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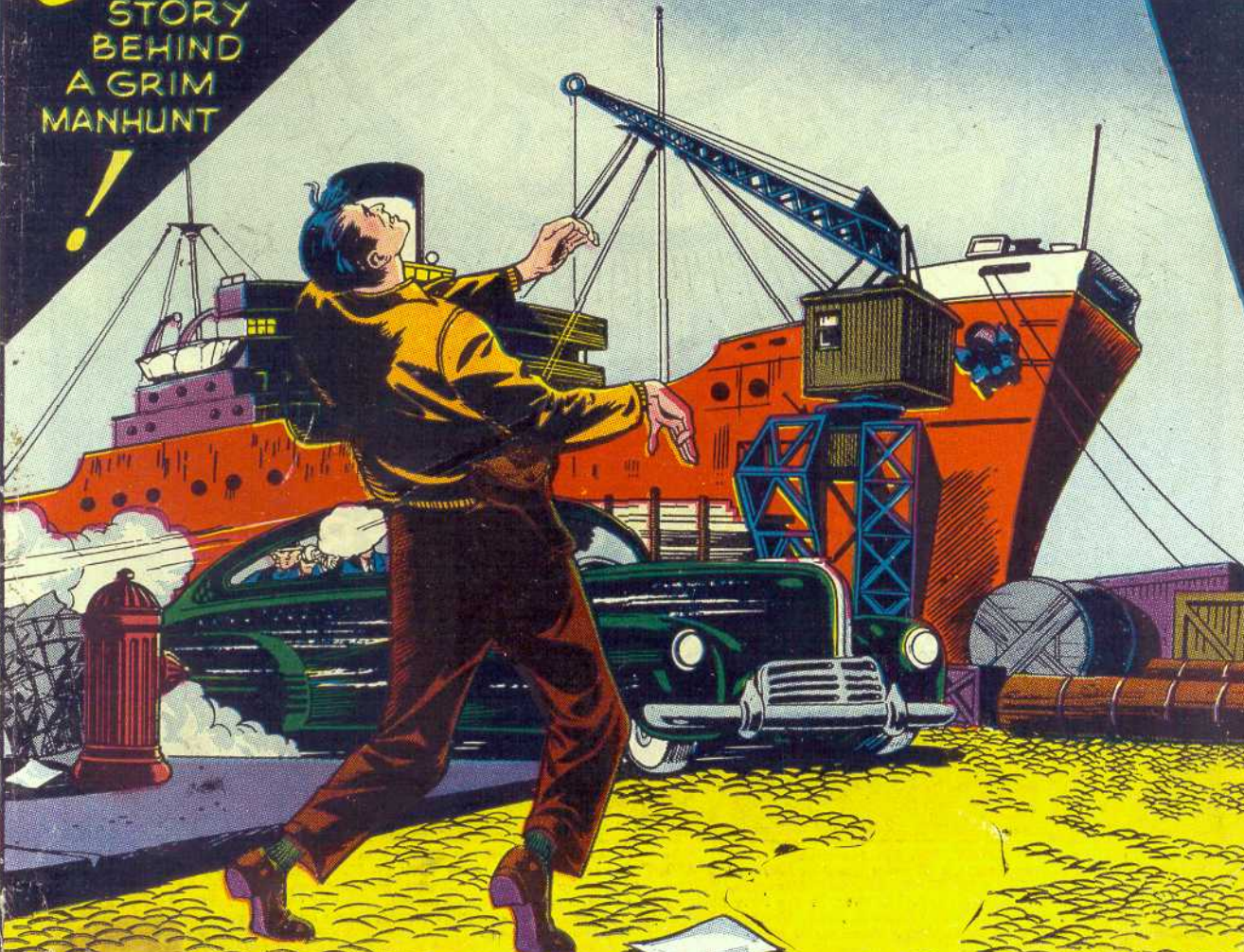
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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

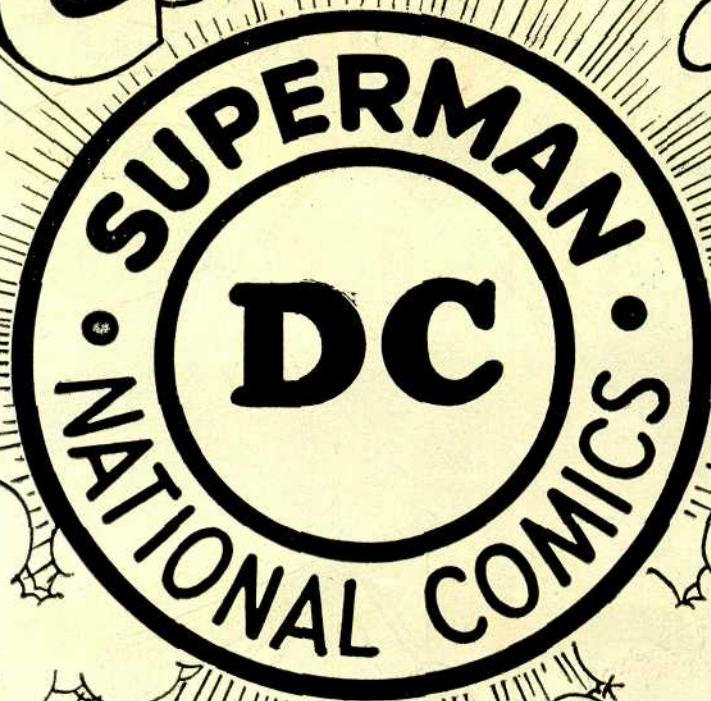
"Eyewitness!"

A THRILL-
PACKED
STORY
BEHIND
A GRIM
MANHUNT



TOPS COMICS!

IN



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COVER OF ANY COMICS
MAGAZINE IS YOUR
GUARANTEE OF THE BEST
IN COMIC READING!

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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THIS IS **YOUR** CASE HISTORY! IT IS ABOUT **YOU**! STEP BY STEP **YOU**--THE PUBLIC--WILL SEE WITH YOUR OWN EYES THE INEVITABLE DOWNFALL OF A MURDERER! STEP BY STEP, **YOU** WILL PLAY A VITAL ROLE IN THE DRAMA--**YOU** WILL PROVIDE THE ACTION--THE THRILLS, THE DEADLY, DANGEROUS EXCITEMENT! YES, DOCTOR, FARMER, GAS STATION ATTENDANT, DRUG STORE CLERK--**YOU** WHO NORMALLY DON'T WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE LAW WILL LIVE THE GREATEST MOMENTS OF YOUR LIVES, AND IN DOING SO...

"YOU CATCH A KILLER!"

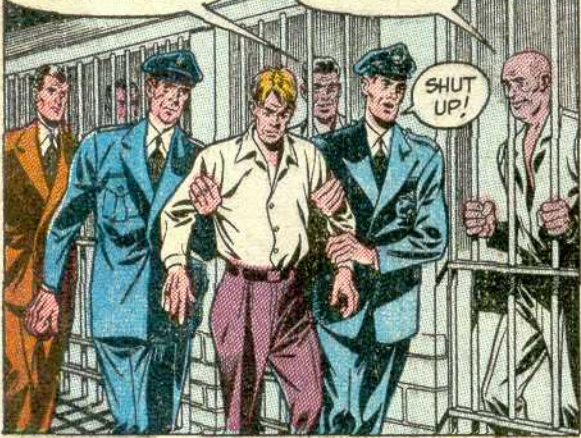


MIDNIGHT IN STATE PRISON! ONE HEARS THE CLICK OF GUARDS' HEELS ON THE CORRIDOR OF DEATH ROW AS THEY APPROACH A CELL, UNLOCK IT, AND LEAD A MAN OUT...

OKAY, HOWLEY! TIME TO GO...



BAT HOWLEY--"THE TOUGHEST OF 'EM ALL!" HAW!
THE "BIRD CAGE" LOSES ANOTHER GUEST, EH, HOWLEY!



SHUT UP!

FOR LONG, LONG MOMENTS THERE IS SILENCE ALONG THE "ROW". SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS DIM...

THEY'RE GIVIN' IT TO HIM! BAT HOWLEY'S GETTIN' IT! AN' HE SAID HE NEVER WOULD!
SURE--AN' YOU'RE NEXT! AN' THEN ME! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO KILLERS! THEY ALL GO OUT IN A LITTLE ROOM WHILE LIGHTS GET DIM!



THE NEXT DAY--THE MORNING OF TUESDAY, APRIL 9TH, THE D.A.'S OFFICE BUZZES WITH REPORTERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS...

WHICH COP GETS THE PROMOTION FOR SENDIN' HOWLEY TO THE CHAIR, D.A.? I'D LIKE TO DO A FEATURE STORY ON HIM!
AND MY PAPER COULD USE SOME PHOTOS OF THE HERO!
PLEASE, BOYS--JUST A MOMENT!



THIS IS GOING TO BE A SURPRISE! ACTUALLY, IT WAS NOT A POLICE OFFICER WHO SENT BAT HOWLEY TO A JUST END!

WHAT? NO COP? THEN WHO DID?



JUST WHO DID SEND HOWLEY UP?

PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELVES. JUST PLAIN ORDINARY WORKING PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT LAW OFFICERS!

I DON'T GET IT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

I MEAN JUST THIS-- THE PUBLIC... YOU, YOU AND YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR BRINGING A VICIOUS KILLER TO AN END! I WILL EXPLAIN WHAT I MEAN -- AND THE EVENTS I AM ABOUT TO TELL COMPRISE ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING

CASE HISTORIES IN OUR FILES!



"GO BACK A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AGO-- ON MARCH 3RD. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME WE HAD CAUGHT HOWLEY, AND I WAS PREPARING THE CASE AGAINST HIM..."

I'VE GOT EVERYTHING READY FOR THE TRIAL, CHIEF! EYEWITNESS REPORTS, SIGNED AFFIDAVITS, ETC... EVERYTHING THAT WILL SEND HOWLEY TO THE CHAIR FOR MURDER!



THANK YOU, MISS MILLER!

THEY'RE IN COURT NOW, CHIEF! THEY'RE WAITING FOR YOU!

COMING RIGHT AWAY, HARRINGTON!

"THEY BROUGHT HOWLEY INTO THE COURTROOM. HE WAS A SCOWLING, DEFIANT MAN -- ONE WHO HAD VOWED HE'D NEVER GO TO THE CHAIR..."

BAT HOWLEY HAS COLD-BLOODEDLY KILLED NO LESS THAN THREE MEN! I WILL PROCEED TO PROVE HIM GUILTY IN ALL THREE CASES WITH EVIDENCE AND WITNESSES...



"I HAD NOTICED HOWLEY CONCENTRATING ON THE BIG ELECTRIC CLOCK ON THE WALL, BUT IT HADN'T OCCURRED TO ME THAT HE HAD HARBORED ANY THOUGHTS OF ESCAPE... UNTIL THE TIME READ 11:30 SHARP. THEN HE RACED TO A WINDOW..."

"HE DID LEAP--AND AS WE LATER LEARNED, HIS MEN HAD ARRANGED TO HAVE A TRUCK FILLED WITH STRAW WAITING BELOW..."

LOOK OUT! HOWLEY'S MAKING A BREAK!

HE'S GOING TO JUMP! GET HIM!

HE MADE IT! GET GOING!

BANG!

BLAM!





YA OKAY, BAT?

YEAH--KEEP THIS CAN ROLLIN'! MY SHOULDERS ON FIRE! ONE O' THE COPS GOT LUCKY AN' PUT A SLUG IN ME!



"HARRINGTON AND I, TOGETHER WITH OFFICER WILLIAM TERKLE, GOT TO A SQUAD CAR AND TOOK UP THE CHASE, BUT..."

THE MADISON STREET DRAW-BRIDGE IS UP, CHIEF! WE'RE SUNK!

LET'S GET AN ALARM OUT RIGHT AWAY!

"BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, WE GOT OUT A FIVE-STATE ALARM, PLUS TELETYPE DESCRIPTIONS TO ALL POLICE, AND SOME WANTED POSTERS..."



"THAT CHILLY MARCH NIGHT, AFTER ABANDONING THE TRUCK AND PICKING UP THEIR SEDAN, HOWLEY AND HIS MOBSTERS STOPPED IN THE SMALL TOWN OF TRAYVILLE..."



YES, SIR--?

OPEN UP, SAWBONES!



I SAY!

SHADDUP, SAWBONES! WE KNOW YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO REPORT ALL GUNSHOT VICTIMS TO THE COPPERS-- BUT THIS ONE YA AIN'T REPORTIN'! DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A MOVE FOR THE PHONE!

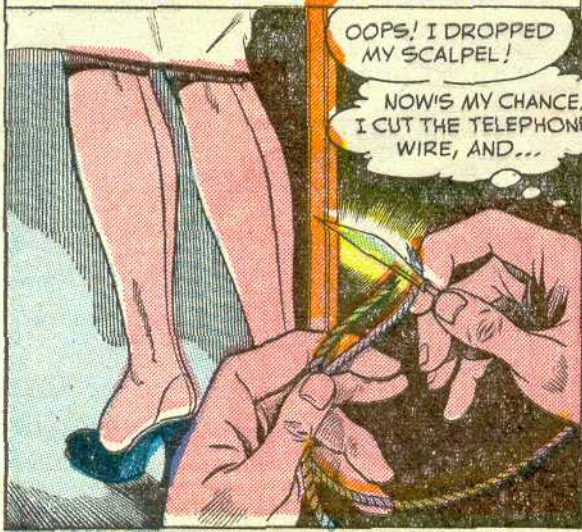


DON'T GIVE US AN EDITORIAL, DOC! GET IT OUT!

IT'S A BAD ONE, BUT EXTRACTING THE BULLET WON'T BE TOO DIFFICULT! THERE WON'T BE MUCH PROBING!



"DOCTOR ADDAMS 'ACCIDENTALLY' DROPPED HIS SCALPEL, AND AS HE REACHED TO PICK IT UP..."



OOOPS! I DROPPED MY SCALPEL!
NOW'S MY CHANCE! I CUT THE TELEPHONE WIRE, AND...

"IT WAS A LITTLE WHILE LATER WHEN DOC ADDAMS HAD FINISHED REMOVING THE BULLET FROM THE KILLER, THAT..."



YOU'RE OKAY, SAW-BONES! THE SHOULDER FEELS LIKE NEW!

BAT! OUTSIDE! THERE'S A TRUCK PULLIN' UP! IT'S FROM THE PHONE COMPANY!

THEY'RE COMIN' IN HERE! LET'S GO -- OUT THE BACK WAY!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'CHA DID, DOC -- BUT YA MUST'VE TIPPED 'EM OFF SOMEHOW! SWEET DREAMS!



R-R-RING!

WHACK!

"THAT NIGHT, WE GOT A PHONE CALL, AND WE DROVE OUT TO DOC ADDAM'S PLACE IN TRAYVILLE..."



I KNEW THAT CUTTING THE PHONE WIRES WOULD REGISTER AT THE CENTRAL TELEPHONE OFFICE, AND THEY'D SEND AN EMERGENCY CREW OUT HERE! BUT MY SCHEME FAILED... THE GANG GOT AWAY!

YOU DIDN'T FAIL, DOCTOR!

