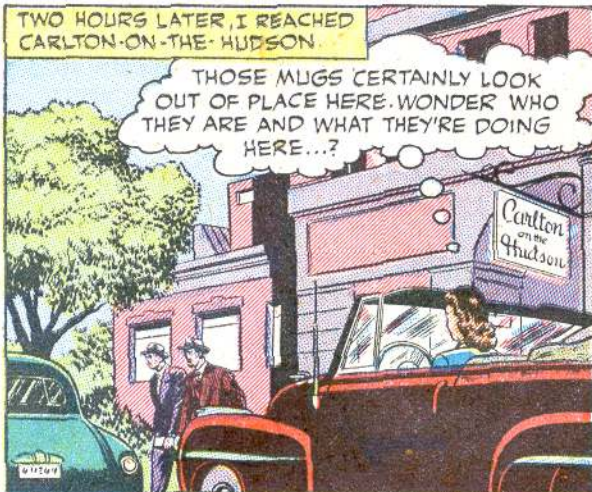
IT BEGAN ONE AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY, 1949...



HOW DO YOU DO? I'M PAUL LOUNSBERRY. WHERE'S MR. HARLING?

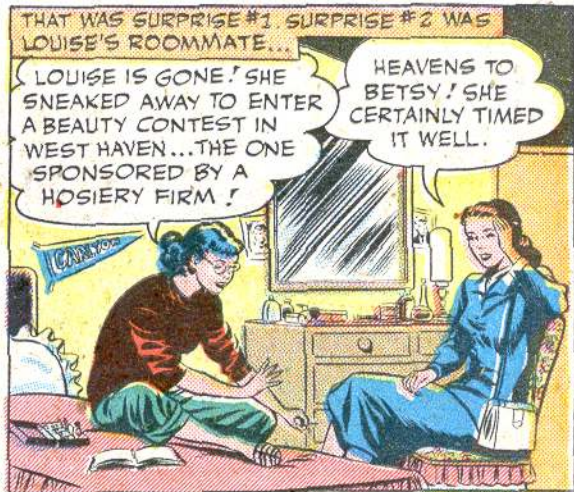
I'M HARLING.. TERRY HARLING!





TWO HOURS LATER, I REACHED CARLTON-ON-THE-HUDSON.

THOSE MUGS CERTAINLY LOOK OUT OF PLACE HERE. WONDER WHO THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING HERE...?



THAT WAS SURPRISE #1. SURPRISE #2 WAS LOUISE'S ROOMMATE...

LOUISE IS GONE! SHE SNEAKED AWAY TO ENTER A BEAUTY CONTEST IN WEST HAVEN...THE ONE SPONSORED BY A HOSEIERY FIRM!

HEAVENS TO BETSY! SHE CERTAINLY TIMED IT WELL.



HERE'S HER PICTURE. SHE'S IN THE FINALS AT EIGHT O'CLOCK TONIGHT.

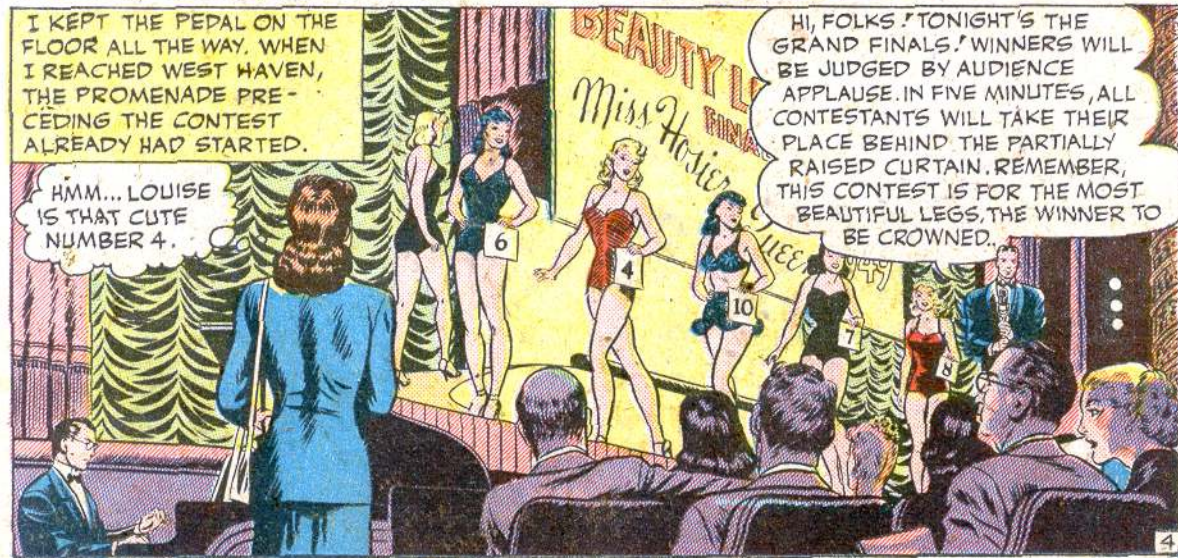
IF I HAD HER PINS, I'D PROBABLY BE AT THE SAME PLACE! WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT LOUISE TAKING OFF?



NOBODY. THE DEAN WOULD BE FURIOUS AND MAYBE EXPEL HER. THE TWO MEN WHO JUST LEFT... I TOLD THEM. THEY'RE FRIENDS OF HER GUARDIAN. THEY SAID THEY HAD AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE FOR HER!



THOSE MEN ARE PROBABLY MIKE HEBERT'S HOODS! IF THEY REACH LOUISE FIRST, I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF!



I KEPT THE PEDAL ON THE FLOOR ALL THE WAY. WHEN I REACHED WEST HAVEN, THE PROMENADE PRECEDING THE CONTEST ALREADY HAD STARTED.

HMM... LOUISE IS THAT CUTE NUMBER 4.

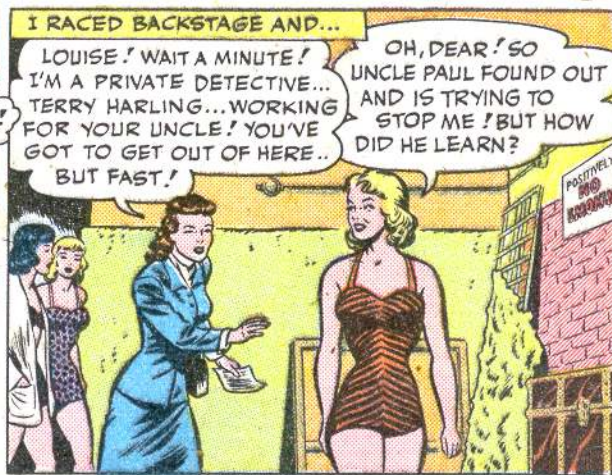
HI, FOLKS! TONIGHT'S THE GRAND FINALS! WINNERS WILL BE JUDGED BY AUDIENCE APPLAUSE. IN FIVE MINUTES, ALL CONTESTANTS WILL TAKE THEIR PLACE BEHIND THE PARTIALLY RAISED CURTAIN. REMEMBER, THIS CONTEST IS FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LEGS. THE WINNER TO BE CROWNED.



... MISS HOSEY QUEEN OF 1949! OVERTURE, MAESTRO!

GIMME ONE OF THEM PROGRAMS! IT LISTS THE NAMES OF THE CONTESTANTS, DON'T IT, BUS?

OH-OH! THERE COMES DOUBLE TROUBLE!



I RACED BACKSTAGE AND...

LOUISE! WAIT A MINUTE! I'M A PRIVATE DETECTIVE... TERRY HARLING... WORKING FOR YOUR UNCLE! YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... BUT FAST!

OH, DEAR! SO UNCLE PAUL FOUND OUT AND IS TRYING TO STOP ME! BUT HOW DID HE LEARN?



YOUR UNCLE ISN'T PREVENTING YOU! COME ON, LET'S GO TO YOUR DRESSING ROOM. I'LL EXPLAIN. WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!



