



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



52 BIG
PAGES

NO. 16
JULY...AUG.

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

THE STORY
THE HEADLINES
DIDN'T TELL--

"The **WIRE-TAP
CRIMES!"**



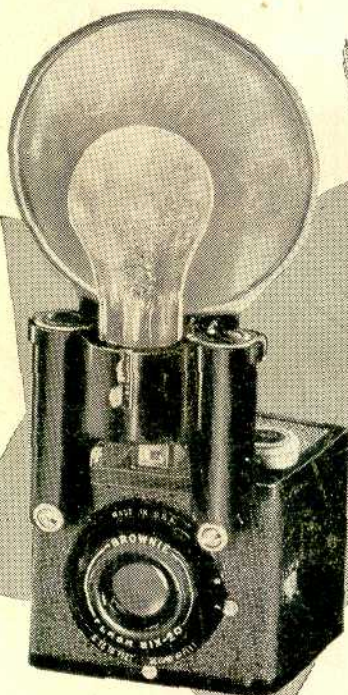
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Kodak
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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

MOST CRIMINALS OPERATE IN ROUTINE FASHION, BUT SOME HAVE EMPLOYED DEVIUS METHODS OF INFILTRATING INTO ORGANIZATIONS IN ORDER TO GAIN INFORMATION FOR THEIR NEFARIOUS DEEDS. THE CASE I'M SELECTING NOW REVEALS THE MOST INSIDIOUS *MODUS OPERANDI* YET USED BY CRIMINALS--ONE IN WHICH NO SECRET WAS SAFE FROM THE PRYING EARS OF THE MEN WHO ENGAGED IN...

"The WIRE TAP CRIMES!"

MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, No. 16, July-Aug., 1950. Published bi-monthly by National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Whitney Ellsworth, Editor. Entered as second class matter Oct. 15, 1947 at the Post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of Mar. 3, 1879. Yearly subscription in the U. S. 75c including postage. Foreign, \$1.50 in American

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ON MAY 11TH OF LAST YEAR, AN ARMORED CAR CARRYING THE GORDON CONSTRUCTION CO. PAY-ROLL APPROACHED AN INTERSECTION ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A LARGE EASTERN CITY...

PHIL... LOOK AT THE MESS UP AHEAD!

A WRECK... LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S HURT. COME ON... WE BETTER GIVE THEM A HAND!

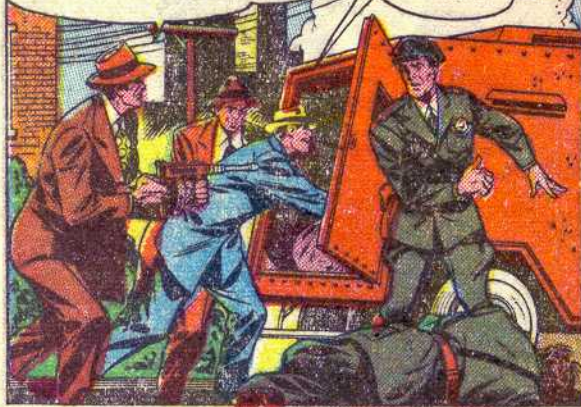


BUT AS THE TWO GUARDS LEFT THE ARMORED CAR TO OFFER THEIR ASSISTANCE...



STAND RIGHT THERE, BUDDY, OR YOU'LL GET WHAT HE GOT! OKAY... CLEAN HER OUT.

MAN, THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED GRAND HERE!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

W-WHAT HAPPENED?

HOLD-UP! CALL AN AMBULANCE... H-HURRY!



LATER, AT THE SCENE OF THE HOLD-UP...

THIS TRUCK WAS REPORTED STOLEN LATE LAST NIGHT. IT WAS PLANTED HERE FOR JUST THIS PURPOSE.

RIGHT, D.A.! THAT MEANS THE ROUTE OF THE ARMORED CAR WAS KNOWN. I THINK WE'D BETTER CHECK THE DRIVER.



BUT SUBSEQUENT CHECKING WITH MICHAEL T. GORDON THE PRESIDENT OF THE GORDON CONSTRUCTION CO. REVEALED...

IT'S TRUE, D.A. I PHONED JOE LANE WITH INSTRUCTIONS AS TO HIS ROUTE AND TIME OF DEPARTURE. ONLY THE TWO OF US KNEW... BUT JOE'S BEEN WITH US 16 YEARS. I TRUST HIM ABSOLUTELY!



I SEE...

MR. GORDON, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU TO PHONE JOE LANE AGAIN. CALL IT A SPECIAL DELIVERY OF FUNDS MADE NECESSARY BY THIS HOLD-UP. I'LL ADMIT IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT IF THIS GANG IS GETTING INSIDE INFORMATION, THEY MAY STRIKE AGAIN...

THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE D.A.'S PLAN WAS PUT INTO EFFECT...

AND LESS THAN 1000 YARDS AWAY...

-JOE, TAKE THE OLD POST ROAD... LEAVE FOR THE PLANT AT NINE P.M...

POST ROAD - NINE TONIGHT... RIGHT, MR. GORDON!

POST ROAD NINE TONIGHT. RIGHT, MR. GORDON...

RICO, YOU HEAR THAT? THEY'RE TRYIN' IT AGAIN, TONIGHT!

IT'S A LEAD PIPE CINCH. AL GET THE BOYS!

THAT NIGHT... INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR...

CHIEF, YOU REALLY THINK THEY'LL TRY AGAIN SO SOON...?

I DON'T KNOW, HARRINGTON... BUT IF I'M RIGHT... HOLD ON...

LOOKS LIKE A ROAD BLOCK UP AHEAD, D.A...

YOU! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP - OR WE'LL BLOW YOU OPEN!

RICO, I'M HIT...

GET BACK TO THE CAR... IT'S A TRAP!

RAT-TAT-TAT

BLAM

ONE MEMBER OF THE GANG FELL, MORTALLY WOUNDED. THE BANDIT CAR FLED DOWN THE POST ROAD... ONLY TO BE MET BY AN ONCOMING POLICE CAR...

WE'RE CUT OFF! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

HANG ON! WE'LL MAKE IT!

WHREEEE

TAKING A DESPERATE CHANCE, THE FUGITIVE CAR SPED ACROSS AN OPEN FIELD AND...

RICO - DON'T WE CAN'T-!

NO COP'S GONNA TAKE ME!

THEY GOT AWAY, D.A.... WENT OVER THE RAILROAD EMBANKMENT. THEIR CAR WAS BIG, HEAVY - STAYED UPRIGHT SOMEHOW...

THIS TIME LUCK WAS WITH THEM... THE NEXT TIME... COME ON, HARRINGTON, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE GORDON HOME...

THE WIRE TRAIL LED THROUGH THE WOODS...

LATER... AT THE HOME OF MICHAEL GORDON...

MR. GORDON, THIS IS WAYNE PORTER. HE'S GOING TO CHECK YOUR PHONE FOR WIRE TAPPING...

HERE IT IS, D.A. THEY TAPPED RIGHT AT THE TERMINAL BRIDGEHEAD NOW ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FOLLOW THIS LINE...

AND THEY'VE BEEN LISTENING IN TO MY PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS ALL THIS TIME?



... AND CROSSED BENEATH THE AVENUE BY MEANS OF A CULVERT... FROM THERE TO AN APARTMENT BUILDING...

... END OF THE LINE, D.A. THE GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT...

LET'S GO - WATCH IT! JUST IN CASE...

BUT INSIDE...

OUR BIRDS HAVE FLOWN, HARRINGTON! WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED!



THE DEAD MEMBER OF THE MOB PROVED TO BE A MAN NAMED AL RIGALLIS.

AL RIGALLIS..USED TO BE A TELEPHONE LINE-MAN...WAS FIRED FROM HIS JOB FOR WIRE TAPPING FOR A BOOK MAKER!

HE WAS THE WIRE MAN FOR THE GANG, ALL RIGHT, CHIEF! WE ALSO FOUND THIS IN HIS POCKET...

DUVAL'S RADIO CLINIC... THIS MAY NOT MEAN A THING... AND THEN AGAIN THIS STORE COULD BE A BLIND TO COVER UP THE GANG'S OPERATIONS!

JUST WHAT I WAS THINKING CHIEF... MAYBE WE OUGHT TO PAY THIS RADIO CLINIC A VISIT!



I DON'T LIKE IT, RICO! THEY GOT AL! THEY'LL CHECK HIS RECORD AND TRACE HIM HERE!

SO WHAT? HE WORKED FOR US FOR A MONTH... WE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, SEE? WHAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS GETTING ANOTHER WIRE MAN TO HANDLE THE STORE!

WE GOT THIS FRONT... WE NEED SOMEONE TO WAIT ON THE CUSTOMERS, REPAIR RADIOS! I'LL LEAVE THAT UP TO YOU, BENNY...

OKAY, I'LL... HOLD IT! A CUSTOMER...



AL RIGALLIS, TOLD ME LAST WEEK TO DROP BY... HE SAID HE COULD GET THE RADIO PARTS I NEED... LET'S SEE, I WANT A LOOP ANTENNA. I'M CONDUCTING SOME FREQUENCY MODULATION EXPERIMENTS AND...

FREQUENCY MODULATION? HUH...? AL AIN'T WITH US NO MORE... HE...UH.. QUIT, AND WE'RE SHORT HANDED RIGHT NOW! SORRY...

IT'S A PHONY SET-UP, HARRINGTON... THEY DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT RADIOS, THAT'S OBVIOUS! AL RIGALLIS MUST HAVE BEEN THEIR FRONT MAN, NOW WE NEED PROOF! GET A TECHNICIAN FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS! WE'RE GOING TO RUN A TAP ON DUVAL'S RADIO CLINIC!





THE RADIO CLINIC'S PHONE LINE RAN INTO A BOX ON MALCOM AVE., TWO BLOCKS AWAY! HARRINGTON AND WAYNE PORTER, THE POLICE TECHNICIAN RAN A TAP FROM THE CLINIC'S LINE INTO THE BASEMENT OF AN APARTMENT HOUSE AND THE DUMB-WAITER SHAFT TO AN APARTMENT RENTED FOR THE PURPOSE, AND BEGAN THEIR VIGIL...



HOW'S IT COMING, HARRINGTON?

NOTHING YET, CHIEF..WAIT A MINUTE.. GRAB A HEADPHONE!

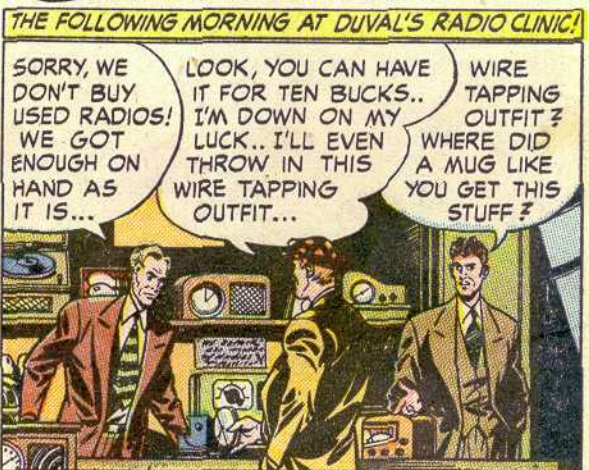
I KNOW, RICO, BUT I CAN'T JUST HIRE ANYBODY! I CHECKED WITH THE BOYS... "RIGGER" JACKSON IS OUT! HE'S STILL IN THE STATE PEN... AND HE'S THE BEST TAPPER IN THE BUSINESS..

WELL, GET ON IT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING BIG COOKING AND I NEED A TAP MAN!



THIS IS WHAT WE NEED, HARRINGTON! FROM HERE ON IN, YOUR NAME IS MIKE MALONE! WE'LL GO OVER RIGGER JACKSON'S RECORD AND TOMORROW...

I GO TO THE RADIO CLINIC IN SEARCH OF A JOB!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT DUVAL'S RADIO CLINIC!

SORRY, WE DON'T BUY RADIOS! WE GOT ENOUGH ON HAND AS IT IS...

LOOK, YOU CAN HAVE IT FOR TEN BUCKS.. I'M DOWN ON MY LUCK.. I'LL EVEN THROW IN THIS WIRE TAPPING OUTFIT...

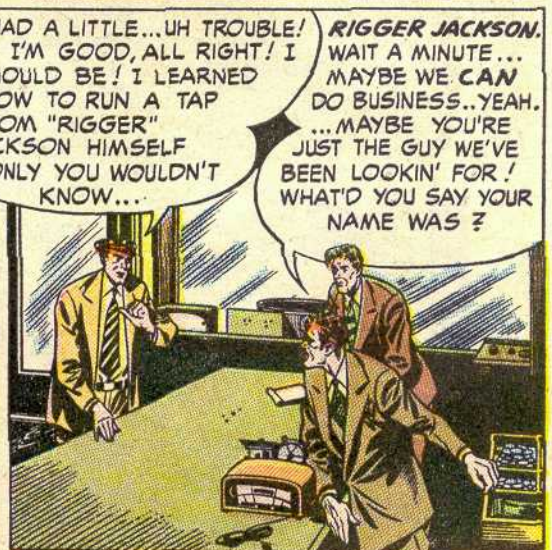
WIRE TAPPING OUTFIT? WHERE DID A MUG LIKE YOU GET THIS STUFF?