UP TO NOW WE'HAVEN'T EVEN KNOWN WHICH VICINITY THEY WERE IN! YOUR BRAVE ACTION BROUGHT US HERE --AND AT LEAST WE NOW KNOW THEIR GENERAL WHEREABOUTS! DON'T WORRY--THE NOOSE IS TIGHTENING! WE'LL HAVE THEM SOON!



"LATER THAT NIGHT, AT 1:30 A.M., THE GANG STOPPED AT A GAS STATION RUN BY GUS FULLER, ON ROUTE NO. 1..."



BEEP! BEEP!

STEP ON IT! WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!

BE RIGHT WITH YOU!

CLOSED ON WEEK ENDS This Month



"GUS FULLER THEN CALLED HEADQUARTERS. SOME TWENTY MINUTES LATER, WE WERE AT HIS FILLING STATION..."

LUCKILY I HAD THE BRUSH IN MY HAND! I GOT THEIR LICENSE NUMBER, BUT I ALSO SWABBED WHITE PAINT ACROSS THE TOP OF THEIR CAR!

THAT IS THE BEST THING YOU COULD'VE DONE, GUS! TRAFFIC IS HEAVY IN AND OUT OF THE CITY! CHECKING LICENSE PLATES WILL BE TOUGH-- BUT YOUR PAINT SWAB GIVES ME ANOTHER IDEA!



"I GOT ON THE PHONE, DIALED A NUMBER, AND..."

ALL RIGHT, CHIEF! WE'LL GET THE C.A.P. (CIVIL AIR PATROL) OUT AT ONCE! THAT'S RIGHT -- WE'LL LOOK FOR A BLACK SEDAN WITH A SWAB OF WHITE PAINT ON IT!

GOOD! IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER TO SPOT A DARK CAR WITH A WHITE SMEAR OF PAINT ON IT, THAN CHECKING THOUSANDS OF LICENSE PLATES!



"MEANWHILE, BAT HOWLEY DECIDED ON A RATHER INGENUOUS PLAN..."

LOOK -- THEY'LL BE EXPECTING US TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT! INSTEAD, WE TURN AN' GO BACK TO THE CITY! ALL THE ROAD BLOCKS ARE SET UP FOR OUTGOING TRAFFIC! WE'LL BE INGOING!

GOOD IDEA! LET'S TURN AROUND! AN' GO BACK!



"BUT THEN THEY NOTICED A PLANE WAS FOLLOWING THEM FROM OVERHEAD..."





LOOK! NO WONDER THEY'RE TRAILIN' US! SEE THE BLOB OF PAINT!

IT'S DRY! WE CAN'T WIPE IT OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO GO INTO TOWN ON FOOT! C'MON! LET'S HEAD FOR THE WOODS! WE'LL DITCH THE CAR!



"TOGETHER, THEY MADE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE THICKETS, UNTIL THEY REACHED A SUBURB..."

I TELL YOU THEY'LL BE EXPECTIN' US TO LEAVE TOWN--NOT TO ENTER! WE'LL TAKE A BUS IN AN' GRAB A HOTEL!

I HOPE IT WORKS, BAT!



"THE PLAN DID WORK! THEY RODE IN ON A BUS AND ONE REGISTERED AT A HOTEL WHILE THE OTHERS WENT UP SINGLY. THEN..."

WE'RE OKAY NOW! THEY'LL HAVE AN ALARM OUT ON US, LOOKIN' FOR US IN FIVE STATES! BUT THEY WON'T THINK OF LOOKIN' FOR US RIGHT HERE IN THE CITY!

I'M HUNGRY, BOSS! IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY!



OKAY! WE'RE ALL HUNGRY! BUT WE CAN'T GIVE AWAY THE FACT THAT FIVE OF US ARE HERE! ORDER FIVE SANDWICHES --FOR "ONE HUNGRY MAN"-- AND ONE LARGE CONTAINER OF COFFEE! THAT'LL THROW 'EM OFF!



"ONE OF BAT'S MEN, TRIGGER TAYLOR, CALLED ROOM SERVICE, AND..."

SORRY, SIR --ROOM SERVICE IS CLOSED! BUT WE HAVE AN AGREEMENT WITH THE DRUG STORE ACROSS THE STREET TO DELIVER SANDWICHES AND COFFEE! I'LL HAVE YOUR ORDER SENT RIGHT UP!



"SOME TEN MINUTES LATER A DRUG STORE CLERK, ALBERT PURCELL, KNOCKED ON THE DOOR. THE OTHERS STAYED HIDDEN, WHILE TRIGGER TAYLOR LET HIM IN..."

I'LL HAVE THE TABLE CLEANED OFF FOR YOU IN A MOMENT, SIR!

DON'T BOTHER, KID! HOW MUCH IS IT?



"AS TRIGGER TAYLOR PAID OFF CLERK ALBERT PURCELL FOR 'COFFEE AND SANDWICHES FOR ONE,' HE NEVER REALIZED THEN THAT A DRUG-STORE CLERK WAS GOING TO ASSIST IN THE GANG'S DOWNFALL..."

HERE YOU ARE, KID! YOU WORKED HARD FOR A TIP!

A DOLLAR! THANKS!



"BUT AS PURCELL WAITED FOR THE ELEVATOR, CONFUSED THOUGHTS RACED THROUGH HIS MIND..."

THAT'S FUNNY! THERE WERE CIGAR STUBS, CORK-TIPPED AND PLAIN CIGARETTE STUBS IN THAT ASH TRAY! AND THE GUY ORDERED FIVE SANDWICHES AND ONE LARGE COFFEE! I WONDER...?



"DOWNSTAIRS, ALBERT PURCELL WENT TO THE NEAREST PHONE, HE CALLED HEADQUARTERS, AND..."

I DON'T KNOW IF IT MEANS ANYTHING, D.A., BUT I'M SURE THERE'S MORE THAN ONE MAN IN THAT ROOM! IT'S LIKE I SAID ...

I KNOW--THE FIVE SANDWICHES--THE CIGAR STUBS AND THE DIFFERENT TYPES OF STUBS! DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, ALBERT! WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER TO CHECK UP ON IT!



"NOT LESS THAN TEN MINUTES LATER, WE WERE AT THE HOTEL..."

IT'S THE MANAGEMENT, SIR! WE FORGOT TO INSTALL THE TELEVISION SET THAT GOES IN EVERY ROOM! WE'RE READY TO PUT IT IN NOW!

TELEVISION? JUST A SECOND!



PSST! WHO IS IT?

COPS! AN' THE D.A.!

LET'S BEAT IT OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE!

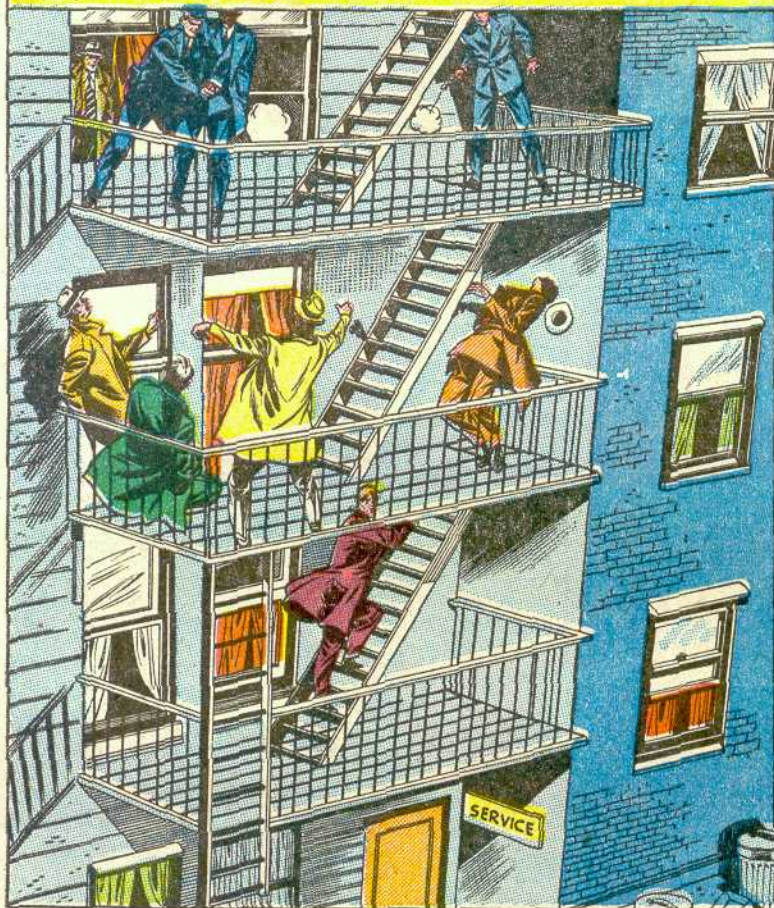


"WE WAITED FOR ONE FULL MINUTE--AND WHEN THE DOOR DIDN'T OPEN, WE BROKE IN!"

IT'S THEM! AN' THEY'RE HEADIN' OUT THE BACK!

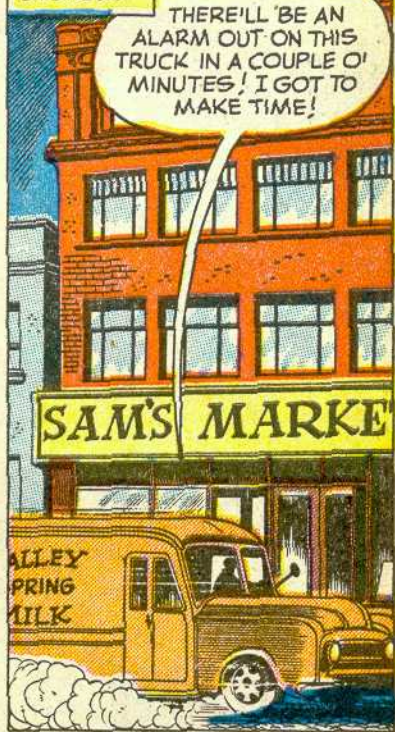


"THEY CHOSE TO FIGHT IT OUT WITH US, AND THERE, ON THE FIRE ESCAPE, 'TRIGGER' TAYLOR AND 'LITTLE JINX' MAHONEY GOT IT. ALLIE THOMAS AND 'CIGAR' BOB FEELEY SURRENDERED, BUT..."



"'BAT' HOWLEY--THE MAIN ONE-- GOT TO THE STREET, WHERE HE STOLE A MILK TRUCK THAT WAS PARKED FOR A MOMENT WHILE THE DELIVERY MAN WAS IN A STORE..."

THERE'LL BE AN ALARM OUT ON THIS TRUCK IN A COUPLE O' MINUTES! I GOT TO MAKE TIME!



"HE KICKED OPEN THE DOOR, AND STAGGERED IN WITH GUN IN HAND..."

DON'T NOBODY MOVE!



BUT I'M HURT--THEY GOT ME AGAIN... THIS TIME IN THE SIDE! I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I'LL HOLD OUT... THE SLUG HURTS...

"HOWLEY SPED TO THE OUTSKIRTS-- BUT HE WAS GETTING WEAKER FROM THE WOUND IN HIS ABDOMEN, THEN HE STOPPED AT A FARM..."

MAYBE THEY WON'T SEE THE TRUCK... RAN IT OFF THE ROAD! FARM HOUSE... AN' LIGHTS ON! I'M KINDA SORE... AN' I NEED FOOD AN' BANDAGES...





I NEED BANDAGES--AND FOOD! GET 'EM FOR ME, LADY--WHILE I KEEP A GUN ON YOUR HUSBAND! DON'T GO NEAR THE PHONE TO CALL THE COPS, OR I LET 'IM HAVE IT!

GO DO LIKE THE GENT SAYS, MARGE! EASY, FELLOW! YOU'RE IN BAD SHAPE!



A MAN LIKE YOU, HOLDIN' A GUN ON ME, MUST BE IN BAD, MISTER! DO YOU PLAY CHESS?

STOW THE GAB, FELLOW! CHECKERS IS MY GAME! JUST SIT WHERE YOU ARE--AN! DON'T MAKE A MOVE TO CALL THE COPS!

"FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR, THE FARMER--WILLIS EVERS--TALKED TO THE WEAKENING CRIMINAL. THEN..."



IF YOU WERE PLAYIN' CHESS, YOUNG FELLOW, I'D SAY I WON! YOU SEE--THE D.A.'S RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

AN OLD GAG--VERY OLD! I'VE SEEN IT IN THE MOVIES! IT WON'T WORK WITH ME, OLD-TIMER! IT WON'T WORK...

"SURE--IT'S USUALLY AN OLD GAG--BUT THIS TIME IT WASN'T! WE WERE THERE!"



HE'S PRETTY WEAK, HARRINGTON! HE'S HARMLESS NOW!

I WAS WONDERIN' WHEN YOU BOYS WOULD BE COMIN' ALONG! ZEKE WAS SURE TAKIN' ENOUGH TIME SENDIN' YOU!



ZEKE SENT 'EM? WHO'S ZEKE?

A GUY WAY UP IN ALASKA, BAT! A GUY WITH WHOM MR. EVERS HERE WAS PLAYING CHESS, VIA SHORT-WAVE RADIO! YOU BROKE IN ON THE GAME, AND ZEKE HEARD EVERYTHING, AS MR. EVERS TALKED! HE RADIOED US--AND HERE WE ARE! COME ALONG!



SO YOU SEE, BOYS, IT WAS NO SPECIAL COP WHO GOT BAT HOWLEY! IT WAS A DOCTOR--A GAS STATION MAN--A DRUG STORE ATTENDANT AND TWO CHESS PLAYERS! YOU SEE, THE PUBLIC CAUGHT THIS CRIMINAL!

LET ME AT A PHONE! THIS IS A REAL HOT YARN!

The End

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New Photos and Facts About
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Phil Rizzuto



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Tony Granper



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ON THE PACKAGE BACKS OF ALL

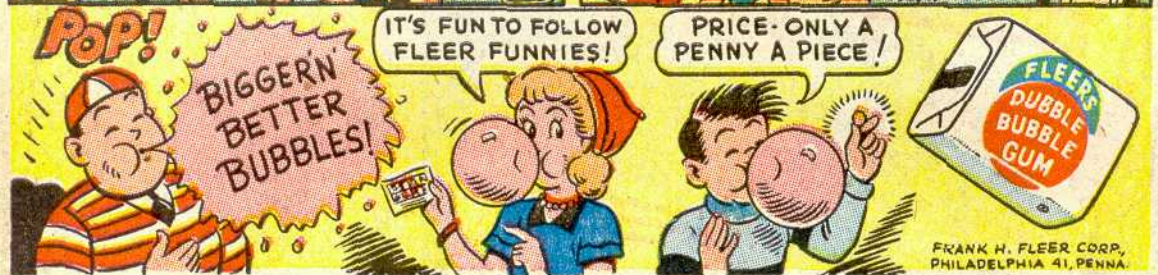
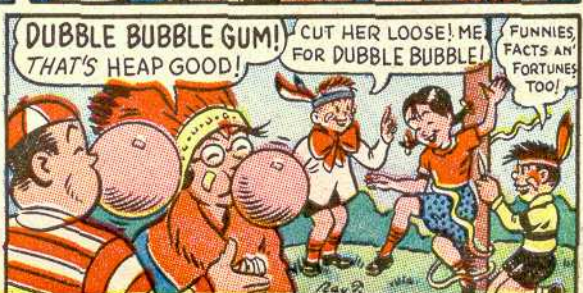
Royal

DESSERTS

ROYAL PUDDINGS—ROYAL TAPIOCA PUDDINGS

ROYAL GELATIN DESSERTS—ROYAL CUSTARD FLAVOR DESSERT MIX





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MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY

BUT WHY ARE YOU KIDNAPPING *ME*? I HAVE NO MONEY-- MY PARENTS ARE DEAD... AND I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY!