HERE'S THE KEY TO YOUR UNCLE'S CAR! DRIVE TO MY APARTMENT BACK IN THE CITY. NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A GIRL TO REPLACE YOU. THOSE GOONS WILL PICK HER UP WHEN THE CONTEST IS OVER!

BUT WHO CAN TAKE MY PLACE? THERE ISN'T TIME TO FIND A SUBSTITUTE!



THE CURTAIN IS LOWERED TO REVEAL ONLY THE GIRL'S LEGS! WHAT ABOUT YOU?

ME? ER, HOW CAN I...? WELL, WHY CAN'T I? I MAY NOT BE BETTY GRABLE, BUT I LOOK OKAY IN A BATHING SUIT! AT LEAST I CAN STALL THOSE MUGS WHILE YOU GET A HEAD START!

OKAY, GIRLS... PLACES PLEASE!

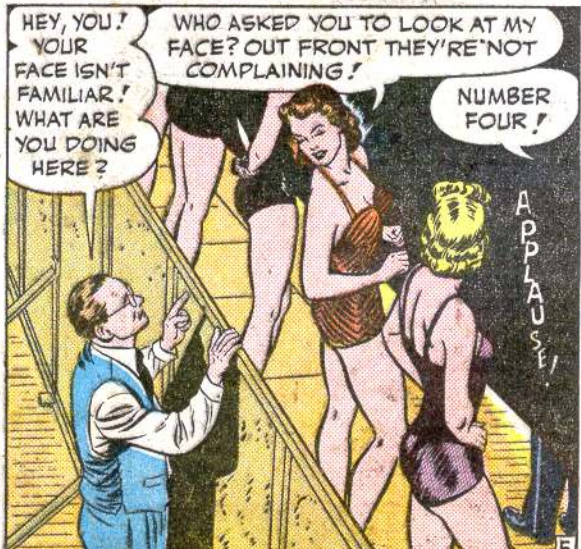


PRESENTLY...

NUMBER TWO!

THE PROGRAM SAYS THE LOUNSBERRY BABE IS NUMBER 4!

NOT BAD! WE'LL GO BACKSTAGE AND TAG HER AFTER THE CONTEST, HUH?



HEY, YOU! YOUR FACE ISN'T FAMILIAR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WHO ASKED YOU TO LOOK AT MY FACE? OUT FRONT THEY'RE NOT COMPLAINING!

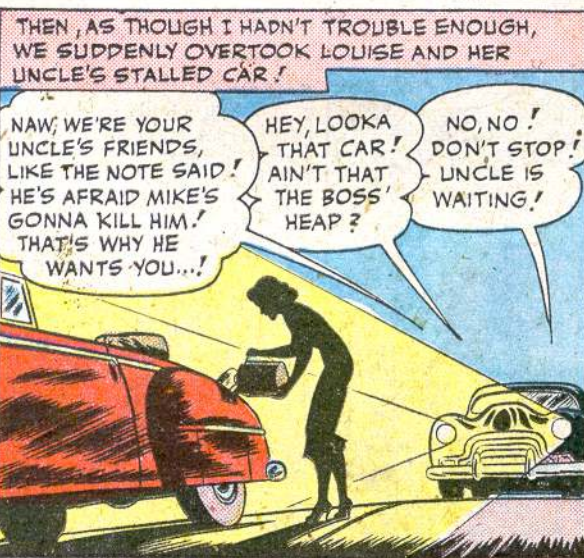
NUMBER FOUR!

APPLAUSE!



HMMM... THAT'S LOUNSBERRY'S SIGNATURE, ALL RIGHT, SAME AS ON THE CHECK HE WROTE. SOMETHING'S FISHY! MAYBE I'D BETTER TAG ALONG WITH THESE BIRDS AND SEE WHAT PLAYS.

*Dear Louise -  
Tom and Fritz are friends. Please do as they say. I need you immediately!  
Paul Lounsberry*





C'MERE ! I WANNA TALK TO YOU... HEY ! WHERE YOU RUNNIN' ?

YOU WON'T GET ME... YOU WON'T !



HEY, TOM ! DON'T LET THAT KID GET AWAY ! YOU WAIT HERE ! SOMETHING'S UP, AND I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHAT !



OH, NO YOU AREN'T ! YOU'RE JUST GOING TO LIE DOWN AND GO TO SLEEP WITH THE HELP OF A LITTLE JUDO !

AAGH !



PARDON ME, BUT YOUR SHOULDER HOLSTER IS SHOWING !



TERRY... HELP !

SO WE HAD THE WRONG GAL, HUH ? WELL, WE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU ! AND WE'RE GONNA GET RID OF YOU JUST LIKE YOUR UNCLE PLANNED !



OWW ! YOU GOT ME IN THE SHOULDER ! WHAT'S THE IDEA ?

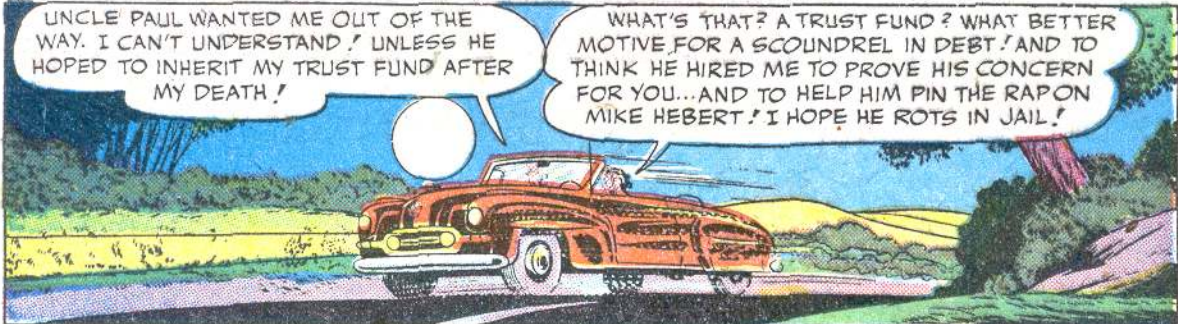
THE IDEA IS I'M THROUGH BEING A PATSY FOR A MAN WHO THOUGHT HE HIRED ONE !

BIAM BIAM



HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON ? ANYTHING WRONG, MISS ?

THERE WAS A FEW MINUTES AGO, BUT SAY... WOULD YOU DO US A FAVOR ? TURN THESE MUGGS OVER TO THE POLICE ?



UNCLE PAUL WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND, UNLESS HE HOPED TO INHERIT MY TRUST FUND AFTER MY DEATH!

WHAT'S THAT? A TRUST FUND? WHAT BETTER MOTIVE FOR A SCOUNDREL IN DEBT AND TO THINK HE HIRED ME TO PROVE HIS CONCERN FOR YOU... AND TO HELP HIM PIN THE RAPON MIKE HEBERT? I HOPE HE ROTTS IN JAIL!

BUT WHEN I PHONED MY COP FRIEND, TED BARLOW, I LEARNED HE'D BEEN RELEASED ON BAIL. SO I CALLED LOUNSBERRY AT HOME...

IT WAS TIME TO WISE HIM UP. SO SHORTLY AFTER, I GAVE HIM THE FACTS, HARD AND FAST.

I'LL DO THE JOB MY OWN WAY THIS TIME! AND I'LL FIX YOU, TOO, MISS HARLING. DON'T MOVE, LOUISE... OR YOU'LL GET IT FIRST! THIS LADY IS MORE DANGEROUS, SO...

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU YOUR NIECE WAS NABBED BY TWO MEN BEFORE I COULD REACH HER?



OH, TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE! BUT YOU DID YOUR BEST. I MIGHT HAVE BEEN A VICTIM OF HEBERT, TOO, IF YOU HADN'T TRICKED THE POLICE INTO PROTECTING ME.

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D DISPOSE OF TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE... YOUR WARD AND MIKE HEBERT, WHO'D BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DISAPPEARANCE, AND HOLDS YOUR IOU'S.