I'M NO MUG, MISTER.. AND THE STUFF IS A DIALED NUMBER RECORDER! I MADE IT MYSELF!

OH? IF YOU'RE THIS GOOD, WHY AIN'T YOU WORKIN' AT IT NOW?

YEAH.. WHY?



I HAD A LITTLE...UH TROUBLE! BUT I'M GOOD, ALL RIGHT! I SHOULD BE! I LEARNED HOW TO RUN A TAP FROM "RIGGER" JACKSON HIMSELF ONLY YOU WOULDN'T KNOW...

RIGGER JACKSON. WAIT A MINUTE... MAYBE WE CAN DO BUSINESS..YEAH...MAYBE YOU'RE JUST THE GUY WE'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR! WHAT'D YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

LATER THAT SAME DAY...

RICO DUVAL IS OUR BOY, CHIEF! HE LIVES AT THE BRIGHTON HOTEL! THE GANG MEETS THERE FOR INSTRUCTIONS! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'LL CONTACT YOU PERSONALLY! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

THE BRIGHTON, EH? THAT'S AN APARTMENT HOTEL WITH A SWITCHBOARD! GOOD WORK, HARRINGTON!

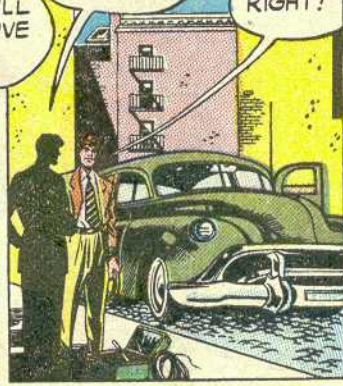
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT...

HEY, MALONE. WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO MY CAR?

HI, RICO! NEAT, EH? THIS LITTLE GADGET IS TUNED IN TO THE POLICE FREQUENCY! WE'LL HEAR EVERY MOVE THEY MAKE...

VERY NICE...UH...I WANT YOU TO RUN A TAP FOR ME TONIGHT! GET YOUR GEAR READY! WE'RE LEAVING IN A FEW MINUTES!

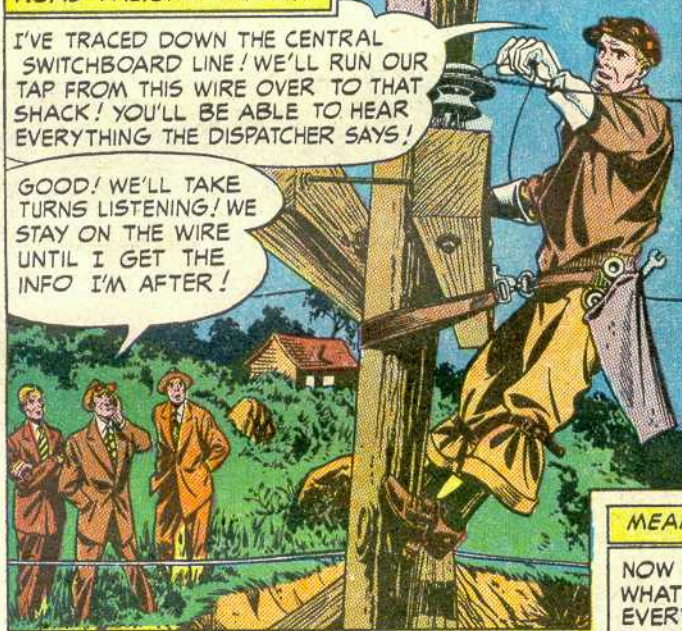
RIGHT!



AN HOUR LATER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE UNION RAILROAD FREIGHT-YARD...

I'VE TRACED DOWN THE CENTRAL SWITCHBOARD LINE! WE'LL RUN OUR TAP FROM THIS WIRE OVER TO THAT SHACK! YOU'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR EVERYTHING THE DISPATCHER SAYS!

GOOD! WE'LL TAKE TURNS LISTENING! WE STAY ON THE WIRE UNTIL I GET THE INFO I'M AFTER!



AND AFTER SEVERAL WEARY HOURS...

THIS IS IT! THIS IS WHAT WE WANT!

CAR NO'S 352-387 CARGO... SILK... SIDE-TRACK BELOW DAVIS-TOWN AT WATER TOWER NO. 2. WEST-BOUND FREIGHT TO PICK UP MORNING OF 23D.



MEANWHILE, AT THE BRIGHTON HOTEL...

NOW YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE TO DO EVERYTIME MR. DUVAL USES HIS PHONE...

I'M TO GIVE HIM THE WORST POSSIBLE SERVICE... MAKE NOISES ON THE LINE, JIGGLE THE PLUG, CUT HIM OFF... UNTIL HE THINKS HIS PHONE IS OUT OF ORDER...

OKAY, RICO, I'LL PACK UP MY GEAR... (YAWN) THEN I THINK I'LL GO HOME AND GET SOME SHUT EYE...

NO DICE, MALONE! WE GO BACK TO THE FLAT! WE STAY TOGETHER TILL THE JOB IS PULLED... SAFER THAT WAY...





GOOD GIRL! AND WHEN HE STARTS TO HOLLER, WE'LL TAKE OVER!

THE D.A.'S PLAN WAS PUT INTO EFFECT AND FOR THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS...

HELLO, OPERATOR! OPERATOR! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THIS PHONE? I CAN'T HEAR A WORD-

SORREEE... NUMBER PLEASE!

MALONE! YOU'RE A WIRE MAN! CAN'T YOU FIX THIS THING?

SOUNDS TO ME AS IF SHE'S OUT OF ORDER. I LEFT MY TOOLS AT THE RADIO SHOP. I'LL GO GET -

NO-NO- YOU STAY HERE, THIS JOB THE PHONE COMPANY CAN DO.



HE'S YELLING FOR THE PHONE COMPANY NOW MR. D.A. HE'S THREATENING TO TEAR THE PHONE OUT BY THE ROOTS!

OKAY, WAYNE. YOUR MOVE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HERE'S YOUR TROUBLE, MR. DUVAL. CORRODED WIRES. I'LL HAVE HER FIXED IN A JIFFY... THEN I'LL TEST HER FOR YOU...

IT'S ABOUT TIME...



PRETENDING TO "TEST" THE LINE, WAYNE PORTER SPOKE DIRECTLY TO THE D.A. IN THE BASEMENT OF THE BRIGHTON HOTEL.

THIS IS OPERATOR PORTER - TESTING. FINE, I HEAR YOU CLEARLY...

NICE GOING, WAYNE. WE CAN HEAR YOU ON THE PHONE PLUS EVERYBODY ELSE IN THE ROOM. YOU'VE GOT THE VOICE PICK-UP IN THE PHONE RECEIVER AMPLIFIED PERFECTLY!



I DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO SPEAK TO HARRINGTON. HE GAVE ME THE HIGH -

LISTEN! GATHER AROUND, YOU GUYS. BENNY'S GOT SOMETHING TO TELL US...



YEAH, RICO SENT ME UP TO THE STATE PEN TO VISIT "RIGGER" JACKSON! HE WANTED TO MAKE SURE ABOUT YOU, SHAMUS! "RIGGER" NEVER HEARD OF MIKE MALONE! HE DON'T KNOW YOU FROM A LOAD OF HAY...

MALONE, HERE HAS A LOT OF EXPLAINING TO DO..WORK HIM OVER, BOYS!

NOW WAIT A MINUTE.. UGH...

THAT'S IT! HIT HIM AGAIN...AND AGAIN...

D.A. THEY'LL KILL HIM! WE'VE GOT...

HOLD IT! THEY'LL SURELY KILL HIM IF WE BREAK IN... WE'VE GOT TO WAIT... WE'VE GOT TO...



WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, COPPER! IF ANYONE TRIES TO STOP US YOU GET IT...IN THE BACK!

I'VE CALLED THE BOYS! THEY'LL MEET US IN AN HOUR WITH THE TRUCK!

HEAD FOR DAVISTOWN, BENNY...AND TURN ON THE RADIO OUR FRIEND HERE SO OBLIGINGLY FIXED UP FOR US... WE'LL SOON SEE IF WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED...

CALLING ALL CARS!

DARK GREEN SEDAN LICENSE NO. 48907N HEADING NORTH ON GRANBY ST. INTERCEPT! CALLING ALL CARS!

HA! BENNY, TURN DOWN KIRBY AND HEAD FOR DAVISTOWN! WE'VE SHAKEN 'EM!



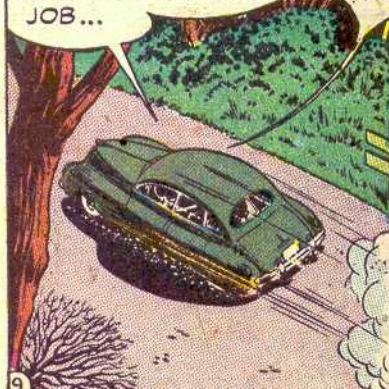
OKAY, DAVISTOWN TOWER NO. 2. HERE WE COME! TAKE THE OLD MOUNTAIN ROAD, BENNY... HA, HA! AND TO THINK THE COPS ARE HELPING US ON THIS JOB...

CALLING ALL CARS! INTERCEPT ON GRANBY STREET

AN HOUR LATER AT DESERTED TOWER NO. 2. BELOW DAVISTOWN!

OKAY, BOYS, BREAK OPEN THEM SEALS...GET THAT TRUCK LOADED! YOU, COPPER...GOT ANY LAST WORDS?

RICO, WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S A CAR GOING BY...





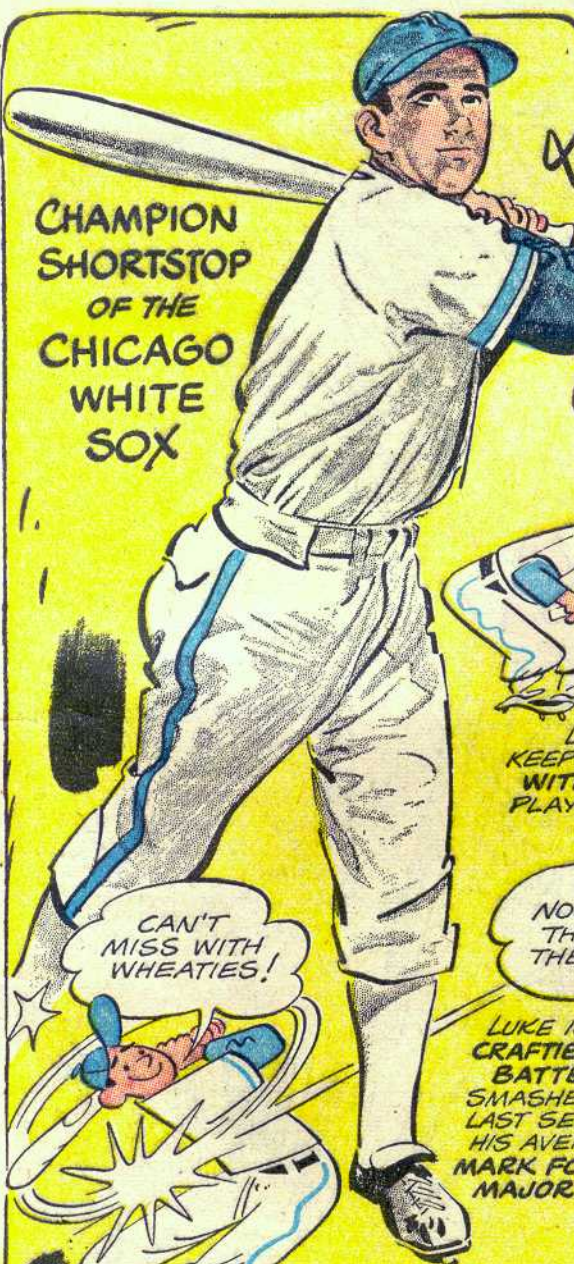
"AS YOUR CONVERSATION REACHED POLICE HEADQUARTERS, IT WAS RELAYED TO THE CAB CO. WHO IN TURN SPOKE TO US OVER THE TAXI FREQUENCY, BUT YOU COULDN'T HEAR THAT... YOU WERE LISTENING TO PHONY POLICE INSTRUCTIONS BEING SENT OUT JUST FOR YOU..."

-AND IT WAS! RICO AND HIS GANG ARE NOW ON THEIR WAY TO THE STATE PENITENTIARY BRINGING TO AN END - THE WIRE TAP CRIMES.



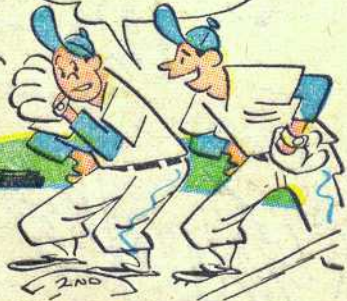
CHAMPION
SHORTSTOP
OF THE
CHICAGO
WHITE
SOX

Luke APPLING



WON'T HE EVER RETIRE?

ARE YOU KIDDIN'? HE EATS HIS WHEATIES!