VERY TRUE, BROTHER! BUT TO *US* YOU'RE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!

YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THIS CASE--HISTORY BEGINS IN A FASHION MORE STRANGE THAN ANY WE HAVE IN OUR FILES! YOU SHALL SEE, AS YOU PROGRESS, PAGE BY PAGE THROUGH ABSOLUTELY BAFFLING SEQUENCES, THAT CRIME WILL GO TO ANY LIMIT TO BEAT THE LAW! AND YOU WILL SEE THAT THE LAW CAN, AND *DOES*, COUNTER ANY MOVE--NO MATTER HOW "INGENIOUS"--MADE BY CRIME! UNTIL YOU READ FOR YOURSELF THE AMAZING SOLUTION, WE *DEFY* YOU TO GUESS THE STARTLING ANSWER TO...

"CITIZEN NYE DIES TWICE!"



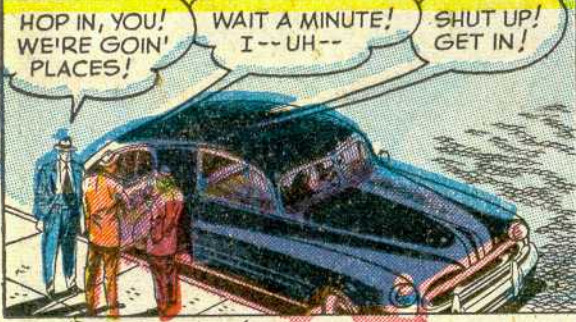
ON AUGUST 11, 1949, A MAN NAMED WILLIAM CLEARY-- A CLERK AT BRYANT AND BRYANT, IMPORTERS -- APPEARED ON A POPULAR TELEVISION SHOW -- AND INADVERTENTLY LAUNCHED THE D.A. ON ONE OF HIS MOST BAFFLING CASES...

AND NOW-- MR. WILLIAM CLEARY, YOU CAN WIN FIFTY DOLLARS, BY ANSWERING THE QUESTION: "IN WHICH SPORT DOES ONE FIND THESE TWO TERMS USED... **BATTING** AND **BOWLING**?"

BATTING-- AND BOWLING? THEY'RE USED IN THE GAME OF CRICKET!



THAT WAS AT 10:20. CLEARY WATCHED THE REMAINDER OF THE SHOW, AND LEFT THE STUDIOS AT 10:30. AT 10:32 SHARP, HE WAS ON THE STREET WHEN A SEDAN PULLED UP...



HOP IN, YOU! WE'RE GOIN' PLACES!

WAIT A MINUTE! I -- UH --

SHUT UP! GET IN!

AFTER THAT WILLIAM CLEARY'S NAME BECAME ONE OF MANY IN THE THICK FILES OF THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS. NOBODY KNEW WHERE CLEARY WENT, OR WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM...

CLEARY, WILLIAM L. ... EMPLOYED BY BRYANT AND BRYANT, IMPORTERS. ADDRESS; 332 EAST PELHAM. NO INFORMATION ON RELATIVES...



RIGHT! THE SPORT IS CRICKET! AND TO YOU, MR. CLEARY, GOES THE FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZE! OUR CONGRATULATIONS, SIR!

THANK YOU!



BUSTER -- YOU'RE A NEAT LITTLE PACKAGE! YOU'RE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO US!

ME? THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG! I'M A NOBODY! YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE...

NO, CLEARY! WE'RE RIGHT! TO ANYBODY ELSE YOU'RE A "NOBODY" -- BUT TO US, YOU'RE WORTH A MILLION!

CLEARY WAS THE FIRST TO VANISH. ELSEWHERE, ANOTHER MAN, LARRY BENDELL, WAS UNAWARE THAT HE, TOO, WAS TO BE EMBROILED IN A PLOT MORE BIZARRE THAN ANY EVER SHOWN AT THE MOVIE HOUSE IN FRONT OF WHICH HE STOOD AND BARKED AT THE PASSING CROWD...



STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! IMMEDIATE SEATING! THIS IS THE BIG STEM'S BEST THRILLER MOVIE...

Playing CASE OF THE DEAD PAR

BENDELL--AN AVERAGE MAN OF AVERAGE LIKES AND DISLIKES--WAS ON THE EARLY SHIFT, IN THE EVENING, HE WOULD HANG UP HIS UNIFORM, STOP AT THE CORNER FOR A FRANKFURTER AND A SOFT DRINK...

BENDELL THEN TOOK THE SUBWAY AT DREXELL AND SEVENTH. HE HAD A LONG WAY TO GO, SO HE WOULD BUY A PAPER --READ THE SPORTS AND FUNNIES AND WORK THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE...



WHO DONE IT THIS TIME, PAL? I HAVEN'T SEEN THE SHOW YET!

THE GARDENER! AND HE GETS CAUGHT! GIVE ME ANOTHER ONE, TONY! WITH MUSTARD!



FIVE LETTER WORD FOR WET! HMM--COULD BE "MOIST!"

ON THAT PARTICULAR EVENING, THE 25TH--TWO WEEKS AFTER WILLIAM CLEARY HAD BEEN FORCED INTO A BLACK SEDAN--LARRY BENDELL EMERGED FROM THE SUBWAY STATION, WHERE AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL APPROACHED HIM...



WILL YOU SIGN THIS PETITION, MISTER? IT'S FOR THE KIDS OF THE CITY!

PETITION? LET ME SEE IT!



PEOPLE OF THIS CITY!
WE ARE URGING A CAMPAIGN FOR BETTER PLAYGROUNDS FOR OUR CHILDREN! WE NEED YOUR BACKING! SIGN THIS TO SHOW YOUR APPROVAL!

DESIGNATE BELOW, AFTER YOUR SIGNATURE, IF YOU ARE A CITIZEN.

(Signature) _____
(Whether or not you are a citizen--fill in)

THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG, LARRY BENDELL FIGURED, IN SIGNING A PETITION WHICH MIGHT HELP THE CITY'S CHILDREN...



HERE YOU ARE, LADY! GLAD TO HELP OUT!

THANKS! THAT'S 800--MY QUOTA FOR THE NIGHT!

Larry Bendell
1128 Perry St.
I am a Citizen

IT WAS THREE NIGHTS LATER, ON THE 28TH, THAT BENDELL WALKED FROM HIS FLAT TO GET A PACK OF CIGARETTES...



THERE HE IS... MR. BENDELL, IN PERSON!

OKAY, LOUIE! DRIVE UP ALONGSIDE THE GUY!



AND A MOMENT LATER-- JUST AS IT HAPPENED TO WILLIAM CLEARY--LARRY BENDELL FOUND HIMSELF IN A BLACK SEDAN, BETWEEN TWO HARD-FACED THUGS...

YOU'RE CRAZY! I'M NOT WORTH ANYTHING--EXCEPT WHAT MY JOB PAYS! I HAVE NO FAMILY WHICH CAN GIVE ME MONEY, AND...
PIPE DOWN! I SAID YOU'RE WORTH A MILLION TO US! LET IT GO AT THAT, BUSTER!



AND, JUST LIKE WILLIAM CLEARY, LARRY BENDELL BECAME A STATISTIC ON A FILE CARD IN THE BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS. BUT THERE WAS STILL ANOTHER TO MEET A LIKE FATE --A MAN IN THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

HARRINGTON AND I ARE GOING OUT TO LUNCH NOW, MISS MILLER! HOLD THE FORT UNTIL I GET BACK!
OKAY, CHIEF!



THAT DIRIGIBLE IS SO LOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU, HARRINGTON! THE MOTOR ROAR DROWNS US OUT!
I SAID I HAVE AN APPOINTMENT AT THE DENTIST'S! IT'S JUST A CHECK-UP! HE X-RAYED MY CHOPPERS LAST WEEK AND I GET THE RESULTS TODAY! SEE YOU LATER, CHIEF!



BUT WHEN THE D.A.'S ASSISTANT ARRIVED AT THE DENTIST'S OFFICE, HE FOUND POLICEMEN THERE FROM THE 7TH PRECINCT...

LIEUTENANT CAREY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
ROBBERY CASE, MR. HARRINGTON! NOTHING OF VALUE SEEMS TO BE MISSING, HOWEVER, SO FAR AS WE CAN SEE!

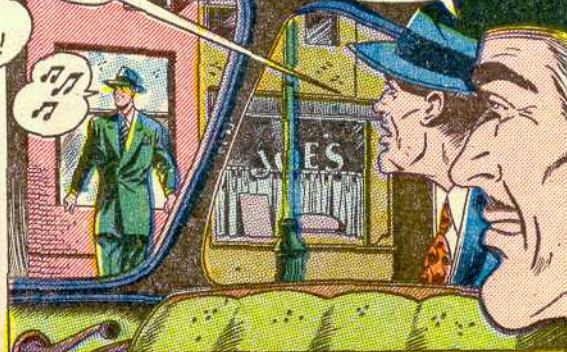


SOMEONE CAME IN HERE LAST NIGHT AND RIFLED DR. FERRISS' FILES! EVERYTHING'S A MESS NOW--AND HE CAN'T TELL EXACTLY WHAT'S MISSING! WE'RE WAITING TO FIND OUT AFTER HE STRAIGHTENS THINGS OUT!
I GUESS MY APPOINTMENT IS OFF FOR TODAY! I'LL GET BACK AND JOIN THE CHIEF FOR LUNCH! S'LONG!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER HARRINGTON LEFT THE OFFICE...

OKAY-- PICK 'IM UP!
GEE! THE D.A.'S OWN ASSISTANT! THIS IS DYNAMITE-- BUT IF THE BOSS WANTS 'IM, WE'LL GET 'IM!



THE SEDAN FOLLOWED HARRINGTON UNTIL HE TURNED OFF ON DARK, LONELY WADE STREET, THEN...

GET IN, BUSTER! WE SORTA HATE TO SEE CHARACTERS WALKIN' ALONE AT NIGHT!

LISTEN, YOU HOOLIGANS! IS THIS A STICK-UP?

IF IT'S A STICK-UP, YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY! I DON'T GET PAID UNTIL FRIDAY! I'VE ONLY GOT LUNCH MONEY!

OUCH! MY HAND!

SUDDENLY, THE STREET WAS ALIVE WITH FLAILING, FIGHTING FIGURES...

GET 'IM! HE'S A WISE GUY!

I GOT 'IM -- OVER THE HEAD WITH MY CANNON!

UGH!

LATER, HARRINGTON CAME TO, RIDING IN THE BACK SEAT OF A BLACK SEDAN WHICH THREADED ITS WAY THROUGH DARK CITY STREETS.

WOWIE! EVERYTHING STILL LOOKS BLACK WITH THE EXCEPTION OF ABOUT A MILLION STARS SHOOTING THROUGH THE AIR!

THINGS AREN'T BLACK, HARRINGTON... BUT GREEN -- LIKE IN MONEY!

I TOLD YOU I ONLY HAVE LUNCH MONEY ON ME! YOU'VE PROBABLY SEARCHED ME BY NOW! SO YOU KNOW!

LUNCH MONEY! YOU'RE A CLOWN, HARRINGTON! WE NAILED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS TO US! STEP ON IT, ARNIE! WE'RE LATE!

NOTICE FROM THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY:

THREE MEN--A CLERK, A THEATER BARKER AND MY ASSISTANT--WERE KIDNAPPED. THEY ARE AVERAGE MEN--CERTAINLY NOT WEALTHY! YET, THE KIDNAPPERS SAY THEY'RE WORTH A **MILLION DOLLARS!** THE CLUES HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED! CAN YOU GUESS HOW THE KIDNAPPERS STAND TO GAIN? TEST YOUR SKILL AS A DETECTIVE--THEN READ ON AND SEE IF YOU ARE RIGHT!

(SIGNED) MR. D. A.



HARRINGTON WAS DRIVEN TO A WEST-SIDE APARTMENT THAT NIGHT AND TAKEN TO THE TOP FLOOR... WHERE HE WAS PUT INTO AN IMPROVISED CELL WITH TWO OTHERS--**CLEARY AND BENDELL**...

OKAY--HERE'S ANOTHER FISH! RELAX--WE'LL BE READY FOR YOU IN A FEW MINUTES!

WHAT ABOUT SOME GRUB?

AND YOU, BUD--WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S HARRINGTON! I'M THE D.A.'S ASSISTANT!

HARRINGTON! GREAT GUNS! AND THEY KIDNAPPED YOU?

LOOK I'VE GOT ABOUT 80 CENTS IN MY POCKET! I HAVEN'T GOT A RICH AUNT OR UNCLE, AND MY BANK ACCOUNT COULDN'T PAY A HEFTY, PHONE BILL! YET I'M KIDNAPPED BECAUSE I'M "WORTH A MILLION?"

THAT'S WHAT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY! WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS?

SURE--YOUR REGULAR "CARTE DE JOUR," LIKE THEY SAY IN FRANCE! HAW! WE AIN'T CHEFS, SO YOU CAN HAVE THE REGULAR "STEAK OUT O' CANS!" HAW! HAW!



FIRST CLEARY--THEN ME--NOW YOU! THEY SAID WE WERE WORTH A MILLION TO THEM! AND I'M NOT! I'M ONE SHADE FROM BEING A PAUPER! WHY DID THEY KIDNAP US? WHY? WHY? WHY?

EASY, BENDELL, TAKE IT EASY! MAYBE WE CAN FIGURE IT...



FOR AWHILE THEY TALKED, AND THEN...

I'M NOT THE BEST DETECTIVE IN THE WORLD, BUT I'M GOING TO FIGURE THIS OUT! LET'S SEE--WE'LL START FROM THE BEGINNING AGAIN! YOU FIRST, CLEARY...

SHHH...HERE THEY COME...





LET'S GO, FISH!
THE BOSS WANTS
TO SEE YOU NOW!

I SEE I DON'T HAVE TO
FIGURE TOO MUCH!
THEY'LL PROBABLY TELL
US THE WHOLE PLOT,
RIGHT NOW!



HERE THEY
ARE, BOSS!

EXCELLENT! CLEARY, BENDELL --
AND HARRINGTON! CLEARY FIRST!
STEP OVER HERE!

MOVE,
CLEARY!



I STILL DON'T THINK
THIS'LL WORK, BOSS!
IT'S TOO CRAZY!

LEAVE THAT TO ME!
HERE, CLEARY! SPEAK
INTO THIS DICTAPHONE!
RECITE THE GETTYSBURG
ADDRESS! I HAVE A
COPY OF IT HERE!

OKAY...



FOUR SCORE
AND SEVEN
YEARS AGO...

OKAY--CUT!
THAT'S
ENOUGH!