LOUISE! YES... YOU'RE ALIVE! AND NO THANKS TO YOU!



THIS JIU-JITSU TRICK WILL CHANGE YOUR PLANS, I THINK!



AND FOR YOUR INFORMATION, I'M NO LADY. I'M A DETECTIVE!

**THUD**  
**LIGHT!**



HELLO, THIS THE POLICE DEPARTMENT? OH, HELLO, TED... A DATE? WHY, SURE! PICK ME UP AT 135 MAPLE RIGHT AWAY. AND BRING THE PATROL WAGON!



# NIGHT RIDER! GROCERY



LATE ONE NIGHT RECENTLY, ROY FARRAR, 14, A DALLAS, TEXAS, NEWSBOY, STOPPED TO PICK UP HIS PAPERS IN FRONT OF A GROCERY STORE.

HE NOTICED THE SHADOWY FORMS OF BURGLARS AT WORK. ROY TORE FOR HOME—WENT SO FAST THAT HE BROKE HIS OLD BIKE BUT HE GOT THERE AND PHONED HIS BOSS WHO CALLED THE POLICE.



## Roy Farrar

THE DUMFONDED SAFE CRACKERS WERE CAUGHT IN THE ACT AND JAILED.

**HANDS UP!**  
YOU FELLOWS DIDN'T RECKON WITH A 14-YEAR-OLD NEWSBOY!

ROY'S PAPERS WERE A BIT LATE THAT MORNING, BUT HE HAD DONE A GREAT JOB.



THE LAD HAD BEEN SAVING TO BUY A NEW BIKE. NOW, HE HAS A NEW STREAMLINE JOB—A PRESENT FROM THE GROCERY STORE OWNER! ROY WAS ALSO GIVEN A JUNIOR CITIZENS MEDAL BY THE CITY OF DALLAS!



ADVERTISEMENT

OUR BUNCH ALL MUNCH

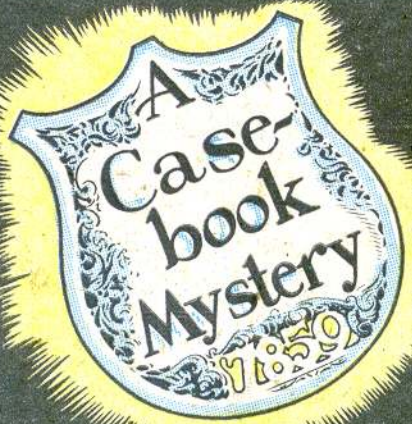
NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH MILK CHOCOLATE

WON'T YOU JOIN US, TOO?

Delicious-Different

Lamont, Currier & Co.





# "THE FROZEN CLUE"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

EARLY IN 1949, IN AN ATLANTIC SEABOARD CITY, AN IMPORTANT BEHIND-THE-SCENES POLITICAL MEETING WAXED LONG INTO THE NIGHT...



BIG JIM AND BENSON ARE DOWN IN THE OFFICE, SETTING UP THAT SCHEDULE...

BUT IN THE OFFICE, ON A LOWER FLOOR OF THE BUILDING...



I'M THROUGH ARGUING, BENSON -- YOU'RE WASHED UP! YOU'VE PULLED YOUR LAST SLIMY CROOKED DEAL!

BUT, JIM... THAT HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION -- YOU PROMISED!

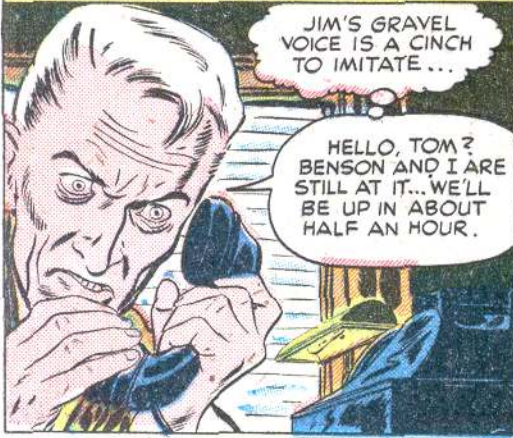


BENSON, AS LONG AS I PUSH THE BUTTONS HERE, YOU'RE A DEAD PIGEON! YOU CAN TELL THE BOYS ANYTHING YOU WANT -- I'M FED UP -- GOING HOME!



WITHOUT THAT CONSTRUCTION DEAL, I'M RUINED! I'VE GOT TO THINK -- FIND A WAY!

AND TYPICALLY ENOUGH, BENSON'S WARPED MIND COULD ONLY GO ONE WAY --- RELENTLESSLY TOWARD MURDER! QUICKLY A SCHEME TOOK FORM ...



JIM'S GRAVEL VOICE IS A CINCH TO IMITATE ...

HELLO, TOM? BENSON AND I ARE STILL AT IT... WE'LL BE UP IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR.

BENSON WAS SLICK... NO ONE SAW HIS CAR SNEAK AWAY FROM THE MEETING HALL ...



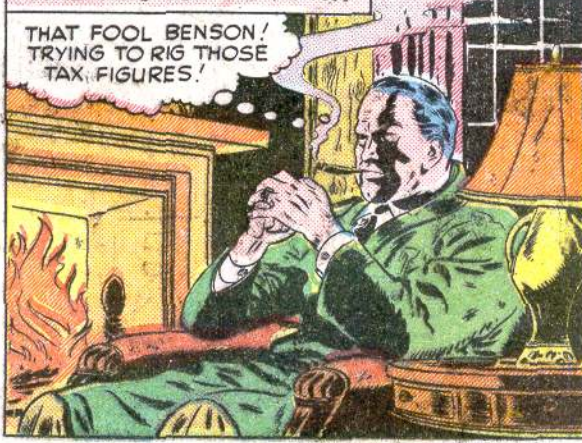
I CAN HANDLE THIS AND BE BACK IN PLENTY OF TIME!

HIDING HIS CAR A SHORT DISTANCE FROM BIG JIM'S HOUSE, THE TREACHEROUS ASSASSIN STEALTHILY APPROACHED HIS VICTIM ...



I HAD A HUNCH THIS GUN AND SILENCER WOULD COME IN HANDY ONE DAY!

RECALLING THE UNPLEASANTNESS OF THE EVENING, THE TOP POLITICO GLOWERED IN HIS LIBRARY-- UNWARE THAT DEATH WAS STREAKING TOWARD HIM ...



THAT FOOL BENSON! TRYING TO RIG THOSE TAX FIGURES!

THEN, BENSON STRUCK!

YOU HAD IT WRONG... YOU'RE THE DEAD PIGEON AROUND HERE!



MOMENTS LATER, UNSEEN ALL THE WAY, THE VICIOUS KILLER WAS ROARING BACK TO THE MEETING ...



THEY'LL NEVER FIND THE GUN IN THIS SWAMP!

OUTSIDE THE HALL, BEYOND INQUISITIVE GLANCES, BENSON PARKED HIS CAR IN ITS ORIGINAL POSITION. AND THEN...



A SNOWSTORM!  
WHAT A LUCKY  
BREAK--THIS MAKES  
IT PERFECT!

BACK IN THE OFFICE, THE KILLER HAD TWO LAST PHONE CALLS TO MAKE. ONE, AN ANONYMOUS TIP TO SUMMON THE POLICE... THE OTHER, IN BIG JIM'S VOICE...



TOM, I'M SENDING  
BENSON UP NOW  
WITH THE SCHEDULE.  
I'M WORN OUT--  
GOING RIGHT HOME.  
INCIDENTALLY,  
BENSON WILL  
HANDLE THAT  
HIGHWAY DEAL.

AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY, DETECTIVE KRIM OF HOMICIDE WENT TO THE MEETING ROOM TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS...



...BIG JIM MUST  
HAVE BEEN MURDERED  
SHORTLY AFTER HE LEFT  
THIS MEETING!



WHO WAS THE  
LAST MAN TO SEE  
BIG JIM ALIVE?