LIKE "OL' MAN RIVER," LUKE APPLING KEEPS ROLLING ALONG. IN NINETEEN SEASONS WITH WHITE SOX THE "AGELESS" APPLING HAS PLAYED 2372 GAMES, COLLECTED 2719 HITS - FOR LIFETIME BATTING AVERAGE OF .311!

CAN'T MISS WITH WHEATIES!

NOW WHEN I FLASH THIS - WE PUT ON THE HIT-AND-RUN!

LUKE IS ONE OF BASEBALL'S CRAFTIEST HIT-AND-RUN BATTERS. HIS SOLID SMASHES TO RIGHT FIELD LAST SEASON HELPED BOOST HIS AVERAGE OVER .300 MARK FOR 16TH TIME IN MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER!



"I'M MIGHTY CAREFUL IN LOOKING AFTER MY TRAINING DIET," SAYS LUKE APPLING. "A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT AND WHEATIES IS MY FAVORITE TRAINING DISH. WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING - AND SWELL FOR FLAVOR." HOW ABOUT YOU - HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY?

WHEATIES " BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS "



WITH MILK AND FRUIT



Wheaties and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

THUNDERING OUT OF AMERICA'S MOST DANGER-FILLED DAYS...



...COMES A THRILLING CHAPTER OF OUR NATION'S UNSUNG HEROES!

Paramount's
DRAMATIC STORY
OF A BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN WHO HELD
IN HER HANDS THE
FATE OF A NATION...
AND IN HER HEART
THE LOVE OF A
TWO-FISTED MAN
WHO FOUGHT FOR
IT!

Thundering hoofs...
Plundering guns...
And the strong men
and dangerous women
of old Texas!

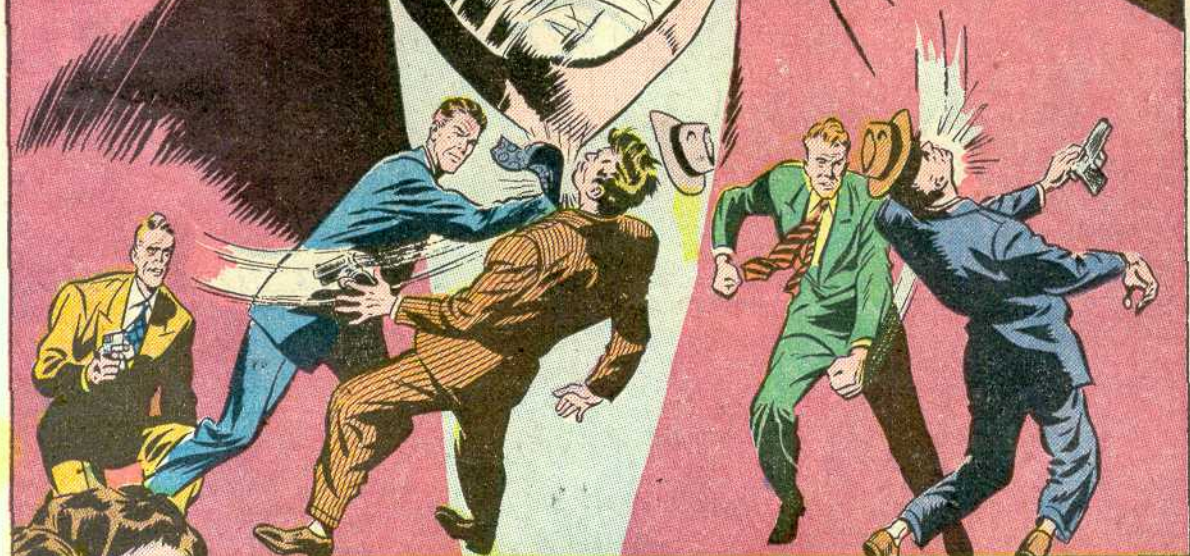


A COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY
OF A THRILLING
NEW MOVIE BEFORE
IT HITS THE SCREEN!

Read it -
then see it
on the screen!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

WHEN OUR CITY'S POLICE ARE CONFRONTED WITH A CRIME WAVE, THEY SOMETIMES SPEND YEARS OF BRAINWORK AND CONCENTRATION, TRYING TO WIPE IT OUT. BUT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN NO CLUE SEEMS TO FIT, NO LEAD EVER MATERIALIZES... AND WE MUST WAIT FOR A **LUCKY BREAK**. THE FOLLOWING CASE EXEMPLIFIES JUST SUCH A SITUATION... AND ALTHOUGH OUR BREAK WASN'T LUCKY FOR ONE HEROIC DETECTIVE, IT DID FINALLY HELP US SOLVE THE CASE I CALL...

"The Prisoner in the Muslin Mask!"

SUMMER 1949, AND "PROTECTION" RACKETS--WHICH SCOURGED FRIGHTENED MERCHANTS DURING THE ROARING 20'S -- SUDDENLY BROKE LOOSE ONCE AGAIN...

FIVE...TEN... FIFTEEN... TWENTY! THERE...I'M PAID UP!

GOOD FOR YOU, PAL! IT MAY BE A LOT OF HARD-EARNED CASH, BUT **PAYIN' US** IS BETTER THAN HAVIN' YOUR CUSTOMERS' CLOTHES RIPPED TO SHREDS!



VOWING TO CRUSH THESE RUTHLESS CROOKS, THE D.A. ARRESTED ONE "COLLECTOR" AFTER ANOTHER... BUT WITHOUT RESULTS, FOR HE COULD NEVER LEARN THE IDENTITY OF THEIR LEADER...

I TELL YOU, D.A., WE OURSELVES DON'T KNOW WHO THE BIG BOSS IS! HE CONTACTS BY **RADIO ONLY**... AN' WE NEVER DELIVER OUR CASH TAKE TO THE SAME PLACE TWICE!



SEE, CHIEF? WE GET THE SAME STORY AFTER EVERY ARREST!

I KNOW, HARRINGTON--AND, ODDLY ENOUGH, I BELIEVE THEM! THEIR LEADER -- WHOEVER HE IS -- WORKS COMPLETELY APART FROM THE GANG! THAT WAY HE CAN'T BE TRACKED DOWN!



WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIGURE OUT A NEW ANGLE! LET'S TALK TO LANNING, CHIEF OF DETECTIVES!

HE'S WAITING FOR YOU IN HIS OFFICE, NOW!



LATER, IN CHIEF LANNING'S OFFICE...

I'VE GOT KEY MEN COMMANDING SQUADS AT EVERY STRATEGIC POINT IN THE CITY... BAKER, VAN EVERY, ROSEN, GOth --THE BEST ON THE FORCE! THEY'VE TRAILED MEMBERS OF THE GANG... THEY'VE INFILTRATED THE UNDERWORLD -- YET...

YET...THEY'VE GOTTEN NO LEADS ON THE **BIG WHEEL!** ALL RIGHT... KEEP AT IT, LANNING!



AT THIS TIME--AS WAS LEARNED LATER--A MAN SAT IN A SWANK WEST SIDE APARTMENT, CONFERRING WITH TWO TRUSTED AIDES...

THE COPS PICKED UP SOME MORE OF OUR BOYS TODAY! WELL, IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER... WE CAN HIRE THEM AT A DIME A DOZEN! WHAT REALLY WORRIES ME IS THAT SOME OF THE MERCHANTS AREN'T PAYING UP ON TIME!



TAKE JOSEPH'S VEGETABLE STORE, ON WAYNE STREET... HE'S TWO MONTHS OVERDUE! I DIS-LIKE SUCH DEFIANCE! HAVE THE BOYS --UH-- TAKE CARE OF HIM!

SURE, BOSS! AN' IF THE BOYS MISS, I'LL HANDLE IT PERSONALLY!



THEN, SLIDING BACK A WALL PANEL, ONE OF THE HENCHMEN BEGAN TALKING INTO A SMALL BUT ELABORATE **SHORT-WAVE RADIO**...

CAR 21 SHOULD BE PERFECT FOR THE JOB!



...AND SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY, A SEDAN--"CAR 21"-- PICKED UP HIS RADIOED CODE MESSAGE...

WORD FROM THE BIG BOSS, SLIM? WHAT DOES HE SAY?

VEGETABLE STORE ON WAYNE STREET... GIVE IT A WORKIN' OVER!



THAT NIGHT, IN JOSEPH'S VEGETABLE STORE, A LITTLE WHILE AFTER CLOSING TIME...

THIS'LL TEACH YOU GUYS TO PAY UP ON TIME!

NO--PLEASE! I'M A POOR MAN... UGH...

SHADDUP! YOU ASKED FOR IT!



SECONDS LATER, AS THE GANGSTERS MADE OFF IN THEIR SEDAN...

LOOK! THAT CHARACTER THERE SAW US! HE'S A WITNESS!

YOU MEAN HE WAS A WITNESS! HA, HA! HE'S DEAD NOW!



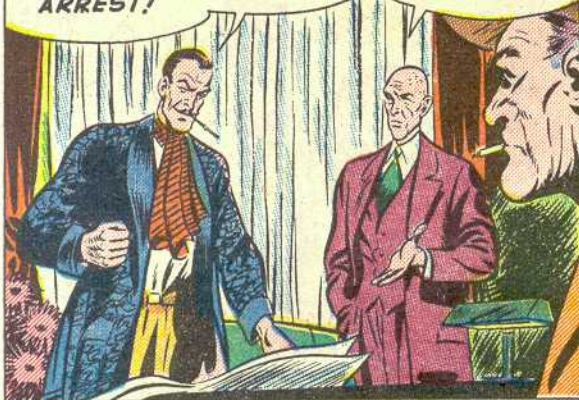
BUT NEXT MORNING, A STARTLING HEADLINE HIT THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY NEWSPAPER...

Evening Star
"PROTECTION" GANG VICTIM LIVES
DETECTIVE SURVIVES SHOOTING
MAY HAVE INFORMATION LEADING TO ARREST OF RACKETEER LEADER!
SENSATIONAL STORY!
VICTIM IS

CONFOUND THEM! CAN'T THEY LEARN TO SHOOT? IT SAYS HERE THAT WITNESS WAS A **DETECTIVE**, WHO'S BEEN ON OUR TRAIL AND WAS CLOSING IN! HIS INFORMATION MAY LEAD TO **MY ARREST!**

BUT, BOSS - THE PAPER ALSO SAID HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO TELL **ALL!**

SAY... THAT'S RIGHT! IF THE COPS KNEW I WAS THE GANG LEADER, THEY'D HAVE COME ALREADY! BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO SNATCH THIS DETECTIVE FROM THE HOSPITAL... AND FIND OUT WHAT HE'S TOLD THEM! WE MUST WORK FAST -- BEFORE HE CAN TELL MORE! SO LISTEN, HERE'S MY PLAN...



MEANWHILE, AT THE HOSPITAL...

KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, MEN! D.A.'S ORDERS ARE THAT NOBODY - WITHOUT DOCTOR'S ORDERS - IS TO ENTER THIS ROOM!

SURE THING, MR. HARRINGTON!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE OFFICES OF DOCTOR M. W. STRAND, PHYSICIAN IN CHARGE...

YES? WHAT IS THIS?

CLOSE THE DOOR, BOYS... AND LOCK IT! WE'RE TAKIN' ONE OF YOUR PATIENTS, DOC - THE CHARACTER WITH THE BANDAGES ON HIS FACE!



BUT THAT MAN'S JUST COME OUT OF ETHER! HE CAN'T BE MOVED!

OH, CAN'T HE? PICK UP THAT PHONE... AND TELL 'EM TO WHEEL HIM TO THE THIRD FLOOR OPERATING ROOM! MAKE IT CLEAR THAT THE COPS SHOULDN'T TAG ALONG! AND NO MISTAKES, SAWBONES, OR I'LL KILL YOU!

SOON THE BANDAGED VICTIM WAS WHEELED OUT - BUT AS THE NURSES PASSED AN ELEVATOR...

OKAY, SISTER! ROLL THE PATIENT IN HERE! DON'T MAKE A SOUND, OR IT'S CURTAINS! MOVE QUICK!



INSTANTLY, THE GANGSTERS RUSHED THEIR VICTIM DOWNSTAIRS, OUT AN EMERGENCY EXIT - AND THERE, IN BACK OF THE HOSPITAL, LOADED HIM INTO A WAITING CAR...



ALL SET... LET'S GO! THE COPS WILL GET WISE IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES!

THE POLICE DID GET "WISE" AND AS THE SEDAN PULLED AWAY...



AFTER THAT CAR, MIKE! THEY'VE GOT THE PATIENT! QUICK... BEFORE WE LOSE THEM!

SPEEDING TO A REMOTE PART OF THE CITY - WITH THE POLICE CAR RIGHT BEHIND - THE SEDAN SUDDENLY SCREECHED TO A HALT, NEXT TO A WAITING AUTOGYRO...



HURRY! THE COPS ARE RIGHT ON OUR TAIL!

DON'T WORRY! THE BOSS FIGURED THAT ANGLE! HE RADIOED US THAT THIS BUTTERFLY PLANE WOULD BE WAITIN' HERE!

MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE SQUAD CAR PULLED UP...



THEY OUTSMARTED US, MIKE! BY THE TIME WE GET A PLANE UP FROM THE AIRPORT, THEY'D BE FAR AWAY!