BOSS!
YOU'RE RIGHT!
THIS IS
TERRIFIC!



THEN...

YOU'RE NEXT, BENDELL! WRITE
THE EXACT WORDS WHICH
CLEARY SPOKE!

SURE!



OKAY, BENDELL! THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW,
BOYS! TAKE A LOOK AND YOU'LL SEE
WHAT I MEAN!

YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN,
BOSS! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

Four score
and seven
years



YOU'RE NEXT, HARRINGTON!
SMILE! **SMILE, I SAID!**
OPEN YOUR MOUTH IN A
BIG, WIDE SMILE!

I CAN'T THINK
OF ANY OLD
JOKES! WHAT
ABOUT TELLING
ME A FEW!

CUT
IT OUT!
START
GRINNIN'!

SURE, I'LL SMILE -- IN GOOD OLD
HOLLYWOOD FASHION, BECAUSE I'VE
TUMBLED TO THE WHOLE GIMMICK!
I HAVE TO LAUGH -- THE THING IS
ALMOST FUNNY!



YOU RAIDED
A DENTIST'S OFFICE --
WHERE I HAD AN X-RAY OF
MY **TEETH!** CLEARY **SPOKE** ON
A RADIO SHOW -- AND WAS
PICKED UP! SOMEHOW, YOU
GOT SAMPLES OF BENDELL'S
HANDWRITING! WE'RE
FILLING IN FOR A DEAD
GUY... RIGHT?

SINCE IT
WILL AVAIL
YOU NOTHING,
I CAN TELL
YOU! I'VE
MASTER-
MINDED THE
CRIME OF THE
CENTURY!
LISTEN...



MY **TEETH...** CLEARY'S **VOICE...** BENDELL'S
HANDWRITING! IT WOULD TAKE A DUMB
COP NOT TO FIGURE THIS ANGLE! THERE'S
A DEAD MAN SOMEWHERE -- AND YOU'RE
USING THE THREE OF US AS **STAND-INS!**
RIGHT?

KEEP
TALKING,
SMART
BOY!



WE KILLED A MAN NAMED CITIZEN NYE --
WHO WAS TO INHERIT A MILLION DOLLARS!
WE FIXED IT SO THE WILL WOULD GO TO HIS
NEXT OF KIN... TO **ME!**...

HIS NEPHEW! BUT WE
KILLED HIM TOO SOON!

AND NOW YOU'VE
GOT TO "BRING HIM
TO LIFE" AGAIN!

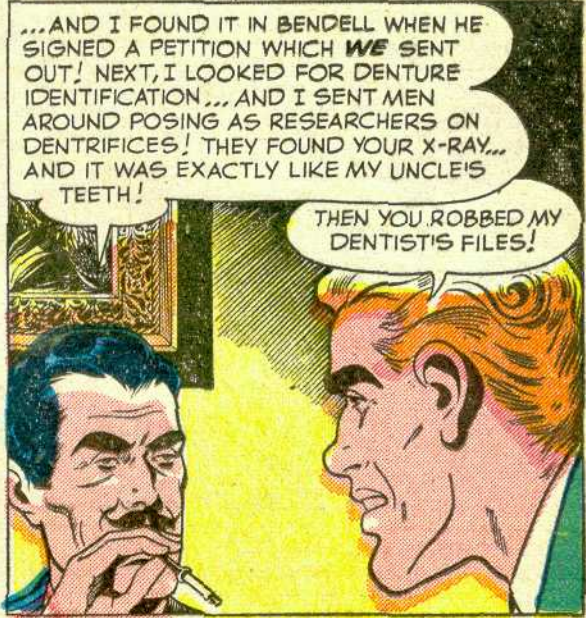
YES! THERE WERE CERTAIN PAPERS HE HAD
TO SIGN ON A CERTAIN DATE! WE KILLED HIM
BEFORE THAT DATE! WE MUST ESTABLISH
"PROOF" THAT HE IS ALIVE... **NOW!** AND I
NEEDED HIS **VOICE -- HIS HANDWRITING...**
AND HIS **TEETH,** FOR IDENTIFICATION!



I
KNEW THE
PLOT! I
WANT MY
MONEY
BACK!



WHEN I HEARD CLEARY'S VOICE ON THE RADIO -- I WAS ASTONISHED TO FIND IT WAS **EXACTLY** LIKE MY UNCLE'S! THEN THE WHOLE IDEA CAME TO ME! I NEXT HAD TO FIND A WAY TO DUPLICATE HIS **HANDWRITING**...



...AND I FOUND IT IN BENDELL WHEN HE SIGNED A PETITION WHICH **WE** SENT OUT! NEXT, I LOOKED FOR DENTURE IDENTIFICATION ... AND I SENT MEN AROUND POSING AS RESEARCHERS ON DENTRIFICES! THEY FOUND YOUR X-RAY... AND IT WAS EXACTLY LIKE MY UNCLE'S **TEETH!**

THEN YOU ROBBED MY DENTIST'S FILES!



AND NOW, I'LL HAVE CLEARY PHONE THE PEOPLE I WANT TO CONVINCE MY UNCLE IS STILL ALIVE! HE WILL TELL THEM THE SIGNATURE ON THE PAPER IS FORTHCOMING ... **BENDELL'S SIGNATURE**...

AND I CAN GUESS WHERE **I** FIT IN ...



YES! YOU ARE THE **DEAD MAN** OF MY PLOT! AFTER THE PHONE CALL -- AND THE SIGNATURE, **YOU** WILL BE FOUND DEAD IN A CAR PUSHED OVER A CLIFF... AND SET AFIRE WITH GASOLINE! YOUR **TEETH** ALONE WILL BE LEFT!

AND WITH THAT, FOR IDENTIFICATION, THEY'LL THINK I'M YOUR DEAD UNCLE, EH?



BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! SOMEWHERE -- SOMEHOW -- YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! IT'LL SHOW IN THE FINAL RECKONING!

JOHN NYE MAKES NO MISTAKES! BACK TO YOUR CELL! I'LL BE READY FOR YOU AT NOON TOMORROW... WHEN YOU TAKE A RIDE OVER A CLIFF! ADIOS, COPPER!



THAT NIGHT, HARRINGTON DIDN'T SLEEP! ALL NIGHT HE PACED THE FLOOR, TRYING TO THINK OF **SOME** WAY OUT! NOTHING CAME TO HIM. DAWN CAME... THEN MORNING... THEN NOON...

I'VE GOT HALF AN HOUR... MAYBE AN HOUR! AND THERE'S NO WAY ON EARTH TO REACH THE CHIEF... NO WAY AT ALL...

SUDDENLY, HARRINGTON HEARD A ROAR IN THE SKY. HE LOOKED UP, AND SAW A BLIMP PASSING OVERHEAD...



THE DIRIGIBLE... I WONDER! I HAVEN'T GOT ANOTHER HOPE IN THE WORLD UNLESS THIS WORKS... AND IT MIGHT NOT...

HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TIME... BUT I NEED THE CHIEF... AND BAD... I'VE GOT TO TRY SOMETHING!



LONG MOMENTS PASSED... THE BLIMP WAS OUT OF SIGHT, THEN, FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDOR, AND...

OKAY, BUSTER! THIS IS IT! WE GO IN FOR SOME CLIFF-DIVING!
YEAH-- IN A CAR... THEN YOU SOAK IT WITH GASOLINE AND SET IT AFIRE... AND THEY FIND ONLY MY TEETH...

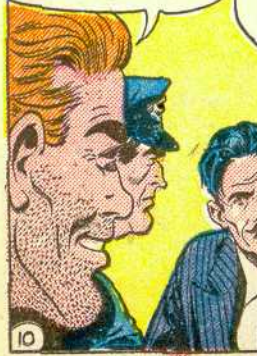


THEY WENT DOWNSTAIRS, AND STARTED OUT THE FRONT DOOR-- BUT A BUNCH OF MEN IN BLUE UNIFORMS WERE THERE, LED BY THE D. A.!

THAT'S RIGHT, PAL-- AND WE GET A MILLION CLAMS! HAW!
OKAY, HARRINGTON! WE MADE IT! DON'T ANYBODY MAKE A FALSE MOVE! JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!
BUT HOW?



I SAID YOU MADE A MISTAKE... AND THAT WAS WHEN YOU SERVED US CANNED FOOD!



THAT'S RIGHT! HARRINGTON USED A LID FROM ONE OF THE FOOD TINS TO FLASH HELIOGRAPH SIGNALS TO A BLIMP-- AND THE BLIMP RADIOED US! FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME!



THOSE SIGNALS SAVED NOT ONLY YOU, HARRINGTON-- BUT CLEARY AND BENDELL AS WELL! THEY WERE SCHEDULED TO DIE ALSO!

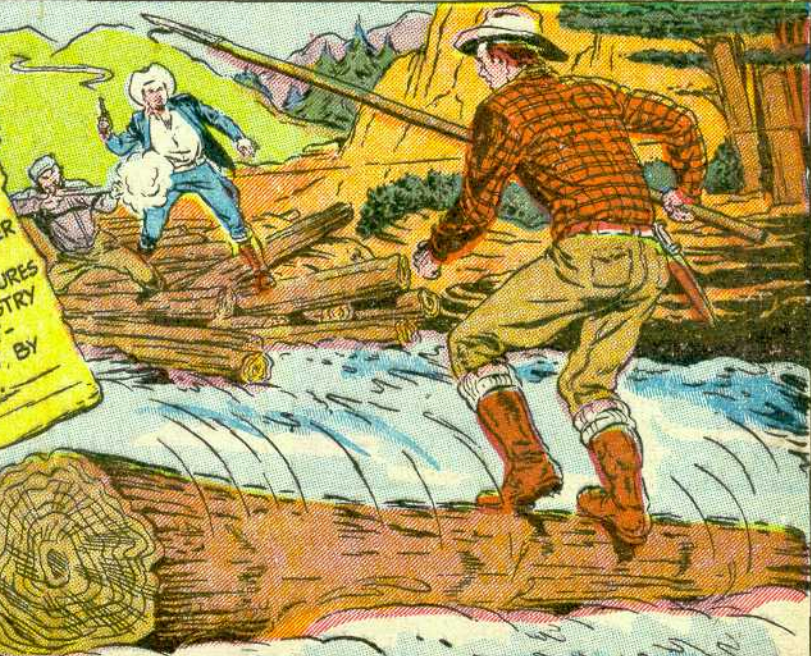


AND NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, I CAN STAND A REAL FEED! AND, CHIEF, YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M GOING TO BE JUST A LITTLE BIT PARTIAL TO CANNED FOOD... IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!



The End

FAR OFF INTO THE TALL TIMBERLANDS OF THE NORTHWEST, THE GREEDY HAND OF CRIME REACHED FOR NEW WEALTH... CHOICE TREES WHICH COULD BE Felled AND SHIPPED TO MILLS AND MARKETS. IT WAS A SOUND RACKET UNTIL, QUITE BY ACCIDENT, A RANGER STUMBLED ACROSS THE RAVISHED AREA. THEN IT BECAME A MATTER OF PINNING DOWN THE LUMBER LARCENISTS IN ONE OF THE MOST TERRIFYING ADVENTURES INVOLVING THE U.S. FORESTRY SERVICE. HERE IS A FIRST-HAND PICTORIAL REPORT, BY THAT DARING RANGER...



I BATTLED THE TIMBER PIRATES

IT BEGAN IN APRIL, 1949, WHEN DURING A ROUTINE PATROL, I WAS SHOCKED TO FIND ACRES OF STUMPS WHERE GIANT FIRS SHOULD HAVE BEEN...



SO, SOMEBODY'S BEEN STEALING GOVERNMENT TIMBER... I'D BETTER SEND BILL NEWTON TO COUGAR CITY TO LOOK AROUND ON THE Q.T. WHILE I FINISH THIS SURVEY OF THE EXTENT OF DAMAGE MADE BY THE SNOW STORM!

IT TOOK ME A WEEK TO FINISH THAT CHORE... MEANWHILE, THERE'D BEEN NO WORD FROM NEWTON.



I DECIDED TO CALL YOU, CAPTAIN. I'M WORRIED ABOUT NEWTON. HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING FROM HIM?

NOT A WORD. BUT I CHECKED WITH THE SHERIFF THERE, CALVIN. HE SAYS THE ONLY LUMBERMAN IN THE AREA IS ED HARRIS AND THAT HE SEEMS TO BE ON THE LEVEL.



SO, TWO DAYS LATER, DISGUISED AS A LUMBER-JACK, I VISITED THE SHERIFF OF COUGAR CITY, BUT...

WANT TO KNOW HOW TO GET LOGS OUT OF THIS COUNTRY? THE ONLY WAY IS TO DRIVE THEM DOWN SNAKE RIVER! BY THE WAY, ED, HARRIS'S DRIVE STARTS IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS.

THANKS! THEN I'VE GOT MY WORK CUT OUT FOR ME!



I SLIPPED OUT, UNOBSERVED-- SO I THOUGHT--AND STARTED FOR THE HOTEL, BUT...

I GET YOU, MR. HARRIS!

THAT'S THE STRANGER I SAW GOING INTO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. I WANT YOU TO DISCOURAGE HIM FROM STAYING IN TOWN, WHISKERS!

HE'LL BE THE MOST DISCOURAGED JASPER IN THESE PARTS!



IN THE HOTEL BAR, I GOT A REAL SURPRISE--BILL NEWTON! BUT BILL PLAYED IT SMART, SMARTER THAN I, BECAUSE HE MADE BELIEVE HE DIDN'T KNOW ME. I HAD JUST ORDERED SOME SODA POP, WHEN...

PAHDON ME, DUDE! FORGET IT, MISTER.



I'LL TEACH YOU TO DOUSE ME!



AA-AH! I'M A GOOD PUPIL... HERE'S MY HOMEWORK, TEACHER!

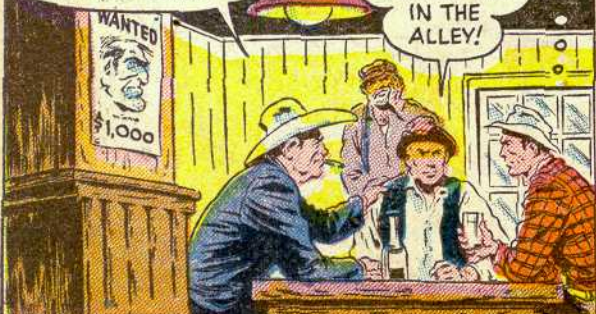


BUT ED HARRIS COOLED ME OFF WITH A DRINK OF POP AND A JOB. I ACCEPTED THEM BOTH.

YOU'VE GOT A JOB, CALVIN... IF YOU'RE AS GOOD WITH AN AXE AS YOU ARE WITH YOUR FISTS. SWIFTWATER BILL, HERE, WILL TAKE YOU OUT TO CAMP.

"SWIFTWATER BILL!" NEWTON'S REALLY BEEN ON THE JOB!