BENSON HERE.  
BUT HE COULDN'T  
HAVE DONE IT--  
HE WAS HERE  
WHEN JIM LEFT!



THAT'S RIGHT! ANYWAY...  
THAT SNOW PUTS ALL OF  
US IN THE CLEAR. THE  
ABSENCE OF ANY CAR TRACKS  
WILL PROVE **NONE** OF US  
LEFT HERE!

GET THEIR REGISTRATION  
AND LICENSES,  
RILEY, AND  
CHECK THAT.

RIGHT!

**WHAT DO YOU  
THINK?**

HAS THE WILY BENSON  
SPUN AN AIRTIGHT  
WEB OF MURDER, OR  
IS THERE ONE LOOSE  
STRAND STRONG ENOUGH  
TO ...

**HANG HIM?**



THE GRILLING CONTINUED. BUT WHEN RILEY RETURNED, KRIM CONSULTED WITH HIM BRIEFLY, AND...

IT'S TRUE THERE ARE NO CAR TRACKS IN THE SNOW-- BUT NEVERTHELESS, I'M ARRESTING YOU, BENSON, ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!



YOU SEE, YOURS IS THE ONLY CAR WITHOUT SNOW ON THE HOOD! THE SNOW MELTED BECAUSE UNDER THAT HOOD WAS A WARM ENGINE... WARMED ON YOUR MAD DASH TO BIG JIM'S HOUSE AND BACK!



WE'VE GOT YOU COLD, BENSON-- SNOW-COLD! WE'LL UNDOUBTEDLY FIND YOUR FINGERPRINTS ON BIG JIM'S PHONE... WE'LL CHECK HIS PRIVATE PAPERS AND PROBABLY DIG UP ENOUGH ON YOU TO ESTABLISH YOUR MOTIVE...



THE FOOL! DIDN'T HE KNOW THERE IS NO PERFECT CRIME?



ADVERTISEMENT

# Kids! CORRAL THAT Bazooka

IT'S A POWERFUL GOOD BUBBLE GUM!

## Johnny Mack Brown

Starring in Monogram Westerns

SAYS STRAIGHT-SHOOTIN'

Chew the gum the western heroes chew!

Prizes! Sports Cartoons



Out of bullets! But Johnny does the job with his two big fists. Bazooka gives you 2 Big Chews... 1¢



Johnny's lariat coils, and the maverick steer is tied. You can't tie Bazooka for value!!!

Johnny Mack Brown switches horses at full speed to foil the Desert Rat. Switch to Bazooka today!



A tight spot, but Johnny's six-shooter speaks first! Steady nerves call for Bazooka!



Made by the makers of TOPPS CHEWING GUM

# THE CRIME FILE

## STONE SLEUTHS

If you're thinking of buying diamonds from any questionable source, you'd better look twice at the sparklers, and then summon an expert before you turn over your hard-earned cash. The Gemological Institute of America, East 47th Street, New York City, is cautioning public and dealers alike of the sudden appearance of "a synthesis of titanium dioxide"—in two plain words, a phoney.

The material itself is called "rutile." It's worth 1/25th the cost of a genuine stone. Heretofore, there were any number of duds that resembled diamonds, but this approximates the real stone to such an extent that even experienced handlers are duped.

It took more than a year to achieve some semblance of perfection to reach the market. But now that the formula for making them has been broken down, production has been sped up to snare the greatest number of suckers before the law cracks down.

Even some dishonest pawnbrokers have accepted rutile and passed them off to innocent bargain-hunters as legitimate gems.

The Gemological Institute is a non-profit organization subsidized by the gem trade and dedicated to the protection of the public. To achieve this purpose, jewelers are taught how to detect fake gems as well as being thoroughly familiarized with precious and semi-precious stones.

More than 3,000 students have enrolled each year since the courses were begun back in 1943, learning either by personal attendance or correspondence. The course takes between three and four years. On G-Day (Graduation Day), all students must pass their tests on identification of stones 100%.

In addition to its educational facilities,

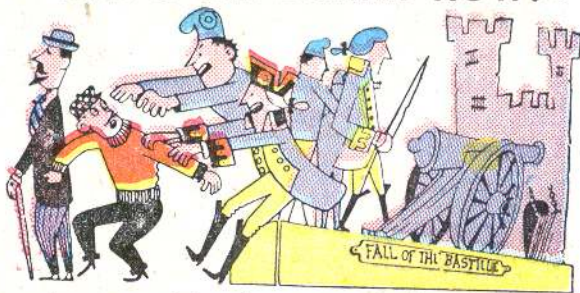
the Institute is often consulted by such public welfare groups as the Better Business Bureau and the Jewelers Vigilance Committee for support in trying to suppress certain fraudulent ads in newspapers and magazines.

Diamonds aren't the only stones which are troublesome, says an Institute spokesman. There are fake rubies, aquamarines, star sapphires, tourmalines and emeralds.

So perfect are these man-made duplicates that sometimes even an experienced appraiser is fooled. Recently, a woman brought into the Institute for examination an aquamarine mounted in platinum and diamonds. She was thrilled at having found such a lovely bargain for \$700 when it had been evaluated at \$2,000.

The Institute's diamond-detective eyed her sadly. "Madame," he said, "it certainly shines like \$2,000 worth of stone, but you could have picked one up like this for nothing on the beach at Coney Island!"

## WHO'S THE DUMMY NOW?



A canny pickpocket was enjoying ripe pickings at the Grévin Waxworks Museum in Paris for some time before the gendarmes conceived of an idea to stop him. If the thief had paid as much attention to the dummies on exhibit as his victims' purses and pockets one night, he might have escaped capture.

But as it went, however, two cops shed their uniforms for costumes and joined the

wax figures grouped in a scene called "The Fall of the Bastille," and scrutinized every suspicious-looking customer.

Soon, their vigilance paid off. When they saw a character "accidentally" bump into several of the museum's patrons, the cops stepped out of character and made their pinch.

## IM-PERFECT CRIME

The two men were business rivals, and then when things took a turn for the worse for Ben Taylor, he summoned Alex Norse to his home. Norse took the self-service elevator to Taylor's fifth-floor flat. As he approached the apartment, he detected a strong odor of gas. His pounding on the door went unheeded.

With the superintendent of the building and the policeman on the beat, they unlocked the door. Pushing aside the towels jammed against the threshold of the door, they stumbled through the gas-filled living room to the kitchen, where they found Taylor—dead near the oven and a note near Taylor.

The janitor unlocked and hurled open the window and turned off the jets while the officer read the letter.

"If I am killed, arrest Alex Norse for my murder, Signed, Ben Taylor. Now, who is this Norse?" he asked.

"Why, that's me," said the startled and confused man. "But I didn't kill him. He was embittered by his failure and my success. This was his dirty way of getting back at me. I swear it!"

"I don't know about that," said the policeman. "Maybe I ought to take you over to the precinct to talk this over."

"Wait a minute," interjected the super. "I have something to say that might help you."

"Let's hear it."

"Early this evening, I saw someone climbing the fire escape. I was going to follow or call you, when I saw Mr. Taylor. I thought maybe he forgot his key, so I let him alone. But now I don't know."

The officer rubbed his jaw reflectively. "I'm beginning to piece this jigsaw puzzle together. It all hinges on the door. Taylor must have locked it from the outside, then entered his apartment through the window and stuffed some towels into the cracks. What he overlooked was that Norse couldn't have killed him—as he hoped we would believe—and left the room with the stuffings undisturbed in the doorway!"



"Sure," said the super. "Then he wrote the note, turned on the gas and lay down and died."

"Yeah, it all makes sense. I guess we're right," said the cop, pulling out his book to write his report.

"But he played a dirty trick on me, too, Mr. Norse," the super added. "What with the apartment shortage, as soon as it's known this one is vacant, I'll be pestered day and night!"

## BLOTTER JOTTINGS

The newscaster in Amarillo's radio station KGNC was startled to receive a telephone call from a fleeing jail-breaker that his name was being mispronounced.

\* \* \*

A Chicago juryman was excused from duty when it was learned that he himself was on trial for burglary.