PRESENTLY, AT THE THUGS' SECRET HIDEOUT...

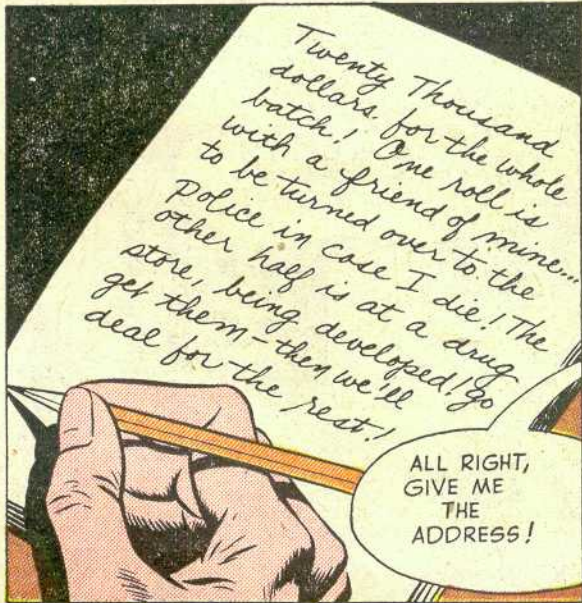
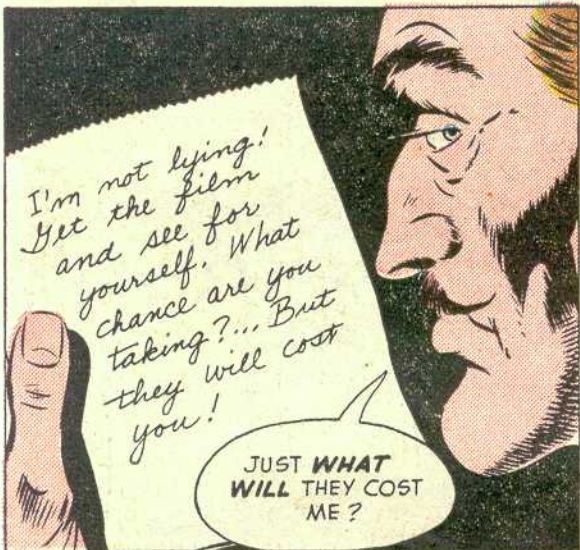


THE ETHER IS COMPLETELY WORN OFF, NOW! OKAY, COPPER... TELL US WHAT YOU'VE TOLD THE D.A., AND I'LL LET YOU GO **SCOT FREE!** I REALIZE YOU CAN'T TALK... SO I'VE SUPPLIED YOU WITH PENCIL AND PAD! **WRITE DOWN YOUR ANSWERS!**

SLOWLY, PAINSTAKINGLY, THE BANDAGED FIGURE BEGAN WRITING...

I've been after you for a long time! One night, I got a picture of you - the boss! I didn't tell the chief about it - I figured on cashing in on a deal. Then your mugs got me. But I have your identity on film!

YOU'RE LYING! IT'S A BLUFF! **NOBODY HAS PICTURES OF ME!**



IMMEDIATELY, A THUG WAS DISPATCHED TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN BY THE CAPTURED DETECTIVE - BRANNICK'S DRUG STORE, ON LAKEVIEW STREET - AND WHEN HE RETURNED...



BUT WHEN THEY UNWRAPPED THE PACKET...





TIME... TIME!
MUST STALL
FOR TIME!

YES, IT WAS
ALL A STUNT
TO LEARN
**YOUR
IDENTITY!**

AND INDEED YOU
DID, D.A. - BUT
THE INFORMATION
WILL NEVER GO
ANY FURTHER
THAN THIS ROOM!

YOU SEE, **I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!**
HA, HA!... YOU DIDN'T FIGURE **THIS**
IN YOUR SCHEME - DID YOU, D.A. ?
NOBODY WILL **EVER** KNOW WHO
I AM... NOR WILL THEY EVER KNOW
THAT I SHOT YOU! **READY?**



LEVELING HIS GUN AT THE D.A.'S FOREHEAD, THE RACKET-BOSS
TIGHTENED HIS FINGER ON THE TRIGGER, WHEN SUDDENLY...

COPPERS!
THE PLACE IS
SWARMIN'
WITH 'EM!

TAKE 'EM,
BOYS!

SHOOT IT
OUT! THEY'LL
NEVER
TAKE ME!



YOU'RE NOT SHOOTING
ANYBODY!

AGHHH!

CRACK!

AND YOUR DAYS
OF BEATING UP
HELPLESS
MERCHANTS
ARE OVER!





HOW ARE YOU, CHIEF?

OKAY, HARRINGTON! PUT THE CUFFS ON THEM!



THEN, THE STRANGE STORY BEGAN TO UNFOLD...

I-I DON'T GET IT, D. A.,! HOW DID YOUR MEN FIND THIS HIDEOUT?

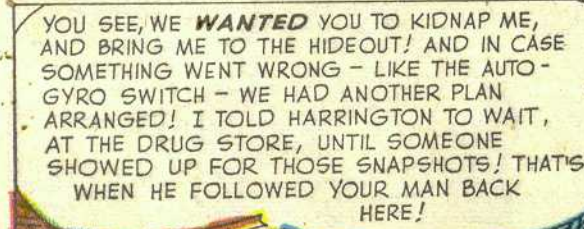
IT WAS SIMPLE, ONCE WE GOT STARTED! ACTUALLY, THE DETECTIVE YOUR THUGS SHOT **DIED INSTANTLY**, BUT HE HAD BEEN ON YOUR TRAIL FOR A LONG TIME...



...SO WE **PLANTED** THE STORY THAT HE WAS STILL ALIVE - AND THAT HE HAD INFORMATION TO CONVICT YOU! THAT'S WHEN I STEPPED IN, AND **POSED AS THE DEAD MAN!** THE BANDAGES ON MY FACE WERE ALL THE DISGUISE I NEEDED!



EVEN THE "DOCTORS" AND "NURSES" AT THE HOSPITAL, WERE DISGUISED **DETECTIVES** AND **POLICEWOMEN!** WHEN WE ANNOUNCED THAT YOUR VICTIM WAS A POTENTIAL WITNESS AGAINST YOU, WE KNEW IT WOULD BAIT YOU INTO COMING AFTER HIM!



YOU SEE, WE **WANTED** YOU TO KIDNAP ME, AND BRING ME TO THE HIDEOUT! AND IN CASE SOMETHING WENT WRONG - LIKE THE AUTO-GYRO SWITCH - WE HAD ANOTHER PLAN ARRANGED! I TOLD HARRINGTON TO WAIT, AT THE DRUG STORE, UNTIL SOMEONE SHOWED UP FOR THOSE SNAPSHOTS! THAT'S WHEN HE FOLLOWED YOUR MAN BACK HERE!



AND SO ENDS THE CASE OF THIS MODERN PROTECTION RACKET, HARRINGTON- THANKS TO A DETECTIVE WHO IS DEAD! HE SORT OF DID IT BY PROXY!

I'LL SAY, CHIEF... AND IT WAS A GOOD JOB! LET'S RIDE INTO TOWN FOR COFFEE! YOU'LL NEED SOME NOW!

The End

"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL--THOSE MEN IN THE CAR SHOT THE ATOMIC PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER THOSE GUARDS, WHILE TOM NOTIFIES THE F.B.I.... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY ON A BIKE IS FOLLOWING US! SHOULD I PLUG HIM?

NAH...SAVE YOUR BULLETS, MUGGY... WE'LL LOSE HIM--WE'RE DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!



DROP THAT GUN, BUD... YOU WON'T NEED IT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!



WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC FORMULA -- THANKS TO YOUR TERRIFIC SPEED AND ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR U.S. ROYALS SAVED THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS... FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND PERFECT CONTROL--YOU CAN'T BEAT U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. TRY THEM AND SEE.



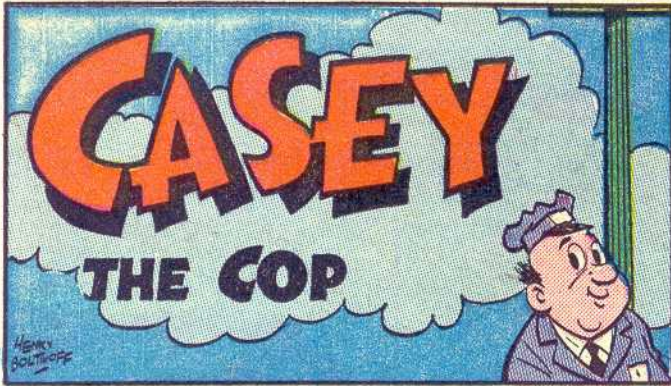
"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY-- WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH-- WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SAFE... GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



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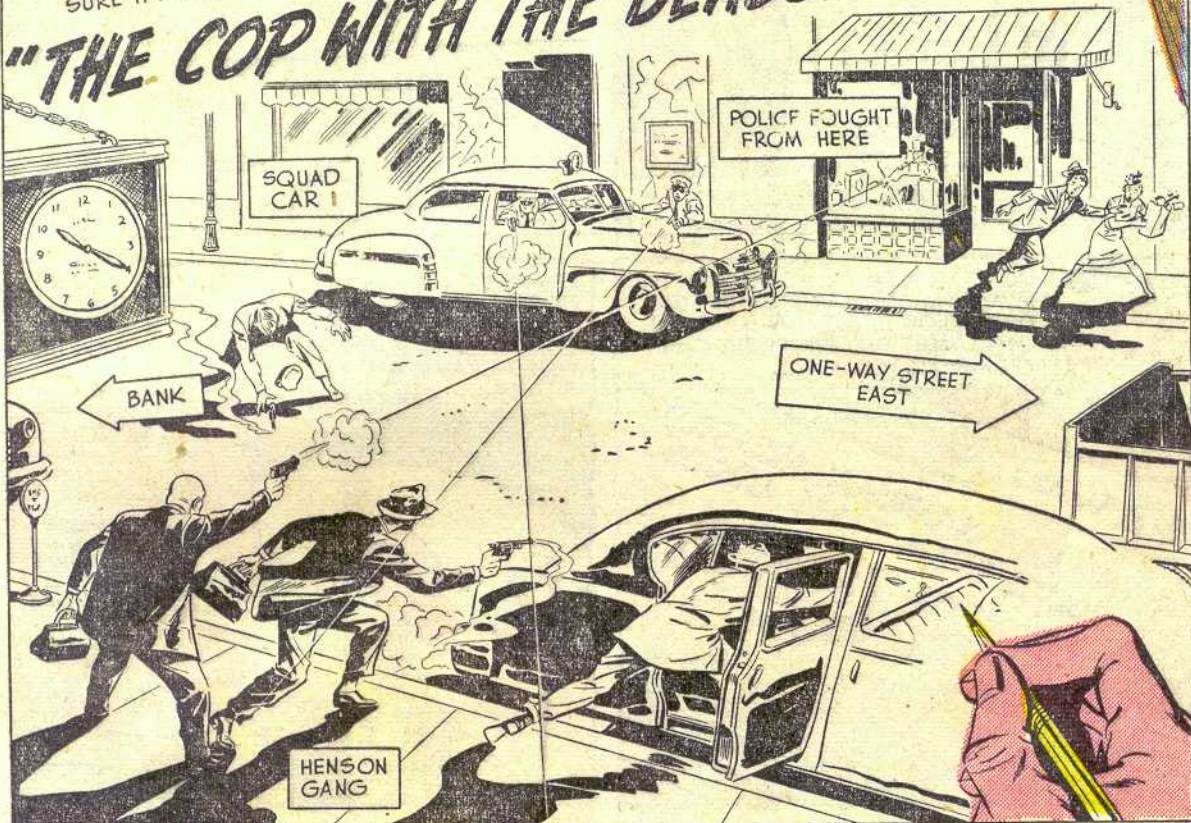
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"THE COP WITH THE DEADSHOT PENCIL!"



AT A QUICK GLANCE, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE ART DEPARTMENT OF AN ADVERTISING AGENCY OR A NEWSPAPER -- BUT TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

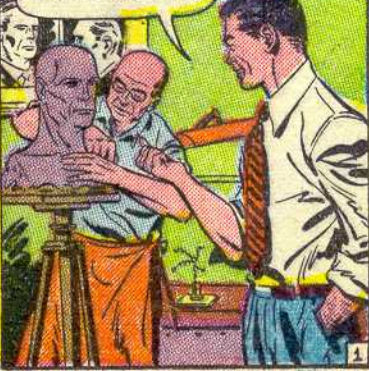


STRANGE SUBJECTS, AREN'T THEY? THEY ALL DEAL WITH CRIME!

CALL ME HARRY JOHNSON! I'M ON THE FORCE, AND I FIGHT CRIME, TOO, BUT WITH A UNIQUE WEAPON-- **THIS PENCIL!** YOU SEE I'M A POLICE ARTIST!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND THE DEPARTMENT, NOW HERE YOU SEE A HEAD BEING CONSTRUCTED TO PRECISE MEASUREMENTS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS!



OVER HERE WE WERE ABLE TO MODEL THIS EXACT LIKE-NESS, WHICH PROVED VALUABLE IN CONVICTING WILLISON! IT WAS BASED ON A DOCTOR'S X-RAY, TAKEN BEFORE A BULLET WAS REMOVED FROM HIS CHEST!