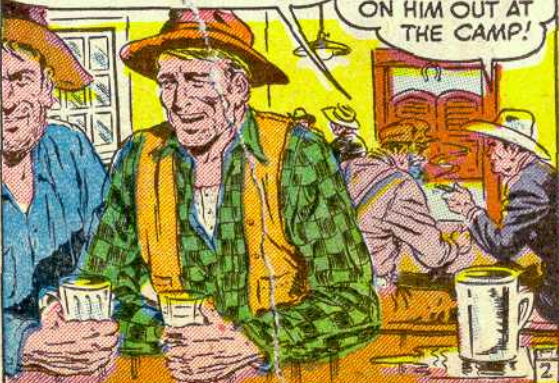
MY TRUCK'S PARKED OUT IN THE ALLEY!



SO EVERYTHING SEEMED TO BE GOING ALL RIGHT, SO I THOUGHT-- BUT BACK AT THE BAR...

ARE YOU CRAZY, HARRIS, HIRING THAT JASPER? SUPPOSE HE'S WORKING WITH THE SHERIFF?

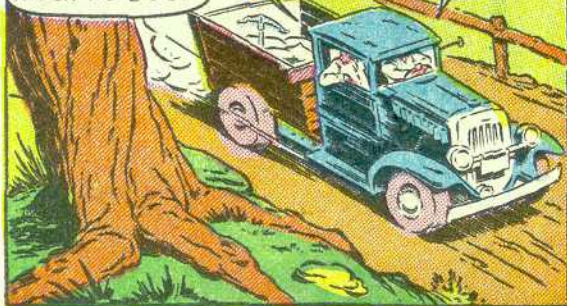
THAT'S JUST WHY I HIRED HIM! WE CAN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM OUT AT THE CAMP!



MEANWHILE, NEWT AND I DISCUSSED THE CASE. HE'D FOUND NOTHING DEFINITE BUT HAD SOME IDEAS...

I'VE BEEN SO BUSY CUTTING DOWN TREES FOR HARRIS, I COULDN'T GET AWAY TO REPORT TO YOU, CAL. BUT NOW YOU KNOW AS MUCH AS I DO.

YEP, AND I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN THAT ENGINE THAT AWOKED YOU LATE ONE NIGHT!



THE REST OF THAT WEEK, WHISKERS STUCK AS CLOSE AS A MUSTARD PLASTER. NEWT AND I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING BUT WORK.

WHISKERS SURE HAS IT IN FOR YOU SINCE YOU PARTED HIS BEARD.

KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN--HE'S WATCHING US AGAIN. MAYBE WE'LL GET A CHANCE TO FOLLOW UP YOUR CLUE ABOUT THE ENGINE SOON.



I DIDN'T KNOW THEN THAT ED HARRIS AND HIS FOREMAN HAD A SCHEME OF THEIR OWN...

THE WATER'S BUILDING UP AT THE DAM. WE'LL HAVE TO START OUR DRIVE SOON--MAYBE TOMORROW.

THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE LOGS WE'VE CUT OUT OF THE NATIONAL PARK TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, WHISKERS DISAPPEARED SOMEWHERE AND NEWT LET IT BE KNOWN HE WAS GOING FOR A WALK. I MET HIM OUTSIDE THE BUNKHOUSE...

I HAD TO TELL YOU, CAL. THE FIRST DAY THEY HAD ME CUTTING BRUSH NEAR THE RAVINE THAT TOUCHES THE NATIONAL PARK.

LET'S YOU AND I TAKE A LOOK AROUND THERE THEN.



WE DROVE PART OF THE WAY, THEN SCRAMBLED THROUGH THE BRUSH ON FOOT. FRANKLY, I DON'T THINK I WAS TOO SURPRISED TO FIND...

GREAT CAESAR! THEY'VE BUILT A ROAD ON WHICH TO GET THE LOGS OUT. AND WHEN THEY TAKE UP THE LOGS IN THE ROAD ITSELF, THEY DESTROY THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR PIRACY!

SSH! I'LL CRAWL DOWN, CAL, TO GET A BETTER LOOK!

HURRY IT UP MEN! THE TRUCKS WILL BE COMING AND WE'VE GOT TO FINISH BY MORNING.



AS NEWT CRAWLED OFF IN THE DARK, A TRUCK LOADED WITH STOLEN LOGS, RUMBLLED SLOWLY ALONG THE ROUGH ROAD.

HARRIS IS A SLICK OPERATOR. WE'LL HAVE TO ARREST HIM BEFORE ALL THE EVIDENCE IS DESTROYED...



SLICK? I DIDN'T KNOW HOW OILY HE WAS, BECAUSE...

AIN'T YOU STRAYIN' TOO FAR FROM THE BUNKHOUSE, SNOOPER? GET 'EM UP!

I'VE GOT TO STALL... GIVE NEWT A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.



OOF!

GLAM!

HERE GOES NOTHING!



BUT THEY SWARMED OVER ME LIKE ANTS! OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW WHISKERS RAISE HIS RIFLE, THEN...

I GOT 'IM!

IT'S GETTIN' TOO LATE FER LITTLE FELLERS LIKE YOU TO STAY AWAKE!



AS I SANK INTO A DEEP, DARK WELL, MY LAST THOUGHT WAS THAT NEWT HAD GOTTEN AWAY!

TAKE HIM BACK TO CAMP! WE'LL GET RID OF HIM IN THE MORNING!

IN THE MORNING? I'VE GOT TO GET BACK WITH THE SHERIFF BY THEN... OR CAL'S A GONER...



WHEN I CAME TO, WITH AN ACHING HEAD, IT WAS IN TIME TO HEAR GRIM NEWS...

MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T TAKE NO CHANCES, MR. HARRIS! LET ME PUT A SLUG INTO HIM!

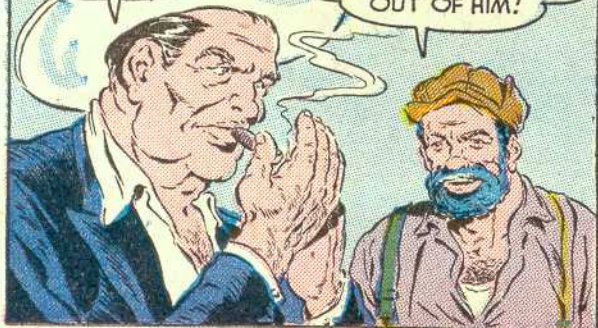
DON'T BE FOOLISH! I RECKON HE'S IN WITH THE SHERIFF IN SOME WAY... WE GOT TO MAKE HIS DEATH LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT.



MY HEART SANK--ALL THE WAY DOWN TO MY SOCKS, BECAUSE I KNEW THAT NEWT COULDN'T GET BACK IN TIME!

TOMORROW, WHEN WE DRIVE THE LOGS DOWN-RIVER, CALVIN WILL "ACCIDENTALLY" FALL IN, GET IT? THE SHERIFF WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE OTHERWISE!

A GOOD IDEA! THE LOGS WILL MAKE MINCE-MEAT OUT OF HIM!



BELIEVE ME, I SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT. THEN, EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THEY LED ME TO THE RIVER--AND DEATH...

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS! FIRST, ROBBERY--NOW MURDER!

KEEP TALKIN'! IT'S THE LAST TIME YOU WILL!... CUT HIM LOOSE--

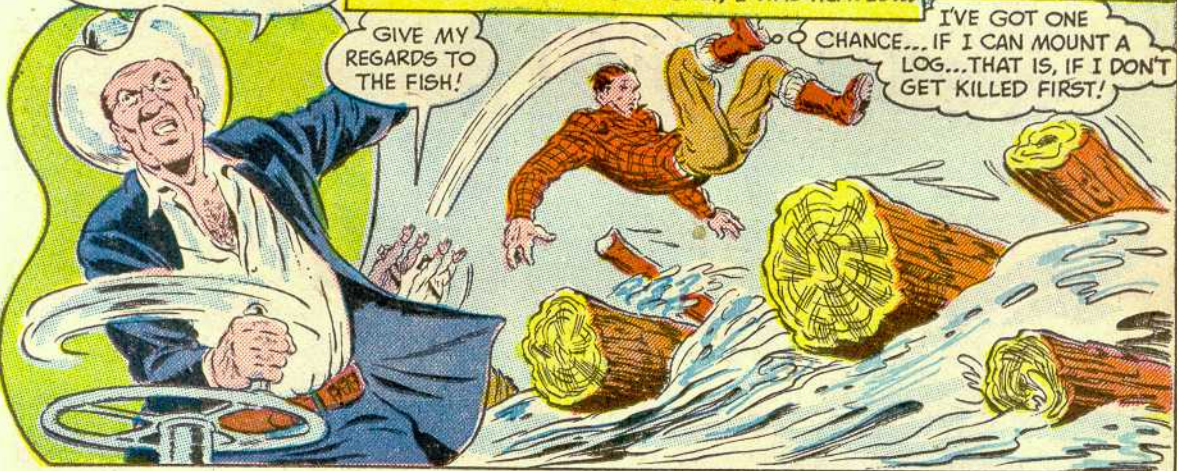


HERE COMES THE WATER, MEN! THROW HIM IN!

THE WATER ROARED THROUGH THE DAM, CARRYING THE HUGE, SWIRLING LOGS ON ITS CREST. SUDDENLY, I WAS HEAVED...

GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE FISH!

I'VE GOT ONE CHANCE... IF I CAN MOUNT A LOG... THAT IS, IF I DON'T GET KILLED FIRST!



A GIANT LOG GRAZED MY HEAD. I BLACKED OUT FOR A MOMENT...BUT NOT BEFORE I'D GRASPED IT!

GOT TO... HANG... ON... HANG... ON...



THE ICY WATER REVIVED ME. I GASPED FOR BREATH, THEN CLAMBERED ABOARD THE LOG AND BEGAN A CRAZY RIDE WITH DEATH!

IF I CAN KEEP BIRLING THIS LOG, I'VE GOT A CHANCE... A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!





BUT VIEWING ME FROM SHORE, OLD WHISKERS DECIDED TO INTERFERE...

LOOK AT THAT BIRLING! THAT GUY'S A REAL LUMBERJACK!
HE WAS A JACK! WATCH ME SHOOT THAT BUMP OFF A LOG!



SUDDENLY, I HEARD THE MOST WELCOME VOICE IN THE WORLD.

HOLD IT! YOU'RE COVERED!
LET ME HELP YOU PUT DOWN THAT RIFLE!



BUT WILY ED HARRIS SAW HIS CHANCE, AND...

GIVE UP, HARRIS -- YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES!



AND YOU WON'T STOP ME EITHER, CALVIN!
GUESS AGAIN, HARRIS!
THE LOG HE'S STANDING ON IS BEGINNING TO MOVE!



SUDDENLY, THE JAM BROKE. HARRIS SLIPPED AND WENT DOWN. IT WAS EASY TO COLLAR HIM BECAUSE THE FEAR OF DROWNING TOOK THE FIGHT OUT OF HIM...

D-D-DON'T LEMME DROWN... PLEASE, D-D-DON'T!
DON'T WORRY! I'D NEVER LET A FISH AS BIG AS YOU GET AWAY!



NEWT! BOY, WAS I GLAD TO SEE YOU! HOW'D YOU MANAGE TO GET BACK SO FAST?



I BORROWED A HORSE TO RACE IN-TO TOWN. THEN, THE SHERIFF AND ME WHIPPED BACK IN HIS JALOPY!

BOTH ED HARRIS AND WHISKERS WERE TRIED FOR LARCENY AND ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SENTENCED TO 15 YEARS EACH. THE REST OF THE GANG WAS GIVEN 3 TO 5 YEARS. ALL ARE SERVING THEIR TIME IN AN OREGON JAIL...



FINGERPRINT FACTS

THE USE OF FINGERPRINTS AS A SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION DATES BACK TO THE EARLIEST EAST!

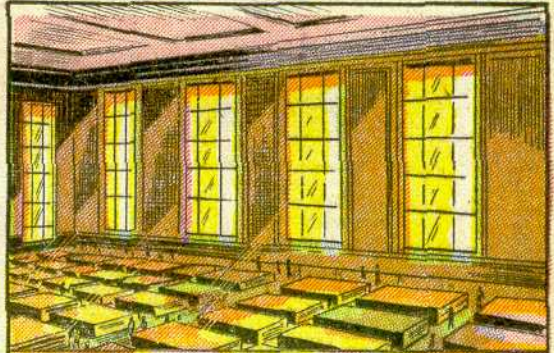
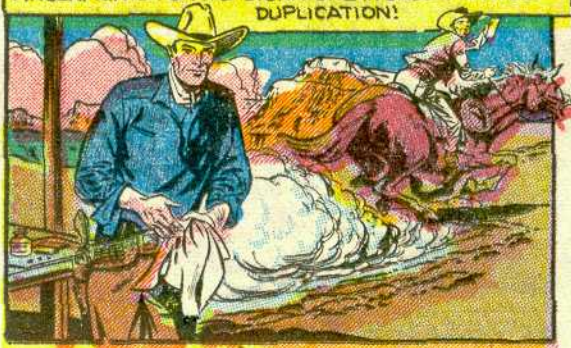
POTTERY MAKERS OFTEN USED THEIR OWN FINGER IMPRESSIONS FOR PART OF THE POTTERY DESIGN!



IN THOSE DAYS, MANY A MANDARIN, BECAUSE OF HIS INABILITY TO WRITE, USED HIS THUMBPRINT AS HIS SIGNATURE!



FINGERPRINTS WERE FIRST USED IN THE U.S. IN 1882, BY GILBERT THOMSON, DURING A SURVEY IN NEW MEXICO! HE FEARED THAT COMMISSARY ORDERS WERE BEING FORGED IN HIS NAME, AND THEREFORE USED HIS FINGERPRINTS FOR HIS SIGNATURE IN ORDER TO AVOID DUPLICATION!



TODAY, THE F.B.I. HAS RECORDS OF OVER FIVE AND ONE QUARTER MILLION FINGERPRINTS! MORE THAN 48 PER CENT OF THE CASES REFERRED TO THEM FOR CHECKING PURPOSES, TURN OUT TO BE THOSE WITH PREVIOUS CRIMINAL RECORDS!

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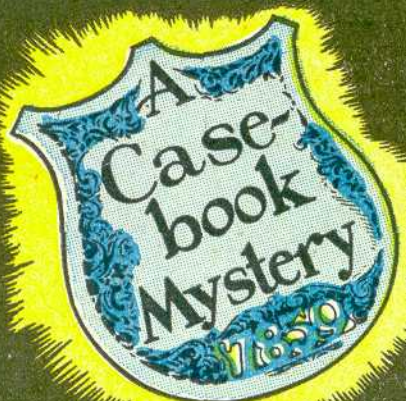
Name _____

Age _____

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★ ★ ★
SUPER-EQUIPPED
FIVE STAR
SUPERB MOTORBIKE

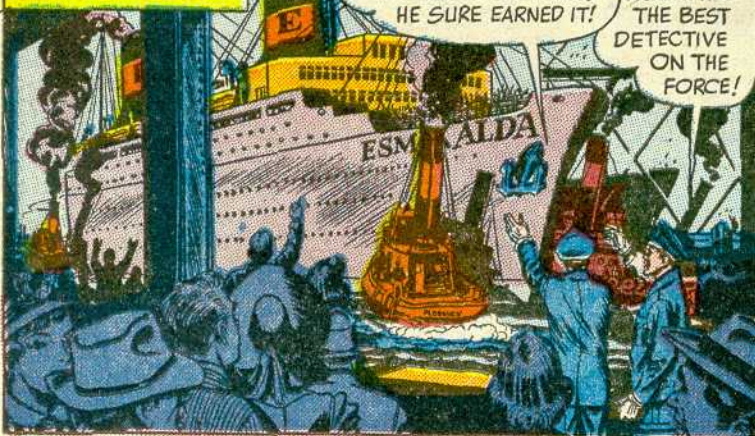




"The Case of the CROOKED MATE!"