\* \* \*

An English second-story man, unable to break out of a factory he had broken into, finally telephoned police to free him.

\* \* \*

Arizona thieves stole a "Dogs for Sale" sign from a kennel, returned next night and stole several prize pouches.



# MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

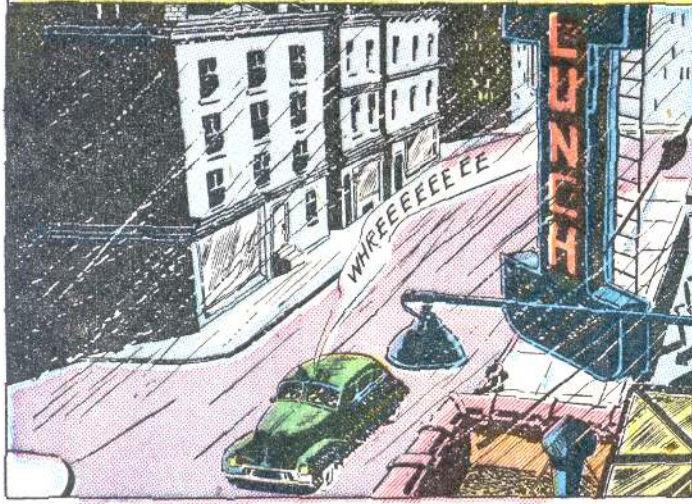
GO AHEAD! GO OUT AN' KILL THE GUY! BUMP 'IM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BEFORE A THOUSAND WITNESSES! WHO CARES? MY MOUTHPIECE CAN SPRING YOU!



**YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:**  
JOSHUA MYLES WAS A BRILLIANT ATTORNEY. HE MIGHT'VE SCALED GREAT HEIGHTS. IN THE COURTROOM, HE WAS A SKILLFUL, DEADLY DUELIST. HE COULD PROVE THE GUILTY INNOCENT AND THE INNOCENT GUILTY. HIS TACTICS WILL ASTOUND YOU, JUST AS THEY ASTOUNDED MANY JURIES. BUT THEN HE MADE A MISTAKE. HE WENT WRONG. AND THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF...

**"The MAN WHO FOOLED JURIES!"**

THE NIGHT OF MARCH 29, LAST YEAR, WAS COLD AND WET, AND A STEADY DRIZZLE FELL AS A SQUAD CAR FROM THE 14TH PRECINCT SPED DOWN SOUTH STREET, SIRENS SCREAMING--FOR ON THAT NIGHT A MAN WAS MURDERED!



A COUPLE FROM THE APARTMENT ACROSS THE HALL, MR. AND MRS. FLOYD RANDALL, ASKED TO SPEAK TO THE D.A....

IT WAS JUST BEFORE ELEVEN WHEN WE THOUGHT WE HEARD VOICES! THEN A MAN WITH A HIGH VOICE, SAID: "I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!" WE HEARD IT, D.A.!

YEAH-- RIGHT FROM THIS APARTMENT!

THANKS! I'LL CONTACT YOU LATER!



AND ONE OF HIS ENEMIES I'VE BEEN WAITING TO GET! SQUEAKY MERRICK... A POWERFUL MAN ... WITH A HIGH, THIN VOICE ... A VOICE LIKE THE ONE THE WITNESS SAID SHE HEARD! HAVE HIM PICKED UP, HARRINGTON!



THE D.A. AND HIS ASSISTANT, HARRINGTON, WENT INTO AN APARTMENT AT THE ADDRESS WHERE THE CAR STOPPED...



ALL RIGHT, BACK UP!

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, CHIEF! DEAD-- FROM STRANGULATION!

CLOSE THE DOOR-- THEN CALL THE CORONER!

IT WAS NEARLY TWO A.M. THAT MORNING WHEN THE CORONER ARRIVED AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE TO GIVE HIS REPORT...

UNQUESTIONABLY DEATH BY STRANGULATION! AND IT WAS DONE BY BARE HANDS... THE BARE HANDS OF A POWERFUL MAN!

THE VICTIM HAS BEEN IDENTIFIED AS POKEY PETE DELL, EX-CON-VICT AND RACKETEER! HE HAD MANY ENEMIES...



MERRICK WAS PICKED UP. THE CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM. THINGS LOOKED DARK. THEN, JOSHUA MYLES, FAMOUS CRIMINAL LAWYER, VISITED HIM...

DEATH HOUSE IF THEY CONVICT ME-- AN' IT LOOKS LIKE THEY WILL! SPRING ME, MOUTHPIECE... SAVE ME!

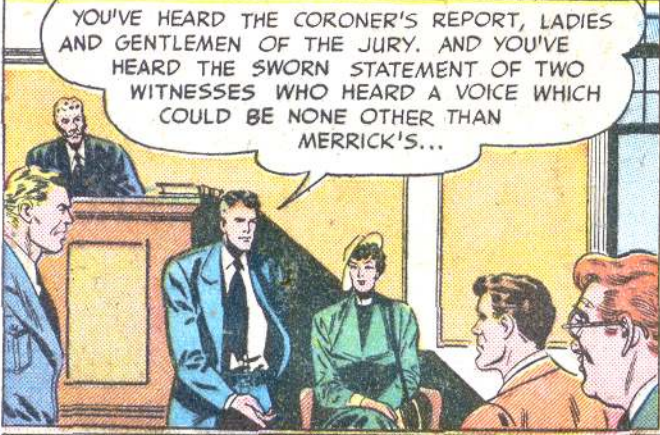
IT'S THE I ALWAYS SAVE MY CLIENTS, SQUEAKY! THAT'S WHY THE UNDERWORLD CALLS ME THE BIG MOUTHPIECE! NOW TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!





JOSHUA MYLES STUDIED EVERY DETAIL OF THE CASE. NO STONE WAS LEFT UNTURNED. THEN IN MID-APRIL -- THE 17TH -- THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS DELBERT "SQUEAKY" MERRICK WENT TO COURT...

YOU'VE HEARD THE CORONER'S REPORT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY. AND YOU'VE HEARD THE SWORN STATEMENT OF TWO WITNESSES WHO HEARD A VOICE WHICH COULD BE NONE OTHER THAN MERRICK'S...



POKEY PETE DELL WAS MURDERED BY A MAN WITH A HIGH, THIN VOICE... A MAN WHO HAD POWERFUL ARMS AND HANDS! THAT DESCRIPTION FITS THE ACCUSED! WHAT'S MORE, IT IS WELL KNOWN THAT THE VICTIM AND THE ACCUSED WERE SWORN ENEMIES! NEED I SAY MORE?



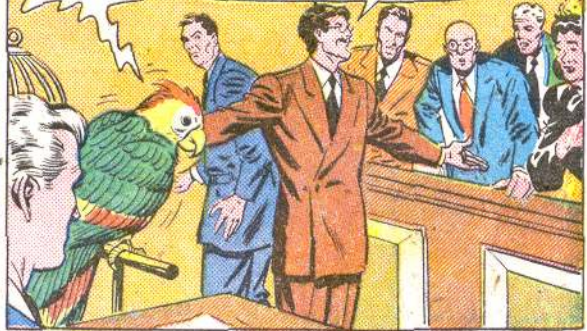
CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE... UNLESS COUNTERED BY THE DEFENSE... CAN BE A DEADLY WEAPON. AND THE COURT SPECTATORS WATCHED SILENTLY AS DEFENSE COUNSEL, JOSHUA MYLES STOOD UP...

I WON'T BOTHER POINTING OUT THE VAST NUMBER OF POWERFUL MEN IN THE CITY WHO HAVE HIGH VOICES! THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY... WHEN YOU'VE SEEN MY WITNESS!



THEN A BUZZ SWEEPED OVER THE SPECTATORS, BECAUSE, JOSHUA MYLES' "WITNESS" WAS A PARROT!