DALE WILLISON
Murderer

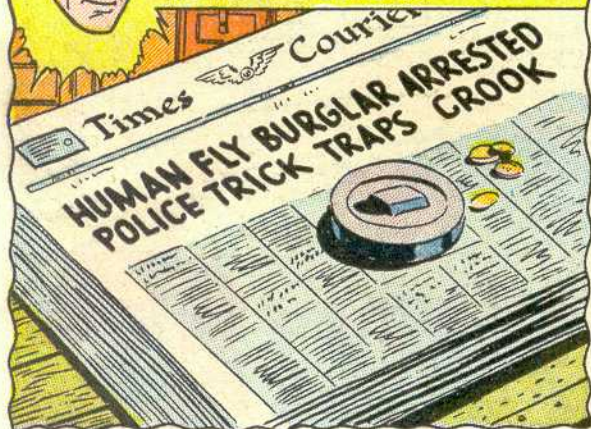
SOME OF OUR OTHER DUTIES? WE RETOUCH BLURRED PHOTOS, MAKE TRAINING PAMPHLETS FOR ROOKIE COPS, AND DRAW POLICE POSTERS TO CIRCULATE THROUGHOUT THE NATION. YES, WE LITERALLY DRAW A BEAD ON CROOKS!



THIS MAN MAY BE ARMED!!
CHECK YOUR WEAPONS NOW!



DO YOU REMEMBER THE "CASE OF THE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR?" MAYBE YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT IT WAS THE ART DEPARTMENT THAT BROKE THE CASE! LET ME TELL YOU HOW...



IT WAS LAST YEAR, IN AUGUST, WHEN WE HAD JUST FINISHED CLEANING UP THE HENSON BANK THEFT GANG, THAT A NEW WAVE OF ROBBERIES BROKE OUT—COMMITTED BY A MYSTERIOUS CROOK, WHICH THE PRESS DRAMATICALLY CALLED THE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR...



THAT TITLE WAS WELL-PUT! HE HAD THE ABILITY TO CLIMB GREAT HEIGHTS, PERFORM FEATS WHICH THE ORDINARY SECOND-STORY MAN WOULD SHUN!



EXCEPT ONCE, WHEN HE WAS SURPRISED BY POLICE IN A RUNNING GUN-FIGHT, NOBODY EVER SAW THE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR, EVEN THEN THEY DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT HIS FACE...



THERE HE IS! HE JUST CAME OUT OF THAT TOP-FLOOR APARTMENT!

BLAM!
BANG!



HE FLED INTO A NEARBY BUILDING, TOOK A SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR TO THE FLOOR BELOW, THEN CRAWLED THROUGH A WINDOW...

THE OTHER ELEVATOR IS STOPPING-- THOSE COPS THINK THEY HAVE ME CORNERED, BUT...



SEARCH EVERY ROOM! HE'S ON THIS FLOOR-- SOMEWHERE!

DON'T WORRY--WE'VE GOT HIM TRAPPED THIS TIME! IT'S A LONG JUMP DOWN!



BUT WHILE THE POLICE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THE THIRD FLOOR, THE DARING BANDIT ALREADY WAS MAKING HIS ESCAPE...

AND SO IT WENT, MONTH AFTER MONTH! THE CAUTIOUS, CANNY CROOK CONTINUED HIS NOCTURNAL RAIDS, ALWAYS A JUMP IN FRONT OF THE PURSUING POLICE...



SO FAR--SO GOOD! AND THERE'S NOBODY BELOW TO STOP ME!



BULLETIN
HUMAN FLY BURGLAR ELUDES POLICE AGAIN!!
MYSTERY THUG ROBS FLAT OF PRECIOUS GEMS!

Who is the Human Fly Burglar?

THE MAYOR DEMANDED AN ARREST AND THE DEPARTMENT FELT THIS PRESSURE. DETECTIVE SQUADS DOUBLED AND REDOUBLED THEIR EFFORTS--AND THE FOXY FLY BURGLAR SUDDENLY VANISHED...

AND JUST WHERE, YOU WONDER, DID THE POLICE ART DEPARTMENT FIT INTO THIS BIZARRE PUZZLE? HOW WERE WE COPS WITH PENCILS GOING TO SMOKE OUT THIS PHANTOM WHO HAD ELUDED THE BEST DETECTIVES? AT THIS POINT, WE WERE CONSULTED...

I'VE GOT ENOUGH CASH STORED AWAY TO HIDE OUT UNTIL THE HEAT'S OFF! NO USE TAKING CHANCES WITH EVERY COP IN TOWN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ME!

WE DIDN'T REALLY EXPECT TO GET SUCH RESULTS, BUT OUR PLAN WORKED! IT WAS LIKE THIS...



BULLETIN
ENTIRE FORCE TURNED LOOSE TO CAPTURE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR!



WE HAD COME ACROSS WHAT WE CALL A 'BREAK' AND AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT CONFERENCE THE PRESS WAS CALLED IN...

THIS IS MR. FRANK DALE! HE'S A JANITOR AND WAS WORKING THE NIGHT THE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR PULLED HIS LAST JOB! MR. DALE WENT INTO THE BASEMENT WHERE THE BURGLAR WAS HIDING--WAITING TO ESCAPE AFTER HIS LATEST ROBBERY! HE GOT A LOOK AT THE MUG'S FACE!

WHAT?



THAT'S RIGHT! HE KNOCKED ME OUT WITH A PISTOL BUTT WHEN I SURPRISED HIM-- BUT I DID SEE HIS FACE! I WILL NEVER FORGET IT!

GIVE US THE DETAILS--WHAT WAS HE LIKE? THIS IS A SENSATIONAL STORY!



WE'LL NOT ONLY GIVE YOU THE DETAILS -- BUT WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU A PICTURE OF THE HUMAN FLY! ONE OF OUR POLICE ARTISTS, HARRY JOHNSON, WILL SKETCH HIM FROM MR. DALE'S DESCRIPTION...



SO I RECONSTRUCTED THE PORTRAIT AS HE WAS DESCRIBED...

LIKE I SAID, HE WAS A TALL GUY-- WITH A MUSTACHE! THE EYES I REMEMBER WELL -- THEY WERE DARK! AND THEY WERE MEAN! WHEN HIS HAT FELL OFF, I NOTICED HE WAS BALD!

I SEE!



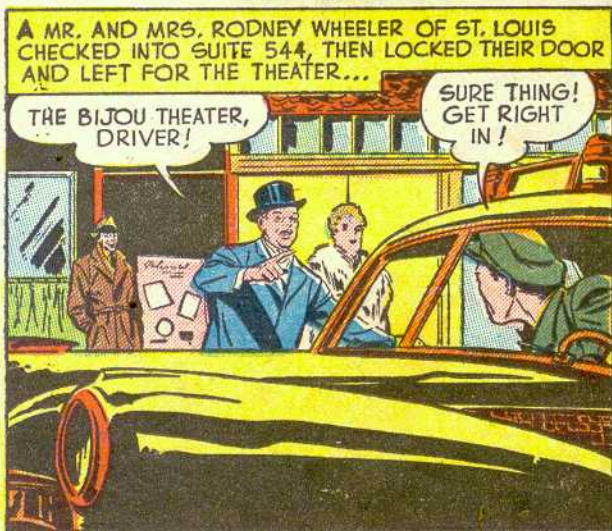
IS THIS THE MAN, MR. DALE?

YES, THAT'S VERY CLOSE! MAKE THE MUSTACHE JUST A LITTLE THINNER-- AND THE NOSE A LITTLE WIDER! SURE-- THAT'D BE YOUR FLY BURGLAR, ALMOST IN THE FLESH!



IT MADE EVERY FRONT PAGE IN THE CITY...





HE TOOK AN ELEVATOR TO THE FIFTH FLOOR, CLIMBED OUT A WINDOW IN THE HALLWAY, THEN MADE HIS WAY TO A WINDOW LEADING INTO ROOM 554...



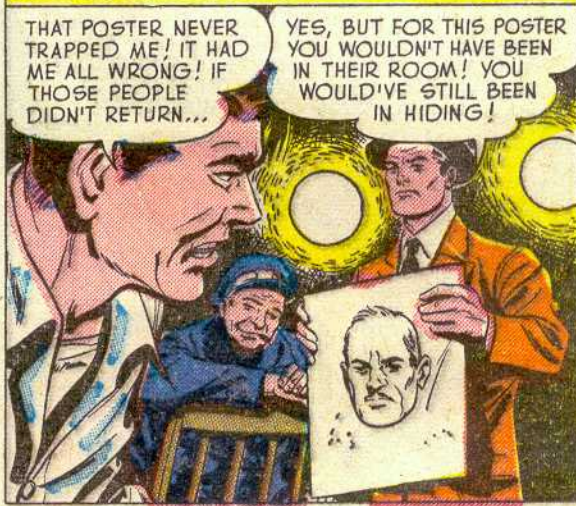
HE BEGAN SEARCHING THE ROOM SYSTEMATICALLY. MOMENTS PASSED--THEN THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND THE LIGHTS CLICKED ON...



HE FLED THROUGH THE WINDOW, DOWN THE FIRE ESCAPE --BUT THE ALARM HAD SPREAD ALREADY...



AT HEADQUARTERS, HE ADMITTED HIS OTHER CRIMES...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THAT JANITOR NEVER ACTUALLY SAW YOU! BUT SINCE HE'D RUN INTO YOU IN THE BASEMENT, WE WORKED OUT A STUNT WITH HIM THAT WOULD SMOKE YOU OUT INTO THE OPEN! WE PURPOSELY PUBLISHED THE WRONG DESCRIPTION OF YOU--WE EVEN INVITED THE PRESS TO MAKE IT SEEM REAL! THE WRONG DESCRIPTION MADE YOU CONFIDENT--AND YOU STRUCK, JUST AS WE HOPED YOU WOULD!



THAT WAS IT! THAT'S HOW WE GOT THE HUMAN FLY BURGLAR, AN EX-CIRCUS PERFORMER -- TRAPPED BY A PENCIL! WE DON'T WORK WITH GUNS, BUT THE POLICE ART DEPARTMENT CAN BRING IN A CROOK!



The End

**THE
POPSICLE
HALL OF FAME**

A TRUE STORY OF
A "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD



WILLIAM SMALLEY
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



GOSH, ANOTHER ACCIDENT IN FRONT OF SCHOOL - SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.



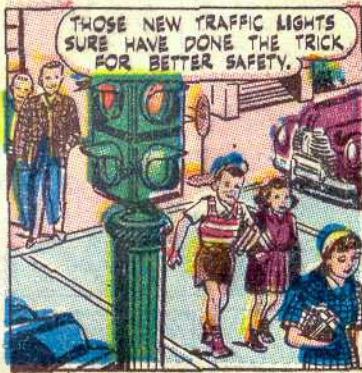
I CAN'T GET THAT ACCIDENT OUT OF MY MIND - THINK I'LL SEE THE MAYOR.



THANK YOU MR. MAYOR FOR LISTENING TO MY STORY. MORE TRAFFIC LIGHTS AT SCHOOL SHOULD HELP.



THE MAYOR IS HELPING US TO ELIMINATE ACCIDENTS NOW WE HAVE TO ORGANIZE SAFETY PATROLS.



THOSE NEW TRAFFIC LIGHTS SURE HAVE DONE THE TRICK FOR BETTER SAFETY.



... AND TO WILLIAM SMALLEY FOR ORGANIZING SCHOOL SAFETY PATROLS WE ARE PROUD TO JOIN "POPSICLE PETE" IN PRESENTING THIS GOLD MEDAL AND "POPSICLE" YOUTH AWARD.

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WITH THE **RED DOTS**

FOR SWELL GIFTS!

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Buzzy says BALANCE Your FUN DIET



AREN'T YOU GOING ROLLER-SKATING THIS AFTERNOON, BUZZY?

GOSH, WOLFIE, I THINK I'LL SKIP IT TODAY. THIS BOOK IS TERRIFIC-- I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I FINISH IT!



WHAT A SAP! IMAGINE WASTING TIME WITH A BOOK! THIS IS MY BIG OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE SUSIE ROLLER-SKATING!



AND SOON...

BUZZY MUST BE GETTING SOFT IN THE HEAD! WHAT FUN IS THERE IN READING A BOOK?

TRY IT SOMETIME, WOLFIE!



HEY!..

OOOOH! I THINK MAYBE HE'S GOING TO GET A CHANCE TO TRY IT SOONER THAN I THOUGHT!



NEXT DAY...

SAY, THANKS FOR SENDING OVER THAT BOOK, BUZZY. YOU KNOW, I'M KINDA ENJOYING IT MYSELF!

GOOD! I WON'T FEEL SO BAD THEN WHILE SUSIE AND I GO OFF TO ENJOY OURSELVES!



HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

ROLLER-SKATING!



NO KIDDING, KIDS. HAVING FUN COVERS A LOT OF TERRITORY-- DON'T OVERDO ONE THING AT THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER. BALANCE YOUR FUN DIET--AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE FUN!