Test *YOUR* Wits Against a Criminal!

AS TUGBOATS PULL THE *ESMERALDA* AWAY FROM THE DOCK...



THAT'S THE FIRST VACATION INSPECTOR FLANAGAN HAS HAD IN 20 YEARS! HE SURE EARNED IT!

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN. HE'S THE BEST DETECTIVE ON THE FORCE!

WHILE ABOARD SHIP, IN THE CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS...



HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CAPN CARTER!

I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE TO DISCUSS MY HEALTH, BLAST IT! IT'S THESE BOOKS! THERE ARE MORE PASSENGERS ABOARD THAN THE LIST SHOWS! FETCH MY FIRST MATE HERE ON THE DOUBLE, MR. AUSTIN! IF HE REFUSES, FORCE HIM WITH YOUR GUN.

MOMENTS LATER, ON THE QUARTER DECK...



THE CAP'N WANTS TO SEE YOU IN A HURRY. HE'S TEARING HIS RIGGING APART BECAUSE THE BOOKS DON'T JIBE! HE TOLD ME TO BRING YOU IN AT PISTOL POINT IF NECESSARY!

OH, PUT IT AWAY. I'LL GO SEE HIM!

DRAT IT! HE MUST HAVE FOUND OUT I SMUGGLED THOSE PASSENGERS ABOARD! I COULD USE THAT EXTRA MONEY THEY PAID!



HARDIN, YOU'RE A THIEF! YOU TOOK PASSENGERS ABOARD MY SHIP AND POKETED THE MONEY!

THAT'S A BLASTED LIE, CAP'N! NOBODY CAN CALL ME THAT NAME AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

Nobody but me, Hardin. I've been watching you for some time! After this trip, you'll be beached for life! Now get back to your watch before I salt you into the brig!

He can't do that to me... I've been shipping for 20 years! I must find a way out of this jam!

Back on the quarter deck... Did you straighten it out with the cap'n? The old crab might blame me for stealing passenger money!

So you don't know! Hmmm, that gives me an idea... Yeah, everything's ship-shape. Meet me in my cabin when my watch is over, and I'll explain.

Later, while unsuspecting Austin waited in Hardin's cabin...

Austin's revolver is just what I need to carry out my plans! And he won't have an alibi because nobody but me knows he's in my cabin!

And as the *Esmeralda* steamed out into the bay...

I came back to ask you, how about another chance, Captain?

What I said goes! You're beached after this voyage! If it hadn't been for your years of service, I'd have clapped you in irons, now get out!

Hardin left, then edged up outside a porthole...

This is your last trip, cap'n! Now to complete my plan.

BAAM!

Poor Austin! He'll never know how it happened.

And nobody will ever be able to find my gun!

Hello, Sparks! This is Mr. Hardin! The cap'n has been murdered! Have the security officer arrest Jim Austin and bring him here. Radio the ship's owners immediately to tell them that I'm taking over!

I WAS PASSING BY AND COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU. GUESS THIS MEANS MY VACATION IS RUINED--AND EVERYBODY ON THE FORCE HOPED INSPECTOR FLANAGAN WOULD ENJOY HIMSELF!



INSPECTOR FLANAGAN, I'M THE LAW HERE. THE MATE TAKES OVER IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THE CAPTAIN. AND LANDLUBBING POLICEMEN HAVE NO AUTHORITY ON THIS SHIP!



NOT WHILE YOU'RE STILL IN THE HARBOR, BEING GUIDED OUT. SO SIMMER DOWN AND TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

I WAS TALKING TO THE CAPTAIN WHILE HE Poured HIS MEDICINE INTO A GLASS. NEXT THING I KNEW, A SHOT WAS FIRED FROM THAT WINDOW AND HE KEELER OVER!



HOW DID YOU KNOW IT WAS AUSTIN?

I SAW HIM! THE CAPTAIN TOLD ME HE'D BEEN SMUGGLING PASSENGERS ABOARD. AUSTIN MOST LIKELY WANTED TO SILENCE HIM. THAT GUN, LAYING OUTSIDE, IS HIS. ISN'T IT, AUSTIN?



YES, BUT I DIDN'T USE IT! YOU KNEW I HAD A GUN, HARDIN, BECAUSE THE CAPTAIN ORDERED ME TO BRING YOU IN--FOR THE CRIME YOU'RE ACCUSING ME OF!

HM, NO FINGER-PRINTS!



WHY DON'T YOU TELL THE INSPECTOR WHERE YOU WERE AT THE TIME OF THE KILLING? MAYBE YOU HAVE A SOUND ALIBI?

THAT'S A LAUGH! YOU GOT ME OUT OF THE WAY BY ASKING ME TO MEET YOU IN YOUR CABIN-- BUT YOU WEREN'T THERE!



QUIET DOWN, BOTH OF YOU! MR. HARDIN, DID YOU MOVE OR TOUCH ANYTHING AFTER THE CAPTAIN DROPPED?

NO, SIR. I JUST CALLED SPARKS!



YOU HAVE THE FACTS AND EVIDENCE, READERS! DOES THE CROOKED MATE GET AWAY WITH THE MURDER, OR DOES A CITY SLEUTH FIND THE CLUE THAT POINTS THE ACCUSING FINGER AT HIM





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OF MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY, published Bi-Monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1950.

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J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1950. FERDINAND ASCHER, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1951).

THE CRIME FILE

SEA-GOING SLEUTHS

In the evening breeze, the little launch rocked port and starboard. Aboard, its crew of six, dressed in blue jeans and sweat-shirts, smoked and chatted over their mugs of coffee. Abruptly, they stiffened as they heard their call letters crackle from the short-wave radio. Several thugs had abandoned their getaway auto at a nearby dock, said the voice from headquarters, and were escaping in a motor boat towards a waiting yacht.

Instantly, the six policemen of the Harbor Patrol launch manned their posts. Lines were cast off, searchlights switched on, and the craft roared out in pursuit of the prey, knifing through the black tide at 25 knots an hour.

Soon, the skipper could discern a fleet craft whipping towards a yacht, silhouetted against the night sky by a full moon. He snapped an order. Three men grasped rifles, while another pair manned the machine-gun.

Even as the police launch charged up to the yacht, the last of the thugs was clambering aboard their haven.

"This is the law!" the skipper bellowed through his megaphone. "Surrender or we'll open fire!" His amber searchlights picked out the fugitives, scurrying frantically along the deck.

At a signal, the machine-gunner fired a burst. Suddenly, the fleeing felons stopped in their tracks, threw up their hands in surrender.

"Now stay put!" the skipper cried. "We're coming aboard!"

Thus was climaxed another dramatic incident in the day-to-day story of the Harbor Police, an arm of any metropolitan police force, whose jurisdiction includes a body of water, river, sound, or bay.

The Harbor Patrol can trace its history back to New York, when in 1858, its one-boat navy consisted of a side-wheel paddle boat, whose principal function was to apprehend wharf pirates. Eleven whippet-like motor boats comprise the force today, fully equipped with the most modern apparatus, from two-way radios to electric power pumps.

Its company of 180 men lead an active life and are prepared for any emergency. On their police blotters are recorded fires on boats, rescuing drowning persons and pooches, nabbing immigrant smugglers, and bringing urgently needed medical supplies to grounded passenger vessels.

SOME FISH-STORY



A Gaines, Pennsylvania, fisherman boasted that he had caught a 28-inch brown trout with his bare hands, decided to pre-

serve his feat by having the specimen mounted. Then, photographs were taken and distributed through the town. His fame reached the local game warden, who—before you could say Izaak Walton—appeared and arrested the angler, fining him \$20, to boot. For, according to Pennsylvania statute, catching fish with your hands—is illegal!

VIDEO VILLAINS

It had to happen, and it finally did—in Elizabeth, N. J. A couple, returning to their home, found the rooms a shambles as though someone had begun rummaging through them for valuables, and had suddenly stopped.

Conclusive evidence of their theory was in the living room. The television set was still tuned on; chairs were drawn up in front of it. On the floor lay a litter of cigarette butts, soda pop bottles, the remains of a leg of lamb, and empty food cans.

Obviously, the thieves had become so absorbed by or disgusted with the television show that they had failed to resume their hunt for loot. In a bedroom dresser still lay a hundred dollars in cash and a jewel box containing earrings, brooches, and a pearl necklace.



LOWER PLATE SPECIAL

The story is told about a South African detective, who invaded the veldt to track down a missing planter. In the course of his journey, he ran across a tribe of natives, whose aid he wished to enlist. They greeted him in friendly enough fashion, and then put on an exhibition to impress him with their prowess.

It was only natural for the detective to show his superiority as a representative of the law. When the moment came, he rose, motioned for silence. Then, aware of the natives' unfamiliarity with modern dentistry, he slipped his fingers into his mouth, and pulled out his lower plate!

Quickly replacing it to the cheers of the spectators, he next explained his mission to their chieftain. The tribe's full support was promised. Shortly after, the mastermind of "magic" and his newfound reinforcements found the planter, who had been stricken ill in the jungle.

BLOTTER JOTTINGS

The slang term, "cops," is derived from copper buttons worn on police uniforms back in the 1850's.

NEW YORK CITY: Between rehearsal and concert time, a thief made off with the big bass drum of the Philharmonic Symphony.

SAN FRANCISCO: An Alcatraz inmate filed a petition in Federal Court demanding the right to buy heavier Winter woollens.

MONTREAL: Police got their needed evidence when a man, accused of trying to enter a store, swallowed the wooden key he had carved. After slapping him on the back for a few minutes, he coughed up the facsimile.

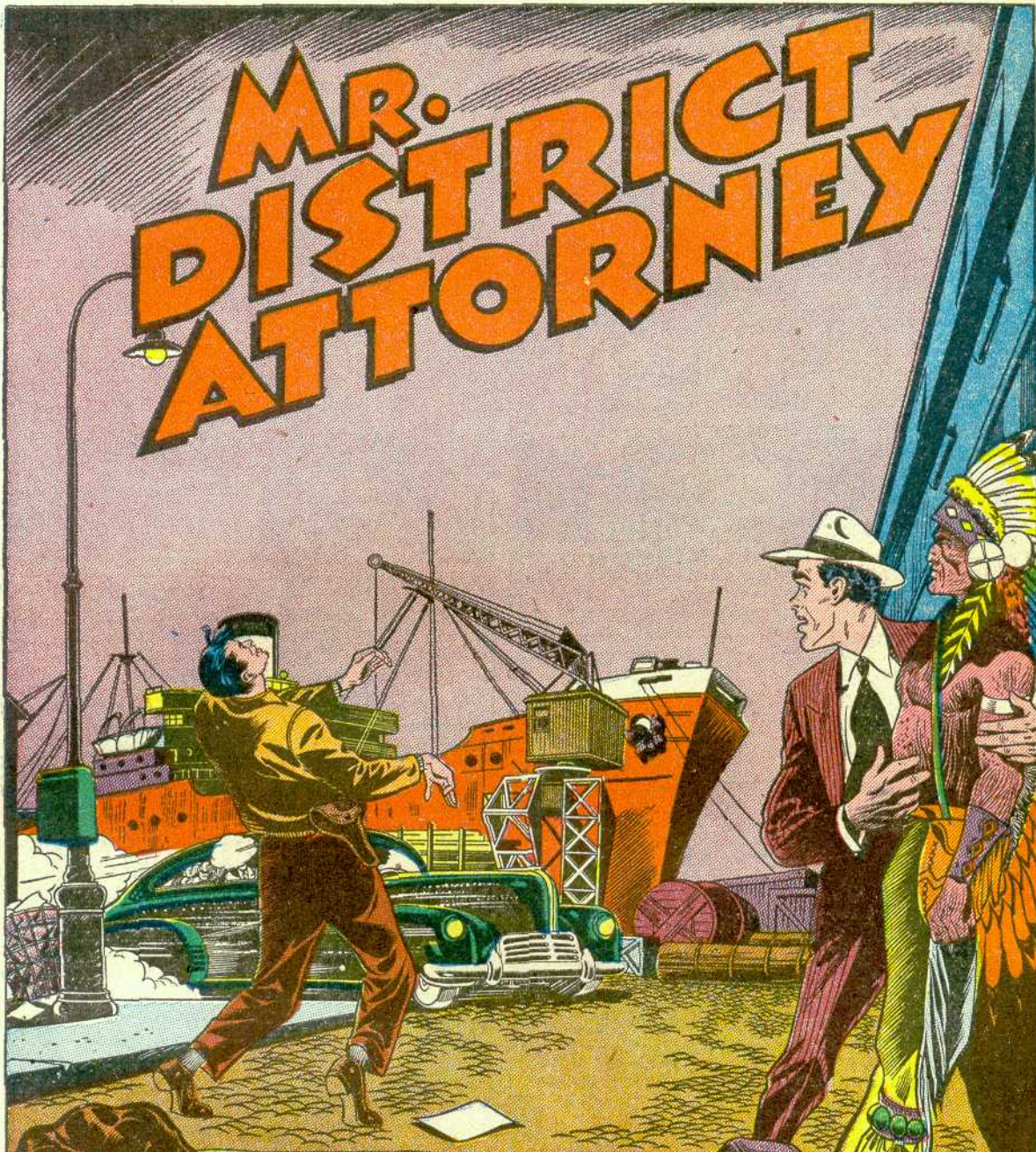
EASTBOURNE, England: The constable's office cautioned citizens to be wary of a tricky thief who squirted victims with water, then picked their pockets while brushing them off with his handkerchief.

HOUSTON: A counterfeiter surrendered to police with the explanation that "there was too much overhead and not enough business."

LONDON, England: Summoned to jury duty, a woman pleaded to be excused because she was a mind reader, and thus would embarrass witnesses. The cynical judge refused to grant her request.



MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY



YOUR DISTRICT ATTORNEY SPEAKS:

THIS AUTHENTIC CASE-HISTORY, STRAIGHT FROM OUR FILES, COULD HAVE BEEN BASED ON THE LIFE OF ANYBODY YOU KNOW! PERHAPS EVEN YOU! LOOK AT IT THIS WAY; YOU ARE ON AN INSIGNIFICANT JOB, LIVING A ROUTINE LIFE. NOBODY EVER HEARD OF YOU--YOU'VE DONE NOTHING FAMOUS. THEN, SUDDENLY, THERE IS A **MURDER!** OVERNIGHT, YOU SPRING INTO NATIONAL PROMINENCE, AND YOUR NAME APPEARS IN BOLD TYPE IN HEADLINES! BUT THERE IS A CATCH--YOUR LIFE IS IN CONSTANT DANGER, FOR WHEN THE MURDER OCCURRED, YOU WERE AN...

"EYEWITNESS!"



UP UNTIL THE SUMMER OF THIS YEAR, JOHN H. RIVERS HAD FOR SEVEN YEARS WORKED IN THE ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT OF A LARGE STORE...



THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT JOHN RIVERS' JOB OR ABOUT HIS LIFE. EACH NIGHT, AFTER HE HAD CHECKED HIS CREDIT ACCOUNTS FOR THE DAY, HE CAUGHT A BUS OUTSIDE THE OFFICE AND ARRIVED AT HIS WEST-SIDE FLAT 20 MINUTES LATER. THIS HAPPENED DAY AFTER DAY -- FOR SEVEN YEARS...



WHAT'S FOR DINNER, DARLING?

YOUR FAVORITE AGAIN -- KNOCKWURST!

IN THE EVENING, HE WOULD READ FOR AN HOUR, THEN LISTEN TO BALL GAMES OR OTHER RADIO PROGRAMS... AND HE DID THIS SAME THING EVERY EVENING!

NO GAME TONIGHT! HO-HUM... MIGHT AS WELL HEAR SOMETHING ELSE!

AND NOW... THE PROGRAM THAT'S THRILLING ALL AMERICA! THE EXCITING SHOW CALLED "SCAVENGER SWEEPSTAKES!" LISTEN...



EACH WEEK, WE NAME A CERTAIN OBJECT -- THEN THE SCAVENGER HUNT FOR IT BEGINS! THE FIRST LISTENER TO APPEAR HERE AT THE STUDIO WITH THAT OBJECT RECEIVES \$1,000 IN CASH! READY? HERE GOES!



THIS WEEK -- THE OBJECT OF OUR CITY-WIDE SEARCH IS... A WOODEN INDIAN! YESSIR, FOLKS! THE FIRST PERSON TO BRING A WOODEN INDIAN TO THE STUDIO WILL COP THE \$1,000 PRIZE!

I'D LIKE TO WIN THAT MONEY!

UM...



JOHN -- IF WE ONLY KNEW WHERE TO FIND A WOODEN INDIAN!

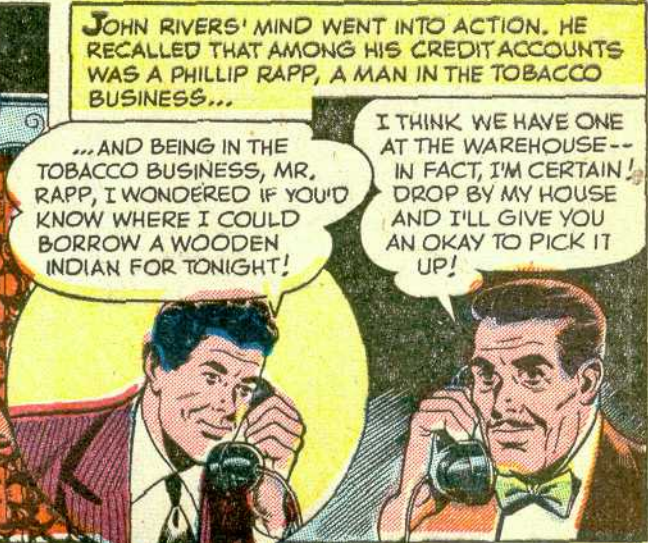
SO WHAT?





YOU NEVER DO ANYTHING DIFFERENT!
YOU NEVER GO OUT -- YOU NEVER WANT
ENTERTAINMENT! AND NOW -- YOU DON'T
EVEN WANT TO TRY TO WIN THAT \$1,000!
AND ALL WE NEED IS A
WOODEN INDIAN!

WHAT? \$1,000!
WOW! I DIDN'T
HEAR THAT PART OF THE
PROGRAM! GUESS I
WAS DAY-DREAMING!



JOHN RIVERS' MIND WENT INTO ACTION. HE
RECALLED THAT AMONG HIS CREDIT ACCOUNTS
WAS A PHILLIP RAPP, A MAN IN THE TOBACCO
BUSINESS...

...AND BEING IN THE
TOBACCO BUSINESS, MR.
RAPP, I WONDERED IF YOU'D
KNOW WHERE I COULD
BORROW A WOODEN
INDIAN FOR TONIGHT!

I THINK WE HAVE ONE
AT THE WAREHOUSE --
IN FACT, I'M CERTAIN!
DROP BY MY HOUSE
AND I'LL GIVE YOU
AN OKAY TO PICK IT
UP!



IT WAS LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER THAT JOHN
RIVERS STEPPED FROM THE WAREHOUSE
CARRYING HIS COLORFUL TROPHY...

THANKS -- THANKS A LOT!
NOW I'VE GOT TO GET TO
THE RADIO STATION --
FAST!

YOU CAN GET A
CAB AT THE
CORNER!



RIVERS STARTED TO WALK AWAY -- HE HEARD A
CAR ROAR UP -- THEN HE HEARD THE TERRIBLE,
COUGHING ROAR OF A TOMMY-GUN! HE TURNED
AND GAZED IN HORROR...

WE GOT 'IM!
STEP ON IT!



A NEWSPAPERMAN, FREDDIE DALE, OF THE *COURIER*,
WAS HAVING COFFEE WITH A CAMERAMAN AT
BARNEY'S DINER AT
BARNEY'S DINER, DALE HEARD THE GUNFIRE, AND
RAN TO THE SCENE...

GRAB SOME SHOTS,
PHIL! WOW! WHAT A
SCOOP! "MURDER ON
OCEAN STREET!"



AS THE CROWD GATHERED, A FRIGHTENED JOHN
RIVERS SLIPPED AMONG THE CURIOUS ON-
LOOKERS, AND VANISHED -- FORGETTING THE
"SCAVENGER SWEEPSTAKES" AND THE \$1,000
PRIZE, HOPING TO SINK INTO AN OBLIVION WHICH
WOULD NEVER CLAIM HIM...

MURDER -- AND I WAS THERE!
HOW TERRIBLE! I'M
-- ALL UPSET!

FARE
PLEASE...



JOHN RIVERS SPENT A SLEEPLESS NIGHT AND DECIDED TO SAY NOTHING TO HIS WIFE OR ANYBODY ELSE. THEN, THE NEXT MORNING-- THURSDAY-- HE WENT TO HIS OFFICE...

YOU'RE A HERO, JOHN! YOU'VE SURELY TOLD THE POLICE EVERYTHING BY NOW!

YOU'RE ON THE FRONT PAGE OF EVERY PAPER! LOOK!

WHAT--??

AND THERE HE WAS, ALL OF A SUDDEN, TRANSFORMED FROM A NOBODY TO A FRONT-PAGE PERSONALITY...

D.A. SEEKS MYSTERY EYEWITNESS

MYSTERY KILLER

DARING DAYLIT OF WAREHOUSE THE DISTRICT

In the descrip... broken... when... drove... back... his... sum... Form... it is... the... gain... JUST... KNOW...

WHO IS THE MAN STANDING ABOVE? POLICE BELIEVE HE SAW THE KILLERS OF RALPH ALLISON, WAREHOUSE GUARD.

POLICE TO

WHY, NO -- I HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING! YOU SEE, I--

TOO PROUD TO BE A HERO, EH? HA, HA! WELL, I'LL FIX THINGS FOR YOU, JOHN! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WAIT HERE!

THUS, FATE'S STRANGE PATTERN BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE. RIVERS' CO-WORKER, MEL FERRISS, WENT TO A PHONE BOOTH, AND...

THE COURIER PAYS FIVE DOLLARS FOR NEWS TIPS! I'LL CASH IN...

HELLO? CITY DESK? LISTEN, THAT MYSTERY EYEWITNESS ON THE FRONT PAGE OF YOUR PAPER IS A MR. JOHN RIVERS! HE WORKS HERE AT OUR STORE! YEAH -- THAT'S RIGHT! HERE'S THE ADDRESS!

THE COURIER IMMEDIATELY PHONED THE POLICE AND THE BROADCASTING STATION...

... AND HERE'S A FLASH FROM THE COURIER'S NEWSROOM! THE EYEWITNESS SOUGHT BY THE POLICE IS BELIEVED TO BE A MR. JOHN RIVERS, OF BURGUYNE AVENUE!

AND AT THE D.A.'S OFFICE...

ALL RIGHT, HARRINGTON! GET A SQUAD CAR READY! WE'RE GOING AFTER THIS RIVERS!



THIS MAY BE OUR CHANCE--AT LAST--TO NAIL BOSS MATTISON, KING OF THE MOST POWERFUL GANG SYNDICATE IN THE CITY! HE'S BEEN ONE STEP IN FRONT OF THE LAW, BUT THAT SLAIN GUARD, ALLISON, ONCE TESTIFIED AGAINST MATTISON-- AND MATTISON SWORE HE'D GET HIM...



BUT BOSS MATTISON--AT HIS UPTOWN HANGOUT--HAD ALSO HEARD THE RADIO REPORT, AND EVEN BEFORE THE D.A.'S SQUAD CAR LEFT THE CURB, THE GANG CZAR WAS ISSUING CURT ORDERS...

EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT --WE THOUGHT! WE HAD CASED THE WAREHOUSE AREA FOR A WEEK! OUR TIMING WAS BEAUTIFUL! BUT THERE WAS A SLIP-UP...



IT WAS TWENTY-THREE MINUTES AFTER ELEVEN, THURSDAY MORNING, WHEN FOUR MEN STEPPED OFF THE ELEVATOR AT THE STORE...

-I'M LOOKIN' FOR THE RIVERS GENT! WHERE IS HE? BREATHE LOUD--IN THE WRONG DIRECTION-- AN' YA GET IT!
RIVERS? I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS!



...SO ALL OF A SUDDEN ALLISON IS DEAD... MURDERED! AND AN EYEWITNESS SAW THE KILLING! IF THAT EYEWITNESS CAN IDENTIFY MATTISON AS ONE OF THE KILLERS, OUR CASE IS WRAPPED UP! WE'LL SMASH HIM AND ALL HE STANDS FOR!



SO THIS CHARACTER WITH A WOODEN INDIAN HAD TO COME ALONG JUST AS WE KNOCKED OFF THAT RAT ALLISON! OKAY-- SO WE KNOW WHO THE EYEWITNESS IS. NOW--AND WE GET 'IM! GET OVER TO THAT STORE--AN' DON'T MAKE ANY SLIP-UPS!



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, JOHN RIVERS--ONCE A MAN NOBODY KNEW--WAS IN HIS EMPLOYER'S OFFICE...

BUT I TELL YOU, SIR...

PLEASE, RIVERS... DON'T BE A MODEST HERO ABOUT ALL THIS! HAVE A CIGAR! HUH--ISN'T THAT GUNFIRE?





BUT THEN THE STORE GUARDS CAME UP--AND THE GANGSTERS BEGAN EXCHANGING GUNFIRE...

THE PLACE IS FILLED WITH CROOKS!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A COSTLY GUN-BATTLE ENDED WHEN LOUIS "EAGLE" RAMSEY, GANG LOOKOUT, SPOTTED THE D.A.'S PATROL CAR PULLING UP...

COPPERS! THE PLACE WILL BE SWARMIN' WITH 'EM!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



THEN MATTISON'S HIRED TRIGGER-MEN WENT OUT A BACK STAIRWAY...

THE BOSS WON'T LIKE IT! WE DIDN'T GET THE RIVERS GUY!
SO WHAT? IT AIN'T IMPORTANT NOW! IF WE STAYED THERE ANY LONGER, EVERY COP IN TOWN WOULD BE ON OUR NECKS!



AND AFTER MATTISON'S HOODLUMS LEFT, JOHN RIVERS --THE MAN NOBODY KNEW--WENT OUT THE SAME WAY...

NOW I SEE IT ALL! MY LIFE IS IN DANGER!
THEY CAME HERE TO KILL ME! I'VE GOT TO HIDE!



AND SO IT WAS THAT, JOHN RIVERS WENT SOMEWHERE INTO HIDING, LOST IN THE CANYONS OF THE VAST CITY...

MEANWHILE, THE D.A. WENT INTO ACTION AT THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...

JOHN RIVERS-- EYEWITNESS TO A MURDER! HARRINGTON, WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM! AND HE'S SOMEWHERE IN THE CITY... HIDING OUT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM BEFORE GANGLAND DOES!







HIS ONLY OTHER INTEREST BESIDE BASEBALL WAS FLYING! JOHN WANTED TO FLY AS A HOBBY, AND MOVE OUT NEAR THE AIRPORT! BUT HE FLUNKED THE PHYSICAL --AND WE HAD TO STAY HERE! IF HE HAD PASSED THE EXAM, WE'D HAVE BEEN AWAY FROM HERE AND ALL THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL FIND HIM, MRS. RIVERS!

DID YOU HEAR THAT, HARRINGTON? HE FLUNKED HIS PHYSICAL EXAM! SUPPOSING WE GET HOLD OF HIS RECORDS AND SEE **WHY!** I'M BEGINNING TO FORM AN AMAZING THEORY ABOUT THIS CASE!

TWO HOURS LATER...

WE'VE CHECKED HIS RECORDS AND THE PHYSICIAN WHO EXAMINED HIM! MY THEORY-- NOT SO ASTOUNDING AFTER ALL-- WAS RIGHT! OKAY, HARRINGTON, NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT YOUNG MAN BEFORE BOSS MATTISON DOES! IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN EVER!

SURE--WE'VE "GOT" TO FIND HIM...BUT **WHERE?** I WE CAN'T CHECK EVERY APARTMENT AND HOTEL IN THE CITY, CHIEF!

AND FROM WHAT HIS WIFE SAID, I COULD ONLY FIND ONE CHINK IN HIS ARMOR...**THE FACT THAT HE LIKES BASEBALL!**

CHECK WITH THE PAPERS AND FIND OUT WHEN THE LOCAL BALL CLUB WILL BE BACK FROM ITS WESTERN TRIP! IF THERE'S A BALL GAME IN TOWN-- WE MIGHT FIND JOHN RIVERS!

THAT OUGHT TO BE SIMPLE-- FINDING HIM AMONG 50,000 OTHER FANS! HA!

THE LOCAL BALL CLUB WAS IN TOWN TWO DAYS LATER-- AND A FOUR-GAME SERIES STARTED ON WEDNESDAY, WITH THE FINAL GAME SCHEDULED FOR SATURDAY NIGHT. THAT WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, THE D. A. WENT TO THE BALL PARK, AND...

I THINK SO, D.A.!

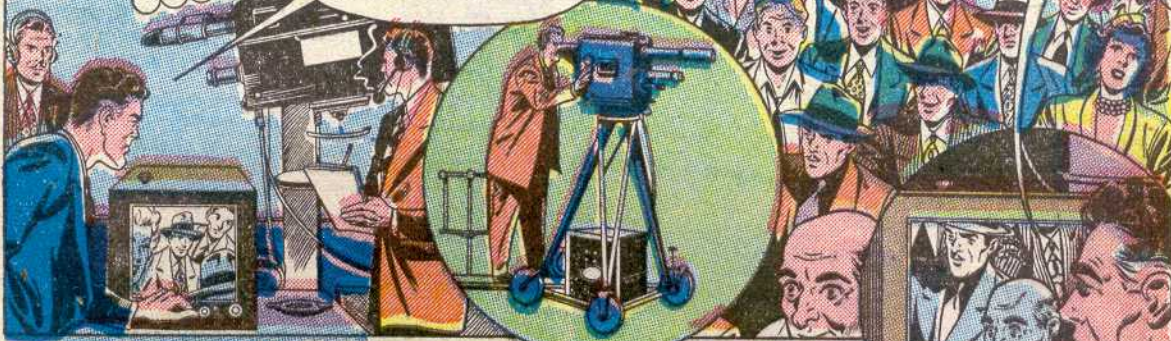
ALL RIGHT, BOYS! IS EVERYTHING CLEAR?