SQUAWKY! AWRK! AWRK!  
MY WITNESS... A PET... A PET WHICH EVERYBODY KNOWS THE VICTIM KEPT IN HIS FLAT... **A PET PARROT!**



NOW, THIS PARROT IS QUITE A BASEBALL FAN ... AND LIKE MANY HUMANS, IS APT TO GET SOMEWHAT UPSET OVER THE DECISIONS OF UMPIRES! LISTEN!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!



OH! YOU PUNK UMPIRE! OH, YOU FOOL! I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

YEAH... I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

AND THERE, YOUR HONOR, IS THAT "HIGH THIN VOICE" THE STATE'S WITNESS HEARD IN THE VICTIM'S APARTMENT! YES, THE VERY SENTENCE! BUT SPOKEN BY A PARROT!

SILENCE IN THE COURT! SILENCE!



THE NEXT DAY... THE 18TH... AT THE HIDEOUT OF SHARKEY JOE MORGAN, ELUSIVE GANG LEADER.

HAW! HAW! I NEVER SAW A CASE GET TOSSED OUTA COURT SO FAST! THE D.A. LOOKED LIKE LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM!

HERE'S YOUR 20 GRAND, JOSH! IT WAS WORTH THAT MUCH TO HAVE SQUEAKY TAKE CARE O' THAT RAT DELL!



THAT PARROT REAL ACT WAS A KILLER, JOSH! HOW DID YOU DO IT?

EASY! I HAD THE REAL PARROT SWIPED FROM DELL'S PLACE AND REPLACED IT WITH THE SMARTEST BIRD I COULD FIND AFTER A TEN DAY SEARCH!



AFTER THAT, IT WAS SIMPLE TO TEACH HIM THAT SENTENCE ABOUT HATING UMPIRES! ALL I HAD TO DO IN COURT WAS SAY "STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!" AND...

OH YOU PUNK UMPIRE! I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY BARE HANDS!

HAW! I NEVER SAW THE D.A. TAKE SUCH A BEATIN'! YEAH... ALL BECAUSE OF A PARROT, IT'S KILLIN' ME!

FOR A WHILE AFTER THAT, JOSHUA MYLES' NAME WAS FORGOTTEN... UNTIL ONE DAY DURING THE SUMMER... JULY 23RD... THE D.A. TOOK THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE VERSUS WILCY FERRICK (SAFECRACKER) TO COURT...

MY FIRST WITNESS... MR. THOMAS AINSBURY, NIGHT WATCHMAN AT THE MANUFACTURING PLANT WHERE THE SAFE WAS ROBBED!



THEN, IN A SLOW BUT STEADY... AND SINCERE VOICE... TOM AINSBURY TOLD HIS STORY...

THAT NIGHT... THE 10TH... I HEARD SOMEONE MOVIN' AROUND IN THE OFFICE, THEN I SAW THIS MAN RUNNING...

HALT! HALT, I SAY! UNNH... HE GOT MY ARM!

HALT! HALT, I SAY! UNNH... HE GOT MY ARM!



AND IS THIS MAN... WILCY FERRICK -- THE ONE WHO SHOT YOU AND RAN? DO YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

I DO, AN! HE'S CERTAINLY THE ONE!



THE NEXT WITNESS TO BE CALLED BY THE STATE WAS HARRINGTON...

MY NEXT WITNESS IS MY OWN ASSISTANT, MR. HARRINGTON!!

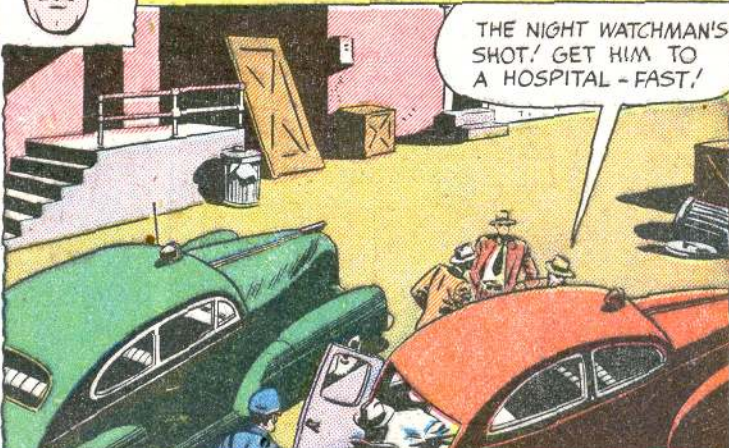
DO YOU SWEAR TO TELL THE TRUTH, THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

I DO...



THE CHIEF WAS WORKING ON A COUNTERFEIT CASE THAT NIGHT WITH THE F.B.I.! I TOOK A SQUAD CAR OUT TO THE PLANT...

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN'S SHOT! GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL - FAST!



"THEN WE DUSTED THE SAFE FOR PRINTS..."

OKAY... GET 'EM TO THE LAB! WE'VE GOT THE BURGLAR'S CALLING CARD! HE WAS SURPRISED AND HAD TO RUN... AND DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO WIPE OFF THE DIALS!



"LATER, AT THE LAB, WE EXAMINED THE FINGERPRINT PATTERNS WE HAD TAKEN FROM THE SAFE'S DIALS, AND..."

NOTHING THERE, HARRINGTON! THE CROOK HAD HIS FINGERS SANDED DOWN! THE WHORLS AND LOOPS OF THE PRINTS CAN'T BE DISTINGUISHED!

PERFECT! THE SANDED-DOWN PRINTS CONVINCES ME WE'RE UP AGAINST A VETERAN SAFE-CRACKER! THE SANDING IS SUPPOSED TO GIVE THEM A SENSITIVE TOUCH!



AND THEN YOU TOOK PICTURES OF WELL-KNOWN SAFE-CRACKERS FROM OUR MORGUE AND SHOWED THEM TO MR. AINSBURY AT THE HOSPITAL! DID HE LOOK THROUGH THE PHOTOS?

YES - AND HE IDENTIFIED WILCEY FERRICK AS THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM AND FLED!



ALSO, WE PICKED UP EVERY OTHER SAFE-CRACKER IN TOWN! BUT THEY HAD BEEN IDLE AND NOT ONE OF THEM HAD HIS FINGERS SANDED DOWN! ONLY THE ACCUSED... WILCEY FERRICK! THOSE WERE HIS PRINTS WE TOOK FROM THE SAFE!



THEN THE DEFENSE COUNSELOR, CLEVER JOSHUA MYLES, AROSE TO DEFEND HIS SEEMINGLY BEATEN CLIENT. THOSE IN THE COURTROOM LEANED FORWARD, EAGER TO SEE HIS STRANGE MODE OF ATTACK...

WHAT'S *THAT*? I SHOW THE COURT SOME BRICKS AND CEMENT?

I SHOW THE COURT SOME WELL-KNOWN ITEMS.. THE BASIS OF MUCH OF OUR CONSTRUCTION... SOME BRICKS AND CEMENT!



NOW WHAT'S THAT FOXY CHARACTER UP TO?

AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY... MY WITNESSES! SOME BRICKLAYERS, HONEST, HARD-WORKING MEN WHO HAVE VOLUNTEERED THEIR SERVICES!



NOTE, BRICKLAYING CONSISTS OF GRASPING BRICKS IN ONE HAND, WHILE A TROWEL OF CEMENT IS GRASPED IN THE OTHER, SEE?



AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, JOSHUA MYLES EXTENDED HIS HAND FOR THE JURY TO SEE...

NOTE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY, ALREADY *MY* FINGERTIPS ARE SHOWING SIGNS OF BEING WORN DOWN FROM HANDLING THE ROUGH BRICKS!



NOW I SHOW YOU THE HANDS OF THE BRICKLAYERS! THEY, TOO, ARE WORN PAPER THIN! THEY, TOO, *MIGHT'VE* LEFT THOSE PRINTS ON THE SAFE'S DIALS! THE DEFENDANT MOST CERTAINLY CAN'T BE CONVICTED BECAUSE OF SUCH WEAK "EVIDENCE!"