PUBLISHED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE IN COOPERATION WITH LEADING NATIONAL SOCIAL WELFARE AND YOUTH-SERVING ORGANIZATIONS. THIS PAGE APPEARS IN MORE THAN 10,000,000 MAGAZINES OF THE NATIONAL COMICS GROUP (SUPERMAN-DC PUBLICATIONS)

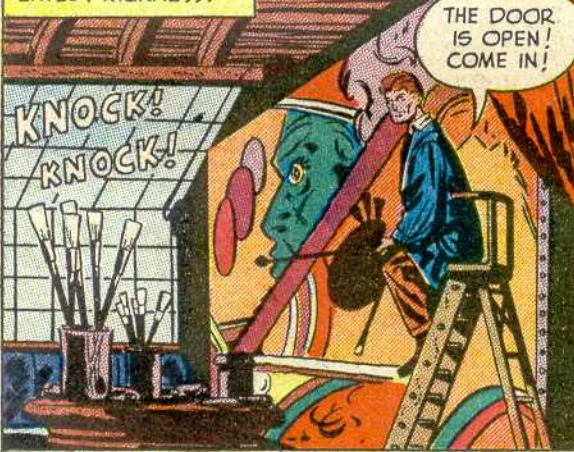


A Case-book Mystery

"THE CASE OF THE PAINTER'S PERIL!"

Test YOUR Wits Against a Criminal!

IN A GREENWICH VILLAGE STUDIO, A WELL-KNOWN MODERN PAINTER, GINO TOCASSO, COMPLETES HIS LATEST MURAL ...



THE DOOR IS OPEN! COME IN!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!



I HOPE IT IS THAT PIG DUVAL! I'D LIKE TO PIN HIS EARS BACK FOR PASSING A CHEAP IMITATION AS A REAL GINO TOCASSO!



HELLO, GINO! YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED WITH THE NEW MURAL, I SEE. AH, IT IS A BEAUTIFUL "WORK!"

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT ART, YOU FAKER? NOTHING! I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO COME HERE AS A CRITIC, DUVAL. I HAVE OTHER BUSINESS WITH YOU!



YOU KNOW, I CAN GET AT LEAST \$10,000 FOR THAT MURAL, GINO!

YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING, YOU CHEAT! YOU'RE NOT AN ART DEALER, YOU'RE A CROOK! AND THE WORLD WILL SOON KNOW IT! LEAVE IT TO ME!

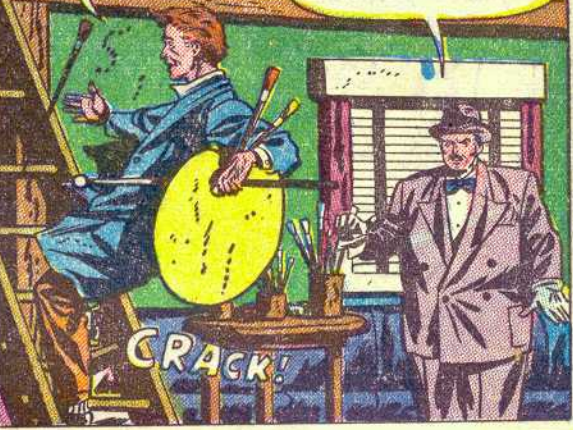
NOW TAKE IT EASY, TOCASSO! YOU OWE ME A DEBT OF GRATITUDE. IT WAS I WHO SOLD YOUR FIRST PAINTING!

YES, AND IT WAS YOU WHO GOT \$200, AND GAVE ME ONLY \$10, YOU THIEF. NOW THAT I HAVE BECOME FAMOUS, YOU ARE FAKING MY WORKS AND SIGNING MY NAME TO THEM. AND KEEPING ALL THE MONEY FROM THOSE FORGERIES!



I'M COMING DOWN AND... WHA...AT!

LOOK OUT! YOU'RE FALLING! SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET EXCITED, GINO! YOU CAN REALLY HURT YOURSELF SERIOUSLY!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? HERE, LET ME HELP YOU!

KEEP YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF ME, YOU TIP OF A PIG'S EAR! I'M GOING TO CALL THE POLICE NOW AND INFORM THEM OF YOUR SHADY DEALINGS!



I'LL GO TO JAIL IF HE REVEALS MY SECRET TO THE COPS... AND JUST WHEN I CAN MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS! THAT TUMBLE HE TOOK GIVES ME AN IDEA!



UGH!

TURN ME OVER TO THE POLICE, WILL YOU! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, YOU HONEST FOOL!



HE'S DEAD, AND I KILLED HIM. MY SECRET IS SAFE! BUT I MUST MAKE IT LOOK LIKE HE WAS THE VICTIM OF AN ACCIDENT!



I'LL PLACE THESE BRUSHES IN HIS HAND AND PLACE THE PALETTE NEAR HIS BODY. THE BROKEN LADDER RUNG WILL PROVIDE ME WITH A PERFECT ALIBI!



HELLO, POLICE?... AN ACCIDENT, A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT HAS HAPPENED! MY FRIEND GINO TOCASSO FELL FROM A LADDER AND IS DEAD. PLEASE HURRY!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'M INSPECTOR HOLLEY OF HOMICIDE, YOU MUST BE DUVAL, WHO CALLED. THAT'S TOCASSO THERE, RIGHT?

YES, LIEUTENANT, THAT IS THE BODY OF MY POOR FRIEND GINO TOCASSO... POOR GINO!



ALL RIGHT, DUVAL, TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

I WAS VISITING MY FRIEND TO ASK ABOUT SELLING HIS LATEST MURAL WHICH YOU SEE UP THERE ON THAT WALL. HE WAS PAINTING WHILE ON THE LADDER AND DECIDED TO COME DOWN AND HAVE A SMOKE. THEN... FFFTT! ONE OF THE RUNGS GAVE WAY UNDER HIS WEIGHT AND HE FELL!



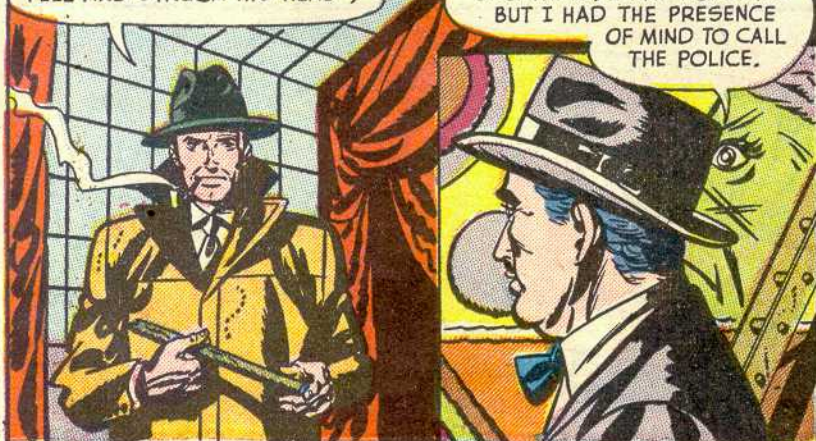
HE MUST HAVE TAKEN SOME FLOP TO CRACK HIS HEAD THIS WAY. DUVAL, ARE YOU SURE THAT TOCASSO WAS ON THE LADDER ALL THE TIME UNTIL HE FELL?



OF COURSE, INSPECTOR! I WAS STANDING NEAR THE TABLE AS HE STARTED DOWN. THE NEXT THING I KNEW HE WAS DEAD ON THE FLOOR!

DID YOU TOUCH ANYTHING BESIDES THE TELEPHONE AFTER TOCASSO FELL AND STRUCK HIS HEAD?

NO! I JUST LOOKED AT HIS FACE AND SAW HE WAS NOT BREATHING. I WAS HORRIFIED BUT I HAD THE PRESENCE OF MIND TO CALL THE POLICE.



ALL RIGHT, READER, DOES THE UNSCRUPULOUS ART DEALER GET AWAY WITH WHAT HE ASSUMES IS A PERFECT CRIME? OR HAS HE OVERLOOKED SOME DETAIL WHICH THE TRAINED EYES OF A DETECTIVE WILL FIND? SEE IF YOU ARE AS GOOD AS DETECTIVE HOLLEY BEFORE YOU LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE!



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



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NESTLÉ'S CRUNCH

Delicious-Different

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THE CRIME FILE

DANGLING DEATH

The tall, powerfully-built man was grief-stricken when he admitted the police. Wordlessly, he led Detective Fitch and two uniformed officers into the study. At the entrance to the study, they suddenly came to a halt, for there, dangling from a chandelier over a large desk was the well-dressed body of Jesse Northrop.



"A little guy, wasn't he?" one of the cops said.

"Yeah, it was easy for him to mount that desk, then hang himself from that chandelier," the other remarked.

"That's exactly what he did," said the heavy-set man. "I found him just like that when I came in, after finding the front door open. I called you instantly."

Detective Fitch approached the corpse, glancing at the highly polished desk top. "You didn't touch anything?"

"Nothing but the phone when I called the police," said the large man.

"Who are you," Detective Fitch wanted to know, "and what are you doing here?"

"My name's Robert D. Saxon. Poor Northrop and I were in the same business—building contractors. We were good friends, although now and then we bid for the same

job. Friendly rivals, so to speak. Northrop was in poor health. He intimated recently that a doctor told him he had an incurable illness. I saw him only this afternoon when we both were preparing bids for a new hotel downtown. He seemed unusually depressed. Knowing that he lived alone, I came around this evening to cheer him up, if I could. But when I arrived . . . well, you know the rest."

"So you think he committed suicide because he was despondent?" asked Detective Fitch.

Saxon nodded and turned away. "Can't you cut him down, for heaven's sake? I can't stand the sight of him up there!"

Detective Fitch pursed his lips and answered laconically: "It shouldn't bother you, Mr. Saxon. After all, you strung him up!"

"What's that?" roared Saxon, his face paling.

"If you will notice, Northrop's shoes are leather-heeled. If he had mounted this desk to hang himself, they would have scratched this highly lacquered desk surface. But there's not a mark on it. I'm afraid this desk was placed under his body AFTER he was hanged!"

Confronted by this evidence, Saxon subsequently confessed. He had indeed murdered Northrop, then arranged matters so that it would look like suicide.

The motive: he was desperately in need of a hotel construction job to preserve his business, and he feared that Northrop's lower bid would snare the appointment.

PICTURES FOR PRISONERS

Convicts arriving at Dorchester Prison in England these days have a surprise in store for them. On the walls of the Main Hall and

the dining room are displayed some of the world's best-known paintings. They were recently borrowed from the Bournemouth Municipal Art Gallery by the governor (or warden, as he is known in this country).

"I thought it would be a jolly good idea," he explained, "to brighten the drab lives of the inmates. So far as I know, this is the first time art has been exhibited in an institution of this sort. It should do the men a world of good. Of course, these valuable pieces of art are hanging a little higher than usual—beyond their reach."

MIND READER OVER MATTER

On a hot July night back in 1928, a hired hand by the name of Ralph Mann fatally shot the owner of a Canadian farm where he was employed. Since the members of the victim's family saw the murder committed, Mann found it necessary to shoot them all.

When police questioned Mann, he readily told them that he had been away in town during the wholesale killing. But they weren't that gullible. Further questioning disclosed that Mann had requested a wage increase and had been refused. Mann had been known to have muttered dark threats in reprisal. Apparently, his anger spilling over, he had taken his rifle and done in the whole family.

Clapped behind bars, Mann refused to talk with the police, who knew all too well that the murder weapon had to be recovered. The farmhouse and grounds were searched many times but the rifle couldn't be found.

Finally, the police engaged a mind reader by the name of Ali Bey, who was touring Canada's vaudeville theatres at the time. Ali Bey professed to have solved murder cases in the Near East before his debut in Canada.

Ali Bey took up his vigil outside Mann's cell. For 12 hours, he sat outside the barred

door, concentrating. Then, abruptly, he rose, and without a word, motioned to the police to follow him. They drove out to the farm, where Ali Bey guided them to a pond.

"There!" he said, triumphantly, pointing a bony finger at the tranquil waters. The police set to work, dragging the pond, and before long, came up with the rifle.

Faced with the weapon, Mann admitted everything. He was later tried and hanged.

SENTIMENTAL CROOK

A Brooklyn, N. Y. manufacturer of greeting cards was surprised, on opening his shop one morning, to find that his cash register had been pried open and all its money removed.



Propped on a nearby shelf was one of his own cards, which read:

"With profound thanks for your very handsome gift."

The thief had signed it with an X.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Running for re-election, a New Orleans sheriff ran an ad in the local newspapers, describing the accomplishments which would insure his return to office.

The ad called attention to the fact that "every floor of the jail was done in a different color combination"; the kitchen was "spotlessly clean"; the pharmacy was "as complete as a corner drug store"; and the barred doors and windows were covered with attractive drapes and curtains.

LIKE MOM!

MARY SULLIVAN, WHO RETIRED AFTER BEING ON THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE FOR 35 YEARS, WAS THE FIRST WOMAN ON THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

AS A DETECTIVE SHE SOLVED SOME OF THE CITY'S MOST SENSATIONAL MURDER CASES, OFTEN AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE!



MARY BECAME SO FAMOUS AS HEAD OF NEW YORK'S POLICEWOMEN THAT A RADIO PROGRAM WAS BASED ON THE AMAZING CRIMES SHE SOLVED.