WE'LL PLAY THE CAMERAS OVER THE CROWD WHENEVER POSSIBLE, D.A. -- WHILE YOU STUDY THE FACES OF THE FANS! RIGHT?

CHECK! IT'S A LONG, LONG SHOT-- BUT I'M BANKING ON IT TO TURN UP JOHN RIVERS! YOU SEE, RIVERS WOULD CONSIDER HIMSELF SAFE IN A CROWD OF 48,000 PEOPLE!

THE GAME GOT UNDER WAY, AND AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY THE TELEVISION CAMERAMAN FOCUSED HIS LENS ON THE CHEERING CROWD...

NOTHING YET... NOT A SIGN OF RIVERS!



THE D.A.'S LONG-SHOT GAMBLE LOOKED BAD. THEY DIDN'T SEE RIVERS THAT DAY-- OR THE NEXT-- OR AT FRIDAY'S GAME, THERE WAS ONE MORE GAME TO GO... THE SATURDAY NIGHT TILT...

AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE SEARCHING EYE OF THE CAMERA PLAYED OVER THE CROWD, AND FINALLY...

THE TEAM MOVES OUT TOMORROW! IF RIVERS ISN'T HERE TONIGHT-- WELL, NO TELLING WHEN WE'LL GET HIM!

THERE! HOLD YOUR CAMERA STEADY! IT'S RIVERS!

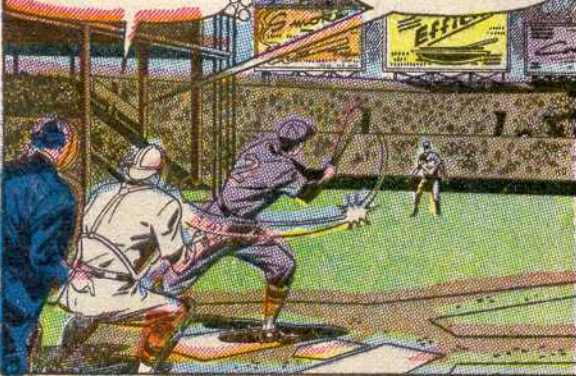
I'M POINTING THE CAMERA DOWN THE LEFT FIELD LINE, NEAR THE BLEACHERS!



LEFT FIELD LINE-- NEAR THE BLEACHERS! LET'S GO, HARRINGTON! THE GAME'S NEARLY OVER!

CHIEF -- I HONESTLY DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD WORK... BUT IT DID!

ALL RIGHT, JOHN RIVERS -- THE SEARCH IS OVER! COME ON! WE'RE TAKING YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND KEEPING YOU UNDER PROTECTIVE CUSTODY!



THE D.A.!! BUT HOW--?

YOU HAD A WEAKNESS, RIVERS--
BASEBALL! WE FIGURED YOU
MIGHT COME TO A GAME--AND
WE WATCHED YOU THROUGH
THE TELEVISION CAMERAS!
CALL IT A LUCKY BREAK...
LUCKY FOR **YOU!**

THE CAR'S IN
THE BACK
PARKING LOT,
CHIEF! THAT'S
THE ONLY PLACE
I COULD FIND
TO LEAVE IT!



AS BOSS MATTISON TALKED, THE D.A. MADE A
QUICK GRAB FOR A HANDFUL OF SAND AND
GRAVEL--AND HE THREW IT...



THIS SQUEALER AIN'T SENDIN' ME
TO THE CHAIR
FOR A MURDER
RAP... UGH!

YOW! MY
EYES!

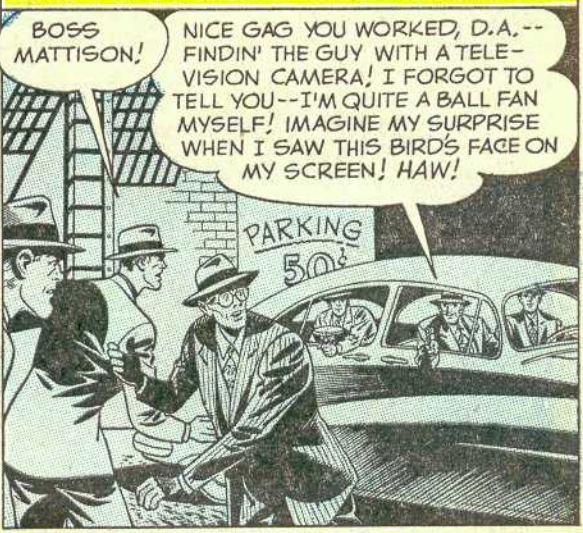
OKAY--HARRINGTON!
GET OUT OF THE
WAY!

WHAT DO
YOU MEAN?

RIVERS' EYES ARE SO POOR, HE
COULDN'T PASS AN ARMY PHYSICAL!
I CHECKED WITH HIS DOC! HE
DIDN'T HAVE HIS GLASSES--AS YOU
CAN SEE IN THIS PHOTO-- SO HE
COULDN'T POSSIBLY HAVE SEEN
THE KILLERS CLEARLY! **HE WAS
NO EYEWITNESS AT ALL!**



THE BACK PARKING LOT, A SHADY PLACE,
WAS EMPTY WHEN THEY GOT THERE... EMPTY
SAVE FOR SEVERAL SINISTER FIGURES...



BOSS
MATTISON!

NICE GAG YOU WORKED, D.A.--
FINDIN' THE GUY WITH A TELE-
VISION CAMERA! I FORGOT TO
TELL YOU--I'M QUITE A BALL FAN
MYSELF! IMAGINE MY SURPRISE
WHEN I SAW THIS BIRD'S FACE ON
MY SCREEN! HAW!

MOMENTARILY BLINDED BY THE SAND IN THEIR
EYES, THE THUGS BECAME EASY VICTIMS...



I'M BLINDED! I CAN'T SEE A
THING!

THAT'S **ONE** THING YOU'VE GOT IN
COMMON WITH JOHN RIVERS, SO-
CALLED EYEWITNESS TO A MURDER!
RIVERS CAN'T SEE VERY WELL,
EITHER... **WHEN HE HAS HIS
GLASSES OFF!**

HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN THAT
TO ANYBODY! BUT THE WHOLE CASE
SERVED ONE PURPOSE, MATTISON! IT
SMOKED YOU OUT! AND
FOR THAT, JOHN RIVERS
GETS THE CREDIT!



BUZZY

Scores one for the HANDICAPPED!

HEY, BUZZY, WHY DOES SUSIE HAVE TO BE NICE TO THAT DEAF GUY? LET HIM GO SIT IN THE CORNER AND MOPE, LIKE HE USED TO!

AW, GIVE JOHNNY A BREAK, WOLFIE!

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SPEAK SLOWLY AND DISTINCTLY, SO HE CAN READ YOUR LIPS, AND YOU CAN GET ALONG FINE WITH HIM! HE'S DANCING PRETTY WELL NOW, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM SUSIE.

AW, HE'S A KILL-JOY! I'M GOING TO CUT IN ON HIM!

YOU'RE DOING OKAY, JOHNNY. AND I'M GLAD YOU'RE GETTING YOUR HEARING AID NEXT WEEK!

SO AM I, SUSIE. I FELT SELF-CONSCIOUS ABOUT THE IDEA, BUT THEN I REALIZED HOW SILLY IT WAS. HOW COULD I EXPECT HELP FROM OTHERS IF I DIDN'T HELP MYSELF?

HEY, LOOK OUT!

CRASH!

NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

DON'T MIND HIM, JOHNNY! IT WAS REALLY HIS FAULT, TRYING TO BARGE IN LIKE THAT.

ISN'T HE TERRIFIC!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? NOW I'M THE KILL-JOY!

THANKS, BUZZY, BUT MAYBE I CAN SAVE THE PARTY BY PLAYING THE PIANO FOR THE GANG. I USED TO PLAY BEFORE MY ACCIDENT, AND I CAN STILL DO PRETTY WELL AT IT!

DON'T YOU BE A KILL-JOY! RE-MEMBER, A HANDICAPPED PERSON WANTS TO JOIN IN THINGS, TOO. HIS ATTITUDE DEPENDS UPON HOW YOU ACT TOWARD HIM. SO GIVE HIM YOUR HELP AND UNDERSTANDING—AND HE WON'T FEEL HANDICAPPED!

WANTED

BOYS & GIRLS TO GET THESE SWELL PRIZES

Here's How— Do it Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get these swell prizes for themselves and gifts for Mother and Dad. Many prizes shown here and lots of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one 40-Pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10¢ per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in our Big Prize Book.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once, or if you prefer, take your one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY, send coupon today for Big Prize Book and Seeds.

Send no money—we trust you
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.
DEPT. 441, LANCASTER, PA.

MANY MORE PRIZES

See them in the Big Prize Book
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AMERICAN SEED COMPANY, INC.
DEPT. 441, LANCASTER, PA.

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R.F.D. Box
or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____



Your choice of Bride or Bridesmaid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Seeds.



Famous Chemcraft Set for interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order.



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A fast shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.



GOLDEN TEXAN HOLSTER SET
Gold cap pistol puffs smoke. All leather holster and belt. Sell one order.



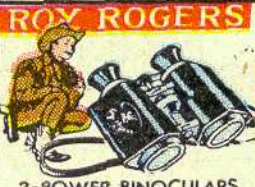
CINDERELLA WRIST WATCH
Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. A dainty guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus \$3.00.



3-PIECE SOFTBALL SET
A real Softball set. Cap, Softball and bat. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



Pretty Dresser Set. Five full size pieces. Sell one order of American Seeds.



ROY ROGERS
3-POWER BINOCULARS
Matched lenses. Special shoulder strap. Sell one order of American Seeds.



Full-size ball with steel goal and net. Sell one order of American Seeds plus \$1.25.



DICK TRACY CAMERA
A fine camera complete with carrying case. Sell only one order of American Seeds.



FISHING TACKLE SET
Big 11-piece outfit. Sell one order plus 75¢ extra.



HOLLYWOOD ELECTRIC TOY TELEVISION SET
Films of Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy and Woody Woodpecker, included with each set. Sell one order plus \$5.00.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR
Ideal instrument for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 75¢.



Professional Type Junior Archery Set
Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls, includes lemonwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order of Seeds.



A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap & buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.
ROY ROGERS WRIST WATCH

BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN



TWO FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

America's Fast Growing Industry

Offers You All Three

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 81,000,000 home and auto Radios. 2700 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radios, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding fields making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1949 almost 3,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 20,000,000 Television sets will be in use. 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician.



HURRY VETERANS

G. I. Bill gives you valuable training benefits. But time is running out. Act now to get N. R. I. training under G. I. Bill. Mail Coupon! Hurry!

I TRAINED THESE MEN

CHIEF ENGINEER, POLICE RADIO
"Soon after finishing the N.R.I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of two-way FM Police Radio Installations."—S. W. DINDWIDIE, Jacksonville, Illinois.

SHOP SPECIALIZES IN TELEVISION
"An authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 cities. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television."—PAUL MILLER, Muncie, O.

310 WEEK IN SPARE TIME
"Before finishing course, I earned as much as \$10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in spare time. Recommend N.R.I. to everyone interested in Radio."—S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

WORKS FOR TELEVISION DEALERS
"Am tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Fall back to N.R.I. text books often for installing Television set."—ROBERT DORRISON, New Prague, Minnesota.

I Will Train You at Home

You Practice Servicing or Communications with

MANY RADIO KITS

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multimeter for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. You keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 a week extra fixing

neighbors' Radios in spare time. SPECIAL BOOKLETS start teaching you the day you enroll.

Send Now For 2 Books FREE—Mail Coupon

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1CK1, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 37th Year.

Have Your Own Business

Many N.R.I. trained men start their own Radio-Television sales and service business without capital. Let me show you how you, too, can be your own boss, have a good income from your own shop.

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You Build This MODERN RADIO

As part of my Servicing Course, you build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, etc

You Build This TRANSMITTER

As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

Good for Both—FREE

**MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 1CK1
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check if Veteran Approved Under G. I. Bill



SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!

BOYS! SHOW THIS MESSAGE TO YOUR PARENTS!

You'll never see a real outdoorsman aim or shoot his rifle at anything but a safe, proper target... he handles his firearms with care and respect. Your Daisy is made for fun shooting. It is not a lethal weapon but... like a knife, or auto it may cause damage if handled carelessly. So do not aim or shoot at windows, street lights, song-birds, pets, property or any other person... ever! Remember, carelessness causes accidents to millions of Americans every year in cars, homes, factories. So... if you are careless with your Daisy or abuse the privilege of owning one... your parents, guardian or police have the right to take it from you... and should! Don't let this happen. Be careful. Aim and shoot safe, Buddy!

MEMORIZE THE SHOOTER'S SAFETY PLEDGE!

I pledge myself to PROTECT animals, property and people in my community by always aiming and shooting my Daisy safely!

SAFETY TIPS

BICYCLE SAFELY...
Careless bicycling may cause accidents! Always ride single file. Never "hitch on" to car or truck. Follow all traffic signs, rules. Avoid ruts. Ride close to right edge of road. Use hand signals for turns, stops.

ROLLER SKATE SAFELY...
Avoid roller skating accidents by being careful. Always skate on sidewalk. Come to stop at curbs. Cross streets at corners only. Do not "hitch" on to bicyclists. Cross small cracks at right angles.

DRIVE SAFELY...
An average of more than ONE MILLION children, women, men are injured every year in traffic accidents! Think that over, Buddy! Decide now that when you are old enough to get your driver's license—and after you get it—you will remember and follow the safety driving rules you learned.

CROSS STREETS SAFELY...
Always stop at curb, look right and left to see if street is clear. Cross streets only at corners. Obey signal lights. Remember, an auto moves faster than you can run. And don't run—walk!

AND SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!



No. 311 DAISY BB GUN 'N' SCOPE ONLY TARGET OUTFIT, Complete \$7.50

Contains RED RYDER CARBINE; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE SIGHT MOUNTED; BELL RINGING METAL TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE SHOT; SHOOTING MANUAL & SCOPE DOPE. No. 311, complete outfit in gigantic carton, only \$7.50.

No. 325 2-WAY TARGET OUTFIT with Convertible PUMP GUN

Shoots Steel BBs or SAFE, ONLY new Jumbo Cork Balls. Set contains: PUMP GUN with extra CORK BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET, CARDS, 350 BULLS EYE BBs; 10 JUMBO 50 CALIBRE CORK BALLS; 5 KNOCK-DOWN INDOOR TARGETS; GUN & SCOPE MANUAL. No. 325—\$9.95.

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I enclose unused 3c stamp to help cover mailing—handling cost. Rush me complete details on how to be a champion shooter and win medals.

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DAISY

AIR RIFLES

176 BBs For 5¢

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