ONCE MORE THE SENSATIONAL, BIZARRE COURTROOM TACTICS OF JOSHUA MYLES HAD SWERVED A JURY! ONCE MORE THE D.A. HAD LOST-- FOR THE CASE WAS THROWN OUT!

IT WAS INCREDIBLE! YOU JUST CAN'T LOSE WITH THE MOUTHPIECE ON YOUR SIDE!

HA, HA, HA, I LOVE TO SEE THE D.A. GET IT BUT GOOD!

IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE, REALLY!





JUST KEEP MY BOYS OUT O' JAIL, JOSH... AND THERE'LL BE MORE DOUGH WHERE THAT CAME FROM!

IT'S QUITE ELEMENTARY, I MERELY MAKE A JURY **THINK** THE D.A. HAS NO CASE! THUS, EVEN THOUGH THE D.A. IS ACTUALLY RIGHT ... I STILL WIN! I CAN FOOL A JURY... ANY JURY... AT ANY TIME I PLEASE!



AS THE WEEKS PASSED ON... INTO THE FALL MONTHS... JOSHUA MYLES BECAME A LEGENDARY FIGURE! NOT ONE CASE DID HE LOSE... AND SHARKEY JOE MORGAN'S MEN TRAVELED THEIR CRIME ROADS UNAFRAID OF THE LAW...

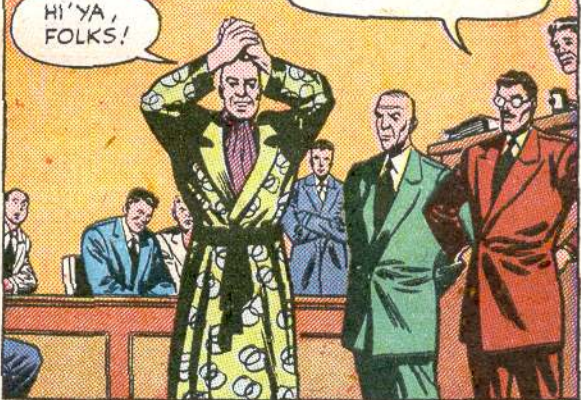


AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS STIRRING, SENSATIONAL TRICKS OF COURTROOM MAGIC WON FREEDOM FOR CROOKS...

THE PROSECUTION INTRODUCED A POLICE WITNESS WHO CLAIMS HE GRABBED THIS MAN... THE DEFENDANT... AS HE WAS FLEEING FROM THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY! THE STATE'S WITNESS THEN SAID HE TWISTED MY CLIENT'S ARM, MAKING THE ACCUSED CRY OUT IN PAIN...



SHORTLY I WILL COMPLETELY DISCREDIT THIS STATEMENTS MADE BY THE STATE'S WITNESS! I SHOW YOU NOW **MY** WITNESS... THE FAMED **SAMSON SARDI**... RENOWNED WRESTLING STAR!



AS USUAL, NOBODY IN THE COURTROOM KNEW EVEN VAGUELY WHAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NEXT AND THEY WERE ASTOUNDED AT WHAT DID HAPPEN...

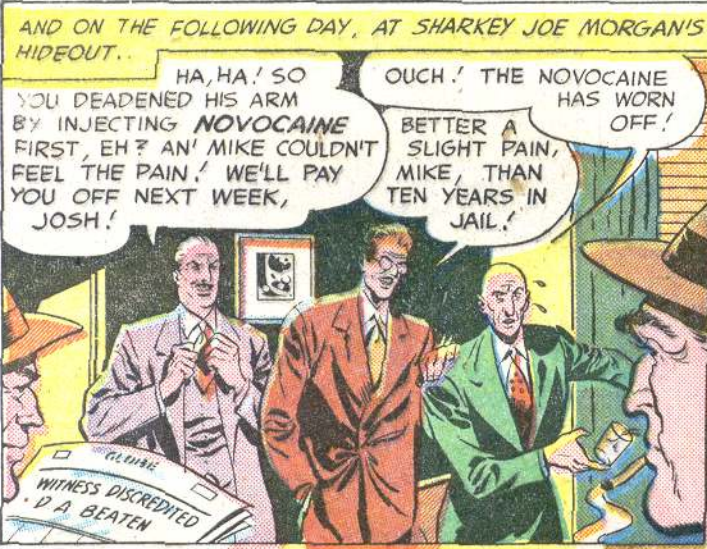
OBSERVE! SAMSON THIS GUY... UGH... HE... EVEN UMF! HE... CAN'T FORCE SO MUCH AS A WHIMPER OF PAIN FROM THE ACCUSED! MUST BE MADE OF ...UMF! IRON!



AND WHY DOESN'T HE CRY OUT IN PAIN? THE ARM IS USELESS, DUE TO AN OLD INJURY! THE NERVES HAVE LONG BEEN DEAD! HE CAN FEEL NO PAIN IN HIS ARM! HENCE, THE STATE'S WITNESS WAS WRONG!

I'VE GOT TO GET TO A PHONE! THIS IS FRONTPAGE STUFF!





AND ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT SHARKEY JOE MORGAN'S HIDEOUT.

HA, HA! SO YOU DEADENED HIS ARM BY INJECTING **NOVOCAINE** FIRST, EH? AN' MIKE COULDN'T FEEL THE PAIN! WE'LL PAY YOU OFF NEXT WEEK, JOSH!

OUCH! THE NOVOCAINE HAS WORN OFF! BETTER A SLIGHT PAIN, MIKE, THAN TEN YEARS IN JAIL!

FOOL THEM... THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO... FOOL THEM! IF YOU CAN CONVINCE A JURY YOU'RE INNOCENT, NO JAIL IN THE WORLD CAN HOLD YOU! NEVER MIND THE COPS.. WORK ON THE JURY! HA, HA!



MEANWHILE, AT HIS OFFICES IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING, THE D.A. WAS SPENDING A GLUM FIRST WEEK OF A SNOWY NOVEMBER.



I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD... WE'RE BEATEN AT EVERY TURN! BUT IT'S STILL OUR JOB TO BRING IN CROOKS, HARRINGTON! SO STAY AFTER SHARKEY JOE'S MOB! WE'VE GOT TO BRING THEM IN!

OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL BE ON IT DAY AND NIGHT! BUT WE NEED A BREAK!

THE "BREAK" HARRINGTON SPOKE OF WAS FORTHCOMING, THOUGH NOBODY KNEW IT AT THAT TIME. ONE WEEK LATER, JOSHUA MYLES CALLED AT SHARKEY JOE'S APARTMENT TO COLLECT HIS FEE...



I KNOW, SHARKEY! I'VE GOT PALS. I GOT WORD THAT YOU WERE RUNNING OUT! WHAT ABOUT MY PAY-OFF?

EH? YOU! BUT I...

OKAY, SAP! SO I'LL TELL YOU! YOU GOT PAID OFF FOR THE LAST TIME! THINGS ARE GETTIN' HOT! THE D.A.'S DECLARED WAR! I'M MOVIN' TO MEXICO! AN' I NEED ALL THE DOUGH I CAN GET! CLEAR OUT MOUTHPIECE...OR ELSE...

ENRAGED BY THE DOUBLCROSS FROM THE MAN HE HAD SO OFTEN SAVED FROM A CELL, JOSHUA MYLES SPRANG...CLUTCHED SHARKEY JOE'S GUN-HAND...



YOU RAT...YOU WOULD CROSS ME, WOULD YOU?

I'LL KILL YOU!

SUDDENLY, AT THAT MOMENT, THE GUN IN SHARKEY JOE'S HAND WENT OFF, AND...

I'M H-H-HIT...  
AHHH-H-H!

HE'S DEAD AND HE DESERVED IT! BUT NOW I MUST GET AWAY! NOBODY KNEW I CAME HERE TONIGHT ... THEY CAN'T BLAME ME!



AND BEFORE THE MAN WHO HAD FOOLED MANY JURIES COULD HIDE HIS FACE, AN ALERT NEWSPAPER CAMERAMAN NEAR THE SCENE SNAPPED A PICTURE...