ALMOST THE ENTIRE TRIBE OF SULLIVANS ARE LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS,

Mary Sullivan



Grace Sullivan

GRACE IS FOLLOWING IN MOM'S FOOTSTEPS. AFTER A TIME WITH THE N.Y. POLICE, SHE BECAME THE FIRST WOMAN DETECTIVE FOR A MAJOR RAILROAD. NOW—SHE IS HEAD OF HER OWN DETECTIVE AGENCY—A MASTER PRIVATE EYE!



GRACE HAS 2 GREAT UNCLAS IN SCOTLAND YARD, AN UNCLE WHO IS A LONDON BOBBY, 3 UNCLAS WERE ON THE N.Y. POLICE AND 3 COUSINS ARE NOW MEMBERS OF NEW YORK'S FINEST!

ADVERTISEMENT

Kids!

GET THIS SWELL

Official League Baseball

by Saving Bazooka wrappers!

No limit to the number of balls you can win! Pool wrappers with your buddies—your choice of baseball or Official Softball!

The Baseball of Champions

Official size and weight!

A lively ball you can wallop a mile!

The "Perfect Sphere" Baseball

Actual Size

Genuine Horsehide cover!

Hand-sewn red stitching for curve-ball pitching

FREE

OFFICIAL LEAGUE

LEATHER COVER
9 INCH 5 1/8 DIA.
3 1/2 INCH 5 1/8 DIA.



Prizes Comics
2 BIG CHEWS 1¢

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS OFFER!

Just save the red, white and blue foil wrappers from Penny Bazooka—the Atom Bubble Gum. When you have collected 200 wrappers, mail them, with your name, address, and the word "BASEBALL" or "SOFTBALL" to BAZOOKA, Box 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. You may send in as many groups of 200 as you wish—you'll get an Official League Baseball or Official Softball for every 200 wrappers—by return mail! But start saving wrappers NOW. This offer expires July 30, 1950.



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



I'VE SENTENCED ALL OF YOU TO LIFE IN PRISON! HOW DOES IT FEEL?

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING WE STILL HAVE ON FILE THE UNIQUE CASE HISTORY (E-7121) OF THREE-TIME LOSER CLIVE BURSON --WHO VOWED THAT HE COULDN'T BE HELD BEHIND BARS! HE ALSO VOWED TO GET REVENGE ON THOSE WHO SENT HIM THERE, AND ONCE THERE--IN STATE PRISON--HE BROODED AND CONCEIVED AN INCREDIBLE SCHEME OF VENGEANCE--A SCHEME NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN BY A JUDGE, A JURY AND YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY! THIS WAS THE TIME WHEN CLIVE BURSON BECAME...

"THE CRIME WARDEN!"



HARRINGTON-- MISS MILLER... MANY PEOPLE HAVE ASKED ME WHAT I CONSIDER THE STRANGEST CASE IN OUR FILES! IT'S SOME TASK, SELECTING **THE ONE!**



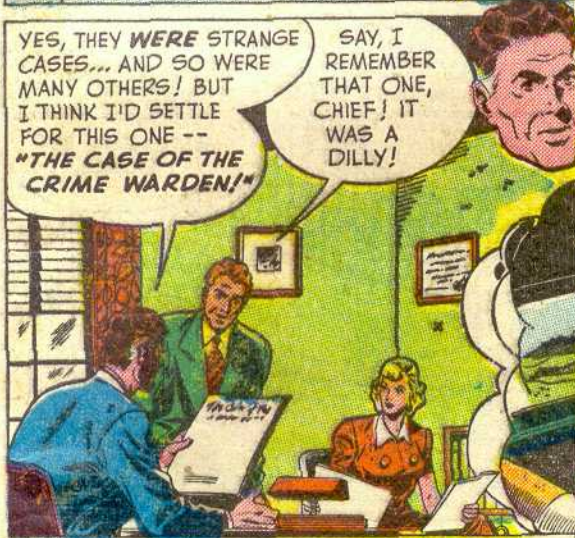
MY VOTE IS FOR THE "MONKEY MAN" CASE, CHIEF! IT TURNED OUT THAT HE WASN'T **REALLY** A CROOK, AFTER ALL!

I LIKED THE "MARVYN MOON" CASE, BECAUSE IT WAS ONE OF THE NATION'S **GREATEST MANHUNTS!**



YES, THEY **WERE** STRANGE CASES... AND SO WERE MANY OTHERS! BUT I THINK I'D SETTLE FOR THIS ONE -- "**THE CASE OF THE CRIME WARDEN!**"

SAY, I REMEMBER THAT ONE, CHIEF! IT WAS A **DILLY!**



"IT STARTED LAST JULY, WHEN A FOUR-TIME LOSER, CLIVE BURSON, WAS SENT UP THE RIVER FOR LIFE, ON AN EMBEZZLEMENT CHARGE..."

I SAID IT IN COURT, AND I'LL SAY IT AGAIN! NO PRISON WILL HOLD ME! AND WHEN I GET OUT, I'LL GET EVEN WITH EVERYBODY WHO SENT ME UP!

THAT'S WHAT THEY **ALL** SAY, BURSON!



"AS OF THAT DAY, JULY 23RD, CLYDE BURSON BECAME NO. 411723 -- A TEMPERMENTAL, BROODING PRISONER..."

"SOON HIS TORMENTED MIND BECAME OBSESSED WITH ONE SINGLE THOUGHT..."

I CAN'T STAND IT, I TELL YOU! I FEEL LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL! BARS ALL AROUND ME! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT!

AW, SHUT UP AN' GO TO SLEEP!



GET OUT... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT! THEY CAN'T KEEP ME HERE! NO PRISON CAN HOLD ME...



"ONE DAY, BURSON WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PRISON'S LICENSE PLATE FACTORY..."

HMM, THEY SHIP THE PLATES IN THESE BIG CRATES... LARGE ENOUGH TO HOLD A MAN! YEAH... IT MIGHT JUST WORK!



"NEXT DAY- SEPTEMBER 2ND- BURSON, UNSEEN BY ANYONE, DROPPED A MATCH INTO A BOX OF OIL-SOAKED RAGS, AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS..."

FIRE!

IT'S NOT A BAD ONE! WE CAN HANDLE HER!



"BUT WHILE THE OTHERS CONCENTRATED ON PUTTING OUT THE FIRE, BURSON CLIMBED INTO ONE OF THE CRATES..."

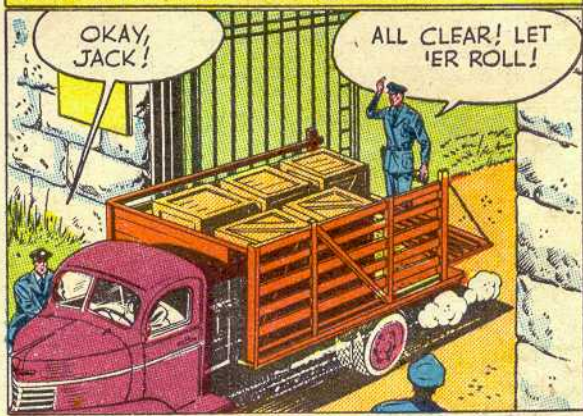
NOW'S MY CHANCE! NO ONE SAW ME!



"AND WHEN THE BLAZE SUBSIDED, THIS CRATE - WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO - WAS NAILED SHUT, LOADED ONTO ONE OF THE PRISON TRUCKS, AND DRIVEN PAST THE PRISON GATES..."

OKAY, JACK!

ALL CLEAR! LET 'ER ROLL!



"HOURS LATER, AS THE TRUCK ROLLED OVER OPEN COUNTRY, BURSON PRIED HIMSELF LOOSE FROM THE CRATE, AND JUMPED..."

FREE, AT LAST! NOW, WITH THE MONEY I'VE HIDDEN AWAY, I CAN START EVENING THINGS WITH THE D.A. - THE JUDGE - AND THE JURY!



YES, BURSON MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE... AND NEXT, HE WAS TO MAKE GOOD HIS VOW OF VENGEANCE! WHAT HE DID - AND HOW HE DID IT - WILL ABSOLUTELY ASTOUND YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT! IT WAS THE MOST FANTASTIC STUNT EVER ATTEMPTED... AND IT WORKED!



"PASSING HIMSELF OFF AS A POLICE OFFICER, BURSON CALLED THE JUDGE AND EVERY MEMBER OF THE JURY..."

WHAT'S THAT?

I SAID I'M FROM THE D. A.'S OFFICE! CLIVE BURSON HAS ESCAPED, AND I'VE BEEN DETAILED TO PROTECT YOU FROM HIM! MEET ME AT THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS...

"WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE ADDRESS - A PLACE ON MARION STREET - THEY WERE IMMEDIATELY MADE PRISONERS..."

BURSON!
NOW SEE
HERE...

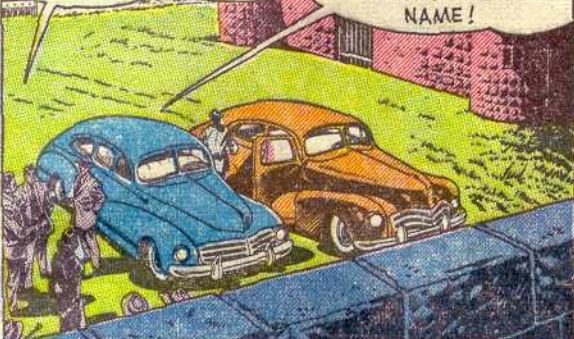
QUIET, JUDGE... I'M THE BOSS, NOW! KEEP THOSE GUNS TRAINED, BOYS, WHILE I HAND-CUFF THEM! THEY'RE UNDER "ARREST!"
HA, HA!



"LOADING HIS VICTIMS INTO TWO SEDANS, HE DROVE ACROSS TOWN - UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS - TO A DESERTED PLACE, NEAR THE RIVER..."

WHY, IT'S THE OLD CIVIL WAR PRISON, WHICH THEY MADE INTO A MUSEUM!

IT'S NO LONGER A MUSEUM! I BOUGHT THE PLACE UNDER A DIFFERENT NAME!



"INSIDE, HEAVY DOORS CLANGED BEHIND THEM - SHUTTING THEM OFF FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD - AND IT WAS THEN THAT THEY GOT THEIR FIRST HINT OF BURSON'S MAD PLAN..."

I'VE HAD THE PLACE MODERNIZED - JUST AS GOOD AS ANY PRISON IN THE COUNTRY! THIS IS YOUR NEW HOME!

THIS IS POSITIVELY OUTRAGEOUS! I DEMAND OUR RELEASE!



YOU'LL DEMAND NOTHING! I'M THE WARDEN HERE! ALL OF YOU WILL DO PRECISELY AS I SAY! AND DON'T PLAN ANY CRASH-OUTS! MY ORDERS ARE TO SHOOT TO KILL! OKAY, BOYS - LOCK 'EM UP!

"NEXT MORNING, THE STORY STRUCK WITH STUNNING FORCE..."

READ ALL ABOUT IT!.. MISSING JUDGE AND JURY!



Evening Star
JUDGE, JURY VANISH!

BLADE
BURSON KEEPS VOW!

CHRONICLE
BURSON

"FOR DAYS, WE WERE FRANTIC - NOT EVEN SURE THAT BURSON'S VICTIMS WERE STILL ALIVE - WHILE AN OUTRAGED PUBLIC DEMANDED QUICK ACTION..."



THE **DOWNTOWN CIVIC GROUP**, CHIEF! ARE YOU "IN"?

NO! I'M TOO BUSY! TELL THEM WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING WE CAN!

13 PEOPLE - VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! WHO KNOWS WHAT THAT CRIMINAL INTENDS DOING TO THEM? HARRINGTON, GET EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ON THAT CASE! EVERY LAST MAN WE CAN SPARE!



RIGHT, CHIEF!

WHERE ON EARTH WOULD BURSON HIDE THEM? WHERE WILL WE START LOOKING?

YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL, CHIEF! REMEMBER, YOU WERE ALSO INCLUDED IN HIS REVENGE PLANS! MAYBE YOU'RE NEXT ON THE LIST!



"SUDDENLY, MISS MILLER'S WARNING STRUCK HOME..."



SURE - YOU'RE RIGHT! THE JUDGE, THE JURY... AND **I'M PROBABLY NEXT!** WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

WHAT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!



DON'T YOU SEE? IF I'M MARKED FOR VICTIM NUMBER 14, HE MUST HAVE ME UNDER CONSTANT WATCH! FROM NOW ON, I'LL ROAM THE STREETS **ALONE!** LETTING HIM CAPTURE ME IS THE FASTEST WAY OF FINDING OUT WHERE THE **OTHERS** ARE!

"THUS BEGAN MY NIGHTLY WALKS, ALONE, DOWN DARK, DESERTED STREETS... UNTIL, A FEW NIGHTS LATER, I WAS STOPPED BY A FAMILIAR VOICE FROM A PARKED SEDAN..."



IT'S MUCH TOO COLD FOR WALKING, D.A.! **GET IN!**

BURSON! WELL, I'M IN NO POSITION TO REFUSE!

THAT'S RIGHT! AN' **MOVE FAST!**

"AND I, TOO, WAS DRIVEN ACROSS TOWN TO THE ANCIENT PRISON..."