GREAT GUNS! HE SNAPPED MY PICTURE AND I'M RIGHT IN FRONT OF SHARKEY JOE'S APARTMENT!



JOSHUA MYLES WALKED OUT FRONT, ONTO BEVINS STREET... BUT THEN, FATE STEPPED IN. A CAR SMASHED AGAINST A POLE...



SO THE D.A. WILL KNOW I WAS HERE! BUT I'VE GOT A STUNT TO BEWILDER ANY JURY! YES, I'LL BE PICKED UP FOR SHARKEY JOE'S MURDER... BUT I CAN TRICK MY WAY OUT OF IT! I WILL DEFEND MYSELF IN COURT... AND I'LL WIN!



BECAUSE OF HIS ASSOCIATION WITH THE MURDERED MAN... AND BECAUSE A FRONT-PAGE PHOTO SHOWED HIM IN FRONT OF THE DEAD MAN'S APARTMENT, JOSHUA MYLES WAS ARRESTED AND SWIFTLY BROUGHT TO TRIAL...

TRUE, I HAD REASONS... AS THE D.A. LATER DISCOVERED... TO DISLIKE SHARKEY JOE! AND TRUE, I WAS PHOTOGRAPHED IN FRONT OF HIS APARTMENT... BUT...



... I WAS A BLOCK AWAY WHEN THE CRASH OCCURRED. I ARRIVED THERE EXACTLY ONE MINUTE AFTER I HEARD THE CAR STRUCK THE POLE!

I'M GUILTY ... BUT THE NEXT GIMMICK I PULL WILL GET ME OFF. I'LL SWAY THIS JURY...



THE DEFENDANT SAYS HE ARRIVED AT THE SCENE **EXACTLY** ONE MINUTE AFTER THE WRECK! DID THE WITNESS... IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT... PAUSE TO LOOK AT HIS **WATCH?**

I NEVER CARRY A WATCH, D.A.! AS A BOY I LEARNED TO KNOW **EXACTLY** WHEN A MINUTE WAS UP BY LONG PRACTICE SWIMMING UNDER WATER! I NEVER MISS!



YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT WITHOUT CONSULTING ANY TIMEPIECE YOU CAN TELL... TO THE SECOND... **EXACTLY** WHEN A MINUTE PASSES?

I CAN! AND I'LL PROVE IT TO THE JURY!

I'VE WORKED THINGS SO THE WHOLE CASE DEPENDS ON MY KNOWING **EXACTLY** WHEN A MINUTE IS UP! SO HERE GOES WITH THE TRICK!



AT THAT MOMENT, THE D.A. HAPPENED TO GLANCE OUT THE WINDOW... AND MYLES' FANTASTIC PLAN WAS REVEALED TO HIM. HE CALLED A RECESS, THEN HE SPOKE TO HARRINGTON...

MYLES IS UP TO ANOTHER STUNT, HARRINGTON! I'M POSITIVE I KNOW WHAT IT IS AND HE'LL BEAT US... UNLESS... LISTEN... CALL THE TRAFFIC DIVISION, AND...



AFTER THAT, THE D.A. PROVIDED THE JURY WITH SYNCHRONIZED WATCHES, THEN HE CHALLENGED THE DEFENDANT TO TURN HIS BACK AND TELL THE COURT **EXACTLY** WHEN A MINUTE HAD PASSED...

ALL RIGHT... **GO!** NOW TELL ME WHEN A MINUTE IS UP!

THIS'LL KILL HIM! AND WHAT AN OLD TRICK! HA!



SUDDENLY, JOSHUA MYLES, MIGHTY, MOUTHPIECE NOW DEFENDING HIMSELF ON A MURDER CHARGE, SPUN, AND

NOW... ONE MINUTE HAS PASSED... EXACTLY SIXTY SECONDS!

WRONG! AS THE JURY WILL TESTIFY... ONLY **45 SECONDS** HAVE GONE BY! YOU HAVE MISSED!



ON CROSS EXAMINATION, JOSHUA MYLES SOON BROKE DOWN AND CONFESSED TO THE MURDER OF SHARKEY JOE, AND AFTER THAT...

BUT HOW DID YOU TRAP HIM CHIEF?

HE KNEW THE **TRAFFIC LIGHT** OUTSIDE THE COURT CHANGED EVERY **MINUTE!** THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DEPENDING ON! BUT HARRINGTON HAD THE TRAFFIC DIVISION CHANGE THE LIGHT'S TIMING... SO THAT IT BLINKED IN **45 SECONDS...** NOT IN A MINUTE!





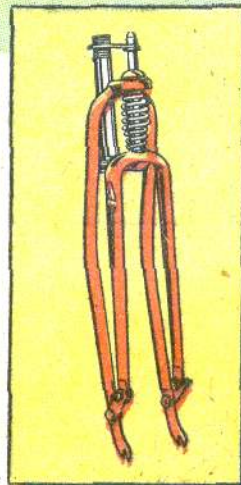


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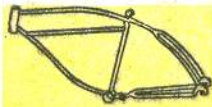
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# LEAVE IT TO Binky

# "HOME, SWEET HOME!"

HIYA, LUCY! GOSH, THAT'S SWEET OF YOU SETTING OUT THOSE COOKIES FOR MY PARTY TONIGHT.

YOUR PARTY? THESE ARE FOR THE MEMBERS OF MY SCHOOL CLUB WHO ARE MEETING HERE TONIGHT.

WHAT? BUT I SPOKE TO MOTHER LAST WEEK ABOUT HAVING MY CROWD OVER TONIGHT, AND SHE SAID IT WAS OKAY.

I'M SORRY, BINKY, BUT MOTHER MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT MY MEETING. YOU'LL HAVE TO CALL YOUR PARTY OFF!

OH-OH! THERE'S GONNA BE FIREWORKS ANY MINUTE!

MOM! POP!

NOW, WAIT A MINUTE, CHILDREN, BEFORE YOU START ANY FURTHER BICKERING. LET'S DISCUSS THIS SENSIBLY, SAME AS YOU DO AT YOUR STUDENT COUNCIL MEETINGS.

YES, AND AT HOME, TOO. FATHER AND I DISCUSS FAMILY MATTERS WITH YOU, DON'T WE?

WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY WAY OUT. LET'S TRY... DOES YOUR MEETING HAVE TO TAKE UP THE WHOLE EVENING?

NO-O... WE'RE STARTING AT 8 - AND I SUPPOSE WE *COULD* BE THROUGH BY 9:30.

THEN, PERHAPS BINKY COULD POSTPONE HIS PARTY UNTIL THEN, AND YOU COULD DO SOMETHING AFTERWARDS..

SURE! I'LL ORGANIZE A TREASURE HUNT THAT'LL TAKE US AWAY FROM THE HOUSE UNTIL THE MEETING IS OVER. HOW'S THAT?

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME! WE'LL GO ROLLER-SKATING AFTER OUR MEETING.

PERFECT! THEN NOBODY WILL BE IN THE WAY OF YOUR GROUP, LUCY--AND BINKY'S CROWD CAN TAKE OVER AFTERWARDS! I HAVE ENOUGH COOKIES FOR EVERYBODY!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT! IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT A LITTLE DISCUSSION WILL DO.

NOW I CAN HAVE SOME PEACE AROUND HERE! I'M ALL FOR MORE DEMOCRACY AT HOME!



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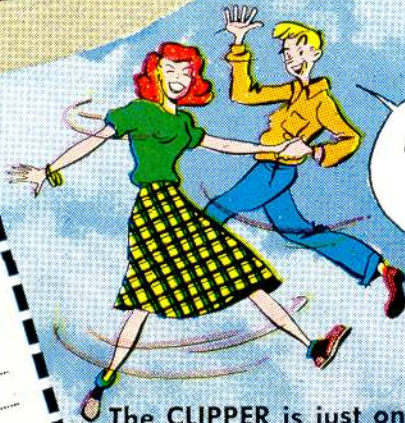
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