MY COLLECTION IS NOW COMPLETE, D.A. ! YOU'RE PRISONERS - ALL OF YOU - AND I'M THE WARDEN ! BEFORE I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHAT PRISON LIFE IS LIKE ! GET HIM READY, BOYS !



BURSON PLAYED THE THING TO THE HILT, FIRST, THEY CLIPPED MY HAIR..."

FREE BARBERING JOB, D.A. - JUST LIKE THEY GIVE YOU IN ANY OTHER PRISON !

HAW ! THIS IS GREAT !



"NEXT, I WAS GIVEN PRISON CLOTHES - AND A NUMBER !"

NOW, YOU'RE READY TO DO TIME, D.A. - ER, I MEAN NO. 13726 ! HA, HA !



SOME FIX ! I FOUND THE MISSING JUDGE AND JURY... BUT NOW I'M MISSING WITH THEM ! AND THERE'S NO WAY OF GETTING AID !

NOW, PRISONERS, YOUR LIFE SENTENCES BEGIN ! HOW DOES IT FEEL ? LIKE BIRDS IN A CAGE, EH ? HA, HA !



"YES, OUR 'SENTENCES' HAD BEGUN. BURSON - AS 'WARDEN' - COPIED EVERY FACTOR OF PRISON LIFE, REMINDING US EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY THAT WE WERE 'CONS' !"

BREAKFAST TIME ! LET'S GO !



"HE EVEN SET UP A PRISON MESS HALL, WITH METAL UTENSILS CHAINED TO THE TABLE..."

NOT ENOUGH PEPPER IN THIS FOOD ! CAN I GET SOME ?

SAP ! PRISONS NEVER HAVE PEPPER ! CONS GET IDEAS ABOUT THROWIN' IT IN GUARDS' EYES ! SHUT UP AN' EAT !



"AND, LIKE PRISONERS, WE WORKED, CLEANING OUR CELLS, SCRUBBING THE FLOORS..."

LET'S HAVE MORE ELBOW GREASE ON THAT JOB, D.A. - I MEAN NO. 13726! HA, HA!



"AS FOR ESCAPING... WELL, ONE OF THE PRISONERS, WILLIAM RILEY, DID TRY IT..."

I'M GOING CRAZY IN THIS PLACE! I'M MAKING A BREAK!



"BUT BEFORE HE COULD RUN TEN FEET..."

I SAID THERE'D BE NO CRASH-OUTS!

AN' DON'T ANYBODY ELSE MOVE!



THAT'S WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ANYBODY ELSE WHO TRIES A BREAK! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR WORK -- OR I'LL THROW EVERY ONE OF YOU IN SOLITARY!



"AS TIME PASSED, I COULD TELL BURSON WAS LOSING HIS MIND, FOR HE SOON BEGAN THINKING THAT HE REALLY WAS WARDEN OF A PRISON! HE EVEN MADE ONE OF US - LESLIE CREER - A TRUSTY!"

CREER, YOU'VE BEEN A MODEL PRISONER, AND I'VE DECIDED TO LET YOU WORK IN MY OFFICE! BUT ONE TRICK, AND YOU'LL GET WHAT RILEY GOT!

I UNDERSTAND!



"IT WAS LIKE A NIGHTMARE, FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO AWAKENING..."

NO POSSIBLE WAY OF ESCAPING... IF I COULD ONLY GET A MESSAGE TO HARRINGTON... TO ANYBODY!



"DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, I DEvised AND DISCARDED ONE PLAN AFTER ANOTHER! I TOOK TO LOOKING OUT THE TINY WINDOW, DAYDREAMING, WATCHING PIGEONS DO THEIR DAILY EXERCISE..."

HERE WE ARE - IN AN OLD PRISON - MUSEUM - RIGHT IN THE CITY! AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT!



A WHOLE POLICE FORCE SEARCHING FOR US... AND WE'RE RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSES! WE MIGHT AS WELL BE ON ANOTHER CONTINENT!

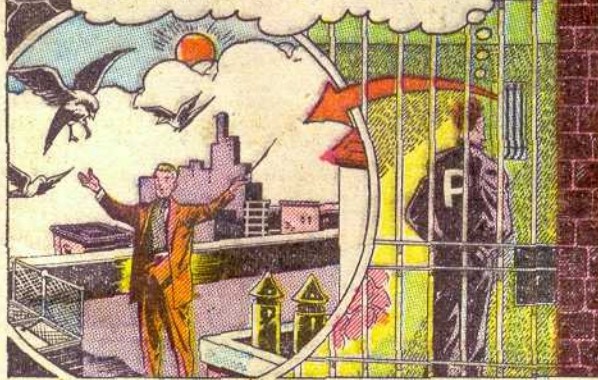


"SUDDENLY, ONE MORNING, AS I WATCHED THE DISTANT PIGEONS, A WILD SCHEME STRUCK ME..."

"THEN, I REMEMBERED THE SOLITARY CELLS, WHICH I HAD ONCE SEEN WHILE SCRUBBING THE BASEMENT... AND THAT SAME NIGHT, I WAS READY TO SET MY PLAN TO ACTION..."

THOSE PIGEONS... THEY'RE MY ONLY HOPE! BUT HOW... WHERE?! IF BURSON CATCHES ME, I'M AS GOOD AS DEAD!

EACH CELL HAS A TINY WINDOW SLOT! I MUST BE ALONE IN ONE OF THEM FOR A FEW DAYS! IF I COMMIT SOME LITTLE "VIOLATION," BURSON WILL CONFINE ME TO SOLITARY! HMMM... IT'S NEARLY SUPPER TIME...



"WHEN WE REACHED THE MESS HALL, I WAITED UNTIL THE FOOD WAS BROUGHT OUT... THEN I WENT INTO MY ACT..."

"INSTANTLY, THE GUARD'S GUN SMASHED AGAINST MY JAW, AND EVERYTHING WENT BLACK..."

HERE GOES... STEW AGAIN! IS THAT ALL WE GET TO EAT AROUND HERE? I WON'T TOUCH THE STUFF!

HEY, YOU! YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR TROUBLE!

WARDEN'S ORDERS -- SLUG ANY GUY WHO ACTS UP!



"AND WHEN I CAME TO..."

HA, HA! A MONTH OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ON **BREAD AND WATER** - SHOULD TEACH YOU TO APPRECIATE OUR PRISON STEW!

MY PLAN WORKED... HE'S PLAYING INTO MY HANDS! IT WAS WORTH A SLUGGING!

"MOMENTS LATER, I WAS IN A TINY CELL, DARK SAVE FOR THE SMALL SLOT OF A WINDOW..."

HERE'S YOUR BREAD AND WATER! YOU'LL SEE THINGS **MY** WAY BEFORE THE MONTH IS UP! AFTER ALL, LIFERS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS! HA, HA!

"THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO TILL MORNING, EXCEPT WAIT! FINALLY, AS THE FIRST RAYS OF SUNLIGHT PEEKED THROUGH THE SLOT, I WENT TO WORK..."

TIME FOR THE PIGEONS' MORNING EXERCISE... FIRST, I ATTRACT THEM BY PLACING BREAD CRUMBS IN THE WINDOW...

AND NOW I WAIT...

"SOON, MY HEART LEAPED, AS TWO PIGEONS FLUTTERED CLOSE TO THE BREAD CRUMBS, BUT..."

THEY'RE NOT TAKING THE BAIT! THEY'RE FLYING AWAY!

"HOW MY HOPES SANK! NOT ANOTHER PIGEON APPROACHED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY... BUT ON THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THEY PROVED LESS TIMID..."

THEY'RE PERCHED ON THE SILL... EATING! I MUST MOVE SLOWLY... CAREFULLY... MUSTN'T FRIGHTEN THEM AWAY...

"SWIFTLY, MY HAND DARTED OUT... AND I HAD ONE OF THE PIGEONS!"

DON'T WORRY, BIRD!
NOTHING WILL HAPPEN, EXCEPT THAT YOU MAY BECOME A HERO! YOU SEE, YOU'RE GOING TO BRING THE POLICE... I HOPE!

"HOLDING THE BIRD IN ONE HAND, I UNTIED MY BLACK SHOE LACES WITH THE OTHER, AND I SOAKED THEM IN A TINY BIT OF WATER UNTIL I HAD A DARK INKY SUBSTANCE..."

STEP NUMBER TWO - A SUCCESS!



"THEN, WITH THE LACE TIP, AS A 'FOUNTAIN PEN', I SCRAWLED A CRUDE BUT LEGIBLE MESSAGE ON A TORN PIECE OF MY HANDKERCHIEF..."



"YOU REMEMBER THE REST, HARRINGTON - HOW YOU AND THE BOYS FROM THE 12TH PRECINCT GOT THE CALL ABOUT THE CLOTH ON THE PIGEON'S LEG - AND HOW YOU SMASHED INTO BURSON'S ANCIENT PRISON..."

STAY OUT! THIS IS MY PRISON! I'M THE WARDEN HERE - I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU!

HELP, HELP!
PRISONER IN
OLD MUSEUM
PRISON
DISTR

GOOD ENOUGH! NOW, I'LL TIE IT TO THE PIGEON'S LEG AND RELEASE IT!



CAREFUL, BOYS - HE'S GONE LOONEY!

"THEN, WHEN BURSON EMPTIED HIS GUN YOU CLOSED IN ON HIM, WHILE HE JABBERED WILDLY..."

HOW DARE YOU? I'M THE WARDEN HERE! ASK THE PRISONERS ABOUT ME - CLIVE BURSON, WARDEN OF THE BIG HOUSE! HA, HA!

BURSON WAS THEN COMMITTED TO A HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE, AND THUS ENDED THE INCREDIBLE CASE OF THE CRIME WARDEN... DEFINITELY MY STRANGEST CASE!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU ON THAT, CHIEF! CAN YOU IMAGINE?.. YOU TRAPPED 'EM WITH A PIGEON!



REUNION at the RUSTLERS

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I WERE VACATIONING AT THE DREW RANCH, WE WERE AWAKENED BY GUNSHOTS FROM THE RANGE...



THOSE RUSTLERS 'VEEN STEALIN' 'N BRANDIN' A LOT OF MY CALVES... BUT I CAN'T PUT THE LAW ON 'EM 'TIL I CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT OF BRANDIN'!

I HAVE AN IDEA... GET THE SHERIFF HERE TOMORROW, AND THEN--



THE NEXT EVENING...

WE LOCK MOMMA COW HERE IN THE SHED, WHILE MR. DREW TAKES HIS MEN OFF WATCH...



LATER... THE RUSTLERS HAVE STOLEN THE UNGUARDED CALVES... THE COW, ANXIOUS TO SEARCH FOR HER MISSING CALF, IS RELEASED...

IT'S A CHANCE-- BUT SHE MAY LEAD US TO HER CALF... AND THE RUSTLERS!

IMAGINE TAKING A HIKE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! AND WHY D'YOU WANT ME TO WEAR THESE HERE "P-F"'S, JIM?



WHAT JIM TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT "P-F" *:

HERE'S HOW "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GIVE YOU EXTRA SPEED AND COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION--HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.
2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.



* TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

Y'KNOW, THESE "P-F"'S OF YOURS ARE MIGHTY EASY ON THE FEET... WE BEEN FOLLOWING THAT COW OVER TWO HOURS AND I AIN'T TIRED YIT!

HOPE SHE FINDS HER CALF BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT AND THEY SEE US COMING!



SOON...

LOOK, BILL-- WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?



CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED! GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BOYS...

... AND OUR "P-F"'S, SHERIFF!

FOR EXTRA SPEED, ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES! GET YOUR "P-F"'S NOW!



"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND Hood Rubber Co.

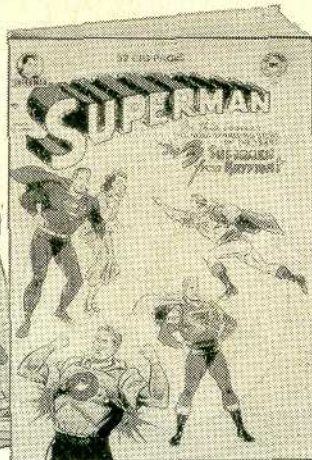


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McAN'S

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A SLICK SUMMER
COLOR...RICH MAHOGANY
BROWN, AND WOVEN
IN TWO-TONE
ON UPPERS.

HIDDEN HERE--A
SNAPPY ELASTIC.
"G-I-V-E-S" WITH EACH
STEP--SPRINGS
BACK TO FIT.

LOOK! ALL WELT
CONSTRUCTION...HOLDS
SHOE IN SHAPE.
PERMITS RE-SOLING
WITHOUT NAILING.

I LIKE THE
DASHING GOOD-
LOOKS OF THAT
BUCKLE AND STRAP.
IT'S NEAT!

GOSH--EXPENSIVE
HAND-WEAVING
LET'S THE FRESH
AIR IN, COOLS
THOSE "HOT DOGS!"

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size _____ in D width.

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the BEACHCOMBER, a moccasin slip-on shoe. There is a
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oh man, is it comfortable! At Thom McAn for only

\$6.95

The BEACHCOMBER is just one of more than 100
different styles at

Thom McAn

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